



IRISH CRUISING CLUB

2014 ANNUAL

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Front Cover: ICC 85th Anniversary fleet at Courtmacsherry. Photo: Elgan Loane

Back Cover: *Chain*, owned by Len Curtin, anchored at Kalamos. Photo: Kevin Dwyer

Frontispiece: Donal Walsh on *Lady Kate* at Tower Bridge, London

Submissions for the 2015 Annual

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2015. Logs received after that date will not be included nor considered for an award.

Notes for Contributors

Logs

Length: may be typically 1,000-5,000 words, major cruises 6,000-10,000.

Format: logs should be submitted by email or on disc or data stick in MS Word or Rich Text format only.

Log titles should 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 submitted in paper or electronic format.

Summaries (including such items as dates and durations of passages, etc) are optional but desirable.

Photographs: send about 1 photo per 800 words. Digital photos should be on disc or data stick, where possible. Please ensure that captions are provided for all photographs. 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) photos are particularly welcome. Photographs will be attributed if requested; otherwise, it will be assumed that they are by the log author.

All logs will be entered for Awards, unless requested otherwise.

Please note: there is no need for hard (paper) copy of logs, Dunns Ditties or photographs. All material, where at all possible, should be submitted in digital format only.

Dunn's Ditties

May be 200-1,000 words; anecdotal or illustrative of cruise highlights (or lowlights) or a cruise summary.

Editorial preferences

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.

Conventions: use 24 hour clock, eg 21.00, NOT 9 pm or 21.00 hrs. Dates should be 24th July, not the 24th of July

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.

Italics: Use *Italics* for yacht and ship names and for quotations in foreign languages.

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

Our thanks to Stanton Adair 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. Particular thanks go once again to John Clementson for his excellently produced track charts and to him and Peter Ronaldson for proof-reading.

ISSN No. 0791-6132

Irish Cruising Club Annual 2014



Showing the Flag: Donal Walsh on Lady Kate below Tower Bridge, just before disaster struck

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Honorary Secretary's Report 2014

This year the Committee elected 17 new members, whose names are listed on the following page. The revised process for assessing members is providing the Committee with significantly better information about candidates.

Sadly, the deaths of eight members took place in 2014. Their names are recorded on the next page.

The AGM was held on 14 February in the National Yacht Club, with 96 members attending. The meeting approved a change to Rule 6, relating to the Election of Members.

There were four retirements from the Committee, three of whom were Flag Officers – David Tucker (Commodore), Alan Leonard (Vice-Commodore) and Peter Courtney (Rear Commodore). John Daly (S) also stepped down after seven years service. They each made a very substantial contribution to the organisation of Club events and to the work of the Committee over many years and will be missed..

New appointments at the Annual General Meeting were Peter Killen (Commodore), Dan Cross (Vice-Commodore), Stanton Adair (Rear Commodore N) and Stuart Musgrave (S).

Bill Rea, who distributed the ICC Annual to members retired after 17 years of dedicated service. He was presented with a memento by outgoing Commodore, David Tucker, in recognition of his contribution.

The Annual Dinner, organised by Alan Leonard and his team in the North Region, was held over the weekend of 28th/30th March 2014. Lough Erne proved to be a very welcoming location and the organisation of the event was excellent. The Dinner was attended by 248 members and friends.

The main Club event for 2014 was the 85th Anniversary Cruise held in July from Crosshaven to Glengarriff, ably organised by Paddy McGlade and his team.

The Regions ran a busy programme of events. Northern boats assembled in Derry/Londonderry for the finale of the Clipper Round the World Race. Autumn mini-rallies were held in Strangford Lough, Greystones and Cork Harbour. 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.

The weather in home waters gave some severe conditions in the early part of the season but, as in 2013, it settled to provide very good sunshine later.

**Cliff Hilliard,
Honorary Secretary**

NEW MEMBERS ELECTED ON 17 JANUARY 2014

John Ahern (E)
Rob Allen (W)
Charles Blandford (E)
Jim Brown (N)
Richard Fox (W)
Uel Gillan (N)
Colin Leonard (N)
Paul McSorley (N)
David Meeke (N)

David Murray (N)
Paul O'Brien (W)
Seamus O'Connor (S)
Trish Phelan (E)
John Preisler (W)
Yvonne Ranalow (W)
Matthew Wright (N)
Robin Wright (N)

DECEASED MEMBERS IN 2014

January: Des Turvey, Bill Keatinge, Niall Meagher
March: Betty Hegarty
June: Grattan Roberts
July: Seamus O'Carroll
August: Philip Byrne
September: Alan Robertson

OFFICERS AND COMMITTEE, 2014-2015

Commodore:	Peter Killen (East)	Year 1
Vice Commodore:	Dan Cross (South)	Year 1
Rear Commodore:	Stanton Adair (North)	Year 1
Rear Commodore:	Tom Foote (West)	Year 2
Hon. Treasurer:	Robert Barker	Year 2
Hon. Secretary:	Cliff Hilliard	Year 4

North

Graham Chambers Yr 4
Lynn Johnston Yr 2
Tony Weston Yr 3

South

Richard Cudmore Yr 3
Tom Kirby Yr 2
Philip McAuliffe Yr 2
Stuart Musgrave Yr 1

East

Tom Fitzpatrick Yr 2
Robert Fowler Yr 6
Alan McGettigan Yr 5
Richard Lovegrove Yr 4

West

Peter Fernie Yr 5
John O'Donnell Yr 2

Ex Officio: Ed Wheeler, Chairman, Irish Cruising Club Publications Ltd
John Clementson, Hon. Web Editor

NON-COMMITTEE ROLES

Editor Sailing Directions: Norman Kean
Editor Newsletter: Peter Fernie
Editor Annual: Ed Wheeler
Treasurer- Subscriptions: Tony Weston
Hon. Admissions Officer: Richard Lovegrove

Club Accessories: Cliff Hilliard
Club Trophies: Ann Woulfe-Flanagan
Distribution of Annual: Stanton Adair
Archives: Barbara McHenry

Challenge Cup Awards

Arthur Baker

Firstly, I must express my thanks to all those members who have submitted logs. As a member who has done some modest cruising, I never seemed to have sufficient time to produce an acceptable log. Nevertheless, I am continually impressed by the very obvious time and effort expended by members in writing their logs. Secondly, from my experience of reading the logs, I do feel some concern at the presence of examples of looseness in putting names (especially place names), and punctuation into one's PC. To be specific, I have three suggestions- 1. Would authors please use their spell-checker, and then read their log so that names are exactly correct; a perfect example is - Mizen is not spelled Mizzen (except when referring to the mast at the back - Ed), 2. Please check your punctuation so that your log can be presented in a fluid, comprehensible manner, and 3. Regarding grammar I'm not too concerned, as intelligent use of bad grammar may very well suit one's own style of communication.

THE AWARDS:

I can report that I received 33 logs, not one of which covered a cruise around Ireland. Can it be that our log writing members have a hot line to the Almighty, whereby they received a forecast of clement weather, thus deciding them to cruise further afield? Consequently, The Round Ireland Cup cannot be awarded.

THE FAULKNER CUP

Although there were several logs submitted which could warrant consideration for this, the Club's premier award, I have little hesitation in awarding the Cup to **Neil Hegarty** for his very comprehensive log, which covered eight months of cruising, which started with an impressive trans-Atlantic passage, and all conducted in a very well-found 34 foot boat. He has also provided some excellent advice as to how he equipped his boat with an intelligently selected range of gear.

THE STRANGFORD CUP

For me, the joint logs presented by **Eddie Nicholson** and **Patrick Dorgan** were impressive examples of how cruises in high latitudes should be planned, conducted and described. After five years of long distance cruising outside Ireland, Eddie visited the West coast of Greenland, where he had several family members and friends join him for some weeks to experience the unusual delights of that region. Patrick then joined the boat and reported very fluently on their voyage back home to Crosshaven.

THE ATLANTIC TROPHY

This is awarded for the best open sea passage of over 1,000 miles, and **John Coyne** is a very deserving winner for his log of "The wanderings of *Lir*", which

includes details of a very well conducted single-handed passage of 1,219 miles from Ponta Delgada to Inishbofin.

THE ROCKABILL TROPHY

This is normally awarded for a log detailing an exceptional feat of navigation or seamanship. As, in my opinion, no log described such a feat, I have taken the liberty of awarding the Trophy to **Norman Kean** for his essay "Moot Point", wherein he very calculatedly and indeed chillingly, details exactly how the clearance under an electricity cable should be calculated, rather than the intimidatingly imprecise methods used hitherto. By the way, this was the only log in which I failed to find one typo!



Hon. Adjudicator,
Arthur Baker

THE FINGAL TROPHY

This is for a log which appealed most to the Adjudicator. Although Derek White's brilliantly whimsical tale of "The Unexpected Voyage of Norman's Hat" appealed mightily, I felt that it fell outside the parameters for this award. Accordingly, I decided on **Ian Stevenson's** "Raptor in Search of Sunny Spain", which is a comprehensive log of an early season cruise from Strangford to Bayona. A minor factor in my decision was my delight on discovering the phrase "my hovercraft is full of eels"; I suggest that you read the log and appreciate the circumstances under which those words were used.

THE WILD GOOSE CUP

This Cup is to be awarded at the Adjudicator's discretion for a log of literary merit. Whereas there were several other logs which appealed, I opted to award the Cup to **John Duggan** for "The Log way Around" wherein he elegantly, and in a usefully descriptive manner, describes his cruise from Cascais to Oporto via both the Canaries and the Azores.

THE MARIE TROPHY

This is for the best cruise by a boat of under 30 feet. Although the number of boats in this size range is diminishing in the ICC Register, the log produced by **Peter Fernie**, entitled "Mystic's Ordinary Cruise" and enlivened by Peter's usual flair with words, was both enjoyable and certainly not ordinary.

THE GLENGARRIFF TROPHY

This is awarded for the best cruise in Irish waters. And it is awarded to **Brendan O'Callaghan** for his fine log of "Half Way Round Ireland". I liked his response to an invitation to visit another boat, wherein he asked permission to bring his accordion, which was capped by the issuer of the invitation who replied "sure, that's the only reason you're invited."

THE PERRY GREER BOWL

The Bowl is awarded for the best first log. I have chosen **Justin McDonagh's** "*Selkie – A Family Transatlantic Adventure*". This is a log of a very impressive voyage by Justin, his wife Trish and their two children aged nine and seven(?), when they (at the very short notice of one week), managed to join the first Atlantic Odyssey in Lanzarote to sail to Martinique. Thence through the Caribbean via Bermuda to Maine, eventually finishing in New York. And they managed over the whole trip, with the loss of only four days, to provide lessons for their children! All in all, a magnificent achievement.

THE FORTNIGHT CUP

This Cup is the award for the best cruise of 16 days or less. It is awarded to **Fergus Quinlan** for "*Pylades to the Hebrides*". This was a very incisive log of a well-conducted short cruise from Galway, via Tory Island to Castlebay, and, via (inter alia) a memorable visit to a Communist "honour system" shop, back to base.

THE WYBRANTS CUP

This Cup is awarded for the best cruise in Scottish waters, and I have selected **Matthew Wright's** well-written log of his fine cruise from Bangor around significant parts of the Hebrides. I particularly enjoyed Matthew's description of the situation when he and his crew were so distracted in discussing Irish Rugby that their bonfire was hijacked!

CLUB AWARDS 2014

The John B. Kearney Cup: Awarded (posthumously) for outstanding contributions to Irish sailing to **Joe English** for an outstanding career as a world-class sailor. He skippered *NCB Ireland* in the Whitbread Round the World Race in 1989-90, took part in the same race on *Tokio* in 1993-4, participated in many Admiral's Cup races and was involved in a winning America's Cup team. In 1979 while based in Sydney, he competed in several major events, including the Southern Cross and Kenwood Cup Series. In 1980 he won the One Ton Sailing Cup with Harold Cudmore on the *Tony Castro* designed *Justine* and also won the Two Ton Cup in Sardinia a year later. Joe was central to the development of the "1720" sportsboat. Diagnosed with early onset Alzheimers disease at age 51, he died at age 58 on 4 November 2014.

The Wright Salver: Awarded by the Northern Committee to **Brian Black** for his achievements in high latitude cruising, this year's cruise having got as far as Antarcctic Havn at 72° N in East Greenland.

The Aran Islands Trophy: Awarded by the Western Committee to **John Coyne** for his single handed passage from Inishboffin to North West Spain, then to the Azores and return to Innishboffin on *Lir*.

The Waterford Harbour Cup: Awarded by the Southern Committee to **Eddie Nicholson** for his well prepared and successful circumnavigation of the North Atlantic via Greenland in his yacht, *Mollihawk's Shadow*.

The Donegan Memorial Trophy: Awarded by the Eastern Committee to **Kieran Jameson** for many years of outstanding achievements in offshore sailing including 15 consecutive Fastnets and nine consecutive Round Ireland races. In addition, Kieran has completed three "Three Peaks" races, One Round Britain and Ireland and one ARC. Kieran finished 6th in class and 20th overall in the Middle Sea race in 2014, despite very heavy conditions.

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: awarded to **Andrew Wilkes** (RCC) and **Máire Breathnach** (ICC). This year, Máire and Andrew have taken *Young Larry* on another Arctic cruise, sailing to Newfoundland via Faroe, Iceland, Greenland and Baffin Island. Andrew has also taken over the editorship of the RCCPF Arctic and Northern Waters Sailing Directions from the redoubtable Willie Ker and has produced a new enlarged edition this year, now taking in both the Northwest and Northeast Passages. The marriage between Andrew and Máire brought together a quintessentially English man and a woman who is as Irish as it is possible to be. It also brings the RCC and ICC even closer together. This award recognises their achievements in high latitude sailing over many years.

The Dunn's Ditty Salver: Awarded by the Annual Editor to **Norman Kean's Hat**. This account of the Hat's escape and subsequent return, including a circumnavigation of Ireland by sundry means, was ghost-written, as is the way with celebrity memoirs. **Derek White** was the ghost and he may collect the award on behalf of the Hat. Norman's reply to his hat did not qualify for an award, on the grounds of profanity.

A Few Pictures from the 2014 Season



(Left): Working up an appetite for the 2014 Annual Dinner at the Enniskillen Golf Resort: the hardier members went walking to Cuilcagh Mountain on the Fermanagh - Cavan Border

(Below): Neil Hegarty on Shelduck in the Dismal Swam Canal (Anne Kenny)



(Above): *Lydia* and *Ann Again* at Goleen for the 85th Anniversary Cruise. (Joe/Trish Phelan)

(Above left): Ice Navigation in East Greenland: Going aloft to check a lead (Brian Black)

(Below left): *Witchcraft* of Howth in the Sound of Mull

CAMINO BY SEA

Paddy Barry

“INVITATION. Starting on Sat. May 24th, our west Kerry friends Danny Sheehy (farmer/poet), Brendan Begley (melodian player), Brendan Páid Moriarty (fisherman/farmer) and Liam Holden (artist) intend rowing/sailing from St James Gate, Dublin towards Santiago de Compostela in the 24 ft *Naomhóig Na Tinte* (Naomhóig of the Tents). In this tarred canvas currach they have previously travelled over several years, unaccompanied, round the Irish coast, to Iona and round Mull; rowing/sailing by day and camping ashore by night. Their plan is to spend about a month each year on this Camino, in the same style; except that *Ar Seachrán* will be ‘support boat’; carrying tents and gear, navigating, providing occasional meals, respite and help *in extremis*. Based on previous experience, they should do about 18 miles/day plus tidal ‘push’, for about 5 days/week; average speed underway about 2 ½ knots; all very much subject to the vagaries of weather.

They will be set up for independent travel, with GPS, ERIRB, VHF and Added Buoyancy. The trip can be viewed in many ways, historical, spiritual, or physical, but is primarily for the *craic*. A preliminary Passage Plan for this coming year can be summarised as going down the Irish east coast to Carnsore, across to St Davids Head, Wales, round to Caldey Island, with its active Cistercian monastery, across the Bristol Channel, via Lundy; then south west along the north coast of Devon and Cornwall; round Lands End and east, about 20 miles to the Lizard.

If things go really well, we’ll cross the Channel to finish, this year, in N Brittany. Wherever we finish, the Naomhóig will be stored and we’ll all sail back to Munster in *Ar Seachrán*.

For us in *Ar S.*, this will be different from our usual trips, where we might be putting in 60 mile days and finishing the day in recognised harbour places. The lads in the N. will be finishing the day wherever tides or weather dictate and pulling up onshore in places possibly not offering much to the deep keeled *Ar S.* We then will fend for ourselves, going for the night up or down the coast to wherever looks best—and rejoining next day. For those so inclined, I’d expect plenty of opportunity to do some rowing!

This year’s plan:

Stage A/Saturday. May 24th. to Thur. June 12th.

Dublin to Bristol Channel –somewhere.

Stage B/Thur. June 12th to Monday June 30th.

Bristol Channel to as far as we can get, hopefully Brittany and back to Munster.”

Thus, around Christmas, went the Invitation to my sailing friends.

Ar Seachrán had overwintered uneventfully in Waterford City Marina and was lifted out for the month of April in Bilberry Boatyard, intending only the usual underside jobs. However it was seen that the prop shaft was stiff to rotate. Following through on this, the cause was found to be that two of the front engine mounts had sheared, in turn leading to a fractured bell-housing and gearbox front plate. April was busier than planned!

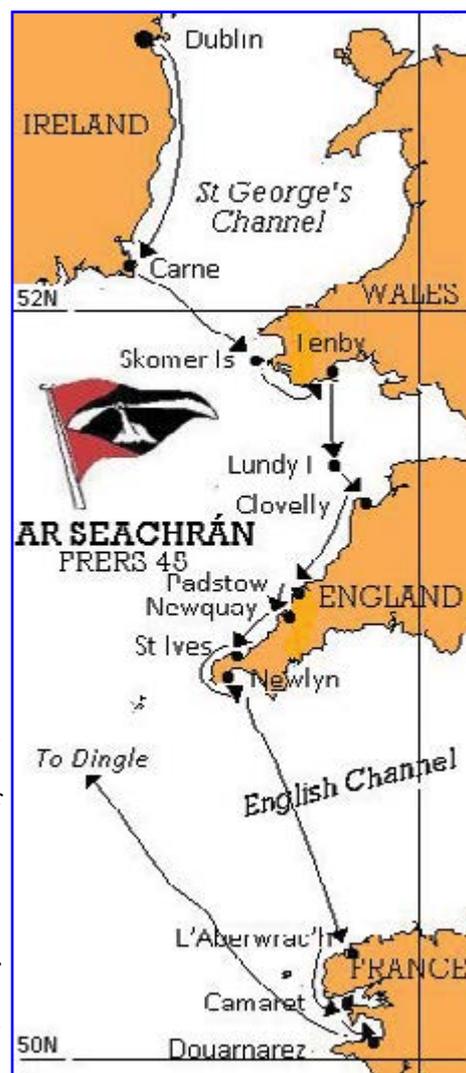
With hill-walking pals aboard, we got away to Snowdonia for the second week of May, using Caernarfon Marina as our ‘base-camp’, returning to moor on the River Liffey. Slung from a convenient tree branch, across the road from St James Gate Brewery, the Naomhóig (henceforth called the ‘N’) made her precarious descent into the Liffey, the various blessings associated with the Camino already being invoked. In the company of half dozen Dublin-based currachs, she went down the Liffey, being joined at Poolbeg by *Ar Seachrán*. Next day, Saturday May 24th, a stiff north east wind blew in

our faces as we motored over to Dun Laoghaire, the four in the N. finding it a hard two hour pull. At the National YC pontoon we got an inside berth, but still doubled lines and lifted the N. up onto the pontoon.

A light northerly breeze and southgoing tide next morning made for ideal conditions. On *Ar S* with me were Mike Alexander and Ken Price, both ICC, together with Scot Eric Lawther. (There also were two RTE cameramen, about whom more later). And indeed things got even better. In Killiney Bay the N. raised her 45 sq foot lugsail and they just ‘swanned’ along, we being ½ mile outside going with a corner of headsail.

With all the ease in the world we passed Greystones, Newcastle and Kilcoole, getting into the wall at Wicklow Harbour before the tide turned northwards. The outgoing river did make it somewhat awkward to get neatly into that pier wall. The N. lifted out at the slip and set up tents on the nearby grass. I jogged the cliff edge out to the lighthouse and back, later slow-pinting in the friendly Wicklow Sailing Club.

Leaving Wicklow an hour before the tide was due to go south at the Head we found a two knot eddy sweeping southeastwards. At Wicklow Head a half knot was already running our way. And the lads in the N. decided to go fishing. I buttoned my lip. We lost sight of them as we



went outside Horseshoe Buoy and they stayed inshore. Calling on VHF for their location, Danny said that they were “beside the yellow field”. Which they were, but this was not very impressive as regards navigational exactitude.

The RTE cameramen Donal and Bob had joined ship on fairly short notice. I had sailed several trips previously with cameramen, all grand; who’d take their shots, put the camera away and be part of the crew. This was turning out not so great. Non-f—ng stop the cameras kept going; added to which they were ‘veggies’ of some description, cooking and eating separately from ourselves.

The target for that day was Polduff, but by 15.30, a mile north of Courtown, the tide had turned and the wind now was about force 4 from ahead. Making only about $\frac{3}{4}$ knot they got into Courtown. We rolled out full headsail and went back to Arklow. They did in fact make 22 miles that day.

Danny rang at 7.30, next morning from Courtown. They were leaving at 8.30 bound Polduff and possibly onward to camp along the north Wexford beach shore. It was a lovely sunny morning with a light westerly breeze. Dover High Water was 11.00, so we expected slack water and then southgoing tide around 10.00. We left Arklow at 8.30 to find the tide already running south at $1\frac{1}{2}$ knots. At 12.00 we spoke the N. Their position was $52^{\circ} 27' N$; 12 miles done, excellent. They had gone inside through the shallow Ram; we took the deeper Rusk Channel. By 15.30 they were passing Rosslare and rowing for Greenore Point, about $\frac{3}{4}$ mile ahead, the tide still southgoing. However by 16.00 it had turned northwards and the lads had pulled onto the beach $\frac{1}{4}$ mile south of Greenore Point. At 16.15 they restarted and at 17.00, we were going outside Whilkeen and they inside. It was sunny and warm with joggers on the beach. We got in to Carne at 17.20, to a mooring, they to the pier. A good day, indeed very good.

Over the next days the lads rested and watched the forecasts. It now was fine, but blowing from the north east. We shifted to Rosslare Harbour and should have known better. We got hammered for a couple of hours, before moving out to anchor on the tranquil southwest side of Carnsore and then on Friday morning back to Carne. There Eileen Parle, ex coastguard volunteer, had organised a first class camping site and had baked up a storm to provision the rowers for the crossing. The following I wrote later:

At 15.30 on Friday May 30th a small crowd saw the Naomhóig depart Carne Pier, *Ar S.* bouncing on anchor outside. A fresh wind still blew from the northeast, but was forecast to lighten; the day was bright with light cloud. The N. left with no ado—and no proper briefing, going straight over Collough Rock! We followed, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile astern, and set off on a course for The Smalls. The N was rowing upwind and way off course until at 18.00 they laid off on course and raised sail. Many dolphins appeared, two dozen or more were with us for hours, cameramen busy. The sun set into low cloud. The breeze lightened, the lads pulling well together. By midnight it was calm; however the N’s sternlight was poor, making it hard for us to keep them in sight, most unsatisfactory. By 04.00 it was daylight again, the N going well and St. Georges Channel tides behaving

as predicted. Our ETA to our waypoint 3 miles west of The Smalls was now 07.00. Rest spells now became more frequent and there was less pull on the oars—they no longer visibly bent on the pull.

At 09.00 we passed down a pot of stew; initially they had wanted only hot water to make tea, fatigue now well visible. They quickly emptied that pot and it was as well that they did, now rejuvenated as the tide running southeastward took hold. They spent a long time getting away from the north side of Grassholm Island, an intense gannetry, white and not at all green. We had plenty of time to be looking at it as the contrary tide now turned northwards, with mostly only 2 rowing and progress down to 1 knot. Approaching the north side of Skomer our target, from three miles out, the tide was now flowing westward. The sail was pulling lightly, with only one or two sets of oars going; main puller, BB, was now apparently asleep, on his knees, face down across his thwart. Approaching the cliffs progress became backward. All sprung to the oars, revitalised—a four knot current swirling round the rocks. *Ar S.* passed a towline. In the surge it threatened to pull the N. bow under. They loosed it and got their 3 HP outboard from under the tarp, onto the transom and going. They got inshore into flatter water and a possible good eddy. Outside we engaged into a 5 knot tide until approaching North Haven all was calm and tideless. Our dinghy was launched and went ahead



Naomhóig in Lumpy Seas. (Patricia Moriarty)

with camera men for the ‘landfall shot’, birds all over, people about and the ferry bow-on to the stone steps. We picked up a ‘Visitors Day Mooring’ and the N. pulled alongside at 14.30, 23 hours out from Carne. All up for tea, N. crew absolutely whacked, but exultant having done 44 miles direct, plus some more. Later we walked the grassy nature-reserve island, bird watchers aloof around the nice hostel buildings. Dinner aboard and a nice drop; all 10 of us slept—not a stir.

Sunday, 11.30. Away to catch the south going tide in Jack Sound and onward and with sun, tide and a light following breeze, made 3 to 4 knots along the delightful Pembrokeshire coast, arriving at Caldey Island at 18.00. This monastic island is closed to visitors on Sundays, so we went the two miles over to Tenby on the mainland; 29 miles rowed today.

Manorbier Castle, nearby, once belonged to the Barrys who came to Ireland in 1169. I thought of a repossession, but couldn’t get any support. The camera men left and I got my cabin back.

Monday, 11.30. N. left Tenby, bound Lundy. Our comms at this stage were better. The Naomhóig would call, about every 2 hours, on Ch. 16 and go to Ch. 72, giving lat/long. Ch. 72 we called ‘seachto dó’, for privacy,

until the scanners found us at any rate. The tides around Lundy are a big thing, so arrival off the north headland at slack water was paramount. It happened, 20.00, followed by a relatively easy row the 2 miles down its east side to the anchorage at its southeast corner. Finding nowhere to set up tents, the lads bedded aboard, but not before a pleasant evening in the Marisco Inn (combining Post Office, Nature Reserve Warden, the lot.)

Next day Mike A. took *Ar S.* across to Clovelly to put BB on the Devon shore, he going to Denmark to play some gigs. *Ar S.* then returned to Lundy. I took BB's place in the N. Later I wrote: "A six hour doddle was the plan, Lundy to Bude, 20 miles, with the tide running southwest down the Bristol Channel; then the next day a further 23 miles or so onward to Padstow". A light breeze blew from the southwest as we left the shelter of Lundy at 09.30, Liam H on the stern thwart, Brendan Páid next, myself next and Danny in the bow.

*"From Hartland Point to Padstow
Light Is a watery grave by day or night."*

Seemed no bother to us on this fine day. We pulled away together to get over toward Hartland Point on the Devon shore. Not that it would have offered much succour, it being almost continuous cliffs with green fields on a plateau behind. As the tide flowed stronger, the seas rose steeper on our beam; hard to get good oar placement. No remarks passed for the $\frac{3}{4}$ hour that this lasted. Only then, stopping for flaked tea, did anyone acknowledge the conditions. Now onward towards Bude, moving nicely together we pulled, not a person, a habitation or other boat to be seen. Radar domes, on the cliffs north of Bude, suggested a close watch being kept on the skies. A couple of surfers, black clad, raised no comment. Then there were houses on the shore and—more surfers, the 'why' now becoming apparent. A half mile out, as we were, a heavy swell was almost breaking. We sure weren't going to land here. Onward, I had noted possible landing places: Crackington Haven sounded good, but wasn't good enough—more surfers. Bocastle, a $\frac{1}{2}$ mile deep crack in the shore, we couldn't find. The N. has an outboard for emergencies with a little petrol, too little. Anyway this wasn't an emergency, just a hard pull, with the tide now against us. At Tintagel Head, around 21.30, the shore lights came on. A couple of hours later we saw Port Isaac, seductive; but the sound of surf stymied that siren call. Between 23.00 and 23.30 the headland east of Padstow, a definite landing, was rounded. The tide was briefly with us again, until we met the ebb coming out from the falling tide of the Camel River and Padstow estuary.

I, the navigator, said to row for the bright lights not too far away. Until, first the sound, then the sight of beach surf put us off again. A red light to the south was our proper mark, so away we pulled—and then pulled, to a



Ar Seachrán, Anchored off Newquay. (Patricia Moriarty)

stop, in 6 inches of water. Poking our oars into the bottom, they only sank into the soft sand. Nothing for it, but all out and lift and push; fairly desperately, though not in danger but an unpleasant prospect of a night out on this 'whatever it was'. (It was the Doom Bar!). We did get off, and rowed and rowed into the outgoing river flow, trying our best to go between the red and green buoys. The rain lashed down; we hadn't noticed it starting, as we got into Padstow Harbour; one am, not a body in sight. Alongside a pontoon, we dragged ourselves ashore with tents and bags. No nice camping grass here, even the public toilet was shut. But a light showed. The night porter said a room would cost £150. We took it.

Next day we moved to a campsite, Anne Burke, rower from Falmouth, joining us. *Ar S.* arrived on Thursday, June 5th. Lands End now loomed large on our horizon; but first there was Newquay and its friendly Rowing Club. They had rowed four years earlier to Courtmacsherry in *Good Intent*, one of their 6-man Cornish Pilot Gigs. St. Ives, where in 1988 they wouldn't take payment for diesel for the gleoteog *Cú Uladh*—"couldn't charge a boat like that", was friendly as ever, though now with more 'ice cream and pedalos'. The weather was generally fine, though with periods of strong wind. BB returned.

Wed. June 11th. Departed St. Ives, my head full of tidal variations, from kayakers' websites for close inshore and RYA chartlets. The day was fine, with little wind or chop. The big headlands, redolent of shipwreck and smuggling, were passed; Cape Cornwall, Pendeen, St Just. Sennan Cove with its RNLI station and then our great shouting at Lands End. Now eastward past Porth Curno, Penberth



L to R: Liam Holden, Brendan Páid Moriarty, Brendan Begley, Danny Sheehy. (Patricia Moriarty)

Cove, Lamorna Cove and Mousehole it seemed like going downhill, the tides having obliged all day, 9 hours if you catch it right and into big Newlyn Harbour. That night in the Red Lion we had them walzing, ourselves too.

In Newlyn, Penzance station being just down the road, Mike, Ken and Eric left. Kevin Cronin, Austin Duke and Liam Ó Muirithle (French speaker) arrived. So did Domhnall & Bob, the cameramen. Crossing The Channel, 95 miles to l'Aberwrach, would take 3 days; needing force 3 or less. We were in light high pressure weather, but windier edge conditions showed on the French side. Going up-channel a shorter crossing would have been possible, but at a cost of much more mileage. The ultimate short crossing would have been around Dover –Calais. For 30 miles either side the Marine Gendarme have banned 'bathtub' crossings, being fed up with rescuing such. Our agreed plan was to row for 5 or 6 hours in the morning, rowers come aboard *Ar S.* for a snooze and dinner, then get back and row till dark, returning aboard overnight; while *Ar S.* more or less held station.

And so at 06.30 on Sunday June 15th it began. In fine calm, passing Mousehole (pronounced Muzzle), away we went on a course of 162 degrees magnetic. A light northerly then gave a helpful push. With 18 miles done by 12.00 they came aboard, tricky enough in the chop, stern to stern on *Ar S.*'s boarding ladder. They were in no rush back, resuming at 20.00 hours, now in calm and rowed till dark at 23.00. We took the N. in slow tow, stern first. This was unsatisfactory as, keel-less, she yawed and surged about, sawing at her bridle. At 3 knots she towed best, so station-keeping aside, we moved southward. The forecast now gave force 5 coming on, so on my watch, 03. 00, the revs were raised to give us 5 knots---no stir from the rowers. Large vessel movements abounded, but only one required evasive action on our part. Overhead stars shone, dim in the springtide moonlight. Before dawn, the flashes from Ile Vierge and a few others showed. The wind, now force five or six, blowing into a 2 ½ knot tide, made rowing out of the question. Libenter Buoy was raised at 10.00, yachts emerging. Into the N. went the lads, the outgoing tide

making hard work of it. *Ar S.* went ahead. An hour after we had tied in l'Aberwrach Marina, they rowed in, jumped ashore and we all gave a big shout.

Some lazy days followed as the wind blew freshly from the east. I fixed a few things (more to be done), swam and read of a facet of Cromwell's time in Ireland 'To Hell or Barbados'. At an onboard meeting we agreed that we could have 2 more 'travelling days' in prospect, to Le Conquet, round the corner on Thursday and Duarnenez on Friday, there to arrange Naomhóig storage. Rounding Le Four there was a saving of a couple of miles for the N. by going inside some islands. As they disappeared I worried that I had sent them onto a rocky bottom on a falling tide. Later they said that, yes, the bottom was only a couple of feet down, clear to be seen.

Le Conquet, the tide still running south, was passed in favour of going on to Camaret. On the last rowing day, there were no hazards and it was delightfully warm and sunny. Off the beach north of Cap de la Chevre *Ar S.* went in to anchor and we swam, gorgeous. In Duarnenez a racing fleet of about thirty five 'Six Fifties', that's 6.5 metres, 20 footers, were preparing for a Wolf Rock, Fastnet and back five-day race. These two man cockleshells fairly fly. The N. was put into storage. Kevin, Austin and the cameramen left.

Dimanche, June 22, there was a 'Pardon de Saint-Jean Mass' in a small old church, lovely choir and Breton Pipes. At 19.00 *Ar S.* left, 340 miles to Dingle, Naomhóig crew aboard. For 30 hours we had a good sailing wind, close hauled on starboard tack, making six to seven knots. Then the wind fell and we motored. On Wednesday morning, June 25th, about seven as we breakfasted in the cockpit, any early risers in Dingle Marina would have heard BB playing 'The Rolling Wave'.

Baltic – but not as we know it.

Adrian & Maeve Bell

Here in Ireland we often refer to a cold winter's day as Baltic. So for a summer's sailing one surely needs to pack oilskins, jumpers and a warm hat? Mistake no 1. What we needed most were shorts, sun hats and factor 50.

Oisín Bán, our Arcona 430, had been laid up for the winter at the Arcona yard in Gustavsberg, a small town on Värmdö, about a 40 minute bus ride to the east of Stockholm. Having cruised to the Stockholm archipelago in 2013, it seemed obvious to continue east to Finland before returning home so, when we heard that the Royal Cruising Club (RCC) was organising a rally from Mariehamn in the Åland Islands to Helsinki, we indicated our enthusiasm and were delighted to receive an invitation to join.

With John Taggart already on board after a week's taster session around the Skärgård, Alan Leonard joined us on the evening of Tuesday 15th July to complete the team. The Skärgård is a superb sailing playground, extending some 35 miles from the city centre to the outer skerries and 70 miles from the Landsort peninsula in the south to Arholma in the north. Åland lies some 30 miles north east of Arholma so in the morning we headed in this direction via the 'scenic' route of Baggensstaket, a narrow dog-leg channel starting near Gustavsberg leading west and then north. The first part is shallow, over-hung by trees, and so restricted in places that two boats cannot pass, while the second section northwards is through a deep rocky gorge.

Emerging into the main channel, we set full sail to head eastwards towards Vaxholm, dominated by its massive defensive fort, and then continued northeast to join the main fairway connecting Stockholm with the Baltic. It was busy. We were dwarfed by the block-sided cruise ships and ferries plying each way but at least the force 4 westerly gave us good manoeuvrability. The peace of Sjöbottna, an enclosed pool with just a few holiday homes and our anchorage for the night, was a welcome contrast.

Conditions were calm and sunny the next day as we motored through the northerly part of the archipelago following the historic route towards Arholma; it is now well marked with modern buoyage, although the Arholma beacon, the construction of which began in 1703, remains a notable day mark. It took three and a half hours to clear the islands before we could head for Åland, an ancient realm of 6,500 islands and skerries thought to be the oldest inhabited part of Finland. The light south-easterly breeze never managed to get above force 2, so we motor-sailed and started to acclimatise to high summer Baltic-style.

Despite arriving off the entrance to Käringsund on Eckarö (ö in Swedish indicates an island, which explains why it is used so frequently) at 16.00, the dock was already filled with boats but we were met by a RIB and advised to moor to a rock beside a traditional boathouse on the more secluded western shore. Out came all our new Baltic equipment – a 15kg stern anchor which is on a 50 metre reel of tape attached to the pushpit, two 25 metre bow warps and, the pièce de résistance, a stout bow ladder.

In the early evening we walked south past the modern ferry terminal to look at the enormous yellow building with

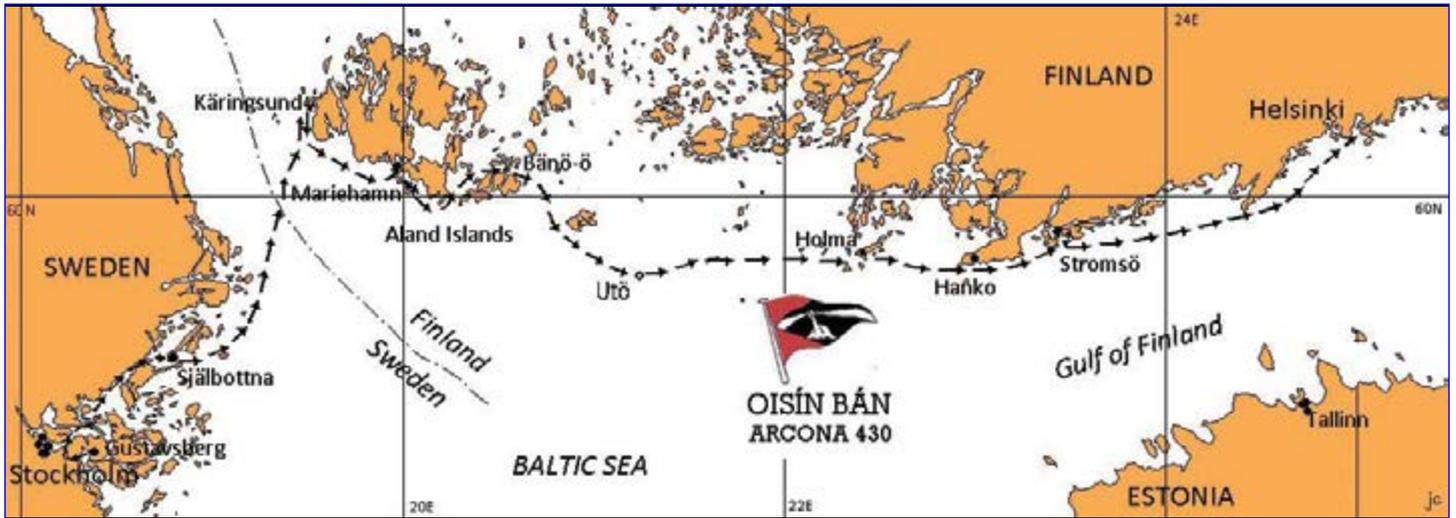


Oisín Bán under sail

a classical façade we had spotted from seaward. It turned out to be a former post office, built in this remote spot as a triumphal gesture by the Czar after Russia defeated Sweden in 1808. Victory meant that Finland and the Åland Islands became part of the Russian empire until the map of Europe was redrawn after the end of WW1. Indeed, the 28,000 inhabitants of Åland remain overwhelmingly Swedish-speaking today despite being part of Finland, although a very autonomous one.

On our return, *Oisín Bán* was no longer in solitary splendour but sandwiched between several other boats; the sailing season in this part of the world is short but intense with everybody afloat in July. We were a bit surprised at how early our neighbours took their ensigns down and went to bed but thought little of it until lunchtime the next day when, arriving off Mariehamn at 12.30 in time, we thought, to avoid the ferry rush hour, we found ourselves more or less in the thick of it. Mistake no 2. Finland, including Åland, is on Eastern European Time and our watches were an hour out.

Here we joined the twenty boats taking part in the RCC meet. It kicked off that evening with an informal party on board the capacious and splendidly-named *Gas Pirate*. Drinks in hand, we caught up with Anne Kenny and Neil Hegarty together with David and Marie Whitehead. Later we learnt more about the programme for the following



10 days put together by Jan Hörhammer, a member of both RCC and Nyländska Jaktklubben (NJK), the largest yacht club in Finland which even owns its own islands and harbours that, as guest members for the season, we were entitled to use.

Situated in the middle of the Baltic Sea, the Åland Islands have a long tradition of sea-faring and this, combined with a weak economy, led to them becoming the last stronghold of the windjammers following the takeover of their routes and cargoes by new-fangled steam in the 1920s and 1930s. One of the most famous, the *Pommern*, a four-masted barque which won the Great Grain Races twice in the 1930s, was moored beside us in the Västerhamn. Built in Glasgow and still in her original condition, she is now a floating museum. The highlight of our stay was a private guided tour followed by a superb buffet dinner on deck.

The weather on Sunday 20th continued to be glorious. Clearly high pressure was well established. So why was the barometer continuing to read 1008 mb? Opening it up, we found the mechanism had slipped in its case, jamming the needle. Mistake no 3. If the barometer seems seriously at odds with the weather, don't attribute it to the Baltic, or anywhere else, being "different".

The suggested venue that evening was Banö-ö, an enclosed bay to the east of the larger islands comprising the main part of the archipelago. We set off mid-morning, motor-sailing in a light northerly breeze, first southwards down one of the main approaches to Mariehamn, then under full sail towards a narrow gap at Buskar before enjoying a beat northwards up the Ledfjärd. This was followed by a narrow channel incorporating several sharp bends with ferries steaming both along and across it; prudence reigned and the engine came on again for a couple of hours before an easy reach towards the entrance to Banö. Furling the genoa, we went to start the engine. Silence. The genoa came out again pretty smartly to enable us to beat through the gap before executing what we judged, a little smugly, to be a text-book example of anchoring under sail. "I knew we were going to be lucky," remarked John. "There's seagull shit on my hat!" Investigation soon resolved the problem: a loose connection near the battery.

Following steaks and strawberries for dinner, we and several other crews were entertained by Nigel and Bindy Wollen on board *Wish Hound II* before returning in the balmy half-light just before midnight. We parted company with the majority of the fleet next day as we wanted to

reach Hango on the Finnish mainland by Wednesday to rendezvous with Maeve's cousin John and his wife Anne in their steel barge, *Wave of Maldon*. We had met in Bergen in 2011 and Stockholm in 2013 so making it three out of three seemed important.

The sun shone, winds were again light from the north and, even with the genneker up, progress was tedious. By mid afternoon the air was humid, the sky overcast and dark where a storm was building and we were now motoring through gloom which resembled dilute spinach soup, the result of a massive algal bloom. The final insult was a swarm of little black flies which settled over the sails, the deck and us. Ugh! With the thunderstorm building over our original destination of Notö, a decision was taken to head south towards the very edge of the archipelago and the island of Utö. The guest pontoons were already full so we anchored in the well-sheltered bay. Utö is small and low-lying with a cluster of houses surrounding the lighthouse, pilot station and tall communication masts. The chartplotter showed it as a military restricted zone. We spotted a couple of gun emplacements and thought no more about it despite the warning in our guidance notes from Jan saying:

"There are a few military areas in the archipelago restricted to foreigners which are clearly marked on the charts and you should avoid anchoring in them. If for some reason you plan to visit such an area you must obtain a permit beforehand to avoid an interrupted holiday at sea."

But Utö was clearly a recognised anchorage, we enjoyed a sensational sunset, and no officials interrupted the peaceful night. It had to be an over-statement, didn't it? Next morning, more sunshine. Up went the ensign. A glance around the anchorage revealed that the other visiting yachts were flying Finnish courtesy flags. Mistake no 4. Our position was 21°22'E while the recognised boundary for Åland is 21°09'E. We had rectified our error by the time Anne and Neil came past in *Tam O'Shanter* for a quick chat before heading out.

It was another hot day with fitful winds. One of the downsides to the vastness of the Finnish archipelago is that much of it appears to be uncharted apart from the official channels which, as a foreign vessel, we were advised we were expected to keep to. This dictated our routes for the remainder of the trip. We managed a mere one and a half hours under sail during the six hour passage along one of the main fairways towards Langholm, an NJK island and venue

for the BBQ on Thursday. Edging in gently, the depth reduced until, some way off the shore, there was just 0.3 under the keel. The odds were not in our favour so we retreated as cautiously as we had entered and found a secluded bay nearby in which to anchor.

Given that it was the peak sailing season and harbours tended to be crowded, we left early and were tied up in Hanko by 10.30. Again the wind was only a zephyr and provided no antidote to the heat with the temperature reaching 30°. Shade was needed urgently. We set to and fashioned an awning out of two canvas fender skirts and dangled the largest sail bag above the fore-hatch to create a wind scoop.

John and Anne arrived for dinner sporting St Tropez tans as a result of having already spent some weeks in Finland. A cold buffet and copious quantities of chilled wine ensured the evening was happily whiled away.

By now it was Thursday. It seemed perverse to double back to the BBQ when the possibility of mooring with the others seemed remote so we decided to continue east and hope for more wind. Once clear of the harbour, a light breeze from the west enabled us to set full sail and then the genneker; we ghosted along at 4.5 knots in 7 knots of wind but the sun beat down and the gloom persisted. By the time we anchored in Strömsö just off one of the fairways, we were all dehydrated and a bit tetchy. Top priority was to re-erect the awning, then the storm jib was unpacked for the very first time to do duty as a wind scoop.

Tallinn in Estonia was only 60 miles away but, with the forecast promising more of the same, sweltering in full sun for nine hours or so was not appealing. Instead we set off for Helsinki at 06.30 to avail of the cooler morning conditions. This time the marked routes required some intricate pilotage along much narrower and shallower channels than up until now, requiring 44 waypoints to be entered into the chart-plotter. Frustratingly it was engine all the way to Helsinki where a berth was waiting for us at Bleckholmen, the delightful small island in the middle of the city's harbour where NJK have one of their bases.

At this stage we were a day ahead of the others, who were due to arrive for the closing dinner on Sunday 27th. Suddenly there was an opportunity to get to Tallinn after all. Sammy, the Club's main man on Bleckholmen, came on duty early and took us in the launch to the fast ferry docked at the quayside opposite; less than two hours later we were in Estonia with its colourful mediaeval capital of Tallinn just 10 minutes walk from the port. With its winding streets, ancient buildings, cafes with gaudy floral window boxes and a bustling market square packed with stalls, the walled town is so perfect it could almost be mistaken for a film set but is saved by the warm, outgoing nature of its inhabitants, even if some of them were dressed in homespun tunics and the toes of their shoes curled up like the corners of a stale sandwich.

Back in Helsinki, our rally colleagues started to arrive with tales of various mishaps - a grounding, burnt-out



ICC representatives at the RCC Baltic Meet: L to R: Marie & David Whitehead, John Taggart, Anne Kenny, Neil Hegarty, Maeve & Adrian Bell, Alan Leonard

electrics, engine failure which resulted in a lengthy tow - but everyone was in top form for the dinner served in the elegant first floor dining room of the historic clubhouse which dates from 1900.

In our 12 days on board we covered a very modest 306 miles and logged a frustratingly large number of engine hours. But at one stage or another we covered all points of sailing, got the genneker up twice, and reached E24°57'. We visited four countries, assuming the Åland Islands rank separately and a commercial ferry counts. And the mistakes were not too serious.

Postscript. Returning towards Sweden in August, we had become rather confident of our ability to identify a good, if unmarked, anchorage on the chart so, when our original choice of Gasthamn looked a bit busy, we continued for a few miles before turning into a sheltered inlet and dropping the hook. There was just time to put the kettle on before a high speed military launch with two uniformed chaps zoomed up. This was clearly a Mistake with a capital M. "What country are you from?" they enquired. "Ireland", we replied. "Do you know that you are in a military restricted zone?" was the next question. Well, yes, we had seen it on the chart but we had continued past the obviously militarised part to an area which seemed to have holiday homes along the shore. We explained this and, with a view to escaping any sanctions or 'an interrupted holiday', asked: "Would you like us to leave?" At this point the kettle started to whistle loudly. The senior officer remarked: "You need to make the tea". Sadly they declined to come on board for a cuppa saying they were on duty but agreed that we could stay the night.

Oisín Bán arrived back in Gustavsberg on 31st August ready for another foray in the Baltic next year.

Seaфра heads north in East Greenland

Brian Black



Despite assurances to the contrary, I set aside my misgivings and made plans for a return to Greenland's east coast for an extended cruise with a crew who, like myself, had graduated to the 'bus-pass' generation. When we bought *Séaфра* five years ago the idea was to have a boat suitable for the rain and winds of the home latitudes. That she has become a seasoned Arctic traveller was never intended by Angus Primrose, who designed her, nor by my wife Lesley who at one stage had thoughts of a comfortable deck saloon boat that suited Irish and Scottish summer weather.

So a season in Shetland, another in Faroe, East Greenland in 2012 and then a plan to return to Greenland in 2014 has resulted in a much modified boat, better suited to harsh conditions but in no way ideal for the voyaging she has been subjected to.

In preparing for any voyage, the first thing that comes to mind is the crew. Who is available, what about compatibility, age and fitness are issues nowadays but so too is sea-time. I put out feelers. First response came from Eric Degerland who has sailed many a mile with me both on *Séaфра* and previously aboard *Caelan*. He retired in 2013 and moved to Spain but his response was immediate and positive. 'Sign me on,' he said. Jim McWhir who is a liveboard took the bait. After an Azores trip and then two winters in Stornoway he knew something about bad weather so no need to brief him on the conditions we might meet when crossing the North Atlantic. Then Joe Clarke, neighbour and veteran of some South Pacific voyaging, made up the crew of four.

I had the boat alongside the house over winter so with Joe available for help and guidance, refinements on previous modifications were soon in hand. The forward cabin was insulated with high density foam cut into panels and bonded to the hull. The idea was to reduce condensation in low temperatures. We improved the inside steering position with a proper helmsman's seat and footrests. The lee-cloths that had allowed weary bodies to sag across the saloon previously were replaced with lee-boards to keep people securely in their bunks while off watch. A second-hand Taylor's diesel heater was acquired and fitted as an addition to the hot-air blower I had installed previously. On deck, granny bars were fitted to either side of the mast to give extra security when reefing, new life-lines rove along the cabin top and storm boards made to fit over the large side-windows of the deck saloon. On top of this, a thousand and one minor improvements were made, all intended to make life a little more comfortable on a cruise expected to last for a couple of months. Stores lists were made and amended with the intention of eating fresh food when possible but with a fall-back for three weeks in Greenland when we would have to live out of tins. I sourced fuel drums of various sizes to fit into every nook and cranny as I knew that once we got into the Polar anti-cyclone there would be little wind so we



Séaфра on a brisk reach

would have to rely on engine power. On top of her main tanks, over two hundred litres of diesel were stowed in deck lockers, in front of the engine, under the cabin sole and beneath bunks in the saloon. *Séaфра* was starting to bulge and we still had personal gear to stow never mind liberal quantities of bonded stores plus wine and beer.

Departure was scheduled for mid-day on Saturday July 5th from the pontoon in Strangford village where family and friends could give us a send-off. The idea was to have plenty of time in hand to reach Isafjordur at the Horn of Iceland by the end of the month so that we would be in position to make the jump to the Greenland coast, when, according to previous years, the ice-break would be at its peak. This would also allow time to dodge any bad weather by putting into a Scottish port on the way up if necessary before committing to the ocean crossing. If the conditions were favourable, we would have time in hand for a few days walking and sight-seeing in the Westmann Islands (Vestmannaeyjar) and at various other places as we moved up the Iceland coast.

The passage from Strangford to the Westmann Islands is just under seven hundred miles on a course of 315° true, plenty of time for the weather to turn nasty as it frequently does. In the event, conditions were kind with winds never above force 6 although there were times when cross-seas over a big Atlantic swell made things uncomfortable. On one occasion we broached heavily with the result that Joe was catapulted from his bunk into the saloon table breaking it from its mounts and thumping Eric in the leg but apart from that all went reasonably well and we raised the Westmann's to dock in Heimaey at 03.00 on Saturday July 12th giving an average daily run of just under 120 miles. The log shows that we sailed and motored in about equal measure to maintain an average speed of five knots which ate up the miles before the fickle weather of the north Atlantic could change for the worse.

There were several reasons to make Isafjordur the



Satellite photo through cloud, showing ice-free coast

jump-off for Greenland. It is well located for a passage north towards Scoresby Sund as we intended or to head west and across to the only other settlement on Greenland's rugged east coast, Tasiilaq, where a boat can re-fuel and if the supply ship has called, get fresh provisions from the store. A significant added bonus for me is that Isafjordur is also the home of Siggí Johnsson, (reference 2013 ICC Annual) who runs a charter yacht from there. He had promised to get us the most up-to-date information on ice conditions.

Until recently, conventional wisdom had it that pack-ice conditions off East Greenland would prevent access until early August. But after five trips to that coast, it is apparent that despite some annual fluctuations, the general pattern is for it to open earlier each year. This is consistent with the melting of the inland ice, the sea-water glaciers and thinner polar pack - all due to global warming.

By the third week in July, a combination of GRIB files, satellite photographs and the Danish ice-charts along with expert guidance from Siggí showed East Greenland to be clear of significant pack-ice concentrations. So on Monday July 21st off we went, heading for Turner Island on the Blossville coast to satisfy my curiosity over reports of hot springs and evidence of early Inuit habitation. Once clear of the Horn of Iceland in a pleasant breeze we shaped a course of 0150 true with a waypoint some 210 miles distant. By voyaging standards this is not a long passage but it does require crossing the Denmark Strait which can be one of the most turbulent and dangerous stretches of water in the Arctic. Half way across the constant south going current flows over an undersea cliff that drops from 700 metres to 1200 and back up to 300 metres over fifty sea miles which lay right across our track. Disturbed seas are common, fog is a constant hazard and from the half-way point you can expect icebergs - all in all, a bad combination. For me the Denmark Strait has always been the stuff of nightmares. In the event we had a favourable wind for the start of the passage and then light airs leading to a flat calm and it was in these conditions that we encountered a group

of hump-back whales, blowing, sounding, sky-leaping and coming over to the boat simply to check us out. We lay dead in the water, transfixed by this display of thirty ton leviathans as they exhaled breath at depth to create bubble nets which had the effect of concentrating squid which they then consumed in vast quantities. An experience like that must not be rushed, it is a rare privilege to have such close contact with these gentle giants. Despite my unease at prolonging our exposure to the Denmark Strait, we just sat there, absorbing every moment of this wonderful display.

Eventually they moved on and so did we. According to the pilot books, the current off East Greenland runs at one knot in a southerly direction yet we found a consistent lift to the north of the same amount. At the time of writing I have no explanation for this - were we in a massive eddy? Has the increase of freshwater run-off from the melting ice-cap something to do with it? I simply don't know but while the bergs with deep undersides drifted slowly south, the northerly lift stayed with us for the remainder of the passage. By now the ship's compass was virtually useless, as we were getting into the influence of the pole it had become 'lazy' and because of variation, it was out by twenty five degrees anyway. Navigation off East Greenland is an inexact science, with the official charts mainly based on surveys from the 1930s and intended for big ships anyway with little or no detail in the fjords and, although the boat's position was shown on the chart-plotter, it frequently had us on the land. However, thanks to the excellent land-maps published in the Polar Cruise Series by Viking and even allowing for significant inaccuracies, we still had a fair idea of where we were.

We went in and out of dense fog banks, with the radar working hard to warn us of bergs. There were plenty and we altered course time and again to avoid them. The wind at this stage was light enough and I had no major concerns over bergy bits and growlers hiding in the wave troughs as a look out on the bow would spot them in time for the helmsman to take avoiding action. Then, as so often off East Greenland, mountain peaks appeared on top of the fog bank. At first they seemed to be looming over the boat and one's instinct is to do a quick about turn and head back to sea for safety but generally there is still some way to go to the land as the fog and light refraction can distort your sense of distance and confuse your eyes. Close in to the



Humpback Whales

coast, however, there is the very real danger of uncharted rocks appearing from nowhere. It all makes for a rather tense landfall.

With 220 miles run we raised the Greenland coast on Wednesday 23rd July at around 08.00. The names given to the fjords and headlands of East Greenland come from the days of whaling, hence Henry Land and where we were going, Turner Island, recalling the fleets out of English, Scottish, German and Scandinavian ports as far back as the 17th century. Siggi had told me about some interesting features at the top end of Romer Fjord and had given me directions to an anchorage beneath a bluff that was conspicuous thanks to a disused trappers hut. Sure enough, we had safe passage up the fjord and dropped the hook below a rocky promontory which, although fine in settled weather, would be exposed to seaward should the wind pick up. An early lunch then ashore to look for the hot springs and to do a bit of exploring. I soon found evidence of Inuit hut markers where hunting camps had been established in times past. And then on the shore, large quantities of narwhal bones suggested a substantial catch of these whales which are especially prized by the Inuit. The flesh and blubber give them the nutrition and vitamins they need in a land where no vegetables are grown. As the whales are hunted under licence, the narwhal tusks can be sold on the open market for amounts well in excess of one thousand Euros each.

Slightly uphill from the shore we found the hot springs I had heard about. These are supposed to have a therapeutic value, the water remaining at a constant temperature year round and as they originate deep beneath the earth's crust there is the smell of sulphur associated with volcanic action. It was time to strip off and ease away the tension of the



Brian washing in hot spring, Turner Island

passage with a warm, natural bath.

I knew from past experience that fjord-winds can spring up without warning. I did not want to be pinned on a lee shore so I was keen to head off and find somewhere more sheltered for the night. A mile or two further on and we were running under bare poles with a katabatic wind screaming through the rigging and pushing us into Turner Sound. The chart showed a bay half way along and, sheltered from the wind, we turned into it only to go aground without any warning from the depth sounder to suggest a rapidly shoaling sea-bed. Fortunately we were stuck on mud so no damage was done. We tried to kedge

off without success, tried careening but could have saved ourselves the bother. *Séafra* was on, and with a long keel, no amount of persuasion or force was going to lift her from the suction of the mud. To make matters worse, the nearest standard port showed that the rise and fall was 2ft 3 inches and we had gone on at the top of the tide. This was not a good situation. We started to eye each other, thinking that if this was to be our berth for the winter, one of us might become the larder ! Then just as thoughts of cannibalism were starting to develop, a wind filled in, not much, but enough to send a ripple across the bay and after a while *Séafra* started to bob up and down and then to pull herself free from the mud's suction. We re-anchored in good depth only to do a repeat performance when the wind veered and *Séafra* was on again, this time the full force of the engine pushed her back the way she had come and we were free. That was enough, Turner Sound had exhausted its charms and we went back the way we had come and out to sea, laying a course of 040o true for the entrance of Scoresby Sund, some fifty miles off. No sooner had we cleared the fjord than we were back in the fog, dense, wet and windy with bergs showing on the radar. The wind kept rising, concentrations of bergs increasing in frequency and it was a nerve tingling game of dodgems as I coned the boat round the tail end of one group of bergs before we became tangled up in the next, hoping that the crew on deck would spot any growlers or bergy bits as we surged northeastwards, past Kap Brewster to port, then Kap Tobin fifteen miles further on and into Amdrup Havn where we anchored to get some rest before motoring the three miles to Ittoqqortoormiit to re-fuel and then off again on Sunday July 27th at 08.30.

In 2009 aboard my previous boat *Caelan* we had reached the top end of Liverpool Land before turning back and then in 2012, with Ed Wheeler (ICC) Eric and David McKee the plan had been to spend more time exploring the anchorage potential along this coast. But on that occasion we were stopped by heavy ice as we rounded Kap Hodgson at the southern end of Liverpool Land forcing a retreat so the plan this time was to push on from where we left off two years ago and see how far we could get before reaching a turnaround point. To my great relief, the coast was clear of ice, our calculations after studying all available information in Iceland had been correct, and we were able to make good progress northwards.

The sky was clear, the wind light, occasional bergs were making stately progress as they moved down the fjords and out to sea. Conditions were perfect to chart new anchorages and determine safe passage past islands and headlands. After the tension of the past few days, the breath-taking panoramas of the Liverpool Land coast left us gasping at their awe-inspiring beauty. Two thousand foot high mountains rose straight out of the sea and sometimes there were glimpses of the inland ice through their peaks and glaciated valleys. This was a coast to hold one spellbound. Just past Rathbone Island we anchored off Sandbach Halvo in Kolding Fjord where Eric and I had been in 2009. This time depths were recorded, transits taken and then ashore to photograph the flocks of little auks that flew in their twittering millions, more like clouds of Scottish midges, from nest sites on the headland. Our anchorage was in sand and gravel to the south of an isthmus where a boat could lie protected from anything to the north. From our vantage

high on the headland we could study the north side of the narrow strip of land and it was obvious that this would provide shelter to weather from the south. And just while I was contemplating the delights of Sandbach Halvo, a large and fast moving polar bear came towards us, stopping for a time to sniff the spot where Eric and I had stripped for a bath in the fresh-water stream running off the isthmus. I slipped a couple of light-load cartridges into the gun with the intention of scaring him off and just in case that didn't work, some heavy duty rounds went into the chamber. It might have been our ablutions that did the trick, because, after some serious sniffing, the bear turned and leapt off the snow and into the fjord, preferring instead a bearded seal that had been watching all this from the safety of an ice-floe.

After that we went round the headland of Kap Greg and into Tange Bugt where we anchored in good depth in a beautiful and sheltered bay.

Fifteen miles further north we found another isthmus, this one to either side of Kap Greg. First we anchored in Hyttebugt. In the event of bad weather, the northern side offers much more shelter as it has a relatively narrow entrance that leads into a sheltered bay with enough depth to anchor in safety but sufficiently shallow to prevent big ice getting in.

These were headland anchorages, I also wanted to find a fjord that would get us further inland. Storefjord seemed about right - long, narrow and apparently deep. We swung west and no sooner were we into the fjord than down came another screaming katabatic. The mist tumbled off the mountain tops and swept down to sea level, bringing the wind hard onto the bow. A line from the log describes it well: 'Huge peaks with hanging glaciers and immense emptiness, all very intimidating.' We slugged it out for a couple of hours and then conditions moderated, allowing steady and comfortable progress for another ten miles or so until I spotted a secondary fjord which looked promising.



Ice congestion in secondary fjord ahead of anchorage, Storefjord



Sandbach Halvo Isthmus

We turned in to it, observing major ice concentrations at its top end. Clearly this marked a limit to our forward progress but as luck would have it, a suitable spot to anchor was at hand. Gravel and rocks of an old moraine had tumbled off the land and into the sea, offering shelter from anything that might approach from the upper reaches of the fjord. Lady Luck was with us indeed. With the anchor down, a fine dinner prepared by Jim on the table and just a sip or two of our fast disappearing bonded stores gracing the table, we relaxed. But not for long. Without warning there was the sound of a train roaring towards us. Ice, graunching and crashing, swept past at something like three knots and much, much more to come. To my amazement, what had seemed fast-ice at the top end of fjord had chosen this moment to detach itself from the shore and with a falling tide, was heading out to sea. The gravel spit up ahead saved us by diverting the ice so that it crunched its way along our starboard side, to port was open water and a few yards inshore of that was the land, and there was absolutely nothing we could do except pray. Then, just as I was thanking whatever sea-gods had helped me choose this spot to anchor, a she-bear and her two almost fully grown cubs came down to take a look. The situation was developing, moving from a drama to a crisis with seamless and rapid progress. I looked at my companions, they looked at me and we said.....absolutely nothing. Sailing in Greenland has its challenges but this was at the top end of some Arctic Richter scale. There was no need for comment.

Then it was all over, the fjord was empty, the ice heading out to sea and the bears swimming away towards a floe where a seal was sleeping with one eye open. Then we had a conversation, something about where we would go next and had I any more bright ideas ?

When approaching a new anchorage it is important to appear confident despite being riddled with inner doubts, especially when it involves moving towards an apparently solid wall of rock with no obvious point of access and a crew waiting with that air of anticipation that every skipper is familiar with. It can go either way. You make the right call and get little thanks but get it wrong and everyone is

suddenly an expert. So consider my relief when a narrow gap appeared, just where the land map I had been examining in detail, indicated it would. The giveaway in this case was the name – Neild Bugt – suggesting an anchorage. We were just inside of Kap Hewitt and I was navigating more on instinct than with any degree of certainty. Suddenly the entrance to a perfectly land-locked bay was open before us and in we went. A couple of attempts at getting the anchor to bite and then it was time to crack a beer or two and absorb the atmosphere of the most beautiful anchorage imaginable. Low lying cliffs to seaward, a glacier which appeared stable up ahead, to landward a gently sloping snow-field and below it, a swift flowing stream. Jim stayed on board playing fiddle tunes that echoed across the anchorage. Eric, Joe and myself went ashore, checking carefully for bear prints in the snow, but otherwise relaxed and keen to make the most of this wonderful place.

Back in 2009 Eric and I had sailed around what was then popularly called the newest island in the world – Warming Island. This had once been linked by a major glacier to the mainland but global warming had melted the ice thus creating the island and we were the first people ever to circumnavigate it so I was interested to check present day photographs with those we took five years ago. Sure enough, further melting had taken place on both sides of the passage, confirming the steady progress of climate change.

The hops up and along Liverpool Land were pleasantly short, sometimes only a few hours. Our luck was still holding so I decided to press on, leaving Warming Island passage to head further north and into Carlsberg Fjord. There we encountered pack-ice which from a distance gave the impression of blocking the exit from the fjord. On previous trips, Eric had conned the boat from the cross-trees and took little prompting to do so again. Joe was on stand-by with an ice-pick, Jim was on the wheel and I was taking photographs. The ice was much less concentrated than I had feared, more like open drift at around three tenths coverage and we moved through it with little difficulty.



Neild Bugt

Approaching Davy Sund the mountains were more eroded with rounded tops that lacked the grandeur of the awesomely dramatic landscape of Liverpool Land. The visibility was good, revealing headlands and islands and although there was the temptation to keep on moving northwards, I knew that soon a decision would have to be made about turning around. The first consideration was that our fuel supplies were disappearing fast and if the Polar anti-cyclone stayed in place we might have to motor all the way back to Iceland for which we would need every drop of diesel we had. Another thought concerned going into the East Greenland National Park without the necessary permits. The Danes who administer this vast wilderness, have strict rules about procedure and might not take kindly to a wandering Irish yacht going where it fancied without permission.

And so it was that late on Wednesday July 30th after rounding a spit at the mouth of Antarcics Havn where we anchored for the night, that I sipped gin and considered my options. We had reached 72° 02'N/23° 07'W, a very respectable northing for a small boat from Strangford. Bob Brown (ICC) had been monitoring the GRIB files from his home in County Down and had provided me with the best weather information available. While the settled conditions

in Greenland seemed settled for a while to come, further south there were a lot of depressions which could cause problems on our return across the Denmark Strait. I made my decision, it was time to cut our losses and head for home and in the end this proved to be a wise and timely move. Satellite images downloaded later showed a disturbed weather pattern had established over the area we had been in a few days before. We weighed anchor from Antarcics Havn early on Thursday July 31st and set a course of 190° true for Grimsey to the north of Iceland, a distance of 345 miles. It was next day that my decision was validated. We had been motoring for twenty four hours when there was a



Eric aloft, Joe on bow in open drift pack-ice

bang and a hiss as the hose from the heat exchanger unit on the engine blew off thanks to back pressure from the Vetus water trap which for some unaccountable reason had melted causing the blow-back. Jim and Joe set about a temporary repair and we continued on our way, using the cruising chute when there was enough wind to fill it and the engine at tick-over when there wasn't. It was slow going and recalling a previous occasion when we took a real bashing on this passage, I was feeling decidedly nervous. By mid-day on Sunday Grimsey was abeam, however I decided to press on for Husavic on the north coast of Iceland, another fifty miles further, where I was confident we could get a replacement water-trap.

The next day, Monday, was a public holiday, but thanks to the helpful people at North Sailing, we made contact with the Vetus distributor in Akureyri where we got a replacement unit then drove back to the boat for Joe and Jim to fit it while Eric and I looked on, giving occasional useful advice.

The route from Husavic along the north coast of Iceland has always been something of an endurance test, this time was no different. The Irminger current runs clockwise around Iceland so theoretically it was in our favour but contrary winds, more fog and stumpy seas slowed us down. The log reads 'Arrived Raufarhofn after long miserable slog in dense fog.' – that says it all. Fog and poor visibility stayed with us as we rounded Langanes and then shaped a course for Seydisfjordur, spurred on by the news contained in text messages from my daughter Sarah who had picked up a progression of lows heading our way. Gone was the Polar anti-cyclone and in its place was weather typical of the North Atlantic, it was becoming clear that Autumn was closing in. I discussed this with some Icelanders who were convinced that when diving birds such as puffins and guillemots left the fjords for open water, it was a sure sign that the season was about to change.

After several wet and windy days in Seydisfjordur we seized the moment to head for the Faroe Islands. The closest point to point was from Iceland to Eidi on the west coast of Eysturoy, a distance of two hundred and fifty five miles on a course of 150o. This makes for a perfect landfall with the distinctive rocky pillars of Risin and Kellingin (the Giant and the Hag) visible from some distance off. Eidi is a winter harbour and gives excellent shelter along with stores and good walking opportunities. However we went straight on into the fjord, Sundini, which separates Eysturoy from the neighbouring island of Stremoy. Sundini is long and narrow with a pinch-point half way along. This requires serious consideration as the tide whips through under a bridge at around twelve knots. There is a quay at Nordskali with good water depth on both sides just before the bridge and a boat can pause there giving a chance to think things through. After that you commit to mid-channel, pick up the green leading lights, line up for the mid span on the bridge then find the red leading lights to guide you past another hazard. It is a bit nerve-racking but once through you have two hours of easy going to recover before reaching Thorshavn.

We spent several days in this pleasant town, making new friends and picking up the dock-side

chat from other voyagers. There an Irish bar nearby with its own hazards, familiar to sailors the world over.

Another blast of bad weather went through and with calculations made for a favourable tide on Tuesday August 19th at 15.30 off we went again, this time bound for the Butt of Lewis and then home. The left-over seas and strong tides running through the Faroe Islands created horrible conditions and it was nearly twenty four hours into the passage before we and the boat settled down to reach Stornoway shortly after mid-day on Wednesday August 20th with 240 miles run since Thorshavn. It is worth noting that careful study of the GRIB files in Faroe suggested favourable winds falling light by the time we closed with the Scottish coast. In fact the GRIBs had missed a deepening depression off Hebrides and we romped in with nearly 30 knots of wind from the north east pushing us along.

I wanted to rendezvous with my daughter Sarah and her husband Colin off Ardnamurchan on Saturday so after rounding up the crew in Stornoway – Jim took his fiddle along to a session in the Carleton, I did a poetry reading, Joe applauded and Eric took some photographs – we set sail. We picked up a mooring in Canna at dead of night then on for the meeting point in glorious conditions. After nearly two months away it was an emotional moment when father and daughter sailed in company before some serious gin assisted conversation in Tobermory that night.

Once again the weather was turning for the worse and I decided to make life easy by going home via the Crinan Canal. Another depression arrived making this a good call and it was into East Loch Tarbert until it went through. Conditions eventually improved and we pressed on, motoring into a serious header along Kilbrennan Sound. In conditions that defied cooking, Jim produced the most wonderful roast chicken dinner which meant a fast and tidy docking in Campbeltown, the downside was that almost the only alcohol remaining was a box of white wine which we were obliged to consume. Away early next day and although good progress was made in light airs, we missed the tide for Strangford so it was into Ardglass for the night and then round to the pontoon in Strangford next morning with 3014 miles under the keel since early July. This was to have been my last Greenland trip and I am resolved not to go back to the Arctic aboard my own boat again. Maybe.



I dare you, bear! Brian on polar bear watch

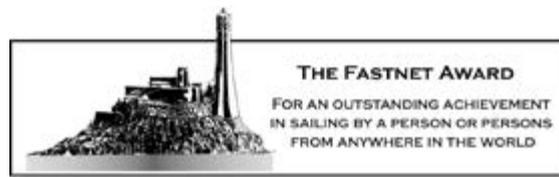
Young Larry to Baffin Island, Labrador and Newfoundland via Faroe, Iceland and Greenland

Máire Breathnach

Young Larry is a 44' gaff rigged yawl, a one off, designed and built in Malta in 1996 by her previous owner Richard Couture. The hull is steel, making her particularly suitable for Arctic and high latitude sailing. The plan for 2014 was for Andrew and me to sail from Lymington to Baffin Island and Labrador by way of Ireland, Scotland, Faroe, Iceland and Greenland. We had cruised the east coast of Baffin Island from Pond Inlet to Broughton Island in our previous boat *Arctic Tern* and wanted to explore the south eastern part. In early May we left Lymington for my home port of Dungarvan and after a very pleasant fortnight spent preparing for our trip and sailing an old Petrel dinghy in the harbour, we sailed east to round Carnsore Pt and endured a very bumpy Irish Sea for several hours in a fresh to strong south easterly.

Conditions improved in the North Channel and as we closed the Mull of Kintyre to pick up a tidal eddy, Andrew "lit the matches" while I played a very obvious tune on the fiddle! Our transit of the Sound of Islay was beautiful but our much looked-forward to rest in Tinkers Hole was short-lived, as we were unhappy with the swinging room and exposure to the increasing southerly. So we rock hopped in the "gloaming" to Loch na Lathach, where we found a very peaceful anchorage.

There was plenty to keep us occupied in Stornaway while we waited for the wind to move out of the north. One day we took the bus to the Butt of Lewis and had a wonderful walk back the coast to Stornaway. Another day I attended the local *Feis*, which is a bit like a county *Fleadh Cheoil*. There is a lot of young talent on the Isle of Lewis.

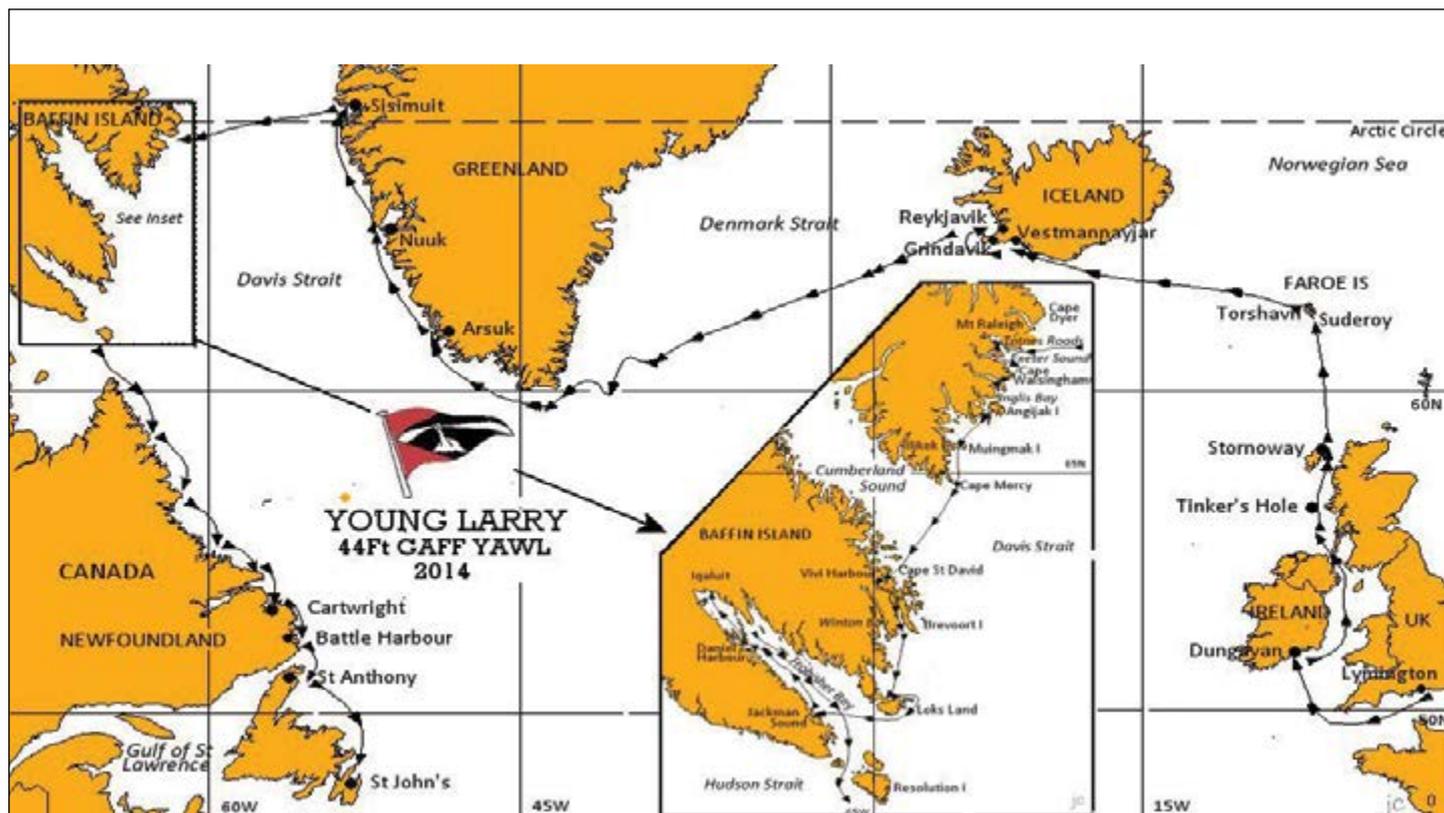


Máire Breathnach and Andrew Wilkes are jointly awarded the Fastnet for their outstanding record of high latitude sailing and contribution to Arctic Pilotage

The well sheltered marina is very close to the centre of the town and very convenient for stores. Another visitor to the marina was the Breton yacht *Manevais* which was skippered by Eric Abadie. Eric and his crew were hoping to transit the North West Passage and Andrew made the first sale of his new book "Arctic and Northern Waters"

It is 216 miles from Stornoway to the island of Suderoy in the Faroe Islands, which we sailed in 39 hours, an easterly F3 giving us a grand reach all the way. On arrival in Trongisfjordur Andrew quickly cleared customs in the Customs Officer's car on the quayside. The officer was in a hurry as he was having roast lamb for lunch. The shops were closed as it was Sunday, so we had pasta. Time was short and we only had time for one other port of call in the Faroe Islands, which was Torshavn. Torshavn is lovely - the only damper was the non stop rain.

The 405 nm sail to Iceland took us four days: a day sailing on the wind, a day and a half motor- sailing in light airs, and finally a broad reach into Vestmannaýjar, where once again we met with *Manavais*. The following day we sailed to Grindavik on the Rejannes Peninsula. It is well worth a visit. The local bar, called the Bryggjan, made us feel very welcome and because I played their beautiful piano our drinks were on the house. There is an interesting walk partly through lava fields to the famous Blue Lagoon, where we "swam" in the thermal pool and exfoliated our skin in silica mud. Afterwards when my jeans "disappeared" from





Young Larry in a slightly warmer place

the changing rooms we had to take a taxi back to the boat as I had nothing to wear except a “Blue Lagoon” robe. I did see the funny side of it a few hours later.

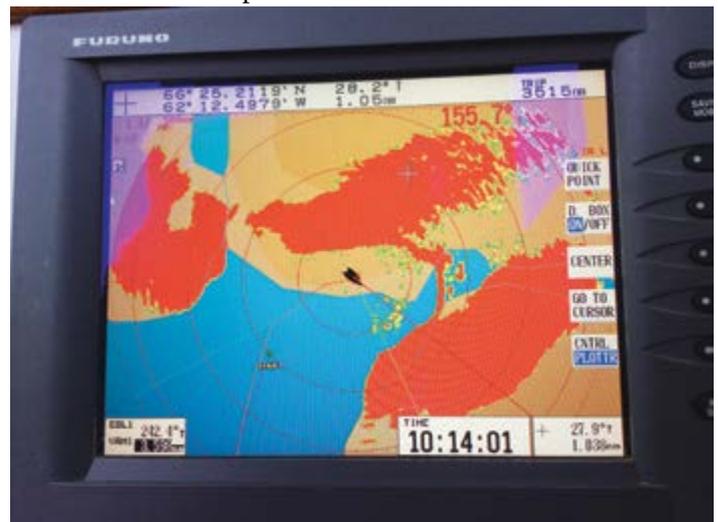
A few days later we sailed around to Reykjavik, where we berthed at the very friendly Brokey sailing club and while Andrew enjoyed club racing on a *Secret 26*, I attended a recital of Icelandic Art Song in the fantastic opera house La Harpa. Reykjavik was a very sociable port as there were a number of visiting yachts, including *Suilven* and *Festina Lente*, both bound for Greenland and beyond. Ekil Kolbeinsson brought Andrew and me on a tour of Reykjavik and surrounding area. We left for Greenland on 25th June. Vessels are advised to stay well south of Cape Farvel, the southern tip of Greenland, because of the bad ice (storis) and weather conditions there. However a passage from Iceland tempts one to sail into these waters and we sailed into strong winds which were uncomfortable. We hove-to for a day and the passage from Iceland, which is 1000 miles, took us eleven days.

We made our landfall in Greenland on 6th July at Arsuuk, which was the first port accessible through the storis ice. We sheltered from strong winds at Küngnat for a day and then motored past the former Danish naval base Grønnedal in Arsuukfjord to a “new” anchorage at Ellerlie Havn. It was a beautiful land-locked bay with a noisy waterfall. From here we used the inner lead routes to day-sail north to Nuuk, anchoring over night at Smalleshund Hn, Paamiut, Avigait, and Qeqertarsiaat.

Nuuk, the capital of Greenland, was another sociable stop-over. Many of the boats that we met were planning a North West Passage transit. Having spent a few relaxing days cruising the beautiful fjords east of Nuuk, I flew home to Ireland for a week to attend my niece and godchild Emma’s wedding. We did not feel happy about leaving *Young Larry* unattended so Andrew stayed and continued northward from Nuuk to Sisimuit.

When I rejoined we sailed and motor-sailed across the Davis Strait in a light northerly wind which faded away as we approached Baffin Island. The fog which came upon us half way across the 200 nm strait stayed for the remainder of the passage. For a time we did fifteen minute watches: one person on deck and the other on radar. We knew that we had arrived on the shores of Baffin Island by the radar and our welcoming committee of seals, guillemots, and fulmars. We could see no more than a few metres and even though we were within a cable of the shore, we saw nothing. The echo sounder showed depths greater than 180m.

Baffin Island is the second largest island in the northern hemisphere. The land area is about two and a half times the size of the British Isles but its population is less than 17,000, 7,000 of whom live in the capital Iqaluit. Everybody else lives in one of seven other settlements. There is no road network. In August the average daytime temperatures are 3 degrees C to 10 degrees C, less at sea. The entire coastline is surrounded by fast pack ice in the winter and even in summer the sea water temperature is often below 0 degrees C. We had cruised in the north and eastern parts in 2008 and 2010. Now we wanted to explore the southeastern part. Before our departure I had copied logs written by Willy Ker (RCC) and Hugh Clay (RCC) about their cruise to Exeter Sound in 1995. These were of better use than the Canadian sailing directions, where the few anchorages mentioned are more suitable for ships than smaller vessels.



Combined radar and plotter image of Totnes Road showing 12 mile offset

The shores of Baffin are mainly steep-to, being surrounded by high mountains. The chart plotter was out by about a half a mile and not being able to see in the fog we navigated by radar. We passed by the anchorage used by

Willy Ker, as finding a small cove in the fog would have been difficult. Instead we made for the anchorage used by Davis in 1585 at the head of Totnes Road and beneath Mount Raleigh. This anchorage had the advantage, in the fog, of being relatively open. We went to sleep for a few hours and woke to find that the fog had lifted and we were anchored in a stunning place surrounded by high mountains. There was a lone polar bear on the beach.

The following day we motored south between the



Early morning fog, Baffin Island

mainland and the unnamed island in the centre of Exeter Sound, rounded the bold headland of Cape Walsingham and through Clephane Bay. We were lucky to find a protected and relatively shallow waters at the head of Inglis Bay, where we anchored in 14m mud. West of Angijak Island the next day we motored for about a mile past an area of small ice floes, where we saw hundreds of walrus and an enormous whale. With no obvious anchorage indicated on the chart we checked Hugh Clay's log of his travels with Willy Ker. He mentioned a "nice sheltered pool in the middle of Illikok Island". We sounded our way into a landlocked haven, where we anchored in 10m, mud. The afternoon was spent rowing around the "harbour", with Andrew taking soundings with the lead line. Later in the evening Andrew climbed above the cove, taking care to look out for hungry polar bears.

The light winds were forecast to change to increasingly strong southerlies so we made a 4am start on Tuesday 5th August to cross the fifty mile wide mouth of Cumberland Sound before strong headwinds set in. Having motored across the sound, we made for Vidi Harbour, because its name included the word "harbour". Like everywhere else we had been for the past few days, there were no soundings on the chart and we motored up and down the inlet hoping to find a protected area less than 30m deep. We were glad to have a forward looking echo-sounder and eventually anchored on a moraine in the middle of the bay in 12m. After a peaceful night we motored around Cape St David and entered the 25 mile long Anderson Channel. The Sailing Directions are brief and just note that the shores

are high, rugged and that there is a drying rock in the narrowest part of the channel. It was impossible to tell from the chart where the narrowest point in this 25 mile channel was and more information would have been helpful. We found the rock and I am happy to report that we did not hit it. Later we came across a polar bear making his way along the rough boulder strewn shore parallel to us and making the same speed, 5 knots. He swam for a while at the same speed and he entered and left the water from rocks two metres above water level without any effort at all. After another midnight survey we anchored in 25m near the head of Winton Bay.

The following day we made for Robinson Bay on the north side of Loks Land where there is an old helicopter fuel dump, which is probably why there is a detailed chart of the area. We remained here for a few days sheltering from strong southerly winds. We were bound for the peninsula forming the western side of Frobisher Bay, which was named the Meta Incognita Peninsula by Martin Frobisher in 1576. At the time Frobisher thought he had discovered the North West Passage and the bay was called Frobisher Strait. It was not until 1861 that it became apparent that the waterway was a bay and not a strait. Once again it was around midnight when we felt our way using sounder and radar to an anchorage in Jackman Sound. In the morning we saw two lone polar bears as well as a mother and a cub as we motored out of the harbour. Daniel Harbour, an anchorage seventy miles to the north and charted, provided good protection in 22m until a strong westerly blew itself out.

Frobisher Bay runs to the NW and the waters of Daniel Harbour are encumbered with a number of long



Frobisher Bay

islands and shoals which are subject to tidal streams of up to 7 knots. We took the Pike Risor channel, which is the main shipping route to Iqaluit, the "capital" of Baffin Island, at the head of Frobisher Bay (population 7000). Cruising yachts rarely visit Iqaluit..we were the first yacht to be dealt with by the Customs officers there. The tidal



Máire with an Inuksuk, an Inuit stone landmark or cairn

range is the second largest in North America and is 12 m at springs. We spent four days at anchor off the town. The highlight was meeting Glen and Rebekah Williams and having a meal with their lovely family. Glen is an Arctic hunting expert who we first met in Pond Inlet in 2010 when he was supervising a Bowhead whale hunt. Rebekah gave me a present of an “ulu” (the Inuits’ woman’s knife”) and some Arctic Char.

Time was pressing on and we had to be away. Day sailing south through Frobisher Bay, we stopped overnight again at Daniel Island Harbour and Jackman Sound, where this time we saw nine polar bears ashore. On the 19th August we passed Resolution Island which is the foggiest place in the world (fog one day in two). We had picked a good day as later that night we were treated to a wonderful display of the Northern Lights. After a foggy damp 508 mile passage from Jackman Sound, we approached Cartwright, Labrador by way of Pigeon, Partridge, Handy, Haypook, and Horse Chops Island (to mention but a few) and saw trees for the first time for weeks.

In Cartwright we caught up with Clive and Angela on *Cosmic Dancer* and the RCMP drove us to the pub where we had a few tunes and songs with turbot fishermen from Newfoundland. I recall that many of their songs were about fog. From Cartwright we made a fast passage to Battle Harbour in a northerly Force five, distance 126 miles. Battle Harbour is situated in a narrow cleft or “tickle” between two islands. It was once the salt fish capital of Labrador and the Newfoundland schooners adopted it as their primary port of call. Later the famous medical missionary William Grenfell established a hospital there. Today the houses, fishery buildings and church have been restored, the harbour is run by Battle Harbour Historic Trust and is a top “away from it all” tourist destination. It is a wonderful place.

On the 1st September we crossed the Gulf of St Lawrence. It was a hard 253 mile passage to St Anthony, (pronounced St “Antney” just like you would hear it in Dungarvan) in a south westerly Force 6/7 with two reefs in the main. Our final port of call of the season was the Royal Newfoundland Yacht Club, Conception Bay where we decided to lay *Young Larry* up. Newfoundland is worth another season and we are already looking forward to our return next summer.

John Banim writes of People Smuggling in Greece

Early on an October morning aboard *Clio* moored stern to at the town quay at Pythagorion, Samos, I noticed a Greek coastguard patrol boat coming in and approaching its berth, which was next to us. It moored alongside the quay close to the Port Police station. Then I saw figures rise up silently from the stern deck of the cutter, dressed mainly in light clothing and wearing life jackets. I realised that they were migrants. We had heard anecdotes of people smuggling between Turkey and nearby Greek Islands but this was first time we had encountered it at first hand.

The uniformed crew of the cutter wore white medic style nose and mouth masks and latex gloves. The migrants, 17 men and 3 women, mostly young and middle eastern in appearance, were escorted from the cutter to the police station and made to sit on the ground outside the station to await processing. They were frisked and documented and given food and drinks by the still-masked police. None appeared to have any luggage except for a couple of rucksacks and shoulder bags. One man had a car tyre tube instead of a life jacket. Most appeared to be Syrians with a few sub-Saharanans.

The contrast between the miserable state of the migrants and the carefree tourists wandering by and sitting in cafés was stark. Although treated kindly by the Port Police, the migrants seemed cowed and shocked. They remained seated or lying on the ground, guarded by a couple of policemen until mid afternoon, when two police vans arrived to take them away.

A friendly policeman later told us their story. People smuggling is rife in the area between the Turkish mainland and Samos, which is only two miles away. The Coastguards and Navy constantly patrol the area but succeed in intercepting only some of the smugglers, who use fishing boats and stolen yachts, often in bad weather. Migrants not only have to pay heavily to be smuggled but also have to have a life jacket. If intercepted the smugglers throw the migrants overboard to force the coastguard to stop their pursuit of the smugglers. This had apparently happened in the case of those we observed that morning. It is a massive problem for the Greeks and Italians particularly and there seems to be no solution in sight given the scale of migration.

Faustina II went to Denmark

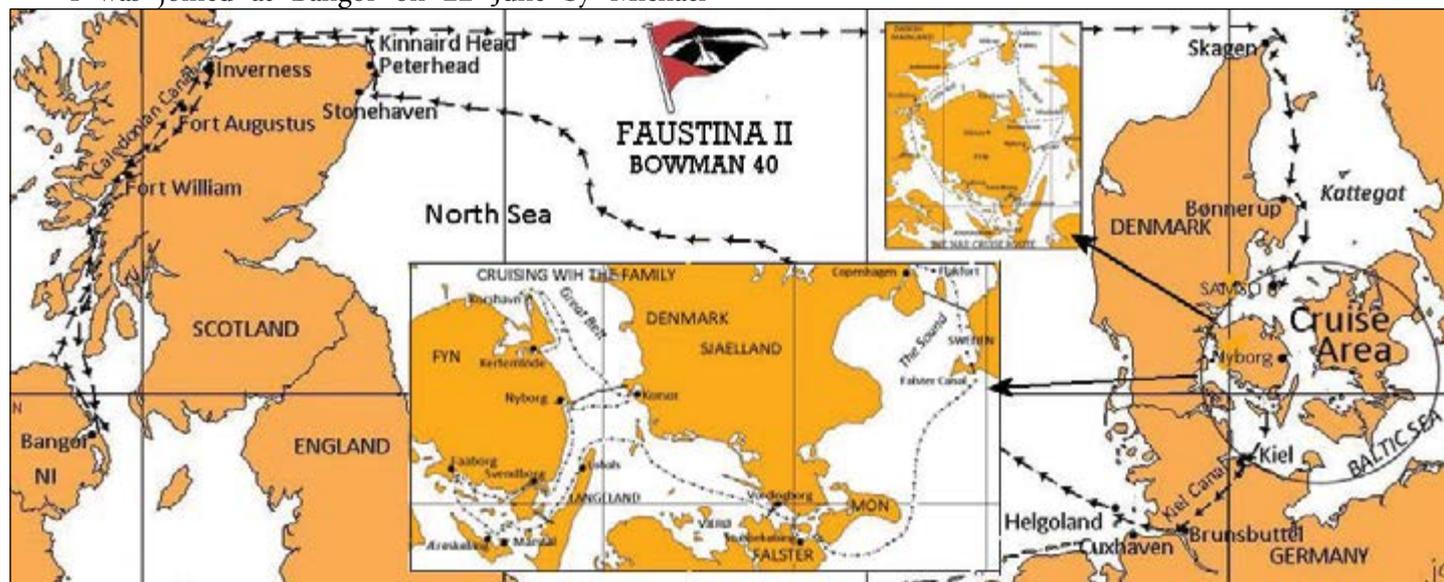
John Clementson

The plan for the year was straight-forward – have a delivery crew help me get *Faustina II* from Bangor to Denmark; be joined there by Ann and take part in a club rally for two weeks; be joined by my daughter Lara and her partner Neal and his young daughter for 10 days; and then, in Copenhagen, send them all home and take on the delivery crew for the return voyage. And that all happened, like clockwork. Well almost...

Outward bound - Bangor to Kerteminde, Denmark

I was joined at Bangor on 22 June by Michael

About three weeks earlier I had been checking all the ships documentation and came across the copy of my passport that I keep with them. The passport had expired in Jan 14. Ummm. I sent it off for renewal just as it was announced that the UKPO was groaning under the biggest back log of applications that it had ever had. My new passport hadn't arrived before I left the country but I figured that as one is NEVER asked to show a passport, I should depart anyway. Just before leaving Inverness the UKPO texted me to say that it was being printed and would be despatched shortly.



Knatchbull (ICC) and his friend Mike Paltridge and we made our way via night stops at Rathlin and Puilladobhain to the Caledonian Canal, which we reached at 1200 on 24 June. We locked in straightaway and made good progress though the canal to Laggan lock between Loch Lochy and Lock Oich. There we found a pub on a barge (The Eagle) where we took an adequate dinner. We had already rediscovered the restorative powers of a Jameson each evening to assist digestion and sleep - and we slept well. Next day we were a bit delayed by other traffic and we made it onto Loch Ness where we were joined by Aldert Hoekstra (RNIYC) from Donaghadee who was to come all the way to Denmark. We all had a great meal at the Boathouse Restaurant which looks out over Loch Ness. We unreservedly recommend it.

Next day (Thu 26th) we moored in the canal marina at Inverness and did some shopping nearby - Aldert and I for ship's supplies and the others for gifts to take home. Next day at 1200 we left the canal and made round to Inverness marina where we were to collect my new crew member for the North Sea crossing – Andrew Knatchbull, second son of the late Patrick Knatchbull ICC. He duly arrived on time and we said farewell to the two Michaels who had to return to Dublin. They had been great company. Poor Andrew had a hardly stepped on to the boat and had his safety briefing before we set sail at 1500. It was a poor start for us all: the sea was bumpy, the wind contrary and it was cold. Aldert became sick.

I should explain at this point that I had no passport.

I arranged for Ann to send it to me in Denmark. Perhaps I should also mention that Ann's passport had also expired. She was to fly to Copenhagen and she WOULD need a passport for that. Happily after some tense days, both new passports arrived and all was well. I didn't get asked for mine until much later – on the way home in Germany.

The crossing from Inverness to the north tip of Denmark (The Skaw) is about 470 miles. We left Inverness on Friday afternoon and we reached Skagen (pronounced Skane) early on Tuesday morning. We had all been a bit ill on our first full day until we got our sea legs and the sea settled down a bit – and we were able to sail using a useful northerly breeze. At times we had over 20 knots of wind, which is what *Faustina* likes and we made good progress, albeit in poor weather and a rather lumpy sea until early Monday morning when the wind dropped off. I decided to set the cruising chute and we got the guy and sheet ready and took the bag to the bow. I reached for the halyard but it wasn't there. I hadn't rigged it, but I did have a mouse in place. I attached the halyard to that and the mouse came off the masthead block and jammed. Dear reader, I climbed the mast to free it. At 77 years and 11 months I should have known better – but I got there and fixed the problem, and we romped along in fine style for several hours until the wind died about midday. From then on we motored, rounded the Skaw very early next morning and entered a very crowded Skagen at 0600 on Tuesday 1 July.

The main events here were a visit to the Skagen

Museum where they have a permanent exhibition of what I think are simply wonderful pictures by the Skagen School of painters. They are so refreshing and immediate, due, it is said, to the wonderful light of the open area. A slightly reluctant Andrew came with me (this was my second visit) but he loved the pictures too. The other main event was the receipt of my new passport which had arrived by DHL to a friend of a friend who lives part time Skagen. He came to supper with us and he proved to be great company.

Next day (Wed 2 Jul) we made our way down the east coast of Denmark heading for Bønnerup 70nm away with a light north wind that needed the use of the engine to bolster the main and the Cruising Chute. During the morning the wind died and then at midday it strengthened first from the southwest and then stronger from the west-southwest. We were able to sail freely and we bowled along at over 7 knots and reached Bønnerup at 1945. I was worried about being able to manoeuvre in the very small harbour in the strong wind but happily, just inside, there was an empty space with a sign saying for use by boats longer than 12m. Happiness - and relief!

On Thursday we slipped at 0530. The wind was less strong but southwest and we motored southwards with two reefs in the main. It was unrelenting hard work for the boat and for Andrew and me (Aldert was sick all day) and only improved when we tacked in really close to the shore. Then at last we were in the shelter of the island of Samsø and at 1730 entered Ballen, tired out. Andrew made a fine veggie pasta supper.

The wind was light next day as we made our way south to the bridge over the Great Belt. The bridge connects the islands of Sjælland (on which Copenhagen stands) and Fyn around which we would spend most of the next few weeks. The small vessels' passage under the bridge has an air clearance of 18m. Faustina has a mast height of about 15.5m. It looks awfully close as you approach but we made it then - and again later. Ann always goes below when we go under bridges - she is always convinced the mast is about to come down. We turned west and went into Nyborg where there is a guest harbour that always has plenty of space, good facilities and is near the railway station and the town centre. Perfect. The delivery trip was completed. A meal in a nearby restaurant and a couple of well deserved Jamesons celebrated that.

It was great having a day off the next day - no sailing required. The deadline had been to reach Kerteminde by Sunday 6th July in time for a rally organised by the NAS (North American Station of the Scandinavian YCs) of which I am a member. Some readers may recall that we did a rally with them in Norway in 2008. Aldert left to fly home from Copenhagen and Ann arrived. There was a Mediaeval Festival going on in the town (lots of people dressed up in suitable attire - the nautical equivalents of old gaffers I thought). We wandered around that - all very jolly and low key.

Next day, Sunday, Andrew left at 0930 and, shortly after he had gone, Ann and I slipped F2 and, again going under the bridge, we made our way about 10nm north to Kerteminde, where we moored in the harbour. This has a river flowing through it connected to a large lake inland. This is significant because, although the tidal range in the Baltic is negligible, that lake fills and empties (like



Ann and John doing the tourist thing in Copenhagen

Strangford Lough) and the current flows in and out of the harbour there at great speed, occasionally catching the unwary.

The NAS Rally

Our NAS friends were gathering, a few in their own hulls, a few in hired yachts and some aboard the mother ship, the Loyal, a beautifully renovated Norwegian ketch built in 1877 which kept us company throughout the next two weeks.

I don't propose to describe the rally in full detail. Suffice to say that we went north from Kerteminde to Ballen on Samsø where we were hammered by strong winds and had to stay a day longer than planned. It gave us the chance to learn about how Samsø has become the world's only total energy self-sustained island using windmills and by using straw to fuel furnaces. We then went around the south of the island to Mårup and from there to Juelsminde on the mainland, and then south through the Little Belt to the tiny island of Årø. A night at each of these places. Then we went Faaborg where we chose to anchor off rather than face the hassle of getting into the infamous 'boxes' used in Scandinavian harbours. These require that you go between two poles (judging that they are wide enough), dropping a stern line over each as you pass and then securing the bow to the jetty whilst taking up on the stern lines. This is fine when you have a well briefed crew of three or four but Ann and I were alone and discretion (at least this time) was deemed better than valour!

Our next stop was at Ærøskøbing, a harbour on the island of Ærø, which I first sailed to all of 56 years ago with the British Kiel YC. Some readers know that in the late 80s I had had the luck to command the military unit that runs the BKYC - so this visit was a real blast from the past. The Ærøskøbing harbour itself was little changed but there is now a large and popular marina nearby. We had a guided tour of the town which I remembered so well with its streets of tiny wood framed houses with hollyhocks and roses growing out of the cobbles outside most of them. The heritage is rightly strongly protected both officially and by the residents.

Our next stop was at the island of Skarø. Here an enterprising farmer has developed ice cream to die for. Wonderful. His bigger aim is to produce protein-rich food



Årø harbour in the evening light

for people who are seriously ill and who, like some cancer patients, have little sense of taste. His food is essentially tasty and nutritious – and he is doing well with his project. We had a great barbecue at his establishment – needless to say, tasty and nutritious. Next day we went along several miles of very narrow and shallow channels past Svendborg to a boatyard (Walsteds). We visited Slot Valdemar (an old castle) and were then fed royally at the boatyard by the owners. (This may have been because many of those on the rally over-winter their boats there.) We then had a ‘free night’ which we used to anchor at the isolated island of Musholm - but several of our fellow rally members went there too and the usual parties developed. Happily I had brought plenty of drink from home as the cost of drink in Denmark is eye-watering. Food less so. The weather had been very good for most of the rally though we had some grey days. Today was a scorcher with no wind so we motored the 13 miles to Kerteminde. We had an afternoon of laundry and cleaning and then the farewell dinner at which silly songs were sung and even sillier speeches and prizes were given out. All great fun. A party on board F2 afterwards made great holes in the ship’s spirits’ supplies.

Family sailing

Next day, Saturday 19 July, we stayed in Kerteminde, went to an art gallery of paintings by a local artist (rubbish we both thought) and had a great evening with Clive (former CCC commodore who is also a member of the NAS) and Elisabeth Scott on board *Paloma*. Then on Sunday, after a good lazy start to the day, we slipped at 1100 and motored north and around the northeast tip of Fyn into the well protected but shallow bay of Korshavn. There we did nothing for the rest of the day except read and sleep. Cruising at its best. On Monday we went south again, under the bridge (a much higher part of it with 65m air clearance this time) into Korsør which is on Sjælland. Korsør is the home of the Danish navy. The town has suffered badly since the bridge was built because it was from here that the rail and road ferries used to run to Fyn. That has all gone for good. Nevertheless it was not unattractive and I found a good chandlery where I was able to buy Camping Gaz. In really hot sunshine we stayed here

for two days and I used my folding bike to good effect exploring the town. In fact I left the bike assembled for the next two weeks and it straddled the pushpit conveniently ready for use. We had Ann’s bike on board too but it didn’t get an airing.

On Wednesday we crossed the Great Belt again, keeping south of the bridge, and re-entered the guest harbour at Nyborg. That evening (an incredibly hot muggy one) my daughter Lara, her partner Neal and his young daughter Megan arrived from UK to join us for 10 days. My experiences of sailing in Denmark have led me to believe that the waters around Fyn are as pleasant as anywhere and so I decided that we would take our new crew to many of the places that we had already visited on the rally (and which I knew of old). We headed south and round to the Svendborg channel. We anchored off Slot Valdemar and I sent the crew ashore in the RIB with the advice to look at the castle and grounds but not to bother to go into it. Once they were back on board we went to an anchorage further

towards Svendborg where we had a quiet evening, enlivened by Megan catching a large jelly fish and the consumption of several rum and Tings. (Ting is carbonated grapefruit which, those of you that have sailed in the Caribbean should know, goes perfectly with rum.)

Next day we sailed past Svendborg, under its high bridge and out to the tiny ‘ice cream’ island of Skarø. This time we went alongside and hopped ashore for a quick dash to the farmer and his wonderful ice cream. It was still good. The wind had got up over the last hour and getting out of the tiny harbour against the wind was not the easiest manoeuvre I have done, especially as the ferry arrived as we were leaving. We sailed on to the west and soon found ourselves amid a large fleet of big sailing ships, many of them Baltic Traders. They made a wonderful sight as they made to the east against the wind. By the time we reached Faaborg, with Megan steering for much of the way, the wind was really fresh and I was relieved that we managed, after a comprehensive briefing of the crew, to enter a mooring box in the marina without mishap. Actually we did it rather well! That evening we had dinner in the Pakhus in Faaborg to celebrate Lara’s achievement of getting a 2/1 from the Open University, the result of several years of really dedicated hard work.

Our next stop was Ærøskøbing where we arrived at midday after a morning of motoring in rain. We managed to moor in the main harbour but poor Neal dropped a very heavy mooring ring onto a finger which caused him much pain for several days. The three visitors were despatched in the free bus to Marstal at the southern end of the island to see the excellent maritime museum there. It tells the story of the island’s seafaring tradition and of the hundreds of its sailing boats that used to fish off Newfoundland and elsewhere. When they returned I gave them the tour of Ærøskøbing based on what I remembered from the tour I was in two weeks earlier.

I had a nasty pain in my stomach next day that was to trouble me for about a week before disappearing. We set off in mist with the sun increasingly strengthening but little wind. The way north from Ærøskøbing is along a very

narrow and shallow channel, well marked but occasionally shared with the ferry that has to go along it very slowly. That channel turns east into another before one arrives off Rudkøbing. After passing under the bridge we left the fairway and had a quiet lunch at anchor under the now very hot sun. We then went on north to Lohals on Langeland in the hope of finding a space in the harbour or the marina. We poked our nose into both but whilst a 30-footer may have made it a 40-footer had no chance. The other boaters tried to look friendly but it was clear that staying wasn't an option. After one abortive attempt to anchor we moved about half a mile south and anchored about 100m offshore with plenty of chain deployed. We had a quiet night! Megan had a great time in the RIB quickly gaining confidence and increasing speed.

Next day, Monday 28 July, there was a light northwest breeze. We motored north to round the extensive shallows off the north of Langeland before turning east. This was perfect weather for the cruising chute and so we deployed that. Initially I had intended to go to the small island of Vjerø but going on that course meant that the cruising chute wouldn't fill. So we turned east again and headed towards Vordingborg on Sjælland. As we approached it, again under cruising chute but now without the main, we had a discussion about the air clearance of the bridge to the north of the small island off the harbour, as there was no figure shown on the chart. It was only just in time that we realised that it was a lifting bridge and we didn't know its open times. So we went south around the island, under the high main bridge and headed north over shallows that the chart showed should give us just enough depth. The chart was wrong and we very nearly grounded. We bore away, gave up the idea of Vordingborg and headed on east under yet another bridge to the little port of Stubbekøbing on the island of Falster. There was plenty of room and the facilities met all the demands of the ladies. Later we walked around the town. It wasn't by any standards a tourist destination – but there was a gorgeous sunset.



***Faustina II* alongside at Flakfort**

around the southwest corner of Sweden as the shallows of the headland there extend about 3 miles off shore. We got there at 1840 just in time to go through the lifting bridge at 1900 – the last opening of the day. By now the wind was a really fresh northeast and I was concerned about how well we would manage entering one of the infamous boxes. There is a marina there – we looked into one basin but it was full and then we went as far north as we could and found a slot facing the wind into which we fitted with not too much hassle. It was however nearly a half mile walk back to the office and the pub. We decided to find out how to visit Skanör, the town 3½ miles away at the end of the peninsular. We found that we could take a bus and pay for it with a credit card. Everyone takes credit cards in Sweden and we used them to get a meal near the marina. Next morning we duly went to Skanör – but we shouldn't have bothered. Apart from the (very full) marina there really wasn't anything special to see. We had a coffee and cakes and were back on board and casting off by 1200. The first five miles going north is shallow and buoyed. We then went around the east side of Saltholm and into the little gem that is Flakfort.



The white cliffs of Møn

Flakfort is a small artificial island about 4 miles from Copenhagen. It was built just before WWI to take guns to defend Copenhagen. It was constructed with concrete caissons and has gone through several transformations in its 100-year life. Since 2000 it has been open to the public and is a popular weekend destination

for Copenhageners including yachtsmen for whom the harbour that surrounds the island is a perfect (though it must be said expensive) destination. This was my third visit to the island but my young crew had great fun exploring the underground tunnels where at times over 500 soldiers used to be stationed.

Some two months before this I had contacted the Wilders Plads marina in Copenhagen to book a place for 4 nights. Apparently we were lucky to get one but knowing that I had a somewhere to stop in the centre of Copenhagen made arriving there the following morning very relaxing. We went close to the little Mermaid and the Nyhavn, the more famous temporary stopping place, and then dived into the canal to the Wilders Plads marina. We had been told where our slot was and sure enough



The harbour at Flakfort

there was the name *Faustina II* on the wall in the allotted place. The marina is only a few hundred metres from the city centre. It is less expensive than Flakfort and its facilities are good. The only drawback really is the constant stream of big tourist boats that pass by every few minutes with commentaries. The same description on each boat. However one becomes inured to that and we had a fine time exploring the city, including of course the Tivoli Gardens. After two days Ann and my daughter left to fly home and the crew for the return to N. Ireland arrived. This was John Ahern, a recently joined member of the ICC and Stuart Wilson from Newtownards who has sailed with me before. They too had two days to explore the city.

The return to Northern Ireland

We left Copenhagen at 0700 on Monday 4 August in rain and no wind. We made our way south along the main big ship channel. Happily as we reached the cliffs of Møn the sun came out and we had a nice breeze from the north which allowed us to cruise along under the Yankee

alone. The crew became a little anxious as I took F2 across some of the shallows and to be honest I had a wee gulp myself at times. The wind died as we turned west up the channel towards Stubbekøbing where we docked at 1830. We were at sea for 13½ hours next day as we motored, with occasional help from a gentle wind, back up to the north end of Langeland and down to the entrance to the channel to Svendborg (at Valdemars Slot). I had arranged to meet some American friends on their yacht and we finally touched base at Walsted's boat yard where we had had a splendid meal a week or two earlier. I refuelled there and then we set off again to pass Svendborg, which has a most attractive appearance from the sea, and on through the narrow channels that lead down to Marstal on Ærø. Rain had threatened all day and the wind had blown strongly in gusts as big black clouds rolled by. We reached the harbour and marina at 2000 – and found it absolutely solidly full. There was simply no space in the marina so we went back into the harbour. We finally found a wall in a shipyard where we moored, expecting to be moved on at any minute. Instead the harbour master arrived and charged us for the night – he was happy for us to stay there and we were much nearer the town than we would have been in the marina. We had fish and chips near the harbour and after the very long day slept well.

We rose early next morning and caught the early bus to Ærøskøbing and I gave my crew 'the tour' and my now fading recollections of the town's history. We were back in Marstal by 1000 and John went to inspect the maritime museum whilst Stuart and I did some shopping. Back on board

we slipped at 1115 and followed the narrow channel out into the Baltic Sea with 30 miles to go to Kiel. Of course we went to the British Kiel YC where we were met by my former PA, still working there, with a bottle of wine. We all had a very happy supper at the club while we reminisced about 'the old days'. The establishment is due to close in early 2017 because there are now so few troops based in Germany. Over the years since it was formed in 1945 up to 3000 soldiers a year have been given the opportunity to go sailing to Denmark. It has been a wonderful facility. They now have 15 Hallberg Rassy 34s (bought and owned by the club) and these will be transferred to UK when Kiel closes. I hope to go back for the closing ceremony in due course. It will be a sad day.

We entered the Kiel Canal at 0900 next day and after being held up for a hour or so by some slow yachts we overtook them and made good speed through the 100 km long canal to arrive at Brunsbüttel at 1630. The day had started drizzly and grey but improved during the afternoon.

Sadly it wasn't until 1800 that we were locked out into the River Elbe. The delay meant that we only had an hour of tide with us. Once it had turned we had a real struggle to make headway down the river the 15 miles to Cuxhaven. We entered the marina at 2115 but we found that we had moored in a box where the owner was expected back. We had to move. Finally we ate a great carbonara from Stuart and settled down to watch a film. It was a loud film which increased our embarrassment when we realised at about 2300 that the sound had been blasting out through the cockpit speakers. At least one boat had moved away rather than complain. We apologised to people next morning.



Helgoland harbour. Sunny but very windy..

In the morning I went shopping on my bike and took the opportunity to look around the town including 'Alter Lieber' the former Elbe Lightship now moored in the harbour. I needed some engine oil and bought a litre – how I wished later that I had bought a lot more. Back at the boat I packed the bike away and we slipped at 1115 to catch the tide down river and out to the North Sea – and up to Helgoland where we arrived at 1430. We tried to get fuel but the tide was too low and we half grounded as we approached the pumps. Back in the harbour proper I was surprised to find an alongside berth whilst other boats were moored three or four out. I was to find out why quite soon.

Our voyage thus far had been blessed with mostly excellent weather, albeit there hadn't been much wind. It had always been a problem to get weather forecasts and GRIBS, as finding good Internet connections was always a struggle. There seemed to be no Internet that we could use on Helgoland but nevertheless it was clear that the wind was about to get up considerably as the remnants of Hurricane Bertha arrived on the area. After an initial explore of the town and purchasing several bottles of duty free spirits we returned to the boat to find a brisk easterly wind pushing us and the two boats that had now moored outside us away from the jetty. No problem. By 0600 next day the wind had gone more southerly and we were being pressed hard against the jetty and some busy fender height changing occurred. By 0800 the wind was at gale force and it was raining hard. I decided that we would stay – not a hard decision. The wind abated a little in the afternoon and by nightfall all was quiet. In the meantime we had completed our laundry and had an excellent evening meal in the town.

Next day, Sunday 10 August, the wind was really fresh again from the south. Stuart and I walked around the island and then got a 6-day forecast from the boat next door. There seemed a reasonable chance to make a getaway

and I decided to go. Stuart and I went off to try to buy bread and milk. We failed to find any and then we were met by John who said that, as he was a diabetic, going without bread wasn't an option for him. Actually the wind was now so strong that my resolve to depart had faded and even when John managed to blag some bread off a government boat, we stayed. Our fenders were now being really heavily compressed and moving the other boats would have been tricky. My new decision was to stay for at least a further 48 hours. The crew was visibly relieved. Our neighbours came aboard for drinks and after a Jameson bottle had become somewhat lighter I had to chase them out at 2330.

We had a nice idle day on Monday, walking and socialising with our German neighbours. The only event of note was that two policemen visited and asked for my passport. Not those of my crew – mine. They were dressed rather casually, so I jokingly asked them to show me their 'ausweis' (their ID cards). They hadn't got them with them but showed me their arm badges. I said one could buy them in a shop. It was all in obvious jest on both sides. However I then couldn't find my new passport. It took me an embarrassing 5 minutes to trace it. Phew.

Out into the North Sea

Tuesday was a beautiful sunny day – but the wind was still blowing very strongly. However in the afternoon I decided that it had reduced sufficiently for us to leave. Our two neighbours advised us to stay but anyway we moved off, with difficulty, and went to take on water. Then we tried again to get fuel but this time we failed as it was 'after hours'. We put three reefs into the main and set off into the North Sea at 1840. A little later I tried to make supper but I quickly became very sick and had to give up. John finished the job. The waves were big and there was a lot of lightning and thunder. At 2230 the wind reduced and we motored on northwards. The rest of the night consisted

of light winds interspersed with really powerful gusts (probably F9 at times), heavy rain showers and clear skies. All very tiring.

Daylight brought clearing skies from the south. I continued to be wretchedly sick all day until taking some Kwells in the evening, which seemed to cure me – TG. I was fine from then on. The wind was southwest force 5 at first but later in the day it veered about 40 degrees and we were no longer able to head for Kinnaird Head, our initial target.

The scene on Thursday morning brought to mind those films of Arctic convoys. It was all white waves and, worse, we were heading about north, way off our desired course of 300°. We decided to tack ‘inshore’, though the shore was 200 miles away. It soon became apparent that we were now going stupidly too far south and I decided to motor in the right direction. At first we went due west towards Eyemouth, the nearest bit of land, but later we turned to head for Peterhead which is just south of Kinnaird Head, now 160 miles away. The good news was that the wind had gone down to force 3, though still from the northwest.

At 0100 on Friday morning I stopped the engine to do an oil check – and found none showing on the dipstick. I had the one litre bought in Cuxhaven and had a drop more as well. I put all that into the engine and the oil just showed on the dipstick. Clearly we couldn’t go on using the engine. We set the sails again and could make only 260°. Meanwhile we pumped out the oil that we found in the sump tray and bottled it against any essential use of the engine. In daylight John had a look at the engine and it appeared that the oil had come out through a vent that had come off. We tied it down with string, but kept sailing anyway. By 1630 the wind had dropped to F5 and we were making 270° at 5 knots rather than the 300° needed to get to Montrose, my latest target now 69 miles away. By 1830 there was a flat calm. No wind and no engine.

At 0200 next morning the wind had come back and we were sailing but in the wrong direction. During the morning the wind veered and allowed us to make towards Montrose. I called the HM when we were about four miles off and he said that he had no suitable space for us. He suggested Arbroath, 10 miles to the south (NO!) or Stonehaven, 18 miles to the north. We went there and motored the last few minutes into the harbour without destroying the engine. We moored snugly inside the harbour wall, going up and down with the tide but with no power or water available. £20 a night. But at least we had reached land. I went to buy oil and essentials. We topped up the engine oil and ran it. No leaks. We charged up the batteries and then went out for a great fish and chips which we ate on benches overlooking the sea. I am ashamed to admit that we also bought a fried Mars Bar. That was better than one might imagine but it was VERY sweet and two of us couldn’t finish the one we bought.

Next day, Sunday again already, Stuart and I walked the few miles to Dunnottar Castle, which is impressive but



Stonehaven harbour with *Faustina II* inside the outer jetty

a tourist magnet that we felt didn’t attract us enough to pay money to visit. The forecast had been for strong northwest winds but were southwest all day and I wished later that we had gone at least as far as Peterhead. That afternoon the wind veered to west and then northwest and leaving wasn’t an option any more. That evening, the wind began to moderate again and, good news, John fixed the oil vent properly. We had no more oil problems.

I spent Monday morning trying to coax the Internet to come through at Stonehaven library, without success. However the shipping forecast suggested that we could get away at least to Peterhead and so we slipped at 1300. We hammered our way north along the coast, weaved through the maze of nearly 20 vessels anchored or manoeuvring off Aberdeen, dodged inshore to the 10 metre line and then had a good sail up to Peterhead, which we reached at 2100.

Time for Stuart in particular was now pressing and we spent quite a bit of time on Tuesday working how to get back to NI by bus and ferry. The forecast was for yet more strong Northerly winds and further movement seemed unlikely. However we decided to hang on for one more day and on Wednesday, as we walked to the town in a strong wind, I felt that there was a break in the offing. We slipped at 1600 and after refuelling, we motored north and made great progress as far as Fraserburgh with the tide helping us along. Off Fraserburgh the tide turned and the next few hours were dire. The SOG was often down to 1.5 knots and when it rose to 3 knots I thought, ‘Wow, that’s good’. I woke to come on watch at 0200 as we motored due west along the Moray Firth coast, and everything had changed for the better. The tide had turned and we were making 6 knots. Then the wind went to the southwest and we could sail. Even better, when we headed southwest for the last 30 miles to Inverness the wind veered to northwest which, at last, was the direction we wanted it to be – and the tide held for us all the way in. We reached the Caledonian Canal at 1045 on Thursday 21st August and locked in after only a short delay. We were through the Canal by 1000 on Saturday and that day had a grand sail in fine weather

and a westerly breeze down to Gigha. We stayed only a few hours in the night whilst the tide was against us. We weighed at 0230 and reached Bangor at 1030 on Sunday 24th August.

Faustina II had been away from home for 2 months



***Faustina II* at Fort Augustus in the Caledonian Canal**

and had logged 2562 miles.

Impressions left after the voyage?

I have never liked (actually I have always hated) the North Sea and I this year I found no reason at all to change my mind. I would rather cross the Atlantic than the North Sea when it is, as it usually is, having bad weather. Never again. Baltic Denmark is a very nice place to sail. There are lots of options – good marinas, good sheltered anchorages and the people are friendly. Drink is expensive but food is about what it is at home. Although we only briefly touched there this time, I would add that Sweden is also a great cruising destination.

Finding Internet access was difficult almost everywhere - not just in Denmark but also in Scotland. Access through a data link would be preferable.

The Navionics charts that can be loaded with an App onto a smart phone or tablet are really excellent and very easy to use. If the device has a built in GPS then it is as good as a plotter. If not, a separate GPS (such as the Dual GPS) linked to the tablet by wire or Bluetooth is as good. I also had a full set of 2014 Danish paper charts. I used them but not often. (They are available for purchase!)

LED lights in the cabin are terrific and use almost no power. If you don't have them, change over to them this winter.

A slightly fuller version of this log with many more pictures can be found on my website at www.faustina2.com

Denis Cudmore writes of joining *Tara* on the OCC cruise-in-company in the Baltic.

A chance meeting with Bob and Bairbre Stewart in Gleasons Bar, Booterstown in January, led to Brid and me being invited to join the *Tara* crew on their summer cruise, as they participated in the the OCC 2014 Baltic cruise-in-company. We joined Bob & Herve LeGuen on Wednesday 24th June in Tallin, where *Tara* was berthed at the marina of the the 1980 Summer Olympics, now beginning to show signs of age. A wonderful visit to the old town and dinner with the OCC members followed over the next two days. On Saturday, we left for Helsinki, a short day trip of 43 miles. We had a quick introduction to AIS, which was indispensable in monitoring ferry traffic, some of which travels at 40 knots in this very busy shipping lane. All traffic was on a similar north-south heading as ferries shuttle several times per day between the cities. On arrival in Helsinki, Bob departed to return home and we took time out to visit the city. Most impressive however was the location of the HJK yacht club itself, positioned on a tiny island in the heart of the harbour. An elite establishment, where members speak Swedish rather than Finnish - an essential tradition of the club's heritage.

With a few days free before Bairbre joined us in Helsinki, we took the opportunity to sail west, along the Finnish archipelago to the hamlet of Barasound and enjoyed the challenging navigation required whilst rock-hopping amongst the picturesque holiday homes on these isolated islands. Returning to Helsinki to rendezvous with Bairbre before departing for St Petersburg, we had our first opportunity to test *Tara* in a strong breeze. *Tara* was extremely comfortable in these conditions and a joy to sail. We then had a two day hop to Haapasaari (90 miles), the last port of call in Finland before departing for Russia in convoy with eleven other OCC boats. All skippers were breathalysed before departure, and we suspect this may have something to do with our American friends celebrating their July 4th in full view of the port office the previous evening. We departed Haapasaari at 2100hrs for Kronstadt (70 miles), the entry point into St Petersburg, and enjoyed sailing in the short night in those northern latitudes. However our attention to traffic management was at its highest due to the volume and variety of traffic and number of possible port destinations. Again, *Tara's* AIS was invaluable.

We arrived on Kronstadt on Sunday 6th July. The port officers were under pressure as a Finnish flotilla was departing as we were entering, and managing this process for forty boats meant that we waited six hours to clear into Russia. Finally, our papers were stamped at 5pm as the office shut. On our arrival at St Petersburg, we were met at the marina on Krestovskiy Island in the city centre by Bob and Vladimir, our Russian tour organiser, who was a wonderful host. We managed a whirlwind 24 hour visit to see some of the sights of St Petersburg before returning home. Meawhile, Bob & Bairbre enjoyed ten days in the city and an extended cruise from St Petersburg back to Germany, where *Tara* remains for the winter. It was a thoroughly enjoyable cruise and whetted our appetites for more summer sailing in the Baltic.

The Wanderings of *Lir*

John Coyne



Solo voyage on *Lir* from Galway to the Ria De Vigo and return voyage via Azores to Inishbofin.

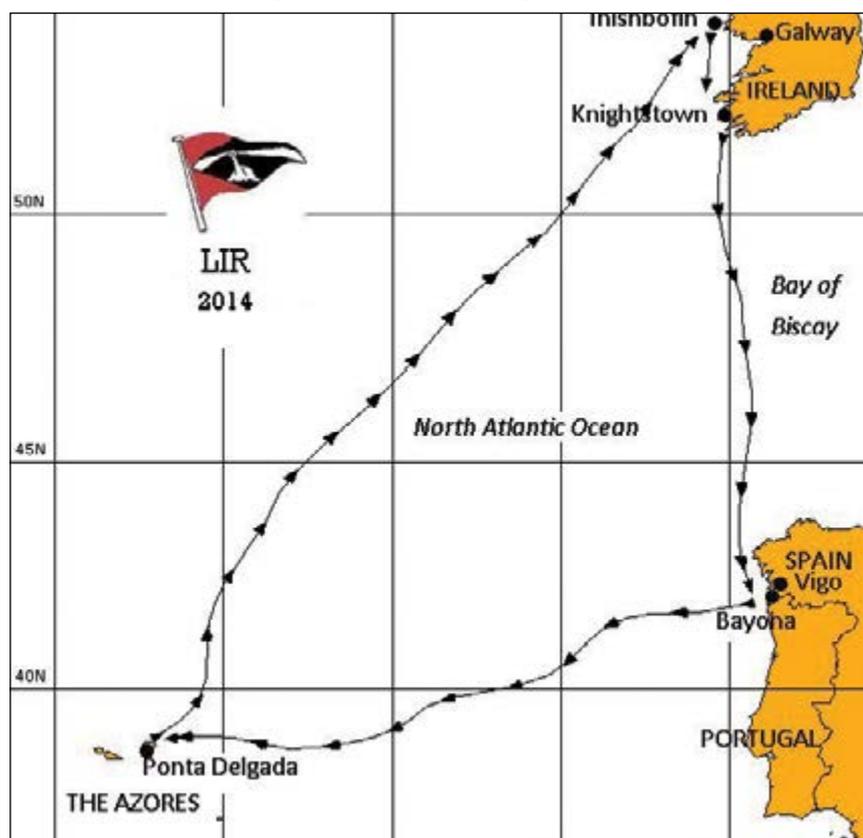
In February 2014 when discussing our plans for the annual family holiday, we debated whether to sail to the Isles of Scilly or to Brittany which we had last visited in 2005. My daughter Hannah, favoured Brittany and my wife Mary, did not mind as long as we got sunshine. I took a gamble, telling them that the weather in NW Spain would be better than either Brittany or the Isles of Scilly. I had visited NW Spain with Tom Foote (ICC) on board *Picnic* in 2010 and had been very impressed with the scenery and with the general atmosphere. We reached an agreement that I would deliver *Lir* to our chosen port and the family holiday would start there. It was decided the date would be Tuesday 24th of June with the arrival of Mary and Hannah in Porto courtesy of Ryanair, where I would meet them. They would stay for two weeks on board *Lir*, hopefully based in Bayona, Galicia.

I had been planning to sail *Lir* to Galicia for some time so I had obtained the Pilot Books and Charts for Biscay and NW Spain. I had agreement in principle, but as the saying goes, "god is in the detail". I did not make it known at this point that I was planning the delivery trip across Biscay solo, but I forged ahead listing all the things I would need to make the voyage possible, concentrating on a complete overhaul of the self-steering systems as a first priority. I have a Raymarine 6000 under-deck auto pilot and a Hydrovane wind vane self-steering. I also have an electric tiller pilot that can drive the Hydrovane in light airs, which uses considerable less power than the autopilot. I should

say at this point that my ambition to make a noteworthy solo voyage started as a dream when I read Chay Blyth's book the *Impossible Voyage* as a teenager. Since then I have read numerous books on single handed sailing including noteworthy authors such as Conor O'Brien and Joshua Slocum, and the main reason for this trip across Biscay was to find out if I liked long solo sailing trips or not. To date, many of my solo journeys were less than 24 hours, which were highly enjoyable. I also had further plans that if the journey to Bayona was successful and I enjoyed it, I would make the return journey home via the Azores. So charts and pilot books for the Azores were ordered on the chance all would go well. Not least of my worries was arranging the necessary time off work.

Lir had wintered in a mud berth in Ballynakill Harbour and in April I moved her onto our summer mooring there, but the logistics of fitting out for the trip meant that I had to bring her to Galway. I left the mooring on a misty morning at 08.30am on the 14th May 2014, and on an ebbing tide arrived in Inishbofin at 10.15 to prepare for the trip to Galway. I moored under the ruin of the Cromwell Barracks and had the boat shipshape by 14.00. The weather had improved to a bright sunny afternoon with south westerly winds force 2 to 3. I left Inishbofin at 14.15 for Kilronan in Inishmore. The afternoon was chilly with a clear blue sky and an uneasy swell as I motor sailed through High Island Sound towards Slyne head. This area is very familiar to me and rounding Slyne Head is a regular occurrence several times during the sailing season. But I retain a healthy respect for this coast, particularly when there are spring tides and strong south west winds. On this passage it was uneventful; clearing Slyne Head approximately one mile west and staying well clear of the Skerdd rocks, I encountered only one fishing boat on the trip from Inishbofin to Kilronan. I arrived in Kilronan at 21.15 and picked up a visitors mooring. Heating a pre-cooked meal that Mary had prepared for me, my one concern I had for the trip across Biscay was the provisioning of the boat as I am a poor cook but do really enjoy my food. This pre-cooked meal was a trial forerunner for the Biscay trip; the meal was excellent and did much to allay my fear of victualing for the voyage. Later I took a wander ashore only to find that the island was still very quiet with no other visiting boats or tourists staying over.

Thursday 15th was misty with a light drizzle and a south west breeze force 2 to 3. The weather outlook was promising for the afternoon, although I was in no hurry as the dock gates would close at high water at 12.09. I had already arranged with the Harbour Master, Brian Sheridan (ICC), to use one of the visitors' moorings outside the dock gates. Leaving Kilronan at 11.50 in bright sunshine, the short



trip into Galway was made under engine and again I encountered no other vessels except the ferries from Rossaveal to the Aran Islands. I arrived at Galway Dock at 16.00 and secured to a visitor mooring directly outside the dock gate.

The next three weeks were spent preparing *Lir* for the real business. I received tremendous help from a number of friends who helped out with numerous jobs. I would like to thank Tom Foote (ICC) for his advice and support, Paraigh Murphy for the installation of an AIS with a B transponder, Eugene Lambe who made up a remote steering mechanism for the Hydrovane, John Ruddy for mechanical repairs, Henry Lupton for the loan of his satellite phone, and Leo Monaghan for miscellaneous items such as the loan of his shortwave radio etc.. I

also stowed my folding bike for use ashore when I reached Spain. I still had numerous jobs to finish when I set my departure date for Wednesday June 11th 2014. The passage plan was to depart for Kilronan in Inishmore and take a breather there as the weather outlook was for southerly winds until Friday 13th. As I did not want to tempt fate by departing on Friday 13th, Saturday 14th was decided on as the departure date to head south. I found myself in company with *Island Lass*, owned by John Ruddy who was on passage to Bere Island. I finally completed a number of the outstanding jobs on Thursday and Friday at a visitors' mooring in Kilronan, where there were six other visiting yachts moored, including one British and three French.

Journey to Spain

I departed Kilronan at 05.00 in company with *Island Lass* for Knightstown in Valentia Island; the wind was westerly force 3 to 4 on a dry but cloudy morning. We motor sailed to clear Gregory Sound by 0550. With Loop Head abeam at 12.00, the AIS was showing a cargo ship leaving the Shannon Estuary bound for St Petersburg. There was considerable dolphin activity between Loop Head and Sybil Head but we motor sailed the entire journey to Valentia as the wind went north west but failed to strengthen as forecast. Although it increased to north west force 4 for a short time at Sybil Head, the wind was force 3 or less for the duration. At 17.00 we entered the Blasket Sound with a south going stream. We arrived in Knightstown at 20.00 and with a long day behind us a meal ashore in the Royal Hotel was called for. I had decided to run the engine for the entire journey from Kilronan to Knightstown, mainly to calculate the amount of fuel the engine was using as I had to exchange a Kiwi to a three blade fixed because of accidental damage to the feathering prop. The distance covered was 88.5 miles using 20 litres of fuel. This was encouraging as I was carrying 200 litres of fuel on board, 125 in the main tank and the remainder in 25 litre drums.

In bright sunshine with no wind we departed Knightstown at 12.25 Sunday 14th June, *Lir* on passage to



***Lir* under sail in Galway Bay**

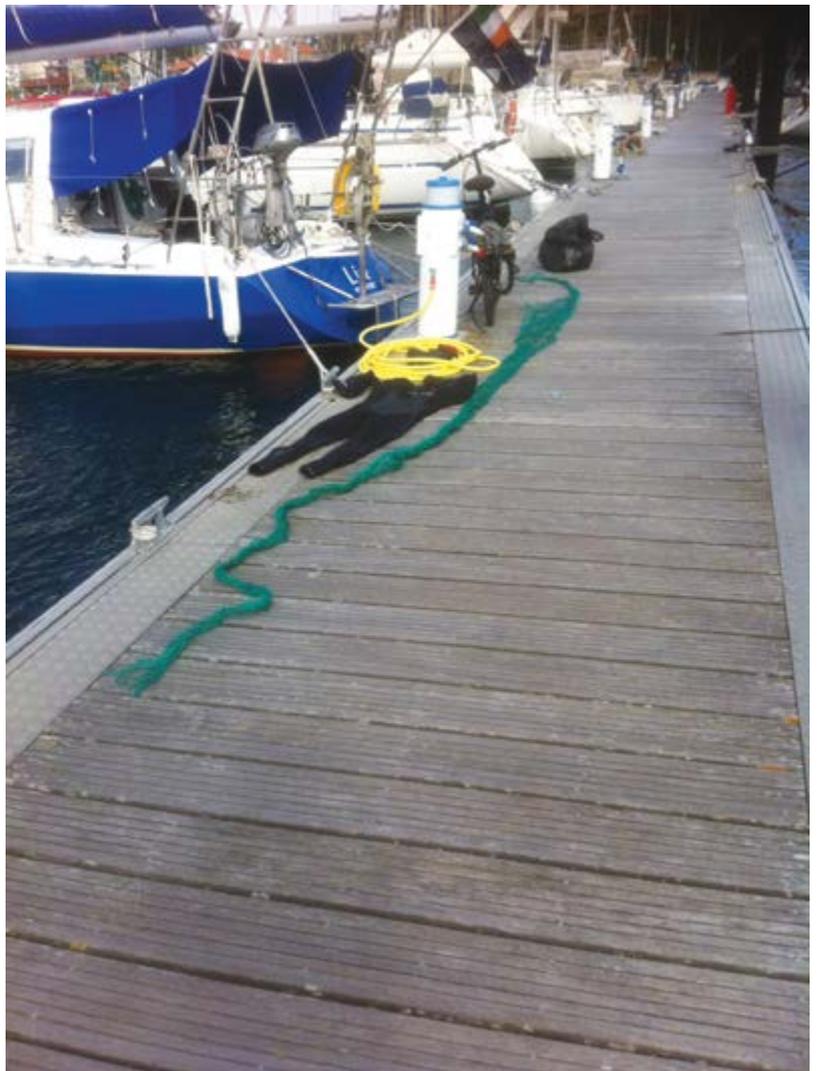
Bayona NW Spain and *Island Lass* bound for Bere Island. The weather forecast was good for the next five days with a possible low developing on the Wednesday west of Brest but it did not look particularly threatening. I decided to go five miles offshore as there was considerable traffic along the Coast of Valentia Island. There was the usual gannet activity off the Skellig and Bull Rock came abeam at 16.55 with the AIS showing the fishing vessel Good Hope about three miles away to the SW. The Fastnet lighthouse lay due east on the AIS at 17.15 and shortly afterwards I altered course due south onto 180°T. My midnight position put me at 50° 49.6'N, 10° 12.8'W, wind south west 2 to 3, a remarkably clear night, boat speed 6 knots. At 03.30 65 miles south of the Fastnet Rock lighthouse, I had been napping for about 20 minutes after setting the AIS closest point of approach alarm at 10 miles, I was suddenly aware of a change in engine sound. The engine was running very slowly at about 1100 revolutions. Although I could increase the engine revolutions to maximum with the engine in neutral, I could not increase the revolutions once forward or reverse gear was engaged. I looked over the side to see if there was anything fouling the propeller but was unable to see anything because it was so dark. Shining a powerful light over the side revealed nothing either. The gearbox was okay for oil and was not particularly hot. All sorts of scenarios played out in my mind, such as a damaged gear box or a seized Aqua drive coupling, and the thought that my journey was over before it really commenced was too uncomfortable to contemplate. Reluctantly at 03.44 I set course for Mizzen Head only able to make 1.2 knots over a glassy calm sea. At 0530 I contacted John Ruddy of *Island Lass* in Bere Island by satellite phone, who, when told of the symptoms felt sure that the propeller was fouled. I had no option at this stage but to go overboard to inspect the propeller. I set up a number of weighted safety lines, then wearing my son Tom's borrowed surfing wet suit and snorkel went nervously over the side. Within minutes I found the propeller was fouled with a large quantity of a fishing net (trawl). It covered the propeller in a tight ball with no loose ends visible. After what seemed an age I

succeeded in cutting a portion of the trawl and was able to free an end of the trawl using a junior hack-saw, I was then able to unwind the trawl from the propeller. Although I had lost a serrated knife and the hack-saw to the deep I was then able to resume the course 180°T at 0830. In retrospect, I was fortunate that the sea was so calm otherwise I might not have cleared the propeller. We motored until 18.05 when the wind returned from the south east and increased to force 5. I generally engage the Hydrovane self steering once the wind was steady above force 4. I did this now and found that my new remote adjustment from the companion way hatch worked wonderfully. A number of ships heading east and west were easily identifiable on the AIS.

Tuesday 17th June at 0048 the BBC shipping forecast gave north east force 5 to 6 for Biscay and Fitzroy, the wind remained light from the east so I resorted to the engine for charging and to maintain speed. At 07.45, engine off, the wind rapidly increased from the north east so that by 08.45 I had a second reef in the Main and the genoa rolled to number 1. Brest lay due east 222 miles away. Gradually the wind veered to south east reaching force 6 to 7 with very confused waves beginning to form. The Barometer remained steady at 1025 although it had dropped 3 mb in the previous 24 hours.

At 00.00 on 18th June the wind moderated to south east force 5 or 6. My midnight position was 46°54'N 10° 03.4' W. The BBC forecast was north east 5 to 6 for Biscay and Fitzroy. By 07.30 the Barometer read 1021, a drop of 4 mb in 3 hours. The wind settled in the east force 6 to 7 touching force 8. I rolled the jib completely, hanked on the storm jib and put in the 3rd reef before eventually taking the main down completely. The boat speed was between 6 and 7 knots under storm jib only using the Hydrovane self-steering. The waves now had a consistent pattern making the boat motion more comfortable, and the barometer still dropping in bright sunshine. Our noon to noon run was 144 miles. Very satisfactory.

By 07.00 on Thursday 19th the wind was a steady east force 7 with barometer still decreasing to 1017, but by noon the wind had moderated to east 4 to 5 and a



Net retrieved from propeller in Biscay

day's run of 132 miles was achieved. Shipping was now showing up on the AIS again; there had been no shipping or fishing detected on the AIS from due west of Brest until approximately 100 miles north of Finisterre. Later the wind dropped completely west of Finisterre. At 10.17 on Friday 20th June I moored in the Monte Real Club De Yates, Bayona, 786 miles from Knightstown in four days and 22 hours. I ran into Joe Woodward (ICC) on the Friday evening who gave advice on the area. I tried to catch up on my broken sleep on Saturday 21st and carry out boat maintenance. Later I explored the town by bicycle and found the shops and restaurants recommended by Joe. The trip across Biscay was tiring but enjoyable, even though my sleep pattern only consisted of 20 to 30 minutes cat naps from about 20.00 until 08.00 the following morning, with intermittent cat naps during the day. The AIS proved invaluable. The pre-cooked meals prepared by my wife, Mary, were invaluable also, especially during the heavy weather. All of the equipment worked well but I was disappointed that I did not see any wildlife in Biscay. Dolphins were active on the Irish coast, but on approaching Bayona, there was just a solitary dolphin stationed close to the Carallones Sur cardinal mark.

Spanish & Portuguese family holiday

On Sunday June 22nd I sailed from Bayona to Vigo via the Isla Cies, which were extremely busy with day trippers. I had decided to apply for a permit to visit the islands but did



AIS Plot of fishing boats 90 miles west of the Mizen

not land as I had yet to activate the permit. Later I tied up in Marina Davila which has very good facilities but is somewhat remote from the city of Vigo. I went into Vigo on Sunday evening with Donald Lopez, who was fitting out his boat in the boatyard. Donald was most helpful with information about Vigo and places to visit. I had broken a sail slide on the mainsail and he put me in touch with a sail maker. On Monday 23rd I stocked up with fuel, water and food and obtained gas from a nearby hardware store. On Tuesday 24th I took a bus from Vigo to Porto to meet Mary and Hannah.

On Thursday we departed Marina Davila Sport for Bayona, a short sail of 12.5 miles. Whilst in Bayona we met Mandy Stokes (ICC) from yacht *Clipper*; she gave us further advice on where to visit. We chilled out for the remainder of Thursday, Friday and Saturday enjoying walks, eating out and going to the beach. On Sunday 29th June we sailed to the Islas Cies where we anchored off the beach. The weather was excellent with a light westerly breeze but we waited until the majority of the day trippers had left before going ashore. Although there had been thousands of day trippers on the island, when the last of them left at approximately 20.00 I was surprised that at how clean the place was. We stayed at anchor overnight and walked the island again in the morning; there were only seven boats on average anchored for our duration there.

We departed for Vigo on Monday afternoon June 30th to moor in the Real Club Nautico De Vigo marina. We tied up in the new section where the old ferry terminal used to be and while we were there the cruise liner *Independence of the Sea* docked, totally overshadowing the marina; although one of the world's biggest liners, I was amazed by her manoeuvrability.

On Tuesday July 1st we travelled by train to Santiago for the day, and although it it rained for most of the time we still enjoyed it. On Wednesday Mary and Hannah went shopping in Vigo. I was impressed with the city, for it was totally different from what I expected. Not only were the marina staff helpful but the atmosphere everywhere was relaxed and friendly. At 17.40 we departed RCNV marina for the short hop to Bayona in a stiff north west breeze force 4 to 5, arriving back at our favourite marina at 20.00.

On Friday July 4th we departed Bayona at 10.30 towards Viana Do Castelo in a north west force 3 to 4 which quickly became force 2 or less. Motor sailing, we arrived in Viana Do Castelo at 15.00. This is a nice friendly marina where we stayed until Monday 7th July. We went for walks and did some shopping. We met Brendan Dunleavy on *Jaboticaba* from Carlingford, Co Louth who had wintered in the marina and was planning to travel up the river Douro for a month with friends. This required the removal of his mast which he had arranged to have taken off the boat in Leixoes marina. We also met Kevin Heery on *Sabrina* from Galway, who was on passage to Vigo.

Monday 7th July we departed Viana Do Castelo at 10.00 towards Leixoes, wind north west force three to four, increasing to force five for a time, arriving Leixoes at



Isla Cies

16.00. Mary and Hannah left for home from Porto airport on Tuesday 8th July, but with my sister Ann joining me on Thursday 10th for a week, I waited in Leixoes and I explored the area on my bicycle. The reason we chose Leixoes as a base was its proximity to Porto airport and its excellent connection to the metro; however, I was surprised at the scend in the marinas on this coast and it appeared to be particularly bad in Leixoes, because I noticed two boats that had sustained considerable damage to mooring cleats and fairleads. The only marina that did not appear to have a scend was Viana Do Castelo.

My plan was to quickly sail or motor back up to Bayona with my sister Ann, and spend the remainder of the time in the vicinity of Islas Cies and the Ria de Vigo. She also hoped that a friend might be able to join us for a day in Vigo. We had dinner ashore in the yacht club on the Thursday evening with Brendan Dunleavy of *Jaboticaba* and departed for Viana Do Castelo on the Friday morning into a north east force 3-4, arriving without incident at 13.30. We had dinner ashore and afterwards obtained gas and diesel. There was no diesel available at either Viana Do Castelo or Leixoes so we resorted to a local filling station.

We departed Viana Do Castelo on Saturday at 08.40 in similar conditions to the day before, arriving Bayona at 15.00. On Sunday we met Joe Woodward, Richard Cudmore, and Kate Cudmore (all ICC) on board *Toirse II* where joking references to fruitcakes and nuts were made regarding my solo voyage across Biscay and my proposed solo return journey to Galway. Only, now I was seriously planning to return via the Azores as I believed I had just enough time to do it.

On Monday we set sail to the Islas Cies in a moderate north west force three to four but we did not go ashore as the wind increased in the evening to Force five. However, we managed to get ashore on Tuesday morning for four hours before heading for the RCN in Vigo. Here we met up with Paul O'Brien (ICC) on board *Freedom of Galway*. That evening we took Ann's friend Bronagh and her partner John for a sail further up the Ria de Vigo, returning to the

marina at 21.00.

On Wednesday we shopped for food using Bronagh and John's car and in the afternoon Ann left for Santiago to explore the city before her flight left on Thursday. *Lir* was now ready for the voyage home, and fully stocked with food water and fuel, the weather outlook was good with light westerlies and south westerlies for the following days but expected to go round to the north west on Saturday or Sunday. I had 225 litres of fuel on board, which theoretically should give 500 miles under engine if the headwinds were light. I also had approximately three days of pre cooked meals prepared by Ann and I was able to download GRIB files for the next seven days.

Vigo to Ponta Delgada, Azores

I departed Vigo towards Ponta Delgada on Thursday 17th July at 06.15 into a misty morning with a south west force four to five. It was cold enough for wet gear for the first time in over a month. There was intense fishing activity in the Ria de Vigo and all the way as far as the *Islas Cies*. I decided to pass between *Illa do Faro* and *Illa de San Martino* and by 09.00 I was clear of the *Islas Cies*. The wind gradually increased to the upper range of force five so I rolled the genoa to No one and put two reefs in the main. Further offshore there were signs of heavy shipping traffic heading north and south. By 15.00 the wind had decreased and backed to the south east force three to four and by 21.00 had veered to south west force two to three and at midnight the wind had built to force five with heavy rain.

On Friday I calculated a noon to noon run of 118 miles using the engine for twelve hours. At 22.00 I was shaken by a fierce lightning storm; the lightning appeared to strike the surface of the sea a mile or so away. I stowed my backup GPS and handheld VHF in the oven, hung a length of chain from the chain plate into the sea and went to bed. At 0200 on Saturday the wind veered to the north west force 5 in heavy rain. The sea state became confused and by 12.00 the wind had increased to force 6 to 7 in heavy rain with a noon to noon run of 115 miles. At midnight the wind had decreased to force 3 to 4. The barometer continued to fall and it is notable that prior to the lightning storm the barometer dropped 3 mb in 2 hours.

At 24.00 on Saturday the barometer was reading 1020. The high pressure system that I feared was developing quicker than I thought. On Sunday the wind backed to southerly force 3 and I contacted my friend Paraigh on the satellite phone who informed me that I would have two days of light winds. The calm came on Sunday afternoon, which required the engine to be run until 07.30 on Monday 21st July. We were now 390 miles from Sao Miguel and I calculated that I had fuel for 250 miles, so the remainder had to be done under sail. At 09.55 the sea was flat calm with no sounds other than the creaking of gear on the boat. Again I was amazed at the lack of wild life on the trip so far. I was hoping to see a whale and active birdlife but I saw nothing except for what looked like a Fea's Petrel according to a description in one of my books. We were now on a course of 210° T towards the south west, taking a gamble that the wind would veer north west to north.

Tuesday was spent tweaking sails, which resulted in an average speed of 3.9 knots, still with 200 miles to go at midnight. At 0045 the wind veered north to force 3

increasing to force 5 by 01.00 but it didn't last and dropped to force 3 by 09.30. The remainder of Wednesday was spent trying to maximise the distance under sail and at 2100 I was 100 miles from the eastern end of the island with enough fuel for 180 miles. At 22.00 I saw dolphins for the first time since the Spanish coast.

On Thursday at 07.30 the wind backed to the SW force 4 to 5 and at 14.00 I sighted Sao Miguel, which was covered in cloud but when the cloud lifted in the afternoon the true beauty of the landscape was revealed. At 16.00 the wind dropped to force 2 to 3 so the engine was needed to finish the journey. I moored in Ponta Delgada at 20.00. Both the GPS log and the impeller log showed 905 miles from Vigo, there were 30 litres of fuel remaining in the tank. The journey had taken seven days and thirteen hours. I checked in with the marina office on Friday morning to find the level of bureaucracy to be surprising; there were four forms to fill out with signatures required on each form. I had hoped that when I was planning the voyage that I would be able to visit the islands of Faial and Horta too, but the weather forecast for strong westerly winds for the following three days meant this was not possible. Instead I explored Ponta Delgado on the bike and on Friday took a bus to Furnas. On Saturday I stocked up with food. The supermarket kindly arranged delivery but on the way back from the supermarket I took a tumble from my bike. I spent the remainder of Saturday recovering from my cuts and bruises and counting my blessings that my injuries were not worse. I had arranged to hire a car to see the island on Sunday but decided against it in order to rest up. On Sunday July 27th I changed the 110% headsail to a light-weather 130% headsail as the GRIB files for the next seven days showed light winds from the Azores towards Ireland. I needed help to change the headsail when I found that the halyard was jammed and on inspection after climbing the mast, I discovered that the pulley sheave had disappeared. I changed over onto a spare halyard.

Azores to Inishbofin

With 200 litres of fuel and water on board, on Monday 28th of July I paid my mooring fees, undergoing a departure procedure just as complex as on arrival and at 13.00 departed Ponta Delgado towards Inishbofin Co Galway. The wind was south east force 5 but fluctuated considerably in the lee of the island, which required the use of the engine on and off until 21.00. As the sea state was good, full sail was carried until 04.00 on Tuesday 29th July, when the 1st reef was put in. Then at 08.30 the wind backed east, increasing quickly to force six to seven, the 2nd reef was put in the mainsail and the genoa was partially rolled. At 1200 the days run was 134 miles but at 13.30 a 3rd reef was needed and the genoa was rolled to storm jib size as the wind had increased further.

On Wednesday 30th, the wind backed northeast to north and decreased to force three to four in light rain and very confused seas with a noon to noon run of 108 miles. On Thursday 31st the course was 101°T motor sailing. Throughout the day the wind came from the north west, varying in strength from force three to six or seven, which required continuous reefing of main and headsail. A bird similar to a Swift tried to land at dusk. Friday 1st of August was similar, with the wind backing west and increasing to force seven until 16.00, then decreasing to force five to six.

My fresh food was exhausted and I was taking pot luck with the canned food, guided by the pictures on the can, and hoping the contents were better than the can of the previous day. The days' runs were consistently over 100 miles and the forecast from my friend Paraigh by satellite phone was for more north to north west to north east winds. Saturday was similar but the weather was growing colder and warm clothing was called for. At 20.00 the distance run from Ponta Delgada was 600 miles.

Sunday 3rd August was showery with winds that varied in direction from the east to south west to south and then west and varying from calm to force three. This required the use of the engine all day until 06.30 on Monday 4th August, when the wind veered to the north west, varying in strength from force three to six. First dolphins sighted today since the Azores. I reefed the main 12 times that day which was a record so far, but it meant we were still making good daily runs. Seven days at sea and my thoughts were on solo sailing. I decided it was boring without company, even though I had been kept active to ensure that the boat was moving. Not far from my thoughts too was that I had to be back to work on the following Monday, 11th of August. On the phone to Tom Foote I described the experience as an itch that had to be scratched. The itch had gone.

On Tuesday 5th we were north of 50° Latitude; it was definitely colder, the wind had backed to the south west force five. AIS targets showed up for the first time since the Azores, and appeared to be fishing vessels by their speed; the information categorised them as unknowns. We had travelled 996 miles according to the log. On Wednesday 6th 00.00 hours there were 209 miles to Inishbofin and the wind was W force five. At 12.00, Mizzen Head was 95 miles east. The weather was clear and sunny with the AIS showing a number of fishing trawlers, thirteen of them at one count, only two of them Irish. There were gannets, seagulls and dolphins close by. Signs of life were exciting.

On Thursday 7th August Slyne Head came abeam at 09.30 within mobile phone coverage. I started receiving voice calls from friends once *Lir* showed up on the AIS traffic website. At 14.35 I moored alongside the cargo boat at the old pier in Inishbofin. Pat Lavelle (ICC) of *Colla Voce* took my shore lines. I had promised myself over the last number of days that I would treat myself to a good steak once I got ashore as my rations of tinned food purchased in the Azores left a lot to be desired. Would I sail a long distance solo again? Yes for something like 4 to 5 days across Biscay on a delivery trip, but not for longer unless necessary. To carry out a long passage one should not be under time constraints and I was fortunate that I did not encounter bad weather or suffer gear breakages. It concerned me that I used 100 litres of water in seven days on general usage, not including bottled drinking water, and with no showers taken. Also the battery storage of 210 amp hours was barely sufficient. I was charging the batteries every day either using engine or a 1kw Honda generator.

The log from Ponta Delgado to Inishbofin showed 1219 miles in 10 days and 2 hours. The steak in the Beach Bar (formerly Day's Bar) was excellent.

Below are distances taken from the iPad Navionics charts. The impeller log showed 120 miles, similar to the Chart plotter and GPS logs:

Galway to Kilronan Aran Islands	23.52
Kilronan to Knightstown Valentia Island	88.55
Knightstown to Mizzen Head	37.63
Mizzen to Bayona	599
Bayona to Vigo	12.92
Vigo to Bayona	12.92
Bayona to Islas Cies	6.83
Islas Cies to Vigo	7.87
Vigo to Bayona	12.92
Bayona to Viana Do Castelo	33.05
Viana Do Castelo to Leixoes	34.16
Leixoes to Viana Do Castelo	33.05
Viana Do Castelo to Bayona	33.05
Bayona to Islas Cies	6.83
Islas Cies to Vigo	7.87
Day sail Vigo	9.79
Vigo to Ponta Delgado Azores	854.14
Ponta Delgado to Inishbofin	1219
Total:	2991.9

(Admirable precision - to 2 decimal places!- Ed)

Total diesel purchased was 630 litres with 40 litres remaining when moored in Inishbofin.

Harold Cudmore summarises his cruising in 2014:

5 days in April on an Ed Dubois 125' with 5 crew from St Maarten via Saba, St Kitts, Nevis to Antigua followed by Race Week on a 40'. Wonderful service but unable to do more than steer occasionally.

6 days in June on an Alan Warwick 65' with 1 crew from Gocek, Turkey, to Bozburun YC where we were made very welcome.

7 days in July, three families on two charter Beneteaux from Split. I still see this as one of the best cruising grounds I have been to, though it would be less crowded out of school holiday time.

5 days in Sept. on a Jeanneau 52' from Corfu to Paxos via mainland harbours. Always a very special cruising area

Let's Go Cruising: Comparing Turkey and Kerry

Mick Delap

When I was a teenage dinghy sailor on the Solent, I came across 'Let's go cruising', a short book written by Eric Hiscock in 1945 to encourage day sailors that the dream of sailing further afield was actually well within reach. It was originally priced at a modest seven shillings and six pence, and into its 96 pages (plus black and white photos), Hiscock had very elegantly distilled all he felt the novice cruiser needed to know. Back then, when he himself had only got so far in the Wanderer sequence as the four and a half ton Wanderer II, the book included plenty of references to gaff cutters like her, and how to improve the set of your topsail. But it was also full of encouragement and sensible advice about cruising that still seems more generally relevant today – like suggesting anyone contemplating going to sea takes a bit of time before they buy their boat to decide whether their intentions are, as Hiscock puts it, "ocean cruising, or coastal, or ditch crawling". I see my copy is signed, in scratchy ink, "M.Delap, 1957" - by which time it had been knocked down to three bob! It was to be another fifty years before I did finally start following Hiscock's advice, and began cruising (in my case definitely ditch crawling -where there are muddy estuaries – or cove hopping, on rockier coasts, or more generally just pottering). As a 24 foot gaff cutter, *North Star* is perhaps not unsurprisingly pretty similar to the slightly larger Wanderer II. Hiscock ends 'Let's go cruising' with a quick survey of the major cruising grounds of the British Isles, including the South West of Ireland, and the last few pages are a vivid description of his own first exploration of Dunmanus Bay, just before World War II, in fog and a westerly gale. So the combination of the ICC 85th Anniversary event in Glengarriff, and Hiscock's evocation of the pre-war delights of Dunmanus and Dunbeacon was a call it was impossible to resist.

I took *North Star* down from Valentia single handed on 9th and 10th July, a few days before the ICC Glengarriff gathering, taking advantage of the fresh north westerlies. Encouraged by the handsome picture in *Cruising Ireland*, I overnighted tucked in to the south east side of Deenish Island, offshore from Derrynane. In overcast conditions, it was sheltered enough, but much gloomier than I had expected, sandwiched in between the industrial-scale fish farm to seaward, and sodden grassland ashore, and I was glad to head off next morning for Bantry. Perhaps with the engine-less Wanderer II in mind, I got going under sail alone, and was rewarded by a terrific day's run that ended up on a mooring off Bantry House. I had always wanted to arrive at the West Cork Literary Festival under sail, and wasn't disappointed, meeting fellow poets ashore, and catching a fascinating presentation by Rose George, author of 'Deep Sea and Foreign Going', which takes the lid off the murky world of global shipping (watch out for container ships: according to George they are crewed by over worked, under paid and often deeply unhappy seafarers). Then it was on to Glengarriff, where I managed to arrive, on Friday 11th July, in the smallest participating yacht, and depart (thanks to Michael Craughwell's generous invitation) in the largest. I had always meant to leave *North Star* for two or three weeks in Lawrence Cove, after the ICC's very splendid party, and

find some way of heading north for a family gathering back on Valentia. When Michael's seventy two foot Orchestra brought up close alongside, and he explained he was short of a crew for his next leg up to Dingle, I jumped at the opportunity to return in style, and enjoyed every minute of a very different kind of sailing. Thank you, Michael.

Early in August Judy and I drove back down to Bere



Dunmanus Bay

Island to find *North Star* safe and sound in Lawrence Cove (surely the perfect marina: small, friendly, efficient, set in superb well sheltered surroundings, and an excellent jumping off point). With Hiscock in hand, we headed off on 5th August round Sheep's Head for Dunmanus Harbour in the kind of murky weather he had experienced seventy five or so years earlier. But the sun broke through once we were anchored (again under sail), the Harbour gave us adequate shelter from the moderate westerlies for a couple of nights, while we explored the rest of the bay by day, and was itself delightful. It can't have altered much from Hiscock's time, still overlooked by an impressive castle that's surrounded by hay fields full of vetch, loosestrife and meadowsweet, hedgerows bright with fuchsia and monbretia - and not a lot else. There were swans, herons, and calling curlews (disappearing now from similar, but overcrowded estuaries in the south of mainland Britain), and in the clear nights vivid phosphorescence, shooting stars overhead, and

the majestic beam of the Fastnet sweeping the sky over the low hills to the south. Dunmanus Harbour has definitely been added to our list of special ditches – or coves. As has Ballycrovane, on the north west side of Beara, visited on 7th August on the way back up to Valentia after we had come through Dursey Sound. Ballycrovane is, I suspect, usually bypassed, and it is a tight fit to get onto the small pier. It's also very much a working harbour for the large fish cages out in Coulagh Bay, south of Inishfarnard (with one of the lads presumably responsible for the challenging "War Pig" graffiti by the slipway). But there's good shelter in the small outer harbour, well described in the ICC Sailing Directions, against all but the stronger westerlies (though there are a few moorings there now for the fish farm support boats). Definitely worth the detour we made, for an explore and a lunch stop, before heading on for Derrynane, and next day, 8th August, Valentia.

But those varied few days of ditch crawling and cove hopping, with a brief introduction to big boat sailing thrown in, turned out to be only the filling in a sandwich of summer cruising. A small sandwich, but tasty. It had started in Turkey, with a week's charter over the summer half term at the end of May, crewed by the grandchildren, and ended in mid September with me in *North Star* single handed off the Tearaght at the north western extremity of The Blaskets. Both week long trips (a total of 11 days sailing) were strongly focussed on pottering, and though the two boats involved and the locales were so different, there were also striking similarities in both cruising experiences. Chiefly in the joys of finding remote anchorages of great beauty at the extremities of long, narrow mountainous peninsulas, often with striking back stories stretching into an antiquity where all significant coming and going was by sail. Though the swimming, it has to said, was much more agreeable in the Mediterranean.

In fact, it was the possibility of jumping off a yacht into a turquoise (and warm) sea, as in *Mama Mia*, that sold the three grandchildren (twins of 12 and their elder sister of 14) on the idea in the first place. Their parents, my daughter and son-in-law, and my wife Judy weren't averse to the idea of some Mediterranean sun and sail either. Turkey, and indeed, chartering, was a first for all of us, and our first leg out of Bodrum on 25th May on our chartered Bavaria 39 delivered something for everyone. A lively 20 mile sail downwind in 15 to 20 knots to anchor in a tiny cove at one end of Mazakoy Bay, the first (of many) swims over the side into a genuinely turquoise sea, a simple but excellent fish dinner ashore in the only building close to the otherwise pristine beach, and a quiet night as the afternoon breeze faded. Bodrum, our starting point, is near the mouth of the Gulf of Gököva, which is shaped like Dingle



***North Star* at Ballycrovane Pier**

Bay, and like it runs east to west between remote coastal mountains, out to the point where Turkey's southward tending coast turns the corner to run eastwards again past Rhodes towards Cyprus and the border with Syria. That remoteness was one attraction. The other was the existence of a large number of ancient ruins throughout the area, the remains of a series of Classical Greek, Byzantine and Ottoman coastal entities, sometimes large and sometimes small. They were all, though, largely inaccessible, then and now, by land, but well served in their heydays from the sea. And therefore waiting for us to revisit them. We'd found Bodrum, ancient Halicarnassus, a noisy mix of holidaying Turks and a fine Crusader castle that now houses a remarkable series of marine archaeology exhibits which divers have recovered from nearby seas, including a rare cargo of ancient glassware, and amphora of every size and description.

Leaving, the plan was to use our six days to first explore the remote coves of the Gulf of Gököva, then head back out and round Cape Krio, at the south west extremity of Turkey, towards the next big sailing centre, Marmaris. The direct track totalled about 100 miles, but we were pottering. So next day, 26th May, found us crossing from Mazakoy to the south side of the Gulf of Gököva, drifting and motoring 15 miles to another deserted inlet, Tuzla Köyu (more *Mama Mia* leaps into an equally turquoise sea), and on to the more crowded English Harbour. The name comes from its use by the desperados of the UK's Special Boat Service towards the end of WWII, but I remember it more for the densely pine clad slopes, so different to the light scrub elsewhere, and the distinctive sound as dusk fell of two churring night jars. We began the 27th May by re-provisioning and refilling the water tanks at Sögut, before beating back past Tuzla Köyu and then freeing off towards Yedi Adlari, the Seven Islands, a good sail of some 15 miles. We ghosted in past the outlying barrier of

islands into East Cove, where we anchored in the small pool at its head, totally alone, in a silence broken only by an occasional blackbird or pigeon, and the hum of millions of bees. Lucas, my grandson, seized the opportunity to head off in the dinghy to continue his attempts to catch a fish. In spite of all his efforts, he ended the cruise without a bite. He blamed my lures (a set of feathers which did, un-encouragingly, say “Norwegian” on the label). And he wasn’t mollified when I said the earliest complaints about the rotten fishing in these parts apparently dated back to equally frustrated Roman visitors.

Next day, 28th May, we made an early start heading west out of the Gulf for the turning point of Cape Krio, some 40 miles away. The pattern of the last few days was flat seas in the mornings, and gathering north westerlies from noon onwards. So we motored all morning, stopped for lunch and a swim in another stunning and deserted cove just short of Cape Krio, and had a brisk beat in the late afternoon to round its impressive cliffs and “proper” lighthouse (proper because it looked the part, as one of Turkey’s key seamarks, unlike all the other Turkish lights we’d seen so far, which were knee high in comparison). That wasn’t the only treat, because we ended up moored in the harbour of the ancient city of Knidos, now a largely deserted ruin, but once a dynamic sea power with seventy thousand inhabitants. Marble columns everywhere, laid low by earthquakes, but still impressive. Day 5, May 29th, saw us heading east again, sailing downwind past the Greek island of Symi, and then motoring in gloomy weather round the low headland of Karaburun (with another disappointingly knee high light). We had come another 30 miles or so, and were heading for the inlet of Bozuk Bükü, ancient Loryma, whose narrow entrance was dominated by yet another classical citadel, this time of impressive solidity and preservation. We moored stern to on a restaurant jetty close in under the citadel, just as the heavens opened and it began to blow straight across the bay towards us. Our neighbours, an English couple



Family crew

who knew the area well, helped us double up our lines as it gusted, they reckoned, some 40 knots. Nothing shifted, and by dawn on 30th May it had blown itself out. But as we emerged from Bozuk Bükü for the last 30 mile leg into Marmaris, it was to find little wind and a sizeable beam sea that made a misery of our morning’s motor sailing. For the first time, sea sickness set in. But spirits lifted when first we had a close up view of a sea turtle swimming by (the area is known for them), and then found yet another delightful cove, Gerbekse, or Byzantine Cove, to shelter in over lunch. It had apparently once been a small trading post – by sea, of course. Its smooth waters were deserted now, as we swam, and then explored the ruins of a small chapel perched above a jewel of an anchorage that summed up all that was most memorable about the trip. That and seeing how well Agnes, aged 14, after six days on the boat, steered us through the wind shifts onto our final mooring in Marmaris.

Back in Ireland

That was at the beginning of the season. I ended it four months later some two thousand miles to the west, once more among deeply indented coastal mountains whose shoreline was drenched with history. This time I was single handed, on *North Star*, and we were heading out from Dingle for Blasket Sound. It was mid-September, with that unusual episode of day after day of strong easterlies under warm skies still dominating the weather. I had an unanticipated three or four days of sailing ahead of me before I laid *North Star* up back on Valentia, and wanted to do something I’d so far never done, sail west and then south outside the Blaskets north of Great Blasket. I’d started the previous day, 14th September, with a boisterous sail in fresh to strong easterlies from Valentia across to Dingle. By next day, 15th September, the easterlies were much



Byzantine Cove

reduced in strength, but as I rounded Sleah Head, I was still cautious about finding decent overnight shelter. East winds turn everything in this area upside down: the recognised anchorages – Ventry Bay, the north-east facing foot of Great Blasket, or the small bay under the cliffs at the northwest corner of Inishvickillane – all become untenable in any sort of easterly blow. What a settled easterly air flow does in compensation is to make one or two anchorages which are usually dangerously open to the west suddenly available. Ferriter's Cove (more slightly Ferriter's Ditch) lies at the northern end of Blasket Sound, in under the sweeping slopes of Sybil Point. It faces directly west, with its two rocky arms giving little shelter from the Atlantic. It's also, as its name suggests, not particularly deep, and isn't very helpful for those heading north if what you want to do is to get through Blasket Sound and round Sybil Head before you lose your tide. But I wanted a convenient jumping off point for the following day's trip out past Inishtooskert (the Blasket's "north island") and round the Tearaght ("island of the west", and not only Ireland's but arguably Europe's westernmost point). And I liked the sound of ditch crawling into a named Ditch.

Piarsa Ferriter, whose ditch it is, sounded interesting too: a local hero, who was one of the last Kerry leaders to hold out against Cromwell's forces; also a celebrated love poet, in Irish and English ("lay aside thy arms, Maiden"), a harpist good enough to be still remembered around here as "the gentleman harper"; and remembered too as having successfully gone on the run from the Cromwellians for a year by hiding nearby, in a cave variously placed under Sybil Head or on the western end of Great Blasket. Wherever "Scairt Phiarais" was, we know from one of his poems that he hid with "the sound of waves at my heels". I ghosted up Blasket Sound towards Ferriter's Cove with the tide under me (which I couldn't have done back in the tideless Gulf of Goköva), going just fast enough to haul in a splendid pollack close in off Beginish – so splendid I realised I wouldn't be able to eat more than a fraction of it, and threw it wriggling and squirming back. Nor were there any waves at my heels as I closed Clogher Head in the calm of late afternoon, and pushed on into Ferriter's Cove. It's one of those small harbours that only reveal themselves at the last minute as you get closer, and until I pinpointed it I found rock strewn Clogher Bay as intimidating a place as I had been warned to expect back on Valentia, where they have a healthy respect for "the other side" of the Blaskets. But once I was inside the cove, and turning from north east to east round a knuckle of rock on its south

side, I found myself anchoring in three or so metres of clear calm water, off one small sandy strand to the north east, and with the sandy mud of the main estuary already showing further inland to the east. There were a handful of local boats lying quietly on their moorings in behind the knuckle of rock, and the drying estuary was crowded with an enormous party of migrating swallows overhead, and a noisy gaggle of resident Greater Black Backed gulls, calling curlew, oystercatchers, and the clear "tew ... tew ... tew" of greenshank. Ballyferriter's neighbouring villages chimed in with a music of their own: Ballyoughteragh, Gortadoo, Coolalea and Ballyglissha. Piarsa Ferriter himself was unscrupulously seized by the Cromwellians and hanged at Killarney in 1653. And the remnants of his castle, on the north shore of his Cove, in under Sybil Head, blew down in a May gale in 1845. Today only a few stones are still standing: a reminder of how fierce the weather must be here when it blows straight in off the Atlantic. For now, on one of those evenings when cruising has brought you unexpectedly to a place of heartrending beauty, all was calm as I rigged my Rocker Stoppers (three bright orange sombrero-shaped cones hung overboard in a tiered series, one from the port and one from the starboard chain plates, and "guaranteed to reduce rolling" - it said on the label). I was nonetheless woken several times in the night by the groans, thumps and creaks of a boat moving itself purposefully from side to side and fell back to sleep feeling the Rocker Stoppers were, as I had feared, a waste of space.

It all looked rather different when I got up on 16th September, and looked out to see white foam rising 20 foot or more in the air off the base of Sybil Head. In its mysterious way, a big swell from the north west had silently built during a night of flat calm. It seemed, as I pulled them back on board, that the Rocker Stoppers might have been



Inishtooskert, Tearaght in distance

earning their keep after all. Certainly, as we motored out, the size of the swells became clear: a series of smooth, regular, widely separated but utterly unstoppable football pitches of rising and falling humps of water sweeping majestically in from the north west (against and totally independent of what little breeze there was), and only falling apart in great spouts of thundering foam at the foot of whatever cliff they ended up against. As *North Star* ran easily downwind south west along the north side of Great Blasket, past Inishtooskert, and closed with the great chunk of rock that is Inishtearaght, the swell was no hindrance. It did though concentrate the mind: this north west side of the Blaskets felt a very different place from the islands' more sheltered south east, where not only do the islands themselves provide a breakwater against the Atlantic, but there are also handy havens to run for if things get difficult – Ventry, Dingle, Kells Bay, perhaps Coonanna or Cooncrome, and certainly Valentia itself and Port Magee. It's "inside", compared to the north west of the Blaskets, where you are very definitely "outside". There's nowhere easy to run to, and the sense of the Atlantic's crude power is overwhelming. I rounded the Tearaght close in under the light house, inside the mini-Scellig stacks of the outlying rocks, and from the south craned my neck to look back up at the lighthouse keepers' quarters high above me. I have a small black and white picture taken by a cousin of my father's in the 1930's of a relief keeper being hoisted up by derrick from a small Valentia supply boat bobbing around underneath. No longer. Back on today's Valentia, Aidan Walsh is a long time member of the Irish Lights maintenance team, (and brother of Donal who, with his wife Rosie has just become the toast of Knightstown for re-opening his father Tony's shop this summer after 25 years, when the island's only remaining shop suddenly closed. Visiting ICC members please note: good supplies now available in Knightstown). Before I set off Aidan had been sounding off to me how,

with diesel generators being replaced by solar power all round Ireland, he was no longer making regular visits to the Tearaght, and a piece of Valentia and Blasket history was coming to an end. Somehow it made the Tearaght seem more isolated than ever, and more magnificent.

As we started sailing again, tacking in towards Inishabro, there were regular resounding "booms" from two or three miles away, as the bigger swells exploded violently at the base of Canduff Head, the south west extremity of Great Blasket. Once through the sound between Canduff and the extraordinary gothic pinnacles of rock at the north end of Inishabro, the sea smoothed somewhat, and I had a lazy afternoon's fetch back in to Valentia. It was even calmer inside the harbour, but the continuing easterlies were forecast to strengthen again overnight. I wanted to savour a last night at anchor on my own, before laying *North Star* up, but with the forecasted easterlies didn't fancy the usual berth tucked in south of Beginish (Valentia's Beginish this time, not Great Blasket's). On a whim I motored past the expanded Knightstown Harbour (its floating concrete breakwaters are still without finger piers or services, so I refuse to call it a marina – yet. The word is, "there are plans"!) and headed for Ardcoast and the Derreen estuary, at the extreme south east corner of Valentia Harbour. I felt my way in on the depth sounder – proper ditch crawling – and anchored in weedy mud with a metre under the keel. In the dusk, there were glimpses of passing cars on the Ring of Kerry, and the lights of Knightstown behind me on Valentia were reflected in the still water. But it felt unexpectedly remote, and very rural (no nearby houses, shore birds calling, and from Ardcoast's small fields rooks, choughs and an occasional cow). The flat calm continued all night - in spite of the forecast, and in complete contrast to the incoming swells which I knew must still be breaking heavily against the foot of the Tearaght and Inishtooskert and Canduff, and every rocky cliff and outcrop the length

of the Kerry coast. Over the next couple of days I realised summer really had departed: the little black guillemots were already into their white-mottled winter plumage, and curlews, scarce in summer, were everywhere. On September 18th, *North Star* was hauled out in Finnaun Murphy's yard, and settled too under her winter cover, beside the impressive bulk of the Gray's *Waxwing*, an ICC ocean cruiser towering over a ditch crawler.



Derreen Estuary, Valentia Harbour

Alan Leonard went to the Northern Rally in Stroke City:

Having made the initial contact with Derry City Council, kindly arranged by Andy McCarter, I was looking forward to attending the Northern Rally, timed to coincide with the visit of the Clipper Round the World Fleet. John McCrea and I went on board *Ariadne* on Thursday 19th June. There was only a light northerly, so we motored, just making Strangford bar at low water, as the engine didn't seem to be making full power. In the channel to the north of the Bar Pladdy, we followed the new transit, with Kilclief Church just open to the north of Angus Tower and found the least depth to be 5.3 metres, two hours after local high water. The wind outside was northnorthwesterly, twenty knots. The plan was to motorsail, with one reef in the main, but the engine cut out and could not be persuaded to restart. There was nothing for it, but to unroll some Genoa and beat. The wind rose to 28 knots apparent and we had a great beat up the County Down coast, in sunny conditions and seas not too bad. Log 42 miles.

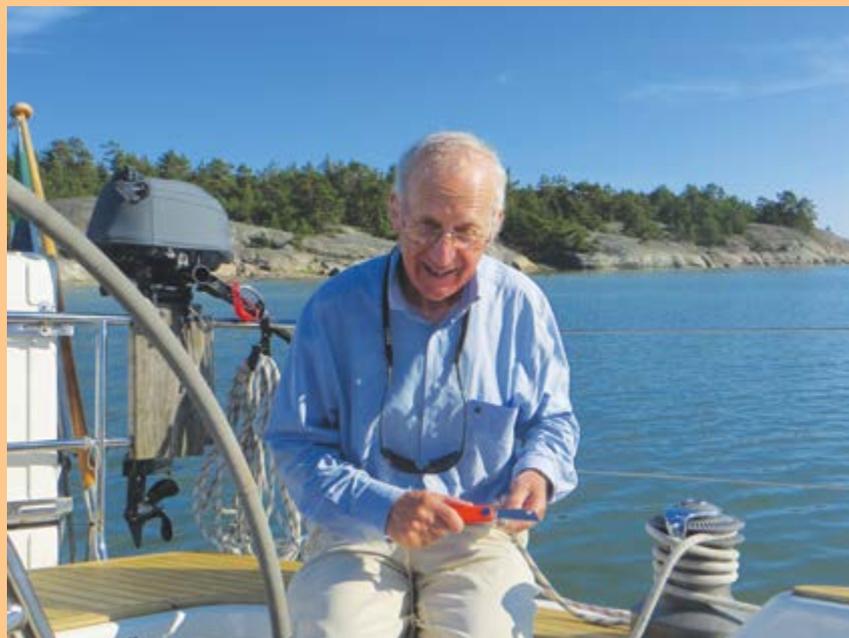
Friday 20th was spent in Bangor, fixing the engine. Our thanks to Ralph McCutcheon, for suggesting the diagnosis and to Clive Nelson (RUYC), for his help and the use of his workbench. Connla Magennis joined that evening. Next morning, the northnorthwesterly wind was light and the engine behaved, so we did motorsail, up the County Antrim coast, to Rathlin. We crossed Rathlin Sound at slack water, but encountered a strong south-going tide flowing out of Church Bay. On Sunday 22nd, we had a nice reach along the south shore of Rathlin, but when we cleared the west end, the wind fell away, so it was motoring from there along the north coast, as far as the channel south of the Tuns bank. A nice breeze filled in as we set off up Lough Foyle under sail, but it died again by the time we were off Moville, so it was motoring the rest of the way. What an atmosphere there was, when we made fast alongside Foyle Marina, at 1500. An account of the Rally and Maritime Festival has been published in the Newsletter.

After the start of the Clipper race to Den Helder, we had a nice reach back through the South Channel and along the coast to the Barmouth. En route, we did a "man overboard" drill to pick up a fender that someone else had lost overboard. We concluded that our casualty probably survived. Running before the light northerly right up to Coleraine marina, we found the marina manager waiting to take our lines. He had been told that there was a yacht with engine trouble coming up. A sad reflection on how easy it is to reach for the button.

Next morning, we motored downstream in a very light northerly, but when we were clear of the bar mouth, it filled in from the northeast. We beat for five hours in light airs, until the tide turned and progress ceased. Motoring to Bull Point, we picked up a favourable eddy, which catapulted us into Church Bay. Leaving in thick fog on Tuesday 1st July, it gradually cleared and we motored uneventfully to Glenarm. By now the weather was starting to break. Taking the morning tide south, it was a close fetch as far as Muck, after which the wind drew ahead and freshened. One reef down and a lot of Genoa rolled up, it had increased to 30 knots, by the time we tacked off Royal Ulster, to entertain the Diners.

The last day followed the same pattern – motoring in light airs to start with, then off Millisle, it filled in from the south west, but just the right amount, about 18 knots apparent, so the beating was actually enjoyable. Entering the Lough as we had left, by the channel north of the Bar Pladdy, when we passed Audley's Castle, it was swarming with people in flowing cloaks, brandishing large swords – another episode of "Game of Thrones" was being filmed.

This short cruise confirmed my view that beating to windward is perfectly acceptable, provided that there is the right amount of wind, and it doesn't go on too long.



Alan Leonard on *Oisín Ban* in the Baltic

Canada to Ireland via Greenland

Edward Nicholson and Patrick Dorgan

Greenland, Part One: Eddie Nicholson

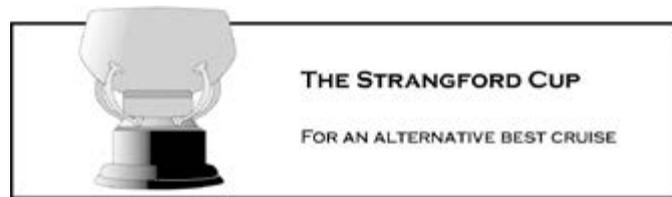
When I set out to cross the Atlantic in 2008, the question many asked was “where will you go after that?” I struggled to answer that, as I hadn’t considered it. All my thoughts and energy were going into the challenge of making it across the pond, no thought given to the afterlife. Where do you go after you get there? Some stay for an extended time in the Caribbean, some pass through to the Pacific and head further west, some have their vessel freighted home and some return home via the Azores.

When I did consider the question, I was never sure what I would do, but I did know that none of the above appealed to me. We were two days out from completing our 19 day ARC crossing in December 2008, heading into St. Lucia, when a suggestion was raised at a board meeting with the crew (ie happy hour) that we take her back via the Great Circle Route passing by Greenland. At that very moment, I knew that this would be my plan. The thought of the challenge excited me and, with the mainstay of my crew being just as keen as I to venture ‘Down North’, as they say up there, we started to pencil in the calendar. Over the coming years, we would cruise *Mollihawk’s Shadow* up through the Islands of the Caribbean and onto the east coast of America via Bermuda, then up through Nova Scotia and into Newfoundland, all of which have appeared in previous Annuals written by myself and David (my Dad) since 2008.

Our plan last year had been to sail to Greenland and over-winter there, continuing the following year on to Ireland, but on the advices of Bob Shepton and prominent (ICC) members who had first-hand Arctic experience (Paddy Barry, Andrew Wilkes and Peter Killen), we decided that it was for us a non-runner. There were too many unknowns and too many maybes surrounding the hauling out and wintering facilities for our type of cruising.

It may well suit those people for whom time is not so demanding, but for us with younger families and work commitments, we decided to take last year as a shakedown cruise around the coast and islands of Newfoundland and get the boat as ready as we could for a run at it this year. And so this year we completed the Atlantic Circumnavigation with a passage back home to Ireland via Greenland, a cruise that would clock up 3,900 miles over nearly two months. We have sailed *Mollihawk’s Shadow* 14,000 miles in seven years through the Canaries, the Americas, the Canadas and back home through the Arctic Circle, a distance longer than if we had taken the well-trodden route back through the Azores.

The planning of these adventures into the unknown often takes longer to research than the trip itself and it is equally as much a part of the trip as the clocking up of the miles afloat. When you start by knowing nothing at all about a country, especially one surrounded by ice, it is a steep but exciting learning curve. I started by calling on everyone I knew who had been to Greenland and I slowly



built up a general knowledge of what to expect. Paddy Barry (ICC) promised me a full set of paper charts and I had the crews signed up and committed to the trip a full 12 months ahead. I decided that we would take it in three stages:

Stage 1: Newfoundland to Greenland (Disko Bay):

De-winterising and provisioning of the boat, 4 days allowed.

Lewisporte in Newfoundland to a southwest Greenland port, 5 day crossing allowed.

Cruising up the west coast as far as Disko Bay, 12 days allowed.

Crew: Eddie Nicholson, Dermot O’Morchoe, Mike Hodder, Harry Harbison, Tom Roche.

Stage 2. Disko Bay Area:

Change crews, which would see 2/5ths of the crew head home and 3/5ths stay on to receive the next set of crew, consisting of 2 wives and a daughter, 7 days.

Crew: Eddie, Dermot, Mike, Susie O’Morchoe, Susie Nicholson, Carla Nicholson.

Stage 3. Greenland to Ireland:

Two new recruits join to take the place of the ladies. Cruise down the west coast to Prins Christian Sound, 10 days allowed

Crossing the Atlantic to Kinsale, 10 days allowed.

Crew: Eddie, Dermot, Mike, Pat Dorgan ((ICC)), Nick Matson.

With the crew of five for the first leg to Greenland arranged, we sent the gear out a month in advance. We were as organised as we could be as we arrived in Lewisporte (or so we thought). *Mollihawk’s Shadow* was launched and waiting for us on arrival, in great shape, thanks again to Ivan and Jean of Coast to Coast. Mike and Dermot flew out a day early to provision the boat. There were five trolleys of food and a very surprised check-out girl said her previous best was \$700: we more than doubled that! (The gal in the liquor store was just as surprised). During our preparations, we met an Irish lad, Lloyd Kelly, who was working the summer as a marine engineer in Lewisporte. As with all Irish, we knew someone he knew - in fact his father made the O’Dare wetsuits, which we all had at one time. Lloyd helped with all our electronic issues. There seemed to be a lot at the start of a trip, especially when everything had been in shut-down mode for almost 12 months in a very cold climate. Mike took up residence in the galley as usual. Bacon and eggs were presented one morning on Irish time 3.5 hours earlier than expected. Some choice words were heard from those who weren’t too keen to accept the brekky in bed. His watch was then adjusted to local time. Dermot had his safety hat on, preparing the boat and the crew for every eventuality, including man-overboard in icy waters and deploying a series drogue to rigging storm sails. Harry the Wind Farm specialist took a keen interest in our new

wind vane and the rest of us were delighted to leave all that technical stuff to him. We had hoped to set sail on Saturday, having arrived on the Wednesday, with a full complement of crew and gear, then head for the shores of Greenland. The reality was different. One crewman failed to show owing to gear delays, which would have seen him still at sea when his flight was due to leave for home and we still had no firm date for the arrival of the pallet of gear.

So we waited (im)patiently to hear news and the in-between days were consumed by provisioning generally, the fitting of an AIS unit along with repairs to the all-important radar, interspersed with hundreds of phone calls to shipping agents in all parts of eastern Canada. My retrospective advice to shipping a Life Raft overseas is not to book your flight until it has arrived, as long delays are inevitable due to the fact that it is a 'Dangerous Goods' item and can only travel with certain other cargo. The gear, finally arrived ten days after us, so our weather window disappeared as Hurricane Arthur began to run up the east coast of America, passing right over us. This kept us snug to the quay wall for a further few days. While our delay was frustrating, we met some very interesting people, all waiting for the Hurricane to pass through.

The crew of *Arctic Tern*, Les and Ali, who were on their second attempt at the North West Passage, having failed to get through last year, were on the marina beside us. They were very generous with their knowledge of the Arctic, providing us with an abundance of useful tips and places to go and not to go. Also sitting in Lewisporte waiting for the weather window to head to Greenland was the designer of the Rochna Anchor, Peter Smith on *Kiwi Roa*. He had come through the same storm which caused the loss of the *Cheeki Rafiki* crew. His brains were picked on several occasions about his use of the Jordan's Series Drogue during that storm.

Stage 1: Lewisporte to Disko Bay

The much-experienced *Arctic Tern* sett out three days ahead of us en route for Nuuk (Greenland's capital). Their e-mailed ice reports were a huge source of comfort. We finally slipped our lines at 02.00 with a forecast of little or no wind, arriving at the open sea at daybreak, thus giving us the benefit of the full hours of daylight for the first day in these iceberg-infested waters. The passage plan was simple: head east first to get out of the ice as fast as possible and then north to the Greenland coast. As we settled into our 5-day passage it was reassuring that the icebergs were appearing on the radar. On watch one has to be continually alert for the small growlers, as they don't show up on radar and to hit even a small one of these would incur damage.

As we headed into our second night at sea, we were doing more motoring than we would have liked, owing to the very light winds. We had some good stretches under sail with our code zero up, achieving an average speed of 6.5 knots, but never for too long. The skies were clear and, while it was getting cold

enough at night, requiring three or four layers of trousers and six or seven on top, the sun continued to keep us warm and cheery by day. The sea temperature was dropping from 4.6 degrees when Harry and I swam in Lewisporte to a brisker three degrees. As part of our safety planning to sail in Arctic waters, we fitted PLBs to all our lifejackets, so if one of us went overboard they would register on our AIS and be found quicker in fog or rough seas. On the pallet of gear, we brought a Series Drogue, which we hoped that we would never use.

The lack of wind meant that we were able to travel through the night. Had the wind been fresher, we would have been well advised to heave to for the dark hours, as the risk of a collision with ice is too great. The disadvantage obviously was that we were motoring almost all the way. The weather continued to be very stable, with a calm sea, no wind worth mentioning and a fog that came and went. Large iceberg and bergy bits surrounded us, so an eagle eye continued to be necessary at the wheel. Local time here was three hours behind Irish time and it only got dark at 23.00. It was bright as day at 03.00, which felt strange and with our 24 hour watch system we didn't really know where we were in the day. The best hint we had was to have porridge at breakfast time. On the diesel stocks, we were burning a litre for every 1.6 miles travelled. This had been the most carefully monitored commodity aboard since we realised that the winds were not coming to help us along. We ran the main tanks down to within 10 litres to be sure that the calibration on the tank monitors was correct, (which was something that had caught us out previously as we approached Bermuda). We became experts as to how much diesel the engine burns at the different levels of revs against the speed achieved. I don't mind telling you that for several days I thought plan B would have to be adopted (whatever that would have been). The current also played its part over the week, coming and going, adding and subtracting from our speed over the ground. Our total diesel capacity aboard was 416 litres, with 60 litres back-up. We travelled 767 miles (do the maths). Having emptied our reserve diesel, we had 56 litres total, just enough to get us in; we re-ran the maths a few times and were happy we'd make it, barring the unknown, for which this place is well known.



Eddie, Carla, Mike and Dermot

As mid-day approached on our sixth day, we were 15 miles out of Qaqortoq, the largest town in Greenland's south west, with a population of about 3,200. The pilot book mentioned that diesel is readily available but warned that the entrance is often blocked by ice from January to July. By Sat phone, we called the tourist office to ensure that the entrance was free of ice, which they confirmed. They said that the diesel pumps were operating 24 hours a day. Qaqortoq is 60°.43 N, 46°.02 W (it is pronounced Quock-a-tock). We motored in to our first landing in Greenland on near-empty diesel tanks. A beautifully picturesque village set in the mountainside with brightly coloured buildings awaited us, very Nordic in style. The Inuit culture was very different from our experiences in Newfoundland. While we had called ahead to ensure that the harbour was not blocked, we learnt from a fisherman that the previous week the bay had still been full of sea ice.



Landfall Qaqortoq - first sight of Greenland

Fully charged with diesel and with an extra five jerry cans on board to give us 100 litres more than before, after a tasty Thai meal of spicy Reindeer we got an early night (while still bright outside), before heading back to sea, leaving at 04.00 local time. Still with no prospect of wind, we would consume the entire diesel stock to get up to Ilulissat in Disko Bay, some 625 miles north. We were on full alert on passage around these parts, because the icebergs were all around us and fog was intermittent. All this was glacier ice and came from east Greenland, carried by the prevailing current into west Greenland. As we progressed north, the bergs would disappear until we arrived at Disko Bay, where the glaciers from the north calve and travel southwards. The sun goes down around here in July at about 10 degrees azimuth, nearly north, comes up at 70 degrees and only dips into darkness from 23.00 to 03.00. As we travelled north, the hours of darkness continued to diminish. Daytime temperatures in the shade were four degrees and 25 in the sunshine, so a bit of a Germanic bagging of seats in the sun developed aboard. With the diesel supply issue resolved, we turned our attention to the gas issue. The purser informed us that the supplies were going down faster than expected; the last bottle lasted three days, not the seven it was supposed to do; too many hot drinks I suspect and those occasional rounds of Hot Whiskeys. The gas bottles in Greenland are different from the Irish bottles and we were operating on an American system, different again, so we bought enough gas in Canada to do us till we made it to Cork. Now the purser and chef were not so sure: perish the thought that cutting back on the Hot Whiskeys might sort it.

We were still motoring at full pace to get up to Disko Bay, located at 68 degrees north, on time for the next crew change, making 8 knots and with 200 miles still to go. We passed many recommended villages and anchorages which

we had hoped to visit: Sisimiut, Tunu (Hamburger Sound), Appamiut, Taateraatsermiat glacier. The 10-day delay in Lewisporte had the knock-on effect of eliminating these and the planned hikes and camping on glaciers, which we had provisioned for. We thought that we might catch some of these on the way back down.

The scenery as we looked inland was absolutely stunning, the coast lined with jagged snow-covered mountain tops and glaciers all leading into the sea. With the early morning sun catching the peaks, we just couldn't take our eyes off them. It is clear why there are no roads joining the villages and the only method of travel is by ferries, which run up and down the coast regularly. The longest road in the whole of Greenland is eight kilometres, which leads to the airport in Kangerlussuaq.

There was much discussion aboard as to the exact latitude of the Arctic Circle and, without the benefit of Google aboard and no mention of it on our detailed maps, we thought it might be 66°.5N. Harry made a decision to change his flight, which gave us a few extra days to explore where we were. As we lolled around in the glassy waters of the Arctic Circle, we noticed a speedboat in the distance and then heard a gunshot. Yes, this is the Inuit way and we discovered when we got ashore that all the locals carry a number of guns aboard for fishing. Every Co-op, or diesel depot sells guns and ammunition, alongside fishing tackle and provisions. Seals are the target and seem to be widely eaten by the Inuit and off-cuts fed to their huskies. With our new time schedule, we agreed to call into Sisimiut, firstly because the number one rule up here is get diesel whenever you can, secondly Harry had a map of a hike which leads up a mountain behind Sisimiut and we all badly needed to stretch our legs.

Sisimiut (66°.57N 53°.41W) is the second largest village to Nuuk (the Capital) and has a population of 5,500 people and nearly as many husky dogs, which all howl at once. It is the centre of sledging in the winter but we were



Aappilattoq, Prinz Christiansund

told that this is now to just a hobby. In Summer time, the dogs are all chained up and kept hungry so as to be keen to pull the sledge in the winter. We arrived on Saturday night at 22.00 in broad daylight and anchored in a bay outside the port, having travelled 1,470 miles since we set out. A walk through the village was followed by a nightcap aboard at midnight, still in broad daylight. But not before noticing the harpoons fitted to the bows of the big trawlers on the pier: we saw the evidence of whale kills on a few trawlers. Life is about survival up here and fishing offers the only opportunity to survive, so it is hard to condemn them for living off the sea in whatever manner they see fit.

The preparations for the hike started early: first the sun cream went on and then as much mozzie spray as possible. The theory was that he who smelt the most attractive would be eaten first, and, boy were they were waiting for us as we opened the hatchway. We hiked out through the village and around a couple of lakes before we got to base camp. We applied more mozzie spray (they swarm around you as you walk) and started up the mountain. There was no snow on it and the rock below was loose shale. Out of nowhere, we heard a crack of thunder-like noise and an avalanche of rock came down. Later on we passed several screes of rock which had fallen and heard more rock avalanches. After five hours of hiking, we were all well knackered and had lunch out in a restaurant as a treat before stocking up on food (a few local fish delicacies one shot and one caught), then headed for a refuel.

We set sail from Sisimiut at 17.00 on Sunday evening with two reefs in the main and a small Genny and quickly got into the

groove as the 20-knot breeze and a big sea hit us from our quarter. Mike showed his highest culinary qualities as he produced a great dinner in appalling conditions in the galley. By 04.00 the wind had abated as per the GRIB files. This allowed us to take an inland waterway passage through the islands which we had been told of at nearly 67° N and came out at the town of Aasiaat by early afternoon. The highlight of our arrival was the shower in the Seaman's Mission, for which we had been saving ourselves since before we left Lewisporte. Aasiaat (68°.43N, 52°.53W), is very similar to the previous towns we had visited, with big fuel tanks at the entrance to supply the multicoloured wooden houses, all built on a rock foundation with surface pipes for water and sewage running in every direction, very Danish in style. Harry and I went for a swim to tick the box of having swum inside the Arctic

Circle; it didn't last long and the inability to be able to talk in the water said it all. Temperature recorded was 1.5 degrees.

We departed from Aasiaat for Ilulissat early the next morning, but not before saying our goodbyes to *Arctic Tern* (Les and Ali) who were anchored beside us and were heading on up to Upernivick, before they made their second attempt at the North West Passage. They told us that when they were in Nuuk, there were seven yachts moored up and all were making an attempt at the Northwest Passage, except *Kiwi Roa*, who we met in Lewisporte, and *Young Larry* (Andrew Wilkes), RCC member and author of our RCC Arctic and Northern Waters Pilot. A 40-mile run, which is small by Greenland standards, was ahead of us before we got to where all the guide books told us was the jewel in the crown, Disko Bay. We weren't disappointed. As we motored into the bay, a horizon full of icebergs appeared before us in every shape and size imaginable; with a clear blue sky



Mollibawk's Shadow

and the sun blazing down, the sight was truly amazing. We stayed at a safe distance as we approached this sea of icebergs, which proved to be a good plan as a berg calved right in front of us. All this ice is being released into the sea from the nearby Sermermiut Icefiord, which produces 20 million tons of ice a day. That is more water than New York uses in a year. The next entertainment was the appearance of a 60-foot Humpback whale up close, slapping his flukes and then smacking his tail on the surface, even breaching completely out of the water to crew applause. We pressed on once the show was over, as we had yet to negotiate the entrance of our next harbour, Ilulissat.

Arctic Tern had warned us that, owing to its proximity to the glacier to the port entrance, we would need to motor eight miles north of the harbour before we would get a chance to make it through this sea of ice. We were then to hug the coast back down to what would be the smallest harbour visited to date. But luck was on our side and Mike spotted a clear lead as we approached and we shot straight in, avoiding the detour.

First impressions of Ilulissat positioned at 69°.13 N, 51°.06W, were interesting: the harbour has an inner and outer area; the outer was 2/3rd full of ice and, at the entrance to the inner, we were met by a sunken trawler the masts and radar of which were all that was visible. After a bit of a game of chess, we settled for a tie up to one of the trawlers. We moved twice more as the boats headed out for a night's fishing. As this was Harry's last day, we headed

fall into the water. Heading back to the boat, we passed a continuous line of the Husky dogs that litter these towns, all chained up and kept hungry. Boy can they howl and I wouldn't like to have to sleep anywhere nearby. Farewell dinner for Harry was held on the deck of the Ice Fjord Hotel overlooking the sea of icebergs, as the sun went as far down as it does around here.

Stage 2: Disko Bay

The Ladies who were coming out for a week's cruise of the Arctic Coastline were highly excited to have the opportunity to fly into, cruise around and fly out of one of the most spectacular cruising grounds in the world without having to put in the sea-miles to get there. So they were not disappointed, as they flew into 18 degree of sunshine on Harry's out-going flight, passing over the glacier in clear blue skies. It whetted their appetite for what was to be ahead of them for the week. We began by treating our new crew to a traditional Greenlander meal. The sample platter came with whale blubber, cod liver and crow berries, smoked seal meat, a trio of dried halibut, cod and reindeer, musk ox pate, hot salmon, lump fish roe, creamed cods' liver, plus a few others delicacies which got lost in translation. For the main course the minke whale and reindeer steak was less challenging and enjoyed by all. The whale blubber and the seal meat went into the doggy bag for the fishing expedition, with which we hoped to catch Halibut. Although very deep, they are plentiful in these parts.

The morning saw a fast exit from this smelly, polluted and very busy harbour, which was not to our new crew's taste. With a forecast of sunny skies and no wind for the week, we had the prospect for a great week's exploring. On our way off, we dropped by the Sermermiut Icefiord glacier and, in the silence with the engine off, we bobbed amongst these spectacular pieces of ice art. The only sound was the constant crackling noise as the bergs creaked and groaned and melted in the sunshine. This ice melt caused a knot of current under us as the fresh water flowed out from the glacier. We witnessed the water temperature drop from 2.5 to -2.5 degrees as we approached the ice. We headed north now for Atta Sound, four hours away in glassy calm waters and blue skies, en route to Eqip, another glacier much talked about for its splendour.

First we stopped in Rode Bay for lunch. The settlement consisted of several local houses all built on rock as it the way here, in the same colourful



Ilulissat

straight to the glacier, a kilometre walk from the port. This gave a view from the other end of the glacier which we had just motored past. We sat mesmerised, looking at a frozen sea of icebergs; it was like a sight from Narnia. As far as the eye could see, there was ice in a rubble-like surface mixed in with large skyscrapers and boulders. You could sit there gazing at it all day and not get bored. Every so often we heard a crack but never seemed to see the piece of ice

style seen everywhere, with cod drying on frames and sleigh dogs snoozing in the sun on chains. Best known for its whaling, this is where they still draw up the whales when one is caught locally and cut the carcasses up for distribution to the fish shops, restaurants and locals, who buy the whale meat in bulk and freeze it. Atta Sound lies 69°.45N, 50°.52W. We anchored here close to shore, as this small horseshoe bay has charted depths of 150-285 metres. We kicked the next day off with a hike up the surrounding

hill to view the passage through the brash ice needed to get us to the Eqip Glacier.

The mountainous area is very much like West Cork, but with little or no flora except for the green moss on the rock - and very unlike west Cork for its mozzies. They swarm around you as you walk and as soon as you stop to rest, the attack starts. Fly nets over our heads were essential but they must be removed to sneeze: ask Mike. The view up the channel showed a huge quantity of brash ice with a lead up the centre. We decided to go for it and see how far up we would get. The helming required full concentration, as to hit one of these medium-sized bergs would be sure to damage our fibreglass hull. If the prop to hit a small one, it could put it out of action. At two stages we nearly turned back, but perseverance rather than the crew's encouragement saw us nudge our way clear very slowly, with the prop out of gear, to an open lead.

Lunch was hot soup and a crust of bread in the hand as we sat broadside to the glacier, mesmerised by its sheer size and beauty. Every now and then a thunder-like crash was heard but we saw no large amounts of glacier falling into the sea. At all times we were anxious, because if it all started to go we were too close for comfort. But it was hard not to be drawn into this trap of such beauty. A large iceberg nearby turned turtle, bashing into another berg with spectacular force and sending a shock wave through the water. The force of this relatively small action was enough for us to comprehend how a family had been washed away to their death four years ago after a large calving occurred while they were picnicking on a beach beside the glacier next to Ilulissat town. By 15.00, we were happy to mosey off and weave our way back through the brash, which had all changed shape. Hugging the shoreline was the clearest route of return.

We nipped back into Atta Sound for another night at anchor with a few small cod in our bag caught by Carla and Mike. There were a few bergs at the entrance now and one big one to contend with for the night in the inner harbour. A dozen or so nasty growlers circled us, which needed our expert ice-polesters to clear away. The big berg grounded

before midnight and that gave us all a full night's sleep; failing that, an anchor watch would have been necessary. A party of us hiked up the hills next morning, to find the lake that is said to be the best trout fishing spot in all of Greenland. No suitable fishing gear was the reason given for not attempting to fish the lake. We have boxes and boxes of tackle on board but this was only suitable for the larger species, I was told.

Carla and I instead pumped up the two canoes and paddled amongst the icebergs in the still waters; what an experience it was to be up so close. We returned to Rode Bay for the night, entertained on our way by the local whale population, which put on a distant display. Our intended treat of a meal out for all was not to be, as the one and only restaurant was closed on Sundays.

The early night encouraged an early start and we pulled anchor at 05.30, setting a course for Godhaven, situated at the southern tip of Disko Island, a 10-hour trip away. Motoring through a moderate amount of brash ice that early in the morning required much concentration and many hot drinks but the experience was unique. When the majority of the crew awoke, a 10-15 knot wind had set in and allowed us to set sail for the coast. All through the passage, we passed icebergs of varying sizes and every conceivable shape, many of them conjuring up images in our minds of real life objects and we enjoyed just watching the magnificence of these colossal wonders of nature. One iceberg, approximately 50 metres high, had a cathedral shaped dome roof with three arches supported by a central column. Large pieces of ice were continually falling from a height into the sea below. Intrigued by this berg we motored at a distance up and down, watching, filming and listening to the thunderous cracks as each new piece broke off and smacked into the sea. Having spent an awe-inspiring hour and taken amazing video footage and photos, we started to head away. Our backs were no sooner turned than the entire column and ceiling of the berg collapsed; witnessing this implosion was a mind-blowing experience. A wave emanated outwards from the impact of the ice hitting the sea. Terrifying stuff if we had been any closer.

The last five miles to Godhaven harbour were spent talking about what we had just seen. The shore party sent to suss the scene and stretch their legs returned with news of a restaurant. It primarily serviced Danish hikers and offered a fare of fish or fish, and sherry for wine. Our day was kicked into action early, as a whale was spotted from the shore and we weighed anchor with our cameras around our necks. Gliding so effortlessly through the water, he performed beautifully for us, diving several times, giving us that famous sight of a humpback's tail in the air. It was an amazing sight to be near enough to hear and see him spouting as he surfaced for air, his spume turning the full colours of the rainbow as the light caught it. At this point we had decided to



Fishing boat, Disko Bay



Heavy ice at dusk, Rodebay (Qqaatsut)

head back from Disko Island to Rode Bay for our second last night with the girls as crew. Not a breath of wind, and the water like a millpond, just gorgeous. We turned off the engine for lunch as we did most days, to soak up the atmosphere and we drifted around amongst the bergs, a sight which is impossible to describe.... when suddenly Carla spotted a humpback whale swimming directly for us. Lunch was abandoned and the cameras were grabbed once more. Some wondered if we should get out of his way but he approached so fast that we hardly had time to react. The crew were hanging over the stern as he passed under the boat in an effort to photograph him. He suddenly surfaced alongside us, giving both of us an enormous fright. A few metres closer and he could have damaged our spade rudder or worse, but what an experience. We were entertained along the way with further whale activity, pods of seals playing and a few porpoises. At 21.30, with an hour or so left in the journey, the fog descended upon us. Behind the fog was a sea of the most dense brash ice we had experienced to date. So in a moment, conditions changed from being perfect to being worrying. With the poor visibility and the engine speed reduced to almost nothing, we weaved our way through with Mike on the helm, as I called from the bow searching for a safe route through.

With still 10 miles to go to the coast, the brash ice got heavier as we nudged deeper into it. It was almost impenetrable in places. As we realised the seriousness of our predicament, all went quiet on board, a harsh reminder to expect the unexpected up here at all times. An incredibly red sinking sun emerged providing us with a beautiful sunset littered with foggy bergs in the foreground, wonderful to look back at now but quite eerie at the time. The outdoor temperature (and indoor in this boat) when we approached the ice dropped to three degrees and the sea temperature dropped

dramatically from plus four to minus four.

Three hours of weaving later and after midnight we emerged the other side of this dramatic ice pack. The Gods were definitely on our side, as there was no wind this night and the sky was still bright. Hot chocolate with rum went down a treat once we anchored back in Rode Bay at 0100. We upped anchor next morning, aware that the ice was ahead of us outside in the bay and we hoped we could stay inside its line all the way up the coast for Ilulissat. It was clear enough when we got out there and this allowed us some time to fish for the halibut which is in abundance here, but in deep waters; try as he might, our fisherman Dermot had yet to catch one. His last excuse was that he hadn't enough line to get to the bottom, some 300 metres

below. We compromised, motored up to a fishing dory and bought three amazing halibut. We watched as he hauled his long line in with a catch on nearly every hook. We had ours cooked and eaten before the fisherman had finished landing his catch. Now you can't get fresher fish than that. On returning to harbour we allowed ourselves a bit of tourist shopping and a shower, before dining once again at the farewell Iceford Hotel.

Stage 3: Ilulissat to Kinsale

This portion of the passage follows on in another hand, as I have passed over my pen to Patrick Dorgan to account for his first trip aboard



Longlining halibut

Greenland - Part 2 (Illulissat – Kinsale)

Patrick Dorgan

Many years ago, a friend of mine used to say, when someone mentioned their weight, "Not to worry, dear boy - there's more of you to love". Those of you who know the svelte Eddie Nicholson, and the somewhat, shall we say, more loveable, me, will be surprised to hear that in the Laser fleet in the eighties, there was no rivalry so intense as that than between us. Weekend after weekend, the grudge match was on - who would be second last in the fleet, and who would be beaten into last. Such rivalries beget friendship, but life moves on, and it was some years later that we met again by chance, and discovered that we both had Swedish boats and emerging mid-life crises. I had done the ARC, and Eddie was about to do it. I made my way home from the ARC via Cuba and other nice sunny places, but Eddie has a stern Protestant work ethic, so he continued his voyage up the east coast of the USA as far as Newfoundland and Labrador, and his adventures in ice and snow have been documented in previous Annuals, and in this one. I was very happy when my broad hints over several lunches produced an invitation to join *Mollihawk's Shadow* for a cruise in Greenland, and a transatlantic back to Kinsale. The boat was overwintering in Lewisporte in Newfoundland, and the plan was that the core crew of Eddie, Michael Hodder and Dermot O'Morchoe would

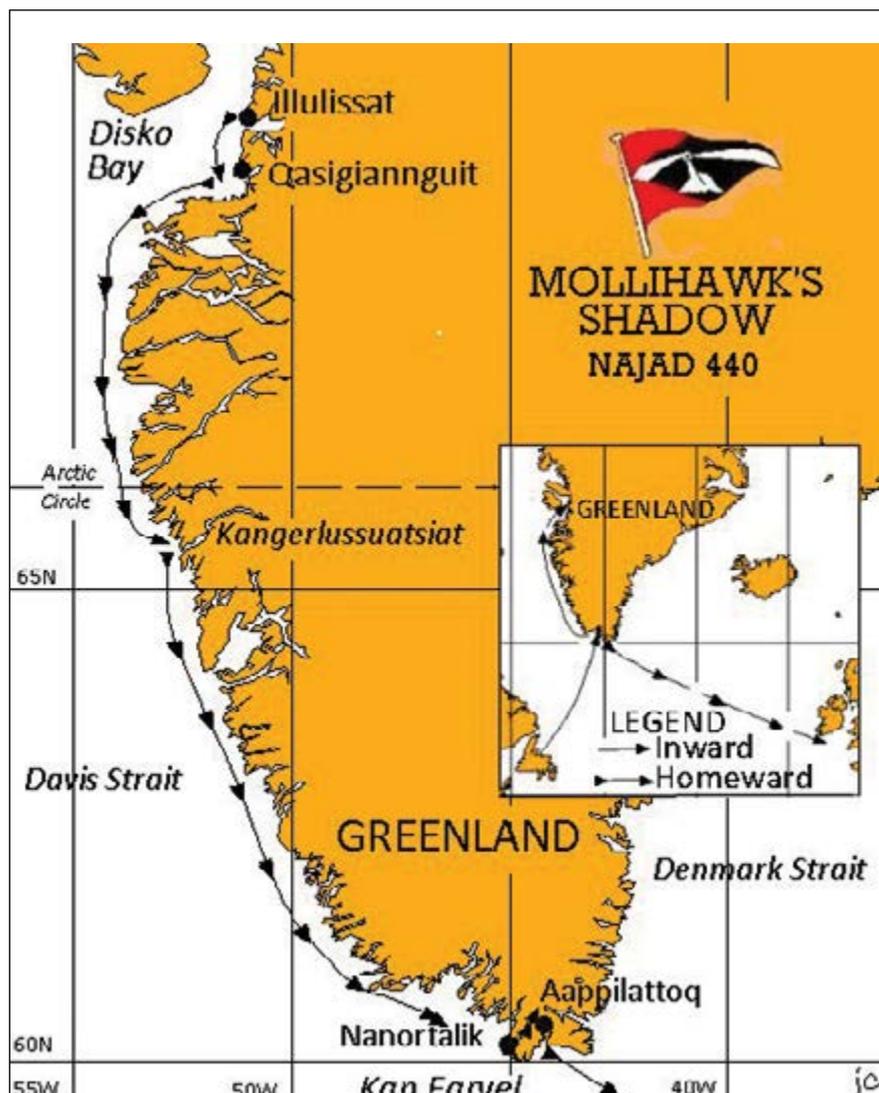
sail her to Greenland with two others, seek out mountains and glaciers, do hiking, climbing and other manly activities, and there would then be a crew change for the second half of the expedition.

Arrival:

Fast forward to the end of July 2013, when the two crewmen joining the boat in Greenland - Nick "the Major" Matson and I - met up at Copenhagen airport. Nick is an ex Royal Marine, and I was a mess waiter in the FCA, so we have a shared background as trained killers, albeit using different techniques. After overnighing in an airport hotel, we boarded a large Airbus to Greenland, which left Copenhagen at 08.00 local, and several hours and some bottles of wine later (it was free) we arrived in Greenland's main airport, where it was still only 08.00 local - it was going to be a long day. Seconds after leaving the plane, I realized that I had left two litres of Bombay Sapphire gin on the plane (alcohol is a shocking price in Greenland) but even in that time, it had been stolen. I was slightly consoled by the fact that the Duty Free in the airport was, unusually, open only to passengers arriving, not departing, so we were able to restock surprisingly cheaply.

We met the two Susies - Eddie and Dermot's wives - and Eddie's daughter Carla, in the airport on their way home, and their accounts and photographs of their week in the ice on *Mollihawk's Shadow* certainly heightened our expectations. We boarded a small turboprop aircraft for the trip north to Illulissat, where the boat was lying in the fishing harbour there. Illulissat is the main town in Disko Bay, which is about the most northerly point to which a non-specialist yacht can go, being well above the Arctic Circle. We landed in heavy fog, and were greeted by cold, rain and mist. The luggage hall in the airport was a not very large room, with a screen bisecting it, which was penetrated by the smallest luggage carousel you have ever seen. The baggage arrived in the same door as us and was placed with some ceremony on the carousel at one side of the screen. Alarms sounded, lights flashed, the carousel started and the luggage then arrived out to the waiting passengers at the other side of the screen.

We emerged from the airport, and stood surveying the scene, which was not very prepossessing. Rocky ground, sparse vegetation and rusty bits of junk greeted us. Taxi drivers didn't. Eventually, one arrived, and drove us the short distance to Illulissat. The boat was easy to find - it was the only yacht there. The crew was less easy to find, so Nick and I explored the town for a while. Like most settlements we visited in Greenland, some very pretty from the sea, it was not particularly attractive close up. The buildings are made for utility rather than beauty, roads are basic, and,



as the place is so rocky, all utilities are over ground in plain view. The fishing port is as fishing ports tend to be - smelly and dirty. Eddie, Dermot and Mike rejoined the boat shortly afterwards, and after stowing our gear, we settled down to a serious gin session, and a general catch-up. Afterwards we took a taxi up to the Isfjord Hotel, where a buffet was available, and where with only a small amount of wine, the bill was an eye-watering €90 a head. We collected the boat's washing from a hostel with a laundry on the way home, and after nightcaps, hit the bunks.

First sight of ice and glaciers

The next morning, the 1st August, after breakfast, one party headed to the supermarket, while Eddie and I played with computers to sort out a problem with weather forecast downloads. We then joined the Major in a walk cross country to a high point from which the glacier can be seen. Greenland is permanently covered by a glacier, in places two miles thick and only parts of the southern coasts are uncovered by ice in the summer months. The points at which the glacier meets the water are spectacular, as we were to find out, though not that day. It was overcast and foggy as we walked out along a boardwalk that ran for a couple of miles through wasteland on the outskirts of town. Thousands of dogs were chained up out here, pretty much abandoned for the summer, with little food or shelter. They all looked fairly vicious, so we were glad that they were chained up, and apparently they are kept in this condition so that they are keen for work and hunting in the winter. We passed a small beach, where signs warned against visiting, as a family of tourists had been drowned when the glacier calved nearby and the resultant wave washed them off the beach to their deaths. We arrived at the end of the boardwalk and then the Major and Eddie, who are very fit, bounded off across rough country to get a good view of the glacier from higher up. Applying my FCA training, I found an easier way, and we arrived together at a point at which we could gaze down into the mist, where we could hear the glacier heaving and sighing and grunting. It was curiously soothing, and we stayed there until driven home by midges.

Once the crew had reassembled at the boat, we refueled, and then headed out into Disko Bay, and around the corner to the Ijsfeldbanken, where the melt from the glacier hits the sea. This was the seaward view of what we had glimpsed that morning from the land. This was definitely what we had come for. It is very difficult to describe the extraordinary sight of dozens of icebergs of all shapes and sizes floating around in a sea of growlers and smaller pieces of ice. We cut the engine, and drifted, while the ice whispered past on utterly still water, so that at one point, it was like being in a kaleidoscope, and another, in a hall of mirrors, as the crystalline shapes reflected themselves on the water. We eventually dragged ourselves away and headed south, passing dozens of icebergs on the way.

One of the discussions had before leaving was whether we should bring a rifle. The advice was that if you were going to meet a polar bear, you need to be armed. Their social skills are not great by all accounts, being limited to a polite belch, having torn you to shreds. We were eventually advised that the bears at this time of year were all much further north, so we were surprised to round an iceberg and see one, up close. The Major flexed his muscles, ready to kill or be killed, but on closer investigation, it emerged that

the bear was sitting on a large RIB, dispensing champagne to the guests on a small cruise ship, the *Bremen*, who were driving around in other RIBS to look at ice up close. We made friends with the bear, who on being told that we had 18 crew below decks, passed over the requisite amount of champagne, and received a *Mollihawk's Shadow* teeshirt in exchange. Both parties went on their way well satisfied with the encounter.

To sea:

The Plan was to work our way south along the coast from Disko Bay, to Kap Farvel, which is the toe of Greenland. This has a reputation for atrocious weather, and when you add poor visibility and heavy ice washing around from the east coast, you have a place to be avoided if possible. There is a passage to the north of Kap Farvel, which, if free of ice, enables ships to pass from the west to east coasts without rounding Kap Farvel, and this was our objective. We accordingly had about two weeks to cruise 600 miles south, getting in as much of the scenery as possible.

Greenland is a place of unique challenges to the navigator. Start with the language. Greenlandic, as you know, is a polysynthetic language with an ergative morphosyntactic alignment - that is, it has very long words. It also means that e.g. Kangerlussuaq, Kangerluarsuk, and Kangerdlutiaq (not to be confused with Kangersuatsiaq) are all different places. When you throw in the fact that some of the charts and plotters use Danish rather than Greenlandic names, confusion can be caused. Add in magnetic variation approaching 50°, fog, mirages and, of course, ice, and the fact that there are very few lights or buoys, and passage planning and pilotage take on new dimensions.

Disko Bay is enormous; probably 100 miles from top to bottom, so even after our adventures with bears, we had 30 or so miles to go to our first overnight stop in Qasigiannuit. "Overnight" is somewhat of a misnomer, as this far north, above the Arctic Circle, it never really gets dark. Qasigiannuit was unremarkable, apart from the fact that Mike the purser caught three cod in as many minutes. Dermot filleted these, wielding a filleting knife with a skill that drew gasps of admiration from the Major. We sailed west and then south out of Disko Bay through a large archipelago of islands, threading our way through various narrow channels. The sun shone, the Code 0 pulled strongly in a cold breeze and the odd whale made an appearance. We sailed up to a line of rocks, possibly two or three miles wide, and completely uncharted. We weren't going to take any chances, so we approached it slowly before we persuaded ourselves that it was only a mirage. The whole thing was so fascinating that Eddie and I left the watch below in bed, and stayed up until we were in the open sea.

Life on board

Mollihawk's Shadow is named, on the one hand, for *Mollihawk*, a schooner in which Eddie's grandfather had cruised in the days (as Myles na gCopaleen would say) before it was profitable or popular, and on the other, the various black, white and other Shadows which belonged to David Nicholson. She is a Najad 440, and exceptionally well equipped, with, amongst other things, six different means of generating electricity through 3 different voltages,

and a watermaker. Electric winches are scattered around with abandon. Her accommodation consists of a large cabin up front, where Eddie the skipper roosted, a double cabin down aft, where Dermot the mate and the Major, being public schoolboys, were quite happy sleeping in close proximity, though their combined nasal exhalations at night frequently drowned out the engine. A second single aft cabin was inhabited by Mike the Purser, and given the layout of the boat, all the food and drink, tools and engine spares were stowed in, under and over his berth, where he could keep a close eye on them, and, particularly, the gin. That left the entire saloon for me, and very comfortable and airy it was.

Being a good Protestant boat, (I was the token Roman Catholic (unless you count Mike, who, because of his dislike of things wheaten, was known as the Roamin' Celiac)) a strict routine was adhered to. Breakfast was at 08.00, tea at 11.00, lunch at lunchtime, tea at teatime, drinks at 18.00 and supper at 20.00, whatever the circumstances. If the weather was in any way unsuitable for the consumption of lunch or supper, the boat was hove to, which is a most civilised habit, and one which should be embraced more widely. Mike was the cook as well as purser, and did us all very well. Each morning, he emerged from his lair with the day's supplies. He was also in charge of the third drawer down, which held the snacks for night watches. We never saw Mike near it, but it kept re-filling itself - like the gift that keeps on giving, it was always full of the sugary things that are so necessary on a cold night watch.

Some comments about my FCA past led to an invitation to cook supper one evening. This I morphed into dinner, by adding a starter. This was an excuse to render a large pile of cod livers into a pate, by means of which I avoided having to eat the evil things. The pate, and the curry which followed were greeted by cries of appreciation, but I noted that I wasn't asked to cook again...

A vigorous correspondence was kept up with the people back home by email, and a daily blog was issued, which appears to have been followed by a wide audience. As in any autocratic state, this was exclusively managed by the skipper, so that only the official version of events was published. It was always nice to get the news from home, whether good or bad, though never very bad, thankfully.

Further south

We continued down the coast. It is very easy to run out of superlatives when describing a trip like this. Every day brought a profusion of wonderful sights - whether the sheer cliffs, towering peaks, waterfalls, the different vistas of cloud and mist, the different colours of the water - from black to sparkling green, or the fantastic profusion of icebergs. These, seen from a distance, were the size of small mountains, marching serenely northwards on the strong ocean current. Close up, with their fantastic shapes, colours, and geometry, they were astounding - Salvador Dali at his most exuberant never came up with anything like it. "You've got to see this" became the second most used phrase on the boat after "Where has Mike hidden the gin?"

It would be tedious for the reader to describe every place that we visited, but highlights would include Anders Olsen Sund, with its spectacular backdrop of mountains, where the crew concert took place, the singers inflamed by whiskey and a songbook donated by Margaret O'Morchoe. The Mardyke Tenor, the Carrigaline Crooner and the Wexford Warbler made the night hideous with their efforts, which contrasted with the absolute stillness when the concert eventually was over - a complete absence of noise of any sort, which made for some pleasant contemplative moments as the sun rose in a blaze of red against the black mountains silhouetted against the still water.

A day's sail brought us to Appamiut, which is a tiny anchorage, only a couple of cables wide, which we reached in thickish cloud and mist, and indeed our first bit of darkness, as we were now south of the Arctic Circle. In the grey dawn of the following morning, the 5th August, while the crew slept, Mike sailed us up Kangerlussuatsiaq (Evighedsfjord). This was another amazing sight, a fjord with high banks



Dermot, Mike, Patrick , Eddie and midges

of sheer rock on each side but with fog lingering until we reached the top of the fjord, where we anchored very close to the shore, but still in 30 metres. The fog cleared to show the mountains in all their majesty, and given the strength of a waterfall plunging into the fjord near us, we reckoned that there must be a lake up there somewhere. Climbing boots and shore gear were donned, and we climbed until a magnificent lake, bright green in colour, opened in front of us. The views of this lake and back down the fjord were spectacular, being only spoiled by clouds of midges and mosquitoes. I had bought a mosquito net more or less for a joke before leaving, but it was essential kit up here. After returning to the boat, it was nice to wash the sweat off by having a swim in fresh ice melt water - pleasant for about three seconds, but not for lingering, particularly as one of the most senior members of the crew decided that it would be nice to try out his mankini.

We had grilled cod as we motored down the fjord, with the Drink of the Day - Gin ne sais quoi - (for which you need 10,000 year old ice). Our curiosity was piqued by seeing a tiny house on shore - literally in the middle of nowhere - and three of us scrambled ashore to explore. It

appeared to be a hostel for teenagers, fully equipped and only just vacated. All the doors were open, and we could



Evening stillness

explore freely - no surprise there, as any burglar would have needed a helicopter to get there. On the way back to the yacht, we were visited by a family of humpback whales - a calf, his Mammy, and a very large Daddy whale, blowing right in front of us. They were thankfully more interested in the yacht than the dinghy. The lads aboard turned off the engine and drifted, while the whales swam right alongside, their black and white tails wider than the yacht at about 5 metres.

After all this excitement, this day of days was still only half finished - we went up a branch fjord, all the way up to a glacier face. The crew went ashore again to explore. I volunteered to mind the boat, as we couldn't anchor, being in about 200 metres, though only a similar distance from shore. That was a wise decision - I sat in the sun drinking beer, while the lads discovered that the milky looking surface of the glacier was only a layer of sandy grit over solid ice. Ice axes failed to give sufficient grip, and without crampons, attempts to explore were fruitless and they returned to the boat covered in mud.

The views on the way out of the fjord were absolutely stunning - the peaks of the mountains towered above us, with glaciers and waterfalls revealed as we passed. Thousands of small birds flew against the cliffs. It was humbling to think that the Innuited used to climb down these cliffs on whaleskin ropes, and net hundreds of birds to make kiviaq. (This is a delicacy made by putting about 500 auks intact, including beaks, feet and feathers, into a hollowed out seal, which is then sewn up and sealed with grease, and left in the sun. Over the summer, the birds ferment and are eaten as a winter delicacy. The lady of the house will strip off the feathers, prise out the breasts, chew them until soft and then offer them to you, as a special compliment to a visitor).

As we continued down the fjord, the depth of several

hundred metres, the complete lack of any other ship or vessel of any sort, and there being nobody around for possibly 50 miles, made it a good place to try out the Jordan's series drogue. We accordingly rigged this and streamed it. It sank straight down, but we had no doubt but that if we had to deploy it in anger, it would have worked well. We packed it up, hoping fervently not to see it again, and bent the trysail onto its track on the mast in the same frame of mind.

Having taken these precautionary measures against gale or storm, we naturally had no wind as we headed off down the coast in bright sunshine. It was cool but very pleasant. We motored for some of the next few days, though occasionally the breeze got up and sail was set. Clear periods alternated with dense fog banks, particularly in the mornings. In the fog, it is very cold indeed, and a high state of alertness was needed, with the radar displaying more red blotches than my teenage face. Icebergs are easy to see, either on radar or visually, due to their enormous size, but bergy bits and growlers can be hard to see, being more like a sunken truck, and of a similar size and hardness. One evening, we saw two vessels on the AIS, one being *Latitude*, a 155 ft superyacht, and the second, about the same size as us, being her tender. We called them up on the VHF, and they were polite, but not very interested in chat, which is understandable when you have a tender full of millionaire guests wandering around in ice and fog.

Our next port was Nanortalik, which was going to be our last destination before departure from Greenland. We



Santa Arrives early, Nanortalik

refuelled alongside a small dock, and were then invaded by the local little boys, who were quite unabashed about climbing all over the boat. Though they hadn't a word of English, they were very friendly, and quickly spotted that they were about to become the recipients of a bunch of footballs and other bits and pieces which we had brought

with us against such an occasion. Their excitement at this early visit from Santa, (and at this stage of the trip, Eddie now looked very like Santa) was delightful to see.

A little chip shop beside the dock had internet, so we were able to check the winds for the next week - it didn't look very hopeful for breeze, as a large high pressure system was slumbering across the entire North Atlantic, but on the other hand, there didn't seem to be any errant hurricanes. We walked up to the hotel for dinner of musk ox and gravy - quite pleasant though, as usual, very expensive. The school term was starting the next day, and we went up to look at this spectacle. The kids come by boat or helicopter - there are no roads, or indeed any other way out of the towns and villages - and board in this school. There was a prizegiving



Safely into Prinz Christiansund - Nick, Mike, Patrick, Eddie.

first, and the parents of the winners, who were dressed in traditional costume, threw money or sweets up in the air, leading to a huge scramble on each occasion. We left them at it and put to sea.

Ikerassuaq (Prinz Christiansund)

We had a fine run down the coast in an increasing northwesterly, with dense fogbanks following us. These eventually caught us just at the entrance to Ikerassuaq (Prinz Christiansund). This was really the first time we got a glimpse of how dangerous these waters can be in bad conditions. It was very cold and foggy, the wind was now gusting to 35 knots, and there were icebergs and bergy bits everywhere. When we went onto our course into the sound, we appeared to be sailing (fast) for a rocky cliff. There were some tiny marks on shore to give bearings, but it was impossible to hold these courses, because of icebergs getting in the way. We likened it to trying to get into Roberts Cove in a southerly gale and fog, with a few Skelligs floating around, in a sea of 40 foot containers! Eventually, when the cliffs were so close that we were about to put out fenders, the entrance to the sound opened and in we went. We met a British sail training yacht, *Endeavour*, on its way out - we

spoke to them on the VHF, and wished them well, knowing what was waiting for them outside. Shortly afterwards, we met a Holland America Line cruise ship *Veendam* - we thought at first that she might be a Cunarder, as they have very similar livery. This was more traffic than had been seen since Newfoundland.

Prinz Christiansund is a deep, narrow and very spectacular sound, providing a passage from the west to the east of Greenland, avoiding Kap Farvel. It is rightly described by the Pilot as one of the world's most magnificent passages. Mountains rise up to 6000 feet on each side, and a number of glaciers reach down to sea level, adding their bergs and bergy bits to the pack ice which blocks the sound for most of the year. It is free of ice only for a short period during August. We had a glorious sail in light winds and sunshine down the sound, but as its length makes it about a 30 hour passage, we decided to stop for the night in Aappilattoq. This is really the only harbour in the sound - any other anchorages are off cliffs, in at least 40m of water, and exposed to drifting ice. Harbour is a misnomer - it is just a cleft in the rock, with a few houses at its head. We anchored, and ran out a kedge anchor, as any veering around the anchor would have had us hitting the rock at either side - it was only about 100 metres wide. A local fisherman came up in his dinghy and offered us some berries, which with some remarkable sign language, he indicated we could either smoke, drink or thrust into any convenient orifice. We declined. We were joined by a Canadian yacht named *Queen Colleen 2* - which sounded like the elderly skipper was covering various options in his personal life. He was sailing with his son, and they had arrived in the night,

having had, like ourselves, a tricky entrance into the sound. We took the son ashore with us for a look around. It was a fairly basic place - a fish processing plant, a few houses, and a busy graveyard, with little sign of life. We headed back to the boat, pursued by midges, and put out into the sound again. We had a lovely trip along the sound in bright sunshine, encountering more and more spectacular views, particularly after travelling up to the faces of two glaciers. These are like frozen tidal waves, but which made noises like distant gunfire or explosions, as huge bits broke off and crashed into the water.

Eventually, at about 21.00, we arrived at the radio station at the entrance (or exit, in our case) of the sound. The plan had been to overnight here at the little jetty and visit the station, where we told we would get a warm welcome and the best Danish pastries outside Denmark, but it was not to be. We nosed in to the little harbour, saw that it was full with just three yachts, and so, after bouncing gently off a rock, we headed out to sea.

Transatlantic lite

The first night at sea - the 10th August - was a surprise - firstly, we had darkness again! Secondly, though

our forecast was for light airs for the whole week, we had breeze that got up to about 30 knots during the night, but from astern, so we travelled on very fast and comfortably. Dermot suggested a reef, but I thought not, not wishing to be bouncing around on a deck pulling down reefing lines. However, Dermot merely put a line around a winch, pressed a button with one hand, eased the halyard with the other, and without anyone leaving the cockpit, the large mainsail reefed itself beautifully. This was my first introduction to single line reefing, and very clever it is - there are all sorts of cunning tackles hidden in the boom, and I still haven't worked out how one line pulls in two reefing lines of different lengths at different speeds. It's the stuff of science fiction, as George Hook would say.

The GRIB files were showing the high pressure staying in mid Atlantic, so we decided to stay high and travel due east along a line of roughly 57° N, to ride across the top of it. This tactic worked well and we scooted along with the wind free for several days. In lighter airs, we used the poled out Code 0, a great sail, until we noticed a few tears. We took it down and repaired it, and put it up again, and noticed more tears and took it down, repaired it and put it up again and ... well, if at first you don't succeed, give up - no point being a fool about it. We rolled it up, and used the small genoa thereafter. We were then joined by a huge flock of pilot whales and dolphins. We had some magical sailing for an hour or two with these companions - we estimated that there must have been hundreds of them in the vicinity of the boat - maybe they thought we were a whale. Down below, incredibly, we could hear whistling and chirping noises through the hull - clearly the whales were communicating with each other in some way. Whistling is believed to be a social communication, rather than e.g. a navigation tool or a warning, so we were glad that they were having a bit of fun.

We were now well settled into the shipboard routine. Steering, sleeping, eating, reading and the odd bit of repair and maintenance filled the days very pleasantly. We celebrated being a third of the way across by putting the clocks forward a bit to get us nearer to home time. We delayed this operation until just before happy hour, so that the pub was open for longer. The almost daily blog, and weather and routing analysis were highlights, particularly when the GRIB files showed the weather remaining favourable. What a godsend this technology is - it removes a whole layer of anxiety about what might be lurking over the horizon. We also had AIS and radar, but saw no traffic at all. The routine was broken by the odd excitement - successfully shooting the sun gave us some photo opportunities, even if we never got around to plotting the sights. Dermot, frustrated at not catching any fish, caught a seabird instead, which after some squawking was released unharmed.

500 miles out from Ireland, we started to pick up Navtex forecasts. These caused some concern initially, as they showed deep lows and storms ahead. However, closer analysis showed that we would be to the south of these, and in fact, could hitch a lift from the northerlies that could be expected at the back of them. We gybed, and set a course directly to the Fastnet. This course would bring us across part of Co. Kerry, but we reckoned we could fine tune things nearer to land. As if smelling the stable, Mollihawks Shadow romped away towards home under main and poled

out genny, at speed. A bottle of bubbly was broken out to celebrate two milestones - 1000 miles sailed so far on this passage, and 14,000 miles showing on Mollihawks Shadow's log. We were joined by flocks of dolphins, who seemed to share our exuberance and did all the usual dolphin tricks of shooting under the boat, congregating at the bow and generally having a good time. In fact, a day rarely passed when we didn't encounter plentiful marine life of one sort or another, as well as countless gulls, fulmars and other seabirds.

Arrival

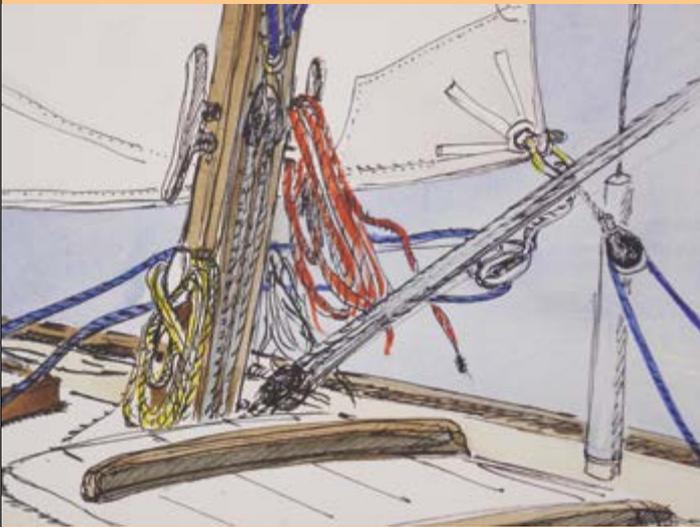
A spectacular dawn revealed the Skelligs in all their glory and we gybed around the Mizen, and motorsailed up the coast in glorious sunshine. The peace was shattered by a chorus of pings and rings as phones came back into coverage. This brought us back to earth as we each looked at the piles of work emails - mostly starting as they do these days with "I know you're on holidays but..." That's a cue for instant deletion!

Eddie was anxious, for the convenience of friends and family, to arrive in Kinsale in daylight. We decided to overnight in Union Hall as otherwise we would arrive in Kinsale in the early hours. However, we got a call to say that a mooring and dinghy were waiting for us in Castlehaven, as well as a table in Mary Anne's. That was an irresistible combination, so in we went. I immediately had a text from a friend who knew of our Union Hall plan, accusing us of being so overcome with thirst that we couldn't wait until we got there - AIS tracking websites are now more revealing than Facebook. We had a splendid meal in Mary Anne's, and had a welcome reintroduction to the black stuff. After several weeks in northern countries, drink in Ireland seemed ridiculously cheap and plentiful. The next, or indeed later the same, morning we travelled the last few miles to Kinsale, cleaning and packing as we went, and dressing overall, including a hoist of the courtesy flags of all the countries which the boat had visited on its circuit of the Atlantic - there were so many that we couldn't fit them all. We arrived promptly at 15.00 on the 20th August as advertised, after a passage of nine or ten days - depending on your point of view. We were met by a large crowd of friends and family on the Kinsale Yacht Club marina, including Eddie's mother, the indefatigable Joan, but sadly, not David, who had started the trip, but had passed away before he could finish it.

In this, the second half of the cruise, we visited five ports and as many anchorages, and covered approximately 1900 miles over three weeks in August. We caught seven cod, and consumed fourteen litres of gin. Apart from calms, windspeeds averaged 10-15 knots, and we never went to windward. Damage was limited to some rips in the elderly Code 0, and a plotting software crash. A tribute to a rigorously prepared boat (nothing to do with me), and benign weather in the Atlantic.

Pete Hogan reports on Dublin Bay Glens.

It was a bumper season for the Dublin Bay Glen fleet. First the bad news. Two Glens were not in the water this year. *Glencoral* G3 is in storage (and for sale, I understand). *Glengesh* G8 did not turn up this year. But the 11 or so Glens which make up the rest of the Dun Laoghaire fleet had a very good season. The balmy weather helped. Numbers on the starting lines were consistently high and racing was keen. Luckily the fleet retained their customary mooring area outside the RSTGYC. Because of the machinations of the harbour board, many of the one design classes have had to move to the marina or, in the case of Squibs, most are being dry sailed. Dry sailing, while having advantages, is not conducive to impulse decisions to go sailing and is also more expensive. Consequently fleet turnout on starting lines suffered. This is especially so in the case of the Dragons. Dry sailing Glens is not really an option. So, for practical, trouble free, traditional sailing, get a Glen.



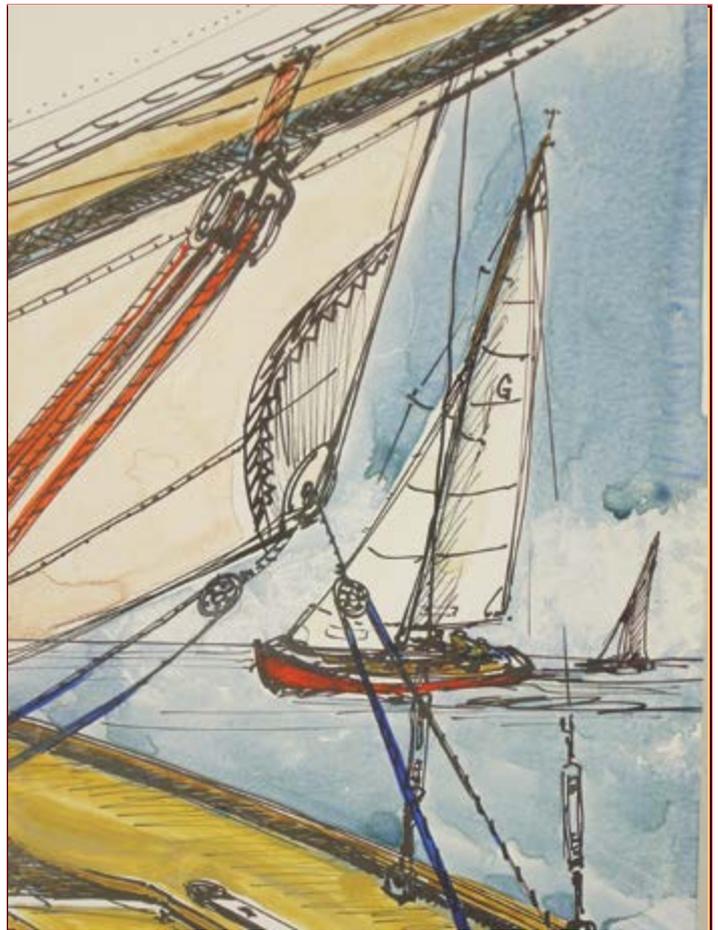
Ropey boat (Pete Hogan)

The northern Glen Fleet came south this year to sail in our boats but the engagement was hampered by light winds. So too was the George regatta, sailing being abandoned following one race. At both these events an unusual thing happened. There was a protest! This is unheard of in the Glens. I never learnt what the outcome of the protest was. Normally disputes in the Glen class are settled in the bar. Failing that, it's pistols at dawn. But never the protest room.

The boats to beat this year were the usual suspects: *Glenluce* G67 and *Glendun* G9. *Pterodactyl* G12 was a surprise contender. *Glenshane* G5 is my boat and we had a better season than any previous, so perhaps we are getting the hang of it. We got the gun twice and got a second placing in one of the Thursday series.

Glenshane is taking a fair amount of water as she sits on her moorings and even more if she has a heavy weather race. Several of the Glens now use solar powered bilge pumps to keep them dry as they await the twice weekly race.

It was the 50th year anniversary of the Glen Class sailing in Dublin Bay or as they say on the Glen website: 'Celebrating 50 years of the Dublin Bay Glen Class.'



"Starboard!"

That seems to have been the extent of the celebrations marking it. A missed opportunity to promote the class, in my opinion. Over the winter I am hoping to prepare *Glenshane* for a second 50 year term.



The Start

Anyone interested in getting involved in the Glen Class in Dublin could contact Pete on 087 930 9559 or consult www.glenclass.com

A long way around: *Hecuba* goes to Oporto via the Canaries and Azores

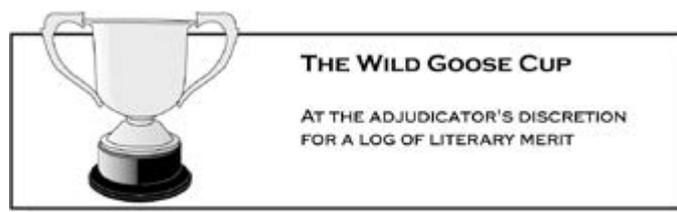
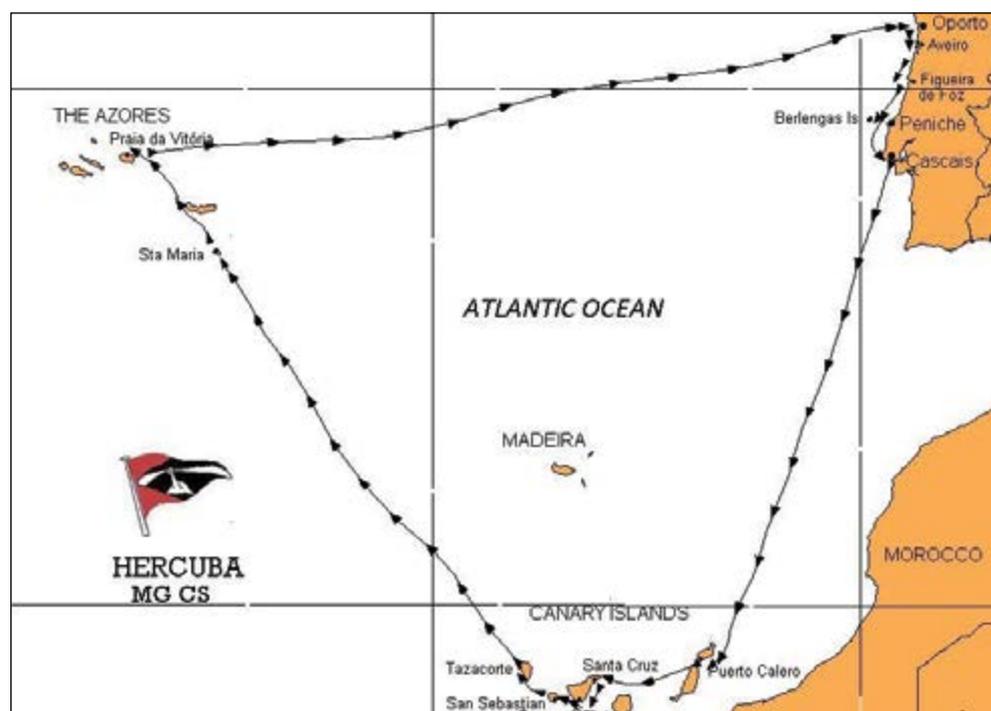
John Duggan

Although I have had *Hecuba* (Tony Castro design, CS40, built Canada, 1989) in Cascais, Portugal since 2007, I had never ventured as far as Oporto. The prevailing northerlies in the summer months promise a tough and unrewarding 150 mile slog to windward, not the ideal way to start a cruise. With the experience of an enjoyable trip to the Azores in 2013, via Madeira, involving basically no windward sailing, I hatched a cunning plot, to reach Oporto by similar means. The Azores provided an obvious launching pad for the final approach and the Atlantic wind charts for the summer months showed a high probability of downwind sailing to the Canaries and a close reach from there to the Azores. What could possibly go wrong?

From early June, however, it seemed that the weather gods had other ideas and that the stubborn depression to the southwest of Portugal was their way of casting derision on my presumptuousness. The forecast was for light southerly breezes and we were expecting to motor sail down the coast, with a refueling stop in Lagos, Algarve before pressing on to the Canaries. By the time of our departure for Tenerife (691 miles, 221° true), on 20th June, the wind was a brisk force 4 out of the south and our voyage plan was already in tatters.

The crew comprised myself, Ailbe Millerick and Markku Syvaniemi, who had accompanied me in previous years to Madeira and Cadiz, respectively and Markku's son Sakari (Zac) who was making his first ocean voyage. At 15, he helped to bring down the average crew age for the entire cruise from 61 years, in 2013, to 48 years, in 2014, and his on-board music selection was appropriately respectful of the tastes of gentlemen some four decades his senior.

We left Cascais marina at midday on 20th June and,



initially, made good a course of 230° true, closed hauled on port tack, not too far off the rhumb line to Tenerife. By late evening, the wind had veered and freshened and we were now sailing with two reefs in the main and plenty of rolls in the genoa. We tacked around 23.00, to make a course of about 160°, in very uncomfortable conditions. Any thoughts of adventurous cuisine were forgotten and Markku started in keeping a supply of food and drink coming our way. Conditions improved over the following days, although we remained close hauled on starboard tack, and I insisted on heaving to for evening meals, trying to maintain some sort of living standards aboard. When actually sailing, we were holding a course of between 200° and 220°, parallel to the African coast, and we had decided that Lanzarote would be a better landfall than our original destination of Tenerife. Finally, by Day 4, 24th June, just as we were speculating about immigration procedures for Morocco, we broke past the remains of the depression and were able to enjoy a fine breeze from the north, setting a course directly for Lanzarote. The sun came out, followed by a spectacular night sky, as we sped along, still under reduced sail. Dolphins, a whale and some turtles were spotted, together with stunningly bright phosphorescence at night, and life seemed altogether a lot more agreeable than it had been three days before.

For the first time, we appreciated the benefits of a new piece of equipment on board, a boom brake. This is permanently rigged and can be adjusted from the cockpit, to block the boom completely or allow it to gybe gently and under control, in even the wildest conditions. Other than it being something else to trip over on the sidedeck, I recommend it without reservations. In addition to providing valuable security going downwind, it also helps to steady the boom during sail handling, a welcome feature in rough weather. The wind held all the way to Puerto Calero, where we received a friendly welcome at 05.30 on 25th June. Our travel time was 4 days, 17 hours, averaging 5.5 knots over the rhumb line distance of 620 miles – respectable, considering we spent much of the time going in the wrong direction.

Lanzarote

After a few hours of welcome sleep on the horizontal, and an equally welcome shower, we set off by hire car (a modest 33 euro per day) to explore our bonus island. The most obvious feature of Lanzarote is that it is dry, really dry. There is virtually no natural vegetation to disguise its volcanic origins and the locals show

great ingenuity in making use of desalinated water and the little rain that falls. Pockets of intensive cultivation, mostly vines and vegetables, dot the countryside and the local architecture, while quite severe in appearance, complements well the fierce grandeur of the landscape. The local white wines are excellent, especially the sweet dessert wines. A highlight was a visit to Mirador del Rei, overlooking the sound towards little Graciosa Island, on the north coast. Aside from the spectacular view, the lookout/restaurant itself is awe-inspiring. Local star architect César Manrique used the natural contours of a volcanic blowhole to create an extraordinary building which could double as the lair of a James Bond villain, and the island boasts several dramatic examples of his work.

We drove down the east coast in search of the much recommended Restaurant Amanhecer but it would appear that the recession has not hit Lanzarote as hard as some other places, as the notice on the door said "Closed until August". However, we had an excellent steak dinner back at the marina, where there is plenty of choice of eateries and designer label shops. After a hearty breakfast ashore, we left the agreeable Puerto Calero marina just after midday on 26th June, enjoying a pleasant sail past the southwest corner of Lanzarote, north of Fuerteventura and directly to Santa Cruz de Tenerife, some 145 miles in all. As there was no point in arriving too early the next day, we used only the genoa, to give a fast overnight beam reach in a Force 4-5 northerly, watching the bright lights of Gran Canaria drifting by in the distance. Dawn gave us our first glimpse



John and Ailbe enjoying the sun

of the mighty Teide volcanic peak, which dominates the landscape of Tenerife. As the mists cleared, we had plenty of time to enjoy a leisurely breakfast, before slipping past the line of offshore drilling rigs which adorn the otherwise attractive seafront, and into the sheltered but somewhat industrial city centre marina.

Tenerife

Soon after arrival, we were joined by John Malcolm

(ICC), who was anxious to enjoy the pleasures of a week in the islands, before the long slog up to the Azores. Warning to voyage planners: practically everywhere in the Canaries seems to be Cruz this or Palma that and, in one of my emails, I inadvertently directed Ailbe to the wrong island for the crew changeover. The friendly marina receptionist had recommended that we get the tram to the old capital, La Laguna, where we would find interesting things to see and a good choice of restaurants. However, while navigating the construction works around the ferry port, we were propositioned by a friendly taxi driver with a car big enough for the five of us, who persuaded us that a visit to his cousin's restaurant at Las Mercedes would be a much better option. We had initial doubts about this arrangement but El Ríncon del Mago turned out to be one of the great finds of our trip. Lively and two grades above Spit-on-the-Floor, its tapas were delicious, the grilled fish exceptional and the bill ridiculously modest. Once we were settled in, a hire car was an obvious option, for shopping, sightseeing and shuttling to and from the airport, some 70 kms away. Markku and Zac would leave us on 28th June, which also saw the arrival of Tansy Millerick, to introduce some couth for the following week.

The six hour sail down to the south coast was to be a gentle outing but now we had our first experience of the local conditions which can transform sailing in these islands from interesting to borderline scary. The wind whipped up to more than 30 knots, fortunately from the northeast, accompanied by a large and awkward sea. John Malcolm took a nasty tumble across the saloon, which gave me instant visions of rescue helicopters and modified cruise schedules, but he suffered only a bruised wrist which excused him from onerous duties like winching the genoa and washing dishes. Having cracked a rib myself the previous week, I was wondering if we were all getting too old for all this but, thankfully, that was the last of the injuries we suffered. In late afternoon, we slipped into San Miguel, a modern marina adjoining a large tourism development. The facilities are good and the marina reception building on the breakwater boasts a delightful rooftop cocktail bar but, unless you have brought your golf clubs, there is little reason to stay more than a night.

A Rough Passage

Cruising guides for the Canaries all warn about the wind acceleration zones, typically at the north and south tips of the islands, with neat accompanying diagrams and intimidating arrows, suggesting that these zones are an issue only within a few miles of the coast. So, when we left San Miguel on 30th June, with a forecast of 20 knots of wind from the northeast, we were prepared for a bit of a blow as we passed the southern end of Tenerife and, thereafter, an invigorating 30 mile beam reach to S. Sebastian de La Gomera, our next destination. Contrary to expectations, the wind went around to the northwest and, as we motor sailed into it, gradually strengthened until it was blowing a full Force 8. *Hecuba* gamely shouldered her

way into, over and through the increasingly steep waves, making 5 ½ to 6 knots with surprisingly modest revs (thanks are due to the self-pitching Brunton Autoprop) but I felt for her as we dropped off some of the pointier crests, while spray lashed the helmsman like shot blast.

Feeling somewhat beaten about the face and ears, we were relieved to reach the lee of La Gomera and, although it was blowing old boots less than half a mile out, the marina of S. Sebastian was like a millpond. The RCC pilot had warned that this, like other marinas in the Canaries, could be short of space but we had no bother finding a suitable berth, albeit a slightly tight one, before bustling off on an urgent quest for refreshment.

La Gomera and La Palma

My friends Robert and Caroline Jolley have spent several winters on their boat in the Canaries and, among their numerous invaluable tips, they had recommended La Gomera as one of their favorite places. We certainly found it very agreeable. As with most other modestly priced, municipality-operated marinas in Spain, the facilities were sufficient, but not luxurious, fair in the light of an overnight fee of about 23 euro. *Hecuba's* registration documents record her overall length as 11.97 metres and, as 12 metres is the usual cutoff for a higher marina fee, I see no reason to make boastful claims in this respect. The town of S. Sebastian is quite pleasant, with good food shopping and some decent restaurants, but the main attraction of the island is the spectacular scenery which, once again, we explored by car. The downside to the spectacularly mountainous terrain is that a slight change in the wind direction sent 40 knot blasts howling through the marina over the following days and nights, to the extent that I actually rigged the lee-cloth in the weather saloon berth, something I don't recollect ever before doing in a marina. The continuing strong winds meant that it was pretty much out of the question to think about putting to sea. The delay did give an opportunity to deal with a few maintenance issues – most importantly, re-fixing the Perspex in the forehatch, ably and professionally done by our on-board engineers, John and Ailbe. John also helped me to jury rig an extra hose from the icebox drain pump, to access an obscure corner in an underfloor moulding where a persistent leak from the freshwater system was accumulating. It would be better, of course, to fix the leak but that continues to elude me and remains on the winter to-do list.

600 mile passages make one a little blasé about island hopping but it was still a good 60 miles to La Palma, plenty of opportunity for things to go wrong, and I was starting to get a little concerned about my schedule. As it turned out, the forecast of slackening winds from the north-east lived up to promise and, early on Friday, 4th July, we gingerly set forth for Tazacorte, on La Palma. The third reef in the mainsail turned out to be unnecessarily cautious and, by late morning, we were reaching with full sail at close on 7 knots in glorious sunshine, on a course of 315° to the southern tip of La Palma. The miles rattled off almost too quickly and it seemed that in no

time we were motoring the last 10 miles up the west coast of La Palma.

We had selected Tazacorte, rather than Santa Cruz de La Palma, on the basis of warnings in the RCC pilot and from several yachtsmen with firsthand experience, that the surge in Santa Cruz can be unbearable. Ailbe inspected it some days later, however, and confirmed that, with the wind from the north, no swell got near the marina. The entrance to Tazacorte is slightly confusing, in that a massive external breakwater has been built, not yet shown on the charts and a little difficult to distinguish from the original one. Other than that, it is very straightforward and the marina itself is now completely sheltered, with loads of room and the best visitor amenities of the whole cruise. As the rough weather had delayed us an extra day in La Gomera, we had no time to explore La Palma, something that I regretted, as it is said to be the prettiest of the islands. Ailbe and Tansy were leaving the boat here and, having a few days to be real tourists, they took the opportunity to make a leisurely bus trip around the island and to explore Santa Cruz. They spoke highly of the experience, as did Barny Wainwright, who had arrived on the Friday morning, on the overnight ferry from Tenerife.

Three men and a bird

After final stowage, fuel and water, we said our farewells to the Millericks and, at 13.15 on Saturday, 5th July, John, Barny and I departed Tazacorte for Santa Maria, 616 miles to the northwest. We motored at first, in a light wind from the west, but then met the true wind as we cleared the north of La Palma, a brisk Force 5 from the northeast. A rolled genoa with no mainsail was sufficient to give us nearly 8 knots and a rather bumpy ride in the big sea that was running but conditions eased somewhat by early evening, when we were some 30 miles clear of the coast.

The pattern of sailing conditions was rather similar to what we had seen the previous year, between Madeira and Santa Maria. That is, we started out in lumpy seas, with a decidedly fresh wind, and met generally lighter winds and



Photographer trimming spinnaker, supervised by Philip, John and Mat

a much more comfortable sea, as we headed north. The trip from the Canaries is about 120 miles longer than from Madeira but this was no penance in the pleasant conditions and we had ample opportunity to eat well and get plenty of rest. The wind strength did vary a bit, leading to some sail handling but John and I reflected that things were a lot easier than when we had sailed together in the 70's, delivering boats with giant genoas, no headsail furler, no self-tailing winches, no autopilot, no GPS, no fridge, no spray hood and useless oilskins. All in all, it's a wonder we are still sailing!

One of the things I have to re-learn each year is how to get the best out of Harry, our Hydrovane self-steering gear. When you get it right, it is brilliant but it can also be infuriatingly wayward. On this occasion, we had the perfect conditions for Harry to shine and he did most of our steering for us, saving about 2-3 amps of power and eliminating the constant grinding of the autopilot motor, an unruly neighbour for the occupant of the aft cabin.

We had company, from day 2, a homing pigeon (not a very good one, apparently), exhausted and a good 150 miles from land in any direction. He accepted water and muesli but, suspicious of his hosts, insisted in spending his first night on a windswept perch on the weather deck. We rigged up a shelter for him from a rubbish bin, in which he took up residence, emerging from time to timelike a beady-eyed admiral on his quarterdeck, to scatter breadcrumbs around the place and defecate copiously on any cordage incautiously left within reach. Despite his apparent lack of personality, we became quite fond of him but he showed no loyalty to his benefactors and abandoned us as soon as we docked in Santa Maria. He was last spotted by Barny, pursued by a territory-jealous seagull, but he seemed to escape and we wished him well in his island home.

Once again in Santa Maria

The voyage to Santa Maria passed without incident, with good sailing conditions until we were no more than a few miles out, and we arrived with the last of the daylight, around 22.00 on 9th July. For Barny and myself, this was our third visit to Vila do Porto. Santa Maria is the nearest Azorean island to mainland Europe and its pleasant, laid back atmosphere is ideal for avoiding the shock of re-entry to life ashore, after several days at sea. The marina is sheltered and quiet; although it gets a bit busy when the tuna fishing fleet is on the move, there is always plenty of space. Entry formalities are easy and the 12 euro per night charge more than reasonable. Our schedule allowed for no more than an overnight stay, with a run ashore for shopping and lunch, but we felt well refreshed when we departed at 15.00 on 10th July. Our destination was Praia da Vitória, on the east coast of Terceira Island, 131 miles to the north



Praia da Vitoria

west of Santa Maria.

We had a very pleasant overnight sail, on a beam reach with the wind varying between Force 3 and 5, with occasional patches of a bit more. An unusual blip on the AIS caused some head scratching, a vessel destined for Angra (also on Terceira, to the west) but actually heading east, at 2 to 3 knots. We identified her as the magnificent Portuguese sail training ship, *Sagres* and deduced that she was hove to for the night, so as to make an appropriately punctual arrival the following day.

Time out on Terceira

I had decided on Praia da Vitória, in preference to Angra, mostly just for a change of scenery, as I had stayed in Angra on several previous occasions. The problem with Praia is that the marina is rather small and, because of its ludicrously cheap fees (a little over 6 euro per night for us), it is much in demand for boats staying long term. The anchorage outside, one of the few in the Azores worthy of the name, is well sheltered by the long breakwater but, as we arrived, we saw a number of boats rolling horribly at anchor, so we were anxious to find accommodation in the marina.

Initial impressions were not encouraging, as there were a number of boats rafted up, but we decided to take the bull by the horns and barged into the only vacant berth. The nice lady in the reception said, at first, that we would have to leave immediately but she then relented and conceded that, as the owner would not be back until after the weekend, we could stay until Monday. When I revisited the situation on the Monday, it turned out that the regular occupant was out of the water and would only be launched after our scheduled departure so, once more, it seems that fortune favours the brave, when it comes to claiming marina space.

I had deliberately built in a gap of a week, without crew or commitments, before the onward voyage to Oporto. This was to allow for contingencies, such as a possible need

to return to Lisbon for professional reasons, for making and mending, and just for chilling out. While I enjoy these rather demanding cruises, the responsibilities involved do impose a degree of mental strain and it was satisfying to have a few days on my own, for gentle sightseeing and even more gentle unwinding. It was also a chance to fix some niggling maintenance issues and to prepare some food for the next leg.

Hecuba has a useful freezer compartment and, once space has been allocated for a bag of ice (the 6 o'clock G&T is sacrosanct), I make sure there is a frozen dish for most of the evening meals aboard. A multipurpose Bolognese sauce is invaluable, to be used as is, with pasta or rice; or spiced up with chili and beans, for a chili con carne; or as a satisfying sauce on boiled or baked potatoes. A not too spicy chicken curry is also appreciated and, on this occasion, I put together an ossobucco, for a bit of variety. Good quality tinned food is not to be sneezed at and my local French supermarket has an excellent range of cassoulet, confit de canard and various savoury versions of lentils and suchlike. Fresh food is important, of course, and we took on board a generous selection of local fruit and vegetables, including pineapples, bananas and melons – all tasting incomparably better than fruit which has travelled thousands of miles in a chilled container.

Back to the Mainland

I was joined on Friday, 18th July by Philip Portal, my shipmate from earlier voyages, his son Simon Joe (SiJoe) and Mat Mollet. SiJoe had just completed an engineering degree course in the UK, while Mat was starting the second year of his medical degree course so, again, we had a significant dilution of the age profile aboard.

We left Praia da Vitória as planned, at midday on Sunday, 20th July and the spinnaker came out of its bag for the first time, later that afternoon. Neither SiJoe nor Mat had sailed with a spinnaker before and it was a pleasure to see their eagerness to learn from the new experience. Mat is part owner of a small boat, together with Markku's older son Oliver, near Malmo, Sweden, and he was voracious in absorbing new information, whether from direct participation or from his adopted bedside reading, Reeds' monumental Yachtsman's Companion.

The distance by Great Circle from Praia to Oporto is 856 miles, with an initial course of 075° True. As my Navtex had packed in shortly before I left Cascais, I would be without any weather forecast while en route, so I had been anxiously tracking GRIB files in the days leading up to departure from Praia. The forecast was for mainly light to moderate winds from a westerly quadrant, in the first few days, going around to the north and freshening as we approached the Portuguese coast. As the last thing I wanted was to spend the last few days beating into a stiff north easterly, the plan was to gradually edge to the north of the rhumb line, giving some margin to play with, in the event of strong or adverse winds. We did have a chat on VHF with a polite Frenchman, on a single handed race from Sables d'Olonne to Horta, who kindly gave us a weather update in mid-ocean.

The forecast turned out to be pretty much spot on and we got good use out of the spinnaker in the first few days, although the engine was called on during the first two

nights. Otherwise, it was excellent sailing, in mostly fine conditions, the crew eating well and getting plenty of rest, until the afternoon of Friday, 25th July, when conditions started to deteriorate. The crew were rubbing their hands at the prospect of "some proper sailing" but I was less sanguine, anticipating a properly uncomfortable night.

The wind was well established from the north and, by the time we had our stomach-lining cassoulet for dinner, it was blowing a good Force 6, with the promise of more to come. The mainsail had already been handed, and the genoa reefed, and Harry was doing a good job steering. We were well to windward of the rhumb line and so were able to bear off when the wind was at its strongest, and it was interesting to see what a huge difference those few degrees made, in terms of comfort and the amount of water coming over the deck. Even so, there was little sleep to be had, as we approached the busy shipping lanes, some 60 miles off the coast, in the small hours of the morning.

The wind eased by dawn but we still had the job of threading between an endless line of ships, and radar and AIS were worth their weight in gold. We called up a number of ships, to clarify who was going where and the responses were all extremely professional and helpful. There was the exception of one ship, which made no attempt to keep clear (we were under sail and not in a Traffic Separation Zone), failed to respond to repeated calls by DSC and Channel 16, and which we avoided only by starting the engine to pass less than quarter of a mile ahead of him. Not nice but we have a close up photo for a keepsake.

The wind then died completely, to be replaced by dense fog but, thankfully, we had passed through the shipping lanes and we had an uneventful six hour trip under motor to Oporto – uneventful, at least, until the motor threatened to stop only half a mile off the main breakwater. A bit of gearshift waggling got rid of the worst of the vibration but it was clear that we had something around the propeller and I was happy to be escorted by a helpful boatman into the berth at Douro Marina, where we tied up at 16.20 on Saturday 26th July.

Well worth the Trouble

Oporto was voted European Best Destination in 2014 and, while one might take these awards with a pinch of salt, it is certainly a fascinating and worthwhile place to visit. Douro Marina was opened in 2012, about a mile inside the breakwater of the River Douro and about 2 miles downstream from Oporto itself, and it makes Oporto an easy and accessible cruising destination. The berths are spacious and there is loads of room in the fairways, so the only hazard on entry (but see below) is the temptation to cut the corner before reaching the No4 port-hand buoy opposite the entrance. The marina staff are as charming and helpful as one could wish for, the marina facilities are first class and there are excellent eating choices, both in the marina, which boasts a great sushi restaurant, and close by, in the fishermen's village of Afurada, where Matt's family hosted a fine barbecue dinner.

The marina is not cheap, at 35 euro per night for *Hecuba*, but, in addition to the impeccable facilities, there are fringe benefits, such as the bag of fresh bread rolls, dropped each morning in the cockpit, two per crew member. Unfortunately, I forgot to tell the reception that



Up the Douro River

my crew had abandoned me on Sunday morning and, for about a week thereafter, opening any storage in the vicinity of the galley resulted in an avalanche of surplus bread rolls, in varying stages of freshness. I had no trouble amusing myself until joined, on Monday evening, by Michael Langenbach, who flew in from Dusseldorf. There were no significant maintenance issues but there was the matter of sorting out whatever had got caught on the propeller on the way in. The fees for a haul out or a diver (two actually, as they are not allowed to dive alone) were equally exorbitant, so I put on the wetsuit and took the plunge. My reward was a fine haul of plastic tarpaulin, two separate bits of it, wrapped around the rudder and the propeller shaft, so it was worth the effort.

Before we left Cascais, Ailbe and I had had a surprise visit from Patrick Blaney (ICC) on *Maelduin* and Patrick's crew had been very disparaging about Portuguese food. I was surprised at this, as it is mostly very good, but it transpired that they had been induced to try one of Oporto's renowned delicacies, the Francesinha. This consists of a doorstep sandwich, containing steak, ham, and frankfurter sausages, covered with a vast quantity of molten cheese and an unappetizing spicy sauce, and the whole experience is deeply unpleasant. Happily, by the time they left Cascais, I had managed to bring them around to a much more favorable view of the national cuisine.

Down the Coast from Oporto

All good things come to an end and, while the lingering fog on 31st July almost prompted us to stay on, it cleared enough to leave us with no real excuse to do so. Departure was straightforward enough but we were startled by the wicked overfalls near the breakwater, stirred up by less than ten knots of wind against the ebb tide, and it requires little imagination to appreciate why this bar is closed for most of the winter.

Once outside, we motored at first into a light southerly but the wind gradually veered and allowed us to sail,

close hauled, some 30 miles south to Aveiro, where we arrived at the entrance with some 2 hours of flood tide still to go. As the cruising guides note that there is no proper marina at Aveiro, the recommended stopover is the sheltered anchorage at S. Jacinto, about a mile inside the entrance but several miles from the city and on the wrong side of the estuary. However, I had done some reconnaissance over the winter and confirmed that there is a large pontoon, with water and electricity, just outside Aveiro, where there is space for visiting yachts during the summer. Armed with this knowledge, we swept imperiously past S. Jacinto, covering the ground at some 10 knots on the flood tide, past the industrial area and the fishing boats' graveyard, ignoring the non-sailing "ClubeNautico" on the starboard side, through the salt marshes and on up to the pontoon, near the lock gates leading into the

city's miniature canal system. It should be noted that there is an electricity cable just before the pontoon, under which our 18m masthead passed easily, at the top of the tide, but no one seems to know the exact clearance.

The pontoon is looked after by volunteers from the local sailing club "A Vela", housed in one corner of an otherwise abandoned fish market. The welcome they extend to visitors highlights the incompetence of the bureaucratic process which has failed to agree on the establishment of facilities which would do justice to the gateway to this most charming city. As it was, we enjoyed their hospitality to the point of excess (possibly, indeed, some way beyond that) and experienced the sort of raw enthusiasm and improvisation typical of Irish clubs in the days when sailing was still being popularized.

Aveiro itself is a delightful city, with a large university and a busy tourist scene. Somebody here got really keen on Art Nouveau, about 100 years ago, and the city is dotted with architectural delights, from modest villas to grandiose palaces and administrative buildings. There are some great restaurants and bars, and the whole place has a truly welcoming feel to it. I wish for the day when it can be properly put on the map for visiting yachtsmen but, in the meantime, you don't have to be too adventurous to enjoy it.

Some Passengers

Our revelries of the Friday night had finished up in close company aboard *Ode Maritima*, a venerable Jeanneau Poker 27, owned by Gonçalo Santos, a young entrepreneur who, in the space of 18 months had fallen in love with sailing, taught himself how to sail and impressively restored *Ode Maritima* from a state of some dilapidation. He showed such enthusiasm that we could not resist inviting him and his non-sailing chum, Miguel, to join us for the next stage of our journey down the coast, a day trip to Figueira da Foz. We departed on Sunday morning, 3rd August and, after some initial motoring in an uneasy swell, we had a very pleasant sail in sunny conditions, some 36 miles south to

Figueira. The roly sea had left Miguel unable to enjoy the packed lunch he had kindly provided for us but he perked up as the day went on and, especially, when we were joined by some playful dolphins, who kept us company for almost half an hour.

Looking at back numbers of the ICC Annual, I saw that some members had grumbled about tedious check in procedures at Figueira da Foz but, in our experience, such concerns are no longer valid at this modern and well-appointed marina. The check-in was friendly and quick, so Michael and I were soon free to hunt down some food and whatever other entertainment Figueira might have to offer. Figueira da Foz is a major tourism resort, laid out along several miles of attractive seafront but the older and more interesting part of the town is quite some distance from the marina, as is the casino which attracts its share of visitors. Being retired, risk averse accountants, Michael and I were not tempted by its charms and we settled for a nightcap aboard and an early night.

The final legs

The fine weather stayed with us for the 6 hour sail to Nazaré, a busy fishing port and tourist town, some 70 miles north of Lisbon. It has achieved fame in the past few years, as the place where surfers have set successive records for surfing waves measured at almost 100 feet high, near the headland which protects the bay. An undersea canyon, which carries depths of over 200m to within a mile of the coast, focuses the waves which then combine with a vicious backwash from the north side of the headland, to produce the monsters which so delight the thrill seekers and the spectators on the cliffs.

There was, happily, no sign of 100 foot waves as we glided serenely into the bay and found our way into the marina, which is well sheltered once you get in, but about a mile from the main town. It shares its space with the fishing fleet, with all their attendant coming and going during the night, and the marina is not going to rival Monte Carlo or Nice for glamour any time soon. The town itself, however, is quite attractive, especially the part located at the top of the funicular lift up to the headland, and we enjoyed our runs ashore on the two nights we stayed. We also had a day out to the attractive nearby town of Alcobaça, with its enormous medieval monastery, and the marvelously preserved basilica of Batalha, both of which are listed as World Cultural Heritage sites and are well worth visiting.

Our final port, before heading for home, was Peniche but weather conditions were perfect for a lunchtime stopover at the Berlengas Islands. This rocky archipelago, about six miles off the coast, is a nature reserve, although visitors are permitted to land on the main island, where there are a restaurant and camping facilities. We took up a mooring used overnight by the ferryboats, as we intended to stay only for lunch. There was no need to inflate the



Anchorage at Berlengas Islands

dinghy (which I have now carted three times to the Azores, without using it once), as we got a lift from one of the local boats which does tours of the pretty sea-caves. The place was busy but we had a decent lunch and an easy stroll to the top of the island, before heading on for Peniche, a little over an hour away.

Peniche is, first and foremost, a fishing town and, while the marina pontoons are fine, the onshore facilities are minimal and there is no protection from the wash of passing fishing boats – only yachts take any notice of the 3 knot speed limit. However, the reception was friendly, quick and helpful, and it is a short walk to a street full of excellent fish restaurants.

There is not a lot else to do in the town, however, and we left early the following morning for our final voyage to Cascais. The drizzly mist cleared up as the day went on but, disappointingly, we had to motor for much of the way. The breeze picked up, however, to give us a final, lovely sail, as we passed Cabo da Roca and on to Cascais, the brilliant afternoon sunshine showing off this beautiful coastline at its best. Cascais itself was as attractive and welcoming as ever and, arriving at 16.30, to a celebratory G&T, it was good to be home.

The numbers

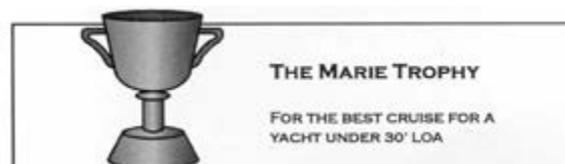
Hecuba arrived in Cascais, 7 weeks and 4 hours after departure, during which she and I covered over 2800 miles. 453 hours were spent at sea and the motor was in use for 89 of those hours, including battery charging. Total crew on board, 12 plus myself, including the 2 Portuguese guests from Aveiro. Age range 15 to 62. Nationalities, Irish, British, Finnish, German, Portuguese.

Mystic has a very ordinary cruise in Ireland

Peter Fernie

We never were outside Irish territorial waters. The sun shone a lot, with the added bonus of wind coming from nearly the right direction for much of the time. We managed to find new places to visit and new things to experience despite a long familiarity with the spectacular west and southwest coasts. Bar an exploding kettle and a recalcitrant inflatable valve, it was a very enjoyable ordinary sort of cruise. The *raison d'être* (should we need one) was participation in the 85th ICC birthday celebration and cruise in company in west Cork.

Mystic, a 28 foot Moody of 1984 vintage, left Galway Docks on 24 June, victualled and fuelled and bound for Kinsale. As we may have said before *Mystic*, whilst kindly and comfortable at sea, is fairly lean on such comforts as heated or pressurised water, electric anchor winches and the like. We aspire to the KISS principle of Kelly Johnson. We even removed the Windex from the masthead this year, believing that if we couldn't tell from which way the wind was blowing, we should take up some other form of diversion. A last minute panic "Did we have enough tonic water"? Four souls on board: Peter Fernie, David Whitehead, David Molloy (my son in law) and his friend Andrew Beatty. A gentle, relaxing motor sail on a sunny afternoon to Inis Oirr in shorts and shirtsleeves demonstrated the benign side of west coast sailing. Alongside the quay, the younger



members Andrew and David swam in the harbour and struck up a meaningful relationship with the new resident of Inis Oirr, Dusty the dolphin. Local intelligence said it was late of Doolin, having been driven to quieter surroundings. David, the younger, who was snorkelling looked up to see Dusty eyeing him with curiosity – both continued to swim in company for 30 minutes until the human eventually felt the cold. David reflected that he was never quite sure who was observing whom.

The pub was busy and musicians were warming up for the evening *seisiún*. We sensed that this might be a *seisiún* extraordinaire when a mature magisterial lady with a pronounced Lancashire accent, and dressed with bangles and earrings and a hairdo fit to open the lounge bar in a Manchester pub declared loudly "Eeh, luv, A've forgotten me drum". As the *seisiún* approached lift-off, ever more *bodhráns* arrived until we counted 12 excited novices and experts (including the magisterial lady who had evidently retrieved her drum) in the company. Apparently a *bodhrán* summer school was taking place and there were ninety exponents on the island. We left the pub before the other eighty turned up.

The original plan was to leave early in the morning. However the evening was balmy and it was still two hours to nautical sunset. We dropped lines at 2330 with the faint sounds of the *seisiún* in the distance. By 0100 we were through Foul Sound and motor sailing for the Blaskets. The day became sunny, windless and hazy with the coast barely visible. Dolphins were in abundance. Loop, Kerry and Brandon Heads were all invisible. Sybil Head was abeam at 1300 and as a side benefit of the early start and the benign conditions we were able to anchor in the NE beach of Great Blasket for lunch and a swim. A first for all of us. The evening in Dingle provided us with fuel, water, pints and a fish supper.

Dingle Bay at 0830 the next day was not prepossessing – a variable south westerly wafted us down in the general direction of Bray Head. A torrential rain shower eventually killed what wind there was, whilst Peter who was the only one on deck by virtue of his substantial oilies, tried to maximise its benefit. Once around Bray Head, the wind returned. We cracked off for Puffin Island and Dursey Sound accompanied by a soldiers' wind and brilliant sunshine. *Mystic* romped along at 6 and 7 knots. We were tempted to sail through the Sound – we motored through – enough excitement. Once around Crow Head we had the second half of what we all agreed was probably one of the most exhilarating sails down the west coast we had ever experienced. After the Mizzen we continued to sail almost to the entrance of South Harbour of Clear Island encouraged by the plat de jour on board - a Chorizo and vegetable *mélange* prepared by David Snr. – the wind had dropped. We were now anxious for a pint. – Mr. Volvo joined the party for the first time since Dursey. The pontoon at Sherkin was made with minutes to spare – the youngsters sprinted to claim last orders whilst the elder lemons sauntered up. A good day.



After the excitement of yesterday, whatever happened today was bound to be an anticlimax – and so it was. An easterly, going south easterly wind did not facilitate our passage to Kinsale. Wind notwithstanding, we yarned and ate, and ate and drank and drank and slept and fished unsuccessfully until we hailed the Bullman at the entrance to Kinsale Harbour. Thus ended the first leg of the summer cruise – about 250 miles in 46 hours spread over 3 days.

July 5 : A new crew comprising David Whitehead, John Bourke and Peter Fernie returned to Kinsale a week later. The social programme with a dinner in RCYC and an excellent Pimms party hosted by Heleen and Nigel Lindsay-Fynn scarcely gave us time to refuel and re-victual before we dropped lines in Kinsale around midday on a sunny July Monday. Barely were we past the Bullman, than the exigencies of lunchtime prevailed. There being no counterproposal (we're a democratic bunch on *Mystic*), we anchored in about 6M in Bullen Bay midway between Illaunglass and Bull rock and just inside Solomon Rock. This was a first for all of us despite a considerable accumulation of years cruising these waters - in fact, we there and then agreed that we would wherever possible eschew the predictable and visit places which we had never visited before.

Lunch over, we set sail and tacked around the Old Head. An afternoon of wind and sunshine took us almost into Coolmaine Bay at the entrance to Courtmacsherry, another haven we had never visited. We were agreeably surprised at the ease of pilotage to the quay and pontoon



Jack Wolfe, David Whitehead, John Bourke, Keith Hunt: 197 years total membership

– the buoyage is straightforward and the village is well worth a visit. There are pubs-a-plenty and friendly folk. Norman Keen had ensured the village was en fête. We were probably the last of 18 ICC boats to raft up on the pontoon; our immediate neighbours cruising from the UK were astonished to find themselves in the midst of such jollifications in what they had anticipated was a quiet location. I think they enjoyed the buzz.

By 0800 we had hoisted sails and set a course for

Seven heads. Both sun and wind were working. A fine reach took us across Clonakilty Bay towards Galley Head. Gradually the wind backed more to the west as we took our morning coffees and contemplated lunch. Decision made, we tacked to the northwest for Dirk Bay just east of Galley Head. We had the bay to ourselves and as lunch progressed we spied members of the ICC fleet hastening for the best pitches in Glandore or Castlehaven. Our lunch began early and finished at about 1430. A sharp breeze from the NW channelled down the bay and we were not inclined to row ashore or go for a swim. We did briefly think about it. Dirk Bay was another first for us.

Fortified again, the hook was hauled, jib and main set for Galley Head, tacking due north at Doolic Rock into Glandore Bay. A leisurely reach across took us close to Squince Harbour which we had considered for the night's anchorage – not for us the fleshpots of Glandore or Castlehaven – we were now in a Garboesque mode – we wanted to be alone. Blind Harbour is a place to be in offshore winds, although by now the wind had dropped to nothing. We motored into the bay and briefly considered tying up to one of the trees that came down to the waterside. There was scarcely a catspaw as the the hook was dropped in 4 M. The wine was chambred; we ate well, listened to Schumann, considered modestly that today had been a great success with two additional new destinations added to our list. The electronic candle we had received in the cruise goodies pack did sterling service as an anchor light. Nothing disturbed our slumbers.

A lazy sunny breakfast in the cockpit thinking about nothing in particular except where to have lunch is a great way to begin a morning. Looking for something light to do we took advantage of the crystal clear water to synchronise our lead line with the electronic one. Thank goodness, both agreed – this was too fine a morning for involved depth sounder conundrums. The anchor was hauled at 0900 and some hours later we were in Baltimore revictualing and partaking of a modest lunch in Bushe's. During its course, we were joined by Jack Woolf and Keith Hunt, both of whom were in sparkling form, belying their antiquities. They subsequently signed on the *Mystic* crewlist as temporary hands for the passage across to Sherkin Island and thereby created something of a record by having 4 ICC (John Bourke, Keith Hunt, David Whitehead and Jack Woolf) members in a cockpit with a total membership of 197 years.

The Commodore's reception and barbecue at the Islander's Rest overwhelmed us with crustaceans and we were all well fed and watered. The tender which took us back to the anchorages ensured a relatively early departure from the pub and yet again we had to yarn over our diminishing stock of whiskey on board.

Thursday 10 July was another typically arduous west Cork passage – all of 13 miles to Crookhaven. The weather had turned grey and chilly - much more like a typical Irish summer. The North passage from Baltimore Harbour has lost much of the trepidation it once inspired

since they removed the electricity cable over the channel and placed an SCM by the Mealbeg rock. The anchor was up by 1100 and once we had Hehir Island on the starboard quarter we were able to set a course motor sailing for Crookhaven. The late part of the afternoon involved an OCC raftup of four boats: *Mystic*, *Eleanda*, *Ann Again* and *Margaret Wroughton* (OCC), hosted by our crewmember and OCC Rear Commodore John Bourke. Wine and ice was delivered in bulk. Despite considerable lubrication, we rafted and unrafted and passed from one boat to another without losing anyone overboard or even breaking a glass.

The return to *Mystic* in the inflatable was fraught – a leaky valve and in consequence, a flaccid punt. Not good and especially not at night with drink taken. An attempt in the dark to pump it up resulted in the entire valve assembly popping out and an immediate catastrophic deflation. Fortunately we were still at the pontoon and the only casualty was my best red trousers. After considerable fumbling and cursing, the valve was secured (or so we earnestly hoped) and the inflatable re-pressurised. It was a quiet and apprehensive crew motoring out into the darkness. Our palpable relief on arriving safely on *Mystic* sorted out the balance of our aforementioned stock of whiskey.

We slipped the mooring about 0830 on a dank misty morning with little wind and a greasy flat sea. At slack water we motored around the Mizen; we could have almost touched it with the boat hook. We set a course for Piper Sound under jib and main. Ardnakinna LH slowly appeared out of the mist. The weather had seriously deteriorated as we tied up in Lawrence Cove Marina – the wearing of shorts was becoming marginal. The Crebbins held an impromptu party in their greenhouse on *Ocean Gipsy*, shutting out the wind and the rain. We pretended it was summer.

The following day was even mistier – we motored out from Lawrence Cove and sailed to Glengarriff in an ever-thickening gloom. We gybed 3 cables off Four Heads Point with it barely visible. We fished and caught mackerel – the first ones of the cruise. They would form the basis of an excellent lunch. It is truly difficult to beat mackerel simply cooked from hook to pan. The day got better. The earlier mists dissipated. Glengarriff was sunny and warm and joy of joys, we were allowed to stay on a mooring we thought had been reserved. We finished off the gin and the remainder of the perishables together with the mackerel. Our cups indeed did run over.

The 85th celebratory Dinner and Sunday lunch in Eccles Hotel ended what had been an enjoyable week's cruise. Distance from Kinsale - 127 miles but that's not the point. Good company; good food and drink; good sailing and several new destinations. What more can one expect? In retrospect we could have done with more

mackerel and tonic.

The passage back to Galway was something of an experiment. David and John were leaving the boat. I had no crew planned for the return trip. Usually one might rely on assorted junior sailors in Galway happy to crew for several days for three square meals and the odd pint. On this occasion the cruise back coincided with the West of Ireland Offshore Racing regatta and 'phone calls to the usual suspects drew a blank. So I created an experiment out of necessity. I have always had an admiration for solo sailors from RT Macmullen to our own Sam Davis and had an itch to try it myself. Now was that opportunity.

In the event there were three legs: Glengarriff to Lawrence Cove; Lawrence Cove to Dingle and the long overnight passage from Dingle back to our mooring in New Harbour, Renville. The weather was relatively benign. I sailed or motor sailed all of the 170 miles. The most difficult part was picking up the mooring in Renville with 25 knots of wind blowing and a sleep deficit. The wind vane and autohelm were reliable sailing companions although lacking conversation skills. And it was the latter aspect of solo sailing that struck me the most. Two days is probably the maximum I would want to sail in splendid isolation – dare I say it – it was a tad boring without shipmates. Perhaps I am not one of nature's anchorites.

Galway to Galway 584 miles. Enjoyment immeasurable.

PS: Nearly forgot the exploding kettle. I had screwed up a loose whistling thingy and had inadvertently blocked up the whistle hole – now instead of whistling, the kettle built up pressure until it expelled the whistling thingy across the cabin with much velocity, noise, steam and boiling water. James Watt would have been impressed. Dramatic and fortunately no injuries.

Another first and message received.



Romping down to Dursey

The Camino Without Blisters, and Other Stories from Galicia

Peter Haden

At the end of May, leaving our large garden well tidied up and the Jack Russell terrier with his summer friends, I was soon on Aer Lingus flying to Santiago De Compostella along with a whole plane load of Camino-bound walkers. *Papageno* had just been launched at the Lagos family boatyard in Vigo, and the full list of jobs satisfactorily completed as usual. Nick and Patsy Danby OCC were also collecting their Frer design F & C 44 ketch *Winter*, built in Argentina, that had just received the full Lagos treatment and was looking quite magnificent. We dined together ashore. Next day in the friendly small marina four miles across the ria at Cangas, managed efficiently by Bea and Luis, I fitted a new Rocna anchor and, after testing the batteries, decided that with the whole summer ahead it would be prudent to replace two of them. Manolo, the friendly chandler just across the road from the marina, insisted on fitting and testing them himself at no extra charge.

A short shakedown weekend cruise to the beautiful National Park Islas Cies followed where with great results I tested my new anchor and also met Nick Musgrave, *Jasmine*: another early season ICC cruiser. The Rally Portugal boats were due in nearby Bayona at the Monte Real Yacht Club, but the weather had decided that their Plan A was definitely not on. Strong southerly winds had all the boats except two running for cover in various rias between Bayona and A Coruna, and social arrangements cancelled. An interesting arrival was *Salmon Salar*, the first built of this hardy design and now immaculately restored. Back in Cangas, a town with a strong music tradition, the Conservatorio were having their end of term concert which I was delighted to attend. It is amazing that such a small town can support a sixty piece orchestra of high standard as well as three bands.

June was spent visiting favourite anchorages and marinas and reconnecting with cruising and Spanish friends. Brian and Anne Cronin, *Oystercatcher*, Dermot and Margaret Lovett, *Lonehart*, and then Mandy Stokes with Pat, Jonathan and David, *Clipper*, were all enjoying their favourite cruising grounds. John O'Dea and Deborah's *Toby Too* also launched. Dan and Jill Cross, *Yosbi*, were at Puebla de Caramiñal and passing at sea Paddy Blaney's *Mealduin*. In Bayona we met John Bourke's *Grand Slam*. By late June I was comfortably berthed at Portosin enjoying dinner on board *Island Life* with Cormac and Barbara McHenry, when a loud shout from the pontoon announced the arrival of Alan Roundtree, *Tallula*, non-stop solo from Ireland. Barbara magically produced dinner for him from nowhere, and Cormac found another bottle of delicious Rioja in the bilges, which helped to fuel Alan's exciting stories of a difficult passage across Biscay and waves that got higher and steeper with every glass.

A few days later Angela came out to join a refreshed Alan and we enjoyed sharing some occasional dinners in

the quiet anchorages of Ria Arousa. A favourite anchorage is Puebla de Caramiñal as the town is so attractive, with an especially well shaded alameda for the local citizens and visitors to enjoy their evening paseo before dining at any of a large number of tapas bars and restaurants. The marina always has plenty of berths available with good security and friendly marineros. However, despite investment this year



there has been little improvement in the marina bar and services and charges are quite high.

Camino by sea

In Galicia there is an umbrella organisation of all the marinas that is well funded by an EU grant and part of their remit is to organise a rally, following in part the traditional sea route of the body of St. James to Santiago de Compostella. This year it coincided with the 800th Anniversary of the visit by St. Francis of Assisi, and so that became the theme, and it is interesting to note that it was two friars on that original pilgrimage who then probably went on and started the Franciscan presence in Ireland at Youghal. During the past winter I had been asked to help with the translation of all the rally documentation, and I was very happy then to accept an invitation to take part. Fifty boats from 8.5m to 30m sailed in company, with

some of the larger yachts coming from as far away as Genoa. The sponsorship was generous and it was impossible to put your hand in your pocket for anything during the whole rally. Gifts were showered on us at every port along with dinners, wine, sailing clothes, free berthing, and even fuel for the larger boats. The sailing was good with a northeast wind usually force 5 or force 6. One evening new ICC member Paul O'Brien's Island Packet 445 *Freedom of Galway* passed in style at the entrance to the difficult channel north of Illa Salvora, sailing with obvious confidence, nearer than me to a rather dangerous rock. The two rally sailing routes finished at the delightful Cabo de Cruz marina where a long red carpet had been laid all down the arrivals pontoon and six marineros on duty. Next day after luncheon and plenty of wine we boarded three 85



Peter Haden reads the lesson at Santiago de Compostella

seater catamarans and were escorted by Civil Guard and Maritime Safety vessels at speed up the River Ulla, passing under the road bridges and the spectacular high speed rail bridge nearing completion. Carved stone crosses mark the route and crowds turned out to wave as we passed and when we arrived at our destination, Padron, the quays were lined and the sky was filled with daylight fireworks. Buses took us on to Santiago de Compostella where, after an address by the Guardian of the Franciscans, a celebratory mass was held at the cathedral. Being the only yacht from Ireland, I was honoured to be asked to read the lesson and to be given a special seat immediately in front of the altar. This was quite an experience when the 80kg silver botefumeiro (incense burner) guided by the eight maroon robed tiraboleiras came swinging past from the great height of the cathedral roof at high speed, belching out flames and smoke just a few feet away. At a government reception and dinner afterwards, the Minister for Tourism personally presented us with our Nautical Pilgrim certificates. A similar pilgrimage is planned for early July next year with the northern route starting from Aviles and the southern from Lisbon. I will be happy to assist with entries.

A Spanish Rally

A few days later Moira flew out from home and we enjoyed three weeks of land activities, including a hire car to explore the local wine growing district, the beautiful Roman city of Pontevedra, beaches and swimming and even the summer sales at El Cortes Ingles, finishing in Bayona just in time for the start of the renowned biennial Alfredo Lagos Rally, with an entry of 20 yachts from North America, Germany, UK, Ireland and Spain. Alfredo is the local Port Officer and Hon. Member of both the OCC and RCC and it was under the flag of the OCC that the rally operated this year, as part of the rolling East Atlantic Rally that had started in the Baltic. One yacht that caught everyone's eye was *Artako*, an S & S designed boat built in Spain in 1964. The owner and old friend Juan Olabbarri had brought her round from Bilbao. In the same year she was built he had represented Spain at the Tokyo Olympics.

Onora Lynch from Galway and John arrived as my

new crew and after a splendid dinner party for seventy five people in the gardens of Alfredo's home with all his extended family and friends, we were ready to enjoy twelve days of leisurely cruising and social events. Like August at home this year, the weather was mixed with some good sailing but one notably wet day that did not deter keen crew members from enjoying a visit to the small National Park island of Isla Salvora with a guided tour of the abandoned village and a learned talk on the geology of the rias by Brian Cronin Jr. in the shelter of the chapel wall and many umbrellas. A mountain trip from Puebla de Caraminal was cancelled because of low cloud, so we substituted it with making arrangements for a grand pontoon party, much to the consternation of the marineros as the decking lowered to sea level.

Another day we visited a 12th century monastery, a palace, a vineyard, and then enjoyed a long luncheon in the sun-drenched courtyard of a country house hotel, followed by a wine-fuelled sing song of shanties and other songs both in English and Spanish, all conducted by Brian Cronin.

The next day fair weather prevailed for an exciting trip in eight fast fishing boats up the River Tambre. Our young skipper, Martin, perhaps rides a fast motor bike cross country at home and delighted in slowing down and then crossing the wake of the other boats at high speed which was all good fun, if not exactly within safety rules. At our destination at the head of the river an outdoor luncheon had been arranged. Unfortunately this year the local hotel has erected a huge covered area besides the river, just at the picnic spot, presumably to accommodate some customers' preference for sitting in the shade, but we were able to enjoy the warmth of the sun afterwards with delightful walks along the narrowing valley of this beautiful place. Braver swimmers including Harald Sammer, *Taniwani*, entertained us by jumping from the pedestrian suspension bridge to the pool beneath. The rally concluded at the superb yacht club in Portosin with a dinner, speeches and the presentation of an enormous bouquet of flowers to Alfredo's charming wife Margarita.

Racing in good company

After a little rest and recuperation, sailing solo, I



Three Classic Yachts Racing: *Irmandina*, *Miss Demena* (ICC) and *Winter*

pointed *Papageno* towards San Vicente de Mar, where Flor Long and Sandy Hyland were preparing their Aldan Mistral *Miss Demena* for the Islas Atlanticas Classic Yacht Regatta, and had asked me to crew. Also taking part from Ireland was Richard Wylie from Strangford Lough with his interesting home-built gaff-rigged Wylo II, *Yacht Granuaile*, on his way for a second transatlantic. A third entry from Ireland was Dermot Lovett with *Lonehort*.

The weekend turned into a Lagos boatyard success as *Acacia*, built in 1929 won the outright racing prize and *Penguino*, a 1939 Frers design, won the best kept and restored yacht. My friend Santi Tome brought his lovely S & S *Akali* down from Portosin. This boat is also Lagos maintained. Nick Danby's beautiful yacht *Winter* also participated in style with help from a locally recruited crew. Apart from a feast of well-sponsored eating and drinking, there were two days of racing over fourteen mile courses with lovely winds on a flat sea. This enjoyable very friendly event needs more Irish boats for next year 21-23 August, and I will be happy to arrange entries. Next day waiting for a wind change to sail south, Luis Touron, Commodore, and Ulises Bertolo President, kindly invited me to stay as long as I liked without charge.

A week in Ria Arousa

A wedding at home and other social events occupied the first two weeks of September, and

then a friend from Athenry returned with me for a week's cruising. Barra Nevin is a member of Galway Bay Sailing Club and perhaps will soon buy his own cruising boat. Locals indicated that we were rather mad on our second day as we beat out from Cangas into heavy rain but after an hour of discomfort we were running before a southerly wind and a clearing sky for three hours to San Vicente de Mar, where hot showers made us feel normal again. At the club house here you can eat well and a bonus is the excellent Alberino wine from their own vineyard which can be purchased for ship's stores at only 5 euro a bottle. Next day after a light lunch beside the pool at the delightful Hotel Spa Atlantico, we enjoyed the

fine board walk along the coast with superb views of the islands, skirting the military summer camp, and back to the marina. As the weather notably improved, we spent the next morning walking the National Park island of Illa Salvora. The weather was glorious and entering Ria Arousa, about the same size as Galway Bay, we anchored for a picnic and swim at the tiny sandy island of Illora do Arenosa.



***Papageno* in Ria Arousa**

Another day we had a fine sail across the ria in a rising wind and managed to wrap and tear the gennicker when taking it down too late in the confined area between fish rafts, entering VilaNova. The small town is only a ten euro taxi ride from the railway station at Vilagarcia and then thirty minutes by train to Santiago de Compostella. This was very convenient for Barra's travel home. David Tucker's boat *Intrigue* had been lifted out here just a few days before. *Mealduin* arrived just as I was leaving and Paddy Blaney with friends were enjoying a last week of fast sailing before laying up with several other Irish boats at the very well sheltered and inexpensive marina Punta Lagoa close to Vigo.

My immediate destination was just an hour away from Vilanova at the new marina Cabo de Cruz, which also has a well-sheltered anchorage close by. In the office, Pablo and Jesus both speak English and are anxious to be helpful and welcoming. The people of this village have a strong sense of colour, expressed in the bright painting of their fishing boats and houses. Facilities ashore are simple enough but you can find what you want and everyone is most friendly. The extremely cheap Bar de Jubilados is a favourite watering hole, though I believe inside is restricted to men only. A decent glass of wine including pinchos (small tapas) comes at a price of 1.50 euros. Certainly this little port is what the Spanish people mean when they talk about "Galicia profunda".

Exploring inside Cape Finisterre

With some light wind promised from the south and increasing temperatures, I made plans to spend a week in the bay just inside Cape Finisterre. Most yachts pass this by, but it is well worth exploring.

A quiet motor ten miles down Ria Arousa brought me to the easily identifiable green pillar, Pedras del Sargo, which has a channel entrance width of 0.15 miles, and then on to the Canal de Sagres, a most useful shortcut, sheltered from the prevailing winds and with some dramatic rock sculpture. The eastern entrance of the canal is 0.12 miles wide with a depth of not less than 5m and the dangers are all visible. The course through, of a little over a mile, is west until the village of Corrubedo can be seen. The flood goes from west to east and is reported never to be strong. Once through, it is just four miles to the anchorage west of the village, which can be exposed to the Atlantic swell but otherwise is well sheltered. As I was setting my anchor a Spanish yacht *Atlante II* hailed me, and I enjoyed a late lunch with Juancho Lopez Oviedo and his crew. Juancho is past president of the yacht club at Portosin and was responsible for developing the excellent club house and modern facilities. Later, I enjoyed a stroll around the pretty village and a very peaceful night.

There was good visibility next morning and eleven miles away the steep headland of 223m Monte Louro marking the northern entrance to Ria Muros was in view, with Cape Finisterre 14 miles beyond. All the isolated dangers were easily identified and by lunchtime I was comfortably anchored in sand off the small pier at the village of Ezaro, famous for the waterfall at the foot of the 629m sawback-ridged Monte Pindo. Visiting this waterfall was my project for the day. Not having a detailed chart, I had downloaded Google Earth Street View pictures, which fortunately had

been taken at low water, clearly showing the sand banks and the river entrance under a low road bridge. My dinghy behaved the way dinghies do in churned up water where tide and river meet and I was relieved to pass under the bridge into smooth water and motor up to the small dock for local angling boats and tie to the slip. The waterfall was still half a mile away and in view, but a small power station with water exiting from the turbines looked too turbulent and challenging for my little 2hp outboard engine. The area has been developed as a small tourist facility and includes a museum about electricity production, parkland, coffee shop and even a tennis court. I took the board walk leading along the edge of the river and eventually to the foot of the waterfall. From a reservoir high up the mountain, the water not needed to power the turbines splashes down well smoothed granite rock, a dramatic sight well worth visiting. My return passage was more comfortable, being near to high water.

A friend Laura Lagos had told me about a hidden whaling station nearby called Canelinas that only closed in 1985 as a condition of Spain's entry into the European Community. At that time, many of the workers there were Japanese. I found it in a narrow creek, just west of Ezaro, and anchored with room to swing just inside, for a late lunch. The building and slipway for hauling up the whales are all still intact together with some large vats and tanks.

A gentle evening sail up the ria between two guarding forts brought me to the anchorage at the pretty town of Corcubian. The holding here off the small beach is excellent and shelter from the south is better than seems probable. Throughout Galicia in every coastal town a determined effort is being made to save and restore old buildings and whole streets, with their double windows, iron balconies and outside stone staircases in the vernacular style. The results in this town are impressive. Altogether this had been an interesting day. After a peaceful night I moved on a little west to the lovely anchorage at Sardinero hoping to have an afternoon swim and dinner at the beach restaurant, but it was the end of the season and everything closed. So soon I was anchored in Finisterre Harbour and had a good walk ashore through this much improved town to the C12th church of Santa Maria das Areas with magnificent views south. The harbour was quiet all day, but from 0200 fishing boat after fishing boat went close past me on their way to the fishing grounds west of Finisterre. Next time I will anchor away from the harbour entrance. Alan Roundtree, *Tallula*, had kindly given me a copy of his chart for the area, so on my way back south, I entered Carnota Bay seven miles north of Monte Loura and anchored for lunch. This is one of those dream bays with a three mile holiday brochure beach that just goes on for ever and ever. Just two people were on the beach.

Relaxing at Portosin

Ria de Muros beckoned and by the afternoon I had picked up the one yacht mooring off the town, sharing the anchorage with five other yachts. I had had a look into the large marina but it was almost empty, soulless, and there was no security evident. The town itself is most attractive with the complete streets of old buildings and a promenade lined with smoke trees. Even though it was the end of September, there were plenty of tourists around.

With wind abeam the following morning, I made the easy 45 minute sail over to the Club Nautico at Portosin and was so comfortable there that I stayed four days enjoying swimming, good company, and the friendship and help of Carmela, Carmen and Marie Elena in the office. A special delight at this club is to sit out on the terrace in the evening with the views down the ria. Especially interesting is watching the red and yellow air force planes descending to sea level to scoop up large quantities of water for dousing forest fires. Pine and Ilex trees are the natural covering for all the mountains in Spain, but they have now been supplemented in Galicia with dense eucalyptus planting. Despite firebreaks with the distant appearance of a hair parting, there are ferocious fires every summer and a whole industry has built up with the highly remunerative task of putting them out. On the pontoon a



surprise one afternoon was the appearance of a black mink quite relaxed as she wandered around. Someone told me that she has been around for a few years even teaching her young how to fish for mullet. Hopefully, I thought, she will not choose to stow away on my boat. Portosin is one of the excellent marinas in Galicia that now grant generous berthing discounts to ICC members thanks to negotiations between Carmela and the club president Fernando Gonzalez. As at MRCY Bayona, a notice to this effect is posted on the visitors' pontoon. In fact generally for the past two years in many marinas there is a more relaxed approach to charges due to an over- supply of berths and a deeply biting recession. Some even supply a complimentary bottle of wine.

It was well into October when I made my final weekend visit to Bayona. The only other visitor was a German yacht *Tin Lizzie* on the way to Las Palmas for the ARC. But the clubhouse was pleasantly busy and I met many friends. On the Sunday I drove with Alfredo Lagos Sr. to the summit of the 631m Monte Aloya in the National Park, where we enjoyed an excellent luncheon. Now in his 89th year, I was able to enjoy with him discussions on early 20th Spanish history, much of which he had lived through. It was a lovely warm autumn afternoon and we enjoyed a stroll to the mountain top to enjoy views of the River Mino, the boundary with Portugal.

Next morning back at the club office, the charming Ollaya made sure that I benefitted from the ICC discount, even deducting it from the lower off-season price. And so, back to Cangas with a fair wind and a few days of decommissioning before handing *Papageno* back to the care of the Lagos family yard on 14th October.

A final self-indulgence on my last day, after a swim, was a visit to the old fashioned café bar across the street from the marina. This is worth the visit to Cangas anyway, as for the price of 2.60 euro they serve a large cup of comforting very hot sweet Van Dyke chocolate, thick as

Rock-strewn approach

porridge, and accompanied by five churros. These you dunk into the cup, twist around, and generally use to get as much of the chocolate into your mouth as possible. Finishing all the chocolate is a challenge and brings on a great longing for the siesta.

The weather this year

The Europe wide experience of changing weather was more pronounced in Galicia this year.

The expected long warm days came in periods of days at a time, rather than weeks. The bonus was that the frequent short periods of southerly wind provided good opportunities to sail north even if wet gear was needed. The Azores High with its cloudless skies and north easterly wind just never settled in. As messages from home gloated over conditions there, Alan Roundtree remarked "Well it can't be good weather here and in Ireland at the same time"! But an unexpected bonus was the summer long improvement in sea temperatures. Well into October, the swimming was delightful.

As I heard said often "El tiempo es misterioso".

James Nixon writes of Tidal Times

With ambitions this year to explore the Donegal coast, we left Strangford Lough in that direction on *Meander* on 9th August. After a fine July, the weather pattern was changing, with depressions heralded in Humber, Rockall and Fitzroy. The remnant of hurricane Bertha was expected later. David Lindsay was with me and we had a fine sail north, catching tides on time as far as Torr Head. Slack water seemed all too brief so we slipped inshore to catch the north-going eddy in Murlough Bay, hoping to get to Rathlin Island.

At Fair Head we were a "biscuit's toss" off the boulders and made as much westing as we could before trying to dash across Rathlin Sound. It was calm but *Meander* can only manage 6 knots under full power, so we headed across the flood stream, aiming for the eddy on the east side of Rue Point. We reached it and, nearing the point, could see the east-going flood streaming round it. It appeared to be going downhill. Using full power, and getting almost within touching distance, we crept into Church Bay. Anglers on the point cheered us on.

The flood stream is squeezed by the south "limb" of the L-shaped island narrowing the gap towards Fair Head. Slough-na-more, the race off Rue Point, forms on the ebb, and is most hazardous in strong west or northwest winds. Tidal times refer to Belfast, or Dover which is only six minutes later.

To the northeast the situation is complicated by the main flood stream north of Rathlin joining that rushing through the Sound, and turning southwards through almost a right angle into the North Channel. The MacDonnell Race forms off Altacarry Head at the "elbow" of the island, and appears during flood and ebb. The eddy east of Rathlin joins the main stream and creates this race.

The depth of water north of Rathlin reaches more than 200m, and in the North Channel is over 100m. The Sound is about 50m deep, but there is a deeper trough reaching almost 100m where the Slough-na-more appears. This irregular sea floor adds to the turbulence of the streams.

Wallace Clark describes these tides vividly in his book "Rathlin, its island story", first published in 1971. He states that the proper title of the race off Rue point should be "Slough-na-Morra", the "Swallow of the Sea". The MacDonnell Race he asserts should be "Taam McDonnell" (sic), where two McDonnells were drowned long ago, but facts are scanty. We learnt of a legend that they were carrying a millstone to the island from Scotland. Wallace adds that there are altogether seven named tides in Rathlin Sound, making a complex system seem even more so. The book is in Wallace's distinctive style, and is useful reading for anyone visiting the island.

We berthed at the pontoons in the harbour and had a quiet night. Next day the westerly was increasing, and gales and strong gales were forecast all around. We moved *Meander* into the inner harbour, where we found shelter under the lee of the berthed ferry. Drawing 1.5m (5ft) we nearly touched bottom at the "irregular" local low water, to quote Norman Kean in the ICC Sailing

Directions. I will not drone on about the North Channel amphidrome, as I did last year.

In the rising gale, Rathlin Sound looked fearsome, especially in the west-going ebb. We stayed put and agreed that Donegal was no longer an option. A wet walk to Altacarry lighthouse allowed us to see clearly the MacDonnell Race formed by the confluence of the flood stream northeast of the headland and the large eddy on the east side of the island.

The following day was still very fresh and we had a sunny walk south to Rue Point, but the Slough-na-more was not active. This walk reminded me of my first visit to Rathlin in 1964, when it seemed that corncrakes and braying donkeys were in every little field.

We consulted John McCurdy the ferry skipper and he advised that conditions should be easing the following day, and might allow us to cross the Sound to Ballycastle. He told us to leave at slack low water and head west, well along the island shore before turning south. However early next morning it was still blowing hard from the west, and raining. We got under way, motoring with two reefs in the mainsail. I found that we could fetch Ballycastle fairly well with that rig, so unwisely headed there. In Church Bay we punched along in an unpleasant sea, probably caused by a residual west-going stream. As we started across the Sound proper it became obvious that slack water had passed, and an early east-going flood pushed us increasingly in that direction. I wondered would we be able to weather Fair Head.

We closed the mainland shore well to the east of Ballycastle, near the old coal mines at Carrick-more and, in the weaker stream, we were able to make some progress. We watched the depth carefully as there are outlying reefs close inshore. Nearing Pan's Rock, at the east end of the beach, we began to make better progress across Ballycastle Bay and to a berth in the marina.

Of course I should have followed John McCurdy's advice. Slack water is very brief in Rathlin Sound, and with "top of the spring" next day it would have been even shorter, and with a faster stream. As it happened the westerly eased dramatically after our crossing, and we could have managed easily twelve hours later. Such is cruising.

Plans are afoot to install tidal generators in the region of Fair and Torr Heads. The attachment of these devices to the sea floor will be challenging, whether they are fully submerged or surface penetrating.

Next day David and I had a rattling fast passage to Glenarm. John Witchell took over there as crew for further rapid passages to Bangor and then on to Strangford Lough. We had lovely sunshine sailing in a brisk northwesterly, classic "cold sector" conditions. Catching the tides to plan, we arrived at Strangford Bar meeting the last of the ebb in the Narrows. Slack water seemed to last only a few minutes, as at Rathlin. Perhaps that is the lesson from these two notable tidal systems.

Spirit of Oysterhaven goes to the ICC 85th Anniversary Cruise

Oliver Hart

A story about a group of 16 - 18 year olds is an unusual entry in the pages of the ICC Annual and it was something of an inspiration that led veteran ICC member Gerry Donovan to suggest that such a crew could join with the ICC 85th Anniversary Cruise on board the sail

Eleanor Cudmore on *Ann Again*. With energy still to burn, under the direction of our 1st Mate, Owen Boyden, crew members Adrian and Kieran set up the spinnaker pole as a swing and launched off the bowsprit, swinging in a wide arc before releasing in a variety of spectacular dives. Gerry meanwhile prepared the first of many a great dinner for us all.



Spirit of Oysterhaven at anchor, Barlogue Creek

training schooner *Spirit of Oysterhaven*. It is a feature of Sail Training, particularly among the Tall Ships, that youngsters are encouraged to get their first experience of life at sea with support from bursary foundations. With an eye to developing the cruising experience among young people, the ICC generously awarded bursaries to eight youngsters from Cork who came from a variety of backgrounds and levels of physical ability.

Joining in Glandore, with the prospect of meeting up with the ICC fleet as they made their way down along the coast from their raft up in Courtmacsherry converging on Sherkin Island, the crew spent the first morning getting familiarised with *Spirit*, stowing their gear, learning the locations of safety equipment and practicing emergency drills under my direction. We slipped the mooring under Kilfinnan Castle and gently slid out the bay in glorious sunshine and a light southwesterly, rounding up head to wind once clear of Adam Island and getting up both mains. A Marconi rigged schooner - that's to say two triangular mains, the larger one aft of the two - has its advantages for sail training, allowing for two teams to be engaged in the process of hoisting, and encouraging a hint of competition to ensure a speedy hoist! As a shakedown sail it was certainly a gentle experience and everyone got a chance to helm and tack as we made our way along the coast, introducing the crew to some elementary pilotage as we entered the magical harbour of Castletownsend and dropped anchor off the pier, lying a couple of boat lengths away from Brian and

After a brief stroll ashore and a quick visit to O'Donovans shop, we prepared for sea and the dynamic duos outdid each other in a synchronised sail hoist as we glided out of Glandore harbour under clear blue skies, a sparkling sea and a fresh north westerly wind, which gave us the benefit of cruising along at a comfortable eight knots over a flat sea. The conditions were so benign that we thought a lunchtime stop in Barlogue Creek would be an option and under the lee of Bullock Island we dropped sail and slowly nosed our way into the narrow channel that leads on up to Lock Hyne. With one other yacht at anchor in the bay we weren't left with much room, so we hung off the anchor facing into the northerly breeze, leaving skipper on anchor watch while the crew went



The Commodore, Oliver Hart and Bev Killen at Lindsay-Finn's, Kinsale

upriver in the RIB to explore the rapids and take a walk around the shore of the Loch. Conditions were just right for sailing out of the creek, so once we had the anchor up we stopped the engine and hoisted the staysail to allow her to peel round and slowly pilot our way out of the creek and into open water. Not wanting to spoil the experience, we rounded up under sail, getting both mains up and bearing off along the coast towards Baltimore, soon getting up to



Rounding the Fastnet. (It isn't always like this, boys and girls - Ed)

9 knots in the fresh northerly breeze. Of course by now we were spoilt by the conditions and were unwilling to either bear away and lose the exhilaration of the close fetch, or to turn on the engine and spoil the sound of the wind in the rigging and splash of sea along *Spirit's* side, so we headed for the narrow gap between Spain Point and Carrigatrough, the innermost of the Kedges. There was an awed silence in the cockpit as the channel narrowed to what appeared no more than a boat's length and the wind that had been powering *Spirit* along suddenly died, then headed us, the genoa flapping uselessly and threatening to back. Our boat speed slowed to a knot or two and we were borne forward only by the ebb tide, a little too close to the rocks for comfort but not close enough to warrant flicking the engine switch where my finger was anxiously hovering. And then as suddenly as it has died and headed, the wind veered and filled the genny, the rig stiffened and *Spirit* surged forward into clear water. A collective sigh of relief was registered in the cockpit followed by much cheering and clapping for Owen who had piloted *Spirit* through. We then set a course for the south harbour of Cape Clear, where we anchored for the night before going ashore to explore the island and catch up on the ignominious defeat of Brazil in the World Cup semi final.

Val Moran on *Sattwa* was the only other ICC cruise yacht to anchor in the bay and after some friendly banter between the yachts in the morning, we were soon on our way bound for the Fastnet. Despite the apparent calmness of the water by the time we arrived at the rock there was already a swell which prevented us making a landing by RIB, but we took advantage of the photo opportunities with crew members at the helm with the Fastnet in the background and made our way back towards Baltimore Harbour and the anchorage to the east of Sherkin Island, where we had been invited to join the ICC barbecue and meet the rest of the crews. What a welcome we got from everyone. Peter introduced us and crew members Bailey and Eabha both made short speeches thanking the ICC for their sponsorship of the voyage. Eabha's speech in particular touched many a heart, as suffering from the debilitating effects of cerebral palsy she had overcome many challenges in her life and being given the opportunity to sail on board *Spirit* was a privilege that she greatly appreciated. The Islander's Rest laid on an amazing seafood barbecue and desserts the like of which you'd never get at home! Everyone was on such a high by the time we arrived back at the boat we all went for a midnight swim.

We had been joined in Sherkin by Georgina, who had sailed with us before to the Tall Ships in Dublin in 2012. Challenged by the height restriction associated with achondroplasia, Georgina is a great sailor, having competed both in the recent World

Disabled Championships in Kinsale and the World Dwarf Championships in the United States. Under her careful helming, we negotiated the narrow channels to the North of Sherkin, emerging out into Long Island Bay and an easy reach into Schull. This was Gerry Donovan's territory and



Eabha Wall thanking ICC on behalf of *Spirit's* crew at Sherkin barbecue



***Spirit of Oysterhaven* in festive dress for the ICC revels**

our young crew were fascinated as Gerry regaled us with stories of life among the islands over 50 years ago.

Ashore in Schull we found crepes and ice cream, then met up with some local lads and had a game of soccer. Our victorious crew made their way back to the boat, where Muireann and Andrew had cooked spaghetti carbonara, for a final swing and swim and thrilled to be joined by the inquisitive harbour porpoise. (Sad to read later that this dolphin died as a result of a plastic ring caught on its beak, despite valiant efforts of local wildlife photographer Sheena Jolley to rescue it) .

A still sky and heavy mist greeted us in the morning and we motored out through through Long Island Sound, counting and identifying the islands and rocks as they emerged eerily through the mist and making our way slowly and carefully across Toormore Bay to Crookhaven, where we found ourselves in the company of more ICC yachts, plus some yachts on the OCC cruise. We stopped off at Crookhaven for a lunchtime break and, raising anchor at the same time as Nigel and Heleen Lindsay Finn on board *Eleanda*, we sped out of the harbour together, taking a sharp right through Alderman Sound and set our course for the Mizen. By this stage all our crew members were adept at sail handling and everyone was contributing to the steady rhythm of the cruising life, from helming to deck work, preparing food, cleaning, washing and enjoying the exhilaration of experiencing Ireland's stunning coastline from the vantage point of the sea.

We rounded Mizen, then Sheep's Head and sailed across Bantry Bay into Castletownbere before dropping sail and rounding up into the quiet anchorage outside Lawrence Cove. A good number of ICC yachts had made their way into the pontoon, but given our size and the tide we elected to stay at anchor and we fired up the barbecue on the push-pit and enjoyed a sticky fingers feast of chicken, ribs and burgers.

After an early start we headed into Adrigole Harbour, where we were greeted by an old friend, Gail MacAllister, who with her husband Niall ran a successful sailing school from the boathouse on the pier. Donning wetsuits and snorkels, Kieran, Adrian, Zoe and Muireann swam across to the islands to play with the locals, this time seals, and were rewarded with some great shots on their underwater camera. Dinner in Glengarriff beckoned, so after lunch we weighed anchor and lazily ran the length of Bantry Bay under goose-winged main and genoa, eventually rounding up into a sudden northwesterly squall just as we dropped anchor in the company of Michael Craughwell's impressive *Orchestra* and the beautiful *Eleanda*. Hot showers for Gerry and Oliver, cold swims for the crew, and after donning our shore-going finery, we were

collected by ferry and transported to the Eccles Hotel, the venue for the 85th Anniversary dinner. Left aboard to fend for themselves, the crew mutinied. Having been scheduled to leave the boat the following morning they decided that they would much prefer a night sail and passage back to Oysterhaven, so on arriving back on board at midnight we raised anchor and under a bright full moon set out along Bantry Bay on our night voyage back to Oysterhaven.

Asked about what they liked the most here are some of the comments:

"The night sail was awesome": Adrian

"I loved sailing into Barlogue Creek and exploring Loch Hyne",:Claire

"Learning all the different ropes and how to operate winches": Bailey

"For me swimming with the seals was the best bit", Muireann

"Back flips off the swing!", Kieran

"Going ashore and exploring the islands": Zoe

"All the sailing theory I had learnt in dinghies suddenly all made sense when I needed to navigate from one place to the next. I feel better prepared for my forthcoming Instructorship": Andrew

"Nothing comes close to the thrill of helming a 70 foot yacht at full tilt!": Eabha

The young crew were unanimous in saying "The friendships we made on this voyage on *Spirit of Oysterhaven* will last forever".

Thanks to the ICC for making this happen.

Oliver Hart

Shelduck's Cruise to America: Cascais to Chesapeake 2013-2014

Neil Hegarty

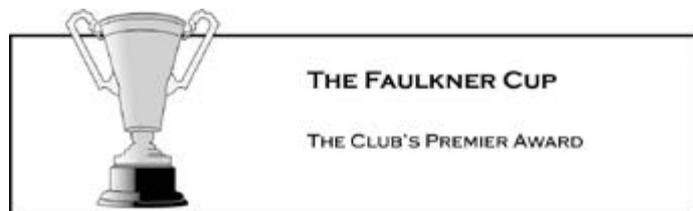
Anne Kenny and I recently enjoyed significant birthdays. To celebrate in a memorable way I invited Anne to cross the North Atlantic and cruise America. Because of our age, our families were not happy for us to do this alone, so I joined the Atlantic Rally for Cruisers 2013 (The ARC). *Shelduck* was laid up ashore at Belem, Lisbon in November 2012 to be prepared. She is a Dufour 34 built in La Rochelle in 2003 fitted with a standard rig and a deep racing lead keel which makes her quite stiff.

Our first task on a long list was to replace all standing and running rigging. While the mast was down, fold away steps were fitted to it and also an active radar reflector. We also fitted a roller reefing unit on the detachable inner forestay with an anti twist high tension halyard. This would allow us to roll away or reef sails from the cockpit and still be able to move the forestay out of the way when we want to tack the full genoa upwind. I put the headsail spinlock cleats on the mast to free up cockpit spinlocks for a second spinnaker pole. A second genoa was acquired which could be set with the existing one together on the twin foil. I planned to do most of the fresh downwind sailing with these two sails set on two poles and no mainsail. We also have a spinnaker for light wind. The next issue was the provision of energy and I considered a diesel generator, the engine, a wind generator, solar panels and a fuel cell as possible sources. I decided that the most suitable solution for a boat of *Shelduck's* size was a fuel cell and so fitted an Efoy Comfort 140. It would keep the batteries topped up without noise. Water makers can be troublesome and expensive so I decided to add a 100 litre flexible tank to the existing system and to carry one hundred litres on deck. All safety equipment was checked and serviced and a discharge plate fitted in case of a lightning strike. Among the final items were charts, courtesy flags and a satellite phone.

We flew from Cork to Cascais on 6th October and spent two nights in a hotel in Belem so that we could inspect *Shelduck's* hull, including her new folding propeller,



Anne and Neil at the ARC Skippers Dinner, Las Palmas

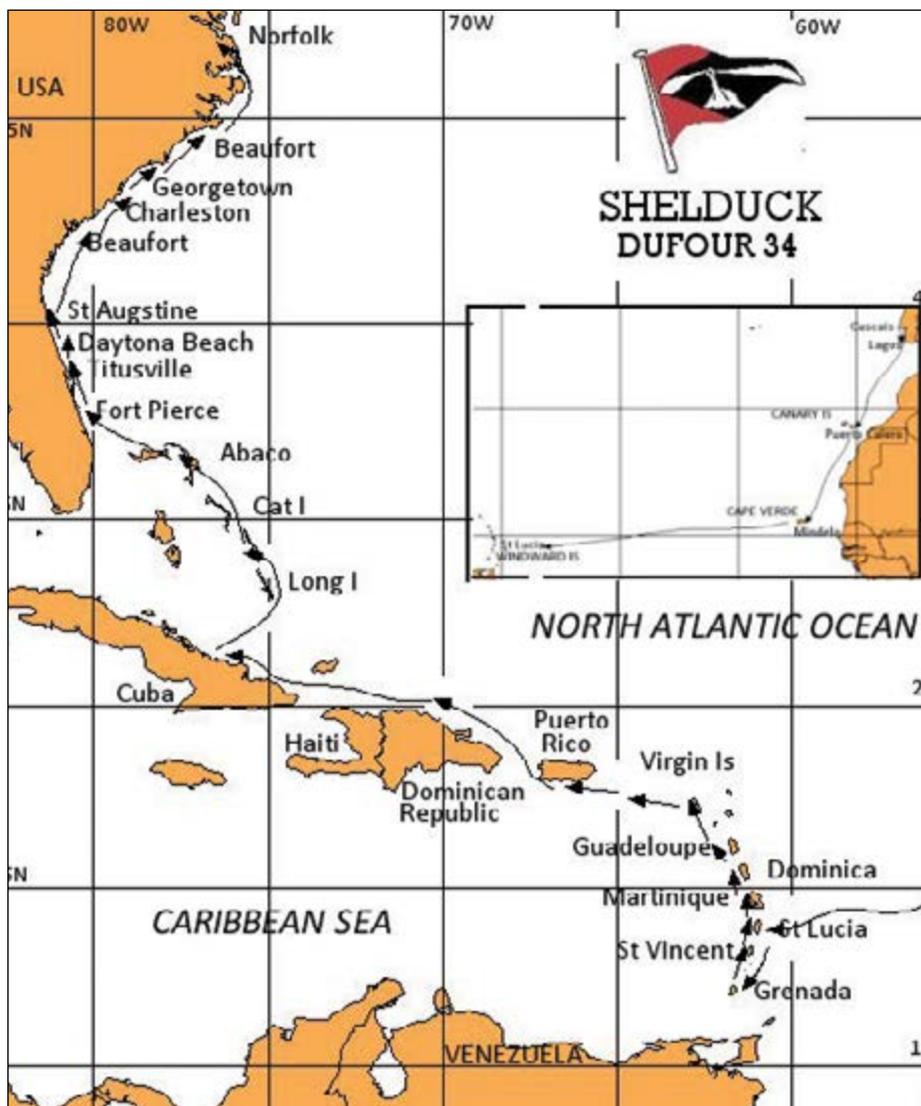


prior to launch. We joined her afloat on the 9th for what was to be almost eight months aboard and sailed immediately from Belem to nearby Cascais. Our crew for the passage to Las Palmas in the Canary Islands was Len Curtain ICC and Peter Clark, Howth Yacht Club. Both were a great help to us in the final preparation of *Shelduck* for the Atlantic crossing. We left Cascais on the 24th, starting with easy passages to overnight in Sesimbra and Sines before rounding Cape St. Vincent for Lagos where the crew spent three days cutting, fixing and cleaning before departing on the afternoon of the 31st for the passage to Lanzarote. This crossing was our first opportunity to sail with the new downwind twin-headsail rig. *Shelduck* averaged 140 miles a day while the wind held and we arrived into Puerto Calero on 4th November. We rested for a day and then headed out for Las Palmas and arrived having completed twelve days cruising while using just one five litre tank of methanol for the fuel cell. Peter left for a walking holiday with friends on Tenerife and Len departed to return home while Anne and I enjoyed a fantastic evening, said to be the best ARC Welcome Party in the twenty seven year history of the event. This party doubled as the welcome to the ARC 2013 fleet and a farewell to the ARC PLUS group of fifty yachts who are setting off one week ahead of the rest of us so that they could have a stop off at the Cape Verde Islands.

Las Palmas:

Our crew for the Atlantic crossing was Gabby Perry and Brendan McGarvey, members of Baltimore Sailing Club. On 9th November Gabby flew in to join us and help with preparations. We had now officially registered and put up our number. It was attached on the starboard quarter as we were in the 'Cruising Division' whilst those who racing had theirs to port. Each evening we attended the ARC Sundowner, which is a good place to meet other participants. On Tuesday 12th, Bojan, a Dutchman of the ARC Team, called in to do our Safety Inspection. We passed with the caveat that food and water rations, flares and two thermal insulating blankets were added to the Grab Bag. Gabby spent a day in a series of seminars ranging from managing emergencies (loss of rudder/rig/power), rigging check, weather, to provisioning food and drink for three weeks at sea. Anne and I visited the City Market and ordered meat which will be deep-frozen to -18°C and delivered to the boat the day before we sail. We have no freezer but deep-frozen meat in the bottom of the fridge will keep cold enough to prevent our food from spoiling for the first two weeks. We would be down to tinned and dried food during the final week. Brendan arrived and then joined us at the Skippers' Dinner. He and I spent the next day at the ARC seminars.

I was given the honour of carrying the Irish Flag at the opening ceremony. We paraded around the port with the flags of each country participating. At least thirty different countries were represented. There were over two hundred



yachts and over five hundred crew there, with the remainder entered to arrive the next week. There were speeches from various Canarian dignitaries and Leo the Port Authority and Cultural Representative from St Lucia, provided us with a tantalising insight into the festivities and activities we could expect when we arrived at St. Lucia. On the next day Brendan set up Anne's 'SPOT' GPS locator device and sent out the first message to our friends and family. Brendan also set up the laptop to accept the Iridium Satellite Phone. After five days off wind sailing from Portugal we had worn the ends of our genoa sheets so I fitted blocks to the ends of the spinnaker poles. Anne, with help from Gabby, had been working hard planning our menus and then listing out how much we needed to buy. We had our in-depth rigging check from 'Jerry the Rigger' and were more than surprised to find that there was one split pin missing at the base of the forestay. The 23rd of November would arrive quickly and we were almost ready. To our delight Anne's son Ian and grandson Lucas flew in to see us off. We ate out in Las Palmas and went to bed in anticipation of the morning and setting off.

Atlantic Crossing East:

While motoring to the start we had a great send off from hundreds of people lining the walls of the harbour. The boat marking the line and controlling the start was a Spanish Naval Patrol vessel. *Shelduck* had fresh winds at the line and I had to continue to hand steer for a while as a

connection had become dislodged behind the autopilot control. She was doing seven knots with the No.4 jib and two reefs in the main. For much of the night we had breaking waves at the stern. We all admired the beautiful stars and quite a few meteors. Four days out and we were in 'cruising mode' and had taken one of the most easterly routes south to avoid a low further west. We were only one hundred miles from the African coast. We may have sailed an extra thirty to fifty miles to avoid the low, but at least it meant we stayed dry. There were amazing thunder storms to be seen to the west, especially in darkness. We were able to do some motor sailing through the night but mostly motored in force 1 directly on the nose. The wind freed at sunrise and followed the sun round to be on the nose again at dark. We topped up the diesel from the cans on deck, forty litres and she used 1.6 litres per hour at 2,000 rpm. When the moon rose last night it was very tropical looking, like a great crescent on its back and much bigger than you would expect, blush pink to start with and gradually turning to gentle yellow as it rose. We had a small dark white rumped bird following us for the past two days which appeared and disappeared through the day and we also saw a large mixed pod of dolphins and porpoises.

On Monday 2nd December we made a lightening stop for fuel at Mindelo Marina, Cape Verde. The wind had been incredibly light and variable in the last few days so *Shelduck* had to motor. We were just berthed when I heard from an approaching inflatable "Hello Mr Hegarty". Who was it but Dave Hennessy with whom, in my previous yacht the *Impala 'Beagle'*, I had had many a joust in the Royal Cork Yacht Club, some years back, and whom Anne and I last saw, when Dave entertained us with music and song in a pub on the Isle de Croix during the ICC Brittany Cruise in 2011. Dave was very helpful, first advising us not to check into the country as it was not necessary if we were not staying overnight and advised that I pay the marina fee, which I did. He also kindly took me in his inflatable onto a beach next to a fuel station where I purchased a replacement drum of gas.

On Sunday 8th December the wind was still light but *Shelduck* managed one hundred and twenty miles in twenty four hours. Anne and I kept one watch, Brendan and Gabby the other. I had the day split up into five watches. Two four hour watches from midnight followed by two six hour watches and finally a four hour watch from 20.00 to midnight. Dinner was cooked for all by the 14.00-20.00 watch. Next day *Shelduck* motored in a flat limp calm. The ocean surface had a slick oily look and the waves were just small humps and hollows. There was a colourful sunset of strong and various pinks and blues created in the combination of sky, sea and clouds approaching from the east.

Atlantic Crossing West:

On Tuesday December 10th the wind arrived at last and *Shelduck* sailed one hundred and sixty miles in twenty four hours; we'd been reaching steadily since. That morning we were half way from Cape Verde to St Lucia, Brendan and Gabby were on watch and Gabby prepared and served a five course dinner. To start we had habas fritas to nibble followed by a plate of cured Spanish meats to share and Ovedio cheese; then a dish of spicy chorizo risotto accompanied by boiled egg wedges and the last of the fresh tomatoes marinated in salt, sugar, pepper and thyme. Dessert was served in plastic champagne flutes and consisted of jewelled pomegranate seeds marinated in mango juice with a sprinkle of sugar and topped with a pair of medjool dates. Finally there was a selection of individually wrapped Spanish sweet biscuits in a variety of flavours.

We were now crossing a very shallow part of the Atlantic. There were huge mountain ranges beneath us, taller than Mount Everest, in an area called Researcher Ridge. We were well northwest of the Vema Fracture Zone, being carried by the North Equatorial Current as well as being pushed along by the Trade and non-Trade winds. The waves were enormous, maybe because we were travelling over an area which is only 550 metres deep rather than the usual 3000-5500 metres. The seas made life particularly difficult below decks. It was almost impossible to move around without using both hands. Saturday 14th: the wind had been blowing hard since Wednesday, with waves 5 to 6 metres. Many days had been overcast. The squalls were easy enough to see coming, dark shapes in the sky, and when they hit the wind usually increased to force 7 and backed 30 degrees. A few times it backed 50 degrees and increased to gale force. During one of these *Shelduck* lay down and water came over the cockpit coaming, engulfing me up to my armpits.

At about midday, as I was below and was moving to the chart table to download the weather forecast. I was caught off balance in a broach and was thrown across the boat and landed just to the left of my spine on the bar protecting the cooker. I decided I should not move from the floor for an hour and then arranged with the crew to pull me onto a blanket and under the table to protect me from any flying object. After a further hour I reported movement in all body parts and I had only superficial cuts and some bruising but was very sore. I was able to transfer to the bunk above from the floor and stayed there till midday next day when I returned to the watch system. During my time in the bunk I altered the watch times to 2 hours on and 4 hours off with just one person on deck-watch at a time. At midday today watches were changed to 4 hours on and 4 hours off in pairs. No long 6

hour watches during the day for now. The passage from Las Palmas to Rodney Bay was just over 3000 miles. Last night while we were on watch there was a squall of force 9 which flattened *Shelduck* on the starboard side and washed away the bottom supports of our official number. Both watches were soaked by breaking waves over the stern filling the cockpit.

The crew dropped the poles and rolled up the genoas five miles from the finish in a force 6 and our speed was 5 knots without sail. We then set the No.4 on the inner forestay and speed increased to over 7 knots and set the main when we gained some shelter from the land. We finished in Rodney Bay at 15.08.59 GMT, 11.08.59 local St. Lucia time. I had decided not to change time as we travelled west which resulted in our dinner time going from dark to light. *Shelduck* sailed 3026 miles from Las Palmas to Rodney Bay in almost twenty three days at an average speed of 5.49 knots.

Christmas in Grenada:

Gabby and Brendan returned home on December 22nd and my son John arrived to cruise with us over Christmas. *Shelduck* departed Rodney Bay for a passage to St. Georges Grenada and arrived at Port Louis Marina on Christmas Eve. There are excellent facilities including a beach where John and I had our first ever Christmas Day swim. Anne had often before gone swimming on Christmas Day. We had a traditional three course Christmas dinner aboard.



***Shelduck* at ARC finish, St.Lucia**

Shelduck was three days at St. Georges, where we visited the town and enjoyed an afternoon at the huge Grand Anse beach. On Sunday 29th December we rounded Prickley Point and sailed past Mount Hartman Bay and Clarkes Court Bay into Phare Bleu Bay. Access is narrow between two breaking reefs but worth the effort. The entrance is marked and we are beginning to get used to leaving red to starboard and green to port on the way in as is the custom here. We are now as far south as we plan to go, just seventy five miles north of Venezuela.

Kevin Dwyer ICC sent us the phone number of Diana



ARC crew at finish, Rodney Bay, St. Lucia.

Yohanan nee Thompson, originally from Cork, who has lived in St. Georges for twenty eight years and when we contacted her she immediately invited us up to her colonial house overlooking the harbour. It was Donal McClement ICC who suggested I go south from St. Lucia after the ARC. We are very pleased we did even though there has been much rain and with the wind forecast to be north east I fear a little windward work on the way back north having sailed 4000 miles off it from Cascais. On Tuesday 31st we were up at 06.00 for a fifty mile passage to Clifton at Union Island. As *Shelduck* rounded Point Saline I found she could not lay Clifton and therefore would not make the checking-in time there so we decided to stay in Grenada, the country, and head for Tyrrel Bay, Carriacou. As we got near we noticed it was packed with yachts so we pressed on to Hillsborough Bay which we had almost to ourselves. We swam off the boat and had a quiet New Year's Eve enjoying the pictures and some fun from the Hegarty family party in Baltimore by telephone.

On New Year's Day *Shelduck* weighed anchor at 11.00, arrived at Clifton at 13.30 and got a space on the pontoon at Anchorage Yacht Club. John was immediately involved in assisting a Swedish family whose chartered yacht had dragged from the weather side of the pontoon onto their son's yacht on the pontoon in a force 7 squall. Next day we walked the Main Street, had a light lunch and went swimming. The scale of this street and its buildings was my vision of the Caribbean. There we met so many nice people, selling without pressure on us to buy. There were no eggs available in Grenada or in the small supermarket in Clifton but we were able to buy them here from a small seller on the street. Union Island attracts you in with its beauty from the sea. The Yacht Club never really refused anyone on the pontoon so the yachts were like sardines in a tin.

Dream Comes True: I had always dreamed of anchoring at Tobago Cays which is so often featured in yachting

magazines and cruising books. We had planned to be there on New Year's Eve but our enjoyment of other places had us a little behind schedule. This was the day for the dream to come true so we left Clifton at 10.45, having had to wait for a sixty five foot Oyster alongside to go out first, and entered Tobago Cays at noon. *Shelduck* was in a national park so I decided to take up one of the moorings provided and supervised by park rangers. We searched south of Baradel but all were occupied. After manoeuvring between tightly packed boats for thirty minutes we found a beautiful position as the most northerly yacht in the cut between Petit Rameau and Petit Bateau. With no other boat ahead of us we had an unrestricted view north east over Horseshoe Reef to the Atlantic. As we were securing *Shelduck* to the mooring we had a visit from Clem, a young business man, who suggested we go ashore to Petit Bateau for a "Lobster dinner". We heard from an American

couple in Grenada that they had one delivered aboard on Christmas Day so we asked Clem to deliver for the three of us at 17.00 on the following day. The rest of this day was spent swimming and snorkelling. We caught sight of a turtle in the water. The next day was spent swimming and snorkelling and we also had two checks from Clem to see if we were still on for the lobster dinner. At 17.00, on the dot, he arrived with his son delivering the feast which turned out to be what we would call Crayfish, four in all between the three of us. He also served fried rice, salad, vegetables and plantain. We all agreed it was the best takeaway we ever had. Clem lives with his family on Union Island and comes out each day by boat to his barbecue business on the tiny island of Petit Bateau.

On January 5th *Shelduck* reluctantly departed Tobago Cays for the short passage to Admiralty Bay, Bequia. The wind was blowing force 4 with gusts of force 5. We had two reefs in the main and with the dinghy on the foredeck we had no possibility of setting the No.4. We set up the genoa with two sheets on the port side coming to two separate leads so that we could reef in and out moving from one sheet to the other. We arrived in Admiralty Bay without incident and anchored. The bay was full of yachts. I hailed a water taxi who delivered me to the Customs and Immigration in Port Elizabeth where I checked out of St Vincent and the Grenadines. I was surprised to be told we had to leave the country in twenty four hours as our experience to date in other countries was forty eight hours. We were awake at 05.00 for the sixty mile passage to Marigot Bay and immediately set the main, weighed anchor at 05.50 and were first out of Admiralty Bay. Wind was easterly force 4 so we made very good time, though the seas between St. Vincent and St. Lucia were sometimes three metres high. *Shelduck* arrived there well before darkness. We spent the next two days on the beach swimming and sometimes staying in the sea during heavy showers. John had been with us for eighteen days and cruised three hundred and

five miles with us. It was great for Anne and I to have his company over Christmas.

Cat Land:

11th January was *Shelduck's* first passage on the wind since leaving Cascais on the 24th of October and also the first time since that date that Anne and I were alone together sailing *Shelduck*. It was a long and then a short tack of thirty five miles from Marigot Bay to Marin, Martinique and as we entered the narrow channel I had to put the helm hard over to avoid a practising Yole, which is a local racing boat that requires all hands to be outboard, balancing on long poles. We anchored for the night off the beach and next morning were asked to move because *Shelduck* was obstructing the route from the beach for the Yole fleet to their racing area outside the harbour mouth. During the afternoon race we went to the fuel berth and filled with diesel and water and as racing was over we now had plenty of room to anchor. The huge marina is full of catamarans for charter and also people living permanently aboard so there is little room for visitors. On Tuesday the 14th we breakfasted on the last of the eggs from Union Island and then went by dinghy into the marina. I checked into Martinique Customs and Immigration which you can do yourself on computer and booked a marina berth. On returning to *Shelduck* we stowed the dinghy on deck and as we were raising the anchor, with a catamaran almost on top of it, we tripped it too soon, dragged and were lucky to avoid two other yachts nearby. We noticed that the French anchor very close together. We got away and safely into a berth and later that day walked to a ship chandler to have the hand held radio serviced. Friday the 17th was a relaxing morning and in the afternoon we went to the Capitainerie to hire a taxi to Carrefour for provisions to be told they would collect and return us to the marina, a great service.

Chikungunya Virus: Diana Yohannan e-mailed me an article from the newspaper "Caribbean 300" about the arrival from South America of the Chikungunya Virus to St. Martin and Dominica. We read that it was discovered first in Dominica at a small fishing village called Good

Hope. The virus, spread by mosquitoes, can be a danger to the life of older people. This is the first time it had been seen in the Caribbean.

Shelduck enjoyed a dead run out of Marin and then a beautiful reach in the shelter of Martinique. We anchored near the beach in St. Pierre for the night. Space to anchor is a little restricted because of the water's depth and a large area where sunken ships are preserved. Mount Pelee, above the town, was covered in cloud. This mountain erupted in 1658 and again in May 1902 when 30,000 people died. Many ships caught fire in the bay and sank. Just one managed to get away and they are now a preserved archaeological site. That evening Anne's son Ian sent her a text about a yachting couple being attacked and stabbed in St. Lucia, at Vieux Fort, and the man died. I had asked the St. Lucian Minister of Tourism, whom we met at the skippers dinner in Grand Canaria, about safety in Marigot Bay, a place you would expect to be safe. I had read in the yachting press about a stabbing and death there earlier on an anchored yacht. His answer was "I can't say it does not happen." Anne and I were taking good care in always anchoring near other boats and always lifting the dinghy and locking *Shelduck* up at night.

I had imagined the wind strength we could expect in the Caribbean would be force 4-5. Our experience to date is force 5-6. We weighed anchor in St. Pierre at 08.00. *Shelduck* experienced an acceleration of wind as she approached the north of Martinique, where it blew force 6 for about two hours of sailing and later a steady force 5 for the twenty miles of open water to the shelter of Dominica. When in Marin I had checked my courtesy flags and noticed I had none for Dominica and so purchased one. Later I remembered it was missing because I had decided back in Cork not to go there because of one pilot's warning of thefts from boats and unruly behaviour among some of the young. However I read in a recent pilot that things have improved in that the Indian River Guides with other businesses formed the Portsmouth Association of Yacht Security (PAYS). They run regular patrols at night in the anchorage area and since they have been active there have been no problems in Prince Rupert Bay. Sailing up the coast I first picked Salisbury as a place to anchor for the night but when we reached the bay found that it was very exposed in the strong wind blowing. *Shelduck* pressed on to Prince Rupert Bay and as she approached the harbour at the end of a fifty five mile passage we were met by Eric Spaghetti, one of the ten PAYS members who share the work of helping approaching yachts. Seeing our ensign he immediately knew we were from Ireland and welcomed us to Dominica. He offered to assist us find a place to anchor but because of the strong wind still blowing Anne asked him for a mooring which he helped us tie to. The cost of the mooring was the equivalent of seven euro for the night. Not only will PAYS provide security but they maintain the dinghy dock, will take your laundry for cleaning, act as water taxis and help



Yole, Cat Land

you get fruit, bread and ice. Eric asked us if we would like to take the Indian River trip, which is PAYS main business, and we were sad to tell him that we had decided to leave early in the morning.

At our age we were nervous of a dangerous mosquito bite in the river giving us the Chikungunya virus. Anne and I were sorry to have missed Dominica. *Shelduck* weighed anchor in Prince Rupert Bay at dawn and headed for Iles Des Saintes. We could see the islands in the early morning haze even though they were twenty miles away. *Shelduck* got another hammering in strong winds and breaking seas and we were both very wet as we entered the shelter of the Isles. Not a problem in the Caribbean as you dry off and heat up so quickly. We headed for Bourg des Saintes where moorings are provided and picked one up. They are well laid out and maintained with plenty of room to swing. The Isles consist of four islands, two small and two larger with a few rocky outcrops and all the islands have anchoring places and some wonderful beaches. On the passage across from Dominica we saw two "sailing" cruise liners one with five masts and one with four. The four masted one, *Star Clipper of Valetta*, came into the harbour after us and anchored nearby. We had last seen her in the Baltic when cruising *Tam O'Shanter* there in 2012.

Obstacle Course:

Next morning Anne had a swim off *Shelduck* as I prepared for an overnight passage. I had decided that after three weeks of force 5-6 winds and big seas ahead and on the beam that we would put the wind and seas on *Shelduck's* aft quarter, miss a hard passage to Antigua, and head for Nevis and St. Kitts. I tried to get information about the state of the volcano at Montserrat but no one could be sure that we would not get ash on deck if we took the direct westerly course to Basseterre, so I decided to sail along the east coast of Montserrat and round the north of the island taking the obstacle course. *Shelduck* left the mooring at Terre-de-Haut at 13.30 and had a run to the south west corner of Guadeloupe, then a broad reach along the west coast. As we approached the south east corner of Montserrat, in darkness, we could see no lights. After an hour, suddenly, we saw a small number of lights towards the northern end of the island. The volcano had a huge dusty cloud over it which we could see by the light of a half moon. An exclusion zone stretches about five miles out to sea around the volcano and the next obstacle was a huge uncharted area to the north of the island. We had to sail on for two hours to pass it but enjoyed seeing the many lights on the western side. We then turned forty degrees to port to pass to the south of the large three hundred metre high unlit rock, Redonda and the associated coral bank and then turned south at a large shallow area off the south of Nevis where the sea can be very rough. Finally *Shelduck* sailed on to Basseterre the capital of Nevis and St. Kitts, completing a passage of one hundred and nineteen miles. On entering the small harbour for yachts, north of the liner terminal, we thought we were back in the Baltic. There were timber piles to moor to and a difficult approach, but with help from a yachtsman berthed nearby and the marina manager we managed it. The economy of St. Kitts is now based on tourism. They have reclaimed a large area to the south of the old town of Basseterre and built a pier with two liner berths and a small yacht harbour. There is an area called Irishtown but

the marina manager ruled it out as a safe place for us to visit. I noticed that the name on the small truck delivering oil to a boat in the harbour was Buckley. Next morning at 11.10 we released *Shelduck* from the marina piles and headed for the British Virgin Islands. We had planned to visit St. Martin and St. Barts but decided against it because of the outbreak of the Chikungunya virus in St. Martin. Our departure time allowed us to be past Saba by sundown at 18.00 and give us an obstacle free passage through the night. In Basseterre I had some difficulty with the slave chart plotter at the wheel and had somehow managed to remove GPS and AIS from the screen of both plotters. I was back to basic navigation by waypoint only on the separate GPS. We had a beautiful sail through the night to Tortola with very little traffic. As we reached the entry to the Sir Francis Drake Channel I thought that Fallen Jerusalem was Ginger Island because of the colour. With the help of the GPS and the paper charts we realised it was the plan shape on the chart that gave Ginger Island the name. I found the correct gap between it and Round Rock and entered Road Harbour to a berth at Wickhams Cay Marina and checked into the British Virgin Islands. Next morning I phoned Colm of Dunmast in Cork and had the chart plotter back in order in a few minutes.

On arrival in the BVI we immediately began to enjoy the feeling of safety, the cooler air and the lack of mosquitoes at this time of year. *Shelduck* spent three days provisioning in Road Harbour then moved on the 29th to Nanny Cay where I got advice and bought most of the material to connect *Shelduck* to US electrical power. Next day we sailed to Jost Van Dyke where I first searched White Bay for a mooring but there were none free. We moved to Little Harbour which was empty, possibly because there is no beach. I had decided to use moorings in the Virgin Islands to limit the damage to the seabed and so that we could enjoy a good night's sleep. The wind was still blowing force 4-5 day and night. On Friday 31st January we sailed a short passage to Cane garden Bay, so beautiful, and next day to Marina Cay which is not a marina but a wonderful small island made famous by the 1953 book *Our Virgin Island*. On Sunday we got up early for the sixteen mile passage to Anegada. The entry to Setting Point through the coral heads is tricky but well marked. *Shelduck* was met by Barry who collected the mooring fee and suggested we have dinner in his restaurant. Barry was a sixty year old with an Irish great grandmother. I gave him a Tricolour to hang outside the restaurant. Next day we went to see the north of the island by taxi and saw the coral and limestone composition. At the highest point Anegada is only twenty eight feet above sea level. These two days turned out to be the highlight of our BVI cruise. On Tuesday 24th we sailed on to Bitter End where the marina was full and the squalls kept coming so we retreated to Vixen Point and then on Thursday we went back to Road Harbour.

U.S. Islands & Dominican Republic: We departed Road Harbour in the BVI for the short passage to Cruz Bay, St John, US Virgin Islands where we checked in on Monday the 10th February. Thank goodness we had the ten year B1, U.S. visa allowing us to stay for 6 months after each entry. After the check in we sailed to the nearest anchorage in Caneel Bay and picked up an available mooring at the far edge of the bay. We were soon visited by two Park volunteers

in a rib who explained the mooring system. You can stay for up to seven nights and only pay for the hours of 17.00 to 07.00 at a cost of fifteen dollars per night. They gave us special envelopes to pay in a secure box on a small floating pontoon. We enjoyed six days of reading, swimming and watching turtles and people. I booked into Crown Bay Marina where we could check out of the USVI in nearby Charlotte Amalie. On Wednesday 19th we hailed a Safari taxi on a nearby street to take us to the Seaplane Base to check out. Some of the nicest people we have met on this cruise have been in the USVI. As people boarded the Safari most said good morning or good afternoon to all aboard. The Safari can carry 25 people, is open sided with benches and any length of journey costs two dollars per person. They travel very fast, come very often and will stop almost anywhere on the route by request. It is an excellent service.

We set sail for the Spanish Virgin Islands to check into Puerto Rico at Culebra where *Shelduck* arrived just before sunset. When we arrived at Customs and Homeland Security at the Airport we had an unwelcome reception as they discovered that we had not phoned head office on arrival on the 19th. I had been informed that the phone call is a requirement by the lady in Charlotte Amalie on checkout but the significance of the instruction had not registered. Every time a boat arrives at eight listed ports around the coast of Puerto Rico the crew must check in by phone as soon as the boat is anchored. We were also sold a twelve month cruising permit for the US for \$37. *Shelduck* weighed anchor at 13.30 and set sail for Sun Bay on the southern coast of Isla de Vieques, arriving just before dark after a lumpy passage. The anchor winch would not work and I discovered that the engine was not charging the batteries and so the alternator was probably in trouble. I decided to sail for the nearest boatyard at Palmas del Mar, arriving there at 22.15, looked at the breaking waves at the entrance and turned back to sea. We sailed up and down through the night and made our approach to the entrance again at 07.00 and tied up at the fuel berth. On Saturday 22nd the engineer Steve Larosso arrived and soon had the batteries charging. Next morning shortly after departure the alternator failed. Again we were saved by having the fuel cell aboard which allowed us continued use of the chart plotter and we had a beautiful fifty mile passage to Ponce Yacht Club on the south. The club arranged for an engineer to come to *Shelduck* and he took the alternator away and had it refurbished. I checked out of Puerto Rico on the phone from the club and Homeland Security emailed the papers to me which the club then printed. On Thursday the 27th we left Ponce at daybreak for a three hundred mile, two and a half day passage which included sailing through the Mona Passage. I had heard much about the dangers of the Mona Passage. *Shelduck* ran in a force 4 easterly under mainsail. The wind veered to the south as we sailed into the sixty mile wide Passage between Puerto Rico and the Dominican Republic. It's most dangerous feature is the Hourglass Shoal. The shoal stretches out twenty three miles from the DR eastern shore and is directly on the course from southern Puerto Rico to northern DR. Strong tide rips and heavy swells caused by a meeting of contrary currents are, in daylight, quite visible and mark the position of the bank well. We passed at night and it looked like a group of islands on the radar. While I was on watch, at 06.15, a split pin in the gooseneck sheared and

a bolt fell to the deck freeing the boom from the mast. I started the engine, called Anne, and we both went on deck to lower the mainsail and secure the boom with rope. It was difficult in the rough water. The remainder of the passage was sailed with the genoa only. At midday on Saturday *Shelduck* entered the Bahia La Maimon and took a berth at the marina. Sunday 2nd was an opportunity to repair the gooseneck. On Monday we went into Puerto Plata to an excellent well stocked and inexpensive supermarket. The security man outside the door had a two bore gun with ammunition wrapped around his waist.

Cuba:

On Tuesday 4th of March the wind was force 4 as we exited the harbour for another three hundred mile passage. We had a beautiful sail averaging 6.4 knots for the first day. *Shelduck* passed a large fishing float in water a mile deep with another three miles further on, off Bahia Isabela and then saw the outline of Haiti in the last of the sunlight, when we were thirty two miles to the south of it. We were out again in the North Atlantic Ocean and the larger size of the waves was noticeable. One particularly large one broke over the transom into the cockpit on Anne's watch. This was only the third to do so since *Shelduck* left Portugal. We had a busy night with shipping heading for the Windward Passage. Thursday was another beautiful day as we sailed along the Cuban coast. On berthing in Puerto de Vita, we were checked by a doctor to see if it was safe to let Cuban officials aboard. With his all clear, officials came from Customs, Immigration and the Department of Agriculture. Agriculture insisted that we immediately fit protection to our ropes ashore to ensure that any rats that might be aboard did not enter Cuba. We then had a visit from Janet,



Street Cleaner, Cuba

the marina boss and an army member who spoke perfect English and asked me to call to her office the following morning. I called early and she arranged for a taxi to take me twenty kilometres to a bank to change Euro for Cuban CUC's. Euro is the best currency to bring to Cuba as the rate of exchange is far better than the U.S. dollar. Sterling is not accepted.

To visit Cuba I came to Puerto de Vita on the north east coast to make it easy to enter the Bahamas. We decided to tour for two weeks by bus so we would not have the pressure of driving around in a country with almost no road signs and with no satellite route facility. I was able to pre-buy the bus tickets on the internet. Tourists travel in buses separate from Cubans. Our first journey took twelve hours to Havana.

The renewal of the buildings there, starting in the squares and financed and directed by UNESCO, is amazing. We dined at the Bodeguita del Medio, a favourite of Hemingway. We also visited Santa Clara, home of the wonderful Spanish designed monument to Che Guevara, Trinidad de Cuba, Camague, Santiago de Cuba and Baraco. All in all we had a very enjoyable time and were very impressed by Cubans and Cuba and in particular Havana and Trinidad, which are both World Heritage Sites. People seemed happy and content and did express worry about the future after the death of Chavez. Average take home pay is twenty two euro per month. In Havana people are living as in the 1950's and in the countryside farmers carts are still often pulled by oxen.

Bahamas:

On Friday 21st at Puerto de Vita we prepared *Shelduck* for her next passage. In changing the chart card I seemed to have damaged the guides in the plotter at the chart table and so put the card into the plotter at the wheel and made it the master. As we exited the harbour mouth I decided to make for Ragged Island and our first foray into the Grand Bahama Bank. Wanting to make the crossing of the Bank in daylight we reduced sail for a speed of 3 to 4 knots however the autopilot was not happy with its new master so we steered one hour on and one hour off. *Shelduck* crossed the edge of the Bank shortly after dawn near the Two Brothers rocks and anchored off the South East point of Little Ragged Island. On Monday 24th we were welcomed by a beautiful morning at Little Ragged Island. We weighed anchor at 07.30 and headed to check into the Bahamas at Stella Maris. The sea was glassy calm so we had to motor and decided to anchor for the night off South Point, Long Island, having motored sixty eight miles. Next day, unusually, the wind was south west which gave a wonderful sail as we reached along Long Island. At the north end it was a beat round the corner but *Shelduck* went aground on soft shifting sand near Dove Cay at 20.00 with less than a mile to go to the harbour entrance. She refloated at 03.00 then we anchored to wait for daylight at 07.00 and entered the harbour. Long Island is poorer than we expected. We hired a car to get diesel and some provisions. On Tuesday 1st April we left the harbour an hour before high water but went aground again in calm, near the first of the channel markers. Tides at night here are usually about 0.14 metres higher than day tides, so Anne and I settled down for the twelve hour wait and the hope of floating off at 22.00. At 21.00 I started the engine and *Shelduck*



Hard Work in the Bahamas

was quickly free. We had to be careful not to go aground again in the shifting sands off Dove Cay. Anne's eyes were glued to the depth sounder in the darkness. Anyone having 0.1 metres under their keel in the Bahamas is considered to be in plenty of water. I decided to head for Cat Island at Hawk's Nest Creek and we arrived after a gentle sail at 08.00. Later we saw our first Manatee behind the boat near us. It was much larger than either of us had expected. On Thursday we went to the beach to the north of Hawk's Nest Point for a swim. There was only one other couple there who told us later that they had watched out for sharks for us while we swam. We did not know there were sharks in the area but had heard about them being off Sand Point to the north of the island. It seems they are often seen in Hawk's Nest Creek.

On Friday we set sail for Arthurs Town where *Shelduck* anchored off for the night. We woke at 06.30 the next morning and headed for Marsh Harbour, Great Abaco Island where *Shelduck* would shelter from an approaching low. The following morning the weather was kind so we were able to enter Marsh Harbour through the reefs at North Man of War Channel at 10.00 and then moved on to Harbour View Marina for fuel. Wednesday brought an active low with heavy rain and force 6-7 winds. Friday 11th brought high pressure again so we sailed out of Marsh Harbour to anchor for the night off Green Turtle Cay before sundown then got up early for the sixty mile passage to Great Sale Cay. It was a beautiful day with a fresh run past the Centre of the World Rock and then to north west harbour, Great Sale, where *Shelduck* dropped anchor at 17.00. Next day we rested and had dinner at 17.00 ready to leave for Florida at 19.00. We really enjoyed the Bahamas.

US East Coast:

On Sunday 13th we weighed anchor at 19.00 as planned. Soon after heading out in a force 4 easterly, a full moon rose to give us great light throughout the night. The passage was uneventful until *Shelduck* got to the maelstrom that was the entry to Fort Pierce. She was thrown around as the Easterly Atlantic Trades met the coast and the flow to the sea of the Indian River. We had finally fully crossed the North Atlantic Ocean and having sailed 119 miles on this passage we were very, very tired because *Shelduck* was still without an auto helm. In fact we had sailed 667 miles from Cuba without one, which was very hard work, particularly at night.

The journey to Chesapeake from here would be partly at sea and partly through the Intracoastal Waterway, which is a 3000-mile inland waterway along the Atlantic and Gulf coasts of the United States. Some sections consist of natural inlets, saltwater rivers, bays and sounds, while others are artificial canals. We would always have to helm *Shelduck* in the Intra Coastal Waterway because of the narrowness of the channel, our draft, and the amount of traffic, so we decided to live without the auto helm and swap the chart plotter at the chart table with the one at the wheel when *Shelduck* arrived at Atlantic Yacht Basin in Chesapeake where she was to be stored for winter. Anne and I were afraid to let anyone work on the plotters for fear we could lose the digital charts with nearly 1000 miles to go. *Shelduck* stayed in Fort Pierce for a week because of unsettled weather and then moved along the ICW to Titusville from where we visited the Kennedy Space Centre, which is well worth a visit. Each time we moved location I had to remember to telephone Homeland Security to report our position. They gave me what they call a Delta number to confirm that we had called in if we were stopped by an officer at sea. On Wednesday 23rd *Shelduck* had an easy passage to Daytona, where we anchored for the night in very quiet conditions and next day started early for the forty eight mile passage to St. Augustine. The second half was difficult as we rounded bends in the Matanzas River and touched bottom a couple of times while following the Magenta line on the chart plotter. I had difficulty finding the Rivers Edge marina in the San Sebastian River and momentarily went aground again while trying. St Augustine is a beautiful city which claims to be the first city in the USA. Many advised us not to take *Shelduck* through Georgia ICW because, though beautiful, it is poorly maintained. The storm which I had been watching develop in the Gulf of Mexico on IGRIB looked menacing but with a window until April 29th I decided to sail for Beaufort, South Carolina for fear of being trapped in Georgia. On Saturday 26th *Shelduck* left the San Sebastian River, St Augustine at 10.00 so that she would arrive at the channel to the Beaufort River at low tide next day. It is almost impossible for *Shelduck* to motor up or down these river entrances against a strong tide combined with the river flow. On Sunday 27th we arrived at the entrance for the twenty mile passage upriver. With the storm getting closer and the strong current near the town I decided to take a marina berth. *Shelduck* was now in an area of 7 to 8 foot tides rather than the minimal tides we had been used to. We were now in The Low Country, which includes the beautiful cities of Savannah, Georgia and Beaufort and Charlestown, South Carolina. On Monday

28th we enjoyed a horse drawn tour of Beaufort with its streets in a grid pattern, which was founded by the Duke of the same name in 1711. I had to see Savannah which was founded in 1733, so on Tuesday 29th, with the storm one day away, we hired a car and drove the eighty mile round trip. On Wednesday 30th the storm arrived. We had rarely seen such heavy rain and such strong wind.

The next stop for sightseeing was to be Charlestown, which was seventy five miles away on the ICW. I made it a two day passage with an overnight in Bowhicket Creek. It was an interesting and challenging passage on the Beaufort and Coosaw Rivers, the South Edisto River, Dawho River and North Edisto River. Next day on the 2nd, *Shelduck* traversed the Wadnalaw and the Stono rivers which washed us into Charlestown, sometimes at nearly eight knots in a cut. I decided to head for Charlestown Harbour marina which had a free trolley bus to the city centre. *Shelduck* left the marina and The Low Country on the 5th just in time to pass through the Ben Sawyer Bridge at 09.00. We had read complaints in the local press of shoaling and lack of maintenance in this part of the ICW and sure enough *Shelduck* touched bottom twice. We anchored for the night in Five Fathom Creek, a beautiful place full of wildlife in the water, on the land and in the air. The passage from Five Fathom Creek to Georgetown was much easier with plenty of water. *Shelduck* took a berth at Georgetown Landing. Georgetown is South Carolina's third oldest city founded in 1732.

On Thursday 8th May *Shelduck* left Georgetown at 06.30 for the one hundred and eighty mile passage round Cape Fear to Beaufort, North Carolina. I set a waypoint thirty five miles east north east of Cape Fear to clear the Frying Pan Shoals. *Shelduck* had a wonderful sail across Long Bay in a force 4 southerly and was assisted by a current to the waypoint where she arrived in darkness to be greeted by many ships also making the turning. We gybed round the buoy marking an unlit abandoned exploration platform and reached on to Beaufort where we arrived on Friday at 13.00. It was a fast passage averaging over 6 knots. On Monday 12th at 10.30 we went through the Beaufort Bridge and had a beautiful thirty nine mile passage motor sailing in the North Carolina wetlands to Bear Creek, which is so remote that there was no phone signal. The creek also had many bird watching hides on land and in the water. Next day *Shelduck* had a twenty seven mile passage to Bath in the Bath River off the Pamlico River. We sailed sixteen miles west of the ICW and docked at the town's Free Dock. At midday *Shelduck* departed the dock, sailed south out of Bath Creek, east along the Pamlico River and north up the Pungo River to anchor for the night in Pungo Creek, a beautiful wide easy anchorage. On Thursday 15th we left Pungo Creek early for the long motor sail down Pungo River and Alligator River Canal and anchored for the night inside Catfish Point. This was a difficult winding entry between sandbanks marked by tree branches stuck in the sand. Although conditions were poor next morning I decided to go back out into the Alligator River where we joined two other yachts through the River Bridge and into the Alligator River Marina near the bridge, in torrential rain. On Saturday 17th, with the weather improved, *Shelduck* left the marina at 07.00 and had a great close reach across Albemarle Sound to turn up the Alligator

River to Elizabeth City, where she docked at another free dock in the city centre at midday, having sailed thirty miles in five hours. This may have been the last sail of the cruise as *Shelduck's* next passage was through Dismal Swamp.

Dismal Swamp:

On coming to Elizabeth City I had decided to take the Dismal Swamp route to Atlantic Yacht Basin where *Shelduck* was to be stored for ten months. The name alone attracted us and *Shelduck* was just within the maximum draft allowed. Everything from birds and slithering reptiles, to winged insects and bears, including a few scattered people inhabits this unique primeval forest. Once owned by George Washington, the swamp holding was donated in 1973 by the Union Camp Company to create the Great Dismal Swamp National Wildlife Refuge. On Monday 19th of May *Shelduck* left the Mariners Wharf Free Dock in Elizabeth City at 08.30 to catch the Bascule highway bridge, opening at 09.00 and then proceeded up the winding, narrow, unmarked headwaters of the Pasquotank River. Here you have some of the most undisturbed and natural cruising grounds anywhere. *Shelduck* went through an open manually operated railway bridge to South Mills Lock where she arrived at 13.15 for the 13.30 opening. I decided to moor for the night between the lock and the adjacent bridge which are worked together by one person who drives between the two. Here on a grassy bank we folded and bagged *Shelduck's* sails in the late afternoon sunshine. Next day *Shelduck* went through the bridge. We had entered the Dismal Swamp Canal and as we reached the Welcome Centre, the floating bridge that gives access to the Dismal Swamp itself opened for us. While the depth was showing a minimum of half a meter under the keel in the Canal *Shelduck* rolled over logs on the bottom a few times. Next morning I timed *Shelduck's* leaving to get to the Deep Creek lock at 13.30 which she exited at 14.15., then on through the winding, marked Deep Creek and into the ICW at Virginia Cut to the Steel Bridge, into the Great Bridge lock, through the Great Bridge which opens every hour, at 16.00. I immediately called the dock master at Atlantic Yacht Basin and secured alongside at 16.30. *Shelduck* came here because her insurance company insisted she was north of Cape Hatteras before the start of the hurricane season. Our seven month cruise was over and almost eight months away from home. *Shelduck* had logged 7013 miles. Anne and I had sailed 3026 miles on our own in the Caribbean and east coast of the U.S. and 3987 miles with friends and family including the ARC and the passage from Cascais to Grand Canaria.

Items that helped our comfort:

1. The Active Radar Reflector. We observed many ships altering course to avoid *Shelduck*, including a tanker as we exited the Mona Passage.
2. The Hella Fan in our cabin. We would have expired in the heat of the southern Caribbean without it.
3. The Fuel Cell, which kept the autopilot, fridge and GPS going without noise and with only two half hour noisy periods a day running the engine to assist the cell. It was also very useful while at anchor or on a mooring as we rarely had to run the engine in neutral to charge the batteries.



***Shelduck* ready for Winter storage**

4. Having no mainsail, just the two poled out genoas for much of the fresh passages from Lagos to St. Lucia.
5. The Satellite Phone used for our blog, <http://blog.mailasail.com/shelduck> and for weather routing with my son Tom at home in Cork.
6. "SPOT" which is a satellite GPS messenger which sends an email from anywhere on earth to selected people.

Best tips for us at the ARC briefings before the start:

1. Have a block at the outer end of any spinnaker pole to run sheets through. *Shelduck* did not damage any rope through chafe during the cruise.
2. Just before you leave as the frozen food is being put in the fridge fill any space left with water bottles and don't open the door for three days. We had fresh meat for two weeks.

There was little trouble from customs and immigration. Our U.S. Islands-Dominican Republic-Cuba-Bahamas-U.S. East Coast route seemed to please all of those countries. Anne and I enjoyed our welcome from many who noticed our Irish flag. People are friendly, helpful, interested and seem delighted to see us wherever *Shelduck* takes us. *Shelduck* will not be rushing back across the Atlantic. Her draft opens up most places on these coasts.

Len Curtin writes of PARADISE and an anchor nearly lost

September 2014 saw *Chain* in Nidri on Lefkas island awaiting the arrival of Kevin Dwyer (ICC) and Fiona, the plan being to visit some of the lesser known islands of the Ionian sea.

Kevin, still recovering from the after effects of knee surgery, had to limit his movement on board, so easy sailing had to be the order of the day, an order greeted by the entire crew. Day sailing, a midday anchor stop for swims and lunch and stern-to in towns and villages each night, was the goal.

Sailing down the east coast of Kalamos, a small island of the west coast of Greece en route to Kalamos town for the night, Fiona, a keen gardener, remarked on the contrast between the green of the trees on the island and the blue of the sea. Our resident photographer called for an early lunch stop so the scene could be recorded from the dinghy. Anchor down and dinghy and snapper launched, the rest enjoyed a swim in the warm water in this, my first time in this anchorage.

After photography, lunch and more swimming and lazing, it was time to move on from this slice of paradise. Engine running and windless shrieking, we discovered that

the anchor, a 20kg Bugel visible in the clear water, was firmly wedged between two boulders! No wonder that our secret anchorage had not been mentioned in Rod Heikell's pilot book.

'Then all became confusion and the stormy seas did roar' as the song says. Well not actually. The skipper cursed himself for not rigging a tripping line in a strange anchorage and was heard to be muttering something about paradise not being all it was cracked up to be. A line was produced with a hook and the fishing began and abruptly ended in failure and more muttering.

As the fins and goggles were being dug out from their hiding place Kevin, recalling his mis-spent youth in Derrynane all those moons ago, offered to dive down and do the necessary in spite of his dicky knee and the concerns of Fiona and Mary. The cause of the tripping line omission, instead of expressing concern, said nothing.

The mission was a success, a celebratory beer was taken, the tripping line tied to the pulpit and Kevin's superb photograph was the only outward signs of our adventures visible on our arrival in Kalamos town later.

Skipper's excuse (lame): in all the mentions of Paradise in the Bible, there is no mention of the need for a tripping line.



Chain at Kalamos

Around Corsica in *Tidal Dancer*

David Jones

We departed Howth on *Tidal Dancer* in May 2011 bound for the Med. We cruised via South West England, Channel Islands, Brittany, Galicia, Portugal and Southern Spain, passing through the Straits of Gibraltar on 8th September 2012. We normally cruise in early and late season for about 6 weeks each, missing out the hot and crowded months of July and August. Since entering the Med, we have explored the coast of Spain, the Balearics, the south coast of France including the Riviera. For 2013/4 *Tidal Dancer* was wintered on the hard in Port Napoleon in the Golfe du Foz to the west of Marseille.

For the early season cruise of 2014 we planned to go to Corsica, parts of Sardinia and the Tuscan Islands, finishing close to Rome. With the help of fellow ICC member Derek Bothwell, *Tidal Dancer* had been anti-fouled and serviced in mid April so was ready to be launched after our arrival on 20th May, the crew being Derek, Neil Inglis and myself. Unfortunately we were greeted with what I call the Anti Mistral: Port Napoleon is situated at the mouth of the River Rhone and the Mistral blows between north and northwest with considerable force and regularity. On our arrival the wind was blowing from the opposite direction, southeast force 6 to 8. We decided to postpone the launching, not because of limitations with the travel hoist but more to avoid embarrassment trying to berth in the marina with such a strong crosswind. By next morning the wind had abated somewhat so *Tidal Dancer* was popped into the water with great efficiency.

Port Napoleon is a good place to over winter or store for the high season as we did in 2013. Prices are reasonable for the Med and there are about 250 marina spaces and about 2000 spaces on the hard available, so it is set up for out of the water storage. Hauling, launching and transportation to your space is extremely efficient and on-site facilities include a café, shower, toilet, laundry block, workshops

etc. The general area is a bit grim and industrial but the nearest town, Port St Louis, is a short cycle away and has a moderate selection of restaurants and a good supermarket.

The wind continued to blow for the next two days so we used the time to complete all the early season jobs and also to celebrate my birthday. Come Friday 23rd the wind had abated somewhat and we set off for the short hop to Port St Louis, berthing in the northwest corner of the harbour, which is close to the supermarket and was our main reason for going there. Port St Louis was built as the main access to the Rhone from the sea, the river mouth being un-navigable.

Saturday the 24th May at 10.40 we set off, two days behind schedule. It was a lovely morning with a light northerly which suited us as we headed east. Our fears of a nasty lumpy sea after the many days of strong onshore winds proved to be unfounded and we enjoyed a lovely motor sail towards our first port of call, Port du Frioul in the Iles du Frioul, just off the city of Marseille. The port is built between two islands joined by a causeway which forms the western end of the harbour where visiting yachts usually berth. Unfortunately, this part of the harbour was closed and as the wind had piped up from the west we had to perform a very tricky crosswind berthing manoeuvre, which involved passing a line through a ring on the top of a mooring buoy and reversing onto the northern quay while keeping the bow in line. This we managed to do with the help of a RIB, unlike the next boat which tried to berth to our windward and ended up plastered across our bow and mooring line. He had to be pulled away with great difficulty by the harbour authorities RIB and ended up berthing side on to the quay. The islands are very pleasant with good walks, bathing and some nice anchorages in settled weather, also a reasonable selection of bars and restaurants plus a few small shops. There are a number of large forts, built to help



defend the port of Marseille; however its proximity means the harbour gets very busy in high season.

Time to head for our destination, Corsica, first port of call planned to be Calvi approx 160 miles almost due east. Departing at 11.15, the wind was of course from the east, thankfully light so a-motoring we did go. I have often said in conversation, that when cruising one should plan to go from A to B and on leaving the harbour turn the opposite way and go to C. This might confuse the wind gods and result in a tailwind! Sadly this doesn't work in practice. Our routing took us along the coast, past the dramatic Calanques, one of which we entered to have a look, south of Toulon and the Porquerolles and out into the open sea. The wind remained light but veered to the south and then the west allowing us to do some motor sailing and making for a very pleasant night. Dawn was at 06.03 and with the wind freshening from the southwest, the mountains of Corsica came into view. Passing La Revellata lighthouse at 12.40, we rounded the very impressive citadel and berthed in Calvi at 13.00. The next item on the menu after some lunch was a snooze followed by a shower. By this time the wind had really picked up and set the tone for the next number of days.

Calvi is a fine town and I can think of many worse places to be stormbound. The citadel is very impressive and contains its own old town. The harbour front is lined with bars and restaurants but more interesting ones can be found in the narrow streets of the town, and that is where we went. There is also a good beach to the south of the harbour if that is your want.

My wife Trish was due to join us on Wednesday, flying into Ajaccio. It was obvious from the forecast that we were not going to be able to sail there for a number of days, so we hired a car. Trish was not due to land till mid afternoon so we decided to take the scenic route along the coast. The west coast of Corsica is extremely dramatic and wild, as is the road which is also extremely narrow. There are spectacular views of sea, cliffs and mountains but the driving is hard work. Stopping for coffee and lunch breaks we arrived in the airport just in time to meet Trish. For the way back we chose the main road which, although longer, going through the middle of the island should be quicker. Welcoming Trish to Corsica, just as we were leaving the airport environs we managed to get a puncture; thankfully the car had a proper spare. On arrival back at Calvi that evening, four weary, bruised and thirsty persons exited the car and headed for the nearest bar, after leaving Trish's bags on the boat of course.

Next day was spent doing laundry, supermarket shopping, boat jobs and touring Calvi and the Citadel. With an improving forecast it was decided to leave the next morning, Friday 30th, slipping our lines at 09.00. The wind was calm as we rounded La Revellata and set a southwesterly course bound for Ajaccio. This state of affairs didn't last for long and as the wind built up from the southwest we plodded into an uncomfortable sea left over from the previous few days. At 10.40, with the wind now force 5 on the nose, we decided that as there were no useable ports of refuge on route and we didn't really want to face another six to eight hours of this, we should turn back. A cracking return sail with the wind now at force 6 as *Tidal Dancer* passed 6,000 miles on the log; she had accumulated

only about 700 when we bought her. The harbour office told me that we were not the only boat to have returned and as the wind howled I was very glad to be safely berthed back in Calvi. That evening it was back to our favourite restaurant, Astalla, for more wild boar.

The weather systems were now changing and much more benign conditions were forecast for the next few days, so we rose at the crack of dawn and departed at 06.10. The wind was initially kind but turned to the south after two hours or so; our track was southwest to Ile Gargalu and then south, so with the leftover lumpy sea it wasn't the most pleasant passage. We would have liked to explore the dramatic Golfe du Porto but took heed of Heikell's cruising guide warnings and gave it a miss. The scenery is very dramatic but with the haze and sun position was not very clear from seaward. I would love to cruise this coast in settled conditions. Later on the wind freed us and life became much more pleasant as we navigated the passage between Iles Sanguinaires and Pta de la Parata, turning east and arriving at Ajaccio at 15.10. By now we were about five days behind our initial schedule: the joys of cruising.

Napoleon was born in Ajaccio in 1769 and spent his childhood there. There is a statue of him in the main square; dressed in a toga he looks more like a Roman Councillor. He only returned to Ajaccio once in his life and chose not to be buried there. The town is nothing special so we departed next day at 13.10 and in a light northwesterly we managed to do some pleasant sailing, rounding Cap Muro heading for Porto Pollo, where we spent a lovely quiet night on a mooring off the beach. Next morning the dinghy was launched to go ashore for a walk on the beach and of course morning coffee: Neil doesn't function well without his morning coffee. Hauling anchor at 12.25, we set off for Bonifacio. Again we had a light northwesterly and did a mixture of sailing and motor sailing. The entrance to the calanque, which is similar to a fjord, is difficult to see but once inside it is very dramatic with white limestone cliffs on either side. The very large citadel and old town are atop the cliffs on the south side and the town and pontoons are at the head of the calanque. Should you be cruising in Corsica, Bonifacio is a must; however it's very busy in high season and the cruising guide recommends booking in advance.

There's no doubt Bonifacio is a special place for its geology, location, history and visual impressiveness. The newer part of town surrounds the harbour and is full of restaurants, cafes and shops. A steep climb up the steps and through the citadel gates brings you into a different world. Narrow residential streets and lanes from an era gone by, shopping streets, more restaurants, cafes and bars, ancient churches, a market and old municipal and military buildings. Many of the houses are perched on the edge of cliffs that have been eroded underneath by the sea; how the occupants sleep peacefully at night I don't know. Naturally many tourists visit the place and we joined them next day, exploring the citadel and old town, followed by a good walk along the cliff tops.

Being behind schedule, departure was planned for next morning, 4th June, our destination La Maddalena, the main island of an archipelago of the same name off the northeast coast of Sardinia. The Bonifacio Straits between Corsica and Sardinia are well known for strong winds and



Bonifacio Harbour from the Citadel

navigation hazards owing to the many rocks and low lying rocky islands. We encountered westerly winds up to force 5 and a confused sea, making for a brisk crossing; however our track took us to the west of the hazards. Approaching La Maddalena, we got involved with a super yacht race which was based in Porto Cervo, a very impressive sight. We needed to cross their track and, as they were on a spinnaker reach doing 15 to 20 knots, the engine had to be started and full power used to get through a suitable gap without interfering with the race. Arrival at Cala Gavetta, the main harbour, was at 14.25. The whole archipelago is a national park and many restrictions apply. In fact, reading the guide would almost put one off going there; however in practice it is much more relaxed. You do need a permit to moor in any of the permitted areas and it can be got in the park office in La Maddalena, that also being the name of the main town; how well it's policed I don't know.

Next morning I got the permit. It's not expensive but the gotcha is that you pay midnight to midnight, so if you're going to spend a night in one of the bays you have to pay for two days. We set off and navigated the 13ft channel between La Maddalena and I. S. Stefano, so called because the least depth is just over 4m, and potted our way past the islands to anchor for lunch in Liscia di Vacca just to the north of Porto Cervo. After lunch we made a tour of Porto Cervo to see how the other half lives, and then returned north to anchor in Porto Palma on Isola Caprera. This is in a restricted area of the National Park and supposedly mooring buoys would be provided. This was not the case so we joined a number of other

boats flying various flags and anchored for a very pleasant night.

A flat calm greeted us the following morning so we decided to try a compass swing as there could be as much as 10 degrees difference between the electronic and the starboard magnetic compasses in some quadrants. With Derek reading from the Raymarine handbook, we performed our slow turns. The result was no improvement but happiness reigned as we had been threatening to do this for the past four years. Heading north up the east side of the island and then across to Cala Stagno Torto on the north side of La Maddalena, we anchored for lunch. Northwards again past the northern group of the La Maddalena Islands, turning northwest to cross the eastern part of the Bonifacio Strait, keeping a good eye out for shipping. As I mentioned before, the Strait has

many rocks and a few rocky islands.

We passed Ile Lavezzi with its memorial to the frigate La Semillante, which was sunk there in 1855 with the loss of 773 French sailors and soldiers who were on their way to the Crimean war. The next island, Cavallo has a small marina which we thought might be an interesting place to spend the night. Having negotiated the tricky entrance, we tied up with the assistance of the mariniera, noting that the place was almost empty. I enquired as to the price so he directed me to the price list posted on the notice board. This made me a little suspicious but I was



***Tidal Dancer* anchored in Golfe de Sant Amanza**

flabbergasted to find that the price per night was going to be €182 for a 13m boat, it would be even more in July and August. The guy said he could reduce this to €120 so I retorted that if they divided their prices by four they might have some boats in their marina. We departed immediately, my shortest stay ever in a marin. Where to now? The weather was still very benign so we anchored in the southwest corner of Golfe de Sant Amanza which is in the very southeast of Corsica.

After breakfast the next morning, the dinghy was launched and we headed ashore for a walk on the beach, coffee in the café and to take care of normal personal requirements. A small wooden pier by the café was being repaired and Derek noted that there were a number of wooden planks that might be suitable as a passerelle, something *Tidal Dancer* lacked.

Being a canny negotiator from Cavan he managed to get one for free. Back to the boat for the short hop to Porto-Vecchio, where we berthed in the marina. Like many places in Corsica, Porto-Vecchio has a citadel containing an old town built by the Genoese, although the port was used in pre Roman times. Our time there coincided with a bit of a heat wave so climbing up to the citadel was hot work. It was now 10th June and time for Derek and Neil to depart for home, leaving on an overnight ferry to Marseille, hire car to Nice and flight home. This turned out to be a bit of an adventure for them but I won't get into that here.

Trish and I then headed north up the east coast of Corsica. It is not as wild as the west, having beach resorts, a coastal plain with farming, industry and a few reasonably sized towns, but the high mountains are never far away. We spent one night anchored in Golfe de Pinarellu and one each in the marinas of Solenzara and Port de Taverno, also known as Campoloro, before reaching Bastia on the afternoon of 13th, berthing in the Vieux Port. The citadel above was also built by the Genoese and being the closest to Italy, the Vieux Port has a classic Mediterranean Italian feel to it, surrounded by tall houses, cafes and restaurants. The weather had been hot and sticky for the past number of days and during the night it broke in the normal fashion with a spectacular thunderstorm. The Vieux Port is prone to surging and, as the visitors' berths are very close to the entrance, it turned out to be a very uncomfortable night after the strong winds brought on by the thunderstorms. Next morning we decided to leave and head to Port de Toga, which is on the north side of town. It is a new marina and very well sheltered, close to the newer part of town but still a reasonable walk from the old town and port. We spent a couple of days there waiting for the weather to improve, using the time productively to polish the coachroof.

With *Tidal Dancer* now looking spick and span, we departed on the morning of 17th, heading north to the port of Macinaggio close to Cap Corse before setting off



The lovely little harbour on Isola Capraia, Tuscan Islands

next day bound for the Italian Tuscan Islands, first stop Isola Capraia. It is another national park but the lovely little port is open for visitors. The pretty village is situated on the headland to the east and is a bit of an uphill hike but well worth the effort. It was once a prison island and the prison is adjacent to the village. When we arrived there was plenty of room on the pontoon but on our return from visiting the village more boats had arrived and we were squeezed so tightly that we had to wait till some boats departed before we were able to leave next morning.

Portoferraio on Elba, which is the largest of the Tuscan Islands, was our next destination. Elba is of course famous as the place where Napoleon was exiled and his house is on the hill overlooking Portoferraio. Many nations have ruled the place, including the Tuscans, Austrians, British, French, Tuscans again until finally it became part of Italy. The port was built for the export of iron ore and the name is Iron Port in Italian. Elba had plenty of iron ore and the remains of old mines and workings can be seen around the coast. It is a classic Italian Mediterranean-style harbour, three sides of a rectangle with tall buildings backing on to the port. It is now predominantly a tourist harbour, with everything from sailing yachts, luxury motor yachts and huge cruise liners visiting; the new Queen Mary was there when we arrived. Three forts and adjoining walls built by the various occupiers dominate the hills above the town and the views from up there are wonderful. The town itself is full of hustle and bustle but there are quiet squares and streets with a very good selection of bars, cafes and restaurants.

We departed late next morning to drop anchor off the east side of Cap Vita on the very northeast tip of Elba, a very pleasant anchorage protected to the east by Isoletta Topi. Unfortunately it was ruined by wash from the many ferries speeding past the cape and we had to hang on to our lunch a number of times to prevent it ending up on the cockpit sole. Leaving directly after lunch, we motored to the lovely little marina in Porto Azzuro. We had to hang around in a



Porto Azzuro, a gem of a place on Elba

queue at the harbour mouth for over 30 mins before being allocated a berth; it's a very popular spot and the weekend was just beginning. The little town is gorgeous, with plenty of dining choice; we had a very pleasant nightcap in a little bar listening to a guy playing the sax.

Sadly the marina was booked out for the next night so after a walk along the cliffs, past the citadel which is still an active prison, we departed at 13.40. Motoring round Punta dei Ripalti on the very southeast of Elba, we dropped anchor in the northwest corner of Golfo della Lacona, a large gulf on the south coast. All was well until a small tall ship and a schooner with groups of young people on board anchored very close to us. I was not sure why, as there was loads of room in what is a large anchorage. Groups of young people, being young, tend to make a lot of noise so our peace was destroyed and as the wind direction changed, our proximity became worrying, so we decided to move. I pointed out to the skipper of the tall ship that he had anchored too close and on that note we departed and dropped our anchor a couple of hundred metres away, off the beach. Settling down in our new position I noticed a tender approaching, it was the skipper who apologised and handed us a bottle of wine; nice gesture. My anger subsided and we enjoyed drinking it with dinner. Unfortunately the wind changed during the night and left us lying across the swell, not conducive to a good night's sleep.

After the virtual calm of the past week, I was aware that the forecast was for an increasing wind from the southeast and, as our final destination was Civitavecchia, about 80 miles away, it would be right on the nose. The anchor was raised at 06.05 after a pretty sleepless night and we set course for Promontario Monte Argentario, which is basically a mountainous island attached to the mainland by a couple of natural causeways. Passing the island of Giglio we were able to make out the Costa Concordia floating hull

down. She was fully floated shortly afterwards. Our preferred destination was Porto Ercole on the south side of the promontario but as there was no space we proceeded to the more expensive Marina Cala di Galera nearby. Early start again next morning, 23rd of June, for the final leg of our trip, wind on the nose. Later in the morning the wind freed a little and we hoisted the main; 20 mins later it was back down again. At 12.50 we berthed at Marina Riva di Triano which is close to Civitavecchia. Next morning the wind was blowing at 30-35 knots so we delayed hauling till it abated somewhat just after lunch. With the assistance of a very helpful *ormeggiatore* in a RIB, we managed to exit the berth without being impaled on the bows of the boats opposite and reversed

into the travel hoist bay. *Tidal Dancer* was to spend the summer on the hard, as it is cheaper than leaving her in the water for the very expensive high season months of July and August. Later that afternoon we got a taxi to Civitavecchia railway station and the train to Rome, where we spent the night in a hotel, sleeping in a stable bed with a loo that didn't need to be pumped. Trish loved it. On Friday 25th we flew back to Dublin to spend the summer at home. We plan to return at the beginning of September to continue with our autumn cruise. This will take us down the west coast of Italy, across to the Aeolian Islands and parts of northeast Sicily before proceeding to Sibari, which is on the instep of the Italian boot to the west of Taranto, where *Tidal Dancer* will spend the winter.

After my third season in the Med, I have to agree with the general observation regarding the wind: normally too little but when it comes it is usually too much. Very little real sailing gets done unless you have the patience of a saint and are not particularly worried where you end up, hence a lot of motoring. Trish frequently says in a put-on cockney accent, "nice motor boat mister", and she's right. Marinas in Corsica are expensive, Italy is even more so. French marinas are normally well equipped but this is not always the case in Italy. Many pontoons or quays are controlled by *ormeggiatori* and for a high price only provide water and electricity, no showers and just a public loo if there is one close by. The attraction of the Med is history, scenery, food and of course the weather which is normally good, although we avoid July and August as it can be too hot.

Our total distance logged on this cruise was 650 miles.

La Côte de Granit Rose et Normandie

Derek Jones

Narnia is a Najad 441, built in Sweden, a Bermudan cutter, her home port being the Quoile Yacht Club in Strangford Lough. Almost every year she has made a 2 month cruise in north west Europe – to Orkney in the north, Rochefort in the south, round Ireland, and to Norway and Sweden in the east to name a few.

Narnia has had a fairly settled crew nucleus for these adventures – myself plus Willie Saunders, my previous racing foredeck crew and ex Merchant Navy Bosun, along with Ivan Nelson, a member of the Royal Ulster and Quoile Yacht Clubs as purser, chef and general factotum. For the cruise in 2014 this trio were joined by Ivan's wife Kristin, also a member of Quoile YC, and Helen Deaves, who is most conveniently employed by the Hydrographic Office in Taunton. Our plan was to sail from Strangford to Brittany, move east to the Bay of the Seine and return by way of a cruise to the English West Country during the months of June and July 2014. The cruise falls into clearly defined phases.

Phase 1: 31 May – 8 June 2014. To Morlaix

The crew had all joined by the afternoon of Saturday 31 May. The Squib Northern Championships were being held at QYC and the pontoon was crowded with visiting boats, which would have made it difficult for us to leave our inside berth early next morning. At Willie's suggestion we motored over to Audley's Roads and picked up a mooring for a quiet night. It was a very peaceful and calm evening. The forecast outlook was not great for about four days hence, so we agreed that we should head towards France before the bad weather arrived.

Plans are one thing, but the execution another. Weather forecasts nowadays are very accurate but the one thing the forecasters cannot do is accurately estimate the speed at which weather systems move and so it proved for us. We left Strangford in a flat calm and motored south. These conditions did not last. Before long the wind came up from the south and from this direction the wind usually becomes strong. This is what happened but we plugged against it, the boat being well able to cope with the conditions. The crew was a different matter. Helen developed a virulent tummy bug and Kristin felt queasy, so at 16.00, with the wind now blowing 25-30 knots, we freed off for Howth. With 2 reefs in the main and the staysail, the boat fairly flew, arriving at Howth at 1910. The first boat we saw on entering the marina was *Ainmara*, the 101 year old yawl owned by Dickie Gomes. Miles for the day – 67.

Then we found that a portlight in the galley had not been closed properly and in consequence the shelves were soaking, which took ages to clean up and dry, but we had a tasty turkey curry for dinner. We needed an early start the following day and both Helen and Kristin felt much better. On 2 June we left Howth and found the wind from the west. We had a foul tide for the first few hours but struggled against it because we would get the advantage of a favourable tide later nearer the Tuskar. The tide flows like a river on the Wicklow coast but we made good time, clearing the Tuskar by 1830. We set a course for Land's End

and the Scillies. The wind remained a steady F2-3 from the west but there was a short steep swell which made it uncomfortable in the fore cabin and this motion made Kristin ill. We operated a three hour watch system, with Ivan on at 2000, followed by Helen, then Willie and then Ivan again. The skipper did not stand a watch so that he could be called upon at any time.

The seas were fairly flat and we raised Land's End at 1800. Then we set a course for Morlaix in Brittany. We were just past the Isles of Scilly when we received a forecast of force 6/7 winds from the north west. Helen made a suggestion that we run under staysail only. This turned out to be a super set up under those conditions. The wind kept the sail full all the time, and had the advantage of being totally manoeuvrable ready for crossing the traffic separation zones near Ushant. The waves were breaking around us but we were steady as a rock, sailing at over 7 knots. Champagne sailing. At 1100 on 4 June, we anchored in the lee of Ile Louet, near the prominent Chateau Toureau, a castle on an island. It was windy but sunny. At 1800 we raised anchor and motored up the river to the town of Morlaix on the first of the flood tide. We ran aground three times in soft mud before locking in. This demanded a celebratory drink. 312.5 miles from Howth.

The following day was spent relaxing and dining ashore. On 6 June, the 70th anniversary of D-Day, Helen went for a bike ride while the rest of us relaxed and considered our options for the next few days. We proposed to move on 7 June the following day but then Helen came back to say that her credit card had been hacked and that her mother (who suffered from cancer), was in hospital with pneumonia. This put a damper on our plans and Helen decided that she should head home. Instead of going straight home, however, she would go to a friend at Vannes, where she could fly back to the UK from Nantes if necessary (Morlaix – Vannes – Nantes are all on the same rail line). Having organised everything, we had a very good lasagne, washed down with some smooth red for supper.

Phase 2. 8-15 June 2014. Morlaix – St Malo.

We locked out of Morlaix on 8 June at 1330 and didn't run aground once going down river. We piloted our way across the Bay of Morlaix to the attractive small anchorage of Primel-Trégastle. We spent the night here after a gorgeous sunset in which we all saw the 'green flash'. The following morning there was again no wind, so we motored east, and entered the narrow and winding entrance of Ploumanac'h through pink coloured weirdly shaped granite rocks. The Cote de Granit Rose is well named and there are few places in the world with similar rock formations and colour. Inside there is a large pool, but it was crowded with yachts, so we did not stay and carried on to Tréguier. Another attractive river. It flows under the marina pontoons which makes arrival and departure somewhat 'interesting'. Miles to Tréguier – 34.5.

We spent 10 June in this attractive mediaeval town, visiting the cathedral with its unusual spire, full of openings, and having coffee and crepes in the town square. On 11 June



Côte de Granit Rose

we cast off in the sunshine and headed for St Malo, going through the rock strewn Passe de la Gaine which gave for “interesting” pilotage now that the strong tide was setting across our course. The Baie de Mont St Michel has some of the highest range of tides in European waters, where 12 -13 metres are not uncommon. As a consequence of this the tides are quite strong which can make a major difference to a passage. St Malo is a wonderful place. It was flattened in the war but has been rebuilt as it was before, nestling inside its ramparts. We arrived at 16.30 and, after waiting for the tide to rise, we locked into the Bassin Vauban. The marina nestles under the town walls which are floodlit at night and it is shared between yachts and tall ships. 54.4 miles for the day.

The following day we caught the early bus to Mont St Michel, another unmissable attraction. The journey lasted just over an hour. There has been a complete transformation here. Gone is the causeway outside the entrance, and now it is once again an island, as a barrage has been constructed across the river, allowing water to be released to flush away sand and counter erosion. The Mont is a religious foundation and the abbey is at the summit. The climb up to the abbey runs through shops, private houses, guest houses, restaurants, all built in mediaeval times. We arrived at the abbey in time to hear midday Mass. This was a memorable visit. On 14 June we first walked the walls on the Mont and looked down at the sun worshippers on the beach below the ramparts. Then we prepared to leave for Jersey. When Ivan went to pay the marina fees, he learnt that the attendant had spent his honeymoon in Belfast.

Phase 3: Jersey and Guernsey

We went through the lock into the outer harbour at 0827 on the 15th, having decided to take the easterly route past the Minquiers (the ‘Minkies’), the archipelago of rocks lying between St Malo and the island of Jersey. The wind

was from the north, on the nose, so we had a struggle to get past but once we did we were able to free the sheets and we had a cracking sail to St Helier. We arrived 14.15 (the clocks going back an hour). We had to wait in the outer harbour for the tide to rise above the sill in order to enter the marina. 36 miles for the passage.

We left on 17 June and had a great sail in a north east wind to St Peter Port in Guernsey. 10 knots going to windward, (albeit the tide was in our favour) and an estimated five hour trip was done in three. This meant a long wait on the holding pontoon at St Peter Port for entry to Victoria Marina but it was worth it. 23.2 miles through the water. This is a very attractive town. Of course this being the Channel Islands, Guernsey Banks will not accept Jersey notes and probably vice versa! There is no VAT so some supplies are much cheaper. We also made a point of

buying the maximum duty free allowance and topping up with diesel before leaving the Channel Islands. We dined ashore and in the afternoon Ivan went to the Underground Museum of the occupation by the Germans in the Second World War which was very interesting. The islands have many relics of this period.

Phase 4. 19-22 June 2014. St Peter Port – Cherbourg

We left St Peter Port on the north going tide at 1030. There was no wind so we motored through a very quiet Alderney Race. The wind did come up later but from the east, so we continued under power to the massive harbour of Cherbourg, which is almost 4 miles from one side to the other, berthing in the Chantereyne marina where we were asked if we qualified for a discount. We are not asked that very often. Being also a member of the Cruising Association we were given a 20% discount which was very nice thank you. The log said 34.7 miles but the distance by chart is 44 miles so we had 10 knots of favourable tide.

The most amusing thing in Cherbourg was a very puzzled Willie wandering around looking for the post office. He followed Kristin’s instructions faithfully only to find later that she had given him the route to the post office in St Peter Port! One of the joys of the Chantereyne marina was to watch maybe 100 children going out into the harbour in Optimists, Picos, Lasers, etc for their daily lessons. Their shrieks and laughter were a joy to behold. We have noticed that all over France there are wonderful facilities and opportunities for children’s sailing.

Phase 5. 22-25 June 2014. Cherbourg – Caen

The next stage of our voyage was to get around the Pointe de Barfleur, east of Cherbourg, and into the Bay of the Seine. The race at Barfleur has a notorious reputation but we timed our approach to arrive at slack water. Barfleur was the scene of one of the worst ship wrecks of the mediaeval,

or indeed of any, time when Prince Henry, son and heir of King Henry 1 of England was lost in the wreck of the *White Ship* on 25 November 1120.

We motored in pretty windless conditions at St. Vaast and anchored in 2.9 metres off the pier in order to wait for the rise of tide to get into the lock and marina. 27 miles for the day. All the harbours except one or two in the Bay of the Seine are tidal. Whilst at anchor as the tide rose a whole flotilla of large Dutch motor yachts passed us, entered the marina before us and of course occupied all the visitors' berths. We made fast on a residents' pontoon, helped by a bossy English resident who kept his boat there; mind you, he had a lovely vintage Riley and was on his way to a rally, as were several others that we saw later.

Monday 23 June was another hot windless day. We left St Vaast the following day and sailed and motor sailed to Port Winston at Arromanches. There is no harbour here but in 1944 when the Allies had invaded France they needed a port until they could capture Cherbourg, so huge concrete caissons were towed across the Channel to form a semi-circular breakwater with pontoons inside this shelter to land vehicles, troops and stores. Many of these caissons are still there and we anchored inside the shelter of this old Mulberry harbour in eight metres, feeling in touch with history. It was a beautiful evening, almost windless. This day we made 32 miles.

These conditions did not last. During the night a northerly wind came up, which created quite a popple and made Kristin quite ill. It was very unpleasant. We raised anchor at 08.10 to find that the shackle on the anchor buoy had not been wired and our buoy was lost. We motor-sailed in fairly unpleasant conditions to Ouistreham and at 1230 entered the sea lock which led into the Caen Canal. We continued, past Pegasus Bridge and its Paratroop memorials to the marina in the city of Caen, covering 16 miles from Arromanches.

Phase 6. 25 June – 8 July. Caen

We had planned all along that Caen would be our base for exploring that part of Normandy. Kristin wanted to visit the Australian National War Memorial at Villers Brettoneaux on the Somme, and we also wanted to visit Honfleur and Bayeux. Kristin recovered from her bout of sea sickness and said that child birth was preferable. After my wife Margaret joined us, we explored Caen which is very historic despite being flattened during the war and rebuilt more or less as it had been before. It was the base of William the Conqueror and his wife Matilda. They are both buried here, William in the Abbaye aux Hommes, and Matilda in the Abbaye des Dames. We went on the 'petit train' which was a great way to see this bustling University City and its absolutely huge castle. Naturally of course we went to the Sunday market.

We hired a car from Avis for a week.



Queue for the loo in Bayeux

On 3 July Margaret and I took the train and spent a night in Rouen while Ivan and Kristin took the car to Amiens and Villers-Brettoneaux. Willie had a bad cold and didn't feel up to being a culture vulture so stayed on board. Rouen and its cathedral were stunning while the Australian National War memorial was very evocative and had marvellous views over the Somme battlefield. This fulfilled one of Kristin's long held ambitions. Amiens cathedral is massive and the restaurants along the banks of the River Somme absolutely delightful. On returning to *Narnia*, it was noted that Willie had eaten very little, and had drunk nothing alcoholic. We thought nothing of it at the time as he had had a cold, but maybe we should have.

On 5 July we went to Honfleur in the rain. This is one of the jewels of the Normandy coast with its old harbour surrounded by medieval houses, art galleries and the 'Lieutenance', the 17th century house of the harbourmaster. On 7 July Margaret left for the UK and we made our way out of the marina back down to Ouistreham and spent the night on a pontoon, where a French fisherman gave us eight mackerel for our supper.

Phase 7. 8-14 July 2014. Ouistreham – Brixham

On 8 July, yet another windless day, we motored to St Vaast but anchored off for the night in 4 metres, some 29 miles from Ouistreham (47 by chart!) It was very quiet. This allowed us to plan our passage of the Barfleur race again to arrive at slack water. This time, however, there was a very lumpy and confused sea. Once around 'the corner' we were able to sail to Cherbourg, making fast in the marina and claiming our 20% again. Kristin was fine – we made sure that she was properly briefed about where we were going and what to expect. This had a beneficial effect and it is to our shame we had not done this earlier. 21.4 miles this day. We enjoyed being in Cherbourg again but there was a window of opportunity to cross the Channel on 11 July and to head for Brixham or Torquay, which we took. At first our progress against a foul tide was very slow, as the tide simply pours around Cap de la Hague at the west of



Mont St Michel

the Cherbourg peninsula, but when the tide turned we were able to sail and motor sail to Torquay, as Brixham marina was full. We covered just over 90 miles for the day.

We spent 12th July as it yearly does come, in Torquay. We were looking forward to a good feed of fish and chips. In this we were very disappointed. The 'best' restaurant frankly was very poor. In fact, although the marina is excellent (especially the showers), Torquay is a shadow of its former self. The town is great for hen and stag parties; kiss me quick hats; fast food and karaoke pubs if that is what you want. A telephone call to Brixham marina revealed they could give us a berth tomorrow so we went there the following day. It's only 5 miles but it's a much better place. A more interesting town, a fishing harbour famous for its sailing trawlers, and really good fish and chips! As I was walking along the harbour, I saw a rather regal statue. My goodness, it was commemorating Prince William of Orange who landed here in 1688 to claim the crown of England, Scotland and Ireland and become King William III (aka King Billy); and to think that yesterday was the 12th July.

Phase 8. 14 – 22 July 2014. The West Country

We decided that our next destination would be Dartmouth, despite its reputation as a very expensive harbour. (Because charges in the marina here have £10 harbour dues added to them). Anyway on 14 July we left Brixham at 1300 and at 1600 made fast in Darthaven Marina, which is on the Kingswear side of the river. We were recommended to dine in the Ship Hotel, which we duly did and it was simply excellent. We only spent one night in this marina but it was very interesting since there is always something happening on the river. We left on 15 July and motored upstream to Dittesham, admiring the glorious scenery in equally glorious sunshine. We picked up a mooring and had lunch. Then we headed out to sea to Salcombe, negotiated the bar across the entrance and picked up a mooring for the night. It is a very pretty place but very crowded.

On 17 July there were three boats on our mooring but

we all cast off together and we headed for the River Yealm (Newton Ferrers) and had a glorious sail in a flat sea. Newton Ferrers was very pretty but crowded. It was windy although sunny so we decided to make this a 'lunch stop' only. After lunch we motored up to Mayflower Marina on the western side of Plymouth, some 27 miles from Salcombe. It is a fair distance from the main part of Plymouth but it is well organised, clean, helpful and has excellent showers. We remarked to one of the marina staff that we had seen a number of warships and fleet auxiliaries a day or so previously. "Oh yes. That was Wednesday. They go out on a Wednesday" (obviously not to spoil both weekends).

The following day we moved to Queen Anne's Battery Marina, as it is near the city centre. Kristin, Ivan, and Willie explored the Hoe, admiring the statue of Drake, the impressive Royal Navy memorial, and the RAF

memorial which showed in stark clarity the discrepancy in the ratio of those who died in Bomber Command compared to all the other branches of the service. The day was hot but the Hoe was very interesting.

We left Plymouth with regret. It is a great 'run ashore'. We were going to head for Fowey but decided to go to Falmouth. Inside this huge harbour to port is the Visitors' Marina. As we went in we furled the genoa using our electric winches. While the furler turns, very slight tension is kept on the genoa or staysail sheet. Willie was doing this but did not slacken off the sheet. There was a loud bang, as the Furler broke. By this time I had spoken to Ivan about Willie. It turned out that he was worried about him as well. Willie was falling asleep quite often, if asked to do something, he would do it then sit down and fall asleep again. We did not know what to do and thought the effects of his cold were lasting longer than usual. 40 miles this day. The next day the riggers appeared and ten minutes later we were back in business. Then we left Falmouth in hot sun and headed for Penzance where we picked up a visitors' buoy outside the harbour and watched a beautiful sunset, 37.4 miles later. Now we really were homeward bound.

Phase 9. 22 – 26 July 2014. Penzance – Strangford.

This turned out to be the most dramatic and sad phase of our whole summer cruise. We left Penzance at 0905 on the 22nd in hot sunshine and of course no wind. We cleared land's End at 1040, going inside the Longships. We motor/sailed north in a very light wind. Now we had a good north going tide behind us but then the fog came down so on went the radar. Why do these things fail when you need them? Not a peep and it had all been renewed 18 months previously. (Once we reached home, Brian Hanna, the Raymarine agent updated the software and now it works fine. I don't understand that). At first we headed for Kilmore Quay but because we had the benefit of a second north going flood stream, and it being early in the morning, we changed course to head for Arklow. We were

past the Tuskar at 0615 on 24 July and arrived at Arklow at 1110. It was very sunny later but we had covered 168 miles in 26 hours.

We did not get much rest however. Willie had come off watch at 2200 and had retired to bed. He had eaten or drunk nothing. We were very concerned about him by now. Willie was in bed for 14 hours, he was disorientated and sleepy. I explained our problem to a local pharmacy and they put me on to a doctor. Within the hour Dr Aoife Lyons appeared at the boat with a male nurse. Aoife was brilliant, assessed the situation and called an ambulance who took Willie to St Vincent's Hospital in Dublin for tests. This left us sad and a bit depressed. Willie was great company, a raconteur with a razor sharp wit and a very fine seaman. Willie had been my right hand man for some considerable time.

On 25 July we motored north in little wind to Howth again and on 25 July we motor sailed to Strangford Lough so ending our 2014 summer cruise. In two months we had sailed just over 1,200 miles and never had a cross word. We suffered a sad ending to the adventure, as bachelor Willie was diagnosed as having a brain tumour. However, his sisters are glad he spent the last few months doing what he loved and among friends. As one door closes another opens, for Kristin is now a seasoned sailor and the pair of them are now in the process of buying a boat for themselves.

Distances:

QYC - Howth	70
Morlaix	312.5
Primel Tregastle	10
Plounanac'h Treguier	34.5
St Malo - St Helier	54.4
St Peter Port	59
Cherbourg	44
St Vaast	27
Arromanches	32.1
Ouistreham	15.6
Caen	10
St Vaast	47
Cherbourg	21.4
Torquay	91.1
Brixham	5
Dartmouth – Dittesham	
Salcombe	30.3
Plymouth	27.5
Falmouth	40
Penzance	37.4
Arklow	168
Howth	37.5
QYC	70
TOTAL:	1244.3

Dedication:

I would like to dedicate this log to the memory of Willie Saunders, ex Merchant Seaman, 3 time Cape Horner, radio ham, faithful crew and good friend who became ill on this his last voyage and died 21st. October, sharing a date with Admiral Nelson.



Willie Saunders, RIP

Moot Point

Norman Kean

The word “moot” beautifully exemplifies the impact of the Atlantic Ocean on the English language. In Europe, a “moot point” is one worth discussing. But curiously, in the United States, the term “moot” means exactly the reverse: “of purely academic interest”. (The same transatlantic inversion of meaning applies to the verb “to table”, incidentally.)

The bridge at Achill Sound, compared with its predecessor, offers a number of distinct advantages. Overhead cables used to span the crossing at an inconveniently low 11 metres, and the water main to the island used to have to be disconnected to open the bridge. The replacement project in 2008 included laying the cables and pipe underwater, thus removing both impediments and – in theory – simplifying the operation. But alas, the Council has since been loth to open its fine new bridge. And why? It is alleged – and it looks like a (European) moot point – that the ring on which it pivots is too small in diameter. So it wouldn't take much to cause the bridge to tilt and jam in the open position. If this were to happen, the citizens of Achill and their friends-and-relations might be less than amused to find that their oft-repeated claim to be Ireland's largest island had turned out, for the first time since 1887, to be true, and not (in the American sense) moot.

I mention it mainly because it meant that our return voyage from Achill North Sound to Rosmoney this year was 40 miles and not 15, and because avoiding Achill



Achill Bridge



Head is usually an option devoutly to be wished for. But also, I mention it because Achill North Sound makes a tremendous playground for shallow draft vessels, and it is needlessly inaccessible because of the issues with the bridge. The comparison has been drawn with the Golfe du Morbihan, and it is not entirely inappropriate.

I was told of a successful transit of the bridge in July (involving an engineer, a supervisor and six operators, and a half hour interruption to road traffic) and the advice that if



Aircin in Bellacragher Bay

you want to do this, do not be drawn into a discussion with the Council about the timing. The line to use is “You mind your bridge, and I'll mind the tide.” But my correspondent also told me that the low overhead power lines at Tonragee, across the entrance to Bellacragher Bay, had been removed. This followed a successful campaign led by Seamus Butler, Commodore of Bellacragher Bay Boat Club, and involving no less than 22 local and community organisations. What I was not told was that it happened ten years ago. But the pace of life is slower around here.

So an invitation to join Niall Quinn's new Ovni 395 *Aircin* at Achill Bridge for a long weekend of exploration could not have come at a better time. Bellacragher Bay extends for five miles from a narrow entrance between Tonragee and Claggan to a deep pool a mile and a half by half a mile, separated by a narrow isthmus from Mulranny on the shores of Clew Bay. It has fish farms and the Boat Club, but it

Christine Walton when we met at the annual Irish Lights Users' Committee meeting in September. Christine is in charge of Wales, Scotland, Ireland and the west of England at the UKHO, and she pulled a copy of Chart 5011 (Symbols and Abbreviations) from her briefcase, saying she could never remember the exact details either, but there were two distinct symbols involved.

The difference is shown in the diagram, adapted from page 13 of the chart (which is of course actually a book). The up to date International symbol for "safe clearance" shows a power line with little lightning flashes, and the clearance height printed in magenta, bracketed by the same flashes. A "safe clearance" shown in this manner has the extra margin required for high voltage lines already deducted. A straightforward "physical clearance", such as might be used for a bridge, is indicated by the number in black, without flashes. However, the older, obsolescent, convention for safe clearance is "Power (H Xm)" in black, with no flashes (the older format still being the one used on brand-new charts covering Bellacragher Bay, now ink jet printed to order). Thus, a 20m-high 20kV line should be shown as "Power (H 17m)" in the older format, or have a magenta-printed 17 bracketed by lightning in the new format; the 17 being the physical height of the cables less the 3 metre recommended safe clearance. This of course also implies that before they were raised in 2004, the physical height of the Tonragee wires was actually 13 metres – the charted ten, plus the recommended margin of three.

I'd be willing to bet that not many people know that. A further point is that the datum convention for overhead clearances has recently been changed from Mean High Water Springs to Highest Astronomical Tide, which should add a small extra margin of safety. All this is worth bearing in mind when approaching overhead power lines. You could say it's a moot point. In European English, of course.

But the plot thickens. As the deadline for this Annual approached, the ESB's measurement of the Tonragee power line came through – a physical clearance of 13m at HAT, unchanged! This of course can't be right, because the lines have clearly been raised, and we had five metres to spare with *Aircin*. Our experience confirms the 20m height reported by Seamus Butler. Arguing with the ESB would be fruitless, but what is to be said in the Sailing Directions? "Despite the cables being raised in height in 2004, the official safe clearance remains at 10m. However a yacht with air draft 17.5m made a safe passage in 2014, staying N of mid-channel, with 2m height of tide and an estimated 5m clearance above the masthead."

It's quite possible that there won't be another visiting masted boat up there for decades, anyway. So maybe it's a moot point, American-style.

Improved directions for Achill North Sound, and new directions for Bellacragher Bay (and also Inishbiggle, and Tullaghan Bay to the north, are now in the Amendments to the South and West Coasts Sailing Directions on the Club website.

Captain Peter Mullins writes on the hardships of superyacht skippering:

As Joseph Conrad said "I have known the sea too long to believe in its respect for decency" I see from my Discharge Book that I have logged in excess of another 20,000 nautical miles this year already, doing seven rotations on five different vessels, all over 58 meters.

In October and November I did a swing on *Aviva*, a 68 meter Abeking and Rasmussen yacht of 2047 gross register and 2800kW. She is a fine big volume vessel with an axe bow so that she could fit into the owners' marina in Albany, Bahamas. She runs with a crew of 24 and we cruised extensively the Exumas, skittering over the banks with sometimes less than a meter under the keel. On one occasion I had to dock her in Atlantis Marina, Paradise Island Bahamas and turning her in the basin there, the deck crew were calling me less than 1 meter clearance fore and aft. Luckily she is fitted with a powerful bow thruster and Schottel stern thruster.

In the New Year I was asked to deliver the 68 meter Lurssen motor yacht *Global* (ex - *Kismet*) of 1796 gross register tons and 3000 kW from Sint Maarten to Rendsburg, Germany. For this passage we had a crew of 16. This was not going to be an easy delivery and I need not remind anyone of the persistent gales which ravaged Ireland and the United Kingdom earlier this year. We made Horta in the Azores and managed to get in just in time. We lay to the quay just below Peter Café Sport with both a bow and stern anchor out and 15 lines ashore, which we popped with regular monotony. There was snow on Pico, we lay there for 6 days and it was cold. We saw a weather window and made a dirty dash for Vigo and got in again just in time. We passed a Maersk Triple E Class container ship of 399 meters in length with 8000 TEU's stacked high, laying a hull. I had a yarn with her Master and he told me even he was not going into Biscay where they were advertising winds in excess of 70 knots. It was during this storm that another Maersk ship lost 580 containers overboard. We spent 3 days in port and the weather at last obliged and we completed the run up to Helgoland, where we embarked pilots who took us up the Kiel Canal to the Lurssen yard at Rendsburg. *Global* is a fine vessel and a joy to maneuver, as she had split Becker Schilling rudders.

A week later I was winging my way down to Recife, Brazil and on to the Fernando de Noronha islands, which are about as close to Africa as you can get, being about 220 miles off the big bulge in Brazil. I was to join *MY Turmoil*, a 64 meter expedition-style motor yacht of 1428 gross register tons and 3370 kW. I had always wanted to have a go on this vessel because while she was being built at the Royal Denship yard in Assens, Denmark, I was the relief captain on her predecessor of the same name. Indeed *Turmoil* was just a bigger sister on steroids. We had her family on board who I knew well from my previous swing and we spent a number of days rolling about in the very strictly policed anchorage. These islands are very well worth a visit. In 2001 UNESCO designated it a World Heritage Site, the number of visitors is controlled annually and the surfing,

diving and wild life is unrivaled. I delivered the vessel back to Antigua where I had to fly out the next day back to Rendsburg, Germany to join M/Y *Mogambo*. Her full time captain is my old friend and mentor Philip Walsh, who built *Turmoil* while I ran her little sister. This yachting business can be quite incestuous!

Mogambo is a 74 meter motor yacht built by the German yard of Nobiskrug in in 2012. She is powered by 2 MTU 4000 series V16 motors of 1760 kW each and weighs 1682 gross register tons. She runs with a crew of 22 and cruises quite comfortably at between 15 and 16 knots. Once again we engaged pilots to take us out of the Kiel Canal and we made quick time down to Gun Wharf in Portsmouth, where once again the Queen's Harbor Master came on board to pilot us in. We collected the ships boats and sailed the following day to St. Peter Port, Guernsey, where we came stern to the Ro Ro berth to take on bunkers. We left immediately and had a grand run down to Gibraltar where we bunkered again and then on to Cannes, where we sat on the Cruise Ship dock until I was relieved.

Returning to Florida at the beginning of June saw me back to my old regular rotation on the 58 meter Aberking and Rasmussen *Diamond A*. She was late coming out of the shipyard after an extensive refit

and, with charters booked in the Mediterranean, I had to get her across with dispatch. We crossed from Ft. Lauderdale to Antibes in a record breaking time of 12 days at an average speed of 16 knots but had to pull into Horta for a quick "splash n' dash" of 80,000 liters, which we accomplished in just four hours. Now, as I write this, I am crossing back again with her to Florida, but at a more leisurely pace, having completed a very busy charter season. My season does not finish here, because next month will see me back in Palma Majorca to deliver a 47 meter Feadship called *Charisma* to Antigua, thus bringing my year total to over 25,000 nautical miles and breaking 400,000 seas miles as master in a career spanning 30 years. However, being an optimist about things in general, I still look upon the sea as the ancients view their gods, with superstition.

So ends another season in the life of a mega yacht relief captain. But it was not all work and motor boats because I still managed to find time to visit my home in Antigua and sail my gorgeous little Piper 24 Springtide.



MY *Global*, 68 metres, in Horta, Feb. 2014, with snow on Pico behind (*Nice work if you can get it - Ed*)

Pure Magic's Odyssey

Peter Killen

The best cruising plans are always concocted over a pint, and the current odyssey was no different. We were discussing the fact that we had been more or less everywhere around the Atlantic, apart from the West Indies, North America and Canada. The consensus was that we should go there before Anno Domini did for us, and also revisit Greenland and Iceland en-route home to Ireland.

Ideas like this always sound irresistible in the middle of winter, when parked in a cozy pub, but eventually I managed to extricate *Pure Magic* from the Med in the summer of 2013 and base her in Lagos, Portugal for an autumn departure for Lanzarote. Trish Phelan, Bill Walsh, Bev and I sailed her there in early September 2013 and subsequently, six of us; Joe Phelan, Mike Alexander, Robert Barker, Robert Michael (all ICC) Bill Walsh and I departed Lanzarote on 17th November bound for Antigua.

We had a great crossing with nice winds week one, not enough wind, week two, but some great swims, and finally a good breeze in week three. Trade wind sailing is magical. In general, when we are sailing long distances, we always ensure that the sun never sets before 21.30. This means that we always have dinner in daylight. Who cares if the crew on watch at 10.00 is in total darkness. We arrived in Jolly Harbour (recommended by Trevor Lusty ICC) Antigua in driving rain and a cold wind, on 7th December.

A friend of my son David had come up trumps during our crossing and had offered us the use of the family villa overlooking Nelson's Dockyard, and since we would be in Antigua for a further week, we accepted with alacrity. There was space for us all and the surroundings were magical. It was divine decadence to sit by the pool, drinking rum punches or gin as the sun set, prior to heading downtown

for a spot of dinner.

It also meant that we could put the boat to bed for I was leaving her in Jolly Harbour until mid-April. During the week, I found a very reliable person named Bob Sikorsky to look after *Pure Magic*. She was immaculate when I returned. And no, sadly, he was not a member of the chopper family, he explained. Whilst staying at the villa, we got to know the house keeper, a lovely lady named Cecilia, who initially, was very reserved. However, as the week progressed, she became much more relaxed. I loved her comment made to me one day when she said "you must be all very good friends". I asked her how she knew this, to which she replied "because you are all so very rude to one another". Apart from twelve days sailing in February, during which Bev, Catherine, Bill Walsh and I explored Antigua and Guadeloupe, *Pure Magic* was under wraps. Guadeloupe we found to be really industrious and attractive. It is a French Department and as such benefits from an excellent infrastructure and services. The population appears to enjoy a good quality of living. Antigua, on the other hand, struck us as very poor, with a large divide between the haves and the have-nots. As is always the case, however, we met many really nice people on both islands.

In mid-April, Bill, Robert Barker, (ICC) John Marrow (ICC) and I returned to the boat and on 22nd we departed Jolly Harbour and sailed to St. Maarten, where we docked in Marina Water world, Cole Bay. St Maarten is a small island roughly seven miles long, divided between the French and the Dutch.. We were in the Dutch half. We had discovered that the solenoid on the gas line to our cooker was leaking, and we spent some time sorting this out and converting our regulators from European to American,

plus getting the correct gas cylinders. We were lucky, for there were two excellent chandleries nearby plus an excellent machine shop. Whilst we were based here we found the only? Pub nearby. It was a place names the Lagoones, based on the waters edge and owned by a Basque. There was good pub food here plus craic. It seemed to be a haunt for the liveaboards amongst others and some of the clientele looked as if they could have dispensed with their dinghies and flown to and from the shore.

One lunchtime, we got the shocking news that Robert's father had died suddenly. We were



all stunned, for we had all known his dad, George, for many years. He was a lovely man who will be greatly missed by his wife Irene and all the family. The only good point was that we were not away at sea when the news reached us. Robert was able to fly quickly home via New York.

We had originally intended to sail to New York via Bermuda, but the weather between there and New York was constantly bad, with high wind which would have been heading us. Instead, we decided to sail to Norfolk Virginia, approximately 1,200 miles away. We departed St. Maarten on 26th April and arrived in Little Creek Marina at the entrance to Norfolk, on 4th May. I had heard horror stories about the Customs and Immigration people and was not looking forward to their visit. I need not have worried. They were extremely helpful, efficient and friendly, and recommended some restaurants and places to visit.

In general, as we cruised up the east coast, doing day hops, we met only warm and welcoming people, and we had a whale of a time. The only thing we could not get used to was the fact that pubs and restaurants were empty by 22.30. Most odd. Norfolk is a huge naval base and we headed off to look at the Battleship Wisconsin, afloat in her own customized dock, next to the Nautical Museum. Huge and impressive, she looked. "Imagine that coming straight at you at 30 knots," muttered John.

We departed Little Creek Marina on 8th May, having replaced our Mastervolt charger, which had given up the ghost, replaced our chain counter and finally fully sorted out our gas problems. We arrived at South Jersey Marina, Cape May on 9th. We walked into town, approximately one mile away, and looked at streets lined with beautiful clapboard houses and gas lit street lamps. The town was quiet, given that it was early season, but we believe it is a very popular holiday destination, with many people owning holiday homes here, plus lots of boarding houses and small hotels. Adjacent is a very fine beach (cold and windswept at the time). As Bill put it, the whole place looked "Awesome" That evening, we walked along the road from the marina, to get a bite to eat. It was all very quiet. We arrived outside what looked like a morgue, it was so quiet. We tentatively opened the outer door and went in--where we found total Bedlam. The place was jammed with people and the staff were running around with heaped plates of food. A great evening ensued and, as usual, we were put out with the bins...yep at 22.30.

On Sunday 11th, we departed Cape May bound for a place names Barnegat which is located up a fairly shallow inlet. There is a strong tide flowing through a narrow twisting channel and there is a bar at the entrance which is certainly quite shallow. We made it in and followed the nav. buoys up the channel. This is one of the access points for the Intra Coastal Route. A coast guard based at a station near the entrance to the dock area called us up and asked us to switch to channel 8, which we did, but could hear nothing. I reverted to 16 and told her I could hear nothing on 8. As she then started to explain that she was warning us of shallows, we went aground. Luckily, it was soft mud and we pulled off without any trouble. We finally anchored in a deep pool, with a stiff breeze blowing, having had a close encounter with a submerged mooring buoy (one of two). The scenery was beautiful, the location peaceful and having had a great dinner cooked by Bill, we sat in the cockpit



Pure Magic in Manhattan

looking at the surrounding landscape lit by a huge moon (thus the very strong current and hidden moorings).

From here, it was only a 34-mile hop to New York which we reached the following evening and docked in North Cove Marina (recommended by Bob Drew ICC), literally across the road from Ground Zero. The location could not have been better, with the only drawback being the harbour traffic which kicked up a good lop in the marina, during the day. The boats rolled and chucked a bit as a result, but this was a very small price to pay for such a location and we thoroughly enjoyed our stay, doing the tourist thing. The weather varied between very warm and very cold.

Thursday 15th May dawned cold, foggy and with lots of heavy rain. We departed Manhattan at 06.30 to catch the tide through Hell's Gate. We whistled under bridges, barely visible in the murk and finally three hours later we arrived in Manhasset Bay, Long Island Sound and docked in Capri Marina, Brewers. We tended to stay in Brewers Marinas as we headed north, since having been given a loyalty card at the first of their marinas where we had docked further South, we were granted a good discount at each subsequent one.

We walked about a mile to the local town, where all was very quiet, and wet. Many boats were still under their winter covers and there was little if any activity. We found a unisex hairdresser's shop and had three of the worst haircuts any of us had ever had. We looked like characters out of the Beano.

By Friday morning, it was blowing hard and the rain

was coming down in sheets. It also backed and was soon whistling across the bay gusting up to 47 knots and kicking up a nasty chop. We fed out more lines and settled down to a very wet windy evening and night. Dinner consisted of spuds and spam---all we had left in the larder. I thought the spam was ok, but as John and Bill both pointed out, I like airplane food, so that said it all. For their part, they hated it. We subsequently learnt that if we had fried the spam, it would have tasted better.

Saturday was a much better morning and we hightailed it on down the sound to the lovely inlet of Huntington and berthed at the Huntington Yacht Club. The evening was perfect and the surroundings were truly beautiful, with some marvelous houses perched on the surrounding hillsides.

We were made very welcome in the yacht club and quickly settled in meeting lots of people, including a lunatic from Donegal who addressed various members whilst standing on his head! This club did not close early. During our time here, John Marrow departed for home via J.F.K. Airport.

On Tuesday 20th May, Bill and I fuelled up and headed for Branford Harbour 32 miles away. We had dinner in the boatyard restaurant and I ordered a seafood platter. Everything was DEEP FRIED. It nearly sank me. I still shudder slightly if I see "deep fried" on any menu. Even deep fried Brie would give me the horrors.

By Wednesday the 21st., we had reached Mystic, a beautiful inlet. We had a great evening walking around the town which was buzzy and attractive, with lots of restaurants. We finally settled for a small quirky Thai restaurant and got talking to the parents (elderly) of the owner (wayward son who had gone walkabout with a unsuitable young lady). They were holding the whole business together for the moment and despite all the angst, we had a really good meal.

The following day, we arrived in Newport Rhode Island and were lucky to get tied up before the heavens opened. Whilst here, the weather was very changeable with

lots of cold winds and rain. Newport is beautiful, though it was not busy, as the holiday season had not yet started. Yachts were only just being launched and rigged. Some of the old classics were stunning. By Friday, things were definitely looking up. The weather was improving and there was more buzz about the place. Come Sunday, it was really hopping and we had some difficulty tearing ourselves away and heading for Plymouth via the Cape Cod Canal.

We had a sunny day motor sailing, and tied up in Plymouth that evening. It's a nice town with a replica *Mayflower* docked and on display. The following morning, we had a good look around her before heading for Boston harbour. We reached there at about 18.00 and tied up at the Boston Yacht Haven literally yards away from Faneuil Hall Market. We stayed here for three days and really enjoyed the city, which is much less frenetic than New York. It is a pleasure to walk around the streets, and the Kennedy Library is a must, as is the Boston Fine Art Gallery.

On 30th we headed for Gloucester Harbor (of Perfect Storm fame) and whilst there, we rented a car for a day and drove to Marblehead, a truly beautiful place. Here we dropped into the Boston Yacht Club, where we were made very welcome and had a super lunch, overlooking the bay. The young girl who was serving us and who was a student on holiday, upon discovering we were Irish, volunteered that her first ever boyfriend was Irish. I asked her had he been nice? She replied, "No he drank too much. What would you like to drink?" "Two sparkling waters please", we chorused. Sitting at another table near us were four elderly ladies, obviously good friends, who had just returned from various winter habitats. Bill and I actually stopped talking, for we could not help overhearing their conversation which was hugely entertaining. One of their number was a real raconteur, and in her quiet beautifully modulated New England tones, she regaled her friends with stories galore.

One which I remember, related to her memory of friends who had invited her and her husband to the launching of their newly built yacht. A bottle of champagne was smashed over the bow and she slid down the slip. There then followed a wonderful party. "Jack," she said to her husband, "we shall have a launching party such as this for our new boat." "But, my dear", he replied "Our new boat is only ten feet long." "No matter," she said, "it's new and deserves the same ceremony, and we are doing it, and we did". On 31st May, we departed Gloucester Harbor and arrived in Portsmouth Harbour that afternoon. I had booked *Pure Magic* into a marina berth more or less in the middle of the town, named Harbour Place Marina, where she stayed until mid August. Portsmouth turned out to be a lovely town, full of life with a very lively square in its centre. Here at weekends, lots of middle-aged bikers congregated on their Harleys and chatted bikes, while drinking coffee.

In mid-August, Sean Colbert, Mike Alexander and I returned to *Pure Magic*. In my absence, she had been very well looked after by a local young lady who was delighted to keep an eye on her, and who had been recommended by the Dock Manager. We departed Portsmouth



Pulpit Harbour North Haven



Round Pond Camden

on 20th August and really had a magical three weeks, mainly motorsailing up the coast of Maine, day hopping.

We anchored in some places, got marina berths in others, and sometimes rented moorings.

When we reached one particular spot named Round Pond, Camden, we were given a free mooring for the night by Susan Howland, CEO of Wayfarer Marine, who explained that the owner of the marina, named John Flynn is Irish, and that she had looked after David and Eddie Nicholson's boat *Mollihawk's Shadow*, during the winter, whilst they were cruising the coast of Maine some years ago. She remembered David, Joan and Eddie with great fondness and was indeed sad when she had learnt of David's passing.

The weather overall was stunning, as was the scenery and it was little hardship to motorsail as we potted along visiting such places as Pulpit Harbor, North Haven (idyllic), then on through Eggemoggin Strait to a lunchtime stop anchored off the Wooden Boat School, part of the Wooden Boat Magazine group. Here we rowed ashore and watched students being taught wooden boat building skills (fascinating). Then on to Mount Desert Island where we berthed at the North East Harbor Marina. Here, the following day, 26th August, we had a thoroughly enjoyable hike up to the top of one of the hills, through National Park land and looked out over the surrounding islands and sea.

On then to Roque Island, where we anchored overnight before arriving at Eastport dock, our last port before leaving U.S. waters. It's a nice sleepy town, but we found one of the best pubs we had encountered during our travels up the coast of the States. What a crowd. What a night. One of the guys we met was named Cory Guimond. He owns a boat building business and early next morning, he brought us to his premises to show us the type of boats he builds. They are very nice hulls which can be fitted out as either lobster boats or leisure craft. Another fascinating person we met was an elderly lady named Nan. At one point she had been campaign manager for John McCain,

amongst others, and she had us spellbound with her stories. She still seemed to be very active on lots of town committees.

On Friday 29th August, we departed Eastport and, given the weather forecast, decided to do an overnight sail directly to Nova Scotia, getting around the most southern point, Cape Sable, before the wind headed us and strengthened. There are also very strong tides in this area.

All went well and we finally docked at the Shelburne Harbour Yacht Club marina at 17.00, where we were welcomed by the Commodore and invited to their end of season bash, starting about two hours later. Customs and Immigration finally arrived and cleared us into Canada. We then headed for the party as if we had a fire under our tails. The evening turned out to be thoroughly enjoyable and the following day was slow for everyone--- members included.

On Monday, having departed Shelburne Harbour, we later anchored in Spectacle Island for the night and from there headed for the town of Lunenburg (the home of the famous fishing schooner Blue Nose) in thick fog. We finally docked that evening, as the fog cleared. Lunenburg is a World Heritage site and is very pretty with a wonderful waterfront. We did the usual sightseeing thing, visiting the local nautical museum which was well worthwhile and finally on 4th September, we reached Shining Water Marina in St. Margaret Bay, where *Pure Magic* was hauled for the winter. The marina is located about forty minutes from the centre of Halifax and hopefully will be a good winter location.

Overall, it has been a great cruise to date. We have been blessed with the weather, seen lots of lovely places and met many interesting people. Here's hoping the balance of the cruise home to Ireland will be as satisfying.

Table of Distances:

Lagos to Lanzarote:	560
Lanzarote to Antigua:	2,870
Antigua to Portsmouth:	1,858
Portsmouth to Shining Water Marina, St. Margaret Bay, Nova Scotia:	545
Total Distance sailed:	5,833
Number of engine hours:	598

Two contrasting short cruises from Kinsale to the West Coast of Ireland

Nigel and Heleen Lindsay-Fynn

After five years in the Mediterranean, minus an Atlantic crossing in the ARC 2011, we were planning to return to the Aegean Islands for 2014. But it was not to be. Following a serious lightning strike in Croatia in September 2014, Heleen and I realised that we had to sail *Eleanda* to the Solent to engage the best engineers for the complex repairs, which included replacing all the electronics and electrics, and a nearly melted backstay. The ICC 85th Anniversary Cruise beckoned and so we based a fully restored *Eleanda* in Kinsale from July. This diary describes our two contrasting cruises to the west coast in August and September.

Our First Cruise, 12th to 22nd August

In early August, the two of us plus James Scott anxiously watched the weather. We had 10 days or so and were hoping to meet up with ICC members David Whitehead and Peter Fernie in Galway Bay, a good 250 miles from Kinsale. We even thought Inishbofin was feasible. But day after day the wind was firmly nor-westerly and the US GRIB 7 day forecast showed no relief, so delaying would be of no benefit. We left Kinsale around midday on Tuesday 12th August. After 45 minutes on a great reach to the Old Head, we turned west under engine into a 20-knot plus westerly. At least *Eleanda's* 35 tons and long waterline made it possible, but no fun. At 18.00 after 40.5 miles, we anchored off Sherkin Island, opposite Baltimore, well sheltered and peaceful. The Islander's Rest, as always, offered us perfectly fresh mussels and wine before a quiet dinner aboard.

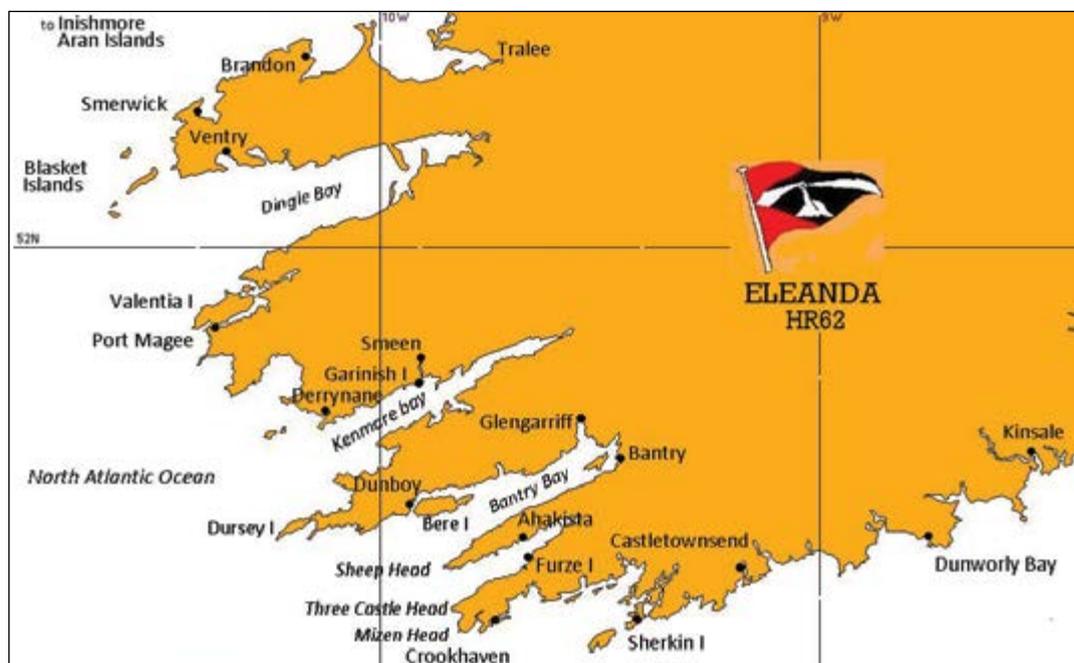
Wednesday was no different. We left at 08.45 hoping to make Port Magee, opposite Valentia, 56 miles away. The Mizzen was going to be exciting. We held off at least a mile to avoid the worst of the overfalls as we turned north, but we felt *Eleanda* buffeted from side to side as the confused tidal currents at maximum ebb did their worst. Inevitably the wind followed the coast, remaining on the nose at over 20 knots as we headed 298^o to Dursley and then 337^o

for Valentia. But it was too much. At 13.40 we gave up and bore away east into Kenmare Bay, heading for Sneem Harbour. For the next 18 miles we enjoyed a cracking reach 110^o off the wind with a reefed main and just 60% genoa, at 8.5 knots SOG. We eventually anchored at 16.05 behind Garinish Island, where there is only 4m at low tide but perfectly protected from the west. We had covered 56 miles. As high tide was at 19.00, we took the dinghy 1.7 miles up the river to the bridge and rocks at Sneem, which we remembered from 2000 as a buzzy tourist centre. But today it was deserted and drizzling. Any visitors were already in the pubs behind tightly shut doors to keep out the cold – oh well, back for a cosy dinner on board.

On Thursday it was so cold that we turned on the heaters when we got out of bed, never mind August. We decided to slow down and head just 27 miles to Port Magee. So we only left at 10.50 to motor sail to Lamb's Island, where we were forced to furl the genoa in a dramatic squall. As we motored north from Puffin Island the sea was enormous but gradually we gained the protection of Valentia, where we anchored for lunch in the long channel west of the village, at 14.15 in 5m, after 27.2 miles. The sun came out and the wind seemed to moderate from the West. Or were we just well sheltered? Fortified by a leisurely lunch, we resolved to continue north to Ventry, as not liking marinas, we chose to avoid Dingle. We motored out at 16.00. Rounding the southwest tip of Valentia, we turned north, unfurled most of the main and genoa, and finally close reached on 15^o to the entrance to Ventry Harbour in a much lighter north westerly. The bay is over a mile wide and the land low lying, not perfect protection. At 18.25 we anchored in the north just off the pier clear of the moorings in 8m with no swell. We had covered 45.5 miles and it would be a peaceful night. In the village of Cantra, along with a pub, we discovered The Skipper Restaurant, run by a naturalised Frenchman, Paddy (Patrice), where we enjoyed

excellent fish in a happy and friendly atmosphere. Our spirits were rising at last.

Friday, and still with some doubts, we decide to continue north. It was too far to meet our ICC friends, but we still might make Arran. We decided to sail past the north end of the Great Blasket on the way to Smerwick, Brandon and possibly further. At 10.15 with a north westerly 10-15 knot wind, we sailed off the anchorage, crossed the harbour and turned west along the coast. As we approached Blasket Sound the wind died and we motored close to the island's beach. There were no



tourist ferries, perhaps due to the sea state. The sun glanced off the ruined cottages; there was a dog on the beach and seals in the water; it was all just so beautiful. We motored north through the channel of rocks with Beginish Rock to starboard and could soon motor sail, but now with insufficient wind. It was no fun, so we turned into Smerwick Harbour to anchor at 12.55 in the southeast off the beach in 7m. Now the sun was shining and it was really quite hot. We enjoyed a leisurely lunch. With some reluctance we weighed anchor at 16.00. The wind was now less than 8 knots, so we motored. At 17.50 we turned south into Brandon Bay, still in some swell. The anchorage off the village is barely a mile south of the point, where we anchored at 18.00 in 8.5m at half-tide. We had covered 32 miles, 173 miles in four days. Some swell crept in, but it was not uncomfortable. In the evening light we watched teenagers rowing sea-going fours round a marked course. Their language was totally unprintable.

The next morning, Saturday, was sunny and the wind had backed to southwest. In the last two days the barometer had risen 10mb to 1,023.0 – we decided to continue to Inishmore, 56 miles away. We weighed anchor at 08.45 and ten minutes later unfurled everything, engine off. As we cleared the point the wind strengthened to 24 knots. On a broad reach we made 8.8 knots SOG. As the day passed, the swell and wind increased. It was not the most comfortable sea but our SOG was soon over 9 knots. We arrived off Straw Island at 14.30, furling, turned west and motored into Kileany Bay to anchor off the main town, Kilronan, in 4.7m close to low tide. We had covered 56.4 miles in just over 6 hours, an average of 9 knots including entering the harbour and anchoring. It had been a blast, great sailing. We also felt quite a sense of achievement. Despite three miserable days of motoring into the wind, we had made the 230 miles to the Arran Islands in 5 days, finishing on a high note. But even in the shelter of the island the wind was still 20 knots. We stayed on board for the evening, as taking the dinghy ashore would have been decidedly wet.

Sunday was a day of rest for sightseeing. We were offered and hired a pick-up truck driven by Sean, a retired lighthouse keeper and local journalist broadcaster, who entertained us with incessant stories and his personal tour of the island. He only talks English to visitors such as us. Among his community Gaelic is the first language. He showed us with pride the new Gaelic summer language school. We thanked him and said good-bye, feeling that, despite government money and much new building, the island was the poorer. Tourism has become easy money but it has robbed the Island of its traditional close-knit families of farmers and fishermen.

On Monday 18th we began our journey south. We decided to sail straight back to Ventry, 78 miles away, so left at 8.50. We motored northeast to Straw Island, unfurled the



Goose-winged on a run to Dursey Point

sails and turned south into the passage between Inishmore and Inishmaan. The wind was now northwest about 25 knots, perfect. Once again we reached past the Shannon estuary. But by 14.00 the wind was dropping and we had to motor sail. Just before 18.00 we gybed to the east as we passed through Blasket Sound after 71 miles. We furled before entering Ventry Harbour and at 18.50 anchored in the same spot off the pier in the north, this time in 6.5m, 2 hours after low tide. Later we took the dinghy ashore for a return visit to The Skipper, where Paddy gave us a great welcome and after dinner joined us for a drink and a chat about his career in restaurants from France to Dingle.

Tuesday it was again cold but dry. With a gentle wind from the northwest, we tried to motor sail the 68 miles to Bantry, but stopped for lunch behind Dursey Island, certainly not a recognised anchorage. We left at 9.25 and headed south, passing Bray Head and Puffin Island. With the wind behind us we soon furled the sails and motored to Dursey Island where at 13.35 we turned towards the Sound and could sail for the last 30 minutes. At 14.07 we anchored 0.5 miles southeast of the cable car in 7.5m close into the mainland shore. It made a perfect flat calm picturesque anchorage, but not when the wind is southwest. With 28 miles to Bantry, after a lazy lunch we departed at 15.20. We could motor sail on a broad reach, with 12-15 knots of wind, passing Bere Island and on into Bantry Bay. Despite the low tide at 18.30, we decided to go south of Whiddy Island, so furled first. At the shallowest part, we were down to 3.5m with just 1m below the keel. At 18.50 we anchored in 7.5m below Bantry House but well off the shore, which was full of moorings and bad holding. It was soft mud and to be safe we put out 50m of chain. The wind died, the sky cleared and we sat well wrapped up in the cockpit enjoying a peaceful sunset before dinner on board.

The next morning we spent ashore visiting Bantry House. We climbed to the top of the garden steps to drink in the descending terraces, the lovingly restored garden, reminiscent of Chateau Villandry, and the great house



Bantry House, with *Eleanda* anchored off

below with *Eleanda* in the distance. But the interior of the house is a sad shadow of its former glory, with much of the great Irish furniture sold, and signs everywhere of peeling paint and leaking roofs. The White family do their very best. But the house needs millions and there is no state or private benefactor. With sadness we strolled down to the dinghy pontoon and so back to *Eleanda* and lunch.

At 15.15 the wind had picked up to 10-12 knots northwest, so we motor-sailed west. With high tide at 13.24 there was plenty of water south of Whiddy this time. We gybed round Sheep's Head into Dunmanus Bay and headed for Furze Island, intending to anchor to its east. With this wind we would also be sheltered by Carbery Island, on which there is one isolated house. The wind died and we furled at 18.15. We motored between the islands and anchored in 6.5m one hour before low tide at 18.30. We had sailed 25 miles. We were totally isolated without any sign of habitation and the rocks were covered with seals, which ignored us. We were snug in our very own unmarked anchorage.

After a most peaceful night despite the occasional barking seal, on Thursday 21st we decided we were in no hurry and would take two days to sail the 72 miles to Kinsale. Despite a light drizzle, the weather was pleasant with the wind still from the northwest. We left at 10.55, motoring to Three Castle Head and turning south. At 12.15 we unfurled the sails, cut the engine and reached to the Mizen in 14 knots wind, SOG about 7.5 knots. Turning east 15 minutes later, we needed the engine for the last hour to Crookhaven, where we anchored at 13.20 in 6m, close to high tide. After a brief trip ashore and a leisurely lunch, we headed out at 16.25, motor sailing on a near run to between Clear and Sherkin Islands and on to Castletownsend, where we anchored in the outer bay at 19.25 in 5.7m, 2 hours before low tide. We had sailed 41 miles. We received the usual friendly welcome at Mary Ann's, where we passed a very pleasant final evening.

On Friday with only 32 miles to George Kingston's

pontoon at Kinsale, we motored out at 11.50 into a flat calm sea and very little wind. It was an easy end to an eventful 11 days. 3 ½ hours later we were passing Charles Fort. It was close to high tide, there was no wind and we floated onto the pontoon with no effort, all moored up at 15.40. We had covered a total of 473.3 miles. For August it was decidedly winter and the first three days were miserable, just banging into the wind. After that the final day to Inishmore showed *Eleanda* at her best, 56 miles sailed in barely 6 hours. The journey home was gentle by comparison. The west coast of Ireland has so much to offer, but as always when sailing, the weather is everything.

Our 2nd cruise, 8th to 16th September

We returned to Kinsale on Saturday 6th September with two friends from England, Tom Caplin and Stuart Howe, both of whom had sailed on *Eleanda* in the past. With just 9 days, once again we had Ventry or Valentia in mind, but not this time as far as the Shannon

Estuary.

Monday 8th – We were all on board by 10.30. The forecast was gentle easterlies for several days. The barometer was steady at 1,021.5, the sun shone and we had 8 knots of wind on the pontoon. We slipped the warps at 11.20, motoring south with Kinsale extremely photogenic, including James and Charles Forts. Once past the forts we could motor sail on a broad reach to the Old Head where we turned west onto a run, but there was barely any apparent wind, so motor and main alone. As a lunch stop we were heading for the southwest facing Dunworley Bay, 16.5 miles from Kinsale, where barely anyone would anchor, as



***Eleanda* anchored in Dunboy**

in prevailing winds it would be very uncomfortable. Today with a light easterly it was perfect. At 13.40 we furled the main and 15 minutes later anchored in 8.5m with lots of chain, 50m. We were just 150m off the beach, warm enough for a few picnickers. The sea was flat and the cockpit warm, quite unlike August. At 15.25 we motored to the west aiming to anchor off Sherkin Island under the Islander's Rest Hotel. It was a further 27 miles and we anchored at 18.45 in 8.5m an hour after high tide. There was one other boat at anchor. 30 minutes later we went ashore to the bar for a bowl of mussels and a drink. We were met with 'Wait, I will see whether the kitchen is still open. The last ferry at this time of the year goes at 19.15. We were just in time. But by 20.30 they were turning off the lights. So we returned to *Eleanda* for Heleen's first gourmet dinner of the cruise and a very peaceful night.

On Tuesday morning we awoke to misty sun, no wind and a rising barometer. This will be a lazy day – Crookhaven for lunch, 14 miles, and on to Dunboy, a total of 32 miles. It was sadly a day of motoring and at 18.35 we anchored at Dunboy in 9.5m just after high tide. We took the dinghy ashore to a tiny sandy beach and walked to the ruins of the sixteenth century Dunboy Castle, not the abandoned hotel nearby, more of which later. As we sipped chilled white wine or whisky to choice and nibbled on Heleen's canapés, we could see *Eleanda* at anchor below in the evening light. It was magic. In the gathering dusk with reluctance we returned to *Eleanda*, picking blackberries on the way, for dinner on board.

On Wednesday 10th we got up to see the great restored Puxley mansion in the morning sunlight. 14 years before, Heleen and I had walked through the ruined shell open to the sky with sheep droppings under foot. Now after €50m spent on restoration and extension it has been taken over by NAMA and once again abandoned. Above and to the side of the original building is a range of modern apartments, needed in the tiger economy days to justify the huge restoration cost, but now all worthless and detracting from the romance and overwhelming grandeur of the old mansion. What a tragedy.

Once out of the sound between Bere Island and the mainland, we unfurled the main on a run, goose-winged the genoa and cut the engine. We were making 7.2 knots in 15-16 knots of wind. We rounded Dursey Head, onto a broad reach making 7.5 knots, and headed for Blasket Sound 33 miles away on 340° to Puffin Island and Bray Head, Valentia, and then 350° to the Sound. It was so calm



The restored Puxley Mansion, Dunboy

I decided we would take the risk of anchoring off the beach in the northeast of the Great Blasket Island. We furled the sails at 17.10 as we reached the Sound and motored slowly along the beach. We tried anchoring among the rocks west of Beginish Island but there was too much weed, so we returned and at 17.55 anchored 100m off the beach in 9m at high tide, so slack water. There was not much swell, the location just superb, but no one felt like taking the dinghy ashore. It was too pleasant in the cockpit.

It was a peaceful evening but by midnight the wind had backed northwest, increasing. At 01.00 Thursday, James and I looked at the anchor and our position on the computer screen and concluded all was well. By 02.30 the wind was over 20 knots and I got up again. As an anchor drag warning, I always leave the computer plotting the boat track, with the screen displaying a range roughly 200m across. With a well dug in anchor it should show *Eleanda* circling the anchor as wind or tide changes. If it displays a zigzag track moving away from the anchor, it is dragging. The tide was now at full flood to the northwest, so against the wind, and the anchor chain disappeared under the hull. The anchor lay to the southeast with *Eleanda* pushed to the northeast by the tide, but still bow to wind. I could not detect a drag. But just in case, at 03.30 we re-laid the anchor slightly further off the beach and dropped all of 60m of chain, which again disappeared under the hull. Satisfied we still set anchor watches for the next couple of hours. At 07.00, just after high tide *Eleanda* once again lay to the wind with her anchor and chain out beyond the bow. I have anchored in many strong tidal streams before. But I have never experienced such contrary forces of wind and tide causing *Eleanda* to ride forward over her anchor.

We rose late on Thursday. It was a calm sunny day. Perversely the wind was back in the east. At 11.40 we motored out to the west and turned south, cut the engine and reached down the west side of the Great Blasket



Heleen on the pier, Kilronan Harbour

with its cliffs towering above us. We passed through the gap to the south and down the east of Inishabro with its spectacular pierced cathedral like rocks at the northern tip. I was intending to anchor off the northwest corner of Inishvickillaun, the island that Charles Haughey had bought in 1974, where there is a shallow area and the swell might not be too bad. At 12.45 after just 6.2 miles we anchored in 10.5m with plenty of chain. It was quite magic, a perfect lunch stop, on one of the few days in any year when it was tenable with little swell. We were close to some landing steps and a hoist that looked most perilous. We lingered for nearly 3 hours, finally departing at 15.35 to motor to the pier in the north of Ventry Harbour once again, just 12 miles away. At 17.10, an hour before high tide, we anchored clear of the mooring buoys in 7m. Sometime later we returned to The Skipper Restaurant yet again for a most convivial evening. Earlier in the pub, the locals had warned us to expect a greater tidal range than shown in the tables, with the corn moon coming. It turned out to be just over 4m and at low tide just after midnight our depth was only 3.5m.

On Friday 12th we continued south, leaving at 10.43 with the intention of anchoring for lunch behind Horse Island in the sound leading to Port Magee. With an easterly we reached, sometimes with the engine, as the wind fluctuated between 8 and 15 knots. At 13.00 we rounded Bray Head in very gusty conditions and a big sea, holding well off the rocks. We motored across the sound and crept through the narrow entrance to the pool to the east of Horse Island to anchor at 13.15 in 6.5m with 30m of chain. It was worth the nail biting, a perfect calm isolated anchorage, even if not the best holding but good enough for lunch. It was another leisurely break, a fishing boat in the distance being our only companion. Norman Kean writes favourably about this spot. Follow his advice, as we did.

Finally at 16.15 we motored out, in variable winds with the sails doing very little. We passed Puffin Island and just before Bolus Head a cry 'fishing buoy dead ahead!' – engine stopped, but too late, the line was between our

rudder and the keel. The wind had died. We just wallowed for a few minutes, not daring to use the engine. With some nifty work we hooked the buoy with the boat hook and pulled it up enough for it to drop free – a close shave. We now furled the sails and motored, heading for the tiny harbour of Derrynane, which looked perfect on the chart and from the photos. It is close to Derrynane House, the ancestral home of Daniel O'Connell, the Liberator, 1775 – 1847, whose campaigns caused the British House of Commons to pass the Catholic Emancipation Act in 1829; altogether an interesting stop. But the wind was 18 knots from the East with a disturbed sea.

As we approached, close to high tide due at 19.22, every rock, and there were plenty, was lashed with white foam, and it looked quite fearful. I prepared plan B, to anchor in Derrynane Bay, a mile to the east. But it probably looked worse from our direction, the west. There was no sign of the approach channel, on a bearing of 34^o, and I was about to give up in favour of plan B, when the channel opened up to port, a calm sea with spray covered rocks to each side of a 50m wide clean channel. Cautiously we motored in, between the rocks, turning sharp to starboard between the two concrete markers. We never had less than 5m depth. But imagine our shock. The entire harbour, only about 300m by 150m, was full of mooring buoys and fishing boats. There was no chance of anchoring. We spotted two vacant visitor buoys about 25m apart, each marked 15 tons. We used the dinghy to moor *Eleanda* to the two with equal warps, all done by 19.00, after 32.9 miles. Derrynane is very much a working fishermen's harbour and not ideal for *Eleanda*. But too late, we were there for the night, no pub, no restaurant, but Heleen's dinner on board.

On Saturday 13th morning high tide was 7.58. We dropped our moorings at 8.15, and cautiously followed a fish-farm workboat through the channel. The sun shone with a light wind from the northeast. At 8.35 we unfurled, cut the engine and reached towards Durse Point, which



A gift of fresh shrimps from an Ahakista fisherman

we rounded at 10.00. We furled and motored east to Bere Island Sound, where we turned north once again to Dunboy, anchoring at 11.50 in 7m for an early but leisurely lunch. We had been aiming for Glengariff. But now we chose to go to Bantry instead, departing at 15.40 to motor the 18 miles east along the Sound north of Bere Island and then to the south of Whiddy. We took three goes to anchor, the first too close to the shore with its muddy bottom, before we were finally fixed at 17.55, after a day's distance of 42.9 miles. The wind died. We sat in the cockpit until dusk followed by dinner below.

We still had three days. The route was to be to Ahakista, in Dunmanus Bay, Castletownsend and Mary Ann's, and the last 32 miles to Kinsale. On Sunday morning Tom and Stuart visited Bantry House. Heleen and I walked to Bantry. After an early lunch on board, we left at 13.35, 90 minutes before low tide, so we went north of Whiddy Island, passing numerous fish farms, in the fairly narrow marked channel. We left Horse Island to port and turned west. At 14.05 we unfurled everything, cut the engine, and reached with the wind at least 25 knots still from the east. It was a great sail in flat water. At 16.00 we rounded

now a local, even gave us a huge bucket of shrimps, much enjoyed by all of us the same day.

On Monday, we left at 10.30 and with the wind astern motored to Three Castle head where we turned south for the Mizzen and then could sail for 20 minutes until we rounded the Head. We furled the sails and turned east under engine for Crookhaven, where we anchored at 13.15 after 20 miles. We went ashore for Heleen and Tom to buy presents from Jorg, the German goldsmith, who now lives in the village and designs and makes his own modern jewellery. The sun shone. It was shirtsleeve weather. We sat at a table outside the pub for a pre-lunch tippie, admiring the view across the harbour and a puppy at a neighbouring table. After lunch back on board we left at 15.00 to motor the 23 miles to Castletownsend. For the first time on this cruise we were head to a 25 knot wind. But the sea was still quite calm. At 18.10 we dropped anchor in the outer bay of Castletownsend in 6.7m at about mid-tide. Inevitably we were the only visiting yacht. We sat in the cockpit for our last early evening drink and later went ashore for a warm welcome from Fergus at Mary Ann's and his excellent fish for all.



Eleanda Moored to the Kingston Family's Pontoon, Kinsale

Tuesday was our last day and we were due back in Kinsale. We departed early at 7.30 as the forecast was for increasing easterlies, already 12 – 15 knots. We motored to the Old Head, reached for 45 minutes into the estuary, furled and motored the last 15 minutes to George Kingston's pontoon, where at high tide we just drifted alongside at 11.50.

In 10 warm days we had covered 358.5 miles, mostly sailing. But we still needed 37 hours of engine. Other than our night anchored off the Great Blasket, the sailing had been easy and the weather most kind. What a comparison with our August cruise to the Arran Islands which had been cold, frequently uncomfortable and needed 47 engine hours for its 473.3 miles. We certainly found every condition possible for our three months sailing out of Kinsale.

Sheep's Head, remaining close-hauled on the same port tack for 20 minutes before tacking. The wind had veered just enough for us to make Ahakista on this tack at 55°. I had expected to be motoring almost dead into the wind. We furled and started the engine at 17.55. 10 minutes later we were anchored in Kitchen Cove in 10m at half tide. We had come 30.6 miles. Once again we admired Ahakista House on the water's edge, now the holiday home of Graham Norton, and later we took the dinghy ashore to Arundels by the Pier, once just a pub but now an excellent and friendly restaurant. Ahakista is quite a diversion and out of the way. But perhaps for that reason the occasional yacht gets a great welcome. An amateur Belgian fisherman,

On Thursday 9th October George Kingston died suddenly but peacefully, just two weeks after we had said our goodbyes. We first met in in 2000 and he had generously hosted Eleanda every time we had visited Kinsale since then. We are so saddened and convey our sympathies and condolences to Philomena and all his family.

Selkie - A Family Transatlantic Adventure

Justin McDonagh

Debating our continued cruising of these islands or to bring the Atlantic crossing forward, we hear: "If you won't take them, I will. They'll be travelling with their friends. Have they had a better time anywhere else?" This was our neighbour Michael Thurston on his vessel *Drina* in Arrecife, Lanzarote.

Michael, had, it seemed, since leaving Australia in the early eighties with his then young family, been travelling the oceans. He was trying to convince us to take part in the first Atlantic Odyssey, leaving in a week's time. This inaugural, Jimmy Cornell/Arrecife Marina partnership offered a generous package to participating vessels. We had been sharing the marina with twenty two boats getting ready for the start, seven of which had children on board but all of which had signed up months earlier.

Here for the first time since leaving home in July 2012 were plenty of playmates for our two children, Cian and Ellen, resulting in tremendous excitement and squeals of delight around the boats and pontoons.

Putting aside our plans to cross later in the season, Trish, Cian and Ellen suggested the family-focused Odyssey was the best approach to this Atlantic crossing. Deciding to join the adventure just a week before departure date demanded some busy boat preparation and provisioning days.

Atlantic Crossing

Departure was at noon Sunday, Nov 17th. It felt like a breezy week all that week and vessels departed the marina in an agreed sequence, necessary due to some difficult wind and a cross current on the marina pontoons.

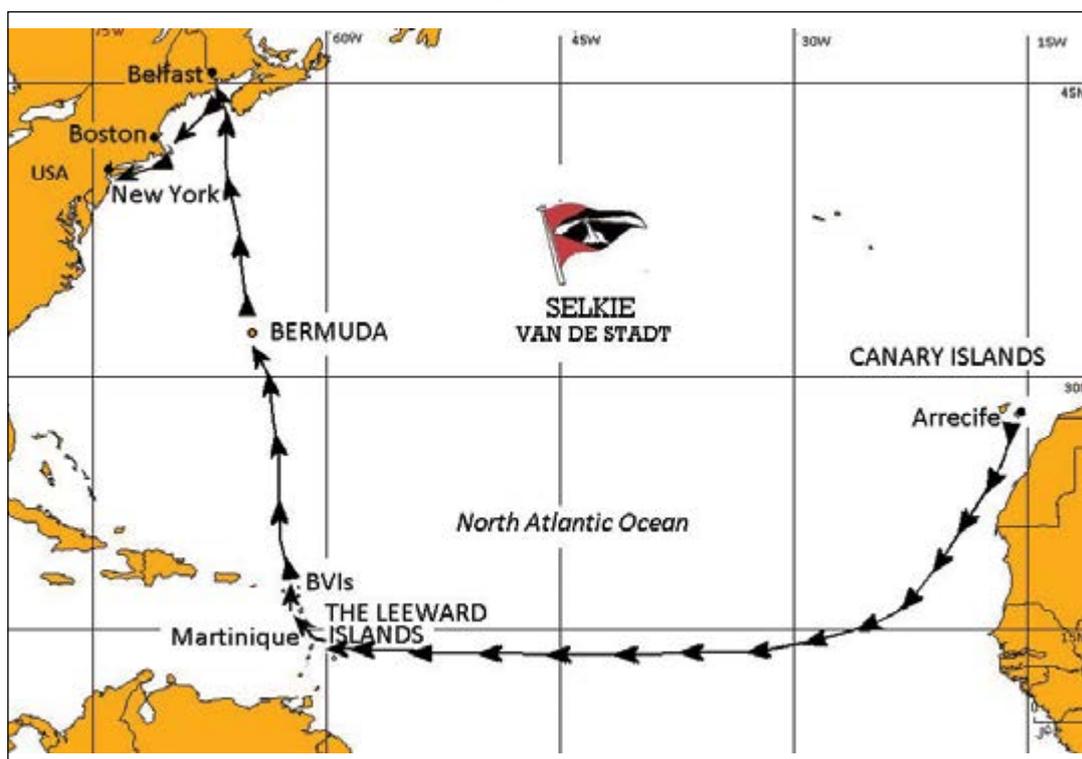
Many large catamarans and mono hulls manoeuvring in gusty grey weather made the downwind approach to the line a tricky business. *Selkie* powered across the start in seventh position, no it was eighth, that catamaran to port responded instantly to a gust and just skidded past. Well, we weren't racing, were we? After all the vessels got away, we started to separate out and were pleased with our progress. Much photographing, much waving, skippers too busy with sail shapes and instruments, the VHF beginning to quieten down and with the Monitor windvane set we started to prepare *Selkie* for evening watch and the long track



ahead. With the watch system set, evening meal over and kids in 'jamies', a daily routine began to take shape. I came off watch at 02:00 and was ready for sleep. The previous night's farewell party and the morning's activities were taking their toll.

I was wakened by Trish. We had run over a net, which was caught in the skeg, our speed down to zero with 20 knots displayed on the anemometer. Crash! Boom! The stern and rudder taking the pressure with a regular splashing into the cockpit. The net traced a large 'V' behind the hull and we were stuck. First thing, swung the Monitor paddle out of the way. The problem then, the distance between the water surface and the bottom of the skeg was too long for the boat hook. Instead we had a couple of weights tied together with a short piece of rope. The weights, with a warp tied between them were dropped across the net but the net wouldn't release. Wrapped the genoa and dropped the main, should have thought of this earlier. This taking the pressure off the skeg the net slipped down and away. The noise and motion reduced, we were free. In pulling back my weights, the end of the warp emerged, no weights, a savaged piece of line, cut through and frayed by the sawing action of the net and what about the skeg? How many miles to go?

The following day we heard one boat had to divert to the Cape Verde Islands. Apparently all was well with the boat but the skipper needed a full crew change so we guessed it was going to be a long lonely trip for him. We later heard three other vessels made for Cape Verde for various mechanical issues. Picking up our weather data via sat phone, it appeared the fine wind we had had would soon disappear. The efforts made at maintaining boat speed



in the early days of the trip appeared to have little value when after the third day we lost all wind. We motored as much as we dared to the latitude of the Cape Verde Islands and the trade wind zone. But according to the forecasts, the trade winds had disappeared. All of us knew it was early in the season but the forecast for the next week suggested it may be wiser to motor all the way to the Cape Verde Islands, top up with fuel and hope the winds will fill in by then. We, like most vessels, kept motoring west though, maintained low engine revs while sifting zephyrs through the rig.

Upon reaching our closest point to the Cape Verde Islands, the clear skies gave way to squalls, several days of unstable grey weather and we found ourselves beating under stay sail and two reefs in the main. With wind shifting over the days and strength frequently changing, the sails required constant attention. On one of these days we took a significant quantity of water through an open deck hatch, drenching the saloon. Following that deluge, during this weather, all hatches were kept sealed. Uncomfortable as it was in the warm humid cabin, there wasn't much respite in the cockpit. Cian and Ellen couldn't decide if it was better to stay below or don wet gear and roll about in the cockpit. Despite this, Selkie School was open and missed only four days during the entire trip.



Martinique Arrival (photo courtesy of Cornell Sailing Events).

After party treats, cake and gift unwrapping it was magic to soak up some sun again.

From that day on, the winds became more favourable, veering to the north then east and the clouds took on the appearance of the trade wind zone that Trish and I had experienced back in 1998 when we sailed as crew. This 2013 trip was going to be slower, slower for all vessels. Due to the light winds in the first and second week all were approximately one week later than projected. The Odyssey organisers delayed all functions to accommodate the later arrival dates. Many crew who joined the vessels for the Atlantic crossing only, had to reschedule flights.

Slow as it was, by now all had settled into the routine and all were sleeping well. Trish and I usually woke for our watch duty ahead of time. On one of these mid Atlantic nights, in a sleepy haze I heard voices and laughter in the cockpit. As I wakened, it seemed that I was not dreaming and that Trish was indeed in conversation with a French sailor. How did he get onboard? He was talking about single handed racing, the Mini Transit race on route to Guadeloupe. With each sentence terminating in 'Over', I soon realised he was on the VHF. He was eager to chat and kept hailing Trish with information of other Transit boats in the vicinity, one without lights, or

AIS – well that was her story.

Martinique

We arrived after midnight on the fourteenth day of December and were delighted to hear a party in full flow in the marina at Marin. Some had just arrived, some were there days before but the party it seemed just continued and so it continued for another week to welcome all. We had a wonderful welcome. The delight of safely completing our



Selkie School Flag. Follow knowledge like a sinking star..

December first, Cian's ninth birthday, was to be party day. Could we make a day of it? On the evening before some clear weather appeared at sunset. Receding cloud on the horizon revealing a sky, clean and blue. Dawn the next morning brought a fine bright day, the best day of the trip. Wind a steady 12 knots from the west and *Selkie* tracked along beautifully all day. A chance to dry out seat covers and make the necessary preparations for a birthday party.

first ocean crossing on our self-built *Selkie* was heightened by the warm welcome from our fellow Odyssey voyagers. Our lines taken, cool Lorraine's, (Martinique's local brew) put in our hands, cameras in action and then time to share some ocean tales. Cian and Ellen slept until morning but realising where they were, wasted no time in going ashore to see if they could recognise any boats and to see if some of their pals were already here. They found three family vessels and soon the antics and squeals of laughter took up where they had left off in Arreife as if the Atlantic was just an interruption to play. These easy and sociable days brought us to the final Odyssey party in Marin. Reggae, tapas and rum cocktails fuelled the final gathering. Special mention was made of the sixteen transatlantic children and each received certificates in memory of their achievement.

Next day was departure day for many vessels, including our good friend Mr. Michael Thurston on *Drina*, leaving on a mission north. North towards Newfoundland and beyond. Michael who had sailed to the Atlantic via Cape Horn was hoping to join that small group of sailors to have circumnavigated the Americas. If he could get through the North West passage into the Pacific, he would have closed a loop he started when he last left Australia a couple of years earlier. At the time of writing I believe *Drina* is now heading down the Aleutian archipelago with the toughest part of the voyage behind him. If we thought we could now travel independently before Christmas, the children had other ideas and so several of us, (the family boats), decided to celebrate Christmas at Grand Anse d'Arlet, a few miles north of Marin.

Arriving to anchor, on Christmas Eve, we found our anchor chain at thirty metres length was leaving us tight for the depth so an additional twenty metres of anchor plait followed the chain. As it turned out, were very glad of it later that night. As the evening approached the sky darkened under full cloud cover with driving rain and after sunset we witnessed a most spectacular thunder and lightning performance, much to the delight of the younger crews. Later that night several vessels began to drag. Of most concern to ourselves was the pair of rafted, unattended catamarans. When these crews did return, the skippers, avoiding all other anchored vessels and with much difficulty separated and brought the situation under control.

It turned out to be a wild night throughout the Windward Island chain from our location on Martinique south to the Tobago Cays. Later we heard that some of the crews leaving the Odyssey boats and flying home on Christmas Eve found the ground floor of the airport at St Lucia underwater and due to flight delays had to sleep overnight in the upper floors of the airport. There were several fatalities that night on St. Vincent in weather related incidents. The weather event had little or no warning. On Christmas morning the crews were wondering where it came from and it seems to have taken everyone by surprise. As the morning progressed the wind calmed, motion in the anchorage improved and with that, dinghies were again in use. It appeared we were going to have a sociable Christmas after all and even better news, Santa got to all the boats despite lightning, thunder, driving rain and the overnight change of location of several vessels. The family from New Zealand sailing *Sudoeste* and ourselves were invited to spend Christmas Day on *Moxie*. *Moxie* being a large catamaran

was ideal for Christmas dinner for the three families, which included five children. Plenty of seating space for a bunch of adults on such a day and more importantly, diving platform, running space and trampoline space for five excited children.

Our last stop in Martinique was the town of St. Pierre whose dramatic landscape and traumatic history are dominated by Mt. Péle, a currently active volcano. The local people say that the mountain has 'its head in cloud nine and its foot in the water'. This foot in the water leaves a narrow strip of suitable anchorage between the beach and a sharp drop off. It took a couple of attempts to get the hook down and we watched with empathy over the next couple of days as several boats anchored at least twice before being satisfied. This once affluent capital of Martinique was devastated by a volcanic eruption in 1902. We spent a few days here immersing ourselves in the town's fascinating history.

Dominica

Arriving in Portsmouth Harbour, Dominica, (or Sunday Island), was *Selkie's* first non-European territory. On route Trish, Cian and Ellen drew up, cut and stitched a Dominica flag and which was ready for hoisting as we turned into the harbour. We were welcomed by 'Sea Bird', a colourful fishing boat of the PAYES co-op who offered details of day trips. When just anchored, one fellow, Titus, approached asking if we would be interested in joining the barbecue event on the beach beginning in one hour. He indicated that instead of individual local boats offering fruit and services to the visitors, PAYES prepared barbecues twice a week as a social event where cruisers could meet, enjoy a meal, rum punch, followed by dancing. So pumping up the dinghy while I spoke to Titus, Trish routed out €40 and he was gone. Into the dinghy and zoomed towards the shore. Children in awe of the hundred or so anchor lights shifting under the array of stars, we just followed in the wake of many dinghies in the direction of the reggae beat, "We're Jammin', We're Jammin', I wanna Jam it wid you".

It was a great evening and the open tin shed on the beach was filled to capacity. Officially welcomed to paradise by our MC, Mr. Providence, the party got off to a quick start. Met many cruisers and caught up with individuals whose boats we had seen in various harbours. We had an interesting chat with Jean Pierre Dick, (Vendee Globe) who was on a cruise with his young family to deliver his impressive JP54 to St. Martin. From there it would be chartered for some months.

Having been advised that the Indian River cruise was one of the best experiences of its type in the islands, we agreed to go with Alexis. The banks of the river are covered in Bloodwood trees, used by the Indians to make dugout canoes and the red sap used for face paint. On the river are boa constrictors and many other predators. Many animals are to be seen in daylight but at night it is much busier and noisier. When Alexis was younger, he did a lot of hunting around the river and remembering snakes taste like chicken, frogs taste like chicken, birds taste like chicken, iguanas taste like chicken and the crabs taste like.....crab!

Delaying our departure to visit Portsmouth's Saturday market, we were not disappointed. The activity around the stalls with fruits of many colours, and characters greeting

in French, English and Creole ready to trade in Euro, US or Eastern Caribbean Dollars made for a busy morning. Packing bags, (IKEA bags of course, international symbol of cruisers 2014?), with fruits, some unfamiliar, some unpronounceable. One fruit in particular was a favorite of all, Pomello. These oversized grapefruit were refreshing any time of day and sweet enough even for the youngest crew member with the sweetest tooth.

Guadeloupe

Had a fine sail to Iles des Saintes south of the main island of Guadeloupe. Arriving at the island of Terre D'en Haut and finding the whole area extremely busy with no available mooring buoys at the town, (anchoring at the town was prohibited), we traveled along the shore and anchored at Pain de Sucre. This was a truly gorgeous island with great views from elevated winding roads and sea view changing around each bend. It had a nice European rural town feel and impressive old forts. Here too was enough swimming and snorkeling to keep all entertained. Glad to say, we were still meeting up with the children of the Odyssey but this made the leaving of anywhere more difficult.

To the north of Guadeloupe, to Deshaies to sign out, we departed next morning for Antigua. This, one of the finest sails of the trip so far, was a little more upwind than anything we had done in the Caribbean. *Selkie* and the windvane told us what they needed and we gave it plenty. Many craft transitting north and south on an impressive sea. Times you see them off the bow, sometimes out of sight but appearing again much too close, expansive gesture as we pass, all full of purpose, each regarding the set of each other's sails as the distances open again. Antigua seemed closer after each encounter, reminding us to enjoy every moment.

Antigua and Barbuda

And all too soon arrived in English Harbour but it felt like the beginning of a holiday within a holiday. For *Selkie*, there appeared endless anchoring possibilities, excellent weather protection and a whole lot of company. For ourselves there was Nelson's Harbour, Falmouth and St. John's to explore, all of which we managed to do between watching the start of the Antigua 600 and greeting the first boats home.

One afternoon while at anchor we heard someone



Maria, Codrington Lagoon.

calling *Selkie*. Looking around for a dinghy or another vessel we saw a swimmer. It was Maria Hingerty, an old friend from Bray, Co. Wicklow. Maria was enjoying a couple of weeks with friends at Willoughby Bay. Not looking forward to heading home just yet she made one phone call to the airline and now Maria was crew on *Selkie*. For Cian and Ellen to have someone else on board was a novelty and for their parents a joy to have another adult about. Now we had the numbers stacked in our favour and besides we had fifteen years of catching up since Maria last sailed with us.

Barbuda beckoned so we sailed west about Antigua and then north to find the fabled beaches. Happily anchored at Coco Point, all enjoyed a wonderful meal as the sun disappeared, children to bed and adults sampling concoctions of rum. Next morning while *Selkie's* mast was bathed in the turquoise reflection of the anchorage, we made for shore. Catching the surf as best as I could, I misjudged an extra big one, landing us hard on the beach. With cameras held high, while all else was swamped we dragged our sand-caked selves up the beach. The pre-arranged taxi man was there ahead of time with towels for all. Not the first time did his passengers take a portion of beach into his van but glad to say we were dry if still a bit sandy by the time we got to our destination – the Codrington Lagoon. It turned out to be a fine morning for a fascinating tour and for listening to, our guide, George and his entertaining stories. The sights included the frigate birds, upside down type jellyfish and juvenile lobsters. Also, the hulk of a metal navigation buoy which had drifted to Barbuda from Canada. *Selkie's* crew were glad the lagoon had captured it before we started to head north.

That afternoon, with the aid of a local guide, Elvis, brought us to the large Barbuda sink hole. An impressive fault on the surface of the island, the hole being over 300 feet across and 70 feet deep is home to a small but lush rain forest, (of Palmetto Palm), in contrast to the surrounding dry bush.

Back on board *Selkie*, the chat was all about how soft the inflatable dinghy was this evening when we returned to the beach. "Never loses air, maybe something to do with the beach landing"and so it turned out.

Back to Antigua, this time Jolly Harbour for a few nights. It was a novelty to be on a pontoon these days so we made the most of it. Topped up the batteries with my new replacement charger, laundry, fuel and water. Major provisioning for *Selkie* where we could roll the trollies from the store to the shore. There was a Budget Marine outlet and best of all Happy Hour, Happy Hour in Jolly Harbour! With farewells to Tim and Aoife on *Waimangu*, the Irish flagged vessel we last met in Porto Santo, we headed for Montserrat, 'the Emerald Isle' of the Caribbean and it was not by accident that this was the second week in March.

Montserrat

Arriving, we found only two other visiting vessels in the bay. Not the most protected anchorage in the Caribbean with impressive swell rolling under *Selkie* but it was the best now available. Since the loss of Plymouth, the principle town in the 1997 volcanic eruption, Little Bay on the northwest coast was being improved. Being welcomed and entertained by the officials who appeared to double as tourist information guides with offers of lifts to town,

we had a good feeling about this island. There were Irish tricolours everywhere, bigger and brighter than the one we had flapping out in the anchorage. So with a shamrock stamped in green ink on each of the passports we made our way inland, getting as far as Monty's Beach Bar. Monty's was the bar for the newly designated marine village. Besides its many functions, it was the club house for the Montserrat Yacht Club and the meeting point for all cruisers. Monty Burns, a Liverpoolian, was the ambassador for the island as far as we were concerned. Every music gig we attended during the festival, there was Monty. While walking the road to the town of Brades, (the new principle town), there's Monty on his Harley, then later there's Monty in his Jeep. Well the habitable area of the island was halved by the volcanic exclusion zone and with the population down to less than half, (now at 5000 since 1997) and we still believe there was just one Monty.

Ahead of the St. Patrick's Festival we got to the Volcanic Observatory, the Montserrat Museums and some stage shows by the local school children. The secondary school in Montserrat put on a show which told the history and tragedies of Montserrat from the slave days to the Volcanic Crisis and their hopes for the future through dance, song, poetry, mime and monologue. Michael D. Higgins describes this spirit well in his article: Sugar, Tribes, Dispossession and Slavery: Montserrat and its Irish Connection: 'Montserratians are the survivors of a struggle not only against the violence of nature, but also against all the man-made violences of colonialism, including its most vicious expression: slavery'.

In one of the museums we came across the the following unsettling history which described the association of St. Patrick's Day and Montserrat:

Quote:

In the 17th century, St. Patrick's day on Montserrat was celebrated by the Irish planters who brought their religion the the island. On March 17 1768, the African slaves planned a rebellion for their freedom, knowing well that the owners would be celebrating the Roman Catholic festival at Government House. The ring leaders of the scheme were executed. During the early 1970's there was much discussion about the need to recognise the sacrifice of those brave freedom fighters. In 1985 the government of Montserrat declared St. Patrick's day as an annual national holiday. This was to recognise the slaves who fought for their freedom.

A committee of residents, most of whom were from the village of St. Patrick's, planned cultural events in their village around the 17th of March. This mainly highlighted some aspects of cultural heritage, including Montserrat-African creole cuisine. However over the years there has been a deliberate attempt to make this an international festival with the focus on the connections with Ireland and most recently Africa. The week long festival is now a major tourism attraction.

Unquote

The island being settled by Irish people, many fleeing Cromwell's Ireland, there is a Cork Hill, Kinsale, Foghary's Hill, St.Patrick's Parish on the island as well as families of Murphys, Rileys, Lyons, Donoghues and Sweeneys. This festival brought together African, Irish and Creole music,

poets and story tellers. On the first night it seemed the individual music groups were performing together at the same time on the same street – everyone wanted a party. Along the street were the festival posters showing a single shamrock under which read, 'Affirming Our Heritage'. The St. Patrick's Day parade was a small, colourful but vibrant procession of islanders and visitors to the village of Salem. Many people were wearing the traditional dress of Montserrat, a green, white and gold tartan. Everyone else was wearing 'sumting' green. An afternoon of hilarious sketches and storytelling followed. On stage in the village square, Mr. Basil Chambers, Montserrat Radio DJ, our MC for the day who was dressed in a shamrock suit and wide green glasses, kept the stage acts moving while interviewing many characters. With many food stalls on one side where Goat Water was going at a good price to Garry Moore's pub on the other, all our needs were met.

Following several nights of music events, towards the end of the festival, Maria had to make arrangements to return to her normal life in Ireland and decided to take the ferry back to Antigua and connect with the return leg of her original journey from there. A day later after buying the burgee of the Montserrat Yacht Club, we took the anchor aboard and sailed for St. Martin via Saba. With our dinghy in a sad state we decided landing on Saba with a two mile journey in open swell was not an option but we did delight in a fine tuna caught on route.

St. Martin and British Virgin Islands

Mission St. Martin was dinghy replacement. The existing dinghy, despite being only three years old was unrepairable and though covered by a five year's warranty was placed in a skip. Though the warranty was valid for our material failure issue all we had to do was deliver it back to the south coast of England.

Our first overnight trip since the Atlantic crossing brought us to Virgin Gorda in the British Virgin Islands. After clearing in and visiting the beach attraction, The Baths, (impressive boulders, between which and over which paths via ladders create a cave like labyrinth providing access to several isolated beaches). Beaches which demanded paddling and swimming then drying off on the warm boulders, ready to plunge in again. From Virgin Gorda to Road Harbour, Tortola to Jost Van Dyke to the north of Tortola at Cane Garden.

Cane Garden was unique in the BVI's, a beach village which was not overrun with moorings. And here we stayed in the happy company of several other cruising families. Too quickly the dates slipped by and it was time to return to Road Harbour to clear out and set a course for Bermuda. Leaving Road Harbour on the evening of the last day of our visa, our last call was for fuel and water. With all tanks filled, we made fast progress down the Tortola shore and turned north to get out past all the islands before sundown.

North to Bermuda

The morning of May 1st saw us sailing towards our approximate destination of 32N64W. As Tortola lies on longitude of 64W, the increasing latitude was the only chart position with which we were concerned. With 15 to 20 knots on the beam for the first two days, this was fine sailing and with 'strongish' wind from a favorable direction most of the time, it was better than expected. There were

just two aspects of this trip which were not welcome – both were cold fronts. The evening of May 5th lightning appeared off the port bow then rain and wind and more wind. Kept reducing sail area until were down to triple reefed main and staysail. *Selkie* was still charging along, with the windvane powering up to demonstrate her true character, while the anemometer was registering a steady 38 knots. Found it difficult to hold our direction and so ran off to the east for several hours losing the ground we were trying to put in the bag for when the winds was to swing north west in a couple of days. GRIB files gave no hint of increasing wind speeds, whereas the NOAA (National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration) weather fax charts clearly displayed cold front activity.

The other cold front came through when we had just forty miles to make to St. George's Harbour. The wind did a ninety degree turn up to the northwest as expected but was still unwelcome. With wind speed over the deck of 24 to 28 knots blowing directly out of St. George's we could do no better than claw our way, tack after tack, until close to Bermuda we stopped plunging into troughs. During that day of slowly closing the distance to Bermuda, the VHF came to life with the welcomes to cruising mariners as they approached the coast. Each vessel arriving which hadn't already completed a check-in questionnaire was invited to provide the information on VHF. These radio operators were busy, efficient, welcoming and chatty and created a strong impression that we were approaching an Atlantic haven unlike anything we had experienced in the last six months. And from when we arrived to when we left, to the crew of *Selkie*, it was unique and a delight.

Bermuda

Within a day of arriving, the ARC Europe boats and those of several friends began to arrive with great activity around St. George's and the George Town YC. Life in the anchorage was busy and sociable for Cian and Ellen, which meant that to be here at this ocean crossroads, at this time, we were in no rush anywhere.

As most boats were heading to the Azores and weather seasonable, there were regular departures. For the rest of us, those heading west, Newport was the popular destination. Over the days more and more boats ultimately bound for Newport arrived and waited. This time, late May/early June, appeared to be still volatile across our intended track. Very difficult to get a steady forecast. All would look fine for departure two days hence just to find next morning, the whole 'metscape' reshaped. All intending cruisers agreeing with the wisdom of avoiding northerlies while crossing the gulf-stream which resulted in much waiting and watching. For locating the stream, relative sea temperatures from the



Maine - Almost There (photo: Signe Dorothea Storr)

NOAA is useful but as one fellow suggested, "When you see a herd of blue elephants marching on the horizon, you'll know you're there!"

Before we left we had a visit from Martin Pollard who was restoring one of Arthur Ransome's boats, the *Selena King*. Visiting Martin's workshop in the Naval Dockyard and the generous giving of his time was not lost on Cian, the result of which initiated a renewed interest in, 'We Didn't Mean to go to Sea' and the like.

And so, on the morning we left Bermuda, there was a rush on at the customs and immigration office and a whole bunch departed on the same morning leaving St. George's Harbour quite empty.

North to Maine

Leaving on June 4th, we had southwesterlies for the first 36 hours and then on the second night a cold front came through. Following that night, the wind dropped off and disappeared. Motoring was necessary for the next couple of days, with progress impeded by eddies on the edge of the gulf stream. We were heading for the narrowest band of gulf-stream when the Danish vessel *Capibara* popped up on AIS. (*Capibara* and *Selkie* left Lanzarote together in

the Odyssey and had crossed paths several times since in the Caribbean). We had departed Bermuda on the same morning so it was not a big surprise to meet Henrik and Signe but it was certainly a whole lot of fun. Signe recorded *Selkie* under sail with kids gesturing wildly. A short time later she sent over a disc labeled, 'The *Selkies*' which turned out to be a trailer type promotion complete with opening titles and lots of credits in which Signe was listed as Director, Producer, Camera Operator, Casting Director and Editor in a zany retro-seventies style and music track to match.

Traveling in company for the remainder of the day and following night, now with one hundred miles to go we radioed, that instead of continuing onto Newport we would make for Maine but hoped to meet up later in the season. Within minutes of parting we received a call from *Capibara* indicating that one of the lower shrouds had snapped with a bang. Having dropped sails and inspected the rig all seemed stable and Henrik could tension that side to hold the rig until they got to Newport. To get to Newport they would need to travel under engine and requested any spare fuel we might have; we arranged a jerrycan to be pulled over to *Capibara*.

Now on a more northerly track, the first indication of life to the west was the bright night sky in the direction of Boston. Air and water temperatures were reducing fast and the following morning we were sailing through the Right Whale Sanctuary. Over the next day everyone was spotting whales but most likely not Right Whales. The first spotting was Ellen, saying, 'do you see that black rock over there that is moving?' and then whale appearances all that day, but the pervading stench, that of a fish processing plant, was everywhere, with its attendant beige froth covering large areas of the sea surface.

Maine

The following evening brought us to the opening for Penobscot Bay. Making good progress through the night, we were by dawn impressed with the variety and concentration of pots with very little regard for shipping channels. Clearly, motoring at night would not be recommended. In the blustery weather of early summer, for Maine, we hadn't come across another pleasure vessel in the fifty miles to Belfast. Arriving at the public landings and having been cleared by Customs and Immigration, we had an opportunity to walk through some of the town. Though wetter and colder on these streets than we had been for many months, it would have taken a lot more to quench the wonder of a girl and boy. Finding the harbour master's favorite bar, we toasted the end of one adventure and the beginning of another. Using the Taft guide to Maine and Active Captain, (a down-loadable, cruiser updated information source for harbours, anchorages and marinas of the US), we had a very good idea of the bays to cruise and the protection afforded by each. As the days went by and temperatures began to climb, we met several local sailors and swapped contact details.



Maine Fog. Not everything on AIS.

In Pulpit Harbor, North Haven, hiding from Hurricane Arthur, due to pass offshore Maine July 4th, we found a heavily wooded narrow inlet just wide enough for one or two boats. The forecast for our area indicated 30 to 40 knots, northeast backing northwest. Figuring we were well sheltered, and with water tanks running low on *Selkie*, as we were staying out on the islands, I placed all the water catching vessels we had on the deck. The masthead registered just 25 knots at around 05:00 but the trees were taking all the pressure. Ironically, our biggest problem was keeping *Selkie* off the windward shore. We were getting pushed in due to the swirling gusts in our localised low pressure zone, a kind of Venturi effect. Over the VHF, there were reports of pontoons with boats attached breaking loose in Camden in around 35 knots. With our water replenished, the low clouds dispersing and patches of blue spreading, we all had Hurricane Arthur deck showers. It's an ill wind,.... etc. Happily we could celebrate Ellen's sixth birthday on board but the local communities in Rockland and Camden, planning their national day festivals, had some catching up to do.

Arriving at Rockland, we met Captain Daniel Buffelhead. He knew Ireland well from the time in 1995 he sailed his 26 foot engineless wooden vessel *Plumbelly* from the Caribbean to Baltimore, Co. Cork and back to Maine. Keeping the boat on the Ilen river for a while he knew several characters we know from Skibbereen and Baltimore. Rockland too hosts the Annual Blues Festival. The stage was erected and rows of seating placed reminiscent of the Bert Stern movie, 'Jazz On A Summer's Day'. Here were magnificent wooden vessels, sailing in the bay just beyond the stage but it was the motor vessels or mini trawlers that took our attention. Paddling pools being arranged on deck, bags of ices for the crates of beer and floating lobster boxes off the stern. A wonderful setup and as the dock area was just outside the venue, no tickets required for these fans. If there is a next time, well.....

For Cian and Ellen, if Blues wasn't their thing and if Maine wasn't a young family cruising area, the wonderful shore facilities were very welcome. The smallest of towns had

several parks, playgrounds and a public library. Maine ice cream from dedicated parlours was a regular treat on those fine summer days and it looked so good the parents became equal partners at each sitting. We settled on Maine Black Bear, Moose Tracks and Toasted Coconut as favourites.

After five weeks of cruising Penobscot and 'Down East', we attended a Seven Seas Association Rally at Islesboro. The weekend began with a dinghy raft up. This lively event had twenty seven dinghies forming one large raft secured to the stern of the organisers' vessel. Instructions were, bring your own drinks and a dish to share. Some wonderful preparations and interesting flavours but cautiously, I stuck to the drink. After sampling in quick succession dessert, seafood, cake, guacamole, I just passed each plate and tray along. After an hour or so, some people in the centre had to leave and the once mighty raft began to fragment into groups of three and groups of four, drifting away creating much chaos. Some 'raft-lets' paddling in circles in an effort to get back to the group, others in deep conversation not noticing anything as they drifted away, all to the delight of Cian and Ellen who thought this was the funniest thing.

The second day, the main event, at the grounds of the summer home of Dick and Kathy de Grasse, each boat brought a buffet course, (a pot luck lunch). With several guest speakers, a great afternoon of meeting many well-travelled sailors and many items of interest for *Selkie* cruising Maine and the coast further south.

The remaining three weeks of sailing in this area had the feeling of local cruising in the company of old friends. Apart from the familiar cruising boats, we also came to know the skippers of several of the Outward Bound vessels. These are typically two masted open rowing boats, approximately thirty feet in length and carrying a crew of twelve. The challenge duration was twenty one days for students between ages 14 and 18. Tightly packed, they rowed and sailed everywhere, with daily challenges afloat and ashore. At sunset with the Tilley type lamp lit, the orange tarpaulin was pulled across the booms and everyone slept across the floor formed by oars and rowing seats. Being constantly impressed by the positivity of these youngsters,

we inquired if there was a such an organisation at home. One of the instructors who was from the UK indicated that there were several such groups in Wales and possibly one at Little Killary, Co. Galway.

Even with all the time available to us in Maine we couldn't get to all the islands, though with a cruising ground of 5,500 miles and 6,200 islands it's not surprising. Heading south, Dix was one of the most interesting islands that *Selkie* visited. Quarrying in the area flourished from 1894 up to WW1. In its heyday, the island housed more than 2,000 quarrymen and contained more than 150 buildings including Shamrock Boardinghouse for the Irish, the Aberdeen for the Scots, and even an opera house. On weekends workmen from this rough-and-tumble industry of Dix and the other quarries used to descend on the local towns creating an atmosphere reminiscent of the Wild West. The island is now completely overgrown and it was difficult even to imagine how the massive granite slabs were transported out of the quarry across the island onto the sea vessels. With nature reclaiming the island, evidence of the hand of man can only be seen above the waterlogged quarry, the reddish soil where coils of pulling cables have rusted to dust and the roughly erected but massive granite harbour wall.

Boston

With light northerlies and an early start, a 150 mile sail brought us to the biggest, busiest harbour we had yet visited. While our trip down the coast had been serene now we had to grab and stow those cabin items which suddenly demanded attention while *Selkie* was dealing with the criss-cross wakes from the very large and fast motor vessels and Ch 16 barking endlessly. With Boston City on the starboard bow, we followed the channel to Savin Hill YC. Here we had the offer of a mooring while the owner was cruising in Maine. Following a visit to the fascinating JFK Museum and restocking, *Selkie* took us around the shore towards Boston City. Approaching, we first noticed the spectacular vertical water jets from several fire tugs. As we drew closer we could make out through the spray, yards of an enormous tall ship. Keeping watch from the forehatch for the many vessels circling in the area, Cian and Ellen got a mighty shock when there was a blast of smoke then Boom! And another and another all echoed by cheers from the shore. Here was the USS Constitution on its annual trip from its berth. A minimum of one sea trip is required annually to maintain her position as the oldest active vessel in the US Navy. On *Selkie*, we congratulated each other on the exquisite timing of our arrival, and all this against the backdrop of the Boston skyline.

What followed was a magnificent week visiting the many attractions old and new in glorious weather. Sharing the week with family, which included two additional children, we soon realised the advantage of the pool at the marina. The routine for the children each morning was pyjamas to the pool, change for pool, breakfast at pool and



***Selkie* arrives at Boston, with USS Constitution preparing to put to sea for her annual sail, during which she fires a 21 gun salute, to maintain her status as the oldest seagoing ship in the US Navy. Photo: Paul Carthas**

away exploring. Each evening it was this in reverse, making use of the pool side barbecues for dinner. Then with all four small heads on pillows after the USS Constitution announced the sunset by cannon – not a stir until 05:30 next morning.

Out of Boston Harbour, a day sail brought us close enough to the Cape Cod Canal to transit in the early light of the following morning. Having dropped anchor inside a headland ensured we were away quickly next morning, getting down to the canal entrance at the preferred phase of tide. The current flow in the canal is strong at peak of 4 knots and due to tidal differences between north and south canal ends, this leaves only a small window for a 5 or 6 Knot boat. Rapidly transiting the canal we then followed the markers for Onset Harbour, a fine summery New England town with a beach. So all happy on *Selkie* with the promise of after school swimming and enough space to fly a kite.

Newport

Another day sail brought us around Brenton Point towards Newport. On the Starboard tack, we found ourselves being jostled by several (day tripping) 12 Metre America's Cup vessels. Do we get out of the way or hold on hoping they have seen us in the fading light behind acres of sail cloth? They had seen us, were in full control of the situation and appeared to take delight in slicing down the side of *Selkie* giving each other a very brief inspection. What a display and all you could say was, 'Well this beats Boston'. After a week enjoying the ambiance of this sailors' harbour and its town, with visits to the Coronet restoration project, we had an early morning start to arrive at slack water at the tidal race at Long Island Sound. A day of motoring giving way to a night of gusty northeasterlies kept us on our toes. The navigation marks were passing fast but faster still were the tugs and their barges on tow. We kept well clear but the skippers on the tugs were requesting any vessels in the vicinity to give plenty of room. It was a night of constant vigilance and AIS monitoring, gauging distances to get a gybe in, in time to avoid conflict between the next navigation mark and the overtaking towing vessel with its swinging load. Rounding the northwest corner of Long Island, the New York skyline came into view for a time but disappeared when we turned in for Port Washington. This was to be the last glimpse of New York for longer than we expected.

New York

Arriving in Port Washington, Long Island we took one of the moorings on offer to transitting vessels. This was a most convenient stop, where much effort is made by the townsfolk to encourage vessels to stop and stay and here were several vessels we had met in Maine and Newport. As there were no moorings available at the 79th Street Basin on the Hudson River, we decided to let *Selkie* School continue over the weekend and head down the early days of the following week. On Monday we heard that due to the United Nations meetings, the East River would be closed from noon until 14:30 each day that week. Checking current flows for the East River for Tuesday confirmed we needed to be through by 11:00. Edward Rutherford's book, *New York, A Novel*, which chronicles the birth and growth of New York City through the histories of fictional families, outlines the difficulties this section of river has caused throughout the generations.

Arriving there exactly on the phase of tide we needed, the type of vessel greeting us this time was not a type we expected. This vessel with blue flashing lights, two uniformed crew and NYPD in bold, announced that there would be no traffic through the lower section of the East River in daylight hours until after Friday. When I indicated that we had heard the Coast Guard VHF announcement specifically give closure time for the middle of the day, "Changes Every Day Sir!" was the reply and that was that, we weren't getting through. As the current was changing we had to get out of there fast and get as far up stream as quickly as possible. There was only one option for spending the next few days – all the way back to Port Washington.

Finding it difficult to get clear information on the daily situation in the East River we had to wait it out. None of the cruisers in Port Washington, even US flagged vessels, had any clearer information. Checking with the Port Washington harbour police, they didn't know. Our view was that this was heavy handed security services laying restrictions without needing to notify the general population or related authorities. Wolf, our cruising friend from Austria was saying, 'Sure, we have important meetings in Vienna too but we don't close the Danube!'

Having another go on the following Saturday produced a more successful outcome. Swinging past Hell Gate and down the East River at nine knots plus, enjoying the immensity of the waterway, I'm thinking of all I have read and heard of this waterway and realise how grateful I am for the many heart stopping trips, (with only a few incidents), down the Abbey River through Limerick City on route from Lough Derg on the Shannon to the sea. But this was the wonderful, busy noisy city. Looking from the east side, we could see right down the canyons out towards the Hudson. While looking to the sky to pick out some of the more well-known buildings, everything below was getting trashed in the wake of powerful motor vessels. NYPD vessels thankfully had retreated to just the front of the UN Building. It was all passing by too fast. Under the Brooklyn Bridge, beyond that the sightseeing helicopters landing and taking off in quick succession, New York Fire Department vessel charged by, "Watch out for the Staten Island ferry", "There's the Statue of Liberty", and round the end of Manhattan up the Hudson River our pace slowed, everything quietened down again. All on board watching skyward as the towers and buildings emerged and disappeared behind each other and the glass facades seemed to merge with a magnificent blue sky. As moorings couldn't be booked, we phoned the 79th Street Basin company who indicated there were two moorings available at that time. With the Hudson on the ebb, by the time we got to the moorings there was just one left. We grabbed it while matching engine revs to suit the ebb current while we tied off the lines. Returning to the cockpit to put engine in neutral, we heard from a passing sail boat, "You come from Ireland? You sail that boat all the way from Ireland?" Nodding 'Yes' we heard the guy, "Get outa here!.....Get outa here!"

Well, we had no intention of going anywhere for a while. There was a sense that this was the end of a long journey, a sense of journey's end, for now.

When the Going is Good

W M Nixon

There was once a great whaling skipper of Massachusetts who assembled the best ship's company that Gloucester could provide, and set off on a mighty expedition, the plan being to sail round the world taking in all the most prolific hunting areas. But when he returned from his circumnavigation many many months later, he and his crew of all the talents could only report that not only had they failed to catch any whales, but they hadn't even sighted one. So when Tom the reporter from the local paper cornered him in the waterfront tavern, the skipper had only one answer to close the line of persistent questions: "Tom, we had one helluva fine sail."

Modern cruising accounts being such a litany of miles logged, sails furled or changed, engine statistics, disasters dealt with, ports visited, boats seen, people met, planes caught, meals consumed and pints downed, the "helluva fine sail" often gets scant attention. Maybe the feeling is that when things are going as hoped, when you are indeed sailing merrily along in the right direction as though on a magic carpet, then it's not really newsworthy at all.

Then too, "helluva fine sail" suggests considerable distance covered with a fair wind which lasts for days. Yet in the kind of cruising most of us do, this can seldom arise. But when it does, you never forget. Our esteemed member Sam Davis got to know Ian Forsyth in that noted Scottish cruising man's latter days. For those who cherish Iain Rutherford's classic cruising book *At The Tiller*, Forsyth is immortalized as the man who, in 1934, sailed Rutherford's unorthodox 6 Metre *Suilven* (with her cropped ends, she was only 27ft LOA) the entire length of the West Coast of Scotland from Kilcreggan in the upper Firth of Clyde to Loch Eribol immediately east of Cape Wrath in barely two days non-stop, in order to position the boat handily for Rutherford's subsequent cruise to Norway. Sam Davis recalls that even in his extreme old age, Ian Forsyth still fondly remembered that sail of a lifetime, in which the only problem encountered was the loss overboard of *Suilven's* washing-up bowl, and some of the cutlery with it. Despite that, thanks to favourable and persistent breezes, *Suilven* had the sail of her life.

But maybe instead of aspiring to such exceptional achievement, we should now and again be thankful for smaller gifts. We should be grateful for those satisfactory passages of, say, less than fifty miles, in which the breeze has held up reasonably well, we've been able to hold our course, there's usually some sunshine, and a good speed is set without the boat being bounced uncomfortably around – the genuine magic carpet experience, in other words, definable perhaps as The Fine Little sail. As work still progresses on the re-configuration of my own little boat (and I can assure you it *is* progressing), this enjoyment

of Fine Little Sails during the past three seasons has been mostly on Dickie Gomes's re-born 1912-vintage *Ainmara*, thought there was also a jaunt on Stu Spence's *Madcap* to savour the experience of sailing a 140-year-old boat before that venerable Pilot Cutter was sold away to her new owners in La Rochelle.

With *Ainmara's* 27 years restoration, naturally there was some reluctance to test her too rigorously when she finally went afloat in 2011. But with her hundredth birthday in 2012, a proper little Centenary Cruise was in order. However, with the Jetstream squatting unpleasantly close to the south of Ireland, only the Hebrides offered the chance of good weather in August.....

(For details of this cruise, see 2012 Annual – Ed)

For 2013, it was time to let her strut her stuff in a more public setting involving her birthplace in Ringsend in Dublin, and other ports in her long history. The Old Gaffers Association Golden Jubilee Cruise-in-Company round Britain facilitated this.....

(For a full account of Ainmara's participation in the Old Gaffers' events and her winning the Leinster Trophy in Dublin and the Creek Inn Trophy in Peel, see the 2013 Annual – Ed)

Having missed the prize-giving in Peel in 2013, as the weather was deteriorating, when the news of the trophy win finally came through several weeks later, it settled part of 2014's programme – we were now honour-bound to go back to Peel. There was also the return to Dublin Bay at the end of May to defend the *Leinster* Trophy, and all this to be fitted round *Ainmara's* 2014 cruise-in-tandem with Ed Wheeler's *Witchcraft* to the west coast of Scotland with the Lucky Skunks Club in early July.

And somewhere in the midst of all these summer ventures, Captain Gomes has to find the time to save the hay at Ballygarvan....

The Strangford tides were disobliging when the return to Dublin Bay began on Thursday May 29th, with Dickie



A useful spot to avoid a night at sea – *Ainmara* at Port Oriel

and Brian Law and Ed Wheeler and self aboard. We couldn't get out of the lough until early afternoon, and though such wind as we had was fair if damp from the northeast, progress was just average. But nights at sea while coastal cruising at our stage in life are regarded as evidence of bad planning, so I'd put out feelers to Aidan Sharkey at Clogherhead to see if we could use a corner at Port Oriel and thereby obviate a time-consuming diversion into Carlingford. We were made most welcome at the one-pier port, which is home to some of the best-maintained fishing craft in Ireland, but that night they were mostly away working the south coast.

It was a rather utilitarian stopover, enlivened by seeing Aidan's remarkable collection in his house of intact chinaware from the 1830s and '40s, salvaged from wrecks on the Irish coast in the days when he was a pioneer of scuba diving. As for the berth, the good news is that the little surge in Port Oriel is largely dampened when the ebb starts. We left in the morning with Aidan's gift of some marvellous seafood, but though we'd been thinking of the passage south to Dublin Bay as no more than a necessary commute, it turned out to be a Very Fine Little Sail, with a sweet easterly, warm sun, settled sea, and the tide lifting us along from Skerries south.

This time in Dublin Bay, we'd contrived a visit to the Royal Irish YC in the hope of meeting up with Martin Birch in his 1902-built 47-footer *Espanola*, which was of course the Commodore's yacht at the foundation cruise of the ICC in 1929, and was a fixture at the RIYC in Herbert Wright's ownership from 1912 to 1940. But Martin makes life difficult for himself by being based in Preston, where the huge tides and shallow channel make any movement of the very deep draft *Espanola* problematical, and a day before leaving Strangford, we'd got word that they'd missed their one suitable tidal window for a fortnight, and wouldn't be in Dublin Bay.

But a signal to Jim Horan, the hospitable Commodore of the Irish, telling him that if we turned up with *Ainmara* then it would be on false pretenses, elicited the cheery reply that we should come anyway, they'd rustle up some sort of a party. And by heavens, did they ever. After our glorious sail down from Port Oriel we were swept into a continuous whirl of socializing and generous hospitality at the Royal Irish which almost got us involved in a merry wedding party in the clubhouse, but we made our excuses (we'd to be racing in just a few hours) to return to the boat at a very late hour, only to be followed by one of the bridesmaids and then others, they wanted to see what a 101 year old boat was like, and when they found Ed already snoozing in his bunk, they wondered was he one of the original fittings.

Next morning we slipped away before colours at 0800hrs, and after heading up the Liffey and paying our respects to the North Bank Lighthouse with which John B Kearney pioneered the use of screw-piles a long time ago, we

made our number at Poolbeg and fired up the energy with one of Katy O'Connor's fine breakfasts. There was a lot of calm around, so a very short course was set for the *Leinster* Trophy for fear of not getting a result, but there was quite a decent breeze for a while, and once again *Ainmara* got line honours, but we assumed that OGA National President Sean Walsh's Heard 28 *Tir na nOg* was close enough astern to win on corrected time.

Life was quite complex, as I had to take in Jack Wolfe's 90th birthday party out in Howth that night, and when I eventually re-joined the ship, it was to find every evidence that the gallant crew had been totally led astray by Adrian Spence of *Madcap* and Joe Pennington of *Master Frank* among others. But they gathered themselves and we went upriver for the by-now traditional Riverfest on the Sunday, yet managed to extract ourselves that evening in time to nip round to Howth in a harsh sou'easter to find a handy berth and meet up with Georgina. She steered us to a trial meal in the new fish place Crabby Jo's on the quay, where the gorgeous blonde at the next table managed to spill a glass of wine over Brian, which he seemed to find much more exciting than having black rum spilt over him by Dickie or Ed.

A crisp westerly in the morning (Monday June 2nd) found us early away and north along the coast of Fingal in smooth water. It was undoubtedly a Fine Little Sail, as *Ainmara* was romping along so steadily that when Ed created a breakfast for heroes, we were able to eat it in some style and comfort with the gimbals deployed on the old cabin table. The table was on the boat when we first chartered her in 1960. Back then, before our first passage somebody made porridge so glutinous that at breakfast at that same very table, Ed reckoned he could safely invert his porridge bowl without the contents falling out. He did so, but failed the dexterity test in looping the loop. In fact, he got his wrists in a complete knot, and the porridge became like Bovril in Sir James Goldsmith's stewardship - "a spreading product".



Ainmara in Loch Boisdale in 1963, bow-on to collect heather from the cliffside, Russy O'Neill and Ed Wheeler on the foredeck.

Our fine fair wind carried us about two thirds of the way to Ardglass before it fell away, and in that handy and hospitable port in Mannie's, aka Mulherrin's, we met up with Joe Pennington, on his way home to the Isle of man with the splendid *Master Frank* of 1895 vintage, crewed by a psychotherapist – we couldn't quite decide whether he was working or on holiday.

First thing next day, Dickie got a text message telling him he'd retained the *Leinster* Trophy, which elicited mixed feelings, but the conclusion was that after two wins, he wasn't obliged to defend it yet again in 2015. For now, with the tide suiting nicely for a handy day hop in a sou'westerly back into Strangford and Ballydorn, didn't it turn out to be a Fine Little Sail as the jib tops'l went up outside Ardglass and the old girl gallantly carried it right through the Narrows, then up past the Limestone Rock and right on through Ringhaddy Sound, and it was only taken down less than half a mile short of home.

There'd been some mild pressure on Dickie to keep *Ainmara* on in Howth for a few days and then sail the newly-inaugurated Classic and Traditional Boats Division in the coming weekend's annual Lambay Race. But quite rightly he reckoned the demands of having the old girl in top order for the Lucky Skunks Club's cruise-in-tandem was first priority, so *Ainmara* had to be at home for continuing refit. But the Lord moves in mysterious ways, didn't it turn out that *Madcap* had stayed on in Dublin Bay, and Stu Spence was thinking of doing the Lambay Race as part of a last hurrah before his 1874-built 43ft Bristol Channel Pilot Cutter left Ireland to new owners in La Rochelle, so the



**Adrian "Stu" Spence's 1874-built Pilot Cutter *Madcap* in Greenland in 1998.
(Frank Sadlier)**

final chance to sail on a 140-year-old boat was too good to miss.

Madcap has been an adornment of our club for more than twenty years, and with her Stu Spence has ranged the seas between Greenland and Spain with some formidable voyages. Yet they've been made in remarkable comfort, as she's a lovely sea boat, she'll sail herself for hours on end once you've set her on course, and as the skipper reckons that at her age it would be indecent to expect her to go too ruggedly to windward, her sensibly seagoing accommodation is comfortable offshore or in port even if some passages take a little longer than expected, though as we were to see in the Lambay Race on Saturday June 7th, she can get along very well on a reach.

Originally, when it got going 110 years ago, the Lambay Race was only about 17 miles, with a pier start at Howth, thence northward through the Sound inside Ireland's Eye and round Lambay leaving it to port, and then back to the finish through Ireland's Eye Sound southabout. That was the course as won by *Ainmara* in 1921. But since then they've given the race all sorts of complications to lengthen it and guarantee more beating. However, for the newly-added Classics and Traditional Division in 2014, and for the Howth 17s to celebrate the Centenary of the Lynch family's No 8, *Echo*, it was decided to resurrect the original course for these two classes, a very popular decision.

I joined *Madcap* on a mist-



A good breeze developing, and *Madcap* settles to her work.



When I tried to get a movement going to improve the tension in our jib luff, the skipper demurred, as *Madcap's* bowsprit is a former telegraph pole liberated long ago and far away for emergency use afloat by Frank Sadlier - extreme luff tension is just not its thing. But the sun came out, were having a Fine Little Sail, and as other crewmembers emerged on deck to continue recovery from the Friday night's pre-race party, life aboard was good as *Madcap* moved serenely along in her own little pilot cutter world.

Closing in under the Hill of Howth, the squalls became quite brisk. We'd long since struck the tops'l, now the jib came in, and with just staysail and full main, *Madcap* showed her class, powering along sweetly and still able to self steer thanks to a balanced hull whose shape had evolved over decades of comfortably yet speedily carrying pilots in the Bristol Channel.

In all, with the sun now strong and as much breeze as you could like, the Lambay Race 2014 had become a helluva fine sail, and the summer party afterwards afloat and ashore kept up the pace.

Next time I met up with Stu Spence, it was in Peel

Different strokes for different folks. The Corby 29 Fusion and the Galway Hooker Naomh Cronan at Lambay as the fog starts to lift.

wraithed morning in Howth fish dock, and as one of the crew was ashore on the vital mission of re-stocking the cellars, the rest of the class of gaffers and oldies were well on their way in the race by the time we took the east'sou' east breeze after them to settle into a comfortable reach with tops'l set to Lambay's east point. The mist thickened for a while to proper fog, but we were clearly on the right track, for as we closed the invisible island our course converged with the hot racing boats also headed for the turn, and some very keen machines came close past like ghosts in the night.

At the island, the fog lifted to show we'd put a couple of boats astern and had closed right up with the big Galway Hooker *Naomh Cronan*. On the slow run along the north coast of the island, our helmsman Peter Chambers – he's President of the Northern Ireland OGA – sailed a masterful track along a notoriously tricky leg, and when we came to the turn, a lot of boats – the fleet was enormous – were indeed behind us that shouldn't have been, including *Naomh Cronan*.

But by now the wind had veered and was freshening, though with a hint of sunshine. Yet while higher-winded craft such as the Howth 17s and Sean Walsh's *Tir na nOg* could just about lay the Sound, for *Madcap* it was a beat. Even the *Naomh Cronan* was put-pointing us, but then she did have the great Paddy Murphy of Renvyle on the helm, and he made a masterful job of keeping her in the favourable eddy down Lambay's west side to get through us, while we were out plugging the full tidal stream all the way.

much breeze as you could like, the Lambay Race 2014 had become a helluva fine sail, and the summer party afterwards afloat and ashore kept up the pace.



Jib tops'l weather – Ainmara wins the Creek Inn Trophy at the Peel Traditional Boat Weekend. Photo: Carol Laird



Still the best of mates after forty years and more – Gomesie and Lawsie bring Ainmara through the Narrows.

on the Isle of Man at the end of July, and he was boatless. *Madcap* had been delivered – with a few manly tears – to Brest, whence the new owners would take her on to La Rochelle. But you can't keep an old gaffer ashore, so Stu has shipped aboard the *Naomh Cronan* out of Poolbeg for the Peel Traditional Boat Weekend. And we were in Peel with *Ainmara* on our Art Shipment Cruise. The notion of presenting the Creek Inn with a framed copy of Carol Laird's fine photo of the old girl winning the Creek Inn Trophy in 2013 had got a bit out of hand, as the Hanging Committee reckoned we couldn't give an artwork to the pub without giving one to our friends in the Peel Sailing & Cruising Club as well, so *Ainmara* had come across with two framed photos on board, lovingly wrapped at home by Georgina, which was just as well as it was a pig of a passage with the Irish Sea in one of its bitchy moods, moderate-to-fresh-wind-but-on-the-nose-and-seas-every-which-way.

So we bashed our way to the island, but the artworks were undamaged, and in Peel it was absolute blazing high summer. We nipped across to Castletown to pay our respects to the world's oldest yacht, the 225-year-old 26ft schooner *Peggy* in her "boat cellar" under the harbourside Bridge House, and got the word from the man in the nautical museum that she was to be lifted out for conservation in the Autumn (about now, in other words) so we'll be keeping an eye on that, but meanwhile in Castletown, Deirdre being with us a very civilised lunch in the recently re-furbished The Tap (formerly The Garrison) under the walls of the castle was just the job. And then as it was so incredibly hot we took a taxi back over the slightly cooler hills and had a proper siesta aboard in Peel before the col of the evening finally enticed us to a late supper at one of the tables outside the Creek Inn, with Katie our hostess graciously accepting the photo which (thanks to a September visit to Peel by Gomesie and Lawsie in the latter's *Twilight*), we now know to be displayed in a place of honour in the Creek Inn.

The heat if anything was more intense next day (Friday July 25th) which made it all the more frustrating to know

that the weather would break – and break badly – on Saturday afternoon. The day was put in getting to know other craft in for the Traditional Boat Weekend, but it was a rather muted affair compared to the Golden Jubilee megafest of 2013. We were in Mediterranean mode, a siesta was again order of the day, and then after an hour or so had passed very pleasantly in the evening with pre-dinner drinks with Rupert and Tina next door aboard the fine classic motor-yacht Heidi RYS, Deirdre marched us off to The Boatyard for a late meal, as she'd heard so much about it from our visit in 2013 that she was determined to savour it too. It didn't disappoint, with the velvet night, the big glass double doors wide open, and *Ainmara* the first boat in the berths in mid-harbour just across the quay.

Later in the club we caught up with Stu Spence and Paul Keogh and the lads from *Naomh Cronan*, and with Joe Pennington of *Master Frank* all in flying form, yet somehow the framed photo of *Ainmara* was presented to the Club President with a modicum of dignity, but then the crews leapt to the mainbrace, and great was the splicing thereof.

The morning brought calm, but a thin film of cloud slowly spreading over the blue sky from the west. After September's superb weather, we have forgotten that on the East Coast of Ireland at least, August 2014 was a foul month. The weather for us broke at 1600 hrs on that Saturday afternoon, July 26th, but by that time we were well on our way home, having prudently done a runner after putting in *Ainmara's* usual full sail display in the Parade of Sail.

It was a good decision, the south to sou'west breeze ahead of the deterioration gave a Fine Little Sail on reasonably smooth water with *Ainmara* on the wind and three rolls in the main, as good as you like for most of the passage until the first of the rain arrived, the wind went all over the place. We nipped into Ardglass and met boats and people in the usual cruising way, and had dinner in Alo's as the dutiful intention to eat in the Golf Club was stymied by it being the night of the Lady Captain's Dinner, and the place heaving.

There was a lot of weather about on the Sunday, but we were happily on the sheltered side of the Irish Sea, and had a Very Fine Little Sail in the dry, beating up through the Narrows with the tide under us but with an incredibly busy sky to the northwest which promised squalls and then heavy downpours. It all duly arrived as a deluge as we were getting the gear off the ship and then putting her on the mooring in that sweet spot beside *Twilight*. But we'd had a good time, and some Very Fine Little Sails. Admittedly, with this crash in the weather, for the first time in twenty years the hay wasn't saved at Ballygarvan - it had to be brought in as haylage. But if life was perfect all the time, it would be boring.

Half Way Round Ireland on *Katlin*

Brendan O'Callaghan

I was delighted to accept an invitation from longstanding friend, Pat O'Riordan, to participate in part of an "Ireland to port" circumnavigation on his Westerly Fulmar sloop (32 feet LOA) *Katlin*. The boat had left her home port, Glandore, and had sailed southabout as far as Dun Laoghaire. New crew members Padraig Kelly, Mike Walsh and your scribe, joined skipper Pat there late on 29th May. The departing crew drove home in our car as we eased ourselves into our new quarters. We were amazed the huge marina was so sparsely populated; there were scores of empty berths. A barometer of the times perhaps?

We got away at a sprightly hour next morning. The breeze was light northerly, so we motor-sailed all the way to pretty Ardglass with its boutique marina and adjacent cliff-top golf course, home to some of Ireland's best young golfers. Only a 9-iron away, we sampled local hospitality in Maunie's. More motor-sailing next day saw us snug in Glenarm's well sheltered harbour and enjoying a 40-minute walk through beautiful Glenarm Forest. The town was painted pink in honour of the Giro d'Italia which had passed through a few weeks previously. A few pints to dampen down the day's dust, and a peaceful night.

On Sunday 1st June we arrived on Rathlin Island just too late to imbibe sample product in the Rathlin Sound



Author, Patsy Dan Rodgers (King of Tory) and his grandson, Pat O'Riordan and Mike Walsh (Padraig Kelly)



Festival's free whiskey tasting. A blessing in disguise, although we were peevishly disappointed at the time. We had a pleasant stay. The new breakwaters and marina pontoons, are a huge improvement on the previous, cramped harbour. We were berthed beside famed *Celtic Mist*, once skippered by a former Taoiseach and now owned by IWDG

Before departing on the following morning I was volunteered to be hauled to the masthead to do a small adjustment on the wind indicator. This was in case we actually got wind at some stage of our voyage; to date we'd had none. We wound up that evening back in the Republic, in the busy fishing port of Greencastle. Yachts are welcome. Here you'll find excellent shelter, a good fish 'n' chipper, restaurants, shops, pubs, the National Fisheries College, the car ferry to Magilligan and a dwelling house in almost every field.

To optimise the tides we left Greencastle at 02.00 next morning (or later that night, whichever you prefer). Mike and Padraig allowed the skipper and me slumber on until our watch commenced at Malin Head, four hours later. A few light showers fell before we berthed at Camusmore pier on sunny Tory Island at 13.00. The hills of Donegal looked splendid, every one of them visible. We enjoyed a good walk to the lighthouse at the western end of the island, showered in the hotel and later also dined there – a simple, wholesome meal. Back on board we had convivial chat, a drink - two perhaps? -and a few songs to the accompaniment of the ship's accordion. I can't remember all the songs but we definitely had a rendition of the indigenous Baidin Fheilimi. Wine, women and song! Well, two out of three isn't bad!

We met King Patsy Dan Rodgers and his little grandson on the pier next morning after we'd had a swim in the harbour. Sunshine persisted and we had a day to long remember - a gentle sail in a rare sailing breeze to anchor off Gola, lunch in the cockpit, and a reprise of Baidin Fheilimi. Later we carefully motored up the spectacular north entrance to lie peacefully on Burtonport pier for the night. The well sheltered harbour has been virtually deserted by commercial fishermen; nowadays the main fishing ports in Donegal are Greencastle and Killybegs. The result is sadly a huge dip in economic fortunes in Burtonport.

Departing around 07.00 next day, we kept Arranmore to port. As we left beautiful Donegal, I mused to myself that the county's rugged coastline mirrors its footballers. We had a long passage across Donegal Bay, motor sailing most of the day, before tying to a fishing boat on Ballyglass pier. It felt extremely cold in the northerly airflow. Padraig was collected by his son on Saturday and left for home in West Cork. We stayed at our berth in the rising breeze which had gone southeast and freshened to force 6. An excursion to Belmullet seemed the thing to do. A fisherman kindly offered us a lift and we enjoyed a good look around the town. Thanks to the cash inflow to the area following the arrival of Shell, the town looks very prosperous with

numerous thriving small and big shops and enterprises. Compared to Burtonport this was Utopia. We had an excellent meal in Fishy Dishy and a taxi brought us home to Ballyglass.

A good day followed and, despite a forecast threatening contrary winds of up to force 7, it was mainly fair, just one shower. Light headwinds necessitated more motorsailing. We entered the exotic harbour in Inishbofin, tied up on a handy berth at the south end of the inner pier, in time for good steaks in The Beach and a virtual concert from a group of superb Irish traditional musicians, as good as I've ever heard. Saturday Night at the (Inishbofin) Proms.

Sunday was a sunny summer day. I went for a walk and swim while the others hired bikes and cycled the island from end to end. A very pleasant surprise lay in store for us. Another visiting yacht, with two couples on board including Donal O'Boyle (ICC), arrived and we assisted them to make fast alongside us. I think an



Seascape, landscape and skyscape. The rugged beauty of Donegal (Mike Walsh)

unplanned, serendipitous tryst such as this is one of the really beautiful things in cruising life. Later in the evening we were invited on board by our neighbours. When I asked if I might bring along my accordion the skipper, a most well-known RCYC member replied, "Sure, that's the only reason you're invited!" All seven of us contributed handsomely to a great night of home entertainment. One person, however, contributed exceedingly. He was the main man, the leading act. Hilarious ditties and, *pièce de résistance*, a medley of songs rolled into one gigantic aria of such operatic proportions that it would have flabbergasted Wagner and left him gasping. We were cracking up with laughter! What a night! All good things etc. They were headed north while we were headed south. Yet another day of light headwinds had us motorsailing around Slyne Head's black lighthouse and into picture postcard Roundstone, in far Connemara, for the night. We were able to tie to what may be the best berth in most conditions - the head of the south pier. Our final leg was via the inner passage, to Rossaveal. We moored at the new marina, which has good shelter. However, in the evening you'll find no restaurant, pub or people. We managed to get a lift to Spiddal, found a good eatery, fitting for the Skipper's dinner, and, later, a taxi back to the boat. It had been a memorable cruise which we savoured to the full thanks to the mainly fair weather. With friends, old and new, we had visited twelve ports and anchorages. We toasted the skipper and his worthy boat before turning in for the last time.

The new crew arrived by car from Cork next day, and we drove their car home. *Katlin* continued on her way and completed a very successful circumnavigation without drama.



Music while you work - Author, Pat and Padraig (Mike Walsh)

Isle of Man and Belfast Lough on *Lydia*, followed by the ICC 85th Anniversary Cruise

Trish Phelan

Owing to a number of constraints, our cruising on *Lydia* in 2014 was always going to be a bit disjointed.

We booked to attend the 85th Rally in Glengariff, but also wanted to do some family cruising in June, together with whatever else we could fit in during the summer months. The outline plan was to head north as soon as our grandson, Finn, was on school holidays.

We departed Howth on 31st May at 08.45. The crew was Joe and Trish, our eldest son John and his son Finn, aged 14. With very little wind (5 knots from southeast) we motored until past Rockabill. A slight increase in wind speed from the same direction enabled us to motor sail to Ardglass, where we tied up in Phennick Cove marina at 16.15. We rang the harbourmaster in Peel to check the availability of a berth in the marina, it being TT week. He assured us that he would squeeze us in somewhere. With this information we departed Ardglass at 06.45 in a south wind force 4, rising to 5/6 during the morning. With full sail we had a lovely passage and arrived at the harbour at midday waiting for the sill to open and boats to leave. We were on the opposite quay to the harbourmaster, but it being “Mad Sunday” we were not complaining. We spent a lovely sunny afternoon watching the spectacle of hundreds of bikes and bikers doing their “thing” in Peel. The following morning the male crew members took off on the bus to Douglas to watch the TT races, while I shopped and went for a walk on the headland above the town.

We set sail for Bangor with a west-southwest wind force 4. Over the next few hours this died to force 2, so we motor sailed with the main only. At midday we went through Copeland Sound with 3 knots of tide against us and the engine at 2,500 rpm. We arrived at Bangor marina at 13.00. John had to be back in Dublin the following

afternoon for a meeting, so next morning, at 10.45, we departed Bangor marina in a force 5 northerly to go up the river and tie up for the night at the Abercorn basin. We visited the Titanic centre and the following morning we departed the Abercorn basin for Carrickfergus marina, where Finn did a fine job of bringing us alongside the pontoon.

John was returning to *Lydia* the next day with his wife and daughter, as he was taking part in the SB20 Northern Championships in Carrickfergus. Racing on Saturday was abandoned due to lack of wind – this was accompanied by monsoon-like rain. Racing on Sunday was very exciting as the wind increased- once it hit force 6 the SB 20's all started to “fall over” –to quote the OOD. The family all departed on Sunday evening by car, so Joe and I sorted out the boat and got ready for the trip home the next day.

We departed Carrickfergus at 09.30 with a force 4 southeasterly. We motor sailed with one reef in the main until 16.45, when we managed to set full jib for an hour. Our sailing was short lived as the wind decreased for a time, before increasing to force 5/6 on the nose. Between Lambay and Irelands Eye we had to add a can of diesel to the tank as we were getting very low and the thought of running out as we approached Howth was just not an option. At this stage it also started to rain very heavily. I spent the last half hour on the approach to Howth on the bow, watching for lobster pots. We were tied up on our berth at 02.35, tired but glad to be home.

ICC 85th Anniversary Cruise

It was now time to get *Lydia* to Crosshaven to join with the other boats taking part in the 85th Anniversary cruise. The crew for this delivery trip was Joe, Trish and 14 year-old Finn, who wanted to do his first overnight passage. We departed Howth at 09.40 in a force 2 east wind. The wind remained light but from a more northeasterly direction, so we rigged a preventer on the main and sailed off in glorious sunshine. The wind increased slightly so we rolled out the jib, cut the engine and had a lovely sunny evening sail. At 23.00 we were abeam of Tuskar Rock, with 5 miles to the Fundale, with the engine on. At 00.30 we picked up a pot while we were sailing in force 4/5 north east wind with a very strong tide with us, so we were anchored stern to the wind and tide, on the 5 metre line, with the red lights of the Carnsore windmills looking very close by. This was a very difficult situation but eventually Joe managed to free us – the rope was not around the prop, but around the rudder. We were hopeful at this stage that there was no damage, so as soon as we popped free we tidied up and decided not to try the engine until daylight. The wind was still from the northeast force 5, so we sailed along very nicely. We tried the engine after daylight and



Three generations of Phelans with *Lydia*, at the Abercorn Basin, the Titanic centre in the background



The raft up at Courtmacsherry (Elgan Loane)

all seemed well. The wind direction stayed constant, but as it increased to force 6 we put one reef in the main and the boat felt a lot more comfortable. We sailed all the way to RCYC where we tied up with some other ICC boats at 14.20. So Finn had got his first overnight passage, the “incident” providing a lot more excitement than he had bargained for.

The Crebbins, on *Ocean Gypsy*, arrived overnight from the Scillies and were tied up on the next pontoon when we awoke the next morning. Joe and Finn took the bus to Cork, where Finn got a train to Dublin, while we got the boat ready for our crew for the rally – our Commodore, Peter, and his wife Beverly. Rose and Robert Michael arrived in Crosshaven by car, the Michaels having delivered *Mystique* the previous week. They offered us a lift to Carrigaline, so that made the final provisioning a great deal easier. We enjoyed pre-dinner drinks with some of the crews down for the rally and then joined *Mystique’s* crew for dinner in the Harbour Café.

Peter and Bev arrived by car the following day and managed to get their gear on board before the heavens opened. The crew of *Mystique* joined us for a pre-dinner drink and then we all made our way, in our party gear, to the marquee for more pre-dinner drinks and speeches. We sat down in the dining room of RCYC for a very fine dinner, followed by more speeches and then general chat. At 11.50 on Sunday 6th July we departed Crosshaven for Kinsale. The wind was from the west and gusty – up to 31 knots in the rain squalls. At 15.20 we were rafted up outside *Ann Again* in Kinsale. In the late afternoon we enjoyed a

very pleasant few hours at the home of Heleen and Nigel Lindsay-Fynn, overlooking Kinsale harbour. The crews of *Mystique* and *Lydia* then joined together for a dinner in “Crackpots” in the town, which was much enjoyed by all.

We departed Kinsale at 11.50 on Monday 7th July for Courtmacsherry – a first for all the crew of *Lydia*. It was flat calm with the sun (just) shining. We motored all the way, following the well-marked channel into the pontoon where we tied up 14.40. We noted that Low Water was at 19.45, and then went for a walk, stopping for coffee and cake at an Aviary on the main street, where we sat in the sunshine and relaxed. The promised barbeque started at 20.00, with tables and chairs out on the main street. All 22 boats were well fed and watered - the local pub was put to the pin of its collar to procure enough wine glasses (and wine) to keep the visitors happy. Then the music started - a one man band who judged the age group perfectly with appropriate music. Soon everybody was up dancing - even those who had been claiming all kinds of ailments. We celebrated Jen and John Crebbins wedding anniversary in good style. Lots of the locals arrived to see this crowd of old fogeys dancing the night away.

Departure the next morning was tide dependent, so we cast off at 11.30 and made our way carefully out through the channel – we had 1.6 metres under the keel at the bar. Once out of the channel we had a fine sail in a north westerly force 5. We put in one reef and later 2 reefs as the wind increased to force 6. We dropped anchor in Castletownshend after a trip of 26 miles. We had been invited for drinks on *Eleanda* (our big sister.) Going from

a HR 31 to a HR 62 was a huge shock to the system, but we enjoyed the tour of that beautiful boat, and all the chat, in lovely sunshine. We returned to our little *Lydia* and had dinner in the cockpit – a lovely end to a great day's cruising.

The following morning we went ashore to explore the town. We got some shopping and then went to the Castle for coffee and scones, served in the garden by a direct descendant of the 17th century Captain Townshend, once again in glorious sunshine. We hauled the anchor at 11.40, eventually disentangling ourselves from a rope by launching the dinghy and unravelling some "knitting". There was very little wind so we motored. At midday the engine alarm sounded. There was slightly more wind so we rolled out the jib while Joe and Pete took the hoses to bits – there was a blockage to the impeller. Everything was put back together and we got under way again. The wind was increasing from the northwest and at 14.45, as we passed Lot's Wife at the entrance to Baltimore, it was up to force 5. We were soon tied up at the pontoon at Sherkin Island outside *Leda* with Seamus O'Carroll and crew on board.

The second official event of the cruise was a seafood supper, preceded by a Prosecco reception on the lawns of the Islander's Rest Hotel on Sherkin. And what a feast it was – we learned the next day that we had consumed 40kg of unshelled local prawns, not to mention buckets of mussels, fresh and smoked salmon, and lots of meat for the non-fish eaters. For this event we were joined by the crew and trainees from the sail training vessel, *Spirit of Oysterhaven*. After the feast many repaired to the bar to watch the World Cup matches.

The following morning, after a leisurely breakfast, we departed Sherkin at 11.15 for Crookhaven, through the north passage. The wind was west-northwest force 4. As we got near Crookhaven we had a call on the VHF from *Ann Again* asking if we would like to follow them into one of the hidden gems of west Cork – Goleen. We had spent a couple of days in Goleen the previous October, but had never been there by sea – this was too good an opportunity to miss. We got rid of sails and watched as *Ann Again* prepared to reverse into what looked like solid rock. All was revealed as we got closer – we decided that we could motor in and being only 31 feet, could turn at the pier. Soon we were tied up next to *Ann Again* and we stayed there while we all had lunch. It was a marvellous experience and we would not have missed it for the world. We continued on to Crookhaven where we picked up a mooring and got ourselves ready for the next event – an invitation from the OCC to a raft up drinks party, organised by John Bourke. A very pleasant few hours suddenly disappeared and it was time to go ashore for dinner which had been organised in Nottages Restaurant.

We departed Crookhaven at 08.25 on Friday 11th July for Lawrence Cove on Bere Island. It was a dull drizzly morning with a south west wind force 3. It continued dull and dreary all the way to Lawrence Cove where we



Lunch with *Ann Again* at Goleen

tied up on the pontoon at 12.15. We had a visit for coffee from Peter's brother and sister-in-law, Richard and Jill. They were very welcome, especially, as this resulted in an invitation to dinner that evening. We spent the afternoon catching up on boat matters, shopping, and laundry. We then made our way to dinner which was co-hosted by Peter and Bev's daughter and family. We had a lovely evening – great food, lots of wine and good craic.

We had a very slow start to Saturday morning. It was a horrible morning - wet with poor visibility. We eventually got off the bottom at 12.05 - just 0.1m under the keel - bound for Glengarriff and the 85th celebrations. Once we were in the channel we used the jib and engine as we had only a force 2 from the west. All was well as we approached Glengarriff, until the engine alarm sounded. This time the fan belt was slack – and it became obvious one of the bolts had sheared. We were now in quite confined waters so it was a scramble to hoist the main and prepare ourselves to sail up alongside *Mystique of Malahide*, ready to drop all sails at the appropriate moment.

Bruce Fennell of *Beezneeze*, having seen our approach came over in his dinghy to assess the situation. His offer of help with bolts and equipment was much appreciated. Meanwhile the crew of *Mystique* arrived back and we soon had our Hon. Treasurer and Commodore on their knees in the small confines of our 31ft *Lydia* while the ship's captain had a much needed kip. The problem was getting the end of the sheared bolt out – after a huge amount of effort, a temporary solution was put in place which it was hoped would get us to Lawrence Cove on Monday or Tuesday where we hoped we would get the proper facilities needed.

At this stage it was getting very near the proposed pick-up time for our ferry ashore to the Gala Dinner. We all put on our glad rags and enjoyed very pleasant pre-dinner drinks in the two cockpits, in glorious sunshine, knowing the party couldn't really start without the Commodore. The Eccles Hotel did us proud – we had a lovely meal and all made it safely back to the ferry for a pain-free lift home.

Sunday was the last official day of our cruise. Bev was

departing after the official lunch. Peter had organised a lift back to Crosshaven to pick up his car and then drive to Bere Island to finish their family holiday. *Lydia* was cleared, and we were all ready for the ferry ashore for the official winding up lunch in the Eccles Hotel. This time it was a buffet and after closing speeches everybody started to make their departure either back to their boat or by road. We waved goodbye to Bev and Pete and then got the last ferry back to *Lydia*.

Monday dawned wet and windy with very poor visibility. As we prepared the boat for the family influx, we wondered what on earth had made us arrange a week's holiday for a family of four, plus an extra cousin, as well as ourselves, on a 31 foot boat. The cockpit cover was the key. The two 14yr old boys had elected to sleep on blow up mattresses in the cockpit. We had the added bonus of the offer of a bed in Peter's house if Lawrence Cove was our destination.

By 13.00 the rain had stopped. We went ashore in the dinghy to meet up with John, Mo, Finn (age 14) Cait (age 9) and Archie (age 14). We had lunch ashore, did some shopping and then Mo and myself went with the kids to Garinish Island, while Joe and John took their gear to *Lydia*. John joined us later on the island, which we explored in glorious sunshine. The ferry man kindly dropped us back to *Lydia*. Later we ate ashore and returned in two trips. We all settled down for the night, with a plan to head to Lawrence Cove in the morning to get a permanent repair done on the engine.

We hoisted the main, put the engine on to charge the batteries, and dropped the mooring at 08.50. The wind was from south, force two. We kept a good eye on the block which was rammed in place holding the alternator as a temporary solution to our engine problem. Once the batteries were charged we turned off the engine, hoisted the jib and coasted along, doing 4.8 knots in a nice calm sea. At 10.50 we turned the engine on for the entrance to Lawrence Cove, and tied up on the pontoon a short time later. Our first priority was to get the engine sorted. After talking to Patrick Harrington at the marina, we got in touch with John Murphy, who arrived on his way home to assess the situation. He spent a couple of hours dismantling and

isolating the problem. He then announced that he needed to make a new piece in his workshop, but that he would be back later – probably before midnight. He then looked at all the kids and changed that to first thing in the morning. John Murphy arrived bright and early next morning and did a couple of hours hard work. He was efficient, pleasant, a neat worker and very competitively priced. We would be delighted to call on him in the future and recommend him to other sailors.

Meanwhile, *Mystique of Malahide* had arrived next to us, and due to a kind offer, the kids now had two dinghies to mess about in. That, along with catching and dissecting jellyfish kept them well occupied. The weather forecast was not good for rounding the Mizen. We had also decided that with three kids on board we really needed to be tied to a marina, rather than on a mooring or anchor. It was at this stage that I got a text from Dublin telling us of the sad death of fellow ICC member Seamus O'Carroll R.I.P. This news was hard to believe as we had dinner with Seamus and the crew of *Leda* the previous Saturday, and lunch on the Sunday in the Eccles Hotel.

With a very wet forecast for the next couple of days, Joe and I decided to take up Bev's kind offer and avail of their hospitality for the night – this meant the cockpit did not need to be used as sleeping quarters. It was that evening in Dessie's pub that we were approached by an English man from a neighbouring boat, to know "how on earth did we fit 7 people in a 31 ft. boat?"

On Friday 18th July we sailed over to Castletownbere and tied up at the new town pontoon. We went ashore, explored the town, had a fine seafood lunch, did some shopping and returned to *Lydia*. John got talking to the fisherman tied up behind us, and tried to buy some fish from him. The man apologised that he hadn't time to fillet the fish, and then handed over a bag with seven enormous plaice and a bucket of crab claws. As he refused to take any payment, we decided the only way we could thank him was to pass over cans of beer - he seemed very happy. We returned to Lawrence Cove and the lads took off to clean the fish while I cooked the crab claws. We baked the fish in the oven, and this accompanied by potatoes and a salad was a feast fit for a king - we ate in the cockpit and enjoyed a lovely family evening.

Our cruise was drawing to a close. I had to be back in Dublin by Thursday to pick up relatives at the airport. John and family departed Bere Island on the early morning ferry, heading for Dublin. Joe and I left Lawrence Cove at 14.30. We had a southwest wind force 3, and by 15.30 we were sailing along under main and jib, heading for Mizen Head. We had dolphins on the port side and were being lifted up to the mark. We had noticed a pot about 50m from us – just as we came parallel with it we saw at least 100m of floating rope just ahead. We got the engine off and altered course just in time. Shortly afterwards we had about 50 bottlenose dolphins on the port side. We motored for the rest of the day and picked up a mooring at 20.50 at Sherkin Island.

We dropped the mooring at 07.00 on Sunday 20th July. Once we were abeam of Galley Head we had full sail up in a northwest wind force 4. We had been in touch with our daughter-in-law, Mo who offered



The tired skipper of *Lydia* has a kip, while the Commodore and Treasurer of the ICC fix his engine.

to collect us in Kilmore Quay the following evening – we were anxious to be home to attend Seamus O’Carroll’s funeral on Wednesday morning. So we wanted to do as much mileage today as possible. We alternated between engine and sails and eventually ended up gybing downwind towards Ballycotton in a west wind force 4. We picked up a visitors mooring at 18.35 – it had been serviced in 2013. There were no other boats around. Once again we dined on board and were happy with our mileage of 60 miles for the day.

We slipped the mooring at 05.30 in a flat calm. A couple of hours later we had wind and rain filling in from astern. At 14.30 we saw a fin circling nearby but were unable to identify the type; however a while later we saw it again and realised it was a harbour porpoise. We carefully made our way through all the lobster pots between the Waterford River and Kilmore Quay – at least most of them had flags on them which made them easier to see. We tied up at the pontoon in Kilmore Quay at 14.30 – we had been in touch with the harbourmaster and arranged to leave *Lydia* there for a couple of days. They kindly gave us a finger berth.

Two days later Joe and Finn returned to Kilmore Quay by train and bus. Unfortunately a Dart train ahead of the Wexford train broke down and they had almost 2 hours delay, which was not what they needed to get to Arklow with a favourable tide. They departed Kilmore at 15.00 in a force 3 east wind, which went due north as soon as they turned the corner at Carnsore Point. So it was engine all the way to Arklow, where they tied up on the pontoon at 23.00. They had had a foul tide since 21.00 thanks to the Dart breakdown.

13.30 was departure time the following day. It was a lovely sunny day with the wind force 4 north- northeast – more diesel. At 16.10 they were abeam of Wicklow Head and tied up at our berth in HYC marina at 20.30, tired but glad to have *Lydia* and themselves home.

The second part of our cruise took 28 days and the mileage was 500 miles.

We really enjoyed our cruising this year, especially the family involvement in both of the cruises. The 85th rally was an action packed 9 days, with great events organised, great company at every venue, and huge credit due to the organising committee for the amount of time and effort put in to make it such a success. For me personally the two highlights of that cruise were the trip into Courtmacsherry, and our lunch stop at that hidden gem of West Cork, Goleen.

Anne Kenny cruises the Baltic for the third time, from Sodertalje to Kotka including the RCC Meet

Neil Hegarty ICC and I spent six weeks in Ireland, after our eight months American Odyssey on *Shelduck*, reconnecting with our respective families, friends and businesses. We flew to Stockholm on the 9th of July and joined *Tam O’Shanter* at WASA Yachts, where she had overwintered for a second year. Our cruise started on familiar ground, visiting Sodertalje, Nynashamn and Sandhamn, leaving there at 05.30 on the 16th with a force 3 to 4 on the starboard quarter. Having sailed thirty five miles we gybed at Svenska Bjorn for Flotjam and then bore off for the entry to Mariehamn. *Tam O’Shanter* was joining the Royal Cruising Club’s Baltic Meet and we were greeted on arrival by Finland member Jan Horhammer, a key player in its planning. Next day we welcomed David Whitehead ICC and his wife Marie, joining us aboard for the Meet. A bus tour on Saturday 19th was followed by a delicious buffet dinner on the deck of *Pommern*. She is a ninety five metre long steel sailing ship build in Glasgow in 1903. I was surprised by the quality of the captain’s quarters. She was acquired by Gustaf Erikson of Mariehamn, who used her to carry grain from Australia to harbours in England and Ireland. She survived two world wars unscathed and won the Great Grain Races twice, 1930 and 1937. She is now a museum ship belonging to the Aland Maritime Museum and is anchored in western Mariehamn.

Even though wind was generally light for the ten days of the Meet, David took every opportunity on the helm to sail, while Neil navigated through the challenging passages between the rocks and islands of Aland and south Finland. All participants became temporary members of NJK, the oldest and largest Finnish yacht club established in 1861 upon approval by Czar Alexander II in St. Petersburg. It is based in Helsinki and also has nine Skerry Harbours, which are natural harbours in the archipelago. At these, you can expect buoys to moor to a deck, a sauna and possibly a small clubroom ashore. Other locations where it is safe to anchor were also recommended by NJK. On Sunday 20th *Tam O’Shanter* sailed twenty seven miles to, Bano-o, and anchored for the night among other participating yachts. Next day the recommended anchorage at Kokar was too near for us so we sailed on thirty miles to Uto, where we saw *Oisín Bán*, the only other Irish boat at the meet. On Tuesday 22nd we lunched at Osterskaer, followed by a night at Krakaskar, an NJK-leased island, having sailed twenty five miles. Next *Tam O’Shanter* sailed a thirty mile passage to Nagu, a central place in the archipelago for provisioning. Here you will find a well run small marina, several grocery stores, an off licence and a vegetable market. On Thursday 24th we completed a thirty mile passage and the fleet gathered at the well protected Langholmen for a buffet which was held on a Ro-Ro brought to the island for the event. We particularly enjoyed the fish chowder which included baby new

potatoes. *Tam O'Shanter* sailed a thirty five mile passage to Munckshamn on the 25th. Here a well attended impromptu cocktail party was quickly organised. Next day we sailed to Hogholmen, which is located at the southern tip of the Porkkala Peninsula. Sunday 27th was the final meet passage to the NJK Clubhouse at Blekholmen, Helsinki, where all enjoyed a gala dinner. Blekholmen is an island in the central south harbour and has been in the possession of the club since 1885. The beautiful clubhouse was built in 1900 and houses a large collection of models, trophies and paintings. There are 125 pontoon berths of which at least 25 are reserved for visiting yachts.

On Monday 28th the fleet dispersed and Marie and David flew home. Next day Neil and I sailed a passage of thirty miles east to Sandholmsudden where we moored for the night. We then sailed on to the island harbour of Kaunissquri, where we noticed that many of the signs on shore were in Finnish and Russian. Thursday 31st a short fresh passage to Kotka where we were now only thirty miles from the Russian border and just ninety miles from St. Petersburg.



Pommern in Mariehamn

Here we were greeted by Jani Tauren of Veleiro Oy where *Tam O'Shanter* is to be stored for the winter. Neil and I had cruised four hundred and twenty miles in three weeks with mostly gentle winds and sunny, very hot weather. Another very enjoyable Baltic cruise.



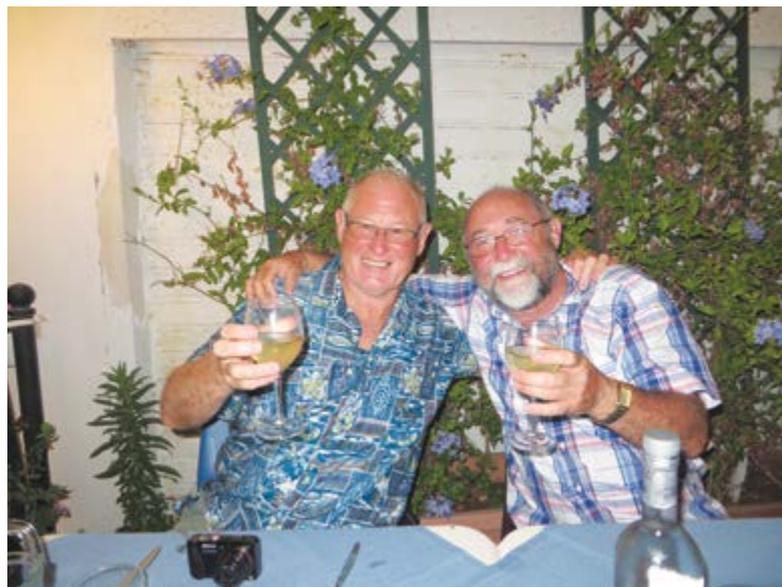
Irish at RCC Baltic Meet.JPG

Hadrian's Beard shaves the Sicilian Coast

Robert Barker

This year, we took a detailed look at the Southern and Western coasts of Sicily and enjoyed the luxury of being able to find moorings in places that would not previously have been available to us with our 2 metre keel. We discovered some fine new marinas that have been completed in recent years and enjoyed the simple welcome of the Sicilians. Sicily has been described to us by yachtsmen as a stopping-off point en route through the Mediterranean to more sophisticated destinations such as Croatia and Greece. But we really enjoyed a more leisurely three weeks just pottering around the island and would recommend it to crews who are not seeking the fleshpots of glittering cities.

We left Valetta on 5th June, having sat out three days of gales on the Mediterranean. The crew was Michael and Mary McCann, Anna Herrick, Pat and myself. We were waved off by our grandchildren who had arrived in Valetta with their parents to wreak havoc in our apartment for a couple of weeks. Our four year old granddaughter insisted on hosing down *Hadrian's Beard* for us before we departed, in order to wash off the dust that is a minor irritation of mooring in Malta. So, we waved a soggy farewell to them – decks, flags, railings, crew and skipper all soaked to the skin



Robert and Michael enjoy a glass of wine

by the enthusiastic, wild water-wielding Lily.

Conditions were good, wind NW 3 – 4 with a residual lump in the seas, which made the passage uncomfortable. We arrived into Pozzallo, which the pilot indicated had 2 – 4.5 metres. As soon as we entered the harbour, we ran aground. A local fisherman waved to us in a combination of gestures which could have meant 'Keep to the left' or 'Go into the main commercial harbour' or 'No entry'. He then leapt onto his motorbike and shot off into the sunset. We very gingerly eased in to avoid what seemed to be a sand spit to the right and attempted to go for the pontoons which tempted us Siren-like. They had power and water and looked inviting, but again we touched. It was clear that much of the harbour was silted. We decided to tie alongside the fuel dock and hope for the best. Tied up successfully at

1830, distance travelled 53.6 nm, barometer reading 1019. Local small fishing boats came in gradually and inspected us as we wolfed into the sandwiches and tea which we had eschewed during the bumpy passage. They were all very friendly and none told us to clear off. We observed the locals coming in tight to the wall and rocks on the left of the harbour and then sharp right along a line of blue/white buoys across the harbour. When we went ashore, we saw that there is a small marina with 3 pontoons, just over the wall in the main commercial harbour. Coming from the sea – turn a sharp right into the corner and there are some free spaces. We walked 1 km into Pozzallo and found a great local restaurant to feed the inner man. We had a comfortable night by the fuel dock.

On 6th June, we watched many of the fishing boats going out from 05.00. We kept an eye on the route they took and cast off at 08.30 to the applause of the watching fishermen ashore. It's a tricky place to get in and out of – shallows 0.6m with a channel of 1.1 m. Not for the faint-hearted. But it was a grand little spot in fair, clear weather. We set course for Scoglitti with wind F 2-3 NW – another harbour with a reputation for silting. We travelled 27.7 nm and entered Scoglitti at 13.45. We found that the pilot is out of date and the harbour has been dredged and extended since 2010. There are four new pontoons run by different *ormaggiatori*. There was nobody in sight when we arrived so we chose a pontoon and tied up. We lunched and had conversations with some locals in pidgin Italian. Joseph, the *ormaggiatore*, arrived at 1530 (info@laponente.com, Marina di Scoglitti, +390932980860) and took our details and charged us €40 for one night. We had a lovely sunny afternoon. There is a (free) shower at Joseph's Fishing Tackle Shop and there was a noisy, busy local fish market as the boats came in. We bought 3 kilos of prawns for €10 and 4 melons, 2 kilos of cherries and 3 kilos of peaches for €15. The town is compact and friendly and we had drinks on the harbour's edge prior to our showers and dinner and drinks on board as the sun set into the Western Mediterranean.

7th June – We bade farewell to Joseph at 0915 after breakfast: wind F2 -3 WNW. The wind increased F 3 – 4. En route, the 230 volt master trip switch tripped when on inverter power and we could not reset it. We travelled on solar power for 1 hr 10 minutes, slowing our speed to 3.7 kn. No efforts succeeded in resetting the trip, and we had no domestic power for a cuppa or to chill the fridge en route. We entered Likata Harbour at 15.15 and called up the captainerie on Ch. 74 VHF. Very efficient crew came out and directed us to our berth with wind now W, F 4 – 5. Distance travelled 26.5 nm. The marina in Likata is now fully completed and operational with very good showers, a well-stocked supermarket, restaurant, self-service laundry and chandlery. Wi-Fi is available here (at a price) , although it had been hard to find along this coast. Transfer is available here to and from the airport. (Marina di Cala del Sole, +3909221837137 info@marinadicaladelsole.it)

We had a guided walk around the historic city with its connections to Vittor Emmanuel. The old buildings could do with a bit of TLC, but the people were very friendly and forgiving of our dreadful Italian. We saw the Chiesa al Madre where a Black Jesus is proudly displayed. Apparently, the dreaded Turk, Dragu, came here in 1550 and sacked the town, desecrating the sacred places and images. He tried to torch a large wooden Christ figure, but it would not burn, in spite of his best efforts. The result of his several attempts to burn the statue was that Christ was only smoke blackened but otherwise completely intact. As a result of this 'miracle', Dragu spared the lives of the townspeople and Jesus Negro watches over the people from the church. We found a superb little local restaurant off the Piazzo Progresso, Via Accursio 46 – Trattoria Donna Rosa +0922771898 mob: 3200709661. It is a must visit if in Likata. The town was in full swing with the Saturday night passeggiata. Everyone was walking up and down in Sunday clothes. We felt decidedly scruffy in our good shorts and Dubarry shore shoes.

On 8th June, we cast off at 10.00 after making full use of the posh shower facilities and supermarket and chandlery. Wind was F 1 – 2 Var, and we headed for Empedocle or San Leone to give us a base for a visit to Agrigentum. We decided to move on to Empedocle and entered this large harbour, which is a major reception centre for *clandestini*, most of whom have made horrific passages from Africa to seek shelter or employment in Europe. There is not much space for visiting yachts but we spotted a tight slot between two large French yachts, with a brisk NW breeze pushing us sideways as we gingerly eased between them. It was not clear if there were tailed lines, but as we got very close, the *ormaggiatore* appeared from nowhere and indicated (somewhat unenthusiastically) that we could tie up. He was noisily astounded that we did not speak Italian, but with combined hand signals and schoolgirl Latin and phrasebook Italian, Pat communicated with him with some assistance from a gathering crowd, most of whom were anxious to help, but some of whom were there for the obvious entertainment. He charged us €40 a night for the space, but there were no showers, toilets or power. We tied up after 24.9 nm travelled at 13.15. As we lunched on deck, we observed that Empedocle does not have much space for visitors on its pontoons and the berth hunting has to be done by the boat's crew. In most of the harbours in Sicily, it is just necessary to shimmy up and down looking bashful and beautiful and before long, one of the *ormaggiatori* will appear down the pontoon waving his arms and indicating clearly which space he is allocating to you. Not so in Empedocle. Here the *ormaggiatore* only extricates himself from his quay-side bar seat when a visitor has identified a spot and is in full intent astern with lines at the ready. We dolefully exchanged these observations with the very charming Frenchman next to us. The *ormaggiatore* had given us the wrong (out of date) Wi-Fi password and had informed us that the water from the hose was not potable. Our French neighbour (our French language skills were better than our Italian) gave us the correct password and informed us that the water from the hose was most definitely potable – after we had laboured back from the town with bottles of water from the shop (probably owned by the *ormaggiatore*'s cousin). We ate on board – still munching our way through the mountain of Scoglitt prawns, peaches

and cherries. Full of fine wine, we sang and danced on the deck, much to the cheers and amusement of the passing *passagiati* and our French neighbours.

9th June saw us in a taxi bound for Agrigento – Valley of the Temples. 65 year olds got in free and Pat (who was 3 weeks shy of 65) was grudgingly let in free. The line was drawn at Anna, who was 6 weeks away from her 65th and she had to pay full price. We spent four hours in intense heat inspecting the Valley of the Temples with its fascinating evidence of the Greek civilization going back to 600 BC; and the scant evidence of Neolithic civilization going back 5,000 years. The site has been adopted by UNESCO and the tight security around the remains and the protective restoration work seems wildly out of keeping with the usual casual Italian attitude to these historic sites. We caught the shuttle bus up to the town of Agrigento and had an excellent lunch at the Manhattan Restaurant. As we hungrily attacked our plates of fish and pasta, the mother and father of a thunderstorm emptied buckets of water over our outdoor dining area. We scampered indoors to finish our meal and then took ourselves off to the bus station. As we waited for the bus, it became obvious that the station is the gathering place for dozens of young, thin, but energetic Somali, Sudanese and Senegalian asylum seekers. They told us that they spend their days here in the bus shelter, because, as a public facility, it is the one place that the police cannot harass them and move them on. They spent their nights either in the internment camp or sleeping rough on the streets. It was a very sad story and we were left with a sense of despair for the hope that had propelled these young people to leave their homes and families to realise the reality of lives of unemployment, wasted energy and the potential to be picked up by Mafioso and sucked into crime. Back on board, our generous lunch meant we only had space for a light repast of the last of the Scoglitt prawns. No singing or dancing, just a quiet discussion over a bottle of red wine on the relative merits of Joan Burton and Alex White for leadership of the Labour Party and other significant issues like world peace.

10th June – After breakfast and a quick canter around the harbour and up the hill of Porto Empedocle to ease out the lactic acid in our muscles, we cast off our lines at 0945, bound for Sciatti. The wind was SW force 1 – 2 and the sea state was flat. We stopped at 1130 for a swim. The water was chilly, but very refreshing in the hot sunny morning. We noticed that we had not spotted one turtle, porpoise or dolphin since our departure from Malta. As usual, the wind increased force 3 - 4 SW at about 13.30 and we had a breezy entrance into Sciacca. We were met by very friendly staff of Lega Navale on the second trot from the south. We tied up at 14.45 having travelled 27.7 nm. The afternoon breeze whistled through the rigging and halyards as we wolfed our lunch and tried to swot up our Italian phrase book. Mooring fees here were €20 including water and power. Contact details Lega Navale Italiana Sezioni di Sciacca 0925902766, Sciacca@leganavale.it. A very frightening electric storm blew up and we were very grateful to be snugly tucked up while the wind raged and the rain lashed outside to a spectacular display of pillar, sheet and forked lightning strikes. About 20 fishing boats scuttled in to take shelter. After the rage of the gods had abated, we partook of the shower facilities and spruced up to tackle

the 200 steps up to the town centre for a little pre-prandial refreshment and dinner on the balcony overlooking the harbour and the coast. We politely requested the chairs facing the view, but Michael preferred the chair facing the wall with the insect-attracting lights. It was a fruitful source of nourishment for some stunningly camouflaged fat geckos who laid in wait and then, like little Exocets, pounced on the unsuspecting flying creatures of the night. Afterwards, we indulged in some delicious home-made



Pat, Mary and Anna take cocktails

Sicilian ice creams and waddled back down the steps to our beds.

11th June. Up early for a walk, breakfast, fill with water and check out. We cast off at 0930. No wind and the sea state was flat. We headed for Marzalla del Vello, which is the largest fishing harbour in Italy. We decided to anchor outside and dropped the hook at 1445, having travelled 27.4 nm. The bottom was mud with weed. We initially dragged and then held firm the second time of laying. There was no activity on the beach and the town looked very quiet. The Lonely Planet was a trifle disparaging about the town, but it is a very significant port and it was the port of entry for the Saracens and has considerable African influence on its architecture. It has a large Moroccan and Tunisian population who mainly work in the fishing industry. We had a calm, peaceful night at anchor, but after dinner, our electric system tripped and persisted in tripping despite disconnecting all the appliances and checking all the sockets. It was thought most likely that the actual trip switch itself was faulty so we went to bed in the dark, to sleep on it and see if it would correct itself overnight.

12 June. We awoke and had a swim. Still no electrics, so we had breakfast without tea or coffee. We decided that, rather than head for the Egadi Islands, which had been the plan, we should go into Mazara del Vello to see if we could get a trip switch. Just as we raised the anchor, the fault corrected itself. We decided to seek an electrician anyway who could sell us the switch as it might be difficult to find in the Islands, should it happen again. There were two pontoons just inside the harbour – one Lega Navale and

one Adina. The *ormaggiatore* for Adina came to meet us and was very helpful in tying up and giving us directions to the electrical supplier. He was Giulio, of Adina Mazara, Piazza le G B Quinci, 3420009333 (mobile). A lovely man, who spoke to us in French. Charge for the night €45. Our spoilt ensign confused everyone but it was a good ice-breaker. We found the electrician and the new trip switch cost us €100. The old Kasbah quarter of the town was beautiful and nicely maintained. Local people are very proud of their town and

a local lady recommended the Restaurant La Tana del Lupe on Via XX Settembre, which proved an excellent choice. Pat and Anna explored the town in the hot afternoon sun and visited the Museo del Satiro, a museum based around artefacts of ancient Greece and Rome found on the sea bed by local fishermen. The highlight of the exhibition is the famous Satyr in bronze. His leg was found in the nets of some fishermen in the Straits of Sicily between Pantellerina and Tunisia. Some years later, in 1998, the rest of the original bronze body was brought up in fishing nets. Meticulous expert cleaning disclosed a Satyr who is in a whirling dance attitude with his head thrown back and his long curly hair flying in the wind. His eyes are wild and his mouth parted in ecstasy. (Strong drink is thought to have been involved and comparisons have been drawn with the whirling Dervishes.) Pat and Anna then stumbled on a high society wedding of an army officer in black dress uniform with boots and a highly polished sword rattling off his spurs. His chest displayed a number of campaign medals

which belied his youthful looks. His bride was a tiny doll in an amazing concoction of frills and flounces bejewelled and be-ribboned, with waves of taffeta flowing behind and broomstick eyelashes batting her diminutive face. Pat and Anna, in their hot, sweaty t-shirts and shorts and flat trekking sandals looked a trifle odd at the end of the military guard of honour with swords raised, tapping applause to the happy couple advancing towards them surrounded by a glamorous entourage of exquisite flowers, Jimmy Choo shod glitterati and what looked like a company of five star generals with feather-plumed hats.

13 June. We had a brisk morning walk along the very attractive Lungomare and picked up fresh bread for breakfast. We cast off at 1000 with a SSW wind F 2-3 bound for Favignana on the Egadi Islands. We arrived at the main harbour 1515, having travelled 24.9 nm. The harbour is beautifully clean and there was room for us (with our shallow draft) on the inner harbour. The very efficient staff greeted us and directed us to the Harbour Master's office. €40 for the night plus €1.50 per person for the mandatory contribution to the Protected Marine Area. There is no shower/toilet block, although there is a public lavatory at the top of the harbour. Water was scarce and available twice a day for an hour. Power was available, but was not adequate for our hot water heater. So we resigned ourselves to a cold shower. In busy times, it is a good idea to contact them in advance of your arrival: Circolo Nautoci Favignana 09231961245. We enjoyed the evening ashore in the very buzzy town. There were lots of tourists and plenty of opportunities to buy fresh fish and tuna-based souvenirs and butterfly shaped yokes of all descriptions –



Hadrian's Beard in Favignana

the island is deemed to be shaped like a butterfly. Michael conducted his nightly mosquito hunt and squashed 6 of the little devils in the forward cabin. It didn't stop the blood-sucking monsters from eating into us overnight.

14 June. Our plans to motor over to Lavanzo Island were amended due to an adverse forecast. We spent the day at Favignana and hired bikes and enjoyed our circumnavigation with suitable stops for swims and refreshments. We undertook a certain amount of necessary washing and scrubbing. Pat and Anna waited until the scorching midday heat had abated and, armed with bottles of water and floppy hats, scaled the Monte S. Catarina mountain with its castle atop some 1,000 feet above the harbour. Several black snakes invaded the track on the way down, causing some consternation for the girls, but the snakes were more interested in fornicating. Back on board, we decided to leap into the pristine harbour and have a swim, but a rogue jellyfish got Michael and gave him two nasty stings that bubbled up red and inflamed along his arm and back.

15 June. We slipped our lines at 0600 to make passage for Castelmare. Conditions were flat, with no wind. The wind increased SE F 4-5 and we had a lumpy passage across to the mainland. We increased our speed and arrived at Castelmare at 1145. There are now 8 pontoons in the harbour and the berths available to visitors are furthest away from the town. The fee was €40 and they told us that there were no showers but two toilets. However, sadly, they explained, both were broken.

16 June. We made our way back to Mazara del Vello and had a windy and bouncy passage. The sky became overcast and we had some rain around lunchtime. We tied up at 1530, met again by Giulio and although we had some difficulty finding somewhere to eat – it being Monday – we found a good pizza repast at Drikky's in the Piazza Plebiscite.

17 June. The forecast looked a little uncertain with early morning rain, so we delayed departure until 1215 when the conditions were good, with S wind F 2 – 3, and decided to go out to Favignana. The barometer was rising slightly, wind SW F 4-5 so we opted to go around to the

more sheltered bay at Pt. Calar Rosa instead of anchoring at Prevento on the southern side of the island. There were public moorings available which looked very secure and some 30 boats anchored or moored. We picked up a mooring at 16.00. Distance travelled 24 nm. It was a fine, sheltered bay and we wondered why there weren't people splashing happily about in the water, until we spotted the dreaded jellyfish. That put an end to our dreams of a cooling swim. The wind increased as the afternoon progressed. We were boarded by the Marine Protection Wardens who explained about the different zones in the protection area. Because we were on a mooring buoy and due to our length, and our deemed status as a sailing boat (because of the solar powered engine), we were allowed to stay overnight. Larger motor boats are not allowed to stay in the protected areas overnight. There are laid moorings around Favignana at Cala Azzurra, Blue Marino, Marasolo, Sciondo Passo, Prevento and Cala Rossa (where we were). This provides shelter in most wind directions. The wind went around to the north overnight, so we had a pretty sloppy night's sleep.

18 June. No jelly fish, so we had a swift swim in the warm but choppy waters. We got up and away at 0600 and headed for Likata. We stopped for a swim and swam with a shark (or maybe it was a black plastic bag – although it did appear to develop a fin as it moved away from us). We arrived at Likata and called up on Ch. 74 for an escort in. High season here so we paid €45.

19 June. We slipped our lines at 1100 after our last chance at the luxury showers. No wind and very flat seas. A SW breeze got up at 1400, but no more than F 3. We called Ragusa to book a berth for two nights – necessary in the busy summer season. We sighted two dolphins at 1510 36°50'88N, 14°20'65E. We were met at the entrance to Ragusa. Some silting at the entrance had to be avoided on the RHS, but our escort guided us through. Arrived 1630 after 37 nm. We partook of some cocktails in the fancy bar ashore and were pretty grey at the cost, but a curtain should be drawn.

20 June. We took the early bus to the old town of Ragusa and walked down the truly spectacular pathway to the centre of Ragusa Ibla from Ragusa Superiore. It is a jewel of architecture built after the earthquake in 1693 and is beautifully preserved and well worth a visit. We spent a delightful day in Ragusa, soaking up the atmosphere and wandering through the ancient streets. We lunched in a pizza restaurant where Inspector Montalbano dined regularly - the town is used for filming the TV series.

21 June. We collected our deposit at 0600 from the security and cast off at 06.15. Wind W F 1 – 2. This time we had several sightings of dolphins to liven up our passage to Valetta. We arrived into Malta at 13.30 and fuelled up. Then we dropped our anchor in Rinella Bay at 14.15 and had lunch and a welcome swim until the heat of the day subsided. Our total trip was 458 nm, and we came home with many happy memories of warm-hearted Sicily.

Pylades to the Hebrides

Fergus Quinlan

19th June: On a fine summer evening we slipped the mooring in Kinvara at 18.00 with a northeast breeze. We set all plain sail and with hearts high headed west through Galway Bay. On board were the usual crew of *Pylades*, Kay & Fergus, accompanied by Brenda Linnane, founder of the famous Linnanes Lobster Bar of New Quay, Galway Bay. Our plan was to push north to the Hebrides. Making good progress in comfortable conditions, we ran out of luck and direction north of Slyne Head as the wind backed, the sea increased and our course was now for Greenland. Tacking back to High Island brought calmer water but frustrating progress against a south going ebb persuaded an engine start. A combination of motor and sail got us into French Port at 17.00 in time for a hasty plunge in a cool sea and a slow sipping of cool wine.

21st June: 05.00 a grey mist on the sea and a fine wind had us sailing full-and-by across the mouth of Donegal Bay, such perfect conditions were too good to last and within sight of Bloody Foreland the wind lost its will and we motored the last miles to Tory Island. We lay alongside a fishing boat which carried defensive protrusions; it called for dextrous fendering, as attaining the quays made for dextrous clambering, the access ladders having been placed in the inaccessible corners by a designer who had never seen a boat nor asked a sailor. The harbour and village were tranquil, in fact all was deathly quiet until we opened the door of the community hall pub. A wall of sound and people, King Patsy Dan swept across the room greeting us as some long lost souls and told of his search for an airport. We had pints and danced and at the early hour of 02.00 wandered back to *Pylades* to the raucous sound of love-struck corncrakes.

22nd June: Walked the island and spent time with the jumping stones of Port a Dun, picked up pink stones from the rocky beach and threw them at others of the same and observed, we can offer no scientific or philosophical clarification on this phenomenon. Wandering back the open roads, a frustrated teen was ceaselessly driving back and forth across the island. We reflected that a youth requires bigger catchments in which to swarm. We were invited in for tea and cake by Brid Shane and got to hear the machinations of island politics. Returning to the harbour, a slightly animated discussion took place with the owner against whose boat we had rafted. Kay's diplomacy won the day and a firm friendship was established.



23rd June: Exited Tory at 11.30 bound north for Barra, wind again allowing an easy 'full-and-by' sail with little swell, not at all like the North Atlantic. Twenty miles south of Barra Head the wind died, and a thick drizzle endeavoured to hide our destination, but out of the murk rose the soggy soft rocks at the entrance to Castlebay. There we picked up a mooring at 10.30. Brenda and Kay went ashore while the skipper fiddled with the alternator, which was charging intermittently. It would continue to do this for the season, but the solar panels and wind generator kept the batteries in order. That evening we celebrated our arrival in the Outer Hebrides with bubbly and a fine dinner cooked by chef extraordinaire, Brenda. During discussion on the voyage north we reflected on the fact that, since leaving Kinvara, we had not seen a single vessel, sailing or fishing, anywhere at sea. How quiet indeed has grown the western seaboard. When we had crossed the fishing grounds of the Stanton Banks 22 years previously we could hardly count the myriad lights of vessels trawling, this time only a single unidentified light far out to the west was seen.

24th June: Motored around the corner to anchor at Eriskay, the Isle of 'Whisky Galore'. Here we recalled a visit, almost to the day 22 years ago, on board a Sabre 27 of the same name. On that occasion, after a night of singing in the only island pub 'The Politician', we were escorted back to the dock side where, in driving mist and under a lone light, a group of local men linked arms and sang for us 'The Flower of Scotland', an emotional vision that will remain forever. This time there was no singing, but there was discussion on the upcoming independence referendum. The next day we went further north to Lochboisdale. On the same visit in 1992 we had met with a few robust drinkers here whom



Pylades at Canna

we in fact later rescued as they drifted out to sea with one oar. On enquiring about the welfare of the one we most remembered, we were shocked to learn that a few years ago at a relatively young age, he had taken his own life. In melancholy mood we drank his health and pondered deep depressions sweeping the isles in the darkest days of winter.

28th June: With a fresh north-north-easterly we left and tried to close-haul to the spectacular anchorage of Loch Scavaig. The Sea of the Hebrides was at its best, with clear visibility into the Cuillin Ridge on Skye, with sheets of sparkling spray as, over-pressed, we tried but failed to hold our course. We accepted our new destination as Canna, where we picked up a mooring and walked this island of great beauty. What looked like sheets of white sand in the distance turned out to be rafts of bog cotton interspersed with thousands of purple orchids. Here to the skipper's delight we found a communist shop, an enterprise that could only work in a situation of egalitarianism and in a society of deep morality; its existence certainly reflects well on the cruising community. A small well stocked supermarket, a souvenir and coffee shop with no one in attendance and no security. One picks goods, enters them in a book, pays and takes change from an open cash box; one also pays for the mooring on a trust basis. Everyone leaving the shop spoke of how liberating the experience was. It gives an indication of the better possibilities for humanity. We revelled in our time in Canna. The weather was stunning, with a constant breeze from the north east and almost infinite visibility in the cool dry air.

29th June: Sailing south east we passed the splendid profiles of Rhum and Eigg heading for Ardnamurchan point and into the beautiful anchorage of Loch Drumbuie and a sunset to match, the shimmering reflections in the loch leaving us breathless. The next day we walked the lush green woods before sailing across the sound for Tobermory. All that crossing and re-crossing of the waters brought to mind the line from Johnson's Tour of the Hebrides by Boswell, "The sea, that universal medium of connection amongst mankind". In the colourful town of Tobermory we took a brisk walk to the lofty Argyle Terrace, later descending for drinks at the dockside and our first and only meal ashore, for no restaurant can match the quality of food and ambience on board *Pylades*.

1st July: Motor sailed in calm sunny conditions down the Sound of Mull and turned into Loch Aline with gale warnings crackling from the VHF. We snugged down secured to a mooring and lit the fire while the wrath of a front roared over. A French vessel arrived in with sail flutters hanging about their forestay, but in no time they had a new sail on and were sorted. We went for a damp tramp next morning before a sail further down the sound to tie at the marina at Kerrera. The next day the 4th July we crossed in the ferry to Oban for supplies and a walkabout. On return we walked the path to the

obelisk at the northern tip of the island and returned via an unmarked and challenging route. Brenda added the following comment to the log 'Being 5ft nothing and walking through 7ft ferns with the skipper leading the way – was not something I particularly enjoyed, but turning back was not an option, and the midges had a field day; it was an ordeal. Some people called these gnats - midgets and I was feeling exactly that. That was my only cranky moment and then it became a joy to see the sky again and that made the ferns experience almost worthwhile'. On our safe return from the interior we had some enjoyable drinks and chats at the marina bar while another strong gale system went through. We heard later that Danú, a ketch belonging to the skipper's daughter (ICC) and son in law, had sustained some damage from the same wind on route to the Lofoten Isles. It put back to Stornoway for repair. Despite this inconvenience the expedition was completed in fine style.

5th July: Motor sailing in light airs, we headed south past the Garvellachs and stared east in awe at the legendary races of the Pass of the Grey Dog and the Corryvreckan. Places to contemplate when a spring tide discharging through the passes meets the fury of a midwinter westerly storm, but only from the comfort of one's bed. At 17.30 we tied at the planked pier at Colonsay. Walked in splendid weather to the hotel for sundowners and met some most interesting folks. Our main focus was now to time our departure with an expected shift of wind to the north, so there was much consultation with internet weather projections. It is a revolution in weather information that sailors now give greater credence to moving patterns on a screen than listening out for the strains of Sailing-By and sea area forecasts. The following day being equally fair, we tramped a five hour route to the southwest of the island. On return to the boat we had a visit from a local family bearing a present of a basket of scallops, stories were exchanged and music played, a very pleasant evening.

8th July: 03.00 With light rain and wind on the nose



Pylades alongside at Scalasaig, Colonsay



Fergus contemplates Colonsay Sound from above

we exited Colonsay for a home passage. As predicted, within a few hours with the rising sun the wind freshened and veered to the north and with full sail we headed for Tory sound. In 1990 in this approximate location *Pylades*, the Sabre 27, was hit with three sharp waves, bringing a certain consternation and panic position checks, for in those days navigational confidence was not what it is now. The skipper confidently declared that we were in deep water and all was well. Things had just reverted to normal when a gigantic submarine surfaced a few hundred metres away. It responded to our VHF call with what was recorded at the time as, 'OscarTR-T2' in a clipped British accent. There were no markings of any description, but the size of the vessel and position of the conning tower indicated a nuclear Trident submarine. Such a machine has the destructive power of 192 Hiroshima bombs, enough to wipe out a large section of humanity, a monument if ever there was one, to the stupidity and philosophical poverty of our species. We asked for and to our amazement got a position, we thanked and wished them safe and above all peaceful cruising; no slow forward dive just a few seconds and they were gone. It left the crew in a thoughtful mood and still brings questions as to just how close they had been to give those shock waves.

A quarter of a century later the darkness dissipated before a more benign nuclear furnace as it peeped over the horizon. Through the warming haze, Malin Head and the northern flank of Ireland appeared to the south and with Islay silhouetted to the east, the 360 degree geographical theatre became reassuringly small and stunningly beautiful as our ship scudded southwest. At 18.30 we passed through Tory sound, then at Bloody Foreland the wind backed and stiffened. We reefed a bit and tore down Donegal Bay, our track and thrown spray illuminated by a waxing moon. Ten miles north of Erris Head, the wind backed further, now on the nose and motor-sailing we battered our way inside Eagle

Rock, dodging pot lines, then south between the Belmullet peninsula and Inishkea islands, tacking around Achill Head before freeing off for Inish Turk, where we moored at 18.45.

10th July: The population of Inish Turk is now 45 and the school has but two students. We had many conversations with locals in the village. The loss of their great singer Padraig O'Toole is still keenly felt but we were buoyed by the enthusiasm of a couple soon to be married and committed to staying on the island. The scramble to the summit was worth every panting breath as we surveyed the magic panorama of this wild Atlantic coast. One's spirit soared, dubious future ethereal assurances could not exceed this heaven. But ever on we pushed and by 17.30 we had a mooring at Inish Bofin and were exploring Cromwell's

Fort. Day's bar was packed with the young and beautiful gathered on the island for a beach wedding the following day, the music and conversations delightful.

11th July: 08.00 a fine misty morning, except for some minor turbulence off Slyne Head. We had an easy westerly wind and swell the whole way to Inishmor; the Atlantic should always be so easy. We tied at the new harbour in Kilronan and marvelled at the gross expenditure without scale or soul, eighty signs, roundabouts and vast parking areas capped with a huge sign proclaiming the designers' names without embarrassment. Time and common sense may hopefully ameliorate the damage. Setting aside this minor irritation, we enjoyed a short walkabout and a few pints at the bar.

12th July: While thousands of the orange brethren hoisted their banners and tightened their Lambeg drums further north, we hoisted our sails and tightened our sheets as we flew due east before a deteriorating weather system. Let it blow, Let it rain, we cried as we turned into the head of Kinvara Bay and picked up our mooring in Parkmore at 15.00. It had been a magnificent cruise of 860 miles in generally excellent conditions, Brenda concluded with her log inset: 'the trip surpassed all my expectations. From Tory Island on I fell in love with every island to which we called and each became my favourite at the time. In retrospect I still would find it difficult to choose. Thanks *Pylades*. I absolutely loved every moment' and so said all of us as with heavy hearts we left our grey sailing machine slowly shifting on its mooring.

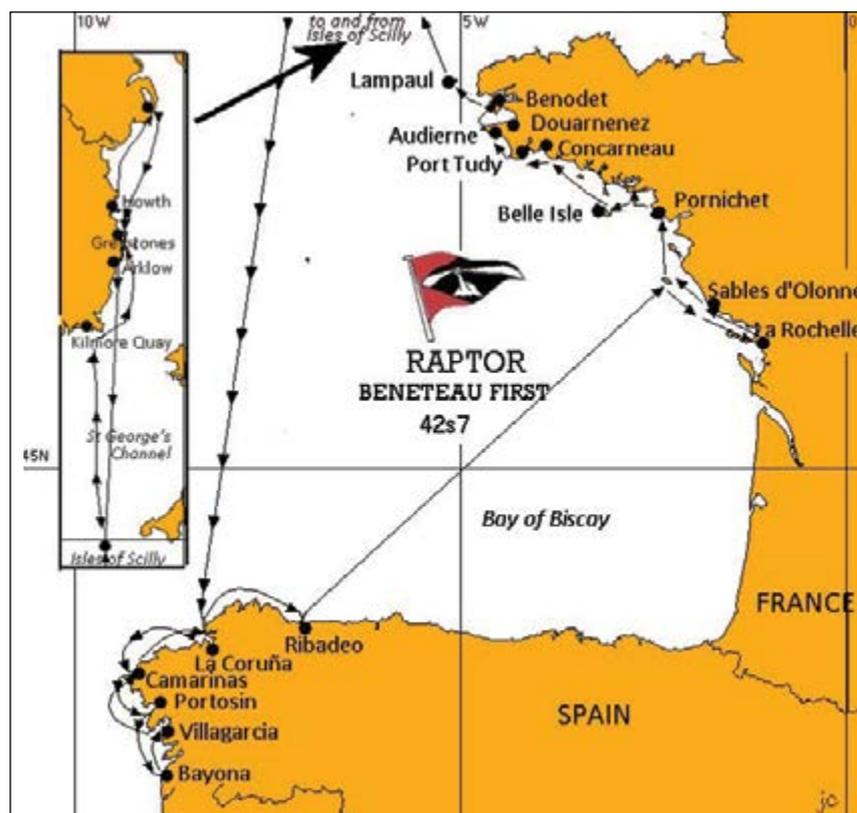
Raptor in Search of Sunny Spain

Ian Stevenson and Frances McArthur

Outward Bound -Strangford to La Coruna

Raptor cast off from Strangford pontoon at 06.00 on Saturday 3rd May bound for the Scillies. Ian Stevenson, Frances McArthur, David (Davie) Wylde and David (Dave) Anderson were on board, all experienced sailors. With the sails up things looked good, doing 6 knots, St John's Point well behind and only 48 hours to go to the Scillies. By 09.45 the failing wind was all over the place, sails were down and the engine on. Dave got hit on the bridge of the nose by the boom. Much blood but a plaster 'fixed it'. You might think a big tall fellow would have learned to duck by now. He retired to his berth feeling a wee bit sick. Ian had caught a 'bug' and spent the morning hanging overboard so at 11.20 with 2 crew down, Davie and Frances altered course for Howth. With only the Genoa out, it was much more comfortable. Arrived in Howth at 17.30, and was recommended The House for dinner and internet, although the internet there didn't work and we ended up with fish suppers on board. No dinner for Ian yet.

After a lovely fry cooked by Dave, we departed Howth



at 13.00. Wind was 12 knots southerly again with lumpy sea and many lobster pots to avoid. Arrived in Arklow at 19.00. Dined on board. Ian and Frances retired while the two Davids went to the pub. Ian recovering slowly, although he tried sitting under a tree: it didn't work.

Awoke to more than 30 knots of wind howling from the south and white water on the river. Two Davids cooked breakfast. Went ashore for coffee and Wi-Fi to update



THE FINGAL CUP

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

forecasts. Arranged to meet the boys in the first pub over the bridge, which had great Wi-Fi. Looking favourable for 02.30 tomorrow.

Up at 02.15 and away by 02.30 in calm conditions. Headed south towards the Tuskar Rock under engine. Out of the Irish Sea the waves got bigger and wind stronger so we got sails up, heading for the Scillies. Wind increased to a steady 25 to 30 knots, south to southwest. Big confused sea all day and into Wednesday. Picked up a mooring at 07.15 on a bright sunny morning, having come through 29 hours of fog, wind and rain. With oilies hung up, it was Laphroigs all round followed by sausage baps and sleep. Ashore for provisions and dinner in the Atlantic Hotel with beautiful views of the bay. All shattered and in bed by 22.00.

During our passage to the Scillies, the autopilot had become confused by the big seas; the seat on the aft heads had broken; the forward head seat had become loose; the galley drawer and the bin door catches had broken. Dave ingeniously engineered bungee cord fixings for the catches which held for the rest of the season. Ian also decided to fit a 3rd reefing line 'just in case', but we don't want to be at

sea on the day it is needed. While on the fuelling berth, Frances boiled potatoes, made up 10 rolls and wedged everything into the fridge and was beginning to wonder why she hadn't flown to La Coruna. Repairs and refuelling completed, we left at 11.15 on 8th May for the 3.5 days to windward across the Bay of Biscay. The wind averaged 25 knots, gusting 30 knots and mostly south westerly. Sailed for 24 hours then motor sailed off and on.

Arrived La Coruna on Saturday at 23.00 and were met near the marina entrance by a vessel shining searchlights on us for about 5 minutes. Night vision wrecked. Customs, pilot or police? We never did find out. Put clocks forward. A drink, snack and went to bed. Dave however was suffering from lack of land and not being able to work out that you had to 'push' the marina gate to open it, climbed the fence and ended up in a Spanish birthday party in the marina restaurant. On returning, he had a problem finding his cabin and slept in the saloon. Late start. Toilet seat needed to be repaired again after the rough seas.. Stud bar, nuts, washers rod and screws did the trick this time. After lunch the 3 boys went into town for a beer while Frances stayed on board and washed the cockpit and cleaned below. Tokens can be bought for the only washing machine but the tumble dryer is free. Beware of the queue to dry clothes. Housework completed we all wandered up the narrow streets for fish platters and wine.

Further South - Coruna to Bayona

Davie is an accomplished fiddle player and brought



Davie entertained us on the fiddle most days.

atmosphere to every marina as he sat in the sunshine playing away. After this morning's session, the two Davids went for provisions while we topped up the water, then refuelled and set sail in glorious weather, heading along the coast doing 8 knots on a broad reach, arriving at Camarinas at 19.45. Ashore for coffee and ready to leave for Portosin. Very windy north easterly force 5 to 6, occasionally 7. Great sail. Frances surfed into a berth going full astern. It was hard to find a restaurant but we ate at Bodegon, a basic Spanish restaurant full of local people. Great value with 4 calamari, steaks, 8 beers, and 3 bottles of wine for 20 euro a head.

Slow starts are becoming the norm. Planned to leave at 12 noon but not ready until 14.00. Then discovered Ian's phone, wallet and jacket were not on board. Having phoned the mobile and got a Spanish gentleman, Portosin marina were extremely helpful in booking a return taxi to Camarinas. Nice country drive to be met with hostile reception at Camarinas marina. Accused of not paying our marina fees (for which we had a stamped receipt) and not returning 4 keys for the showers (we only had 1 key which was posted through their letterbox). Nobody spoke English so Frances communicated in German. Staff insisted we wait to speak to some chap who took 20 minutes to arrive to continue the discussion in German. Having bought our nice taxi driver coffee, we eventually left with plenty of ill feeling. It would appear that if Marios says you haven't paid, a stamped receipt is no proof. We certainly will not be hurrying back.

On our return we met Mike and Sue from Secret Breeze having coffee in the lovely lounge and restaurant at the Portosin Marina. They were heading for Gibraltar but had been delayed with a leak at the propeller shaft and they had also found the marina staff very helpful. While Frances and Ian were running about in a taxi, Dave and Davie had spent a more interesting afternoon brushing up their Spanish with the barmaid from the previous night. Dave is now competent in Spanish,

confidently telling people 'my hovercraft is full of eels'. They also had a short trip to the beach but hardly noticed the topless scenery. We went back to the same restaurant that night. The TV had football on at maximum volume with cheering Spanish supporters, so after dinner Frances and Ian returned to *Raptor* for peace and quiet but the boys stayed late to work on their Spanish.

Planned to call into Ria de Arosa, but having had an extra day ashore in Portosin, we decided to go straight to Bayona. We left Portosin at 12.00 and sailed for 2 hours with the kite up, then 2 hours with the genoa, and finished by motor sailing. Interesting coastline of cliffs at Finisterre, with *Raptor* surfing at up to 14 knots. Arrived Bayona at 21.00. Dave parked the boat and we went into town for beers wine and tapas. Davie and Frances went into town to check out the bus stop for their departure in the morning, while Dave went in search of a gift for his

daughter. Back to the boat for an afternoon of relaxation in the scorching sunshine. After showers and a few beers, we ate outside in the pedestrian area in a fabulous restaurant called Patagonia. Back to the boat for the boys' last night and too many farewell drinks. Dave and Davie left early for the bus to Vigo, then changed for Santiago de Compostello to get the airport bus. Dave's hand luggage was overweight, necessitating him to repack in the middle of the airport. The boys continued to Dublin by air and then by bus to Belfast.



Spinnaker set fair for Bayona.

Frances and Ian went to replenish stocks only to find that it was Galicia Day and Bayona was shut. We stopped for a beer in the pedestrian area, when a band in traditional costume passed by. Barricades were being put up along the main street for a cycle race, the Giro d'Italia of Bayona. This was the start of the day's celebrations, with folk dancing in the streets. In the evening an open air concert took place in

the square outside the marina. Each folk group had their own traditional costumes with singers, dancers and pipe bands. It was all very atmospheric. We walked along the coastal path with the castle towering above us and spectacular views to sea. In the evening we dined on the veranda of the Bayona Yacht Club. A truly beautiful setting with the castle behind it and the bay in front. Linen tableware, gin and tonic served 'cowboy style' in huge goblets filled with ice and lemon peel to decorate, outstanding octopus followed by grilled turbot, extremely polite and helpful staff who all spoke good English. It was an evening to be remembered.

Just two to go north

We were sorry to leave Bayona at 11.15, 18th May, to head for Ria de Arosa. No wind and scorching hot. Arosa has beautiful scenery and is the biggest of the Rias, being 14 miles long and 6 miles wide. We berthed at Villagarcia, which had lovely old buildings in the centre of the town, but everything was very run down, with lots of graffiti and groups of teenagers hanging around aimlessly. The marina restaurant was built on stilts and looked good for dinner. We stopped there for an evening beer, intending to return for dinner after a late siesta but didn't wake until 07.00 the next morning. No fiddler to wake us up? Jackie Mayne visited. She and Paul are RUYC members who have wintered their boat abroad for the last ten years and have only just got this far but are still heading south. As they were returning home for two weeks they wanted to donate their perishable provisions. They informed us that there really is a new marina at Muxia, despite it not being listed in this year's Almanac. She told us that the chap running the marina was called Jesus and had lent them bikes. We set off at 12.15 after Ian checked the engine. No wind, flat calm and motoring into short bursts of torrential rain showers. Much cooler at 12C. Passed Isla de Bua then between Illote el Toran and Illa do Mallador. Rocks look extremely close. Hoped the chart and GPS were accurate. Sun came out for the rest of the journey. Managed to get jib out at 18.30. Big swell at Finisterre.

A Customs cutter came to within 20 feet of us to have a look, leaving a massive swell from its wake. Arrived at Muxia 21.15 with big Atlantic swell. We just got tied up on the hammerhead when the heavy rain came on. Berths are extremely small and parts of the marina are very shallow. Electricity requires a 30 Amp power socket or adaptor neither of which we had. Woke up to more torrential rain showers and much more wind than forecast. Went ashore at midday but didn't have the courage to ask the marina guy if he was 'Jesus'. Muxia is a very active fishing town which reminded us of Tobermory with all the brightly painted houses on the seafront. It has the Spanish equivalent of the Fisherman's Co-op. We walked out to the point and sat and watched the massive swell crash onto the rocks. Later toured the quaint back streets and had a fabulous lunch of octopus, sea bream stew and monkfish in O'Capelo Restaurant, definitely recommended. This area is part of the Pilgrims Way and we met many hikers on their journey. Left Muxia for Laxe at 15.45 for the short 2 hour trip as it's to pour tomorrow. Arrived at Laxe and anchored in the small bay, with a young German couple circling *Raptor* in their dinghy, telling us that they had 85 metres of chain out (in 8 metres depth) and that we couldn't anchor near them as it was due to blow. Frances didn't realise she was going to

need so much German language on this trip. Hatch board in and central heating on.

Woke up on Wednesday 21st to 15 knots, gusting 24 knots from south southwest. Frances wanted ashore, so the dinghy was blown up. She decided Laxe wasn't very interesting as it consisted of one deserted street and she wouldn't hurry back. Meanwhile Ian stayed on board on anchor watch. Our next crew members David and Elaine Taylor (referred to as DT and ET) had arrived in Santiago de Compostello yesterday to do a bit of sightseeing and join us on Friday in La Coruna. However we got a phone call to say they had seen Santiago in 20 minutes last night before going to the pub and were now on the train to La Coruna. We left Laxe at 14.00 for La Coruna. Somehow Frances had calculated the passage as being 13 miles instead of 31 miles so it took a bit longer than predicted. With the Genoa out we did 8.5 knots, dodging through between Islas Sisargas and the shore which was quite shallow and rocky. As we passed Malpica we were sorry we had no time to stop there. It has a massive sea wall sheltering a small, hilly town. Approaching La Coruna, at 17.15, the rain was bouncing off the sea. This was the first time that we had worn oilies since our arrival from Biscay 10 days before. We had another police vessel come to examine us. We must look suspicious? Four tugs were manoeuvring a huge ship out into the channel and after circling several times we finally got berthed. DT and Elaine, who had just got drinks at the marina bar, left abruptly shouting, 'Amigos, Amigos'. So no time for showers. Back at the bar we retrieved their drinks and caught up on the trip so far, then dropped their bags off at the boat and went up into the town for excellent tapas at Alma Negra.

New Crew for a new direction

Chill out day for laundry followed by a dander into town for tapas lunch at Havana, which was fabulous. Dinner on board. Torrential rain overnight. We awoke to more Germans complaining that our laundry had been drying overnight and they had taken it out (no folding). However the sun came out as we filled the water tanks and after returning to Havanna for internet and more tapas, we left on Friday 23rd May at 16.00 for the fuelling berth, where we managed to drop the cap overboard. Oh golly, gosh, drat, etc. Plugged filler hole and left for Ria Ferrol. Interesting fort on the way up the Ria Ferrol. No berths or moorings in small marina at La Grana so we went on to Mugardos and tied onto fishing boat at 18.45. Pontoons all too small for yachts. Elaine cooked wonderful prawns bought from a 'live' fish counter in La Coruna.

Grey skies with some sunshine, but cold. Left some beers on the fishing boat as a 'thank you' and departed at 11.30, spotting a rowing boat with a tree growing out of it. Frances navigating and underway asked, 'where are we actually going?' After retracing our way down Ria Ferrol and into Ria Cedeira, we anchored and went ashore and found a nice pedestrian square for a cool beer. Very noisy children playing on bikes and skateboards so returned to eat aboard. Cloudy on shore but lovely out at sea. No wind so we motored along a coast of spectacular rocks and cliffs. DT nervous of being too close to Rocks. Elaine navigated first part using the tourist map of Cedeira, skilfully picking out lighthouses and churches. Arrived at 17.00 in lovely little marina in Vivero town centre. DT explored the town

to find a restaurant and met two Frenchmen, Didier and Christian on their way to Brest in a Jeanneau Sunrise and invited them for drinks at 12.00 the next day.

Got up at the crack of 11.00. Quick breakfast before Didier and Christian arrived sharp at 12.00. Pernod and wines, then off to see their boat *Simba*. More wine and Rum Blanc with orange juice. Finally came back to *Raptor* and went for a walk through the narrow streets and lovely old buildings to tapas restaurant that was bustling. Excellent Gadis supermarket, where we bought chipirones (baby squid), which Elaine cooked with salad for dinner. Early to bed.

Left at 12.20, 27th May, having waved goodbye to the gents on *Simba*. It was lovely and warm until the wind got up and suddenly it was fleece weather again. With wind on the nose we motored for Ria Ribadeo, about 34 miles. Arrived 18.00. Had a drink at a Taperig, but not friendly so ate at a small hotel opposite. A disastrous meal of 2 whitebait and 1 chorizo that looked like someone had eaten it once already and they kept offering us noodle soup. Perhaps we've had enough tapas and very mixed weather doing the Rias.

Is it sunny in La Rochelle?

The forecast is still wet and cold in Spain but warm and sunny in France. Easy decision to cut the Rias short and head for La Rochelle. Got provisions and left for fuel berth at 13.15, 28th May. Parking in a very narrow travel hoist area we refuelled and were away by 13.35 heading for La Rochelle, a passage of 278 miles. We motored the first hour then sailed until 20.45 and motored sailed until 22.00 with seas very slight. Boys to bed and Elaine and Frances did the first watch. Frances had dolphins swim with the boat for over 45 minutes. They were feeding on shoals of fish using the phosphorescent light of *Raptor*. Elaine got photos of the sunrise. More dolphins accompanied us at 10.30 and again in the afternoon. DT managed to video them. With much improved weather it was sun tops and shorts, with Elaine even putting on a swimsuit.

At 19.30 we decided to alter course to Ile D'Yeu with only 77 miles to go. ETA was 12 hours 12 minutes and 28 seconds by the chart plotter. We arrived 08.45 on Friday 30th May 32 minutes and 32 seconds late. Intended to go to bed after breakfast but were given a berth alongside the committee boat for a weekend sailing event. They were in Caribbean costumes in party mode, drinking champagne at 09.00 and letting off hooters. All good fun made more enjoyable in the sun. There was more entertainment as a local yacht tried to reverse downwind into the empty double space on the other side of our pontoon. As he slowed, the wind on the bow spun him around sideways into the berth. Much help and shouting was required to sort it out. We went ashore to Brasserie du Port for crepes and moules, a nice change from tapas. A black horse sauntered past us, head nearly on the ground, looking fed up at having to pull

8 large tourists in its carriage. We felt as tired as the horse looked and turned in early.

Ian and Frances went to purchase a diesel cap so Elaine and DT toured the pretty back streets and shops in Joinville. We departed at 14.15 via fuel berth then went round North of island to a bay on the south east coast called Anse Des Vieilles, where we anchored and BBQ'd in the sunshine. Breakfasted below, as the wind was cold although warm in the sunshine and left the bay at 13.15 Sunday 1st June. Spinnaker up at 13.30 doing 9.3 knots. Spinnaker down at 14.15 as wind was up to 20 knots. Lunched on leftover BBQ'd steak in baguettes. Into Sables d'Olonne at 17.30. Small marina in Almanac is now much extended. On the mainland it's rugby jumper and fleece weather again. Loads of restaurants beside the marina, so ashore for mussels and back to boat. Spotted yacht belonging to the Seaton's (BYC, CCC). Their son Ryan, is campaigning with Matt McGovern in the 49ers and they have now qualified Ireland for Rio in 2016.

Sharon Seaton came to say goodbye the next day. They had wintered their boat in La Roche Bernard and were leaving to take a train back there to get their car. We got the water taxi (1 euro) to La Chaume and went a walk round the narrow streets and looked at Port Ololona where the Vendee Globe starts from, returning to Sables d'Olonne for more exploring before leaving at 14.30. Gennaker up and doing 6 to 7 knots to arrive at La Rochelle at 20.00. 4,500 boats in the marina. We met Bill and Alexandra Rainey who had brought *War'n Peace* over from Ile de Ré. Our berth was 18 minutes away from the capitainerie and restaurants and it took 8 minutes to walk to the nearest loos. DT went his 8 minute hike to the shower block. No hot water and smelly, so not impressed. We moved *Raptor* to a visitors berth closer to restaurants ashore and took the water taxi to La Rochelle with a family ticket for eight euro, otherwise three euro per head. We came across a great kids' concert in a square with homemade drums from buckets and empty gallon water containers. Back at the marina we waited for Stephen McCready to arrive by motorcycle. His



Steven's bike seemed to explode when he got off.

wife Katrina was supposed to come too but had to stay home to look after their sick dog. The birds at the local restaurants were very tame and happy to sit on the chairs beside us waiting for any titbits.

Stephen arrived and the panniers seemed to explode when he opened them to get some stuff out.

Stephen went off early next day to find secure parking for his bike. DT finally got a hot shower, 1 euro for 7 minutes, then he and Elaine packed and made baguettes for the airport. Having said our 'goodbyes' Ian and Frances got the 11.30 water taxi to La Rochelle and bumped into to Stephen on a street corner. Behind the tourist area are many little streets with interesting architecture. After a crepe for lunch, we boarded the water taxi, when Frances' mobile rang. Fiona and Barney Isherwood had spotted us and were on the gangway to say 'Hello'. Due to lack of sunshine they had come from Ile de Re into La Rochelle for lunch. On returning to *Raptor* we were greeted with a nice note from DT and ET to thank us for a great fortnight.

Departed 10.30, 5th June, with little wind and motored to les Sables d'Olonne. Videoed going under the bridge, leading to Ile de Ré. Up until the last minute, the mast looked certain to hit the bridge although there was lots of clearance. Sun shining and very hot. Bread and cheese lunch. Arrived 16.00. (Reflected on co-incidence of meeting Roy and Sharon Seaton on Sunday in Sables d'Olonne, Bill and Alexandra Rainey on Monday in La Rochelle marina and Barney and Fiona on Wednesday in La Rochelle.

Departed 10.30, 6th June for Ile D'Yeu with wind 15 knots from the south. Main up doing 8 knots. Tried to teach Stephen how to tie knots, with mixed results but many new and unusual knots were produced. His original 'time knot' kept us entertained. Arrived 17.00 and went into town and walked up the back streets to find a good Casino supermarket for provisions. Back to boat for tagliatelle alle vongole, followed by sausage hot dogs. Stephen returned the knot tying lesson with a card playing lesson, against the noise of thunder and lightning. Another boat arrived sideways in the berth beside us, needing our assistance to straighten it out.

Heading to Pornichet, probably, with Stephen practicing his knot tying again but knot looking promising. Our game 'eye spy' got a bit confused as Stephen thought our Dan Buoy was a Ben Buoy, so it took a while to work out, 'beginning with a B'. We decided to go straight to Pornichet, missing out L'Herbaudière because Stephen's train departs at 14.00 Sunday from Pornichet. Arrived 18.00 and went straight ashore for a walk to find the station in this very spread out town. Back to marina to a restaurant, La Touline for steaks and chips. Toilets horrendous with no doors so males using urinals with girls passing. Fantastic mural on the wall of the Capitainerie. Stephen's last night so back to boat for more card playing.



Steven trying to tie a bowline.

Homeward on our own - Sunday 8th June

Very hot and sunny. Got up to have breakfast ashore with Stephen. All the restaurants at the marina are good and very friendly, but the town is not very interesting. Quite a long walk over the causeway to nearest Spar. Said 'goodbyes' as Stephen left for his train to St Nazaire, then on to La Rochelle for overnight stay in a hotel. Thence to collect his bike for the journey back to Ireland; rather him than me.

Fought with the credit card system for fuel and left Pornichet at 13.15 on 6th June with no real plan. Motored across La Baule Bay in zero wind, so to Le Pouligen, where buildings were very touristy. Round Point de Penchateau where houses changed to old turret style and in the end decided to head for La Turballe. Lots of boats racing in the bay. Nautical festival with Tall Ship crossing the bay. Arrived at 15.30. Only 16.40 euro for a berth but no laundry facilities at the marina. Port office closed until 16.30 on Sundays. Went a walk along the front where the town had a nice feel and the only sign of tourism was a children's roundabout. Ian ready to chill out and in no hurry to move on. On way back to the boat we met Declan and Maureen Kane from Clondarriff on their Westerly, *Fougere*. They had met David and Maureen Greenhalgh on *Big Boots* (RUYC, ICC) in Concarneau in 2004 in the storm that collapsed the pontoons access gangway. Small world. Stephen text to say his five star hotel was lovely. Hope he has a five star seat on his BMW motorcycle.

Rain during the night, Frances woke up with wet legs from open hatch. Went ashore to adequate Carrefour City Supermarket, but it had no fresh counter. However there was a good butcher and fishmonger opposite. Beautiful tubs of flowers around the lovely square. Lots of bikers arrived in the square for lunch. Looked like local chapter of Hell's Chartered Accountants? Stephen texted to say he had reached Nantes on the bike. Siesta in the afternoon, followed by boat tidying and cleaning. Dinner on board with a nice bottle of Faustino Rioja, a welcome change from boxes of wine over the last 3 weeks. Decided not to move on yet. La Passerelle had internet, so far the only bar we have found

here that did. Great Patisserie, so bought strawberry tarts for afternoon tea. Bill and Alexandra Rainey arrived from L'Herbaudière, where they had had a disturbed night with fishing boats going in and out. Good call not to stop there. Went to walk along the 2 mile beach but it was too sore on the feet, as the beach consisted of broken shells. Had a glass of wine with Bill and Alexandra on board *War 'n Peace* on the way back to *Raptor*. Met a couple from *Annah of Gigha*. They used to sail out of Anglesey but wintered their boat in the Vilaine River. At 80 years he was lying on the dock trying to unhook weed from the prop. They had a beautiful black Labrador with a sore paw. Gave them Aloe Vera ointment, but he later was wearing a bandage after having been to the vets.

La Turballe has a lovely wee chapel with an illuminated ship for a light. Went into Patisserie for mini quiches, strawberry tarts and apple tarts. Went to laundrette. Great industrial driers and washing machine only took 33 minutes no matter what programme you used. Met Alexandra and Bill in Cap 270 while waiting on laundry.

Got internet from La Passerelle, only 2 doors along, and got great new photos of Rory. Kirsty and Russell McGovern are cruising in Scotland and reached Tarbert having been storm bound in Campbeltown. Sorry to leave La Turballe, a real town with lovely shops, great chandlers, pretty flower tubs and sunshine. Said 'goodbyes' to the Rainey's and departed at 11.00, 11th June, for Le Palais. Sails up in north west 10 knots gave a SOG of 7 knots. Untied mysterious knot at the top of the snuffer bell which tied itself last time we flew the gennaker with DT and Elaine. Put gennaker up but wind died to a flat calm. Past Hoedic Island with lovely sandy beaches. Making slow progress by 14.00, so took down main and motored. Arrived in Le Palais and were put on first mooring in from the entrance with continuous ferry horns and wash from fishing boats. Excellent meal of lamb shank and frites in Le Poisson Rouge.

After a bad night with constant noise and an early morning crane loading fishing boats, we went ashore for coffee and photos of the town. There is a road sign to Bangor here. Got prawns at the local market and left at 13.30 for Sauzon, only four miles away. Lunch on arrival of pate, salmon and salad. Oiled the teak seats, grating and bathing platform which dried in 5 minutes in the heat. Dangled feet in water and considered a swim but water was very cold and good sense prevailed. Lent the dinghy pump to the two Jaques in a wee motor boat. Ashore to Hotel du Port on the pier for cold beers. They had internet, so Frances went all maternal over new photographs of grandson Rory McGovern. About to depart when we met the two Jaques again who insisted on buying us beer. Good looking Jaques skied and dived, hired Harleys and used to own a bike. Sports in common. Evening moon was lovely reflecting on the sea. Sauzon is a lovely tranquil place so we were sad to leave at 10.30, 13th

June for Ile de Groix. Bill Rainey had told us that Port Tudy was closed for dredging but we arrived at 12.30 and got a berth on a hammer head in the marina away from ferry wash and air hammer ashore. Put up boom tent as sun shade as it was sweltering hot.

Two couples on a tiny yacht next to us never stopped talking loudly. They ate a 2 hour lunch, then started singing French songs. Necessary trip ashore for peace and quiet in Les Garçon du Port, a lovely shaded bar overlooking the marina. Wind forecast to be from the north for the next week. Not much in Ile de Groix, but pretty. Supermarket is a long walk uphill. Not a place to go if you need to stock up on provisions. Four girls were skilfully using a single large double handled oar to scull a large traditional sailing boat about the harbour. In the evening a blue Jeaneau Sun Odyssey 39 called *Indemnity* arrived from Lorient and rafted on to us. Crew of 4 doctors and a dentist, all brothers-in-law to the owner, who spoke very good English, and were great fun. They brought us a special wine from a friend's vineyard and after dinner on deck, we supplied them with whisky. They were proud to produce a bottle of Tobermory whisky. *Raptor* supplied music by Queen through the deck speakers. They were going to the boulangerie in the morning and asked if we needed anything, so we ordered bread.

Awoke to *Indemnity* leaving for Sauzon and our bakery order sitting on the cockpit table. Port Tudy was now like Piccadilly circus with boats arriving from the direction of Lorient for the weekend. Left at 10.30 for Concarneau. Eventually got sails up for 13.00. Arrived 14.30. Big cumulus clouds over the land, but clear sky out to sea. Roasting hot. Ashore to the Inter-Marche supermarket as they allow trolleys to be taken to the marina. They do a roaring trade with sailing school crews stocking up for next week's trips. Internet from the marina is for 24 hours only and is strictly adhered to. Went to the boulangerie for bread and strawberry/raspberry tarts and walked through the Walled City. Ian got The Sunday Times and was happy. Left at 14.00, 15th June for Benodet. Genoa out doing 6 knots for an uneventful trip.



Gordon's beautiful Fifer.

Went to the harbour to get the water taxi to Saint Martin but the service had been suspended for a week. Settled for brunch at a creperie, Les Bluniers beside the Capitainerie. Heard Scottish accents behind us. It was Douglas Crocket, Frances' cousin from Glasgow and his friend Gordon Turner from Perth. Gordon has a traditional Fifer, called *Oblio*, that was built in Benodet for him last year and is truly a masterpiece of woodworkers skill. They had brought *Oblio* down from Scotland by Range Rover and trailer to take part in a traditional yacht regatta in two weeks time. The Fifer had been launched earlier that morning and they were taking a break from rigging her.

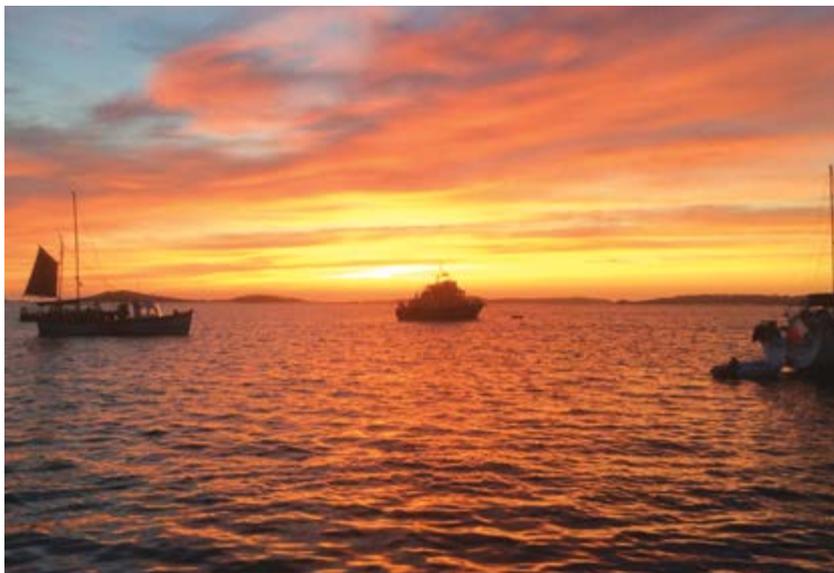
We met up again at 19.45 and watched a sunk Beneteau motor boat being salvaged. Had a fabulous meal of goat's cheese crepe, scallops and bacon kebab followed by ice-cream. Gordon had to deliver *Oblio* two weeks early as he was going to Ian Graham's daughter's wedding in Gairloch, Wester Ross. The last time Frances saw Ian Graham, was when she was 8 years old, holidaying in Badechro, Wester Ross and each year the Grahams came to family BBQ's. If we had got the water taxi over to Saint Martin, we would not have met them. A truly small world. Bumped into to Dougie again in the chandlers. Said our 'goodbyes' quickly as they must be on the 18.00 ferry from St Malo to Portsmouth, then heading up to Glasgow. A long run.

We left at 11.15 17th June for Audierne. The fenders were flattened hard against the pontoon with the tide of the river flowing out and had to spring off using full power. Arrived at St Evette 16.00. Picked up a mooring narrowly missing coils of semi-submerged rope. Bed at 22.30 for 07.00 start in the morning. Left at 07.15 to get the tide at the Raz de Sein. Motored half an hour then sailed at SOG 8 knots.. Sailed through the Raz de Sein and beat up the coast to Douarnenez. in 10 to 15 knots of wind. Arrived at 13.30 on visitors' pontoon, and berthed as far in as possible, which proved to be a good idea as there was a swell later. Sunbathed and watched the local sailing school of Treboul go out. Went ashore and walked through wooded path to La Passerell to cross to Douarnenez. Saw a lad wading out into the river with his mast and sails over his shoulders to his boat. Keen or what? Nice views of Le Treboul from the bridge. Looked at old light ship and boats in gated lock. Decided to head for Lampaul, Ile D'Ouessant in the morning. Light northeast wind due to high off Ireland. Last moules in La Pointe restaurant with local wine recommended by the waitress

Got enough for today at the local boulangerie. Departed fuelling berth at 10.15. Motored in flat calm in very hot breathless conditions. Having brought wool and needles, Frances decided to start knitting for grandson Rory. Arrived Lampaul which is a lovely wee place with narrow streets and sturdy houses with shutters. Plenty of bars and cafes with the odd tourist shop and a cathedral. Great Spar supermarket for provisions. Went to the Roc'h Ar Mor hotel and sat on the terrace overlooking the bay until the sun went down.

Farewell France

Alarm went off at 04.00. Still dark so struggled to get



Sunset in the Scillies.

up. Left mooring at 05.15, 20th June to motor out of Baie de Lampaul. Stunning rock formations with sunrise in the background. Big lumpy sea. Motored across separation zone doing 7.3 knots. Put sails up for small gain to 8 knots. Very few ships about, even in the separation lanes. Some fog in shipping channels but cleared into bright sunshine once we crossed from French into UK waters at 13.10. AIS is very reassuring in these conditions. Sitting knitting at 17.00 when Frances looked up to see a pigeon was sitting on the main sheet track. Tried to shoo it away with a pillow. Obviously very used to humans and stayed with us until 18.20. When it flew away it seemed disorientated for it flew in circles before disappearing. Arrived in Hugh Town to a busy bay with every mooring taken. Very grateful to a French boat that let us raft onto them. Went to the Atlantic Hotel for excellent pub grub.

Got up to cast off the French boat leaving for Treasco. Busy harbour wall with smaller RIBs doing visitor tours. Went ashore a for pasty which we ate on the wall overlooking Porth Cressa which now has moorings but no jetty for dinghies. Pints and internet at the Atlantic Hotel. Back to *Raptor* to tidy up and put provisions away. Invited an Irish Royal Cork Yacht Club yacht to raft on to us. Turned out to be Kevin Lane. His kids came up through Optimist dinghies with Frances's children and he knew BYC and SSC very well. His son Richard also went into Lasers and he knew Matt and Russell McGovern. Booked a table for 14.00 for the Atlantic. Woke up to find Tanit (Clyde Cruising Club) one mooring away with what turned out to be a delivery crew taking her from Southampton to Dun Laoghaire for the Round Ireland Race, which they later won. Went ashore for supplies then back on board for pasties for lunch.

Departed 15.00, 22nd June and motored into northeast to north northeast wind. Frances went to bed from 03.30 with only 11 hours to go to Arklow. Got up at 07.00 with still 11 hours to go Arklow. Only doing 3 to 4 knots into a heavy sea. Discussed alternative plan and decided to try Milford Haven. Sails up and as it turned out not to be a fetch, we tacked for Tramore with the idea tacking along the coast (which should be sheltered) to Kilmore Quay. *Raptor* had done enough slamming for one night. In any case the tide at the Tuskar would no longer be

favourable. At 08.15 a whale came alongside, blew from its spout, did two more appearances and disappeared. At 09.00 *Raptor* doing steady 7.8 knots for Youghal. At least the sun is shining. Only saw 2 cargo vessels during the night and no fishing boats. The wind veered and lifted us up nicely to Kilmore at 18.00. Glad we didn't choose Milford Haven.

Frances' eyes started to give her trouble after we left Hugh Town, with black bars developing across her field of vision. This condition had deteriorated all day and on arrival at Kilmore the Harbour Master had a taxi waiting on the quayside to take us to Wexford Hospital as we were worried about a possible detached retina. With no diagnosis and the doctor admitting he knew nothing about eyes we were offered an appointment the next day at Waterford Hospital with an option of going by bus to Dublin if the retina was detached. The patient is not supposed to move if a detached retina is suspected. This was not an acceptable option. On return to *Raptor* we met the Cudmores (ICC), who asked how Frances' eye was? News travels fast in marinas. Lee Stevenson came to the rescue and drove down from Bangor to collect us. Leaving at 02.00 from Kilmore Quay, we dropped Lee in Bangor and were in the Royal Victoria Hospital emergency eye department by 07.50. First in the queue for it opening at 08.30. A thorough examination showed that the jelly of the eye had become detached from the retina causing fluid in the vision. Apparently this is very common in people over 40, although we had never heard of anyone having this complaint. OK to sail *Raptor* on home? Yes. Received a telephone call from the Kilmore Harbour Master to see how we had got on at the Royal. Very caring. Leaving tomorrow for Kilmore Quay.

Final Leg

Graeme McArthur, Frances' son, volunteered to come back with us to Kilmore Quay to bring the car back, which avoided Ian having to return by public transport to pick the car up. Paid the Harbour Master and thanked the very helpful marina staff for their assistance. Left at 14.15 with genoa up doing 8 knots SOG with the tide. With the Tuskar on our starboard side, we met *Tanit* again. Decided to keep going to Arklow to be home by Thursday night, hopefully. Doing 9.2 knots with the tide. Decided to head for Dun Laoghaire and see how far we would get against the tide. As we were tired from the events of the previous 2 days, we ended up in Greystones at 23.30 instead. Some 60 footers were assembling for the Round Ireland Race. We had just got settled, when at midnight we had to move to accommodate an incoming 60 footer due at 03.00. The office didn't open until 09.00 and as we had to leave at 08.00, we were told the berthing would be free.

Left at 08.00. Grey skies, wet cockpit because it had been raining; we were not used to this. Arrived in Howth at 10.15 to refuel and were away again by 11.15. Sea and wind had got up during the last hour. Put sails up and sailed from Howth to the Strangford Narrows. Received a phone call from Brian Black (ICC) enquiring of our whereabouts. He came to catch our ropes at the Strangford pontoon and came aboard for drinks at 20.00. It was great to be welcomed home by a near neighbour and good friend after 2124 miles.

Distance Table

Departure	Destination	
Strangford	Howth	65
Howth	Arklow	38
Arklow	Scillies	177
Scillies	La Coruna	405
La Coruna	Camarinas	47
Camarinas	Portosin	39
Portosin	Bayona	44
Bayona	Villagarcia	35
Villagarcia	Muxia	62
Muxia	Laxe	17
Laxe	La Coruna	31
La Coruna	Mugardos - Ria Ferrol	15
Mugardos - Ria Ferrol	Ria Cedeira	27
Ria Cedeira	Ria Vivero	32
Vivero	Ribadeo	34
Ribadeo	Joinville - Ile d'Yeu	278
Joinville - Ile d'Yeu	Anse Des Vieilles	9
Anse Des Vieilles	les Sables d'Olonne	31
Sables d'Olonne	La Rochelle	36
La Rochelle	les Sables d'Olonne	36
Sables d'olonne	Joinville - Ile D'Yeu	33
Joinville - Ile d'Yeu	Pornichet	31
Pornichet	La Turballe	14
La Turballe	La Palais	26
La Palais	Sauzon	4
Sauzon	Ile de Groix Port Tudy	19
Ile de Groix Port Tudy	Concarneau	26
Concarneau	Benodet	12
Benodet	Audierne - St Evette	33
Audierne - St Evette	Douarnenez	30
Douarnenez	Lampaul, Ile d'Oues-sant	42
Lampaul Ile d'Oues-sant	Scillies	104
Scillies	Kilmore Quay	139
Kilmore Quay	Greystones	72
Greystones	Strangford	78
Total:		2124

Winny's song line adventure, the Atlantic and the return

Garry Villiers-Stewart

From the last half of 2012, with only the stump of her once elegant mast, *Winny* looked sad and old. The Bay had claimed the rest some 100 miles north and was keeping it safe on the sea bed 2000 fathoms deep. *Winny* was certainly not Marina Coruna's finest boat.

That same year a newish mast was sourced on Ebay and in 2013 I organised its adaptation, shipment and stepping. *Winny* was transformed into a new elegance and ready for the next adventure. But here was the question - Was it to be south to Gibraltar and east to Haifa Bay and the Shrines of the Bab and Baha'u'llah according to original intention, or had a fractured stainless steel bolt and subsequent broken mast morphed the Atlantic/Mediterranean songline into an Atlantic only songline? The answer, after much reflection and debate in our Northumberland home, finally found resolve: *Winny* would sail north and west around Ireland and then back to Scotland.

Preparation

Then it was back to La Coruna to prepare *Winny* for her return voyage. Between us and our Scottish moorings lay the big bay, the Celtic sea and the Atlantic passage west around Ireland. Debugging *Winny* continued to present multiple challenges. Her batteries had died, her fuel had become contaminated, the injector pump had sprung a leak, the end of the bowsprit was displaying rot and needed replacing, the electrics were dodgy and the rigging needed tuning. My brother-in-law Rollo Barnes came early to help. Then Vic Parker arrived. Vic, a man of prodigious skills, was up for all challenges. Later my sister Virginia came hoping for a spot of sun and cruising the upper Spanish Rias. Sadly for her, not only were we all swept up in the paraphernalia of boat preparation, but a Biscay low full of precipitation



Oran and Paddy play music in the Bay o Biscay.

settled over us. It was only with massive help from our Spanish friends and after Ginny and Rollo left that a sunny high re-established itself and *Winny* was ready for sea.

The Passage to Ireland

Paddy takes up a poetic slant.

Soon sailors travelled down to fair and green Galicia to complete the good ship's crew: captain Gazza, Tim the Dancer, Vic the Viking, Oran 'guns' Stuart, Oshan the moshan in the ocean, and Paddy-O gathered in sunny north Spain. We awaited the delivery of a life raft, stocked up on provisions, filled up on Spanish olive oils to smuggle into Ireland and caught up with old friends, especially the two gorgeous Galician songbirds met on first arrival in Spain with broken mast. Songs and music and joy abounded. Whilst coffee time was commencing one morning, a man from the marina came and gave the news: the life raft had arrived. Big cheer, bits and pieces collected, we fuelled up and away away away..

We were out in the ocean with the sea and the spray and in the sunshine, joy upon joy. With the wind on our nose, we bashed through great steep waves which threw the contents of the ship hither and thither until all was made fast. We passed the beautiful coast of Spain in the bright light, we sailed on and on. The crew were divided out into watches, life on board was established and almost all began to feel the motion in their bellies. Many offered their lunches back up to the sea. Out of sight of land, now we hove to and ate dinner as the sun set and a full moon rose and dolphins played around the boat. Through the night on watches, 2 hours on, 4 hours off some found sleep; some found themselves thrown this way and that, and wetness.

With the waves and weather on our



Winny crew, La Coruna

nose relentlessly tossing the boat around, much sea sickness endured. Spray kicked up, found holes in the deck and sent drips down below. In the forrard cabin in which I and Oshan were stationed, frequent streams and sea spray flung itself upon us. Water found its way into our dry bags and our sleeping bags. The wind was cold but the sun was warm and delicious fresh veg from Spain, rich coffee, and songs kept spirits high, on the whole.

Another fairly uncomfortable night passed with the boat under sail and heeling at about 45 degrees to port. We fell out of bunks and we got back in, we got cold and we got warm and we drank sweet cups of tea as the moon rose and dolphins jumped about us in its light and as the dawn rose. Garry and Tim began the rhythm of reading mystical poems in their morning watch. Poems of the Sufi mystic Rumi and the first female Baha'i; Tahirih, who wrote with deep and beautiful passion and who was executed for unveiling herself in public in conservative 19th century Iran, whose last words were. 'You can kill me, but you will never stop the emancipation of women.'

With the third day wind turned a little more in our favour and the crew began to regain lost sleep. The sun bathed us and we lashed the wheel with a bearing direct to Ireland. We spent the day playing music in the cockpit. Life began to feel purely sweet. And another day passed. The crew were now well in the rhythm of things, having developed good sleeping patterns, having scoped out the best bunks to sleep in and which to not sleep in, with stronger sea legs and sea bellies. After being hundreds of nautical miles from any land, we began to loom in on Ireland, still well over the horizon. Through the 4th night at sea, anticipation of arrival was growing and most slept little, with songs sung though the night time watches. A windy dawn arrived; Oran mentioned parboiling potatoes and frying a few things, which sent Oshan in to breakfast frenzy. An incredible morning feast was created with the last of our delicious Spanish tomatoes and fried potatoes and eggs and glory. The crew gathered in the sun-bleached blowy-rocking morning and felt material satisfaction, delicious coffee, Ireland in view. Oran and I went for a nap, having been up since our watch which had started at 4 in the morning, to be awoken by ecstatic cries. We emerged from the cabin to be met by great green and rocky Irish cliffs, sunshine and Vic and Oshan pulling up fish by the fist full. Vic's time on a trawler was made evident by exquisite gutting and filleting skills; gutting fish in 5 seconds flat.

And then along the coast and up a little river, past a multitude of boats, past boys flinging themselves off a tall pier on a bicycle, and on to a jetty in the luscious town of Crosshaven. Damp and joyful we embraced on the hard land and tripped out as the ground continued to wobble, waves appearing where no waves existed. We ate Vic's fishes. We were in Ireland. We still had a mast. Joy upon joy.



Tim the camera man and Vik who can fix anything relaxing after the Bay of Biscay

Garry continues:

It had taken us five days to reach Crosshaven. What a lovely place. On that day it was bathed in warm sunshine and full of boating happiness. We tidied ship and made good. That evening we explored ashore. After watching a world cup football match in one of the local pubs, we took out our instruments and played celebratory music. The punters were entertained and we were full of satisfaction. *Winny* was safely backed in Cork harbour after a time lapse of 100 years or more. Sleep that night was very still, very deep and very sweet.'

Winny explores home waters

The next day we caught the flood tide up the river Lee. We passed Cobh and Haulbowline Island. This was *Winny's* place of construction and launch. Then it was on up that big wide lazy river, full of scullers, curraghs and happy cries of people swimming. We finally tied up in Port of Cork marina in the heart of Cork city. That afternoon we had been invited to a school to entertain the children on their last day of term. In the outdoor play area we played sea shanties, jigs and told them stories of our voyage. The sun shone, the happiness was palpable and the children danced into their summer holidays. Later that afternoon my daughter Poppy, her husband Pablo, their 5 months old daughter Yoali and Pablo's Dad, Mario, recently arrived from Mexico City, came aboard. The reunion of my children and newest grandchild was sweet. That night we were the guests of Ken and Sabina Nagle. Sabina had sailed with us across the Bay on the fateful voyage two years before and it was great meeting up again. She had organised a gathering of Bahai's from Cork and their friends. After a BBQ the *Winny* band struck up. The evening became a glorious celebration of a sea adventure safely resolved. The arrival of sailing and musical comrade, Steve Day, *Winny's* rock star in residence, only added to the occasion.

The following morning we sailed for Kinsale via the Cobh Heritage Centre. Alongside we basked in the sense of *Winny* and her place in the maritime history of

the river Lee. We chanced to meet Jack Hickey, one time commander of Haulbowline Naval Yard, and now yacht surveyor and main energy behind the Cobh Traditional Sail Regatta. (This was happening the following weekend.) He became an immediate friend and personified the spirit of welcome and helpfulness. He organised a visit to the Dock yard at Haulbowline for the following Monday and a berth at East Passage (we needed to attend to a troublesome leak). We picked up old friend Ferghal Duff, and sailed round to Kinsale where we discovered another gem of a delightful place. The crew enjoyed high tea with Rosie Cargin in her house perched high above the harbour and then it was on to the Seanachie pub, for a Diddly Squat gig. This Northumbrian band in which Oran and Paddy play had been booked as part of a mid-summer celebration. Reggae, ska, rap and sea shanties got the audience going in fine salty style.

The next morning a massive breakfast party took place on *Winny*. There must have been 16 or more people on board. Soon the gathering grew into a full musical session. The sun shone, *Winny* rocked gently and all were enveloped in a truly joyful moment. Later, Yoali and Mario experienced their first sail on *Winny*. Light winds took us around the bay, the sun continued shining and we caught lots of mackerel. Later that evening, Oran revisited the Kinsale permaculture college, his alma mater of some 10 years before which he found as inspiring as ever. Others went off to visit old friends Anton and Carol Ann Floyd who were hosting an evening of music, soul and poetry. We found their house and studios poetically nestling in a truly inspirational garden. Their vision and energy has transformed wild hillsides into a richness of flowers, shrubs, lawns, ponds and vegetable patches. Poetry and songs flowed. It was all delightful.

Ancestral Homelands

The next day everything became even more social. It started with a breakfast party in the home of Fergal and Juliet Duff, near Cork. Then it was off for lunch in my paternal ancestral home in west Waterford. Dromana is a fine house perched high above the Blackwater. My forbears and cousins have lived here for nearly 800 years. It is now the home of Emily Villiers-Stuart, her daughter Barbara and husband Nicholas Grubb. The house is open to the public and our visit coincided with a bus load of people from Mallow. The crew tagged along with the tour and learnt of the colourful and turbulent history of place and people. Later, in the warm evening sunshine on the croquet lawn, an impromptu concert took place. For me it was a moment to commune with ancestral spirits. Afterwards we discussed how we might help mark next year's 800th anniversary of family ownership. Poppy was commissioned to compose a song for the occasion.

Times of leaving had arrived. Vic and Oshan had already left for the Glastonbury festival and musical duties. Now Tim Oran and Rob were on their way, followed by Poppy and family. *Winny* with Paddy, Steve and I set off early the next morning for Cobh and a date in Haulbowline's harbour. On arrival we were met by the Commander of the base and Captain Tom. We all marvelled at *Winny's* longevity, reflected on the rich nautical heritage of Cobh and speculated about the traditions of boat building which had given her shape. For me it was a poignant moment. Later

in Cobh we randomly met pipe player Brain Hanrahan. He came aboard with his fiddle, playing daughter and a fantastic impromptu musical session got under way. That evening we returned to Port of Cork. Paddy left and we picked up my sister Sally.

Cobh Traditional Regatta

Boats of all hues began to congregate at Cobh on the last weekend in June. We were entertained by the Molcoggers with renditions of old sea shanties. We raced in a friendly sort of way and there was great camaraderie. *Winny's* crew became part of the evening musical entertainment. Irish traditional music was spiced with acoustic renditions of rock classics. The uilleann pipe solo on Led Zeppelin's 'stairway to heaven' became a sublime fusion of musical genres. The general atmosphere of the event was terrific. In the prize giving on Sunday afternoon nearly everyone won something. For *Winny's* crew it was for having travelled the furthest to attend the regatta. The next day Marcus Connaughton, producer and presenter of RTE's weekly Seascapes programme, met us at Crosshaven and interviewed me on themes of *Winny*, her origins, her extensive cruising and her songline adventures. The programme was broadcast later in July. All in all, *Winny's* return to Cork, after that long absence, had been well marked.

To the West, and Hegarty's yard.

The next day a sunlit easterly blew us beautifully down the coast to Baltimore. Now it was Steve's turn to leave and he boarded the morning bus to Cork. Then it was up the river Ilen to Liam and John Hegarty's boat yard in Old Court. Here, surrounded by a motley selection of old and not so old wooden boats, *Winny* found a safe haven, and her home for a month. For me hay making and Burnlaw's annual festival of spirituality and creativity - Earthing the Spirit - was calling. I bid a temporary farewell to the boat and bussed and planed home.

Winny's aspiration was to make music and visit Baha'i communities on the west coast. However on discovering that most of the Bahai's would be attending the annual week's gathering in Kilkenny at the beginning of August, it became clear that the best way to achieve our purpose was to join that gathering. A wonderful week was experienced at Kilkenny College. Old friends were met, song sung, stories swooped and optimistic visions of humanity's possible futures explored. It certainly enriched spirit and soul.

At the end of the week, on the 10th August my wife Rosie and I managed to find lifts down to Hegarty's boat yard. Ali Avery and *Winny* were waiting for us. Ali, a friend from London, wanted a sea adventure while en route to spend time with her falconer friends in east Galway. It was great being back on board, especially as the sound of lapping water lulled us to sleep. Next day was very social. Carol Ann, Anton and Egon Floyd, their French guest Patricia and Rosie Cargin, our new friend from Kinsale, arrived for lunch. The flowing river, green fields and all the higgledy piggledy of colourful wooden boats only enhanced the occasion. Later we motored down river to Baltimore to lengthening shadows and a sunny westerly air stream which brightened and enhanced the beauty. Our visitors gone, we turned in. All seemed well till a freshening west winds steepened the waves and *Winny* began to grind bump



The Ilen restoration project

and clunk against the pontoon, fenders groaned, rigging clattered, rudder jarred. It was a long night of fabulous discordant cacophony. Be warned.

The Ilen

One of the treasures of Hegarty's boat yard is the ongoing restoration project of a boat which I had last seen when teaching in the Falkland Islands some 45 years ago. The idea of the Ilen was inspired by the visit of Conor O'Brien to the Falklands during his world circumnavigation. The Ilen was subsequently commissioned by the Falkland Island Company to serve as a general supply boat and built in Baltimore during the 1920s. It was then used by the company well into the 1980s. Some years ago an enterprising Irishman shipped it back to Ireland and on to Hegarty's yard with the idea of both restoration and preserving traditional boat building skills. It so happened that my godfather, Cosmo Haskard, whom I was due to meet in two days' time, was governor of the Falkland Islands at the time of my visit there. I spent the afternoon in Baltimore polishing up a small section of a discarded Ilen hull plank with the aim of recreating it as an objet d'art or cheese board and present to the Haskard family as a memento of their Falkland Island time. With polishing finished we anchored out in the bay and enjoyed a much

more comfortable night.

Meanwhile Ali had got wind of Ed Harper, the locally famous blind goat keeper and cheese maker of Cape Clear Island. Wanting to develop her goat keeping skills, she arranged to spend a day with Ed and his herd of Anglo Nubians and caught the last ferry to Clear Island. The next day Rosie and I followed her on *Winnie*. South harbour provided a good shelter from the fresh westerlies. The island enchanted us. Eventually we found our way to Ed's small holding and met up with Ali, the goats and the man himself. Ed is a most interesting person. His goat keeping skills are legendary, eg singing to them during milking time. Beyond this are his political activities, which include leadership of the West Cork 'People before Profit Alliance' party and an aspiration to be an MEP. Ali, having enjoyed a day of goat wisdom and communing with goats, walked back with us to the ship carrying supplies of goat's cheese and sausage. Then it was up anchor and braving the 10 mile passage through bright afternoon sunshine and short lumpy seas to pick up a visitors' mooring in magical Crookhaven.

West and North

The 13th August saw us up early to catch the tide round Mizen Head on passage to Bantry Bay and a dinner date with Cosmo and Phillada Haskard. The fresh north-westerly whipped up fine lumpy seas. *Winnie* bashed and crashed through the bright blue sunlight waves past wonderful rocky headlands and round into the Bay. When our course turned east, lumpiness calmed and a beam wind swooshed us quietly along. By the time we anchored off Cosmo's house at the head of the bay, (which we found easily due to the prearranged towel tied up in a tree), it was flat calm. Phillada came down to the beach to guide us to the house. What a lovely evening. Cosmo at 97 is in full mental vigour and they both sustain a busy life style. We were royally entertained. It was great to catch up and reminisce about life and times on the Falklands. Hopefully the cheese board will find a useful place in their household.

The next day we motored round to Glengarriff to pick up Sabina Nagle. The sail along the north side of Bantry Bay was a delight. We found a berth alongside a fishing boat in Castletownbere. Waiting for us were new crew members Pete Brown and Heather. Pete had overseen an extensive refit of *Winnie* some 25 years before. Soon a feast of good food and stories was on the go. Laughter and bonhomie suffused *Winnie's* candle lit main saloon. The next day Rosie took a lift with Sabina on her way back to Northumberland. Pete, Heather, Ali and I set off for Valencia Island. Having passed through Dursey Sound, we found ourselves pounding through yet another stretch of steep lumpy sea. Happily a well reefed main acted as a steadying sail and took the edge off the extreme motion. It was with regret that we passed the silhouetted Skelligs, knowing that landing in this weather would have been

impossible. Some seven hours later we tied up safely at Knightstown marina. It was sweet to experience the calm after all that turbulence. The night was full of soul stories before a deep and contented sleep.

Next day was the time for Ali and Heather to leave. It was with sadness that we waved them on board the mainland ferry.

In the nineteenth century Valencia Island was the landing place of the first transatlantic communication cable and hence once a major communication centre. A trip to the local museum is well worth the effort. It documents the feat of that cable laying enterprise as well as other information about the Island. Early afternoon saw us cast ropes and commence another thrash to the north. The waves were even steeper and *Winny* was tossed wildly around. Our course was for Dingle marina. We arrived just in time to watch the last curragh race of the Dingle regatta. Pete, who builds curraghs, told me that the Kerry curraghs, unlike the Clare variety, are built for speed alone, and speed they did. There was great cheering for the first, middle and the last curragh. For me personally it was a treat to play one of my favourite jigs 'The Dingle Regatta' on the very day of the Dingle regatta in Dingle harbour.

On August 18th new crew member Rory Duff joined us. Rory is a keen surfer and his current ambition is to buy a boat and sail the world in search of surf and the perfect wave. *Winny* was to be his first proper taste of life afloat. However the northerly air flow was strong, and since north was our course and Pete was a little under the weather we decided to wait for more favourable weather conditions. By first light on the 19th August things looked more promising. We cast our warps by 0430 and negotiated the channel out of Dingle. Dawn saw us passing through the dramatic Blasket sound and on a new course east of North towards the Aran Islands. It was a happy moment when we found calm in the lee of Inishmore, sufficient mackerel for our supper and a beautiful sunset as we nudged alongside Kilonan pier. Soon finest fillets of mackerel were being prepared for another memorable supper.

20th August was a very good looking day. Visibility good, wind calm, sun bright. Pete caught the 08.30 ferry for Rossaveal. Rory and I took a quick look round the Island and then set off for Inish Bofin. All was going well, until the engine unceremoniously cut out as we approached Slyne Head. No fuel. How could this be? There were 100 litres or more when we started. When bleeding the engine the reason emerged; the injector pump was spraying diesel into the bilge. What to do? Alternative possibilities were considered. Was it to be nearby Roundstone or Rossaveal and its promise of technical support? Rossaveal it was. A gentle westerly drifted us back east and we arrived safely by 2300. Effectively it had taken us 11 hours to travel a distance of 10 miles.

Repairs and onwards to the North

It took us 2 days to sort out the problem during which time Rory departed, and David Foley and Shaun Hanrahan arrived. It was a happy moment to refuel and leave harbour with a drip-free injector pump. We made the second passage towards Inish Bofin, and this time we arrived safely without a hitch. After a short sleep we caught the tide. By 0630, the anchor was up and we were

sailing into a splendid sunrise, everything bathed in an ever-changing light show. The pins of Connemara looked wonderful, as did Inishturk, Clare Island, and behind them mighty Croagh Patrick. Our course took us close to Achill Head, then along Balmullet, inside Inishkea islands and then past Erris head. The wind continued to be kind to us. Day moved into night, the stars came out in force and our engine drove us serenely across a calm Donegal bay. With an expected strong south easterly forecast, we decided to shelter in Glencolumkill and dropped anchor by 0230. The bay is open to the west and north so *Winny* swayed and rolled on the westerly scend. Our sleep was garnished by a discordant cacophony of clunks, bangs and squeaks. To wake up in this bay is a treat. I used to holiday here over 50 years before. Coincidentally Shaun, a printer by trade, makes the pamphlet for the Irish speaking summer school which is based here and run by a mutual friend. It was really great seeing the bay from the seaward side.

The wind freshened from the east. We hoisted the main, unfurled the jib and commenced a perfect day of sailing: calm seas, beam winds, 5 to 6 knots speed, wondrous golden beaches, dramatic mountainous back drops and great conversations. Life could not have been sweeter. Eventually we rounded Bloody Foreland and closed in on Sheep Haven Bay. Downies (aka Downings) pier was the rendezvous point for new crew members Graham Durant and Simon. Graham had set off from Hull, that morning,



Dave contemplating the sunset off Conemara

Simon from Roscommon. By happy coincidence, all of us arrived at Downies Pier at the same time. Soon we were on a visitors' mooring and cooking up fresh mackerel for supper: all that fishy omega oil certainly helped lubricate the brain and the flow of stories.

There was an easterly gale forecast for the next day, and our destination was east to Lough Swilly. The 10 mile stretch of open water from Sheep Haven to Fanad head did not look too daunting so we set off in the calm waters of the bay. On rounding the point we met the opposition. Soon we were bashing into increasingly steep seas and near gale force winds. *Winny*, with well reefed main and staysail coped magnificently, some of the new crew members not so well. Seven hours later, well sprayed and battered, we



Dobby Declan and Dave enjoying the stories.

thankfully made our way up the narrow channel and into a berth in Fahan Marina.

That night *Winny's* crew had a date with Baha'i friends Declan and Donna Devine who live near Letterkenny. In their warm welcoming sitting room, the crew relaxed in unusually still surroundings. The night was an occasion for great music and many stories. It was late before we got back to the boat, and only a few hours before our intended 0500 start for Malin head and Portrush, where new crew, Tim and Linda Rubidge would be waiting for us. In the dark of that 0500 nothing looked promising. The wind was whistling, the rigging was clattering and the forecast dire. The still of yester evening had become a full easterly gale. Tide against wind rounding Malin Head did not bode well for any boat. Discretion became the best part of valour and the unanimous decision to stay put was agreed. A day of conversation ensued, early breakfast, early coffee, a late morning siesta and the arrival of old friends Dobby and Vinny Robinson for lunch ensured that there was no shortage of stories and no shortage of laughter. Vinny and Dobby were on holiday from their teaching jobs in China and had many a tale to tell. Tim and Linda were diverted to Derry and picked up by Declan, who also dropped off Graham and Simon for their home journeys. The arrival of Tim and Linda added yet another layer of story and general merriment. We all went to bed with well exercised jaws.

The North Coast and East

The next morning, the 27th August, the waters were all innocence and sunlit calm. Malin Head was rounded without problem and the motor sail to Portrush, pleasant and uneventful. *Skidaddle*, Dobby and Vinny's boat, sailed out to meet us as and then accompanied back in to Portrush. We found the harbour has little to offer visiting yachts. The small visitors' pontoon was full, and the other option was alongside the old stone pier. With another gale coming in from the west and backing north, we knew that this was not the place for us. Soon we were away and following *Skidaddle* up the River Bann to her berth at Cranagh Marina.

Next morning was a shocker; strong winds and rain arrived from the west. To keep spirits buoyant, we treated ourselves to a most excellent late breakfast at the Cranagh Bistro. For Tim this was his first experience of a full on 'Ulster fry' - 'Delicious' was his verdict. A shore day ensued. Dobby and Vinny took us for a tour of the Bishop Gates gardens and the temple of the four winds or Mussenden Temple, an 18th century reading room perched on an impressive cliff edge. It's a dramatic place, and looking out to sea we were delighted not to be braving that raging

westerly.

Later that night we hosted a unity feast on *Winny*, and especially enjoyed the excellent guitar playing of our guest Anthony Clandinning, who excelled in the genre of Spanish classical music. Next morning Sally left us and Tim Linda and I set off down river to catch the tide for Ballycastle. The weather reverted to type, a sunlit saunter down the coast with light winds was enjoyed. We arrived in Ballycastle by late afternoon. I reflected that in coming back to Ballycastle we had closed a 2500 mile song line loop of a voyage which had started over 2 years before.

To Scotland and winter quarters

Late that night Dave Foley re-joined us for our passage to Scotland. David, a herbal medicine practitioner by trade, brings with him as supplements doses of infectious laughter and great merriment. The tide turned in our favour at 0300, Rathlin sound was dark and smooth, the passage to Craighouse on Jura uneventful. By mid-afternoon the wind had veered south, the Paps, had emerged from behind clouds and we were hoisting sails. The sea gave us mackerel for supper, the wind blew us gently up the sound of Jura and by early evening we were anchored in Crinan enjoying those same mackerel.

The passage to Oban the next morning was similar. We passed misty heather green landscapes and by lunch we were motoring up Kerrera sound to pick up a visitors' mooring near the dinghy pontoon in Oban bay. That evening old *Winny* friends Nigel Burgess and his son Brendan came on board. Nigel had sailed with us on that memorable passage from Bristol to La Coruna two years before and his son Brendan, a shipwright by trade, had helped prepare *Winny* for her Songline adventure. It was really great reconnecting with these two again.

Nigel stayed aboard for the night, Dave caught the 05.30 train to Glasgow, and *Winny* caught the 07.00 tide for the short passage to Loch Creran and Barcaldine boat yard. It was a gentle misty sail and soon we arrived at the boat yard which was to be *Winny's* winter quarters. It was a quiet return on the 2nd of September to home waters after a voyage which had started from Seil Island over two years before. The songline adventure had indeed been wondrous. During those two and a half thousand plus miles we had met with so much generosity and kindness, we had been privileged to experience so many wonderful musical moments. We had sailed through so much beauty; we had overcome so many problems. We had rocked the *Winny* with our laughter and we had been touched by so many inner and outer places of sublime transcendence. All were richer for the memories of such fabulous experiences.

What abundant blessings and what deep deep thanks were given for those blessings.

Jonathan Virden writes of Brief Delights in Scilly

Twayblade had a very short season. She was built in 1961 by Harry King to a design of Alan Buchanan; a 32ft classic, with plenty of engine. The start of the season was delayed while I was incapacitated having a new hip-joint fitted. This extra time was used to have all the seams below the waterline raked out and restopped. That had been overdue for many years and was very effective.

We launched on 1st August and spent one blustery night near Blagdons yard and two more peaceful nights at Cawsand (southwest part of Plymouth sound) finishing the commissioning. We motored to Penzance on 4th August with very little wind until the last four hours of gentle sailing across Mounts Bay. We prefer Penzance to Newlyn. Both are busy commercial harbours with some consequent inconveniences. Penzance has a tidal wet dock but has the excellent Dolphin pub nearby. The harbour staff are very friendly and normal small town facilities are ten minutes' walk away.

On 7th August we took the early tide from Penzance and motored against a very light wind to Hughtown, St Marys, Scilly Isles, taking six hours. Big new moorings were laid in 2013 and are impressive. That was opportune because ex-tropical storm Bertha passed through on 10th August. The strong wind lasted 6 hours, average 36 – 40 kts straight from the Atlantic into the moorings area. Some entertainment was provided by a foreign yacht recovering their flying inflatable: three half naked men did get it, half inflated, under the guardrail into their cockpit.

We stayed in Hughtown for four nights and found plenty to do ashore. This included a circular walk near the shore to Old Town where there was an excellent, recently refurbished pub. Then we walked through marsh and woodland exploring a Scilly that was new to us. For this my sister Nic had come on a day trip by ferry from Penzance. On another day we joined a local boat to visit the seal colonies on the Eastern Isles and then for a walk and lunch on St Martins. For all the next week a persistent cold, showery northwest F5 wind reduced the pleasures of Scilly.

From Hughtown we motored to New Grimsby sound and had much difficulty in picking up a mooring. There was little to catch on top of the buoy. This was complicated by exceptional spring tides which also meant that several of the moorings were too shallow for *Twayblade*.

On 12th August we motored round the north of Tresco through very rough but not aggressive seas to the calm of Gimble Porth, a small sheltered inlet in the north east of Tresco. We left the boat to join the crowds of visitors enjoying the rare chance to walk across Tresco flats to Bryher at the exceptionally low spring tide. It was odd to see so much of the seabed exposed where there is usually water. On return to *Twayblade* we found that it was not possible to find an exact spot in the rather shallow inlet to anchor in the 20ft tides, so we retreated to a mooring at Old Grimsby, which proved to be very comfortable.

Tresco has a wide range of habitat for many different flora and fauna. There are flowers of every sort, dunes, farms among woodland, rocky coast, near-barren moorland and some ancient archaeology. We visited the famous Abbey gardens and, later, the bare rocks and space of the north part of the island. We used the laundrette, the supermarket and the pub, which kept us lubricated. On our final return to *Twayblade* we met William Norris RCC who is a regular visitor to New Grimsby with various families. He kindly ferried us out to *Twayblade* in his sailing boat, towing the inflatable. Later he came on board for cider and talk.

We left Tresco and Scilly early on 15th August, through confused seas north of Round Island and took the north west wind to the mainland. This was a chance that we could not afford to miss. We hoped to round the Lizard before the tide turned. We did not get there in time. Rather than hang about for several hours and sail on until after dark, we retreated to a mooring outside Penzance dock. There are limits to the patience and endurance of the elderly! A quiet evening and night were followed by an early start at 0515 in flat calm. We watched a magical sunrise while motoring to the Lizard and on to Plymouth. After seven hours there was enough wind to sail the rest of the way to Cawsand.

For the last part of the short cruise we motored to our mooring at Cargreen. This is a lovely place up the Tamar River north of Devonport. The prolonged evening was enlivened by our homemade cider and the company of Kirstie and Charles Evans RCC and their friend Nigel. The cruise finished on 19th August with *Twayblade* being lifted ashore for the winter.

Statistics: Cruise 19 days, engine hours 36, sailing hours 16, anchorages 8, two of them twice.



Jonathan and Joy at Tresco Flats

Coals to Newcastle.

Donal Walsh

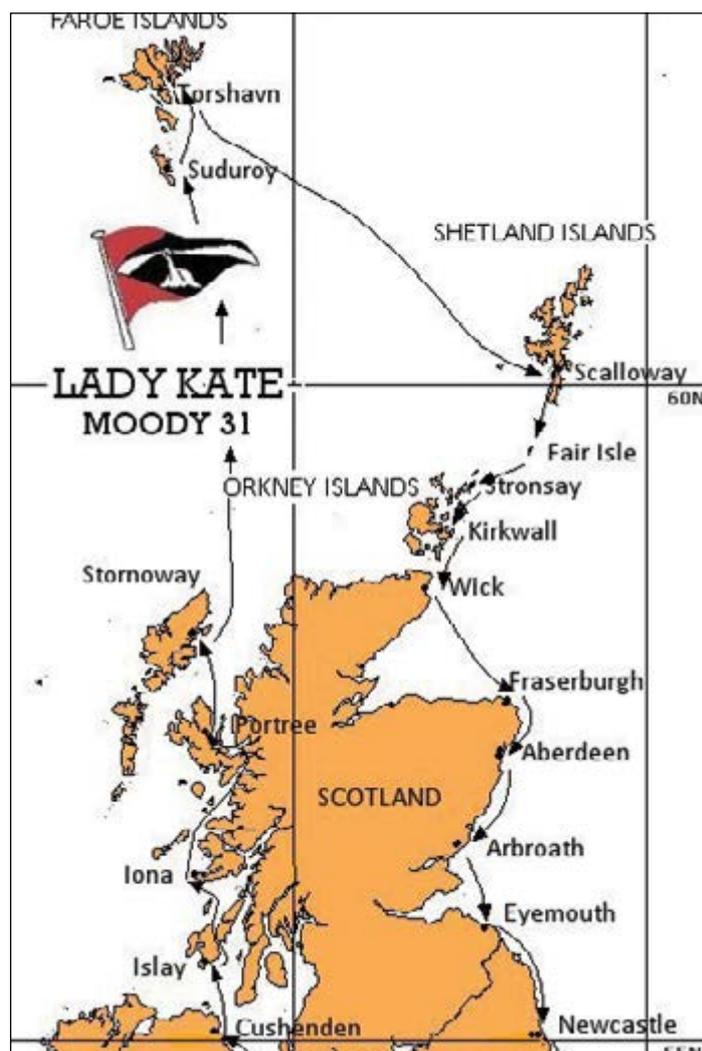
Lady Kate, our bilge keeled Moody 31 which I have sailed for almost 30 years, was stored under cover for the winter and lots of intensive maintenance was carried out. I wanted to spend as much of the summer season afloat as possible and planned to be away in early June and return home in late August. Clare, who had sailed with me on our 2013 round Ireland, agreed to join and there were a few other potential crew available who would join on and off along the way. Emma my daughter decided that she was getting married in July so I had to factor in leaving the boat somewhere and returning home for the wedding. Brother in Law Andrew Wilkes spent the winter writing the new pilot book for Arctic waters – Faeroes, Iceland, & Greenland, which stirred an interest in a cruise northwards. Our initial plan was to sail north by way of Scotland to Faeroes, with possible visit to Iceland, back to Shetland & home via the Caledonian Canal.

We left Dungarvan on June 8th and made the short passage to Dunmore East, where we overnighted on a vacant mooring. Unfortunately the pontoon, which was installed here for pleasure craft has now been taken over by commercial vessels, and is almost inaccessible to yachts. Early next morning we were away, planning to catch the tide at Carnsore and hopefully carry the north-going stream with us along the east coast. We made great progress, it was a lovely fine summer's day and by evening we were alongside at Wicklow. A quick overnight stop and then off again headed for Dublin, where I had arranged to meet Emma for dinner that evening. We plugged the tide for a while as we made our way north.

Clare wanted a swim, so we went in close & anchored off the Forty Foot. I was very happy to watch while she swam! Much too cold for me. Later we went alongside at Poolbeg, where Emma & John came aboard and cooked for us. Michael, who has sailed with us many times, also came along and spent ages sorting out the many IT glitches which have accumulated over the years. Were it not for his visit we would have encountered massive problems later in our cruise.

Business as usual next morning and we were away early – the plan being to push on as fast as possible. With little wind, we motored all day over a mirror flat sea, eventually making Ardglass by evening. Next day was calm and fine. More motoring brought us to Cushendun where, beaten by an adverse tide, we decided to anchor for the night.

Setting off next morning the tide was against us as we made our way north, but we managed to avoid the worst of it by keeping close up to the shore. We took a departure from Rathlin and set a course for Islay. A fair tide carried us north through the sound of Islay. By evening we had secured to a vacant mooring in a tideless corner off Port Askaig adjacent to the ferry port. In the pub we were beset by a bunch of feral Scotsmen, who brought the place to life. They were returning from a beach rugby tournament in the south of the island; apparently they don't have a decent field to play on, so the matches are played at low water on the beach! It was interesting later to watch the tidal stream rushing through the sound, creating a standing



wave in places. We figured that *Lady Kate* would not be able to stem this stream and revised the time of our morning departure. The distilleries would have to wait for another time. The early start allowed us to benefit from the tide and we got to anchor in Tinker's Hole for breakfast. Then a quick backtrack to David Balfour's Bay where Clare had a swim – still too cold for me; very happy to watch, though. On a previous visit to Iona, I had great difficulty getting the anchor to hold. Now on our first attempt we were fortunate to anchor successfully in good holding north of the ferry slip and be able to go ashore without too much concern about dragging our anchor. I sat in the cockpit watching the ferry make a circuitous route and was surprised when I checked the chart at how little water there is in the Sound of Iona at low water.

Given the calm conditions, it was possible to visit Staffa and make our way into Fingal's Cave in the inflatable. One person had to stay with *Lady Kate* while the other pottered about exploring. Previously I had anchored here and because of the great depth of water most of my chain was near vertical. In those pre windlass days it was a woeful job to recover the anchor. No thoughts of anchoring now – lesson learned. Next we had the milestone of Ardnamurchan – heather in the pulpit, etc. – later that evening we stopped off at Mallaig. This was just a quick overnight stop as an early start was called for next morning



Fingal's Cave, Staffa.

to carry the tide through the Sound of Sleat. It was a clear day and the scenery was brilliant but we were under the influence of a cold northerly wind caused by the anticyclone to the west of Ireland so, while all at home basked in the sun, we plugged away north into the cold polar air along the east coast of Skye, under the bridge, through Caol Mór between Scalplay & Raasay, to the Narrows of Raasay before reaching Portree. We lay to an anchor at Portree and on this day June 19th there were still patches of snow on the nearby mountains. This proved to be an excellent stop, a large well sheltered bay with good holding. Here we were able to water and refuel by hose at a fair price.

South Rona beckoned, as we transited the cliffs on the east coast of Skye. I hoped to spot a sea eagle but I was out of luck. Aarseid Mhór lived up to expectations; we anchored and went ashore, climbed the hill and got a marvellous view of the anchorage. From there we crossed to Loch Gairloch where we found another wonderful anchorage inside Eilean Horrisdale near a shoreside pub at Badachro – life was good.

It was a long dirty slog across to Stornaway with a lot of adverse stream against us. Stornaway was ideal as a departure point for our passage to Faroes as all facilities are available. Initially I was a bit concerned at our departure time of 16.00 as it would mean 2 nights at sea but on June 20th at this latitude it does not get dark at all. Our passage was very cold, we encountered light northerly head winds and we motor-sailed to make miles. There was little traffic other than a few fishing vessels and one or two merchant ships.

Landfall at Faroes was a very grey foggy affair – we were only about 6 miles off when we saw the land. Fortunately the tidal stream was favourable and we entered Trongisvágsfjørður on Suduroy after a 42 hour passage. At Tvöroyri

a local yachtsman who saw us arrive drove to the harbour and offered us the use of his berth, which had a power supply & water nearby. It was a cold misty morning as we went ashore all wrapped up in our winter clothes. Being a Sunday, there was little activity; we searched for customs & police but they definitely didn't seem to do Sundays. There was an ATM but we didn't know the exchange rate, neither did any of the few Sunday morning people we met on the street. How much will I take out? A nearby petrol station gave the price per litre of petrol and sold Coke. Based on the prices for these international products I guessed how much I might need and was surprised later to find that my guess was almost exactly right. Now that we had money we had to find a place to spend it! I wondered about our chances on a Sunday afternoon in this Lutheran laid-back outpost of civilisation? When we found it – a delightful place, welcoming, a former general store almost unchanged in 100 years - exactly what was required, we delighted in sampling the local beer.

It was a clearer day next morning and after a short run ashore we headed north again bound for Tórshavn. I enquired from some local boatmen about the tidal streams for the passage and they were very helpful and gave good advice. In conversation I discovered that one of them was a former prime minister of the islands. Off Lítla-Dímun we encountered the fierce tidal streams of Faeroes; at one stage we were barely making 1 knot against the stream. There is a visitors' pontoon in Tórshavn conveniently located near the town centre. The sailing club was closed for renovations but otherwise all facilities were available. We rented a car and became tourists for a few days. The road tunnels are a marvellous asset to the islands and allow easy all-weather access to the remoter areas. The sub-sea tunnels linking the main islands are fantastic.

At Tórshavn we met several other yachts which were bound for Iceland, and we were tempted to make that passage. We decided however that, given the restriction of



Faroe Islands scene

a return to Ireland for Emma's wedding and the unseasonal cold this year, we would make our way to Shetland and UK from where it would be easier to return to Ireland.

Of course the wind shifted more to the east as we made our departure but it was still fair and we could lay our course for Shetland. We had a good brisk sail; it was still very cold, the heating was turned on and at night I wrapped up in a sleeping bag in the cockpit. Another concern was the self steering – a new unit fitted this year was constantly correcting the course. Effectively the motor was running all the time. I felt this would eventually flatten the battery and prevent us starting the engine. To avoid this I ran the engine at low revs in neutral. Later the wind freshened and we had to man the helm and hand steer as the autopilot was not able to respond quickly enough to hold a steady course.

Our first land was Foula which was south of us. Later Mainland Shetland appeared; I had no particular desire to visit Lerwick as it involved a longer passage complicated by tidal streams around the north of the islands. We opted for Scalloway and made fast alongside the boat club pontoon at 18.00 after a 33 hour passage. The food and pints in the Pier Hotel went down well.

We picked up a lift to Lerwick, had a walk round the town, got some stores and returned by bus. Strong winds were forecast over the next few days so we headed south again. An early morning start to catch the tide made for a fast passage and we covered the 40 miles to Fair Isle in 6.5 hours. Inside the narrow entrance there is a recently renovated little quay wall with deep water alongside berths. I imagine it might not be the most comfortable place to be in strong northerlies, as there would be an enormous run of sea into the harbour. Today we were able to lie alongside outside another visiting yacht. When we returned from our walk ashore there were six other yachts in the harbour. With strong winds forecast we didn't really want to be weatherbound here, so we made the 40 mile passage to Orkney and overnighted alongside at the ro-ro jetty in Whitehall harbour on Stronsay. By morning it was freshening out of the west but a short 20 mile passage through the islands would put us in Kirkwall, where we would ride out the worst of the forecasted weather. I didn't reckon on the strength of the tidal streams through the islands. Beating through Spurness Sound against the adverse tide, we had a tacking angle of 150° and our SOG dropped to 0.87 knots. Later off Eday we were swept a long way south by the Fall of Warness. At Kirkwall the promised gale arrived and held us for 3 days. I settled into an upstairs study room in the library and had full use of a very fast broadband which allowed me to catch up on some work. On one of the days we spent there, Kirkwall was host to 3 cruise liners. They deposited 7000 passengers ashore, almost equal to the population of Kirkwall.

From Kirkwall our next nearest port would be Wick, a passage of some 50 miles. We had to get the tide right at Pentland Firth so we plugged into it from Sharpinsay Sound as far as Mull Head. On this leg we would pass Duncansby Head, more popularly known as John o'Groats. We slipped south across the Pentland Firth and made Wick by late evening. It was decision time: our original plan was to return to Ireland via the Caledonian Canal, but we had time in hand. The opportunity to complete a circumnavigation of Britain was available and might not present again. The

plans were rewritten, we were homeward bound by way of the English Channel. I intended taking fuel in Wick but as it was only available in cans and we needed an early departure time we went without.

It is a long passage across Moray Firth to Fraserburgh; being so far off the land there is little to see. There were some light breezes to begin with but these died out during the day and we motored through the calm sea. A survey ship contacted us by VHF to advise on survey equipment she was towing and requested a wide berth. In the course of the conversation I discovered that the watch officer was from Waterford! It's a small world. Some 10 miles from Fraserburgh our engine faltered and stopped – we were out of fuel. I opened the tank inspection hatch and tried to extend the supply pipe deeper into the remaining fuel by fitting a piece of hose onto the end. I wasn't worried about sludge in the tank as I had taken the tank out during the winter and cleaned & repainted it. My temporary solution was unsuccessful as I was unable to get enough lift to get the flow started. We sat in an idle calm sea going nowhere. In the cool of evening a breeze picked up; of course it was dead on the nose, but at least there was wind and we started to make progress again. In the freshening breeze, a few tacks put us off Fraserburgh.

We advised port control that we had lost power but that we could sail in. There was little other traffic at this time and we were given permission to proceed. Despite a few tight turns into the dock, it was easy and we brought up alongside without difficulty. Once alongside port control called us up and complimented us, saying it had been a long time since anyone sailed into the harbour. The dock was filthy – floating rubbish, oil on the water and tar like sludge on the walls, but without power we didn't have much choice. Our lines, fenders and topsides were destroyed. We were able to refuel by hose from a road tanker, cleared the airlock and got the engine working again and we moved to a "cleaner" berth. Nearby a construction company from Ireland were building a new jetty. We had great banter with the workers and we were allowed make use of a very powerful power hose on site, which we used to clean *Lady Kate* and rid ourselves of the filth we had accumulated. No one approached us for harbour dues. I think the harbour master must have been aware of what was going on and was afraid to come near us! While in Fraserburgh, we visited an interesting lighthouse museum which houses lots of old equipment redundant from Northern Lights.

Leaving Fraserburgh, we dropped south along the coast on a passage of 43 miles which took us to Aberdeen. Here we were greeted by dolphins – at least six of them and all as lively as Dingle's Fungi in his youth. Port control advised we were welcome to enter but that there were no facilities for pleasure craft. They were quite precise about entry instructions and we were slotted in between the some oil supply vessel movements. After we berthed further instructions came – we were not even to think about letting go a rope without prior permission of VTS. As we sat in the sun and watched the ships coming & going, it became clear as to the need for such precise port control over vessel movements. Tourists for a day we walked to the old fishing quarter of Footdee and later visited the medieval area to the north of the city. The offshore oil industry has made Aberdeen a very prosperous place, and people were

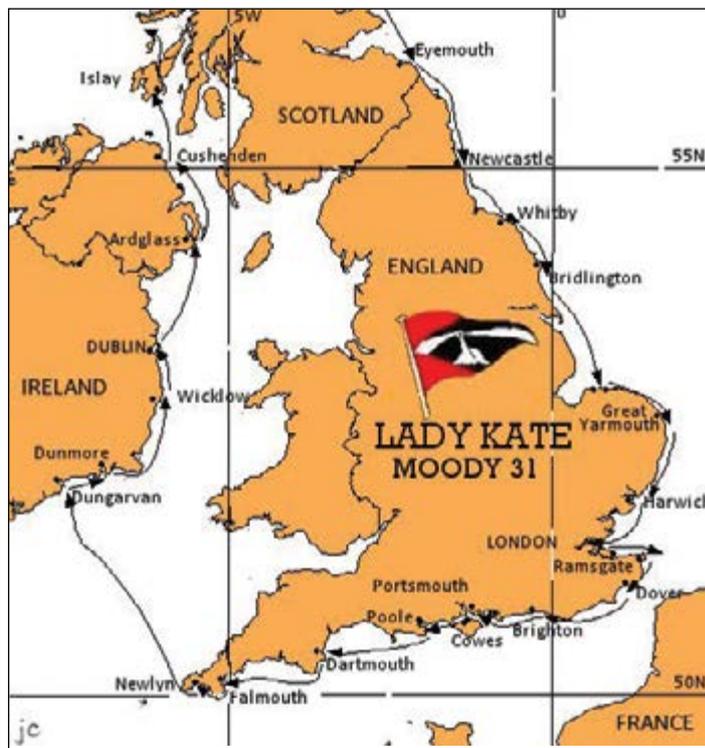
noticeably busy on the streets. A maritime museum has lots of interesting information on the technology of search for oil and its future.

There was no plan as to our next port of call, other than to carry the tide south as far as possible. This put us some 40 miles distant and off Arbroath. This is a drying harbour with a lock gate, inside of which is a marina. The Harbour Master advised that they don't do out of hours gate openings. In order that we could catch the morning tide we had to dry in the outer harbour. Here we availed of the marina laundry – tokens from the harbour office, clothes in the washer, off to the pub for a pint while we waited for the machine to do its work. The pints were good. When we returned, the door of the machine would not open. The wiring was incorrect and when the tokens ran out the power supply was cut off – the door doesn't open without power. The harbour office was closed and the phone rang out, no more tokens were to be had. We got some tools and cable from Lady Kate, opened up the machine and ran a temporary supply from another socket in the building, which allowed us to retrieve our clothes. Such are the challenges of a sailing holiday!

From Arbroath one crosses the Firth of Forth and the next convenient port is Eyemouth near the English border, a distance of some 50 miles. It was lively enough as we approached Eyemouth and for some reason I found it difficult to clearly identify the entrance, which is very narrow. Inside was well sheltered, and we secured to a pontoon running along the quayside. This was our last night in Scotland and we crossed the border into England as we made our way to Lindesfarne or Holy Island. It was high water as we approached and I anchored in the bay but the holding was poor. A man on the foreshore signalled us and indicated we should use a nearby mooring which proved to be ideal. Clare was determined to have a swim here. Next morning she came on deck all ready to go, to find the boat surrounded by a least a dozen seals, which put paid to any swimming plans.

We had an overnight anchorage at Newbiggin by the Sea and then made our way to Blyth where I hoped to find somewhere to leave *Lady Kate* while we returned to Ireland for Emma's wedding. Our visit coincided with a local race week and all available space was booked. The next stop was Newcastle on Tyne. We called VTS and were cleared to transit the river. On the banks one of a group of workers in hi vis jackets, seeing our Tricolour, enquired where we were from, and cheered when we replied Waterford. I wondered how he could still be proud to see the flag of a country that sadly could not give him a job. We were fortunate to pick St Peter's Marina near the city centre. This was ideal for us, as it was directly on a bus route and had some live-aboards in the nearby berths. Having a few days to spare, we toured the city, which was most interesting. We tidied up aboard in preparation for our return to Ireland. Deep in the cockpit locker I found our unused barbeque along with an unopened bag of fuel – I had brought "coals to Newcastle"!

10 days later, having seen Emma "married off", we found ourselves back in Newcastle. When we arrived at St. Peter's we still had time to lock out and go alongside the waiting pontoon before the tide dropped and the gate closed. This would allow us to get away earlier in the



morning. Tyne VTS cleared us for our outward passage and we carried the tide to the harbour mouth. Now there was no great pressure on us to meet any deadline other than having Clare back to Dungarvan for work in September. Heading south we passed Sunderland, Hartlepool, Teesport and Middlesbrough. Without realising it we had covered 45 miles when we came upon a cove called Runswick Bay. This looked like a lovely anchorage and we sat in the cockpit enjoying the evening sun. During the night we started rolling; for some reason the change of tidal stream was bringing an eddy into the bay, which caused an uncomfortable roll. There was no alternative but to up anchor and be off. 5 miles further south and we were off Whitby. We entered, waited for the bridge to lift and went alongside the marina. There were lots of interesting things to see here and we spent the day sightseeing. On our way next day we passed Scarborough, but carried on to get south of Flamborough Head before the tide gathered strength. The Harbour Master in Bridlington threw a tantrum on the end of the pier when we showed up. He claimed the harbour was full and would not let us in. As far as I could see there was lots of room. This left us with no alternative but to head back out to sea and further south. I felt it was very irresponsible not to give us a berth; there must have been some corner somewhere we could have gone. He didn't know our circumstances in terms of supplies of food & fuel or our capabilities of managing a night at sea or a remote anchorage. We would have happily lain outside a fishing vessel or tied onto the wall for the night. There was an uncomfortable roll outside the harbour and we didn't want to anchor off in these conditions. 10 miles further south it appeared to be more settled and we just threw out our anchor for the night off a nondescript part of the coast.

Now it was the 1st of August and by the time we got to Spurn head the tide was all wrong. At times we barely made 2 knots. Everything changes eventually and we caught the favourable stream, sailed through a huge wind farm off the Lincolnshire coast, crossed the Wash and came on the

Norfolk coast at Brancaster. Ideally we would have carried on to Wells further east, but we had already covered over 60 miles since morning and with the wind now dead on the nose we had no appetite for further hardship. Brancaster Bay dries but we spotted a fishing vessel making the approach and we were able to follow the channel until we found a sheltered pool where we anchored for the night. I wanted to visit Wells Next-the-Sea as I had heard much about it from old Dutch coaster captains who traded into Dungarvan in the past. It was here that the coaster *Fortune* was washed up onto the quayside by a combination of a very high tide and a severe gale in 1978. The harbour dries completely but when we arrived there was sufficient rise to enable us to enter and negotiate the tortuous channel to the town. We picked up an idle mooring and dried out on the sandy bottom. For coastal cruising, it was hard to believe that we hadn't been ashore since Whitby over three days ago.

We had to have at least half tide before we could get back out into open sea again and this meant we had already lost a few hours of favourable stream. It was fine as we headed east but when we turned south again rounding the



London Fire Brigade workboat gives a hand

corner of the Norfolk coast, we were beset by a contrary tidal stream and a fresh head wind. We could make little or no progress and we tried to motor sail but things did not improve. In six hours we covered 10 miles! It was very late when we finally entered Great Yarmouth harbour and we went up river and went alongside an old fishing vessel moored there. Leaving Great Yarmouth, we passed Lowestoft, the most easterly point on the British coast, then made a long passage to Harwich and tied alongside a pontoon at the old town quay. We needed to take on fuel but with our early starts and long late days most fuel pumps were closed when we were in harbour. Our arrival in Harwich completed *Lady Kate's* circumnavigation of Britain – I bought her in Harwich some 27 years previously and sailed her home from there to Ireland.

Originally I had just thought of crossing the Thames estuary continuing our circuit, but we still had some time on hand and would use it to visit London by sea. As we made our way through the sandbanks in the Thames estuary, we came upon a yacht high and dry on the top of a bank – he was perfectly safe but he had a long wait in store. Reeds Almanac indicated that fuel was available at Leigh-on-Sea just west of Southend. This was another pilotage experience – a mere creek wending its way between the drying sandbanks each side. We were on a rising tide so had no great concern about touching the bottom as we were sure we would get off. The fuel pump was closed when we arrived; we spoke to the owner by phone and he promised to fuel us at 0700 in the morning, after which we would catch the tide. When we saw *Lady Kate* high and dry in the mud that evening, I wondered if we would ever get back to the sea again. We left on a falling tide and had to be ever so careful not to touch while we negotiated the difficult channel to the sea. I breathed a sigh of relief to be back in open water again. Now there



Lady Kate at Tower Bridge

was another problem, it was an ebb tide in the river and we would have several hours of adverse tide against us. I was amazed at the strength of the stream in the Thames; making speeds of only 2 knots at times convinced me that this passage should be only attempted with a favourable tide. London VTS cleared us through the Thames Barrier without difficulty and we carried on to South Dock near Greenwich, where we moored alongside a barge for the night. High water at Tower Bridge was 1100. We would carry the last of the flood upstream then head back down on the ebb, which would give us a faster passage than our upstream one. We made it to Tower Bridge where we did a few circuits while we did a photo shoot with the bridge in the background. About 100 metres from the bridge, the engine stopped dead. Luckily we had enough way on reach a passenger vessel moored alongside. We were really fortunate that we had sufficient way on when the engine stopped and that we were close enough to the river bank to get a line ashore. There was insufficient wind to sail our way out of there against the flood stream and we would have to be very quick in getting the anchor out to avoid being swept onto the bridge.

Once secure and fendered, it was obvious that the propeller was fouled. The river surface was very disturbed by the large number of passing craft throwing up a considerable wash. There wasn't any easy way to go about this – I put on a dive mask and goggles and went over the side. On the first attempt I removed about 5 meters of plastic fencing but there was still more wrapped on the propeller. A passing tourist RIB came alongside thinking I had fallen in and was in trouble and started to haul me out of the river. Of course all the tourists in the boat and on the bridge had their phones out and were busily snapping away- more Facebook material. I felt I would have little success in clearing the remaining netting in this berth, as there was too much passing traffic. We called to advise London VTS and learned the London Fire Brigade were on exercise on the other side of the bridge. Their workboat arrived and they towed us downriver to Limehouse Basin,

where we went alongside the waiting pontoon. Once we were out of the traffic, I went over the side again and cleared the remaining netting. There was a massive amount wrapped on the propeller. When it was free and laid out flat it was about 9 metres long. This was my first swim of 2014, and I felt like I should be boiled afterwards - this location on the Thames is definitely never going to get a Blue Flag award! The engine started fine and we commenced our return journey downstream.

At Greenwich we crossed & recrossed the meridian as we negotiated the bends in the river. There are many fine impressive buildings along the stretch of Greenwich shore. Viewed from the river, the perspective is very different from that of a land based visit. We passed the Millenium Dome and cleared outward through the Thames Barrier. That evening we picked up a mooring at Queensway in the River Medway, at a very reasonable cost of £10. We went ashore to the long landing pontoon which stretches out from shore over the shallow mud. At the shore end of the pontoon we encountered a turnstile security gate such as one finds at a sports venue. When we returned we discovered that a token was needed to operate the gate for readmission – available in the pub at a cost of £1. I managed to climb over the gate but I pitied the yachtsman on our neighbouring mooring who had gone ashore with his wife and two very large dogs. A £4 Surcharge on the mooring and the same again for the morning run ashore. The tide was right and we decided to go inside the Isle of Sheppey. There was little delay in opening the bridge at Kingsferry once the “Twenty past train” (as the bridge keeper said) went through. Here I was transported back in time to the black & white Yachting Monthly world of Maurice Griffiths. Places that I had read and dreamed about years ago and thought were wonderful: Swale, Faversham Creek, Hartley Ferry, Conyer Creek all came to life. Faraway hills are green, these drying mudflats that I once romanticised over could not compete with our own mud and sandbanks in Dungarvan.

Back in the open sea we carried a fresh breeze to North Foreland, after which our course became more south and we were being headed again. We put into Ramsgate for the night, got to swim off the beach and had a pint in the Royal Temple Yacht Club. The forecast was terrible – talk of the tail end of a hurricane called Bertha on its way, with strong to gale southwesterlies, for the next few days. Thinking we could get a few miles covered before the worst of it set in, we left Ramsgate early, but five hours later off Dover we gave up. We lost five days in Dover; it wasn't such a bad place to be a tourist as there was plenty to do and see ashore. Bertha stopped moving over the North Sea but didn't run out of wind. Day after day, there was no let up, always on the nose, always 6 or 7, sometimes 8. We escaped eventually and thought it was over. We made it to



Diver Donal with 2nd section of net.



Fresh conditions off Beachy Head.

Dungeness easily, then had to fight for every mile, beating as far as Eastbourne. Here we were treated to some relief in the form of an airshow which was taking place as we passed by. I was frightened just looking at what they were doing with the aircraft and couldn't imagine what it would be like to be inside one.

There were very steep and confused seas of Beachy Head, but we continued and made Brighton by late evening. It had been a long hard day but we had made good some 65 miles in poor conditions, so we were content with our progress. From Brighton, we covered 40 miles to Portsmouth, again fighting into headwinds. Clare's friend Eanna and his daughter Lauren would join us here for a weekend. I went into Inner Camber dock in Portsmouth, a delightful place complete with quayside pub. Before I could fully explore this haven the crew were rumbling with talk of Cowes and Wight. The tide carried us quickly and soon we were making our way up the Medina River. Years ago I bought a boat here at the Folly Inn and wanted to revisit. It was complicated to get ashore at Folly, so we retraced our steps and stopped for the night at Sheppard's Wharf Marina. There was a little less wind to begin with in the morning but we had a contrary tide. Made our way along the north shore of Wight to Yarmouth, then crossed and anchored just east of Hurst Point for lunch.

Our plan now was to head for Poole. As we left the wind freshened and the seas built up at the Shingles. A nearby fishing vessel which was sinking put out a Mayday call. Her crew had to abandon and take to the liferaft. Shortly afterwards they were picked up by another fishing vessel. Yarmouth lifeboat and a rescue helicopter also arrived on scene. By now it was gusting southwesterly 6 and the wind against tide was causing very confused seas. We tacked our way across Poole Bay and later found ourselves in more sheltered waters, then made our way to Poole Town Quay. Eanna & Lauren would head back to Ireland from here. Clare and I took *Lady Kate* round to Swanage Bay, where we anchored for the night. It was going to be a long passage next day. The wind was still on the nose. We had to negotiate Anvil Point, St Alban's Head, and Portland Bill

and I knew from experience that the seas would be very confused off all of them. We kept really close to the shore as we rounded each one and managed (I think!) a relatively smooth passage. The anchor was hauled at 06.45 at Swanage and we kept going all day into a south-westerly, reaching Dartmouth by 20.00, some 70 miles distant, nearly 14 hours later – it was a long day. Things were not much better next day and we were out of Dartmouth by 06.00 to catch the tide at Start Point. Then our course took us close up to the Eddystone Light and we could clearly see the stump of the old tower. At 17.50 we were at anchor in Falmouth, and by 18.50 secure in the Chain Locker, forgetting the hardship of another 65 miles covered.

A rest day was needed and we enjoyed Falmouth. As we rounded the Lizard – Britain's most southerly point - I thought what a long way it had been from John O'Groats in the north. Our last night in Cornwall would be spent in Newlyn. At Clare's insistence I took on some extra fuel but believed I could manage without it as we should have plenty of wind. In fact the forecast wasn't the best for our homeward passage but I felt if we didn't go for it we could be stuck in Newlyn for several more days. The early part of our passage took us outside the Runnel Stone and inside the Longships. The wind was slack enough, which called for some motoring. During the night the wind freshened and came straight on the nose and we had to beat our way north. By morning the wind had fallen slack again and we had to rely on the engine in the near calm conditions. The Comeraghs came up out of the sea – majestic, wonderful, great to make a landfall on the familiar coast of home. I checked the fuel – we were down to our last few litres. The inspection hatch came off the fuel tank again. I couldn't believe our fuel level was so low. I wasn't going to run out now, here on this last leg and just in my own back garden. I dropped a few small water bottles into the tank to displace the oil and raise the level, but the gain was more psychological than anything else due to the irregular shape of the bottles not matching the tank contours. Then the cavalry came over the hill. Eanna & Lauren had been fishing off Dungarvan in their RIB and came by to welcome us home. I suggested that they should tie alongside and leave their engine running and have some coffee. We made the few extra miles we needed; soon we were inside Ballynacourty light and could make our mooring under our own steam.

It was the 23rd of August and we were home. We had circumnavigated Britain by way of Faeroes and covered a distance of 2,389 miles in 62 days. More than half our passages were over 50 miles which amounts to 10/12 hours in *Lady Kate*, and is a bit too long for day sailing. As to Andrew's book, it should come with a health warning – to be read outside in December in the dark!

Lucky Skunks in Scotland

Ed Wheeler

It all started last year, when I visited Dave, Two Pies and Dougal at their fishing paradise in the middle of South Island, about as far from the sea as you can get in New Zealand; well, actually, it really started in 1960, when Winkie Nixon persuaded Billy Doherty to charter *Ainmara* to a bunch of 18 year old schoolboys, including Pete Adams (ICC) and me, to sail to the Gareloch for the Schools and Universities week. Later, and despite storm, wreck and sage advice, he continued to charter her to us and to others through the mid 1960s, so that she became a sort of unofficial, do-it-yourself cruising school for young tearaways. (She was then acquired by Dickie Gomes and that story is ongoing). Many of us went on to Queen's



“Dive down between those peaks to get under the radar”



The way we were 1: Pete Adams on *Ainmara*, 1960 & in 2014. Note the lethal ash blocks on the 2-part headsail sheets in the earlier photo



The way we were 2: *Ainmara*, early 60s, pre health & safety

University, Belfast and of those, as many as could pass the medical joined the University Air Squadron. I failed the eyesight test, but became a kind of non-flying, drinking hanger-on (the Squadron Mess had the cheapest beer in town). Holding dual *Ainmara* tearaway and UAS status were Pete Adams and Jesz Fleming. Two of the more notorious non-sailing Squadron members were Jimmy Upritchard and Dave Witherow. Many were the scrapes and escapades of those boys. (It is sobering to reflect that, had they been born 20 years earlier, few of them would have survived the war). Afterwards, we went our separate ways. Dave went to New Zealand, Jimmy joined the RAF (he ended up as an Air Commodore in charge of the RAF police, for God's sake! Poachers and gamekeepers, how are you?), Jesz lives in West Australia, I wandered about and Pete became a Captain of Industry. I'd last met Dave in Vancouver in 1966 and last heard from him when he sent me a card with a picture of him and a huge trout, in which he invited me to come fishing to South Island. That was in 1971, and how the card found me in a

remote camp in the Northern Territory of Australia, I'll never know.

Fast forward to 2013 and I finally accepted Dave's invitation. (WMN: "you don't want to go rushing into these things"). Jesz came over from Australia and we fished for trout with Dave, Two Pies (John Dean) and Dougal on the Mataura River, from their lodge in Balfour. They call themselves the Lucky Skunks of Balfour and kindly made Jesz and me honorary Skunks. Dave built a two-seater aeroplane, with balloon tyres so that he can land on rough ground, so we flew around in that and through the snow-covered peaks and valleys of the ranges and out to the west coast. Dave was trusting enough to let me fly it and, going through the mountains, he told me "dive down through that gap, quickly". "Why?", I asked. "To get under Queenstown radar - I'm so deaf I can't hear the b*****s when they call me on the radio". We had ten glorious days of fishing, flying and talking sh*** late into the night.

At the end of it, I said "how can I ever repay such a spree?" Dave and Two Pies said they'd love to sail on the West Coast of Scotland. No problem. The party, as they

do, multiplied and we got Jesz, Pete and Jimmy signed up as well, plus Geordie, another old QUB mate. They couldn't all fit on *Witchcraft*, so the obvious solution was to recruit *Ainmara* and cruise in company. After all, Pete, Jesz and I had all sailed on her in the old days: a clear no-brainer. Gomesy, when approached, came through like a trojan, with only minor reservations, such as he'd never met most of these people, had they sailed before?, were they boring?, etc.

Of course, once we'd all met for a long lunch in RUYC on July 6th, to which also turned up sundry old Squadron types, all was well. It even turned out, which I hadn't known, that Gomesy too had been in the UAS – being a tad older than the rest of us, he'd pre-dated us – and had distinguished himself in numerous ways not favoured by the authorities, so great was the reminiscing. Later the same day, we repaired aboard *Witchcraft* and *Ainmara*, both lying alongside the lightship *Petrel* at Down



The way they were. Standing LtoR: Dave, Pete and Jesz. Leaning on cockpit canopy: Jimmy



Dave with the aeroplane and a fine pair of Mataura brown trout

Cruising Club in Ballydorn, and settled in. Pete, Geordie and Jesz being capable sailors, we distributed the crews evenly, Dickie taking Pete, Geordie and Jimmy, while Dave, Jesz and Two Pies came with me on *Witchcraft*.

I should say that Jimmy is a fine musician and guitar player. He was already playing in a showband before we met him. When he retired from the RAF, he used some of his gratuity to spend a year at a school for aspiring rock stars. I wonder what the other pupils, average age late teens, thought of him? I brought a guitar for him to play and this drew even more attention to us in the various hostelries along the way than would otherwise have been the case.

On Monday morning both yachts set off in light airs, caught the tide through the Narrows and ambled north to Glenarm. The calm conditions enabled the less (and more) experienced

to get their sea legs after the rigours of the day and night before. Having arrived from New Zealand only on Saturday, Dave and Two Pies should have been exhausted, but didn't show any sign of it (although, in fairness, Dave is an expert at catching up on his sleep at any time). From Glenarm, we had a better sail to Islay, having decided to show the New Zealanders where their favourite whisky is made (Two Pies is an avid exponent of Lagavulin). I think they were dumbfounded to arrive at a conveniently-placed mooring half a cable from Ardbeg Distillery. The *Ainmara* crew rushed ashore just in time to get the tour and a tasting before the place closed. Gomesy was a bit put out to find that they didn't do rum tastings, so Jimmy got his share. He beamed benignly on his return.

Two Pies, having missed out on Ardbeg,



Dickie, Pete and Geordie, *Witchcraft* behind

was determined to see Lagavulin, so on Wednesday morning we shifted the short distance to the moorings there. The surroundings and anchorages at both distilleries were very agreeable in the sunshine. The shelter is rather better at Lagavulin. The distillery visit went very much as planned and, refreshed and loaded with energy, we set off for Craighouse on Jura. In a July of fine sunny weather, good sailing breezes were at a premium and we had a cracker that day, a fast reach getting us to the Small Isles in time to put out the lobster pot and eat well on board. On retrieving the pot next morning, I found a large dogfish in it. In disgust, I opened the end of the pot and emptied it over the side. "Why did you let that lobster go?", asked Dave. At first I didn't believe him, Dave having been known to tell porkies in these matters, but independent testimony confirmed that I had released a fine lobster hiding under the dogfish.

Next day our destination was Loch Aline, where much out-of-season wassail was taken. In the morning, the Sound of Mull gave us some good sailing. Cruising in company, while normally not one of my favourite modes, is great when both boats contain a full complement of priceless comedians and it is also conducive to getting many snaps of one's pride and joy (boat, that is). After sampling the bars and honky-tonks of Tobermory, we started homewards under the exigencies of aeroplane bookings,



On *Witchcraft*, LtoR: Geordie, Two Pies, Jesz, Dickie, EW, Jimmy

wives going into hospital for major operations and other unimportant deadlines. Our first anchorage, new to both me and Gomesy, was the Black Isles, just off the sound of Luing - this makes an excellent tidal-gate stopover. It was raining, heavily, on passage and at anchor and, for once, boat hopping-type partying was off the menu. Then on, in much better weather and with a good sailing breeze setting in, to Gigha. The next day, we went down Channel to Portavogie, that warren of crumbling prawn dredgers. Here we dined in style in The Quays restaurant, where we were joined by some of the WAGS.

Our last passage, and one of the best, was down to the Narrows and up the Lough to our mutual home port of Ballydorn and *Ainmara* was at her picturesque best, romping along with main, staysail, jib, jib topsail, mizzen staysail and mizzen, all drawing like shire horses. We changed crews so that Jimmy, who is a keen and very able video cameraman and technician, could get some good footage of *Ainmara* clad in all her glory.

So our geriatric jolly ended and we split up again, vowing not to leave it for another fifty years this time.



That's no way to treat an old lady! *Ainmara*, Strangford Lough, 2014

Sea Dancer 2014

Harry Whelehan

Trot to the Isle of Man, Foxtrot to, and a Jig around the Clyde and a Quickstep through Belfast and Strangford Lochs

The plan was for a three-week cruise starting on June 12th and ending in Howth in the early days of July in order to give us time to draw breath, before joining Tom Fitzpatrick in Cork on *Empress III* for the 85th birthday celebrations of the ICC.

The Isle of Man was central to the plan, the intention being to head there for a few days and from there decide, based on weather forecast, to head north to the Clyde (taking in Belfast Loch and Strangford Loch either on the way up or on the way back) or alternatively head South to North Wales and home to Howth via Kilmore Quay or Greystones. The crew were Liz, John Kavanagh and myself to start, Robert Barker to replace John after about 10 days.

The Isle of Man

We left Howth at 22.00 on 12 June for Peel, motoring over a glassy sea on a warm and starry night. The passage was pleasurable and incident free. We arrived after 12hrs; in time for the 10.30 flap gate lift which allowed us into the marina. We hired a car for two days, and enjoyed very much visiting Port Erin, Port St Mary and the magnificently restored/preserved Cistercian abbey at Rusheen, but, when we tried to visit the museum dedicated to the world's oldest yacht, *Peggy*, it was closed – it closes daily at 16.30.

On returning to the boat, I spotted *Ann Again*, Brian and Eleanor Cudmore ICC, in the marina. Next day we drove to Douglas and visited the Manx Museum and then drove north to the Point of Ayre: this took us along the route of the Isle of Man TT, quite an experience, as there is no speed limit on this section of roadway.

Instinct over reason

It was now decision time, whether to head for Scotland or Wales; the forecast for the next five days was for northerly winds, but of course, I made the completely irrational decision to head north, for the Clyde. However, with a view to taking the sting out of it, we decided to head for Carrickfergus and from there across into the Clyde.

Belfast Loch --- The Clyde

We left Peel at 11.30 and headed for Carrickfergus very close on the wind, on an uncomfortably lumpy sea, arriving almost 10 hours later after being held up by a foul tide at Mew Island. We were cold, tired, very hungry but uninterested in cooking, so we settled for a MacDonald's

takeaway, washing it down with a few bottles of Fleurie (beats ketchup). We then moved to the adjoining harbour to fuel up in time to catch the tide for Campbeltown. The wind was in the north, but thankfully at Black Head it backed northeast giving us a glorious reach across the North Channel, excellent visibility showing us at once Rathlin, Islay, the Maidens, Ailsa Craig and the Mulls of Kintyre and Galloway. We reached Campbeltown at 21.30.

We departed for Lamlash at 13.00 and had a fine run all the way to Pladda, followed by a gentle reach into Lamlash, where we took a visitors' mooring. Dinner ashore in the Glen Isle Hotel was a delight followed by a spectacular sunset on the moorings. We woke to a misty morning with the whisper of breeze and set full sail for the Kyles of Bute. We were *blessed* as we passed *Holy Island*, the mist lifted and the wind filled in, giving us a brisk sail up the West Kyle, where we had a look at the charming anchorage at Caldah but decided to keep moving and take the east channel through the Burnt Isles to Colintrave, where we took a mooring laid by the Hotel, where we had dinner later.

As none of us had ever landed on the Island of Bute, our cumulative stored up curiosity got the better of us. Next morning we headed for the small marina at Port Bannatyne, very convenient to Rothesay, where we boarded an open top tour bus which took us around the Island. The Victorian public conveniences at the harbour in Rothesay are a must see and pee. We next headed across to Largs, motoring in light airs, where we dined ashore and finally logged into the soccer World Cup --- England v Argentina. The Scots showed no interest in this game, which was make-or-break for England.

On Day 9, John left and Liz and I had four days to dawdle about on our own while we awaited the arrival of Robert Barker. We spent the day, fuelling, tidying, laundering, provisioning and

sorting out an issue that I was having with the furling gear on the genoa- this was all very acceptable, as it was blowing stink outside the marina.

On Midsummer's Day, we left Largs heading for Loch Long, intending to anchor in Lochgoilhead. As the morning progressed it became strangely cold for mid-June and we found ourselves in full oilskins wearing gloves. Approaching the entrance to Loch Goil, we were closely shepherded past the submarine base at Loch Long by a police launch. I tried to raise them on Channel 16 to assure them that we were harmless, but the response was a resounding silence, not even a wave from the crowded bridge. We were however



Victorian Splendour, Rothesay

pleased that neither Loch Goil or Loch Long were closed for submarine exercises, something we understand occurs from time to time without notice.

We picked up a visitors' mooring at the head of the Loch - a beautifully remote anchorage reached after a delightful sail past Cloch Point, Holy Loch, Loch Long and through Loch Goil. Robert was due to join us at Troon in two days, so next day we headed for there and decided to meander slowly in that direction, taking a close look, as we left Loch Goil, at Carrick Castle, the waterside stronghold of the Campbell clan, before moving out again to meet our silent shepherds in the police launch. We carried a gentle following breeze, and made luxuriously slow progress in ideal conditions, meeting seals along the way and watching herons fishing on the shore.

Memory Lane

Back in the 1970s I had been up and down the Clyde a couple of times each year with Otto Glaser ICC (then always in racing mode) on *Tritch Tritch I* and *Tritch Tratch II*, collecting them at the beginning of each season and redelivering them in autumn, to the McGruer yard, where they had been built. All of those trips were in the nature of racing, or pressured delivery trips, so I now succumbed to an irresistible temptation to savour these waters at a leisurely pace in our own boat. We entered the Gareloch and went down as far as the Rhu Narrows, noting that a marina has been established there close by the Royal Northern Yacht Club. We then had a gentle cruise across the Loch and sailed inshore close by Greenock and Gourock before heading south for Troon and taking a course to the west of the Cumbrae Islands. A brisk westerly carried us to Troon at 17 00. (*Note: something we all know, but need to remind ourselves is, that sailing one side of an island reveals only one-dimension of the landmass. If time permits a circumnavigation, it will reveal a complete picture, the geology, horticulture, the agriculture; the ravages of exposure and the benefit of shelter all show, and tell a story of the island past and present.*)

Robert arrived and we left for Tarbert at 13.15 having again grappled with the genoa furling gear, which had had a relapse. We had a good strong sail under genoa arriving in Tarbert at 19.20. Our plan was to head up North Loch Fyne and have lunch at Otter Ferry, where there is reputed to be a pontoon and a pub run to a very high standard by sailing enthusiasts.

We left in gathering fog and mist. After about an hour, visibility ahead was very poor, and deteriorating, whereas to the south, the skies looked a lot lighter and more inviting, so we turned 180° and headed back to Lamlash as Robert, despite his extensive cruising in these waters, had never been to that anchorage, and we were more than happy to call there again. We were also enticed towards Lamlash having learned that Freddie and Hilary Moran in *Arctic Tern* were on their way home from Stornoway.

We got into Lamlash at 17.15 after a day of mixed sailing and picked up a visitors' mooring. We'd had more trouble with our genoa furling. I was now convinced that the problem was aloft. Thank heavens I didn't have a bosun's



Rob and Liz - relaxing, Lamlash

chair as Robert was not only prepared, but determined to go aloft (it's one thing for the banks to go bang at home, but quite a different matter for the hon. treasurer of the ICC to go bang on the deck of a boat under my command).

Robert and I went ashore to find help concerning the genoa problem. We got a promise of help next morning, and so we returned to a delightful dinner in the cockpit having postponed all worries about the genoa until the morning. Just as we were finishing dinner *Arctic Tern* picked up a nearby mooring, and hailed us to come across to them for a nightcap which of course we did.

Five stars for Lamlash and two Angels

Hillary, Freddie and Archie joined us for breakfast on *Sea Dancer* the following morning while we were awaiting our rigger from the shore. He duly arrived, went up the mast on a wet breezy inclement morning sorted the problem, and refused to take any reward for his efforts. It was no surprise when it turned out that he was a member of the local RNLI crew. While we had the man aloft, we had a call on the VHF to say that our dinghy had been washed ashore. It had been properly tied up the night before after our return from *Arctic Tern* and had been at the stern of the boat earlier in the morning when Freddie and Hillary came aboard for breakfast. At all events our caller from the shore told us that the ferry which goes from Lamlash to Holy Island would leave it out to us in about 20 minutes. The dinghy duly arrived and a reward, when offered, was graciously declined.

Day 15 -- First steps towards home

We were now planning to explore Strangford Loch for a few days before heading home to Howth. We left Lamlash at 12.30 in wet, misty and miserable conditions into an unpleasant wind and a nasty sea. We certainly did not want to face these conditions all the way to Bangor though there wasn't any obvious attractive haven on our rhum line. I decided, based on a mixture of curiosity and necessity to go into Stranraer, even though it took us a considerable distance off course. It was an interesting passage up the old channel into the now largely deserted ferry port. To our surprise there is a new marina there with water and

electricity and good facilities. It would make an ideal stopover for a crew change, though most ferries now go to the nearby port of Cairnryan rather than Stranraer. It would also be a strategic and secure place to leave a boat, as it would make a convenient departure point for a boat heading outside the Mull of Kintyre or inside to the Clyde.

Next morning we left at 06.15 bound for Bangor in Belfast Loch in a fresh south-easterly breeze, which with fair tide and the genoa gave us 7/8.5 knots over the ground. This took us to Bangor at noon. Robert and Liz went ashore and I prepared dinner for later. Jan and Ed Wheeler ICC came aboard and brought us some delicious home grown potatoes. Then they persuaded us to accompany them to the Royal Ulster Yacht Club for a drink from where we watched a tantalized fleet trying to race in a dying evening breeze, then back to the boat for a quiet night ahead of an early start for Strangford to catch the tide.

Strangford Loch

A 05.00 start was indicated in order to catch the beginning of the tide into the Strangford. This worked out well, though we had a very rough start to the passage with an easterly force 5 against the tide as we passed through Donaghadee Sound. Thankfully it flattened out considerably by the time we got to the Skulmartin Buoy. We tied up at the pontoon in Strangford at 10.15, with some help from Ian and Frances off *Raptor* ICC, who were there ahead of us having completed an eight-week cruise to the North of Spain and back. Incidentally, the narrows were as exciting as ever, *Sea Dancer* achieving a personal best of 11.8 knots over the ground with the engine merely idling on standby A further thrill was my first sighting of the massive turbine in the narrows, which was particularly impressive with its rotors raised above the water for maintenance.

It was now time to head into and explore the Loch. We set course for Ballydorn and the lightship, which is the clubhouse of Down Cruising Club. We were blessed with an easterly wind which gave us a broad reach in sunny conditions interspersed with cloud casting delightful shadows over the rich pastures on the shore. Closing on our destination, and finding the obscure entrance was simplified by the presence of yachts racing outside the anchorage. I confess to having been bamboozled by the tidal eddies within, and made what I can only describe (employing extreme understatement), as a noisy and undignified arrival. We were, nonetheless, greeted by the Commodore, and invited to view the lightship, which had been beautifully restored.

Since we had the promise of a mooring at the Quoile, and we were anxious to get there in the early afternoon to view the tail end of their regatta, we reluctantly declined the Commodore's kind invitation to join him and his crew in Daft Eddies for a pint. Our departure from the pontoon, (with a lot of unsolicited but helpful advice from the shore), was a considerable improvement on our bumpy arrival.

We had a lovely sail to the Quoile. We were guided by Simon Healey, *Maggie Mae*, to the mooring which he had borrowed for us. He also kindly loaned us his hard tender and outboard, leaving us extremely comfortably in contact



Quoile Y C, Strangford Lough

with the shore, despite being moored well off. The club was bristling with activity both on the water and ashore, and we were made very welcome at the post regatta barbecue.

Next morning the weather was fine and the shore looked most inviting. We landed on Gibbs Island and walked to the Delamont Estate, where from the many elevated vantage points, with clear visibility, we could view almost every cranny and nook of the Loch in the course of a three-hour walk. We were now utterly beguiled by this place and decided to stay another night.

Back on board we motored to Audley's Road where we moored and had lunch before returning to the snug berth at Strangford pontoon. Strangford Loch is a delightful stretch of water in beautiful surroundings, and in my opinion should not be bypassed by cruising folk, except when time, or weather constraints so dictate.

Next morning we needed to leave at 05.00 to catch the tide on the last leg of our cruise. We had a gentle exit from the Loch, registering a mere 10.5 knots. Once outside we enjoyed a magical sail along the coast of County Down, running free on a north-easterly in clear visibility. We sort of had a day in hand, and were toying with the idea of going into Carlingford; however when we got the 06. 00 forecast the wind was to go south-east force 5. We decided to keep going for Howth, while the going was good, where we arrived home at 16.00 after 21 a day cruise.

Facts and figures:

Duration of cruise 21 days

Miles logged 565

Anchorage/Marinas visited 16

Jurisdictions visited 3

Predominant wind direction NW thru NE

Rain 1.5 days

Temperature 15° +/- (last four days 20°+)

Derek White writes of *The Unexpected Voyage of Normans Kean's Hat – Xanadu*

Dear Norman,

I hope that by this time we have found each other again and you have lovingly put me back on your handsome head and we are happily reunited.

What an adventure I have had since you casually discarded me in Courtmacsherry harbour!

I woke up from my slumber in the sun to find myself in the engine compartment on board a foreign yacht called *Ballyclaire* which was visiting from the Black North, as they say in some parts of Cork.

The skipper had raised his voice and woken me in the middle of a mega-rant at his poor little Perkins engine. He was threatening to burn it, use it as a mooring and had hit it on its poor little cylinder head with a large lump hammer several times in my presence. Its friend Hurth who also lived in the engine compartment got very similar treatment, although he was harder to get at, as the skipper with his new dietary regime had difficulty fitting into the compartment and couldn't reach him properly.

This pattern continued for several weeks and needless to say I kept very quiet during the rest of the voyage apart from constantly offering my sympathy and support to Perkie and Hurtie as I called them.

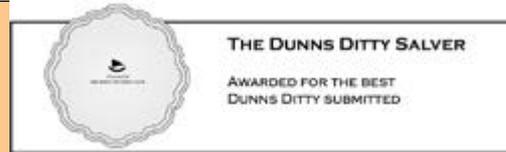
The skipper, apart from his poor relationship with his little engine, turned out to be quite a reasonable fellow when not in heated discussions with that 'useless piece of sh.....' as he called Perkie and like yourself seemed to share a love of many parties, much good food, an abundance of whiskey and anything else of an alcoholic nature.

His wife Viv was quite nice and she patted me a couple of times in passing and was even heard to gently purr a thank you to the little engine when out of the skippers hearing!

A Cork couple called Len and Mary from RCYC then joined the yacht and for the next two weeks it was impossible to sleep with the constant conversations in the various Irish dialects and on many occasions that Gaelic language which was far beyond the skippers abilities despite years of trying. When they were not talking they were eating and sometimes singing and then talking again.

I never want to hear another Planxty or Sinead O'Connor song again and don't mention that dreadful concertina torture instrument which was often produced late at night!

On the positive side I re-visited many nice harbours and anchorages on the trip around the island and was very impressed with all the



smart boats attending the ICC 85th Rally in Glengarriff when somebody moved me to a coat hook beside the companionway.

The Cork couple left the yacht in Fenit and a period of silence followed apart from the odd curse at the skippers nemesis in the engine compartment which had now gone into a constant sulk only to come out of it in the presence of a lubricating oil can or the lump hammer.

In one of the sulks it decided to rebel again and overheated approaching a place called Inishturk. This then entailed an evening on a very bumpy moorings as the skipper performed serious surgery removing a large piece of fossilised seaweed from its innards.

We continued northabout rounding Achill Head in awful quartering confused seas and I thought my days were numbered. The skippers wife was not a happy bunny and told him so – he eventually changed course, eased the sheets and we ended up in an anchorage in Elly Bay in Blacksod Bay – a most dismal place even for a discarded unwanted hat!

Apart from that short awful interlude the trip was quite pleasant although the later passages were very



long especially the one from Downings Bay to Rathlin. Perkie had been working quite hard and had lowered the diesel supply to levels of concern and the 'need water for the shower cry' from Mrs Skipper became where can we get fuel? Thankfully they met some kind people in Downings who gladly helped out totally unaware of Perkies deteriorating condition and ill treatment.

When we got back to Strangford the skipper tied up the yacht and he and his wife flew off to the Greek Islands to sail with the Cork couple in the sun and continue eating, drinking, talking and singing where they had left off in Tralee. I was however most envious and disappointed that they did not take me with them as it has been some years since I was in those parts of the world.

Once again I was forgotten only to be kept sane by the constant stories by Perkie and Hurtie of overwork and past abuse over the last 25 years with long annual trips to the Hebrides and now a third circumnavigation of Ireland. No wonder that they were very tired and grumpy!

They had also overheard the skipper and his consultant discussing the fact that Hurtie had been exposed to one of the skippers northern politician friends who was on board for a cruise a few years back and had picked up an infection from him. Hurtie who was always quite a go ahead type of gearbox had now reached the stage where he would go backwards quite easily but going forward in a positive manner was now proving to be a great difficulty. This coupled with Perkies recent addiction to large intakes of lubricating oil and the habit of belching smoke in a non smoking environment were going to result in imminent major triple bypass cylinder surgical procedures involving him and Hurtie all of which sounded most painful!

The skipper and his wife eventually returned from sailing in Greece and we overheard them telling stories to their ICC friends of him performing several major surgical operations involving some poor Thornycroft engine that had crossed his path out there. Obviously a serial engine abuser!

When they hauled out the yacht at the end of the season I was once again found lurking in the aft cabin and they made noises about returning 'that awful hat' to Norman and I assume that the darkness that suddenly developed was my passage back to you in an envelope.

Little did I know I was going to circumnavigate Ireland by sea again only without you and Geraldine, albeit that the final leg was by An Post.

Yours sincerely,

Normans Hat - Xanadu

(The following reply from Norman to his hat was received and is appended herewith - Ed):

Dear Hat,

How *nice* to have you home again after all your wanderings. It wasn't the first time, as you'll recall, you great thundering gobshite. And what was supposed to keep the rain off my poor balding pate while you were off, running away to sea to be a sailor? You expect me to have any sympathy for you and your newfound "friends" Perkie and Hurtie? Tell you who I have sympathy for - that poor long-suffering skipper and his even more long-suffering good lady wife. Sure haven't I told you a hundred times to have nothing to do with diesel engines, and as for gearboxes - well, I mean, I'm not machinist, some of my best friends are gearboxes, but for God's sake you wouldn't want your daughter to marry one. I mean there's no shades of grey with the buggers, you have to be either with them or against them. It's either ahead - or astern. Just like the Black North. And all I can say to your friend Perkie and his fossilised seaweed is well, hell mend him, he shouldn't have eaten it. And he should give up smoking, it's bad for you.

You may be interested to know, dear Hat, that we have just returned from Brittany, a part of France that you should remember well (since you did a runner on me there as well). I had to resort to an alternative Hat (which I had actually bought in LeClerc in Sables d'Olonne last year - I just say that to make you jealous). You will not be surprised to know that the van was a bit further down on its marks on the way back. But unlike your "friends", its mechanical bits knew their place and kept their opinions to themselves. And let me warn you right here and now, dear Hat, that if in the course of the consumption of any of that cargo, you make another bid for freedom, that's you and me finished, do you hear, finished.

And here's what you'll do - you'll sit down right now and write a nice thank you letter to Mr and Mrs White for their hospitality, and paying your fare home. And you're grounded for the next fortnight. It's not even as if you worked your passage, you lazy b****cks.

Your head,

Himself

Galway Bay - My Home Cruising Ground

David Whitehead

Galway Bay is located in the middle of the west Coast of Ireland between 53N and 54-30N latitude and 8-55W and 10-15 W longitude.

Visiting yachts tend to by-pass the Bay and make passages between the Blasket Sound and Inishbofin, unless they are planning a crew change, for which Galway is convenient, having a safe marina and good road, rail and bus links. But the Bay is worth a visit in its own right and with a number of interesting, attractive and hospitable harbours and anchorages it is worth a few days exploration. The main disincentive is the need to divert nearly fifty miles east of the Blaskets/Inishbofin passage line and then back out again, which will most likely be a beat. This brief description is to give an impression of the area for the use of a yachtsman who may wish, or be forced to spend some time in the area.

Galway Bay is roughly triangular in shape, with its western extent bounded by a line from Slyne Head to Doolin Point, which passes along the south coast of the Aran Islands, a distance of forty miles. From the middle of that baseline at Eeragh Island, the Bay extends 35 miles eastwards to Oranmore. The area enclosed inside the bay is approximately 1000 sq nautical miles and the coastlines of the bay and islands add up to a length of over 250 miles.

While the whole area is exposed to the prevailing westerly winds, the greatly indented coast from Slyne Head to Golam Head is protected on the south west side by a long line of small islands, rocks and tidal reefs which prevent the ocean swell from penetrating into the numerous bays and inlets and protect a relatively sheltered "inside passage" between Golam Head and Bunowen Bay - which is only a couple of miles east of Slyne Head itself.

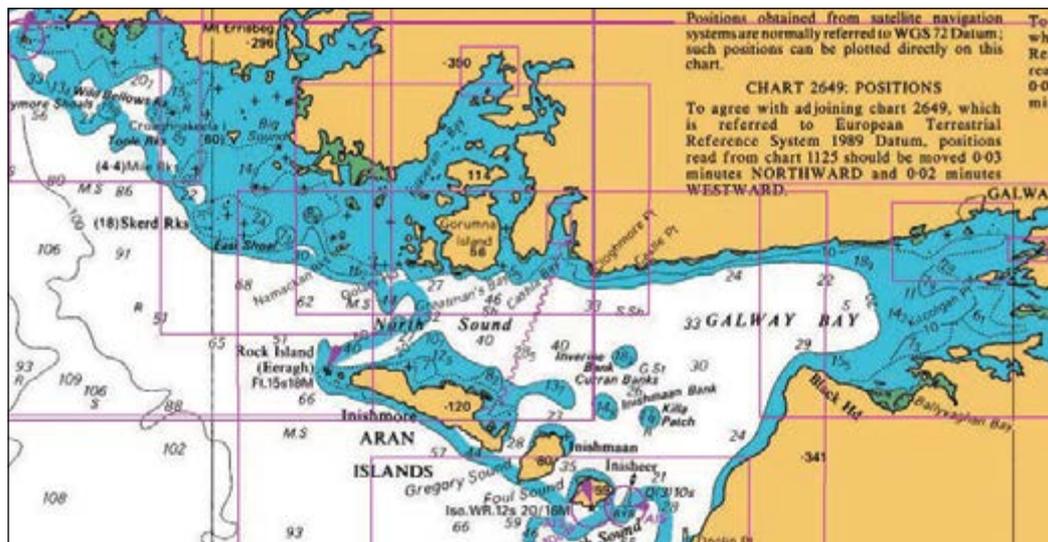
The Aran Islands are strung out across the western opening of the Bay, leaving passages between the islands themselves, Foul Sound and Gregory Sound, and between the extremities of the island chain and the mainland; the North Sound between Eeragh Island and Golam head and the South Sound between Inisheer and Doolin Point. After a prolonged spell of strong westerlies, the ocean swell penetrates a few miles into the bay to the east of the five mile wide North Sound and as far north as Black Head through the four mile wide South Sound; but hardly any swell comes through the sounds between the islands, which are only a mile or so wide.

Galway Bay can be conveniently divided into three areas, each with its own distinctive character.

Area 1: The Inner Bay

The Inner Bay comprises the area to the east of a

line from the village of Spiddal on the North Shore to Black Head on the south. From Ballyvaughan Bay, some four miles east of Black Head, the coast is low lying and agricultural and is indented by the tidal inlets of Ballyvaughan, Poulnaclogh, Corranroe and Kinvara Bays, the Kilcolgan River and Ballynacourty Bay. The bare grey limestone hills of the Burren provide a backdrop to the south and add a dramatic touch to the scenery when viewed



from the offing. This area, known as South Bay is bounded to the north by Tawin Island which terminates at Kilcolgan Point, some six miles west of Kilcolgan itself. From Black Head to Kilcolgan in a straight line is 14 miles. In this area, Ballyvaughan, Newquay, Kinvara and Kilcolgan weir are interesting places to visit and all have decent piers and shore facilities – including good restaurants. Bell Harbour at the head of Poulnaclogh Bay (called Aughinish Bay in the ICC South and West Sailing Directions) is enchanting and has a good pub close by but can only be visited on a spring tide of 5.0m or better and it is more or less unavoidable to stay and dry out at the pier, as HW springs occur at 0600 and 1800 .

North of Kilcolgan Point the coast remains agricultural and is indented by Mweeloon, Rinville and Oranmore Bays. Near Galway, the hinterland becomes progressively more urbanised and the stretch from Galway Harbour to Barna is all built over by the City of Galway, the resort town of Salthill and the urban sprawl of dormitory suburbs extending to the west. This area is called North Bay. The only commercial harbour in the entire expanse of Galway Bay is Galway itself, with its docks and a small marina. The dock and marina are only accessible from two hours before until High Water Galway. Outside these hours it is possible to tie up in the Trawler Lay-by on the north east side of the dock wall or at a pontoon to the west of the dock gates, where there are a few moorings which are often occupied by Galway based hookers. Alternatively, it is possible to anchor in the shallow bay between Mutton Island and Nimmo's Pier or pick up a mooring – of which there are several left over from the Volvo Ocean Race. Apart from Galway, only Rinville, the home base of Galway Bay SC, is easily available to a deep draft yacht. There is a good pier and slipway and the Club bar is open on Wednesday

evenings and most weekends in the summer.

To the west of Salthill and the Black Rock, which is marked by a perch, there is an easily recognisable clay cliff called Gentian Hill and behind it there is a large tidal inlet called Lough Rusheen which has a narrow, shallow and sinuous entrance passage. It is used extensively by canoeists and wind surfers – but I have never heard of a yacht entering it. From here the coast trends in a straight line westwards for fifteen miles, backed by a featureless expanse of gently rising, heather-covered granite hills now spotted with recent housing development. There are no bays or inlets in this stretch of coast but there are small, drying, artificial harbours at Barna and Spiddal; the latter being a convenient jumping-off point for the Aran islands and the Outer Bay. Barna is quite congested with boats and Spiddal outer harbour dries, while the Inner Harbour is shallow.

Area 2: The Outer Bay

The Outer Bay is bounded on the east by a line from the Black Head to Spiddal, on the south and west by the Clare coast south to Doolin Point and the Aran Islands and by the northern shore of Galway Bay from Golam Head back to Spiddal. Along the coast from Black Head to Doolin Point, the Burren Hills come right down to the shore and the only haven of any sort is Fisherstreet just south of Doolin Point. It is partly sheltered by Crab Island and is the very busy summer terminus for ferries to Inisheer and for boats taking tourists to view the Cliffs of Moher. The ferries lie on moorings here all through the summer.

From Doolin it is five and a half miles to Inisheer, the gem of the archipelago, which has an open anchorage and a small, but busy quay. If hoping to stay overnight, it is essential to obtain agreement from the boatmen who use the pier. The anchorage to the east of the pier is foul with concrete rubble and an anchor buoy is essential. The next island west, Inishmaan, has a small, recently developed artificial harbour on its north west corner and, surprisingly, a restaurant with a Michelin star within walking distance of the Harbour- booking is recommended. The largest island in the group, Inishmore, called Aran locally, has a large bay at its eastern end, partly enclosed to the north by a sand bar and is thus reasonably sheltered in all winds except from the east. There is a busy quay at Kilronan – the main village on the island - and a quieter, drying harbour at the smaller village of Killeany. Several miles west along the north coast of Aran is the deep inlet of Kilmurvey Bay, which provides a good anchorage in normal summer weather but has no quay. Inisheer, Kilronan, Killeany and Kilmurvey are all worth a visit and have facilities.

Across the five mile wide North sound to Golam Head, the western limit of the north shore of Galway Bay, there are two large inlets, from east to west, Cashla Bay and Greatmans Bay, and further west the smaller Kiggual Bay. Cashla Bay has a major fishing port at Rossaveal – which is also very busy in summer with ferries to Kilronan on Aran and there is a fine 25 berth marina here. The rest of the bay is quiet and there is a useful quay for dinghy landing at Sruthan on the western side of the bay, where a number of yachts lie to moorings, but its northern branch, which gives access to the village of Costelloe, is shallow and encumbered with rocks. Greatmans Bay is extensive and is connected to Kilkieran Bay by the Bealadangan Pass. A

mast that can be lowered is required to pass under the road bridge that spans the pass to gain access to the Connemara Bays behind the Inner passage without having to round Golam Head – a passage that was used by the turf boats in former times and can still be useful for a small boat in unsettled weather. Carraroe is within walking distance of Sruthan pier and has good facilities.

Area 3: Connemara

The third area is the Connemara shore, which comprises all the intricate and indented coast from Golam harbour to Slyne Head with its myriad of bays, islands, straits, beaches, rocks and stone piers, all backed by the peerless views of the Twelve Pins mountains and fronted by a rugged, boulder-dotted hinterland. This is a beautiful and extensive cruising ground in its own right. It contains more coastline than all of the the rest of Galway Bay and boasts extensive areas of sheltered water in the bays, which penetrate far northwards into Connemara. From east to west these are Casheen Bay, Kilkieran Bay, Mweenish Bay, Ard Bay, Bertraghboy and Cashel Bay, Black Haven and Cloonisle Bay, Roundstone Bay, Gurteen and Dogs Bay, Ballyconeely Bay and Bunowen Bay. In addition there are upwards of a couple of dozen offshore islands to visit in settled weather, ten of which supported a total population of almost 500 people in 1891 but which are uninhabited today. McDara's Island with its early Christian chapel is the site of a major marine festival every summer. A visit to the Skerd and Doonguddle rocks, which are wild and remote, being 7 miles SSW of the entrance to Bertraboy Bay, is a recommended venture, but one for settled weather. The best known anchorage and village is Roundstone, which is a busy summer resort with good pubs and restaurants.

Tides

Finally a word about the tides: Springs rise 5.0- 5.5 M and neaps 3.5 – 4.0 M at Galway and heights do not differ much across the whole area. High water is as much as thirty minutes later in the inner reaches of the bays but there is little variation in height. Tides are very important in the Inner Bay, where most of the harbours and anchorages are tidal or semi - tidal and where drying out is a normal procedure. Streams are strong in the entrances to the inlets along the Clare and south Galway coasts, especially at Full and Change. In the Outer Bay, streams are less important but heights need to be watched, especially for planning visits to drying harbours such as Killeany. In Connemara the streams are generally moderate in strength but heights determine the proper timing for visits to the shallow inner reaches of the great bays. For general planning it is useful to remember that HW F&C Galway occurs at 0600 and 1800 and HW Neaps at Midday and Midnight.

Charts, maps and books

The Admiralty charts required are AC 1984,2096,2709 and 3339. It is also suggested to bring the Irish Ordnance Survey Discovery Series maps numbers 44, 45, 46, 51 and 52. In addition to the ICC Sailing directions for the South and West Coasts, a useful book is "Oileain" – a guide to the Irish Islands by David Walsh, - which provides directions to the possible dinghy landings on all the islands that are worth a visit and contains a mine of interesting historical and useful geographical information.

South Biscay

David Williams

Crew:

David Williams

George Wylie

Terry Needham

For the first time since my teens I was not restricted to a fortnight's holiday, so planned a cruise of a month's duration. We set off in *Reiver* from Whiterock in the morning of Monday 30 June; destination Spain. We motored at first, then were able to sail in a light easterly and saw our first and last Minke off Kilkeel. We sighted our first ship and realised that the newly fitted AIS receiver was not working; a minor alteration to the wiring and a configuration change cured that. Later we had to motor again after the wind died and when we gave way to a fishing boat by slowing the engine, it stopped. After a few tries it started again, ran perfectly and we made Howth late in the evening.

Early next morning we were on our way, mostly motoring, and were in a good position to make Kilmore Quay by that evening. Off Cahore Point the engine stopped suddenly and would not start again. A quick check revealed that the injector pump appeared to have failed: my heart fell to somewhere below my boots; was the cruise scuppered? The wind was light and from the north so we beat back very slowly towards Arklow, as we figured that was the best place in which to find help. Off Courtown we heard on the VHF that the local inshore lifeboat was on exercise and considered asking for their assistance but decided against it as we were making some progress on our own. In the darkness we had great difficulty finding the poorly lit entrance to Arklow Harbour; the chart plotter insisted that it was in what looked to be an unlikely position which turned out to be correct. When at last the entrance was located we launched the rubber dinghy and tied it alongside the stern and motored very slowly up the Avoca river pushed by the 2.5 HP outboard. It was touch and go on occasions and steering was difficult but we eventually made it to the river pontoons at 01.00 on Wednesday.

We sought help through the marina manager but Arklow Marine (Tyrrells) were fully occupied that day launching a 110 tonne boat using the biggest mobile crane in Ireland (capacity 750 tonnes). Eventually a diesel engineer, John Dolan, turned up and confirmed my worst fears, the pump had failed. He very luckily sourced a pump in Diesel Fuel Injection Ltd, Rathmines, Dublin so next day, after receiving confirmation that the pump was available, Terry and I set off by bus, using our senior citizen passes, to Rathmines, collected the pump along with a lot of helpful advice from Ivan the proprietor and returned by about 18.00. Chef George stayed on board and did some shopping while we were away.

We were invited on board the boat (*Pursuit*) next to us for drinks that evening by a super Scottish couple, Derek and Mary, so I forgot about our troubles for an hour or two, assisted by Mary who, unfamiliar with whiskey, poured me a full wine glass of it to the astonishment of all. Out of politeness I managed to dispose of it.

I started into rebuilding the engine as soon as I awoke next morning at 06.30 and had the engine running, very sweetly, by 14.00. I was bruised, soaking from the rain and stinking of diesel. Why did the pump fail, was it going to happen again? Both filters were clear and no water was present but I changed the secondary one anyway. In Rathmines we had been given a fuel additive, Stanadyne, so I dosed both tanks with it through the breather pipe. The weather was foul, wet and windy, so we would probably have lost a day or two anyway. It was Friday 4 July, Wee Terry's birthday and sometime during the morning kind Mary arrived with a happy birthday balloon for him. In the afternoon we motored over to the South Quay for fuel from the most primitive setup imaginable. The marina manager was kind to us because of our troubles and only charged us €60 for our stay. My heart rose slowly to about the level of my boots.

We left Arklow at 04.30 on Saturday under full sail, still with the intention of going to Kilmore Quay but the wind headed us when we were south of the Tuskar so decided to forget about Kilmore Quay and head for the Scilly Isles. In the morning we were surrounded by many small dolphins playing in the large swell. The wind had veered and strengthened so we ended up reefed on a reach and arrived in Scilly, 34 out of Arklow. After changing *Reiver's* nationality to Irish (to match our sail number) so as not to be mistaken for being English, we picked up a mooring (£20) in New Grimsby Sound and slept for three hours. That evening we played the second and third games



Concarneau Walled Town

(we had managed one in Arklow) of the 2014 Ballymena Whist Championship and turned in early. Wind over tide bumped the mooring against the hull during the night.

Monday 7 July was calm and sunny so we motored to Crim Rocks north of the Bishop Rock and then were under full sail for two or three hours. Progress was too slow so the engine was started as we headed across the English Channel. We crossed the shipping lanes during the night and the AIS really came into its own indicating the vessels which were a threat to us. As we were still motoring we headed well outside Île d'Ouessant to avoid the vicious tides and just before Chaussée de Sein were able to sail again so went straight to Audierne after a passage of 36 hours. My heart slowly lifted to its normal place as confidence in the engine grew and I felt that our cruise had really begun.

After a good sleep and a leisurely breakfast we slipped our Audierne mooring (€10) at 11.20 under motor. The passage developed into a fast reach, then a run and on the way a pigeon cadged a lift with us to Concarneau (€33) where we set foot on dry land for the first time since Arklow. It was the first opportunity to have 'Chef's night off' so we had dinner ashore and in the morning went round the extensive old walled town on the island. We pushed on next morning mostly motoring and anchored that evening at 22.00 off the huge beach in Île d'Houat. There were 84 other boats at anchor there and still plenty of room.

Up anchor at 09.30 on Friday 11 July and had a good sail to Île d'Yeu and entered the packed Port Joinville marina (€32) guided by a girl in a RIB. After a walk in the not very exciting town we had some more games of Biscay whist (same as Ballymena whist but played in Biscay), with George building up an unacceptable lead of wins. Leaving early next morning, we motor-sailed downwind all day in the sun and made it to La Rochelle by 20.00. We entered Vieux Port (€29) on the top of the tide, passing between the two towers and rafted alongside the many boats which were packed in for the music festival. A huge temporary concert arena had been erected as well as the usual stalls for food, tattoos and trinkets. The streets were full of entertainment with magicians, bands and other acts. The next day was a rest day as we felt that we had made up the 3 days lost in Arklow, so that was spent shopping for food, cheap wine and expensive fuel. It had been a filthy wet and windy day but dried up in the evening so the streets filled up again with revellers and we returned to Le Bateau Ivre (the drunk boat) for an excellent meal.

We set off bound for Spain at 08.00 next morning, motoring at first, but were able to sail on the wind for some of the afternoon and then motored through the night bathed in moonlight (78% according to the plotter). I had virtually no sleep during the night so kipped for a while in the morning and when I awoke Terry pointed out that we had company in the form of very many fish swimming alongside us just below the surface. They were large, at least 2 foot long, deep bodied, with brownish topsides and silver underneath; we think that they were albacore (bonito). They stayed with us for quite some time; an amazing

sight which I have never heard of happening before. As we approached land the depth shelved rapidly over a distance of about 5 miles from over 3,000 metres to less than 100, no wonder that the seas can kick up in this area. Through the mist we could see rolling hills with a mountainous backdrop all covered with forest. We arrived tired in Santander at 19.00 on Tuesday, so took the easy option and anchored off the beach in the north of the bay, for some reason lying across the wind and swell but we didn't care after a passage of 196 miles.

Recovered from our overnigher, we set off westwards, leaving the province of Cantabria and entering Asturias, in no hurry and at 19.00 passed the multi colour painted breakwater before entering the small new marina at Llanes with ample depth; we were the biggest boat in it. I asked the harbourmaster about the number for the gate and he kept saying cuerda to me which I did not understand so he demonstrated that for pedestrians to enter, the electronic beam had to be broken using a length of rope! On top of that he said that there was no charge for staying. The storm doors at the marina entrance normally stay open. Ashore (carrying a coil of rope!) we were surprised by the busyness of the quite large town with many siderias (cider houses).

On leaving next morning close to high water we squeezed out past the dredger that was clearing the channel beside the breakwater. It was overcast with a cold head wind and during the passage we met hundreds of small high aspect fins on the surface (sunfish?) going the other way; some breached out of the water. Also there were thousands



La Rochelle Approach

of small swimming crabs. Eventually the sun came out and we entered the large marina in Gijón (€35), going first to the reception pontoons and then being moved to the visitors' on the Dique de Liquerica side. A walk ashore in the very large town allowed us the opportunity to buy more cheap wine but weren't in time for the Titanic exhibition (not another). Around the harbour siderias, the streets were packed with people in the evening.

Friday 18 July we left Gijón, in what could only be described as Scottish weather, on a nice reach; rounded Cabo Peñas at noon and passed the 1,000 mile mark during the afternoon before entering Luarca at 19.00. We picked up a visitors' mooring in the outer harbour and put a line ashore to the breakwater; unlike the other yachts there who did not follow the instructions and had bother bumping into buoys. The rubber dink was inflated for the first time since Arklow for a trip ashore into the very busy and packed fishing harbour. We had a few cañas de cerveza and watched the world go by. We left in rain the next morning and sailed most of the day, meeting many more small fins in shoals passing by. Approaching Ribadeo using the difficult to make out leading marks, we passed under the road bridge and entered Puerto Deportivo Porcillan marina (€32) in a downpour which soaked the poor attendant marinero to the skin. In the evening we walked up the steep town streets (lift not working) to the main square, which was hiving with people for yet another festival. A stage had been set up in a square near to the marina and loud music was played until 04.00; fortunately the bands were very good.

At noon we left (a mistake) bound for Viveiro but a light sail soon developed into a very heavy beat and as progress was very poor, diverted to Burela, a large fishing port which does not cater for yachts. We were now in Galicia. We had begun to notice that the wind blew hard in the afternoons, so early starts were advisable. Most of the boats in the harbour were kitted out with large outriggers with hydraulic reels for bonito or tuna. We settled for a free space against the quay but were woken in the morning by being 'bombed' by ice being swept from the quays and some landed in the cockpit but we did not think that was intentional.



Reiver at Luarca

Having learnt our lesson about leaving early, we departed at 08.30 under engine, past the huge Puerto Alúmina Española (which is exactly as it says on the tin), and motored all the way round Punta Roncadoira to Ría de Viveiro. We entered the trained and dredged river, turned off into the Viveiro marina and tied up at 12.15. For lunch, Chef George produced his speciality: ham, cheese and tomato baps or tomato, ham and cheese.... along with his newly named helmsman's mayonnaise! We visited the local Gatis (supermarket) in the afternoon and had an excellent and reasonably priced dinner across the road in Pantalán before going round the old town, which has narrow mediaeval street, some of which are 1.5 to 2.0 metres wide. Street signs are in Galician first and Spanish second, which added to the language challenge. We thought that the marina was a suitable place to winter a boat in and had the added advantage that Fernando the marina manager spoke good English.



Luarca

We rounded Punta de Estaca de Bares (the most northerly point of Spain) in the morning and had a very heavy run southwards with two slabs in the main in the afternoon sea breeze, where we touched

8 knots at times. We anchored in the large, sandy, shallow bay in Cedeira, along with many other boats where there is masses of space for all. We did not go ashore as the town is only accessible by dinghy at high water, so played a few more games of Biscay Whist (or should it now be Atlantic Whist?). Terry and I were getting quite demoralised as, no matter how hard we tried, we could not reduce George's commanding lead in the championship.

As we were now in the Golfo Artabro, within easy reach of La Coruña (in Spanish, A Coruña in Galician), our planned destination, we could slow down so raised anchor at 10.10 and headed for El Ferrol in light conditions. As we approached the huge new breakwater, we were suddenly enveloped in thick fog and could not see from one buoy to the next. Guided by the plotter, we easily negotiated the narrow channel and the AIS told us

that nothing big was coming in or out. By the time that we had anchored along with one other boat in Ensenada del Baño bay, the fog had cleared and the sun came out. Next morning we motored round the massive harbour and viewed the naval ships and small boat harbour, Dárena de Curuxeiras, which is not suitable for yachts. As we left the harbour we were amazed at the number of small boats fishing in many different ways, from dredging for oysters using nets on very long poles to using a crab on the end of a line to catch octopus.

We had a quiet short sail round the corner into Ares and entered the marina (€22) in the usual strong afternoon breeze. In the evening, on the recommendation of the marina manager, we went to the small bar behind the town hall which was quiet at first but suddenly at about 21.30 it filled up and everyone started eating. After negotiating the confusing Galician menu, assisted by jolly waitresses with no English, we had the most excellent seafood at amazingly low prices. After a walk round the town in the morning, we drifted across the bay in cool overcast conditions to Sada and anchored in shallow water outside Fontán harbour. It was not very pleasant there but we were entertained in the evening by a large pod of dolphins coming into the bay. Early next morning, Saturday, the bay was full of anchored small craft which looked as if they were in a fishing competition. Did the dolphins know about this and so come in to clean out the fish in the bay the evening before the competition?

We set off on the final leg of our journey to La Coruña into a cool northerly and entered the very large Marina Coruña (€28 with discount) at 11.45 and went straight to the fuel berth. Surprisingly, one of the marineros shouted down to us 'Oil be wit yo in a meenit' and it turned out that he was from Sligo. After filling up with diesel, he kindly moved us to a very large pontoon near the pedestrian entrance. Our flag was usually mistaken for being Italian and a woman even spoke Italian to us. While we were having a doze in the afternoon, there was a knock on the hull and *Pursuit's* crew, Derek and Mary, said 'Hi,



Coruña Dinner

remember us from Arklow?' We went into the town in the evening which was the last two days of a week's festival and the crowded side streets of the old town were full of vendors of food and knick knacks. We had another super seafood meal outside in one of the streets beside the Praza de Maria Pita. We cleaned the boat in preparation for the incoming crew who were expected that afternoon. We had invited *Pursuit's* crew to join us that evening and after my brother Peter and crew arrived, we had drinks aboard *Reiver* before returning to the same street as the previous night, but a different restaurant, for the traditional changeover dinner which cost €18 a head including drink. Mary had the quiet romantic night with Derek that she had originally intended, surrounded by 7 men.

We got a taxi to the railway station next morning and went by train to Santiago de Compostela, where we had a good look round the old town with its massive squares and religious buildings thronged with bandaged and limping Camino walkers, before heading for the airport to fly to Dublin. We covered 1,158 miles in a month for our part of the cruise and Peter returned to Strangford three weeks later after travelling 1,009 miles, making the total for the whole cruise 2,167 miles. The new injector pump ran over 200 hours without a cough.

As far as Terry and I were concerned the 2014 Biscay Whist Championship was a washout with George winning a disgusting 13 games and the rest of the crew tying for a poor second place with 6 wins each.

Ship's papers, insurance details and passports were required at all Spanish marinas; they have a very onerous spreadsheet to fill out for the Aduana for all visitors.

We were surprised by how many vessels had AIS transponders, especially yachts. AIS is really useful and a great safety feature, particularly in poor visibility. Probably not so useful in the west of Scotland.

Thor to the West Coast of Scotland

Matthew Wright

Tuesday 24th June - Sunday 29th June

This year's cruise started with an unmitigated disaster. Before we had even managed to get afloat, the evening's dinner dish had become a mouth crunching mixture of potatoes, chicken and sharply cut glass. In my haste to get underway, I had perched the freshly-prepared dromona chicken bake on top of a trolley load of gear, only for it to slip off just shy of Bangor marina gate and smash into a thousand pieces. Considering my mother had spent the previous evening preparing the dish, a cloud of fear rested over *Thor* for the remainder of the day; what might her reaction be when she came to meet us for the said dinner in Ballycastle that evening? The passage from Bangor to Ballycastle failed to evoke any such drama as *Thor* motored the 39nm under a greyish sky. My cousin Roger joined us for the day and did a good job of diffusing Dad's anger as I broke the news that we would be seeking alternatives for the evening's dinner. Fortunately, my Auntie and Uncle accompanied Mum on the drive to Ballycastle and their presence meant Mum's anger was restricted to a few glaring stares as opposed to the expected verbals. In truth, Morton's fish and chips proved to be a most tasty alternative, as the crew dined in the saloon while an uncomfortable mizzle closed in above.

The following morning saw the marina engulfed in the same low mizzle, setting the tone for what became a rather ordinary day. The new shore facilities at Ballycastle proved to be a highlight before *Thor* departed late morning bound for Islay. Once clear of Rathlin, sails were raised and a gentle breeze allowed *Thor* to make useful progress towards Scottish waters. Arrival at the small marina in Port Ellen saw the pontoons bustling with whiskey drinking Americans about to board a large RIB to continue their distillery tour. After a quiet evening in Port Ellen, the crew awoke with renewed optimism on the promise of a fresh easterly and sun further North. As luck would have it, the most wind we saw all day was while we sat eating our breakfast tied to the pontoon. Indeed, as *Thor* made way along the southern coast of Islay, the wind slowly evaporated and we faced a long passage under engine to Ardfern. That said, the 'sunshine North' part of the forecast did seem to be on the money and the evening meal was served in the cockpit under a bright blue sky.

Friday morning brought a rummage around the excellent chandlery at Ardfern with Dad proclaiming it to have the best selection of stainless 'bits and bobs' to be found. *Thor* was soon underway bound for Craobh Haven marina; the primary reason being a nosy around the boats, the excuse being a fill of diesel. It's often said that those 'with the boat bug are never happier than when they are poking around marinas, fantasizing about owning other people's boats', an adage certainly true of this crew. With the tide not quite right for lunch in Ardinamir, we instead picked up a mooring a little further upriver at Balvicar for a relaxing couple of hours in the sun. Later in the afternoon,



with a suitable flood of tide, *Thor* negotiated the narrow entrance to Ardinamir and we enjoyed some exploration in the dinghy and ashore. An hour's passage up Loch Melfort in the early evening brought *Thor* to a swinging mooring off Melfort Pier. Dinner ashore at 'The Shower of Herring' restaurant was quite scrumptious and the walk back to the boat was just what was required to settle the full bellies.

The following morning saw *Thor* safely navigate the tricky inshore passage up Cuan Sound, before seeking out an intriguing looking anchorage on the eastern shore of the Garvellachs. This rocky crevice, barely visible from seaward, proved to be a fascinating lunch spot and provided perfect shelter from the force 3 northerly. A good beat, aided by a fair tide, allowed *Thor* to drop anchor in Puilladobhrain in the late afternoon. The curtain was drawn on another day after we ventured over the hill for some excellent pub grub and enjoyed watching Brazil beating Chile on penalties to progress to the last 16 of the World Cup.

An early start on Sunday was required to get Dad to Oban for his return to Belfast. By 09.30, *Thor* was tied up in Kerrera Marina alongside a Norwegian Sweden 38. After exchanging pleasantries we took the ferry across to Oban where Dad caught a bus to Glasgow while I set off in search of replenishments. The afternoon was spent cleaning, tidying and reshuffling; this process was not made any easier by the absence of water on the pontoons, running water being the one reason we had decided to berth in Kerrera. We have found the facilities and service in Kerrera consistently unsatisfactory yet they still manage to charge a premium over other marinas in the area. We often say we won't return but the marina's proximity to Oban town means the reality is we always do. 9.30pm saw the arrival of the new crew; Robert, Pollock and Sleator. Having enjoyed a couple of previous cruises on board *Thor*, the 3 lads always jump at the chance to demonstrate their self proclaimed seamanship. They particularly enjoy giving the impression of master mariners as they so ably demonstrated by greeting me at the train station with calls of 'ahoy there sailor'. Food is always a major focus with this crew and the fish and chips served from the chippy up the main street divided opinion. Back on board *Thor* unpacking and stowing proved rather time consuming as a good natured argument broke out regarding the rationale for Pollock's 'bag on wheels' when he had specifically been told to leave it at home.

Monday 30th June - Saturday 5th July

With a nasty looking low set to arrive over the UK on Wednesday, the plan of attack centred around the most appropriate destination in which to be storm bound. A clockwise circumnavigation of Mull was proposed with Tobermory being muted as the most exciting destination to be berthed for more than 12 hours. An 0700 departure from Kerrera saw *Thor* chasing a line of blue sky along the south coast of Mull. Not a breath of wind meant we were forced to motor the 29.8nm to the small sandy gut at Traigh Gheal. Indeed, by the time *Thor's* anchor had



Traigh Gheal

bitten into the clear sandy bottom, any cloud had cleared and we enjoyed lunch in the cockpit not long after our hot breakfast en-route. The afternoon was spent ashore where a host of old fishing tackle allowed us to host our very own Olympic field events with Whitten taking the honours in the shot and hammer. Before returning to *Thor* for dinner, the crew spent considerable time gathering a selection of twigs, branches and logs together with any other kindling we could set our hands on. Unfortunately, a post dinner discussion around the respective virtues of David Humphreys and Ronan O’Gara distracted the crew’s thoughts of a bonfire. Indeed, by the time we had agreed to disagree and poked our heads up the companionway, the crew of an Elan 40 had set anchor astern and boldly hijacked our bonfire on the beach. For a brief moment, piracy of the hijackers yacht was a very real prospect but thankfully sense prevailed and we were resigned to enjoying the tail end of our bonfire for the remainder of the evening.

Another early start beckoned on Tuesday as we commenced our religious pilgrimage to the island of Iona. Whitten decided he wanted the authentic experience and conducted his pilgrimage around the island bare foot after leaving his flip flops on a tide-rode *Thor*. After a scone in the sun we set off towards Fingal’s Cave to view some of Finn MacCool’s early work. The rest of the afternoon was spent bathing in the sun kissed cockpit; as is customary with this crew, sunscreen was not properly applied and the aftersun was in use that evening. Arrival in Tobermory saw *Thor* lay claim to one of the last available berths in the marina tucked snugly beneath the trees. Dinner was served in ‘The Galleon’ where a waitress caught the attention of one anonymous and ultimately unsuccessful crew member. A *Thor*oughly enjoyable day was capped off with a few games of darts and pool in The Mishnish (or the Mismish as this crew mistakenly christened it).

Wednesday saw the forecast low arrive right on schedule. After a long lie in, the crew passed the day

with lunch in a rather warm and overrated cafe, a movie matinee in the saloon and a good meal in Cafe Fish. Itchy feet on the Thursday morning saw us keen to make tracks even if the weather was still far from ideal. *Thor* fetched down the Sound of Mull to the new marina at Loch Aline under a reefed main and full genoa. Some poor trimming through the gusts was at blame for *Thor* losing its race with a much larger blue hulled yacht. Arrival in the marina brought the surprise of a plush new shower block and the wifi on board proved a boon that opened up a world of Facebook and Twitter for the remainder of the afternoon and evening. Friday’s forecast made for grim reading early and the crew decided once again to avail of a lengthy lie in. After a brief trip to the rather sparse

village shop, *Thor* departed Loch Aline once again bound for Tobermory. We were keen to land in time to catch the football but punching both wind and tide meant it was half time in the France Germany game before we set foot in McGoghan’s pub. An enjoyable evening ensued as we took in the Brazil Colombia quarter final before a lively bunch of marines landed into the pub off a warship ship now docked outside.

Saturday started early as we slipped lines at 07.15 under a clear blue sky and motored around Ardnamurchan Point in nothing more than a Force two. It was the north end of Rum before the forecast southerly showed its face. The mainsail was soon hoisted and the spinnaker, inside its snuffer, was hoisted to the top of the mast twice, only for plans to be thwarted by rain and a wind shift respectively. It was not long before *Thor* entered the shadow of the towering Cullins and safely navigated the tricky entrance to the spectacular anchorage in Loch Scavaig. After half an hour in the cockpit absorbing the enormity of the surroundings, we ventured ashore to scale the surrounding peaks. Sleator assumed the role of rock climber extraordinaire, attempting to ascend almost vertical rock faces. Meanwhile, Whitten must have used up his Iphone’s full 16GB of storage in his search for a new Facebook profile picture. Reaching the central peak revealed a small pond with an island in the middle; a competition was soon forged to see who could land a stone on this island from our birds eye view. It is safe to say we weren’t taking many wickets. It was 17.00 before we were back in the cockpit refuelling with some boiled eggs. The descent had brought much amusement as Pollock slipped and proceeded to rip his new bomber jacket of which he was so proud. With the 3 lads booked onto an outgoing train from Mallaig the next morning, a rather arduous slog to windward then followed as *Thor* sought to round the Point of Sleat before eventually cracking off on a fast reach. It was 9pm before lines were made fast in the



Loch Scavaig

new marina at Mallaig and we arrived just in time to see the lifeboat roar out of the harbour in response to a call. Indeed, it was midnight before bangers and mash were served in the saloon, the Dutch match being first on the agenda in what proved to be a surprisingly lively Mallaig.

Sunday 6th July - Saturday 12th July

With four lads on board for a week, *Thor* was undoubtedly in need of a polish both inside and out. Cleaning day seemed to be developing a habit of coinciding with the best day of the week as Mallaig marina bathed in sunshine from morning to night. Much of *Thor's* interior spent the day on deck while I furiously attempted to eradicate the aroma which had cultivated over the past week. Thankfully Dad found little to complain of when he returned that evening; that or he must have been carrying a cold. Monday started showery but a brisk southerly breeze meant that *Thor* scooted down the Sound of Sleat, past Kyle Rhea and into Loch Alsh. Just as we were hardening up to head under the Skye Bridge, our idling engine shuddered to an alarming halt. After a brief visual inspection and a refusal of the iron lady to fire, the crew thought it wise to focus their attentions on beating up the fairly narrow

channel under the bridge. The absence of the security of the engine made for an exhilarating sail under the bridge followed by a fast downwind passage around the corner to Plockton. Thankfully, we managed to successfully pick up one of the visitors' moorings under sail; probably not the most graceful of pickups but nonetheless we were secure and out of any immediate danger.

Dad set about diagnosing engine sickness and settled on a limp fuel lift pump. It seemed our luck was in since the Volvo dealer in Inverness claimed to have a spare pump in stock and agreed to have it delivered to the Plockton Inn the following lunch time. Just as we were tucking into a bowl of chowder in the Plockton Inn, a Skye Deliveries van pulled up outside and the driver came through the doorway with one of those distinct blue Volvo boxes in hand. We quickly wolfed down the chowder and raced out to *Thor*, keen to get the pump fitted and make way. Unfortunately our high hopes were unfounded, it quickly became evident that the pump supplied was incomplete - a new flexible hose should have been provided to replace the original rigid piping. After a number of further phone calls to the dealer in Inverness, and with some help from Craigs in Lisburn, the correct pump and hose was ordered, due for arrival in Inverness from Volvo HQ the following morning. Dad agreed to get the train to Inverness to collect the part in an attempt to speed up the process. The remainder of the day was passed with a visit to Kyle of Loch Alsh, courtesy of the most helpful bar man, and an evening in

the Plockton Inn as a stunned audience watched Germany dismantle Brazil 7-1 in the World Cup semi-final. An 06.00 start for Dad meant he was back in Plockton by lunchtime with the correct lift pump and flexible hosing in possession. Little time was wasted in fitting the part yet, after a lengthy bleeding process, still our trusty Volvo Penta would not fire. Frustration on board *Thor* was palpable and a long afternoon was spent scratching our heads.

The Plockton Harbourmaster recommended the services of local marine engineer Doug Walker. A brief phonecall saw Doug pull alongside *Thor*, in his rather mean looking aluminium hulled RIB, at 20.00. With a bucket of tools in hand, and exuding an air of confidence, Doug stepped below with the belief that our iron lady would be running in no time at all. Just as he intended, 45 minutes later the same iron lady burst into life, much to the relief of the crew. Doug had located a very small stream of air squeezing itself into the system due to the absence of a washer at a joining pipe. The £60 fee seemed a small price to pay for what had become a potentially cruise-ending problem. We celebrated ashore with dinner in the Plockton Hotel followed by watching Argentina beat the Dutch on

penalties.

Thursday morning saw us quite delighted to cast off from the visitors' mooring which we had occupied for the past 3 evenings. After a fill of water through a painfully slow hose and a quick shower in the Plockton Hotel, *Thor* motored out of Loch Carron under a bright blue sky. Heading across the Inner Sound and South of Raasay, sails were hoisted briefly but any wind soon fizzled out in the intense heat. We motored for the remainder of the passage up the Sound of Raasay to Portree. Our friends from Carrickfergus on board *Imagine*, a Moody 36 CC, were also in town and it wasn't long before a text appeared as they spied us from the hill. A coffee together ashore followed before they had to make tracks to catch the south running tide to Mallaig. The next hour was spent stocking up on groceries before a search for a wifi hot spot to enable me to check the result of my latest actuarial exam. Much to my initial delight there was indeed a 'Matthew Wright' on the pass list but not one with the middle names 'Graham John'. It felt like an extravagant wind-up; a tortuous repeat now awaits. One could not ask for a better way to cast off the disappointment of exam failure than a night in Acairseid Mhor, Rona. Just shy of 10 boats lay at anchor in this magnificent location as we negotiated the tricky entrance in the early evening sun. *Thor* managed to squeeze into a space just off the shore adjacent to the jetty and we were quick to jump in the dinghy and explore. Dinner on board followed and it was 23.00 before the sun finally set and we were forced below to the saloon. A wind shift around 04.00 saw *Thor* swing a mere two boat lengths from the jetty and a rather disturbed sleep followed thereafter. By the time we had *Thor* readied for departure at 08.00, 3 yachts had already weighed anchor. Indeed, three masts some way in the distance suggested this Swedish convoy might also be heading for Stornoway.



Acairseid Mhor, Rona

The first few hours of passage was spent under the now very familiar sound of the motor before the promised southerly eventually arrived. The second half of the passage saw some of the best sailing of this year's cruise. With a solid 4, gusting 5, now on the back quarter *Thor* bowled along, surfing down waves at 8.5 knots. We were not long overhauling the 3 Swedish yachts who opted for the slightly longer route inside the Shiant Islands. The strong southerly made for some interesting manoeuvring in a packed Stornoway marina. After jostling for position among the other arriving yachts, *Thor* eventually ended up rafting outside a rather fat looking Westerly. An excellent day concluded with a nose around the marina and a meal ashore. The yachts in the marina were very much of the ocean going variety and a bright red hulled Van De Stadt Samoa undoubtedly secured the category of 'most interesting yacht' of this year's cruise. The glorious twelfth was not so glorious in Stornoway, as a light mizzle from early afternoon continued right through to the following morning. Nonetheless, we had a reasonably productive day; *Thor* was replenished with 114 litres of diesel, groceries purchased in the unexpectedly large Tesco, our cheapest ever gas bottle bought (£20), dirty clothes laundered and we even managed to shift to a snug berth alongside the lifeboat.

Sunday 13th July - Monday 21st July

Our original intentions had been to work our way south along the eastern edge of the Outer Hebrides. However, with south-westerlies forecast all week and Mum keen to join us, but not so keen on the £300 flight fare to Stornoway, plans were revised. Instead, we opted to take the fresh south westerly back across the Minch to Badachro in Loch Gairloch. Sailing at 60-90° off a true wind of 15-18 knots *Thor* was in her element and it was rare to see boat-speed anything less than 7 knots. The intention had been

to stay the night at the pontoon at Flowerdale but a quick recky suggested that a visitors' mooring in the delightful Badachro Creek seemed like a better option. There was an overriding condition to this decision however: that the Badachro Inn would be screening the World Cup final that evening. Indeed, this waterside pub-come-restaurant proved a perfect location as a small crowd gathered to watch the Germans prevail in what proved to be a rather cagey final.

Monday morning's weather did nothing to inspire and our passage to Loch Torridon proved painfully slow into what was an ever increasing head wind. Upon

reaching Loch Shildaig, at the head of Torridon, we found four yachts already lying at anchor. *Thor* dug its CQR into the mud and the crew were quite happy to sit on board for a couple of hours as *Thor* swung with the punches in a gusty force 5. Around 16.00 we eventually mustered up the courage to make the rather treacherous dinghy trip ashore. A scrumptious hot scone served with jam and cream was the reward before we headed off on a brief excursion along the shore and up the hill. The scenery proved breathtaking but the crews' nerves would hold no longer as *Thor* swung perilously around its anchor in an ever freshening breeze. By early evening seven yachts were tugging hard on their anchors in what was now a steady Force 5, gusting 6. After a pleasant meal on board the decision was taken to deploy our 'Big Bertha' Danforth anchor for the first time. This proved a rather wet experience for myself as the anchor was taken upwind in our always dubious rubber duck. Just as I had dried myself off back on board *Thor* it was as if someone upstairs flicked a switch; the wind went round into the west and halved in an instant, leaving the seven yachts wallowing in the remaining chop.

Retrieval of our extensive ground tackle provided an early morning workout the next day before *Thor* departed Torridon under motor once again. It was some 10 miles down the coast before any sort of pressure arose and we enjoyed a pleasant fetch towards the Skye Bridge. A decision was taken to head for the pontoon at Kyle of Loch Alsh to avail of the water supply and the excellent nearby Co-op. Just shy of the bridge we were greeted by a pod of 20-30 dolphins who came racing towards *Thor*. They spent a mesmerising 5 minutes taking turns to swim along *Thor*'s waterline and jump at the bow. One even managed to shove the trailing dinghy out of the way in its haste. We enjoyed a gentle downwind passage to Plockton in the late afternoon sunshine before some hasty cleaning in anticipation of Mum's arrival that evening. It was 8.15pm when Mum stepped onto the platform at Plockton train station and the crew returned to *Thor* to enjoy a delicious Haddock in lemon sauce on this most gentle of evenings.

Wednesday proved far from gentle as *Thor* spent the majority of the day storm bound in Kyleakin after a short morning passage from Plockton. With no vacant pontoon space, *Thor* rafted alongside a rather ragged looking Contessa 32. We were left eating humble pie when the owner came aboard later to declare he had just returned from a solo passage to the Faroes. A hint of a brightening sky in the late afternoon cajoled the crew into a rather blustery and ultimately wet walk to the peak of the Skye Bridge. This was followed by a quick stop in Harry's Cafe for a scone and cuppa. The early evening brought further company in the form of a Dutch Sun Odyssey 35 rafting alongside at the second time of asking. The female skipper made a good effort at redesigning *Thor*'s transom on the first attempt.

The following morning proved much more benign with the previous day's Force 6 abating almost entirely. The turning tide pushed us quickly through Kyle Rhea and into the Sound of Sleat. The crew had their eyes set on lunch at Britain's remotest pub at Knoydart in Loch Nevis. Unfortunately, by the time we had landed at 3pm, lunch was no longer being served in The Old Forge Inn and we had to make do with The Pottery Shop. Thankfully, this was far from a chore and we enjoyed a scrumptious meal in

this unique location.

An early evening passage back up Loch Nevis brought *Thor* to rest in Mallaig marina for a second time on this cruise. We enjoyed bangers and mash in the cockpit on what turned out to be a quite beautiful evening and especially enjoyed watching the boldness of the harbour seal.

An 07.00 departure time was agreed but such was the crew's eagerness to avoid the forecast strong easterly upon rounding Ardnamurchan Point that *Thor* was underway at 07.00. Bacon butties were served as the crew enjoyed watching the busy yachting traffic around the most Westerly point of the British mainland. So benign were the conditions that Mum even put her hand to the wheel and can now claim to have skippered around Ardnamurchan. A short beat was enjoyed into the Sound of Mull before *Thor* secured to a finger pontoon in a bustling Tobermory. The arrival of a Sweden 45 across the pontoon caused much admiration on board *Thor*: it is hard to imagine a yacht with nicer lines. After an afternoon walk along the promenade the crew enjoyed a highly anticipated meal at our favourite Cafe Fish. The quite scrumptious Belgian Waffles capped off another terrific meal and splendid day.

We awoke to a quite beautiful Saturday morning but this really was nothing more than a false dawn. Punching tide for the first couple of hours down the Sound of Mull made for slow progress and by the time the tide was lending a helping hand and *Thor* passed Duart Castle, the sky was increasingly grey. A very damp mizzle set in as we were flushed down the Firth of Lorne and through the Sound of Luing. We were quite lucky to make fast our lines at Ardfern before the heavens opened in an almighty fashion. The remainder of the day was spent on board and in stark contrast to the previous couple, it really was one to forget. A much brighter morning greeted all on board *Thor* on Sunday, facilitating a dander up through the village and another poke around the chandlery. Dad bumped into a fellow Strangford sailor who had also arrived into Ardfern the previous evening on his newly acquired Sweden 370. He was quick to blame Dad for his purchase after a viewing of *Thor* a couple of years previous.

A late morning departure saw us ride the full force of the tide down the Sound of Jura and we even managed an hour's sailing past Carsaig Island. Lady luck was on our side as we acquired the last available visitors' mooring in Ardmish Bay, Gigha and quickly rowed ashore to watch Rory McIlroy win The British Open from the comfort of the Gigha Hotel. The crew enjoyed their last evening meal on board in the delightfully peaceful surrounds of one of our favourite Hebridean islands.

The next day saw *Thor* enjoy a delightful sail across the North Channel to return to home waters for the first time in a month. By 17.00 lines were made fast in Glenarm marina to cap off another successful summer cruise. Total distance covered stood at 796 nm, with *Thor* visiting numerous ports and anchorages for the first time. The weather was, on the whole excellent, the only disappointment being the scarcity of favourable winds, meaning our once again trusty Volvo got quite a bit more use than anticipated.

Past Officers of the Irish Cruising Club

Commodores

1929 H. M. Wright
 1942 A. W. Mooney
 1950 M. A. Sullivan
 1953 J. B. Hollwey
 1954 R. P. Campbell
 1958 F. Cudmore
 1960 H. W. S. Clark
 1963 P. H. Greer
 1966 R. L. Berridge
 1969 J. D. Faulkner
 1972 R. H. O'Hanlon
 1975 D. N. Doyle
 1978 J. H. Guinness
 1981 P. J. Bunting
 1984 C. J. FitzGerald
 1987 J. Gore-Grimes
 1990 H. P. Kennedy
 1993 D. Nicholson
 1996 L. McGonagle
 1998 M. McKee
 2000 D.H. FitzGerald
 2002 A.R. Baker
 2005 C. McHenry
 2008 Peter Ronaldson
 2011 David Tucker

Vice-Commodores

1929 H. P. F. Donegan
 1941 A. W. Mooney
 1942 H. E. Donegan
 1947 P. O'Keefe
 1948 M. A. Sullivan
 1950 J. B. Hollwey
 1953 R. P. Campbell
 1954 B. C. Maguire
 1956 F. Cudmore
 1958 H. W. S. Clark
 1960 P. H. Greer
 1963 C. Riordan
 1965 W. H. D. McCormick
 1967 J. D. Faulkner
 1969 D. N. Doyle
 1971 R. H. O'Hanlon
 1972 P. J. Bunting
 1974 G. B. Leonard
 1976 J. M. Wolfe
 1977 A. D. Macllwaine
 1978 P. J. Bunting
 1980 G. Kenefick
 1982 C. J. FitzGerald

1984 L. McGonagle
 1986 J. Gore-Grimes
 1987 H. P. Kennedy
 1989 D. H. B. FitzGerald
 1990 Arthur S. P. Orr
 1993 Brian Hegarty
 1996 Michael O'Farrell
 1997 Arthur Baker
 1999 T.C. Johnson
 2001 Donal Brazil
 2002 Peter Ronaldson
 2004 Cormac McHenry
 2005 James Nixon
 2007 David Tucker
 2009 David Whitehead
 2011 Joe Phelan
 2012 Alan Leonard

Rear Commodores

1929 H. R. Wallace
 1930 A. W. Mooney
 1941 H. E. Donegan
 1942 D. Mellon
 1947 H. Osterberg
 1950 K. McFerran
 1951 R. P. Campbell
 1953 B. C. Maguire
 1954 F. Cudmore
 1956 H. W. S. Clark
 1958 P. H. Greer
 1961 C. Riordan
 1963 W. H. D. McCormick
 1965 R. L. Berridge
 1966 J. C. McConnell
 1968 J. H. Guinness
 1970 R. H. O'Hanlon
 1971 R. J. Fielding
 1973 H. Cudmore
 1975 J. M. Wolfe
 1976 A. D. Macllwaine
 1977 J. M. Wolte
 1978 G. Kenefick
 1980 M. McKee
 1981 J. Gore-Grimes
 1983 L. McGonagle
 1984 M. McKee
 1986 H. P. Kennedy
 1987 M. R. Sullivan &
 D. H. FitzGerald
 1988 B. Hassett &
 D. H. FitzGerald

1989 B. Hassett &
 A. S. P. Orr
 1990 Clayton Love Jnr &
 D. J. Ryan
 1992 Brian Hegarty &
 David Nicholson
 1993 Michael O'Farrell &
 David H.B. FitzGerald
 1994 Michael O'Farrell &
 P. Walsh
 1995 L. McGonagle &
 P. Walsh
 1996 Arthur Baker &
 Jarlath Cunnane
 1997 J. Cunnane &
 P. Ronaldson
 1999 P. O'Sullivan &
 J.C. Bruen
 2000 J.C. Bruen &
 P. Ronaldson
 2001 P. Ronaldson &
 P. Killen
 2002 T. Clarke & P. Killen
 2003 T. Clarke &
 C. McHenry
 2004 J. Nixon &
 G. MacMahon
 2005 D.Tucker &
 G.MacMahon
 2006 D.Tucker &
 D.Whitehead
 2007 C. Magennis &
 D. Whitehead
 2008 C. Hilliard &
 B. Kenny
 2009 C. Hilliard &
 E. Cudmore
 2010 J. Phelan, E.Cudmore
 2011 A. Leonard
 F. Ranalow
 2012 P. Courtney

Honorary Treasurers

1929 W. MacBride
 1948 G. B. Moore
 1964 N. Watson
 1973 L. Sheil
 1979 R. Shanks
 1984 D. O'Boyle
 1993 D. Brazil
 2001 A. Baker

2002 B. MacManus

2005 M. Kirby

2007 T. Fitzpatrick

2013 R.Barker

Honorary Secretaries *

1929 H. B. Wright

1933 D. Keatinge

1935 R. P. Campbell

1937 K. McFerran

1941 D. Keatinge

1944 M. F. Hally

1948 T. J. Hanan

1960 P. D. Morck

1965 A. Dunn

1977 P. J. D. Mullins

1981 B. Hegarty

1990 C. P. McHenry

2003 R. Cudmore

2008 G. FitzGerald

2011 C.Hilliard

* 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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Australia	88.13, 01.18, 06.16
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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, 14.71, 14.96, 14.106
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, 14.158
England – East Coast	90.16, 99.20, 14.150
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, 14.150
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Faroe Islands	93.06, 96.15, 09.35, 11.18, 12.21, 14.9, 14.150
Greenland	92.01, 93.01, 95.02, 98.12, 01.04, 01.13, 05.23, 09.15, 13.05, 14.9, 14.14, 14.38
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Holland, Belgium, Denmark	89.03, 90.16, 92.13, 94.12, 97.14, 97.23, 01.06, 02.24, 03.23, 05.34, 10.13, 14.18
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, 14.9, 14.14
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, 14.161
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, 14.59, 14.92, 14.100, 14.120, 14.143, 14.163
Ireland – North Coast	91.09, 91.20, 92.26, 93.14, 93.17, 00.03, 04.19, 06.30, 11.25, 14.120
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, 14.68, 14.100, 14.122
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, 14.122, 14.158
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, 14.32, 14.156
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, 14.82, 14.128
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, 14.52
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, 14.5, 14.92,
Scilly, Isles of	88.19, 89.15, 90.03, 90.17, 91.10, 96.27, 96.16, 13.20, 13.38, 14.149
Scotland – East	90.15, 95.17, 14.18, 14.150
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, 14.132, 14.150, 14.169
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, 14.63, 14.135, 14.143, 14.165
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
THE FAULKNER CUP		
1931	Keatinge & McFerran	<i>Marie</i>
1932	A.W. Mooney	<i>Nirvana</i>
1933	D. Tidmarsh	<i>Foam</i>
1934	Mrs Crimmins	<i>Nirvana</i>
1935	H.D.E. Barton	<i>Dauntless</i>
1936	A.W. Mooney	<i>Aideen</i>
1937	D. Tidmarsh	<i>Foam</i>
1938	H.P. Donegan	<i>Gull</i>
1939	Miss D. French	<i>Embla</i>
1947	A.W. Mooney	<i>Aideen</i>
1949	L. McMullen	<i>Rainbow</i>
1950	H. Osterberg	<i>Marama</i>
1951	Wallace Clark	<i>Zamorin</i>
1952	P. O'Keeffe	<i>Mavis</i>
1953	Wallace Clark	<i>Caru</i>
1954	B.C. Maguire	<i>Minx of Malbam</i>
1955	C. Love	<i>Galcador</i>
1956	N. Falkiner	<i>Euphanzel</i>
1957	R. O'Hanlon	<i>Harmony</i>
1958	R.P. Campbell	<i>Minx of Malbam</i>
1959	P.H. Greer	<i>Ann Gail</i>
1960	R.D. Heard	<i>Huff of Arklow</i>
1961	N. Falkiner	<i>Euphanzel</i>
1962	R.D. Heard	<i>Huff of Arklow</i>
1963	T.H. Roche	<i>Neon Tetra</i>
1964	R. O'Hanlon	<i>Tjaldur</i>
1965	L. McMullen	<i>Rainbow</i>
1966	R. O'Hanlon	<i>Tjaldur</i>
1967	R.P. Campbell	<i>Verve</i>
1968	R. O'Hanlon	<i>Tjaldur</i>
1969	J. Virden	<i>Sharavogue</i>
1970	J. Virden	<i>Sharavogue</i>
1971	R. Sewell	<i>Tbalassa</i>
1972	J. Virden	<i>Sharavogue</i>
1973	A. Leonard	<i>Wishbone</i>
1974	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1975	J. Eves	<i>Aeolus</i>
1976	G. Leonard	<i>Wishbone</i>
1977	B. Law	<i>Sai See</i>
1978	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1979	M.P. O'Flaherty	<i>Cuilaun of Kinsale</i>
1980	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1981	J.F. Coffey	<i>Meg of Muglins</i>
1982	E.P.E. Byrne	<i>Beaver</i>
1983	R. Cudmore	<i>Morgana</i>
1984	O. Glaser	<i>Verna</i>
1985	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1986	B. Bramwell	<i>Tor</i>
1987	Paddy Barry	<i>Saint Patrick</i>
1988	Terence Kennedy	<i>Icarus of Cuan</i>
1989	Cormac McHenry	<i>Ring of Kerry</i>
1990	Paddy Barry	<i>Saint Patrick</i>
1991	Peter Bunting	<i>Gulkarna II</i>
1992	Michael Coleman	<i>Stella Maris</i>
1993	Paddy Barry	<i>Saint Patrick</i>
1994	Michael Coleman	<i>Stella Maris</i>
1995	Peter Killen	<i>Black Pepper</i>
1996	Hugo du Plessis	<i>Samharcin an Lar</i>
1997	Cormac McHenry	<i>Erquy</i>
1998	John Waddell	<i>Heather of Mourne</i>
1999	Brian Black	<i>Caelan</i>
2000	John Gore-Grimes	<i>Arctic Fern</i>
2001	Paddy Barry & Jarlath Cunnane	<i>Northabout</i>
2002	John & Ann Clementson	<i>Faustina II</i>
2003	John Gore-Grimes	<i>Arctic Fern</i>
2004	Máire Breathnach	<i>King of Hearts</i>
2005	Peter Killen	<i>Pure Magic</i>

Year	Winner	Yacht
2006	Mike Alexander	<i>Katielok II</i>
2007	Michael Holland	<i>Celtic Spirit</i>
2008	Ed Wheeler	<i>Witchcraft</i>
2009	Trevor Lusty	<i>Seafever of Cuan</i>
2010	Fergus Quinlan	<i>Pylades</i>
2011	Fergus Quinlan	<i>Pylades</i>
2012	Fergus Quinlan	<i>Pylades</i>
2013	Sam Davis	<i>Suvretta</i>
2014	Neil Hegarty	<i>Shelduck</i>

THE STRANGFORD CUP

1970	R. O'Hanlon	<i>Clarion</i>
1971	M. Park	<i>Kitugani</i>
1972	R. Gomes	<i>Ainmara</i>
1973	J. Beckett	<i>Dara</i>
1974	J. Guinness	<i>Sule Skerry</i>
1975	G. Leonard	<i>Wishbone</i>
1976	Wallace Clark	<i>Wild Goose</i>
1977	J. Guinness	<i>Deerhound</i>
1978	J. Villiers Stuart	<i>Vinter</i>
1979	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1980	M. Villiers Stuart	<i>Winifreda</i>
1981	J. Guinness	<i>Deerhound</i>
	D.J. Ryan	<i>Red Velvet</i>
1982	W.A. Smyth	<i>Velma</i>
1983	J. Guinness	<i>Deerhound</i>
1984	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1985	A. Morton	<i>Sung Foon</i>
1986	Paddy Barry	<i>Saint Patrick</i>
1987	Brian Dalton	<i>Boru</i>
1988	Hugo du Plessis	<i>Samharcin an Lar</i>
1989	David Nicholson	<i>Black Shadow</i>
1990	Tommy O'Keeffe	<i>Tir na nOg</i>
1991	David FitzGerald	<i>Peigin Eile</i>
1992	Cormac McHenry	<i>Ring of Kerry</i>
1993	W. M. Nixon & E. Wheeler	<i>Witchcraft of Howth</i>
1994	David Park	<i>Alys</i>
1995	Bernard Corbally	<i>Rionnag</i>
1996	David Park	<i>Alys</i>
1997	Brian Black	<i>Cuillin</i>
1998	David Park	<i>Alys</i>
1999	Peter Mullins	<i>Cuilaun</i>
2000	Michael Balmforth	<i>Greenheart</i>
2001	Bernard Corbally	<i>Beowulf</i>
2002	David FitzGerald	<i>White Heather</i>
2003	E & B Cudmore	<i>Ann Again</i>
2004	James Nixon	<i>Scilla Verna</i>
2005	B & E Cudmore	<i>Ann Again</i>
2006	James Nixon	<i>Scilla Verna</i>
2007	Bernard Corbally and Ann Woulfe-Flanagan	<i>Beowulf</i>
2008	Michael Coleman	<i>Oyster Cove</i>
2009	Donal Walsh	<i>Lady Kate</i>
2010	Máire Breathnach	<i>Young Larry</i>
2011	Stephen Hyde	<i>A Lady</i>
2012	Jarlath Cunnane	<i>Northabout</i>
2013	John Duggan	<i>Hecuba</i>
2014	E.Nicholson & P.Dorgan	<i>Mollyhawk's Shadow</i>

THE ATLANTIC TROPHY

1978	R. Cudmore	<i>Morgana</i>
1979	A. Doherty	<i>Bali Hai</i>
1980	David Nicholson	<i>Black Shadow</i>
1981	M.H. Snell	<i>Golden Harvest</i>
1982	David Nicholson	<i>Black Shadow</i>
1983	J.F. Coffey	<i>Meg of Muglins</i>
1984	J.F. Coffey	<i>Meg of Muglins</i>
1985	J.F. Coffey	<i>Meg of Muglins</i>
1986	Hugo du Plessis	<i>Samharcin an Lar</i>
1987	James Cahill	<i>Ricjak</i>
1988	Brian Smullen	<i>Cuilaun</i>

Year	Winner	Yacht
1989	Dermot Ryan	<i>Sceolaing</i>
1990	Jarlath Cunnane	<i>Lir</i>
1991	Ronnie Slater	<i>Tandara</i>
1992	David McBride	<i>Deerhound</i>
1993	Jarlath Cunnane	<i>Lir</i>
1994	Jonathan Virden	<i>Twayblade</i>
1995	Henry Barnwell	<i>Hylasia</i>
1996	Cormac McHenry	<i>Erquy</i>
1997	Brendan Bradley	<i>Shalini</i>
1998	Adrian Spence	<i>Madcap</i>
1999	Bernard Corbally	<i>Rionnag</i>
2000	Henry & Ivy Barnwell	<i>Hylasia</i>
2001	Susan & Peter Gray	<i>Waxwing</i>
2002	Peter Killen	<i>White Magic</i>
2003	Susan & Peter Gray	<i>Waxwing</i>
2004	Noel Casey	<i>Kish</i>
2005	Marilyn Kenworthy	<i>Flica</i>
2006	Peter Killen	<i>Pure Magic</i>
2007	Seamus Salmon	<i>Saoirse</i>
2008	Máire Breathnach	<i>Arctic Tern</i>
2009	Frank Ranalow	<i>Shady Maid</i>
2010	Michael Coleman	<i>Oyster Cove</i>
2011	Stephen Hyde	<i>A Lady</i>
2012	Máire Breathnach	<i>Young Larry</i>
2013	Sam Davis	<i>Suvretta</i>
2014	John Coyne	<i>Lir</i>

ROUND IRELAND NAVIGATION CUP

1941	E.J. Odlum	
1951	Brendan Maguire	<i>Minx of Malbam</i>
From 1954 the Navigation Cup was awarded for the best cruise around Ireland.		
1954	Wallace Clark	<i>Caru</i>
1955	Dr. R.H. O'Hanlon	<i>Ancora</i>
1956	R.C. Arnold	<i>Maid of York</i>
1957	R.P. Campbell	<i>Minx of Malbam</i>
1961	C. O'Ceallaigh	<i>Julia</i>
1963	W. & B. Smyth	<i>Wynalda</i>
1964	N. Falkiner	<i>Euphanzel</i>
1965	L. McMullen	<i>Rainbow</i>
1967	C.H. Green	<i>Helen</i>
1968	J.D. Beckett	<i>Dara</i>
1969	R.E. Mollard	<i>Osina</i>
1871	M. Tomlinson	<i>Pellegrina</i>
1973	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1974	R.P. Campbell	<i>Verve</i>
1975	J.B. Law	<i>Sai See</i>
1977	G. Leonard	<i>Wishbone</i>
1978	R.P. Campbell & J.R. Osborne	<i>Verve</i>
1979	J. Guinness	<i>Deerhound</i>
1980	P. Gray	<i>Korsar</i>
1981	Ronan Beirne	<i>Rila</i>
1982	W.M. Nixon	<i>Turtle</i>
1983	A. Doherty	<i>Svegala</i>
1984	J. Guinness	<i>Deerhound</i>
1985	T. O'Keeffe	<i>Orion</i>
1986	B. Hegarty	<i>Freebird</i>
1987	Wallace Clark	<i>Wild Goose</i>
1988	W.M. Nixon	<i>Turtle</i>
1989	Tony Morton	<i>Lamorna III</i>
1990	Bernard Corbally	<i>L'Exocet</i>
1991	Robert Barr	<i>Ar Men</i>
1992	No Award	
1993	G. Nairn & M. D. Whelan	<i>Lola</i>
1994	Donal Walsh	<i>Lady Kate</i>
1995	Cormac McHenry	<i>Erquy</i>
1996	Michael McKee	<i>Isobel</i>
1997	No Award	
1998	Paddy Barry	<i>Saint Patrick</i>

Year	Winner	Yacht
1999	Ed Wheeler	<i>Witchcraft</i>
2000	Harry Byrne	<i>Alphida of Howth</i>
2001	Donal Walsh	<i>Lady Kate</i>
2002	Sean McCormack	<i>Marie Claire II</i>
2003	Brendan O'Callaghan	<i>Brandon Rose</i>
2004	Alan Rountree	<i>Tallulah</i>
2005	No Award	
2006	John Delap	<i>Sceolaing</i>
2007	Brendan Bradley	<i>Afar VI</i>
2008	Fergus Quinlan	<i>Pylades</i>
2009	No Award	
2010	John Madden	<i>Bagheera</i>
2011	Donal Walsh	<i>Lady Kate</i>
2012	Paul Butler	<i>Muglins</i>
2013	Donal Walsh	<i>Lady Kate</i>
2014	No Award	

THE FORTNIGHT CUP

1958	L. McMullen	<i>Rainbow</i>
1960	R.I. Morrison	<i>Vanja IV</i>
1961	J.W.D. McCormick	<i>Diane</i>
1963	W.M. Nixon	<i>Ainmara</i>
1964	W.M. Nixon	<i>Ainmara</i>
1965	W.M. Nixon	<i>Ainmara</i>
1966	H.W.S. Clark	<i>Wild Goose</i>
1967	Miss E. Leonard	<i>Lamita</i>
1968	P. Dineen	<i>Huntress</i>
1969	R.C.A. Hall	<i>Roane</i>
1970	N. St. J. Hennessy	<i>Aisling</i>
1971	J.R. Olver	<i>Vandara</i>
1972	C. Green	<i>Helen</i>
1973	M. Tomlinson	<i>Pellegrina</i>
1974	J. Wolfe	<i>Gay Gannet</i>
1975	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1976	A. Morton	<i>Sung Foon</i>
1978	R. Dixon	<i>Oberon</i>
1979	B.J. Law	<i>Sai See</i>
1980	R. Paul Campbell	<i>Verve</i>
1981	S. Orr	<i>Den Arent</i>
1982	D.J. Ryan	<i>Red Velvet</i>
1983	C.P. McHenry	<i>Ring of Kerry</i>
1984	B.H.C. Corbally	<i>Puffin</i>
1985	R. Barr	<i>Joliba</i>
1986	W.M. Nixon	<i>Turtle</i>
1987	Dermod Ryan	<i>Sceolaing</i>
1988	John Ryan	<i>Saki</i>
1989	Brian Hegarty	<i>Safari of Howth</i>
1990	Seamus Lantry	<i>William Tell of Uri</i>
1991	Brendan O'Callaghan	<i>Midnight Marauder</i>
1992	Clive Martin	<i>Lindos</i>
1993	Brendan O'Callaghan	<i>Midnight Marauder</i>
1994	Frank Larkin	<i>Ehusive</i>
1995	Dick Lovegrove	<i>Hobo V</i>
1996	Donal Walsh	<i>Lady Kate</i>
1997	Michael d'Alton	<i>Siamsa</i>
1998	Jim Slevin	<i>Testa Rossa</i>
1999	Jim Slevin	<i>Testa Rossa</i>
2000	No Award	
2001	Gary Villiers-Stuart	<i>Winefreda of Greenisland</i>
2002	Andy McCarter	<i>Gwili 3</i>
2003	W.M. Nixon	<i>Witchcraft of Howth</i>
2004	Roy Waters	<i>Sundowner of Beaulieu</i>
2005	Bill Rea	<i>Elysium</i>
2006	Alan Leonard	<i>Ariadne</i>
2007	Pat Lyons	<i>Stardancer</i>
2008	David & Grainne FitzGerald	<i>Ajay</i>

Year	Winner	Yacht
2009	Patrick Dorgan	<i>Verdi III</i>
2010	Derek White	<i>Ballyclaire</i>
2011	Neil Hegarty	<i>Shelduck</i>
2012	David Williams	<i>Reiver</i>
2013	Nigel & Heleen Lindsay-Fynn	<i>Eleanda</i>
2014	Fergus Quinlan	<i>Pylades</i>
THE WYBRANTS CUP		
1933	J. B. Kearney	<i>Mavis</i>
1934	Dr. L.G. Gunn	<i>Albatross</i>
1935	J.B. Kearney	<i>Mavis</i>
1936	Leslie Chance	<i>Britannia</i>
1937	A.W. Mooney	<i>Aideen</i>
1938	Dr. O.P. Chance & R. Storey	<i>Saphire</i>
1939	J.B. Kearney	<i>Mavis</i>
1940	K.McFerran & Dr. O'Brien	<i>Huzure</i>
1941	D. Keating & R. O'Hanlon	<i>Evora</i>
1942	J.B. Cotterell & J.F. McMullan	<i>Minx</i>
1943/45	No Award	
1946	J.B. Kearney	<i>Mavis</i>
1947	H. Osterberg	<i>Marama</i>
1948	Dr. R.H. O'Hanlon	<i>Evora</i>
1949	P. O'Keefe	<i>John Dory</i>
1950	A.W. Mooney	<i>Evora</i>
1951	P. O'Keefe	<i>John Dory</i>
1952	H. Osterberg	<i>Marama</i>
1953	No Award	
1954	T. Crosby	<i>If</i>
1955	R.P. Campbell	<i>Alata</i>
1956	S.F. Thompson	<i>Second Ethuriel</i>
1957	Col. W.S. Knox-Gore	<i>Arandora</i>
1958	D.N. Doyle	<i>Severn II</i>
1959	G. Kimber	<i>Astrophel</i>
1960	J.C. Butler	<i>Happy Morning</i>
1961	S. O'Mara	<i>Fenestra</i>
1962	D.N. Doyle	<i>Severn II</i>
1963	Lt. Com. T. Sheppard	<i>Greylag of Arklow</i>
1964	T.F. Doyle	<i>Elsa</i>
1965	S. O'Mara	<i>Oisín</i>
1966	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>
1967	P.H. Greer	<i>Helen of Howth</i>
1968	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>
1969	R.I. Morrison	<i>Querida</i>
1970	Hugh Coveney	<i>Dalcassian</i>
1971	J.A. McKeown	<i>Korsar</i>
1972	J.C. Love	<i>Fionnuala</i>
1973/77	No Award	
From 1978 onwards the Wybrants Cup was awarded for the best Scottish cruise.		
1978	Chris Green	<i>Norella</i>
1979	D.J. Ryan	<i>Red Velvet</i>
1980	D.A. McMillan	<i>Goosander</i>
1981	W.M. Nixon	<i>Turtle</i>
1982	Ronan Beirne	<i>Givusa Kuddle</i>
1983	M.M.A. d'Alton	<i>Siamsa</i>
1984	R. Barr	<i>Condor</i>
1985	B. Hegarty	<i>Freebird</i>
1986	M.M.A. d'Alton	<i>Siamsa</i>
1987	Paul Butler	<i>Arandora</i>
1988	Paul Butler	<i>Arandora</i>
1989	Roddy Monson	<i>Mazara</i>
1990	Roddy Monson	<i>Mazara</i>
1991	Dermod Ryan	<i>Sceolaing</i>
1992	Bernard Corbally	<i>L'Exocet</i>

Year	Winner	Yacht
1993	Sean McCormack	<i>Marie Claire II</i>
1994	James Cahill	<i>Ricjak</i>
1995	Paul Butler	<i>Red Velvet</i>
1996	Brian Black	<i>Cuillin</i>
1997	James Nixon	<i>Ardnagee</i>
1998	Peter & Evie Ronaldson	<i>Scotch Mist</i>
1999	No Award	
2000	Adrian & Maeve Bell	<i>Réalta</i>
2001	Sean McCormack	<i>Marie Claire II</i>
2002	Paget McCormack	<i>Saki</i>
2003	Adrian & Maeve Bell	<i>Réalta</i>
2004	Norman Kean	<i>Xanadu</i>
2005	Alan Leonard	<i>Ariadne</i>
2006	Harold & Vivienne Boyle	<i>Gentle Spirit</i>
2007	Adrian & Maeve Bell	<i>Eala Ban</i>
2008	David Williams	<i>Reiver</i>
2009	Richard Lovegrove	<i>Rupert</i>
2010	John Crebbin	<i>Ocean Gypsy</i>
2011	Dick Lovegrove	<i>Rupert</i>
2012	Harry Whelehan	<i>Sea Dancer</i>
2013	Joe & Trish Phelan	<i>Lydia</i>
2014	Matthew Wright	<i>Thor</i>
THE FINGAL CUP		
1981	Robert Barr	<i>Condor</i>
1982	W. Walsh	<i>Carrigdown</i>
1983	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1984	R.M. Slater	<i>Tandara</i>
1985	P. Barry	<i>Saint Patrick</i>
1986	B. Corbally	<i>L'Exocet</i>
1987	Frank McCarthy	<i>Silly Goose</i>
1988	Robert Barr	<i>Joliba</i>
1989	Bernard Corbally	<i>L'Exocet</i>
1990	Michael d'Alton	<i>Siamsa</i>
1991	W.M. Nixon	<i>Witchcraft of Howth</i>
1992	David Park	<i>Alys</i>
1993	Stephen Malone	<i>Symphonie</i>
1994	Wallace Clark	<i>Wild Goose</i>
1995	W.M. Nixon	<i>Witchcraft</i>
1996	Richard Lovegrove	<i>Shalini</i>
1997	Alan Rountree	<i>Tallulah</i>
1999	Peter Killen	<i>Black Pepper</i>
1999	David Park	<i>Alys</i>
2000	Tony Clarke	<i>Veleva</i>
2001	Michael Balmforth	<i>Greenheart</i>
2002	Dianne Andrews	<i>Great Escape</i>
2003	Grainne FitzGerald	<i>Mountain Mist</i>
2004	Michael & Alison Balmforth	<i>Greenheart</i>
2005	Clive Martin	<i>Beowulf</i>
2006	Peter Haden	<i>Papageno</i>
2007	Andy McCarter	<i>Gwili 3</i>
2008	John Madden	<i>Bagheera</i>
2009	Michael Brogan	<i>Mac Duach</i>
2010	Eddie Nicholson	<i>Mollihawk's Shadow</i>
2011	Máire Breathnach	<i>Young Larry</i>
2012	W.M. Nixon	<i>Ainmara (Capriole)</i>
2013	Paddy Barry	<i>Ar Seachrán</i>
2014	Ian Stevenson	<i>Raptor</i>
THE GLENGARRIFF TROPHY		
This Waterford Glass trophy is awarded by the adjudicator for the best cruise in Irish waters.		
1993	James Nixon	<i>Sea Pie</i>
1994	Robert Barr	<i>Pen Men</i>
1995	Bill Rea	<i>Elysium</i>
1996	Maeve Bell	<i>Réalta</i>
1997	Máire Breathnach	<i>Romist</i>
1998	Brendan Travers	<i>Sea Maiden</i>

Year	Winner	Yacht	Year	Winner	Yacht	Year	Winner	Yacht
1999	Máire Breathnach	<i>SeaDance</i>	From 1985 the Rockabill Trophy was for 'A Feat of Exceptional Navigation/Seamanship.'			From 2007 it reverted to its first designation.		
2000	Paddy Barry	<i>Saint Patrick</i>	1985	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>	2007	Ger O'Rourke	<i>Chieftain</i>
2001	No Award		1986	John Olver	<i>Moody Blue</i>	2008	No award	
2002	Brendan Travers	<i>Seodín</i>	1987	J.B. Law	<i>Redwing/ Spirit of Shell</i>	2009	Mick Cotter	<i>Whisper</i>
2003	No Award		1988	No Award		2010	No award	
2004	David Beattie	<i>Schollevaer</i>	1989	Colin Chapman	<i>Deerhound</i>	2011	Bruce Douglas	<i>Spirit of Jacana</i>
2005	No Award		1990	Colin Chapman	<i>Deerhound</i>	2012	No award	
2006	Alan Markey	<i>Crackerjack</i>	1991	Wallace Clark	<i>Aileach</i>	2013	Martin Breen	Discover Ireland
2007	Sal & Jeffrey O'Riordan	<i>Adrigole</i>	1992	Peter Bunting	<i>Gulkarna II</i>	THE PERRY GREER BOWL		
2008	Harry Barnwell	<i>Hylasia</i>	1993	Bernard Corbally	<i>L'Exocet</i>	Awarded for the best first ICC log		
2009	David Whitehead	<i>Joyster</i>	1994	Peter Hogan	<i>Molly B</i>	1995	Alan Rountree	<i>Tallulah</i>
2010	Ed Wheeler	<i>Witchcraft</i>	1995	Brian Smullen	<i>Zaberdast</i>	1996	Jimmy Conlon	<i>Saint Patrick</i>
2011	Mick Delap	<i>North Star</i>	1996	Tom Foote	<i>White Heather</i>	1997	Hilary Keatinge	<i>Kilpatrick</i>
2012	A & M Bell	<i>Oisín Ban</i>	1997	P Barry/ J Cunnane	<i>Tom Crean</i>	1998	No Award	
2013	Harry Whelehan	<i>Sea Dancer</i>	1998	No Award		1999	Jack McCann	<i>Mary Lee</i>
2014	B. O'Callaghan	<i>Katlin</i>	1999	Donal Lynch	<i>Laroha</i>	2000	David Beattie	<i>Aeolus</i>
ROCKABILL TROPHY			2000	Susan & Peter Grey	<i>Waxwing</i>	2001	Noel Casey	Chartered
1959	P.H. Green	<i>Ann Gail</i>	2002	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Arctic Fern</i>	2002	No Award	
1960	R.I. Morrison	<i>Vanja IV</i>	2003	Ed Wheeler	<i>Witchcraft</i>	2003	Paddy McGlade	<i>Sabrone</i>
1961	R. O'Hanlon	<i>Harmony</i>	2004	Jarlath Cunnane	<i>Northabout</i>	2004	Sean Fergus	<i>Estrellita</i>
1962/63	No Award		2005	Brian Black	<i>Caelan</i>	2005	Robert Barker	<i>Alchemist</i>
1964	J.D. Faulkner	<i>Angelique</i>	2006	John Clementson	<i>Faustina II</i>	2006	Ian Stevenson	<i>Raptor</i>
1965	J.H. Guinness	<i>Sharavogue</i>	2007	No Award		2007	Nigel Lindsay-Finn	<i>Eleanda</i>
1966	P.H. Greer	<i>Helen of Howth</i>	2008	Paul Bryans	<i>Odyseus</i>	2008	Patrick Dorgan	<i>Verdi III</i>
1967	No Award		2009	Wallace Clark	<i>Agivey</i>	2009	Declan Connolly	<i>Khepri</i>
1968	P.H. Greer	<i>Helen of Howth</i>	2010	Tom Foote	<i>Picnic</i>	2010	Anne Kenny	<i>Tam O'Shanter</i>
1969	No Award		2011	Norman Kean	<i>Xanadu</i>	2011	David Jones	<i>Tidal Dancer</i>
1970	J.P. Jameson	<i>Ganiamore</i>	2012	Brian Black	<i>Seáfra</i>	2012	Ann Lyons	<i>Stardancer</i>
1971	R. Courtney	<i>Bandersnatch</i>	2013	Sam Davis	<i>Suvretta</i>	2013	Peter Mullan	<i>Sancerre</i>
1972/73	No Award		2014	Norman Kean	<i>Aircín</i>	2014	Justin McDonagh	<i>Selkie</i>
1974	J.P. Bourke	<i>Korsar</i>	THE GULL SALVER			THE WILD GOOSE CUP		
1975/78	No Award		Highest placed Irish boat in the Fastnet Race.			Awarded for a log of literary merit		
1979	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>	1971	Otto Glaser	<i>Tritsch-Tratsch</i>	1995	Robert Barr	<i>Pen Men</i>
1980	J. Wolfe	<i>Deerhound</i>	1973	Mungo Park	<i>Tam O'Shanter</i>	1996	James Nixon	<i>Ardnagee</i>
1981	No Award		1975	Otto Glaser	<i>Tritsch-Tratsch II</i>	1997	D & J Nicholson	<i>White Shadow</i>
1983	K. & C. Martin	<i>Estrellita</i>	1977	Otto Glaser	<i>Red Rock III</i>	1998	No Award	
1984	No Award		1991	Donal Morrisey	<i>Joggernaut</i>	1999	Ray O'Toole	<i>Lotophagi</i>
			1995	Donal Morrisey	<i>Joggernaut</i>	2000	Bill & Hilary Keatinge	<i>Rafiki</i>
			2001	Denis Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	2001	Robert Barr	<i>Oyster River</i>
			2003	D & T Andrews	<i>Amethyst</i>	2002	Peter Fernie	
			From 2004-2006 this Trophy was awarded for distinction in an international event by a member sailing his/her own boat.			2003	Paddy Barry	<i>Ar Seachrán</i>
			2005	Brian Smullen	<i>Cuilaun</i>	2004	Peter Fernie	
			2006	No Award		2005	Dick Lovegrove	<i>Vivace</i>

JOHN B. KEARNEY CUP

1983	P. Campbell: Compiler of ICC Directions	1999	No Award
1984	J. Moore: Skipper of S.T.Y. <i>Graine</i>	2000	David Burrows: Olympic performance
1985	Jennifer Guinness: <i>ICC Publications Officer</i>	2001	Carmel Winkelmann. Services to Junior Sailing
1986	Harold Cudmore Junior: Yachtsman	2002	Tom McSweeney. Services to Maritime Ireland
1987	Cap. G.F. 'Eric' Healy: Captain of S.T.Y. <i>Asgard II</i>	2003	The <i>Jeanie Johnston</i> Project
1988	Capt. Tom McCarthy: Captain of S.T.Y. <i>Asgard II</i>	2004	David Tucker – 75th Anniversary Cruise
1989	Sail Ireland Project: Round the World Race in <i>NCB Ireland</i> .	2005	Paddy Barry – 10 years as Honorary Editor of the Annual
1990	Ursula Maguire: Secretary of Irish Yachting Association	2006	No Award
1991	The Southern Cross Team Winners: H. Cudmore, J. English & J. Maguire	2007	William M. Nixon – outstanding contribution to Irish sailing
1992	Denis Doyle: Yachtsman	2008	Norman Kean – outstanding contribution to Irish sailing
1993	Arthur S. P. Orr: Compiler of ICC Directions	2009	John Killeen – outstanding contribution to Irish sailing
1994	Daphne French: Yachtsperson	2010	The Irish 'Commodore Cup' winning team
1995	Ronan Beirne, Editor Annual	2011	Jerry Smith – for rescue of crew of <i>Rambler 100</i>
1996	No Award	2012	Annalise Murphy, Con Murphy and Cathy McAleavy
1997	'South Aris' team. Shackleton escape from Antarctica	2013	Brian Craig - organisation of Irish Sailing, etc
1998	Malachi & Evelyn O'Gallagher. Sailing directions	2014	Joe English, posthumously - for outstanding sailing career

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>Ibhuriel</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	
2014	Eddie Nicholson	Circumnavigation of N Atlantic	

WRIGHT MEMORIAL SALVER

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

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

Year	Race	Yacht	Recipient
1957	Cork-Schull	<i>Severn II</i>	D.N. Doyle
1959	Cork-Schull	<i>Happy Morning</i>	J.C. Butler
1960	I.O.M.	<i>Harmony</i>	R.H. O'Hanlon
1961	Cork-Schull	<i>Severn II</i>	D.N. Doyle
1962	Howth-Port St. Mary	<i>Cu-na-Mara</i>	D. Barnes
1963	Cork-Fastnet-Schull	<i>Happy Morning</i>	J.C. Butler
1964	Dun Laoghaire-H/head	<i>Twayblade</i>	E. Tweedy
1965	Cork-Fastnet-Schull	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle
1966	Dun Laoghaire-H/head	<i>Fionnuala</i>	R. Courtney
1969	Cork-Fastnet-Castletownshend	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle
1972	Dun Laoghaire-Arklow	<i>Tryphena</i>	F. Ryan
1973	Cork-Fastnet-Schull	<i>Cecille</i>	G. Radley
1974	-	<i>Korsar</i>	J.P. Bourke
1976	ICC	<i>Querida of Howth</i>	I.R. Morrison
1977	Crosshaven-Fastnet-Baltimore	<i>Tam O'Shanter</i>	J.C. Butler
1978	Howth-Strangford	<i>Leemara</i>	W.R. Cuffe-Smith
1979	-	<i>Four Seasons</i>	L.G.F. Heath
1980	-	<i>Deerhound</i>	J.H. Guinness
1981	-	<i>Korsar</i>	R.E. Mollard
1982	-	<i>Tritsch Tratsch IV</i>	Dr. O. Glaser
1983	-	<i>Deerhound</i>	J.H. Guinness
1984	-	<i>Beaver</i>	E.P.E. Byrne
1986	-	<i>Misty</i>	M.W. Knatchbull

From 1993 Awarded by the Northern Area Committee

Year	Recipient	
1993	J. Russell	Service to Sailing
1995	Adrian Spence	
1998	Adrian Spence	Greenland cruise
1999	Brian Black	Greenland cruise
2000	Roy Waters	
2001	John & Ann Clementson	Caribbean Cruise
2002	David Park	Atlantic Islands
2003	James Nixon	Round Ireland
2004	Wallace Clark	Ireland West Coast & The Hebrides
2005	Brian Black	Greenland Cruise
2006	James Nixon	
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	Webmaster and Green Book author
2014	Brian Black	Arctic Cruising and Exploration

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	Beumaris-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
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

Year	Yacht	Recipient	Race
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>Finndabar 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 and 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
2014	Kieran Jameson	Many years of outstanding achievements

THE ARAN ISLANDS TROPHY

Awarded by the Western Area Committee

Year	Winner	Year	Winner
1993	Dave FitzGerald	2005	David FitzGerald
1994	Brian Lynch	2006	Peter Haden
1995	Paddy O'Sullivan	2007	Seamus Salmon
1996	Jarlath Cunnane	2008	Michael Craughwell
1997	Pat Lavelle	2009	Anne Kenny & Paddy O'Sullivan
1998	Brendan Travers		
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	2014	John Coyne
2004	Dick Scott		

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>

2014 Peter Fernie *Mystic*

DUNN'S DITTY SALVER

Awarded by the Editor of the Annual for the best Dunn's Ditty

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	2014	Norman Kean's Hat (by Derek White)
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
2014	Maire Breathnach and Andrew Wilkes

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	Viriden, Jonathan
Hogan, Peter	Whelan, Michael J.
Hyde, Stephen	Whelan, Pat
Kean, Norman	White, Lawrence

List of Yachts 2014

To amend an entry, email Hon. Secretary or go to "Edit my profile" in members' pages on website.

Yacht	Owner	Class	Loa	Hull Colour	Sail No.	Rig / Built	Designer
70M (PO)	R Lovegrove	Canal Boat	18.3m	Black	NA	N/A / 1935	Dublin Shipyard LtdA Lady
S Hyde	Oyster 56	17.06m	Navy	1758IRL	Bm Ctr 2002	Rob Humphreys	
After Midnight (PO)	A FitzGerald	Cork 1720	8m	White	IRL 1797	Sloop 1998	Tony Castro
Ainmara	H Gomes	One-off	11m	Dark		Bm Yl 1912	JB Kearney
Ajay (PO)	G FitzGerald	Westerly Konsort	8.9m	White	IRL 2351	Sloop 1980	Laurent Giles
Ajay (PO)	D FitzGerald	Westerly Konsort	8.9m	White	IRL2351	Sloop 1980	Laurent Giles
Al Shaheen	J Franklin	Pocock	12.8m	White		Sloop 2001	Mike Pocock
Alakush (PO)	A Booth	Sabre 426	12.8m	White	IR426	Sloop 2004	Jim Taylor
Alakush (PO)	J Guinness	Sabre 426	12.8m	White		Sloop 2004	Jim Taylor
Aldebaran (PO)	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	Jaques 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 Cudmore	Bavaria 42	12.80m	White	IRL 1182	Sloop 2000	J&J designs
Ann Again (PO)	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)	R O'Toole	Dolphin 31	9.5m	Blue	21	Sloop 1978	John Sharp
Aoife (PO)	J O'Donnell	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			
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 Fauroux
Baily of Howth	M Hall	Oyster 46	14.02m			Ketch 1981	Holman & Pye
Bali Hai	M Murphy	Beneteau Oceanis	11.5m	White		Sloop 1989	Berret/Racoupeau
Ballyclaire (PO)	D White	Fastnet 34	10.3m	White	156	Sloop 1976	Finot
Ballyclaire (PO)	V White	Fastnet 34	10.4m	White	156	Sloop	Finot
Bandit	S Musgrave	Ruffian 23	12.5m	White	IRL 3333	Sloop 1998	Brown
Beeznez	B Fennell	Beneteau Oceanis	14.4m	Blue	IRL 1180	Sloop 2002	Berret/Racoupeau
Belladonna	R Lovett	Privilege Cat		White		Sloop	Marc Lombard
Bigwig	G Chambers	Jeanneau DS	12.8m	White		Sloop 2007	Jean Faroux
Birmayne (PO)	J McKenna	Roberts 45	13.6m	White	IRL756	Cutter 1992	Bruce Roberts
Birmayne (PO)	S O'Loughlin	Roberts 45	13.7m	White	IRL756	Cutter 1992	Bruce Roberts
Black Pepper 2	H Barry	Sigma 36	11m	White	IR 3636	Sloop / 1984	D Thomas/J Watkinson
Blackjack (PO)	P Coad	One Off	11.4m	Blue	IRL 1988	Cutter 1980	Mike Pocock
Blue Echo	P Minnis	Mitchell 31	9.45m	Blue	0	TSDY 1988	Alan Hill
Blue Oyster	J Powell	Oyster 37	11m	Blue	IR 3854	Sloop 1979	Holman & Pye
Blue Squirrel (PO)	S Furney	Jeanneau Sun	13.41m	Blue	5500C	Sloop 1989	Daniel Andrieu
Blue Squirrel (PO)	G Taylor	Jeanneau Sun	13.41m	Blue	5500 C	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
Busy Bee (PO)	J Ley	Beneteau First	9.8m	White	IR 615	Sloop 1990	J Berret
Busy Bee (PO)	A Ley	Beneteau First	9.8m		IR 615	Sloop 1990	J Berret
C'est Formidable	P Clandillon	Dufour Classic	10.9m	White	IRL2036	Sloop 1999	Mortain & Mavrikios
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 Nixon	Cape Dory	7.6m	White	IRL 2544	Sloop 1982	Carl Alberg
Capriole (PO)	W Nixon	Cape Dory	7.6m	White	IRL2544	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
Carrigdown	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
Chain	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 / La Reveuse	J Banim	Jeanneau Attalia	9.9m	White	IRL1435	Sloop 1984	Joubert/Nivelt/Beneteau
Clipper	M Stokes	Wauquiez	13.7m	White		Sloop 1990	Henri Wauquiez
		Amphitrite					
Coda	D Taplin	C&C 30				Sloop 1989	Robert Ball
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
Conche	R Allen	Nicholson 38	11.53	White		Ketch 1971	Camper&Nicholson/Alden
Confusion	B Scanlon	Xc 42	12.8m	White	IRL 5750	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

Yacht	Owner	Class	Loa	Hull Colour	Sail No.	Rig / Built	Designer
Crosby	P D'Arcy	Jeanneau 43DS	13.11m	Blue		Sloop 2005	
Cruiskeen	M Park	Beneteau Oceanis	12m	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
Cuilaun (PO)	B Smullen	McGruer One	17m	Varnish	K1988T	Ketch 1970	GT McGruer
Cuilaun (PO)	M O'Flaherty	McGruer One-Off	17m	Varnish	K1988T	Ketch 1970	GT McGruer
Daedalus	T Barry	Dehler 41	12.5m	White		Sloop 2000	Van de Stadt
Dame de Jade	S Cudmore	Beneteau 32	11m	White		Sloop 1995	Group Finot
Danu	V Quinlan	Mauritius	13.1m	Blue		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
El-Torro	P Bullick	Elan 434	13.1m	White	GBR 9720T	Sloop 2007	Humphries
Eleanda (PO)	N Lindsay-Fynn	Hallberg-Rassy 62	18.8m	White	GBR1609L	Cutter 2007	Germán Frers
Eleanda (PO)	H Lindsay-Fynn	Hallberg-Rassy 62	18.8m	White	GBR 1609L	Cutter 2007	Germán Frers
Elgin	M O'Rahilly	Romilly		Black	R 19	Lugger 1999	Nigel Irens
Elsie	P Dorgan	Cork Harbour	10m	Blue		Gaff Ctr 1896	Fife
Elva	L Johnston	Sweden Yacht	11.8m	White		Sloop 2005	Judel/Vrolijk
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
Euphanzel III	G Crisp	Shipman 28	8.4m			Sloop	Olle Enderlein
Evolution II (PO)	T Dunphy	First 345	11m	White	IR 1345	Sloop 1987	P Briand
Evolution II (PO)	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 Ring		Red		Ketch 1932	
Faughan (PO)	J Nixon	SLYC River;	8.6m;	Green	R3; 981Y	Bm Slp 1946;	Alfred Mylne/Kim Holman
Faustina II (PO)	A Clementson	Bowman 40	12.17m	White	GBR9862	Cutter 1991	Chuck Paine
Faustina II (PO)	J Clementson	Bowman 40	12.17m	White	GBR9862	Cutter 1991	Chuck Paine
Feeric	S Cullen	Jeanneau Sundream	8.5m	White	IRL 1112	Sloop 1987	Tony Castro
Fiacra	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		Fractional 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
Flycatcher of Yar	H Clay	Contessa 38	11.58	Pale	GBR 360	Sloop 1973	S&S
Freedom of Galway	P O'Brien	Island Packet	13.7m			Sloop	Bob Johnson
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
Geronimo	R Wright	Jeanneau SO	12.2m	White	GBR 9592	Sloop 2003	Daniel Andrieu
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 Ktch 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	Reg No.	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	Bm Ctr 1926	William Fife III
Hecate	P Trust	Voyager	12m		2454		
Hecuba	J Duggan	MG CS	12m	White	GBR 3778	Sloop 1989	T Castro
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	Fractional 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
Island Life	C McHenry	Island Packet	12.19m	Beige		Cutter 1998	Bob Johnson
James Finlay	G Donovan	Seaward MC	7.6m	Blue			
Jasmine	N Musgrave	Jeanneau Sun	14.95	White		Sloop 2009	Philippe Briand
Jasmine of Shian	J Massey	Cutlass 27	8.22m	White	1163Y	Sloop 1971	Eric White
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
Katrilli of Dover (PO)	F Smyth	S&S 38	11.6m	White		Sloop 1977	Olin Stephens
Keirah	D Smyth	H'berg-Rassy 342	10.3m	White	GBR1401L	Sloop 2006	Germán Frers
Kilindini	M Bourke	Dhow	11.9m			Lateen 2008	
Kish	N Casey	Tayana 37	12.5m	White	315	Cutter 1982	Bob Perry
Kittiwake	R Torrens	Rustler	10.77	White		Sloop 1993	Holman and Pye
Kuhela	A Hutchinson	HR 29	8.8m	White	5151T	Sloop 1990	Rassy/Enderlein
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
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

Yacht	Owner	Class	Loa	Hull Colour	Sail No.	Rig / Built	Designer
Lir	J Coyne	Van de	10.4m	Blue		Sloop 1990	Van de Stadt
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 (PO)	J Phelan	HR 31	9.6m	White	HR 87	Sloop 1995	Frers
Lydia (PO)	T Phelan	HR31	9.6m	White	HR87	Sloop 1995	Germán Frers
Lyric (PO)	T Lhamon	Alden	13.4m	Green		Cutter 1980	Helleberg
Mac Duach	M Brogan	Galway Hooker	13.9m	Black		Ketch 1979	Colm Mul Kerrins
Madcap	S Spence	Bristol Channel	13.11m	Cream		Gaff Cutter 1875	Davies and Plain
Maeldúin	P Blaney	Hallberg-Rassy 54	17m	White/Blue	IRL942	Sloop 2009	Germán Frers
Maimoune (PO)	R Barr	Fairy		Green	F 2	Sloop 1902	Linton Hope
Maimoune (PO)	H 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	Saltia 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		Motor Yacht 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
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
Mimosa	R Fox	Jeanneau SO	13m	Navy	IRL 1203	Sloop 2004	Daniel Andrieu
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 (PO)	E Nicholson	Najad 440	13.2m	White	IRL4030	Sloop 2007	Judel/Vrolijk
Moondrifter	M Webb	Macwester Seaforth		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		Ctr 2002	Ron Holland
Moshulu III (PO)	M Woodward	Salar 40	12.19m	White	2755	Sloop 1976	Laurent Giles
Moshulu III (PO)	J 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)	P Fernie	Moody 27	8.2m	White	988Y	Sloop 1984	Bill Dixon
Mystic (PO)	D Whitehead	Moody 27	8.2m	White	9033Y	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	sloop 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 Ctr 1978	David Cannell
Northabout	J Cunnane	Nadja	15m	Aluminium		Bm Ctr 2001	Caroff-Duffloss
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	Blud/Vrolijk
Odysseus	P Bryans	Jeanneau SO	10.97m	White	IRL 7171	Bm 1997	Fauroux
Oisín Bán (PO)	A Bell	Arcona 430	13.15m	White		Sloop 2009	Stephan Qviberg
Oisín Bán (PO)	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 Slp 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 Ctr 1894	GLWatson/N.Irens/T.Rye
Phoenix	C O'Carroll	Int Dragon	9m	White	IRL 126	Sloop 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)	P KILLEN	Super Maramu	16.2m	White		Ketch 2004	H Amel
Pure Magic (PO)	B Killen	Super Maramu	16.2m	White		Ketch 2004	H Amel
Pylades	F Quinlan	Caribbean 12m	12m	Grey	IRL	Cutter 1995-1997	Van de Stadt
Quaila	H Morrison	Voyager 40	12.00m	White	3860C	Bm 1991	B Dixon / A Primrose
Quinta Essentia	C Quinn	Island Packet	8.8m			Cutter 1993	
Rapparee XXX	D McKenna	Jeanneau SO42	12.80m	White	IRL 1903	Sloop 1993	Guy Ribadeau Dumas

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Raptor	I Stevenson	Beneteau First	12.95m	White	GBR 5517	Sloop 1994	Bruce Farr
Rebound (PO)	D Morrissy	Mayflower 48	14.63m	White	IRL 3865	Ketch / 1986	George Stadel Jnr
ReeSpray / Schollevaer	D Beattie	Spray 40	12.2m	Black	VA32	Bm Cutter 2006	Bruce Roberts/van Groningen
Reiver (PO)	D Williams	Mylne Design	10.67m	White/Green	IR 576	Sloop 1988	A Mylne
Reiver (PO)	J Williams	Mylne Design	10.67m	White/Green	IRL 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	Nicholson 32	9.75m	Blue	1475Y	Sloop 1971	Camper & Nicholson
RuINETTE (PO)	D Brazil	Nicholson 32	9.7m	Blue	1475 Y	Sloop / 1971	Holman & Pye
Running Wild (PO)	R Sullivan	Hunter Impala	8.5m	Blue	IRL 9570	Sloop 1980	Camper & Nicholson / Holman & Pye
Rupert (P/O)	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	David Thomas
Sabrone	P McGlade	Moody 44	13.13m	White		Sloop 1991	P. Milne
Safari of Howth (PO)	C Kavanagh	HR42E	12.8m	White	IRL 4251	Ketch 1982	Bill Dixon
Safari of Howth (PO)	K Kavanagh	HR42E	12.8m	White	IRL 4251	Ketch 1982	Enderlein / Rassy
Sai See (PO)	C Thornhill		12.2m	Green		Yawl 1959	Enderlein / Rassy
Saki	P McCormack	Nicholson 31	9.4m	White	IR 246	Sloop 1979	Sparkman & Stephens
Samphire	P O'Sullivan		10m	White		Sloop 2008	Camper & Nicholson
Sancerre	P Mullan	Jeanneau SO	10m	White		Sloop 2010	J&J designs
Sandy Ways	T Cooke		10.7m	Green	IRL 741	Ketch 1979	Marc Lombard
Saoirse of Cork	C Hayes	Najad 520	15.85m	White	IR52000	Cutter 1996	Holman & Pye
Sapphira	R Brown	Halmatic 30	9.5m	Blue		Sloop 1980	Carl Beyer
Sattwa	V Moran	Jeanneau Sun	12.2m	White		Sloop 1999	John Sharp
Sceolaing	J Delap	Nicholson 43	12.9m	Navy	2455	Sloop 1965	Daniel Andrieu
Sea Dancer	H Whelehan	Sun Odyssey	9.7m	White	IRL 1692	Sloop	R Wall
Sea Fever of Cuan	T Lusty	Amel Super	15.97m	White	425	Ketch 2004	Jeanneau
Sea Fox	J Magee	Motor Sailer		White	1940	Ketch 1940	Henri Amel
Sea Spirit 1	G Fasenfeld	Fisher 34	10.0m	Navy		Ketch 1990	WM Hand
Sea Sprite	C HILLIARD	Jeanneau	9.6m	White	IR 7435	Sloop 1982	Wyatt and Freeman
Seaduction	A Doherty	Symphonie					Philippe Briande
Séafra	B Black	Jeanneau 42i	13.1m	Blue	EI 1199	Sloop 2009	Marc Lombard
Seán	H Greer	Trident Voyager	11m	White		Sloop 1985	Angus Primrose
Seascape of Down (PO)	E Ronaldson	Púcan	6.8m	Black		Gleoitog c.1905	Larry Conneely
Seascape of Down (PO)	P Ronaldson	Westerly Conway	10.9m	White	255	Ketch 1981	Laurent Giles
Selkie	J McDonagh	Westerly Conway	10.9m	White	255	Ketch 1981	Laurent Giles
Seoidin	B Travers	Van de	12.19m	Alloy	RL404040	Cutter 2010 2010	Van de Stadt
Serendipity	D Whitehead	Cornish Crabber	7.3m			Gaff Cutter 1978	Ron Dongray
Serenity	D Meeke	Catbird 16	4.9m	Black		Lug Ketch 2012	Karl Stambaugh
Setanta	J Cudmore	Bavaria 37	11.3m	White		Frac Sloop 2006	
Shady Maid (PO)	F Ranalow	Jeanneau Sun	11.28m	White	IRL1566	Sloop 2000	J Fauroux
Shady Maid (PO)	Y Ranalow	Oyster 39	12m	White		Ketch 1979	Holman & Pye
Shamrock	B Drew	Oyster 39	12m	White		Ketch 1979	Holman & Pye
Shanagan	V O'Farrell	Down East	11m	Blue		Motor Cruiser	Jarvis Newman
Shelduck	N Hegarty	Norseman 40				Ketch	Alexander Simonis
Shoestring	D Bothwell	Dufour 34	10.2m	White	IRL 412	Sloop 2003	Umberto Felci
Siamsa (PO)	M D'Alton	Beneteau 33.7	10.3m	White	IRL13718	Sloop	
Siolta	B McKean	Ruffian 23	7m	White	268	Sloop	WP Brown
Sirikit III (PO)	G Johnston	Victoire	11.22m	white	40C	Cutter 1998	Koopmans
Sli Eile / Tapdancer	S O'Connor	Nicholson 32	9.75m	White	IR 32	Sloop 1968	Nicholson
Sojourn (PO)	C Blandford	HR42e /	12.8m	White	HR148	Sloop / 1991	Enderlin & Rassy / -
Southerly (PO)	J Osborne	Arcona 400	12	Blue	8322	Sloop	
Southern Breeze	S Brownlow	Custom	17.07m	Blue		Ketch 1973	Sparkman & Stephens
Sparetime	P Crowley	Jeanneau SO	13.7m	White		Sloop 2008	Philippe Briand
Spirit of Oysterhaven	O Hart	Beneteau Swift	13.6m	White	IRL 1203	MV 2008	Joubert Nivelte
Springtide	P Mullins	Marconi	21.3m	White		Schooner 1972	Frederick Parker
Stardancer (PO)	P Lyons	Piper 24	7.3m	Magenta	ANT24	Sloop 1966	David Boyd
Stardancer (PO)	A Lyons	Dufour 385	11.7m	White	1511	Sloop 2007	Umberto Felci
Stardust	T Irwin	Dufour 385	11.7m	White	1511	Sloop 2007	Umberto Felci
Storm Boy	L McElligott	Malo 36	11m	Cream	GBR113	Sloop 1997	Leif Angermark
Sundowner	S O'Loughlin	Fisher 37	11.3m	Blue		Ketch 1978	David Freeman
Sunflower of St Mawes	V O'Farrel	Phantom 38	11.58m	White	IRL1349	Sloop 1986	
Suselle	M Cotter	Macwester Wight	9.67m			Ketch	CSJ Roy
SwanSong	S Davis	Dragon	9.1m	White		Sloop	
Talisker	R Fielding	Rival 41	12.5m	White		Sloop 1994	Peter Brett
Tallulah	N Wright	Jeanneau 655	7.3m	Cream		MV 2008	Jeanneau
Tam O'Shanter	A Rountree	Moody 40	12.03m	Blue	1355 C	Sloop 1998	W Dixon
Tara	R Stewart	Legend 34	10.36m	Cream	IR 527	Sloop 1987	Van de Stadt
Tara of Moyle	A Kenny	Chance 37	11.28m	Blue	IRL112	Cutter 1972	Britton Chance
Tarka	D Killen	Alden 54	16.4m			Yawl	Alden
Teal	I French	Fjord 33	10m	Beige		Sloop 1973	Eivind Amble
Tertia of Lymington	W Dickinson	Drascombe Lugger					
Thor	M Wright	Jeanneau Sun	10.7m	White	IRL 1237	Sloop 2006	
Tidal Dancer	D Jones	Contessa 35	10.7m	White	K 4187	Sloop 1978	Doug Peterson
Toirse II	J Cudmore	Sweden Yacht	10.4m	White	4379	Sloop 1988	Peter Norlin
		Oceanis 43	13.1m	White		Bm Slp 2007	Berret Racoupeau
		Jeanneau Sun	12.85m	White	IRL	Sloop 2009	Marc Lombard

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Touchstone	G Coad	Nicholson 32	9.7m	Cream	IRL 3215	Sloop 1977	Camper & Nicholson
Tresillian of Torbay	J Clapham	Nimbus 310	9.18m	Blue		MV 2000	
Tri an Cheile	J Preisler	Albin Nove	10m				
Trick or Treat	A Pearson	Poppeteer 22	6.6m	Red	15	Sloop 1981	Chris Boyd Yachts
Trininga	J Brown	Atlantic 40	12.19m	White	6708	Ketch 1979	WF Rayner
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	Fractional 1997	N Jeppesen
Twayblade	J Virden	Norman	9.80m	Blue		Sloop 1961	A. Buchanan
Twilight	J Law	35ft. Lion	10.36m	Black	T	Bdn. 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	Hallberg-Rassy 312	9.42m	White/Blue		Sloop 1985	Hallberg Rassy
Valhalla	U Gillan	HR36	11.3m	White	439	Sloop 1999	Hallberg Rassy
Viking Lord	P McSorley	Westerly Falcon	10.7m	White	FN74	Sloop 1989	Ed Dubois
Vivace	J Sammon	Jeanneau Sunfast 37	11.3m	White	GBR 7676T	Sloop 2001	Jacques Fauroux
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)	S Gray	Rival 41	12.50m	White		Cutter 1980	Peter Brett
Waxwing (PO)	P Gray	Rival 41	12.5m	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 of Greenisland	G Villiers-Stuart		9.75m	White		Bdn Cutter 1890	Admiralty
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 CROSS	Sweden Yacht	14.1m	White	IR 4541	Sloop 2003	Norlin/Ostmann
Yoshi (PO)	J Cross	Sweden Yachts	14.1m	White	IR 4541	Sloop 2003	Norlin/Ostmann
Young Larry (PO)	M Breathnach	One-off	15.2m	Cream		Gaff yl 1996	Dick Couture
Zebek	D Murray	Westerly Corsair	11m	White	CS68	Sloop 1984	Ed Dubois
Zephyr	T Clarke	Targa 31	9.4m	Dark		2007	
Zig Zag	P Cullen	Beneteau Celebration	15.10m	Blue		Sloop 2004	Bruce Farr

List of Members 2014

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.

^ Denotes that a Direct Debit is in place for subscriptions

Corrected to 20th November 2014. To amend an entry, email the Honorary Secretary 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.

This list has been taken from the website and as far as possible errors which occurred in the 2013 Yearbook have been corrected; members should inform the Honorary Secretary if errors concerning their entry still remain.

YEAR ELECTED, NAME, ADDRESS, PHONE NUMBER	NAME OF YACHT
!^ 2002 ADAIR, [Rear Commodore], 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
^ 2014 Ahern, John (Emily), 114 Salthill, Monkstown, Co. Dublin (H: 01 280 8461 / M: 087 223 0080)	
^ 2004 Alexander, Michael (Janice Patterson), 3 Newtown Villas, Blackrock, Co. Dublin (H: 01 288 6522)	
^ 2014 Allen, Robert (Mairead), Corlis Point, Querrin, Kilkee, Co. Clare (H: 065 905 7116 / M: 087 202 7876)	Conche
#^ 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 Maindonnaux, St. Martin, Guernsey, GY4 6AH (H: +44 1481 39840 / M: 0777 3375520)	Morning Calm 3 of Sark
* 1990 Baker, Arthur R (-), Shournagh Lodge, 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, Glenageary, Co. Dublin (H: 01 230 3831 / M: 086 086 3459)	
#^+ 1973 Barr, Ronnie GM (Hazel), 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)	
#^ 1971 Barr, Hazel (Ronnie), 60 Tullynagardy Road, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT23 4TB (H: 028 9181 3369)	Maimoune (PO)
# 1983 Barrington, Desmond J (Helen), Aoibhgreine, 37A Ballinaclea Heights, Killiney, Co Dublin (H: 01 285 5732)	
2001 Barry, Tim (Judie), Innishannon House, Innishannon, Co. Cork (H: 021 477 5333 / M: 087 241 4028)	Daedalus
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
1999 Beattie, David (Mary), Abha na g-Carad, Derry, Ballymahon, Co. Longford (H: 090 643 8088 / W: 01 664 4201 / M: 087 255 6241)	RecSpray / Schollevaer
#+ 1963 Beck, Horace P (-), Ripton Middlebury, Vermont 0766, USA	
1975 Beirne, Ronan M (Sheila), 5 Doonanore Park, Dún Laoghaire, Co. Dublin (H: 01 284 0759 / M: 086 254 3866)	
^ 1994 Bell, J Alan (Gillian), The Coach House, 1A Carnathen Lane, Donaghadee, Co. Down, BT21 0EH (H: 028 9188 8949 / W: 028 9042 8136)	
^ 1996 Bell, Adrian (Maeva), 1 The Drive, Richmond Park, Belfast, BT9 5EG (H: 028 9066 8435 / W: 028 9066 7914)	Oisín Bán (PO)
^ 1996 Bell, Maeva (Adrian), 1 The Drive, Richmond Park, Belfast, BT9 5EG (H: 028 9066 8435 / M: 07713 739482)	Oisín Bán (PO)
^ 1981 Black, FRGS, Brian (Lesley), Fiddler's Green, 135a Shore Road, Strangford, Downpatrick, Co. Down, BT30 7NP (H: 028 4488 1678 / M: 07967 108111)	Séafra
2011 Blackwell, Capt. Alex M (Daria), Port Aleria, Rosnakilly, Kilmeena, Westport, Co. Mayo (H: 098 42511 / M: 087 624 3907)	Aleria
^ 2014 Blandford, Charles (-), Heathfield, Balkill Road, Howth, Co. Dublin (H: 01 832 2132 / W: 01 659 9654 / M: 086 252 8885)	Sojourn (PO)
^ 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 Sapphire
+ 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
^ 1983 Bourke, Philip (Ann), Avon Wood, Avoca Avenue, Blackrock, Co. Dublin (H: 086 246 6823 / M: 086 246 6823)	Fiacra
#^ 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)
^ 1987 Boyd, Kenneth M (Hilary), Coolbeg, 23 Seafont Road, Cultra, Holywood, Co. Down, 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
#^ 1980 Bradley, Brendan (Pamela), Blue Rock, Killough, Kilmacanogue, Co. Wicklow (H: 01 286 9645 / M: 086 811 2643)	
^ 2009 Bradley, Andrew (-), 17 Mount Merrion Avenue, Blackrock, Co. Dublin (H: 01 278 0981 / M: 086 258 4368)	Chinook
1985 Brady, Bill (-), 2Grove Cottages, Colla Road, Schull, Co. Cork (H: 028 28840 / M: 087 261 7634)	
2005 Branagan, Owen (-), 210 Burnell Square, Northern Cross, Malahide Road, Dublin 17 (W: 01 846 2554 / M: 086 160 1262)	
1989 Branagan, Michael (Noreen), 220, Malahide Marina Village, Malahide, Co. Dublin (H: 01 547 0103 / M: 087 215 1633)	
^ 1990 Branigan, Brenda (-), Tahilla, Woodside Road, Sandycove, Dublin 18 (H: 01 295 6273 / M: 086 232 5721)	
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
^ 2014 Brown, Jim (Liz), 10 Anchor Watch, Shore Street, Donaghadee, Co. Down, BT21 0GA (H: 028 9188 4405 / M: 07779 438856)	Trininga
^ 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 G (Ruth), Carrabinny, 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 First Avenue, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 5JT (H: 028 9147 2784/W: 028 9147 2784/M: 07802 537371)	El-Torro
* 1962 Bunting, Peter J (Elaine), Briffs, West Tytherley, Salisbury, SP5 1LY (H: +44 1794 341521)	
1986 Bunting, Christopher J (Claire), 211 Pennswood Road, Bryn Mawr, PA 19010-6519, USA (H: +1 610 527 1560 / M: +1 610 996 0745)	
#^ 1995 Butler, Pierce (Vivienne), Rosenallis, Barnaslingan Lane, Kilternan, Dublin 18 (H: 01 295 5166 / M: 087 255 1519)	Minuette

	YEAR ELECTED, NAME, ADDRESS, PHONE NUMBER	NAME OF YACHT
	1987 Butler, Paul (Noirin), 32 Oakley Grove, Blackrock, Co. Dublin (H: 01 288 4393 / W: 01 888 6580 / M: 087 618 2141)	Muglins (PO)
	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
^	2000 Butler, Maurice R (Margaret), 274 Seacliffe Road, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 5HS (H: 028 9146 5066)	Leemara of Howth (PO)
#	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
	2005 Casey, Dr. Tony (Margaret), Brooklodge, Blackwater, Co. Clare (H: 061 344658 / M: 087 254 9052)	
	2005 Casey, Rory (Eavan), 52 The Brambles, Pontoon Road, Castlebar, Co. Mayo (W: 094 902 7822 / M: 087 286 0235)	As Lathair
	2001 Casey, Noel (Mary), 19 Rostrevor Road, Rathgar, Dublin 6 (H: 01 497 9611 / M: 087 258 1805)	Kish
#	1978 Cassidy, Liam (Vera), 5 St. Helens North, Marine Parade, Sandycove, Co. Dublin (H: 01 280 3717)	
#	2009 Cassidy, Frank H (Gemma), 59 York Road, Dún Laoghaire, Co. Dublin (W: 01 666 3202 / M: 087 234 0925)	Ocean Blue
^	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
^	1985 Clarke, Tony (-), Friarstown, Ballyclough, Co. Limerick (H: 061 229035 / W: 061 414852 / M: 087 618 8512)	Zephyr
^	2002 Clarke, Deirdre (-), Friarstown, Ballyclough, Co. Limerick (H: 061 229035 / M: 087 836 0775)	
*	2014 Clay, Henry (Louise), Vinnells, West Meon, Petersfield, Hants, GU32 1LZ (H: 01730 829235 / M: 07775 696360)	Flycatcher of Yar
#	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, Ballinakil, Dunmore Road, Waterford (H: 051 875651 / M: 087 238 5559)	Touchstone
^	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
	1996 Conlon, Jimmy (Kathleen), 9 Avondale Crescent, Killiney, Co. Dublin (H: 01 235 1869)	
#^	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)	
#	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, Ballyyard, Tralee, Co. Cork (H: 066 712 3318 / W: 066 712 4488 / M: 087 902 0486)	Galileo
	1982 Courtney, Peter (Helena), Seamount, Balcadden Road, Howth, Dublin 13 (H: 01 832 2008 / M: 087 257 0488)	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, Montenegro, Cork (H: 021 450 1963 / W: 021 427 2722)	No Excuse
!^	1986 CROSS, [Vice Commodore], 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)	Spartetime
^	1966 Cudmore, Fred (Mary), Coast Road, Myrtleville, Co. Cork (H: 021 483 1541 / W: 021 429 7981 / M: 087 950 4800)	
#	1966 Cudmore, Brian (Eleanor), Cloughhill, Moneygourney, Douglas, Cork (H: 021 489 3625 / M: 086 803 4645)	Ann Again (PO)
^	1977 Cudmore, Dr. John (Aideen), The Garden Village, Talbotts Inch, Freshford Road, Kilkenny (H: 056 776 5838 / W: 056 778 5000 / M: 087 252 3519)	Setanta
#^	1966 Cudmore, Peter F (Claire), 18 Willowmere, Rochestown Road, Cork (H: 021 436 4257 / M: 087 639 0009)	Oneiro
#^	1979 Cudmore, Anne L (Ron), Aghowle Upper, Ashford, Co. Wicklow (H: 0404 49925 / M: 085 131 9593)	
!#^	1966 Cudmore, J Richard (Kate), Southcourt, South Douglas Road, Cork (H: 021 489 2242 / M: 087 239 2760)	Toirse II
#^	1959 Cudmore, Harold (Lauren), Yeomans, 4 Queens Rd., Cowes, Isle of Wight, PO31 8BQ (H: +44 1983 291376 / M: +44 7710 270952)	
^	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
	1986 Cudmore, Denis (Brid), The Anchorage, Harbour View, Kilbrittan, Co. Cork (H: 023 49665 / M: 086 803 5980)	
	1997 Cudmore, Eleanor (Brian), Cloughhill, Moneygourney, Douglas, Cork (H: 021 489 3625 / M: 087 310 0538)	Ann Again (PO)
#^	1964 Cudmore, Ronald (Anne), Aghowle Upper, Ashford, Co. Wicklow (H: 0404 49925 / M: 086 811 1235)	
	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), 2 Route des Dunes, Le Curnic, Guissey, 29880, France (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
^	1998 Cunningham, Dr. John (Patricia), Dunmore Road, Tuam, Co. Galway (H: 09 328 842)	
^	2013 Cunningham, Colin R (Sue), Tullycore, 61 Ballymorran Road, Killinchy, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT23 6UA (H: 028 9754 1630 / M: 07712 005455)	Finisterre
^	2004 Currie, Chris (Susan), 11 Carshaulton Road, Donaghadee, Co. Down, BT21 0OB (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)
	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
!^	1990 Daly, John E (-), The Glade, Moneygourney, Douglas, Cork (H: 021 436 2833 / W: 021 427 7911 / M: 087 231 0840)	Wave Dancer
#	1968 Daly, Dominic J (-), Pembroke House, Pembroke Street, Cork (H: 021 450 5965 / W: 021 427 7399 / M: 087 255 0486)	
#	1980 Davis, Sam M (Helen), Conly Island, Killinchy, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT23 6UD (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)	
^	2011 Delap, Mick (Judy), 17 Egerton Drive, Greenwich, London, SE10 8JS (H: 020 8692 3025 / M: 07977 494178)	North Star
^	2006 Delap, John (Ruth), 7 Blackheath Park, Clontarf, Dublin 3 (H: 01 833 5235 / M: 086 247 8944)	Scoalaing
#	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)	

YEAR ELECTED, NAME, ADDRESS, PHONE NUMBER	NAME OF YACHT
#^ 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 (Maeva Cotter), Prospect Villa, Scilly, 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
# 1966 Doyle, Frank (-), 17 Barnstead Drive, Church Road, Blackrock, Cork (W: 021 427 5235)	Endgame
# 1966 Doyle, D Conor (Mareta), Knockduff, Kinsale, Co. Cork (H: 021 477 2348 / W: 021 427 5235)	Freya
* 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)
# 1966 Dwyer, Kevin F (Fiona), Blue Cottage, Ballycrenane, Cloyne, Co. Cork (H: 021 465 2910 / M: 086 251 1776)	
1993 Dwyer, David M (-), 32 Radcliffe, Dublin Road, Sutton, Dublin 13 (H: 01 832 4910 / M: 087 230 0510)	Medi-Mode (PO)
^ 2002 Ennis, Frank 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)	
#^+ 1975 Eves, Jeremy RF (Heather), 30A Downshire Road, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 3RD (H: 028 9127 0460 / W: 028 9145 4344)	
#+ 1967 Eves, F Mairland (Eva), 8 Brompton Road, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 3RE (H: 028 9146 0048)	Encore
^+ 1981 Fannin, Robert J (-), 46 Montague Court, Montage Hill South, Kingsdown, Bristol, BS2 8HT (H: +44 117 9090871 / M: +44 7970 930 492)	
^ 1997 Fasenfeld, 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)	Beezneez
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), Rathurret, Warrenpoint, Newry, Co. Down, BT34 3RX (H: 028 4177 3667)	
1986 Fitzgerald, Jack J (-), 27 Hyde Park, Dalkey, Co. Dublin (H: 01 285 0490)	
2001 FitzGerald, Aodhan (Zoe), 152 Costa na Mara, Oranmore, Galway (H: 091 795754 / W: 091 387470 / M: 087 248 8765)	After Midnight (PO)
*+ 1944 FitzGerald, C Joe (-), Apt. # 6, The Grand, Crosshaven, Co. Cork (H: 021 483 1796)	Mandalay
^ 1993 FitzGerald, Gráinne A (Chris Curry), Apt. 45, The Anchorage, Dún Laoghaire, Co. Dublin (H: 01 230 4170 / M: 087 418 7190)	Ajay (PO)
* 1966 FitzGerald, David HB (-), Apt 5, Margretholm, Claremont Road, Sandymount, Dublin 4 (H: 01 660 9829 / M: 087 418 6346)	Ajay (PO)
!^ 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
^ 2014 Fox, Richard (Deirdre), 52 Ferndale, Ennis Road, Limerick (H: 061 453811 / W: 061 437990 / M: 087 248 4977)	Mimosa
* 2012 Franklin, John F (Jenny), 7 Dawes Lane, Sarratt, WD3 6BA (H: +44 1442 780880 / M: +44 77 666 3394)	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)
^+ 2000 Gallagher, Patrick (Kathleen), Seskin West, Bantry, Co. Cork (H: 027 50128 / M: 086 892 2186)	Muirneog
#+ 1980 Gallagher, Benignus N (Mary), 4 Carrickbrack Hill, Sutton, Dublin 13 (H: 01 832 3755)	
+ 1992 Gallagher, Dr. Jack (-), Weir House, Woodstown, Co. Waterford (H: 051 382704 / M: 086 242 4110)	Ruinette (PO)
^ 2006 Garvin, Stephen J (Margaret), Ring Hill, 24 Mullaghbane Road, Armagh, BT61 9HW (H: 028 3752 3004 / M: 07710 604967)	Fable (PO)
^ 1992 Gibson, Richard Y (Sue), Kimberley, Camden Road, Crosshaven, Co. Cork (H: 021 483 1408 / M: 087 909 4599)	
^+ 2008 Gibson, Hugh (-), 24 Diamond Hill, Monkstown, Co. Cork (H: 021 484 1092 / M: 086 835 8265)	Hafod
2014 Gillan, Prof. Uel (Liz), Legacurry House, Crossan Road, Legacurry, Lisburn, Co. Down, BT27 6XH (H: 028 9263 8191 / M: 07860 927559)	Valhalla
# 1972 Glaser, Dr. Otto E (Patricia), Thalassa, Baily, Co. Dublin (H: 01 832 4797)	Tritsch-Tratsch IV
# 1996 Gleadhill, FRGS, 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, Darry (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
# 1978 Gore-Grimes, Anthony (Katharine), Glenaveena, Baily, Co. Dublin (H: 01 832 2449 / W: 01 872 9299 / M: 086 231 1034)	Dux
2005 Gore-Grimes, Nicholas (-), 59 Francis Street, Dublin 8 (H: 01 473 8978 / M: 086 803 5842)	
* 1973 Gore-Grimes, John (Katie), Shack, Baily, Co. Dublin (H: 01 832 3670 / W: 01 872 9299)	
^ 2010 Graham, Stephen (Carol), 26 Shandon Drive, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 5HL (H: 028 9146 5404 / W: 028 9024 3456 / M: 07802 626796)	
^ 1990 Gray, Susan D (Peter), 45 Avondale Road, Killiney, Co. Dublin (H: 01 285 3911 / M: 087 216 1656)	Waxwing (PO)
#^ 1980 Gray, Peter C (Susan), 45 Avondale Road, Killiney, Co. Dublin (H: 01 285 3911 / M: 087 216 0682)	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 (-), Emlough, Cleggan, Co. Galway (H: 085 44845 / W: 095 44845 / M: 086 854 7279)	Seán
1979 Guinness, Ian R (Clodhna 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 Spandonis), 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)	Saoise of Cork
#+ 1967 Heard, Ruth (-), Stone Cottage, Claremont Road, Killiney, Co. Dublin (H: 01 285 2258)	Arcady
#^+ 1959 Hegarty, Dermot (-), 30 Offington Drive, Sutton, Dublin 13 (H: 01 832 4080 / W: 01 649 2000)	

YEAR ELECTED, NAME, ADDRESS, PHONE NUMBER	NAME OF YACHT
2002 Hegarty, Paul M (Nuala), 15 Dundanion Court, Blackrock, Cork (H: 021 429 4132 / W: 021 425 0322 / M: 086 669 8749)	
^ 1990 Hegarty, Neil D (-), 6 North Mall, Cork (H: 021 430 0807 / M: 086 852 1650)	Shelduck
* 2013 Hennigan, Geraldine (Norman Kean), Burren, Kilbrittan, Co. Cork (H: 023 884 6891 / M: 087 907 9478)	
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
^ 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 Chainé Memorial Road, Larne, Co. Antrim, BT40 1AD (H: 028 2827 7284 / M: 07901 555670)	
#^ 1991 Hutchinson, Alan (Maureen), 27 Glenbroom 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)	Siririk III (PO)
!^ 2006 Johnston, Dr. 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's'le, Kiln Lane, Banbridge, Co. Down, BT32 4PD (H: 028 4066 2476 / M: 07714 233309)	Narnia
1994 Kavanagh, Liam F (Elizabeth), 1 The Crescent, Compass Quay, Kinsale, Co. Cork (H: 021 477 3814 / M: 086 854 7613)	Voyageuse
#+ 1980 Kavanagh, Gerald P (Ann), 11 Redford Rise, Redford Park, Greystones, Co. Wicklow (H: 01 287 2476)	
^ 2011 Kavanagh, Carmel V (Ken), 18 Seafield, Sutton, Dublin 13 (H: 01 441 5496 / M: 086 604 9055)	Safari of Howth (PO)
^ 2013 Kavanagh, Ken (Carmel), 18 Seafield, Sutton, Dublin 13 (H: 01 441 5496 / M: 086 820 6344)	Safari of Howth (PO)
* 1991 Kean, Norman (Geraldine Hennigan), Burren, Kilbrittain, Co. Cork (H: 023 884 6891 / M: 087 907 9478)	
+ 1975 Keane, Barry (-), 4 Arkendale Woods, Glenageary, 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)	
^ 1996 Keatinge, Hilary J (-), 3 Alexandra Road, Lyngington, 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
*+ 1963 Kennedy, Hugh (Aoife), Edgebank, 16 Deramore Park South, Belfast, BT9 5JY (H: 028 9066 0500)	
#^+ 1973 Kennedy, Bridget (-), Blackwater Rocks, Saintfield Road, Killinchy, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT23 6RL (H: 028 9754 1470)	
2010 Kenny, Anne (-), Alderbrooke, Ballyard, Tralee, Co. Kerry (H: 066 712 6590 / W: 066 712 1426 / M: 087 251 1283)	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, Kilterman, 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)	
^ 2006 Killen, David P (-), 95 Blackheath Park, Clontarf, Dublin 3 (H: 01 853 3885 / W: 01 614 9081 / M: 086 856 7723)	Tarka
!^ 1994 KILLEN, [Commodore], Peter R (Beverly), Padua, Grove Road, Malahide, Co. Dublin (H: 01 845 3019 / M: 086 255 6852)	Pure Magic (PO)
^ 2005 Killen, Beverly G (Peter), Padua, Grove Road, Malahide, Co. Dublin (H: 01 845 3019 / M: 086 856 6904)	Pure Magic (PO)
^ 2004 Kirby, Myles (Deirdre), 34 Cowper Road, Rathmines, 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 Grianan, 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 (Rosemary), 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
^ 2014 Leonard, Colin G (-), 28 Knockdene Park South, Belfast, BT5 7AB (M: 07717 435622)	
# 1964 Leonard, Alan G (Elizabeth), 28 Knockdene Park South, Belfast, BT5 7AB (H: 028 9065 3162 / W: 028 9065 3162 / M: 07775 577108)	Ariadne
#^ 1986 Ley, John E (Angela), Flat 16, 4 Princetown Avenue, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 3BD (H: 028 9145 4937 / M: 07531 278759)	Busy Bee (PO)
#^ 1986 Ley, Angela (John), Flat 16, 4 Princetown Avenue, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 3BD (H: 028 9145 4937 / M: 07980 575347)	Busy Bee (PO)
* 2014 Lhamon, Tad (Joyce), 9276 NE Meigs Rd, Bainbridge Island, WA 98110, USA (H: +1 206 842 4866)	Lyric (PO)
^ 2009 Lindsay, D Myles (Brenda), Tigh Na Mara, 42a Ward Avenue, Bangor, BT20 5HX (H: 028 9145 4737 / M: 07802 399509)	Y2K
^ 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)
^ 2010 Lindsay-Fynn, Heleen VM (Nigel), Lee Ford, Budleigh Salterton, Devon, EX9 7AJ (H: +44 1395 445894 / M: 07785 534537)	Eleanda (PO)
# 1991 Long, Norman (Kay), 20 Mapas Avenue, Dalkey, Co. Dublin (H: 01 285 9847)	
2007 Long, Flor (Brenda), Leevue House, Garravagh, Inniscarra, Co. Cork (H: 021 487 0444 / M: 086 838 5474)	Miss Demena
#^ 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, Fountainstown, Co. Cork (H: 021 483 2142 / M: 086 895 5809)	Lonchort
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), Bothrin Cottage, Foilnamuck, Ballydehob, Cork (H: 00 353 2837 415 / 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)	
^ 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)
2005 Lyons, Jim (Bridget), 43 Upper Kensington, Rochestown, Cork (H: 021 489 2567 / M: 085 851 0213)	Rezy
^ 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)

YEAR ELECTED, NAME, ADDRESS, PHONE NUMBER	NAME OF YACHT
# 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)	
2005 MacManus, Rachel (-), Harwen, Adelaide Road, Glenageary, Co. Dublin (M: 086 682 3927)	Voyager (PO)
1999 MacManus, Brian (Heather), Shelmalier, Victoria Road, Dalkey, Co. Dublin (H: 01 284 7724 / M: 087 236 7713)	Voyager (PO)
^ 2006 Madden, Dr. John (Pauline), Rosslyn, 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, Conlra (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)	
# 1984 Markey, Jimmy (Marie), 18 Harbour View, Howth, Co. Dublin (H: 01 832 2906 / M: 086 264 8251)	
^ 2006 Markey, Alan J (Helen), 55 Offington Park, Sutton, Dublin 13 (H: 01 832 0846 / W: 01 206 5565 / M: 086 826 2590)	Crackerjack
^ 2001 Marrow, John C (Angela), 237 Separk, Malahide, Co. Dublin (H: 01 845 2003 / M: 087 255 1345)	Prince of Tides (PO)
# 1978 Martin, Clive C (Mary), 3 The Thicket, Hainault Road, Foxrock, Dublin 18 (H: 01 289 3565 / W: 01 289 3565 / M: 086 807 7694)	
# 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)	
#+ 1971 McConnell, Stafford C (Mariana), Killaloe, Co. Clare (H: 061 376908)	Marula
# 1965 McConnell, John H (Marie Therese), Breceog, Ardmhuire Park, Dalkey, Co. Dublin (M: 087 249 1413)	
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 (Trish), 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), Carrigoona, Ceanchor Road, Baily, Co. Dublin. (H: 01 832 2823)	
* 1993 McHenry, Barbara (Cormac), 8 Heideberg, Ardilea, Dublin 14 (H: 01 288 4733)	
* 1980 McHenry, Cormac P (Barbara), 8 Heideberg, 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, Bacoor, Cavite 4012, Philippines (H: +63 2 909 3057 / M: +63 917 846 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)	
^ 2014 McSorley, Dr. Paul (Sandra), 102 Caw Hill Park, Londonderry, BT47 6XX (H: 028 7131 3302 / M: 07753 801388)	Viking Lord
^ 2014 Meeke, David W (Caroline), 10 Braemar Park, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 5HZ (H: 028 9185 7711 / M: 07917 730241)	Serenity
#+ 1947 Mellon, Douglas E (-), 4 Riverside Court, High Street, Kirkcubright, 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 / 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
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
2012 Moore, Fred J (Carolyn), 26 Audleystown Road, Strangford, Downpatrick, Co. Down, BT30 7LP (H: 028 4488 1354 / M: 07740 625949)	Orkan II
1991 Moran, Desmond (-), Stephen House, Stephen Street, Sligo (H: 071 914 2886 / M: 087 260 4489)	
^ 2008 Moran, Dr. Val P (Joan), Temple Hill, Carrigrohane, Cork (H: 021 487 4970 / M: 087 254 8942)	Sattwa
^ 2010 Moran, Michael M (-), 51 Clonkeen Road, Deansgrange, Co. Dublin (H: 01 289 6949 / W: 01 214 8707 / M: 087 264 6223)	
#+ 1962 Morck, Patricia C (-), Lowertown, Schull, Co. Cork	
^ 2004 Morehead, Peter (Eleanor), 2 Glandore 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 (-), 14, Alexander Court, Bangor, BT20 3QR (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), James 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)	
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)
2012 Murphy, Michael (Mary), 54 Beach Park, Laytown, Co. Meath (H: 041 982 7396 / M: 087 236 6291)	Bali Hai
^ 2014 Murray, David A (Pauline), The Mallows, 40 Lusky Road, Killinchy, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT23 6RR, UK (H: 028 9754 1689 / M: 07968 843568)	Zebek
^ 2005 Musgrave, Stuart (Avril), Ferndale, Raffeen, Monkstown, Co. Cork (H: 021 437 1640 / M: 087 255 0029)	Bandit
^ 2007 Musgrave, Nick R (Jan), The Cottage, French Furze, Carrigaline, Co Cork (H: 021 437 3119 / M: 086 820 9941)	Jasmine
1996 Nicholson, Max (Helen), Seabank, Dunmore East, Co. Waterford (H: 051 383207 / W: 058 41206)	
#^+ 1991 Nicholson, Joan (-), Diamond Lodge, Monkstown, Co. Cork (H: 021 484 2160)	
^ 2004 Nicholson, Eddie D (Susie), Cuan D Or, Harbour View, Kilbrittain, Co. Cork (H: 023 884 9807 / W: 021 427 3000 / M: 087 251 5062)	Mollihawk's Shadow (PO)
^ 1987 Nixon, Georgina A (William), 14 Evora Park, Howth, Co. Dublin (H: 01 832 3929)	Capriole (PO)
^ 1971 Nixon, DL, FRCS, Prof. James R (Katherine), 48 Ballydorn Road, Killinchy, Co. Down, BT23 6QB (H: 028 9754 3336 / M: 07811 397546)	Faughan (PO); Meander
#^ 1963 Nixon, William M (Georgina), 14 Evora Park, Howth, Co. Dublin (H: 01 832 3929)	Capriole (PO)

YEAR ELECTED, NAME, ADDRESS, PHONE NUMBER	NAME OF YACHT
#^ 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
^ 2014 O'Brien, Paul (-), Fort Lodge, Treanlaur, Maree, Oranmore, Co. Galway (M: 087 987 1800)	Freedom of Galway
^ 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
^ 2014 O'Connor, Séamus J (Patricia), Carriganoona, Gurteenroe, Bantry, Co. Cork (H: 027 52378 / M: 087 223 2219)	Slí Eile / Tapdancer
1996 O'Connor, Patrick (Bernadette), Hill Road, Whitegate, Co. Cork (H: 021 466 2842 / M: 087 220 6370)	Pegasus
#^ 1987 O'Connor, Gilbert J (Hilda), 36 Whiterock Road, Killinchy, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT23 6PT (H: 028 9754 1345 / M: 07710 030398)	Freycinet
# 1971 O'Connor, Daniel (-), The Pines, Westminster Road, Foxrock, Dublin 18 (H: 01 289 2286 / M: 087 241 8090)	Hallowe'en (PO)
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)
# 1981 O'Farrell, Vincent J (Maureen), The Weavers, Schull, Co. Cork (H: 028 28253 / M: 087 248 4683)	Shanagan/Sunflower of St Mawes
+ 1975 O'Farrell, Michael (Anne), Moorcroft, Rostrevor Road, Warrenpoint, Co. Down, BT34 3RU (H: 028 4177 2620)	Cuchulain
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)	Cuilau (PO)
# 1990 O'Flynn, Dominic (-), Journeys End, The Cove, Baltimore, Co. Cork (H: 028 20227 / M: 086 255 9206)	Marydom
#^ 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)	
^ 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)
2012 O'Loughlin, Seán F (Attracta), Sundown, Bluebell Woods, Oranmore, Co. Galway (H: 091 787934 / M: 087 241 6861)	Sundowner
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 Ballyfoulo, 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)	
^ 1984 O'Sullivan, Patrick JF (-), 15 Tralee Marina, Tralee, Co. Kerry (H: 066 712 1434 / W: 066 712 1522 / M: 087 238 8412)	Samphire
2009 O'Sullivan, Brian (Frances Clifford), Coastguard Station, Fenit, Co. Kerry (W: 066 712 4524 / M: 087 260 0066)	Navillus
# 1986 O'Tierney, Dr. Donal (Win), 41 Seaview, Warrenpoint, Newry, Co. Down, BT34 3NJ (H: 028 4177 3630)	Aoife (PO)
1996 O'Toole, Dr. Ray (Valerie), Corcullen, Galway (H: 091 555168 / M: 087 798 6891)	
# 1970 Orr, VRD*, DL, FRIN, Arthur SP (Jane), Evergreen, 11 Old Holywood Road, Belfast, BT4 2HJ (H: 028 9076 3601)	
1974 Osborne, James R (-), 30 Mount Pleasant Sq, Ranelagh, Dublin 6 (W: 01 649 2000 / M: 086 255 5158)	Southerly (PO)
^ 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 (PO)
^ 2014 Phelan, Trish (Joe), 33 Strand Road, Baldoyle, Dublin 13 (H: 01 832 3876 / M: 086 841 7053)	Lydia (PO)
2004 Powell, Jim (Fifi), Chetwynd, Myrtleville, Crosshaven, Co. Cork (H: 021 483 1265 / M: 086 867 6317)	Blue Oyster
^ 2014 Preisler, John (-), 30 Beechgrove, Oranmore, Co. Galway (M: 087 144 5669)	Tri an Cheile
1990 Prendeville, 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), Mountscribe, Kinvara, Co. Galway (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 (PO)
2014 Ranalow, Yvonne (Frank), The Old School House, Gortglass Lake, Cranny, Kilrush, Co. Clare (H: 065 683 2334 / M: 087 417 6244)	Shady Maid (PO)
# 1977 Rea, Bill (Eithne), 7 Verona, Queen's Park, Monkstown, Co. Dublin (H: 01 280 7987 / W: 087 224 5435 / M: 087 224 5435)	
^ 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, Killybeg, Co. Dublin (H: 01 285 3800)	
^ 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)	Seascape of Down (PO)
* 1967 Ronaldson, Peter (Evie), 1 Ranfurly Avenue, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 3SN (H: 028 9147 4131 / M: 07906 812684)	Seascape of Down (PO)
^ 1994 Rooney, John W (Penny), 28 Park Drive, Ranelagh, Dublin 6 (H: 01 497 7004 / W: 01 676 6167 / M: 086 8399 353)	
+ 1995 Rountree, Alan H (Angela), Ballylusk, Ashford, Co. Wicklow (H: 0404 40156 / W: 0404 40156)	Tallulah
1988 Ryan, Peter (Margaret), 44 Banbridge Road, Waringstown, Craigavon, Co. Armagh, BT66 7QD (H: 028 3888 1418)	Little Wing
^+ 1984 Ryan, Paul J (-), 17 Arkendale Road, Dalkey, Co. Dublin (H: 01 235 0546 / M: 087 631 8624)	
#^ 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)
# 1985 Sadlier, Frank A (Marion), 19 Quay Road, Strangford, Downpatrick, Co. Down, BT30 7LL (H: 028 4488 1830)	Nisha
2013 Sammon, Jim (Kathleen), Bogay, Letterkenny, Co. Donegal (H: 074 912 2377 / W: 028 7127 1323 / M: 087 224 3135)	Vivace
1996 Sargent, Gerard M (Barbara), 49 Strand Road, Baldoyle, Dublin 13 (H: 01 832 5392 / M: 086 399 0004)	Pip (PO)
^ 2011 Sargent, David (Alison), 41 Thormanby Woods, Howth, Dublin 13 (H: 01 839 3742 / W: 01 242 6793 / M: 087 686 5195)	Indulgence
^ 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)	
^ 1995 Sheridan, Gerry A (Terry), Swiss Cottage, Newtown, Waterford (H: 051 870847 / W: 051 334700 / M: 086 255 8813)	Playtime
2010 Sheridan, Capt. Brian T (Didi), 66 Windfield Gardens, Clybaun Road, Galway (H: 091 520034 / W: 091 561874 / M: 087 664 6633)	Finavarra
# 1985 Siggins, Brian (Mary), Mount Music, Bunalun, 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)	

YEAR ELECTED, NAME, ADDRESS, PHONE NUMBER	NAME OF YACHT
# 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)
# 1987 Smullen, Johnny A (Theresa), 2907, Shelter Island Drive 105-257, San Diego, California 92106, USA (H: +1 (619) 758 9198 / W: +1 (619) 507 3422 / M: +1 (619) 507 3422)	Altair
#^ 1961 Smullen, John (Cas) D (Helen), 11 Connolly Square, Bray, Co. Wicklow (H: 01 286 2679 / W: 01 286 2679 / M: 087 245 2044)	
#^+ 1983 Smyth, N Louis (-), Ardkeen, Castletroy, Co. Limerick (H: 061 337756)	Flight of Fantasy
^ 1979 Smyth, Frank G (Muriel), 30 Portaferry Road, Greystown, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT22 2RX (H: 028 4278 8214 / M: 07974 643621)	Katrilli of Dover (PO)
^ 2002 Smyth, OBE, Douglas D (Lillian), 2 Oldstone Close, Greenisland, Carrickfergus, Co. Antrim, BT38 8YG (H: 028 9085 4557 / M: 07715 174420)	Keirah
1989 Somerville, Sue MG (Andrew), Sallys Bridge House, Sraghmore, Roundwood, Co. Wicklow (H: 01 281 8253 / W: 01 896 2733)	
# 1980 Somerville, R Andrew (Sue), Sallys Bridge House, Sraghmore, Roundwood, Co. Wicklow (H: 01 281 8253)	
^ 1991 Spence, Stuart A (Sandra), 80, Lisnaree Road, Banbridge, Co. Down, BT32 4JU (H: 028 40623061 / W: 028 9056 2159 / M: 07802 830583)	
^ 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)	
^ 1991 Stevenson, Dr. Ian J (Frances McArthur), 55 Churchtown Road, Ballyculter, Downpatrick, Co. Down, BT30 7AZ (H: 028 4488 1798 / M: 07801 628909)	Raptor
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 / M: 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)	
1997 Stokes, Mandy (Patrick McCarthy), Summerville, Summerhill North, Cork (H: 021 450 4551 / W: 021 427 7622 / M: 086 857 9393)	Clipper
#^ 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
^ 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)
* 1970 Taggart, Sandy AG (Christine), 8 Whistledale Court, Bearsden, Glasgow, G61 1PX (H: +44 141 942 0615 / W: +44 141 892 2186)	
^+ 1999 Taggart, John I (Gail), 18 Quarry Road, Comber, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT23 5NF (H: 028 9754 2777)	
# 1986 Taplin, Prof. David (Christine), 302-1868 West 5th Avenue, Vancouver, V6J 1P3, Canada (H: +1 604 737 0799 / M: +1 778 879 6040)	Coda
^ 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, Wiltshire, 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)	Kittiwake
# 1993 Travers, Brendan (Evelyn), 14 Castle Lawn, Tulla Road, Ennis, Co. Clare (H: 065 682 2440 / M: 087 235 1976)	Scoidin
* 2014 Trust, Dr. Patrick (Jenny), Beaumaris, Church Avenue, Cardross, G82 5NS (H: +44 1389 841387 / M: 07836 781713)	Hecate
* 2000 Tucker, David E (Meta), Coonlocken House, Ardbrack, Kinsale, Co. Cork, WDJ-41-F66 (H: 021 477 2468 / W: 021 470 2122 / M: 087 259 3647)	Intrigue
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 / M: 085 2206449)	
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
#+ 1990 Walsh, Enda (William), Dolphin Lodge, Crosshaven, Co. Cork (H: 021 483 1483)	
# 1979 Walsh, Anthony (Aideen), Red Island, Skerries, Co. Dublin (H: 01 849 0113 / M: 086 826 6406)	Bluebell
# 1968 Walsh, William (Enda), Dolphin Lodge, Crosshaven, Co. Cork (H: 021 483 1483 / W: 021 450 2358)	Carrigdoun
^ 1992 Walsh, Donal (-), Meadowlands, Abbeyside, Dungarvan, Co. Waterford (H: 058 44074 / M: 087 245 5199)	Lady Kate
#+ 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
^ 1993 Watson, Barbara N (-), 6860 Gulfport Blvd S, South Pasadena, FL 33707, USA (H: +1 (727) 345 3933 / M: +1 (727) 667 0395)	
# 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 (Vivienne), The Mallard, 4 Audleystown Road, Strangford, Downpatrick, Co. Down, BT30 7LP (H: 028 4488 1800 / W: 028 4488 1572 / M: 07831 332273)	Ballyclaire
^+ 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)
2001 Whitehead, Duncan (Kerry), 7, Constitution Place, Edinburgh, EH6 7DL (H: +44 (131) 553 2907 / M: +44 (7980) 613 758)	Serendipity
# 1972 Whitehead, David (Marie), Glebe, Kinvara, Co. Galway, Ireland (H: 091 638195 / W: 091 638211 / M: 087 240 9808)	Mystic (PO)
#^ 1968 Williams, W Peter (Anne), 49 The Straits, Lisbane, Comber, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT23 6AQ (H: 028 9754 1189)	Reiver (PO)
^ 1984 Williams, J David (Ena), 24, Middle Road, Saintfield, Ballynahinch, Co. Down, BT24 7LP (H: 028 9751 9060 / M: 07763 777502)	Reiver (PO)
#+ 1959 Wolfe, Jack M (-), 3A Dunbo Hill, Howth, Dublin 13, 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)	
^ 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)	
+ 1999 Woodward, Mary (Joe), Chartwell, Douglas Road, Cork (H: 021 429 1215)	Moshulu III (PO)
1990 Woodward, Joe B (Mary), Chartwell, Douglas Road, Cork (H: 021 429 1215 / W: 021 427 3327 / M: 087 243 2120)	Moshulu III (PO)
^ 1996 Woulfe-Flanagan, Ann (-), 60 Silchester Park, Glenageary, Co. Dublin (H: 01 280 3979 / M: 086 264 6231)	
^ 2003 Wright, Nick (Marwyn), 11 Brackenrig Crescent, Waterfoot, Glasgow, G76 0HF (H: +44 141 644 4253)	Talisker
^ 2014 Wright, Matthew (-), 3 Belmont Drive, Belfast, BT4 3BL (H: 028 9067 1176 / M: 07971 755801)	Thor
^ 2014 Wright, Robin P (Denise), Gwynfa, 50 Martinez Avenue, Belfast, Antrim, BT5 5LY (H: 028 9028 0060 / M: 079 7316 2802)	Geronimo
#^ 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:



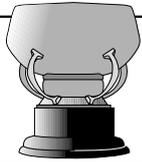
THE FAULKNER CUP

THE CLUB'S PREMIER AWARD



THE PERRY GREER BOWL

FOR THE BEST FIRST ICC LOG



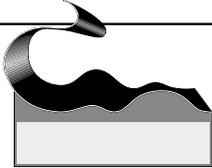
THE STRANGFORD CUP

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



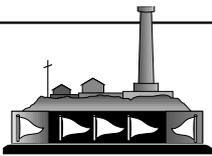
THE FINGAL CUP

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



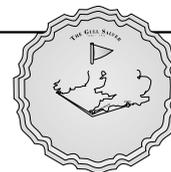
THE ARAN ISLANDS TROPHY

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