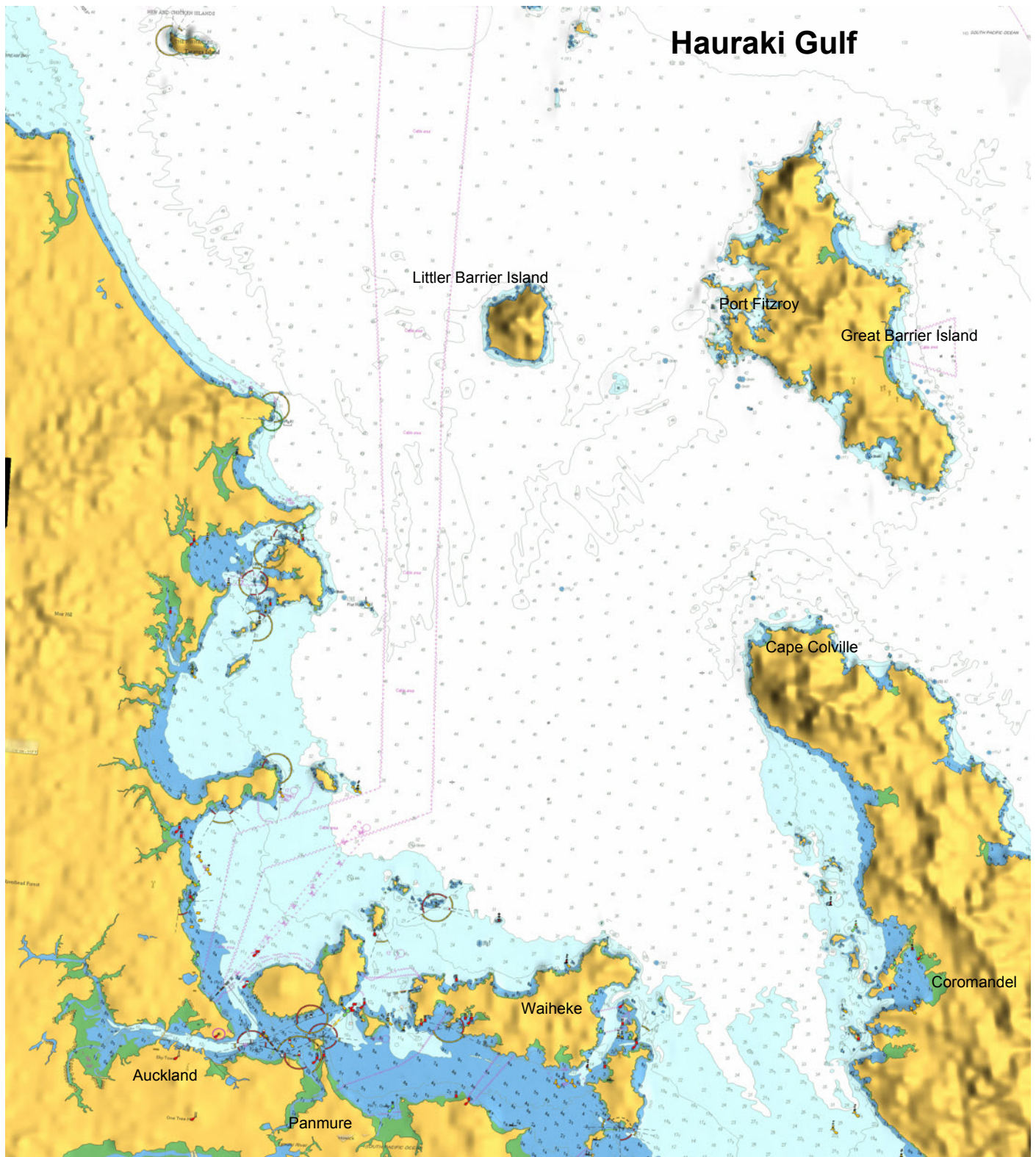


# ***RAINBOWS AND REFLECTIONS***



*Our 2009 cruises  
To  
New Zealand and Ireland*



## ***Acknowledgements***

Cartography: C-Map

Chart Software: Jeppesen Nobeltec & Software On Board

Software: Serif (PagePlus X4, PhotoPlus X2, PanoramaPlus 3, MoviePlus X3, AlbumPlus X3)

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Photos: Graham Rabbitts, Roy Dowman, John Barker, Dan Hogarth, Andrew Gardner, Ron Baker

Aerial Photos: C-Map

Weather charts: ECMWF, Met Eirann, USGrib, Met Office



# True Encounter in New Zealand

We were really looking forward to our visit to New Zealand in mid January 2009. Not only would we be seeing the family again, but for the first time we would see *True*, the new yacht that Iain had bought with a little bit of financial help from us.

For the first time we took the route via Hong Kong, and will do so again. Quite apart from avoiding the chaos of Los Angeles, the ability to use the premium lounges at Hong Kong made the stopover a relatively pleasant experience.



The first couple of weeks of our stay were a mixture of entertaining Harry and Alice when we were at their house, and short trips on *True* to familiarise ourselves with the boat.

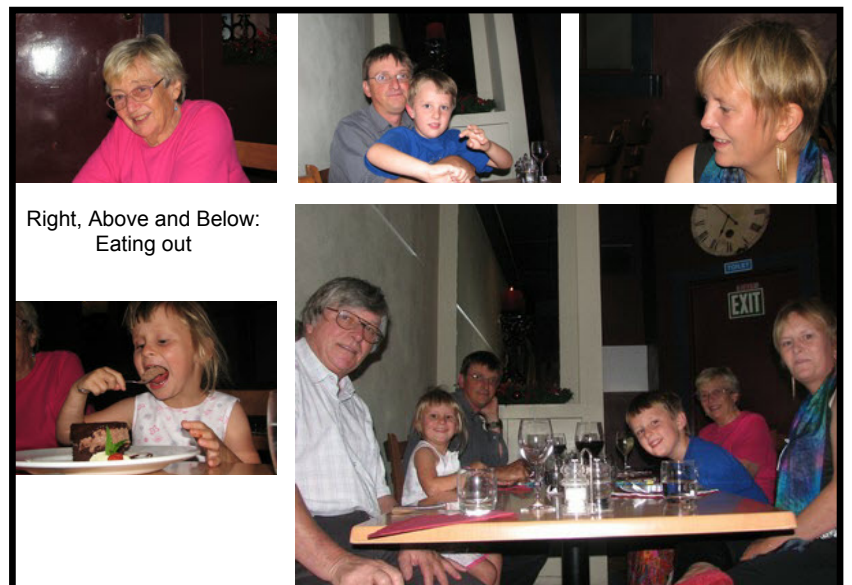
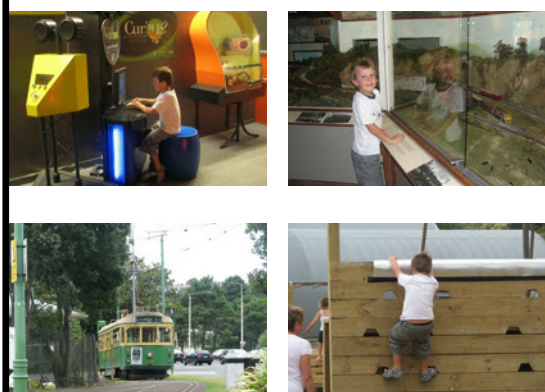


On one occasion, I took Harry to MOTAT, the Museum of Transport and Technology in Auckland that he dearly loves, especially the model railway. Then by way of compensation I had to take Alice into Onehunga for a treat.

Treats!  
Above: Harry at MOTAT  
Below: Alice in Onehunga



One evening we all went to restaurant which Harry and Alice thoroughly enjoyed --- especially the pudding!



Right, Above and Below:  
Eating out



## Home Base

Crawford Avenue is now maturing. The back garden is a playground, with some fine tomato plants too. The garage is nearly as tidy as mine back home! But it has a lot to cope with.



Indoors, Clare has to have everything organised to cope with all the activities the twins indulge in. There is swimming, ballet and gymnastics for Alice, swimming and speech therapy for Harry, and quite often additional activities as well. Life is busy!

But do not be fooled! When they are not at school Harry and Alice have so much energy that they place huge demands on Clare. She is so inventive, and manages to keep them interested most of the time.

While we were there, it was still school holidays, and the twins could get over active. So we went to the farm nearby to meet Cameron, so that they could burn off some energy.



The farm is run by the local authority for educational purposes. In addition to Cameron, the shire horse, there are most farm animals there including sheep, goats, pigs, and cows, as well as horses. There are also flocks of chicken and the occasional turkey - though the one on the left did manage to take a chunk out of Alice on one occasion.

There are also cages with rabbits.



There appear to be all the features you would expect on a Kiwi farm - such as shearing sheds, and ramps for loading the animals on to lorries. So the children will eventually see all the activities.







Panmure, Tamaki River



## Tamaki River

It was not long before Iain, Clare and the family took us to see *True* at her new home at Panmure in the Tamaki River.

The Club and its moorings are about 4 miles up the river, the entrance to which is sheltered from the north by Brown's Island.

Several bends, and a shallow sand bar, mean that the moorings are well protected from even the northerly winds blowing straight into the entrance.

The channel is well marked by piles and buoys. But the estuary is shallow and care needs to be taken near low water.



The two piles in the picture and on the chart to the left mark an



Rangitoto

Motutapu

Motuihe

Musick Point

Brown Island

Tamaki River

Photo C-Map

especially shallow patch, only 25 metres or so wide in the gap between Brown's Island and Musick Point.

Most of the moorings are on piles, though there are quite a few swinging moorings too.



The Club, which is only 15 mins drive from Iain and Clare's home, is friendly and has excellent facilities, including covered storage for dinghies (essential to protect inflatables from ultra violet damage). There are haul out facilities on site.

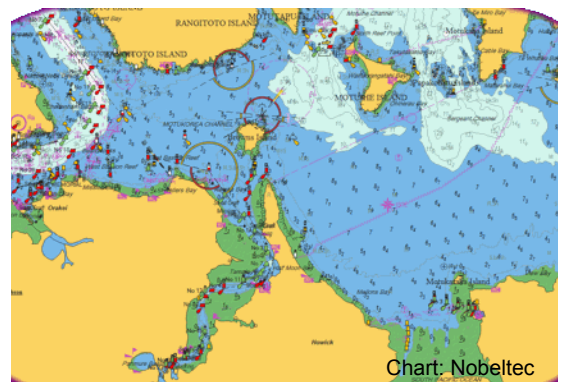


Chart: Nobeltec



## True

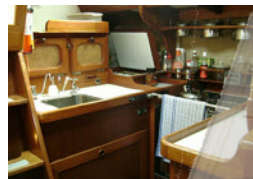
*True* has certainly delivered all that we expected. She has turned out to be seaworthy, comfortable, and extremely well equipped. Naturally, a 25 year old boat has a few bits of equipment that are obsolete, or just worn out. But the build quality is such that it is only a matter of time and money to get things right. Iain has got his priorities right. For the first year, the plan was to do as little as possible until he learned what the issues are.

Clearly new canvas work for the hood, dodgers, and sail cover would be a priority. But we could manage for a season.

Reg, the previous owner is a helicopter pilot, so the electronics have some advanced features. For example, there were 2 SSB radios (he kept one of them), 2 independent gps systems, one of which displayed via the radar screen, and is somehow linked to a laptop and computer screen at the navstation, and we have added SOB and Nobeltec chart software. There is also a small plotter slung under the hood right in front of the helmsman (which I am copying on *Ariadne*). BUT, the autopilot is ancient, and can only be controlled from below. Moreover, there is no signal from the compass that can be fed into the computer, so it does not know what the ships heading is. So autopilot replacement is fairly high up the list.



Other kit including Aries Windvane and Air-X wind generator are OK given a bit of TLC. The sails are tough and usable. A cursing chute for light weather would be nice, but that will have to take its place in the queue. Inevitably there will be times when essential gear replacements will gazump the priorities from time to time (Just after we left, Iain had to replace the outboard, for example.)



The boat came with spares, crockery, cutlery, pots and pans, spares, tools and even a workmate.



We reckon Iain has found a wonderful boat, and *True* certainly looked after us all while we were there. With a substantial forecabin and aft cabin, all six of us had plenty of space. Yet the boat could be handled by two.



During our first week, we went out one evening for a sail round Motuihe. What we learned on that trip was that this is a big complex boat, and we would need a little while to come to terms with all the systems such as fuel, gas, water, and - oh yes! I almost forgot! - the loo.

New Zealand has tough environmental laws, and Reg's solution had been to fit a chemical toilet that needed emptying every day when in open water. It is a real chore, and Iain is thinking about alternative solutions.

After all he is water treatment engineer.....

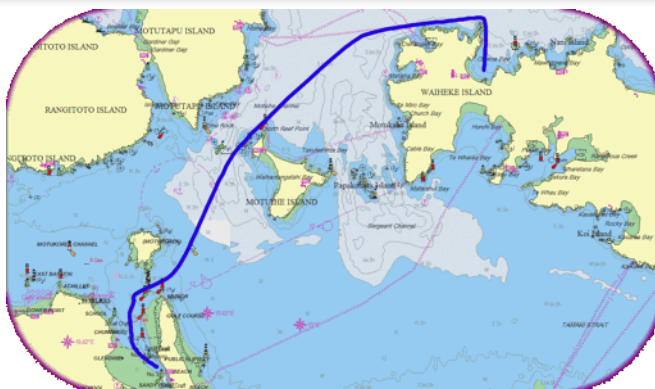


Photo  
Tony Barker



## Beach Weekend

At the end of the week, we all went away on *True* for the weekend. We anchored at Oneroa for some beach fun.



The trip out was a gentle broad reach passing north of Motuihe (see chart above) before rounding the tip of Waiheke to make Oneroa.

On the way back, there was a brisk breeze. We had a beat to the east of Motuihe Island. The water was flat and *True* was making a good 7kts most of the time.

It is quite a long plug up the Tamaki River to the mooring at Panmure, but this gives plenty of time to get the boat packed and ready for the mooring.

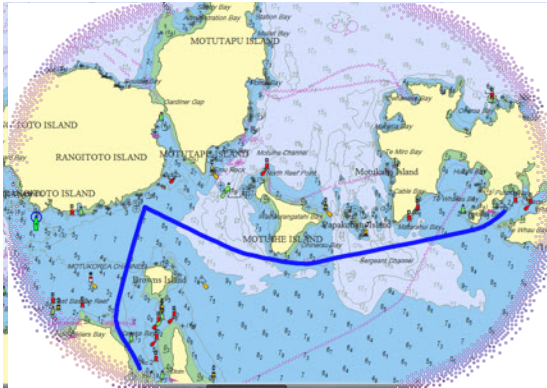




## Putiki Bay, Waiheke

The great thing about the Hauraki Gulf is that the islands just outside Auckland provide a protective barrier. It is a bit like the Solent in that sailing is possible in all but the most extreme weather.

We decided to try our hand with *True*. Sadly, before we cleared the piles, I got a rope round the Kiwi prop. *True* has more prop walk than I have ever encountered. Even though she is a long fin with a separate skeg, she will *not* steer going



astern. The tides run diagonally across the piles where she is moored, so getting clear can be tricky.

Iain, who was at work, took my phone call in his stride, and within a couple of hours, we had a diver to clear quite a mess. Then we were away.

This time we took the channel to the west of Brown's Island, and had a pleasant beat towards Waiheke.

We chose Putiki Bay because it is less used, and worked our way in to anchor for the night.

This was a quiet, peaceful anchorage, which was exactly what was needed after our earlier embarrassment.

We were still learning about getting fuel up from the keel and main tanks (which hold more than 700 litres) and managing the three water tanks, (which together hold 750 litres)



Apart from the initial glitch, we had a successful couple of days.

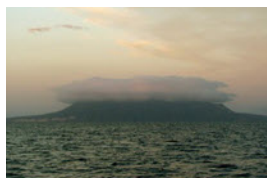
We returned to Panmure to prepare for a 3-day weekend with all the family.



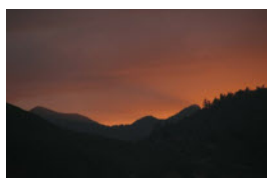


## Great Barrier

The following weekend was a bank holiday, so Iain was keen to take *True* out to Great Barrier Island, some 50 miles from Auckland. In the event we left on the Thursday evening with the wind blowing fairly hard. It was a wild night, so Iain kept well clear of the rocky islets as he motored almost straight into the wind. Later, after Clare and I had taken over, we were able to turn the engine off and sail. The trip turned into a very fast close fetch all the way to Port Fitzroy on Great Barrier Island.



Through the early hours of the morning we could see the light on Channel Island blinking away, and at first light, away to port there was a cloud cap on Little Barrier Island. To starboard, the early morning sun rising out of the Pacific was obscured by Great Barrier Island, the results being flaming red sky.



It was full daylight as we turned through Man O'War passage into Port Fitzroy, where we first anchored in Smokehouse Bay.



There is a rock in the middle of the approach to Man O'War passage that is supposed to be buoyed, but the buoy had gone missing. The plotter helped negotiate round it.

Right:  
Entering Man O'War  
Passage to anchor in  
Smokehouse Bay



After a fairly vigorous passage, Smokehouse Bay seemed idyllic.

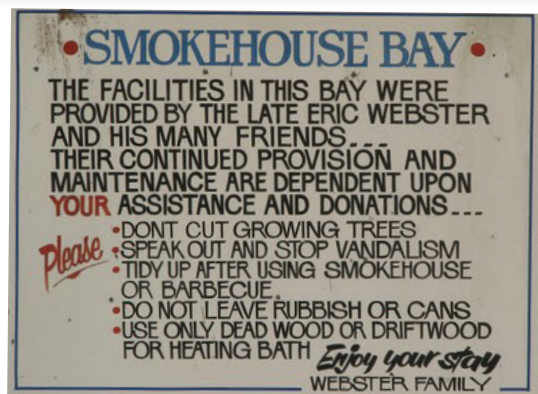
Having rested, the twins needed to get ashore to let off steam.....





## Smokehouse Bay

Tony, Dairne's cousin, had told us about Smokehouse Bay. The facilities here have been created by volunteers and include couple of smoking chambers for smoking fish; a bathhouse (first collect wood; then a light the fire under the boiler, before you can have a bath).



There are swinging ropes for the children.

We all went ashore to explore - or just to sit in the shade. It was very hot.



There is also a hand washing machine, ringers and drying lines. These are the best marina facilities on Great Barrier Island.



Iain met some work colleagues who were regular visitors to Great Barrier.

They were busy smoking snapper.

The spirit of the place, engendered by the volunteers that built it seems to be completely respected.



Some years ago, in a severe storm, the place was destroyed by a landslide.

So the guys got together and rebuilt it.

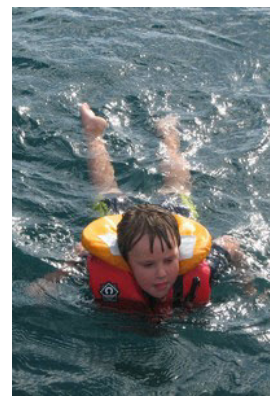
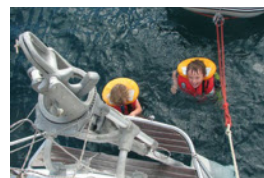




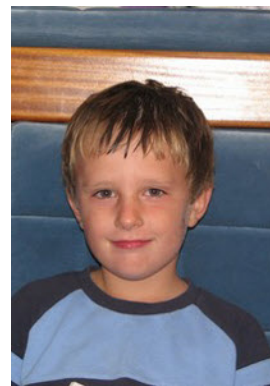
## Kiarara Bay



In the afternoon, we moved over to Kiarara Bay which Iain thought would be more sheltered as an overnight anchorage. Then most people swam off the back of the boat. It was the first time that Harry and Alice had been swimming in very deep water (it was about 15 metres) with only their wetsuits giving them some additional buoyancy. The children really enjoyed themselves, Harry leaping off the dinghy with total abandon.



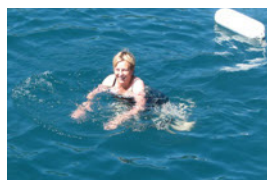
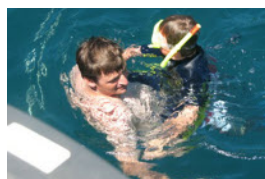
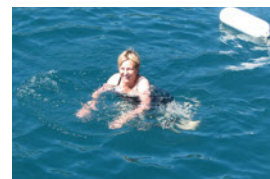
Tired but happy, we had room to relax below in the evening



Next morning, Iain went up the mast to reeve the spare halyard so we could rig the larger headsail. I managed to lose the halyard up the mast, so he had to do it again.

His language was restrained.

Then it was back to more swimming....







Mt Wellington behind Panmure, seen from Tamaki River



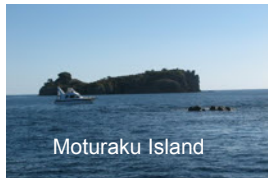
Man O'War Passage



The next day, after a fruitless fishing expedition, we anchored in Oneura Bay (right) just outside Port Fitzroy so that we could make an early start for the return journey the following morning



Oneura Bay

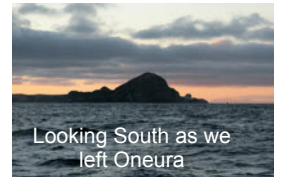


Moturaku Island

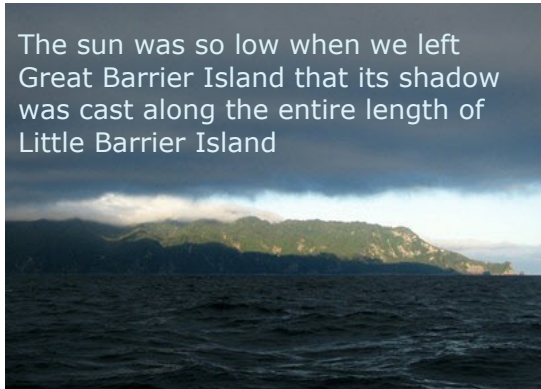


In the early morning, we tried to sail for a while, but the wind was fickle and we had a long way to go so most of passage home was made under engine.

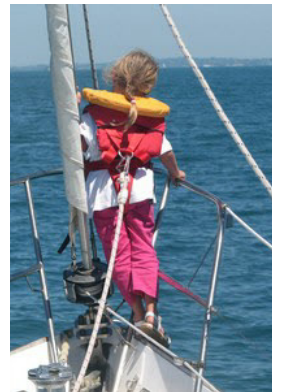
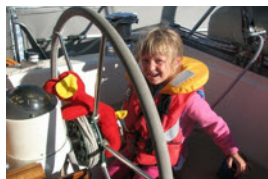
Most of the way home, Alice made paper toys and volcanoes. Harry had been suffering from seasickness. We later suggested Stugeron, and this proved to be a great success. He really started to enjoy being on *True*



Looking South as we left Oneura



The sun was so low when we left Great Barrier Island that its shadow was cast along the entire length of Little Barrier Island



Rakino



The final part of the trip brought us back along the route we had taken in darkness a few nights earlier, passing the Noises and Rakino before making our way up the river.





Auckland skyline



## Louis Vuitton Cup

Below: Islington Bay



Dairne and I were not quite ready to take full responsibility for *True* on an extended cruise. So we had another week where we were sailing for just a couple of days.

We started by motoring over to Islington Bay, between Rangitoto and Motutapu. It was a peaceful evening.

As Iain and Clare were going off on *True* for the weekend, we could not go far. So Next morning we sailed gently past the Rangitoto lighthouse to the race area for the Louis Vuitton Pacific Series races for Americas Cup yachts.

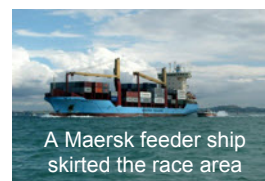
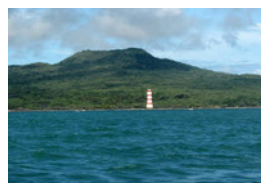
We spent a happy couple of hours watching the racing. Rather than anchor we just gently gilled back and forth through the spectator fleet. Sadly we saw the British yacht being eliminated.

Then we made our way slowly back to the Tamaki River and Panmure.

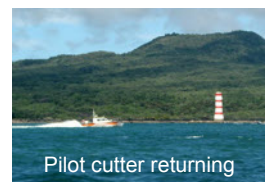


Above & Right:  
Rangitoto Light

*There were two pairs of yachts, 1 pair American; 1 Kiwi. As each race finished, new crews leapt aboard*



A Maersk feeder ship skirted the race area



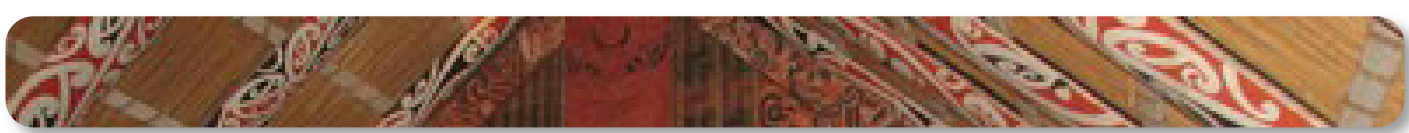
Pilot cutter returning



Rangitoto Light







## Being Grandparents

That weekend we looked after Harry and Alice while Iain and Clare went off on their own on *True*. On a wet and windy day, we went to the Domain museum in Auckland. Harry and Alice were interested in different things, which complicated matters. Afterwards Harry and Alice consumed a monumental meal at a restaurant in Saint Helier. Alice ate an incredible amount of fruit; while Harry chomped his way through a large bowl of chips.



It was the first time that Iain and Clare had been able to get away on *True* without having to think about the twins all the time.

Even though the weather was vile on the Saturday, they had a hard sail out to Waiheke, an evening to themselves and, eventually, a good sail home.

On the Sunday, the weather was more promising. So we agreed to take the twins to Glenbrook steam railway, about 40 minutes drive south from Auckland.



Strangely, although Harry loved the train, he did not like the noise, which is not an untypical side effect of autism.



The railway must be about 5 miles long; the scenery interesting, and the trains fascinating.



Halfway along the route, the train stops so you can look round the engine sheds. Back at the main station, there is plenty of space and opportunity for the twins to really burn off a lot of energy.







Ruthe Channel, Waiheke Island



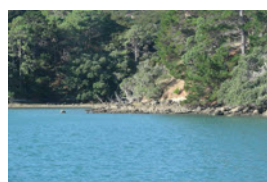
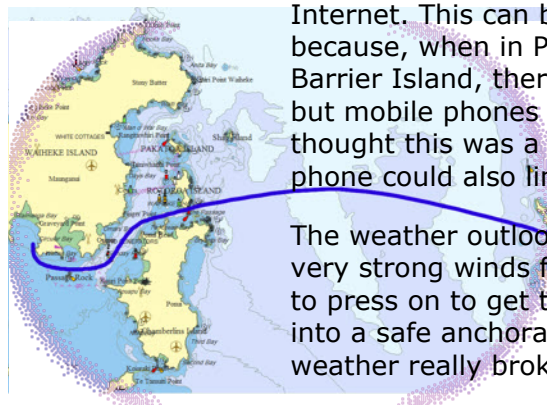
## Our Cruise to Great Barrier

The weather was becoming rather unsettled, but by now we felt sufficiently confident to take *True* away for a short cruise, hopefully for about 10 days. The broad plan was to link up with Tony and Chree who were already on holiday at Great Barrier in their launch Outrider.

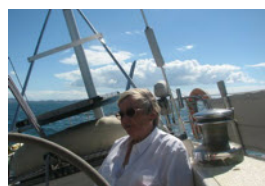
I had worked out how to use my mobile to get weather information over the Internet. This can be important because, when in Port Fitzroy on Great Barrier Island, there is no VHF signal, but mobile phones work well! Iain thought this was a major plus as his phone could also link to gprs.

The weather outlook was not good, with very strong winds forecast, so we had to press on to get to Great Barrier and into a safe anchorage before the weather really broke.

We beat along the south side of Waiheke Island, anchoring for lunch at Awaawaroa Bay before beating out through the Ruthe channel across to Coromandel. There were so many anchorages around the Ruthe Channel and at the East end of Waiheke (see below) that it was tempting to stop and explore. But, like Scotland, it is impossible to do it all. It would take years to explore all the anchorages.



It was a delightful sail, and we were beginning to feel increasingly confident in handling *True*, although we were convinced that Iain had come to terms with boat far better than we had.



Approaching Coromandel



There was only just enough room for us to anchor in Squadron Bay in Te Kouma Harbour- there were quite a number of other boats there already. We had a peaceful night there, but the forecasters were confirming the probability of deteriorating weather within 48 hours. This meant that instead of pottering through the wonderful islands close to the Coromandel peninsula, we had to press on.



Leaving Te Kouma





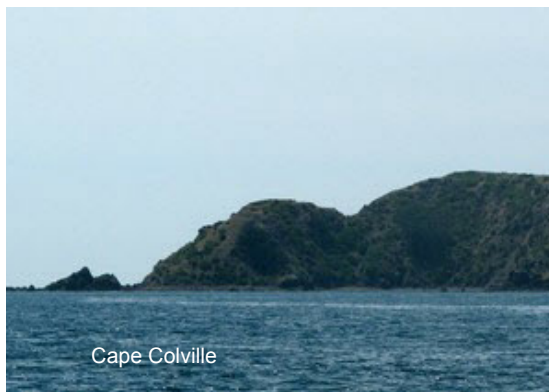
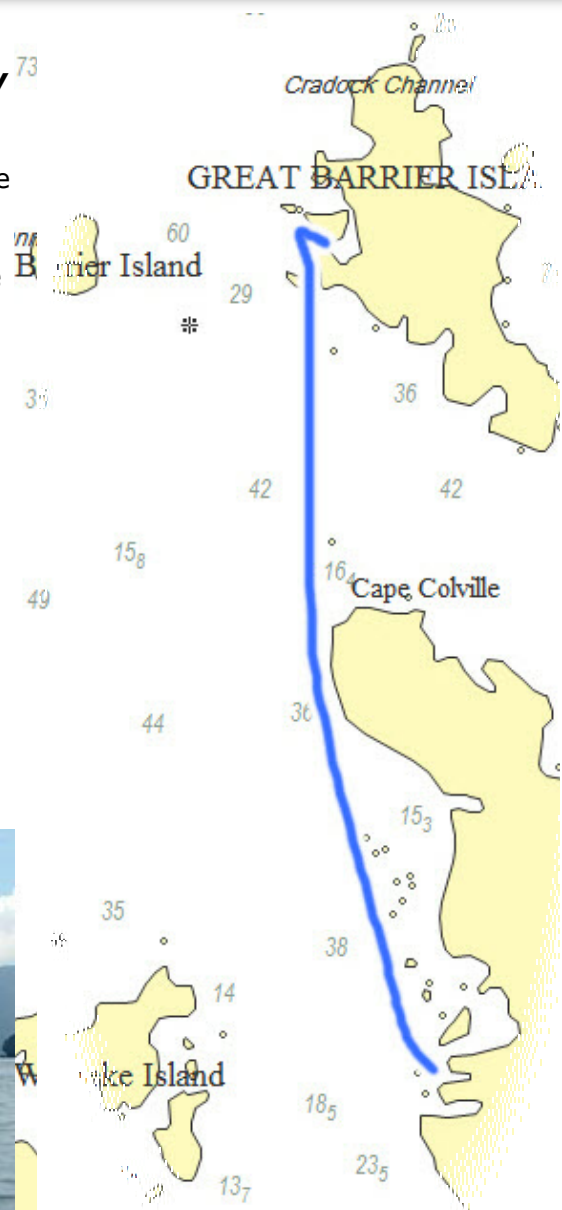


Islands off Coromandel



## Coromandel to Port Fitzroy

We motored all the way through the Coromandel Islands, past Cape Colville and Channel Island to Great Barrier.



Cape Colville

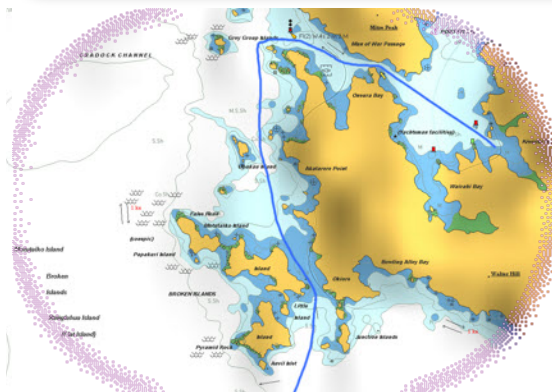


Channel Island

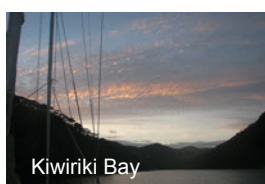
*Outrider* was waiting for us as we approached the Broken Islands to the southwest of Great Barrier.



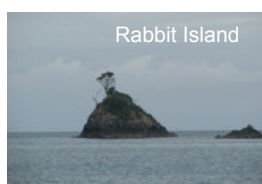




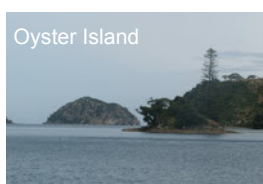
Tony piloted us through the rocky channel, back into Port Fitzroy. He selected Kiwiriki Bay (right) for our first overnight anchorage.



Kiwiriki Bay



Rabbit Island

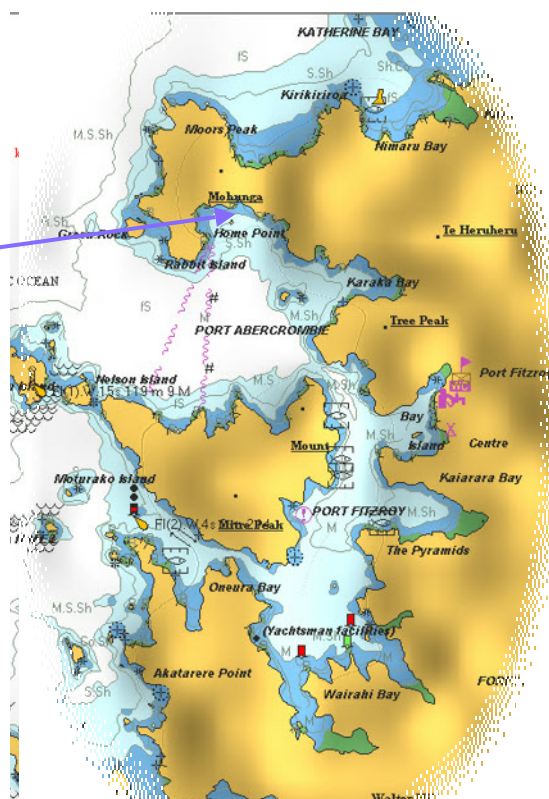


Oyster Island

After a peaceful night, the dawn sky (above left) showed signs of the strong weather to come. We had plenty of time to cruise round Port Abercrombie so Tony could get some pictures of *True* under sail, after which we anchored in Nagle Cove at the northwest corner of Port Abercrombie. Dairne, Tony and Chree all swam.



Nagle Cove







# **True**

All the pictures on this page were taken by Tony Barker from his launch *Outrider* while cruising in company at Great Barrier Island

We had the smaller Yankee on for this cruise, a sail which Iain tends to prefer.







## Kiarara Bay

With a severe gale, likely to shift through nearly 180°, Tony suggested we go to Kiarara Bay where we would find shelter and good holding.



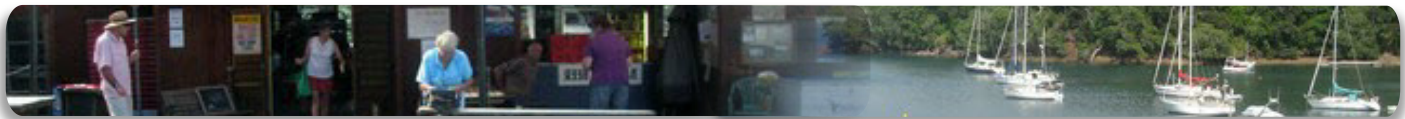
The Brown Teal is a threatened species, this colony of about 100 birds being the biggest in New Zealand. They seem to thrive at Great Barrier.



During the evening it blew 50 kts, and overnight it shifted 180° as forecast. We probably moved about 10 metres as the anchor reset itself. By morning, it was raining hard (or APD as we have heard it described!). We waited half an hour for the decks to be washed, then opened the valves so all the rain from the deck drained through filters into the water tanks. It took less than a couple of hours to fill the 250 litres we needed. Very effective!







## Port Fitzroy

We were able to do a little bit of shopping at the Port Fitzroy metropolis!

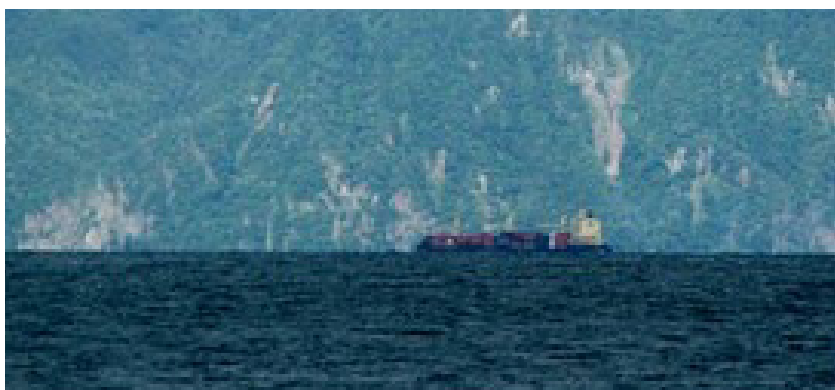
There are roads on the Island, but the vehicles in use were mainly 4x4 or, more usually, wrecks that would faint if ever shown an MOT certificate test form.

Tony and Chree have walked quite a lot on the Island, but it looked a bit too demanding for us.



After lunch we went out into port Abercrombie stopping briefly at Nagle Cove (below) before going back to Smokehouse Bay

Looking out from Port Abercrombie toward Little Barrier Island (below), I could just see a container ship hull down (bottom right). This long range shot almost shows the curvature of the Earth







## Smokehouse Bay.

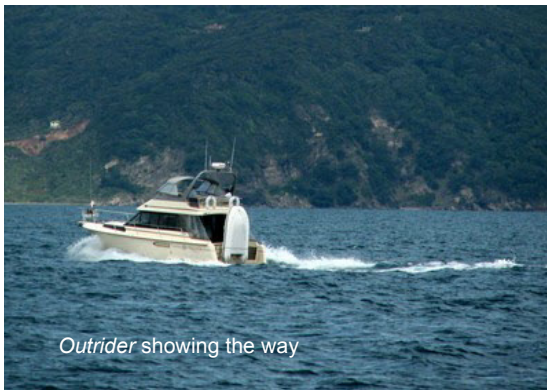
Tony and Chree had been away quite a time, so wanted to catch up on essential chores. So the washing was done, put through the wringer, and hung out to dry.



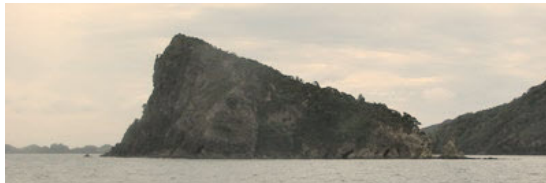
Next morning we moved down the coast to Whangaparapara



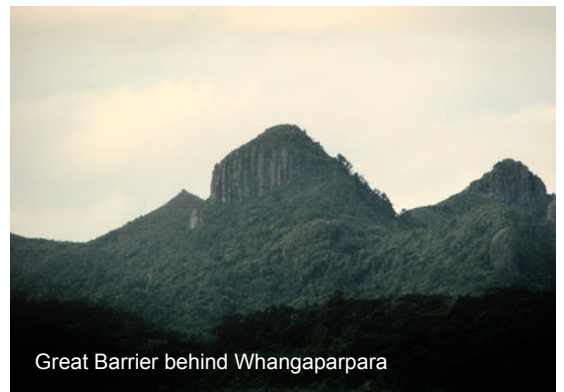
We had a pleasant evening together, being well entertained on Outrider.



Outrider showing the way



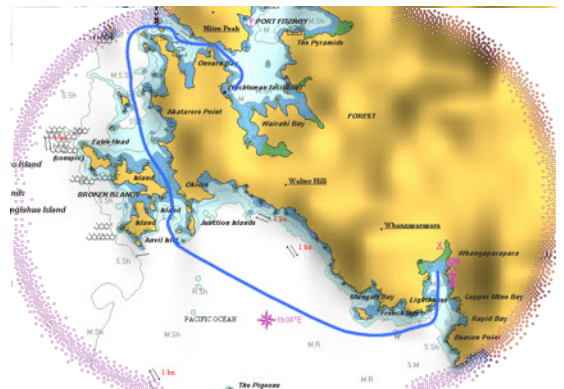
Going through the Broken Islands



Great Barrier behind Whangaparapara



Looking Inland

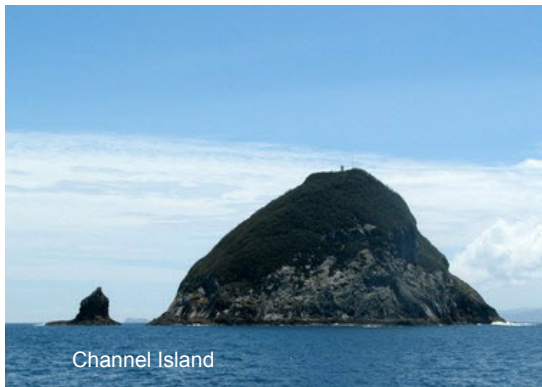






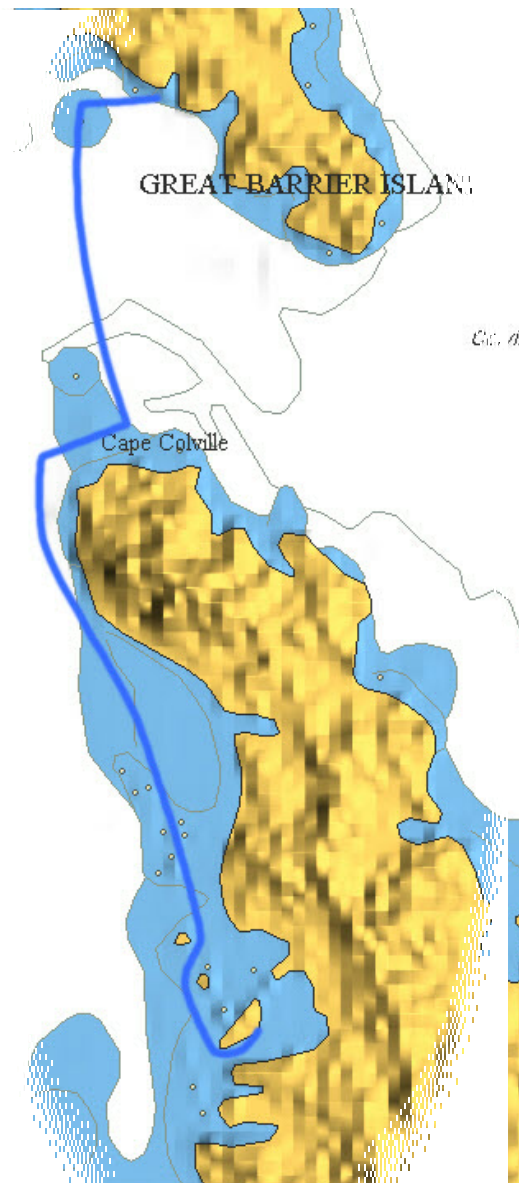
## Homeward Bound

Most unusually for this time of year, the forecasts were already indicating another period of strong winds within a few days. We therefore abandoned all hope of going further north towards the Bay Of Islands. A revised plan was to try and beat to Kawau island and then work our way back towards Auckland. Tony decided that he would stay on at Great Barrier for a few days more.



The next morning looked quite promising, although the winds were light. We soon discovered that it was going to be a long and tedious beat to Kawau, so we decided instead to bear away and go back to Coromandel. It was slow work, but pleasant sailing. For a while there was a bit of breeze, and we even mastered the Aries and got it to perform tolerably well. As we were making about 4 kts, a whale surfaced and blew only a few yards off the port bow. Somehow we did not hit it.

Gradually we eased to the east of Channel Island, and headed towards Cape Colville. Then the wind died



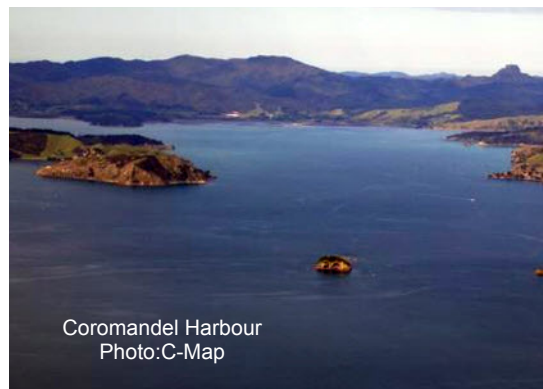
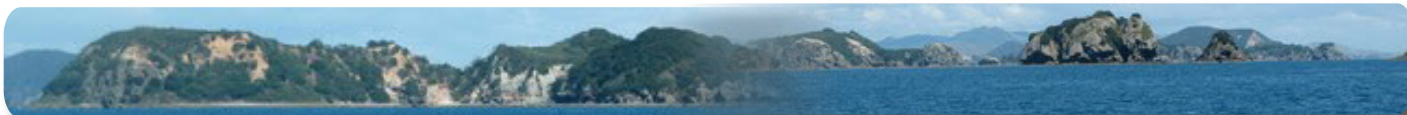
Near Right: Elephant Cove on Happy Jack Island

Far Right: General view of the islands just north of Coromandel Harbour.

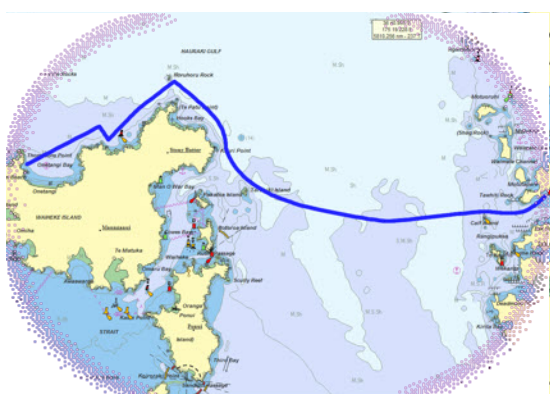
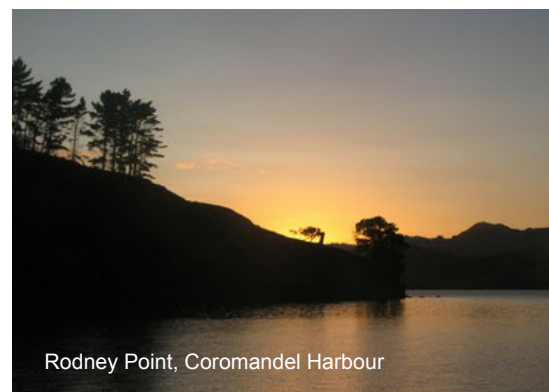
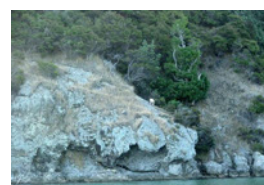
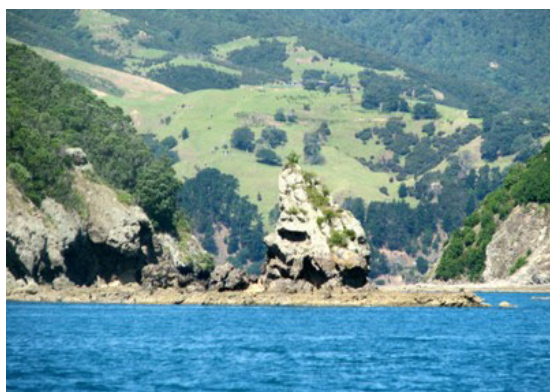
Photos: C-Map







We had to motor the rest of the way to Coromandel. Nevertheless it was a fascinating passage through the sunlit islands that litter this coast of the Coromandel peninsula. The islands have both Maori names, and descriptive English names such as Rabbit Island, High Island, Square Island, and so on. Sadly, I did not log accurately enough to be able to name all the islets in the photographs.



Above: Cow Island light, just outside Coromandel

Right: Gannet Rock off the northern tip of Waiheke

Somehow, the long dinghy journey ashore to Coromandel town did not appeal, even though the prize might have been an excellent seafood meal. Instead we anchored for the night under Cape Rodney.



The beat back to Waiheke Island the next day was dramatised by heavy rain and some extraordinary wind shifts. We could see these coming and had reduced sail so we were not caught out. The wind was eventually forecast to go round into the west, or even the southwest, so we worked our way along the north coast of Waiheke and anchored for the night in Opopoto Bay where we had a peaceful night.

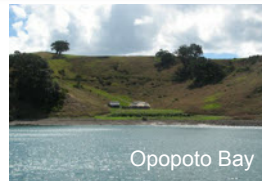




This bay is an easy day sail from Auckland, and is very popular. We found a pleasant restaurant ashore for lunch.

There was a risk that the swell would work into the bay, so in the afternoon we enjoyed a brisk little beat round the corner to Owhanake Bay.

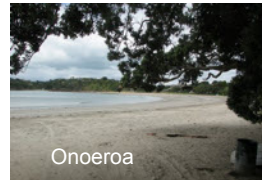
During the afternoon, we dug out the second headsail which hanks on to the stay. It turned out to be not much different in size to the roller sail. A good standby, and for twin headsail running. But this is not really a light weather sail. A gennaker or cursing chute has to stay on the wish list - but not at the top yet.



Opopoto Bay



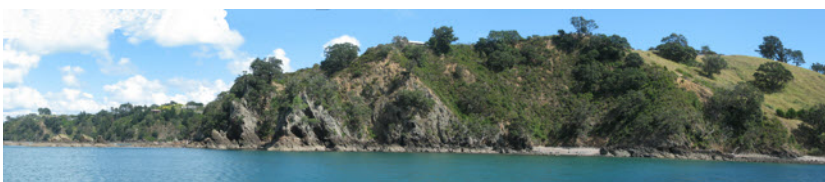
Opopoto Bay



Onoeroa



Owhanake Bay



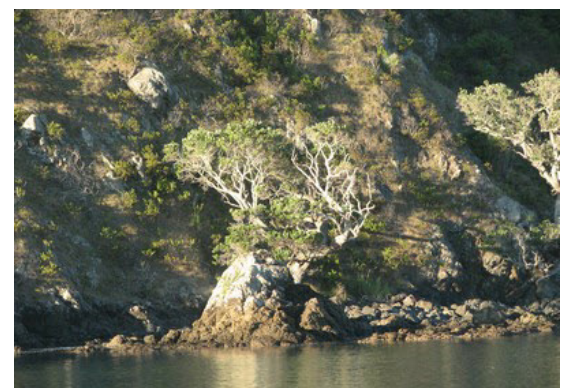
## Opopoto to Owhanake Bay

From Opopoto, we had a clear view to the North. Little Barrier and Great Barrier, both of which are quite high, showed clearly over the horizon, and the Coromandel peninsular was a blue haze over to the east (see Banner above).

Next morning, we had a gentle sail to Oneroa Bay.



Oneroa





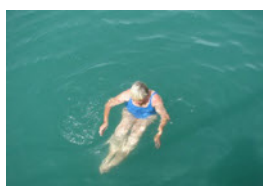
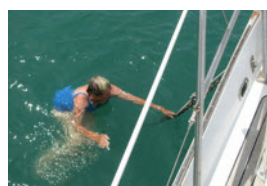


Rakino

## Back to Panmure

Forecast warnings were becoming quite severe, but we had one more day of good weather to enjoy. It was hot and sunny with very little wind, so we drifted gently out towards Rakino.

Eventually the tide had turned against us, so we diverted into Home Bay where we anchored for lunch.



In the afternoon we made our way between Musick Point and Brown's Island between the piles over the shoal patch (which is the route used by the Waiheke ferries) - see chart below



It was then just a matter of motoring past Brown Island and up the Tamaki river to the mooring at Panmure.

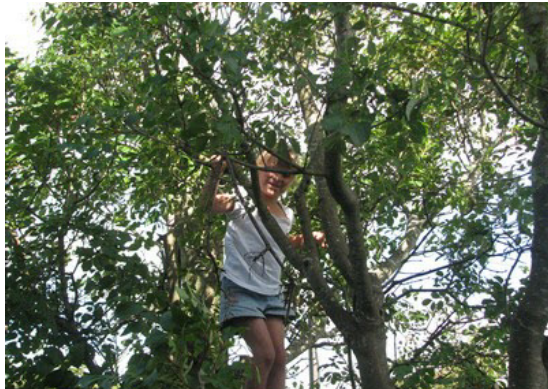
We were there a few days earlier than we had originally intended, but we had the boat snug and safe in advance of the forecast gales. It also meant we could return to Iain and Clare's house for the final week of our stay.



***Crawford Avenue***



Shorn, the guinea pig



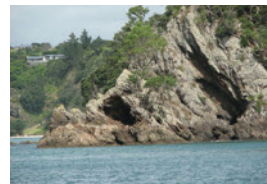
Bike lessons in the school playground







Final weekend afloat



A long flight home, via Hongkong



Change the mindset from *True* to *Ariadne*.....





# The Irish Cruising Ground





# Rainbows and Reflections



Having been to New Zealand, the work programme had to be kept to a minimum. We fitted a new gps transducer, and replaced forestay and backstay. Otherwise, it was routine cleaning and checking. Fortunately we had a pleasant warm spell that permitted a thorough cleaning of the teak, and polishing the hull.

Our pre-season pottering included visits to Newtown and Poole, during



We realised that the wind generator was not functioning. Barden agreed to try and repair it, but I decided to buy the new, quieter Air Breeze that works at lower wind speeds.

By mid May we were ready to set off. The plan was to go down Channel then turn left for France; or turn right for Ireland, where we wanted to re-visit the west coast. We carried charts and pilots for both.

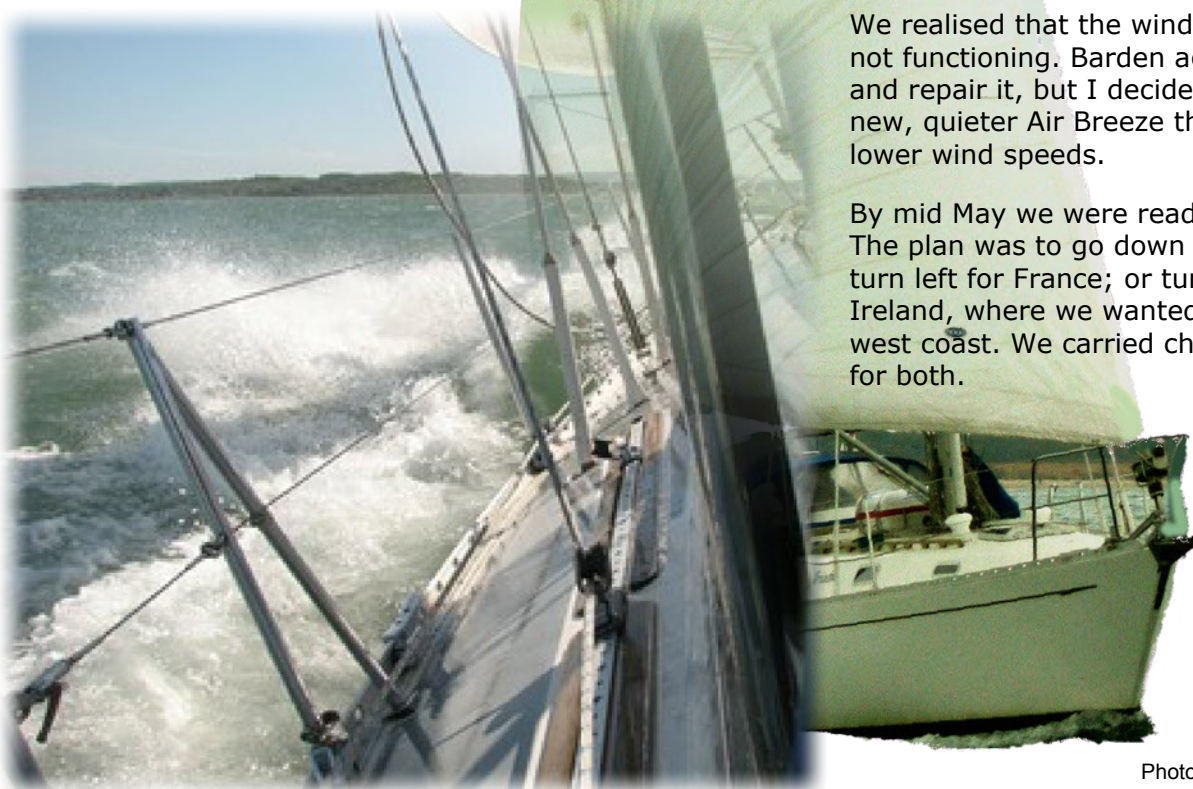
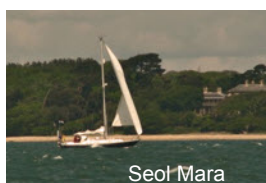


Photo: Roy Dowman

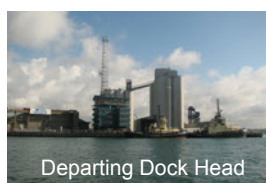




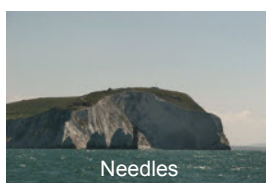
Ariadne at MYC



Seol Mara



Departing Dock Head



Needles



Bridge Buoy

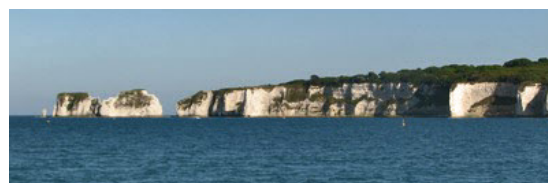


## Outbound

2009 was one of our best cruises.

We set off down the Solent on a brisk day, seeing Alistair and Carol in Seol Mara returning from a short shakedown cruise. We went no further than Newtown, hoping the breeze would moderate

As usual, we started by thrashing down to the west, departing from the Bridge at the end of the Needles channel and heading towards Studland. The sunset was amazing.



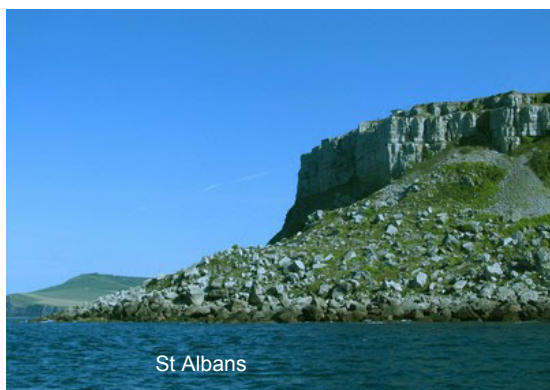
Studland



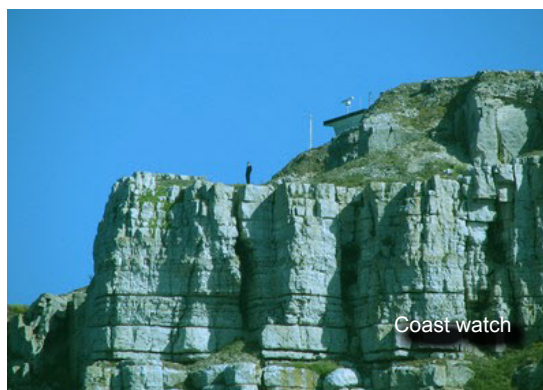
Old Harry



Anvil Point



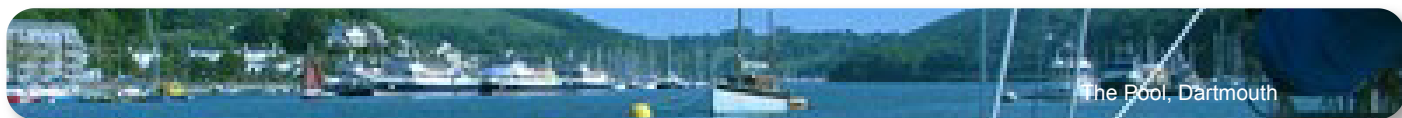
St Albans



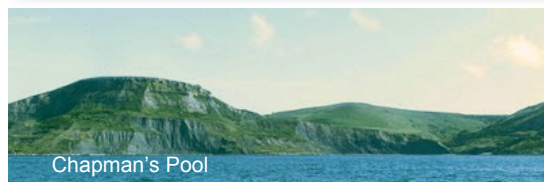
Coast watch

Following an overnight stop at Studland, we set off mainly under engine on our way to the west, leaving Old Harry behind and rounding Anvil Point (left). We were deliberately plugging against the tide in order to reach Portland with favourable tide to start the crossing of Lyme Bay. This meant we hugged the coast passing St Albans (below left) where we could see the volunteer coastwatch station.





The Pool, Dartmouth



Chapman's Pool

There was no firing at Lulworth, so we were able to hug the coast. It really is dramatic passing Chapmans Pool, Kimmeridge, the dramatic, overhanging Gad Cliff, and Lulworth Cove.



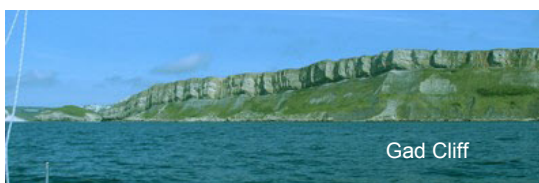
Kimmeridge

I use Peter Bruce's book, "Inshore Along the Dorset Coast" for pilotage. It gives a lot of detail of the local tidal streams that turn westward much earlier if you keep close inshore. Then, after passing Lulworth, you can take the eddy out

toward  
Portland Bill.



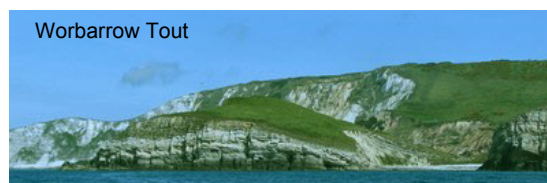
Gad Cliff, Worbarrow Tout



Gad Cliff



Lulworth



Worbarrow Tout



The landfall at Portland was close to the old, disused lighthouse

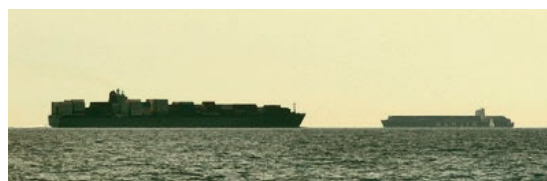


Portland Light



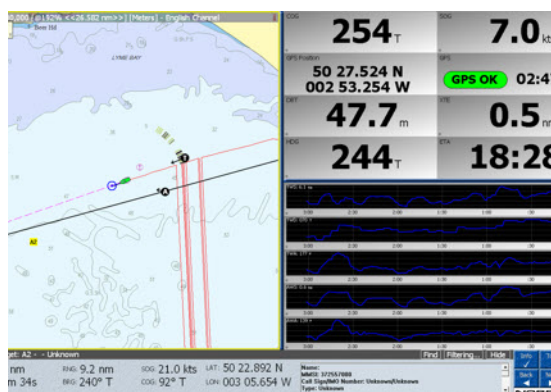
The strange natural arch at the tip of Portland Bill

The weather was benign, but there was little wind. It was engine all the way. But at least we were getting quickly down Channel, always a key phase of a cruise. Mostly we were motor sailing, with the genoa just able to draw a little.



It certainly helped.

There were container ships collecting or dropping deep sea pilots at Brixham.



From time to time (roughly hourly) we turned on the plotter using the Nobeltec software on the laptop. The Nav View (left) gives a wealth of information that can be seen at a glance through the hatch from the cockpit. This screen grab was taken when the favourable tide had increased our speed over ground (SOG) to 7 kts. The traces of true and apparent wind speed and strength also allow slow changes to be detected. As can be seen, there was little shipping to trouble us.

As usual there was a strong inset into Lyme Bay and we ended up turning southward as we approached the Dart. This was unavoidable as we had been unable to point higher earlier on.





Dart



Yea

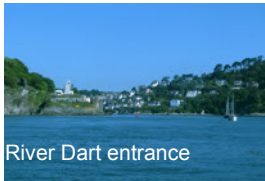


Gull Rock



The Pool, Dartmouth

The weather continued to promise gentle conditions, so we just tucked into Dartmouth, and anchored for the night in the pool opposite the town.



River Dart entrance



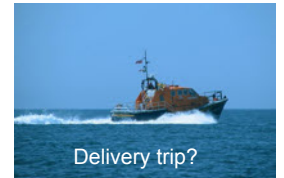
Mayan Queen

The ginormous motor yacht is called *Mayan Queen*. Very impressive.



Start Point

A civilised start after breakfast took us clear of the Dart by mid morning. The gentle breeze faded. The engine was used till we passed Start Point, after which a limp sea breeze allowed us to beat gently along the coast, just clearing Prawle Point and Bolt Tail.



Delivery trip?

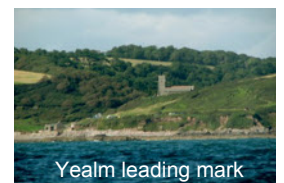
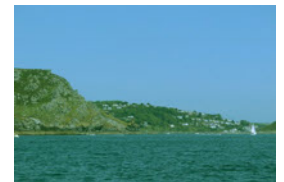
Passing Salcombe we could see the white house (right) that is such a useful pilotage mark.



As the afternoon drew on, the breeze died, so from the western end of Bigbury Bay, we motored towards the Yealm, checking the safe bearing from the church with the plotter information before entering the river and making fast on a buoy in the upper part of the river.



Prawle Point



Yealm leading mark



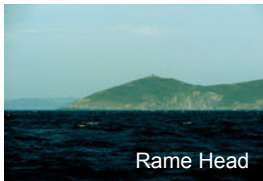
Upper Yealm



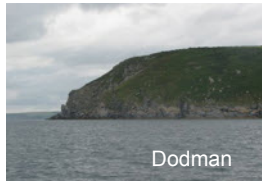
Yealm entrance







Rame Head



Dodman

The forecast was for a brisk NW wind - ideal for a passage from the Yealm to Falmouth. We had the staysail ready on deck. But as we motored clear of the Yealm past the Mewstone, the wind was light. It took an hour before it freshened and we changed down to the staysail, with the wind gusting to well over 20 kts.

But the breeze did not last, and by 0930, we had first tried adding some genoa, then finally dropped the headsails and motored for an hour until we were well past Gribbin Head off Fowey and passing the Dodman.

At last, the forecast wind developed, and we had a cracking fetch all the way to Falmouth, the last part in company with a Sweden 36 that only gradually got the better of us.

Our guess that *Midday Sun* would be up the Fal turned out to be correct. We found them in the Turnaware anchorage, which is perfectly sheltered from the north west.

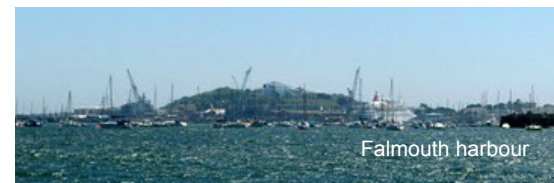


Midday Sun at Turnaware

The weather was due to back west or south west and freshen, so, the next day, we all moved up river to the Ruan pontoon, where we stayed for a couple of days. Anne and Marc, the *Midday Sun* liveboards, came on board for supper one evening.

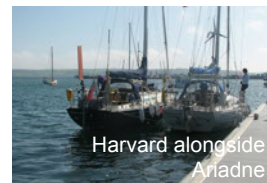
A dinghy trip up to Truro, where the dinghy can be secured to steps just outside Tesco allowed us to top up with stores.

Our wind generator was already behaving erratically, so we went down to Falmouth Yacht Haven one evening so we could charge the batteries, where we briefly met up with



Falmouth harbour

Richard and Ann Vie from Marchwood in *Harvard*.



Harvard alongside Ariadne



Penryn

I also took the ferry up to Rustler Yachts to pick up some missing spares that Neil had posted down to me.



Above:  
Falmouth Yacht Haven  
Left:  
Ships laid up in the Fal

Right:  
The anchorage off St Just  
is comfortable in an  
easterly wind



We had hoped to see the new Rustler 44, but it did not work out. With the wind in the east, we could not wait. We spent the evening anchored off St Just in preparation for moving on.



## To the Scillies

From the St Just anchorage, we watched Adix, the great 3-mast schooner leave port. Falmouth, as ever, was full of interest with the Coastguard salvage tug anchored in the harbour.

On the last day of May, after 5 days in the Fal, we weighed anchor off St Just at 0750 to make our way further west.

By 0930, the Manacles buoy was close by, but we had to motor in a lumpy sea that did not allow the sails to fill.



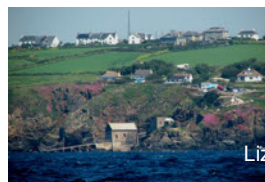
Adix



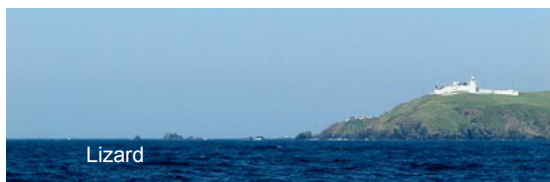
Anglian Princess



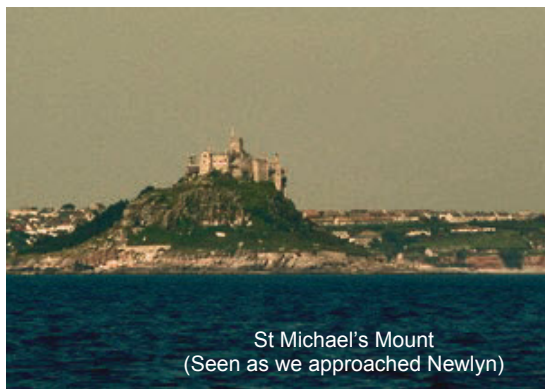
Lizard



Liz



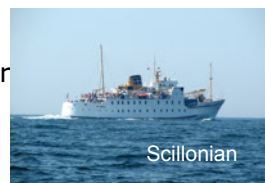
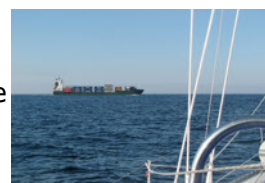
Lizard

St Michael's Mount  
(Seen as we approached Newlyn)

Newlyn

After rounding the Lizard in flat water (apart from the light chop), we sailed across Mounts Bay to Newlyn, where we rafted out for the night.

As June dawned, we were away at first light in a flat calm, motoring to the Runnel Stone buoy. There was a little shipping about, but there were no major issues as we passed the Longships, following which we were able to sail for a while.



Scillonian



Longships seen beyond Runnel Stone buoy

Close to Lands End we saw 5 basking sharks.

From the AIS we were able to monitor the shipping. Once we adjusted course and speed to give a safer clearance.



AIS plot

As we approached the Scillies the engine went on as we motored to the north of St Martins with its distinctive daymark; then past Round Island and Men O'Vaur before turning into New Grimsby.

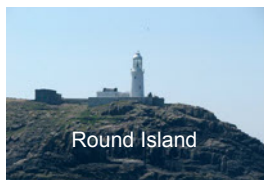




Skojern

As we approached New Grimsby, a large, low freeboard, double ended ketch motored out heading north towards Ireland, proudly flying a French tricolour.

We were to meet up with *Skojern* later when we reached Dingle.



Round Island



Men O'Vaur



St Martins daymark



Round Island

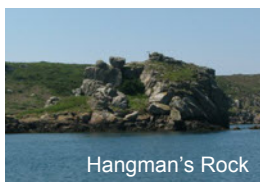
There were very few buoys occupied when we moored at 1350, though there were more arrivals later.



Cromwell's Castle



New Grimsby



Hangman's Rock



Tresco

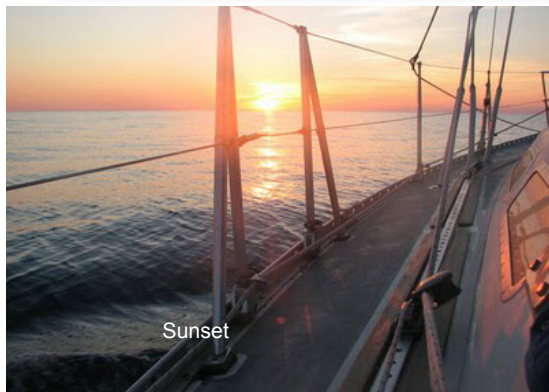


Gig training

The weather was settling down again. It was tempting to spend a few days in the islands. There is nowhere better in settled weather. We also had to make a decision. France or Ireland?

We decided to gamble on Ireland, and take advantage of the settled weather to press on to Ireland the next day.





## Across the Celtic Sea

There was a glorious sunset, and before dawn we could see the lights of the Kinsale gas field. There were one or two strange AIS targets about, and we can only assume they were the gas field standby vessels because they did not behave like fishing vessels.

The sun was fully up by the time we could see the old head of Kinsale.

Rather than go up to the marina, we turned into Sandy Cove and anchored for the rest of the day while we caught up on sleep.







## Kinsale

We were soon to discover that everything in Ireland is expensive, including marina fees. Nevertheless Kinsale Yacht Club does make you very welcome and the wifi service is effective and included in the marina price.

We were given a comfortable inside berth, mainly because the outer berths usually used by visitors were occupied by *Tenacious*, a large training vessel

We spent three days in Kinsale while the wind veered and freshened. This gave us plenty of time to explore the town, and to enjoy the excellent catering in the restaurants and at the yacht club.



The training ship *Tenacious* (below) came alongside the marina for one night. Watching her leave was interesting, using a previously laid anchor to haul off, and two dories with outboards as tugs.



Tenacious



Kinsale marina



We had a surprise visit from David Clements, who used to have a Rustler 36. He was cruising west, too, in his Bowman 40. It was good to swap tales and catch up.

For 3 days it blew very hard, but by 6th June, it moderated slightly. Even though it might reach F6, the northerly direction meant the wind would be abaft the beam, and the water flat. Having motored down much of the Channel and all the way from the Scillies, we needed to refuel, which we did at the Castle Park marina on the opposite bank of the river.



Castle Park marina





Old Head of Kinsale

## Kinsale to Baltimore

On 6th of June we left Kinsale in a very fresh northwesterly wind.

We ran out to the Old Head Of Kinsale under main only. After gybing, we had a fast reach in flat water and one reef in the main.

We raced across Courtmacsharry Bay, past the Seven Heads and across Clonakilty Bay.

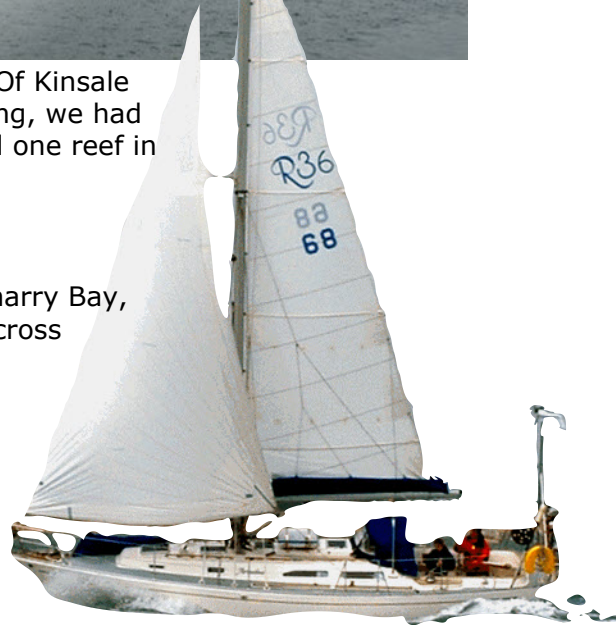
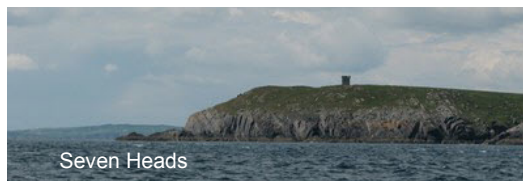


Photo: Andrew Gardner



There were also some heavy showers about, but they seemed to keep away from us.



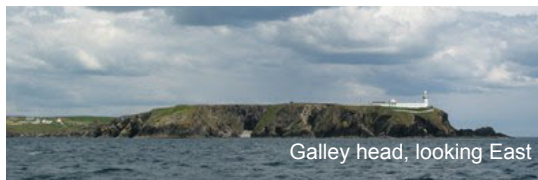
Seven Heads



Clonakilty Bay



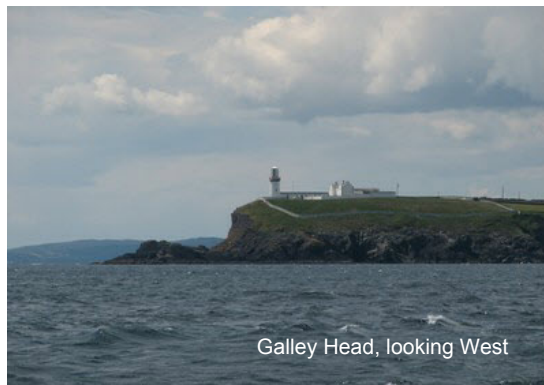
Doolic Rocks



Galley head, looking East

There were other boats about, but it took us an embarrassingly long time to pass this little vessel (above) that was making good headway in the brisk wind

Passing close to Galley Head, we hardened up to pass inside the Doolic rocks. As we closed the shore the wind became quite shifty.



Galley Head, looking West



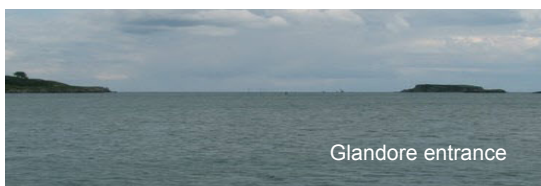
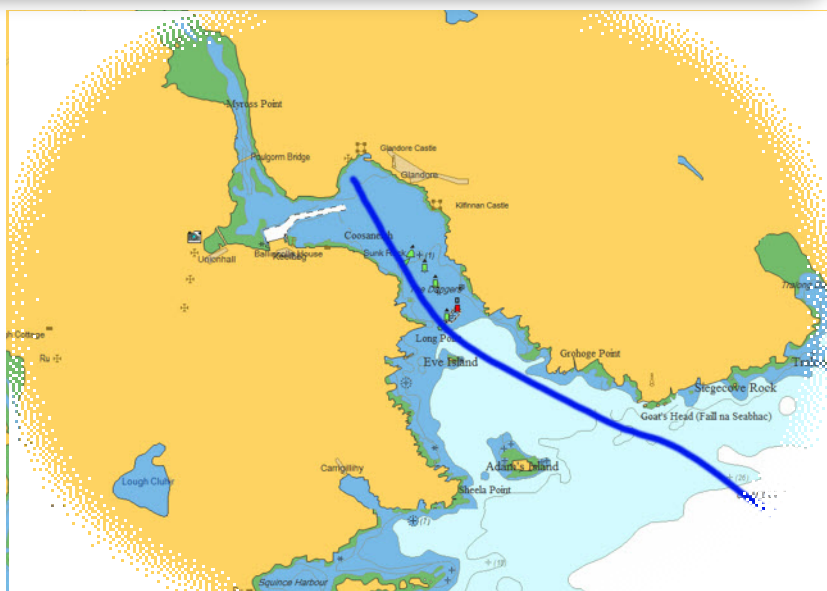
Passing close to Doolic Rocks



After rounding Goats Head (below) the engine was started so that we could find our way up the channels to Glandore, a pretty village.

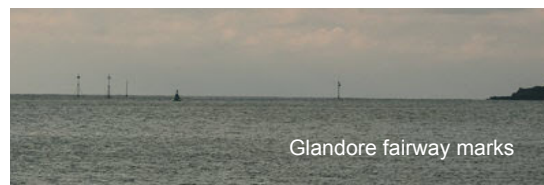


Goats Head



Glandore entrance

Entering Glandore requires careful pilotage. First you must "avoid Adam and hug Eve", as the pilot book says, then find the various balises that mark the rocky patch in the middle of the harbour



Glandore fairway marks

It was our first new harbour of the cruise. However, we were keen to take advantage of the northerly winds to press on to Baltimore, so we did not go ashore.



Glandore village

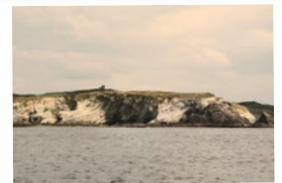


Glandore





High Island



Toe Head



For the next couple of days the weather looked settled, but the longer term outlook did indicate some vigorous activity moving in from the Atlantic.



Stag Rocks



Agricultural graffiti?



Approaching Kedge Island

In a moderate northwesterly wind off the shore the water would be flat so it was possible to take the route inside the off-lying rocky islands.

Leaving Glandore, we kept close to Eve and kept well clear of Adam.

Our route then skirted Belly rock with only half a metre over it, and shaped a course through the narrow channel between High and Low island on one side and the mainland on the other.

After passing the entrance to Castletownshend, which we had visited before, we passed outside Horse Island, and headed for the gap between Toe Head and the Stags.

We were surprised to see the word "Eire" made out on the hillside.

Finally after passing Kedge island we headed into the entrance to Baltimore, which is clearly marked by a white pillar known as Lot's Wife.



Lot's Wife, Baltimore



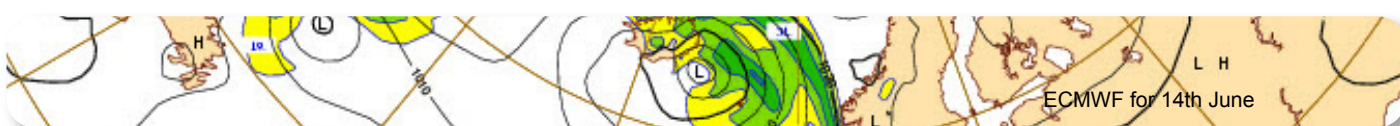
Ariadne anchored off Baltimore

We had a couple of nights in Baltimore, anchored off the town.



Baltimore





## Baltimore

This is not the great metropolis one might imagine, rather a large village. There are very few facilities - to do any serious shopping for stores it would be necessary to go to the nearby town of Skibereen (which I did on the return leg). It was here that we discovered, for the first time, one of the major problems of the cruise, namely the almost total lack of public rubbish disposal facilities. Even public waste bins are lidded to stop even the disposal of a small rubbish bag. It seems the Irish government have imposed massive disposal charges, so no one wants to provide bins.

There are, however, good waterside restaurants and pubs, including Bushes Bar. So we had a meal ashore and topped up from the village store.

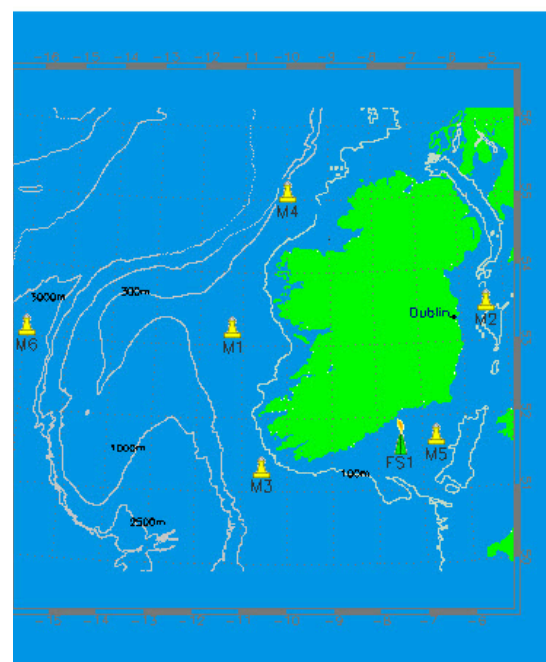
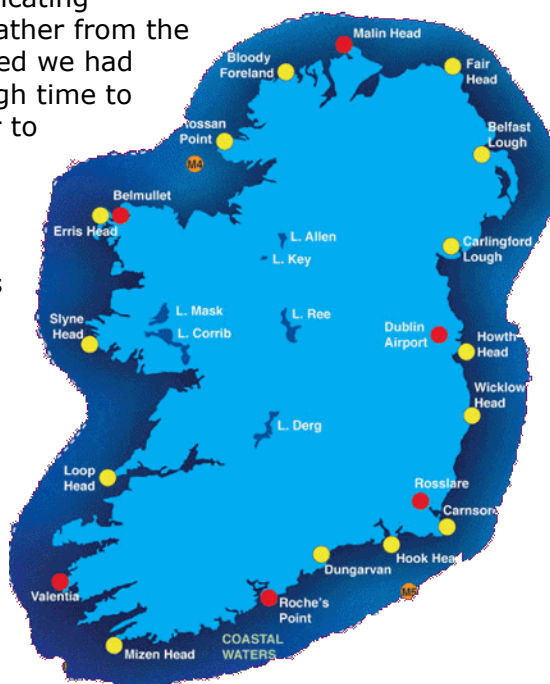


## Irish Weather

The forecast was indicating approaching bad weather from the west, but we reckoned we had just about enough time to get round the corner to Dingle.

There were no Internet facilities at Baltimore, and I was reluctant to use Vodafone until their special low rates started on 1st July when they cancelled roaming charges for 2 months.

However, the Irish forecasts, from both Met Eireann via the coastguard and RTE Radio 1 are immensely detailed, and very reliable.



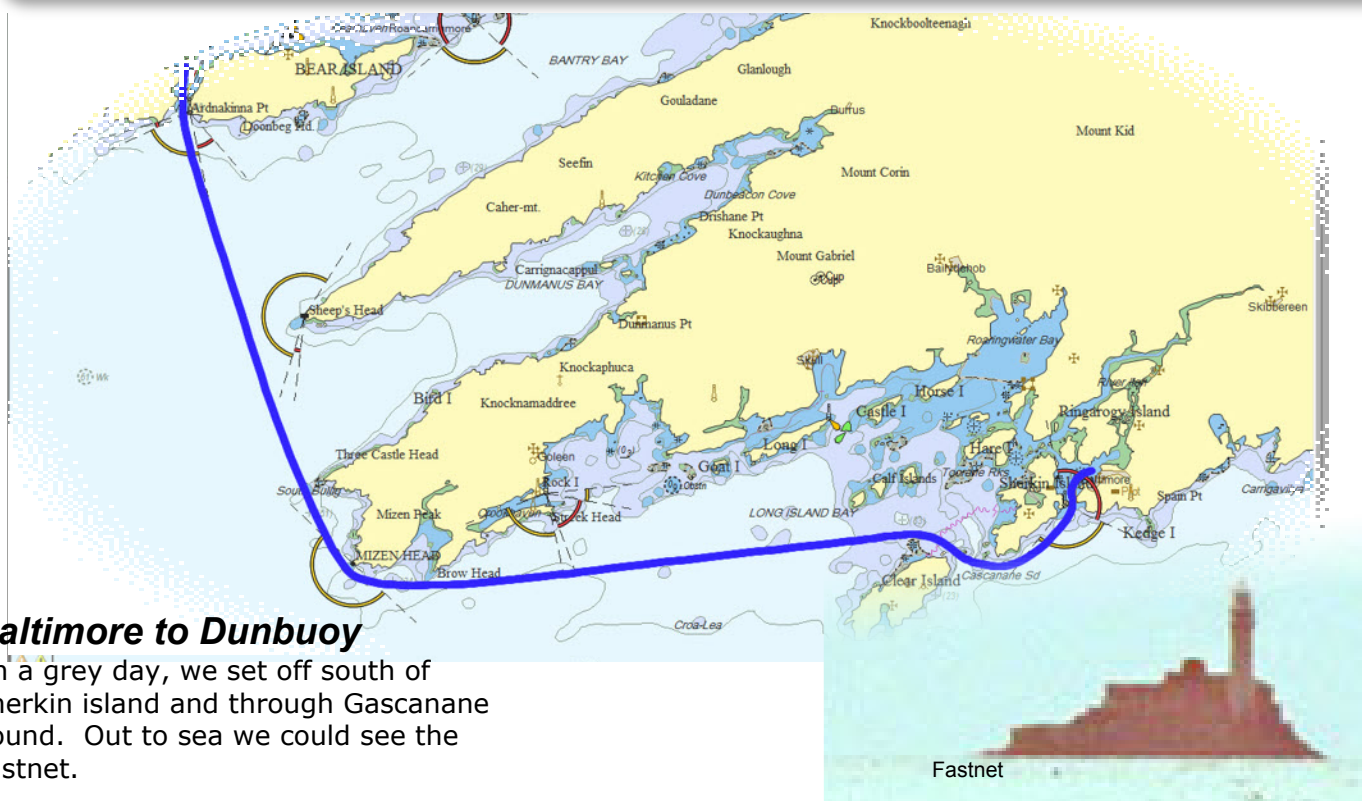
It is important to have the two maps above. The left hand one shows the headlands that are used to reference the forecasts, always in a clockwise direction. The right hand map shows the location of the weather ('M') buoys. M1 and M2 were not on station during this summer.

The forecast is issued every 6 hours, and repeated every 3 hours by coastguard, including current actuals at the locations with red dots on the map above, and at the M buoys. The data for the M buoys crucially includes the current wave height. (The biggest wave height we heard was 6.2 metres at M3 just before we returned to the Scillies).

The same information is given twice a day on RTE, with a shortened version (excluding the actuals) almost hourly before news bulletins.

It is a pity that BBC and UK Coastguard cannot match Ireland.





### Baltimore to Dunbuoy

On a grey day, we set off south of Sherkin island and through Gascanane Sound. Out to sea we could see the Fastnet.

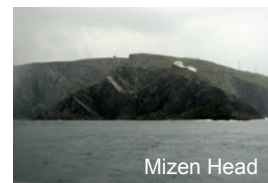
The wind freshened and the visibility cleared as we rounded Mizen Head.

Somehow Dunmanus Bay always looks unwelcoming, and it was almost with a feeling of relief that we passed Sheep's Head, and headed off across Bantry Bay towards Castletown Bearhaven.

It was a brisk sail and we were glad to gain the shelter of Bear Island and turn into Dunbuoy Bay where we anchored. This left us in a good position for an



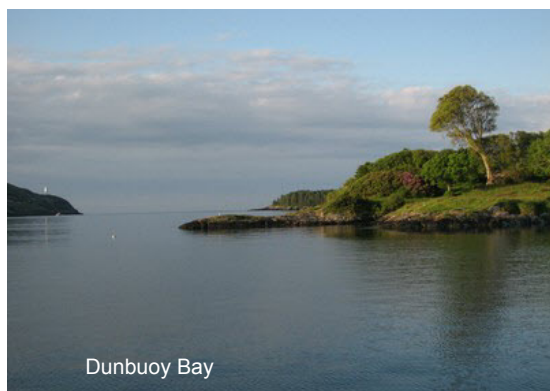
Mizen Head



Mizen Head



Bear Island Light

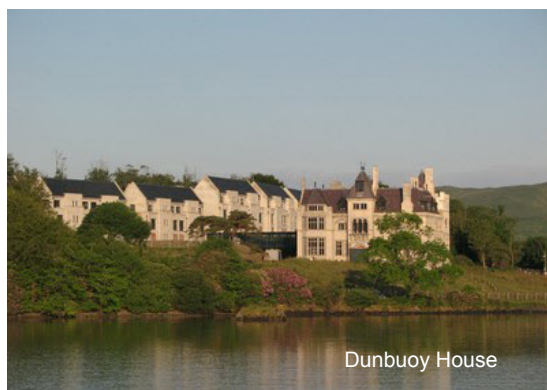


Dunbuoy Bay



Dunbuoy Bay

early start out towards Dursey Sound the next morning. However we were disappointed at the property development at Dunbuoy. What had previously been a quiet and remote Anchorage was now dominated by something that looked rather like Colditz.



Dunbuoy House

It was quite tempting to go up the beautiful Bantry Bay, or into the marina on Bear Island, but we were determined to make use of the favourable winds to get as far to the west as we could.



## Dunbuoy to Derrynane

Conditions were docile as we motored away from Dunbuoy, passing Black Ball Head on our way to Dursey Sound. Unbelievably we once again got a rope round the propeller, but fortunately I had removed the rope cutter so the rope became clear with a quick reversal of the engine.

Gently we eased through Dursey Sound

It was sunny, and there was a gentle breeze from the west to northwest. A few miles to seaward we could see Bull Rock, with its lighthouse perched on top, and the strange Cow Rock with its fantastic arches.

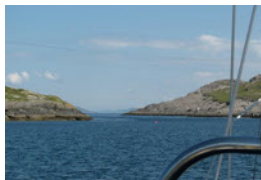
The original plan had been to press on to Valentia, but the wind shifted and freshened, so it was going to be a hard slog. Instead we tacked and had a very fast fetch past Dinish Island to the amazing little natural harbour of Derrynane.

The entrance is narrow but the leading marks are clear.

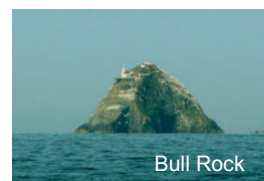
Anybody sailing this coast really must visit this wonderful harbour. However in severe southwesterly weather it would be possible to get trapped as the entrance could be very dangerous in such conditions.



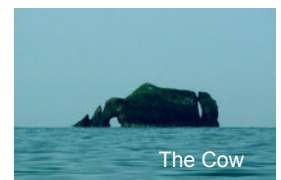
Black Ball Head



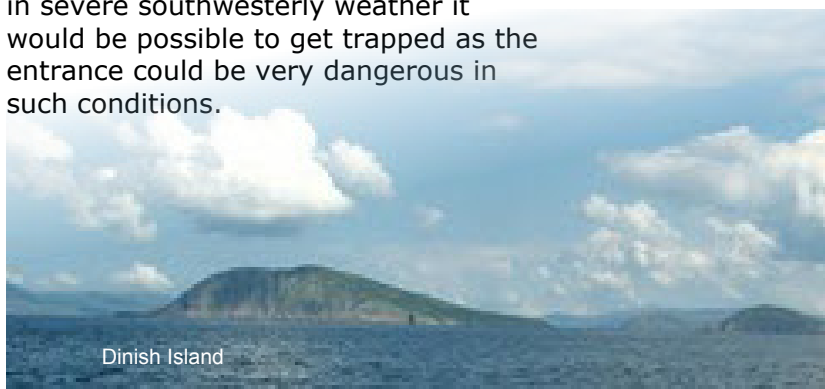
Dursey Sound



Bull Rock



The Cow



Dinish Island

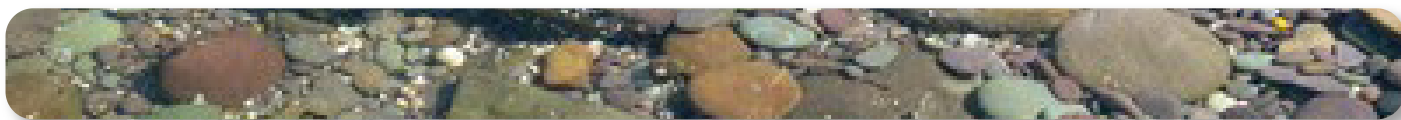


Derrynane with leading marks arrowed.



Ariadne at Derrynane



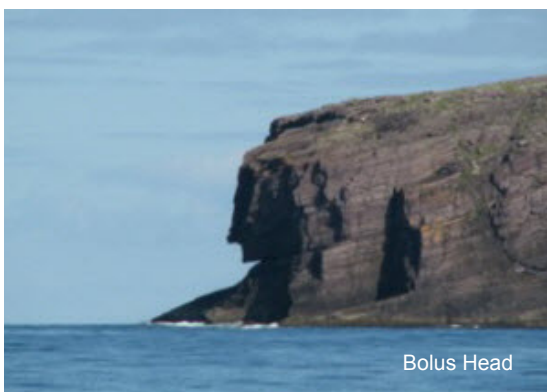


Skelligs seen from Derrynane

Left and Below:  
Derrynane



The evening became still and peaceful. Away to the north we could just see the Skelligs beyond the rocks at the harbour entrance.



Bolus Head

### ***Derrynane to Dingle***

The next morning the wind was very light and the sea was flat, so it was a engine all the way.

Passing inside the islands we set course towards Bolus Head, which appeared to have a face carved on it.

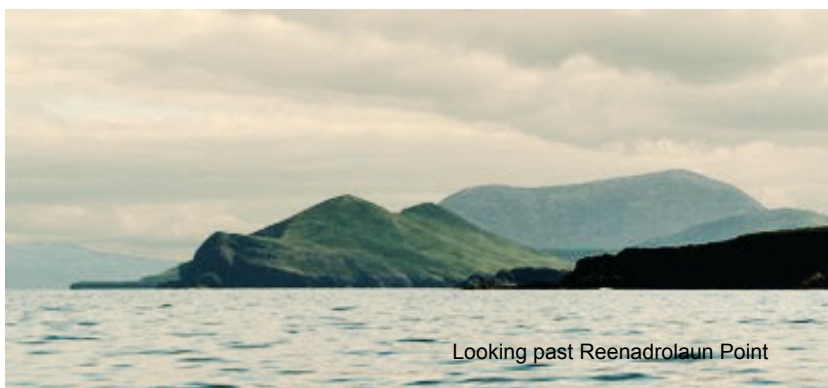
There were quite a few pot buoys, but we only saw one fishing vessel under way.



Skellig Michael and Little Skellig

We were now getting closer to the magnificent Skelligs. They stayed with us for most of the rest of the passage.

After passing Puffin Island and Bray Head, we proceeded along the north coast of Valentia Island, rounding Reenadrolaun Point and heading past the Fort Point lighthouse.



Looking past Reenadrolaun Point





Anchorage at Valentia



After rounding Fort Point Light, we picked up the leading marks and turned into the anchorage just inside the harbour. Our intention was to make a lunch stop here and hope that the wind filled in during the afternoon.

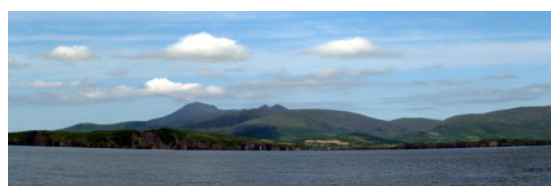
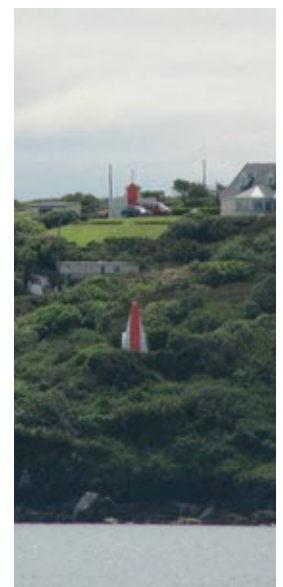
The hopes for additional wind were not met, and we motored across to Dingle.

Right on cue, Fungie the Dingle dolphin put in a brief appearance.



Fort Point light

Leading marks



Above:  
Approaching Dingle

Right:  
Fungie, the Dingle Dolphin



Right:  
Harbour beacon is just off the transit of the leading marks







Approaching Dingle



## Dingle

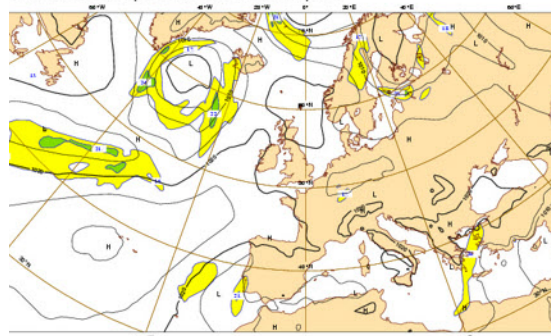
After entering the harbour, we were given a comfortable Berth just inside the hammer head. This was to be our Berth for the next 10 days while it blew hard and occasionally rained hard.



Dingle is a good place to be, with excellent supplies including fresh seafood, and a free wifi service that enabled us to contact all our friends and keep up to date with the progress of the weather.



12 June 2009 00UTC ©ECMWF Forecast t+096 VT: Tuesday 16 June 2009 00UTC  
ce: Mean sea level pressure / 850-hPa wind speed

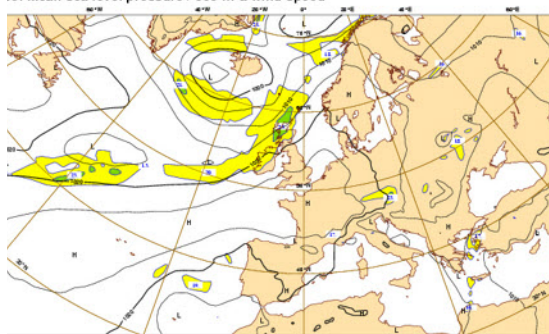


While the English Channel basked in fine weather, we experienced a mixture of adverse northerly winds, and very strong southwesterly winds that were kicking up a big swell in the Atlantic, neither of which were suitable for the next 80 mile leg to the Aran islands. It would be well over a week before settled weather reappeared.



There were several cruising boats in the same position and we got to know each other quite well. We had seen a large French Ketch (below right) leaving the Scillies as we arrived. We introduced ourselves and she turned out to be a boat called *Skojern*. Built in about 1910 in Norway, she had been in French ownership for many years.

12 June 2009 00UTC ©ECMWF Forecast t+120 VT: Wednesday 17 June 2009 00UTC  
ce: Mean sea level pressure / 850-hPa wind speed



*Skojern* (below) is nearly 50 ft long and displaces 19 tonnes Patrick had developed her into a serious deep-sea cruising boat. His library of books, and his obvious association with the deep-sea French cruising community, including the Moitessier family, made him a most interesting person to talk to.



Skojern



Skojern





Samphire Island



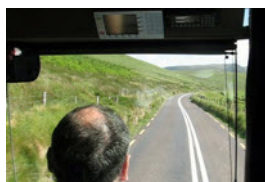
The day after we arrived, David Clements, who we had already met in Kinsale, arrived with his crew on *Baghuera*, a Bowman 40. His plan was to leave the boat in Dingle for a week, and he invited us to join his end of cruise dinner at a restaurant in Dingle - he would have the new crew for the next sector.

On one day we took a bus trip to Killarney.

The bus route goes along the edge of the Dingle peninsula.



At first we got glimpses of Dingle Bay. Then the route climbed over the peninsular and there were



spectacular views across Tralee Bay. It looked like an interesting area to cruise in settled weather, and we hoped that we would be able to include Fenit in our itinerary.



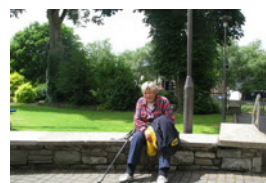
Dingle Bay



After changing bus in Tralee we went on to Killarney. The roads were much wider here!



Tralee Bay



Looking west along the north coast of the Dingle peninsular towards Brandon Head



Killarney was an interesting town, but plainly a tourist trap. Dairne did not regard the prices of the Aran sweaters

as being enticing.

The trip back gave another opportunity to see the countryside, especially the hills nestling under Mount Brandon. Eventually, the road crossed back to

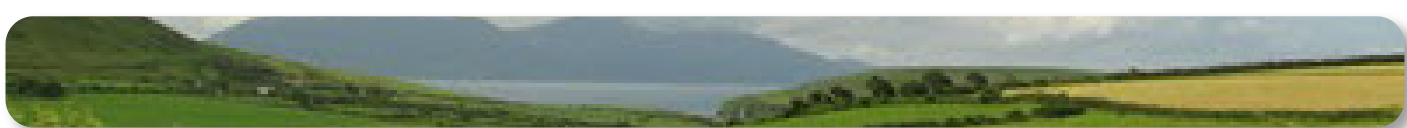


Dingle Bay

Dingle Bay, and we got back to the boat in time for a good supper on board.

It had been a good day out.





All the services are there in Dingle, but there is often something quaint about the way they are provided. For example, you can get diesel at the marina, but only when the harbourmaster brings it in 25 litre containers; the wifi service is located in the nearby car park (although on most days it reached the boat in the marina); Calor gas can be obtained, but it is bus ride away; and the ironmonger for household goods is at the top of the hill. The supermarket is at one end of the town, but the excellent fishmonger is at the other (but they don't sell shellfish).



Our little barrow, with the strong Waitrose bags (not shown here) was invaluable.

The whole mood of the town is summed up by the Kerry street musicians (left). It was here that Fergal, our Irish bear, decided to join the crew.



Although there is live music in the pubs every night, it was a fair walk, more than Dairne was prepared to tackle with her worsening knee. My conscience did not allow me to leave her more than once.



The Irish economy is in a strange state. Prices are generally high (though sirloin steak is cheap). The price differential across the border with the north led Tesco to drop prices by 20%



while we were there, and the others, including Supersave, had to follow. Wines and spirits are very expensive.

However, compared with our last visit, the range and quality of fresh food, especially vegetables, had improved considerably.

But generally, the collapse of property values, and the general recession have had a more serious effect on Ireland than the UK. Listening to the news was interesting. There is much less dissembling in Eire; politicians tend to say what they *really* think. Most entertaining!





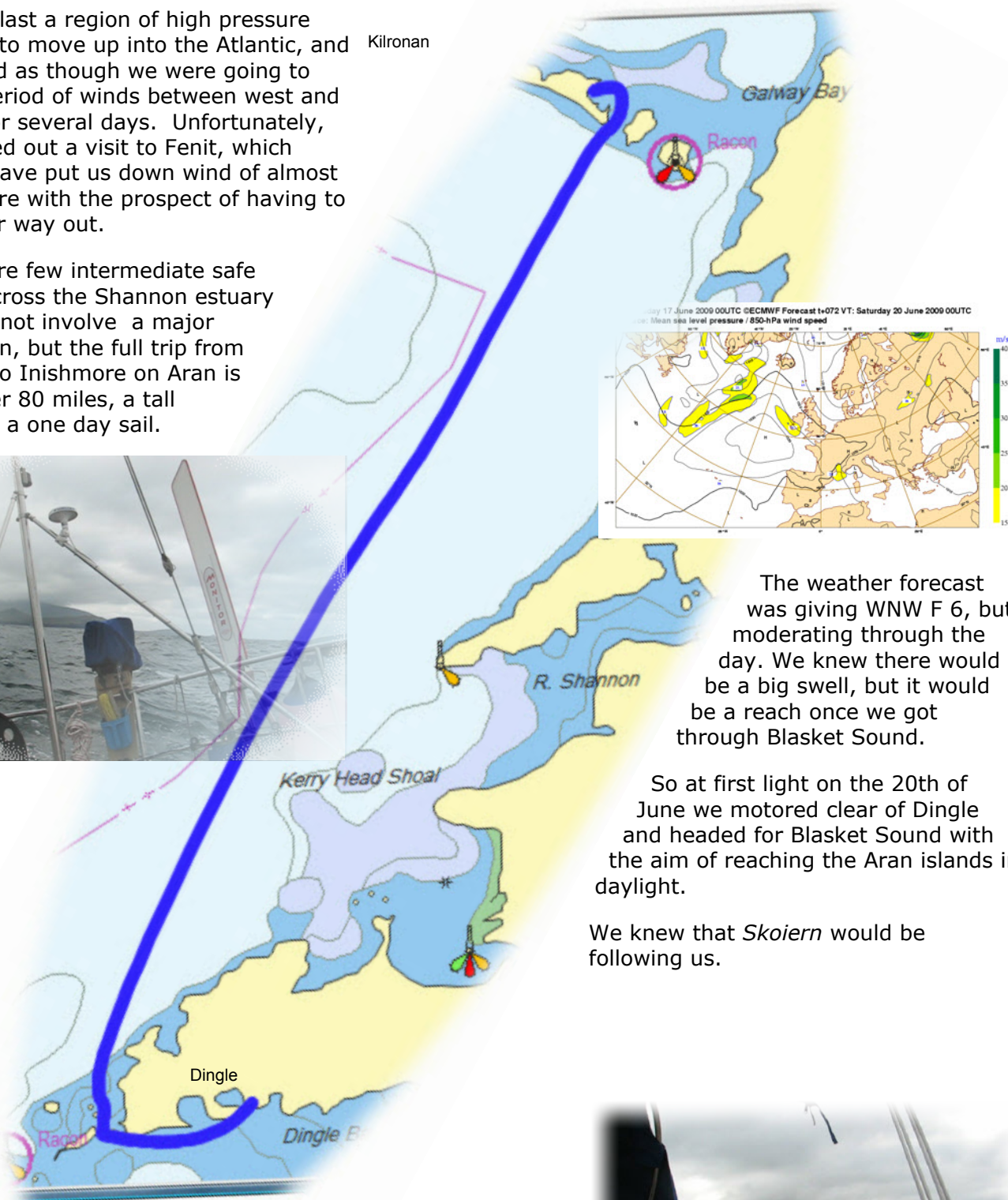
## Dingle to Inishmore, Aran Islands

Dingle is a good place to be, but as our stay approached 10 days, we began to develop a bad case of harbour rot. We were increasingly anxious to move on.

At long last a region of high pressure started to move up into the Atlantic, and it looked as though we were going to get a period of winds between west and north for several days. Unfortunately, this ruled out a visit to Fenit, which would have put us down wind of almost anywhere with the prospect of having to beat our way out.

There are few intermediate safe ports across the Shannon estuary that do not involve a major diversion, but the full trip from Dingle to Inishmore on Aran is just over 80 miles, a tall order in a one day sail.

Gregory Sound



The weather forecast was giving WNW F 6, but moderating through the day. We knew there would be a big swell, but it would be a reach once we got through Blasket Sound.

So at first light on the 20th of June we motored clear of Dingle and headed for Blasket Sound with the aim of reaching the Aran islands in daylight.

We knew that *Skojern* would be following us.

Blasket Sound



Blasket Sound





Dingle Peninsular, north coast

[illegible]

It was about that time that we encountered a large pod of dolphins that stayed with us for several minutes. Unfortunately I failed to get any pictures of them, either still or video.

As the day wore on the cloud ceiling lifted and there were even occasional patches of blue sky, and the wind moderated. Nevertheless we were able to maintain a good speed.

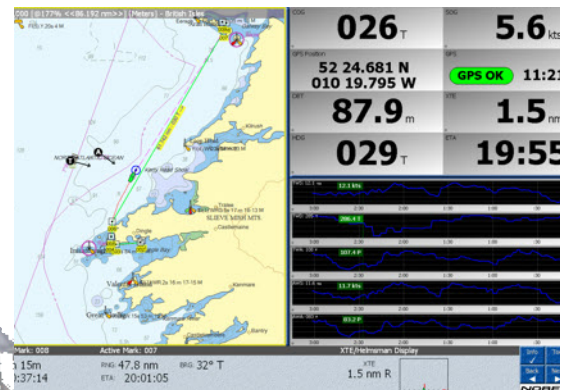


Photo: Ron Baker



Inishmore, Gregory Sound

Inishmaan, Gregory  
Sound





Kilronan



Straw Island Light

The light was just beginning to fade as we passed Straw Island light.

A quick tack round the lighthouse and we found that we would easily be able to lay into Kilronan, At first we had to anchor. This turned out to be because of a race rally from Galway.



Kilronan, Inishmore

Some two hours later, *Skojern* arrived. We were surprised that she had not caught up with us.



Ariadne

## Inishmore, Aran Islands

Next morning we were able to take stock of our surroundings. This was our first visit to the Aran islands (although I had made a brief visit when assisting Tim Kilroe with Aer Aran many years ago).

It is a busy working Harbour with all kinds of ferries coming and going.

Aer Aran operate frequent services to and from Galway

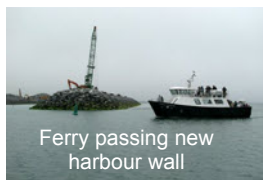
With EU money, a large new Harbour is being developed, ostensibly for the fishing industry. However there does not seem to be much fishing going on, and I suspect this will become a ferry terminal and a marina in a few years' time.

As the ferries arrive, mini buses, ponies with traps, and bicycle salesman descend on the disembarking passengers. The ferries congregate at the end of the pier, quite often waiting until their charges return later in the day.

On our second day on the island, the cloud base was very low, but despite that we decided that we would take the standard mini bus tourist trip.

The pattern seems to be to drive across the island to the little village near the bronze age fort of Dun Aonghasa. This still leaves you with a walk of nearly a mile to the fort, which was more than Dairne and I were prepared to tackle.

We did walk a little way along the path and it gave us an opportunity to look at this strange island, with its remarkable Karst landscape. There are more than 7000 miles of dry stone wall on this tiny island.



Ferry passing new harbour wall



Aer Aran Islander



Skojern at Kilronan



Dun Aonghasa



The cafe

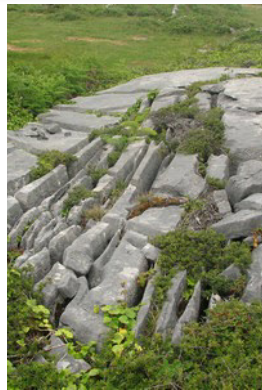


Dairne at 7 churches





Kilronan



Lunch was a welcome bowl of hot soup in the quaint little cafe in the village.

The mini bus tour continued around the island, but the visibility remained persistently bad so we did not see many of the expected views. We did however call at the site of the seven churches, and the drivers commentary gave us some amusing anecdotes about island life. It was a good day out

On our return to the Harbour, I recognized one of the boats on an adjacent mooring called *Muscadet*. It belongs to Ivan Sutton, an Irish artist who we had met in Dingle when we circumnavigated Ireland in 2003. It was good to have an brief chat with him.

### **Kilronan, Inishmore to Roundstone**

We spent three nights at Aran. Then we had a day of gentle easterlies. Patrick and Anne Marie in *Skojern* needed to press on, so they decided to motor on to Inishbofin. We had now reached our cruising area and opted instead to have a gentle sail towards Roundstone.

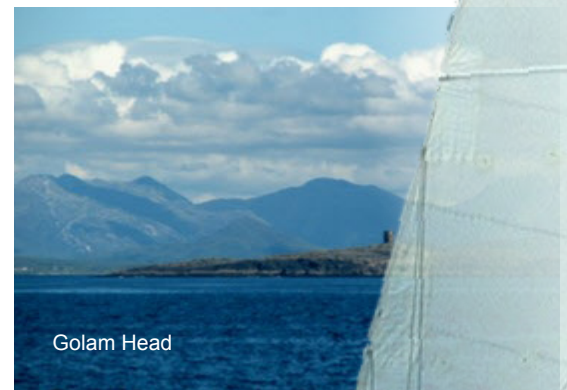
After motoring out towards Straw Island, we were able to bear away and set the cursing chute. Slowly we edged away from Aran and past Golam head



Ivan



Muscadet



Golam Head



Aran lighthouse

It was warm and sunny and the Connemara coastline stood out clearly below a blue sky patchworked with fluffy white clouds.

This coastline is littered with rocks, and the chart plotter certainly makes pilotage a lot easier when shorthanded.

We edged inside the Skerd rocks and around the Tonyeal rocks. Then after passing Deer island to port we picked up the entrance to Roundstone and headed gently in towards the beacon.

As we needed an early start the next morning, we opted to pick up one of the visitors buoys outside the shallow bar



## Roundstone to Inishbofin

We had a quiet night, but left very early to make sure of catching the tide past Slyne Head. There was some or overnight cloud and mist, and in the early dawn it produced some dramatic lighting effects as we picked our way through the rocky islets.

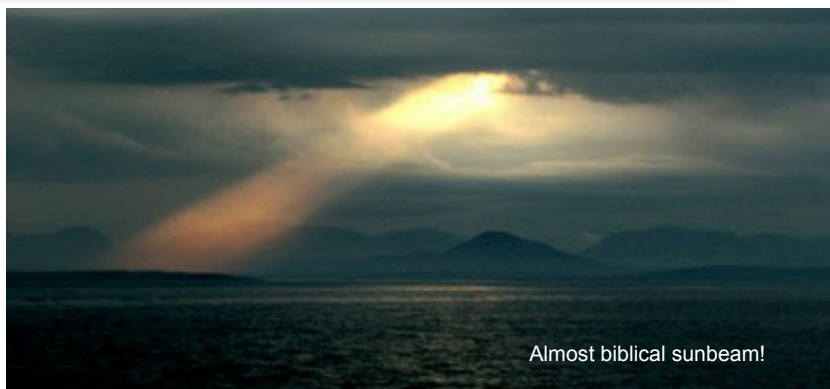
On the previous occasion when we rounded Slyne Head the visibility had been about 200 metres so this was all new to us.

Once past the headland we were able to set the cursing chute once again and make our way gently up towards High Island.

As we approached High Island Sound, the wind died and we motored between High island and Friar Island then on to Inishbofin where we picked up the leading marks.

There were quite a few yachts in Inishbofin, including *Skojern* and we found space to anchor close by.

It seems *Skojern* was needing some engine spares and Patrick was having a frustrating time trying to get them delivered.



Almost biblical sunbeam!



Leading marks, Inishbofin



Ariadne and Skojern at Inishbofin



Cromwells Castle, Inishbofin

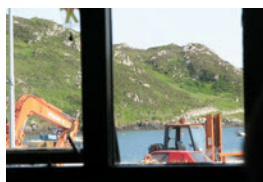
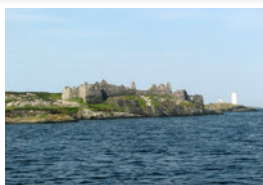




Inishbofin



One of the new ferries



The new quay

## Inishbofin

Since our previous visit the facilities at Inishbofin had been greatly improved. There is a new terminal for the ferries that are coming and going all day, and a new fishing boat jetty that makes it easier to land in the dinghy and to get water.



Curragh

A lot of the local fishing is still done using curraghs. With large outboards on the back they tend to squat which is why the extra boards have been added at the stern.

We visited Days pub, and I purchased one or two essentials at the tiny shop. However we were anxious to keep moving while the weather was suitable, reckoning that we could stop at Inishbofin on the way back. Patrick had made some arrangements for his engine parts to be delivered further north of and he set off, but he was facing a fairly hard fetch. He was anxious to keep going as his target was to get to Norway for the winter.



Day's Pub



Patrick and Anne-Marie



Skojern departing

## On to Ballynakill

The wind was brisk, but we did not fancy windward work. We reckoned that we could make Ballynakill on one tack. That would position us for the



Lyon Island

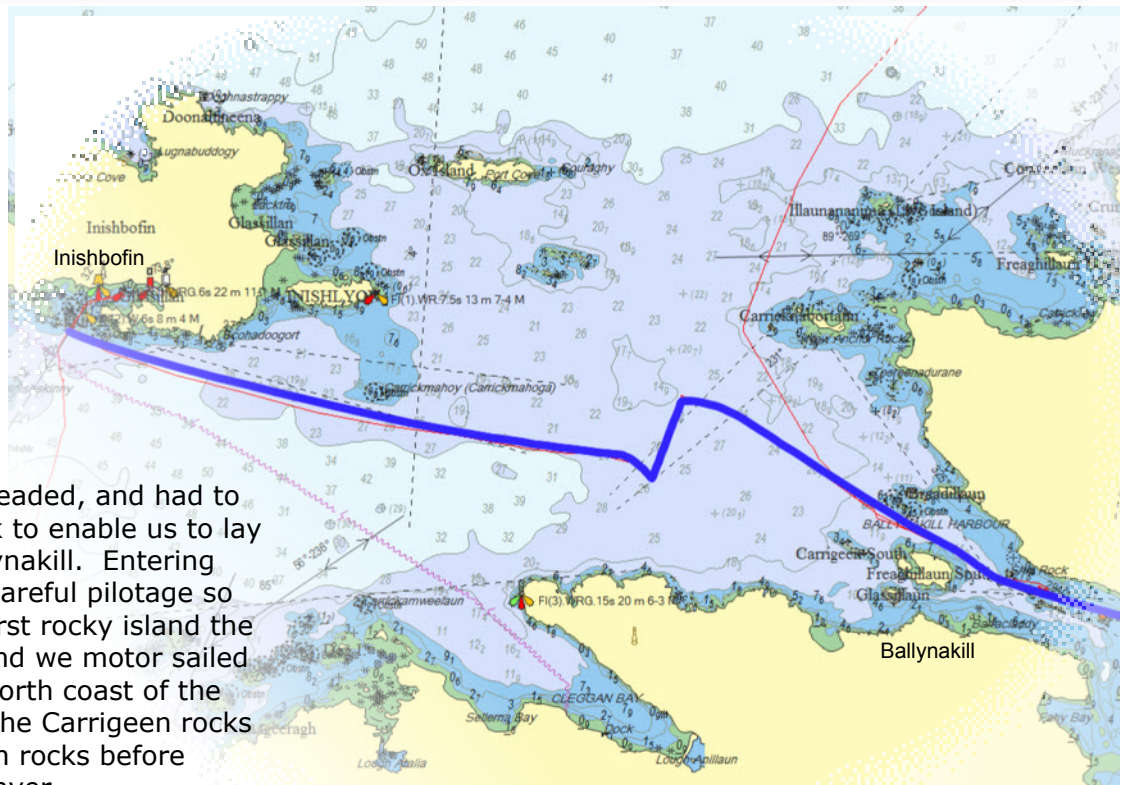
expected easterlies the following day.

It was fairly grey as we sailed past Lyon Island with reefs in both main and Genoa.





Ardagh Rocks



Suddenly we were headed, and had to throw in a short tack to enable us to lay the entrance to Ballynakill. Entering Ballynakill requires careful pilotage so as we reached the first rocky island the Genoa was furled, and we motor sailed carefully along the north coast of the lough, passing first the Carrigeen rocks and then the Ardagh rocks before anchoring off Derryinver.

This is about as close to the Twelve Pins mountains as it is possible to get. The weather now improved, and the view was stunning.

Within minutes a local resident was alongside in a dory to welcome us, offering to get some water, and putting us in touch with another local, John Ruddy, who we had met in 2003. It

was most welcoming. I went ashore with him to get the water.



Derryinver







### ***The Twelve Pins***

Seen from Derryinver, Ballynakill

This has to be the best anchorage in Europe - incredibly beautiful, remote, and secure. And we were the only visiting yacht.

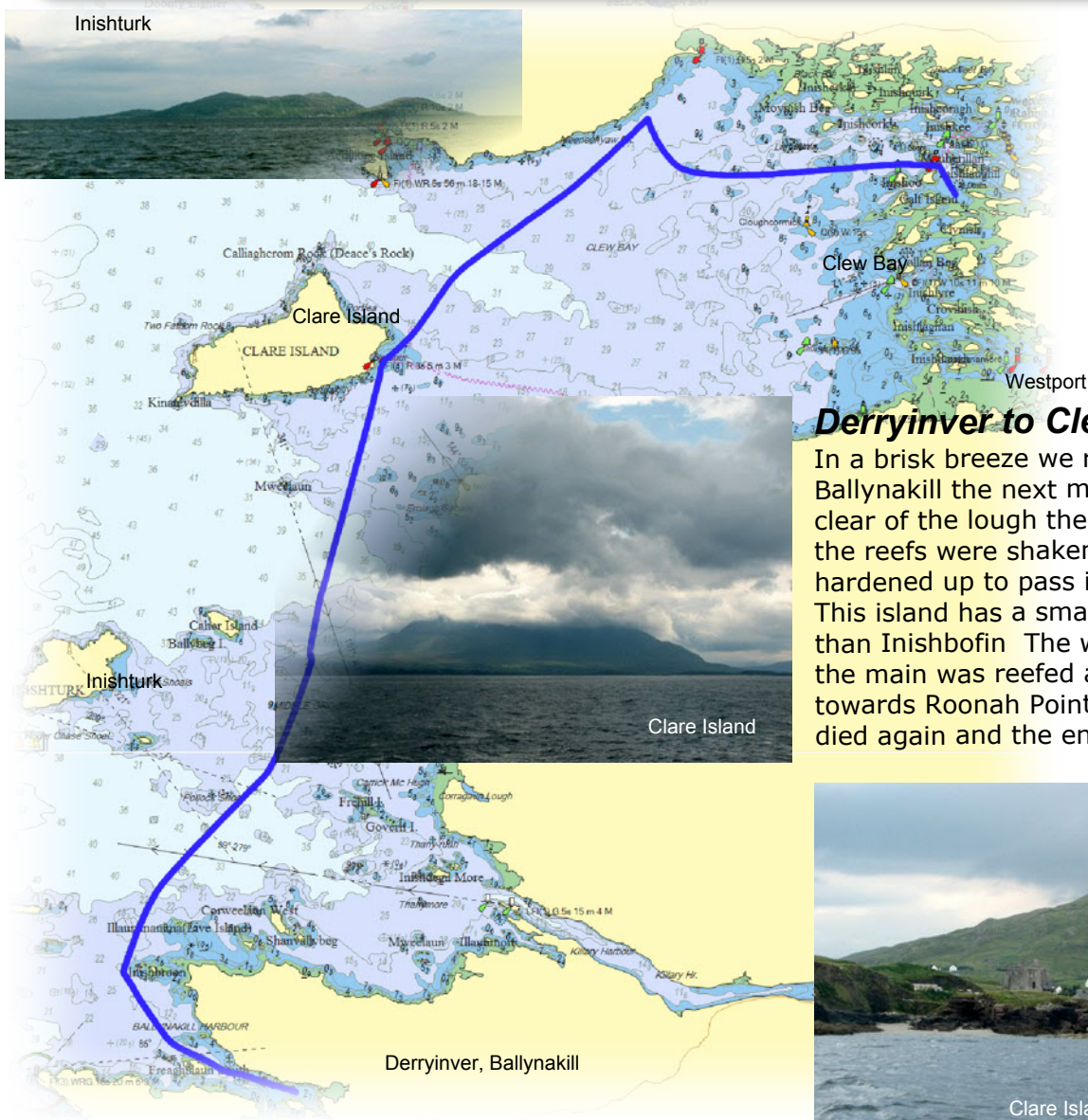








Inishturk



### Derryinver to Clew Bay

In a brisk breeze we ran clear of Ballynakill the next morning. Once clear of the lough the wind faded and the reefs were shaken out as we hardened up to pass inside Inishturk. This island has a smaller population than Inishbofin. The wind freshened so the main was reefed again as we sped towards Roonah Point where the wind died again and the engine had to go on.



Clare Island, Granuaile's Castle

Grace O'Malley's Castle  
(Granuaile's Castle)

We motored towards Clare Island, which had been one of the principal objectives of our entire cruise. Under a large cloud cap it looked quite ominous.

As we got closer the wind freshened to a brisk force five, blowing straight into the tiny Harbour. Reluctantly we decided that staying there would not be comfortable, but we furled the Genoa and sailed slowly along the coast getting an excellent view of Grace O'Malley's castle. In Elizabethan Times Grace O'Malley otherwise known as Granuaile had controlled much of the



Achill Head



west coast of Ireland through sheer piracy and owned several castles.

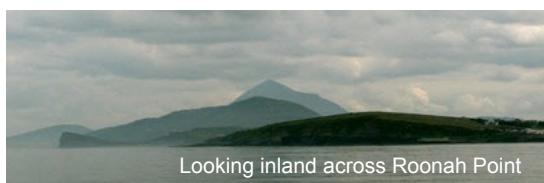
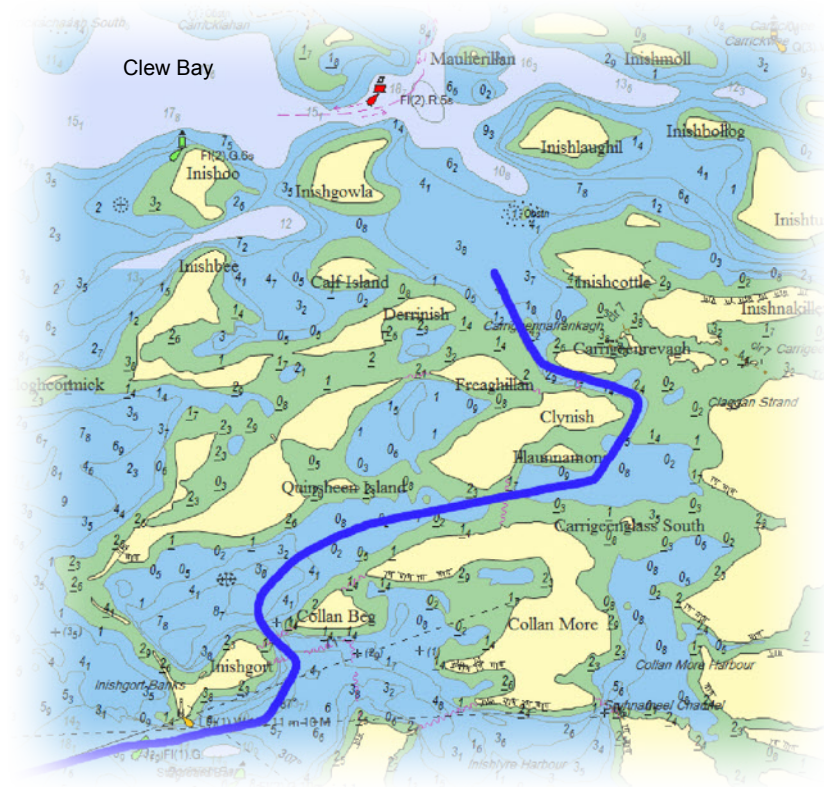
Reefed again, we hardened up on the starboard tack with the wind almost due east. To the north of us we could see Achill Head. Our tack took us fairly close to Achillbeg light, which must be one of the most incredibly remote anywhere.

Eventually we were headed and had to put in a clearing tack, but the wind rapidly shifted into the northeast and our course took a huge handrail that led us almost into the entry point into the islands of Clew Bay. It was this jumble of islands on the chart that had attracted me, and this was the ultimate goal of our cruise. We had made it!

Unfortunately the cloud was low, but this did not matter. This was a strange peaceful remote anchorage.

### **Clew Bay to Salruck**

The next morning we worked our way slowly through the meandering channels until we emerged near Westport and turned back out to sea. We passed the tiny lighthouse of Inishport.



Recent forecasts had indicated the possibility of fog and the visibility was certainly suspect as we motored across Clew Bay back towards Clare Island.

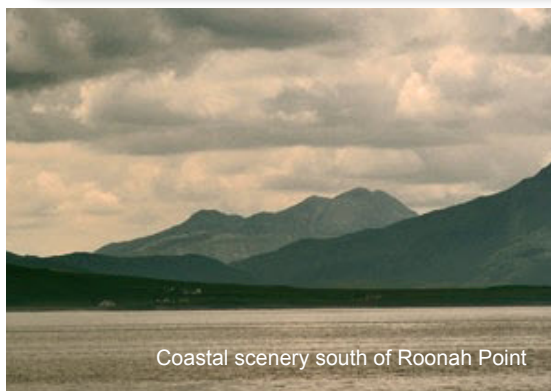
Rounding Roonah Point we were careful to avoid the dangerous Black Rocks.







Salruck



Coastal scenery south of Roonah Point

The visibility was improving and the coastal scenery was amazing.

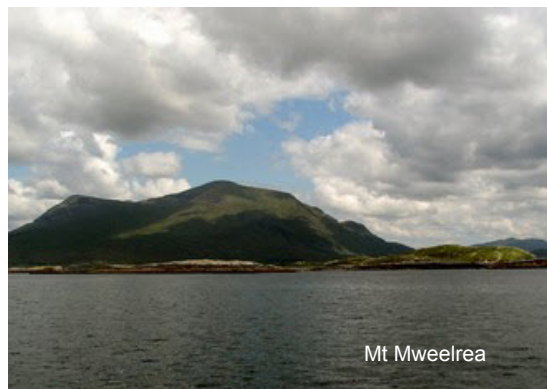
Eventually the breeze filled in, and we were able to beat gently down the coast in a gentle south easterly wind..

Mount Mweelrea, the tallest in Connaught came abeam as we started to look for the leading marks into Lough Killary.

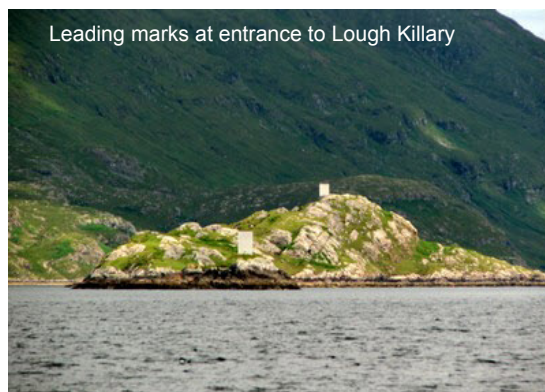
We crossed the entrance to Lough Killary, passing the leading marks that can be seen easily four miles out, and motored into peaceful anchorage of Salruck.



The pilot book tells you to anchor when you can see the kitchen door of the white house in the trees



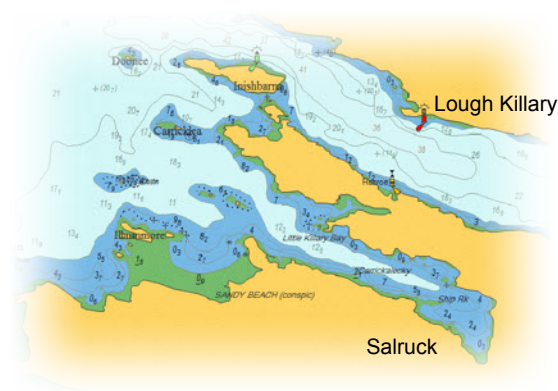
Mt Mweelrea



Leading marks at entrance to Lough Killary



Salruck



Salruck

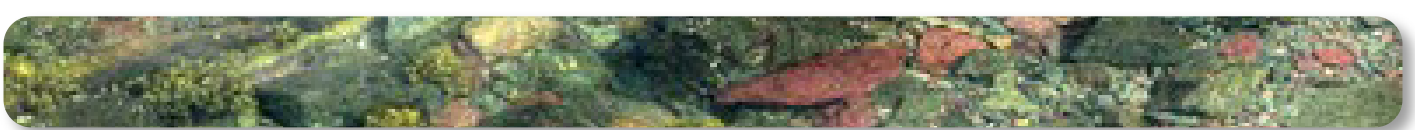


Salruck



Ariadne almost on the anchoring mark



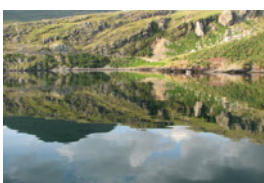
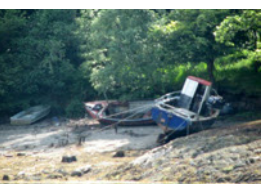


## Salruck

We had a peaceful afternoon in this glorious anchorage.

It was hot and sunny. I went ashore for a while to get some more interesting pictures.

The cockpit table came out for a late lunch, and stayed out till the evening.



On the far side of the harbour we could see a bunch of climbers practising on an interesting looking rock wall(below).






## A photograph showing a large, dark, and rugged mountain range, likely the Fannings Mountains, under a sky filled with heavy, grey clouds. In the foreground, there is a calm body of water, possibly a lake or a wide river. The overall scene is somewhat somber due to the overcast weather.

On the following day, the forecast was for force 5 to 7, increasing gale 8 from the northwest. It was going to blow for a couple of days, so we wanted to get to Inishbofin, less than 20 miles away. With 2 reefs we set off, piloting carefully through the rocky outcrops, including O'Malleys breaker which never quite shows above water. The Lough Killary leading marks were very useful.

through the rocky outcrops including O'Malleys breaker which never quite shows above water. The Lough Killary leading marks were very useful.

There was another yacht reaching fast in the opposite direction.

Despite the forecast, the wind dropped as we approach Inishbofin, but there was a nasty slop on the sea, so we had to motor for the last hour.



A rough approach to Inishbofin

Ariadne reaching fast



three days we intended to be at 'Bofin while a period of bad weather went through. It was tucked away in a quiet corner of the harbour, and turned out to be a very comfortable spot.







Clifden Bay

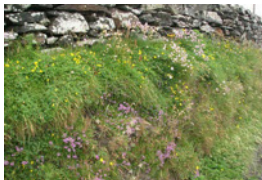
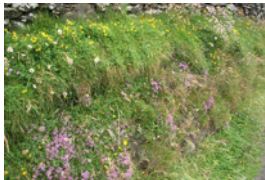


New hotel



The end of June was coming, and it looked as though the spell of fine weather was coming to an end.

The next day, the 29<sup>th</sup> June, it blew hard, and we went ashore to the new hotel for a lobster. It was good. In this wild spot we were surprised to find lilies growing in the



Dairne visiting the shop

shelter of a cottage wall.

Then, although the wind dropped a bit, the weather was grey and wet, so we stayed put.

Dairne went ashore to the island shop. This little hut is the only shop on the island, but if you know your way around you can find cottages that sell different things. I had found out where to buy crabmeat, and we were given a large Pollock by one of the local fishermen. Walking along the coast road, there were good views across to High Island



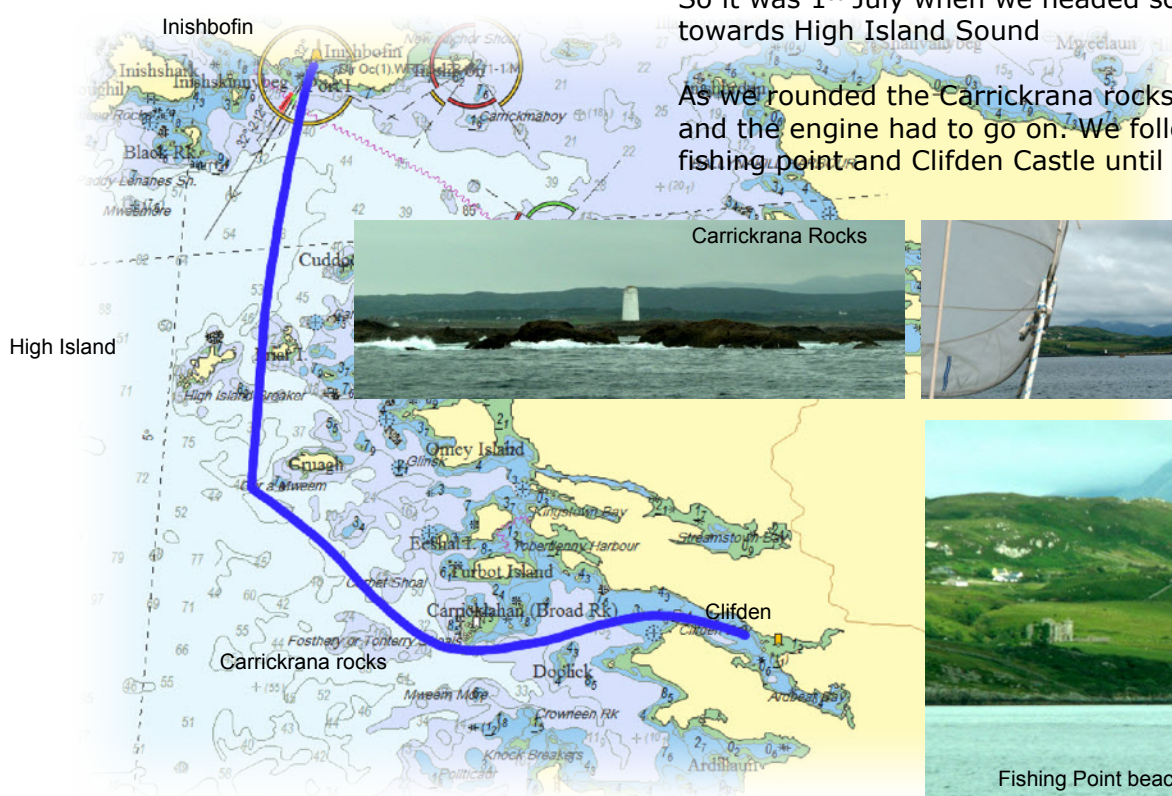
High Island seen from Inishbofin

## Inishbofin to Clifden

So it was 1<sup>st</sup> July when we headed south, sailing gently towards High Island Sound

As we rounded the Carrickrana rocks when the wind died and the engine had to go on. We followed the transit of fishing point and Clifden Castle until we rounded Fishing

Point into Clifden Bay where we picked up a visitors buoy.



Carrickrana Rocks



Fishing Point beacon and Clifden Castle





Clifden Castle

## Clifden

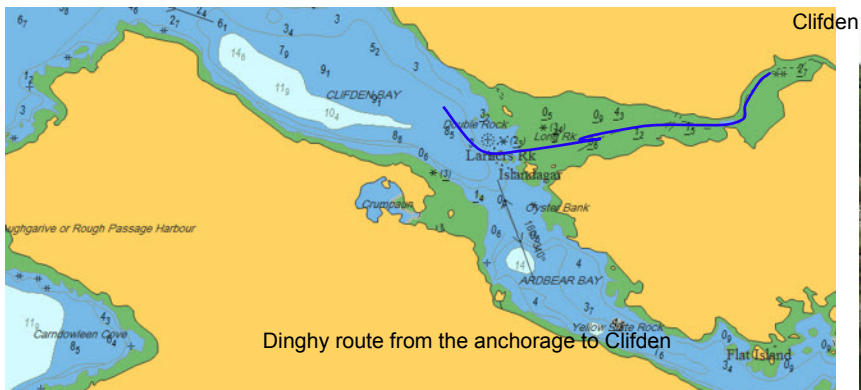
The Clifden YC was welcoming. It seems they have very few visitors, Clifden being a bit of a diversion off the route from Aran to Inishbofin. This is a pity because it is a very secure anchorage, and it is an interesting dinghy trip up to Clifden town, which has all facilities, and where we enjoyed a good meal ashore. It also has a good supermarket, which enabled us to restock.

As we got back to *Ariadne*, it started to rain. It poured all afternoon.



Clifden Yacht Club

So after 2 nights at Clifden, we were facing a forecast of SE going SW 3-4 increasing 5, possibly 6; and further deterioration after that.



Dinghy route from the anchorage to Clifden



Clifden

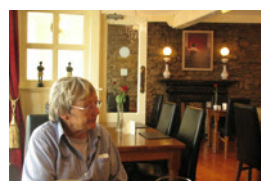


Clifden

If we stayed further at Clifden, we could be stuck there a week, so we opted to make an early start the next morning towards Inishmore in the Aran Islands.



Clifden







Slyne Head

## Joyce's Pass

With the wind in the SW, we had flat water, so opted to go through Joyce's pass, which would save an hour, and help us to get to Aran before the wind freshened and started to kick up a sea.

Using the plotter, we felt our way slowly to Joyce's Pass, a narrow gap thorough Slyne Head, about 1 1/2 miles in from the tip.

Having found the transit, we worked our way through the 25 metre gap, then turned hard to starboard, and back out to open sea.

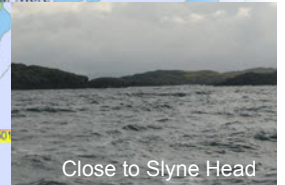
Gradually we worked our way inside the group of rocky islets known as Doolick and Doonguddle.



Fishing Point



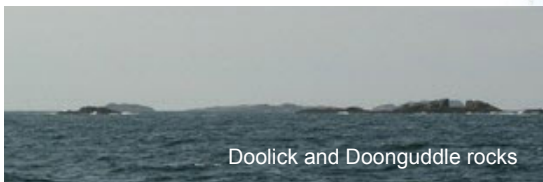
Looking back at Joyce's Pass- hard to spot!



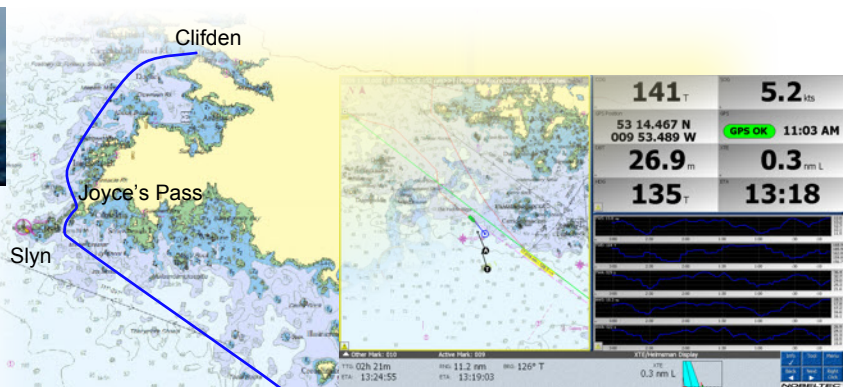
Close to Slyne Head



Slyne Head



Doolick and Doonguddle rocks



Although it was close hauled most of the way, we had a sparkling sail from Slyne Head to Aran, with the wind veering and freeing as we approached Inishmore. The seas dropped as we came under the lee of Aran



Inishmore, Aran





Kilronan

Ariadne at Kilronan



## Kilronan, Inishmore (Aran Islands)

By early afternoon we were on a buoy at Kilronan, the main harbour on Inishmore. The wind freshened steadily, and it blew very hard overnight and all the next day.

Despite the weather, the business of the port went on, including a rather curious freight ferry, lots of passenger ferries, and Aer Aran plodding back and forth.



There were two other English boats there, and as the wind died we visited *Jennie B* an Island Packet, and the crew of *Annis* called aboard after their shopping trip ashore. Both boats were northbound.



Jennie B



Annis and Jennie B

Jennie B heading north



Annis heading

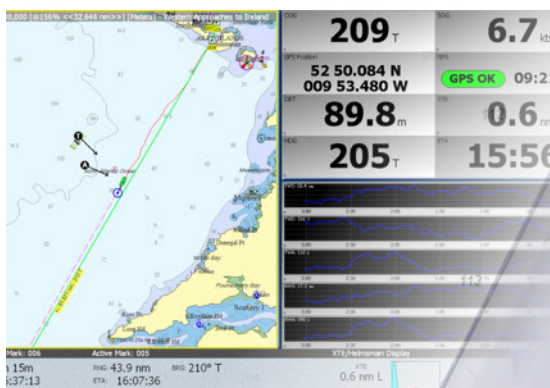
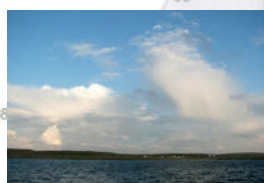
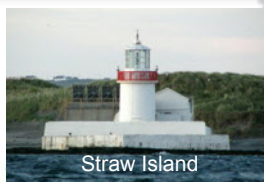
The following day was suitable for the northbound boats, so we watched them depart, but we opted to wait one day more for the seas to subside before tackling the 80 mile leg back to Dingle.

During the late morning there was a commotion on the beach with dozens of children going into the sea in supervised groups. It seems that each June, for 2 weeks, there are organised swimming lessons for all the children on the island. It looked very cold!



Swimming lesson





## Kilronan to Dingle

The 7th July offered a weather window. Inevitably there would be some swell, and this would be difficult for Dairne, but it was probably the best opportunity we would have for several days. So at first light, we were away, with the wind at WNW 4. We made our way past Straw Island and through Gregory Sound. The sky threatened gusty weather, so we tucked in a reef at 0800.

We were going well, but the seas meant Dairne had to stay below, and lie down. The motion was too violent for her to

get into the cockpit, and she was not happy down below. Stugeron and sleep were the prescription.

We were cracking along as the Nobeltec display above shows. Most of the day, we were travelling at over 6 kts.

At midday, we were 7 miles west of Loop Head at the Shannon entrance, but the waves were such that we saw it only occasionally.

By early afternoon we could see Loop Head, Kerry Head, on the S Bank of the Shannon, and Great Blasket. A cloud capped Mount Brandon slowly emerged from the sea

2.5m swell obscuring coast

Occasional glimpse of Loop Head

Mt Brandon

Picture John Barker

Little Samphire I

Mt Brandon and Three Sisters





Three Sisters



Monitor working hard

This was fast sailing, but the seas were still about 2m. The Monitor wind vane was working hard, but coping well with a quarring sea.

The tide turned against us, and seas got rougher for a while, but the wind eased. So to maintain speed, the reef was shaken out.

Gradually, Mount Brandon and the Three Sisters, key headlands on the Dingle peninsular emerged out of the sea.

Smerwick Harbour looked uninviting with the wind and swell working in there.

By 1630, we were approaching Sybil Point at the north end of Blasket Sound, By now the adverse tide was slackening, but the waves steepened until we were well into the Sound.



Last sight of N coast of Dingle peninsular



Mt Brandon seen over the swell



Ariadne



Smerwick Harbour



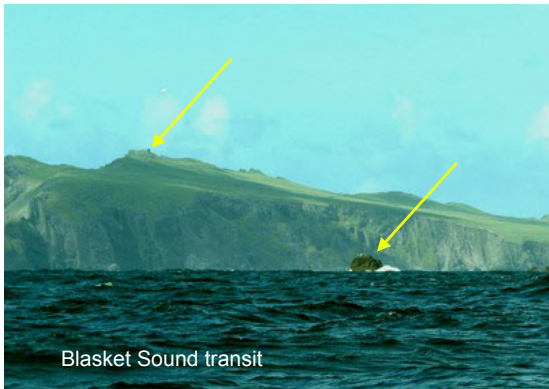
Sybil Point

A long stern transit guides through the sound (see bottom left), and we gradually eased on to this line.



Clogher Rocks

Within a few minutes, the sea flattened.



Blasket Sound transit



Sybil Point and Clogher Head





Dingle daymark



Crow rocks show at Low Water



Fungie



Lure Rock

Once through Blasket Sound and past the ominously named Lure Rock, we headed past Slea Head towards Dingle.

The daymark is mounted at the top of a most impressive cliff

Anyone approaching Dingle close to the coast has to keep a good lookout for Crow Rock.

I had the camera running as we entered Dingle, and suddenly Fungie breached right alongside. We felt welcome.

By 1945 we were alongside in Dingle marina, the first time we had been on a berth, and had direct access to water and electricity since we left Dingle two and a half weeks earlier.

Dingle still evening after a wild sail







Looking out from Sneem moorings

We had covered 81 miles in 14 hours at an average speed of just below six knots.

We needed at least one clear day to recover from the vigorous passage from Inishmore, but it gave us the opportunity to restock, and once again to visit the excellent fresh fish shop that we had found near the marina.

I was puzzled by the weather patterns, and sent a text message to my sister who is a BBC weather presenter. She consulted the experts and they advised that the Jetstream was still about, and likely to be over the entrance to the channel by the weekend with very strong winds. This gave us the clue. We had previously spent 10 days in Dingle, so we decided that we would move on to the Kenmare River and find places to hide if necessary.

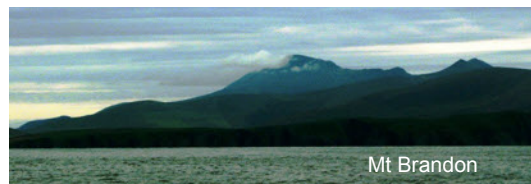
The weather forecasts were already indicating deterioration of the short settled spell.

Dingle

## Dingle to Sneem

By 6.00 we were on our way motoring clear of Dingle, with a brief farewell from Fungie. With a very light northerly breeze we motor sailed past Bray Head.

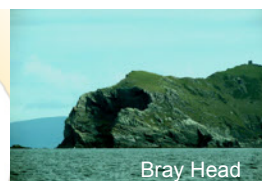
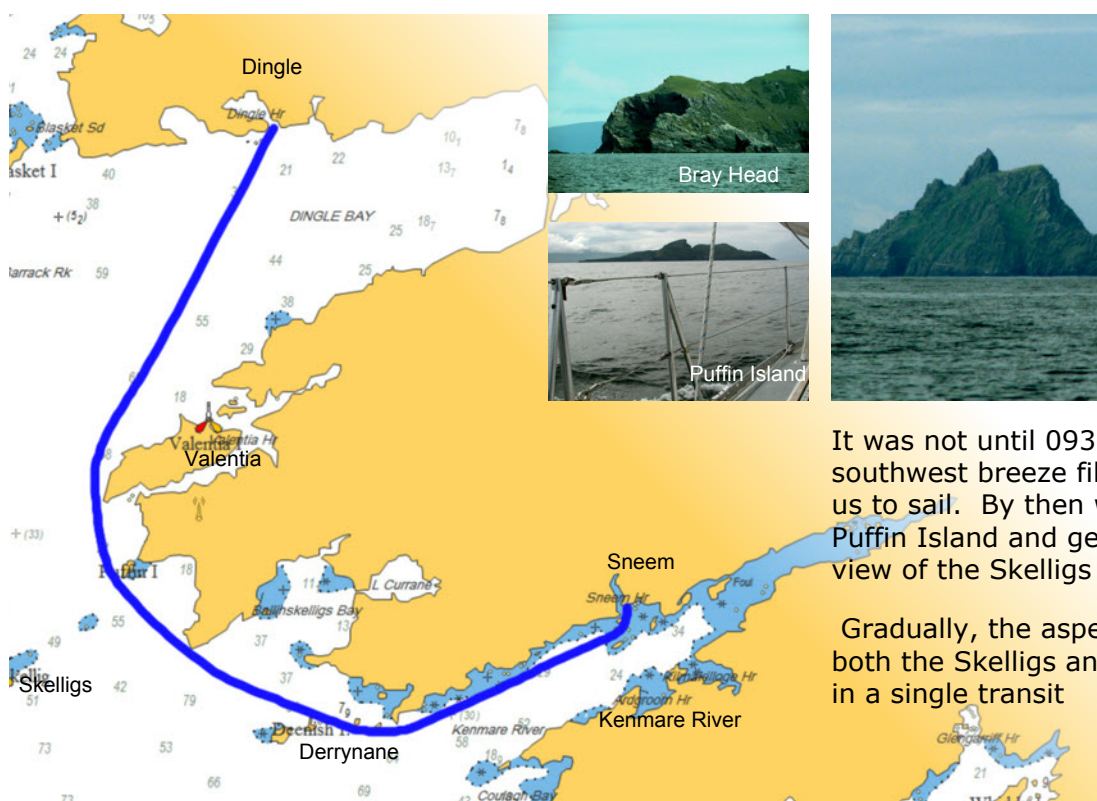
Looking back, we could see Mount Brandon unusually clear of cloud, and we also got a last view of the Blaskets.



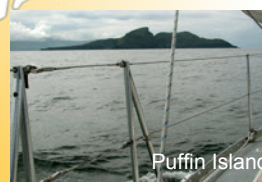
Mt Brandon



Blasket Islands



Bray Head



Puffin Island



The Skelligs

It was not until 0930 that a light west southwest breeze filled in and enabled us to sail. By then we were passing Puffin Island and getting a very good view of the Skelligs out to sea.

Gradually, the aspects changed until both the Skelligs and Lemon Rock were in a single transit





Sneem



Skelligs and Lemon Rock in transit

By mid morning the wind had faded and we motored gently past Derrynane and into the Kenmare River. We were able to pole out the Genoa and drift gently up the river until we reached Sneem where we picked up a visitor's buoy.

On our last visit to Sneem, we had sat out a gale and watched the rain battering down on the cabin roof. It looked like it was going to be the same again. However, the

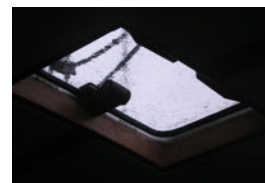
wind was due to freshen from the south east and veer through southwest, making Sneem rather exposed so the next afternoon we proceeded further up river under Genoa only with a view to sheltering among the islands at Duncarron



Running up Kenmare River



Sneem



As we approached Duncarron, it was clear that the harbour would be quite exposed, so after a brief examination we crossed to the other side of the river and anchored behind Dinish Island.



Dinish Island



Ariadne in the Dinish anchorage

The anchor chain was so badly tangled in the chain locker that it took us nearly an hour to clear the mess.

This anchorage barely rates a mention in any of the pilot books. It is well sheltered from northeast through south to west, and has good holding. Moreover there is now an activity centre, with restaurant and a fish factory that sells retail.



Dinish Island activity centre





Activity Centre

Dinish Island



Dinish Island

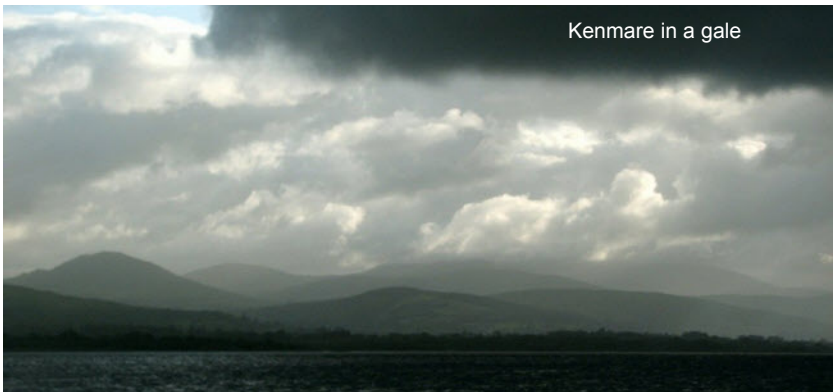


Out in the river, the water was white, but we remained protected.

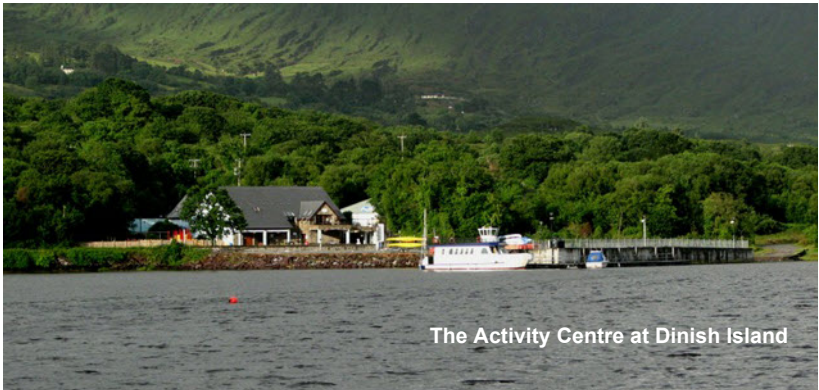


### Dinish Island

Next day, the 11th of July, gales were forecast and it rained hard all day. In the evening the wind started to veer and we were a little less protected but it was still a comfortable anchorage.



Kenmare in a gale

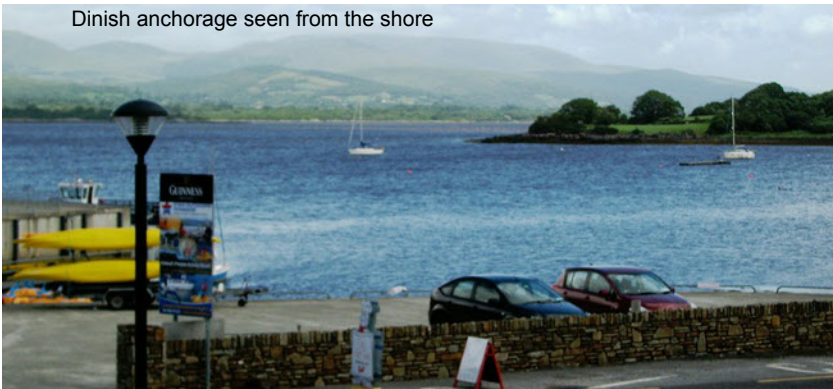


The Activity Centre at Dinish Island

On the 12th the forecast was for southwest 5 to 6 going southwest to South 4 to 6 and then backing to southeast overnight. We went ashore to Dons restaurant for lunch. .



Don's restaurant



Dinish anchorage seen from the shore





Duncarron



Duncarron

## ***Duncarron***

We motored back to Duncarron in the afternoon, but found we couldn't get sufficiently under the Lee of the island's so returned to the Dinish anchorage for the night.



Duncarron



Duncarron

## ***Back down river to Ardgroom***

A short weather window appeared, so we decided to go back down the river during the morning, with the intention of going to Ardgroom which we had not visited before.

As we proceeded down river, the wind became very gusty, so we diverted back into Sneem for the night. It was next morning before we motored across the river into the little harbour at Ardgroom.

The approach involves using very long transits among the fish farms, and is quite tricky. But it was well worth it. We spent two nights in Ardgroom while the rain fell and the wind blew.



Sneem



Looking inland from Sneem on a wild day

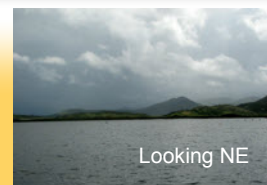
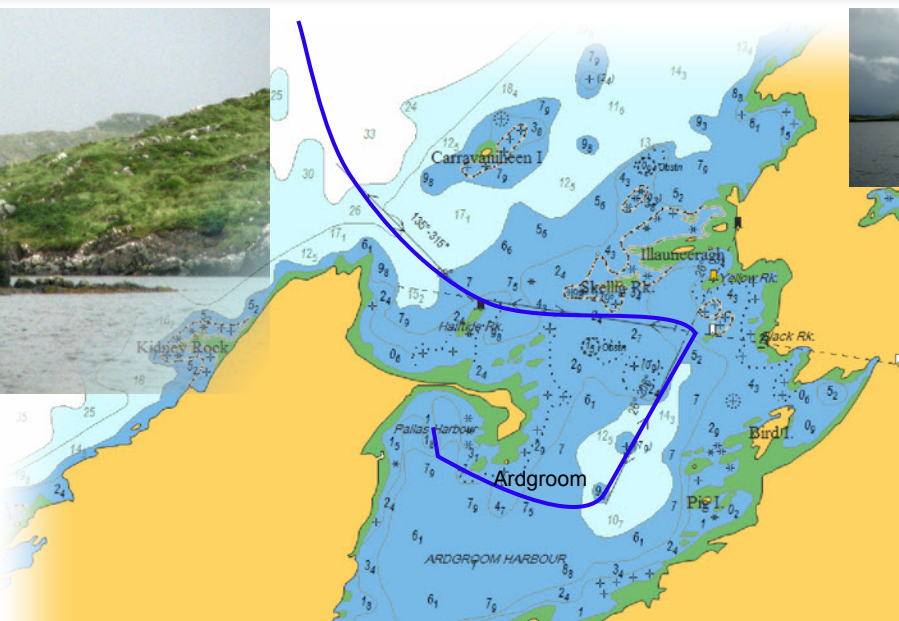


Ardgroom leading marks





The second leading line



Looking NE

## Ardgroom

Within the harbour there is plenty of shelter to the west and south, but a low spit to the north provides some protection while allowing a full view across the river.



Ardgroom anchorage



Mussel ropes

I had a brief walk ashore and found the lanes full of flowers.

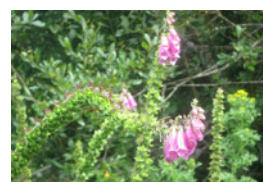
We sat out one very wet and windy day during which we saw waterfalls cascading down the hills just as they do in New Zealand fjordland



Ariadne in Ardgroom



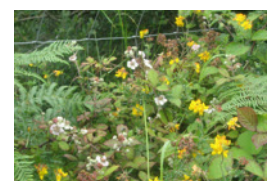
Retired hooker



Waterfalls at Ardgroom



Views from ashore







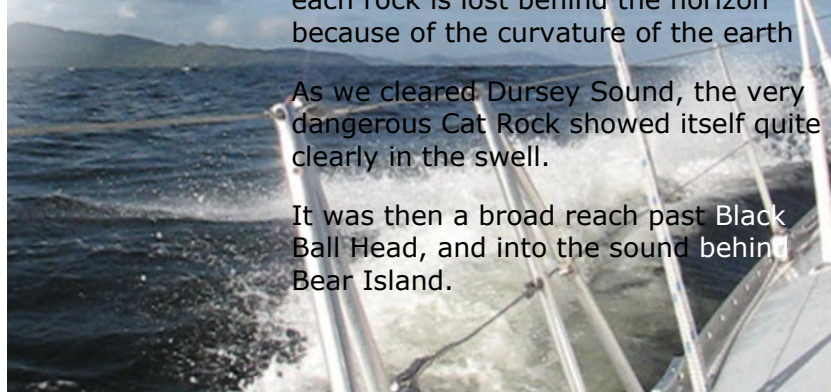
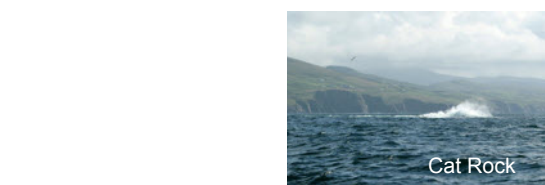
## Ardgroom to Lawrence Cove

We were now halfway through July, and more severe weather was expected within a few days. So before 7.00 we weighed anchor and started motoring down the Kenmare.

Not for the first time, the fluxgate compass failed so we had to rely on the windvane steering even while motoring. Fortunately after motor sailing on the port tack for a while, we were able to lay a course that would clear the intervening headland before we dropped down to Dursey Sound. The photos of Bull Rock and the Cow on the left were taken at a range of 5 miles, and it is almost possible to see that the foot of each rock is lost behind the horizon because of the curvature of the earth.

As we cleared Dursey Sound, the very dangerous Cat Rock showed itself quite clearly in the swell.

It was then a broad reach past Black Ball Head, and into the sound behind Bear Island.

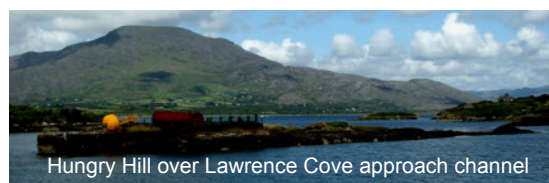
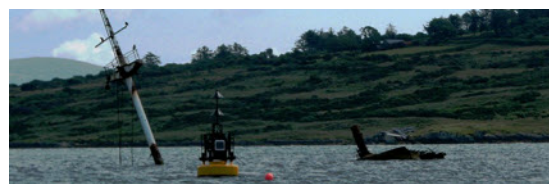
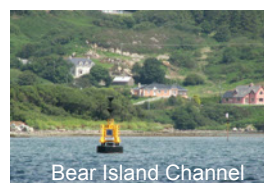
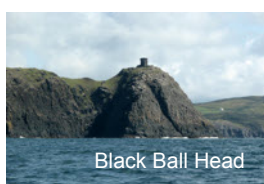


The number of fishing boats apparently laid up in Castletown Bearhaven was a sobering sign of the times.

Fergal was brought on deck to see Bear Island. Well, why not?

The Sound is well marked, including a wreck that does not seem to have deteriorated since we were here in 2003.

Hungry Hill is a major landmark that we could see as we turned into Lawrence Cove on Bear Island.







Lawrence Cove marina

## Lawrence Cove

That evening we took there dinghy across to the village where we had a very pleasant meal at the Catapilla restaurant, now run by a Brit called David Andrews who has taken it over for the summer months from Kitty.

Disposal of rubbish has become a desperate problem for cruising yachts in Ireland, and to be able to dispose of a large black sack of rubbish for 10 Euro's seemed like quite a good deal. Apparently the Irish government has really ramped up the price without making provision for itinerant visitors such as yachtsman.



Lawrence Cove marina



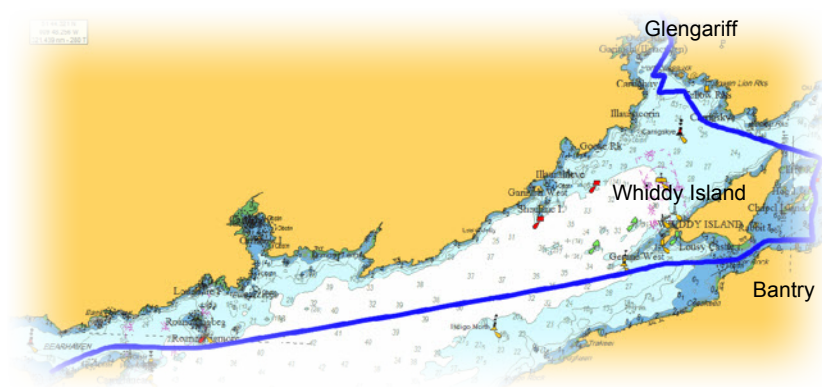
Catapilla, the restaurant  
now run by  
David Andrews



Lawrence Cove marina



Hungry Hill



Roanncarrigmore



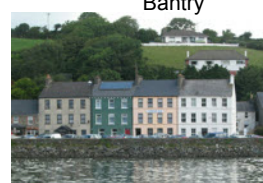
Bantry



Ariadne anchored off Bantry



Bantry



The next morning dawned bright and clear with a flat calm, so just before nine we motored away from the marina and headed up Bantry Bay.

The Roanncarrigmore lighthouse is a distinctive feature on the northern shoreline nestled under Hungry Hill.

We tucked in behind Whiddy island. This enabled me to go ashore and do some essential shopping in Bantry Town.





Glengariff

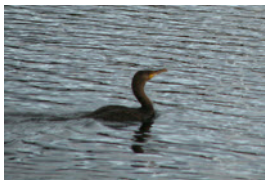
## Bantry

This is a working town not a tourist trap, and I felt it was underrated in the pilot books.

After lunch we motored out of the north end of Bantry Harbour, and we were able to sail once clear of Whiddy Island, and beat almost into Glengariff harbour.



Bantry



## Glengariff

Without question this has to be one of the best yachting harbours in Europe, though not as isolated and lonely as Ballynakill. It is completely protected, in beautiful surroundings.

The following day we sat tight with a forecast north to northwest force 4 to 6 increasing 6 to gale 8, moderating overnight



*Ariadne* on a buoy off Calf Island, Glengariff



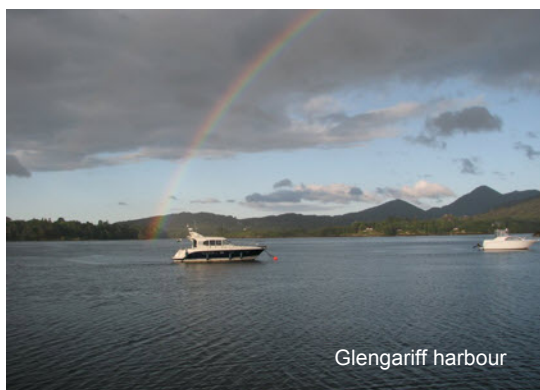
Calf Island



Sugarloaf Mountain



*Ariadne*



Glengariff harbour



Glengariff

The weather dictated that we spend a couple of days in this beautiful spot, during which we made a short foray ashore to get Internet access for weather.

We also invited Dieter Nikolaus from a large American designed cutter called *Vagabundo* on board. He could talk for Denmark! He had just arrived from a transatlantic cruise, and clearly needed to chat to people



Glengariff



*Vagabundo*

There were numerous jellyfish in the harbour



The forecast was N/NW 4/6 ->6/8-> NW 5/7 tonight-> NW 5/6 overnight.

We stayed put!



More moorings since our last visit



Ashore at Glengariff



Calf Island



Glengariff dawn



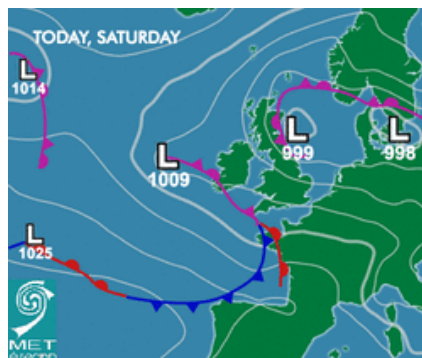
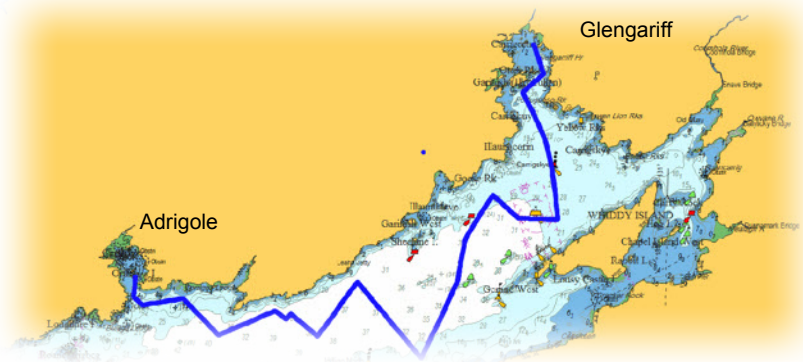
## Glengariff to Adrigole

The northwesterly winds that had helped us work our way down from Dingle had prevented a friend, Roy Dowman, from proceeding further west than Baltimore. Now his time had run out, and he decided to head back towards the Scillies. By text we agreed that the weather did not look too bad.

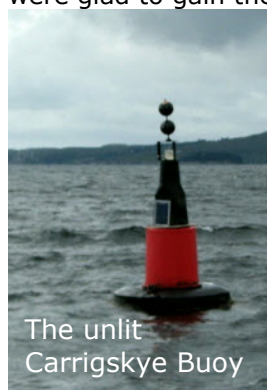
We set off under full sail beating gently down Bantry Bay round a tanker that was just about to leave the single point mooring. It was pleasant sailing.

On our first tack we passed close to the Carrigskye buoy, which we had been told by coastguard, four times a day, was unlit.

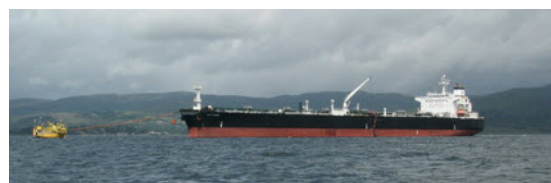
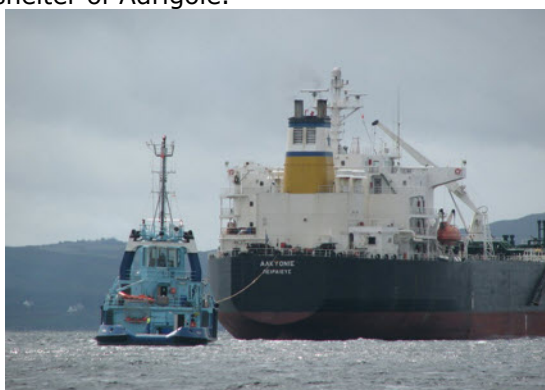
As we came back across the bay the wind veered and freshened. Within 30 minutes we had two reefs in the main and a well rolled Genoa, and 15 minutes later we furled the Genoa completely and motor sailed for about an hour making very little headway against the short steep sea. We were glad to gain the shelter of Adrigole.



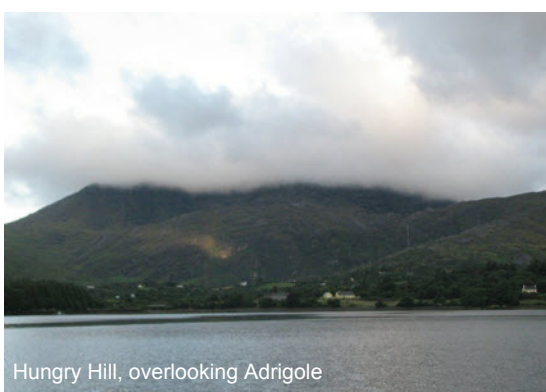
Met Eirann chart for 18th July



The unlit Carrigskye Buoy

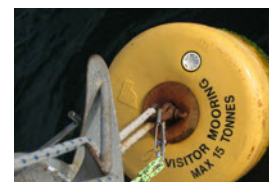


Alkyone preparing to depart



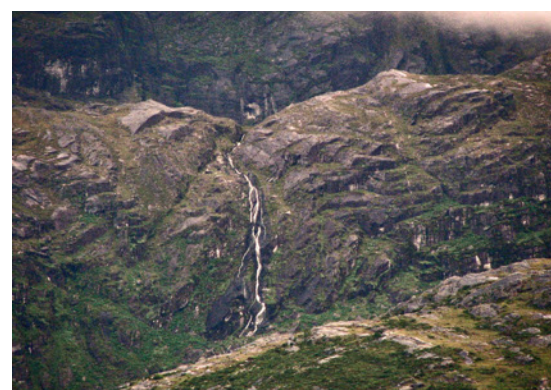
Hungry Hill, overlooking Adrigole

We later learned that Roy had had to heave to on the Labadie bank for 6 hours while the wind had blown at more than 40 knots and quite a nasty sea had built up. What we had both overlooked had been the presence of some troughs that were mentioned in the forecasts, even though there were no fronts.



Hungry Hill

More Kiwi-style waterfalls on Hungry Hill!





## Back to Lawrence Cove

We like Adrigole, but the weather was threatening to be wet and windy. So next morning we sailed gently towards Lawrence Cove In what we thought was the calm before the storm.

After easing out of the harbour past the Roanncarrigmore light, it was a lazy beat in a fickle shifty wind, but who cared in these surroundings?



We just rested in the marina, watching the curious little ferry plod back and forth. Apparently it is a family business, and very profitable because the Irish army uses the island for exercises.

It had been another peaceful day in the marina before setting off the following morning.



Lawrence Cove at low tide



Bear Island ferry



Lawrence Cove marina

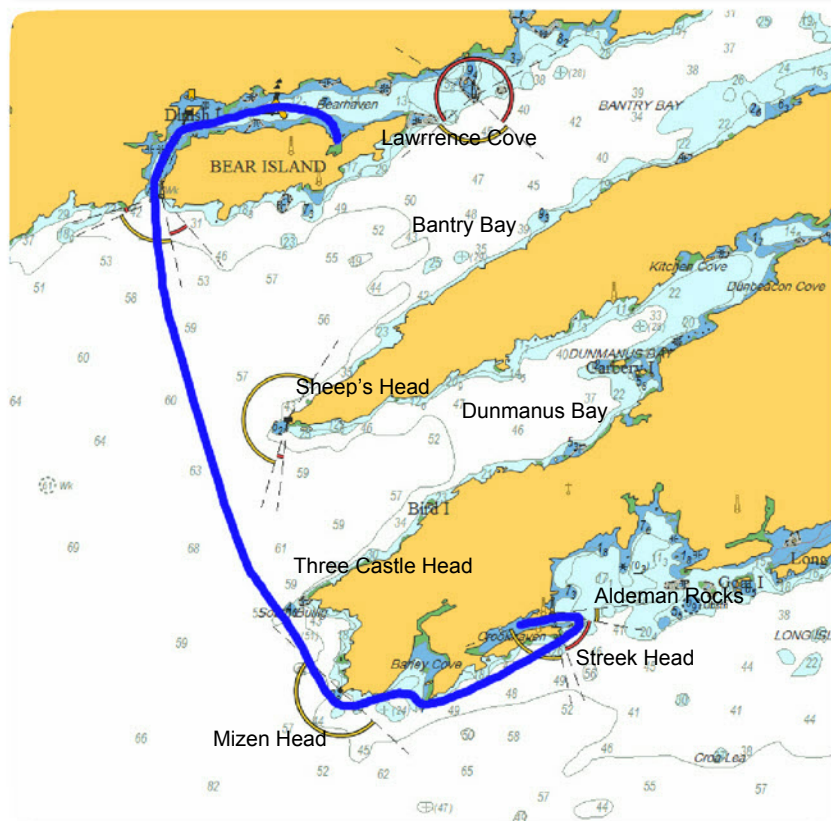






Sheep's Head

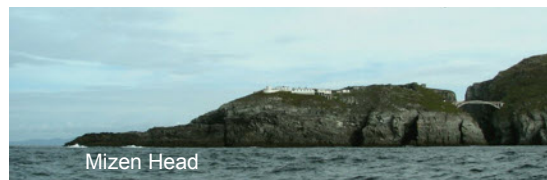
The Fastnet



Dunbuoy Bay

## Round the Mizen

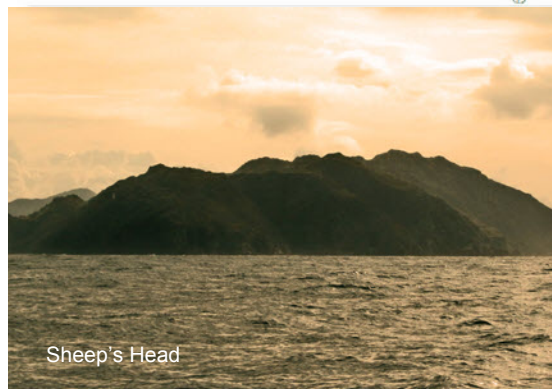
Our course took us back through the Bear Island channel past Dunbuoy Bay. We had hoped to be able to sail, but the west southwest wind was fairly light and



Mizen Head

there was a curious cross sea that shook the wind out of the sails.

We crossed Bantry, past Sheep's Head, and reached towards Three Castle Head.



Sheep's Head

As we reached the Mizen, the tide turned against us and we went very close inshore to keep as much out of the current as possible.

As we headed towards Crookhaven, we could see the Fastnet out to sea.



Crookhaven Light



Fastnet

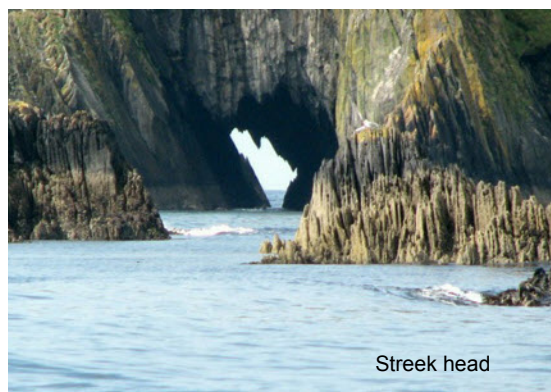


Streak head



Streak head

Carefully we rounded Streak Head and the Aldermen rocks and passed the Black Horse beacon before passing Crookhaven light and the strange towers that guard the entrance is to this harbour.



Streak head



Black Horse Beacon



Cariacou





## Crookhaven

A large depression was due to move up the west coast of Ireland and we were expected to get a south easterly gale overnight as it moved in. With this in mind we anchored behind

Rock island to try and get some protection in case the wind blew straight into the harbour.

That night the predicted gale just did not happen.

The following day we were expecting a blow, and the wind was certainly fresh. The burger van on the quay was the "Rustler Char Grill" - we had an amusing chat with the English owner who took over the business several years ago.

We had a good meal ashore in one of the pubs. An interesting Canadian couple came on board. They keep their boat in Europe.

During the day the wind went round into the southwest and freshened until it was blowing force 7 overnight. We were now anchored in the

wrong part of the Harbour, and I stood anchor watch from 0400







## Crookhaven to Schull

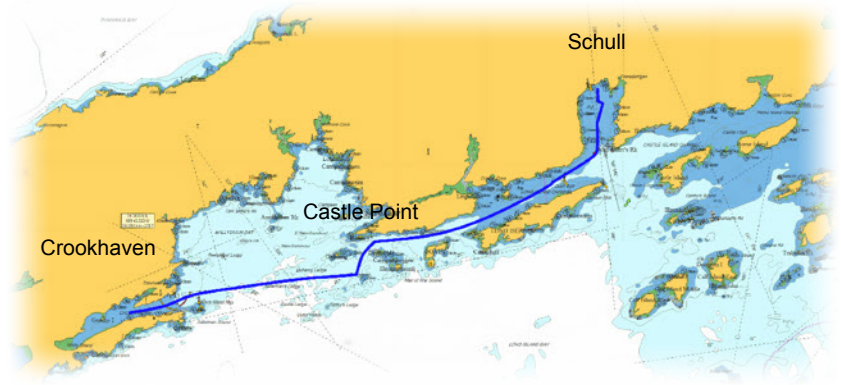
Although the weather was well into an uncertain patch, it looked as though a period of westerly winds would allow us to explore the little harbours of Roaring Water Bay. This would mean relatively short passages, but tricky pilotage through rocky areas.

Our first short passage would be to Schull. There was a brisk breeze blowing and it would be a run, so we set the main and left the Genoa rolled. There was a gentle swell outside as we ran quite quickly towards Castle Point.

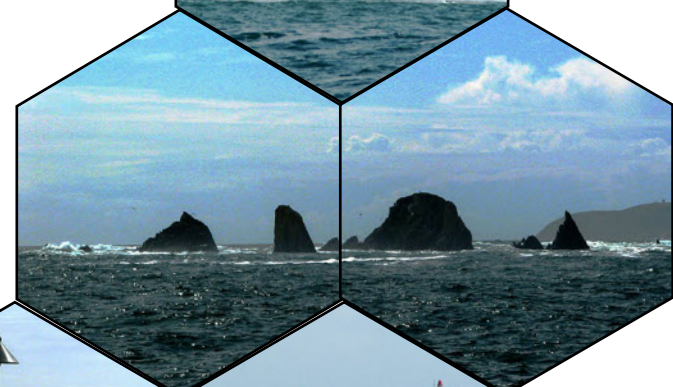
Rather than go through Barrel Sound, I opted to go between Barrel rocks and Dromadda. With a residual swell from the day before, the rocks with a white surf fringe looked very threatening. At least the castle gave us a very easy visual fix.

We had to gybe a couple of times before running past Goat Island into the Long Island channel. Looking behind us the Dromadda rocks which we had passed quite close looked like teeth

Once into the Long Island channel, the swell disappeared and it became gentle sailing. Shortly after passing the Cush buoy, we found Copper Point, the northeastern tip of Long Island abeam. We then turned into Schull Harbour, passing the Bull Rock beacon.



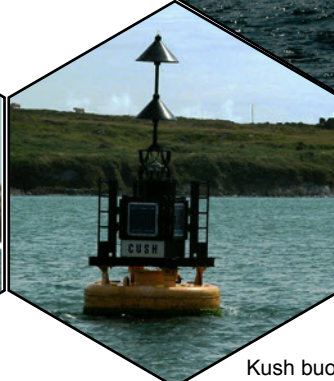
Castle Point



Dromadda Rocks



Goat Island



Kush buoy



Copper Point





Ariadne on a mooring at Schull



## Schull

I went ashore to top up on stores, and to see whether we could buy some fish or shellfish. I succeeded in every respect, returning to the boat with all necessary stores, some beautiful monkfish and a kilo of fresh mussels.

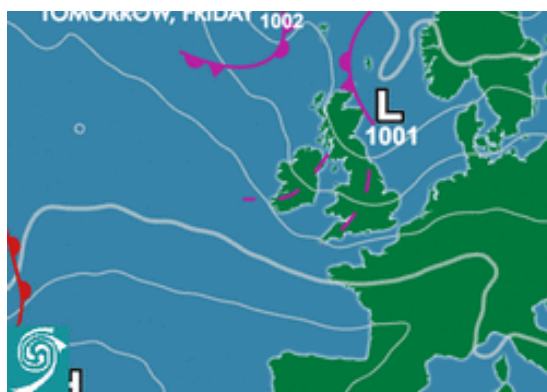
Next morning (23rd July) Dairne came ashore with me because I had found where we could buy lobster at a very reasonable price. It was the first time either of us had eaten lobster on a paper plate with a plastic fork.

I also went to an Internet cafe and studied the weather maps. The picture was not good. Looking three days ahead, the weather was clearly set to deteriorate. Thereafter right up to 10 days, vigorous weather systems would be in evidence.



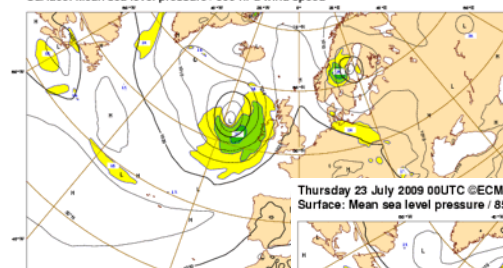
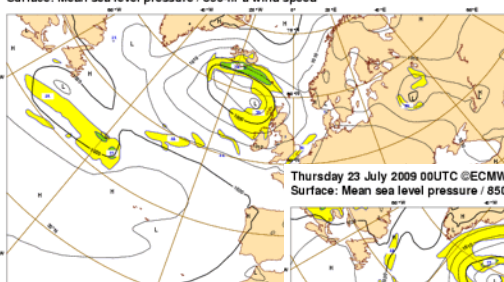
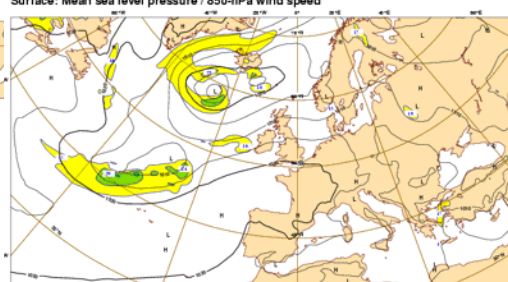
The quay at Schull

Met Eirann chart for 24th July



These charts from the European Centre for Medium Range Forecasting cover days 3-10 ahead. Yellow = F6+, and green even more! Charts for the remaining days were even worse!

There appeared to be a short weather window on 24th July, so we changed our plans and decided that we would attempt to get to the Scillies the next day. Accordingly we returned to the boat, and set off across the bay among the islands with the aim of anchoring in the lee of Sherkin Island to give an easy start early the next morning.

Thursday 23 July 2009 00UTC ©ECMWF Forecast t+072 VT: Sunday 28 July 2009 00UTC  
Surface: Mean sea level pressure / 850-hPa wind speedThursday 23 July 2009 00UTC ©ECMWF Forecast t+096 VT: Monday 27 July 2009 00UTC  
Surface: Mean sea level pressure / 850-hPa wind speedThursday 23 July 2009 00UTC ©ECMWF Forecast t+120 VT: Tuesday 28 July 2009 00UTC  
Surface: Mean sea level pressure / 850-hPa wind speed





## Sherkin Island

This was interesting pilotage, and we had to be particularly careful of the Toorane Rocks, although there was enough swell for them to show clearly.

Eventually we anchored in the lee of Sherkin Island, well placed for an early departure. Across the harbour we could see Baltimore.



Well before six in the morning we were motoring past Lot's Wife and heading out into a lifting sea. But at 0700 Met Eirann gave "west 3 to 4 becoming 4 to 5 in the early morning then southwest 3 to 4 tonight" with the outlook to 0600 on Sunday 25th being "light southerly winds becoming strong to gale during Saturday". As we would reach the Scilly Islands during Saturday, it looked possible we could be approaching in a freshening wind.



It seemed the gale was coming in more quickly than previously forecast. As we did not fancy repeating Roy Dowman's experience, we took a decision to turn back, even though we knew that we would be stuck in Baltimore for several days.



There was a plus side. It gave us a full day to go ashore on Sherkin Island and explore, something we had not done before.







## River Ilen, Oldcourt.

During the course of the day we monitored the weather forecasts and the wave height at M3, the weather buoy southwest of the Mizen Head, reached 6.2 metres!

It was clearly going to blow for at least a couple of days, so we retreated up the river Ilen to an anchorage that was well described in a book called "Cruising Cork And Kerry" that had been given to us by the crew of *Jenny B*.

The wind freshened throughout the night, and it was not particularly comfortable because the wind shifted to come straight up quite a long reach of the river and in wind over tide conditions we were sheering about and snatching at the anchor.

There was nothing to do but sit tight, so I took the opportunity to go through the wind generator wiring to try and discover why it was not working properly. It did eventually start generating, but had to be repaired on our return in the autumn.

Once again, the wind over tide period was very trying, and as this plotter view (left) shows we were sheering about enormously. The plot also shows that at one point we must have dragged.

From the pilot book we learned that there was a boatyard further up the river. I rang Donal O'Donovan who willingly offered us a berth on his pontoon. Gently we worked our way upriver on the top of the tide, and made fast outside an old fishing boat.







Altogether we spend four nights at the Old Court Shipyard, during which I went into Skibereen a couple of times, either with a lift from boatyard staff or using the bus.

On one occasion, I took the dinghy up the river and moored to steps in the middle of Skibereen.

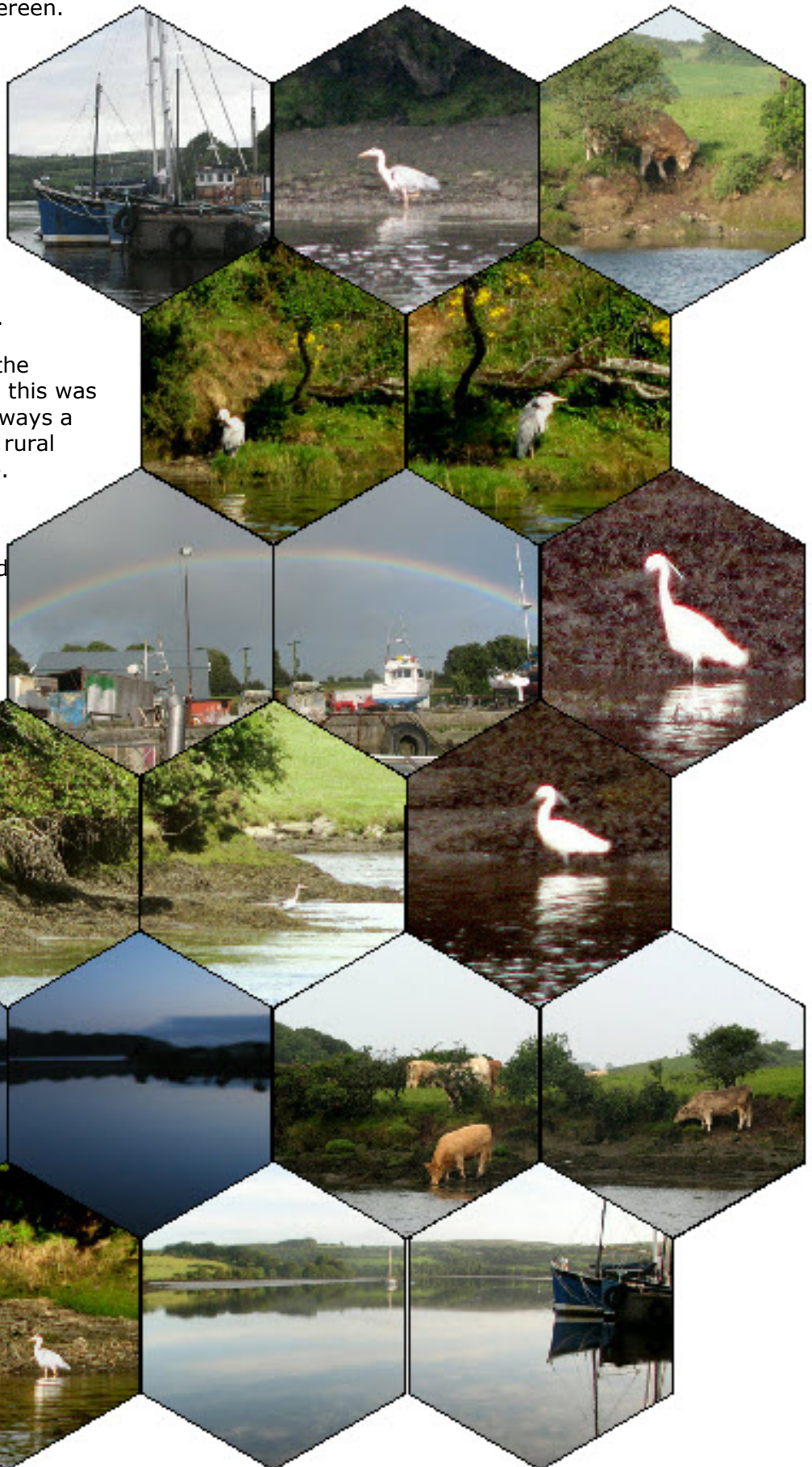
On another occasion, I took a rucksack full of rubbish to what I had been told was a recycling centre. But it did not take general waste, so I had to surreptitiously stuff the bags into bins in the park.



Despite the weather, this was in some ways a pleasant rural interlude.

I noticed that one of the boats hauled out in the yard was one that I had seen earlier in Crookhaven. Diana and Andy had had to end their cruise somewhat early because of a broken forestay fitting. It turns out that they are near neighbours of ours in Southampton.

One evening they came aboard for dinner







## Church Bay, Baltimore

On the 29th of July we decided to move down river into Baltimore in case a weather window developed that would enable us to get the Scillies. We anchored in Church Bay which is almost behind Baltimore and protected from nearly every wind direction.

As we arrived in Baltimore we noticed, *Amica*, a pretty wooden sloop we had last met at the Shiant Islands in the Hebrides in 2005. We arranged to meet later for lunch at Bushe's bar.



For the next two days, it blew hard between south and southwest occasionally exceeding Gale Force. During the first night, as we had very little sea room, I had a second anchor ready and stood anchor watch through the night. The swell out at M3 was reported as being 4.4 metres, down from a reported 6+ metres a day or so earlier.

The next morning I was in the cockpit when I saw a Beneteau drifting towards us. I hailed the boat in case the crew were just asleep, but it was soon evident that there was no one on board and the boat had broken from its mooring. Fortunately, they missed us by 10 metres. The wind had veered, so they missed the rocky shore and ran gently aground on soft mud further up the harbour. I called the coastguard, and within 30 minutes, the harbour rib was alongside the yacht, and had it secured on a mooring.



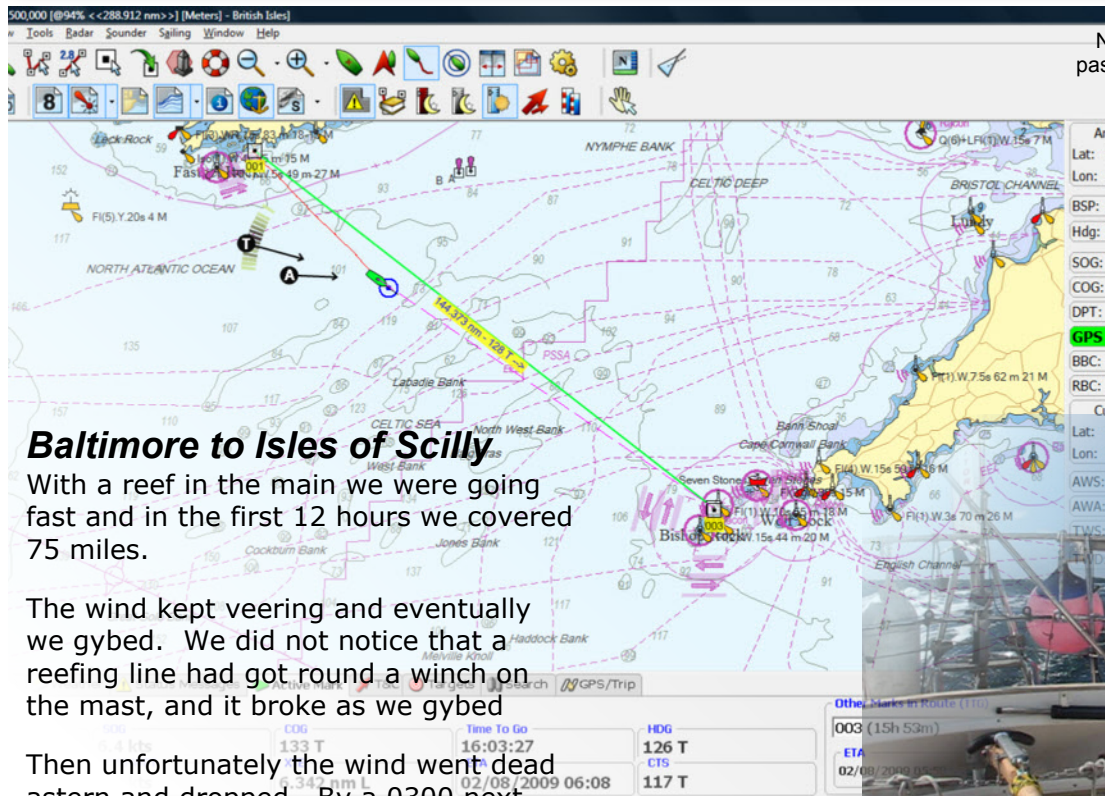
On the 1st of August, the forecast of northwest five or six and moderating looked quite promising so we set off at 0630 and headed for the Scillies.



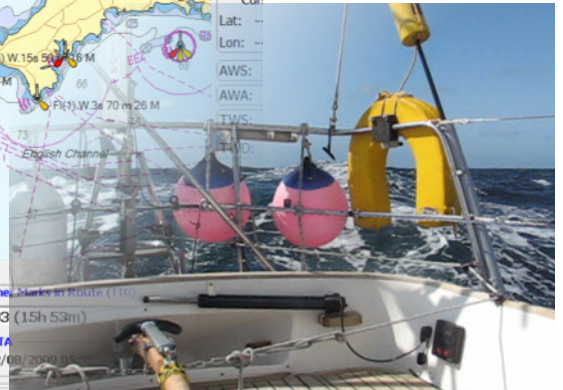
Church Bay







Nobeltec Plot on passage to the Scilly Isles



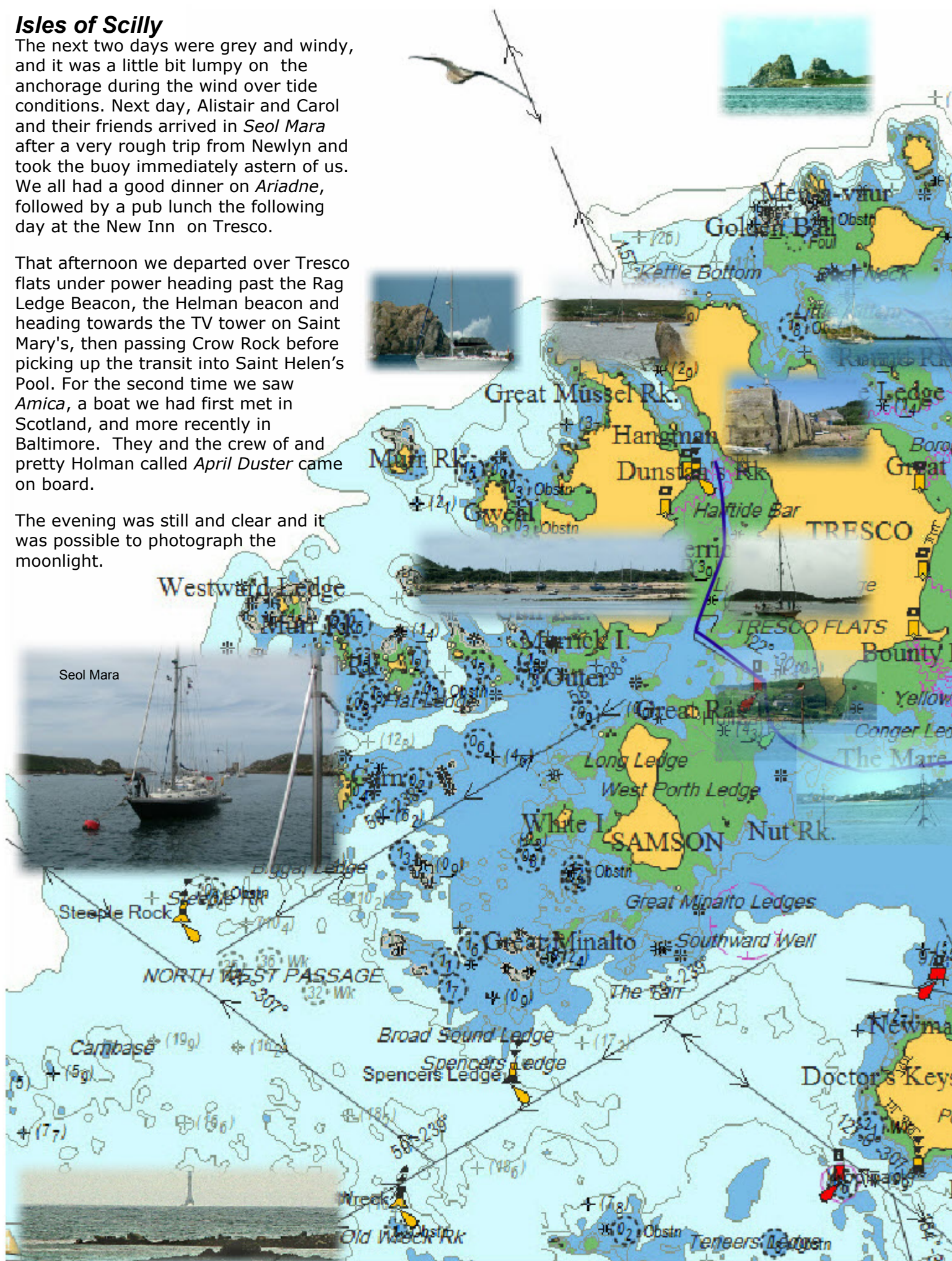


## Isles of Scilly

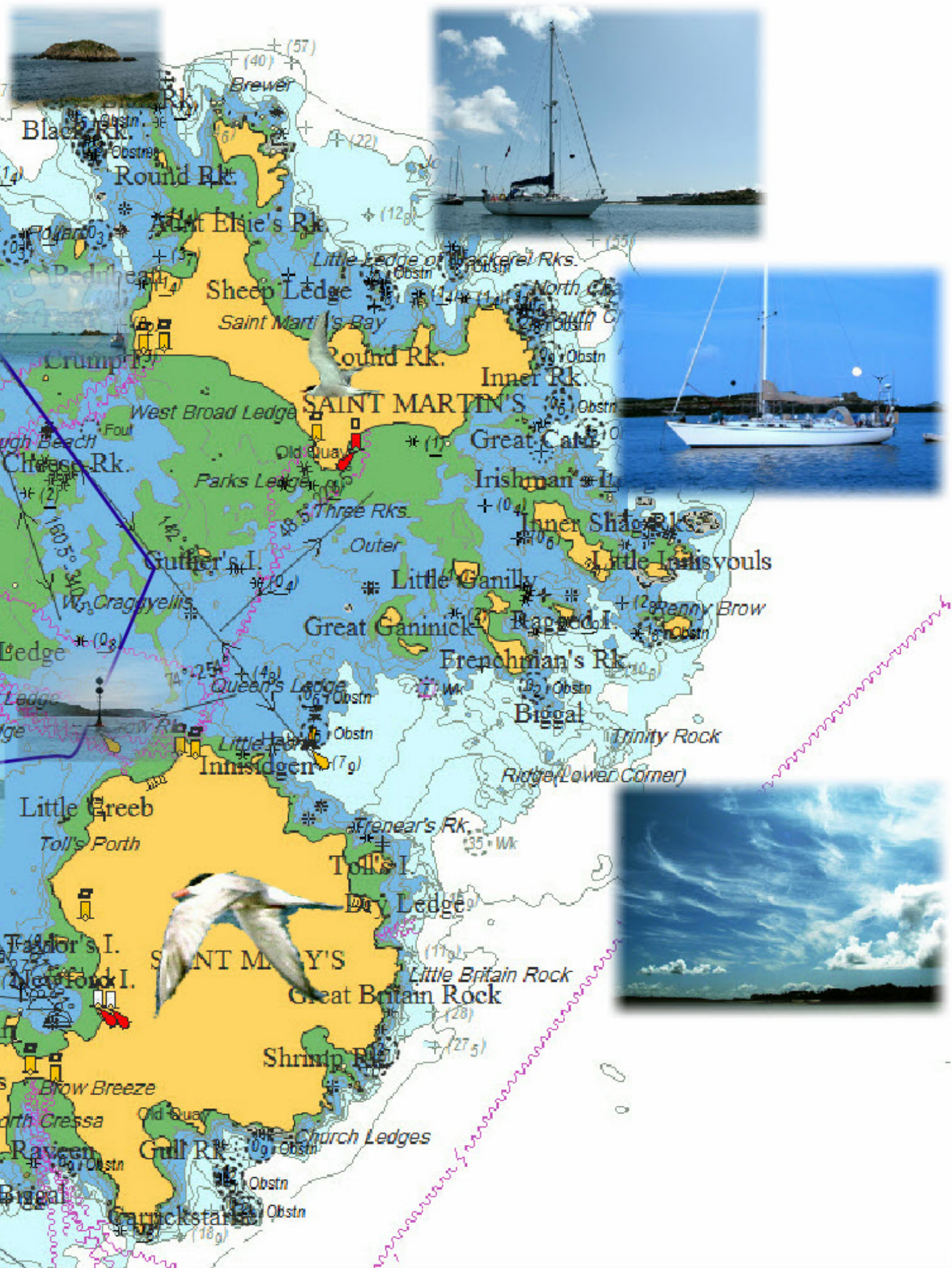
The next two days were grey and windy, and it was a little bit lumpy on the anchorage during the wind over tide conditions. Next day, Alistair and Carol and their friends arrived in *Seol Mara* after a very rough trip from Newlyn and took the buoy immediately astern of us. We all had a good dinner on *Ariadne*, followed by a pub lunch the following day at the New Inn on Tresco.

That afternoon we departed over Tresco flats under power heading past the Rag Ledge Beacon, the Helman beacon and heading towards the TV tower on Saint Mary's, then passing Crow Rock before picking up the transit into Saint Helen's Pool. For the second time we saw *Amica*, a boat we had first met in Scotland, and more recently in Baltimore. They and the crew of and pretty Holman called *April Duster* came on board.

The evening was still and clear and it was possible to photograph the moonlight.









## Exploring St Helen's pool

I explored the anchorage in the dinghy. It is full of fascination. After descending from the top of St Helens, I came across the Hermitage. The plaque says "These are the remains of an early Christian hermitage probably founded during the 8th-10th centuries AD by St Elidus, reputedly a British bishop also the son of a king. For several hundred years after his death, pilgrims came to revere his

holly remains and today the Anglican church in Scilly holds a service at the site on his feast day (August 8th)"

Well we didn't see any service!



Seal on patrol



Kettle Bottom



Pipers Hole (Cave)



Old Grimby



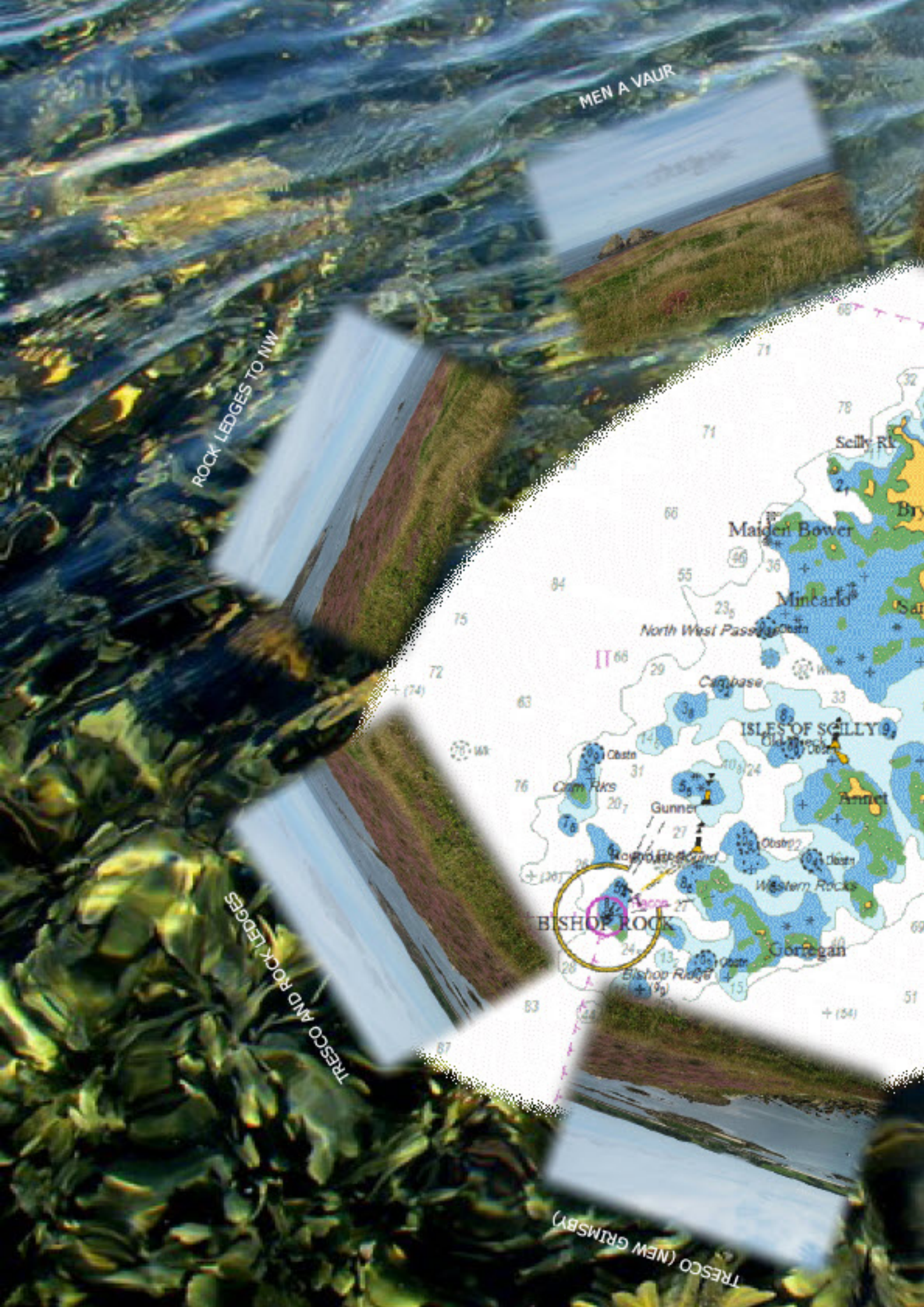
Seal's eye view of the anchorage











MEN A VAUR

ROCK LEDGES TO NW

TRESKO AND ROCK LEDGES

TRESKO (NEW GRIMSBY)

BISHOP ROCK

Maiden Bower

Mincarlo

North West Passage

Cambase

ISLES OF SCILLY

Annet

Gunnery

Obstr

Western Rocks

Gorran

Bishop Ridge

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ROUND ISLAND

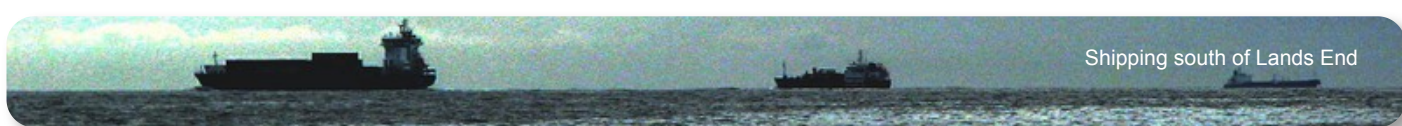
TEAN AND ST MARTINS

TEAM SOUND AND EASTERN ROCKS

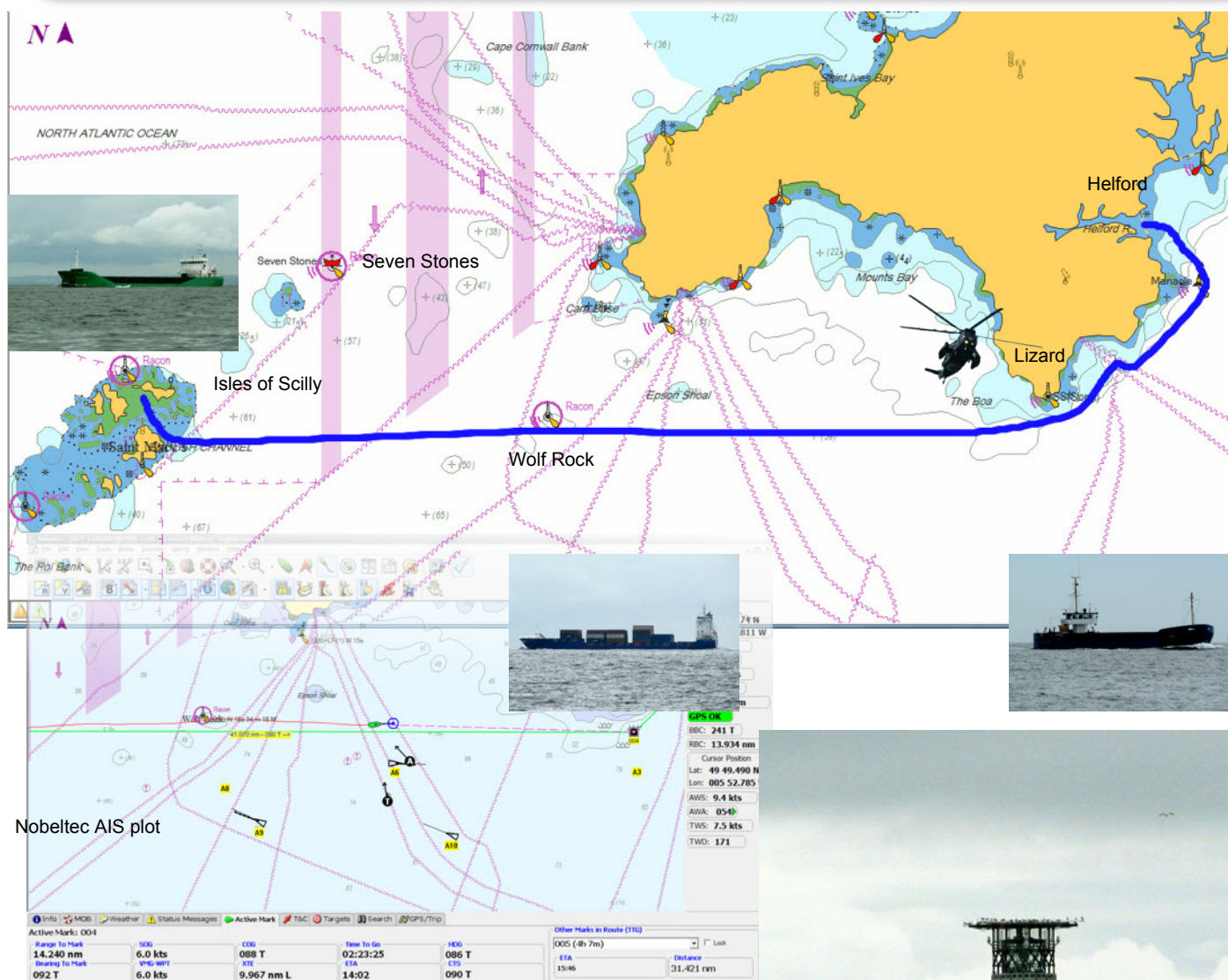
ST MARYS







Shipping south of Lands End



## St Helens to Helford

We had now had an enjoyable week in the Scillies. Staying longer would be pushing our luck. So on the ninth, at 0620, we weighed and motored out to the south.

For the first part of the passage we were accompanied by *Galatea* a Trinity House light buoy vessel. She seemed to have spent the night in St Marys anchorage, and disappeared off to the north. Monitoring AIS she seemed to be servicing buoys near the Seven Stones lightship.

On the AIS plot we could generally monitor the shipping, although visibility

was good enough. But we seemed to be having difficulty in holding targets long enough to secure the secondary data (ships name, dimensions, etc). (On our return to Southampton, I took the set back to the manufacturer in Cowes. He returned it, and it is far better now, picking up all the data we need almost instantly).



Wolf Rock

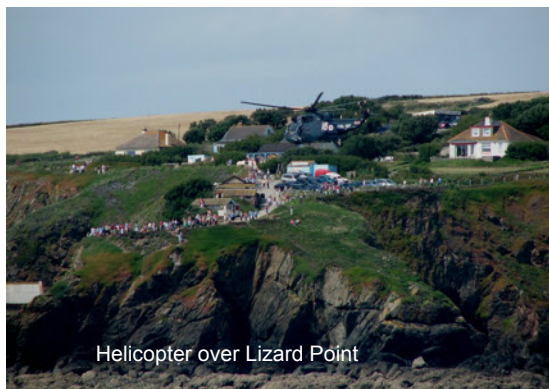


Galatea





Lizard lifeboat station



Helicopter over Lizard Point



Most of the rest of the passage was motor sailing.

In an incredibly calm sea, we passed just south of the Wolf Rock. From then on, we were punching tide across Mounts Bay, almost until we reached the Lizard where we went close inshore to seek an eddy.

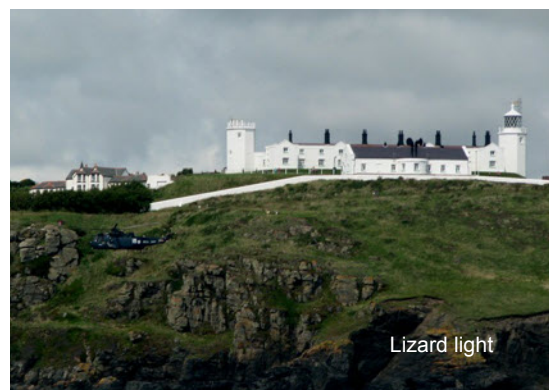
Passing so close to the Lizard, we had a ringside view of the lifeboat and helicopter display. It was clearly the local lifeboat day.

After rounding the Lizard we were able to sail as far as the Manacles. It was then a beat in a freshening breeze towards Nare Point.

By 1745 we were anchored off Durgan in the Helford River.

We weren't used to civilisation, so opted to stay on board. Besides, it had been a long tiring day.

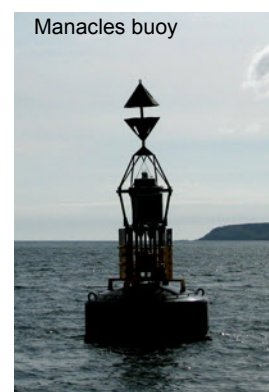
On 10th August, we had a brisk fetch under genoa only to Falmouth Yacht Haven to replenish stores, then proceeded up river after lunch to the Ruan pontoon up the Fal, where we found *Middy Sun*.



Lizard light



Rocks off the Lizard



Manacles buoy



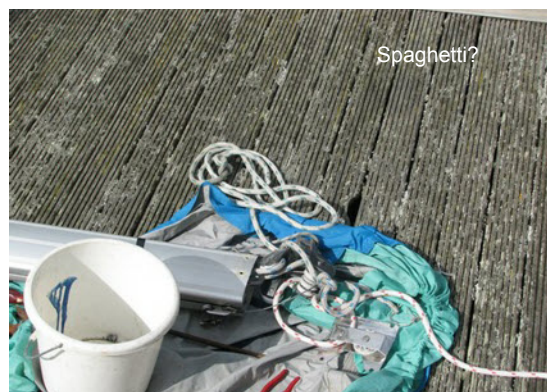




Ruan pontoon rigge's loft!



Marc busy splicing and rebuilding the boom.



### **Ruan Pontoon, River Fal**

This is the summer haunt of the live-a-boards, including Marc and Anne in *Midday Sun*. By bulk buying 10 nights at a time, the rate comes down to £8 per day, and the ticket can be carried forward for several years if you do not use it all in one season.

I had telephoned Marc when we were in St Helen's to see if he could fix the single line reefing that had broken on the way over from Ireland.

At the time, he had been at a classic boat rally in Plymouth, so we arranged to meet at the Ruan pontoon above Smugglers Cottage in the Fal.

It is not an easy task. First, when you take the ends off the boom, something resembling a heap of spaghetti falls out. Then you realise that it is the luff line, which is spliced to the car in the boom, that has broken. So then we had to find a piece of rope of the right size that had not been



too heavily loaded, otherwise it is impossible to splice properly. This presented Marc with a bit of a challenge, but he had the right tools as well as the skill to make a good job of it all.

Then the rope has to be fished the length of the boom, and the whole lot re-assembled.

I was very grateful, and I have had no anxiety about that reef since.





Gull Rock



St Mawes



Fal week racing



Laid up bulk carriers

## St Mawes and Helford

Although the weather was reasonably benign, there were signs it would not stay that way, so we had to push on. A gentle potter down the river allowed us to anchor in St Mawes for a lazy lunch.

Our attempts to contact Hilda, our friend in Portscatho, had not produced a result, and we remained concerned about her right through the cruise. So there was no incentive to go ashore.

In the afternoon we had a pleasant F3 fetch to Helford, and picked up a buoy by mid afternoon, allowing plenty of time to book a meal at the Helford River Sailing Club. We had been informed



that the new caterers were very good, and our experience certainly supported such claims. It is a very friendly club.



There were again signs of deteriorating weather on the

way, but the following day would offer a chance to make our way over to Fowey.

As we left the next morning, we drifted through the fleet of anchored bulk carriers, most of them laid up or waiting for orders.

Marc has suggested that some were 'dead ship' with no one on board. It really was a sign of the times.

Then, as we started to sail south of Portscatho toward the Dodman, I recognised that we were close to the place where Anne must have been when she painted



Tanker awaiting bunker?



Helford River SC



Helford moorings



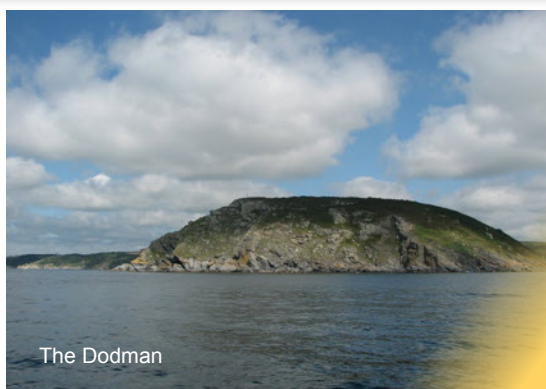
Cliffs near Gillan Creek

the picture of Gull Rock in our cabin. My picture of the view can be seen in the banner at the top of this page. Annes's painting has more 'feel'





Mevagissey



The Dodman

## Helford to Fowey

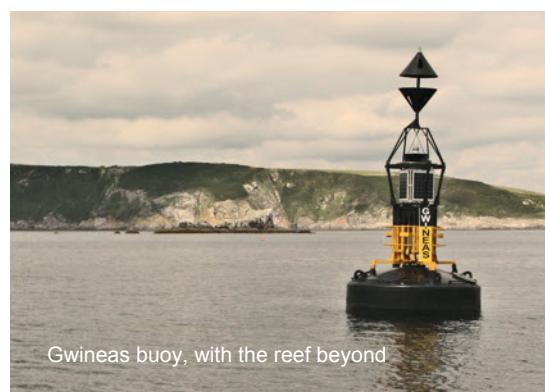
A simple little passage. Once we were clear of the Helford we could sail - just - in a fickle wind.

This lasted until we were approaching the Dodman. After that, we had to motor. But, because the water was flat, we could go close inshore, looking into Gorran Haven; and passing close to the Gwineas buoy off Mevagissey,

Pilotage is easy after that, with the Gribbin Head beacon offering a clear lead toward Fowey.



Gribbin Head



Gwineas buoy, with the reef beyond

Tucked into a cliff, the approach lighthouse for Fowey must be a lifesaver to the fishermen.

Then, finally, as you approach the port entrance, there is a castle, and trees that almost look as if they came from the Mediterranean!



Fowey



## Fowey

We had a pleasant afternoon and evening on board. It was even sunny. But as expected the evening forecast indicated a day of bad weather ahead.

During the morning, I went ashore exploring and trying to find a spark plug for the outboard, without success. But I did manage to find some glorious fresh meat and fish. I also identified a good pub within easy walking distance of the dinghy pontoon so Dairne could come ashore for lunch.

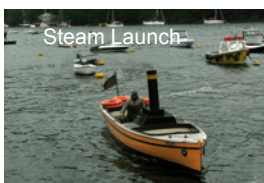
During the evening the weather started to go downhill, and by next morning it was blowing hard, and the boats were starting to sheer about on the mooring. The moorings in Fowey are quite close together. Eventually one boat swung at a different angle to *Ariadne*, and the boats came together. This was not a good situation, especially as the swell was likely to worsen with a freshening SW wind, so we decided to move upstream to the small marina at Mixtow Pill, above the commercial berths.

There is a long pontoon, and not much turning room.

We had to raft outside another boat, but it was clearly going to be a lot more comfortable than down in the main harbour.



Fowey



I was surprised that there was still commercial traffic since the china clay pits had closed down, but two coasters arrived in the gathering gloom. Manoeuvring them in the narrow river is quite an art!



Fowey upper ferry



Waterside Fowey pub



Mixtow Pill





## Fowey to the Yealm

A leisurely start led us to leave Mixtow Pill just after 0900, motoring clear of Fowey before setting course on a broad reach past the Pencarrow buoy, then on towards Rame Head.

It was a grey day with an unpleasant slop on the water, although we were making steady progress. We were passed by a Freedom 40 called *Windwalker*. I later emailed some pictures to the owner.

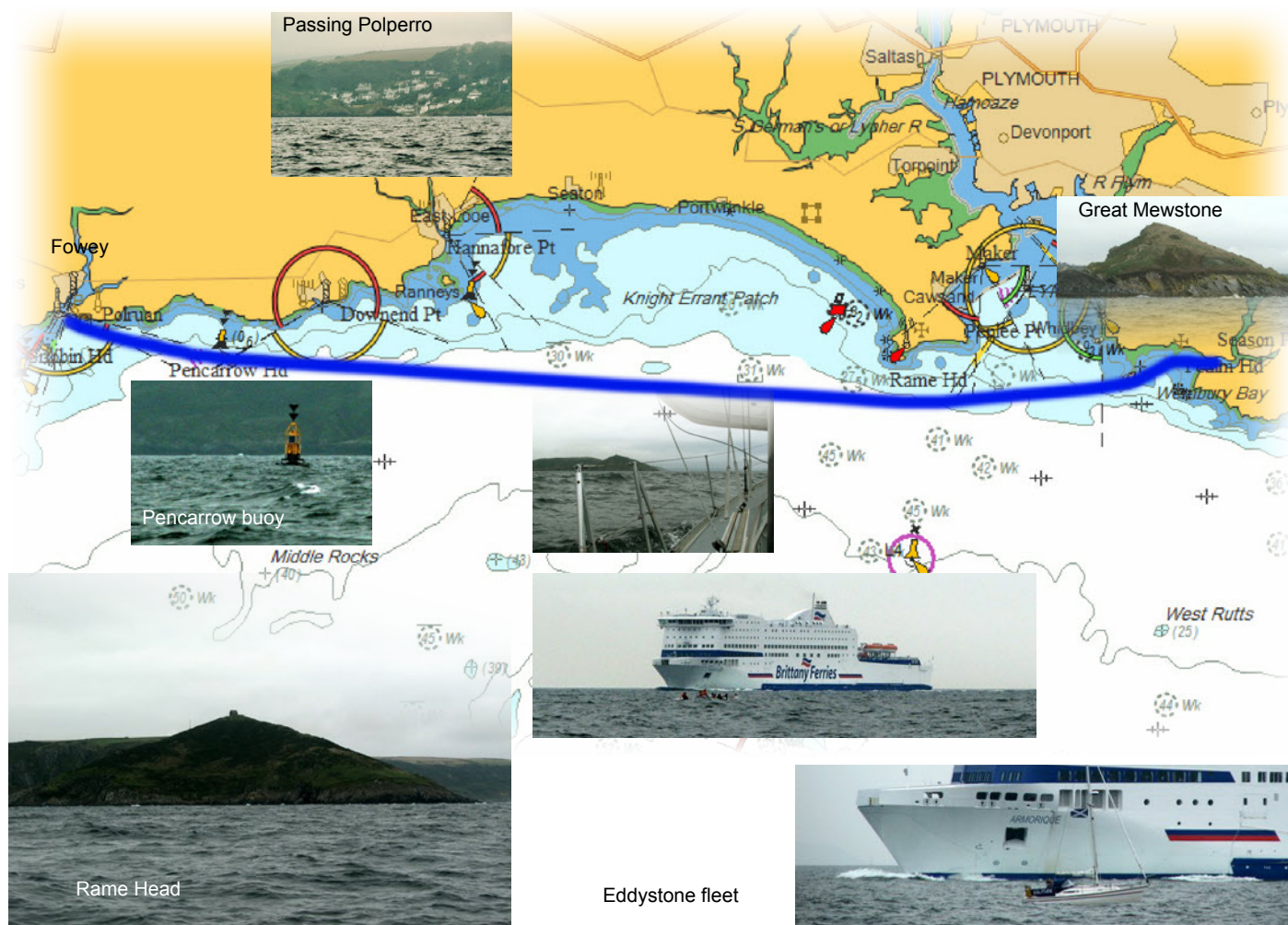
Going the other way I photographed a small sloop called *Prospero of Hardwyck*, and was contacted some weeks later by David Clements. It seemed the owner of *Prospero* had seen me taking the pictures, and David recognised the description of *Ariadne*, and put 2 and 2 together. Another satisfied customer!



Windwalker



Prospero of Hardwyck



A grey and nondescript sailing day was lightened as we passed Rame Head and encountered a fleet of canoes, gigs, rowing cutters, and escorting craft on their annual trip out to the Eddystone. The Brittany ferries ship proceeded past the fleet very cautiously. They

must have had to row about 25 miles! Rather than me.

By 1430 we were on a buoy in the Yealm.







Ariadne off Salcombe



Photo: David Clements

## Yealm to Dart

We were now half way through August. We could afford to loiter as we did not need to get back to the Solent before the end of the month.

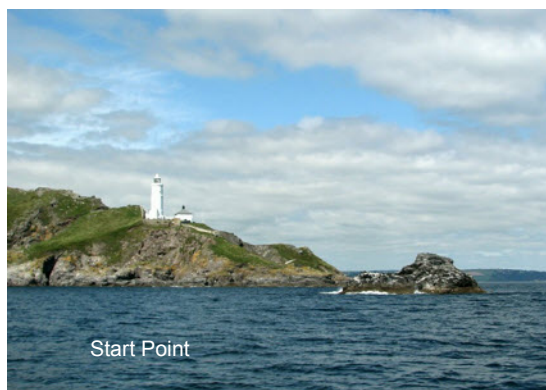
Shortly after leaving the Yealm the next morning, we deployed the cursing chute in a light westerly breeze. After 3 hours, off Salcombe, we had to go onto a dead run to Start Point, so we changed to poled-out genoa.

Meanwhile we had been watching David Clements in *Baghuera* coming up astern. Gradually, he overhauled us and stood out to sea well past Start Point, obviously just enjoying the sailing.

Once round Start, it was a gentle reach towards the Dart, although the breeze filled in toward the end making it a fast sail



Baghuera of Whitby



Start Point

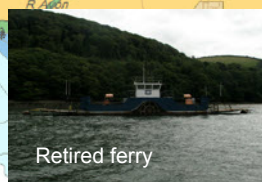
*Baghuera* was catching us up again, but we were surprised when, after we had anchored in the pool, David went straight to his mooring without even pausing to say 'goodbye'. It later turned out that he had had a serious electrical burn out when he started the engine off the Dart, and needed to get to his berth before it stopped. It seems it was an extremely expensive failure! Bad luck after a long and successful cruise.

The next morning I took the outboard into a local company in Kingswear for servicing- I was having difficulty starting it. The view from the hill in Kingswear shows the Dart Valley Railway, and the busy river beyond. It was building up for regatta week.

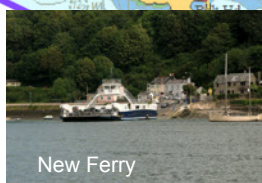
After lunch we potted up the river to Dittisham. On the way we passed the chain ferry, and further up river the old chain ferry that had just been replaced.



Dartmouth



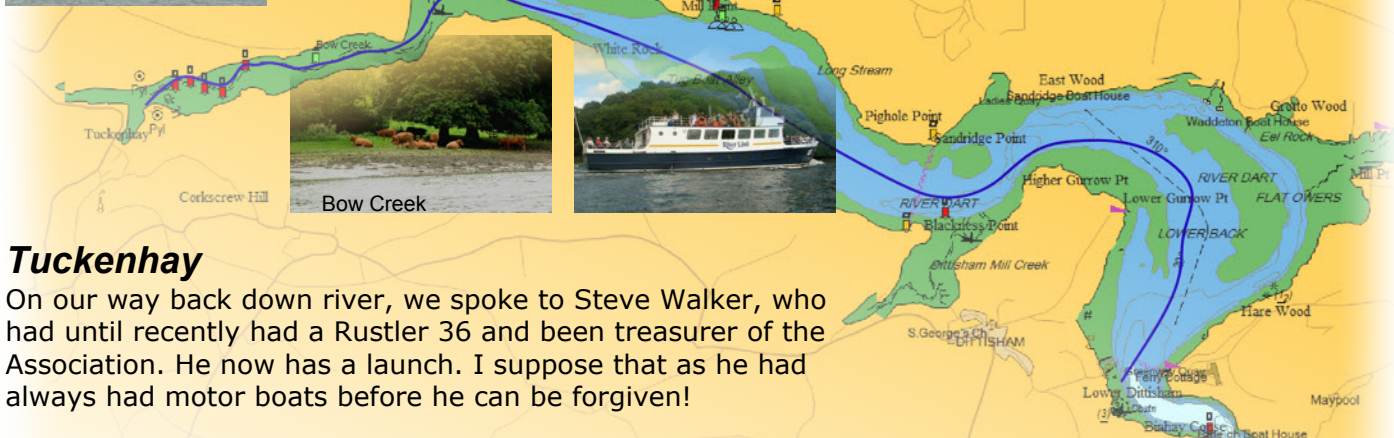
Retired ferry



New Ferry



Steve Walker's Nordic Tug



## Tuckenhay

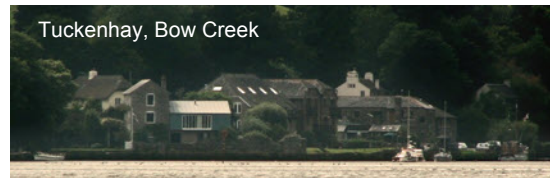
On our way back down river, we spoke to Steve Walker, who had until recently had a Rustler 36 and been treasurer of the Association. He now has a launch. I suppose that as he had always had motor boats before he can be forgiven!

There is a visitors pontoon just upstream from the Kingswear ferry. It is a tight squeeze, but we made it into the berth to make it easy to collect and load the outboard. We then took *Ariadne* back to Dittisham where we discovered Peter from Marchwood on a single handed cruise to the west. As he wanted to press on, he declined to join our dinghy expedition up the Dart to the Maltsters at Tuckenhay in Bow Creek. It was several years since we had been to the



Bow Creek

Maltsters. On the first occasion it had been a wonderful old fashioned country pub; on the second it had been a pretentious experiment run by Keith Floyd, and we walked out. What would it be like this time?



Tuckenhay, Bow Creek

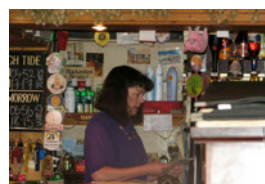
It was back to its excellent standard. The new owners were taking good advantage of the

extra facilities that Keith Floyd had added, but had managed to restore a traditional look and feel, both to the pub itself, and to the menu.

It was well worth the 45 minute dinghy trip. We had arrived at half tide up, and had had to feel our way carefully past the posts that mark the deeper water. By the time we returned, it was just past high water and the tide was with us all the way back.

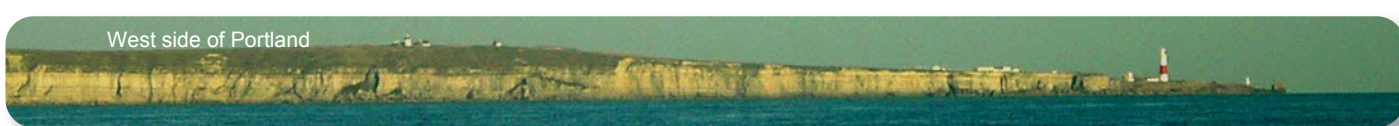


Above: Only just enough water for the dinghy  
 Right top: The proprietor  
 Right below: Dairne ordering  
 Far Right: Excellent food!





West side of Portland



Dart daymark



Berry Head



The cursing chute



## Dart to Weymouth

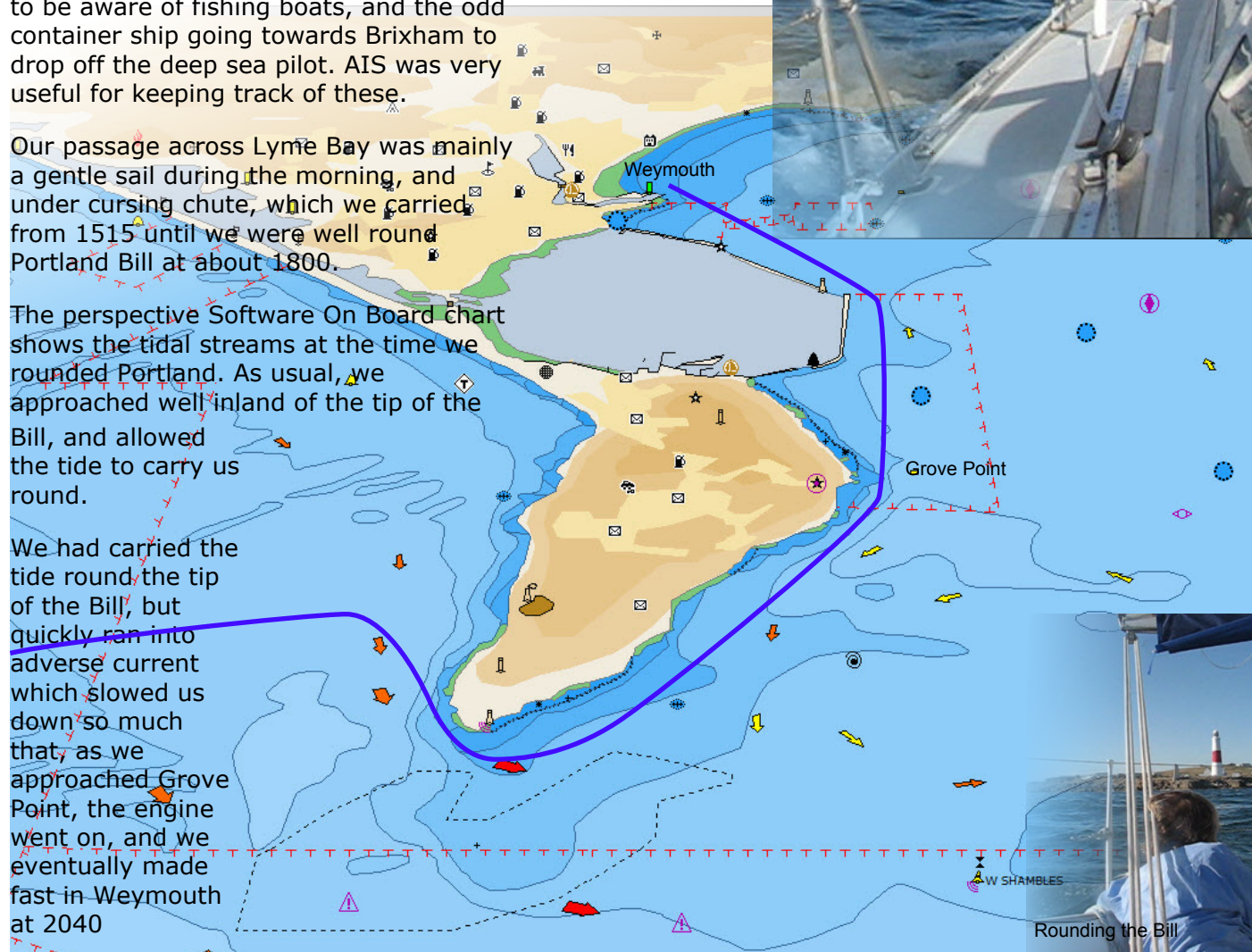
Another Marchwood boat had arrived, and as we said farewell to Anne and Nick, we discovered that they had left their dinghy oars behind. We had a spare pair on board, so the problem was quickly solved.

Leaving the Dart daymark behind, we could soon see Berry Head. Later we had to be aware of fishing boats, and the odd container ship going towards Brixham to drop off the deep sea pilot. AIS was very useful for keeping track of these.

Our passage across Lyme Bay was mainly a gentle sail during the morning, and under cursing chute, which we carried, from 1515 until we were well round Portland Bill at about 1800.

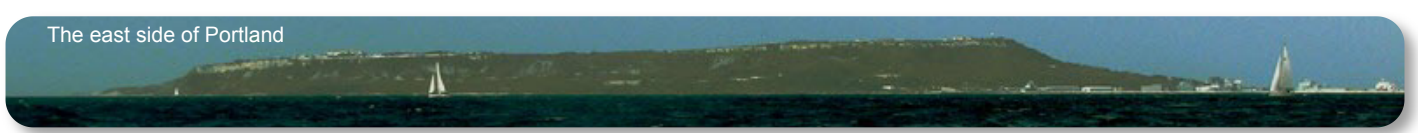
The perspective Software On Board chart shows the tidal streams at the time we rounded Portland. As usual, we approached well inland of the tip of the Bill, and allowed the tide to carry us round.

We had carried the tide round the tip of the Bill, but quickly ran into adverse current which slowed us down so much that, as we approached Grove Point, the engine went on, and we eventually made fast in Weymouth at 2040.

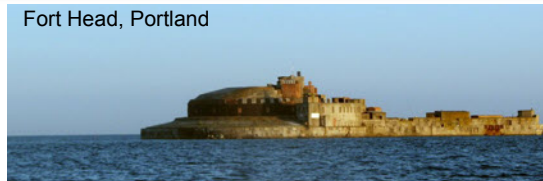


Rounding the Bill





'A' Head light, Portland



Fort Head, Portland



Above:  
Torm Caroline and Aegean X  
anchored in Weymouth Bay



Approaching Weymouth

## Weymouth

After rounding Grove Point We had passed the main entrance to Portland Port, with fortress on one pier head, and a lighthouse on the other.

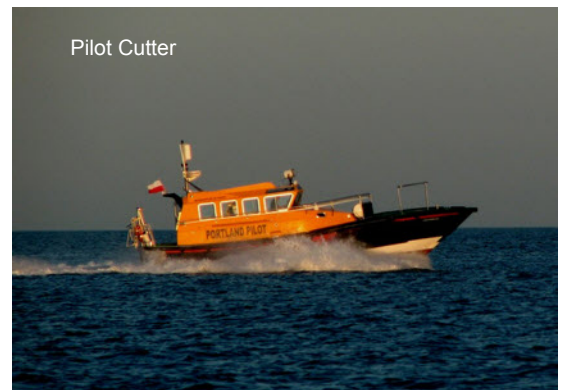
The sun had been dropping behind the town as we entered Weymouth.

It is always a congested harbour, and we had to moor 3 out. Later, after dark, another boat arrived. It was flying a Norwegian flag.

*Johanna* was setting off on a long term adventure, probably going round the world. The two lads on board had just fought their way down Channel from Dover against the brisk westerly wind. They were exhausted.



*Johanna*



Pilot Cutter

Next day blew very hard. I found fresh seafood for lunch, and we invited to Norwegians to join us for supper. They had clearly struggled to put *Johanna* together, and they were envious of *Ariadne*. At such moments, one feels that we really ought to be more ambitious and exploit *Ariadne's* potential more.

It was a pleasant evening, and they were great fun.





Durdle Dor

### ***Along the Purbeck Coast***

The wind moderated overnight, though it was still brisk. So at 0800, we set off under single reefed main only, travelling quickly on almost a dead run. To avoid the west going tide we ran along the Dorset coast of Weymouth Bay, passing Durdle Door and Mupe Bay, and Chapman's Pool before angling out towards St Albans.

Even after passing very close inshore (probably 100 metres off the headland) we found the water very confused as we ran towards Anvil Point

Once we had gybed and passed Durlstone, the reef was shaken out, and we reached towards Old Harry.

By midday we were anchored in Studland, where we spent a peaceful afternoon and evening well tucked into the bay.



Mupe Bay



Chapman's Pool



St Alban's Head



OldHarry, Studland.





Hurst Castle

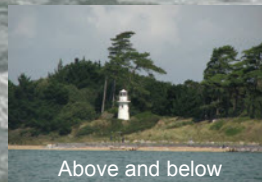
## Epilogue

Dairne slept on while I weighed at 0730 and began a gentle sail in 10-12kts of breeze, a broad reach, all the way to Hurst.

As usual the water was broken as we were swept through by the tide, which was tugging hard at Lymington Banks buoy as we were swept up to Beaulieu. There was barely enough water to get over the bar, but we made it.

A pleasant evening with David Colqhoun who rafted alongside in *Alacrity IV*, and Roy Dowman who rafted on the other side. It was interesting to get a first hand account of his passage back from Ireland.

The following day we had a delightful beat back to Yarmouth where we went on board Tim Shears Rustler 44, *Little Dove*.



Above and below  
Beaulieu Bar

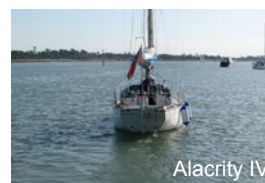


Lymington Banks

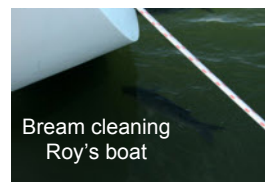
Sadly, weather prevented us going for a trial sail during the next two days.

On 27th August, we gave up, and had a pleasant run and reach back to Marchwood to end the cruise

We had covered 1495 miles.



*Alacrity IV*



Bream cleaning  
Roy's boat



*Little Dove*



*Little Dove*





## ***Epilogue***





## Epilogue

It took me until mid November to get the DVD together. I then contacted a few people to get their postal addresses. The results were interesting!

### Jenny B

Paul and Elaine had made it to Troon marina, where Jenny B will remain for the winter. We returned their Kerry pilot and sent them a DVD



### Skojern

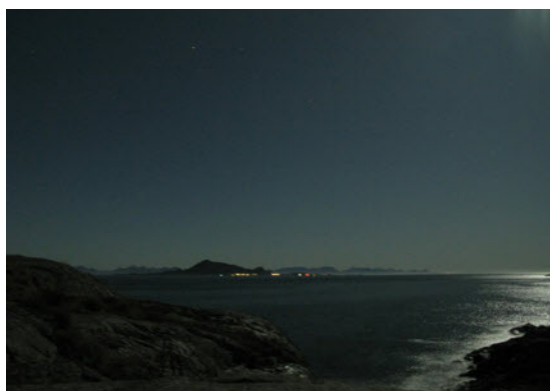
Patrick and Anne Marie reached Svalvaer in Norway where they are over wintering. And they sent some lovely pictures too...



*Skojern*



Svolvaer



Patrick wrote

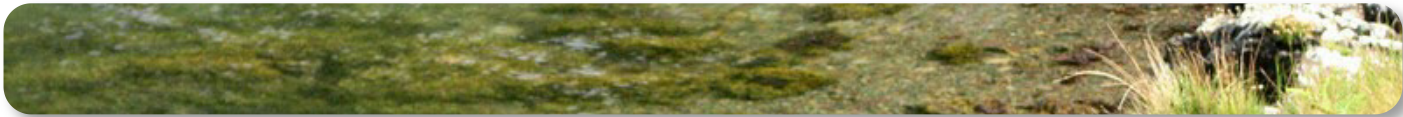
"Hi ! It's so nice to have some news from you ! We hope you are well, and with plenty of good memories from your trip. After Ireland we spent some time along the west coast of Scotland, visiting Islay...Craobh marina, Ardfarn, Oban, Tobermory. The weather was not good enough to reach the Outer Hebrides, but we will go there another year. It was great then to pass the Caledonian canal, then the Orkneys and the Shetland. We entered Norway in Aalesund the August 15 and now we are in Svolvaer, Lofoten, for the winter. The port is very well protected, there is all what we

need in town, we had yet some snow and also our first polar lights, it could not be better."



Northern Lights





Later we had another email from Patrick to confirm he had received our DVD with more pictures taken around his birthday.

It seems that his Norway project is a success



Patrick's birthday

Midday Sun



Moolight

How wonderful to see these pictures. Once again the cruising community demonstrated its close camaraderie

View from the island of Skrova



## Gautama

I took the picture on the left as we were northbound past Baltimore, but we did not meet Derek and Eve until we were all gale-bound in Dingle, where we shared a fascinating evening on *Skojern*.

When we contacted Derek for his address, he asked for *Skojern's* email address, which we provided with the DVDs





## Baghuera

We sailed the cruise in loose company with *Baghuera*, and enjoyed the company of David Clements and his crew in Dingle. But on the way back, although we were in company for the passage from the Yealm back to the Dart, *Baghuera's* home port, we did not find out till later what had happened to David and his boat. He wrote....

*"I don't know whether you realised but we made a very dramatic arrival back in Dartmouth . Just as we cleared the Lower Ferry, I smelt smoke and went down below to find smoke billowing out of the engine compartment. We decided to keep going to get on the berth before the engine failed (hence why I had such a worried look on my face as I came past you) which we managed to do. What had happened was that the engine switch had failed to release to the "run" position so the starter motor*

*stayed engaged, then becoming a generator and driving uncontrolled current back through the system, burning out the starter motor, the wiring loom and the instrument panel - total bill £2000.....*

*Just to add insult to injury, after the regatta fireworks I found Bagheera covered in black ash. When I cleaned it off, the decks were all pitted and in the bottom of each pit was a rusty iron fleck. Any ideas for getting it sorted? There are two problems - the rust spots and the pitting. I'm now in a big dispute with the regatta committee over responsibility for the damage. Happy days!"*

Later, as recounted earlier, I was able to provide a picture of *Prospero* of *Hardwyck* to the owner, a friend of David's. Chance and coincidence again! I like the word 'serendipity'!

## Carnacou

When I rang Andy, we were immediately invited to their house in Curdridge near Southampton.

We had a great evening! Diana laid on a great spread, and we watched the DVDs.









