



**Irish Cruising Club
1988 Annual**

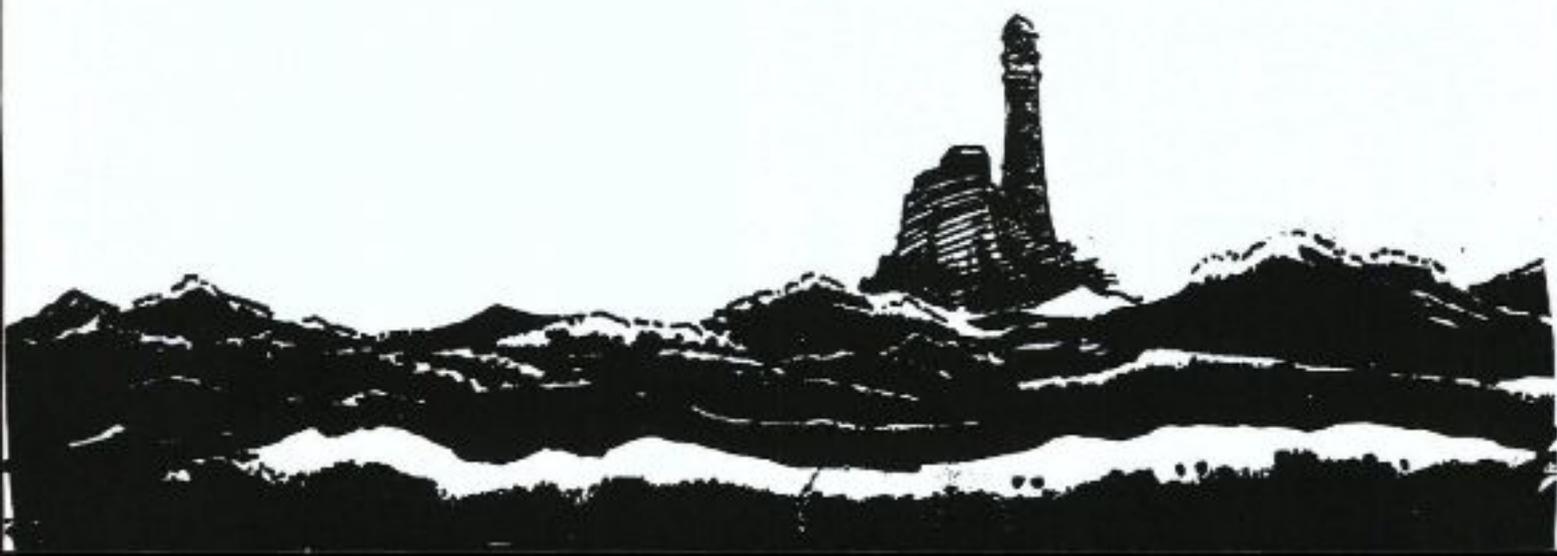






IRISH CRUISING CLUB

1988 ANNUAL



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Cover Photo: The East Coast September Rally at Skerries features (l to r) Joe May's pub, mast of *Leigh Mary* (Brian Tucker), mast of *Morgana* (Ron Cudmore), *Brian Og* (one of the most attractive trawlers designed and built by the late Jack Tyrrell, I.C.C.), *Four Seasons* (Lew Heath), *Tritsch-Tratsch IV* (Otto Glaser, skippered for the rally by Ian Guinness), *Bandersnatch* (Ross Coutney), *Shardana* (the Commodore), *Turtle* (Winkie Nixon and Harry Whelehan), *Freebird* (the Honorary Secretary), *Ring of Kerry* (Cornac McHenry), and the ever hospitable Skerries Sailing Club.

Photo: Winkie Nixon

Back Cover: from a photograph by Robert Fannin taken on board the *Marie Assumpta*.



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Irish Cruising Club Annual 1988

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Hon. Secretary's Report for 1988

Commodore	John Gore-Grimes
Vice Commodore	Hugh P. Kennedy
Rear Commodore	Barry Hassett
Rear Commodore	David H. B. Fitzgerald
Hon. Secretary	Brian Hegarty
Hon. Treasurer	Donal O'Boyle

COMMITTEE:

Northern area:	Arthur S.P. Orr, T. Robert J. Shanks, Michael O'Farrell and Peter J. Bunting
East Coast area:	Dermod J. Ryan, Liam McGonagle, Ronan M. Beirne, Terence C. Johnson
Cork area:	David Nicholson, Clayton Love Jnr., Vincent J. O'Farrell, Michael R. Sullivan and C. Joe Fitzgerald (ex officio).
Western area:	Frank J. Larkin and Patrick A. Dinneen

Committee Meetings

Four committee meetings took place during the year, two at the Howth Yacht Club, one at the Royal Ulster Yacht Club, and one at the Royal Irish Yacht Club. Attendance was 78.3%. I would record the ICC's gratitude to the three clubs, the HYC, the RUYC, and the RIYC who have made their facilities available to us for our committee meetings. In particular the ICC is grateful to the HYC for making its club available to us for our AGM and Prizegiving - an occasion which is also one of our Club's most important social occasions.

Annual General Meeting

Our AGM was held on Friday 25th March 1988 at the Howth Yacht Club. The Commodore John Gore-Grimes presided and 83 members attended - to match the previous years AGM attendance which had been the largest on record.

In the absence of nominations for the Committee, the Commodore put forward his own which were duly elected and are listed together with the Flag Officers at the commencement of this report.

A proposal that the subscription and entrance fee should each be increased from IR £20 to IR £25 with effect from 1st January 1989 was discussed and passed with a clear majority in excess of two-thirds.

The Hon. Treasurer, Donal O'Boyle took members through the 1987

accounts. On the income and expenditure side the results for 1987 showed a deficit of IR£6,124 compared with a surplus in 1986 of IR£2,518. The Hon. Treasurer explained that this occurred because in 1987 we had charged the cost of two Annuals, namely the 1986 and the 1987 editions. But for this, we would have shown a surplus of IR£2,309 which would have been satisfactory. On the income side subscriptions, IR£10,862 (IR£9,420), continued to be our principle source of income. The introduction of the credit card payment scheme seemed to be popular, and he hoped that it would facilitate the payment of future subscriptions.

Our Hon. Publications Officer, Barbara Fox-Mills was thanked for her efforts as the Club depends to a large extent on the profit from the sales of publications.

The continuing rise in the cost of the Club Annual was a matter of concern to the Hon. Treasurer. While complimenting Ronan Beirne on his excellent 1987 Annual he said that he and the Hon. Editor had reached an accommodation as regards cost for the 1988 Annual!

As regards expenditure the Hon. Treasurers main concern was that of postage and printing which had doubled from IR£1,462 to IR£2,835. We have been sending more notices both nationally and locally to our members, which on one hand is healthy, but on the other we must be anxious to control for the future.

Miscellaneous charges at IR£867 (IR£385) reflected one-off costs related to joining credit card companies, which would not be repeated in the coming year.

Speaking of the Balance Sheet, the Hon. Treasurer said he had introduced nominal sums to represent our fixed assets. These consisted of our library, our trophies and our paintings.



The I.C.C. fleet at Dummore East

Photo: C.P. McHenry



Alter boys L. to R. R.J. Shanks, M. O'Farrell & V.J. O'Farrell
Photo: D. O'Boyle

He felt it was as well that we remember that we do own some assets and that they have a value.

Finally, he drew attention to our stocks which at IRE3,000 are running down. He referred to our sailing directions, and reminded that we would very soon have to republish, a step which would require all the resources at our disposal.

The Commodore, in his address, welcomed the members present and was pleased to see such a large turn out for this his first occasion to preside over an ICC AGM. A special welcome was extended to the 23 new members elected in January 1988 which he noted brought our membership to 513.

A special thanks was extended to Howth Yacht Club for making its premises available to us for our AGM and prize-giving, and also for permitting the ICC to monopolise the dining facilities.

Of cruising undertaken by club members, the Commodore said it was wide ranging and varied indicating that our club was in excellent cruising "health". In particular he mentioned Paddy Barry who had been awarded the Faulkner Cup for cruising his Galway Hooker *St Patrick*, to the Faeroe Islands and St. Kilda. Brian Dalton, who had travelled with his wife from the U.S.A., was given a special welcome, and

commended for his cruise in *Boru* in Maine and Newfoundland which had earned him the Strangford Cup. Wallace Clark was awarded the Round Ireland Cup, a just reward after a thirty three year gap since he last held it. James Cahill was mentioned for his safe return in *Ricjac* after a protracted honeymoon for which he received the Atlantic Trophy. The Commodore was pleased to see that the Wybrant Cup had been awarded to Paul Butler, a new member, who had undertaken a traditional cruise to Scotland in his Dublin Bay 24 footer, *Arandora*. Lastly Brian Law was commended for his exploits in the Azores and back race in *Redwing/Spirit of Shell* which had earned him the Rockahill Trophy.

Michael Sullivan was thanked for giving of his time to adjudicate on the logs submitted for the Challenge Cups.

The Commodore warmly thanked Ronan Beirne for the excellent job he had made of the 1987 Annual in this his first year as Hon. Editor. As an ex-editor himself he appreciated the many new ideas which Ronan had introduced. In connection with the 1987 Annual the Commodore also thanked those who gave of their time to deliver them in centres like Dublin, Belfast and Cork, thereby saving the club considerable postage charges.

The Hon. Publications Officer Barbara Fox-Mills was thanked for her on-going efforts for the Club which made such a significant impression on our Club funds.

Likewise Benny Gallagher was thanked for giving his services to the ICC as Honorary Auditor.

Speaking of the John B. Kearney Cup, the Commodore said how pleased he was that it had been awarded to Captain Eric Healy in recognition of his vast contribution to Irish Sail Training in *Asgard*, *Creidne* and *Asgard II*. He remarked that although Eric had recently retired from *Asgard II* he would soon be accompanying his favourite ship to Australia - *Asgard II* as deck cargo, Eric as super cargo!

For the new Club Library, a joint venture between the ICC and the RIYC, the Commodore appealed to all members to donate books, or money, to enable the ICC to make a significant impact.

The Commodore told members that an ICC cravat was now available, and Joe Fitzgerald was thanked for arranging the design and for having them produced.

Mention was made of local area dinners. The Commodore spoke of how enjoyable these functions could be, that he



Committee in session at Oranmore Castle. L.toR. C. Joe Fitzgerald, B. Hegarty, Clayton Love Jr., J. Gore-Grimes, B. Hassett, F. Larkin, M. Sullivan, A. Orr (rere view) & L.M. McGonagle
Photo: D. O'Boyle

believed they were good for the social side of our Club, and that he wanted to encourage the different areas in our club to organise such events.

Then he spoke of Port Officers. Port Representatives had been a feature of our Club which had rather lapsed within the past ten years. The Commodore was anxious to re-establish this feature of our Club. It was to be hoped that the 1988 Annual would feature a list of Port Representatives.

The Commodore then thanked his fellow Flag Officers, and Committee for their interest and attendance at Club Meetings, and for their efforts on the Club's behalf. In particular he thanked the Hon Secretary and Hon Treasurer for the manner in which they had undertaken their particular tasks.

Membership

At the time of our 1988 AGM our membership stood at 513. At the AGM we remembered with particular sadness three members who died during the year, each of whom had passed on in their prime, namely, James B. S. Anderson, Ivan J. Firth and John H. Guinness.

Twenty three new members were welcomed to the Club, namely:

Tom and Dianne Andrews	(Comber, Co. Down)
John J. Byrne	(Dublin)
Thomas F. Clifford	(Tralee)
Michael C. Coleman	(Cobh)
James A. Collins	(Ballinlough, Cork)
K. Cal Condon	(Cork)
Jarlath Cunnane	(Knock, Co. Mayo)
Francesca Doonan	(Howth)
Jimmy Dowey	(Carrickfergus)
Roger M. Foxall	(Derrynane)
William D. Keatinge	(Holland)
Brian Layng	(Howth)
Brian R. Lynch	(Galway)
Maxwell McKeever	(Ardee, Co. Louth)
Brendan McMahon	(Limerick)
Peter Ryan	(Waringstown, Co. Armagh)
Yvonne Ryan	(Sandycove, Co. Dublin)
Leonard Sheil	(Glenageary, Co. Dublin)
Robert Sheil	(Glenageary, Co. Dublin)
Ralph E. Spence	(Lurgan, Co. Armagh)
Michael D. Whelan	(Blackrock, Co. Dublin)
David J. Whitaker	(Cork)



Committee work. L. to R. C.J. Fitzgerald, M. O'Farrell, A. Orr, R. Shanks, B. Hegarty, J. Gore-Grimes, V. O'Farrell, H. Kennedy & M. O'Sullivan

Photo: D. O'Boyle



Commander W. King DSO DSC of Oranmore Castle

Photo: D. O'Boyle

Senior Membership

Each year I re-state the qualification for Senior Membership. It applies to any member who having attained the age of 65, has been an ICC member for 35 years. Such a member is not required to pay a membership fee. For the year from January 1988 the following fifteen are senior members.

J.R. Bourke	K.J. Broderick
R. Courtney	R.S. Cresswell
F. Cudmore	C.J. Fitzgerald
P.H. Greer	R.C.A. Hall
T.J. Hanan	J.J. Macken
F. McKinley	L. McMullen
R. Morehead	J.D. Pearson
P. Somerville Large	

Honorary Membership

During the year Honorary Membership was bestowed upon one of our Senior Members, Terry H. Roche. Terry Roche became a member of the ICC in 1935. A man of considerable racing and cruising experience, he is best known nowadays for his considerable knowledge of the Mediterranean Sea acquired in his wanderings there in *Neon Tetra*.

Annual Dinner 1988

Our 1988 dinner was held at the Imperial Hotel, Llandudno, N. Wales, on Saturday 27th February 1988. As our principle guest we had with us Mr. and Mrs. W.H. "Scrap" Batten, Commodore Royal Cruising Club. What promised to be a fun dinner for the 130 members and guests assembled at



1987 Atlantic Trophy winner James Cahill and *Saint Patrick* himself, Paddy Barry with the Faulkner Cup

Photo: D. O'Boyle



Paul Butler, winner of the Wybrant Cup

Photo: R. Beirne

Llandudno became an informal and sad occasion, because of John Guinness's tragic death on Snowdon that afternoon.

Whit Rally to Dunmore East

This year it was decided that East Coast members should meet with their Cork fellow members at Dunmore East. There were some misgivings around Dublin Bay as to the wisdom of this venture having regard to the distance between Dublin and Dunmore East. In the event the weather pattern decreed a head wind for the East Coast yachts. However the effort was worth it for those who made it, and east coast yachts were rewarded with excellent conditions for the return journey. Meanwhile at Dunmore East the Dublin and Cork boats met to enjoy the hospitality of the Waterford Harbour Yacht Club under their Commodore, Max Nicholson. Yachts that attended from Cork were:

Divia (Barry Hassett), *Anna Petrea* (Brian Cudmore) and *Miss Demena* (Maurice O'Keefe)

From the East Coast came:

Deerhound (Ian Guinness),
Shardana (John Gore-Grimes),
Bandersnatch (Ross Courtney),
Ring of Kerry (Cormac McHenry),
L'Exocet (Bernard Corbally),

Four Seasons (Lewis Heath),
Freebird (Brian Hegarty),
Moody Blue (Denis Scott),
Tudorose (Liam Cassidy, Bill Riordan),
Beaver (Philip Byrne)
Misty (Trevor Wood)

By Sunday morning when the East coast boats were getting away *Heather Bell* (W.P MacAulay) was spotted alongside at the other pier.

Mid Season Rally, Cork Area

On the weekend of Saturday 9th July 1988 a successful rally was held at Glandore organised by Rear Commodore, Barry Hassett. Eight boats made the journey:

Miss Demena (Maurice O'Keefe),
Seianta Too (Fred Cudmore),
Mandalay (Joe Fitzgearald),
Charlena (Pat Whelan),
Divia (Barry Hassett),

and two new members:

Jim Collins in *Thalia*
 David Whitaker in *Aronelle*.

It was a very pleasant surprise to find that Michael Snell had made the journey from the Isle of Man in *Golden Harvest*. Other members including Clayton Love, George Radley and Denis Doyle travelled overland, their boats being in distant places. Approximately seventy people sat down to dinner in the Marine Hotel where a good time was had by all.

Second Western Area Rally

Organised by our Rear Commodore in the West, David Fitzgerald, the event took place over the three days 15, 16 and 17th July 1988. The format was the same as the previous year, namely, foregather Clifden Friday for evening sail to Inishbofin; dinner ashore at Days Hotel. Saturday sail to Ballinakill Harbour where road transport would connect with Renvyle Hotel for an evening meal. Sunday sail to Cleggan and later disperse. In the event the weather was somewhat inclement and our Rear Commodore was dismayed to find the only participant, other than he and his crew with *Peigin Eile*, was "Scrap" Batten, Commodore RCC, who had organised his round Ireland Cruise so that he would be present. Local support was most disappointing, the more so as the event had been organised, and notified to members, a long time in advance.



Dermod Ryan, last year's winner of Fortnight Cup with son Paul and Daughter Yvonne.

Photo: R. Beirne



Pause in the drinking for all but one with L. to R. Ross Courtney, Lew Heath, Ian McGuinness, Jimmy Markey and Winkie Nixon in Joe May's

Photo: Georgina Nixon

East Coast End of Season Rally

A local rally was organised by the Commodore over the weekend Saturday and Sunday the 3rd and 4th September 1988. Fresh westerlies on Saturday gave way to moderate SWly on Sunday giving bright ideal smooth sea conditions for the venue which was Skerries on Saturday, and a raft-up at Lambay on Sunday. Eleven boats participated, namely;

Morgana (Ron and Ann Cudmore)
Ring of Kerry (Cormac McHenry)
Freebird (Brian Hegarty)
Four Seasons (Lewis Heath)
Tritsch Tritsch IV (Jack Wolfe and Ian Guinness)
Bandersnatch (Ross Courtney)
Shardana (John Gore-Grimes)
Turtle (Winkie Nixon)
Leigh Mary (Brian Tucker)
Andante (Brendan Bradley)
Black Pepper (Davy McBride)

The only formal orders from the Commodore were to join him at Joe May's pub on arrival at Skerries, and from there visit the Skerries Sailing Club! These formalities over, some dined aboard and others at the Red Bank Restaurant. On Sunday some of the boats met at Lambay (Red Quarry Bay) where a small raft-up ensued with *Bandersnatch* as the anchor boat with *Freebird*, *Leigh Mary*, and *Black Pepper* rafted to. A most successful event.

Northern Area Rally

Our Vice Commodore, Hugh Kennedy, arranged for this event to be based on Quoile Yacht Club on Saturday 17th September 1988. Some crews met at Strangford at lunchtime, and the muster proper was assembled at the Quoile Y C pontoon by 18.00. The occasion was blessed with one of the nicest days of the whole season which of course made the event. Hugh Kennedy, aided by Peter Bunting,

conducted an informal "Concourse D'Elegance", attention being paid to clean waterlines, carefully stowed warps and sails and everything else on view up to the burgee at the masthead. Roddy Monson's *Mazara*, and Kenneth Boyd's *Jeremy Fisher*, were deemed to be equal first and the matter was settled in favour of *Jeremy Fisher* by the toss of a coin. A party was held on the Vice Commodore's *Tosca*, which had only that morning completed her annual migration from West Cork. Fifteen boats in all rafted at Quoile, namely;

Miss Milly (Russell O'Neill),
Leemara (Bill Cuffe-Smith),
Leanda (John Currie),
Fidem III (George Hawthorne),
Virago of Strangford (David Maxwell)
Cuchulain (Michael O'Farrell),
Mitigator (Peter Bunting),
Chancer (Brian Black),
Mazara (Roddy Monson),
Hijack (Angela Ley),
Tosca (Hugh Kennedy)

Jeremy Fisher (Kenneth Boyd),
Wheest (Peter Ronaldson/W.P.S Escott)
Juffra (Michael Hill)
Ocean Dove (Frank Sadlier).

It was an enjoyable event made possible by Commodore George Wheeler and his committee of Quoile Y.C. who had kindly kept their pontoon clear of their own club yachts for the occasion.

East Ferry Rally

In Cork their end of season raft-up was held at East Ferry on Saturday 8th October (if they hold it any later it will not be in time for the Hon. Secs Report!). It was a great success and many ICC members were present on the yachts which made the short journey from Crosshaven. The yachts involved were: *Spellbound of Skellig*, *Mandalay*, *Lola*, *Aronelle*, *Syrena* and



Knocking it back in Joe May's were L. to R. Jimmy Markey, Dr. Martens from Canada, crewman off *Shardana* (ask J. G-G.), Pat Coleran, the Commodore and Tom Murnane

Photo: Georgina Nixon

Divas. New member Maxwell McKeever was also there with *Judy R*. He is normally based at Carrickfergus so he was some distance from base for the time of year.

John B. Kearney Cup 1988

This cup is awarded each year at the discretion of the I.C.C. Flag Officers to someone who in their opinion has made a significant contribution to Irish Sailing in its widest sense. For 1988 they have awarded it to Captain Tom McCarthy of the Irish STS *Asgard II* for the manner of his participation with *Asgard II* in the Tall Ships Race from Hobart to Sydney to mark Australia's 200th Birthday. *Asgard II's* performance brought only credit to our small country. (A report on *Asgard II* in Australia, See C. P. McHenry's log "Celebration of a Nation")

Subscriptions

Members should note that at our last AGM a motion was passed that with effect from 1st January 1989 the annual subscription, and entrance fee be increased from IR£20 to IR£25.

1989 subscriptions fall due on 1st January 1989, and early settlement is greatly appreciated by our Hon. Treasurer. Members who wish to do so can avail of a credit card direct debit system which the Hon. Treasurer has introduced for the convenience of those who like to use this method of paying subscriptions. Any queries members may have about this credit card system, or about their subscriptions, should be addressed to our Hon. Treasurer Donal O'Boyle, Drake Lodge, Drake's Pool, Carrigaline, Co. Cork. Phone 021-831028 or office 021-277022.

Port Representatives

Up to some ten years ago our Club had an active band of Port Representatives. It was allowed to lapse somewhat, but as you will have seen in the Commodore's comments under the AGM of last March it has been decided to revive this useful body of people. The names and phone numbers of those concerned are to be published each year in the Club Annual. Elsewhere in this edition of the Annual, you will find a list of Port Representatives, who will be willing to help members should the need arise whilst visiting their Port.

List of Members and Yachts

At this stage I make my annual plea for members to check the 1988 Annual to see if the detail of names, addresses, phone numbers, yachts, etc. is correct as it applies to them. I am sure, for instance, that not all members yachts are covered correctly.

I have been greatly heartened by the level of response that I already get, but I know it can be improved. I welcome correction notes, so if any detail is wrong do, please, send me a note.

Lastly I would like to take this opportunity of thanking the Flag Officers and Committee for the help and support they have given me in dealing with Club matters in the past year. It is also an opportunity to wish all members a Happy Christmas confident in the knowledge that this Annual will be with most of them in time for the festive season.

Brian Hegarty
HON. SECRETARY



The Commodore in Joe May's, Skerries

Photo: Georgina Nixon

Port Representatives

Port	Name	Phone
HOWTH	W. M. (Winkie) Nixon Dick Watson	01-323929 01-322472
DUN LAOGHAIRE	National Y. C. John D. Smullen R. St. Georges Y. C. Roger Aplin R. Irish Y. C. Davin Butler	01-821454 01-857248/756426 01-882175
WICKLOW	Neil Watson	0404-2152
ARKLOW	Henry Horseman	0402-9804
DUNMORE EAST	James Villiers-Stuart	024-6144
CROSSHAVEN	Dan Cross	021-831521
KINSALE	Bob Cassidy	021-871203
DERRYNANE	Roger Foxall	0667-5155
TRALEE	Jerry O'Sullivan	066-21011
LIMERICK	Tony Clarke	061-51823
GALWAY	Frank Sheridan	091-63920
CLEW BAY/BLACKSOD	James Cahill	094-21364
GREENCASTLE	Kevin McLaverty	077-82239
PORTRUSH	Wallace Clark	08 064 8-747
LARNE	Dr. Michael Hill	08 493-22245
CARRICKFERGUS	John Moore	08 096 03-68818
BANGOR	Peter Ronaldson Michael McKee Robin Simms	08 0247-465681 08 0247-472692 08 0247-473563
DONAGHADEE	George Ralston	08 0247-882330
STRANGFORD (town)	David Maxwell (Ringhaddy)Maitland Eves	08 039 686-205 08 039 6-828923
CARLINGFORD LOUGH	Michael O'Farrell	08 069 37-72620
SKERRIES	Tony Walsh	01-490113

Irish Cruising Club/Royal Irish Yacht Club Joint Library From the Commodore.

The response from members in presenting books, charts and cash donations to the joint venture library has been most heartening. The library is taking shape and if you have not made a contribution it would still be most welcome. In particular, books and charts of any vintage, are still required. If you have anything on your shelves which you do not require and which you think would be of interest please send them to the Commodore at The Shack, Baily, County Dublin. We now have a complete collection of the club annuals and we have a good many sailing books. Any books on travel or books of historical interest describing seaports would be greatly appreciated. Also, we are trying to build up a collection of books on seabirds and mammals so that if you have anything on fish, whales, sharks, birds, etc. these will be most welcome, no matter how old they are. We are now adequately supplied with I.C.C. Annuals.

As and from 1st January 1989 the reciprocal facilities so generously extended by the Commodore, Flag Officers and Members of the Royal Irish Yacht Club will be in operation. In effect this means that members of the Irish Cruising Club will be allowed to use the facilities of the Royal Irish Yacht Club on Tuesdays and Wednesdays of each week. Members will of course be subject to the ordinary rules and house rules of the Royal Irish Yacht Club and it is to be clearly understood by our members that the primary objective of our members would be to use the library facilities with ancillary dining facilities, particularly for people who have travelled long distances in order to look at charts pilot references or other books or volumes to include back issues of the Irish Cruising Annual.

Irish Cruising Club members would therefore be entitled to the benefit of luncheon and/or dining facilities and to the use of the bar on Tuesdays or Wednesdays. Gentlemen would be allowed to dine at the members table and a place at a separate table would be provided for lady members of the Irish Cruising Club. Irish Cruising Club members who wish to avail of these facilities should notify the club secretary or the manageress in advance in order to make the necessary reservations.

The Royal Irish Yacht Club have also agreed that members of the Irish Cruising Club may make use of the library on other days (Monday to Friday) by arrangement with the Secretary of the Royal Irish Yacht Club but dining facilities etc, would not be available to them on days other than Tuesdays or Wednesdays.

Mr. Andrew Somerville who is both a member of the Royal Irish Yacht Club and of the Irish Cruising Club has been appointed librarian and if you have any queries you might wish to write to him or contact him.

At the date of going to press Irish Cruising Club Members had contributed in excess of seven hundred books, five hundred charts and five hundred pounds. This is a most generous response but to date just one hundred members have contributed. There are four hundred members who are just about to write to me sending books, charts or in the absence of either of these a donation of £10 (or more). I look forward to hearing from each of you. All contributions received to date are gratefully acknowledged but I would have to single out Dr. Otto Glaser and Mr. Peter Guinness for special mention. We have received over two hundred and fifty books and one hundred and fifty charts from these two most generous members.

John Gore-Grimes
November 1988

Challenge Cup Awards 1988

David FitzGerald

This year 17 logs were submitted for consideration. Once again there were many impressive and well recorded cruises; it was most satisfactory to note that this year's poor weather in no way curtailed the cruising activity of members, or the standard of performance.

In attempting to arrive at the awards it was unfortunately necessary to eliminate some very good accounts. In some cases the decision to do this was taken because of the brevity of the log, or of the cruise itself. In other cases the log had not been submitted by or on behalf of a skipper who is a member of the Irish Cruising Club, and therefore could not qualify for the awards. Of the remaining submissions there were a number of excellent accounts of difficult and interesting cruises which nevertheless have not received an award. I would like to make particular mention of a few of these:

Michael d'Alton gave us a vivid description of the return of *Verve* from Galacia, with many anecdotes and much information. After cruising the Galacean Rias a tortuous beat across Biscay, with a brief stop over in Brittany and the Scilly Isles made this a noteworthy cruise.

Bernard Corhally completed an intensive five week cruise to South Wales, The Scilly Isles and South Brittany. Visits to the remote islands of Lundy, Isle de Sein and Isle de Molene were included. This was a very well recorded log.

Brian Hegarty gives us a log containing much useful information about the return trip of *Meander III* from the Morbihan, taking the scenic route South to La Rochelle and Isle d'Aix, before finally turning for home. The description of his visits to Isle d'Aix will whet the appetite of many members for a visit there themselves.

Tony Morton showed great perseverance in his attempt to circumnavigate Ireland single handed from the south coast of England. Experiencing the worst of a bad season's weather, he broke his journey twice, to return again to continue on. He showed good judgement in deciding to return home from the Donegal coast. A good account of a very difficult cruise.

THE AWARDS

The Faulkner Cup

I award the clubs' premier trophy to Terence Kennedy for the log of his cruise to Scandinavia via the Caledonian Canal in his yacht *Icarus of Cuan*.

This cruise, which was of eight weeks' duration, took in about 40 ports and covered a distance of about 2,000 miles. The cruise was obviously well planned and efficiently organised. The log gives a very good impression of sailing in these waters, and much information covering navigational local conditions and special problems included.

The Strangford Cup

This award goes to Hugo du Plessis for his 14 weeks cruise in *Samharcln An Lar* from Grenada to Venezuela and back. Approximately 35 ports and anchorages were visited in this 650 mile cruise. This is a fascinating log of a cruise in "faraway places," detailing a lot of local knowledge, and filled with interesting and amusing anecdotes. Good reading!

The Fortnight Cup

This cup is presented to John Ryan for his two week cruise around Ireland, which was excellently written up by Chris Stillman. To circumnavigate Ireland in two weeks takes careful planning if it is to be a good cruise. This one certainly was. It was demanding but clearly enjoyed by all. The log was a pleasure to read with good descriptions of the Irish coast and plenty of fun as well.

The Wybrant Cup

This trophy is awarded once again to Paul Butler for his cruise in *Arandora*, on the west coast of Scotland. They visited eight ports and anchorages in little over two weeks in a cruise of 580 miles. This is an amusing and informative log with the emphasis on good living ashore.

The Round Ireland Navigation Cup

This cup is awarded once more to Winkie Nixon. (This time he went around clockwise.) *Turtle* circumnavigated Ireland in three and a half weeks with seventeen ports of call. A good blend of navigation, local information, shore facilities and tales of the sea.

Atlantic Trophy

This award goes to Brian Smullen for his Atlantic Cruise in *Cuilauin*, which covered nearly 9,000 miles during the season. They sailed from the south coast of England to the Canary Islands and then on to the Caribbean. There they spent three and a half months visiting many ports and anchorages, including a trip to Venezuela. They completed the season by sailing on to Bermuda and from there to the Eastern coast of the United States. This is an excellent account of a cruise whose log captures well the thrill and enjoyment of such impressive passages and exotic ports of call.

The Fingal Trophy

I am awarding this trophy to Bobby Barr for his cruise in *Joliba* to South Brittany. By force of circumstances the cruise had to be carried out in two parts. This was a memorable and enjoyable cruise in spite of very mixed weather and major problems which were successfully overcome. The ability to sort out a broken mast, then turn to the contemplation of fine cheeses; enjoy a

bottle of claret while repairing a broken propeller - this is what cruising is all about! This is a most enjoyable log, full of information as diverse as pilotage, museums, marinas and local history.

The Rockabil Trophy

There were many excellent, difficult and well executed cruises carried out in 1988, some of them in testing weather conditions. However it is felt that there were none which called for exceptional feats of navigation and/or seamanship. This trophy has therefore not been awarded for 1988.

In conclusion I would like to thank the Flag Officers and

committee for entrusting me with this responsible task.

I have done my best to give credit where credit is due and to consider carefully the factors which go to make up a winning log. I would like to congratulate all the entrants on their submissions.

I would also like to acknowledge the achievements of those other members who, I know, completed memorable cruises but for various reasons, including pressure of time, were unable to write up their logs.

SUMMARY OF AWARDS

The Faulkner Cup	Terence Kennedy	<i>Icarus of Cuan</i>
The Strangford Cup	Hugo du Plessis	<i>Samharcln</i>
The Fortnight Cup	John Ryan	<i>Saki</i>
The Wybrant Cup	Paul Butler	<i>Arandora</i>
The Round Ireland Navigation Cup	W.M. (Winkie) Nixon	<i>Turtle</i>
The Atlantic Trophy	Brian Smullen	<i>Cuilawn</i>
The Fingal Trophy	Robert Barr	<i>Joliba</i>

Honorary Editor's Note

In a season of disappointing weather, members were not deterred from cruising and the contents of this years Annual include a great variety of accounts of many new and distant cruising grounds. Two invitation articles appear which are of interest. Cormac McHenry on *Asgard II* in Australia for the bicentennial celebration and Richard Lovegrove on the Royal St George Yacht Club cruise-in-company for their 150th year. The weather experienced by the Royal St George cruise typifies that experienced by many who endeavored to cruise locally this year. The atmosphere of both events is well documented.

All of this years published logs were submitted by October 15th and this is appreciated as every effort is made to have the Annual published by Christmas but regretfully there are late submissions which have not been included.

Many logs were presented on "word processor disc" and this is of assistance. Most logs were accompanied by black and white photographs and while it is appreciated that obtaining monochrome film and processing may be difficult, particularly in foreign parts, the benefits of photographs are clearly visible. For any distant voyagers unable to obtain film, I will be happy to forward same.

Regretfully the printer has had to reject some track-charts. It is emphasised that these must be drawn with black pen on white paper. Place names should be written clearly and as large as possible as the chart may have to be reduced in size with the consequent loss of detail such as place names.

In addition to all the contributors to this Annual I thank Winkie Nixon who always responds to a request for a photograph, one of which appears on this year cover. The back cover is based on a photograph by Robert Fannin taken onboard the *Maria Assumpta*. The title page "Fastnet" and Irish Cruising Club "medallion" are taken from earlier Annuals in the 50's.

Thanks also to Captain Eric Healy for providing information of the square-rigged vessel *Maria Assumpta*. The Flag Officers, Committee and many members for much guidance, advice and assistance.

The efforts of Declan Clancy and his crew at Laser Graphics for their enthusiasm and long hours to ensure publication on time is much appreciated.

Finally, members are requested to report to the Hon. Secretary any errors in the lists of names, addresses and yachts. For other errors, I apologise.

Ronan Beirne
November 1988

John Guinness

A Tribute

by

Jack Wolfe



Portrait by Rex Roberts

I only got to know John well when he brought *Deerhound* into Howth, and on arrival he invited me on board for a tour of inspection. When I showed interest in his plans to alter the layout, and made some suggestions, he told me he was bringing *Deerhound* to a moorings in Malahide for the winter, and would I act as pilot for the treacherous waters of the estuary. I gladly accepted, but intimated that pilotage was a costly business. He enquired my meaning, and I replies "a bottle of Powers when we are safely moored". He promptly agreed, knowing well that we would share the cost! We shared most things from that moment onwards.

I became assistant fitter and was able to watch and admire John's many skills while we worked over the next few winters, completely transforming *Deerhound* below deck, making her into a "proper seagoing yacht".

At this time we formed the famous partnership of Wolfstein and Shitzelborg - Jack and John of all trades - from which we derived endless fun.

Our many wonderful cruises have been written up in the Annual, and I always marvelled at the meticulous planning and research which went into these expeditions. A full inventory was compiled well in advance and charts were filed in sequence; nothing was forgotten and this made our cruises all the more enjoyable and exciting. It was lucky for us that Jen took an active part in this planning, and took over all the victualling and domestic arrangements.

John always managed to concoct an original mixture for special events or places, and I only vaguely recall some of the good ones! The "Muros Bay Special" was perhaps the most lethal and after two of these John 'assumed a somnolent posture' for four hours, while I had a weak gin to dilute the alcohol and promptly joined him. When we entered the Baltic via the Göta canal, he produced the "Baltic Piercer", which would have surprised Erik the Red.

It was a joy to sail with John; he inspired confidence in the crew because he was such a great seaman, and his navigation was superb. His pride in *Deerhound* was infectious. He epitomised the ideals of the I.C.C., and especially loved to encourage and teach young people the exhilaration of sailing for sailing's sake, without the necessity to win races.

John's many friends are devastated by his death and the loneliness created leaves us dazed. His kindness and thoughtfulness in times of trouble were beyond belief, and he never spared himself to help those in need. There are no words to do justice to the man, but my friends will know that I write from the heart.

Whenever there is a warm off-shore breeze, and the sheets are eased away, I will remember John, my greatest friend.

Round Ireland in Fits and Starts

W.M.Nixon & Harry Whelehan



The Round Ireland Navigation Cup

An odd season, no doubt about it. And weird weatherwise, with summer finishing in the third week of June. Most of July was plain awful, while in August it was a case of "if you don't like the weather, try waiting for half a day.....". Yet somehow *Turtle* managed a cruise round Ireland - her second - and on the supposedly more rugged stages between Inishbofin and Belfast Lough, we suffered if anything from lack of wind.

It was all put together in a backwards sort of way. Harry very much wanted to cruise the western seaboard, while I needed the boat in Crosshaven for living aboard during Cork Week. As well there were hints of interest in a family holiday in Kerry. The notion of the circuit evolved from these hopes, and thanks to the indispensable Aidan Tyrrell, with his uncanny ability to get to or from the boat in remote places, it all fell neatly into place.

Aidan and I sailed from Howth at lunchtime on Friday July 15th. After a week of ferocious weather, conditions had settled down to a gentle westerly, giving idyllic sailing with the agricultural aromas coming warmly off the coasts of Wicklow and Wexford; daybreak found us past Carnsore, and progress continued smooth until we'd crossed St. Patrick's Bridge inside the Saltees, a channel so handy that it surely should be buoyed, though crossing the recommended two-thirds out between Kilmore and the Little Saltee is usually straightforward enough.

The wind was now sharpening up from the southwest, but by holding along the land, close-hauled towards Fethard, we knew we were getting smoother conditions than you'd find outside the Saltees, and though by the time we plugged round the Hook there was a reef in the main and many rolls in the jib, the drubbing was brief and we were into Dunmore East by

11.45 for banter in the club, a mighty brunch aboard, and then a splendid zizz which left us in the full of our health for a party in the club - by late evening the harbour was well-filled with yachts bound west - which was made memorable by a blonde lady imparting the information that she was no longer a sex object; on the contrary, she was now one of the lads. In all a grand evening, even if Aidan did comment that, twenty years ago, a fleet of similar size in the same place would have been altogether more boisterous.

Away at 06.00 next morning into a lumpety westerly with wind up and down, not at all *Turtle's* favourite conditions, so getting to Crosshaven took 14 hours. But from time to time the sun came out, and eventually the wind veered as forecast to the northwest, but by this time we were nearing Ballycotton. It came on a lovely summer's evening, and the little boat leapt a salmon net. The look on Aidan's face as he feared something dreadful had befallen *Turtle* warmed the cockles of my heart. Once we realised what had happened, and knew we had a hull shape which went over the nets with never a bother, the remainder of the passage was undiluted joy.

Cork Week was a splendid business; I did three races with Dickie Gomes aboard *Hesperia III*, and as well we took a day out for a jaunt aboard *Turtle* across the harbour to East Ferry. Georgina turned up towards the end of the week to bring a spot of serious restaurant visiting, then on the Saturday it was back to Dublin by car.

Then the meeting of many deadlines was brought to a close with a commodorial dinner on the night of Wednesday July 27th. That it coincided with the proper start of my leave was purely coincidental; it happened that Scrap Batten, Commodore of the RCC, had sailed into Howth with *Swaraj*.

Our Commodore organised a dinner of kindred souls for the *Swaraj* crew in Howth YC, and I was very much in the frame of mind to enjoy myself, yet by some miracle was on the 07.30 train back to Cork next morning.

Going to Cork on business on the 07.30, it has often seemed to me there'd be nothing more pleasant than to be on the same train, cheerfully wolfing the Great Irish Breakfast, but going instead to join a yacht in Crosshaven with a cruise west in prospect. So although the morning was miserable with heavy rain, the mood was good, and by the time Aidan collected me from the train the rain had stopped and there was even a hope that the wind had gone round to the northwest.

It had. We were away from Crosser by 1130 (Thursday July 28th) with four days to get the boat round to Derrynane for the family holiday, and though Roche's Point



Approaching the Old Head of Kinsale

Photo: W.M. Nixon



The Junior card school

Photo: W.M. Nixon

was giving gusts of 37 knots, it was nor'westerly and we streaked down to the Old Head of Kinsale with the weather improving all the time, visibility being crystal clear while astern a filthy sky showed the bad weather going on east (there was severe flooding in Waterford).

There was glorious passage-making until Clonakilty Bay, the coast of West Cork looking fabulous in the bright sunshine. But it was an unstable airflow, and the wind headed to give a dead beat the rest of the way to Castlehaven, which we reached at sunset. Going ashore in the dusk, we thought it was too late for a chance of food at Mary Ann's, but a pint was indicated to celebrate the way the day had fallen so beautifully into place. The serendipity continued - they'd two steaks left. Bliss. A cold clear night with a full moon as we rowed back out to the boat, our werewolf wailing surprising even ourselves.

The wind was heftily westerly next day, but we snugged her down and plugged round to Baltimore in breezy sunshine in the morning, being now resigned to head-banging the whole way along the south coast, and us a mass of bruises to prove it. Baltimore was brisk, we soon dropped the notion of a bumpy berth outside the fishing boats for lunch at Youen's, and instead found peace under Sherkin where the sun was strong and a farmer was turning his hay in the meadow beside the pub.

Conditions had eased by mid-afternoon, and we'd a delightful sail through the inside passages to Schull, a route Aidan had last sailed in a Firefly. We berthed outside Frank MacCarthy's *Scilly Goose* at the pier, had welcome showers at the Watersports Centre, and adjourned up town.

Being the Friday of the holiday weekend, the place was booked solid, but we'd a superb dinner in the unlikely setting of the Black Sheep, and returned to find it low water springs at the pier. The new ladders are designed on a peculiar pattern, the hand rails being splayed so much at the top that you have scarcely any fore-and-aft leverage. I'd be very nervous of the steps on Schull's otherwise excellent pier.

Wind was still westerly but gentle in the grey morning, and we headed down harbour - after speaking to Bernie Cahill's *Whistling Oyster* with himself and Clayton Love aboard - and out and across a gentle swell to Cape Clear. North Harbour was in the throes of pier renovation, so there was only room for three yachts. We were the third; in the inside berth was Jim Collins' fine new *Thalia*, her mast towering to the sky, yet snugly in the tiny port thanks to her centreboard. A priming party aboard her, then the need for exercise dictated that the crews of *Turtle* and *Thalia* do a spot of 'hill walking' - up the hill to Paddy Burke's and a spontaneous celebration of Cape Clear and cruising.

Mid afternoon found us heading on for Crookhaven; we even had full sail set for a while, but the breeze returned

closing the land, and we anchored off O'Sullivan's just as the rain came down. Ashore in the oilskins to meet Dick and Heather Lovegrove and Billy O'Sullivan who once again complimented us on the beauty of our vessel, so naturally there was a night on the town in this place of flawless taste.

Having bashed the whole way westward it was ironic but not entirely unwelcome that our rounding of Mizzen Head should be under power, albeit across a lumpy sea. With it astern next day (Sunday July 31st) we headed into Bantry Bay, and arrived in Lawrence Cove with the next lot of rain.

With the best will in the world (for I've enjoyed previous visits there) it was impossible to find any charm in Lawrence Cove in the rain. It was one of those decisions that needed no discussion. As one man we returned aboard *Turtle* without a word, and headed across to Castletownbere, where the joint was jumping with the Festival of the Sea, though ironically there were few fishermen in port, for the weather had been so rough throughout July that they'd all put to sea to avail of the lighter winds. We filled in for them manfully, dining in the Old Bank, and making the scene at MacCarthy's.

The morning brought the final stage in the jolly little jaunt westward. Still under power and through the occasional fogbank, we headed down to Dursey Sound. My only previous time through had been southward bound. Going north is a revelation. You come round the dogleg and pop out through the gap in the cliffs, and there ahead is the magnificent panorama of Kerry right from the Skelligs down to MacGillicuddy's Reeks.

Northwards of Beara, the weather was different. We'd left behind clammy fog and calm. Through the great gate - we guessed Dursey to be mongrel Celto-Norse for "doorway island" - we were into clear weather, a nice little nor'westerly breeze to have us sailing across towards Derrynane, and sunshine and a cloudscape over the mountains ahead which you'd never believe if you saw it in a painting.

We enjoyed it so much that we rolled up the genoa to slow the little boat down a bit, for Georgina and the boys weren't due in Derrynane until that evening, but eventually duty called, and we sailed through the narrow entrance and up that lovely harbour to a handy berth.

There was something of an informal ICC Rally. *Scilly Goose* was already there, Joe Woodward soon came in with *Moshulu III*, and then the Rear Commodore (Cork) arrived with *Diva*. Invitations to drinks aboard the handsome *Moshulu* pleasantly rounded out the afternoon, and a figure pale of face rowing past in a heavy dinghy proved to be Roger Foxall, who had that very morning finished the typescript of his book about *Canna's* cruise to Leningrad in 1987. Joe had him aboard to bring him back to earth, Roger having the distraught air of someone who had just recovered from a major illness or has just finished writing a large book, the two



Joe Woodward's *Moshulu III* at Derrynane

Photo: W.M. Nixon

conditions being identical.

Georgina and the boys arrived with the evening's rain, and there was a very rapid throwing aboard of gear with *Turtle* just managing to get alongside the little drying pier. *Turtle* was to manage many things over the next week, not least of them being that first night when she had seven sleeping aboard, the Nixons being made more complicated by the inclusion of one small black cocker spaniel from the Whelehan kennels, called Rummy, and Aidan having to stay on for one extra night as the lift to get him back to Cork wouldn't materialise until next day.

We'd vague notions of cruising the Kenmare river, but Derrynane offered such entertainment (the watersports centre provided handy Lasers and sailboards and other goodies for hire) and the weather was so unsettled, that in the end we put down two anchors and used *Turtle* as houseboat, expeditions elsewhere being made by car.

The big-hearted, generous Kerry scenery was a continuing delight. Meals ashore (in the interests of Madam's research, of course.....) were excellent, the highlight being the Park Hotel in Kenmare for a memorable lunch. And for contrast, there was the cosy way of life on the boat, which Georgina enjoyed so much that on a couple of days we could scarcely get her to go ashore at all, whereas I was all for sampling the crack in Bridie Keating's eccentric establishment. And all the time the Derrynane sand built up aboard, brought aboard by everyone and most especially the dog, but what the hell, it will now only take a wash with fresh water to have the cabin sole ready for varnishing.

The weather continued changeable, so though it rained every day except one, each day had its good periods. The outstandingly good day was the last one, Sunday August 7th, with Derrynane at its incomparable best, but ten minutes after midnight the rain arrived, and by the small hours it was blowing a gale from the southeast.

Naturally we'd set Monday August 8th as crew-change day, naturally the rain drummed down, but somehow we got Georgina and Bobby and David and Rummy ashore, Harry turned up as arranged way back in the winter, and he joined son Brian and myself to make a rapid departure seawards in a lull, reflecting that you could easily get badly stuck in Derrynane with its very narrow entrance if conditions came on really persistently bad from the southwest.

But we made a decent offing while the brief lull lasted, and then the new wind came sweeping in from the southwest. Half an hour later, and we couldn't have got out, but there we were, away on schedule, and though the immediate forecast was pessimistic, there was the prospect of an eventual clearance for a while.

The clearance came through with vigour, sunny though hazy, the effect across the vibrant blue water of the Skelligs on the horizon being very impressive. Heading on north across the mouth of Dingle Bay, we just kept ahead of a mighty swirl of rain, and the sky was spectacular, low cloud scudding past, and above it great feathers of high white.

The wind funnelling into Dingle Bay saw us with a couple of slabs in the main and the genoa well rolled, but the underlying weather pattern seemed to be towards an improvement, albeit temporary. The sun beat down on the Blaskets, and we laid over towards the east end of the Great Blasket for a look.

With a south going tide, entering Blasket Sound was a bit lively, but once through the rip there was shelter, and everything pointed to a brief visit to the island. The hook went down, and though she rolled and pitched, we were basically sheltered. A small surf rumbled on the beach, but the little landing place proved to be remarkable sheltered as we rowed in, while above in the ruined village a cock crowed lustily.



Although there was some surf on the beach at the Great Blasket, the little landing place was remarkably sheltered

Photo: W.M. Nixon

It turned out that the cockerel was far and away the liveliest inhabitant. Because of the overnight bad weather and gale warnings generally, the ferry wasn't running from Dunquin, so Blasket Island was asleep in the unexpected sunshine. As we wandered up the track from the landing place, they opened up the little shop of curios, and I exchanged my very handy little blue mini-map of the Great Blasket for a decidedly less useful purple map of central Dublin, and as a result became the proud possessor of a somewhat vividly red island-made woollen scarf which much amused Georgina a couple of days later when I presented it to her, so this winter I'll wear it myself and damn the decidedly sheepish smell.

Ambling round the very deserted village, we met up with the No 1 citizen, the splendid cockerel who'd greeted our arrival. He was being fed by a German living in a tent. Having heard there was a tea shop, I suggested the least we could do was have a cup of tea therein in order to give a boost to the native economy, despite having recently had mugs of the sacred brew back aboard the boat. Brian and Harry grudgingly agreed, and we asked a small child where the tea room might be found.

"It's beyond the stuck-on house" she told us. Was this a new Irish-English being invented before our very ears? The 'stuck-on' house may indeed have been Blasketese for two semi-detached cottages, and beyond them we did indeed find the tea house, only to be told by the lady thereof that as the ferry had been cancelled she'd decided to give herself a day off and there was no way tea was being served to anyone.

As he spends much of his time in the country, Harry couldn't believe that he'd come upon someone who simply couldn't be bothered to put the kettle on. On this his first visit to the Great Blasket he admitted he found the place impressive, but the inhabitants decidedly less so. We returned aboard, hauled the anchor, and sailed north through a docile Blasket Sound glad to be away from the island, and enchanted by the sea life all around us, with puffins in particular in profusion.

A most gentle evening, up past Sybil Head and away for the Aran Islands. Big country, mighty big country, all around. Into the oven went the lasagne prepared for us by Georgina, Brian onto the helm and Harry and myself around a couple of gins and some righteous indignation about the spirit of enterprise, or lack thereof, on the Great Blasket.

Being well into August, evening drew on early. The cliffs of Mount Brandon were majestic, while the steep islands astern were awe-inspiring silhouettes against the rawness of an angry sunset. Clearing the land, we gradually became aware of the huge though harmless swell running in from the

southwest. They say the biggest swell on the entire Irish coast runs in north of the Dingle Peninsula. Brian is a big 14-year-old, but suddenly being 14 didn't seem so very old after all. With the gathering dusk, the dramatic coastline, and that huge swell every time he looked over his shoulder, he certainly had an impressive introduction to cruising the western seaboard.

We set Ahab the Autohelm north of Smerwick harbour, course 042° for Gregory Sound 60 miles away. He was switched off again next morning at the north end of Gregory Sound, having taken us all the way without any further tuning, a remarkable performance. During the night there was such a good breeze from astern, running merrily with genoa boomed out past Loop Head and lights of the Clare coast, that at times the speedometer was on 'Bat', and we ended up having to slow *Turtle* down with genoa rolled and the main sheeted amidships so as to have some daylight going into the Sound.

The light was slow a-coming with the next belt of rain moving over, but eventually it all fell exactly into place, Ahab had done his stuff, and by 0720 we were anchored off Kilonan and soon everyone was having four hours of uninterrupted sleep before venturing ashore.

Be warned, by the way, that there's a disused mooring about one and a half cables west of the lifeboat in the Kilonan anchorage, so thick with weed that at first it looks like a rock. Somewhere in there is a warp, and getting it round your prop could ruin your entire day.

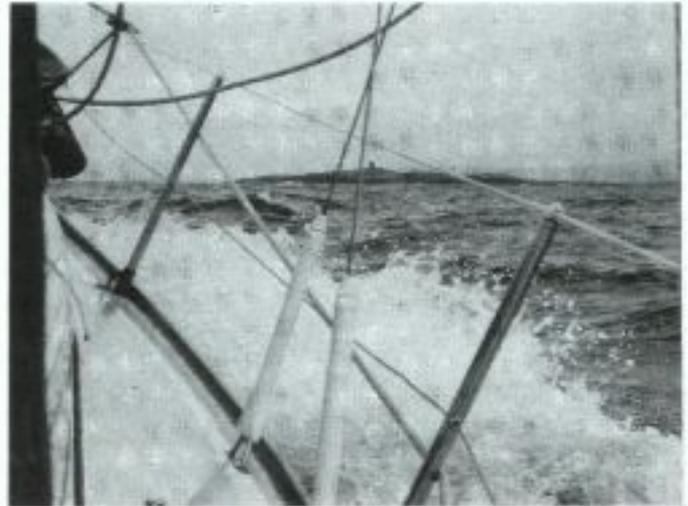
Towards noon we woke up bright-eyed and bushy-tailed, and soon were breakfasted, tidied up, and ashore. For everyone it was the first visit to Aran, and we expected disappointment. We didn't get it. The day had improved to occasional sunshine, Harry organised a pony and trap to take us to Dun Aengus, and off we went with a driver so comfortable with himself, charming us all with his sweet Aran voice, that we felt afterwards he'd given us the answers he thought we wanted to hear to our many questions about the island. Perhaps he thought we were income tax inspectors. Anyway, afterwards we reckoned we couldn't even be sure he'd told us the real name of his pony...

But it was all part of a suitable otherworldly day. The Aran islands are all things to all people. Certainly there may be excruciatingly folksy tourism, but equally there's no escaping the reality that the islands' contemporary heroes are the great fishing boat skippers. And however those great busybodies, the Victorians, may have tried to 'improve' Dun Aengus, it is still a fabulous place, the view from it of the Atlantic seas crashing against the bare rocks being especially thought-provoking to three blokes who had just sailed up from the Blaskets.

After that awe-inspiring place, it was a relief to trot back to



The barren south coast of Aran as seen from Dun Aengus
Photo: W.M. Nixon



The tower on Golam Head is the mark for the eastern entrance to the Inner Passage which then provides fairly sheltered water the whole way to Roundstone

Photo: W.M. Nixon

the homely clutter of Kilonan and a couple of pints in the American Bar before ambling along to the nearby Dun Aengus Restaurant for the tourist menu which featured seafood casserole, tasty enough such that Harry was able to persuade the lady of the house to give us a second helping of 'the fish stew' which we were given in pudding bowls for fear everyone would want the same.

Wandering back along the waterfront I was a bit bothered about the restless way the seagulls were whirling noisily around, so when we got back aboard at 21.15 I called up Valentia Radio to see were there any gale warnings out. No gale warnings said Valentia. Thank you Valentia said I. Bye bye said Valentia. Then just as we were about to turn the set off five minutes later, out from Valentia came a Securitie call for a gale warning issued by the Met. Office at 19.50. As it was a southerly gale, we reckoned we'd be okay where we were. Of course, as so often happens it went right round to the southeast, but as it never got anywhere near a gale we were only a bit uncomfortable, if a trifle bewildered about the weird way we'd come by the warning. Not to worry, in the morning the rain had gone, the wind had eased to fresh, and we set off for one of the best sails of the entire cruise, from Kilonan across to Golam Head and right through the great Inner Passage of the old Galway hookers to Roundstone.

Golam Head with its conspicuous tower guides you in, after that it's rocks to the left of you and rocks to the right of



Turtle in Roundstone harbour at high water

Photo: W.M. Nixon

you. But there was still enough south in the wind to lay the course, the Twelve Bens and all the coast of Connemara were looking their splendid best, and at exactly 1500 hours on Wednesday August 10th, precisely when we'd said we'd be there, we rounded up under sail in Roundstone's little harbour (it was high water) in order to rendezvous with Georgina and the rest of the gang, who'd been making their way up from Kerry in gentle stages, the plan being that Brian would return with her to Dublin, while Aidan was due to rejoin the ship in the next day or two.

Plans are all very well until the enchantment of the west begins to do its stuff. Just as she'd been enchanted with Kerry, so Georgina had now fallen for Connemara, and Roundstone's flavour was particularly potent for everyone. Harry ambled into O'Dowd's to find himself among friends, the crack was mighty, and as the next lot of bad weather was on the way, it made sense to stay on in Roundstone next day and let Aidan join there.

So the antique shops of Clifden got the going over, there was a beautifully civilised lunch at Cashel House, and then when Georgina and the boys finally tore themselves away to return home, we'd only a couple of clear hours before Aidan arrived and we'd to show him around the place with the inevitable feast at the Beola restaurant and much banter with the likes of Roger Bennett and others.

Time to be going on in the morning (Friday August 12th) for all that there was a hearty sou'wester. Two slabs in the main and the genoa rolled, as Aidan put it, as tight as a stockbroker's umbrella. *Turtle* settled to her work for a real sluggeroo of a beat out to Slyne Head, vivid sunshine, bright and breaking water, and every so often the mighty whoosh of foam from beauties like the Wild Bellows Rock and the Sunk Bellows too - why, demanded the log, is there no Mildly Irritated Bellows Rock.....?

There was a big French cruising sloop also plugging towards Slyne, and to our enormous satisfaction little *Turtle* managed to lengthen away from her. Nearing the head, the breeze eased a bit, so we decided to cut the corner, though in a real blow you have to go at least two miles off.

A remarkable scene. Off Slyne Head the sea was absolutely alive with birdlife, Manx shearwaters in abundance and gannets going in like patterns of dive bombers. Right at the headland it was rather lumpy, so much so we'd to slow the little boat down, but she swept round with style, sheets could be eased at last, and through an afternoon of veiled sunlight presaging the next low hurtling in from the Atlantic, we streaked up to Inishbofin consuming a late lunch of a heroic curry which Georgina, bless her, had made back at Derrynane and which had been kept alive with daily heatings.

Having left Roundstone under sail, we sailed into the anchorage, and soon were ashore to find Margaret Day in great form at the hotel. I'd been on the island several times since first being there in 1964, but Aidan hadn't set foot on the place since he sailed in with Ninian Falkiner on *Euphazel* in the same year. She remembered him from that time. She also remembered, without prompting, how Harry had been on Bofin with a visit of the Clan Wheelchan in 1967. Dinner was a convivial feast of reminiscence.

The weather was going into one of its naughty phases, and through the morning didn't bring much wind, it brought fog and rain. We could see no point in sailing along one of Europe's finest coastlines when it was invisible, so we stayed in Bofin, and walked in the rain across to East Village where some inspired work with the menu at the Lobster Pot produced a full-blown lunch out of what were supposed to be only snacks.

More walking in the rain eventually ended with an entertaining meeting with Eric Elliott in Micko Day's pub.

Eric's wife Joanna is editing the island's newspaper, *The Inishbofin Inquirer*, to which Eric is a leading contributor. There was a learned debate about his description of a Dutch cutter which lay in the harbour with a decidedly striking colour scheme. Eric in his column had described it as Art Deco. We were quite convince it was psychedelic. Very learned conversation indeed. All were brought back to earth when Harry rang home to discover that his lovely Springer spaniel, called Glum, had just been delivered of 14 pups. Cigars and champagne all round!

Then before returning aboard to enable Aidan to excel himself with a dinner of best boiled bacon and cabbage with all the trimmings, we called with Micko and Margaret at their imaginatively renovated schoolhouse between the pub and the hotel. Within, it's international style - you could be in a fashionable place in Ballsbridge or Chelsea. Micko has raised the habit of jovial begrudgement and amiable insult to an art form. With twinkling eyes, he sits there, the king of the island, cheerfully insulting everything and everyone. With enormous glasses of whiskey poured by Margaret, we tentatively said we hoped to sail with Sunday's forecast clearance. Micko exploded with mirth. "If you weren't men enough to sail today, you won't sail tomorrow - there'll be a southwest gale!"

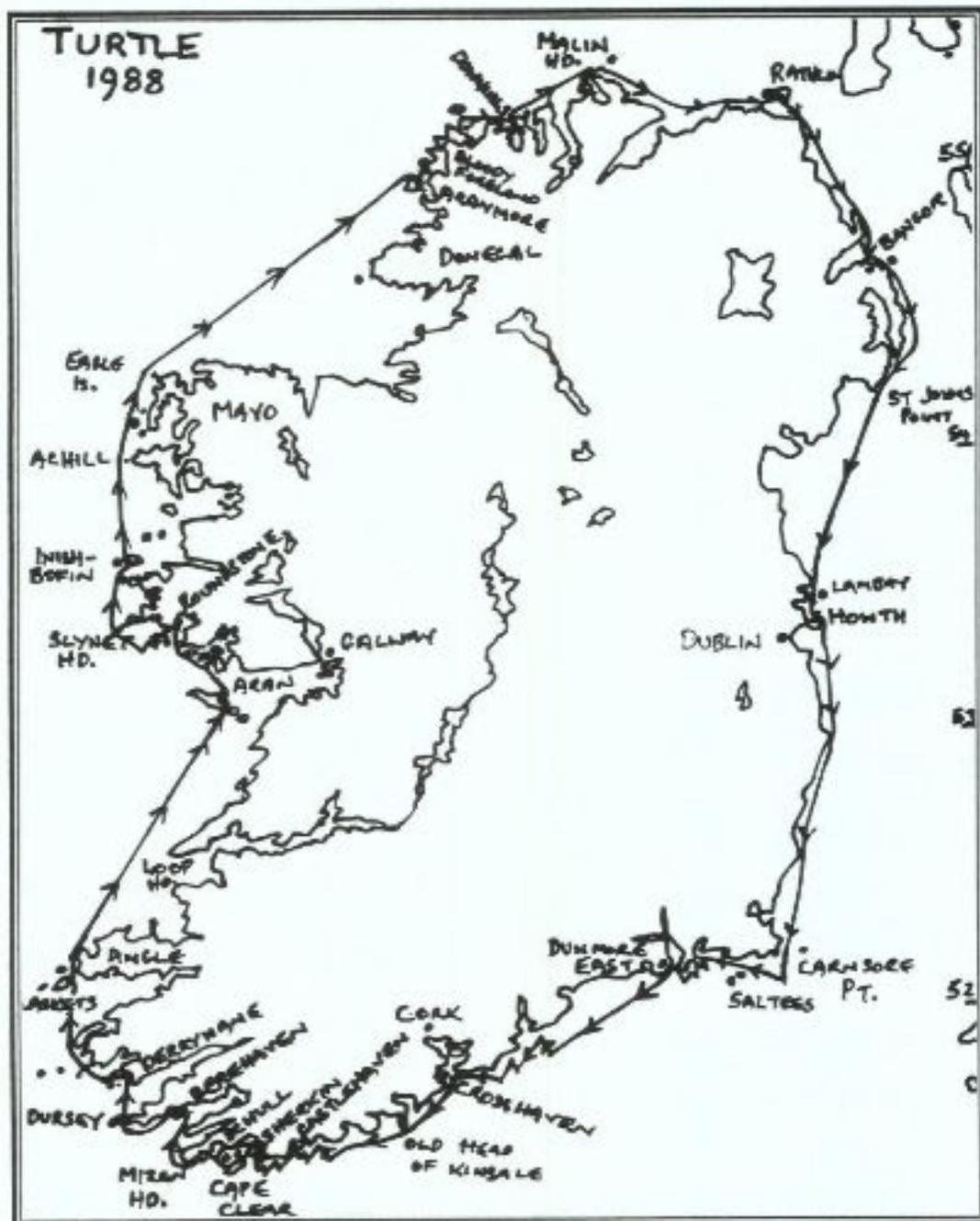
He was near enough right. It was actually a northwest gale, with a substantial chop sweeping down the harbour. We'd two anchors down and they didn't budge, but poor little *Turtle* was buffeted this way and that and one gust even had the gunwhale down. But it eased, and by daybreak next morning we were unraveling the chain and warps, and after taking aboard some fresh water, headed on out through the Ship Sound past the Stags of Inishbofin to the west of the island. There'd been a slight shower as we headed through the sound, but then it cleared and oilskins came off again. They weren't needed for the rest of the 120-mile passage to Aranmore in Donegal.

A fine sail it was too. The forecasts were talking of another big low coming in, but in the meantime the hope was for a day or two of gentler weather; as the previous load of dirt was still very much in evidence in the sky to the north, we had hopes of moving along with the clearance, and that was the way it turned out.

Bad cess to Micko Day, as we'd waited for the clearance to enjoy the coast, we now had our reward - spectacular was the only word for it. And though the sun failed to break through until we were past Achill Head, approaching Eagle Island it was a case of "Mad dogs and *Turtle* men go out in the Mayo sun...", though in truth all that the sunshine did was to emphasise the utterly desolate nature of the Mayo coast as we sailed on in a gentle westerly.

Things got so gentle that a bit of engine was needed to push us past the Stags of Broadhaven, and the occasional splutter from under the lid indicated that all was not well in the auxiliary department, educated guesses suggesting that the head gasket was on its way to expiral. But then the breeze returned, and with genoa boomed and Ahab on the tiller, all dined together round the saloon table, marvelling that this was possible off perhaps the most rugged coastline in the country.

As for the 'Great Hop' across Donegal Bay, that took on a more modest perspective when we suddenly realised that the odd looking bit of dark cloud on the starboard bow was Slieve League. After dark the breeze died again. The engine gave us two or three more hours before the gasket gave out. We had a spare but received opinion was that a torque wrench would have to be borrowed to make a job of installing it, so *Turtle* was declared engine-less for the time being, and we made gently along towards Rinrawros in a light sou'easterly on the mildest of nights.



The morning (Tuesday August 16th) was bright and clear, a classic ridge day. Aranmore was green and peaceful in the sun as we rounded the north point and tacked up to the anchorage past busy little lobster boats, and soon the hook was down beside the lifeboat as The Rosses of Donegal came leisurely to life on one of the few summer's days.

We strolled ashore to find the little harbour area busy, with fishing boats on the beach being scrubbed while children played. Nobody could quite believe the perfection of the weather, and guessed rightly that it wouldn't last. But for that one day, it was perfection in The Rosses.

Having been sailing overnight, we were less than energetic. It didn't take very long to find our way to Andrew's Pier bar, which is rather further from the pier than the other two village pubs, but had the look of the place for the pre-lunch pint.

In the early afternoon we sailed on, trickling through Owey Sound and beyond it finding a sea breeze which had us beating ever so slowly past Bloody Foreland. A bit of engine would have been helpful, but the feeling was that we needed a mechanic to make a job of it, so we continued in engineless

style.

Matters of logistics now intervened, as Harry's time was getting short. Originally we'd thought he'd be leaving at Portrush or perhaps Portsalon on Wednesday August 17th, but increasingly it looked like Downings in Sheephaven, so as the 'true' wind returned towards evening we headed in round the dramatic cliffs of Horn Head and by dusk were sweeping up the broad expanse of Sheephaven towards the lights of Downings pier.

According to the good book, Sheephaven 'offers good anchorage in all summer winds', but then it was scarcely a normal summer. We felt that Downings was the best bet for making a connection back to Dublin, but in the freshening southerly the anchorage off the pier seemed very uncomfortable, so we nipped in alongside a fishing boat in the limited shelter of the pier itself and felt much more secure. *Turtle's* shoal draft (only 4ft 7ins) making such moves feasible.

Downings proved the right choice for transport. Although it was nearly 2300 by the time we were into the village proper, within minutes Harry had his transport sorted out through the privately-

operated bus which leaves Milford for Dublin every morning at 0800, connection from Downings being a 20-minute mini-bus ride. Living in Donegal requires economic skill, so perhaps we shouldn't have been surprised by the quietly efficient transport network of the northwest - Harry was in Dublin by lunchtime Wednesday.

Meanwhile back in Downings the disease of *Turtle's* engine was spreading. We were up at daybreak to help the fishing boat *St Anne* move out from inside us. Her engine wouldn't start either...later we'd her skipper aboard for a dram and he told us of their work; they were currently fishing crabs beyond Tory Island, each day's catch being collected by a truck which came up from the processing plant near Killybegs, and all going for export.

It was a miserable morning with the rain beating down and the wind still fresh from the south, but the forecast was for a clearing from the southwest which would suit fine to get us round Malin Head on the evening tide, so in leisurely style we wandered up to the butcher's beside the pub with the sign; "Always pleased to meet you; Always meat to please you."



Fishing boats ashore for a scrub on the beach at Aranmore
Photo: W.M. Nixon

An excellent butcher's, as it happened. The pub was totally empty, and we could only reflect that at precisely that time with the rain coming down there would have been considerable more life in Bushe's of Baltimore or O'Sullivan's of Crookhaven, but at least the midday weather maps on the telly indicated a suitable pattern over the next three days to get us home.

We headed out in company with a decidedly senior crew from Wexford who were going round Ireland in the Centaur class *Eileen* at a very gentle pace, almost liveaboard speed. Admittedly our actual passage-making period was barely three weeks, but in all *Turtle* was shaping up to be away from Howth for five weeks, and having been aboard for practically all of it, I was beginning to get webbed feet, and rather liking the liveaboard life.

Heading out of Sheephaven the clearance came through to bring the scene to life with sudden sunshine. The breeze went right round to the west and we were running merrily across a blue sea with the genoa boomed out, but then the fingers of fog came rolling in round Horn Head and soon we were sailing in our own little world of cotton wool.

Not to worry, there was the new Navstar to keep a check on position, and the wind was ideal for rounding Malin Head. But then, closing in on it with visibility marginally improved and the timing perfect for the tide, the wind fell away completely, and we had only an occasional puff from the northeast to work with on a clammy and horrible evening.

Knowing how the tides roar past the saw-toothed Inishtrahull and the Garvan Isles, things were looking nasty in our engineless state. Using every little breath, we coaxed her in towards Trawbreaga, and spent the entire virtually windless night holding her there as best we could, with the Navstar working overtime to check our position in the fog. We couldn't hear the diaphone on Inishtrahull. Malin Head Radio told us it had been discontinued since March 1987. They also told us there was a southwesterly gale warning out. But we sat virtually becalmed, holding ourselves with every zephyr against the edge of the east-going flood, and then sitting in the ebb. Shortly after dawn the fog cleared to patches, and then at last a southerly breeze came up, though with no great strength or steadiness. It was well into the morning (Thursday August 18th) by the time we had Malin Head and its mess of islands and rocks safely astern.

While gales were being talked about in most sea areas, we found ourselves near the centre of a deep but complex low which was settled over the southern Hebrides, giving slack wind conditions in sea area *Turtle*. But with the flood, progress was good with a light southerly until calm returned

off Portrush in mid-afternoon, just as Ahab our faithful autohelm also decided to go AWOL. It was too much. We may not have had a torque wrench, but we had a socket to fit the engine studs. Show me a desperate man with a mole wrench, and I'll show you a torque wrench. Like someone possessed, though in a deathly hush, I went to work on the engine and within an hour the replacement gasket was in place and it was running right merry - and still does, some two months later, having been given the seal of approval by a real mechanic.

Getting the engine back in action was like some sort of a signal. No sooner was it running than a new breeze came from the southwest, the sky cleared, and the Causeway coast of Country Antrim from Portrush eastwards looked mighty handsome. By now the tide was against us, but by holding close inshore and laying into Whitepark Bay we made good progress, and from Sheep Island, after a spectacular glimpse of the Carrick-a-rede rope bridge, we broke across Rathlin's blue sound and by 1900 hours were into that splendid island's very convenient little harbour, remembering that the line in through the gap in The Bow is along the north side of the wall along the north side of the road outside the new pub, the McCuaig's having had to build a new pub beside the harbour because the old one further up the road "got wore out...".

Rathlin was in peaceful mood. The evening sunshine hadn't been forecast, and was welcome in that unsettled summer. Children played on the little beach, people sat on chairs outside their doors, all was harmony. We dandered along to Tommy Cecil's house to stock up with fuel, and then adjourned to the new pub where Alec Purdy and his merry



Turtle with the Aranmore lifeboat William Luckin



Approach to Church Bay on Rathlin - the line for the gap in The Bow is along the northern side of the wall on the north side of the road outside the new pub.

Photo: W.M. Nixon

men from Cushendall, homeward bound from the Hebrides, told us of their hopes for a marina in Red Bay.

Rain in the night, virtually windless again in the morning, but all the forecasts now talking of strong nor'westerlies in the Irish Sea as the low over the west of Scotland moved slowly nor'cast. But the new winds took their time a-coming. On the morning flood past an Antrim coast looking better than ever in the sunshine, it was engine all the way to Belfast Lough where we went into Bangor at 17.45 and berthed alongside the 7 Metre C/R *Norella* in the splendid shelter behind the new Pickile breakwater, and the rain back again.

In some ways it was one of the most significant moments of the entire cruise. As a small boy I'd been heart broken by having my 14 ft sailing dinghy damaged as a result of Bangor's exposed anchorages. Yet here we were, snugly berthed in what will eventually be Ireland's finest yacht harbour. To anyone else it might have looked like a damp and miserable Friday evening. To me it seemed like paradise.

With only 89 miles to sail home, the morning's forecast of a fair wind from the northwest was doubly welcome. The BBC said it would blow a gale for a time, RTE reckoned it wouldn't get that strong. For once, the Beeb was right. We'd taken the morning flood (Saturday August 20th) through Donaghadee Sound, and carried full sail for a record hop to the South Rock, holding to the land as far as St John's Point which meant we'd only forty miles of open water from there to Skerries, and even that was only relatively open.

By the time we were passing Ardglass there were two slabs in the main and the genoa was rolled almost to storm jib size, and out beyond the point the sea was steep and just forward of the beam, not far enough forward to have us pounding, but quite far enough, thank you, to give a decidedly lively ride.

Progress was remarkable good, but not surprisingly it was might cold. Up to weather the usually benign Mourne

Mountains looked singularly evil as giant squalls came racing black and purple over the flank of Slieve Donard.

Off the Carlingford /Dundalk area, we both reckoned it blew a gale for two or three hours; certainly a ship going past was at decidedly reduced speed, and you couldn't look into the wind and spray like bullets. But still progress continued, and it was surprising how comfortable you could be with three pairs of socks, the arctic mittens, and full offshore gear patiently fastened together in front of the mirror before going on deck to take the helm.

Finally we began to get a bit of lee south of Clogher Head, Rockabill appeared out of the murk under the port bow, and even with the sting gone from the breeze she ran down past Skerries with ten knot surges. Darkness was coming on, but we were on the home straight. A call on the radio to make sure our berth in Howth marina was clear as getting stopped would be half the battle. Our berth was clear. Off Malahide, the radio burst into life again. It was Georgina wanting to know what drinks to set up, as closing time was coming fast.....

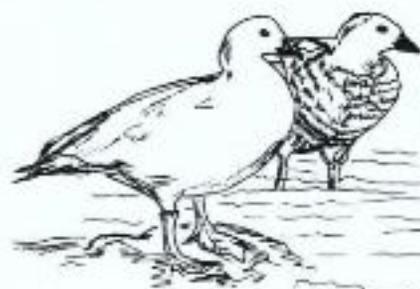
There was still one final hurdle to cross. With 840 miles cruised, we didn't want it to end suddenly by colliding with one of the unlit Howth racing marks as we shaped our way down inside Ireland's Eye in the dark on a course planned to keep us clear of those rather intractable glass fibre structures. Finally, with the island's martello tower astern to port, the black conical Baldoyle Spit Mark shot past to starboard. We were clear. Into the harbour, down with the sails, into the berth to be surprised by the weight of the wind, but we got her secure and shipshape, with the 89 miles knocked off in 14 hours exactly.

And then up the marina bridge, up the outside steps of the clubhouse, and into the light and the warmth and the pints and the laughter.

TURTLE Round Ireland '88

	Distance made good	Distance Sailed	Time	Engine Hours	Average Speed made good
Howth/Dunmore East	112	119	9hrs	1	5.0knts
Dunmore E/Crosshaven	55	67	14	4	4.0
Crosshaven/Castlehaven	45	50	9.5	1	4.9
Castlehaven/Baltimore	12	15	3	0	4.0
Baltimore/Schull	9	10	2	0	4.5
Schull/Cape Clear	8	8	1.5	0.5	5.2
Cape Clear/Crookhaven	9	10	2	0.25	4.5
Crookhaven/Berhaven	30	30	5.5	5	5.5
Berhaven/Derrynane	23	23	6	2.25	3.0
Derrynane/Blasket Is.	28	29	5.5	0.5	5.5
Blasket Is./Kilronan	73	73	13	0	5.6
Kilronan/Roundstone	22	22	4.5	0.5	5.3
Roundstone/Inishbofin	28	32	7	0	4.0
Inishbofin/Aranmore	118	118	26	4	4.5
Aranmore/Downings	28	33	8	0	4.0
Downings/Rathlin	64	70	29.5	1	2.2
Rathlin/Bangor	45	45	9	9	5.0
Bangor/Howth	89	89	14	0.5	6.3
	792	843	182	24	4.33

Engine Use: 13%



SPLENDOUR IN CHILE

By John Gore-Grimes



In Chile they say; "he who eats the fruit of the Calafate shall return". In 1987 I had not eaten the Calafate berries (*Berberis Buxifolia*). In spite of this I was drawn back to Chile in 1988, partly by Warren Brown's generous offer to lend *War Baby* and partly by an unsatisfied curiosity to see more of a country which had intrigued me.

Our party set off from Dublin on 26th December 1987 to arrive in Santiago on the afternoon of the 27th December. Jan and I were accompanied by John and Jennifer Guinness and by Liam McGonagle and Barbara Fox-Mills.

Peter Metcalfe joined *War Baby* in June 1986 and has stayed with the boat since that time. From Bermuda, *War Baby* sailed to the West Indies before passing through the Panama Canal. She sailed south, passing Colombia, Ecuador and Peru. She visited the Gallapagos Islands and Juan Fernandez Island (Robinson Crusoe) and headed south through the Chilean Canals to Punta Arenas in the Magellan Straits. I joined Warren Brown and his crew in January 1987 to sail to the Falklands and to Antarctica, returning to the Beagle channel in mid February. Peter and the remainder of the crew took the boat to winter in Valdivia and it was during this time that Warren offered to lend me *War Baby* for three and a half weeks in January 1988. There was a thorough Inuit generosity about Warren Brown's kindness and I say this because I know how much he loves his boat.

Peter arrived with Samantha Ellison in Warren's Toyota pick-up to meet the 14.30 Lan Chile flight which had landed four and a half hours earlier at Puerto Montt. We loaded the Toyota with our luggage as Peter introduced us to Samantha, a young Bermudian girl who had been engaged by Warren to act as ship's cook. Samantha drove ahead with our luggage while we boarded the hotel Ralun's mini bus for a 2 hour journey to the head of the Reloncavi Estuary where *War Baby* was at anchor.

It was warm as we carried our baggage through the hotel and down the pathway to the small pier Ralun. I caught a glimpse of *War Baby* through the trees lying at the head of the Reloncavi inlet. I could not wait to get aboard. Philip



A Pensive Peter Metcalfe

Photo: J. Gore-Grimes

Wilson, who had joined *War Baby* with me in 1987 and had been aboard ever since, was there in cheerful mood as he hauled our gear onto the deck. We also met his pretty, vivacious Chilean girlfriend Marianella.

It was good to be aboard *War Baby*. Peter and Philip had done a marvellous job on her brightwork and she was positively shining. Jan and I took quarters in the spacious after cabin. Peter and Philip took the upper berths in the main salon and Samantha got a berth on the starboard hand settee. There are 4 bunks fore'ard of the mast. Liam and Barbara took the port-hand pair and John and Jennifer took the starboard hand pair.

The hotel at Ralun boasted South American spider crab in the form of a centolla cocktail. It was irresistible to the imagination. When it arrived, semi-frozen in a wine glass with a surround of lettuce and a pink sauce disguise, my heart sank. It sank with justification for I doubt if this submarine creature had been caught during the present decade. It is easy to deceive the coinage of the brain with whimwham and with crinkum-crankum but the olfactory organ tells the truth. The Ralun centolla was irredeemable and as a result the rest of the meal required consolation from a distilled Chilean wine called Pisco. Those of us who downed this South American marine spider at Ralun were to regret it. Within 24 hours the crab eaters were laid low.

We returned aboard *War Baby* for a final nightcap before turning in. Marianella was up at 03.30 the next morning to drive the Toyota pickup to Valdivia and to return to to work. What a pity! She had been so lively that we all wished that we could somehow smuggle her aboard. The girls and McGonagle slept. John's enthusiasm had him up and about and ready for action. Pisco and South American crab were having a little war inside me and Peter and I went for a swim in the dark. We raised *War Baby's* anchors and departed at 04.35 hours.

The sands from the N shore of Ralun stretch southwards towards Punta Veriles. We hugged the S shore with a little too much affection and, in consequence, found ourselves aground in the mud off the point. It was a peaceful grounding which allowed us to switch off the engine and to grant the weary willies some additional slumber. Our champion dormouse Liam was so far within the gates of ivory that he knew nothing of our encounter with the seabed until we told him of it at lunchtime.

We were bound for the little town of Quemchi which is 81 miles from Ralun. We finally cleared our mud berth at 06.00 and motored 33 miles down the Reloncavi estuary picking up a good favouring current at the exit which swept us out into the gulf of Ancud. It was a bright sunny day with fickle winds which we used to best advantage. Brightly coloured fishing boats bobbed about as we drifted across flat sparkling seas. Samantha got to work on the breakfast.

"Would anybody like a boiled egg?"

The reply was 8 "Yes please!"
"How do you like to have your egg cooked?"
The reply was 8 "four minutes please"

Sure enough, after exactly 4 minutes, 8 eggs arrived with buttered toast. Pure magic we thought and then we cracked off the tops. Thank heavens the chickens were not at home but the rest of the mucosa which flowed over the top was perfectly raw. All of this stuff is easily disguised by proper boiling but Samantha, in 20 years of life aboard our heavenly planet, had not yet learned the secret. She had placed the eggs in water, ignited the gas and removed 8 hens miracles just 4 minutes later. The water had not quite come to a boil. We hoisted the quarantine flag and proceeded merrily across the bay.

We dropped anchor off Quemchi on Chiloe at 19.40 one could immediately see why the Spaniards were loath to surrender the Island of Chiloe to the Chileans after Independence was declared in 1818. They retained control of this flat fertile island until 1826. It has a reputation for witchcraft, wooden buildings, poverty, seafood, rain and beautifully sheltered fishing villages on its eastern shoreline. Quemchi is just such a place. The noise from the beach was a perfect mixture of lapping water and childrens laughter. There was a large Christmas tree in the centre of the village decorated with an illuminated white cross. A rickety pier stretched a little way into the water and we watched an old boat navigate its way along side. The rudder was long since defunct and the vessel was steered by a tree with a board at the end of it. The apparatus was lashed to the stern and was manoeuvred with difficulty by two seamen. I could not help thinking of the worldly gentleman who, on leaving his club in Piccadilly, observed a man in a green baize apron carrying a grandfather clock up the steps.

"My poor man," he remarked, "a wrist watch would be so much easier".

I had met a most engaging Chilean friend of Warren's in 1987 and when I wrote to advise him that we would be aboard *War Baby* in December and January I received a fascinating invitation by telex from his Santiago office which read:

"We will see you for a barbecue on New Year's Eve at latitude 42° 28 S 72° 30 W - Tony Westcott".

The invitation was an irresistible challenge but I could not locate the venue with accuracy using a magnifying glass on the Times atlas at home. *War Baby* is well equipped with charts and while a shore party launched the dinghy to explore Quemchi, Peter and I discovered the precise location of Tony's New Year's Eve festivities. Caleta Porcellana is almost at the head of Comau and Leptepu estuaries. It was within easy reach and we planned to be there on the 31st December.

We woke early on the morning of the 30th December. A young boy galloped his horse along the beach and dozy fishermen put to sea with a smile and a wave. The terns flapped busily over the water and the imperial shags lined up to stretch and dry their wings at the end of the jetty. That ancient and improbable bird the brown pelican flew with awkward grace a few feet above the surface of the sea. Soon we could hear the childrens laughter on the beach. The sun was up and with any luck it was to be another day of relative ease on Chiloe Island.

We left Quemchi at 09.40 to sail a course just S of E towards the mainland. Our planned distance was 58 miles.

The winds favoured us from the W and for a time we moved across a flat sea with mainsail and spinnaker set. At times we travelled at 10 knots.

Liam is clearly a man who is accustomed to being in charge. I had not sailed with him since 1955 but it was rewarding to see this major kilowatt-output power house enjoying the primrose path with such peace and with such grace. Liam over-saw the distribution of alcohol and of chocolate. The distribution of alcohol was judiciously impartial but the distribution of chocolate was less so.

"Ah chocolate! here is a bar for you - and ah! here is one for me".

One bar was shared between eight - need I say more? Barbara chided him gently in the bay of Ancud;

"Liam you should not eat so much chocolate".

Rubbish Barbara! I have reached an age where I am entitled to eat as much chocolate as I want".

I seem to remember when Liam and Bob Fannin sailed *Moonface* from Scotland to Howth with my brother Anthony and myself aboard as obedient crew, the ship was stuffed with Mars Bars, Caramacs and Smarties. That was 33 years ago and we arrived in Howth with empty lockers.

The wind left us at 15.00 and we started the engine. As we approached the canal Comau we opened the narrow entrance to Quintepu. The German battleship, the *Dresden*, had holed up in this estuary for 3 months in World War I. Her position and location were reported to the British Admiralty by the Chileans but at first, the information was considered to be suspect. The *Dresden* finally made a run for it but the Royal Navy caught up with her at Robinson Crusoe island where she was sunk and where she still lies today.

It was on this passage also that Liam McGonagle uttered one of the classic statements of our cruise in Chile;

"Oh my God! To my great horror I have just discovered that I have demolished another bottle of wine".

Jennifer was at the helm as we closed the Quintepu entrance. To the S of the N shore line was a small island call Liliguapi. I was still in Greenland cruising mode on our second day at sea in Chile.

"Press on at all costs! Do not alter course! Do not divert and above all do not dilly dally!"

Jennifer sighted three large sea-lion's sunbathing on the rocks. She requested alteration to port and the instinctive



Jennifer Guinness on the Pacific.

Photo: J. Gore-Grimes

reaction of the crusty Arctic skipper was to order a negative. It was her eyes and not her voice which changed my mind. The clock chimed 2 bells on the early evening watch. There was plenty of time and that alteration to port was a good decision, a decision which was rewarded by a fine, close view of a large sea-lion taking a belly dive into the water while the other two stood by and watched us. The rocks were lined with 50 or more beautiful black and white imperial shags, hanging out their wings to dry. The shags were unimpressed by our presence. The real value of the decision was that I was happily persuaded that we were cruising in Chile on *War Baby* with good friends who were not in a hurry. I resolved from that moment to put away the Captain Ahab kit.

Our plan for the evening was to anchor at the head of Cahuelmo estuary. Warren Brown had put a little anchor mark on the chart to recommend this anchorage. Warren had not visited this anchorage and the soundings showed 32 to 22 fathoms up to the sandbank. 22 fathoms was a bit too deep for us but the chart promised shoaling sand at the head of the estuary. We approached the shoal with confidence to find that the depths went from 22 fathoms to 2 fathoms in a distance of 1 cable. The sandy shoal at the head of the bay is steep too. The winds in the estuary fairly howled down from the tree covered mountains on either side, producing something equivalent to Katabatic winds in Carlingford Lough which are well known as "Carlingford Kettles". Deep water and the "Cahuelmo kettles" made this place an unsympathetic anchorage for yachtsmen. The Cahuelmo estuary is known to locals as a place of unpredictable winds and we were to learn the next day that the fishermen of Telelele never go there.

We headed out into the main estuary in strong winds with a wet drizzly mist coming from heavy low cloud which clung to the trees no more than a few 100 feet above the waters edge. At 19.50 hours we sighted 2 sailing boats and Peter identified them. One was Tony Westcott's, Colin Archer - style yacht *Equinoccio*. The second boat belonged to Bernardo Matte. She was a Swan 46 named *Beagle*. We spoke on the radio and Tony decided to press on to Caleta Porcellana to arrange for the following nights barbecue but he advised of a good anchorage at Telelele just opposite the Cahuelmo entrance. *War Baby* and *Beagle* made for it.

It was 21.00 hours when the Fisherman hedged in. It was dusk and we could see several wooden houses in the clearing. Four small children played and laughed outside their home. Then it was dark and the laughter stopped. We could not see any lights from the houses. All of a sudden Telelele slept.

Next morning we learned that Bernardo was having trouble with his self-furling headsail. Peter and Philip went aboard to give assistance. It was early morning but already the children of Telelele were at play, peering curiously from the beach at their 2 visitors. Armed with some bottles of wine and a bag full of chocolate from McGonagle's private store, we landed



Barbara Fox-Mills drives *War Baby*

Photo: J. Gore-Grimes

and walked up to the closest house. We were greeted by a man and woman and taken in to see their small wooden home. The main room had highly polished lino covering on the floor and in one corner there was a gleaming, wood burning stove which radiated enormous amounts of heat. There was a table, a few chairs and one bed. The entire place was spotlessly clean and the lady of the house was justifiably proud of it. In all, 3 separate families live at Telelele. They were clearing the forest behind the homesteads to provide grazing for their few cattle. Each house has a smoke house where meat and fish are smoked throughout the summer months so that food stocks will not run low during winter. Each family kept hens and a few pigs and beside this house was a beautifully tended vegetable garden. These independent, self-sufficient Chileans have everything except money. There is good fishing in the river and sea water. There is grazing in the clearings and timber abounds both for fires and for making and repairing their boats. The people at Telelele were welcoming and friendly. There was no cap-in-hand and touching forelock here. These settlers were meeting people from another country and they accepted us as equals. They thanked us for the chocolate and the wine but before we left they presented us with 4 locally caught white fish named merluza. I only wished that I had the courage to live like the men and women of Telelele. Their nearest neighbour is at Caleta Porcellana which is 12 miles away by boat and boat in Telelele, means oars and dipping lug-sail. It is 55 miles to the nearest town at Puerto Montt and Castero on Chiloe is 74 miles away. It was a great pleasure to see Bernardo's daughter and son aged 11 and 4 years respectively playing perfectly happily and naturally with the Telelele children on the shore. I could almost hear the Rathgar mother yelling out across the water;

"Edgar and Gemmima come here to me at once and don't be playing with those ragamuffins".

Our journey for that day to Caleta Porcellana was a mere 12.5 miles. We left Telelele at 13.55. Peter and Philip had successfully repaired *Beagle's* self-furling head-sail and Bernardo followed us out. Liam's lunchtime session had done the trick and Shakespeare's least favoured letter fairly flew out of the hatchway in profusion. Of the last letter in the alphabet the great bard had written;

"Thou whorsome Zed! thou unnecessary letter".

I was on watch with Barbara discussing the wild yo-ho antics of her brother Nicholas in Marble Head and in Reykjavik. Nick had sailed with me from Marble Head to Howth and we had also circum-navigated Iceland together. It was gratifying to sail with another member of the Massey family, albeit a tamer one. She had not heard how Nick had bared his bottom to passing motorists from a car window on the road from Boston. She had not heard that one of the passers-by was a policecar.

We had drifted up the Leptepu estuary under sail accompanied by a school of dolphins playing their skilful games around the bow of the boat. To the E we could see high snow-capped glaciated mountain peaks reaching towards a blue sky. The western shore was covered with dense forest from the waters edge to the summit. The river at the head of the Leptepu estuary is reputed to lead the way to the lost South American city of El Dorado. It would be a hard route to follow.

Equinoccio was at anchor at Caleta Porcellana. We arrived at 17.10. The shore is steep to and Tony had placed his bow within half a cable of the beach. The bowline was secured to some rocks on the shore and the main anchor was shot from

the stern. It was perfectly still but I preferred to moor *War Baby* the other way around, in case we had to leave in a hurry. Liam and Philip took the stern line ashore. If you were to step out off the stern of the dingy with its bow touching the beach, you would be well out of your depth.

Tony Westcott's young son Martin agreed to lead the way to the hot volcanic waters which cascade into naturally formed rock pools some distance above the settlement. As we passed the wood shingled house we spotted the wrapping for the evening dinner. Two sheepskins were draped across a wooden fence. Smoke filtered out through the roof of the smokehouse and the family came out to greet us with smiles, chatter, and with laughter. We pressed on into the forest with young Martin leading. We crossed a bridge over a rocky river bed, balancing delicately on one pole with the feet and holding on to the other rickety pole at waist level. John was determined to capture it all on video and with stills and his passage across this South American catwalk was achieved with perfect flourish for a man so heavily laden with cameras and with boxes of film. We were in the forest again, plodding up the mountainside while Martin ran first to the E and then to the W. Like ourselves, our young guide was hopelessly lost but then we came to a clearing and followed a path which seemed familiar to him. We re-crossed the river without the help of a bridge and as we headed up a small gushing tributary we could feel the mountain torrent warming the soles of our feet. There were 3 separate pools. The lowest was a pleasing bathroom temperature and most of the party opted for it. The 2 higher pools were slightly warmer. There was merry making in these pools and there was sunshine in our hearts as buxom, bouncing bottoms scraped the sandy river bed and jubilant, hallelujah heads peeped up above the current. The unseen chucaco called out with mocking laughter

all around the forest.

The return journey was achieved in half the time and we did not stray from the path. As we emerged from the trees we could see a lofty rock escarpment running around and up to the summit of Picos Amunatequi on the opposite side of the Leptepu estuary.

Just before dark we set off for the farmhouse at Caleta Porcellana. The farmer and his family were in the smoke house and the barbecue was set up over a pit in the earthen floor, filled with glowing cedar chippings. The smoke went straight upwards to escape through a hole in the roof. The atmosphere in the little wooden smoke house was laced with the rust of time. There were none of the trappings of the twentieth century there and the smell of sizzling mutton was an epicure's delight. The visitors supplied knives, forks, plates, baked potatoes, salads and wines. Jennifer collected sticks and branches and soon had a fine aromatic bonfire blazing in the Chilean night. The New Year was greeted with a loose and noisy rendering of Auld Lang Syne and with hugs and kisses all around. Our jubilation and mafficking once again turned to song. The discordant music of the night included such single-hearted minstrelsy as The Eddison Light, The Sash My Father Wore and Lloyed George Knew My Father. With the songsters father being the keeper of the Eddystone light it seemed a good night for fathers under the silent dark starry sky at Caleta Procellana. Inhibition had long since bolted out through the backdoor with its tail between its legs.

We boarded *War Baby* at 02.00 on the 1st January and departed for the San Raphael glacier at 02.25. We had a distance of 329 miles of fairly demanding pilotage ahead of us. The tide favoured our passage northwards out of the Leptepu estuary and although it was a black night, visibility



John Guirnes on the foredeck

Photo: J. Gore-Grimes

was clear with steep tree lined mountains providing a stark contrast to the brighter, shimmering water which picked up and reflected any light which was about. As we rounded Pte. Quillon at 07.20 a light breeze filled in from the W.S.W. and for a short time we set our main and genoa and sailed in silence. The New Year's Eve extravagance had resulted in an unbuttoned and pillowed ease below decks. Our watch system encouraged this ease with two hours on and six hours off. I steered with Philip and Samantha. Jennifer and Peter coaxed the boat with enthusiasm even in the lightest airs. John was on watch with Barbara and Liam with Jan. These two shellbacks gave Jan and Barbara the confidence which they needed to steer 30 tons of aluminium through the Chilean canals.

By midday it was flat calm and the engine drove us S past the Island of Nihuel, which has a castellated summit and looks man-made when approached from the N. We were in the Canal Desertoires with no discernible hint of mutiny. Later dolphins played about the boat and for some reason I had a look at the depth sounder. We were in 28 feet and we followed the dolphins out to sea to avoid a long sandy spit stretching out from Pucaipuen point. The wind freshened from S of E and we were sailing again into drizzle and rain with visibility down to about 2 cables. Groups of stately pelicans altered course to avoid us as they flew out of the mist with awkward grace and with disdain. The white breasted imperial shags did not like the conditions and they headed in towards land. The radar guided our way with safety through this rock strewn sea and with such a high degree of navigational competence and seamanship aboard our progress was blessed without incident. Jan and Barbara cooked the Telelele merluza in a white wine sauce.

Before dark we felt a very slight bump on the hull. We had disturbed a sleeping black-browed albatros and it flapped off across the water with an indignant shriek. The wind was too light to lift this big lump of a bird into the air so it crashed down again on to the surface to resume its sleep, fairly secure in the knowledge that a second rude awakening from a passing vessel was an unlikely occurrence. The damp night air was cold and when John poked his head up through the hatch, before coming on watch, he quickly put it down again declaring that it was, "definitely a night for the therminals". He reappeared some minutes later looking like the Michelin-man, with warm thermal underwear ready to do battle on the midnight watch. It was a night of drizzle and rain with black fog which changed to grey as a wet dawn finally illuminated the sea surface. The wind was light and on the starboard quarter. We had spent most of the night motor sailing with full main and without headsail. We had passed the Locos light without seeing it but it came up loud and clear on the radar set.

By 07.45 we were abeam of the Ra Negra and heading down the canal Moraleda with improved visibility and with a good free wind. We were sailing fast through heavy rain and the skuas were there in plenty, bullying and worrying the terns. This was interesting passage making, surging through a flat sea at between 8 and 9 knots. At the southern end of canal Moraleda we altered to E.S.E. to pass to the S of Churreue Island to enter the canal Costa at 18.10. The wind freshened to F 5 and we rolled in the headsail and sluiced down this beautiful, narrow, tree-lined canal which runs for a distance of 22 miles. Our progress over the seabed was hindered by a strong N flowing tide. We cleared Ramapu Island at the S end of the canal Costa at 21.00 and we searched for the entrance to the Estero Elefantas through heavy rain squalls. The compass confirmed our course as did the radar but the mariner at the helm looked for landmarks and these soon became apparent as we picked up the prominent headland of pte. Pescadores. The dinner aroma

from the galley recommended an anchorage but we spent more than an hour looking for a seabed which would allow us to put down a C.Q.R. and a Fisherman in 50 feet with sufficient room to swing in that depth. Much of the shore depth was steep to and our depth sounder found a gallant 40 feet which turned into 10 feet at the bow and 80 feet at the stern. Such is the seabed in the Chilean canals. finally we found a spit where we could anchor in 50 feet and swing with confidence in a depth of between 40 and 60 feet. Perfection was achieved at 23.00 hours on Saturday evening and down below Jennifer's marinade of beef with crisp cabbage, bacon and new Chilean potatoes was a perfect triumph. It was a wet night and one which recommended an anchor watch. With such uncertain holding and with a seabed which was much less predictable and more unforgiving than the anchorage off Ireland's Eye, we were not anxious to land our generous benefactors lovely *War Baby* on the Chilean mainland. The wind from the Andean heights gave us little peace blowing at once from the S.E. and then from the W. The rain danced on the decks and the duty crew lay snug beneath *War Baby's* aft canopy watching the compass, the depth sounder and when visibility allowed, the shore marks.

At 04.15 hours on Sunday the 3rd January a sleepy anchor party hauled up the Fisherman. We sailed as best we could but our progress was slow and we pressed ahead under engine at 11.00 arriving at San Raphael bay 1 hour later. The rain was almost as persistent as a dry day in Leitrim and the shags looked thoroughly soaked and less imperial. The water was green with melt-ice and in spite of these dreary conditions there was great excitement aboard as we first sighted small pieces of drift-ice and then many Humbolt penguins sealarking about the surface. What pleasure these beautiful creatures give! The water temperature dropped to plus 5°C and the air temperature was only one degree above it. At the head of San Raphael bay there is a tortuously narrow, unmarked channel which runs close to, but not right beside, the eastern shoreline. To the S.W. are shallow, water-covered mud flats which look fine until you see a long legged wader walking close enough to *War Baby's* topsides. Peter and Philip had been through this channel in December and they piloted us safely through. The second half of the channel is easier with a steeper, defined shoreline on either side and it was pleasant to see the depth-sounder rise from 12 feet to a more comfortable 25 feet. Our keel had been very close to the bottom as we passed close to the mud flats. The tide was running into the lagoon at a steady 4 knots but the passage across the mud flats had been made all the more exciting by a firm cross current. It took 2 hours to navigate these channels but it was worth every minute of it to enter the Laguna San Raphael and to suddenly come upon the spectacular ice cliff of the San Raphael glacier. The lagoon is about 5 miles from E to W and 8 miles from N to S. It does not have any safe anchorages. The green water was filled with great blue and white bergs. We spent 3 soaking wet hours motoring up to and away from the ice front. Were it not for the dark high mountains which surrounded the lagoon we might have been in Antarctica. At latitude 42° S we were at the world's closest sea-glacier to the equator. This latitude is equivalent to the latitude, of Barcelona in Spain.

The penguins played their splendid games on the ice flows and in the water. The front of the glacier radiated it's coldness through heavy rain. This ice cliff varies from between 140 feet to 200 feet in height. It is 2.5 miles in length. Because of the relatively high temperatures, the glacier is on the move, flowing some hundreds of yards each year which is a positive gallop compared with its polar cousins. The average movement of the Arctic and Antarctic glaciers is no more than 10 to 20 yards each summer. Even at



War Baby at anchor in Puerto Aguirre.

Photo: J. Gore-Grimes

this speed there will still be plenty of the San Raphael glacier left for our great-grandchildren and for their great-grandchildren when they call to the lagoon under the flag of the Irish Cruising Club.

We motored out of the Laguna San Raphael at 18.00 on Sunday evening to arrive, through the channels, at 2 small islands at the exit into San Raphael bay at 19.40, moving with greater confidence and speed on our return journey. It was time to settle down to a feast of trout and to the thoughts of the day's magnificence. There was a strong tide running out of the lagoon and we ducked in between the two islands in a vain attempt to avoid the worst of the flow. It was a narrow spot and we finally got the C Q R bedded into the mud. Some communal sea-going philosophy went a little astray at this point and because it seemed to be a good idea, the dingy was launched and Liam, alias Saunders of the River, took charge of the shore party ably assisted by Philip and by Samantha. They drifted down stream at speed hauling a heavy stern warp until they finally grounded with a bump on a bush covered islet with a solitary tree standing about 25 feet above the undergrowth. Saunders of the River is a man who is reputed to have killed alligators with his bare hands and from the set look of determination of Liam's face I am pleased, for the sake of alligator lovers, that there were none about. He hacked his way through the undergrowth and tied the stern line to the tree with several secure, salty knots. His progress was observed by a pair of very beautiful kelp geese who sat on a branch of the tree above him. They watched Saunders' purposeful return to the dingy with bemused curiosity but with insufficient anxiety to consider a short flight to a more harmonious perch. Being wise geese they probably knew that Saunders was a man for alligators. Saunders ate a bar of chocolate before dinner that night. Those who know him well say that this tactic is analogous to Popeye's relish for spinach. The trout and trimmings were delicious and after dinner John popped up to see how things were. They were not good. The eddy between the island had changed direction by about 70° and John reported that our stern warp was no longer attached to Saunders' sturdy tree. On deck we attached the inboard end of the warp to the winch and ground



The snowcapped Mount Maca.

Photo: J. Gore-Grimes

with double-distilled vigour, until the tree (roots and all) came up under our stern. The kelp geese had long since departed. Freed from our tree anchor we motored out into the channel well clear of the shore and its islands and moored with more traditional caution.

We planned an 85 mile passage northwards for Monday the 4th of January, with an 04.00 start. We discussed the pilotage and the departure time until well into the night. John had had a mild but irritating gout attack at San Raphael but in the evening he was fully recovered and in great form. Looking for'ard of the mast to the lair which he shared with Jennifer and with Liam and Barbara he perceived nonarrangement, that is to say, positive disarray and dishevelment. He penned a bold notice which he affixed to the mast with the message facing aft' towards the main cabin. It read:

"Fatima Mansions! No go area! Keep out!"

For much of the time we were happy to oblige. It was a night of talk, wine and whisky. We were still elated by the might and power of the San Raphael glacier. Our minds danced with dreams of the winsome fascination and enchantment of nature's ice sculptures in the Laguna San Raphael. The rain fell heavily all around and *War Baby's* splendid wood-lined cabin was a warm and pleasant womb.

When 4 bells chimed the early morning departure hour, Jan was the only one to hear it. She called me and I know that her report is trustworthy:

"I called John at 04.00 but he merely said 'Stuff it' and rolled over into deepened slumber. Since it was still pouring rain I was not reluctant to follow suit."

Calls for early morning departures and that sea area in which your vessel finds itself during the shipping forecast must rank high among information which is most frequently missed by folk who go a pleasuring on the seas and oceans of the world.

Our lie-in was rewarded by improved weather conditions



Liam McGonagle alias Saunders of the River being carried ashore by Philip Wilson at Tic Toc

Photo: J. Gore-Grimes

on Monday the 4th of January and we set sail in a light westerly wind at 08.45. It was a bright clear day and the wind increased to a generous F. 4 from the S. W. Progress was good. The sail northwards on a clear bright day was equally rewarding. We had passed through the same canals on the way S. in poor visibility. Blue skies and a following wind were simply too good to miss and now we could see the Andes, the tumbling waterfalls and the profusion of joyous penguins and bird life taking advantage of the sunshine. Our speed was between 8 and 9 knots and the sailing was resplendent. The backgammon sailors, Jan and Philip, were on watch together. Jenny and Liam were the "A Team" with Peter and Barbara in hot pursuit. John, Samantha and I did the final watch which took us into Puerto Rosita. Samantha had begun to feel at home on the helm, mainly thanks to John's patient tuition.

It had been a day of cleaning and *War Baby* was washed down and polished from stem to stern. Even John's "Fatima Mansions" notice looked redundant. We sailed past a fine empty land with no sign of human habitation. John carefully and expertly stitched on a soft leather covering over the runner blocks to prevent chafe. The runners on *War Baby* are of critical importance but with our Howth Seventeen Footer training it was a great pleasure to work them when tacking and gybing.

Puerto Rosita is a small, sheltered anchorage without habitation at the S.W. end of the peninsula Elisa which is joined by a short winding isthmus to mainland Chile. Our anchor went down at 21.50 and within a few minutes Philip had baited his crab-pot and that too went over the side. As we rounded up for the Rosita entrance there were flightless steamer-ducks scurrying across the water to get out of our way. We meant them no harm but the Creator appears to have played a mean trick on these birds. They are not agile

swimmers like the penguins but they can move across the waters surface at about 15 knots. They look as if they are just about to fly but they never do. They probably have many great skills and qualities which we failed to observe.

On the way into Puerto Rosita, John and Jan had spotted great quantities of mussels on the low tide rocks. It was here also that we discovered our only shortage of the voyage. Our water tanks were empty. We had not abused the water supply but through oversight and the euphoria of Christmas celebrations on *War Baby* at Ralun, Peter discovered, to his horror, that only the port tanks had been filled.

A fresh stream flows down to Rosita from the hills above it. We could hear it gushing through the trees. We could also hear the bewildering chucao setting up its fine ventriloquist cry. John and Jan set off in the dinghy to find fresh water. They located the stream but they did not see the chucao. Water poured aboard at 15 gallons a time.

Dawn was bright and cheerful according to all reports. A wicked Chilean aeronautical fly had bitten Peter on the neck and it looked sore and swollen. John and Jan set off at first light to the entrance of our sheltered bay in order to collect mussels. It was low tide and the harvest was bountiful. They also found hermit crabs and sea urchins. Philip had been up from time to time during the night to tend his crab pots. Having run short of genuine bait he had punctured a can of Heinz baked beans and tied it to the base of the crab pot. This bait had been successful and we had many crabs with good sized claws. John and Jennifer organised further water collecting parties and before I awoke *War Baby* was filled with fresh stream water, with crabs and with mussels. While ashore on the water collecting party John and Jennifer spotted the elusive Chilean chucao. The mussel bearding and shelling party got to work on the deck. It was a clear warm morning and by midday the air temperature was 20°C. We left one of



our happiest anchorages in Chile at 12.45 on Tuesday the 5th of January, bound for Puerto Aguirre just 8 miles to the N.

We unfurled the headsail and drifted up through a rocky passage, alive with penguins and imperial shags, There were several shallow patches but the sea sparkled with sunshine and we were almost tempted to sail on. We had not seen a single habitation since our departure from Caleta Porcellana 422 miles ago. We had not seen another village since Quemchi and we had travelled just 500 miles between Chiloe and Aguirre.

We motored past Aguirre to a small bay just beyond the harbour, where we anchored. Peter and Philip had visited Aguirre on several occasions and knew this sheltered refuge. Aguirre is an attractive fishing port and all around it, both on sea and on land, were many yellow and red fishing boats, some with out-boards or in-boards and some with just a dipping lug - sail and a pair of oars. The village runs from the harbour straight up the hill for about half a mile. The harbour area is lined with wooden houses and the roadway up the hill has houses on either side. The roadway comes to an abrupt end long before the summit. It is as if the village ran out of people. The houses are surrounded by trees and there are numerous tiny shrines which, at night, are illuminated by flickering candles. In the day time we could see people at prayer around these small places of worship.

Aguirre is a shy village. It has much in common with some of the small Greenland settlements which we have visited. There were signs of inbreeding and the Pisco drinkers were in evidence. The undercurrent of aggression and hostility towards strangers, which is not uncommon in the Inuit settlements, was completely absent in Aguirre. Everyone wanted to be friends but, like us, they were not quite sure how to go about it. We tried in different ways. We greeted each other with smiles and "buenos tardes". Jennifer and Samantha enjoyed buying basic supplies in the village. The shop was soon overcrowded with curious observers who shared the fun of seeing a stone of oranges, 6 potatoes, 2lbs of salt and a canister of sugar being supplied across the counter. These slight inaccuracies were soon remedied. The shop was sparsely stocked and here again was another comparison with the Greenland experience. Augpilatoq in Prince Christian Sound is a town of comparable size and remoteness but Augpilatoq has a self service supermarket which is fully equipped and well stocked to the highest Danish standards. The Danes have utterly spoiled the Greenlanders and spoiled children are not always the prettiest adults. Both Greenland and Chile are growing nations but Chile does not have outside benevolence to assist her. I believe that she will grow up to be the better for it.

Having loaded the supplies on to Philip's dinghy in the harbour John, Liam and I returned to a bar at the end of the village for a Pisco. Moderation does not sit well on the Irish heart but I will have to admit that John wandered back to *War Baby* some hours before those two carousing advocates were persuaded to leave. We met a nicely rounded lady journalist from Santiago whose chubby, boisterous temperament matched our own. The Pisco played its inevitable tricks and soon the three contestants were talking away like rattles of thunder, echoing serious philosophy which drifted, unheard, out through the door and into the high blue sky above.

"A drink for every man in the house!"

Just before everyman in the house was about to return the compliment we fled, somewhat ungraciously, out into the street where we wandered over a hill and eventually found our way back to the bay where *War Baby* lay at anchor.

Back on board John was hard at work preparing the evening meal. He had bought some tapes of traditional Chilean music and these happy sounds accompanied his preparation of Moules Marinier and baked trout. It was a perfectly clear evening and to the E, high above us, we could see the splendid snow-covered volcanic Mountain Maca gleaming in an azur sky.

John's dinner was received with full honours. There was something special about the taste of mussels picked from rocks, washed by a perfectly unspoiled ocean. These treats



Main Street Aguirre.

were followed by baked trout, fresh vegetables and good yellow Chilean potatoes. Years of research in Roget's Thesaurus could not find words to do it justice.

We had planned to sail 86 miles on Wednesday the 6th January and, sure enough we were away by 05.25. John, Samantha and I took the first watch but Peter and Philip helped us to raise the anchor. It was absolutely still with a bright sky which promised another fine day. We were motoring up the canal Ferronave past a host of wooded islands. We crossed the 45th parallel and rounded Toap island when a light following breeze filled our sails. We sailed out of the canal Moraleda and into the beautiful canal Perez Sur which is about 2 miles wide and 20 miles long. The wooded islands of Transito and Cuptana were to the E. and Teresa, Jesus and Benjamin were to the W. There were many black-browed albatross about. They disproved the theory that they are unable to take off from a flat surface without wind. Getting off the surface was an active process which combined energetic flapping and running with webbed feet on top of the water for quite a distance. They take off in the same way as our own guillemots but they cover a far greater distance on the surface, before becoming airborne.

Peter was on watch with Barbara. Jan and Philip took a windless watch which was happy for them because they could use the automatic helm and continue a new variety of Russian Backgammon. As neither Philip nor Jan could remember the rules the Russians were declared the outright winners. Jennifer and Liam had an interesting watch under sail and we emerged through the narrow passage at the northern end of the canal and passed the empty Mercedes island in the lovely canal Beaza where we reached to the E at 8 knots over a perfectly flat sea. We had not seen any habitation since Aguirre. We did not see a single vessel until the approach to Puerto Melinka at the northern end of the canal Perez Norte which runs for a distance of 38 miles from Jechica island. Sailing through these beautiful canals was an unforgettable experience. The pilotage takes a little concentration and the mariner is well advised to keep the cork in the Pisco bottle. There a thousand places to explore and the adventurers only enemy is the clock. In the empty canals of Chile, God and nature are close. For a short while the ulcerous competition of life is forgotten, the senses are filled with splendour and corners of the mind change from dark grey to bright blue.

Wednesday the 6th January was just such a day and we anchored off the little village of Melinka on the island of

Ascension at 21.15 hours, for a peaceful nights sleep. Thursday was bright and clear and Peter thought that we might be able to purchase some fresh centolla at Melinka. A small fleet of fishing boats had put to sea. Liam had a shopping list which comprised three items - bread, lemons and chocolate.

We went ashore and here we got a close look at the centolla and shell-fish divers preparing for the days work. Three men work from small 18 to 20 foot open boats. There is a compressor aboard with a long coil of yellow, garden-type hose pipe attached to it. The divers wear wet suits, lead weights, flippers and masks. At the other end of the hose pipe there is a rubber mouth piece and these hardy heroes dive into the deep and search the seabed for crabs, mussels, lobsters and whatever else they can find, without the help of a demand valve. It is a precarious and dangerous existence and Peter and Philip had learned

that there is an appallingly high number of fatal accidents among these canal divers. There is no proper understanding of the decompression tables and those who survive the sea rarely live to enjoy old age.

Melinka does not have the charm of Aguirre, but its people were at once friendly and curious. We walked around the small harbour at back of the town where there was a busy boat building and repairing industry at work. A sawmill was in operation and there were sounds of hammering and cutting all around. Old men gathered shavings and useless branches for their fires. Younger men were on the roof tops replacing shingles and preparing their dwellings for the winds and rain of winter. Smiling, black-haired, brown-eyed children gathered around Jan and Samantha who had just discovered a lollipop shop. Summer was in their hearts and again the children never asked for anything but gratefully accepted any small treat which was given. The children smiled at John's cameras and his one regret was that he did not have a Polaroid camera with him. Everyone was immediately anxious to see the results of his art. I was close to a tiny shingled house and was about to take a picture when I was invited inside. As in Greenland, there were a pile of shoes just outside the door. I removed mine and entered to find another spotlessly clean home.

Santa Claus and fairy lights were still in the shop windows at Melinka. Liam had amply filled his shopping basket but we could not find the elusive centolla. It was time to put to sea.

We left Melinka at 12.15 and at once set the spinaker. It filled for 3 minutes and we dropped it before a dreadful wrap occurred. We motored past the Manzan islands and once again joined the canal Moraleda, bound on a N.E. course for Tic Toc bay. We had a distance of 42 miles to the Tic Toc anchorage and the afternoon sky became cloudy. The passage was a mixture of light-breeze sailing and engine and as we approached the bay it was misty, with low cloud hanging on the mountain forest, a few hundred feet above sea level. Even in this poor visibility Tic Toc was alive. The steamer ducks were hard at work to keep at least 5 cables away from *War Baby* at all times. Flights of pelicans were coming and going without discernable purpose, using up most of the 360° directions which the compass provides. The shags were content, for the main part, to fly N of *War Baby* to the Colocilla and Johnston islands, but groups of pelicans flew variously N S E and W. They are fascinating flyers. They are independent creatures.

As we approached the sandy outfall from the Tic Toc river

Photo: J. Gore-Grimes



Landing Party at Tic Toc.

Photo: J. Gore-Grimes

we could see sea-lions playing evening games in the shallow breaking water. Close to the shore the great crested grebe dived for its dinner and the graceful snowy egret walked step by step in the shallows in patient search for a bedtime snack. With Redonda point to port we opened up a small anchorage at the head of Tic Toc bay we headed S into it. It was 19.50 as we anchored in this calm, misty refuge.

Jennifer's belated dinner was excellent and afterwards we tumbled into a deep, dreamless sleep. We awoke at first light and went ashore after breakfast. Philip had arranged a fishing expedition so he stayed aboard. The sky had cleared and on one side of our anchorage the trees rose steeply upwards towards a mountain glacier of white ice 8000 feet above us. On the other side there was a shoaling sandy beach with a solitary wooden dwellinghouse some feet above high water. It was 07.00. The dogs barked and soon the children played. We walked across the strand to meet the owner of this small isolated estancia. We learned that Adan Carrera Alarcon and his family lived alone at Tic Toc. His nearest neighbours were 35 miles away by sea. Adan learned that we had come from "Irelanda".

"Would you like an Asado this evening?" - a barbecue on the beach

"Yes please!"

"Bueno"

The arrangements were completed and we set off to walk 4 miles along the shore to the river Tic Toc. This shoreline was a perfect paradise. Wild, sweet strawberries grew in profusion in the sand and thick deciduous forest lined the edge of the beach. The trees and the shore were teeming with bird life. The pelicans nesting season was over but a few still flew into the trees to visit their old homes. The elegant snowy egret stepped along the low tide shore picking at shells, accompanied by fluffy youngsters who had not quite enough experience of life to fend for themselves. The upland geese were plentiful. They looked so fine standing on the beach with their orange/red chests but in the air they are beautiful flyers and the contrasting brown and white plumage in their

wings will always catch the eye. The lofty herons and the lonely call of the oyster catcher were more familiar to us and at sea, the steamer ducks looked as if they were still determined to learn how to fly. Thousands of years of flightlessness does not seem to have dissuaded their efforts.

"Other birds seem to manage it. Why can't we?"

The Tic Toc river delivers its ice cold water into the bay. Over the centuries it has built up a sandy shelf which juts out into the bay. This sandy sea plateau is a playground for ibis, duck and geese and a little way out to sea the dolphins and sea-lions enjoyed the marriage of fast flowing, fresh, melt-ice water with the brooding salty ocean. Their games were a pleasure to watch. They were a challenge to John's camera skills but like the flightless steamer duck he had to content himself with a distant ground level view of the splendid aquatic antics of these Tic Toc mammals.

We took a short cut through the trees and came upon a fresh grave marked out with stones. We emerged close to the side of Adan's house where his children were playing on a makeshift swing. The instability of this contraption greatly added to their enjoyment of it and as we walked back to the dinghy with the children's laughter still ringing in our ears, we saw Adan rowing in towards the shore. Having beached his boat two dogs jumped from the bow and Adan followed with a small pig in his arms. The pig was put down on the sand. It was tied by the left front trotter to a long leading rope. Adan walked across the sand at a good pace at the leading end of the rope. He made no allowance for the slower progress of the little pig as it was dragged, protesting, across the sand on three legs.

We motored the dinghy out to *War Baby*. We did not hear the pig's final protest. Silently, we imagined it. We drank some wine and looked up at the powerful glacier hanging high above us in the Andes. In the evening light the reflection of the mountain trees turned the blue sea to green. The setting sun then illuminated the waters surface and turned it blood red.

As we motored ashore again across smooth darkened water we thought about the poor little four legged pig walking on three legs that afternoon. There was some justified verbal protest from our party.

"No we cannot eat that little pig."

Non-vegetarians started to argue the vegetarian cause and even the most hardened among us had no answer. Twentieth century supermarket shoppers are distanced by processing, packaging and the general commotion of life from the reality of vacuum packed sugar-cured rashers.

We were joined by the South Africans. We sat down beside the fire. The little pig was there four legs and all, being turned slowly over the flames. Some preferred not to look but then Adan carved the pig with great skill. The meat on the plate was irresistible. Flesh eaters remained flesh eaters but perhaps the vegetarian cause won a point or two at the pork eaters Tic Toc barbecue.

We left Tic Toc at 06.15 on Saturday the 9th January. It was just before dawn and it was a warm and moist morning.

John, Samantha and I had the early morning watch but, as usual, the ever obliging Peter and Philip were up to help us to lift the anchor. It was getting bright as we passed close to the S shore of Lipipe island and the dolphins were up and about. Lipipe is home to a variety of seabirds. They were stirring as we passed by. The indefatigable pelicans and petrels were out and about but the shags were still ashore contemplating breakfast with outstretched wings. We had observed the tides in the Tic Toc bay and this early morning departure was planned to take advantage of them. There must have been a good 3 knots of favouring tide as we left the bay.

Peter had made contact with Tony Westcott and with Bernardo Matte by radio. They were at anchor at Huilad on Chiloe and we were anxious to have a final rendez-vous with them. Our course was plotted towards their anchorage and 56 miles lay between us.

Barbara and Peter came on watch at 07.00 with 25 knots of wind blowing slightly ahead of our beam. Our course was 320° and we slabbed in two reefs and rolled out the jib. It rained and the visibility was poor. As we close-reached across the gulf of Corcovado towards Chiloe, our only anxiety was the presence of small fishing boats. The waters were too deep here for the crab and shell-fish divers but there were many small boats with line fishermen at work.

Jan and Philip had a fast sailing watch but by the time Jennifer and Liam took over it was wet, windless and misty. We pressed the self-starter motor but the Volvo would not come to life. Peter and Philip spent the next 2 hours stripping down the fuel lines and cleaning pipes and filters. The engine on *War Baby* is located in the centre of the main cabin. By the time our skilful engineers had completed their work Fatima Mansions were once again worthy of the name. To add to the general discomfort of the area the forward heads were blocked and overflowing. John was happy to meet the challenge and he set to work with spanners and plungers. Finally, fuel lines and jax lines were cleared and Fatima Mansions were evermore Fatima Mansions.

The entrance to the Huilad estuary is narrow and with poor visibility we found it on the radar. As we altered course we sighted 4 Orcinas orca, the largest member of the dolphin family, with their distinctive black and white markings, high dorsal fin and the conspicuous white patch above and behind the eye. These splendid mammals have been labelled as "killer whales" by the vulgar excesses of our human endeavours such as Hollywood, the gutter press and other word and image publishing tramps. Jan and I had first seen them in Sligo bay when we sailed the 26 foot *Shardana* on a first non-stop circumnavigation of Ireland in 1973. We had next seen them in Orlando, Florida, cooped up in large pools where they are unable to sing and to communicate; where they cannot swim free; where they are forced to perform stupid tricks to gratify a stupid audience in order to earn their daily bread. Peter, Philip and I had been delighted by many sightings of these graceful mammals in Antarctica in 1987. What a pleasure to see them frolicking free in the gulf of Corcovado - but I am reminded that if I should continue to pay due homage to these great sea creatures, the barbecued ghost of the Tic Toc pig will squeal a protest against human hypocrisy. Genuine perspective, total respect and equal admiration for all of our fellow creatures on earth requires great personal strength and courage.

The whales were a marvellous and rewarding sight. If nature had allowed us to live without eating, greed and ambition would have had a poor time of it. Nature balances life with death. Life's anarchy reflects nature's ritual and the human, who proclaims himself to be the supreme being on earth, struggles through life like a leaf in an Autumn gale.

The tide favoured our passage through the narrow and

shallow entrance at the Huilad estuary. We motored up to the head of this waterway to find *Equinnocio* and *Beagle*. Tony and Bernardo came aboard but they were anxious to take the evening tide out through the Huilad narrows and to sail east to the mainland. This plan did not in any way inhibit Tony's intake of Pisco sours. Aboard *War Baby* Tony was known as "the Pisco Kid". Tony's schooling had been at Rugby and his Rugby English had a light and fascinating spread of Chilean Spanish across the top of it. He is a smiling happy man whom the Gods have favoured. He has provoked them frequently with his awkwardness. There is, for example, an 8 foot drop between the deck and the cabin sole on *War Baby*. The considerate designers Mr. Sparkman and Mr. Stevens have provided a substantial ladder to ease the way. Tony simply stepped through the hatchway and landed feet first on the floor below without touching a single step.

We were away at 07.00 on Sunday the 10th January with a rhumb-line distance of 62 miles ahead of us. The steamer ducks enjoyed the rain and by 08.00 we were swept out through the narrows in style. We sailed to the W of Isla Chaullin and then headed N.E. to clear the long headland at the E end of Isla Tranqui. Five tumbling Orcinis orca rolled by. Their destination was to the W of us and they seemed impatient to get there. We estimated that they were travelling at between 15 and 20 knots.

It was a breezy beat northwards up the Gulf of Corcovado in overcast and sometimes raining conditions but *War Baby* is a boat which loves windward work. She is so well balanced that you can control her wheel with one finger. A little more understanding of the tidal conditions might have helped our progress but there was a 2 knot tide against us until 17.00 and then our progress improved again and we arrived at the entrance to the canal Anihue at 18.30 when we rolled in the headsail and folded the mainsail. The tiny village of Mechuque on the port hand comprised a few wooden houses propped up on stilts on the shoreline. The anchorage off the village looked exposed and we motored past the entrance. There were shallow patches in this canal and being determined not to ground Mr. Brown's boat, speed was reduced to a minimum and the depth was consistently monitored. The depth went down to 12 feet but never less and as we turned the first corner we were back to 30 feet again. There were little bays on either side of the canal with lines of plastic barrels tied together for mussel farming. There were also floating net cages and this was the first sign of mariculture which we had seen in Chile. The shore was wooded but there were little clearings here and there with sheep and cattle grazing. Isolated wooden homes were dotted about the place and many small boats were moored in this well protected waterway. We finally found a safe anchorage for *War Baby* about half way through the canal where a low stony spit joined the islands of Toucolon and Chenioa. We were there at high water so that it seems that the umbilical cord which joins these two islands only becomes separated in conditions of high swell in strong N. E. winds. The settlement had a town hall, houses and a soccer pitch. Match of the Day was in full swing and the landing slip was lined with small boats. Spectators and players had gathered from the surrounding islands to play or simply to watch the game. Peter identified some red faced shags and there was a large flock of plover on the shore. It was 19.10 when the anchor was bedded in. With an 85 foot mast *War Baby* has a lot of windage. As the land to the N. of us was low lying we put the Fisherman in the dinghy and set it at right angles to the bow.

Once secured, the entire crew decided to go ashore. Peter was determined to find centolla and Jennifer went in search of fresh vegetables. There are times on a cruise when there is no greater or more self indulgent joy than having the boat to

oneself for an hour or two. I volunteered to do anchor watch and as soon as my good companions had landed I put my Mendelssohn tape into the tape machine and played it at full volume. I poured an enormous rum and coke into the largest glass that I could find and broke two more rules by lighting a pipe and using the heads with the door wide open. I screamed my way through the Hebridean Overture and half way through a second large rum and coke I heard the engine of the rubber boat heading homewards. I quickly changed the music and reduced the volume. I rushed around with arms flying in a vain attempt to rid the cabin of the smell of pipe tobacco. In a frantic attempt to succeed I dived into the heads and sprayed the place with some awful smelling anti perspirant. Jan was first to come below but before she had said anything I told her that I had had a good wash down. Oh what wilful and unnecessary deceit! That short interlude aboard had been luxurious headonism. Transgression adds spice to living but the experience would never convince me that there is logic in single handed sailing.

An early party went ashore to collect some additional vegetables and some promised local cider. We departed at 10.00 on Monday the 11th January. Jan and John steered *War Baby* out through the remainder of the canal and once clear they continued on a westerly course towards a perch just off the shore of Chiloe to clear a reef known as Ras Pelegro. It was an overcast day with rain and fog the wind blew from the N at between 15 and 20 knots. We had a distance of 77 miles to the Ancud anchorage and we settled into a long beat up the gulf of Ancud. The tide sweeps through the channel between the mainland and the N shore of Chiloe at 8 to 9 knots so that the timing of our arrival was critical. Tony Westcott had given us the tide tables for the channel and we aimed to make the entrance by 19.00.

When Liam went on watch at 8 bells we had a little excitement as we tacked out to seaward. John reported breaking waves to starboard. At once the depth sounder went from no reading to 50 feet. We tacked immediately. There was a heavy downpour of rain during this operation which flattened the wind. Through the rain we could just see the sharp jagged peaks of some submarine mountains peeping up above the surface. This is a reef known as Bo Pulmunmun and we motored to the W to clear its northern end and to give ourselves more sea room. We had come upon it somewhat sooner than expected and this was due to a misunderstanding of the strength of the final hours of tidal ebb in the gulf of Ancud. For the next 6 hours we plugged into a S flowing tide against a northerly wind. It was good sailing under main and jib and *War Baby* lay over to the job and loved it. Barbara and I relieved Jennifer and Philip and by 16.30 the wet overcast conditions had cleared and the sun came out to raise our spirits. Each tack took us closer but our speed of a fairly consistent 8 knots through the water was reduced by tidal effect to a speed of 5.5 knots over land.

As we finally entered the narrows we were a little early for the tide and predictably as we altered course to the W. the wind did likewise and we continued to tack into the channel. The distance from Isla Ahtao to Ancud is 28 miles. As we approached the island we struck and folded the mainsail and proceeded on the wind at a full 8 knots under jib alone. This was astonishing performance. Also, the tide started to pick us up and to shoot us to the W. Between 19.00 and 21.30, when we arrived at our Ancud anchorage we had travelled 28 miles at an average speed over the ground of 11.2 knots. It was clear that an anchorage off the town was impossible because of a 25 knot on-shore wind. We hugged the Lacuia shore and sailed into the gulf of Quetalmahue, anchorage at 21.30 with our nose just inside the Digue estuary.

Barbara, Jennifer and Jan had done a co-operative effort



Jan Gore-Grimes in the Pacific.

Photo: J. Gore-Grimes

on the dinner and we sat below with a glass of vino eating chicken, fresh peas, beans and new potatoes with the wind howling in the rigging and the rain splattering down on the decks. Both anchors were out but, before turning in, Peter set the depth alarm and this had us up at 03.10 in oilskins and nothing else in a great downpour of rain. We had not moved at all but the anchor alarm was determined to keep us on our toes so we kept an anchor watch for the rest of the night.

Tuesday the 12th January was a lay-day. Time to wash, launder and provision prior to our final 545 mile sail to Algarrobo at latitude 33° 21'S. We had travelled a rhumb line distance of 912 miles from Ralun to Ancud.

We motored across the bay to anchor off the town pier. It was a bright day but some of yesterdays swell had left an uncomfortable loop which meant that an anchor watch was essential. Philip and Samantha kindly volunteered to stay aboard. This was Philip's last day on *War Baby* with us. Marianella had left Warren's Toyota at Valdivia and Philip had to bus it to Valdivia and drive the vehicle to Algarrobo.

Once ashore, we booked two rooms at the Hotel Ancud which is on a hill above the harbour. It is surrounded by the old fortified walls of the town. This small modern hotel was clean and friendly and we sat down to make plans over a Pisco sour. Liam was in his element. His first hotel since Ralun two weeks earlier! The pretty young receptionist was anxious to improve her English and Liam had it all organised in minutes. The laundry would be ready by breakfast time the following morning. He and Barbara would stay ashore that night. Barbara, Jennifer and Jan would deal with the supermarket shopping list. John, Liam and I were to attend to the drinks and to the chocolate supplies. Additionally we were to find a first class restaurant for luncheon.

Philip set off at dawn on Wednesday the 13th January and we were not to see him again until we berthed at Algarroto. He had been a good man in Antarctica in 1987. He had been a great man in Chile in 1988. His constant good humour and willingness to oblige had been inspirational. With such shellbacks as Mr and Mrs Guinness, McGonagle, and Gore-Grimes aboard *War Baby* there was a danger that the dreaded receipt of too many chiefs and too few Indians might have caused problems on this cruise. This had not happened and all of the chiefs were quite prepared to act as Indians. The receipt for success had, in no small way, been achieved by the generous and helpful attitude of both Peter and Philip.

We left Ancud at 14.00. We reached out into the gulf of Coronados, passing through many little yellow open boats with one or two crewmen on top and the compressor working to pump air down to the shellfish and crab gatherers on the seabed. Our depth-sounder registered 80 feet. It seemed a long and dangerous way down to walk about with a hose pipe in your mouth. There were heavy rain showers in the afternoon which finished off the wind for the evening watch.

We were anxious to sail as much as possible on this passage. We had a few extra days in hand and the boat was well supplied. The engine remained silent for much of the time, but when our speed dropped down towards the 3 mark we tightened in the main, rolled in the headsail and motored.

We stood 15 to 20 miles off shore. The Pacific was not as blue as I had imagined but the sky was overcast. The ocean birds were there and the wandering albatros glided gracefully by. They are surprisingly shy birds. We had all read accounts of albatros's gliding beside the great sailing ships of yester year to pick up the slops which were thrown over the side. The twentieth century descendents have clearly learned a lesson taught to their great great grandparents by the savage antics of that interminable old bore, the Ancient Mariner and by his companions. The wandering albatros's kept well clear of *War Baby*. The southern petrel, Antarctic terns and cape pigeons were more courageous and we got some close views of them as they flew by.

We made slow progress in the early morning of Thursday the 14th January but by 08.00 hours when Liam and Barbara came on watch we were abeam of punta Gallera and just to the S of the entrance of Valdivia. The wind came up to give us a fast close reach. These conditions did not last and for the rest of the day we alternated between slow, rolling sailing and motoring on a sloppy ocean swell.

It must have been the feed of chicken that evening which changed the conditions. The wind come up from the S.S.W. and *War Baby* put her head down and started to move with the great white bone between her teeth. After dark the sky was perfectly clear the phosphorescence was alive and sparkling on our bow and on the small breaking crests on top of the swell. We had settled in well and the roster of 2 hours watch and the 6 hours off became routinely pleasant.

Our down wind sailing started to take us close to the shore so we gybed to clear the land for a while. As we approached Isla Mocha we gybed to pass between it and the mainland. The sailing took concentration and Samantha had her first real experience of fast running. She coped well.

Friday the 15th January started bright and, as the wind freshened to 20/25 knots, we slabbed in 3 reefs and rolled in a bit of headsail. There was a tremendous roar from the cockpit as Liam recorded 13.8 knots on a surge. For the most of the afternoon the needle stayed at and above the 10 knot mark.

The sky was blue and the true colours of the Pacific were reflected from the sea surface. The contrasting white on top of the blue ocean made it look as if the wavecrests used a particularly good brand of toothpaste. The dolphins played about in this marvellous turbulence and the wandering albatros's used the breeze, the waves and the swell to demonstrate their prodigious flying and gliding skills. In these stronger winds they fly in long sweeping glides with outstretched wings and seldom resort to flapping. They glide around the southern ocean for two years at a time and you can see how carefully they conserve their energy, once the wind is up.

We sailed well to the seaward to Isla Santa Maria but we could not distinguish the large port of Concepcion as we passed it. When the sailing goes well there is little to be said about it. The scribe can write sheets about a long murky beat when all is wet and sordid but, when conditions favour, it is the sailors reward and day merges into night and night into day so quickly that time is an irrelevance. I have spent more time sitting in a car at the junction of Abbey Street and O'Connell Street waiting for the light to turn green than my minds perception of the piping, crest of the wave sail from Ancud to Algarroto. I realised that Barbara had been apprehensive about this part of the cruise but the free wheeling

case which she displayed complimented *War Baby's* sunshine passage of the W coast of Chile.

After midnight on the 16th January we had 181 miles to run. I had just spent 45 years on earth and now it was my 46th birthday. The sky was perfectly clear and the heavens were hurtling bits and pieces of sun-illuminated debris around and about the galic circle. At 8 bells we called Liam and Barbara and together we watched the visible segment of the waning moon rise above the horizon on its back. There were 30 knots of following wind and the sailing was exhilarating. The phosphorescence was still ablaze. We could see the dolphins darting towards the hull like torpedoes and swimming away again in a flash of sparkling light.

We were now far enough off shore to set a more comfortable and direct course for Algarrobo and as John and Jennifer handed over the watch to Peter and Samantha, together, they gybed ship. With a compass heading of 040° we were on a steady and fast broad reach. Saturday was another sunny day of fast sailing. The Fatima Mansions throne room gave us a few more problems. We never really knew what went on there because John's notice prohibited entry. There were many more blockages for'ard than there were aft. John and Peter calculated the cause of this disorder and after several hours of adjusting spanners, seacocks, nuts, bolts and all the other engineering which makes up a Baby Blake, John finally cured the ailment with a wire coat hangar. Sanitary engineering is a difficult and demanding art and John had triumphed magna cum laude.

While John and Peter had their heads down in the Fatima Mansions throne room, Liam decided to make a cup of tea. He found the water in the tap but that was all he found. From then on the conversation went thus:

"Barbara! Barbara! where is the teapot?....."

"Oh yes, thank you."

"Barbara! Barbara! where is the kettle?....."

"Ah I see!"

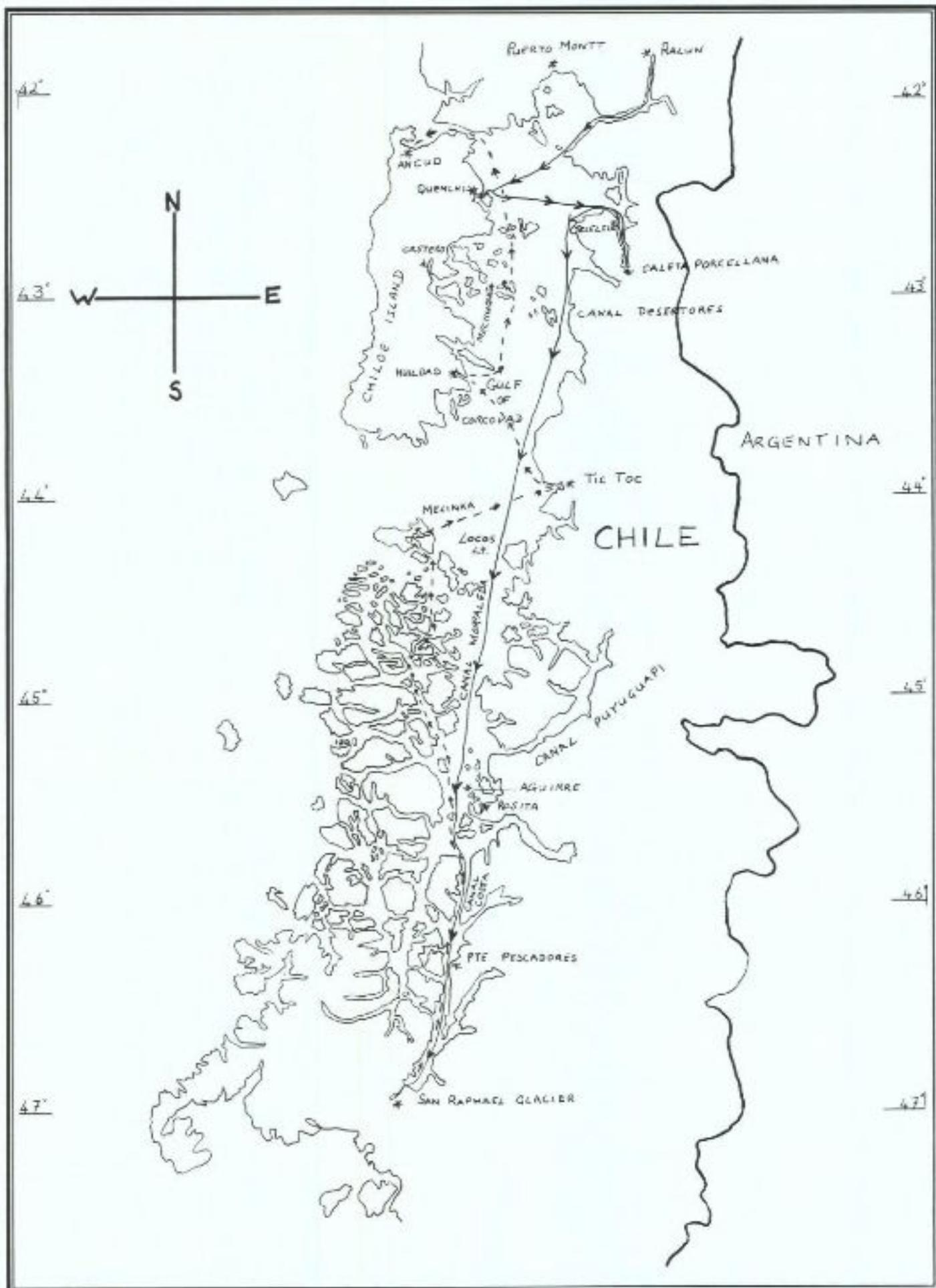
"Barbara! Barbara! where are the teabags?....."

"- ah well yes! perhaps it would be better if you made the tea."

During the afternoon the wind went down to a more manageable 20 knots but it also went astern of us again. We shook out one reef and boomed out the jib. During this activity I got the pressure wrong somewhere and my back started to give a little trouble. There were still some fast speeds being recorded and Samantha hit 11.5 knots while Jan got a surge of ten and a 10.5 knots. It was a day of clear and beautiful sailing. Jennifer prepared a perfect birthday feast of fillet of beef and fresh vegetables. This was followed by a great birthday cake with a tactfully placed single candle in the centre. This confectionery had been prepared with great skill by Samantha. It was sinfully rich and I managed to blow out the candle with a single puff.

The *Shardana* rules stick fast and I obeyed my self imposed regulation on *War Baby* which allowed no alcohol unless the ship is at anchor. Nevertheless there was some moderate celebration aboard *War Baby* that evening. I opened a small gift warped present from Jan - a box of Fox's No. 1 Cigars. It was a moving moment for me. One year ago at just about the same time, I had opened a similar present from Jan on *War Baby*. We were at anchor off Kidney Island in the Falklands and being at anchor, the rules allowed me to share a bottle of Lambs Navy Rum with my shipmates.

I was soon on watch with Jan enjoying the fine aroma of Fox's No. 1 under the canopy in the cockpit. By midnight we could see the lights of Algarrobo. The wind had dropped and the sea was flat so we drifted slowly towards our destination.





Fast speeds and high waves on the way to Algarrobo.

Photo: J. Gore-Grimes

At 03.00 we could see the lights on the pier but both the entrance and the approach are notoriously difficult and we were not anxious to try it in the dark. We could hear the swell breaking loudly over the Farallones rocks one mile to the N of the harbour. We had to pass between these rocks and a shallow patch to the E of them known as Bo Algarrobo.

As we lay off Algarrobo Peter patched a call through to his father at Killyleigh on the shores of Strangford Lough. The reception was perfect and, clearly, it was a joyous reunion.

At 06.00 on Saturday the 17th January, sunlight came into the sky and we started our approach under engine. The harbour entrance was less than a half cable in width and there is a shallow, shelving beach to the S of it. There was a big

swell at the entrance and the waves fairly thundered on to the shore close by. Peter took the helm at 06.45 and with a great surge of power he turned *War Baby* across the swell. He took all that the engine would give him and lunged through the beach rollers into the perfectly still waters of the harbour. It was a great piece of seamanship.

We tied up at the marina in Algarrobo at 07.00. We had sailed a rhumb line distance of 1457 miles and we had logged 1538 miles. We had ended a spectacular cruise in Chile and we will forever be indebted to Warren Brown for his kindness in making *War Baby* available to us in January 1988.

SUMMARY

Ralun to Quemchi	81nm
Quemchi to Telelele	58nm
Telelele to Caleta Porcellana	12.5nm
Caleta Porcellana to The San Raphael glacier	329nm
Distance travelled from anchorage to anchorage at the San Raphael glacier	16nm
San Raphael glacier to Puerto Rosita	85nm
Puerto Rosita to Puerto Aguirre	8nm
Puerto Aguirre to Melinka	86nm
Melinka to Tic Toc	42nm
Tic Toc to Huiladad	56nm
Huiladad to Mechuque	62nm
Mechuque to Ancud	77nm
Ancud to Algarrobo	545nm
TOTAL;	1,457.5

St. George's Channel Regatta

Dick Lovegrove

150th Anniversary



I always think that it is just as well to have someone to blame and in this instance, I have no hesitation in laying the blame squarely at the feet of Michael Hill, Chairman of the Irish Sea Offshore Racing Association and Dermod Ryan, Commodore of the Royal St. George Yacht Club. Mike was looking for a way to move I.S.O.R.A. Race Week from even to odd-numbered years (so that it wouldn't clash with The Round Ireland Race) and Dermod was looking for an event to involve Off-shore Cruisers/Racers to commemorate the sesquicentenary (I had to get that word in) of the Royal St. George Yacht Club, Dun Laoghaire, and between them and with some judicious prodding from Patrick Jameson, they hatched out the "St. Georges Channel Regatta". Their idea was for an event modelled on the Scottish "West Highland Week" combining passage racing between I.S.O.R.A. strongholds with very dedicated socialising. In fact, in those distant days, they even had the nerve to refer to it as "A Fun Week"! I got involved in January, 1987 and what follows is not so much a log as a potted history of the event.

In the first place the Irish (and some Welsh) pundits said it was impossible to organize a week of coastal racing in North Wales. They said that the strong tidal streams and the inaccessibility of many of the harbours at half tide or lower would prove insuperable problems. Problems there were - but nothing which couldn't be solved by the formidable array of talent available from the membership of I.S.O.R.A. Those Holyhead stalwarts, Alan Stead and Dickie Richardson looked after the north coast of Anglesey, Bill Humphreys (brother of yacht designer Bob) took care of the Menai Straits and the Royal St. George's favourite Welsh son, Anthony Jones, organized the Lleyn Peninsula and Pwllheli. During the Spring of 1987 and the Winter/Spring of 1987/88 Committee meetings miraculously coincided with rugby internationals and took place partly in Welsh, partly in English and always in pubs! Representing the R.St.G.Y.C. Derry O'Brien, Kieran Jameson and myself looked on in wonder as our Welsh colleagues debated tides and eventually produced a fine programme of cruising and racing. By juggling starting times and specifying occasional mid-passage halts for liquid refreshment, the tides were brought under control and the book of Sailing Instructions which was eventually issued to every entrant was a minor masterpiece, including an excellent cruising guide to the area with some most interesting notes on the scenery and history of the Menai Straits written by Bill Humphreys. It was even thought that we had coped with the weather. The second week of July could hardly be too awful and if a bit of a summer "blow" came in, it wouldn't last long and in any event, we had provided some alternative "storm courses". What we had not banked on was three separate gales in the space of one week.

The opening leg of the week was a passage race from Dun Laoghaire to Abersoch via Bardsey Sound. The start was scheduled for the evening of Saturday 9th July to allow the yachts close the Welsh shore in daylight the following

morning and with the intention that the serious socialising would commence at lunch time on Sunday in the South Caernarvonshire Yacht Club before proceeding with the flood tide across the bar into Pwllheli that night. Saturday dawned well enough and the fleet, totalling thirty four yachts, converged on Dun Laoghaire for the lunch time reception at the Royal St. George. Free drink, by courtesy of our sponsors, Sealink, insured an excellent party, but intake was tempered by the knowledge that imminent southerly gales were forecast for the Irish Sea. By the time of the start at 2100 hrs. they had arrived.

Having recently sold my Scampi "Little Egypt" I was delighted to accept Derry O'Brien's kind invitation to do the week with him aboard "Live Wire", I.C.C. member, Geoffrey Ashenhurst was on board and Don Richardson and "Bas" Dunn completed the regular crew, but readers who have experienced Derry's legendary hospitality will not be surprised to hear that our numbers varied greatly from day to day with the addition of very welcome and highly entertaining "locals". As we left the shelter of the East Pier moorings in Dun Laoghaire, the full force of the gale hit us. The fleet was divided into three classes, one racing under I.O.R. handicaps and the other two competing under a modified E.C.H.O. system. The start was from a flag ship at the back of the East Pier which was a lee shore and must have been most uncomfortable for those manning the line. In accordance with I.S.O.R.A. sailing directions, all races are started regardless of the conditions and the decision whether to take part or not rests solely with the skipper. Quite correctly, in this instance, the skippers of many of the smaller boats and some of the larger boats decided to defer the pleasures of going to sea for another day!

On board "Live Wire" we decided "to give it a go" and though we were a little shy on the starting line, we were soon punching out into the Irish Sea with The Muglins abeam. We were met by a steady stream of returning yachts who, having started earlier, had now decided that discretion was the better part... It was blowing very hard from the south, there was a large sea running and although we could lay our course and were just freed off, we were well heeled and it was very wet. It was certainly not appropriate weather for the start of a fun Week. The weather rail crew cast a few envious glances at the yachts returning and there was general appreciation when, at about 2300 hrs. Derry pulled up the helm and we ran back into Dun Laoghaire ahead of the gale and towards the Dublin skyline which was lit up by the Millennium firework display. We spent a restful night on our own moorings, but when I looked out at 0600 hrs. the gale was blowing from the south as strongly as ever. An hour later however, everything



Relaxation at the Ty Coch Inn, Porth Dinllaen

Photo: R. Lovegrove

had changed. The sky was clear, the wind had moderated, veered into a S.W. and at 07.20 we dropped our moorings and we had a delightful reach to Bardsey Sound averaging 7 knots. By the time we arrived off Abersoch, we had obviously missed the lunch time party so we decided to push on to Pwllheli where there was now sufficient water to cross the bar.

It was only on arrival at Pwllheli that we began to realize the full extent of the devastation. Only ten yachts had finished the race and some of those had suffered quite extensive damage. On Dermot Ryan's "Sceolaing" the cover of her anchor well had been ripped off by a large wave in Bardsey Sound causing damage to her laid teak foredeck and also removing the spinnaker pole and its deck fittings. The remainder of the fleet was scattered between Howth, Dun Laoghaire, Wicklow, Arklow, Holyhead and Porth Dinllaen. Two boats had been reported missing. Perhaps the most stirring adventure however was that of Bill and Ruth Dickson-Phillip in their Jeanneau Espace 35 "Ruthsea". The conditions were so bad that Bill, who never usually succumbs, was rendered completely helpless by seasickness and Ruth, who had no previous off-shore experience found herself in sole command. She made contact with another competitor on the radio and they were able to give her a course to Porth Dinllaen and talk her into this harbour which, being on the North side of the Lleyn Peninsula was completely sheltered from the southerly gale. Effectively single-handed, Ruth dropped anchor safely at about 1600 hrs. on Sunday.

My initial reaction was one of despair. With the fleet so



Mobile Ramp at Porth Dinllaen

Photo: R. Lovegrove

split up and with so much damage suffered by yachts which had arrived, it looked as if the week was in ruins. The remnants of the Committee held a Council of War on Sunday evening and at 2100 hrs. it was announced in the bar of Pwllheli Sailing Club that Monday's race was cancelled. This announcement was received with great enthusiasm and really from that moment, everything began to improve. Serious relaxation commenced there and then! The two missing yachts were accounted for early the next day and one by one yachts arrived from the four corners of the Irish Sea to resume the week and the determination shown, particularly by some of the smaller yachts, to re-join the fleet and get on with the fun was a tremendous encouragement to the organizers.

The race scheduled for Monday was intended to start in Pwllheli and bring the fleet on the scenic route around the north part of Cardigan Bay to Abersoch. With this cancelled, the crew of "Live Wire" spent a leisurely day tidying up, 'phoning home and sampling the delights of the Victoria Hotel which is a splendid establishment not far from the harbour and which is the second home of the members of the Pwllheli Sailing Club. That evening, at high water, the fleet left Pwllheli and engine along the shore to Abersoch. Sadly, we had to leave Dermot Ryan behind. With repair facilities so close at hand, he had decided to have the necessary work to "Sceolaing's" foredeck carried out immediately and to catch up with us later.

At Abersoch the wind had moderated and had enough W in it to leave the anchorage nicely sheltered behind St. Tudwal's Head. The crew of "Live Wire" went ashore to the South Caernarvonshire Yacht Club to make up for the few pints we had missed there on Sunday. Later, we ate well on board and retired early. The week was back on schedule.

Tuesday's race was from Abersoch, west along the south side of the Lleyn Peninsula, through Bardsey Sound and back eastwards along the north coast to Porth Dinllaen, a distance of about 30n.m. It was a splendid race. The sun shone brilliantly and there was a brisk westerly F4/5 giving a cracking beat to Bardsey and a smart run to the finish. Looking at the fleet (almost back to full strength) with spinnakers set in the sunshine, it crossed my mind that twenty four hours earlier this would not have seemed possible. Aboard "Live Wire" we had been joined by Selena Morris, the daughter of Stuart Morris of "Grenade" fame and a girl friend of hers and also by Alain "Gwart" (which I think means "hairstylist") and by Cric Peters, the sailing captain of S.C.Y.C. so we had an excellent crew and good company. The

finish of the race was organized by the local R.N.L.I. crew under the command of John Pent who had also arranged a launch service and a splendid mobile ramp, fabricated specially for this event and drawn by a tractor which reversed into the sea so that everyone could reach the beach without getting their feet wet.

"Admiral" Pent (as he came to be known) had also laid on a marvellous lunch at the Ty Coch Inn which is situated at the end of the beach furthest from the road and the lunch time session there was soon in full swing. When closing time finally came and the shutters were firmly down, the admirable "Admiral" climbed onto a chair and made a speech in several different languages warmly thanking the landlady for her hospitality. I seconded this, using whatever language I was capable of, and mirabile dictu, the good landlady responded by pushing up the shutters so that the party

started all over again.

Unfortunately, closer to the water things were not going so well. The plan was that the fleet should leave Porth Dinllaen at 1630 approximately and cruise in company to Port Dinorwic in the Menai Straits, crossing the Caernarfon Bar on the rising tide at about 1900 hrs. Local boats had been organized to act as guides over the Bar and on the advice of Bill Humphreys, the R.St.G.Y.C. had also paid the professional fee of stg.£100.00 to the Caernarfon pilot. The purpose of this was not only to secure his guidance over the bar, but also to ensure that the bar navigation buoys were in place, because if the pilot is employed, this is the responsibility of the pilot's office. With the navigation channel shifting constantly, the buoys are usually off station and can be a positive danger. The forecasters were predicting a new and imminent S. gale and Bill Humphreys, who had driven past Caernarfon earlier in the day, reported that there was still a substantial breaking swell on the bar from the previous gale. The signs did not look good, but the alternative was to go direct to Holyhead and as Holyhead was scheduled for later in the week and as for most people Port Dinorwic and the Menai would be the highlight of the week, the organizers postponed a decision until the last possible moment. Their dilemma was that if the fleet left too early, there would be insufficient water over the bar, but if it delayed, it would be caught out in the new gale and the bar would be an impassable lee shore. At 1500. Bill 'phoned the pilot's office and was told that the pilot launch had already left the dock. Bill transferred to Patrick Jameson's "Finndabar" and shortly afterwards, a radio message came through from the pilot's launch advising in plain Anglo-Saxon that if the fleet wanted to cross the bar that night they should "Get the bloody hell over here in a hurry"!

As we left Porth Dinllaen, the wind was still moderate

from the south, but almost immediately very dark clouds rolled in over the mountains on the Lleyn Peninsula and it began to drizzle. The drizzle was followed by driving rain and by the time we met up with the pilot vessel at the channel entrance, the visibility was poor, the sea was steep and breaking, and the gale had arrived in earnest. The pilot himself was anxious to get in and as we approached he exhorted everyone over the radio to "open the throttle", but in a fleet of such varied sizes and types of yacht, this wasn't easy and inevitably there were some stragglers. All the plans for guide boats etc. went by the board and as the last yacht arrived, the blue pilot launch headed off into the murk with the admonition of the pilot to follow him as closely as possible.

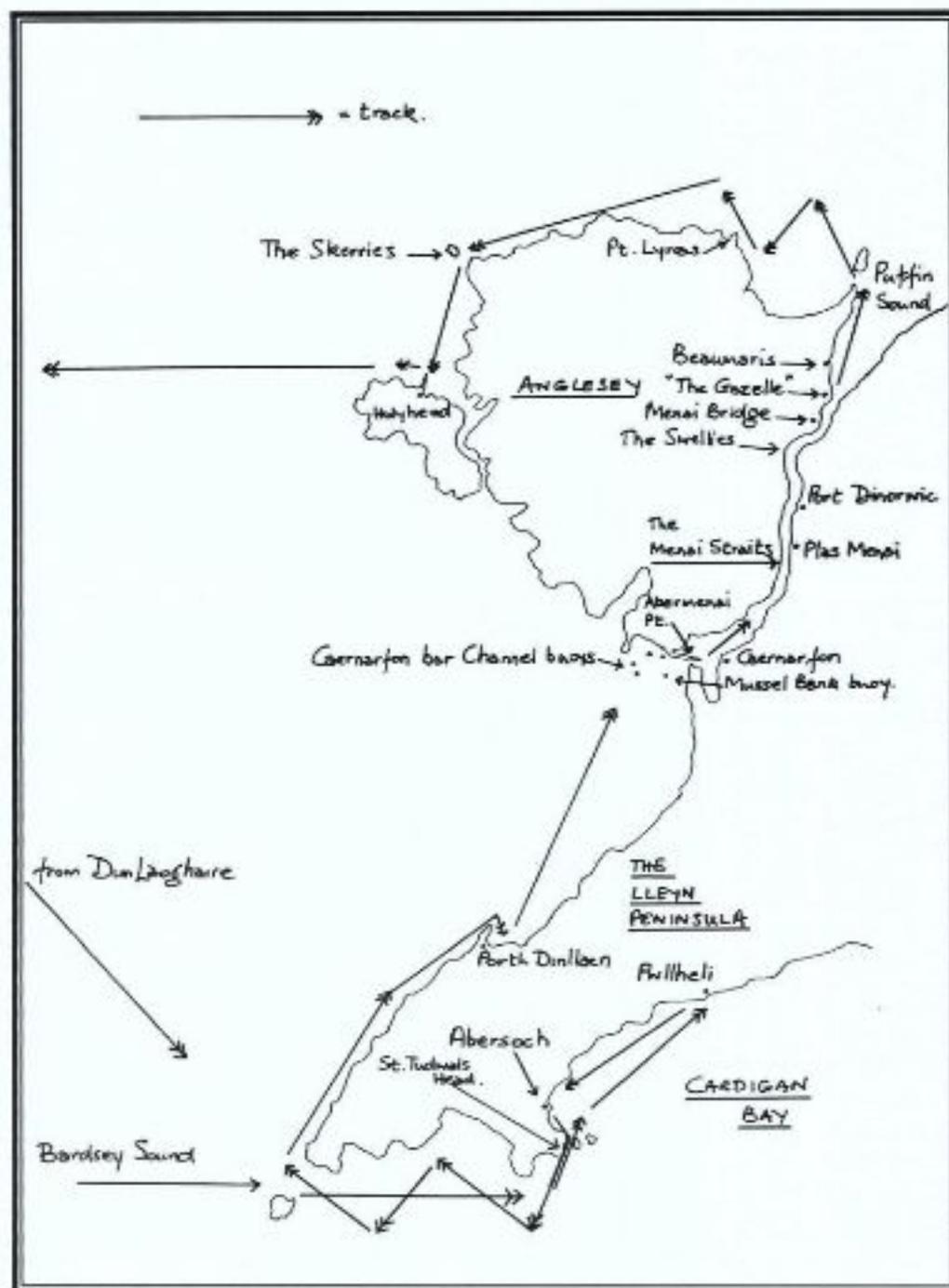
The channel meanders through most of the points of the compass and without the guidance of the pilot, in those conditions, it would have been sheer lunacy to attempt an entrance. As it was, when the channel headed south directly into the gale, several of the fleet found that headway into the steep seas was agonizingly slow. Aboard "Andante" (recently acquired by Brendan Bradley and others) they had additional worries. A drive problem, later discovered to be a missing propeller blade, meant that they had to make the passage under sail. For this leg, their crew was strengthened by the addition of John Pent and his local knowledge as a life boat man was invaluable in their efforts to beat towards the Mussel Bank Buoy which was well south of its usual station. For all the fleet, the dirty brown colour of the sea and the presence of a mast of a wrecked ship sticking out of the water near by, were reminders of the perils of missing the channel. It was an anxious hour.

In due course, everyone made it safely. Once Abermenai Point was abeam, the sense of relief was almost tangible and



The Telford Bridge at the south end of the Swellies. The photo shows the fleet motoring through in line astern with the two lattice work beacons which give the transit for the first part of the passage.

Photo: R. Lovegrove



certainly on "Live Wire" and "Finndabar" who, at that moment, were travelling in close company, the gin and/or whisky were broken out with gusto! We motored on past Caernarfon Castle and the Welsh National Sailing Centre at Plas Menai. There, on one of the Centre's moorings looking very smart was "Little Egypt". Bob Bond, to whom I had sold her is the director of Plas Menai and he fired a six-gun salute in our honour as the fleet passed. Incidentally, Bob, (and who can blame him!) has renamed "Little Egypt" and she is now called "Windrush".

At 2100 hrs. approximately we arrived at the lock gates at the entrance to Port Dinorwic. We were welcomed by Ivor Jones who owns the marina and the Trade Winds Bar and Restaurant and shortly afterwards the party (which was to continue all night) was in full swing. It had been a memorable day.

It was always intended that Wednesday the 13th. July should be a rest day with participants having the option of

passing through "The Swellies" to Beaumaris or staying put in Port Dinorwic and making the short trip to Puffin Sound early on the following morning. In the event, most people stayed put. Port Dinorwic, as many I.C.C. members will know from recent Club excursions, is a most attractive facility and a hard place to leave at the best of times. Slowly, as the morning wore on, unshaven faces appeared in companionways and fore hatches creaked reluctantly open. Rumours and gossip about the previous day began to circulate. Bill Humphreys arrived by car to confirm the already current story that the person who had guided us in so skilfully in the dreadful conditions of the previous evening, was not the official pilot (who was engaged in the rescue of the passenger vessel "Balmoral" at the north end of The Menai) but his 74 year old father, John Jones, who was supposed to have retired many years ago. Bill also confirmed that at the height of the gale, one of the very large channel navigation buoys had gone off station and was missing. (Would the Irish give it back please?)

By midday, some of the hard chaws were feeling well enough for some innocent mischief. Audrey Machin, the results secretary of I.S.O.R.A. had been sending in reports of each race to The Daily Telegraph. After a short period of creative thinking, the results of Tuesday's "second race" were also sent in and "Pilot Blue" (J. Jones) was declared the winner with "Find the Bar" (J.P. Jameson), second and "Sailing By" (Admiral J. Pent and others) third. These results duly appeared!

The Live Wire crew had been invited to call at the Royal Welsh Yacht Club which is built into the walls of Caernarfon Castle, for a lunch time noggin, but I decided to visit Plas Menai on the way and pay my respects to Bob Bond. For those members who are not familiar with Plas Menai, I think a few words are appropriate. Built at a cost of four million pounds in 1982 as the Welsh National Sailing Centre, it was only lightly used until Bob became its director in 1986. Now it provides residential courses for up to 200 adults or teenagers per week and the courses include everything from off-shore cruising to wind surfing and canoeing. The facilities are truly breathtaking with wet suits, dry suits, oil skins and life jackets all supplied, together with huge laundries and drying rooms so that every morning the students step into clean dry gear. They have large fleets of Sonatas, Wayfarers, Lasers, Toppers and Catamarans, so every taste is catered for. If only we had something half its size in Ireland!

Because I delayed too long at Plas Menai, I missed Derry, Don and Geoffrey at the Royal Welsh, but not being short of ideas, I got a taxi to bring me to that most elegant waterside pub, "The Gazelle", only to find that they weren't there either. Never mind, I had an idea what the place was for and as some of the more attractive elements of "Finnabair's" crew were there already, I was easily persuaded to join them! In the meantime, however, "Captain" O'Brien and the minor ranking officers were not idle. They were, in fact, doing sterling work on behalf of the R.St.G.Y.C. in the Royal Anglesey Yacht Club at Beaumaris from where they shortly emerged with an invitation from Sheila Perry, the Sailing Captain, for all the crew of all the yachts taking part in the week, to attend a drinks reception and dinner in honour of The Royal St. George that night in The Royal Anglesey. It was a magnificent gesture and typical of the wonderful Welsh hospitality which we received at each port of call. Within the hour, messages had been sent to every hostelry in a twenty mile radius and a coach had been ordered so that at 1900 hrs. the entire compliment departed from Port Dinorwic by road for Beaumaris. We noticed that all the staff of the Trade Winds restaurant lined up to wave goodbye to us as the coach pulled out. Their motives remain unclear!

But on Thursday, it was back to yachting. Thanks to the efficient lock-keeper, the entire fleet quickly cleared Port Dinorwic and motored in line astern towards the northern entrance of The Straits. The scenery at this stretch of water is lovely. Plas Newydd, the home of the Marquis of Anglesey looked most impressive on the western shore as did H.M.S. Indefatigable, one of the training schools of the Royal Navy. With everything planned to perfection by Bill Humphreys, the passage through the notorious stretch of water known as "The Swellies" was a non-event with barely a ripple on The Swelly Rock buoy. But despite the sylvan setting and the peacefulness of it all, I am sure that everyone was aware that the forecast was yet again for strong winds. The programme for the day involved a race starting at 12.00 from Puffin Sound and heading westwards along the coast to Holyhead, a distance of 30n.m. Careful planning had ensured that there would be a full six hours of spring ebb tide helping the fleet, but what had not been foreseen was that this latest gale was north westerly giving wind against tide conditions which produced huge seas, particularly in Puffin Sound itself.

As we passed Menai Bridge, the starting crew on the shore at Puffin Sound called on the radio to say that conditions there were appalling. Beaumaris looked particularly attractive as we passed, but there was really nothing to be done except bash on. Besides, having already survived two gales, a certain "Gung-Ho" spirit was abroad. The start itself was not exactly a text book affair. The enormous seas and strong ebb tide did not encourage hanging around and certainly a postponement or recall would have been out of the question. The passage from The Swellies had taken slightly longer than expected and so only two or three yachts were actually on the line for the gun, which was probably lucky, as the thought of the entire fleet trying to manoeuvre in those conditions is horrifying. The remaining yachts just started in whatever order they arrived and mostly crossed the line in single file!

Strangely, the conditions really suited "Live Wire" and with a blade jib set and the main fully reefed, she bounded away. We headed out to sea to make the most of the favourable tide and we also reckoned that the seas were smaller the more we left the shore astern. It was a full blooded beat to Pt. Lynas, but whether it actually blew a full gale is doubtful. My guess is that it probably was only F.7, but the sea state was certainly

consistent with more. From Pt. Lynas it was possible to lay The Skerries on starboard, but at Pt. Lynas we heard on the radio of the dismasting of one of the fleet. The yacht in trouble proved to be "AGB FIRST" the very well sailed First 27 owned by John Doran from Howth. Harry Wilka (R.St.G.Y.C.) in the newly acquired Dehler 38 "Misty" showed excellent seamanship in standing by, while John's crew sorted out the tangled rigging and both yachts then motored to Holyhead with "Misty" remaining astern and to leeward at all times.

By the time we reached The Skerries, the sun had come out and the wind had moderated slightly. For the leg to Holyhead, we were freed off, spinnakers starting popping up and it was not long before everyone was packed into the bar of Holyhead Sailing Club telling yet more tales of daring-do! It is amazing how quickly the discomforts of only a couple of hours before are forgotten when you are in good company! And there was certainly plenty of good company. Commodore Richard Hughes and his members had laid on yet another wonderful buffet dinner and drinks reception free of charge for all those taking part. In addition, on this occasion, we were honoured by the presence of Councillor Elwyn Schofield, the Lord Mayor of Anglesey and also Aine Elliot, the Cathoirleach of Dunlaoghaire, which is twinned with Anglesey. Finally, we were delighted to welcome back Dermot Ryan and the crew of "Sceolaing" who had sailed direct to Holyhead from Pwllheli as soon as the repairs had been completed. At the height of the celebrations, Aine Elliott presented Harry Wilka and the crew of "Misty" with the I.S.O.R.A. Rum Barrel (duly filled) in acknowledgement of the sportsmanship and seamanship which they had displayed that afternoon.

At Holyhead, the "foreign" part of the week ended. Friday saw the fleet race directly back to Dun Laoghaire in a breeze which, for the first time in the week, dropped to nothing producing the unusual suggestion that all yachts should start their engine and that the prizes for the day would be awarded notwithstanding that everyone had motored for the last two hours of the race! In fact, it became apparent that the larger yachts which had benefited from the fresh breeze earlier in the day, would finish inside the time limit and it is nice to record that the eventual winner was I.C.C. member Reggie Lee in his lovely new Sigma 38 "Janey Mac". On Saturday the fleet raced with the Royal Alfred Yacht Club in Dublin Bay and that night, the R.St.G.Y.C., not to be outdone, put on yet another excellent free meal for competitors. Once again, the Cathoirleach of Dun Laoghaire and the Lord Mayor of Anglesey, who had been transported across the Irish Sea by the sponsors, were in attendance and once again, there was a tremendous party atmosphere. In spite of the conditions, which at times had been very trying, it had truly been "a Fun Week".

In this journal, it may not be appropriate to go into too much detail about a "Race Week", but in the course of the week many things came to light which are definitely of interest to the cruising yacht. It is actually surprising how seldom this coastline is visited by Irish cruising yachts, particularly when its proximity to the Dublin area is considered. All the harbours which we visited provided excellent shelter and although the tidal streams are strong, it takes only a little planning to turn this to advantage. With caution, The Swellies are quite manageable and particularly for a group of yachts, in unsettled weather, it is probably worth considering paying the pilot to ensure a safe passage over the Caermarfon Bar. The area abounds in lovely pubs and restaurants and there are even half a dozen or so good boat

yards. My favourite anchorage was Porth Dinllaen which I had never previously visited and which struck me as a little gem. With apparently good holding, it is sheltered from all wind directions except North East.

In spite of the poor weather, the week was a great success

and it has wetted my appetite to return to Anglesey and the Lleyn Peninsula as soon as possible. With better weather, on the next visit, I would hope for slightly more relaxation, but it would be hard to receive a more generous welcome, to enjoy better company or to have more fun.

List of I.C.C. Yachts Participating

Misty
Live Wire
Andante
finndabar
Sccolaing
Janey Mac
Meg Of Muglins
Miss Fionnuala

Trevor Wood
D.D. O'Brien
Brendan Bradley and others
J.P. Jameson
D.J. Ryan
R. Lee and family
J. Coffey
J.P. Bourke

Dehler 38
High Tension 36
Yamaha 36
Swan 40
Nicholson 43
Sigma 38
Nicholson 35
Comfort 30

Course	Distance	Duration	Engine Hours
Dun Laoghaire to Abersoch	77 n.m.	12 hrs	Nil
Abersoch to Pwllheli	10n.m.	1.5 hrs	Nil
Pwllheli to Abersoch	10 n.m.	1.5 hrs	1.5 hrs
Abersoch to Porth Dinllaen	30 n.m.	5 hrs	Nil
Porth Dinllaen to Port Dinorwic	20 n.m.	4 hrs	4 hrs
Port Dinorwic to Puffin Sound	12 n.m.	3 hrs	3hrs
Puffin Sound to Holyhead	30 n.m.	5.5 hrs	Nil
Holyhead to Dunlaoghaire	53 n.m.	13 hrs	0.5 hrs



Geoffrey Ashenhurst, Davy O'Brien and C. Peters – Sailing Captain of S.C.Y.C. – relaxing on *Live Wire*

Photo: R. Lovegrove

Arandora in Scotland

Paul Butler



The Wybrant Cup

After more than a decade of devotion to *Arandora* and the Dublin Bay 24' Class we are thinking of moving on. As we approach our middle years (*Arandora* which is - just - older than me has borne the years much better) we could do with less moisture, at least while we sleep off watch! It was, therefore, considered appropriate by all that we return to Scotland, the birthplace of the Class, where all of the Dublin Bay 24s are remembered with fondness by so many. For the entire trip we had Noel MacMahon and myself; Don McCarthy was with us for most of the cruise leaving at Carrickfergus, Bill Kavanagh was with us to Ardrishaig, John Murray was with us as far as Mallaig, Oonah McCrann joined us from Oban to Ardrishaig, my son, Cian, joined us from Ardrishaig and Laura Brannigan joined us from Carrickfergus.

Saturday 29th July

We departed from Dun Laoghaire at 19.15 under full sail in a N.W. F4. It was Oonah and Noel's wedding anniversary and,

they and us having celebrated it with drinks ashore before departure, John consoled Noel and us with three further bottles of champagne which, with little pain, we managed to have consumed by the time we had Rockabill abeam at 22.00!

Sunday 31st July

By 05.00 we had South Rock L.V. abeam; wind had dropped and the engine was put on. We had the Mew Island abeam by 11.20 and were able to resume sailing by 12.00. At 18.00 the Mull of Kintyre was on our starboard beam and I was to spend one of my most pleasant night passages going up the Sound of Jura on a broad port reach F.3.

Monday 1st August

Our original intention had been to make a passage to Oban but, as we had made good time and would have reached Oban in the early morning, and as Oonah was to join us in Tobermory the following day, it was decided to gain a rest day by going directly to Tobermory. Dawn found us rock hopping



Tobermory

Photo: P. Butler



Ardnamurchan Point

Photo: P. Butler

between Scarba and Luing; thereafter we had a glorious morning passage and dropped our hook outside the Misnish Hotel in Tobermory at 12.35. Having pumped the punt, John and I headed for shore to soak in some of the pre-luncheon atmosphere of Misnish Hotel (best found in the Bar thereof). Sadly, however, our troubles were to begin when the punt came into contact with the top of a perpendicular iron pole (the kind used to moor small boats off the quay wall) tearing a six inch hole on the starboard side. We just made it to the steps. Our repair kit being inadequate for the job we brought the punt to the garage the proprietor of which looked dubious and asked us to call back to him in the late afternoon. We duly called back and were asked to check at lunchtime on the following day. A pleasant dinner was had by all at the Captain's Table and, after the obligatory visit to the Misnish which lasted into the early hours, we all stayed there for the night. (There we met John and Billy Gardiner, owners of the Yacht *Unity* who kindly told us that we could borrow their punt during our stay. Their punt was identical to a number of other punts tied up at the steps and on at least one occasion anxious sailors searched in vain only to find their punt tied up alongside *Arandora*).

Tuesday 2nd August

Don and I, with the best intentions of doing a few jobs on the boat, got a lift aboard at 11.00. About fifteen minutes later John and Billy of *Unity* were heading for shore and we felt that it would be positively boorish not to invite them aboard for a dram. No sooner were they settled in than they hailed Fiona and Moray, two young ladies from Glasgow who, with their two dogs, were cruising aboard Fiona's yacht *Kayana* and, like the Gardiners were more or less following the fleet of the West Highland Week. Fiona and Moray would not come aboard an Irish Yacht without two bottles of Rum. Stories and song followed and Don and I quite forgot about the rest of the crew who were stranded ashore until about 15.30 when we felt that *Arandora* was in danger of running short of some essential supplies. I saw John on the quayside, hailed, and, after further stores were purchased, Don rowed ashore and collected John. Our morning aboard did not end until 18.30! In the meantime Oonah had arrived in Tobermory and we had another memorable evening. Nobody had thought of the punt!

Monday 3rd August

In the early morning we were greeted by the wonderful sight of the entire West Highland fleet in Tobermory. Charming though Tobermory is, we were all anxious to continue with

our cruise. The punt was not however, ready but we were assured that we could collect it the following morning. We had an uneventful day (if one could call any encounter with the Gardiners uneventful) and dined very well and stayed in the West Highland Hotel.

Thursday 4th August

At last we weighed anchor at 12.30 and, in a S.W. F.3 we had Ardnamurchan abeam at 13.40. Eigg was our destination and we entered Eigg Harbour by the S channel between Eigg and Eilean Chathastail on the SE corner of Eigg at 16.00. Although I had passed many times, I had never been to Eigg and found the very tight entrance and anchorage simple with careful attention to the Sailing Directions. I would think it unwise, however, to stay there in any strong winds coming from the South, North or North East as there would be little or no protection. Eigg is a beautiful island and is now designated as an "Area of Outstanding Natural Beauty". In 1811 James MacDonald, A.M., wrote of it in his *Grand View of the Hebrides*: "To the traveller and natural historian it is well calculated to afford a rich feast. The various caverns, the astonishing and stupendous precipices of basalt, pitchstone, freestone, limestone and other minerals; and above all, the magnificent perpendicular rock, called Scour-Eigg, which stands like a threatening tyrant upon the prostrate isle, yield scenes perhaps unparalleled in Britain". It is a great pity that the weather was miserable. We enjoyed a memorable dinner (rabbit was the main course) in a quiet hotel about a mile from our anchorage. There are two guest houses on Eigg run by a Mother and Daughter respectively. The Tourist Office in Tobermory telephoned ahead and booked us in (a very useful service as many of the guest houses and hotels were booked out). We stayed at the Kildonan Hotel run by Marie (the Mother) who, with the aid of her young son, looked after us very well and, in the morning, arranged transport back to the harbour.

Friday 5th August

Mallaig was on our itinerary because John had to leave us after a week and this port provided a rail link to Glasgow. Because of very poor visibility we delayed our departure until 15.40 when we weighed anchor and left by the Northern approach in a S.W. F.6 under Genoa only. We arrived at Mallaig at 18.30. Mallaig is principally a fishing port and offers only a limited, though well sheltered with good holding ground, anchorage for yachts. There is no question of being allowed to go alongside the pier or any of the many fishing vessels which, when we were there were berthed up to five



Another view of Ardnamurchan Point

Photo: P. Butler

deep. We dined and said our goodbyes to John who was to get the early morning train.

Saturday 6th August

At 10.10 we left Mallaig under power in rain with no wind. By 11.45 we were abeam of the Point of Sleat, the wind got up from the west and we were able to do some beating. We arrived at Rhum at 13.40. As with last year, we had all booked into Kinlock Castle. (I had promised poor John that he would stay there this year but, alas, delay in Tobermory prevented this). Kinlock was even better than last year. Although owned by the National Conservancy, it was under new management with a new chef. The extraordinary showers were still in full working order and the seven guests (including the five of us) dined in splendour around the single dining table. Later we had coffee, drinks and played snooker in the smoking room.

Sunday 7th August

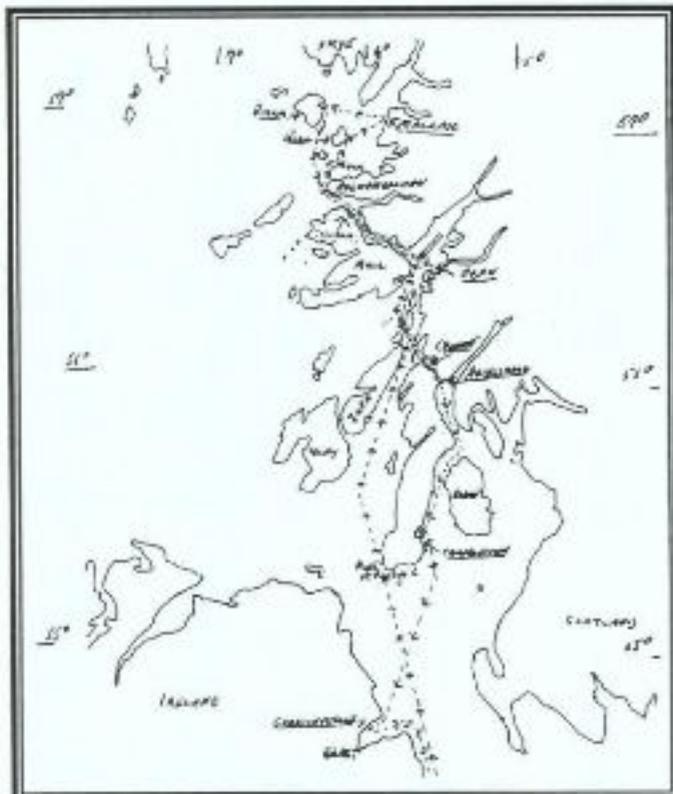
Sadly, we were unable to prevail upon the tired management and staff to give us an early breakfast and we weighed anchor at 08.00. A large breakfast was had aboard. It was a lovely day, but there was no wind and we motored all the way to Oban where we arrived at 21.00. We moored alongside a Norwegian yacht on the Lifeboat pontoon. We quickly befriended the Norwegians who, being deprived of such diversions at home, have a fascination with pubs. I retired with them to one such place while the rest of the crew ate an Indian meal ashore.

Monday 8th August

After a breakfast ashore, we left Oban at 11.00 and after motoring through Kerrera Sound and beyond for some 2 hours the wind increased from the South and as we neared An Doras Mór it increased to F.7. We went through in very lively conditions under genoa only and arrived at Crinan as the sea gate opened at 18.00 (the fee had gone up to £38.50). We dined very well in the Royal Hotel. While the rest of the crew slept there, I stayed aboard.

Tuesday 9th August

Conditions aboard *Arandora* make it desirable for some to stay ashore when they can. We have done so over the past two years; but it is a curse if one is trying to make any decent distances cruising as it is very difficult to get people ashore moving in the morning. I had hoped to get through the Canal stopping for lunch at the 5th Lock but this was not to be because we did not get under way until 09.45. Once again, the journey through the Canal was fascinating and was made



much easier by the fact that there were three other yachts with us to help work the Locks. At the 8th Lock, Oonah got the great idea of walking to the Hotel to get food while the remainder worked the boat down to the other side of the 5th Lock. Just as we left the Lock, Oonah arrived on board with a feast of prawns and other delicacies which we enjoyed all the way to Ardrishaig where we arrived at 15.00. Having settled down in the basin with the intention of leaving the following morning we were joined by son, Cian, who had flown to Glasgow and taken a bus on the long run to Ardrishaig (that bus goes all the way to Campbeltown and, although the journey is long, it is direct and provides an excellent service for those joining and leaving yachts). We had an excellent dinner in the Royal Hotel where all, except Cian and Bill, spent the night.

Wednesday 10th August

We woke up to a terrible morning with constant rain, bad visibility and a bad forecast and it didn't take us too long to postpone our departure. We said our goodbyes to Oonah who had provided us with such lively company over the past 8 days. In the course of the morning, one Hugh Kelly came on board and asked us were we a Dublin Bay 24'. It transpired that he, who is also a keen yachtsman, was the father of Fiona and Moray of the yacht *Kayana* whom we had met in Tobermory. He had heard all about us! Hugh told us that his wife had some cakes in the oven and kindly offered to collect all and bring us to his home for afternoon tea at 15.00. We enjoyed a lovely afternoon with the Kellys and were fed so well that we found dinner that night hard going. Selfless devotion, however, to the pursuit of Scottish culinary delights fortified us and we had a good dinner in the Royal. Don, Cian and I



Rhum

Photo: P. Butler

discussed the problems of the world into the early hours. Noel and I were the only ones staying aboard and when I got back to *Arandora* I collapsed on my berth after the trials of a long day.

Thursday 11th August

I woke up at about 08.00 surrounded by books and oranges. Noel was missing. An hour later I learned that Noel, having tried everything, including throwing missiles at me, to stop what he alleged was my heavy snoring, left the boat and had to spend the rest of the night sleeping on an ironing board in the Hotel's boiler room! Bill having left us, we left the sea lock at 10.15 in a S.W. F.4 and had a very pleasant beat (although with rain and bad visibility) to Cambeltown where we arrived at 18.50. During the course of the passage the backstay went. This did not present a problem as it is largely for tuning and, while under sail, it could be replaced by the main topping lift. We tied up alongside and had a swim and showers in the nearby municipal leisure complex before one of our best meals in the White Heart Hotel. I was the only one to stay ashore that night.

Friday 12th August

In the morning we were presented with constant rain and very poor visibility. The wind, however, was good coming from the N.E. F.4. Don and I, leaving the other two asleep, cast off at 07.00 and had a lumpy journey out of Campbeltown Harbour past Davaar Island under power. Although there was not too much wind the sea remained confused and, under full sail, we had Sanda Island abeam by 09.30. Disaster struck at 10.00. The wind had been going around to the N.E. and we had an involuntary gybe; the boom hit the starboard runner causing the forestay to snap. Our tall mast was in imminent

danger and we dropped all sail. I fixed a temporary forestay using the jib halyard with the kicking strap which had a two fold purchase. This was a job that would have taken about five minutes in a marina, but I spent the best part of an hour forward with a harness working full time as I was thrown around in the increasingly confused sea. As I did not trust the halyard as a forestay we decided to proceed under engine only. At this stage I thought it better to proceed to Carrickfergus rather than to struggle back to Campbeltown. (I had received the I.C.C.'s latest amendments which told us all about Carrickfergus Marina just two days before leaving Dun Laoghaire - I had never heard of this great facility before). Contrary to the 05.55 forecast, we had a full gale from the N.W. within a further hour and that stayed with us until we were within sight of East Maiden. Before long we saw the famous "H. & W." crane at the head of Belfast Lough and we entered Carrickfergus Marina in sunshine at 20.30. The Marina offers full facilities at reasonable rates and those working there are most friendly and helpful. We had a magnificent feast in the local Chinese Restaurant.

Saturday 13th August

We had a very large breakfast in Dobbin's Hotel. After that we were kindly invited aboard a friend's yacht for drinks. It was this visit that finally persuaded me that one can have a well found cruising or racing yacht with all home comforts (beer from a fridge!) Being late on a Saturday morning, I thought I would be more certain to have a new forestay within a reasonable time were we to go back to Dun Laoghaire and have our Gerry Doyle do the job. Cian went up the mast to retrieve that part of the old forestay and the four of us got into a taxi heading for Central Station in Belfast. The driver, a most pleasant and accommodating Carrickfergus man,



East entrance to Sound of Mull

Photo: P. Butler

persuaded us to accept his marina-to-door service to my home in Blackrock for £50.00.

Tuesday 16th August

We had a new forestay by Monday. Don (from Cork) had to leave us (he had missed his first wedding anniversary while with us last year) and Oonah drove Laura Brannigan, Noel, Cian and I back to Carrickfergus where Cian fitted the new forestay. We got under way at 19.15 in a S.E. F.4. We had Mew Island abeam at 21.12 and put on the engine to make some weather towards South Rock L.V. only to find that we no longer had a propeller! A night of beating in a S.E. F.5 followed.

Wednesday 17th August

By 16.00 both wind and visibility went and no progress was

made until nightfall when we were faced with constant very heavy rain, no visibility and a southerly F.6/7. A very unpleasant night was spent erring always to seaward for fear that my navigation might not have been accurate enough.

Thursday 18th August

In the event, when visibility opened in the early morning and the wind dropped to nothing, we found ourselves about three miles E of Rockabill L.H. little progress was made and we did not reach Dun Laoghaire until 18.30 - just in time to turn around without stopping and start the D.B.S.C. Race. We got a good start but were all so tired that we retired within 30 minutes. At least we had saved the boat some points which, as I write may well be of some significance. When we stepped ashore we were greeted by *Arandora's* regular owners and crew and all had a very pleasant sailing supper.

ARANDORA 88

Speed	Arr	Dept	W.Log	R.Line	Dist	Engine	Night	Time
Dun Laoghaire		29 Jul 1915	000					
Tobermory 5.02	1 Aug	4 Aug	207	216	207	9.5	2	41.25
Eigg 5.6	1235 4 Aug	1230 5 Aug	226.6	20	19.6			3.5
Mallaig 3.3	1600 5 Aug	1540 6 Aug	237.5	12	10.9			2.5
Rhum 4.23	1830 6 Aug	1010 7 Aug	252.3	14	14.8	1		3.5
Oban 4.25	1340 7 Aug	0800 8 Aug	307.6	50	55.3	11		13
Crinan 3.67	2100 8 Aug	1100 9 Aug	333.3	25	25.7	2		7
Ardrishaig	1800 9 Aug	0945 11 Aug						
	1500	1015						
Carnpletown 4.58	11 Aug	12 Aug	372.2	41	38.9	2		8.5
Carrickfergus 5.19	1850 12 Aug	0700 16 Aug	426.7	49	54.5	10.5		13.5
Dun Laoghaire 3.19 1830	2030 18 Aug	1915	575.6	103	148.9		2	46.75
Totals 4.13			575.6	532	575.6	36	4	139.5

A Cruise in Brittany Involving the Non Sailing Family

Bernard Corbally

Erica is not a sailing wife. In fact, her sane and logical ideas, about sailing as a past-time, would make a lot of sense to any other non-sailor. However, the skipper of *L'Exocet* thought that it would be a great to somehow or other, get his wife involved in a summer cruise without having to do any sailing. Erica accepted the concept, a brave gesture because she knows about sailors' plans. Perhaps her vision of Brittany seafood restaurants had an influence on the decision. Nevertheless, preparations for the cruise were started immediately. The skipper would bring the boat to the protected waters of the Morbihan in Brittany and tie up at a marina. Erica, Ruth and Linda, would join the boat for two weeks, and use it as a floating caravan. Then, the skipper, with another crew, would spend about a week sailing it back to Dun Laoghaire. Of course, this is not quite the way things happened!

Saturday 23rd July 1988

With Tommy and Tom McCann and Michael Reid as crew, we left Dun Laoghaire at 13.40 and made for Dalkey Sound on the ebb tide. It was currently blowing F.3 on the nose and, since we were hoping to get to Milford Haven in a gap between storms, we motor sailed.

We had put a couple of reefs in the mainsail in anticipation of some strong wind during the night. So, when the strength of the wind increased considerably at 00.30, by bearing away a bit towards Cardigan Bay, we were able to make good progress, with a modicum of comfort, in what had become, quite a rough sea. An hour later, the mainsail began to tear and we had to call the other watch to help get it down. The waves were very big and breaking into surf as we continued to motor-sail at over 7knots. We also had to concentrate on the navigation as the Decca did not function when the engine was running.

Just before dawn, we began to catch glimpses of flashing lights when we were on the crest of a wave. However, since our view was completely obscured in the troughs, it was extremely difficult to identify the light characteristics. By our dead reckoning, we were well into south Cardigan Bay. So, we tacked to follow the coastline until we could make a positive identification of the Stumble Head light. At this stage, we were expecting an imminent F.8 gusting up to F.9. The seas were very big and we were making slow progress beating into them. We decided to make for Fishguard Harbour and were soon tied-up to a converted trawler at the quayside.

Monday 25th July

At about 01.00, I was awakened by somebody from the trawler alongside. He wanted to know if we had any more fenders. It was blowing a gale and we were being surged up against the side of the trawler. Immediate action was required to prevent our top-sides from being damaged. The skipper spent one and a half hours tending the fenders and fending off before calling Tommy to take over.

More gales were being forecasted for the Lundy area. So, we spent the day exploring Fishguard. We returned to the



L'Exocet alongside converted trawler in Fishguard.

Photo: Michael Reid

harbour on a foot-path which took us round Saddle Point, and provided us with some fabulous views of the bay. We had planned to have dinner in the Fishguard Bay Hotel but found the exterior appearance a bit off-putting. However, Tommy made a more in-depth investigation and gave it his recommendation. They provided us with an excellent meal.

Tuesday 26th July

We departed from Fishguard, on a favourable tide, at 12.00, and motor-sailed to St. David's Head, keeping well inside the tidal rips. The seas were still pretty big. So, we passed Ramsey Island to port. We cut the engine just south of the island, and then set a course to clear the tidal rips to the west of Skomer. It was a good wind, the sun was shining and everybody was enjoying themselves. We passed inside Skokholm Island and rounded St. Anne's Head to enter Milford Haven on the flood tide.

As we approached Neyland Marina, we attempted to raise them on the VHF. But, apparently, the rocky cliffs interfere with communications until one is almost open to the entrance, which is just before one reaches the road bridge. We tied up, in berth S5, at 19.00.

We were impressed by the services offered by the marina, except for the diesel berth, which did not seem to be accessible at low tide.

Wednesday 27th July

We set off for the Scillies at 12.13, happy with the forecast SW. to S. F.4 - F.5. As we motored out of the estuary, a naval patrol launch requested us to steer a course that would take us west of the Turbot Bank. This was to keep us well clear of the practice firing range.

At 21.00, we were almost half way across the St. Georges Channel, averaging over 6knots. In sunshine, when we received an imminent gale warning. We started the engine to gain maximum speed against the tide, and changed course to head for Lundy Island, under a very ominous looking sky.

We rounded the south end of the island soon after midnight. As we headed in towards the anchorage under the Light

House, guided by the skipper's dim memory of a chart seen in a chandlery, two white lights suddenly appeared, almost in transit. It was a few minutes before we were able to identify them as riding lights on a couple of moored trawlers. We anchored, in 10m., outside a double row of lobster pot buoys, strung-out along the shore-line.

At 00.24, just as we were setting the anchor, Hartland Coast Guard cancelled the imminent gale warning. Nevertheless, we were very happy to be snugly at anchor as the storm hit us, registering gusts of over 36knots.

Thursday 28th July

I listened to the 05.55 forecast in the Lundy area and promptly went back to bed. It was a dour morning with plenty of wind and poor visibility. Periodically, we were hit by very strong gusts of wind that swung us about quite viciously. We decided to move inside the lobster pots, near the slip. Our Bruce anchor was set rock solid. When we eventually got it up, we found a rock jammed between the flanks.

We went ashore for our evening meal in the village, which we reached by walking up along a steep track that lead from the slip. The island's pub restaurant, called the Marisco, was well worth the visit.

Friday 29th July

We weighed anchor at 10.15. The seas were quite big as we were rounding the south end of the island. However, by sailing slightly off course towards the mainland, we were able to maintain about 6.5knots.

At 16.20 we tacked off Trevoze Head in order to avoid the breaking seas at the Quies. The weather had cleared up a lot, with quite long spells of sunshine and good wind. We had to tack again at 20.45 in order to clear The Stones. Then we answered a call from the St Ives Coastguard telling us to tack out to the North Cardinal Buoy. Although it was after the event, it was nice to know that our safety had been monitored!

At 01.00 we were about 2M. NW. of the Longships and 25M from St. Marys. The wind was W. F.4 and we were making good progress. We saw the Wolf Rock light at about 02.15, which initially caused some bafflement because it was flashing at the same rate as St. Marys, 15s. We found, in McMillan's, that it had been altered from 30s to 15s.

By 03.43, we were anchored very firmly, in 6m. just inside the lifeboat in St. Marys Harbour. Michael left us after breakfast to catch a helicopter back to the mainland. The rest of us spent an enjoyable day in Hughtown.

Sunday 31st July

It was a glorious summer day, as we set sail for Audierne at 03.58. We were delighted with our rate of progress. Unfortunately, at 14.00, the wind dropped suddenly to virtually zero and we had to resort to the engine. At 19.00 exhaust fumes from the engine began to fill the cabin and billow out through the open hatch and from the cockpit

lockers. We stopped the engine, and drifted for about an hour, while we effected a makeshift repair using a tin can, tape and jubilee clips. A useful breeze developed at 01.00 and allowed us eight hours sailing before dropping again to zero. At 07.00 we were about 7M SW. of Ile D'Ouessant, still holding our breeze at this stage, and enjoying good visibility, when we decided to review our route plan which would take us west of the Chaussee de Sein Buoy. We altered course for the Raz de Sein, after checking that we could expect to reach the Raz at slack tide before it turned against us.

After the Raz, there was a very strong tide against us all the way to Ste. Evette. There were a lot of lobster pot buoys to be avoided along this stretch of the coast-line. Our exhaust repair had not been very successful, and it was difficult to get away from the unpleasant fumes. As well as the interior of the cabin, all the cupboards and everything in them were slowly being covered in black grime. As we approached the Gamelle Quest Buoy, we encountered a maze of nets which were quite difficult to negotiate. We picked up a visitor's mooring, beside a french yacht called *Exocet*, at 16.09. The moorings at Ste. Evette are very close together. One is likely to encounter less inconvenience by anchoring quite close inshore.

We used the dinghy to take us ashore in Audierne where Tommy found a mechanic who would come to sort out our exhaust problem early the following morning. We telephoned our families to meet us in Concarneau, instead of the Morbihan, at 17.45 on Wednesday. Everything seemed to be working out fine, as we relaxed over a very nice meal in The Bar Restaurant Breton overlooking the Audierne quay.

Friday 3rd August

We slipped our mooring at 10.00 and headed for Pte. Penmarh. From there we followed the buoys to Concarneau. With sunshine, wind and good visibility we really were in a holiday mood. It was only as we entered the approach channel that we resorted to the engine and put the exhaust repair to the test. It seemed to be fine at this stage.

As we approached the marina, on schedule at 17.40, we were delighted to see Tommy's family on the pier. They had located a superb vacant position alongside the main pontoon, which we had occupied within a few minutes. Soon afterwards, the skipper's family arrived.

Thursday 4th August

With Tom and Walter McCann as crew, we departed for Port Haliguen at 09.00. It was a glorious windless day. We motored to arrive off the west coast of Ile de Croix at 13.15. We then cut the engine and enjoyed a very relaxed lunch drifting in the sunshine. We had not been motoring for long after our break when the engine began to falter and eventually stopped. It seemed to be a fuel starvation problem. We were not short of diesel oil, so the filters were immediately suspect. Fortunately, we got some wind at this point, which enabled us to sail to the south end of the Quiberon peninsula, through the Passage de la Teignouse and up to the Quiberon North Buoy. It was only by repetitive use of the starter motor, that we were able to motor slowly the rest of the way to the marina. The families were there to meet us as we rafted up on the visitors pontoon immediately to starboard in the southern section of the marina, at 19.12.

We spent five days in this delightful place, much of which was spent in the general area of the beautiful beach just to the south of the harbour.

Tuesday 9th August

With Ruth Corbally and Caroline Hurley as crew, we set sail for the Villaine River. It was a glorious warm sunny day with practically no wind. Except for about one and a half hours of magical sailing, we motored all the way. Fumes from the



The Anchorage at Lundy Island.

Photo: Michael Reid

engine exhaust were escaping again and had made the cabin untenable.

We reached the lock in the dam at Port D'Arzal at 13.35. Ruth very nimbly leaped onto the ladder in the lock-side gate to secure our warps. After the upstream gate had been opened and the final surge of water had subsided, we were just about to cast off when the water suddenly erupted into a state of turbulence all around us. We were told that this was due to a chemical reaction between the salt and the fresh water.

The trip up the river, through rural countryside, was a beautiful experience. We saw a couple of yachts secured to the river-bank while the occupants enjoyed a picnic on the grass. Others were tucked up little creeks. It was a tremendously peaceful environment. When we arrived at the St. Antoine Creek Marina, Erica and Linda had already arrived and gave us a great welcome. We were allocated a quayside berth in the third entry up the marina, and were able to park the car very conveniently right beside the yacht. The marina office and facilities were just across the road. La Roche Bernard is a charming old world town with stone buildings and a lot of character. It was an idyllic place to spend five days of our holiday.

The local Volvo Agents, Ateliers Navals de la Couronne, serviced the fuel filters on our engine. They also fitted a Volvo Compensator into the exhaust system. This extremely expensive device was claimed to be capable of compensating for both the heat expansion in our system and our need for flexibility to cope with engine vibration.

Thursday is Market Day in La Roche Bernard. The centre of the town is closed off to motor traffic and all the streets are filled with stalls. The skipper vainly tried to set budgets, as everybody headed into town to have a great time bargaining over innumerable purchases.

We collected Ann Woulfe Flanagan off the train in Vannes on Saturday and took the opportunity to visit the historic old walled part of the town. We also looked at the marina, which is right up in the town.

Sunday 14th August

Our departure from La Roche Bernard at 08.19, was timed to allow us about 40 minutes to cover the 3.5M to the lock by 09.00. There were already several yachts waiting. When the gates were opened at about 09.30, thirteen yachts packed in, all jostling for position. We did not understand any of the shouting. But, we needed all our fenders to protect ourselves as we managed to manoeuvre into a position alongside the wall!

We were out of the lock at 09.37 and continued motoring until we were clear of the river channel buoys at 10.36. The sun had just begun to break through, what had been, a very over-cast sky. The wind had picked up to a favourable SSW. F.3 - F.4. It was the start of the super sail all the way to our destination in the Morbihan. We arrived at the entrance to the Morbihan 0.5 hours before the start of the flood tide and nosed our way in slowly until the tide changed in our favour. We were unable to sight the tiny red Le Lieu Buoy until we were quite close to it. However, the Le Gregan Tower was very conspicuous, and we used that to guide us. We also found it extremely difficult to see the green beacon that marks the Grand Mouton Rock. One needs to find it against a background of the green trees covering Ile Longue, and it is very small. There were a lot of yachts in the Morbihan,



Port Gildas - Ile de Houat.

Photo: Ann Woulfe Flanagan

making the place seem positively crowded.

At 15.52, we picked up a visitors mooring off the pier at Pte D'Arradon. We collected Erica and Linda from the shore and brought them on board to celebrate our arrival at the original holiday destination.

Wednesday 17th August

The family were safely ferried ashore with ample time available for the drive to the Roscoff ferry. Since it was a warm sunny day with good visibility, the skipper and Anne decided to explore the Morbihan in the Avon dinghy.

We went about 3m up the deep inlet in west Morbihan, to just beyond Lirey. At this stage, it was becoming difficult to identify the deep part of the channel and we were concerned about getting out before the water level dropped.

We proceeded to the south beach of Ile d'Arz and landed at the pier. We were completely enchanted by the beauty of the place. We resolved it would definitely be our base on our next visit to the Morbihan.

As we continued our journey, we saw another island, close to opposite the Ile d'Arz beach, called Ile D'Ilure, which also had a beautiful stretch of sand. We went close to the island of Godec, Chelbeden and Govian on our route to inspect the anchorage at Pte St. Nicholas. We noted another nice beach on the south end of Govian.

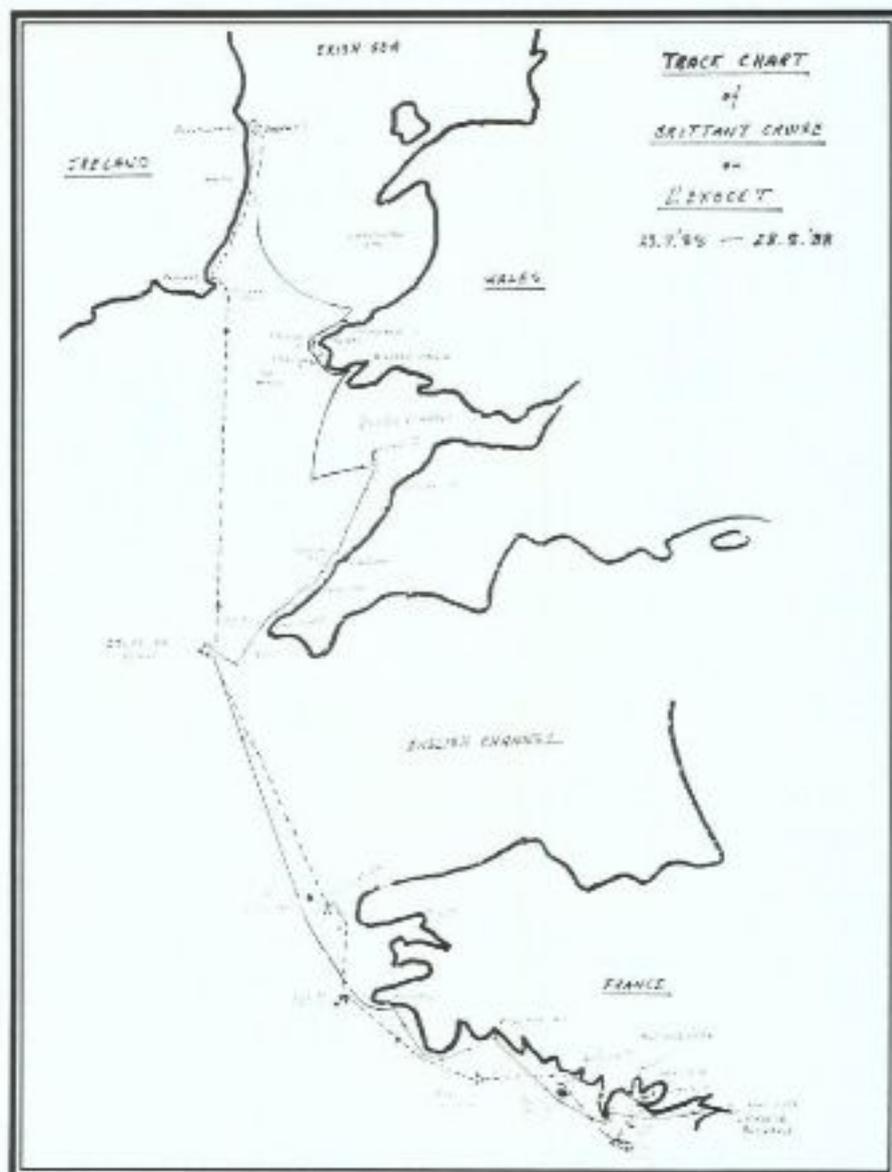
After lunch we made a brief exploratory tour of Ile Dirus, Port Blanc and the marina at Port Toulinday on the NE side of Ile Aux Moines. The marina was small, with only a few visitors berths to the left of the lifebelt supporting post.

Henry Rice and Jim Gillespie were expected to join us at 18.00. So, we were delighted to accept an invitation to drinks on board *Kir 2*, a *Sunshine 33*, while we were waiting for them to arrive. However, when there was still no sign of them at 20.30, we started our dinner at the *Les Venetres Restaurant*, where we had a table reserved for four. They arrived after the first course and joined us for an excellent meal.

Thursday 18th August

We slipped our mooring at 10.28 and motored out of the Morbihan on the last of the ebb tide. We passed Michael O'Farrell in his *Rival 32*, *Cuchulain*, on our way out. Pt. Navalo Light House was abeam by 11.25 and we set a course for Houat. We arrived at Port Gildas at 13.00 and joined a fore & aft raft-up in the centre of the harbour.

We spent a very enjoyable hour wandering about ashore



Friday 19th August

We weighed anchor at 10.20. Outside of the bay, there was a W. F.5 wind and a pretty lumpy sea. We put in a couple of reefs while we were still within the shelter of the headland. We had an exhilarating sail, maintaining about 7.5k, all the way to the Bas Melite buoys marking the entrance to Port Tudy on Ile de Groix. We joined a raft-up on a buoy just behind the breakwater. It was not a very tenable situation and required vigilance every time any sizeable boat manoeuvred in the surrounding water.

At about 15.00, we were asked to move in order to allow the ferry sufficient space to turn. We moved to the slip in the outer harbour. A shore party replenished our ship's stores from the local supermarket about half a mile up the road. They also surveyed menus and selected the Auberge di Pecheur on the left-hand side of the road, at the first bend on the way up to the shops.

At 16.30, we were called upon to move again to make way for another ferry that wished to disembark its passengers at the slip. This time we tied up alongside a yacht on the opposite side of the harbour. A little while later, the second ferry arrived and provided us with a remarkable demonstration of seamanship as it manoeuvred, in a very restricted space, to lie alongside the slip. We felt extremely vulnerable in our exposed position on the outside of a stack of yachts!

Eventually, the tide was sufficiently high to allow the gate to the inner harbour to be opened. It looked completely full already. However, we had been re-assured that, no matter how full it looked, they always managed to pack everybody in. We were one of the first yachts to enter. Our long warps came in useful as we contributed to the mass

of knitting that criss-crossed the harbour.

and exploring the lovely little unspoilt village. It was a beautiful island and we would have been very happy to spend the whole day there. There was only 0.5m under the keel on a falling tide when we got back on board. It seemed a good idea to anchor close to the enticing beach just south of the harbour for our sunshine lunch.

We weighed anchor under sail at 14.55, and made it through the Passage de Beniguet, north of the island, before the turn of the tide. We arrived at Sauzon at the north east end of Belle Ile at 17.10. The harbour was very congested with yachts rafted-up on fore & aft moorings. So, we opted to anchor outside in the bay, adjacent to the already occupied visitors moorings. While we were preparing to go ashore, a hundred square meter yacht, called *Overlord*, arrived. They dragged as they were laying their anchor and fell back across our bow, demolishing our navigation light. The skipper, invited us aboard for refreshments and gave us a guided tour. The yacht, an ex German war prize, belongs to a specially formed club, which operates a rota system to provide a succession of crews throughout the sailing season. The boat was in beautiful condition and a great pleasure to visit.

The anchorage was subject to roll and a bit uncomfortable. We also experienced the wash from quite a heavy ferry traffic. We resolved to consider raft-up situations much more favourably the next time that we found ourselves in a similar situation!

of knitting that criss-crossed the harbour.

Our chosen restaurant proved to be a great success. An additional bonus was the musical accompaniment provided by a talented young Irish couple who were collecting the price of a meal.

Saturday 20th August

At 08.30, the inner harbour gates were opened and we slipped quietly away. It was pretty blustery as we left the shelter of the harbour and started to beat through a very lumpy sea. After about an hour, while we were putting in another reef into the mainsail, the main halyard came adrift. We managed to get it wrapped around the topping lift, which we then lowered. We had only just got sailing again after these activities, when we noticed a tear at a luff cringle in the mainsail. By this time, it was already 11.22 and we had barely cleared the end of the island. So, the popular decision was made to turn back and head for the Lorient.

At 13.03, we were securely berthed in the Kerneval Marina, having experienced just over an hour of superb sailing before the wind under fore sail only. The marina, which was less than half full, included free use of its washroom facilities in its over-night charge. These were located in the impressive dungeons of the Villa Margaret.

A local shop recommended the newly opened Le Toulhars Restaurant for our evening meal. "Just follow the signs," they

said. It was like a 'Paper Chase', there were so many of them. When we eventually reached the place, we were surprised to see just a small snack bar with about five plastic tables. Fortunately, we decided to make a closer inspection, because there was a very nice restaurant tucked away behind the bar. We booked a table and returned later to enjoy the most delicious meal of the entire cruise.

Sunday 21st August

The wind was still blowing quite hard. So, we reefed well down before setting forth for the Glenans at 10.45. We enjoyed some good sailing on the way to the islands.

Our intention was to anchor off the SW. side of the Ile de Penfret, (a location recommended in 'The North Biscay Pilot'). But, it was very obvious that there was no shelter there in the prevailing wind. So, we motored across to La Chambre and anchored, in 2.5M., just south of Ile de Bananec. The water was very clear, which made it easy for us to pick a spot without weed to drop the anchor. The sandy beach on Ile de Loch also looked a most enticing anchorage. But, the crew had heard about the pub on St. Nicholas!

Monday 22nd August

Reluctantly, we were underway at 09.16 and, in flat calm, motored very carefully through The Chenal de Bluiniers. Visibility was very good. We could easily see the bottom, as we passed through the shallow narrows. The alternative route out of the Glenans would have taken us on a lengthy diversion from our route.

We were soon sailing at over 5knots in fabulous sunshine. To add to our enjoyment a school of dolphins joined us and provided fascinating entertainment for over twenty minutes. The wind dropped as quickly as it had picked up earlier, and we had to resort once more to the engine in order to reach the Raz at slack tide. We could easily identify the 24m yellow topped Chat Tower from a long way out and use it to home in on the Ile de Sein. Although it was low water on a neap tide, we decided to approach the harbour through the north passage. A couple of yachts behind us made for the more convenient east passage. One of them eventually altered course to follow us. The other ran into problems trying to get through weed near the Neroth and had to abandon the attempt! We sailed right up to the harbour entrance in order to minimise our exposure to leaking exhaust gases which had become a problem again. Our first attempt at anchoring, beyond the life-boat and opposite the slip, resulted in the Bruce anchor just skidding over the sea-weed. We switched to the Fisherman, to which we had shackled four fathoms of heavy chain, and got firmly dug in at our first attempt.

We were surprised to find such a large village on the island. The streets were narrow and there were lots of small walled gardens. We found a pleasant bar restaurant right over at the far eastern end of the harbour, called Chez Annick, which had a lovely outlook and fed us well.

Tuesday 23rd August

It was an unpleasant day with heavy drizzle and poor visibility. We weighed anchor at 07.45 to enable us to get through the Chenal de la Helle with a favourable tide. If we did not like the conditions, we could alter our plan and head for Camaret. By 11.06, we were safely through the Chenal du Four narrows, greatly assisted by the ease with which we had been able to see the 15m. G. de Vino Terre red tower, despite the poor visibility. The green Fourmi and the red Tourant et Lochrist are quite small and not nearly so easy to sight. We identified the Le Helle Rock, through the mist, by its very pronounced 'top hat' profile. We rounded the rock, leaving it well to port, and headed towards the location of the Les Trois Pierres Light House. It was only about five minutes before we sighted it dead ahead. We postponed starting the engine until



Where the heck are we?

Photo: Ann Woulfe Flanagan

we were approaching the pier at Ile de Molene. We anchored behind some moored boats to the east of the jetty. At this point, we realized that the mist had lifted, and that we had got ourselves into a magical place.

The island is only about half a mile across, most of which seemed to be covered by houses on narrow streets. We did not see any cars nor could we see any shops. Walled gardens, many with flowers and vegetables, added to the tremendous charm of the place. The sea views of the surrounding rocks, islands and beaches were absolutely breath-taking.

Mindful of the passage ahead of us, we ourselves underway at 15.41 and motored into the wind until we were clear of the Ar Cos Vras rocks. It began to drizzle in the early hours of the morning and visibility became less than one mile. Fortunately, it improved as we approached the Scillies, and we were able to identify the Peninnis Light House to confirm our position. We had to beat hard, in big seas, to reach Porth Cressa at 11.30. We started the engine at the Vras and anchored in a very protected position close to the west shore, in 3m.

Having learnt, by previous experience, that one has to book early for the good restaurants, we reserved a table for dinner in The Pilots Gig, before enjoying an excellent light lunch in the Pier House. We were protected from the wind in town. But, when we put our heads around an exposed corner they were practically blown off. The contrast between the conditions in St. Mary Harbour, where the yachts were yawing and bucking wildly, and the tranquil scene in Porth Cressa was incredible.

Thursday 25th August

Henry and I repaired the clean break in the new compensator, which had been fitted into our engine exhaust by the Volvo Agents in La Roche Bernard, by moulding Gun Gum Repair Tape around it and then wrapping it with copper wire. We had been unable to locate an appropriate engineering repair facility in Hughtown.

There were forecasts of gales in the North Irish Sea and of more strong wind coming up from the Atlantic. The problems of an enforced long stay in the Scillies were beginning to look very real. So, having checked the further outlook for the weather with Falmouth Coastguard, we decided that we had better take advantage of the gap between systems and leave immediately.

We left the Scillies at 14.56. The visibility began to close in with a very unpleasant heavy misty rain, at 09.03. We neither heard nor saw another craft until we reached the Tuskar.

As we approached the Tuskar, we were very surprised not to be able to pick it up on the RDF, that was until we realized that the sequence indicator was reading one station out of phase! We began to hear the horn from about 7M off. But, it was not until we were within 1.5M that we were able to see the base of the rock, and, ten minutes later, the tower and

light. At this stage, it would have been nice to have been able to sight the S. Long Buoy 4M away. We were passed by the B & I and the Sealink ferries as we sailed in. Beyond the harbour, we stowed our sails and switched on the engine. To our dismay, we discovered that both out batteries were flat! Within seconds, we were trying the starting handle. But, none of us could swing strongly enough to carry the three cylinder diesel engine over compression when the decompression lever was thrown. We unfurled a little foressail and, at 19.12, sailed alongside a trawler on the west pier.

While we were enjoying dinner on board, the waves, which were slamming against the side of the boat, sometimes felt and sounded very much like collisions. Also, the wind, which had increased considerable, was screaming through the rigging. We were all very happy about our decision to stop off in Rosslare.

Saturday 27th August

The forecast was gale F.8 winds for the Irish Sea. Everybody went back to sleep. Later in the day, we made another attempt to start the engine. This time, while Henry cranked the engine as fast as possible, the skipper threw the lever and switched on the starter motor at the same time. This combination worked and we were able to charge up the batteries. Soon afterwards, Henry left for Dublin in order to be there in time for a game of golf on Sunday. The rest of us enjoyed an invigorating walk along the cliff tops to Greenmore Point.

We were back on board, when Jim noticed that a trawler, in the stack in front of us, was coming out in our direction. Realising that we were in imminent danger, with tremendous presence of mind, he grabbed a fender while urgently calling for assistance. Within seconds, the trawler was scraping along our side with Jim's rolling fender saving us from a severe scratching. The tyres, which the trawler was using for fenders, were at the height of our cross-trees and ensnared with our rigging. Our situation became extremely perilous. Fortunately,

they either heard our shouts or saw what was happening and stopped just in time. They then proceeded to bump into the trawler behind us. When this foreign trawler returned, about an hour later, we stood ready with our fenders and were given a friendly wave.

Sunday 28th August

We left Rosslare under engine at 06.45. Three minutes later, we were sailing with a couple of reefs in the mainsail. It was a fabulous morning. The sun was shining, there was plenty of wind and visibility was excellent. We opted to go up inside the sand banks in order to catch the earlier turn in the tide and also save a couple of miles. The wind picked up considerably after mid-day and we began to log speeds over 7knots. A whole series of small fronts passed over as we headed up the coast accompanied by wind gusts that carried us along at an exhilarating speed. When the tide turned against us, we were particularly grateful for these gusts to get us around the headlands. We were also glad that we had left the reefs in! We passed through The Muglins as the next gale was being forecasted for the Irish Sea. We picked up our mooring in Dun Laoghaire at 19.28, under relatively calm conditions. But, by the time that we had sorted our gear to go ashore, it was already beginning to blow again. We had made it just in time!

It was important to all of us that we should arrive back home before Monday 29th August. Despite several days of apprehension about the weather, we had beaten the deadline and all was well. Our recollection about the cruise is of many days of glorious sunshine, of innumerable meals of superb French cooking, of well equipped marinas, of beautiful island anchorages and, of course, lots of exhilarating sailing on sparkling seas. When all of these things are enjoyed in good company, even the imagination would find such a holiday hard to beat. The skipper actually overheard his wife telling of her wonderful holiday on a floating caravan in Brittany!

DATE	PASSAGE	SAILING		MOTORING		TOTAL	
		Time Hrs.Mins	Distance n.Miles	Time Hrs.Mins	Distance n.Miles	Time Hrs.Mins	Distance n.Miles
Sat 23rd July-	Dun Laoghaire to Fishguard	Motor-sailing		15.15	108	15.15	108
Sun 24th July							
Tue 26th July	Fishguard to Milford Haven	4.58	30.1	4.02	25.1	9.00	55.2
Wed 27th July	Milford Haven to Lundy	6.15	36.9	6.00	32.9	12.15	69.9
Fri 29th July	Lundy to St. Marys	21.23	112.3	1.08	5.9	22.31	118.2
Sat 30th July							
Sun 31st July-	St. Marys to Audierne	13.48	73.1	17.23	101.5	31.11	174.6
Mon 1st August							
Wed 3rd August	Audierne to Concarneau	7.23	40.3	0.22	1.3	7.45	41.6
Thur 4th August	Concarneau to Port Halliquen	3.58	22.8	6.54	31.8	10.52	54.6
Tue 9th August	Pt. Halqn. to La Roche Bernard, Villaine	1.49	8.6	5.24	26.6	7.13	35.2
Sun 14th August	La Roche Bernard to Pte D'Arradon	5.09	26.9	2.24	8.1	7.33	35.0
Thur 18th August	Pte D'Arradon to Port Gildas, Houat	Motor-sailing		2.39	15.3	2.39	15.3
Thur 18th August	Houat to Sauzon, Belle Ile	2.26	11.1	0.11	0.3	2.37	11.4
Fri 19th August	Sauzon to Port Tudy, Ile de Croix	2.53	21.5	0.24	2.9	3.17	24.4
Sat 20th August	Port Tudy to Kerneval, Lorient	1.23	7.1	3.08	7.9	4.31	15.0
Sun 21st August	Kerneval to La Chambre, Iles de Glenan	3.47	16.7	2.58	15.5	6.45	32.2
Mon 22nd August	Iles de Glenan to Ile de Scin	5.30	27.0	3.58	20.1	9.28	47.1
Tue 23rd August	Ile de Scin to Ile de Molene	4.21	24.8	0.37	3.7	4.58	28.5
Tue 23rd August-	Ile de Molene to Porth Cressa, Scillies	19.32	119.7	0.37	0.8	20.07	120.5
Wed 24th August							
Thur 25th August	Porth Cressa to Rosslare	28.56	167.2	-	-	28.56	167.2
Sun 28th August	Rosslare to Dun Laoghaire	12.33	79.4	0.10	0.5	12.43	79.9
TOTALS FOR CRUISE		145.12	837.8	72.24	395.9	217.36	1233.7

Les Anges Maritimes de France

Robert Barr



The Fingal Trophy

I readily concede that even the most devoted readers of this journal must be weary of my perennial dissertations on cruising in western France. This year's offering, though having the same familiar backdrop, is very different. Essentially it is a chronicle of crises and how they were dealt with, and also the story of a remarkable breed of maritime guardian angels whose kindness and generosity of spirit was a marvel to behold.

It all started simply enough. I had planned that our primary exercise this year would be a Round Ireland cruise in August and that there would be a modest French cruise at Whit in company with our old friends, Jacques and Marie-Claire Rougeulle, in their new 12 meter cruiser, *Mouez Avel*. Three old hands were assembled for that purpose - Paul Butler, Peter Fagan and I - and there was one new-comer, Joan McGeachin. She is a daughter of that celebrated yachtsman, the late Ninian Falkiner. Sadly, her husband, Alister, was unable to join us but he was willing to consign his spouse to our care. I am glad to report that she responded admirably to kindness and, despite lack of experience, was an outstanding success. Her pedigree was evident in moments of crisis. It was not necessary to call upon her medical expertise.

We set sail for Camaret from the R.I.Y.C. in the afternoon of Friday, 20th May. The weather was sunny; the wind was a modest S.E. and the sea was slight. All was well with the world save that the Shipmate navigator refused to perform, and so it was back to the old days of careful D.R. plotting - a nostalgic exercise in its own way. (Later in Camaret we found that the coaxial cable from the aerial was severed at the top. This was easily remedied). Land's End was abeam in the early hours of Sunday morning. By then the wind was E.S.E. 25/30 knots and there was a steep difficult sea; but with a fully reefed main and a No. 4 genoa, *Joliba* had no problem in maintaining 5 knots. A couple of hours later Joan was experiencing her first man-sized gale which persisted for the next 8 hours. In the late evening the lights of Ushant began to appear and we homed in on the Le Four L.H. near the mainland. I had never been through the Chenal du Four at night. It transpired to be relatively straightforward, though the passage is very fast with the tide and it is essential to have good visibility so that all the leading marks can be positively identified. Another essential is a detailed chart because until buoys present a significant hazard. I had in mind to motor-sail under main only as otherwise it was a dead beat through the channel. Having started the engine, I found that it frequently cut out and finally refused to start again due to a blockage of dirt in the fuel lines and also an air-lock in the system. So we embarked on an exciting dead beat through the Chenal du Four and on to Camaret where we arrived in the early hours of Monday - a passage of 345 miles which included a full weather spectrum from flat calm to gale.

Having tied up at the marina, we crashed out for a few hours and then set about investigating the engine problems. In

addition to dirt in the fuel lines there was also an electrical failure which we could not locate. It was at this point that we encountered our first Breton "Ange Gardienne" - Patrick Moallic from Douarnenez. There was a fine old converted gaff-rigged pilot cutter tied up nearby which is used for sailing instruction and Patrick is the skipper. I was looking for someone who would write out a detailed diagnosis of our problem in French for the benefit of a mechanic I hoped to find next morning. I met Patrick and one thing led to another. He turned out to be a diesel engine guru with a weakness for Le Guinness. He decided that he would do the job himself and after two or three hours all was well again. He refused to discuss remuneration but was willing to accept the Order of the Black Bush with Guinness cluster for exceptional kindness. I noted in the log that "Happily for all of us in boats, the sea seems to breed kindly generous-hearted men like Patrick."

As to the culinary delights of Camaret; dinner at the Hotel Styvel was a curate's egg affair, but on the following night we found a pleasant small fish restaurant, La Voileuric, where we had an excellent five course meal for 82 francs. There was a wide range of fish dishes and madame's crepes also deserve special mention.

Wednesday morning was soft and murky, but the clouds lifted in time for our departure for Ile de Sein. I had often thought of visiting this remarkable island which forms the western side of the Raz de Sein and which I have sailed by on many occasions. Previously, the strong tides and the rock-strewn passage to the anchorage at the village of Sein had dampened my ardour. In fact navigational hazards are not too difficult provided that conditions are reasonably settled and that you have the benefit of a detailed chart. (In this regard the Imray C 36 - Ushant to Ile de Sein is excellent). It is also desirable to arrive when the tide is slack otherwise you will have to contend with very strong cross currents. The best approach is via the northern passage. Although it is very narrow with lines of rocks showing on either hand, it is well marked. Sail for the Cornoc an Abraden N buoy. Leave it close to starboard and steer 188° c for one mile to An Larrod N buoy. As you approach bring Men Brial LH into transit with the third house from the left by the quay. (It is painted white with a black vertical stripe). This line will leave An Larrad buoy and the rocks which it marks close to starboard. Borrow 50 meters to port 'till the rock is passed. When Nerroth (a beacon on three rocks like an islet which is steep-to on the S side) is abeam to port steer 155° c leaving the N tower buoy comfortably to starboard. When the tower is clear astern borrow a little to starboard and keep well clear of the Pelvan red concrete beacon to port. When the Men Brial LH bears 220° c head for it. The anchorage is immediately off the lifeboat slip near the lighthouse.

We arrived in the evening sun after a gentle sail from Camaret and tied up alongside a trawler at the vedette jetty

close to the lifeboat mooring and then set about exploring the island.

Sein is very low-lying and sometimes has been entirely covered by the sea as it was in 1868 and 1896. It is bare without trees or even bushes. There are a few tiny fields of potatoes or barley surrounded by stone walls. The white houses of the village are interspersed with alleys barely wide enough to roll a barrel. The population of about 300 people make a difficult living from fishing and farming. Female liberation has failed to make any impact and the women still do all the manual labour ashore. For centuries Sein was regarded by the mainlanders with superstitious dread. The islanders lived in almost total isolation and they were probably the last people in Europe to be converted to Christianity. In those days their primary occupation was wreck looting. However, in modern times they have a high reputation for life-saving, though I am told that they still draw profit from the sale of goods and equipment from ships wrecked on their coast. Much of the furnishings in their houses comes from that source.

The response of the islanders to General De Gaulle's famous call to the people of France on 18th June 1940, is a glorious page in history. All the able-bodied men from the age of 14 put to sea and joined the Free French forces in England. When the Germans arrived, they found women, children, old men, the Mayor and the Priest. General De Gaulle responded in 1946 by awarding the Liberation Cross to the island. West of Sein there is a long reef of rocks, partly submerged. The Ar Men LH, one of the most famous in Europe, is built on a single rock and was completed in 1881 - an incredible engineering triumph in those days.

I was delighted to visit this unique island. We received a friendly welcome which encourages me to spend longer there on another cruise.

We were astir at 04.30 on Thursday and set off for the Aven river in pitch dark and a modest 10 knot southerly. There were no navigational problems as the skipper of our neighbouring trawler was also going to sea and kindly offered

to lead us out of the anchorage as far as the Cornoc an Abraden buoy. We had a good tide through the Raz and soon afterwards the wind freshened and veered W 16 knots. This gave us a fast 57 mile passage at an average speed of 6.25 knots. In the early afternoon we took up a mooring in the river just below the Rougeulle's house - for us the heart of France - and there was as always a royal welcome.

A cruise in company with the beautiful new *Mouez Avel* started on Friday morning in glorious conditions with a W.S.W. 16 knots wind which made short work of the passage to Lorient. There are several marinas to chose from there, but the best is one that was opened a few years ago in the heart of the town on the seaward side of a road-bridge and lock gate which encloses another marina in the wet dock of the old commercial port. Water and electrics are laid on but diesel is available only in the fishing port near Ile St. Michel. Entrance to Lorient presents no difficulty as there is a well marked shipping fairway which leads to the outer harbour beyond the citadel at Port Louis. Lorient is also a major naval port and is a centre for NATO exercises. For reasons which will emerge, we got to know it very well.

And then came Black Saturday. We loaned Peter to *Mouez Avel* as they had only two crew and they set off on the short passage to Ile de Groix half an hour ahead of us. The weather was dreadful with lashing rain and a southerly wind gusting 35 knots. We headed out motor sailing with a reefed main only.

We were short-tacking in the fairway beyond Port Louis when the inner stay parted just above the bottle-screw and down came the mast. It broke at the cross-trees and also at deck level. I had never been dismasted before and was surprised to find that it is not as spectacular an event as one might expect. Suddenly there was a loud crack and with that everything was in the water and *Joliba* was bobbing up and down in a big sea like a disconcerted duck. We doused the engine and Paul and I set about disposing of the mast and rigging overboard. We tried to save the boom but it was too far overboard and too difficult for only the pair of us to reach



Concarneau 16 October 1987

it in the prevailing conditions. Our primary concern was to protect the hull from damage and to cut everything away as soon as we could. In the event we managed to do so quite quickly and fortunately no damage was done to the boat. We then started the motor again and returned to Lorient to lick our wounds. Soon afterwards we were joined by *Mouez Avel* who had heard on the RT that an Irish yacht had lost her mast. It was now late afternoon and nothing much could be done about finding a boatyard until Tuesday after the French holiday week-end. By way of consolation we discovered an admirable restaurant near the marina beside the tourist office called Transocean which brought us much solace. It was a real find. So ended Part I of *Joliba's* cruise.

At this stage in our tribulations a major plus factor was *Mouez Avel* which was big enough to accommodate both crews. On Sunday we arrived in Port Tudy, Groix in good time to prepare the traditional cruise Christmas dinner which was also attended by our old friends, Guy and Laurence Tonnaire. They are warm-hearted, kindly couple and any Irish yachtsman is sure of Guy's helping hand at Port Tudy.

On Monday we returned to Lorient and on Tuesday Jacques and I found an excellent boatyard called Chantiers de L'Estacade near the down-town marina and the ferry terminal for Groix. The manager is Patrick Derien and I could not praise too highly his expertise and general helpfulness. Within the hour *Joliba* was safely in a cradle in the yard awaiting a new mast and rigging from Proctors. We spent the following couple of days exploring the Glenan archipelago. Then it was back to the Aven and the drive to Roscoff to catch the Cork ferry.

Cruise Part II

On Wednesday 27th July I arrived in Lorient with my sons, Patrick and Michael, together with a new mainsail and head-foil from Watson and Jameson. The mast, boom and rigging had just arrived from Proctors. They had told me that it is much superior in both design and construction to the original and this was evident when we saw it. Every cloud has a silver lining! Patrick Derien and his men performed admirably and by Friday morning we were back in the water and ready to go. I found it hard to take my eyes off the gleaming new mast and rigging. Later that day we were joined by Garry Fleming and Claire O'Grady. Garry is one of my regular Dublin Bay crew and a maritime chef extraordinaire to boot. Claire is an instructor at the Glenans school at Baltimore who had sailed a new engineless Tonic 23 from La Boule to Baltimore earlier in the month after her efforts in the Round Ireland race. They were as congenial a pair as ever cruised with us.

Saturday morning was devoted to provisioning the ship. We were astir early and there was the makings of a glorious day with a blue sky and the sun limbering up for a major performance - and so it continued almost without interruption for the rest of the cruise.

There is one other establishment on Lorient which deserves special mention - Stintzy's cheese shop in Avenue Maréchal Foch at the top of the hill just off the main street. Marie-Claire, whose family has been cheese making in Normandy for generations, believes that M. Stintzy is one of the best fromageurs in France. I have never seen such a galaxy of cheeses. Buying is a formidable ritual. You explain what you want and when you propose to eat it. He then selects a cheese which will be perfect at the appointed time - a true master of his art! M. Stintzy also has a remarkable restaurant above his shop where all dishes are cheese and there is a special house wine of which he is justly proud.

In mid-morning we set off for Belle Ile and it was wonderful to be sailing again. Our destination was Sauzon, a

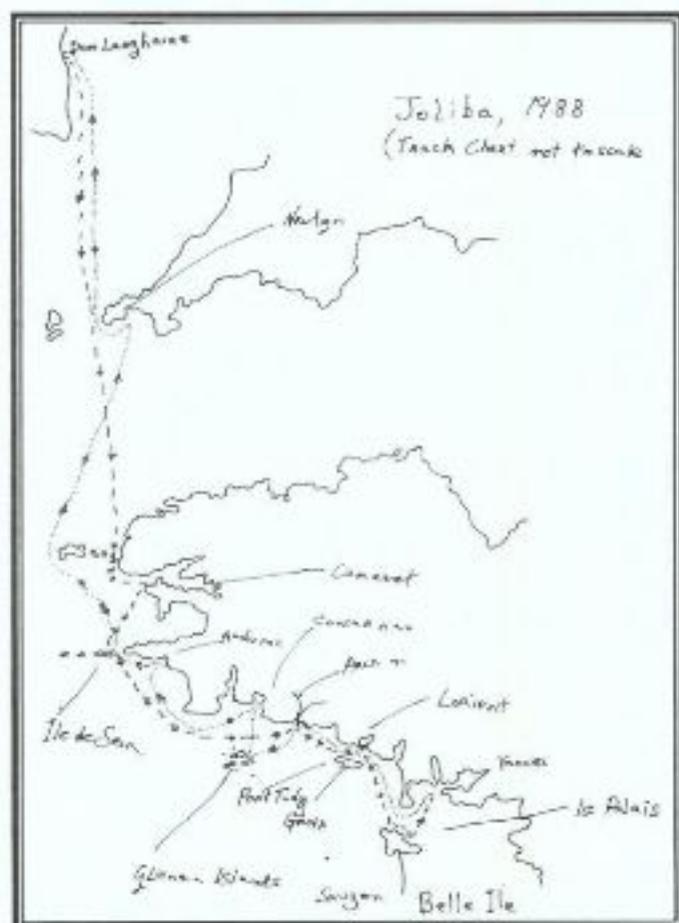
delightful small fishing village which even in August retains its unspoilt charm. I think that if I had to choose a French port which provides most contentment and balm for the soul, Sauzon would be my choice. However, that was not the motif on this occasion. We arrived in mid-afternoon after an exhilarating fast fetch from Lorient. We found that, contrary to expectations, it has been decided not to build a marina in the outer harbour, but instead about a dozen fore and aft visitors' moorings have been laid and each pair accommodates up to three yachts. There is high ground to the north, south and west which gives good shelter except from the east.

As we were entering the outer harbour I started the engine and doused sails, but on going into gear nothing happened. I assumed that the gear cable had become detached, but that was not the case. After we had picked up a mooring and settled ourselves down, Patrick was deputized to don goggles and see if there was anything odd about the propellor. There was. It had gone! This was not a total disaster as I had a spare prop. However, I did not have a retaining nut or a bronze key for the slot in the shaft. Where could I hope to find such things in a small village on a Saturday evening? Michael and I went ashore to see what could be done and there evolved over the next 24 hours an unlikely tale which in the end we called the miracle of Sauzon. There were two men sitting on a pile of nets in the inner harbour. They seemed to be fishermen and we explained our problem in the hope that they might know someone who could help. One of them, Jean Charles, turned out to be another of those maritime guardian angels who seem to abound in Brittany. We all returned to *Joliba* and after some meditation our new friend, who transpired to be a plumbing contractor, came to the conclusion that he might be able to solve our problems himself. It was arranged that we would dry out in the inner harbour next morning and he would return at lunch time. We were up at 06.00 (Sunday) and a fisherman kindly towed us to a slip in the inner harbour. After we dried out we became a focal point of interest in Sauzon. Visitors included a marine engineer on vacation who told us that as the thread on our shaft was not metric, it would be impossible to find a suitable retaining nut in France and one would have to be specially made or sent from England. This discouraged us, but not J.C. when he returned as arranged. He measured the shaft and drove Michael and I to his workshop which was a veritable Aladdin's cave. There he found a suitable piece of bronze for the shaft key and also a nut which he thought might do. Off we went again to another of his friends who had a machine for cutting the piece of bronze to the correct size and shape. We returned to the harbour where an unforeseen delay occurred. J.C. met a friend who has a high regard for Ireland and he insisted that we should all retire to his house nearby and review the situation over a bottle of claret. Island courtesy dictated that this kindness ought not to be refused. All the while the tide was rising. When we got back to *Joliba* the sea was lapping over J.C.'s boots. As the operation was being completed he was up to his neck and required the goggles to apply the finishing touches. The nut was not quite the correct size but with packing he felt that there was a fair chance that it would get us back to Ireland. In the event it did not quite last that long, but it did see us through most of the cruise. Having provided our engineer with some dry clothes, I raised the matter of his account, but he would hear none of it and insisted that it was his pleasure to be of service. This episode underlines in a special way the princely kindness of Bretons. In my experience over the years they are quite simply unique. Needless to add, J.C. was awarded the Order of the B.B. which was never more happily bestowed.

Monday, 1st August, was another glorious hot day. At first

there was a lively E. breeze, but the sun had it strangled by mid-day. We paid a short visit to Le Palais to give the crew a brief introduction to that delightful old town, and then we headed across Quiberon Bay via the passage de Teignouse to the inland sea of Morbihan and the ancient city of Vannes. The Teignouse passage, though narrow, presents no problems in good visibility as it is well buoyed, but a steep sea develops when wind and tide are opposed. It is desirable to have the benefit of tide as the rate is about 3 knots at springs. This is even more important entering or leaving the Morbihan where the rate in the entrance is much greater. Heavy seas and whirlpools are also encountered when there is strong wind over tide. In those circumstances it is unwise to enter or leave except at slack water. If you have to wait for the tide there is a pleasant well-found marina just south of Port Navalo at Le Crousty.

Vannes comprises a modern small city and a remarkably unspoilt old walled town of great character and charm which was the capital of the Kingdom of Brittany in medieval times. There is a marina beside the old town with lock gates which used to open for two hours before and after high water. However, there have been major changes since last year. A new lifting road-bridge has been built on the seaward side of the canal which leads to the marina. Pontoons have been provided in mid-channel for yachts waiting for the lock gates and bridge to open. There is a new arrangement whereby the gates are opened for up to five hours at neaps if high water is between 8 and 16 hours and for 3 hrs. if later in the evening. Latest time for entering is 22 hrs. and the lock gates do not open earlier than 08.00 hrs. During periods when the marina is open, the road-bridge is raised whenever there are boats waiting to go in or out. There are two pontoons along the bank on the inner side of the bridge, but these are popular with motor boats and there is usually no space available.



However, there are also several moorings for waiting yachts. When leaving, we were the only boat on either side and the bridge opened for us within a minute or two after we had taken up a buoy. In high season it is advisable to call the marina on VHF (Ch. 9) to reserve a place. The organization is excellent and having gone through the lock gates you will be met by one of the staff in a motor boat who will inform you which berth number has been allocated to your boat. All the usual facilities are laid on, including excellent showers and clothes-washing facilities attached to the marina office. Diesel is available from a pontoon at a boatyard near the gates. It is worth mentioning that even though there are thousands of boats sailing in south Brittany in August, we never had any difficulty in finding a berth in a marina.

Vannes by night is one of the marvels of Brittany. The cathedral, the walls and the superb ornamental gardens around the perimeter on the southern side are beautifully floodlit and the entire has an ethereal quality which evokes thoughts of Camelot - though not perhaps in the second week of August when there is an international jazz festival each year.

Soon after mid-day on Tuesday we departed Vannes and scuttled through the Morbihan on the fast-flowing ebb en route for Port Tudy, Ile de Groix. The passage through the narrows at La Teignouse was gently uneventful in light airs, but in late evening we were rewarded by an exhilarating 28 knot N.E. which gave us a glorious close fetch in the twilight. I was too late to get into the marina at Port Tudy which also has a lock gate and is open only for two hours on either side of high water. We tied up to a gaggle of yachts in the outer harbour and to a pair of navy buoys which served us all. On Wednesday morning we transferred to the marina and we spent the day meeting old friends and enjoying the delights of this attractive island. It was a particular pleasure to visit the new Ecomusée which my friend Guy and other islanders have built and furnished near the harbour. It is one of the finest folk museums I have seen and it brings to life in a spectacular way the often troubled history of the island over several centuries. Two items in particular gave pause for thought. First, a graph based on entries in the parish register of births showing the gradual extinction of the Breton language and its replacement by French over the period from 1850 to 1916. The demise of the Breton tongue was brought about by penal language laws rigorously imposed by the central government as a major part of its drive to crush Breton nationalism. The language is virtually dead now, but Breton national pride is certainly alive and well. Most people seemed to regard themselves as Breton first and French an obligatory second.

The other exhibit which caught the eye specially comprised two life-size models showing the mourning clothes worn by widows in the 18th century. The period of mourning was two years and the full black dresses were the same for each. However, with remarkable sophistication for a simple island people, the small white lace head dress worn in the second year was subtly different. It indicated that the wearer was emerging from grief and might be willing to contemplate the possibility of another liaison. An added refinement was that she reserved the right to revert to the original head dress if troubled by unwelcome overtures.

The day ended in a favourite haunt, the Auberge de Pecheur near the port, and afterwards a few farewell drinks with Guy.

On Thursday morning another brisk N.E. was waiting for us and we reached the Aven river just in time to cross the bar at Port Manech with inches to spare. Three generations of Rougeulles and Bracs were there to give us an inimitable welcome.

On Friday we sailed in company with *Mouez Avel* to the Glenan Islands. Having reached Penfret, we continued

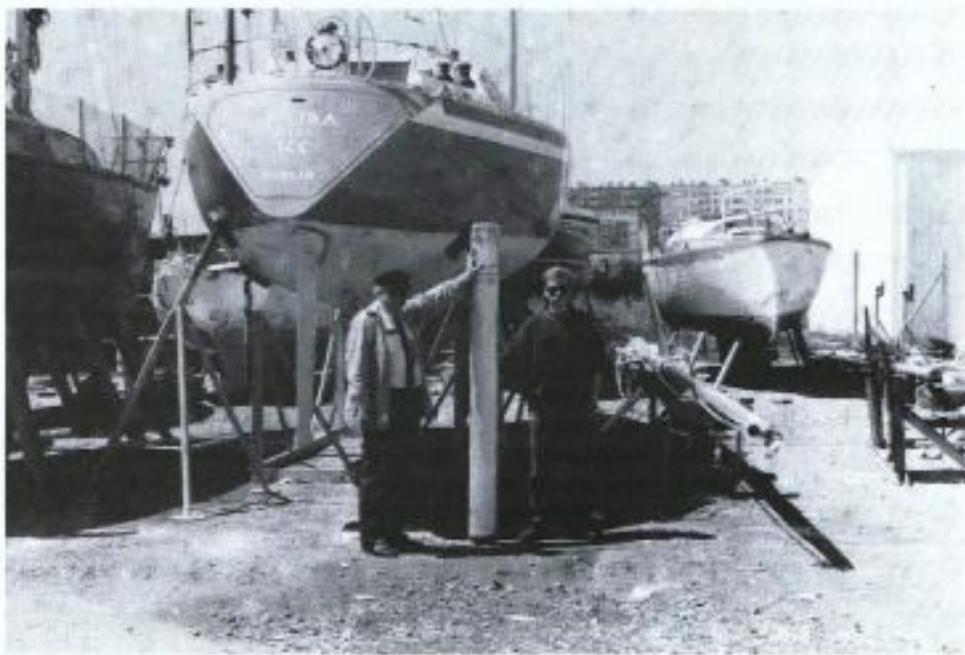
through the centre of the archipeligo to St. Nicholas island where we found two visitors' moorings which are plentifully supplied. The passage from Penfret LH requires great care as it is not well buoyed and there are many rocks, shoals and shallows. It should be attempted only in settled conditions and detailed charts are essential (Admiralty 2352 and 2645). The directions and drawings in the RCC's North Biscay Pilot are excellent. However, a visit to these islands is well worth the effort as they offer much of interest. No one lives there permanently now (except the lighthouse keepers and their families on Penfret), but several small houses have been built at St. Nicholas which also has a pub and a small cafe open for business in the summer months. There are interesting remains on other islands, including a fort and a prison, and there are many glorious white beaches with brilliantly translucent water - an environmentalist's delight. The islands were occupied by resistance fighters during the war and in 1946 one of them founded the famous Centre de Nautique de Glenans which operates from Penfret and St. Nicholas where the original spartan standards are still maintained. In late evening we motored back to the Aven in a flat calm. That night we entertained the Rougeulles to dinner on board and Garry did *Joliba* proud.

On Saturday morning, once more in semi-tropical conditions, we motor sailed to Concarneau. The marina there, which offers comprehensive facilities including fuel, has been a favourite of ours for years. However, one night last October it was wrecked by a freak hurricane the strength of which exceeded 160 mph. A huge sea was built up which was so ferocious that the chains anchoring the marina were shattered. The result was that the entire structure, including more than 100 yachts lying there, were swept away and piled high one on top of the other against the wall of the old town nearby. A picture taken on the following morning is almost unbelievable. A new marina has been built, but as yet is only half the size of the original.

The primary purpose in visiting Concarneau was to renew a longstanding association with that most admirable of Breton restaurants, La Coquille, in the fishing port. It was as good as ever. There was a four course menu which would hold its own in any company and at 130 frs. must be the best culinary value in France. Madame seemed pleased to see us and the parot said some risqué things to Claire, after it had whistled the Marseillaise. This place is worth a major detour.

On Sunday it was so hot that we decided to return to the tranquility of the Glenans. We headed for Penfret and anchored about one cable off a pleasant beach under the lighthouse. There was 3.5 m at LWN. In the early hours of the morning we had a strange experience. Fog closed in around us which was so dense that we could not even see the light on Penfret LH only a couple of hundred meters away. However, by morning a brisk 15 knot W cleared the mist and gave us a fast spi run to Concarneau once more, where some of the crew had urgent shopping to complete.

Fortunately for us as it transpired, the place we were given on arrival was in the fairway along-side the marina. Our intention was to set sail early the following morning for Ile de



The remains of the mast

Sein. Thursday turned out to be another tropical day with only a very slight westerly. We backed out into the channel which leads to the fishing port, put the engine into forward gear but nothing happened. It was obvious that the make-shift retaining nut had come adrift and we had shed our reserve propeller. The sails were quickly hoisted and we ghosted out of Concarneau in a trickle of wind. Having lost engine power, I decided that we should head for Newlyn via Audierne and hope to find another prop in England. During the afternoon we ran out of wind entirely for a couple of hours, but we had plenty of sea room and thereafter we were lucky to pick up a 6/10 knot NNW which gave us a gentle beat and several long tacks along the Penmarch peninsula and across the bay of Audierne. Our intention was to anchor in the Anse de Ste. Evette about a mile from the town of Audierne where I have been several times before, including arrival by night. In the centre of the small bay leading to Ste. Evette there is a reef three cables wide called La Gamelle which has claimed many boats in its time. It is marked by a S. buoy with a bell and a W buoy with a light stated to be Q (9) 10 secs. On the mainland W of La Gamelle there is a small LH Gp. fl. W & R at Pte de Lervily. We picked up that light when about four miles to the south west and we homed in on the white sector with the remains of the breeze which was gradually fading. However, we had the benefit of the flood tide which I reckoned would drift us in to the anchorage if the wind faded completely. We never saw or heard the bell on the S. buoy - probably because the sea was too calm to activate it. Our primary concern was to find the flashing W buoy, but all we could see was a very small slightly flickering white light which it seemed to us could be a partly defective mast light on a small trawler or yacht inside the La Gamelle reef. I decided it might be unwise to assume that it was the buoy we were looking for. The problem of identifying various lights was compounded by a heat haze which blurred visibility. We were also searching for the small LH at Kergadec (fl. WRG), the narrow white sector of which is the leading line into the anchorage. The problem with this LH is that it is low and its white light hardly differs from the lights of many houses which surround it. Again, we were unsure whether we had found it or not. We could not see either its red or green sectors in the haze. I decided to approach on the white sector of the Pte. de Lervily light and to head for the light at the end of the pier at the entrance to the

narrow channel leading to the town of Audierne as soon as the green sector appeared. I was well aware of Le Sillon de Galets reef which extends about 3 cables from the lighthouse, but our proposed course would keep us well clear. We continued without difficulty until we altered course for the pier light at Audierne then, when approaching Le Sillon reef and about one cable off, the wind dropped completely and we were quickly carried on to the edge of the shoal by the incoming tide. We dropped anchor promptly and doused our sails which saved us from being swept on to the reef proper. We were also fortunate that the tide was rising and the sea was slight, but it was irritating that a little wind or a propellor would have saved the day. The lifeboat at Audierne responded very quickly to our May Day call and towed us out of danger. The coxwain turned out to be an old friend of Guy Tonnairre's and was most helpful. On the following day he towed us in to Audierne where we dried out at the town quay. He introduced us to a marine engineer there who thoroughly examined *Joliba* and found that she had suffered no structural damage. On the following day the lifeboat towed us back to a mooring at Ste. Evette. We were told that we were the seventh boat to go aground at night entering Audierne this year, and while we were there two more yachts foundered at the same place. It was conceded that some of the navigational lights are difficult to identify, particularly in hazy conditions at night which are common in summer.

On Saturday morning we commenced our passage to Newlyn on the tide. We were glad to find that the sky was overcast and would not harm our fragile westerly. However, as we were approaching the Raz de Sein the sun made an unwelcome appearance and snuffed out our little zephyr. It was a strange experience to go through the narrows at 4 knots over the ground with a collapsed spi' lying on the fore-deck. Fortunately we had made allowance for this possibility by

keeping well up on Le Chat LH on the Sein side as we made our approach. My intention had been to take the shortest course to Newlyn via the Chenal du Four. However, in view of the lack of wind I decided that the safer course was to sail around Ushant giving it a wide berth as an adverse tide there would keep us in deep water. Much to our delight the wind freshened in mid-afternoon to a brisk 15/18 knots. As we entered the English Channel the wind increased steadily and we had a full southerly gale for 13 hours; after which the wind moderated and was only a modest F 4 when we reached Land's End. As we approached Newlyn we were met by an old friend, Andrew Munson the harbour master, who came out in his launch and towed us to the foot of the centre pier which is reserved for yachts. He was also kind enough to present us with a box of assorted fish in ice which kept Garry busy in the galley for days. It was good to be back in this always hospitable port. Keith Jones, the engineer, searched around for a suitable new prop. but he had no success and I decided that we would carry on without one. We had to remain in Newlyn for a couple of days as the wind died away to nothing for about 48 hours, but this was no hardship as the weather was glorious and it was good to have some time for visiting a few old haunts. The fishermen's cafe beside the market provided their usual gargantuan breakfasts and we were also pleased to find the Tolcarne restaurant in good mid season form. On Wednesday we were towed out of the harbour again and picked up another good southerly which gave us a fast passage home. Excluding the enforced break from 28th May to 30th July, we had cruised 1,141 miles in 29 days, including 484 miles without motor power under sail only from Concarneau. All in all *Joliba* had more than her fair share of crises this year, but each one was accompanied by some often surprising good fortune and there never was any shortage of good cheer.

SUMMARY

Date:	Port or Anchorage:	Time in Hours	Engine Hours	Distance in m.m.
20th May	Dunlaoghaire			
23rd May	Camaret	61	28	345
25th May	Camaret - Ile de Sein	4.5	1	25
26th May	Ile de Sein - Aven River	9.5	1	57
27th May	Aven - Lorient	4.5	1	21
28th May	Lorient - Lorient	2	1.5	8
30th July	Lorient - Sauzon	5	0.5	25
1st August	Sauzon - Le Palais	1		6
	Le Palais - Vannes	7	1	38
2nd August	Vannes - Port Tudy	11	3	44
4th August	Port Tudy - Aven River	3	0.5	19
5th August	Aven - Glenans - Aven	5.5	3	26
6th August	Aven - Concarneau	3.5	3.5	18
7th August	Concarneau - Penfret	3	0.5	14 (Beat)
8th August	Penfret - Concarneau	1.5	-	11
9th August	Concarneau - Ste. Evette	14	-	58
10th August	Ste. Evette - Audierne	1	-	2
11th August	Audierne - Ste. Evette	1	-	2
12th August	Ste. Evette - Newlyn	31	-	184
15th August	Newlyn			
17th August	Dunlaoghaire	48	-	238
	TOTAL	214.5	44	1141
Average speed = 5.4 knots		Ports or anchorages visited = 16		Hours under sail only = 170
Hours motoring or motor sailing = 44		No. of nights at sea = 6		

Driftwood Dragons

Robert J. Fannin

Detail is the word that comes to mind when you are standing on the deck of a square rigger looking aloft. It's a mass of wooden angles and ropes that burst from strange armpits in the mast. It is a beautiful sight, timeless and strong. Like so many fore and aft sailors I have always viewed square riggers with an aura of romance and respect. To be invited to sail aboard one was to indulge myself in a childhood dream. A dream which, by the end of the sail, was altered but still very much in tacked.

I had first seen *Inca*, as she was known then, sail into English Harbour in Antigua with her sistership *Marques*. The two of them made an elegant sight. In comparison to the hordes of sparkling hulls that were at anchor in the harbour at the time these two tall square rigged ships were positively noble.

In English Harbour I made the acquaintance of several members of both crews and at the end of the season, in our respective boats, we all headed north. Some weeks later *Marques* sank off Bermuda with the loss of nineteen lives. It was a most sad affair but *Inca* was determined to sail on upholding the spirit of square rigged sailing vessels. She was detained in Canada, moored to the dock by the red-tape of inquests and inquiries. In the spring of '88 she set sail for England.

It was now August of the same year and I was joining *Inca* in Cowes for a sail to Douarnenez in Brittany. Douarnenez was hosting a festival of wooden boats and *Inca*, or *Marie Asumpta* as her name was changed to, being the oldest square rigger still sailing, would have a place of honour amongst those festivities.

The *Marie Asumpta* lay alongside at Cowes. As Johnny Edwardes and I climbed off the Southampton ferry, Edwardes, who had sailed many thousands of miles aboard her, sighed, 'The old girl!' as though she was some disobedient daughter who had just appeared home after a nights carousing.

I had never sailed on a square rigger before but a lot of the faces aboard this one were familiar. Faces I was more used to seeing framed in Caribbean sunshine than the twilight that passes for an English summer. I was glad to see that there were many new faces too, fresh fodder for foul weather.

The first job at hand was to retire to the fo'c's'l and catch up on the news and gossip. During this discussion I learned that Mark Litchfield, the owner and skipper of the *Marie Asumpta*, was now having problems with the port authority. They would not let us sail as a commercial vessel and they were convinced we were not a private yacht. So we were port bound.

Since the sinking of the *Marques*, Mark is often the victim of such port authority scrutiny. Square riggers come and go from ports without much more furor than a thirty foot sloop. Many of these square riggers will sell T-shirts from the boat, open up to visitors asking for a donation, anything to help with the enormous expense. Local port authorities usually turn a blind eye to this small but essential piece of commerce.

Now in Cowes however this was not the case. During the next two days I saw Mark only briefly as he walked back and forth from offices and telephone booths. It took him until 1700 the following evening, two days of the most frustrating work, to gain their acceptance that we were in fact a private yacht.

On 9th August at 18.20 the engine below rumbled into life, Mark took his place on the centre deck and all hands were separated into watches and each given their position for the take off. Once the lines from the shore were cleared orders of the like I have never heard bounced off my ears, "Fore T'gallant brace", Shebs the first mate, said to me. I looked at him as though he was informing me as to the maiden name of his grandmother. "Is that a fact!", I replied. Which was met with a smile, "Look brains, that means this," he said putting a rope in my hand, "Now pull." Looking aloft I saw where the rope in my hand lead and what pulling it would do. This would bring the third yard of the foremast around. On the



Maria Assumpta alongside at Cowes

Photo: R.J. Fannin



Aloft with "Scoucer"

Photo: M. Litchfield



An afternoon on a port tack

Photo: R.J. Fannin

other side of the deck Charlette, another newcomer, was doing the same. We were just like puppeteers. From the deck, using rope, we could manoeuvre the yards, drop sails and sheet them in. When something became stuck a body would scramble aloft, find the problem, free it and return to deck. In this way one sail after the next fell out from the yards and blossomed into a bulging square of canvas. When the last square was made fast and the spanker was set she leaned over as the breeze took her and the silent power of these ships was made plain, a combination of power and majesty.

The *Marie Asumpta* was built in 1858 in Barcelona for the trans-Atlantic cargo trade. She is 98' on deck and 125' overall. Her beam is 24' and her draught 9' 6". She still carries her original rig which is two masts with square sails on each and a gaff spanker aft, a brig. In all there are 9 squares, 4 jibs, 5 staysails, a spanker and 10 studding sails. A total of 8,500 square feet of canvas. Well actually, it is not canvas it is a material known as Duradin which is identical to flax canvas in texture and feel but harder wearing. All this will drive her along at about 9.5 knots with a Force 7 off her quarter. However, as I learned over the following few days, she will not go to weather. She will take the wind to 2 points forward of the beam but this does not allow for her lee-way.

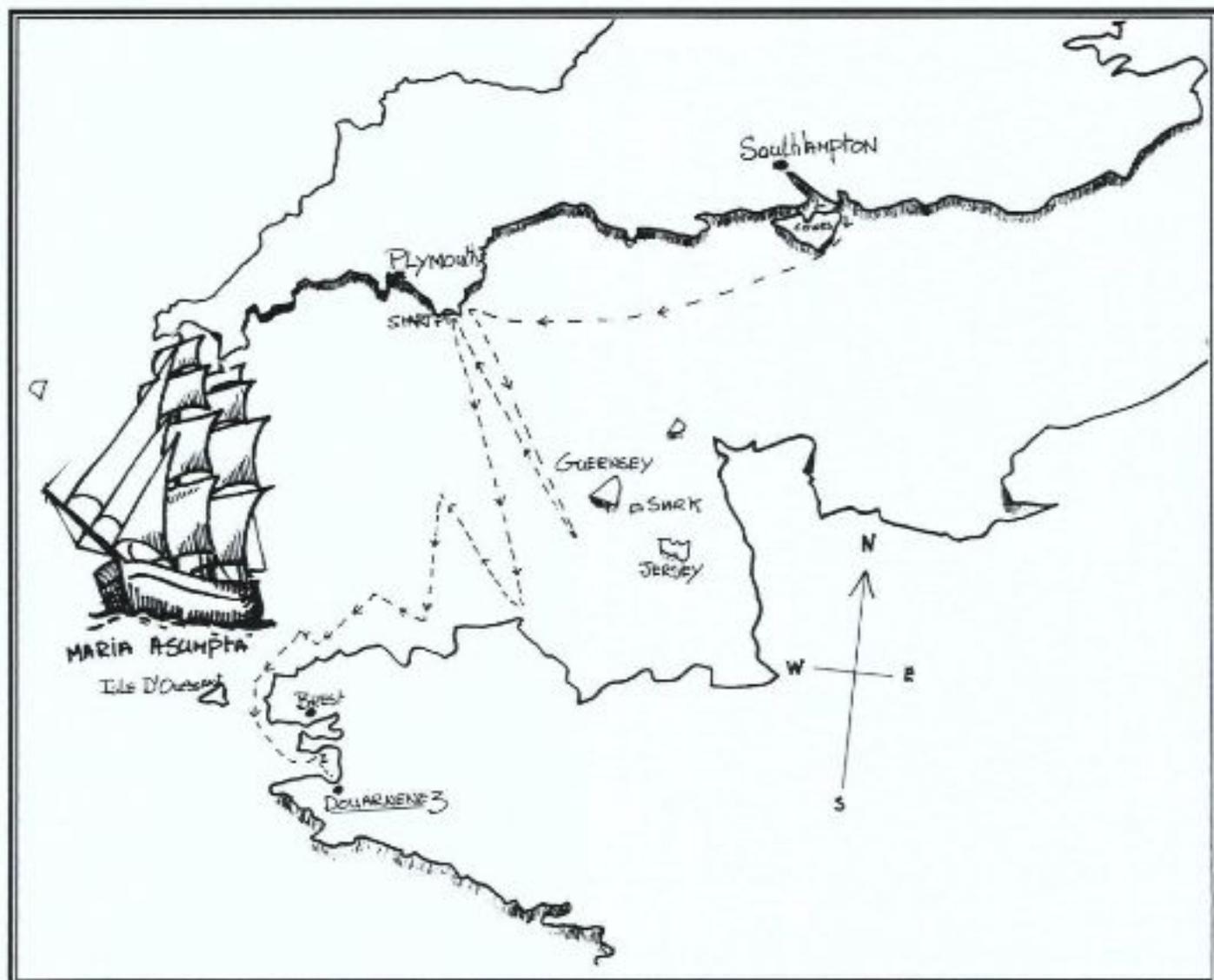
In modern yachts I have heard much discussion on the subject of lee-way. I personally have always ignored it as a component when working out a D.R. position because a fin keeled or full keeled modern yacht does not make much lee-way. Square riggers, however, most definitely do, to the point where you will lose that 20 or so degrees you have gained trying to sail upwind.

We sailed out of Cowes and although our destination lay to the South West several hundred miles we turned right, East, and clipped along with a following wind and tide. By midnight we were around the Isle of Wight and hard on what wind there was making a good course 250°/265°. These circumstances continued throughout the night and following morning. I didn't fully realize it then just how good this progress was.

I had made that fatal mistake sailors sometimes do; I had committed myself to be at our destination at a certain time by arranging to meet Dee, my girlfriend, there. I told her we would arrive in Douarnenez by Thursday evening. Dee was travelling with Johnny Edwardes wife, Ann. So if we failed to make it we would leave them both looking for a place to stay. But on that Wednesday morning sailing along at 3-4 knots, almost on course, I was not worried.

After lunch on Wednesday the wind veered and forced us to steer 310° which was back to the English coast. We began to see the coastline before dark and ascertained we were off Start Point. We threw in a tack and headed off to France on a course of 215°. Although 'threw in a tack' is a little lacking in description of what did happen.

For openers the wheel will make nine full turns in one direction and eleven in the other. So when all hands are in place, a rope to every hand, the order is given to go about, the helmsman then spins the wheel to windward. When the wheel is hard to windward all hands watch the bow sprit. Slowly, very slowly, she comes up into the wind. There are four hands standing on the thin chains that lead out to the bow sprit ready to grab the clew of each of the jibs as they become slack and back them. As she continues to come around the foresquare braces are swung around and the main, royal and t'gallant are backed. Should she go astern the helm would have to be put in the opposite direction so as to keep her head swinging. Still everyone watches, keeping an eye on whether or not she is moving forward and still going through the wind. With a feat of incredible balance the four men on the bow sprit back the now fluttering jibs and the yards on the main are swung. The



sails of the fore mast first begin to fill, then the mainsquares fill and we are through, off on a starboard tack. Everyone was delighted with the manoeuvre and we all went below to eat.

There is one big room below decks. There is a large L-shaped table there and a large semi-circular counter behind which is the galley. In the galley was the cook, Jill. How she continually remained good natured and smiling throughout the 60 meals a day she would have to make and dish up to the nineteen crew was beyond me. Not only did she do this with cheer, her cooking was also excellent.

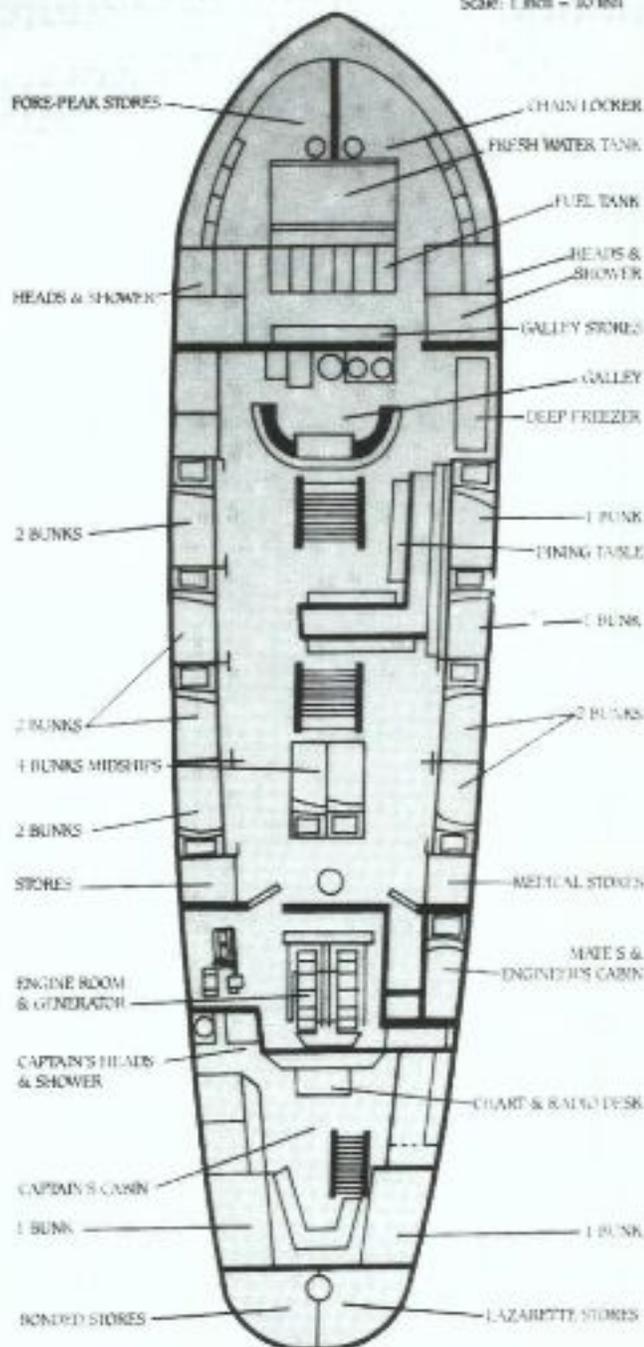
After the tack we were making 215° but little by little we were being forced down until by noon on Thursday we were down to 170° . With winds now W.S.W. 2-3 and speeds of 2.5 and 2.7 knots, it was time to tack again. This time things did not go so smoothly. Twice we tried, twice we failed. She simply fell away not having enough way to get through the wind. We wore ship, which is to say we jibed. A manoeuvre that eats up several hard earned windward miles. So it was now 18.00 on Thursday



Maria Assumpta

MARIA ASSUMPTA Internal Layout

Scale: 1 inch = 30 feet



11th of August and we were heading 350°, back to England! Little by little the wind backed and by 23.00 we could steer 325°. As the wind backed it also increased. By 01.00 on Friday 12th we dropped all jibs. It was piping now, force 7. A jib halyard became fouled in the fore topsail and after much shouting from the bow sprit over the sound of crashing waves and roaring wind the first mate cut through the halyard and the sail was lowered and stowed. By 05.00 the main top sail was reefed and at 07.00 a paint pot escaped from its deck locker and emptied its contents onto the wet deck.

When dawn came up that Friday morning it revealed the usual sights after a wet and windy night. Tired stubbled faces, coils having escaped from their belaying pins now trailed across the deck like streams of spaghetti. But by far the most disturbing sight was Start Point. The place we had tacked off

of nearly 36 hrs before! I thought of Dee and Ann in Douarnenez and smiled. It was the only thing for it.

At 10.00 we wore ship onto the starboard tack and we were making 200°. At 13.00 the wind was considerably lessened so Scouser, a Liverpoolian, and I shook out the reefs.

Working aloft made me swear that I will never again complain when hauled out of a warm bunk to reef on a fore and aft vessel. At least there you have a deck to stand on. On a square rigger not only are you up in the sky being waved around like a lollipop in the hand of an excited child, you have also almost nothing to stand on. I am quite sure that if man did nothing other than sail on square riggers he would have developed sucker-like objects on his stomach to hold him in place on the yard-arm. But not only are you balancing on a footrope that is thinner than your big toe and leaning over the yard trying to hold on with your stomach, you also have to work. Haul and tie up sails that seem as though they are made of wet concrete. Mind you for all that it is great fun. Made so mostly by the banter that prevails aloft. It is surprising what appeals to the sense of humour when you are being waved about in the sky on a cold black night.

All Friday we stayed on the Starboard tack steering 200°-195°. Our days run for Friday was 100 miles. On Saturday morning at 01.00 we wore ship to 330°, back to England again! The sky was alive with shooting stars, a meteorite shower, I was told.

Moods over breakfast were veering on the grim. The Douarnenez festival had started on Friday and the crew wanted to be there. It was to be the high light of the summer and it was a pity to be out here beating into a mindless collection of wind directions instead of mixing with the madness ashore. Even Mark Litchfield's very sea-traditional ways wavered. At 09.00 he announced that we would drop all squares and motor into the light winds with fore and aft sails only. Edwardes and I were both relieved, both Dee and Ann had been waiting for us for two days now.

We tacked up the French coast all that day and by 19.00 Isle D'Ouessant was in sight. We slipped between it and the mainland in the still of twilight with the land black and the early stars dotting the sky.

All that night it was tight coastal navigation. I have long since taken the luxuries of Sat-Nav and Radar for granted. Too long. Here aboard *Marie Assumpta* the only electronic aid was an echo sounder. Bearings were taken from every available light and headland and a position plotted every few minutes. Pedro, my watch leader, in his usual conscientious style picked off bearings with accuracy by the minute.

By 04.00 on Sunday morning we dropped anchor eight miles across the bay from the town of Douarnenez. At 08.00 all hands were up and all sails set. She charged across the bay and was greeted by large numbers of sailing vessels.

There was everything of every size and shape. It only need be of wood and have a sail to be there. And they were, 682 boats in all. Everything from the Russian square rigger which is the biggest in the world to us, the oldest, to currachs, sailing fishing craft from all ports of Europe and the Mediterranean.

There are many delightful aspects to this two-yearly event, but one is that it is co-sponsored by Guinness and, as a consequence, rubber dinghies run around like milk lorries except their cargo is bottled stout, delivered free to all boats. Ashore, the town is alive with activities and exhibitions. Everywhere there is wine. The French know how to celebrate a festival.

Dee and Ann were so comfortably settled in a boat belonging to a good friend of Dee's, that Johnny and I had trouble persuading them to leave it.

Schull to Palma via Paris

V. O'Farrell

The idea for this cruise came about while chatting to my good sailing and cycling companions, Derek Harte, (King Neptune) and Denis Dickson over a pint of stout in the very famous international hostelry of the late Tom Newman's Corner House, Schull. Most of the serious planning took place here under the judicial eyebrows of Tommy. I had been anxious to do some sailing in the Med. and had often wondered if *Sandy Ways* would be able to get there the easy way on her 5'6" draft. When in doubt ask the experts and in Schull there are nearly always one or two within elbows distance, in this case it was Derek who solemnly nodded his head saying that he felt I could manage it, also mentioning in passing that it was a trip that he had always wanted to do.

Everything moved fairly rapidly after that and the planning of the trip kept us entertained for the best part of the winter. Edmund Krugel hauled *Sandy Ways* out of the water at Rossbrin with his ingenious trailer to what must be one of the most charmingly situated little boat yards in the world, and for the rest of the winter Edmund, Derek and Denis, with the odd bit of encouragement from self, got through the usual lists of things to be done. The most important new piece of equipment was a very large water filter for the engine as we were expecting quite a bit of flotsam and jetsam in the canal system. This piece of pre-planning pays off handsomely. We all did various research on old yachting magazines and finalised our plans for an April departure in 1988.

Wednesday 6th April, 1988

Sandy Ways had been launched by Edmund the previous weekend and the masts were installed on Schull pier with the help of Bill Grainger and under the watchful eye of our Commodore who just happened by on his way over the mountain. As soon as the masts were installed we moved the boat to Bernie and Kathleen Cahill's pier at Cuan Ban where we carried out the remainder of the small jobs and got the boat nice and clean for the trip. At 06.40 on the morning of Wednesday the 6th April we made our way out of Schull Harbour.

It was a beautiful clear and cold morning as we motored out through the Gascogane Sound, wind was north-east 2 to 3 and we carried all sail. The trip to the Scillies was very cold, wind for the most part north-easterly 4 to 5, we had a pleasant twenty-four hours in St. Mary's. We were the only yacht in and were fortunate enough in meeting the Customs Officer who was due to retire that week. I think he was there in all for over seven years which was hard to believe as it seemed only like yesterday when he replaced a quaint Scotsman who had fulfilled the role previously. We did the usual tour of Hughtown with a couple of drinks in The Mermaid and a visit to the Museum.

From the Scillies we worked our way along the South Coast of England with a great visit to Falmouth, shopping for some outstanding items at the Bosun's locker, visiting the Royal Cornwall and an Indian restaurant which shall remain

nameless as the effects of same remained with us leaving a burning memory in our "minds" for a number of days. We had time on hand and called to see some friends from the O.C.C. on *Kirsty*, a beautifully converted Falmouth cutter and later on after a visit by Customs we had a wonderful trip up the river Fal to St. Malpas where we spent a very pleasant night, a lovely quite anchorage reminiscent of Drakes Pool, a visit to the Red Heron hostelry nearby, helped to flush out the remains of Eastern Promise.

Sunday 10th, returned back down the River Fal, passed ParsonsCove and on out to sea, we passed The Eddystone Light at 12.50. The wind was still easterly at 3 to 4 when we made our way to Salcombe and picked up a mooring just off the village pier. This was my first visit to Salcombe, Denis had been there in 1987 with David Nicholson and knew his way around. I thought it was a very attractive village and harbour. We visited the Salcombe Bistro that night and had an excellent meal provided by the friendly owners.

Monday 11th, Off Start Point at 12.30, I called Kitty Newman in Schull just to report our progress. We were off Portland at 19.00 hours and made our way into busy Weymouth in the fading light of a beautiful sunset. There was a great deal of activity here, Her Majesty's Navy were all over the place. We tied up on the west side of the river and went ashore to sample the local beer while dinner was simmering. This consisted of some beautiful fresh scallops that we picked up in Salcombe that morning and these together with fresh spinach and a couple of pints of Royal Wessex at the Royal Oak put a proper finish to another lovely day.

Tuesday 12th, Morning was spent shopping as the town was very convenient and a visit to Marks & Sparks helped to replenish all stores. While Denis and myself were ashore Derek as is his wont was carrying out a number of small jobs on board when he was visited by a very officious customs officer who searched the ship thoroughly and demanded the ship's log for the last four years saying it was an offence not to have it available. Derek explained our position as fully as possible showing him our charts and our plans and eventually tensions eased and he left in a better frame of mind. We left Weymouth that afternoon but had to return as there was an easterly gale warning. This gale developed later that night and forced us to spend another comfortable night in the cosy atmosphere of the Royal Oak.

Wednesday 13th, we were on our way again into a big sea hoping that we wouldn't have to make a detour of eight miles to clear the shooting range off Lulworth Cove. As it turned out we didn't, and at 19.00 hours we were off the Needles. Made our way into Lynington and a very comfortable berth on the Berthon Marina right next door to the office, showers and all facilities.

Thursday 14th, Visited Hamble Point Marina by taxi and explored the general area. We planned to leave the following morning on Friday 15th but thick fog prevented us. We were at

this stage getting a little bit worried regarding time and tides as Derek had our entry to the Seine timed to a tee, and we still had to get to Le Harve, find the yard and have the mast removed and restored. The fog was so thick however that we could not even see the Isle of Wight Ferry from where we were and there were various distress calls coming in on the Coastguard channel.

Saturday 16th, We tried again going to sea this time. The wind was southwesterly four to five and visibility was again awful forcing us back once more. Another trip up the town of Lynington, this time with bags of dirty washing for the laundrette and a strong desire to leave Lynington astern in the morning.

Sunday 17th, forecast southerly four to five, fog, we were off again at 10.30 on a flood tide which took us quickly out to sea passing the Needles at 12.00 on a course to Le Harve and into thick fog, but a very calm sea. For most of the trip across we had very poor visibility and light winds. The only two incidents recorded were a collision with a fairly heavy piece of timber at around 18.00 hours on Sunday and a Belgian visitor whom we saved from drowning at around 02.00 on Monday 18th. This friendly little fellow made several attempts to land on the boat and eventually wound up in the sea. This necessitated going about calling the on-duty watch and with the use of a bucket and rope making a very dramatic sea rescue. There was a great shipping and fishing activity as we neared Le Harve and the general going on was quite confusing. A radar would probably have been extremely helpful if not frightening. At the entrance to the harbour the leading light showed red but there appeared to be no shipping activity at the entrance. I observed to Derek the careful way the French had marked their high industrial towers with red lights for aircraft safety no doubt and suggested that we proceed as the operator of the lights was probably taking a nap at this unearthly hour. We progressed slowly ahead until further observations confirmed that the towers earlier observed were in fact moving and were now filling most of the entrance and were in fact located on top of a very large ship that was about to run us down. Action as usual in these situations was carefully thought out and discussed as we fell over one another in an attempt to get at the controls and get out of the way as quickly as possible. After the monster had passed it was suggested that a telephone call to the tower might be worth while and Derek volunteered to do this, he was answered by a very charming Mademoiselle who gave us clear cut instructions in English where to go and at 03.15 we were eventually tied up to the Marina just inside the harbour entrance.

Le Harve: The Few days spent in Le Harve were most interesting, the first problem was to locate the boatyard and having the bicycles on board proved to be a God send, not just for this but during the entire trip and still even in Palma they still proved their usefulness. Denis after a morning cycling around the various locks and canals of Le Harve discovered our boat yard and the Chaneles to same. This particular yard that we went to goes under the name of Chantier Navel de la Baie de Seine, tel. 35.25.30.51, to get there we had to proceed through the main shipping bases and into two locks to eventually arrive at Baie de Seine. Somebody had read in some guide that for one to get the inner locks to open one had to blow on the horn three times. We had been circling around the first lock for about half an hour when we persuaded Denis to stand on the foredeck and let go with the horn, this he did in a most upright fashion, all eyes observed the lock keeper's office but no usual movement could be detected here. We were carefully hovering in front of the gates making our intention clearly obvious to any person of normal intelligence when from the rear we were lifted out of it by a huge fuel

carrier that seemed to be going in the same direction as us. All movements by us were carried out in our usual calm fashion as we dived for various things and for the second time in twenty-four hours got out of the way as quickly as possible. The lock gates opened for this monster and we were also able to observe about twenty fishing boats on the other side who were also waiting for the lock to open, but of course who hadn't been gadding about blowing horns and things. We hid below decks and let the boat through on automatic pilot, I kept pointing to Derek Harte trying to indicate that he was the Skipper but he switched to his servile look and Dickson, "Blower of Horns", could not be found anywhere. They were extremely helpful at Chantier Naval, this was a very small yard operated by a husband and wife team, the removal cost for the masts was about 300 francs and the storage per foot would have been 4.50 per foot if I had decided to leave them there. I requested the masts to be transported to a yard at Sete and they kindly arranged it. The young lady opening French Golden Pages and ringing Chantier Naval P. Richardi in Sete who agreed to store the masts for me for 180 francs per month for two masts. The transport costs were quite expensive however, and amounted to 6,000 francs. We could have carried the masts on board *Sandy Ways* but we wanted to make the best of the trip and felt that being a ketch the storage of two masts would have led to all kinds of problems, and not having them on board gave everyone more freedom to manoeuvre, less chance of collision and less to worry about. Beatrice and Constandine, the young couple in the yard were able to supply us with tape and plastic roll, and Derek and Denis spent the afternoon carefully wrapping everything and preparing the masts for transportation. Once the masts were removed we were able to re-arrange a lot of the gear on board to make storage room for sails, wharps, sheets etc., then lashed our bikes and I.C.C. Burgee up forward and brought out our heavy warps, sledge and spikes and motored through the locks once more, and took up our berth just inside the harbour mouth on the marina at Port de Pleasance. Charges here were extremely expensive, possibly the most expensive that we came across throughout the whole trip, for *Sandy Ways*, a 35 foot boat the charge for one night was 168 francs.

Thursday 21st April, left at 7.00 a.m. to clear the bar at the entrance to Port de Pleasance, it was a little bit lumpy outside at the mouth of the harbour and *Sandy Ways* without the weight of her masts was beginning to get into the swing of things. Visibility was poor enough as we made our way across towards the mouth of the Seine. Decca to date had proved invaluable and we were very slap happy about our course plotting all around between Le Harve and the mouth of the Seine where there is a great deal of shallow water and after 15 to 20 minutes motoring Derek popped below for a position check. Some 10 minutes later with a lot of muddy looking water around us his head emerged through the hatch stating that the Decca had gone on the blink and could we get any visual bearings. This was not so easy as visibility was very poor and I went down to see if I could assist Derek in re-programming the Decca, another fruitless 10 minutes was spent on this exercise when like a bolt out of the blue the horrible truth dawned on us that we were without our friend for sometime as we had packed her aerial off with the masts and the only position she could now give us would be somewhere on the road between Le Harve and Paris, however after a bit of fumbling we eventually found number twelve buoy at the entrance to the Seine and anchored just off waiting for the tide to turn, this was due to happen around 11.00 and we settled down to a good breakfast enjoying the early morning sunshine.

The Seine: Watching the change of tidal strength at the entrance to the Seine is fascinating with about half an hour to

go before the flood tide we hauled in the anchor and started to make our way up the river. This was one of the most exciting moments of my cruising life and the next few days en route to Paris will remain in all our memories I'm sure for ever. We were given friendly waves by people working in the Spring sunshine as we passed on our way under the Tancarville Bridge and on under Pont de Brontonne. The bird life on both banks were at their romantic best and thrush, blackbird, and finch and many others were trying to outdo one another.

From Le Harve to Rouen is 114 kilometers and it turned out to be a very comfortable run in one day with the assistance of the tide. Years ago the Seine's tidal bore known as a l'mascaret was something to be reckoned with but draining works in the estuary have eliminated most of its power. Victor Hugo's 19 year old daughter and her husband were drowned when their sailing boat was overturned by the infamous Mascaret. There are beautiful vistas all along the Seine at this point with small farmhouses and apple orchards. We breezed along sipping our drink and listening to Handel and congratulating ourselves on everything turning out so well, but you know how it goes. Two minutes later the steering had jammed solid, the boat was going around in ever diminishing circles while Derek tried to fight off whatever hidden monster had taken control. At the same time a barge containing enough Renaults to supply Ireland well into our entry into Europe bore down on us with great rapidity. A scream from Derek and a dive below to uncover the steering quadrant exposed the problem, the arm on the morse code cable for the automatic pilot had slid out of its tube and had locked the quadrant solid. By pulling out the split pin and tapping out the bolt we were able to free the wheel and head for the nearest bank. It took a good hour before our composure was restored and Handel could be enjoyed once more.

Rouen: Party time in Rouen when we got there, a masquerade and dingy race was in progress and we had to wait just above the town until most of the action was over. Once we were given permission we made our way up under the bridge taking the left hand channel at the Ill la Croix and tying up to the very attractive pontoons just off the island. Rates here were extremely reasonable something like £4.00 per the night for *Sandy Ways* and we were able to walk ashore and explore the attractive town to Rouen. Dinner that evening was had in the open under the shadow of Rouen's famous cathedral. The following morning was spent shopping and in further exploration and back to the boat to cast off at 15.00 with a bit of tide to carry us along. Shortly after cast-off the engine indicated lack of cooling water so the engine was switched off and we spent half an hour drifting along with the flood until Derek managed to extract a piece of plastic bag from the water intake. We reached our first lock at 19.30 hours, this was the lock Amfreville near a village called Poses. Very charming place, we were tucked away just around the corner from the main lock gate in a disused part of the lock and we were able to use Derek's carefully made ladder to get ashore and go for a stroll in the charming countryside through apple orchards before returning for our dinner which that evening consisted of rack of lamb, Hilary Harte's mint sauce, new potatoes, sour cream, Haricot broad beans, carrots and a couple of bottles of local vino that we had purchased in Rouen. The night was a bit bumpy as quite a good deal of commercial traffic kept coming through and the water volume from just around the corner threw us about a bit. In the morning Denis and I had a beautiful stroll through the woods to the village of Poses where we took some photographs and did a little shopping.

Friday 21st, got through the lock at 10.30 the lock keeper asked us for our name and what country we were from, wished us well and we were on our way again in warm

sunshine. There were no problems for us in this particular lock as there was very little barge traffic. The main problem in handling the locks really is caused by the turbulence created by the barges as most of them keep their props turning to hold their boats in position. We found later on in *Sandy Ways* that by keeping her just in gear and ticking over as the barges were doing that we were able to control her for the most part by using one long spring aft and keeping her nose slightly in. This lets very little pressure on the bow line and it could easily be slipped when one was ready to move. One our way up the Seine we stopped at La Chartreuse for a scramble up to the bank and walk to the village for some diesel and we paid a visit to Vernon Sailing Club just below the bridge on the approach to Vernon, this was one of the most charming stops and a very friendly yacht club who were always anxious to welcome visitors. The club itself is located inside an old steel barge and the secretaire generale couldn't do enough for us. We were graciously escorted to the club's premises and asked to fill in the visitors' book. Here we met an English couple who had been bringing back a Southerly 115 from Italy and got caught in very heavy flood water some weeks earlier. The propeller shaft had been knocked from the boat and they were just barely able to drift downstream before the boat filled with water and make their way to the mud close to Vernon Yacht Club. The Yacht Club were extremely helpful in towing them onto the hard ground ashore. It was apparent from where they finished up that the water level in the river had dropped at least 10 feet from our date of entry to the time the Southerly had gone ashore. Mick was extremely helpful and suggested that if I wanted to leave the boat on the canals Avignon would be the best place. Water was available from the little pontoon but to get fuel one had to travel to the nearest garage approximately 100 yards away. Vernon Yacht Club with its old mill must be one of the most attractive stops on the way from Le Harve to Paris and should not be missed.

Saturday 22nd - Cast off and drifted gently away with the current to avoid waking our neighbours. Once out in the main stream we started the engine, but after hearing strange noises did some checks to discover that we had stupidly left the warp loose which had managed to get around the propeller. Somebody was praying for us however as it worked its way loose and we were able to get it back on board with no damage done.

The next stop for lunch was at 13.30 at Circle de la Voile de Paris, here we were gracefully met by Mr. Antoine Desouches, Vice President of the Club who was kind enough to spend some time with us and show us around and explain his Club's status as being the first in France to challenge for the America's Cup. The pontoons here reach well out into the river and make a very convenient stopping place en route. From here on up the Seine stacks of driftwood was evident on both banks showing the water levels and letting us know how lucky we were in having missed the worst of it. We had met an English yacht a Contessa, 32 earlier at Rouen who had been trying to make it to Paris but was unable to do so due to the strength of the current and was going to leave his yacht at Rouen as his time had run out. Looking at the sizes of some of the pieces of floating driftwood there would appear to be a considerable risk involved if one did not get it right and on hindsight it probably would have been more prudent to run some form of check on the state of the river before crossing from the South coast of England to Le Harve.

We reached the Lough at Mericourt at 16.30 and passed through without any difficulty and no great delay. Each section of the river provided its own interesting features, and on this particular section there was a great deal of woodland, some magnificent chateaus and white chalk cliffs, we were often accompanied by picturesque barges, family operated

with normal everyday life events being carried on by the good lady, such as washing of clothes or the preparing of meals as they chugged merrily on their way. We are all looking forward to passing through Conflans-St.-Honorine which is the home of the Peniches (barges). One of these a large white old barge had been converted into a Chapel and whole village bustles with barging activity. We were unable to delay however as we were anxious to make as much progress as possible as we had planned to meet the girls in Paris on the Sunday night. They were travelling across via Cork Roscoff ferry and we by virtue of previous experiences did not want to get their end of things off to a bad start by being late for their arrival. We continued on past Mants la Jollie stopping at Bougival, in a lovely quiet mooring just under the bridge. Bougival was the Empress Josephine's favourite residence, and where she died in 1814. This is now a Napoleonic museum, but we were more interested in wandering around the village of Bougival trying to find out why it was such a haunt of the Impressionist painters Monay, Sisly, Degas and Renoir, but much of our disappointment the best things in the town were closed and we retired for an early night looking forward to our trip into Paris in the morning.

Sunday 24th, we were all up at 07.00, it was a cold but very bright morning, but after a good breakfast we were on our way to what was to be the Grand Finale of our trip. This was a Sunday morning on the river Seine and rowing skips were all over the place so we had to proceed with great care.

We left the Ile Saint Denis to port on past Clichy and the Boulogne. Hugh McKnight and his excellent book informs us that Bois de Boulogne consists of 900 hectares of former royal hunting forests given to the people by Napoleon the Third and modelled on London's Hyde Park. Versailles and its great palace of Louis 14th lies about 12 kilometres to the South West. On past Ile des Ravageurs, here are buried over 40,000 pet dogs, cats and horses including world famous film star Rin Tin Tin and a very famous St. Bernard named Barry who saved 41 lives in the Alps, he was sadly killed by the 41st who mistook his snow covered shape for a bear and attacked him with an ice axe. Barry apparently staggered off to alert rescuers and then collapsed. There is no information as to what happened to the poor sod who clobbered Barry with the axe or for that matter where he was from. Suddenly Denis was heard to exclaim "I saw it, I saw it" saw what? "it", "what", "the Eiffel Tower", "impossible, we are too far out", "no, I did definitely, through the trees", "you couldn't have" but we were getting closer and more excited by the minute. More and more house barges and river boats along the river bank at this point and friendly waves from many people as we passed along, I couldn't help wondering why there are not more boat people living close to our main cities in Ireland, perhaps it is the climate. Many of these boats were gaily decorated and some were even managing to cultivate little gardens on adjoining punts. 10.30 a friendly wave from the last lock-keeper at Et Luis de Chatou saw us through our last lock before Paris. The next couple of hours were memorable as we passed in turn the Parisians version of the Statue of Liberty at the Allee des Cygnes Island and on past the Quar Dorsat, The Eiffel Tower and under the bridges of Paris. We

were greeted as we passed under the bridges with friendly waves and questions. It was an unforgettable experience.

Many years earlier I had stood on Quai De Bourbon on Ile St. Louis chatting to an American friend Colonel Sean O'Driscoll of Castle Matrix, Rathkeale. It was he who had put the thought originally in my mind as he had said "you know you could sail your boat from Kinsale right past here and tie up outside my flat". It was hard to believe that we were actually doing this.

Canal Du Martin Sunday 24th April.

At 15.00 we locked into Canal Du Martin right in the heart of Paris under Place de Bastille. "Sandy Ways" rested here for approximately 10 days at a cost of approximately £60 per week. It was incredible value. Showers and all facilities at hand and the Metro just 100 yards up the Quay. Maureen, Iris and Hilary arrived later that evening and we all had a superb holiday in Paris before yours truly and Maureen had to head back. Very disappointed at not being able to continue with the others.

Note



Derek, Hilary, Denis and Iris continued on up the Seine and had a wonderful holiday. They went from the Seine to Canal De Bourgonne and left the boat at Chalon Sur Saone. Gay and Vivien Boylan from Celbridge and family carried on from here down the Rhone to Avignon where we took over once more. We travelled across on the Cork Roscoff Ferry and drove to Avignon. Picked up *Sandy Ways* and brought both the car and *Sandy Ways* all the way to Sete. Visiting - Avignon, Arles The Camargue, Clix De Mort and many other places of interest. We had one serious accident when Maureen stepped on mosquito netting thinking it was a closed hatch cover. She fell through and got pretty badly bruised and shaken up but recovered well enough to help me rig the *Sandy Ways* at Sete. John Butler, future son-in-law and daughter Sharon were also a great help. John and Sharon returned by train to Paris from Montpellier and then back by ferry from Le Harve. Maureen and self had a lovely cruise from Sete to St. Felix De Guirels in Spain. We made a crossing from here to Palma arriving at approximately 08.00 We had a harrowing experience during the night on the crossing. We had been pursued by a fishing boat who harrassed us for the entire night with his spotlights. Nearly ramming us on several occasions. There was a fairly big sea running and we were quite frightened. The boat was either lost or stolen as he left us at dawn off Cabo Formentor.

Departure

After setting *Sandy Ways* down in her berth we caught the Traas Mediterranean Ferry from Palma to Sete. Picked up the car and travelled up the French Atlantic Coast by car to be back in Schull in time for the Schull Regatta. All in all a very busy year. So much happened that it would take a book to fill in all the details, but it was a wonderful holiday for a great number of people.

Sandy Ways to Palma 1210 miles

Schull - Paris via Lymington and Le Harve

Crew
V. O'Farrell, Derek Harte, Denis Dixon

Distance: 410 miles
Engine Time: 280
Sail: 130

Paris - Chalone Sur Saone.

Crew Derek & Hilary Harte, Denis & Iris Dixon

Distance: 350 miles
Engine Time: 350

Chalon Sur Saone - Avignon

Crew: Gay & Vivienne Boylan & family

Distance: 80 miles
Engine Time: 80

Avignon - Sete

Crew Vincent, Maureen & Sharon O'Farrell & John Butler

Distance: 10 miles
Engine Time: 110

Sete - Porte Greissan - Port Banyuls - San Feliu Des Guivols - Palma

Crew Vincent & Maureen O'Farrell

Distance: 260 miles
Engine: 80
Sail: 180



Sandy Ways in Paris

Photo: V. O'Farrell

Saki Round Ireland, Clockwise

Chris Stillman for John Ryan



The Fortnight Cup

This year John Ryan had expressed his determination to circumnavigate Ireland in *Saki*, a Nicholson 31. I was delighted to be invited to join him to help navigate. Seamus O'Friel was also to sail for a part of the cruise with his son Henry taking up his berth later. Louis Goor and Gerald Tyrrell (Declan's youngest son) completed the crew.

At 14.00 on Friday 17 June 1987, *Saki* complete with stores, water and diesel, slipped away from the RIYC under mainsail and motor and headed south for Arklow, taking the inshore passage with the tide. As an augury of things to come, the wind was from the south, a gentle force 1 or less. By 15.45 we had crossed the Moulditch Bank, by 18.05 reached the Horse Shoe Bell Buoy south of Wicklow head, and at 19.00 entered Arklow Harbour and tied up alongside a boat crewed by cheery Welshmen. Supper aboard, brought ready prepared and home-cooked by loving family, followed by a few jars at the Bridge Hotel and so to bed. The cruise could well and truly be said to be under way.

Day 2.

At 07.15 Saturday 18 June, warps were cast off and the passage around Ireland's southeastern corner to Dunmore East commenced. Motoring with the main to aid stability, in a variable, generally southerly breeze of force 1 or less, *Saki* progressed steadily down the east coast inshore of the banks; slowed by adverse tides in the Rusk Channel, picked up speed passing Wexford and Rosslare in slack water, navigated by Seamus inshore to observe the Ryan family estates. In hazy sunshine, the crews' suntans improving by the hour, swept on by the now favourable tide we sailed close round Carnsore Point shortly after 16.00, through the Saltee Islands, and across the foggy 'Bay of Despair' to arrive at Dunmore East at 19.50, 69 miles in 12.5 hours, almost entirely unaided by the wind. In view of the lateness of the hour and the abundance of tourists a foraging party was sent ashore post haste and was able to negotiate an excellent restaurant menu in the bar of the Ocean Hotel, which was eventually enjoyed by the whole crew after a lengthy and hazardous crossing of a trot of assorted craft.

Day 3

Sunday 19 June dawned bright and clear, the high pressure ridge over Ireland remained in place, and the forecast was for more of the light, variable winds and fog patches. The diesel tank was dipped and found to contain 10 gallons - more than enough to get us to Kinsale - we had used 7 gallons only in 17 hours of motoring so far. At 08.00 we motored out and headed for Ballycotton, but soon spotted the spinnakers of some of the 'Round Ireland' racers. They, poor souls had

been ambling along in light winds, and were by now many hours behind schedule. We headed south to intersect their path, but as we were not constrained to move by sail alone at their snail's pace, soon left them again, and regained our course for Ballycotton. By 13.00 the wind had freshened enough for us to sail close hauled under main and genoa and for two glorious hours we bowled along at 4.5 knots, out back bronzing in hot sun and clean wind. Then the wind decided enough was enough, came round further onto the nose, and dropped. On with the motor; the Daunt Rock was reached by 20.00. Tide was against us now, in the chill mists of evening, we docked in Kinsale marina at 22.30. As always, we received kind consideration and help from the Yacht Club staff and marina superintendent, but it was too late to eat ashore. So the fleshpots of Kinsale, the gastronomic capital of the south coast, had to remain unsampled on this voyage.

Day 4: Monday 20 June

Signs of a change in the weather; the ridge is moving south and winds should increase later from the SW. Provisioning, showers at the yacht club, and taking on diesel and water at the special dock behind the Trident Hotel delayed the start until 11.15. Further substantial delays were then caused by the scourge of yachtsmen, salmon nets, which were laid straight out from the shore for distances of up to 4.5 miles. Tacking right onto the rocks at Old Head, we rounded the end of one net only to run foul of the next, and the next. It soon became clear that if progress was to be made, we should have to cross the nets; this is not a problem in a long-keeled boat such as the Nicholson, but it infuriates the fishermen, and should only be done as far as possible from their observation. Once we had done it once or twice, driving across at right angles to the net



Leaving Kinsale: Seamus and Gerald

Photo: L.Goor

we wondered why we had ever worried about it. Later tacking in past Sherkin Island it was clear that the tide was well out, the depth sounder was not working and the crew was disinclined to exercise the lead line, and so the pier was not approached and a vacant mooring was picked up inshore of Wallis Rock in a bare sufficiency of water at 21.15.

Day 5: Tuesday 21 June

A day to remember, not entirely with unalloyed pleasure. The day broke with a weather forecast less than favourable - westerly veering northwest force 3 - 5 increasing 6 and gusting; showers of rain and drizzle becoming continuous rain, visibility poor. Just as the weather for rounding the southwest corner of Ireland, past glorious scenery - all invisible, and heading for most of the day into the teeth of a strong northwesterly. Still, weather forecasts have been known to be wrong, no gale was forecast and the front was moving fast across Ireland. *Saki* slipped the mooring at 08.30 and headed out under reefed main and working jib, hoping to make it to Valentia that day. Soon it was clear that even with motor we could only just clear Cape Clear. At 10.30 we glimpsed the Fastnet light through the murky drizzle, and at 12.20 we cleared Mizen Head, and began to bear away for Dursey Sound. If the wind stayed in the west, we might still have a good day's sailing. A decision as to whether we could point high enough to make the Sound without the motor was pre-empted by circumstances; oil was seen to be seeping from below the compass mounting on the companionway step. Curious, the compass isn't oil filled surely? certainly not with blackened engine oil! Immediate investigation showed the oil filter cap in the bilge, the engine compartment saturated by a spray of oil pumping up from the head cover and the sump practically empty. Whoever had topped up the sump last night had not tightened the cap. He had, however, used up the reserve engine oil. Well, it's an ill wind...Castletown Berehaven was about 12 miles away on a comfortable broad reach - the first decent sail we had had all day.

Leaving Castletown at 16.25 after a slight altercation with the harbour-master about mooring alongside the quay wall - apparently the wall is only for fishing boats - we thought that there would be time enough to make Dursey Sound before the turn of tide. We soon found that the wind had shifted to the north north west, which allowed a pleasant sail to Dursey, but presaged trouble later. We arrived in time to catch the end of the slack tide but already there were ominous signs of heavy seas from the north. The Sound provided its usual thrills, shooting under the swaying cable car full of curious tourists, to the northern end of the gut - when the full effect of the northerly wind and sea combined with the now-turning tide to provide a heart-stopping spell during which the boat, under full engine was edged slowly backwards onto the rocks. After an eternity of about ten minutes the judicious use of swirls and counter eddies pulled us away from the entrance to the Sound and with agonising slowness out into the Kenmare estuary, where our only choice was to butt straight into the substantial seas and teeth of the wind, if we were to clear the shore. It was during this uncomfortable crossing that Louis first revealed his incredible ability to produce food and drink under adverse conditions; he seemed impervious to the motion. It took almost three hours to cross the estuary, and at that stage of night and discomfort it was decided to make for the nearest haven - which turned out to be the delightful Derrynane Harbour, in which we dropped anchor at 22.30 after an interesting bit of navigation. The leading beacons are far from obvious when viewed from a distance, there is only one safe way in, and the entry is between rocks that seem awfully close together; it was well that we had a sharp-eyed crew man aboard and put confidence in the Cruising Club

sailing directions.

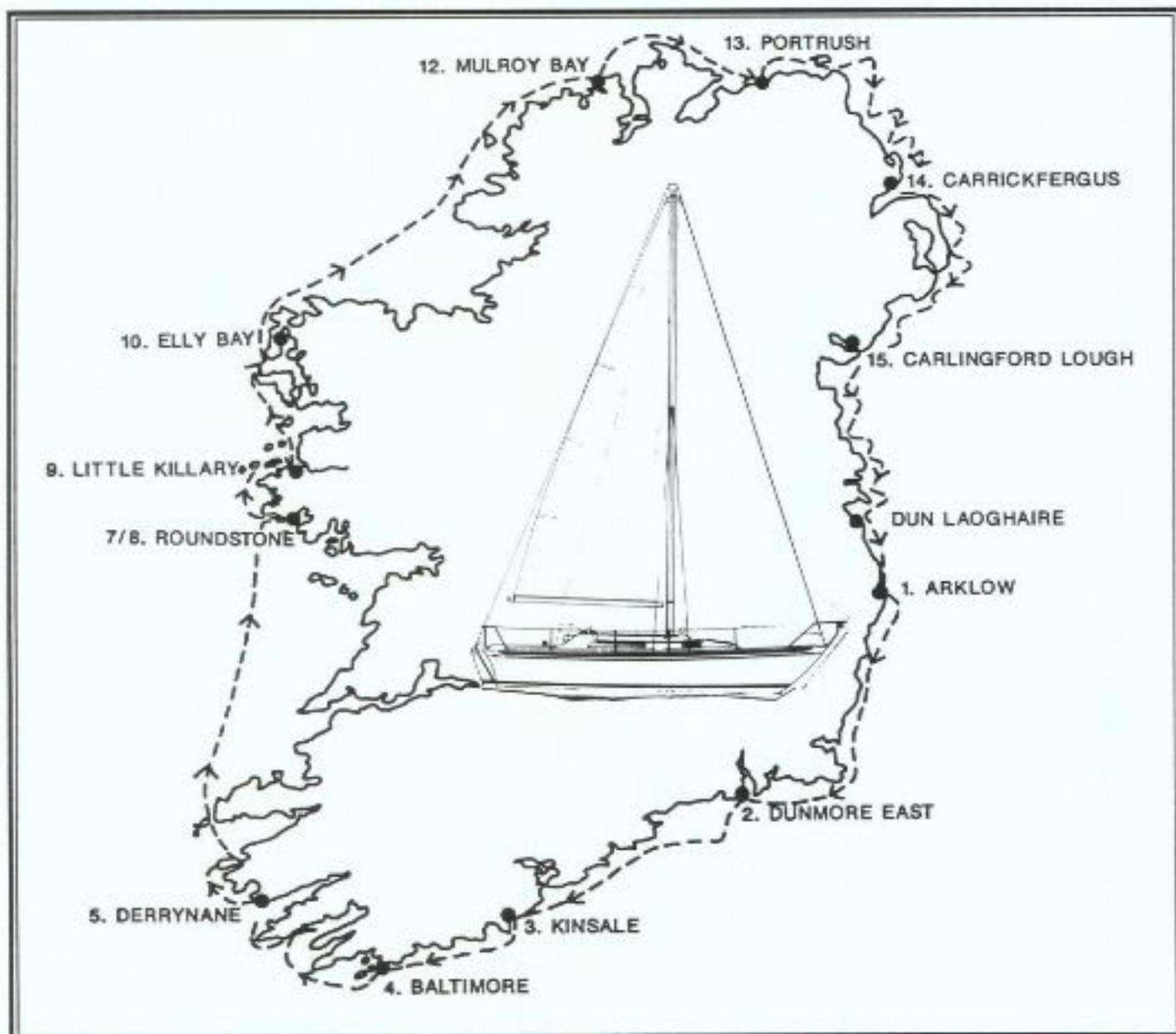
Day 6: Wednesday 22 June

Our plan had been to reach Roundstone by a single overnight passage from Knightstown, Valentia, and this was still some 23 miles ahead. However, our timetable did not require us to be there before the weekend, so we had some time in hand. Our departure from Derrynane was therefore leisurely and took full advantage of the north-going tide. We left at 09.48 with a gentle NNW breeze, and by 13.00 had crossed Ballinskelligs Bay and put Bray Head, the southern point of Valentia Island abeam. The next ten miles was a glorious reach in hot sun an steady wind which saw us into Knightstown by 14.30. Mooring up to the outer end of the south pier, we had sufficient water even at low tide. The shore supplier of diesel - a small boatyard a couple of miles south of the village, who most kindly came by car, collected out diesel cans, filled and returned them for no extra cost. With water at a tap on the pier - just out of reach of our hose pipe, and supplies from a shop in the village, we were ready for sea in an hour. A quick conference, and it was decided to press on even though the wind was from the north and so light that motoring was essential; the sea was flat, the weather was splendid, and we should clear the Blaskets Sound under ideal conditions long before it got dark. And so it proved; we were able to set a course for Roundstone by 22.30 and passed an



Saki at Knightstown

Photo: L.Goor



uneventful night. In the evening we were accompanied by a large school of dolphins, who entertained us by their antics, leaping in great curves through the air and scraping their barnacles on the stern of the boat.

Day 7; Thursday 23 June

Loop Head light was still visible as dawn came up on Thursday, but shortly after this a light fog enveloped us and visibility dropped to a few hundred yards. When we next glimpsed the coast it was 10.30 and through a thinning of the fog a lighthouse on an island was seen - Rock Island we thought, at the north end of Inishmore. By 13.00 it was clear enough to see that we had misidentified the lighthouse - it was in fact Slyne Head; during the night we had been set almost 10 degrees off course. Unfortunately for the navigator, the ship's RDF had failed and the dead reckoning could not be checked. As the sun burned away the remnants of the fog, we ran eastward along the south Connemara coast, once again dodging salmon nets - or more commonly running over them - and threading our way between the rocks, south of Carrickscollia, south of Caulty Rock, into the approaches to Roundstone, across Gorteen Bay, to drop anchor off the harbour, about half a cable south of the north quay at 18.30. It

is interesting to note that in this magnificent cruising area, we were the only yacht at Roundstone, and had seen none at Knightstown, nor on the subsequent passage. Indeed apart from the fishing boats guarding their nets, the dolphins which played around us in a large school off the Blaskets were our only companions on the whole of the voyage from Baltimore.

Day 8: Friday 24 June

A warm and sunny day of rest. Friends came to visit, Seamus's son Henry joined the ship, bringing a good working RDF loaned most kindly at short notice by Bernard Corbally. With him was a friend who was starting a cycling tour in Connemara and spent the night with us. We were to meet him again, by coincidence in Little Killary where we sailed past his camp on the shore. Stores, diesel and water were replenished and the crew spent a pleasant day walking, talking, eating and drinking - particularly in O'Dowds bar and seafood restaurant.

Day 9: Saturday 25 June

Seamus left, and with a forecast of light to moderate NE winds, fog and drizzle, the day did not seem too promising. The anchor was weighed at 10.35, and we worked our way out

of Roundstone Bay and set course for Slyne Head, retracing our steps under engine alone we, with little or no wind and a dark misty drizzle. By 13.30 Slyne Head was abeam and the visibility down to less than 4 cables. Course was set for High Island Sound and just as it was reached the fog cleared, the sun came out and the wind backed to the west. Perfect conditions for a sail past Cleggan, Renvyle Point and Crump Island, to pick up the huge white masonry beacons at the entrance to Killary Harbour, and pass comfortably into Little Killary Bay where anchor was dropped off Salrock House at 19.45. The approach to the Connemara coast had been a magical experience, with the white surf on the golden strands, the Twelve Bens sharply etched and purple headed beyond the greens and grey of the lower coastal lands, and perhaps most magical of all, Mweelrea itself, rising clear above a horizontal bank of cloud. Truly the scenery of Connemara stands comparison with the best in the world. To round off the pleasure, as night fell the wistful sounds of piping were heard from one of the cluster of Galway yachts which shared the anchorage with us, and Gerald, Henry and his friend returned from a fishing trip in the inflatable with a bucket of fresh mackerel.

Day 10: Sunday 26 June

Once again our best intentions were to be thwarted. We intended to spend the next night in Frenchport near the northern tip of the Mullet Peninsula. Accordingly we weighed anchor at 10.00 and motored out off the bay, with the wind



John Ryan

Photo: L.Goor

from the north and the land hidden in fog. With main and jib set we were able to fetch a course between Inishturk and Clare Island, which became more visible as the fog thinned, and reached Achill Head at 16.20. As the Head was rounded it became clear that the wind had freshened and the course for Frenchport was directly into the wind through an increasingly lumpy sea for a further 20 miles. Discretion seemed the better part, so we bore away into Blacksod Bay. Off Blacksod Quay boats on the exposed moorings were pitching badly in a heavy swell; we sailed on and reached a delightful sheltered anchorage in the north-east corner of Elly Bay by 20.00. Tucked in behind Barranagh Island, as far in to the beach as the depth would allow, this was a most comfortable anchorage though the northerly winds sweeping over the low-lying land, made a banshee wail in the shrouds. This is a rather desolate treeless landscape, but the inhabitants make up for it in helpfulness. A short row ashore brought us within a mile of a friendly and comfortable pub, which gave us a real welcome.

Day 11: Monday 27 June

A further example of the helpfulness of the men from the Mullet. Gerald had a college friend who lived in Belmullet; a telephone call failed to contact her, but her father, Mr Mangan immediately drove the five or six miles down to the shore to offer a lift in his car to the town to buy stores and diesel, and replenish the water casks. He was even able to replenish the ice for the cool box.

With such help, the boat was stocked and ready to depart at 11.40, and headed down the bay in bright warm sunshine and a gentle northerly breeze. By 13.25 we passed between Duvillaunbeg and Gaehy Island, lining up on the beacons on Inishkea South, and tacked north up the Mullet coast. Today the sailing was so much more pleasant with much flatter seas and warmer sun. This was clearly a plot to tempt us onward, for just south of Annagh Point a dense fog descended, and nothing was to be seen again, until we were well past Rathlin O'Birne more than 13 hours later. Our intention had been to take a departure from Eagle Island light and navigate to Rathlin O'Birne overnight using the lights to check the dead reckoning. In fact we saw neither of them during the crossing, and our only fix was a very brief glimpse of what we took to be the Stags of Broadhaven. However we did have the RDF this time, and were able to home in on a bearing to Tory Island, though the back bearing on Eagle Island was curiously indecisive - possibly because of proximity.

Day 12: Tuesday 28 June

By 06.00 on Tuesday a running fix on Rathlin O'Birne lighthouse gave us a clear position and we were able to lay a course outside Aran Island, getting another fix as the fog lifted a little as we were abeam of the Aran Island light. By 09.30 visibility had much improved and a course could be set past the Bloody Foreland. Bearing away to sail between Tory Island and Horn Head, out speed increased, and at 12.20 the wind coming from astern, the spinnaker was hoisted for the first time on the cruise. For over three hours *Saki* creamed along in bright sunlight. Then we met salmon nets again, and some rapid dodging about necessitated the dropping of the spinnaker. No matter, we were almost at the entrance to Mulroy Bay; the tide was rising and there was plenty of water on the bar, so we followed the Cruising Club directions and coned ourselves up the river to Fanny Bay where we dropped anchor (into a very deep hole) at 17.15.

Day 13: Wednesday 29 June

A critical factor in entering or leaving Mulroy Bay is the state of the tide. It is best to leave on the start of the ebb, whilst there

is still plenty of water over the bar. And so we made an early start and weighed anchor at 06.00. An hour later, clear of the entrance to Mulroy Bay, the motor was off and the boat sailing fast downwind. By 10.30 we had passed Malin Head and were abeam of Inishtrahull; good progress, but we were shortly to become aware of the controlling factor in sailing along this northern coast - the tide. It turned against us shortly before noon, and by 14.00 found we had only made 8 miles in the past 2.5 hours. Struggling past Inishowen Head we saw an amazing sight; a line of fishing boats, trawlers mainly, stretching out northward from the land, as far as the eye could see; all stationary and all with the same heading. What they were doing remains a mystery to us. Eventually as the tide grew stronger, we were obliged to start the engine again to move forward with any speed at all, and we finally motored into Portrush Harbour at 17.45.

Once again, helpfulness and friendliness were the order of the day. The harbour is small but has excellent facilities, with diesel and water both on the quayside at the inner end of the north quay, in front of the yacht club. They are allocated by the Harbour Master who has the keys and sells the fuel. He also allocates berths. The local customs man is also very efficient and helpful, and turned out to be a one-time colleague of John's brother Clem. Wednesday is local early closing day, but never fear, a small but extremely well stocked newsagent/grocery shop is to be found up the Main Street, 200 yards from the quay, which is open every day. The town is clearly a popular holiday resort and has a number of good restaurants.

Day 14: Thursday 30 June

Once again, the timing of the tides is crucial, particularly with regard to Rathlin Sound. It pays to heed the Cruising Club directions which advise leaving Portrush 5 hours after HW Dover. Accordingly *Saki* cast off at 04.45, motored out past the Skerries then set main and genoa and sailed along the beautiful North Antrim coast past the Giant's Causeway, as close inshore as could be managed. With a southerly wind force 2-3, the sailing was as pleasant as any on the cruise, but gradually the wind backed to the SE and by 08.00 it was clear that we wouldn't weather Rue Point, the southern tip of Rathlin Island. So, on with the motor again, and a tack taken to the south. Close inshore at Fair Head the next tack took us out into the North Channel, and from then on it was a case of beating to windward down the coast past the Glens of Antrim into progressively darker and windier weather. By 12.30 our tack took us past the Maidens, in towards Larne; it was early in the day, we had been averaging 5 knots, and believed we should press on to Carrickfergus. But the tide had turned, and was very much a force to be reckoned with. The Cruising Club directions warn that off Muck Island to tide may be 6 knots, and with a strong southeasterly, tacking down the shore of Island Magee seemed to go on for ever. It was almost the end of the ebb before we turned the corner into Belfast Lough, and finally entered Carrickfergus Marina at 18.00. For those approaching this marina for the first time, the entry is rather confusing; it is necessary to make a dog-leg and enter from the east, parallel to the wall. Furthermore a beacon on the wall which we took to indicate the entry in fact warns of shallows to the east. Finally, with strong current sweeping across the entry, full engine power is needed to keep to the centre of the narrow channel; beware, the first pontoons are within a very short distance of the entrance, and there is very little room to alter course.

Day 15 Friday 1 July

Now there happened one of those coincidences that make for serendipity. Chatting to the Marina Superintendent, I mentioned that our next port of call was to be Carlingford Lough and he told us that a Carlingford boat had just arrived

on her way north; why not, he suggested, ask her owner for the use of his mooring in Carlingford for the night. No sooner said than done; *Chiron's* owner instantly offered his mooring at Killowen Point, and even better, his crew, Denise O'Brien offered her services as pilot. She was returning home and intended to take the bus and train back; the prospect of a passage to add miles to her Yachtmasters Certificate log delighted her. Denise has much full time experience in sail training vessels but needed more time in yachts. As we had just said goodbye to Henry it was good to welcome her on board to make up the crew again. At 07.20 we left the marina (by means of a very complex reverse 3-point turn in a channel I could swear was less than a boat length wide) and reached across Belfast Lough in a brisk southerly breeze. Slipping through Donaghadee Sound under engine, we again sailed into a dead noser and began the beat to windward that was to last all day. John was keen to fly his storm jib for the first time, and it seemed like a good idea to try it out in reasonable seas, even though the wind was only around force 4-5. Gerald set the sail, then had us all in stitches by asking John whether all his handkerchiefs had hanks. Of course, our progress down the coast slowed by the close-hauled tacking, we missed the turn of tide at St John's Point, that was to have helped us all the way to Carlingford, and for the last 20 miles had to beat in winds now up to 6, occasionally 7 against a progressively more adverse tide. A painful progress that took six and a half hours. We arrived at the entrance to Carlingford Lough as night fell, but with some tide still running into the Lough and here Denise showed her local knowledge, piloting us in to Killowen Point with great skill. Finding *Chiron's* mooring in the pitch dark put even her to the test, but eventually a large yellow fluorescent buoy was deemed to be the one and we tied on to it. Very shortly after this we were hailed from the shore - it was *Chiron's* owner who motored back to warn us that his mooring had blown away the previous night! No wonder Denise had difficulty in finding it. What we were attached to was in fact the abandoned mooring of a motor cruiser which had long since gone; no-one knew whether it was safely attached to the bottom. It was a pitch dark, the anchorage was sheltered from wind and tidal current, and we were tired, wet and hungry. To hell with it, we would stay put. And we did, and next morning a young fella, rowing past to pick up other boats blown away in the night, was amazed to find we were not aground; the floor of the lough was surely less than 5 feet deep at low water hereabouts, we must have found a hole.

Day 16 Saturday 2 July

The last lap - only 48 miles by the direct course to Dun Laoghaire; an easy day's sail. The forecast was for the wind, a southerly force 2-4, to veer by the afternoon to the east and with the ebb tide from 14.00, we estimated a fast passage. Leaving the Lough at midday we should arrive at around 21.00. However this day was an example of "the best laid plans...". We were half an hour late at Greencastle, the wind stayed in the south, the actual distance logged was 71 miles, and we arrived just after midnight. The sailing had been exhilarating for much of the day, tacking with short legs out to sea and long ones down the coast, but the genoa ripped on the crosstrees off Ireland's Eye, and the reduced rig combined with the now adverse tide gave a very tedious last couple of hours. Coming alongside, late dining member in the RIYC were persuaded to open up the club, families were telephoned to announce our arrival, and the crew took the opportunity for a wash and brush up and final nightcap.

Everyone stayed aboard for the night, and in the morning the boat was unloaded, cleaned up and returned to racing trim, before the rising wind and seas forced a departure to the mooring. Last farewells as we separated and a really great cruise was over.

SUMMARY LOG TIMES AND DISTANCES

		Duration of Sail	Distance Logged	Engine Hours	Av. Wind Dir/Spd
Day 1:	Dun Laoghaire to Arklow dep. 14.05, arr. 19.00;	4 hr.55	34.05mls	4.55	S/1
Day 2:	Arklow to Dunmore East dep. 07.15, arr. 19.50;	12 hr.35	68.85mls	12.35	VAR/1
Day 3:	Dunmore to Kinsale dep. 08.00, arr. 22.30;	14 hr.30	72.63mls	12.30	SW/2-3
Day 4:	Kinsale to Baltimore dep. 11.15, arr. 22.00	10 hr.45	54.29mls	6.10	VAR/1-2
Day 5:	Baltimore to Derrynane Bay (via Castletown) dep. 08.30, arr. 22.30;	14 hr.00	58.51mls	10.21	NW/3-4
Day 6/7:	Derrynane Bay to Roundstone (via Knightstown) dep. 09.48, arr. 18.30; (overnight sail)	32 hr.48	143.87mls	24.35	NNW/2-3
Day 8:	Roundstone (crew change)				
Day 9:	Roundstone to Little Killary dep. 10.35, arr. 19.45;	9 hr.15	42.8mls	5.10	WNW/3
Day 10:	Little Killary to Elly Bay dep. 10.00, arr. 19.56;	9 hr.56	48.29mls	7.56	NNW,N/2-3
Day 11/12:	Elly Bay to Mulroy Bay dep. 11.40, arr. 17.15; (overnight sail)	29 hr.35	135.3mls	7.55	N/3-4
Day 13:	Mulroy Bay to Portrush dep. 06.09, arr. 17.45;	11 hr.36	60.67mls	4.45	W/2-3
Day 14:	Portrush to Carrickfergus dep. 04.45, arr. 17.45;	13 hr.20	68.68mls	11.45	SE/3, S/4
Day 15:	Carrickfergus to Killowen Point Carlingford Lough dep. 07.21, arr. 23.00;	15 hr.39	80.9mls	14.27	SSE/2-4
Day 16:	Killowen Pt to Dun Laoghaire dep. 11.35, arr. 24.45;	13 hr.10	71.23mls	4.27	SSE/2-4
		192 hr.04	940.07mls	125.43	

Black Shadow in the Balearics

David O'Morchoe

By comparison to *Black Shadow's* earlier entries in the Irish Cruising Club Annual, our two week cruise aboard in September seemed tame stuff. However, to those who have not cruised in the Mediterranean before, it is an experience not to be missed.

David Nicholson (owner and skipper) preceded us; Joan (David's wife), Margaret O'Morchoe (Joan's sister) and me, to Palma by a couple of days, thereby, hopefully (in my mind) avoiding the near disaster, when we had last cruised together from Antigua, when *Black Shadow* was launched from the boat yard without the echo sounder transducer in place. After our flight from Dublin to Palma, a taxi brought us to Club de Mar at about 04.00. A mast headlight marked *Black Shadow* and a sleepy skipper emerged to welcome us aboard.

Mid morning (Monday) found us looking at a vast array of modern high rise apartment blocks surrounding the large Palma harbour. A walk around the marina disclosed a great variety of "yachts" many of which had paid crews aboard and most of which were very beautiful but very expensive boats.

Black Shadow had lain in the Club de Mar since she had worked her way under various crews, having left Ipswich in August 1987. Facilities at the club which included a swimming pool seemed excellent and she was very safe. However, after 24 hours at the marina to do last minute maintenance, victual and take a trip into Palma town in the evening to see some of the lovely Moorish buildings, I was not sorry to cast off for Andratx on the south west coast at

mid-day on Wednesday.

Black Shadow over the years (as well as her fore-runner *Crescendo*) has been host to a large number and wide variety of crew all of whom have enjoyed and are truly indebted to her skipper for his generous hospitality. It must be said however, that those who rejoin do so with some little apprehension for fear of what can best be described as the 'Nicholson Factor'. The 'Factor' is identifiable by an item(s) of equipment, important and necessary, though not vital to the degree that the boat founders, which is absent, broken or simply functioning inadequately. Readers of the ICC Annual, not familiar with life aboard *Black Shadow*, will understand what I mean by reading that in 1981 the crew boarded *Black Shadow* already knee deep in water just in time to save the cruise from disaster and in 1983 when the boom broke and the engine ran dry of diesel.

September 1988 was to be gentle cruising around Majorca and Menorca. The skipper had done some homework on where the nicest places were and had brought the Michelin Guide, but no firm itinerary had been made, or at least declared. As we left Palma the winds were very light northerly. Up went the main and we motored gently out of the marina. My heart sank slightly when the skipper declared that an earlier crew had damaged the roller reefing jib and that it would not hold in intermediate positions. So it was full jib or nothing!

As we were unfurling the jib there was a piercing whistle from the engine which I discovered is the Yamaha way of indicating that the 'factor' is at work. Leaving the girls to sail the boat the skipper and I tackled the problem; he the engine, me the instruction book. The alarm light on the engine said 'over heating' but the relevant page in the book relating to the cooling system was missing (later to be discovered our of sequence tucked into the back). However a spare book told us the likely fault was the impeller. The skipper triumphantly produced a spare and by a process of elimination we quickly discovered how to fit it and did so. All



Cuidadela, Minorca. Entering the harbour with the yacht club on the right.

Photo: David O'Morchoe



Fornells, Menorca.

Photo: David O'Morchoe

was well until we were in the narrow entrance of Andratx harbour and the engine whistled again. This time we moved very gently to our anchorage, dropped anchor and quickly turned the engine and whistle off. This time we tightened the belt driving the pump and fortunately cured the problem for the cruise.

In Andratx we discovered the joys of the tideless Mediterranean. No calculations for rise and fall and all boats happily swinging in unison with the prevailing wind. All boats, that is, which are more or less the same displacement. We unfortunately had chosen to anchor near (too near) a 60 or 70 foot German boat which refused to swing with the light winds prevailing and whose crew emerged not at all during the night. So we had the early hours of the morning decision of whether to up-anchor and find a safe place in an already congested harbour in the dark, or hang out fenders and tie the rubber dinghy along the vulnerable quarter. A sharp thunderstorm and heavy downpour settles us, adequately as it turned out, to the latter course.

We hailed various yachts the following day seeking a consensus of likely weather as there was a very unsettled sky and a number of electric storms to be seen and heard. Force 7-8 northerly decided us upon an extra night in Andratx but not before a motor to a small bay, or cala, north of Andratx for a swim.

We returned to Andratx, this time to the marina on the north side of the harbour and went through the local procedure, at which we eventually became adept, of letting the anchor go forward and going astern to secure lines to the marina, letting out on the anchor chain only far enough to ensure that the stern, upon which was mounted the self-steering gear, didn't make contact with the pontoon. This latter precaution was vital as the 'factor' was at work again during slow manoeuvring with the engine! First, in order to go forward, the folding propeller had to be opened by putting the gear into reverse and then, before any astern weigh was on, engaging forward gear. Unfortunately, as this was done there was a tendency for the engine to die which necessitated a crew member being below ready instantly to restart the engine. We quickly discovered that only the skipper had the skills to overcome this particular 'factor'.

On this occasion, however, we had not laid anchor sufficiently far from the pontoon and as we hardened up on the chain the anchor dragged snagging, as it did so, an immovable object at the bottom! We were able to secure the stern lines but clearly something had to be done to free the anchor. The marina attendant, who had been giving valuable assistance, declared that the object was another anchor belonging to a boat moored opposite but had no bright ideas as to how we might disentangle. I tried winding the anchor whilst the skipper decided that, as we were only in 13 feet of water an inspection with the snorkel and mask was in order.

I was getting movement if only slight, on the winch (a

rotary one with the handle operating horizontally) when suddenly I went flying! I thought the winch handle had slipped out but inspection revealed that the pressure I had been applying had broken the centre spindle which rendered the winch useless. Meanwhile the skipper on his first dive had managed to disentangle the anchors so we were able successfully to go through with the mooring process. Here we were able to obtain water and to connect up to an electric line to recharge the batteries. The cost which usually depended on whether water and electricity was required was about 16 - 1700 pesetas (IR£8 - 9.00). In Andratx we had quite the best meal of the cruise in a restaurant called 'Layns'.

After another night (Wednesday) of seemingly unsettled weather from the north we decided to go south-about the island. The charts revealed only one harbour, Soller, along the north coast. So decision made, (which was what the skipper wanted to do anyway!) we headed south for Arenal on the east side of the very large Palma bay a distance of 24 miles from Andratx. On the way we entered a small unspoiled enclosed bay, a feature of the Balearics, and had a swim amongst some local mermaids.

Arenal was easily identified from afar as the harbour marked the end of the high rise apartment blocks stretching right round the crescent shaped Palma bay from west to east. We were greeted by the marina attendant who beckoned us to tie alongside another yacht moored against the quay. Securing was done at record speed because when we entered the harbour the heavens opened and we were treated to the most spectacular electric storm Arenal, we discovered the following morning, is noted for the excellence of its marina and yacht club facilities, and the honky-tonk nature and over crowded beaches of the town itself.

From Arenal we sailed on to Campos, a distance of 22 miles. It was a marvellous reach with a force 4 northerly and *Black Shadow* touched 8.5 knots in spots. The small harbour had insufficient depth to enter so we anchored outside in 10 feet and had an excellent meal ashore in a fish restaurant call the 'Maresol.' We returned to *Black Shadow* under a cloudless, star-filled sky only to be rudely awakened at 03.00. by a squall and what sounded like a dragging anchor. Inspection revealed that we were free of other boats but that a large motor yacht up wind of us seemed to be bearing down on us quite obviously dragging its anchor. We were relieved to see its crew up on deck and they, together with the squall moving on, solved the problem for the rest of the night.

From Campos we headed for the military island of Cabrera. Despite being military, our guide told us we could anchor there and make a limited visit ashore. Hardly had we left Campos when there was a shout on deck "What is that boat doing coming straight at us?" "That boat" turned out to be flying the Irish flag and was *Bloody Mary* with skipper Rob d'Alton and crew aboard including Bob and Pauline Cassidy. After shouted exchanges proclaiming the extraordinary



Cala Figuera, Majorca.

Photo: David O'Morchoe

coincidence of meeting at sea we sailed on to Cabrera, a distance of 21 miles and entered the truly lovely enclosed bay in which there is the military jetty for the island. Initially we tied at the jetty, after a conversation in French with the port commandant, and went ashore for a beer in the 'cantino' run by a soldier in uniform. Choice was limited but adequate, but glasses for the beer regarded as an unnecessary luxury.

The evening (Saturday) had turned lovely and peaceful and the setting was idyllic. However another visiting boat had heard a forecast of 50 m.p.h. northerly winds so we put out two anchors - and spent a flat clam night not stirring till the following morning.

After a swim and a fishing effort which brought a squid to the surface but no further, we hoisted the main (not before clouting a crew member with the boom) and motored to the entrance of the bay only to meet the blackest cloud that any of us could recall. The rain bucketed and the wind blew violently so we returned to our anchorage till it passed, the wind having gone through 180°.

The day improved, though still remained cloudy, and we headed for Cala Figuera (20 miles) with very light NE winds. Being Sunday we risked tying alongside a fishing boat and went ashore to walk around the narrow enchanting deep water cala quite spoilt by high hotels dominating to surrounding land. Further up the cala, houses came down to the waters edge where many fishermen had their small boats tied stern to land and bow to a mooring line. Our short stay here was marked by visiting a restaurant specializing in the preparation of the most exotic and labour intensive ice creams to which three of us eventually succumbed - and regretted! We then sailed on to Porto Petro (4 miles) tearing the jib on the cross

trees on the way, and tied up and the marina there.

We were barely secure - a fixed bow mooring line took place of the anchor forward - when those below heard "Ahoy *Black Shadow* - Customs and Excise, Cork here, we wish to come aboard!" Loud laughter greeted our white faces as we rushed on deck to discover Liam McGonagle (*Ounavara*) and Roger Alpin on their way to book a meal ashore for the crew of *Ounavara* which included the Commodore ICC and his wife. We ended up in the same restaurant, after putting on the mainsail cover, (very smart and in honour of the Commodore) and had an excellent evening.

Next morning after changing the jib and rebinding the crossrees we went ashore to shop and discover why the skipper's son Edward had on a earlier cruise marked against Porto Petro on the chart "Club Med...!" we discovered!

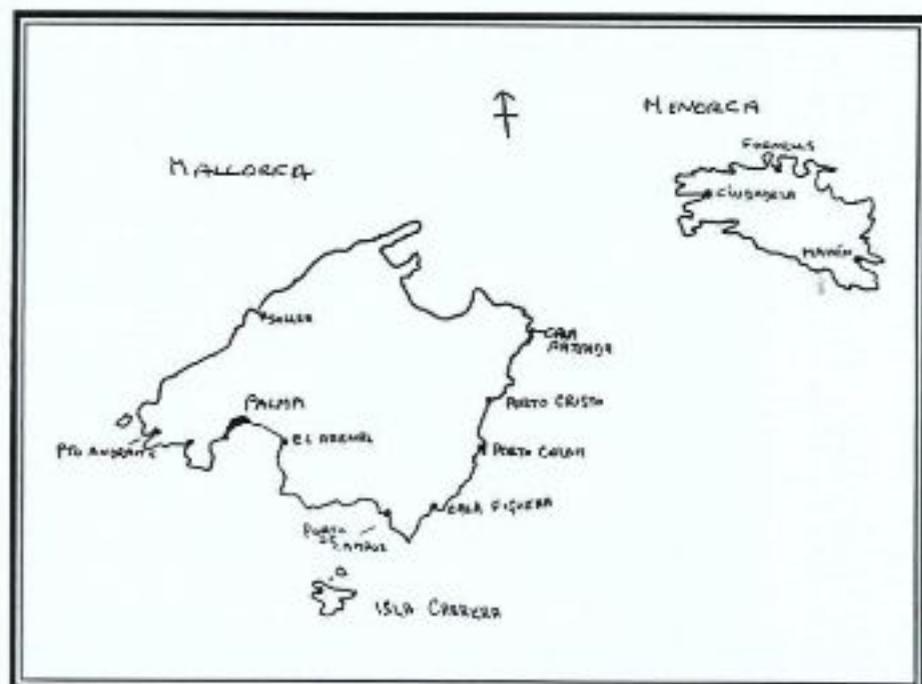
Following a very pleasant drink on board *Ounavara* we had an energetic sail northwards against a NE 4 - 5 wind, heading for Porto Colom (9 miles). Beyond a fairly narrow entrance the harbour opens into a wide and not very sheltered bay. We anchored overnight and went down-market that evening for an excellent pub meal.

Tuesday took us to Porto Cristo en route for Cala Ratjada on the north east corner of Majorca. Porto Cristo is famous for the magnificent caves, Cuevas del Drach, which we wanted to see. The marina wasn't a bit keen to have us for the three hours we needed ashore. We then got into a terrible muddle trying to go astern to the main quay and pick up a mooring line forward; to the degree that, from the boat alongside which we were trying to manoeuvre, a pleasant but quite unhelpful Spaniard in his best English said "please tell me what you are trying to do." As we weren't sure ourselves we could but



Near Porto Cristo Caves, Majorca.

Photo: Leo Conway



admit to him that he had asked a very good question. And so we gave up and motored on up the harbour to slip into a vacant slot at the private end of the marina. (Caught, but allowed to stay if we were gone in three hours - which was what we had wanted in the first place). We entered Cala Ratjada at 20.45, having covered 30 miles from Porto Colom, our first arrival at night. This is not difficult though it was only possible to pick up the pier head lights close in because of all the other lights ashore. Here we went alongside another yacht moored to the pier.

At last, on Wednesday, the day we planned to cross to Menorca, the weather picked up and although the evenings were cool, (enough for trousers and a jersey), the days were cloudless and warm. The sail to Ciudadela began with a northerly force 2 which gradually dropped to nothing at which time a swim was in order. We entered a very picturesque port of Ciudadela (27 miles) on engine and tied under the guidance of the marina yacht club attendant with the anchor out forward and the mooring lines aft. The town is old, historic and well worth exploration. Efforts have obviously been made, as with the whole of the island, to protect it from "high rise" blemishes and we enjoyed it accordingly.

We decided to go clockwise round the island where many small anchorages were indicated on our sailing instructions. The deadlines were Friday in Fornells, to pick up a crew member for the second phase of *Black Shadow's* cruise to Corsica and Sardinia, and Sunday in Mahon to enable the present crew, less skipper, to return to Dublin. And so after exploring the town and receiving a printed translated weather forecast from the yacht club, we left for Fornells in the north east corner of the island.

On the way we went into Cala Morell and just avoided going on a rock (charted!) in the bay. It was typical of the small enclosed, and not all that easy-to-spot bays which provided anchorages along the coast. Inside, the water was clear, warm and lovely for swimming. There were some modern houses around the bay giving a feeling of habitation, but none above two stories and all spotlessly white washed.

We left for Fornells (24 miles from Ciudadela) at 18.30 and sailed blissfully with an offshore (ESE) force 2 - 3 wind broad-reaching us along the uninhabited, rugged and very attractive coast line.

It was dark by the time we were off Fornells but the nearly

full moon ahead of us illuminated the coastline, and the Cabnalaria lighthouse and leading lights into Fornells ensured safe passage till we anchored off the harbour entrance. We discovered the next day that the harbour does not have sufficient water for yachts but there are many anchorages around the large enclosed bay. Chris, an experienced hand aboard *Black Shadow* arrived by taxi in the afternoon and we sailed on to Cala Mili, an arm off the main Cala de Addava (7 miles), where we anchored amongst the moorings of fishing and pleasure boats. It was here that we went walking for about a mile looking for a restaurant which we eventually found in the next creek within dinghy distance of *Black Shadow*; well, it gave us exercise!

On Saturday morning, our penultimate day, we motored round into the Cala de Addava, a fairly tricky exercise made easier by navigation buoys put in position since our chart was printed. This long fairly narrow cala was totally enclosed by

surrounding hills and must be an ideal shelter in all winds. A yacht harbour and slip is ideally placed.

We spotted ravens, kestrels, a heron and many swallows before the female crew started to paint the surrounding scenery. In the end we were sorry to leave but the skipper fortified by the extra male hand was determined to sail out of the cala, despite its narrow and rocky channels, directly into the wind. None the less we had an exhilarating sail out and headed for Cala es Grau ten miles to the south. We had a very light northerly wind behind us which gradually dropped to almost nothing as we entered the bay. This was fortunate since we encountered an uncharted and unmarked rock in the middle of the entrance and to seaward of other moored boats! Fortunately, no damage was done and by gesticulation we established from a passing fisherman that a deeper channel existed further to the south and closer to the shore on which the village stands. The spotless, whitewashed, unspoilt fishing village sported several pub restaurants, one of which within feet of the sea had our custom for the evening meal.

Our last day was another glorious sunny one and we sailed for Mahon, the capital of Menorca, some 15 miles to the south. Light and fickle wind which eventually went through 360° brought us into the impressive and picturesque harbour of Mahon. The wind, what there was of it, came in many directions off the shore but the beauty of the whole scene would have been shattered had we motored. So we sailed right up the long harbour, even with the very large mainland ferry closing on our stern on its way to the passenger terminal. We tied outside a French yacht between the commercial quay and the yacht club, the shops on one hand and the excellent shower and laundry facilities of the club on the other. We were incidentally very impressed by the cleanliness and adequacy of all the facilities offered by the marinas and yacht clubs in Majorca and Menorca.

And so the crew departed by taxi for Mahon airport having had mixed weather in the first week but true Mediterranean sun and clear, clear waters in the second. Sadly, we thought, the lovely coast of Majorca had been overshadowed by the high rise syndrom round the calas and beaches. But this made us appreciate Menorca all the more, for its unspoilt antiquity, its simplicity and its lovely uncluttered coast line. A happy cruise and holiday and much to be recommended.

Caribbean Capers

W.M. Nixon

There cannot be a more appropriate way of heading off for a first visit to the Caribbean than taking in the ICC Christmas lunch the day before. Friday December 4th found Georgina and myself and many other convivial souls in the National Yacht Club in Dun Laoghaire, and there seemed to be a virtually seamless connection into Saturday, which found the two of us in a giant Rastafarian village in the sky. In other words, we were on a British Airways Jumbo from Gatwick to Antigua, and the whole Caribbean was going home for Christmas, man, and it seemed only right and proper that, as the aerial beacons of the area are unreliable, a visit to the flight-deck revealed that we were homing on the sound of Antigua Broadcasting Services with a diet of reggae and Christmas calypso.

It was of course all work. We were on our way to report on Agent's Week in English Harbour, when Nelson's historic dockyard fills up with the finest charter yachts in the Caribbean, the sort of affair where you're strolling along the quayside in the morning sun, happily absorbing the variety of craft berthed stern-to right around the dock, and wandering past this fabulous fleet you notice four little sisters all in a row, handy ketches all the same type, and suddenly you realize: S'helpmegawd, they're Swan 65s ... yet here they seem just about 40ft, neat little boats. Which in Caribbean charter terms is what they are, for this is the ultimate boat show, and when charter yachts are big in the Caribbean, they're huge.

Our own base, where we joined up with photographer Patrick Roach and his girlfriend Karen Pankhurst, was Peter Mullins' *Chrismi of Sark*, 72ft overall, 60ft on the waterline, designed by Michel Joubert and built in aluminium in France with sunbelt chartering very much in mind, which meant

she'd three en suite double cabins, a roomy saloon, excellent ventilation, and a fine cockpit where everyone could sit down round a table under the awning.

As Agent's Week progressed, we gradually became accustomed to the sheer variety of craft available, all of them immaculately maintained. The Caribbean may be home to every sort of eccentric character - it is after all the place where the misfits fit in - but the accepted standard of yacht maintenance is extraordinarily high, and the successful crews have to be sailors, hosts, chefs par excellence, raconteurs, engineers and half a dozen other things. Mighty hard work if you look on it as work.

There were of course parties and diversions throughout the week, including the traditional visit to Shirley Heights, the cliff above the south side of the entrance to English Harbour, on Sunday night to watch the tropic sunset beyond Montserrat, the 'Irish Island'. It has to be said of the evening we were there that you'll have seen better sunsets in Mullingar, but the atmosphere was tremendous nevertheless, steel bands and floor shows and rum punch the mildest of recreational the chemistry in use. The *Chrismi* being a well-established charter yacht, she only went into the frontline part of the show in the dockyard for the second half of the week, the first half having her lying in airy comfort in the more open space of Falmouth harbour next door. Once you're in the show proper, the schedule is remorseless, for the agents - tough American ladies most of them - are aboard and inspecting from an early hour.

But even this had a benefit, for it meant the four of us had to be ashore early, so up we went to that most excellent hotel, the Admiral's Inn, for breakfast. 'Breakfast at the Ads' is an institution at English Harbour, a civilised start to the day with leisurely consumption of an entertaining mixture of traditional and exotic fare, and as much tea as you can drink, mighty important as dehydration is a constant problem. And as you sit back to contemplate the day, the colourful islands sparrows hop across the table, tidying up the crumbs and the cream.

After a week of studying and photographing boats and people, we were more than ready for the second part of the programme, a week of cruising in the islands, and shortly after midday on Saturday December 12th, *Chrismi* with the four of us and the regular crew of Peter, Rupert de Verteuil, and Richard Ford, headed out, southward bound for Guadeloupe just over fifty miles away.

The big ketch was close-reaching at an effortless eight knots and more in the balmy twenty knot breeze when the cry went up from the helm: "Whale on the



Morning sunshine in the Green Island anchorage on Antigua's northeast coast.

Photo: W.M. Nixon



Deshaies on Guadeloupe.

Photo: W.M. Nixon



The anchorage off Le Bourg on Les Saintes. Photo: W.M. Nixon

starboard bow!" As the perfect afternoon had been drawing on towards what promised to be a much better sunset than the one we'd seen from Shirley Heights, cameras were already on deck, and everything was ready as the ship was eased gently down towards the whirl in the water.

Close to, the whale sounded with magnificent dignity, the huge tail rising against the evening sky. Down he went and away, leaving us with that strange kindred feeling for this giant of the deep which sailors have told of, but you can never really understand until you've experienced it.

Then came the sunset, a glory beyond the western horizon, and those not using cameras distinctly saw the green flash which comes in the instant after the sun has gone suddenly below the dark line of the sea. Soon the sky became suffused with the afterglow, but by the time we were heading in to anchor in the bay of Deshaies under Guadeloupe's hills, any illumination came from the myriad stars of the clear southern sky.

Ashore, the lights winked invitingly from the village, and in the velvet darkness through the sounds of the tropical night we made our way in the dinghy to Madame Racine's quayside restaurant for a spicy creole feast of leisurely pace and tremendous variety, starting with boudin, akkras and crabs farcie, then going on to generous snapper grilled to perfection and eaten with christophines, rounding the meal out with perfection of rum and raison ice cream after seeing all the other courses down with claret on the rocks, which is the way they take their red wine in the islands.

Inspired by this meal for heroes, at the party back on *Chrismi* in the small hours I decided to remove my beard of ten years, and haven't regretted the decision since, and particularly not in the Caribbean where the heat can take a bit of getting used to. But getting used to it is often about the only thing you have to do - a Caribbean charter holiday, particularly on a crewed yacht, can be as active or as inactive as you like, and on some days the only decision you make, helming the big boat along, is whether or not it is too early in

the day to ask for that first magic chilled beer.

Next morning being a Sunday, the ship's tradition had an 'adult breakfast' scheduled, fruit and juice in abundance after the first swim of the day, then cereals and excellent scrambled egg to the skipper's own recipe, with all the tea or coffee you could drink with fresh toast and several varieties of marmalade.

"Madam, charter yachts in the Caribbean don't have cooks - they have chefs..."

This was followed by a solemn little ceremony. The Master under God of the good ship *Chrismi of Sark* (which being Channel Islands registered flies the biggest old-style Royal Irish ensign you ever saw in your life) happens to be the great-nephew of that seafaring legend Bill Tilman. Aboard, lovingly preserved in its own little locker, was the old mountaineering sailor's last Royal Cruising Club burgee. And so it was on the morning of Sunday December 13th 1987 in the cove of Deshaies on the northwest corner of Guadeloupe that the Tilman colours went aloft once more, together with the Antigua YC burgee and the Irish Cruising Club colours so everyone would feel at home.

Through the Sunday afternoon we made our way on southward down Guadeloupe's mountainous west coast, which sweeps greenly upwards to the volcanic peak of Soufriere. This western half of the butterfly-shaped island is called Basse Terre despite being much more mountainous than the eastern half, which is Grand Terre. The odd naming is all because of their relationship with the dominant factor in Caribbean life, the Trade Winds, or Les Alizés as they are more euphoniously called in the French islands.

Being the leeward side of the island, despite being more mountainous the western part of Guadeloupe is the 'lower land', and when you've experienced the Caribbean climate you'll soon appreciate why everything relates to the trade winds. They're the greatest air conditioning system in the world, but even with them, life ashore can be overpowering with the heat and humidity, so being afloat in a good yacht is the only way to visit the area. And with an experienced charter crew, you're saved the pain of dealing with the many minor bureaucracies which have resulted from so many nations in times past seeking their islands in the sun.

Despite our time limitation, we were determined to savour the Caribbean's varieties of culture as much as possible. Antigua had been very English, Guadeloupe had the flavour of central France, so our destination that night was the little cluster of islands southwards of Guadeloupe known as Les Saintes. 'The Saints', as everybody calls them, are a little bit of Brittany, having been settled by Breton fishermen centuries



Peter Mullins sending up Tilman's RCC burgee, the Antigua YC and the ICC burgee.

Photo: W.M. Nixon

ago. Despite sharing the increasing prosperity of Guadeloupe, and being something of a holiday resort for the people from the larger island, the people of Les Saintes retain their own identity, and the mainport, Le Bourg, is a delightful place of red roofs crowded along the colourful waterfront, a place where the little fishing boats of traditional shape resist the encroachment of newer designs.

Having spent the morning there, we moved down the bay in the afternoon to the anchorage in the lee of the Sugarloaf, a miniature Ailsa Craig connected to the land by a narrow beach isthmus well covered with some splendid palm trees. We were warned away from this beach. Not because of any bloody-minded proprietor, however, it was just that the palms were so tall that any coconut falling from them would be a real widow-maker. So instead the afternoon passed in snorkelling round the Sugarloaf, particularly interesting with the different character of the rocks and fish in the lee side by comparison with those to windward. And then there was more gastronomic experience for dinner, with pumpkin soup followed by chicken cacciatore, which makes even the best coq au vin seem a very bland fellow indeed.

In the morning - shock, horror, it was raining...Not for long, however. And anyway, in the strong wind which accompanied it, the skipper, made glum by the unseasonal conditions, was cheered no end by his ship doing better than 10 knots with no trouble as we romped across the channel and back into the lee of Guadeloupe.

For a bit of contrast with the more remote places, we made a midday stop off the workaday town of Basse Terre itself, allowing an entertaining visit to the market, which is one of



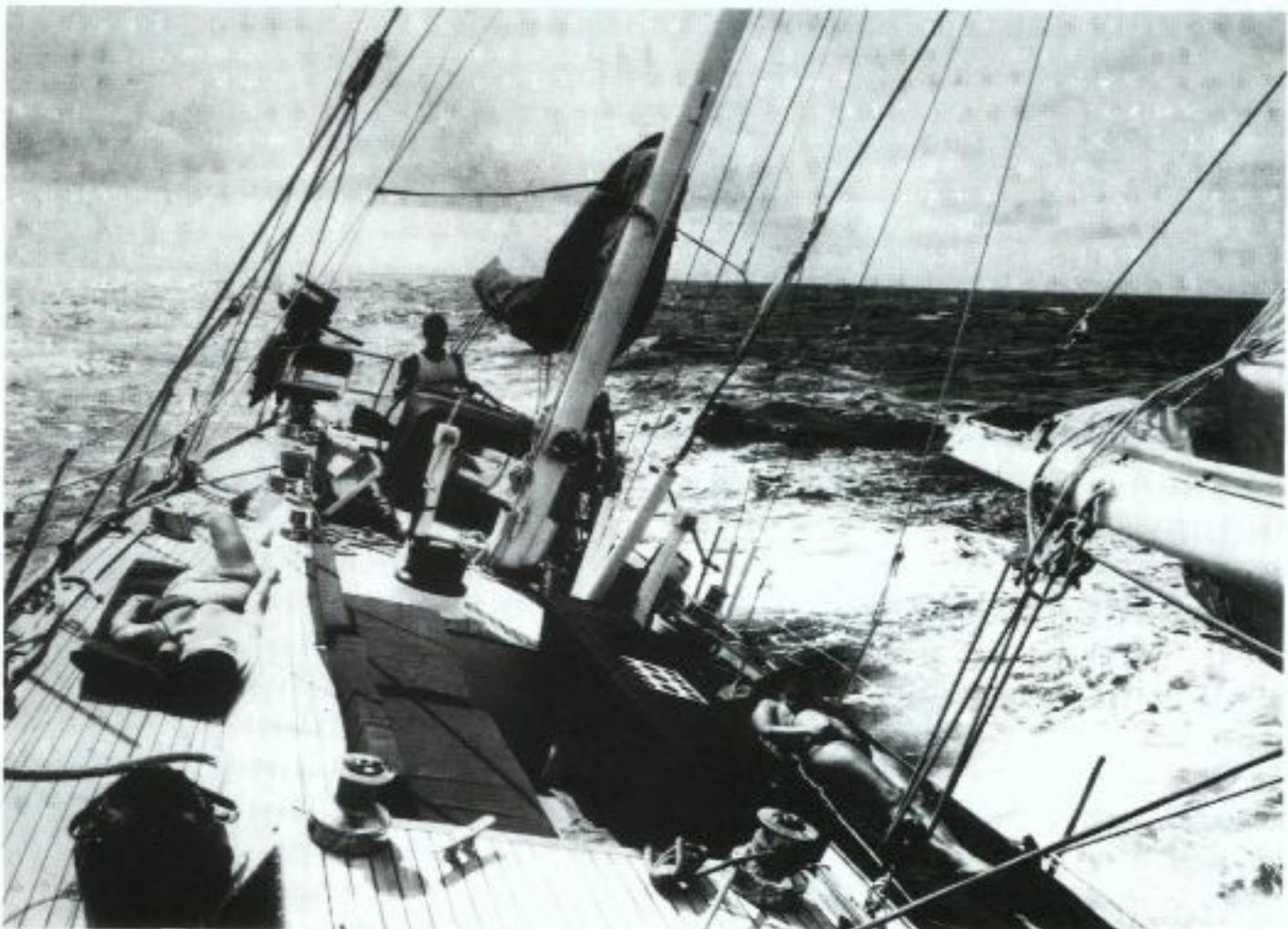
At Les Saintes, the traditional small fishing boats (left) resist the encroachment of 1930s Chris Craft clones.

Photo: W.M. Nixon

the best in the Caribbean. The womenfolk were well pleased with the variety of colourful produce available, while I was much impressed by the profusion of items which were labelled **aphrodisiaque**.

The evening found us returning to Deshaies, which is like Tobermory in that calling there is almost inevitable. Remembering the success of our visit to Madame Racine's on the way south, Rupert was determined to show that Cafe Chrismi was every bit as good, and there was a memorable dinner under the stars, l'escargot followed by lamb roasted to perfection with all the trimmings.

By now everyone was into the Caribbean cruising routine, and all were up for the ritual swim in the morning before an



Peter Mullins at the helm of his 72ft. ketch *Chrismi of Sark*.

Photo: W.M. Nixon

early start for some open water sailing across the 60 miles and more to the Green Island anchorage at the northeast corner of Antigua. It was the sail of a lifetime. The sun was at first a little slow to appear, but gradually he swept the clouds away, and *Chrismi* settled to her work. The breeze gave a foretaste of the fresh 'Christmas winds' by pushing towards the 35 knot mark, and from forward of the beam, but with 60 tons of thoroughbred under you such conditions are to be welcomed - this is sailing as it should be.

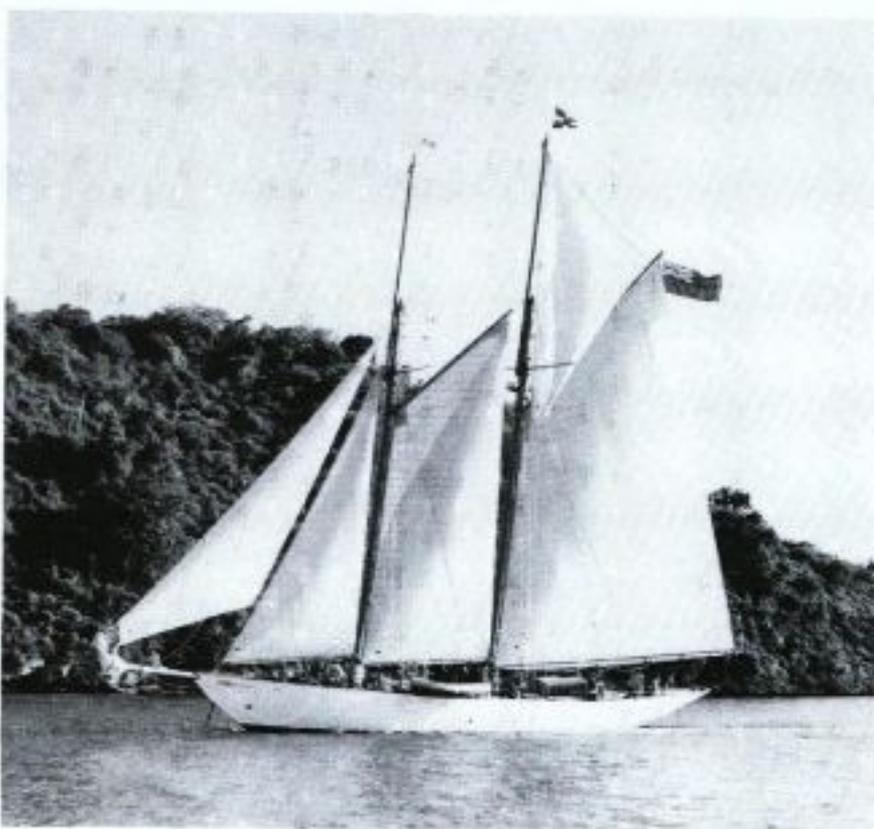
The breeze was easing as we weathered Antigua, and closing towards Green Island we found ourselves in company with the 107ft 1931-vintage Fife schooner *Altair*, which had recently arrived in the islands after a £2 million refit in Southampton. Philip Gosse, her skipper, is famous for his tendency to sail in wherever possible, and he demonstrated this beautifully as *Altair* tacked through the winding channel gradually dropping sail until she came to anchor with only mains'l set.

Altair had only come in for a tea break, she sailed out again at sunset, but we stayed on to enjoy the Green Island anchorage, one of the gems of the Caribbean. Thanks to the coral reef, you lie in cooling breezes in calm water. Perfect little beaches invite swimming, and next day there was a grand finale with a splendid barbecue ashore in sun so strong that it was necessary to retire into the sea to take lunch. And then back to English Harbour, that metropolis of the islands, where we had to think of extricating ourselves from paradise.

Fortunately we scarcely had time to think of the problems of re-adjusting to the winter at home, as there was a hectic round of rapid-fire departure parties before we found ourselves about to leave for the airport. The final farewells were being made as the tree frogs got into full voice, as they always do when the tropic night descends at English Harbour. For all that they're little bigger than your thumbnail, they make a noise like a thousand faulty wheel bearings.

"Y'know something," I said, "I think the tree frogs are just about the only thing I won't miss."

Richard had the last word: "You send us some slushy old snow," he replied, "and we'll send you a tree frog..."



The 107ft. schooner *Altair*

Photo: W.M. Nixon



Icarus in Scandinavia

Through the Caledonian Canal, across the North Sea to Norway, Sweden, Denmark and back.

Terence Kennedy



The Faulkner Cup

"The North Sea - Portrait of a bad tempered neighbour". This was the title on the cover of The Sunday Times colour supplement on June 12th, the day on which we started this cruise - somewhat daunting!

We decided to visit Scandinavia as our daughter Nepole and husband John had been living in Gottenburg since January, and they had recently bought a boat. Bridget and I were the only two aboard throughout, often alone, but we were lucky to recruit eight others for various stages.

Strangford Lough to Inverness

For this leg we were joined by David and Sheila Chamberlain and David (Johny) Johnston. The whole trip to Fort William was dogged by very light northerly winds. Off Millisle the engine stalled but fortunately by going astern we were able to clear a huge amorphous mass of plastic. We never saw the Mull as there was dense fog from Red Bay to just south of Gigha. Our Vigil radar proved invaluable. We were delighted with the Highland Development Trust's moorings at Gigha, and hiring bikes we visited the marvellous gardens.

Going north the next day, a whale surfaced within a boat's length. Johny, at the helm, had read all the stories about yachts being sunk by whales, so he pushed up the revs and retreated at high speed. In Oban that evening, we were treated to Johny's speciality, a banana flambé. Delicious, though the fire risk was only just acceptable.

The Caledonian Canal was a new experience for us all, but we soon became very slick with warps and fenders. At Neptune's Staircase, close to Fort William we were amazed by the decrepit state of the lock gates, two of which could barely be persuaded to close. The courtesy and friendliness of all the lock-keepers was most impressive. We were just ahead of a 110 ft fisherman from Dublin, almost too big for the canal. At Fort Augustus, the power failed for some hours, the cable allegedly having been fouled by the big fisherman. The delay of some hours was good news for the landlord of the pleasant little lock-side pub. Beware of the tempting berths at the head of Loch Ness. Close by there is an Abbey whose clock chimes not only every hour, but also every insomniac quarter.

There was some beautiful scenery from snow capped Ben Nevis to the most attractive Loch Lochy. We found Loch Ness sinister and forbidding, perhaps because it was a dull grey day with a head wind and a complete absence of bird life.

We berthed in a small marina in Muirtown basin, Inverness, where sadly Johny, David and Sheila had to leave us. Here we were joined the next day by Jeanot Peich and Laurence Bryson. Thus reinforced, we felt confident to tackle our "bad tempered neighbour".

The North Sea

It was early on June 19th when we left the sea lock, motoring against a light easterly. Jeanot, who is most knowledgeable about many things, gave us much information about the bird

population. We saw hundreds of guillemot and many puffins, carrying fish to their young in nests on the adjacent cliffs. Bored by prolonged motoring, we decided to hole up at Macduff, a snug fishing harbour near Banff.

On June 20th we motored east in a flat calm. Close to Kinnairds Head, Decca went on the blink, perhaps due to interference from a mass of sophisticated N.A.T.O. electronic gear ashore. Twenty miles offshore in dense fog, 150 yards vis., we passed through a large fishing fleet, identifying 15 boats of Vigil. Then in light winds, we sailed north of the five large Forties production platforms. Although it was never truly dark at midnight, the blaze of lights was most impressive; soon afterwards we found another fishing fleet.

Next day, we had a light southerly and even managed a spinnaker for three hours. At 2200 we again had a flat calm. Seeing a fisherman we left him 1/2 mile on our port hand. Bridget was just taking over the watch when she noticed a row of small floats; she cut the engine but too late to prevent us from running over an unmarked net, this cleared the keel but fouled the rudder skeg. We had no option but to cut it. It is bad enough to find salmon nets extending three miles off Donegal's headlands but to find an unmarked net 50 miles off the Norwegian coast seemed a bit much.

Looking at the extreme charted depth off the Norwegian coast, I blithely announced that we would meet no trawlers. Once more the fog closed in and I was immediately proved wrong as we found a number of boats trawling in depths around 300m. Our Decca had once again gone on the blink so Jeanot suggested that we should ask one of them for a fix. We identified one boat but received no answer on Channel 16; we cautiously approached under radar control until we could see him at a range of barely 100 metres. He had not answered as the crew were working on nets on the foredeck. When we hailed him he answered in immaculate English "Do you want a bearing or latitude and longitude?" After a quick visit to his wheelhouse he gave us the latter. This last watch in dense fog was shared by Jeanot and I. We were both at the radar, leaving the cockpit empty apart from "Joe", our nick-name for the autohelm. There was no fuss, no bother and no sirens or hooters.

Early in the morning of June 22nd, the wind filled in at 20 knots from the north west and we had a fast reach past the Naze (the SW point of Norway) and on to Mandal. The passage from Macduff, 330 M had taken 52 hours at an average speed of 6.3 knots, which seemed reasonable in view of the calms and fog. The dreaded North Sea had been kind to us.

Norway:

Mandal is a charming little town on a river; there is a sandy beach, one of very few in the whole of Norway. We had been inhibited from bringing much liquor by horror stories about the Norwegian customs but this proved to be quite unfounded.

I simply walked along to the customs office and acquired clearance on the nod; this clearance also covered both Denmark and Sweden.

In Mandal we found *Mystere of England*, an Ocean 84 owned by a Canadian. This was to be the only British or Irish flag that we met in Scandinavia.

Laurence set off to assess the liquor situation. Norway is very much anti-drink and sells only in Government run shops. He saw Boefeater gin labelled 187 and assumed that this meant KR. 18.7, just about double the U.K. price. The blonde serving him said that Golden Cock, the local product, was cheaper but Laurence stuck to his principles, even when his blonde told him that the actual price was in fact KR. 250, about £23. Laurence was too much of a gentleman to back out of this extraordinary purchase.

On June 23rd, we had a lovely hot, sunny, sunbathing sail with spinnaker to Kristiansand. This coastline is spectacular with many off-lying islands and rocks; having no detailed charts, we avoided the intricate inshore passages. There are quite good beacons but unlike Brittany, they are not painted in cardinal colours. Indeed, some cardinal coloured buoys have no top mark. Kristiansand is a pleasant port of moderate size. Throughout Scandinavia charts can be bought in any good bookshop and they are cheaper than Admiralty charts. Here we bought charts of the Skaggerak and the Kattegat. Laurence bought us all a glass of beer and was horrified to be charged nearly £2.50 per half litre! In the evening we had another spinnaker run to Lillesand. Having no detailed chart, we relied on Mark Brackenbury's rather slim "Norwegian Cruising Guide". This instructs you to identify Saltholmen L.H.; all that we could see was a white farmhouse on the shore and there were red and green buoys everywhere in unintelligible jumble. Eventually we found that the "farmhouse" was in fact Saltholmen L.H. and entered a most beautiful sheltered harbour. The whole place was seething with activity; barbecues, bonfires and speedboats dashing everywhere. It was Midsummer Night, a great festival in these parts. It never became truly dark and the festivities continued far into the next day. Lillesand is a most attractive little town with all the wooden buildings painted white.

On June 24th we sailed for Frederickshavn in Jutland where Jeanot was to leave us. It was a fast reach in a force 4 easterly, but we were somewhat slowed by a southwesterly



Saltholmen Lighthouse, Lillesand

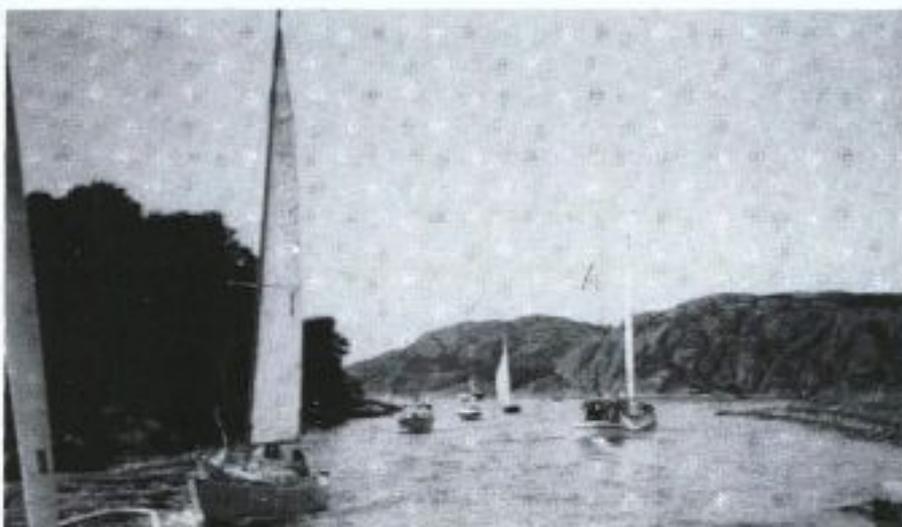
Photo: Bridget Kennedy

current in the northern half of the Skaggerak; however off the Danish coast the current is reversed. The tip of Jutland is low lying with extensive off shore sandbanks, but these are well marked. Bearing off we ran past Skagen to Frederickshavn, where we were delighted with the courtesy of the Harbour Master. He found us a splendid berth in the commercial harbour and even drove down to give Jeanot train timetables for Esbjerg. Frederickshavn is a very large artificial harbour with a Naval base, several terminals for ferries to Sweden, Norway and the Danish islands, two large floating docks and a big fishing harbour which is the base for the huge Greenland trawlers.

We found supermarket prices lower than those in Norway but well above those at home. Next morning after putting Jeanot on a train, we motored across the Kattegat to Gottenburg where there are many off lying islands and rocks. As we passed under a huge road bridge, a scaled down replica of San Francisco's Golden Gate, we met a fierce thunderstorm with lightning all around us. We hoped to be protected by the big ships and cranes on either side. We berthed in Lilla Bommen marina alongside the old square rigger *Viking* right in the centre of the city. Nepole and John met us and took us to their home for very welcome food, baths and showers. Next day we said goodbye to Laurence who flew back to Killinchy.

Sweden

John was on holiday for a week, so on June 26th we set off northwards for the cruise in company with Nepole, John and their three small children 5, 3 and 6 months in their 31ft. B31 *Ebi*. This is a popular, fast and comfortable Swedish design, usually amateur finished. On our course up to Marstrand, the Cowes of Sweden, through narrow and tortuous channels, we met an astonishing number of Swedish boats of all shapes and sizes returning on a Sunday evening to base around Gottenburg. The population of Sweden is only 8 million but it seemed to us that every Swede must own at least one boat; *Ebi's* berth near Gottenburg is in a marina containing 1,000 boats and this is only one of many marinas in the Gottenburg area. On this trip past Marstrand to a delightful harbour at Astol we met our first topless helmsperson. We were to meet many later and not a few bottomless. Astol is a small rock island covered with erstwhile fishermen's cottages, most of which are now



Rush hour in the Marstrand Canal

Photo: Bridget Kennedy

holiday homes. These houses encircle a delightful harbour.

Cruising on the Swedish coast is totally different from anything we had experienced in Ireland, Scotland, England, France or Spain. Firstly there is no tide, though there are currents in some areas. Then there are many hundreds of rock islands. The rocks, pink as one goes further north, are smooth, not jagged like our native variety, and there is very little vegetation. The passages between the islands are often narrow and tortuous; though quite well marked, the spar buoys are small and not always easy to see. Good charts are essential and these must be available in the cockpit; there is no time to dash down to the chart table. The Swedish answer is to provide excellent 1:50,000 and 1:25,000 charts in a comfortable size - 44cm x 33cm. These are slotted into a book of plastic envelopes readily available for study at the steering position. There are two interesting special features of these charts, (i) to help identification of the many lighthouses and beacons, sketches are printed near them, (ii) as there are so many channels marked with port and starboard buoys it could be difficult to know in which direction the channel is marked. Arrows on the chart with red and green markers clarify the situation.

Another very useful aid is "Svensk Kusthandbok" the Swedish guide in which there are excellent photographs, most aerial, of 160 harbours; features like fuel, water, telephone, visitors berths etc. are clearly marked by symbols. The text unfortunately is in Swedish - a very difficult language. We were however, able to translate "150 gästplatser med 3.5m djup" - "150 visitors berths with 3.5m depth". In this book there is a useful chart of the direction and strength of the currents in the Kattegat - basically the current runs north as all



The skipper hammers in a piton at rock mooring

Photo: Bridget Kennedy

the rivers entering the Baltic have to escape this way. The salinity is considerably less than in the North Sea.

We cruised in company for eight days, mostly in very hot sunny weather, rafting up at lunch time and at night. The grandchildren soon learnt to climb from one boat to another and we were impressed by the number of Swedish boats with small children aboard. All are equipped with life jackets yet few Swedish boats appear to carry life rafts.

Mooring in Sweden is normally bow-to, using a stern anchor. The warp is played out over a nylon sheave mounted on the pushpit; a simple nylon device holds the chain until the anchor is dropped. A more sophisticated system uses a strong nylon tape on a reel together with a folding grapnel type anchor. We used a 20lb fisherman. The jetty is approached head-on and when 2 lengths off the helmsman drops the stern anchor and checks the boat with the warp. On arrival Bridget jumps ashore with a bow rope. This is easier in Scandinavian boats which have a gate in the pulpit and often a step as well. We had an added problem as it is not possible to drop the anchor from the centre cockpit, so Bridget had to steer till the anchor was actually dropped and then run to the bow ready to leap ashore. Because of the absence of a range of tide it is possible to moor to a rock, approaching of course from leeward. In many rock anchorages there are rings ashore, but in others the crew jumps ashore with two warps, a hammer and two pitons. The latter are hammered into cracks in the rock and warps are then made fast to them. This permits mooring almost anywhere there is deep water close to a rock.

Of the many harbours that we visited Marstrand and Smøgen were the most "yachty", Mollesund, Gullholmen and Fjällbacka the prettiest but it was the rock anchorages that were the most interesting. At Skutholmen we were moored next to a beautiful "Sweden 55", a very fast looking boat,



Alongside a long, low, narrow Sweden 55

Photo: Bridget Kennedy

plank on edge, with only 10ft beam. One crew member amused us when taking her two terriers ashore for a leak; each had a life jacket complete with lifting handle.

I suppose that we all like a challenge and John certainly does. He was determined to sail through a very intricate passage near Lysekil under a bridge with a charted clearance of 16.8 m. Though the most careful measurement gave our mast height 15 m we breathed a great sigh of relief when we got through unscathed.

All over the Kattegat we met many German, Danish and Norwegian yachts but not a single British or Irish flag. Perhaps it is the distance, perhaps the great cost of food and drink in Sweden. One Norwegian boat greeted us with a rendering of Rule Britannia by a middle aged lady waving a Union Jack on a stick! Wherever we went we had a most friendly reception and the English, of the Swedish particularly, was excellent.

The weather remained basically fine and hot though there were some spectacular thunder showers, notable when we were entering the busy harbour at Kungshamn; the rain was so heavy that it was impossible even to see the bow of the boat. All we could do was to cut engine, turn on the navigation lights and hope for the best. All other boats did the same and all was well.

Earlier in the cruise, the hinges of our cockpit table had been broken but in Fjällbacka I was able to buy splendid S/S hinges. Stainless steel is the one commodity that is plentiful and relatively cheap in Sweden and Norway. In Norway we were able to buy S/S shackles for 70p, U.K. price about £4.

On the passages between islands there are many ferry crossings. These require much care as the majority are "line ferries", that is to say that they are pulled across on a hawser, and have absolute right of way. At this time it was warm enough to encourage swimming. At Pinno, a Swede moored near us told of the loss of his rather special spectacles in over 4 metres. Nothing daunted Bridget dived for and recovered them, gaining much kudos. The Swede had spent over an hour in a fruitless search.

On July 3rd John had to return to work and Nepole had to return to Gottenburg, so we took the five and three year old grandchildren aboard for a few days and they loved every minute of it. We circumnavigated the island of Tjorn. At Almosund there was a spectacular explosion in a small motor cruiser which had just filled up with petrol. Later we revisited Astol and were intrigued by the arrival of a large three masted barque "Elida". She turned in the harbour and berthed, aided by a bow thruster! The purpose of her visit was soon apparent when her crew started singing hymns and preaching.

On July 6th, we returned to Gottenburg, berthing at Langedrag, a first class marina and the home of the Royal

Gottenburg Yacht Club. After a lay day we made a short trip to Hönö and next day to Tistlarna in company with *Ebi*. We had intended to go on to Denmark but abandoned this idea because the wind was force 5 on the nose. The rock anchorage at Tistlarna has an exceedingly narrow entrance, but well marked with painted stones. Nevertheless *Ebi* grounded and retreated. Following her we dropped our bow anchor in a hurry, the first drop of the whole trip. When we did fiddle our way in we found a delightful little rock harbour. There were a handful of holiday houses on the island near the lighthouse and we even found a vegetable plot. A wonderful place to get away from it all.

Denmark

On July 10th we parted company with *Ebi* and sailed to Osterby in the island of Laesø, Denmark. The contrast from Sweden was immediately apparent. No rocks, just sand and sandbanks extending miles off shore. There are no natural harbours in this island or Northern Jutland, just artificial harbours which tend to be very crowded, particularly as they are within easy reach of Germany. Next day we had a very pleasant sail to Sæby in Jutland. This is a very picturesque little town. Virtually all the houses are painted a saffron yellow colour many with hollyhocks growing out of the pavement in front of them. This was quite the most attractive town that we visited.

Because of the appallingly high cost of food and drink in Sweden we decided to shop in Denmark and the obvious place to go was Aalborg, some fifteen miles up the Lim Fjord, the channel which connects the Kattegat with the North Sea. It was tiresome to meet not only a two knot adverse current, but also a fresh head wind. At Aalborg, home of the best Danish Schnapps, we failed to find the main marina and berthed in a rather pokey little harbour, but we had an excellent dinner. This is Denmark's fourth largest city, with a lot of industry, and is not particularly attractive, but there are some excellent shops. Next day instead of a leading wind down the fjord we found ourselves headed again so went no further than Hal, a little harbour at the entrance. On July 14th we motored down the dredged channel and then sailed to Vestro, at the west end of the island of Laesø. Next morning we took a bus to Byrum the "capital" of the island, which proved to be a rather disappointing little village. The island is absolutely flat, just one big sandbank. Here there was an incredible plague of ladybirds both ashore and all over the boat.

We had hoped to meet some old Danish friends in Frederickshavn, whence we sailed next day, this time mooring in the yacht harbour. Here, as in most Scandinavian marinas, one moors between wooden posts to each of which a stern line is attached the bow, as usual, to the jetty. Sadly there was a communication failure and we never made our meeting.

A gun fired at the naval base for colours at 0800 was the signal for us to return to Sweden, so we sailed to Hönö passing several large Russian ships in the shipping lane. That night there was torrential rain, some 4 inches, and the binoculars, which had been left in the cockpit were completely flooded. Subsequently John dismembered them, dried them out and restored them, good as new. We again met up with *Ebi* and next day motored to Marstrand for lunch. The island was very crowded and not very attractive; perhaps this was because it was a Sunday. Thence we returned to Langedrag where Helen our eldest daughter joined us for the homeward trip.

The Return;

Bridget, Helen and I were joined by John who was to help us across the North Sea. We left of July 19th with an



Elida the evangelists ship in Astol harbour

Photo: Bridget Kennedy

unfavourable forecast, west up to 20 knots; in the event it was mostly 30 knots gusting to 40 knots as we motor sailed to Skågen - a wet uncomfortable passage. Skågen is another large artificial harbour at the northern tip of Jutland. Because of the bad weather it was extremely crowded. We were chased away from our original berth in the yacht harbour by a deputy harbour master who told us that this berth was reserved for fishermen; he sent us off to the adjacent commercial harbour. Here we berthed alongside a large schooner but our troubles were not over as, at first light, a large Norwegian ketch tried to nose inside us and damaged our transom. Almost as bad was the smell of an adjacent fish factory. All the previous evening the two local lifeboats were doing a roaring trade towing in numerous yachts of all sizes. At one stage I heard an emotive call on Channel 16; a person speaking English with a German accent said and repeated "but I am frightened".

Next day although there was still a strong westerly we decided to sail for Norway. After nearly four hours punching into nasty short steep seas, with a strong adverse current and wind increasing to 35 and 40 knots; we were making little headway. Prudence dictated a return to Skågen.

July 21st conditions were only a little better when we again sailed for Norway. Even motor sailing we were going to have trouble getting as far west as we wished. The sea was confused and we again had the east going current off Jutland. However later in the day the wind backed a little and we picked up the west going Norwegian current enabling us to reach Lillesand. Again we had difficulty in finding the harbour entrance but Decca sorted us out. This had been a rather tedious 101 mile trip motor sailing almost the entire way.

The North Sea

July 22nd after shopping and topping up with water and diesel we left for Scotland. There was virtually no wind all day as we motored along the Norwegian coast past the Naze and into the North Sea. As on the outward trip we had trouble with Decca when about 50 miles off the Norwegian coast. This meant feeding D/R positions and inspired guesses into the box until the green light was restored. It was not until 0600 on 23rd that the predicted southerly filled in and before long we set our cruising chute, giving us a speed up to 8 knots for a while. Sadly after eight hours the halyard chafed through and parted. On this trip the North Sea was empty - no fishermen because it was a weekend and we only saw one tanker coming southeast, presumably from a Norwegian platform. The only bird life was the ubiquitous fulmar. There was fog that night as we approached the Forties, this time passing south of the platforms, where we passed assorted drilling rigs and support vessels. Because of fog the lights were not spectacular. During the morning of July 24th the wind veered a little and increased to 25 and then 30 knots, so we took rolls in both genoa and main. Eventually with 35 knots we lowered the main and close reached with a part rolled genoa. This is a beautiful new sail from System Sails specially designed without losing its shape. Our noon-noon run had been 164M average 6.8 knots. The previous days run had been 158M averaging 6.6 knots, not bad for a Moody. We got a horrid forecast from the Coastguard, so were glad to berth at Fraserburgh harbour at 1530. The crossing from the Naze in Norway had taken under 45 hours for 304M with 12 hours of engine.

Twelve hours later, during the night, we had to double up all our warps as it had really started to blow; by mid morning we were registering up to 60 knots even within the sheltered harbour. This was the worst July gale that Scotland had experienced in fifty years, so we were thankful that we were

in harbour, not in the North Sea.

During the morning John left us to fly from Aberdeen back to his work in Sweden. We had a lay day. Fraserburgh is a typical Scottish town, all grey granite but very friendly people. During our first night there many fishing boats went out, but soon returned with the exception of one 80 ft. boat which sank. The passage to Inverness with just Bridget, Helen and I was tedious as a strong westerly persisted through the next two days, often gusting up to 35 knots. Whilst motor sailing on July 26th we tore a seam in the mainsail, so the rest of the trip was all motor. A few miles west of Fraserburgh there is a yellow bomb target buoy which was close to our track. As we passed a group of Harrier type aircraft made a number of low level bombing runs, spectacular and very noisy. We spent a night in Lossiemouth, a small fishing harbour and then motored, in rain, to Muirtown basin at the north east end of the Caledonian Canal. Here we were joined by Harry Hicks for the final leg of our cruise and here we were able to have our mainsail repaired. There is little to record about this trip through the canal apart from the incessant rain. We were held up for twenty four hours at Fort Augustus where we had to replace a broken throttle cable which produced further trade for the excellent lockside Pub. In the sea lock at Corpach the skipper slipped on the dockside and fell heavily against the ship's side, breaking two ribs which, proved rather tiresome.

On July 31st we motored south, stopping for a few minutes at Oban to top up with water. By the time we reached Fladda the tide had turned leaving us to motor into a spring flood of almost 7 knots, so we abandoned our original idea of sailing to Craighouse, opting instead for a pleasant anchorage that Harry found in Carsaig Bay. This was in fact the only time that we lay to our main anchor on the entire trip. En route from Oban we passed through a fleet of perhaps 100 assorted yachts running north to Oban; among them we recognised Harry's daughter sailing a 31ft. boat; there was also the old failed Americas Cup 12 metre *Sceptre*, looking very smart.

Our onward passage via Gigha to Carrickfergus was unremarkable, motor sailing in very light airs. We had not previously visited Carrick marina which is well equipped, though the entrance is rather shallow at low water. Here Harry left us as he had commitments at home.

On August 3rd we had a pleasant reach down the Co. Down coast in a moderate westerly breeze. On arrival at Whiterock it was a great pleasure to come alongside the newly opened Club pontoon to off load some of our own and Helen's gear.

We had been away nearly eight weeks and logged 2196 miles, crossed the North Sea twice and visited all three countries bordering the Skaggeak and the Kattegat. We had learnt new techniques of mooring and explored the justly famous cruising grounds of the Swedish west coast. We had experienced better and in particular warmer weather than that reported in Irish waters that July. We had a lot of engine hours of which at least two thirds were motor sailing. There were various reasons; on the passage to and from Fort William winds were light or on the nose, and having a time schedule to meet for crew changes we could not afford to hang about. In the North Sea there was much calm and fog the latter requiring motor to sustain the batteries as radar is very extravagant. For much of the cruise there were just the two of us aboard so we usually adhered to the principle that "gentlemen do not beat to windward". Finally, on the return trip we spent many hours punching into strong head winds east of Inverness. The entire trip was most interesting and exciting and we would strongly recommend this area to anyone who has the time or the energy to get there.

Icarus in Scandinavia

Date	Port	Distance	Time	Engine Hours
June 12	Whiterock/Larne	52m	8.3 hours	8.3 hours
" 13	Larne/Gigha	50	7.5	7.0
" 14	Gigha/Oban	41	6.1	4.0
" 15	Oban/Fort William	31	5.0	5.0
		174m	27.5 hours	24.3 hours
June 16/18	Caledonian Canal	49		
" 19	Inverness/Macduff	62	9.75	9.75
" 20/22	Macduff/Mandal (Norway)	330	52.0	21.0
" 23	Mandal/Lillesand	50	9.0	5.5
" 24	Lillesand/Frederickshavn (Denmark)	108	17.0	6.0
" 25	Frederickshavn/Gottenburg (Sweden)	51	7.75	7.75
		601m	9.95 hours	50.0 hours
June 26	Gottenburg/Astol	25	4.5	2.5
" 27	Astol/Gulaholmen	21	3.5	2.5
" 28	Gulaholmen/Brandskar	17	4.0	2.0
" 29	Brandskar/Skutholmen	22	4.0	1.5
" 30	Fjallbacka & Pinno	13	2.5	1.5
July 1	Pinno/Kungshamn	23	4.0	3.0
" 2	Kungshamn/Skarhamn	31	5.0	3.0
" 3	Skarhamn/Almosund	23	4.0	0.5
" 4	Almosund/Haron Is.	13	2.0	2.0
" 5	Haron Is./Astol	14	2.5	0.5
" 6	Astol/Roro & Langedrag	23	4.0	2.0
		15m	40.0 hours	22.0 hours
July 8	Lanedrag/Hono	10	1.5	0.75
" 9	Hono/Tistlarna	16	3.75	1.5
" 10	Tistlarna/Osterby [Laesø] (Denmark)	25	4.25	3.0
" 11	Osterby/Saebby	23	3.3	1.0
" 12	Saebby/Aalborg	52	8.5	6.5
" 13	Aalborg/Hals	18	2.5	1.75
" 14	Hals/Vestro	29	5.0	1.75
" 15	Vestro/Fredrickshavn	15	2.5	0
" 16	Fredrickshavn/Hono (Sweden)	40	7.0	4.5
" 17	Hono/Marstrand Langedrag	34	6.0	5.0
		262m	45.0 hours	16.75 hours
July 19	Marstrand/Skagen (Denmark)	55	10	10
" 20	Skagen	54	8.5	3
" 21	Skagen/Lillesand (Norway)	101	16	15
" 22/24	Lillesand/Fraserburgh (Scotland)	354	52 (av. 5.8k)	19
" 26	Fraserburgh/Lossiemonth	50	8.5	7.5
" 27	Lossiemonth/Inverness	41	7.0	7.0
		655m	102.0 hours	615.0 hours
July 28/30	Caledonian Canal	50		
July 31	Fort William/Carsaig	64	10.0	8.25
Aug 1	Carsaig/Gigha	23	3.5	3.5
" 2	Gigha/Carrickfergus	55	8.5	8.5
" 3	Carrickfergus/Whiterock	38	6.25	2.5
		180m	28.25 hours	22.75 hours
Total		2196m	7.5 weeks	197.0 hours

The Celebration of a Nation

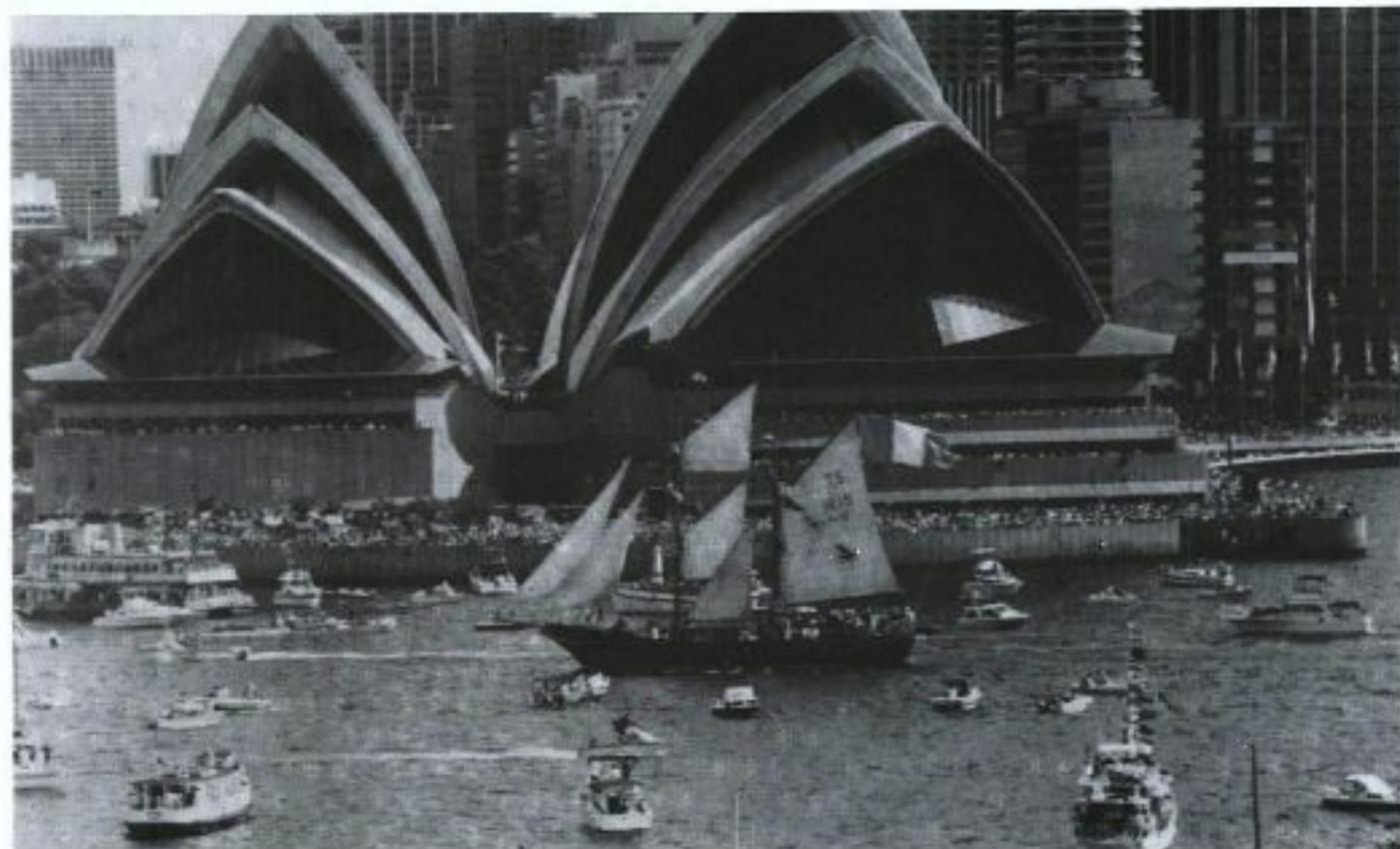
Cormac P. McHenry

We were holed up in Bayona in March 1985 after *Asgard II* had been forced there by a hurricane in the Bay of Biscay (on the first leg of her transatlantic crossing that year) when rumours started to fly that she had been invited to Australia for the Tall Ships Race in 1988. Rumour followed rumour over the next couple of years, she was going, she was not, the latest possible departure time for her to reach Sydney by sail in January 1988 came and went and all seemed lost until it was announced that *Asgard II* was to be shipped out as deck cargo. With considerable effort I managed to convince the powers that be that I was a responsible adult and could be trusted to fill one of the two adult berths with dignity and decorum. After all, I was a member of the ICC, what more could they want?

We joined the ship in Hobart, the capital of Tasmania on Monday 11th January with just a couple of days to get acclimatised. Most of the trainees had flown out together, and the complement was made up by three Australians, none of whom had sailed a square rigger before. Watches were allocated, training began and I found my responsible adulthood in charge of souvenirs. This was, while we were in port in Hobart and Sydney, one of the toughest but most

satisfying jobs. We set up shop on the quayside and sold tee-shirts, postcards, *Asgard II* badges etc etc to the never ending queue of people who came to visit us. The activity was frenetic, the whole town was on holiday and the number of people with Irish connections who came to see *Asgard* and to talk to us was staggering.

Hobart itself is a pleasant, provincial city with a beautiful harbour. It is used to the influx of yachts and crews from the Sydney-Hobart classic, which starts each year on 26th December, but this century the city had never seen such a gathering of Tall Ships, yachts, naval vessels, cruise liners and their crews, friends and holiday makers. Our welcome everywhere was spontaneous and genuine at all levels. I hitched a run on a police launch around the harbour and up the Derwent river at 45 kn, quite a way to see around. There were official functions all the time for the Captains and Officers of the Tall Ships, with less official discos in the cargo sheds on the wharf's each evening for us trainees. There was a moving ecumenical Blessing of the Tall Ships on the day before we left, after which we marched in our green tee-shirts and white shorts to the Mansion House for a reception by the Mayor of Hobart, Dame Dwane Kennedy. This gave us our first real feel



Asgard passes the Sydney Opera House

Photo: Dara Johnston

for the size of the fleet, with crews from every ship marching the parade took two hours to pass. It had been very hot when we arrived, but that evening the weather broke and the farewell fireworks display was semi-lost in the familiar Irish style mist that descended all over the harbour.

Thursday 14th January 1988 at 14.30 was the start of the race to Sydney. Here I should explain that unlike normal yacht racing, or even normal cruising, Tall Ship Races are organised without regard to wind or current. The bigger the Tall Ship the further ahead is her schedule planned, and the biggest Tall Ships in the world, against whom *Asgard II* was racing, have their itineraries planned for two or three years in advance. So the fact that the east Australia current flows at 2/3 knots from Sydney to Hobart, the prevailing wind is N.E. and Tall Ships don't point would not be allowed to interfere with the arrival of the ships in Sydney in time to host their Ambassadors' receptions, hold their trade fairs or just show the flag. The Sydney-Hobart yacht race is usually downhill all the way, but come wind or current our schedule was to be in Sydney for January 26th, Australia Day.

We left our berth at 08.30 and proceeded down river in a parade of sail. Boats of all sizes accompanied us, one with a full ceilidh band complete with Irish dancer on deck, while overhead a helicopter of the Royal Australian Navy flew with a huge Australian flag suspended beneath it. The start line was three miles long and with 30 seconds to go the *Dar Młodzieży* (from Poland, L.o.a. 356' setting 31,000 sq ft of sail) creamed up on our port side with engines full astern to avoid crossing early. We were in the clear, but there had been a collision earlier in which two crewmen on another ship had been knocked from the yards and seriously injured.

It was a relief to be off and to settle into sea going routine after the pace of the past week. There was very little wind, it was dull and cloudy and toward evening it started to drizzle. I was on watch from 00.00 to 04.00 and found that I did not have enough warm clothes with me. We had been told that shorts would be the order of the day and night; far from it, it was jeans with everything you had under oilskins for practically every night watch. Next morning it was dull, wet with fog, wind still N.E. and no progress from the previous night. By 14.00 we were 10 miles from Cape Pillar at the entrance to the river Derwent. By nightfall we were beating into a 25/35 knot N.E. wind, and on the change of watch at midnight we attempted to tack. Twice we tried but could not get her head through the eye of the wind. This was real square rigged ship stuff, two watches on deck bracing the yards and backing the foresails. Eventually we wore ship and at 01.15 my watch were very glad to get below.

It was Sunday morning before we were off Eddystone Point, at the north end of Tasmania. The wind had come round to the S.W. and we were running with all sail set. By mid afternoon we were off Flinders Island in the Bass Strait with the seas increasing and our speed up to 8/9 knots. Then at 16.30 an English trainee, Alison Smith, whom we had been asked to take on board got a clip of a jib sheet under the chin. She had had a previous neck injury, and she collapsed unconscious on the foredeck. Using the emergency stretcher we managed with very considerable difficulty to get her down below and into my bunk. There she came to but relapsed into unconsciousness several times. Two of our trainees were nurses and they advised Captain McCarthy to call a doctor.

The mother ship to the fleet, the *Wyona*,

a merchant navy training ship was about 100 miles ahead of us and there was discussion about a helicopter transfer when we received a call from the *STS Leeuwin* (a barquentine from Western Australia somewhat bigger than *Asgard II*) which was then about 30 miles ahead of us with a doctor on board. She turned round and started to motor south to meet us.

Both ships' navigation was spot on and she hove in sight fine on our port bow at 18.00. *Leeuwin* decided to use her inflatable for the actual transfer. We also had ours prepared and clear for launching just in case. We reduced sail, removed the lifelines and stanchions from midships on the starboard side and prepared a team ready to grab the doctor. They launched their inflatable very quickly and it was only when she was approaching us that I appreciated the difficulty we could have in getting the doctor on board. There was a sea running, about 6' of a swell, and the rubber duck looked very small and vulnerable. It swept alongside and the doctor, complete with bag (which we found afterwards contained his video!) jumped when the dinghy was on the top of a wave, to be left clinging precariously to the outside of the rail near the wheel house, about 8' above the sea. He was taken on board with some difficulty and then his own gear was transferred more easily at the lower midships point where we had intended him to come aboard.

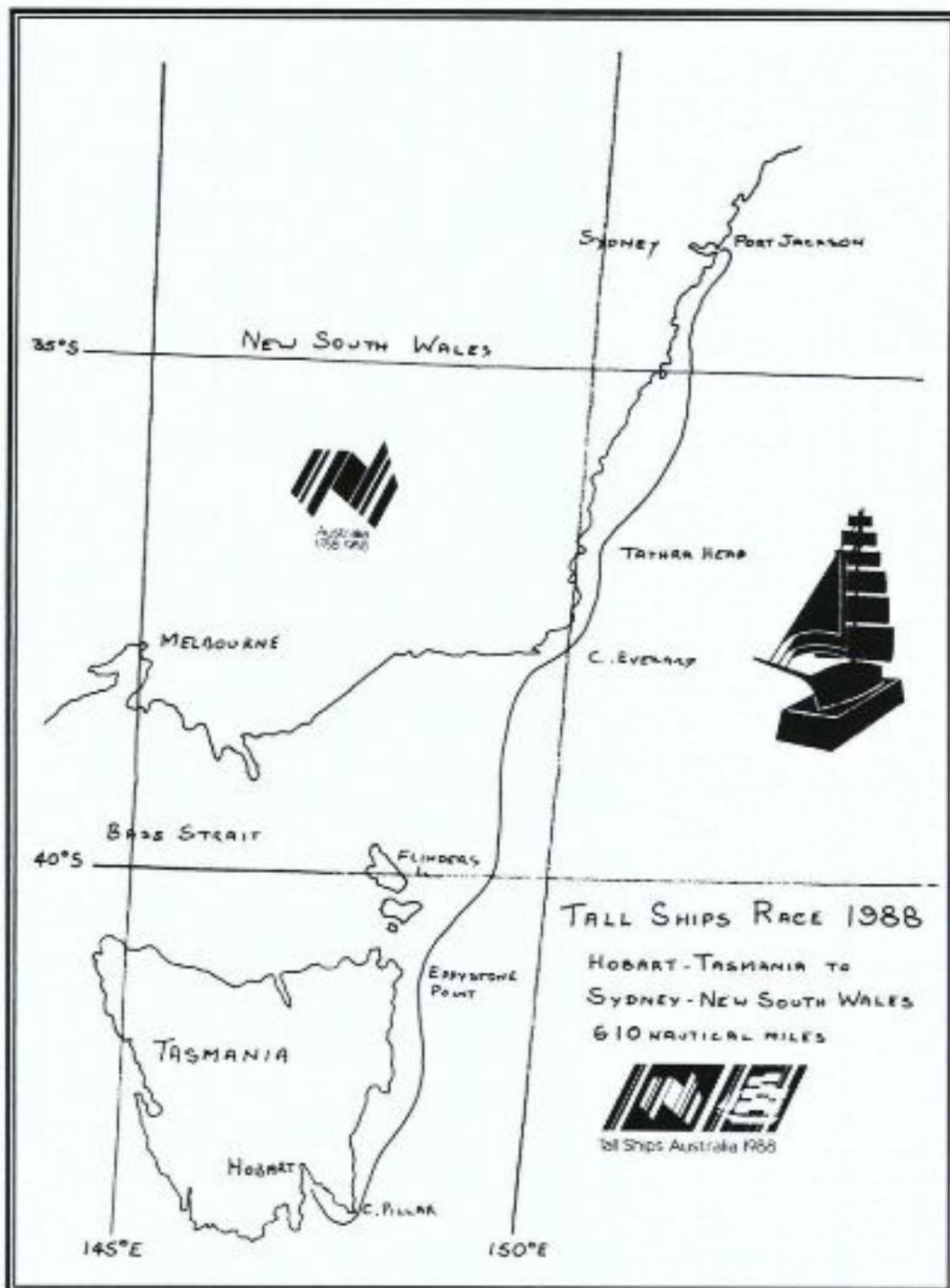
While he went below to check the patient, the real drama began. *Leeuwin* was hove to, rolling and pitching in the swell. The inflatable is carried on her transom, and to us it looked as if it must be crushed when on its return they were manoeuvring to attach the falls. They got them on, started to haul, the stern fall jambed, and the dinghy with her two crewmen still on board was stuck suspended at an angle of 70° under the plunging transom. We were about to launch our own inflatable when they got the stern up, and the crewmen aboard, to everybody's immense relief. Talking about it afterwards, Captain McCarthy felt that had we launched our inflatable, we would not have attempted to recover it but would, after recovering the crew, have towed it alongside until the seas moderated. An experience of search and rescue and its difficulties and dangers from which I learnt many valuable lessons which I hope never to have to put to use.

The doctor's examination suggested that Alison had not suffered serious injury and that her treatment would be immobilisation in the bunk for a few days. I had been lucky to have had a bunk (lucky because we had 31 souls on board with a normal compliment of 25 bunks), now Peter Bowring our engineer and I joined a few other bodies on the floor. Peter had donated his cabin to our visiting doctor, by happy coincidence for Alison an orthopaedic surgeon named Malcolm Hay who had been instrumental in the project which



The Australian Barque *Leeuwin* rounding Cape Leeuwin

Artist: Ross Shardlow



main and staysail set and were making no progress. There was a lovely dawn, the sun rising out of the Tasman sea into banks of cloud. All day the sun shone, the wind kept up 25/35 knots from the N.E. and while we got no nearer to Sydney, it was glorious sailing.

At last, on Thursday evening about 20.00 we emerged from a thunderstorm to pass between the north and south heads of Port Jackson, Sydney Harbour. Taking our pilot we entered Watson's Bay and anchored at 22.30 to be swamped immediately by boats of Irish and Irish Australians who gave us a terrific welcome.

Next morning *Asgard II* moved up, under Sydney Harbour bridge and into Darling Harbour under full sail. She had a tumultuous welcome from all the ships in the harbour, fire floats, police launches, tugs and pilot boats, and thousands and thousands of people. She flew her huge Irish ensign which everywhere she went made her stand out from the fleet and she berthed with the other Tall Ships right in the centre of their (uncompleted) "Customs House Docks Development". This is Sydney's scheme to revitalise what was I understand a very run down area of dockland. It is being transformed with office buildings, a maritime museum and an exhibition centre, all linked to the centre of the city by a new monorail system. I heard that the consultants to this project were in fact the runners up to our own Customs House

had culminated in the launching in 1986 of the *Leeuwin*, (Australia's first purpose built Sail Training Ship).

We had a couple of days pleasant sailing in light winds and sunshine. I did my 24 hours in the galley. In spite of our most careful attention, the evening dinner of roast chicken was pronounced the most inedible meal of the voyage, but we blamed the chandlers. The hens must have had a long and hardy life before they joined the deep freeze on *Asgard II*.

At 18.00 on Tuesday 9th January the race was over, and we were off Tatra Head still 200 miles from Sydney. We radioed in our position and were told to hurry up or we would miss all the parties. The *Eagle*, the *Dar Młodzieży* and most of the other large ships had started motoring on Sunday, but none of us, not least Captain McCarthy had had any intention of starting the iron topsail before the finish. That night it blew up to 45 knots from the N.E., with 20' waves. We had only the

project. It certainly provided a splendid setting for the Tall Ships with great access for the crowds right to the ships sides, and for the off watch crews to the centre of Sydney.

Now the routine of life at sea had vanished and for the next eight days it was a continuous round of functions. Every night there were parties on at least two of the Tall Ships and countless invitations to others both on shore and on the water. The event which I most enjoyed was provided by the combined 4 Wheel Drive Clubs of Sydney. At 06.15 about 10 of us from *Asgard* joined about 2,000 other trainees in the docks area, each to be picked up by the more than one thousand 4 wheelers that poured in. They split up into convoys by their particular clubs and took us on an extended trip away from Sydney and into the bush.

The presentation of prizes took place in Sydney Opera House. I was most impressed by that structure and now can

understand why it took so long and was so difficult to build. The "shells" are covered in white tiles and there are in fact quite a number of different halls, linked together at ground floor level. To get to the presentation we first lined the streets leading to it as the Prince and Princess of Wales drove through. Then we marched down to the Opera House and took our places while the Naval Support Command Band played. *STS Leeuwin* was awarded the Sail Training Association Trophy for her assistance to *Asgard*, which we felt was fully merited. One of our Australian trainees together with Captain McCarthy accepted the Irish awards, for first in her division and second in the Tall Ships class. It was a totally relaxed occasion, I felt that security was conspicuous by its absence. We all then enjoyed lunch in the brilliant sunshine on the steps of the Opera House.

Tuesday 26th January was Australia Day, the Bicentennial day, and what a day! We moved to our allotted anchorage about 2 miles from the Opera House while the whole harbour filled with vessels of all descriptions. There were fly-pasts of aircraft, from propellor driven to the latest jets, and then the re-enactment of the Arrival of the First Fleet was staged by the 11 ships which had sailed out from England. All the Tall Ships then upped anchor and moved up the harbour to prepare for the parade of sail in the afternoon.

You may have seen it on television, but to have been there was something else. I will never see its like again. As we sailed back down under Sydney Harbour bridge, past the Opera House, every single vantage point was crammed with people. From the bridge to the harbour is about 3 miles, and from my vantage point up on the starboard yard it looked as if one could have walked the whole distance from the deck of one ship to another. It was stupendous. It was breathtaking. It was a scene I will never forget. That evening the official celebrations were brought to a close by the firework display staged from the harbour bridge. I watched it from the top of *Asgard's* mast, a grandstand seat if ever there was one!

Towards the end of the week we moved berth across to Middle Harbour where we lay alongside the pontoon of the Middle Harbour Yacht Club. Parties here again during one of which I presented to their Commodore a burgee from the

National Yacht Club, as I had been asked to do by our late fellow ICC member John Byrne, Commodore of the National. Here again we were made most welcome and for us their showers and their bar provided a place in which to start to unwind.

Saturday 30th the crew of *Asgard II* was discharged and taken away by various families who had volunteered to act as our hosts for the night before we set out for home. My host family, Richard and Lydia Kennedy, had moved out to Sydney from Dublin in October 1987 and I enjoyed hearing their views of Australia. They entertained me extremely well, starting with the Symphony Under the Stars, a concert in the open air in Sydney's Hyde Park, which culminated with the 1812 Overture with the cannons and rifles provided by soldiers in period dress, and sound effects from more fireworks.

Sunday, my last day, I went swimming on Whale Beach in the surf, and got myself sunburnt for the first time on the trip. A drive around the magnificent Hawkesbury River, and so to the airport where our crew were congregating. Some of us were returning to Ireland but a number of trainees had got visas and intended to stay out for up to a year.

And so to home. It took me weeks to recover from the constant hype which had lasted from Dublin to Dublin. The easiest part was the race (?) across the Tasman Sea and the notorious Bass Strait. For relaxation, give me a normal cruise any time. There was quite a lot of criticism of the decision to send *Asgard II* to Australia, and of the way she was shipped out. But I am quite satisfied that we could not have afforded not to be there. We heard a lot of criticism in Australia of the Scandinavians who sent no representatives (the Poles, great advocates of sail training sent 7 ships, all of which sailed out) and with the very close links between our two countries, it would have gone down very badly had the Irish stayed away. The Irish Australians visited *Asgard II* in their thousands and the genuine goodwill which our visit generated will be of inestimable value to our young people who choose to go there for a period, be it short or long, and to the development of economic ties between us. It was a privilege for me to take part in the "Celebration of a Nation".

The Spanish Main

Hugo du Plessis



The Strangford Cup

Since a boy I have been fascinated by pirate stories, but where was the Spanish Main? Only recently I discovered it was the Caribbean coast of South America, largely what is now Venezuela.

For two years while cruising the Caribbean I had heard Venezuela was the place to go. Cheap shoes were little attraction for a barefoot sailor but ridiculously cheap diesel and rum were different. It was not far, a hundred miles or so. The problem was to get back against the trade wind and current. Keep close inshore and sail at night was the advice, but this was not on when single handed with an insurance company which prefers me to be 'safely' at anchor on a lee shore rather than sailing at night.

So it was not until Sylvia joined me that the idea became feasible. The popular time to go is the hurricane season, June to September. It is reckoned to be safely south of the hurricane belt. In fact any time is good with the best weather in the less popular winter months.

We left in November. The tide of yachts had already turned. Many were going home for Christmas but there were enough others for company without being a crowd, including old friends.

Samharcin is a Westerly Conway built by Halmatics in 1976, originally bought for my charter fleet in Ireland. I have lived aboard for most of the last three years, mainly in the Caribbean. Quite a lot of changes were needed before Sylvia arrived to bring some vestige of civilised living to my lifestyle.

Among the additions was The Problem, a kitten. Sylvia is dotty about cats. I saw no need to change the name, which was appropriate.

After some delays we left Grenada on November 4th, we left Grenada. The classic route is a night sail to pick up the light on Isla Testigos at dawn. I don't know why. The light was cut all the time we were there and, being solar powered, and 750 ft high the light hardly reaches sea level let alone a

theoretical thirty miles. But with unpredictable currents it is better to arrive in daylight, and as always with the sun high.

There are also none of the usual modern aids to landfall, the street lights visible further at sea than lighthouses. There is no electricity on the islands other than a few Honda generators to supply the television, and in any case no houses or settlements on the east side.

To the south there is a long shallow bank, easily identified on an echo sounder. Quite close to the north is the edge of the continental shelf. Visibility is generally good, no fog although it can be hazy.

It turned out to be a perfect night sail, the kind we dream about. A tropical full moon and a fair trade wind and despite the previous week no squalls. As a precaution, however, I had one reef. Sylvia had enough to learn about night sailing without a squall coming out of the dark. She had done only one night sail before. Some things come as a surprise, not least an unlikely steamer on a collision course, fortunately in my watch.

Los Testigos, where we duly arrived next morning, two hours later than expected because the current was 1 knot instead of the reported 2, is a group of small islands 40 miles off the coast. The largest is only two miles long. Here it is as if tourism had never been invented. No hotel, not even shops. Just a few fishing settlements along the shore, mostly open roofed shelters as much to provide shade as to keep the occasional rain off, supported by posts from which the hammocks are slung. For South America is where the 'hammoco' came from.

The village, or larger settlement is on the western Island Iguana. It has a tiny chapel and authority in the form of a very polite young man who lives in what looks like a flying saucer, a prefabricated fibre glass office, with a flag outside. And of course there is a Plaza Bolivar and statue of the man himself. Everywhere in Venezuela there is a Plaza Bolivar.

It is the sort of natural, undeveloped place which cruising



La Guna Grande Araya Peninsula, Venezuela. 25.1 88

Sylvia M. Pepin

yachts might have discovered a generation ago but rarely today anywhere in the world. It is still unspoiled despite being on the main route of cruising yachts. Yet being a good place for diving the French vacuum cleaners are there shooting everything that swims.

Here one makes the first acquaintance with the pirogue, a fast open fishing boat, about 25 ft with flaring seaworthy bows driven by powerful twin outboards. Boats and motors are probably subsidised and petrol costs less than anyone at home can remember. I have paid more for water. These boats are found everywhere on the coast no matter how remote and primitive the settlement.

None of the anchorages are sheltered from the swell. The best is off the settlement on the lee side of Testigos Grande, the biggest island, just north of a small island with a reef to the shore. There is another anchorage south of Testigos Pequena, the northern island, but this was not so sheltered and more crowded with French divers. We stayed in these islands for ten days until food became short. A yacht must be self contained as if at sea.

One of the highlights here was trying out the *Samharcin Beag*. This was a 10 ft sailing and rowing dinghy which I had seen at Prickly Bay and liked the lines. Just before sailing I found it was for sale. Unlike most dinghies it has a rounded stern and so never rows like towing a barn door regardless of how many aboard. So now we are eccentrics who do not row instead of using an outboard but even sail. I think our eccentricity is often viewed with envy. In earlier time one

would have carried a 10 ft dinghy on a 36 ft boat as a matter of course. On *Samharcin* it just fits on the foredeck but it is certainly in the way and I am tempted to tow it whenever possible.

On November 15th we sailed for Isla Margarita, a 40 mile day sail. The wind was fair but light. Nasty looking roly clouds threatened squalls but came to nothing. Much of the way we had to motor except for an hour spent cleaning the fuel filter. There were fishing trawlers each with a hundred frigate birds, boobys and pelicans perched on the trawl arms and rigging. We reached Pampetar with five minutes to spare before dark. There is short twilight here but not the sudden blackout at sunset that the books describe.

Pampetar is not easy to make out from the sea. The big hotels in Porlamar, the main town five miles beyond, stand out prominently over low ground with a headland to seaward of them. Pt Bellano, the south east corner which shelters Pampetar, is lost against the high ground. The current sets north along the coast.

Pampetar is the port of entry based on historical grounds rather than port activity. It was one of the very earliest ports in the Spanish colonies. The new port is twenty miles away with ferry terminal and container berths.

For Venezuela the various offices are comparatively close. Customs is in the town and police actually right opposite, Capitainerie a mile east along the coast road and immigration in the same building. A useful point is that passports are not stamped in Testigos so time there need not count.

Shore services will handle all formalities for a moderate fee which saves some hot walking. While waiting in the adjoining Trimar restaurant/Bar, which serves as the yachtie's haunt, you can soon discover one of the attractions of Venezuela. Cheap drink and meals. £5 will buy dinner for two and an evenings drinking.

Shore Services also provide dinghy moorings, fuel and other necessities. Landing is on the beach as it usually is everywhere. This can be tricky and sometimes wet if there is a swell. The anchorage is often roly especially with a south east wind and it is exposed to the south.

Isla Margarita is a world away from Testigos. This might be where tourism was invented and as regards the New World that is true, a Columbus came here. Every worthwhile pirate came here at least twice. Now as a duty free island and major tourist resort the boot is on the other foot. Porlamar, the main town, has streets selling duty free goods, although in certain things like drink we, from overtaxed lands, would not notice much difference than on the mainland. However there really are good bargains in clothes and household goods. A speciality is pearls, the loot which first attracted the rapacious Spanish colonists.

Isla Margarita has shops and supermarkets matched in the Caribbean only by Martinique. Here one realizes that Venezuela is not just another undeveloped country but wealthy, quite well industrialized, making most of its own products, with sophisticated modern towns.

Porlamar also has an anchorage but no particular advantage over Pampetar other than being nearer the fleshpots and noise. It



The Beach Pampetar. 5.2.88

Sylvia M. Pepin

is necessary to clear for the mainland because being duty free it is like the Channel Islands.

We left Pampetar on the 27th having been delayed two days longer than promised by laundry. These cursed ties to the shore. We were bound for Boca de Rio at the western end of the island. Margarita is really two islands joined by a mangrove lagoon, now a nature reserve in so far as this is possible while being a major tourist attraction. It was a pleasant run along the coast. I had spent the previous evening repairing the echo sounder, fortunately an early, pre-microchip Seafarer and therefore, unlike most modern electronics, repairable on board, I reckoned we would need it in Boca de Rio, and having mended it, that of course is the place we did run aground and had to be towed off by a couple of the fast pleasure boats, the pirogues which take visitors on high speed bird scaring trips round the bird sanctuary. We had hit a wreck but no harm done. The mark, we had been told, was a pelican sitting on a small post. But which pelican? They are as numerous as seagulls in a fishing harbour.

We were lucky to get away from Pampetar. Half an hour later all yachts were forbidden to leave for three days. Unknown to us there had been a murder during the night on a yacht which for a week had been at anchor next to us. Because a survey was to be done on the harbour all yachts had been asked to move and they had gone that afternoon to another berth several hundred yards away. As we were intending to go next day anyway we reckoned 08.00 would be good enough for anything due to start at 06.00 and so it proved.

An early morning row in Boca de Rio showed us far more birds than we had seen on a tourist trip in a fast pirogue. Herons, kingfishers, parakeets, pelicans, vultures and others which could not be identified. But not the famed red ibis and on the whole disappointing. Incidentally it is well worth while to buy, beg, borrow or steal the book 'Aves de Venezuela,' quite cheap at Venezuelan prices. The pictures alone are fascinating even for the most casual amateur birdwatcher.

The weather was peculiar with light winds. Not wanting to motor all the way to South America we stopped for the night at the next island Isla Cabagua. Black thunderstorms rose over the mainland mountains, impressive but they came no closer. This bare, dry island is now almost uninhabited, but it was the very first settlement in South America, 1499, only one year after Columbus. The attraction was the pearl fishery. The Spaniards soon fished it out and in the process worked the peaceable easy going Arawaks Indians to death.

The main anchorage is in the shelter of a long low spit on the northeast side. This area, on the ferry run, is one of the few places we found lights working. There is the wreck of a burnt out ferry here, with two or more near the ferry port on Isla Margarita, and a fourth had sunk, off Cumana the week before with loss of life.

It was still thundery with light winds next day so we still had to motor most of the way to Mochima on the mainland, about fifteen miles west of Cumana. There is a long shallow shoal marked by a buoy 2 miles northwest of the Araya peninsula, itself barely above sea level. The buoy is on the ferry route and well dented.

This landfall was one of the most momentous I have made comparable with my first channel crossing forty years ago, or Barbados after the transatlantic, yet the prospects were more exciting than either. For years I have cruised among islands, and happen to live on one. But here was a whole continent. Literally a new land, stretching for thousands of miles, full of adventure and new sights to stimulate the thought of a boy of sixty. Tropical jungles, rivers mighty beyond belief, vast prairies, high snowcapped mountains, right down to the chilly wastes of the dreaded Cape Horn.

Mochima is a narrow inlet, four miles long. The opening is not east to spot from seaward. The islands beyond merge and look like part of the mainland. It has almost a dozen anchorages and little bays, a great place for pattering about in a sailing dinghy. Being in a National Park it is undeveloped and what a rare thing that is today. Just one small village at the head and a few fishing shelters. There are no roads except one down to the village. The bays are surrounded by tree and scrub covered hills and mangroves, with flocks of chattering green parakeets by day and cerie bird noises at night.

The village provides very basic necessities but has a couple of restaurants and bars. There is a twice daily Per Puesto to Cumana. A Per Puesto is a communal taxi, very cheap, which may range from a minibus to a saloon car to a converted pick-up as in this case.

Four days and five anchorages later we left Mochima and sailed round the corner into Ensendada Tigrillo, to an unnamed cove on the east side where flowery tube worms grew on the coral like a flower garden. Good goggling but the water was getting cool, a feature of Venezuela due to upwelling. While ashore I saw a large, bright red fruit on a tree which, when it flew away, turned out to be a brilliant scarlet macaw. There are birds, butterflies, flowers and trees not seen on the Caribbean islands, for this is South America.

The Mochima National Park extends about thirty miles to Puerto le Cruz and is a delightful and little known cruising ground. It has a dozen or more bare, desert islands with only a few fishing settlements, just shacks with boats drawn up on the beach. Most of the bays are quite deserted. A few near the main road on the mainland are developed as tourist beaches but are easily avoided. It is a delightful cruising ground.

Isla Borracha and the other nearby islands make a nice escape from the noise and bustle of Puerto le Cruz. Isla Borracho harbour, however, is small.

There could not be a great contrast between these islands and Puerto le Cruz. Even from the sea this is obvious, a concrete jungle of hotels, banks and office blocks. The sea front, off which yachts that cannot afford the unusually expensive marina fees anchor, is tourist orientated. It has a pleasant promenade where in the evening handcraft workers set up their stalls and there are good bargains. Behind this is a busy shopping centre but inland is an industrial and commercial area stretching for miles.

The marina is expensive and the town drains reported to be unpleasantly close. there is another marina two miles west but it has no security.

All through the islands we had been untroubled by officials despite warnings of spot checks. In Puerto de Cruz however the port captain's launch comes round every morning with a hooter not even the deaf could sleep through, to round up the newcomers.

The Capitainerie is not too inconvenient, only a mile west at the ferry port. On leaving however, when it is necessary to clear customs as well, this is in the furthest commercial harbour east at Guanta, an unavoidable taxi ride. An irate waiting taxi driver, we discovered, is a useful ally when the right official cannot be found.

Puerto le Cruz is the best shopping centre but there is not much in the boat line, except depot for International Paints. Landing is on the beach and sometimes there can be some swell. The usual place is midway where there is a convenient lookout tower to which dinghies can be padlocked and a free water tap nearby. A supermarket is two blocks inland from the beach and so is the post office, banks, etc.

We stayed at Puerto le Cruz for two weeks, broken by a trip to Isla Borracha and other islands. It was near Christmas and we stocked up with goodies. If you think Christmas is a long drawn out affair at home it is nothing to Venezuela. It

was in full swing when we arrived in November and carried on well into the middle of January. Here, it is a serious business, much of it very traditional, with Christmas trees (plastics) and snowmen etc. There are interesting ceremonies after Christmas like maypole dancing.

Puerto le Cruz was noisy. Apart from being anchored two hundred yards off a busy promenade with constant traffic, the discos blared all night until the cathedral took over before dawn with broadcast Christmas carols. No peace for the wicked and not much for the good either. It was also the firework season.

No Christmas yacht gathering seemed planned for Puerto le Cruz. The main meet seemed to be at Cumana, forty miles to the east and now up wind and current. Easting was a choice of motoring in the morning calm or a stiff afternoon beat. With diesel cheap and strong principle about going against nature we motored, starting fairly early and anchoring in some pleasant bay by afternoon.

The uphill journey back had begun.

The first days sail in a pleasant sunny whole sail wind took us to the Isla Hirepos, two touristy little islands with no anchorage. Nearby Play Colorado on the mainland looked too horrible ashore (we visited it later by road and it was even worse and more corroded than it looked from the sea. It is owned by a University club but nobody minded us.

The next morning we motored over a calm blue sea among a school of dolphins and a distant whale in bright, hot mid-winter sunshine (it was the solstice) as far as our former anchorage in Ensenada de Tigrillo. This was the first anchorage we had repeated. There was a good beach there for painting the dinghy in conditions and costume, very different from usual December dinghy painting.

By getting away early next day we managed to motor half way to Cumana before the wind got up and rest of the way was a stiff beat with a reef down and three quarter jib.

Cumana has a good marina but poor anchorage. This time we chose to anchor not being marina mice. The anchorage is on the west side, just south of Puerto Sucre pier. The Puerto Sucre anchorage is not pleasant. That end of the town is unattractive. Boys are a nuisance and the landing at the pier is poor and crowded. It has a bad reputation for theft and I would not like to leave the boat unattended at night.

Two days was enough for us and after a reconnaissance of the marina we decided that Cumana was not our choice for Christmas. So after stocking up we had a night run back to Mochima on Christmas Eve, as we heard that was the place to be, carol singing all the way.

We found two dozen yachts in Mochima village. Instead of going to church on Christmas morning on her bicycle as she usually did, Sylvia sailed there in the dinghy. Unfortunately the time was wrong and she ended up in a bar drinking coffee with friends. She had decided against a midnight sail to midnight mass with fireworks accompaniment.

Christmas was a good time with much visiting of yachts. Some were old friends and some new. A turkey without a refrigerator is a formidable beast. We settled for a local style Christmas fare, a spiced ham as big as a football, sticky rich cake and champagne at under a pound a bottle. Some American visitors, claiming distant Irish ancestry, even tried a drop of poteen and survived.

New Year's Eve saw us back in Cumana, in the marina this time, I do not like marinas, and cannot usually afford them. But once tied up with a water tap alongside and walking distance to shops it is hard to get female crews away, and that went for the female cat which had not set paw ashore since joining the ship in August.

It is the best marina on the coast. Security is good, there is a double fence but the amenities are not yet finished so it is

still half the price elsewhere.

Our first berth, on the windward side of the centre dock, was uncomfortable and rough when the wind got up to force 7 every afternoon. My two mini tyres, kept for such occasions, disappeared in a couple of hours. When a berth became available on the lee side we moved and had no more difficulty.

A different problem however was The Problem which took full advantage of its wider liberty and became a nuisance to other boats. With trigger happy armed guards and knowing no Spanish, it was clear that boarding an unoccupied, expensive motor cruiser at night to rescue a cat might be difficult to explain. So The Problem was put on a lead and soon learned to tie knots but not to untie them.

Cumana is historic. It was the first Spanish settlement on the mainland in 1516. For once this was not for loot but established by Franciscan friars near the site of the largest Indian settlement and became the centre for their inland missions. Fire, earthquake, pirates, civil wars, raids by ruthless Spaniards seeking slaves and the subsequent Indian revenge have not left much of the old town.

There are two yards here. Astilleros Oriente can handle 100 tons but owners are not allowed to work. A lady owner reported that the management would not talk to a woman. Business had to be done through the clerk! Vandero is cheaper. There is a fair chandlery, Nauti Hogar and a depot for international paints, where antifouling is about £15 per gallon. There are several electronics repairers. I have no reports of them but they must be used to service the large fishing fleet. The marina can lift motorboats with a forklift and stack them in pigeon holes. One day there may be a travelift as a dock has been built for one.

There are few Venezuelan sailing yachts but plenty of fast motor cruisers, the influence no doubt of cheap petrol and light winds.

The Gulf of Cariaco is long and narrow, like our bays of South West Ireland. The opposite side from Cumana is almost deserted, very dry and barren, cattle country with cowboys. There are three good harbours. Escaping from the marina for a few days we tried Puerto Real, which had a small fishing village, and Laguna Grande, a bay within a bay, about three miles long with a dozen small, uninhabited coves and anchorages. Some are perfect pirate lairs, quite hidden from view. Despite being only six miles from Cumana we saw only one yacht that side, an American who shared our views about how many make a crowd. Walking ashore is rough but mostly cactus free and might well be the Wild West.

Behind the new supermarket and shopping centre on the east side of the town is the Department des Estrangeros where visas can be extended. Allow three days. It costs Bs 1000 (about £20) a month which sounds expensive but can easily be saved on cheap living and purchases.

Cumana marina is the best and safest place to leave a boat for a trip inland. If time allows, this is strongly recommended and the cost in 1988 remarkably low. The usual targets are Caracas and Merida, we chose Merida, a resort high in the Andes from which one can take a cable car up to the snow at 15,000 feet even though only 8°N. There is also very strong sunshine. The Paranos or high alpine flowers are magnificent in the wet season but still interesting in the dry. Most people fly, which is also cheap. I was considered mad to insist on hiring a car and driving, but I did underestimate the distance and strain of driving in the heat.

Another popular trip is to the Angel Falls, the highest in the world. Venezuela is a very interesting country of great contrasts.

Deeply laden with paint, stores, drink and several inches of marina weed I managed to drag my crew away from the water

tap on the 29th of January. The weather had been settled for days although a Florida read signs of a front in the sky. The first stop was Araya on the end of the northern peninsula forming the Gulf of Cariaco. It was a short afternoon sail, a typical getaway sail.

For some reason the wind blew all night, but they do tend to be local. The next day, instead of increasing in the afternoon it became lighter. I put it down to being now clear of the Golfo de Cariaco and twenty miles off the continental land mass. Was this a new weather pattern? I did not know. The weather spoke a language I did not understand. Until then it had been a pleasant sunny, albeit a heat, out around the dented buoy beyond Pta Araya, the shallows clearly visible. It was too late to motor all the way to Pampetar so we stopped again at Isla Cabagua, planning the usual early start to motor before the wind got up.

At 3 a.m. next morning I was woken by the motion and found the wind was onshore, although light. The sky was clear in the moonlight and it seemed a good time to go. At least it did to me. My crew did not agree. There is an old rule about sailing 'If you won't help, don't hinder'.

My night vision is not good now but it was open water and I had the radar. Dawn brought a few light showers but not enough wind to sail. At 07.00 however a line of showers appeared and the wind increased to 6 or 7 dead ahead. I carried on for a while, thinking it was the usual short sharp squall, but it got worse, not better, and soon the sea with it. We were short of sea room between Isla Margarita and the shoals which extend for two miles north of Isla Coche with heavy rain cutting visibility to a quarter mile. The buoy marking the shoal was lost in the sea clutter. No buoys seem to have radar reflectors.

Taking a wide sweep round I did the sensible thing and ran back to the shelter of Isla Coche, anchoring in the SE corner of the anchorage it was a nasty line squall which troubled other yachts too. When the wind changes its usual pattern, watch for trouble. We were lucky that it was just an inconvenience which, for the first time in two years, was wet and cold enough to require a shirt and waterproof jacket.

Monday morning was fine. We left at a reasonable hour soon after sunrise with no more mutinous behaviour and motored or motor sailed all the way to Pampetar. The only incident was standing into Bahia Mangle on Isla Margarita. Sylvia commented that the water looked shallow. I looked and there was a reef uncomfortably close. We were half a mile offshore where no shallow water was marked on the chart. Panic lee-o.

There were old friends at Pampetar. Jimmy, the boatman at Shore Services was so delighted to see Sylvia again he gave her a smacking kiss. At that moment a wave swamped the dinghy and us.

Although we still had two weeks of our extended visa to get out moneys worth I was anxious to press on. I expected the next stage to be the most difficult of the cruise with the night passage close inshore. I wanted a moon and was already after full moon. But Sylvia's contact lenses were giving trouble and my one remaining eye was getting worse. We were told of a good optician next to the big supermarket, and then there was delay while new lenses and glasses were made up.

We finally left on Feb 6th after clearing a fuel blockage, which would happen when all the tanks were full. Nobody leaves Venezuela with anything but brimming tanks and full deck cargo too. The wind was light easterly. We motor sailed until another fuel blockage overcame inertia, and we close reached back towards South America. I regret to say that South America was not where it should have been. The current I had allowed for was not there and we ended up well to windward, the right side to be of course. The coast is not easy to identify with large, vicious, jagged rocks, all of which look alike. The only sure mark is Isla Garapatos, a low 25 ft rock among reefs two miles offshore with a dubious passage inside it.

We ran back to Esmeralda. This is a hostile place. Although not blowing hard outside, maybe 4, the gusts off the island at the entrance were fierce and the wind funnels down the bay. It is shallow and even with only five foot draft we could not get closer to the village than half a mile.

I spent the evening clearing fuel filters, this time doing the job properly and blowing sludge clear in the tank, not a job I like. I prefer my evening rum without the taste of diesel.

Next morning I had pumped out the bilges before I realized I had pumped out almost a tankful of diesel. In blowing through the pipe I had evidently bent it too much and caused a split. I know diesel is cheap in Venezuela but there was no point in pouring it away. This was the part where we had to make the long leg along the coast under power. The spare cans and rubber deck tank were hardly enough.

It was calm when we left an hour later with the pipe repaired, the island still asleep, and we motored along the coast to Carupano. It is possible to clear here but we had already done so at Margarita, con Puerto Intermedios. The afternoon wind proved moderate as we carried on and beat the six miles further to Port Santos. This is a good anchorage. The headland gives good shelter and there is five fathoms from



La Guna Grande. Peninsula Guya Venezuela. 25.1.88

Sylvia M. Pepin

close in to several hundred yards out.

Porto Santos was a small, rather scruffy fishing village which made up for having few shops and facilities by the friendliness of its people and the interest of the fish landings. It is a place almost devoid of tourists so it goes about its business in its own way. Most fishing is for sardines which are the size of pilchards.

Port Santos is the last harbour for 70 miles. And this is the part where, if you do not fancy a stiff beat against the current, it has to be done in the dark, close inshore. We left just after sunset Sylvia had never used radar and keeping one or two miles offshore does not allow much error. Come to that I had never used it continuously on a long passage although I was mending and designing them when it was known as radiolocation. As it turned out it proved quite easy. I have an extension lead which allows the display to be out in the cockpit and I set the alarm at 1 mile.

I took a short nap before starting serious watches as I wanted Sylvia to have the moon on her watch later. When I came up an hour later she said the stupid radar was wrong and had packed up. By following the compass she had worked offshore and land was off that scale. The old story, do not assume your instruments are wrong.

The whole seventy miles of coast is pretty straight. Only one headland juts out, Cabo Tres Puntas. Fortunately we passed it on my watch and the moon had risen. I got a clear radar echo dead ahead. Yet in the moonlight nothing could be seen. I have since had it confirmed that Cabo Tres Puntas is low and with mountains behind it does not stand out. Without radar a boat could easily run aground on it. All one can see is the silhouette of the steepest mountains and they are a little way inland. There are no lighthouses and few villages to give an idea of distance. After Cabo Tres Puntas there are no lights at all, not even houses.

I could not keep an accurate check but it did seem that when we strayed offshore there was some foul current and inshore some countercurrent, especially towards the end but that may have been the influence of the tide as we got near the Dragon's Mouth. Both are probably influenced by the wind and tide. There was a light easterly wind, F 1 - 2, with enough swell to be uncomfortable and slow progress. We rolled a lot. Some fishermen told us later it had been too rough for fishing.

If your timing is right, sunrise should see you near Anse de Maifelinos, the first identifiable feature after Cabo Tres Puntas. At the east end of the bay there is a line of rocks jutting out. One has a hole through it.

Punta Pargo is the first good anchorage. In the morning light it was hard to see as the cove blends with the background of jungle covered hills and, in winter, both are in shadow. A fix and log reading on those rocks will identify it. Even so, and despite the radar giving a perfect picture, it was with some trepidation that I stood inshore.

Punta Pargo was shallower than the chart indicated. The shelf is about a hundred yards wide and not fifty, as indicated, and anchoring is no problem. The rest however is deep. Landing on the beach was difficult when we were there because of swell, and the sand showed that at times it must be bad. The settlement is very small with no shops, no services and no road. All communication is by sea to the nearest town Guaria, fifty miles away around the corner yet only ten across the steep trackless mountains and jungle. The vegetation is rain forest, very different from the dry desert inland.

Punta Pargo was fascinating, a real end of the world place, and we stayed an extra day. We could afford to now that the most difficult part was over. Besides we had heard of huge mussels there and I had even sampled some on another boat last year. But they were nowhere to be seen, at least not where we looked, and the water was distinctly cool. With the big

dinghy on deck, the old Avon was given an airing. The difference in rowing was quite remarkable even though I have rowed that Avon hundreds of miles in the last few years.

The sea had gone down when we left two days later. To win another five degrees on the course we motored east for an hour until I thought the tide sluicing out of the Dragon's Mouth would be unproductive. The wind was light and we motored until it became a nice whole sail breeze about midday. Progress however was not good. Despite scrubbing the bottom still carried a crop of weed from Cumana marina for some time it had been difficult to get the boat to sail well on the starboard tack, probably because the furling jib is offset to port to allow twin jib stays.

With a current of unknown strength this was one of the few occasions when satnav might be worthwhile. On the other hand I still have a sextant. Anyway all we had to do was home onto the acrobeacon on Point Salines, the south west corner of Grenada, which was coming in strongly all the way. Cross bearings on Tobago and Trinidad gave poor nulls and after dark no null at all.

A peculiar tide rip was met in the middle with lumpy wind against tide seas, then breakers and suddenly much calmer.

The current was probably northwest because even allowing for barnacles on the log we were almost ten miles ahead of DR. The loom of the lights on Grenada could be seen twenty miles away. I assumed the brightest bunch must be the airport floodlights, but they are switched off, along with the control tower beacon when the airport shuts down for the night. The lights turned out to be the bright floodlights on the prison, just behind St Georges. Now there is a good beacon on the hill behind the airport, code G, but the cardinal lights on the tip of Point Salines and Gower Island are weak, solar powered.

In the end we missed the island by only three miles. I thought it would probably be ten. Quite often yachts fail to make Grenada at all. That is what a current does. We were lucky as the showery weather we met halfway across gave us some favourable wind shifts. There was a distinct change in the weather about twenty miles off the coast of South America.

At sunrise, twenty hours out, we anchored for a while in Grand Anse Bay, Grenada, a familiar spot, for some sleep and a last swim (pleasantly warm again) before going into the less savoury waters of the lagoon in St Georges for clearance and all the other matters involved in returning at the end of a three month cruise. Or rather, seeing that is my lifestyle, the end of a chapter.

The passage back had followed the classical pattern and had gone according to plan. We had been lucky with the weather. Others before and after had a rough time in a winter of predominantly strong winds.

It had been a good and interesting cruise. Venezuela is well frequented by Caribbean yachtsmen now but outside the Caribbean few have heard of its delights. The most publicised one is the fantastic cheapness. On return one suffers cruelly from price lag (and still do six months later). Unlike most of the Americas it has a lot to offer historically with the earliest settlements of the New World plus the romance of pirates and treasure. But the greatest surprise, and the one I had heard little mentioned, was the wonderful cruising ground of uninhabited desert islands and uncrowded anchorages, coupled with sophisticated towns which made the more familiar island capitals seem like villages.

I was fortunate in having a good crew who was good company and spent a lot of time painting wonderful pictures. She was also a great help, being quicker on the uptake than me, in dealing with officials talking rapidly in a language that neither of us could understand. That to me is a greater deterrent to sailing single handed than the sea.

DISTANCES

Grenada, Prickly Bay	- Los Testigos Grenade	87m
Testigos Grande	- Iguana	1
Iguana	- Testigos Grande	1
Testigos Grande	- Testigos Pequina	2
Testigos Pequina	- Testigos Grande	2
Testigos Grande	- Pampetar	44
Pampetar	- Boca de Rio	28
Boca de Rio	- Isla Cabagua	9
Isla Cabagua	- Mochima, Guatacacara	35
Guatacacara	- Isla Redonda	1
Isla Redonda	- Mochima, Puerto Vieho	2
Mochima	- Topero	1
Topero	- Bahia Manare	1
Mochima, Bahia Manare	- Ensenada Tigrillo	6
Ensenada Tigrillo	- (Unnamed cove)	4
(Unnamed cove)	- Caraca del Oeste	5
Caraca del Oeste	- Puerto la Cruz	17
Puerto la Cruz	- Isla Chimena Grande, B. Gamelo	4
Ghimena Grande	- Isla Le Borrache	7
La Borracha	- Puerto la Cruz	8
Puerto la Cruz	- Bahia Hipacos	12
Hipacos	- Ensenada Tigrillo	11
Ensenada Tigrillo	- Cumana, Puerto Sucre	17
Puerto Sucre	- Mochima	14
Mochima	- Comana, marina	15
Cumana	- Puerto Real	6
Puerto Real	- Comana	6
Cumana	- Laguna Grande (Unamed cove)	10
In Laguna Grande	- (Another unamed cove)	1
In Laguna Grande	- (Yet another unamed cove)	1
Laguna Grande	- Cumana	10
Cumana	- Araya	8
Araya	- Isla Cubagua	20
Isla Cubagua	- Isla Coche	19
Isla Coche	- Pampetar	18
Pampetar	- Esmeralda	30
Esmeralda	- Puerto Santos	21
Puerto Santos	- Punta Pargo	70
Punta Pargo	- Grenada, Grand Anse	80
Grand Anse	- St Georges	3

TOTAL

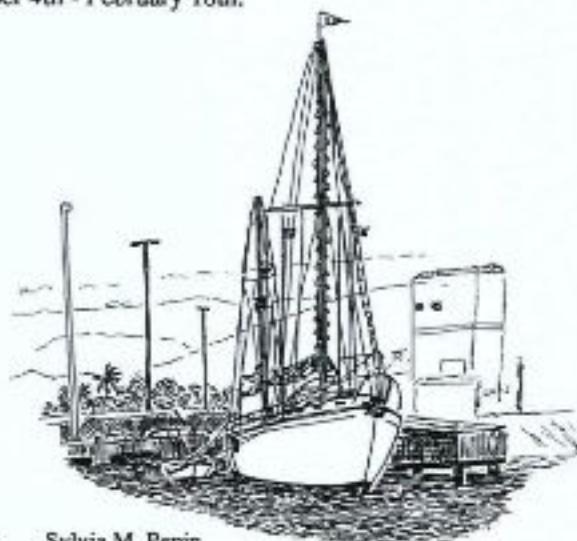
627

As the Atlantic Ocean lies between me and my log book these distances are approximate only.

For the same reason I am unable to say what use was made of the engine, but owing to calms, head winds and adverse current, and encouraged by cheap fuel, extensive use was made of the engine.

Duration of cruise: 10 weeks, November 4th - February 18th.

H. du P.



Samharcón, Cumana Marina, Venezuela.1.1.88

Sylvia M. Pepin

Destination Connemara

Mike Balmforth

We had already cruised as a family to West Cork, and to the north Donegal coast before, but this left the entire west coast unexplored. A trip round Ireland, despite its fascination for those who live aboard her, meant covering much ground a second time, so an out-and-return cruise to Connemara was planned, with a crew change at Clifden.

We hoped that this would give time to explore an area that is all too easy to sail past in a hurry.

We were joined on the outward trip by Crawford McInnes, whose experience was to prove invaluable.

Wednesday 20th July

Our departure had been jeopardised by an alternator fault. Why do these breakdowns always seem to occur at such important times? Fortunately, our local auto-electric specialists were able to get a replacement regulator, so after refitting it we were ready to go.

A hurried departure after hearing a poor forecast saw us motoring through the Kyles of Bute in a flat calm, stowing gear as we went. As we had enough provisions to feed the whole ICC for a week (or so it seemed) this was a difficult task.

We pressed on under power, as the wind was dead ahead and very light. It seemed important to get to Sanda in view of the forecast SE'ly for the next day.

We arrived at the Sanda anchorage in the dark, and after a brief hydrographic survey that established that much of the area was better suited to lobster fishing than yachting, anchored in 2m off the pier!

It was still a flat calm.

Day's run 43 miles, all under power.

Thursday 21st July

Up at 04.30 to catch the tide. Fortunately the downpour that had greeted our awakening cleared up, and we set off on a close fetch to Fair Head, and keeping a good lookout for submarines! (the Clyde based maxi *Drum* had been in collision with an unlit submarine off Mull of Kintyre the previous week.)

The fair tide shot us through Rathlin Sound at a rate of knots.

By turn of tide we had passed Bengore Head, heading for Malin Head. The wind had settled down in the SE, so we set the spinnaker and carried it to Mulroy entrance.

Approaching Inishtrahull Sound we were called by one of the six fishing boats that were salmon netting, and learned that they use VHF Channel 6. They then talked us through their net pattern, which was an interesting manoeuvre under spinnaker!

We arrived at Mulroy Bar just as the tide was beginning to make, and after successfully crossing it, anchored in the first narrows. The tide through the anchorage was 1.3 knots, making the chain hum.

Day's run 80.5 miles, virtually all under sail, which redressed

the balance from the previous day.

Friday 22nd July

With a rather wild forecast by the Meteorological Office promising F10, we decided to get round Bloody Foreland while the going was good, as the morning wind was still E'ly F2-3. Lighter winds outside the bar meant motor sailing in an apparent wind of between 0 and 5 knots.

Horn Head was swathed in mist, but as we passed the day improved, the sun came out and we could see Tory Island as well as the 'Bofins' - a string of islands reaching like stepping stones towards Tory.

Once round Bloody Foreland a better slant of wind meant the motor could be dispensed with.

We threaded our way down the coast inside all the islands, in shallow depths, and crossed the Gweedore Bar.

Further up the river, however, we had to hurriedly alter course to follow the channel, which somewhat deviates from the chart. We closely avoided going aground, which was just as well on a falling tide!

Got alongside, and went out later by dinghy to look at the channel at low water.

Day's run 27.5 miles.

Saturday 23rd July

Despite the poor forecast we decided to get out of Bunbeg and make for Aranmore.

Thanks to our survey we had little problem with the channel, and crossed the bar at 12.30 with a least depth of 2.0m below the transducer - a depth of 3.0m - half an hour before high water.

Uneventful motor round through Owey Sound to Aran Roads.

On the way into Aran, South anchorage, the ferry skipper kindly called us up to tell us the best way in. The reef off the pier and the ferry slip is now marked by a red pillar.

Day's run 10.8 miles, under power.

Sunday 24th July

Left Aran south anchorage at 09.00 in bright sunshine and threaded our way through the channels southwards. Least depth noted was 1.6m on the sounder - 2.6m actual depth.

Out through the Middle Passage on back bearings - the new Autohelm hand bearing compass being used for the first time - then set sail and shaped up for Rathlin O'Bieme, the south west corner of Donegal.

In view of the long forecast gale, we were keeping a close eye on the sky, wind direction and barometer. The latter was rising, and the sky showed few signs of impending doom, but when the wind began to back we knew it was a race against time if we were to make out southing to Killala.

As we cleared Rathlin O'Bieme and clocked off the miles across the bay, it began to look as though we would make it. Our contingency plan was to run off to Killybegs, but the

prospect of wasting all those miles did not appeal.

All went well until about 5 miles off the Mayo coast when a rain squall signalled the arrival of a front, the wind backed, increased, and from then on it was hard on the wind to Killala Bar.

We scraped across the bar with 0.4m to spare (it being LW neaps), negotiated the channel as far as the harbour entrance, and found mud by the usual method of bumping into it!

Anchored and had supper while waiting for the tide to make enough to get up to the quay.

Day's run 56 miles, mostly under sail.

Weighed anchor at 23.00 to move up the cut to Killala Quay, as the wind was strengthening all the time. Ample depth at the end of the cut this time (it is approximately 0.5m shallower than the bar). The French yacht that had followed us in over the bar (they must have thought we knew the way!) showed not sign of life. We left it anchored in the river.

Monday 25th July.

Despite being in harbour, and tied to terra firma, we had an uncomfortable night. The wind was off the clock regularly (over 50 knots), and we were heeled well over, with waves breaking over the weather deck. We had forgotten to take the burgee down, so the wind did it for us, snapping the staff. Fortunately this was the only damage.

If that was what it was like in harbour, what was it like outside. Answer - worse, and the French yacht had dragged two anchors back down river, finishing on the beach near the bar. Fortunately they were undamaged.

As the wind continued to howl we had no option but to stay put. Indeed, as the oil pressure sensor had started to leak on the way into Killala, we not only had to gratefully accept a lift into Ballina to try to buy a replacement, which was accomplished without difficulty, but also had to fit it and clean up the oil that had found its way into the bilges, and almost everywhere else too!

Despite being a little off the beaten track from west Donegal to Broadhaven, we found Killala to be a pleasant and hospitable town. A chat with the fishermen settled a few doubts about the entrance to the harbour channel. They advised that the leading lines over the outer bar were still accurate.

Tuesday 26th July.

After a morning that included shopping, watering ship and showers at the nearby B & B we set off at 15.00 to clear the bar before HW and get to Kilcummin in order to be able to sail on at any time.

It was still a pretty stiff sail round in F6-7, for having no detailed chart of Killala Bay we had to go outside St Patricks Rocks, doubling the distance and at least trebling the exposure.

The anchorage off Kilcummin village was more than a little rolly, so we sounded our way up towards the bar at the head of the bay, and just short of the cliff with the ruined castle, about a mile in, we found a good anchorage in 5m; sandy bottom and no weed.

The evening forecast from the Meteorological Office suggested that the wind would drop and back, which would suit us admirably, and when we turned in it was F3. Promising!

Day's run 9 miles.

Wednesday 27th July.

The morning dawned with a light southerly breeze and a rising glass, so we set off promptly under sail. Unfortunately, we were no sooner clear of the coast than the wind piped up, and up, and up.

By the time we were approaching the Stags it was F7 gusting F8, so we decided to run into Belderg, a mile or so away.

Anchored in the SW corner of the bay, and continued waiting for the promised lighter winds. At mid afternoon one of the Killala fishing boats came in to tend its pots, and recognising us, offered a bucket of crab claws, which we readily accepted in exchange for some beers.

The 18.00 forecast from the BBC offered little hope other than a change of direction, but the Irish forecast suggested light cyclonic winds through the night followed by NW winds on Thursday afternoon. We hoped that the latter forecast would be the more accurate!

After an excellent supper of crab claws, washed down with *Entre-deux-Mers*, we felt ready to tackle anything (Bretons, eat your hearts out - all you have is nicer weather!)

We left Belderg (at 23.00) in a backing and lightening breeze, there being little interest in a rock-girt bay except the shelter it offered.

Thursday 28th July.

We enjoyed a good reach as far as the Stags, but as Erris Head came abeam at 02.00, the breeze slackened further and progress was poor for a while.

Eventually, tired (and sick, literally) of slopping around in a leftover sea, we started the engine again at 04.20, which gave us reasonable progress once again.

The rest of the passage was uneventful, and a decent breeze arrived in due course, making the last few hours approaching Inishbofin into a very fine sail. We ticked off the outlines of new islands and rocks, reaching Inishbofin anchorage in time for a late lunch.

We had successfully used the brief weather window to get round a corner that was proving just as much an obstacle as expected.

By late evening the wind was a gusty WNW F5. Day's run 75 miles.

Friday 29th July.

Our last leg to Clifden looked like being straightforward, with a strong, fair wind and bright sunshine.

Once the reefed main was set we were bowling along at over 5 knots. The pilotage through High Island Sound, inside Cruagh and round the Carrickrana Rocks was straightforward, but the approaches to Clifden itself a little difficult.

Matters, it turned out, were simplified by our new metric chart blowing over board; reference to the old chart gave more explicit directions.

Crossed the bay, and felt out way into the upper part of the Lough to pick up a mooring off Aster Boats' yard. That evening we enjoyed a bit of crack with Adrian O'Connell, who operates the last boatyard before America!

We had arrived at our crew change point with a day to spare, having covered 344 miles. Alison Balmforth and Robin arrived by car from Scotland with Jean McInnes. The McInnes's would have a week touring homeward by car, while *Sgeir Bán* continued her cruise.

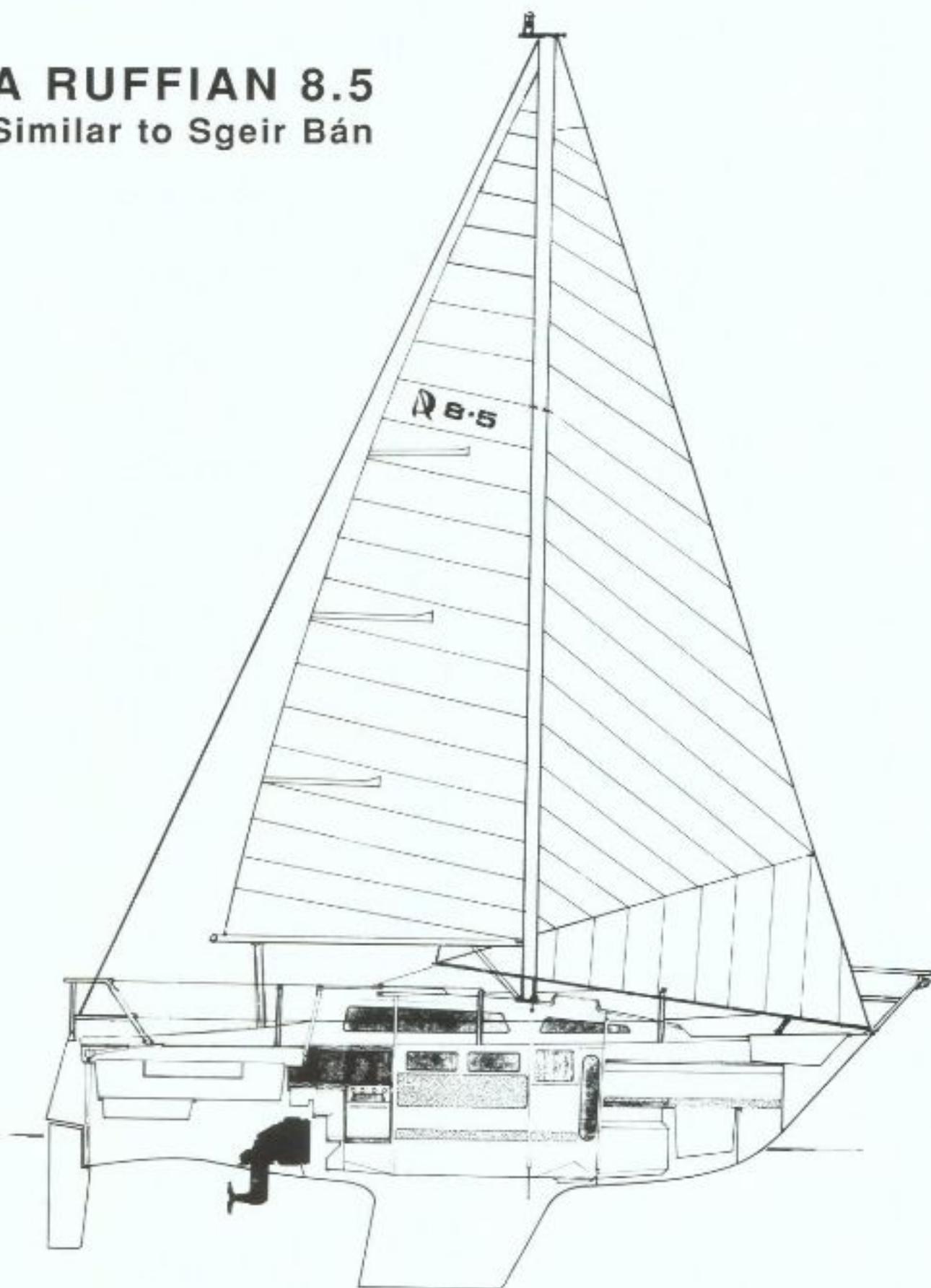
Day's run 14 miles.

Monday 1st August.

Left Clifden, having crossed over the inner bar before the low spring tide. With a NW breeze and a fair tide round Slyne Head the opportunity of getting within striking distance of the Aran Islands was not to be missed.

Reached towards Slyne Head, and rounded the point about 0.5 miles off. Accurate pilotage on both sides of this point seems essential, there being no shortage of offshore rocks to

A RUFFIAN 8.5
Similar to Sgeir Bán



Designer: William P. Brown B.Sc. Ph.D.

take account of.

We then sailed quickly eastward in a fine breeze and a flat sea, passing each of the coastal rocks in turn, to arrive at the sheltered anchorage of Gortoen Bay. The pilotage in this area at first seems a little daunting, but as with many complex coastlines, the difficulties were lessened by getting to grips with identification and position fixing.

Day's run 22 miles.

Tuesday 2nd August.

An early start on a clear, sunny morning saw us running quietly out of the anchorage - with most of the crew asleep! We had weighed anchor without starting the engine; the peace was undisturbed.

The light breeze took us past McDara's Island at 2 knots, and did not freshen until about 10.30.

On the way the numerous rocks and islands were used for a navigation class, before arriving at Port Murvey to anchor, again under sail, in 3m of crystal clear water.

After spending a few hours exploring the prehistoric, and very impressive, fort of Dun Aengus, and going by jaunting car to the local shop, we sailed round to the more secure anchorage of Kilronan Bay at 20.00.

Day's run 25 miles.

Wednesday 3rd August.

Went ashore to explore the island, but were overtaken by rain within the hour.

We spent the rest of the day sampling the delights of Aran's licensed premises, and going to a showing of the film *Man of Aran* in the village hall.

This all helped to pass the time on a foul day, but we really could not come to love an island that had such an unfortunate blend of underdevelopment and overcommercialisation.

Thursday 4th August.

We woke to another depressing morning of rain and bad visibility, but around 11.30 matters improved enough to consider putting to sea. The destination was unspecified; we just wanted a change of anchorage.

Once under way, and clear of the bay, the wind had backed enough to enable us to weather the Sherd Rocks and therefore round Slyne Head to Inishbofin.

Although conditions were not the most pleasant, and the tide was adverse at Slyne Head, we made a fast passage to Inishbofin to arrive at 19.45.

The wind was still backing, and was in the south for our last leg from High Island to Bofin Harbour.

We hurried ashore to dine in Day's Hotel, but were turned away at 20.30, dinners having officially ceased at 20.00. The adjacent pub advertised "good food", but informed us that this was only until 18.00! Fortunately we managed to stop the shop shutting before its advertised closing time and bought the makings of supper.

It was a disappointing end to a successful passage, but hunger was soon assuaged back aboard *Sgeir Bán*, where a rapidly prepared curry restored morale.

Day's run 46 miles.

Friday 5th August.

Another bad early morning forecast was confirmed by a glance out of the hatch, SE'ly F6-7 and driving rain giving visibility of less than a mile indicated a return to bed!

After a late breakfast, baths and lunch ashore seemed the best course of action. Day's price of £2.50 per bath seemed a bit steep. However, when the hot water ran out after two baths, we were able to re-negotiate; hot baths £2.50, cold baths £1!

The 1.25 mile walk to East End Bay was well rewarded; and the Lobster Pot, run by Clodagh Coyne, offered the best of freshly cooked seafood. Although not normally open in the evenings, she will provide dinner for a party given a little notice. Indeed, in settled weather, anchoring in East End Bay would be a good alternative to Bofin Harbour.

Clodagh is a native of 'Bofin, and an enthusiastic member of the Irish Islands Council (if that is its correct name). She knows Scotland well, and we enjoyed discussing the differences and similarities between island life in Scotland and Ireland.

Saturday 6th August.

Having wakened to banks of drizzle and fog it seemed that we might be portbound yet again. During breakfast, however, the rain stopped and visibility improved to almost a mile!

This glimmer of hope was enough to encourage us to prepare to leave, which we did with some trepidation, as visibility had clamped down again to less than 0.5 of a mile.

We crept out of 'Bofin Harbour, through East End Sound, and set a careful course for Inishturk. Surely we couldn't miss a 1 mile wide island after a 4 mile passage!

Successfully locating the island we were rewarded by a rapidly improving day in which to enjoy a walk ashore and a visit to the pub, the first I have ever found in the length and breadth of Ireland that had run out of stout - a truly Guinness establishment - before motoring on to Clare Island for the night.

We enjoyed an excellent anniversary dinner at the Island's only hotel, and turned in in preparation for an early start, following the forecast that seemed tailor made for rounding Achill Head.

Day's run 17 miles.

Sunday 7th August.

Up for 05.55 forecast, followed by a bit of single handed getting under way, and a pleasant sail to Achill Head! En route we noticed that the north bay of Clare now has extensive fish farms in it.

Once round Achill Head the light southerly breeze and bright sunshine gave us a superb sail northward inside Inishkea, round Erris Head, and into Broadhaven.

By now the Irish forecasts were promising a SE'ly gale, even though the BBC's best offer was that of F6! We went into Ballyglass quay to get water - but there was no tap - and had a chat with some elderly circumnavigators from their Westerly Konsort *Eileen*. They had a detailed chart of Broadhaven, so thinking that we might go up to Belmullet if galebound the next day, we tried photographing it with a Polaroid camera! That was a waste of time and film, so we took a tracing of it instead.

Later we anchored in Inver Bay, sheltered from the southeast, to await developments; meanwhile the sun was splitting the mast and there was hardly enough wind to move a sailboard!

Funny stuff, weather. Still it had not been long since we had enjoyed a F1 at Aranmore, and endured a F10 at Killala 15 hours later.

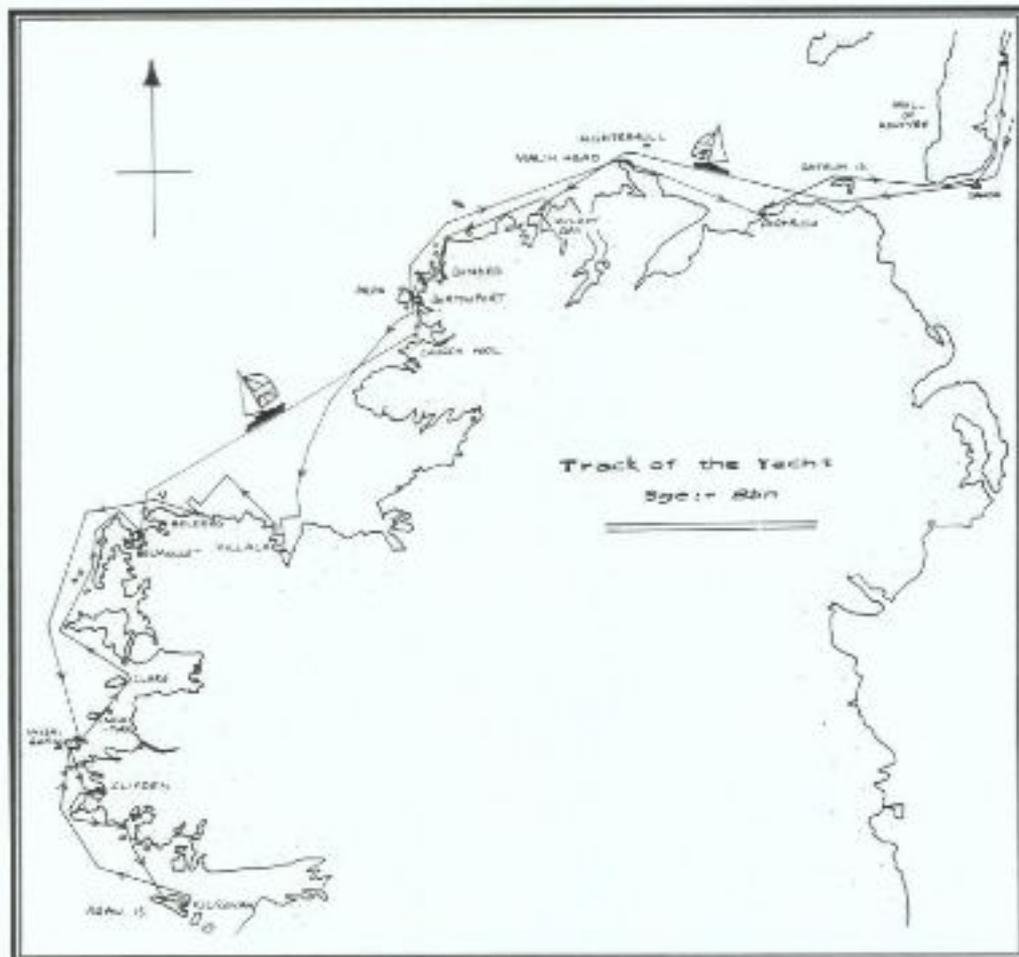
Day's run 47 miles.

Monday 8th August

As forecast, the morning brought a freshening southerly wind that by 09.00 was gusting F7, with rain.

By 11.00, however, it had moderated a little, so our planned ditch crawl to Belmullet, the Venice of the north west - it has a 400 yard disused canal linking Broadhaven with Blacksod Bay - was on.

Information for this navigational adventure was limited to



our tracing of a chart that was vague about upstream details, Belmullet is not a specially attractive town, although it has plenty of shops, pubs and other useful features.

We set off just after half tide, and seemed to run out of water about 1.5 miles from the town quay, so anchored and took the dinghy the rest of the way. After an excellent pub lunch, and an assault on the supermarket, we got back aboard an hour before HW, and made our way back to Ballyglass Bay in a fresh SSW breeze and bright sunshine.

The next question was - when to cross Donegal Bay? Would we get a weather window tomorrow?
Day's run 9 miles.

Tuesday 9th August.

With our longest days passage in prospect an early start was essential. At 04.30 the sky was clear (and dark!) and a nice F3-4 southerly augured well for the day.

Once under way we were treated to a 'red sky in the morning', followed by a one hour downpour, then showers until lunchtime. Fortunately, the wind direction remained fairly constant, and we were averaging 5.25 knots.

At Glen Head the showers had completely died away, and shortly afterwards the wind did likewise, to re-appear at Dawros Point for the final reach into Church Pool.

This second crossing of Donegal Bay had been much more satisfactory - 12 hours exactly, rather than 3 days!
Day's run 64 miles.

Wednesday 10 August.

After a windy and wet night the latest trough cleared away at 09.30, so we followed suit after a few showers had passed, and had a swift sail in a fresh breeze under headsail only to Aran South Passage.

exharbourmaster's wife.

After a fine repast in Kelly's Seafood Restaurant, which is to be recommended, we motored over to Aran Island South Anchorage for the night.

Day's run 11 miles.

Thursday 11th August.

With the weather continuing very unsettled, and gale warnings every day, it was time to be homeward bound.

The fresh SW wind gave us good speed with the genoa boomed out, and we doubled the headlands in rapid succession.

Once again we had to give Tory Island a miss - it has no sheltered anchorage - so it would be unwise to leave the yacht unattended whilst going ashore.

The wind deserted us at Malin Head, so the last 3 miles were under power.

We had some difficulty finding room to anchor, the limited amount of space in the bay being largely occupied by lobster keep boxes.

After a fine feed of crab claws, bought at Burtonport, we went ashore, but the rain started almost immediately, driving us back aboard.

Day's run 46 miles.

Friday 12th August.

Woke to an uncomfortable cross sea running into the anchorage, followed by the sudden arrival of a strong NW wind, followed by a gale warning!

After a quick and uncomfortable breakfast we went ashore and visited the Malin Head Meteorological Station, where we were shown round. They were very proud of their 85 mph wind on the night we had sheltered in Killala, and clearly

We entered Burtonport by Rutland South Channel, a tricky business due to the lack of detail on the chart, although the sketch chart and information in the ICC SDs was good.

The main difficulty was the dog leg to be negotiated, in a 4 knot tide, round Correen's Rock Beacon. The directions say to pass between Correen's Rock Beacon and S. Rutland beacon on the shore, but it is a little disconcerting to approach a pair of beacons and to find that the starboard hand one is painted red! We cautiously left it to port, and Burtonport's exharbourmaster (no new harbourmaster has been appointed, which saved us £15) confirmed that this was the deeper channel, although difficult to negotiate because of the tide.

After sounding our way up the very shallow channel past Rutland, we turned onto the Burtonport leading marks and were soon tied up at the quay. Water, petrol for the outboard, and shopping were the priorities, followed by showers in the most hospitable B & B next to quay, which is run by the

thought we were certifiable for sailing around Ireland's northwest coast! We agreed.

Then we walked on to the radio station.

Malin Head Radio is becoming a much more active establishment with a new transmitter at Glen Head covering Donegal Bay and Donegal's west coast, and a new transmitter being built at Belmullet to cover the remaining coast south to Slyne Head. In addition, control of Dublin Bay Radio will soon be at Malin Head too. Like most coast radio stations, it is manned by a friendly and helpful bunch of ex-scafarers.

After lunch we set off at slack water for a high speed run to Portrush Harbour - 24 miles on the log, but 27 on the chart - in 4 hours to the minute. As there was another gale warning out, we were allowed to lie alongside the landing pontoon overnight.

Day's run 24 miles.

Saturday 13th August

Almost the last leg - and the gale warning had been dropped.

Got under way immediately after the RTE forecast, with about 6 hours fair tide in prospect to shove us along. We passed inside the Skerries, close to Bengore Head and north of Rathlin.

In the North Channel there was the added interest of tanker dodging, not to mention a number of smaller ships as well. Appearances are deceptive. One huge bulk carrier seemed to be going very little faster than us, taking a long time to sail around us. It was not long, however, before she disappeared out of sight, and later we heard her calling the Clyde Pilots on VHF. When we got home, the next evening, she was anchored in mid Firth of Clyde, just a mile from our house!

We found the counter current at Deas Point on the Mull of Kintyre had started 1.5 hours before the main tide had turned,

and by the time we were in Sanda Sound there was about 2 knots tide against us - it turns very punctually - so we stopped in Sanda anchorage temporarily, near the Hustler 25.5 *Cherry Pye* from Campbeltown, to await the turn.

A fast sail in the pouring rain to Carradale rounded off a long day - the discomfort compensated by a 6 knots average again!

Day's run 59 miles.

Sunday 14th August.

I was agreeably surprised to have tied up alongside John McCleery, and old *Enterprise* and 505 opponent, and enjoyed a yarn with him before leaving. With a southerly F6 wind, our departure for the Kyles was a more attractive prospect than his for Strangford Lough.

Under full sail we were broad reaching at over 7 knots most of the time, and were lucky to miss the squally showers off Arran, until, just as we wanted to gybe at Ardlamont, along came a F7-8 squall, making our manoeuvre more difficult and certainly a good deal less tidy!

Shortly afterwards the wind dropped to SW3, and we sailed through the Kyles with *Lola*, swapping notes with Neil MacDougall about our respective cruises.

Picked up our mooring under sail, packed up, and got ashore with the usual anti-climatic feeling.

Day's run 25 miles.

We had not had the opportunity to indulge in a twenty-five day cruise for many years. There is no doubt that three weeks or more refreshes the parts shorter cruises cannot reach!

Like the Outer Hebrides, Ireland's West Coast is worth all the effort of getting there. But for maximum reward, you must linger awhile!

Sgeir Bán Times and Distances

Passage	Sail	Power	Motor/Sail	Total	Time (h/m)	Average
Colintraive-Sanda	0.0	43.0	0.0	43.0	8/35	5.01
Sanda-Mulroy Bay	80.0	0.5	0.0	80.5	15/05	5.34
Mulroy Bay-Bunbeg	7.1	20.4	0.0	27.5	5/55	4.65
Bunbeg-Aran Roads	0.0	10.8	0.0	10.8	2/30	4.32
Aran Roads-Killala	52.0	4.0	0.0	56.0	11/00	5.09
Killala-Kilcummin	0.0	9.0	0.0	9.0	2/25	3.72
Kilcummin-Belderg	8.0	0.5	15.0	23.5	5/15	4.48
Belderg-Inishbofin	39.0	3.0	36.0	75.0	15/40	4.78
Inishbofin-Clifden	14.0	0.0	0.0	14.0	2/30	5.60
Clifden-Gorteen Bay	20.0	2.0	0.0	22.0	3/50	5.74
Gorteen Bay-Port Murvey	20.0	0.0	0.0	20.0	5/45	3.48
Kilronan-Inishbofin	45.0	1.0	0.0	46.0	7/50	5.87
Inishbofin-Clare	0.0	17.0	0.0	17.0	4/25	3.85
Clare-Broadhaven	45.0	2.0	0.0	47.0	12/15	3.84
Broadhaven-Broadhaven	0.0	9.0	0.0	9.0	2/45	3.27
Broadhaven-Church Pool	58.0	6.0	0.0	64.0	12/00	5.33
Church Pool/Burtonport	9.0	2.0	0.0	11.0	2/00	5.50
Aranmore-Malin Harbour	43.0	3.0	0.0	46.0	8/50	5.21
Malin Harbour-Portrush	24.0	0.0	0.0	24.0	4/00	6.00
Portrush-Carradale	23.0	0.0	36.0	59.0	9/45	6.05
Carradale-Colintraive	25.0	0.0	0.0	25.0	5/15	4.76
	515.00	140.00	87.00	741.00	147/35	5.02

Average passage speed - 5.02 knots.

Average distance on days under way - 35.29 miles.

With Murphy Across the Atlantic

Brian Smullen



The Atlantic Trophy

Murphy's Law is a well known phenomenon, but for those lucky ones of you who don't know it, it states "if it's nasty and it can go wrong - it will."

During the winter of 1986-87 *Cuilcaun* had a major refit in Scotland, where she was built and during 1987-88 as we took her back across the Atlantic all the other bits went wrong. Murphy, we discovered had decided to crew for us!!

In Autumn 1987 we sailed from our home port in Guernsey to Beaulieu River where we joined the R.C.C. for their meet, and then having stocked up at Hamble Point Marina we set off for the Canaries. The crew on this leg was Frank Willoughby (who was to stay 'till Barbados) John Henry McConnell, Paddy Boyd, Jack McElrea, and from Scotland Steve Rarity.

The English Channel in the aftermath of a gale is not the most comfortable place to be, especially if there is no wind to steady the boat and indeed it proved just a little too much for one or two party-goers. However, 24 hours and four broken fan belts later all was well aboard. Luckily I had topped up out 190 gallon fuel tank, as we were to see very little wind on this trip and had to motor sail most of the way, thus allowing plenty of time to work on sun tans and lots of swims, the deepest in 11,879 ft of water.

We thought of putting in to several places, ie Vigo, Lisbon, Madeira to fuel up but each time the wind came up from the right direction and I thought "Ah! the Portuguese Trades" but of course it was merely Murphy toying with us and as soon as we got past the wind died again.

Abeam Gibraltar and about 350 miles to seaward we ran into a great shoal (?) of migrating turtles heading westward. This continued for about a day and during darkness those below could hear the occasional bump of a carapace bouncing off the hull.

Aerial attacks were now a nightly occurrence and morning usually revealed the wreckage of three or four kamikaze flying fish. Believe me, a smack on the chops from one of these in the dead of night brings even the sleepest of helmsmen wide awake in an instant. Another good game in this area is to try to engage Russian trawlers in radio chat. I managed it once briefly in 1978 but the conversation ended abruptly and the radio operator is probably in the salt mines ever since!

A welcome feature, new to me, is the friendly competition between V.H.F. radio stations for out telephone business. They seem to have proliferated in this area and we worked Madiera, Lansarote and Las Palmas at different times and all were helpful, courteous and spoke excellent English.

One word of warning, the N. Spain Decca Chain in late 1987 was not giving very accurate positions. We were 50 miles to seaward off Finisterre and never got a good fix from it.

Our 1603 mile trip took 12 days 3.5 hours, an average speed of 5.5 knots, mostly motor sailing. There was less than 5 gallons of fuel in the tank when we got there, which is as

low as I ever want to be because on a rolling boat there is the danger of drawing air instead of fuel and then having to bleed the system ("you never thought of that one, did you, Murphy.")

Puerto Mogan on the west side of Gran Canaria is a fine new, well run marina, which is not beset by the swell that affects other marinas on this coast; or the oily scum one finds in Las Palmas. Here the boat stayed for two months in charge of Frank who did trojan work in removing the "non-operational" brand new generator and other de-Murphyising jobs.

In late November the Trans Atlantic crew began to assemble Michael O'Flaherty, Michael O'Leary, Paul Rothschild and Bob Dillon. The latter two claim that one has no millions and the other can't sing. This was an experienced crew as all had sailed the Atlantic with me on previous occasions. The start of the Atlantic Rally Cruise was from Las Palmas, which is not my favourite place, so we motored round the night before, to get there in time for the 1400 start on 28/11/87. A huge fleet of over ninety boats started in very light airs and by evening in the true spirit of A.R.C. we started the engine to get us clear of the island.

During the night the wind finally filled in, but horror of horrors, it was from the S.W., the impossible one. There followed 5 days of beating into a good fresh wind and my credibility took a beating (don't bother with the oil skins, fellows, it's all down wind.") We were down near the latitude of Cape Verde Islands when Murphy finally relented and the true N.E. trade finally filled in.

There was a certain note of hysteria in the log entry which read "Free at last, free at last" but we felt we were finally on our way with every day warmer than the previous one and the night velvety soft with the moon getting bigger and bigger.

By now the big spinnaker was set, well choked down, to minimise the rolling and we were settling into a routine. The four chefs aboard were vying with each other to produce meals fit for the most fastidious of gourmets and when a 'life begins at 40' birthday occurred, the victim awoke to find the main saloon filled with balloons, bunting and birthday cards and in the evening a cake with the appropriate number of candles.

As we neared the middle of the Atlantic the wind began to falter, which is not unusual, and one night we got a monumental spinnaker wrap round the forestay. After 3 hours of struggle we decided to leave it until day light before cutting it away it was so bad. In the small hours of the morning when Paul and I were on watch I looked up, and lo and behold it had unwrapped itself in the rolling motion. Quick as a flash we tip toed up on deck, lowered it and stowed it away. In the morning we regaled them with stories of one of us standing on the pulpit and the other standing on his shoulders to untie this mighty wrap round. Strangely, they were somewhat incredulous!

Bob spent an entire day sewing a tear in the mizzen. No



Mid Atlantic: swapping lemons for tonic water Photo: J. Olsen

easy task as it is 12 oz cruising cloth, only to have another tear occur shortly after we put it up again, so we took it off completely and put up the cockpit sun awning in its place, which provided lots of very welcome shade.

Our fishing was not a success, with the exception of a doubtful oven ready fowl, which by some amazing coincidence found itself tied to a sleeping crew member's line being towed astern. As it was hauled in at the end of an arduous 30 minute struggle it was declared to be a "chicken of the sea."

So we continued our way, using the engine when necessary, seeing other boats in the distance occasionally but coming close only to one, a Dane with whom we exchanged tonic water for lemons. At least we both had the same priorities.

Finally we arrived in Barbados 19 days 19.25 hours out from the Canaries. A distance of 2796 miles at an average speed of 5.8 knots, during which we motored for 102 hours.

Michael O'Flaherty had to leave us here as did Frank and we were joined by Michael O'Leary's wife Kate, Paul's wife Sue and Bob's girlfriend Fanny. Barbados is an uncomfortable anchorage as the Atlantic swell gets all the way round the island and the holding is indifferent. We stayed only five days which was just long enough to get our dinghy caught under the only landing place, a broken down dock. The only cold comfort is that five other dinghys got sunk also, that evening.

A quick overnight passage took us to Bequia, one of the gems of the Caribbean, where we were to spend Christmas. Dinner in the Frangipani on Christmas Day was a lively affair made more so by the presence at the next table of the Prime Minister of St. Vincent and his three beautiful young daughters.

Our next stop was the extraordinary Tobago Cays a submerged coral reef where one is exposed to the full wind but because of the coral no sea at all. As Peter Mullins once put it to me "I hate anchoring in the lee of Africa." The snorkeling here is some of the best in the Caribbean and we took full advantage.

From here we tracked on S. via Union Island and Petit St. Vincent (P.S.V.) to Grenada for New Years Eve.

When cruising, there is a distinct possibility of anchoring two and sometimes three times per day, so an anchor windlass is essential, if one is to avoid hernia and other related nasties. Murphy heard about this, and threw a spanner into our hydraulic system. However her reckoned without Ben, a marvellous Grenadan mechanic. Down Island due to the high cost of spares nothing is ever obsolete so within the one 10 hour day Ben had dismantled our hydraulics, machined up a new part and had it all working again by 1900 the same evening and this was New Years Eve!! "it don't matter too much skip, I don't party no more nowadays."



Happy days in Venezuela

Photo: J. Smullen

Sudly the Trans Atlantic had to leave from here but within a day Michael O'Flaherty was back with his brother Nigel and wife Geraldine. We had also acquired a new permanent crew, a young English guy named Clive Brown who had been to school in South Africa then sailed two handed from Cape Town to Falmouth and from there back across the Atlantic to Grenada. He was to spend the rest of the season. A graphic designer by profession, he was one of the most amiable crew I have ever had and was also most talented in mechanics, woodwork and with a paint brush. Thanks to his love of wooden boats *Cuilain* by the end of the season has never looked better.

A couple of weeks lotus eating, loafing around Canouan, P.S.V. Union Island, Tobago Cays, Mustique and back to Prickly Bay, Grenada followed before Ni and Ger had to return home.

We were soon joined by American I.C.C. member Larry White and Janie his wife and quickly set off for our eagerly anticipated trip to Venezuela. Our first stop was a tiny group of islands, Los Testigos. Very Robinson Crusoeish inhabited only by small groups of fishermen and their families who camp out on the beach. I would normally advise avoiding Isla Margarita except that it has an American couple who know the ropes and for a small fee can visit, on your behalf, all four Government Depts, which want to know about you and who must be visited in the correct order or it is 'do not pass go' 'do not collect Cruising Permit' 'start again', which can be very time consuming.

Our 10-day visit was far too short a time for this exquisite cruising ground, however it did whet my appetite for a longer return visit. Mochimo is 5-6 mile long Fiordlike indentation is a part of a National Park and has a number of small villages and lots of lovely anchorages. The local people are not accustomed to tourists, so one is something of a novelty, but everybody is very friendly. A little knowledge of Spanish is useful as nobody speaks English. From here we cruised to Esenada Tigrillo, Cumana and the ceric Laguna Grande before returning to Isla Margarita via Isla Cubagua. This latter desert island has a rather gruesome Conspic. in the form of a beached burnt out car ferry, with raised visor and charred from stem to stern. We were told the firework display went off for a week with exploding fuel tanks but happily there were no fatalities.

The best way to avoid beating back to Grenada is to wait until the wind dies out in the evening then motor along the N. coast with 1/2 mile of the shore. On gets a reverse eddy and avoids the 2.5 knot current which sweeps into the Caribbean sea around the top of S. America. With luck one can get as far E. as the Dragons Mouth, the Channel between Venezuela and Trinidad before the days wind fills in and from there should be able to fetch Grenada.

With this in mind we spent the day in Puerto Santos where we did an oil and filter change in preparation for a long nights motoring. We did not realise that the filter was faulty. That evening as the anchor was being weighed and the chain washed down with water from a very noisy deck wash pump. Murphy struck again under cover of darkness and all the ongoing noise, the engine seized solid.

Oh well!! the best laid schemes of mice etc. etc. (Robert Burns was Murphy's cousin). We bit the bullet and set off on the long beat in 25-35 knots of wind and driving rain but at least it was quick and we covered the 140 miles in 21 hours.

Unfortunately we had to disappoint Henry and Jo Williams who were waiting for us in Grenada and with whom we had planned a small cruise and also Maurice and Betty O'Connor who have cruised with us nearly every year since 1967.

The redoubtable Ben was again pressed into service and the engine removed. As the engine model is a discontinued one we were lucky to meet with old friend Rodney Hill whose company in England managed to trace a virtually new engine and send it out to us.

By now it was March, so with the "new" engine installed and the old one broken down for spares, it was time to migrate N. Our route took us via Bequia and St. Lucia where we were joined by Dermot Griffith, then on to Martinique for St. Patrick's day. Some excellent cruising and exciting inter island sailing now followed taking us to St. Pierre, the old capital of Martinique, destroyed by volcano in 1902. The only survivors being the prisoners in the local jail!! I'm sure there's a message there somewhere, but I can't think what it is. Then on to Isle Des Saintes and finally to my old stomping ground English Harbour, Antigua.

The next four weeks were spent on normal maintenance which included completely dismantling the generator for the fourth time. Still it was a lovely time re-newing old acquaintances from previous trips and being filled in on all the gossip with which the small world of Caribbean "yotties" abounds.

At Easter Michael's nephew Stephen, on a break from his



studies in U.S., joined us for a short cruise to Nevis, a beautifully relaxed Island, then on to St. Barts where Michael regrettably had to leave us. Finally back to Antigua.

Later in the month, my brother Cas having joined us, we watched the first half of Antigua Race Week then set off to St. Barts again. St. Barts is very, very French and has, unusual for the Caribbean, a number of excellent restaurants. It is also the best of the duty free islands although St. Martins runs it a close second I'm told.

Here, another C.C.A. friend Ned Rowland joined us and we set off for Bermuda for what was to be one of the best passage sails I've had in many a long year. Mostly under spinnaker we beam or broad reached for 5 days 3 hours to cover the 934 mile passage at an average speed of 7.54 knots. Not bad for an 18 year old boat. We did manage to blow out our reefing genoa and this was to make our entry to St. Georges quite interesting.

We had no engine poser as we were under the impression that our transmission was broken. We managed to shoot the 300 yard long and 50 yard wide entrance under main and storm jib hanked on to the baby stay. Our transmission problem turned out to be nothing more serious than a loose shaft coupling (was Murphy relenting?)

Having completed formalities, we moved round to Hamilton, to the city centre marina of the Royal Bermuda Y.C. with all its marvellous facilities. Hot shower, gymnasium and sauna room in the club house and water, electricity and telephone of the dock, not to mention the famous bar. Here we also met *War Baby* and her owner, with whom the Commodore had such a great time last year.

Tom and Muriel Power and Tom and Ann Roche joined us here for a holiday. Ann had the good sense to fly to America and the rest of us sailed. The main feature of this passage is the crossing of the Gulf Stream. It is here one finally bids farewell to the beautiful warm, Caribbean waters and renews old rivalries with the 'Snot Green Scrotumtightening sea' to quote a certain well known Mr. Joyce. The sea temperature drops from the mid seventies to the low fifties. This is quite a noticeable change, as anyone whose breath has been taken away by the first wave to come over the bow, will tell you. Fog is also a hazard in this area as the warm wind condenses when it blows over the cold Labrador current. We had our share of it, but it makes the hazy Brenton Reef Tower of



It really is only water

Photo: B. Smullen



Wooden boat race

Photo: J. Smullen

America's Cup fame, all the more romantic as one closes the coast near Newport R.I. for yet another landfall in the new world and a warm welcome for old friend George Monk the Customs man of years standing. One of 'natures gentlemen' as they say. Also on hand to greet us were Michael O'Flaherty and Ann Roche.

By now almost everything that could go wrong had done so and been repaired with one exception, the battery charger. I enquired at the Marina office and was directed to a nearby building. Little did I realize as I approached this edifice that it housed the holy grail, for there in large gold letters on the door it said 'Murphy Marine Inc.' "Mr. Murphy could you perform an exorcism" sez I. "Certainly" sez he and within an hour he had. Touch wood, we have not had any major problems since.

A day sail up Buzzards Bay to Poccasset, followed by a motoring trip through the Cape Cod Canal and then an overnight passage brought us to our summer base int the lovely little town of Camden, Maine.

In July we were joined by Jess Taws from Scotland and went on the annual cruise of the C.C.A. Although shrouded in fog for most of the time the company was good and the story telling great. We also bumped into fellow member Dr. Brian Dalton several times, proudly flying the I.C.C. Burgee on *Boru*.

Our final fling of the season was the wooden boat Regatta, organised by a magazine of the same name. What a sight it was with 108 entries ranging in size from 18' peapods to 70' monsters charging down Eggemoggine Reach in twenty knots of wind and a flat sea. We crossed the finish line about the seventh boat but as nobody bothered to produce results we never found out how we did, but it was such a great day nobody cared.

Cuilauin is now in bed in Maine for the winter but next year we plan to explore some more of this vast coastline where despite the large number of boats it is still possible to find a deserted anchorage.

MILEAGE CHART

Passage	Mileage	Time Taken		Power
		Days	Hrs	
Hamble - Gran Canaria	1603	12	3.5	Motor sail all the way
Gran Canaria - Barbados	2796	19	19.25	
General Caribbean Cruising	700	3.5 mths		No record
St. Barts - Bermuda	934	5	3.25	2 hrs
Bermuda - Newport	678	3	17.5	30 hrs
Pacasset - Camden	182	1	4	7 hrs
	6893			

Glorious Galicia

M.M.A. d'Alton

Ever since Perry Greer fired my imagination with his splendid series of cruises many years ago, in *Helen of Howth* to the north west coast of Spain, from Vigo northward to La Coruna and beyond, I have had a nagging urge to cruise this region, an urge unrequited during all those intervening years.

However, during the '87 season Fred Espey, now part owner with James Osborne of the boat that was built and owned until recently by Paul Campbell - now alas no longer cruising - the *Verve* (a timber built yacht of 10 tons now twenty five years old), invited the three part-owners of *Siamsa*, Leslie Latham, Franz Winkelmann and myself, to join him in '88 in flying out to this top left hand corner of Spain, to take over the *Verve*, which James would have taken out there and which he would leave for us, after he had cruised the coast for a couple of weeks, so that we might do the same and then sail her home again - the perfect arrangement if you do not have a month to spare.

We three, particularly I, jumped at such a splendid invitation and so after almost a year's pleasant anticipation we, together with Fred and his wife Eileen, took off from Dublin on Friday afternoon 1st July 1988 and not so many hours later landed in Santiago de Compostela, the main city in the region, from where we next day caught a train to Vigo, a couple of hours journey though very pleasant and verdant countryside to pick up *Verve* which James had left a week before in the Marina at the Club Nautico in Vigo, an excellent starting point for us, being at the south end of this very fine stretch of deeply indented coast with many of the Rias nestling in amongst the mountains.

We resisted the temptation to rush there and very wisely spent the first evening and most of the next day in seeing something of Santiago with its enormous and very magnificent Cathedral, the interior of immense splendour, the exterior still with a large and fascinating area of the ancient city clustering around it. The narrow stone flagged streets are of such complexity in their layout that navigators, better than we, could get quite lost in it. And no wonder, for in the Middle Ages, Santiago de Compostela was one of the three greatest places of pilgrimage in the whole of Christendom, the other two being Rome and Jerusalem. So renowned a centre was Santiago, that many of the great Cathedrals of Europe, especially those in France and

Germany, were built on the Pilgrim Routes from these countries to it.

We were fortunate in happening upon a most impressive ceremony whilst we were in the Cathedral - an enormous bronze thurible, a censer vessel a good four feet in height and of great weight, was sent swinging pendulum-fashion on the end of an enormously thick rope suspended from a complicated pully arrangement from the very apex of the nave, a good 60 or 70 feet above our heads, the other end of the rope being manned by seven stout acolytes hanging on to seven tails and timing their pulls so perfectly that eventually the huge heavy thurible, belching clouds of incense and even flames at times, was hurtling through its 65 foot radius until all but horizontal at each limit of its swing, just below the roof at each side of the chancel, a rather terrifying sight but one which has left a deep impression, as indeed it probably has been doing for several hundred years.

Back then to Vigo - a very fine modern city with a particularly intriguing 'old-town morsel' (even if not a particularly clean one) still left on the hill near the Marina - and so to *Verve*, which we found not only where James had said she would be, but all stocked up with beer for our trip towards the north.

From Ria to Ria

Though from Vigo to La Coruna is hardly a hundred miles as the crow flies, it is vastly more than this along its convoluted coast, so that the two weeks we had was far too short to see anything like the number of places it would be worth calling into, as Perry long ago found out.



Verve, centre, at Corne



Finisterre light house

We spent all Sunday and much of Monday in Vigo, leaving in the late afternoon for an easy sail of a couple of hours or so, down this magnificent Ria to the port at its entrance, Bayona, securing in the marina in the usual fashion here, bow on, the stern held out by a heavy mooring rope sunk halfway between the two lines of boats; almost my first experience of a marina.

We ate ashore that night, as indeed we did most evenings, in a small cafe - restaurant, where the food was good if not elaborate; we ate rather than dined in such places at most of our calls. Usually dinner of a simple kind, often mainly based on fish, with a fair amount of plonk, worked out about IR£5 a head, excellent value for these days.

Tuesday was a beautiful one; we sailed gently for a few miles out to the group of islands across the entrance to the Ria de Vigo - Isles Cies - our chosen island with two lovely sandy beaches, the sea deep blue but sparkling green where shallow over sand, all quite tropical. I climbed up to the lighthouse near the high crest of the island from where this whole group was even more magnificent.

We weighed anchor soon after tea time and had a glorious easy sail back to the coast and on up deep into the Ria de Pontevedra, where about 3 hours later we let go in a couple of fathoms off the jetty of the entrancing little old fishing port of Combarro, at the end of what was a perfect day, capped by an excellent dinner on board conjured up by Eileen.

In the morning we ambled around this enchanting old fishing village, the houses with their first floors projecting out on rows of stone columns in a little 'arcaded' main street wandering along the curving waterfront, with quite a few 'auld wans' in the universal black of those over middle age in these parts, all of a piece, with almost only ourselves sounding an inharmonious note.

We could not drag ourselves away from this enchantment until mid afternoon, when we left under engine for the few miles to Portonove, here we anchored just inside the mole, and later on ate well in an old cafe-restaurant in the older part of the town.

We left soon after noon and after little more than an hours sail in lovely weather, dropped anchor off the island of Isle Ons, off the northern beach - the one where they dispense with the formality of bathing wear, though we saw little evidence of this - where we had hoped to spend the night. However, the shelter from the south west wind was

surprisingly poor, so after tea we gently set sail north again up into the next Ria, the Ria de Arosa, a very large one, around to the north side of the group of islands in there, Isle de Arosa, where we let go off the little harbour, having threaded our way (with great ease) though the large number of mussel floats here - enormous rafts with strings of mussels growing under them, a huge industry on this whole coast; this day too, was ended splendidly on board, with another dinner by Eileen.

We all landed in the morning, now Friday 8th July, and meandered around this most interesting island village, built on the narrow neck of land between two back-to-back beaches, joining

a pair of islands. It was after lunch before we were under way again, motoring out the way we had come in; to the south of Isle Salvora - the short cut to the north of it looked less attractive on the chart than it did from *Verve* on this lovely day.

As we neared Cabo Corrubedo, the end of the mountainous 'peninsula' forming the seaward side of the Ria in which we had spent the night, we set sail again, and close hauled we made good speed up along the coast in beautiful weather, the mountains down the centre of the peninsula lovely as those of the west of Ireland, on a glittering day like this. After three hours of this delightful sailing we arrived off yet another fine old town, this time a large fishing port, the splendid and renowned one of Muros, on the north side of the Ria of that name, at the foot of fine mountains where they 'sweep down to the sea', at the end of an absolutely splendid day of splendid sailing, along a splendid coast!

Surprisingly, it was difficult to find anywhere to eat, either on the fine arcaded waterfront or in the intriguing back streets, but eventually we did; the octopus was interesting, but faintly disgusting.

Next day, Saturday 9th July, was yet another glorious one, with brilliant sun and a gentle breeze; we all spent much of the morning meandering around the old back streets of this grand and ancient town. Later on I walked many miles up the mountain road through much forestry until I reached the crest and had most magnificent views, not only out over the Ria de Muros but to the west as well, to our old weather forecast friend, Cabo Finisterre itself.

Dinner ashore with the more sedentary members of the crew was a very pleasant ending to the half dozen hours of walking through the mountains.

Both Eileen and I started Sunday well; we attended Mass in a lovely old and unusual church, hoping that all the 'auld wans' in their black petticoats and shawls drawn up over their heads - so like the old ones in back streets of Dublin years ago - would not notice that we were not quite of the one true faith.

As soon as the Church Party had reported back on board we weighed anchor, but as the sun had killed the wind we motored for a couple of hours and sailed for another couple around Punta Carreiro - the north point at the entrance of the Ria - and on up the lovely coast to yet another Ria, this one inside Finisterre, the Ria de Corcubion, to the village of that name.

We left the following mid morning and though it was still

glorious weather, we spent the whole afternoon and much of the evening, about 8 hours of it, in a dead beat to windward in a heavy wind, 5 increasing to 6, the *Verve* reduced to No. 2 jib, 4 rolls in the main and no mizzen, with short steep seas and wind-induced current against us, finally putting into Camarinus - in its own Ria too - after an hour and a half of very bumpy motor sailing.

All the way up this coast, we had noticed to our surprise that there was little or no tidal flow the many anchored fishing floats showed us this - but always when the easy breeze of the forenoon strengthened in the afternoon to a good Force 5 and sometimes 6, as they almost invariably seemed to do, they induced a surface current which soon became quite strong and which aided and abetted by the short stopping seas, made headway in a beat a hard earned thing. The log pithily summed up this leg "lovely day; dirty beat".

And after all this hardship, when we made it ashore, there was almost no place to eat, so we had to count ourselves lucky eventually to have found a cafe which served small snacks.

Tuesday was yet another glorious day, but as we found ourselves on a beat of long and short legs of almost four hours, we motor sailed some of this, rounding the very striking and ominously named headland, Cabo Villano, on our way to the town of Corme, this time in a bay, a town not beautiful from the sea but which would appear to be a holiday place for the area around.

The sailing directions issued by the 'pilotage section' of the Royal Cruising Club - a most beautifully illustrated and concisely worded publication, extremely helpful, was in this instance rather misleading as it directed one to anchor well outside the line of the mole in 3 to 4 metres, whereas we went in very well beyond this line to anchor - and found 6 fathoms.

Later in the afternoon I rowed *Verve's* punt - what a pleasure to row a rigid boat having full sized oars and proper rowlocks - around the fine bay here, visiting all five beaches, most fairly well crowded (almost the first crowds of any size since Vigo).

Later we landed, with some difficulty on the extremely steep slip, and had one of our best dinners so far, rather more expensive than usual but worth it, about IR£6.50 a head, including beer and wine.

One thing we had wondered about before we left home; would we be able to receive the BBC forecasts? It turned out that even with a small transistor we were (just) able to get them, even when south at Vigo, though to do so we had to hold it to our ear; this time the midnight one whispered "North Finisterre: SW-NW F7 to Gale 8" to lull us all to sleep.

We were now, sadly, on our last leg on this coast, our next stop, the very large port of La Coruna, just a little south of the actual 'corner' of Spain, from where we would leave to cross the Bay of Biscay en route for home (via an island or two off Brittany, we hoped).

We left Corme at 11.00, in a very dense mist, which thankfully soon burned up and after five hours of delightful sailing, even setting that

lovely reaching sail, the mizzen staysail, arrived off the world famous Torre de Hercules, that enormous tower which is the oldest lighthouse in the world in continuous use, having been built by the Romans, and shortly after rounding it, put into La Coruna, where we first picked up a moorings off the marina, later moving into a berth there.

I was able to check the Walker's Log on this passage (which I was most anxious to do with Biscay in mind) with some vertical sextant angle/compass bearing fixes off a couple of headlands; they showed what I suspected, that under engine it over-read and so required just over 10% deducted from the log reading in these circumstances (it is curious how many people will tell you that the slip-stream makes no difference).

We spent the next morning storing ship for the passage across the Bay of Biscay, including water from the hose on the finger of the marina where we lay - water which later on turned out to be bad to the extent that coffee made from it was foul and only just drinkable; a warning to always try a glass before filling up.

The rest of a lovely sunny day soon slipped by in wandering around this very fine town - city perhaps I should say - with fine stone flagged streets and good shops, especially those leading off from the truly magnificent square in front of the even more magnificent Municipal Palace, all four sides of the square enclosed by very fine cut stone buildings, all arcaded at ground level, the place a hive of activity in the evenings as the sun went down on the sea of crowded cafe tables in the lengthening shadows of their brilliant sunshades.

La Coruna is not only its fine square and main streets, it also has a very extensive waterfront with public spaces, lovely old back streets and tiny squares, old churches and convents tucked into unexpected corners, all most delightful in the subdued lighting after dark; a very pleasant place in all.

We dined ashore in the evening, but alas not at either of the two recommended best ones - we took one look at the foot of the menu displayed outside, 7,500 ps instead of our more usual 600 - 800 ps, that is IR£44 a head - and fled!

Our relief crew, Mick Reilly, an unlikely combination of a pig farmer from the central plains of Ireland, with a fine boat on a moorings at Galway, arrived soon after lunch, to replace Franz who was leaving us at the end of the coastal cruise; a splendid acquisition as he turned out.



Verve entering Muros

Across the Bay of Biscay

Finally we departed soon after breakfast on Saturday 16th July, with little wind, but soon were under main and No 2 jib only, hard on a fresh breeze, off Cabo Priorino, the north headland to the bay in which La Coruna lies.

From a compass bearing/vertical sextant angle fix, the best there is, we laid course for Belle Isle off the coast of France, almost due north east, something over 300 miles distant and in this wind, a dead beat - a beat which continued from 11.00 on this Saturday, without let up until 04.00 on the following Tuesday, a total of 65 hours, laid hard over all the time making life on board no bed of roses but rather one of thorns, and sleeping on the weather side a feat of sheer endurance, so that occasionally when Eileen managed the impossible and produced something hot, to eat - as most commendably she did from time to time, and that without bidding - we received it with a sense of wonder at her strength of will in such adverse circumstances.

All went well enough though uncomfortably, on the first day of this protracted beat, until mid afternoon when in a sudden severe lurch, *Verve* threw Leslie across the saloon, striking his forehead with fearsome force against the cabin coaming. In a matter of minutes one eye was completely closed, in a couple of hours the worst black eye I had ever seen.

We all were much worried at the severity of this accident to Leslie, who though he took it with great fortitude, was confined to his bunk for a full three days, and though he had largely recovered by the time we reached France, regrettably and reluctantly decided that it would be imprudent to continue home on *Verve*; his departure leaving quite a gap on board.

This accident disconcerted us all; it brought home how very easily it - and worse - could happen to any of us. It also brought home that no boat that puts to sea and may have to sail hard on the wind, can have too many handrails or handholds.

It brought home one other curious fact concerning the traditional full displacement hull (as is *Verve's*) and the modern light displacement one with fin keel. The older type of boat sails her best when well heeled on the wind whereas the modern one does not and must be sailed far more upright, when she will sail very well indeed with much reduced canvas. The modern one, though she may well be more 'bouncy' is yet much easier to live in when on the wind, a rather unexpected virtue.

This passage threw up one other feature so important in living on the wind, that is that most lee-cloths even if they are well secured, are quite inadequate. It now seems to me that the only really satisfactory ones would be those which extended the full width in under the bunk cushion, being screwed down along the outer edge (i.e. at the hull) the inner edge being a sleeve with a stout pole in it, which would be hoisted up from the bunk, so he the sleeper would in effect, be in a half hammock when in the weather berth.

During all this time we took long tacks - up to eighteen hours or more at a time - so that those trying to sleep would not be disrupted by going about. In one sense this was a mistake as it meant departing greatly from the Rhumb Line, so that if the wind broke us off and did so when we went around again, as it did for much of this flog, we ended up when recrossing the Line having made good a most disappointing amount towards Belle Isle, still dead to windward of us. However, rest outweighed maximum progress and short tacks close along the Line would have been very wearing to those below.

There were as well, two other sources of poor progress, the steep seas and the adverse surface current induced by the head-wind (as we had observed off the Spanish Coast). The

first of these meant that *Verve*, under this rig of main and No 2 jib only in a stiff head-wind, was tacking through 11 degrees at least, and some of the time 110 to 120 degrees, and the second was nullifying an undue amount of what ground was being made good. This became apparent each time I took, worked it up and laid off a Sun Sight. I being one of those who feel in in my bones, that it is highly imprudent to leave oneself entirely at the mercy of electrics when navigating at sea (and even more so when close-navigating along an unknown coast), kept up the old and proper practise of depending upon natural phenomena only (apart from a quartz crystal wrist watch!). This fuddy-duddyism of mine much later on, received a boost when the Decca became quite skittish, informing us that we were now making splendid speed - just over 62 knots in fact - but quite spoiling our pleasure by heartlessly indicating that we were some 240 miles or so further south than we knew ourselves to be (by those old methods which employ a compass, a Walker's Log, a notebook and a few pencil lines upon a chart - to say nothing of a sextant and the Sun).

In fact such gross error is not a real worry; far more is a modest one which thus is not self apparent, as when much later in the passage, the Decca indicated in a thick mist, that we were well to the east of the Scillies and had indeed overshot them by quite a few miles, when in fact we were very nearly on course for St. Marys Sound. Just as obstinately, I kept up my usual coastal drill when sailing along the coast of Spain, and when rather to my (biased) surprise, the Decca was often close to the correct position (mine!), but was at other times sufficiently out, to be a real danger when in the region of rocks and reefs; due of course, to the deflection of radio waves by the terrain so adverse to their true direction.

At 'local noon' on Tuesday 19th July, I observed a good Meridian Altitude of the sun giving me my latitude, from which I found a position by crossing this parallel of latitude with a position line laid down from a sun sight taken at 18.00 the day before, now brought forward to the noon of the later sight.

This most useful fix - the 'cut' almost exactly a right angle - showed us almost on course, but that in the 3 days and 3 hours had made good only 200 miles (despite logging no less than 329) and that we were still over 130 miles from Belle Isle and still too, almost dead to leeward of it.

The wind was now falling away, so we 'threw our hat' at Belle Isle and laid off *Verve* far further north in France, for the Raz de Seine 120 miles away, which whilst much more on our route home, would give us a choice or two of calling in to France.

On engine then, as the wind quite fell away, and for the next twenty four hours or so, we motored, sailed and motor sailed, until at last we sighted through the haze land - France assuredly, but just where after all these days at sea?

Here the Decca took its revenge and no mistake; I had become mentally lazy about tidal streams, from their absence off Spain, and as there now was no wind, I failed to allow for the fact that as we approached the French coast, there might be tides again. The Decca indicated a position 5 or 6 miles to the south east of my position - and the Decca was quite right! (the Sun will never forgive me for this lapse).

By the most excellent judgement after 4 days and 4 hours (to say nothing of a little luck) we arrived at the south end of this fearsome Raz de Seine just before low water and joined the bunch of about a dozen yachts awaiting 'opening time' and almost immediately passed through; the Raz as calm as a millpond; timing is indeed all here.

We choose as our call in France, Morgat in the huge and well enclosed Bay of Douarnenez - a bay in which in good weather one could most easily spend a week - as we had been

here before and liked it, and I for the unexpressed reason that in making our departure from here for home, we would be well clear to the south of all the filth and fierce currents of Ushant, whereas if we had gone to Camaret we would be skirting or indeed, in amongst them.

In absolutely glorious weather we continued up the west side of the bay, the few miles to Morgat, securing alongside the outside of the concrete caisson-pier of the marina, exactly were we had been in *Siamusa* a few years ago.

We had conquered the mighty Bay of Biscay! In what must have been one of the slowest crossings ever, no less than 100 hours (to the Raz de Seine) about 320 miles as the crow flies but during which we logged 456 miles, all this despite the deal of motoring we did towards the latter end.

Blind Passage

We lazed away the day after our arrival and in the evening had a really excellent dinner in the very pleasant first floor dining room of the 'Restaurant Les Flots', where we had dined well when here in *Siamusa*.

The day after this, Thursday 21st July, after filling up with fuel (and plonk) we left under engine in little wind and much mist, with about half a mile visibility, which after we had rounded the headland at the entrance to the Bay and laid off course well south of Ushant - 5 miles to be careful, having ascertained from the tidal atlas that the tide at this time was almost slack, which a glimpse later on of a lobster pot float showed was by no means so - closed right down and stayed that way for the whole of our reach, *Verve* now under small jib and main rolled down to the crosstrees, from here to the Scillies, during which the BBC was giving visibility at Dover and Land's End (where have the Scillies gone?) as "fifty metres".

This crossing of one of the great shipping lanes of Europe, in visibility which never exceeded a cable and in which at times it was not easy to see one's own stemhead, was an anxious one, especially as night came on. So much so, that shortly before this, I had floated the idea that it might be necessary to put Eileen in the pulpit as a look-out, an idea she did not seem to relish.

However, we ploughed on through the night and through the fog, with not only our eyes out on stalks but our ears as well, but whether it was that there was no shipping in the twenty five miles of separation zones we crossed, or that not only did we not see any but did not hear any either, we will never know; what we do know, and thankfully at that, is that we were quite unmolested by any. I tried to put out of my mind the stories one has heard and read of ships now-a-days maintaining a steady fifteen knots in such weather and dwell



instead upon the one comfort which we did possess, that despite no radar we did have a whacking great radar reflector well hoisted up the mizzen mast.

By noon "me auld Segotia" the Decca was, as mentioned earlier, indicating that we had by-passed the Scillies, but gritting my teeth I stuck to the Dead-Reckoning that we were more or less on course, and sure enough, about an hour later, through a thinning in the mist, what looked like land appeared. Just where it was an R.D.F. bearing on Round Island would have proved invaluable, but our set had been feeling the damp since we had left Spain and though I had laid course from France quite a few degrees to weather up to the Bishop Lighthouse to allow for tide - I had decided that all these over our passage almost canceled out - but for the fact that *Verve*, when reaching or running in a strong wind, was much more inclined to run off to lee rather than to gripe up to weather, especially during night watches, I was, need

say, in some doubt how all this had worked out. However a little later on an inlet appeared, which greatly to my delight turned out to be where we were looking for, St. Mary's Sound. In another hour or so we had let go our anchor in Hughtown, in wretched weather, but nonetheless after a fast passage of 140 miles in just over 27 hours; but never had I sailed so far and seen so little.

Even as we came in, we were met by a Custom's launch, which as soon as we had the anchor down, hove up alongside and put a Custom's Officer on board, soon followed by another one, this second one a woman with a dog of the retriever persuasion in close attendance, which was promptly put to work in 'sniffing' the whole boat from stem to stern; a chastening reminder that some yachts are suspected drug runners - our first experience of such an uncomfortable suspicion.

Though this Friday evening was a miserable drizzly one, we had an excellent dinner in the Atlantic Hotel, a small establishment in the centre of the town. This fortified us for the forecast at midnight "South West", force 6 to 7, perhaps gale 8 later.

From Scillies with a tail wind

As we all had to be back in Dun Laoire by Sunday night, and as the wind was from the right quarter, we decided that despite the weather forecast we would sail first thing in the morning. This we did and for much of the day had a cracking reach under the main and No. 2 jib only; fine enough indeed for a set of sunsights at teatime.

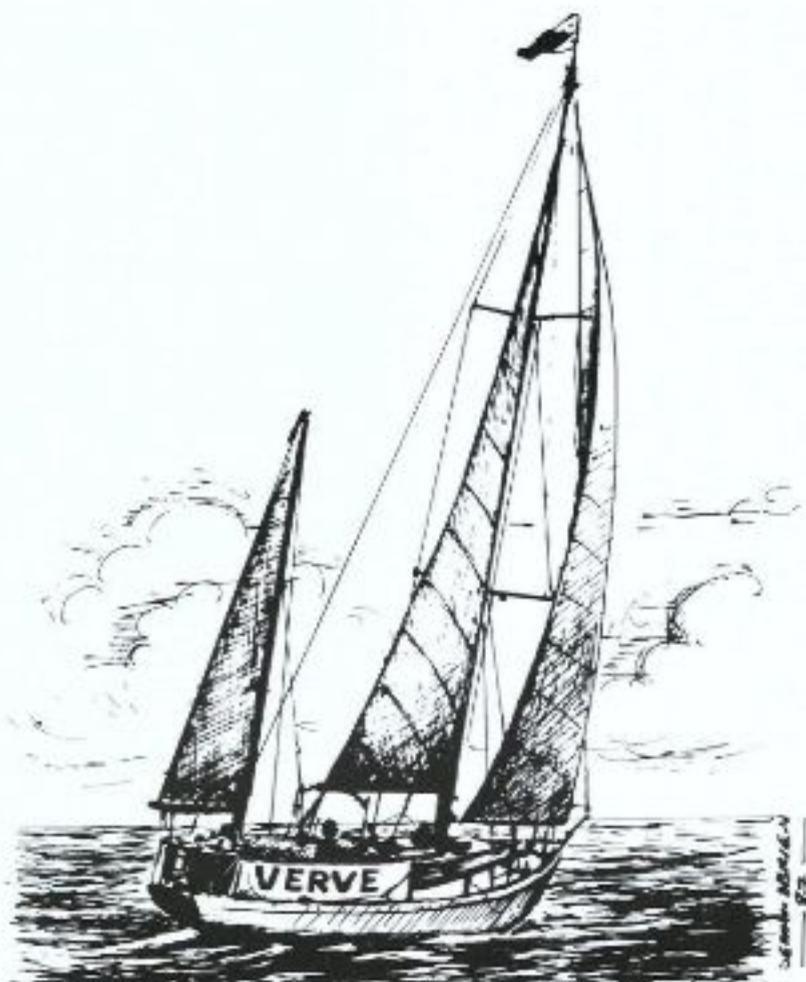
Shortly afterwards however, the weather began to arrive in

earnest, so we dropped the main and ran on hard under the jib only, in heavy seas until dark, when we were on the verge of handing this and running on under bare poles, as *Verve* was tending to take charge. However we hung on as it got no heavier and so we careered through the night in a somewhat wild eyed stagger.

At breakfast time, through rather poor visibility the Tuskar appeared, still without benefit of R.D.F., as we continued tearing up the channel in strong wind, high seas and later on, in brilliant sunshine, subsequently cutting inside the tail of the Arklow Bank by early afternoon (where the Lanby has temporarily been replaced by an ordinary buoy in a slightly different position), seeking, and finding, smoother water under the lee of the land.

By teatime we were under the splendid rig of No. 2 jib, mizzen and mizzen staysail (but no mainsail) making cracking way in great comfort. An hour or so before midnight on Sunday 24th July, we entered Dun Laoire and picked up our moorings off the Royal Irish Yacht Club; home on time, but only just, "born in the vestry" as it were.

We had logged 827 miles on the passage home from La Coruna in 8 days 14 hours, an average speed of a trifle over 4 knots throughout that time and an average of 4.85 knots for our time at sea, during which we had run the engine for 39 hours, that is 23% of the time under way (the days upon the coast had been happy ones of no facts or figures, which might indeed have spoiled the spell, but at a guess, we sailed over 200 and under 250 miles in all during that pleasant period).



Meander III on the West Coast of France

Brian Hegarty

Having spent several years in nothern waters in *Freebird* we set our minds on a cruise to La Rochelle on the Biscay coastline of France. It so happened that Liam McGonagle and Des Turvey who had acquired *Meander III*, a Grampian 34, from ICC member Michael Sullivan of Cork, were likewise contemplating a cruise to Brittany. Liam suggested that we pool our efforts with *Meander III* rather than make the out and back journey in both boats. It made a lot of sense - Des and Liam cruised out finishing up at Vannes at the head of the Morbihan. The *Freebird* crew took my car via Rosslare-Cherbourg to Vannes where the crews swapped boat and car. We cruised *Meander III* to La Rochelle and back to Crosshaven where Des Turvey wanted *Meander III* positioned for August.

It is an arrangement which worked very well for us, as it will for any who takes the trouble to comply with French Regulations. During the winter months I had read of a number of instances of non-owner skippers having problems in French waters. With Liam and Des we dealt with the problem satisfactorily. At the end of this article is an Addendum which sets out (1) the French position as published by the French Government Tourist Office, 178 Piccadilly, London W1V 0AL, and (2) an article published in *Yachting Monthly's* "On Watch Column" of May 1988 which clarifies how to deal with the situation. In brief a yacht cruising in French waters must (a) be registered, and (b) must be skippered by an owner, with the following two exceptions. A skipper, other than the owner, may deliver a yacht to France, or a close relative of the owner may skipper the yacht in French waters.

By Monday 11th July lunchtime *Meander III's* new crew were ensconced on board at Vannes and starting to get the feel of things. With me were Betty, Harry Byrne (of ICC), and John Malcolm who has sailed with us over the past ten years. We had left home with my car on Saturday and travelled Rosslare to Cherbourg by the Irish Ferries vessel *St. Patrick*. Sunday 11.00 found us docking in Cherbourg on a delightful sunny day. The direct journey to Vannes by road is only 190 miles of easy driving. We added some fifty miles to our journey as we visited the Normandy Beaches - Omaha Beach in particular - before visiting the town of Bayeux to see the famous tapestry. We still made out 21.00 rendezvous with Liam and Des and crew at Vannes as planned. An hilarious party ensued which ensured hangovers all round on Monday.

Des and Liam had been having a problem with a leaking engine water pump which they had had fixed, ineffectively as it transpired, at La Trinite. Whilst we still had my car we dashed over to La Trinite and procured a new set of washers from the Volvo agent there. John stripped the pump and soon had the problem solved. Vannes is a delightful old walled town which we enjoyed in the cool of the evening.

Tuesday 12th July saw us underway at 08.30 to catch the morning tide out of the dock at Vannes (open 1.5 hours either side of HW). On the first of the ebb we dropped six miles down this inland waterway to an anchorage at Les Rechauds

off the Ile Aux Moines. We breakfasted in sunshine before doing a topside clean to get rid of the scum of the Vannes dock. The Morbihan provides moorings for hundreds of yachts so that there is plenty of boating activity in this pastoral countryside. Tides are very strong in the Morbihan. We planned to visit Auray at the head of the northerly arm of the Morbihan, so as the ebb slackened around mid-day we dropped downstream from the Ile Aux Moines, to pick up the flood at Ile Longue. Once round Gregan Lighthouse the new flood helped us up stream towards Auray. We lunched at an anchorage called Le Rocher whilst we waited for the flood to make sufficiently to allow us to complete the three mile journey between fields and woodland to Auray. Auray does not have a marina. One moors bow and stern between buoys, rafted with other yachts, in mid stream where there is sufficient depth at low water to stay afloat. A dinghy is a must for getting ashore. Auray is another characterful little town of great charm. Eating is more expensive down by the harbour than it is if one walks up the hill into the main town away from the touristy harbour.

Next morning the lovely weather of the previous three days deserted us. Away before 07.00 it was warm and close with misty rain. Having negotiated the shallow part below Auray we darted into the Sept Iles anchorage and took moorings while we had breakfast. The barometer was falling giving SW F5 with plenty of rain. Later leaving the Morbihan the rain had ceased and whilst it was overcast visibility was good. The breeze had veered to WF5 giving us reaching conditions in a bumpy sea. We had hoped to make Port Joinville on Ile d'Yeu that day but it was not to be. The sky cleared further and with the clearance an increase in wind to WF6-7. We had double reefed the main, and had the genoa well rolled in. *Meander III* was still overpressed so we dispensed with the genoa completely and cased her away for Pornic under reefed main only. We were glad to berth safely in Pornic Marina, where it was blowing old boats, and the waves cascading in spray over the harbour wall. We had covered the 47 miles from Sept Iles at an average speed of just under 7 knots. *Meander III* had shown us that with a free wind she could be deceptively fast.

Having passed the mouth of the Loire Estuary we were struck by the sudden change in architecture. From the greyer buildings of Brittany, housing quite suddenly showed, what we would regard as, a Spanish influence - orange red tiles on roofs of much flatter camber. We also seemed to enter a different weather pattern. From now until we returned north of Ile d'Yeu it was to be all sunshine.

Thursday 14th July - Bastille Day - we did not stir until 08.00, and then we fiddled about and did some jobs - filled water tank, checked fuel, washed out cockpit, topped up engine oil, etc. etc. it was almost as if we did not wish to face the lump outside - 10 miles to windward to round Ile Noirmoutier's northern end. However, with double reefed main and engine and a WXN F4-5 we made short work of the ten miles. Then it was squaring away as we gave Noirmoutier



The new bridge connecting Ile de Ré with the Mainland

Photo: B. Hegarty

an ample offering. By the time Ile d'Yeu was abeam we had the breeze astern, all plain sail set and the genoa boomed out. With the sun breaking through we enjoyed a magnificent fast sail for 26 miles to Les Sables d'Olonne. Les Sables d'Olonne has a fine yacht marina some half a mile up river from the open sea. It is a fine stopping place on this coastline. Its only shortcoming must be entry or exit in heavy onshore winds.

Having refueled at the dock beneath the Port Capitaines office we berthed in our allotted spot. That evening we enjoyed a most pleasant meal at a small bar restaurant overlooking the marina. As we took our seats we did not realise that we had picked just the right spot to view the Bastille Day fireworks at Les Sables d'Olonne. As the name Les Sables implies this part of France has sandy beaches, which front a low lying coastline, running all the way from Noirmoutier 40 miles to the NW to La Rochelle 30 miles to the SE. Sea depths are also relatively shoal so that strong onshore winds must produce most unpleasant conditions.

Friday was another lovely day of sunshine with main and boomed out genoa set to a WF4. It was kindly sailing with the sea becoming increasingly calm as we worked to the SE inside Ile de Ré. All along this coastline was great boating activity between yachts and inshore fishing boats. Time passed quickly and we were soon passing beneath the fine new road bridge which connects Ile de Ré with the mainland - it must be all of two miles long. The commercial piers at La Pallice were passed and in no time we had the leading marks for La Rochelle in our sights. We passed Les Minimes marina on the starboard hand. It is an enormous yacht harbour with reputedly 3000 berths and back-up facilities. However, we wished to savour the old harbour of La Rochelle and were soon passing between those much photo'ed fortress towers at the entrance. The Port Capitaine arranged for a berth for us in the inner "Bassin a Flot". We found La Rochelle the most expensive marina we visited at IR£12 per night for a Grampian 34. The lowest price paid was IR£5 per night, but the average is about IR£9 per night. In the case of La Rochelle they charge extra for berthing in the middle of the old town - it would be cheaper at Les Minimes.

It had been important to be in La Rochelle this Friday evening the 15th because Harry's

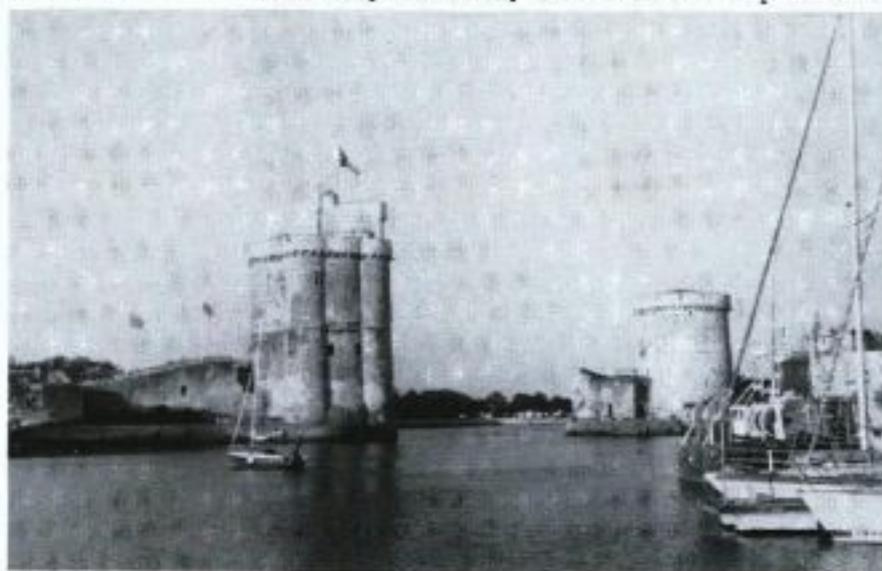
daughter, Roslyn, was due to join us for a long week-end. She was working in Paris and brushing up her French. Being the Bastille holiday week-end La Rochelle was all go, with street stalls, open air theatre, street artists and a generally packed town of holiday makers. The old buildings and town surrounding the harbour were beautifully flood lit creating a festive atmosphere.

We had hoped to leave La Rochelle the next morning but it was not to be - the gates on the "Bassin a Flot" remained firmly closed. However, it was a beautiful morning and if the gates on the basin were closed, other metaphorical gates opened. We got bicycles and set off to explore the town and Les Minimes Marina, which was a most worthwhile adventure.

That Saturday evening at 17.00 promptly we cleared La Rochelle en route for St. Martin de Ré some twelve miles distant. Like

so many towns on this French coastline St. Martin de Ré is a characterful walled town - fortified against marauders from the sea. The harbour approach is quite shallow and should only be attempted two hours either side of HW. The harbour proper dries out and yachts wishing to stay afloat must enter the gated dock at the appropriate time close to high water. This Saturday evening the outer harbour was packed with yachts waiting to enter the dock, which itself seemed pretty full. The gates were closed because the town was en fête and a road race around the town had the pathway across the dock gates as part of its course. When the gates opened eventually, we as a visiting yacht were ushered forward to be one of the first to enter. We were all fitted in the dock like sardines in a tin - one could walk from one side of the dock to the other across the yachts! We did not waste time getting ashore as we were hoping to dine at Les Colonnes Hotel which had been mentioned by Bobby Barr in the 1987 Annual. We wanted to beat the crowd to it - and we were in luck.

At 07.00 Sunday we were wakened by the endeavours of a small yacht to squeeze past our stern - an impossibility - dock gates opens at 07.30 says he. Soon heads were appearing all round us and a general movement started to get out. Back in the outer harbour by 08.00 we moored outside a large Beneteau sloop whilst Betty dashed ashore to shop. Our echo



Looking seaward from the old port of La Rochelle. Pontoons on the right of this picture enable yachts to stay afloat at LW without entering the "Bassin a Flot".

Photo: B. Hegarty

sounder showed 2.8m when suddenly our large neighbour discovered he was aground on drying out beams which are laid on the sea bed at this part of the harbour. There was a scramble to get off. With *Meander III* towing from the bow, and the yacht outside towing from his masthead, between us we towed him clear. At this point we decided it was time to head for Ile d'Aix some eight to ten miles south of La Rochelle, which was to be our next port of call.

The main anchorage and landing place at Ile d'Aix is on its SE side. The rise and fall is some 17.5' at springs, the sea bed shoals gently so that one has to anchor well off in order to stay afloat, unless, as many local boats did, one anchors within easy reach of the shore and settle in the mud as the tide ebbs. Despite this drawback we found Ile d'Aix the most delightful place we visited. Developed as a fortified island during the Napoleonic Wars, Napoleon visited and lived on the island for a time in 1808, and again after his defeat at Waterloo and prior to his departure for St. Helena. Some seventy people live on this well wooded island all year round, but the numbers are greatly increased in the summer months when the original village to house the troops in Napoleons time are occupied by holiday makers. This village contained within the outer wall and ramparts of the fort is most colourful as a profusion of hollyhox grows wild in the streets. Napoleon's house in the village is a two story building, now a museum, which we visited. In the garden of this house is an elm grafted to an ash which is attributed to Napoleon in 1808. To contemplate this strange tree "in full foliage" some one hundred and eighty years on is interesting.

At HW that evening we brought *Meander III* the little quayside for the night. Next morning the HW was not high enough to float us off, but the evening tide would. We spent another idyllic day on the island, with our ship moored twelve paces from a bar/restaurant under the trees across the quayside. That day we walked, swam and enjoyed a few beers in the sunshine before *Meander III* floated off and we left for La Rochelle, 11 miles away. When we did not float in the morning the crew of the local ferry was kind enough to say he would be about in the evening and offered a tow with the ferry if we needed it to get off. It was a friendly gesture which we appreciated, even though I knew from the almanac that it would not be necessary. We would recommend Ile d'Aix, but if visiting there try to arrange it as the tides approach springs so you can get in to the pier and take the ground without the risk of being neaped.

Back in La Rochelle, Roslyn caught her train to Paris, and back to work, after which we left for Les Sables d'Olonne under engine there being virtually no wind. By 15.00 we were off Les Sables d'Olonne and decided to go on to Port Joinville on Ile d'Yeu.



Meander III alongside at Ile d'Aix. Easy drying out spot, but beware of getting neaped. Bar and restaurant beneath the trees, twelve paces from *Meander*.

Photo: B. Hegarty

Approaching Ile d'Yeu we wondered would there be room in the marina for us - the sailing directions spoke of limited space. However, we need not have worried. Whilst the marina was full the Port Authority had made the next door dock available to yachtsmen and there we moored alongside quite a number of other boats. The dock reminded me of Arklow. After a meal aboard we set out to see the town. After drinks in several pubs we came upon a pub with music owned by Frank and Muriel (born on Ile d'Aix!) Nice friendly people, good fun, late night, complaints of sore heads next day!

Next day was overcast with a WF2-3 and bumpy sea as we motor-sailed on course for Ile de Houat 48 miles distant. The ship was quiet after the revelry of the previous night, except for the self steering which sounded like a flock of terns at work. Nonetheless, a great device which removes the tyranny of the wheel. Some four miles out from Houat we were engulfed in fog and were delighted that the Navstar 2000 was working accurately. We had been using it and checking its accuracy throughout our cruise. The further south we went the less accurate it proved to be, which of course was what we expected. Now, close to Belle Ile, the unit had regained its accuracy enabling us to find our way to Treach er Gouret at Houat, an anchorage off a sandy bay on the SE side of the island. As is often the case in such an anchorage, a gentle swell was getting into the bay and we rolled all night. The fresh water sloshing about in the tank made an infernal din, which combined with the movement, rendered sleep difficult.

Before breakfast next morning we moved the two miles to the main harbour on Houat, Port St. Gildas. Ashore for shopping, walk and a crab lunch at the Restaurant de l'Ille, it was a warm, close and wet day. Towards evening we left for the neighbouring island of Hoedic five miles away. Again it was very foggy as we smelt our way there with the aid of the Navstar. Some 30 to 40 yachts were crowded into the small harbour the more exposed of them affected by the slight roll. We moved half a mile to the west and anchored in a little cove called Port Neuf on the north corner of the island. We had it to ourselves and it was free of roll - delightful. Ashore with the dinghy after supper we tramped in the dark into the tiny village on Hoedic. Unlike its near neighbour the pubs don't close at 22.45 and when we left at midnight to return on board we left behind a bustling scene.

Friday 20th produced fog and visibility same as yesterday - half a mile at most. With a SWF4 to 5 we felt our way carefully away from Hoedic until we reached Ile aux Chevaux. Then with single reefed main and genoa reefed to No. 2 we enjoyed a brisk close fetch to Le Palais. We moored in the trots in the outer harbour and to our surprise were not subject to a charge because we arrived after mid-day and would be leaving before the next mid-day - marinas everywhere take note! I have read many favourable comments about Le Palais and Belle Ile, but we did not care for Le Palais much. We found Le Palais crowded and fairly expensive, though I imagine the other parts of this island are probably different.

After a visit to Vaubans Castle and museum which dominates Le Palais, we left for Ile de Groix. A gentle SW F3 to 4 enabled *Meander III* to reel off the twenty four miles in four hours so that we were moored to one of the buoys in the outer harbour of Port Tudy by 16.25. We were only just in time as Port Tudy soon became so full that yachts were turned away.

Next day Sunday 24th July was declared a rest day. Betty and Harry went off in the morning to see open air dancing in "Traditional" costume which was a great success by all accounts. As a compulsive engineer poor John's day was more or less ruined. That morning we had been awakened by our French neighbour because the wash of the first ferry leaving

Port Tudy had capsized our rubber dinghy, outboard engine and all. John dismantled the engine, and got it running again. However, a day or so later it was to give up the ghost as far as this cruise was concerned.

On Monday we were away from Port Tudy bound for Concarneau. It was overcast with low cloud threatening rain, and visibility only moderate. Wind was SW F5 to 6. Forecast said SW F5 to 7. It was a bumpy ride, once clear of Ile de Groix, as we steered to the NW with the genoa rolled in to No. 3 and with a double reefed main. A neighbour on the trot from Brixham was making the same passage with *Steady Tension* a De Ridder High Tension 36. When he realised we were leaving he came to. From the way he spoke we thought he wanted to try his yacht against *Meander III*. Try as he might he could not get past us, and in Concarneau he expressed surprise at *Meander III*'s speed. Not that we were racing of course - much! Arriving in Concarneau the marina looked very uncomfortable with wind and sea. We decided to go round to the Arriere Port where we found a snug mooring behind the old city walls. Concarneau is a town of great character - the old walled town a virtual island. It is also a fine fishing port and the facilities there for unloading and handling fish catches are worth seeing. Irish fishing ports could learn a lot.

It was nearly mid-day before we got away from Concarneau. We wished to take on diesel and water, but we had to wait until 11.00 before the flood had made sufficiently to allow us to float alongside the fuelling point at the pier protecting the marina. And we needed the fuel for the day was becoming a scorcher with virtually no wind. Under engine we passed to seaward north of the Iles de Glenan and on to Penmarch Point - that low headland of ferocious rocks dominated by its huge lighthouse. Once round Penmarch Point we laid off to the north for Audierne. A westerly F4 soon filled to give us a glorious reach. *Muskateer* (Jonathon Trafford, RCC) was spotted going south. Audierne has limitations as an anchorage. But it is a handy place to await the tide for passing north through the Raz de Sein. It is basically sheltered with winds from SW to NW. We were fortunate in getting one of the moorings there, arriving as we did after 19.00. One of the drawbacks with Audierne is its proneness to roll, and that night our water tank made the most of it as the water sloshed about creating a helluva din. Normally, on *Meander III*, the skipper was chastised on account of alleged snoring, but it was freely conceded by all that the skipper was music compared to the water tank!

Next morning it was time to deal with the infamous Raz de Sein so we urged *Meander III* to windward with the iron tops'le. Clear of the tidal joggle of the Raz de Sein we laid off under full sail for Ushant some thirty miles to the NNW. Our log recalls that it was a wonderful day at sea with bright sunshine and an easy W to SW breeze giving a glorious reach



Betty taking us through the Raz de Sein.

Photo: B. Hegarty



A view of the Baie du Stiff, Ushant, looking south across the anchorage.

Photo: B. Hegarty

over a gentle swell. The barometer was rising and it was an ideal day to visit Ushant, and fulfil one of my long cherished wishes.

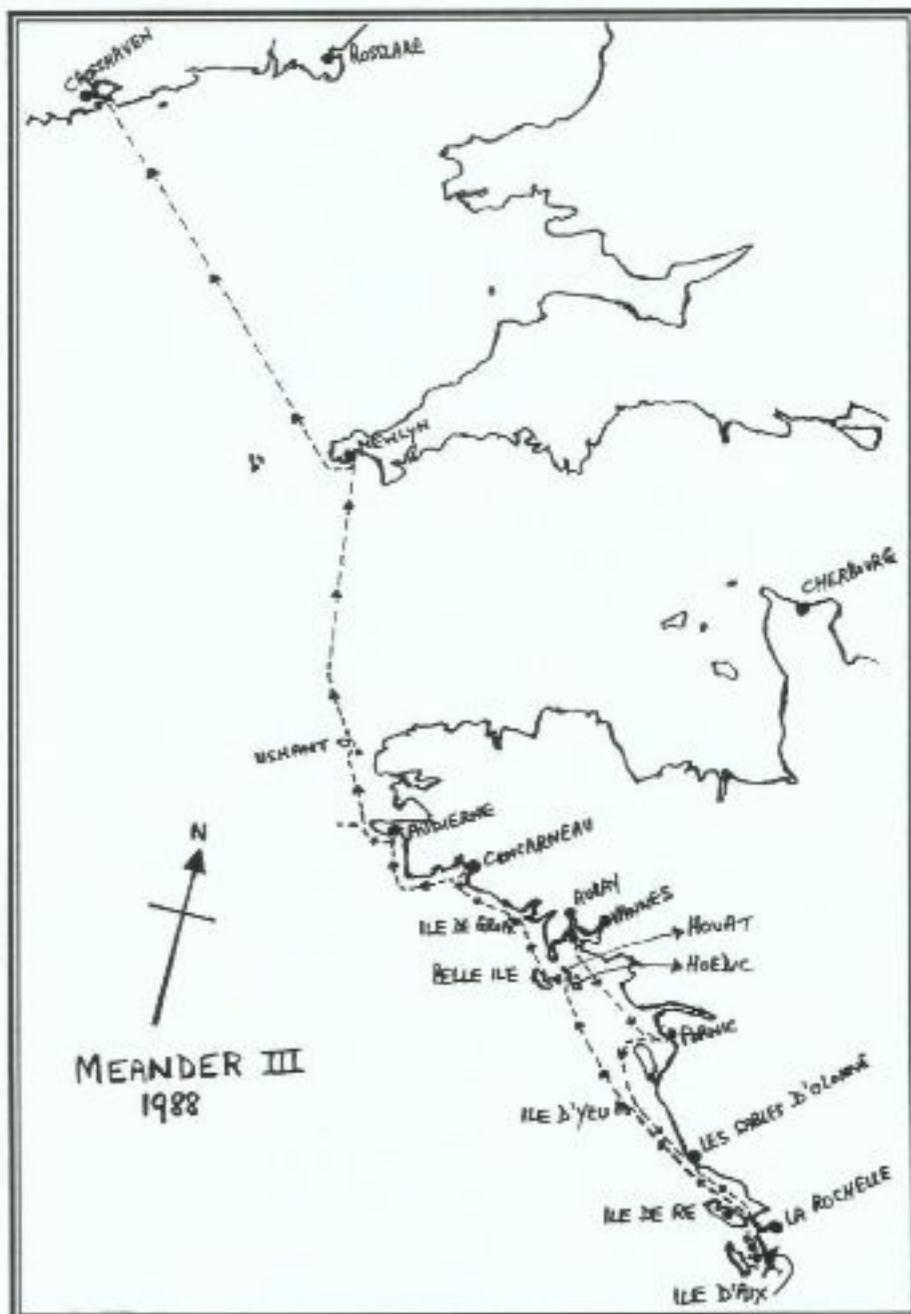
We made our approach from the SW via the Passage du Fromveur and into the Baie du Stiff on Ushant's north east side. It is a fine deep bay open NE to SE which has been developed as the main port for the island. We did not have to anchor as we were directed to a fine moorings by a local fisherman.

On entering the bay we had seen a large mini-destroyer type "douane" launch moored to a buoy in the anchorage. It wasn't long before we saw their rubber runabout being launched, and we were soon boarded by two young officers. They were most polite, but they went through *Meander's* papers and our passports in detail. I was very glad that Liam and Des had ensured that *Meander's* papers were in order. Formalities complete they joined us in a Paddy whiskey. Based in Brest they apparently visit Ushant regularly as their main task is patrolling the shipping lanes in search of drugs, etc.

Later we took a taxi to Lampaul the main town on Ushant at the SW end. Ushant reminded us of Connemara. It is quite unlike other islands or mainland ports visited in France where there is evidence of wealth and money being spent. Ushant seemed desolate by comparison. It is a windswept island and its natural configuration does not afford much shelter. We dined at the Roc'h-ar-Mor Hotel where we were made welcome by the owner, Monsieur Le Gall, after we used the name of an Irish friend of John's who lives on Ushant. That evening and overnight the barometer fell and NW'ly gales were given for the English Channel. We remained at Ushant all day Thursday as we waited for conditions to moderate. Our anchorage was sheltered, but as the sailing directions warned a roll came into the anchorage making life on board unpleasant. Two more meals were taken in the Roc'h-ar-Mor Hotel as we whiled away the time. The moules were memorable!

By Friday morning 29th July the barometer was rising, time was running out and we were anxious to be off. Away by 06.30 at slack water we still had to negotiate "walls of water" before we got an offing and the sea settled down. We set a course for the Scilly Isles with a WF4. By 11.00 the wind had increased to force 6, we were closed hauled in a very lumpy sea, and progress was slow and wet. We decided to alter course for Newlyn which enabled us to ease the sheets and transform our speed. Besides, if conditions should remain unsettled I was not keen on the anchorages in the Scilly's - much better Newlyn. We endured a fast, bumpy, wet passage to Newlyn to get in just after midnight.

Saturday lunchtime I phoned Des at Howth to say that we might have to make a passage to Howth rather than Crosshaven as planned, such was the strength and direction of



the wind. However, as the day progressed conditions abated and having got the evening forecast we left at 20.15. As it transpired we had an easy passage to Crosshaven. We started with a WSW F3 which gradually petered out on Sunday to leave us eventually motoring into Cork Harbour over a glassy sea. By 23.00 on Sunday we were alongside at the Royal Cork YC Marina where the kindly Dr. Walsh arranged for us to get a few real pints.

Next morning Donal O'Boyle arrived with my car which Des Turvey had positioned for us in Crosshaven. It made getting ourselves and our gear back to Dublin very easy and suitably finished off our leisurely cruise.

ADDENDUM

PROBLEMS OF TAKING YOUR BOAT TO FRANCE

The problem as contained in a pamphlet issued by the French Government Tourist Office, 178 Piccadilly, London W1V 0AL

I quote "For less than six months and as a tourist, Pleasure craft with inboard motors or without engines, benefit from a simplified arrangement, provided that the purpose of the journey is a legitimate, non-immigrant one and that all relevant customs are observed.

For all pleasure craft, whether propelled by sails or an engine and whether made of rigid materials or inflatable, entering French waters temporarily, the French authorities will accept a Certificate of Registration, Official Ship's Papers or, for small yachts and motor boats under 24 meters in length, the New Small Ships Register (S.S.R.) issued by the Royal Yachting Association (Victoria way, Woking, Surrey, GU21 1EQ. Telephone: 04862-5022). However, ships owned by companies must continue to have Official Ship's paper.

Neither permis de circulation nor certificate of competence is required (unless required in the country of origin).

Your stay in France

You are allowed to sail and moor along the French coast and inland waterways for a duration of six months, either in one or several visits, during a period of 12 consecutive months.

Great Britain being covered by convention, British yachtsmen are exempt from Droit d'Escale (port of call charge).

During your stay in France you may not;

lend, rent, or use your boat for profitable gain, without having paid import charges and taxes for your boat at French Customs."

The Solutions as outlined in Yachting Monthly's On Watch Column of May 1988 under the title "Crew Changing in France"

I quote "Over the last few months we have carried a number of Readers' letters relating to the problems of changing crew in France. The advantages are obvious; a crew change offers the chance to cruise further afield in a holiday period (one crew out, the other back) or the option to have friends return a weatherbound boat to her home port.

A change of crew in French waters which includes a change of skipper is not permitted unless the replacement skipper is a member of the original skipper's family or a joint owner. Changes of crew not involving the skipper are permitted providing no financial arrangement is involved (eg a charter boat). It should be noted that 'financial arrangement' is also taken to include contributions from crew towards the running costs of the boat, including food, drink, fuel and berthing costs.

So, while the 'importing' skipper need not be the owner (and he should ensure that he has a suitable letter of authorisation and the ship's papers) and he can hand over the

boat to the owner or another member of his own family, the reverse does not apply - owners cannot hand over to friends. In theory, if such a handover is planned you could sail out of French waters, hand over and sail back, but a more practical solution would be to name likely skippers as part owners on your registration papers - easy enough on the SSR but harder and more expensive if you have a full registration. And if you worry about giving away shares of your boat to friends, make sure you have some kind of agreement in writing.

Incidentally, this ruling does not apply to delivery crews taking private yachts to France for their owners, though such crews must have a bona fide delivery agreement which the French authorities may wish to see.

There are other aspects of these rulings affecting charter and company owned boats, and these are spelt out in more detail in an information leaflet available from the RYA, RYA House, Romsey Road, Eastleigh, Hants, SO5 4YA (Tel: 0703 629962)."

Meander III - Log

Date	Port	Distance Miles	Underway Hours	Engine House	Speed Knots
July					
11	AT Vannes Morbihan	-	-	-	-
12	TO Les Rechaud 1, Aux Moines	6	1.0	1.0	6.0
"	TO Le Rocher	8.5	1.5	1.5	5.3
"	TO Auray, Morbihan	3	0.5	0.5	6.0
13	TO Sept Iles, Morbihan	5.5	1.0	1.0	5.5
"	TO Pomie	46.5	6.8	0.7	6.8
14	TO Les Sables d'Olonne	55.5	8.5	2.8	6.5
15	TO La Rochelle	37	6.2	1.3	6.0
16	TO St. Martin de Re	12	2.0	2.0	6.0
17	TO Ile d'Aix	17	3.8	3.8	4.4
18	TO La Rochelle	11	2.2	2.2	5.1
19	TO Port Joinvill, I de Yeu	64	10.5	10.5	6.1
20	TO Houat (Treacher Gouret)	48	8.2	8.2	5.8
21	TO Houat (Port de St. Gildas)	2	0.5	0.5	4.0
"	TO Hoedic (Port Neuf)	5	1.4	1.4	3.5
22	TO Le Palais, Belle Ile	11	2.1	2.1	5.3
23	TO Port Tudy, Ile de Groix	24	4	1.8	6.0
24	AT Port Tudy	-	-	-	-
25	TO Concarneau	26	4.8	1.7	5.5
26	TO Audeirne	37	7.5	5.2	4.9
27	TO Ushant (Baie du Stiff)	40	6.8	2.9	5.9
28	AT Ushant	-	-	-	-
29	TO Newlyn	100	17.5	2.4	5.7
30	Depart Newlyn				
31	Arrive Crosshaven	154	26.8	26.8	5.8
		713	123.6	79.4	5.8

20 Anchorages in 21 days

Engine hours 64.2% of time underway

Douarnenez '88

Paddy Barry

In Brittany, traditional sailing festivals are big affairs. The invitations came with quality brochures and posters. It wasn't me they wanted of course, but my boat. And that was not possible since I had taken a chainsaw to her cabin and despatched *Saint Patrick* to Connemara for rebuilding - hopefully to emerge for the 1989 season.

It was important to me that the Galway Hookers be represented at this gathering. I was delighted that the Galway Hookers, *Connacht* and *Morning Star* would be there. I went there in a smaller version, called a gleóteog.

In February of this year the 26 foot gleóteog *Pamela* was sold to a pal of mine. I took on the job of re-sparring her, replacing a few frames, some planks here and there, re-canvassing her to Connemara specifications and so on. She emerged in June as *Cú Uladh*, black and slender - much more like her form in the days when she carried post out to the islands for the Congested Districts Board. Of course appearances were not all. Her deck concealed a Yamaha 18-horse diesel, V.H.F., gas cooker and some lie-down arrangements.

To sail this lady I was joined by Austin Duke, a golfer really; but he had spent the odd week cruising, including an earlier sortie this year in *Cú Uladh* towards the Clyde. That little cruise penetrated Scotland only as far as Portpatrick! That's another story. With us was Paraic De Bhaldrathie, seasoned bádoir, and Brian O Charra, a Corrib man.

Away from Dun Laoghaire we went at 16.00 on Friday August 5th. All were in great fettle as, contrary to forecasts, the wind gave a sailing slant to the south. One reef in, we rounded into Killiney Bay; which looked considerably rougher than it should for the force four given. The wind did turn out to be "on the nose". We beat for a while, and achieved nothing for our pain other than a lengthy viewing of that coast from Whiterock to Bray. So we put on our engine and at least made some miles.

Somewhere south of Greystones the engine stopped, a foresail sheet bar taut in the propeller. It was no fun at all cutting it off. My wetsuit had a hood but my poor head still took a lot of whacking as the heavy chop pitched the boat about. With air tanks it would have been easier as I could have stayed low in the water.

Mobile again, we had a somewhat sick making, and wet night. Tuskar was passed, five miles abeam, by 10.00 on Saturday, with a forecast for sea area Lundy of variable three or less. And less was what we experienced. Flat calm, with the weather improving all day after the misery of last night. Dolphins appeared alongside "bottlenose" Paraic said, and later a six to eight foot "giant leatherback turtle" showed about 3 boat lengths off. Paraic who had done oceanography in U.C.G. waxed enthusiastic. He knew of only one previous sighting so far north.

That evening brought Austin's stew, drying out of clothes and "will the diesel last?" The *Morning Star* was presumably somewhere astern *Connacht* was ahead.

Watch and watch we passed the night in pairs. There were occasional fishing boats about. The Sunday morning forecast giving south-easterly four to five with an outlook for force eight.

The container ship *Bell Renown* spoke to us on V.H.F. Her watch officer had seen the Hookers last year in Kinvarra. The position she gave us put us some 8% ahead of our dead reckoning. Happy days. We altered 20 degrees, checked the tidal stream atlas and motored the 25 miles to Round Island.

With a light wind filling our sails - how it is we usually manage to sail in, we passed through Crow Sound at about 14.00. Being too early for town we anchored in the shallow bay inside the isolated Crow Rock with its beacon. Mellow indeed was the afternoon, swimming, lurching and watching the grass grow.

Hughtown is not a place I greatly look forward to. Too crowded, too prettified, paying money to the Duchy of Cornwall etc. However, this time things were not bad at all. We were allowed to berth alongside. And when I think about it we have never spent more than a single night or two at a time here. It's unfair to judge a place on that. *Morning Star* on her return passage was weatherbound here for four or five days and the locals couldn't do enough for her. The lads, with their music, had set up house in the "Mermaid Bar". When the owner heard that funds had run low he insisted on a whip-round, and put £25 in himself. That's not bad.

The weather did blow up as forecast so we postponed our Monday morning departure. By 18.00 the wind had fallen, the forecast was south-west going west, four. Perfect.

And so it turned out. We had a grand sail across the Western approached with a warm breeze off our quarter. Twenty miles to the watch and not a care in the world. Even the shipping was light. Only about three vessels passed all night and they stayed away from us.

On late Tuesday afternoon, with our Walker showing 82 miles, we crossed the inward bound shipping lane. Vessels were steering about 050 degrees. This indicated that we were about 5 to 10 miles off Ushant, having already passed through the outward bound lane. While this was being plotted, the cliffs of Ushant were sighted about three or four miles off our port bow. With a 1.5 knot south going tide to be allowed for, we hardened our sheets.

On at least half a dozen occasions we have been frustrated in our attempts to visit this ill-reputed place. The conditions now looked spot-on. A light wind, little swell, visibility all right and a good forecast. By 20.00 we were into the shelter of Lampaul Bay having met a very disturbed sea outside the entrance. The tide certainly kicks about in those parts.

Inside it was straight forward to make our way past Corse Island, by the half-dozen anchored yachts and a couple of moored fishing boats. The lifeboat lay alongside one side of the short pier. We tied to the other, with long lines. The fall of tide here is some 20 feet - no joke. In fact we doubled our lines and put out springs as the scend was very uncomfortable.

If we had a dinghy with us we would have lain to anchor.

We strolled up the village, with the people who took our lines. The inner pier, now dry, was visible below the road. For shelter that is the place to be on a high-tide entry.

An island of sheep and light houses we found it, bare and unvarnished. From our conversations in the Restaurant/Pub we gathered that the visitors were mostly locals and their families, back from the mainland. Perhaps we didn't get a representative sample but they all seemed to know of Connemara! So we sang and played the "Queen of Connemara". I hadn't known it but Brian, as well as Paraic, was a whistle player. Truth to tell our two whistles and skippers guitar are limited enough and depend very heavily on foot stamping, audience participation and the demon-drink to make it sound good. In Breton the Island is called Ouessant, pronounced "Wesson!"

We moved to anchor and in the morning went swimming over the side.

In deference to some gaff-rigged boats nearby, we sailed out our anchor in the northerly force three or four, reaching out the bay and beating with the tide, inside Jument Lighthouse. The channel, given as 1.5 cables, looked less as the inner half-tide rock, washed with foam, jumped up out of the water. "Through at 10.19 hrs," the log says. By 16.00 we were approaching Camaret, in the sun, under all sail. We had to use engine as far as Pierre Norres in order to counteract the tide. It had turned north into the maze of shoals around Fromveur and Molene. High water Brest at 16.18 (all times are BST) allowed us to sail past the marina and go alongside the quay wall, between two large sailing vessels.

Camaret we had visited before. As we drank a coffee across the street from the boat, life felt good. Douarnenez was only about 20 miles away. For a week or so it would be just socialising and short sailing - the good life. I took a stroll down the breakwater to the lovely old Mariners Church. We took the propeller off at low water, ate ashore and went quietly to bed as a soft mist fell and leaked through the cabin roof.

Rising to a seven o'clock alarm, we bought "Croissant" and "Baguettes" across the street. With a decreasing 6 inches under our keel, we moved slowly out on a light westerly breeze. The two bigger boats had already left during the night for Douarnenez. This thing really must be big, we began to realise, as coming out from Rade Du Brest there were at least two dozen boats going our way under various ancient rigs.

Through the Toulouquet passage we went - no problem. The water is sheltered and flat and the width is over half a mile. A lugger of some sort seemed to be making ground on us. We cut through the Tas-de-Pois, sniffing the barnacles, and as the day warmed we set to composing again.

In the Channel we had begun on a song in the heroic mould - about our *Cú Uladh*. Three verses in Irish had already been written down. Now we set to the English.

"Eighty eight was the year for Douarnenez
The boats came from near and afar.
From Belfast came Con McCann on the *Connacht*
And from Howth came the bold *Morning Star*.
But what is that boat hauling wind there?
Her spars and her sails salt with spray.
Fág-an bealach! Tá siad ag dul timpeall.
Cú Uladh's into Douarnenez Bay."

To appreciate this doggerel, you'd want to be in the mood, and of course to know the air - we selected a rousing marching tune.

Skipping the intervening build-up we come to the finale.

"C'est magnifique magnifique roared the
Frenchman

As six hundred boats surged for the line.

The Dutchmen were soon out to weather
Leaving Swedes, English, Germans behind.

But rounding the mark for the last time

There's two boats cutting through mighty fine,

The Russians contagious to the Caspian

But *Cú Uladh* was first past the line!"

Fantasy had gone mad.

We swept into the old Rosmeur Harbour in Douarnenez and tied alongside *Connacht*. For the next five days you had everything (maritime) that you could want for, except sleep. Music, eating, drinking, rowing, singing until the early hours and sailing races for all classification of boats, starting much too early in the day.

From a multiplicity of crowded memories, two stand out. On the Sunday, a day-off, four boats had sailed to anchor. The day was misty. A blazing fire warmed the stony cove, sardines were grilling, three or four were playing music, wine to your hand.

The other was about six in the evening, another day. I had just dozed off catching up on some badly wanted sleep. Heavy footsteps overhead on the deck barely pervaded my consciousness and then Wow! The band struck up - The Douarnenez Brass Band Jazz Ensemble had come to visit.

Tuesday August 16th we made out goodbyes all morning. Tom Cunliff of *Hirta*, the oarsmen from Cadgwith, the Cadorets and festival people, Chaloupe *La Concalaise* and indeed to Mary Barry who was returning to Ireland in the manner of her arrival ie, by ferry. With high pressure over the U.K. a light north-easterly was established. With the racing done, out propeller was back on. Our passage through Chenal Du Four and across the Channel was a windward one assisted for much of the time by engine.

The Cadgwith boys had been very keen that we visit their village. Situated just to the east of the Lizard we couldn't miss it, they said. The wind veered south-east so we put that out of our mind. We sailed close by the Longships and held the coast of Cornwall, and its old mine workings, close to starboard as far as St. Ives.

On that Wednesday evening we had the pier wall more or less to ourselves, the local fishing boats being on moorings. As the tide rose so did the scend. We doubled out lines, had a meal in the Bistro Sauvage, a few beers in the "Sloop" and turned in, wrapped as usual in plastic bags. By 03.00 the mist had developed into heavy rain. The drips abounded.

In the morning, Falmouth Coastguard gave southerly force 5 - 6. The RAF base in Cudrose gave the same with an occasional seven. A front would be going through on Thursday night and the wind going westerly. That was all manageable, if not a comfortable prospect on our little ship. With two reefs in and one hundred miles to the Tuskar we sailed out.

Our diesel had been topped up, 12 gallons for £5. "We like to see them boats comin' in" the fellow said when we queried the low price. A lovely gesture. We'll go back there.

Our log is bare of comment for the next leg. This is eloquence in itself. Only the most frugal on navigational entries were written with numb figures as a towel sopped the drips from the chart. The wind rose. We got full reefs in. The engine when tried for reefing, was found to be out of action. There was air in the fuel and little hope of bleeding it in the conditions. We didn't need it anyway as we logged between 5 and 7 knots.

During the night we passed close, too close, ahead of a ferry. In the weather I had taken it for a fishing boat moving at

between four and eight knots. How wrong I was. A blaze of lights went close astern at more like twenty.

It rained into the soup. Spray flew. I estimated the log reading at landfall and wondered whether the weather helm was forcing us to westward of the Barrels. No one could sleep in the wet, noisy tumbling cabin.

In the midst of our troubles, dolphins sported alongside, causing streaks of bio-luminescence; phosphorescence to you mate!

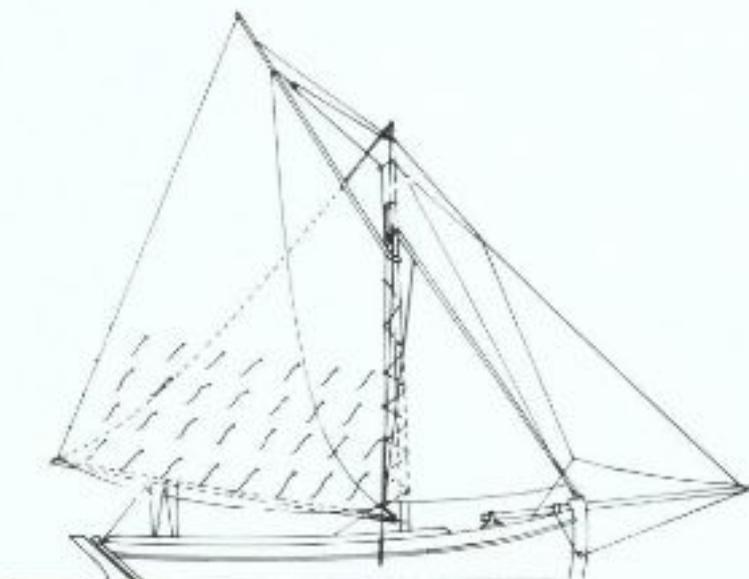
As dawn broke, the desirability of riding this thing out was discussed. However the forecasts were now for a couple of days of gales. Fully harnessed we pressed on.

A coaster on the V.H.F. gave us a position at about 10.00 and an hour later we sighted Carnsore about six miles ahead. The tide was turned to the south. I had been bashed about before in the "Bailies", of Carnsore, and was afraid of it now.

In the event there was no tide race problem. In fact the seas flattened and we were in a self-congratulatory mood until we had to harden sheets at the Splaugh. The beat westwards to the harbour had us fully extended again. Our entry towards the new pier was dramatic in the extreme. Happily the CIE fellows on the wall were used to taking lines.

What followed had to be an anti-climax.

We sat weather bound for the next two days. The local "met" station had recorded a mean 30 knots gusting 40 on the Friday morning that we came in. Cecil Miller showed us round Wexford. Tony Keogh, the life boat mechanic sorted out our engine. We had walks round the cliffs and had many coffees at the Rosslare Hotel. We left early on Sunday morning, carrying the flood to Wicklow Head, crawled along the shore to Bray and made into Dun Laoghaire with a bright half moon lighting the way home.



Gléoteog sail plan

Log of Yacht *Lazy Life*

The Hon. Robin Dixon

The plans for this summers cruise in *Lazy Life* changed frequently but by Easter or soon after I had settled on the Faroes and encouraged by John Gore-Grimes, the route was to be via St. Kilda. The next problem was finding a crew as all my holiday regulars were otherwise occupied in their own boats; first Norman Shields a longstanding mate and friend of the Ocean Yacht Club agreed to join me then I met Terry Irvine and his girl friend Yvonne. Terry had sailed with O.Y.C. and crewed once on *Lazy Life*, Yvonne with *Asgard* but never with me or, I learnt later, on cruisers the size of *Lazy Life* a Nicholson 35.

The sailing date was to be Wednesday 6th July after work and an evening meal. I had settled on Coleraine as the departure point so Norman and I delivered *Lazy Life* to the nice little marina there on 28th June. We were disappointed not to find Ronnie McGeagh there to greet us, but I learnt later that he had left to get married and is now living in Yorkshire.

The weather pattern over the last few weeks had given me considerable doubts about the wisdom of going North in this particular year so at the last minute our intended destination changed from the Faroes to the West Coast of Brittany. We decided to go via the West Coast of Ireland, the Scillies thence to Concarneau where we hoped to meet up with David Maxwell in *Virago*.

On Wednesday 6th as planned at 17.45 we slipped moorings from the Coleraine pontoon and headed down river; the wind was variable 2 the visibility clear and the barometer steady at 1000mb. As we motored towards Inishtrahull Sound we enjoyed an excellent evening meal and considered what the weather had in store for us. The tide was fair through the Sound and the overfalls minimal as we came abeam Inishtrahull Lt, we changed course to 290m and the off watch went below to grab some rest. Norman and I decided to take the "dark watch" in deference to the inexperience of our young friends.

By 01.00 on Thursday 7th it was very dark and we were approaching the unlit Limeburner Buoy - to make life more difficult all the local fishermen were out with salmon nets everywhere. On two occasions spotlights we put on us to warn us to change course; on one occasion we spoke to the fishermen concerned on the V.H.F. because by dead reckoning and Decca we appeared to be getting trapped between the invisible Limeburner and fishing nets. However with the use of his radar he guided us through the problem.

Dawn brought lots of wind out of the W.N.W. and an easing of the rain squalls, also sight of Tory Island, Innishbofin and Innishbeg. We carved our way through Tory Sound and once abeam of Aranmore we had sufficient wind from the right quarter to sail much to everyones relief.

We had a fine days sail across Donegal Bay heading for Eagle Island in variable winds from the NW with a lumpy sea and slowly rising barometer. The 24 hours distance run was 171 miles and we were approximately 20 miles NE of Eagle

Island, with rain once again making visibility difficult.

Dawn of the 8th July found us doing seven knots in a rising sea but with the rain clearing and three fishing boats for company we had stood well out knowing we still had to get to the weather of Inishtearaght and saw no identifiable land - at one stage after hearing a gale warning from Valentia Radio we were tempted to close the shore and make for the Arans but when the sun came out and after a good look at the sky and the chart I decided we should make for Valentia.

After a pleasant days sailing we approached Innishtearaght at dusk; the scenery at that time of day was some of the most beautiful I have seen anywhere. We eventually decided to go South through the sound east of Inishtearaght, and soon after dark picked up the leading lights for Valentia. Whilst entering the Leads I said to Norman "What happens next?" he did not know and nor did I, we turned left, tried to orientate ourselves and sort the land lights out from anything but failed. After a quick check on the chart I thought we still had half a mile of clear water but I was wrong and we came to rest at the top of the tide on top of the boulder bank S of Church Island.

The dinghy was immediately blown up and the fishermans kedge anchor taken out. The crew subsided into their own forms of depression, frustration or whatever emotion was mixed in with their fatigue. Fortunately daylight quickly came and apart from a few creaks and groans *Lazy Life* took the ground gently and lay peacefully on her side waiting for the return of the tide. At about 10 o'clock on the morning of the 9th July Norman and I set off for Knightstown in the dinghy with outboard pushing us into the freshening S-wind; we were expecting a gale and rain from that quarter anytime.

On stepping ashore in Knightstown I saw a notice pointing to Des Lavelle's residence and remembered that Ian Hamilton, a friend of mine from the BBC, had made a beautiful film on the Skelligs with Des. We went off to find Des and after a large cup of coffee and some toast I told him of our problem and although he was very busy agreed to meet us at the Harbour in half an hour. We kept this appointment and when Des saw where we were and the weather he immediately agreed to help and assured us we would see him by high tide. By 12.00 it was blowing force 6 and raining out of the south but Des true to his word appeared with his powerful motor boat; by floating a light line down to us and by holding himself up tide with his own anchor while we both got organized he eventually pulled us off gently and cleanly, he then showed us where we should have anchored nearer the Life Boat.

In the process of recovering our own kedge we lost various bits and pieces like horse shoes and paddles but Des collected them all; he then put a diver down to examine *Lazy Life's* hull. The diver reported only a small scratch on the bottom of the keel; we were once again complete and appearing undamaged much to all our relief.

The weather deteriorated and after our little drama a drink was called for followed by some rest so we were happy to

spend Sunday 10th at anchor off Knightstown waiting for the gales to pass through. Monday brought a fine breezy morning and I decided we should press on. We had to motor/sail under reefed main and iron jib only until we could turn more southerly. The waves were very big and steep at the harbour entrance - so steep in fact that one of them knocked the Log Impellor off the hull as she re-entered the water. However, the day improved and we had some easy sailing past the east side of Bull Rock, the entrances to Bantry and Kenmare round Mizzen Head and finally in the evening sun we rounded Cape Clear and watched the Fastnet fade into the distance. Again the weather forecast indicated another southerly gale so I had decided rather than head straight for France we would shelter in Kinsale and enjoy the "flesh pots" for thirty six hours. We passed the Old Head at 01.00 and entered Kinsale Harbour on a nice bright fine evening, uneventfully tying up on the Marina visitors pontoon at 03.00 on July 12th, and so to bed.

As expected the rain and wind came but they did not stop us enjoying the hospitality of the Kinsale Yacht Club. An excellent Dinner in the Vintage followed by another good nights sleep.

The forecast for the 13th was for N.W. 6 - 8 but I was still keen to make Brittany if possible despite our delays so decided we should set sail for France after breakfast at 08.00. We took the precaution of double reefing the main before leaving harbour, by noon we had thirty knots of apparent wind on the anemometer and were reduced to reefed main only. Despite the wind I was relieved to be sailing away from the shore after almost a week of lee shore sailing - beautiful it may be but often nerve racking for the navigator. We had the sort of sail one expects in the western approaches with winds varying from 25 - 45 knots most of the afternoon and night; but *Lazy Life* had no problem handling them and was surprisingly comfortable in these conditions. However some of the crew had not been to sea in similar conditions and were understandably troubled, with the result that by morning with the Bishop Light in sight to the south a deputation made it clear to me that another twenty four hours at sea would not be welcome and we should head for Cornwall England. I was very disappointed but it was their holiday as well as mine so I agreed.

After a pleasant days sailing ending up with full main and sunshine we tied up in Newlyn Harbour at 17.50 on Thursday 14th July.

Our arrival in Newlyn ended part one of the cruise i.e. "The Passage to Somewhere". We now intended to have a few days holiday cruising if possible. The delightful hospitality of Newlyn was enjoyed to the full including dinner at the Lobster Pot in Mousehole. Very much to be recommended for a fine evening.

Saturday 16th saw us heading East forty odd miles to Fowey; when planning this I discovered it meant rounding the Lizard against the tide but I was sure I remembered many years ago being told by Newlyn fishermen that if you pass within a stones throw of the rocks of the Lizard you can both

avoid tide and overfalls. I was fortunately able to buy a large scale chart in Newlyn and we successfully did exactly that. This manoeuvre allowed us a holiday time morning start e.g. 10.30 and we picked up a mooring in the river above the China Clay quays in the woods at 20.00 after a beautiful day. Here we met friends, we exchanged drinks and experiences and enjoyed looking over their new boat.

Sunday we called into the marina in Falmouth for fuel, water and a few victuals then anchored for the night in the beautiful Helford River. Terry nobly rowed us all ashore to the pub for some grub and a change of company. After a peaceful night we returned to Newlyn to plan our passage home. Time was starting to run out because we all wanted home for Fri 22nd.

Tuesday 19th evening was spent in a rather uncomfortable anchorage in St. Marys and was only notable for the fact that Terry elected to take a voluntary swim and claimed the water was "beautifully warm". The time had come to head for home; the sun was shining, the weather was set, the anchor came in clean and we motored out of St. Marys before hoisting all sail. After a beautiful day of motoring and sailing in sunshine and flat calm seas for the first time this cruise; the evening was made for us by a magnificent display of swimming and diving by six dolphins.

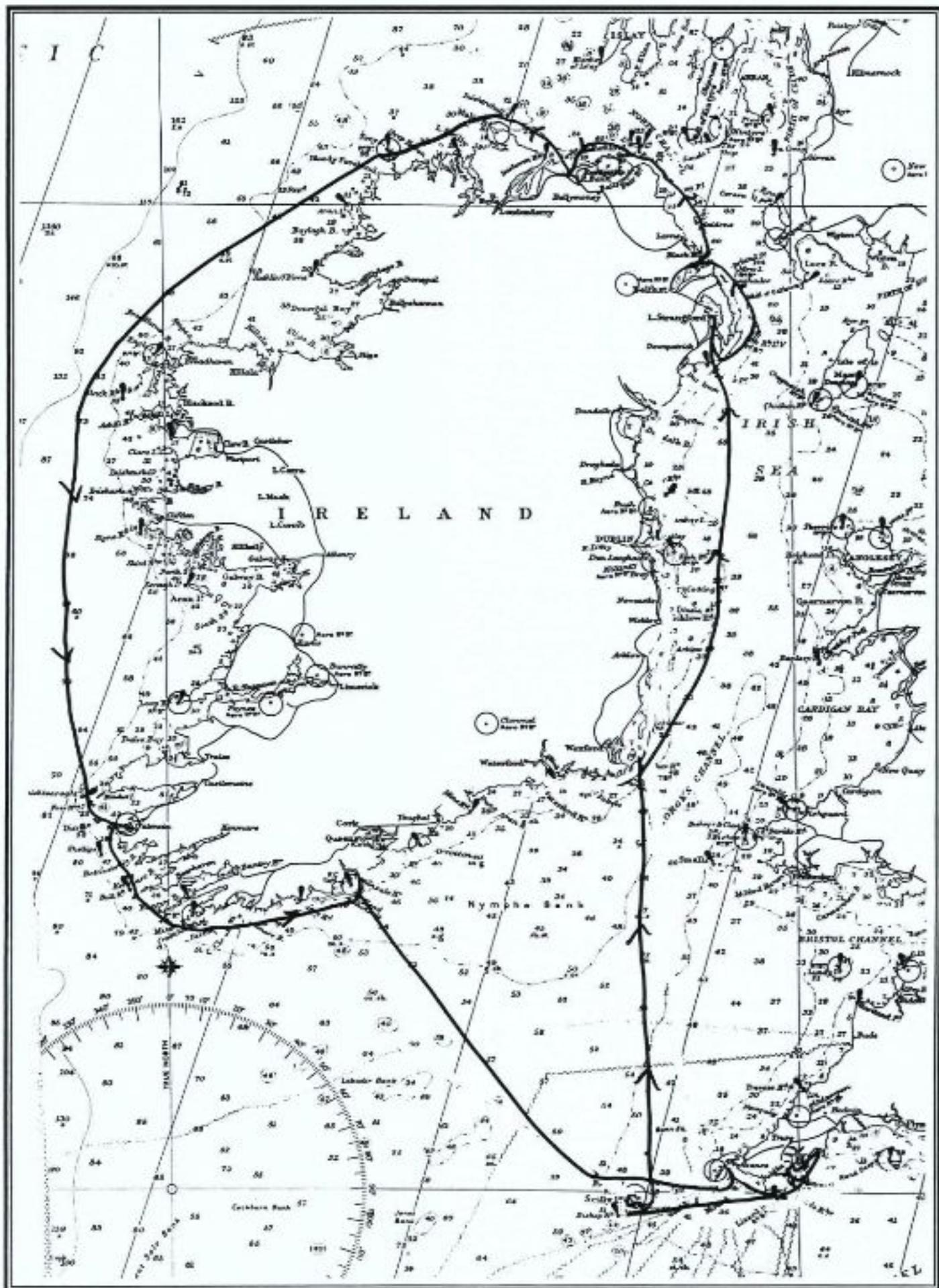
At dusk the wind filled in gently from the south and we sailed through the night under genoa and at a steady 5 knots with the Smalls light to keep us company through the dark hours. By 10.00 on 21st a change had taken place there was no wind, no visibility and drizzle. The Tuskar should be somewhere close by this time, and I decided to rely on Decca and motor towards the estimated position of Tuskar eventually sighting it at approximately half a mile - course was then set for St Johns point Co. Down. The fog and drizzle persisted throughout the day and night, with visibility at times dropping to less than half a mile. We passed through the fishing fleet of Dundrum Bay and thank them for their vigilance; they never gave us a single fright although they must have seen us on their screens long before we saw them.

By 06.00 on Fri 22nd we had identified the fog signal from St Johns. Being too early for the tide into Strangford I stopped engine downed sails and decided to have breakfast and a hot shower in the hope that visibility would improve. It did not, so I relied on Norman driving the Decca and my own local knowledge to get lined up for a blind entry into Strangford. This was successfully achieved after seeing Angus Rock Tower very briefly at about 100 yards. The next thing we saw was the "Coffee Pot" on the Portaferry side followed by our mooring off Old Court Strangford. From the mooring we neither saw Portaferry nor the Strangford Ferry Office.

So ended a sixteen day cruise encompassing a Cornish cruise, some challenging navigation and seamanship and 1055 miles. The circumnavigation was completed later in the summer when we returned to Carrickfergus thence to Coleraine in preparation for our September Scottish week.

Summary of Distances

Time/Hours	Av. Speed		
Coleraine - Valentia	355nm	56.5 hours	5.9
Valentia - Kinsale	100	18.8	5.6
Kinsale - Newlyn	168	32.5	5.2
Newlyn - Fowey	53	9.5	5.6
Fowey - Helford River via Falmouth	30		
Helford - Newlyn	32	5.75	5.6
Newlyn - St. Mary's	37	6.5	5.7
St. Mary's Strangford	273	53.0	5.2
TOTAL	1028 nm		



An Unsuccessful Venture but with Reward

Tony Morton

With hindsight I suppose I should have recognized that the 400th Anniversary of the Armada and its weather were not promising omens for an endeavour to circumnavigate the Emerald Isle anticlockwise, and particularly so with a passage southward down the West Coast in late July and early August.

I set off from the Elephant on my first leg early on 30th April and took the tide down the West Solent with a fresh south south easterly. I had a swift but uncomfortable passage to Anvil Point and thence progressively easier until I secured off Portland. Overnight the wind freshened again, and, with more gales forecast, I decided not to push on westward.

Returning to Portland the next Friday, I left shortly after midnight in a stiff easterly to catch the tide around Portland Bill. With this cold wind freshening and a nasty sea on the quarter, I made a fast but uncomfortable passage to Dartmouth and secured in the Marina mid-morning.

Sunday dawned hazy and still, and the wind remained very light until mid-afternoon, when in Bigbury Bay a very stiff and squally north westerly wind set in. I had a hard beat up towards Cawsand Bay where I anchored in the late afternoon. The northerly wind kept up all night and was still force 5-6 as I made my way round Rame Head. As the morning wore on the wind built up to a NNW F6-7 with stiffer squalls by the time I was off Dodman Point. This made it a very fast passage into the approaches to Falmouth; but then made it a very slow and unpleasant flog up-wind and up-tide into the Marina.

I spent three days in Falmouth doing much essential maintenance adjustment and preparations for the next leg. However, I did not get back to Falmouth until the late afternoon on Wednesday 15th June to find *Lamorna* in good order, and after a very hectic evening getting stored and prepared for sea I was all ready for an early start.

Thursday dawned with a thick mist but by 08.30 it was clear enough to go. The weather remained calm and with only light airs as I made my way westward past the Manacles and the Lizard; and never was fresh enough other than momentarily for me to sail. Passing half a mile off the Longships the wind became more northerly as the evening wore on. It never remained strong enough to sail on a course which would give me a reasonable passage to Ireland under either sail or engine. Thus by 20.00 I decided to bear away for Milford Haven. This made it possible to sail although at no great speed.

The remaining passage to Milford Haven was a mixture of light airs sailing and motoring; but I was in the approaches to Milford Haven by early afternoon in time to secure in the Westfield Marina in Neyland Creek in time for a late tea.

After a very reasonable night and fuelling and storing I set off again on Saturday morning with a light westerly. I kept the engine going until I cleared Jack Sound. As this was against the beginnings of a foul tide it required full power on the engine and the sails giving me just over six knots on the log. By 15.00 I was having a very pleasant sail and making my way towards Ramsey Sound in light airs. I thought of

anchoring in Porthlyggi Bay; but I did not like it and so went on up Ramsey Sound and anchored at the southern end of Whitesand Bay.

After a quiet night I weighed at 06.15 on a still and hazy morning and set off for Arklow. It remained still and very deceptively hazy all day with a visibility sometimes of the order of a mile. Passing close to Arklow Light Float at 16.35 I entered Arklow at 19.10 and secured outboard of another yacht in the basin for the night. By this time I was feeling very low with a resurgence of the bronchitis and 'flu which had beset me for several weeks.

Although the fishing boats started to go to sea from 05.00, this did not directly involve *Lamorna* until later. Clearing the harbour by 08.20 the greater part of the passage to Howth with the north-going stream was made in a flat greasy calm and poor visibility. This persisted until a southerly breeze set in off the Kish Light and by late afternoon *Lamorna* was snugly secured in Howth Marina. Everyone was most kind and welcoming, and around 20.00 Jan and John Gore-Grimes came and collected me and took me out to a superb Chinese supper via the Doctor, who syringed out my ear and gave me suitable prescriptions.

After a long quiet night I was collected by Barbara Fox-Mills and taken to collect my prescriptions and do my shopping. Then in the evening I was taken racing by Tony Walsh and Liz Massey in *Erica*, a recently-built Howth seventeen foot sloop on the late 19th century class design. Although the final placing was not good, it was a most enjoyable experience, as was the very happy evening afterwards in the Club.

On Wednesday forenoon *Lamorna* was off again, fully stored and fueled and with myself in much better order, together with the latest newspaper and corrections to the pilots kindly brought down by Brian Hegarty. It was a lovely easy sail to the Skerries, where Tony Walsh had arranged for me to pick up a good mooring, and I then spent a very happy evening with him and his family at their house.

By 06.45 the next morning with a lovely off-shore breeze *Lamorna* was on her way northward. The wind faded as the morning passed, remaining as very light airs until the evening breezes set in; but by 19.00 she was anchored in Ardglass.

The next day, having left the Customs forms with the Harbour Office, I set off northward again at 11.00 with a pleasant north north westerly, but this was never really enough for a good passage and the day became less enjoyable as the stream turned against. Off Portavogie at 18.00 I was much tempted to put in for the night, but pushed on with the wind freshening and heading me. I tried Ballywalter but, finding it unsuitable for the night, I made a wet and not very enjoyable passage northward, until off Donaghadee things became much easier and I anchored snugly in Chapel Bay just as night finally closed in.

On Saturday a quiet sail took *Lamorna* to Carrickfergus Marina, where, after spending the weekend working on her

and finishing up with a most pleasant evening with Peter and Ann Bunting at Newtonards, I left her on Monday and went home.

I returned to Carrickfergus in the evening of 15th July, to find *Lamorna* in good order, and by 10.45 on Saturday was clear of the Marina on passage to Red Bay in heavy rain and no wind. A very light southerly soon set in and it remained so until late afternoon. By 18.00 *Lamorna* was anchored off the Red Bay pierhead. Half an hour later the Yacht Club boatman suggested I pick up a buoy off Cushendall where I secured at 19.00.

I slipped at 03.35 on Sunday and made a fast passage to Rathlin Sound. Clear of the Sound by 07.20 the north westerly wind began to freshen to force 6 with heavy showers and fierce squalls which made conditions unpleasant, so that off the Skerries I decided not to attempt to enter the Bann and to make for Londonderry. However, an RNLI inflatable appeared and suggested Portrush, where *Lamorna* was comfortably berthed on the Pontoon by 12.15.

The wind kept up but backed as the day wore on, and the next morning remained fresh but south westerly. Slipping from the Pontoon at 07.30 I made a fast passage past Port Stewart, entered the Bann at 09.35 and was secured on a pontoon near the marina by 10.45.

I returned to Coleraine on the evening of the 22nd July, accompanied by heavy rain, wind and a discouraging weather forecast, again to find all well with *Lamorna*. Awake early the next day to flat calm and a disquieting forecast, I felt very unwilling to set off westward through Inishtrahull Sound; but despite a gale warning the day ended with a lovely calm evening - a major opportunity missed?

Sunday started better and yet again I had grave misgivings, and as the afternoon progressed the signs of a severe gale multiplied. By 23.15 the wind was howling and during the middle of the night it was very rough and uncomfortable in the Bann. It was gusting 70 knots at Malin Head, but no damage done.

Monday was another depressing day, and not one for sailing, Tuesday was not much better; but after ringing around I decided to have a go, and set off down the river well reefed at 11.15. I cleared the entrance at 12.45 with the wind westerly force 6 but no great sea.

Off Inishowen Head by 13.25 and going well, a fierce squall swept down and at the same time there was a salmon net close ahead; but we escaped disaster.

As the afternoon wore on the wind strengthened, the sea roughened and the stream turned against. Progress became slower and slower and by 20.00 just north of White Island in Inishtrahull Sound it was evident that the only chance of shelter before nightfall was in Culdaff so I turned sadly back. *Lamorna* sped down wind and stream and by 22.20 I was anchored off Culdaff pier. There was an unpleasant swell there, but happily the strong wind kept it astern and so it was not uncomfortable.

The forecast for the next morning was not encouraging, westerly force 5 to 7; but faced with the choice of going back to the east or pressing on I decided to go on west. I was away by 08.00, but within half an hour the electronics decided it was their day off and so I had no selfsteering whilst Decca had an error of several miles. Happily the visibility was good and I felt that the hazards on the chart permitted substantial navigation by eye and the occasional bearing. I pushed on westward under a small jib, a heavily reefed main and engine. As I went north of the Garvan islands the wind reached gale force and the seas became very rough, and then it all became rather worse as I shaped up for Dunaff Head beset by a violent blinding rain squall. However, I managed to get some bearings and a rough fix so all was well.

By 14.15 I was about 1.5 miles north of Fanad Head with the sea still exceeding rough. I pushed on westward very uneasy about my position other than that I was well north of any hazards. I worked my way into Sheep Haven where by 18.00 I secured some lee and the chance to work out exactly where I was - 2.5 miles west north west of Melmore Head. I ran back, there was Ravedy Light and the seas breaking on High Rock. I dropped the sails and worked my way into Mulroy Bay with heart rather near my mouth! The Gods smiled and by 19.30 I was safely anchored in Fanny's Bay.

Friday and Saturday sped by with work on the boat and seeing friends, including Wallace Clark who arrived in *Wild Goose* on Saturday night. Over the days all the indications and advice were that the weather pattern would not be suitable for going on down the west coast. Thus on Sunday 31st I went down on the ebb and on clearing Mulroy Bay headed east and anchored off Portsalon in Lough Swilly. The wind was still fresh but the forecast was for calmer weather.

I set off at 05.30 and took the flood eastward. There was virtually no wind and everything was wonderous calm as I sped past Malin and took the inshore passage through Garvan Sound. I carried the stream to Rathlin by 15.00 and then hoped to creep round Torr Head inshore; but no such luck and so returned to anchor in Chapel Bay. Tuesday was equally calm and so permitted another easy passage to Carrickfergus.

Wednesday saw the return of the westerlies but also provided a very good passage with a freshening breeze to Ardglass where I again anchored clear of the fishing vessels. Thursday 4th August's forecast was unfavourable for the passage south or staying at Ardglass, and, feeling weary, I decided to investigate Strangford Lough.

I spent a pleasant forenoon alongside the *Shining Light* owned by a charming Pole who had settled in Ulster after the War. The rest of the day was a great success gently exploring bits of Strangford Lough and ended very happily on a buoy at the head of the Quoile.

The forecast on Friday was for south westerly 4/5 and by 11.00 *Lamorna* had cleared the overfalls and was going well. The SSW'ly wind tended to be very squally for the first six hours or so, requiring much work with reefs, but once past the approach to Carlingford Lough it settled to a pleasant breeze and then slowly eases. I anchored off Port Oriel in the dark at 22.00 but by 23.00 was dragging. I re-anchored twice, the second time successfully, very close inshore and out of the swell.

Saturday 6th was a good sailing day and the passage to Howth went well so that by 19.00 *Lamorna* was comfortably secured in the Marina. I stayed in the Marina until Tuesday afternoon. Sunday was gloriously warm and gave me a chance to clean and dry ship and sails and try and tackle the generator belt and the flexible throttle/clutch. Monday started well. I fixed the generator belt but Michael Redden had a great struggle with the throttle/clutch - the cables just too short - and torrential rain. On Tuesday morning things went better and by 13.30 I was away with a fair tide southward. Off Kish Light the sea was very rough and the wind freshening hard and so I bore away and picked up a buoy off Dun Laoghaire for the night.

I set off again on Wednesday morning but again found conditions most unfavourable with rough seas and a near gale force southerly, and so I went back to pick up my buoy, a sporting evolution. By early afternoon the wind had eased and I set off again well reefed. My luck was in; for as I cleared Dalkey Sound the wind died. Thereafter it was very variable but I had a delightful passage to Wicklow where I was made most welcome when I secured alongside.

It was comfortable and pleasant in Wicklow on Thursday 11th August although the forecasts were too gloomy for a

dash across the Irish Sea. Friday's forecasts were even gloomier, with an outlook of southerly gales, so I decided to take the tide to Arklow. Even well reefed it was a rough passage with the force 6/7 wind coming in fierce squalls from the south west, and it was necessary to get close inshore to prepare to enter harbour. However, all went well and I secured happily alongside *Four Seasons* in Tyrrell's yard. The wind kept up on Saturday with heavy rain in the afternoon, followed during the night by the gale and the lifeboat being launched. Sunday 14th was windy too but all the signs were that the night would bring moderation.

I set off just after midnight with a reasonable forecast and took the tidal stream south. Navigation was not easy after passing Arklow Light float as the tidal stream was very strong. However Tuskar Light was bright enough to ease some of my misgivings even at 06.00. Thereafter the wind

began to fade as the morning wore on and the north-going stream meant little progress. By 09.00 there was little wind and the engine was required. The afternoon brought a flat and greasy calm and the favourable stream. I left Skomer to port and after a mercifully short experience of the *Wild Goose* race entered Milford Haven at 16.30 and so to Neyland Creek where I secured in Westfield Marina.

In many ways it had been a disappointing endeavour; but success had always been dependent on the westerlies not setting in hard until the end of Cowes week. On the other hand, I revoked at the right time, the boat did very well, it was a delight to meet so many old and new friends and I could not have been made more welcome.

Dunn's Ditties

The Commodore Writes:

Kite flying in the Balearics was a new experience. Liam McGonagle and Barbara had kindly invited Jan and I to join them with Jennifer Guinness and Roger Aplin on *Ounavarra* in September. From a purely selfish point of view, they could not have chosen a better time, as the winds howled and the rain shuttered down and kept us at anchor in Port Mahon for three days. For the remainder of the ten days, the clouds, for the main part, kept the sun decently clothed. My Arctic hooter was spared a roasting and for once I returned home with the same layer of skin on it.

I had not been to the Balearics since 1976. It was good to see that the Ports which we visited still retain their charm. At Puerto Petro we met David Nicholson and David O'Mochoe aboard *Black Shadow* and in Andratx we met Jack Coffey, and Geoffrey Ashenurst. Terry Roche was aboard *Neon Tetra* at Puerto Colom. The I.C.C. were well represented. Barbara's kite first appeared in Andratx. Liam preferred not to look and found himself something to do in the engine room as the Kite soared up and down and down until it almost became entangled in a chartered motor boat driven by an impatient German who was waiting to fuel up at the nearby pier. The Kite flew with more majesty at San Telmo. Jan and I had gone for a stroll on Dragonera Island and were trying to beat our way back to San Telmo in Liam's rubber sailing dinghy when we were picked up by *Ounavarra*. Barbara had not taken the Kite down. One circle and the Kite would be wrapped once around the mast.....etc.

We were told that our Honourable Captain castigated both Kite and Pilot but by the time we got back on board it had all subsided. Roger held a glass in front of Liam's nose and promised him the contents on certain conditions. We all heard Liam say:

"I like Kites. Kite flying is fun. Kite flyers are good people."

There was no sign of the Kite and when I asked Barbara where it was she replied:

"I have put it away in a place where Liam will never find it."

Do you think that was necessary? If so you can join a new society called POKE. (Protect Our Kites Evermore). Applications - marked "Strictly Confidential" - to Barbara Fox-Mills at The Tansey, Censure Road, Baily, County Dublin.

Rear Commodore Barry Hassett writes

In these days of travel to far and distant lands, a ten day cruise to the South of England seems a very modest enterprise. However, that area has so many delightful harbours, it offers a most rewarding holiday.

Diva is a moody 33 which I purchased last November from our former commodore C.J. Fitzgerald; to date I am well pleased. By early spring plans were in hand for a cruise, and so it was that on Friday, June 24th we left Crosshaven at 17.00. Isles Scilly were to be our first stop, and we were able to set spinnaker in a moderate northerly wind three miles out from Roches point. On board were Jim McCarthy, Walter O'Byrne, Douglas Deane, John Ryan as Navigator and myself.

The spinnaker was carried until 12.00 on Sat 25th but had to be dropped as the wind freshened for the east. We reached to the Bishop and had it abeam at 15.20, going in through Broad Sound were anchored at St. Mary's at 16.45, Log Reading 142M. Within a very short time of arriving anxious eyes were cast upon the shore - 'so be it'. An enjoyable evening was had in sundry watering holes and many friends from yesteryear were brought up to day on all that is right with Ireland.

Some of our travellers had not been to Tresco Island, so it was decided to go there the following day Sunday June 26th. The tide dictated departure by 15.00 to enable us to cross the bar into Tresco Sound, fortunately we left time in hand. We went to weigh anchor, but it, the anchor, refused to come with us. A call to the harbour office produced a diver within one hour and fifteen minutes later we were ready to depart, having paid a very modest charge. It is noted that the help of Local Authorities, in this case the Assistant Harbour Master was readily forthcoming, on a wet Sunday afternoon.

Tresco was almost a non event, but please note that excellent visitors moorings are available in The Sound. It was raining incessantly by the time we arrived, and the beautiful gardens were scarcely visible. I do believe they had in fact sunk by the time we left the local hostelry! Helford River was to be our next port of call, so the moorings were slipped at 05.00 on Monday June 27th. It was a case of sail motor/sail for the day. Round Island was abeam at 06.00, thence to The Wolf Rock and The Lizard on a favourable tide, the latter was abeam at 15.00. We were up to a visitors moorings in Helford of an old timber slipway on the south side of the River at 16.55. Helford is of course one of the most beautiful rivers in the West Country. It was decided to have a meal in the Ferry Boat Inn. They provided excellent fare and value. Because of weather and tide we left Helford at 00.15 on Tuesday June 28th and sailed motor/sailed eastwards the 65 miles to the River Dart. Visibility was very poor, so headlands were all that could be seen. Dartmouth is an ideal port of call for yachts, the fine shopping area is on the West side but we found it far more satisfactory to berth at Kingswear Marina on the eastside and use the continuous ferry service to commute. The Royal Dart Y.C. were hospitable, and more than helpful in returning my camera to Cork. I had for some unknown reason left it behind me.

It was time to start the return journey, so *Diva* left for Salcombe at 08.00 on Wednesday June 29th arriving at 10.40. We spent a few hours wandering around this very picturesque

holiday resort, and continued our journey at 14.00. the Yalm river was our destination, but the yacht had other ideas. At 15.00 the transmission produced what seemed like a very expensive sound, nothing for it but to up sail in a 5 knot northwest wind and set a course for Plymouth and a repair job. The light wind was kind enough to us, and we tied up to Queen Anne's Battery Marina at 22.00.

Excellent service by the marina staff saw *Diva* hauled out at 08.00 on Thursday 30th June and back in the water at 16.00 with a new bushing fitted to the "p" bracket. We retraced our steps to pay a short call to the Yalm river, arriving there at 18.50. Sad to say, the weather had deteriorated, so we failed to see this beautiful river at its best - there will be another day. However, rain did not stop my gallant bank from launching the dinghy once we had made up to a visitor's mooring and finding a suitable licensed premises which sold, of all things, Murphy's Stout. We continued our journey down channel at 05.00 the following morning, by popular demand Helford was again the river to call to, we made up there at 18.00 on June 31st.

Alas the parameter was now falling steadily, and gales were forecast in all areas. We spent July 1st walking in the English countryside, stopping over for lunch at a charming village called Manaccan. The clouds had all the appearance of a gale blowing them along. However, things quietened down around midnight at which time we decided to continue our journey and get to the western end of Mount's Bay.

We departed Helford at 23.55 on July 2nd in a moderate northwest wind, the Lizard was abeam at 01.35, and the Tatter Do Light at 04.15. After a conversation with Land's End Radio it was decided to continue on to Cork. The forecast was wind Northwest 7-8 but gales were ceasing in Fastnet. The Runnel Stone Buoy was up at 05.10 and the Longships abeam at 06.00. The wind was North northwest 25 knots, it was a cold morning. Sunday July 3rd it blew from approximately the same direction at an average speed of 30 knots, we tended to the western side of the run line as it had a better wave pattern. It was a long hard beat, but *Diva* and her crew behaved very well. We finally picked up the Gas Rigs at 03.00 on Monday July 4th, they were abeam ten miles to the east, the wind was not more northerly at 35 knots. The Sovereign Islands off Kinsale were the first land to be recognised, it was then 13.00, we had Roches Point abeam at 17.00.

It was good to set foot on the R.C.Y.C. Marina after approximately forty one hours on the wind. Despite the last leg, the cruise was most satisfactory, we covered 585 miles in the ten days at an average speed of five knots. The engine was used for thirty three hours. We visited eight anchorages/ports including Helford twice and had only two meals ashore, the cook must have been very good.

Diva had three additional cruises to West Cork and the Kenmare River to complete her 1988 season.

A Cork Cormorant writes:

You will be aware that our ex-Commodore - Joe Fitzgerald - sold his boat *Mandalay* to our present Rear Commodore - Barry Hasset. It was conditional of sale that the name of the boat be changed. I understand that Barry searched long and hard for various names and the most appropriate name to be offered to date was *Cirrhosis of the River*.

Wallace Clark writes on *Wild Goose* to North Spain

Wild Goose took us to north Spain in June/July. We saw more stormy petrels on that one voyage than in the previous ten summers. They can only come near to a boat when winds are sufficiently strong to give them life over the waves so you can draw your own conclusions about the weather.

It was well worth the extra two hundred miles to get on



The Rere Commodore's Boat - name?. Photo: C.P. McHenry
from Brittany to Spain, for warmth and seclusion, but a complicated voyage in terms of crew changes and deadlines for meeting them.

From Portavogie it took a fairly hard ten days to get to Lequeitio near Bilbao. There were brief stops at Milford Haven, Guilvinnic and Ile d'Yeu. We had fair winds in the Irish Sea, a thirty hour beat in E5 in the Bristol Channel, a strong easterly blow around Ushant, then east winds on the beam to Spain, grey skies and poor visibility almost the whole way. Sweethearts and wives met us on the pier head at Lequeitio. This was a great moment duly celebrated. Unfortunately, having taken longer than planned to arrive, the passage crew did not have much time to spend in Spain and dispersed after two or three days.

June and I had an idyllic fortnight by ourselves in various small Spanish fishing ports. Guetaria was the one we liked best. No formalities, no charges. A berth tied up to a buoy in the outer harbour, handy for the town but away from the bustle and dirt of the inner dock. A most friendly and informal atmosphere in the Club Nautico at the pier head. They are building a marina there now.

We had picked this part of the coast as opposed to the western portion near Corunna because it gives a more interesting passage with a chance of calling in Brittany, has little harbours at convenient distances and is nice and warm without being too hot; the temperature was usually 65 in the



Wallace Clark - '87 winner of the Navigation Cup Photo: R. Beirne

cockpit at breakfast time and rose to 75, even 80, in the middle of the hotter days. There is a fair bit of rain but one is used to that of course. It's a bit like Ireland in the sun. Our son Miles and his friend Tony Traill joined us for the passage home on the 1st of July. We used our last psetas to fill up the water bidons with Rioja Alta before starting home from the Pasajes.

The commercial part of this hammerhead inlet is built up, dirty and dull but the little town either side of the entrance are delightful. A fifty three hour passage, on the wind for the first twelve hours, then reaching and then a run in F5/6 took us up to the Ile d'Yeu. We had a twenty four hours in that sandy, heathy island and then a twenty four hour passage to Audieme. Grey and wet at first, then fine and cold.

We had subscribed to the Southampton Weather Centre (£5 a week) and were able, by ringing them up, to get really accurate forecasts at any time of the day. They told us that it would be up to F8 for about five hours between the passing of a warm and cold front as we approached the English coast, and so it was. We had five hours under storm jib only which the old *Goose* seemed to like just under twenty hours to get to Falmouth. A couple of days later we met Robin Dixon in Newlyn in *Lazy Life* and had time to exchange drinks before we set off around Lands End.

It was rough as a beam wind in the Bristol Channel produced Stormy Petrels and short grey waves which rolled as fiercely as we heeled, and threw cold spray all over the place. They were flattened at times by rain squalls. Was this really July? We picked up the Smalls with the help of Decca in five mile visibility, and turned N.E. running down the face of waves the size of a large turf stack to reach Fishguard at 0230, a twenty eight hour passage.

Wild Goose passed a stormy week around the 25th of July, when winds reached F9, secure in Carrickfergus Marina.

Brian Dalton writes from Massachusetts

Boru made a modest cruise this year working the famous Bay of Fundy tides to reach Saint John, New Brunswick, stopping at Roque and Grand Manan islands en route. To travel up the Saint John river requires crossing the Reversing Falls precisely during a twenty minute interval of slack water each tide picking the flood and ebb respectively. If off in your calculations by a few minutes or unobservant of local conditions, one may sail backwards through the narrow gorge



Brian Dalton - '87 winner of The Strangford Cup Photo: R. Beirne

and be spun dangerously out of control in the whirlpools and forced to wait for the next tide.

The river up to Grand Lake (50miles) is idyllic, pastoral, clean, warm and without fog. Six days should be allocated as a minimum. The Royal Kennebecasis Y.C., a few miles above the Falls, is renowned for its hospitality and has many club burgees displayed, the I.C.C. being among them.

Next year we plan to organise a cruise to the French island St Pierre 46 43 N:56 13W) for the 200th anniversary of Bastille Day. Any member interested in chartering or finding a crew position should communicate immediately.

Peter Gray writes on Vancouver Island

Susan and I circumnavigated Vancouver Island and sailed about seven hundred miles in the process. Vancouver Island is smaller than Ireland but, by the very nature of its deeply indented coastline, one could probably sail two or three thousand miles. We stuck, more or less, to the headlands and comparatively shallow bays. We stopped at twenty one harbours or anchorages on the way and successfully navigated a number of narrows with the tides running at up to twelve knots and producing rapids at their peak.

The coast of British Columbia, especially inside Vancouver Island, is a wonderful cruising area with unlimited bays, fjord-like inlets and anchorages to explore with the possibility of water and stores at all sorts of places scattered along the coast and ranging from quite large towns to small Indian villages. Every human settlement, of whatever size has its own "marina" even if on occasions this only consisted of one pontoon accommodating two or three boats and intended for local fishing boats. However, we were made welcome wherever we chose to stop.

The grandeur of nature predominates in the shape of the snow-capped mighty coastal range and the density of the forest coupled with an abundance of wildlife including bald eagles, whales and salmon. We caught an adequate sufficiency of the latter and, on one occasion, a thirty or forty foot grey whale paralleled our course for several minutes and came very close when it surfaced.

We enjoyed mixed weather ranging from idyllic light winds, with hot sun, to overcast skies with great rolling waves sweeping in from across the Pacific. Fortunately, even the west coast of Vancouver Island has plenty of safe, secure bolt-holes. Such names as Forward Harbour, Alert Bay, Sea Otter Cove, Secret Cove, Winter Harbour, Hot Springs Cove and so on to tempt the imagination and certainly tempted us in for a look.

The principle cruising area on the west coast of the Island is Berkeley Sound, with many islands, inlets and anchorages. One could easily spend a whole season exploring. We were able to spend only three days.



Dock and "Supermarket" at Hot Springs

Photo: S. Gray

The whole of Vancouver Island and the nearby mainland is steeped in Indian history and nineteenth century English and Spanish history. Many of the islands towns and villages are called after the heroes of the time - the Naval Captains who "discovered" the area. Vancouver, Cook and Quadra are perhaps the most famous but such names as Bligh feature also. However, well before the "discoverers" arrived, there was an established Indian culture the remains of which are clear to be seen with present day Indians still following many of the customs and practices of their forefathers.

We explored the villages, nearly caught a black bear (on camera) - a highly dangerous procedure - and enjoyed the wild, almost human-free environment which was only occasionally broken by meetings with friendly crews of the vast fleets of fishing boats and equally friendly white and Indian locals.

We also experienced the fun of avoiding tug boats towing log rafts up to a half-mile in length but overall the scene was relaxing, interesting and a salve to the most jaded eye. All in all, we had a most interesting cruise which was rounded up by a two day visit to the beautifully maintained State capital of Victoria - an experience in itself and the highlight of which was "English tea" in the world-famous Empress hotel.

John Gore-Grimes writes:

I had occasion to ring our distinguished member Robert Gledof on Cruising Club business during April. He was not in but he telephoned my home later that evening. My eleven year old daughter answered the phone and came running in to say, "Dad, there is a very peculiar man on the telephone who claims that he is Bob Geldof".



In Joe May's in Skerries: Pat Coleran, the Commodore and Jack Wolfe
Photo: Georgina Nixon



Sunrise on the Gulf of Morbihan
Photo: Frank Larkin

Terence Johnson writes:

When contemplating the I.C.C. Whit cruise this year which unfortunately I was unable to attend I remember sailing directions which I had received to sail with safety in that delightful passage between the Saltee Islands. The instructions which I was given many years ago were to sail through the Passage using the I.C.C. East Coast Pilot Instructions and avoiding the rock. To ensure this procedure, place a crew man with binoculars looking at Kilmore Quay. When old Fishermen stand up on the quay wall you are about to hit the rock - alter course to starboard. Old Fishermen should then sit down and this will give you a clear passage.

Frank Larkin writes on South Brittany

Through the good offices of Tony Clarke, I had the use of a First 345 *Skyros* in South Brittany for the last two weeks of June. The crew consisted of Caroline, Kevin (12), Aileen (9) and myself. After a pleasant crossing from Cork to Roscoff we drove to Port du Crouesty at the entrance to the Gulf of Morbihan where the yacht is based. This is a vast modern development of a marina and apartments whose only merit is that it is accessible at all tides, day or night. Having stocked up sufficient food and wine we set sail on a shake-down cruise across the Bay of Quiberon to Port Haliguen, an epic voyage of about 12 miles. The next day we had a lovely two-sail reach around the La Teignouse lighthouse and out to Belle-Ile. We picked up a mooring in the picturesque harbour of Sauzon in time for a swim before going ashore for a meal in a restaurant overlooking the harbour. That night it blew up from the N.E. which turned the harbour into a lee-shore, and as I had picked the furthest in mooring in order to cut down on rowing, I spent the night in the cockpit watching the waves breaking over the quay wall about a boat length to leeward and wondering about the quality of the mooring. After that little bit of excitement we spent the next day lying on a beach.

We then sailed along the island to the capital Le Palais. The high which was giving us the beautiful sunshine everyday was also responsible for the strong NE winds so we took W.M. Nixons advice and locked into the tranquil setting of the inner harbour.

We hired bicycles the next day and cycled across the island to Port Donnant beach on the west coast and then visited the nearby Grand Phare lighthouse, one of the highest in Brittany. We cycled to Locmarie at the eastern end of the island and then back to Le Palais, this took all day as like a convoy we moved at the speed of the slowest cyclist.

The following day we locked out after lunch and had a pleasant sail in light airs to a smaller island Ile d'Houat where we anchored in crystal clear off a beautiful beach at the eastern end of the island. Once again the N.E. blew up that night and we had to up anchor and go around the corner to anchor off another beach. The island is surrounded by beaches and coves so no matter where it blows from you will find a sheltered anchorage. As we lazed about on the beach that day we were delighted to see a yacht flying the I.C.C. burgee sail into the bay. This was Steve and Ann Malone and their young crew aboard *Symphonie*. We stayed on the beach in brilliant sunshine for two days. The children were thrilled to have some friends to play with while the adults amused themselves depleting the duty-free. We wanted to see the Gulf of Morbihan so we finally dragged ourselves away, sailed to La Trinite where we overnighted on the marina. Having been warned by everybody about the strong tides in the Gulf we arrived off Port Navalo at low water wondering what all the fuss was about. We were soon surging up the Aurey River with the navigation marks as fast as the Skipper and his eagle-

eyed crew could keep track of them. We sailed past beautiful wooded riverbanks until we came to the town of Aurey where we picked up a mooring in the pool just below the bridge.

We had a lovely meal in the square beside the river but had a difficult job getting back on board that night at low water because of the mudbanks and had to carry the dinghy about a mile down the riverbank looking for a place to launch and then had to row back down river. We arrived back at the mouth of the Gulf so quickly that we decided to head back up the Gulf in a different direction and we managed to get up to the largest island in the Gulf, Ile aux Moines, at 08.00 before the tide ran too strongly against us. We spent the day exploring the island and amusing ourselves watching yachts trying to get through the narrows between the island and the mainland and failing. In the evening we dropped the mooring and swept out of the Gulf on the ebb and sailed around the corner back to our berth in Port du Crouesty. It had been a wonderful holiday with not a cloud in the sky for the fortnight. The Gulf of Morbihan is a beautiful and interesting place to sail but it is more to an adult's taste, the children would have preferred to have spent the holiday among the offshore islands with their superb beaches.

George Lennox writes on *Fan-Tan* in Scotland
(*Fan-Tan* cruised extensively in the Western Isles, here are some extracts from the log)

At 17.30 on July 9th the wind had piped up to F5 S.E. and Ardmish Bay not being the place for comfort when there is any E in the wind, the anchor was retrieved and a fast trip made under jib alone along the E coast of the island and round the N end to Bagh na Doirinne at the N.W. corner of Gigha. At 18.30 the anchor was set and peace prevailed. Still very cold and the Skipper produced a large hot one (the Skipper's hot ones are all large!) God bless the Skipper, cheers.

Tobermory to Canna Harbour Tuesday July 12th

A lovely sunny morning but cold. Wet gear was put out to dry. We shifted the boat to a H.I.D.B. mooring off Tobermory, then ashore for stores. We were not lured when I began to rain and our clothes still out on the guard rail - we never learn, do we? But it turned out to be only a light shower, thank goodness, and no damage was done and the sun was soon out again. After shopping and some liquid sustenance the buoy was slipped at 12.00 and departure made with Canna in mind. With the wind very light and variable the motor was required again and a spot of motor sailing necessary. With a calm sea and perfect visibility the Outer Isles seemed only an hours sail away. Rhum was a picture with a cap of fluffy white cloud. The pick was in the putty by 17.00 - a lovely evening but very cold. The kettle was soon on.

At Loch Dunvegan Thursday July 14th

Blowing hard from the N and as the 05.55 forecast is for N July 14 F5/8 and we not being the stuff heroes are made of the Bruce remained where it was. (The holding is A.1, thick mud). An early lunch and a run ashore to check The Macallan had not gone off overnight and to socialise with the friendly natives. Local fishermen also tell us that the anchorage behind the island of Dunvegan Castle is the best of the holding.

Loch Dunvegan to Stornoway Friday 11.5th

Under way again at 06.50 - still bitterly cold and as usual what little wind there is is on the nose and the iron top'sl is pounding away. By 10.00 we were making such good time it was decided to pass up our original plan of putting into North Harbour, Scalpay and press on for Stornoway. Our intention had always been to be in Stornoway for "Friday night in Stornoway" as Friday night in Stornoway is just Friday night

in Stornoway, if you know what I mean

By 15.00 *Fan-Tan* is tied alongside a fishing vessel in Stornoway Harbour. The skipper of the m.f.v. is invited over for a beer or three - result, a lovely feed of flatties for dinner. By this time showers were thought to be advisable so a visit was made to the Seaman's Mission which has now been taken over by the Royal Mission to Deep Sea Fisherman, completely refitted and is now five star. Shower with towel £2 - the London Hilton could not better it.

Staffa Sunday July 24th

A big sea was running and a landing on Staffa not in favour, so we motored round to have a look at the cave from the sea. Iona next stop and anchor off the ferry pier. The anchorage was very uncomfortable, with a fresh wind against the tide *Fan-Tan* would just not lie at peace. The Navigator having been ashore on previous occasions elected to stay with the ship and stand anchor watch and let the Skipper have a run ashore to view the Cathedral.

At anchor Loch na Lathaich Monday July 25th

Back aboard by midnight - wind fresh but nothing to worry about, cup of tea and wait for the forecast. 00.33 forecast: "Storm force 10 imminent". They sure got it right this time - by 10.00 *Fan-Tan* was at times jumping round like a bucking bronco and she was only about half a cable off a weather shore. At the boatyard anchorage, less than a mile away, yachts were dragging about all over the place, even pulling permanent moorings. *Fan-Tan* never budged an inch, the big Bruce doing its job. The holding here can be recommended as 100% A.1. By late evening the wind had abated to a full gale - and remained that way until late Wednesday.

On Friday July 29th *Fan-Tan* was back on her moorings in Strangford Lough having logged 595 miles in the coldest July any of the crew could recall.

David Maxwell writes on:

***Virago* of Strangford to Biscay**

We left Strangford on 2nd and managed to get back on 26th July, as planned. Our passage down was pleasant and uneventful, mostly in SW winds under working gib and main, occasionally slabbed, with less use of engine than usual to maintain our passage speed of 5 knots. We slept a day tide in Wicklow and part of that night in Arklow, stretched our legs in the Scillies then went wide of the Ile de Sein to arrive in Concarneau on Thursday 7th.

My passage crew then scattered. With the boat to ourselves Carolyn and I pottered about. Up the Odet which had lost a lot of trees, to Benodet and La Foret whose marinas had also experienced hurricane damage, to Belle Ile under coaster and then on a windless day to Huat to laze off the sun-drenched beach. On into the Morbihan and up to Vannes.

We started the uphill climb on Friday 15th, overnighing in



Virago of Strangford

Photo: D. Maxwell

the Belon which was minus a lot of its trees and sadly a lot of its beauty. Chez Jacky is being enlarged and there is a remarkable good creperie, new to us, on the other bank. We collected the girls at Concarneau, stored at Loch Tudy, and anchored five miles short of the Raz at dusk in Baie du Loch. Away early in light airs to get the Truzziard passage at slack water and so on to Camaret.

Wednesday 20th was calm and sunny so we motored to Ushant and went alongside in Lampaul, then shifted to Baie du Stiff at the NE corner to ensure a straightforward departure next morning. Passing north of the traffic lanes we crossed to the Scillies in fresh SW winds with the visibility reducing to some 2 to 5 cables. Around midnight in inky blackness we made our D/F approach on Peninnis Head in transit with Round Island radio beacon, we asked the coastguard for a confirmatory check bearing as Decca was putting us two cables further west and thankfully, just before I was about to abort the approach, sighted our light. Then we had an unfunny time getting around the dark corner to the St Mary's anchorage.

At 06.00 Sunday 24th we were approaching the Tuskar in seas of haybarn size, but though the warnings were in the sky the wind had not reached gale force and we were riding splash free under double slabbed main with Autohelm doing all the work assisted by a little engine to put extra pressure on the rudder. By 08.00 we had winds of 45 to 50 knots and wind against tide, but by now we were getting some shelter and the sea though much uglier was reduced to mere cottage size. By now we were under storm jib sheeted hard aft, hardly a splash and Autohelm still in charge. The day improved, apart from an engine overheat and a need to change the water pump impellor off Wicklow Head, and so we travelled on to Howth where we berthed in the marina at 21.00.

Monday 25th, we sailed at 21.00 under engine and storm jib supported by our good friend Autohelm. Taking an inshore route we reached the Strangford bar at slack low water and secured to our own buoy, at 06.10, off Old Court.

Thus ended my ninth cruise to Brittany and my first with Decca. I wonder when Father Christmas will arrange for me to go with a rolling headsail?

Donal Mc Clement writes:

1988 was one of the busiest seasons that I have had for a long time despite the very poor weather in July and August. Two of my more memorable trips were an early season delivery from Crosshaven to Majorca in Chris O'Kelly's *Endurance 45 Savion* and the delivery trip from Ipswich to Cork in Archie O'Leary's new Oyster Lightwave 395 *Irish Mist*.

The passage from Cork to Bayona was uneventful in terms of weather but upon giving one of my young crew a bucket and asking him to get me some water for cooking the spuds I was much amused to be asked by him where he should find it. This I might add was some 200 miles from the nearest land. Needless to say the rest of the crew did not let this young man forget his gaff.

550 miles to windward in a brand new yacht is not the ideal way to get to know her. Archie O'Leary and myself are fully paid up members of the 'Downwind Sailing Club' as a result of a very forgettable trip in early July when we never had less than 25 knots over the deck until the final 10 miles and our 4 young crew members had a real baptism of fire on their first long offshore trip. This delivery was unusual in the sense that we also had an opportunity to visit Royal Air Force Manston on their Open Day and all of us enjoyed a thrilling air display that included the famous Red Arrows.

Needless to say we would have swapped place with any of the pilots a couple of days later when we were beating to windward down the English Channel.

Cork Week '88 was an outstanding success for all and the number of overseas visitors who enjoyed themselves enormously during the week can only do good for Ireland as a really good sailing and cruising area. No doubt the splendid publicity received from the Yachting Magazines will assist our Tourist Board in promoting our country.

Peter Mullins writes on A Busmans Holiday

After 30,000 sea miles, 75 weeks of term charter and four happy years of ownership *Christmí of Sark* and I parted company.

I purchased *Christmí* in Europe in the summer of 1984 and sailed her out to Antigua where I operated her in the Caribbean charter fleet with much success. At 72 ft. overall and drawing some 11'6" she proved an excellent charter vessel but one which required working 12 months a year. It was time for a change. I had what is known as 'burnout' or a strange and somewhat mystifying disease known as A.I.M.S. (Acquired Island Mental Syndrome) and anyone who has spent time in the Islands will know that this is a notifiable disease, easily contracted and very contagious. The only known antidote is a sea passage, preferable on someone else's yacht. After the sale of *Christmí* was completed I was asked if I would deliver to new owners, an Oyster 435 ketch from Antigua to Mystic, Connecticut. Called now *Sir Whistling Oyster* she was once owned by ICC member Bernie Cahill. The passage North from Antigua is usually made via Bermuda, a distance of about 950 miles and then to Newport a further 650 miles, which is generally regarded as the best place to clear into the States. The weather at this time of the year is usually fair. It is before the hurricane season and with luck carry the Easterly Trades to Bermuda and the South Westerlies from Bermuda North. Navigation at this time of the year is also simple, you just follow the line of beer bottle cast overboard by those who migrated north earlier.

A few last minute hitches delayed our departure from Antigua and we did not leave until 12.00 on Thursday 23 June. True to form the trades carried us north in fine style with 20 knots from the east. We were soon out of range of Radio Antillies on 930 M with their excellent weather forecast twice a day and started to listen to the U.S. Coast Guard from Norfolk Virginia with their very detailed synopsis. They were advertising a deep low over Bermuda and on the fourth day out we were experiencing heavy rain squalls as the wind swung more into the south. By now we were well reefed with two in the main and half the genoa furled. By daybreak on Tuesday 28th the wind was gusting over 35 knots and had shifted further into the south, so we rolled up the genoa completely and carried on with 2 reefs in the main averaging over 8 knots. This situation continued with heavy rain, everything from the hatches to our totally inadequate oilskins leaked and at 04.00 on Wednesday 29th June, when Bermuda was 20 miles abeam we jibed in 40 knots and grateful for radar and Sat Nav charged in on St. Davids Head but picked a fairway buoy before sighting land the visibility being so bad. Bermuda Harbour Radio were their usual helpful selves as we reported our entry through Town Cut at 06.00. We had covered 964 miles in 5 days 19 hours, average speed 6.9 knots and zero engine hours. We remained storm bound in St. Georges for 4 days, which is not such a bad thing and the thought of arriving on a 4th of July in the States did not seem a good idea. After an excellent weather briefing at the U.S. Navy Base we departed for Newport at 10.00 on Sunday 3rd July. They promised South Westerlies but the wind was firmly in the NorEast and remained there for the next 3 days. We were set down 100 miles to the west of the rhumb line which gave a bumpy passage across the Gulf Stream but we made good progress

until the wind eventually died and we had to resort to the motor. It filled in from the S.W. and we sailed into Newport at 16.00 on Thursday 7th July. 680 miles in 4 days 6 hours, average speed 6.6 knots and 12 hours engine time. We were greeted at Goat Island Marina by the Customs and Immigration officer George Monk, who remembered me from 1983. They say George has cleared in every yacht since St. Brendan and a more courteous official would be hard to meet.

After a crew change we were joined by the proud new owners and sailed *Sir Whistling Oyster* the 35 odd miles to her berth at Mystic. A phone call to the office in Antigua to announce our safe arrival reveals another delivery from Antigua to Newport and are we interested. This time an Alden 44 sloop called *Hornblower*. We flew back to Antigua which by now was very quiet. We prepare *Hornblower* for sea and looked around for crew. Sailing north from Antigua in August is leaving it just a little late. The first tropical depression had already passed and tropical were flitting through every 3 days. This time we could find no one to join us and were on the point of leaving when a young New Zealand couple appeared on the dock. An interesting couple who also had considerable sailing experience. They signed on and we left immediately at 12.00 on Friday August 5th. Not a day I would usually set out on a 1600 mile passage but there was a break in the weather and I felt the gods would look kindly on my decision. For the first 24 hours we carried the effect of the last wave and with one reef, a club staysail and high cut yankee made excellent progress. The Alden sailed beautifully and soon we had the No. 1 drawing and full main. We had a glorious sail like this for 600 miles and sailed straight into a hugh high over Bermuda. I had put on board 10 extra gallons and with full tanks decided to give Bermuda a miss and motor on through, which we did for 3 days. It was so hot we set up an awning over the cockpit. We passed 150 miles to the west of Bermuda and soon the South Westerlies filled in and in copy book style we let draw and sailed into Newport arriving at 07.00 on 15th August. A perfect non stop passage of 1600 miles in 9 days 19 hours with an average speed of 7 knots but with 3 days of motoring. George Monk was there again to greet us, a little surprised to see us again so soon.

It was an excellent passage and made up for the time we had 5 weeks earlier. It was also interesting and to compare the two similar sized yachts. The *Oyster* had much larger accommodation below. She was a newer boat and had an excellent inventory of electronics. She was also wetter in a seaway and lacked the windward performance of the Alden which had a centerboard. Both yachts carried the same quantity of water and fuel. I liked the roller furling on the *Oyster* and for short handed sailing it is now regarded a must, however being fully crewed I also liked the choice of headsails on the Alden. Both yachts also had excellent auto pilots and the Alden also had an Aries wind vane which worked well when we stopped fiddling with it every 5 seconds. If I had to make the choice I would go for the Alden but then she was a lot more expensive. So concluded my busmans holiday and the real one had only just begun.

**David Nicholson writes on
Black Shadow in the Mediterranean**

I took *Black Shadow* with a variety of family and friends as crew, cruising in the Mediterranean this year for the first time. The short, sharp sea and unpredictable weather patterns of calms and mountain-range-deflected winds make this part of the world a new challenge. Lack of tides and compass variation does help, but navigational buoys are scarce in the areas we have visited so far. I suppose eventually I will succumb to the relative luxury of a sat. nav. or other similar navigational aid.



The *Black Shadow* crew

Photo: R. Beirne

My friends cleared customs in Vilamoura in April and after a good shake down sail arrived in Cadiz where I joined them. We cruised through the Straits of Gibraltar, along the South and South East Spanish coasts calling to Estepona, Jose Banus, Torre de Mar (where we replace the alternator - what a job!), Motril, Mazzrzon, Alicante (the old town is worth a visit) and Calpe. Then, with my wife Joan and daughter Lorraine, we set sail for Majorca, stopping for a couple of days in Ibiza. Here we visited the old citadel and the original fishing village, with its very narrow streets, which was interesting. The town centre was full of young people - some of them a bit odd! The drinking water in the Balearics has its own unique taste - they call it fresh but we found it made terrible coffee. From here on we bought water for drinking.

After two days of rain with big seas, we had a beautiful run over to Majorca.

Rob d'Alton welcomed us with open arms in the Club de Mar, Palma and he kindly kept an eye on *Black Shadow* while I went home. My son, Edward, enjoyed a trip with his friends around the Islands, and by my return in September *Black Shadow* was well known in some of the more popular "watering holes".

My brother-in-law, David O'Morchoe, has written a log on our journey to Minorca (which is elsewhere in this annual). He obviously enjoyed himself to the full! He left *Black Shadow* with his wife Margaret and with Joan when we reached Mahon - the capital of Minorca. At that point I was joined by some of my regular crew and we sailed the 200 miles in flat calm conditions to Corsica.

The fine weather brought two turtles to the surface and, later, we spotted a small whale enjoying the warm sun. We did notice, however, that there were very few sea birds around. We made land fall in Corsica at Propriano (home of the Island Sailing Club Charter fleet) and later visited Bonifacio which is said by many to be the most attractive port in Western Europe. Corsica is an attractive French island and a visit by car into the high mountain range is a "must" for all visiting yachtsmen.

We continued on to the Islands of Vavezzi (French) and around the Archipeligo of La Maddelena (Italian) visiting Cala Gavetta and Porto Lungo - all very interesting and different.

On mainland Sardinia we spent one day at Palau. There is a NATO base there and plenty of pizzerias and trattorias (restaurants), so we indulged in the typical Italian cuisine. Porto Cervo, also on the north-eastern coast, was the one disappointment of our trip. It was out of season and so there was no-one around. However, in the Yacht Club there, we saw a huge photograph of the America Cup skippers at the Perth challenge, with our own Harold Cudmore the centre of

attraction.

We intended to sail to Mahon, Minorca from here, but after twelve hours against a W 4/5 we decided to stop at Porto Torres about 70 miles west. This is a small oil bunkering port with a regular ferry to Genoa, typically Sardinian. Our time was running out after this two day stop, and we had a further rough trip with headwinds up to W 6/7 for 200 miles to reach Mahon. What a bone-shaking experience after two weeks of light weather sailing! Black Shadow will now winter in Mahon.

We have enjoyed lovely weather, warm seas, good restaurants, historical and, most of all, happy relaxed days with friends - Here's to 1989!!!

Distance covered from Vilamoura in May to Mahon in September - over 2,000 miles.

W.M. Nixon writes on *Tor* in the Mediterranean

Tom Service, Ed Wheeler, Kevin Murphy and myself joined Barry Bramwell on *Tor*, a Skye 51 at the Port of Fiumicino. This is a decidedly workaday port at the seaward end of the canal which by-passes the final curve of the Tiber.

The following morning was sunny but with a lumpy sea as we plugged across the Tyrrhenian Sea. Through the night we settled into a seagoing routine, hugely enjoying playing with the very effective Furuno radar and other electronic goodies. The morning brought an easing of conditions.

Making along the rugged and handsome coast, our skipper bethought to himself that a visit to Porto Cerco might be useful to suss out possibilities to sort out various niggles which resulted from *Tor* having wintered with no-one aboard in Italy. Porto Cerco being mighty expensive (fifty quid for an overnight stop) and our worthy skipper being properly averse to harbour dues as only a Strangford Lough man can be, we anchored off.

Then a shore party proceeded to investigate Porto Cerco, there is nowhere deader than a fashionable resort before the

season is under way. Porto Cerco without the Beautiful People was as dead as doornails, and it has to be admitted that the advent of *Tor's* crew increased the quota of Beautiful People not one iota.

So we upped sticks and went round the corner into the Maddalena archipelago, altogether a different place, sixty islands of many shapes and sizes, little fishing boats bustling out to their evening's work, life and vitality everywhere, and in the last of the evening sunshine a beautiful job by Barry berthing the boat stern-to in the old port of Cala Gavetta in the heart of La Maddalena itself (154 miles logged from Fiumicino).

After enjoying the charms of Maddalena it was only with the most iron will that suddenly all the Torians upped and left, time-to-go time, a generous easterly breeze to get the big boat scampering across the Straits of Bonifacio.

Opportunities to savour Bonifacio were somewhat restricted. Barry wanted to take full benefit of the fair wind, and anyway he'd worked out a deal with the marina that there'd be no charge if we'd cleared out again by 18.00 hours. Then we noticed that, with the French enthusiasm for le tourism, visitors were being conveyed up to the famous citadel by a sort of Noddy train. We ended up at the nearest waterfront bar.

By some miracle *Tor* was away on time, romping out of the bay at 10 knots, on course for Menorca some 260 miles away.

Of course, the fair wind didn't last. During the 36-hour passage, the wind went through 470 degrees, and spent a lot of time from dead ahead pushing towards Force 7. The barometer went well down before coming up again, there was a ferocious sunrise the first morning, and we knew that back home in Ireland there was a heat-wave. But what the hell, we were on holiday, shipboard routine was agreeable, tea of varying strength was the favourite tippie, food was grand, crack was great, and gradually the Satnav showed Menorca coming nearer.



Tor plugging westward from Menorca

Photo: W.M. Nixon

Finally late on Friday morning it appeared ahead, and crew-members began appearing on deck in the squeaky-clean mode, some shaved, and all clearly intent on mischief. *Tor* headed into Mahon's fine harbour, and in typical style went on up past the yacht club to the more economical (very economical) berths at the quay at the little boatyard, and just across the road the mariner's no-nonsense bar with its excellent tapas.

Mahon clearly had everything going for it, so it behaved us to pace ourselves. Quietly we proceeded up the stately steps from the quayside to the heart of the handsome old town, past cool bodegas down ancient stairways, and on into the little square where tables suggested a cooling beer.

Thus Saturday (May 14th) was largely cancelled, though there was bunkering of various sorts, a modicum of work about the ship, and in the evening a quiet but most agreeable night in the old town. In any case, the wind was back in the southwest, stubbornly on the nose; next day it still was, but at least the sun had come out, so we put to sea and started plugging to windward.

Progress wasn't exactly sensational, so we conceived the notion of freeing sheets a little to go north of Mallorca, having the theory that in the night's calm, we could make positive progress along that grand island's mountainous northwest coast under power.

And it all worked out as planned. There was a marvellous sunny sail while the breeze lasted, and an absolutely magnificent sunset over Cabo Formentor began to work the Mallorca magic on us. But just a mile or so inside Cabo Formentor is a narrow little Cala Murta; we slipped into this rock gut in the last of the night, the chain rattled, and then the peace of the island engulfed us, the scent of the pines, the chirp of cicadas, the aroma of steak supper neatly on time.

Astonishingly, we were stopped for barely an hour, but it was bliss. Then out and away, under power, lazily redaring our way down that majestic northwest coast on a clear night through calm, the sense of the new week getting under way as the first hint of daylight found the fishing boats streaming out to Soller.

Going inside Dragnoera, we were snapped out of our reveries by fierce gusts which had the dinghy airborne. Barry had originally planned to go further than Mallorca, but the enchanted stop at Cala Murta was working on him. We went into Andraitx which is clearly a major station of the Irish Cruising Club. Useful contacts were made every day.

In all we had sailed some 569 miles.

Michael O'Farrell writes on *Cuchulain* '88

With Paul Bradley and his wife, Ita, as crew we took seven days to take *Cuchulain* from Carlingford Lough to La Coruna. We celebrated Paul and Ita's first wedding anniversary in the very hospitable Real Yacht Club de La Coruna. A rendezvous with John Ryan, an American at Santiago gave us an extra number to see some of the Spanish Rias and to take *Cuchulain* to La Trinite where Philip, my son and Karen his fiancee, joined us.

We revisited many old haunts in South Brittany. Morgat was our port of departure for home. We expected it to take us three days but sixes and sevens from the NW found us taking the easy option at Lands End and going into Newlyn. Six hours later, a W'yly enabled us to reach the entire way to Greencastle, Carlingford Lough.

An Old Patagonian Hand writes:

Those of us accustomed to cruising the more distant fjords and islands of South America will be well aware of how interesting it is to study the writings of previous visitors to this primitive region, and this daguerreotype of an inhabitant



Innocent inhabitant of Patagonia

Photo: P. Metcalf

of the area, met by an ICC group, is a reminder of the way that all visitors were struck by the primitive and unclothed state of the natives of Tierra del Fuego and the other islands and coastal regions of the far south.

It will be recalled that charitable early visitors attempted to imbue the natives with a sense of decent Christian civilisation by bringing some of the more promising ones back to Europe and introducing them to the blessings of our way of life such as clothing and polite society. It was an enormous disappointment that such people, when returned to their native state, quickly reverted to their coarse former ways.

However, our study here would seem to indicate that not all of the civilising influence has been forgotten in even the remotest parts of the area. While specific concepts as to the function of clothing may be a little vague, there is nevertheless some vestige of a notion as to how polite society behaves. This worthy tendency can only be encouraged by inducing a sense of trust in the natives, and we would suggest that if any of our members happen to meet the objects of this study while engaged on an ICC venture, then they too should remove their clothing in order to bring about an initial feeling of mutual trust.

The Prestige of the ICC Extends to Toms River, N.J. writes Ross Pilling

I was engaged as an expert witness in a liability case involving the physical requirements of routines on a cruising sailboat. Before being allowed to testify, I had to establish my qualifications as an expert witness. I was called to the stand and questioned by a stern-visaged judge by the name of Michael O'Conner.

After making little progress with the judge using my status in the Cruising Club of America, I mentioned that I had been elected to membership in the Irish Cruising Club. The judge began to look interested. "And just where is the Irish Cruising Club located," the judge asked, thinking no doubt it was some place like Hoboken, New Jersey. "Dublin, Ireland," was the answer. The judge looked impressed. The net of it was that after showing him the list of experience needed to get into the

Irish Cruising Club, Ross was quickly recognized as an expert witness. No wonder the ICC is known as THE Cruising Club, even in Toms River, New Jersey, USA.

**James Slevin writes on
Christina to Scotland**

The Firth of Clyde by a different route was the destination on for the 1988 cruise. The waypoints having been plotted well in advance, we hauled anchor smartly at 14.00 on June 3rd off Mullaghmore harbour. With a fair tide we passed up the Donegal coast and had Rinrawross light on Arranmore abeam by 21.35.

By dawn of Saturday morning we left Fanad light to starboard and rounded Malin Head to pass through Inishrahall Sound. Though the weather had improved, we encountered headwinds and had to use out faithful diesel to hold our course. At 17.00 we were making out final approach to Craighouse anchorage on Jura. We found that we had to study the C.C. C. directions very carefully when approaching the entrance but once safely inside, the laid moorings were excellent. A trip ashore was rewarded by an excellent meal in the local hotel. Sunday brought lighter skies and light winds and provided a relaxing sail to Crinan.

Next day was spent locking through the Crinan canal which proved tedious in the wet and windy conditions after the novelty of the first few locks wore off. We were not sorry to tie up at Ardisaig that evening. Brilliant sunshine, the following morning, allowed us to put the oilskins in cold storage. We took a Scottish yacht, whose engine had broken down in tow and having passed Ardlamont point, proceeded up the Western Kyle of Bute. The rhododendrum covered hillsides provided a magnificent backdrop of colour in these sheltered waters. We tied up that evening in Rothesay, an attractive harbour town though it gave the impression of having enjoyed more prosperous times before the advent of package holidays.

In the morning, we breakfasted on deck and took advantage of the light winds to make passage to Largs. We found the staff at Largs Marina friendly and helpful as usual.

From Largs we crossed the busy narrows of the Firth to Lamlash on Arran. It is a small village but the crew found plenty to talk about in Andy's Bar. It transpired that Andy trained the local rugby team and as Neal (one of my crew) was captain of Monkstown, there were times when I wondered if we would get back on board that night, or should I say morning. After a few hours in the bunks we sailed out the anchor and observed with interest the prolific bird life as we passed the southern point of Holy Island. Then on to Cambeltown, where we tied alongside in the harbour.

Saturday was an early morning departure to catch the tide through Rathlin Sound. We tied up beside the sail training vessel *Master Builder* in Portrush harbour at 14.20.

Next morning we made out way along the Irish coast once more to Downings. The day was so hot that the off-watch crew spent most of their time in the cabin, quite a change from normal Irish cruising conditions. There was great excitement as wives and families were there to greet us. Brian, Des and Neal left for home by road and my daughter Avril joined the ship for the cruise home.

From Downings we had to keep a sharp look-out for salmon nets which were many and difficult to see. We dropped anchor in Aran Roads that evening. We were joined on board by the skipper of the yacht *Teuler* who was sailing solo around Ireland. On Tuesday we sailed North around Aran and anchored at Mullaghmore at 15.55. This cruise was exceptional in the extremely fine weather we enjoyed for 9 out of the 12 days.

**Andrew Somerville writes on
Emanuel to Dartmouth**

Emanuel' departure for the south of England was scheduled for Sunday 10 July, but gale warnings prompted a delay of 24 hours. Encouraged by an improvement on the Monday, we slipped our moorings at the Royal Irish at noon.

First light Tuesday saw the Tuskar abeam, and for a time conditions were slack enough for a full main. However, the wind backed during the day, and with no improvement in the forecast we fought for sea-room.

At 16.00 a southerly gale developed very rapidly. For some hours we continued to beat south-westwards under storm-jib and tris'l, but eventually at 23.45 conditions forced us to heave-to under the tris'l only, with the tiller lashed. We were about 30 miles south of the Tuskar, and 15 west of the Smalls. We were happy to retreat to the comparative calm of the saloon, as rain and spray had long since penetrated our oilskins.

Regular radio fixes confirmed that we were making negligible leeway, and the only serious worry was shipping, for which we kept a regular lookout. Throughout the night the gale continued, but *Emanuel* took it well, except for the occasional crest crashing over the foredeck. Looking aft, spray drove horizontally across the glow of our stern-light.

We remained hove-to until 11.00, Wednesday 13 July, when we set the working jib, cooked a meal and generally prepared ourselves for the next gale. Right on cue, it arrived at 23.45 and again we hove-to. This beast was feebler than Tuesday's, and at 07.00 Thursday we were able to resume course for Land's End. Under tris'l we flew along before a westerly F. 6 - 7. While the going was good, we decided to make directly for the Lizard and then the Helford River, where we picked up visitors' mooring at 09.00 Friday 15 July.

The five following days gave us a holiday. Following short stopovers at Plymouth and the Yealm, we reached our eastern limit at Dartmouth on Wednesday 20 July after a fast and sunny sail around Start Point under spinnaker.

At this point our luck ran out. The fine weather was replaced, for the rest of our time aboard *Emanuel*, by a series of absolutely poisonous depressions. We did not escape from the Dart until Saturday 23 July after an extended visit during which the high points were a trip on the steam railway, and a night out with Sue's cousins from Torquay.

On our departure for Dartmouth, we ran into thick fog. After this pleasant opener, we faced light airs followed by a F.7 from ahead. Progress was painfully slow, and by 03.00 Sunday we were only as far west as the Eddystone, under 9 rolls and the working jib. With more of the same forecast, we decided to revisit Plymouth. Passing the breakwater at 05.55.

This detour, to the Mayflower Marina, was a great success. The marina bistro turned out to be a gastronomic gem, and we spent many happy hours there. However, time pressed, and at the first slackening in the weather we headed west, on Wednesday 27 July. Initially we made good, and uneventful, progress. Inevitably, this did not last and at 01.00 the usual reasons compelled us to run for shelter in Falmouth, from a position just east of the Lizard. We berthed at the Penryn marina at 06.00 Thursday 28 July and turned in. At about noon, I was woken up by the lively motion of the boat, and as I doubled up our warps and springs I noticed several tricolours - the first sightings since Dun Laoghaire.

At first light on Friday, we finally cleared our last English port and headed for home. We spent the day beating across Mount's Bay and passed the Longships at 23.45. A veering wind soon had us hardening sheets again, and as it freshened we shortened sail. By 11.00 Saturday, 9 rolls and the working jib were excessive, and the storm jib and tris'l came out of

their bags again - mercifully, for the last time.

During Saturday night the breeze veered and died. At 06.00 Sunday 31 July we set full main and genoa for the first time since leaving Dun Laoghaire three weeks earlier. During the morning we closed the land at Ballycotton, and it was easy to decide to make for Crosshaven, rather than Kilsale as originally planned. Having told Sue that Donal O'Boyle was the only person known to me in Crosshaven, she was most impressed to find Donal on hand to take our warps as we approached the Royal Cork Marina at 17.56.

Mike Harrison and family arrived to take over the boat at lunch time Monday, and Sue and I were happy to finish the cruise by road.

David Whitehead writes from Chile:

Having sailed *Shemite* from Galway to Holland in 1986 with what now seems to be the normal course of events, we moved to Santiago, Chile. *Shemite* was laid up ashore in Hellevoetsluis for the duration and I did not expect that there would be much sailing until our return to Europe. As a matter of fact there are two yacht clubs in the vicinity of Santiago, at Algorobbo and Higuercillos, and at both there is keen racing. The cruising ground in the country are, however, far to the south and largely unfrequented. As it transpired we managed to find two weeks in February and combined a visit to Disneyworld for the children with a short cruise in the Grenadines.

We flew into St. Lucia and took a minibus the length of the island to Rodney Bay where the yacht was lying and the next day sailed down to Anse du Pitons, which we were surprised to find is the home of an ELEPHANT. After a disturbed night with yachts dragging, which led us to move to Grand Cuiller, we sailed early for Bequia where we stayed for a couple of nights and explored a little of the island. We then visited in

turn Mustique (where we met up with *Chrismi of Sark* and Peter Mullins), Tobago Cays, Union Island, Palm Island, Sandy Island (which is off Hillsborough in Carriacou), Isle de Ronde and finally Grenada.

The highlights of the cruise were our first sight of flying fish in the St. Vincent Passage, where we also caught a magnificent Dolphin fish (not a Dolphin!); body surfing in Hope Bay at Bequia, a pink gin at Basil's in Mustique and a glorious lazy lunch aboard lying off the absolutely picture postcard Caribbean 'beach-with-palm trees-and-coral reef', at Sandy Island.

The weather was somewhat mixed but with sufficient sun and wind all the time. The yacht was the Oyster 435 *Sir Whistling Oyster*, former steed of another I.C.C. member Bernie Cahill. She is well suited to charter work in the Caribbean, and sufficiently comfortable to have made me feel that I have spent most of my cruising life in needles discomfort!

Ian Wylie writes:

Splendid sunny June weekend on *Leanda* with John Currie and Ronnie Barr, for the R.N.I.Y.C. cruise to Gigha.

Very wet and windy July cruise on *Jeremy Fisher* with Kenneth Boyd, and family from Carrickfergus to Campbeltown, Tarbert (Loch Fyne), Ardrishaig and through the canal (which is now in good condition) to Ardfern. Because of the weather we retraced our steps back to Carrickfergus.

On board *Jeremy Fisher* for the Northern Autumn Rally at the Quoile Yacht Club's Pontoon in Strangford Lough. A wooden spoon hung from the starboard spreader in anticipation of our place in the ship handling, concours, etc. competition. However, the judges awarded the Magnum to a delighted Kenneth!

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

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. Mc Cormick
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. MacIlwaine
1978	P.J. Bunting
1980	G. Kenefick
1982	C.J. Fitzgerald
1984	L. McGonagle
1986	J. Gore-Grimes
1987	H.P. Kennedy

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. MacIlwaine
1977	J.M. Wolfe
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.B. Fitzgerald
1988	B. Hassett & D. H. B. Fitzgerald

Honorary Treasurers

1929	W. MacBride
1948	G.B. Moore
1964	N. Watson
1973	L. Sheil
1979	R. Shanks
1984	D. O'Boyle

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

*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.

List of Award Winners

THE FAULKNER CUP

Year	Winner	Yacht
1931	Keatings & 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>Marana</i>
1951	H.W.S. Clark	<i>Zamorin</i>
1952	P. O'Keefe	<i>Mavis</i>
1953	H.W.S. Clark	<i>Caru</i>
1954	B.C. Maguire	<i>Mix of Malham</i>
1955	C. Love	<i>Galcedor</i>
1956	N. Falkiner	<i>Euphazel</i>
1957	R. O'Hanlon	<i>Harmony</i>
1958	R.P. Campbell	<i>Mix of Malham</i>
1959	P.H. Greer	<i>Ann Gail</i>
1960	R.D. Heard	<i>Huff of Arklow</i>
1961	N. Falkiner	<i>Euphazel</i>
1962	R.D. Heard	<i>Huff of Arklow</i>
1963	T.H. Roche	<i>Neon Tetra</i>
1964	R. O'Hanlon	<i>Tjaldur</i>
1965	L. McMullen	<i>Rainbow</i>
1966	R. O'Hanlon	<i>Tjaldur</i>
1967	R.P. Campbell	<i>Verve</i>
1968	R. O'Hanlon	<i>Tjaldur</i>
1969	J. Virden	<i>Sharavogue</i>
1970	J. Virden	<i>Sharavogue</i>
1971	R. Sewell	<i>Thalassa</i>
1972	J. Virden	<i>Sharavogue</i>
1973	A. Leonard	<i>Wishbone</i>
1974	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1975	J. Eves	<i>Aeolia</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>Cuilain 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>

The Strangford Cup

Year	Winner	Yacht
1970	R. O'Hanlon	<i>Clarion</i>
1971	M. Park	<i>Kitgani</i>
1972	R. Gomes	<i>Ainmara</i>
1973	J. Beckett	<i>Dara</i>
1974	J. Guinness	
1975	G. Leonard	
1976	W. Clark	
1977	J. Guinness	
1978	J. Villiers Stuart	
1979	J. Gore-Grimes	
1980	M. Villiers Stuart	
1981	J. Guinness	
1982	D.J. Ryan	
1983	W.A. Smith	
1984	J. Guinness	
1985	J. Gore-Grimes	
1986	A. Morton	
1987	P. Barry	
	Brian Dalton	

1974	J. Guinness	<i>Sule Skerry</i>
1975	G. Leonard	<i>Wishbone</i>
1976	W. Clark	<i>Wild Goose</i>
1977	J. Guinness	<i>Deerhound</i>
1978	J. Villiers Stuart	<i>Vinter</i>
1979	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1980	M. Villiers Stuart	<i>Winifreda of Greenisland</i>
1981	J. Guinness	<i>Deerhound</i>
1982	D.J. Ryan	<i>Red Velvet</i>
1983	W.A. Smith	<i>Vaima</i>
1984	J. Guinness	<i>Deerhound</i>
1985	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1986	A. Morton	<i>Sung Foon</i>
1987	P. Barry	<i>St. Patrick</i>
	Brian Dalton	<i>Boru</i>

The Atlantic Trophy

Year	Winner	Yacht
1978	R. Cudmore	<i>Morgana</i>
1979	A. Doherty	<i>Bali Hai</i>
1980	David Nicholson	<i>Black Shadow</i>
1981	M.H. Suel	<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 Iar</i>
1987	James Cahill	<i>Ricjak</i>

The Round Ireland Cup

Year	Winner	Yacht
1941	E.J. Odum	
1951	Brendan Maguire	<i>Mix of Malham</i>
1954	Wallace Clark	<i>Caru</i>
1955	Dr R.N. O'Hanlon	<i>Ancora</i>
1956	R.C. Arnold	<i>Maid of York</i>
1957	R.P. Campbell	<i>Mix of Malham</i>
1961	C. O'Ceallaigh	<i>Julia</i>
1963	W. & B. Smyth	<i>Wynalda</i>
1964	N. Falkiner	<i>Euphazel</i>
1965	L. McMullen	<i>Rainbow</i>
1967	C.H. Green	<i>Heien</i>
1968	J.D. Beckett	<i>Dara</i>
1969	R. Mollard	<i>Orina</i>
1971	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	R. M. Beirne	<i>Rila</i>
1982	W. M. Nixon	<i>Turtle</i>
1983	A. Doherty	<i>Svegala</i>
1984	J. Guinness	<i>Deerhound</i>

1985	T. O'Keefe	<i>Orion</i>
1986	B. Hegarty	<i>Freebird</i>
1987	Wallace Clark	<i>Wild Goose</i>

The Fortnight Cup

Year	Winner	Yacht
1958	L. McMullen	<i>Rainbow</i>
1960	R.I. Morrison	<i>Vanja IV</i>
1961	H.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. Oliver	<i>Yandara</i>
1972	C. Green	<i>Helen</i>
1973	M. Tomlinson	<i>Pellegina</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>

The Wybrants Cup

Year	Winner	Yacht
1933	J.B. Keamey	<i>Mavis</i>
1934	Dr L.G. Gunn	<i>Albatross</i>
1935	J.B. Keamey	<i>Mavis</i>
1936	Leslie Chance	<i>Britannia</i>
1937	A.W. Mooney	<i>Aideen</i>
1938	Dr O.P. Chance & R. Storey	<i>Sapphire</i>
1939	J.B. Keamey	<i>Mavis</i>
1940	K. McFerran & Dr O'Brien	<i>Huzare</i>
1941	D. Keating & R. O'Hanlon	<i>Evora</i>
1942	J.B. Cotrell & J.F. McMul	<i>Minx</i>
1943)	
1944)No Award	
1945)	
1946	J. B. Keamey	<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 Ethurial</i>
1957	Col W.S. Knox-Gore	<i>Arandora</i>
1958	D.N. Doyle	<i>Severn II</i>
1959	G. Kimber	<i>Atrophel</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	Li Com T. Sheppard	<i>Grey Lag of Arklow</i>

1964	T.F. Doyle	<i>Elsa</i>
1965	S. O'Mara	<i>Oisín</i>
1966	D. N. Doyle	<i>Moondarter</i>
1967	P. H. Greer	<i>Helen of Howth</i>
1968	D. N. Doyle	<i>Moondarter</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>
1973/1977	No Award	
*1978	Chris Green	<i>Norella</i>
1979	D. J. Ryan	<i>Red Velvet</i>
1980	A. McMillan	<i>Goosander</i>
1981	W.M. Nixon	<i>Turtle</i>
1982	R.M. Beirne	<i>Givora Kiddle</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>

The Fingal Cup

Year	Winner	Yacht
1981	Robert Barr	<i>Condor</i>
1982	W. Walsh	<i>Carrigdown</i>
1983	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1984	R.M. Slater	<i>Yandara</i>
1985	P. Barry	<i>St. Patrick</i>
1986	B. Corbally	<i>L'Excocat</i>
1987	Frank McCarthy	<i>Scilly Goose</i>

John B. Kearney Cup

1983	P. Campbell
1984	J. Moore
1985	Jennifer Guinness
1986	Harold Cadmore Junior
1987	Capt F. "Eric" Healy

Rockabill Trophy

Year	Yacht	Winner
1959	<i>Ann Gail</i>	P.H. Greer
1960	<i>Vanja IV</i>	R. I. Morrison
1961	<i>Harmony</i>	R. O'Hanlon
1962	No Award	
1963	No Award	
1964	<i>Angeline</i>	J.D. Faulkner
1965	<i>Sharavogue</i>	J. H. Guinness
1966	<i>Helen of Howth</i>	P. H. Greer
1967	No Award	
1968	<i>Helen of Howth</i>	P.H. Greer
1969	No Award	
1970	<i>Ganiamore</i>	J.P. Jameson
1971	<i>Bandersnatch</i>	R. Courtney
1972	No Award	
1973	No Award	
1974	<i>Korsar</i>	J.P. Bourke
1975	No Award	
1976	No Award	
1977	No Award	
1978	No Award	
1979	<i>Shardana</i>	J. Gore-Grimes
1980	<i>Deerhound</i>	J. Wolfe
1981	No Award	
1982	<i>Moody Blue</i>	J.R. Oliver
1983	<i>Estrellita</i>	K. and C. Marin
1984	No Award	
1985	<i>Shardana</i>	J.Gore-Grimes
1986	No Award	
1987	<i>Redwing/Spirit of Shell</i>	J. B. Law

*From 1978 onwards Wybrants Cup awarded for best Scottish Cruise

αFrom 1985 onwards Rockabill Trophy awarded for "A Feat of Exceptional Navigation/Seamanship".

List of Members

An asterisk denotes an Honorary Member.

The year when honorary membership was conferred, is shown in brackets.

NAME AND YEAR ELECTED	ADDRESS, PHONE NO. in brackets. NAME OF YACHT in italics
Adams, Peter J, 1970	Elm House, Marnamead Ave, Marnamead, Plymouth, Devon, <i>Calcaria</i> ,
Allen, Harry, 1971	Shangri La, Port Oriel, Clogherhead, Co Louth,
Anderson, Gordon F, 1974	30 The Orchard, Glenageary Wds, Glenageary, Co Dublin, (806531),
Andrews, Diane, 1988	Springbank, 55 Old Ballygowan Rd, Comber Co. Down BT23 5NP, (872233), <i>Braw Lass</i>
Andrews, Tom, 1988	Springbank, 55 Old Ballygowan Rd, Comber Co. Down BT23 5NP, (872233), <i>Braw Lass</i>
Aplin, Roger, 1972	Synge Street, Dublin 8, (857248/756426),
Ashenhurst, C.G., 1980	5 Wilson Road, Mount Merrion, Blackrock, Co Dublin, 881491, <i>Ailsa</i> ,
Balmforth, M.B., 1966	Westgate, Toward, Dunoon, Argyll, PA23 7UA, Toward (0369-87-251), <i>Sgeir Ban</i> ,
Barnes, Dermot, 1955	D320 Punto Romano, Marbella, Spain, <i>Cu Two</i>
Barr, The Hon., Mr. Justice Robert, 1969	Heather Lodge, Kerry Mount Ave., Foxrock, Co Dublin, (893269), <i>Joliba</i> ,
Barr, R.G.M., 1973	60 Tullynagardy Road, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT23 4TB (813369),
Barr, Mrs., Hazel, 1971	60 Tullynagardy Road, Newtownards, Co. Down BT23 4TB, (813369),
Barrington, Desmond J., 1983	37 Ballinclea Hghs., Killiney, Co. Dublin, (855732),
Barry, Paddy, 1984	21 Belgrave Rd, Monkstown, Co Dublin, <i>Saint Patrick</i> ,
Barton, Robert W., 1982	Laurieston, 164 Shore Road, Greenisland, Co. Antrim BT38 8TT (0232-865370), <i>Timella</i> ,
*Batten, W.H.(1987)	
Commodore RCC	Church Farm, Ryme Intrinseca, Sherborne, Dorset, England.
Beck, Horace P., 1963	Ripton Middlebury, Vermont, U.S.A., Vermont (05766), <i>Jack Ivor</i> ,
Beckett, Dr., W.K., 1973	44 Green Road, Blackrock, Co Dublin, (880162),
Beirne, Ronan M.	
Hon. Editor ICC Annual, 1975	
Benson, Dr., R., 1975	49 The Drive, Woodbrook Glen, Bray, Co Wicklow, (822567),
Black, Brian, 1981	64 Bellevue Rd, Glenageary, Co Dublin, (802352), <i>Marlow</i> ,
Blaikie, James A. 1969	45 Lecale Park, Downpatrick, Co Down, Downpatrick (2835), <i>Chancer</i> ,
Bourke, John P. 1965	Lyndhurst Cresc, Springhill Rd, Bangor, Co Down, Bangor (2209), <i>Different Drummer</i> ,
Bourke, J. Roger, 1940	20 Froggnal Lane, London NW3 7DT, (01-433-1450), <i>Miss Fionnuala(PO)</i> ,
Bourke, Dr., Michael Paget, 1975	Corbiere, Ashbourne Ave, Limerick, (061-28026.off:061-31544), <i>Iduna</i> ,
Bourke, Philip, 1983	9 Morton Terrace., London, SW1V 2NS, (01-828-3044)
Bowring, Wing Cdr, J.H., 1973	University of New South Wales, Dept of Finance, Kensington, New South Wales, Australia, <i>Fiacra</i> ,
Boyd, Kenneth M. 1987	Mornington, Saval Park Road, Dalkey, Co Dublin, (853899),
	Coolbeg, 23 Seafront Rd., Cultra, Holywood, Co. Down BT18 0BB(Hollywood 4422) <i>Jeremy Fisher of Hamble</i>
	Fairview, Kindlestown Hill, Delgany, Co Wicklow, (874034),
	81 South Mall, Cork, (Office 021-20917),
	Killinchy, Co Down, (541505/Belfast 669300), <i>Tor</i>
	Tahilla, Woodside, Sandycove, Co Dublin, (956273), <i>Maximizar</i> ,
	25 Seabank Crt., Sandycove, Co Dublin, (809039), <i>Glenisla</i> ,
	St. Judes, 118 Merrion Ave, Blackrock, Co Dublin, (886784),
	Bankmore, Portaferry, Co Down, (209),
	St Benedicts, Thormanby Rd., Baily, Co Dublin, (322829),
	4 Coval Lane, London SW14 7DS, (01-876-8490),
	Ballyreagh Farm, Portaferry Rd, Newtownards, Co Down, (812310), <i>Mitigator</i> ,
	Ballyreagh Farm, Portaferry Rd., Newtownards, Co Down, (812310),
	57 Oak Road, Horfield, Bristol 7.
	Richmond House, Blackrock, Cork, (021-33730), <i>Golden Shamrock</i> ,
	Box 409, Osterville, Mass. 02655, U.S.A., <i>Adele</i> ,
	1 Lr. Prince Edward Tee., Blackrock, Co. Dublin (882175; Office 720622) <i>Condor</i>
	Belgrove, Cobh, Cork, (021-811343), <i>Tam O'Shanter</i> ,
	32 Oakley Grove, Blackrock, Co. Dublin (884393) <i>Arandora (PO)</i>
	Sunnydale, 4 Nugent Road, Churchtown, Dublin 14, (981951), <i>Beaver</i> ,
	C/O Apartment 6, Dawson Court, Cross Avenue, Blackrock, Co Dublin,
	Lismoyle, Shore Rd., Malahide, Co Dublin, (450498), <i>Rapparee</i> ,
	7 Roncalli Road, Kilbarrack, Dublin 13, (323239),
	Rathbawn, Castlebar, Co Mayo, (094-21364) (Off:Swinford 7), <i>Ricjak</i>
Bradley, Brendan, 1980	
Brady, William, 1985	
Branwell, Dr., B.R., 1963	
Branigan, Patrick M.C., 1982	
Brindley, Aidan C., 1954	
Broderick, K.J., 1943	
Brown, Richard P., 1970	
Bryce, Robert G., 1969	
*Buckley, Christopher, (1986), Hon. Sec. RCC	
Bunting, Peter J., 1962	
Bunting, Mrs., E.A.M., 1969	
Bunting, Christopher J., 1986	
Burke, J.F., 1971	
Burns, Richard M., 1969	
Butler, David 1987	
Butler, J.C., 1959	
Butler, Paul 1987	
Byrne, E.Philip E., 1982	
Byrne, Dermot, 1977	
Byrne, H.E.O.C., 1974	
Cagney, Mrs., Romaine, 1978	
Cahill, James, 1978	

NAME AND YEAR ELECTED ADDRESS, PHONE NO. in brackets. NAME OF YACHT in italics

- Cahill, Bernard M, 1984
 *Campbell, R.P., 1934,(1969),
 Carr, W. Derek, 1972
 Carr, Mrs., J.E., 1972
 Cassidy, Brendan, 1982
 Cassidy, Liam, 1978
 Cassidy, Robert, 1984
 Clapham, John F., 1965
 Clark, H.W.S. M.B.E.DL., 1951
- Clark, Peter, 1971
 Clarke, S.H.R., 1967
 Clarke, Anthony A., 1985
- Clifford, Thomas F. 1988
 *Clow, John W. (1988)
Commodore CCC
 Coad, Brian P., 1982
 Coe, R., 1957
 Coffey, John F., 1981
 Coleman, Michael J.C. 1988
 Collieran, Patrick, 1980
 Collins, James A. 1988
 Collins, Michael D., 1975
 Condon, K. Cal. 1988
 Connor, Brendan J., 1980
 Cooke, Victor A., 1977
 Cooke, K.L., 1959.
 Cooper, Paul D., 1983
 Corbally, Bernard H.C., 1984
 Costello, Walter F., 1980
 Cotter, William J., 1975
 Courtney, Peter, 1982
 Courtney, Ross, 1948
 Cox, James F., 1970
 Coyle, Michael F., 1971
 Cresswell, R.S., 1949
 Cronin, T.P., 1981
 Crosbie, E., 1957
 Cross, D., 1986
 Cudmore, Fred, 1947
- Cudmore, Fred Jnr., 1966
 Cudmore, John, 1977
 Cudmore, Justin R., 1966
 Cudmore, Peter F., 1966
 Cudmore, Harold, 1956
 Cudmore, Mrs., Mary, 1970
 Cudmore, H.(Jun.), 1959
 Cudmore, Ronald, 1964
 Cudmore, Anne, 1979
 Cudmore, Richard B., 1966
 Cudmore, Denis, 1986
 Cuffe-Smith, Capt., W.R., 1970
 Cullen, M., 1971
 Currie, John D., 1985
 Cunnane, Jarlath, 1988
 d'Alton, M.M.A., 1956
 d'Alton, Robert, 1978
 Dalton, Brian, 1967
 Daly, Dominic J., 1968
 Davey, D.W.H., 1969
 Davis, Samuel, 1980
 Davis, Mrs., Helen, 1980
 De Quincy, Mrs., Sheila, 1974
 Dean, Douglas, 1965
 Dempsey, J.A., 1973
 Denham, Dr., P.C., 1975
 Devenney, E.K., 1973
 Dick, J.R. William, 1971
 Dickinson, L.B., 1969
- Cuan Ban, Colla Rd, Schull, Co Cork, (028-28309), *Whistling Oyster*,
 Culin, Bray, Co Wicklow, (821028),
 Portland House, Downpatrick, Co Down, (2051), *Melora III*,
 Portland House, Downpatrick, Co Down, (2051),
 Dumluce, Strand Road, Sutton, Dublin 13, (322254), *Anita*,
 St. Kilda, Sandycove Ave E, DunLaoghaire, Co Dublin, (806380), *Tudorose (PO)*
 Lee View, Inniscarra, Co Cork, (021-871203)
 Mertoun, Cliffs Rd, Torquay, Devon, TQ1 3LB, (0803-34726), *Tresillian III*,
 Gorteaide Ctg., Upperlands, Co Derry, BT46 5SB (0648-42737), *Wild Goose of Moyle*,
 Cillenamara, Ringhaddy Road, Killinchy, Co Down, (541814),
 Glevins, 38a High St, Lymington, Hants., SO 41 9AF, England
 12 Westfield Park, N.C. Road, Limerick, (061-51823).(Off 061-44852), *Silver Breeze*,
 The Kerries, Tralee, Co. Kerry,
 Mid Linthills, Lochwinnoch, Renfrewshire, PA12 4DL, Scotland,
- Noreville, Inistioge, Co Kilkenny, (05658417) *Raasay*,
 Craigie, Monastereven, Co Kildare, (045-25300),
 Elsinore, Colliemore Rd., Dalkey, Co Dublin, (859206), *Meg of Muglins*,
 Rathronan, Lower Road, Cobh Co.Cork (021-811397), *Stella Maris*
 48 Tansey Crescent, Goatstown, Dublin 14, (985625)
 70 Beechwood Park, Ballinlough, Cork
 Inniskeel, King Edward Rd., Bray, Co Wicklow, (867619),
 Montana, Crab Lane, Blackrock, Cork (294165; office 543102) *Mashona*,
 22 Offington Dr., Sutton, Dublin 13, (322403)(Office:747021), *Vinter*,
 Islandreagh Hse, Dunadry, Co Antrim, *Misaja*,
 Salia, Dublin Road, Sutton, Dublin 13, (322348) (Office:771801), *Kumaree*,
 91 Kilbarrack Road, Raheny, Dublin 5, (326014), *Lazy Daisy*
 Gilspear, Kilmacmogue, Co Wicklow, *L'Exocet*,
 12C The Lodge, Corbridge, Howth, Co Dublin, (323095),
 6 Old Orchard, Templeogue, Dublin 14, (904192), *Zabunabi (PO)*
 Seamount, Balscadden Road, Howth, Co Dublin, (322008), *Oona*,
 7 Roncalli Road, Kilbarrack, Dublin 13, (323239), *Bandersnatch of Howth*
 14 St James's, Hollybrook Park, Clontarf, Dublin 3,
 St. Jude's, Dunleer, Co Louth, (041-51329),
 Lynton, Dalkey Avenue, Dalkey, Co. Dublin, (859775),
 Castlebuoy, Strand Road, Baldoyle, Co. Dublin, (323423),
 Woodlands, Montenotte, Cork, (021-52420), *Senza*,
 Woodhouse, Aghamarta, Carrigaline, Co Cork, (021-831521), *Sirena*
 29 Richmond Est., Blackrock Rd., Cork, (021-362126)(Office:24019), *Setanta Too(PO)*,
 Ocean Approach, Myrtleville, Co. Cork,
 29 Richmond Est., Blackrock Rd., Cork, (021-362126),
 29 Kensington, Rochestown, Douglas, Co. Cork, (021-294307)(office:24019),
 6 Camden Place, Cork, (021-53726),
 Airrush, Rosebank, Cork, (office:24091), *Auretta*,
 Airrush, Rosebank, Cork,
 9 Queens Road, Cowes, Isle of Wight, PO 31 8BQ (0983-291376), *Silver Slipper*
 5 College Green, Dublin 2, (793888), *Morgana*,
 5 College Green, Dublin 2, (793888), *Morgana*,
 Merlin, Maryboro Hill, Douglas, Cork, (021-293625), *Anna Petrea*,
 30 Rockliffe Village, Blackrock, Cork
 274 Seacliff Rd, Bangor, Co Down, BT20 5HS, (465066), *Leemara of Howth*,
 Grainblah, Palmerston Park, Dublin 6, (977002) (office:778932),
 11 Seafront Road, Cultra, Holywood, Co Down, Holywood (6469), *Leanda*,
 Knock Co. Mayo
 Kilda Lodge, Killiney, Co. Dublin, (Office: 763671), *Siamsa(PO)*
 74 Sugar Loaf Crst, Bray, Co Wicklow, (861484), *Bloody Mary*,
 368 Strawberry Hill Rd., Concord, Mass., (01742), USA,(508-369-9707) *Boru*
 Rockmount, Montenotte, Cork, 021-505969 (Off:505399),
 Pier House, Cultra, Co. Down, Holywood (2287),
 37 Church Road, Holywood, Co. Down, *Savretta*,
 37 Church Road, Holywood, Co. Down,
 C'an Mestranza, Pollensa, Majorca, Spain,
 Churchbay, Crosshaven, Co. Cork, *Darinda*,
 Inwood, South Strand, Skerries, Co. Dublin, (491326),
 2 Floraville, Brookvale Rd, Donnybrook, Dublin 4, *Charles Whittan(PO)*,
 4 Vernon Park, Bangor, Co. Down, 61410(Off:Dundonald4535), *Freda*,
 Stango, Near Blessington, Co. Wicklow, (045-65233),
 2 Victoria Tce, Bangor, Co. Down BT20 2JB, *Jaxon(PO)*.

NAME AND YEAR ELECTED ADDRESS, PHONE NO. in brackets. NAME OF YACHT in italics

- Dickinson, William B., 1979 15 College Avenue, Bangor, Co. Down, *Jaxon (PO)*
 Dixon M.B.E., Hon., Robin, 1977 Drumadarragh House, Ballyclare, Co Antrim BT39 0TA, (B'Clare 40222), *Lazy Life*
 Doherty, Tony, 1969 2 Southern Rd, Cork, (021-21327), *Bali-Hai*,
 Donegan, James D., 1983 Carrigmore, Glounthaune, Co. Cork, (021-353137), *White Rooster*,
 Doonan, Francesca, 1988 Glenomena, Burrow Road, Sutton, Dublin 13
 Doonan, Paul S., 1986 Glenomena, Burrow Road, Sutton, Dublin 13,
 Dorman, Dr., J.K.A., 1971 Sketrick Island, Killinchy, Co. Down, (370), *Maid of Skye*,
 Doyle, Denis N., 1956 Tideways, Carrigaline, Co Cork, *Moonduster*,
 Doyle, Frank, 1966 17 Barnstead Drive, Church Road, Blackrock, Cork,
 Doyle, John G., 1967 Patchwork, Killarney Road, Bray, Co Wicklow, (862779),
 Doyle, D. Conor, 1966 Ardmanagh, Glenbrook, Co. Cork, (021-841199),
 Dowey, Jimmy, 1988 5 Windermere Ave, Carrickfergus, Co. Antrim, (Carrickfergus 67219)
 Du Plessis, Hugo, 1978 Temp Address - Yacht Samharcin c/o 29 Greenway Close, Lymington, Hants. SO41 9JJ, *Samharcin an Iar*,
 Duggan, John P., 1986 PO Box 484, Port Moresby, Papua, New Guinea,
 Dunn, Aidan, 1963 2 Nutley Road, Ballsbridge, Dublin 4, (691158).Office:(770733), *Anatu II*,
 Dwyer, Kevin F., 1966 The Wilderness, Glanmire, Co. Cork, (021-953441).Office:(505264),
 Dyke, Stanley W., 1965 Benwell, Crosthwaite Park, DunLaoghaire, Co. Dublin, (807918),
 England, Mrs., Elizabeth M., 1967 Po Box 161, St. Lucia, West Indies, *One Time (PO)*
 Escott, William P., 1980 70 Thornleigh Gdns., Bangor, Co. Down, *Wheeshi (PO)*,
 Espey, Fred.J.K., 1979 4 Myrtle Park, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin, (805160), *Ariadne, Verve (PO)*
 Eves, Jeremy R.F., 1975, 3Ranfurlly Avenue, Bangor, Co. Down BT20 3SN (0247-270460; office 0247-270531)*Takaha(PO)*
 Eves, Roland E., 1982 Carrig Gorm, 27 Bridge Road, Helen's Bay, Bangor, Co. Down,
 Eves, Alastair R W, 1984 The Sheiling, Downshire Rd, Bangor, Co Down,
 Eves M.B.E., F. Maitland, 1967, Loughside Farm, 57 Ringdufferin Rd, Toye, Downpatrick, Co. Down, BT30 9PH, (Killyleagh 0396-828923) *Takaha(PO)*
 Fahy, Patrick J., 1982 3 Kylemore Park, Taylors Hill, Galway, (091-23997),
 Fannin, Robert N., 1959 Earlscliff Mews, Baily, Co Dublin,
 Fannin, Robert J., 1981 C/o Earlscliff Mews, Baily, Co Dublin,
 Faulkner, Dennis J., 1960 Ringhaddy House, Killinchy, Co. Down, Killinchy (541114), *Mass Rose*,
 Faulkner, Mrs., J.K., 1969 Ringhaddy House, Killinchy, Co. Down, Killinchy (541114),
 Fergus, Sean G., 1985 214 Grange Road, Rathfarnham, Dublin 6, (941980) Office (685777), *Sinead*,
 Fielding, Dr., R.J., 1956 Skellig, Monkstown, Co. Cork, (021-841428/51848), *Spellbound of Skellig*,
 Fielding, Mrs. C., 1971 Skellig, Monkstown, Co. Cork, (021-841428/51848),
 Finnegan, John J., 1966 Seapoint House, Monkstown, Co. Dublin, *Jane*,
 Fisher, J.D.F., 1969 Rathruttent, Warrenpoint, Co. Down, (3667), *Onaway*,
 FitzGerald, C.J., 1944 Kylemore, Richmond, Blackrock Rd, Cork, (021-292210 Off:021-20095), *Mandalay*,
 FitzGerald, David H.B. 1966 The Quay, Kinvara, Co Galway, (091-37290), *Peigin Eile*
Rear Commodore ICC
 Fitzgerald, Jack, 1986 27 Hyde Park, Dalkey, Co Dublin,
 Fitzpatrick, Thomas J., 1985 2 Baily Green, Howth, Co Dublin, (325554 Office 688644), *Fifi*,
 Flanagan, Jack J., 1980 Reamount House, Lusk, Co. Dublin, (437233), *Rockabill*,
 Flowers, Maurice H., 1983 3 Carisbrooke Tee, Upper Clifton, Bangor, Co Down BT20 5JA, *Joker Of Lymington*,
 Fogerty, Walter B.C., 1983 Burnley, Emnis Road, Limerick,
 Foley, Mrs., Clare, 1980 2 Richmond House, Richmond Hill, Monkstown, Co. Dublin, (806632),
 Fowler, Robert J., 1969 Mont Alto House, Sorrento Road, Dalkey, Co. Dublin, (858529).Office:801422, *Spectra*,
 Fox-Mills, Barbara , 1981 The Tansey, Baily, Co. Dublin, (322823),
Hon.Publications Officer ICC,
 Foxall, Roger, M., 1988 Derrynane, Caherdaniel, Co. Kerry (0667-5155), *Canna*
 Freeman, F. David, 1986 Knollycroft, Coliemore Rd, Dalkey, Co Dublin, (859439; Office 760261), *Twocan*,
 *French, Miss, D., 1934(1987) 4 Fairfield Park, Greystones, Co. Wicklow, (876374),
 Fryer, Patrick J.H., 1969 27 Mountain View, Glencrutchery Rd, Douglas, Isle of Man, (0624-72557),
 Gallagher, Benignus N., 1980 4 Carricktrack Hill, Sutton, Dublin 13, *Blue Belle*,
 Geldof, Robert, 1968 18 Crosthwaite Park, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin, (802818).Office:778869),
 Gibson, James C., 1977 Bryansford Road, Newcastle, Co. Down, (23438)*Chloe of Mourne*,
 Gilmore, Dr., W.R., 1985 9 Coastguard Lane, Groomsport, Co Down, BT19 2LR, Donaghadee (882410), *Scotch Mist*,
 Glaser, Dr., Otto, 1972 Thalassa, Baily, Co. Dublin, (324797/688227), *Tritsch-Tratsch, Tritsch-Tratsch IV*,
 Glover, Dr., W.E., 1963 2 Coolong Road, Vaucluse, Sydney, 2030, N.S.W., (02-337-4342), *Melùe*,
 Gogarty, Desmond, 1960 Lamlash, Mornington, Drogheda, Co. Louth, (041-8740/08165), *Alpara*,
 Gomes, H.R., 1967 Ballygarvan House, Portaferry Road, Greyabbey, Co. Down, (365),
 Gomes, Mrs., Deirdre, 1980 Ballygarvan House, Portaferry Road, Greyabbey, Co. Down, (365),
 Gore-Grimes, Anthony, 1978 Roxboro, Baily, Co. Dublin, (322449).(Office:748537), *Gibbon*,
 Gore-Grimes, John, 1973 The Shack, Baily, Co. Dublin, (323670).(Office:748537), *Shardana*,
Commodore ICC,
 Gore-Grimes, Mrs., J., 1975 The Shack, Baily, Co. Dublin, (323670),
 Goulding, Tom, 1980 12 Asgard Rd., Howth, Co. Dublin, *Wairus*,
 Gray, C.Peter, 1980 45 Avondale Road, Killiney, Co. Dublin, (853911) (Office:777623), *Andromeda*,
 Green, Dr., Michael, 1964 3 Sycamore Close, Woddingdean, Brighton, Sussex, BN2 6SJ, (33676),
 Greenhalgh, David, 1978 15 Ashley Park, Bangor, Co. Down, *Freemew*,

NAME AND YEAR ELECTED ADDRESS, PHONE NO. in brackets. NAME OF YACHT in italics

- Greer, Howard, 1966 Cynara, Windgate Rise, Howth Summit, Co. Dublin, (323731).Office:983911, *Deilginnis; Bright Eyes(PO)*
- Greer LL.D., P.H. 1951 22 Greenfield Road, Sutton, Dublin 13, (323195).Office:771801, *Tarquin*
- Guinness, Mrs., M.J., 1966 Censure House, Baily, Co. Dublin, (323123),
- Guinness, Ian R., 1979 Censure House, Baily, Co. Dublin, (3233123), *Hera*,
- Guinness, Peter, 1963 Chapel Farm, Great Missenden, Bucks., HP16 ORF, England, Great Missenden (2322).
- Hall, Mervyn J., 1970 Gleenhook, Ullardmore, Ardeevin Rd., Dalkey, Co. Dublin, (858264).Office:773167, *Baily og Howth*,
- Hall, R.C.A., 1952 Lisniska, Monkstown, Co. Cork, (021-841083), *Roane*.
- Hanan, Thomas J., 1937 Kinsale 6 Roy Court, Mount Eliza, Victoria, (3930) Australia, *Rosbeg*.
- Hand, Frank, 1985 Temp Address:P.O. Box 2336, Dublin 1., (951767). (Office 744795), *Pamela*,
- Harbison, Dr., John F., 1977 Glenomera, Burrow Rd, Sutton, Dublin 13, (325212),
- Harte, Edward D., 1969 Mill House, Coosheen, Schull, Co. Cork, (028-28385),
- Hassett, Barry, 1975 15 Maryborough Hill, Douglas, Cork, (021-891169), *Diva*
- Rear Commodore, ICC*
- Hawthorn, George S.N., 1985 77 Tullynakill Rd, Ardmillan, Comber, Co Down,
- Healy, Capt., George F., 1968 Shandon, Albert Rd, Glenageary, Co Dublin.,
- Heard, Mrs., Ruth, 1967 Stone Cottage, Killiney Hill Rd., Killiney, Co. Dublin, (852258), *Harklow*,
- Heath, Lewis F.G, 1978 South Winds, Ulverton Road, Dalkey, Co. Dublin, (804372), *Four Seasons*,
- Hegarty, Brian, 1957 *Hon. Sec.ICC* Cairngorm, Baily, Co. Dublin, (323421), *Freebird*,
- Hegarty, Dermot, 1959 30 Offington Drive, Sutton, Dublin 13,
- Hegarty, Mrs., Betty, 1986 Cairngorm, Baily, Co Dublin, (323421),
- Hemphill, Lord, 1981 Ralord House, Kiltulla, Co. Galway, *Knocknagreena*,
- Hennessy, Dr., Noel St.J., 1957 15 Brookvale Downs, Rathfarnham, Dublin 14
- Henry, Dr., George R., 1969 The Master's House, Rotunda Hospital, Dublin 1, *Jacqueline*,
- Hershall, James A., 1979 Lonsdale, 743 Shore Road, Newtownabbey, Co. Antrim, *Maimouna(PO)*,
- Hicks, Henry R., 1981 Ganaway, 107 Whiterock Bay, Killinchy, Co. Down, (0238-541447), *Roe (PO)*,
- Hill, Michael, 1980 86 Rashee Road, Ballyclare, Co. Antrim, *Juffra*,
- Hilliard, C.E., 1961 Barlogue, Ard Foyle Ave, Ballintemple, Cork, (021-291061 O:021-831453),
- Hogan, Thomas P., 1967 Monkstown Castle, Co. Dublin, (808103),
- Horsman, Henry F., 1952 Glenteigue, Arklow, (0402-39804),
- Hosford, W.K., 1974 Rockcliffe, Blackrock, Cork,
- Hughes F.R.S.C, N.C., 1972 Long Meadow, Ballylesson, Belfast, Drumbo (323), *Taitting*,
- Hunt, C.K., 1963 Fortview, Ardbrack, Kinsale, Co. Cork, (021-72534),
- Hutchinson, William R., 1969 24 Rugby Drive, Bangor, Co Down, BT20 3PZ, (460588), *Vagrav*,
- Irwin, D.M., 1973 37 Ward Ave, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 5HP, Bangor (462273), *Sea Otter*,
- Irwin, John, 1982 Irwin Yachts, 13 Grays Hill, Bangor, Co. Down, (455967)
- Jameson, J. Patrick, 1968 Evora, Dumbo Hill, Howth, Co Dublin, (322931/741231), *Findabar of Howth*,
- Johnson, Terence, 1960 Frazerbank, Strathmore Road, Killiney, Co. Dublin, (851439.Office:523000), *State O'Chassis(PO)*,
- Johnston, Denis B., 1979 Kilburn, 33 Warren Rd, Donaghadee, Co. Down, BT21 0PD, (883951), *Vamp of Hamble*,
- Kavanagh, Gerald P., 1980 53 Bayside Walk, Sutton, Dublin 13, (323062/331103),
- Keane, Barry, 1975 55 Wyvern, Killiney, Co. Dublin, (805982),
- Keatinge, William D., 1988 Rust en Vreugdlaan 10, Wassenaar 2243 As, The Netherlands, (01751-78852; office 020-262209), *Joieto*
- Keily, D.J., 1973 Moorpark, Fountainstown, Co. Cork, (021-831235),
- Kelliher, E. Brenda, 1983 11 Stradbrook Hill, New Road, Monkstown, Co. Dublin,
- Kelliher, Malcolm E., 1982 Rey Jaime II, 32 07183 Costa de la Calma, Mallorca, Spain, (71-690377),
- Kelly, C.D., 1975 Airton, Hainault Road, Foxrock Dublin 18, (892558), *Jeepers*,
- Kenefick, Neil G., 1985 Tigean, Douglas Road, Cork, (021-2294761; Office 021-892813)
- Kennedy F.R.C.S, T., 1973 Blackwater Rocks, Saintfield Road, Killinchy, Co. Down, Killinchy (541470), *Icarus Of Cuan*,
- Kennedy, Mrs., B., 1973 Blackwater Rocks, Saintfield Rd., Killinchy, Co. Down, Killinchy (541470),
- Kennedy Q.C., Hugh P., 1963, *Vice Commodore ICC*,
- Kenset, David J., 1978 Edgebank, 16Deramore Park Stn., Belfast, (660500), *Tosca IV of Bangor*,
- Kidney, Noel J., 1986 17 Silverbirch Rd., Bangor, Co. Down, BT19 2EU, (0247-62128) *Ceres*,
- Kilkenny, Joseph, 1971 Littlefield, Glencullen Road, Kilternan, Co. Dublin (953782), *Dulcibella*,
- *King, CDR.W., Dso* Dsc Gray's Lane, Howth, Co. Dublin, (323442).Office:778932),
- Rn. Retd(1987)*
- Kirby, Tom, 1971 Oranmore Castle, Oranmore, Co. Galway.
- Knatchbull, Michael W., 1986 Park Road, Clogheen, Clonakilty, Co. Cork, (023-33553.Off.:023-33240), *Yami Yami*,
- Knight, R.D., 1971 Gambles Lodge, Upper Mounstown, Dun Laoghaire, Co Dublin, (801420),
- Knott, H.B., 1964 15 Wyvern, Killiney Road, Killiney, Co. Dublin,
- Lane, Dr., Victor, 1983 Marlay, Saval Park Road, Dalkey, Co. Dublin, (853312),
- Larkin, Frank J., 1982 Hillside, Carrickmines, Co. Dublin, (894406),
- Latham, Leslie D., 1984 San Jose, North Circular Road, Limerick, (061-53167),
- Laurence, David T., 1975 7 Richmond Ave, Monkstown, Co Dublin, *Siamsa (PO)*,
- Law, J. Brian, 1975 31 Sutherland Ave., Jacob's Well, Guildford, Surrey GU4 7QX,
- Lawless, Peter D., 1964 Rock Cottage, Whiterock Rd, Killinchy, Co. Down, BT23 6PR, Killinchy (0238-541344),
- Layng, Brian, 1988 Heydere, Westfields, N. C. Road, Limerick, (061-5167.Office:45290), *Mokav II*,
- Lee, Reginald, 1961 Ashvale, Windgate Rise, Howth Summit, Co. Dublin (324104)
- Lennox, George A., 1969 Sydney Lodge, 93 Booterstown Ave., Booterstown, Co. Dublin, (889486) *Janey Mae*
- 8 Norwood Gardens, Belfast, BT4 2DX, (656989), *Sarita*,

NAME AND YEAR ELECTED ADDRESS, PHONE NO. in brackets. NAME OF YACHT in italics

- Leonard, Alan G., 1964 Graigeveagh, Sketrick Island, Killinichy, Co. Down, (0849-541579), *Wishbone*,
 Ley, John E., 1986 7 Ward Ave, Bangor, Co. Down, (454937), *Hijack (PO)*,
 Ley, Mrs., Angela, 1986 7 Ward Avenue, Bangor, Co Down, (454937), *Hijack (PO)*,
 Love, Mrs., T., 1963 El Caribe, Currabinny, Co. Cork, (021-831139),
 Love, Clayton (Jun.), 1971 Clanciarde, Blackrock Road, Cork, (021-293977/office 021-276841), *Assiduous Of Cork*
 Love, D.B., 1963 El Medano, 75 Avondale Road, Killiney, Co. Dublin, (852837),
 Lovegrove, Richard V., 1981 Corrig, Convent Road, Dalkey, Co. Dublin, (859782),
 Luke, Derek, 1959 Seafield, Ballure Road, Ramsey, Isle of Man,
 Luke, Dermot, 1955 15 Asgard Park, Howth, Co. Dublin, (324181.Office771801),
 Lyden, Brendan P., 1968 Carrigaline, Co. Cork, (021-882303),
 Lynas, Mrs., Marla, 1981 29 Bridge Road, Helens Bay, Co. Down,
 Lynch, Brian R., 1988 4 Courthouse Square, Galway, (091-24960; office 091-63131), *Doolic*
 Lyster, W. Bruce, 1985 739 Lake Avenue, Greenwich, Connecticut, USA 06830
 MacLavery, K.J., 1961 Ballynally Lane, Moville, Co. Donegal, (077-82239), *Eoin Rua*,
 Macauley, W.P., 1963 Ballyward House, Manor Kilbride, Blessington, Co Wicklow, (582101), *Heather Bell*,
 Macilwraith, George H., 1970 Delgany, Newenham Drive, Douglas, Cork, (893577.Office:962222), *Windhover*,
 Macken, J.J., 1949 White House, Dalkey Avenue, Co. Dublin, (859585), *Aileen*,
 Madden, Arthur G., 1961 Hazeldene, Marina, Blackrock, Co. Cork, (021-31348)
 Magan, Arthur S.C., 1981 Cloghreen, Baily, Co. Dublin, (322408)
 Magennis, C., 1975 Landfall, 43 Rostrevor Road, Warrenpoint, Co. Down, 2237, *Snow Goose of Moygannon*,
 Maguire, Neville D., 1985 2 Sarto Rd, Kilbarrack, Dublin 13, (323229), *Demelza*,
 Maher, Patrick J., 1959 Ballinglanna, Douglas Road, Cork, (021-293966.Office:25252),
 Malone, Stephen A., 1979 57 Sydney Parade Ave, Ballsbridge, Dublin 4, (696100.Office:682781), *Symphonie*,
 Mansfield, Stafford, 1981 4 Barnstead Drive, Blackrock, Co Cork, (021-294197),
 Markey, James A., 1984 Stagg Rock, Nashville Park, Howth, Co Dublin,
 Marshall, A.H., 1963 Sunnyside, 16 Killoughey Rd, Donaghadee, Co. Down, BT21 OBL, (0247-883553), *Mandarin*,
 Martin, Clive C., 1978 Erinagh, Kerry Mount Ave., Foxrock, Dublin, (893565), *Lindos*,
 Martin, F.D., 1954 Woodley, Eaton Brae, Shankill, Co. Dublin, (824457), *Lovely Lady*,
 Martin, J. Kenneth, 1982 Tres Fleur, Westminster Rd., Foxrock, Dublin 18 (893981), *Jaded*,
 Masser, Bill, 1966 114 High Street, Eton, Windsor, Berks., England (Windsor 867285), *Pintail of Kew*,
 Massey, Nicholas W., 1980 2 Thormanby Lawns, Howth, Co. Dublin, (325058)
 Maxwell, Cdr., J.D., R.N.Retd., 1982 Old Court, Strangford, Downpatrick, Co. Down, *Virago of Strangford*,
 McAnaney, E., 1975 88 Sandford Road, Ranelagh, Dublin 6, (971421),
 McAuley, Daniel J., 1979 33 Stewardstown Rd., Belfast, BT1 19SZ, (613712), *Capella of Kent*,
 McAuley, F.D., MCh.D.O.M.S., 1961 45 Upper Leeson St., Dublin 4., (604580),
 McBride, Denis, 1972 25 Thormanby Road, Howth Summit, Co. Dublin, (322126),
 McBride, Edward D., 1970 Iona, Baily, Co. Dublin, (323335),
 McBride, Francis M., 1987 Iona, Baily, Co. Dublin, (323335)
 McCann, George, 1968 21 Riverside Rd., Bangor, Co. Down, Bangor (62035),
 McCarthy, Francis, 1985 Kedges, Forthill, Summercoove, Kinsale, Co Cork, Office (505338), *Scilly Goose*
 McClement, Donald J., 1983 2 Cedar Grove, Glasheen Road, Cork, ,
 McConnell, J.C., 1958 McCormell House, Charlemont Place, Dublin 2, (858451.Office:781544), *Marula*,
 McConnell, John H., 1965 Broooge, Ardmhuire Park, Dalkey, Co. Dublin, (Office:781544), *Bloodhound*,
 McConnell, Mrs., M.T., 1959 27 Knocknacree Park, Dalkey, Co. Dublin, *Kala*,
 McConnell, Stafford C., 1971 Derryverogue, Donadea, Naas, Co Kildare,
 McCormick, W.H.D., 1956 Brooklyn, Greencastle, Lifford, Co Donegal, (077-81005/Derry65014), *Manaan MacIir;Vinga II*,
 McDowell, J.R., 1963 1a Meadow Way, Crawfordsburn, Co. Down, BT19 1JJ,
 *McFerran, K., 1931 (1982) Dangan, Carrickmines, Co. Dublin, (893153),
 McFerran, N., 1965 DeptOf Biochemistry, Queen's University, 9 Lisburn Rd, Belfast, BT9 7BL, (6667208)
 McGonagle, Liam, 1959 The Tansey, Baily, Co. Dublin, (322823.Office:761818) *Ounavara of Howth; Maander III (PO)*
 McGuire, John F., 1975 The Garden Flat, 22 Hyde Park Gardens, London, W2 2LY, (01-262-1363),
 McHenry, Cormac P., 1980 8 Heidelberg, Ardilea, Dublin 14, (884733), *Ring of Kerry*,
 McIlwaine, A.D., 1960 Glebe Cottage, 7 Church Hill, Killinichy, Co. Down, *Sheenan*,
 McKean, William W., 1986 27 Fotheringay Rd, Glasgow, G41 4NL, (041-423-6370), *Siolta (PO)*,
 McKee, Michael, 1962 52 Ward Avenue, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 5HL, Bangor (2692),
 McKeever, Maxwell, 1988 Stickillen, Ardee, Co. Louth (041-53257) *Judy R*
 McKenna, David C., 1964 C/O OTBIFL, 12A floor, OTB Building, 160 Gloucester Rd., Hong Kong
 McKinley, Fergus, 1953 Beechfield, Sydney Ave., Blackrock, Co. Dublin, (888376),
 McKinney, John H., 1975 3 Balally Drive, Dundrum, Dublin 14, (982514.Office:978490), *Zubenubi (PO)*,
 McMahon, Brendan, 1988 Moyarta, North Circular Road, Limerick (061-53934), *Salar*
 McMahon, James 18 Palmerstown Grove, Milltown Rd., Dublin 6, (698471)
 The Hon., Mr Justice, 1973 Treborth, Corr Bridge, Howth, Co. Dublin, (324042),
 McMillan, Alistair, 1968 Strangford, Downpatrick, Co. Down, *Anolis*,
 McMordie, H.M., 1972 39 Victoria Rd, Bangor, Co Down, (472826),
 McMullan, F. Gerard, 1986 11 Almoners' Ave., Cambridge, CB1 4NZ, (247020),
 McMullen, L., 1940 Culin, Bray, Co. Wicklow, (821018), *Kilderkin*,
 McMullen, Colin P., 1975 Gleann na Greine, Naas, Co. Kildare, (045-7728), *Zubenubi (PO)*
 Meagher, Niall, 1975 The Old Barn, Ballanank, Ballasalla, Isle of Man
 Mellon, D.E., M.D. 1947 Straffan, Co Kildare, (288580), *Caranja*,
 Menton, James F., 1986 Shortalstown, Killinick, Co Wexford, (053-58836), *Calloo*,
 Miller, C.G., 1955

NAME AND YEAR ELECTED ADDRESS, PHONE NO. in brackets. NAME OF YACHT in italics

- Minchin, John, 1960
 Mollard, Robert E., 1969
 Monson, Roderick G., 1983
 Montgomery, E.J., 1955
 Moore, John S., 1985
 Morck, Dr., P.B., 1958
 Morck, Mrs., P.C., 1962
 Morehead, R., 1950
 Morris, Dr., Geoffrey, 1983
 Morris, Arthur, 1961
 Morrissy, Donal, 1982
 Morrison, R. Ian, 1957
 Morton, Admiral Sir, Anthony, 1970,
G.B.E. K.C.B.,
 Mosse, W.P., 1964,
 Mullen, T.J., 1975
 Mulhern, James, 1958
 Mullins, John, 1972
 Mullins, Peter J.D., 1971
 Murphy, W.J., 1963
 Nairn, George E., 1980
 Nairn, W. Stuart, 1987
 Nicholson, David, 1980
 Nixon, Georgina A. 1987
 Nixon, James, 1971
 Nixon, W.M., 1963
 O'Tierney, Dr., Donal, 1986
 O'Boyle, Donal, 1974
Hon Treasurer ICC
 O'Brien, Daniel D., 1978
 O'Ceallaigh, C., 1959
 O'Connor, Daniel, 1971
 O'Connor, Gilbert J. 1987

 O'Connor, Dr., M., 1957
 O'Donnell, Barry, 1984
 O'Donoghue, Dr., R.F., 1971
 O'Donovan, Adrian, 1986
 O'Farrell, Michael, 1975
 O'Farrell, Vincent J., 1981
 O'Flaherty, Michael, 1968
 O'Gallagher, Malachi, 1968
 O'Halloran, Brian, 1983
 *O'Hanlon, Mrs., B., 1962
 (1984) M.D.
 O'Hanlon, Andrew, 1969
 O'Keefe, Dr., Maurice, 1972
 O'Keefe, Thomas, 1983
 O'Morchoe, David N.C., 1981
 O'Neill, J. Russell, 1964
 O'Rahilly, Dr., Michael, 1979
 O'Sullivan, Jeremiah, 1964
 O'Sullivan, Patrick J.F., 1984
 Olver, John R., 1971
 Orr, Arthur S.P.VRD., 1970
 Orr, S.A., 1973
 Osborne, James R., 1974
 Osterberg, Paul, 1949
 Park, Dr., David S., 1969
 Park, Jonathon S. 1987
 Park, Mungo, 1955
 Patton, Henry A., 1969
 *Paul, Alan H. O.B.E., (1958)
 Payne, J. Somers, 1969
 Pearson, Alan J., 1983
 Pearson, J.D., 1950
 Perkins, R.Forbes, 1980
 Petch, John A. 1987
 Pilling, Jnr. J. Ross 1987
 Prichard, P. Marshall, 1966
 Prichard, Mrs., Maura, 1966

 Currabinny, Carrigaline, Co. Cork, (831392), *Windrose*,
 27 Sion Rd., Glenageary, Co. Dublin, (854317.Office:505677), *Korsar*,
 2 Castlehill Rd., Stormont, Belfast, BT4 3GL, (656051), *Mazara*,
 78 Northumberland Rd, Dublin, (681903.Office:761201),
 Carrickfergus Marina, 3 Agnes Street, Carrickfergus, Co Antrim, (09603-68818)
 Ballylug, Rathdrum, Co. Wicklow, (0404-5164), *Samantha*,
 23 Albany Road, Ranelagh, Dublin 6, ,
 Leeward, Marina, Blackrock, Cork, (293297.Office:502381),
 Cloonmore House, Piltown, Co. Kilkenny,,
 Cloonmore House, Piltown, Co. Kilkenny, (051-95105),
 Clarenbridge House, Clarenbridge, Co. Galway (091-86225)
 Weatherly, Claremont, Howth, Co. Dublin (322086), *Safari of Howth*,

 Flat 6; Amhurst, 90 St Cross Road, Winchester, Hants, SO23 9PX, (0962-56393), *L amorna III*,
 Dunedin, Bennets Bridge, Co. Kilkenny, (056-27125),
 59 Sefun, Rochestown Ave, DunLaoghaire, Co. Dublin, (855026), *Tiger*,
 Struan Hill, Delgany, Co. Wicklow (01-874785) *State O'Chaxis (PO)*
 38 Avenue Morley, Fort George, St Peter Prt, Guernsey, (0481)26991), *Maid of Kileen*,
 38 Ave Morley, Fort George, St Peter Prt, Guernsey, C.I., (0481-26991),
 15 Cleve Hill, Blackrock Rd., Cork,,
 3 St Helen's North, Marine Parade, Sandycove, Co. Dublin (808765)
 23 Tullyvarraga Hill, Shannon, Co. Clare (061-61464.Office 061-61655)
 Diamond Lodge, Monkstown, Co. Cork (842160) *Black Shadow*
 14 Evora Park, Howth, Co. Dublin (323929)
 Farnhill, Farnhill Road, Marino, Holywood, Co. Down (Holywood 2196) *The Demonstrator*
 14 Evora Park, Howth, Co. Dublin (323929) *Turtle (PO)*
 41 Seaview, Warrenpoint, Newry, Co Down, BT34 3NJ (73388)

 Drake Lodge, Drake's Pool, Carrigaline, Co. Cork (021-831028)
 Small Acre, Church Road, Ballybrack, Co. Dublin (852754) *Live Wire*
 46 Killiney Road, Killiney, Co. Dublin (852619)
 The Pines, Westminster Rd, Foxrock, Dublin 18 (858012.Office:764661) *Leprachaun*
 Penny Lane, 58 Rhanbuoy Park, Craigavad, Co. Down BT18 0DU (Holywood 4603; Office Belfast
 246220)
 58 Fitzwilliam Sq., Dublin (767136) *The Lady Beatrice*
 58 Ailesbury Rd, Ballsbridge, Dublin 4
 Rock Lodge, Monkstown, Co. Cork (841051) *Cabaret*
 North Harbour, Fountainstown, Myrtleville, Co Cork (831424) *Felicity Friend*
 Moorcroft, Rostrevor Rd., Warrenpoint, Co. Down (72620) *Cuchulain*
 Corrydorrigan, Schull, Co. Cork (028-28253.Office:021-276945) *Sandy Ways*
 Le Fainel, St Martin's, Guernsey, C.I. (0481-37650) *Cuilann*
 12 Cypress Lawn, Templeogue, Dublin (905800.Office:689690) *Triona*
 Craigholm, Brighton Rd., Foxrock, Dublin 18 (896284)

 8 St. James Terrace, Clonskeagh, Dublin 6 (965130)
 8 St James Terrace, Clonskeagh, Dublin 6 (698117)
 The Pallisades, Ardbreac, Kinsale, Co. Cork (72458.Office:72253) *Miss Demona*
 Tawlaght, Fenit, Tralee, Co. Kerry (066-36185) *Orion*
 Ardgary, Gorey, Co. Wexford (055-21803)
 59 Warren Rd., Donaghadee, Co. Down *Miss Molly of Hamble*
 38 Dornden Pk., Blackrock, Co. Dublin (695285) *Red Velvet*
 9 Rock Street, Tralee, Co. Kerry (066-21011) *Cecil*
 4 Princes St, Tralee, Co Kerry
 Lochalsh View, Balmacara, By Kyle of Lochalsh, Wester Ross, Scotland, IV40 8DH
 Evergreen, Old Hollywood Rd., Belfast (63601.Office:452428) *Maimoune (PO)*
 Chapel Cottage, Burray, Orkney, KW17 2SZ (0856-73-350)
 7 Vergemount, Clonskeagh, Dublin 6 (979039) *Verve (PO)*
 The Old Manse, Hillshorough, Co. Down (226)
 Ros Cuan, Mount Stewart Estate, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT22 2AX (Grey Abbey 024774-625)
 The Croft, 144 Portaferry Rd., Newtownards, Co. Down, BT22 2AH
 Carrig Breach Conge, Baily, Howth, Co. Dublin (322210) *Black Pepper*
 Four The Trees, Donaghadee, Co. Down, BT21 ODU (882517 Off:0232-663166) *Nisha*,
 Broadlands Cottage, Britwell Salome Nr., Watlington, Oxon, England
 4 Camden Tee., Crosshaven, Co. Cork (021-831128) *Melody*
 35 Offington Park, Dublin 13,
 Craigview, Claremont Road, Howth, Co. Dublin (322276)
 Owl's Nest, Box 398, Manchester, MA 01944, U.S.A. (617-526-1492) *Goldeneye*
 Seaview Farm, Kilbrittain, Co. Cork
 305 Downer Ave., Mantoloking, New Jersey, 08738, U.S.A.
 The Coach House, Helen's Bay, Co. Down (852237.Office:853634) *Hayrider (PO)*
 The Coach House, Helen's Bay, Co. Down (852237) *Hayrider (PO)*

NAME AND YEAR ELECTED ADDRESS, PHONE NO. in brackets. NAME OF YACHT in italics

- Radley, George, 1971 The Brake, Cobh, Co. Cork (021-811394) *Cecille*
- Ralston, George L. D., 1986 Whinstone, 39 Warren Rd, Donaghadee, Co Down (882330)
- Rea, William T., 1977 11 Willow Ave., Green Park, Clondalkin, Dublin 22, *Elysium*
- Reilly, Norbert, 1983 20 Offington Court, Sutton, Dublin 13 (393186) *Comanche Raider*
- Revill, Reginald G., 1979 11 Burrow Rd., Sutton, Dublin 13 (Office:765801)
- Riordan, S. William, 1985 Greylands, Knocknacree Rd, Dalkey, Co Dublin (859081.Office:760631) *Tudorose (PO)*
- Roberts, Rex, 1974 90 Ballinclea Heights, Co. Dublin (805328.Office:808305)
- Roberts, T., 1973 The Residence, Kilboroney, Rostrevor, Co. Down (470) *Petrel*
- Roche, Pierce, 1975 Lough Rynn, Mohill, Co. Leitrim
- *Roche, T.H., 1935 Ros-na-Greine, Avoca Ave., Blackrock, Co. Dublin (881093.Office:775014) *Neon Tetra*
- Rogerson, Frederick, 1969 Creevagh, Dundrum Rd., Dublin 14 (Office:984444) *Happy Return*
- Rogerson, Frederick J., 1983 113 Lakelands Close, Stillorgan, Co. Dublin (886437)
- Ronaldson, Charles E., 1967 1 Fifth Ave., Baylands, Bangor, Co. Down (65681) *Wheeshi (PO)*
- *Rothschild, Walter N. (1987) RD Box 1258, Laurel Hollow, Syosset, New York, 11791, U.S.A.-
- Russell, John F., 1965 34 Killnakin Rd., Killinchy, Belfast *Macfiv*
- Ryan, David F., 1973 30 Dublin Rd., Skerries, Co. Dublin (491438)
- Ryan, Dermot J., 1971 Ashdale, Castle Close, Castle Pk Rd, Sandycove, Co Dublin (803585.Office:605011) *Scoolaing*
- Ryan, Senator, Eoin, 1957 81 Park Avenue, Dublin 4 (691770)
- Ryan, John, 1956 Elstow, Knapton Rd., Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin (807151)
- Ryan, Paul J., 1984 Ashdale, Castle Close, Sandycove, Co Dublin
- Ryan, Peter, 1988 44 Banbridge Road, Waringstown, Craigavon, Co. Armagh, BT66 7QD (0762-881418; office07622-327411), *El Vigo*
- Ryan, John A., 1985 Homefield, Lr Kilmacud Road, Stillorgan, Co Dublin (882012) *Saki*
- Ryan, Yvonne, 1988 Ashdale, Castle Close, Sandycove, Co. Dublin
- Sadlier, Frank A., 1985 3 Seafrost Road, Cultra, Holywood, Co Down (02317-3975) *Ocean Dove*
- Scott, Denis G., 1986 49 Offington Ave, Sutton, Dublin 13 (322909) *Moody Blue*
- Selig, Ivan, 1965 Bree House, Craigavon, Co. Down BT18 ODE (Hollywood 4361)
- Sewell, Richard G., 1969 7 Edith Tce., London, SW.10 (352-7367) *Thalassa*
- Shanahan, Timothy P., 1984 Sonas, Windgate Rd, Baily, Co Dublin
- Shanks, T.R.J., 1972 10 Massey Ave., Belfast, BT4 2JS (63809.Office:084-245454) *Maimouna (PO)*
- Sharp, Ronald, 1974 Ardbeg, Craigmillar Ave., Milngavie, Glasgow, G62 8AV (41-956-1984) *Siolta (PO)*
- Sheil, Leonard, 1968 Portlet, Haddington Park, Glenageary, Co. Dublin (801878) *Gay Gannet*
- Sheil, Leonard Jr., 1988 24 Haddington Park, Glenageary, Co. Dunlin
- Sheil, David J., 1985 Cloonbane, Doneraile, Co Cork (022-24148.Office:021-968935) *Peggy West*
- Sheil, Robert, 1988 29 Agnew Road, Honor Oak Park, London, SE23 1DH (291-2208)
- Sheppard, T., 1957 Derrybawn, Military Rd., Ballybrack, Co. Dublin (853371) *Greytag of Arklow*
- Li Comm. RN Retd. The Bearings, Lough Atalia Rd., Galway (091-63920)
- Sheridan, Frank W., 1981 Kingston, Taylor's Hill, Galway (Office 091-51706)
- Siggins, Brian, 1985 80 Ward Ave., Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 5HW (473563) *Blue Bandit*
- Simms, R.J.A., 1969 Clonmore, Glebe House, Co. Carlow
- Simpson, Peter C. D., 1982 Waterstown House, Sallins, Co. Kildare (045-76268.Office:514624)
- Sisk, H.B., 1973 39 Sheridan Drive, Helen's Bay, Co. Down (852373) *Tandara*
- Slater, Rommie, 1977 Arenal, The Mall, Ballyshannon, Co Donegal (51379) *Christina*
- Slevin, James, 1986 13 Chapel Lane, Riverside, Ct. 06878, U.S.A.
- Smiles, Alan E., 1958 33 Leeson Park, Dublin 6 (806729.Office:605011)
- Smullen, Brian P., 1968 Seaview, Corrig Ave., Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin (807296;Office:888847)
- Smullen, John A. 1987 Woodbrook Side Lodge, Bray, Co. Wicklow (821454)
- Smullen, John D., 1961 14 Mount Boone Way, Dartmouth, S. Devon, TQ6 9PL, (Dartmouth 080-43-4159) *Tara*
- Smyth, B.T., 1960 14 Mount Boone Way, Dartmouth, S. Devon, TQ6 9PL *Globe Star*
- Smyth, W.A., 1960 7 Dufferin Villas, Bangor, Co Down (60081) *M'Lady of Down*
- Smyth, Francis G., 1979 Ardkeen, Castleroy, Co. Limerick
- Smyth, Nicholas L., 1983 Ballagilley Cottage, Maughold, Isle of Man (0624-813586) *Golden Harvest*
- Snell, M.H., 1974 Economics Dept., Trinity College, Dublin 2 *Emanuel*
- Somerville, R. Andrew, 1980 Vallombrosa, Bray, Co. Wicklow (862216)
- Somerville-Large, P.T., 1946 The Lodge, Clifton, Port St.Mary, I.O.M.
- Speidel, Noel, 1968 Raughlan, Derrymacash, Lurgan, Co. Armagh
- Spence, Ralph E., 1988 123a Sydenham Ave., Belfast 4 (656145) *Dolphin*
- Steadman, David, 1967 22 Baring Rd, Beaconsfield, Bucks, HP9 2NE, England
- Stevenson, John A., 1964 Ardmore, 1 Seaforth Rd, Bangor, Co Down,
- Stevenson, John C., 1984 6 Haile Park, Haile; Egremont, Cumbria, CA22 2ND, England
- Stewart, Alan C., 1959 Elsinore, Baily, Co Dublin (322937)
- Stewart, R.R., 1968 3 Thomastown Rd, Dun Laoghaire, Co Dublin (852084.Office:772941)
- Stillman, Chris. J., 1985 9 Avondale Rd., Killiney, Co. Dublin (854744)
- Sullivan, C. St.J., 1955 Eglantine, Crab Lane, Blackrock Rd, Cork (292734.Office:25331)
- Sullivan, Michael R., 1967
- *Taggart, A.G., 1970 (1987) Highlows, 3 Camstradden Dr Wst, Bearsden, Glasgow, G61 4AJ (041-942-0615)
- Hon. Sec. C.C.C., Cuan Cottage, Skettrick Island, Killinchy, Co. Down (Killinchy 531232) *Sula of Arne*
- Taggart, John I., 1975 Deva, 70 Coliemore Rd, Dalkey, Co Dublin (859393)
- Taplin, David M.R., 1986 Aisling, Knapton Rd., Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin (804391.Office:767998) *State O'Chassis (PO)*
- Tierney, John, 1960

NAME AND YEAR ELECTED ADDRESS, PHONE NO. in brackets. NAME OF YACHT in italics

Tomlinson, Michael, 1962	Moel-Y-Don Llanedwen, Llanfairpwll, Isl Anglesey, Gwynedd, LL61 6EZ, (0248-714-430)
Tomlinson, Mrs., Molly, 1965	Moel-Y-Don Llanedwen, Llanfairpwll, Isl Anglesey, Gwynedd, LL61 6EZ, (0248-714-430)
Traynor, Frank, 1985	34 Rathdown Park, Terenure, Dublin 6
Tucker, Brian A, 1985	Carrick, Baily, Co Dublin (323690.Office 532937) <i>Leigh Mary</i>
Tughan, D., 1969	Portavo House, 176 Warren Rd., Donaghadee, Co. Down (883351)
Turvey, Desmond E., 1980	Gorsehaven, Shielmartin Rd., Sutton, Dublin 13 (324241) <i>Meander III (PO)</i>
Tyrrell, Aidan, 1971	St. Ann's, Fort Street, Cork (021-313236)
Tyrrell, Dr., Declan, 1985	1200 North State Street, Room 14-901, University of Southern California, Los Angeles, CA 90033 (213-226-7748)
Villiers-Stuart, James, 1977	Ballynaparka, Aghlish, nr.Cappoquin, Co. Waterford (024-6144) <i>Arctic Tern</i>
Villiers-Stuart, M.F., 1957	Doonan Cottage, 160 Ballymena Rd., Carnlough, Co. Antrim BT44 OLD (Carnlough 309) <i>Winefreda of Greenisland</i>
Virden, Jonathan, 1968	The Court Lodge, Yalding, Kent, ME18 6HX <i>Twayblade</i>
Waddell, John, 1981	Ringveagh, 10 Whiterock Road, Killinchy, Co. Down (Killinchy 541264) <i>Heather of Mourne</i>
Waldron, Dr., Oliver C., 1978	The Cottage, Littlewick Green, Nr Maidenhead, Berks., SL6 3QU (0628-82-2013) <i>Big Easy</i>
Walsh, Anthony, 1979	Redrock, Skerries, Co. Dublin
Walsh, Patrick J., 1982	Beaumont House, Woodvale Rd., Beaumont, Cork (021-292556) <i>Lola</i>
Walsh, Reginald T., 1950	Kildary, 65 Merrion Rd., Dublin 4 (691385) <i>Sapphire</i>
Walsh, William, 1968	Dolphin Lodge, Crosshaven, Co. Cork (021-831483.Office:502358) <i>Carrigdown</i>
Walsh, Brendan P., 1986	169B Strand Road, Merrion Road, Dublin 4 <i>Charlotte Rose</i>
Waters, L. Roy, 1985	13 Craigharragh Park, Seahill Craigharragh, Holywood, Co Down, BT18 OEA (Holywood 3763.Office Belfast 234466) <i>Melandy</i>
Watson, Neil, 1962	Wentworth House, Church St., Wicklow (0404-2152.Yard:2492)
Watson, Richard R., 1962	29 Balkill Rd., Howth, Co. Dublin, (322472) <i>Bright Eyes (PO)</i>
Watson, Mrs. Patricia, 1966	29 Balkill Rd., Howth, Co. Dublin (322472)
Watson, William R., 1979	368 Strawberry Hill Rd, Concord, Massachusetts, 01742, U.S.A. <i>Strathspey</i>
Webb, Michael J., 1986	M.B. Snipe, The Watergate, Athlone, Co Westmeath (Office:72039) <i>Moondrifter</i>
Wheeler, Edwin M., 1975	The Riggins, Greenpark, Dunshaughlin, Co. Meath (256643)
Whelan, Patrick, 1980	Lotaville, Tivoli, Cork (821227) <i>Charlina</i>
Whelan, Geoffrey F., 1985	Thulla Lodge, Nashville Road, Howth, Co Dublin (323536.Office:777532) <i>Evolution</i>
Whelan, Michael D., 1988	55 Glenomera Park, Blackrock, Co. Dublin (692737; office 776801)
Whelan, Michael J., 1985	Willowdale, Orwell Park, Rathgar, Dublin 6 (973373.Office:760696) <i>Maurie</i>
Whelehan, Harold, 1979	Treetops, Claremont Rd., Howth, Co. Dublin (324139.Office:720622) <i>Turtle (PO)</i>
Whitaker, David J., 1988	Ashkirk, Douglas Road, Cork (021-292542; office 021-273295) <i>Aronale</i>
White, John N., 1974	9 Little Meadow, Pottery Rd., Dun Laoghaire <i>Glenmambles (PO)</i>
White, Lawrence W., 1980	Boardman Ave., Manchester, Massachusetts, MA 01944, U.S.A. <i>Wiskery</i>
Whitehead, David, 1972	Fray Montana 360, Las Condes, Santiago de Chile, (562-215-2486; office 562-231-7192) <i>Shemite</i> ,
Wilby, K.A., 1964	Pant-Y-Llawr, Llanbeulan, Gwalchmai, Holyhead, Gwynedd, LL65 4ST (0407-720750) <i>Moomin</i>
Williams, W. Peter, 1968	The Whins, 25 Ballykeigle Rd., Comber, Co. Down, BT23 5SD (Ballygowan 528360) <i>Reiver (PO)</i>
Williams, David J., 1984	4 Prospect Park, Ballygowan, Co. Down, BT23 6LW(Ballygowan 528832) <i>Reiver (PO)</i>
Wilson, P., 1964	Gribton, 12 Ralston Rd., Bearsden, Glasgow, G61 3BA <i>Nan of Gare</i>
Wingfield, Robert T., 1969	The Spring House, Grimston, Melton Mowbray, Leicestershire, LE14 3BZ (0664-812785)
Winkelmann, Franz C., 1984	12 Anglesea Rd, Dublin 4 <i>Siamsa (PO)</i>
Wolfe, J.M., 1959	53 The Village, Bettyglen, Watermill Rd, Raheny, Dublin 5 (318472)
Wolfe, John W., 1978	Robbs Wall, Malahide, Co. Dublin (450717)
Wolfe, Peter C., 1974	26 Gilford Road, Sandymount, Dublin 4 (694316; Office 608795)
Wood, Trevor R.C. 1987	Rostynan, 1 Haddington Lawn, Glenageary, Co. Dublin, <i>Misty (PO)</i>
Woode, Wolfe C.F.W., 1958	Bridge House, Skibbereen, Co. Cork
Wylie, Ian E., 1971	22 Marmont Park, Holywood Road, Belfast BT4 2GR (760158.Office:320202)

List of Yachts

The letter G before the rig indicates gaff rig. The letters following the rig description indicate that the yacht is built of wood, fibreglass or steel.

Owner	Yacht	T.M.	Rig	Built	Designer
R.M. Burns	<i>Adele</i>	28	Ketch F.	1969	Hood 50
C.G. Ashenhurst	<i>Ailsa</i>	4	Sloop W.	1959	Dragon Petersen & Thuesen
D. Gogarty	<i>Alpara</i>	14	Sloop F.	—	Dufour 35
A. Dunn	<i>Anasa II</i>	17	Ketch F.	1968	W. Rayner; Atlantic
C. P. Gray	<i>Andromeda</i>	4	Sloop W.	1962	Dragon
B. Cassidy	<i>Anita</i>	0	G. Sloop W.	—	Howth 17 O.D.
R.B. Cudmore	<i>Anna Petrea</i>	6	Sloop F.	1976	Peter Brunn 28' Grinde
H.M. McMordie	<i>Anolis</i>	15	Ketch W.	1900	E.H. Hamilton
P. Butler	<i>Arandora</i>	10	Sloop W.	1948	Dublin Bay 24
J. Villiers-Stuart	<i>Arctic Tern</i>	11	Sloop F.	1982	Nicholson 32
F. Espey	<i>Ariadne</i>	0	Sloop F.	1938	—
D. J. Whitaker	<i>Aronole</i>	14	Sloop F.	1985	P. Brett; Rival 36
C. Love Jnr	<i>Assiduous Of Cork</i>	22	Sloop F.	1983	Frers S & S Swan 46
H. Cudmore Snr	<i>Auretta</i>	9	Sloop F.	—	Yamaha 30
O.C. Waldron	<i>Big Easy</i>	50	Ketch F.	1985	S&S; Swan 65
A. Doherty	<i>Bali Hai</i>	6	Sloop W.	1962	—
R. Courtney	<i>Bandersnatch of Howth</i>	13	Sloop F.	1970	Sparkman & Stephens 37
E.P.E. Byrne	<i>Beaver</i>	3	Sloop F.	1975	Oliver J. Lee Hunter 701
M. Park	<i>Black Pepper</i>	22	Sloop F.	1984	D. Thomas; Sigma 36
D. Nicholson	<i>Black Shadow</i>	12	Sloop F.	1976	Contessa 35 Peterson
J.H. McConnell	<i>Bloodhound</i>	5	Sloop F.	1977	W.P. Brown Ruffian 23
R. d'Alton	<i>Bloody Mary</i>	9	Ketch F.	1973	C.J. Roy; Macwester Wight
R.J.A. Simms	<i>Blue Bandit</i>	12	Sloop F.	1978	Nicholson 35
B.N. Gallagher	<i>Blue Belle</i>	10	Sloop F.	1977	David Sadler Contessa 32
B. Dalton	<i>Boru</i>	15	Ketch F.	1979	V. Aarnipalo Finmar 36
T & D Andrews	<i>Braw Lass</i>	10	Sloop F.	1980	D. Sadler; Contessa 32
H. Greer & R.R. Watson	<i>Bright Eyes</i>	10	Sloop F.	1980	D. Sadler Contessa 32
R.F.O'Donoghue	<i>Cabaret</i>	10	Sloop F.	1979	Van de Stadt Jupiter 1/2 ton
P.J. Adams	<i>Calcaria</i>	10	Sloop F.	1977	Holman & Pye UFO 34
C.G. Miller	<i>Calloo</i>	4	Yawl W.	1959	A.C. Robb Jerry Wren
R. M. Foxall	<i>Canna</i>	11	Sloop F.	1971	Nicholson 32
D.J. MacAuley	<i>Cappella of Kent</i>	16	Sloop W.	1964	Buchanan
J. Menton	<i>Caranja</i>	15.5	Sloop F.	1981	A. Primrose; Moody 40
W. Walsh	<i>Carrigdown</i>	22	Sloop F.	1981	Philippe Briand Sun Fizz 40
G. Radley	<i>Cecille</i>	12	Sloop F.	1970	S. & S. Swan 36
D. Kensett	<i>Ceres</i>	4	Sloop W.	—	Dragon
B. Black	<i>Chancer</i>	10	Sloop F.	1979	Van de Stadt Taos 34
P. Whelan	<i>Charlina</i>	30	Ketch F.	1976	Moody 52
B.P. Walsh	<i>Charlotte Rose</i>	10.5	Sloop F.	1980	Hakon Soedergren; Condor 32
J.C. Gibson	<i>Chloe of Mourne</i>	—	Cutter S.	—	M. Griffiths
J. Slevin	<i>Christina</i>	14.5	Ketch F.	1978	Giles; Westerly Solway
N. Reilly	<i>Comanche Raider</i>	—	—	—	—
D. Butler	<i>Condor</i>	8	Sloop F.	1980	W.P. Brown; Ruffian 8.5
M. O'Farrell	<i>Cuchulain</i>	11	Sloop F.	1971	P. Brett Rival 32
M. O'Flaherty	<i>Cuilain</i>	28	Ketch W.	1970	G. T. McGruer
Dermot Barnes	<i>Cu Two</i>	20	Ketch F.	1987	Nauticat 40
H. Greer	<i>Deilginis</i>	0	G. Sloop W.	1907	Howth 17
N. D. Maguire	<i>Demelza</i>	10	Sloop F.	1979	R. Holland Club Shamrock
J.A. Blaikie	<i>Different Drummer</i>	5	Sloop F.	1974	W.P. Brown Ruffian 23
B. Hassett	<i>Diva</i>	14	Sloop F.	1979	A. Primrose; Moody 33
B. R. Lynch	<i>Doolic</i>	6	Sloop F.	1971	Jeanneau; Sangria
N.J. Kidney	<i>Dulcibella</i>	7	Sloop F.	1980	L. Giles; Westerly Griffon
P. Ryan	<i>El Vigo</i>	8	Sloop W.	1961	Robert Clark
W. T. Rea	<i>Elysium</i>	7	Sloop F.	1988	Olle Enderlein; Shipman 28
R. A. Sommerville	<i>Emanuel</i>	7	Sloop W.	1962	Raymond Wall
K.J. MacLavery	<i>Eoin Rua</i>	5	Sloop W.	1964	Tord Sunden Folkboat

Owner	Yacht	T.M.	Rig	Built	Designer
C.E. Ronaldson	<i>Erlin Mor</i>	9	Sloop	—	—
G. F. Whelan	<i>Evolution</i>	10	Sloop F.	1982	Jean Berret First 30E
A. O'Donovan	<i>Felicity Friend</i>	6	Sloop F.	1972	O'Brien Kenedy; Kerry Mark II
P. Bourke	<i>Fiacra</i>	6	Sloop F.	1979	Westerly Centaur
T.J. Fitzpatrick	<i>Fifi</i>	9	Sloop F.	1980	Olle Enderlein; Shipman 28
J.P. Jameson	<i>Findabar Of Howth</i>	16	Sloop F.	1970	Sparkman & Stephens 40'
L.F.G. Heath	<i>Four Seasons</i>	21	Ketch S.	1978	Heath 40'
E.K. Devenny	<i>Freda</i>	6	Cutter W.	1911	—
B. Hegarty	<i>Freebird</i>	8	Sloop F.	1976	C.J. Butler Achilles 9 metre
D.H.T. Greenhalgh	<i>Freemew</i>	10	Sloop W.	1961	Nicholson Jolina
L. Sheil	<i>Gay Gannet</i>	7	Sloop W.	1963	C.R. Holman Sterling
A. Gore-Grimes	<i>Gibbon</i>	5	Sloop F.	1978	Folkboat
W.A. Smyth	<i>Globe Star</i>	14	Cutter S.	1982	Ted Brewer, Goderich 35
J.N. White	<i>Glenmumbles</i>	4	Sloop W.	1950	A. Myline Glen O.D.
M.H. Snell	<i>Golden Harvest</i>	16	Sloop F.	1974	Giles Bowman 40'
J.F. Burke	<i>Golden Shamrock</i>	9	Sloop F.	1976	Ron Holland
R.F. Perkins	<i>Goldeneye</i>	12	Yawl W.	1960	Concordia 40' Yawl
T. Sheppard	<i>Greytag of Arklow</i>	12	Sloop W.	1961	Laurent Giles
R. Cassidy	<i>Gyn Trapp</i>	8	Sloop F.	1977	Cuthbert & Cassian
F. Rogerson	<i>Happy Return</i>	5	Sloop W.	1965	Holman-Stella
Mrs Ruth Heard	<i>Harklow</i>	12	Motor W.	1963	J. Tyrrell
Mr & Mrs M. Prichard	<i>Hayrider</i>	12	Sloop F.	1976	R. Holland
J. Waddell	<i>Heather of Mourne</i>	10	Sloop F.	1973	Holman & Pye, Centurion
W.P. Macauley	<i>Heatherbell</i>	52	Ketch W.	1932	J.N. Miller & Sons
I.R. Guinness	<i>Hera</i>	0	G. Sloop W.	1899	Howth 17' O.D.
J. & A. Ley	<i>Hijack</i>	8	Sloop F.	1977	Holman + Pye; Seamaster 925
T. & B. Kennedy	<i>Icarus of Cuan</i>	15	Sloop F.	1980	Moody 36
J. R. Bourke	<i>Idana</i>	4	Sloop W.	1939	L. Giles Lymington I.
H. P. Beck	<i>Jack Ivor</i>	20	Ketch F.	—	Moody 44
J. K. Martin	<i>Jaded</i>	5	Sloop F.	1982	Johnson, J24
J. Finnegan	<i>Jane</i>	4	Sloop W.	1959	Dragon O.D.
R. Lee	<i>Janey Mac</i>	15	Sloop F.	1988	D. Thomas; Sigma 38
W. B. & L. B. Dickinson	<i>Jaxon</i>	14	Sloop F.	1979	A. Primrose; Moody 33 MK II
C.D. Kelly	<i>Jaspers</i>	5	Sloop F.	1978	I. 24
K.M. Boyd	<i>Jeremy Fisher Of Hamble</i>	9	Ketch F.	1973	Gordon Wyatt; Fisher 30
M.H. Flowers	<i>Joker Of Lymington</i>	11	Sloop F.	1984	D. Thomas; Sigma 33
R. Barr	<i>Joliba</i>	12	Sloop F.	1979	Holland N.I.C. 345
W. D. Keatinge	<i>Jojet</i>	14	Sloop F.	1978	Holman & Pye; Gladiator
M. McKeever	<i>Judy R</i>	7	Sloop F.	1980	L. Giles; Westerly Griffon
C. O'Ceallaigh	<i>Julia</i>	5	Sloop W.	1947	M. Giles. W. Channel O.D.
M.T. McCormell	<i>Kala</i>	4	Motor F.	1974	Derek Stukins. Downcraft 21
C.P. McMullen	<i>Kilderkin</i>	5	Sloop F.	1969	Guy Thompson T. 24
T.N. Taggart	<i>Kirmew</i>	5	Cutter W.	1947	Robert Clark
R. Mollard	<i>Korsar</i>	10	Sloop F.	1969	Sparkman & Stephens 34
K.L. Cooke	<i>Kumaree</i>	6	Sloop F.	1970	Dufour
A. S. Morton	<i>Lamorna III</i>	7	Sloop F.	—	Holman Twister
P. Cooper	<i>Lazy Dazy</i>	9	Sloop F.	—	Group finot, Fandango
Hon. R. Dixon	<i>Lazy Life</i>	12	Sloop F.	1973	Nicholson 35
J. D. Currie	<i>Leanda</i>	6	Sloop W.	1950	Warrington Smith Falmouth Pilot
W.R. Cuffe-Smith	<i>Leemara of Howth</i>	12	Sloop F.	1984	R. Carter. Southerly 115
B. Tucker	<i>Leigh Mary</i>	12	Ketch F.	1981	J. A. Bennet Colvic Victor 34
D.E. O'Connor	<i>Leprechaun</i>	4	Sloop W.	1962	Peterson Thuesen Dragon O.D.
B. H. C. Corbally	<i>L'Exocet</i>	14	Sloop F.	1971	Ohlson 38
C. C. Martin	<i>Lindos</i>	7	Sloop F.	1977	Van De Stadt, Prospect 900
D.D. O'Brien	<i>Live Wire</i>	10	Sloop F.	1976	High Tension 36 De Ridder
P.J. Walsh	<i>Lola</i>	11	Sloop F.	1979	A. Primrose; Moody 30
F.D. Martin	<i>Lovely Lady</i>	16	Sloop F.	1982	German Frers. First 42
F.G. Smyth	<i>M'Lady of Down</i>	10	G. Cutter W.	1979	John Perryman; Rathlin
J.A. Mullins	<i>Maid of Killeen</i>	20	Ketch F.	1976	Camper & Nicholson 44
J.K.A. Dorman	<i>Maid of Skye</i>	9	Sloop W.	1955	D. Hilliard
ASP Orr/JA Henshall/R Shanks	<i>Maimoune</i>	2.5	Sloop W.	1902	L. Hope Fairy
C.J. FitzGerald	<i>Mandalay</i>	14	Sloop F.	1988	Bill Dixon; Moody Eclipse 33
A.H. Marshall	<i>Mandarin</i>	7.5	Junk W.	1981	A.H. Marshall
G.J. O'Connor	<i>Manutara</i>	15	Sloop F.	1983	Ohlson 38
R. Benson	<i>Mariou</i>	9	Motor	1934	Musler 35'
J. C. McConnell	<i>Marula</i>	15	S.S.D.M.Y. S	1982	Bekebered; PEDRO 1000
K. C. Condon	<i>Mashona</i>	8	Sloop F.	1981	Group Finot; Yamaha 29
M. J. Whelan	<i>Maurie</i>	14	Sloop F.	1976	A. Primrose Moody 33
P.M.C. Branigan	<i>Maximizor</i>	9	Sloop F.	1978	Pelle Peterson Maxi 95
R. G. Monson	<i>Mazara</i>	8	Sloop W.	1957	McGruer
L. McGonagle & D. Turvey	<i>Meander III</i>	11	Sloop F.	1978	McGruer Grampian 34'

Owner	Yacht	T.M.	Rig	Built	Designer
J.F. Coffey	<i>Meg of Muglins</i>	12	Sloop F.	1972	Nicholson 35
L. R. Waters	<i>Melandy</i>	10	Sloop F.	1965	Nicholson 32 MKiv
W.D. Carr	<i>Melora III</i>	27	Ketch W.	1959	A. Mylne & Co.
Dr M. O'Keefe	<i>Miss Demena</i>	9	Sloop F.	1965	J. Alden. Mistral 36
J.P. Bourke	<i>Miss Fionnuala</i>	9	Sloop F.	1974	Albinson Comfort 30
J.R. O'Neill	<i>Miss Molly of Hamble</i>	10	Sloop F.	—	Sadler 32
T.R.C. Wood	<i>Misty</i>	17	Sloop F.	1988	Dehler 38
P. J. Bunting	<i>Mitigator</i>	10	Sloop F.	—	D. Sadler; Contessa 32
P.D. Lawless	<i>Mokav II</i>	5	Sloop F.	—	Ron Holland Eygthene 24
D.G. Scott	<i>Moody Blue</i>	14	Sloop F.	1978	A. Primrose, Moody 33
K. A. Wilby	<i>Moomin</i>	6	Sloop F.	1978	L. Giles; Westerly Centaur
M. J. Webb	<i>Moondrifter</i>	10	Ketch F.	1978	J. Roy; Macwester Seaforth
D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	20	Sloop W.	1981	German Frers 52' A.C.
R. Cudmore	<i>Morgana</i>	10	Ketch F.	1970	Holman & Pye Bowman 36
D.J. Faulkner	<i>Moss Rose</i>	77	Ketch	1973	Herd & Mackenzie
F.D. Tughan	<i>Myth of Mourne</i>	15	Sloop F.	1970	A. Gurney Rancher 41
P. Wilson	<i>Nan of Gare</i>	13	Sloop W.	1965	Sparkman & Stephens 8 C/R
T.H. Roche	<i>Neon Tetra</i>	20	Cutter W.	1954	D. Hilliard
H. A. Patton	<i>Nisha</i>	8	Sloop W.	1965	A. V. Burnard Fairey Fisherman
F. A. Sadler	<i>Ocean Dove</i>	9	Ketch W.	1959	M. Griffiths
J.D.R. Fisher	<i>Onaway</i>	6	Sloop W.	1961	R. Warrington-Smith
F.J.W. England & E.M. Leonard	<i>One Timee</i>	11.	Sloop F.	1980	Peter Boyce; O-Day 37
P. Courtney	<i>Oona</i>	0	Sloop W.	—	Howth 17 O.D.
L.D. McGonagle	<i>Ounavara of Howth</i>	21	Ketch F.	1974	Laurent Giles Moody 46
F. Hand	<i>Pamela</i>	6	G. Cutter W.	1890	O'Casey Meenish Is. Galway Hooker
D. J. Sheil	<i>Peggy West</i>	10	Sloop F.	1976	Westerly Berwick
D.H.B. Fitzgerald	<i>Peighn Eile</i>	11	Sloop F.	1980	Dubois, Westerly Fulmar
Bill Masser	<i>Pintail of Kew</i>	7	Sloop F.	1973	H.T. Rossiter, Pintail
S.H.R. Clarke	<i>Quiver VII</i>	24	Ketch F.	1972	Camper & Nicholson
B.P. Coad	<i>Raasay of Meifort</i>	11	Sloop F.	1972	Peter Brett. Rival 34.
H.E.O.C. Byrne	<i>Rapparee</i>	10	Sloop F.	1979	R. Holland Club Shamrock
Dr. M. O'Rahilly	<i>Red Velvet</i>	12	Sloop F.	1971	Hustler 35 Holman & Pye
W.P. & J.D. Williams	<i>Reiver</i>	12.5	Sloop s.	1988	A. Mylne
J. Cahill	<i>Ricjak</i>	22	Sloop S.	1985	Cahill 42
C.P. McHenry	<i>Ring of Kerry</i>	6	Sloop F.	1973	Kerry 27' O'Brien Kennedy
R.C.A. Hall	<i>Roane</i>	14	Ketch W.	1969	D. Hilliard
J.J. Flanagan	<i>Rockabill</i>	10	Sloop F.	1982	Jean Berret First 30E
H.R. Hicks	<i>Roe</i>	4	Sloop W.	1921	A. Mylne. River Class
T.J. Hanan	<i>Rosbeg</i>	2	Lug W.	1973	G. Gletcher Ultimate
R.L. Morrison	<i>Safari of Howth</i>	17	Ketch F.	1982	Hallberg Rassy 42
Paddy Barry	<i>Saint Patrick</i>	15	G. Cutter W.	1909	40' Galway Hooker
J. A. Ryan	<i>Saki</i>	10	Sloop F.	1979	Nicholson 31
B. McMahon	<i>Salar</i>	6	Sloop F.	1970	White & Hill; Cutlass
P. Morck	<i>Samantha</i>	5	Gaff Cutter F	1978	Roger Dongray
Hugo duPlessis	<i>Sanharcin an Iar</i>	16	Ketch F.	1977	Westerly. Conway 36
V. O'Farrell	<i>Sandy Ways</i>	12	Sloop F.	1978	Oyster 35
Reginald T. Walsh	<i>Sapphire</i>	7	Sloop W.	1965	Colin Marine
G.A. Lennox	<i>Sarisa</i>	12	Cutter W.	1910	H.W. White
D. Ryan	<i>Sceolaing</i>	16	Sloop F.	1969	Camper & Nich 43
F. McCarthy	<i>Scilly Goose</i>	11	Sloop F.	1979	Group Finot, Fastnet 34
W. R. Gilmore	<i>Scotch Mist</i>	10	Sloop F.	1977	D. Sadler Contessa 32
D. M. Irwin	<i>Sea Otter</i>	7	Sloop F.	1985	Westerly Griffon
T. E. Crosbie	<i>Senta</i>	11	Sloop F.	1983	Van de Stadt; DBI 3/4 Ton
F. Cudmore	<i>Setanta Too</i>	10	Sloop F.	1977	Holland Club Shamrock
M. Balmforth	<i>Speir Ban</i>	9	Sloop F.	1980	Ruffian 8.5 W.P. Brown
J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>	10	Sloop F.	1977	Camper & Nicholson 31
A.D. MacIlwaine	<i>Sheenan</i>	15	Yawl W.	1937	A.M. Dickie & Sons
D. Whitehead	<i>Shemite</i>	7	Sloop F.	1973	SHE 27
M.M.d'Alton/F.C. Winkel- mann/L. D. Latham	<i>Siamsa</i>	5	Sloop F.		W.P. Brown Ruffian 23
Tony Clarke	<i>Silver Breeze</i>	11	Sloop F.	1983	Jean Berret First 32
H. Cudmore (Jnr)	<i>Silver Slipper</i>	8	SSDY	1972	Ray Hunt/Ion Barnenberg
S. Fergus	<i>Sinead</i>	7	Sloop F.	1975	Olle Enderlein. Shipman 28
W.W. McKean & R. Sharp	<i>Siola</i>	11	Sloop F.	1966	Van de Stadt; Excalibur 36
D. Cross	<i>Sirena</i>	5	Sloop F.	1973	Frank Butler; Corondo 25
C. Magennis	<i>Snow Goose of Moygannon</i>	6	Sloop F.	1978	Maxi 84
R.J. Fowler	<i>Spectra</i>	9	Sloop F.		Walsh Wakefield Ltd. Mirage 28
R. Fielding	<i>Spellbound of Shellig</i>	20.5	Ketch F.	1981	Moody 42AC Mark II Primrose & Dixon
T. Johnston & J. Tierney	<i>State o'Chassis</i>	12	Sloop F.	1979	Holland NIC 345
M. C. Coleman	<i>Stella Maris</i>	29	Sloop S	1986	Bruce Roberts; Roberts 45

Owner	Yacht	T.M.	Rig	Built	Designer
W. R. Watson	<i>Strathspey</i>	18	Sloop F.	-	Pearson 40
E.M. Booth	<i>Sula</i>	6	Sloop F.	1979	Walsh Wakefield
J.I. Taggart	<i>Sula of Arne</i>	11	Sloop F.		D. Thomas; Sigma 33
S. Davis	<i>Suvretta</i>	5	Sloop W.		West Solent O.D.
S.A. Malone	<i>Symphonie</i>	9.5	Sloop F.	1979	Briand Symphonie
N.C. Hughes	<i>Taiting</i>	10	Sloop W.	1961	A. Buchanan
F.M. & J.R.J. Eves	<i>Takake</i>	15	Sloop F.		Westerly Conway 36
J.C. Butler	<i>Tam o' Shanter</i>	12	Sloop F.	1972	B. Chance; Chance 37
R. Slater	<i>Tandara</i>	16	Ketch F.	1977	Camper & Nicholson 39
B.T. Smyth	<i>Tara</i>	5	Sloop F.	1987	D.Thomas, Minstrel 23
P. H. Groer	<i>Tarquin</i>	10	Ketch F.		Fisher 30
R. Sewell	<i>Thalassa</i>	16	Yawl W.	1906	C. Sibbick
J. Nixon	<i>The Demonstrator</i>		Sloop F.	-	Squib
M. O'Connor	<i>The Lady Beatrice</i>	7	Sloop F.		Olle Enderlein Shipman 28
T.J. Mullen	<i>Tiger</i>	8	Sloop F.	1977	W.P. Brown Ruffian 23
R.W. Barton	<i>Timella</i>	10	Ketch F.	1968	Reg Freeman Seadog
H.P. Kennedy	<i>Tosca IV of Bangor</i>	9	Sloop W.	1960	C. Nicholson Jolina
Mr. & Mrs. Clapham	<i>Tresillian III</i>	15	Ketch F.	1971	Nicholson 38
M. O'Gallagher	<i>Triona</i>	4	Sloop W.	1962	Dragon O.D.
Dr. O. Glaser	<i>Tritsch-Tratsch</i>	50	Cutter F.	1988	German Freres, Mystic 60
Dr. O. Glaser	<i>Tritsch-Tratsch IV</i>	20	Ketch F.	1981	German Freres 44
L. Cassidy & W. Riordan	<i>Tudorose</i>	12	Ketch F.		Buchanan; Neptune 33
W.M. Nixon/H. Whelehan	<i>Turtle</i>	7	Sloop F.	1970	Hustler 30 Holman & Pye
J. Virden	<i>Twayblade</i>	9	Cutter W.	-	Buchanan
F. D. Freeman	<i>Twocan</i>	7	Sloop F.	1973	Olle Enderlein; Shipman 28
D.B. Johnston	<i>Vamp of Hamble</i>	14	Sloop F.	1966	A.H. Buchanan; Queen
F.J.K. Espey & J. Osborne	<i>Verve</i>	10	Yawl W.	1963	A.C. Robb, Princess
B. Connor	<i>Vinter</i>	10	Sloop F.	1978	Westerly Berwick
Cdr. J.D. Maxwell	<i>Virago of Strangford</i>	11	Sloop F.	1962	Nicholson 36
T.J. Goulding	<i>Walrus</i>	6	Sloop F.	1978	Super Seal 26' Ron Holland
C.E. Ronaldson & W.P. Escott	<i>Wheesh</i>	12	Sloop F.	1974	Nicholson 35
B.M. Cahill	<i>Whistling Oyster</i>	30	Ketch F.	1986	Holman & Pye, Oyster 53
J. D. Donegan	<i>White Rooster</i>	14	Sloop F.	1980	S. Jones Hustler 36
H.W.S. Clark	<i>Wild Goose of Moyle</i>	10	Yawl W.	1936	M. Griffiths
J. Minchin	<i>Wind Rose</i>	6	Sloop F.	1969	Camper & Nicholson
G.H. Macilwraith	<i>Windhover</i>	6	Sloop F.	1980	Sadler 25
M.F. Villiers- Stuart	<i>Winifreda of Greenisland</i>	13	Cutter W.		The Admiralty
A. Leonard	<i>Wishbone</i>	9	Sloop W.	1965	Holman North Sea 24
L. W. White	<i>Witchery</i>	12	Yawl W.	-	Sparkman & Stephens 35'
T. Kirby	<i>Yami-Yami</i>	6	Sloop F.	1978	Sadler 25
J. J. McKinney	<i>Zubenubi</i>	10	Sloop F.	1973	Nicholson 32, MK 10
W. J. Cotter & N. Meagher					



Irish Cruising Club

Brian Hegarty

HON. SECRETARY
Calrngorm
Carrickbrack Road
Bally
Dublin.
Tel. (01) 323421 Home

14th December 1988.

WINTER BULLETIN 1988/89

ANNUAL DINNER 1989

This popular function will be held -

ON : SATURDAY 25TH FEBRUARY 1989
AT : THE GREAT SOUTHERN HOTEL, GALWAY
TIME : 20.00 FOR 20.30
DRESS: BLACK TIE
COST : IR £20, OR STERLING EQUIVALENT

Galway is a popular venue as we know from the last occasion on which this function was held there. For the forthcoming dinner we have booked a group called "All That Jazz" to enliven the after dinner proceedings. The dining room will accommodate 200. We would envisage that members wishing to bring guests might bring up to a maximum of three, e.g., spouse and another couple.

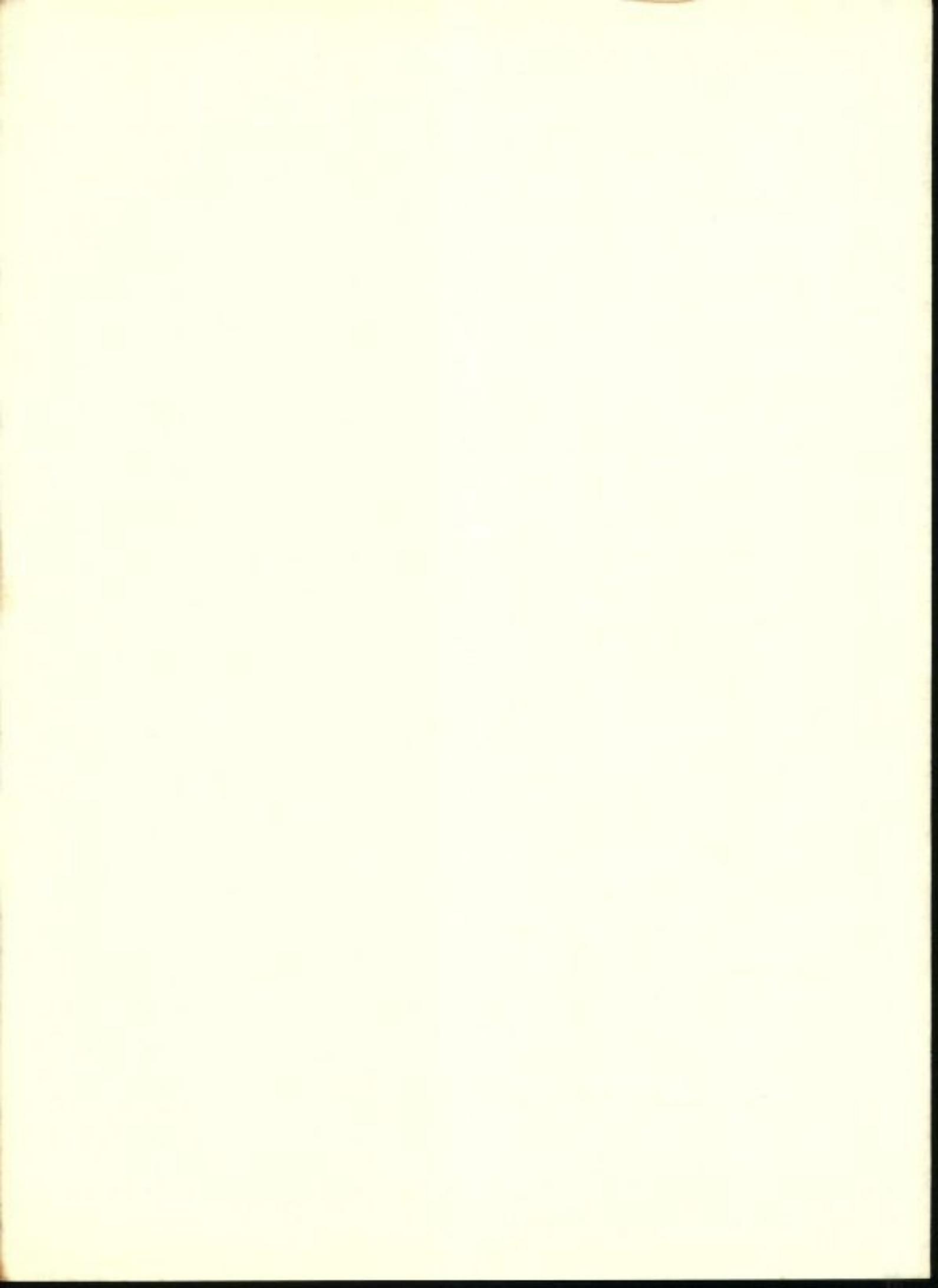
Members who intend to be present should return the attached Booking Form to reach me by Friday 17th February 1989 at the latest, and enclosing a cheque to cover the Dinner Booking(s) only.

As regards accommodation at the Great Southern Hotel, Galway, the rate for Saturday night only is IR £24 nett Bed and Breakfast per person. Where single rooms are required a supplement of IR £10 will apply. For those wishing to spend two nights the rate for Friday and Saturday will be IR £48 nett Bed and Breakfast per person. Single room supplement IR £10 per person per night.

Members should book accommodation direct with the Great Southern Hotel by phoning Mr. Derry McGarry at Galway 091-64041 and indicate that it is a booking for the ICC event. Hotel bills should be settled directly with the hotel.

SUBSCRIPTIONS 1989

Members are reminded that the 1989 subscription of IR £25 falls due on 1st January 1989 and should be sent to our Hon. Treasurer, Donal O'Boyle, Drake Lodge, Drakes Pool, Carrigaline, Co. Cork. In case of queries, his telephone no. is 021-831028 or Office 021-506022.



DATE FOR YOUR DIARY

Friday, 31st March 1989 - A.G.M. and Prize-giving at the Royal St. George Yacht Club.

SAILING DIRECTIONS

North and East . IR £18 - plus p & p IR £2

South and West IR £18 - plus p & p IR £2

Available from Mrs. Barbara Fox-Mills, The Tansey, Baily, Co. Dublin.

OTHER ITEMS

ICC Ties	IR £9 each
ICC Cap Badges	IR £1.75 each
ICC Burgees	IR £7 - 14" Hoist
	IR £8 - 18" Hoist
	IR £9 - 21" Hoist
ICC Cravats	IR £10.50 each

Available from Mrs. Barbara Fox-Mills or myself. ICC Ties are also to be had from Michael McKee, 52 Ward Avenue, Bangor, Co. Down BT20 5HL.

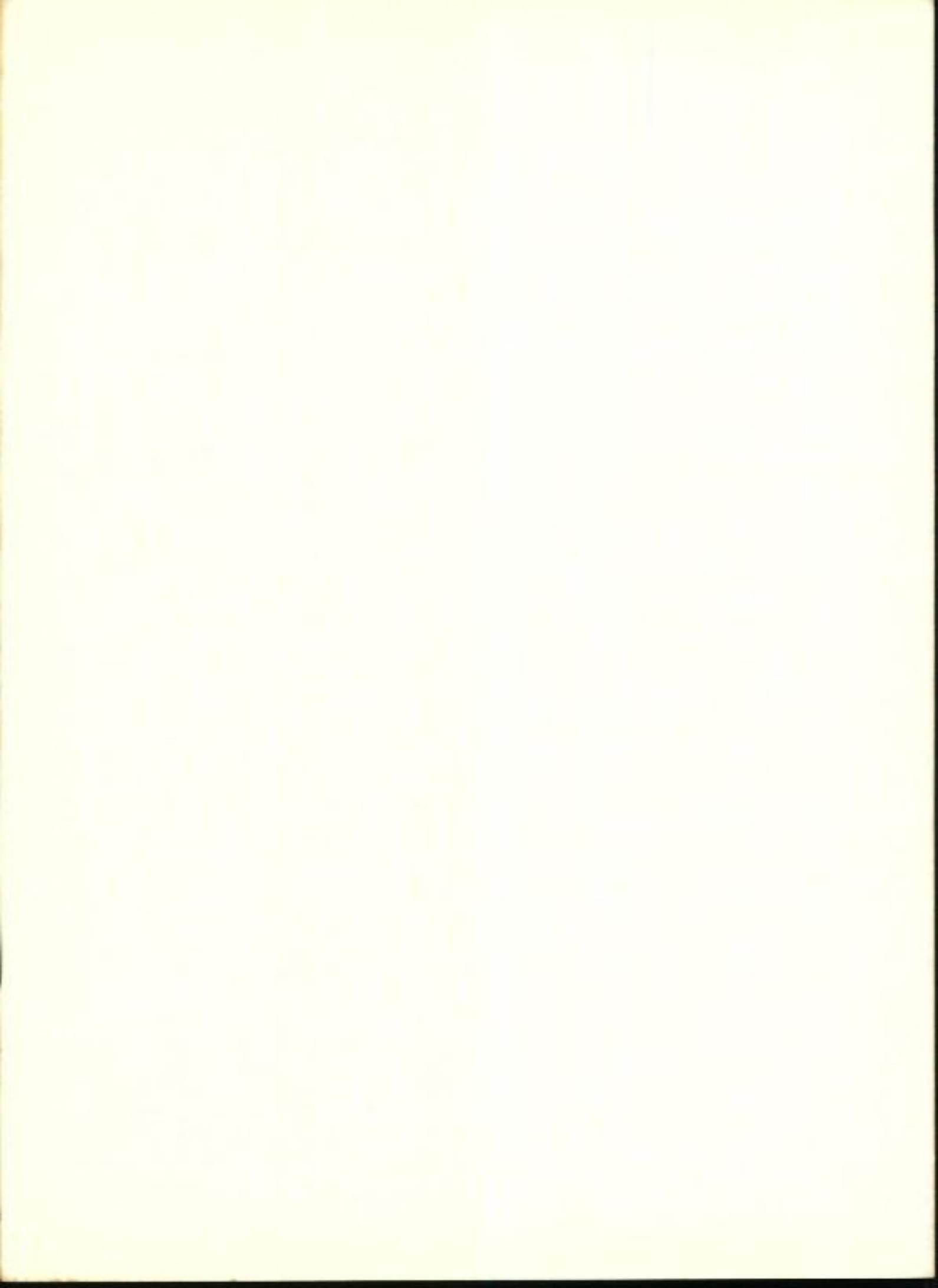
OTHER PUBLICATIONS

1. "To Sail the Crested Sea" - ICC History by W.M. Nixon. Selling at reduced price of IR £5 plus p & p IR £2 while stocks last.
2. 1988 Annuals - IR £10 plus p & p IR £2. A limited number are available for members who may wish to have them.
3. ICC Log Books - IR £10 plus p & p IR £2.

Each of these items available from Mrs. Barbara Fox-Mills.

Best wishes for 1989.

BRIAN HEGARTY,
HON. SECRETARY.



TO: BRIAN HEGARTY,
CAIRNGORM,
BAILY,
CO. DUBLIN.

ANNUAL DINNER 1989

MEMBERS NAME (BLOCK CAPITALS)

ADDRESS :

.....

.....

.....

PHONE :

I will attend the ICC Annual Dinner on Saturday 25th February 1989 at the Great Southern Hotel, Galway.

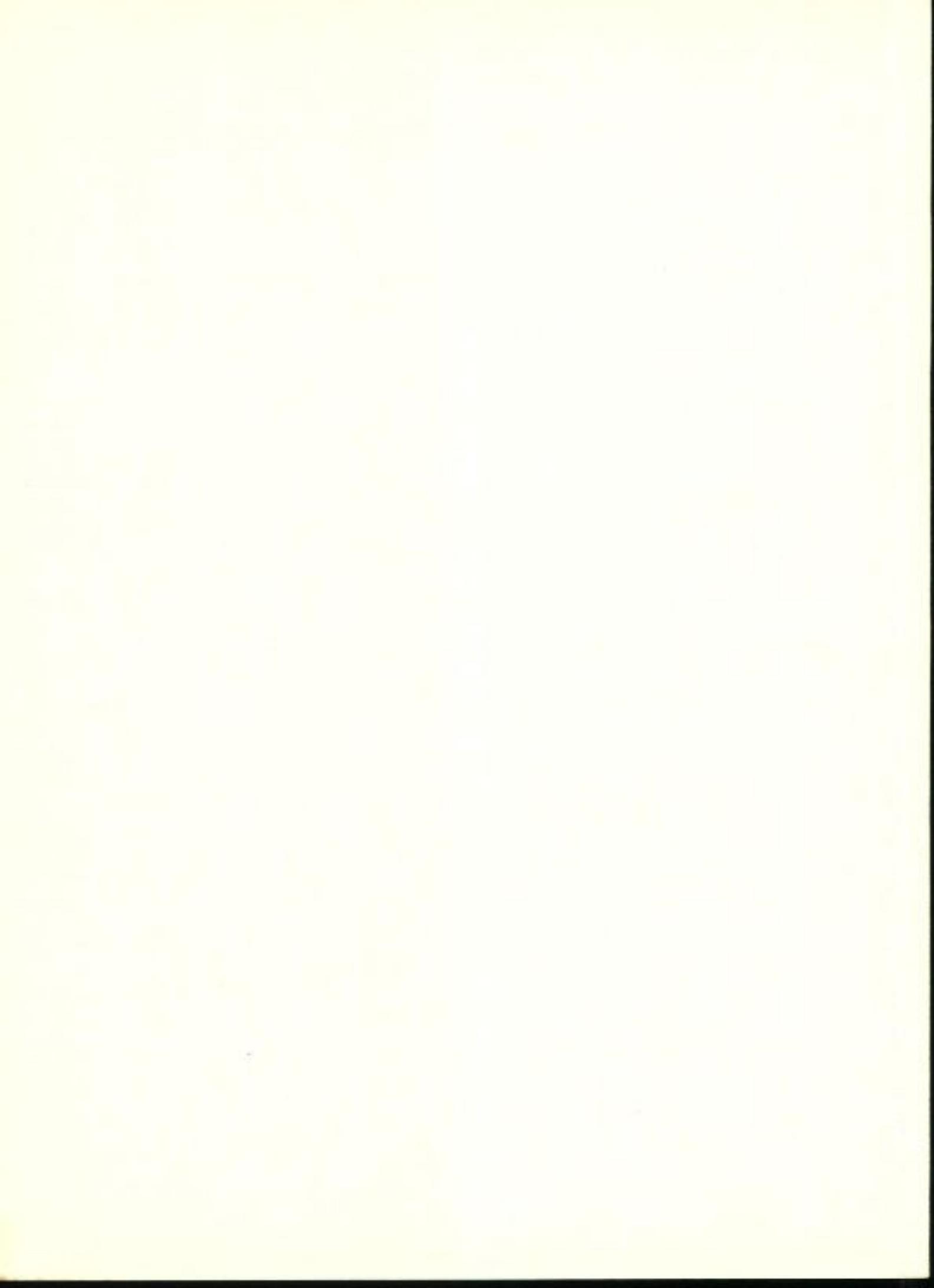
My guests are (BLOCK CAPITALS)

.....

.....

Enclosed is my cheque for (IR £20, or Sterling
equivalent per person)

If possible my party wish to
be with, or near



IRISH CRUISING CLUB

MEMBERSHIP QUESTIONNAIRE

MEMBERS NAME:
HOME ADDRESS:

HOME TELEPHONE:
BUSINESS ADDRESS:

BUSINESS TELEPHONE:

BOAT DETAILS:
NAME :
T.M. :
RIG :
YEAR BUILT :
DESIGNER :
WOOD/GRP :
HULL COLOUR :
SAIL NO. :
BUILDER :

MEMBERSHIP SUBSCRIPTION:
DO YOU PAY YOUR SUBSCRIPTION BY CHEQUE OR CREDIT CARD ?

IF CREDIT CARD, PLEASE GIVE DETAILS

VISA ACCESS

I AUTHORISE THE IRISH CRUISING CLUB TO CHARGE TO MY
UNSPECIFIED AMOUNTS IN RESPECT OF I.C.C. ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS ON
JANUARY 1st. EACH YEAR.

CARD NUMBER

EXPIRY DATE

NAME(as on card)

SIGNATURE
DATE

PLEASE RETURN THIS FORM TO DONAL O'BOYLE
70 SOUTH MALL
CORK.

P.S. Subscription for 1989 is IR£ 25:00.





Irish Yachting Association

3 Park Road, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin, Ireland. Telephone: (01) 800239 - Fax: (01) 807558

INVITATION TO MEMBERS OF THE IRISH CRUISING CLUB:

I.Y.A. YACHTMASTER CERTIFICATE

Experienced yachtsmen and women are to be given the opportunity to gain the Yachtmaster Offshore Certificate by way of an Oral Test and without a requirement to undertake the practical examination, it has been announced by the I.Y.A.'s Yachtmaster Committee.

The move has been made to help draw more experienced yachtsmen into the Yachtmaster' "fold" and so encourage wider and more enthusiastic support for the overall cruising training schemes available. The I.Y.A. would like to remind experienced yachtsmen of any age that provided they have the knowledge and experience laid down by the I.Y.A. they may apply directly to be examined for their Yachtmaster Certificate without attending any formal course.

It is intended the oral option will mainly apply to those over 35 years of age (on December 31st 1989) with a minimum of 5,000 nautical miles passage making experience, much of it as a skipper. Candidates will be tested on the syllabus outlined in the 1988 Yachtmaster' Logbook and the tests must be taken before December 31st next year when the new edition of the Logbook comes into force.

A 'pre-test counselling session' with the examiner is also being considered by the I.Y.A. Yachtmaster Committee to help overcome misgivings and 'exam nerves'.

Applicants for qualification under the new Oral Test system should be sent to the I.Y.A. Secretary, accompanied by a letter from a Flag Officer of the candidate's Club and a copy of his/her personal logbook.

For further information, contact Paddy Boyd,
Training & Development Officer,
Tel. (01) 800239.

A CONSTITUENT NATIONAL AUTHORITY OF THE INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACING UNION

Representative of

Inshore Sailing, Inland Waterways, Offshore Sailing, Cruising, Boardsailing, Olympic, International, Junior and General Training

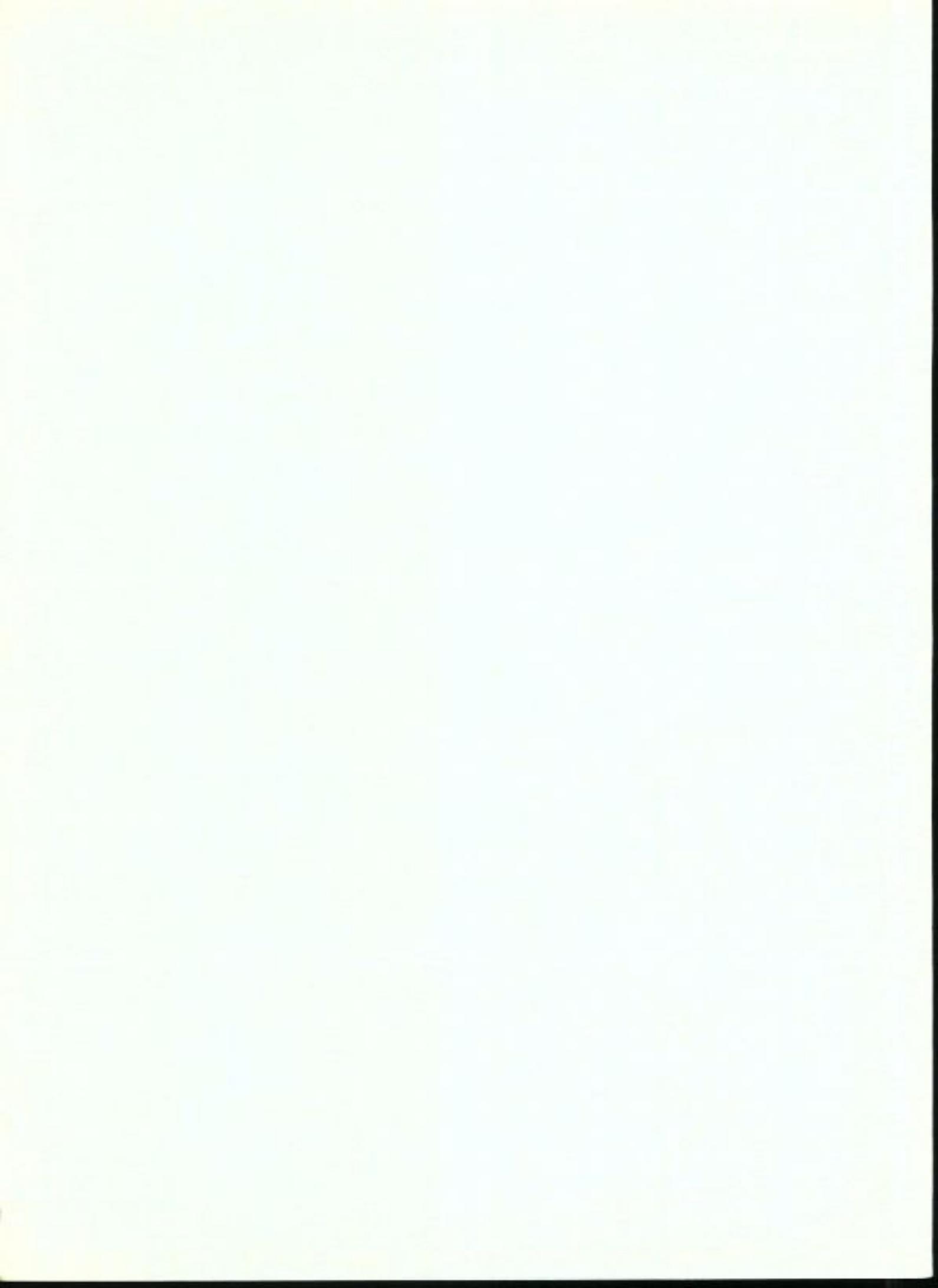
President: P. J. O'Neill

Vice-Presidents: C. Bruen, M. Hill, D. Morrissey, Mrs. C. E. Winkelmann

Hon. Treasurer: C. Drohan. **Council Members:** A. Algeo, A. Bell, J. Byrne, T. E. Crosbie, E. English, T. Fitzpatrick, S. Flood, Mrs. A. Harris, C. D. Kelly, W. Lacy, R. Lee-Warner, S. Nairn, T. O'Sullivan, W. R. Smith, R. M. Wallace.

Secretary: Miss U. Maguire.

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Jubilee Sailing Trust

"For physically handicapped and able-bodied people to share the challenge of crewing a ship at sea."

PATRON
His Royal Highness The Duke of York,
CVO, ADC.



STS Lord Nelson

December 1988

Dear Member,

The Committee of the Irish Cruising Club have kindly allowed us to include this letter with their communication to members, to bring to your notice the work of the Jubilee Sailing Trust in providing offshore sailing for physically handicapped people.

The Trust's training barque "Lord Nelson" came into service in 1986, and in 1988 paid two visits to Dun Laoghaire. This magnificent 400-ton ship, designed by Colin Mudie, is unique in the world in having been designed from the start to carry a crew of whom half would be physically handicapped. These people are not passengers but working members of the crew, each teamed with an able-bodied crewmate so as to take part to the utmost of their ability in the working of the ship. Lifts and anchorage points allow the full run of the ship to be enjoyed even by people in wheelchairs.

In 1988 for the first time four handicapped people from this country took part in a "Lord Nelson" voyage. One was a blind girl from Kildare, who gave an enthusiastic account of the voyage on RTE's "Listen and See"; another was a young Dublin man confined to a wheelchair, who later wrote:-

"I found the whole voyage a fantastic experience. There are so many things to remember, the sky at night during my 'night watch', the sun rising, the lovely people I met, and so many memories of a lifetime.

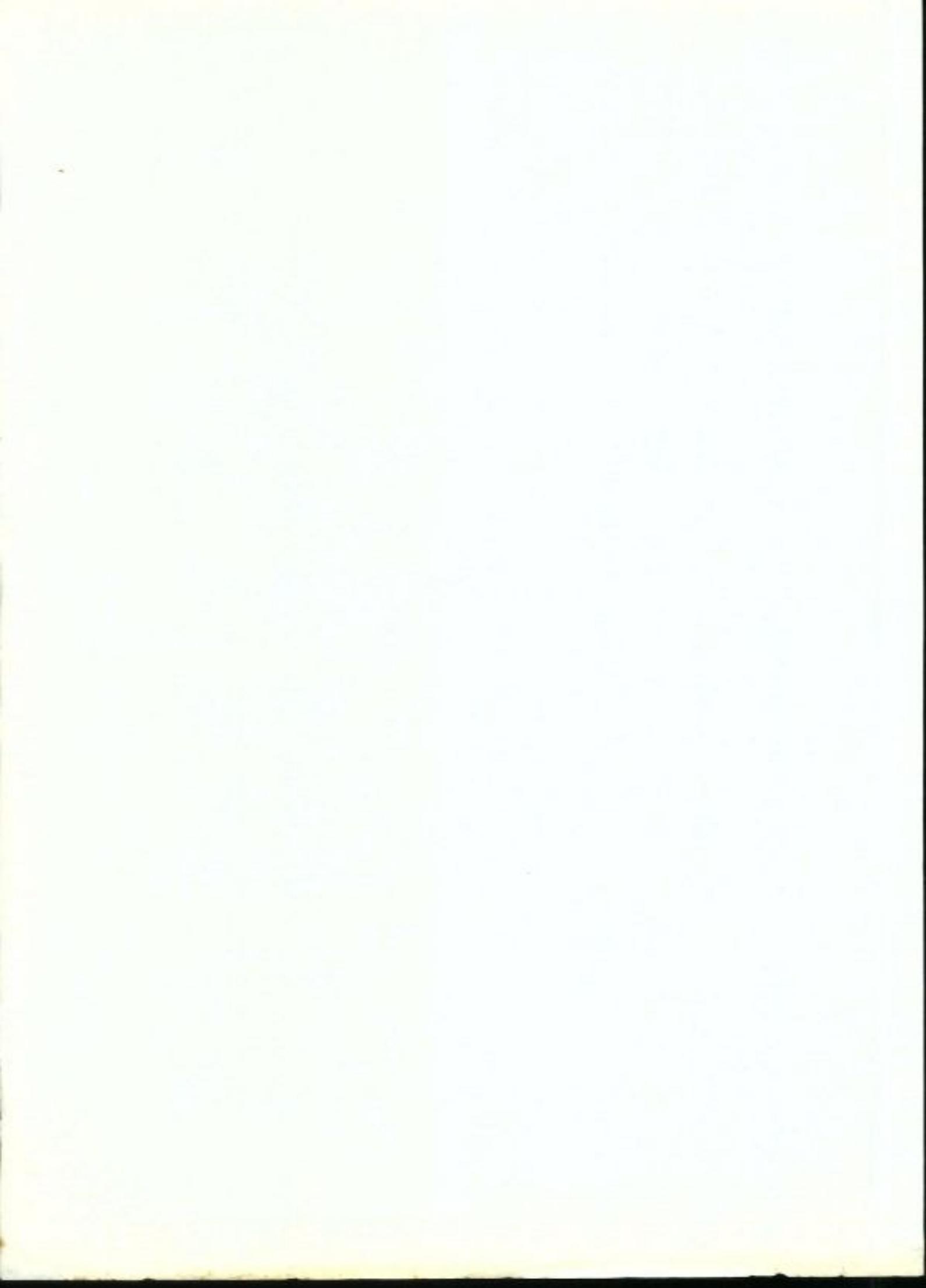
Very many of us have experienced the pleasures and companionships which offshore sailing brings, but there are thousands of people in this country who can have no chance of experiencing them except through the "Lord Nelson"; those who have sailed in her have found a new dimension to their lives, with the able-bodied and the handicapped working side by side.

The Jubilee Sailing Trust for Ireland has been set up to publicise the work of the "Lord Nelson" and to raise financial support by way of sponsorship and membership to enable more Irish people to take part; many handicapped people cannot afford the voyage fees themselves, and there is still a large debt on the building of the ship. The Irish Cruising Club has already shown its interest in the project by sponsoring one of the handicapped voyagers in 1988, and we hope that many individual members will feel inclined to support it by completing and returning a Membership form. Regrettably under Irish law there is no tax benefit on Covenants to the Trust, but by completing the Bank Standing Order you will be helping to assure the Trust of a continuing income. The membership rates (Irish) are: full £60 p.a., associate £10 p.a.

Yours sincerely,

Jennifer Guinness

Michael Booth



MEMBERSHIP OF THE JUBILEE SAILING TRUST FOR IRELAND

Mr/Mrs/Miss/Title _____ Initials _____ Surname _____

Address _____

Tel No. _____

Category of Membership. I wish to become a member as shown below:

Friend: from £12 per annum Full: £ _____ per annum (or £ _____ per quarter) Covenanted
(please complete form below)

Life: One donation of £ _____

Please send me details of Deposited Covenants (Life Membership Only)
(For current subscription rates - see insert page with this form)

DEED OF COVENANT (TAX RECLAIM) FORM

I _____ (full name)

of _____ (address)

Undertake to pay to the Jubilee Sailing Trust for Ireland from (see note 1) today every year for _____ years during my life (whichever shall be the shorter) a sum which, after deduction of Income Tax at the basic rate, will leave
(see note 2) £ _____ (_____ words)

(see note 3) Date of Covenant _____

Signed, Sealed and Delivered by me

_____ (signature)

In the Presence of

_____ (Witness's signature)

_____ (address)

_____ (occupation)

NOTES:

1. The undertaking must be for at least FOUR years, legally, to qualify for tax rebate.
2. This is the amount you will actually give (from taxed income) per year.
3. The date of the Covenant must not be later than the first payment.

Please return completed form to:

JUBILEE SAILING TRUST FOR IRELAND, NEWTOWN LODGE, NEWTOWN, WATERFORD.

JUBILEE SAILING TRUST FOR IRELAND BANK STANDING ORDER

TO: _____ BANK

BRANCH ADDRESS: _____

Please pay on _____ 19__ to the Allied Irish Bank, Ardkeen Waterford, the sum of £ _____ for credit to the account of the Jubilee Sailing Trust for Ireland (Account No. 03505082) and make similar payment annually/quarterly* thereafter until this order is cancelled by me/ up to and including _____ 19__ charging such payments to my account no. _____ (* Delete as Appropriate)

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

SIGNED: _____ DATE: _____

DONATION FORM

TO: JUBILEE SAILING TRUST FOR IRELAND, NEWTOWN LODGE, NEWTOWN, WATERFORD.

I enclose a donation of £ _____ to the Jubilee Sailing Trust for Ireland.
I do/ do not wish an acknowledgement to be sent.

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

SIGNED: _____ DATE: _____

(To enable you and the Trust to obtain the greatest Tax benefit from your donation, please see details on insert page with this form)

SPONSORED BERTHS
(For Buy-a-Berth and Assisted Voyage Schemes)

I/We wish to buy _____ Berth(s) for _____ years and enclose payment of £ _____ Or

I/We wish to assist _____ person(s) on a voyage and enclose a payment of £ _____

Particulars are as follows:

Donor's Name: _____ (Individual or Organisation)

Contact (if an Organisation): _____

Telephone No: _____

Please send me details of Deposited Covenants which I could apply to this Sponsorship (For Sponsored Berth rates, please see accompanying insert page).
This form will be acknowledged with any further voyage information requested.
Please return to :

JUBILEE SAILING TRUST FOR IRELAND, NEWTOWN LODGE, NEWTOWN, WATERFORD.
Telephone: (051) 82369



