ICC News

Newsletter of the Irish Cruising Club

Autumn 2026



Dear Member,

I was very excited when articles started trickling in for this newsletter shortly after the spring issue arrived in the post. This made life for your editor ever so much easier, as I was able to start editing and doing the layout over the summer months. A huge thank-you to all the contrubutors to this bumper issue.

And what a lovely summer it was. We do feel for the farmers, and we are farming as well. The greatly dry weather did not make feeding animals and producing winter fodder easy, but as far as sailing goes, conditions were indeed sublime. This summer we had more visiting yachts (OCC, ICA, CCA, TO, you name it) here in the west than ever before. It is always a joy to meet other cruisers and to be able to help them with the usual: laundry, provisions, water, fuel, crew changes... In other years we have had to provide safe refuge in severe storms as well. I hope you too had a lovely sailing season. I look forward to reading the logs of your adventures in the Annual.

I wish you a pleasant autumn and winter and that all your boat projects may be easy.

Alex Blackwell, Editor

Submission guidelines

Editorial Preferences (*please*):

Please only use standard fonts. Do please use *italics* for vessel names. Remember to check spelling and grammar thoroughly. Please do not manipulate or retouch the images - send only the high resolution originals.

Text

Articles should be in MS Word or text format only. They may be up to approximately 500 words in length or less, with a maximum of 1,000. Please send activity updates to your regional editor for inclusion in their notes.

Images

Images should be sent as separate files - not embedded in an email or Word document. They should be in jpeg format and a minimum of 1 megabyte each. Please do not manipulate, clean up, colour correct, retouch, or crop the images. Please send the original images straight out of the camera. Please also supply captions.

Please send materials and your notes to any one of the editors:

North	Maeve Bell	maeve.bell@btopenworld.com
East	Harry Whelehan	haroldwhelehan@gmail.com
South	John McAleer	mcaleerje@gmail.com
West	Conor O'Byrne	conor.obyrne@universityofgalway.ie
Spain	Peter Fernie	peter.fernie3@gmail.com
Editor	Alex Blackwell	editor@IrishCruisingClub.com

Larger files may also be sent via Dropbox or WeTransfer.

Alternatively, the materials may be put on a memory stick and mailed to:

Alex Blackwell, Port Aleria, Rosnakilly, Kilmeena, Westport, Co. Mayo, Ireland F28H393

Closing dates for *ICC News* submissions:

Autumn Issue:	February 28th
Autumn Issue:	September 15th

ICC News is the newsletter of the Irish Cruising Club

The *ICC News* is published twice a year for private circulation to members of the Irish Cruising Club. This newsletter is copyright © The Irish Cruising Club. The copyright of the individual articles herein rests with the authors. The views and opinions expressed therein are those of the authors and do not necessarily reflect the policy or position of the ICC. No part of any article may be reproduced in any format or stored in any retrieval system without the written permission of the author.

Front Cover: Jarlath Cunanne's *An Portán* under sail

Commodore's Letter

By Alan Markey



As we move into Autumn, we can look back on what has been a particularly enjoyable and busy sailing season for the Club.

The unseasonably good weather at home provided some exceptional sailing around our coasts, with lengthy periods of sunshine and settled conditions that many of us were fortunate enough to enjoy. Those who ventured further afield may have found conditions rather different, with parts of Europe experiencing temperatures that were perhaps a little too warm for comfortable cruising.

Earlier in the season, Helen and I were delighted to represent the Club at two important gatherings of our sister cruising clubs. We attended the Cruising Club of America Annual Dinner at the New York Yacht Club and, in April, the Ocean Cruising Club Dinner in Edinburgh. Both were thoroughly enjoyable occasions and a valuable opportunity to strengthen the close ties the ICC enjoys with fellow cruising clubs internationally.

It has also been a very active summer across the Club, with a full programme of regional rallies and gatherings around the coast. Once again, these events demonstrated one of the great strengths of the ICC: the opportunity to cruise in company and most importantly, enjoy the friendship and camaraderie of fellow members.

The Annual Encuentro Náutico, under the stewardship of Peter Fernie and his team, was another important part of the summer programme. My thanks go to Peter, and everyone involved in organising the event, as well as to all those who supported the various regional rallies throughout the season. These events require considerable work behind the scenes and depend entirely on members being prepared to give their time and energy to make them happen.

A particular highlight of the summer was undoubtedly the Club's cruise to the Lofoten Islands which was chaired by Frank O'Beirne. The event was a great success and, in some respects, something of a departure for the ICC. There were as many members participating on charter boats as there were those who had sailed their own boats to Norway. It was an interesting experiment and one which worked extremely well.

Traditionally, our cruises have naturally centred on destinations that members can reach in their own boats. The Lofoten experience demonstrated that there is also an appetite for occasional Club events further afield, combining members sailing their own boats with those chartering locally. It potentially opens the door to future ICC gatherings in other interesting cruising grounds around the world, while retaining the spirit and ethos that make our Club cruises so enjoyable.

With the main summer cruising season now drawing to a close, our attention turns to the Club's autumn and winter programme. There is plenty to look forward to over the coming months, and I particularly look forward to our regional Christmas lunches. These are always enjoyable occasions and an opportunity to catch up with friends from across the Club before the finish of the year. I hope to attend as many of them as possible and to meet many of you there.

Thank you to everyone who has contributed to another successful season, whether by organising an event, hosting a rally, helping behind the scenes, or simply turning up and taking part. It is that involvement which continues to make the Irish Cruising Club such a special organisation.

I wish you all an enjoyable autumn and winter and look forward to seeing many of you at Club events over the coming months.

View from Reinebringen, a 484-meter-high mountain above the Vestfjord near the fishing village of Reine. It is a popular hiking destination in the Lofoten Islands

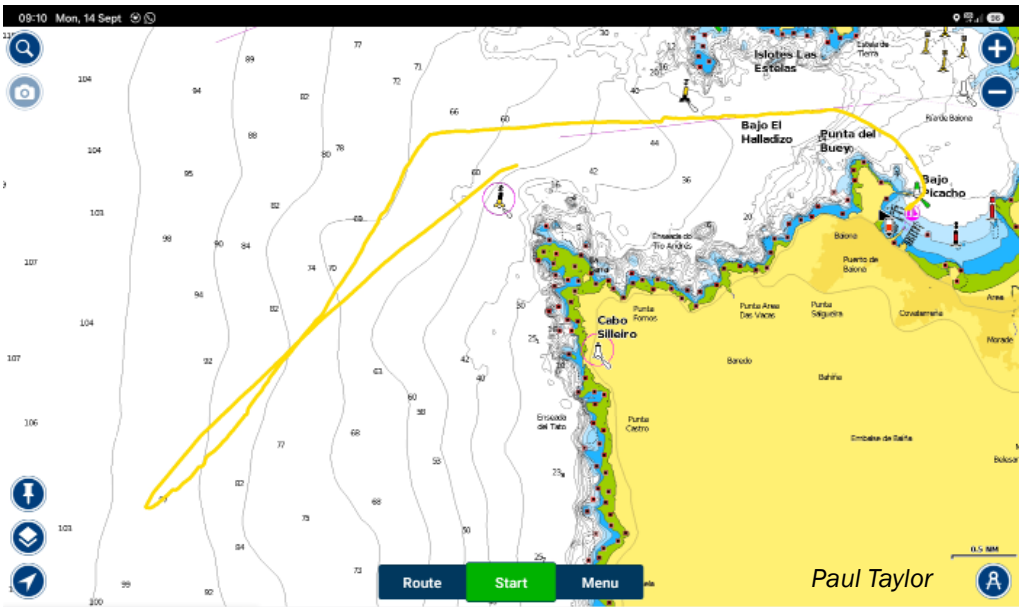


Orca Attack - A New and Very Unpleasant Experience

by Lonan Lardner



On Saturday 29th August at 09:15 *Minerva* left Baiona heading to Viana de Castelo on the second stage of our trip to Lagos. On board with me were David Bagnall, Tony Linehan, and Paul Taylor (all ICC). The wind was Southerly force 4 and we were motor sailing at 4-5 kn. It was a grey day with a choppy sea. The auto helm was engaged. We had started a watch system with Tony and I taking the first two hours. The sea conditions were choppy as we passed El Lobo de Silliero N Cardinal mark. Staying too close to the coast in those conditions was not appealing. The sea got more comfortable as we got out into deeper water and the winds were forecast to ease in the afternoon. At 10:40 we were about 7 miles out from Baiona, 3.3 miles from shore and in about 100m of water. Tony thought he saw a fin off the starboard side which disappeared. About 10 seconds later the steering started moving of its own accord and then we felt a bang. I released the auto helm and took control (or tried to) of the wheel. I could feel the rudder being pushed around. I turned the boat around and started heading back to shore in the general direction of Ria de Vigo. I looked behind me and saw what I believe was the bottom of the rudder briefly float to the top of the water behind us. I continued to (try to) steer for Ria de Vigo. The pressure on the rudder was so hard that at times I could not control the wheel no matter how hard I tried. The orcas turned the boat around by anything up to 180 degrees on at least two occasions and each time afterwards I tried to go back on course for Ria de Vigo. I also increased the motor speed to maximum revs. Our speed at this stage was between 6.5 and 8.5 kn. (we still had the main sail up with one reef in it). A couple of times two orcas swam alongside the boat before one would submerge and hit us again. I think I saw a third fin standing off at some stage. Beyond that I don't know how many there were. Tony held on to me to make sure I did not get tossed overboard.



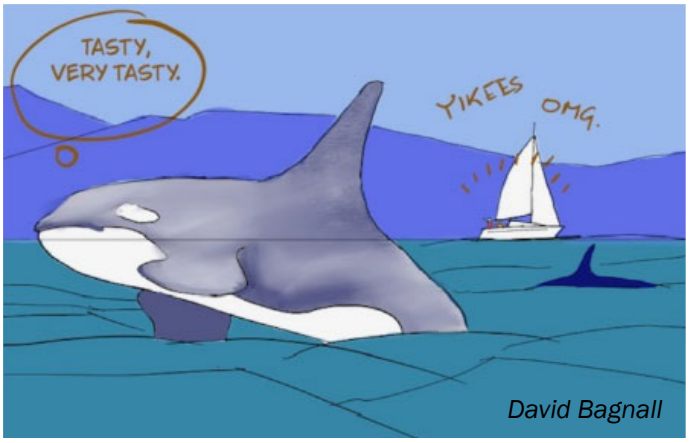
Paul Taylor

While this was happening, David issued a PanPan over the VHF radio and was answered by Vigo Radio (V.R.). Given the ferocity of the attacks, we upgraded this to a Mayday. V.R. asked if there were any injuries and if we needed medical assistance to which we advised no. They then asked if we needed lifeboat assistance. We said that we did not need a tow at that stage as we could still steer

the boat. V.R. said they would keep a watch on us through the A.I.S. My big fear during this time was that we would spring a leak. The attack lasted 8 to 10 minutes. As suddenly as it had started, it stopped. The orcas were gone. We continued to steer for Ria de Vigo. We had tea and biscuits thanks to Paul. How necessary that was. We then discussed among ourselves where to head to and agreed that we really needed to go to the nearest harbour which was Baiona as we did not know the extent of the damage or for how long the steering would continue to operate. We would worry what to do afterwards when we were safely ashore. As we came around the harbour wall in Baiona and slowed down the steering gave up. We went around in circles while trying to get the marina to send out a rib to us. This didn't happen. Somehow with a bit of patience, we managed to get close enough to the marina in Monte Real Club de Yates for the marinero to take a warp. It was sometime around 11:30am. David cancelled the Mayday as soon as we were tied up. It was only at this stage that the shock hit me as I'm sure it hit us all.

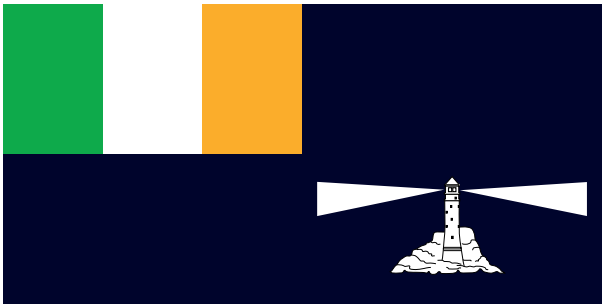
As always, word of our "encounter" got around very quickly, probably resulting from the Mayday call. Ivan from the Julio Verne Charter boats was first to turn up. He was very helpful. He came back with his underwater camera on a pole and took some photos/videos of the rudder. We could see from these that there was still a piece about two feet long left.

In the afternoon I phoned the insurance company on their emergency phone number. They immediately contacted their local surveyor from Vigo who arrived at 2:00pm the following day (Sunday) to inspect the damage (our photographs of rudder, the internal steering cables, etc). The company agreed that we could bring/tow the boat to Nauticas Amura at Marina Davila Sport in Vigo. Ivan was prepared to tow us to Vigo the following day but suggested we try to get there under our own power first. On Monday morning we fitted the emergency tiller, had a short test run and headed for Davila Sport. We arrived about 2 ½ hours later, just before lunchtime, where the marina rib escorted us to a berth. We were well received in the marina and the boatyard. As the trip to Lagos this year was no longer a practical option we spent the following three days preparing *Minerva* for winter and lifted out the following Friday.



David Bagnall

Flying the ICC Ensign



The Hon. Secretary applies for permission on behalf of members to fly the defaced ICC ensign. If you wish to fly the ensign, please send the following details to the Hon. Secretary by the 1st of March of each year. You should also include these details on your database entry on the club website: Name of vessel, Official Number, Port of Registry (if any), Rig, Tonnage, Name(s) of Owner(s), and Address(es) of Owner(s).

Such special yacht ensigns are granted under warrant by the Minister for the Minister for Agriculture, Food, and the Marine, as provided for in section 10.3 of the Mercantile Marine Act.

The Minister may, by flag warrant issued to any body of persons, authorise the members of the body to use a flag in lieu of the national flag on specified Irish ships, and may by any such warrant impose conditions and restrictions on the exercise of the authority thereby conferred and may revoke any such warrant.

If the vessel is under way, the ensign should be hoisted when there is enough light for it to be seen. If it is not under way, the ensign should be hoisted from 0800 local until sunset or 2100 local, whichever is earlier. In winter this is from 0900 local until sunset.

Special yacht ensign: subject to anything stipulated in the warrant permitting the special ensign, the special ensign should be hoisted only when the owner is on board, or if not on board is in effective control when the boat is in harbour or moored/anchored near the shore. The associated club burgee should always be flown when special ensign is flown. If it is necessary to hoist an ensign when the owner is not on board or in effective control, the special ensign should be replaced by the Irish national flag. However, flying an unauthorized or unrecognized defaced flag in foreign ports violates international maritime flag etiquette and can lead to local port authorities questioning your vessel's registry or imposing fines. So, only fly it in Irish waters.

A Foul Business!

by Bob Brown

The Naturalist's Notebook

As usual, last Autumn I was hauling *Serenade* out for her winter rest-up at the Quoile Yacht Club. Fellow ICC member Derek Jones happened to be watching at the time, and he commented that I must have been using a very good fertilizer when I antifouled her in the spring. Painful and ever so slightly tactless as this comment was, he nonetheless had a point. I guess I had done a duff job all those months ago, or maybe Strangford Lough's waters had had a sudden boost of fertility.

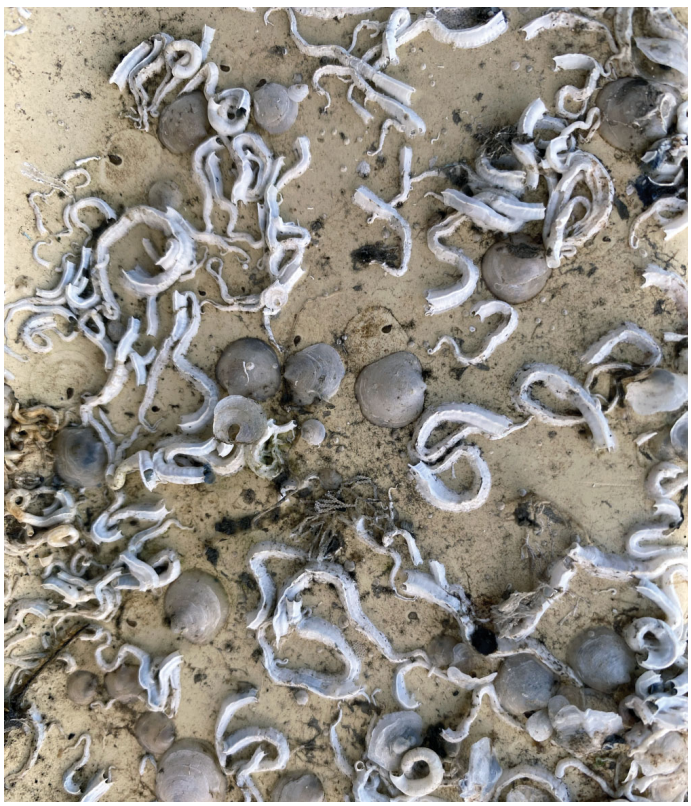
As *Serenade's* hull slowly emerged to the music of a grinding winch, a horror story revealed itself, a curtain of fringing green weeds just below the boot tops. Below that, rich and artistically colourful clusters of barnacles, hydroids (diminutive relatives of the sea anemone), sea squirts, worms, and tiny crustaceans of various sorts wriggling in protest at the sudden exposure. What *Serenade* was experiencing was in many ways similar to the colonisation of a newly sunk wreck, and I hope that's the only time I'll make this comparison!

Our mooring as well – if we have been away for a few weeks, when we pick up, hauling it over the bow, masses of juvenile weeds, more sea squirts, and some sludgy, slimy stuff that I assume is some sort of alga without delving into it in too much detail. As we haul the strop over the bow roller, the sea squirts do what their name says, and I get wet. It doesn't end there. Our pontoons are festooned with long growths of kelp swinging back and forth in whatever current there is. At the Quoile Yacht Club these are replaced by edible mussels happily filtering nutrients of dubious quality from the water. (For goodness' sake don't try eating them...)

All this is one of the wonderful processes that helps to ensure the stability of our oceans and inshore seas. Whilst it is a hassle for boating, it is one of the essentials of marine wildlife. Over the last century we have done untold damage to our marine wildlife, particularly from fishing, and some of it has been lost forever. But equally, marine life has an outstanding ability to recover, provided it is given a chance, and wrecks illustrate this wonderfully.

The colonisation of newly sunk wrecks and floating devices of all sorts tells a powerful story of colonisation. When a vessel sinks, a valuable piece of new marine real estate is made available. There is intense competition for the new territory, particularly in areas with good water circulation and nutrients. (Which is why, conversely, when the *Vasa* sank in the static, cold, muddy waters of Stockholm harbour in 1628, she didn't acquire marine life and so was beautifully preserved).

Despite the scramble for new territory to colonise, the process is quite orderly, with a rather predictable



Calcareous tubes of worms and little saddle oysters on a dinghy, a summer's worth of settlement.



Sea squirts on a mooring strop – after only two months.



Serenade's *hull after a season; algae along the sunlit upper part, hydroids lower, where they can filter out food from the current.*

succession. Early arrivals include the barnacles and sea squirts, as on *Serenade*, and in the sunnier shallows, various marine algae attach. These early arrivals share important characteristics. They are fast growing, and very importantly, fast breeding, reaching reproductive maturity early in their lives. They then spawn out vast numbers of juveniles to drift out as plankton, a tiny percentage of which will eventually find more new territory, whilst most will be eaten. The downside of that lifestyle is that the life cycle of such species is short – you could say a short life and a merry one.

That is about as far as our own boats get in the colonisation process, because they are usually hauled out for the winter and power-hosed off or maintained in some way. Having said that, there was a yacht near us in Strangford that, for whatever reason, had been neglected for years. It was adorned with metres of trailing kelps and goodness what else further down the keel. A mini ecosystem of its own. Which brings me to the next stages of succession.

In contrast to this opportunistic lifestyle, others play a longer game. They take life slowly. Early years are spent converting food into body growth, and it is only when they have reached a certain size (becoming large and strong enough to resist predators), body growth slows down and they divert energy to reproduction, producing eggs and sperms for spawning. Often, this is not a blast but a more extended, almost leisurely process. Their larvae do not always drift very far before settling, so have a better chance of finding the suitable habitat that their parents enjoy. And because adults live for a long time, their slow reproduction is compensated for by breeding for many years.

This is why many a wreck that has been lurking on the seabed for years or centuries often has such a rich growth. Soft corals like Dead Man's Fingers hold enormous numbers of anemone-like hydroids, all filtering nutrients and plankton from the water. Grazers like sea urchins slowly cruise around scraping algae off the surface. Starfish move in, nudibranchs (sea slugs) attack bryozoans, themselves lichen-like colonies that slowly become established. And, supported by all the food, larger crustaceans and fish establish burrows and colonies; all playing the longer game. Conger eels may lurk in the cavities. Any of the more opportunistic species that would have settled at the start are now usually eaten or crowded out.

A nice example of this was when I was a member of a diving club in Jamaica, and we wanted to establish an interesting coral outcrop in a sheltered muddy bay near Kingston for trainees to enjoy. Muddy places are no good for coral, so what to do? Eventually we sunk an old car (Austin Metro, since you ask) in the chosen spot, about 10m depth. Within days it was spotted with early arrivals like hydroids, but after a few months we saw those long-term investors, the corals, growing in little lumps. Eventually it was unrecognisable as a car, just one enormous coral head with shoals of small, multi-coloured fish swimming round.

Excessive weed growths on pontoons can be a headache, especially on the more exposed sites. However, the good water circulation can be a bonus for other species. Both Bangor and Glenarm marinas are working with Ulster Wildlife to re-establish oysters as a breeding species. Cages holding 'parent' oysters are suspended from a pontoon. There, they grow rapidly, feeding well, spawning well, and hopefully helping to re-populate the adjacent waters selected for their historic importance for oyster fisheries.

All of this doesn't help me and *Serenade's* fuzzy hull. But at least it is entertaining to inspect the new arrivals when I haul out, before the clean-up. And if there are any more sarcastic comments, Derek, remember it's me holding the power hose...!

The plumose anemone: a long-lived resident of wrecks in fast moving tidal waters. Photo by Bernard Picton.



ICC Batman

by Kevin Dwyer



Batt and Kevin with their Flying Machine

I felt it appropriate to mention in a club publication the passing of Batt Coleman from Kinsale who has taken his last flight into the sky. He was not a member of the club, but he was a person who gave a lot of his time and aeronautical experience for the benefit of the club. In the 1990s he was known as the club's own Batman.

Batt flew and navigated the coastline of Ireland (rocks in the sky are called mountains) making it possible for us to acquire 131 aerial photographs for the ICC Sailing Directions. His involvement is possibly best explained with an extract from the first paragraph of our Flight Log, published in the 1992 ICC Annual.

An initial request from the Hon. Compiler of the Sailing Directions Arthur Orr, for aerial photographs of certain harbours around the south and west coast, followed by discussions with Hon. Treasurer Donal O'Boyle, led to an amicable arrangement whereby I provided my photographic skills to the club as a member, Batt Coleman from Kinsale kindly provided his skills as a pilot for his love of flying and the Irish Cruising Club provided the cost of the flying machine.

The final paragraph of the same Flight Log is now also a fitting farewell to a friend of our club.

For my own part and on behalf of the Irish Cruising Club there must be a special thank you for Batt Coleman who flew me with great care and skill from Cork to Donegal via Kinsale, Kerry, Kilrush, Kilronan, Killala, and Killybegs.

Save the date: 2027 ICC Annual Weekend in Westport

Daria and Alex Blackwell

The 2027 ICC Annual Weekend will be taking place in beautiful Westport on Clew Bay on the 12-14 March 2027. The festivities will be centred around The Grace Hotel, newly opened on the grounds of the Westport House Demesne. We had the honour of attending the opening ceremony and blessing of the hotel, where An Taoiseach Micheál Martin cut the ribbon.

You'll be glad to know that the facilities were vetted not only by the Taoiseach but also by the Prime Minister of Canada Mark Carney on a side trip to his ancestral home of Aughagower while on a state visit to Ireland. The Prime Minister, his wife Diana, and their party overnighted at The Grace and dined at local establishments. Reportedly, they were taken aback by the warmth and hospitality of the Westport community.

There will be many activities to choose from over the course of the weekend. So don't miss out, block out the dates of 12-14 March 2027. **Registration will open in December, at which time you will be receiving an email with the details.**

We look forward to welcoming you to our hometown.

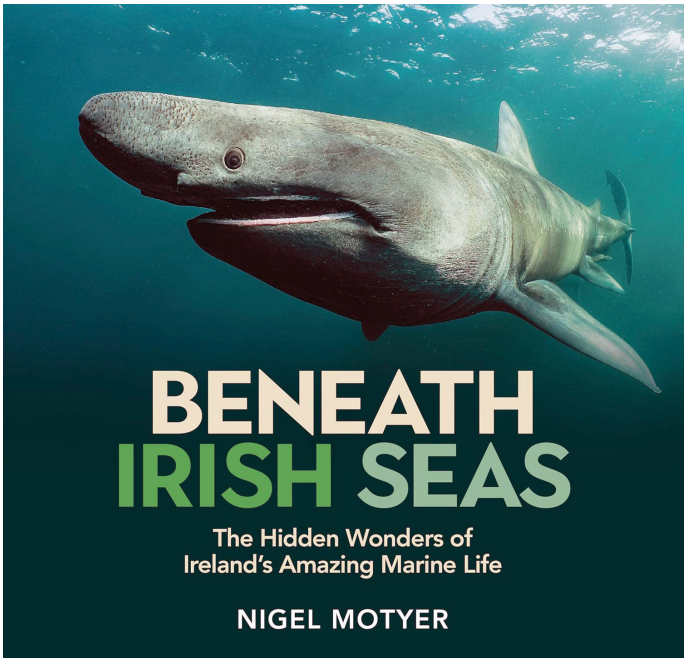


An Taoiseach Micheál Martin at the opening of The Grace

Beneath Irish Seas – The Hidden Wonders of Ireland's Amazing Marine Life

By Nigel Motyer

Review by Daria Blackwell



Nigel Motyer, an internationally acclaimed underwater photographer, whose work has appeared in National Geographic, has created a coffee table masterpiece that's actually a useful reference for all of us coastal sailors. He has organised the photographs geographically by where he shot them, so when we are looking at shoreside critters we can turn to the right section and see who we might be tracking.

Nigel has selected these photographs from almost 40 years' worth of underwater clicks. He has divided the collection into four sections and focused on the areas where the marine life was most lush and vibrant. His text vividly recounts his sightings, like his encounters with basking shark aggregations in circular torus formations which are happening with greater frequency since the sharks were given protected status in 2022. He highlights the diversity and beauty of our marine life with the goal of inspiring our youth to venture beneath the waves and catch the desire to protect our precious environment.



Dispelling the notion that it takes tropical reefs to spawn marine wonders, Beneath Irish Seas tempts the reader to explore the abundant life awaiting discovery just off our shores. If only the water was warmer.

Hardcover
2025 Merrion Press
ISBN 9781785375705

Enjoy the ICC Online

For current news, information, upcoming events, and discussions

Keep up to date with all matters ICC by following the news on our updated website. Our member-only section is chock-full of information, including our latest club calendar. Remember also to keep your information up to date, and don't forget to upload a photo of yourself and your boat.

Please also join our private Facebook page, where you can join in the discussions. Just search for *"Irish Cruising Club"* on Facebook, click on the link to the group page. Or, just scan the QR code to the right. Then click on the *"join"* link. (Only members will be admitted.) You will then receive notifications of new posts on our website.

Bantry Bay Cruise, 2026

by John McAleer

Fortune smiled on the Bantry Bay Cruise 2026, with a week of fantastic weather in one of the most scenic areas of Ireland.

Members assembled at Lawrence Cove Marina, Bere Island, on Tuesday 28th July, with a barbecue at 7 pm. A most enjoyable evening ensued with a combination of ICC members, their guests and other marina visitors.



Under starters orders at the barbecue

Partying continued until late in the evening, with three barbecues turning out a range of excellent foods. Salads and wines passed between tables, where people rotated to meet and greet both old and new friends.

There was a special welcome for new ICC Member Eamonn Doyle and Mary Jane, who had sailed from Dún Laoghaire to join the cruise.

Wednesday 29th July was again a marvellous day and following breakfast, the fleet of six yachts had a lovely sail-in-company up Bantry Bay to Whiddy Island.

There we were warmly greeted by Tim and Kathleen O'Leary, proprietors of the Bank House. The bar and restaurant are located at the pontoon, where the Bantry - Whiddy Ferry also lands. Tim, is also the Master of the ferry, which we had to temporarily displace from its usual berth, thanks again to Tim for facilitating us to raft-up on the pontoon

The fleet on Whiddy Island pontoon



The afternoon being very warm, there was little else to do but to relax, swim, and sit in the sun and of course enjoy some of the Bank House refreshments.

By 6pm, we had thirty-four diners ready for dinner. We had a very enjoyable evening on Whiddy watching the sun going down

Thursday morning 30th July, again in bright warm sunshine, thirty-two of us assembled at 11:30 am for a walk to the Whiddy Oil Terminal. A number of attendees also arrived on the 11:30 am ferry, some with plans to spend the night in the Island Schoolhouse, which was converted to a B+B some years ago. Others planned to avail of a specially organised late-night ferry back to the mainland.

We had a most enjoyable walk across the island roads, which are normally very quiet. We did have a surprise meeting with a convoy of Garda vehicles, HSE ambulances, Fire, and other emergency vehicles, who were returning from a training exercise at the terminal.



Walkers assembling at the Bank House

Walking on Whiddy's narrow roads was a pleasant experience and a good time was enjoyed by all.

Along the way we took in the Island's two inland lakes, one of fresh water and the second brackish, due to sea water being able to enter at high tide.

The views are amazing on a day such as we had. As we walked along the Island shoreline, we could see the Bay stretch out to Sheep's Head to the East and to Dursey Island in the West.

We were welcomed at the oil terminal at 1.15p.m, by Terminal Manager, Tadhg Deasy.



The group descends a large bund at the terminal

As one might guess, it's a high security facility and also a hazardous environment, so Tadhg had arranged for a minibus and coach from the mainland, to carry us around the large facility.

Following registration of each visitor, the group assembled firstly at the monument to those lost in the *Betelgeuse* accident on 18th January 1979, where we viewed the remains of the old jetty and the new single mooring buoy.

Later at the terminal Control Room, where photographs were not permitted, we enjoyed a very interesting briefing on the operations undertaken on the site. Tadhg was snowed under by members' questions - a mark of how interesting everything was. We were then coached to visit a 600,000 barrel diesel tank, which was having a new floating roof built internally on its floor. This roof would later to be raised into its loftier position on the enormous steel structure.

The visitors made a small presentation on behalf of ICC to Tadgh Deasy, as a mark of our gratitude. After many more questions, we thanked Tadhg and finally got on our way, where the coach dropped us at the terminal gate and everyone who had signed in earlier, also now signed out.

The route home was mainly cross country where we negotiated safe passage across the undulating Whiddy landscape, with cattle, goats and sheep.

For anyone unfamiliar with Whiddy, it has a very interesting history. Over 750 people lived on the island a century ago – in marked contrast now with its c. 20 inhabitants.

Interesting built features of the island include an old British fort and the remains of a World War 1 American seaplane base, which was tasked with hunting German submarines in the Atlantic.

There were also several anecdotes to recall at various rests during the walk. One of my personal favourites was when passing the house of the last schoolboy on the island:

"He was the only island child left in the school and at just seven years of age, every morning he drove his car across the island to collect his teacher and bring her to the schoolhouse. In the afternoons, he dropped his teacher back home to her house".

I guess that's what makes a real Teacher's Pet!

Everyone enjoyed the walk back to the Bank House and pontoon, where once again after the long walk, it was a case of dire necessity to take some liquids on board.

As dinner time approached and it being such a beautiful evening, we unanimously decided to have the Bantry Bay Cruise main dinner al fresco on the shoreline.

Again, the weather greatly favoured the event and I don't know who took this photo, but it certainly captures the scene as Bantry sleeps under the summer moon – providing the perfect backdrop to a great ICC day out.

The party continued until dark and having bid farewell to the last ferry with its ICC passengers, we drifted down the gangway onto different boats for nightcaps and goodnight wishes.

Awaking again to bright sunshine on Friday morning 31st July, the fleet made its leisurely way back down the Bay, one by one. Some went shopping in Bantry, one or two boats made for Sheep's Head and the Mizen, while others made for a last night on Bere Island, bringing an end to a most enjoyable week in Bantry Bay.

In closing this piece, I gratefully acknowledge the kind help of former ICC Rear Commodore South, Séamus O'Connor, who arranged for our invitation to the terminal and also to all of those who kindly forwarded photographs of the week.

The backdrop to dinner



Galician Grapevine

by Peter Fernie



Our annual gathering Encuentro Náutico 2026 took place from the 12th - 19th July and was based in two locations: Monte Real Yacht Club in Baiona (MRCYB) and A Pobra do Caramiñal. We started with a well-attended wine reception and a dinner the following evening. Both events were in MRCYB with whom the ICC has a long relationship going back over 45 years. The fleet then made its way north during the following week for an alfresco pontoon party on the marina in Pobra and a bodega-based barbeque party just outside the town the following day. A fuller report will be in the Annual. Twenty-three boats participated with around 55 guests and members.

We have had several new arrivals to the ICC fleet over the last few years: Conor Haughey with *Hibernian*, Anne and Ian Gaughan with *Xena*, Brian McDaid with *Briomhar*. This year Derek Jones with *Bacchus* joined the fleet. Meanwhile Bob Earlie with a newly re-engined *B Hive* departed for Brittany after a number of seasons based in Xufre. Currently the Rias Baixas fleet is around 25 boats.

In early September, Lonan Lardner, who was taking *Minerva* down to Portugal for the winter, had an encounter with a group of orcas about 5NM south of MRCYB. You will find Lonan's account of this incident towards the beginning of this issue.

Enda Connellan in *Wife of Pi* also had an encounter, presumably with the same pod on his way to Portugal from Galicia but with no serious damage although the hydraulic steering was affected.

Both incidents occurred less than a month after another encounter in the same area of the coastline. According to the local newspaper, Voz de Galicia, August 3, *"two orcas approached a 60-foot boat as it sailed off Cabo Silleiro. According to data on the website www.orcas.pt, the incident occurred around 7:15 pm, and there was also an impact on the rudder. In that case, no significant structural damage was reported. The rudder has thus once again been identified as an element affected in an encounter with these cetaceans. It's not unfamiliar territory for sailors who navigate these waters".* Theories and remedies abound as to why it is happening and how the effects can be mitigated. Sand, pingers (illegal if used), stopping the engine, starting the engine, turning the depth sounder on or off, going backwards, going in circles, flares, shotguns, have all been considered – prayer and zen-like contemplation has also been known



to work. However, the rumour that the Xunta de Galicia has been training orcas in a bid to keep ICC members in Galicia is regarded as far-fetched.

Both the north and south bays of Xufre/San Julian have a large number of redundant large fishing boat moorings since the fishing boats migrated to the new fishing marina in Porto do Xufre. Although the moorings can be difficult to pick up, one can reasonably assume for the moment, that they are strong enough to hold most yachts. There are an increasing number of visiting yachts using these moorings and Xufre is a pleasant quiet place for a night or so with good restaurants and bars.

The development of the Club Náutico Boiro-Marina Cabo de Cruz continues. The rooftop bar is a pleasant spot for a pre-prandial drink although the restaurant has still not opened. Opening is imminent to judge by the tables that are in place and I assume that it opened in August. The facilities are excellent although space in the marina seems at a premium with about 200 berths.

Phyllis Hayes reports that *Allegra* spent another very enjoyable summer based in A Pobra do Caramiñal and in cruising the Rias Baixas. This year during a windy spell in Ria de Vigo, they anchored for the first time off Moaña



and spent several nights there. The anchorage was both sheltered and spacious with good holding. They felt that it was an ideal spot and not much visited. The town had everything they needed for an extended stay, with many convenient places to tie up the dinghy (or kayak) for visits ashore. They also reported the great views from the recently opened rooftop bar in Cabo Cruz.

Islas Ons has always been favourite place for an overnight stop. The moorings which were laid by Casa Checho restaurant were removed some years ago as they were unauthorised. There have been reports that some of the restaurant moorings close to the quay have been reinstated. The latest news is that the Xunta de Galicia maritime/tourist authority will in the next months



place some ‘official’ moorings which will be bookable using the existing Navigation Permission for the Atlantic Islands. This would be a great addition to the anchoring and mooring possibilities. Anchoring in the vicinity of the quay is not recommended due to the rocky seabed and the presence of much discarded ground tackle.

Pat and Ann Lyons, who unfortunately could not attend EN 26 arrived in the Rias a week later and joined forces with the Linehans and the Cudmores to attend one of the local beach sardine barbecues held in Pobra over the summer. A paper cup of wine, a choice of sardines or empanadas all for the princely sum of €8. Pobra has very much become a base for many boats. The town is attractive with fountains and shady gardens. The choice of inexpensive restaurants continues to increase, and the beach is ideal for swimming. The sands are cleaned and raked early every morning. An example one might hope could be adopted by municipal authorities in Ireland.

Peter and Moira Haden are also having a late September holiday in Caramiñal and report that “Nico, Dieste, and Ana are looking after us in this especially friendly ICC outpost”. Peter also reports that Cangas continues to improve with a lot of reconstruction of the many derelict stone houses and improved pedestrianisation. The marina, although very busy, continues to operate efficiently under the capable hands of Bea and Juan, the chief marinero. The food offering changes in the El Faro bar/restaurant next to the marina are an improvement but the closure of the club house up the road is a great disappointment. The ICC has held some memorable gatherings there. The Vigo ferry now runs across to Vigo every 30 minutes during daylight hours for those who want to spend a day of retail therapy.

Peter Fernie, who hadn’t visited Cangas for two years had been alarmed that his favourite ICC bar *“up the hill on the back street by the little square”* in Cangas had closed. The wooden platform outside the bar had disappeared and the bar was closed on the day he was there. Peter Haden reassuredly reports that indeed, it is still operating under the same management and was open during August. Panic over.

Bon Chance, Mes Amis

by Hugh Barry

I spent the years from 1962 to 1972 in England with spells in Essex and Yorkshire, where the sea was much further away than I was used to, and in Merseyside. While there I made the acquaintance of Alan Stead, a stalwart of the NWORA, who owned and raced a Dee 25 from Holyhead. It was meticulously maintained and equipped for offshore racing. I learned a lot in two seasons racing with him.

My sojourn in exile in England over, I returned to Dublin, where I had got a job in late 1972. (It's ok, that's the final bit of autobiography to be inflicted on the reader.) Some time, possibly a year or two later, I met up with one of my long-time, sailing friends from the Royal Munster, which had in the interim been subsumed into the RCYC. After an exchange of pleasantries and a few insults, he invited me to race around the Fastnet (not the race that starts in Cowes) on his Trapper 28. I agreed but, drawing on my experiences in NWORA/ISORA, stipulated that a life raft and harnesses be carried.

So it was that some weeks later on a Friday night we started from the line at the "Grassy Walk" in Crosshaven. On boarding the boat, I had been relieved, and said so, to see a life raft mounted on the coach roof and on being issued with a harness. The night was dark, wet, and windy and, almost inevitably, it was a sou'wester. There were only three of us, the skipper, Michael, and me. The skipper was very experienced. Michael, sometimes called Mickey (but not to his face), was also experienced. He was a tough sailor, whose previous experience included climbing the mast of a Dragon which was, I think, en route to the Edinburgh Cup at Abersoch, at night in St Georges Channel to retrieve a halliard. At risk of being repetitious, we were shorthanded!



Image by John McAleer with the assistance of AI

We slogged our way to the SW past the Old Head, past Seven Heads, and towards Galley Head. As we went, the rain became heavier, the sea got bigger and more and more water sluiced down the decks and into the cockpit. It was also some considerable time since we had seen any of the other competing boats. It was miserable. Michael went below for some reason and reappeared after the shortest of intervals exclaiming *"I'm up to my arse in water"!* The reaction to this *bon mot* was predictable: we hove to and pumped and bucketed the water out of her. As the anxiety level amongst us three subsided with the dropping water level and as we headed eastwards (yes, the consensus was *hump this for a game of cowboys*), the skipper said he had felt she had been getting a bit sluggish in her response to the helm. I said cheerfully to him: *"Weren't you glad I insisted on a life raft"?* His reply, somewhat shamefacedly delivered, left me flabbergasted. *"That's an empty canister that was washed ashore at Fountainstown"!*

I was reminded of an article I had read in *Afloat* (or maybe its predecessor) describing the life raft on a French yacht which had the inscription: *Tirez ici et bon chance, mes amis! (Pull here and good luck, my friends!)* Chance would have been a fine thing!

Einstein Enabled GPS

by Daria Blackwell

I recently learned just how GPS can pinpoint your position on the surface of the earth: To measure distances perfectly, the satellites need incredibly accurate atomic clocks. However, Albert Einstein's theories of relativity state that clocks tick at different speeds depending on gravity and speed. Two things happen to the satellites: because of special relativity, speed makes time slow down and because of general relativity, gravity makes time speed up. It's easy to surmise how a signal from the satellites would miss its mark.

The satellites zoom around Earth at about 14,000 km/h (8,700 mph). Because they move so fast, their clocks tick slightly slower than clocks on Earth. This causes a delay of 7 microseconds per day.

Because the satellites are 20,200 km (12,500 miles) above Earth, they experience much less of Earth's gravity. Gravity actually stretches and slows down time. With less gravity, the satellite clocks tick faster by 45 microseconds per day.

When you combine both effects, a satellite clock gains about 38 microseconds every day. That may sound trivial, but if engineers did not adjust for Einstein's theories, your device's GPS location would be off by about 11 kilometres (7 miles) every single day! To fix this, scientists purposely program the satellite clocks to run a little slower before they are launched into space.

Today, GPS takes into account this "time dilation," so satellites always know where you are when you open Google Maps or your navigation software.

But how do they know which way you are heading? Your device knows your walking or sailing direction through a combination of local hardware sensors and constant math calculations. When you are standing still or moving slowly, your device relies on built-in hardware sensors: The magnetometer (compass) sensor measures the Earth's natural magnetic field. It determines which way is absolute. The gyroscope tracks rotation and angular velocity. It knows if you turn your body or your boat's wheel. The accelerometer measures changes in speed and gravitational force. It senses the specific forward-and-back bounce of a human step or the tilt of a boat wave.

When you start moving faster, your device relies on relative position shifts. The GPS receiver records your position at regular intervals to create tracking points. Your GPS receiver draws a straight mathematical line from your old position to your new position to determine direction and distance. This line creates a travel vector that instantly updates your map arrow and position to point to your direction of travel and where you are. Your navigation apps use software algorithms called Kalman filters to combine all of these data points at once. This prevents your map arrow from spinning wildly when you stop walking or when a boat sways on the water.

So, there you are. GPS would be impossible without Einstein's Theory of Relativity. But did you know that Einstein was a sailor? Einstein, as is well-known, loved to sail. He was, apparently, a comically bad sailor, repeatedly running aground and capsizing. In the summer of 1939, the famed physicist relaxed by sailing (not very capably) on Long Island Sound in a boat called the *Tinef* — Yiddish for "worthless" or "junk." Apparently, it was "his happiest summer ever."

Albert Einstein sailing with Grete Lebach, photo by Lotte Jacobi, courtesy of the Leo Baeck Institute



l'île d'Ouessant (Ushant)

by Pat O'Shea

This year's summer cruise on *Amergin* took us to the Channel Islands and the North coast of Brittany. A visit to l'île d'Ouessant had been on our agenda for a number of years, and this time the weather obliged.

We left L'Aber-Wrac'h marina on the evening of Sunday 28th June, benefitting from the west-going tide. It was warm and sunny with the wind on the nose. Onboard were my wife Ruth, my brother Tom, and his wife, Breda. About an hour later, as we passed the Libenter cardinal mark we unfurled the main but still needed the engine. Later, we did manage to cut the engine and sail for a couple of hours, and around 22:00, we picked up a visitor's mooring in Port du Stiff on the east side of Ouessant. All the ferries and cargo vessels arrive at

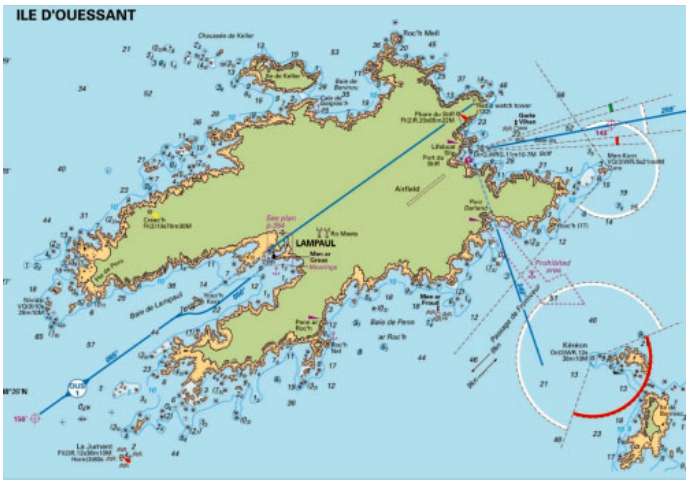


Port du Stiff Moorings

this port even though the only town, Lampaul, the main centre of population is on the west of the island. We had very good shelter but there was a slight roll. After a light dinner, we turned in for the night.

The next morning, we took the dinghy ashore and hired electric bikes nearby to tour the island. There were three hire companies with plenty of choice available and good value at €25 for the day. The island is shaped like a crab's claw and is roughly 8 km long by 4 km wide. It has a population of around 800, swelling to 2,500 in the Summer. It is the westernmost part of France. The placenames on the island are mostly in the old Breton language and can be a bit difficult to pronounce.

We cycled the short distance into Lampaul and stopped for a coffee at Le Roc'h Ar Mor, which overlooks the bay, before continuing on to Phare du Créac'h on the NW side of the island. This lighthouse is one of five on Ouessant, standing 55m tall and with a range of 37.5 NM is one of the most powerful in the world. We left the bikes here and walked west along the spectacularly rugged coast aptly named La Côte Sauvage. Nividic and Jument lighthouses could be clearly seen. Even on a relatively calm day, the huge waves breaking over the



jagged rocks were a spectacular sight. We circled back to pick up the bikes and cycled into Lampaul again. We could see two yachts moored in the bay. With wind from the west, the shelter here was not as good as we had in Stiff.

After a pitstop for lunch, we continued our cycle, doing a circuit around the southern peninsula and then along the south coast taking a detour down a steep narrow laneway to Port d'Arlan. The sandy beach here was a popular spot for locals to swim and sunbathe. There was also an impressive old stone pier. We returned back up the hill, grateful for having the benefit of electric bikes and continued our "Lighthouse Tour" by visiting Phare du Stiff on the east side of the island. This was the first lighthouse built on Ouessant. There is also a 72m high (130m above sea level) traffic control radar tower constructed nearby. It was erected following the 1978 *Amoco Cadiz* shipwreck and subsequent ecological disaster when 227,000 T of oil spilled into the sea. In





La Côte Sauvage



Phare de Nividic

1980, a traffic separation scheme called the “Ushant Rail” was put in place to regulate ship movements to and from the English Channel. The tower monitors all traffic in a 40 NM radius around the island. After exploring the area for a while we cycled back to Port du Stiff and returned the bikes.

Ferries arrive to the port several times during the day. They are met by buses which take the visitors into Lampaul. We hopped onboard one of these and within 10 minutes we were back in the town to look for somewhere to have dinner. It was very busy and most restaurants were full. However, we found a restaurant named Y’A Skiff where we had a table outside in the garden and the food was excellent. The 45-minute walk back to Port du Stiff helped digest our food and we were ready for a nightcap back on board.



Phare du Créac’h

It was a leisurely start the next day. Our original plan was to sail from Ouessant to the Isles of Scilly. However, the weather forecast was for strong winds in the Scillies for the next few days. We decided to head back to L’Aber-Wrac’h and wait for the weather to improve. We killed some time awaiting the east-going tide at 14:00 by attending to some small maintenance jobs and going ashore for a coffee at the nearby café, “O’Stiff”.

At 18:00 we tied up in L’Aber-Wrac’h after a nice downwind sail, we flew the cruising chute for most of the passage. We filled the time by hiking along some of the beautiful coastal walks in the area, which are well maintained and signposted. Three days later we did manage to leave for the Isles of Scilly and had a few very enjoyable days there in pleasant weather.

Compass Rose

by Ed Wheeler

I just had two short cruises of one week each this year. The first was to Carlingford Lough. I anchored in Belderg Bay outside Strangford Narrows and spent two days in Ardglass, during which I was royally entertained to an archaeological tour of the local Lecale area by Bob and Linda Brown. I was joined in Ardglass by Robin McKelvery and we made a transit of the Newry Canal, a first for me. I noted that the Narrow Water Bridge is under construction and will include an opening span. The canal is in good shape, with plenty of water.

My second cruise was up to Rathlin single-handed for the ICC end-of-season rally. I took my time over this and stopped at Knockinelder Bay, Bangor, Larne Lough, and Glenarm on the way. I had to leave early on the Saturday for reasons of wind and tide and missed the dinner.



Southern Region Raft-Up 2026

by Sally Cudmore



The raft-up is an annual tradition in the Southern region at the start of September, marking the gradual winding down of the cruising season. Last year's event fell victim to wind and rain, so we were delighted to find the weather considerably more cooperative this time around.



We set off in soft drizzle on Sunday 13th September, and five boats gathered at 12:30pm in the usual location, beyond East Ferry at a wonderful calm anchorage surrounded by trees with plentiful white egrets and herons. *Quetsal*, new to Patrick and Maria Dorgan, was the lead anchor boat, with Hugh Gibson's *Mandalay*, Katie and Jim Corbett's *Dochas*, Aideen and John Cudmore's *Setanta*, and Angela and Jim O'Meara's *Second Chance* all rafting alongside. Conor Doyle's *Freya* was anchored at East Ferry as we passed. However, with the overhead electricity cables beyond the village offering an air draught of 24 metres, exactly matching the height of his mast, discretion proved the better part of valour and *Freya* remained where she was. All boats carried additional guests, with Séamus and Patricia O'Connor earning the prize for the longest journey, having travelled from Bantry.

After lunch aboard our respective boats, people began the traditional exchange of visits, stories and refreshments. By then the mist had completely disappeared and the afternoon had turned into a lovely sunny one.

The crew of *Dochas* suggested a swim. Encouraged by unexpectedly warm water, a surprising number of people took the plunge. This may well become a new raft-up tradition! As not everyone had arrived equipped with swimwear, there was some borrowing of kit and creative interpretations of suitable swimming attire.

Appetites sated, wine bottles and teapots empty, and summer cruises well discussed, we dispersed around 5:30pm. We had big spring tides, with low water of 0.23m at 1:14pm and high tide of 4.40m at 6:53pm. This made for a particularly strong floodtide of around 3kn against us when leaving East Ferry.

An idyllic setting, excellent company, lively chat, and unexpected sunshine combined to make for a highly sociable gathering. It was a magical way to celebrate another successful cruising season before thoughts begin to turn towards winter berths and next year's adventures.



The Walker Log

by Alan Leonard

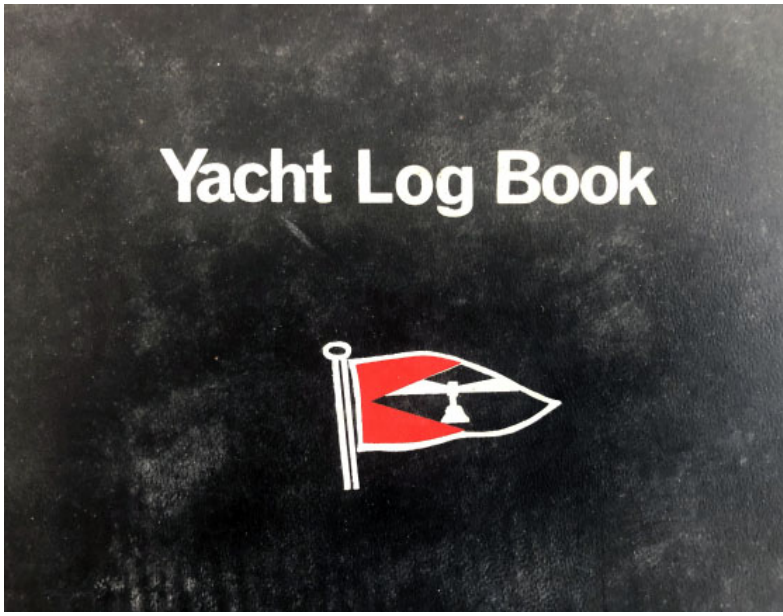


Walker Log, showing mounting bracket, rotator line and safety line

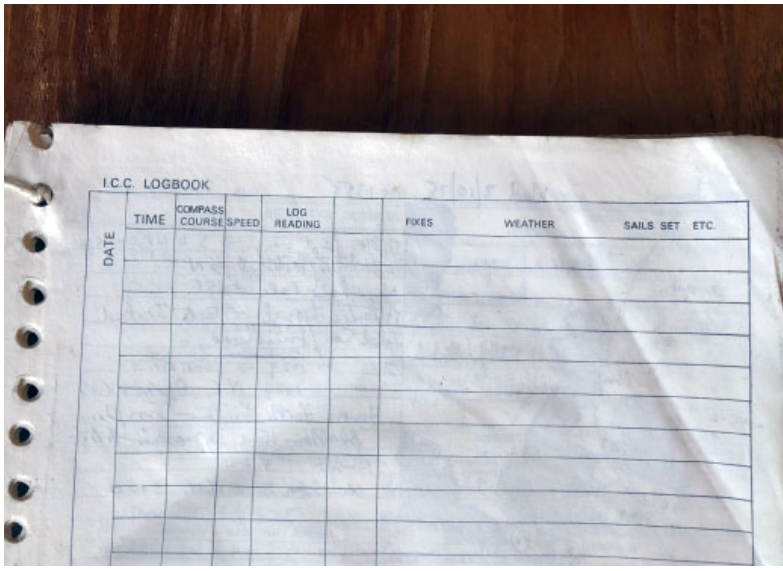
In his adjudication speech after the AGM, the log adjudicator Ed Wheeler remarked that few of the logs submitted included a table of distances. I wondered why this should be? It occurred to me that there is now a generation of sailors who have never known what it is not to know exactly where you are all of the time. If you do know exactly where you are, why should you record the hourly distance run? Why indeed? Yet the distance run was an essential part of the process of dead reckoning to work up an estimated position (EP). This process is widely taught and learnt as part of the Yachtmaster syllabus but I suspect that the vast majority never really think that they will ever need to use it. However, as international tension increases, so does the possibility of jamming or spoofing of the GPS signal. We may yet have to revert to traditional methods of navigation.

Before the days of through-hull impellers, the distance run was recorded hourly from the measurements taken by a Walker Log. This instrument projected over the ships side, on a removable bracket. When streaming the log, the line was clipped on at the back of the instrument and paid out in a bight, with the rotator still on board. When the line was all in the water, the rotator was thrown clear. The bight straightened out, the rotation from the rotator was passed up the line and the mechanism began to turn. Any attempt to stream the line with the rotator in the water invariably resulted in a terrible tangle. When handing the log, the line was unclipped and the bitter end paid out into the water as the rotator was hauled in. This allowed the turns imparted to the line by the rotator to dissipate and so avoid a tangle.

When sailing at a moderate speed (or greater) the turns were imparted smoothly to the mechanism, which turned accordingly and the distance run through the water recorded. However, in light airs and at low speeds there was insufficient energy to keep the mechanism turning continuously, despite the rotator continuing to turn. Eventually there was sufficient energy imparted to overcome the inertia of the mechanism, which then caught up with a great WHIRRRR. A crewmember dozing off during a night watch would be rudely awakened! For generations the distance run recorded in this way was the backbone of dead reckoning, and used to work up an EP. The information was recorded in the logbook which the club used to produce.



Cover of the ICC Log Book



A content page of the ICC Logbook showing headings

Left: rotator with sinker

A return visit to Rathlin Island

by Joe Phelan



Returning from the 2025 Western Isles Cruise last year we decided to call into Rathlin Island as we had had a slow departure from Gigha. This wonderful wee Hebridean Island is wholly owned by the community. Trish and I first visited it in 1970 on John Russel's classic yawl *Ismana*, designed by Laurence Giles in 1951.

Trish and I were Peter & Bev Killen on Peter's excellent Beneteau Trawler Yacht, *Pure Magic Too*, where he had exchanged sail power for diesel. Not a fair exchange in my opinion! A quick passage had us tied up on the pontoon in Rathlin. Dinner was booked in the Manor House. We took a short walk around the roads for exercise and then into McCuaig's for pints of cidre. It was, after all, sunny and warm. Next morning it was on to Bangor.

And so, we thought, Trish and I that is, to return to Rathlin for a slow visit to the island in July just gone. The hotel was built as a Manor House in the middle 1750s for the Gage family, the last of whom died as recently as 1973. It stood as a neglected property on my early visits until, in 2016, the National Trust reopened the house as a full-service hotel and community hub. Trish booked us in for two nights (22 and 23 July) and I set about getting us there. It had to be by public transport as we had sold our boat *Lydia*, a 1995 model of an HR31 to our two sons, John and Paul, and their families.

The plan was to get the 09:18 Dart from Bayside station to Connolly in time for the 09:50 Enterprise to Grand Central, Belfast. I should point out that all travel was on the 'Buspass' in the South and 'Translink' in the North. We splurged on 1st class tickets. The train arrived a little late in Belfast, but we still managed to catch the 12:10 to Derry/LondonDerry where we stepped off in heavily flagged Ballymena, it being only ten days after the 12th of July. Here we boarded the 2pm bus to Ballycastle due to arrive in plenty of time to check-in for the 16:00 car ferry to Rathlin. With time to spare, we headed back to the seafront for Maud's famous ice cream establishment. I can strongly recommend a tasting visit. The ferry left promptly and we rolled across the sound, landing in front of the hotel at 16:40. The trip over allowed us to see the magnificent coastal cliffs stretching to the west. These are made up of many metres of black lava overlaying the whiteness of the calcium carbonate produced by untold trillions of single celled organisms called coccolithophores now compressed into a hard chalk. The overlying lava was the result of massive magma extrusions some 60 million years ago that produced the Giant's Causeway and Fingal's Cave in Scotland.

We checked into the Manor House and walked to McCuaig's for cidre, again. Later, after an excellent meal we walked back to the pub where a session with Mary Black's brothers was the highlight of a very pleasant night.

Next morning we took the Puffin bus to the lighthouse and bird sanctuary at the west end of the island. It was stunning. Never have I seen such a gathering of sea birds, despite having known about it for years. Now for the walk back, all 10 km along a road with many hills. That required a siesta before another evening in the restaurant and another excellent meal.

The return ferry next day was at 12:00. A fast ferry, it was in Ballycastle in half an hour. A few of the passengers walked with us to the Marina Corner bus stop. Two of the women, younger than us but not young; i.e. not in the 80s as we are, suggested we take the Causeway Coast Ulster bus to Coleraine, and catch the train for Belfast at that station. As it turned out, they were also aiming for the 16:00 Enterprise, their destination being Newry. And what an excellent suggestion that was. It was a beautiful sunny day in the four seats stretched across the very front of the bus for maximum viewing along a fascinating coastal route.

The train was, however, 20 minutes late into Grand Central and we had to wait for the 17:00 but we were still home in Sutton Park soon after 8pm.

Public Transport worked extremely well with good trains and bus services.

Harry Pidgeon



Harry Clifford Pidgeon

Harry Pidgeon was not a professional sailor. He was not a wealthy adventurer. He was a farmer and carpenter from Iowa who decided, sometime in his forties, that he wanted to sail around the world.

So, he found a set of boat plans in a yachting magazine and built a 34-foot yawl in his backyard. He called her *Islander*. The *Islander* cost $1,000 in materials and took a year and a half to build.

He then taught himself to sail. Because all of his initial knowledge of seafaring and boatbuilding came from reading, he was dubbed the *"Library Navigator"* in the press.

In 1921 he sailed off from Los Angeles. In 1925 he arrived back, having sailed around the world solo. He was the second person in history to do it, after Joshua Slocum. He published an account of the voyage in his 1932 book, *Around the World Single-Handed.* In 1926 he was awarded the *Blue Water Medal* by the Cruising Club of America.

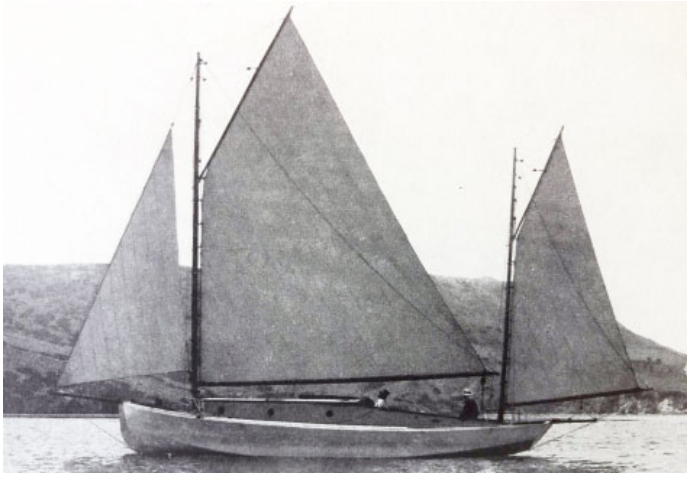
Then he did it again. In 1932, at age 61, Harry Pidgeon set off on a second solo circumnavigation aboard *Islander*. He completed it in 1937. He attempted a third together with his wife in 1947 at the age of 75. This time, *Islander* was wrecked on a reef in the New Hebrides. He and his wife survived.

A carpenter from Iowa. A boat built from magazine plans. Two complete solo circumnavigations.

There is absolutely no excuse for the rest of us. What's stopping you from pointing your boat somewhere interesting this coming season?



Islander *under construction*



Islander *under sail*

Our Little Green Book

You will have received your copy of our Member Yearbook, which we call the Little Green Book, or LGB. It is chock full of information about your Club, your fellow members, and their yachts. New this year is the club calendar of upcoming events. Of course you will find all of this information in the member section of our website as well. Please take the time to review your information in the LGB and, for that matter, the information about your friends as well. Your own information you can edit via the website, otherwise, please send an email to: editor@irishcruisingclub.com.



Please do not be give your book to non-members, clubs, or any other entity. Or, for that matter, do not leave it lying somewhere that someone might pick it up. The information in the LGB is private and for club members only.

The Hurtigruten (fast route)

by Jim and Katie Corbett

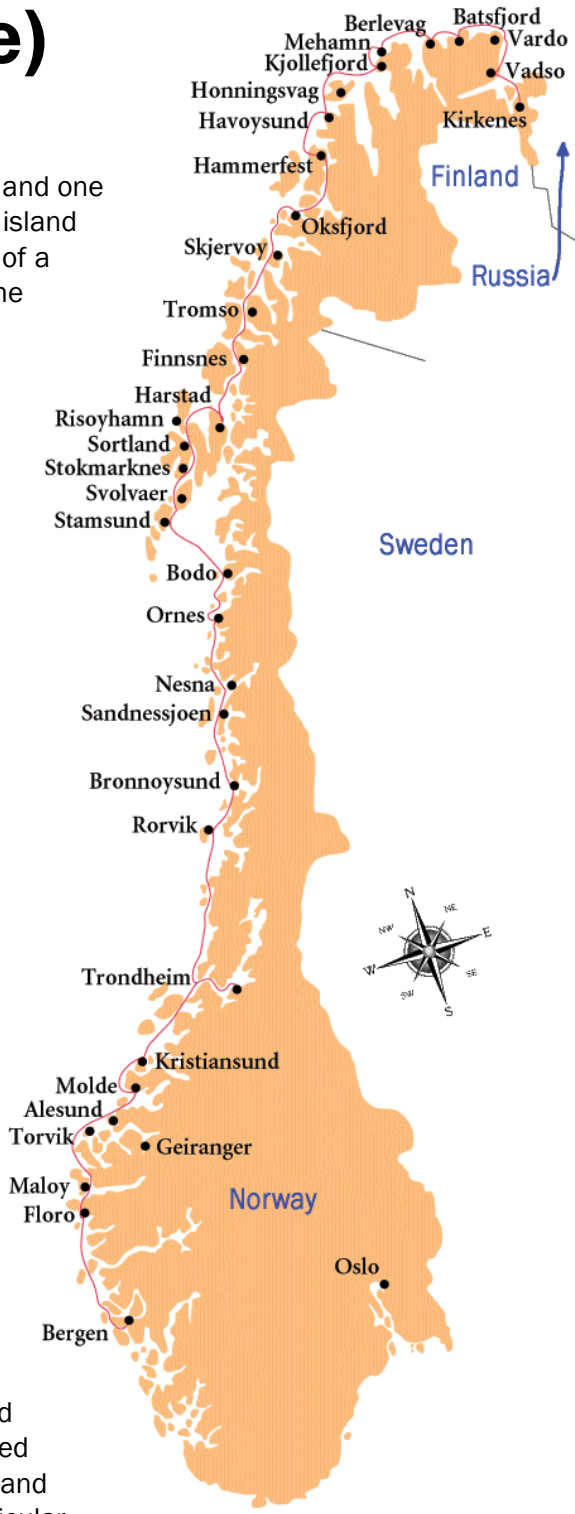
We participated in the ICC cruise around the Lofoten Islands this summer and one of our stopovers was into Stokmarknes, a town on the northern coast of the island of Hadseløya. Arriving at the town pontoon, we were greeted by the sight of a very large glass building housing an entire ship, the *Finnmarken*. This is the Hurtigrutemuseet, a museum featuring the history of the Hurtigruten line.



The Hurtigrutemuseet with a ship inside

Norway is a relatively narrow country. The distance from north to south is 1,750 km, with deep fjords and high mountains blocking the easy construction of roads or railways. A visit to this museum proved very worthwhile. We could explore the entire ship and learn about the Hurtigruten line from the many posters and exhibits on the way. We are told that roads and railways are often closed in winter due to snow or landslides. Historically, goods and people were transported up and down the coast by coastal steamers which were unreliable and took a long time. The Hurtigruten is a household name in Norway and was established in 1893 by government contract to improve communications along Norway's long, jagged coastline. It was intended to facilitate travel up and down the country. In particular, fish such as herring, halibut, and cod from the north could be quickly transported south and exported, generating income. Imports could be brought north, improving the quality of life and supporting the local communities. The Hurtigruten coastal route provides daily, year-round, and consistent traffic between Bergen in the southwest and Kirkenes near the Russian border with 34 ports of call on northbound and 33 ports of call on southbound sailings. North to south and back takes a week in each direction. This requires 11 ships to be in service all year round. The Ministry of Transport has set minimum capacity requirements of 320 passengers, 120 berths, and 150 euro-pallets for cargo. Historically, the route was operated jointly by several shipping companies. In 2006, the last two remaining Hurtigruten companies, OVDS and TFDS, merged to form the company Hurtigruten AS, named after the route.





The Hurtigruten



The Hurtigruten fleet are similar to our ferries on the Irish Sea. This is significantly determined by the height of various bridges on the route and also by being able to execute a 180 degree turn in the Trullfjord, a narrow scenic fjord in the Lofoten island chain. In all, 76 ships have served the route since its formation in 1893. The Hurtigruten ships are noted for a lively tradition of sounding loud, echoing blasts of their horns to greet passing sister ships along the Norwegian coast and when entering or preparing to leave harbour. Some 700 lives and 14 ships were lost in World War II, being sunk by both Allied and Axis actions at various stages of the war. The Germans attacked the ships as they believed that they secretly aided Norwegian resistance fighters and helped evacuees. The Allied forces frequently targeted the route to disrupt German supply lines.

In modern times, apart from local commerce, the Hurtigruten is a popular mini cruise for tourists with the time and means to enjoy the magnificent scenery and Scandi experience. Cruise formats can be end-to-end with stopover times in the various ports measured in hours or a hop-on, hop-off format although one must decide in advance which ports you wish to get off at and how long you wish to spend there. All cruises feature authentic Norwegian cuisine and access to local guides and experts. During our own cruise in the Lofoten islands, we frequently came across these beautiful mini liners, either in port or hurrying along to the next port of call. Although we did not take the journey ourselves, many club members arrived at Harstad after a trip on the Hurtigruten. We will be back.

An Portán

by Jarlath Cunnane



An Portán *under sail*

Through an unexpected enquiry on Facebook I sold *Nimrod* to a Canadian buyer who planned to sail home along the Viking route via Iceland and Greenland. To familiarise the new owner with the vessel and show them the ropes, I sailed with the new buyer and crew to Inishbofin. There, with some regret I handed over command to the proud new Canadian owner.

So now for the first time in many years, I was without a boat. I have always built my own boats as I enjoyed the building process. Now with age silently creeping up on me, the thoughts of building another boat were daunting, so I started looking at buying something smaller.

I have always admired the Cornish Crabber range, which are available in various sizes from the 19ft Shrimper to the 22, 24, and 26ft versions. Having looked at and rejected a few, I eventually found exactly what I needed in a Cornish Crabber 22. *An Portán (The Crab)* was in excellent condition, well equipped, Gaff rigged, shallow draft, 4-berth with a 16hp Beta Marine diesel engine. Though the accommodation is rather basic it should be very suitable for coastal sailing.



A fixer-upper

Two Old Crocks

by Stephen Hyde

Cruachan - A Loch Fyne Skiff, was built in 1896 by the Munroe Brothers at Ardrishig, the Crinnan Canal, Scotland and was the subject of previous articles by me for the ICC. That makes her 130 years old, and I will be 81 years old later this year. (Two old crocks to say the least).

The hull is 1 inch thick pitch pine planking on oak ribs, and what remains is about 70% of the original hull. Below deck, she is very basic and relaxing, and one can still get that faint smell of the pitch pine. It is lovely and soothing to hear the water lapping against the hull of an old timber boat compared to that of a modern expensive fibreglass boat, no matter how big they are (I've experienced them all).

Early this year, I decided that I would sail *Cruachan* on my own, anticlockwise around Ireland and call to places that I had never been into before just for something to do. This will be the subject of an article for the ICC Annual.

However, today I will confine this article or story to my July experience in Bantry Bay, needless to say all in beautiful weather conditions.

On Sunday 12th July I sailed from Portmagee directly to Lawrence Cove on Bere Island, a distance of 40nm - having reserved a berth a couple of days earlier with Rachel Harrington.





The weather was absolutely beautiful, the stuff most sailors dream of having - a big change from the previous week coming down the Wild Atlantic Way. Two good friends of mine came from Bere Island and both passed away 25 years ago this year. May they rest in peace. One was John Harrington, who started the marina in Lawrence Cove which is still thriving today. The other is Bernie Cahill, who was involved in all sorts of things including Aer Lingus and Baileys Irish Cream. He was also Admiral of the RCYC for a while.

The interesting thing about Lawrence Cove is that, apart from a few permanent Irish berth holders in the marina, their best customers by a long way are the French, followed by the Danish, and the Irish come a poor third. That confirms what my father said to me back in the 1960s. Irish sailors won't go around the Mizen It was like going to "Outer Mars" and it seems to be still the same today.

On arrival, I was greeted by Rachel, Ger, and Jane McCarthy from Kenmare, who are the proud owners of another bigger timber boat which was owned at one stage by Eric Sutton. I can remember her from Crosser in my young days. There were many others there that I knew from my previous life as an architect, including John McAleer.

Once the boat was securely tied up, I went for a walk around the Island. These Island walks can only be described as real 'strong walks'. Of course, there is the Island Hotel which is perched at the top of the big hill, where I stopped and had a good feed of mussels washed down with a beer or two. What really made me laugh about the hotel was not the walk up and back, but the fact they charged me 2% extra for using my phone to pay the bill.

The following day I used the ferry and Harrington's bus to travel up and back to Cork for 2 days, a great and efficient service and all for nothing. (Old age has a couple of benefits.)

On the beautiful afternoon of Thursday 16th July, I decided to go to the local pub for a pint or two with John McAleer. Obviously, we felt like more and in the end, I had to be helped back to the boat by the much younger John.

Friday 17th when there were no ill effects from the night before, so at 10:00hrs I headed off for Crookhaven on another beautiful day, blue skies, flat seas, and very little wind. So, motor sailing was in order again. I was greeted at the Alderman Rocks by my sisters in their RIB. They accompanied me up to the moorings in Crookhaven, which was packed with boats of every description.

My sisters Lorna, Judith, Helen, plus Aileen (my wife) all came aboard for a few glasses, or bottles of wine to celebrate *Cruachan's* return to Crookhaven. Incidentally, *Cruachan* was named after a mountain in Scotland close enough to where she was built. I keep her in Crookhaven most of the time and the Irish name for Crookhaven is - Cruachan - how about that!

Then on Thursday 30th July, myself and Aileen joined a bunch of ICC sailors and others on Whiddy Island for a walking tour that included a guided tour and history of the oil terminal from the very beginning (including the *Betelgeuse* disaster) right up to the present day. This was all organised by John McAleer and was later followed by a lovely meal and drinks at Tim O'Leary's pub at the edge of the harbour. Another wonderful day and a fitting end to a great sailing experience.

After all that, I thought I was the fittest 80-year-old around. However, a couple weeks later I was diagnosed with "Temporal Arteritis" and very nearly went blind. Then to make matters worse, I fell over and broke my left foot. So now I am temporarily a crock. Anyway, in a month or two that will all be just a faint memory. But the summer and Bantry Bay will last forever.

Did You Know?

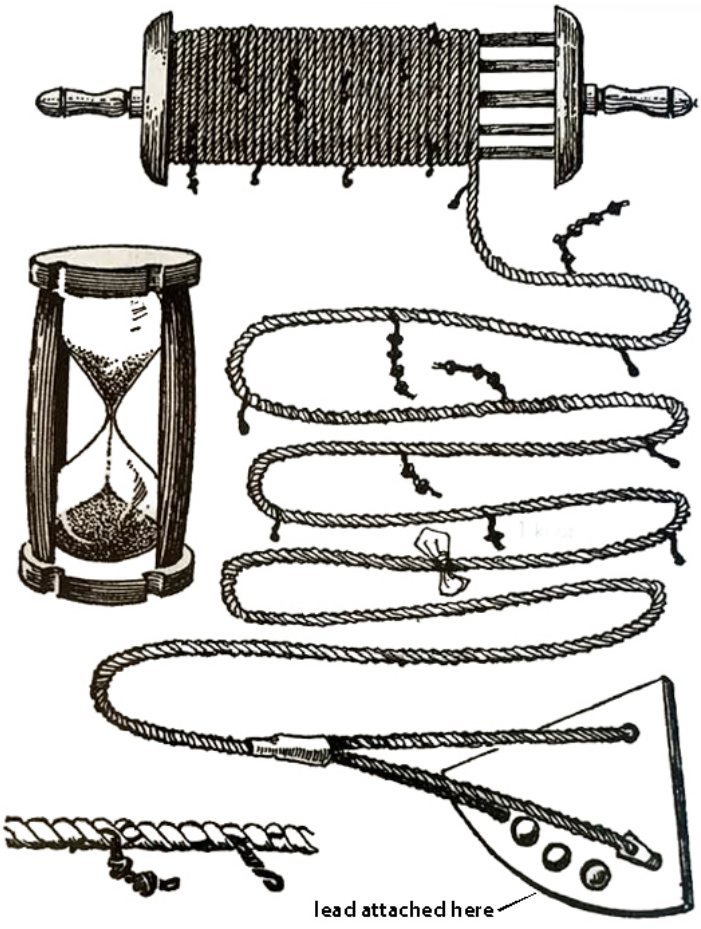
by Alex Blackwell

Did you know that the nautical term "log" comes from the wooden 'chip log' sailors once threw overboard to measure a ship's speed and that the term "knot" that we use to measure speed in a boat comes from the knots tied in the line connected to the chip log?

The weighted, quadrant-shaped chip log was attached to a rope wound on a reel. This triangular piece of wood had lead attached along its curved edge so it floated upright and resisted the water.

To measure a ship's speed, sailors threw the chip log, over the stern while a sailor on the moving ship paid out the line. Knots marked the rope at intervals of 1/120th of a nautical mile. They used a 30-second sandglass to determine when to stop paying out the line.

Because 30 seconds is 1/120th of an hour, the number of knots paid out during that interval directly indicated the ship's speed in nautical miles per hour. If five knots passed through the sailor's hands, for example, the ship was travelling at five knots. Hence the term "knots" for speed at sea. Although 'knot' and 'nautical' may sound similar, the origins of the words are 'not' (hic) the same.



Then there is the logbook.

Captains and navigators first recorded speed readings and daily observations on a slate or board. They then copied these into a permanent record. This became known as the "logbook" because it contained data collected with the chip log. Over time, "logbook" was shortened to "ship's log" and then just "log". The term eventually came to mean any systematic record of events, operations, or for that matter, computer data.

Galicia to Portugal

by Frank O'Beirne

Having spent a fortnight in the company of 80-odd other ICC members for the EN26, 12-26 of June (to be reported elsewhere), it was time to get back to our own boat *Taranis*, based in Combarro, Galicia. While Norway was undoubtedly beautiful, sailing in shorts and t-shirts in the heat of southern climes had a definite appeal. In addition, having been away with the boys for the best part of three weeks, some re-acquaintance with my better half, Judy, was required. So, flights to Santiago de Compostela and car-hire onwards to Combarro were booked.

For whatever reason, all our cruising in Galicia in the past two seasons had involved turning north towards the Ria de Arousa and Ria de Muros and all their islands, bays, and harbours. John O'Connor, ICC, had urged a left turn at the end of the Ria Pontevedra for a change which saw us in the exquisite Ria de Aldán. Anchoring off the beach at the head of the ria, tucked inside the mussel farms was perfection. Rowing ashore to investigate a recommended local restaurant, we landed on the slipway to find a food truck with tables, chairs and an unparalleled view. While undoubtedly there are many in the ICC who enjoy fine dining, it can be reported that the finest smash burger in all of Spain (possibly the world) can be had at the top of the slip in Aldán. Most of the major food groups were somehow contained between two pieces of brioche all washed down with bottles of cold *San Miguel* while watching the sun sink over Illa de Ons. This was my kind of cruising.

Onwards then having obtained the necessary navigation permits online. We anchored overnight in the Illas Cíes archipelago off the beach on the smaller of the two islands, Illa de San Martino. Once the many day-trippers lifted anchor, returning to Vigo and Baiona, we virtually had the place to ourselves. Swimming in crystal clear and warm waters (compared to Norway, where we had just been), watching the birdlife, and dining in the cockpit watching the sun sink in the west, we realised this was becoming a bit of a theme.

Onwards again to Illa de Ons. Measuring roughly 5km by 1km at its widest, this national park is stunningly beautiful with paths and marked trails. It still has a small permanent population in the village at the pier with a couple of restaurants serving great seafood. It has a coast of gently sloping cliffs and numerous "furnas" (sea caves) such as O Buraco do Inferno and sandy areas, especially on the east coast, among which the Melide Beach and dunes stand out.

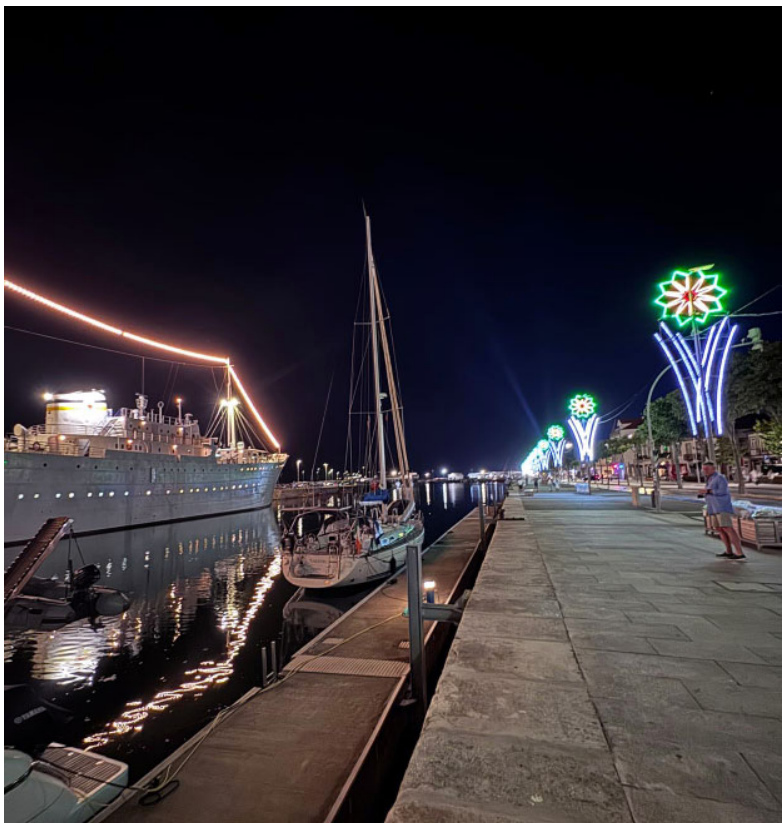
A characteristic of Ons is the rocky platform that surrounds it, forming a shallow and very rich seabed, something we discovered later that evening when we



Judy at Ciés

anchored off Melide Beach. After another evening of dining in the cockpit, sipping Albariño while listening to Van Morrison and watching the sun sink in the west (again) we headed below for an early night. During the night there were the sounds of fishing boats all round us. We are anchored in a nature reserve 50m off the beach so we believed we were imagining things. Dawn broke to the renewed sounds of the same fishing boats pulling up pots literally strewn all around us overnight, across our anchor chain and weaving between the two other yachts at anchor nearby. It was clear that they were pulling up stakes before the Guardia Civil launches might spot them as the day got under way. Our dirty looks had little effect on them. I like fishermen and feel

Alongside Viana do Castello



a sort of kindred spirit with them, but they have their fair share of cowboys.

He headed back to base in Combarro so Judy could jump ship for a week while my two partners, Kieron Guilfoyle and Adrian Eggers arrived, and we could head south towards Portugal. We passed Ria Aldan and the nudist beach at Praia de Barra. We dropped anchor off Cangas. After some determined work on our 2-stroke outboard, Adrian finally got us ashore in Cangas for dinner. Next morning we headed up to the head of the ria, under the bridge (they never look high enough for the mast, do they?) into the sanctuary of the bay beyond. We anchored just off Island of San Simón for lunch and a swim. This is a shallow enough bay, but it is simply gorgeous and we regretted not being able to stay overnight. We had, however, a date with the All-Ireland final which we watched sailing back out to sea under the bridge. And what a final, Mayo at last breaking the curse.



Beautiful streets in Povoa de Varzim

Sailing against us on their way in was ICC yacht *Wife of Pi* for all the world like the *Marie Celeste* with nobody visible in the cockpit as they passed. We suspect they were watching the match, too.

'No room at the inn' was the message from Monte Real Yacht Club Baiona. However, the magic of AIS revealed Richard and Carol Cullen's new Nautitech 48 alongside (what a yacht). After a few phone calls a berth magically appeared. It pays to have friends in high places. Baiona is a little gem – fantastic restaurants, wine bars, picturesque streets etc.

Portugal now called and we only had orcas and pesky lobster pots to deal with. There cannot be a crustacean left on the whole coast of Portugal such was the density of pots, many of them marked with virtually invisible floats. The upside of course was that we had little time to worry about the orcas which on that particular week appeared to be well to the north per Orcas.pt. A welcome arrival at Viana do Castelo, which has over the past few years seen significant upgrades to its waterfront and harbour facilities. Due to our size, we were directed to the fishing dock which initially sounded ominous but in reality, brought us well downstream from the marina and through a 170m long channel (much like a canal entrance), opening up into a large rectangular dock with pristine floating pontoons for visiting boats at its end. This is in the heart of a picturesque and bustling town overlooked by the impressive cathedral perched on the hill above. While on the way for a sundowner we passed the Viana concert hall where a youth orchestra and choir of 150 young musicians were practicing Mahler's 2nd Symphony. The beer went on hold while we were treated to a memorable impromptu concert.

Our final destination and theoretical Portuguese base for the summer was our next stop: Póvoa de Varzim. Another day of pot-dodging followed. Arrival in Póvoa was a bit underwhelming. The marina is in the process of transferring from one side of the harbour to the other with the result that the old marina where office and showers are, is unattractive and adjoins a dusty down-at-heel boatyard, while the new modern facility across the harbour has no shower block yet. This requires a significant walk back around to the old facility. Not ideal. The town requires a bit of exploring as the modern beachfront is crowded and gawdy but the old town several streets back was a delight.

Overall, I would say that the stretch of Portuguese coast we cruised could be described a bit dull and uninteresting, were it not for the reality of the pots and the threat of the orcas. However, at time of writing, we are heading southwards for the attractions of Porto, so who knows. But that chapter has yet to be written....

South Island, Ciés taken from North Island Ciés with our anchorage in background



Northern Notes

by Maeve Bell

Northern members have enjoyed cruising far and wide this season and, for once, the luckiest may have been those sailing close to home who savoured the best summer weather for years. Gregg Taylor on *Blue Squirrel* enjoyed a 'gentleman's cruise' where the sun always shone and the wind was aft of the beam. Joined by John McKee (ICC) and Alan Nocher, they had a delightful sail from Bangor to Peel where they hosted an impromptu drinks reception for the other RUYC yachts who had gathered for a rally. The weekend was spent enjoying the Isle of Man Classic TT motorbike racing before sailing north to the Clyde for a few days. The ICC rally in Rathlin followed with *Blue Squirrel* arriving well reefed having encountered 34 knots of wind while crossing from Scotland. They were joined onboard by Rear Commodore Paul McSorley, Ed Wheeler, and Des and Mo Brown. An excellent meal was enjoyed in the Manor House on Saturday evening, then on Monday they headed back to Bangor in fresh conditions completing a short cruise of 485 miles.

Whilst NI was basking in a heatwave, Rob Henshall on *Maria*, his Contessa 32, was experiencing temperatures of 15°C exploring the Outer Hebrides and the Inner Isles. On arriving back to his home port of Sligo, it was scorching, with brown patches of grass and a frazzled polytunnel! The great weather continued and he had many perfect days over the next three weeks sailing his Drascombe Lugger *Golden Days* in west Donegal, without a single drop of rain.



Golden Days *experiencing golden days in Donegal*

Brian McDaid enjoyed lots of company over the summer. Brian writes: *'We delayed launching our boat* Briomhar*, which had overwintered in Vigo, so that we could join the ICC rally in Norway. We flew from Dublin to Trondheim and the following day boarded a Hurtigruten coastal vessel which docked two days later in Harstad north of the Lofoten Islands. Our crew of seven was expertly skippered by Norman Kean, ably assisted by Aedan Coffey. Other members were Geraldine Hennigan, Phyllis O'Sullivan, and Jim Sammon. We all enjoyed*



Lofoten Eagles; Aisling McCarthy

two weeks of magical sailing in permanent daylight. We have arranged a reunion of our Lofoten crew in Derry and Donegal over a long weekend in early November when the McDaids and the Sammons look forward to entertaining our southern crew members to thank them for the wonderful spirit they created on that memorable Norwegian trip.



Brian and Jim checking out Irish culture in Harstad

'No sooner back in Derry, my wife, Cathleen, and I flew to Vigo in July to get Briomhar *launched and rigged for sailing. Over the next six weeks we had numerous family members and friends out to sail with us as we moved along the Galician coast from Baiona to the Ria Arousa'.*



Julian and Patricia on Westray, Orkney Islands

Meanwhile Julian and Patricia Morgan sailed their Ovni, *A Capella of Belfast*, to Shetland and the Orkneys via the west coast of Scotland and Cape Wrath. The weather was generally kind, but certainly not warm, and they enjoyed some good overnight sails. As they expected, the islands were very remote, the bird life was excellent, and they enjoyed many peaceful anchorages.

Anthony and Aisling McCarthy started their season in April with a retirement present to themselves. They joined the tall ship *Santa Maria Manuela*, a 69-metre 4-masted schooner built in 1937 as part of the legendary Portuguese white cod fishing fleet, for a 700 mile, six day passage from Castellón de la Plana on the east coast of Spain to Lisbon, Portugal. They found tall ship sailing to be superb and strongly recommend it to anyone looking for a completely different sailing experience.



Anthony, Alan, Aisling, and Jimi at the top of the famous Reinebringen climb above the scenic town of Reine. Our Commodore has just placed one of our ICC Lofoten cruise stickers on the sign, visible if you look closely!

In May, they took *Salut*, their First 305, to Carlingford for the ICC spring rally before making their way to the Lofoten Islands in early June where they joined Commodore Alan Markey and Helen and Jimi and Judy Houston for the rally. Their reaction? *'What a great two weeks - fantastic cruise, fantastic company, fantastic scenery and we made lots of new friends along the way'*.

In August, they headed northwards on *Salut* having, for the first time, no work deadlines to get back for. But fate intervened and, not long after an early morning start from Rathlin, their heat exchange casing blew a hole. They reluctantly turned around and made for safe harbour in Ballycastle marina. After repairs, they spent the next few weeks enjoying fabulous sailing around the Irish Sea with minimal diesel consumption (not a bad thing in this day and age).



The damage to Salut's engine

Ed Wheeler had a quiet summer by his standards taking *Compass Rose* to Carlingford Lough where, somewhat to his surprise, he found that the Newry Canal was still open and he could get right up into the town. He also attended the rally in Rathlin. Post Covid, Derek Jones bought and carried out a major refurbishment on *Bacchus*, a 1994 Dehler 37. This year he left Quoile on Strangford Lough to go to Galicia with David Meeke (ICC) among his crew. They coastal-hopped down the Irish coast before departing from Cork and had a good passage to A Coruña, finally finishing in Vigo where he plans to leave the boat at the end of September.

The beautiful anchorage at Quoile Yacht Club will be missing not just *Bacchus* but a couple of other boats next year. Peter Mullan's *Oyster Bay* has gone to a new owner in Dublin while Graham and Julie Chamber's *Big Wig*, scene of many hospitable Pimm's parties and afternoon teas at recent ICC rallies, has gone to Scotland to go up for sale.

Finally, more brilliant wildlife sightings. John Taggart (ICC) and I could hardly believe our eyes when, sailing *Cailín Bán* from Strangford to Bangor in September, we spotted a small humpback whale lobtailing or slapping the water with its tail fluke. Magnificent!

July brought the Clipper Fleet back to the UK. Paul and Sandra McSorley caught up with their daughter, Aoife and the crew of *Great Ormond Street Hospital (GOSH)* in Oban and Portsmouth. Oban, normally a port where one seeks shelter was resplendent with 10 days of dry, warm sunshine and they put on a fine party for the circumnavigators. Portsmouth saw the fleet welcomed home and the end of this life-changing adventure for their crews. *GOSH* had an outstanding race – Out of 13 legs they were on the podium for 9 of them: 7x first and 2x second places. This was not only an outstanding



Aoife McSorley admiring a photo of herself

competitive performance but reflected outstanding leadership by two very young sailors, a great team performance by amateur and novice sailors and the commitment of a crew to looking after a boat. *GOSH* recorded few injuries and picked up remarkably few penalty points along the way for damage to sails or gear.

A night cap on Blue Squirrel - *Muriel Nocher, Isla, Craig & Katherine Dunlop, Sally McKee, Rear Commodore Paul McSorley, Alan Nocher, Helen Taylor, John McKee*



The North region can claim some involvement in the success as both skipper Ollie (26) Irvine and first mate Otto Kudlow (19) both have roots in Northern Ireland. Ollie hailed from Enniskillen and Otto learned to race dinghies on Strangford Lough. Paul's daughter Aoife was a watch leader for the whole circumnavigation. For the final leg from Oban to Portsmouth the watch leaders were honoured by elevation to acting skippers. They didn't quite podium on that leg, but winds were light and fickle.

At the end of August Paul McSorley set off on *Wild Cat* (27 ft H-Boat) to join the North Region Rally on Rathlin Island. Paul stopped at Inishtrahull on the way. Expecting a quiet overnight on a deserted island he was perturbed to wake in the early hours and find his bow line had been cut and *Wild Cat* was hanging from the quay only by the stern line. He had not come across any people on the island and there was no sign of another vessel when he awoke. No damage was done. Paul suspects either mischievous faeries or more likely an impatient boat crew who wanted their usual berth on the quay. He would recommend taking the inner berth on Portmore quay if staying overnight again. Hopefully others have not encountered such unwelcome behaviour around our coast.

Paul proceeded onwards to Rathlin and joined up with Des and Maureen on *Joyster*, Gregg and crew on *Blue Squirrel,* and Ed Wheeler on *Compass Rose*. The end of August saw a return to more unsettled autumnal conditions so the plans of other members to attend were revised, with some not able to make it and others departing earlier than intended to catch windows of weather and tide. Still a very enjoyable dinner was had on Saturday evening at the Manor House followed by a sociable evening on *Blue Squirrel* with Greg, Helen, Alan, and John & Sally. Many thanks to the Gregg and crew of *Blue Squirrel* for hosting the social gatherings. The famous puffins may have gone by late summer, but Rathlin, normally a uniquely sedate corner of Ulster, was abuzz with tourists and runners flocking to the annual Rathlin Run – quite a spectacle and worth a visit.

Rathlin Harbour



Two Close Calls in the Isles of Scilly

by Gareth Higgins



Aerial view of St Agnes anchorage

After a lively passage from Dungarvan to Newlyn and a spell exploring Cornwall, *Sipadan*, a Hunter Legend 36 made for the Isles of Scilly last August — and gave us two anchoring lessons we won't forget in a hurry.

St Agnes: the 1am wake-up call

We picked a pretty, south-east-facing cove off St Agnes, deliberately anchoring in shallow water with the intention of drying out overnight — one of the small pleasures of a twin-keeler. We were confident it would give us a sheltered night. That confidence proved badly misplaced. At 1am we were jolted awake by a considerable swell that had found its way into the cove — the keels were banging on the bottom with every wave. There's nothing quite like the sickening thud of your own boat hitting the seabed, repeatedly, to focus the mind.

Sipadan *in Green Bay*



The problem was as simple as it was unwelcome: the swell we hadn't bargained for made a straightforward dry-out into something far less comfortable, with waves breaking uncomfortably close as the tide fell. The fix meant starting the engine and working the windlass in darkness, timing each pull to the swell — gaining chain on the lift, careful never to haul against a trough — to claw our way back into deeper water.

By first light the anchorage was half-empty; plenty of others had clearly reached the same conclusion in the night. Outside wasn't much better — a proper swell running, and wind-against-tide through St Mary's Sound throwing up steep, breaking waves that we had to gun the engine to punch through.

Bryher: incredibly lucky

Chastened but undeterred, we tried again at Bryher. *Sipadan*'s twin keels mean she's happy to dry out, so this time we deliberately let the tide leave us sitting on the bottom rather than fighting to stay afloat. The surprise came when the water fell away: our rudder had settled neatly between two rocks, with the keels in much the same position. A few degrees' difference in how we'd settled and an intentional dry-out could easily have turned into a very different, and very expensive, story. We refloated on the next tide and found perfect sand and a far quieter night in Green Bay.

Two anchorages, two reminders of how quickly the Isles of Scilly can turn from idyllic to nerve-shredding — and how much local knowledge (or luck) counts for when you're feeling your way into a new cruising ground for the first time.

The Making of a Nautical Chart

by Daria Blackwell

Our friend stopped by with two black garbage bags full of nautical charts, ordinance survey maps, and whatnot that she found in her late father's office at Newport House when clearing it out. She had no clue what she was looking at so she asked us to intervene.

I set out on a rainy day to survey the contents. One bag contained precious documents and maps related to the fishery owned by the estate as well as the original structural drawings of the house and pastel paintings of the wallpaper. Those should remain with the house and fishery, we told her.

The second bag contained more ordinance surveys – beautiful prints of Achill Island, Black Sod Bay, and Roonah. There were many land maps of unknown interest. But then I came upon two charts I recognised: admiralty charts from 1848 of Westport Bay and Newport Bay that make up Clew Bay. I recognised them as we have them framed and hanging in our home. But then I found two other strange iterations. One a reverse image, the other the same chart in red ink. I suspected they had something to do with the printing of the first edition. That's when AI came into play. The following is extracted from answers to questions I asked.

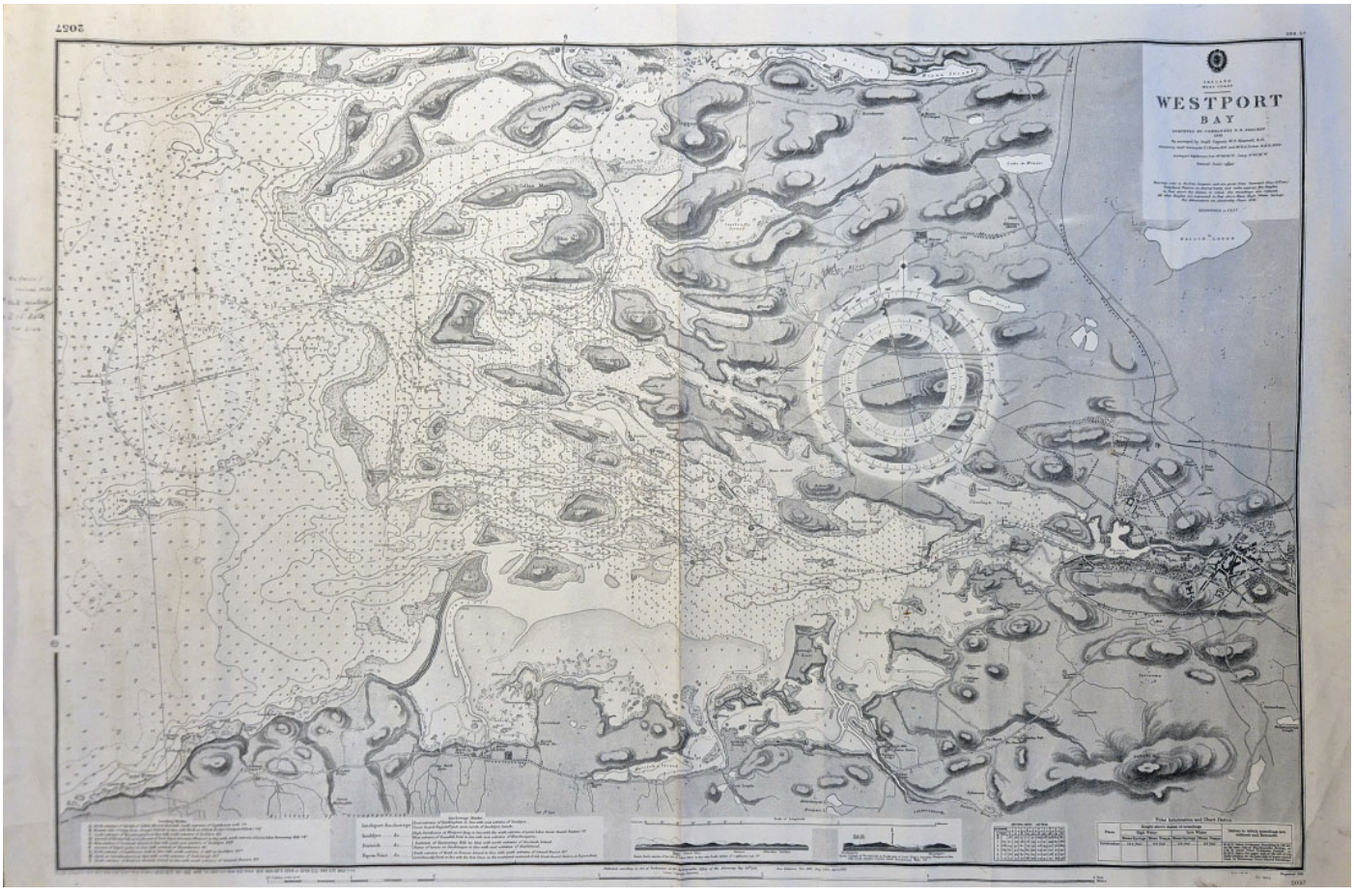
Westport Bay was surveyed in 1848 by Commander Richard Beechey and published as an official engraved master copper plate in 1851. The chart accurately captured Westport Bay's famously complex seafloor, which is characterized by a drowned glacial landscape of drumlin islands.

The hydrographer Richard Brydges Beechey was a highly accomplished surveyor, Arctic voyager, and maritime painter who mapped extensive portions of Ireland's west coast for the Royal Navy. The hydrographic data gathered by Beechey in 1848 was sent back to England, where a master copper plate was hand-engraved in reverse. The primary chart printed from this plate was officially issued by the Hydrographic Office in 1851 under the designation Admiralty Chart 2057.

To print a map correctly, the image cut into the copper plate had to be a perfect mirror image. In the 19th century, cartographers at institutions like the United Kingdom Hydrographic Office used a highly precise, multi-step wax transfer method. This ingenious process allowed engravers to seamlessly flip and copy the intricate details of Commander Beechey's original manuscript drawings onto metal.

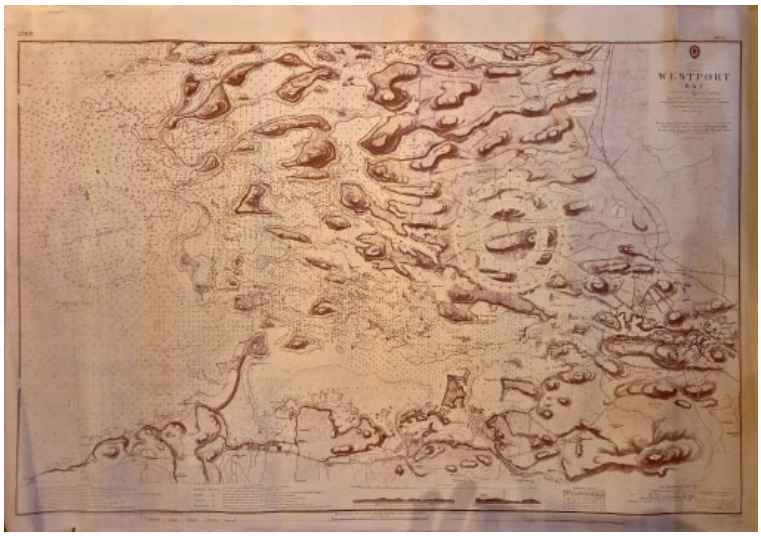
Coating the copper plate with wax first, the master engraver heated a highly polished, flat sheet of copper. A very thin, even layer of white beeswax (sometimes mixed with tallow or resin) was spread across the warm

Westport Bay (Clew Bay) Chart number 2057, 1848, revised 1952



surface. Once the plate cooled, the wax hardened into a smooth, opaque white film.

A skilled draftsman traced the lines of the surveyor's original paper map onto highly transparent tracing paper using a soft graphite pencil or specialized greasy ink. Every coastline, depth sounding, and sandbank had to be perfectly captured. To create the reverse image, the engraver took this tracing paper and flipped it face-down directly onto the hardened white wax, the engraver rubbed the back of the paper with intense, even pressure or ran it through a rolling press. The pressure caused the soft pencil graphite on the paper to lift off and stick into the white wax. When the paper was peeled away, a perfectly flipped, dark grey outline of the map was left beautifully visible on the white wax background.

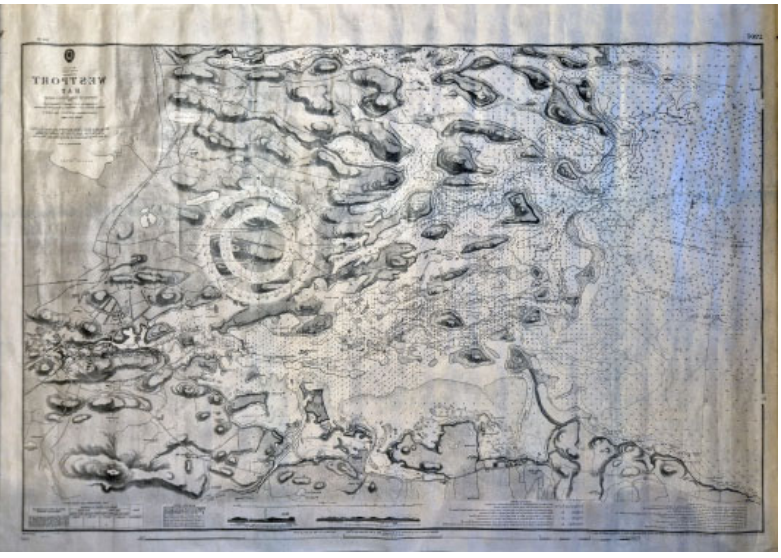


Proof print of chart 2057

Before the wax could rub off, the engraver took a sharp steel needle called a stylus or drypoint tool. Following the graphite lines visible in the wax, they lightly scratched through the wax layer to score permanent, faint guidelines directly into the copper below. The wax was then melted and wiped clean, leaving the faint, reversed scratched outlines on the bare metal. Finally, using a specialized, diamond-shaped chisel called a burin, the engraver carefully carved deep, crisp grooves into the copper. When the plate was later slathered in black ink and pressed onto paper, the resulting map printed left-to-right perfectly

The original 1848 hand-drawn survey logs, field notes, and correspondence from Beechey's survey are kept in the Hydrographic Office records at The National Archives in Kew. The copper plate engraved for Chart 2057 had a remarkably long life span. Throughout the late 19th and early 20th centuries, anytime a new rock was hit, a buoy moved, or Westport Quay expanded, the original master plate was beaten flat from behind and re-engraved. The example we found includes numerous dates when updates were made, the latest being 1952.

Negative of Chart 2057



The historic data originally carved into the copper plate remains the foundational layer for modern navigation in the area. Today, the updated version of Beechey's work is still sold by the UK Hydrographic Office (UKHO) as Admiralty Chart 2057 (Westport Bay and Approaches).

While Commander Richard Brydges Beechey was the officer responsible for surveying the waters of Clew Bay and Westport, he lived at sea, creating the physical charts of the local bays in 1848. It was actually his older brother, Captain Frederick William Beechey, who has a direct historical tie involving Newport House. In the years immediately following Richard's hydrographic survey, his brother Captain Frederick William Beechey served as the high-profile Chairman of the Western Harbours Commission. The commission was tasked with assessing the ports of western Ireland—including the waters mapped around Westport and Newport—to see if they could support a major transatlantic shipping terminal. During these evaluations, the Royal Navy officers worked hand-in-hand with the prominent landlords and baronets of the region, including the owner of Newport House.

During the mid-19th century, Newport House was the historic seat of Sir Richard Annesley O'Donnell, the 4th Baronet of Newport. Sir Richard was a vocal advocate for developing the maritime infrastructure of Clew Bay. The O'Donnells were highly supportive of the Royal Navy's hydrographic and commercial charting efforts in the area. The social and professional relationship between the families was close enough that Sir Richard O'Donnell's son, George Glendinning O'Donnell, was sent to the prestigious Rugby School in England under the same house master (Arnold) at the same time as Captain F.W. Beechey's son, Frederick Stapleton Beechey. The prominent Captain, who used those maritime assessments to evaluate the local harbours for international commerce, had established ties with the O'Donnells of Newport House.

These connections suggest the potential provenance of the treasures found 178 years later.



Irish Polar Institute

by Jarlath Cunnane

The Irish Polar Institute (IPI) was established in 2025 by ICC members Paddy Barry, Jarlath Cunnane, Michael Brogan, Rory Casey, and others. It was founded to acknowledge exceptional feats of bravery and achievement by polar explorers, particularly those whose contributions have not previously received due recognition.

The committee members of The Irish Polar Institute unanimously voted to award the first Irish Polar Medal posthumously to Port Glasgow native Henry 'Chippy' McNish for his efforts in saving the crew of the ill-fated *Endurance* expedition.

McNish proved himself to be a hardworking craftsman with great ability and Shackleton recorded 'We certainly could not have lived through the voyage without his work'. Despite this acknowledgment, it is inexplicable therefore why he didn't recommend McNish for the British Polar Medal.

Following the crushing of the *Endurance*, McNish made the fundamental error of disagreeing with Shackleton's plan to drag the lifeboats to ice-free seas. He realistically argued that dragging the ship's boats across the rough hummocked ice would damage them beyond repair. Shackleton later conceded McNish was right but never forgave him for the challenge to his authority. Likewise, McNish never forgave Shackleton for ordering the shooting of his cat, Mrs Chippy. However, despite his disagreement with Shackleton, while awaiting the ice breakup, McNish strengthened the three lifeboats using available material. He sailed with Shackleton and crew on the *James Caird* on the remarkable 800-mile voyage from Elephant Island to South Georgia. Shackleton afterwards recommended most of the Endurance crew be awarded the British Polar Medal, pointedly snubbing McNish by ignoring him.



Máire Breathnach, Chair of the Irish Polar Institute presenting John McNish (grandnephew of Henry 'Chippy' McNish) with the 2025 Polar Medal at a ceremony in the RIYC in January.

Photos credit: Michael Brogan

Following the IPI decision to honour McNish, the Institute began a search for a living descendant. Máire Breathnach (Chair IPI) tracked down Henry McNish's great-nephew, John McNish, living in Fairlie, Ayrshire, Scotland.

A truly great summer!

by Andrew Kennedy

After participating in the RUYC Spring Series and Early Thursday Evening Series, we entered Bangor Town Regatta, 25th to 28th June, White Sail class, with coastal courses around Belfast Lough. Forty-seven boats competed overall in six classes. The weather cooperated, with the most challenging conditions on the Saturday, when the wind blew 25–35 knots.

Attention then shifted to getting the boat to Baltimore. We departed Bangor in bright sunshine on Monday 13th July with the wind behind, accompanied by my cousin Francis Kennedy, John D. Woods, and my daughter Anna's partner, Goose Denne (on leave from Leopard III). We had a great run down the East Coast, only interrupted by a floating length of lobster-pot line wrapping around the prop at 05:00 on the Tuesday morning south of Dublin. Fortunately, the sun was just up, breeze light and sea state calm. The problem was resolved with an early-morning dip for Goose.

We were secured in Dunmore East at around 18:00 on the Tuesday evening, had dinner onboard, followed by a brief visit into the town. The original plan was to aim directly for Baltimore, accepting a late arrival after closing time. However, with the sun shining we concluded it would be more civilised to aim for Kinsale. We arrived at 19:00 on the Wednesday evening, meeting Anna, who had come up from Baltimore and booked dinner in the Bulman. Another sunny day greeted us on Thursday morning as we sailed west from Kinsale — so good, in fact, that Francis convinced us that in honour of his late Dad past Commodore Hugh P Kennedy we should drop into Glandore for a late lunch before arriving in Baltimore around 19:00.



Earlier in the year I had decided to do Calves Week, 4th to 7th August, White Sail again, for old times' sake. We enjoyed four days of racing around Roaringwater Bay in glorious conditions, with the highlight being the Fastnet race, which we happened to finish second on ECHO!

As ever, attention then moved on to the trip back north: when, with whom, and in what weather. We eventually



departed on Thursday 27th August with my cousin Mark Kennedy, his son Tom, and his brother-in-law Simon Knowles. We left Baltimore motoring into a moderate easterly breeze and pulled into Crosshaven for the night. There we picked up Simon and enjoyed dinner onboard. Leaving Crosshaven early, we motored east with a light westerly on our tail, arriving Kilmore Quay at 19:00, where we had a pit stop for diesel and spuds before going around the corner and heading north. We kept going up the East Coast and decided to aim for Ardglass, where we arrived around 15:00. Showers were had, we watched the All Blacks game, visited the Commercial Bar for one, enjoyed another hearty dinner, then departed for Bangor with the tide at 22:00, arriving back at base at 03:00 on Sunday 30th.



Eastern Epistle

by Harry Whelehan

I am grateful to those who gave me the news of their activities, and I hope that they and other members will furnish logs for the Annual detailing their voyages and adventures.

In the East, the season started with a joint East/North rally in Carlingford at the end of May, attended by eight boats led by the Commodore on *Altaria* and Andrew Kennedy on *Jakada*. Four new members made the trip: Jenny O'Leary on *Amuse II*, Brian D'Arcey on *Margaux*, Maurice Cooney on *Inara*, Aisling McCarthy (2024 vintage) and a few old hands on *Salut*, Paul Butler on *Muglins*, and myself on *Sea Dancer*.

All boats were well "crewed up". Saturday was spent idly, some walking, some climbing, and some swimming and enjoying the new sauna experience close by the marina. Later, before dinner ashore we and our crews partied mightily. We were hosted by the Commodore and Helen on *Altaria* (with overflow on the pontoon), as we fortified ourselves against a severe chill that came into the air after a lovely warm day.

Those of us who sailed north had a glorious sail to the rally, but paid the price with a challenging and cold beat home. Those who came south for the rally, while they had the hardship of a stiff beat to get there, enjoyed the reward of a downhill passage home!

On the east coast next season there could be some disruption in Howth. The longstanding need to dredge the harbour is scheduled to begin in 2027. HYC has been informed by the Minister for State in the Department of the Marine that it is expected to award contracts for the work at the end of this year, with work to start in summer 2027. The work will commence with the construction of a bund wall outside the harbour to the west of the west pier. This wall will be used to retain the spoil to be dredged, and it will create an area of reclaimed land. Once the bund is complete, dredging will commence within the harbour at the southern end.

The schedule for the work will not be finalized until the contract stage. I hope that in the spring Newsletter I will be able to let you know what the implications will be for



Party on the dock in Carlingford



While also partying on Altaria

yachtsmen over the summer 2027 and beyond. At some stage in 2027 the marina will have to be dismantled and removed, as will the moorings, in order to facilitate the dredging.

A few eastern members reported on their voyages over the summer:

Paul and Nóirin Butler spent 9 weeks cruising on *Muglins* along the east, south, and west coasts at a comfortable pace, intending to circumnavigate Ireland. However, having involved family and friends at different stages, when they reached Inishbofin, they decided to retrace their steps back to Dún Laoghaire at a leisurely pace, visiting some ports and anchorages that they had passed on the outward journey. It will be a pleasure to read the log of this trip in the Annual which will recount visits to over 20 ports and anchorages and just how idyllic this area of our coast can be when the Gods are smiling.

Tony and Geraldine Linehan, having launched *Sea Witch* at Isla Arousa in Galicia, visited Caramiñal, Ribiera, Aldán, and Cangas, before joining ICC Encuentro Náutico 2026 in Baiona. There a fleet of 22 ICC boats took part in a week sailing between Baiona and A Pobra do Caramiñal. They all took part in the usual significant social shore activities, characteristic of this now well-established annual ICC event. They then spent the balance of the season pottering about in the sublime Rias Baixas, with its many charming anchorages and villages. They lifted *Sea Witch* early back on Isla Arousa and Tony joined Lonan Lardner, David Bagnall, and Paul Taylor on *Minerva* intending to take *Minerva* to Lagos. Alas, on day two of the passage they were attacked by 2 or possibly 3 orcas! Lonan has a written elsewhere in this newsletter describing that event/drama/experience and its consequences!

William Morrison had an interesting and varied season starting with a delivery trip from LaRochelle to Bergen in a friend's new RM1080.

He then undertook a 2 day delivery by truck of his Cutlass 27 *Isobar* from Lisbon to Holland to do a long-promised cruise in Holland with his Dutch wife Birgit. Starting in Vlissingen, he completed the first half of the surprisingly interesting mast up route via canals, lakes, locks, and commercial waterways visiting: Middelburg, Veere, Willemstad, Zierikzee, Rhoon, Dordrecht, Maassluis, Bruinisse, Tholen, Scheveningen, Enkhuizen, Amsterdam, Hoorn, Stavoren, and finally Woudsend for winter storage. In 2027 he hopes to cover the remaining ports of Friesland and the North Sea islands.

Frank Cassidy, on *Ocean Blue*, has just returned to Dún Laoghaire after a three and a half years' voyage exploring the Atlantic Islands. In early May he sailed, single handed, from Lanzarote, via Madeira, on to Punta Delgada in the Azores. The first part of the trip



Aisling arriving to Carlingford with her new fenders!

(to Madeira) was relatively straightforward with mostly light winds. The second (to the Azores) was a little more complicated, as he had to sail north for about 2 days to catch the back of a depression, extending the distance somewhat. However, this then allowed him to sail on a fast and windy beam reach for the remaining 3½ days into Ponta Delgada. The only problem was having to cut away a big plastic bag that had caught around the propeller and rudder. In early August he completed the trip home from the Azores to Ireland, a 1,400 miles Atlantic passage, accompanied by his friend Damian Payne. They had quite a fast trip covering the 1,150 miles to Kinsale in 8½ days. While most of the trip was quite benign, they encountered over 3 days that were quite windy, being in the northeast quadrant of a depression, which was moving at approximately the same speed as they were.

Even with AIS, this would be too close for comfort after dark



Western Wanderings

by Conor O'Byrne

Louis Keating sent his report from *Sheeaun* while in Portmagee, on their way home to Kilrush, having been away for 5 years. They were awaiting better weather and clearance to transit the Shannon Estuary Maritime Exclusion Zone, as the Irish Open was underway in Doonbeg! They hadn't even experienced restrictions like that around Kaliningrad!



Sheeaun *locking up in the Netherlands*

Sheeaun had a great summer enjoying the fine weather in the Netherlands, Belgium, France, and home via the Scillies. They transited the Netherlands almost entirely on the inland navigation apart from 30 miles at sea where closed bridges prevented the "mast up"



Maeve helming during the last shower of Summer '26, in Amsterdam

navigation route. They were joined by Jarlath Cunnane, Mick Brogan, Duncan Sclare and his wife Maura, and other friends at different stages. They were the only boat flying the Mayo flag in St-Vaast-la-Hougue on the 26th of July.

Louis also reminds members that the western Christmas lunch will take place on December 5th this year, in the Galway Bay Hotel, Salthill. He and other committee members are also working on the Annual Weekend in Westport, scheduled for the 12th, 13th and 14th of March (a week or two earlier than normal). It promises to be one of the biggest get-togethers so far in a lovely, refurbished hotel, with numerous interesting activities and entertainments being planned. More details to follow. In conjunction with the Northern Region, they are planning a joint West & North ICC cruise next Summer, probably off the North west Coast of Ireland. Watch this space.

Daria and Alex Blackwell report that the refurbishment work has finally been completed on *Aleria*, their Bowman 57. They had planned to launch her and sail down to Spain for the winter. But instead of rushing to prepare her and get her south of Biscay before the 15 September deadline stipulated by their insurers, they opted to remain in Ireland and launch early in the Spring. It was fortuitous as they missed the barrage of storms and orca encounters that plagued that period. This will give



Alex with family trolling for mackeral among the islands of Clew Bay

them a chance for several shakedown cruises before heading south again. They enjoyed the fine weather in Mayo by fishing and ferrying family and friends out to the islands of Clew Bay for glorious picnics.



Ean Mara *underway*



Photo by Duncan Sclare aboard Ean Mara *exploring the Blaskets in July*

Duncan Sclare reports that *Ean Mara* ventured south this wonderful summer and spent time based in Dingle. As the Round Ireland racers struggled up the west coast in little or no wind, they took the opportunity to explore the Blasket Islands in a calm rarely seen. They ventured into the inlets of Cork and Kerry that they usually pass on their way to and from Mayo. They cruised in company at least part of the time with the informal Galway / Mayo group. A highlight was their navigation up the Kenmare River as far as draft would allow and then a dinghy run into Kenmare pier. Favourite haunts of the crew were Sneem and of course Derrynane.

The crew of *Ean Mara* also joined a charter in Sardinia with fellow Mayo SC members. It was very memorable for the rather uncomfortable heat and the proliferation of multi million dollar so-called *"yachts"*. They also spent a fantastic 2 weeks with Louis Keating (ICC) and Maeve Howard on board *Sheeaun* cruising the northern and western French coast.

While on holidays in the south of France in June, Conor O'Byrne visited the Musée Départemental Arles Antique in the historic city of Arles. This museum has some amazing artefacts from the Roman empire including a 31m-long Gallo-Roman barge, built in 50-60 AD, and now known as the *Arles Rhône 3*. It sank during a severe flash flood down the Rhône while loaded with 33 tons of building stone and was discovered by divers in 2004. The remarkable story of its excavation from the silted riverbed and subsequent preservation is told exceptionally well in the museum. The log of Conor's final cruise in *Calico Jack*, his Sadler 26, will be reported separately in the ICC Annual. He sold his boat this summer and is now actively looking for a "slightly bigger" replacement.

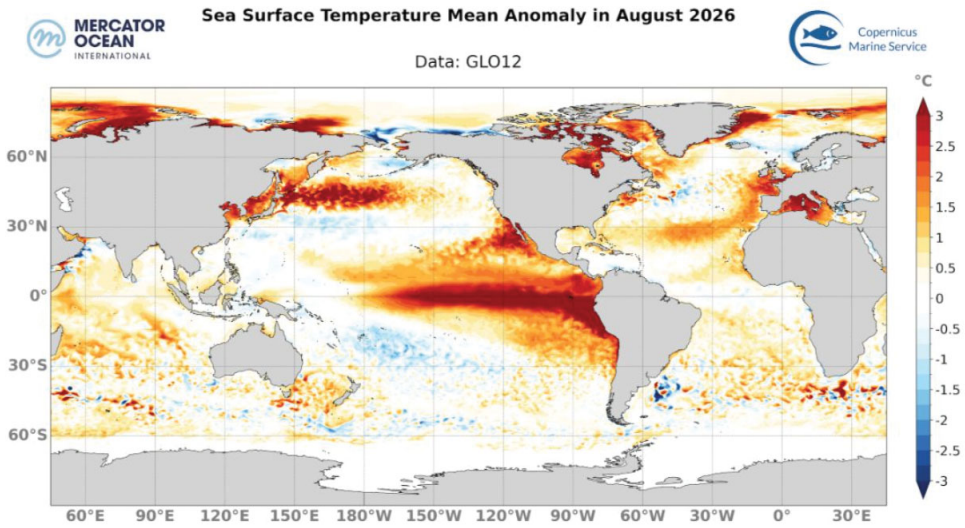
Mike Brogan reports that the first medal awarded by the Irish Polar Institute (IPI) was presented to John McNish, grandnephew of Harry "Chippy" McNish (carpenter on the Shackleton' Antarctic expedition) by Jarlath Cunnane, at the Institute's inaugural dinner in January 2026. The newly formed institute comprises a committee of 8 members, many of whom are no strangers to awards. Being recipients of medals for various expeditionary achievements, there was to be no shortage of ideas for what such a medal would look like. Suggestions kept pouring in, should it be a linear or arty design, should it include a Southern Cross, with or without the Aurora, and so on. Apparently Jarlath proclaimed that *"A camel is a horse designed by a committee"*. In the end the professional sculptor John Coll, member of the IPI, who shares a passion for all things polar, was commissioned to design the medal. The final design bears the logo of the Irish Polar Institute, a polar bear and a penguin. It also bears the inscription *"Gal is Gaisce san Oighear" (Heroism and valour in the ice),* suggested by Máire Breathnach. The 4-inch round medal was mounted on a beautiful carved stand of oak made by Jarlath. Thanks to John Coll, they now have a unique medal which appropriately reflects the gravitas of the IPI (see accompanying article from Jarlath and photos).



Conor with the Arles Rhône 3*, a 31m Gallo-Roman barge*

The World's Oceans Broke Heat Records in August

by Daria Blackwell



Average sea surface temperature anomalies for August 2026. *Reference period is 1993-2022 calculated using daily data from GL012 analysis and forecasting system for 2026. GLORYS12 reanalysis system is used to calculate the climatological mean. Credit European Union, Copernicus Marine Service* / Mercator Ocean International*

The Copernicus Marine Service* has reported that global average Sea Surface Temperature (SST) for extra-polar regions (60°S-60°N) in August was the highest on record for the month. At 21.07°C it surpassed the previous August record of 20.98°C set in 2023. The average SST for August 2026 was also the highest on record across all calendar months, on par with March 2024. In Europe, SSTs reached record highs for August along the Atlantic coast and in the western Mediterranean, associated with widespread strong to severe marine heatwave conditions.

While global ocean temperatures often peak in the spring (traditionally March, when southern hemisphere summer heat and seasonal cycles peak globally), seeing August - typically a transitional period - match that all-time high is highly unusual. The thermal energy from the oceans directly influenced global land temperatures. Driven by these hotter oceans, August 2026 was a remarkable month in the global climate record. It was both the warmest August and the warmest month ever recorded, with global temperatures reaching 1.65°C above pre-industrial levels, marking the return of global temperatures above the 1.5°C Paris Agreement limit.

In August, water temperatures reached up to 6°C above the seasonal norm in the Mediterranean. A buoy off the Balearic Islands logged a near-bathwater temperature of 33°C. These prolonged marine heatwaves push ecosystems past their tipping points, driving widespread coral bleaching, devastating fisheries, and altering species distributions.

August's extreme SSTs occurred alongside a rapidly strengthening El Niño in the tropical Pacific. Because El Niño events typically do not peak until December or January, the exceptionally high August baseline means the global climate system is heading into uncharted territory with potentially more record-breaking months ahead. In fact, preliminary data (unconfirmed) suggest that we may have broken that record again on the 8th of September.

** The Copernicus Marine Service is one of the six services of Copernicus, the European Union's Earth Observation Programme.*

Upcoming Events

2026

23-Oct	East	Autumn Lunch	RStGYC
04-Nov	South	Lunch, 12:30pm	Carrigaline Court Hotel
04-Dec	South	Christmas Dinner	Kinsale YC
05-Dec	West	Christmas Lunch	Galway Bay Hotel
11-Dec	East	Christmas Lunch	Howth Yacht Club
12-Dec	North	Christmas Lunch	RUYC, Bangor

2027

08-Jan		Committee Meeting	RStGYC
19-Feb		Annual General Meeting	Howth YC
12-Mar 14-Mar	West	Annual Weekend	The Grace Hotel, Westport