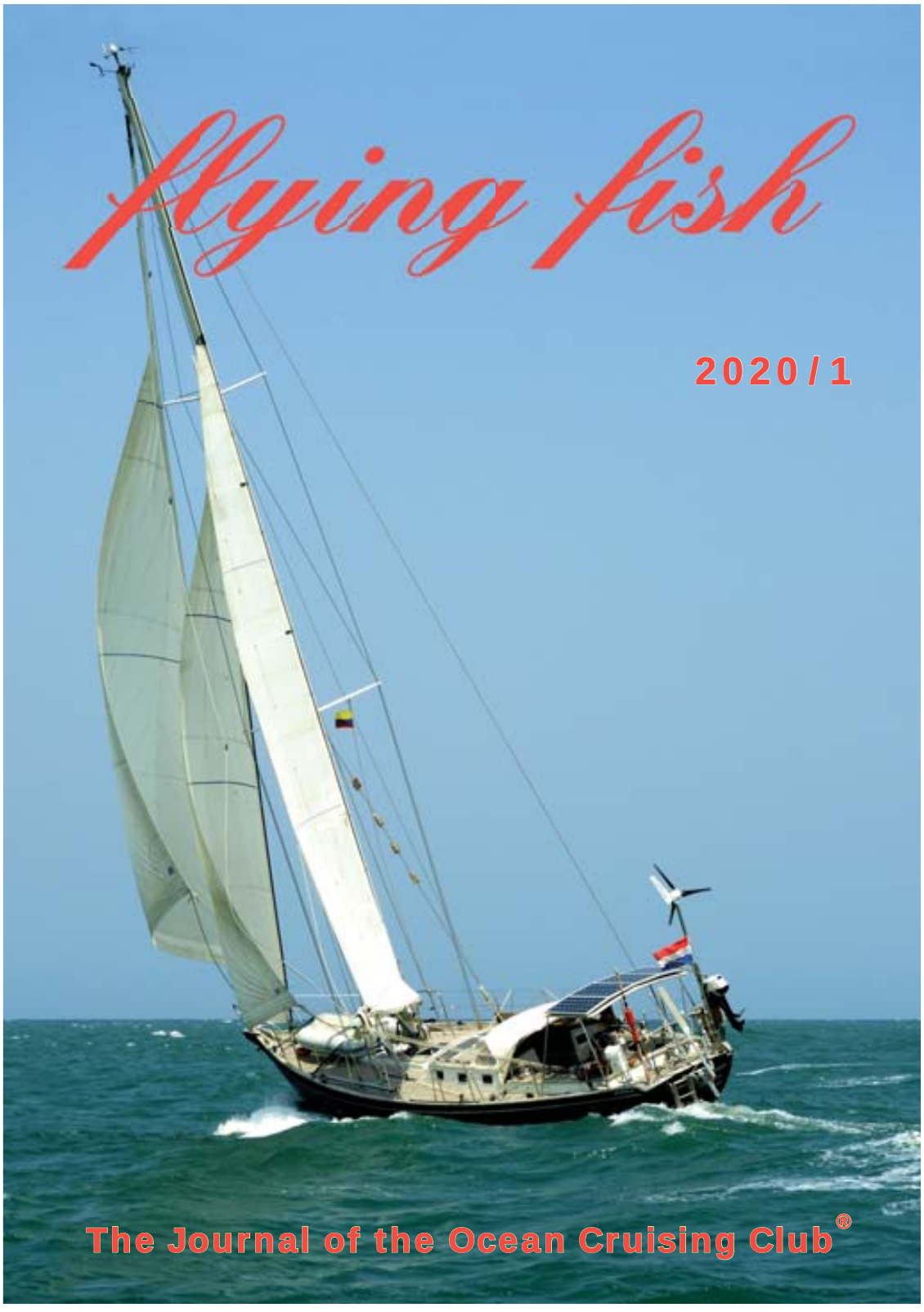

flying fish

2020/1

The Journal of the Ocean Cruising Club®

"I am not afraid of storms for
I am learning to sail my ship."

—Louisa May Alcott

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Welcome to an exceptionally fat *Flying Fish* – other than the 2014/1 issue marking the Club's 60th anniversary the thickest we've ever seen. It was clear by mid-March that it was putting on weight, and as a fatter *Fish* means increased printing and postage costs I checked with Commodore Simon Currin and Treasurer Charles Griffiths that this would be okay. The former replied that, 'In these times of Social Distancing the prospect of a fat *Flying Fish* will be a consolation for many, so fine with me. I suspect that not many cruising accounts will be generated this summer!'.

Knowing how many members are making a dash for home after having their cruising plans curtailed I'm not so sure about his second sentence, and equally time in lock-down may encourage some to dig out their log books and write about cruises made in previous years (there's no time limit). As always I welcome all and any submissions – see page 130 for the practicalities. I gather Jeremy Firth anticipates a possible dearth of items for the September *Newsletter*, and shorter pieces (under 1000 words) should be sent direct to him at newsletter@oceancruisingclub.org ahead of his 20th July deadline.

Returning to the current *Fish*, a further effect of its obesity was the amount of work it generated for my amazing proof-readers. They received their first thick envelope, or virtual equivalent, in mid-February and the final one in the first week of May – five batches in all, spread over nearly three months. Not once did anyone let me down or return their proofs after the requested date, so a round of applause, please, for David, Nicky, Allan, Anthea, Tony, Fay, Brian and Harvey. Any remaining errors are purely my own!

Many non-liveaboard members will have been cruising vicariously during lock-down, so if you've read a book recently which you think other members would also enjoy how about reviewing it for *Flying Fish*? It doesn't have to be newly published, but it *does* have to be non-fiction (except in very special cases), in print and preferably available from Amazon or other major outlets – and, needless to say, to have boats or the sea as its *raison d'être*. Drop me a line at flying.fish@oceancruisingclub.org before starting work though, as it may have been reviewed in a previous issue or a fellow member may already have suggested it.

Still on the subject of books, a note which I'd have put at the end of the Review section had there been space. *Flying Fish* often carries reviews of cruising guides, a fair few of them written by OCC members. All cruising guides are heavily dependent on user feedback, particularly for updates and corrections between editions, and this is greatly appreciated by both publishers and individual authors. For titles published by Imray Laurie Norie & Wilson send your input (text and photos) to editor@imray.com for onward transmission to authors, for other publishers consult their website.

Finally the usual reminder – the **ABSOLUTE DEADLINE** for submissions to ***Flying Fish* 2020/2** is **Thursday 1st October**, but I anticipate a busy autumn (sorry, antipodeans!) so if you can manage mid-September I'd really appreciate it. Thank you!

Cover photo: Jan and Corrie Steenmeijer's Koopmans 45 Livingstone sailing from Santa Marta, Bonaire to Cartagena, Colombia – see 'Sailing the South Coast of Newfoundland', page 27. Photo Rob Heijmerink

THE 2019 AWARDS

As members will be aware, for the first time in its 66-year history our Club was unable to hold an Annual Dinner at which to present the 2019 Awards. This was to have taken place in Annapolis, Maryland on 18th April and organisers Bill and Lydia Strickland, aided by numerous others, had put a vast amount of time and effort into its organisation prior to cancellation on 12th March due to the Covid-19 pandemic.

At the time of writing it is hoped that the 2021 AGM and Annual Dinner will take place in Annapolis, with the intended 2021 location in Cumbria deferred until 2022. In the meantime award winners' plaques are being sent to them by mail, together with an invitation to attend the 2021 Annual Dinner.

Thanks are due to Eoin Robson, chair of the Awards Sub-committee, for receiving the award nominations and overseeing the judging panel. Further details of the history and criteria for each award, together with information about how to submit a nomination online, will be found at https://oceancruisingclub.org/Awards.

THE DAVID WALLIS TROPHY

Presented by the family of David Wallis, Founding Editor of *Flying Fish*, and first awarded in 1991, this silver salver recognises the 'most outstanding, valuable or enjoyable contribution' to that year's issues. The winner is decided by vote among the *Flying Fish* Editorial Sub-committee.

As always there was divergent opinion among the *Flying Fish* Editorial Sub-committee, but nearly everyone included **Helena Klocke** in their shortlist for her articles *SAILING PARADISE: Crossing the Caribbean Sea* in *Flying Fish* 2019/1 and *CROSSING THE PACIFIC: Colón to Tahiti* in *Flying Fish* 2019/2. Among the praise for her articles were 'She communicates the excitement of discovering it all – and does it scarily well in a second (or maybe tenth) language', 'She reminds me of the thrill of my first ocean passages – I hope she has the chance to do more in the future and tell us about them', and 'She just sounded as if she was having so much fun!'.

Helena in San Cristobal, Galapagos

Helena received assistance from the OCC Youth Sponsorship Programme and typifies the kind of young person it was set up to support. After leaving

Kiwa in French Polynesia

high school in Germany in 2017 she spent a year in Italy as an *au pair* before preparing, in March 2019, to join New Zealand member James Joll aboard his Lagoon 450S catamaran *Kiwa* in Saint Martin. Together with a crew which included her mother, she remained aboard until landfall in Tahiti two months later – what she describes as 'the most amazing, intense but also most peaceful time of my life (so far)'.

Kiwa and her crew crossed the Caribbean Sea, transited the Panama Canal, and called in at the Galapagos islands, the Marquesas and the Tuamotu archipelago on their way to Tahiti. In Helena's words, 'Every place we saw was overwhelmingly beautiful and every day was accordingly joyful. I knew I liked sailing from numerous holidays in Ireland, but I did not think that, back home, all I can think about would be how to get back on board next summer. If things work out I would be happy to write another little bit for the *Flying Fish*, if there is any demand'.

As editor I can confirm that there will always be a demand for more of Helena's cheerful and entertaining writing in *Flying Fish* – if not this year then hopefully next.

THE QUALIFIER'S MUG

Presented by Admiral (then Commodore) Mary Barton and first awarded in 1993, the Qualifier's Mug recognises the most ambitious or arduous qualifying voyage published by a member in print or online, or submitted to the OCC for future publication.

The highly-deserving winner of the 2019 Qualifier's Mug was Belgian member **Eugénie Nottebohm**, who joined the OCC following a singlehanded passage from Falmouth to the Azores aboard *Guilia*, her Contessa 32.

Eugénie started sailing with her boyfriend in 2007, aboard a Hallberg Rassy 26. She soon became an enthusiast, attending courses at the French Les Glénans sailing school to add to her

Sailing back to Terceira in July 2019

First solo trials aboard Guilia in July 2017. Photo Marina Piérard

skills and, after treatment for breast cancer and becoming single again, bought *Giulia*. At the time she had no plans to sail alone but, after encountering the perennial problem of friends who said they'd love to crew but were never available, she 'became singlehanded by chance'. She found that the more she sailed alone the more she liked it, and now lives and travels aboard *Giulia*.

Eugénie combines sailing with her passion for painting, finding them complementary in their ability to allow her to connect both with nature and with the places she visits. See *The Art of Going Solo* in *Flying Fish* 2019/2 to admire just a few of Eugénie's evocative watercolour sketches.

THE PORT OFFICER SERVICE AWARD

Introduced at the suggestion of then Rear Commodore Mark Holbrook and first presented in 2008, this award is made to one or more OCC Port Officers or Port Officer Representatives who have provided outstanding service to both local and visiting members, as well as to the wider sailing community.

As in many previous years, the judges were unable to decide between two outstanding candidates for the Port Officer Service Award so two awards were made.

Pam Wall has been an OCC member since 1975 and was Port Officer for Fort Lauderdale, Florida from 2011 until retirement in November 2019. An

extremely experienced cruising sailor and the go-to person for all matters pertaining to the Fort Lauderdale area, Pam has helped innumerable members over the years and earned a well-deserved reputation for 'going out of her way to welcome and assist'.

Together with her late husband Andy and children Samantha and Jamie, Pam set off in 1985 to circumnavigate aboard *Kandarik*, their home-built 39ft Freya sloop. They returned home in 1991 but made several more long cruises, including three Atlantic circuits, aboard *Kandarik*, which Pam still owns. She worked for West Marine for over 20 years, as their Outfitting Manager and Cruising Consultant, and for more than ten years was an instructor at the annual Women on the Water Week at the Bitter End Yacht Club in the British Virgin Islands. She continues to be in demand as a seminar speaker who encourages and educates on the cruising lifestyle.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Port Officer Service Award also goes to **Linda Lane Thornton**, Port Officer for Terceira in the Azores since 2019. Linda joined the OCC in 1982 following a singlehanded Atlantic circuit aboard her Achilles 9 metre *Red Marlin*, which included three years in Barbados working at the British High Commission. In 2002, and married to Andy, they bought a Nicholson Half-Tonner, *Layback*, in which they cruised to Orkney and Scotland, followed in 2006 by *Coromandel Quest* (now simply *Coromandel*), the Nicholson 35 which they still own. They embarked on a five-year circumnavigation in 2007, followed by three more Atlantic circuits before deciding to settle in the Azores.

The story of how Neil and Anne Hegarty were greeted by the news that their Chance 37 *Tam O'Shanter* was taking on water at her berth in Angra do Heroísmo, Terceira while they were on another island appears on page 203, concluding with her brush with Hurricane *Lorenzo* while laid up ashore. Over the following months

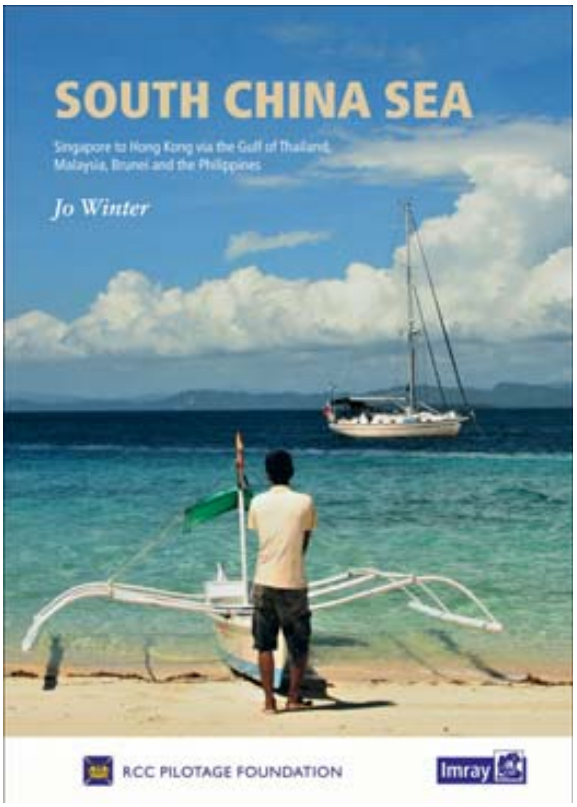
Linda at the helm of Coromandel, with Angra do Heroísmo astern

Linda went far beyond the call of Port Officer duty liaising with the boatyard to ensure timely and effective repairs, welcoming Neil and Anne to meals in her and Andy's home, and repeatedly providing chaufferage to and from the airport. As Neil wrote in his nomination, 'Linda has been a lifeline ... and treated *Tam O'Shanter* as if she was her own. We can never thank her enough'. Those who know Linda will be aware that this was not a one off – she has long gone out of her way to meet fellow cruisers and assist them whenever possible.

THE WATER MUSIC TROPHY

Presented by Past Commodore John Foot and named after his succession of yachts all called *Water Music*, this set of meteorological instruments set into a wooden cube was first awarded in 1986. It recognises a significant contribution to the Club in terms of providing cruising, navigation or pilotage information, and is open to members only.

Many members are also authors and quite a few of the latter write cruising guides. New to their ranks is Jo Winter, winner of the 2019 Water Music Trophy for *South China Sea*, published by Imray Laurie Norie & Wilson Ltd and the Royal Cruising Club Pilotage Foundation and very favourably reviewed in *Flying Fish* 2019/2. It covers the waters from Singapore to Hong Kong via the Gulf of Thailand, Malaysia, Brunei, the Philippines and Taiwan, and looks set to become the go-to source of information for all cruisers, including OCC members, who venture into that sometimes challenging area.



The cover of South China Sea, with Brother Wind in the background

Jo's attachment to southeast Asia has its roots in a backpacking holiday there in 1976, rekindled when she and husband Giles reached Singapore in 2007 aboard their Island Packet 45, *Brother Wind*. Two years previously, with the youngest of their four children at university, they had decided to head off for a 'fast circumnavigation', crossing the Pacific and spending a year in New Zealand, Australia and Indonesia before reaching Singapore.

From there they headed east again, back to the South China Sea, putting their circumnavigation on hold while (to quote the book's preface) they

Jo in the Canadian Rockies in 2019

'spent longer and longer exploring the fabulous cruising grounds of SE Asia, and enjoying the company of the resourceful, friendly people who live here'. When informed of her award by Commodore Simon Currin, Jo responded that, 'All the work of writing the book was in so many ways such a pleasure and reminder of the wonderful local people who befriended us and made us so welcome. We were constantly given so much more than we could ever return in kindness and help. It's funny to realise that many people don't sail those regions because of worries about pirates, when to us it was the kindest, most sensitive, region on earth!'.

Visit Jo and Giles's blog at www.sailblogs.com/member/joandgiles/ to share their travels.

THE OCC EVENTS AND RALLIES AWARD

This award, open to all members, recognises any Member, Port Officer or Port Officer Representative who has organised and run an exceptional rally or other event.

The 2019 OCC Events and Rallies Award goes to **Bill and Lydia Strickland**, Regional Rear Commodores for South East USA. Members since 1996 and 2014 respectively, Bill and Lydia started out racing on Chesapeake Bay – still their home waters – but went on to cruise in the Caribbean, Mediterranean, Baltic,

Bill and Lydia at the 2019 Annapolis Dinner

The Strickland home in party mode. Left to right: Nella and Björn Sjöström, Lydia and Bill, Christina Olsson, Reg Barker, Jan Olsson and Nicky Barker

North Sea and on the East Coast of the USA. Friendships made since joining the OCC have led to cruising invitations for exotic places such as the San Blas Islands, Malaysia and Thailand, as well as being line handlers through the Panama Canal.

Lydia and Bill were natural choices to become Regional Rear Commodores in 2016 and since then have been indefatigable in promoting the Club, contacting new members and organising social events. Each year they organise the Annapolis Fall Dinner which attracts more than 110 attendees, keeping costs low by doing much of the catering themselves. They also support other members organising events around the Chesapeake, notably the Upper Chesapeake Cruise which last year attracted 41 people aboard 18 boats and the Southern Chesapeake Cruise which attracted 32 attendees and 16 boats.

With their reputation, when the prospect of holding the 2020 AGM and Annual Dinner in the South East USA was first discussed by the General Committee, the immediate question was 'will Lydia and Bill be willing to organise it?'. They volunteered without hesitation, researching suitable venues and making all the arrangements for the AGM, talks and meals, including for our prestigious Annual Dinner. Had things turned out differently they would have been presented with their Events and Rallies Award at this year's Dinner, but we are fortunate that they've already agreed to remain in harness for a reprise in 2021 so perhaps it will happen then.

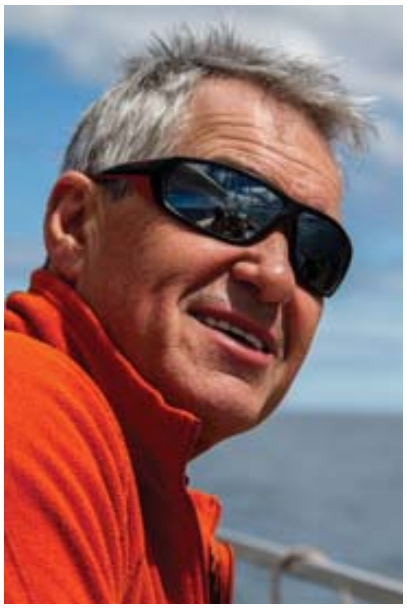
With great modesty, on learning of their win from Commodore Simon Currin they replied that, 'it is our members who have participated in the events that have made them successful, not us. We do appreciate the Club's confidence in us, and it gives us great pleasure to meet so many wonderful people from all over the world in our role as Regional Rear Commodores'.

THE VASEY VASE

Donated by past Commodore Tony Vasey and his wife Jill, and first awarded in 1997, this handsome trophy recognises an unusual or exploratory voyage made by an OCC member or members.

To say that the voyage chosen to receive the 2019 Vasey Vase was 'unusual' is an understatement. Over the course of five years, **Steve Brown** and a variety of crews aboard his purpose-built aerorigged Bestevaer 60C schooner *Novara* circumnavigated the Americas, sailing some 32,950 miles and visiting 175 anchorages, with side trips to Antarctica, the Falkland Islands and South Georgia.

On leaving Camden, Maine in June 2014 *Novara* and her crew headed north, transiting the Northwest Passage (see *Flying Fish* 2015/1 and 2015/2) and reaching Kodiak, Alaska by September. During 2015 she sailed south down the Canadian and US coasts to Mexico, and in 2016 headed down to Ecuador before taking a leg out into the Pacific to visit Easter Island and then continuing southeast to enter the Chilean Channels.



Steve Brown

Early 2017 saw *Novara* pass through the Chilean Channels to reach the Magellan Strait and Beagle Channel, then head into the South Atlantic and northeast to the Falkland Islands where she remained for the Austral winter. Later that year – the southern spring – Steve and his crew visited South Georgia for both climbing and sailing (see Bob Shepton's account in *Flying Fish* 2018/2), encountering hurricane force headwinds on the return passage to Port Stanley. In the same *Flying Fish* is an account of *Novara*'s visit to Antarctica in January 2018, including her grounding in Deception Island in 75 knot gusts, fortunately without serious damage. Heading north again, after a brief stop in the Falklands *Novara* continued to Uruguay and then up the east coast of South America to Grenada, visiting Brazil and exploring the rivers of French Guyana, Surinam and Guyana along the way.

By *Novara*'s standards 2019 was something of an anticlimax, taking in Bonaire, Haiti and Cuba before returning to Maine, though Steve admits that, 'after the cold and extreme conditions

Novara at Deception Island, Antarctica, January 2018

of South Georgia and Antarctica, spending time in the warmth and calm waters of the Caribbean came as something of a welcome relief and gave us the opportunity to share the adventure with our grandchildren'.

The entire voyage was summed up by Steve's nominator as, 'A well-executed, well-completed, successful voyage encompassing several outstanding achievements in their own right.' Visit www.sy-novara.com for more details as well as stunning photos and video.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

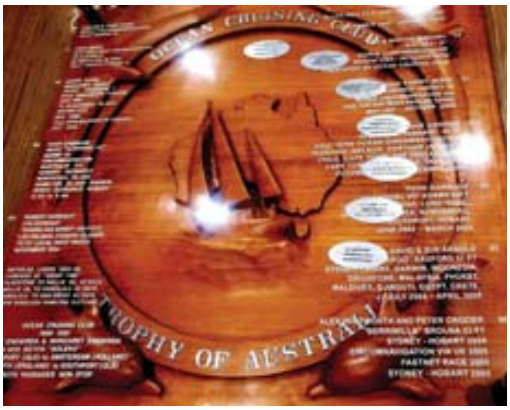
THE AUSTRALIAN TROPHY

First awarded in 1990, the Australian Trophy was donated by Sid Jaffe, twice Rear Commodore Australia. Carved from a solid piece of teak by Wally Brandis, it is awarded for a voyage made by an Australian member or members which starts or finishes in Australia. The winner is decided by vote of the Australian membership.

The 2019 Australian Trophy went to **Joanna (Jo) Breen** following her success in the 2018 Melbourne Osaka Cup double-handed race. She and crew Joanne Harpur achieved second in their division with a time of 39 days over the 5500 mile course, despite her S&S 34 *Morning Star* being the smallest and oldest boat in the 19-strong fleet. The Melbourne Osaka Cup is by far the longest ocean race in the world with a south to north course crossing multiple weather systems and currents, not all of them favourable. The presentation of the Trophy to Jo at the Quarterly Sydney Meet on 17th December 2019 was reported in the March 2020 *Newsletter*.

A member since 2014, Jo grew up in northern Tasmania and started dinghy sailing with the Tamar Yacht Club in 2001 at the age of 12. In 2013 she moved up to

Jo Breen



The Australian Trophy

keelboats, after which she spent four years working as a delivery and charter skipper, including a passage around Cape Horn and a circumnavigation of South Georgia while mate aboard Skip Novak's *Pelagic*. However, being a naturally competitive person offshore racing was always her dream, and following the Melbourne Osaka Cup she replaced *Morning Star* with the water-ballasted *Team Runaway*. She and co-owner David Aplin achieved fourth in their division in the 75th Sydney Hobart Race with the yacht, which Jo plans to enter for next Melbourne Osaka Cup in 2022.

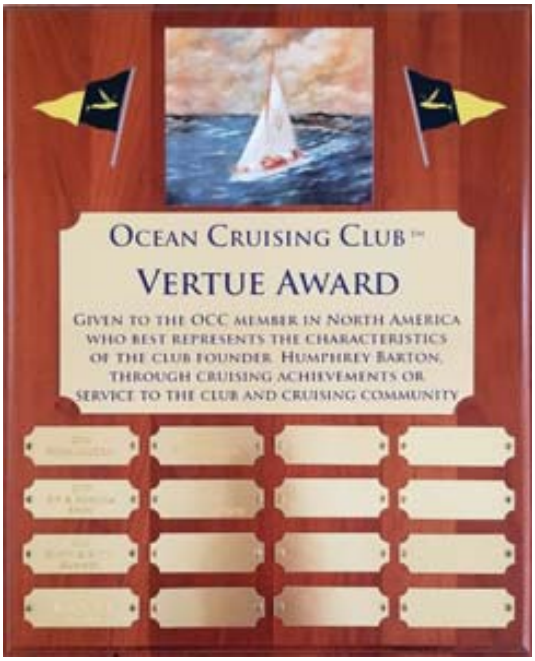
THE VERTUE AWARD

The Vertue Award is presented to a member in North America for an outstanding voyage or for service to the Club. Named after *Vertue XXXV*, in which OCC Founder Humphrey Barton crossed the North Atlantic in 1950, it was created in 2014 to commemorate the Club's 60th anniversary. Awardees are selected by North American Regional Rear Commodores.

As reported in the December 2019 *Newsletter*, the 2019 Vertue Award went to **John van-Schalkwyk**, known to most as simply van-S. A man who embodies the spirit of the OCC as an accomplished sailor who is always ready to assist others and has innumerable friends on both sides of the Atlantic, van-S has given generously of his time and many skills in the service of the OCC.

Although based for many years in Jeddore, Nova Scotia, van-S learned to sail in England as a teenager

John van-Schalkwyk with his 'keeper' Vertue Award



The Vertue Award in its 'permanent' form

and later bought a 31ft gaff cutter named *Morning Star* for family sailing. In 1987 he replaced her with *Morning Watch*, the handsome 35ft Luders-designed sloop which he still owns. He initially sailed her out of Cataumut on Buzzards Bay and around New England, then – having qualified for the OCC aboard *Pacifico* with Jerry English, sailing from the Chesapeake to Antigua in 1994 – took *Morning Watch* south to the Caribbean in 2000, returning in 2001 first to the Chesapeake and then to Nova Scotia. Maritime/Atlantic Canada has been his main cruising ground ever since, punctuated by a couple of passages down the Intracoastal Waterway to Florida and back. Between times he has sailed as 'knowledgeable crew' with many other skippers, both OCC members and not (though many have since joined), including on several Atlantic passages.

In May 2010 van-S volunteered to become Port Officer for Halifax, Jeddore and the Eastern Shore of Nova Scotia, winning the Port Officer Medal, as it then was, two years later. Still in post ten years later, he has consolidated his reputation for assisting fellow-sailors with their boat-related problems, either from his own considerable knowledge or because he 'knows the man who knows'. Friendly, reliable and modest, there are few who better embody the spirit of our Club.

THE OCC AWARD (MEMBER)

The Club's oldest award, dating back to 1960, the OCC Award recognises valuable service to the OCC or to the ocean cruising community as a whole. It was decided in 2018 that two awards should normally be made each year – one to a member, for service to the OCC; the other, open to both members and non-members, for service to the ocean cruising community as a whole.

In addition to making separate OCC Award categories – 'Member' and 'Open', in 2019 two awards were made in the former, both to long-serving members of the Club's core team.

Frances Rennie joined the OCC in 2001 and became involved almost immediately, volunteering for a wide variety of different tasks over the years. She will be best known

Frances Rennie

to most members, however, as Administrator/Moderator of the OCC Facebook page, a role she took on at its formation in 2012 and continues to handle on a daily basis with unswerving dedication. Among the other volunteer jobs which Frances has handled at different times were Regalia sales in the early 2000s when orders were still placed by e-mail and paid for by cheque, stints as stand-in secretary to cover holiday absences, and six years running the Scottish Regional Dinner. In 2014, as part of the Club's 60th Anniversary celebrations she produced an OCC Cookbook (still available from https://oceancruisingclub.org/Publications) and two years ago became Port Officer for Ardrossan on the west coast of Scotland. Frances's sailing experience includes a transatlantic passage in 1999, followed by cruising the waters around western Scotland, Northern Ireland, Galicia, Madeira and the Azores.

Frances was an early enthusiast for social media as a way of staying in touch with distant family, first via Bebo and then with Facebook, so when the Committee endorsed a suggestion that the Club should start a Facebook group, Frances immediately volunteered to take on the administration. Under her guiding hand it has become a tremendous resource, accessed by nearly a third of our members. Extremely busy, with many interactions every day, it is a significant communications vehicle for the Club and in particular for those members in remote parts of the world. Two spin-offs, both suggested and run by Frances, are the OCC Treasure Chest Facebook page for members with items to sell or buy and the OCC Kids group. She has also assisted members wishing to start pages for specific purposes or regions of the world.

Frances's most recent task has been to co-ordinate all our Facebook groups under a central OCC Facebook page, as the many groups were splintering the OCC's presence on the web. The ongoing admin includes responding to queries, checking requests to

join to ensure they come from members in good standing, removing any member who resigns from the OCC, and removing posts which do not follow the rules, handling all issues diplomatically but firmly. Frances demonstrates a level of commitment that is exemplary for other volunteers.

☆ ★ ☆ ★ ☆

Jenny Crickmore-Thompson will be known to many members as the wife of Past Commodore John Franklin, with whom she has attended many OCC events around the world. A relative latecomer, to sailing who shared some of her novice learning curve in an article in *Flying Fish* 2014/2 entitled *Red Knickers*, Jenny joined as an Associate in 2005, qualifying for Full Membership the following year.

Following John's election in 2012 Jenny swiftly became involved in the running of the Club, earning a reputation for her organisational skills and hard work. One of the first tasks she took on was to put new life into our network of Port Officers and Port Officer Representatives which, though long established, had become somewhat disorganised over the years. Her first action was to contact the 180 or so listed, only to learn that several were no longer alive and at least three dozen of the others felt ready to retire. This was a salutary experience after which Jenny remained in regular contact with the entire network, ensuring that only those keen to participate remain in post while those preferring to retire gracefully are able to do so.

Rear Commodore Jenny Crickmore-Thompson

At Jenny's suggestion a 'job description' was drawn up so that new appointees would know what was expected of them while established POs were reminded of their responsibilities both in the 'meet and greet' sphere, by providing information about their area for the website and, where appropriate, organising social events. An ongoing drive to expand the network to ports not previously covered means that we now have nearly 240 POs and PORs around the world, including in remote spots such as the Black Sea, Chile (two), Namibia, St Helena and Vietnam, while in 2013 the Club recognised five Port Officers who had been in post for 50 years or more.

In 2019 Jenny reached the end of her maximum two terms as Port Officer Co-ordinator. The General Committee accepted that they were unlikely to find a replacement with the same level of commitment and energy, so restructured to spread

the load over three GC members – see page 4 of the current *Members Handbook*. While this award primarily recognises Jenny's seven years as Port Officer Co-ordinator, she has also handled numerous other tasks. She was co-founder, with Frances Rennie, of the OCC Facebook page in 2012, became chair of the Awards Sub-committee the same year and, following election to the General Committee in 2013, organised or co-organised several major OCC rallies as well as four AGMs and Annual Dinners. In 2014 she was appointed Regional Rear Commodore GB and in 2018 elected one of the Club's two Rear Commodores.

THE OCC AWARD (OPEN)

This award, which can go to either a member or a non-member, recognises valuable service to the ocean cruising community as a whole.

In 2014, and with little knowledge of sailing, Riley Whitelum flew from his native Australia to Europe to buy a boat, purchasing a seven-year-old Beneteau Cyclades 'from three arguing Italians'. He named her *La Vagabonde*. While sailing in the Greek islands he met Elayna Carausu and since then they have sailed some 85,000 miles, including the Mediterranean, Caribbean, and both Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. In 2018 they replaced their Beneteau with a new Outremer 45 catamaran and in December of that year were joined by son Lennon (Lenny), who has spent most of his life aboard.

Riley and Elayna aim to inspire others to explore alternative ways of living via their highly professional website at https://sailing-lavagabonde.com/ and, since 2014, on their YouTube channel *Sailing La Vagabonde* which, with some 1,200,000 subscribers,

Elayna and Riley with son Lenny aboard La Vagabonde

La Vagabonde, an Outremer 45 cat

far outdistances any other sailing channel. In November 2019 they offered climate activist Greta Thunberg and her father a 'lift across the Atlantic' to enable her to attend the COP 25 global climate change conference in Madrid without compromising her 'no flying' principles. Unsurprisingly, at that time of year the three-week passage from Virginia to Portugal included gale force winds and 6m seas, but it generated attention in the general media which spread the message worldwide that sailing can be a truly sustainable activity.

Their nominator wrote, 'They have done more to inspire others to try sailing than just about anyone before them, and have made cruising under sail an affordable and sustainable alternative lifestyle option. They've been filming it all on YouTube since 2014, initially as a way to keep family and friends informed. In addition to being featured regularly in the sailing press, they have also have been interviewed by many general-interest media outlets including *CNN* and *The Guardian*. They now have a sailing tutorial that teaches people how to go about learning to sail. This all supports the OCC's founding purpose of encouraging long-distance sailing in small boats.'

THE OCC JESTER AWARD

Donated by the Jester Trust as a way to perpetuate the spirit and ideals epitomised by Blondie Hasler and Mike Richey aboard the junk-rigged Folkboat *Jester*, this award recognises a noteworthy singlehanded voyage or series of voyages made in a vessel of 30ft or less overall, or a contribution to the art of singlehanded ocean sailing. It was first presented in 2006 and is open to both members and non-members.

Few cruisers today sail more in the spirit of *Jester* than **Dan Stroud**, who in 2017 set out on an ultra low-key, low-tech circumnavigation via Cape Horn aboard his 48-year-old

Aisling, Dan's Rustler 31. Photo Murdock McGregor

Rustler 31 *Aisling*. He has no refrigeration (though he did fit a wood-burning stove), no shower, no watermaker, no radar, no AIS transmitter, no HF/SSB radio and no windlass, and while he does have a chartplotter he prefers to navigate using an 80-year-old sextant inherited from his uncle. His one piece of 'modern' equipment is a Monitor wind vane which has worked perfectly throughout.

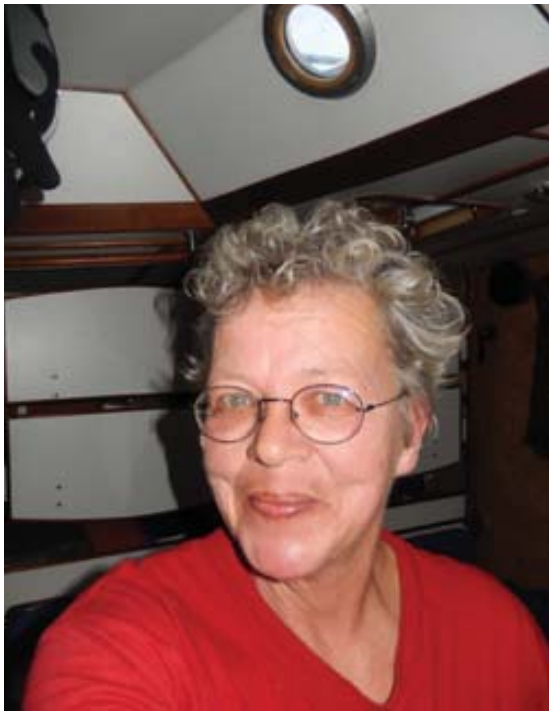
Turn to page 147 to read Dan's own account of his circumnavigation from the UK as far as South Africa.

THE OCC SEAMANSHIP AWARD

Donated by Past Commodore John Franklin and first presented in 2013, this award recognises feats of exceptional seamanship and/or bravery at sea. It is open to both members and non-members.

The 2019 OCC Seamanship Award goes to non-member **Susanne Huber-Curphey** from Germany, who in 2017 won the Barton Cup for her singlehanded transit of the Northwest Passage. On this occasion the award recognises her participation in 'The Longue Route 2018',

Nehaj in Iceland on her maiden voyage in 2015. Photo © Susanne Huber-Curphey



Susanne just before landfall in Tasmania following more than 30,000 miles at sea. Photo © Susanne Huber-Curphey

organised to celebrate the 50th anniversary of Bernard Moitessier's role in the original Golden Globe Race. Having circumnavigated via the Five Great Capes aboard her 11·9m cutter-rigged *Nehaj*, instead of heading north up the Atlantic Susanne chose to continue towards the Pacific as Moitessier had done, circling Australia before heading back westwards.

On learning of her award Susanne wrote, 'I am delighted by your news to award the OCC Seamanship Award to *Nehaj* and myself! It means a lot to me and I feel very honoured. It was a long-distance trip in harmony with nature and with my good boat'. As of the end of January, Susanne estimated that she had sailed some 255,000 miles in all, 89,000 of them aboard *Nehaj* over the past 4½ years, ranging between 74°N and 56°S. Turn to page 93 of this issue to read John Franklin's account of her achievements, illustrated by many of her own photographs.

THE OCC LIFETIME CRUISING AWARD

First presented in 2018 and open to both members and non-members, the OCC Lifetime Cruising Award recognises a lifetime of noteworthy ocean voyaging.

Australian Honorary Member **Jon Sanders**, who receives the OCC Lifetime Cruising Award for 2019, made his first solo circumnavigation between 1975 and 1977 aboard *Perie Banou*, an S&S 34. Since then he has completed a further nine, beginning his eleventh last October at the age of 80. In 1982 he completed a double west to east non-stop circumnavigation in the Southern Ocean, becoming the first person

***Perie Banou II* prior to departure on her current voyage**

to circumnavigate the Antarctic singlehanded in the process. This won him the 1983 Chichester Award, presented by the Duke of Edinburgh, as well as an OBE from Prince Charles.

In 1986/88 Jon made a triple circumnavigation in *Parry Endeavour*, a 47ft sloop, again singlehanded and non-stop, spending 658 days at sea and sailing 71,022 miles – recognised in the *Guinness Book of Records* as the longest distance sailed non-stop by any vessel. His only contacts with the outside world during this time were via electronic communication and a couple of parcels of mail thrown to him from another vessel. In 1988 he bought *Perie Banou II*, an S&S 39 built in 1971 and extensively refurbished to handle severe conditions. 1990/91 saw a further circumnavigation, as did 2010/12 and 2013/15, while in 2016/17 he completed his tenth.

Jon's current voyage, again in *Perie Banou II* and singlehanded although not non-stop, is due to take him west via the Cape of Good Hope to the Caribbean, through the Panama Canal and across the Pacific via the Galapagos to Tahiti, New Caledonia, Fiji and Tonga before returning to Australia. A committed opponent of the plastic waste increasingly polluting our oceans, Jon takes daily water samples while at sea for analysis by the Department of Organic & Isotope Geochemistry of Perth's Curtin University to determine the quantity of microplastics in our ocean – see www.noplasticoceans.org. While Covid-19 restrictions have delayed Jon's progress he is still expected to complete the voyage, though probably not in the eight to twelve months originally planned.

Over the years Jon has received the Cruising Club of America's Blue Water Medal, and been inducted into the Australian Sailing Hall of Fame and the Singlehanded Sailor's Hall of Fame in Newport, USA. In 2015 he was elected an Honorary Member of the OCC. Jon's sailing résumé is unmatched in the cruising world – in an acceptance speech for one of his many awards he noted that 'I have crossed the Indian Ocean 15 times, the Atlantic 11 times and the Pacific 12 times ... cleared the Cape of Good Hope 10 times and Cape Horn five times ...'. And that was five years ago, before his tenth circumnavigation!

THE OCC BARTON CUP

The Club's premier award, named after OCC Founder Humphrey Barton and donated by his adult children, twins Peter Barton and Pat Pocock, the Barton Cup was first presented in 1981. It recognises an exceptional or challenging voyage or series of voyages made by an OCC member or members.

Californian member **Randall Reeves** received multiple nominations for the 2019 Barton Cup, most coming from eminent sailors including several circumnavigators. It recognises his successful completion of the Figure 8 Voyage aboard *Moli*, a record-breaking singlehanded circumnavigation of both the Americas and Antarctica in one season – a first ever in sailing. His regular postings at http://figure8voyage.com/blog/ were followed in real time by numerous members, whom he referred to as his 'virtual stowaways' and who were encouraged to feel themselves part of his team.

Randall's first attempt at the challenge, between October 2017 and June 2018, ended abruptly after *Moli* suffered three knockdowns in the Southern Ocean. He limped into Ushuaia on the Beagle Channel before continuing to Tasmania for repairs and finally returning to San Francisco. His tenacity and perseverance were exhibited when, less than four months later, he was on his way again. After 375 days, 306 of them spent at sea, and more than 39,000 miles, he finally sailed under the Golden Gate Bridge on 19th October 2019 having rounded Cape Horn twice, circumnavigated Antarctica, and returned home via the Northwest Passage. He carried enough food and other supplies for the entire voyage, although it was never intended to be completed non-stop, and had to keep moving throughout to ensure that he remained within the seasonal sailing limits of each region. The planning and seamanship that went into the voyage were exemplary.

Randall learned to sail on the rivers of central California and developed an early

Randall and Moli

passion for singlehanding, often 'borrowing' the family boat for solo ventures when his father was away. While in college he interviewed Bernard Moitessier for his campus radio station, a meeting that changed his life. His own solo passagemaking began in 2010 – a two-year, 13,000 mile circuit of the Pacific in a 30ft ketch which sparked the idea for the Figure 8 Voyage. His preparations for the challenge included years of research, an extended hunt for the right vessel, and sailing the Northwest Passage east-to-west in 2014 as crew aboard *Arctic Tern*, a 50ft steel cutter.

Randall Reeves aboard Moli

It was during that trip that he first encountered *Moli*, then named *Gjoa*, at Arctic Bay in northern Baffin Island. Many members will remember her as *Taonui*, in which Tony Gooch made a solo non-stop circumnavigation in 2002/03 – she can be seen on the front cover of *Flying Fish* 2003/2. A 45ft aluminium sloop built in 1989, she was designed specifically to sail high latitudes in safety and reasonable comfort, her construction including three watertight bulkheads and tankage for 800 litres of water and 850 litres of diesel.

Amongst Randall's many nominators was one member who wrote, 'we met Randall in January 2011 when he anchored behind us off Cabo San Lucas, Mexico. He had just made his first ever offshore jump in his 30ft *Murre*. We spent numerous days sharing sailing stories with Randall. Was there something 'special' there? No. What there was was a young man who loved sailing, who could articulate life at sea and grew exponentially as a sailor over time. Randall is a fine example of an ordinary sailor becoming an extraordinary sailor through skill building, careful planning and true grit.

On learning of his win from Commodore Simon Currin, Randall wrote, 'Thank you very much for your kind e-mail. Of course, one does not set out on an attempt like

Moli in the ice

the Figure 8 Voyage for the purpose of winning an award but that doesn't make it any less sweet. I'm quite honored at the recognition, especially given that the Club is made up of so many sailors of deep ocean experience. Moreover, as you know, I have been the unwitting recipient of OCC resources in far-flung ports like Ushuaia, Hobart, Halifax and St John's, Newfoundland. As we would say in the States, the Club has really saved my bacon. It was a masterful stroke of luck for me that Tony Gooch insisted I join'.

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SAILING THE SOUTH COAST OF NEWFOUNDLAND
Jan Steenmeijer

(*Corrie and Jan come from the Netherlands and have been sailing together for many years. In the past they were on board almost every weekend from early spring until late in the season, but were limited to a single four-week cruise during the summer. Now retired, they've been 'on the road' aboard* Livingstone*, their aluminium Koopmans 45 cutter – which features on this issue's front cover – since 2015. They crossed the Atlantic in 2017, intent on 'seeing the sights but mostly sailing', and so far their voyage has covered more than 25,000 miles. Follow it at www.sylivingstone.com, currently in Dutch only, but readily translatable online.*)

In March 2019 we left Bonaire and, via Colombia, Panama and Jamaica, sailed up the East Coast of America for the second time. What an experience, to wake up in Newfoundland and see our surroundings. Mountains and multi-coloured houses are all around us, the only thing we hear is a waterfall and the sun is peeping over the mountaintop. A 'good morning *Livingstone*, welcome to François Bay!'. Although we are quite satisfied with where we are, we see some concern from a local who is afraid that we have caught the anchor line of the pontoon. We do not share his concern, but get the anchor and move a little further away. A small effort, right?

We are eager as young cattle to go up the 'mountain' – that is what we have missed lately – but we soon discover that we are dressed too warmly. On the water it is quite chilly, but on land it is already nice and warm as we walk up the Cove Trail in jeans, sweater, shoes and socks (when was the last time we wore those?). We meet Greg, who quickly shows us the other trails that we can walk from the village and says that

François Bay


QUEBEC
ÎLE D'ANTICOSTI
NEWFOUNDLAND
Gulf of St Lawrence
Rose Blanche
48°N
St John
MAGDALEN ISLANDS
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
NEW BRUNSWICK
CAPE BRETON ISLAND
ST PIERRE & MIQUELON
MAINE
Halifax
Shelburne
NOVA SCOTIA
SABLE ISLAND
60°W
Gulf of Maine
Atlantic Ocean
N
48°30'N
St George's Bay
NEWFOUNDLAND
48°N
Grey River
Doctor Harbour
Burgeo
BEAR ISLAND
Grey River
Jerts Cove
François
Channel Port aux Basques
Rose Blanche
Garia Bay
Cinq Cerf Bay
RAMEA ISLANDS
La Hune Bay
Cape La Hune
François Bay
47°30'N
To Nova Scotia
58°W
Atlantic Ocean
57°W

A short trail

Pitcher plants up the mountain

if we have dirty laundry or want to go online, 'please, be my guest'. Being able to use the internet is a particular blessing because the Nova Scotia contract with provider Bell ($155 per month, and then made out in the name of a complete stranger) does not work here nor, as we will find out later, in several places along the south coast of Newfoundland). It is also very nice to have our sheets thoroughly washed in an 8kg washing machine on hot (a big difference from swirling in a 2·5 kilo drum, although we are very happy with that method too).

When we get up next day it is sunny, but by the time we hit the road it is already quite cloudy and when we have just started our climb the rain falls steadily. We experience first-hand how quickly the weather in Newfoundland can change, but even knowing that we do not turn back (it can get dry again quickly?) and we continue climbing. We have opted for the Friar Trail and we will not be discouraged by a bit of rain. The only thing the weather achieves is that we keep going at a quick pace. We have our

Picnic on the Friar Trail …

… and the view from the top

planned picnic while standing up, shivering slightly, but skip the planned swim in one of the many mountain lakes (we are already wet) and so are back within three hours. We are a bit wet but we enjoyed it a lot.

Newfoundland, with the emphasis on *New* and the rest is mumbled after that, has a fast-declining population. The government has already disbanded many villages (some have completely disappeared) and is trying to concentrate the population in certain places along the coast. The question is whether that will succeed in François Bay. Despite all kinds of subsidised facilities, such as a satellite connection through which internet and television is available in the entire village, there are only six pupils in the local school. The young people are leaving, and the majority of the 90 people who live here are our age, so the big question is – what about in another 25 years? We see some similarities with the north of the Netherlands, but with the emphasis on *some*, because the shrinkage problem in Groningen is child's play compared to that of Newfoundland.

We decide to spend longer in this region. We are here now and it is way too beautiful to just zip through. We decide not to sail back to the US until September or October. Although very tempted, we do not head southeast when we leave the fjord of François Bay and pass up on the French islands 40 miles away. No pâté, no wine, no baguettes. We can do without the pâté, *le pain qui je fais moi-même est formidable* and I cannot comment on the amount of wine that's under the cabin sole.

We therefore head west, and in just under two hours we are turning into La Hune Bay. It takes almost as long to get anchored, the fjord is so deep, but then you are in an incredible place – a private bay with a beach that leads to a river with clear, delicious, fresh water. We are lucky with the weather because it is sunny. On board it is cool because there is a strong breeze, but on the beach it is very nice – time for a book (Corrie) and a nap (me). The sun warms the fine gravel over which the water slowly seeks its way, and I sit/lie with my body on the warm stones, immersed in the clearest (cold) water I have ever felt. What a sensational place!

La Hune Bay

You have to know about Grey River, otherwise you would just sail past it. The entrance to this fjord is very well camouflaged. We have a good chart and a plotter so it is a piece of cake for us, but would that have been the case in the past, when people first came here? We know from the chart what is behind the curve, but back then? We have perfect sailing conditions from La Hune Bay so we go like a missile. The plan was to get out of the fjord with the current and back into the Grey River with the current, but we are too early, so we slowly make our way inwards against 2 knots of current. Once inside the current is not so bad, and we pass Jerts Cove, a settlement of only 50 inhabitants, to sail the six miles to the back of the fjord, another amazing place.

We are told that there are no man-made trails here but that if we go ashore we can follow a 'deer trail' – just our kind of thing, right? At the beginning we are a bit insecure, but soon we see tracks (hooves and droppings) telling us where we should go, and eventually we end up like Moose and Moosa in a place with an amazing view over the fjord. On the way back we almost do it at a trot (Corrie even feels two bumps on my head). In the afternoon the watermaker needs attention, but with new water in the tanks happy hour can be celebrated exuberantly again and we prepare for Bear

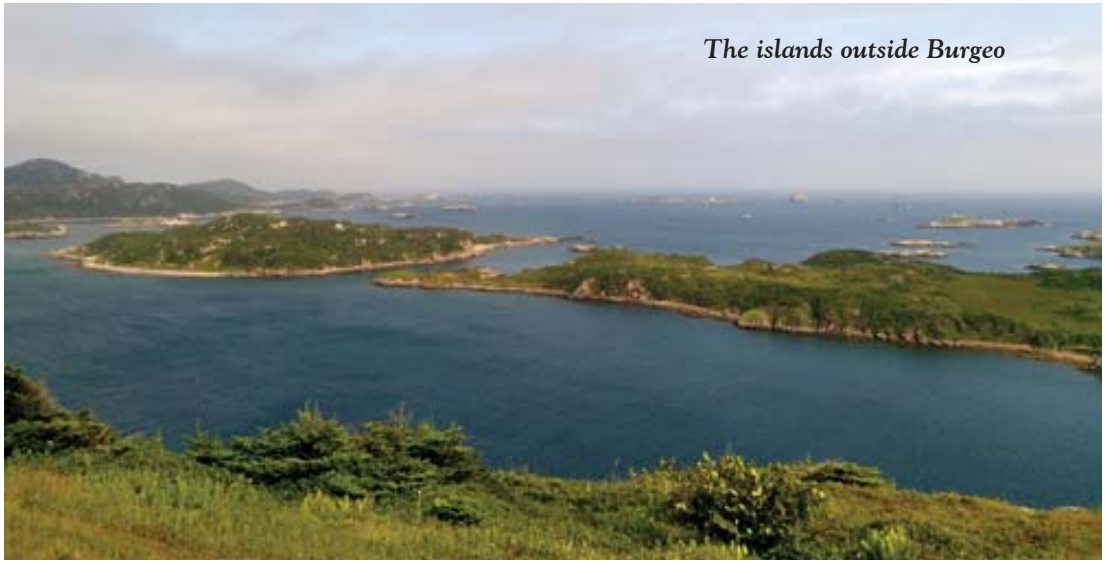
Moose and Moosa

Ramea Island, with Livingstone alongside the town pontoon

Island, our next stop ... but first we let the tide go up and down again two more times.

On the way to Doctor Harbour on Bear Island my phone suddenly starts ringing and the apps and e-mails roll in. It is a mystery to me how that is possible, but always nice when you are at sea and messages arrive, especially if you have not been online for five days. The connection lasted so briefly that we completely forget to download new weather reports, but it is quiet when we drop anchor in Doctor Harbour and will remain so as long as we are there alone. No sound, no ripple on the water, just the two of us.

The internet signal must have come from the Ramea Islands. For the much-needed communication we sail there, although it is a bit out of our way, but when we get there and secure to a pontoon the world opens up to us again. We go for a walk and meet a man from the Canadian Coast Guard who sits for 8 hours every day in his



The islands outside Burgeo

lighthouse high on the mountain. He is happy to be able to have a chat, having already spotted us at sea. In under four hours we have walked around the entire island and we commence our housework. It's raining and the foghorn is howling every 15 seconds, so why hurry? We stay for the day.

It promises to be a beautiful sail to Burgeo with 12–14 knots of wind forecast – perfect conditions. The drinking water on Ramea Island is praised for its quality so we fill up our tanks and then head off, ten miles to the west. Unfortunately the forecast does not come true, so we float and float. Only in the afternoon does the wind come up and we get our sail to Burgeo.

As beautiful as the weather was yesterday, so depressing it is now – one day great, followed by weather that is nice for a while but not for long. It is abundantly clear that autumn is making its appearance. We are in the boat today with the heater on, but tomorrow the weather may be different. A day in Newfoundland is like Vivaldi's *Four Seasons*. The beautiful moments alternate at lightning speed with the lesser ones, and when you think 'the jacket can come off' you may find you are wrong. We did not see much of Burgeo. After rain with a lot of wind we got fog – and how! Time to sit close together inside by the stove.

Then next day you wake up under a clear blue sky as if it had never been otherwise, though the optimistic 'only a T-shirt' is immediately punished outside because a clear blue sky does not mean Caribbean temperatures. With a nice wind from behind we sail to

The most beautiful place …

Culotte Cove on Cinq Cerf Bay in a few hours. With clothes on, of course. The *Cruising Guide to Newfoundland*, 2012 edition, speaks of a sublime bay with a good landing spot for the dinghy, indicated by an old lobster pot – and I'll be damned if it's not still there! With pain in our hearts we raise the anchor at noon the next day and sail to our next anchorage, Garia Bay, late in the afternoon. Again the well-known ritual, 'We will anchor here, oh see, there, oh there it is beautiful …' and so we spend quite some time deciding on a place for the night. It is completely unnecessary, because wherever we lower the anchor it is equally beautiful, if not more beautiful, until the most beautiful place…

Minke whales between Garia Bay and Rose Blanche

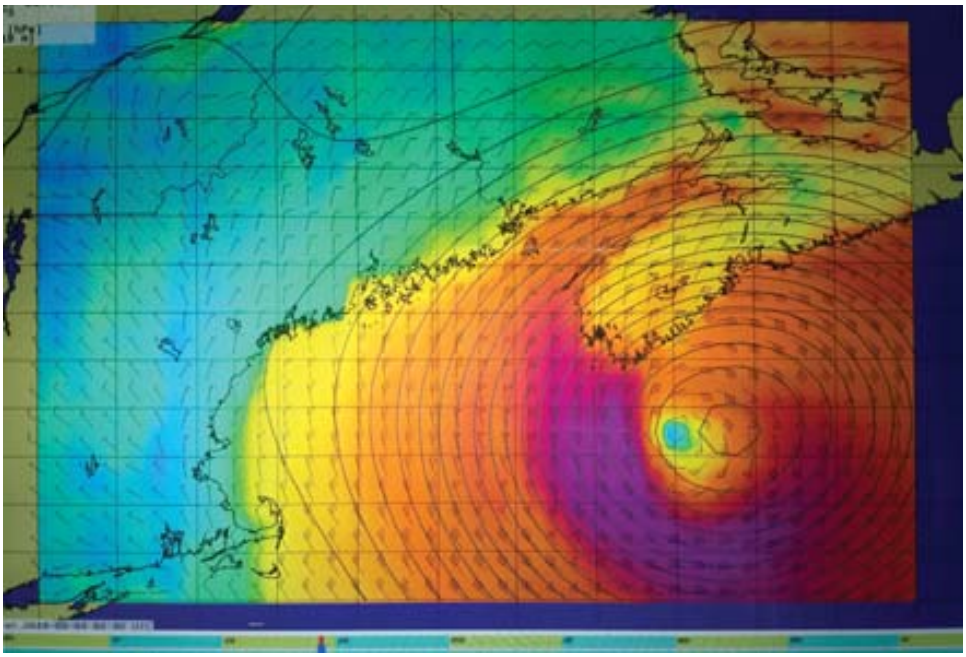
Unlike many other ocean sailors, we have never seen whales. I am not waiting for such an animal to suddenly raise its head next to the boat and shout, 'Hi, I'm Wheelie' (it would be the fright of your life) but we still wonder why 'they' get to see them and we don't. We are rewarded for the long wait on our trip from Garia Bay to Rose Blanche. First a bit of spraying, and then a black monster waving up and down very slowly – what an animal, certainly as large as *Livingstone*. As a precaution I retract the keel, because our black underwater shapes are a bit alike and I don't want to be jumped. One moment they are there and the next they are gone and the sea is empty and flat again. Business as usual for us.

The weather in Newfoundland is already in autumn mode. When we arrive at Rose Blanche we find a super place in the town harbour in the middle of the settlement (it is no more than that). We are very lucky because a few fishermen are cleaning cod, slicing up the fish with razor-sharp knives. They ask if we also like to fish. 'Yes, but we are not that successful' appears to be a good answer as, when all the fish guts have been cleaned up, a kilo of filleted cod is brought to our boat with the advice to first let the fish lie for a day. Next day there are

Stormy weather seen from the lighthouse at Rose Blanche

force 9 Beaufort winds (±45 knots) outside but we hardly notice them. It's an ideal day to walk to the lighthouse via the mountain paths. With difficulty we keep going, glad we are not at sea now. What a wild sea and what a wind – salty from the spray we return.

There is no mobile internet in Rose Blanche, but the town office provides a solution because staying connected to the world is nice and it's important to have an up-to-date forecast every day. We just had one storm and now, courtesy of the Canadian Hurricane Centre, we see Tropical Storm *Erin* approaching. We are so well sheltered that we decide to stay right there, so have time to explore the area further. Fortunately it is not too bad because at the last minute *Erin* decides to turn away. We sit and enjoy the sun in the cockpit – so much for the predicted rain and wind.



Tropical Storm Erin, as forecast by the Canadian Hurricane Centre

When *Erin* arrives we remain comfortable, but with the approach of Hurricane *Dorian* it is important to leave Newfoundland quickly*. Normally you never sail towards a storm, but now we have to because the south coast, where we are, will be hit hard and the only option is to go south. In 2½ days we are in Halifax, but once there we decide to continue to Shelburne on the southeast side of Nova Scotia, and sail on to the US from there. It is like the calm before the storm, because we have to use the engine the whole way – 19 hours in thick fog – and in the meantime *Dorian* is getting closer.

* Hurricanes and Tropical Storms are named alphabetically, but in this case Tropical Storm *Erin* (duration four days: 26th–29th August) reached the northern US and Canada more than a week before Hurricane *Dorian* (duration 15 days: 24th August until 7th September). See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/2019_Atlantic_hurricane_season.

Hurricane Dorian, 24 hours before the eye came over us

The new weather report that we get in Shelburne makes us decide to return to Halifax. The crossing to the US gives too many uncertainties, Shelburne has too little shelter, and the course of *Dorian* indicates that it will bend further away from the coast of Nova Scotia, which means less wind in Halifax. Although *Dorian* is heading north

The Northwest Arm of Halifax Harbour at the height of Hurricane Dorian

so are we, so we have a day in Halifax to prepare the boat for the storm. It's all hands on deck, because in the time that we've sailed to Halifax *Dorian* goes a step further and shifts its course back to the coast. We even see the eye coming right over Halifax. We can do nothing except make the boat as bare as possible to reduce windage and find a good spot. Then we can only sit and wait. The rain is splashing on the deck, the wind is howling through the rigging and we even have to hold on because we are swaying so much.

Suddenly it is quiet – the eye – and we can take a quick look outside to see how things are looking. Incredible! But just as fast as the wind decreased it starts to roar again, but from the opposite direction, and it's back to sitting and waiting. We try to play a game of Rummikub* but the tiles fly off the table, we try to read something but that's not easy either, so we just keep 'chilling' because the noise is deafening. We listen to the Halifax radio station, appropriately named Breeze, where they constantly repeat that this is the strongest hurricane since *Juan* in 2003, which caused a lot of damage here. Back when it was a category 5 hurricane *Dorian* stayed in the Bahamas for more than a day, but here in Halifax (meanwhile reduced to category 1, fortunately) it moves very fast and after our anchor watch we can go to sleep late at night. The wind is 'only' blowing force 6–7, but for us it feels like it's flat calm.

We went through a hurricane. Are we proud of that? No, no way – it is disappointing that we were not able to avoid it. What we feel good about is that we took all precautions (it was a bit of work) to weather the hurricane as well as possible. I can tell you that it was just not fun ... and we will never know who would have won the Rummikub.

* Rummikub is a tile-based game for two to four players, combining elements of the card game rummy and mahjong.

FROM THE GALLEY OF ... Daria Blackwell aboard *Aleria*

Bloody Aleria

Ingredients

- 1½oz vodka
- 4oz V8 juice
- ½ tsp horseradish
- squeeze of lemon juice
- ½ tsp Worcestershire sauce
- 2–3 drops Tabasco® sauce
- dash of Pickapeppa® Sauce
- 1 lime wedge
- salt and pepper to taste

Shake all ingredients (except the lime and celery) and strain into a tall glass over ice cubes. Add the wedge of lime and serve with a stick of celery and a smile. *Sláinte*!

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Jeanneau SO 54


Wauquiez PS 40

Winner Jean-Luc Van Den Heede, Rustler 36


Roberts 44


XC 45


Columbia 43


Southerly 135


Allegro 33

ECH$_2$O Tec Watermakers

watt&sea Hydrogenerator

★ ☆ ☆
HYDROVANE
SINCE 1968

STEERING THE DREAM

CROSSING THE POND
Sarah McKernan and Emily O'Carroll

(*Experiencing ripped sails, sea sickness and countless sunsets, two Sea Scouts – and recent OCC Youth Sponsorship recipients – cross the Atlantic Ocean.*)

Never in a million years did we think we would sail across the Atlantic Ocean. Having grown up in a small seaside village, we spent most of our childhoods sailing, kayaking and rowing in the Irish Sea. Eager little beavers, we both joined our local Sea Scout group and yacht club where, at the age of ten, we became great friends. Our sense of adventure was magnified by our wonderful years exploring the outdoors from a young age, so when we both went to university we became active members of the sailing, surfing and kayaking clubs. We spent every other weekend gallivanting along Ireland's Atlantic coast, returning home to count down the days until our next trip.

We soon finished college and began planning our next big adventure – travelling South America. There was only one thing in our way, the Atlantic Ocean... Amongst the options open to us in order to achieve this dream, sailing across sounded like a pretty cool way to begin our trip. Feeling like small fish in a big pond we had no idea where to start but nonetheless we powered on, trying to turn our vision into a reality. Scouring the internet for crewing opportunities became our new favourite hobby. A lot of dead ends later and on the verge of giving up, we could barely believe it when we were offered berths aboard SY *Ultima*, an Oyster 56 owned by Jon and Angie Barkway. One good thing led to another and we were granted OCC Youth

Jon and Angie

SY Ultima

Getting used to our harnesses in the anchorage at Mindelo. Left to right: Charlie, Emily, Angie, Sarah and Kimbo

Sponsorship – at this point we really couldn't believe our luck!

So our journey began. We flew into São Vicente in the Cape Verde on 7th January 2020, full of excitement and nerves. Our skipper, Jon, was there to greet us when we arrived at the marina at Mindelo, and we headed to the Floating Bar to meet the rest of the crew. Within the first ten minutes we knew we'd hit the jackpot – what a great bunch of people! Our crossing crew was seven in total: Kim (soon to be known as Kimbo), a seasoned sailor with a craicing sense of humour and classic Irish charm; Charlie, our resident joker from London and great company; Angie, our first officer, talented cook and lovely boat mum; Jon, our skipper and rockin' '80s DJ; and last but not least, Batman, our beloved feline friend. What a crew!

We motored over to the anchorage and spent the day acquainting ourselves with *Ultima*, our gorgeous new home. Following safety and rigging briefings it was time for a cup of tea and this is when we came across our first issue ... our tea was extremely salty ... oops, there goes the watermaker! The night before setting sail this wasn't ideal but we were able to stock up the next day, counting our blessings that it had come to light before leaving. Next day, after some final checks, we set sail from Mindelo at 1400 in a somewhat dramatic departure. Somehow the headsail of a boat anchored behind us had come unfurled and, with high winds in the anchorage, they had lost control and were coming straight for us. A rapid lift of our anchor and a quick manoeuvre by Jon, and we bade farewell to Mindelo.

Batman takes his safety seriously…

Rocky, rolly weather arrived soon after we left and brought with it big waves and high winds. We were aware that the first 48 hours would be rough, but Jon said to hold faith and that the conditions would improve – at least that's what we kept telling Sarah who, before even saying

Emily admiring a beautiful Atlantic sunset

goodbye to land, was hit with some good old-fashioned seasickness. Soon after that we lost the phone signal and sight of Cape Verde – from this moment on we were at the mercy of the sea, nervous but so excited for the voyage ahead. We'd never been anywhere so remote before and had no idea what to expect – Atlantic Ocean, let's be havin' ya!

The adjustment to life at sea took a while. Simple tasks, such as pouring water from the big water bottles, chopping fruit for our porridge and even just walking around, suddenly became strenuous. However, it didn't take us long to settle in and Sarah's seasickness soon passed. We were all so excited to see her standing up again ... even the flying fish were thrilled, so much so that within her first few minutes on her feet one hit her in the face! We were well and truly underway!

The first week at sea mainly consisted of shuffling around one another and finding our feet. Night watches were still a novelty and, no matter how tired we were, the stars never failed to amaze us against the clear, dark sky. We were fortunate enough to have hydraulic winches and furlers, but unfortunate enough to be sleeping directly below them. This made for some challenging nights' sleep but soon became our night-time lullaby.

After the first few days of sailing with the jib poled out, the rough seas gave way to fair winds and it was time to hoist the spinnaker. We both learnt a lot as we'd never seen a set-up with double poles before – it was very exciting. The spinnaker went up really well and we were flying – wind speed of 18 knots and making 11 knots. At this rate the thought of a ten-day crossing wasn't too far-fetched and with light winds forecast we kept the spinnaker up overnight.

Jon and Emily delighted with our poled-out spinnaker

Fast forward to the next morning, when we woke up from the first smooth night yet. Suddenly we heard a loud crack, and through our hatch saw the starboard pole fly over the bow and to the port side. 'Everybody up', we heard, and we hurried to help. The wind had picked up during the night and, with strong gusts putting the poles under pressure, we now had a tricky situation. Harnessed up, we tried our best to lower the rogue spinnaker in one

… but it took a team effort to recover it

piece but, despite our efforts, challenging conditions meant it ripped on the way down and we were back to sailing with the jib poled out.

Aside from this hiccup the rest of the crossing was generally plain sailing. We spent much of our time reading, soaking up the sun and chatting. Kimbo was just about to complete her Yachtmaster qualification, so during the slow days (of which there were many) we passed the time by helping her revise. One of the coolest aspects was being able to predict the weather fronts roll in from the clouds above and so practise what we'd learnt.

By day 4 we decided it was in all of our best interests to start showering! Our broken watermaker meant we had to get creative with our showering techniques and, still in the early days, we were reluctant to use our freshwater supply. With Sarah's sick bucket no longer in use it was re-purposed as the shower bucket (having been thoroughly cleaned first!). This was great fun – we had a good laugh chucking water over each other, and it was lovely to be clean again even we were a little salty. All part of the experience!

Seawater bucket showers on the stern

We'd almost forgotten about our very quiet fishing line trailing aft, until a strong tug on day 7. Lo and behold, something more substantial than seaweed or a squid had caught the line – an extremely large fish (see overleaf). No challenge too big for our resident chef Angie though, who wasn't afraid to get stuck in and prepare it. Lovely fresh Atlantic wahoo for dinner, yum!

With the exception of abundant flying fish we didn't see much wildlife on the crossing. We were starting to wonder if there was anything out there at all until, on

our 11th day, we were blessed with a pod of about 15 dolphins which stayed with us for about an hour. They were beautiful – dancing in unison and weaving in and out so elegantly, it really was a highlight of the trip! Our radar and AIS were quiet for the most part of the crossing too. We couldn't be the only ones out there, we thought, but it was only in our last couple of days that we spotted another sailing vessel, the first since leaving Cape Verde. We knew we must be getting close now!

Jon and Charlie with the wahoo

A few hours into our 15th day, and 30 miles from Barbados, we spotted the glow of civilisation. We hadn't experienced light pollution in two weeks, and as we neared the island it was sad to see the stars slowly disappear. Knowing there really wasn't long to go was bittersweet – we were excited to reach land and catch up with our families, but sad to close the door on this marvellous adventure.

We dropped anchor at 0400, our eyes peeled as we motored around the other boats in the anchorage. Safely settled, with silhouettes of palm trees in the distance, we went to bed full of excitement to see the Caribbean island in daylight. It did not disappoint – the place was truly beautiful and after scrubbing the decks and checking in at Port St Charles the celebrations commenced! We had made it, we had crossed the Atlantic Ocean!

Two happy heads having crossed the Atlantic!

We would like to take this opportunity to say a massive thank you to everybody at the OCC for the huge support and encouragement we received. It was an experience of a lifetime and we feel truly privileged to have had the chance to make this crossing. It wouldn't have been possible without the warm welcome from Jon and Angie, who kindly invited us to join them aboard *Ultima*, for which we are extremely grateful. Last but not least, big thanks to Kimbo, Charlie and Batman – we really made one hell of a crew!

A SOLO NON-STOP CIRCUMNAVIGATION AROUND THE SOUTHERN OCEAN'S FIVE GREAT CAPES

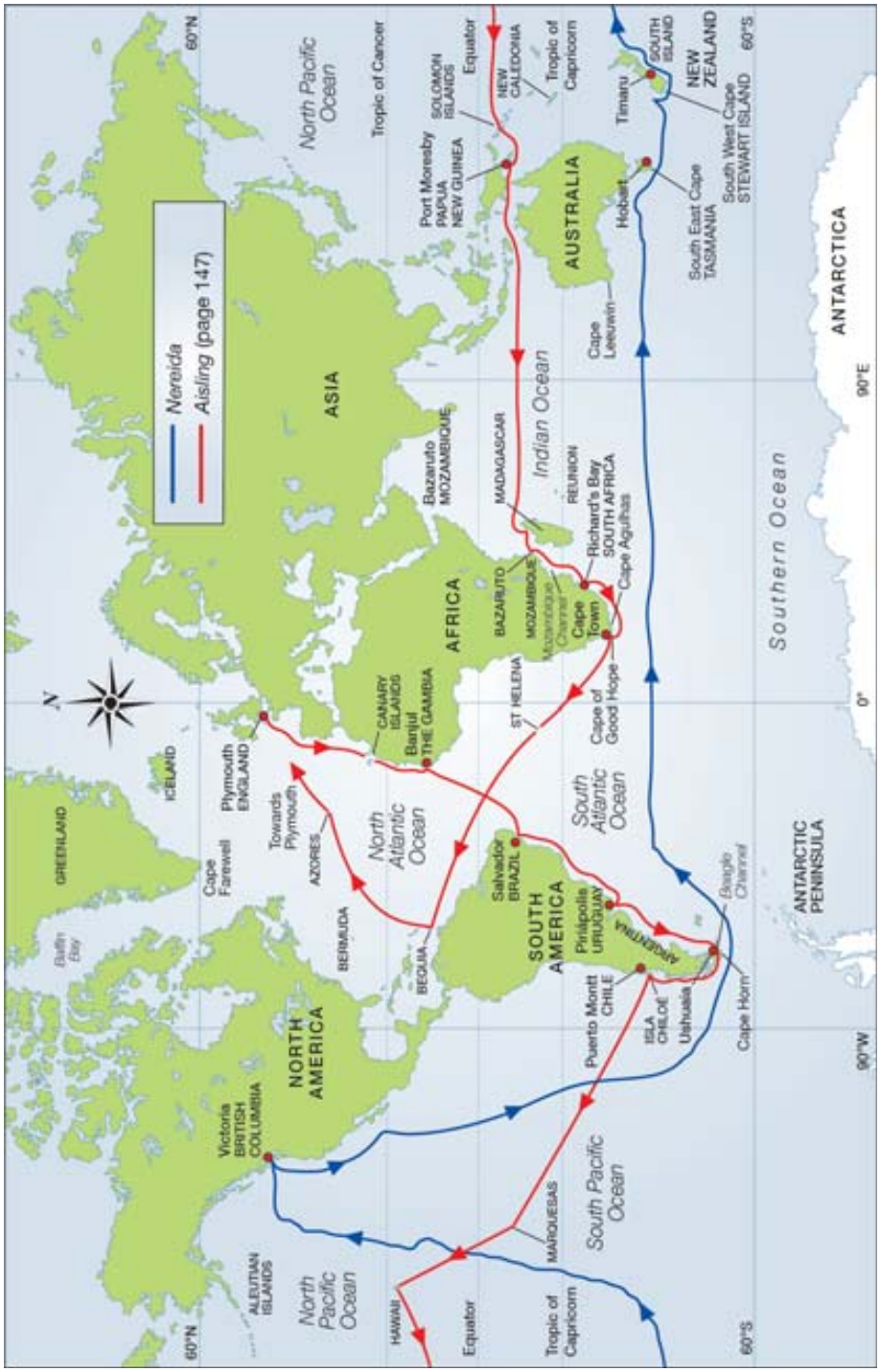
Jeanne Socrates

(Jeanne and her Najad 380 Nereida need little introduction to OCC members – or to the wider sailing public for that matter. She began her first solo circumnavigation in 2007 – for which she received the 2008 Rose Medal – followed by the Barton Cup for 2013 following her first solo, non-stop circumnavigation (albeit at the third attempt) completed at age 70. In 2014 she was presented with the Cruising Club of America's Blue Water Medal, followed by the Royal Cruising Club's Seamanship Medal. Most would have settled back to rest on their laurels, but not Jeanne...)

I'm writing this while in quarantine in West Australia during the Covid-19 pandemic. I made many radio friends in Australia while sailing south of the country last year and two of them have made me welcome while I sit out the 'lockdown' here. I travelled overland from Sydney as the crisis developed, meeting and being 'hosted' by other radio friends as I explored the country ... until forced to stop. All my remaining planned meetings and talks, several to yacht clubs, have been cancelled due to the pandemic, of course.

What an amazing welcome we had on our arrival back in Victoria, BC in September 2019! There were so many boats with friends wanting to wish me well and escort me towards the finish line. People were crowded onto the Ogden Point breakwater, many having waited since morning. More boats came as the day progressed – it was lovely to see so many familiar faces after so long away. After being becalmed overnight, occasional short-lived gusts gave a false impression that the wind was picking up, but it remained determinedly light and mostly from almost dead astern making it difficult to reach the line.

Nereida passing Race Rock on her return to Victoria, BC. Photo John Greene


Nereida
Aisling (page 147)
ASIA
AFRICA
AUSTRALIA
NORTH AMERICA
SOUTH AMERICA
ANTARCTICA
ANTARCTIC PENINSULA
North Pacific Ocean
North Atlantic Ocean
South Atlantic Ocean
South Pacific Ocean
Indian Ocean
Southern Ocean
Tropic of Cancer
Tropic of Capricorn
Equator
60°N
60°S
0°
90°E
90°W
N
GREENLAND
ICELAND
Baffin Bay
Plymouth ENGLAND
Towards Plymouth
Cape Farewell
AZORES
BERMUDA
BEGUIA
CANARY ISLANDS
Banjul THE GAMBIA
ST HELENA
Salvador BRAZIL
Piriápolis URUGUAY
ARGENTINA
Puerto Montt CHILE
ISLA CHILOÉ
Ushuaia
Cape Horn
Beagle Channel
Victoria BRITISH COLUMBIA
ALEUTIAN ISLANDS
HAWAII
MARQUESAS
Bazaruto MOZAMBIQUE
MADAGASCAR
BAZARUTO
Mozambique Channel
REUNION
Richard's Bay SOUTH AFRICA
Cape Agulhas
Cape Town
Cape of Good Hope
Cape Leeuwin
Port Moresby PAPUA NEW GUINEA
SOLOMON ISLANDS
NEW CALEDONIA
Hobart
South East Cape TASMANIA
Timaru
SOUTH ISLAND
NEW ZEALAND
South West Cape STEWART ISLAND

A Canadian Navy Fireboat display. Photo James Holkko

As we neared the harbour both the Canadian Navy and Victoria Harbour Fire Boats came out and gave magnificent displays from their water jets – the Navy boat seeming often to spin on the spot, forming a moving curtain of water. Eventually, just before 1700, the wind came up a touch more and we were able to get closer, finally drifting across the finish line in almost no wind to a cacophony of horns and cheering. There was another big welcome waiting ashore as we were towed to the dock.

Thus ended my fourth solo circumnavigation and my second successful non-stop one. I had become the oldest person to have sailed alone, non-stop and unassisted around

Greeted by friends on stepping ashore, 7th September 2019. Photo James Holkko

the world via the Five Great Capes of the Southern Ocean – despite a long catalogue of challenges along the way that had to be overcome in order to keep going.

In 2016 I had started two non-stop, unassisted circumnavigation attempts, also from Victoria, on 19th October and 13th November. They ran into weather and gear-related problems and both attempts were thwarted. A major three-day storm off Oregon in October, with winds gusting to near 60 knots and correspondingly big seas, caused damage requiring a return to Victoria and, despite sailing a lot further south on my re-start, I was forced to pull in to San Diego in December for urgent repairs. I planned to re-start, again from Victoria, in 2017 but a nasty fall from a ladder at deck-level onto the hard just a week before my planned departure caused serious neck, rib-cage and internal injuries which resulted in postponing that year's attempt to October 2018. This time I expected to be at sea for seven or eight months, but a surprising number of problems caused my journey to take just over 11 months to complete so that, instead of arriving back in early June, I eventually (and with great relief!) made landfall on 7th September 2019.

Provisioning is always of interest since all the food for my time at sea had to be with me from the start of my journey. Fresh eggs turned daily lasted several months, fresh onions and potatoes lasted most of the way, and I also had plenty of canned and dried food – meat, fish, seafood, vegetables, rice, pulses, cereal bars etc. (My switched-off fridge became a dry locker.) I also had UHT milk* and fruit juices to supplement my water supply, which was boosted by a desalinator, with dried milk in reserve. Because I'd provisioned so generously I didn't run out of food (except digestive biscuits!) despite taking so much longer than expected. Nevertheless I did lose a lot of weight, which I put down to a lack of regular exercising of arm and leg muscles, with infrequent winching and no running around the deck!

When storms were expected I'd use the big pressure cooker to make thick, hearty meals-in-a-soup which lasted four days or more. Everything to hand went into those soups, which I started by pre-soaking a variety of beans overnight, then frying some onion, chopping potatoes and adding diced ham, lentils, barley, tomatoes, sweetcorn, green beans, chick peas ... and some excellent bouillon paste for extra flavour. When the ocean temperature, and therefore the boat, is at only 6–10°C (43–50°F) for long periods it's morale-boosting to have plenty of hot, nutritious food quickly available with little effort.

My initial course took me almost due south down the Pacific, which meant that for over two months my time zone did not change. Once into the Southern Ocean, the frequent change of time zone can be quite confusing to the body and mind – quite soon it becomes more a matter of sleeping when tired and eating when hungry. Breakfast would often become brunch but, seas permitting, I always tried to cook an evening meal – before sunset, while daylight was good. Sunrise and sunset were enjoyable markers and other fixtures were daily radio scheds on ham radio or cruiser nets, and real-time downloads of weatherfaxes. An important event was noting the daily 1900 GMT position to give a 24-hour run which was incorporated into a blog posted to my website each day. Notable high points were observing a total lunar eclipse on 21st January 2019 in the South Atlantic, and later that year, on 2nd July, a near-total solar eclipse while heading back north up the Pacific.

* Ultra High Temperature, sometimes referred to as Long Life.

Fishing fleets caused me concern on several occasions. On 9th November we were just outside the French Polynesia Fishery Zone, 600–700 miles east of Polynesia, surrounded by seven fishing boats displaying weird MMSI numbers such as 111111650 on AIS, so presumably illegal. The screen did not display their call signs or IMO numbers and their status was shown as 'Not defined'. All their AIS transmissions were missing a lot of information. I got no response when I tried calling on VHF but they kept well out of my way. Heading back up the Pacific the following July I was forced to heave-to for more than six hours to avoid a problem with several Chinese fishing vessels nearby at night. Again there was no reply on VHF, but NZ MRCC* were very helpful and, several phone calls later, Beijing MRCC came back to say that I was safe to sail on north.

A selfie in the Pacific, November 2018

Many people have asked how I coped with the loneliness of being at sea for so long – but I talked each day to people on land around the world using my HF/SSB radio (which was also used for e-mails and weather info), so I wasn't quite alone! That regular radio communication with so many people made a big difference – far more so than the occasional satellite VOIP calls that I was also able to make using the Aurora system I'd been kindly loaned. VOIP calls are only one-to-one (and expensive), whereas a group of people can join in a (free!) radio session – very helpful in emergencies or when trying to troubleshoot equipment problems. I frequently received highly supportive emails, frequently from people unknown to me who had come across my daily blogs, which were often copied to my Facebook pages by friends. That support, from so many who were willing me to succeed, became important to me when things were looking bleak – I often felt as though they were with me in spirit aboard *Nereida* – I couldn't let them down!

So what were the problems that resulted in my voyage taking so much longer than anticipated?

I met with far more stormy weather in the Southern Ocean than I'd previously encountered, interspersed with large, unavoidable, high pressure areas which often gave days of little useful wind. I found myself having to avoid many more deep lows headed southeast into the Atlantic from South America, in addition to the usual Southern

* Maritime Rescue Coordination Centre, in this context at least.

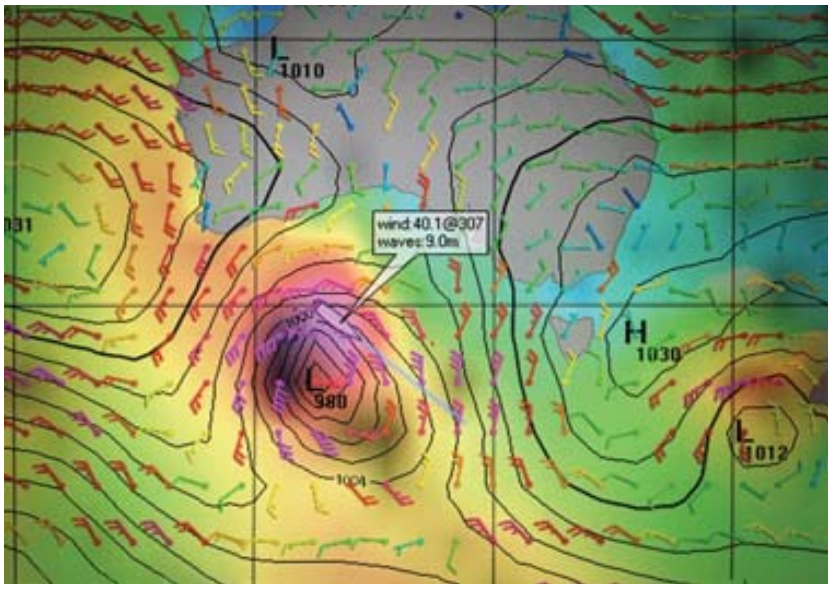
Ocean lows, and the doldrums definitely lived up to their frustrating reputation. I also suffered from a lot of gear failures – despite, in 2016, re-rigging in readiness for this attempt and all sails being either new or nearly so. I had a wide range of spares and tools aboard but I still lacked one or two items (eg. a riveter and a tap and die set / thread-cutter) that could have been helpful.

Of course, taking more time at sea than expected meant that much more wear and tear on everything, culminating in my discovering that the steering cable had chafed badly just as I was approaching Cape Flattery at the entrance to the Strait of Juan de Fuca on my homeward leg. I was seriously concerned that, if it gave way close to the frequent shipping in the Strait, I'd have to get a tow on the very last day of my voyage, negating all my efforts up to then! As it turned out, my jury-rig worked well enough but the wind kept dying and we were at the mercy of an ebb tide while between a rocky shore and the shipping lanes...

Other problems that cropped up were not so very unexpected – such as the seawater pump impeller failing in the small diesel generator that backed up the two 150 watt solar panels and the Superwind wind generator on overcast, windless days. Poor design meant that I had to remove the pump unit in order to reach the damaged impeller, so I kept a second pump handy. Also not entirely unexpected were electrical problems, including failed solar panel connections and wiring, both to the batteries and to the charge controller. These started on 17th October and, despite a lot of time and effort trouble-shooting and re-wiring, were not finally resolved until 21st November, 35 days later.

Removing the seawater pump unit on the back-up generator

I'd previously found that adhesive-lined, heat-shrink butt connectors exposed to the marine environment succumb to corrosion with time, and eventually replaced them with screw-on connectors. Replacing the four connectors just below the solar panels on the stern arch meant working perched over the stern, clipped onto the backstay, with one arm around the backstay for stability in the swell. Reaching up to expose, cut, clean and replace the eight connectors on the solar panels above my head with multimeter, cutters and crimper was a real challenge! Of course this was all being done in between sailing the boat and dealing with other repairs – problems with both headsail foot shackles, the staysail, the wind display, reefing line, reefing strops, etc.



The storm south of Australia

Other failures, while lying to my Jordan Series Drogue in two major storms south of Australia around Easter, were of the plotter and connected instruments, including the wind display which had already been erratic and which eventually gave up. I had cleaned the plotter's circuit-breaker terminals thoroughly after the instruments all went down on 3rd November, and that helped initially, but now it would only run if separated from all other items in its circuit. The autopilot control head (a spare one) had to be independently wired to the course computer in order to keep the autopilot functioning, important as the windvane steering had been put out of action. Melbourne's harbour was very tempting... The battery bank started to fail near the start of the Pacific homeward leg but, surprisingly, I was able to persuade it to take a decent charge again. On nearing landfall I powered up the dedicated depth display from a nearby 12 volt outlet.

I had plenty of spares for running rigging and, after the first reefing line failed, I ran the line outside the boom, adding blocks to lead it forward from the boom end to the mast. Other breakages occurred in the topping lift, the mainsheet traveller line, the genoa car lines and both lazyjacks. The starboard lazyjack gave way three weeks before Cape Horn – as I began to reef I heard a sudden noise and saw the lines were flying around. I managed to grab one end but the other was high up in the shrouds. Not having that lazyjack to hold the sail became an ongoing nuisance until, eventually, we reached Timaru, New Zealand.

For the first time in all my voyages I had major sail problems, with either the genoa or the mainsail being unusable for several weeks, which obviously added noticeably to the time taken. The genoa became unusable twice – for five weeks from 4th December after it landed in the sea when the furling line came undone, and for three weeks from 19th August after it was shredded in strong winds.

Two weeks before reaching Cape Horn I unfurled the small staysail and furled in the genoa, ready for more wind, but as I put a turn of the sheets around the furled genoa to keep it safe in strong winds, I heard a noise – the end of the furling line had become disconnected from its drum. The big headsail rapidly unfurled itself and began madly flapping in the wind, with its sheets lashing out at everything around ... nightmare! I had to stop it from flogging and get it down. I heaved-to and pulled in on the upwind genoa

The genoa partly overboard …

sheet to keep the foot of the sail inboard. To lower it meant releasing the halyard bit by bit, going forward in between to try to grab as much of the loose sail as I could and bring it inboard. I managed most of it, but some ended up in the sea. That still left the furling line problem – if the genoa was to be used again the furling line needed to be fixed back securely onto the drum, with plenty of spare turns so the problem didn't repeat ... not as simple a job as it sounds.

Getting the genoa out of the sea while hove-to worked well using a block, rope and winch, but it required a lot of work. Then it had to be doubled and re-doubled and lashed down safely on the side deck, which the seas were washing regularly. I finally replaced the furling line on 23rd December and untied, untwisted and hoisted the sail on 7th January. So I sailed around Cape Horn without the genoa, but in the mostly strong winds the staysail did good service.

Even worse was the mainsail problem. It tore along the leech on Thursday 17th January while I was hove-to, was lowered on Sunday 20th, and it was not until mid-May, 18 weeks later, that I was finally able to raise it again near Dunedin, NZ. Any kind of swell made working on it difficult. On Saturday 26th it took all day to stick tape on both sides to hold the torn edges together. On Tuesday 29th, drifting off Gough Island, I hoisted

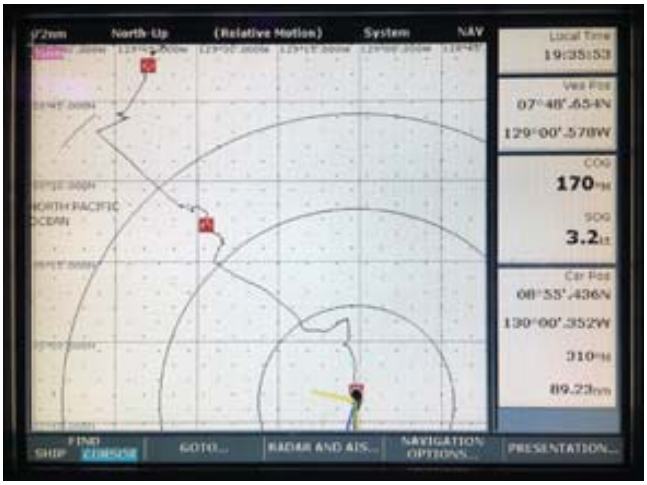
… and lashed down on deck after recovery

The torn leech on the mainsail

the trysail above it but had to undo the boom and kicker lashing over the trysail track. On Saturday 2nd February I found sail material for tabling over the leech repair and heat-sealed the edges. It took many more days on deck to sew the repair as and when conditions permitted – a difficult and time-consuming task. Afterward, more tabling had to be sewn elsewhere on the leech and other repairs were continually needed.

Repairing the mainsail

Sunset – time to stop work for the day



Nereida's track south through the Inter Tropical Convergence Zone

As we sailed south we initially made excellent speed by taking careful note of the weather forecasts to keep in good wind – though several friends got worried when our south-southeasterly track seemed to be taking us towards Mexico's Baja Peninsula just as a hurricane started heading up that way. In fact we kept well clear of it, managing to head south-southwest before it got too close. The system seemed to disrupt the winds, however, resulting in frustrating, often light, southerly winds to which were added a lot of calms which often halted our progress completely. Crossing the unstable Inter Tropical Convergence Zone between 10°N and 6°N, with its frequent rainsqualls or drizzle, was extremely slow as was sailing further on southwards in very light, flukey winds.

Little did I know it, but the threatening Mexican hurricane was an indicator of things to come. Crossing the Indian Ocean in early March, a strong cyclone, heading south from just east of Madagascar, made us slow down for several days before finally forcing us to retrace our path for three days to keep out of its firing line – losing a good week. Then, unbelievably, as we sailed north at a good speed towards the Hawaiian islands at the end of July, *two* cyclones threatened – Tropical Cyclone *Erick* and, just a few days behind, Tropical Cyclone *Flossie*. Again we had to slow right down, as there was no guarantee that we'd stay clear of the systems if we tried to sail north as fast as possible, although I was tempted. In the event there was little wind southwest of *Erick*

A nasty tropical raincloud

Tropical Cyclones Erick and Flossie ENE of Nereida and SSE of Hawaii, which forced us to slow right down

so it was a good thing I resisted temptation and allowed both cyclones to pass well away – we'd have been a sitting duck!

On 22nd November, happy to have resolved the solar panels issue at last, on swinging the boom over while gybing I saw it jerk upward – the rod-kicker had pulled away from the base of the mast. All the rivets had been torn out so the first job was to get rid of the protruding bits – out with the hammer, pliers, file and drill! Clearly the fitting was not going to sit on the mast as snugly as it had, but I thought I'd be able to lash it so it would move very little. So I set to, and eventually lashed it all up reasonably well using a thick Spectra line. We could sail on...

The torn rod-kicker rivets sticking out of the mast

A lash-up … but it worked!

Having seen what had happened to the rod-kicker connection it was clear the gooseneck could fail in a similar way. It is similarly riveted and subjected to the same stresses if the sail jerks the boom around in light winds and a swell. Not wanting to risk a similar failure and lose the use of the boom, I lashed the gooseneck fitting to the mast with some more thick Spectra line. If those rivets were to fail, my hope was that the lashing would hold.

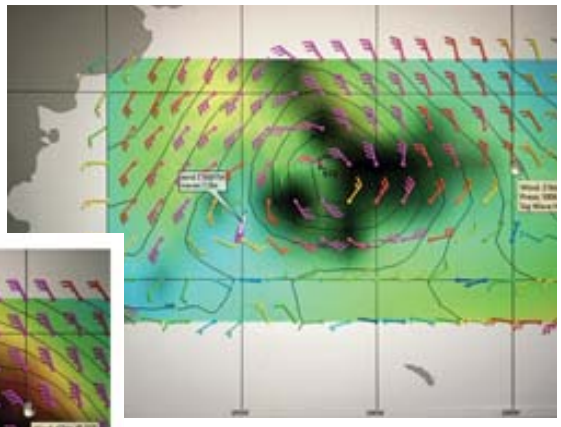
In the fortnight before we reached Cape Horn there were typically rough, big seas and strong winds, with some rain. *Nereida* surfed at 9 or 10 knots in winds of often 30 to 35 knots gusting 40. 'I'm on the edge of my comfort zone', I reported! We heaved-to a

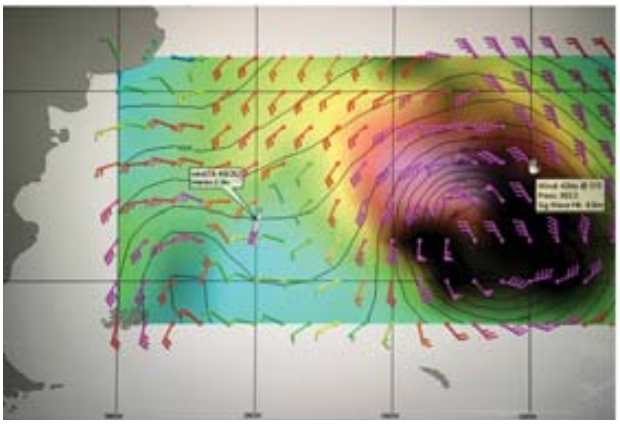
couple of times to avoid nasty weather, but the final day's run was enjoyable – conditions were pleasant, islands were visible ahead in the fading light, and a wandering albatross soared nearby with a few prions and white-chinned petrels. Just after midnight I saw a light flashing on a grey mound – Isla Hornos, 9 miles to the northeast. The seas and wind were up a bit and there was still light in the west.

Approaching Cape Horn in the midsummer twilight

At 0243 UTC on Wednesday 19th December 2018, in lovely twilight, we passed the Cape. Being close to midsummer and with a bright moon there was enough light around to see it clearly and the scattered cloud above allowed plenty of stars to be seen as well. The wind was cold but the occasional albatross was flying around. It was a definite high point for me – I felt very happy!

Uku of *One and All*, who was rounding at the same time, mentioned that gales headed east were expected to cross our northeast path north of the Falklands on Christmas Day and again on December 26th. In fact Christmas Day was grey and damp with a dying east-southeast wind, and we were drifting west-northwest at 1·6 knots when some





The storm forecast for Christmas Day …

… building and growing more intense

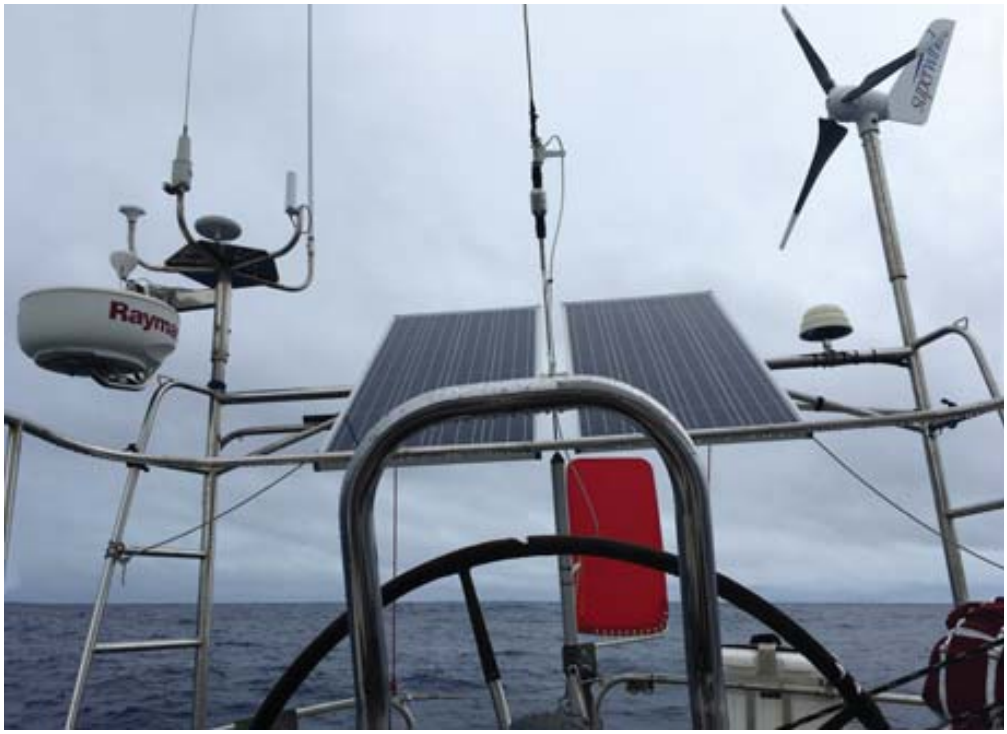
Peale's dolphins – an unexpected Christmas treat

Peale's dolphins appeared and starting leaping around – a real high point!

Trying to get northeast of the Falklands and towards Africa proved difficult with these nasty storms. I hove-to several times and progress was slow. Then at 1230 on Sunday 13th January the AIS alarm sounded. The *Shen Zu 86*, a brightly-lit Chinese fishing vessel, was on a collision course and approaching at 12 knots – I changed course rapidly. She passed within a mile, but there was no response on VHF and they were clearly not keeping watch.

On 15th May we were trying to get past Stewart Island's South West Cape at the southern tip of New Zealand, and had been making excellent progress in strong conditions before even more intense conditions arrived. The wind was 25–30

Running under goose-winged trysail and headsail, February 2019



The solar panels and wind generator pre knockdown …

knots, gusting higher, with rough 6m seas throwing us around. I changed down to a well-furled staysail and ran overnight and into the next day in west-northwest winds of around 40 knots gusting to 47, with 7–8m seas. Often we surfed on overtaking waves at up to 12 knots, and there were frequent thumps on the hull as waves hit us.

Chaos below following the 15th May knockdown

… and afterwards

Suddenly, at around 1900, I got thoroughly soaked – we'd been knocked down by a wave crashing violently into and over the boat. Fortunately, I was unhurt, although soaking wet, as was my bunk – the dorade vent overhead had been completely torn away, leaving a hole in the coachroof. The cabin was in wet chaos. Both solar panels and a wind generator blade were gone, the radar, GPS etc damaged, the wind display gone, the hard-top window stove in, and lockers and fittings damaged. The Jordan Series Drogue had self-deployed and its cones were lost. Fortunately the mast, rigging, staysail, autopilot, instruments, radios and my personal computer were undamaged. I headed north to keep away from the following storm and later turned back to round the South West Cape. Sailing past Stewart Island near dawn was wonderful – another memorable experience!

Although the lee of South Island provided some shelter for working, I now needed somewhere really calm to do urgent repairs. Timaru harbour on the island's east coast was the answer so I picked up a buoy and set to work. I made further repairs to the mainsail, replaced both lazyjacks, de-sulphated the batteries, filled the diesel tank from my jerry cans and more, and by midnight on 8th June we were underway, heading towards Polynesia and home.

Confronting a storm is like fighting God. All the powers in the universe seem to be against you and, in an extraordinary way, your irrelevance is at the same time both humbling and exalting.

Franciose LeGrande

THE JOURNEY HOME FROM IBERIA
Vice Commodore Daria Blackwell

(*In 2008 Daria and her husband Alex sailed their Bowman 57 ketch* Aleria *from Nova Scotia to Ireland, enjoying it so much that the following year saw them cross from the Canaries to Barbados, returning to Ireland in 2010 – see* Atlantic Spiral, *in* Flying Fish *2011/2 and 2012/1. Both Daria and Alex have written for Flying Fish on many other occasions. Clearly a glutton for punishment, Daria became OCC Webmaster in 2013 and is currently our Web Editor as well as being Vice Commodore.*)

We had spent three seasons cruising around Galicia and Portugal both of which we loved. We had contemplated going into the Mediterranean, but the closer we got, the hotter and more expensive it became. When the temperature reached the mid-40°sC we opted instead to head home to Ireland. That's not always so easy, as the winds along the Spanish and Portuguese coasts tend to be predominantly northerly and strong, leaving the choice of heading out via the Azores or picking our way north up the coast as conditions allowed. We got a break in 2018 with a five-day interval when no wind was forecast – unheard of. We filled the fuel tanks and motored north, from southeast Portugal straight through to Galicia in three days. It was a joy to see the green hills of Baiona again and to feel the relief of Atlantic air.

The author on the final passage in this article, from Clew Bay to Kilrush

After Astilleros Lagos commissioned *Aleria* in 2019 we met up with her in Bouzas, near Vigo. We then meandered up the *rías* in no particular hurry, stopping in all of our favourite places – Vigo, Barra, the Illas Cíes, Aldán, Illa de Sálvora, Combarro, Caramiñal, Portosin... We said our farewells to our special friends, PO Alberto and Alfredo in Vigo, Oscar at the Monte Real Club de Yates de Baiona and PO Carmela at the Real Club Náutico Portosín. We also stopped in Sanxenxo, which we had heard was to be avoided, as we wanted to visit the vineyards of Paco & Lola which are close by. Sanxenxo turned out to be quite interesting and, being early in the season, the harbourfront discos were not yet open so it was quiet. Our berth was next to a superyacht

Aleria at the marina in Sanxenxo next to superyacht Valoria B

owned by Amancio Ortega, founder of Zara and other chains and the sixth richest man in the world, so we were in good company – not the kind of company we normally keep.

The visit to Paco & Lola was amazing. The marketing manager arranged for us to tour the winery with the tourism director and then to tour the vineyards with the manager of the growers' co-operative. When he learned what we were doing in Ireland – growing grapes in response to climate change, including Albariño which is their speciality – he spent the entire day showing us vineyards at different stages of development: some hundreds of years old, some more recently planted, and one being planted that day. He

Alex (on right) with the wonderful staff of Paco & Lola

Looking out towards the anchorage from Camariñas

explained what they were experimenting with, such as companion crops and organic methods, and answered scores of questions. Paco & Lola is a co-operative of 400 growers, some of whom might have only ten vines. It was fascinating and we learned a lot, mostly that we are not as crazy as we thought.

It was time to move on. We had to stop in Corcubión, still a favourite, then had a favourable passage north to Camariñas. We had not been there before but had heard from several OCC members that it was surprisingly lovely. And so it was – a big anchorage surrounded by wooded hills, a pleasant waterfront town, lots of colourful fishing vessels, a small marina and *sardinas* for dinner.

Our next stop was A Coruña, and we got lucky motor-sailing up the coast from Camariñas and then reaching along the top of Spain. We'd never been there and had no idea that it was such a big city, but that was good, as we were pinned down by strong (25–30+ knot) northerlies for a week. We were in the middle of the city in the Real Club Náutico de La Coruña marina, a great location. As guests of the marina we had use of the clubhouse, including the option of a three-course dinner with wine for 15€. Definitely worth it (but you need proper attire).

The central square in A Coruña

The Tower of Hercules and statue of Celtic king and warrior Breogán

We have bicycles on board and we cycled everywhere. To the Tower of Hercules and the Celtic Compass Rose, where a lone piper was sending tunes across the ocean to all the places Celts scattered over the centuries, to the aquarium, and over to the beaches and museums. We hosted OCC drinks parties and recruited new members along the docks. We had a great holiday in the middle of our cruise in a lovely ancient resort town.

The Celtic Compass Rose

Seahorses at the aquarium

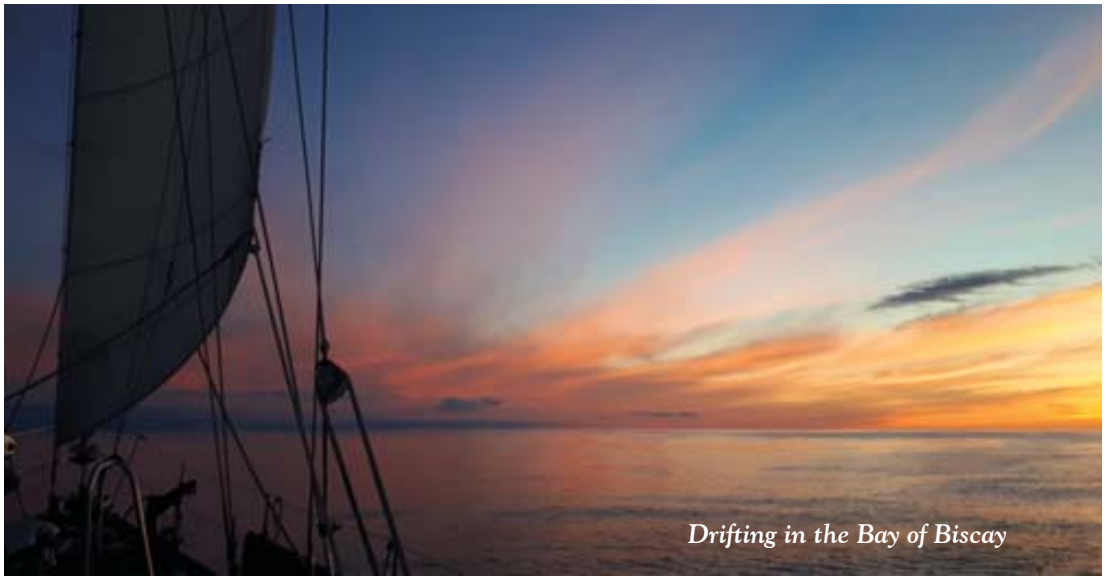
Finally, the forecast changed – we'd have northwesterlies leaving Spain, no wind across the middle of Biscay, and then southwesterlies approaching Ireland. We topped off the tanks and set off. We were pointing at Dingle on the southwest coast of Ireland and everything was going to

Aboard Aleria with Geo of Petit Prince 2, who is now PO for Marseilles, and prospective Dutch members Jacqui and Robert of Scilla

plan. The wind died off on day two as expected so we started the engine and furled the sails. In the middle of the night on my watch (which is always when things happen) the engine suddenly revved up and started making horrible clunking noises. I'd just reached for the throttle to back off when the engine died altogether. Not good. No, not good at all.

Alex bounded up on deck and we restarted the engine. The banging noise was awful, so we quickly shut it down and raised the sails despite flat calm. Alex went back to bed and I went back on watch. In the morning Alex and I went through a check list of things we thought it could be. Something wrapped around the prop – no. Air in the fuel – no. Tighten this and that – uh, uh. Ah, the shaft was spinning freely without engaging the transmission – something was wrong between the shaft and the engine. We couldn't fix that at sea so our best chance was to divert to Cork. It was the only place in the south of Ireland where we thought we could find a mechanic who could do a big job on a Yanmar. It turned out to be the right choice.

Alex wrote a text to Mike Hodder, PO in Crosshaven, asking him to help find a mechanic and the best place to bring the boat. He figured the text would go out as soon as we had a signal near the coast. That's when my frustration started. I entered our new destination and the chartplotter informed me that it was 99 hours and 99 minutes to the next waypoint. There was no wind ... zilch ... not even a zephyr. My breath produced the strongest particle motion in the vicinity. Fortunately we were not in a ship traffic zone because we would not have been able to get out of the way if we'd needed to.



Drifting in the Bay of Biscay

So, what do you do when there's no wind and there's no engine? You think of people like Lin and Larry Pardey who never had an engine. How did they manage all those years? You whip out your next book or the Kindle and start reading. You take dozens of photos of beautiful sunsets and sunrises. You watch the birds and hope for a visit by cetaceans. You try fishing, but I don't think there are any fish left in the seas. You thank the gods for a seaworthy vessel, pray for wind, and plan your strategy for the harbour approach. We'd been to Crosshaven before and knew the lay of the harbour – we'd just sail in and drop anchor. Then we could get a tow into the marina. Simple, right?

That's when the fog descended ... thick pea-soup fog ... can't-see-to-the-mast, much-less-to-the-bow, fog. We turned on our lights and the automatic foghorn on our VHF. We put out a *securité* informing ship traffic that we were disabled and unable to alter course, and repeated it every 15 minutes – our AIS was working, so hopefully they would see us. Thankfully, we had not seen any ship traffic before the fog so we were hopeful that we wouldn't encounter any now. We also have a generator, fortunately, so could charge the batteries without difficulty. After a few hours the fog lifted, the sun came out, the sky cleared and we continued to drift. Still no wind, and still 99h 99m to the next waypoint. Adjust the sails, check the currents and complete your watch.

And so, we passed the time. We had plenty of reading material and occupied ourselves as best we could while floating around Biscay. The dreaded chartplotter continued to register '99h 99m to next', so we weren't drifting far. We had plenty of food and plenty of water. I spent hours thinking of all the things I never wanted to do on a boat again.

When the wind finally filled in it was glorious and from the southwest as promised. We adjusted the sails and pointed towards Cork with precision this time, and just in the nick of time – we had reached the shipping lanes. Cork was only two days away. No more 99h 99m to go. Soon after I took watch under sail again a ship appeared on the AIS before I could see it. We were clearly on a collision course. I quickly hove-to and let the ship pass. The dreaded 99h 99m to next came back up. I cursed the chartplotter. When I was certain the ship was clear I got back underway. The rest of the night proved uneventful as ships passed us with plenty of room to spare.

Would the wind hold out? Would we be able to stop our 57ft, 29 ton vessel where we wanted and anchor without incident? Yes, we knew we could. After all, we had a great anchor, we'd practised all kinds of manoeuvres and we knew these waters. But there were ships coming in and out of Cork harbour at all hours. Could we avoid any traffic?

Ping. The phone vibrated. Mike had received our message and had activated members of the OCC and ICC to come to our assistance. Mike called Crosshaven Marina and arranged for a berth. Others contacted the mechanic and asked him to stand by. We were sorted, we hoped. Alex called the Coast Guard as we approached the harbour and alerted them to our situation. They asked if we needed assistance; we said no, we just wanted to avoid large ship traffic. They put out an advisory to concerned ships on our behalf.

Our approach to the harbour worked exactly as planned. It was mid-day, the wind was blowing a gentle 15 knots from the right direction. We furled the yankee while heading downwind, turned into the wind and dropped the main, then returned up-wind and sailed with jib and jigger (staysail and mizzen) past the spot we had picked inside the harbour, then turned downwind to sail slowly back to our selected spot. Alex was on the bow ready to drop the staysail and the anchor. I was at the helm and ready to back down with the mizzen. I turned the boat into the wind and she stopped exactly where I wanted her. Alex dropped the sail and went forward to drop the anchor while I climbed back to the mizzen ... except the current caught *Aleria* and started to spin her around, then the mizzen caught the wind and she started sailing over the anchor. I quickly released the halyard and spilled the wind. Phew. The anchor bit and we were secure.

But it wasn't over yet. The Coast Guard came out in their RIB and told us they'd heard that we had a commercial service coming out to tow us in. They could do it for free, but it was our choice. Just then a small utility boat came out with a man driving while talking on the phone. He T-boned *Aleria* and bounced off. We asked a few questions then waved him off, not feeling comfortable that he knew what he was doing at all. When the Coast

The Irish Coast Guard lend a hand at Crosshaven

The flexible coupling disassembled from the gearbox

Guard saw him leaving, they returned. They put a young man on board with us to handle the towlines – it was a training exercise for two young recruits and the senior coastie explained everything in detail. Alex was at the helm steering and they were providing propulsion. They towed us via a long line to just inside the main harbour buoy, then took us in an alongside tow upriver and dropped us gently at the hammerhead where several marina staff were waiting to take our lines. It was the most perfect docking manoeuvre we'd had in years! We thanked them profusely and off they went. Six days after leaving A Coruña we were safely tucked into Crosshaven. Our passage down to Galicia three years earlier had taken only three days from Crookhaven to Portosín – including a 200+-mile day – so quite a contrast.

Within minutes, a guy came zipping down the docks on a mechanised scooter. He got off, introduced himself as Hugh the mechanic, and said he was told he had to come see us right away. He took one look and diagnosed the problem – a disintegrated flexible coupling (it's the thing with springs that keeps the engine from taking a severe whack when the gears are engaged). Hugh explained that it would take some time to find the right part – there might not be one in Ireland. And then he explained his fee structure:

- The fee is so many € per hour of labour.
- If the owner stays aboard while work is being done, he charges double.
- If the owner insists on helping, he charges triple.
- But if the owner wants to take things apart himself to begin with, that would be appreciated.

We booked into the only B&B in town, which turned out to be delightful, and spent the next five days exploring Crosshaven and Cork and getting to know Mike Hodder and other local or visiting OCC members. We got to really appreciate Hugh as well. He had lovingly converted a retired lifeboat for cruising and he gave us a tour. He learned from Yanmar that our part would have to be shipped from Japan, which would take two weeks, but then discovered that it was actually made in Germany, so called the German manufacturer and got it shipped in two days at half the cost. Five days later we were back in business.

We really learned the value of our OCC membership that week – many thanks to Mike Hodder and the others who pitched in to assist. And, by the way, we learned that the lifespan of a flexible coupling is about 10 years, though ours had lasted 15. So

At Cronin's in Crosshaven with fellow members David and Trudie Ball of Persephone and Robert and Caroline Jollye of Aragorn

if you hear an alarming noise from the engine and you can see metal shavings around the transmission, you'll know what's gone wrong.

We spent the next few weeks sailing home in awful weather – rain, cold, confused seas, winds fluctuating between force 5–7 and even 8. Having coast-hopped home to Clew Bay we spent the next three weeks offloading 15 years of accumulated gear from *Aleria* as she was being put up for sale. We kept a watch on the weather as we'd have to sail her back to the Shannon River to be hauled out in Kilrush, but meanwhile the weather continued to be miserable.

Underway again along the west coast of Ireland in force 5–6

The iconic Fastnet lighthouse

As luck would have it, Hurricane *Lorenzo* formed in the Atlantic and headed straight north toward Ireland. It was only the second hurricane on record to do that, the first being *Ophelia* two years previously. Strangely, *Lorenzo* was being forecast to come ashore exactly in Clew Bay where we live. It was time to sail *Aleria* south and out of harm's way.

In the Aran Islands, we came across OCC member Toby Peyton-Jones and crew heading north in a Bowman 40 called *Truant*. We discussed the various forecast models, and offered our mooring just outside our house as a last resort should they need it. Then we sailed south and they continued north – see *Our friend Lorenzo and the Rescue that Never Happened* on page 132 of this issue for their story. Suffice to say that both *Aleria* and *Truant* and their crews made it through Hurricane *Lorenzo* unscathed, even though the eye passed right over our house and our mooring.

It had been an interesting summer – one to remember.

Hauled out by POR
Simon McGibney and crew

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OYSTER 82'

£1,995,000 + VAT
Palma de Mallorca

From 2009, #12 of this spectacular sisterhood from the mollusc people and comes with unmistakable sweet lines from Rob Humphreys. She has a carbon spar, lovely cherry innards with sharp maple floors and absolutely no rough edges. She is perfect for mile munching and is both easy and fun to sail.

SHIPMAN 63'

€695,000
Caribbean

Of carbon, she's as strong as a hummer, yet light as a feather. From 2009, 2019 saw a quick hop across the Atlantic with the ARC which she managed without breaking a sweat. She comes with fab metallic livery, 4 great cabins and a practical deck saloon managed without compromising her epic good looks.

DISCOVERY 55'

£535,000 + VAT
Berthon, Lymington

Benchmark blue water yacht, the Disco 55' sets the standard, from Ron Holland with great yacht building from Blighty in 2010. This yacht has been prepared for a circuit of our planet, but sadly her owners' plans have changed, hence she finds herself on sticks and looking for a new team for lots more sailing.

ISLAND PACKET 465

£250,000
West Mediterranean

No compromise Bob Johnson designed cruising yacht with a smart blue hull, she hatched in 2007 and is in sparkling good shape. Built to MCA Category 2, yet has never chartered, ridden hard or put away remotely wet. She is capable and easily sailed with modest crew, with a lovely moderate hull shape and pretty ends. Owner's elbow grease much in evidence.

BLUE WATER CRUISING YACHTS FROM BERTHON

MEDICAL PREPAREDNESS FOR OCEAN CRUISING

Dr Maria Forbes

My husband Alastair and I made our first Atlantic crossing in December 2017. We considered that we had done a reasonable amount of medical preparation, insofar as I am a retired medical practitioner and Alastair had 'volunteered' to do both of the Maritime and Coastguard Agency (MCA) first aid courses – Medical First Aid On Board Ship (four days) and Medical Care On Board Ship (five days). These courses are very useful for bluewater sailors, but they are designed for sailors on commercial vessels.

We wondered what other yacht crews did, so surveyed crews at the start of the 2018 ARC. We found that on 42% of boats the designated medic had done either none or just one day's first aid training in the last five years, and that on 32% of boats the first aid kit carried was either a standard off-the-shelf or inshore waters level of kit. The ARC does not specify the level of first aid kit to be carried, only that one should be present. Of course, having an ocean-standard first aid kit is not much use if no-one knows how to use its contents safely.

Subsequently I did a study asking a Delphi* panel about what advanced skills are essential for small boat crews on an ocean crossing and what diagnostic/monitoring equipment to take. The findings of the research – ie. the questionnaire and the Delphi study – have provisionally been accepted for publication in *Wilderness and Environmental Medicine*, but this article mainly shares my thoughts about medical preparation for an ocean crossing and accident prevention.

* A focus group tasked with reaching a consensus decision based on the results of multiple rounds of questionnaires.

Mañana, our Malö 36, in St Georges, Bermuda

Pre-Voyage

Medications

Arrange to have an adequate supply of all prescription medicines and a (legible or typed) prescription on board using generic (official) drug names. Do not forget contraceptive drugs/equipment. Consult your family doctor regarding the best malaria prophylaxis for you and your crew if needed en route or at your intended destination.

Vaccinations

Required vaccinations can be found by checking your proposed route on the travelhealthpro.org.uk website.

Screening

Have a dental check-up and discuss with your dentist whether it would be sensible to have x-rays taken. Have your eyes tested, and if you wear glasses take a copy of your prescription and at least one spare pair. Consider prescription sunglasses or polarised clip-ons.

You may be eligible for various health screening programmes – abdominal aortic aneurysm, cancer (bowel, breast, cervical, prostate) – and if you would miss these because of your voyage it would be worth discussing with your doctor if they could be brought forward a few months, depending on when they were scheduled.

Insurance

Buy comprehensive medical travel insurance that includes rescue fees, as some countries charge for their rescue services – this will require a specialist insurance broker. Be precise about your itinerary. If you are not a resident of the USA or Canada, travel to these countries will incur a higher premium.

Training

A study was done in 2019 asking experts what training they thought ocean sailors should do. These experts were from three groups – telemedical providers, advanced first aid training providers and OCC members who were also doctors or nurses in practice or within five years of retirement. They were asked the question, 'Excluding those covered by a one-day elementary first aid course, what practical procedures/skills should be taught to amateur ocean sailors? Assume no medical/nursing/paramedical training has been undertaken'. 45 skills were suggested and, of those, six were listed by 50% or more of the panel. These were then ranked for importance.

The most important skill was assessing vital signs. These are temperature, pulse, respiratory rate and blood pressure, to which are usefully added oxygen saturation level and pain score. Temperature, blood pressure and oxygen saturation are measured with simple-to-use pieces of equipment. The pain score is obtained by asking the patient rate his or her pain between 0 and 10 where 0 is no pain and 10 is the worst pain they can imagine. These signs are seldom diagnostic, but they generally assess the severity of the patient's condition.

The next most important skill was recognising when to call for help or medical advice. This follows on from assessing the vital signs and means that the medic needs to know what is normal for the patient. Children have different normal values from adults.

The more technical skills then followed. The most important of these were the

ability to control blood loss, including direct pressure, the safe use of tourniquets and packing and the use of blood clotting granules. Skin closure techniques came next, including applying wound closure strips, use of suture glue and skin staples. The panel did not think that suturing was an appropriate skill due to the practice needed to master it and unlikely maintenance of the skill.

Basic long bone and finger splinting was next. Effective splinting of fractures reduces the risk of further damage from the bone ends and reduces the pain significantly. Inflatable splints come into their own in this scenario as they are relatively compact to store, though a structured aluminium malleable (SAM) splint could also be useful.

Examples of inflatable and SAM splints

Injection equipment

The final skill which the panel agreed that the boat's medic should master was that of doing intramuscular (IM) injections – far preferable to only being able to use an epinephrine auto-injector. IM injections could be needed in several circumstances – for giving epinephrine (adrenaline), hydrocortisone (a steroid) and chlorphenamine (an anti-histamine) for anaphylaxis (allergy), for giving antibiotics for serious infections where the patient is too ill to take antibiotics by mouth, for anti-sickness medicines, and for morphine or other strong painkillers. The panel did not feel that intravenous capabilities were essential as it takes a long time to train in this skill.

These skills are beyond the level of a standard one-day course. If you do the full nine days of the two MCA courses you will have the skill level of the medic on any commercial ship responding to a Mayday call. This would be optimal – usually only cruise ships with over 100 passengers and larger warships will carry a doctor. I suggest that if you wish to

Holdall containing diagnostic equipment

learn the advanced skills listed above, but cannot afford the time for the full courses, you join with a few like-minded friends and contact a maritime first aid training provider company to arrange bespoke training. I believe that it is important to have these skills, and then to select and carry the necessary equipment to support them. There is no point in buying equipment if you do not have the skills to use it – it may even be harmful to attempt to use equipment without the appropriate training.

Equipment

The same study asked a second question: 'What medical diagnostic/monitoring equipment should be carried on a yacht of under 70ft on an ocean passage, assuming the vessel is not constrained by commercial regulations?'. 21 items of equipment were suggested, 11 of which were selected by 50% or more of the panel. These were also ranked in order.

The most important was considered to be a satellite phone or HF radio as a means of calling for help or advice, and it is vital that more than one person can operate this equipment effectively in case the radio operator is the patient. Radio medical advice is free, but telemedical services via satellite phone are paid for, usually by subscription. The service provider will often organise the necessary equipment and drugs and provide the training in their use.

The other ten items of equipment were: blood pressure machine, digital thermometer, stethoscope, urinalysis sticks, pulse oximeter, glucose meter, otoscope (for looking into ears), pen torch and blue light, low reading thermometer and a pregnancy test.

Equipment	Approximate price in £ sterling
Blood pressure machine	£45–£70
Digital thermometer	£5 (basic) or £35–£45 (tympanic)
Stethoscope	£5–£25
Urinalysis sticks	£10–£15
Pulse oximeter	£50–£75
Glucose meter	£15–£20
Otoscope	£30–£60
Pen torch and blue light	£5
Low reading thermometer	£10
Pregnancy test	£5–£10

Automatic blood pressure machine

Blood pressure machines and digital thermometers will be familiar to most readers. They are easy to use. I recommend removing the batteries and keeping them alongside but separate in a small zip-lock bag to guard against in-machine corrosion. The stethoscope is for basic detection of the presence or absence of equal air entry in both lungs in a patient with a chest problem. Practise on each other! It can also be used for detecting the presence or absence of bowel sounds by listening over the abdomen.

Tympanic thermometer, stethoscope and urinalysis sticks

The urinalysis sticks are dipped in a sample of urine and can test up to ten reactions, which are read as a colour change against a chart after a specified number of seconds. Four types of problem can be detected – diseases of the kidney and urinary tract including infections, diabetes, liver diseases and haemolytic (blood) disorders. Good light is essential for assessing the colour changes and familiarity with the instructions is important as the reactions have to be read at precise time intervals. They are cheap and simple and there is no reason not to have them.

A pulse oximeter has multiple uses. Its primary function is to measure oxygen in the blood, but it usually also shows heart rate and rhythm and can indirectly indicate if the blood pressure is low (as it is unable to obtain a reading). It is also handy if a limb is in a splint, as lack of the pulse on a finger or toe will indicate that the splint is too tight.

Pulse oximeter showing oxygen saturation, heart rate and wave form (showing heart rhythm)

The glucose meter, otoscope, pen torch and blue light, and low reading thermometer were all agreed to be important items but were ranked lower. I will add my personal view, to aid decision-making when assembling the medical kit:

- Any diagnosed diabetic is very likely to have his or her own glucose meter. (As noted above, diabetes can be diagnosed by use of urinalysis sticks).
- Ear infections can be treated symptomatically, although the otoscope is useful for detecting ear drum perforations
- Corneal abrasions are diagnosed using fluorescein staining which appears yellow under normal light and fluoresces green under cobalt blue light. A pen torch with the correct filter is cheap and easily available.
- Low reading thermometers are not easily available. A standard digital thermometer reads from 32–42°C. A low-reading goes from 26°C. The precise degree of hypothermia of your patient is unlikely to affect your management.
- A pregnancy test is valuable for any crew containing women of childbearing age. It can provide useful information for the differential diagnosis of vomiting and abdominal pain.

Note the absence of a defibrillator (AED) from this list. The panel felt that in the absence of intensive care facilities to follow on from defibrillation, the chances of surviving a cardiac arrest were extremely low and did not justify carrying one. A defibrillator may be more use when on passages within range of helicopter rescue (around 150 miles offshore).

Finally, I would suggest carrying a face mask for rescue breathing, even though it did not feature on the Delphi panel's list. A face mask makes rescue breathing much easier than the basic mouth to mouth technique as the air cushion round the rim of the mask provides a considerably better seal on the face of the casualty. An advanced first aid course will include training on this equipment.

A pocket face mask with case, instruction leaflet, gloves and antiseptic wipe

Drugs

Have a small hard-bound notebook within which are listed all the drugs on board, one to each page. Make a note of the expiry date and list to whom the drug has been issued with the date and the number of tablets/ampoules remaining. This is particularly important for controlled drugs (CDs).

Remember to check for drug allergy/intolerances among your crew – eg. penicillin – and choose suitable alternatives. A list of recommended drugs can be obtained by accessing the *International Medical Guide for Ships, 3rd edition* (a World Health Organisation publication) online*. Chapter 33 is entitled *The Ship's Medicine Chest* and includes a drug list at the end. I suggest printing off this list and discussing it with a health professional. Some may clearly be unnecessary – eg. neonatal Vitamin K for a crew with no women of child-bearing age on board.

Telemedical service providers can source necessary drugs, and persons holding the Certificate of Medical Care On Board Ship can order drugs for the crew.

Lockable cupboard and cash box containing codeine tablets

It is legal for an ocean-going yacht to have controlled drugs in the ship's medical store for the use of the crew. Ideally CDs – eg. morphine – should be kept in a double-locked cupboard (a cupboard within a cupboard), but a compromise is to keep the packet of morphine ampoules in a locked cash box within a locked cupboard.

I recommend storing the drugs in combination packs. An anaphylaxis (allergy) pack would contain epinephrine (adrenaline), chlorphenamine and hydrocortisone ampoules for intramuscular injection, along with syringes, needles and antiseptic wipes. It would also have chlorphenamine and prednisolone tablets for the recovery phase. Do NOT store this pack in a locked cupboard as it may be needed in a great hurry. I suggest using strong, labelled zip lock bags to keep items together. Other groupings could be antibiotics, eye drops of various sorts, and skin medications.

Oxygen is problematical on a small yacht. A cylinder of size E (680 litres) weighs 7kg and is 50cm tall, but only contains enough oxygen for a few hours' use. Oxygen supports combustion and is stored at high pressure, and it is difficult to arrange a refill or exchange.

* Search online for 'International Medical Guide for Ships latest edition PDF". All 492 pages are downloadable – the drugs list occupies pages 430–450 inclusive.

During the Voyage

A very useful study was conducted in 2008* which collected information from cruising yacht arrivals in Martinique over a period of six months. In total 56 injuries were reported from 100 crews. These were analysed and nine recommendations made which would have reduced the incidence of injuries. These were:

- Training and care in use of winches, pulleys and cables
- Use of a spray hood to aid protection against a swinging boom
- Use of a bimini to protect from the sun, including at sea
- Use of a windlass to prevent back injury. If no windlass is available then sit on the deck with the feet braced against the pulpit to raise the anchor
- One hand for the boat! In other words, hold on
- Shoes should be worn on deck to prevent broken toes, which accounted for 13 out of 20 lower limb injuries
- Sturdy gloves and an appropriate knife should be used when gutting fish
- The chest and lower limbs of the cook should be protected by wearing waterproof overalls
- Daily treatment of skin wounds is essential until healing is complete

I would add three notes to the above:

- In the tropics wearing waterproof trousers in the galley is a counsel of perfection. A compromise would be to obtain and wear a long, plastic apron.
- Always wear a sunhat with an all-round brim to protect your neck and ears, unless you have long, thick hair. Buy a hat with a chin strap so that it cannot blow off.**
- Rings and ropes are not a good combination. For day sailing it is possible to wear gloves all the time except when eating or washing hands, but it is not practical to do this on a long voyage when I suggest removing all rings for the duration of the trip. Sentimental rings can be worn on a neck chain under a shirt.

I hope that this information and these suggestions are helpful and will assist in your medical preparedness. Safe voyaging!

* Rouvillain JL, Merky F, Lethuillier D. *Injuries on Offshore Cruising Sailboats: Analysis for Means of Prevention*. British Journal of Sports Medicine. 2008; 42(3):202-6

** Your editor swears by her Tilley Hat [www.tilley.com], which has a padded crown and restraining straps front and back.

ZORA ONE YEAR ON
Rhys Walters

To bring you up to speed if you missed *Zora*'s debut in *Flying Fish* 2019/1, we (Rhys and Niamh) have spent the last 24 months fitting out a 38ft bare steel hull called *Zora* (she had suffered a serious fire some years previously) while also working full-time, living aboard and getting some sailing in when we can. As anyone who has done this will tell you, this is no small task. In the first part of this saga I described how we found *Zora* in a yard in Baltimore, Ireland and, after eight months, sailed a still bare hull to Kinsale. We've made a lot of progress since then...

Zora en route to Kinsale in September 2018 as a bare hull

Niamh sitting in a cold, uninsulated saloon

In the past year *Zora* has gone from being a cold, noisy, empty steel shell to what can almost be called a home. Past are the evenings spent sitting in the bilge on freezing February nights fitting the cabin sole, or waking up to a frozen nose and condensation dripping in my ears ... to be replaced by a warm,

Zora at the pier for the foam insulation to be sprayed

cosy, quiet boat, all thanks to 2in of spray foam insulation and a 4kW diesel heater. The steel scantlings and internal structure of the hull are now covered with tongue-and-groove panelling and iroko cabinetry, and the hammock I spent my nights in has been replaced with a bunk and 4in of memory foam, a very welcome change.

The first of the big challenges to overcome in the long and extended fit-out was to prepare the boat for her 2in coating of spray foam from bow to stern, which took several arduous months of planning and fitting wooden fixing points to the interior of the hull. The goal was to put enough of these fixings in place so that when it became time to fit panelling and cabinetry there would be points to which everything could be attached. Once this was complete it was a case of waiting for the weather to improve so that the contractors tasked with the foam spraying could do it, which didn't happen until late in April.

On the morning that the crew arrived to apply the foam, we moved *Zora* over to Kinsale village, secured alongside the pier (with permission from the always helpful harbour master) and the lads got to work. Getting the foam to the correct thickness and into all the tight and awkward spots of the hull proved a difficult task, but nine hard hours later (while I watched from the pub across the road) they tidied up their gear and went home, leaving a giant marshmallow of warm insulation on *Zora*'s interior. The effects were noticeable immediately – she felt warmer and quieter as we motored back to our berth, excited about the next phase of the project. That night we slept well, comforted by the fact that a major phase in the project was done and we could really begin the fit-out in earnest.

Once the insulation was done, visual progress happened quickly as we started to fit tongue-and-groove panelling over the foam, trimming it back flush wherever it had expanded beyond the fixing battens. After a lick of paint and some rough cabinetry

The saloon once the insulation was complete

started to go in, *Zora* really began to feel like a boat and less like a shipping container with sails. Some jobs took way longer than planned while others happened a lot quicker and gave huge visual satisfaction, such as painting the interior to protect the wood and in some places fitting large ply sheets over the insulation. A rough galley frame was fitted, as was a chart table and saloon seating, and a good friend who is a joiner brought his talents aboard to fit the iroko locker doors. Some of the iroko we used for the fit-out was taken from a very old nunnery that was being re-purposed as a care centre for the elderly, and the saloon got a set of lockers above the seating area made from this reclaimed wood. Some of this timber was also used for the grab rails and the galley and chart table doors. The seating in the saloon was designed with removable backs so the lockers underneath can double as berths for visiting family and friends or can be used as secure and cosy sea berths.

A very rough galley prototype

While the joiner continued to work his magic on the finer points of the interior, I turned my attention to the wiring and other systems on board. Before the insulation was done I had added two runs of electrical conduit through the entire length of the boat, so that cabling

The wiring loom for the nav instruments

could be passed to various junction boxes throughout the interior. This made wiring the boat far easier, as it was just a case of pulling cabling through with a pull-wire and organising it in the electrical cabinet. So far the interior lighting and the heater work, with other systems being added as the interior comes together. Two of the biggest challenges when wiring a boat can be figuring out what wires do what job and tidying up years of questionable work by previous owners. One of the many advantages of building from scratch was being able to design the electrical systems from the keel up, knowing they were done properly.

The saloon with tongue-and-groove panelling

The chart table with electrical cabinet installed

Another distinct advantage was the freedom to design own my navigation equipment. I am in the process of building a Raspberry Pi-based navigation computer with wireless display, weatherfax, autopilot and chartplotter, to name just a few features. I would highly recommend anyone interested in this sort of thing to look up OpenPlotter*, a quite amazing Linux-based software package. Cockpit navigation systems will comprise my tablet, which can duplicate the chartplotter wirelessly, while paper charts will live in the chart table as our primary source of navigation information.

One of the major missing components, and something we seriously wish we had fitted last summer, is the heads. Work continues on this important part of life on board while ply sheets are cut to shape and fitted in place. The goal with the heads is to have a fully-waterproof room that can be washed down in the event of the accidents that can happen in a heavy swell... Once the ply is fitted, a layer of fibreglass will be added from top to bottom to seal it, and a shower and toilet will follow. To ensure we will be compliant with the regulations in many parts of the world, a holding tank sits on a bracket behind the engine room waiting to be plumbed in. Thanks to both Niamh and me being somewhat vertically challenged we have plenty of standing headroom in the shower, which will drain into a sump and be pumped out. An important consideration was where to put the heads. We decided that it made the most sense to put it directly beside the companionway, to avoid soaked sailors coming off watch traipsing salty water all through the boat.

* An open-source software and hardware combination that can be used as navigational aids in place of a chartplotter on small to medium-sized craft. It works on ARM computers like the Raspberry Pi, is very low-cost and draws little power. My thanks to Rhys, who is knowledgeable about such things...

While working on the boat was our top priority over the past year or so, getting her out on the water for some sailing closely followed in importance. Since sailing a boat presents unique and interesting challenges such as navigating your way around rocks and other solid objects, cooking while effectively being under attack as different parts of the boat come at you from all angles, and making sure she actually goes in the (mostly) intended direction, it would make sense to have a well-organised chart table, a comfortable and secure galley and carefully planned running rigging before taking her out of the marina.

For almost the entire summer of 2019 we had none of the above. While this approach wouldn't work for an extended passage for anyone short of a sadomasochist, it suited us just fine as we sailed around Kinsale harbour, or to the Sovereign Rocks outside Oysterhaven, on the weekends when we decided that we didn't want to work. *Zora* still had very little interior at this stage, so we used a small butane cooker in the cockpit and slept on a mattress on the very early iteration of the saloon bunks. While this sort of sailing must sound like hell to most (and at times it was), it allowed us to get a very small but important taste of cruising, albeit within 15 miles of home. It also allowed us to test what little layout we had fitted and was a big factor in deciding how we wanted the rest of the boat to come together, especially with the rig and sail plan and how the running rigging was set up. Some of our best days on the water involved paddle boarding or anchoring beside our friends in Sandycove. Particularly memorable was a surprise 30th birthday for a close friend and having twenty people hiding in the boat waiting for him to arrive. I then took twelve of us out for a sail, anchoring nearby for swimming and lunch.

There are countless projects like *Zora* littering the boatyards of the world and, while I sat at my desk at work or in the bilge fitting different parts of the boat on freezing

Zora under sail

Rhys at the helm on a sunny day

cold evenings, at times I was of a mind with the people who let their dreams fade away into nothing. But these weekend mini-cruises gave us the motivation and inspiration that we needed to keep pushing forward. While there is still a huge amount of work to do to her interior and onboard systems, we managed to squeeze in quite a few weekends on the water and, being relatively inexperienced, especially with just two of us on board, did the sensible thing and just went for it. We must have been quite a sight sailing around Kinsale and Oysterhaven as we learned how to anchor and pick up a mooring, but it wasn't too long before we got the hang of it. The only problems we really had were on coming back into the marina, and in our defence the tides there are very tricky even on a good day. I thanked the steel plating of the hull for its strength a few times when coming into our berth…

At anchor in Sandycove, Kinsale

As many will know, the south of Ireland has some of the most beautiful, dramatic and scenic coastline in the world. We count ourselves extremely lucky to be cutting our teeth here and have taken full advantage of it. Oysterhaven became our weekend home as we took friends and family on day trips to go swimming and jumping off the boat. We also spent weekends there alone, sometimes taking our dinghy over to the Kinsale Hotel for dinner after a hike up the hill and through a small woodland, or sitting on deck watching the sunset. It's a hard thing to describe, waking up on your own boat at anchor for the very first time. There's a huge sense of accomplishment that never seems to fade and, whilst only a small taste of what we hope is to come, it has become a guiding light in what can sometimes be a real slog.

Below decks in late December 2019

Our plans over the next few months are mainly centred around the boat being on the hard so we can fit seacocks, repaint the decks and topsides, and finish off the fit-out for cruising. There is still a mountain to climb, but it is a far smaller mountain than two years ago. We are starting to see the end of the heavy work, and now the majority of the work is about finishing jobs, which is always gratifying.

I distinctly remember saying in my last article that we expected the project to take until mid-2020. Well, as I write it's already January, and it would take nothing short of a miracle to be sailing off to sunnier climes this coming summer – boats will be boats, and things are taking longer than expected. I think it's best to say that we plan to sail away in a year ... and just neglect to specify which year that may be...

Follow Zora's further progress on YouTube at sailingyachtzora.

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IN THE WAKE OF BERNARD MOITESSIER

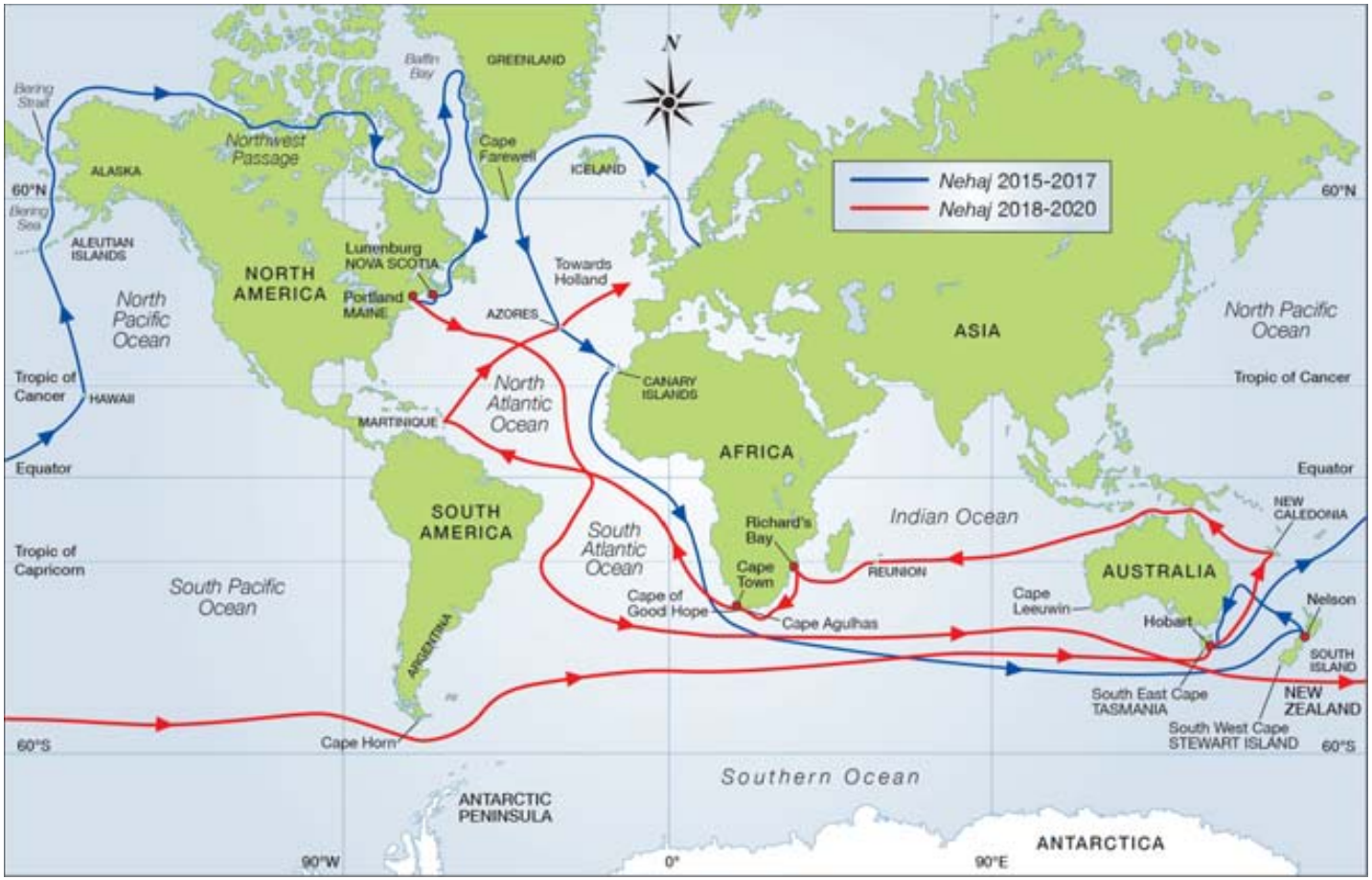
John Franklin

(*John shares his meeting with Susanne Huber-Curphey in Richard's Bay, South Africa, in November 2019 – Susanne has since received the OCC Seamanship Award for 2019, see page 20. With thanks to Daria Blackwell for extracts from her treatise on Famous Women Sailors. All photos copyright Susanne Huber-Curphey.*)

Jenny and I recently had the privilege of meeting one of the world's most experienced, accomplished, competent and intrepid sailors; not only that, but female and a singlehander. Not very much has been written about Susanne Huber-Curphey – she shuns publicity, doesn't publish a blog or have a website, and is content to sail the oceans of the world enjoying an intimate bond with the sea and her beloved aluminium boat *Nehaj*.

Nehaj is a Dick Koopmans 11·9m long keel design, cutter-rigged and built in aluminium alloy by Koopmans Kasko's in Sneek, The Netherlands. Her name derives from a castle fortress in Croatia meaning 'safe, secure'. The build yard completed the alloy work in 2013. Susanne then took over the fit-out, spending another two years living aboard while she worked on the completion, doing practically all the work herself to a professional standard.

Susanne aboard Nehaj. Note the watertight door at the companionway, small windows and simple deck plan. No roller furling, no sail tracks or travellers and no halyards led aft, slab reefing at the mast, no rod kicker but traditional boom gallows


Nehaj 2015-2017
Nehaj 2018-2020
N
Bering Strait
Baffin Bay
GREENLAND
Northwest Passage
Cape Farewell
ICELAND
60°N
Bering Sea
ALASKA
ALEUTIAN ISLANDS
NORTH AMERICA
Lunenburg NOVA SCOTIA
Portland MAINE
Towards Holland
AZORES
North Pacific Ocean
ASIA
Tropic of Cancer
HAWAII
CANARY ISLANDS
North Atlantic Ocean
MARTINIQUE
AFRICA
Equator
SOUTH AMERICA
South Atlantic Ocean
Indian Ocean
Richard's Bay
Cape Town
REUNION
NEW CALEDONIA
Tropic of Capricorn
South Pacific Ocean
Cape of Good Hope
Cape Agulhas
Cape Leeuwin
AUSTRALIA
Hobart
Nelson
SOUTH ISLAND
ARGENTINA
South East Cape TASMANIA
NEW ZEALAND
South West Cape STEWART ISLAND
60°S
Cape Horn
Southern Ocean
ANTARCTIC PENINSULA
ANTARCTICA
90°W
0°
90°E

Nehaj's interior, completed by Susanne herself, is functional and bright

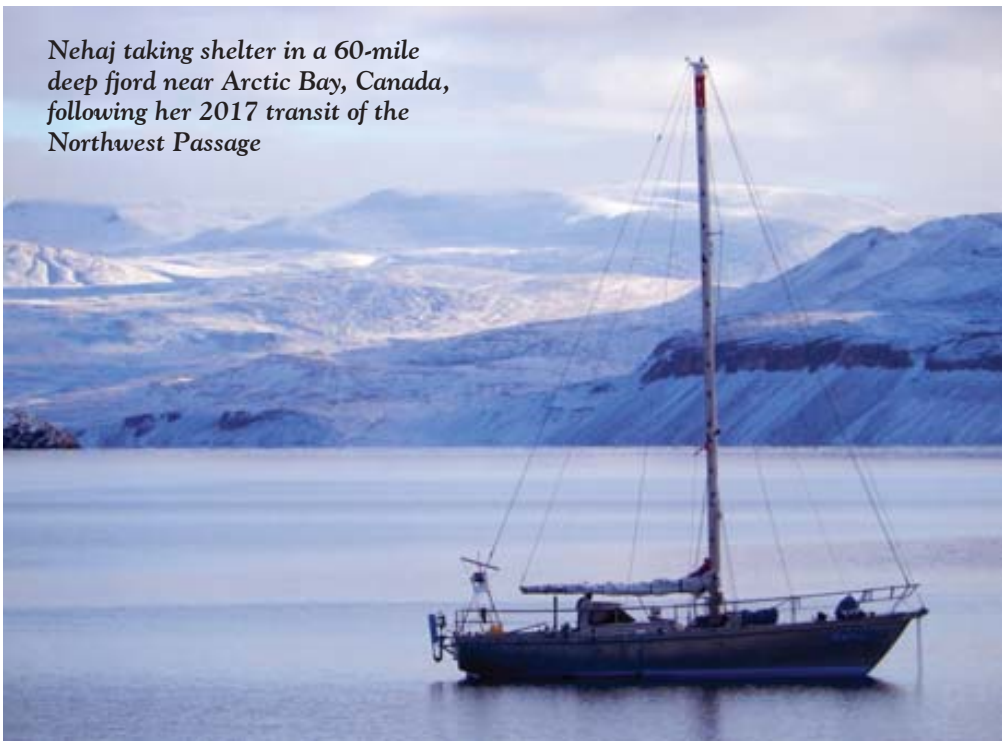
Nehaj is a singlehander's boat, very well equipped but fitted out simply and functionally for long-distance yet comfortable passagemaking for her owner/skipper. Susanne had the standard cockpit sole raised so that it is only 25cm deep, to create bigger lockers and more space below. She figured that in the mainly high-latitude sailing she proposed to do she would spend almost no time sitting in the cockpit, as the boat would be steered by her Aries windvane self-steering and she would con the boat sitting comfortably at the head of the companionway steps out of the weather under her hard alloy dodger. Deck fittings are both rugged and functional, and the decks are covered with non-slip Treadmaster. The topsides are bare aluminium, and for low maintenance there are no painted surfaces and nor is there any wood to be varnished. She has no roller-furling headsails, preferring traditional hanked-on fittings, and stows her headsails below though a custom watertight forehatch into a large fo'c's'le fitted with storage bins. Reefing is standard slab reefing controlled from the mast.

On leaving Holland in June 2015 Susanne and *Nehaj* embarked on a remarkable shake-down cruise – 14,800 miles to New Zealand, solo of course. The route took them north of Iceland, passing Cape Farewell in Greenland en route to the Azores, then non-stop from the Canary Islands, passing South Africa offshore and into the Southern Ocean eastbound to Nelson on the South Island of New Zealand. After a spell in the South Pacific Islands and Australia, Susanne became attracted to the idea of an east-bound transit of the Northwest Passage. Leaving Hobart, Tasmania in February 2017 she sailed via Hawaii and the Aleutian Islands to the Bering Sea, successfully completing the transit in September 2017 and becoming the first woman to make a solo transit, for which she was awarded the OCC's Barton Cup. She continued on to Nova Scotia via Greenland and

Large icebergs in Baffin Bay after leaving Lancaster Sound at 74°N

Baffin Bay, spending the winter of 2017/18 living aboard *Nehaj* afloat in Lunenburg.

During 2017 much media attention was focused on the 2018 Golden Globe Race, marking the 50th anniversary of the original 1968 *Sunday Times* race around the world won by Sir Robin Knox-Johnston, the only finisher. GGR 2018 was planned as a highly-organised event with a fixed starting time and location, as well as strict rules and limitations regarding boats to be sailed and equipment to be used. Susanne was amused but also worried by the strictness of the organisation, and was particularly



Nehaj taking shelter in a 60-mile deep fjord near Arctic Bay, Canada, following her 2017 transit of the Northwest Passage

After wintering aboard in Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, Nehaj sailed to South Portland, Maine, where Susanne made final preparations for the Longue Route

put off by the media hype surrounding the event (later valued at $185 million). In the event, 19 skippers started and only five finished, five boats being lost or abandoned along the way.

At the same time she became aware of another commemorative event – The Longue Route 2018, promoted by French ex-BOC racer Guy Bernardin in recognition of the 50th anniversary of Bernard Moitessier's role in the original Golden Globe Race. Moitessier and his 40ft steel ketch *Joshua* had become legends when he gave up his chance to win the original Golden Globe and kept on sailing around the world again so as to 'save his soul'. The book he wrote about his voyage, *La Longue Route*, has inspired all sailors with a spiritual bent and most particularly French sailors, who have dominated long-distance singlehanded ocean racing ever since.

In contrast to the highly organised GGR 2018 with strict rules, the Longue Route 2018 allowed freedom of choice of starting point and time. It also permitted a wide choice of boat length and type, and allowed skippers to make their own choices regarding equipment. Participants (not competitors, as there would be no winner and no prizes or awards) were to start from a point either north of 45°N in Europe, or north of 41°N on the east coast of North America, sometime between 18th June and 30th September 2018. They were to circle the globe non-stop via the southern Great Capes and return to an undisclosed French port north of 45°N. As Bernardin put it when launching the event:

> *'On this occasion, Guy invites other sailors to join him on this passage, in the same state of mind as Bernard Moitessier. This is not a race, there*

are no rules, nor constraints or obligations, or awards. It is a return to true values, individual and human responsibilities of the sailor and the man. Freedom and serenity to be alone at sea'.

This inspired Susanne. The low key, non-commercial, non-competitive theme appealed to her – freedom and serenity to be alone at sea with one's boat – that was more Susanne's style. She promptly entered *Nehaj*.

Starting from Portland, Maine on 14th June 2018 she sailed south of all the southern Great Capes*, but as she and *Nehaj* approached South Africa for the second time, she announced that she would not be heading to France like the other participants but rather continuing on around the Southern Ocean in the spirit of Moitessier's original Golden Globe voyage aboard *Joshua*. In fact, she never had any intention of doing otherwise – she was racing Moitessier 50 years earlier! She finally made landfall in Hobart, Tasmania on 20th February 2019 after 251 days at sea, having sailed *Nehaj* over 360°+216° of longitude and 33,000 nautical miles at an overall speed of 5·5 knots. She beat the virtual sailing time of *Joshua* 50 years earlier by four days – his route had covered 360°+206° of longitude from Plymouth to Tahiti.

Here is Susanne's own account of her passage from the East Coast of the USA to Tasmania and on to Reunion Island:

'From June 2018 until July 2019 was an exciting and special sailing year for *Nehaj* and me.

* Cape Agulhas, South Africa; Cape Leeuwin, Australia; South East Cape, Tasmania: South Cape, Stewart Island, New Zealand; and Cape Horn, Chile.

Sailing in the Atlantic trade winds,
Susanne was often able to collect rain water to top up Nehaj's tanks

Cape Raoul, Tasmania, in the lee of which Nehaj lay hove-to in October 2018 while Susanne repaired her Aries windvane self-steering gear

Joining the informal event of the 'Longue Route', *Nehaj* sailed exactly 50 years after Bernard Moitessier in the wake of his ketch *Joshua*. Right from the start I compared both of our routes, timing and impressions. Like no other yacht in this historic sailing year our two boats were identical in length, beam, keel shape, draught and mast height. He had a ketch with a long bowsprit, I had a sloop with a cutter rig. His boat was of steel, mine of aluminium. We both had home-built boats, basic equipment and no roller-furling. And yes, I did try to sail a bit faster than Bernard!

For my start in the USA with one additional Atlantic crossing I added just six days, and amazingly *Joshua* and *Nehaj* reached the first milestone of the equator 'at the same time'. As the passage carried on I felt ever closer to Bernard – just those 50 years separated us. When passing Cape Agulhas *Nehaj* fell back, while wintry headwinds and the already badly-fouled hull slowed us down even further in the Indian Ocean. *Joshua* lay a full eight days ahead when I passed Tasmania in October 2018. Catching up seemed impossible, but on the other hand there was still one full circumnavigation ahead of us!

After I had scraped off the goose barnacles, and as the southern spring weather slowly became more stable, *Nehaj* sailed more lively during the long journey across the Pacific Ocean. Despite a rough

A dramatic view of Staten Island, after rounding Cape Horn in December 2018. This was only the second time in Susanne's voyage that she saw land

rounding of Cape Horn we then were just four days behind *Joshua*. My friends were not really surprised when I decided to keep on sailing east after New Year's Day, just as Bernard had, and that I had no intention of returning to Europe like the other sailors of the Longue Route and the Golden Globe Race.

With summer approaching I dared the higher southern latitudes, while *Nehaj* easily managed heavy weather and strenuous sailing days.

During her 251 days at sea on the Longue Route Susanne rigged her trysail on 23 occasions totalling 633 hours. She used her full (unreefed) mainsail only 23% of the time

Calm seas in the Southern Ocean between the frequent weather systems

Being already 200 days at sea I felt in harmony with nature and quite at home with the elements. As I passed South Africa for the second time Bernard already lay one day behind, and when finally stopping in Tasmania after half a year in the Southern Ocean *Nehaj* was an amazing four days ahead. 50 years ago Bernard carried on to Tahiti, but eventually I noticed that due to the start in the USA my route of 576° showed ten more degrees of longitude, and that we had passed the antipodes point of our starting harbour twice. Well done indeed, *Nehaj*!

Nehaj crossed her own course twice during this journey:

- Just north of the equator *Nehaj* finished her first circumnavigation (my third), via the Northwest Passage with 46,907 miles since launching in Holland in June 2015.
- Just west of Tasmania we crossed our own course for a second time. Consequently a non-stop rounding of Antarctica happened just by itself with 212 days at sea and a great average speed of 5·8 knots.

After 251 days since leaving Maine, *Nehaj* and I had a great arrival in Tasmania, without any frills though sailing friends gave me a lovely welcome. Besides the repair of the Jordan Series Drogue there was no work list as hardly anything had broken, just a big clearing up job to be done. In addition I still had lots of provisions on board as well as 100 litres of drinking water. *Nehaj* mastered those 8½ months at sea perfectly, and for me it was a fascinating time in full trust of my good boat.

Both *Nehaj* and I survived the subsequent terrible stranding in Reunion Island, although it caused considerable dents in the hull and in the ego. Soon we will carry on towards South Africa.'

Start in Portland, Maine, USA on 14th June 2018

Start	Landmarks		days at sea	miles	Difference to *Joshua*
14/06/2018	Equator	18/07/2018	34 days	4751 miles	equal time
	Cape Agulhas	25/08/2018	72 days	9617 miles	plus 4 days
	Tasmania	24/10/2018	132 days	16,237 miles	plus 8 days
	Cape Horn	08/12/2018	177 days	22,832 miles	plus 4 days
	Cape Agulhas	06/01/2019	206 days	26,843 miles	minus 1 day
Total	**Tasmania**	**20/02/2019**	**251 days**	**33,043 miles**	**minus 4 days**

Rounding Antarctica, Tasmania to Tasmania in 121 days, 16,873 miles and 5·83 knots

In another 'first', as part of this voyage Susanne sailed *Nehaj* from Tasmania to Tasmania in 121 days solo, non-stop and unassisted around the Southern Ocean. Although not officially verified, Susanne became the first woman to sail around Antarctica singlehanded and non-stop.

Susanne brandishing the Longue Route flag on arrival in Tasmania in February 2019

Having completed her own Longue Route in the wake of Moitessier, Susanne spent two months in Tasmania and then continued via New Caledonia across the Indian Ocean to the island of Reunion where she and *Nehaj* had a disastrous grounding and pounding on a reef. That she and *Nehaj* survived this horrific experience is testimony to the latter's immensely strong aluminium construction and to her Dutch builders. This is a story in its own right and a tale for another day.

Start	Landfall	Days at sea	Miles
Tasmania, 28/04/2019	New Caledonia, 16/05/2019	18 days	2341
New Caledonia, 01/06/2019	Reunion Island, 21/07/2019	48 days	6916
Total USA to Reunion, 5.56 knots average speed		**317 days**	**42,300**

Following her recovery in Reunion, Susanne worked for three months effecting temporary repairs to *Nehaj* and then sailed for South Africa. At the time of writing (December 2019) Susanne has reached Simon's Town and is intending to nurse her badly damaged boat back to Europe where she will have extensive permanent repairs by the original build yard.

Susanne's account on the previous pages is a grossly understated narrative of an exceptional voyage, even by her standards. In an attempt to understand more of the detail I probed her on several issues, and her matter-of-fact replies left me in complete awe and wonderment at this exceptional woman. When I asked her about her statement, 'After I had scraped off the goose barnacles ...' and how she achieved this she replied:

> 'In my opinion aluminium is the closest-to-perfect hull material for many reasons. The only real disadvantage is finding decent antifouling paint. Copper in the paint is impossible, as it will result in electrolytic reaction with the alloy hull, while the necessary poison is virtually negligent these days. So I paid lots of money for 'pro-fouling paint' which, just three months after applying, invited monster-size goose barnacles that slowed us down to half speed. Soon after rounding Cape Agulhas in September 2018 I had to decide whether to stop in Australia or to bite the bullet and scrape off those nasty critters mid-ocean, which I did. I was extremely scared of this job! I was scared of shark attacks, of hypothermia in the 12°C water, and scared of drifting off in wind and current and seeing my

Goose barnacles first became apparent in August 2018, before passing South Africa. Susanne removed them at sea in 12°C water before entering the Southern Ocean

own boat disappear. With a thick rope tied to Nehaj around my waist, it eventually took me three terrible times, each of 1½ hours in the water, to clean the hull. Back on board I virtually collapsed each time, followed by shivering in my down sleeping bag for hours while Nehaj lay hove-to and patiently waited for me.'

To most skippers, the idea of going over the side mid-ocean is frightening enough. To do so at 40°S, with no-one else aboard and in 12°C (54°F) water, is just incomprehensible! Next I asked her about heavy weather and storm tactics:

'Once you pass Latitude 40° South you have to be prepared for nasty weather. A cold front or low will pass, on average, every three days. Not all bring filthy conditions, but it will happen. I did use the true survival storm tactic of the Jordan Series Drogue (JSD) on six occasions for a total of 195 hours in winds of above force 10.

The worst time of my half-year in the Southern Ocean was when two boats in the Golden Globe Race were close to my position. In September 2018 Abhilash Tomy and Gregor McGuckin were badly in trouble and had to be rescued. I felt seriously depressed about their fate! While it all happened I was in contact with the MRCC in Australia and ready to assist. At that time Nehaj was in perfect safety just 50 miles away, weathering this storm on her JSD without any harm.

It was a similar situation when Susie Goodall pitch-poled and had to be rescued while Nehaj rode out the same weather system approaching Cape Horn*. This time I felt thoroughly decadent and guilty, in comfort with my Dickinson diesel heater warming the boat and my soul while Susie's dream was shattered.

* Susie Goodall reportedly was using a Jordan Series Drogue when her Rustler 36 *DHL Starlight* pitchpoled and was dismasted some 2000 miles west of Cape Horn. Subsequently it was found that the drogue hawser had parted at its knot, possibly as the breaking wave broke, somersaulting the boat.

The Jordan Series Drogue puts a huge strain on the hull and its attachments. Shown here are the 20mm welded chainplates for the drogue's 16 ton breaking-strain shackles

Damaged cones of the Jordan Series Drogue, which was used on six occasions during the Longue Route for a total of 195 hours. This explains the wear on the cones, though the ropes were undamaged. In January 2018 Susanne's sewing machine broke, and as hand-stitching replacement drogues took too long and she considered it to be her 'life insurance' she abandoned any thoughts of rounding Cape Horn for a second time

Didn't they all know that the Southern Ocean is no playground and that you have to have a storm tactic? In my opinion this is certainly the JSD, which I had put together myself. The excellent report of Sir Robin earlier this year came to the same conclusion. Sailing conditions in the Southern Ocean have not improved in those 50 years. My advice for the area is: 'Keep the mast out of the water and keep the water out of the boat'.

You must respect the elements. Sailing the high latitudes is no computer game where you will be rescued free of charge if things go wrong, where the insurer will replace your boat, and where you start the adventure game all over again while the world in live coverage holds its breath for you. The ocean is just you and your well-prepared boat – it is brutal and it is fascinating at the same time, and it is nature at its purest.'

That last sentence says it all for Susanne and *Nehaj*. What a privilege to meet such an accomplished sailor so at home with the ocean and her boat.

A TALE OF TWO BANDITS
Stuart and Anne Letton

(*Stuart contributed* The Seven Year Itch *to* Flying Fish 2018/2*, admitting that a new lady had replaced his faithful* Time Bandit I *in his affections. That article ended with the words: 'Come back next issue and find out!' Okay, so it's been three issues instead of one, but much better late than never!*

Follow Stuart and Anne's blog at www.TimeBandit.co.uk.)

"Gone to the Dark Side?" "Bought a square boat then?" "Nice trainer hull." These comments and many more were directed our way by our monohull friends. "You're going to love it" and similar came from our multihull friends.

To transition from mono to multi, one really needs an excuse. Mine is that I started my racing career in a catamaran ... albeit aged eleven. Fast forward a good number of years – Fireball, 505, Contender, marriage, kids, work and all that stuff – and we were finally free, and for the last ten years have been drawing a spider's web of tracks around various oceans on, as a yachting journalist once unkindly called her, a 'beige battleship', our Island Packet 45, *Time Bandit*. Well-named as it happens, as on more than one occasion we really appreciated having a solid, directionally stable platform under our boot soles. Lurking in the DNA, however, was the catamaran demon that had to be exorcised...

We did our homework, reading up on the brands, their strengths and weaknesses, and conducted numerous brief interviews with cat owners. We'd dinghy up to anchored cats, my wife Anne cringing in the front of the dinghy, saying "Please, not again, this is so embarrassing". Ignoring her protestations I'd knock on the hull and ask two questions. First was, "Before you bought this boat, did you sail a monohull?". The answer was always "Yes". Next I'd ask, "Would you go back to a monohull?". At this point the cat owner would look down indulgently and politely say, "Is your nurse nearby?" ... or words to that effect.

So, almost on a whim, "just to test the market, darling", we started the process of selling the 'beige battleship'. Somewhat to our surprise this went really fast – so fast that six weeks later we ended up beside Sydney Harbour, clutching our belongings, standing amongst a pile of cardboard boxes, homeless. I'd already made up my mind that we – well, I – wanted a boat at the top end of the performance scale. Anne was a reluctant follower. With some experience and knowledge of the Outremer range, we invited ourselves to the Outremer Cup in southern France to hitch rides in boats of various sizes. Fast forward to October 2018 and we flew to New Caledonia to complete the purchase of the new *Time Bandit*, an Outremer 51, and sail her down to Sydney and Tasmania, out of the cyclone zone.

A week later we sailed out of the flat waters of the New Caledonia lagoon into the big wide Pacific, taking our first steps up what was a pretty steep learning curve. Since then we've covered over 3500 miles of ocean, coastal water and creek, in flat calm to 40+ knots, and we're still learning.

So what have we learned? Well, on our crossing to Australia it did go through my mind that I might just be the first catamaran owner ever to go back to a monohull. It

Time Bandit II off the east coast of Tasmania

was the motion. Have you ever seen one of those circus clown cars where each wheel's hub is off centre and it hops and jumps around the ring? Well, that's what it felt like. Compared to the super-smooth ride of our long-keel 'beige battleship' it was wild and jerky. And when you were just getting ... WHAM!! ... what the heck was that? ... used to it, a wave would slam between the hulls or under the bridge deck and you'd jump out of your skin. Man, this was different.

The chair and tiller steering are optional extras … best seat in the house

What was also different was standing at the helm, self-steering switched to OFF. In the last few months I've probably hand-steered for longer than in the previous few years. With a half turn of the finger-light helm we can peel the boat off, catch a wave, and start a surf that takes us up from cruising speed of 8 or 10 knots to 15 or 16 knots as we enjoyed the sleigh-ride east. *Time Bandit II* is a joy to sail. You even get a tiller to play with. At night, rather than be shivering outside in a *Beige Bandit* cockpit, we could be in the saloon at 'the bridge' where, with pretty much all-round visibility, we could sit in warmth and comfort while hissing and roaring along.

A couple of months later we were out in 40 knots, making a run down the west coast of Tasmania to see how we got along in a bit of a blow. The forecast had said 25 to 30 but the Bureau of Meteorology must have thought they'd give us a challenge. Under furled Solent* we were moving at 8 to 10 knots – and Anne was sitting in the lounge ('lounge' as in the saloon, as opposed to the 'patio' or cockpit) reading the paper. In *Beige Bandit* she'd either have been Stugeron'd, or comatose, or both. One thing we were glad to leave in monohull-land was seasickness.

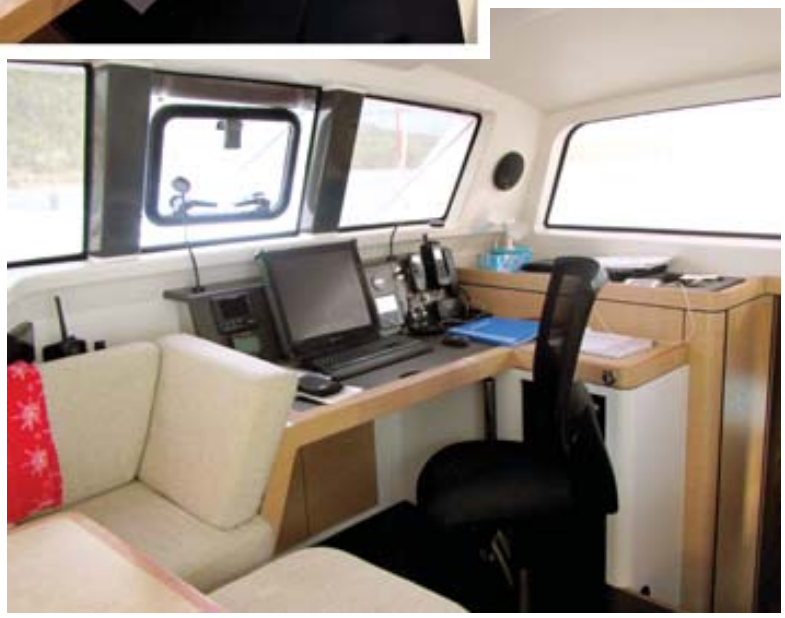
Showing off…

Lovely as Australian cruising is, sheltered anchorages are few and far between – those that are sheltered from the wind invariably suffer from swell. One evening in Manly, inside Sydney Heads, we were entertaining our cruising buddy for the night, enjoying sundowners and some nosh until it got later than we'd planned. I was running a taxi service and took our friend back to his Moody 54, to find it rolling like a dog to the extent that getting on board was an exercise in timing the downswing of the gunwale to the

* A term used by the French to describe a 100% jib, generally set on a dedicated stay running some 9–15in inside the headstay.

Anne reading at (half) the saloon table

The chart table is small, but takes a chart folded in four. Coastal cruising we're electronic, but on passage we put an ocean chart on the saloon table and plot daily on that, just so we can actually see progress!



upswing of the leg – and at his age that was a challenge! On board *Time Bandit II* for the previous three or four hours we'd been totally oblivious to the swell. We'd really forgotten what having to sleep spread-eagled, hanging on to the mattress, was like in rolly anchorages. In the open roadstead Tasmanian anchorages our cruising buddies in their monohulls were walking around bleary-eyed, complaining about the nightmare rolling of the previous night. We hadn't even noticed.

Catamaran motion underway does take some getting used to, unless you're a circus clown, but after three months in a wide variety of conditions we were definitely being converted. The Outremer is at the performance end of the scale of cruising catamarans. Winning that performance potential – for potential is what it is, as you only need to be sensible and de-power – comes at a price, and that's measured in square metres of living space, both horizontally and vertically. The wider, more commodious hulls of, say, a Lagoon offer walk-around beds, larger saloons and second patios outside the front door, but performance takes a hit. As with all boats, you pays your money ...

I can't speak for the majority of the cruising cats out there – 'condomarans' is, I believe, the collective slur – but the Outremer certainly delivers on performance. However, to quote Spider-Man, "with great power comes great responsibility". Going upwind, perhaps close-reaching, or downwind and broad-reaching, if you get hit by a gust or, if you've allowed the adrenaline of a fast ride to make you leave reefing longer than you should have, you can luff up or bear off and de-power the boat. However, between say 80° and 150° you're operating in what I understand multihull people call the 'death zone' (I really do think they need to work on their marketing skills). You see, if you get hit by a really strong gust with the wind abeam and round up to spill wind you might, well, tip over. If instead you decide to bear off and go for speed to kill the apparent wind strength you accelerate, fast, and with the extra loads and speed you might, well, tip over. It's actually just like the Shearwater catamaran days of my youth!

Most cruising cats are under-powered and these scenarios are highly unlikely, or so I've read. On the other hand, *Time Bandit II* is at the performance end of the scale and for us, the extra power dictates we stay on top of things. Which was, after all, one of the reasons we, or rather I, decided to make the change. The Island Packet was just too forgiving ... and I'm still young!

Anyway, the reality is that while the potential exists for getting a really big fright – perhaps one that involves swimming – these scenarios are really only in extreme circumstances, perhaps a 70 knot katabatic blast from out of nowhere or suchlike. Otherwise a prudent sailor ought to be able to stay on top of things. And, as a friend remarked, "Without fear, there's no excitement".

So, after logging a few thousand miles, flat calms to 40 knots and around 80 nights at anchor, what are our thoughts as ex-racers and long-term liveaboard cruisers?

That OCC house flag has seen good service!

I've got over the motion and noise and now it's second nature. We've satisfied the primary goal of getting a boat that is comfortable, fast, responsive, fun and rewarding to sail. What we didn't expect was to so much appreciate 'upstairs' living with a walk-out 'patio', 360° visibility, interior helm position and sailing, living and sleeping ... all of it flat. My normal pose downwind on *Beige Bandit* was to sit at the wheel, one hand on each of the backstays, braced against the rolling. Now we walk around without holding on while Coke and coffees sit on the table, unmoved. I will surely miss being heeled over, powering along on a fast reach, lee rail awash. What I won't miss is the rolling.

Really, it's like taking your living room for a fast, thrilling, comfortable and rewarding sail, albeit with the occasional earthquake!

FROM THE GALLEY OF ... Louise Evans, aboard *Gem*

ORANGE POLENTA CAKE

This has proven a popular cake aboard *Gem*. We don't like things too sweet, but the honey in this recipe is counteracted by slightly sharp orange juice. It doesn't need butter (we don't have a 'fridge) but perhaps more importantly doesn't need baking skills either!

Ingredients

- 4 large oranges or 6 small ones
- 250g runny honey
- 185g / 200ml olive oil
- 3 eggs
- 200g ground almonds
- 100g polenta or cornmeal

Set the oven to 160°C / 320°F / Gas Mk 3.

Grate the zest of three large or four small oranges into a large mixing bowl. Add 150g of the runny honey and all the olive oil. Whisk for 2 minutes. Add all three eggs and whisk for a further two minutes, then fold in the polenta and ground almonds. Add the juice of one large or two small oranges and stir in.

Pour into a cake tin – I use a 20cm diameter round tin – and bake for 40–50 minutes until golden and slightly risen, put aside to cool.

Juice the three large or four small (and now zestless) oranges into a small saucepan and add the remaining 100g of runny honey. Boil for about 20 minutes to reduce the liquid until it starts to thicken, then allow to cool. If it's not thick enough when cool, boil a bit more. Spread the cooling drizzle over the cool cake.

Great with morning coffee!

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CRUISING GREECE'S CYCLADES ISLANDS
Mike and Helen Norris

(*Once again we join Mike and Helen Norris aboard their 37ft Countess ketch* Island Drifter *as they continue into year three of their four-year Greek Odyssey – see* Flying Fish 2017/2, 2018/2 *and* 2019/1 *or visit their blog at www.islanddriftergreece2019.blogspot.com.)*

On our return passage from our circuit of the East and West Sporades islands in mid-July 2018, we used the northern Cyclades islands of Andros and Tinos as stepping stones on our way southeast across the Aegean to 'our' boatyard in Leros, stopping to explore both islands en route. Since the *meltemi* was by then blowing a consistent northerly 35 knots it was great sailing, but we realised it would be more difficult cruising. We therefore decided to cruise the rest of the Cyclades islands the following spring, before the *meltemi* started to develop at the end of June.

The Cyclades are the central group of islands in the south Aegean, so named because they more or less encircle Delos, the ancient centre of trade and worship. Most islands participated in the War of Independence against Turkey and all, except Astipalaia (see plan overleaf), became part of Greece when the war ended in 1832.

Sailing in the lee of Andros and Tinos in force 8 with two reefs in

Levitha

On leaving Leros in early April, the first Cyclades island we visited was Levitha, some 20 miles due west. We moored to a buoy in an almost land-locked bay at the south of the island which afforded excellent shelter and was a delightful location. The small island is


N
2018
2019
WESTERN SPORADES
LESBOS
39°N
SKYROS
EASTERN SPORADES
MAINLAND GREECE
EVIA
TURKEY
Aegean Sea
CHIOS
Athens
Mounikhias
ATTICA COAST
38°N
ANDROS
Batsi
Piraeus
Varkiza
PELOPONNESE
SAMOS
Cape Sounion
TINOS
IKARIA
Saronic Gulf
KEA
Tinos
MYKONOS
SYROS
KITHNOS
Ermoupolis
DELOS
PATMOS
CYCLADES
SERIFOS
Livadi
DONOUSA
LEROS
Lakki
TURKISH DODECANESE
PAROS
NAXOS
SIFNOS
Vathí
LEVITHA
37°N
Adhamas
DODECANESE
AMORGOS
KOS
MILOS
SIKINOS
IOS
ASTIPALAIA
Mount Kalamos
FOLEGANDROS
NISYROS
ANAFI
SANTORINI (THERA)
Akrotiri
Sea of Crete
RHODES
24°W
26°W
To Mykonos
Naxussa Bay
DONOUSA
Parikia
Naxos
Antiparos
PAROS
Paros-Naxos Channel
ANTIPAROS
NAXOS
KOUFONISI
KEROS
DHESPOTICO
Katapola Bay
IRAKLIA
Mirsina
SCHOINOUSA
LITTLE CYCLADES
AMORGOS
IOS

Anchorage at the head of Levitha bay

inhabited by a self-sufficient, entrepreneurial family group of six adults who fish, herd, farm, provide mooring buoys for visitors and run an evening *taverna* in their attractive whitewashed farm complex, some 15 minutes' walk along an indistinct track from the anchorage. A good torch is essential for the return!

Amorgos

Continuing southwest, our next anchorage was off the town beach in Katapola Bay on the west coast of Amorgos, a large, mountainous island where the main settlements have only 'recently' been connected by road. From Katapola town it is possible to drive or hike via the *chora** to the iconic working monastery of Chozoviotissos, the island's principal tourist attraction, which is embedded in towering cliffs high above the sea. Even in this secular age it makes an impression on the most hardened cynic. Sitting quietly admiring the monastery's polished wood

* *Chora*, meaning 'the town' in Greek, is often used as the name of the main town on an island, particularly when it shares the name of the island itself.

interior, portraits, memorabilia and sweeping views while being treated to a shot of *tsipouro* (Greek un-aged brandy) and *loukoumades* (Greek Turkish delight) by the monks must rate as one of the most sensory experiences of our Cyclades cruise.

We intended to use Amorgos as a springboard for exploring Ano and Kato Koufonisi, Iraklia, Schoinousa, Donousa and Keros – the group of six tiny islands known as the Little Cyclades, which lie between Amorgos and Naxos. Each of the four inhabited islands has between 100 and 400 inhabitants, and over the past twenty years they have strayed from obscurity to being 'in fashion'.

Schoinousa

Mirsina, the island of Schoinousa's only port, is small, albeit well-protected from northerly winds, and the *chora* on the hillside above is the island's only settlement. In the summer the village is inundated with day tourists from Naxos, but out of season it recovers its natural charm. In 2006 the island found itself in the headlines after it was exposed as the base for a major antiquities smuggling operation.

Iraklia

The 1½ mile passage over to Iraklia must rate as our shortest cruising passage ever. With fewer attractions and amenities than its neighbours, it maintains an atmosphere of secluded retreat for its 'get away from it all' devotees.

Paros

Given that a southerly force 9 was forecast, our priorities changed from exploration

The bay, port, tamarisk-shaded sandy beach and village of Ay Georgios on Iraklia

to preservation. We therefore headed north for 30 miles through the Paros–Naxos channel to Naoussa Bay, a large indented bay at the north end of Paros with a wide choice of anchorages depending on wind direction. We, however, chose to berth in the new visitors' marina at Naoussa town in the south of the bay. As well as offering excellent protection from southerly winds, the berthing, water and electricity were all free because the marina had not yet been officially licensed! We reasoned that we could leave *Island Drifter* there and explore the island while waiting for the bad weather to pass, something we'd not have dreamt of doing if at anchor in 45 knots – even had we been able to get ashore.

Paros has become, through its port at Parikia, the *de facto* hub of the Greek ferry system in the eastern Cyclades. It has everything that one would expect from a Greek island – old villages, monasteries, fishing harbours, *tavernas* and beaches. In early times its translucent white marble, extracted by slope mining, was much valued due to its suitability for the carving of fine sculptures – the Venus de Milo and Napoleon's tomb were both carved from Parian marble.

Naxos

When we arrived in Naxos port we were only just able to squeeze in amongst the local boats, there being no room on the visitors' quay. Naxos is the loftiest, largest and, it is generally considered, most magnificent of the Cyclades islands. Naxians were initially disdainful of tourism since, like Crete, the island was able to support itself through agriculture and fishing, but that view is slowly changing. To date, however, the impact of tourism has been relatively benign and the island's natural character has not been seriously damaged. Talk of extending the ferry quay to accommodate cruise ships could change that!

Apart from the island's *chora*, Naxos's principal attractions have always been the golden sands of its west coast beaches, its verdant mountainous hinterland, unspoilt villages and coastal scenery. In the past Naxos's roads could be positively lethal, but they have been significantly upgraded as part of the EU's contribution to infrastructure, making both beaches and interior more accessible to Naxians and visitors alike.

Donousa

Donousa rises steeply out of the sea some 10 miles off the wild and less inhabited east coast of Naxos. It is the second largest but least visited of the four inhabited islands of the Little Cyclades and, compared with the other islands, it is somewhat out on a limb. While in August it gets swamped with day tourists from Naxos, out of season the island attracts those looking to enjoy a tranquil holiday in a traditional Greek environment, with good walking, excellent beaches and crystal-clear water, in what is generally considered one of the most beautiful and least spoilt islands in the Aegean.

Koufonisi

Koufonisi is the smallest of the four inhabited islands of the Little Cyclades, yet it is the most populated and accommodates the greatest number of tourists each year, attracted by its beaches, plentiful beachside *tavernas* and good accommodation, all within easy reach by road or track from the island's port. It has a substantial inshore fishing fleet which services both Koufonisi and Naxos. Fish is the first item on every taverna's menu.

Island Drifter at anchor off Ay Stavros town beach, Dhinoussa, with Naxos in the background

Keros

Southeast of Koufonisia lies the island of Keros, with its rugged mountains and steep sea cliffs. It is uninhabited, even though it is the largest of the Little Cyclades. Once the dominant member of the group, it became the spiritual home of early Cycladean culture and the burial ground for its inhabitants. Today it is an important source of archaeological information – casual visitors are not encouraged.

Mike about to get stuck into a locally caught grilled squid at Koufonisia

Antiparos

After leaving the Little Cyclades, and on our way to Mykonos to pick up our friends Max and Sue who were flying in from Manchester, we pulled into Antiparos off the southwest coast of Paros to break the passage into two day-sails. The quays at Antiparos town were completely dominated by local pleasure and ferry boats, however, and much of its bay is too shallow for a monohull with a fixed keel.

We finally anchored in a large, sandy and well-protected bay between Antiparos and the smaller island of Dhespotico to the southwest which apparently was once used for R&R by pirate galleons! These days the principal attraction of Antiparos town and the north of the island is its excellent beaches which accommodate the 'needs' of families, surfers and nudists.

The town beach at Antiparos looked inviting with its beach bars and tamarisk-shaded sand

Mykonos

Boosted by direct air links with Europe, cruise ship docks, an excellent ferry service, one of the most scenic harbours in the Mediterranean plus a profusion of good sandy beaches and the nearby premier sightseeing island of Delos, Mykonos has become one of the most popular, high profile and expensive islands in the Cyclades. In high season one should only visit if well bankrolled and intent on joining the young, jostling street crowds and oiled-up lounger lifestyle at the island's packed beaches – and the

Little Venice's colourful seafront and balconies in the Old Quarter of Mykonos town

relentless party scene. Out of season, one can, and indeed we did, enjoy the island's natural charms.

Delos

While not permitted to anchor there overnight, it was inconceivable that we would bypass Delos on our passage to Syros. The mythical birthplace of Apollo and Artemis, Delos became a shrine turned commercial centre. Today it is a UNESCO World Heritage Site and one of the most important archaeological locations in Greece.

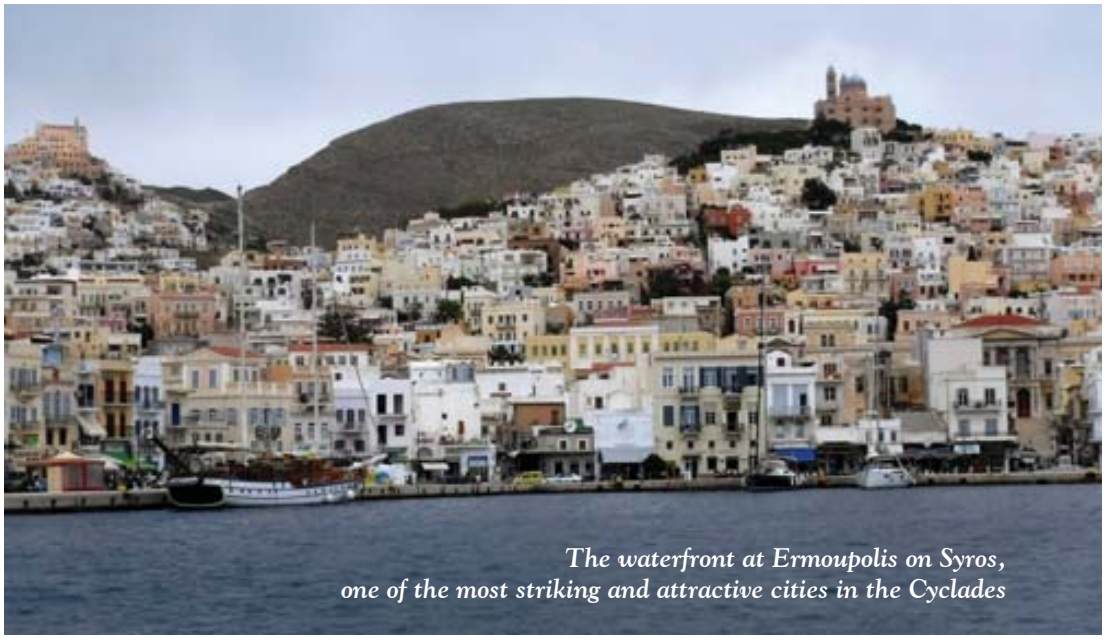
Syros

An oddity among Greek islands, Syros avoided the chaos and destruction encountered by most Aegean islands at the hands of pirates because of the patronage and protection of its Catholic community by the French monarchy. It also, somehow, remained precariously neutral during the War of Independence with Turkey in

The famous Naxian Lions of Delos in the onsite museum (the ones outside are plaster cast copies)

the 1820s. Thanks to its superb natural harbour at Ermoupolis, and the energy and entrepreneurial skills of its mixed Catholic and Orthodox populations, Syros became one of the most prosperous of the Aegean islands and hence the capital, legal and administrative centre of the Cyclades. Ermoupolis's faded neoclassical charm gives Syros something that neighbouring islands cannot match, and contrasts with the traditional whitewashed Cycladean villages that dominate almost everywhere else.[v]

Syros remains a working island, with only a fleeting, recent history of tourism. While it is one of the smallest inhabited islands in the Cyclades, it has the highest permanent population of any in the group.



The waterfront at Ermoupolis on Syros, one of the most striking and attractive cities in the Cyclades

Sifnos

On our way south to Santorini we anchored off the small, attractive holiday resort and sandy beaches at Vathí, an almost landlocked circular bay on the west coast of Sifnos. The island has a reputation for its cuisine, and in particular for its sophisticated casseroles cooked in traditional clay-fired *gastres* (pots) from where the word 'gastronomy' derives.

Milos

Milos is the southwesternmost of the Cyclades islands. Unlike most other Aegean islands, which were geologically once mountains on the Aegean Plain, Milos and its more scenic and touristic neighbour Santorini are volcanic in origin, having been created when the Aegean Plain was flooded after the Ice Age. There the similarity ends. While the Santorini bay is a *caldera*, resulting from an enormous explosion, that in Milos is due to a large number of smaller explosions that have, by chance, built the island and bay into the shape they are.

The replica of the Venus di Milo in the chora's archaeological museum at Milos

Milos is probably best known for the Venus di Milo statue, which was found on the island and now resides in the Louvre in Paris. As a sop, a plaster cast replica has been supplied by the Louvre and can be seen in the town's archaeological museum. The island came late to the tourist scene, having relied on mining as the mainstay of its economy. Indeed, the mining companies still employ over 30 percent of the population and the island has the largest perlite and bentonite deposits in the EU. The mining museum in the port of Adhamas is well worth visiting.

Folegandros

Folegandros lies on the southern edge of the Cyclades, with the Sea of Crete to its south. Its attractive *chora* and *kastro* (castle) are perched on a cliff edge. The island has become an increasingly trendy location for Greek, French and Italian visitors in particular, with a predictable effect on prices and retail therapy opportunities.

Enjoying a beer with our friends Max and Sue in one of the five beautiful, tree-shaded squares in the chora of Folegandros

Santorini
The most visually spectacular of the Greek islands and also one of the most expensive, Santorini (also known as Thera) is subjected to ever-increasing waves of tourists, drawn by its scenic location, archaeological discoveries at Akrotiri and the legend of Atlantis. When entering the vast bay (a flooded *caldera*) one is immediately faced by steep, multicoloured cliffs some 300m in height which encircle much of the island's indigo waters. White Cycladean houses line the cliff rim and cling tenaciously to the terraced rocks below. Even the cruise ships are dwarfed by the cliffs and do not look out of place as they lie at anchor.

Santorini, incidentally, is one of the largest active *calderas* in the world – five times the size of Krakatoa, between Java and Sumatra, which erupted in 1883. It felt rather odd to be sailing into the island's bay knowing that there was an active volcano beneath the keel.

Ios
Ios, due north of Santorini, developed a reputation in the 1960s as a popular destination for students, who were attracted by its reputation for providing a heady cocktail of SSS*. It remains popular with young backpackers in July and August, when the island becomes ludicrously overcrowded as today's youth do their best to maintain the 'standards' of their forefathers. Out of season we found it very pleasant.

Cruise ships anchored in the bay below the chora at Santorini

Serifos
Serifos's port of Livadi appears to have had a complete makeover, no doubt courtesy of Brussels. It now provides excellent all-round shelter and has eliminated the usual problem of ferry wash. The number of quality *tavernas* on the town quay clearly indicates that they cater for many visitors in the 'season', who also have the opportunity for some serious walking on numbered trails and a range of unspoilt, quiet, sandy bays.

* Sun, Sea and Sex...

The harbour master, Greek style, at Kithnos

Kithnos
The island of Kithnos has the earliest known Cycladean settlement, dating from before 4500BC. Today it is one of the lesser visited and lower key of the larger Cyclades islands. Visitors don't come to Kithnos for the sightseeing ... the island's principal attraction is its lack of attractions! None of the principal locations can offer much in terms of tourist appeal, other than the indisputable fact that they are unspoilt.

Varkiza (Attica coast)
We split our passage from Kithnos up the Attica Coast to Athens at Varkiza, a southern suburb of central Athens, some 25 miles north. Sunshades and loungers totally covered the beach, jet-skiers were drawn like magnets to yachts at anchor, and music blasted out from three beach discos until the early hours. Even so, being a statutory 300m off the shore, protected from the strong northerly winds, and with good holding, a G&T and an excellent meal on board, it suited us fine.

Mounikhias Yacht Harbour, Piraeus (Athens)
Max and Sue had flights booked back to the UK and Helen also returned home for a few days on family business. Meanwhile Mike remained with the boat in Athens, on a Piraeus Sailing Club pontoon in the circular harbour of Mounikhias. He had time to explore parts of the city, the coastal strip and Athens waterfront, including its eight marinas, ferry and cruise ship docks. King Constantine's Dragon, in which he won a gold medal at the 1960 Olympics in Rome, is stored at the club – inspiration for its very active dinghy section, whose members include two bronze medallists from the Rio Olympics in 2016, currently training hard for Tokyo.

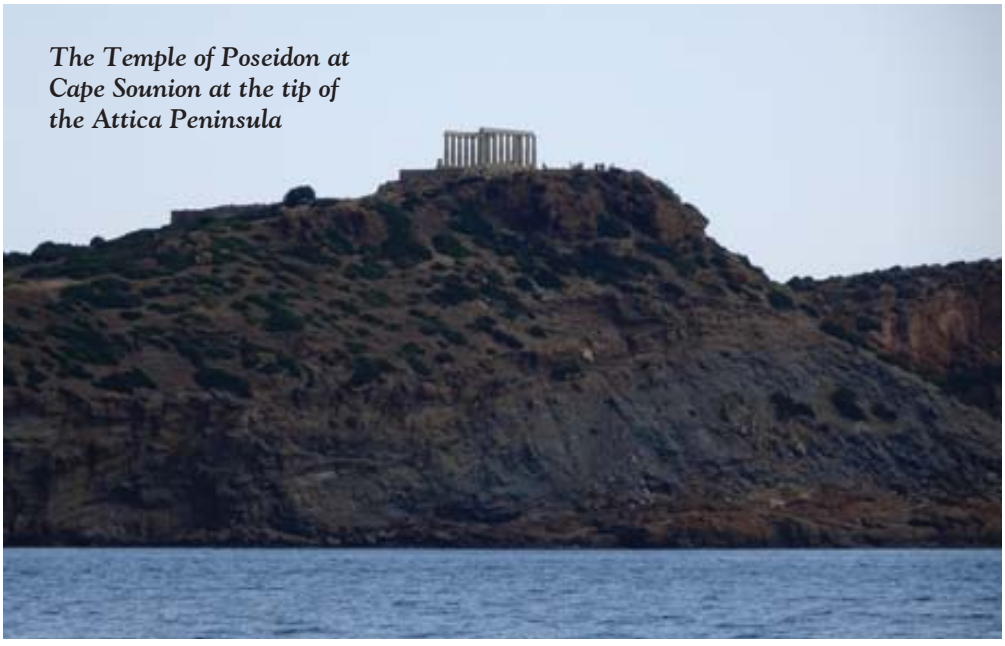
The harbour is overlooked by the prestigious clubhouse of the Yacht Club of Greece, which appears to have taken over from the Royal Hellenic Yacht Club of which King Constantine was a member.

The Attica Peninsula
Our passage southeast from Mounikhias to the island of Kea took us through the Saronic Gulf and down the Attica coast. The Temple of Poseidon stands conspicuously on the top of Cape Sounion at the southern tip of the peninsula. This craggy spur plunges 100m to the sea, and the large bay to the northwest has traditionally been used by sailing vessels waiting for the *meltemi* to abate.

Very young children and their dinghies at the Piraeus Sailing Club

Kea

Kea, only twenty miles off the Attica peninsula and three hours by ferry from Athens, is popular with cruisers, charterers and Athenians. Much of the countryside and many of the bays are peppered with holiday villas, both in isolation and within small communities. Many are attractively built in the locally-quarried greeny-brown stone, with the traditional red-tiled roofs for which Kea is known. The island's principal tourist attraction is the sculpture of the Lion of Kea, a 6m-long grey granite Sphinx-like creature, carved around 300BC from an outcrop of rock. It lies in an olive grove 15 minutes' walk from the island's *chora*.



The Temple of Poseidon at Cape Sounion at the tip of the Attica Peninsula

The Lion of Kea

Once an important outpost of the Minoan empire, Kea boasted four city states (whereas most islands managed only one). The Minoan civilisation on the island practised the custom of *keion nomimom*, by which those over 70 whose intellectual faculties or physical abilities were no longer 'beneficial' to society were obliged to commit suicide by drinking a cup of hemlock. The custom is believed to have originated during a siege of the island when food was scarce.

Sikinos

Sikinos is the second-least-visited island in the Cyclades, after Anafi. It offers a great insight into what life was like in the islands before modern tourism burgeoned in the 1970s. Apart from a few *tavernas* and a couple of bars the islanders make few concessions to tourism beyond some purpose-built holiday accommodation around the port. Few foreigners – other than cruisers who value such locations – include the island in their itineraries.

Anafi

The small island of Anafi, due east of Santorini and the last of the Cyclades islands that we visited, is undoubtedly the least known and accessed tourist location in the Aegean – so much so that the word 'Anafi' is the Greek equivalent of 'Timbuktu'. Like Sikinos it offers visitors a glimpse of what island life used to be like.

On the limestone pinnacle of Mount Kalamos at the extreme southeast point of the island is the monkless monastery of Kalamiotissa, the island's principal 'sight'. The mountain is the highest rock formation in the Mediterranean, outstripping (it is claimed) even Gibraltar, and the monastery is spectacularly located at its summit. It was a steep 2½ hour hike up to the monastery and back, but the views were well worth the effort.

Astypalaia

Architecturally, geographical and historically Astypalaia should belong in the Cyclades group, but by a quirk of history it was mistakenly positioned in the Turkish Dodecanese by the major powers who 'oversaw' the 1832 Peace Conference.

Astypalaia's *kastro* overlooks the harbour and town and is one of the finest in the Aegean. Built by the Venetians in the 13th century, its thick outer walls are part of four-storey buildings rather than purpose-built battlements – the windows were opened up in the 19th century. In its prime it housed 4000 people within its walls and contained a labyrinth of staircases and alleys in addition to two blue-domed churches.

The tall, thick outer walls of Astypalaia's kastro, seen from the chora's main square

Leros

We sailed back to Leros via Nisyros, south of Kos, in order to get out of the worst of the *meltemi* which was beginning to develop, as the waters nearer Turkey are significantly less affected than those of the Central Aegean. We celebrated our return with Ian and Melian Tomsett from *Indian Summer*, a 40ft catamaran, who were anchored in Lakki harbour. We had met them in Anafi and they were following our blog. Originally from Australia, they had only reached Greece in June having spent three years cruising Indonesia, India and Africa before sailing up the Somali coast and through the Red Sea and Suez Canal.

We returned to the UK via Athens airport on 4 July 2019, well satisfied with our 1400 mile cruise of the Cyclades during which we had visited 30 islands.

Enjoying an end-of-cruise meal with Ian and Melian Tomsett at a great little taverna on the ferry quay in Lakki, Leros

SENDING SUBMISSIONS TO FLYING FISH

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 double check that all place, personal and boat names are spelt correctly.

LENGTH: no more than 3500 words and preferably fewer than 3000, except in *very* special cases – and normally only one article per member per issue.

FORMAT: MS Word (any version) or PDF, with or without embedded photos (though see below), sent by e-mail to flying.fish@oceancruisingclub.org.

ILLUSTRATIONS: up to 20 captioned photos, professional-standard drawings or cartoons. **PLEASE** don't send more than this – while you have a single piece to illustrate, I receive up to 20 articles for each issue, so may have 400+ images to juggle! Any digital format is fine, but please contact me before sending prints.

Photos should 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 – merely opening and saving under another name degrades the quality. If 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 many image programs, which compresses the file data), rounding off with a separate message telling me what you've sent. Alternatively use WeTransfer [www.wetransfer.com] a great little free (!) internet program. Finally, please include a list of captions, including credits, in the order the photos relate to the text. Something along the lines of: '**01** (DCM 3285) Preparing the boat for sea; **02** (DCM 3321) Leaving Horta, John at the helm; **03** (DSP 00045) The whale! Photo Sue Black'; is ideal.

CHARTLETS & POSITIONS: a rough chartlet if relevant, for professional re-drawing. If your article includes cruising information useful to others, include latitudes and longitudes where appropriate, preferably as a separate list.

COVER PHOTOS: eye-catching, upright photos of high resolution and quality, with fairly plain areas top and bottom – sky and sea? – to take the standard wording.

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For more information, either e-mail me or refer to the ***GUIDELINES FOR CONTRIBUTORS*** to be found on the website. Thank you.

Anne Hammick, Editor
flying.fish@oceancruisingclub.org

OUR FRIEND LORENZO AND THE RESCUE THAT NEVER HAPPENED

Toby Peyton-Jones

(*Having bought* Truant, *a Bowman 40, in Plymouth in June 2018, the following summer saw Toby cruise her to Brittany and the Channel Islands, then head north via the Isles of Scilly to South Wales. Turning west, they headed round the 'outside' of Ireland with the ultimate destination of Largs on the Firth of Clyde. We join them at Kilrush on the River Shannon*).

Following a warm welcome at Cork and Dingle from Port Officers Mike Hodder and Harvey Kenny, I left *Truant* at Kilrush to attend to some work commitments, returning two weeks later to continue north towards Westport. The tom-tom drums had already been at work and Mike had alerted Alex and Daria Blackwell, POs for Westport, County Mayo, that *Truant* was heading their way late in the season. I had independently exchanged e-mails with Alex suggesting we should keep in touch as we headed north.

Toby at the helm of Truant

Truant in Kilrush Marina

The Truant crew aboard Aleria in Kilronan harbour, Inish Mor, Aran Islands. Left to right: Sam Holton (Truant), Alex Blackwell, John Stockdale (Truant), Daria Blackwell, Toby Peyton Jones (Truant)

We left Kilrush on Sunday 29th September in a force 6 on the nose to drop the hook in Carrigaholt Bay on the north bank of the river in order to allow new crew members John and Sam to familiarise themselves with the boat. Next day we had a wonderful sail with blue skies and northwesterlies from Loop Head, at the river mouth, north to the Aran Islands. The air was crystal clear and the arrival – with the sun shining on the cliffs and the blue sea breaking white on to the black-layered rocks that are such a feature of these islands viewed from the south – was stunning. We rounded Dog's Head and were soon picking up a mooring in Killeany Bay, but not before we had spotted a large and rather beautiful yacht approaching from the north. As she followed us into the bay I could only think she must be *Aleria*, Alex and Daria's Bowman 57 ketch...

A few beers later we were sitting snugly in *Aleria*'s cockpit laughing about our happy chance meeting. I was reminded of sailors of previous centuries who would heave-to when they met another ship at sea in order to row over and exchange news and thoughts about what might lie ahead or adventures they had survived. And so it was with us. We learned that Daria and Alex were heading south to Kilrush in a stripped-out *Aleria*, which had been their home from home for 15 years. It was clearly a huge moment for them and a sharp reminder of how a boat can become such a close and intimate companion, trusted with the lives of friends and loved ones in good times and in bad. These moments and the adventures that you share together are hard to part with, but Alex was quick to point out that *Aleria* will go on to new adventures with new owners and, despite the catch in Daria's voice, their eyes lit up when they mentioned their next quest, to find a lifting-keel boat that would open up new and unexplored opportunities.

Hurricane Lorenzo's forecast track. The blue dot is where Truant was at that moment

By this time Alex had gone below, mentioning some 100° proof rum that he used variously as paint stripper, fish anaesthetizer and in cocktails for the very brave. I stuck to beer as the conversation turned to Hurricane *Lorenzo* and which model of its possible track might transpire to be true. We had all been keeping an eye on it, and discussed it to and fro, with Daria explaining that the jet stream had a wobble in it which made predication very difficult. I had to agree with her – after yet another beer everything for me had begun to wobble a bit. We parted saying 'let's keep in touch', but not before Alex and Daria had told us that they had a bomb-proof mooring just off their house if we needed it. I opened Navionics on my iPhone and Alex pointed to a maze of islands that lie in Clew Bay to the north of Westport, and to a very unlikely looking pool at the innermost point of this flooded drumlin field of islands. That was where their mooring lay.

One forecast model had *Lorenzo* brushing past Cork and off into Biscay while another had it going north to Iceland, and I had developed plans for both scenarios ... but scroll forward a couple of days and we had an eerily calm Wednesday with gunmetal clouds and sea and a solid forecast that *Lorenzo* was going to hit the coast right at Clew Bay, coming ashore just where we were. So with one call to Alex, we wove our way through the island waterways to reach their mooring – a one-ton block with three Rocna-style anchors laid in different directions – the evening before the storm was to hit. Alex later said he was amazed we had managed it on our own. He had been taken up with other commitments, but would normally have met anyone attempting to enter, to pilot them through the island shallows and fish farms. After all, the last surveys of the area date back to the 1800s.

The intricate approach to Alex and Daria's mooring in Clew Bay

Truant's location in Clew Bay (circled) during the storm

It was great to pick up their mooring and then read Alex's e-mail and call Daria to inform them we'd arrived safely. Daria said they would pick us up off the boat to stay ashore with them while *Lorenzo* passed through. We then spent some hours preparing *Truant* for the blow – mainsail and staysail off and down below, double bridles on the bow, forward cleats backed up to midship cleats to distribute the weight of the bridle, all chafing points painstakingly sorted, all deck equipment like cockpit table and life buoys down below, and the cockpit hood lashed down. Finally, the seacocks were closed and the hatches battened down.

I had been in two minds about going ashore, as part of me wanted to stay with the boat overnight when the wind would be at its height, but I was forced to admit that if anything happened in such a confined anchorage I would be more of a liability to those who would have to come to my rescue than a help to my dear *Truant*. While these thoughts resolved themselves in my mind the wind started to blow up to 35–40 knots out of the southeast. The next minute the rescue party, with Alex's smiling, wind-swept face and a small tender, arrived to take us ashore for the night.

Daria and Alex outside their house, with Toby's nephew Sam

Daria and her donkeys

Truant looked secure as she receded in our wave-flecked wake and I was forced to admit that we had done all we could. As we stepped ashore we were ushered up to 'Port Aleria', Alex and Daria's home, where we briefly dropped our stuff before setting out to lift one neighbour's small boat up to safe ground above any tidal surge, and put away another neighbour's garden furniture in case it got blown away.

That done it wasn't long before Daria was plying a very relieved and happy crew with food and showers. That evening, lubricated by wine we had brought from *Truant* as well as Irish whiskey and Caribbean rum that seemed to flow in dangerous quantities, we talked late into the night while the wind slowly increased outside. We turned in, and between 2am and 5am the house shuddered and my mind could not help but think of trusty *Truant* straining at her mooring. But as the sky lightened and the wind dropped, my crew and I crept out to walk to the headland from which we could see *Truant* lying confidently, and to my mind rather nonchalantly, to the now much-subdued wind.

We surmised that the eye was passing over us and that soon the wind would shift to the southwest and start blowing again, but not before we walked up over the hilly terrain of the Blackwells' land to gaze down on the drumlins of Clew Bay and the mountains running along both its sides. Indeed, soon the wind shifted, the rain came pouring down, and the highest gusts recorded were 65 knots, fortunately slightly less than the Met Eireann forecast of 130 km/hr (70·2 knots).

The following day we found out that Daria looked after a nine-strong donkey sanctuary and kept a team of about four cats, some of whom were full-time family members while others seemed to use Port Aleria as lodgings only on nights that were convenient for them. It seemed to me that John, Sam and I were just the latest refugees that Alex and Daria had taken in!

I had other reflections as well. I remember my father saying that most seafaring accidents

are set in train by decisions taken before one leaves port. In this case, a potentially very serious situation had been avoided due to a number of factors:

- Being alert and keeping a critical eye on potential danger over the horizon.
- Having not just Plan A, but Plan B and Plan C as well. (How many out there have, like me, led a life that has been mainly Plan B?)
- When you are travelling, always reaching out to the fellow seafaring community wherever you meet them. Your combined wisdom and resources may shape new options (Plan D), refresh or challenge your thinking, and at the very least you will make new friends.
- Joining the OCC ... the most wonderful network of like-minded, open-hearted people scattered around the edges of our oceans.

THE VOYAGES OF PIRATE: 50,000 Ocean Miles on a Classic Swan – Juan E Corradi. Published in hard covers by Seapoint Books [www.seapointbooks.com] at $14.13 / £16.79. 187 186mm x 263mm pages with many colour photographs. ISBN 978-1-7325-4702-5

All Swans are handsome yachts but *Pirate*, with her black topsides, is especially so. According to a northern legend, swans are silent birds which only sing on approaching death. But if a swan dies and resurrects, then it returns to the water as a black swan and lives forever. There were just 116 Swan 38s built, of which *Pirate*, built in 1974, was number 19. Juan Corradi bought her 15 years later.

The book opens with *Pirate*'s five Bermuda Races, including a fascinating account of how she won in 1990 when her navigator plotted a cunning course far west of the rest of the fleet. This took advantage of two cold eddies and, sure enough, won them the race – but not without causing much nervousness amongst the crew. *Pirate* also won the trophy for best placed yacht over 15 years old. The book continues with the history of the Nautor factory in Finland and their hugely successful and very sought-after Swans designed by Sparkman and Stephens. The iconic flush decks and streamlined coach roofs became a hallmark of all Swans: 'image matches performance'.

Following purchase in 1989 and a complete refit at the Jamestown Boatyard in Rhode Island, *Pirate* was ready to sail away. After victory in the 1990 Bermuda Race Juan and three crew crossed to the Azores, continuing into the Mediterranean to winter *Pirate* in Greece. Two years later she returned to the Atlantic to take part in the America 500 event commemorating Columbus's voyage to the New World in 1492. It was an exciting ocean crossing, with stops in Porto Santo, Madeira and the Canary Islands. Juan's writing is interspersed with 'recollections' from previous owners, crew members and Juan's wife Christina, printed against blue backgrounds. All interesting anecdotes, mostly enthusing about the time spent sailing on *Pirate*.

Returning to the Med, *Pirate* was based in Italy for several years while Juan and his wife were working in Florence, but in June 2000 they left for all points west and were in the Canaries by November. Family illness and a broken gearbox caused a delay, so it was 2001 by the time *Pirate* made her 19-day crossing to Grenada. They sailed the boat hard and Juan gives minute details of life on board – sea conditions, sails used and the meals they enjoyed. This could get rather tedious but for the fact that he writes entertainingly and the reader is caught up in the events. *Pirate* stayed in the Lesser Antilles for a year before making the passage home to Rhode Island in 2002.

In 2004 *Pirate* crossed the Atlantic again, completing her fifth Bermuda race *en route*. She spent two years in Scotland, with a new engine installed in Oban, before

heading for Bergen, Norway via the Orkneys and Shetlands. Her stay in the Baltic over the next five years included cruising in Sweden, Finland and Denmark. By 2010 Juan and Christina had made the difficult decision to sell *Pirate* after 21 years of travel and adventure, happy in the knowledge that she was returning to her birthplace in Finland with a Nordic new owner. As a fascinating sequel to these years, Juan and Christina decided to have a 1:20 scale model of *Pirate* built. The project took five years and the result is stunning – the photos in the book could be of a real yacht, until you look very carefully. Every detail is correct, even down below.

I enjoyed this lavishly produced hard-cover book, with its detailed descriptions of ocean crossings and harbours that will be familiar to many members. But its appeal would be greatest to any Swan owner – the ultimate homage to a truly classic yacht.

EHMH

See also *After Many a Summer Sails the Swan* by Juan E Corradi & Christina Spellman in *Flying Fish* 2001/1.

WEST AEGEAN – Rod and Lucinda Heikell, 4th edition. Published in soft covers by Imray Laurie Norie & Wilson [www.imray.com] at £22.50. 308 190mm x 245mm pages in full colour throughout. ISBN 978-1-7867-9087-3

This new edition of the Heikells' *West Aegean* guide covers the coasts of the eastern Greek mainland south from the Western Sporades and the Aegean coast of the Peloponnese to Cape Malea, together with their offlying islands. It also includes the Western Cyclades islands and the Saronic and Argolic Gulfs.

The introduction gives an excellent overview and sound advice. It covers a wide range of useful and interesting information on the area in respect of its history, food, travelling, formalities and weather. This fourth edition has been expanded to include suggestions on things to do ashore, be it ancient sites or wine tours, as well as the latest situation on sailing taxes and the forecast implications of Brexit. Pilotage notes, plans and photographs have been updated following the couple's recent cruise of the area.

Rod Heikell has spent nearly forty years cruising the coasts and islands of the Mediterranean and is the acknowledged expert on sailing in Greece. His pilots have become the gold standard. Lucinda, his wife and co-author, has in particular contributed photographically to their current guides, including *West Aegean*. In our opinion the photos have become more informative over the past decade, often achieved by taking views from nearby high ground as well as including some (credited) professional drone shots. Together these help to enhance the reader's perspective and to better complement the text.

Like its companions *East Aegean* and *Ionian*, *West Aegean* contains detailed information on harbours and anchorages that cannot physically be included in the Heikells' already weighty *Greek Waters Pilot*. (The latter does, however, include the north of Greece, Crete and isolated islands not covered in the companion guides.)

Imray advise that the three regional guides are particularly suitable for charterers and flotilla sailors on holiday in the relevant areas. As long-term cruisers, however, we admit that we nearly always use the companion guides in preference to the *Greek*

Waters Pilot since they cover each area more comprehensively. Perhaps not the cheapest solution, but in our view well worth forgoing the cost of a meal or two ashore.

M&HN

THE BOUNDLESS SEA: A Human History of the Oceans – David Abulafia. Published in hard covers (with a soft cover edition promised for October) by Allen Lane/Penguin at £22.99. 1088 230mm x 150mm pages with 72 colour illustrations and many black-and-white maps. ISBN 978-1-8461-4508-7

This 1000-page history of oceanic exploration was ideal reading matter at a time of enforced isolation!

Professor David Abulafia begins with a brief account of the ancient exploration of the Pacific – 'The Oldest Ocean'. The Polynesian oral tradition relied on positioning boats in relation to the stars, observing wave refraction due to nearby islands and watching the flight of birds. One navigator even explained that he kept the boat still and waited for the island to arrive! (Echoes of relativity here – Einstein would ask fellow passengers from Paddington when Oxford would arrive at his train). With these mental maps, Polynesians voyaged east to the Marquesas, north to Hawaii and south to Aotearoa (New Zealand). There is no evidence that Polynesians reached the Americas however, or of Thor Heyerdahl's assertion that native Americans reached Polynesia.

The Indian Ocean – 'The Middle Ocean' – occupies the rest of the first 300 pages. Egyptian pharaohs and Persian kings dug canals to link the Nile with the Red Sea, but it was easier for north-bound ships to stop at Berenike or Hormos and use a short land bridge to the great river. Navigators, often referred to as 'Roman' but more often Greeks and Hellenised Egyptians, learned to use the monsoons to trade from the Red Sea across to India/Ceylon, where they would meet ships from Malaya. They also ranged north up the Persian Gulf and as far south as Zanzibar. Red Sea ports supplied Alexandria with Indian cotton and the very valuable black pepper (black gold) which was sold at huge profit in the Roman world. Chinese silk was sourced in India and African elephants in East Africa. The Indians were grateful for olive oil and even wine – which was salted for the long passage! – and Roman coins are still found in southwest India. In fact Ptolomey and Strabo were well aware of Ceylon (Sri Lanka) and had some knowledge of the Bay of Bengal, while a few navigators had made it to Pondicherry.

The much later Ming dynasty voyages of Zheng He, southwest from China towards Africa and up into the Arabian Gulf in the early 15th century, were ambitious but ended abruptly with a new emperor and the need to defend northern China from Mongol invasion. One can only speculate as to how history might have been different if Chinese sailors had colonised Australia or rounded Africa to reach the Atlantic and the Americas nearly a century before Columbus.*

The Atlantic – 'The Young Ocean' – section starts with a *periplous* compiled by an unknown Greek of the 6th century BC containing pilotage information from Galicia

* One school of opinion claims that Chinese ships did indeed visit the Atlantic in the 15th century, but others disagree.

to Massalia (Marseille), but also referring to islands further north, including one named Albioni! Mention is made of Hamilco, an earlier Carthaginian explorer and his description of what sounds very much like the Sargasso Sea. Around 320 BC Pytheas of Massalia wrote *On the Ocean*, describing his journey on local boats from Bordeaux to Britain and back, mentioning islands even further north – the Orkneys and Shetlands and possibly the Faroes. This gave rise to much discussion about Ultima Thule, though his description of big tides and fog were barely believed. There is extensive information about the Anglo Saxons and the Vikings, who were surprised to find Irish monks already in Iceland in the 9th century. Then there are the Hansa merchants from the Baltic, the Cinque Ports in southeast England, and the rise of Bristol merchants and their voyages north to Iceland and south to Madeira – and indeed west to Newfoundland, Labrador and Greenland, although the Vikings had preceded them.

The Florentines desired English wool and from 1252 would pay in gold coinage. They hired Genoese ships whose captains had learned how to pass through the Strait of Gibraltar and sail north to Flanders. Soon Venetian galleys and Catalan ships were loading wool in the Port of London. By 1300 tiny Southampton was also being used by Italian ships.

The emergence of Portugal from its beginnings around Porto owes much to the arrival in 1148 of a British/Flemish fleet of at least 164 ships from Dartmouth heading for the Second Crusade. The Bishop of Porto persuaded them to successfully attack (and unfortunately then sack) Almohad Lisbon on the way. Having colonised Madeira and the Azores, Portugal turned its attention to the Canaries and the Cape Verde islands, until the former were ceded to Castilian Spain in 1479. Portuguese fleets financed by Prince Henry the Navigator continued to explore south along the African coast in search of gold and slaves, using the Cape Verde islands and São Tomé as offshore bases. But the desire to reach the spice islands led them on, and Bartholomew Dias rounded the Cape of Good Hope in 1488 to demonstrate that the Indian Ocean was not an enclosed sea as had been claimed by Ptolemy (who obviously shared Herodotus's doubt about the Phoenician claim to have circumnavigated Africa clockwise).

The second half of the book links the seas together, starting with Columbus, Cabot, Magellan and Vasco da Gama, whose statue overlooking Sines harbour I've admired these last two summers. Abulafia describes in detail how, following the Treaty of Tordesillas in 1494, Portugal and Spain competed for control of the spice trade by sending fleets in opposite directions (although Cabral did claim Brazil for the Portuguese in 1500). There's an interesting and continued discussion of various geographers' attempts to understand the position of the New World in relation to the always vague 'Indies'. After Magellan/Elcano discovered the Tierra del Fuego route west across the vast Pacific, the Spanish finally accepted that they would have to build boats on the Pacific coast of central America to reach the Philippines. The returning Manila galleons continued until 1815!

Frankly I can't recommend this encyclopaedic tome highly enough. The index alone runs to 65 pages and as a work of reference it will last any interested sailor a lifetime. Professor Abulafia also wrote *The Great Sea* (published in 2011 also by Allen Lane/ Penguin, ISBN 978-0-7139-9934-1), a sister volume which is highly informative for those planning a few years in the Mediterranean – as of course is Ernle Bradford's

Mediterranean, Portrait of a Sea (published in 1971 Hodder and Stoughton, ISBN 0-3401-2868-2) which led me from Brighton to Gibraltar in 1989 for 25 years of exploration of the Mediterranean in my own *Aqua Blue*.

DMB

CORSICA & NORTH SARDINIA – Madeleine and Stephan Strobel, 4th edition. Published in soft covers by Imray Laurie Norie & Wilson and the Royal Cruising Club Pilotage Foundation at £35. 260 A4 pages in full colour. ISBN 978-1-7867-9073-6

The third edition of this guide to one of the most popular cruising areas of the Mediterranean was produced seven years ago in 2013. Much has changed since then, but much has remained the same. Having cruised in the area in 2019 it was a delight to review this fourth edition with its 40 pages of additional information. It also includes a free mobile download – Imray digital charts for use within the Imray Navigator app on iPad, iPhone or Android.

Madeleine and Stephan Strobel have done an excellent job in their two years of exploring the Corsican and Sardinian coastlines in their Bowman 40, *Easy Rider*. The photographs are mostly their own, and these not only capture the beauty and magnificence of the cruising area but also show ports and marinas as they are now. They have not attempted a tourist guide, or a detailed treatise of the complicated histories of Corsica and Sardinia, but rather have focused on the cruising possibilities in this rewarding, though sometimes challenging, area.

There is much new and updated information and the authors and publishers have paid particular attention to making the book easy to use. The sub-headings and different coloured text direct the eye to what is important and relevant. The concise format of the third edition has been retained, but more detailed descriptions of the coastline as it is approached from the sea have been added. This is a very nice touch, in part returning to those lovely hand-drawn views of the coastline and entry points that appeared on charts and in cruising guides before dependency on GPS and electronic charts became the norm.

There is more information on wind and weather patterns, now located at the start of each section thus making it much more relevant to the cruising area being considered and planned. The passage planning guides are clearly presented and many more anchorages added, which is especially important given the cost of marinas. At the same time the authors have included vital information about marine reserves, as well as restrictions on anchoring (to protect posidonia sea grass) where this was previously the norm. In many places mooring buoys are now provided – at a fee – or it is possible to anchor further out. The large scale chartlets are clear, with additional information and symbols displaying, for example, where different facilities are located in ports and marinas. This is very useful, particularly for the first-time visitor.

One of the most significant and helpful changes is to the direction of coverage. The authors have used the prevailing westerly winds in the Bonifacio Strait between Corsica and Sardinia to make passage planning around the coast and islands easier – Corsica is covered anti-clockwise in two sections starting on the northeast coast of Cap Corse; coverage of North Sardinia begins on the northwest coast and proceeds

clockwise via the Arcipelago di La Maddalena. Except for approach waypoints for the ports of refuge, no waypoints are listed or included in the text. The reason given, with which we agree, is to remove the inherent risks of uncritical use of waypoints without reference to updated chart information.

With our 2013 edition we found ourselves using our smartphones and the Navily app, a wiki guide to marinas and anchorages. The Navily app covers many anchorages which rely on the settled summer weather characteristic of this area. Although the fourth edition of *Corsica & North Sardinia* includes more anchorages than the third, the Strobels have quite rightly been prudent and cautious and do not include all the Navily anchorages. While replacing our third edition with this updated version, we would still check what fellow cruisers have to say on Navily.

While Corsica and Sardinia are crowded in July and August with mainly French and Italian yachts, we found that a June visit made for a wonderful cruise. We found plenty of space in anchorages and moorings available even in popular locations such as Calvi and the wonderful Girolata on the west coast of Corsica. We highly recommend both the area and this excellent guide.

N&PH

ADRIATIC PILOT: Croatia, Slovenia, Montenegro, East coast of Italy, Albania – Trevor & Dinah Thompson, 8th edition. Published in hard covers by Imray Laurie Norie & Wilson at £45. 540 A4 pages in full colour throughout. ISBN 978-1-7867-9021-7

In my opinion the Dalmatian Archipelago is the most enjoyable cruising ground in the Mediterranean, and *Aqua Blue* spent eight years wintering up the Timavo River at Darsena Nautec Marine, just northwest of Trieste. From this base we spent every summer sailing and anchoring amongst the Croatian islands south of Istria all the way to Dubrovnik and back north again. After clearing into Croatia at Umag, we often stopped in Pula's far from clean harbour to admire the Roman amphitheatre, which is still in use for concerts – or you can sit in the shade of the intact Roman walls and watch the screeching swifts endlessly circling the 2000-year-old edifice.

One year we ventured much further south and entered Kotor Bay to visit Montenegro, although I had no companions for the 1300+ steps up to the Kotor fortress, which repelled the Turks but not the Royal Navy! We didn't manage Albania with the rumoured minefields, but nowadays there's no reason not to cruise that coastline as well. I used to have the *Adriatic Pilot* in the cockpit every afternoon while entering a new harbour, held open by a winch handle at the appropriate page and harbour sketch, to aid the essential eyeball pilotage. (The Thompsons do not supply waypoints for the digital navigator, since it is impossible to provide the right bearing for every approach.)

Anchored in Corfu it's easy to let the prospect of the sometimes quite fresh afternoon northwesterly *maestral*, occasionally amplified by the *bora*, put you off heading up the Adriatic. But in 2002, armed with an ancient copy of the first edition of the *Adriatic Pilot* (published in black and white in 1986!) we made it to Split and back. By 2004 I had splashed out on the third edition, so after spending one night in the south bay on

Errikousa we crossed to Otranto and worked our way north again up the Italian heel to Vieste, from where we headed back towards Dubrovnik. We didn't sail the Italian coast between Vieste and Chioggia, but this pilot contains all the information you need to do so. It also includes full information on how to enter and berth in the Venice lagoon – another year we managed to anchor off Murano and also in the channel to Burano.

We found that even in a multihull we could often sail northwest parallel to the Croatian coast in the lifted afternoon sea breeze, while the infrequent summer *bora* generally lasts only a few days and is strongest further north – there's a particularly good explanation and diagram of the Adriatic's winds in the *Pilot*'s introduction. The Thompsons are to be congratulated on the tremendous amount of research they've undertaken over 34 years and eight editions. Over the years many island anchorages acquired mooring buoys, and the fashionable crowded areas built pricey marinas. The Montenegrin *vignette* (cruising permit) increased in price alarmingly, but the new edition of the *Pilot*, now full of colourful photos and harbour diagrams, promises a cruising tax reduction this year.

I can't recommend the very comprehensive *Adriatic Pilot* – and indeed the Adriatic itself – highly enough. No extended Med cruise should miss the delightful 'Gulf of Venice', and the Thompsons' *Pilot* will ensure you enjoy your time there in safety and help you find a suitable winter berth or yard if staying for more than one season. But bear in mind that the northern Adriatic is cold in winter, so consider heading further south if you live aboard.

DMB

EREBUS: The Story of a Ship – Michael Palin. Published in soft covers by Arrow Books/Penguin at £8.99. 360 129mm x 198mm pages, including 8 colour pages as well as mono images and chartlets in the text. ISBN 978-1-7847-5857-8

It's easy to forget that Michael Palin, in addition to being a Python, a maker of numerous travel documentaries and a past President of the Royal Geographical Society, is also a very fine writer with an eye for an interesting story and, quite clearly, an appetite for detailed research.

The *Erebus* of the title was, as most OCC members will know, one of the two ships which disappeared in the late 1840s under the command of Sir John Franklin, on a mission to find a route linking Baffin Bay in the east with the Bering Sea in the west – 'to make a Northwest Passage to the sea', in the words of Stan Rogers.

This was only part of HMS *Erebus*'s story, however. By the time the expedition departed in 1845 she was nearly 20 years old, with several challenging seasons in the Antarctic under her keel – about which I, for one, knew nothing. In 1839, 13 years after launching at Pembroke Dockyard in South Wales, she and near sistership HMS *Terror* set off south under the command of Captain James Clark Ross, said to be 'the handsomest man in the navy' and clearly possessed of great charisma in addition to outstanding seamanship skills. The two ships were away for four years, during which they penetrated further south than any previous ship and spent months among icebergs, skirting the Antarctic Ice Shelf (now known as the Ross Ice Shelf).

That so much is known about this expedition is thanks to the contrasting journals, diaries and letters written by the officers and crew of both vessels, while in John Davis of HMS *Terror* they had a talented artist. One of the most dramatic passages – with excerpts from journals kept by Captain Ross, Robert McCormick, surgeon aboard *Erebus*, and Marine Sergeant William Cunningham of HMS *Terror* – describes a near-disastrous collision between the two ships while avoiding an iceberg, which then drifts down on the disabled *Erebus*. Just reading it makes one's blood run cold. Following repairs in the Falkland Islands – reached via Cape Horn – the two ships returned to England in 1843 to great acclaim.

When another Arctic expedition was suggested two years later it was clear which ships should go. Less obvious was who should lead it, James Clark Ross having declined. Sir John Franklin, the final choice, though a very experienced seaman was, at 59, old by the standards of the time. Following modifications to *Erebus* and *Terror*, both of which were fitted with 25hp steam engines driving retractable propellers – cutting-edge technology for the time – they departed Stromness in Scotland's Orkney Islands on 3rd June 1845 accompanied by the *Barretto Junior* carrying additional stores. The three ships called in at Disko Bay in Greenland from which, with three years' worth of supplies aboard, *Erebus* and *Terror* sailed on 13th July, alone. The two ships were last sighted by whalers later that month, then nothing...

By 1847 pressure was mounting on the Admiralty to authorise a search, driven at least in part by the 'emotional blackmail' of Lady Jane Franklin, desperate for news of her husband. Several expeditions were sent out in 1847/48, including one led by Sir James Clark Ross (knighted on his return from the Antarctic), with three dozen more over the following decade. But although traces were found in 1850, it was not until 1854 that local Inuit confirmed the expedition's fate. Even then Lady Franklin could not accept that her husband was dead. Finally, in 1857, a note was discovered inside a cairn, recording the death of Franklin and the abandonment of both ships.

Fascination with the vanished expedition did not die with Lady Jane Franklin in 1875 however, and periodic attempts were made to solve the mystery. Modern search methods were applied as they became available, with books and documentaries rekindling public interest in the 1980s and '90s. In 1997 the British government signed over ownership of the two ships – should they ever be found – to Canada, and 21 searches of varying seriousness took place between the mid 1990s and 2008. By 2014 sufficient momentum had built up in Canada for a highly professional search to be mounted, with reconnaissance by air, sea and undersea robots equipped with sonar. On 2nd September a sunken vessel of the right build and dimensions was located on the west coast of Adelaide Island, and some ten days later it was positively identified as HMS *Erebus*. The wreck of HMS *Terror* was located two years later.

I found this book fascinating from beginning to end. Michael Palin's research is meticulous – witness the comprehensive bibliography and acknowledgements – and his writing style fast-paced and riveting. The brief timeline on pages 311–313 is very helpful, as is the detailed index. I defy any OCC member not to be carried along by this story, whether they've sailed in polar regions or not. Highly recommended!

AOMH

AN OCEAN'S LEARNING CURVE
Dan Stroud

(Dan brings new meaning to the phrase 'run away to sea', having decided to 'downgrade to a a very different lifestyle' while cycling around Europe in his later 40s. On his return to Plymouth, on England's south coast, he sold his carpentry and property rental business and, with no experience of boats at all, committed himself to a life afloat. In January he wrote from South Africa...

His voyage can be followed on the chartlet on page 48.)

My entry into the world of sailing began in a quiet way on the River Tamar just near Plymouth on England's south coast. On a calm autumn day in 2016 I climbed into an ancient inflatable dinghy, pushed myself off the wooden pontoon into a 2 knot tide and was swept gently downstream whilst trying to row, the oars jumping out of the rowlocks and the dinghy pirouetting in the flow as I craned my head to try to see where my new purchase was moored, rapidly disappearing, in the centre of the river. Before long there came the purr of an outboard and a guy shouting, "Are you okay, do you need any help?'. I swallowed my pride and accepted a tow, and as I fumbled with the rope that tied the dinghy to anything solid he acutely observed, "You don't know what you're doing, do you?". Upon my frank admission that he was indeed correct, he further stated that it was a wise man who could admit his limitations, to which I heartily agreed, feeling some relief that I could be honest and not hide behind some pretence. At this point I realised that I was stranded on a small boat attached to an orange ball with winter approaching, and quickly learned the finer points of rowing a dinghy in a variety of conditions across a variable tidal stream. My baptism of fire had begun.

Sailing with my friend and mentor Jeremy Hutchinson, to whom I owe so much

Aisling is a Rustler 31, a 50-year-old GRP full-keel sloop. I couldn't have told you that when I'd bought her, and having forked out the princely sum of £11,500 I figured that

Aisling in Scotland in 2017

I was taking a low-risk gamble. I'd never sailed a boat before, knew almost zero about anything to do with boats, and had never lived on a boat, but here I was Having fitted a wood-burning stove and resealed some leaky windows I was armed to spend a potentially cold and damp winter on the river. In those early days I had the great fortune to meet Jeremy Hutchinson, a highly experienced cruiser whose wife volunteered him to take me out sailing, which later turned into regular weekly lessons, in all weathers, through the winter and spring of 2016/17. On our first venture we entered Plymouth Sound in a force 6 and later ran aground in the soft mud at Cargreen, on a falling tide of course. Over cups of tea and a curry, having lit the stove whilst listing at 40°, we spent 11 hours together which I am convinced was an act of serendipity as we began a good friendship that has given us both so much.

Having learned the difference between a halyard and a half hitch, I began to venture out on small forays from my mooring. The sense of trepidation associated with unhitching an 8 ton lump of plastic from the only solid thing in a moving flow of water with no guarantee of hooking back on was acute. However I quickly came to realise that when faced with the unexpected I could learn to adapt or cope with the situation. So picking up a mooring singlehanded became a part of my skill-set, and off I went to sailing school to study for the Day Skipper and get my radio licence. My internal protestations about 'why can't I talk on the VHF like I would talk on a phone?' became ousted by training and repetition so I could make the grade. Since buying the boat I had invested in new standing rigging, new sails and a bunch of safety gear, but everything else remained much the same. It's fair to say that *Aisling* had been a little neglected for a couple of decades, so she needed attention to bring her up to an adequate level of seaworthiness.

Within nine months of buying *Aisling* I was ready for adventure. I had managed to sail all of 26 miles out to the Eddystone lighthouse and back and was hungry to make more miles. So in June 2017 my mentor and I cast off the mooring and set about a clockwise circumnavigation of the UK. We motor-sailed up through the Celtic Sea to

Rosslare, which was absolutely hideous. I felt sick, the boat smashed and crashed into the waves, and the 40-year-old 15hp Yanmar thumped away continuously making it hard to think above the ear splitting racket in the saloon. When we reached Rosslare I remember standing in the harbour master's office feeling as though I'd just come from a war-zone – I couldn't hear properly, the room was swaying, I could hardly speak and all I wanted to do was sleep.

We made our way north to the beautiful cruising grounds off the west coast of Scotland and visited a series of stunning bays and anchorages, culminating in spending a week on Harris where my companion disembarked. I went on, alone, to complete the circumnavigation, sailing across the top of Scotland and down the east coast, through the Thames Estuary (not for the faint hearted!) and back along the south coast, where the toughest part of the voyage lay from Lyme Bay to Plymouth, beating into wind and tide with everyone else coming the other way!

Traditional navigation in the North Sea

I think I encountered more adverse conditions and learned more on that trip at any other time since. It set me up with a foundation that has become the bedrock of my journey. Tidal flows, currents, transits, navigation markers, shipping, real life Maydays unfolding, navigation, weather, using the VHF, entering and leaving ports, the Pentland Firth! They have all given me indispensable tools for my sailing kit. All navigation was done with an iPhone, backed up with paper charts. *Aisling* is a low-tech boat: no radar, no 'fridge, no shower, no watermaker, no AIS transmission – a whole bunch of things I would never have to fix or spend money on.

Fast forward three months and a previous plan to sail to the Mediterranean lacked lustre. With a bookshelf filled with yarns from Moitessier and Knox-Johnston I just knew that the next trip would be the ultimate – to sail singlehanded around the world in my small, old boat. By September I was bashing my way around the Brest peninsula, clawing south into conditions that, in hindsight, I should never have been out in – I should have known that something was up when I saw all the fishing boats coming the other way! My original plan had been to set a course 210° which would take me in a dead straight line to Argentina (I'm the type of guy who obviously likes to learn the hard way). I was becalmed off Cape St Vincent at the southwestern tip of Portugal,

Off Cape St Vincent, Portugal

Down below between Portugal and Lanzarote

but having arrived victorious at Arrecife in Lanzarote I was told in very clear terms that I couldn't cross the Atlantic for another two or three months. With plans dashed I became a marina sailor, with a long spell in the Canaries and then on the hook at Banjul in The Gambia before I set off on my first ocean crossing.

I set sail from Banjul at the beginning of December and set course for Salvador, Brazil. I was lucky with the winds but hated the drenching, dripping heat that dogged my every mile across the equator, sometimes bringing me to tears with its intensity. One day, on deck setting up a spinnaker pole with the tears of frustration welling up because I was sweating so much, I found I actually couldn't see because of all the salty water running into my eyes. With grim determination I managed to retain my sanity until, passing close to Fernando de Noronha, I became convinced that my boat was sinking. I've since come to realise that I have a small leak 'somewhere' which means I have to pump the bilge periodically. Back then, all I knew was that the deep bilge was filled almost to the brim and all I could think of was to motor into the bay by the island and sink in the shallows. There I removed all of the water and it failed to rush back in, so I was in the clear and now I just keep my eye on it. These things happen on a boat – you learn to live with them it seems.

Crossing the Atlantic, December 2017

Salvador, Brazil

Brazil was a heat torture, and it was my first experience of Med-style stern-to mooring, which on this particular boat can be an absolute nightmare. I've now sailed over 28,000 miles and I still don't know which way she'll go when I put her into reverse*. Marina shenanigans continue to vex me, ranging from feelings of slight anxiety to restrained panic and stress whenever I enter or leave a port. The trouble is that when you cross oceans there's zero opportunity to practice – it's an ongoing work in progress. To date I've had no disasters, just a couple of near misses – it's the only reason I have third party liability insurance cover.

Circumstances dictated that my passage into the Pacific meant that I was to sail south, and it was with some relief that I sailed to the higher latitudes, hauling out and doing some refitting in Uruguay before heading south. When sailors talk about heading S O U T H it is said with hushed tones and reverence. We take the path less travelled, to the cold, the wind, the ice, to El Fin Del Mundo, The End of the World.

I met a sailor in Piriápolis who tidied up the outstanding tangles in my celestial navigation skills. He brought it all together in such a way that I could finally get a handle on the practice, and from then on I started to take sights and work out my position lines and intersections on a daily basis. It turned out that it wasn't a dark art, just a matter of remembering some sequences and formulae. The hardest bit perhaps is getting an accurate sight from the deck of a small boat in a big sea, but it's a skill that seems to come in time, practice being the key. I felt proud to be using an 80-year-old sextant that had belonged to my uncle, also a solo sailor but before the days of GPS and electronic gizmos. Unsurprisingly, he lost a boat on a reef in New Caledonia. That was back in the '60s when a foreign sailing boat turning up in Micronesia was a major event. Now it seems more like a rest-stop on the freeway that heads west from Panama. How things have changed...

* Unlike your editor's slightly older sistership, which swings her stern determinedly to port whatever you do with the tiller!

Provisioning in Uruguay

Anchored off Argentina

The South Atlantic was grey, cold, damp, big, exciting and sometimes scary, with plenty of opportunity to practise heaving-to in contrary winds and waiting out calms. I spent a week on a deserted island where I managed to salvage enough wood from the beach to knock up a hard dodger to keep off rain and waves over the bow.

My driftwood dodger

A month after leaving Uruguay we were slogging our way up the Beagle Channel to Puerto Williams, the most southerly town in the world. A Chilean naval base occupied mostly by service personnel, it is an exposed and isolated corner of the world, a huddle of one-story prefabs under snow-tipped mountains rising up from the water's edge.

Perhaps the most exciting part of my voyage lay before me – the journey from south to north through the Chilean

Well prepared!

On the mooring at Puerto Williams

Aisling among the Antarctic charter yachts at Ushuaia

Waiting for a weather window off the Magellan Strait

fjords. After a sojourn in Ushuaia while I waited to get my engine fixed, I took on a young lad who had flown out from the UK for the next adventure. On a quiet Boxing Day morning the ancient Yanmar spluttered into life, enveloping the Micalvi Yacht Club in a plume of blue, and we chuntered out into the Channel heading west in calm conditions.

The issue on the south-to-north passage lies in the continual barrage of headwinds and currents. The wind funnels down between the mountains, the bays become victim to blasting katabatic winds, and most nights you must anchor and run lines to the shore,

Glacier at Estero Peel

My intrepid crew setting off solo from Puerto Eden

tucking in behind the shelter of a cliff or some trees. Every morning you look at the speed and direction of the scudding clouds overhead, then beat into hail and snow up the Magellan Strait and run for cover as another system arrives. Dragging anchors and pulling up lumps of kelp the size of a wheelbarrow are physical training at its best, as are pulling up 40m of chain and a CQR every morning and scrabbling up banks when moored alongside smooth cliffs. Scavenging dry wood to burn in the stove at night and fetching fresh water in jerry cans from the streams is visceral living, red-blooded and heart-pumpingly good!

Things took a downturn when we arrived at Puerto Eden, little more than halfway north – I had to fly home for a family funeral, leaving my crew with *Aisling*. We decided that he, just a lad of 18 but much wiser than his years, would sail *Aisling* in the general direction of Puerto Montt in the time that I was away. It was a big deal for both of us, but he rose admirably to the challenge and I am proud that I could give him an opportunity which I knew would be life-changing. He made the 650 miles, playing cat and mouse with the weather and braving the Gulf of Penas, much to the anxiety of both me and his mother! It was amazing to see the boat moored in the bay at Quellon, Isla Chiloé on my return. We completed the last 100 miles together and parted ways at Calbujo, both richer for the experience of our six weeks spent living and sailing together.

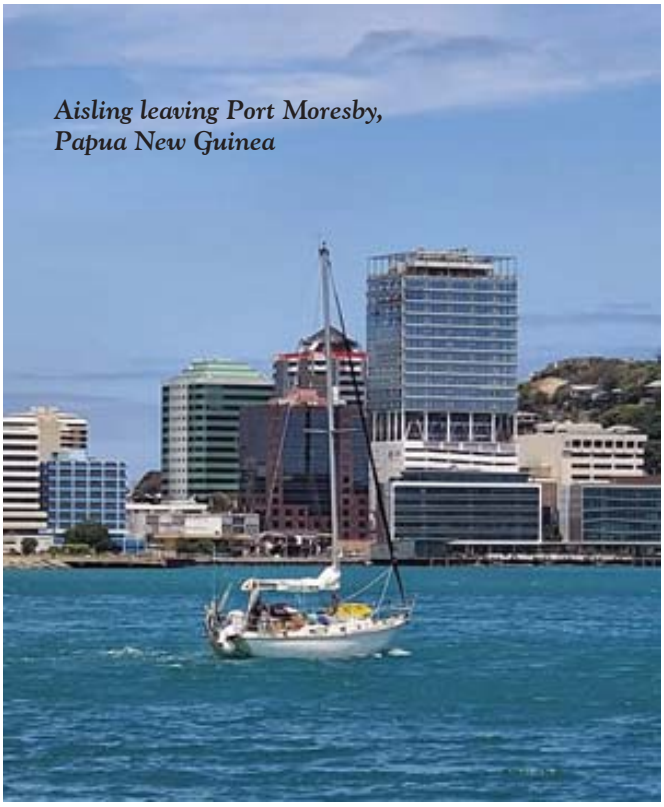
Charging along off Chile

Fatu Hiva, Marquesas

The north end of Isla Chiloé was my jumping off point for the Pacific, and the 4500 mile, 36-day passage to the Marquesas went without a hitch. The Marquesas were enchanting – the people, the landscape, the isolation. I managed to visit most of the islands but again was driven on by the heat, which I seemed to be coming less tolerant of!

My original plan had been to head north to Alaska, but by the time I reached Hawaii something had changed. I found that my original motives for making the trip had altered and I began to weigh up my priorities. It emerged very clearly that I wanted to quit, but I quickly learned that offloading a boat in the United States is not a particularly easy proposition. And although my heart said to return home, I also became very aware of my attachment to *Aisling* and that I would like to have her back in the UK. The logical plan therefore was to keep sailing west, taking long, non-stop passages to get home with the seasons. I sailed on to Papua New Guinea via the Solomons and, having had my mainsail split in the Coral Sea and having noticed a broken

Hiva Oa, Marquesas



Aisling leaving Port Moresby, Papua New Guinea

strand on one of the lower shrouds, I decided to make repairs and spent six weeks in Port Moresby waiting for parts. It was a unique experience, hanging out with new friends in the yacht club and also doing some voluntary work in a school in an outer suburb. It gave me a taste for more and I would love to return one day.

I was naked on deck when an Australian border patrol jet flew over in the Arafura Sea – having traversed the Torres Strait I was on my way west. I dipped below to put on some shorts and the pilot and I had a parley on the VHF. It was one of a number of fly-bys that heralded my epic 8000 mile, 60-day crossing from PNG to Richards Bay, South Africa. With two days spent in a bay on the north coast of Madagascar, where I took the opportunity to scrape the hull clean, and another two days waiting out a weather system at Bazaruto off Mozambique, it was a full two months before my feet again touched *terra firma*.

Richards Bay was a respite where I met many kind souls and good friendships developed with fellow travellers on the ocean highway. I went to an OCC barbecue at the Zululand Yacht Club and as I sat in amongst the crowd I realised that I was part of a tribe, a collection of wandering nomads, misfits, refugees, dreamers and adventure-seekers. The ocean levels us all, no matter our nationality, gender or bank balance. No matter the length, age or condition of our boat we are, it seems, a global community, where we meet in friendship with love, respect and value, and with stories to tell. It is there at every port I arrive in. It's truly a special thing.

As I remarked previously, my 50-year-old boat is low-tech. I now have a chart plotter, which I think is the only new feature that I have added since I left England. There is a Monitor windvane on the stern that miraculously seems to go on faultlessly for tens of thousands of miles – I've not touched it since I left the UK. My Yanmar 2QM15 has become my reliable friend, she'll run for 30 hours straight without a complaint. My water tank holds 140 litres* and I collect rainwater from the sail whenever I need to. I have an ancient autopilot that seems to have lasted forever, though I suspect it's on its last legs by now.

* 31 UK gallons or 37 US gallons

I guess I have a philosophy, and it's to try to weigh up the difference between needs and wants. When I arrived at Richards Bay I had a long list of wants but just about one need. I try to keep to that low-budget, low-tech perspective and I find it saves me a heap of money and hassle. I am shocked by the number of cases I hear of rudders dropping off, of electronic autopilots going wrong, of electric furlers jamming, watermakers breaking – all costing thousands to repair. Part of my philosophy is to ensure that the rig and the hull are sound so that I can go anywhere under sail and without electricity if the need arises. I remind myself that there's a whole industry out there that's trying to sell you a whole bunch of expensive stuff that you don't need, that costs money and is inconvenient to fix. I can honestly say that in the 28,000 miles I've sailed I have met no insurmountable problems and not had to incur any huge outlays for repairs or new kit. I've improvised, made do, I've tried to keep it simple. This is the spirit of sailing, to go where the wind may take you and in a simple fashion. To cross oceans is easy – keep it a day at a time and focus on what's important, adjust to prevailing conditions and wait when you need to, slow down or speed up to nature's pace.

I have an image in my mind from the day that I left the anchorage in Bazaruto. I was beating out into the Mozambique Channel and there was a local craft, of similar size to mine, an open boat with a tall wooden mast and a black, tattered sail hanging off a spar. They were making the same speed and direction that I was, rising and dipping in the swell, no technology, no gizmos, just a simple sailboat and an experienced crew ... the spirit of sailing, it's as simple as it gets.

BERMUDA TO ENGLAND IN 1969, PART 2
John Robshaw

(Flying Fish *2019/2 carried the first part of John's account of joining OCC Founder Hum Barton aboard his 35ft* Rose Rambler *in Bermuda to sail back to England. Also on the crew was Bill Nelson, like John only 25 years old whereas Hum was 69, but by all accounts she was a happy ship. We rejoin them as they arrive in the Azores.*)

The nine islands which comprise the Azores archipelago are situated some 750 miles west of Portugal. The language is Portuguese and, at that time, very few people spoke English. Their population was mostly poor farmers and fishermen eking out a living on the volcanic islands. Wine-making seemed to be an important industry, thankfully for thirsty visiting sailors, along with tuna fishing and whaling. The only foreign company on Fayal was Cable & Wireless, and there were only a dozen or so expatriates living there.

We felt like VIPs when we pulled up to the dock and saw 40 or 50 people watching us. However, it seemed that watching the infrequent arrival of international yachts was a popular pastime in Horta as there was little else to do in the quiet port. An old friend of Hum's named Peter, who owned what turned out to be the most popular bar in town, came on board before we had even tied up bearing fruit, meat, eggs, cheese, bread and a gallon of local wine – what a welcome!

Nanice's crew was also there to meet us. They had been genuinely concerned for us, since they had arrived three days earlier and when they had last seen us we were motoring away from them while they were bobbing around in a calm. They told us that if we hadn't arrived by the following day the air force was going to send out planes to search for us. The whole town seemed to know of our arrival, since the air force and the fishermen had reported us and people ashore had been watching us through binoculars.

After quite a few glasses of Pico wine we stumbled along to Peter's bar for a few beers. Then we were invited for supper aboard *Nanice*, where I finally got to satisfy my enormous sea appetite with a huge plate of roast beef and vegetables. Hum had a 1½lb lobster and only ate about 3oz of it. When he had finished eating he let me shovel the rest onto my plate and I polished the whole lot off, washing it down with a few swigs of wine. After the meal it was back to Peter's for more beer and a sing-song. I was really liking being back on shore!

All the yachtsmen seemed to hang out at Peter's and we met nearly all of them – Canadian, British, Australian, Dutch, American and French. One Dutch sailor was on his way back to Holland in a 35ft sloop after spending two years sailing around the world, often on his own. He told us he didn't know what he would do when he got home – probably take off sailing again. I met a Canadian family from Vancouver who had covered 24,000 miles in two years. They were heading for the Mediterranean for some summer sailing and then home. The owner was a millionaire and they had brought four of their children aged 8 upwards along, together with a nanny who was teaching them. What a great education those kids were getting!

The Sunday newspaper had a detailed description of the arrival of *Rosie* and her skipper 'who was an important member of a grand family of yachtsmen by the name of Humphrey Barton', as well as details of the yacht's dimensions, who spotted us first, how long we expected to stay and that we were departing for Gibraltar. Bill and I went to a service in one of the Catholic churches, though Bill only stayed for part of it. The churches were by far the most impressive and best decorated buildings on the island – an indication of the faith and dedication of the population for their religion. That evening I met a Somalian who was working on a Greek freighter that had stopped at Horta, and later joined the guys on watch who were having lobster and wine for supper. I stumbled back to *Rosie* sometime Monday morning.

Next day a friendly Frenchman who owned a bar in town came by *Rosie* with a bucket of fish and gave us half of them, so we had fresh fish for supper. My high school French helped us communicate since he spoke little English. Then on Tuesday five of us took the ferry over to Pico with the son of a wealthy Azorean who owned a fishing fleet, a very modern canning factory, and about a dozen other businesses in Pico and Fayal. We were taken on a tour of the island by car, stopping at a tuna factory, a cheese factory and a boatyard. We had another huge lobster lunch and our host very kindly paid for everything.

While we were stopped above a small fishing village we heard a lot of shouting and were told that a whale had been spotted a few miles offshore. The whaling industry in the Azores started in the 1850s and lasted until the 1980s. It was one of the last places in the world where whales were hunted from open rowing boats – *canoas* – using hand-thrown harpoons. Spotters were stationed on high points around the coast watching for whales blowing when they surfaced to breathe. A call was shouted along the shore until the message reached the harbour or cove where the boats were kept. Then a motor boat with a 'crow's nest' from which to keep track of the whale would tow one to three *canoas*, each with a crew of seven, out to the vicinity of the whale, where the *canoas* would drop the tow and sneak up on their prey under oars.

As soon as they were close enough, one of the harpoonists would throw his harpoon, attached to a very long line, and the boat would then be towed by the whale with the other boats staying as close as possible. Whenever a harpoonist was within range he would throw another lance into it. The whale would eventually tire from exertion and loss of blood, though it could be up to 12 hours before it died, after which it was towed back to shore by the motor boat. The whales near the Azores are usually sperm whales, the bulls 40–60ft (13–18m) long and the females 30–40ft (9–12m). Almost every part of the whale's body other than the internal organs was used.

We spent our last few days preparing for the next leg of our journey. I did some grocery shopping to stock up on fresh fruit, vegetables and meat. The latter was a bit tough as the animals had to graze on mountainsides, but it was all very healthy and reasonably priced, as was the wine. When we came to fill up *Rosie*'s fuel and water tanks we discovered that a significant amount of fuel had leaked into the bilges during the previous leg, but Hum and Bill found the leak and Bill soon repaired it. *Nanice* left at around 1000 on Thursday for Plymouth and, after a final small party on board and bidding farewell to the friendly and hospitable Azoreans, six hours later we also set sail for Plymouth – a few pounds heavier than when we had arrived! We had a about 1200 miles to go and Hum figured it would take us 10 or 11 days.

With Hum aboard Rose Rambler in September 1970 (the paper in my shirt pocket is my application to join the OCC, signed by the Admiral himself)

Hum had originally planned to sail from the Azores to Gibraltar but, since the boat needed a major refit and there was news of a lot of labour trouble brewing there over Spain again claiming the British territory, he changed our destination to Plymouth. It meant a longer trip by a few hundred miles but we had the supplies and, because he was out of money, Bill was happy to land in England and save the air fare home.

A few hours out from Horta, however, Hum fell on deck and cracked at least one rib. We asked him if he wanted to return but he said definitely not. He then decided to change our destination once again from Plymouth to his home port of Lymington, a little farther east, where he'd feel better off at home among friends. He was in pain for about a week and couldn't move too quickly or breathe deeply for a few days, and after that he took it easy. He slept right through his watch on the night of his fall so Bill and I started taking double watches. I took 2100–0100 and Bill 0100–0500, covering the night because Hum was not able to see in the dark and we were starting to get into busier commercial shipping areas.

Our 4th day out was a disaster – we ran out of booze! We had brought four bottles of gin, one bottle of rum and five litres of wine from Horta and it was all gone ... or so we thought. Towards the end of the trip we discovered that Hum had hidden a bottle of gin and was nipping at it in daylight when Bill and I were sleeping.

It was getting cooler now and I started wearing socks. Hum had stayed in his pyjamas since Horta since he found them most comfortable – he was a comical sight on deck with his pant legs rolled up and his all-weather jacket on! About a week out of Horta, Hum was rummaging around under the cabin sole when his eyes lit up and he showed us an old gin bottle he found containing a light blue liquid. He was going to pour himself a glass but Bill insisted on smelling it first. It turned out to be methylated spirits used to start the stove – such a disappointment! He told us that two years before in Malta he had mistaken paraffin for gin and was laid up with what he called 'paraffinitis'.

By the 7th or 8th day all our fresh food was gone and we were back to canned food, spaghetti and instant potatoes. The last of the bread was so mouldy that after toasting it we had to scrape the mould off to make it look edible. We were now eating food that had been on board for a very long time, probably from at least the last time Hum had been in England. The spaghetti had little white bugs eating holes in it but we cooked it anyway. Most of the tins were quite rusty on the outside, although the insides were clean. The last of the meat had a strong odour when we opened the ice box, but it tasted alright after it was cooked and didn't look as green as it had before. The ice block had melted completely – back in Horta, when I was buying ice at the tuna canning factory, they would only (and reluctantly) sell me a 30lb block instead of the 50lbs I asked for, because the fishing fleet was about to go out for a week and needed all of it. Hum's concoctions always tasted good, however, and invariably 'hit the spot'. He sometimes tried to produce more than I could eat but he gave up on that challenge in the end.

Around the 8th or 9th day out we ran into a strong headwind which forced us 60° off course, heading towards the northwest coast of Spain, but when we were about 160 miles off the coast the wind died and we were able to continue on our correct course, motoring into the wind. This added about two days to our passage. We were now hitting patches of fog and at times visibility was down to half a mile or less. On the 9th day a naval ship, possibly American, altered course and passed close to us flashing Morse signals. None of us could read them so we just hoisted the ensign to signal that we were a British vessel and waved.

On our 11th night out, when we must have been 200–300 miles from land, a little songbird about the size of a sparrow landed on Hum's arm! It flew into the cabin, hopped around awhile and then flew into the forward cabin. That was the last we saw of it – it must have died from exhaustion and hunger. I had read a tale of a near-shipwreck in which the author claimed that if a bird came on board at sea and lived it was a good omen, but if the bird died that meant trouble ahead. A few hours later, as I was sitting reading in the cabin during my watch, I got quite a shock when I noticed water covering the cabin sole ... and it tasted salty. Were we going to sink? I hastily woke Hum and Bill. It turned out that the engine's water cooling system had sprung a leak and water was gushing out. We spent all night fixing the leak and waiting for the 'quick-drying' cement to harden. Fortunately, by morning it had and we were on our way again.

On the 12th day a naval plane flew very low over us three times. It looked to be Canadian and Bill said it could be on submarine patrol duty. Later in the day a thick fog rolled in very quickly and within minutes the temperature dropped 10°F. One minute we could see for miles and the next minute we could only see about 100 yards. The humidity must have been nearly 100% since our beards were dripping wet in no time. We calculated that we were some 80 miles southwest of Ushant and about to enter the English Channel on the French side. Bill had produced another accurate landfall, since we saw the Ushant lighthouse the next day.

We were stuck in fog, with no radar or radio transmitter, and were forced to cut the engine and proceed under sail so that we could hear any ships coming close. We were glad that we at least had a radar reflector. We could hear foghorns all the time and a few times heard the engines of large ships in our vicinity. Just after midnight we came

out of the fog as quickly as we had entered it – it looked like the edge of a smoke screen, it was that distinct. After that we constantly had up to ten ships in sight at all times, a few of them altering course for a closer look at us.

Our 13th day out was also unlucky – something else to pin on the death of that little bird? – as the ship's radio packed up and we could no longer listen to music. Bill had a small transistor radio as well, but the batteries were low. Then we sprang an oil leak. We used up a few quarts of oil while we tried to find it, but eventually Bill and Hum located and repaired it and we were motoring again. By this time the engine was clearly in need of a serious overhaul – covered in oil, with wire and wedges holding parts of it together and emitting various new squeaks and groans. One of the sails was also looking the worse for wear. It was lucky that we were on the home stretch, although the Channel was also the most dangerous stretch because of the considerable marine traffic, coupled with fast tides and the possibility of fog. Bill and I busied ourselves washing *Rosie* from top to bottom and it took us until we arrived in Lymington to finish the job. Hum told us it was the first real cleaning she had had in many years.

The Channel was unusually calm according to Hum and we made good time under power, but we still had an oil leak which we never did find and which necessitated frequent topping up. We eventually ran out of oil about 100 miles from Lymington and, with light winds and contrary tides, it took us nearly two days to cover the last bit under sail. We had motored about 500 of the 1600 miles that we covered on this leg, due to the calm weather, but the last few miles were really frustrating as we had adequate fuel and just needed a few quarts of oil. At one point we tried to buy some from a passing yacht but they didn't have any to spare.

The tides were our biggest challenge now that we were without engine-power. When the stream was running strongly against us, even though it seemed we were moving well through the water in fact we were losing ground over the bottom. On the afternoon of the 15th and final day we were trying to get past Portland Bill before the tide changed at around 1500. The Portland tidal race has been recognised for centuries as one of the most dangerous stretches of water in the Channel, if not the world, because of fast tides meeting over a shallow and uneven seabed. This can cause swells and a churning sea with crests of 6ft or more, but fortunately a narrow and much calmer channel runs inside it. We were about a quarter of a mile from the lighthouse when the rough sea of the tidal race began, and we missed the edge of it by no more than 50 or 60 yards. I remember it being a terrific, exciting sight but Hum wasn't excited by it at all – he said we didn't know how lucky we were, because we would have had no control over the boat if we'd been caught up in it. He said that in the 50 years he had been sailing the Channel he had never been so close to it. We were losing ground trying to pass the headland and its lighthouse, but we succeeded in steering to within 100 yards or so of the shore where the tide was weakest and we were finally able to make progress.

By 2110, when the tide was to turn in our favour, we were about 20 miles from Lymington, and as the tide turned we picked up one of the best breezes of the whole passage. We covered that last 20 miles in less than three hours, sometimes travelling at up to 9 knots. The Isle of Wight is separated from the mainland by a strait called the Solent, and Lymington is situated on the mainland side. The Solent is busy with commercial shipping and recreational boats and fairly shallow in parts, requiring careful navigation. Since it was dark, Bill and I were on the lookout for rocks and buoys and giving Hum steering directions.

Hum and Mary

We missed one buoy by about 6 inches and then almost ran aground when the echo sounder registered 7ft – *Rosie* drew 5ft 6in. Finally, to top things off, the wind dropped to practically nothing and the tide literally spun us around in a circle. We managed to make it about 100 yards farther and anchored just off Yarmouth, across the Solent from Lymington, at about 0130. We had soup to celebrate and went to bed about 0230.

At 0800 the customs and immigration launch came alongside and woke us up. They brought us the cheerful news that an hour earlier about 500 yachts had passed within a few hundred yards of us in the annual Round the Island Race. What a beautiful sight we had missed, having unwittingly anchored in a prime viewing spot!

Bill took the dinghy ashore to get some oil and we were across the water, berthed at the Royal Lymington Yacht Club, by lunchtime. A host of Hum's family and friends came aboard with food and beer, and Bill's pregnant wife and his parents also joined us. A couple of hours later Bill and I said our goodbyes and left with all our gear to stay at his parents' home near Southampton, and two days later I flew to Dublin where I had many relatives.

The passage from Bermuda had taken 40 days, from May 26th to July 4th, including the six-day stay in the Azores. Besides saving me about US $300 in air fare, it was the most interesting adventure of my life to that point.

Postscript: After a month or so in Dublin a girlfriend whom I had met in Barbados arrived with a backpack so I joined her on a hitchhiking trip around Europe. On the England leg of our trip we stopped in Lymington to see if Hum was still there. He was, and he was preparing the boat for his next trip – to Casablanca. He asked us if we wanted to crew but we declined as we had our hearts set on seeing Europe.

The following summer I was invited to a wedding in the south of England and the day after the wedding the wedding party went for brunch to ... the Royal Lymington Yacht Club of all places! I couldn't believe my eyes when I went out on to the balcony and saw *Rose Rambler* sitting in the place where Hum, Bill and I had tied up a year previously. I went down the pontoon and there was Hum, just arrived that morning after another voyage from the Caribbean. He was accompanied by his new bride, Mary* – another 'old salt' whom he had known for many years. They had tied the knot just before they left Grenada.

* Mary served as our Commodore from 1988 until 1994, after which she was elected Admiral, a post which she held until her death in December 2015, days before her 96th birthday.

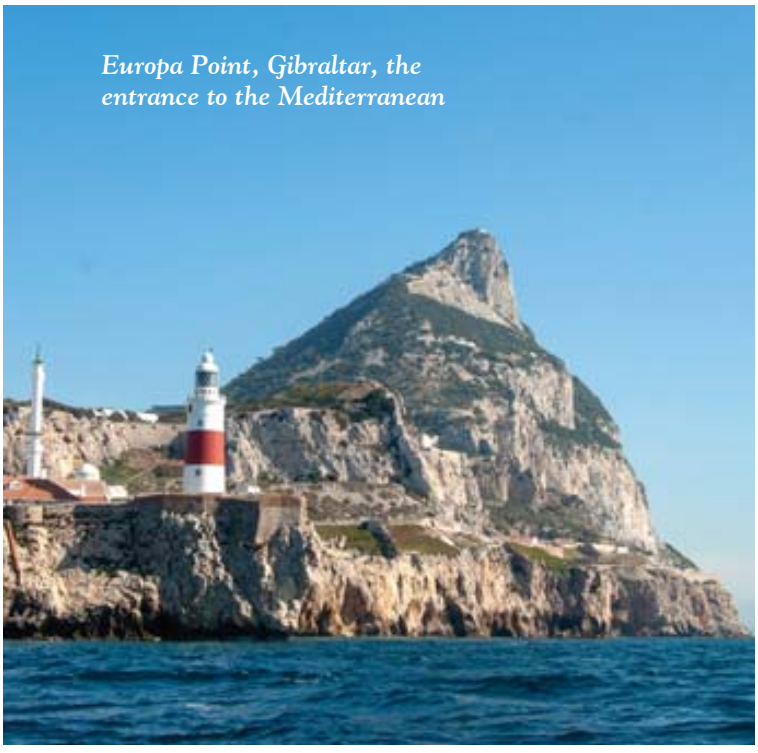
A WESTERN MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE
Phil and Norma Heaton

(*Phil and Norma left Northern Ireland at the end of May 2009 aboard their Ovni 395* Minnie B, *completing a circumnavigation in 2016 and returning to Europe from the Caribbean in 2018. Visit their blog at www.sailblogs.com/member/philandnorma.*)

It seemed that, typically, we had got this the wrong way round. Many European cruisers start in the Mediterranean before heading off for longer passages and the tropics, but we had forgotten to 'do' the Med. However, with the usual cruiser issue of increasingly frail elder family members, prudence suggested basing ourselves closer to the UK.

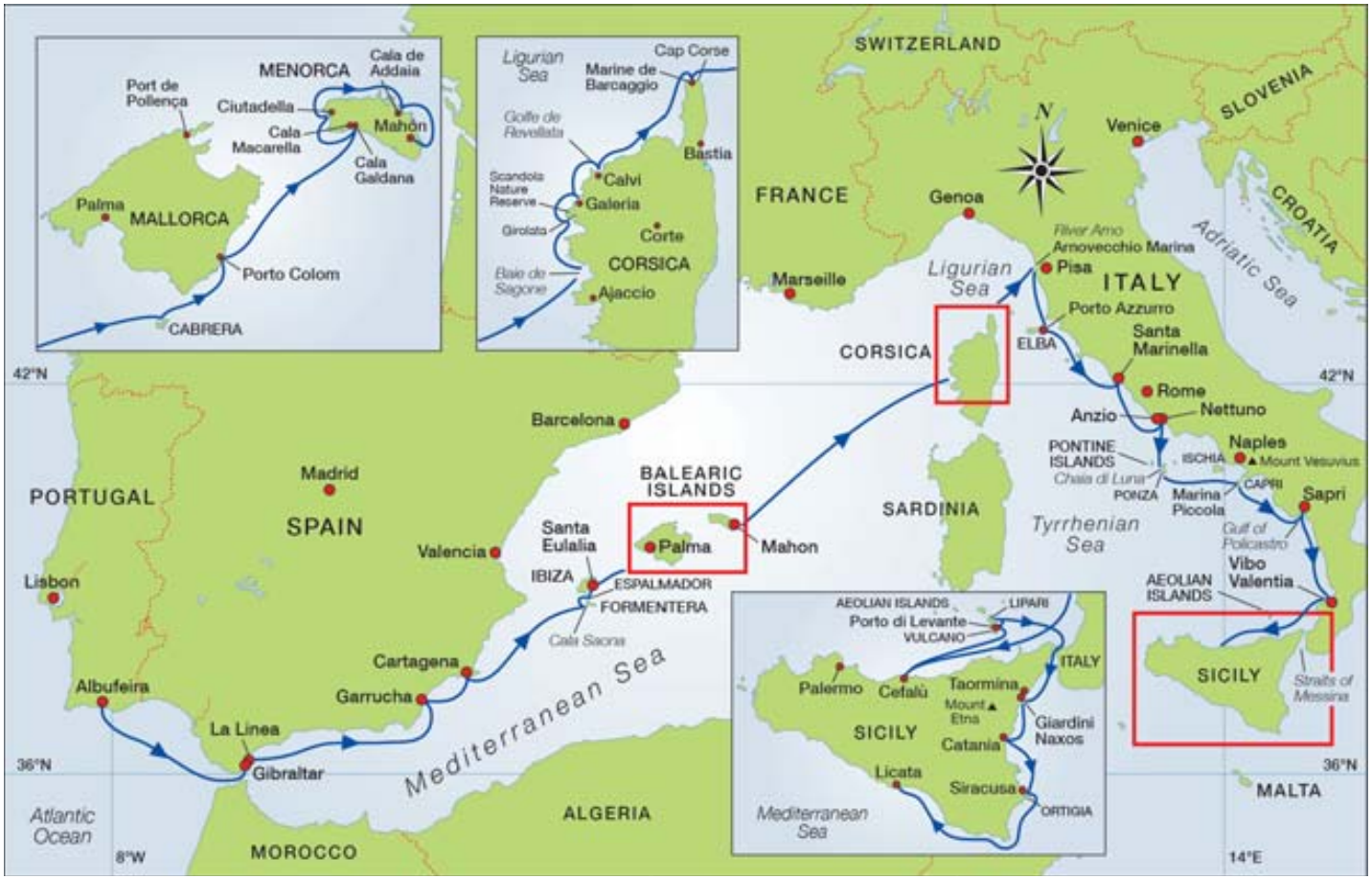
We over-wintered *Minnie B* in Albufeira, Portugal for 2018/19, and found this a good choice for safety, logistics, climate and price. Leaving on 1st May 2019, we made our way motoring and sailing via anchorages and a couple of marinas for our first point of exploration – Gibraltar. We stayed at Alcaidesa Marina, La Linea, as it is home to OCC POR Antonio Valbuena and an easy walk to the border with Gibraltar. We met up with fellow members Alan and Shirley Lillywhite of *Lazy Jack* and then did the Gibraltar tour, taking the cable car up the rock, visiting St Michael's cave, seeing the macaque monkeys, exploring the Great Siege Tunnels from 1779–83 and climbing the Moorish Castle. A truly first-rate day during which we walked about 15km.

With the weather looking decent for the trip into the Med we prepared *Minnie B* and left for Cartagena on Tuesday 7th May. First, however, we visited the Gibraltar fuel station as diesel there is much cheaper than in Spain or Portugal. That was the best bit, then Norma twisted and locked up some muscles in her back, causing lots of pain. Oh dear! But you cannot keep a good woman down, so we carried on with Norma self-medicating and resting.



Europa Point, Gibraltar, the entrance to the Mediterranean

Passing Europa Point we cruised joyfully with genoa poled out, the main braced with a preventer and the keel up – our favourite sailing configuration. The boat's movement was right for someone with a very painful


SWITZERLAND
SLOVENIA
CROATIA
Venice
Adriatic Sea
FRANCE
Genoa
Ligurian Sea
Marseille
Pisa
ITALY
Porto Azzurro
ELBA
Santa Marinella
CORSICA
Rome
Anzio
Nettuno
Naples
PONTINE ISLANDS
ISCHIA
Mount Vesuvius
CAPRI
Sapri
Marina Piccola
Gulf of Policastro
Vibo Valentia
AEOLIAN ISLANDS
SICILY
Straits of Messina
MALTA
SARDINIA
Tyrrhenian Sea
BALEARIC ISLANDS
Palma
Mahon
Barcelona
Madrid
PORTUGAL
SPAIN
Valencia
Santa Eulalia
IBIZA
ESPALMADOR
FORMENTERA
Cala Saona
Lisbon
Albufeira
Cartagena
Garrucha
La Linea
Gibraltar
Mediterranean Sea
Atlantic Ocean
ALGERIA
MOROCCO
36°N
42°N
8°W
14°E
MENORCA
Cala de Addaia
Port de Pollença
Ciutadella
Mahón
Cala Macarella
Cala Galdana
Palma
MALLORCA
Porto Colom
CABRERA
Ligurian Sea
Cap Corse
Marine de Barcaggio
Golfe de Rovellata
Bastia
Scandola Nature Reserve
Calvi
Galeria
Girolata
Corte
CORSICA
Baie de Sagone
Ajaccio
AEOLIAN ISLANDS
LIPARI
Porto di Levante
VULCANO
ITALY
Palermo
Cefalù
Taormina
Mount Etna
Giardini Naxos
SICILY
Catania
Licata
Siracusa
ORTIGIA
Mediterranean Sea

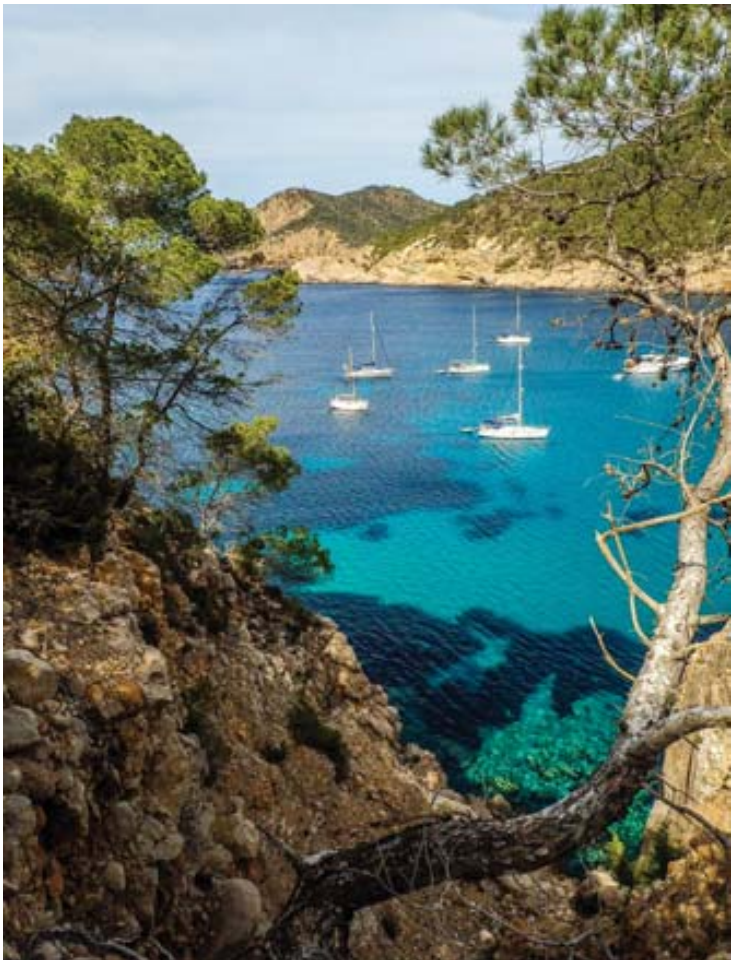
Norma at Espalmador, Formentera

back. By mid-afternoon the following day it was clear that we were not going to make Cartagena until after midnight so, never having visited previously and with Norma not being too agile, we pulled into Garrucha – okay for a night but a busy port loading gypsum so rather noisy and, if the wind is in the wrong direction, very dusty.

Arriving in Cartagena, the top priority was back treatment for Norma and a very considerate and careful osteopath and physiotherapist made major improvements. We visited the splendid Roman Theatre, the Naval Museum with the first submarine to fire an underwater torpedo, the Civil War shelters museum and Conception Castle overlooking the harbour. It is a very nice town to wander around, with some attractive late 19th century buildings, restored after the bombing in the Civil War – and some tremendous *tapas* bars. We also met up with Karen and Grahame Brookes, OCC, of *Blue Voyager*.

The Balearic Islands

Now we were really in the Med and headed for Formentera in the Balearics. We had some trepidation having heard negative stories about either nowhere to anchor or overcrowded anchorages, extortionately-priced marinas and either too much or too little wind, but the 140 mile passage was 50 percent sailing and 50 percent motoring, so not too bad. We anchored at dawn in deserted Cala Saona ... so also okay ... until lunchtime when the anchorage filled up with day-visit boats, but most had left by early evening. Nearby Espalmador offered more shelter and easier beach access. The expected moorings laid to protect the Posidonia sea grass were not in place, but having carefully selected a sandy spot to anchor we were reassured when a Posidonia monitor arrived in a RIB, took a close look at our anchor and chain, and said we were okay. We stayed two nights and were able to stretch our legs ashore.



The anchorage at Cala San Miguel, Ibiza

As we had visited Mallorca previously in a charter yacht our Balearics cruise focused mainly on Ibiza and Menorca with our next stop Cala Tarida on Ibiza. Anchoring in the north of the bay, our chain instantly stuck in some rocks despite having carefully dropped the anchor in sand. After much to-ing and fro-ing we freed the chain without having to dive on it – good, as jellyfish were everywhere. We were advised that their stinging potential was high although, 'the pain only lasts for 2–3 hours'. No thank you! After re-anchoring, a beach landing took us to a bar for an evening chill. Cala San Miguel in the north provided a sound anchorage and, in a small cove on the west side, a beach bar from where we could walk to one of the many coastal lookout/defence towers. With some rain forecast and laundry needs, our next stop was Santa Eulalia marina on the east coast. We had drinks with Peter and Alison Allred, OCC, of *Upshot*, and planned a visit together to Cabrera – a national park where a swinging mooring has to be booked in advance.

After a cracking beam reach for 60 of the 68 miles, Cabrera was a delight with terrific hikes (one with the aid of a free Park guide who also opened the museum for us). A small *cantina* in the harbour provided the perfect stop after hiking. Menorca was our next destination, but we eased the trip by anchoring for the night at the entrance to Porto Colom, Mallorca. A fine four hours of close reaching on the seven hour passage to Cala Galdana brought us to a sandy spot for anchoring. This turned out to be a popular destination for families and Spanish holiday-makers so we made do with watching the world go by at a couple of bars and a walk to Cala Macarella.

Provisioning and laundry again called, so after a couple of nights we went on to Ciutadella. What a gem. The town was sacked by the Turks in 1558, and the rebuilding

Moorings are bookable at Cabrera, south of Mallorca

has left a legacy of beautiful palaces, churches and narrow winding streets and alleys, in many ways reminiscent of Moorish *medinas*, albeit the Moors were expelled in 1287.

With the high cost of the Ciutadella marina we went in search of anchorages. One of the better things about Menorca is its size – just 34 miles long and 11 miles wide – so in theory as the wind shifts round the compass you can always move on and find a sheltered bay. Hm, theory eh? So what happens when the forecast wind shift from north to south occurs at 0200? ... and takes place every couple of days? Not conducive to relaxed and easy-going cruising. It was essential to find an anchorage with all-round shelter, and Cala de Addaia ticked all the boxes. Addaia is very peaceful, the marina has a friendly *cantina*, and the village has a supermarket and a couple of bars/restaurants. We took the bus to Fornells and walked to the headland and defensive tower, followed by a seafood *paella* sitting by the bay. An old path, the Camí de Cavalls, runs all the way around Menorca so the island is very good for hiking.

Minnie B at anchor in Cala Addaia, Menorca

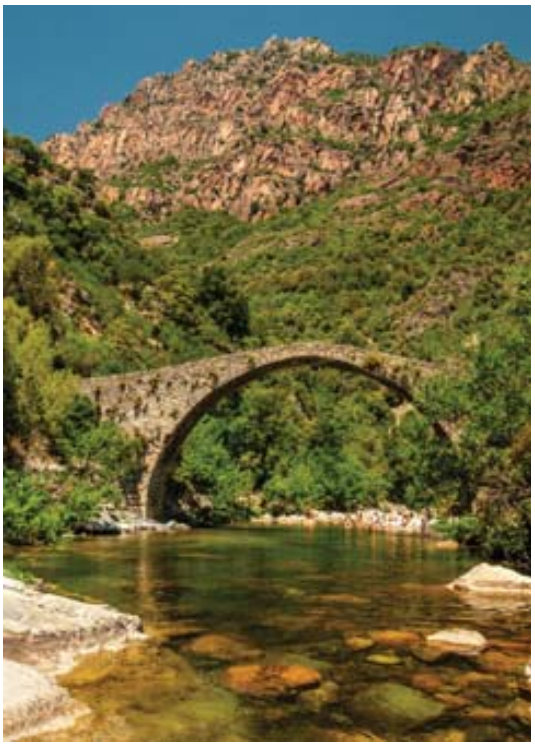
The anchorage and moorings at Girolata, Corsica

Finally to Mahón and a berth at the Club Marítimo close to the old town. The arrival of large ferries and small cruise ships at dawn is a bit alarming, however, given the noise and then the slap of the wake hitting our stern (we were bows-to the quay). The harbour is one of the most extensive in the world – safe all-round shelter once past the entrance and the guarding island. Major fortifications abound from British possession in the 18th century.

Squeezing through the Dog Leg Channel

Corsica – wow!

Next was the 255 mile passage to anchor at Baie de Sagone, Corsica – 80 percent motoring unfortunately. Our visit took in the west coast, anchoring at Anse de Castagna for Marina de Porto, then Girolata, where we hiked the Sentier de Girolata, and one night at Galeria. The very settled weather offered an opportunity to get close up in the Scandola Nature Reserve, particularly enjoying the narrow Dog Leg Passage – the headlands and rock formations are impressive and we enjoyed the dawdle. We anchored at Golfe de Revellata and then moved on to Calvi where we took a mooring while we hired a car.



The Spelunca Gorges, Corsica

We visited busy Bastia, drove the coast north around Cap Corse, and through the Desert des Agriates. A trip to Scandola with its narrow, twisting roads was not for the fainthearted, but the views really are breath-taking, if you will excuse the clichés. We walked the Spelunca Gorges where many people were cooling off in the river from the near 30°C heat.

Corte was next, in the heart of northern Corsica and the centre of 18th century resistance to Genoese and then French rule. Today's movement for Corsican independence limits itself to shooting road signs or painting out the French place names, leaving only the Corsican language versions. Near Corte, the Gorges de la Restonica took us to 1400m above sea level, but the temperature remained above 30°C so the hiking was very limited and we were glad of the air conditioning in the car.

We were hoping for wind to take us to Italy for our five-week lay-up in the River Arno near Pisa. No such luck, so we decided to shorten the legs by anchoring at Anse de Periaola, and then Marine de Barcaggio. On 1st July we motored the 57 miles to the River Arno for our berth at Arnovecchio marina where *Minnie B* stayed for five weeks while we returned to the UK. We had enjoyed Corsica very much, and we were happy that with care and research we had been able to find suitable anchorages and largely avoid the cost of moorings and marinas.

A week in Tuscany

With Pisa just down the road we did 'the tour'. The baptistry and the cathedral are beautifully crafted and maintained, and a stroll to the Piazza dei Cavallieri and an ice cream made for an enjoyable afternoon. An altogether more interesting and much less visited city is nearby Lucca. Again, the cathedral is a must, along with the Torre Guinigi which is surmounted by trees. Piazza dell'Anfiteatro offers choice for a lunch stop, and a stroll around the walls and a beer in Piazza Napoleon before taking the train and bus back to the boat rounded off a charming day.

Fishing nets at the entrance to the River Arno, Tuscany

A hire car was necessary for some serious provisioning and more *tourismo*. We managed the provisioning and did get to San Gimignano – which is probably at its best from a distance, where you can see the hilltop, vineyards, poplar trees and famous towers – but our Siena trip was thwarted when our now full-to-the-brim fridge/freezer stopped cooling and we had to wait for a refrigeration engineer, who installed a replacement controller.

Able was I etc …

We had been warned to expect serious growth on the hull after over a month in the river, but *Minnie B* was remarkably clean apart from at the waterline and we eased quickly out of the river for Elba, passing the gigantic fishing nets lowered into the river from enormous jibs. The wind was kind and we sailed 40 miles of the 66 mile passage to anchor in Golfo della Lacona – busy, but there was plenty of anchoring room and a place to land the dinghy. The hills behind the bay provided a nice hike and gave us views over to Golfo della Stella and Porto Azzurro. The beach was very popular with Italian holidaymakers, who don't seem to have heard about the risks of skin exposure to strong UV light...

Elba was a delight, including anchoring at Porto Azzurro where the daily pattern turned out to be that the anchorage empties by 1030 as people go elsewhere for the day (mostly sunbathing) and return from 1700 onwards. Buses took us to the clifftop village of Capoliveri, and to Portoferraio which boasts Napoleon's home in exile and an excellent exhibition.

Norma and Phil at Capoliveri, Elba

Elba – Golfo della Lacona, Golfo della Stella and Porto Azzurro

Mainland and island anchorages

We opted for more islands and mainland Italy for our route to Sicily.

Santa Marinella was an anchorage for calm weather and a pleasant town, while Anzio/Nettuno was okay anchoring off the packed beach (it was Sunday). Dinghying into the marina, we visited the US World War Two cemetery which contains the graves of nearly 8000 American troops. It is a superbly designed and maintained memorial to their sacrifice – very moving.

The Pontine islands came highly recommended, so we headed for Ponza – a short 42 mile hop, though again no wind. Our early afternoon arrival meant we could find a decent space just north of the town, but as the afternoon progressed the traffic increased exponentially until the sea in the bay resembled a washing machine as jet-skis zoomed about and day-tripper boats ferried their sun-worshippers back to the town from beaches further up the coast. Eventually things calmed down, but we decided to move next morning to a potentially quieter bay on the west side of the island – Chaia di Luna. A fine spot ... until 0400 when lightning storms brought 15–20 knots of westerly wind into the bay. No sleep after that, so at daylight we upped and left for Capri.

Our cruising guide said no anchoring at Ischia in July and August so we passed by. We anchored at Marina Piccola, but it was packed and had nowhere to tie up the dinghy. (There were lots of superyachts, whose crew would ferry owners and guests ashore and then return later to collect them after sumptuous lunches, but for some reason Norma did not see herself performing such crew-like duties – difficult to understand, really).

Next came a 75 mile passage to Sapri in the Gulf of Policastro. We anchored tucked in behind the marina and close to a fuel jetty, so very good shelter. We bought petrol and diesel at the jetty, and coffee and beer at their café each time we went ashore, so we could

The Temple of Athena, built around 500 BCE, at Paestum, Salerno

tie up the dinghy freely. Sapri can be described as authentic – ie. only Italians seem to visit. A couple of other boats came to anchor but no-one stayed more than two days – we stayed a week. We took the train to Maratea just down the coast, a lovely harbour-side village that we had visited in 1975 to stay with friends whose parents owned a villa there. Massive expansion and development have occurred, but it retains its charm and we had a fabulous lunch.

We hired a car to visit Paestum, a 2500-year-old Greek and Roman town with amazingly well-preserved temples and remains, and the Pollino National Park in the southern Apennines, which has picturesque hilltop villages and where we had a pleasant walk through the beech forest to a fantastic lookout at the Belvedere Malvento.

Lipari and the Aeolian Islands seen over a Vulcano crater

To Palermo, and a Sicilian cruise

Our prudent relocation to the Med paid off when we received news that Norma's 94-year-old stepfather had been taken into hospital. With guests arriving in Palermo the following week we pressed on, with an overnight passage from the marina at Vibo Valentia. Norma flew to Northern Ireland for the funeral and returned the following week, while in the meantime David and Jacquie arrived and Phil played Palermo tour guide – there is a lot to see.

We had a cracking sail to Cefalù, where there is safe anchorage and a fascinating town. Then to Vulcano in the Aeolian Islands, where we negotiated a reasonable rate for a mooring at Porto di Levante. The highlight is the climb to the volcanic crater with sulphurous fumes pouring from fissures in the rocks. The views across to Lipari were stunning. There was the option of a mud bath but, wimps that we are, we passed on this opportunity for a serious skin treatment. The next day we headed for Lipari and found a spot to anchor but patience was needed to cut through the thick weed. The picturesque town has narrow streets and the Castello, a massive Spanish bastion enclosing the cathedral and 17th century Bishop's Palace.

Then through the Straits of Messina, passing by Scylla and Charybdis* without encountering them – just some turbulence reminiscent of Strangford Lough – and on to Taormina, anchoring at Giardini Naxos. The town is a busy tourist destination and the Teatro Greco's dramatic setting high on the cliffs with a backdrop of the hills, Mount Etna and the sea shows why it has remained so for over 3000 years.

The Greco-Roman Theatre at Taormina, Sicily

* In Greek mythology, Scylla is a female monster with twelve feet and six heads on long snaky necks, each with a triple row of shark-like teeth, who lives on the Sicilian side of the Straits of Messina and attacks passing ships. Opposite her lives Charybdis, who drinks down and belches forth the water three times a day, creating a whirlpool fatal to shipping. The two sides of the Strait are within an arrow's range of each other – so close that sailors attempting to avoid Charybdis were forced dangerously close to Scylla, or vice versa. However Odysseus narrowly escaped their clutches, as did *Minnie B*.

Norma hoping Mount Etna does not erupt

Mount Etna is an active stratovolcano 3350m high which covers an area of 460 square miles, so it had to be visited. A marina at Catania provided the best location for car hire to reach the cable car and special four-wheel drive bus to go to 2990m. From there we walked around a crater and watched smoke, ash and steam spewing from the top of this mighty volcano.

Our next stop was Siracusa. It is possible to anchor, but we chose to stay at Marina Yacht Club Lakkios very close to the attractive island of Ortigia, where we wandered its ancient Greco-Roman streets. Our over-wintering marina at Licata was 90 miles to the west, and though with a forecast of westerly 12–15 knots we knew we would have a beat, we got 25–30 knots and were beaten up a bit. Our guests survived, however, and left us in high spirits after a couple of days. Licata is very congenial with an active community of cruisers (including David and Juliet Fosh, OCC, aboard *Reflections of Hayling*), many restaurants and bars, old palazzos and churches, and some of the friendliest people we have met.

Overall, our fears of overcrowding and no anchoring space were not realised, provided obviously busy places are avoided. We used the mobile app Navily to identify anchoring options as an alternative to the cruising guides and we would strongly recommend it. The cruise substantially exceeded out expectations and we look forward to further Mediterranean exploration.

The harbour and marina (far left) at Licata, Sicily

FROM THE GALLEY OF ... Anne Hammick, aboard *Wrestler*

GAZPACHO DO ALANTEJO (serves four to six)

The Alentejo region lies southeast of Lisbon but north of the more famous Algarve. It shares a long border – and some of its cuisine – with Spain. Gazpacho do Alantejo differs from Spanish gazpacho, however, in that the vegetables are chopped rather than minced or liquidised, and the bread is either sliced or cubed.

Ingredients

- 1 large or 2 small cucumbers
- 4 large ripe tomatoes
- 2 bell peppers (capsicum), preferably one red and one green
- 2 cloves garlic
- 1 medium red onion
- 2 sticks/ribs celery
- 1 tbsp fresh parsley, roughly chopped
- 1 tbsp fresh coriander leaves (cilantro), roughly chopped
- ½ tbsp fresh oregano, if available
- 3 tbsp olive oil
- 2 tbsp vinegar (red wine, cider or balsamic)
- very cold water and/or ice
- salt and freshly ground pepper to taste
- crusty bread, preferably a day or two old

Scald the tomatoes so they peel easily. Do the same with the peppers if you don't like to eat the skin, but personally I don't bother. Chop the garlic finely, or mash if you have a pestle and mortar, and place in a large bowl. Peel the cucumber (Portuguese cucumbers often have very tough skins), dice and add. Dice the peppers, onion and celery as finely as you can be bothered and add. Roughly chop the tomatoes, discarding any tough core, and stir in. Add the olive oil, vinegar and a little salt, stir very well, and refrigerate if not being eaten immediately. (Many insist this improves the flavour.)

Just before eating, add the chopped herbs and about 250ml of iced water per person. Check the seasoning, and either stir in the cubed bread or simply place a slice in the bottom of each bowl. Serve immediately.

CÉRÈS THROUGH THE RUSSIAN INLAND WATERWAYS, Part 4

Thierry J-L Courvoisier

(*There has never been a four-part series in* Flying Fish *before and there probably never will be again – but having followed Centurion 40S* Cérès *and her crew through the Russian Inland Waterways from St Petersburg to Arkhangelsk, only for them to learn from St Petersburg POR Vladimir Ivankiv that the White Sea and the Russian part of the Barents Sea were closed to all civilian navigation for an unspecified duration, we have to find out what happened next!*

Parts 1, 2 and 3 are available in the Flying Fish Archive at https://oceancruisingclub.org/Flying-Fish-Archive. The photos are by Barbara Courvoisier.)

Warm and sunny weather soon appeared following the rain and wind prevailing when we had docked in Arkhangelsk. Being ordered to remain at the quay by the naval authorities was, at first, not a problem as we were looking forward to spending a few days exploring the city and its surroundings. Arkhangelsk is the home city of Masha, the Russian student who had sailed with us since St Petersburg. She had handled the radio and phone communications with lock and bridge staff and all other authorities along the way with impressive authority and was now eager to show us her city and its surroundings.

Arkhangelsk lies on the Dvina, a broad river down which wood is floated from the forests upstream. It is collected in large areas along the river banks, where various industries deposit it for further transportation by ship or for use on site. Among the many industrial buildings, the one in best condition was bright blue and put us in mind of a well-known Swedish furniture producer.

A long path winds through the city alongside the river where people stroll, walk or cycle in the shade of the trees. A beach invites sunbathing and swimming, a temptation we resisted being wary of chemical pollution. A pedestrian street in the city centre, Chumbarova-Luchinskogo, is lined with traditional buildings from the region which have been transported and re-erected there, and sculptures representing author Stepane

Timber being floated down the River Dvina

The poet Pisakhov

Pisakhov and some characters from his stories are also to be seen. Cafés sell food and drink in this quiet part of the city – a comfortable atmosphere, somewhat unexpected compared to what we had seen in the previous weeks. Arkhangelsk was certainly the most pleasant city that we had encountered since St Petersburg, at least during an unusually hot August.

Masha had attended university in Arkhangelsk and knowing my long university connections* she invited us to visit its main building – long corridors and lecture halls, similar to those of many universities in the world, but brighter and cleaner than many I have seen. The prominent place of Arctic studies in the university research and teaching programmes is very visible on posters along the halls, illustrating the strong interest of the Russian state in this part of our planet.

* Thierry is a Professor of Astrophysics whose main area of research is the physics of active galactic nuclei.

The ideal woman, from a story by Pisakhov

The visit of Peter the Great and François Le Fort (see *Flying Fish* 2019/2) at the end of the 17th century was a turning point in the history of Arkhangelsk and led to a still thriving ship-building industry. The shipyard founded at that time – and still operating – is only a few hundred metres from where *Cérès* was moored. It was then that the strategic importance of creating a shipping channel between the northern oceans and the Baltic Sea was first discussed, though it took some 250 years to transform the idea into reality. The naval and military tradition also remains vibrant – Arkhangelsk was the port to which allied convoys sailed during the summers of the Second World War (in winter they stopped in Murmansk as the White Sea freezes). Nowadays the region is home to nuclear submarine construction, an activity to which we did not have access. The local history museum describes at length the importance of the great Tsar for the city and for the whole region. We were guided during our visit by Gostev Igor Mikhailovitch, a historian working on a biography of François Le Fort, who grew up in Geneva. He was happy and proud to show his museum to a Swiss crew who had just travelled in the footprints of Geneva's best-known citizen in Russia.

Arkhangelsk is not only a city where life can be good – at least in August – it is also a city of wide avenues crowded with cars, and a city of massive buildings with some definitively Soviet monuments including the inevitable statue of Lenin. Not all parts of the city are recommended for walking around at night, so much so that one evening we had difficulty finding a taxi driver willing to bring us back to *Cérès* on her assigned quay.

Some distance away from the city there is an open air museum, Malye Karely, to which a number of traditional buildings from Karelia have been moved. The interiors of these houses testify to a very structured way of life in past centuries. One corner of the main living area, always the same, was reserved for an altar, the seating arrangements were clearly visible, and different activities took place in different parts of the lodging. Visitors from outside the family were admitted to only part of the house. Strolling in these low-ceilinged houses, dark even on a bright August day, one cannot but wonder how their inhabitants lived through the long Arctic winters when darkness settles at

The history museum in Arkhangelsk

Arkhangelsk's war monument

3pm or even earlier and lasts until 10am or so next morning. During these hours there would be a bit of light from the fire in the living quarters of the house and possibly some candles or a lamp burning animal fat. No clock to measure the ticking of the hours, and no books with the possible exception of a Bible. How did they keep body, mind and soul alert in these conditions?

A windmill in the open air museum at Malye Karely

The days went by very pleasantly visiting the city and surroundings. There was, however, no sign that civilian navigation on the White Sea would soon be authorised again. This became a worry as the season was advancing and our Russian visas were due to expire. I therefore contacted the General Consulate of Switzerland in St Petersburg and explained our situation to the Consul who, unsurprisingly, said that it was the first time he had

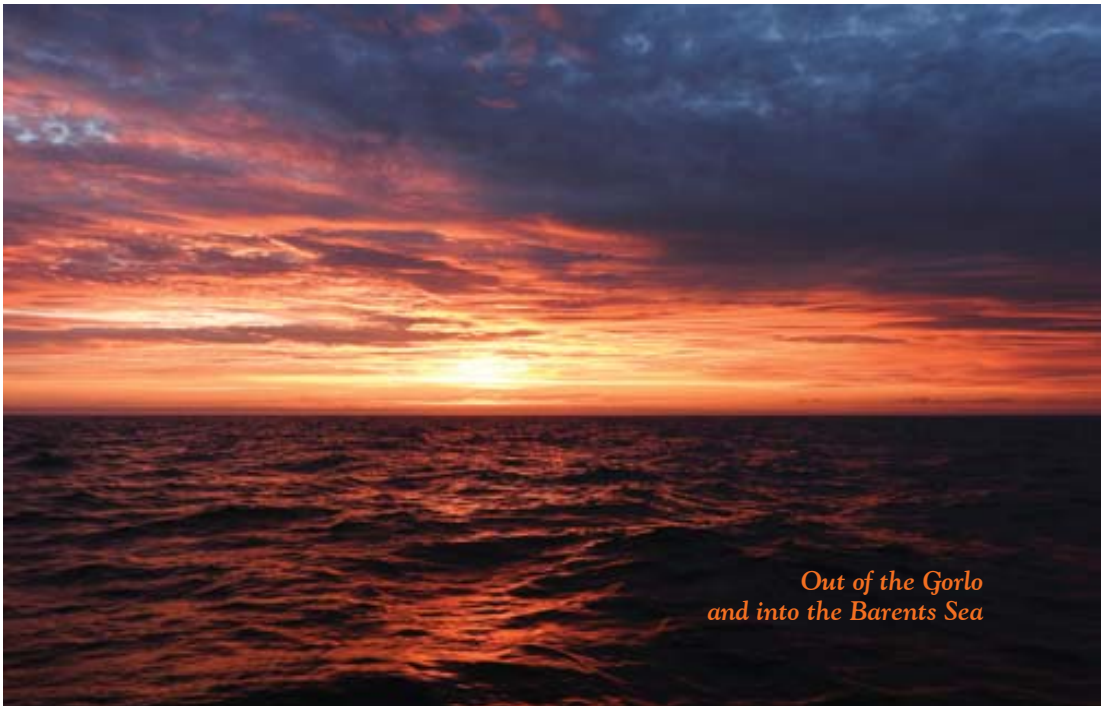
been confronted with this type of problem. While it was not in his power to influence the orders of the Russian North Fleet, he did obtain its phone number. We gave this to Vladimir, who had helped us with all kinds of administrative problems but had been helpless in this matter.

One morning we were told by Vladimir that we would be allowed to leave, so I went by taxi with our local contact, another friend of Vladimir, to the offices of the harbour authorities. There we were told, after numerous calls and discussions, that the information was inaccurate and that we would not be allowed to leave yet. Then another call came late on the following Saturday morning telling us that if we could swear to be out of Russian waters in the Barents Sea by 0400 on Monday morning we would be allowed to leave. Since I estimated that we would need about 48 hours to reach international waters, and the time for exit formalities had to be added to this, I could only assure the authorities that we would do our best to meet their requirement. This was not good enough and we were ordered to stay, which had me very worried as I guessed that while the weekend would be free of naval exercises they would start again on the Monday morning for an unspecified length of time.

Fortunately, this proved incorrect. We were told on Monday morning that the sea was open again and that we would be allowed to leave Arkhangelsk's commercial harbour at 2000 after the last commercial ship – a tanker, immobilised as we had been – had left. Another taxi trip to the harbour authorities and we were duly authorised to leave our berth and ordered to reach the commercial quay, some 15 miles downriver, by 1700 in order to complete the formalities to leave Russia. There was barely enough water in the river for our draught at that state of the tide but, trusting that the bottom was soft, we said goodbye to Masha and left our quay. We reached the deeper part of the river, probably leaving a mark in the soft mud, and made it to the commercial harbour in time.

There we found a high quay with no place for a yacht to secure, but after circling the area for some time two uniformed men directed us to tie up to a floating crane. These two officials came on board with Vladimir's friend – indispensable, as without Masha we would have been unable to communicate. They left after some time, returning equipped with portable passport-reading apparatus and went through all the paperwork, apparently on behalf of all the relevant authorities. When everything was finished they asked me to sign a formal promise that we would not touch Russian territory again on our way to Kirkenes in Norway. The last official to leave *Cérès* very formally and elegantly kissed Barbara's hand and they finally waved us away. All of this was performed in a friendly, easy-going atmosphere, but with absolutely no consideration for tides, currents or weather conditions either in Arkhangelsk or underway. The last point was the most worrisome, as we were to sail for four days along a hostile coast on the White Sea and the Barents Sea, crossing the Arctic Circle northwards. Fortunately the weather forecast showed no dangerous conditions, but it did predict some uncomfortable stretches.

The beginning of the journey was most pleasant. We motored down the 20-mile channel leading from Arkhangelsk to the open sea in the evening twilight of a warm August day. The following day on the White Sea was easy and pleasant and led us the next night to the Gorlo, the strait some 25 miles wide and 80 miles long which links the White Sea to the Barents Sea. Our second night at sea was magnificent



Out of the Gorlo and into the Barents Sea

– the sun set slowly, the light was such that the northern horizon remained just perceptible, and the northern lights were visible in the darkest part of the night followed by a slow sunrise with gorgeous colours ... arguably the most beautiful night we had ever seen at sea.

This did not last long. A heavy fog settled in in the middle of the morning, making us glad we had radar. The fog was followed by rain, a bumpy sea and strong winds – the first of two depressions during that crossing. It was unpleasant, but not dangerous. In the afternoon we reached the point where we were to cross into international waters, the coordinates of which had been specified to us, and where we were to call the Russian coastguards. This we did, but received no answer. Shortly after leaving Russian waters our path crossed that of a white, completely closed, ship with no identification and no AIS signal. Its deck was stuffed with antennae of all sizes and shapes, obviously some power listening intently to the radio communications on the Kula peninsula.

We sailed northeastwards through the Murmansk area where a large number of ships were anchored. We regretted not to being allowed to stop there, and sailed on. The second depression approached on the evening of the third day. We had hoped that the associated westerlies would give us a fast and comfortable sail for the last part of our passage to Kirkenes, but this was not to be and we motored across the Varanger fjord and south to Kirkenes through a bitterly cold night. We arrived there at 0400 and tied up to a rather unprotected floating dock.

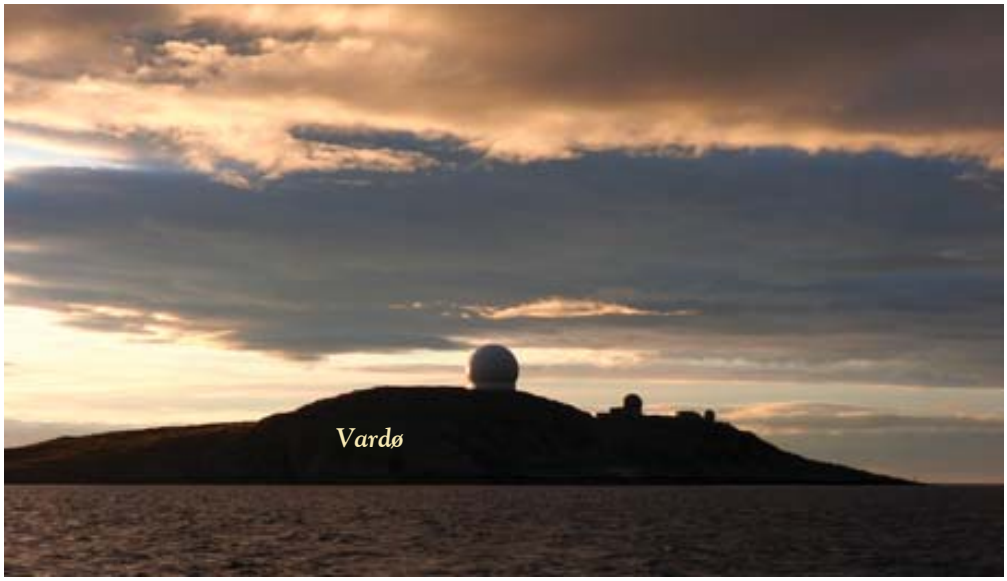
In the morning I went ashore to search for some form of officialdom to clear into Norway. This proved somewhat tricky – there was a customs office next to the pier where we had tied, but a sign said that it would not be open until the following Monday. Since it was Thursday I was disinclined to wait four days to do the paperwork, so I wandered around with the crews' passports until I found a police station. Following

the Russian bureaucracy it was somewhat surreal to tell the officer, "Good morning, we have just sailed in from Russia, could you indicate what procedure we should follow to clear in?" and be met with a smile but with no further help, except to point to the next building where an immigration office was to be found and where, I was told, somebody might be able to help.

In the immigration office I told my story to a lady who seemed as helpless as the police officer and enquired about my nationality. After some hesitation and discussion as to the status of Switzerland and Norway with respect to the Schengen area and the European Union, the lady left to ask her boss what was to be done. The boss appeared, told her to stamp our passports, and she told me that this was all we had to do. No need to wait for customs or any other formalities – we were happily waved into the Schengen area.

Kirkenes lies at almost 70°N. At these latitudes the end of August is already autumn – the leaves are yellow or brown and falling, and the weather is unstable and cold. While waiting for another depression to cross the area we visited the local museum. This tells the story of the region – an area with the Varanger fjord on one side and of the Sami population on the other side – in the 20th century, with a strong emphasis on the Second World War. It is told through a relatively small number of objects assembled in scenes, in front of which one finds a binder containing, typically, three pages of text in Norwegian, English, Russian and German. Although this layout is against all the norms of modern museology, we spent a whole morning reading the texts from the first line to the last. Rarely if at all have I seen a description of a war fought in the hardest conditions in a city that was burned down to the last house when the invaders left, given with such respect for the suffering of members of all parties to the conflict, in this case Norwegian, German, British and Soviet. The texts are well-written, lively, emphatic and to the point. The exhibits serve merely as illustrations to the written message.

Fog in the Barents Sea



Vardø

The museum also tells how the Sami population lived, following their herds of reindeer in a region where national boundaries were unknown until recently. The appearance of frontiers proved fatal to this way of life, but there remains a certain relativity to the reality of national borders in this harsh region where Norway, Russia and Finland meet. For example, street names in Kirkenes are written in both Russian and Norwegian. We were also told that discussions on fishing issues are dealt with locally to the satisfaction of all.

Strong westerly winds were forecast following the depression, but the reality seemed less dramatic and we left on a cold, windy afternoon for Vardø, in the northeast of the Varanger fjord, the starting point to round the northernmost part of mainland Europe. That area, the Finnmark, is a barren, massive, polished 150 mile-long rock. The few well-protected harbours are usually hidden behind a double thickness of massive stone dykes. Good protection is essential in this inhospitable part of the earth.

We progressed westward to the Nordkinn, the northernmost cape on the continent, in long cold and windy daily runs. We broke the throttle cable one morning while leaving our berth, which meant manoeuvring under sail to regain it. Until we could find

The Finnmark

Nordkinn, the northernmost cape of the European continent

a replacement cable we resorted to old practices, and tied a line to the throttle which was activated by a crew member on orders from the skipper. We met few fishermen in the semi-deserted villages, and those we did told us stories about the red king crab invading these waters. One does not know whether their presence is a blessing, because their meat is excellent and sells well, or a curse, because they devastate the areas they invade.

A ferry enters Hasvik

From the Nordkinn our route turned south again, with stops in Hammerfest and Hasvik. Hammerfest is a small city, home of a major gas liquefying facility. The associated gas loading terminal lies on an island opposite the city and navigation is forbidden when gas tankers move in the area. The city leans on the hill behind the harbour, from which one gets a nice view of the surroundings and a hint of the Sami way of life in the form of some restored habitat. Hasvik is a small fishing village on the southeast shore of Sørøya, one of the large islands in the very north of Norway. It was cold, windy and rainy while we were there, sufficient reasons to look for an establishment of one sort or another for a meal. We found one open – not completely

trivial at these latitudes – and discovered that it was owned and run by a Lebanese man who had worked for some years in a Swiss city we know well. He was now renting cabins and boats to tourists, apparently often from the Czech republic, who pay substantial amounts to go deep-sea fishing. The place was lively, a real rarity in this whole region.

En route to Tromsø

We arrived in Hasvik just too late to avoid the first gusts announcing a depression bringing rain and strong westerly winds. Having let it go by while enjoying the fish served by our new Lebanese friend, we left early on a grey morning two days later towards Tromsø. Several layers of cloud occupied the sky and were reflected by a flat and smooth sea. Rain was not far away, fog was visible in some directions and there was no trace of wind. Thus we motored to Tromsø for the last leg of what had been a richly diverse trip from St Petersburg. *Cérès* had circumnavigated the Scandinavian peninsula and was to spend the winter in Tromsø, her third in a decade, but this time Barbara and I planned to spend most of it on board.

One definition of a chart is: 'a map on which the water is of greater importance than any land which may be surrounding it'.

From T*he Sailor's Little Book*, compiled by Basil Mosenthal

JAPAN, THE NEXT CRUISING FRONTIER, PART 1

Kirk R Patterson

(*Kirk, who is Port Officer for Japan, runs Konpira Consulting – www.konpira-consulting.com – a company dedicated to 'Opening Japan's Oceans' to foreign cruisers.*)

From Dream to Reality

I have spent most of my life dreaming about sailing beyond the horizon on my own sailboat. I subscribed to half-a-dozen sailing magazines, read hundreds of sailing-related books – classic stories of exploration and adventure, diaries of those who went around the world, 'how-to' manuals – and I talked and talked about 'being a sailor'. But life intervened. Finally, at 54, I decided it was time to stop talking and start doing. So I quit my job in Tokyo, moved back to Victoria, Canada and bought *Silk Purse*, a 40ft steel cutter. I had never sailed before, except for a couple of cruise-and-learn courses more than 10 years previously, but from Day 1 I sailed her solo. *Sailing for Dummies* was my constant companion.

Four years after buying *Silk Purse* – four years of learning to sail, of trying to master the rudiments of boat maintenance and repair, of planning, preparing and worrying – I was finally ready (or so I hoped) to embark on a long voyage. I set my sights on being the first foreigner to do a full circumnavigation of Japan, but before that I had to deal with the little matter of crossing the Pacific.

Leaving Victoria on a sunny spring day in 2012, my Pacific crossing did not get off to a smooth start. A few days out of Victoria I was hit by a storm that forced me to pull into Newport, Oregon for repairs and medical attention. From then on I had what I remember as an excellent passage to Honolulu, although my log is a litany of complaints and fears. I had planned to spend just a week in Hawaii but repairs took longer than expected. Then the typhoon season started in the western Pacific, so I ended up staying 11 months. I worked as a bartender in Waikiki to top up the sailing kitty, resuming the voyage to Japan the following year with a 37-day, 4000 mile passage to Hakodate on the northern island of Hokkaido. The first half of the trip was heaven, the second half was hell, but *Silk Purse* and I made it there in one piece, and on 1st July 2013 we were ready to start the Japan circumnavigation.

Bartending in Waikiki while waiting for the typhoon season to finish

Fast forward to 2020 and I had completed the full circumnavigation of Japan but

Festival participants at Yuge on the Seto Inland Sea

taking three years instead of the two that had been planned. Then, with the goal of writing a Japan cruising guide, I continued to explore the country for another three years. Along the way I met and married a wonderful woman in Fukuoka (she is being groomed to take over the family business, the largest marina management company in Japan), so, after four different 'tours of duty', I have once again settled in Japan – this time for life, I think.

Why Cruise Japan?

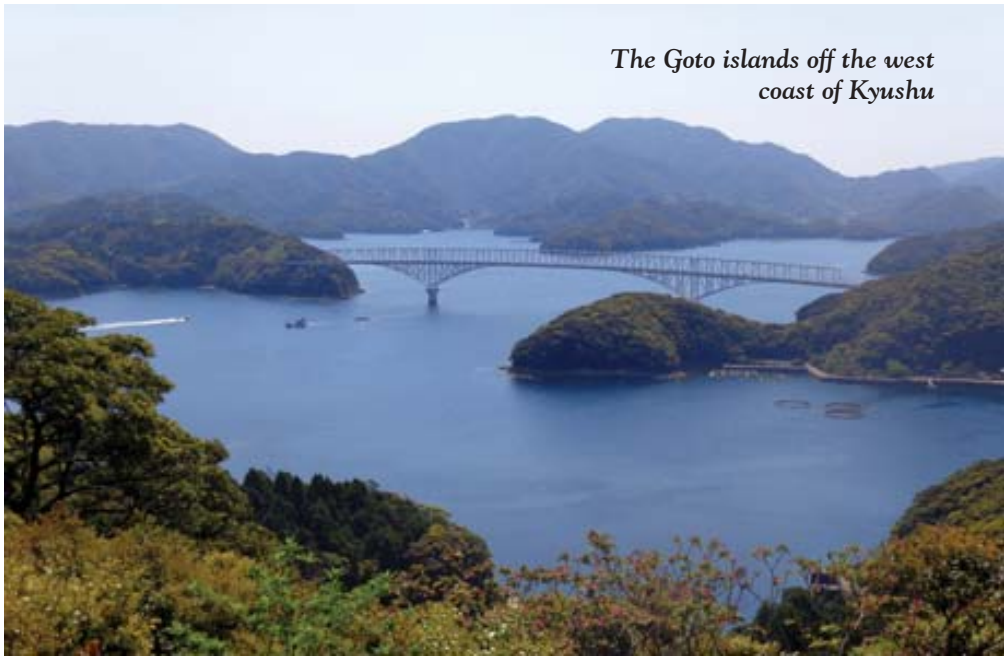
After six years of cruising Japan I have come to believe that it is one of the world's best – albeit least known – cruising grounds. There are many positives and very few negatives. Of course, it's not for everybody – it's not for people who want to spend leisurely times at anchor near tropical islands; it's not for people who want to socialise with other cruisers; and it's not for people who are only comfortable dealing with people who speak English.

Cruising in Japan can often be frustrating, especially when trying to overcome language and cultural barriers, doing bureaucratic paperwork, or dealing with the occasional bone-headed official. But the frustrations pale in comparison to its wonders. Japan is for cruisers who want to get off the beaten track, out of their comfort zone, and into a unique cultural world. These are some of the reasons that Japan is such a great place to cruise:

- *Friendly people* – every foreign cruiser I have met in Japan has said that the No.1 attraction of cruising Japan is the people, who are friendly, courteous and helpful. The Japanese word *omotenashi* is often translated as 'hospitality', but it is much more than that. It is a multilayered term that includes pride in, and responsibility for, taking care of guests (not just 'visitors'), putting the guest before self and anticipating (and responding to) the guest's needs. Cruisers experience the *omotenashi* spirit every day.

- *Great security* – Japan is incredibly safe. Theft is virtually unheard of and in all my time cruising Japan I have never locked my boat or anything on her, even when leaving her


RUSSIA
SAKHALIN
N
CHINA
Hamaonishibetsu
44°N
44°N
HOKKAIDO
Kiritappu
Hakodate
Matsumae
Tsugaru Strait
AOMORI
NORTH KOREA
Sea of Japan
Ajigasawa
AKITA
Toga
SADO
Fukura
Ogi
JAPAN
ISHIKAWA
OKI ISLANDS
HONSHU
SOUTH KOREA
Ine
Tokyo
36°N
Busan
Taisha
KYOTO
Tsushima
Hagi
Seto Inland Sea
Osaka
TSUSHIMA
SHIKOKU
GOTO ISLANDS
Fukuoka
Suo-Oshima
Nagasaki
Amakusa
KYUSHU
Pacific Ocean
YAKUSHIMA
28°N
RYUKYU ISLANDS
OKINAWA
132°E
145°E



The Goto islands off the west coast of Kyushu

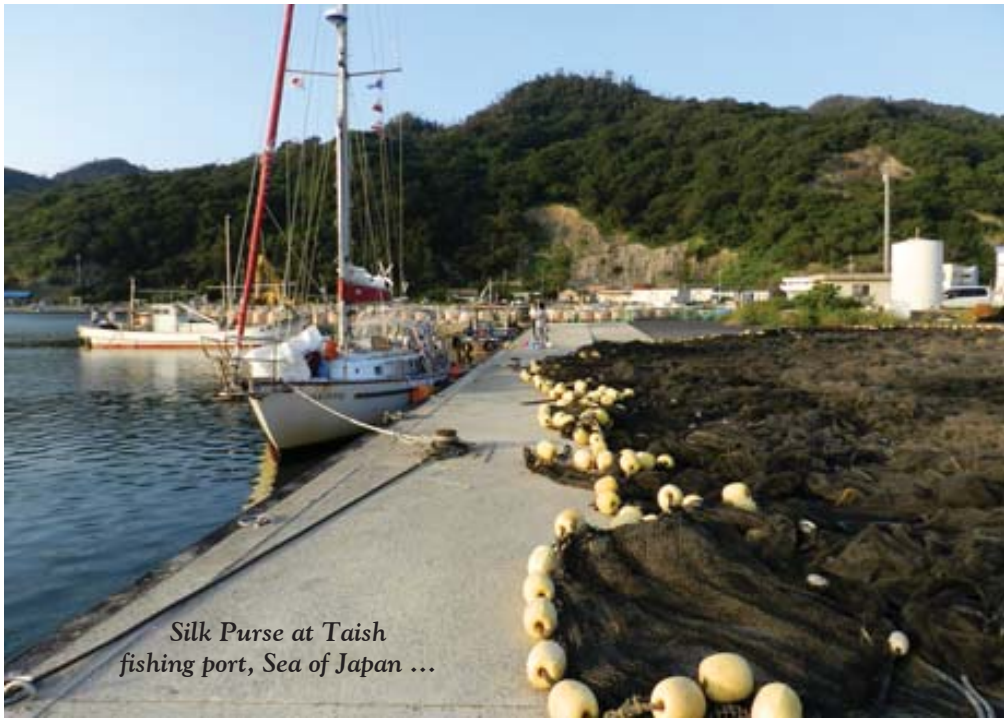
to return to Canada for the winter. In fact, I don't even know where my lock is now.

- *Beautiful scenery* – I made landfall in Japan on the northernmost island of Hokkaido and then did a clockwise circumnavigation of the island. At the end I said to myself, 'There can't be any place with more beautiful and impressive scenery than Hokkaido'. Then I cruised down the Sea of Japan coast and said to myself, 'There can't be any place with more beautiful and impressive scenery than the Sea of Japan coast'. That was repeated when I sailed in western Kyushu ... through the Ryukyu Islands ... around Shikoku ... in the Seto Inland Sea ... and up the Pacific coast.

  The fact is that, contrary to general perception, Japan is a very big country. To put it in a European context, from north to south it's like going from central Norway to Tunisia. From east to west, it's about the same as going from London to Moscow. With that size comes tremendous diversity of scenery. One never gets bored with cruising Japan, though it takes time to really explore.

- *Rich history and culture* – Japan has a long, complex history and a rich culture. The

Traditional 'utase' fishing boats at Amakusa, Kyushu



Silk Purse at Taish fishing port, Sea of Japan …

Japanese islands have been inhabited for over 30,000 years and the Japanese nation and people trace their origins back about 2000 years to the area around present-day Kyoto. From there they expanded outward to inhabit all of what we now refer to as the Japanese archipelago, with Hokkaido and the Ryukyu Islands only becoming part of Japan in the latter half of the 19th century.

Japan's indigenous religion is Shinto, which goes back to the mists of time, while Buddhism entered the country in the 6th century. The two religions have generally

… at Amakusa Fisherina, Kyushu …

co-existed peacefully and are often complementary. Together they are not only responsible for many of Japan's architectural landmarks but have also helped shape Japan's aesthetics and values.

The emperor has always been Japan's head of state, but his control waxed and waned depending on power struggles with regional lords and within the imperial court. For much of Japan's history, real power was wielded by the Shogun (military dictator). In an attempt to protect the Shogunate's power, Japan closed itself off to the outside world, albeit not completely, from the early 1600s to 1868. That Isolation Period, which ended with the Meiji Restoration, has been likened to a hothouse that nurtured and enriched Japanese culture while shaping attitudes toward foreigners that continue to today.

As one cruises Japan, the manifestations of Japanese history and culture are all around ... in the shrines and temples, in the castles, in every little fishing port, in

… and at an unused dock near the Watazumi Shrine, Tsushima, Nagasaki

the homes of its people.

- *Many alongside mooring options* – one surprising aspect of cruising Japan is that one rarely anchors. Most harbours offering good protection are either fishing or commercial ports, where anchoring is normally prohibited, while others contain aquaculture operations. Fortunately there are many other, generally cheap, options. These include Japan's 2500+ fishing ports, more than 100 marinas, 170+ *Umi no Eki* (Sea Stations) offering visitor berthing, 30 or so *fisherinas* (small marinas run by local fishing co-operatives), and sundry unused pontoons which can be occupied for a day or two. See page 5 of the December 2019 *Newsletter* at https://

Enjoying a delicious meal in a converted 'funaya' (boat house) at Ine on the Sea of Japan

oceancruisingclub.org/members/Newsletters for more details of these.

- *Good anchorages* – particularly in many of the Ryukyu Islands in southern Japan, in the Goto Islands off Kyushu's west coast, in Tsushima's Aso Bay, and in some parts of the Seto Inland Sea.

- *Delicious food and drink* – Japanese cuisine is considered one of the best in the world, and for good reason – fresh ingredients, meticulous preparation, and eye-pleasing presentation. And that also goes for non-Japanese food. It's almost impossible to get a bad meal in Japan. Combine that with popular Japanese liquors – *saké*, *shochu* (Kyushu), and *awamori* (Okinawa), as well as beer, of course – and you will eat and drink well when in Japan.

- *Relaxing Baths* – Japan has more public baths per capita than any other country and the Japanese are more bath-obsessed than any other nationality. Japanese cruisers generally evaluate a mooring spot based on how close it is to a bath and on how nice the bath is!

An outdoor seaside hot-spring bath on Yakushima, one of southern Japan's Ryukyu islands

Circumnavigating Japan

It is impossible to relate my three-year circumnavigation of Japan in detail, so what follows are some of the highlights from the first year, during which I sailed around Hokkaido and then south through the Sea

Sasa-san (right) with a member of the Hamaonishibetsu Fishing Co-operative who shucked freshly harvested scallops for us

of Japan to Fukuoka, Kyushu. Highlights of years two and three – from Fukuoka to Japan's westernmost and southernmost points, then north through the Ryukyu Islands to Kyushu, Shikoku and the Seto Inland Sea; and from the Seto Inland Sea up the Pacific coast to Hakodate, Hokkaido – will follow in a future issue.

Starting in Hakodate, where I'd cleared into Japan, I did a clockwise circumnavigation of Hokkaido island. I sailed 1130 miles over 38 days, of which 27 were travel days and the rest spent waiting for weather and sightseeing. While sailing around Hokkaido I passed Japan's northernmost and easternmost points.

At my first stop, the small fishing port of Matsumae, I met Sasa-san, who was also planning to go around Hokkaido on his 28ft motor sailer. Perhaps feeling sorry for me and my ignorance of the unique aspects of cruising Japan, he took me under his wing. He taught me how to pick out mooring spots in fishing ports, how to secure to the high concrete walls, how to differentiate between dangerous and benign fishing nets, and much more. He often pulled in to a port ahead of me to scout out mooring options and he often helped me push off in the morning. At Hamaonishibetsu on Hokkaido's north coast we each received several large bags of scallops that we feasted on, breakfast and dinner, for a week.

Eastern Hokkaido is famous – or rather infamous – for its fog. One town is called Kiritappu, which literally means lots of fog ... and it certainly lived up to its name when I visited there. At times I could barely see my bow and I could only guess at the location of the extensive fishing nets that 'guard' the harbour entrance.

Looking for the entrance to Kiritappu, Hokkaido

After returning to Hakodate and a delay caused by dealing with some electrical issues, a chill was in the air. Fall was coming, so it was time to head south before the north winds started blasting down from Siberia and made the Sea of Japan too treacherous. The passage from Hakodate to Fukuoka was 900 miles and took 36 days, 20 travel days and 16 waiting for weather and sightseeing.

After a calm crossing of the often-boisterous Tsugaru Strait which separates Hokkaido from the main island of Honshu, I arrived at the rather nondescript fishing village of Ajigasawa, Aomori. Relaxing in the cabin a couple of hours, later I heard a voice calling – it was a local journalist who had heard that a foreign sailboat was in town and wanted to interview me ... which he did. That night I joined him and his friends for dinner. Over copious amounts of *sushi*, *sashimi*, *yakitori* and more, and untold glasses of beer and *saké*, we discussed Ajigasawa's main problem, one shared by virtually all of Japan – a shrinking, ageing population. Apparently my alcohol-induced brilliance impressed them so much that, at the 3rd or 4th bar, they called the mayor's secretary (at about midnight) and made an appointment for me to meet the mayor at 0900 next morning to discuss how to revitalise the village! So there I was, in my cleanest *Silk Purse* shirt and only a bit fuzzy-headed, proposing a plan for an Ajigasawa Renaissance to the mayor. I'm sure he had only a fuzzy idea of who I was or why I was there, but it was a very convivial morning nonetheless.

The following day the Ajigasawa journalist took me on a two-hour drive to see one of Aomori's major tourist attractions, Tanbo Art. *Tanbo* means rice paddy and they use various types of rice, each of a different colour, to create a magnificent mural. There's a different design each year – that year it was of Marilyn Monroe and a *geisha*.

Continuing south, two days later I entered the small fishing port of Toga, Akita. A walk around the town revealed that it had once been a prosperous beach resort, in addition to having had a vibrant fishing industry, but now it was almost dead. All the inns and shops were shuttered and there were only a few old fishing boats in the harbour. Strolling along the beach, I met a woman walking her dog, so I asked if there was a public bath in the town. She replied that there used to be several nice public baths but that they had all closed years ago. She wondered why I was asking, so I pointed to *Silk Purse* and told her I was staying the night and had hoped to have a bath but it wasn't that important. Returning to my boat there was a car parked nearby. The driver said, "My wife said you're looking for a bath. Why don't you come to our place?" Arriving at their home, the bath had been drawn and fresh towels put out for me. Afterwards they invited me to stay for dinner – a magnificent feast of vegetables from their own garden and local fish. Over dinner they told me that the town used to have several thousand people but now there were only about 50 and that they (in their 60s) were

Tanbo Art

the youngest. They had promised the government that they would stay to turn out the lights (literally) before going to the big city to join their children and grandchildren. It was a delightful evening but a depressing conversation.

A few days later I stopped at Ogi on the island of Sado. Entering the harbour I had to dodge tourists in *tarai-bune*, tub boats paddled by women in traditional Sado garb. *Tarai-bune* date back to the 1860s and were used for gathering abalone, snails and seaweed but now they are mainly used to give visitors a unique and enjoyable experience. As I arrived

Tourists enjoying a 'tarai-bune' ride

in windy conditions, though, my main focus was trying to avoid running them over.

One of my favourite spots in six years of cruising Japan was the small fishing port of Fukuura, Ishikawa. Being a very well-protected natural harbour it is one of the oldest ports on the Sea of Japan coast. It was mentioned in the *Nihon Shoki* chronicles (completed in 720 AD) as the best place for seafarers going to/from Korea, and it was one of the most popular stops for *Kita-Mae* trading boats plying the coastal waters of the Sea of Japan in the 18th and 19th centuries. Shortly after Japan opened up to the West in 1868, Fukuura became the location of the Sea of Japan's first Western-style lighthouse and first coast guard station. Today the town is, like all Japanese towns, dying, but wandering the silent, narrow lanes lined with traditional homes overlooking the harbour, one feels transported back to ancient times.

Just a few days south of Fukuura is perhaps the most special, unique cruiser destination in all of Japan – the small fishing port of Ine, Kyoto. With steep mountains rising sharply from the shore, flat land for housing is at a premium so the bay is lined with about 350 *funaya* boat houses. In times past fishermen would 'park' their boats in the 'garage' and live upstairs, though today most boats are too big to fit under the houses so are anchored out front. It's a magnificent site. There is an excellent, well-protected spot for visitors to moor, nearby is a *funaya* that has been converted into a lovely inn/restaurant, and a bit further away is a *sake* brewery that has welcomed cruisers from around the world – and has the boat cards to prove it. Ine is also an excellent typhoon hole. I sat out a typhoon there which made an almost direct hit on Ine, with winds outside the bay hitting 80 knots and gusting to 100, but only 15–20 knots inside.

Yet another memorable stop a few more days further south is the town of Hagi. A major castle town in the 17th and 18th centuries, in the 1850s Hagi was home to a small school for young samurai who went on to hold senior positions in Japanese politics, industry and the military, wielding influence greatly disproportionate to Hagi's small size and remote location. Today one can visit the tiny two-room school-house, pass by stately samurai homes and explore the town's many temples and shrines.

The entrance to Fukuura fishing port, Ishikawa

'Funaya' boat houses at Ine, Kyoto

After almost 40 days in small, dying villages on 'the backside of Japan', I experienced culture shock as I approached Fukuoka, one of Japan's most dynamic cities with a population of 1·5 million. As I pulled in to Fukuoka's main fishing port, my Hokkaido cruising friend Sasa-san was waiting on the dock to give me a warm welcome (after leaving

Rendezvous with Sasa-san at Fukuoka, Kyushu

Silk Purse berthed in Fukuoka City Yacht Harbour

Hokkaido, he had cruised down Japan's Pacific coast). I had planned to continue to Okinawa and leave *Silk Purse* there for the winter, but three consecutive typhoons and a prolonged campaign to force a rat to disembark made me decide that Fukuoka City Yacht Harbour would be a good place to leave her while I returned to Canada for three months.

In Part 2 of this article I will share some of the highlights and adventures of the second and third years of my Japan circumnavigation and present some 'how to' information for those considering cruising Japan.

TAM O'SHANTER TO THE AZORES IN 2018/19

Neil Hegarty

(Flying Fish 2018/2 *left Neil, Anne and* Tam O'Shanter *in Galicia following the 2017 Irish Cruising Club Rally.* Tam O'Shanter*, a Chance 37, was a member of the 1973 Irish Admiral's Cup team and has been in Anne's family for more than 30 years.*)

Until you retire you can never imagine the opportunities that are there to be grasped when you actually do it. If you had told me that I would sail to the Azores twice after my retirement I do not think I would have believed you ... not to mention all the other sailing that Anne and I have done since we met. A rally or meet has generally been the driving force as to where Anne's *Tam O'Shanter* would end up. This time it was the OCC's Azores Pursuit Rally. The idea that we could be back in the Azores again was exciting and also challenging for both of us.

Tam O'Shanter was in Travemunde for the whole of 2016 while Anne and I concentrated on bringing my *Shelduck* back to Ireland from America (see *Flying Fish* 2017/2). Our plan for 2017/18 was a slow wander home to Ireland for *Tam O'Shanter* through Germany, Holland, Belgium, France and England, but notice of the Irish Cruising Club Rally in Galicia's Rías Baixas in July 2017, followed by the Ocean Cruising Club's Rally in Horta in June 2018, changed that plan. The slow wander home became relatively quick passages – Travemunde to Galicia, then Galicia to the Azores.

On Thursday 31st May 2018, Anne and I took the 0500 Cork-Dublin Aircoach to fly Ryanair to Vigo. On arrival I arranged a taxi collection by Manuel, who had looked after us in July 2008 when my wife, Angela, was ill in Galicia. Even after ten years his number was still in my phone and he was delighted to see me again. The following day my daughter Patricia flew into Santiago airport from Paris, to join her brother John who had arrived from Cork. Manuel delivered them to *Tam O'Shanter*, berthed at Vilanova and well looked after by Benito over the previous winter.

At 1630 on Saturday 2nd June we left Vilanova for the 90 minute passage across the Ría de Arousa to Pobra do Caramiñal to get provisions for our crossing. After relaxing on Sunday, Anne and Patricia spent Monday – a very wet day – provisioning the boat while John and I went to the chandlery for gas and one or two other necessities.

On Tuesday we rose at 0700. Anne went ashore for a final shower while Patricia prepared breakfast, John filled our water tanks and I downloaded the weather forecasts. There was very little wind over all the northeastern Atlantic, and what there was was light and westerly. *Tam* O'Shanter was untied from the marina and we motored out of the windless and grey Ría de Arousa, hoisting sail at 1005 while surrounded by fishing boats and setting course for the Azores on a bearing of 260°. At 1800 we met very heavy traffic, mostly going south, which kept us alert throughout the night, and by 0800 had made good 133 miles, though only 15 under sail since 0200.

For the next five days it was sail up, sail down, motor on, motor off, sail up again. While we were sailing it was magical. With a gentle heave in the ocean *Tam O'Shanter* seemed to relish the freedom of being away, at last, from the shackles of mainland Europe.

Dining out in the Atlantic again!

Under full sail in force 3–4 the helm was finger-light and the yacht perfectly balanced. It was some of the best sailing Anne and I had enjoyed in *Tam O'Shanter* since leaving Fenit in 2010. We were blessed, as there was so little wind over the North Atlantic that some participants returned to the English Channel having no hope of reaching Horta by midday on Monday 18th June.

We had been heading northwesterly when motoring, so when any wind – usually westerly – came up we were able to lay São Miguel or Santa Maria. By this tactic we reached Ponta Delgada at 0500 on Tuesday 12th with no fuel left, having covered 838 miles on our zigzag passage from Pobra. By entering Ponta Delgada and not completing the minimum 500 mile passage to Horta we had retired from the ocean sailing part of the Rally, but otherwise we feared that we would not get there at all. We found the marina staff in Ponta Delgada very pleasant and, having fuelled up, set off again for Horta at 1000, still in very little wind. After motoring most of the way *Tam O'Shanter* berthed near reception at 0930 next morning, having logged 990 miles from Pobra.

We were allocated a berth on the end of the pier next to a larger French yacht belonging to a couple who had been sailing with their three children for the past few years. We could see *Tam O'Shanter* from Peter Café Sport, where all events started and where the Rally office was based. Horta is a very busy port and, as this was a pier-end berth, I was unsure we could manage all the boarding issues for the week. Our first gin and tonic went down very well however and, having tidied up after the crossing, we spent a couple of peaceful days swimming and relaxing. We also went in search of our painting from our 2009 visit and found, to our delight, that it was still partially there. Almost 50 yachts from both sides of the Atlantic reached Horta for the Rally, one having sailed from Japan via the Panama Canal, but *Tam O'Shanter* was the only Irish entrant to make it to Horta.

We were being joined for the shoreside events by my brother Frank, his wife Ann and my sister Jane. With difficult access to *Tam O'Shanter* six aboard suddenly seemed too many, and Jenny Crickmore-Thompson suggested I speak to José Azevedo, owner of Peter Café Sport, who helped arrange accommodation in two small but well-appointed

apartments a short distance from the café and the beach. With such beautiful lodgings in Horta we decided to take *Tam O'Shanter* to Terceira early – we had tried to book a berth for later in the month but were told that none were available, whereas if we came over immediately we would be allowed to stay until after my birthday on the 28th June. So we did.

At 1945 on Friday 15th June we cast off from Horta pier to head for Terceira, motoring between São Jorge and Pico. It was a cloudless, windless night and the lights on the islands were beautiful. At 0200 *Tam O'Shanter* turned around the southeast end of São Jorge for Angra do Heroísmo, arriving at 0700. We spent two beautiful days in Angra checking out the restaurants and facilities, and flew back to Horta on Monday 18th for the opening event of the Rally – a drinks reception followed by a walk to the historic fort overlooking Porto Pim Bay, where pigs were already roasting on spits. We were all presented with OCC plaques for our yachts.

Having slept ashore for the first time in weeks, I received a phone call at 1100 next morning from OCC secretary Rachelle Turk to say that *Tam O'Shanter* had been lifted ashore by the marina staff in Angra do Heroísmo. She had taken on some water during the night but, thankfully, our neighbour in the marina had noticed the problem and she was attended to very quickly. A seacock had not been fully closed and had back-siphoned in the Atlantic scend. I contacted the insurance company and booked a flight to Angra with the surveyor appointed by Pantaenius, our insurer, leaving Anne and Patricia to welcome my brother, sister-in-law and sister to Horta to start the shoreside events.

In Terceira, *Tam O'Shanter* was safely in a cradle. The surveyor immediately connected water to the engine, started it and confirmed it was okay, then continued to check the boat

Tam O'Shanter looking small in Horta

for his report. In Horta, with the family settled in the apartment, they attended a dinner hosted by Peter Café Sport. The following day, Wednesday 20th, Anne, Patricia, Frank, Ann and Jane visited the Capelinhos Volcano Interpretation Centre, built underground to avoid interfering with the existing landscape. Located at the site of the Capelinhos volcanic eruption some 60 years earlier, it is well worth a visit and explains so much about volcanoes. Patricia was delighted to see it again, having been there with me in 2009 when on *Shelduck*.

I flew back to Horta the next day, arriving in time for dinner at Praya Restaurante overlooking Almoxarife beach. We enjoyed a lovely meal in yet another beautiful piece of modern architecture with stunning views. The 22nd was whale watching day, which Jane and Patricia had signed up for. They found it exhilarating as the RIBs travelled at speed, and said it was beautiful to watch the dolphins and especially the whales breaching in the open ocean. That evening we prepared for the final Rally dinner in Amor da Pátria, a beautiful Art Deco building opened in 1934 as a Masonic Lodge. Again we had a wonderful dinner, with generous speeches and presentations to every boat by José Azevedo.

Celebrating the feast of São João in Angra do Heroísmo

With the Azores Pursuit Rally officially over it was time for Anne and me to return to Terceira to attend to *Tam O'Shanter*, so on Sunday 24th we departed Horta leaving Frank, Ann, Jane and Patricia to continue their holiday on Faial. Patricia reported that they took a ferry to Pico, where they hired a taxi to tour the island. They enjoyed lunch at Restaurante Cella Bar near Madalena, yet another award-winning building and extraordinary place to relax. The tour included going up into the clouds – Pico has the highest mountain in Portugal – and they

Neil, Brian, Ann, Anne, Jane, Frank and Beatrijs

also visited vineyards, a UNESCO World Heritage site, and learned about the history of whaling, a big industry in the Azores until quite recently. On the 27th they flew from Faial over to Terceira to join other family and friends who had arrived to help celebrate my 80th birthday.

Our five-day visit to Terceira coincided with the *Sanjoaninas*, a festival dedicated to São João (Saint John) during which the locals fill the streets of Angra do Heroísmo for ten days during the month of June. In addition to marching bands and dancing we saw the running of the bulls on the port's slipway – I really couldn't have planned a better time to party in the Azores and to give friends Beatrijs and Brian Murphy O'Connor and my family a great introduction to these amazing islands!

By now we had been away for a full month and it was time to return to West Cork and Kerry for some home time. So on Saturday 30th Anne and I flew home, leaving *Tam O'Shanter* safe in the hands of the boatyard.

At the Irish Cruising Club's Annual Dinner in Killarney in March 2019 Anne Hammick, then Commodore of the OCC, joined us at our table for a chat after the meal. On learning that *Tam O'Shanter* was in Terceira she asked if I had met Linda Lane Thornton, our Port Officer for the island, which I had not. So I wrote to tell her about *Tam O'Shanter* and to ask if she could go and check her in the yard. Linda made a singlehanded North Atlantic circuit in an Achilles 9 metre from 1979 to 1982, visiting the Caribbean, Bermuda and the Azores. Later she and Andy, her husband, did a five-year circumnavigation in their Nicholson 35 *Coromandel*, ending in 2013. Linda wrote about it in her book *Fair Winds and Safe Passage* (reviewed in *Flying Fish* 2015/1).

Early in April Anne and I decided to head out to Terceira and see how *Tam O'Shanter* had over-wintered and meet Linda and Andy, who had bought a house and spent their

first winter there. We enjoyed a lovely dinner with them swapping sailing experiences, and Linda agreed to keep an eye on *Tam O'Shanter*. Anne had recently decided to sell her house in Tralee, so we returned to Ireland to look after the house sale and the move. One trip we managed was from Baltimore out to the Fastnet Rock, in memory of those who had lost their lives 40 years previously in the '79 Fastnet Race.

With the house move completed, we headed back to the Azores on 21st September to relax and see *Tam O'Shanter*, though our first stop was down memory lane to the island of Santa Maria. That is where we first met, after lunch at the Clube Naval on 21st July 2009 during the ICC/RCC Azores Rally. On that occasion Anne had flown in from Ponta Delgada and didn't get the opportunity to do the island tour. This time I made sure she saw as much of the island as possible. We enjoyed a 2½ kilometre walk from our hotel to the Clube Naval for lunch, and visited the *Shelduck/Yoshi* wall painting, still in very good condition after ten years. We could not resist the Clube Naval, so returned and dined in the restaurant that evening. Tuesday 24th was to be a cloudless, sunny day so, as planned, I repeated with Anne the 2009 island tour that I had enjoyed so much, stopping for a leisurely swim at Praia Formosa.

Anne by the harbour wall in Vila do Porto, Santa Maria

The next day we flew from Santa Maria to Terceira to visit *Tam O'Shanter*, as we wanted to check what needed to be done to prepare her for the winter. Linda very kindly collected us from the airport and that evening we dined with her and Andy at Tasca das Tias, one of our favourite restaurants in Angra. My family still talk about the clams they ate there in June 2018! On the Friday Barry and Maggie, friends of Linda and Andy, collected us at our hotel and took us to Linda and Andy's house where we all enjoyed a leisurely lunch. During the afternoon Anne and I first heard about Hurricane *Lorenzo*, which might pass over the

Tam O'Shanter tied down awaiting Hurricane Lorenzo

Azores and was forecast to bring 60 knot winds. The following day we flew home.

On 1st October I received a text from Linda to say that *Lorenzo* was indeed heading their way and that *Tam O'Shanter* had been strapped down fore and aft. The next day another text confirmed that all was well with Anne's yacht. There was no great damage done in Terceira, but the harbour wall at Lajes das Flores had been very badly damaged.

We have now been to the Azores three times since our first trip with the ICC in 2009 and here we are in 2019, ten years on. I cannot recommend these islands enough for their nature, architecture and wonderful people, but most of all for the sailing. It is island hopping at its best. The North Atlantic, as well as being fearful, can be quiet, peaceful and beautiful.

2019, A SUMMER OF SOUTHERLIES
Iain Simpson

(*Iain has been a frequent contributor to* Flying Fish *since writing* Song of the Sea *(featuring his and Jan's Najad 460 of that name) shortly after joining in 2003. Several articles have been about the 'Simbo Rig' – most recently in* Flying Fish 2018/1 *– while their Najad 570,* Song of the Ocean*, made her debut in our pages in* 2012/1.

To catch up on previous articles, and learn more about the 'Simbo Rig', visit https://oceancruisingclub.org/Flying-Fish-Archive, scroll down to 'Browse Archive by *Flying Fish* Edition' *in the box on the left and enter* 'Simpson' *under* 'Enter place/title to search for' *in the box on the right – which also works for all other previous contributors, of course.*

Parts of this cruise can be followed on the chartlet on page 116.)

We returned to Kemer, in Antalya, Turkey on 27th April 2019, with the daunting task of preparing *Song of the Ocean* for relaunching in just two days. Such a tight schedule only becomes feasible if the yacht has been comprehensively laid up at the end of the previous season, and even then there is no accounting for equipment that expires for no obvious reason. This befell us on launching when the engine starter battery refused to respond, despite having been trickle-charge maintained. This was followed by the seemingly pristine Mastervolt mass combi charger/inverter also settling for early retirement. Such are the woes of taking a yacht out of commission!

By 9th May we were ready to put to sea, with fair winds and a southerly current, to exit Antalya Bay. This enabled us to make the 55 miles to Cold Water Springs Bay on Kekova, a big step towards completing the remaining 23 miles to Kaş Marina next day. However, as nice as the marina and its historic town may be, we preferred to capitalise on the favourable winds by continuing past the Seven Capes the following morning in a force 4 southeasterly, to put another 55 miles astern en route to Round Bay, Göcek. The weather was crisp and clear with snow adorning the mountains, a real bonus for those of us able to take advantage of spring sailing.

After a day at anchor, we exited Fethiye Bay under

Iain in Rhodes towards the end of the sailing season

Kemer in spring

motor for a 40 mile close fetch to Kumlumbük, just south of Marmaris Bay. The area is an active Turkish Navy training ground, lying just south of their naval base at Aksaz Limani, and on several occasions whilst on passage we have been ordered to anchor in Ekincik Koya until naval exercises were concluded. Today, however, we could only hear the distant boom of their guns. We are informed that President Erdogan has his summer retreat in Kumlumbük but for most cruisers this secure anchorage's attraction is the outstanding Chinese restaurant with its pontoon mooring facilities in the southwest of the bay.

On 14th May we tacked down the Bozburun peninsula in a southwesterly force 3 to make the 32 miles to Pedi, which then enabled us to bear off on a reach over a further 28 miles to Knidos at the end of the Datça peninsula. In days of yore this was an important

Sailing at 8 knots in Finike Bay, with the twin whisker-poles of the Simbo Rig clearly visible

Snowcapped mountains seen from Round Bay, Göcek

trading centre but over the centuries it has fallen into ruins. Nevertheless it is a major attraction for tourists and yachtsmen alike. In the height of the season we avoid this sheltered anchorage but in mid-May we thought we were safe enough. However, in the middle of the night fearsome 40-knot squalls created havoc amongst those who had not paid sufficient attention to anchoring. One such yacht came within a smidgeon of ramming us and, though I tried hard to wake the crew, the yacht careered past us for the rocks. When just 20m off destruction a panic-stricken skipper finally responded to my whistle and fog horn and emerged to save the yacht. (I have come to learn that in the Aegean the standard of seamanship across the full spectrum of the yachting fraternity has to be treated with caution. My advice to anyone entering these waters is to treat others as lacking in experience until proven otherwise, particularly those on high-powered motor yachts and chartered boats. Even with owner-skippered yachts, in some cases reliance on marinas seems to have impacted on anchoring ability.)

We awoke next morning to find that a quarter of the yachts had put to sea during the night. We weighed anchor for a fine fetch towards the northeast tip of Kos and thence to the anchorage of Karainci on the Bodrum peninsula. It affords good shelter but is not a place to linger so the next day we weighed anchor for Kuruerik, a large inland estuary east of Didim. The weather was fair with a westerly force 2–3, which gave rise to a gentle passage and a relaxing day's sail. Our objective was to check out of Turkey at Didim, but we decided to leave the remaining 6 miles for the following day so that we could take full advantage of the marina facilities. Having grown up before the advent of marinas we tend to look to them only for necessities.

After checking out of Turkey on 19th May we enjoyed an invigorating 30-mile reach over to Pythogorion on Samos. On finding the harbour anchorage full we were obliged to book into the marina, which proved satisfactory until the Greek authorities demanded that we anchor in sight of their office window. We offered to provide their officers with a taxi to view the yacht, rather than Jan and I having to move her some 500m to comply with this bureaucratic requirement, but they would have none of it. Fortunately a compromise was reached and we were allowed to bring the yacht over the following morning – whereupon, when asked whether the yacht was in the anchorage, they completed the paperwork without so much as a glance out of the window!

The advent of the Greek cruising tax has impacted noticeably on the attitude of the authorities, who have seemingly become quite officious. Personally we have no

issue with its implementation but do have difficulty in understanding its application. For example, if one's yacht is between 10m and 12m LOA then there is a flat charge of 33€ per month, whereas above that length they charge 8€ per metre LOA, so that a 12·1m yacht is charged 96·8€ (8 x 12·1)*. We have witnessed port police checking the registered measurements of yachts around 11·9m LOA with measuring tapes!

The other seeming inequity is that the charge is not applied pro rata to the time spent in Greece – ie. it is calculated using calendar months, and if one spends a month and one day in Greece one is charged for two months. We entered Greece on 20th May and departed on 27th June, for which we paid three months tax in advance on the expectation of being in Greece for a part of July. Be that as it may, we paid 92 days tax in all good faith, for only 37 days occupancy. Needless to say there is no 'carry forward' credit into the next season for any unused tax. In future, we shall pay for each calendar month as it transpires. *Caveat emptor*!

Our plan for the season was to head for the northern Aegean, so we lost no time in slipping our lines for Nissos Oinoussa off the northeast tip of Kios. Although the forecast was for strong weather – southwesterly force 6–7 – it was from the right direction and very useful in making the 77 miles to our destination. The only challenge was making it through the channel between Ikaria and Samos where we were confronted with 35-knots squalls. We hastily took double reefs in the mainsail and twin jibs as we surfed at up to 13 knots under Simbo Rig. Once out of the wind conduit conditions settled down to a less demanding 22–28 knots which enabled us to complete the passage by early evening.

* For further information download https://www.aade.gr/dl_assets/etepai/etepai_faqs_en.pdf

Sigri Bay, west Lesvos

Planitis – note the narrow entrance!

Next morning we continued north to Mytilini on Lesvos, another great Simbo Rig run in a southerly force 4 with remnants of the previous day's sea. On arrival we opted for the very reasonably-priced marina, clearly the best option in this expansive commercial harbour. The town is captivating with its Greek architecture and quaint family-run shops – definitely a place to linger longer another time – but after two days ashore we slipped our lines for Sigri on the island's west coast. The 51 miles were covered part motoring and part sailing in a light southerly. We should have liked to explore the inland loch of Kólpos Kallonís but that will also have to wait for another season. On anchoring in a remote bay to the south of Sigri we became quite nostalgic over its similarity to many anchorages of bygone years in the Outer Hebrides.

Our minds were set on a 57-mile passage to Limnos next day whilst the southerly winds held good – the forecast was for the wind to veer northerly later, but not for another 24 hours. We settled on the anchorage of Kontias which lies west of the main port at Moudrou. It used to be a commercial anchorage for landing building materials etc, but now it's just a deserted rural area with a few holiday homes and a bar/restaurant cum village shop.

Skyros

We were now faced with a decision – whether to make for Sykias on the centre peninsula of the three fingers of land running southeast of Thessalonika and be weatherbound for a while with strong southerlies, or to abandon our original objective and make for the remote hurricane hole of Planitis Bay on the nature reserve of Kyra Panagia in the Northern Sporades. Not being ones for punishing passages to weather, and with a helpful northeasterly 3–4, we chose to make for Planitis 60 miles to the southwest. The narrow, rocky entrance is a little challenging, but once inside it opens out into a beautiful, remote, inland bay with many secure anchorages. Following a day at anchor, we departed Planitis to sail 10 miles to the pretty anchorage of Kyra Panaceas only to find it fully occupied, so had to settle for the less protected nearby anchorage of Kokkina. However, as dusk was falling a forecast came though for strong westerly winds during the night, which necessitated our weighing anchor and beating a hasty retreat back to the anchorage at Planitis in the dark and undertaking its challenging entrance without any charted navigation aids. Not recommended!

Although popular, the Northern Sporades has disappointingly few secure anchorages and the congested harbour marinas hold little appeal, so on 29th May we undertook a boring but necessary 56-mile motor-sail across to Skiros to place ourselves in a better position. This was our second visit to this enchanting island but we regret to report that we still haven't visited its reportedly endearing town. For the present, though, we wanted to stay ahead of the weather, so next morning set off in a northeasterly force 4 on a magnificent 67-mile reach down to Andros. The day would have been perfect had we been able to find a truly satisfactory anchorage, but with darkness descending we settled for an open bay on the coast north of Gavrio. Not exactly what we had had in mind, but needs must!

Broad-reaching from Andros to Paros in force 4–5 gusting 6

Naousa, Paros, as seen from the ferry

In katabatic winds bowling down the mountain, we lifted anchor at first light to make the 45 miles south to Naousa in the north of Paros. The wind continued unsettled, with northeast veering east force 4–5 gusting 6, followed by periods of calm – all very Aegean! However, such effort is worthwhile when it ends with the wonderful sheltered anchorage of Agio Ioannou, with the vibrant town of Naousa lying south across the ferry-serviced bay. After four days' R&R we weighed anchor for Apokriosis on Kythnos, 55 miles to the northwest. It's more of an overnight stop than anything else, but as we rarely go ashore it makes little difference. Following a day on anchor we set sail for Poros 51 miles to the west, a magnet for holiday-makers whether by land or sea. To some extent it suffers from its own success, but nevertheless remains an interesting port of call.

While passing north of Agio Georgios, which is given over to wind-driven generating stations, we had an unusual experience when crossing ahead of an anchored merchant ship. Inexplicably, it started sounding five blasts on its horns as if to warn us of our position but remained firmly anchored! We duly bore away to round its stern whereupon I called them on VHF, only to be informed by some jocular crew member, 'Oh, sorry, we are just testing our equipment'! No doubt very funny to a bored anchor-watch crew but very tiresome for us. We have always held the Merchant Navy in high professional regard but it seems there is no accounting for maritime behaviour in the Aegean.

The Southern Channel at Poros

En route from Poros to Kapari under Simbo Rig but with only the weather whisker-pole deployed

Following a couple of days in the hustle and bustle of Poros, we left on the 11th June for Kapari, one mile south of Ermioni. This placed us not only in a peaceful anchorage but enabled us to visit the lovely town of Ermioni after the overnight visiting yachts had departed. We spent our time enjoying the delights of the town and having lunch at one of its many excellent fish restaurants, before returning to our anchorage away from the madding crowd. Following that, with a forecast of thunderstorms for Argolikos Kolpos, we returned to Poros to place ourselves in pole position for the 56 miles to Serifos. With force 5–6 northerlies we made quick work of the passage, but on closing Ak Kiklops at the southwest corner of the island were confronted with 30 knot gusts off the mountains plus a tug towing a merchant ship, both of which we could have done without! However, the end of the passage with its boisterous conditions was in sight and after another three miles we were glad to anchor in the sheltered bay of Koutalas.

Next day we set sail to return to our favourite venue of Naousa on Paros, a passage of 42 miles in a more comfortable northeasterly 3–4. To our amazement we were beset by yet another tug towing a merchant ship. This is such a rare occurrence and yet here we were, with two incidents on consecutive days. I can't recall the last time this happened.

After a couple of days in Naousa we set sail on the 70-mile passage towards Patmos in a northwesterly force 4–5. This started with a reach past Naxos, followed by a glorious Simbo Rig run to the south of Patmos, before making up to Grikos. The normal anchorage was full but we located an alternative in Tragos Sound which will become our preferred option in future. Every cloud has a silver lining, as the saying goes! Next morning we sailed the 35 miles to Pythagorion on Samos. Having grown to like the Samos marina during our earlier visit we didn't hesitate to call again.

Quiet anchorage at Kargi Kofu

By now we were entering the final third of the sailing season and confined to the eastern Aegean with an ever-watchful eye on the approaching *meltemi** season. Our next port of call was Xirokampos in southern Leros, but on arrival we found the anchorage very busy so wasted no time next morning in setting sail for Tilos, 54 miles away. That evening we anchored off our favourite watering hole and relaxed in the peace and tranquillity that is synonymous with Tilos.

Two days later we weighed anchor for Rhodes to check out of Greece. On the 42-mile passage we happened across a Turkish warship steaming at full speed west of Symi heading for the Datça peninsula. This, of course, was an illegal entry into Greek waters but it happens all the time. On our arrival into Rhodes marina we were met with the usual lack of docking services, in stark contrast to their Turkish counterparts who take great pride in their docking expertise. On checking our engine room we were alarmed to find water pooled under the engine, which we traced back to a leaking propeller-shaft seal, a problem I've never experienced with previous yachts. On contacting Halyard in the UK I was advised to resolve the immediate problem with light re-greasing and replace the seal before the next season and every five years thereafter.

On 27th June we departed Rhodes on a broad reach for Turkey's Bozburan peninsula, followed by a Simbo Rig run up to Marmaris, a passage of only 26 miles. Marmaris is renowned for its excellent yacht services and as we had several little issues needing attention this was the ideal time to resolve them. We also took the opportunity to have our hydraulics overhauled, as the boom-vang did not appear to be responding quite as

* The *meltemi* is a northerly wind which results from high pressure over the Balkan/Hungary area and relatively low pressure over Turkey. It occurs mainly between June and September and is characterised by katabatic winds, usually in the early afternoon. Typically these reach force 4–5 and die out at sunset, but can increase to force 5–7 during the day and continue at lesser strength overnight before picking back up to force 5–7 again next day, a pattern which can be repeated for up to ten days.

efficiently as it should. A week later we were back up and sailing shipshape and Bristol fashion – in fact so impressed were we with their services that when we return next season we plan to replace our mainsail, which has over 21,000 miles to its credit, and also substitute a stainless steel anchor chain for our current galvanised one.

We made for the sanctuary of Kumlumbük anchorage, some 6 miles from the madness of Marmaris which at this stage of the season was bursting at the seams with tourists. There we were able to gather our senses, and the following morning set sail for Inbuekue at the top of Hisaroenue Koerfezi, a passage of 66 miles. Following a fine fetch down the Bozburan peninsula we reached around the headland before bearing away on a run in the peace of the evening's sunshine. Two days later we tacked back down the estuary for the delightful anchorage off Datça's north beach. Previously we had anchored in the harbour – but never again following this pleasant experience.

Next morning we set off on a 47-mile passage – down the Datça peninsula to round Knidos, then bearing away for the northeast of Kos and into Gumbet Koya to the west of Bodrum, yet another great anchorage. It's so refreshing continually to come across new anchorages! We couldn't linger, however, as a *meltemi* was forecast of which we were keen to keep ahead. We weighed anchor first thing next morning to make back over our tracks but, instead of calling into Datça, we opted for yet another new gem of an anchorage to the south of Kargi Kofu. This provided us with a 41-mile reach in a stimulating northwesterly force 6, followed by another Simbo Rig run once around Knidos. This was followed the next morning by a 42-mile passage past Symi to round the Bozburun peninsula and run under Simbo Rig back to Kumlumbük. All very good sailing which, for us, is what cruising is all about.

Song of the Ocean's commodious cockpit, at Kumlumbük

The bit between her teeth!

Next day we set sail on a 42-mile run across the Göcek Limani Round Bay, followed by a fine fetch into Fethiye Bay. What a difference the change in season made! In the spring Round Bay had been mobbed with yachts, which forced us to anchor in 35m, but now we were on our own. Two days later we headed across Fethiye Bay on the 58-mile passage east past the Seven Capes for Kas marina. After a couple of days in this glorious old town with its historic Greek architecture we slipped our lines for the 32 miles to Cold Water Spring Bay, Kekova – so refreshing at this time of year with sea temperatures up to 28°C. We were also able to start the decommissioning process of servicing of winches etc, before undertaking the final 55-mile passage across Finike Bay and on up into Antalya Bay for Kemer. Over the season we had covered 1757 miles.

The sun sets on another season

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TRAVELS WITH TRAVERSAY III
Mary Anne Unrau

(Traversay III *is a Waterline 43 designed by Ed Rutherford and built of steel by Waterline Yachts in Sidney, British Columbia in 2000. Cutter-rigged with a roller-furling genoa and hanked-on staysail, she is 45ft LOA with a 13ft 6in beam and 7ft 6in draught.*

Owners Mary Anne Unrau and Laurence Roberts have lived aboard Traversay III *since 2001 and sailed her more than 120,000 miles, ranging from 65°S on the Antarctic Peninsula to 80°N at the northwest tip of Spitsbergen. Ports of call have included such diverse spots as Pitcairn, South Georgia, Hamburg, Darwin and the Northwest Passage, and many places between. In 2010 they sailed from Dampier, Australia across the Indian Ocean to Mauritius, where we join them as they head for South Africa.*

Larry – who took all the photos – is a retired Air Canada pilot and Mary Anne a retired pianist and music educator.)

The idea struck us when we were in Mauritius. We already had an ambitious plan to end up at St Katharine Docks in central London by 1st October 2011. Now we decided we would attempt a side-trip up the St Lawrence in eastern Canada, visiting various friends and relatives who had heard about our adventures for years but had never even seen our boat.

After carrying us from the Strait of Juan de Fuca on North America's west coast to and through the Southern Hemisphere for nine years and 70,000 miles *Traversay* was due for a survey, and we would have to fit in some repairs and new bottom paint along the way. We'd had a terrific time in Mauritius, diving and touring around on rented scooters with some young Norwegian friends we'd met in Australia. The Muslim call to prayer (which was broadcast across the bay every morning at 0615) ensured that we made the most of every day. Various protests had been launched, but such is the

Traversay III in front of the Dickens Inn at St Katharine Docks

Sunset in Mauritius

respect for law and religion that none had ever been successful in silencing the prayer call. The much greater number of Hindu faithful make a yearly pilgrimage to the enormous gilded statue of Shiva, with thousands of followers walking miles uphill to make reverence to the goddess. We made our own pilgrimage to see her but then gave in to more secular pleasures – the market yielded fast meals, fresh spices, delectable produce and hot pickles. The world's last dodo died in Mauritius in 1687 but its likeness has been lovingly carved and sold ever since by local artisans.

I found a cookbook entitled *Eat N Slim the Mauritian Way* by Mansoorah Issany, which provides a microcosm of the wisdom of this tolerant society as she seeks to affirm each person's culture and dietary needs while attempting to correct some of the island's systemic health problems, such as cardiovascular disease, diabetes, hypertension and obesity. Recipes for both vegetarians and meat-eaters are interlaced with messages such as 'A Key to Success', which lists nine ingredients including 220g of understanding, 500g of wisdom, 5tbs of tenderness and 1 bunch of humour.

At the Dodo Museum in Port Louis

Our passage to East London was routine, and we were able to make our way around the coast and avoid any confrontations with the Agulhas Current. In Port Elizabeth we were invited to tie up to a large fishing boat, and in Knysna were safely guided in through the tricky entrance after waking

up a helpful member of the Knysna Sailing Club. We visited wildlife sanctuaries with Mawembe, a guide recommended by the Knysna Tourist Board, and during a tour of his township I met Mrs Dombe, an inspirational Grade 1 teacher. I am a retired primary school teacher and she allowed me to help teach her huge class of 49 Grade 1 students. Many of these children had a great many problems – including alcoholic parents and abuse at home as well as great poverty – but her class was bright and enthusiastic and, like children everywhere, they loved music and dancing. Mrs Dombe was teaching them in the three official languages of that part of the country – English, Afrikaans and Xhsosa, their own language as well as that of Nelson Mandela. Her comforting presence is large, loving and warm, and it was a great privilege for me to assist in her class.

We were warmly welcomed into the sailing community and Larry was asked to give a talk about our visit to Antarctica as some of the Knysna Yacht Club members had visions of going there. By Christmas we had moved on to Simon's Town (the former British naval base just around the corner from Cape Town) where we celebrated as we usually do – with Christmas carols aboard *Traversay* with piano accompaniment, but unfortunately we could only accommodate 18 people... For our Christmas we purchased a beautiful piece of art – an African Three Graces carved on a single tree trunk.

The South African crew of *uMoya* had been avid fellow partygoers in Cocos Keeling and generously invited us to stay in their gem of a home in the centre of Cape Town while they visited relatives. We were introduced to and entertained by their father, Tim Sale, a British expatriate who makes his living organising safaris. He designs custom tours for each of the groups of cruisers in Simon's Town to suit the finances and proclivities of each. We felt we had the best tour ever, living like kings for our few idyllic days at Kruger National Park – an experience of a lifetime!

While in South Africa we added an AIS receiver to our navigation panel, an easy addition which later paid huge dividends in the congested St Lawrence, the Celtic Sea south of Ireland and the English Channel. As we left the warmth of the Indian Ocean behind and set off for St Helena it was startling to discover the lights of hundreds of fishing boats. I had thought that, with out new AIS, an Alarm Would Sound. Of course the fishermen were mostly asleep, not transmitting on AIS and were bobbing around 'not under command'. I would have been held responsible for any collision.

The Three Graces, a Christmas present to ourselves from an art shop in Simon's Town

We reached St Helena on 21st January 2011, a 13-day passage. After walking up the 699 steps of Jacob's Ladder we hired a taxi and toured the island, including a visit to Napoleon's final prison – he had slithered out of his previous place of exile on Elba to menace Europe with a second instalment of wars and killings. The

Jacob's Ladder at Jamestown, St Helena

house and gravesite have been maintained since he died in 1821, even though his actual remains were carried back to France in 1840 by the French military. There he was given a 'proper' burial in Paris.

St Helena is beautiful and we stayed for several weeks, much longer than we'd planned. There are many local industries in addition to tourism, and one enterprising individual uses a copper still to make delectable gin and rum, with local flowers added during the last stage of condensation to lend their delicate flavour to the product. We bought several bottles but by the time we reached the North Atlantic they had all been consumed.

Napoleon's grave on St Helena

We left on 7th February and had generous treatment from the weather, crossing the Equator on the 21st and arriving in the free port of Sint Maarten on 10th March. Electronics are cheap there and it's possible to buy anything you could imagine needing so

St Maarten airport, beside Simpson Bay Lagoon

of course we made a few more purchases than anticipated. *Traversay* felt humble for the first time in our travels, being outclassed by the many huge superyachts on display all over the anchorage. We ate out, sat at the underwater bar and watched an air show of classic and military aeroplanes flying out of the airport tucked in next to the water. (Larry is a retired airline captain and his father flew Spitfires for the Royal Canadian Air Force.)

We left on 27th March after making the improvements recommended by the surveyor and reached Bermuda on 4th April. I left Larry hard at work on the boat while I jetted up to Canada to make sure that our plans to visit family there were all in place, and he enjoyed the hospitality of the other cruisers while I was gone. While in Bermuda we were fortunate to meet Bert and Marlene Frisch from Oberndorf, Germany aboard *Heimkehr*. Little did we know that a year later we would be welcomed to their dock on the Oste River.

Despite our reluctance to leave Bermuda's beautiful climate and beaches, welcoming foods and the warm hospitality of the islanders, on 23rd April we headed out of the narrow exit from St George's. Our reluctance was fully justified – after a few days of enjoying near-Caribbean warmth we were suddenly propelled into the bitter cold of the North Atlantic. As we looked for a place to secure on arrival in Lunenburg, Nova Scotia we realised that the pontoons had not yet been positioned for the sailing season to come. We tied up in front of a boat secured three ways and obviously still 'wintering over'. Tying up necessitated a steep uphill climb from our deck to get ashore, and we also had to re-position our docklines as the tide ebbed and flowed. Customs checked us in by phone, but eventually someone made it over to complete the necessary

A cruise ship leaving St George's, Bermuda

paperwork. We spent a few days getting our bearings and visiting the boatyard where a new *Bluenose* (the champion sailing vessel whose image is stamped on the Canadian 10 cent silver coin) was being constructed. Then we headed north to Peggy's Cove just south of Halifax where our in-laws live. Of course, it was not yet sailing season there either. Nonetheless, we were able to anchor in St Margaret's Bay in front of Bill and Leona Roberts' home, use their wifi, take the dinghy to their dock, and use their car for provisioning.

Bill's glasses recovered from the bottom of St Margaret's Bay

As they left *Traversay* after a meal of reciprocation, Bill's glasses fell off and into the water. This was a tragedy for us, as well as for Bill, as he and Leona were to meet us in Quebec City to help us through the lock system between the St Lawrence and the Great Lakes. Luckily we remembered to press the man overboard button, and next morning Larry attached a small dive weight to a rope with a buoy on top. Using our handheld GPS we took the dinghy out to the recorded position and cast the weight into the water. Larry entered the murky, tannin-filled water in his dive suit and I was amazed when he surfaced, only minutes later, holding the glasses. Apparently the bottom surface was a dark gelatinous layer and the glasses had been sitting in plain view on top of the jelly!

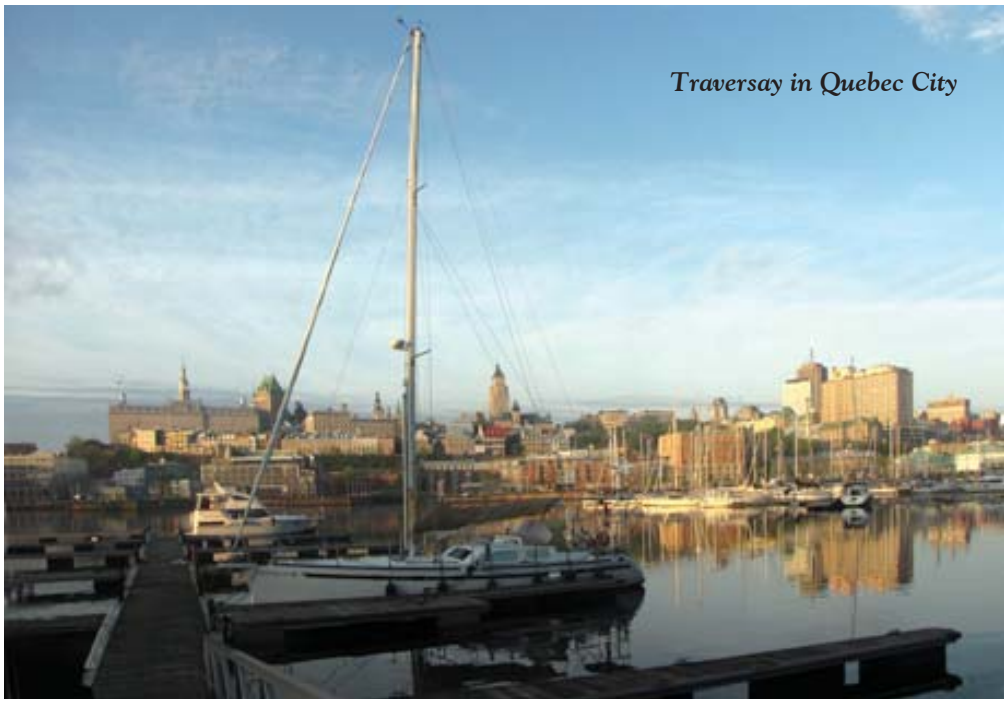
The Hotel Tadoussac


LABRADOR
Lake Ontario
St Catherines
Niagara on the Lake
Niagara Falls
CANADA
Niagara River
Buffalo
USA
Lake Erie
St Lawrence Estuary
N
Gulf of St Lawrence
NEWFOUNDLAND
48°N
MAGDALEN ISLANDS
ST PIERRE & MIQUELON
St John's
CANADA
Quebec City
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
NEW BRUNSWICK
QUEBEC
St Lawrence River
CAPE BRETON ISLAND
ONTARIO
Montreal
Canso Lock
Port Hawkesbury
GREAT LAKES
Upper Canada Village
MAINE
Halifax
Kingston
Lunenburg
NOVA SCOTIA
Toronto
VERMONT
NEW HAMPSHIRE
Lake Ontario
St Margaret's Bay
SABLE ISLAND
St Catherines
NEW YORK
Gulf of Maine
Atlantic Ocean
MASSACHUSETTS
42°N
Lake Erie
CONNECTICUT
USA
RHODE ISLAND
New York
PENNSILVANIA
NEW JERSEY
From the Bahamas
70°W
60°W

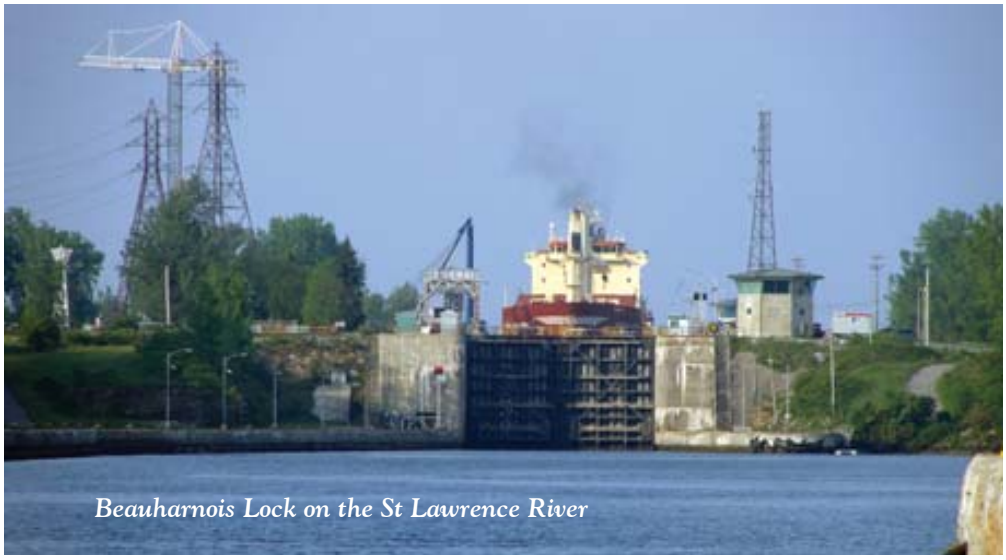
A mural in the dining room of the Hotel Tadoussac

Bill's glasses retrieved, we headed for the Canso Lock which, unlike the St Lawrence locks, can be managed with a two-person crew. As we turned into the St Lawrence estuary we saw beluga whales, and further on we spotted one of Canada's iconic images – a moose – on the bank. We went for dinner at the Hotel Tadoussac with its authentic cuisine, beautiful murals and antique square piano, and to the Marine Mammal Interpretation Centre where researchers are helping to turn back the tide of whale depopulation. We passed through the locks in Quebec City and tied up to the recently-positioned pontoons, which gave us a grand view of the four- century-old city. An early morning photo shows *Traversay* with the battlements of Quebec in the background.

Bill and Leona arrived and we left Quebec City. At Montreal we entered the series of seven locks which both regulate the flow of the St Lawrence and raise your boat nearly 70m so that you can enter the Great Lakes. The St Lawrence marks the boundary between Canada and the United States and the locks are jointly owned, operated and



Traversay in Quebec City



Beauharnois Lock on the St Lawrence River

maintained by the two countries. At least three people are needed, to fend off from the enormous walls (constructed to accommodate ocean-going ships and barges) and to line the boat up when the water is released and surges into or out of the lock. Bill and Leona stayed to help until we left the final lock. Then they hastened off for a joyful event – a fifth grandchild had arrived somewhat early and they were required for babysitting services.

A trip along the St Lawrence is a Moveable Feast of impressions, scenes and experiences. In Quebec City one can watch costumed actors re-enact battle scenes from the war with Great Britain, catch some action and get a great haircut in Montreal, visit a castle in Ontario's 1000 islands, savour artisanal beers in the old city of Kingston and, after crossing Lake Ontario, try the impossibility of boating on the Niagara River all the way up to Niagara Falls.

Leona on the bow as we wait to enter a lock

Larry and cousin Beth with Grandpa's Model T Ford

We stopped in St Catharines and visited family members, where we enjoyed a spin in my grandfather's old Model T Ford, went to a wedding and reconnected with my 97-year-old former landlady on Howe Island. We made our unsuccessful attempt to go the Wrong Way up the Falls on 4th July but were duly turned back by the masses of water rushing toward us and started our return journey to regain the St Lawrence estuary.

We had a long way to go if we were going to get to St Katharine Docks in London by 1st October, but we had one more exciting side-trip to make. In Kingston we picked up our daughter, son-in-law and three grandchildren to travel down the St Lawrence to Crysler Bay Marina with us. The marina is near Upper Canada Village, a town saved from certain destruction many years ago when the area was submerged during the building of the Seaway. The old buildings are now used to authentically reconstruct pioneer times in early Canada.

Larry on Toronto Island near Traversay's anchorage

St Mawes Castle, across Carrick Roads from Falmouth

It is a great place for children, with horse-drawn carriages, a steam train, water-driven sawmills and vintage foods served by village workers in period costumes. Our grandchildren loved seeing the baby lambs and calves roaming about and available for petting, and watched as their father was selected to act (in a non-singing role) in an opera staged by students. After the family had left us, our niece Michelle arrived to assist in going down through the locks. She stayed with us for our outbound trip along the St Lawrence and tour of the Magdalen Islands, returning to her home in Montreal from Port Hawkesbury.

Having refuelled and provisioned for the passage across the North Atlantic, we left Port Hawkesbury on 11th August just after the east winds died. There was no wind whatsoever so we motored for three days and then, with contrary winds in the forecast, decided to stop in St John's, Newfoundland for more fuel. We anchored in one of two available spots right in the middle of the city. It turned out that the people in the neighbouring boat were acquainted with Larry's friends and relatives from Twillingate, where Larry's father had been the local doctor, so Larry was able to find out about various primary school friends and relatives. Best of all, we were able to get out the piano and our books of Newfie songs. Accordions and singers arrived and we had a fantastic Newfie sing-along.

The White Cliffs of Dover

Tower Bridge

17th August felt rather late to be leaving St John's to head across the North Atlantic, but we were fortunate in finding a lull between a number of storms – the big storm on the 30th didn't hit until a few days after we reached Bantry. The Irish were so laid-back that document-free entry was done over the radio – "Welcome to Ireland!". Even though we'd moved to a new country we found the singing, fiddle and accordion-playing had barely changed at all. Everywhere we went people wanted to sing and make music. In Crookhaven an elderly raconteur donned his vivid story-telling duds and practised his slightly off-colour tales. He was preparing to head to a storytelling competition in the Isles of Scilly (the locals *hate* being called Scilly Islanders!). We entertained interesting and friendly local people aboard, including families with children and people completing a Glénans sailing course.

To get to London by 1st October we needed to move on whenever the winds favoured us by coming from the west. We passed close to the Fastnet Rock and by 8th September were in Falmouth. During our passage along the south coast of England there were castles to see, steam trains to catch and docks to tie to or anchorages to try out. Abbreviating our travels, we spent a little time in Falmouth, St Mawes, Dartmouth, Fowey, Weymouth, the Isle of Wight – with Queen Victoria's Osborne House – Dover, Ramsgate and the Medway. On the hottest 1st October in many a year we passed Greenwich and tied up in St Katharine Docks, right next to Tower Bridge.

We had achieved our ambition.

Postscript: Mary Anne, Larry and *Traversay* left London in late March 2013 and reached Victoria, BC in October via the English south coast, the Irish Sea, the Hebrides, Iceland, Greenland, the Northwest Passage and Alaska.

Their most recent voyage began and ended at the Causeway Marina, Victoria from 2nd May 2016 until 1st June 2018. This Pacific circuit included a first stop in Townsville, Australia and continued with stops for scuba diving in the Coral Sea and stays in Sydney, Nelson (NZ), Valdivia and Puerto Natales (Chile), Hawaii and many other memorable locations.

Back in Canada, Mary Anne has spent lock-down writing a book about their travels. Entitled *Around the World with Traversay III*, it is available from Amazon in both paperback and Kindle formats.

OBITUARIES & APPRECIATIONS

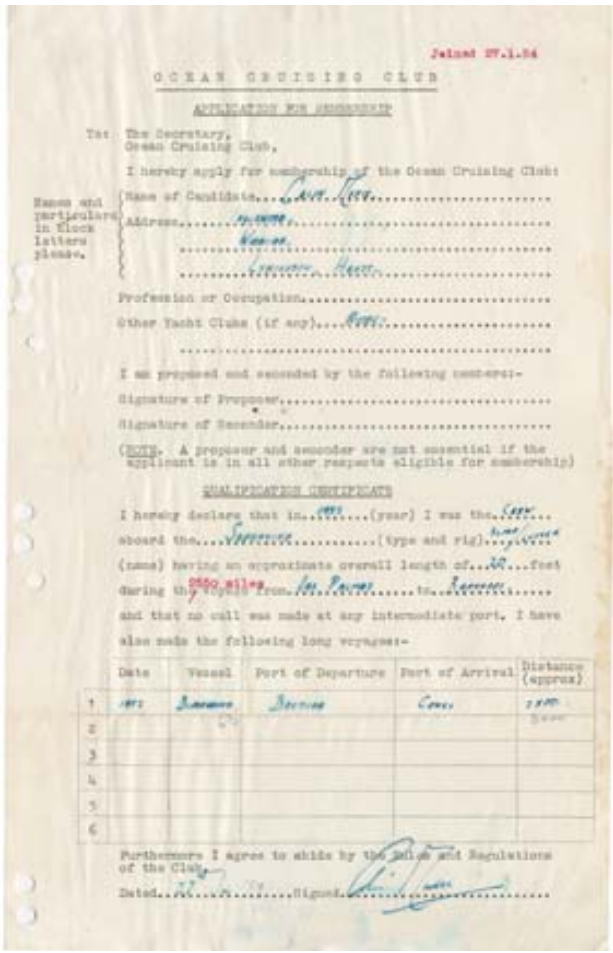
Colin Mudie

Founder Member Colin Mudie, world-famous sailor, balloonist, author and naval architect, died in March at the age of 93. His vessels ranged from leather-skinned re-creations of ancient craft to some of the world's best-known Tall Ships, via racing powerboats and even a Chinese junk.

Born in Edinburgh in 1926, Colin studied engineering at Southampton University before serving his design apprenticeship at The British Power Boat Company in Southampton. He worked for yacht designers Laurent Giles and Partners in Lymington – where he doubtless met OCC Founder Humphrey Barton – and in Cowes under Uffa Fox, before setting up his own design firm, first in London and then, from 1968, from the family home overlooking the Lymington River.

A lifetime adventurer, in 1952 he and Patrick Ellam sailed the 19ft *Sopranino* transatlantic without radio or engine. According to Colin's son Max: 'Neither thought it was exceptional, but they were feted by the Americans and, when dad and Patrick were reunited with the boat nine years ago, the spirit was still there and they would doubtless have done it again given half a chance'. *Sopranino*, now restored, has a permanent home in the Classic Boat Museum in Cowes, Isle of Wight. The 2550 mile passage from Las Palmas to Barbados aboard *Sopranino* was to become his qualifying voyage when the OCC was formed in 1954, and such was his reputation even then that he was immediately elected Rear Commodore of the fledgling club, a position he held until 1956.

Then in 1958 Colin, his wife Rosemary, Bushy Eiloart and Bushy's son Tim attempted to cross the Atlantic again, but



OCEAN CRUISING CLUB

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

To: The Secretary,
Ocean Cruising Club,

I hereby apply for membership of the Ocean Cruising Club

Name and particulars in block letters please.

Name of Candidate

Address

Profession or Occupation

Other Yacht Clubs (if any)

I am proposed and seconded by the following members:-

Signature of Proposer

Signature of Seconder

(NOTE. A proposer and seconder are not essential if the applicant is in all other respects eligible for membership)

QUALIFICATION CERTIFICATE

I hereby declare that in (year) I was the

aboard the (type and rig)

(name) having an approximate overall length of feet

during the voyage from to

and that no call was made at any intermediate port. I have also made the following long voyages:-

	Date	Vessel	Port of Departure	Port of Arrival	Distance (approx)
1					
2					
3					
4					
5					
6					

Furthermore I agree to abide by the Rules and Regulations of the Club.

Dated Signed

Colin's application to join the OCC, dated January 1954

Colin Mudie (right) with Patrick Ellam aboard Sopranino in 1951 … Photo Colin Mudie Archive

this time in the hydrogen balloon *Small World*. 94 hours and some 1200 miles out from Tenerife the balloon ditched into the ocean, and the remaining 1500 miles were sailed in the lateen-rigged gondola which Colin had designed with just such a possibility in mind. They reached Barbados two weeks later having averaged around 100 miles per day – faster than some yachts! Both these exploits are recounted in detail in *THE FIRST 50 YEARS*, available in hard-copy or on the OCC website at https://oceancruisingclub.org/Publications.

Over the following decade Colin carved a niche in offshore powerboat racing with the 12m *News of the World*, which he also drove. He designed motor cruisers and powerboats for Hardy Marine and Shetland Boats – modest vessels with distinctive blue hulls and rope fenders which, generations on, are still much treasured and admired. Then from 1971 he began to design the Tall Ships for which he will probably be best remembered, starting in 1971 with the STS *Royalist*, a 23m sail training brig for the British Sea Cadet Corps which won the Lloyd's Award for best design and construction that year. She was followed in 1986 by STS *Lord Nelson*, a 43m barque for the Jubilee Sailing Trust, designed to enable both disabled and able-bodied crew members to take an active part in sail training offshore. Winner of a British Design

… and reunited in Falmouth in 2011. Photo Max Mudie

Colin in 2010 with a model of Small World. Photo Max Mudie

Council Award in 1993, she made regular voyages to the Canary Islands for winter sailing and completed a circumnavigation between 2012 and 2014.

In 1987 Colin was commissioned to design STS *Young Endeavour*, a 35m brigantine funded by the British government as a gift to Australia to celebrate the country's bicentenary in 1988. She was followed by her sistership KLD *Tunas Samudera*, operated by the Malaysian Navy, and the 43m INS *Tarangini*, a sistership to STS *Lord Nelson*, built for the Indian Navy by Goa Shipyard. A third *Lord Nelson* sistership, INS *Sudarshini*, again built by Goa Shipyard for the Indian Navy, was launched in 2011. At the other end of the scale, at least for size, was the TS *Bob Allen*, a 9m steel brig launched in 2004 and the world's smallest operational Tall Ship.

In addition to the Tall Ships for which he became famous, Colin also designed historic re-creations, most notably a succession of expedition boats for Irish explorer Tim Severin. First, in 1975, was the *Brendan*, a leather reproduction of a 6th century Irish *curragh* used to re-create the transatlantic voyage of St Brendan. In 1980 she was followed by *Sohar*, a 20m reproduction of a medieval Arab dhow, in which Tim followed the route of the ancient seafarer Sindbad from Oman to China, and *Argo*, a 16·5m Greek galley which in 1984 retraced the voyage of Jason and the Argonauts and, in 1985, the journeys of Ulysses returning from the Trojan War.

Colin at the helm in 2007. Photo Max Mudie

Further exotic vessels followed. The 12m *Aileach* (1991), a 16th century Highland war galley or *birlinn*; *Hsu Fu* (1993), an 18m ocean-going bamboo sailing raft for a 5500 mile 'China Voyage' across the Pacific; the *Matthew* (1995), a 19·5m re-creation which in 1997 retraced John Cabot's historic voyage from Bristol to Newfoundland 500 years previously; and the *Dunbrody* (1997) a 53·6m wooden barque built in New Ross, Ireland, a reconstruction of an 1845 emigrant ship. Most recent was the *Jockey Club Huan*, a 34·5m sail training junk for the Adventure Trust of Hong Kong, built in China and launched in 2006. His physical legacy as one of the world's foremost naval architects will endure for many years.

Again quoting Max: 'Dad was probably the last person to design ships with pen, ink and a curved piece of plastic. On a new project he would sketch over ideas with the client for a preliminary design and then turn something from an artistic 3D sketch into science and technology. He was really good at coming out with details and his draughtsmanship and illustration was amazing – so good he could have made a living just from that'.

Colin won many design awards over his long career, and was appointed a Royal Designer for Industry in 1995 – a real testament to his skills and contribution to international design. He was also a fellow of the Royal Institute of Naval Architects, of the Royal Institute of Navigation and of the Royal Society of Arts. A distinguished author, Colin's books included *Sailing Ships*, *Motor Boats and Boating*, *Power Boats*, *Sopranino* (with Patrick Ellam) and, with his wife Rosemary, *The Story of the Sailing Ship*, *Power Yachts* and *The Sailing Ship*.

Colin was heavily involved with the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, at a local level as Lymington RNLI's deputy launching authority and at a national level looking after the charity's considerable finances. He is survived by Rosemary, his wife of more than 65 years, son Max who is a renowned Tall Ships photographer, daughter-in-law Lucy and grandson Miles.

Max Mudie and others

Richard Kelton

Born on 17th December 1929, Richard Kelton crossed the bar on 6th March 2019 after a rich life of adventure and learning. His qualifying passage in 1977 was as skipper of his beloved John Alden expedition ketch *Enchantress*, a Wellington 47, from Hawaii to the Marshall Islands. He joined the OCC in 1983 and, after a brief hiatus in the early 1990s, remained a member until his death.

A man who built his own excellence, he was educated at Stanford and Yale, where he was elected to Phi Beta Kappa. While working in his family's construction business he helped build new communities in burgeoning post-World War Two California. That was where, in the early 1980s, he met Mary Nichols after she posted a notice on a yacht club bulletin board offering to crew on long or short voyages. Both widowed, they shared a love of sailing and spent 35 eventful years together until Richard's death. While Mary's interest was founded in a 'Bristol-based' upbringing of 'fixing up skiffs', Richard started out in small boats, including a Santana and a Lido 14. He

Mary and Richard

excelled at local and long-distance racing, taking part in one Fastnet Race as navigator and earning many trophies. Having crossed the Pacific to Micronesia, New Zealand and Australia, he became interested in aboriginal paintings, purchasing many. When he was at home in Marina Del Rey, California, Richard was an active member of the California Yacht Club, giving lectures and often taking part in the club's Wednesday night races.

Enchantress in the Marquesas

After the two met, Mary joined *Enchantress* in Colon, Panama and together they sailed across the South Pacific to the Marquesas, the Tuamotus and Papeete. Along the way, in addition to their regular crew, they hosted marine scientists on their passages to explore and study the maritime world. They later undertook several extended cruises in *Enchantress* in the South Pacific, during which Richard collected a variety of local arts and crafts while visiting remote communities in the Marquesas and elsewhere.

Richard was interested in music, archaeology – in particular that of the Mediterranean – and anything associated with the China trade. He was an avid collector of artefacts and paintings, and gathered many from the South Pacific during his travels with *Enchantress*. His aboriginal art collection became one of the largest of its kind in the United States, such that works from his huge, eclectic collection were loaned to museums for exhibition throughout the US and Europe.

Mary describes Richard as vibrant and powerful, 'like a tornado, a juggernaut', who 'sailed everywhere except the Indian Ocean and the China Sea'. He was also a modest man who disliked being photographed and had no interest in pursuing fame. A private, careful person, he was patient, kind and helpful to others. In addition to inspiring others to explore the world by sea, he leaves the enduring and wonderful

legacy of a lifetime dedicated to research, education and the sharing of many of the world's unique cultures and artistic traditions.

Mary Nichols and Zdenka Griswold

David Blackburn

David's entire life was centred around boats – building, improving, sailing and racing them. As a youngster, sailing with his parents out of Leigh on Sea, he caught the bug and would sail any dinghy he could beg, borrow or re-build. He had many girl friends and rumour has it that he chose his crew according to size and the forecast weather conditions! Hornets and 18ft Essex One Designs were the craft of choice, and he and his friend Trevor sailed an EOD to Calais and back with no radio or engine.

David worked as a quantity surveyor in London and fell in love with Jenny in 1965, the same year that he crewed aboard *Zulu* in the Fastnet Race and appeared in a documentary called *The Ocean Racers* wearing little more than his pants! He and Jenny married the following year and soon had sons Mark and Tim, at the same time renovating their house in Fordham. Two young boys were not quite enough so he acquired *Pelican*, a Deben 4 Tonner, which he spent a year re-caulking before she could be launched. *Pelican* was followed by *Atahualpa* and then by *Gladimaris*, an 1895 West Country Pilot Cutter.

Finding *Gladimaris* too big and heavy, David purchased a Twister called *Hoodwink* – yet another renovation project, this time in the garden of their 400-year-old house in Bentley. David and Jenny separated in 1978 and David went on to marry Romy, with whom he had a daughter named Jo. *Hoodwink* was replaced by *Corncockle*, an Ohlson 35 and David became a flag officer at Pin Mill Sailing Club. He raced locally, taking holidays in the West Country and Channel Islands.

In 1981 David was made redundant and decided to make sailing his life. He joined the Ocean Youth Club and became skipper of *Duet*, a 72ft gaff yawl, built in 1912 and still without winches. *Duet* was beautiful to look at but a real challenge to manoeuvre in confined spaces. In addition to crossing the English Channel many times to a tight schedule, he took her to the Baltic and back in a Tall Ships Race from Frederickshaven to Liverpool.

David with his son Tim

David and friend in 2019

After three years with the OYC David concentrated on yacht deliveries. He then became skipper of *Anatina*, a 54ft ketch belonging to Christopher Courtauld. He sailed her to Mallorca with his then-girlfriend Caroline and purchased *Nellie Mathilde* with the intention of chartering in Greece. This proved somewhat difficult, he and Caroline separated, and David returned to Mallorca. While working for a friend during the week he started to renovate a stone cottage in the mountains. When this was thwarted by complex legalities he and son Tim sailed *Nellie* back to the UK and lived aboard in Fox's yard at Ipswich. During a delivery trip from the Azores to Bermuda – his qualifying passage for the OCC – he sustained major injuries to his left hand while in Bermuda and, after receiving hospital treatment, was repatriated to the UK to continue surgery. It was five operations later, back in Leigh on Sea with his father, that David and Julia were introduced.

David in Sweden

Julia had a longing to go long-distance sailing and was close to retirement from her job in Dubai. David charmed his way into her life and a happy relationship ensued. They pooled resources, bought *Whanake*, a 42ft wooden cutter built in New Zealand and, after a shake down (up) cruise around Scotland and a winter refit in Blyth, Northumberland, sailed her to the Canaries and thence to the Caribbean. Some adventurous years ensued and, thanks to the OCC, many friends were made. Particularly memorable events include navigating to the north of Hurricane *Olga* because sailing to the south was impossible, dodging rocks in thick fog in Nova Scotia, and navigating across a harbour guided by the sound of a dog barking.

Back in Rosas, Spain in 2010, David and Julia became joint Port Officers and built their new house. *Whanake* was replaced by *Daq Attack*, a Peterson 44 bought in

Hilton Head, South Carolina and another few years exploring the East Coast of the USA and the Caribbean followed, after which she was sailed back to Spain and then Brittany. During this time David served on the OCC's General Committee and was also a Roving Rear Commodore.

Finally it was time to downsize – *Daq Attack* was sold the day after picking up a buoy at Pin Mill and replaced by *Amarylla*, a Hallberg-Rassy 352. *Amarylla* took David and Julia to Holland for two summers and then on to Denmark. In summer 2019 David and his sons took her to Sweden, returning to Denmark via the Göta Canal, but by this time it was evident that his health was failing. He fought the inevitable with every bit of strength he had, but finally left us in January this year shortly after his 80th birthday. RIP David, you were larger than life!

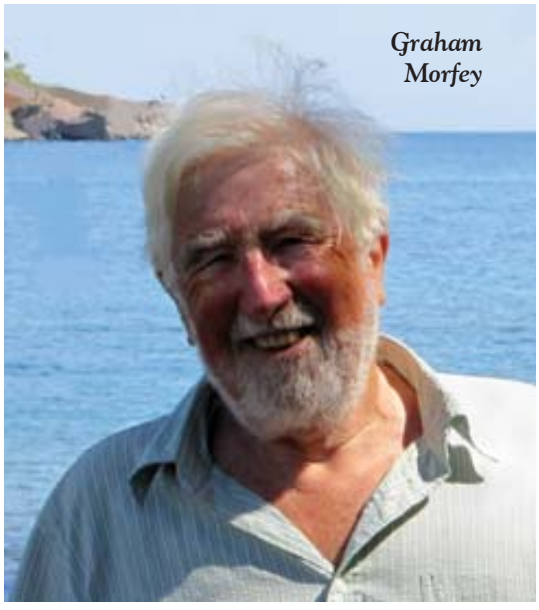
Julia Aspin

Graham Morfey

Graham Morfey died peacefully at home on 2nd December aged 82. He was first and foremost a family man and married Margaret in 1959 after qualifying as a Chartered Accountant. Four children followed in quick succession – their Diamond Wedding celebration in the summer of 2019 was a wonderful family affair at which their children, grandchildren and partners made a great fuss of them.

Quite apart from sailing, regular walking and camping trips to the Western Highlands of Scotland with children and grandchildren, and latterly skiing, gave the family a great taste for outdoor sport. Their sailing started in a self-built Mirror dinghy in which Graham took the family sailing in the Isles of Scilly. Next came *Quinta*, a Hurley 20, completed from a kit. She took them on their first family cruise from the Thames to Chichester and, in 1970 and pre-GPS, their first Channel crossing. The expanding family required a bigger boat, however, and *Blue Dolphin of Wight*, a Santander 30, was purchased.

Graham was elected a member of the Royal Cruising Club in 1978 and was also an active member of the Cruising Association. In 1980 *Blue Dolphin* was superseded by *Aliki*, a Swan 37, and after cruises in Brittany and Spain she departed in 1986 for the Mediterranean. The passage to Gibraltar, his OCC qualifying voyage, was made in strong contrary winds and only mutinous talk below persuaded Graham, in the cockpit, to heave-to. He joined the Ocean Cruising Club nine years later and, although he undoubtedly gave his primary allegiance to the RCC, he felt a great camaraderie with fellow members of the OCC, as with many long distance cruisers.



Graham Morfey

Flight of Time, a Bowman 45 built for Graham by Rival Bowman Yachts, was launched in 1995 and the following year he and Margaret left for the Caribbean via the Canaries and Cape Verdes, crewed by Merryl Huxtable. From 1997 to 1999 they cruised Maine, Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, before returning to Trinidad to prepare for the Pacific and island hopping to New Zealand. During the passage from the Galapagos to the Marquesas they rescued the crew from a sinking Italian yacht. 2002 took them to the Cook Islands, Wallis Island and Fiji, and the following year they explored the Vanuatu Archipelago.

By August 2004 it was time for the homeward passage. *Flight of Time* sailed from Opua to Darwin, and then via Indonesia and Singapore to Thailand and the Red Sea. At Asmara in Eritrea Graham learnt of the sudden death of his daughter Tanya and flew home, leaving Merryl to look after the boat. The final passage up the Red Sea was tiresome in the usual strong headwinds and contrary current.

For four years he and Margaret cruised in Greece and Turkey with grandchildren and their friends, particularly Tanya's family, until *Flight of Time* finally returned to the UK in 2010. By this time Merryl, their long-term and stalwart crew, was seriously ill, but she joined them for a gentle cruise in Brittany and the final trip to Plymouth, dying a few months later. *Flight of Time* was sold in 2015 after several years of gentle cruising out of Plymouth with family and friends.

Graham was a keen glider pilot and owned his own glider. Twenty-five years after a heart attack in 1993, his heart began to cause further problems and this rather more sedate activity was a welcome distraction. Without a yacht he was bereft, however, and in 2017 they bought *Isobel*, a 30ft Dutch motor sailer, which they sailed in the Solent and North Brittany. Last year it became clear that his heart was finally going to let him down, despite continuing medical skill and his indefatigable spirit. However his brain was crystal clear and it remained a real pleasure to visit him in his final months while he was lovingly cared for at home by Margaret and the family.

John Lytle

Flight of Time in the Caribbean in 1997

Graham and Margaret with Octavia in August 2017

When asked the history of their lovely rowing skiff, Margaret replied: 'We have lived in Whitchurch on Thames, about 30 miles south of Oxford, since 1965. In 1976 we heard that Salter's Boatyard in Oxford were breaking up their hire fleet of wooden skiffs in order to replace them with fibreglass craft, so we immediately drove over there and rescued one, a beautiful 24ft double rowing skiff built in 1931 and in need of repair. Our 16-year-old son Alistair and a school friend rowed her down to Whitchurch over a weekend, bailing all the way. We repaired her as well as we could, and for more skilled restoration towed her to Richmond boathouse where Mark Edwards (who built *Gloriana* for the Queen's Jubilee) finished the repair. She came back home for us to varnish and titivate. All the hire fleet were named after rivers and her name was *Tweed*, but we decided to re-name her *Octavia*.

Over the following years we took to the water for picnics and trips up and down the river. In July we would row her down to Henley to watch the regatta, tying up to the booms which line the regatta course. All our children were rowers, and we taught our grandchildren too, although the 9ft oars take some handling. The photo shows us at the slipway beside Whitchurch Bridge on one of our last expeditions.'

John Power

John was born in March 1931 and spent his childhood on the borders of Hampshire and Surrey. Even at an early age sailing dominated his life and holidays were spent near Veryan in Cornwall where the family kept an open 14ft lugsail dinghy. As John's eldest son I will refer to him from hereon as Dad, as he was such a huge influence on my life.

Aside from sailing, music played a huge part in Dad's life and in 1940 he was inspired to learn the cello which he continued to play until his death. He never believed he could play professionally, but he enjoyed playing with local orchestras during the winter months.

After leaving Eton in 1949 he joined the Navy to do National Service, and while crossing the Bay of Biscay on passage to Gibraltar the following year aboard HMS

John and Caroline aboard Kataree in 1994 on her return from her Atlantic circuit

Vanguard experienced winds of 100 knots. During the passage they stood by a French merchant ship whose cargo had shifted. Later he served in HMS *Mermaid*, which worked with HMS *Magpie* then under the command of HRH Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh.

In 1951 he joined the family business of Thomas Wethered and Sons, well-known beer brewers. Having completed his apprenticeship, Dad decided to branch out and joined Henty and Constables, a brewery in Chichester, where he met the managing director's daughter, Caroline Henty. They sailed together in a small engineless gaff cutter called *Storm*, which Dad had bought for £500. In the summer of 1953 Caroline was hit in the eye by the staysail clew while picking up a mooring. On the way to hospital Dad proposed to her, to which her immediate reply was, "you can't marry someone with one eye". The eye recovered and they married in December 1953. It was a remarkable partnership which lasted until my mother died in 2012. My sister Sarah was born in 1955, Frances in 1957 and me in 1959, followed by my brother Richard in 1963. In 1956 Dad had sold *Storm* and had a South Coast One Design built by Wilf Souter of Cowes. She was called *Myfanwy* and was raced with some success, but after Frances's birth Dad and Mum realised that racing and babies did not mix.

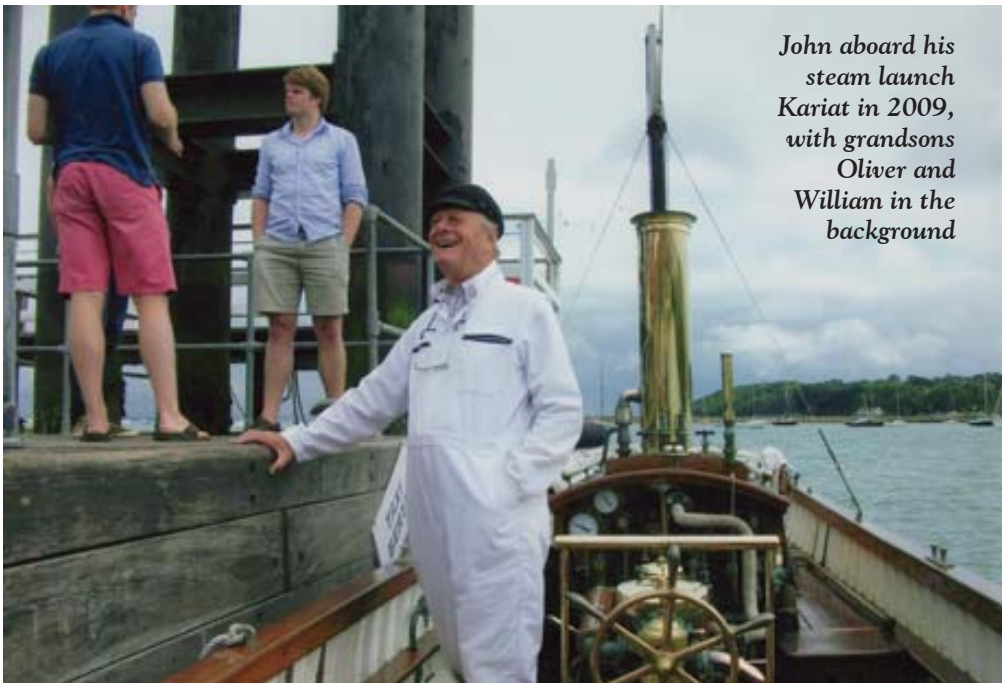
In 1958 Dad was due to join Strong and Co of Romsey who had taken over Wethereds and my parents bought a plot of land on the Beaulieu River, but this did not work out as planned and Dad joined Whitbreads in 1959. That year he was able to pursue his other love, flying, learning to fly a Tiger Moth at White Waltham near Maidenhead. He was working in London, and as there was no chance of living on the Beaulieu River he sold the land for a considerable profit, which he spent on a new boat. An order was placed for a 35ft Buchanan-designed Saxon Sloop to be built by Priors at Burnham on Crouch during the winter of 1960–1961. *Pennyroyal* was launched in March of that year and remained part of the family until 1981. We cruised in her all over the Baltic, Brittany, Spain, Ireland and Scotland – as a family we knew of no other holiday. Looking back I remember the pitifully small and unreliable petrol engine which only ran when it felt like it. There was a four-person liferaft for six of us, the only electronics was a vintage Brookes and Gatehouse Homer Heron radio direction

finder (remember them!) and there was no VHF. It was all very casual but the boat was Dad's garden shed, a place he could retreat to to escape the pressures of business.

Life at Whitbreads was becoming stressful and a casual meeting with Peter Guinness, whose family ran the firm Guinness Mahon, offered a change which Dad readily accepted. The job was running their subsidiary group, Wogau-Brameast, who were east–west traders. His role was to provide a link between the bank and the brilliant but rather unpredictable traders who ran the business. Peter was Chairman and Dad was Executive Vice-Chairman, travelling frequently to countries behind the Iron Curtain. He had vivid memories of what Moscow was like during that time.

In the early 1970s Dad changed tack again and, with help from the Guinness Mahon Pension Fund, started a successful property business specialising in commercial and industrial developments. By 1980 he felt he had worked hard enough to justify a winter off and we sailed *Pennyroyal* to the West Indies. This was in the days before GPS and sadly she was wrecked on a coral reef in the Bahamas. It was nobody's fault, but even so Dad never forgave himself. She was replaced by *Kataree*, a classic Arthur Robb-designed 43ft yawl built in 1959, and the following winter Dad achieved his ambition of a successful cruise to the West Indies and US East Coast and back. Looking after such a beautiful yacht was time-consuming, although Dad loved all of it, so in 1984 he and Mum moved nearer the boat, buying a house on the waterfront in Cowes. Alexandra House had its own pontoon mooring at the bottom of the garden, allowing *Kataree* to be kept in the manner to which she had become accustomed.

By 1993 Dad again had itchy feet and prepared *Kataree* for another Atlantic cruise, catching up with friends in the West Indies and USA. He chose to cite the 3050 mile return passage from Edgartown, Massachusetts to Cowes when applying to join the OCC in 1996. A year later he was off again, the main reason this time being to join the OCC Maine Rally in Penobscot Bay, and *Kataree* was laid up in Maine before



John aboard his steam launch Kariat in 2009, with grandsons Oliver and William in the background

returning in the summer of 1998. By this time Mum had decided that cruising was no longer what she wanted to do and that she never intended to sail again. Dad did a short cruise without her in the summer of 1999, but he missed her sorely and Mum's health deteriorated, so he decided to sell *Katarее*, a wrench after six Atlantic crossings and numerous cruises to the Baltic and Spain.

In 2003 he was lucky enough to acquire *Kariat*, a 35ft steam launch built in 1897 which still ran on her original engine. In her he enjoyed cruising little-known places on the Solent, but Mum's health took up a lot of his time and in 2011 he suffered a stroke. With his customary determination he recovered, but life was never to be the same again as his balance was severely impaired, and further investigation revealed that he had a benign brain tumour. This was successfully operated on and once again Dad bounced back. Mum died in 2012 and Dad continued living alone. He liked nothing more than having his family and grandchildren round him, and though failing sight prevented him from playing his cello extensively he still enjoyed it as much as he could. The last few years of his life were not happy ones. In 2018 he had a fall which broke his hip, and another in 2019 which broke his pelvis. He did not readily accept the fact that he would never walk again without crutches and became ill with pneumonia. He died peacefully surrounded by his family on 4th February 2020.

Dad was a stickler for accuracy and set himself extremely high standards. He was a loyal member of the Ocean Cruising Club as well as of the Royal Cruising Club and the Royal Yacht Squadron. He was a dedicated proof-reader of *Flying Fish* and carried out everything he did meticulously. His adventurous spirit was an inspiration to me and my siblings and we carry a kaleidoscope of memories. Throughout Cowes, the cruising fraternity and the musical scene he will be sorely missed. I consider myself extremely fortunate to have had him as my Dad.

Matt Power

As Matt mentions, his father was a *Flying Fish* proof-reader for more than a decade, bringing a sharp eye, impeccable grammar and spelling and a wealth of technical knowledge to the task. I particularly enjoyed his asides, always relevant and frequently very witty, and was extremely sorry when failing sight eventually caused him to stand down.

Anne Hammick, Editor

Martin Lamport

Martin, a retired diplomat, started sailing in a 14ft gaff-rigged dinghy in Vouliagmeni Bay during his father's posting to Athens. It was 1963 and he was ten years old. He and his father enjoyed it so much that the next posting, on the Ivory Coast, saw another dinghy purchased. But the best part of 30 more years passed before Martin had the time to go on a sailing course, after which he took four friends on a flotilla holiday in Turkey. The holiday was a great success and Martin married one of the crew, Cate Maxwell.

Cate already had links with the OCC as her family knew the late Noël Marshall extremely well. He was a beloved 'extra uncle' and keen sailor, who later won the OCC's Rose Medal for 1997 and the Vasey Vase for 2008, together with

Sadko, previously owned by the late Noël Marshall

recognition from other clubs. To assist Noël gain confidence as a skipper, OCC member Ann Fraser kindly lent him her Contessa 32, *Gollywobbler*. Noël, Martin, Cate and an aunt had an enjoyable cruise to the Isles of Scilly, across to Brittany and back home via Guernsey, after which Noël bought his first yacht, a 38ft Hallberg Rassy which he named *Sadko*. In 1994 Noël left England to circumnavigate, a voyage which took 3½ years and covered 42,000 miles. Martin joined him to sail from Jamaica to Belize, where Martin was Acting High Commissioner. Noël struggled to get crew at that point, so Cate volunteered to sail to Panama but kept her promise and got back to Belize just in time to greet the new High Commissioner.

Following his return, Noël had a 42ft aluminium yacht with cutter-rig designed for him by Michael Pocock, which he also named *Sadko*. In 2003 Martin and Cate who, with their three daughters Anna, Clare and Helen, were then posted to Peru, joined Noël for a very friendly OCC rally in Nova Scotia. After Peru the Lamports returned to Herefordshire, but meanwhile Noël was planning a trip to Antarctica and Cate and Martin signed up as crew. They joined Noël in Ushuaia and had an amazing 40-day cruise reaching Detaille Island and landing on Elephant Island*. Soon after the trip Noël was very sadly diagnosed with bowel cancer, and died in 2009. Sailing friends of Noël moved *Sadko* to Uruguay and Martin and Cate decided to take her on, initially with a third owner.

* See *A Month in the Antarctic*, *Flying Fish* 2008/1

Martin aboard Sadko in the Crinan Canal

Martin and Cate's final sail together in January this year

In 2012 Martin decided to bring *Sadko* back to the UK and sailed from Tortola to the Azores under the mentorship of John Franklin. This meant that the following year Cate and their daughters were able to join the OCC rally around the archipelago. After the rally Martin sailed *Sadko* back to Milford Haven, from where family and friends enjoyed trips out to Skomer Island to see the incredible numbers of puffins during mating season, explored the Daugleddau estuary and made a few trips to Ireland. Martin and Cate also enjoyed sailing with friends on their boats in Scotland, Suffolk and across to Holland. In 2017 they had a very successful holiday cruising the east coast of Ireland, north to the Sound of Jura and across the Mull of Kintyre via the Crinan Canal. *Sadko* seemed to enjoy her time as a canal boat!

Last summer, after extensive work on *Sadko*'s steering system, Martin and Cate, with friends and family, sailed to Falmouth for the OCC rally, a memorable passage with lots of dolphins. *Sadko* then returned to Gosport and has since been sold to a German engineer. He has moved her to Keil and intends to prepare her for a long trip.

Sadly Martin died of a neuroendocrine cancer in February 2020. His family think of him in his element at the helm of *Sadko*, with friends aboard and the sails set. He flew the OCC burgee with real pride.

Cate Lamport

Peter Mills

'I have had a good life – I have sailed the Southern Ocean' were the only lines of his life story that Peter managed to write following the diagnosis of an aggressive brain tumour, but this was enough to sum him up. Peter was at his happiest when he was on a boat, either sailing or moored up and just watching the world go by. He was born in Worthing, West Sussex and after a few years in London as a small child returned with his family to Worthing and to the sea. It was here that he discovered his love of sailing, as a member of Worthing Sea Cadets and Worthing Yacht Club, where he was an active club racer. His first boat was a Graduate dinghy, but he quickly progressed to

A young Peter Mills after winning a Lymington Town Sailing Club trophy

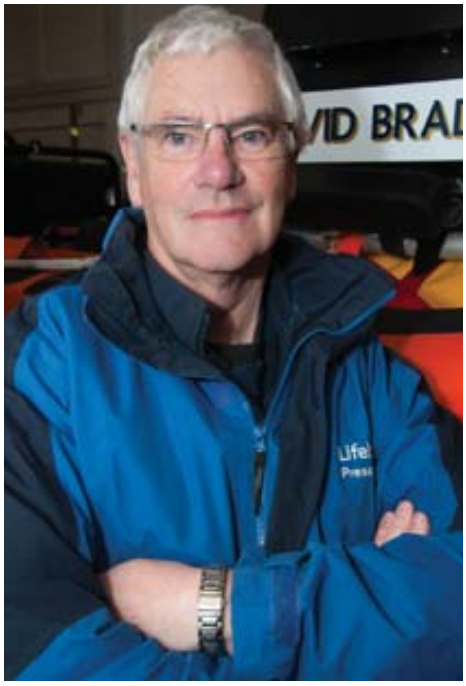
Solos which he raced locally and on the open meeting circuit, trailing them up and down the country behind a Mini van.

Peter put more effort into his sailing than into his academic studies and, leaving school with very few formal qualifications, enlisted in the Royal Navy aged 17. This was an ideal career choice as, in addition to becoming skilled as a radio operator and then an electrician specialising in radar, it gave him access to the Joint Services yachts. It was in 1971, whilst delivering *Sea Wraith III* from Portsmouth to the Mediterranean, that Peter did his OCC qualification miles, although it was more than 40 years before he actually joined. The 1971 passage was significant for another reason as, coming off watch following a spinnaker gybe, he found that the spinnaker had taken out one of his front teeth! This did not deter him, however, and he went on to sail the Windfall* yachts *Merlin* and *Marabu*.

In 1972 he was part of the trials crew of HMSTY *Adventure*, the Royal Navy entry for the first Whitbread Round the World Race, which was when he 'sailed the Southern

* The term used for yachts which had been built in Germany in the 1930s to provide training for the country's armed services and were taken by the British Government as reparations following the Second World War. They were allocated to the navies, armies and air forces of Great Britain and the Commonwealth, who promptly dubbed them 'Windfalls'. Most are still sailing in private ownership.

Peter at the helm



Peter Mills while Press Officer for the Lymington Lifeboat

Ocean'. The Whitbread Race remained very close to Peter's heart, and in 1985–6 he was a liaison officer for the *Fazer of Finland* campaign and a duty officer for the Royal Navy Sailing Association, the sponsoring club, throughout the race. He project managed his own campaign for the 1989–90 race but sadly had to withdraw due to insufficient funding. It did, however, enable him to donate his race number '2' to his hero Sir Peter Blake, who went on to win all of the legs of the race.

A period 'standing by' two Type 21 Frigates which were in build in Southampton enabled Peter to spend more time at the Joint Services Sailing Centre, where he was a sometime boat keeper. In addition to sailing service yachts, Peter crewed for others whenever his service career allowed, taking part in both RORC and JOG campaigns. On his discharge from the Navy in 1978 Peter joined Plessey Defence Systems in Christchurch, Dorset, continuing his interest in the defence industry. 1979 saw his participation in the ill-fated Fastnet Race and, although all of the crew and the yacht they were sailing were successfully, recovered the incident does not appear in his sailing records! Throughout the 1980s Peter remained active in RORC and JOG racing, including in his own Half Tonner, *Fenella*. In the early 1990s Peter moved to Lymington and *Fenella* was replaced by *Quest*, a Sonata. *Quest* was, I think, Peter's favourite boat, pretty to look at and a joy to sail, and Peter and his regular crew were successful in many local races.

I met Peter in 1992 whilst we were in Alderney on separate boats following a Lymington Town Sailing Club race. We married in 1994, and Peter always said he married me because I was the better navigator. *Quest* was exchanged for a Dehler 34 to give us more comfort whilst cruising, but she could be a handful short-handed and finding regular racing crew was difficult so we retired from racing and eventually exchanged her for our Rival 36 *Mowzer*. At first our plans were to update *Mowzer* and sail long distances, but we found that we preferred fair-weather sailing and enjoyed coast hopping around the south coast of England and France. Sadly we only had three years of retirement to enjoy this, but they were happy years.

Peter believed passionately in supporting yachting and making it safe and accessible. He was a long-term member of the Lymington Town SC, serving as Rear Commodore Sailing for six years, of the Royal Naval Sailing Association, serving as their Harbour Liaison Officer for Lymington, and of the Royal Lymington Yacht Club. He was Press Officer for the Lymington Lifeboat and completed two terms as a Lymington Harbour Commissioner. He was a great sailing companion, safe, reliable and fun. We did have a good life.

Karen Brett

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