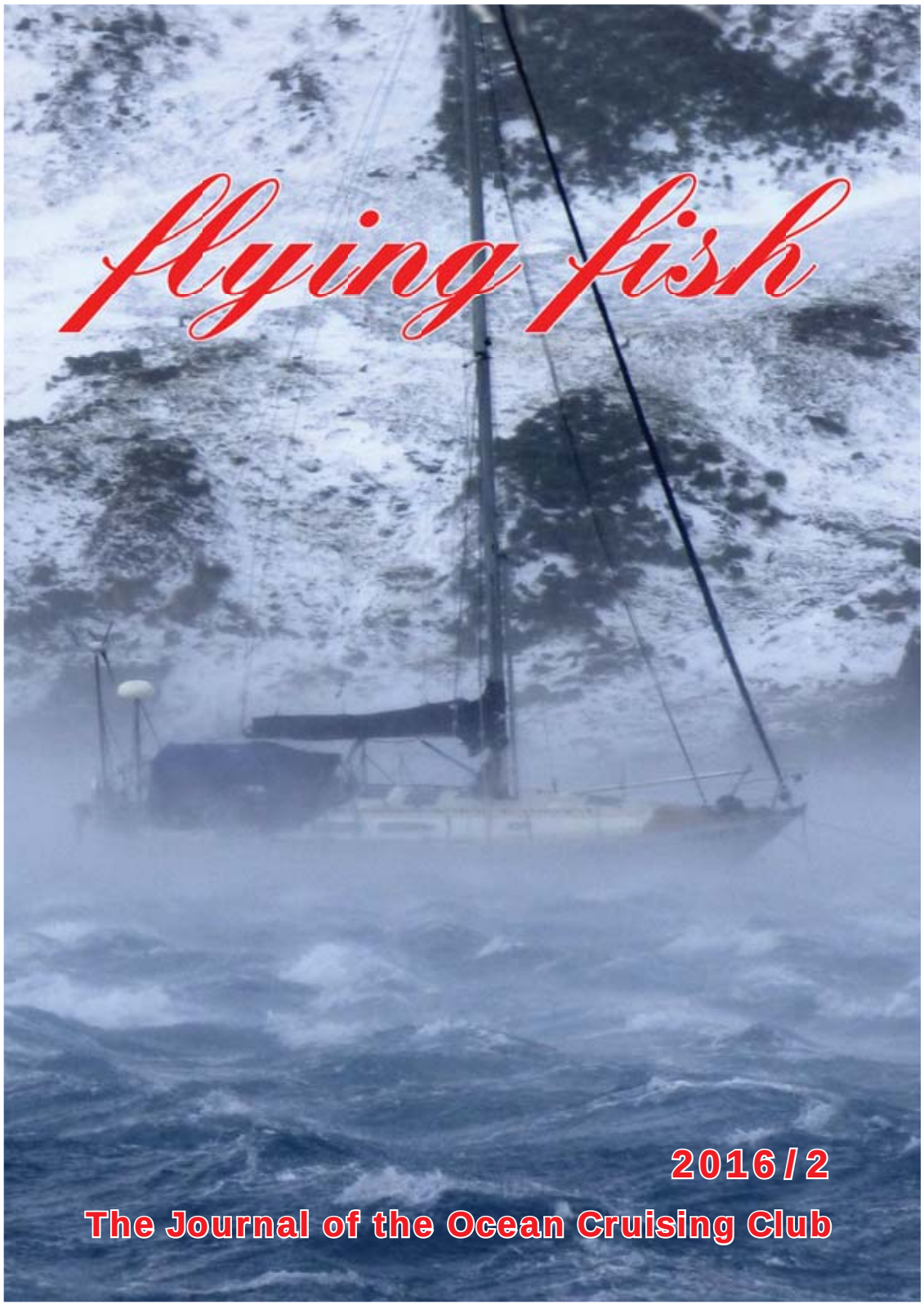

Flying Fish

2016/2

The Journal of the Ocean Cruising Club

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Time has been flying by, and it doesn't seem anything like six months since *Flying Fish* 2016/1 winged its way to the printers. And it seems that I'm not the only one feeling this way – despite extending the 1 October submissions deadline by a record ten days, fewer articles than usual arrived in time for publication in this issue. The silver lining, of course, is that I now have some excellent pieces lined up for *Flying Fish* 2017/1 – I just wish they'd reached me a week or two earlier!

Having said that, there's plenty of really good reading between these covers, with something of an accent on high latitudes, both south and north, and no less than three young recipients of OCC Youth Sponsorship telling us of their voyages. (If you're not familiar with the Youth Sponsorship Programme, you'll find details on the OCC website under the **How to Join the OCC** side-heading). There's also the (almost) mandatory circumnavigation, a passage across the Southern Ocean to Cape Horn, and ... no, go read it for yourself!

For the first time in more than 20 years *Flying Fish* features a crossword – answers later in the issue, so no prizes I'm afraid – but if you'd like a PDF of pages 54 and 55 so you don't have deface your *Fish*, I'd be happy to send one. There are also two recipes, and while all the ones we feature sound delicious, I can personally recommend the ***Borrowed Horse* Bean Dip** featured on page 148. Sarah brought a bowl to one of the gatherings on the Maine Cruise, and I liked it so much I asked her to send me the recipe. Sadly I can't get to taste all your favourites in situ, but please continue sending them in to share with other members.

A couple more requests while I'm in that mode. Firstly, with proof-readers now required for the *Newsletter* as well as *Flying Fish*, additional volunteers would be particularly welcome. No specific skills are needed – just sharp eyes backed by reliable spelling and grammar. Drop me a line if you're interested. Secondly, we don't yet have a suitable photo for the cover of next year's *Members Handbook*. Because the cover is 'wraparound', the photo needs to have most of the interest in the right half (the front) with a relatively empty left half (the back). If you have something which might fit the bill, do please let me see it.

Finally, the usual reminder – the **DEADLINE** for submissions to ***Flying Fish* 2017/1** is **Wednesday 1 February**, and with several articles already on file it would be wise not to leave it until the last moment. If you've not written before – or even if you have – please take time to read the *Guidelines for Contributors* on page 113, and e-mail me, Anne Hammick, on flying.fish@oceancruisingclub.org if you have any queries.

Cover Photo:* Caramor *looking windswept and interesting in Husvik in 40–50 knots gusting 70 – see* SOUTH GEORGIA: A Wild Paradise in the Southern Ocean, *page 5. Photo Phil Christieson

SOUTH GEORGIA:
A Wild Paradise in the Southern Ocean
Kath McNulty

(*Franco and Kath have owned* Caramor*, their Rustler 36, since 2011. In May 2014 they left Holyhead, North Wales for a leisurely circumnavigation, and at the time of writing were in the northern part of the Chilean Channels on the west coast of South American. Follow their travels at* www.caramor.co.uk.

Phil Christieson's dramatic photo of Caramor *at anchor in Husvik, in 40–50 knots of wind gusting 70, appears on the front vcover of this issue. All other photos are by Kath McNulty and Franco Ferrero except where credited.*)

Caramor shot down yet another wave, expertly steered by Aries the windvane self-steering, stoic as always. Franco and I huddled in the cockpit peering out into the blizzard. There was nothing to see, only snow and white cresting waves, yet our electronic charts were showing land less than half a nautical mile away: South Georgia.

A dark shape loomed suddenly out of the gloom, in sharp contrast to the white all around – Cape Buller. We were down to a tiny piece of genoa, pushing us along at 6 knots towards Rosita Harbour where we hoped to find some shelter. We turned the engine on. It spluttered and died. Decision time – we were heading fast towards a lee shore. The engine started again, but would miss a beat every now and then. Each time we held our breaths, but it didn't let us down.

In the lee of Cape Buller the sea flattened, but the wind accelerated as it fell down the 200m cliffs. The air filled with spray as the williwaws knocked *Caramor* sideways from the left, then from the right, a 180° switch in wind direction. With gritted teeth we hunkered down. A cove, Koppervik, opened out on our right ... no shelter there, the water boiled, tormented. We continued past the next point and there, much to our surprise, SY *Saturnin* sat peacefully at anchor beyond the kelp. We had met skipper Johann when we first arrived in Stanley. Originally from Brittany, he has spent the past four winters working in the Falklands and the summers sailing the Southern Ocean.

Close inshore, we found precious shelter and dropped the anchor. The rocky beach was crowded with fur seals playing, fighting, calling and, just occasionally, sleeping. It felt as if we had arrived at the end of the world, or even gone beyond into a different realm – one where the laws of nature aren't quite as expected and where humans do not belong.

Fur seals swimming


38°W
37°W
36°W
South Atlantic Ocean
54°S
Koppervik
Cape Buller
Rosita Harbour
Possession Bay
Blue Whale Harbour
Hurcules Bay
Stromness Bay
Fortuna Bay
West Cumberland Bay
Barff Point
Husvik
Carlita Harbour
Grytviken
Cobblers Cove
Rookery Point
King Edward Cove
Ocean Harbour
ALLARDYCE RANGE
St Andrews Bay
54°30'S
SOUTH GEORGIA
Scotia Ocean
N
Outward route
Return route
60°W
40°W
South Atlantic Ocean
50°S
PATAGONIA
Port Stanley
FALKLAND ISLANDS
TIERRA DEL FUEGO
55°S
Cape Horn
SOUTH GEORGIA
Scotia Sea

Six days earlier, on 6 January 2016, we had left the comfort of Maiden Haven, OCC Port Officers Carl and Dianne Freeman's private marina in Stanley, Falkland Islands. If it hadn't been for the numerous icebergs, the breakage of the tiller, and the pea soup disaster we would describe our passage as idyllic – bearing in mind, of course, that in these latitudes F6 is a gentle breeze.

Early on our fourth day we had spotted our first icebergs: pyramids, castles, towering ice walls glistening in the bright sunlight and guarded by growlers. I amused myself imagining that we were sailing around in a huge glass of gin and tonic, with ice cubes. The scale was hard to fathom, but since it took 2½ hours at 5 knots to pass them, we concluded they were rather large and a fair distance away. After that we hove-to during the hours of darkness, but still kept watch.

An iceberg at dawn

The next day thick fog smothered the ocean, and we strained our eyes peering through the murk searching for icebergs. The fog is formed where 'warm' air meets the cold water of the polar front (previously called the 'antarctic convergence'). We were sailing in waters affected by the Antarctic Circumpolar Current, where the barometer is seldom steady as highs and lows skitter across the globe in fast succession, bringing strong and sudden winds.

At lunchtime, as we were changing shift, a large wave pushed the stern around, backing the genoa. We rushed out to put things right but, much to our surprise, *Caramor* was back on course. We turned to stare at Aries, who had seemingly developed abilities well beyond those usually credited to a windvane self-steering device ... the rudder was swinging, no longer connected to the tiller which had broken at the tenon. We had a spare, but I remembered, with dread, how difficult it had been to change when we first bought the boat. Even so, with some trapeze work Franco fitted the replacement tiller in less than an hour.

The pea soup? The distance one litre of soup can travel when boiling over in a F7 is unfathomable. I had only turned my back for a few seconds.

It snowed for two days in Rosita Harbour so we rested and fixed the engine, but at last the weather improved enough for us to continue our passage to Grytviken. Yachts

Grytviken, with Mount Hodges in the background

Windora from New Zealand and *Kestrel* from Canada were alongside the Tijuca jetty, and *Saturnin* came in the next day. Four yachts in Grytviken is apparently a rare sight.

A few days of good weather enabled us to leave *Caramor* at the jetty while we explored the area. The wildlife around the old whaling station was amazing – fur seals everywhere (a fierce trip hazard), bedraggled king penguins waiting for their new feathers to grow after the moult, piles of elephant seals shedding their whole skin and longing for the cool water as the sunshine beat down on their backs. We climbed Orca Peak, but had to give up on Mount Hodges when it started snowing heavily. We walked over the pass to Maiviken and, in amazement, watched fur seal puppies learning to swim in the lagoon ... so much splashing. We kayaked to the glaciers at the head of Moraine

Happiness is … or as close as it gets for a moulting female elephant seal

Fur seal pups learning to swim

Fjord and returned to find *Caramor* fending off bergy bits. Instead of heading out to sea as they had done every other day, they had been pushed into King Edward Cove by the breeze. Nothing can be taken for granted in South Georgia.

One sunny morning we set sail, our first chance to admire the spectacular Allardyce Range, though we gave Barff Point a wide berth as the waters haven't been surveyed. Despite a headwind we made good progress. Ahead of us, a yellowy-grey band

Kath kayaking in front of the Hamberg Glacier

Mount Sugartop, in the Allardyce Range

obscured the horizon – sea fog. Suddenly it was upon us, driven by an 18 knot wind, the visibility reduced to 50m, just as we were about to make landfall. Neither of the two electronic chart systems we were using is accurate in this region and we were keen not to miss the narrow gap into Cobblers Cove. Out of the mist, a mountain loomed. Slowly we edged towards it and in front of us the channel opened up as the cloud lifted, revealing a magical place.

By morning it was snowing heavily, and from the comfort of our cockpit tent we watched the landscape turn white. Forty knot winds were forecast for the following night. *Caramor* pitched and rolled as williwaws struck her from all sides, but despite the violent motion she didn't come tight on her chain. Nevertheless, we didn't sleep much. As the sun rose over this beautiful sheltered cove, the snow melted rapidly and we got ready to go ashore. In our backpacks we carried food, full sets of waterproofs, insulating clothing, a dinghy repair kit, a pump, and dry suits in case we had to swim back to the boat!

There is a large macaroni penguin colony on nearby Rookery Point, but to get there we first had to run the fur seal gauntlet. "Between the two large males?" "No, it looks less crowded near the penguins". "Argh, the fur seals are all in the water, back to plan A". Luckily, the two large males were fairly relaxed about our intrusion onto their beach. The sun was shining and the girls were whining. Keeping all the females in your harem happy is a full time job.

We started up the gully, a snarl here, a snarl there. "Oops I nearly stepped on that one". Fur seals have two fangs at the front of their mouth with which they can inflict serious damage. Bites invariably become infected. Recently a cruise ship passenger was bitten on the arm and an artery severed. A rescue mission was triggered which involved a helicopter refuelling in mid-air, a warship, and emergency surgery in Stanley. He recovered from the bite, though I'm not sure he survived the wrath of his fellow travellers who had their cruise cut short to rush him towards the Falklands.

Fur seals love dinghies. If you leave one lying around it will soon be adopted as a sun-lounger. We hauled ours beyond the fur seal line, glad not to have an outboard.

We followed reindeer paths down to the penguin colony. We were sad thinking about

Franco and the dinghy above the fur seal line at Cobblers Cove

the last reindeer, which was being stalked in Husvik as we walked – the others had all been shot in 2015 when the government decided to eradicate them at the same time as the rats. We soon cheered up though, watching the macaroni penguins. There was never a dull moment – birds displaying to one another, chicks being fed or corralled in crèches, stones and twigs being tidied. A southern petrel wandered through and was rapidly seen off.

A macaroni penguin

Our next stop was at Ocean Harbour. Despite the stiff breeze, inside the reefs we were out of the wind and in the sun the temperature was pleasant. The forecast for the following day was for very light winds – our chance to visit St Andrews Bay, home to the largest king penguin colony on the island. 150,000 penguins sitting with eggs on their

The king penguin colony at St Andrews Bay

feet was quite a sight! It wasn't totally one sided – they found us fairly intriguing too. A cold breeze picked up, dropping off the glaciers, and we decided to retreat. Once back on *Caramor*, the wind picked up and it started to snow.

The next day, back in Ocean Harbour, we fancied a walk but the fur seals were grumpy and wouldn't let us through the tussock grass. We were tolerated on the beach, however, where we watched the pups learning to swim. Suddenly they all came out of the water and stared at us, as if the swimming tutor had blown his whistle announcing the end of the class.

A king penguin feeds its already rotund chick

After a brief stop back in Grytviken we sailed north to Husvik, a good anchorage in Stromness Bay. Three boats were already at anchor – *Windora* and *Kestrel* had arrived the previous day, and *Braveheart* was supporting a team of radio amateurs attempting to beat some record for the maximum number of radio calls from a remote island. They were operating day and night out of a bright orange dome tent on the shore.

We dropped anchor in 8m just off the beach. As we were tidying up, a large seal swam over to us – at first we thought it was an elephant seal. It came alongside and up, up, out of the water it went, until it was looking down into the cockpit, its reptilian head at the same height as ours. I looked at Franco, who resembled a king penguin in his yellow and black sailing gear, and the expression on his face was that of a creature about to be eaten. She, for it was a female leopard seal, came back for another look and I could swear she licked her lips. At that moment we understood what it means not to be at the top of the food chain.

From Husvik we enjoyed a couple of good walks. The first took us past the cemetery with its freshly painted crosses, up the Husdal Valley and over a pass to the site of the former Gulbrandsen Lake. The lake used to be dammed by the Neumayer Glacier, but when the ice retreated the water drained away leaving concentric lines, marking former water levels, etched into the side of the mountain.

The second is known as the Postman's Walk. During the whaling era, mail would be delivered at Grytviken, the postman would walk over the hill to Maiviken, row across West Cumberland Bay to Carlita Harbour, and then tramp up to the pass and down the Olsen Valley to Husvik and Stromness. Over the hill from Husvik we came across gentoo penguins, which breed inland along the Olsen River. Our visit should have coincided with chicks being fledged, but there were none and the adult birds looked very subdued. The gentoo of South Georgia had had a disastrous year – their diet consists of krill, and

Kath standing in front of the former Gulbrandsen Lake, which drained when the glacier retreated

Olsen Valley

there hadn't been any at the critical time of incubation and hatching. Many penguins out fishing simply didn't return, and the mate incubating the egg had to abandon it to avoid dying of starvation. Of the chicks that had hatched, most died.

The wind had been picking up, and the forecast for the weekend was for 40 knots, dying off by Sunday evening. All three yachts decided to stay put and on Friday night we got together for dinner on *Kestrel*. Saturday was windy, around 35-45 knots, so we deployed our second anchor which held at the third attempt. The wind remained steady overnight but increased on Sunday morning to 40 knots gusting 70. The bright orange tent on the shore had been flattened during the night and the five radio operators evacuated back to *Braveheart* at 0130.

At 0945 Phil from *Windora* radioed us to say he had taken a few photos of *Caramor*

A gentoo penguin swimming in the Olsen River

looking windswept and interesting. Less than ten minutes later we noticed that *Windora* was dragging her anchor and that Phil and Bernie were deploying more chain ... still she dragged. They started the engine and were winching in their anchor to re-deploy. Then we heard Bernie on the radio: "we have no engine, we are drifting; we have no engine, we are drifting". In helpless horror we watched beautiful *Windora* being blown relentlessly towards the reef. Surely Phil would pull something off at the last minute?

Linda, over the VHF: "We are on the rocks".

There was nothing we could do to help *Windora*, but we were ready to jettison our anchors should her crew take to the dinghy and need picking up. *Windora* asked *Braveheart* for assistance and a RIB was launched, but in the strong gusts it couldn't even get near. *Braveheart* couldn't help – her two anchors weren't holding either and the skipper was concerned for the safety of his own ship. *Windora* was heeled over but wasn't taking in water, and Phil, Linda and Bernie would have to find their own solution. She stopped rocking as the tide went out, but high water would be at 1900 and she would have to get off the rocks by then or risk being driven on further. The wind wasn't due to ease until 2200.

Franco and I spent the morning in the cockpit, keeping watch. Slowly our transit lines were no longer aligning – our anchors were dragging too. We weren't in any danger, as there were no reefs immediately downwind of us, but we needed to get the anchors up and make sure that our drift continued between the rocks, not towards them. *Braveheart* was on our starboard quarter and needed avoiding too. Our main anchor seemed to be the culprit, but of course as you haul one in you put more pressure on the other. Both were clogged with kelp, so winching them in took longer than usual, using the slow gear on the windlass because of the weight. By now *Braveheart* was reporting 50–60 knots, gusting 85, the strongest winds we have ever experienced in *Caramor*.

Up the anchors came at last, just as we were clearing Bar Rocks, the terrible reef that was holding *Windora*. Franco had steered us through the gap while I lay on my

Windora on Bar Reef.
Photo Gabor Nosty

Caramor in Hercules Bay

stomach hacking kelp off the dangling hooks with our machete. Suddenly I felt a sense of great calm. I looked up, the sun was shining on my face and the wind had died completely! Back in Husvik, less than half a mile away, it was still blowing all bells. We guessed that the williwaws were crashing down the valleys, hitting the water and bouncing back up. We anchored in the kelp off Grass Island, where the wind was a mere gale force. A little later *Windora* radioed to say they had succeeded in winching themselves off the rocks using the kedge anchor during a short respite in the wind.

Early the next morning we returned to Husvik, the water so still that ice was forming on the surface. *Windora*, *Kestrel* and *Braveheart* sat peacefully at anchor, as if the maelstrom had been a figment of our collective imagination. *Braveheart* blasted her horn to say farewell. Her mission was over as the radio equipment had been badly damaged in the storm and they were heading back to Stanley early.

Phil, 'Mr Calm' during the previous day's events, was clearly in shock. He explained that the engine had overheated. Four cable ties in a row had perished, letting the engine water inlet pipe drop onto the engine and melt, leaking the coolant into the bilge. *Windora* had motored a lot recently and everything had been fine, he added – it was Sod's law that the engine failure happened just as the anchor dragged. The rotten cable ties were above a battery that had boiled a few months ago, and maybe the acid gases released had eaten into the plastic.

An hour later we set off for Hercules Bay. Sunshine, no wind, a beautiful waterfall, fur seals, macaroni penguins – it was bliss and we started to relax again. After lunch

we weighed anchor to take advantage of the light winds to get to Fortuna Bay before night. As we motored out of the bay the breeze picked up, and within minutes it was blowing 35 knots on the nose and the world disappeared into whirls of mist. We didn't need this. Fortuna Bay was no longer an option – open to the north and prone to williwaws, it wouldn't offer any shelter in the strong northwesterly. We wouldn't have time to get to the next anchorage before dark, so we turned and ran for the relative safety of Grytviken and the company of friends.

In addition to *Windora* and *Kestrel*, which had arrived a few hours earlier, two other yachts were in Grytviken – Norwegian OCC member *Villvind*, heading for South Africa, and *Izuma* from Canada. With *Caramor* that made five. "Welcome to the regatta," government officer Simon greeted us on the VHF as we sailed in.

Windora's damage had been assessed and wasn't as bad as feared – the core structure of the yacht was sound. Phil and Gabor, helped by Bernie and Franco, were soon hard at work tingling her hull using copper sheeting and Denzo tape. The rudder would need to dry before it could be repaired. The government officers agreed that *Windora* and *Kestrel* could stay until the work was completed. The latter's crew explained that they hadn't dragged in Husvik, despite having the lightest chain, because her anchor had caught on a thick hawser left over from the whaling days.

Our permit was running out and it was time for us to head back up the coast. We motored against a strong headwind to Blue Whale Harbour where we sat out another gale. The fur seal party on the beach carried on regardless of the raging blizzard. From a fur seal point of view, summer in South Georgia is as hip as Ibiza – hot, fun, a great place to meet a girl or two or four, catch up with friends and share pup-minding duties. The next bay north is Possession Bay where Captain Cook first landed in 1775 and claimed the island for King George III.

Our final day sail in South Georgia was splendid. By mid-morning the sun was shining and the gale moderating. From Blue Whale Harbour we enjoyed a very pleasant sail to Rosita Harbour, tacking past the Grace Glacier and Salisbury Plain with its large colony

Departing Grytviken for the last time, Villvind on the left

of king penguins. Even Koppervik looked peaceful, nothing like the devil's cauldron it had been on the day we arrived. There was just one problem – that morning at the tiller something had slipped in my back, I was in terrible pain and couldn't lift my right leg.

We arrived in Rosita Harbour just as the weather was changing, and sat out three days of gales. I was still in a bad way, but the forecast was as good as we would ever get, so we sailed. Fortunately Franco can sail *Caramor* on his own. He wedged me into a bunk and I took the extra strong painkillers we carry for emergencies ... and woke up three days later once the nausea became worse than the back pain. Slowly I was getting better.

The passage back to Stanley took 10 days and 22 hours. Eight of those days were to windward in force 6–7, and we hove-to on four nights because of icebergs and during ten hours of force 8. Janet and Bob of the Stanley Sailing Club met us at Maiden Haven to help us tie up. It was good to be back.

> What is man without the beasts? If all the beasts were gone, men would die from great loneliness of spirit, for whatever happens to the beasts also happens to man. All things are connected. Whatever befalls the earth befalls the children of the earth.
>
> Chief Seattle

GOTHENBURG TO PORTSMOUTH WITH OCC SPONSORSHIP

Bex Band

At the age of 19 I was fortunate to have my first sailing experience when I was offered a place on a subsidised youth voyage. A week later, after getting to know The Solent, I left with a shiny new Competent Crew certificate and an absolute love of sailing. I took to it in an instant, which supports my theory that sailing is simply in some people's blood. Lack of money prevented me from pursuing my hobby to the extent that I would have liked, although I found the perfect way to be on the water while also giving back to others – volunteering. It was so satisfying working with disadvantaged children and seeing the transformation that a week on a yacht could bring, as for many of them this was far beyond anything they had ever done before.

My experience was therefore limited to just The Solent area and the Channel, and only ever on day sails, but that was about to change. I was to join Tall Ship Adventures aboard *Challenger 3* on a voyage that would see me sailing from Gothenburg to Portsmouth. This voyage would be my first offshore sailing, the first time I had sailed at night, and the first time with a different start-to-finish location. It was exactly what I needed to progress my knowledge to the next level and to stretch my sailing skills. This was all possible thanks to the OCC Youth Sponsorship Programme. The criteria for the award has recently been revised*, so I was both over the moon and humbled when I received approval for funding that would allow me to join the voyage. As I caught my flight to Gothenburg with my sailing wellies on (I ran out of space in my hand luggage), I can't express the excitement and sense of adventure that I felt. I had been dreaming of this for a long time.

* See www.oceancruisingclub.org/about-the-occ/youth-sponsorship-programme.html

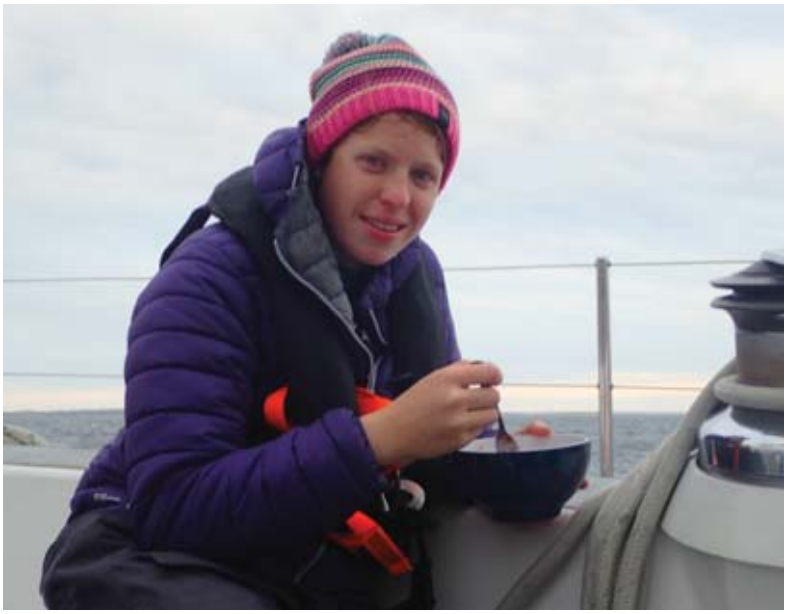
Leaving the regatta with the other tall ships – an impressive sight

Winching the mainsail before seasickness struck

Challenger 3 was in Gothenburg as she had just competed in the North Sea Regatta (finishing third in her category with four competitors, one of which retired – this provided us with a lot of jokes for the next week!). We were lucky enough to arrive in time for the last night of celebrations, which included a spectacular firework display, followed by a parade the next morning which saw all the competing tall ships head out into the North Sea together before dispersing in their own directions – what a sight!

The North Sea wasted no time in giving us a brash introduction to its notoriously choppy conditions. This was definitely nothing like The Solent! We got to work setting the sails, but it was only two hours before seasickness gripped me. I tried my best to help my watch with our duties – cooking, helming and cleaning – but kept having to lie down with my eyes closed to try and compose my swimming insides. I was soon being ill, and from there the sickness seemed to get worse and worse. The next 16 hours were awful. I couldn't hold down food, I couldn't even hold down water. I desperately tried to sleep, tied up in my berth, but the queasiness kept me awake. I found myself shivering in a cold sweat and I felt unbelievably weak.

Washing up duty



I missed three meals because of seasickness but slowly got my appetite back

Someone once told me that there are two stages to seasickness. The first is when you think you are going to die, and the second is when you wish you could. Without meaning to exaggerate, I literally spent the entire time of this ordeal telling myself that I would never step foot on a boat again and daydreaming that someone would come and airlift me home. It's probably a good thing that once you're on a boat you can't get off, because if I had been able to bail out in those early stages it would almost certainly have been a quick end to my sailing days. I finally fell into an exhausted sleep, though, and when I woke I felt a million times better – what a difference! I managed to eat some food, get into my oilies, and join my watch on deck for some much-needed fresh air. I had finally found my sea legs and, thankfully, didn't feel sick again on the trip – something I am very grateful for, as another woman on my watch only managed to make it on deck for two short visits and spent the rest of the voyage in her bunk, horrendously seasick.

Getting some much needed post-recovery fresh air

It took me some time to get to grips with the sail rigging and the different colours

Our watch that day took in the sunset, grabbing a short four-hours sleep before being back on duty in time for sunrise. I had never seen both a sunset and sunrise on the same night, and we were treated to the most spectacular skyline imaginable. As if that wasn't enough, I then got the joy of spending the night under a bursting sky full of stars, gazing at the Milky Way, satellites and catching the occasional shooting star. It was an incredible experience and a great moment to share with my watch, who I was really starting to get to know – it's fascinating the conversations that manifest when facing a long night and a majestic view.

A couple of days in the wind dropped down and we were forced to turn on the engine. I spent a lot of time with the skipper, who patiently showed me how to use the navigation software, something which I hadn't had much opportunity to learn about previously. By this point the constant on-off watches meant that I had no idea what day we were on. My body had learnt to sleep and eat when it had the chance, regardless

The first oil rig I've ever seen – they seem very alien alone at sea

Helming in rough seas

of what time it was. The conditions were tough, my sleep-deprived self out of bed at 0300 and freezing on deck while being splashed in the to time. I found the toughness satisfying if I was earning my right to be out at sea.

The wind picked up again, as did the waves, and we soon found ourselves in even worse conditions. The boat was heeling at an impossible angle, and it was hard to not feel disconcerted when she fell over a big wave before coming down with a

and I found it no easy task to drag layer up just to spend hours face by spray from time though, almost as

Having fun with the boat as she heeled

First glimpse of the White Cliffs of Dover

loud crashing thump that shook the entire boat. Helming is my favourite duty, but at night in these conditions I had a hairy moment when the wheel was yanked from my hand with such force that it caused me to lose my footing, coming down hard on the cockpit sole. It took me a moment to get myself up, balanced and in control of the helm again. The moment shook me, and also reminded me how much I was at the mercy of the sea. The 72ft steel *Challenger* was being flung around as if she was nothing more than a rag doll. The power of the water is both petrifying and awe inspiring, and you have no choice but to trust your boat and your fellow crew.

I got goosebumps when I finally spotted the familiar White Cliffs of Dover on the horizon. As we neared the coast and joined the Traffic Separation Scheme, the bumpy surface around us flattened and the sun came blazing through the clouds. I got out my sunglasses and shorts and sat on deck with the rest of the crew – this was the first time both watches

Everyone enjoying the beautiful weather

Rather a lot of washing up after we cook all the leftover food for a final meal on board

could be found awake as no one wanted to miss this glorious weather. It was a fantastic way to finish the trip and we prepared a feast with all the leftover food. We arrived at Portsmouth with mixed emotions just after sunset and it was the strangest, most satisfying feeling being back on land. Two days later and my head was still swimming as my body got used to being on a solid surface again.

A spectacular sunset as we approach Portsmouth

The crew and Challenger

I said goodbye to my new friends the next morning with promises of meeting again (and a sore head after a few celebratory drinks the night before) and jumped on a train back home. Looking out of the window – with a huge smile permanently plastered on my windswept face – I reflected on what had been a phenomenal week. The voyage had been an adventure from start to finish and I had a mountain of memories to take home – the stars, laughing with friends, going to the bow to drop the jib at night (and getting soaked!), helming in rough seas, almost falling out of my berth when the boat tacked, seeing my first oil rig ... I could go on. I have a fire in my belly and have set my sights on gaining my Day Skipper qualification within the next year. Tall Ships Adventures have also asked me to return to be a watch leader, and I hope to use this as a chance to join another offshore voyage.

I am deeply grateful to the OCC for helping me achieve an experience I will never forget, and for the opportunity to develop my sailing to the next level. To say the sponsorship was life-changing is no exaggeration. Thank you!

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WHAT DO YOU *DO* ALL DAY?
Linda Lane Thornton

(*After many years of home-waters cruising, Linda and Andy set off in 2008 aboard their Nicholson 35* Coromandel Quest *(now shortened to simply* Coromandel*) for what became a westabout circumnavigation, completed in 2013.*)

As liveaboard cruisers, you know what day-to-day life either at anchor or in a marina is like. Some things are similar to living in a more conventional environment – shopping for food, cooking, eating, washing up, little DIY jobs (or FIY jobs – use your imagination as to what the F stands for!) – but others are somewhat different. One question we're often asked, by both landlubbers and weekend cruisers, is "What do you do all day?" Of course we read and listen to books, clean the boat, make plans, play ... but since childhood, needlework of all kinds has been my constant companion, and I cannot even remember a time when I couldn't knit. Patchwork and quilting are part of this repertoire and are now the outlet for my artistic expression.

Sunset in Pierowall

When Andy and I left Blyth in 2007 I decided to make journal quilts – small quilts A4 (about 21 x 30cm or 8½ x 12 inches) in size, which would commemorate each month of our travels. At that time, I didn't realise that we would end up going all around the world: the original plan was to spend the summer on the west coast of Scotland.

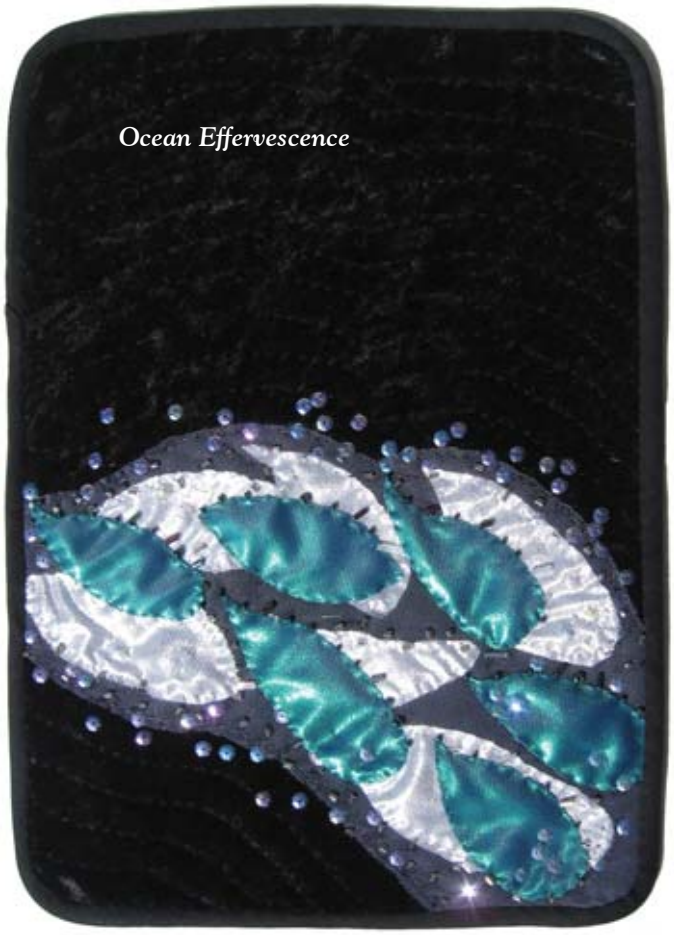
So I'd like to share with you some of my favourite journal quilts, and describe the events that surround them. To me they are like time machines: I look at one and am instantly transported back to the time and place depicted in the quilt, which in turn brings back memories of the people we met, the things we did (climbing to the top of the nearest pointy bit is essential to my well-being), the food we ate and the drinks we tried – some memorable for their sheer awfulness, like the local rum we bought in one of the Caribbean islands and ended up using to kill fish. The fish didn't seem to think much of it either.

Sunset in Pierowall

When we left Blyth, our home port some 15 miles north of Newcastle upon Tyne, our original destination was the Shetland Islands, which we had not previously visited. Nature, however, had other ideas and the southerly force 5 we had when we left Peterhead, just north of Aberdeen, gradually increased to force 7, then more rapidly to forces 8, 9 and 10, fortunately from the south. So we altered course and headed instead for Pierowall on Westray in the Orkney Islands, happy to find that the wind had decreased to a more benign force 7 by the time we came to negotiate the pontoons of the tiny marina. (See *Layback in the Orkney Islands*, *Flying Fish* 2007/1, for the full story). Sitting on the harbour wall a few nights later, we watched the sun set in a wash of lavender, apricot and lemon as the little local boats bobbed on their moorings. I can still taste the wee (well, not so wee really) dram of Laphroaig that we sipped as we contemplated our new lifestyle. The resulting journal quilt, *Sunset in Pierowall*, remains one of my favourites.

Ballena

Dolphins and whales are an integral part of the cruising life, and we have had many experiences with them, some benign, some rather more alarming. In Ecuador we had the opportunity of



going whale-watching, as the Humboldt whales were migrating. I managed to capture a photograph of one of them as he broached, and from the photo produced this journal quilt – *Ballena* (Spanish for whale, although in Ecuador it is pronounced *bajena*, with a soft j). What I loved about this encounter was the sheer exuberance of the whale, almost punching the air with triumphant glee. We've seen many whales since, but I don't think I've experienced the same sense of delight as I did with this one – especially as he was quite a distance away, unlike the ones in the Indian Ocean which surfaced about a boat's length ahead of us while we were under spinnaker.

Ocean Effervescence

The last 300 miles from Neiafu in Tonga to Whangarei in New Zealand took five days, and we took more damage in those five days than we had in the entire Pacific. This included my being thrown sideways through the cupboard doors above the heads, knocking them both off their hinges and giving me a severe thump on the shoulder. About the only thing that made the passage bearable was watching the bioluminescence in the water at night, which glowed and sparkled in a myriad shades of blue and green – or so it seemed at the time. I think it has been bettered only during the passage round the Cape of Good Hope, when the whole surface of the sea seemed to glow an unearthly green and the shapes of the dolphins were outlined as they played around us. This journal quilt also reminds me of the friends I made at the Whangarei Patchworkers' and Quilters' Club, which I joined while I was in New Zealand. The aquamarine and silver fabrics came from the stash of a lady, Marie Finnegan, whose daughter did belly-dancing – Marie had brought in a big bag full of remnants and I was happy to take a few sparkly bits for this project. So although the sailing experience may not have been wholly enjoyable, the friends I made in Whangarei more than made up for the few days of discomfort.

The Waterhole

I had seen photographs of Aboriginal art, but was not prepared for the stunning sight of the real thing when we visited the Museum of the Northern Territories in Darwin whilst *Coromandel* was anchored in Fannie Bay. In the heat of the day, the museum was a good place to cool down, so Andy and I spent a lot of time there. Some artists use figurative motifs to depict people and animals, a visual shorthand which is easy to read once you know the key. People are represented by circles, their digging sticks by strips and a *coolamon*, a container made from bark which women use for carrying food items such as honey ants, witchety grubs or bush onions – collectively known as bush tucker – is represented by an oval. Animals and birds, such as kangaroos, goanas and emus, are depicted by the tracks they leave on the ground. These paintings are simple, colourful, and often tell a story: a glimpse of a moment in time. I learned that it can be the *act* of painting that is of vital, often ritual, importance rather than the finished painting itself. I sketched this design after visiting the museum, sitting on the beach looking out to sea and wondering what the Never-Never looked like in the dry season. The story behind it goes like this: *It is the dry season. A man with his digging sticks is sitting behind a rock near a waterhole. On the opposite side of the waterhole two kangaroos are sitting drinking. Four more kangaroos are waiting to drink. Beneath the soil is a network of roots from bush onions. In the rainy season they will spring into life.*

Ikan Berenang

If you cruise Indonesia, you will eat seafood – fried, baked, stuffed, boiled. *Ikan bakar* – baked fish – became one of my favourite meals, especially the fish encrusted with

Ikan Berenang

palm sugar which we ate in Maropokot, cooked by the wife of the harbourmaster. When we were in Belitung, a beautiful island with the most amazing granite boulders, one particular beach bar did *cumi* – deep fried squid, which was served in a bowl the size of a baby bath. Mona's *cumi* (pronounced *choomi)* has become The standard by which Andy judges all other deep fried squid. So I knew that I wanted to have something fishy as a memory of Indonesia. I did several sketches, but I didn't have any fabric which reminded me of fish, so I put the sketches on hold. A month or so later, we were wandering around the old town of Phuket in Thailand when I saw a bolt of fabric with designs of fish: perfect! Mindful of the limited space I have aboard *Coromandel* for storing such things I managed to persuade the young man to sell me just 25cm, then fussy-cut the two fish in the quilt ('fussy-cut' means to cut out a motif specific to one's purpose – which could be from the centre of the piece). *Ikan Berenang* means *Swimming Fish,* so this quilt reminds me of all things fishy in Indonesia.

Anak Krakatoa

The ancient volcano of Krakatoa lies between Sumatra and Java. It is most famous for obliterating itself in an explosive eruption in 1883 that was heard as far away as Japan and New Zealand – the dust thrown up into the atmosphere gave rise to brilliant sunsets for nearly three years. Today a new volcano, Anak Krakatoa – *Child of Krakatoa* – rises from the centre of the ancient *caldera* and we spent our last night in Indonesian waters anchored to the south of Anak Krakatoa but still within the old *caldera*. It was very calm, with a slight zephyr from the west, and we decided to go to the south anchorage to avoid the particulates that were drifting from the summit. The charts indicated a

depth of 25m, but as we approached we found the depth shallowing – 25, 20, 15, 10 – eventually we anchored in about 5m. Andy was still sitting out on deck watching the afterglow of sunset while I was doing the washing up, when a tremendous explosion sent me hurtling up on deck to see a huge plume of smoke and ash ascending from the crater. We could see glowing pieces of rock raining down into the sea, trailing smoke behind them. Secondary explosions continued for another three hours or so before the volcano settled down for the evening. After a very tranquil night we awoke to a glassily flat calm and a quiescent volcano. Wandering around the deck Andy asked, "Have you see these bubbles?". All around *Coromandel* little bubbles were rising to the surface. "I think we'll be on our way," he said, going forward to start taking in the anchor. When the chain came up it was not only bright and shiny – it was hot as well, So this quilt shows Anak Krakatoa in full swing.

Anak Krakatoa

Inspiration continues to flow in – from the sea, from landscapes, from the ever-changing moods of the weather. I do a lot of daydreaming about what I could do, especially on night watches when the only light comes from the moon and stars. The constantly changing wave patterns, the different colours of breaking waves, the play of light on the sea – are all stimulating to the creative impulse. That, at least, is my excuse for sitting doing nothing, just watching the waves roll past.

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WHAT, WHO, WHERE AND WHEN

OCC members are the club's lifeblood, and we rely on you for contributions to all our publications, both paper and electronic. With nine separate inboxes, however, it can be difficult to know where and to whom your submission should be sent, and when the deadline falls for the next issue – always assuming there is a deadline. Neither do we all work from the same office, the same country, or even the same continent.

We hope the following will be useful, but if your submission isn't easily pigeonholed please send it to the publication which looks closest and we'll take it from there. If sending to more than one publication **please** inform all concerned of the duplication.

General club business – initial contact, subscription and membership matters, committee and flag office nominations, deaths etc – should be directed to Club Secretary Rachelle Turk at secretary@oceancruisingclub.org. Brief details of forthcoming events should also be sent to Rachelle, with copies to the *Newsletter* at newsletter@oceancruisingclub.org, and the *e-Bulletin* at e-Bulletin@oceancruisingclub.org. Nominations for club awards should be sent to Awards Nominations at awardsnominations@oceancruisingclub.org.

Many thanks, and we all look forward to hearing from you!

FLYING FISH (twice a year)

- **Editor** – Anne Hammick
- **E-mail** – flying.fish@oceancruisingclub.org
- **Snailmail** – address on the first page of each issue
- **Membership** – space in Flying Fish is limited, and is normally restricted to articles by members (full or associate) or their spouses, partners or long-term crew. Please make it clear at the outset if none of these apply
- **Subject matter –** cruise and liveaboard accounts (including humour), technical articles, recipes, letters, book reviews, obituaries. Please make contact prior to submitting the latter two
- **Length** – articles usually between 1000 and 3500 words, though longer pieces are sometimes accepted. Length as required for other items
- **Illustrations** – up to 20 captioned photographs per article (high resolution, though thumbnails or embedded pics are fine on initial submission). Also professional standard drawings and cartoons. Consult the *Guidelines for Contributors* and/or *Sending Submissions to Flying Fish* for further details and recommended sending methods
- **Chartlets** – please include a rough chartlet if relevant, for professional re-drawing
- **Cover photo** – eye-catching photographs of high resolution and quality, preferably with fairly plain areas top and bottom to take the wording
- **Deadlines** – 1st February for June publication and 1st October for December publication, though an issue may be closed earlier if it becomes full

NEWSLETTER (quarterly)

- **Editor** – Jeremy Firth
- **E-mail** – newsletter@oceancruisingclub.org
- **Subject matter** – news from members: cruise progress, cruise plans, meetings with fellow members, snippets of *news*. Event reports, whether large organised rallies

or three boats getting together: short report plus photos. News from Port Officers: members passing through, changes to your area (berthing, regulations, navigation etc). Details of future events, including dates, venue and contact information

- **Length** – from as few as 50 up to ±800 words for members' news. Event reports up to ±500 words, news from Port Officers up to 800 words according to content
- **Illustrations** – High resolution and/or large size photographs, as nearly 'straight from the camera' as possible, with captions identifying who, what, where, when and why. Send as attachments to multiple e-mails, or via WeTransfer or Dropbox
- **Deadlines** – 20th of month: January, April, July and October

E-BULLETIN (monthly)

- **Editor** – Dick Guckel
- **E-mail** – captain.dick@verizon.net or e-Bulletin@oceancruisingclub.org
- **Subject matter** – urgent announcements, notification of events, requests from Committee members, website tips and updates, Port Officer update information, location of members' vessels, free OCC Dockage, commercial discounts, welcome to new members, associate members who have qualified for full membership, names of recently deceased members, contact details for club officers and officials, items for sale or wanted, crew needed, advertising for the Forum and the OCC Facebook group
- **The *e-Bulletin* does NOT include** – communications from the Commodore except in special circumstances, technical articles, full-length obituaries, Facebook-type information (who's where etc), commercial advertisements
- **Length** – generally less than 200 words
- **Illustrations** – generally NO
- **Deadlines** – 22nd of month from May to September inclusive, 24th of month from October to April inclusive, for publication at the end of that month

ADVERTISEMENTS

- **Advertising** – Mike Downing
- **E-mail** – advertising@oceancruisingclub.org
- ***Flying Fish*** – about 30 pages of commercial advertisements are carried in *Flying Fish*. Details of rates, page sizes, deadlines etc will be found at the back of each issue, or on the website at http://www.oceancruising club.org/index.php/advertisers
- ***Newsletter*** – a small number of commercial advertisements are carried in each issue and the Advertising Manager should be contacted regarding rates, page sizes and deadlines. Members wishing to sell yachts or used cruising equipment should contact the editor, Jeremy Firth. Advertisements are normally quarter page or smaller, and there is no charge. Members wishing to sell items commercially, or to promote books, seminars etc, will be charged and should e-mail advertising@oceancruisingclub.org regarding rates etc
- ***Members Handbook*** – a limited number of commercial advertisements are carried on the inside covers and in the centre, and the Advertising Manager should be contacted regarding rates, page sizes and deadlines
- ***E-Bulletin*** – no advertising is carried in the monthly *e-Bulletin* other than the (free) 'for sale' and 'wanted' listings – contact the editor, Dick Guckel

WEBSITE – Homepage

- **Manager** – Daria Blackwell
- **Web address** – www.oceancruisingclub.org
- **E-mail –** PR@oceancruisingclub.org
- **Subject matter** – general news items of interest to cruisers (changes in country regulations, docking facilities, discounts available etc), brief stories about members and events, short notes on recent achievements and/or accomplishments, upcoming events, requests (for crew, info, assistance etc), comments on club events not covered in the *Newsletter* or *Flying Fish*, and anything that doesn't fit elsewhere! Features include a worldwide events diary and a series on Best Practices in Cruising
- **Length** – any length. The Home page shows only the first few lines, often with a photo, and provides a link to the full article elsewhere on the website. Ideally, you could send a short story to the newsletter and the fully embellished article to the website
- **Illustrations** – one or two good photographs, preferably in higher resolution as we often have to adapt them for multiple purposes
- **Deadlines** – none. New articles are normally posted at least once a month but there is no formal deadline

WEBSITE – Forum

- **Moderator** – Simon Currin
- **E-mail** – simon@medex.org.uk
- **Data Entry** – any member can post messages directly to the Forum by logging on with their usual log-in details
- **Subject Matter** – a wide range of topics is actively discussed, and more will be added if any member has further suggestions. Current topics include: electronics and electrical, best practices, cruising plans and reports, chart and book exchange, crew exchange, various technical issues, radio nets and members' blog sites
- **Length** – no formal restriction, but for a lengthy submission it may be better to post a short introductory text and then attach a PDF. Links can be inserted to other websites
- **Illustrations** – image files, typically JPGs, can be either attached or inserted into a post. A single post can accommodate multiple images
- **Cruising Information** – the old Cruising Information website has been migrated across to a dedicated section of the Forum. This can be navigated by region or by country, and includes recommended online and paper cruising guides, local regulations, local privileges for OCC members, out-of-the-way anchorages and places where yachts can be left for a period of time. If struggling to find what you want then use the search function in the Forum and, in case of difficulties, e-mail Simon at the above address
- **OCC Fleet Map** – members who wish to can have their boat's position displayed on a live, interactive map which is visible only to other members. If you require help in registering your boat for this map please e-mail Simon at the above address

FACEBOOK

- **Administrators** – Frances Rennie and Jenny Crickmore-Thompson
- **E-mail** – oceancruisingclub91@gmail.com
- **Subject matter** – anything of interest to other members, queries requiring a quick response, short (very short) sailing comments with photos. This is a closed group accessible to members only

PRESS RELEASES

- **PR Officer** – Daria Blackwell
- **E-mail** – PR@oceancruisingclub.org
- **Subject matter** – member achievements or activities that would be considered newsworthy to sailors globally. We can assist in creating releases for regional/ local distribution but please note that all press releases about the OCC must be centrally approved by the PR officer. Please forward clippings about the OCC appearing in regional publications, preferably by e-mail attachment, otherwise in hard copy to Daria Blackwell, Port Aleria, Rosnakilly, Kilmeena, Westport, County Mayo, Ireland


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SHIMSHAL IN THE ARCTIC: Iceland and North East Greenland

Simon and Sally Currin

(*Simon and Sally bought their first* Shimshal *in 1996 and commissioned* Shimshal II *from CR Yachts Sweden AB eight years later. Launched in 2006, she has an LOA of 48ft (14·6m), with 14ft 8in (4·5m) beam and 7ft 3in (2·2m) draught, and was designed as their ultimate boat, ready to take them around the world in comfort and safety.*

Simon is currently on the OCC committee, with responsibility for both the Forum and the OCC Fleet Map, while Sally served as Honorary Treasurer from 2011 to 2016. In their days jobs they are a doctor and chartered account.

Shimshal II *left Scotland in 2015 to begin a slow circumnavigation taking in various high latitude destinations. Plans for 2017 include a second visit to Greenland, then to Canada and the USA. Follow their travels at https://voyagesofshimshal.blogspot.pt/p/blog-page.html.*)

Our long dreamed of cruise to North East Greenland began with a fast reach out of Reykjavik in mid April, powered by a cool northeasterly wind. Things were to become much cooler. By 0200 a savage katabatic wind off the Snaesfjell icecap lashed us with snow, but we came closer to the wind and pressed on north for Isafjordur and the Hornstrandir National Park. A few days later we were anchored in the uncharted Lonafjordur on an idyllic spring day surrounded by a wonderland of rolling snowy peaks. It had frozen hard the night before and, as *Shimshal* swung on her anchor, she crunched through the thin glazing of sea ice forming around her. We were in the heart of the uninhabited Hornstrandir National Park in Iceland's remote northwest.

On this occasion we had two hugely experienced guests on board who were only too happy to look after the boat leaving Sally and me free to go ski-mountaineering

Anchored in Lonafjordur


GREENLAND
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BEAR ISLANDS
CATHEDRAL RANGES
Harefjord
Ofjord
Jyttes Havn
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Charcot Havn
MILNE LAND
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70°N
Turner Sound
GREENLAND
Turner Island
N
Denmark Strait
Hornstrandir National Park
Arctic Circle
Isafjordur
Lonafjordur
ICELAND
Snaesfjell icecap
64°N
Reykjavik
24°W
14°W

ashore. Those days in the Hornstrandir National Park alone would have made all the planning and preparation worthwhile, but things just kept getting better and better. Ashore we found impeccable spring snow from sea to summit. We were free to ski anywhere in this wonderful playground just a few miles short of the Arctic Circle. What a way to spend a day! To climb a hill on skis in the morning and then whoop with the delights of the descent. To be met in the tender by friends and to celebrate the adventure with fine food in the snug of our own saloon while the world outside shivered in the evening chill.

With a pressing need to return to work we reluctantly flew home, leaving *Shimshal* safe on a mooring in Isafjordur under the watchful gaze of Muggi the Harbourmaster and Halldor the OCC Port Officer. A conveniently placed high-definition webcam meant that we could drop in and see her, as we frequently did during the next three months while we waited for the ice in the Denmark Strait to retreat.

As the weeks went by the sea ice did indeed recede, and at a much quicker pace than had been seen for years. Not good for the planet, but great for us as we were hoping to make Scoresby Sound the destination of our summer Arctic cruise. This place has a fearful reputation, and a high-latitude expert at the OCC annual dinner had talked of difficult ice, fog, storms, ferocious katabatic winds and tenuous anchorages – all the ingredients for a perfect summer holiday! We re-read Tilman's accounts of his Greenland adventures and realised that he had tried and failed to reach Scoresby Sound four times, and had lost two boats in the process.

As departure day got closer our anxiety levels rose, and this was reinforced by the bill from our insurers who also clearly took a dim view! We compensated for rising adrenaline levels by planning and researching. We bought a gun and took shooting lessons in case of polar bear molestation. We converted a spare water tank to diesel to triple our motoring endurance. We familiarised ourselves with the latest web resources for high arctic travel and made sure that we could access all that we needed from our Iridium GO. Sally worked out her provisioning with customary precision and, to my amazement, knew before it was bought where every item would be stowed. Much time and even more money was spent preparing ourselves and the boat in every conceivable way.

On 23 July the plane banked steeply at the head of the fjord, skimmed a ridge while still turning, passed over a few hundred yards of sea and, moments after completing that radical banking manoeuvre, bounced down onto the runway at Isafjordur airport. An exciting way to begin the second phase of our summer's Arctic adventure.

For this trip Sally and I had chosen two old friends with whom we had experienced considerable hardship in previous decades. Denzil's skills for the trip were self-evident, as being an engineer by training he has a profound understanding of and aptitude for all things mechanical, electrical and electronic. Rod had summited Everest on an expedition I led 22 years ago and had moved to New Zealand. Although we had never lost contact, this would be our first adventure together for more than 20 years. We were looking forward to a challenging cruise with great company and we weren't to be disappointed.

Two days were spent provisioning and doing final preparations in Isafjordur. We left this wonderfully hospitable town with light northeasterlies forecast, and spent our first night at anchor in a bay on the western side of Iceland's northern cape.

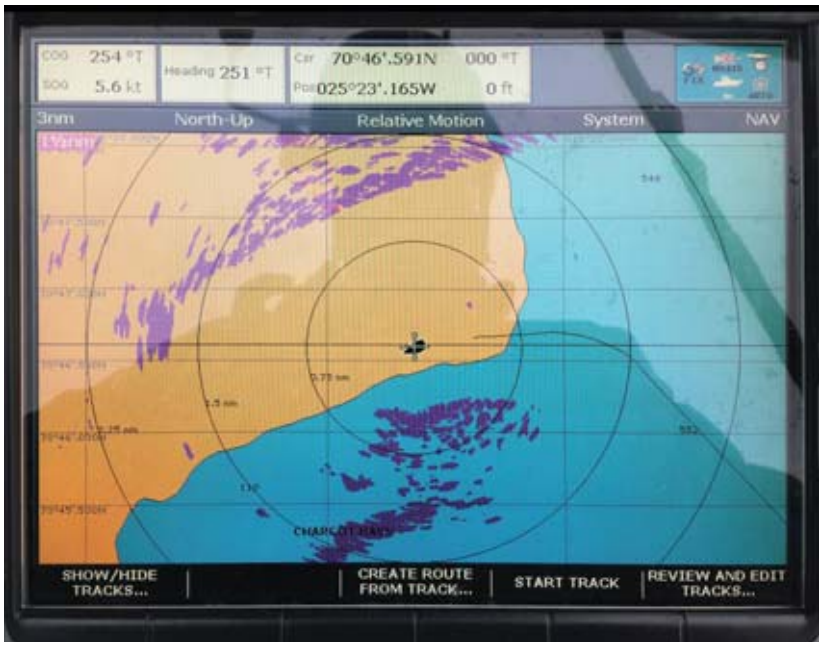
Icebergs in the Denmark Strait

Anxious to use the light wind forecast to cross the tempestuous Denmark Strait we ended up motoring much of the 300 mile passage, passing our first icebergs 100 miles off the Greenland coast. We were to become very familiar with the drone of our engine on this trip!

Growlers appeared 40 miles off the land but the mountainous coast, swathed in low cloud, did not reveal itself until we got within 20 miles. We were visited by a spectacular pod of minke whales – twenty or more of them came spouting, tail slapping and breaching towards us. At several points we were surrounded, with the nearest just 20m away. We liked to think they were welcoming us to Greenland. At almost the same spot on our homeward voyage they came back, flapping their tail fins as a farewell gesture.

Three massive sentinel icebergs stood grounded off Kap Brewster, which we passed at midnight in grey and overcast twilight. An hour later we came clear of the cloud and mist banks and the sparkling dawn sunshine lit up the peaks of Liverpool Land to the north and Volquart Boon Kyst behind. A scene of jaw dropping beauty.

Rounding Kap Brewster in the middle of the night



Radar superimposed on the chart revealed a 1·5 mile error

The anchor dug into the wonderful, welcoming mud at Fox Bay at 0400. We could hardly believe our luck. We had crossed the Denmark Strait without drama, mishap or even seasickness, and had managed to reach 70°N on Greenland's most inhospitable coast and find the entrance to Scoresby Sound to be completely free of sea ice. Of course there were plenty of icebergs to contend with, but the sea ice had all gone – completely different to last year when no sailing boats had managed to approach this point until much later in the season. In our enthusiasm to get ashore we went wandering off along the coast leaving the gun on board. Later that day in Ittoqqortoormiit we learned that polar bears had recently been seen on that same shore, so made a mental note to obey the rule of thumb we had been given in Iceland: never go ashore without a gun.

The village, officially listed as one of the ten most isolated communities in the world, inevitably had a frontier feel to it. Snowed in for most months of the year this is a hardy community of Inuit hunters sustained by two supply ships from Denmark. The first ship for 2016 was due in on 2 August and the last one in September. It is an impossibly remote community, tenaciously clinging to the rocky hillside and struggling to survive the threats of depopulation. We wandered around the village chatting with the policeman (who insisted that the UK was a Schengen country and therefore no formalities were required), and with Erik the meteorologist who sends up his balloon twice a day at 1100 and 2300. We met a Canadian woman who, with her English husband, has been running dog teams on the sea ice for many years. Everywhere we went there were teams of huskies overheating and howling in the summer sun.

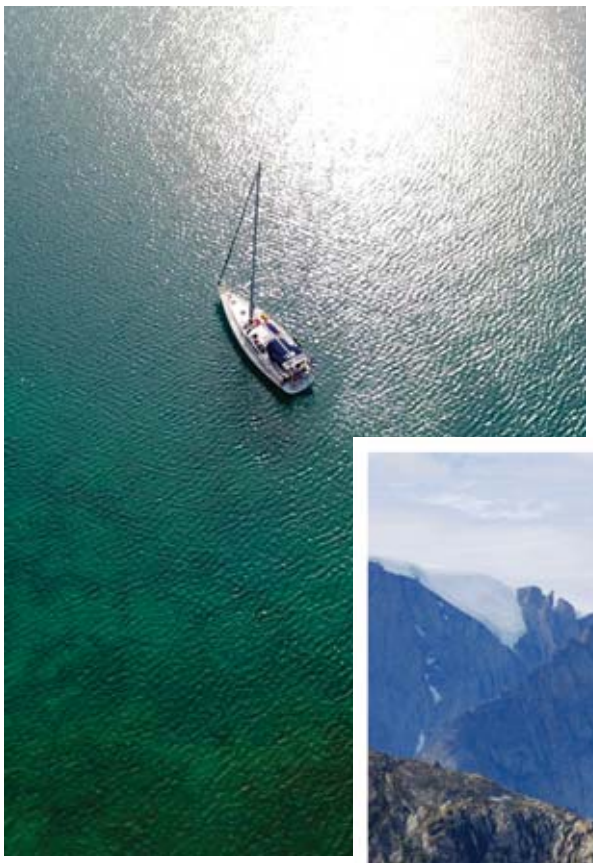
The southern coast of Scoresby Sound

Ittoqqortoormiit, at 71°N

Brian and Eric of SV *Seafram* came on board and generously shared their experiences of seven summers in these waters. Later SV *Imam* arrived – she had been tied up behind us at Isafjordur and had left the day before us. They had spent a couple of nights at anchor on the Forbidden Coast and had had chastening encounters with polar bears ... made worse, no doubt, by their large and welcoming stern boarding platform!

Our intention was to attempt to circumnavigate Milne Land which, from Ittoqqortoormiit, is a 300 mile cruise within this enormous fjord system. Scoresby Sound is, in fact, the largest fjord system in the world and everything is on a breathtaking scale. We sailed overnight to Charcot Havn and anchored in the glacial, silty waters off the east coast of Milne Land. The glacier had receded a couple of miles up the valley leaving a braided network of mud flats and sand banks. We climbed the hill at the north end of the bay and looked down on the glacier. Ashore the land was covered with mosses, lichens and exquisite wild flowers – harebells, moss campion, sedum and wild berries. Sadly the mosquitoes were there too, with itchy consequences.

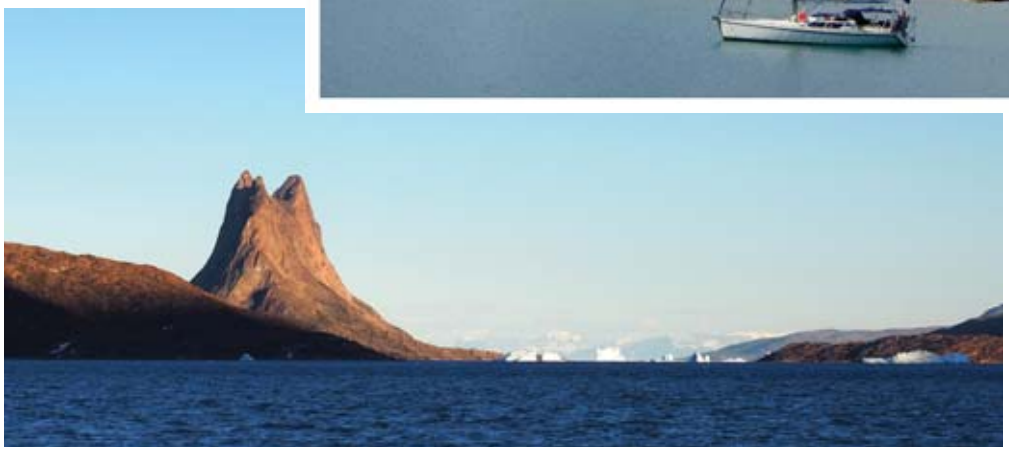
Overlooking the snout of the glacier at Charcot Havn



Our next anchorage was in Jyttes Havn on the Bear Islands where, again, we found good holding in mud. Icebergs came and left the bay, drifting just a few metres from us, but we were protected from them by a narrow reef. Another hill to climb, and more spectacular views which even surpassed the last. To the north lay the Ofjord, chaotically littered with icebergs of all shapes and sizes,

Above and right: Shimshal anchored in Jyttes Havn. The one above was taken from a drone.

Below: Bear Island

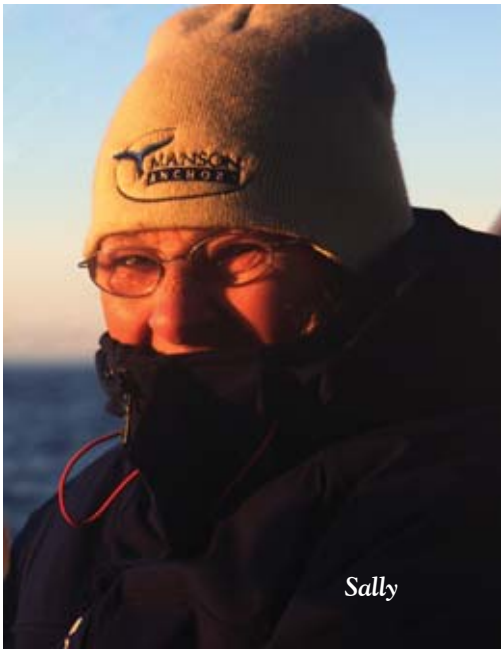


Cathedral Peak

some up to a kilometre long. On the north side of the fjord the Cathedral Ranges reared to 2000m peaks, towers and spires, loftiest of them all the magnificent, polished tower of rock known as Cathedral Peak. Two boat handlers, Peter and Tom, working for Tangent Expeditions, had the week before dropped off a party of climbers to attempt a multi-day, porta-ledge ascent of this mountain, but we could see no sign of them.

Thinking that we had seen the best, we sailed west along the Ofjord dodging and weaving our way around the bergs as we went. Just how many photos we took we don't know, but it could never be enough to document the full majesty of our surroundings. Blue fjord, gleaming icebergs and innumerable calving glaciers descending, with 2000m icefalls, from summit icecap to sea.

Intricate icebergs in Scoresby Sound



Sally

Gradually the geology changed and tundra vegetation returned to the northern shores. A distant group of musk ox grazed high on the hillside. Finally came the red rock mountains of Harefjord, burnished by the evening sun. At anchor that evening the glowing red ravines of the mountainside contrasted with pristine, glistening icebergs. As if that weren't enough we were treated to the warble of a great northern diver which came fishing close to the boat. After a few minutes he emerged with a fish in his bill and splashed his way back into the air en route to a distant nest.

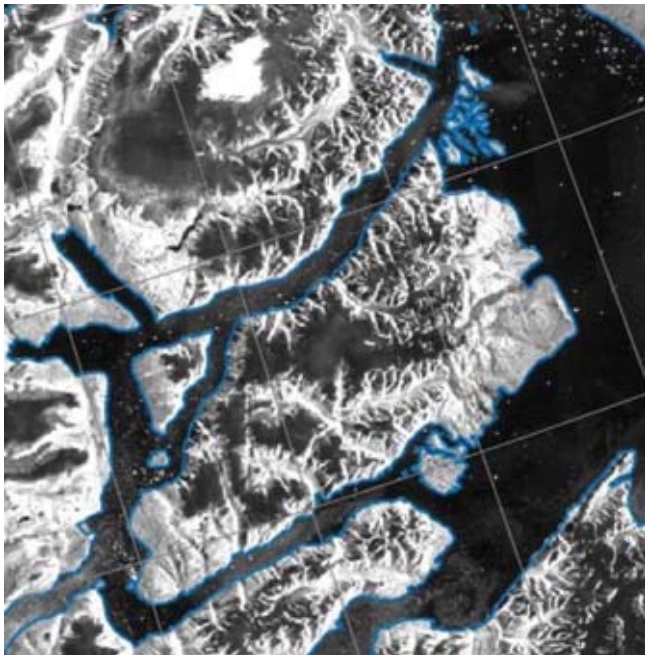
A friend in the UK was sending us regular ice satellite photos, which he trimmed down to make them manageable enough to receive by Iridium. In this way we were able to receive full resolution satellite imagery, and knew that a successful circumnavigation of Milne Land was going to be unlikely due to the amount of ice calving off the massive glaciers further west. The unusually warm season which had cleared the sea ice to allow us in was now melting the ice on the glaciers and speeding their calving – so perversely we had more icebergs to contend with. Those massive calved bergs were continually exploding and disintegrating in the powerful sun, leaving behind the much more dangerous growlers and brash that clogged our passage south. We had become acutely aware of the remoteness of our situation the day before, when we kissed a rock with the keel while seeking out an anchorage safe from icebergs. Fortunately we got off easily, but a serious grounding or growler damage to rudder or propeller would be a huge difficulty for us 160 miles inside the fjord. We were in no mood to take excessive risks.

We took a second tender in case the main one got trashed by a polar bear

Rodefjord

It was with trepidation then that we ventured out into the oncoming motorway of icebergs that was the Rodefjord. This fjord lived up to its name, with a range of red mountains to the west. The satellite pictures proved accurate and the ice grew denser and denser. We began to falter, but found a safe way towards the narrows where two gargantuan glaciers calved vast quantities of ice. We didn't want to give up too easily so pressed on, but then the unequivocal end came. The horizon was choked by dense bergs floating in a soup of growlers and brash ice – no place for a plastic boat. Sally was looking nervous and I knew we had reached our limits.

On a bright and sunny evening we wound our way in retreat back beneath the Cathedral Ranges – and had to photograph them all over again lit by the long sunset. We had resolved to anchor at Sydkap, where we thought we would find good holding and good shelter as there were a couple



A satellite photo of the ice obstruction on the west side of Milne Land

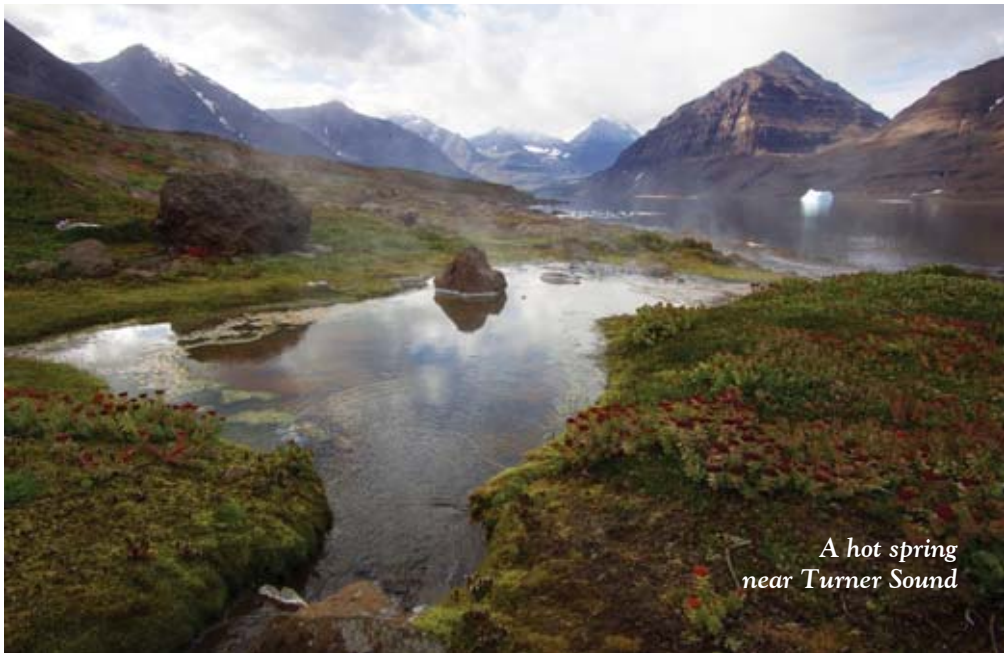
A one kilometre iceberg

of hunter's huts on the shore. In fact we found lousy shelter and indifferent holding, and had to leave in a hurry when our safe haven turned into a lee shore with 25 knots of wind blowing us onto it.

Though sad to be leaving the upper reaches of Scoresby Sound, we had received satellite images of the Forbidden Coast which had never been so ice free. Our consolation would be to attempt to cruise a coast that has seen very few yachts indeed on our way south back to Reykjavik. What's more, we were enjoying prolonged fine dry weather and the forecast promised more of the same. We steered eastwards toward Kap Tobin and the Forbidden Coast.

Back at anchor in Amdrup Havn we spent 7 August diving to clear a growth of barnacles that had occluded the seawater intake for the aft heads and transferring diesel from tank to tank around the boat. I don't think we smelled too badly, but the fact remains that between the four of us we had only used 250 litres of water in over two weeks, so a trip ashore was in order, to refill our tanks in order to enable more generous water rationing. For this I had an experiment in mind which, surprisingly, worked rather well. We had brought with us a 200 litre flexible water tank about half the length of our dinghy. We took it ashore to a nearby meltwater stream and, once full, we transferred it back to the boat at anchor. We then hoisted the dinghy,

Kap Tobin



A hot spring near Turner Sound

complete with 200kg water, on a spare genoa halyard and successfully siphoned it into our onboard tanks. It's great when a plan comes together!

The day was relaxing and sunlit, and at supper we barely noticed the breeze from the north. The anchor was well dug in, so we had no anxieties when we went off to bed. However, with the others asleep below, I began to get nervous about all the banging and clanking as the boat sheered around her anchor. Fierce gusts were now lashing us and spray was blowing off the waves. Our deck level anemometer was reading gusts to 45 knots, and there was a loud thud as one of the blades of the wind generator broke

Turner Island

The boiling hot spring adjacent to our anchorage

off. The gusts were now ferocious, and despite the long snubber there was a firm jolt as we sheared off to starboard. A quick check to see if we were dragging... The shore was now 50m closer, so on went the engine and, within seconds, my magnificent crew were on deck and hard at work battling with the anchor chain and a huge ball of mud clinging to the anchor. Presumably it had been yanked out and had failed to re-set. It took three hours of motoring around to find depths appropriate for anchoring, then five or six goes to get it to hold. Of course as soon as the anchor did find good mud the frequency of the gusts grew fewer and their intensity weakened, and within a couple of hours all was calm. We had survived our first serious katabatic. It was as if the winds were reminding us that cruising up here is not for the faint-hearted.

The night had been spent wrestling for shelter and safe anchorage, so we delayed our departure south by a few hours to make sure everyone was properly rested and fed before the 70 mile passage around Kap Brewster and on to Turner Sound.

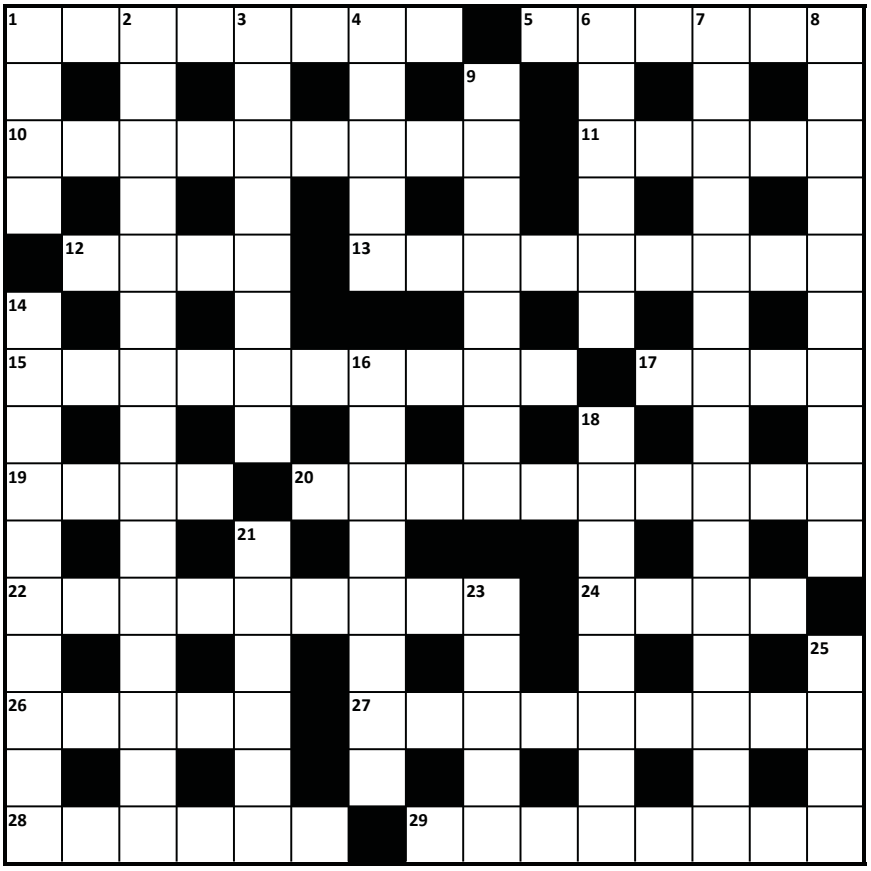
Suited and booted for the cold Arctic night we sailed southwest along the Forbidden Coast before tentatively putting our nose in behind Turner Island and anchoring at 0500 off a beach protected from swell by a low basalt bluff. The smell of festering drains was in the air, and my heart sank at the thought of another assault on the ship's plumbing. But then the source of the sulphur became obvious as we saw steam rising from the beach and, higher up, some bubbling fumaroles simmering away gently. We had fetched up, by accident, at a perfect geothermal bathing pool with views of peaks, icebergs and, of course, our anchorage – a glorious oasis of vegetation in a stark and arid landscape. Flowering sedum, rich green mosses and even dandelions added colour to the stark skeletons of whales and seals that had been butchered there. A hunter's hut 200m away marked this extremely remote spot as a favoured outpost of seasonal hunters.

We'd had plans to cruise further down the Forbidden Coast, but the call to retreat was sounded when we learned of a developing system in the eastern Denmark Strait. It was with great regret that we altered course for Iceland. In our wake now lay the endless ranges of mountains visible for 100 miles to north and south. Almost stripped of their snow by the summer sun, these burnished ochre mountains stood between the pure blue sky and the occasional pristine iceberg drifting on the polar current. We were racing south to avoid the blow we knew was coming.

They say Greenland gets under your skin, and it had. We'll be back next summer for sure.

NAUTICAL CRYPTIC CROSSWORD

(see next page)



NAUTICAL CRYPTIC CROSSWORD
Compiled by Domini

A crossword in *Flying Fish* is not the innovation many members might suppose – they were a regular feature in the early 1990s, until the compiler of the day retired, claiming to have run out of inspiration. Domini and I would both welcome feedback (to flying.fish@oceancruisingclub.org) ... and if there's to be another in *Flying Fish* 2017/1, please make that sooner rather than later as Domini tells me he generally creates them while on watch at night, and each is the product of many nights' cogitation!

ACROSS

1 Winch the French ship (8)
5 Sticker is mine (6)
10 Liquid drop for cataract (9)
11 The skipper is never this bad! (5)
12 Release and regularly turn a drogue (4)
13 Fish round and about pirate (9)
15 Strong ship relieves tensions... (10)
17 ...with elegant type of cabin (4)
19 see 4 down
20 Run three points back and forth round US soldier to structure again (2-8)
22 Small detached creature returned covered in plastic (9)
24 Sidewind not right for one (4)
26 Deceiving about Kon-Tiki (5)
27 Mention soldiers put guard rail round QE2 (9)
28 Beam to does in rig (4-2)
29 High rollers, hitting on the side (4,4)

DOWN

1 Moves fronts southwest of west backing (4)
2 Drunk men do rum and tonic, not I (showing some balls) (15)
3 Left old port(8)
4 & 19 across Tack south going for'ard and fill the sailbag (5,4)
6 Promise part of the bimini's wearing out (1,5)
7 Light change – shop for quality sounding (15)
8 Swimmer rigs the ark at sea (5,5)
9 Log U-bend broken with force (8)
14 Superyachts' spirit – one first sails with mate inside (3,7)
16 By chance, a cleat not caught round line (8)
18 Small adjustment if I rent maiden (4,4)
21 Fast beating? Won too, in the Sound (3,3)
23 Some French enemy wrote about a castaway (5)
25 Navy bar short men on ship (4)

Solution on page 180

Germany > Estonia > Russia > Finland > Sweden > Denmark

1 2 3 4 5 6

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SAILBOAT TO GRENADA
James Muggoch

(*'Selfie' photos by High Viz Media using a Go-Pro time-lapse camera.*)

I first sailed the Atlantic Ocean more than 49 years ago at the age of 18, one of a 16-strong crew on the 180 foot luxury yacht *Camargo V*. I well remember the feeling of awe and fear at the sheer vastness and relentless power of the sea, and vowed never to go near it again. So quite why, two years ago, when my wife Louise asked, "What do you want to do for your 65th birthday?" I heard myself saying "I'm going to buy a small sailing yacht and cross the Atlantic singlehanded" I have no idea!

The idea stuck, however, and after three months of Louise saying I couldn't do it, she changed her mind and, in front of witnesses, told me I should. This, of course, put me right on the spot, and within a very short time plans were in place to find and purchase a small yacht, sail the Atlantic, run her up the first beach I came to, and give the keys to the first local I met on condition they drove me to the nearest airport so I could fly home! Then Ian Joseph, a close friend who comes from Grenada, suggested that if I was going to give the boat away, I should give it to the Sea Scouts in St George's, Grenada. This idea, together with a feeling that since being a youth leader in Hounslow I had not done much for other people, made me think that maybe I could help youngsters again and have my possibly last big adventure at the same time...

Within a few months I had been introduced to the Grenadian High Commissioner in London, His Excellency Joslyn Whiteman, and also the Deputy Commissioner of Scouts, Tim Kidd. With their full support and encouragement, Louise and I started looking for a suitable yacht that would not only handle the passage but would be the right yacht

Annie of Orwell before James bought her. Photo by Boatshed, Cowes

Before leaving Cowes.
Photo S Liebenberg

for the Sea Scouts in Grenada. We had a great time trawling the internet, scouring yachting magazines and visiting many of the smaller boatyards of southern England. We saw some lovely boats, some honest-to-goodness death-traps, and finally stumbled across a lovely looking (but very small) David Sadler-designed Frigate 27 in our old sailing area, East Cowes on the Isle of Wight. She was called *Annie of Orford*. The broker, Corrine Willard of Boatshed, proved to be an expert in her field and later became a good friend – in fact her husband Simon did the singlehanded delivery to the Canaries, and had to be restrained from doing the whole trip! Then the seller, Phil Washington, knocked £2000 off the asking price because the boat was going (I hoped!) to a good cause, and threw in every spare he could find – we were on our way!

My experience of boats is quite varied as I've sailed all my life, but more as a cruising

chap than a 'gung-ho' type. My family moved on to a large houseboat when I was 14 (I'm writing this on the same boat 53 years later) and my boats have been everything from canal boats to barges, RIBs to sailing yachts, plus I've worked on large motor yachts, oil exploration vessels and film location pirate ships. I hold various qualifications including RYA Yachtmaster and Ocean Yachtmaster (shore-based) and for the past 20 years or so have owned the ex-RN steam tug *COB*, in which we led the vintage tugs in the 2012 Queen's Diamond Jubilee Pageant, of which I am hugely proud. However, I'm very short on ocean sailing experience and, due to time and business commitments, only managed a few weekends aboard *Annie* in the Solent before the 'off'.

A pre-departure sail in the Solent. Photo Myk Heald

Louise and I spent Christmas in Australia, visiting our children James Jnr and Natalie (married to a fine fellow called Andrew, who set up a tracking device called 'SPOT 3' which gave my position every 10 minutes to anyone who cared to watch on their computer), so I engaged Corrine's husband Simon Judge to sail *Annie* down to Lanzarote in the Canary Islands for me to pick up later in the year. This he managed with consummate ease, leaving *Annie* in Marina Rubicon at the south end of the island.

Louise drove me to Gatwick Airport at a stupid time in the morning of 29 January, the early start and cold, pouring rain only adding to the feeling of being 'once removed'. After a strangely subdued and unemotional farewell I found myself, four hours later, being hailed by Mike and his wife Jean – friends of friends of friends, who had offered to help – and help they did! They met me at the airport, took me to Mike's radio station (The Mix) for a two-hour local radio chat show, then down to the marina to find *Annie*, safe and sound, complete with two dozen 8 litre containers of Evian water for the voyage – who says I don't travel in style! Supplied by Mike and Jean as their contribution to the cause (locals don't drink the mains water), they had carried it all to *Annie* and stored it inside, out of the sun.

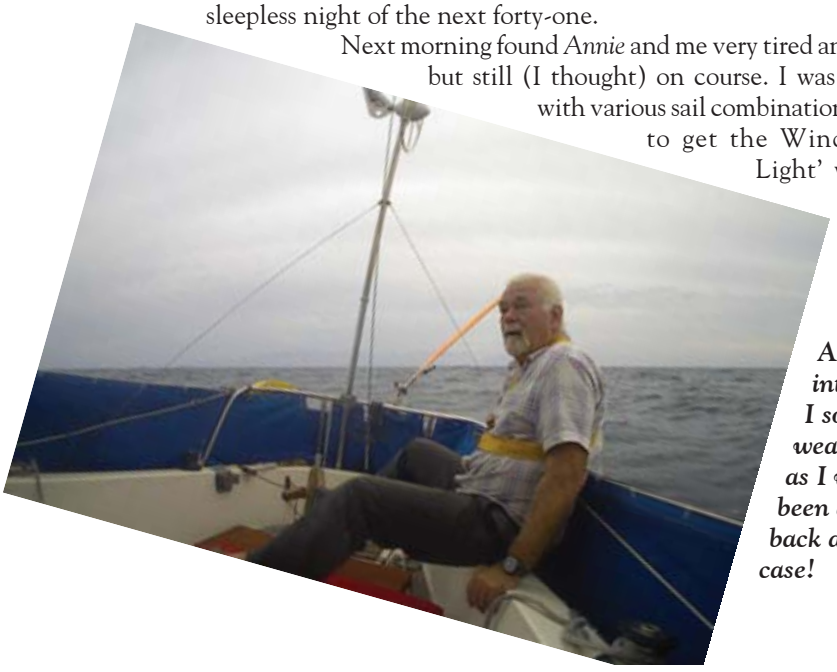
All of a sudden I was on my own... The first thing I had to do was decant the water into the main tanks – 70 litres into the original flexible tank under the port side quarter berth and 120 litres into the newly-installed flexible bow tank. This freed up some space, and I could not only get my bags aboard but also lift the floorboards to check for water in the bilges – where to my horror I found not only water, but running water! A quick taste check and some relief – it was fresh! But where from? First I found a leak

on the pipe under the sink, but having fixed it, the water kept coming. It seemed to come from the new tank in the bow, and after a night's sleep, I emptied the tank (into the bilge – all that 'Evian'!) and, having given the tank to some new friends in return for their help, found that it had been installed without a hose clip on the filler pipe!

I filled the 8 litre containers with 'undrinkable' local water (it tasted okay to me!) and, hiding the remaining containers all over the small cabin (no headroom and not much bilge space – only 3 inches between the hull and floorboards – I went to start the 7hp Volvo engine, but despite an expensive service before leaving the UK it remained inert. Three days later, having been informed that the spares would take two or three weeks to arrive, I asked the marina to tow *Annie* out of the harbour, engineless! I felt that, being a sailing boat with a range under power of only 200 miles, I should be able to sail her all the way. I had a solar panel and a wind generator – enough, I felt, to produce sufficient power for the navigation lights and the GPS, AIS and VHF. Then I had to wait for two days while the forecast 38 knot winds blew themselves out and used up the last of my euros on ten lemons and a Mars Bar!

At 0800 on 2 February 2016 I raised the sails and we made our way slowly southwards down the coast of Fuerteventura. I had been told of the 'funnel effect' of the northeast winds, but my lack of experience showed in that I left the sails up far too late and, as darkness fell, found that I was going far too fast. I had stupidly secured the preventer on the boom so had to cut it loose, and the plan to do without roller reefing on the genoa meant that I had to go forward to change headsails. I no longer have full use of my left eye following an accident, which means that I am, to all intents, night blind, plus a motorbike accident four years ago injured my right shoulder (an unhealed break was diagnosed just two weeks before the trip) which was causing considerable discomfort! Even so I managed to lower the sails, catch my right hand in the mainsheet track which runs across the cockpit at knee level, fall from the deck into the cockpit onto my head (which still hurt three months later), and have my first, but not last, totally sleepless night of the next forty-one.

Next morning found *Annie* and me very tired and a bit battered but still (I thought) on course. I was experimenting with various sail combinations in an attempt to get the Windpilot 'Pacific Light' windvane self-steering to behave itself,



A couple of days into the voyage. I soon stopped wearing a harness as I wouldn't have been able to climb back aboard in any case!

Waiting for the kettle to boil!

but then the wind dropped and we were totally becalmed for about five hours – so I went to bed, waking to sail for the rest of the day in calm conditions and light winds. My head was very sore but had stopped bleeding, though I felt quite sick (not sea-sick – I don't suffer from that). I felt that all was going well apart from the GPS being unable to raise any coverage, so when I saw a large mountain far away on the port bow I thought I'd strayed too far east and was looking at Africa, many miles away. The wind came up, darkness fell and I found myself being blown onto what I thought was Africa – a lee shore, as tired as I can ever remember, and sick with pain. The self-steering came apart, and for about 6 or 7 hours I fought to clear the land, hand-steering and unable to get to a drink or food. Realising that I was in deep trouble, I cut my losses and, ignoring the 'voices' which were starting to haunt me, came about onto port tack, managed to fix the self-steering and went below, leaving poor *Annie* to fend for herself.

Dawn brought me to life, a calm sea and the knowledge that I had survived a very bad and ill-prepared start to an Atlantic challenge, coupled with a very good breakfast and a Co-codamol for my head, making me feel much better. Then I looked up and saw two large islands dead ahead, where there should have been nothing but ocean! I shot below and turned on the GPS – *now* it works! – to find the Canaries dead ahead! I couldn't understand (and still can't) how it happened, but we were right back where we had started two days earlier.

It still remains the single most confusing situation I have ever found myself in on a boat, but I pulled myself together and sailed on. By the time I reached the open Atlantic darkness, which I was beginning to dread, was upon me and once again the wind came up with some force – 25/30 knots over the deck. Out of the shelter of the islands the sea came up too, along with the heavy cloud cover which was to remain for the next eight or ten days. My eye problem meant that I couldn't see the compass, the sea, or the sails, and with no stars to steer by I just lowered the sails and went to bed – not the most seamanlike approach, but the best I could do.

At about this time I started to hallucinate quite badly, with imaginary voices and shadowy shapes about the boat. They lasted for about two weeks and became very real and worrying. All were people I knew as friends, but saying the worst possible things you can imagine – it made things much more difficult than they needed to be. Days and nights merged into a blur, and controlling little *Annie* seemed much more difficult than I'd imagined back in London. I was managing runs of over 100 miles a day, but with great effort and little sleep as the self-steering needed a lot of attention. About

Chartwork at sea – early days, as still have clothes on! (Note the Tesco bags doing duty over the sink)

500 miles southwest of the Canaries I was sitting in the cockpit, wet but warm, thinking 'I haven't seen a ship for six days' when I realised I was looking straight at what turned out to be the 'biggest iron ore transport ship in the world'. My thanks to Captain Catalin for that information, and also for e-mailing Louise in Australia and for the weather forecast: 'force 8 becoming 9, sea 8 metres becoming 12 to 14 overnight'. As I said, thanks for that!

I had to make a decision between bailing out and going to the Cape Verdes or turning right and going on to Grenada – so I tossed a coin, then did the opposite. Carry on it was! By this point my hands were very sore with rope burns, my left shoulder had reacted to the fall a week earlier and was killing me, plus boils and/or salt water sores were making life very uncomfortable when I sat down ... but I must have had a good day, so on we went. *Annie*'s log for the next two days reads:

> 10/02/16: 35 knots of wind over deck, lost a jib halyard up the mast, where it became tangled round the radar reflector. Jib sheets on No 2 jib caught round bows, scared they will get round the steering gear. Making 4/5 knots with just storm jib – too gusty to stand on deck – hope I can sort it out when (if) wind drops...
>
> 11/02/16: everything soaking wet – sleeping bag and mattress hit by large wave – lot of water in boat – mainly coming in through main hatch and possibly through leaking seam where deck meets hull – hope it's not the keel bolts! Wind dropped to 20 knots – played my son's 'Rammstein' CD very loud – fantastic with waves – also shut the voices up!

Monday 15th was quite a day! I'd just opened the main hatch and removed the top splash board when the largest breaking wave so far came aboard. It washed me back into the cabin, loads of water, floorboards washing around, all electrics out and the sound of rushing water behind the cupboards over the sink. I was bailing like mad, with no 12 volt pump and the hand pump out in the cockpit. Waves were breaking over the boat, seemingly from another direction? I sprayed the electrics with WD40 to dispel the sea water and carried on bailing, though I was tiring quickly. Suddenly I could smell burning, and to my horror saw smoke and flickering flame from the electrics! I had an extinguisher to hand, but thought it might make things worse, so turned the batteries off, which seemed to do the trick. *Annie* was still sailing, but more and more water was

finding its way below, via the deckhead over the sink. I went outside, choosing my moment with care, and realised that, as *Annie* had gybed under the force of wind and wave, the preventer had ripped a stanchion clean out of the deck leaving a triangular hole big enough to put my fist through. I was at a fairly low ebb and, thinking I was sinking, put out a Pan Pan call to see if there was anyone about. I really had had enough, and after more bailing changed it to my first (and I hope last) Mayday call. After several repeated calls there was still no response – not surprising, as I was about 800 miles from Africa and 1800 from the West Indies. I realised it was down to me.

Pulling myself together I lowered the sails, which stopped a lot of the driving waves over the deck and, taking the claw hammer, smashed out the cupboards and headlining over the sink. Then I cut up two 'Bags for Life' from Tesco (very apt!) and wedged them in place so that any water coming into the boat went straight into the sink – they stayed there, stopping me sinking, for the next four weeks. Suddenly peace and quiet returned, the wind dropped and the sun came out. I pumped *Annie* out and tried to tidy up, noticing that the cooker had come off its gimbals (no more hot drinks or food) and the chart table had collapsed. I caught my sleeping bag as it drifted past and wondered if it was too late to take up smoking! The seas had gone down a bit, so I tried to block the hole with Plastic Padding by tying my feet to the starboard handrail and lying across the boat, but the waves and the difficulty mixing the paste with both hands while gravity was trying to pull me overboard proved too much and I had to leave it.

The hole in the deck, finally fixed with resin and Plastic Padding

Bye the bye, this was the third time I'd thought I was going over the side. The first was on the third day when I just caught the starboard shroud with one hand (the sore one!) as I went, the second when I forgot the 'routine' for changing course with the self-steering, slipped, and just saved myself by grabbing the ensign staff as I went – the staff broke, but not before it had given me enough purchase to fall back into the cockpit! After the first two days I'd given up wearing a harness or lifejacket, as every time I went up on deck I got tangled up in something or other and it had dawned on me that, even if I had ended up attached to *Annie* by a tether, I would never climb back up unaided even with the emergency ladder that we had installed back in Cowes. After all the problems of the day I deployed the sea anchor and took the night off, going to bed to lick my wounds.

From then on things got slowly better. The trade winds kicked in – not the benign soft breezes I'd hoped for, but robust, force 6–7 with warm sunshine and clear skies so I could,

Sailing into St George's. Photo Brian Everest

at last, steer by the stars. The self-steering and I had come to an arrangement – I used just the genoa and stopped mucking about with the mainsail with two reefs in, and he (or she) steered very well with the wind about 20° off the stern, making about 5 knots but earning me the nick-name (from the Sea Scouts and others) of 'Captain Zig-Zag'.

With the better weather came more sleep, and with more sleep came an end to the 'voices'. I've since learned that I'm not alone in being visited by these things and I hope I never am again. There were ups and downs over the next few weeks during which I was becalmed for three days, which was worse than the storms. I saw dozens of flying fish and dolphins, and the spouts from whales (but not the whales themselves), and refrained from killing the big fish that stayed close to *Annie*'s side for two days – after all, I had loads of Army rations (cold) and the fish was the only friend I had! Sea birds are great fun during the day, coming in low to have a good look at you, but at night when they try to roost on the deck or land in the cockpit or, even worse, land on the wind vane, they can scare the heck out of you!

Annie's arrival at Grenada after 42 days at sea. Photo Brian Everest

Being towed into St George's. Photos Robin Swaisland

In the calmer conditions I rewired the VHF radio and managed to re-install the cooker for the last week ... COFFEE! One last surprise – and not a good one – came when I was two days out from Grenada. I saw a yacht about a mile off my port beam, with her sails down and no one on deck. I called her on the VHF, but there was no response and by the time I got back on deck I had lost sight of her. With no engine there was no way that I could turn and get closer to her so I continued on my way.

I held back for the night 25 miles off Grenada, so as not to make landfall in the dark, and at about 0500 got under way for the final day's sailing. At 0730 much to my surprise the radio, which I had left on down below, came to life with a girl's voice

With the Grand Anse Sea Scouts, local worthies and my wife Louise. Photo Robin Swaisland

saying: "Morning Grenada – this is Yachtnet radio – come in please". I was beside myself with joy and listened to Prickly Bay, Secret Harbour, St George's and many others checking in. During a silence I called in: "Grenada, this is *Annie of Orford*" and was blown away by the huge response "Hello *Annie* – welcome to Grenada, we are all waiting for you...". After the first few calls someone asked if anyone had seen the solo yachtsman who was ten days overdue from Trinidad. I called in with my sighting of the yacht the day before (I'd noted the time and co-ordinates) and they sent out the coastguards. I understand the boat was found five days later, without the sole occupant and his EPIRB smashed.

On a happier note, *Annie* and I sailed the last few miles at speed. Helped by a 2 knot current we shot past all the marinas on the south coast, turned to starboard for the last 5 miles or so into St George's Bay and tacked (for the first time in 41 days!) towards *Annie*'s new home. I must have looked a bit mad as I put the banners reading 'SINGLEHANDED ACROSS THE ATLANTIC – DONATED TO THE GRAND ANSE SEA SCOUTS' back on the hand-rails, as every time I put the cable-ties through the eyelets *Annie* turned through 180°. About half a mile out a police launch came up behind us. I couldn't make out what the officer was shouting and called for them to come closer, to hear, "Put some bloody clothes on!" I'd forgotten I'd been naked for over four weeks!

Annie positively raced into the harbour and I was amazed to see, in a large RIB coming up behind, my best mate Brian. "What are you doing here?" I shouted. "'I'm with her," he said, pointing to my wife Louise, who I'd failed to recognise! The actual landing, the emotional greetings, the slight stagger from yours truly and, later, first beer and the best hamburger in the world, all passed in a dream. But one thing I did know – I had made it!

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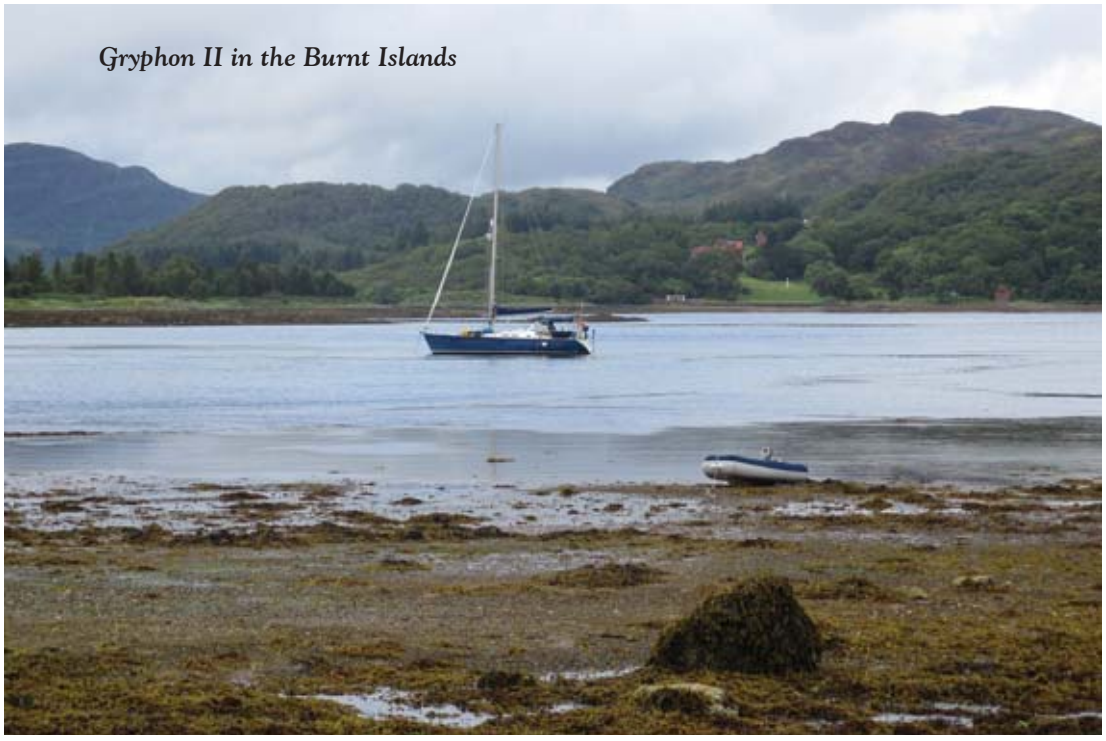
GRYPHON II TAKES THE LONG WAY HOME
Chris and Lorraine Marchant

(*Chris and Lorraine made their first ocean passages in 1981/2, when they completed an Atlantic circuit in a 27ft Albin Vega. Twenty-eight years and five boats later they again left UK shores, this time aboard their Beneteau Oceanis 423* Gryphon II*, and after a classic coconut-milk-run circumnavigation – see their blog at http://blog.mailasail.com/gryphon – by July 2015 were again nearing home…*)

As we sailed from the fabulous Azores to UK home waters our wonderful six year circumnavigation was drawing to a close. We needed to get home for various reasons but we both wanted more – who wouldn't? So we decided to have more. We live in Suffolk, on England's east coast, but decided on the long way round so headed east for Ireland, then on up to the west coast of Scotland. We've always wanted to transit the Caledonian Canal and now was our chance – we would cut across west to east and then down the coast to Suffolk and home.

First, however, was an important reunion with our daughter who flew up to meet us. Hattie is no great fan of the open sea, so the west coast of Scotland was the perfect place to spend a week with us and *Gryphon* II. We welcomed her aboard at Kip Marina in Inverkip near Greenock, and sailed off into some stunning scenery with dolphins, seals and guillemots for company.



Gryphon II in the Burnt Islands

Summer's winter was back and the layers went on…

The Kyles of Bute to the Sound of Jura – 55°55'N 5°11'W to 56°06' 5°38'W
The Kyles of Bute gave us tranquil sailing and anchorages in the sheltered waters of this serene area, while transiting the Crinan Canal added something a little different and enabled quicker access from the Kyles to the Sound of Jura. We couldn't believe how few boats were on the water and we mainly had perfect anchorages to ourselves. The islands and hillsides are sparsely populated with tiny white houses and churches reflected in the clear waters. The weather continued damp and much too cold for

A hand operated lock in the Crinan Canal

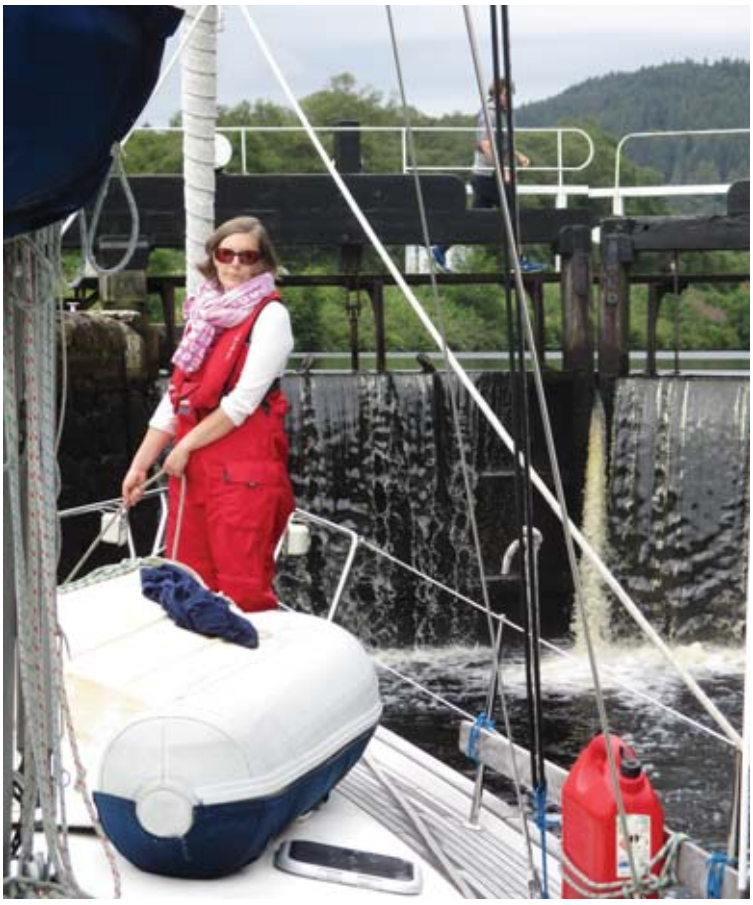
our liking, but it meant that there were no midges which in Scotland is a real bonus. Hattie seemed to have brought some better weather with her so walking and scrambling over rocks on the islands was a warmer treat, but that brief spell soon ended, summer's winter was back, and the layers went on.

The seafood in this area is wonderful, with Oban said to be the seafood capital of Scotland's west coast. There are plenty of excellent restaurants to choose from with interesting approaches from the water, some with little jetties but others where a beach landing is the only way in. Wellies were a must, but we made the most of the fine cuisine and had some very enjoyable evenings, then hot-wellied it back to the dinghy so as not to be caught out by the tide.

The Crinan Canal cuts through Kintyre from Loch Fyne to the Sound of Jura. It was definitely not busy – there were no other boats during our transit, and going through the locks alone made things easier. All the cross-country locks are hand operated by the keepers, a cheerful and helpful crew in teams of two who control a set of three or four locks between them depending on the distances. This was great for us as we didn't have to handle the heavy lock gates ourselves. Once in the locks the keepers hooked our ropes over the cleats for us, which made life a lot easier than in many canals we have travelled in the past. Hattie did a sterling job on the foredeck, keeping *Gryphon II* in good position as the water powered in.

Waiting while the basin fills

The lovely old lock-keepers' cottages are all now in private ownership, many as holiday homes or holiday lets, but they keep their old world charm in this very scenic canal. Facilities for boats are excellent, with showers and laundry rooms, all well-kept and, best of all, heated. There are plenty of places to stop, which is just as well as the transit is a surprisingly tiring business. A number of boats are based in the canal, a perfect place to be for getting



A fairly typical canal settlement

to either side of Kintyre without having to go right round the Mull. Staying overnight in the centre section gave us a leisurely start on the downward locks, which eventually took us to the sea lock basin at the top of the Sound of Jura. Surrounded by picturesque buildings and stunning views the sea lock makes for a wonderful climax to a very enjoyable journey.

With only a few days of Hattie's holiday left we needed to move on toward Oban, from which she would get the train to Glasgow and fly back south. We left through Crinan's sea lock into the Sound of Jura, and headed north past the Gulf of Corryvreckan where the water runs wild through powerful overfalls and a whirlpool which is said to be the third most dangerous in the world. All this is caused by the uneven sea bed and tidal currents being squeezed through between Scarba and Jura. We passed a good distance away so all was well.

Sailing on from Jura through the Sound of Luing and up to the Firth of Lorn we stopped at the Black Islands, which are hauntingly beautiful in their isolation. Not a thing moved except

Gryphon II in the Crinan Sea Lock

The Crinan Sea Lock – and Gryphon II – seen from the nearby hillside

for the breeze – there were no seals or birds. The cold, the light and the clouds made these islands feel otherworldly. We spent the night in an idyllic anchorage, still and silent. But too soon, it seemed, we had to move on. We wanted to experience more of this place and will have to go back one day, but after saying goodbye to Hattie the Caledonian Canal beckoned.

The Caledonian Canal – 56°50'·2N 5°06'·8W to 57°23'·32N 4°19'·64W

The Caledonian Canal cuts through the Great Glen of the Scottish highlands from the Corpach Basin near Fort William to the Clachnaharry sea lock at Inverness. It includes the famous Loch Ness as well as Loch Lochy, the jauntily named Loch Oich, and Loch Dochfour which lies in perfect alignment. The Glen is a massive geological fault tearing through the underlying rock and resulting in these four deep lochs; it links the Atlantic to the North Sea through over 60 miles of outstanding Scottish landscape. The transit needs time – a boat can

The Black Islands

Entering the Caledonian Canal from Fort William and the Corpach Basin

Neptune's Staircase, a flight of eight locks carrying boats upward at the start of the canal, is a very popular stop for curious tourists

be taken through in 2½ days but that would be a rush, the scenery demands longer and there is plenty to see.

In 1803 work started on the canal to enable naval and other sailing vessels to make passage from the Atlantic to the North Sea without having to face the treacherous waters of the Pentland Firth and Cape Wrath. We were quite pleased not to have to contend with those ourselves given the state of the weather, which had us shivering despite the

Loch Ness

unaccustomed layers under our oilskins. The Caledonian is the foremost canal in Scotland, with such august names as William Jessop (who died before its completion) and Thomas Telford to its credit, although many other engineers were involved. It ran furiously over budget and wasn't fully completed until 1847. It has long locks – 46 metres – but by the time it was finished steamships had got so much bigger that they couldn't use the canal ... sounds like a familiar scenario.

Even so it helped develop the highland economy, as it encouraged trade between east and west as well as with Northern Europe and Scandinavia. Now it's also an important feature of the local tourist trade, but that's obviously very weather dependent. We saw very little boat traffic although there were quite a few walkers about and some hardy canoeists. Other visitors touring the highlands arrive by road to various towns and villages along the canal, so local business seems to do well, especially those selling tartan and tweed goods, whisky and the usual souvenirs like tea towels and Scottish shortbread. Restaurants are very good at promoting local produce as a key feature, which benefits their trade, and venison, haggis, Cullen Skink, fish, smoked fish and other seafood is available in abundance. We're hooked on Cullen Skink, a delicious soup of smoked fish, leeks and a broth laced with cream – yummy!

We spent a black and silent night anchored in a small bay near the River Garry in Loch Oich. The highlight of the lochs was Loch Ness, however, with all its history and mystery to think about while sailing through. At the western end is Fort Augustus, a vibrant small town which has plenty to offer, then, leaving its flight of five downward locks behind, the canal opens out into Loch Ness. We never did see Nessie – just a gigantic lizard-like thing which swam under the boat and seemed to slither into the depths below!

Other overnight stops in the canal were spent on the pontoons at the canal-side or just before and after lock gates. Here the crews are provided with hot showers and laundry rooms, often with a pub or restaurant nearby to help the evening along. Sadly the canal-keepers no longer have use of the pretty lock-keepers' cottages – all they have now are small wooden sheds. Most of the keepers work hard to keep their locks

A lock-keeper's shed

looking pretty, though the keeper of one lock told us that the damp weather made mowing the lock sides rather like painting the Forth Bridge – no sooner finished than it all had to be started again! Unlike the locks on the Crinan Canal, these are electrically operated. There are also plenty of swing and sliding bridges to pass through, so there's often a bit of waiting about and it's helpful to call up the lock and bridge keepers in advance.

Loch Dochfour brought us to the last stretch of canal, which took us down through the flight of four locks at Muirtown. We stopped just after this and had a couple of days at the Seaport Marina visiting Inverness and the local area, all rich in ancient Scottish heritage and essential warm socks, before taking the Clachnaharry sea lock out into the North Sea for our passage south.

Chris controlling Gryphon II's stern in the Clachnaharry Sea Lock

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ONE YEAR ON
Bob and Elaine Hazell

(*Since leaving the Hamble in June 2008, Bob and Elaine have sailed more than 48,000 miles aboard* Pipistrelle*, their Wauquiez 48PS, completing their circumnavigation in Grenada earlier this year. Visit their blog at www.yachtpipistrelle.wordpress.com. All photographs were taken by the authors, except where indicated.*)

After a full twelve months, several thousand more miles under the keel of *Pipistrelle*, and with a circumnavigation under our belts, we feel able to describe in *Flying Fish* the significant events that so adversely coloured our Indian Ocean crossing in 2015. In summary, this is the story:

- Lightning strike in the Maldives, totally disabling all systems on Pipistrelle (see Lightning Never Strikes Twice! in Flying Fish 2015/2); repairs and replacements in remote Gan by an engineer flown in from New Zealand;
- Setting off from Gan having tested both autopilots, only for both to fail in the first 9 miles, and having to return under extremely difficult sailing conditions;
- Finally heading for Chagos and, on arrival, picking up what turned out to be a dodgy mooring, ending up on a reef with damaged rudder and slightly bent propeller shaft, repaired with the help of other cruisers in the anchorage;
- Sailing to Mahé in the Seychelles without motive power, and having to be towed in to Port Victoria by a commercial tug after the steering failed as a result of the Chagos incident.

Why have we not fully reported all four incidents before now?
Firstly, to use a cliché, to protect the innocent – namely close family and non-sailing friends, some of whom would have been alarmed and incredibly worried for our safety, and begging us to hang up our sailing togs. This we very, very nearly did. Because of our ordeals, our mental and physical energies have at times been at an extremely low ebb.

Secondly, and unfortunately, we add to that mix the sometimes indiscriminate use of social media and their personal sailing blogs by a small minority of cruisers to publicise negative events which happen to other cruisers, often before their families become aware of them, and apparently with scant regard for the truth. This is *schadenfreude* in the truest and most negative sense of the word. For us this aspect created huge and unnecessary additional angst, which has had a lasting effect on us both. Originally the whole point of social media was just that – a social sharing with friends and the wider community. Unfortunately some people, including a few OCC members, appear to think it acceptable to share online not only every aspect of their own lives but those of others as well, whether the people in question agree or not. Sadly, that is what happened to us.

Even so, after much agonising and thought we are picking up on a suggestion made some time ago, to go to confessional and tell the full story in *Flying Fish*. One year on, we feel able to do so.

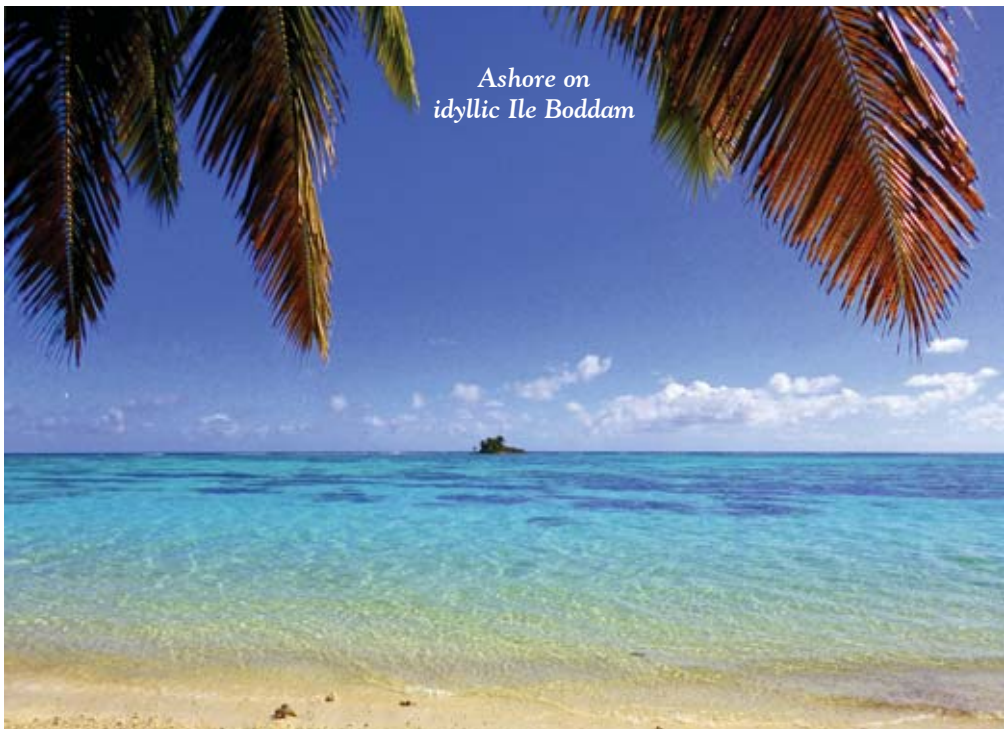
On 2 April 2015 lightning struck *Pipistrelle*

The incident has been described in both the *Pipistrelle* blog and in *Flying Fish* 2015/2 under the title *Lightning Never Strikes Twice!*, so there is no need to repeat it here, other than to say again our sincere thanks to the cruisers who helped us. Our subsequent stormy return to Gan was also documented in the blog. Highly important and relevant here is that in both instances we informed our nearest and dearest in our own time and after the fact, which crucially enabled us to put a positive spin on events and put minds at rest.

Two months later – Chagos

Still licking our wounds from the lightning incident, we were devastated by a further event which could have had a totally different outcome had it not been for the concerted efforts and expertise of all other cruisers at the anchorage off a remote, deserted atoll. We had a story to tell in our own time if we wanted to, and one which was worthy of publication. With journalists in our midst, had we not told it ourselves others would have done so, with or without our agreement. So we did, anonymously, in a couple of magazines, stating the true facts and course of events.

Part of the remote British Indian Ocean Territory (BIOT) 300 miles south of the Maldives, the deserted island of Ile Boddam contains the ruins of a church, a warehouse, a prison and other buildings, reminders of a small population forcibly relocated to Mauritius and the Seychelles in the 1960s by the British government. The jungle has taken over – the nearest habitation is over 100 miles away at Diego Garcia, a prohibited area to all but the military. The beautiful soft sand of the shallows and shoreline is deceptive, as in deeper water the bedrock is coral. When we arrived there was one yacht at anchor and six on moorings, none of which had an anchor deployed as well.



Ashore on idyllic Ile Boddam

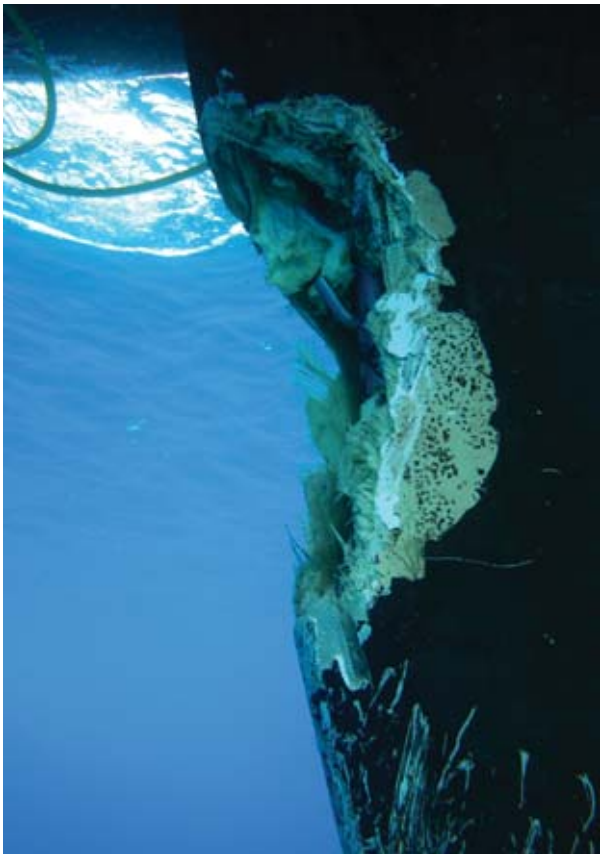
A double rainbow as a squall goes through

After two failed attempts at getting *Pipistrelle*'s anchor to hold on the coral we decided to pick up the last available mooring, which we were told had recently been used by another yacht of similar size in winds of up to 40 knots. The ropes attached to the buoy were not in good condition, so we snorkelled down 3m and found a ship's hawser at least 4in (10cm) in diameter, through which we passed two of our substantial mooring lines. In turn the hawser was secured to a coral head or *bommie* 12m down – too deep for us to free-dive, and scuba diving is prohibited in the BIOT. With the engine in reverse and revved to 2500rpm, equivalent to over 30 knots of wind, the mooring held.

The weather was mixed for the next couple of days – one moment calm, the next squally with torrential rain and strong winds – and despite assurances from others and doing everything we could to reinforce it, we were still concerned about the mooring, normally a 'no-no' for us in all but locations where we know they are reliable.

In our forward cabin we were sleeping fitfully because the wind had increased. Suddenly, as if in a bad dream, we were aware of a change of boat movement – a sideways slide accompanied by a slight grinding. Fearing the worst we were up in a flash. Before the anchor alarm had had time to sound, we were in the cockpit with the engine on. It was 0400 and blowing about 35 knots with pouring rain. Within moments we were on a coral reef. Initially we were able to get off, but in the pitch blackness had no idea which way to turn to reach the safety of deeper water. The tide was falling and the keel came to rest on the coral, leaving us helpless and with no control.

Quite unexpectedly, our immediate VHF call was answered by two cruisers. The mooring area was relatively small and dinghies appeared magically out of the darkness.



The damaged rudder, still in situ

As dawn broke two kedge anchors were laid to secure us, one of them loaned by another boat. We could see that we were surrounded by coral and there was no clear escape, but the support team quickly grew to six, with dinghies, snorkels and dive gear. An initial visual underwater check showed the rudder had a large gouge in it and the propeller shaft was slightly bent at the taper for the propeller. Inserting rubber tyres from the ruined jetty, and timber where the hull could have been exposed to the grinding of coral, saved *Pipistrelle* from further damage.

High water was at 1400 and during the morning we refloated. An underwater inspection of the reefs was made to plan a careful

800kg of ballast weighing down the bow

Floating the rudder ashore

route out through numerous *bommies*. In intermittent rain, 15–20 knots of wind, and overcast skies with no sunlight it was difficult to detect the reefs, and because the propeller shaft was damaged we couldn't use the engine. We were warned that it was unlikely we would reach safety without touching another reef. With two dinghies lashed alongside port and starboard for motive power we slowly progressed through the coral, using a system of four kedge anchors each strategically placed from a dinghy by hand, guided by the team in the water, with the deck team pulling in and easing ropes using winches and the anchor windlass. At 1600 we finally dropped the anchor in 12m on coral bedrock. This time it held. The sun was shining. We and the support team heaved a huge sigh of relief. Everyone was exhausted.

Carrying out repairs in the middle of nowhere is immensely challenging. One of our group, who happened to be a naval architect, arranged via e-mail for a friend to visit Wauquiez in France to obtain details of the rudder. He needed to calculate the weight required on the bow to lift the stern high enough that when the rudder was released, sea water would not enter through the rudder tube. The answer was 800kg (1764 lbs). First our bow was loaded down by pouring sea water from our deck wash into old fuel containers stored in the 'yacht club' ashore. Then all heavy items that could be moved from the stern were transferred to the bow, including anchor chain and spares from our stern cabins. The difference in balance was remarkable – the bow dropped by 9in (23cm) and the stern lifted by 8in (20cm).

With ropes controlling its descent, the rudder was successfully released from within the lazarette, lowered and, supported by flotation bags and fenders, manoeuvred to a dinghy for towing ashore. Once there, a portable genset, angle grinders and sanders were organised and all the damaged GRP cut away. After a good dousing with fresh water from the nearby well it was left to dry overnight, and the next day repairs began. The naval architect was expert in working with GRP, and had copious quantities of resin, hardener, and the different types of lay-up materials aboard. The rudder should

The voids almost filled

have been filled with foam, but when the inside was exposed it was barely half full and shrivelled. Repairs carried out by a British yard in 2008 had clearly been poor, which had weakened the whole structure. Fellow cruisers found material from their own boats to use as stuffing, but there was still a shortfall so we stripped copra from the masses of coconuts lying around, mixed it with resin, and inserted it into the voids. It was a team effort – everyone who wanted to help was involved, including the children.

Nearing completion in the open air workshop

The silk finish

After applying layers of different glass mat to obtain maximum strength, the rudder was finally covered with silk for a smooth resin finish. At this stage the weather turned against us, with tropical downpours and a constant 15–20 knots of wind, but a very large plastic tarpaulin appeared from one of the boats which, secured between the palms, provided enough protection for work to continue. Once the resin had hardened a coat of antifouling was applied, and finally a celebratory 'pot luck' barbecue on an open fire was held at the improvised 'yacht club'. For the return journey to *Pipistrelle* the repaired rudder was slung between two dinghies. We now had a floating rudder, so a significant weight of anchor chain was attached to sink it. Then we had to manoeuvre it so the stock could be inserted into the rudder bearings before it could finally be secured in place. All the weight up forward was removed and the items re-stowed. Plans then began to take shape to manoeuvre us out of the atoll – still with no motive power.

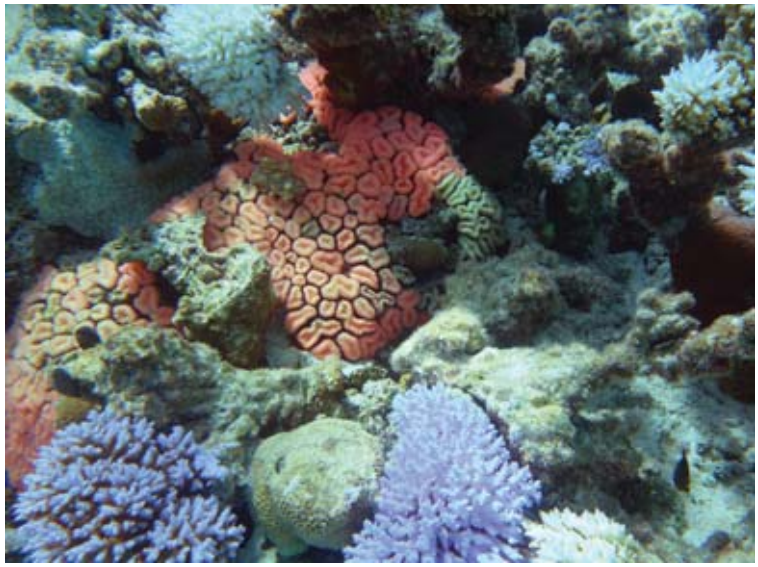
Antifouled and awaiting transport back to Pipistrelle

The makeshift 'Chagos Yacht Club'

A coconut crab

Waiting for a weather window, we briefly took advantage of the beauty Chagos offers. Ashore we explored the island, finding protected coconut crabs in holes beneath the palms – apparently they're delicious! Fish are abundant because nobody is there on a permanent basis to fish. Below the surface we snorkelled and wondered at the beautiful coral. Warmer sea temperatures can result in coral bleaching – when water is too warm, corals will expel algae (zooxanthellae) living in their tissues, causing the coral to turn completely white. We saw

Bleached white coral



Coloured coral

some extraordinary colours in Chagos which we have not seen before, the most strident being the bleached white, as well as pink and blue.

Sailing to Mahé in the Seychelles

With a bent propeller shaft, using the engine was clearly impossible without severely damaging or breaking the P-bracket, so we were still totally reliant on outside help to get us safely out of the atoll for our downwind passage to the Seychelles. We and the other five boats waited for the right weather window to give us at least five days of steady winds. Departures were staggered so we sailed in company with two other yachts, the others following on a few days later.

Getting out of the atoll was unexpectedly straightforward. We left in good light, a dinghy strapped either side to provide propulsion and manoeuvrability once the anchor was up. We were soon sailing gently across the lagoon, avoiding coral heads, and being guided out through the pass. Once outside we set off on what was to be a fast and challenging 1046 mile passage. Fast because it took just seven days; challenging because we encountered frequent squalls, constant wind shifts and ugly seas caused by the ITCZ. It turned into an uncomfortable passage, especially the last 48 hours which were anything but straightforward because of having no motive power.

Reporting our progress and position twice daily via the SSB on a scheduled frequency and time was comforting, as was weather forecasting advice we received from a cruiser who had access to the latest satellite pictures. We were also in regular VHF contact with the two yachts ahead of us. Our sail plan was mainly one reef in the main and a small genoa. With this we found that even in a 28 knot squall and torrential rain the rig could cope comfortably without needing constant tending.

Eventually, on Sunday 21 June at 05°49'S 58°30'E, we altered course to cross onto Seychelles Bank at the recommended waypoint. Effectively we were following in the tracks of the other yachts, until wind shifts forced us to alter course while they continued under power. As we approached, the seas became more and more uncomfortable, making both the forward and aft cabins impossible to sleep in. We dozed in the main saloon. By this time we knew we would not make Port Victoria in daylight, so had to slow down and prepare to spend another night at sea. We had already furled the genoa and were using the staysail, because some stitching on the former's sacrificial strip had come undone. After altering course slightly onto the wind to make for Frigate Island, we put a second and finally a third reef into the mainsail in an attempt to slow down, and the staysail was furled. But with 15 knots of wind

we were still sailing at over 5 knots, meaning we would arrive off Port Victoria at 0400. If that happened the plan was to heave-to. The question was where, with large sections of the bank uncharted.

Our course alteration at the next waypoint south of Frigate Island was a mere 30° to bring us on to a heading of 270° for Port Victoria. But the course change had had little effect, because the 2 knot north-going current countered it – we were slowly being swept north. On went lifejackets and safety harnesses to shake out the third reef and set some staysail. By this time we were hard on the southerly breeze, and watched the chart plotter anxiously to judge the effects. By zooming right in we saw to our relief that we were heading in a southwesterly direction towards our rhumb line.

But our speed over the ground was only 2·4 knots, scuppering any thoughts of heaving-to. The question was how far south of Port Victoria we would need to be for us to fully hoist the mainsail, feather it into the wind, and drop it into its sail bag without snagging on the lazy jacks. We had arranged to call one of the yachts with a progress report at 0730, before attempting to sail in through the pass, but VHF only works on line of sight and from where we were heading the signal would be interrupted by the land. Our other big concern was the frequency of squalls. They arrived quickly, the wind speed increasing in seconds from 15 to 28 knots, often with torrential rain. We no longer had the comfort of sea room, and were also sailing on the wind.

In the event, having turned for Port Victoria we were able to sail towards our destination. But the excitement was far from over – on taking *Pipistrelle* head to wind to drop the main just outside the pass, we found the steering had failed. We were about a mile upwind of rocks, but in only 35m of water, so dropped the anchor. It was too risky for another yacht to tow us in so – again with the help of other cruisers

Pipistrelle under sail. Photo Ingemar and Ann-Britt

Under tow into Port Victoria

– we organised a commercial tug to take us to the quarantine area off Port Victoria, where we dropped the anchor one last time.

Once we had sorted ourselves out and ascertained that the steering had failed due to a damaged spline joint on the rod steering, we visited the various yards to decide where to haul and effect repairs. Gondwana Marine Services in Providence was exactly what we were looking for. General Manager Rajen Naidu, from Mauritius where he has his own boat building yard, had been seconded to Gondwana

Being lifted at Gondwana Marine Services

Port Victoria and Eden Island from Copolia viewpoint

Marine to develop a brand new yard. He understood precisely what needed doing, arranged accommodation for us while *Pipistrelle* was ashore, and had a skilled workforce with GRP and engineering expertise. The 150 ton travel lift and concrete hardstanding were both new. A replacement 40mm propeller shaft was ordered for us from Mauritius, together with antifouling. In their specialised workshop the rudder was split open and the temporary repair work – which had stood the test of a 1000 mile passage – removed and then expertly repaired, so that it is now watertight and immensely strong. The expertise and attention to detail provided by Gondwana Marine were first class.

We sailed from the Seychelles to Madagascar and on to Durban to have outstanding electronic issues from the lightning strike repaired. Equipment failures such as the anemometer were still causing problems, and the last piece of electronic equipment was not fitted until False Bay.

After crossing the South Atlantic via St Helena, we spent three very enjoyable weeks at Jacaré, Cabedelo in northeast Brazil, en route to Grenada where we crossed our outward circumnavigation track. *Pipistrelle* held up extremely well on these long passages. We have renewed confidence in ourselves, in *Pipistrelle*, and especially in the high standard of Wauquiez build quality. The integrity of the keel and hull is intact, and *Pipistrelle* herself remains structurally sound, as borne out by the survey report issued in the Seychelles.

We are well aware that without the help, support and expertise of all the other yachts and crews in Chagos, recovery would have had an entirely different outcome. We cannot stress strongly enough how overwhelmed we were by the unparalleled camaraderie, team spirit, generosity, friendship and thoughtfulness of our fellow cruisers. This was a small part of the international cruising community coming together and

showing itself at its best. In turn, as one would expect, we demonstrated our appreciation in many different ways both at the time and afterwards by paying for materials used, extending hospitality and entertaining. So it is exceptionally sad that the whole affair was marred by social media and online sensationalism, and that the actions of a few turned the camaraderie of the many sour, leaving such a bitter aftertaste. One year on, we hope that we can put the incidents of 2015 behind us, move on, enjoy cruising again, and trust that others will let us do just that.

No man is an Island, entire of itself; every man is a piece of the Continent, a part of the main; if a clod be washed away by the sea, Europe is the less, as well as if a promontory were, as well as if a manor of thy friends or of thine own were; any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in Mankind; And therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; It tolls for thee.

John Donne (1572–1631)

SAILING THROUGH RUSSIA – FROM THE ARCTIC TO THE BLACK SEA – John Vallentine and Maxine Maters. Published in soft covers by the authors [sailinginrussia.org] at £24.95, €29.95 or 2100 Rubles. 315 214mm x 149mm pages, with hundreds of photographs, chartlets and maps. ISBN 978-1-5262-0258-1

In 2013 the Australian yacht *Tainui*, a 1973 Peterson 46, became the first foreign-flagged vessel in over 100 years to sail through Russia's inland waterways from the Arctic to the Black Sea. This book, a follow up to the article John wrote for *Flying Fish* that year, describes *Tainui*'s 3000 mile journey, and is both a personal account and a detailed cruising guide.

All long distance cruises need careful planning to ensure a successful outcome, as any OCC member will agree, but John and Maxine's voyage in *Tainui* must surely have demanded the most complicated, lengthy and difficult preparations of any cruise undertaken by anyone in recent years. John, a retired doctor from Australia, and his indispensable Dutch crew Maxine, a trained lawyer who has lived in Moscow for 25 years and speaks fluent Russian (an essential skill for at least one crew member on a yacht whose skipper is contemplating this route), managed to negotiate all the problems – visas, permits, lists of itineraries, negotiations for getting fuel, arrangements for taking the mast down and, later, putting it up again, and passing through 56 locks on the course of the journey.

Sailing Through Russia is richly illustrated with 340 colour photos and small navigational charts. There are pictures of short-term crew and visitors to *Tainui*, often seen enjoying friendly chat helped along by generous glasses of vodka, but the most striking photographs are of the beautiful 'onion' domes of a variety of churches and monasteries. The colours are striking – yellows and blues, or white, seemingly dripping like icing from terracotta roofs, all topped off with gold crosses – iconic Russian architecture on almost every page.

After four months on the Volga and Don rivers, *Tainui*'s mast was raised again just before the town of Azov – life was easier with a clear deck and the rigging back in its proper place. But getting out of Russia proved a complicated hassle, because a foreign yacht wasn't part of the usual process, unlike the thousands of commercial ships that pass up and down the waterway. The officials were genuinely keen to help, but a maze of regulations confounded them and it took three days to sort everything out. Finally *Tainui* and her crew were given permission to make the 200 mile passage to Kerch in the Ukraine. John and Maxine arrived exhausted, but were soon celebrating their unique achievement.

Sailing Through Russia includes a comprehensive overview of the river system, extensive historical notes, and an appendix of general information and advice about

Russia – everything a visitor might need to know. Despite John's expectation of 'sailors coming after us', it seems unlikely that more than a very few will ever use this book for pilotage in earnest, given the difficulties described. A possible alternative would be to take a river cruise on a ship from St Petersburg to Moscow, leaving the cruise company sorting out all the details. This fascinating and entertaining book would be the ideal guide to take along. Everyone interested in cruising off the beaten path – which surely includes most OCC members – as well as anyone with a specific interest in Russia, will enjoy this book.

EHMH

'ROUND THE WORLD WITH ROSINANTE – Jeremy Firth. Published in soft covers by the author [jwfirth2@bigpond.com] at AU$45.00; p&p AU$3.50 within Australia, AU$12.00 elsewhere. 225 235mm x 170mm pages, most containing at least one colour photograph or plan. ISBN 978-0-6469-3284-2

'*Round the World with Rosinante* comprises a series of despatches sent home during a voyage undertaken nearly 20 years ago. Recently edited and polished into a whole, it reads with the immediacy of a blog. The action really started a decade earlier, when Jeremy started to build the 40ft (12·2m) steel cutter, a task which – combined with earning a living – took nearly ten years, from 1979 to 1989. She is still part of the family.

The starting point for the circumnavigation was Hobart, Tasmania so it was never likely to be the standard coconut milk run that has been described by many. Instead, *Rosinante* and her intrepid crew followed the lonely Southern Ocean route for long stretches of the voyage. This enabled a truly impressive mileage to be covered and an eclectic series of cruising grounds to be thoroughly explored in just three years. These include the Beagle Channel and Patagonia, the east coast of South America, and the Caribbean. From there they headed across the North Atlantic to western Europe, where the canals of the Netherlands, Belgium and France followed the Göta Canal and the Baltic. The following year they took in the westerly sea areas of the UK and Ireland. Finally, it was time to leave Falmouth for the last time for the voyage home – via Brazil and Cape Town.

'*Round the World with Rosinante* is lavishly illustrated with hundreds of photographs and annotated maps, and the overall production is excellent – not always the case with privately published books. It is a book that anyone contemplating a cruise in the waters covered will want to have aboard as a helpful and entertaining guide. For those who will never set sail, this is a tale to dream by.

FASF

SOLOMAN: Alone at sea with God and Social Security – Jack van Ommen. Published in soft covers by the author [www.SoloMan.us and www.SoloMan.nl] in (American) English and Dutch at $19.50, £13.50 and ±€22.50 respectively with b/w illustrations; ±€55.00 for the Dutch edition with full colour illustrations. Also

available for Kindle with full colour illustrations at $9.42 or ±€8.50. 326 254mm x 193mm pages, including around 120 pages with illustrations. ISBN UK/USA 978-1-5239-5170-2/3, Netherlands 978-9-4021-4915-9 and 978-9-4021-4807-7.

This is an unusual book about an unusual voyage that is not (yet) finished. The author, Dutch-born US citizen Jack van Ommen, emigrated to the USA in 1957 when he was 19 years old. Following an eventful career in the timber trade and an equally eventful personal life, he decided to embark on a solo voyage around the globe in his 30ft plywood sloop *Fleetwood*. When departing he had two specific goals in his mind: the first was to revisit Vietnam, where he served in the US military during the Vietnam War; the second to visit the ancestral home in Lemmer, the Netherlands, where his mother's family originated. The generations-long family trade was mast making, and in the early 20th century the business was moved to Amsterdam, where Jack and his twin brother grew up. He previously wrote a book about his mother and her family called *The Mastmakers' Daughters*. So at an early age he was exposed to woodworking and seafaring, and his love for sailing and being on the water started at that time.

Jack began his voyage in 2005 at the age of 68, claiming his personal motto to be 'around the world before I'm 80!'. What followed was an ongoing saga of sailing exploits starting in the Pacific, including parts of the 'milk run' as he calls it, but also quite exceptional detours to the Philippines and Vietnam.

Following his Pacific exploits Jack crosses the Indian Ocean, goes around the Cape of Good Hope, visits Brazil and sails via the Caribbean to the US East Coast. From there he sails to the Netherlands via the Azores and France, and secures a winter berth in a small Amsterdam marina, the place where he had learned to sail as a child. After visiting the former family home in Lemmer, he decides to continue his voyage by taking the inland route to the Black Sea via the Rhine and Danube, a new adventure in its own right. From the Black Sea, via the Mediterranean and the French and Belgian rivers and canals, he returns to the Netherlands for a second overwintering period. In 2013 he returns to the Mediterranean via the same route in order to continue his circumnavigation. Instead he is shipwrecked on the small island of Tagomago off the Balearic island of Ibiza, miraculously escaping with his life although *Fleetwood* is reduced to matchwood on the rocks. This is where his book starts – and ends – a good appetiser to learn more about his travails.

What struck me was the on the one hand rather casual style with which he describes his sailing adventures, and on the other hand the genuine human interest he clearly possesses and practises. His Christian faith is undoubtedly an element in that, but is not his prime motivator for making contact with other people, fellow yachtsmen and local inhabitants alike. He is a good observer and also capable of 'winning hearts'. This blend of personal characteristics and writing style to my mind makes the book special, the unusual voyage simply adds to that. Finally the photographs – good even in monochrome – with which it is illustrated add much to the reading experience.

Jack van Ommen maintains an interesting blog at www.ComeToSea.us. He is currently living up to his personal motto by re-equipping a new and identical *Fleetwood* in his homeport of Gig Harbor, Washington, USA. By the time this edition of *Flying Fish* is published he expects to have started a new voyage.

PHP

QUICKSTART CIRCUMNAVIGATION GUIDE – Captain Charlie and Cathy Simon. Published by the author in soft cover by World Sailing Guru, Annapolis, MD [worldsailing.guru] at $39.95 / £32.95. Also available as an e-Book. 172 216mm x 279mm pages, 154 color pictures, 18 maps, 49 satellite/aerial diagrams, and website links. ISBN 978-1-5304-9197-1

The *Quickstart Circumnavigation Guide* is just that: a well organised, well written, eminently readable basic primer for anyone considering an east to west, tradewind circumnavigation. It includes solid practical advice, both in the introductory 'How to Cruise the World in a Sailboat' and in the more comprehensive chapters at the end which focus on passage prep, navigation, routing and crew. For example, under 'Top Ideas' the book rightly sings the praises of a bimini and full cockpit enclosure for the protection they provide from sun, wind and seas, the utility of using Google Earth as an aid to navigation in badly charted areas, and AIS. The cruising guide recommendations are spot on. The authors deserve kudos for producing this excellent, concise overview. Anyone contemplating a first-time circumnavigation should consider putting this guide on their shopping list as they begin to plan their journey.

Having said that, the *Guide* describes only one way to sail around the world. The authors circumnavigated as part of the World ARC, which took them around the world in 15 months in company with other World ARC participants. While they visited many wonderful places and their enthusiasm for them is palpable, because the ARC moves so rapidly they also skipped awesome destinations such as Tonga, New Zealand, Indonesia (except for a short stop in Bali) and Southeast Asia. In others, such as the Marquesas or Australia, they stopped only briefly. In wondrous Fiji – one of the authors' favourite stops – they stayed in a couple of resort areas rather than exploring the many remote anchorages and traditional villages, impossible to do within the ARC time frame yet perhaps the most rewarding aspect of a circumnavigation.

One of the most special things about sailing around the world – or for that matter across an ocean or in a geographic region – is that one can take the time to linger, live locally for a while, make friends in the community, become part of the local fabric. This does not seem possible with a structured rally such as the World ARC, both because of the aggressive timing and because the rally in effect provides its own social world, with local encounters offered only as part of an organised schedule of events.

The authors do posit the 'Should You Join a Rally?' question and provide some pros and cons, but these are of necessity reflective of their own choices. The 'pros' include assistance with weather forecasting, checking in and out of countries, organising pre-planned tours, camaraderie among the fleet and giving an added sense of confidence to the first-time blue water cruiser. With the plethora of information available to everyone these days and the many cruising boats out there, it is worth noting that these issues can just as easily be addressed independently. In addition, it may also be argued that with no rally schedule to adhere to, one is better able to choose good weather windows, sailing in company with others – or not – ultimately making for safer, albeit 'independent', passage making. Finally, while most circumnavigators may not have all the time in the world, sailing flexibly and taking as much time as possible – whether that is three, five, seven years or more – seems well worth doing, since a circumnavigation, for all but a lucky few, is a once-in-a-lifetime enterprise.

Celebrate, the authors' Taswell 58, is somewhat unusual in that it is a large boat (with electric winches and a nearly 300 gallon fuel capacity) and they carried additional crew from time to time. While *Celebrate* worked well for them, they point out that most offshore boats these days are in the 40–50ft range and can be handled by a couple.

But with these caveats, the guide is a great tool, with lots of maps and good photographs. The authors clearly enjoyed themselves and know what they're doing. The book goes geographically from place to place – Panama Canal, Galapagos, French Polynesia and so on, all the way back to St Lucia where they began*, with passage information in between. Each location includes GPS co-ordinates, recommended guides, an overview, information about customs and immigration, marinas or anchorages, shoreside services and 'Things to Do and See'. Under 'Passage Notes' you will find 'Expected Conditions', 'Places We Visited Along the Way', other possible stops – listing a sampling of places *Celebrate* did not visit – and arrival details. These snapshot overviews of each passage and destination are excellent and give a good sense of what to expect, do and see.

Customs/immigration details change regularly, of course, and it is essential to do one's own advance homework in this regard but the information is nonetheless handy, if only to provide a flavour of what to anticipate. Similarly, when the authors list possible stops it is important to keep in mind that these are by no means exhaustive lists – for example, they mention none of the lovely anchorages in Australia's Northern Territory.

But this is not that kind of guide, and shouldn't be read as such. It is, rather, an excellent first step in planning a circumnavigation, and is well worth buying to get you started.

ZSG

* A point worth noting for European cruisers, who will already be some 4000 miles into their voyage.

GREAT YACHT DESIGNS BY ALFRED MYLNE 1921–1945 – Ian Nicolson. Published in soft covers by Amberley Publishing [www.amberleybooks.com] at £19.99, or available direct from the publisher at £13.99. 128 245mm x 168mm pages, including 92 pages of lines drawings, sail plans and construction details prepared from digitised copies of original drawings in the Mylne archive. Soft cover ISBN 978-1-4456-4908-5; e-Book ISBN 978-1-4456-4909-2

This is the second of Ian Nicolson's books recording a selection of the designs of the great Scottish yacht designer, Alfred Mylne, covering the period from 1921 until 1945, when Mylne retired. The first volume (reviewed in *Flying Fish* 2015/2) covered the period from 1896, when Mylne set up his design office in Glasgow at the age of 24, until 1920. When Mylne retired he handed over to his nephew of the same name, who died in 1979. The design office was then taken over by the author of this book, Ian Nicolson, who ran it until 2007. Ian has now compiled the record from drawings in the company's archive, digitised by the present owner of the company, David Gray.

The first 15 chapters look at 15 sailing yacht designs ranging from an 18ft half-

decked cruiser to *Panda*, a 116ft 5in steel schooner built by Camper and Nicholsons in 1938. The author's wealth of knowledge on Mylne designs stems not just from his time working at the company but from his many years of yacht surveying which has included inspections of many Mylne yachts. He recounts an occasion in the 1990s when he was asked by an owner who had recently purchased a yacht to carry out a survey in the West Indies. Ian found a number of serious defects, but was told by the skipper that not only had she been surveyed recently but had been given a Lloyd's 100 A1 rating certificate to prove it, which had been framed and hung in the deckhouse. Ian looked at this and said that it wasn't even a good forgery – the name of the yacht for which it had been issued had been poorly concealed with Tipp-Ex and the new name typed in its place. As a result of Ian's survey the owner was able to hand the yacht back to the seller and obtain a full refund of the purchase price.

The final five chapters look at power craft, from the 39ft *Dane Hill* to the magnificent 115ft 6in diesel-powered *Caleta* (later renamed *Alantide*), built for Sir William Burton in 1930 as the mothership to his 12 Metre. In his notes on the ease of access to the engine installation on the 46ft *Dragonet*, built in 1923, one of Ian's many delightful turns of phrase tells us that 'the typical modern yacht engine needs tame mice to work on it, and even they have to be on a diet'.

Like the previous volume on Mylne designs, this one continues the good work in Ian's inimitable style based on much practical knowledge of the subject. In addition to the standard three main drawings of lines, sail plan and construction/accommodation layout there are many drawings of the custom-designed and made individual fittings typical of an age in which top quality yacht fittings could not be picked up in any chandlery but were design features of the yacht in its own right.

PJC

REEDS MARITIME FLAG HANDBOOK – Miranda Delmar-Morgan, 2nd edition. Published in soft covers and as an eBook by Adlard Coles Nautical [www.adlardcoles.com] at £9.99 (both formats). 160 104mm x 168mm pages, in full colour throughout. ISBN 978-1-4729-1823-9

The same handy, pocket-sized format as Frank Singleton's *Reeds Weather Handbook*, reviewed in *Flying Fish* 2014/1, this second edition of *Reeds Maritime Flag Handbook* has been revised and updated by OCC member Miranda Delmar-Morgan, with Past Commodore Martin Thomas mentioned among the acknowledgements.

Covering everything from the definition of 'a flag' – not as simple as you might think – to two dozen pages depicting national maritime flags plus four useful appendices, this diminutive but well-organised book packs a lot of information into a very small space.

'Types of Flag' covers Ensigns – legal requirements, etiquette, their use as courtesy ensigns, and illustrates those of some of the world's leading yacht clubs as well as some historic examples; Jacks – somewhat similar, but flown from a jackstaff at the bow; Burgees; Other flags – including membership flags (often, though incorrectly, referred to as 'house flags'), owner's flags, racing flags, prize flags and so-called 'battle flags';

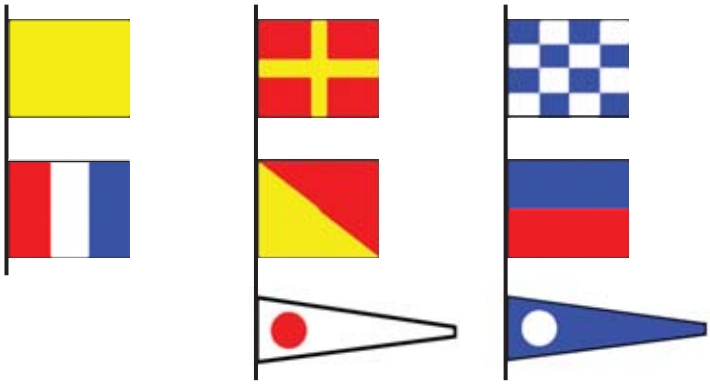
and finally Defence and official flags. Next comes the International Code of Signals, including regional variations such as the red and white 'diver down' flag used in North America and the Caribbean; flags used to signal distress, and those flags commonly used by race organisers.

An interesting section on Flag Etiquette includes Flags and the Law – more than etiquette, surely? – most of which, although intended primarily for British vessels, will be applicable worldwide. The thorny question of where on a masted vessel each type of flag should be flown, and in what order of seniority, is clearly explained. A selection of 168 yacht club burgees and special ensigns fill the next 21 pages, followed by 24 pages of national maritime flags – not always the same as the national flag flown ashore.

It might be thought that there is no longer a place for flags in our increasingly electronic world, except perhaps for decoration, but few things are as reliable as the Mk.1 eyeball – not to mention the sheer pleasure of either raising or recognising the appropriate flag(s) correctly flown.

Finally a quick test: what do these flag hoists signify? If you don't know, *Reeds Maritime Flag Handbook* could be a tenner well spent! (Answers on page 103).

AOMH



THE PACIFIC CROSSING GUIDE – Kitty van Hagen, 3rd edition. Published in hard covers by Adlard Coles Nautical [www.adlardcoles.com] and the RCC Pilotage Foundation [www.rccpf.org.uk] at £32.50. 256 A4 pages, with hundreds of colour photographs and four-colour plans. ISBN 978-1-4729-3534-2

'Vibrant' is the foremost thought as one scans pages packed with vivid images confirming many sailors' dreams of the vast Pacific Ocean. This is no coffee table trifle, however – it is a seriously informative tome packed with hard-earned insight and information invaluable to dreamers and doers alike. It is a natural evolution of the late Mike Pocock's original opus, reflecting the incredible pace of change and development in the cruising world. Nevertheless, despite amazing technological advances, the natural challenges remain as real and daunting as ever. This edition still fully addresses the requirements for safe and enjoyable passage making.

The Pacific Crossing Guide is a product of the collective expertise of members of the Ocean Cruising Club and the Royal Cruising Club. Kitty van Hagen, herself an immensely experienced and competent mariner, has achieved an impressive collation, producing this book in her own delightfully accessible style. It is divided into two logical sections: Preparations – encompassing the major considerations before departure and answering likely worries and concerns; and Passage Planning – individual descriptions of the major routes transiting the Pacific and principal ports.

Preparations covers a huge spectrum from casting off to abandoning ship, where I admit to a chuckle when reading that I should include my iPad in my grab bag ... first I must get one! However, it illustrates the guide's relevance to current cruisers, embracing all the latest technologies. The reality of seawater and electrics making unhappy bed-fellows is not lost, and Kitty subtly cautions against over-reliance on electrical systems. Throughout, relevant websites or publications are suggested to enable further exploration. Numerous 'tips, hints and advice' panels containing gems of wisdom enhance the already impressive wealth of information presented.

An introduction to the Pacific is followed by a comprehensive section on preparing the boat, covering all the likely systems of a modern cruising yacht. It provides an excellent insight into the particular requirements for sailing long distances in remote tropical waters. Staying safe is fundamental and well covered, incorporating details of the latest technologies for locating casualties. The critical issue of chart accuracy is discussed, as even electronic charts still rely on old survey data. Producing chartlets from Google Earth satellite imagery is described (we use this system extensively, but it is not foolproof). A very useful section on navigation amongst coral atolls is included – there is still no substitute for the Mk.1 eyeball!

Following on are chapters on Communications, including internet access and sat phones; Power usage and methods of generation; and Routine maintenance with useful checklists, suggested tool kits and spares. It's worth noting that many epoxies, glues and rubber items suffer badly if stored in high temperatures so it does not pay to overstock, or buy big bargain sizes.

It is evident from the chapter on Provisioning and Store Keeping that anyone lucky enough to sail with Kitty is in for a sublime culinary experience. Freezing limes and lemons to grate over one's food is just one 'top tip' that will remain on my dream list. Needless to say the chapter encompasses all you need to know and think about for successful tropical catering and galley management. It ends with a piece on trading and bartering, with a list of goods you may consider bringing for the purpose. Maintaining good health should be top of everyone's agenda and the chapter dealing with the likely tropical health problems is outstanding in its clarity and recommendations. 'Tropical paradise' is full of stinging and biting things – even a minor cut may turn into a significant problem if not properly treated. The section concludes with chapters on Managing the Paperwork, including recruiting crew, formalities and pets aboard, and finally the decisions to be made with the approaching Cyclone Season and Laying Up.

The opening pages of the book carry a small-scale Pacific chart with all the various routes shown in a colour-coded format. Each group is cross referenced to its relevant chapter in the Passage Planning section, providing excellent accessibility. The section begins with a chapter on weather – it is an outstanding example of how a complex system can be made comprehensible to the layman.

Each route chapter follows a similar top-down format. The routes are shown on a small-scale standard chart with an overview of the distances, significant weather issues and most favoured times for departure. Then follows a more detailed description of expected passage conditions and course considerations. Each country is introduced with a picture of its flag, time zone, spring and neap tidal heights and currency, though there is some inconsistency. This is followed by an overview with helpful insights regarding entry formalities and the indigenous culture.

Port Information boxes generally start with co-ordinates, time zone, spring and neap tidal heights and local currency. A brief description and directions for approach and entry follow, alongside large-scale colour Navionics charts. Given that the majority of today's cruisers use electronic charts, it seems appropriate to present them in the format with which sailors will be most familiar. The objection that there is no latitude and longitude scale is valid, but is countered by the large amount of data presented, a significant cost saving, and the modern image presented. It is a brave but justifiable move by the Pilotage Foundation and I hope it is well received. The majority of the small-scale charts reflect a traditional paper chart with appropriate scales. Every country and port is illustrated by a number of stunning colour pictures. The associated texts are tantalising and evocative tales of places and passages one can only yearn to explore. All illustrate the breadth and wonder of the Pacific.

My only significant criticism of *The Pacific Crossing Guide* is the limited discussion of the people and customs. Occasionally cruisers give offence quite unwittingly, and it should always be remembered that you are a guest in their country with all the responsibilities that entails. As one chief recently said to us, "If these people don't want to talk to us why have they anchored next to my village?".

Overall this is an exceptional work that should be considered essential reading for anyone considering a Pacific Crossing. I'm sure Mike would have been thrilled to see this latest incarnation of his original work. Well done to Kitty and her team.

GMJ & AMJ

HEAVY WEATHER SAILING – Peter Bruce, 7th edition. Published in hard covers by Adlard Coles Nautical [www.adlardcoles.com] at £35.00 / US $50.00. 310 255mm x 180mm pages with many colour photos and technical diagrams. ISBN 978-1-4729-2319-6

The seventh edition of this classic book, a direct descendant of Adlard Coles's 1967 original, has once again been updated by Peter Bruce. Adlard was one of the 'cheated generation' who lost six years' of sailing due to the Second World War, and when that event came to a conclusion those of us who had endured the wasted years were more than desperate to get afloat. We engaged in some rash heavy weather sailing as a result, and learned a lot, all to be found in the pages of the new edition of this book.

At least Adlard had plenty of sailing before the war started. The few British OCC members of the 'cheated generation' still going strong – well, fairly strong if a bit creaky – did not get much sailing before September 1939 when the world went mad,

and to war. This explains why some elderly OCC people are still leaving harbour when common sense says one should really wait for the wind to abate.

Adlard wrote this book in a clever way. He got a variety of experienced people to contribute, giving information about how to deal with severe conditions offshore. His own experience was also included and he had plenty of sea-time as he did a full summer's offshore racing year after year. He suffered from diabetes, so had to have three proper hot meals each day at sea. On rival boats food was not so well organised and sometimes consisted of biscuits ... followed by more biscuits, and maybe an occasional sandwich. Adlard's food formula was a race-winner.

This fine book has never been equalled, and this new edition has even more data. It should be called *Heavy Weather Sailing* ***and Motorboating*** because there is now lots of good sense about survival at sea in power boats. There is also a valuable foreword by Sir Robin Knox-Johnston, OCC.

If I might be so arrogant as to disagree with Robin on one point, he says that it is not worth having a separate track on the mast for a trysail because of the immense difficulty of hanking on this storm sail in brutal weather. He is right about the problem of getting the slides into the track when the wind is shrieking in the rigging – the way round this is to keep the trysail permanently hanked to its track, complete with halyard and sheets secured. A fairly tight-fitting bag holds the sail snugly until it is needed. Then when the weather goes off the clock one lowers the mainsail and hoists the small, tough trysail without undue effort.

In such a competent, densely-packed book it is a tiny bit irritating that on page 298 the cabin sole is referred to as the 'floor'. On a boat, a 'floor' is that part of the athwartships structure which joins the bottom ends of frames to each other and to the keel. Much can be forgiven, however, when reading such a fine tome.

IN

A HISTORY OF SAILING IN 100 OBJECTS – Barry Pickthall. Published in hard covers by Adlard Coles Nautical [www.adlardcoles.com] at £20.00 / US $35.00. 224 195mm x 254mm pages in full colour throughout. ISBN 978-1-4729-1885-7

Following the success of the all-encompassing *A History of the World in 100 Objects*, it was inevitable that others would follow suit on slightly less ambitious topics.

A History of Sailing in 100 Objects, compiled by highly-experienced yachting writer Barry Pickthall, contains an eclectic mix of topics, each illustrated by a page-width photograph, painting or sketch plus a page – or occasionally more – of explanatory text. Each illustration also carries a short caption – not, it has to be said, always up to the standard of the main text (few builders of ferro-cement boats would agree that, having set up the steel and wire framework, 'the concrete is poured on top of it'). Nor, for that matter, are the illustrations always quite accurate – the midshipman on page 61 is clearly carrying an octant, not the sextant to which text and caption refer.

Having said that, *A History of Sailing in 100 Objects* makes for fascinating 'dipping' – I had no idea that hammocks were so-called because they were originally made from

fibres from the hamak tree, or that Royal Navy regulations stipulated that they should be slung only 14in (35cm) apart.

The 100 objects chosen by Barry Pickthall are obviously his own personal choices, but part of the enjoyment of any 'list' book is in compiling one's own. Mine would definitely include the first production design available in GRP (any advance on the Flying Fifteen, built in GRP from the early 1950s?), the British Seagull outboard, 'ordinary' synthetic ropes in addition to the 'exotic' Dyneema® featured, and the first purpose-designed lifeboat – maybe even the RNLI itself. And to make room for them? Well, the Airfix model of the Golden Hind would certainly go, as would either the Camcorder or the Go-Pro video camera which immediately follows it. So too would Ernest Hemingway's *The Old Man and the Sea* (possibly replaced by Erskine Childers' *The Riddle of the Sands*), and Hannah Snell 'the female soldier', who presumably squeaks in because she signed on as a marine.

While probably not aiming, or claiming, to be an 'authoritative tome', *A History of Sailing in 100 Objects* is an attractive book which will answer questions for the curious and stimulate imaginative thinking. The price (particularly in the UK) is very reasonable for a book of this quality, and it would make a very acceptable present for either the older armchair sailor or the younger one with an enquiring mind. Many of the topics invite further investigation, for which our seemingly unlimited online resources would be ideal.

AOMH

Key to flag hoists on page 99 (left to right):

Q over T = You should not anchor. You are going to foul my anchor
R over O over 1 = My propeller is fouled by hawser or rope
N over E over 2 = You should proceed with caution. Submarines are exercising in this area

> Coleridge was a drug addict. Poe was an alcoholic. Marlowe was killed by a man whom he was treacherously trying to stab. Poe took money to keep a woman's name out of a satire then wrote a piece so that she could still be recognised anyhow. Chatterton killed himself. Byron was accused of incest. Do you still want to be a writer – and if so, why?
>
> Bennett Cerf, *Shake Well before Using*

THE ADVENTURE CONTINUED...
Clare Thorpe

(In *2013, 32-year old skipper James Boyce and 27-year old first mate Clare Thorpe sailed* Elinca, *a Challenge 67, from the UK to Antarctica and South Georgia and back (see* ADVENTURE2013: Journey to the End of the World, *in* Flying Fish 2014/2*). Sixty-five crew joined the adventure across 12 legs of the journey, the majority of them from the 'pre-kids and pre-mortgage' stage of life. Thankfully, all returned safely, some back to their old jobs and others to new starts having resigned ahead of the nine-month expedition. For a few months the returned wanderers sailed desks and enjoyed home comforts, but before long the itchy feet began and 'Where are we going next?' e-mails started flying again. Follow their blog at www.arcticsailhing2016.co.uk.*)

There were some obstacles to overcome before we could set out again. Our beloved *Elinca* had been sold so we were in need of a new ship, and with the inevitable onset of mortgages (but not yet children) taking time off work was more challenging and the next trip needed to be shorter and closer to home. Our solution came in the form of the *Anna-Margaretha*, a Dutch-registered steel ketch big enough to carry 15 people and built for high latitude sailing. Her owners Heinz and Greet planned to spend the summer in Spitzbergen, and agreed to charter their boat to us after that for six weeks, to bring her home via the long route: Tromsø (Norway) – Scoresbysund (Greenland) – Iceland – Faeroe Islands – Scotland – Netherlands.

Anne-Margaretha where she was built to sail

For our trip north we needed to brush up on skills not needed in the Antarctic – polar bear safety and glacier mountaineering skills – as this trip was going to be about walking as much as about sailing. We trained with rifles and shotguns at the National Rifle Association in Bisley where our instructors quickly identified those of us with some ability who might be able to put the bullets in the right end and stand a chance of hitting a bear in a crisis. Next we spent a couple of weekends in Wales and at our home in the Peak District brushing up on snow and ice rescue skills in case of a walking accident.

Our destination, Scoresbysund, though not the most remote Greenland destination, is on the less visited east coast and has the added challenge that it is often blocked by ice brought down from the north on the east Greenland current. In fact in 2015 few yachts made it into the fjord at all as it was so choked with ice. However, we need not have worried, as 2016 saw the highest temperatures on record and unprecedented

Icebergs melt in Scoresbysund

Sharp shooting: target practice before heading ashore

melting meaning that only the biggest icebergs were left to see. These majestic monsters, mostly grounded in the shallower water, glistened in the blazing sun with rivers of melt-water cascading from them and were liable to split in two at a glance. The snow line was up well above 1000m, meaning a fair hike over rocky terrain before there was any call for crampons.

James and I organised our journey north as we had our journey south – with everyone chipping in to cover the costs and the onboard work. With 15 able seamen/women we were able to run a luxurious watch system of four hours on and eight hours off, leaving plenty of time for our favourite pastime, cooking. Inspired by the great British bake-off we made fresh bread every day. We also tried our hand at all the local delicacies

Will bakes bread for 15 crew – we got through at least two loaves a day

Jan Mayen shrouded in cloud

including fresh-caught cod, musk ox, seal and arctic char. We drew the line at narwhal and shark – although we found both for sale, we couldn't bring ourselves to eat creatures we had come so far to see alive. As usual there was not enough time and everywhere we stopped we wished we had two weeks longer. We were delighted to find that the north held as much treasure as the south. With far too much to fit into a short article, I have chosen just four highlights.

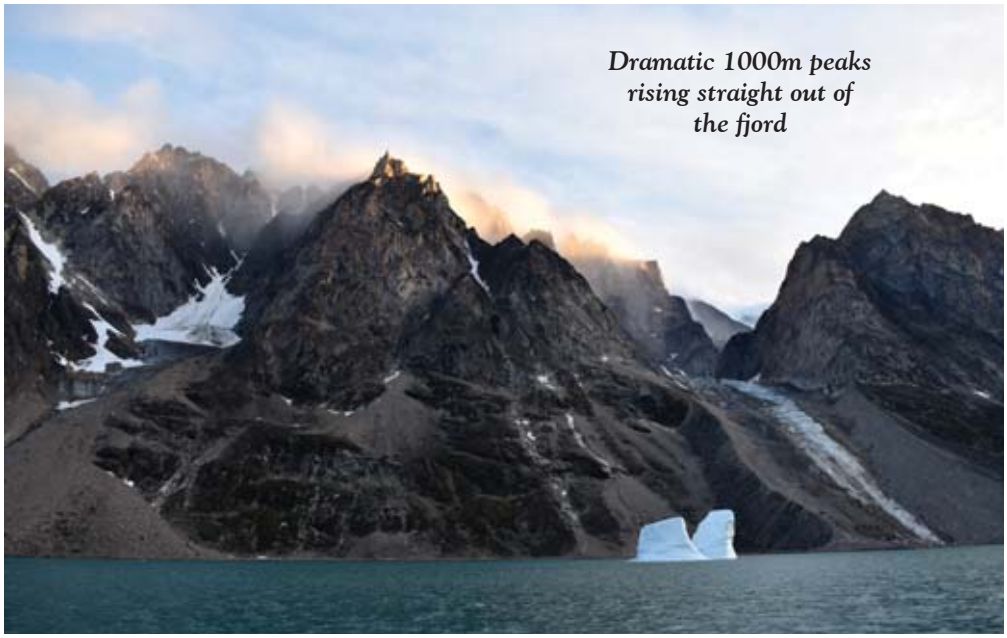
A brief stop at the remote island of Jan Mayen which, although the 2277m peak was shrouded almost completely in cloud, was still quite amazing. With 35 knots on the beam the sail there was fast – we covered 240 miles in the first 24 hours and made the sail from Tromsø to Jan Mayen in under three days. The wind had died down to less than 10 knots by the time we sighted the island, allowing us to anchor briefly on its northwest side. We were greeted by the base commander, crammed into the back of quite a small jeep, and driven up a dirt track for coffee and a tour of the Norwegian research base. That evening we landed two fat Atlantic cod for tea.

Zoe and Will catch our dinner

Sunset turns the snow line pink

A day in Greenland when, after celebrating our crewmember Zoe's 30th birthday with gin and tonic with traditional iceberg ice, and a feast of musk ox, a polar bear-shaped *piñata** and anchor-shaped biscuits, we swam in the surprisingly warm (11°C) brackish water (so many glaciers discharge into Scoresbysund that it is no longer salty). Then we picked our way through the tightly packed ice calving off Rolligebrae, a very fast moving glacier, and once through to the other side anchored in the lee of a huge red sandstone rock that we scrambled up in time to watch the sun set over the iceberg graveyard. See page 42 for a chartlet of Scoresbysund.)

* a container made of papier-mâché, pottery or cloth, which is decorated and filled with small toys and/or sweets, then broken as part of a ceremony or celebration.



Dramatic 1000m peaks rising straight out of the fjord

Icelandic highlights have to be our time spent in the beautiful ex-fishing village of Siglufjörður on the north coast.. We attempted a beautiful, slightly hair-raising ridge walk that took us above the cloud level up the side of the steep mountains that encircled the fjord. The boat was a tiny dot next to the herring museum that commemorates when Siglufjörður was 'herring capital of the world'. The nights started to close in as we headed south, and as we set sail for the Faeroes, Iceland waved us

Above the cloud-line on a sharp Iceland ridge

Stunning Icelandic scenery

goodbye with four hours of northern lights to brighten up the 0000–0400 watch. The dancing green lights were just as spectacular as we had seen on television, and a bank of cloud over the land told us that probably only those out at sea were being treated to this particular show.

This way to stand on the Arctic circle

We reached the Faeroe Islands in the dark, using the radar to navigate between sheer cliffs into Vestmanna. Inadvertently our arrival coincided with what we termed 'bird massacre week', when the newly-fledged fulmars make their leaps from the cliffs to the sea, only to be scooped up in their hundreds by local fishermen. In the early morning the village was lined with small fires and the air pervaded by the smell of burning feathers. Even with the presence of a large supermarket, the locals remain true to tradition when it comes to the killing of both birds and the pilot whales which occasionally stray through the islands. These traditions are less popular with the younger generation, who head over to Denmark for university and are developing a more 'mainland' view on wildlife preservation. Feeling lucky to have our own boat, we organised a magical sunset dinner cruise to watch the fulmars and puffins on the 700m cliffs. Needless to say we were eating chicken from the supermarket and only shooting the puffins with our cameras.

Inland in the Faeroe Islands

Our little group has shared storms and seasickness for over ten years now, egging each other on to greater and greater distances and bigger and bigger dreams. The time has come to rein in our ambitions – at least for a while. There are babies on the way, and we've called a temporary halt to ocean sailing but with plans to cast off again as soon as it is practical. Round the world 2030 does sound catchy...

- x G w g X _

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GUIDELINES FOR CONTRIBUTORS

ELEGIBILITY: space in *Flying Fish* is limited, so publication is normally limited to articles written by members (including associate members), their spouses/partners, or their long-term crew.

CONTENT: anything which is likely to be of interest to other members – cruise and liveaboard accounts (including humour), technical articles, recipes, letters, book reviews and obituaries. Please check with me before to submitting the latter two, and also tell me if you're sending the same piece elsewhere, inside or outside the OCC.

Finally, please ensure that all personal, boat and place names are spelt correctly, in both text and captions. I can't always check them and errors can offend!

LENGTH: no more than 3500 words and preferably under 3000, except in *very* special cases – and normally only one article per member per issue. I dislike having to cut other people's writing and generally throw overlong offerings back to the author for amendment, so if your efforts are lengthy, please allow extra time.

FORMAT: MS Word (any version) or PDF, with or without embedded photos (though see next page), sent as an e-mail attachment. With prior warning I'm willing to scan good quality typescript, but *Flying Fish* no longer accepts faxed or handwritten articles. If sending by snailmail a warning e-mail is helpful, and sets bells ringing if the envelope doesn't follow. (If posting in the UK, please check the thickness of your package – an ordinary letter must not exceed 5mm, which catches many people out.)

If place (or personal) names need accents which you aren't able to create in Word, please include a list at the end – something along the lines of 'the A in Mogan and the I in Bahia both need acute accents, and the N in Montana needs a tilde' (aka a squiggle above it) works well.

Please don't spend time on fancy formatting – it won't import into my layout programme. Stick to a standard font such as Times New Roman, Ariel or Calibri, and limit yourself to capitals, italics and bold.

Finally, **PLEASE BE ORGANISED!** If the text you send is not intended to be your final draft please make this clear in your cover note. It's frustrating to spend time editing only to receive a new, and very altered, version a month or two later. Minor amendments or corrections are fine, however, either made using the 'tracked changes' feature in Word or typed into the previous version in **RED** and then **highlighted** – though note the deadlines near the bottom of page 115.

ILLUSTRATIONS: please send photos in JPG format by e-mail, WeTransfer, Dropbox or similar, though by arrangement I'm willing to receive prints for scanning (most often to accompany obituaries). If sending the latter, never write the caption on the back in ink or ball pen as it often smudges onto the next photo – a self-adhesive sticker on the back bearing a **pencilled** caption is much safer. I take great care of prints and original artwork and return them after use, but neither *Flying Fish* nor the OCC can be held responsible for loss or damage.

Watercolour paintings or black-and-white line drawings (including cartoons) make an

interesting alternative should you or your crew have skills in that direction, in which case you may prefer to send a high resolution scan to avoid parting with the original.

PLEASE DON'T SEND MORE THAN 20 PHOTOS MAXIMUM – while you're submitting a single article, I receive up to 20 for the average issue, which means around 400 images to juggle. My filing system is legendary, but it has its limits! Some contributors also send a Word document or PDF showing where the photographs should fall. This can be very helpful, but please don't forget that I'll still need the photos as individual JPGs. Although it's possible to extract pictures from document files, the quality suffers dramatically.

To reproduce well, photos need to measure at least 16cm wide at 300 dpi or 67cm wide at 72 dpi (the default setting for most cameras). If this means nothing to you, please send your photos EXACTLY as they were downloaded from the camera – even opening and saving under another name will degrade the quality. Like all editors I detest times and dates embedded into photographs, and even worse are embedded captions. The former are generally added by the camera, the second by a software programme, but both can and should be turned off.

When sending photos by e-mail, **manually** attach no more than three per e-mail (do **NOT** use the 'attach to e-mail' facility available in some image programs, which compresses the file data). A label in the e-mail's subject line – 'CAPE HORN article; e-mail 1 of 6; pics 1 to 3 attached', for example, ensures that I know what I should recieve and you know what you've sent. Then round off with a final e-mail, with no attachments, confirming how many e-mails and photographs are on their way. I try to acknowledge articles and photos within 48 hours, but like most of us I cherish the occasional day away from my computer, so don't panic and start resending until at least five days have elapsed.

If using WeTransfer or Dropbox please don't be tempted to send enormous TIFF or RAW files. I sometimes use mobile wifi, and the photos for one article can gobble up a month's quota in half-an-hour. If you work on your photos in TIFF (as I do), please save them as high-res JPGs before sending. Note also that whatever the order in which you upload your photos, they'll download in numerical or alphabetical order – not a problem so long as they tally with the captions ... see next paragraph.

CAPTIONS: please provide a list of captions in the order they relate to the text. Don't spend hours renumbering or re-titling the photographs themselves – I'd much rather receive captions in Word than have to extract them individually from each photo's file title. Something along the lines of:

Photo 1 (DCM 3285) Getting ready tfor sea
Photo 2 (DCM 3321) Leaving Lajes, Flores, John at the helm
Photo 3 (DSP 00045) The whale! (photo Sue Black)

is perfect and gives me all the information I need. For a five-star rating, indicate in the text approximately where each picture should fall – '...We arrived in Horta (pic 5) and promptly started our painting on the breakwater (pic 6) ...' etc. (Not necessary if you're also sending a PDF or Word documents with the photos in place, of course).

CHARTLETS: if relevant, please include a rough chartlet of your travels, showing

your route and the places mentioned in the text. Don't worry if the map on which you draw your route (on paper or computer) is copyright, or if your efforts are a little untidy – *Flying Fish* chartlets are nearly always redrawn for us, overcoming both of these problems. Google satellite images are among those covered by copyright, but their 'Permission Guidelines' (see www.google.com/permissions/geoguidelines.html) allow reproduction in order to 'demonstrate product use'.

LAT/LONG POSITIONS: if your article includes cruising information useful to others, please include latitudes and longitudes where appropriate, preferably as a separate list. Although unlikely to be included in the printed version of *Flying Fish* they will normally be retained on-line. They can also be very useful in locating out-of-the-way harbours and anchorages if a chartlet is being drawn.

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Note that if you hope to sell your work to a commercial magazine you should do this first, as most will not consider an article which has already appeared elsewhere, even in a humble club journal. *Flying Fish*, on the other hand, is generally happy to print articles which have already appeared commercially, and can often feature them at greater length and with far more photographs.

DEADLINES: Final submission deadlines are **1 OCTOBER** for publication in **December**, and **1 FEBRUARY** for publication in **June**. An issue may be closed earlier if it becomes full, however, in which case the pieces last to arrive will be held over for the next edition. I always appreciate prior warning that an article is imminent – doubly so in the weeks immediately preceding a deadline – and though this won't guarantee space in a crowded issue it will certainly increase your chances.

Anne Hammick, Editor
flying.fish@oceancruisingclub.org

AND FINALLY, A NOTE FROM OUR LEGAL TEAM ...

AROUND BY CHANCE

Phil and Norma Heaton

(*Phil and Norma left Northern Ireland at the end of May 2009 aboard their Ovni 395* Minnie B *with a plan for the first 12 months…*
Visit their blog at www.sailblogs.com/member/philandnorma.)

We didn't mean to do it, honest gov. We didn't have a plan to go around ... it just sort of happened. Our daughter Anna summed up what many thought on our completing the circumnavigation by e-mailing: "Congratulations. Are you coming home now?"

Our original plan was to leave Northern Ireland in May 2009, join the ARC and cruise the Caribbean. However, an article in *Yachting Monthly* about a little-known rally changed all that. Our departure was as scheduled. The Biscay crossing, our biggest trip to date, was approached with trepidation, being accompanied by friends David and Jacquie. We left Kinsale with a favourable forecast and made it to Sada, near La Coruña, just ahead of a gale. The summer of 2009 was spent cruising the Spanish *rías*, moving on to the Algarve for our jump off to the different adventure: the now-defunct Rallye Iles du Soleil.

This French-organised rally with 32 boats left Madeira for a six-month cruise taking in parts of West Africa and Brazil. Madeira offers magnificent steep and high cliffs, waterfalls tumbling to the sea, deep gorges with lush vegetation and extensive cultivation, barren and arid areas, heather and gorse, and excellent hiking. Our next stop was Tenerife, where we were joined by Gilli and Sally and toured the island extensively – our first visit to the Canary Islands did not disappoint. Then to rarely-visited Dakhla in Western Sahara and trips into the desert, followed by our first taste of tropical Africa in Senegal – stopping at Dakar (friendly, bustling, slavery history, days of former glory, great music) and the Sine-Saloum delta (extensive bird-life, traditional villages, enormous fishing *pirogues* and more friendly people).

For the 470 miles from Dakar to Mindelo in the Cape Verdes we had a cracking beam reach sail. Provisioning for the Atlantic crossing was good, and a highlight was a ferry trip, in company with eight other cruisers, for a stay on Santo Antão with its windward-

The Rallye Iles du Soleil fleet at Dakhla, Western Sahara


CANADA
Montreal
USA
New York
Boston
NOVA SCOTIA
Chesapeake Bay
Fort Lauderdale
BERMUDA
North Atlantic Ocean
IRELAND
Kinsale
SPAIN
ALGARVE
MADEIRA
CANARY ISLANDS
Daklha
Dakar
CAPE VERDE ISLANDS
ST MARTIN
Caribbean Sea
TOBAGO
GRENADA
FRENCH GUIANA
Amazon
Pacific Ocean
Panama
Equator
GALAPAGOS ISLANDS
BRAZIL
Fortaleza
Jacare
Salvador da Bahia
FERNANDO DE NORONHA
Tropic of Capricorn
South Atlantic Ocean
AFRICA
Walvis Bay
NAMIBIA
SOUTH AFRICA
Cape Town
Richards Bay
RODRIGUES
MAURITIUS
REUNION
INDIA
Indian Ocean
THAILAND
PHUKET
MALAYSIA
Singapore
INDONESIA
Jakarta
COCOS KEELING
Darwin
PAPUA NEW GUINEA
Port Moresby
VANUATU
FIJI
AUSTRALIA
Tasman Sea
Whangarei
NEW ZEALAND
Tropic of Cancer
Pacific Ocean
Equator
45°N
60°W
0°
60°E
120°E
N
180°
COOK ISLANDS
MARQUESAS
From the Galapagos Islands
To Vanuatu
FIJI
NUIE
TAHITI
TUAMOTUS
20°S
RAROTONGA
Tropic of Capricorn
Pacific Ocean
Whangarei
NEW ZEALAND
140°W

A pirogue and local village at Sine Saloum, Senegal

side lush valleys, volcanic *caldera* and barren leeward side. Friends John and Beth joined us for a generally benign Atlantic crossing to Salvador da Bahia, Brazil – except for the ITCZ scoring low on the fun scale with adverse current and contrary winds, though at least the torrential rain washed off the Saharan sand and the Dakar dirt.

Brazil substantially exceeded expectations, with cruising around the Bahia de Todos Santos, historic Salvador, safe river anchorages and shore facilities at Jacaré, exploring and diving at Fernando de Noronha; the harder edge of Fortaleza, and the serenity of Soure. The rally concluded with a six-week, 1000 mile round trip on the Amazon, visiting remote riverside towns and villages as far as Santarém and Alter do Chao. The organisers had a river boat with pilot, *bombeiros* (qualified divers for freeing anchors and dislodging the vegetation masses that surround boats) ... and six police armed with an arsenal of sub-machine guns and pistols so that not-so-friendly locals knew we were protected.

From there we continued north to Kourou and Iles du Salut in French Guyana, and to Tobago for our first cruise in the Caribbean. We loved Tobago, and then concluded the cruising season visiting Grenada and Carriacou, where fate dealt another hand for us.

A Canadian couple told us about their 2400 mile 'Down East Circle' cruise: New York – Hudson River – Erie and Oswego Canals – Lake Ontario – St Lawrence River

Santiago do Iguape on the Rio Paraguaçu, Brazil

A riverside home on an Amazonian tributary

– Nova Scotia – New England – New York. We were mightily intrigued as it offered a way to keep cruising in the Western Atlantic during the hurricane season. Our new plan was to stay in the Caribbean for boat projects and cruise in the Lesser Antilles, then head for Bermuda and on to New York. We thoroughly enjoyed our leisurely trip north from Trinidad to St Martin, stopping at most of the islands, making new friends and exploring new places, and then in May 2011 sailed for Bermuda, staying long enough to visit most of the island with its feel of England. We took the first favourable weather pattern for the 675 mile passage to New York – five days of mixed weather and, at times, some unhelpful Gulf Stream adverse currents.

The 2010 St Patrick's Day party on Minnie B in Mojui on Brazil's Baía de Marajó

Two fine ladies…

Fog greeted us on reaching the US coast and stayed until we passed the Verrazano Narrows Bridge. Clearing slowly, the iconic images of New York Harbour and Manhattan emerged and the 'wow moment' arrived. We had to pinch ourselves that we were sailing past the Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island and on into the heart of New York. We stayed at 79th Street Boat Basin and loved every minute of our time there – limitless entertainment, sights and sounds. We dawdled up the Hudson River soaking up the history of this highway of early exploration and opening of the continent. The mast was lowered at Hop-O-Nose Marina and carried on deck through the 30 canal locks to Lake Ontario. A problem with our turnbuckles meant that we kept the mast on deck across to Kingston, through the Thousand Islands and the seven enormous locks to Montreal where a rigger sorted us out.

The hospitality in Montreal, Ottawa and Quebec, and at the small towns in between, was outstanding as we were the first non-North American boat to visit that year. The Montreal Jazz Festival was unmissable and Norma's cousin and wife joined us in Quebec for Canada Day weekend festivities. Onwards to the Saguenay Fjord with its majestic capes and whales galore, including belugas, and the Gaspe Peninsula with hiking and extraordinary French accents. Friends David and Jacquie joined us again in Prince Edward Island for our cruise to the Bras d'Or Lakes and the Nova Scotia coast to Halifax. We called at Lunenburg and Lockeport before sailing the 270 miles directly to Gloucester, Massachusetts. We cruised along the coast, stopping at Salem and Marblehead, being joined by Greg and Carol in Boston for the trip to Cape Cod, Martha's Vineyard, Nantucket, Cuttyhunk and Rhode Island. Onwards through Block Island and Long Island Sounds with stops at Mystic, the Thimble Islands and Old Greenwich. Finally we closed the loop in New York. NY–NY statistics: 2627 miles in 116 days, moved on 64 days, transited 42 locks, 62 nights in marinas, 25 nights at anchor, 22 nights on moorings, 5 nights on town docks and 2 nights at sea. 343 hours motoring, 9 days with some fog, ran the heating on 12 nights. It was wonderful.

The Dismal Swamp Canal, North Carolina

With autumn approaching, what next? So down the East Coast via Delaware Bay, Chesapeake Bay and the Intracoastal Waterway to Beaufort, North Carolina, enjoying the palette of autumn colours on the Dismal Swamp Canal route. Then to sea for stops at Charleston, Savannah and Fernandina. Another 'wow moment' serendipitously came our way when we had to heave-to off Cape Canaveral for the Mars Rover launch. Then on to Fort Lauderdale and some serious thinking about what next – stay in the Caribbean or head for the Pacific?

It wasn't so much a throw of the dice but more an adventure itch that needed to be scratched, and the bigger adventure would be the Pacific. So that was it.

Christmas with family back in the UK was followed in January 2012 by a cruise with Des and Alma to the Florida Keys and the north coast of Cuba – a fascinatingly attractive country of former glory, dereliction, innovation and adaptation, stunning scenery, music and dance ... and superb cigars and rum. We then called at Grand Cayman en route to Panama. Our canal experience in the US and Canada made us quite desirable as line handlers for other cruisers, and we did a trip through the Panama Canal on another boat. We postponed our own passage to return to England to visit an increasingly frail 96-year-old mother, so did not leave Panama for the Galapagos until mid April.

The fates were at work, however, and after 350 miles we hit some debris floating just below the surface, which caused damage to our hydraulic rudder, the autopilot hydraulics and the steering. This necessitated a hand-steered return to Panama for lifting out and repairs, so there was nothing for it but to postpone the Pacific until 2013 and take consolation trips to Peru and the UK. We visited the Ilas Perlas for some delightful anchorages and to get in the mood for what lay ahead, but it was another false start, returning to Panama to fix a broken tooth. Then four days' great sailing and two days' motoring through the ITCZ for the 936 mile passage. The Galapagos islands arouse a sense of wonder – and so they provide it ... in parts. We had great hiking on Isla Isabela, superb marine and terrestrial life on Isla Bartolomé and Isla Santa Cruz (where we anchored), but the conditions for the giant tortoises range from good to awful.

Isla Bartolomé, Galapagos

So, the passage to Hiva Oa in the Marquesas: 3034 miles and 23 days. How did we cope? It was not a difficult trip ... apart from the failure of the rudder hydraulics repair carried out in Panama by a supposedly top-class engineer. The rudder lifted, putting enormous strain on the windvane steering, which in turn necessitated extra reefing and beefing up of the windvane. A temporary fix shortly after we arrived enabled us to sail on until we could haul out for proper repairs in Tahiti. We had a wonderful time in the Marquesas with much hiking, snorkelling and touring. The mountainous scenery takes your breath away, and the kindness of the people gifting fruit and free rides warms the heart. We visited Hiva Oa, Fatu Hiva, Tahuata, Nuku Hiva and Ua Pou, and could have stayed a lot longer.

Everything you read about the Tuamotus creates a shivering fear – the Dangerous Archipelago. It's all just done to scare people off and keep it for a few cruisers ... maybe. With time pressing for haul out in Tahiti, we visited Kauehi with an easy pass and Fakarava with the glorious South Pass which we snorkelled and dived – swimming with sharks galore and more tropical fish than an aquarium.

Lovely Fatu Hiva, in the Marquesas

At Nuku Hiva, the Marquesas

Tahiti was a mixture of modern (supermarkets) and historic (Captain Cook's Transit of Venus observations). More hiking and touring along with great views of Moorea led us to emulate the crew of HMS *Bounty* and we fell in love with the place. We stopped at Moorea, Huahine, Raiatea and Bora Bora – all wonderful experiences.

Then on to the Cook Islands. The 540 mile passage is part of 'The Difficult Middle' and so it was, with temperatures dropping to 20°C, winds occasionally up to 35 knots, 4m+ seas, and rain. Rarotonga is a relaxing place with a cross-island hike and good

Minnie B at Fakarava in the Tuamotus

Opunohu and Cook's Bays, Moorea

bars and restaurants, albeit the stern-to mooring in the harbour is 'interesting'. We arrived for the annual festival with Polynesian music and dancing – what the men can do with their legs and the women with their bottoms was mind-boggling.

The 590 mile passage to Niue was uneventful until on arrival the engine would not start, but we successfully picked up a mooring under sail on the first approach – not showing off as some suggested. We zipped around the quiet roads on a hired motorcycle, enjoying its many coves for snorkelling and hikes through limestone scenery. Then on to Tonga for the whales, snorkelling and diving, sheltered anchorages and beautiful islands. We decided to head from there straight to New Zealand for maintenance and cyclone season tourism. Our passage was again benign, albeit we had to motor a little more than ideal, but at least no gales came sweeping in.

Niue's fringing reef

Repairs and maintenance in New Zealand are first class and we recommend Whangarei for this. We joined the millions who have discovered the wonders of New Zealand, touring the two islands.

Fiji was but a short visit and we did not do it justice – we visited Savusavu (very nice) and Musket Cove (over-hyped), before heading for Vanuatu – Anatom for

Julia and Tim filming 'The Man with the Blue and White Plastic Gun', Phang Nga Bay, Thailand

hiking and meeting local people, Tanna for Mount Yasur volcano, and Port Vila for provisions. Then to Papua New Guinea.

We had intended to break our passage to Darwin for the start of the Sail Indonesia Rally at Thursday Island, but were put off by the general conditions and set up, so called in at Port Moresby for a break after 1500 miles. Papua New Guinea has a bad reputation for security, but we stayed safely at Royal Papua Yacht Club, toured around Port Moresby, and wished we could spend more time in this captivating country ... must return.

The 1150 mile passage through the Torres Strait and across the Arafura Sea to Darwin kept us on our toes and raised our admiration for Captain Bligh's navigation skills. Australian Customs and Immigration were charming, and we thoroughly enjoyed this vibrant city. A quick overland trip to The Rock in the Middle and on to Sydney gave us a flavour of this vast country, but we had little time before the departure of the Sail Indonesia Rally which helped with clearances, some routing, festivals and local events.

Our passage through Indonesia (See *Indonesian Update*, *Flying Fish* 2015/1) was a highlight of the whole trip around – great scenery, snorkelling, food and such lovely people making us so welcome that the smiles never left our faces. Komodo dragons, climbing Mt Rinjani on Lombok, beautiful Bali, Kalimantan orang-utans, quiet anchorages, music and dancing ... and lots of motoring ... innumerable fishing platforms and boats ... but memories to treasure.

Then up the coast of Malaysia for a brief lay-up at Langkawi, a Christmas trip to UK and on to Phuket, Thailand for repairs and maintenance. Cruising Phang Nga Bay, with its iconic limestone islands accompanied by daughter Julia and her husband Tim, was magical. Finally we returned to Langkawi to secure *Minnie B* while we took a plane, train and bus trip through northern Thailand, Laos, Cambodia and Vietnam – more magic.

What would the next throw of the dice bring, as we wondered whether to join friends who were shipping their boats from Thailand to the Mediterranean, or to continue across the Indian Ocean and north up the Atlantic to ...? This was a remarkably lengthy debate, until we concluded that we needed to complete the 'around'. We also had to choose whether to take the northern route via Sri Lanka and the Seychelles, or the southern route via the Mascarene Islands. So south it was to Singapore and on to Jakarta, so that we could leave the boat and fly to Jogjakarta to visit Borobudur. We saw only one other yacht on our trip through the Riau Islands, stopping on our own at *mouillages sauvages* (wild moorings) and again enjoying visits from smiling children in dugout canoes.

The marina at Jakarta is most welcoming, but even with our lifting keel the entrance needs careful timing. Jogjakarta and the Buddhist temple at Borobudur were enchanting, and then it was time to start for South Africa. We anchored one night at Krakatoa, with Anak Krakatoa steaming and smoking, and then on to Cocos Keeling, a beautiful atoll, where we relaxed, had superb snorkelling and hung out with other cruisers heading west.

Our Indian Ocean crossing was smiled on by the gods of wind and sea, and we safely arrived in Rodrigues having sailed 2011 miles in just over 14 days. Maximum wind speed was 30 knots, albeit the last three days saw sustained wind of 20–28kts, but we had little rain. Rodrigues was charming with good coastal walks, but the downside was having to move from the anchorage when the supply ship arrived and departed – a small price to pay. Next was the 350 miles to Mauritius, which we enjoyed but on reflection would have lingered less, although a Hindu festival we attended was spectacular with people having extensive body and face piercings and carrying enormous, heavy, flower-covered contraptions called *cavadees*.

A pierced adherent carrying a cavadee at a Hindu festival in Mauritius

Then it was time for another decision – Reunion or Madagascar? Opting for Reunion, the 138 miles involved many sail changes but the island is a hiker's paradise with tree-covered volcanic landscapes and an active volcano that just had to be flown over in a helicopter. The French supermarkets had everything we needed and there are good marine services. Again it was decision time – direct to South Africa or north via Madagascar? We took the former, mainly because the final legs are the same distance (about 1400 miles) and this route has a better wind angle, and we know lemurs are cuddly but ...

The passage to Richards Bay was generally good, but the currents were fickle and the wind was up and down. We thought we had escaped the worst of the weather, but the last seven hours saw southerly winds of 30–35 knots over the south-going Agulhas Current – but it was dark and raining, so all was well as we simply could not see the height of the waves.

South Africa exceeded our expectations, and we spent a month touring in the east before getting a favourable forecast that enabled us to make the 950 mile passage to Cape Town in a single hop, broken only by an overnight anchorage at Mossel Bay. We had more outstanding experiences touring in the west, and the warmest of welcomes at Royal Cape Yacht Club. A quick trip to the UK was followed by departure for Namibia,

An oryx in the Kalahari Desert, Namibia

where we stopped at Luderitz and Walvis Bay – stunning scenery and beautiful wildlife rewarded us, along with very relaxed and welcoming people everywhere. Then superb sailing for the 1200 miles to St Helena, where the moorings are good and the island fascinating with varied scenery and Napoleonic history.

Saint Helena

We made the 1800 mile passage to Jacaré/Cabadelo in Brazil in April 2016. Again it was good, apart from our arrival when we encountered electrical storms and such rain that it was like sailing under a waterfall. And here was our old friend Nicolas, Operations Director of the Rallye Iles du Soleil, running the marina! We had crossed our outbound track and so completed our circumnavigation.

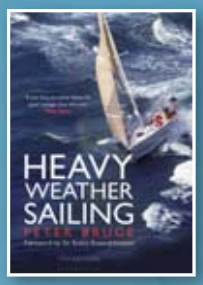
We have now logged over 50,000 miles in *Minnie B*, and she has carried us safely to places we had only dreamed of and never dared to believe we would visit by boat. We regard ourselves as privileged and very lucky to have had the opportunities that chance has thrown our way.

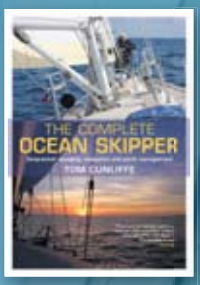
We would like to finish by saying a big thank you for their help and hospitality to the OCC Port Officers of Montreal, the East Coast of the United States, Cuba, Panama, Niue, New Zealand, Fiji, Reunion, South Africa, Brazil and Trinidad.

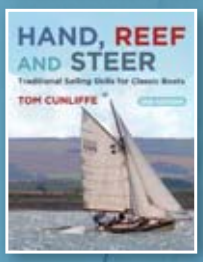
There be triple ways to take, of the eagle or the snake,
Or the way of a man with a maid,
But the sweetest way to me is a ship's upon the sea
In the heel of the Northeast Trade.

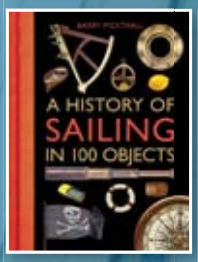
Rudyard Kipling

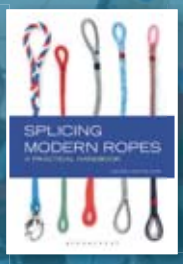
Books TO BRING Aboard

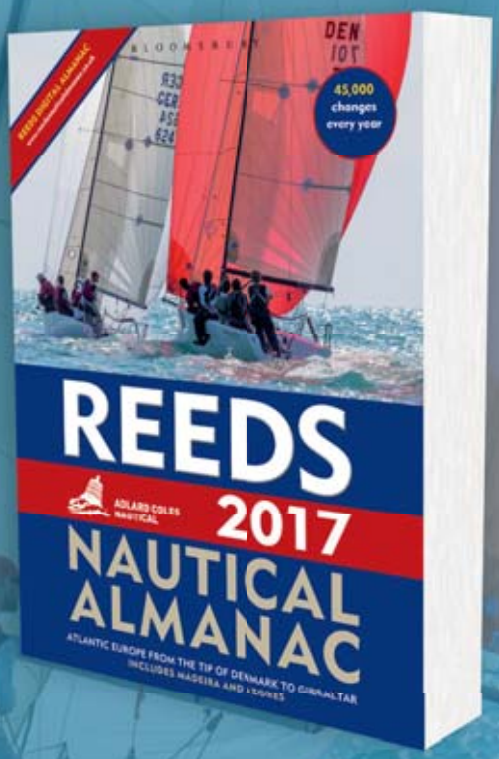












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ADLARD COLES NAUTICAL

AN AZOREAN ADVENTURE
Owen Hewett

In September 2015 my Dad received an e-mail from Chris and Fiona Jones, saying that there was an opportunity for crew to join them on the final legs of their 14-year circumnavigation, from the Caribbean back to North Wales. Having sailed with Chris and Fi on *Threeships* in many different places around the world, it had long been my ambition to cross an ocean. I'd been too young to do the Indian Ocean crossing (see *Flying Fish* 2015/1), so was thrilled when I realised I could fit in the 1100 mile passage from the Azores to North Wales just after my A-level exams.

Chris had told me about the OCC Youth Sponsorship Programme, so in January, once I had turned 18, I wrote out my application and kept my fingers crossed! I am extremely grateful to the OCC for supporting me on this passage, as without their help it would have been very difficult for me to go.

Throughout June I was sitting multiple exams, but I always had one eye on the blog that *Threeships* would send out daily as they completed the first leg of their passage from the British Virgin Islands to the Azores. By the time July came around I was so excited that I was reading everything I could about ocean crossings, travelling around the Azores, and the wildlife you can see on the way. So, early Saturday 2 July, I left Gatwick to fly, via Lisbon, to Horta in Faial, one of the islands of the archipelago. We had a great view of Pico, the highest mountain in Portugal, emerging through the clouds as we flew in to the airstrip just metres from the sea. My Dad, who had sailed on the leg from the BVI to the Azores, was there to greet me at the airport and take me back to the marina, where we found the rest of the crew in the bar (no surprises there).

After my first night on *Threeships* since 2010 we set out to make the most of our time on the beautiful island of Faial, visiting some spectacular volcanic features.

The 60-year-old land!

Pico viewed from Horta

The first was a piece of land, about a mile square, which has only existed since 1957. The underwater eruption was just off a headland, so the old lighthouse is now not much use as it is actually inland. This new land is now accompanied by a spectacular James Bond-style museum, with polished concrete everywhere. We also visited the truly stunning *caldeira* which wouldn't have looked out of place in Jurassic Park. On Monday 4th the weather cleared and we got an early ferry across the 2 mile channel to the island of Pico, in order to climb the peak, which is around 2500 metres (7700ft). After 3½ hours of climbing all eight of us reached the summit, with some rewarding views to be absorbed – you could see the sea in every direction! It was very different to being at the top of a 2500m peak in the Alps – we were on the only mountain for 500 miles! After a knee-buckling decent and the short hop back on the ferry, we enjoyed a well-earned meal out and looked forward to some more leisurely exploring in our final days on the island.

On the way up

The next two days were, as promised, more relaxing, with a compulsory visit to the famous Café Sport and to the gruesome but fascinating whaling museum

– well worth a visit. On our final evening in Horta it was the semi-final of the European Cup, with Wales playing Portugal. This was particularly special as Chris and Fi are both Welsh, my dad has Welsh roots, and we, of course, were in Portugal! The relatively international crowd gathered around the TV in the bar all rooted for their hosts, and happily (I think) Portugal came through as the winners.

We took this defeat as our cue to leave, so early the next morning we set sail for Terceira, 70 miles to the northeast, to continue our exploration of the archipelago. It felt great to get out on the water at last, and all the crew soon got into the swing of things with a perfect wind of around 12–15 knots ... until we sailed into the lee of Pico! Once out of this light patch we poled out the headsail and were soon making 7 knots in sunshine across a flat sea – what a start to our sailing adventure!

Our first night in Marina d'Angra do Heroísmo was a fairly squeaky one. Being near the entrance meant that the gentle swells kept us rubbing our fenders and lines all night, but an early morning move deeper into the maze of pontoons solved that problem. After this relatively early start we decided to make the most of the day and set about exploring our new home, finding some brilliant gardens which wouldn't have looked out of place back in the UK! That evening I went to my first ever OCC 'pontoon party', an experience I would love to repeat – I have never spoken to people from so many different parts of the world with so many interesting stories.

On Saturday we headed into town for the much-anticipated bull running, which we managed, accidentally, to get involved in. Don't ask me how, but one minute we were behind the safety of some metal railings enjoying the spectacle, the next we had been persuaded to join the bulls in the road! Our last day in the Azores was spent visiting two of the many caves around Terceira, one of which is an underground tube left behind by flowing lava.

We had been watching the weather for the previous week, looking for some favourable winds with which to leave, and on Monday 11 July it finally looked good to go. The forecast said 18 knot westerlies would kick in a day or so into our voyage, so we set sail in light and variable conditions hoping for a bit more by Wednesday. Chris had set up an excellent watch system, with everyone having four hours on and eight hours off, but staggered so that you didn't have the same person with you for your entire watch. My first night watch was 0000 to 0400, motor-sailing in 5 knots, which meant I found it very difficult

Local people prepare their shops and houses for the bulls

The remotest burger van in the Atlantic?

to stay awake – and probably wouldn't have had it not been for some well-timed hot chocolate. The following day was similarly slow, but Wednesday certainly brought with it some unexpected and unwelcome excitement.

Threeships had been away for 14 years, so returning home required quite a celebration, which we had planned. However, this plan revolved around a big party on 23 July, so we had a rather important deadline to aim for. We had conservatively calculated that we needed to average around 5 knots, but that when we dropped below this we would have to motor-sail. This was fine until, on Wednesday when

We were very close to the action!

Approaching Grace Richard under full sailvvv

the wind decided to drop off for an hour or so, nothing happened when we turned the key to start the engine – it didn't even try to turn over. There were no clicking noises to suggest the battery was dead – it seemed that the starter motor had just gone kaput! Obviously there are no spare starter motors knocking around 250 miles from land, so Chris set about trying to fix the problem.

I was awoken from my pre-dinner nap by the unmistakable 'donk' of the engine kicking into action – in less than an hour the problem had been solved! A sticky solenoid meant that now, every time we needed to start the engine, it would require the touch of a wire to the battery to initiate the starter motor – we were effectively hotwiring it. A short whale and dolphin sighting finished the day on a more positive note, but the forecast had now changed and the promised westerlies had transformed into more light and variable conditions for the next few days.

This forecast turned out to be accurate for Thursday and Friday morning, but by lunchtime the sun had come out and we were sailing at just over 5 knots – idyllic! Chris even got his sextant out and took a sight, getting within 2 miles, not bad with a 2·5m swell. As I began my night watch that evening two whales blew what sounded like less than 50m behind us – you could smell the fishiness of their breath. The following day Fi baked some lovely fresh bread and delicious brownies to keep us going through the night watches, and we saw another sailing yacht headed in the same direction as us. We were going to pass very close so we radioed them for a chat, and by amazing coincidence it turned out that it was *Grace Richard*, the same boat we'd been moored alongside in Horta a week earlier! Mark, a singlehander, was very pleased to talk to us, and even more so when we threw him a freshly-baked loaf of bread and some brownies as we sailed by – not many bakeries make mid-Atlantic deliveries! That was enough excitement for one day, and I went to my bunk a little more conscious of how truly isolated we were.

On Sunday we finally had some truly cloudless skies to enjoy, but unfortunately they were accompanied by a lack of wind. Whilst motor-sailing we noticed that there seemed to be an awful lot of VHF radio activity, and listening more carefully revealed we were in fact hearing Falmouth Coastguard more than 400 miles away. Astounded by this, Chris went for an ambitious radio check and, unbelievably, they replied with 'Loud and clear'! Needless to say they were almost as shocked as us when we told them our location.

The new week started just as the previous had finished, with enough glorious sunshine for Chris to let me have a go with the sextant. Somehow I got within 1 mile of our GPS fix, but I think he may have helped me out somewhere along the way with some careful rounding, without letting on. That afternoon the wildlife of the North Atlantic put on a stunning show, with a humungous fin whale passing within 100 yards of our bow, and a pod of dolphins playing around the boat, finishing with one athletically leaping well clear of the water. As with most dolphin sightings this put the crew in a great mood, further heightened when Fi once again served up a brilliant dinner as we passed the 500 miles to go mark.

Sadly the good weather didn't last. The fog returned and the AIS suddenly became very useful as the volume of traffic increased. We didn't have a transmitter, but the receiver along with the small display made us feel a lot safer than just having radar, as it was relatively easy to work out whether or not we were on a collision course before the other vessel was within 5 miles. Although still more than 100 miles from southern Ireland, we saw our first gannets, with their spectacular dive-bombing method of fishing.

I was woken a few hours before I was due on watch by something we'd been waiting for for a long time – wind! The promised westerlies had finally arrived. We were broad reaching at 6–7 knots in 17–20 knots of wind, under double-reefed main. The short chop of the Irish Sea felt relatively mild, although Mike and John in the forecabin may have felt otherwise. As the day went on the wind came round to the beam and we reached 8 knots over the ground at times, though the tide may have been helping a bit by this point. Our inability to catch any fish on the passage was finally confirmed

We certainly got close!

Master and apprentice

when we had to reel in the line as the gannets started going for our lure – we certainly didn't want to have to deal with the wrong end of a very large sea bird! We made landfall in Kinsale at around 1700, in order to refuel (both the boat and ourselves) and to make sure we timed the tidal gate at Tuskar Rock correctly.

Leaving Kinsale at 0100 on Thursday meant that we hoped to anchor off Porthdinllaen on Friday, and make our grand arrival in the Menai Strait at 1200 on Saturday. We ended up timing it perfectly, dropping anchor near the pub in Porthdinllaen on Friday morning having had a brilliant sail up the Irish Sea, with many dolphin sightings. A pub lunch ashore was followed by an afternoon nap, in preparation for the grand arrival on Saturday, with a cannon being fired from Caernarfon Castle at 1100.

The morning of the big day started early, as we had to tidy the boat for visitors and, of course, for the photos! Fi had an on-air interview over the phone with Radio Wales, and then we set out to cross the bar and head down the Strait. I took the helm as we sailed past the castle so that Chris and Fi could both be on the foredeck enjoying the moment, and it was a little nerve-wracking when clearance under the keel dropped to less than a metre with a hundred or so people watching. Chris managed to hold his nerve and come alongside with the crowd watching, and that was it! *Threeships* had finally returned home after 14 years sailing the oceans in every corner of the world.

I can now call myself a Full Member of the OCC, and feel very lucky to have had the opportunity to do a 1000 mile passage at such a young age. I would like to thank Chris and Fiona Jones for their support and mentoring, not only on this brilliant trip but all the other (somewhat shorter) sailing adventures I have joined them for around the world. Without their continued patience and tuition I know I would not have the great passion for sailing that I do today. This passage was every bit as

Exciting sailing up the Irish Sea

exciting, enjoyable and adventurous as I had anticipated, and I cannot wait to do another – maybe across the Atlantic next time. If you know any young person who enjoys sailing and travelling, and fancies an adventure, do suggest they apply for OCC Youth Sponsorship!

The welcome party!

BACK TO GREENLAND
Matt Rutherford

(*Matt received the 2012 Jester Medal for his singlehanded non-stop circuit of the Americas in his 27ft Albin Vega* Saint Brendan *– see the Awards citations in* Flying Fish 2013/1 *– and prior to that completed a 15,000 mile Atlantic circuit in a Pearson 323, again singlehanded.*

His current vessel, Ault*, is a 42ft Colvin Gazelle of steel construction in which Matt and his crew carry out marine research. Matt confesses himself "not wild" about her schooner rig, and describes her windward performance as "like a well trimmed refrigerator" but, he adds, "she gets the job done".*

This article is unusual in having been written in two parts – the first in early June and the second in October. Read on, and the reason will become obvious…)

11 June 2016: It's good to be back in Greenland. In 2015 we left *Ault* in Sisimiut, which is just north of the Arctic Circle. Believe it or not, with a population of 6000 people Sisimiut is the second largest 'city' in Greenland. When we left Annapolis last year we weren't planning on leaving her in the Arctic, but it takes a while to get to northern Greenland and then you have to do the research. By the time we wrapped up our research projects it was too late in the season to sail back south to Annapolis, so we had to find a place to haul out. When we first visited the boatyard in Sisimiut they told us they didn't have any space ashore. "Come back tomorrow", they said. When we came back, they took a backhoe and used it to destroy an old 50ft fishing boat – that's how they made room for *Ault*.

I don't like being away from my boat for eight days, let alone eight months – not to mention there was no communication from the boat yard other than an e-mail telling me how much money I owed them, but once I'd paid them they went silent. I

Ault ashore in Sisimiut

Sisimiut

must have sent ten e-mails asking about my boat with no reply. When I saw *Ault* for the first time in eight months I'd have hugged the entire vessel if my arms had been long enough. Once the initial joy had passed it was time to check for damage. Water had got into the rudder, and during the extreme cold of the winter it had expanded and popped part of the metal off. The bracket that holds the alternator onto the engine block had cracked in half (I don't know how that happened). All the ship's batteries were shot (they hadn't been in the best shape to begin with). All in all, damage was minimal.

In some ways the previous winter had been very nice. Nicole and I live on *Ault*, so when we left her in Greenland we were basically homeless. But Annapolis friends Pat and Amy Teeling were heading to the Bahamas and let us stay in their house in Annapolis for free, so long as we covered the utilities. They really helped us out. In other ways our Ocean Research Project had been struggling. Every single grant proposal we wrote, we failed to get. Failing to get a grant is nothing new, it happens all the time, but normally we get at least one. This year we got nothing. But I've never let a lack of funding stop me in the past, so why let it stop me now?

Damage to the steel rudder

Part of the reason we struggled with funding is because our primary research is geophysical data collection. Small non-profit organisations don't

The crew of Ault enjoy a good meal before leaving, Nicole and Matt on the right

normally do geophysics; it's usually done on large research vessels by scientists with PhDs. Their funding usually comes from the National Science Foundation or the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration. The NSF and NOAA don't fund small non-profits, they fund universities and large institutes. Usually small non-profits do research related to a particular species – counting seal colonies, collecting polar bear droppings to be analysed, etc. It's not normal for a small non-profit to be doing the type of research we are. We can't understand how climate change is affecting the Arctic without geophysical data, while sea-level rise will affect a huge variety of marine species, but hydrography is still a hard sell.

On the up side, we now have a $25,000 sonar system that will allow us to map the sea floor down to 2000m. We can lower our CTD (salinity, temperature and depth) probe twice as deep as before, down to 1000m, and we have added another scientific project with Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution. Even though we've struggled with funding, we have seriously upgraded our ability to do professional climate change research. To hell with the funding, the research is what really matters!

We are doing four scientific projects in the Arctic this year:

1. Our primary scientific objective is with National Aeronautics and Space Administration scientists who are part of the Ocean Melting Greenland programme (NASA'S OMG). There is a warmer, saltier water column, some 200–300m down, which is coming up from the Atlantic and eating Greenland's glaciers from underneath (last year we found this warmer water in a variety of locations).

   If you were to melt all of the glaciers on earth except for those in Greenland and Antarctica you would cause half a metre of sea level rise. If you melted the Greenland

glaciers you would add 7m (21ft) of sea level rise. Since the Arctic is melting faster than the Antarctic, the Greenland ice cap will be the first thing that will seriously increase our sea levels. Sea level rise isn't just about our tides rising higher – it will increase sea surge, and it's the increase in sea surge that will beat and batter our coastal cities.

This project will happen way, way north near Qaanaaq (Inglefield Fjord), one of the last parts of West Greenland that hasn't been detailed yet. It's possible that this is where the majority of the warmer, saltier water column terminates. We will find out soon.

2. Our second project is with the Smithsonian's Environmental Research Center. When researching ocean acidification most people look at the level of pH. As we burn fossil fuels it releases CO_2 into our atmosphere. Around 30% of that CO_2 gets absorbed by our oceans, and once in the water becomes pCO_2 (sometimes called xCO_2). The increasing amount of CO_2 in the water is lowering the pH, making the water more acidic. Most scientists look at the pH, instead of the amount of CO_2 in the water, because CO_2 sensors are ungodly expensive. However, our partner Dr Miller at the Smithsonian has invented a CO_2 sensor that is a fraction of the traditional cost. We're not just collecting Arctic ocean acidification data and helping to trouble shoot this new device, but next year we'll be installing these CO_2 sensors on citizen scientists' sailboats.

3. During our third project we'll be deploying sensors that can detect minute differences of pressure in the water. Every time a glacier calves an iceberg it makes a wave, and these sensors can detect the waves and count them. This means they'll be able to count the number of times a glacier calves during the period that they're deployed. Previously, if you wanted to know how many times a glacier calved you would have to stand there 24/7 and count as it happened. To be able to get an accurate idea of the rate of glacial calving is crucial to understanding the speed of its melt and ultimately the health of the glacier.

4. There are five major gyres in our earth's oceans*. These gyres are where the 'garbage patches' are, the accumulation zones where plastic trash gathers. Last year we did the first ever microplastics trawls in Baffin Bay (or anywhere else in the Arctic). I believe there is a small gyre in the northern central region of Baffin Bay, and we plan to trawl this accumulation zone to better understand the amount of microplastics making its way up from the Atlantic into the Arctic Ocean. It should be interesting to see what we find.

Even though we've struggled with funding, we've still put together a serious scientific research expedition. The obstacles we face only make us stronger, and there's no limit to our determination. *Fortitudine vincimus* (by endurance we shall conquer).

* See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ocean_gyre for a brief but very clear overview of these.

B Q # K # Q B

8 October 2016: Sydney, Nova Scotia seems like the Caribbean after sailing in the Arctic for the last four months. *Ault* is tied off to a small protruding 11m seawall in Sydney Harbor, the only place left where you can tie off for free. We've stopped here to avoid Hurricane *Matthew* on our way south to Annapolis, Maryland. Matthew has just turned south again, so instead of a hurricane we have blue skies and sunshine.

We had our fair share of hurricane force winds when we were doing research for NASA's Ocean Melting Greenland program, mapping an area 800 miles from the North Pole. It's been a long expedition, in some ways more tiring then when I spent 309 days alone circumnavigating the Americas. Sailing to the ends of the earth is hard enough – trying to collect professional-grade scientific data while doing so makes it ten times harder.

After sailing around the Americas non-stop singlehanded I realised I'd never stop sailing. I decided that if I was going to spend my life sailing I might as well do it in a way that gives back to the ocean, so I created Ocean Research Project, a 501(c)(3)* non-profit organisation. We spent 2013 and 2014 sailing 15,000 miles in the Atlantic and Pacific garbage patch regions collecting microplastics samples for various universities and institutes. Plastic trash in our ocean is a big problem, but so is climate change. In 2015 I set my sights on sailing to the Arctic and researching both issues.

In 2015/16 we worked primarily with NASA's Ocean Melting Greenland (OMG) program in the uncharted regions of Northwest Greenland, mapping the seafloor to look for deeper areas where this warmer water may be hiding. On finding one we lowered a CTD (conductivity, temperature and depth) probe to verify if there was warmer water in that area. We also collected data relating to the other three topics

* Being '501(c)(3)' means that an organisation has been approved by the US Internal Revenue Service as a tax-exempt, charitable organisation.

Mapping the seafloor in Inglefield Fjord

Working our way to the face of a glacier

described previously – if you're going to sail all the way to the Arctic you might as well do as many different projects as possible.

We'd intended to sail back to the United States at the end of our 2015 research, but it dragged on until October. The temperature had dropped to 20°F (–6·7°C) and ice was forming on the boat. We decided it was too late in the season to sail back, so left *Ault* on the hard in Sisimiut, Greenland. On our return in late spring there were repairs to be done, including making good the damaged rudder. We were also upgrading our sonar system, a job that would have been hard enough in Annapolis, let alone Greenland. The transducer alone weighs 50lbs (22·7kg) and is larger than a cinder block. But after two weeks of working 14 hour days we'd fixed the broken bits and installed all our new equipment and were ready to begin the 2016 Greenland Climate Project.

Our first objective was to sail into a series of fjords in northern Disko Bay to deploy the pressure sensors. The strategy is to get as close to the face of a glacier as possible (keeping safety in mind) and deploy the sensors near shore in roughly 2–3m of water. This presents two problems:

- First off, as you approach the face of a glacier you enter a type of ice known as mélange. Mélange is a confused jumble of ice of all shapes and sizes, some pieces the size of an ice cube, some as large as an office building. This ice is so thickly pressed together that there isn't a single spot of open water anywhere. The only way to get through mélange is to insert your bow into it and slowly – often less than 1 knot – push your way through.

- The second issue is that when a glacier calves off a large iceberg it creates a large

wave. These waves are harmless so long as you are in deep water – they may be large, but in deep water they just roll by without breaking – but in shallow water, especially the 2–3m areas where we had to deploy the sensors, the waves come in like a tsunami. First all the water disappears, and then an 8m (25ft) wall of water comes crashing in, slamming against the rocks and throwing spray far into the air. If you were caught in this situation I don't think you'd survive.

We successfully deployed the sensors, some by boat and some by land, hiking over mountains to reach coastal areas too dangerous and icy to approach from the sea. These sensors would remain in place collecting data while we sailed north to do our primary research project for NASA's OMG program.

On our way north we collected microplastics samples in central Baffin Bay. This work was made more difficult by the abundant zooplankton and krill in the water – after an hour of dragging a trawl, instead of getting just microplastics we would also get gallons of little creatures in our net. After two years of looking for microplastics in the Arctic, I think it's safe to say that any area that is covered by ice for six months or more a year will only have a minimal quantity – in winter the microplastics floating on the surface will be blocked by the ice. The microplastics that do come up in the summer will be frozen in the winter and pushed south as the ice melts in the spring. More research still needs to be done, but as far as I can tell, this is what's happening in the Arctic.

Our primary scientific objective was hugely ambitious. We were going to sail to northern Greenland, roughly 800 miles from the North Pole, and map out 1300 miles of uncharted waters. We were also going to deploy the CTD probe 130 times, often down to 1000m. Can you imagine trying to lower a probe 1000m down off the back of your boat?

Nicole preparing the CTD (salinity, temperature and depth) probe for a cast

This project took six weeks to complete. We had five storms with winds over 50 knots, and when the winds weren't blowing the oysters off the rocks we were continuously underway. When we do research we don't wake up in the morning, eat breakfast, raise anchor, work for eight hours, drop anchor and go to bed. We work around the clock, five hours on five hours off, 24 hours a day. We only stop for fuel, water and bad weather.

The region we were mapping was one of the last uncharted regions left in West Greenland. There are rocks hiding all over the place – you have no idea where they are. There are icebergs everywhere, of all different shapes and sizes, and the weather forecasts that far north are a joke (one time it said we would get 30 knots and it blew 70 knots). This is as close to old-school exploration as you can get these days, sailing through uncharted waters doing important research in places where no one has ever done research before. NASA scientists will be using the data we collected in scientific papers during the coming months.

After six exhausting weeks of collecting scientific data while dodging ice and storms, we completed our project for NASA's OMG program and turned back south. We sailed back to Northern Disko Island, retrieved the pressure sensors, and prepared *Ault* for the 1000 mile crossing from Aasiaat, Greenland to Labrador, Canada.

It feels great to be in Nova Scotia, far enough south that we no longer have to worry about icebergs, even though we still have to sail 1500 miles back to Annapolis and two hurricanes are lurking in the Atlantic.

We made a series of short videos about our 2016 Greenland Climate Project. You can see them at www.oceanresearchproject.org.

B Q # K # Q B

FROM THE GALLEY OF ... Sarah Southworth, aboard *Borrowed Horse*

***Borrowed Horse* Bean Dip**

Ingredients

- 1 block cream cheese
- 1 jar salsa
- 1 can black beans (drained)
- 4oz (120g) shredded cheese (Cheddar or Mexican)
- 1 bag corn or tortilla chips

Pre-heat the oven to 350°F/180°C (moderate). Spread the cream cheese into baking dish, spread the black beans over cheese, spread the salsa over beans, and sprinkle the shredded cheese on top. Bake at 350°F/180°C for about 20 minutes, or until the cheese melts.

TO BRITTANY WITH OCC HELP AND HOSPITALITY

Ernie Godshalk

(*In 2010 Ernie left Manchester, Massachusetts aboard his Hinckley Sou-wester 42* Golden Eye*, bound for Scandinavia via Ireland and Scotland. After five years in the 'north' and exploring it in some detail – see* Flying Fish *2012/1, 2014/1 and 2014/2 – in 2015 he and* Golden Eye *headed for new and warmer pastures. We rejoin them at Bruinisse in the Netherlands.*

Much of this cruise can be followed on the plan which appeared on page 206 of the previous issue.)

Brittany may be overly familiar as 'the front garden' to UK-based OCC members, but it was a new and wonderful cruising ground to this Yank member and his first mate, Ann Noble-Kiley. And it was made even more enjoyable by help and hospitality from several OCC Port Officers and members, as well as a Past Commodore, a Past Vice Commodore and the Club Secretary! The cruising richness of the area is illustrated by the fact that there was little duplication between the 32 ports reached by *Golden Eye* in Brittany and those mentioned in the Norris's excellent article in *Flying Fish* 2016/1, and we felt we had only scratched the surface of this delightful area.

Our cruise to Brittany started in the Netherlands – with OCC help. Tom Dujardin, PO for Bruinisse in the Netherlands, introduced to us by Past Commodore John Franklin, had taken good care of *Golden Eye* over the winter at Yachtservice van Swaay where he is manager. Tom and Nanda were very hospitable in Bruinisse, and gave good advice including to cruise west along the English coast, rather than the lee shore of France, en route to Brittany. (*Golden Eye* is now back at van Swaay for the winter.)

In Calais we thought for a moment that the cruise had ended almost before it had begun. We opted to use a government-supplied visitors' mooring outside the lock in order to catch the tide in the morning (and to steer clear of any refugees on the quay who might see my US ensign as an endorsement of Trump's immigration policies). After a very thorough hour-long search by four polite but well-armed and inquisitive French customs agents (who finally concluded that we were in compliance with their laws), we retired and were soon sound asleep. CRASH! The impact suggested that a large vessel had rammed us. Coming on deck in pitch darkness I could see a quay a few metres away, along which we were being blown by a fresh breeze, but beyond that I had no idea what had happened or where we were. I hastily started the engine, got my bearings, avoided hitting the quay again, and dragged the mooring float – which had become disconnected from the its sinker – back to the visitor mooring field and picked up another mooring. After dawn, we tied the two mooring floats together, reported the incident to a disinterested 'port control' and turned our stern to Calais. Fortunately the damage to *Golden Eye* was surprisingly minor, as we had apparently struck the quay pulpit first.

Our crossing of the Channel to Dover was relatively uneventful despite shipping traffic and current, but a thumping from the vicinity of the propeller suggested we needed

Dick Davidson, PO for Dover and a member for 60 years, with his 30ft Callisto

repairs. Dick Davidson, PO for Dover, Kent, also introduced to us by both John Franklin and Past Vice Commodore George Curtis, assisted in getting *Golden Eye* hauled to diagnose the problem (a failed cutlass bearing), entertained us first at the historic and welcoming Royal Cinque Ports Yacht Club and at an outstanding New Orleans Dixieland jazz pub, The Louis Armstrong Pub – truly a full-service PO and great company! At his suggestion we toured Dover Castle and were especially fascinated by the exhibit detailing Operation Dynamo, the evacuation of Dunkirk in 1940.

Rather than waiting in Dover for repairs, we took advantage of favourable wind and tide to sail to the River Hamble, where Richard Nicolson, PO for Cowes, Isle of Wight, who had also been introduced to us by George Curtis, had already made arrangements with Hamble Yacht Services. Despite arriving late in the afternoon we were hauled

The Louis Armstrong Pub in Dover

The umbrella factory/ retail outlet in Cherbourg

within minutes, repaired that evening and floated again first thing in the morning – all first class. Richard – whom we never actually met – couldn't have been more helpful.

After a couple more nights in The Solent, we crossed the Channel back to France. Cherbourg may be viewed by some as primarily a fine place to buy wine (which it is), but we were also charmed and intrigued by the 1964 musical film *Les Parapluies de Cherbourg*, starring Catherine Deneuve, still being exploited after fifty years – a pamphlet guided us to the principal sites in the film. I now own one of the world's most expensive umbrellas.

The principal site of 'Les Parapluies de Cherbourg' fifty years on. Opening hours are now reduced to 1400–1600 on the first Wednesday of each month

Arriving in Jersey with toothache, I was met by OCC member Pete Thomson (father of the famous Alex Thomson of *Hugo Boss*). Pete arranged for emergency dental work for me, then he and Anne invited us to a delightful dinner at their waterfront home and sent us off with bounty from their garden. While in Jersey we took delivery of two Brompton bicycles, which were to expand our 'cruising grounds' several times later in the summer.

Books

In addition to the usual pilots we had read several interesting books relevant to our cruising grounds, which provided focal points for our voyage and helped us to understand the region better. One of these was *Agent Zigzag* by Ben Macintyre, the true story of a notorious Second World War double agent which starts in Jersey where, as the island was invaded, our hero was in Jersey Jail doing hard labour for safe-breaking – the book provided a unique introduction to Jersey's tragic World War Two experience. Another was the *The Wreck of the Mary Deare*, by Hammond Innes, set among the Minquiers, an area of rocks south of Jersey. They are described, after the *Mary Deare* grounded on them, as 'rocks [which] stood up all round us like the stumps of rotten teeth, grey and jagged with bases blackened with weed growth', so we were intrigued to sail through them en route to Saint-Malo.

Even more navigationally interesting was to sail 'over' les Îles Chausey southeast of the Minquiers. At chart datum (lowest astronomical tide), much of the route and most of the navigational aids are well above sea level but, near high water springs, the 13m+ range makes the passage feasible by boat. The impressive tides and tidal streams of Brittany have an infamous reputation but, treated with proper respect, are at most a constraint to times of travel and can often be used to advantage to make speed and distance. Careful attention to neap and spring tides enables anchoring where the chart shows no water at chart datum, and passing over land that dries several metres at lowest astronomical tide.

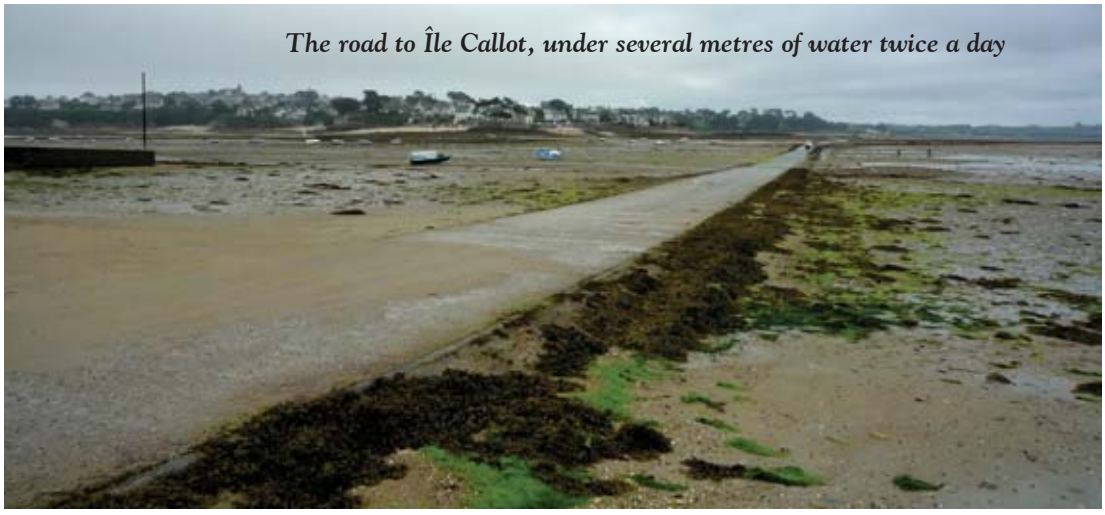
The author and a port-hand beacon, betwixt chart datum, 3m below his feet, and high water springs, 4m above his head

Another relevant and charming book, *All The Light We Cannot See*, by Anthony Doerr, is set in Saint-Malo near the end of World War II. Although fiction the setting, as in *Les Parapluies de Cherbourg*, is geographically accurate, and Saint-Malo – being more modern – offered an 'app' for our mobile phones to help us find the principal sites mentioned in the book. Our port of entry to Brittany, Saint-Malo is a spectacular walled city, meticulously restored following heavy damage near the end of the war, with excellent restaurants and walks. It was one of the highlights of our summer.

A wall tablet in Vannes – note the Breton language inscribed above the French

Saint-Malo also afforded an introduction to the works of Sébastien Le Prestre de Vauban (1633-1707), who was given lifetime employment building forts to thwart English approaches from the sea. His forts and name are still prominent along the coast of Brittany – in Saint-Malo, Brest, Camaret, Concarneau and Belle Île, which we visited, and Port-Louis, Hoëdic and Houat, which we didn't.

Another pre-cruise volume, *Les Chouans*, by Honoré de Balzac, is set in Fougères, just southeast of Saint-Malo and itself a symbol of the Breton autonomy terminated following the Revolution. Written shortly after the Revolution, it is a contemporary description of Brittany's sense of self, which continues to this day with a sense of distance and dismissiveness approaching disdain for anything or anyone Parisian and with its own language, dress and customs. A prominent stone tablet in Vannes continues to remind the world of the perceived injustice done in 1789, explaining that, following the Vannes treaty of 1532, 'Brittany retained a status of autonomy abrogated by the French Revolution'.



The road to Île Callot, under several metres of water twice a day

A turreted château near the Odet River, en route to Quimper

Although the southwest coast of Brittany was our primary goal, the north coast also offers many tempting options for cruising – as Tom Dujardin had advised. Our favorite was Île de Batz, just north of Roscoff, which we visited by '*vedette*' (a small ferry) from Roscoff and later anchored off. The island is attractive, quiet and has an ancient history. Another interesting day stop and walk ashore was Île Callot in the Baie de Morlaix – at low tide pedestrians, bicycles and cars reach the island via the Passe aux Moutons, a road that is otherwise under several metres of water. Île St Molé, northwest of Île de Bréhat – one of several anchorages that we learned about from *Secret Anchorages of Brittany** – also afforded a particularly peaceful night.

Rounding Finistère, we caught only half of the 8 knot spring tide stream in the Passage du Fromveur to arrive in somewhat remote Ouessant. We spent a slightly rolly night, but had a pleasant walk and a beer ashore in Lampaul.

Rivers

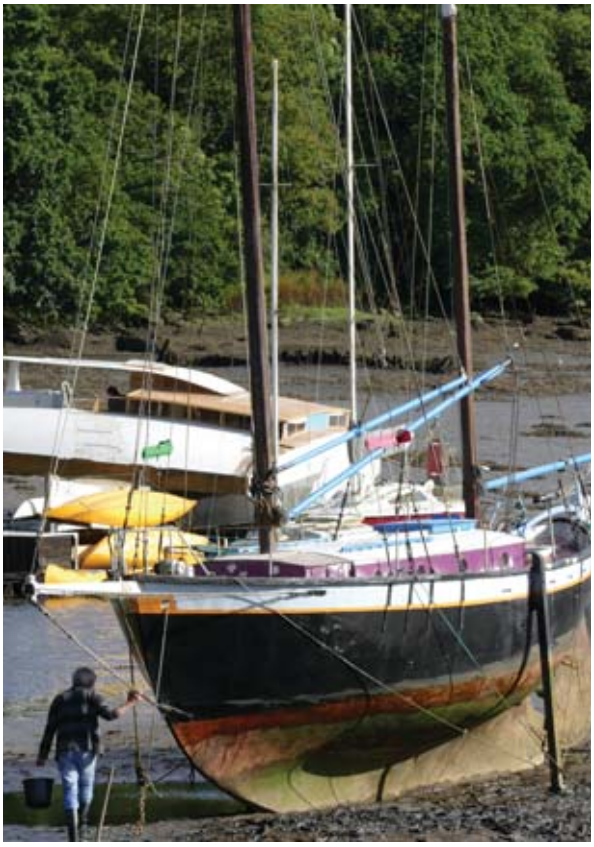
The Aulne River, which empties into the Rade de Brest, is one of four rivers that we explored to the limit of *Golden Eye*'s 1·5m draught, continuing up-river by bicycle or dinghy. The Aulne took *Golden Eye* to Port Launay, where we tied up near Alan and Mary Phypers aboard *Stella*, the only OCC members we met in Brittany. From there her crew continued by bicycle along its shores for a couple of kilometres to Châteaulin, in the pastoral interior of Brittany 36km (22 miles) southeast of Brest as the gull flies.

To reach Quimper, we cruised 10 miles up the Odet River, lined with castles and châteaux, as far as Corniguel, where *Golden Eye* settled gently a few centimetres into the mud at low tide. We cycled the last 5km to the city, famous for its long history, its cathedral and Breton traditions such as Faïence pottery.

* *Secret Anchorages of Brittany* by Peter Cumberlidge is published by Imray, Laurie, Norie & Wilson Ltd at £25.00.

The Aven River flows into the harbour at Pont-Aven …

… which dries at low tide



The Aven River, which meets the sea 10 miles southeast of the port of Concarneau, carried *Golden Eye* as far as the tiny village of Kerdruc. There we left her, continuing by bicycle 10km to Pont-Aven, made famous by artists such as Gauguin and Sérusier, and spending the night ashore. Under the window of our hotel room the Aven River flowed through the village, past ancient mills, under the eponymous, flower-bedecked bridge and, at low tide, around boats sitting high out of the water on their keels and stilts in mud. At high water, the tide came in and made this small port accessible to the world by sea. In addition to being picturesque, Pont-Aven is the setting of the murder and investigation in *Death In Brittany*, the latest in a series of murder mysteries by Jean-Luc Bannalec. The tale is fictional, but is set in buildings that still exist in Pont-Aven and Concarneau, and in surrounding

towns including the quay in Kerdruc where we had left *Golden Eye*. It is based on the town's art history, which sharpened our interest in our surroundings and in the book[1].

The Auray River is referred to as 'Oyster River' in the extraordinary book of the same name by George Millar. A recounting of a summer's cruise 50 years ago in the Gulf of Morbihan and the Auray River, which empties into the Gulf, it includes fascinating descriptions of sailing in the Gulf and its strong currents in a brilliant writing style, and was a wonderful complement to our cruise in the area[2]. We got over the bar at mid-tide just south of the village of Auray, picked up a mooring south of the 14m bridge and took the dinghy to St Goustan where we were fortunate to be invited by friends to their home in the old castle with its splendid view down the river. We spent a further three relaxing days in the Morbihan, including a night in historic Vannes, the turnaround point of our cruise, where the Irish crew of the boat next to us entertained us on the fiddle and, ashore, we joined in to (unsuccessfully) cheer on the French football team against Portugal in the European Championship. We also read *Oysters of Locmariaquer*, which told us far more than we needed or wanted to know about oysters although it did persuade us to visit the quaint and charming village

The Auray River – one of my countrymen got here first

1. *Death In Brittany* includes the following perceptive comparison of coastal Concarneau and inland Pont-Aven: 'Inhale in Concarneau and you tasted salt, iodine, seaweed, mussels in every breath, like a distillation of the entire endless expanse of the Atlantic, brightness and light. In Pont-Aven it was the river, moist rich earth, hay, trees, woods, the valley and shadows, melancholy fog – the countryside. It was the contrast of 'Armorica' and 'Argoat', as they were called in Celtic, or the 'Land of the Sea' and the 'Land of Forests'.'

2. This quote from *Oyster River* describes our entry into the Morbihan in language that I can only hope to emulate some day: 'Letting draw, we sailed inshore at 8½ knots. The entry was spectacular. It carried a roar. While the main flood on which we rode and tossed was bullocking up mid-channel, at either bank the last of the ebb was fighting its way out in a bed of smoking foam. From a mile out we had picked up the leading marks, and as we shot through the narrows we picked up the marks within. Hard aport round the first red buoy and harden sheets to beat into the Auray River. At first view the wind-stirred Gulf of Morbihan was bewildering. Islands everywhere. Islands, islands, islands.'

Breton oyster culture, from spat to plate

of Locmariaquer by land and to eat oysters whenever possible, including in Belon, the source of perhaps the most famous oysters in the world. We learned about *huîtres creuses*, sized from 0 (almost a meal) to 5 (tiny) and 'flat' or 'Belon' oysters, sized from 00 to 4. Oysters are an important part of the Breton economy – the shores are lined with oyster beds and, at low tide, with their owners tending them[3].

Islands, islands, islands...

As a complement to river cruising, we also enjoyed stops at many islands in addition to those named above, including, in the Morbihan, Île D'Arz and nearby Île aux Moines, each with its picturesque village. Even more remote Île Molène, just east of Ouessant, offered a delightful walk and some of the best and largest crab – one fed two people – we have ever encountered. On Belle Île we bicycled the seven somewhat hilly kilometres from quiet Sauzon to busy Le Palais, and also rented a car to view the magnificent north point and the house built by French actress Sarah Bernhardt. The Îles de Glénan were one of the few places we felt compelled to visit twice during our limited cruise – their pale green waters and white beaches are more reminiscent of the Caribbean than the often-intimidating coast of Brittany.

During our Brittany cruise we stopped in 32 ports, anchoring in 11, marina berthing in nine, using moorings in eight and mooring along quays in four. In retrospect, our need for electricity (primarily for refrigeration) drove us into marinas and onto quays more often than we would have preferred – *Golden Eye* has no source of electricity other than the alternator or shore power.

3. As described in *Oyster River*: 'At low water the *tuiles*, the oysters' *crèches* or *chambres d'accouchment*, I am never quite sure which, are partially revealed. Then elderly men and young women work in the river, wearing thigh-boots of leather or of white or black or orange rubber. They constantly seem to be lifting old sections of tiling and replacing them with new ones. It is a trade that was flourishing in its present form in Caesar's day.'

Sarah Bernhardt's house on Belle-Île

The weather in Brittany in the summer of 2016 was cool and occasionally rainy, but we did not experience the dreaded '*vent solaire*' or other strong winds. Winds were generally westerly. We diverted only once due to wind, and stayed in port two or three days due to rain.

After 41 days in Brittany *Golden Eye* passed close abeam the Roches Douvres lighthouse, left France, and entered St Peter Port, Guernsey. Local Port Officer Dick Emery kindly visited us in the marina and arranged emergency medical care for Ann, who had a nasty cut on her leg. We met again in Alderney, where Club Secretary Rachelle Turk and her husband Tony Brighton, PO for Dartmouth, Devon, spotted our flying fish burgee and invited us, together with Dick (cruising aboard *Moonshiner*), over to *Saltwhistle III* for cocktails. A nice coda to our cruise in Brittany, made extra special by the help and hospitality of so many OCC Port Officers and members.

Château de l'Hermine at Vannes

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MAY THE OCEAN BE BEAUTIFUL, AWESOME AND KIND...
Linda Crew-Gee

I believe that, like Venus, I was born from the sea foam on the rugged shores of Korčula in Croatia, the reputed birthplace of Marco Polo. When I was four years old I was on a family boat that was sinking, an excitement which has never left me, and ever since then I have been fascinated by the sea and boats. Maybe it's not surprising that at one point I owned five boats and no house, and have lived on the water in London for the past 30 years.

My first, unconventional, ocean crossing was in 1982 when I ran away to sea and ended up on a tanker to Brazil. The vastness of the ocean horizon mesmerised me. Rock climbing and mountaineering challenges captured my imagination for a number of years, but the call of the sea never ceased.

Inspired by Annie Hill, I bought a junk-rigged boat and took to the sea around the UK, Ireland, Europe and further afield. My Pacific crossing ended abruptly and infamously on a reef, while sailing on *Gipsy Moth IV*. A huge Pacific wave that nearly swallowed me did not scare me enough – it was an invigorating experience that made my love for the sea even stronger. With the sea in my blood and under my skin there was no end to my dreams, nor to my determination to cross the Southern Ocean and round Cape Horn. I could hardly believe it when I joined *Tecla* in Auckland in November 2013 to sail eastwards across the Southern Ocean towards Cape Horn and the Falklands Islands. We hoped to complete the last 3000 miles of the passage, from 50°S in the Pacific to 50° S in the Atlantic, under sail alone.

Ten months earlier I had learned that three Dutch tall ships – *Tecla*, *Oosterschelde* and *Europa* – were sailing around the world via the Southern Ocean and Cape Horn. I had never heard of *Tecla* before, although she is well known in international tall ship regattas. She is family owned, and the father, son, daughter and daughter's boyfriend were taking her to the Southern Ocean. She was built in 1915 in Holland as a herring fishing lugger, and later converted into a sail training ship. She is now a gaff ketch, and can carry up to six sails in light

STS Tecla

Tecla at Auckland pier

winds – she is a fast ship, proven at many international regattas. She measures 25m at the waterline and 29m on deck, with a beam of 6·6m.

It was very clear that an opportunity like this would not come again easily, if at all, so with Virginia Spencer, who also wanted to make such a voyage, I made enquires. No experience was required, though they warned us of the likely sea conditions and the remoteness of the route. They were happy to accept us, and not worried that Virginia is deaf, so we booked immediately. It was unbelievable. In my wildest dreams I could not have imagined an opportunity like this.

I will never forget when my boss approved the time off, though I was prepared to resign if she said 'no'. I was working in the City of London and my boss, who was based in the USA, was fully aware of my lifelong dreams, so I sent her an email asking for three months off. She replied saying: "Linda, that is one of the most beautiful e-mails I ever received at work. I don't want to stand in the way of you achieving your dream – there are more important things in life than work, so I discussed it and had it approved. Go for it". I virtually hugged my boss with all my might and my heart, and will always be grateful for her understanding.

In the following months I had many soul searching moments. My lifelong dream was within my grasp, but I still agonised about reaching for it. Something was holding me back, and I eventually realised that I was dead scared of sailing on the Southern Ocean and around Cape Horn. I was confused – I love the sea but seemed terrified of it. Then I realised that I was not scared of the sea but of dying! What could replace my lifelong dream if I gave up on it – would I be able to forgive myself for missing out on this opportunity? 'Are you prepared to die for your dream?' I asked myself. 'Yes!' I replied confidently.

This is where we're going…

This liberated me. I was never frozen with fears for my life in the Southern Ocean in the way I had been when thinking of going there. That was the most important thing I did that enabled me to enjoy the Southern Ocean to the utmost.

Having dealt with my fears I focused on the discomfort next. I am nearly always desperately cold. I needed to get the best thermal and waterproof gear I could, and I ended up taking 30kg of clothing. My shipmates claimed I wore it all at once, but it kept me warm and dry even when it was very cold and wet.

When I saw *Tecla* in Auckland it was love at first sight. She looked perfect – not too big for handling, and small enough to be close to the sea and feel it properly. Before we left on 2 November 2013 I spent a few hours on Mount Eden above Auckland. I wondered how I would come out of the experience. My main aim was not to get injured or, God forbid, fall in, and to be a useful member of the crew. As for creature comforts, all I wanted was to be warm and not to get too wet too often!

All pulling together…

26 November and our first gale

There were 13 of us – five women and eight men – split into three watches of four hours on, eight hours off, while the professional crew stood six-hour watches. Everyone kept the same watch slot during the entire voyage, and none of us ever missed a watch or was late for it. Each watch was well balanced in terms of sailing ability, physical strength and gender mix, and cabin mates were not on the same watch which gave each of us some privacy and time alone. Each two-person cabin had its own toilet, shower and heating – luxury! Everything worked wonderfully well and we sailed as one big happy family throughout the trip.

A few days after leaving Auckland we anchored at the Chatham Islands, 650 miles to the southeast. The community of 400 was unbelievably welcoming and generous towards us despite their harrowing history – almost the entire tribe had been wiped out when they offered a warm welcome to invading warriors instead of putting up a fight. We wished we could have stayed longer to learn more.

Nobody got seriously seasick when the wind got up and the sea became rougher, but we all got a bit queasy. Slowly we were getting our sea legs, learning how to helm, being trained how to handle the sheets and sails, and what to do and what not to do – I made my first faux pas when I stepped into the centre of some coiled ropes. We all learned fast. The weather was good, the sea moderate, we were nicely eased off into the big ocean. Our aim was to sail as much as possible but especially during the final 3000 miles when we were not permitted to use the engine to comply with the IACH (International Association of Cape Horners) qualifying rules.

On 26 November the first gale hit us, an eventful night that left me wondering how bad it could get. Three crew members on the midnight watch were swept along the bulwarks by a rogue wave that nobody saw coming from behind in the dark. More

mayhem followed. I was in my bunk wondering what was going on. Suddenly, with a massive explosive bang against the hull, my entire bunk was dislodged from the its fittings, taking me across the cabin. I stayed put. We hoped that not many of these big waves, known as *Tres Marias*, would come our way. They were constantly hanging behind and above us, but miraculously not many broke over us. When they did it was like being under a waterfall.

Tecla has high bulwarks and we felt safe on deck, but the raised open helming position has nothing to clip on to, and without a lifejacket it was disconcerting, to say the least. The view from the helm was memorable, though. Holding on with all my might, watching the ship charging along at up to 10 knots in pitch darkness through white foaming seas, is a memory that I will never lose.

Except for a handheld wind gauge, VHF and GPS, the ship was run as in the old days. We were continuously checking the barometer, scanning the horizon and the skies, monitoring the seas and the sails, feeling the wind and putting it all together without relying on technology. I felt privileged to witness such seamanship.

It got colder as we dropped further south, and soon we hit interminable fog. For days we longed to see the sun, moon and stars. Those distant planetary bodies – together with the solitary albatrosses that visited us regularly – became our closest friends. We followed a more rigid routine of watch-eat-sleep, gradually spending more time in our bunks.

Under full sail

Not all was misery, however. As self-appointed ship's communicator I issued a weekly newsletter, which was well received since most of the crew did not know much of the 'news'. First I renamed our watches Fun, Silent and Wildlife based on their behaviour. Then I gave names to our cabins. 'Rainforest Hut' was full of water from condensation, sweat and steam because the door was never opened as they

wanted to stay warm. My abode became 'Aladdin's Cave', in which everyone found everything they could possibly ever need. The girls' favourite was 'Bachelor's Pad', occupied by a single Frenchman. Then there were 'Captain's' and 'Cookie', but 'Secret Passage' had us all confused...

We would have had no sense of time passing were it not for crossing the dateline on 9 November when we had two Fridays, and for frequent changes of the clock. Time and distance merged into one. Each lost its usual meaning, as though both had become irrelevant and only the here and now existed. I lived for the infinite beauty of the sea, for rare sights of the moon, for when the stars peeked through the clouds. I celebrated sun rays when they tickled my cheeks. I fought with the wind when it tried to blow me away. Occasional dolphins, distant whales and lone albatrosses visited us in this watery, airy universe.

The wind provided infinite entertainment for our sails. We glided along, we charged, we dived. We were transported as if beyond our control, as though some magic was playing with us on this blue planet. While the decks were awash with the foaming seas and the gales screamed in our rigging, down below in my bunk I would be lulled like an embryo by the gentle, soothing waves. Whatever was happening outside and however it was going to end, it was so nice and snug to be in my bunk, especially when I was exhausted from hard work on deck. As for the sea, there was no end to it – my whole being was fully immersed in the vast expanse of the Southern Ocean. I wrote:

> 'The sea prostrates itself in all its glory for us today, showing off its most seductive ways, playing with its mistress, Tecla, who with much ease and youthful fun glides over each wave riding it in the way only she can. The waves come in all sizes and shapes, from all directions, climbing up, breaking up, joining forces or splitting up. There are deep blue wavelets, pleated streams of water, creased cascades of waterfalls, shooting towers of rising water, or plain straight water pools of transparent shiny turquoise, blue and green. Many of them create white foamy swirls that turn into a rainbow mist when the wind picks them up. It does not matter if they are old or young, big or small — they all bring fun, meaning no menace.
>
> Tecla rises above the waves with grace, and either shakes them off, turning them into a fluffy white robe that wraps her sides in a bubbly lace of watery foam, or just sweeps them under her hull swaying her hips ever so gently. When they turn up on the other side they curl up into playful crests as though bowing to her grace, on their way waving 'Glad that we have met'.
>
> For the wave suitors that admire her curvaceous stern she has her own ways. They arrive in haste, ceremoniously bowing their heads, taking off their hats, wrapping their arms around her waist. She makes a few seductive moves and before you know it her suitors are enthralled in the most mesmerising waltz. She keeps her proud bows straight, only coquettishly dipping her head as if to say, 'Nice to meet you, thanks for the entertainment' and continues to glide on.'

By now we had had many gales under our keel, innumerable squalls, a few storms and many waypoints in our wake. Soon we would be leaving the abyssal depths and ocean vastness to enter the narrow straits of the land. The magnetic attraction of Cape Horn was turning into reality by the hour. On 2 December we looked in disbelief at the benign weather forecast of 25 knots, knowing it was not credible as the barometer was falling in a downward spiral. We all lived in silent trepidation of what was to

Off Diego Ramirez island – approaching Cape Horn

come. Late that afternoon our captain sighted the island of Diego Ramirez, 57 miles southwest of Cape Horn.

Pelting rain mixed with thick sea spray lashed at me from every direction, driven horizontally. The spray was like snow, creating a whiteout. The clouds were so thick and dark that daylight disappeared. Frequently a massive wave would tower above us on the stern quarter, to disgorge itself into a river on our decks and rush out through the scuppers. Nothing I had seen before prepared me for it. We were flying along at 12 knots in 40 knots of wind. The ship moved like a planing dinghy, surfing on shifting seas under us. The sea and the wind took control and we were just a tiny speck that they spun along. We were surrounded by angry, menacing, powerful seas that meant no good, the wind blowing relentlessly to scare us off even more. It was not a place to hang around. Although we'd been in rough seas for a month we'd seen nothing like this before. I pondered if any human should ever witness it – were we tempting nature to play with our fates?

We were due to pass Cape Horn after midnight, when I would be in my bunk. Winds gusting over 50 knots were driving us along at worryingly unsafe speeds so the crew, in very rough conditions, lowered the mizzen and then the staysail. Tired but jovial faces with elated smiles filled the space around the helm once the ship was under full control again, a 25 sq m storm jib still pulling us along at a steady 12·5 knots, more when surfing! 'Where is the Horn?' we asked.

The Horn and its lighthouses were behind us! We had seen nothing except stormy, boiling seas. We celebrated with chocolates and rum, and in respectful silence dropped a piece from one of *Tecla*'s spars into the turbulent waters to commemorate those

Passing Cape Horn

seamen not lucky enough to survive the fated Cape Horn. If I had thought that the seas before were bad I was in for a big surprise. The whole sea surface was in shreds, the power of the wind flattening it into streaks of foaming water. The massive waves had no crests – they were blown away into a spray before they could be formed.

Tecla was taking good care of us all. She just ploughed on, battered but undeterred, determined but graceful, rolling from side to side, never violently but sometimes more

Stormy seas

Port Stanley, the Falkland Islands

deeply. Gracefully lifting up her stern she would duck her bows in the sea, but always springing up proud and winning. The tiny storm jib looked silly and small but it was pulling us along like never before.

On my next watch I learnt that a massive storm was moving westwards from the Falklands. If we carried on we would be right in its centre with no shelter, so we decided to wait, heaving-to for 36 hours. We were just east of Le Maire Strait and only 100 miles from our waypoint of 50°S. The wind and the seas were coming from different directions, spreading pandemonium around us while *Tecla* rolled like never before. Exhaustion overwhelmed us, and I thought we would all go mad if it continued much longer. We drifted 60 miles towards the Falklands.

With abating winds we set off again, reaching our waypoint and eventually Port Stanley at 0030 on 8 December. I looked in disbelief at the lights of Port Stanley, and listened to the unforgettable sound of the anchor chain going out. I felt trapped. I did not kiss the land when I stepped ashore – I could have continued to sail forever.

The Falkland Islands

Before I left I received a text from a friend of mine: **May the Ocean be Beautiful, Awesome and Kind.** I could have not wished for anything more expressive and true. I remain forever grateful to the Southern Ocean for its infinite beauty, to Cape Horn for its mercy, to *Tecla* for her amazing sea-worthiness and to my crewmates for their resilient spirits and maritime mastery.

FROM THE GALLEY OF ... Misty Fitch, aboard *Tamoure*

Easy Tarragon Chicken

Ingredients

- 4 tbs Dijon mustard
- 2 tbs oil
- garlic to taste
- lots of tarragon*
- 2 skinless, boneless chicken breasts

Combine the first four ingredients and coat the chicken breasts, rubbing in well. Place the chicken in a single layer in an oven dish and cook for 30–40 minutes on medium heat. Amazingly, it doesn't dry out or stick to the container, but keep an eye on it.

If short of time you can slice the chicken thinly into strips, sauté in a pan, add the sauce and simmer until cooked through. It tastes just as nice – and in tropics doesn't heat the boat up so much! If doing it this way it will probably need more liquid – wine, cream or plain yogurt – to create a sauce as otherwise, unlike the oven version, it may be too dry.

* I have never used fresh tarragon for this recipe, but as long as your 'fresh' dried is fairly recent and has good green colour (as opposed to an 'elderly' brown colour) the flavour comes through well. Quantities aren't crucial, though you may want to avoid too strong a Dijon flavour. Trial and error!

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CAPE TOWN TO CHERBOURG
Jess Bentley

(*Jess was able to join Nick Mercer aboard* Impala *partially thanks to assistance from the OCC Youth Sponsorship Programme.*)

An Englishman, an Irishman, a South African and a Bavaria 46 named *Impala* set sail from Cape Town towards Lisbon on 9 February 2016, with an itinerary to stop at St Helena, Ascension Island, the Cape Verde islands and the Azores along the way.

The crew of Impala. L to r: Sean Timmins, Jess Bentley and (Captain) Nick Mercer

As this route is with trade winds, we were goose-winged for our first leg of 12 days to St Helena. Once we'd left Table Mountain and the misty Cape behind us we enjoyed beautiful consistent, warm winds and pristine sailing conditions – an almost perfect start to a four-month Atlantic passage. Consequently we settled into a good watch routine of four hours on, eight hours off, with cooking and cleaning duties, good book-reading, and the start of a competitive Scrabble tournament. On reaching St Helena after our first real ocean stint, we spent a couple of days exploring this unique island and enjoying some downtime before heading out again for Ascension Island.

Cape Town is a beautiful port to sail into

James Bay, St Helena

The leg to Ascension was a short one, and Captain Nick Mercer handed the reins over to me, so to speak, for the five-day passage. This gave me valuable experience as skipper of both vessel and crew, and made me more aware of the responsibility which goes with it, including plotting the route, downloading the daily weather and doing daily checks on the boat.

At Ascension we only spent a few days stretching our legs, swimming, provisioning and refuelling for the longest and most difficult leg of the trip – Ascension to the Cape Verdes. This involved an Equator crossing, the doldrums, living at an angle of 30° for the majority of the 17 days we were at sea, dealing with a torn mainsail, constant water in the bilges (it only needed bailing once a day, fortunately, but we never did discover where it was coming from though we sure looked for it!), some man-overboard exercises with the horseshoe buoy, a main halyard which completely sheared, and a blocked holding tank for the one head. We were very happy to reach Mindelo in the Cape Verdes and some much-needed rest and recovery for crew and boat. Although it was a tough 17 days, the things one learns at sea are beyond what most people learn in a lifetime, as I have come to learn.

The Impala crew enjoying some downtime in the Cape Verdes

The sailing after the Cape Verde islands was pretty much what one would expect in the Northern Hemisphere – cold, wet, grey and at 30° to the wind. We managed the Cape Verde to Azores leg in 11 days without a working engine – it was only when *Impala* was lifted out of the water in São Miguel that we discovered our propeller had somehow sheared off. Fortunately all we needed was a new propeller to solve the problem.

After the Azores our final destination was supposed to be Lisbon – plans changed, however, and instead it became Cherbourg, France. Crossing the notorious Bay of Biscay was difficult in thick fog, but once we reached the English Channel it was like glass. And so *Impala* and her crew motored into Cherbourg on 8 June after another 11 days at sea, happy to see land and eager for some champagne to celebrate the 6717 mile journey.

Impala after re-tuning the rigging. It only took us the whole day!

It was Humphrey Bogart who said: 'Unless you really understand the water, and understand the reason for being on it, and understand the love of sailing and the feeling of quietness and solitude, you don't really belong on a boat anyway. I think Hemingway said one time that the sea is the last free place on earth.' It was only after sailing 6717 miles that I really understood what he meant. Every bit of water we sailed over, the beautiful dolphins, whales, birds, flying fish and jellyfish we encountered, the most epic starry

The calm before the storm … or after it.
Between the Cape Verdes and the Azores we went through lots of squalls

nights and hot tropical sunshine, made the 35 knot winds, stormy oceans and long nights all worth it. Looking back now, I truly miss the ocean, the reason for being on it, the quietness and solitude, and a place I can honestly say really is the last free place on earth.

Thank you to the OCC for sponsorship, to Nick Mercer for the opportunity, and to my friends and family for allowing me such a privilege of jumping on a boat and heading off into the sunset. All that's left now is wondering ... when are we crossing the next ocean?

Dolphins enjoying a surf

W	I	N	D	L	A	S	S	■	L	I	M	P	E	T
O	■	O	■	A	■	T	■	B	■	S	■	H	■	I
W	A	T	E	R	F	A	L	L	■	W	R	O	N	G
S	■	U	■	B	■	C	■	U	■	E	■	S	■	E
■	U	N	D	O	■	K	I	D	N	A	P	P	E	R
G	■	D	■	A	■	■	■	G	■	R	■	H	■	S
I	C	E	B	R	E	A	K	E	R	■	P	O	S	H
N	■	R	■	D	■	L	■	O	■	F	■	R	■	A
P	A	C	K	■	R	E	E	N	G	I	N	E	E	R
A	■	O	■	O	■	A	■	■	■	N	■	S	■	K
L	A	M	I	N	A	T	E	D	■	E	A	C	H	■
A	■	M	■	E	■	O	■	E	■	T	■	E	■	M
C	R	A	F	T	■	R	E	F	E	R	E	N	C	E
E	■	N	■	W	■	Y	■	O	■	I	■	C	■	S
S	I	D	E	O	N	■	B	E	A	M	S	E	A	S

Solution to the crossword compiled by Domini, which appears on pages 54 and 55.

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FROM THE CARIBBEAN TO HALIFAX AND BACK: the US East Coast explored

Ron Heyselaar

(Ineke and Ron Heyselaar – and Boris the cat – live aboard Lily*, their Amel 54. They crossed the Atlantic in November 2014 in the ARC+, and the following year spent five weeks exploring Cuba – see* A Visit to the North Coast of Cuba *in* Flying Fish 2015/2*. From there they headed north…*

Follow their travels at www.facebook.com/sailingyachtlily/. All photos by Ineke Hayselaar.)

When we joined the OCC in December 2014 we wondered whether it was really for us. Looking at all the pictures we wondered if, at 56 years young, we were too young and too inexperienced to join this interesting club. We actually joined on a bit of a selfish note. We intended to sail from the Caribbean up the US East Coast to Halifax, but had no idea what to see and what not to bother with, and neither had we any intention of being monks avoiding all social contact. So when Stuart of *Time Bandit* came by in St Lucia with his little brochures promoting the OCC we joined – and what an excellent move this was. We enrolled in as many US East Coast events as possible in order to meet people, but first had to get from St Lucia to the US East Coast.

As this story is about our experiences along the US East Coast rather than the Caribbean we'll skip the wonderful time in Sint Maarten (being Dutch it is always nice to stock up on Dutch goodies) and Saint Martin (only the French know how to ensure food tastes even better). The BVI was nice but very busy and our first experience with a lot of American boats. They all seemed to have a strong preference to be on a mooring, which was confirmed when we moved further north. Maybe we should ask our American friends why that is? Don't they teach anchor techniques in high school?

Lily, our Amel 54


80°W
70°W
CANADA
MAINE
NOVA SCOTIA
Halifax
Great Lakes
Boothbay
Gulf of Maine
Lunenburg
York Harbor
Shelburne
Boston
Province Town
Bristol
Newport
Greenport
Nantucket Sound
Norwalk
Martha's Vineyard
New York
Montauk
Shelter Island
Delaware River
Delaware and Chesapeake Canal
Sandy Hook
40°N
Annapolis
Atlantic City
Chesapeake Bay
USA
Deltaville
Norfolk
69°W
MAINE
MOUNT DESERT ISLAND
Southwest Harbor
NORTH CAROLINA
Cape Hatteras
Northwest Harbor
Camden
Intracoastal Waterway
SOUTH CAROLINA
Charleston
Rockland
From Halifax
44°N
To Boston
Gulf of Maine
30°N
Atlantic Ocean
Intracoastal Waterway
Northward route
Return route
FLORIDA
Hollywood
Miami
THE BAHAMAS
Key West
Tropic of Cancer
Havana
CUBA
Puerto de Vita
20°N
20°N
HAITI
Fajardo
JAMAICA
DOMINICAN REPUBLIC
PUERTO RICO
80°W
Caribbean Sea

We're not getting into a debate here about that subject except to say that, as Dutch and known to be misers, we think it's money ill spent.

Puerto Rico was our first experience, as yachties, of the US. For a moment we thought that, due to our lack of news (so nice), the fuel price had dropped dramatically. The filling stations showed petrol prices as 60 cents – kind of low per gallon. Only later did we realise that Puerto Rico is not really the US (as Puerto Ricans point out at every opportunity) and fuel prices were per litre, with distances and speed in kilometres.

We decided to enter the US at the Spanish Virgin Islands (we had a strong urge to do all the virgins ... British, US and Spanish) – Culebra to be precise, where a very nice Customs and Border Protection official helped us through the ample paperwork. For a moment we thought we had our navigation wrong and had ended up in some South American country. After two hours of filling forms and being questioned about our (honourable) intentions we were issued with our cruising licence and a long list of CBP office numbers we should call to report our progress along the Puerto Rican coast. No free movement in the US!

Puerto Rico is wonderful – poor but friendly people enjoying life to the fullest. With the full range of consumerism available to us (Walmart, PepBoys, West Marine, Kmart, Walgreens etc) we enjoyed being able to restock for a reasonable price! However, time is always precious so off we went to our next destination – Cuba. We needed a *zarpe* (outbound clearance document), but the CBP office in Fajardo refused to issue one giving Cuba as the destination due to the embargo, so we both agreed to go back in time and fill in a new form with the Dominican Republic as the destination. The Cubans seemed not to be surprised that the document said DR – it had happened before, they said.

With 25 knots of wind and the current both in the right direction it took us less than four days to sail the 650 miles to Puerto De Vita on the north coast of Cuba, as described in *Flying Fish* 2015/2. On leaving Cuba we made the brilliant decision (not) to sail directly from Havana to Key West. Nice and short at just 90 miles, so less than a day, meeting our requirements to limit overnight sailing.

Bimini, our brief stop in the Bahamas

Bimini's main attraction

Let's say that the CBP officer in Key West was not as friendly as the one in Puerto Rico or the one we later encountered in Maine. We took the old mantra that we were unsophisticated foreigners with no knowledge of the local laws ('*Sir, we didn't know that this law was also applicable for foreigners*' or, equally good, '*Sir, I thought that the US is now so friendly with Cuba that sailing direct is perfectly okay*'). We were threatened – in sequence, as listed by the CBP officer – with (a) having *Lily* impounded, (b) paying a substantial fine (he didn't mention a figure but looked very serious), (c) going to jail, and (d) having our precious cruising licence revoked. Looking sad, with my wife showing some tears, we avoided all but the last. He did cancel our cruising licence, intending to make life very miserable for us. We had no intention of reporting physically to every CBP office whenever we changed county – yes, you read it correctly, county not state, although there seemed to be some conflicting interpretation among the various CBP offices along the coast – to obtain permissions to proceed. So we had lunch in the Bahamas (thus leaving the US for an 'approved' country), and headed for Fort Lauderdale where we obtained a new cruising licence from a very helpful CBP officer.

So here we were in the 'real' US, at Loggerhead Marina in Hollywood which is really fancy with great facilities. It was also our first experience, albeit only a short one, of the Intracoastal Waterway and its bridges. Drawing 8ft (2·5m) and needing overhead clearance of almost 80ft (25m), we quickly realised that the ICW was not for us. We did all the usual stuff that I assume everyone does in Florida. We went to Orlando, to downtown Miami and to the various malls, and wondered about the obsession with looking good. We tried to match the latter, but after being at sea such a long time we gave up and stuck with our weathered sailor's look.

Next stop was Charleston, South Carolina. Motoring with the Gulf Stream (no wind, which became a theme throughout our time along the East Coast) we covered the distance fast doing an average speed of just over 8 knots ground speed. We chose the Charleston City Marina as our home for a couple of days. Exploring old Charleston was amazing – so much history, well-maintained buildings and great food. We thought we were experiencing southern hospitality until we chatted a bit with the various waiters and learned that most were merely escaping the cold weather further north. Not much different to us snowbirds...

It was time to head for the starting point of our first OCC event, the Southern New England Cruise, excellently organised by Bill and Laurie Balme of *Toodle-oo!*

Shelter Island Yacht Club – quite fancy!

To make up time we sailed directly from Charleston to Shelter Island, New York State. Once again we rode the Gulf Stream north making good progress, regretfully leaving it behind us just north of Cape Hatteras. Gone were the high ground speeds and warm weather. Overnight the temperature dropped from a balmy 25°C to a mere 10°C. Suddenly we had to remember how to start the heater and where we'd hidden our cold-weather clothes.

Of this four-day passage we only sailed the last 12 hours. As we were new to the shallow waters around the Montauk and Shelter Island area we decided to anchor near Montauk. It looked like a Dutch winter, with cold winds and even colder water. There was nobody around, so we had plenty of space to anchor and get some sleep.

OCC rally by bike…

Both Shelter Island and the Shelter Island Yacht Club, where the OCC fleet was to assemble, are really nice. When the weather turned warmer we rented bikes and happily pedalled around the island and the Greenport area. Great fun!

It was good to meet other OCC members when the Cruise started – what a nice bunch of people! They were an interesting mix of Europeans and Americans, with some old friends such as Ann and Stuart of *Time Bandit* whom we'd met in Las Palmas, Sally and David of *Alcedo*, met in Cuba, Frances and Rob of *Alia Vita*, met in the Cape Verdes, and lots of new friends. The atmosphere was great from the beginning. Bill and Laurie had this merry bunch of people well under control, though started to realise that organising something for sailors who are used to complete independence is like herding cats!

The floating Raw Bar at Cuttyhunk, with excellent New England Clam Chowder

The itinerary took us to Martha's Vineyard (Menemsha and Edgartown, both brilliant), Marion (very small and sleepy, but nice in its own way), Newport (so nice we ended up staying six weeks), and Bristol to celebrate the 4th of July (impressive, but we were surprised by the focus on the military). We made some enjoyable stops at various locations along the way and, looking back, decided we liked this area best of all the East Coast cruising grounds we visited. Obviously, the great group of people participating in the cruise also contributed considerably to our enjoyment – well done Bill and Laurie!

The Southern New England Cruise participants at Newport, Rhode Island

As we wanted to visit both our cousins in North America, one living in Miami (visited) and one in Halifax, we continued north. Navigating Nantucket Sound in calm weather – once again, no wind – made us appreciate the area's bad reputation when the weather turns nasty. Definitely not somewhere we want to be with serious wind and swell!

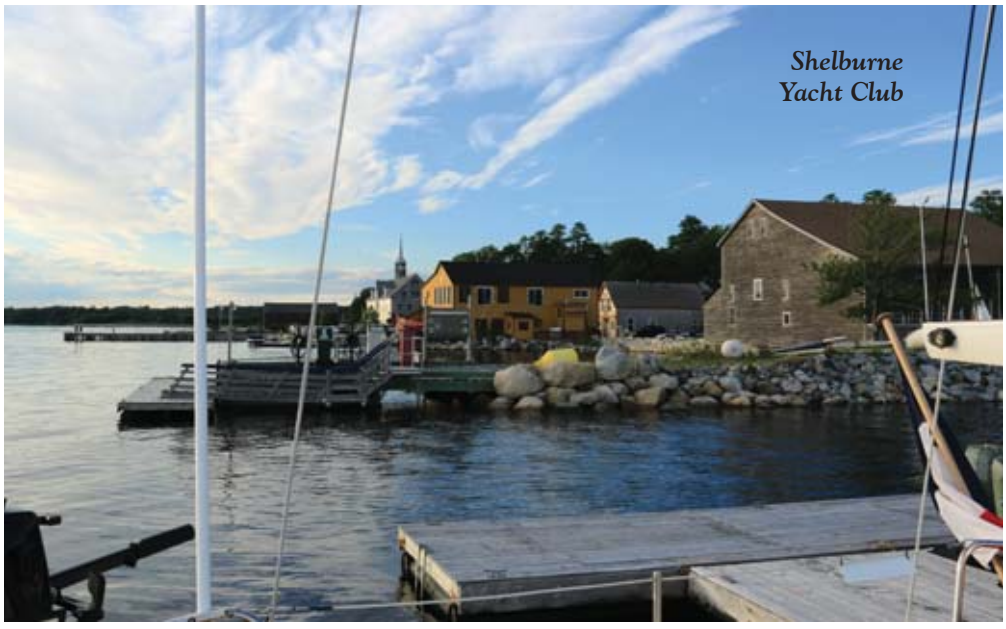
Sailing (well, motoring) to Nova Scotia went very smoothly, with little entertainment but for the visit of the Canadian border patrol aeroplane which passed low over us whilst asking pertinent questions. Clearly they are serious about their borders. Shelburne is very nice, and so sheltered that we had a hard time seeing it – though that might

En route to Nova Scotia from Nantucket, and some strange frontal weather moving in

have been due to the heavy fog which blanketed the last 50 miles. It had been a long time since we had last navigated by radar and chart plotter, but we made it to the Shelburne Yacht Club.

The Canadian immigration officers were very helpful – it was the first time since Cuba that we'd had immigration officials onboard, and also the first time since Cuba that they completed the paperwork (not that much). We merely signed on the dotted line. We were asked to stick our file number somewhere that any official could see it from shore so they wouldn't need to disturb us. Quite a contrast with the US where we had to inform the CBP on our every movement!

Sailing along the Nova Scotian coast is amazing. So many wonderful anchorages, with no boats and brilliant scenery – we were waiting for a grizzly bear to wander



Shelburne Yacht Club

Lunenburg, Nova Scotia

along the beach. It looked like Maine, but without the yachts and the million lobster floats. Our favourites on this part of the trip were Shelburne and Lunenburg. Halifax was fun as our cousin lives there, but otherwise not that cosy. Obviously the weather was as one could expect at that latitude – sunny, not so sunny, rain and lots of fog!

Soon the rain started increasing and the temperatures dropping, a clear signal to start our trek south. First we had to get back into the US. Based on various recommendations from fellow OCC members, plus Active Captain, our main source of information, we decided to make landfall at Northwest Harbor in Maine, sailing in company with Rob and Frances Lythgoe of *Alia Vita*. Being a fast cat – and keen to prove that they were soooo much faster than our Amel 54 – they arrived a few hours ahead of us and started the clearing-in procedure for both of us.

You can't visit Canada without having the national treat – Beavertail. Halifax, Nova Scotia

We were welcomed at the town dock of Northwest Harbor by two very friendly CBP officers from Bangor Airport. After taking our lines and chatting for some time about our

A tad over-ambitious? Boris earlier in our cruise

trip north, they realised some official work was required when they encountered Boris, our cat. Boris clearly distracted them even more, but after about 30 minutes (it could have been more as it was a very pleasant time) they were ready to step ashore. We reminded them that they still had to stamp our passports, so they looked at them and informed us that all was in order. An excellent way of entering any country! As the wind was shifting we decided to move to Southwest Harbor (all very original port names), where we found an excellent anchorage. We enjoyed the brilliant hikes and free bus rides across Mount Desert Island – really nice!

The considerable group of participants on the OCC Maine Cruise were all gathering in Camden, Maine, so it was time to move on once again. Sailing from Southwest Harbor was quite an experience. Various friends warned us of the Maine phenomena – lobster-pot floats. They forgot to

Somes Sound, Mount Desert Island, Maine

Jordon Pond and Sea. Mount Desert Island, Maine

mention that there were thousands and thousands of the things. Rob got snared a couple of times so, trying to outdo our good friend, we snared four floats at once! We wondered why we were suddenly going so slowly, and why we were being chased by a couple of brightly coloured floats! We were lucky to lose them without having to dive.

The Camden gathering was very well organised by Regional Rear Commodore Pam MacBrayne of *Glide*, with a good itinerary amid nice scenery, of which we saw relatively little due to the heavy fog. We were getting the hang of avoiding the floats, however, by pretending that there is logic to their placing, so only snared one whilst anchoring. Ineke and I came to the conclusion that Maine is very beautiful, but that the floats and the many boats seriously spoil the fun. All in all we preferred Nova Scotia.

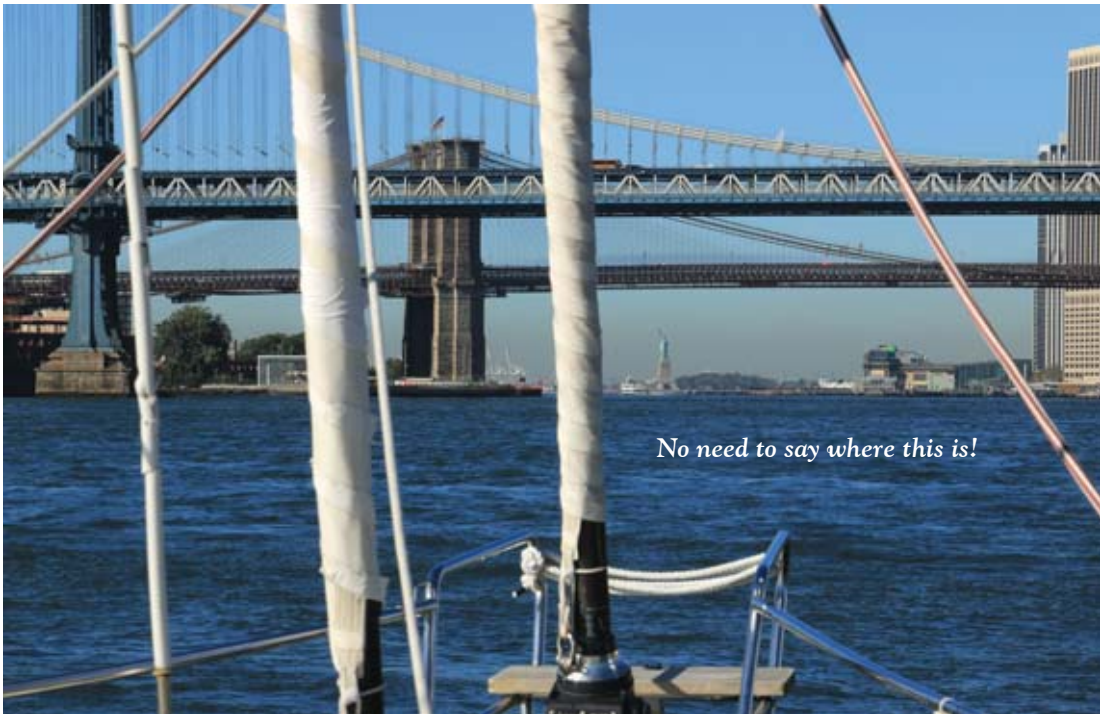
Typical Maine!

At a mooring off Waterboat Marina in downtown Boston

The weather still being not too good we continued our trek south. Time to head for Boston via Rockland (not so nice), Boothbay (beautiful) and York Harbor (we obviously can't read – something our friendly CBP officer in Key West had also pointed out – Vs our 54ft was clearly way too big for this cute little port). Then Boston, again very nice with moorings smack downtown and the subway roaring under your boat, which gave it all a very special feeling. Great fun, great food and great history!

Arriving in Newport (again) via Provincetown – a great anchorage with hundreds of seals playing around the boats – we completed the circle started some months earlier. It was a lot quieter than before, with much more space to anchor. Our good friends Paul and Maggie of *Paradise* were there, however – seeing another OCC burgee always causes us to anchor close by. More social time! Getting to know other members is one of the perks of joining the OCC. We had met Paul and Maggie through Kitty and Scott of *Tamure* on our previous visit to Newport. All three boats were anchored close to each other, and one day Scott came rowing over to invite us for drinks. We met Paul and Maggie aboard *Tamure*, and have remained friends to this day.

Seals near Province Town, Massachusetts



No need to say where this is!

Sailing through New York City was something we could not pass up, so we headed down Long Island Sound, visiting Kitty and Scott in Norwalk as they'd very kindly arranged a mooring for us at the Norwalk Yacht Club (we were clearly turning into American sailors and using our anchor less and less). There we left *Lily* to go visit our daughter in Toronto – nothing like a quick road trip and change of scenery.

Once again on the recommendation of other OCC members – Anne and Stuart of *Time Bandit*, and Lyn and Ju of *Domini* – we picked up a mooring at Port Washington, a great stop. The little town has everything, including a huge supermarket with its own dinghy dock, a branch of West Marine, cinemas, and a great library with excellent internet. Most importantly though, the town has a direct link to Penn Station – 40 minutes and you're in downtown New York – great fun! Just when we were planning to leave, a (very) cold front, Hurricane *Joaquin* and the Pope were all headed our way. *Joaquin* never made it but the cold front and the Pope did, the latter's visit causing the closing of the East River. Well there are worse places to be stuck than Port Washington!

After quick visits to Sandy Hook, Atlantic City, the Delaware River and the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal, we ended up in Annapolis with about a million other snowbirds just in time for the boat show. Annapolis is a great town. Seeing the Naval Academy and, later, the fleet in Norfolk I can only say that I'm glad the Netherlands is friendly with the US!

Another OCC gathering was looming on the horizon, so it was soon time to leave Annapolis and head for Deltaville, where our welcome was second to none. Lydia and Bill Strickland of *Dragon Run* arranged a car for us, organised a very nice barbecue, and helped us with anything they could. Another perfect example of the 'family' called the OCC. Even so, we were quite glad to be nearing the end of our Chesapeake tour – a great piece of water but a bit shallow for our 8ft draft. Norfolk, which would be our

Dinner at Greta and Gary's in Norfolk, Virginia

jumping-off point to leave the USA and head south towards the British Virgin Islands, was getting closer. Not realising what it actually meant when somebody told us that Norfolk is the largest naval base in the world, we were dumbstruck sailing past row after row of aircraft carriers, submarines, destroyers and other vessels. I have no idea what they were, other than huge and naval.

Port Officers Gary and Greta of *William Barron*, whom we'd met in Bristol, Rhode Island, had kindly offered us a slip at their place in Norfolk. What we hadn't realised is that Greta and Gary don't just offer members a place to stay, but a level of hospitality which is beyond words! A perfect stay and, once again – it becomes almost repetitive – so much what the OCC stands for.

All in all, sailing the US East Coast and Canada was a really nice experience. We particularly enjoyed the Newport/Boston and Nova Scotia areas, but weren't so keen on Maine or the Chesapeake from a sailing point of view. We liked the whole of the US East Coast from a social point of view, and made many new friends. As a foreign-flagged boat we found the bureaucracy considerable but doable. The most irritating element is that each CBP office seems to interpret the instructions differently, so one never knows exactly what to do.

We will be back, however – as I finish writing this article in March 2016 we are sailing along the Cuban coast heading for Havana (again). After stocking up on rum and cigars we plan to sail back up the US East Coast, but in bigger steps than last year. Once in Nova Scotia we'll prepare *Lily* for the ice while we wait for it to clear further north, then head for Newfoundland, Greenland, Iceland and finally the Netherlands and home. We'll need the rum and cigars for that trip!

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OBITUARIES & APPRECIATIONS

Erling Lagerholm

Erling Lagerholm died in Carmel, California on 16 February at the age of 93. He joined the OCC in 1967, so had been a member for almost 50 years.

Although long resident on the west coast, Erling was born in Massachusetts to Swedish parents who had emigrated to the US 12 years previously. He studied Civil Engineering at Worcester Polytechnic Institute and later did graduate studies at New York University and Harvard University. He served in the US Navy from 1944 until 1946, reaching the rank of Lieutenant in Civil Engineer Corps. After leaving the military he joined the Standard Oil Development Co (now Exxon Research & Engineering Co) in New Jersey, where his duties included inspecting and testing refinery equipment, and in 1952 moved on to join the American Appraisal Co, working in their offices in New York, Milwaukee, Cleveland, Cincinnati and Boston.

A career change in 1959 saw Erling move into the real estate sector, when he joined Cabot, Cabot & Forbes Co of Boston, which specialised in industrial, commercial, and hotel ventures. In time he became Vice President of the company, and also of its then subsidiary, the Ritz-Carlton Hotel Co, introducing the lion logo which is still in use. He retired in 1982.

In 1979 he married Emilie Welles, a fellow resident of Cambridge, Massachusetts, and in 1988 they relocated to Carmel, California, where his parents had also lived following their retirement. He never lost his love of sport, including tennis, skiing, sailing, hiking and mountain trekking. The latter included climbing the 65 highest peaks in New England, and hiking the Chilkoot Trail in Alaska and British Columbia, the Milford Track in New Zealand, and the Inca Trail in Peru. He also climbed one of the three great pyramids in Egypt and Mt Kilimanjaro in Tanzania. In 1958 he joined the crew of the 58ft yacht *Drumbeat* to sail from Bermuda to Cowes, which later became his qualifying passage for the OCC. Throughout his life Erling was also a great traveller by more conventional means, claiming to have visited nearly 100 countries on every continent other than Antarctica, and celebrated his 86th birthday with a tandem skydive from 18,000 feet in California.

Erling became active in community affairs, and was a member of many clubs and associations in addition to the Ocean Cruising Club. He was known for his fine sense of humour, and always had a witty remark or colourful vignette related to the subject under discussion. He is much missed by his former wife Emilie Welles, his sister Sylvia Vaughn, and his three nieces and four former step-children spread over seven US states.

James (Jim) Wetherald

James Taylor Wetherald died in Rhode Island on 2 August after a long battle with Parkinson's disease. He was 86. Born in Cannes, France, Jim grew up in Marblehead,

Massachusetts where yachting and the sea became a lifelong passion. At the age of 18 he signed on as crew aboard the 70ft schooner *Taniquil*, sailing from New England through the Panama Canal and down the west coast of South America where he climbed over the Andes to view the head waters of the Amazon. On his return in 1949, the 1116 mile passage from Miami, Florida to City Island, New York was later to become his qualifying passage for the OCC. Back on the East Coast he crewed aboard several well-known yachts, including the L Francis Herreshoff ketch *Ticonderoga*.

Jim served in the US Coast Guard during the Korean War, spending much of his tour on weather patrol in the North Atlantic south of Greenland and in the Davis Strait. Following his discharge he settled in Marblehead, where he married Justine and they raised their family. He spent his entire professional life in the marine industry, working for such notable companies as Westerbeke Diesel, the Hinckley Company, Atlass and Triton Insurance.

In 1974 Jim and Justine sold the family house and moved aboard their 40ft Nevins yawl *Batia*. Jim would spend the next 38 years living aboard three more boats – *Wish Stream*, and his two *Star Streams*, becoming a fixture in Newport Harbor in his later years. In addition to the Ocean Cruising Club, which he joined in 1968, he was also a member of the Cruising Club of America. He is survived by two children – James T Wetherald III and Lisa W Robinson, both resident in Rhode Island, two sisters and four grandchildren.

James T Wetherald III

Dr Stuart Ingram

Stuart died on 19 May from head injuries sustained in an accidental fall. He was born in Leigh-on-Sea, Essex on 21 October 1943, and after secondary education started medical training at St Thomas's Hospital, London. He qualified in 1967 and embarked on a career in anaesthetics.

His yacht cruising career started with *Troubadour*, a Nicholson 32 acquired in 1964 while still a student, and with a group of medical student friends she was subjected to some interesting adventures while skipper and crew were gaining experience which until that time had been confined to sailing dinghies. In 1971 Stuart invited me to take a career break and sail with him in *Troubadour* from Dartmouth to the Eastern Caribbean and back. At a time when the modern navigation systems which we now enjoy were not available, celestial navigation was the only option. Having taught ourselves the rudiments in a south-facing anchorage in Portugal, we considered ourselves equipped to find Barbados without too much trouble.

In Arrecife, Lanzarote we met Hum and Mary Barton, who told us about the OCC. We were duly signed up by them in English Harbour, Antigua, where we joined them aboard *Rose Rambler* for Christmas 1971. Annabelle flew out for some of the time in the Caribbean, and Stuart and she were married shortly after our return. Stuart generously sold a half-share in *Troubadour* to me at considerably below her value, and thus started a partnership which continued for 25 years. The four boys which our wives provided were crew from conception, and during family holidays *Troubadour* and her successor, a Moody 40, cruised extensively in the UK, Scandinavia, English Channel, Bay of Biscay and the Mediterranean from France to Turkey.

Meanwhile Stuart pursued a successful career in anaesthetics and was appointed consultant anaesthetist to University College Hospital and the National Hospital for Neurology and Neurosurgery on London's Queen Square. He was a very sought-

after anaesthetist and a gifted teacher of trainees to whom he gave generously of his time. He was appointed Lead Regional Educational Advisor for the Royal College of Anaesthetists, the Coordinator of NCEPOD (the National Confidential Enquiry into Perioperative Death, which was the forerunner of modern audit of medical practice), a member of NICE (the National Institute for Clinical Excellence), Chairman of the Examination Board for the Fellowship and Vice-President of the Royal College of Anaesthetists. He published extensively on neuroanaesthetic topics, edited two textbooks, and contributed to several others. His main and very significant contribution to medical practice lay in the reports he co-authored on the findings of successive NCEPOD investigations.

Following intensive treatment for throat cancer, Stuart took early retirement in 2002 and in the third *Troubadour*, designed for them by Past Commodore the late Mike Pocock, he and Annabelle completed a nine year circumnavigation. He had already encouraged her to sail *Troubadour* with an all-lady crew to the Caribbean in 2000. Theirs was a leisurely and well organised circumnavigation, spending much time in New Zealand and Australia. Having narrowly avoided a storm on the final approach to New Zealand he and Annabelle, with the help of a fellow OCC member, beat back out into the storm to the aid of a yacht which was drifting with shredded sails and no fuel, and in difficult conditions transferred fuel to the casualty. They also towed another yacht with a sick engine for 300 miles in Indonesia. They very sensibly shipped *Troubadour* from the Maldives to Turkey, thus avoiding the then rampant Somali piracy. One of his family aphorisms: 'He who fights and runs away, lives to fight another day', was very much in their minds.

Stuart excelled at practical tasks and would happily re-wire a house or rebuild a chimney, but vigorous conversation was probably his principal talent. He had a subversive streak which, coupled with a very ready wit, made him a marvellous raconteur – he loved company, gossip and a verbal contest.

His fatal accident occurred as he was climbing aboard *Troubadour* in darkness and bad weather, shortly after returning to Turkey where she had been laid up ashore. He is survived by Annabelle, sons Peter and Alistair and four grandchildren, all keen sailors.

Dr John Lytle

Richard 'Jud' Henderson

Jud Henderson slipped his mooring pennant for his final voyage on 18 February at the age of 91. He is survived by Sally, his wife of 69 years, daughter Sarah Cramer, son Rip Henderson and two grandchildren. Jud is not a common nickname for someone named Richard, but everyone called him Jud or Juddy. According to his daughter Sarah, 'when he was born, he looked as sober as a judge, which morphed into Jud' – the rest is history.

Juddy was an author, a sailor and a jazz pianist, and he excelled at them all. His first book, *First Sail for Skipper*, was published in 1960 and introduced the basics of sailing on a small day sailer. It describes a typical day on the Chesapeake Bay with the 'how to' of proper sailing techniques and seamanship including dealing with a thunderstorm, and is still in print today.

Not everyone is lucky enough to combine their passion with their occupation the way Juddy was able to. Born in Baltimore, Maryland he spent his early years in the Green Spring Valley before the family moved permanently to Gibson Island in 1937, where he and Sally raised their family (Sally was headmistress of the local elementary school). In 2003 he and Sally moved to Bay Ridge in Annapolis.

Juddy had a quiet manner – whether walking the docks at the boatyard or at the pin end of the starting line just as the gun was going off, he never raised his voice. He was soft spoken and very focused. Back when many skippers smoked cigarettes as a 'wind seeker' Juddy used his other senses to read the wind and the waves. I sailed with Juddy on numerous Gibson Island Regattas, and life aboard *Kelpie* was consistently calm. In light airs you walked softly and spoke in whispers, and in heavy weather the only noise was the wind and the waves, as Juddy never raised his voice. The Henderson family had a series of yachts named *Kelpie*, the first an Olson 35 yawl imported from Sweden in the late 1950s. Several other Olsen 35s moored at Gibson Island made this a very competitive class – a one design before its time!

Jud's nephew Tim Zouck was a regular crewmember on *Kelpie* back in the 1970s and '80s, and fondly remembers that Juddy was very receptive to feedback and input from the crew. Always calm and collected in every situation, Juddy 'made you feel like part of the team, not just some winch monkey grinding away'. Juddy had a great sense of humour and loved to tell jokes, some clean and others less so, but *Kelpie* was always a fun boat to sail on. He was 'old school' with strong seamanship skills, but also very competitive and won numerous trophies. Tim's reflection was, 'it was always fun to sail with Juddy on *Kelpie*, with good friends, good food and lots of cold beer'.

Later boats included a Cal 2-30 and Juddy's last boat, an Olsen 38, in which he and Sally, together with their adult children Sarah and Rippy, crossed the Atlantic in 1975. From this journey Jud wrote *East to the Azores*, recounting the 21-day crossing. They sailed in company with a couple in a Whitby 42, reaching Horta within two days of each other having experienced a storm so severe that Sally remembers it vividly to this day. *Kelpie* rode out the worst of it lying a-hull, after Juddy lashed down the helm, closed the companionway hatch and they all retreated below. Rippy had the utmost confidence in his father's sailing skills and judgement, stating that he was a wonderful father and the 'bedrock of the family'. Clearly a crossing like this was a bonding experience for them all.

In addition to writing 22 nautical books over his lifetime, Juddy was a self-taught jazz pianist who could make magic with any piano he played – and a Friday evening Happy Hour with Juddy on the keyboard was a delight for Gibson Island Club members. He also liked to paint, and was a member of the Baltimore Watercolor Society.

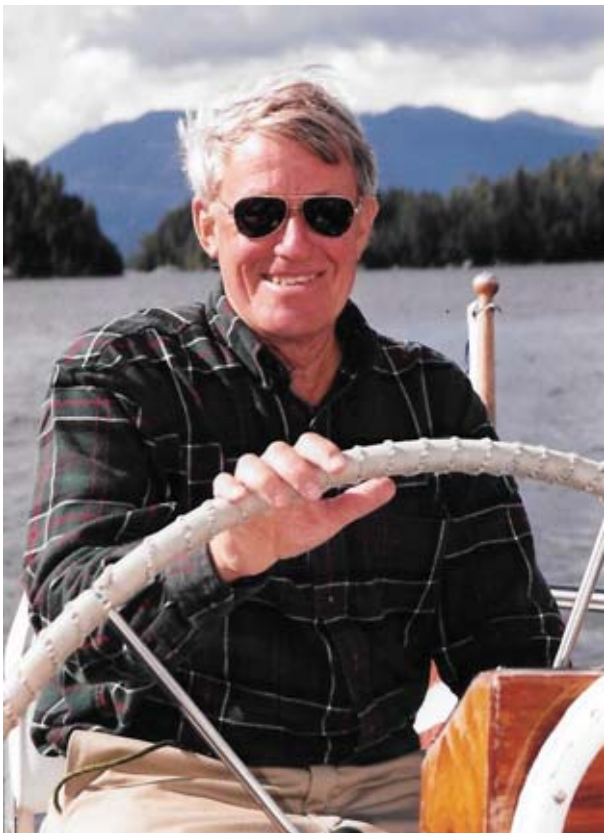
In addition to being a member of the Ocean Cruising Club (elected 1976), the Cruising Club of America, the Gibson Island Yacht Squadron and the Slocum Society, Jud served on the Seaworthiness Technical Committee of the American Boat and Yacht Council – his way of giving back to the sailing which meant so much to him.

Will Passano

Thomas Walker

Thomas Sheafe Walker died from cancer on 30 April. He was born in Boston on 23 August 1932, and his family lived in Chestnut Hill, Massachussets and summered in Duxbury. He attended the Shady Hill School in Cambridge, where his favourite class was shop*, which led to his lifelong passion for tinkering and building. He went on to Phillips Exeter Academy and Yale University School of Engineering, in the class of 1954. In 1960 he married Anne Eiseman and they settled in Manchester, MA.

Tom's first and life-long love was the sea and he liked nothing more than 'messing about in boats'. Summers in Duxbury were spent sailing small boats, but in 1958 he bought *Reva*, a 1928 Tahiti Ketch, and for thirteen summers he and his family sailed (slowly) to Maine.



In 1976 the Manchester Yacht Club was invited to participate in the 150th Anniversary celebrations of the Royal Western Yacht Club of England. This was the opportunity Tom had been waiting for, and he decided to take part. With his son Nat and three other friends he sailed across the 'pond' to Plymouth, England aboard *Shearwater*, a 41ft sloop, where his wife and daughters joined him. After the festivities they continued to France, Spain, Portugal, Madeira and the Canary Islands, then back across the ocean

* An American term for a class in which practical skills such as carpentry or engineering are taught

to the Caribbean and eventually home, the 2800 mile passage from Gomera to Grenada becoming his OCC qualifying voyage. It was a year he had dreamed of, and a year in which he made many life-long friends.

In the years that followed Tom sailed with friends in many parts of the world, including Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, Mexico's Sea of Cortez, Puget and Desolation Sounds in Canada, Turkey, Croatia and New Zealand. He was a member of the Manchester Yacht Club for 50 years, serving as Commodore in 1984/5. He was also involved in founding the Manchester Sailing Association, which teaches sailing to local children.

In addition to the Manchester Yacht Club and the Ocean Cruising Club he was a member of the Cruising Club of America and the Royal Cruising Club and an honorary member of the Clyde Cruising Club. In retirement he went to the 'dark side' and bought a motorboat.

Tom is survived by his wife of 55 years, three children and six grandchildren. He is also survived by his sister Sally Walker Thomson and his brother Tim Walker.

Anne Walker

William G Winterer

William George Winterer, former owner of the historic Griswold Inn in Essex, Connecticut, devout Roman Catholic, fierce defender of free enterprise and personal liberty, raconteur and philanthropist, died peacefully at his home in Boca Grande, Florida on 19 February. He was 81 and had been in failing health for several months.

Bill was born on 7 July 1934 in St Louis, Missouri, the son of a doctor. He graduated from the University of Florida and later earned an MBA from the Harvard Business School. After University of Florida graduation, he became a United States Coast Guard officer and was initially stationed in San Juan, Puerto Rico on the buoy tender *Sagebrush*, and then in New London, Connecticut where he was a navigator of the barque *Eagle* and ran the mess hall at the Coast Guard Academy.

After business school he moved to Phoenix, Arizona and then New York City, where he was an investment banker for Goodbody & Company and later CEO of Florida Capital Corporation. In 1972 he purchased the venerable Griswold Inn and began a second successful 25-year career as a restaurateur and inn keeper. Bill's larger-than-life personality thrived in this setting – he was the ultimate host and entertainer, always putting others at ease, offering a smile and handshake, and regaling audiences with stories for hours on end.

Bill and his wife Victoria contributed to the communities in which they lived. He was a Life Trustee and Founding President of the Connecticut River Museum in Essex, and on the board of advisors of the Goodspeed Opera House, the USS *Constitution* Museum, the National Maritime Historical Society, the Ivoryton Playhouse Foundation and United Bank & Trust Company. He sat on the Connecticut Historical Commission as well as the Boca Grande Historic District Commission, and in 1996 was recognised as Connecticut Distinguished Citizen of the Year.

Bill was an avid yachtsman, who crewed in seven Bermuda races as navigator/cook.

He owned, among others, two noteworthy cruising yachts, a 44ft John Alden-designed ketch named *Axia*, and a 50ft motor yacht named *Victoria*. The Winterers sailed the entire New England coast over the years and cruised the *Victoria* to and from the Gulf Coast of Florida. He joined the Ocean Cruising Club in 1984 following a passage from St Thomas, USVI to Oyster Bay, New York aboard the 48ft *Puffin*.

He was on the selection committee of the America's Cup Hall of Fame and was an inveterate club man. In addition to the OCC he belonged to the New York Yacht Club, four other East Coast yacht clubs, and the Imperial Poona Yacht Club. He also belonged to a number of shore-based clubs.

Bill is survived by his wife of nearly fifty years, the former Victoria Mather Thompson, and sons William Jr, Andrew, Britton and Mark, as well as two sisters and five grandchildren.

Brian Builder, Port Officer Barcelona

Brian passed away peacefully, early in the morning of the 8 June at the age of 71. I only got to know him after he arrived at Marina Port Vell, Barcelona about 12 years ago with his yacht *Magic Wednesday*. After many years in Mallorca he had relocated to the mainland to assist Ocean Cruising Ltd market Island Packet yachts and to run the business generally.

Brian Builder (right) enjoys a glass of wine with fellow OCC members

Brian moved to Spain from the UK as a teenager, and started a sailing school on the Costa Brava, on a beach near Blanes in Catalunya. From there he moved to Mallorca, and established a sailing school, yacht brokerage and shipyard in Puerto Pollensa, where he was appointed Commodore of the Pollensa Yacht Club. Brian added a private pilot's licence to his skills and flew extensively in Europe.

Brian joined the Ocean Cruising Club in 1999, citing a passage from Malaga on the Mediterranean coast of Spain to Nassau in the Bahamas as his qualifying voyage, though he could have offered several others, including the 2750 passage from Gran Canaria to Grenada in his own *Magic Wednesday of Lymington* 20 years later.

Soon after moving to Barcelona Brian attended several of the OCC parties organised by Julia Aspin and David Blackburn, then Port Officers for Rosas. They remember him as being very good company and most generous with his donations to the wine store, and for making a point of telling a different sailing story each time. In 2007 he became Port Officer Barcelona and much enjoyed his duties, giving advice and general assistance to passing members and even inviting them to an occasional barbecue on his large rooftop terrace.

After running Ocean Cruising for several years Brian semi-retired, spending part of his time sailing as well as playing golf regularly. He later met Rosa, whom he married on the beach in Barcelona, a really enjoyable event. They moved to Dos Rios, a small town north of Barcelona, where they opened a dogs' hotel and animal refuge centre, which kept them fairly busy, and then to the Barcelona suburb of San Cugat.

Brian's wife Rosa survives him, as do relatives in the UK.

Tim O'Donovan

John Ridsdel

John was born in the UK, where he began sailing in his father's 47ft sloop, but his family moved to Canada when he was still quite young. He was educated at Upper Canada College, returning to Britain to gain a Masters Degree in Political Sociology at the London School of Economics. Following an early career as a journalist in Calgary he joined a major Canadian oil company, and for the next 25 years worked on projects in some of the more remote and unstable parts of the world – Pakistan, Burma (now Myanmar), South Asia and the Middle East. His last posting was as Manager of a Philippine subsidiary of a major Canadian mining company.

In 2009 John sailed his 47ft Jeanneau Sun Kiss *Danny II* from Europe via the Suez Canal, to Singapore, Borneo and Brunei and then to the Philippines. In August 2015 *Danny II* was berthed in the Holiday Oceanview Marina on Samal Island just north of Dovoa City, which is considered to be one of the safest cities in the Philippines. John was there to participate in a rally through Indonesia and New Guinea departing 1 September, but an illness prevented him from leaving with the rest of the fleet. On 21 September 2015 he was caught up in a kidnapping, together with three other people from the marina. They were taken 600km to a remote island and held there for ransom, but on 25 April 2016 John was killed. He was 68.

An old friend remembers John as 'a brilliant, compassionate man with a talent for friendship. He loved life and lived it to the fullest with his family and friends at the centre. He was a passionate sailor, and particularly loved sailing with his two daughters'.

Francis Williams

Francis Montague Williams was born in Exmouth, UK on 26 April 1942, and lived most of his life there. Both his parents were very keen and experienced sailors in National 12 and International 14 dinghies, and Francis was soon introduced to the natural playground of the River Exe. He learnt his sailing in International Cadets at the Exe Sailing Club, and participated in many local and national events with considerable success. Summer holidays were spent cruising in *Mermaid*, his father's 42ft motor cruiser.

He was educated at St Peter's School, Lympstone and then at Kelly College in Tavistock before reading Civil Engineering at Trinity College, Dublin. He inevitably became a strong part of the university sailing team, and even crossed the Atlantic by liner to race in the USA. After graduation he worked for John Laing & Co in London (meanwhile sailing in National 12 dinghies with home-made sails), before returning to Exmouth in 1969 to join and then take control of the family building firm of Francis Williams Ltd, which had been started by his grandfather.

In the late 1960s he started sailing in the Merlin Rocket class, crewed by Derek Sheffer, and won the National Championship in *Nyaminyami* in 1971. He went on to win the Endeavour Trophy (the Champion of Champions of dinghy sailors) in

Enterprise dinghies the same year, and the Inland Merlin Rocket Championship in 1973. After that he spent three years campaigning Tornado catamarans (then an Olympic class), coming third in the European Championship, and was a reserve skipper for the 1976 Olympics.

In 1970 he married Karen Lyne and in due course Aran, Mark, Ian and Sian made their appearance. In 1975 he bought a Contessa 32, also called *Nyaminyami*, in which he and Karen cruised the coasts of the UK and France with their family for many years, and competed in regattas such as Cork Week and Cowes Week, usually with a family crew and some success. He sailed in the 1979 Fastnet Race aboard an OOD 34, *Charioteer*, which was rolled. Francis, on the helm at the time, ended up outside the lifelines but still attached by his harness. They abandoned the yacht in favour of a French langoustine fishing boat – a wise decision as she was never found.

In 2001 he bought *Nyaminyami II*, a Swan 44, which he and Karen cruised for a season in the Baltic before sailing her to the UK and continuing their cruising. They crossed the Atlantic in the ARC 2004 with Roger North and me as crew, achieving a creditable first in class on the water and on handicap and sixth overall, and this passage became Francis' qualifier for the Ocean Cruising Club. He already belonged to the Royal Cruising Club, and had been Commodore of the Exe Sailing Club in 1998/9 – in the early 1970s Francis Williams Ltd had rebuilt the clubhouse after the old building slid into Exmouth Dock.

Sadly their plans to cruise further afield were scuppered when Karen was diagnosed with multiple myeloma, but they did manage several seasons in the Caribbean and up the East Coast of the United States before sailing back to Europe in the ARC Europe in 2009 with their son Mark and nephew Carl Vining. After Karen sadly passed away in 2011, Francis later enjoyed great happiness with Jane Robertson who shared his passion for sailing and owns her own yacht, *Indulgence*, a Nicholson 35. They again crossed the Atlantic in *Nyaminyami II* in the 2013 ARC, coming second in class and ninth overall, but again their hopes of further cruising were curtailed by illness.

Francis married Jane in February this year and they managed a good Summer cruise to Ireland on *Indulgence*, including sailing past the Fastnet Rock. He passed away in hospital on 19 September 2016, only a few days after attending the 70th anniversary dinner of the Merlin Rocket Association.

Throughout his life Francis maintained a fiercely competitive spirit, whether skiing, in the squash court, on the golf course, or most especially when sailing – even when cruising with his family – a skill and passion that has been passed on to his children.

Jonathan Lyne

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