



Yearbook 2012



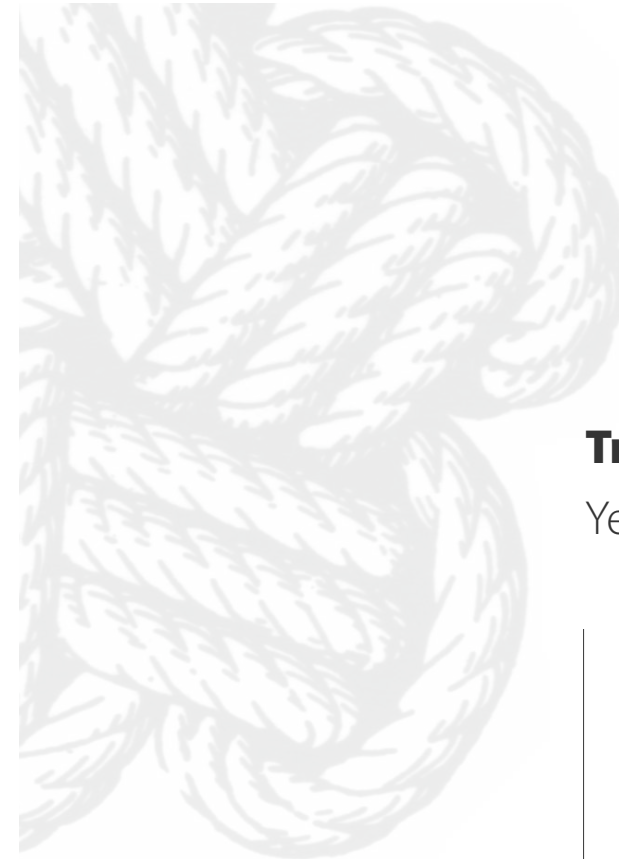
a yachtsman's paradise...

- ♦ Visiting berths for 65 – 100 yachts of varying sizes.
- ♦ Fresh water and electricity are available on the pontoons.
- ♦ CCTV coverage of pontoons
- ♦ Swinging moorings available for visitors and residents.
- ♦ Winter storage - ashore or afloat
- ♦ Well stocked chandlery and brokerage
- ♦ Sailmaker and laundrette
- ♦ Fuel - diesel available at the Fish Quay.
- ♦ Calor Gas is available locally.



...where convenience and character meet

www.tarbertharbour.co.uk



Troon Cruising Club 1955 – 2012

Yearbook Number 28 : 2012

Contents

3	Commodore's Welcome – <i>David Hutton</i>
5	Convenors' Reports
11	All Hands to the Pumps - <i>Bill & Kath Stewart</i>
16	Diesel Bug - <i>Martin McArthur</i>
19	Taragon's 2011 Cruise – <i>Agnes Gairns</i>
25	Escape's First Season on the Clyde – <i>Roger Coutu</i>
27	Bali Voe's Northern Cruise – <i>Margaret Goodlad</i>
35	Lac Leman – <i>Callum Lindsay</i>
40	Talisman's Travels 2011 – <i>Martin McArthur</i>
46	The Next Day it Rained – <i>Andrew Duffin</i>
49	The Kepple – <i>Jim Goodlad</i>
50	Gannet - Six Weeks Away – <i>Shirley Scott</i>
52	Another Adventure on Rain Again – <i>Kenny McLeod</i>
53	Angelique to the Orkney Isles – <i>Paul Aspin</i>
62	Dinghy Cage Makeover – <i>Ewan Black</i>
64	It's FREE – <i>Kenny McLeod</i>
66	Photo Competition Winners
68	Roy Smith's Last Adventure on Nebula – <i>Margaret (Jo) Sutherland</i>



Cover Photograph - Arlil enjoys perfect sailing conditions – 2011 Photo Competition, 'On the Water' Category Winner – by Gillian Swan & Bryan Hull

Saturn Sails

**FOR QUALITY RACING
& CRUISING SAILS**



NEW SAILS

Genuine after sales service.

SPRAYHOODS, COVERS & CANOPIES

Tailor made to suit your yacht.

ADVICE

on sail modification and re-cutting.

ESTIMATES

Complete check before work is started.

WINTER STORAGE

Valet & wash also available.

REPAIRS

Weekly collections and delivery
made to Troon Marina.



**Contact us at
Largs Yacht Haven
on Tel. (01475) 689 933**

www.SaturnSails.co.uk



Commodore's Welcome

Suffering from complete lack of inspiration about what to put in the Commodore's introduction I had a look at what my predecessors had done (any writer who says he hasn't been influenced by others is probably a liar). That led me to re-read years of yearbooks and what a publication it is. Where else would you find tales of derring do on the high seas and burnt burgers in the same publication? The yearbook is a true collaboration, Doug Lamont who puts it together, would have nothing without the contributions from members and support from our generous sponsors and advertisers. Even if you haven't done it before please submit you log next year, even if it's only a trip to Arran, we do want to know how you do it.

For much of last season the weather was against us with exceptionally strong wind which always seemed to be blowing against wherever it was we I wanted to go, though there are probably some sainted souls in the club who didn't notice this. Notwithstanding the weather we have a full calendar of activities for this year, both cruising and racing and I hope that as many club members as possible can participate, we always have a bit of fun on club events and after all there's much more to TCC than just sailing a boat. Sailing a boat was just what our club champion Gary Muir with Petra did with a tremendous show of racing success replicated on a bigger stage by Robin Ferguson at the West Highland week with Hoodlum.

Apart from the sailing we also had a very successful program of social activities. For example the opening muster was supported by more members by road than members who actually sailed to Largs all contributing to a very enjoyable evening, hopefully to be repeated this year. The dinner dance was a success as usual and the Burns Supper at the changed venue of the South Beach, with a much improved menu was a superb night, all thanks to the speakers and entertainers.

It is a great honour to be your Commodore for the year and I hope to see as many of you as possible at the club events.

David Hutton

Commodore 2012

THE BEST NAMES IN SAILING – ON YOUR DOORSTEP



www.kylechandelers.co.uk



All these and more in stock at competitive prices

Open seven days a week

Kyle Chandelers
Troon Yacht Haven
Troon
KA10 6DJ
01292 311880
sales@kylechandelers.co.uk



Retiring Commodore's 2011 Report

The Club continues to be strong with 163 full members and 121 berth holders. Whilst we had 23 new members joining this year which is very healthy, unfortunately we also lost a number of our long terms members: Jimmy Lindsay – *White Maa*, Honorary Member and past Commodore; Bill Murray – *Datestamp*, previous council member and his wife Renee; John Wheeler – *Buli*; Alistair Wilson – *Candy*; and most recently after a long illness Roy Smith, previously of *Nebula* and past Commodore.

On a happier note the Club continues to thrive. The Boat Transporter that we invested in, continues to perform well, at its first lift-in and subsequent lift-out.

The compound fence got a well-earned lick of paint, courtesy of John MacKinnon and a team of helpers.

The cage in the garage has had a full revamp and reorganisation.

The Council has been working hard to keep the club ticking over, liaising with the marina and working on the plans for future development of the clubhouse and compound.

Several boats went to West Highland Week with Hoodlum winning its class.

Two members of the club had their fair share of ups and downs. Bill and Kath Stewart in *Sahona* went down and came back up and is now thankfully floating in the Marina.

The winter saw us suffer continued periods of very strong winds. This resulted in a number of boats breaking free, running up the wall, or taking on a little too much water than is healthy. It certainly goes to emphasise the fact that members must take continued care of their boats and their moorings.

Whilst we can all suffer bad luck, especially during inclement weather, those boats that are not so well attended put pressure on other club members.

While we are a club that prides itself in helping one another out – in such circumstances it puts pressures on members, who help purely out of their own generosity and a seamanlike obligation not to see damage to any boat.

Our Social sub-committee organised a splendid dinner dance where we had numerous prizes awarded including, but obviously by no means exclusively – The John McFarlane Trophy to John MacKinnon and the Club Championship to Gary Muir and the presentation of a Certificate of Honorary Membership to Don Lindsay. The social events through the year were well attended as Isabell will tell us later.

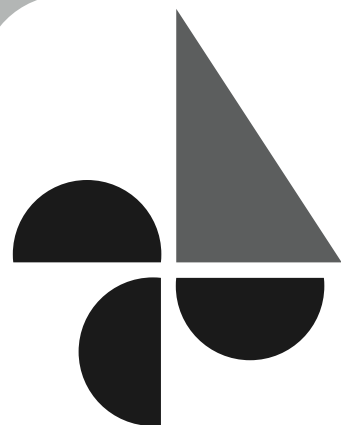
Racing and Cruising had a mixed season, challenged by weather and turnouts, which Ken Stott presents in his Racing Convenor's Report.

I have had a most pleasurable year as Commodore, and hopefully have successfully represented the Club and its needs throughout the year. I must say that one does not fully appreciate the work that each individual council members puts in until you are the person who is meant to know what is happening. However, we cannot forget those persons, although not currently on the council, are down at the club most days, and help in every aspect of the club activities and help tick off the maintenance lists.

Finally I would like you all to help me thank the incumbent council members for their hard work throughout the year – David Hutton, Doug Lamont, John Haston, Gary Muir, Kyle Stewart, Phil Beard, Ken Stott, Jim Short, Ewan Black, Robin Ferguson, George Whiteside and co-opted member Isabell McGowan.

Finally, finally – Babs Henderson, who has now served with many commodores and must have the patience of a saint. She certainly had her work cut out keeping me in check. Thank you Babs.

Helen Thompson Commodore 2011



Largs Yacht Haven

Troon Cruising Club
members will always find a
warm welcome at Largs!

At the end of your day's sail enjoy the unique atmosphere of Scotland's finest marina where you can dine in the restaurant or club, relax in the bars or cafe, browse the chandlery and shops and refresh in the showers.

At Largs Yacht Haven we have everything a yachtsman needs –

- ✦ Diesel, petrol, gas and ice available 24 hours
- ✦ 5% discount on cash fuel sales to RNLI members
- ✦ 700 berths fully serviced with power and water.
- ✦ FREE holding tank pump out
- ✦ 24 hour toilets, showers and laundry
- ✦ Waste disposal
- ✦ FREE WiFi throughout the marina
- ✦ Dine at the award winning bar/restaurant, Scotts
- ✦ Largs Sailing Club clubhouse welcomes TCC members

Call ahead on VHF Channel 80 or telephone 01475 675333 for a warm welcome!

www.yachthavens.com

Join our facebook page at www.facebook.com/largsyachthavenscotland for the latest news



⚓⚓⚓⚓⚓ Awarded 5 Gold Anchors by The Yacht Harbour Association

Convenor's Reports

Financial Review for AGM 2012

The Club's main sources of income are as follows.

Membership subscriptions	£9.7k	39%
Associate membership subscriptions	£2.6k	11%
Club berthing rights fees	£7.2k	29%
Boat storage	£3.8k	16%
Lift in / Lift out	£1.2k	5%
Total	£24.5	

This excludes joining fee, bank interest, etc. Social events sometimes make a contribution but are not budgeted to do so. It depends on the level of support; they may run at a loss.

The surplus for the past year is about £1800. This is in part due to a low capital spending – welcome after last year where the Club funded a new replacement for our hoist – and our high current mooring occupancy. The major capital expenditures last year were John McKinnon's paint for the fence (£850), a new computer (£800) and new keys (£600 net). The membership fees were increased from £56 to £60 last year and other membership charges in proportion. This increase was to restore, slowly, the Club's funds after a large amount was spent on the new boat transporter. Records show that there had been no increase in subs for several years due in no small part to the work put in by members in work-parties and other events. As a result of the small surplus, about 7% of turnover, there was no reason to increase subs this year since there is currently no major expenditure proposed. However, during the next year, the Club will have to identify what is to be done with dinghy storage and the slip and how to pay for whatever is considered necessary for the future. It is not the present policy to increase subscriptions without an identifiable and costed reason. Our membership has remained high and even increased slightly enabling the Club to cover inflationary cost. Increases for some years.

It has often been queried in past AGMs why it is necessary to hold the reserve fund at its current level. There are at least two reasons and I am sure that there are others. One is experience since becoming tenants of the Marina has warned us that there remain potential for legal costs. Recently, Jimmy Ferguson led the negotiation to acquire the extra land at the top of the compound and also established that we could erect the current fence adjacent to the road. Both these activities required legal advice and as our new Commodore will tell you, legal advice comes at an extraordinarily high day rate. A second potential expenditure could involve improvement to our moorings; it is their quality on which the Club's future depends. There are no proposals to do anything at this time, particularly as they are the Marina's responsibility. Major changes or renovations to the Clubhouse are also a future possibility of demand on Club capital.

John Hall

Cruising Report 2011

Looking back at the cruising programme of 2011, the first thought that comes to mind is where did the year disappear to?

We cruised this year to - Largs, Lamlash, Kingscross, Rothesay, Lochranza and Tarbert.

We started off sailing to Largs Yacht Haven on Saturday 30 April for the opening muster where 18 boats ended up at Largs in a strong north easterly wind, and 38 members enjoyed a hot buffet in the Largs Sailing Club on Saturday night.

Lamlash muster on Saturday 28/29 May saw two boats making it to Brodick and not Lamlash due to strong south west winds, the boats which were going over to Lamlash had a BBQ at the clubhouse in Troon instead. The 27 Members who attended had a very enjoyable evening.

The Kingscross muster on Saturday 25 June - six boats made it to

Kingscross and 14 members enjoyed a BBQ on the beach at Kingscross on Saturday night. Later that evening some went on to Lamlash by boat to the local hosteleries.

The Rothesay muster on Saturday 9 July resulted in five boats making it to Rothesay and on Saturday night nine members went to the Black Bull for a meal and then some went on to the Rothesay pubs.

The Lochranza muster on Saturday 30 July - Due to West Highland week and members doing their own thing, the Lochranza muster did not take place.

The Tarbert muster on Saturday 3 September, with a west wind blowing, thirteen boats set off from Troon but only nine boats made it to Tarbert. Those Club members made the most of the local hosteleries.

The closing muster on Saturday 27 September was held again at Largs with 15 boats going up to Largs and about 40 members enjoyed a hot buffet in the sailing club to round off the cruising season. Robin and I would like to thank everyone that came to the musters over the past 12 months, and who have contributed to making a success of the cruising programme.

Cruising Prize Winners 2011

Redwing Trophy – Jim and Margaret Goodlad
Nautical Narrative – Martin McArthur
Tankard Trophy – Bryan Hull and Gillian Swan
Anchor Trophy – Bryan Hull and Gillian Swan
Cosalt Trophy – Agnes Gairns
Saturn Sail Trophy – Roger Coutu
Crew of the Year – Stuart Powrie
TCC Quaich – Robert Trenado

Ewan Black and Robin Ferguson

Troon Cruising Club Racing Report 2011

The 2011 racing season was like recent years somewhat disappointing due to poor weather and the number of boats taking part.

Six boats took part in at least one race of the spring series and the result was a tie for first place between petra and argento.

The passage races all had results with the exception of the arrange trophy to Lochranza.

The autumn series suffered from bad weather and poor turnouts and no result for the series was obtained. However, the frostbite series and the new years day race were both won by Petra.

The Wednesday Wacky Races suffered from the weather and consequently boats did not sailing the required number of races and no results were achieved in the April and September short course, the May short course or the August long course.

The Saturday and Sunday wacky races were poorly attended and no series result was achieved.

The Club Champion for 2011 was Gary Muir in Petra with Argento second and Ariadne third.

The dinghy racing scene at Prestwick appears to be reasonably buoyant but there does not appear to be a move from dinghies to keel boats when the dinghy sailors come to the end of their dinghy careers. The Scottish Series and West Highland Week were both down in numbers competing this year so we are not alone in failing to attract new entrants to keel boat racing.

My thanks to all who did odd duties during the year and also to the racing committee particularly John Mackinnon whose assistance was invaluable.

Just a reminder to the non racing members of the club that Wednesday evenings are not exclusively reserved for racing so why not come out for a sail and join us for a drink afterwards.

Ken Stott (Racing Secretary)

Convenor's Reports (continued)

Social Convenor's Report

Sea Safety Evening Wed 23rd February – Members had a sea safety night, which 40 people attended and some life jackets were inspected, and thereafter a general chat about sea safety.

Lady's Night 8th March – Agnes Gairns had a wonderful idea, that the ladies of the Club were due some pampering, and with ladies members in full agreement and 13 ladies attending, Diane and daughter Lori Anderson with the assistance of two willing club member ladies as models, they had a new hairstyle and also a make-up demonstration was courtesy of Agnes Gairns. Drinks and nibbles were enjoyed by all.

Curry Night Friday 23rd March – This night was re-introduced, as was very popular a few years ago, bring your own curry dish, nibbles etc. just turn up and see what's on offer, there was a few curry dishes made at the clubhouse, and there was an honesty bucket passed around to pay for costs of the night. It was attended by 45 people. £11 loss.

Lift In – Busy day as always and full compliment of helpers. Profit £21

Mediterranean Night, 20th May – 35 people enjoyed a lovely mixture of home made food an also brought their own drinks, no tickets were on sale for this event.

50th Anniversary BBQ, 18th June – It was very wet and wild despite this 33 people came and enjoyed members company

Lift Out – In true TCC fashion, everyone was fed and watered.

Dinner Dance 2nd December – 88 people enjoyed a fabulous meal, great band, a wee dance and general get together.

Christmas Party, 10th December – 22 children enjoyed party games, food and a visit from Santa.

Burns Supper, 27th January – 58 members thoroughly enjoyed the hospitality at the south Beach hotel, different venue from the usual Burns Supper, the consensus mostly positive, saying better food, more comfortable seating and lay out not as cramped. I reckon that's the sign of a successful evening. Speakers were magnificent, and did us proud. Raffle tickets were sold - Profit of £83.57, extra costs hadn't been taken into account when costing ticket price so members got a real bargain!

I would like to thank everyone who participated and helped in all the events of last year, however a special thanks to Helen, Babs, Agnes and especially to Isabell who makes last year a roaring success.

Gary Muir (Social Convenor)

TROON CRUISING CLUB COUNCIL 2012



Back row left to right - Isabell McGowan, George Whiteside, Phil Beard, Jim Short, Jack Gairns, Ewan Black, John Hall, Robin Ferguson, Kyle Stewart

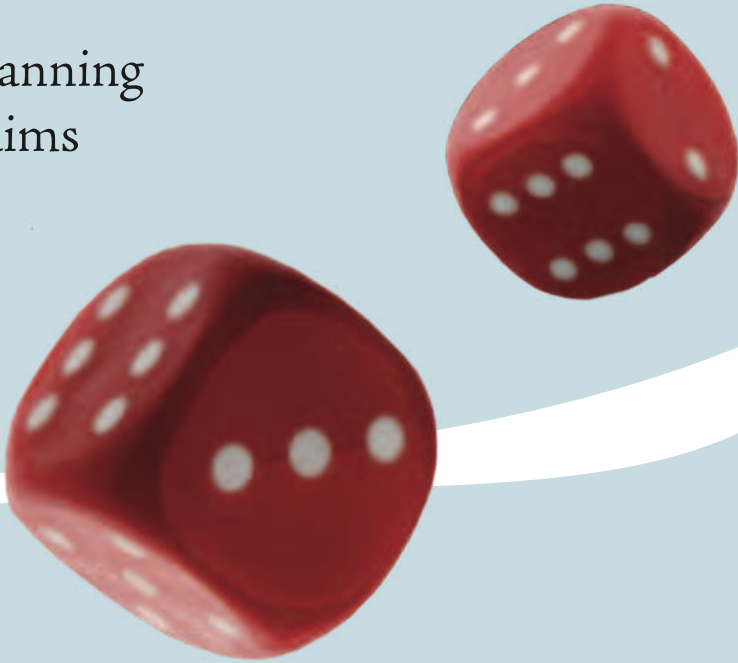
Front row left to right - Gary Muir, Helen Thomson, John Haston, David Hutton, Doug Lamont, Babs Henderson,

Don't leave it to chance...

DW SHAW

can provide help and expertise
whatever your legal problem.

- ... Property & Conveyancing
- ... Business Law
- ... Finance
- ... Family Law
- ... Wills & Estates Planning
- ... Compensation Claims
- ... Court

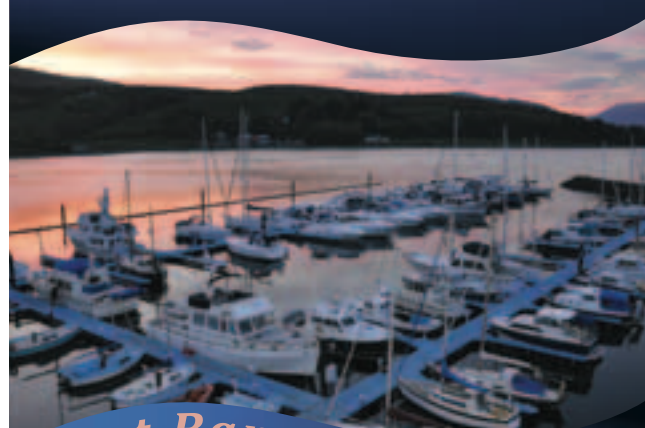


AYR OFFICE 34A Sandgate Ayr KA7 1BX 01292 265033	TROON OFFICE 20 West Portland Street Troon KA10 6AB 01292 312577	MAUCHLINE OFFICE 5 Kilmarnock Road Mauchline KA5 5DB 01290 550249	CUMNOCK OFFICE Royal Bank Buildings, Glaisnock Street Cumnock KA18 1BT 01290 421484
---	---	--	--

enquiries@dwshaw.co.uk www.dwshaw.com



peace and
tranquility




Port Bannatyne Marina


Kames Bay, Port Bannatyne
ISLE OF BUTE
PA20 0LT

Tel 01700 503116 or 01700 502719
enquiries@portbannatynemarina.co.uk
http://portbannatynemarina.co.uk

Bute at its most beautiful




Welcome to
TOBERMORY



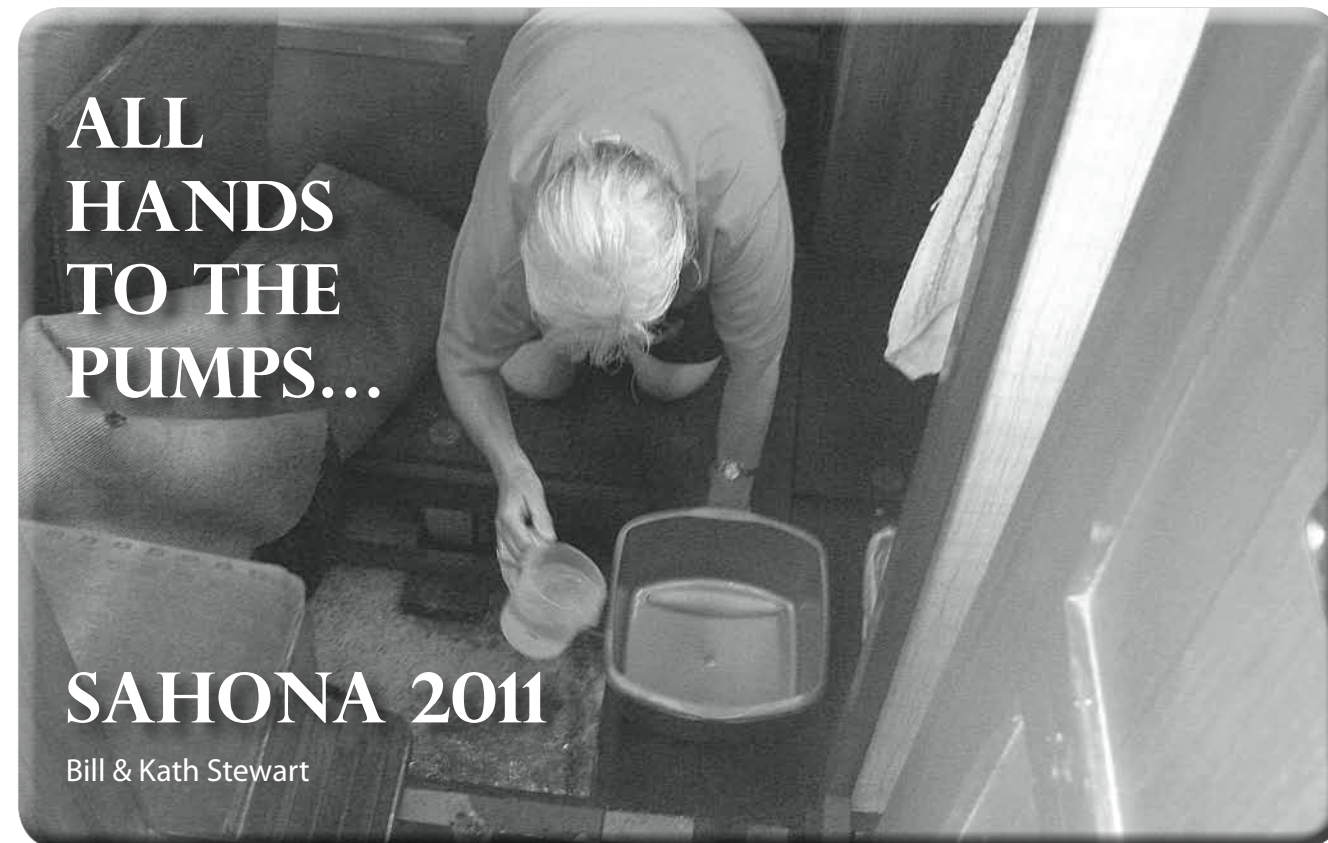
UP TO 50 PONTOON BERTHS, INCLUDING A NEW EXTENSION
ACCOMMODATING VESSELS UP TO 30m - MOORINGS FOR HIRE
FREE ANCHORAGE - DINGHY BERTHS - FUEL - WATER
ELECTRICITY - SUPPLIES - SHOWERS - TOILETS - LAUNDRY
MEETING ROOM - HARBOUR VISITOR CENTRE

Tel: Marine Manager 07917832497
Office 01688 302876

admin@tobermoryharbour.co.uk
www.tobermoryharbour.co.uk



**ALL
HANDS
TO THE
PUMPS...**



SAHONA 2011

Bill & Kath Stewart

2011 was a year of eager anticipation followed by dashed hopes.

We had spent the winter refitting the wheelhouse with extra wooden trim, new radar (incorporating a big plotter), and had repositioned the existing instruments.

The engine had been pampered, and the exhaust re-routed through the transom rather than the waterline beside my left ear. We were looking forward to quieter motoring and a new-look set of boys-toys to play with on our proposed trip to Ireland, starting in mid to late May.

Unfortunately, May came and went with only a trip to the opening muster at Largs entered in the log. Apart, that is, from numerous entries describing the failure of charging diode splitters, need for more exhaust mufflement, failure of wind instruments etc. etc. etc. ad-nausium. The weather was RUBBISH and the boat didn't seem to be much better.

We booked a flight to see our friends in France, where we had lovely warm weather, but I seemed to spend all my time fixing vans and bits of house. My abilities would be better spent on Sahona in the wind and rain.

The second trip of the year was to Rothesay with the Riff Ruffs at the end of June!

The new replacement wind instrument wouldn't calibrate and we broke the TV aerial at the masthead by going round in (calibration) circles with flogging sails.

At least we sailed all the way and it was good fun judging the wind direction from the wave pattern - you don't get the wind on your neck in a wheelhouse!

We had fitted more exhaust mufflement in the shape of a Cetrek silencer and it works well, so that is one good thing this season.

On the way back from Rothesay we deployed this year's secret weapon - A SPINNAKER! We had come to a reciprocal arrangement with Jeremy Sea-Ferret, which led to him 'storing' one of our outboards while we aired his spinney.

It was magic, fitted well and looked brilliant. Unfortunately the wind wasn't quite far enough abaft the beam for us to clear the bottom of Cumbræ, so rather than crash, I did the foredeck wrestling thing that is required to persuade the monster to go back into its bag. (Note to self - downhaul required for pole!)

Would you believe it was July before we graced the shores

of far-off Arran... Another great weekend though, with Andrew (Rosie B) aboard for a genteel glass of wine in Kingscross, followed by a trip to Brodick for Sunday lunch and jazz in the Ormidale. Back to Kingscross for sleep though, as both Brodick and Lamash had shoggy water. Glassy motor back to Troon, during which we swung and adjusted the main compass and set the fluxgate to match, and the GPS to magnetic. The small plotter was set to true, and there is no mention in the log about the big plotter, so it must have been forgotten about. (as I write this, the boat is in bits, so I can't check - see later).

During the following week, the cable was changed up the mast to the anemometer, and the damned thing successfully calibrated. The TV aerial was also fibreglassed while I was up there. Things are looking better on Sahona's health record at last.

My sister-in-law Liz joined us for a day or two and off we went to Rothesay-O.

Just off Mount Stuart, we were hit by a localised squall which was almost a whirlwind. It was ferocious and changed direction which made reefing the main interesting. Liz, the landlubber wasn't the least bit phased, but we were.

We berthed beside Riff Raff in the inner harbour and spoke to Alan (Rainbow Rider) who had been squidged by the same squall as us, and had found it equally impressive.

With Liz aboard, we don't attempt adventures - although it now seems less important - so the Kyles are favourite, with Wreck Bay being the anchorage of choice the next day.

Didn't see our little deer 'Venice-Son' this time, hope he's not met an untimely end at the hands of 'the Butcher of Lochranza' (of whom more later) or someone of that ilk.

Next day to Millport, a mixture of motor and sail, close down the Ayrshire coast for a bit of visual interest on a fair, sunny day.

The ulterior motive in berthing at Millport was to jockey for position in the audience flotilla to see the tall ships leave Greenock, as well as ice creams ashore...

So up in the morning and off to Kilcreggan or thereabouts, to see what we could see.

We believed the 'happening' should be at 1300, and things looked as if they may live up when we saw a couple of Red Arrows go low into the Prestwick area, presumably looking for a fuel pump. We never saw hide nor hair of them again, and it

SCOTTS



OPEN FOR BREAKFAST FROM 9AM DAILY - FOOD SERVED ALL DAY TILL LATE • COFFEES & PASTRIES AVAILABLE TO SIT IN OR TAKE AWAY • HEATED TERRACE OVERLOOKING THE MARINA • FANTASTIC RANGE OF CHAMPAGNES, WINES & COCKTAILS

SCOTTS AT TROON YACHT HAVEN
Harbour Road, Troon KA10 6DJ
01292 315 315
www.scotts-troon.co.uk

SCOTTS AT LARGS YACHT HAVEN
Irvine Road, Largs KA30 8EZ
01475 686 684
www.scotts-largs.co.uk

seems most of the tall ships were late. We saw a few, but with little wind they were not the spectacle we'd been hoping for, as they motored towards the mouth of the firth.

Ho hum, well, it had given us something to do on a lovely day, so guess what next? Yup, the Kyles. Caladh this time, peaceful as ever, with four boats at anchor. Odd jungle noises coming from the island however, - what kind of birds that live in Scotland can imitate monkeys?

In the morning we saw a couple of young deer swim across from the island to the mainland and then vanish. Could Venice-son have made it from Wreck Bay to the island and then to freedom? - we hope so.

From Caladh we motored to Portavadie on another calm day - a pleasant run with good scenery. Sampled the new 'bothy' restaurant which did what it says on the tin plus plus, and were happy to see the continuing development progressing - just wish they could do it while we were not there...

Massive 'voyage' to Tarbert, where it seemed to be warmer and more sheltered, as the West wind was baffled by the hills instead of blowing straight in to the berths.

This was the time to lose Liz and gain our nephew (her son) Grant - the things we do for that family..

Poor Grant. It seems the good weather follows his Mum, so when she leaves the ship, she takes the sunshine with her. It happened last year as well.

So it was, when we left Tarbert with the intention of taking a cruise through the Crinan Canal to dump Grant in Oban, that it all went to rats (that's my polite TCC log description) .

The world turned grey, and damp and cold - from every direction. That's what we felt. The boat was getting equally poor vibes from the contrary waves and wind.

I took guidance from the boat (I do listen , but I think our rapport is rather one-way..) and we turned south again, towards Lochranza, just because we wanted to go somewhere other than back to Tarbert.

I suspect there is an axiom that says 'If you can find a vacant mooring in a pleasant bay after 1400hrs, there's a problem with the weather that everybody except you is aware of'. So we had a keech night in Lochranza...

And then went back to Tarbert, visibility zilch, radar whizzing, - - grey again. But hey! it's the middle of Summer - Kath's birthday 17/07/19 something - why is the barometer still falling? We celebrated with a pleasant meal in the newly-renovated Anchor hotel and by the time we crawled out, the baro was on the up ... So, back through the Kyles to Rothesay, which turned out to be a good day for a visitor to experience the beauties of Scotland without the nasty intrusion of 'Perkins the propulsion' who sounds a bit Welsh with a name like that.

We stayed in Rothesay while the fickle weather made up it's mind, but Grant had to deal with things in the real world, so he jumped on the Calmac dreadnaught and was transmogrified into a working man by the time he reached Wemyss Bay.

The fact that we now live in an 'artificial' world of retired , privileged , carefree, sometimes dizzy, people is always bought home to me when someone from the next generation has to just get up and get on with the job of maintaining our pension fund.

We went to Millport for a couple of nights, then Troon again And that was July more or less. - on the 24th the log notes that we added a new battery to the domestic bank with the idea that the fridge would not win the battle of the amps and there would be no quibbles about lights and things as we looked forward to the promised 'Indian Summer' of 2011. We then topped up the fuel tank from a couple of 25l canisters in the garage and were ready to go.

Go where? - You may well ask... Our eldest son and family had taken a holiday-home in Lamlash, so that's where we went, one night on Davy Bones' Lockup, then a trip across to Holy Isle with the grandchildren. Back to number 9 again, then off to Lochranza the next day. All the visitors buoys were occupied, so we dropped anchor with eight feet under the keel and 75 feet of chain out, just off the castle.

The wind got up during the night, and at 0200 I had a look around. It was pitch black and of course all the lights which had been my original manoeuvres were out, but everything seemed OK, so back to bed.

At 0600, I was awakened by a slight bump. So slight in fact that I dithered before getting up to investigate.

We were aground on the north shore - just touching it seemed, but beginning to lean, so stuck. It was low tide so it would not be a long wait before we were afloat again.

I was annoyed that our 40lb plough anchor - oversized for the boat - had done just what it says on the tin, and cut a neat groove from our intended spot to the present position. As one does, while waiting for paint to dry or tides to rise, I idly pushed the button which sets a timer for the bilge-pump. Normally I count the duration of the 'skoosh' and assess whether the shaft gland needs a twist or not.

The 'skoosh' didn't stop - plenty of water in the bilge I thought as I lifted the wheelhouse floor which is the engine-room roof.

The water was up past the prop-shaft - that is, about a metre above the bottom of the bilge. The electric pump wasn't winning the battle either. I quickly started pumping manually and roused Kath. The level subsided slowly - we were in charge of the situation.

I thought we must have settled on the rudder and strained the bolts on the lower fixing. I decided to pump dry-ish and cross the bay to somewhere I could dry out and have a look. I called Clyde Coastguard and told them the problem - ie we were sinking, but could wade ashore if necessary, so lives not in danger.

As the tide rose and we came free, the inrush of water increased to the extent that we now could not stem the flow, and were definitely sinking - this is a pivotal realisation, things have changed, any complacency must be put aside.

We called Clyde again and requested a powerful pump to be made available and informed them of where we intended to beach. The water was rising in the saloon which shouldn't happen, I realised it was coming through holes in a bulkhead used for pipes and wires.

I could stem this flow a bit with putty on the engine-room side, so I lay down in the heads - as you do - and opened the access hatch - the water was two inches higher on the other side! I quickly slammed it shut again and went back to my handpump which by this time had a shortened inlet hose as the water was so high, and I suspected a partial blockage further down.

The engine started, by now almost totally submerged, and the anchor was wound in.

The saltwater inlet for the engine was pulled off (seacock closed!) to add to the pumping capability and we headed for the other side of the bay where a noisy fire engine waited, lights flashing. We weren't going to sneak in and fix this quietly.

We started to beach at the ramp, but were called away to the new pontoon, as the firemen couldn't get the pump to us, and it was a rocky bottom. I was towing Sahona with the rib, unaware Kath had restarted the engine, so we sustained a little prop and hull damage at the ramp.

On the pontoon, the firemen had a diesel pump ready and soon the water level began to fall. The pump is properly used for fire-fighting using pond or loch water, and had a huge strumbox which could only allow us to scoop off the top foot or so of water, as it couldn't get down past the propshaft. The firemen couldn't remove the strumbox on pain of death, in case we broke the pump and it was needed for it's day job.

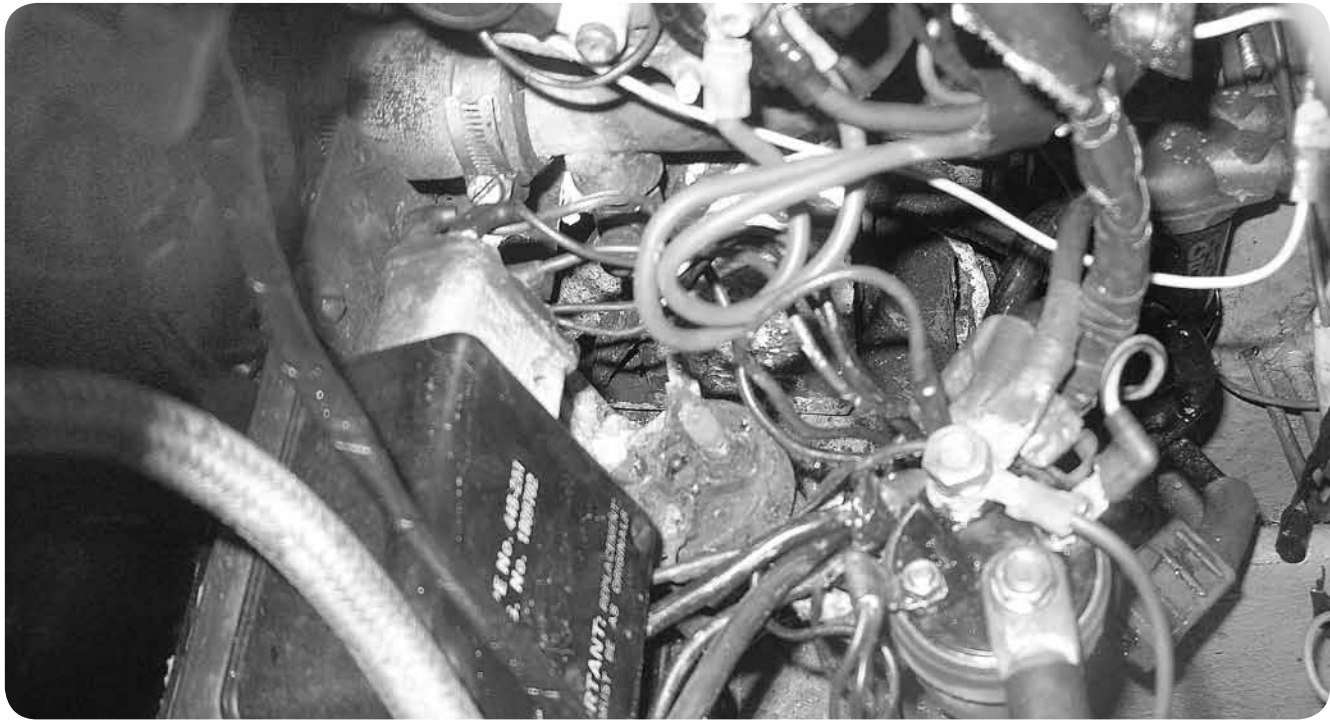
I can't believe this next bit, but Kath, wading about amongst floating floorboards only held safe by carpet, made coffee for everyone!

Enter the hero of the day - John Graham the local coastguard. He knew where a more suitable pump could be found, as the RNLI in Lamlash had refused to release the one kept there. He went to the golf course and borrowed the irrigation pump. The weather was rubbish anyway, so the grass wouldn't suffer...

John also liaised with Calmac and arranged for us to lie against the wall behind the ferry's night berth where it was a 'friendly' shingle bottom. He also managed to persuade the captain to caw

canny with the wash while we were there. He even borrowed a workboat to move Sahona in case our rib wasn't up to the job, but it was a simple downwind manoeuvre anyway.

With the new pump on deck, successfully stemming the flow, the firemen were free to return to their families, it being Sunday morning after all. There was now a period of relaxation and assessment, while the tide receded.



There had been a lot of fizzing going on under the surface...

John's wife Julie came down and offered us a bed for the night - or at the very least, a shower, which we really did need.

There was supposed to be a memorial yacht-race taking place in the bay, but it was cancelled due to the poor weather, so a couple of yotties had spare time on their hands and offered to help.

When the sea allowed, we started to look for the leak. I suspected the lower rudder fitting, but it looked OK. I removed it anyway and confirmed that the small bolt holes couldn't possibly let in so much water, so back it went.

John asked if I had had an 'incident' when I pulled the engine inlet hose, as he found seaweed inside the boat. I hadn't, so there was another hole to be discovered somewhere.

One of the helpful yotties - Eddie by name, started scooping the shingle from under the keel and discovered the flat bottom of the bilge aft of the ballast had been pushed upwards and split. The hole felt like it was over a foot long by up to 4 inches wide.

That would account for the huge ingress of water right enough!

It would appear Sahona had settled on top of something jaggy when the tide went out as there was no evidence of scraping, and we hadn't heard anything.

Enough time had been wasted on the rudder mounting, so the hole had to be fixed quickly to beat the incoming tide. Eddie disappeared for a while looking for a builder in order to get an aerosol of foam, no B&Q in Arran on a Sunday!

We cut a couple of pieces of wood, and I looked out some rope, so when Eddie returned with the foam, we were ready to effect a reasonable temporary repair.

The foam was skooshed then allowed to expand a little. The planks were forced up under the keel and lashed in place. Job done.

Now the sea could return and we would be able to assess the effectiveness or otherwise of our repair.

Meanwhile nothing on board was working...electrically, which wasn't really a surprise to me as there had been a lot of fizzing going on under the surface.

The start solenoid had partially vanished taking with it the main power feed to the domestics. Luckily I had one in stock, don't we all? (Don't reply if your name is John Lewis).

Once fitted, it was a case of repairing joints to anything that didn't work - water pumps etc. Soon everything was tickety boo

the bilge pump and logging the time it took to clear the water. Over the next 36 hours it went from 15 seconds down to 6 so the trend was in the right direction.

By noon on the Monday, we were ready to attempt to return to Troon if a test run round the bay was successful.

The engine started, as expected. - 'Perkins', seems to think he's been fitted into a Landrover that likes playing in rivers. Unfortunately the gearbox didn't like the trip round the bay at all, and was sick - literally - a yellow emulsion of seawater and oil oozed out of the dipstick/breather. I felt that it sounded different as well. Back to the pontoon, and John advised us to move to a vacant buoy as we were no longer in danger (the pontoon is not intended for long-term use).

The gearbox has no drain, so the easiest way of getting the oil out was to screw off the filter and then spin up the engine. Messy but effective, and let's face it the whole place was covered in a slippery film of watery oil anyway. Twice flushed and filled, it still looked a bit yellow, but it would have to do for the journey home.

Since we were still here in Lochranza with nothing immediate left to fix, we did some shore-time. Nothing wrong with a couple of pints in the hotel, and Kath went to the butchers shop. What was it about that butcher? Ah - take off the white paper hat and add a yellow plastic one - you have a fire-fighter...

So all those poor men who were heaved out of bed at 0600 on a dreich Sunday morning were just ordinary people minding their own business until we came along. Sorry guys, and thanks again. Kath gave John an envelope and asked him to re-imburse the golf-course for fuel and builder for foam and everybody for time and help.

The coastguard (both Clyde and John) didn't like the idea of us just swanning off into the distance on our own, so one of the visiting boats offered to accompany us. We had met Ash and Joan before, originally on the internet and then at a 'Scuttlebutt' cruise.

This is the first season in the Clyde for their Vega *Mistral*, which is more used to the fresh waters of Loch Lomond. We also had an offer from Ken on *Kerima* who was on another of the visitors buoys, so the CG was happy for us to go if conditions were fair. Don and Moyra on *Riff Raff* said they would come out from Troon to meet us.

Tuesday morning 0815 looked good, wind variable 1-2 though visibility could be better.

Off we go then, buzzed round *Kerima* and headed out with *Mistral*. *Kerima* came out later, but didn't catch up, which is surprising as we were down by 1-1/2 knots due to the planks under the keel and the ropes thrumming round the hull.

It was flat calm and we were joined by a single dolphin playing between the two boats - really playing I mean, jumping out of the water, slapping the water with its tail,

doing things I've never seen before. It stayed with us for a couple of hours then went with *Mistral* when they split off to Lamlash, accompanying them as far as Mill Rock. *Riff Raff* escorted us into Troon where we spent a thoroughly relaxed, stress-free evening, and *Sahona* was lifted out by the marina next day.

The professionals have now removed Perkins and the sickly gearbox, all the wiring, and the little boxes it used to connect together. The fibreglassing is complete, the chance to paint places that have not seen the light of day for 33 years has been seized, and the topsides! Soon we should have a much happier boat. Well, maybe not so soon, but sometime before next season I hope.

Postscript : We've been anchoring boats for years, so what went wrong? Lochranza has a reputation, so all the more reason to be careful.

With *Sahona* out on the hard, I took some measurements which may shed some light. The engineer doing the electrics cut the coax to the echo-sounder transducer. When I called him to query this, he advised me the active transducer is the one at the front rather than the one I thought. This transducer requires a keel offset of 20" rather than the 4 feet I had calculated for the other. So, already we're two feet deeper than we thought.

The distance from the stemhead to the bottom of the keel is 9.5 feet, so when I dropped anchor in a displayed depth of 8 feet (near low tide), the vertical component of the chain was in fact nearer 20 feet. So the catenary ratio I calculated was 20:75 instead of 8:75. (or roughly 1:4 instead of 1:10, at low tide)

This error is so large because of the higher than usual stemhead (compared to similar sized yachts) - which of course I should already have considered, and the shallowness of the anchorage chosen.

I now have a different set of values to use should I ever get my boat back... Roll on Spring 2012.



The planks were forced up under the keel and lashed in place.



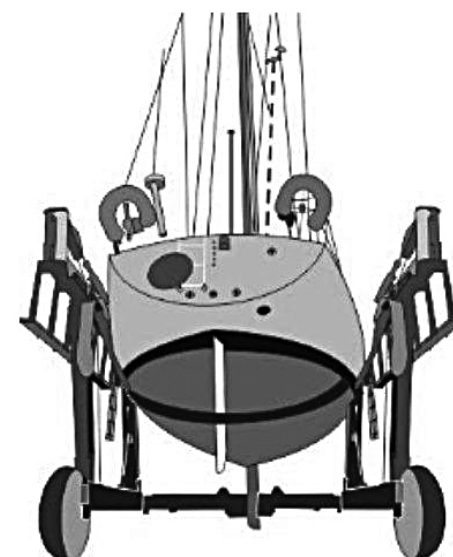
NEW ISLAY MARINE CENTRE

IS BASED IN LAGAVULIN BAY ON THE BEAUTIFUL ISLAND OF ISLAY.

NEW FACILITIES INCLUDE:

- Slipway and wash down area
- Secure storage for up to 60 boats with access to water and power
- Wise 20 Tonne boat hoist
- A fully stocked chandlery shop
- 28 berth (Port Ellen) pontoons 2 miles away
- GRP repair specialists
- Insurance work undertaken
- Toilet and shower facilities
- Outboard service centre
- Pickups and drop off from airport and ferry on request
- FREE Wi-fi Access

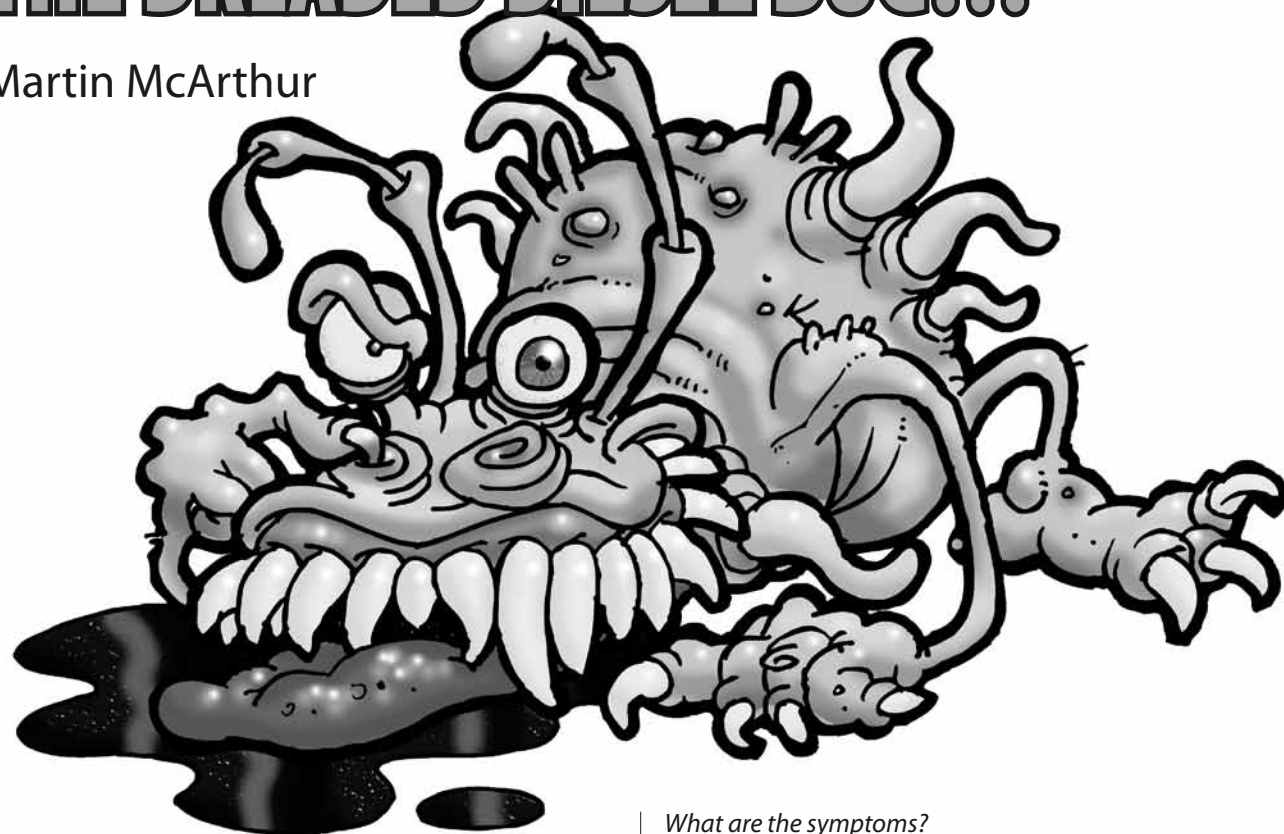
For a price details contact Gus Newman or Jess McMillan at Stormcats on tel 01496 300129 or gus@stormcats.co.uk. View our website at <http://www.islay-marine-centre.com>



Islay Marine Centre
All facilities on one site

THE DREADED DIESEL BUG...

Martin McArthur



Have you suffered from it? Do you know what it is and does? Could you recognise the bug and the symptoms? Know how avoid it, or treat it when you get it?

What is 'diesel bug'?

Diesel bug can be any one of up to a hundred different strains of bacteria, mould and yeast that exist within your fuel. Normally these bacteria are fairly inactive, that is until you get water in the tank. Water lies at the bottom of the tank and the bacteria grows on the interface between water and fuel feeding off the hydrocarbons in the diesel.

Where does it come from?

It can come from the air, or moisture (condensate) or contaminated fuel supplies. The 'bug' surrounds itself with a protective slime and can then lie dormant in your fuel tank, fuel lines and filters until the right conditions occur. It then multiplies on the interface between fuel and water at the bottom of the tank.

What does it do?

The bug forms a soft jelly like black sludge that, when the sea puts your boat into motion, gets mixed with the otherwise clean fuel and drawn into the fuel pipes where it can, and does stick to the walls of the fuel pipes (rather like cholesterol does to arteries), causing partial, or nearly complete, blockages in pipes and/or filters.

What are the symptoms?

Our experience on *Talisman* follows. My first encounter with the dreaded bug was (during our cruise to France in 2010) on approach to Milford Haven after the engine had been running well for over 20 hours as we crossed Cardigan Bay from Holyhead. The engine was running at 2500 rpm as we motor-sailed past St Annes Head. Without any alteration to the throttle the rpm reduced to 2200rpm and stayed low for about five minutes, after which it returned to normal running. In Milford I consulted with the marine engineer at the marina. His suggestion was that I had dirt in my fuel and said that I should change the fuel filters. On removal of the primary fuel filter/water separator it was obvious that the filter was nearly blocked by a black, very soft jelly like substance (I think the term 'gloop' is fairly descriptive). When I showed this to the marine engineer his opinion was that dirt in the bottom of the tank must have been disturbed by the motion of the boat while fuel level was low. Nobody said anything about diesel bug.

For the next 500 miles of motor-sailing southwards there was no further trouble, until, on departure from St Denis towards Royan, motoring into a brisk headwind we were unable to get more than 2 knots and the engine rpm would not go above 2200 rpm (at full throttle, in gear, it should be capable of 3000 rpm). Assuming that this was the same problem we had encountered at the entrance to Milford Haven, I put back into St Denis and changed the fuel filters. This time the filters were not so badly affected, very little sign of the black 'gloop'. As an added joy I managed to twist one of the seals on the primary filter and produced a fairly heavy fuel leak!

Leaving St Denis on the following day engine performance was only marginally better, but the wind was not so bad and we continued on our way to Royan.

During the passage I experimented with the engine, using different power settings, engaging reverse and with the engine out of gear. The results were, to me anyway, confusing. Ahead, in gear, 2200 rpm. Astern, in gear, 2900 rpm! Out of gear, ahead and astern, 3000+ rpm!! Later I found that with no load, out of gear, there was enough fuel flowing to reach to max rpm, in reverse the gear ratios are different so there is less load and, ergo, higher rpm.

In Royan I consulted with the Yanmar engineer and when I explained my problem (in pigeon French) he had no doubt the the problem had something to do with the propellor - 'Votre hellice, Monsieur!'. No mention of diesel bug. I arranged to have *Talisman* lifted out and, sure enough, there was a big ball of weed wrapped around the prop. I was so pleased to find that weed! It seemed to confirm that my problems were over.

Our next passage was to Rochefort. As I intended to pass through the Pertuis de Maumusson (a narrow passage between Ile d'Oleron and the mainland, my pilot book recommended not to go through without local knowledge) I needed a reliable engine. Following removal of the weed the engine was better, but not perfect. We made it to Rochefort, still worrying that the engine was not producing it's best. And, the fuel leak persisted, despite another filter change.

From Rochefort we had to sail to St Martin, on Ile de Re, in readiness for a flight home (to replenish our pills and satisfy house insurance requirements not to leave the house unoccupied for more than 90 days). From Rochefort passage down 12 miles of the river Charente was made easy by the ebbing tide. Once clear of the river, with the wind in the northwest, I opted to sail (well, motorsail) to the west of Fort Boyard so that we could reach to La Pallice (northwest of La Rochelle). On the way across I found that the fuel leak was no better, lots of fuel in the bilge, and stopped the engine. We were close reaching in a F4 northwesterly and made good time but the condition of the engine continued to worry me, there was still no answer to the question, what was wrong? From La Pallice we had to turn to a northwesterly course, directly into wind. With just under five miles to go to St Martin I was sure we would be there in less than two hours despite having to motor into wind, now F5, with a sickly engine. With only two miles to go, the engine slowed and died!

Following the poor performance I was convinced that the engine was dead and called the French Coastguard requesting a tow. They put out a 'Pan Pan' call, which no one answered. We had seen no other yachts about for some time. The Coastguard asked if we still wanted a tow and when I said 'yes' they said that they would send the lifeboat. The lifeboat duly arrived, and towed us to St. Martin where they advised me that that I would have to pay €350.00 for the privilege!

Safely berthed in the marina I had time to consider our situation and realised that with so much fuel in the bilge, maybe we had simply run out of fuel! With fuel topped up, and filters changed again, the engine ran, sadly still not well. We flew home without knowing what to do next.

On our return to France we sailed to La Rochelle, to Les Minimes where we refuelled and engaged the services

of a marine engineer to resolve the fuel leak. He found a strange washer (not put there by me) fitted on the engine fuel filter bleed screw, declared the fuel leak cured and departed. Off we went back to Rochefort, we have friends there, and found that although the fuel leak was cured the engine was still not performing well. We arrived at the mouth of the river Charente too early and motored into the ebbing tide making, at times, barely 1 knot. Eventually the tide turned and we made it to Rochefort fairly late in the day, nearly dark.

In Rochefort I again engaged a marine engineer. He observed the engine performance, confirmed that I had, again, changed fuel filters, removed the injector for testing and carried out a compression test. No problems found! He also used a 'shuftiscope' to look into my fuel tank and said that 'there is no fuel bug! The fuel is clean and there is only a small quantity of dirt, not unusual, at the bottom of the tank'. The engine still did not perform well. Talking to another yachtsman he said that he thought that we had fuel bug but as I had been declared bug free by a professional I ignored his advice.

All the way home the engine performed in an erratic manner, sometimes ok and other times abysmal! Despite this we made our way north to the Channel (with frequent filter changes) and made the crossing from L'Aberwrach to Penzance. Safely back to a place where I could converse with engineers in the same language, I carried out another filter change and showed the filter to a marine engineer. 'Oh, you have diesel bug!' said he - no doubt in his mind, this was definitely a case of diesel bug! He had seen it before, often, in fishing boats. Returning to *Talisman* I fitted the new filter, only to find that no fuel was flowing from the fuel pipe to the filter bowl. Fortunately I had a length of electrical cable that fitted into the copper fuel pipe and after pushing nearly 2 metres of cable into the pipe, three times, the fuel flowed once more. The first fuel out of the pipe was black, fuel bug had blocked the pipe. After this I started to use a biocide that I had bought in France, but not used on the advice of the marine engineer at Rochefort. He said that there might be adverse effects from using a biocide when there was no diesel bug.

From Penzance we had fewer problems with the engine, still not always performing very well but not too bad. Following discussions at TCC, with a knowledgeable member of the club, and a favourable review in PBO, I have been adding Grotamar as my biocide of choice. My problems are not yet over, the ideal solution is to remove and replace (or clinically clean) all fuel tank and pipework components. Maybe this winter?

Conclusion

Make sure that you fuel tank is full, especially over the winter, to ensure that no condensation occurs and you keep water away from your fuel tank. If you do get the bug use a biocide as recommended by the manufacturer. Consider using a biocide, in smaller doses, as a preventative measure.

Happy sailing, with winds on the beam

Martin





euroyachts

APPOINTED BROKERS AT LARGS AND TROON YACHT HAVENS

LARGS TROON



We sell boats! Large boats, small boats, motorboats, sailingboats, new boats, old boats and all those in between.

Euroyachts is a family run business that has been at the forefront of boat sales for more than 45 years during which time we have sold several thousand new and used boats of all types to many different parts of the world.

Today, as always, boat sales is our core activity. We are the officially appointed brokers for power and sailing craft at both Largs and Troon Yacht Havens where we endeavour to offer fair and honest service to buyers and sellers alike. We have been members of the British Marine Federation for 30 years.

We are also responsible for the distribution of Jeanneau sailing and powerboats in the North of the UK. Jeanneau have been our trading partners for more than 30 years.

Recently we opened our unique custom built boat sales facility in Largs Yacht Haven which allows customers to browse in comfort throughout the year.

LARGS YACHT HAVEN 01475 687204 • TROON YACHT HAVEN 01292 318002

www.euroyachts.com



Friday May 6th

Another year and another log but where oh where has the last year gone? We said goodbye to the Club at 12.30pm and headed out to a choppy sea. It turned out to be a horrible sea all the way to Tarbert. There was very little wind to begin with but as we reached the Tail of Bute we were getting gusts up to 34knts! The only saving grace was the sun was with us most of the time.

There were plenty of spaces to choose from when we arrived at 6.45pm. After dinner we had a stroll round to the harbour.

I was most impressed with the new walkway into town and the lovely raised flower beds with Spring flowers.

Saturday May 7th

What a change from yesterday as we departed at 11am to head for Ardrishaig. There was practically no wind with a calm sea and the sun tried hard to stay with us too. At the moment we are at Cairnbaan having travelled up the Canal with a brand new 42ft yacht. The owner had just taken possession of the boat in Ireland

and is taking it back to Norway via the Canals. I was so glad the crew all spoke English as I had to try and explain the locking system to them. To be honest, I had to retrain myself as it has been a number of years since I was last here.

There was an anxious Jack in the locks as the new boat was at least 12ft wide and little room to manoeuvre. There wouldn't have been space for another boat, that's for sure.

We just reached Cairnbaan when the heavens opened and the rain came down like 'stair rods'. It started so suddenly and caught everyone on the hop as none of us had jackets on as it had been so warm. The next thing there was a huge flash of lightning followed by a great rumble of thunder.

There have been lots of swallows darting around this evening and we have heard the cuckoo for the first time tonight.

Sunday May 8th

Rain, rain and more rain, oh what a morning. The Norwegian boat had gone on ahead yesterday and we are now in the company of John and Mike in *Caolila*. The boat had

wintered in Largs but they live in Manchester. The four of us managed to get into a routine and even caught up with the others who had left quite a bit before us. They appeared to be having problems and a lot of time was wasted. We had left Cairnbaan at 9.30am and it was 3.30pm before we tied up in the lower basin at Crinan! It was wet all the way to Dunardy Bridge then it dried up and the sun came out eventually.

Life is full of lovely surprises and we had one today. John produced mouth watering smoked salmon on brown bread and delicious Italian wine. That was certainly a first for us on the Crinan Canal. It certainly lifted our spirits and made us feel so much better especially after the miserable start to the day and the delays.

Another thing to put smile on our faces was seeing a mummy duck with her 14 tiny ducklings. She had them right in at the water edge and as soon as we sailed past she guided them back into the middle of the waterway.

Monday May 9th

We left Crinan in a bit of a rush as Jack noticed a trip boat heading for

the sea lock and decided we could do likewise. Unfortunately the wind decided to pick up as we left Crinan and we had another lumpy sea most of the way to the lagoon at Ardfarn. We arrived here just after noon and the wind has been strong all day with gusts up to 34 knots. It has been a very lazy day for both of us.

As Jack was oiling the top rudder bearing he discovered one of the main bolts was badly bent. Thankfully he noticed it and was able to replace it with a new straight one!

Tuesday May 10th

Oh dear what a night, the strong wind never let up. It was nearly 5 o'clock this afternoon before it abated. As there was a change in direction we were getting the full benefit of the fetch up the loch.

As I didn't get much sleep last night I made up for it this afternoon with Jack making our late lunch while I snoozed – must try this more often!

Wednesday May 11th

I was beginning to think this was Friday the 13th. We eventually left for Oban at 5.15am to catch the tide at the Dorus Mor. Managed to get up early (but not bright) and all was going well until we tried to start the engine – nothing. The laptop may have drained the battery we thought – oh bother – or something like that was said! Jack's sturdy jump leads saved the day, or did they? I did tell you about the terribly strong winds, well, they were the cause of the anchor now dug in all the way to Australia or so Jack thought as it wouldn't budge. It took both of us hauling on the chain to release it after a lot of hard work I may add.

As we headed north I was pleased the wind as well as the sea was much kinder to us. From Easdale onwards there was quite a chill in the wind so we were both looking forward to a good fry up once we found a mooring. Nothing else could go wrong surely, or could it? Oh yes it could, not quite sure how we managed it but the float got stuck under the keel. After our 4am rise we were both pretty demoralized and tired. Again with us both using brute force we managed to release it. Later we both commented about the extra long chains on the visitor moorings so

that may have had something to do with the fankle.

To add insult to injury, after lunch and a sleep, we got absolutely soaked when we went into town in the afternoon. There was a good choice of moorings when we arrived so we chose one opposite the pontoon.

Thursday May 12th

We have been well entertained with all the 'big boys' (40ft and over) arriving today. Many of them were having problems with the long chains too, especially as today has been another very windy day with gusts up to 31 knots. It looks as if most of them are up for the 'Three Peaks Race'. All the moorings have now been taken and we notice many other yachts going into the Marina at Kerrera. Tarragon has had the pleasure of our company all day as we decided not to get soaked for a second day as there have been torrential showers from first thing this morning.

We are now sitting with the heater on as the temperature has dropped quite a bit.

The Lifeboat was called out early this evening as a 34ft wooden yacht had grounded on rocks off Lismore and the skipper was on his own.

Forecast not good so we could be here another two days.

Friday May 13th

There was lots of activity this morning, with all the crews arriving. The race is starting from here with the runners

The Three Peaks runners board Hecla II crewed by Jim and Helen Thomson



racing first then heading for the waiting dinghies to take them out to their respective boats. Just before this, a boat with a piper on board played as it sailed through the fleet. Not sure how many boats participated, but I did see a yacht with a number 33.

Low and behold who else did we see, none other than Helen and Jim Thomson. As they passed Tarragon we gave them a hearty cheer and wished them good luck to help them on their way.

I don't think I have ever seen people and dinghies being hauled so quickly on to yachts before. Every minute seem to count and the crews weren't too fussy how they went about it I can tell you.

What did I say about Friday the 13th – we have battery problems yet again. We finished up getting a new one at the pier fuel depot. Jack said that was more of his pocket money gone again!!! Needless to say we got soaked yet again going for it. We had to come into the pontoon to change the battery and who came in at the other side---- 'Drum' This was the first time I had seen her , and she is a BIG boat. Nothing daunting Agnes, she asked if it would be possible to have a wee peek inside. The crew were all very obliging and friendly. I discovered it could sleep 16. The width is nearly the same length as Tarragon, or so it seemed.

Saturday May 14th

I awoke this morning to hear the wind still howling and the rain battering



Drum's boom is the same length as Tarragon

down good style. When is this 'low' going to pass through I'd like to know? We seem to have been living in wellies and water proofs, for days, or is it weeks. We managed to have a dry spell when we went ashore today. But needless to say we were still dressed for rain. We returned just in time before the heavens opened once more. As the boat was still on the pontoon after the battery change we choose our moment when the wind and tide were more favourable to head back to the moorings. There was still plenty of choice, so we picked the one nearest the pontoon. Not one boat has come has come near the moorings and we have only seen three going to the Marina.

Sunday May 15th

Not much to report today. Rain, wind, rain, wind, you can take your pick. Needless to say we haven't moved as 5/7s still forecast. However, the cooker was treated to a good clean so that was at least something positive. Drum came back to the pontoon this afternoon to drop off the weekend guests after their visit to Tobermory.

She occupied the full length of the pontoon. The crew then took her back to her mooring at Kerrera.

Monday May 16th

Jack and I hauled ourselves out of our bunks and both looked like a couple of zombies! What an awful night, although to be truthful we used slightly stronger language! Neither of us had very much sleep. The wind was roaring through the rigging, and the rain was coming down in 'stair rods' AGAIN. The mooring chain was also getting heaved about and making a horrendous noise plus the vacant mooring buoy was colliding with the stern of our boat. With all that I'm sure you get the picture. It was so bad Jack even suggested going home for a week!! The only thing was, if I had gone I might not have returned.

The strong wind and rain continued all day then abated about 6 o'clock just as we were about to eat. We decided to move, so after a very hurried meal we up staked and headed for Loch Aline at 7pm. It was dry most of the way thankfully. Just as we approached the loch in the gloom,

we could see a herd of deer quite near the waters edge.

Tuesday May 17th

Absolute silence when I awoke this morning – pure heaven. When I looked out the water was like a mill pond, what a change from yesterday. It was really wonderful to have had such a peaceful sleep after the past week of terrible weather. We left for Tobermory at 9am and arrived at 11.30am. It was a lovely sail, all being a motoring one with hardly any wind, would you believe. The surrounding hills were really clear and the sun even made an appearance.

The peace of Lochaline made a welcome change





Jim Traynor, Tobermory's Marine Manager will do all that he can to help but the weather is beyond his control!

All change by tea time, you couldn't even see the entrance to the bay for the mist and rain.

There was a big choice of moorings when we arrived, but many have now been taken with some VERY LARGE yachts.

The cruise ship Quest was here when we arrived and we discovered it normally cruises the Artic waters. There is only accommodation for 20 odd people and about the same number of crew.

Wednesday May 18th

The tent and heater have been a God send this trip. Not sure if we could have coped without them as things do not seemed to be improving. The forecast is still horrendous with 5/7 and sometimes gale 8!!!! Even HIGH seas are mentioned which is just not my cup of tea at all.

We were fortunate to manage ashore between extremely heavy showers. There have been very strong gusts of wind too, but we didn't check to see how strong they were because it would only have depressed us even more!!!

Did I mention that it rained a bit last summer?



We certainly wont be going anywhere tomorrow either. Does anyone have a spare magic wand they are not using at the moment, because, I certainly could make very good use of it right now.

Thursday May 19th

Joy, oh joy, we've had quite a bit of sunshine today. Never the less we still had rain morning and evening. It was great being able to open everything up and getting the boat aired. It is the first time we have been able to do that since we left Troon!!!!

The forecast is still awful, but we keep hoping the wind will abate, mind you we have been saying that for two weeks now!!!!

Quite a number of large boats have come in this afternoon and most have big crew numbers.

Alison in the THA Office showed us the circular meeting room which has superb views of the bay, moorings and pontoons. It is such a pity the office below has only two tiny windows and doesn't allow them to see a fraction of that.

Jack has been doing odd repair jobs, so they have kept him from wearying too much.

Friday May 20th

Snow on the hills, hail stones this afternoon and rain which was bouncing off the sea, whatever next?

The two Ocean Youth Trust Scotland boats are in at the pontoons. We also had a visit from the Cruise ship the

Silversea. It departed early evening and headed north.

Some of the yachts that set off this morning returned in the afternoon, they had tried to head north too.

We heard a number of the Cruise Ships have had to alter their itinerary because of the inclement weather. The Marco Polo should have been in Tobermory but hadn't appeared.

A massive sailing yacht came in this afternoon and anchored at the bottom of the bay. Jack thinks it is about 90 ft long.

More heavy showers tonight as well. Forecast for tomorrow still 5/7 and gale 8 later. Would you really like to know what I think about this weather? I'm sorry, but I don't think it is printable!

Saturday May 21st

Rain, rain and more rain, and to keep it company, but what else, but strong winds. We haven't even stuck our heads out today, so no paper or anything else for that matter.

Unfortunately we found a leak in the forward cabin. After all the rain we've had we're lucky there haven't been more. The large cushion was really wet at the outer edge. Jack thinks the cleat hold became slack with all the tugging of mooring lines on the pontoon at Oban. I'm not sure when it will be dry enough to do any sealing!!

Just heard the forecast and they are now talking about STORM force winds! I'm not liking the sound of that one little bit. Many of the boats that went out earlier have returned, so I guess they didn't like what was out there either. Drum also arrived this afternoon and I expect it came up the Sound a lot quicker than the others. Even although Jack says we are on a secure mooring and in a sheltered bay, home sounds like a good place to be right now. Where, oh where, has all my faith gone?

Sunday May 22nd

Am I really hearing right—gale force 8, 9, and 10 at times. This is now beyond a joke. We have managed to get short spells of sunshine today between torrential showers. Jack was actually able to get shore for papers and milk and stay dry.

Yet again boats have gone out and had to come back in. We are one of

the few boats under 40ft here. The ones coming in are getting bigger and bigger.

The *Hebridean Princess* also arrived at tea time and is tied up at the pier.

Monday May 23rd

I awoke to the sound of the wind screaming through the rigging, and the rain battering down, when is it all going to stop.

The Cruise type ship the *Geographic Explorer* was in the bay this morning. I think I heard it come in about 7 o'clock.

The wind has been horrendous all day and has never let up. It has been whipping the top off the waves in the bay. A yacht dragged it's anchor and was swept right out to the Sound. The wind was so strong his outboard was absolutely useless. He was going between 5/6 knots and was helpless. Fortunately he was spotted, and two ribs from the *Geographic Explorer* raced out to his aid before the Lifeboat was launched. It was a difficult rescue as it was blowing 55knots in the Sound. It certainly was a relief to see them all coming back into the bay safe and hopefully sound.

We have had a number of welcome phone calls and text messages to make sure we are alright. The way things are going we could be here for another week!

Tuesday May 24th

We received a phone call last night from Iain, to tell us about the car

being damaged. As we will not be sailing from here anywhere soon we have decided to head home and see to the car. The bus from Oban has been booked for tomorrow and we have made arrangements with Jim Trainer the Harbour Master to leave Tarragon on this mooring. He said he would keep an eye on it for us. It has now become a cleaning and packing day. Jim has kindly said he would come over for us at 9am tomorrow, so we can pack the dinghy away too.

Wednesday May 25th

We had a new view of the Sound on our bus journey down to Craignure for the ferry over to Oban. As we had only 20 minutes before catching the bus for Glasgow we were keeping our fingers crossed the ferry would be on time. The timing was just right for our connection for the bus to Ayr. It was a welcome sight seeing our daughter there to meet us.

I wouldn't say that this year has been my most favourite trip on *Tarragon*, but could you blame me? Let's hope the next one will be much better.

I'm so pleased to say it was, as a few weeks later I sailed out of Arisiag with much improved weather. Our first port of call was Sandaig Bay where we had an overnight. I was disappointed to see a lot of the trees next to the bay had been cut down which makes it a little less picturesque. We had the pleasure of seeing dolphins inside the Skye Bridge which was unusual.

The following day it was a 'granny' sail up to Portree and we had two nights



Jack got to try a different cockpit for size - no need for a tent in this one!



Fortunately the weather had improved by the time Agnes returned to *Tarragon* to complete her summer cruise, visiting Portree, Plockton and Kyle of Lochalsh

Rainclouds gathering in the evening did not bode well for the following day's sailing



there. At Churchton Bay the following day it was nice meeting up with Jan and Geoff Barber from *Solway Lass* and we had a good old chinwag with them on *Tarragon*.

Plockton had to be next for a visit and as with Portree we had our pick of the moorings. Everywhere is very quiet for this time of the year.

It was then back to Kyle of Lochalsh for my bus journey the next day back home.

I'm so pleased to report the weather this time was much more to my liking, thank goodness.

A big sigh of relief from Jack!

Until next time.

Agnes



widen your horizons



■ artwork, design and photography

- design for print and web
- advertising
- digital illustration, montage and manipulation
- signage and wayfinding

■ organisational and personal development

- coaching
- leadership development
- change management
- hr advice and support

LAMONT ASSOCIATES

01355 302768
enquiries@lamontassociates.co.uk

Jessail
Proprietor Sally MacDonald

**SAIL REPAIRS
CANVAS WORK
UPHOLSTERY
INDUSTRIAL SEWING**

email – Jessail@btinternet.com

58 Glasgow Street

Ardrossan KA22 8EH

tel/fax 01294 467311

Mobile 07771 970578

ESCAPE'S FIRST SEASON ON THE CLYDE

by Roger Coutu



Escape and I met each other in Elie, Fife in January 2011, she was sitting on her keels ashore. She is a 1975 Trident 24, has triple bilge keels, and came with a trailer. In Elie, *Escape* was blocked in by club boats so I had to wait for their boat lift before a crane could get access to put her on her trailer. Spring took forever to arrive and I am sure I drove everybody crazy peppering them with questions and buying everything I think I needed to kit a boat out. It is worth noting that I wasn't a full member and didn't have a berth when I made the decision to purchase her so I was doing a lot of praying and a bit of nail biting too. Nevertheless, everything fell into place and on 17 April I towed her to Troon uneventfully, I was like a proud beaming father. TCC had their boat lift the previous weekend so there was plenty of room to get to work. In a ten day period I installed and wired a second battery bank, running lights, and installed a propex heating system. Everyone I came in contact with was more than willing to provide advice or give a hand, thanks everybody you're the greatest. On the morning of 27 April, Troon Marina lifted *Escape* into the water for a very reasonable £94. *Tarragon* and *Antistatic* raised my mast about mid-day and my sailing season was about to begin. My intent was to sail *Escape* up to the first club muster in Largs on 30 April but I decided to crew on *Solitaire* since the wind was a bit too strong for a boat I had little experienced sailing. Largs was an unforgettable event, rendezvoused with my old shipmates from *Hoodlum* and concluded the evening on board *Argento* with the very gracious Ken Andrews.

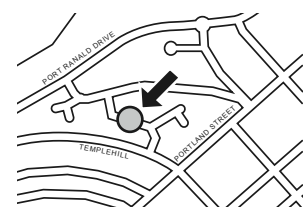
Upon returning, I impatiently waited for the weather to improve. I had chosen my first port, Rothesay, and talked my brother-in-law Jimmy who had no sailing experience to be my crew. Departed on Sunday, 15 May knowing the weather would probably deteriorate in the next few days. However, we were both flexible and agreed to remain in port if necessary. We beat our way up against a northerly force 4, didn't get lost and arrived safely. Departed Rothesay Monday morning in a force 3-4 en route Caladh Harbour, everything was going like clockwork. Rothesay was behind us, all sails up, preparing to tack up the East Kyle and shut the engine off for a nice and relaxing day... but things were about to change. Upon tacking the port headsail sheet slipped through the block and fouled my propeller, oh boy! We shut the engine off and kept sailing, this was a first and I calmly considered my options on how I was going to clear the screw, all entailed stopping the boat and getting in the water. To stop the boat I weighed my options: sail into port, anchor, beach her with the falling tide, or pick up a buoy under sail. I looked at the charts and considering the depth of the water, chose the last. Two miles before Colintrave I picked up a vacant mooring buoy under sail alone in squally conditions with a fast running tide. Jimmy was a hero and volunteered to get in the water with a bowie knife between his teeth. Being safety conscious I had the heat going full blast, kettle boiled, blankets at the ready while I tended the safety rope and provided encouragement. No problem, mission accomplished, he was half blue when he climbed out! Anyways, smiling again since all systems were

BJ's Autocentre

FOR ALL YOUR MOTORING NEEDS

<< Servicing
<< Clutches
<< Exhausts
<< Batteries

Your local, family run
service centre



5 Union Street Lane
TROON KA10 6BS
tel 01292 220099 / 311838

operational we continued on to Caladh Harbor where we anchored for the night in the most beautiful conditions. On Tuesday we had an enjoyable sail down the West Kyles to Tarbert with force 3-4 winds increasing. The following day it was blowing a gale so we remained in port. This is when I discovered the window above my berth leaked, the boat gets filled with condensation, and you need to keep yourself busy or you'll go insane. On Thursday we departed for Troon against a calm southerly under full sails which soon developed into an estimated force 5-6, made it back in six hours. As a side note, this cruise was made even more exciting by the winches which kept seizing up... I had two new ones at home and replacing them were on my 'to do' list. For some reason, Jimmy hasn't been sailing since. I day sailed out of Troon for the next couple weeks, replaced the winches and put some silicone on the leaking window.

Thursday, 2 June. Time for another overnigher, this time with my wife Sharon. Destination, buoy number 9, Lamlash. We had a great time, weather was beautiful, and we came back the following day.

Tuesday, 14 June. Sharon and I departed for Port Bannatyne where we remained overnight. The following day we departed for Caladh Harbor with a detour up Loch Riddon since it was early in the day, at the top of the loch a storm blew in. We worked our way back down to Caladh and two attempts to anchor failed since the wind was

shifting 270° and blowing a force 7, also unsuccessful at anchoring south of the Burnt Isles. My arms were killing me after pulling the anchor up three times and Sharon wasn't happy since she has no experience on the tiller and the conversation did become a bit lively at times. We decided to head for Tighnabruich and pick up a buoy since we were meeting Jimmy and his wife at the Kames Hotel on Thursday. En route the weather improved and Sharon said she wanted to go to a marina so we kept going until we arrived in Portavadie and stayed Wednesday night. She loved it. The freak weather was corroborated by other sailors when we got to Portavadie, they had encountered the same conditions. On Thursday we sailed up the Kyles again and picked up a buoy at the Kames Hotel, we rolled all night with the swell. On Friday we decided to sail home to Troon, it started off nice but by the time we reached Inchmarnock it was an uncomfortable southerly force 5 with torrential rain. We once again diverted to Sharon's now favourite place, Portavadie. On Saturday, 18 June, we enjoyed a nice sail

back to Troon.

Escape was day sailed again for the next couple of weeks with various inexperienced crew. During this time I had to go up the mast twice, once to replace a seized topping lift blocked and the other to retrieve a flying main halyard a crewmember had unknowingly unclipped from main sail. Friday, 1 July. Sharon and I sailed to Lamlash for the night. We had a great time until I tried going ashore with the dog the following morning and couldn't get my seagull dinghy engine to start, I was counting my blessings that it hadn't happened at 0130 when we were returning to the boat. Back in Troon, Brian Hull discovered the cause was dirty points.

Friday, 8 July. Shanghaied by *Hoodlum* as crew for the overnight race from Troon to Rothesay via Hamilton Rock. Returned on Sunday, 10 July.

Tuesday, 12 July. Sailed to the Cumbraes to escort Tall Ships down the Clyde. Stuart Powrie was crewing and we made great time flying the drifter. While up there I poked into Glencallum Bay and checked it out as a possible future anchoring destination.

Day sailed *Escape* until I was enlisted as crew on board *Solitaire* the evening of 20 July. George and I departed 21 July and we circumnavigated Arran visiting Loch Ranza, Campbeltown and Lamlash. Arrived back in Troon on Sunday, 24 July. It was the best sailing

weather of the season with incredible visibility. For the next eight weeks I had many commitments but was still able to regularly sail *Escape* during the week. The most memorable was on Saturday, 3 September when I got T-boned by a basking shark (no damage), captured it on video with an iphone and posted it on youtube. Saturday, 24 September. Single-handed in a force 3-4 to Brodick and picked up a buoy. Rendezvoused with *Cracker*, had drinks ashore and Mexican dinner on board their boat. Sailed back on Sunday in a force 7-8, *Cracker's* anemometer registered 45 mph gusts coming out of Brodick. In summary, my electronic log states I sailed 587 miles this season. For her first year I am quite pleased that the boat is still afloat, suffered no groundings, didn't hit anything and most of all I didn't require any external assistance.

I can't wait to go farther afield until next year!



Bali Voe's Northern Cruise 2011

Margaret Goodlad

LONG COLD SAILS are not to my liking a fact which I thought I had made quite clear after our round Ireland Cruise in 2009. However, the Tall Ships were to be in Lerwick in July 2011 so I knew I would have to dig out the long johns, thermal vests and big jumpers! Jim surprised me by suggesting that when we were in Shetland we could just 'nip' across to Norway. I should not have been surprised but I pointed out that *Bali Voe* has never 'nipped' anywhere in her life and we were too old to be 'nippers'.

We set off on Tuesday 14th June at 1600 spending the first night at King's Cross – good to be underway again. Next day we headed for Sanda but as the wind was Northerly and the tide still with us we headed for Rathlin intending having a peaceful night there before visiting family in Ballycastle. We rounded the south lighthouse on Rathlin and stopped dead. We knew tide was going to be tight but! we attempted various tacks, zig-zags for half an hour then gave up and headed for Ballycastle. Walked up to surprise Roy, Deirdre and the grandchildren.

We spent five nights in Ballycastle Marina (£90) and had our grandchildren aboard for a 'sleepover' – age 2, 4 and 6! Getting them to sleep was the main problem however they did sleep from 2300 – 0800 which was great. Roy came down on Saturday morning to rescue his children or was it us? He wanted to go for a sail but settled for a motor around the bay in the pouring rain.

Monday 20th June we set off across the tide in cold conditions and picked up a mooring at Lagavulin. In the rain next day we walked to Ardbeg distillery and discovered their excellent restaurant. We only had enough money for coffee and scones – no bank cards with us! so, to Jim's disgust we could not purchase a bottle of Ardbeg – one of his favourite whiskies. Next day motored north in heavy rain and anchored at Lussa Bay, Jura which is sheltered

from the cold North wind which plagued us for most of the summer.

Number 2 battery was not taking a charge so we called at the new Oban pontoon – expensive, but we negotiated a price of £5 for five hours as we were in for 'repairs' and had to wait for the tide! Reasonably priced battery at the depot near the railway station. I had planned to sample 'fish chowder' having become a bit of an expert while sailing around Ireland – at £8.50 plate I settled for a prawn sandwich at the stall next door – delicious!

We left Oban at 1600 but with a North wind and choppy sea gave up for the night at Camus Shallachain Bay just south of the Corran narrows. The surrounding mountains were beautiful being kissed by the setting sun.

Thursday 23rd June we arrived at the Caledonian Canal at 1130 and managed to get into Loch Lochy before locks stopped for the night. Lovely gentle sail up the loch tying up below the Laggan Locks. Early start next morning into the locks. We passed *Swan* at the Kytra locks. She is a 100 year old Fife enroute to Waterford to join the Tall Ships.

Swan



She had young people and fiddlers aboard. The sun shone all the way along Loch Ness and we tied up at Dochgarroch lock and had dinner al fresco.

Next morning we went reached Seaport Marina, Inverness. Friends aboard for coffee and cakes. After lunch walked up to Caley marine to 'spend money'. Took on 78 litres of fuel at £1.31 litre. Out of the sea lock next morning at 0850 for the long haul to Wick – 69 miles – I am not very keen on East coast sailing – land on only one side! Tied up in Wick marina at 2150 and were rewarded by a lovely rainbow.

No rest for the wicked so up early next morning and motor sailed with both sails up all the way to Whitehall harbour, Stronsay in the north of Orkney. Arrived 1920 and after dinner went ashore and saw this unusual 'shed'.



The Stronsay boatshed

The sunset was splendid looking towards the windmills of Sanday – which provide electricity for three islands.

Tuesday brought another long sail (43 Miles) to Fair Isle. The time passes much faster and it is more satisfying and peaceful to sail! The wind was not cooperative and later engine went on. Arrived North Haven, Fair Isle at 1711. Evening had an enjoyable walk to the Skroo Lighthouse but saw few puffins. Later aboard a lovely yawl, which had been built in China, for a night cap with the skipper (an ex Commodore of the Royal yacht Squadron).

Sailed from Fair Isle at 0800 with a cold northerly wind

Skroo Lighthouse



Shetland wren and gannets



– motoring again. We arrived in Levenwick, Shetland and picked up Jim's nephew's mooring at 1315. Wonderful meal with Neil, Claire and family in their house beside the beach. Houses are so spacious and comfortable – why do we leave them? They set off for their holiday in Italy next day and we sailed north the 11 miles to Lerwick. Charge of £6 per night was wonderful and it included access to Lerwick Boat Club's showers and washing machines.

A lazy morning doing the washing then visit to fabulous Lerwick museum. We returned in the evening for a very good lecture on Lerwick which I enjoyed – Jim fell asleep! Next day we visited Jim's mother's grave. We met a deaf and dumb gentleman who was cleaning and painting gravestones. After an interesting conversation through a notebook he agreed to clean and repaint the lettering on Jim's mother's and her parent's graves. He did an excellent job.

Jim's nephew had recommended a surfing website 'Magic Seaweed' as having good wind forecasts. The free internet access in the harbour area was put to good use and we could see that Monday and Tuesday (4th–5th July) would be the best time to cross to Norway!

We spent the evening on a beautiful Swedish yacht fitted out by the owners Ola and Caroline. Ola had worked as a carpenter for many years fitting out yachts. The inside varnished teak woodwork was amazing with fantastic veneer on table of a compass rose and on the toilet door an orca in different types of wood.

On Sunday we still had a cold northerly wind so motored round to Nesti Voe on the island of Noss and spent the afternoon walking the island. The 600 foot high cliffs were alive with gannets and guillemots and we met a family of Shetland wrens playing hide and seek in a dry stone dyke. On the way back to the boat we were dive bombed by 'bonxies' – Great Skuas protecting their young.

Monday 4th July we awoke to a cold sunny morning with a heavy dew on the deck and set off at 0635 bound for the Marstein lighthouse and Kross fiord – motor sailing again! I tried to read for a while but felt unwell due to the northerly swell. I started to think that at my advanced age I could not afford the time to spend two days crossing the North Sea (for the 9th time) and then about ten days

later two days coming back! I felt crotchety and bad tempered and finally decide that I was bored stiff. The skipper was unaware of these mutinous thoughts but we got out Jim's new toy – an i-pod (which has all our music in it – from vinyls, tapes and CDs) and with the music the mood changed. It became better when we set three hour watches and had something positive to do – such as look at the chart plotter and the stars! We had seen four fishing boats since we left Shetland and the excitement of a cruise liner in the distance on the dreich early morning next day.

As we approached the Norwegian coast and the Marstein light the sun came out and an American nuclear submarine passed us – at full speed, then our engine stopped. Great a bit of excitement I could do without, especially as there was no wind. Jim suspected dirt in fuel as tank was low and so he topped up with five gallons and off we went.

We anchored in a small bay on Tyssoy but the wind at last went south and we dragged our stern anchor so moved to Hellestadt marina – rather expensive but a peaceful night. Wednesday 6th July was our first full day in Norway. Jim changed fuel filter while I went shopping then had a shower – which leaked everywhere – oh for the luxury of the Portavadie showers. We paid £25 for the night too! The island of Skorpa was recommended to us as a quiet anchorage. We took on 70 litres of diesel (£1.26 litre) and headed north. After a sunny start black clouds appeared then thunder, lightning and very heavy rain – I disappeared below!

Skorpa proved to be a delightful anchorage with rocks and trees all around. We anchored with a long stern line ashore (old climbing rope of son Bruce) and had dinner in the sunshine in the cockpit.

Our walk ashore next day was hampered by steep rocky cliffs and some impenetrable vegetation. I enjoyed the challenge and Jim decide I was to blame for Bruce's enthusiasm for climbing! We sailed in the afternoon for Veidvagen and although it looked lovely on the chart but it was completely built up around the bay so we went on to Kolavagen which was beautiful. There was a notice no anchoring but we managed to tie up to an old stone pier. A few day trippers and power boats around. Jim replaced a patch on the stern of the dinghy (number 35 or 36?) but the old patch took off some of the Avon's grey covering revealing the woven material beneath. New patch on but it leaked slowly for the rest of the trip – what's new? We went



US 'nuclear navy' at full speed

Skorpa proved to be a delightful anchorage with rocks and trees all around



Costa Pacifica, sister ship of and identical to the Costa Concordia which tragically hit rocks and capsized off Giglio, Italy

ashore for a walk next morning past the toilets with a turf roof with rowan trees and blaberries on top. I enjoyed a few blaberries! We watched five mergansers in the water.

We sailed at 1130 round the south of Askoy and north past Bergen. Several cruise liners in Bergen including one of the huge Costa boats. It was colder as we motored north through wonderful scenery and under numerous suspension bridges. We turned into Grunnasundet where we had spent a night in 1996 and found it a delightful, remote and peaceful anchorage. Shortly after anchoring while having dinner it started to rain and didn't let up until next morning.

Dry next morning and called into Festaa for stores and water. Everything is expensive in Norway and we only bought bread, milk, fresh fruit and vegetables and fuel. Sailed at 1140 for the island of Fedje – a lovely passage up through the islands with lots more bridges and ferries.

Fedje is often the first port of call for yachts sailing from Shetland. Beautiful landlocked harbour with many bays and inlets. Once an important fishing port it still has a few boats and a fish processing factory. Regular ferry to the mainland. Another wet night and morning but it dried up in the afternoon and we went for a long walk around the island. The first three hours we followed a very boggy path near the coast to the lighthouse of Hellisoy but returned along the other side of the island on the road. Round trip of five hours but very enjoyable.

Monday 11th July we set sail north again through very choppy water until we reached the shelter of the islands. Then a very rough sail across Fensfiord so after 12 miles we anchored at Vikinsvaagen on the island of Birknesoy beside a red 27' British yacht called *Black Magic*. We spent the next two evenings on each others boats and had a great walk on the flat rocks surrounding a large peat bog.

On Wednesday we crossed Sognefiord and stopped at the lovely village of Hardbakke. After consulting 'magic seaweed' at the tourist office we decided to stay another four days in Norway and go up Dalsfiord. Very cold walk ashore that evening. On Thursday we decided to consult 'magic seaweed' again and decided that the best day to cross the North Sea was today! Reluctantly we did our final shop and crossed to the fuel berth but the machine would not accept any of our cards – so we phoned for help. Sailed at 1145.

Lovely sunny day as we motored up through the islands and out of Buefiord into a choppy sea. At 1400 with a reef in the main and the jib we turned off the engine and headed west at 5 – 6 knots on a broadreach – sailing at last!



Grunnasundet



Hellisoy Lighthouse



Hardbakke



Leaving Buefiord



Total's 'Alwyn North', Block 3/9, North Sea - no postcode required

This could be a quick crossing but at midnight the wind dropped and the engine was on as we motored between Norwegian and British oil platforms under a bright moon with red sky in the North. Once more I was glad of the ipod to pass the time.

We tied up to the pier in Out Skerries at 22.25 having covered the 178 miles in 34 hours. Ashore to the heated shower room – hot powerful shower in a stainless steel cubicle – rather like standing on a Rank organisation gong with sound effects. Next day very wet and windy. Brief trip ashore to the very well stocked little shop. Glad we were in a sheltered port. Next morning was still wet and windy with a heavy sea running but it improved in the afternoon so set off for Symbister on island of Whalsay with jib and engine and tied up in their marina.

My sister was staying in Symbister with friends and we met in the Church Hall for a Charity tea then spent the evening in their home – great! On Monday we headed off for Lerwick calling at Wadbister to take a photo of the ruins of Jim's great grandfather's croft. We refuelled in Lerwick (£56 for 55 litres – cheapest fuel this trip) before tying up in the private Gremista marina. I was given a present of crab's claws which I boiled for 20 mins before attacking with Jim's ball hammer. Meat was delicious – though contaminated with bits of shell!

Long walk into town to wash clothes and spend money in the Shetland book shop In the evening we went to the Museum for an evening with the Shetland fiddler's society on the history of Shetland fiddle music. Great music and we danced some of the traditional reels. The society was founded in the 1960s when Jim's uncle was a founder member along with a very young Aly Bain.

Wednesday 20th July was our 44th wedding

anniversary. I persuaded the skipper that I could have earrings to commemorate my 10th crossing of the North Sea and we had a lovely meal at the Shetland Hotel.

Most of the Tall Ships had arrived by next day and we watched the Crew's parade with my sister and friends. This was great fun with a great range of outfits. The Viking squad from Up Helly Aa were also parading which included our friends son and grandson Bobby Irvine. Their costumes were magnificent. We went aboard the Colombian ship *Gloria* which was great – an immaculate ship and a lively crew. Back to the boat for warmer clothes before going to the 'Jenna Reid fiddle concert' on the pier.

On Friday a school friend visiting Shetland came aboard with her husband We had not met for 49 years. In



Bobby Irvine in his magnificent Up Helly Aa costume



Phil and Ally on stage

the afternoon my sister and Whalsay friends came aboard for a trip around the harbour. Wind northerly 6 and engine not giving full power. Quick trip down the harbour past Tall Ships but a slow motor back at 2 knots – great way to see the Tall Ships.

Saturday was a sad day with the news of the shooting of the young people in Norway. There were many Norwegian boats in Lerwick including the three large training ships – *Sorlandet*, *Statsraad Lemhul* and *Christian Radich*. Spent the afternoon in Lerwick with Jim's sister and nephew (who had returned from Italy). In the evening went to a splendid Aly Bain and Phil Cunningham concert on the pier – boy was it cold in the North wind despite layers of clothing. Back aboard *Bali Voe* for a heat up before emerging at 2350 to watch the fireworks fired from the island of Bressay. Very impressive from behind a boulder on the marina breakwater. A wild and windy night.

On Sunday 24th July the Tall Ships were due to depart



for Stavanger but it was delayed due to the strong northerly winds. We attended the open air church service in the morning and then used our 'bus passes' to go to Levenwick and spend the day with Jim's nephew.

Monday 25th July we sailed to the yacht's viewing area to watch the Tall Ships leave. The *Gloria* was very impressive with the crew wearing the colours of the Colombia flag as they manned the yards. We later moved across to the south of Bressay to be nearer the Tall ships however the North Sea race started quite far out. It was still a magnificent sight. There had been a wonderful carnival atmosphere while the ships were in port. We anchored for the night off Levenwick.

Sailed at 0820 on Tuesday morning for Fair Isle and after motoring to Sumburgh Head we hoisted sails and sailed all the way to North Haven arriving at 1430. Ashore for a walk on the headland and the puffins were amazing! We have never seen so many puffins flying in with their beaks full of sand eels. Jim took lots of photos. Watched the ferry *Good Shepherd* being hauled out to have her bottom scrubbed and painted – no antifouling as she spends so much time out of the water.

Wednesday was our 'Fair Isle Day' and we walked to the south of the island and visited their interesting museum.

Had our picnic lunch beside the South Lighthouse (last UK light to be automated). Lovely walk up Malcolm Head and lots more puffins. We met up again with the crew of *Black Magic* who we had met in Norway and Lerwick. Walked back to the harbour with a lovely Norwegian family. Dinner in the 'Bird Observatory' – an impressive building which was made in Orkney and arrived in Fair Isle as pods on a barge. Fair Isle is a magic place.

We slept in next morning but sailed at 0820 motor sailing into a head sea – what happened to the north wind? Past Start Point on Sanday, Orkney at 1420 then met a foul tide and speed reduced to 2 knots at times. Arrived Kettletoft, Sanday at 1700 motored past *Black Magic* at

What a mouthful!



anchor then caught a mooring line and the large orange buoy got trapped between the keels. Eventually cut the pick up line and pushed the buoy clear, anchored then took pick up buoy back to reconnect to mooring. Crew of *Black Magic* came aboard for drinks as a reward for their help with clearing the buoy

Next day we sailed to Kirkwall for fuel £45 for 35 litres then on to the visitor's mooring at Balfour, Shapinsay. Ashore to visit family friends. Sailed south on Saturday 30th July with a mixture of sailing and motor sailing. There was a poor forecast for the next day so we continued to Helmsdale arriving at 2145 (74 miles in 13.5 hours) I really don't like long cold motor sails!

The waves were crashing over the harbour wall next day so we settled for hot showers and the Sunday papers. Visited the excellent heritage centre 'Timespan' in afternoon then a first class meal in the 'La Mirage' fish restaurant in the evening.

Monday 31st July we sailed at 1000 – two hours after low water – it was still very shallow in the entrance. The glassy sea and no wind made it a long motor to Inverness. The skipper decided to by pass Inverness marina and tie up at the seaweedy, green, slimy piles at the entrance to the Caledonian Canal – he said it was sheltered. There was a 4 metre rise and fall of tide. I was not amused and will never do it again – especially as we were wakened at 0400 by a tug with noisy bow thrusters and engine and then ran his generator for another hour – not a good night.

Next night was very peaceful – tied up at Dochgarroch lock. We spent an evening with friends at the nearby restaurant. Wednesday 3rd August started dreich and we were underway at 0840 into Loch Ness. The weather cleared by the time we passed Urquhart Castle and it was a very beautiful sunny clear day as we motored down the loch arriving Fort August at 1312. An hour wait until we

entered the locks. The 'paparazzi' were out in force as we went up through the five locks in the sunshine. We spent the evening alongside a transit pontoon at the west end of Loch Oich. After a stir fry and then strawberries we went for a walk which was spoilt when we met our first midges of the year.

Thursday set off at 0812 through Laggan bridge, through the picturesque Laggan Avenue, motor sailed down Loch Lochy (with jib out), Gairloch locks and only then had 20 minute wait before we went down the eight locks of Neptune's staircase. Chatting with sightseers as we went down the locks helps to pass the time. Our boys always thought the Banavie locks were dead boring

Slimy piles - Ugh - never again!



compared to Crinan where they always had something to do. I'm inclined to agree with them. We left the canal at 1345 – a very quick passage and spent the night at Port Ramsay, Lismore.

Next day we stopped off at Kerrera for fuel and water then ran into a short choppy head sea south of Kerrera and gave up and spent a quiet afternoon and evening reading in Puilladobhrain. On Saturday 6th August we sailed at 0930 (along with eight other yachts who obviously also read their tide tables) and were doing 7 – 9 knots past Fladda and maintained an average speed of 5 – 6 knots all the way to Ardminish Bay, Gigha. Ashore for walk to the Arts Centre beside the hotel where a lovely new exhibition of paintings had an open evening with wine and nibbles and live music. Local accordionist, two mandolins and a holidaying professional violinist (who was press ganged into service) produced an excellent evening. Unfortunately the pictures we really liked were too expensive.

Sunday 7th August up and away at 0840 motor sailing again. We shot around the Mull and were off Pladda at 1624. We had made good time and as the forecast for the next day was not very good we carried on to Troon arriving at 1930 – 63 miles from Gigha. What did I say about long sails? Someone's not listening!

I'm always a bit reluctant to come home. I think it's the thought of emptying the boat, all the washing and ironing, picking up responsibilities and routine of normal living. Mind you I do like the running hot water and not having to get dressed and go for a walk before my shower.

All in all, as always, I enjoyed our 'cruise', especially seeing so many friends and family in Shetland and enroute. We covered 1366 miles, spent £184 in harbours and marinas and the lack of wind showed in the £596.69 spent on 488 litres of diesel.

I suppose it still makes a cheap nine week 'holiday'!



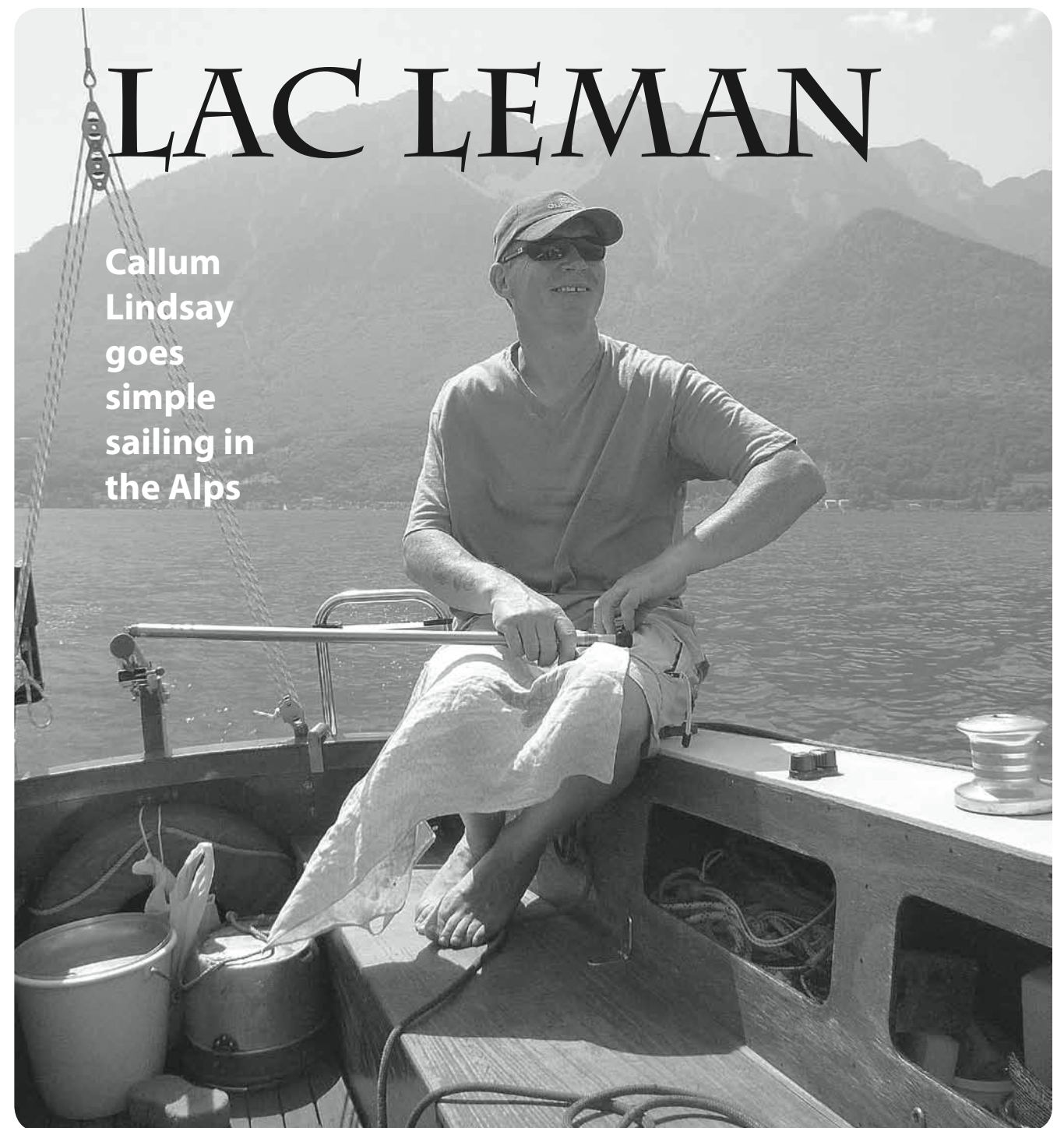
JC Roxburgh & Co Ltd

Independent Financial Advisers
and
Commercial Insurance Brokers

Authorised and regulated by the FSA



JC Roxburgh and Company Limited
19–21 Ayr Street, Troon Ayrshire KA10 6EB
01292 314313 • www.jcroxburgh.co.uk

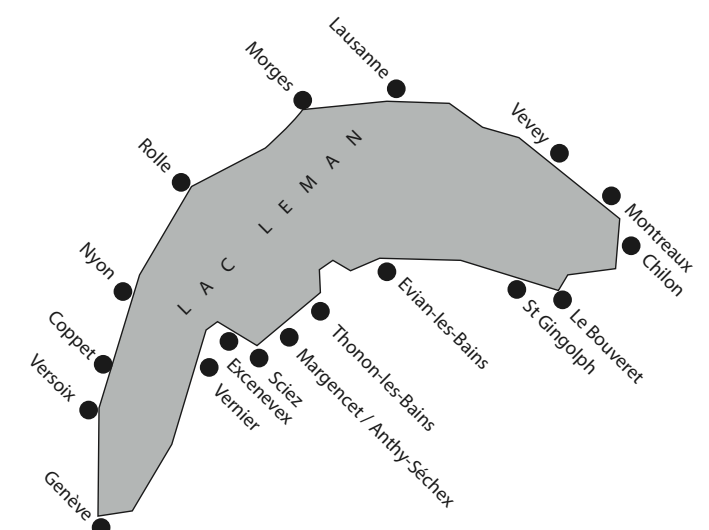


Callum
Lindsay
goes
simple
sailing in
the Alps

Deciding on a destination for the summer cruise was, as they say, 'a no brainer' after enjoying sailing there the previous summer. The Lac Léman (Lake Geneva) is the largest alpine lake in Western Europe (almost 580km² that's about eight times the surface of Loch Lomond) and the shape of a crescent that is shared between Switzerland in the north and France on the southern shore. Geneva is at the far western end where the lake is emptied into the Mediterranean by the 500 mile long Rhone River. The lake is 370m above sea level (about 1200 feet). Sailing and other water sports are very popular on Lac Léman.

The boat

La Danaé is a plywood construction type built locally in the early 80s with a fairly large sail area; it draws 1.5 metres with a fin and bulb keel and is pretty light. Its design is based on the small French yacht Corsaire. Length overall is 23 feet (7 m) with a large cockpit and surprisingly roomy cabin with





6 am it's time for l'apero

four berths, a single gimballed camping gas stove, no galley, no electricity (thus no night sailing), no heads but everything you need! Propulsion comes from a 6hp outboard engine. Without any through the hull fittings, the boat is totally dry. Owned by Olivia's family, it is moored in the picturesque harbour of La Tour-de-Peilz where we started our sailing trip.

Harbours

We always went into harbours for the night as the shore does not offer many protected anchorages and the harbour always has the promise of a superb shower room and loo... We generally stayed one or two nights in the same harbour. There are about 50 harbours in total.

On entering a harbour, even for the first time, the visitor moorings are quickly spotted as they are always red buoys with a large stand-up ring on top for clipping your stern mooring line. They are often located at the end of a pontoon near the entrance. You generally motor ahead and clip on the stern line and use it to control your forward movement with the engine still driving forward until the bow is a foot or so off the pontoon and cleat it off, you can then step off the bow onto the pontoon, very simple and straight forward.

The lake has different types of harbour; many Swiss ones are owned by the local council and are generally free for the first night. They can become very crowded, especially if they are free and have free electricity with water. When there is a fee, it will be a fixed fee, whatever the length of the boat. Almost all of the French harbours are charge from day one, with or without electricity or showers. On average fees are about £12 - £13 per night. During the week-ends and in popular harbours, when there are more visiting boats it is better not to arrive too late in order to find an available mooring. That happened once in the town of Morges, there were no visitors mooring left. As we were slowly looking around, the harbour master shouted across the water to us where an available space was for the night. We found ourselves moored next to a pretty large yacht with a posh couple onboard. It was really warm and we were pretty sticky and he kindly offered us two fresh bottles of beer! How did he know we don't have a fridge?

Unlike UK marinas, harbours have very little security, normally without any fence or gates, although the public are not encouraged or allowed on the pontoons. They are mostly attended by a garde-port (harbour master) during daytime hours. He will generally direct you to an available space when all visitors mooring are busy. Some harbours are not attended and in these some berth owners leave a note indicating when they are back so you can use their mooring space. Access to



La Tour-de-Peilz

yacht club showers blocks/toilets are often secured and for harbour visitors only.

Now even as a keen birdwatcher, this has to be said, there is an overpopulation of extremely territorial Great Crested Grebes in some harbours that makes the famous 'Swiss quietness' invalid and caused a few sleepless nights. Don't feed them even though the baby chicks are cute!

Sailing and weather

Even though, in general, there is not as much wind as at sea, the lake breeze can become fresh on some days. There is no current to worry either, the waves will not stop you but as everywhere else, will be a pain when right on your nose! As there is no vhf radio system, therefore no weather announcements, storms/squalls are forecast by large highly visible orange flashing lights located near the entrance of harbours and operated by Geneva airport. The slow flashing (40 per minute) means probable bad weather approaching, take precautions, and the fast flashing (90 per minute) - '*avis de tempete*' for an imminent danger. You must never ignore these warnings as the lake can have extremely strong winds with squalls coming very fast and hammering ferociously down from the Alps. During the two weeks, we had a few heat storms with showers, and a massive one with lightening. They generally come at the end of a warm day and don't last.

Prevailing winds are well known and because of the mountain and lake shape, their direction will be different depending on the location. In summer, light and moderate wind are generally found near the shore in the morning and will become fresher by the end of the afternoon, particularly

Storm approaching



after a warm day. A little breeze in the sails makes the light boat move forward and sail surprisingly fast. But apart from these, there are hours when there is no breeze at all and the Lake takes on a mirror-like appearance (in French as Olivia's dad used to say '*y'a pas un pet*' roughly translated, there's not a fart). Time for skinny dipping.

Speaking about distance logged... Well we won't get the medals for the most miles, with about 80 nm in total. Legs from a couple of hours to a massive one at seven hours, many interrupted by hours of drifting and swimming in the warm water... Hot weather and lazy times, does life get much better than this? Got to confess the day the thermometer showed 35°C, we spent a very long time in the air conditioned local supermarket!

We navigated by sight, obviously the boat doesn't have GPS, radar or compass. There is a chart and a harbour guide to provide information.

Food and drink

Restaurants can be found in nearly every harbour. But let's say it, eating out every night doesn't come cheap and yes Switzerland is expensive. So apart from a treat and a breakfast-brunch type in a cafe in the morning, we mostly ate onboard. During the day, we very often missed lunch or just had some fruit, bread and light snacks because of the heat. Without a fridge and with summer temperatures, we bought highly perishable food like meat just before cooking. There is a little barbecue onboard and it makes the perfect evening in remote place like Aubonne, a little fishing harbour that's not attended, without electricity (no public light either), no water tap and located in the forest near a river outlet.

If meat and dairy products are expensive, you can find a decent bottle of wine and cans of cold beer for a very reasonable price. A can of fresh pilsner beer for 50 cents is very ok. It was a very pleasant surprise indeed to discover Swiss wine, very fine wine that will stand up against the very best in the world.

As anywhere else, there are plenty regional and local food products. When entering a little food shop or a supermarket, you need to try stuffs you don't know, these speciality products and delicatessens can't be found anywhere else. I have been keen on many new foods, here are the special one: horse steak, serac (also sere, a fresh cheap whey cheese), cheese fondue, snails, merguez (a spicy hot thin lamb sausage originated from north Africa), sea salt toffee ice cream, perchette (baby perch fillet fried in butter), cervelas (sausage), Swiss coffee, bread and various patisseries... amazing.

L'Aubonne - perfect barbecue evening and beautiful night sky



People

Olivia having grown up in the area, there are friends and family to call and see along the way. They enjoy coming onboard for an apero, a coffee, or just a lazy afternoon.

If many people now speak English, life is much easier if you speak French, even a just a little, and that will facilitate contacts. Most people on the lake are very friendly and relaxed. In the little French harbour of Nernier there was a bunch of joyous drunks in a power boat, chatting with these party mode guys (this is in the middle of the afternoon), a very friendly and pissed chap explained they were CNN members, a Swiss swimming club that will be 100 years old this year (CNN stands for Club des Nageurs de Nyon). Once a year they swim across the lake between the town of Nyon in Switzerland and the village of Nernier on the other side in France. They kindly offered us a bottle of white wine with the condition of hosting the most lovely drunk onboard and even offered more if we agreed to keep him! 'Yes, yes' he explained us lengthwisely and many times that they were the first to be called 'CNN' and well before the TV news people... And well who would refuse a bottle of fresh crispy Swiss wine.

A few places visited

Although all the towns and villages ranged from picturesque to stunning, some merit a special mention. Le Bouveret, situated at the far eastern end of the lake has a memorial to the crew of a Lancaster bomber which crashed into the Grammont Mountain in 1942 erected for its 50th anniversary. All crew, lost their life and were laid to rest in St Martin cemetery in Vevey. To read more about it visit <http://www.207squadron.rafinfo.org.uk/lebouveret/>. During the summer months, there is free music entertainment on a stage by the harbour every Thursday night.

Along the north eastern shore between Vevey and Lausanne lies les 'Lavaux', an area covered by terraced vineyards recognised as a UNESCO World Heritage Site. It stretches on a distance of about 20 km and grows mostly white grape. The wine it produces is full of aromas and sharp, drunk in tiny glass. Swiss wine is a secret well kept as mostly all of it is drunk nationally and there's virtually no export. Switzerland grows a very high number of grape varieties.

In Lutry, a lovely little village at the foot of the vineyards, we had the surprise to enter the harbour on the last day of a week's regatta for the famous classic 6m JI yacht. Each time one was leaving, a piper was playing Flower of Scotland! Why we have absolutely no idea, but seeing such a majestic boat going out of the harbour under sail (most haven't got any

Lavaux - Terraced vineyards



engine) on the sound of the pipes was magic. And god, the ice-cream stall right in the corner of the harbour must have more than 40 different flavours; we had to try a few... Note that in that harbour, only visiting boats shorter than 7m can use visitor moorings inside and larger boats will have to go on the moorings outside the harbour wall! It's nice to know you will not be moored next to a tower! Let's say it; too many boats on the lake are oversized, totally non-excusable oversized. These are generally found near Geneva, a nearby product of too much money! It's true also that *Danae* is little comparing to the average sailing boat.

Lausanne, canton of Vaud's capital, is a beautiful city full of gardens and amazing architecture, holds many museums theatres and venues, cafe and restaurants. It is built on the slope and shore of the lake so be prepared for some steepy walks. There are two harbours (both payant), Ouchy, with a direct access to the metro can be a bit noisy when lots of families wander along its quay on Sundays. But Vidy's harbour is a 20 minutes walk further and situated in a large sportive and recreational area.

There are so many nice places to visit, we can't write about them all without starting to sound like a tourist brochure. But let us mention Morges, a little town with a market in its pedestrian streets, l'Aubonne as said earlier, surrounded by the forest where many Milan (Red Kites), a bird of prey can be seen fishing, Rolle so relaxing, St-Prex, tiny, Nernier and its houses right in the water like in Venice, Yvoire the so picturesque medieval village almost like in a Disney movie and so full of tourists.

Going there and practical issue

There are flights with Easyjet from Edinburgh to Geneva all year long and from Glasgow during the winter months for

Nernier



One of the few paddle steamer still in service today (78 m long)



the skiers amongst us. From the airport there are direct trains to all the main towns on the Riviera. The area is well covered by public transport and there will be a bus that stops in every village. On the French side, the network is not as dense. France uses Euros currency but Switzerland still use its own francs ant centimes, even though you can often pay for goods in Euros (even some Swiss harbours fees). The important thing is to be paid, who cares with what.

Laundry was never an issue, a bucket of crystal clear lake water and a bar of 'savon de Marseille', some elbow grease and a final rinse in the middle of the lake during the wind-free afternoons. The rigging making an excellent washing line, *Danae* looked like a Chinese laundry boat. That's how we washed ourselves but stopping short of hanging in the rigging after.

Sun protection is essential, especially around midday, like in the Med. We always laid the old sun covers on (made of old sheets) and because the main is loose footed, even sometimes sailed with it. Not very good viz (well none at all to be honest) and a bit awkward when the breeze freshened up. A mosquito net is handy particularly when there is forest nearby. We put it on the open companionway at night.

As mentioned earlier, there is no refrigeration on board and the temperatures were regularly in the mid 30's, so fresh food was purchased almost on a daily basis. Even the smallest of villages had bakers, butchers and greengrocers, oh, and an off sales. If there is nothing, a 20 minutes walk will be sufficient to find a supermarket or restaurant that acts as a bread store for the locals.

A sailing permit or license is mandatory to sail on Lake Geneva (for sailing boats with a sail area larger than 15m²). The Swiss permit might be difficult to obtain as it requires taking the theoretical exam in a Swiss national language

Chinese laundry - not a problem!



(available in French, German or Italian!) and a practical exam. French people sailing on a French boat that have the so called 'permis de mer côtier' (sea coastal skipper) are authorized to sail on inland waters as long as they carry onboard the rules of navigation on the lake (règlement de police du lac). There are rules and sailors aren't allowed to ignore them!

I'm looking forward to sailing there yet again; it has easily been the best holidays ever. So relaxing, sensational scenery wherever you look, great food and fantastic weather and an abundant supply of fine Swiss wines.

Callum Lindsay *Red Dane*



Racing, Cruising and Social Dates 2012

April		August	
7	Lift-in	1	Wednesday Wacky
13	Glenfiddich Whisky Tasting	8	Wednesday Wacky
15	Spring Series 1	15	Wednesday Wacky
18*	Wednesday Wacky	19	Warden & Bell Race
22	Spring Series 2	22	Wednesday Wacky
25*	Wednesday Wacky	29	Wednesday Wacky
28/29	Cruising Muster Largs / Blue Peter Sat / Race to Troon Sun		
May		September	
2	Wednesday Wacky	1/2	Cruising Muster to Tarbert or Portavadie / Tarbert Trophy Race Sat / Race to Troon Sun
6	Spring Series 3	5*	Wednesday Wacky
10	Wednesday Wacky	9	Autumn Series 1
13	Spring Series 4	12*	Wednesday Wacky
17	Wednesday Wacky	15/16	Cruising Muster to Largs or Cumbrae Water Sports Center, Thistle Trophy Sat / Race to Troon Sun
18	Social – Mediterranean Night	23	Autumn Series 2
20	Spring Series 5	30	Autumn Series 3
24	Wednesday Wacky		
26/27	Cruising Muster Lamash / Race to Lamash Sat / Race to Troon Sun	October	
30	Wednesday Wacky	7	Autumn Series 4
		14	Autumn Series 5
June		21	Autumn Series 6
3	Spring Series 6		
6	Wednesday Wacky	November	
10	RNLI Lady Isle Race	4	Frostbite Series 1
13	Wednesday Wacky	11	Frostbite Series 2
17	Crews / Ladies Races 20	18	Frostbite Series 3
20	Wednesday Wacky	25	Frostbite Series 4
23/24	Cruising Muster Kings Cross / Mullach Mhor Sat / Race to Troon Sun		
27	Wednesday Wacky	December	
		2	Frostbite Series 5
July		7	Annual Dinner Dance and Prizegiving
1	50th Anniversary Cup Race / Barbecue	9	Frostbite Series 6
4	Wednesday Wacky		
6/8	UFG Trophy Fri-Sat / Cruising Muster Rothesay	January 2013	
11	Wednesday Wacky	1	New Years Day Race
15	Crews / Ladies Races	25	Burns Supper
18	Wednesday Wacky	28	Annual General Meeting
25	Wednesday Wacky		
28/29	Arran Trophy Race to Lochranza Sat / Race to Troon Sun		



- Sails • Rigging • Covers • Upholstery
- Signs and Banners • Industrial & Architectural Fabric



Tralee Bay, Benderloch, Oban, Argyll PA37 1QR | tel 01631 720485 | fax 01631 720545
info@owensails.com | www.owensails.com



Talisman's Travels

Martin McArthur tries twice for Dublin City Moorings and ends up in Historic Holyhead

I am sure everyone will agree that the weather was been pretty poor for the 2011 season. We started off for a planned ten day cruise, heading for Inverary via Rothesay, Kyles of Bute and Portavadie. The return trip should have been to Lochranza, Campbeltown and Lamlash. We got as far as Rothesay! The forecast indicated that we would be stuck in Rothesay, or at anchor in the Kyles, for the next four or five days! And there was plenty of rain forecast too. After a night in Rothesay we headed for home. Reaching south under the genoa, with a reasonable F4 westerly, just off Mount Stuart, we were hit by a strong gust from the south, that set the genoa flogging. By the time I got it under control there was a 10 inch tear in a lower panel. The genoa was rolled up and the main set for the remainder of the trip. As we approached Troon I became aware that the Red Baroness was behind Talisman and catching up. Hoping to be given permission to enter Troon before the ship I called port control on the VHF and was given an ambivalent response. Fortunately Red Baroness was listening and called me to say that they could see

we were having a 'bit of a bumpy ride' and would hold off until we were into the harbour. Full marks to the skipper of Red Baroness!

Talisman's next outing was to Kings Cross (Arran) for the TCC muster in June. The weather wasn't too bad, except that the wind meant that we were just off close hauled most of the way across, and it died away for a time in the afternoon. There were no dramas and I safely anchored close to Serendipity and Spirit.

We enjoyed a barbeque on the beach and, later, adjourned to Talisman for a few nightcaps. A much larger group went off to the pub at Lamlash on board Petra(?).

Departing from Kings Cross next morning I had a hard task hauling in the anchor, there was an enormous amount of weed hooked on it. Nearly puggled me! A successful muster.

Kings Cross beach barbeque



It was July before Anne and I got off on a 'proper' cruise. We set out intending to go to Dublin City Moorings. Once again the weather had a major influence. The first leg, to Girvan, was uneventful but the following day the wind blew directly, and fairly strongly, from the south. Speed through the water was so slow that by the time we should have arrived at Portpatrick we had only made it to the entrance to Loch Ryan and the tide had turned against us. Under these conditions the only alternative was to divert into Stranraer. With no tide against us and slight shelter we made reasonable time, taking a little over two hours to get to the marina. Three days later the wind abated sufficiently for the passage to Portpatrick although it still blew from the south.

I was disappointed to find that the price of tying to the wall in

Portpatrick has been increased to £14.00 per night for a 26 footer! As a result we stayed only one night and set off early for the short passage (19 miles) to Donaghadee. The approach to Donaghadee marina is very interesting, narrow and surrounded by rocks and can only be entered at HW +/- 2 hours.

You are guided to the entrance by a pair of leading marks (barely visible in the photo above the port bow).

In order to have positive control I approached fairly fast, there is a slight tidal set across the start. Initially it is difficult to see the entrance (below the portacabin) but it becomes clear as you get closer.

Once at the entrance it all becomes clear, as does the need to slow down to make the very sharp turn to port into the very narrow entrance!



Approach to Donaghadee (1)



Approach to Donaghadee (2)



Approach to Donaghadee (3)

Once inside there is a compact little marina and a friendly reception. On the pontoons there is fresh water and shore power (no extra charge) and red diesel is available (not sure if it is fame free) at a very cheap rate, less than £1.00 per litre.

Only a short walk into Donaghadee (it took me about 15 minutes) where there are plenty of shops, cafes, pubs, etc. Nice place.

After two nights we set off very early towards Ardglass where we spent another two nights. By now we were a long way behind our plan to get to Dublin. A decision was made to abandon the plan and head for home via Peel. Passage to Peel was an easy reach across the Irish Sea and we arrived at the right time to go straight into the marina.

Leaving Peel I considered avoiding Portpatrick, because of their excessive charge for no facilities, and sail on past to either Girvan or Troon. As it was, we arrived off Portpatrick just before time to make dinner. We tied up, cooked and ate dinner, washed up then cast off, heading towards Girvan. We arrived at Girvan about 3.00 am and tied up to a lifeboat that was in for servicing.

Next morning we were up and dressed just before the harbourmaster arrived to say that the lifeboat was being moved for refuelling. We moved to a, now vacant, pontoon berth where I left the engine running while I made ready for sea. By the time the engine had been running for about 10 – 15 minutes and we were within minutes of casting off, the engine slowed and stopped! A minute or two later and we would have been in the middle of the harbour, or worse still at the entrance, without any power! Obviously the fuel system was still suffering from the effects of fuel bug (see my other article), so after a fuel filter change we set sail for Troon.

Dublin This Time!

On the last day of July we set off again, once more aiming to get to Dublin City Moorings. This time the plan was to sail via Campbeltown, Ballycastle, Glenarm, Donaghadee, Ardglass, Carlingford and Malahide. Once again the weather let us down, we had only sailed for about three quarters of a mile from the harbour entrance when I decided that it was too rough and we turned back. Good start!

Next day, 1st August, was better and we made the 34 miles to Campbeltown without any problems.

Tuesday 2nd, I was concerned

that timing our departure from Campbeltown to round the Mull with a favourable tide might mean we would arrive at Rathlin Sound at the wrong time. I need not have worried, Rathlin Sound was flat calm despite there being a 4 knot tidal stream in our favour! Our only worry was that the visibility was very poor around the Mull – from the Arranman's Barrels buoy I could not see Sanda through the mist and heavy rain. By the time we were approaching Ballycastle the rain and mist cleared.

Ballycastle is a small marina in the inner basin of the harbour. There are spaces allocated for visitors but I have often been directed to other berths. Close to the marina there is a handy shop, a good fish and chip shop, and bars. A little farther away, about a 20 minute walk to the town centre, there is a wide range of shops, pubs and



Ballycastle



Glenarm 'tree'



New office at Glenarm Marina

restaurants.

A new marina office with showers and toilets was being built when we were there this time. In the old office block there used to be a free washing machine and tumble dryer, I hope that these are re-instated!



Rathlin Sound is dominated by impressive basalt cliffs

After two nights in Ballycastle we set off towards Glenarm. On the south of Rathlin Sound we passed impressive high cliffs of basaltic rock.

The 23 mile passage to Glenarm is made more quickly by timing departure from Ballycastle to take advantage of the flood tide. Rates through Rathlin Sound are quite high. On the day we went through we had 4 knots of favourable stream, doubling our normal speed!

Once clear of the sound you have to make an offing of about 2 miles to continue to benefit from the tide.

Approaching Glenarm a peculiar looking tree is visible on top of the hill to the west of the harbour. I was told that it is not a tree at all, but an aerial, disguised as a tree!

Glenarm is in a VHF dead area so any call to the coastguard must be made at least 3 miles before arrival at the harbour entrance. A new office block with showers and laundry has recently been built and it is hoped that VHF will be available soon. Shore power is provided but has to be paid for - buy a card at the office. Red diesel is available, at a reasonable price, but has to be transferred in cans. Arrange with marina staff.

From Glenarm we pressed on southwards via Donaghadee, Ardglass and Carlingford to Malahide.

On a previous visit to Carlingford marina I had observed that it was the most expensive and most rundown marina that I had ever been in. Things have improved, the scruffy and broken electric points, tied up with old rope and sticky tape, have been replaced. The pontoons have been replaced or refurbished and the

price is a little more reasonable than it was. The village, and shops, are still as far away as before! It took me nearly half an hour to walk there.

I looked in to Carlingford harbour, in order to avoid going to the marina after my previous experience, and to be closer to the shops in the village. The eastern breakwater, fairly well provided with ladders, was fully occupied along its length with small motor boats, rafted up to three or four deep, while the western side had only one ladder and I ran aground before I could reach it!

At Malahide, last port (for us) before reaching Dublin City Moorings, I made enquiries about arrangements to have the bridges, over the river Liffey, opened to give access to the moorings. To start I looked on the internet, then phoned the number provided on the web site. There are two bridges, first the Eastlink bridge then the Samuel Becket bridge. Things appear to have changed now, but when I enquired I found that it was quite complicated to have the bridges opened, the Eastlink bridge was controlled by the harbour authorities - call on channel 12 and give 3 hours notice, then, dependent on being within the set hours for opening, and volume of traffic across the bridge, then the

Tide swirls



bridge may be opened. The Samuel Becket bridge was controlled by the town council and 24 hours notice was required for opening. This bridge too, could be opened only at set hours and was also dependant on traffic flow. When I phoned to make my booking for the Samuel Becket bridge the woman answering my call said that the bridge was nothing to do with the council and that I should speak to the harbour authorities. At this point I enlisted the help of the marina manager who phoned and was told that the Samuel Becket bridge was broken and could not be opened anyway!

Looking at the web site today I see that things appear to have been simplified (slightly). The Harbourmaster has to be notified, in advance, of your intention to visit the City Moorings, the Eastlink bridge will only open between 00:00-06:30, 11:00, 20:00-24:00 subject to two hours notice and traffic. The Samuel Becket bridge only opens between 04:00-06:00 and 20:00-22:00 subject to 24 hours notice and traffic. Beware, if only the first bridge opens then closes and the other does not open, you could be trapped between the two with no suitable mooring in between!

We had failed, for a second time, to reach Dublin City Moorings! We had taken eight days to get to Malahide, only a short sail (15 miles) to Dublin. Had the bridge been working we could have easily have got to the moorings. Most frustrating! We now had to decide where next? After much discussion we decided to cross the Irish Sea to Holyhead with the objective of cruising in the north of Wales and returning home via Whitehaven and Isle of Whithorn. The crossing was straightforward, made a little interesting by the numerous fast ferries crossing between Dublin and Holyhead. Close to Holyhead one ferry was seen on AIS with a CPA (closest point of approach) very

Malahide



close to zero, travelling at 20 knots it would be on us in only 15 minutes! There was no time to manually enter the MMSI into the VHF so I called, on Channel 16, using the ship name. There was no response on the radio but very soon after my call the ship made a distinct course alteration and ultimately passed us over a quarter of a mile away.

In Holyhead we learned that there was to be an 'Old Gaffers' weekend in Holyhead on the weekend of 26 - 29 August, less than two weeks away. We did not have enough pills with us to stay, either in Holyhead or cruise around and return. We decided to go home, as quickly as possible, and return for the 'Old Gaffers'. Despite the decision to be as quick as possible the weather did not agree so we spent a 4th night in Holyhead.

Weather next day was much better and we made the passage to Peel, passing through Calf Sound on the way. The passage was a little slower than planned and we arrived at Peel just about 10 - 15 minutes too late for the gate. However we spent a comfortable night on one of the visitors buoys and were on our way, to Portpatrick, next morning.

Ever keen to get home, we left Portpatrick next day without an up-to-date weather forecast, expecting nothing more than a stiff breeze from the south. Once out of the harbour it was blowing very hard, from the south, gusts were up to over F7! Fortunately we had waited until the tide had turned so the wind and tide were both from the south so the sea was not too rough. With only half of the genoa unrolled, and no mainsail, we were making 6 knots through the water - 9 knots over the ground! I was very pleased to reach Girvan and tie up in the harbour, out of the wind.

Next day the wind had gone and we had an easy trip back to Troon.

Old Gaffers at Holyhead

Having replenished our supply of pills, bought some fresh stores and invited George Hunter to join us, we set off on Monday 22nd August towards Holyhead. My intention was to get to Holyhead as soon as possible, possibly bypassing Portpatrick. As usual the weather

dictated events, with the wind from the south progress was slower, and we did go into Portpatrick.

Leaving Troon quite late I was happy to reach Girvan on the first day. On the following morning we set off quite early but by the time we reached Portpatrick it was decided that we would stop there for the night. Departure next day was delayed when I discovered that I had left all of the electrics, including the fridge, switched on overnight and the batteries were flat! After a brief discussion with the harbourmaster he agreed to run a cable from his office to where we could connect to it. A sport fisherman towed Talisman the short distance across the harbour to the power cable and after a couple of hours there was enough juice to start the engine. It was nearly midday before we set off into a brisk breeze from the SSW towards Peel. As the day progressed the wind gradually backed into the south, we were continually bearing away until our course was southeasterly and not south. The track on my chart plotter shows a big loop off to the east. We could have made Ramsay, on the northeastern coast of the Isle of Man, more easily than Peel! Another yacht, also sailing out of

Calf Sound



Portpatrick, and actually heading for Ramsay, faired worse than us, and eventually bore away, heading into the Solway Firth. After dark, in a fairly strong wind we put in several tacks until we were less than 4 miles from the harbour. At that point I decided that we had had enough, lowered

the sails and motored directly towards the harbour. At the harbour entrance we had a very close call, I was watching a small fishing boat that was manoeuvring on the port bow while George was looking ahead trying to locate the visitors buoys. Suddenly George realised that there was a large sailing ship, no more than a cable away, motoring straight towards us! The ship was very dark, her navigation lights, quite high up compared to us, were easily confused with the shore lights. There was no room to pass port to port, she was too close to the breakwater, I altered course, quickly, to port and passed down her starboard side, phew!

The next day was spent in the marina, shopping and relaxing, then, in the evening George and I visited the nearest pub, The Creek, where we met Andrew, a Peel sailing club member, who was, until last year, the yacht chandler in Peel. Next morning we set off towards Holyhead, passing southwards through Calf Sound and onwards into a moderate southwesterly. We made good speed, covering the nearly 60 miles in 13 hours - average speed over 4.5 knots! Quite fast for Talisman. Arriving at Holyhead marina in the dark we had some difficulty in locating the

entrance as the breakwater light was not lit. Fortunately I had a good idea of the location and we were soon in and secure, just in time, as the wind increased quite a lot and heavy rain poured down!

In the morning we woke to a bright and sunny, although windy,



George was disappointed that there was only black powder, no ball or grapeshot!

day. The visitors berths, on the outside of the marina breakwater was crowded with old ships and old yachts. The big ships, and many of the yachts in the marina, were dressed overall and the pontoons were thronged with people, many of them in period costumes, old naval uniforms, pirates, merchants and seamen. In addition to the bigger vessels there were numerous smaller wooden boats including, among others, a rowing boat with a cannon mounted in the bow, a steam launch and an old sailing lifeboat. A very colourful scene!

The biggest ship there was *Zebu*, from Liverpool. About half of the size of *Zebu* were *Pickle* and *Wilma*. *Pickle* was, briefly, *HMS Pickle*, as part of the Trafalgar celebrations. Both she and *Wilma* have featured in films and TV programmes. Most of the crew on these ships were in period costumes, mostly dressed as pirates.

There were cannons on the three largest ships, some more ashore and one mounted in the bows of a rowing boat. All were fired frequently throughout the weekend with loud bangs, flames from the muzzle and lots of smoke! George was disappointed that there was only black powder, no ball or grapeshot!

The period costumes were all very impressive. In addition to the naval uniforms seen in the rowing boat, here you can see a merchant, or shipping agent, with his wife and a ship's captain.

Right, a colourful blue coat with matching hat, possibly a ship's officer on *Wilma* and, below right, Anne Bonney, the pirate, on board *Zebu*.

We spoke to a lady who said that she produced clothes for re-enactment of historical events and had made most of the clothes seen here.

A selection of the other boats,

including a dinghy (bottom right) which seems to have attracted a mermaid!

In addition to the more traditional boats there were three large models. A battleship, pictured, big enough to accommodate two men seated inside. The upper deck hinged to allow access. Powered by an electric motor and with working guns – they fired small firecrackers – this model could be seen cruising around in company with a, similarly sized, model frigate. Behind the battleship can be seen a radio controlled submarine.

Entertainment on shore included this small jazz band. There were also



Authentic period costumes were in abundance



His coat was bright blue



Anne Bonney



Wilma



Pickle

exhibitions and demonstrations.

There was a fairly large collection of model boats and yachts, RNLI had a stand and their shop was open, there was coracle making, basket weaving and a history of herring fishing.

Demonstrations included rope making and splicing of wire rope. The rope making demonstration was quite hands on, two children, selected from onlookers, took part, one winding the twisting mechanism and the other controlling a cone with grooves in it, called a top, at the other end. When the rope was complete (roughly 5mm diameter and 2m long) and removed it was given to the

children who had made it.

George went to see a demonstration of wire rope splicing. I joined later, after the eye splice had been completed, and saw the finishing off with tallow, parcelling and whipping. A very neat job and most interesting demonstration.

In the evenings the Holyhead sailing club was extremely busy with singing, music and games.

One evening there was a pub quiz. George and I nearly managed to win the wooden spoon! Only one other team was one point worse than us.

After a very enjoyable weekend it was time to head for home again.



Big enough to accommodate two men seated inside



The Charles Henry Ashley - a sailing lifeboat

Many calculations were done to determine the best time to depart in order to arrive at Calf Sound with a favourable tidal stream and in daylight. The sound is not well lit, there is only one light at the northwest of the passage. Eventually we decided to bypass the Isle of Man altogether and head straight for Portpatrick. In the end we sailed straight home, 144 miles in 42 hours. As usual when heading north, having had a southerly wind on the way south, the wind came round to the north!

Happy sailing!



A selection of the numerous boats on display



Zebu

The next day, it rained

Rosie B's wanderings in 2011

*"When that I was, and a little tiny boy,
With Hey, Ho, the wind and the rain;
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day"*

(Wm. Shakespeare, Twelfth Night – the Epilogue)

It didn't seem foolish, in prospect; in fact it seemed positively a good idea: the delivery crew would take the boat round the Mull to Ardfarn, and we'd have a fortnight's cruise starting from there. Mull, the Small Isles, Loch Sunart – all sorts of inviting possibilities appeared.

But, as the poet Burns reminds us, 'the best-laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley'. The delivery crew, having enjoyed a lifeboat rescue and a couple of nights in Campbeltown, circumnavigated Arran and returned to Troon, so the first Saturday of the holiday saw us sat on the pontoon in Troon trying to work out why the (brand-new) engine was overheating. The cooling water flow seemed low, but extravagant and expensive measures to improve it made no difference, so we decided to set off anyway.

There was no wind in the morning, so we motored (slowly!) all the way to the Sghat Mhor, and then picked up quite a decent little breeze which took us up and into the sea-lock at Ardrishaig. They leave the lock open at night so that you can do this, but in fact it is a better idea to stay on the waiting pontoon outside, because then you don't need to get up in the night to adjust your lines.

The next day, it rained. At 0800 when we were getting ready to lock into the canal, the sky was low and grey, and the air was filled with that fine wet drizzle that the Crinan Canal midges thrive on; it looked like a nasty day ahead. It soon cleared though, and once through Lock 4 and away from the town, we had a pleasant time of it. We got into company with a boat from somewhere in England, crewed by an old man, his nephew, and grandson; they were friendly and helpful, and soon got the hang of 'locking', with a bit of guidance from us ('No! Don't open the sluice all at once!'), and thereafter things went well, but boy did they drink a lot of coffee: they all had those large insulated mugs with lids, which seemed to have a sort of sorcerer's apprentice trick of being never empty; the young man could be seen winding the lock handles with one hand, while constantly topping up his caffeine levels with the other. It didn't seem to do them any harm, and we stayed in company through Lock 13 – the last one you have to work yourself – at which point we were exhausted and stopped for a sleep. Our new friends, fortified no doubt by their enormous coffee intake, carried on regardless; I think they planned to lock out and go on, all in the same day. Dinner at the Cairnbaan hotel seemed a better idea to us.

The next day, it rained. It was OK in the morning – warm, even – and we walked down to Crinan, admired the various craft there, and particularly admired the chandlery: they sell bronze screws, of every possible size, loose! – you can buy as many or as few as you wish; I bought a considerable selection. For some reason, the mate didn't find this especially exciting, but I am sure the boat-owners among you will share my delight at the discovery. Then we walked back to the boat via small paths over the hills, getting

wet as we went. We didn't see the beavers, though in that weather it would not have been surprising.

The next day, it rained again. We locked out of the canal and went round to Ardfarn, to discuss engines with the gurus there. One of the fitters came down to the boat, looked at the engine, topped up the cooling water, and after that it was fine. So, you install a new engine, but you don't top up the coolant properly, is that it? Incompetent or what? I had nobody to blame except myself, but it was good to know there was nothing actually wrong with it. A pint or three at the Galley seemed indicated, as a celebration – and to assuage embarrassment.

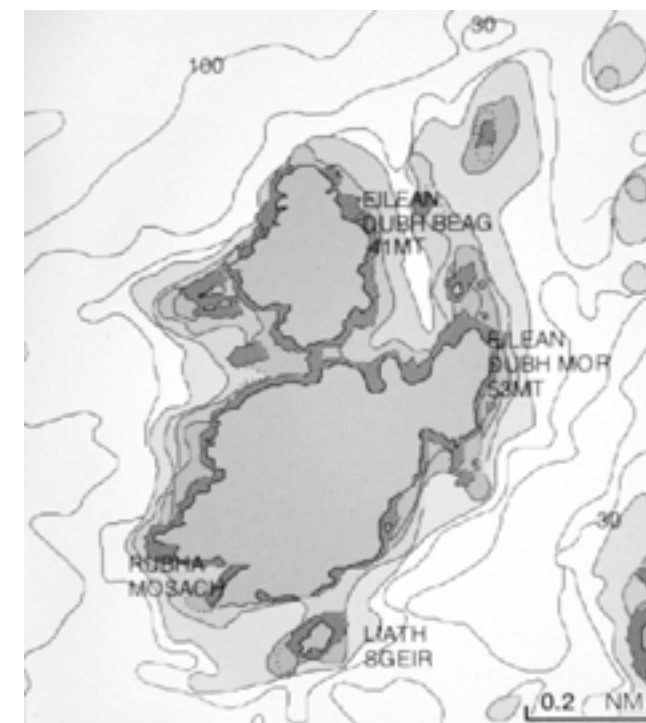
The next day – actually I am not sure that it did rain that day. We left Ardfarn and went up the Sound of Luing (11 knots on the GPS – heh!), then turned left and found our way into a beautiful anchorage at the Black Isles. It's an L-shaped space between two islands, open to the West but sheltered in that direction by a reef which covers at high water. Even when covered, the reef stops any swell getting in, so you can sit on your boat in perfect shelter, watching the Atlantic swell rolling towards you from the totally open ocean, and then subsiding to nothing about fifty yards away. The islands are uninhabited, and few boats seem to go there. A lovely spot for a night in settled weather.

The next day, it rained; it really did. We left the Black Isles mid-morning and headed up across the Firth of Lorne towards the Sound of Mull. The rain started quite soon, and settled into that grey murk that we all know so well. The hills, the horizon, the very islands, all disappeared and the whole world became a sort of aqueous grey soup in which, occasionally, mysterious bit of land or other boats appeared and disappeared. For all that, we kept a reasonable wind, and had worked the tides properly, so early evening found us – still enmurked – anchored at the top of Lochaline. And still it rained. We didn't go ashore, or even pump up the dinghy. The log entry ends 'Nastiest. Day. Ever.'

The next day, it didn't rain until the evening. There was no wind either, and we motored all the way across to Kerrera, where we stopped for a lunch break in a rather rocky little bay at the South end, almost under the castle. The older I get, the more I am in favour of lunch stops when on passage, and the sheltered parts of the west coast abound in pleasant little holes where you can lie up for an



Sailean Mhor I am in favour of lunch stops



The Black Isles anchorage

hour or two. After lunch a North wind came up, fairly fresh, and we shot across to Pulldhorain, where we had arranged to meet with *Swedish Maid*, owned and crewed by Nick Offer, a former TCC stalwart. A pleasantly social evening ensued, during which the rain began to pour down...

According to the log, it didn't rain the next day; I expect I just forgot to note it down. We sailed slowly – mostly drifted with the tide actually – back down the Sound of Luing and back up Loch Craginish to Ardfarn, where we had arranged for Tom and Anna to join us for a few days.

Being there, of course, we were forced to have tea at the Galley, again; it's a hard life.

Leaving Ardfarn the next morning, again very little wind, we drifted slowly 'down the loch' and fetched up for another lunch-stop at a little anchorage called Sailean Mhor, which I have been trying to find for years. It's a tiny horseshoe-shaped bay just south of Crinan, quite hard to find unless you cheat and use the chart plotter – which we did. There's a mooring in the middle, of course, but still room to anchor, so we stopped for a couple of hours. The younger element rowed ashore and did energetic walk-type things; the older element had a nap.

Then a very light breeze came up from the south, despite a forecast of NE'lies, and we made a couple of long easy tacks across the Sound, pushed on our way by the south-going tide, and ending up at that most favourite of old favourites, Lussa Bay. That evening, while the skipper and mate were off laying the lobster pot, the crew managed to drop the grill-pan over the side while washing up. We could see it quite clearly, lying on the clean sand, but none of us quite had the lungs to swim down that far, so if you're in Lussa Bay and find a grill-pan on the bottom – well, you're welcome: have a nice day! We didn't catch any lobsters, either. Also at Lussa we discovered 'Tea on the beach' – see the photo. You peruse the menu, apparently, and then use the walkie-talkie, which they provide and leave there on the table, to order your tea. Wonderful – only in the Hebrides, I feel sure, could such a thing be found. They were closed when we were there, otherwise we would definitely have tried it.

Tea On The Beach

Welcome to Inverluss! Please order using the walkie-talkie. Press 'CALL' and wait for an answer. When you speak, hold down the rubber button on the left edge of the walkie-talkie (it is labelled PTT).

Normal opening is from 11am weekdays, 10.30am weekends. Bad weather will interrupt service!! If self service cakes and drinks are here, please take 10% off prices and leave money in the pot. Sorry Tea On The Beach is closed if there is no walkie-talkie/self service.

Tea	£1.20
Herbal tea (please ask for flavours)	£1.00
Fresh coffee	£1.50
Latte	£2.00
Mocha	£2.20
Hot Chocolate	£2.00
Coca Cola	£1.00
Orange or Apple juice (240 ml)	£1.00
Orange or Apple juice (120 ml)	£0.50
Milk	£0.50

Orders for cakes only are welcome too. All cakes are home-made here at Inverluss.

Morning

X2 banana muffins with strawberry
cheesecake filling R2

Short bread R1

Chocolate brownies R1.80

Carrot cake R1.60

© C. Enching, Oaktree Cottage, Inverluss, Isle of Jura, PA60 7PR

A black and white photograph of a harbor scene. In the foreground, a sailboat named 'Rosie B' is docked at a wooden pier. To the left, another sailboat is partially visible. In the background, a large white building with multiple chimneys stands on a hillside, surrounded by dense trees. A small boat is visible in the water near the building.

At this point, all the various crew were to depart to other holidays in other places, leaving me to take the boat back to Troon on my own. I sail single-handed a lot, and even went home to Troon from Oban round the Mull once on my own, so this didn't seem likely to present any problems – until I checked the forecast for the following day – SE6! Oh cruel world! What had I done to deserve this? The only saving grace was that the wind wasn't forecast to increase until later in the day, so in the morning after seeing everyone on to their various buses, I left at 0815; there was no wind... I motored onwards, enjoying the day. 0900 – no

Thus ended the (somewhat truncated) cruise of 2011. The log records a total of 181 miles, and 44.6 engine hours not counting the 'delivery' trip. We were out for 12 days and in fairness it must be recorded that perhaps as many as three of these were rain-free. It was never warm, certainly not at sea. The new engine was fine once my silly mistakes had been corrected, and the new up-pitched propeller (13 x 9 for you geeks) has made a huge difference; I feel that I could, now, motor into quite a stiff breeze with some hope of actual progress, which certainly wasn't the case before, and the new rubbing strakes – not so far mentioned – remained gleaming and much-admired by those who know about such things; the leaks all seem to have stopped, and the new cabin headlining is a big improvement – held in place, of course, by lots of lovely bronze screws. I still need a new genoa, and self-tailing winches would be nice, but those who control such things tell me that in 2012, there are other priorities. Boo!

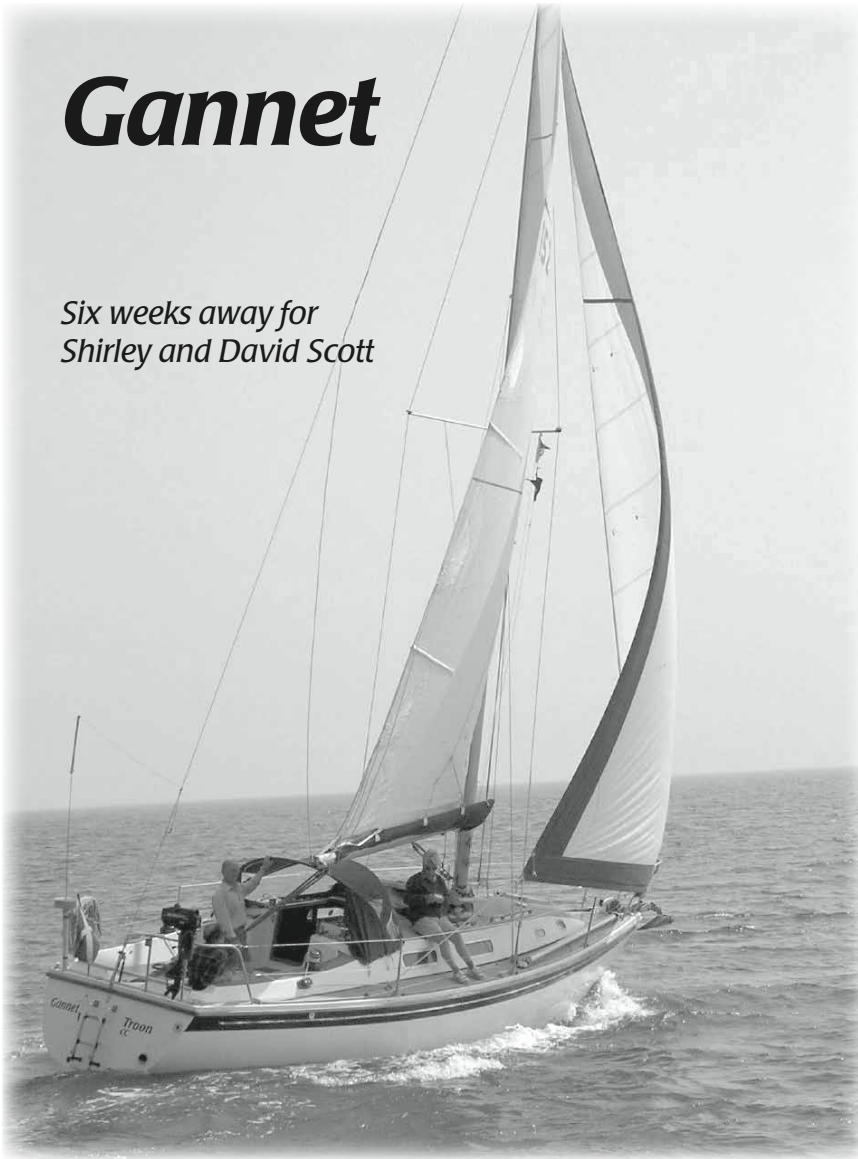


Jim Goodlad

A black and white photograph of a large, multi-decked ferry boat named "HORN BLOWER" docked at a rocky pier. The boat has a dark hull and a light upper section with many windows. It is carrying several cars on its upper deck. A smaller boat with "HARBOURS" and "HOUSE" on its side is visible to the left. The background shows a hilly coastline under a clear sky.

Gannet

Six weeks away for
Shirley and David Scott



Well, we were away for six weeks but had an awful lot of stops on land due to the poor weather. However, as we weren't in a rush it was good to have time to explore. David kept muttering about it being very cold and it certainly was. Woolly hats were worn so the head was warm but the windward side of the face suffered frost bite.

We set off 27th May hoping that as June always has the good weather we should benefit from the earlier start, at least that was how it looked when we were working! The forecast was 5-7 so we reefed in before leaving Troon and felt a trifle foolish sailing in gentle winds up past Ardrrossan until the bottom of Loch Fyne when we felt smug as the strong wind came but not so smug when suddenly our main blew out – yes it had split. So, we took it down of course in pouring rain as well

and took ourselves into Portavadie, realising that we had also lost our depth gauge and log.

Portavadie was bliss; a hot room, no not for us, but for the wet clothes although we stayed to have a little dry off ourselves! and comfortable sofas, delicious coffee and carrot cake in the restaurant. We felt human again and not like drowned rats.

The Chandlery could offer us strips like giant Elastoplasts for the mainsail tear but this could only be used in hot dry conditions!

This was the start of the Scottish Series. Did you hear about the skipper who fell off the back of his boat when it broached? He was one of the sailors rescued by Portavadie Marina rescue during the SS week. When we left next day for Ardrishaig with no main and a reefed Genny we fairly shot along and reached the entrance just in time to be greeted by a hailstorm. With help through

the Canal we stopped at the Crinan Bridge where it was amazingly peaceful; no wind and no sound of the water pouring over the sealock at the Basin. We found friends at the Basin and sat out – well walked – during the following day during the storm. The sea just outside Crinan Hotel towards Dorus Mhor was very impressive and we were glad when it went down on Monday.

Monday took us up to Ardfarn for repairs and as usual they were very helpful. The sail went to Benderloch to Owen Sails and eventually an electrician came to the boat, scratched his head, got his boss who condemned our old electrics 'they've had it!'

We had a lovely sail up to Kerrera and arrived to find Westerly Owners in fine form plus a repaired mainsail. The Scotts were to be seen putting their sail on and yet again threading reefing lines. But the next day we had two sails, a lovely sailing wind and sunshine and off we set for Dunstaffnage where David managed to slip into such a narrow berth that we were unable to put in a fender. Luckily we had a flat fender and were lent another one.

We had excellent showers and a really good BBQ followed by a meal at the 'Frog' restaurant.

This good spell continued up the Sound of Mull – sailed, into Loch Drumbuie, round Ardnamurchan and into Arisaig. I can't say that I enjoyed the sail round Ardnamurchan as there was a following sea, we were going rather fast and endeavouring to keep the boom on one side only and go in the right direction, if you know what I mean!

Whilst at Ardfarn we had had a 'fish finder' fitted in order to have some kind of depth reading; rather essential on the west coast. Going into Arisaig there is a very shallow bar and a loud squeak was heard from Shirley as the finder registered 1.1 metres. Well, we now know that with the fish finder we float at 1.1 metres though I'm not quite sure where the measurement is taken from!!

The forecast was for northerlys but actually it was southerly! And

we sailed into Loch Nevis and took up a mooring, had a good dinner and then we got our come-uppance. How silly to stop on a lee shore. We had an uncomfortable night with the slop and left asap next morning.

We stopped at Kyle of Lochalsh for stores, discovering an excellent deli where the old newspaper hut had been, and then went across to Kyleakin and met old friends there including the Atlantis, who must know so many TCC members.

Off to Plockton where David and I had one of those discussions... 'let's take this mooring'... 'no, it's too shallow'... 'this one?'... 'no, it's too far from shore'... 'this one?' Well we've lost the photo but the one that David chose had more weeds on it than in our garden. And this was all observed by one of the Westerly owners, of course, who promptly came over to have a good laugh with us! Well, yet again Plockton was a delight, although it poured! And we then had to return to Kyleakin. I had to go back to Ayr for the AGM of the ASO and David went exploring Skye by bus.

Whilst at Kyleakin the fishing boat *Mary Bruce* slotted herself behind us and when I was chatting to the charming owner he suddenly offered us a bag of little salmon pink shells. What were they? I think they were lobster tails and my goodness were they delicious? What a treat. Just gently cooked in butter and olive oil.

Kyleakin to South, no, North Fladda on Raasay. We just couldn't find our way into South Fladda but did drop anchor in the north side. This was a magical anchorage with flowers on the hills each side and the sound the cuckoo and of the wind blowing overhead. The anchorage is very deep until you go right in and then where you want to drop the hook it gets a bit neat for swinging room.

Off to Badachro the next day with two big pods of dolphins, one playing around the boat ahead and one around and under us and it was at this point that we realised that we could see these creatures on the fish finder. We love Badachro and have been going for years – perhaps

25. However we were not impressed with our main course at the Hotel – five prawns for £15.

Gairloch to Loch Inver with rather gloomy weather, rolling seas but that is to be expected up here. Arriving at the newly rearranged pontoons we found that we had a strong northerly as we belted into our slot. STOP!!! Guess what? there were some friendly yachties there who helped, including one who's engine packed up just as he was coming in to his finger, with this following wind.

Lots of walking in Loch Inver and then a revolt from Shirley who declined to go up further to Loch Edrichiles in a northerly force 6. Been there and done that and NOT again.

So back to Gairloch, Flowerdale this time and a super walk up the river and waterfalls and up to the top of the mountain at the back. This all followed by an excellent meal at the Old Gairloch Hotel. Oh, and there is an excellent DIY shop behind that doubles as a chandlery.

Poolewe by bus on Thursday, the only day that the bus runs. It was interesting to hear that, due to the increase in population in Gairloch more water is needed and we saw the digging going on. This water is coming from Loch Morlich!. Work that out!

Gairloch to Acasaid Mor where we walked to Church Cave and when returning to the boat I noticed that we had something wrapped around our propeller. David donned the wet suit that he has had since our dinghy sailing days. Oh what a figure!! And found that the something was seaweed and what seaweed. It was as tough as steel but he got it off. We had noticed that the engine sounded unhappy and that was the cause.

It was such a lovely day there but things went to our head. 'Why not go round Skye? We shall have the tide with us.' Oh yes but not the wind! We went to Dunvegan and I shall not speak much about the journey except to say that we went against the wind, reefed, in pouring rain. We were glad to pick up a mooring buoy and slept the next day to recover! On shore the following day

we discovered an amazingly well stocked greengrocers. It didn't look much at all, being a corrugated shed, but this cladding was concealing insulation for the whole building was a low level fridge to keep the veg fresh. Fresh veg on a boat is a great treat.

We had had great difficulty in obtaining VHF reception and in order to obtain a weather forecast I used my mobile and got hold of Stornaway Coastguard. 'Wind Southerly force 5 – 6, with rain, I'm afraid. Not very nice if you want to go south'. How helpful.

So we shot off north with the wind behind us, in gloom, across to Loch Torridon where the sun came out and, with a southerly wind we hunted carefully along the southern shore and found a super little anchorage. It was paradise, with a Mediterranean blue sea, a waterfall on the shore and views of the Torridon mountains.

Our trip back south was pretty good as we had lots of sailing and thank goodness we turned to come home when we did. We had been keeping in contact with family and our son-in-law, who had not been at all well received a call from the hospital for his liver transplant. Of course we wanted to get down to see and help them on his return home.

We zoomed down and entering the Clyde at Ardrishaig again had a very gentle sail down and down. Off Ardrrossan it was so quiet that David was asleep down below. The forecast was pretty awful and just when we thought that we should shake out the reef because it was so calm the weather hit us. We shot across Irvine Bay, the visibility was awful with horizontal rain and the waves whipping across, but when we got to Troon, this all calmed down and we slipped gently into our berth with no trouble. What a treat.

Winter jobs will be fitting a new log/speedo and probably looking at wiring!



Another Adventure on Rain Again

Kenny McLeod

When the text came in from Mark asking if I was free to help him sail Rain Again back from Azores to Lagos I thought yes please, but would I be able to go. Working two weeks on, two off it might not be easy to get the time off to coincide with the dates Mark was looking at. After a lot of phone calls, emails and texts it was all sorted. One of my colleagues, Alan Carruthers, and I flew to Azores to join Mark on 20th August. This would be my third trip with Mark, having previously sailed with him from Porto to Lagos when he first took Rain Again out there, and then Lagos to Madeira the following year.

Mark had brought Rain Again to Ponta Delgada on Sao Miguel, Azores. We arrived at 0030 and joined him and the fourth crew member, Tony Davies, at the marina. After the introductions Mark told me my first job the next morning would be to gut and fillet a fish they had caught on the way over. It was called a mahi mahi or dolphin fish – not the sort of fish we catch often in the Minch!! Next morning as I started gutting the fish, Mark went to complete the formalities at the arrivals office and Alan and Tony went off to find the bus times to Furnas – a village at the eastern end of the island that has sulphur springs and a large sulphur lake. Not wanting to make a mess in the cockpit I gathered all I needed and went ashore onto the arrivals pier to set to work. One of the officials saw me and took me into their building and a sink area where I could have a go at producing some fillets for that evening's meal. It was so hot, even at 10am – temperature climbing to upper 20's already. I am not used to gutting fish in this heat!

Gutting done and the guys back it was time to become tourists for the afternoon. Mark had an oil change to do so we got out of the way. Furnas was quite a place with a number of sulphur springs in the centre of the town. The smell as you got close to them became very unpleasant. At one place it was so hot you could cook eggs on the wall beside the spring! Inland was even

hotter than at the marina so some cool shade was called for. Firstly in a café for lunch and then a pleasant stroll in a garden with a stream and small pond in it before heading back to the heat of the marina.

Back on board we were relaxing in the cockpit when we noticed a yacht entering under sail and continuing towards the pontoons. She eventually dropped anchor just to the west of us. As we were going ashore to plan our shopping for the morning we spotted a dinghy coming in from this yacht. Tony went to take their lines and came back with the crew – two French ladies who had just sailed up from Dakar in West Africa, en route back to Brittany to get their engine repaired. Having been at sea for three weeks they were looking for some fresh food. They joined us in the café and we got their story – the vessel belonged to one of the women (Armelle Jung) and her husband and had been undertaking an environmental project in Africa. When the engine broke down they decided to sail back to France to get it fixed. Her husband had returned with the children and she and her friend set off with the yacht. It had taken three weeks to get to the Azores. They needed to do some repairs and stock up before heading off for Brittany. (They eventually made it back to their home port on 6th Sept). Their website, with photos of the yacht and some of their adventures, is www.parsifal-le-voyage.org. During our chats with the French sailors we learnt about their work and heard some of their adventures. Armelle recounted how she had been paddling ashore in their dinghy with one of her children when a herd of hippopotami got into the water just off the beach she was heading for. One in particular started heading for them. She sat dead still and waited..... Eventually the hippo decided not to come any nearer and went off to find something more interesting. Definitely one to add to the Sea Safety manual – just in case global warming brings hippos to UK waters!

Monday morning it was early start and a visit to the market for fresh fruit and veg for our trip, followed by a supermarket visit for the last lot of essentials. Time for a last shower and some lunch ashore before setting sail. The temperature was up in the 30's by now so it was good to get back on board and make ready for departure. Mark had completed all the formalities with the authorities whilst we were stowing things on board wherever we could. We sailed just after 1300 on the Monday with a light northerly breeze and sunshine, hoping for a wee bit more wind as we got clear of the land. Mark reckoned it would take us six to seven days provided the wind stayed favourable.

Once clear of the harbour we raised the cruising chute. This was Alan's first experience of this and only my second. After a wee while of sorting out the lines and seeing how the snuffer worked we hoisted and had some fun flying it and enjoying the warm sunny weather.

After a couple of hours the breeze died and we packed the chute away. After a very enjoyable meal of freshly caught mahi mahi we settled into the watch system of four hours on, eight off. Mark said he would do all the navigating, cooking and watch relief as required. I had the midnight to 0400 and midday to 1600 watches with Alan doing the next ones and Tony having the 0800 to midday and 2000 to midnight. With a good wind and clear skies we settled into what we hoped would be a very pleasant week's sailing!

I came on watch that first evening with Sao Miguel disappearing astern. This would be our last sight of land till late the following Sunday. Coming on watch just before midnight, the clear sky was a mass of stars. I had never seen the Plough so low down, bringing home just how far south we were. Venus was just to port of the mast, just below the top spreader. By the end of the watch it was on the other side of the mast. This was to be the pattern every night and a good guide we were maintaining the right course. It was still very warm; doing a night watch in bare feet and a light top was a first for me.

We set two lines for fishing - we had a rod off the starboard quarter and a hand line off to port. Throughout the crossing, these were strung out astern. Despite having a variety of lures and using fresh tuna for bait we only caught two further fish the whole way over. One was of a decent size. Mark and I managed to get it filleted and skinned without making any mess in the cockpit – with the boat movement this was quite an achievement. Mark did his usual magic with the fish and it tasted fantastic that night – the freshest tuna I have ever eaten. Sadly there were no more fish caught. At least Lagos had a great selection of fish restaurants, but more on that later.

The weather on the way across went from light winds to a force 8 at one point but we made steady progress. We raised the cruising chute again for a while and picked up some speed. A sudden change in wind speed and direction meant a rush to try and get it down. Mark took the helm and Alan and I tried to snuff it. For a while it looked as if we were not going to be able to get it down, but eventually, with both of us hanging on to the snuffer line and Tony easing off on the guy we dumped enough wind to allow us to bring the snuffer down and put the



chute away. A few hairy moments on the foredeck but all worked well in the end!

We also had to have a reef (or two) in the main for a good part of the crossing. Even with these in we still managed a good 5-6 knots at times. The wind stayed mostly in the northerly quarter – anything between NW and NE. This meant we were on the same tack for virtually the whole crossing. As I was sleeping in the main cabin on the port berth it meant I was constantly trying to stay in the berth. I ended up using the cockpit cushions to prevent me falling under the table. Despite this I managed to sleep OK whenever I was in it.

Mark would call in to the Maritime Mobile Net each morning to let them know of our progress, get weather updates, talk to other sailors and also pass on information for others. It was so good to see the friendship that exists and links sailors around the world. Sailing across to Lagos and having radio conversations with sailors in the Mediterranean, northern Europe, and the southern hemisphere. Mark had arranged with another sailor he had met in Azores to provide her with a weather forecast every day at about 0800. She had built her own boat and had sailed single handed to the Azores as a shake-down cruise. She had sailed back to France a few days before we left. However, as she would be too close to speak to her directly on MF Mark relayed it through the UK Maritime Mobile Net.

Talking about forecasts, we saw a large container vessel sailing west and called her up. The Maersk Utah was on her way across the Atlantic. Mark called her up on VHF, explained we were sailing to Lagos and asking if they had an up to date forecast. The officer was happy to tell us that it had been raining but would be dry and sunny. He didn't even mention the most important part – wind strength and direction. I suppose on a 300m long vessel the difference between a 20 and 40 knot wind is largely irrelevant!!

Mark enjoying a relaxing moment reading about another maritime adventure – rowing the English Channel in a bathtub!



With the watch system set there was plenty of time to relax, catch up on reading and get some sun tan. It was very relaxing, sitting in the cockpit with a good book and the sun baking down, clear blue sea and nothing else to be seen as far as they could see.

In all we only saw four vessels until we approached the TSS at Cape St Vincent. Apart from a few sea birds we saw very little life on the crossing. We were fortunate enough to have one school of dolphins come play with us for a wee while. The clarity of the water was amazing and helped us get some really good pictures of these wonderful creatures.

So far so good. We were making good progress; the weather was, mainly, good and we were on schedule to get to Lagos for Monday. On the Sunday after lunch Mark started the generator to ensure there was a full charge in the batteries. We were about 90-100 miles off the coast and making good progress and would be crossing the four lanes of the TSS (about 20 miles) in the dark and Mark wanted to be sure we had enough power for the lights, radar and radios. He then went for a lie down. I was on watch. Tony was keeping me company and Alan was sleeping below.

After about three hours Alan stuck his head up the hatch and asked who had spilt water in the cabin. As no one had been down there for a couple of hours we couldn't understand where the water had come from. I looked down and saw some water on the deck boards at the chart table and near the mess table. Next thing some water splashed up from under the boards. I went below and called Mark as I climbed down into the cabin. I dropped to my knees and tested the water with my hand. It felt warm and did not taste very salty. Having explained this to Mark, we felt that the water was coming from the generator. Mark stopped it and started pumping the water out. At this point it was coming up from under the chart table as well as the main cockpit. While Mark was using the bilge pump, Alan and I started mopping out the water from under the boards. We soon realised that the water level was falling. After about 30 minutes of mopping up and draining out the spaces under the boards the level had fallen and there was no sign of any more coming in.

(After we go into Lagos we checked the generator. As soon as Mark started it up I could see water pouring out. An outlet pipe had come off the pump and so the water went straight into the bilges rather than over the side. A few minutes with a screwdriver and the problem was fixed.)

As we closed the coast the wind freshened a bit and we made even better time. By the time I came on watch just before midnight we were virtually through the TSS and clear of the big stuff. There was more traffic about now than we had seen the whole way across. With the wind more to the NW and on our starboard quarter we picked up speed, managing an average of 7 knots over the next few hours. One thing that amazed me during this watch was the radio indiscipline and 'noises' being transmitted by what I can only assume were extremely bored sailors of some description. Various imitation animal sounds and yelps came over the air for the next few hours and even an attempt by a Portuguese Coastguard operator was to no avail. At least it wasn't a quiet watch!



ARDFERN YACHT CENTRE

www.ardfernyacht.co.uk Tel: 01852 500247

New **Yanmar** dealership for 2011
 New **Rocna** stowable anchors now in stock
 Full on-site/off-site **shrinkwrap** service

Raymarine & Garmin Installation/Service . **Profurl** reefing systems
Avon, Zodiac, & Waveline inflatables . **Bukh & Beta** Marine Diesels

Smartwool merino wool socks & thermals in stock
 Clothing from **Musto, Joules, Holebrook, Toggi, Seasalt** & more

Contact guy@ardfernyacht.co.uk for chandlery enquiries

Ardfern Yacht Centre Ltd, Ardfert, by Lochgilphead, Argyll PA31 8QN
 Chandlery . Brokerage . Pontoon Berths . Swinging Moorings . Winter Storage
 Engineering . Rigging & Swaging . Osmosis Treatment . Painting . Fibreglass Repairs

Announcing our **new chandlery outlet** (next to the harbour offices)





TARBERT
YACHT CHANDLERY





HOLY LOCH MARINA

Marine gateway to the Loch Lomond & Trossachs National Park



- 300 berth marina
- 23ton /18.3m handling capacity
- Competitive rates for long & short term berthing, storage and handling
- Loch Long and Upper Firth a short sail away
- Centrally located for regatta yachting
- Local historical interest, and nearby town facilities
- Petrol, diesel and gas on site
- Just 20 minutes by frequent ferry from Gairloch

Holy Loch Marina, Rankin's Brae, Sandbank, Dunoon PA23 8FE
T: 01369 701800 F: 01369 704749
www.holylochmarina.co.uk

A McRoberts

plumbers and heating engineers

Gas Safe Services

**Service and repairs | gas cookers | boilers
 fires | central heating | breakdown cover from
 Celsius Homecare**



visit our website
www.gasserve.co.uk

for our full range of natural and lpg appliances,
 caravan spares and chandlery


66 Irvine Road Kilmarnock tel/fax 01563 533817



Stratton & Schooling

MARINE & YACHT SURVEYS
NAVAL ARCHITECT

DAMAGE PURCHASE
INSURANCE



Tel 01436 820611 or 671814
Fax 01436 821900
Mobile: 0788 1581117 / 07799 5026564

DUNCAN'S

SCOTLAND'S No. 1

1ST for Service
1ST for Value
1ST for Choice
1ST for Advice
1ST for Price

Why not pay us a visit and see our vast range of Chandlery, Electronics, Inflatables, Outboards, Clothing, Footwear, Life Jackets, Buoyancy Aids and lots, lots more...

OPENING HOURS
Mon - Fri: 9am - 5.30pm
Sat: 10am - 4pm
Sun - 11am - 4pm

PARKING
FREE & EASY
Parking in our own Car Park

DUNCAN
YACHT CHANDLERS

7 Scotland Street, Glasgow G5 8NL Tel: 0141 429 6044 Fax: 0141 429 3078
Email: sales@duncanyachtchandlers.co.uk www.duncanyacht.co.uk







Portavadie
MARINA
Loch Fyne | Scotland

+44 (0)1700 811075
portavadiemarina.com

The Journey Rewarded

Set in a beautiful part of Argyll, this striking destination has so much to offer

- Accommodation
- Restaurants and Bars
- Marina
- Weddings
- Meetings and Events
- Retail Therapy

Daylight saw us approaching Lagos and the wind dropping to a light breeze. We lowered the sails and motored the last mile or so till we dropped anchor just off the beach. Having packed the sails away and tidied up we relaxed with a delicious breakfast of fried egg rolls and coffee sitting on deck enjoying the sunrise and scenery. By mid-morning we were tied up at the visitor's pontoon and Mark had completed the arrival formalities. We waited for a bridge lift and moved to the allocated berth. Having tied up we went ashore for lunch, washed down with a couple of very cold beers.

The next three days were a mixture of drying out the boat, washing down, tidying up, preparing the boat for wintering, some sightseeing and eating ashore in various restaurants Mark recommended. As an ardent seafood eater I was not disappointed. The last evening we ate at one which advertised unlimited sardines. We went for a starter of barnacles – an expensive delicacy here. Although not very appetising in appearance on the plate they were delicious. A half kilo between us was more than enough. The sardines were equally delicious and true to their advert, they brought us as many as we could eat!!

At the table next to us were a couple who owned a bar in Lagos. We chatted to them throughout the meal and, as they were leaving (and we were working our way through the second or third helping of sardines!) invited us to their bar when we finished. Having finally stopped eating, we strolled along to their bar – over three floors with the top floor open air. We sat here with them and enjoyed the warm evening air and very good hospitality. As we walked back very late it began raining. By the time we got back to the boat we were soaked through, but happy.

Next morning, after a relaxed (!) start we finished the packing and tidying up, had a shower, lunch and got the train to Faro and our flight home. Another fantastic trip on *Rain Again* was coming to an end. Another 780 odd miles for my log-book but even more importantly a great experience, new places visited and new friends made. Wonder when the next adventure will be and to where? Ah well, it was time to go back to sailing round the UK, boarding yachts rather than sailing in them, and dreaming of warm sunny days of relaxed sailing.

Kenny MacLeod



A starter of barnacles – an expensive delicacy in Portugal...

...half kilo between us was more than enough



Rounding Cape Wrath



ANGELIQUE TO THE ORKNEY ISLES

Paul Aspin

I first met Terry a builder/property developer from Lincolnshire a number of years ago whilst along with his Wife Angela they called into Troon for a few night's during a round Britain trip in his then Jeanneau 34. It was not long before I convinced him about the delights of sailing the West Coast of Scotland, not only that but the convenience of Troon for Ryanair flights from local Prestwick airport to Stansted and then only an hour's drive from his Lincolnshire home.

It was not long before Terry realised the benefits of what I had suggested so for the next few years he decided to take a berth at Troon and commute to the boat from his home in Lincolnshire.

The following year and with business doing well the Jeanneau was traded for a brand new Najad 373....a real Rolls Royce of a yacht, which I helped deliver from the factory in Sweden back to Troon during 2006.

Now having spent a few years at Troon it was decided

Angelique in Troon



that the boat was needed back nearer his home at his local marina at Fosdyke, so since selling my yacht *In Dreams* I was in a position to spend a couple of weeks to accompany him on part of the passage home.

Terry's wife Angela was busy with planning their daughter's wedding so it was a great chance for the two of us to get some sailing together again and move *Angelique* round to Kirkwall where a couple of weeks later Angela would join Terry and continue their passage down the east coast of Britain.

Friday 17th June 2011. Troon to Shuna – 105nm.

Forecast: S or SE 3-4 increasing F 5-7 occasional Gale 8.

Depart Troon 0630 dull wet and windy... not the best of forecast to contemplate rounding the Mull but at least the wind direction was good. We start with a good sail in a wind from the south 20kts, by Pladda wind 30kts so a double reef put in the main. We are overflown by a Dauphin helicopter flying very low below the clouds in the direction of Turnberry, (I found out later that it was my friend Dave Young who was taking a group of golfers from Machrihanish to Turnberry).

Approaching the Sound of Sanda the wind now touching 40kts so dropped main in the shelter of Sanda bay, I say shelter with loose tongue... so much for shelter as wind ferocious but at least the sea a little flatter. Headed towards the Mull with a half rolled genoa. At the Mull the tide had just turned and as wind still south and therefore a lee shore decide to give it a one mile offing. Off the light house the over falls are quite benign, seen them much worse in only 10kts of wind! Fast sail up past Gigha with wind steady 30kts and gusting 40kts... going like a train... very wet and very cold so down below taking the odd peek out!

Approaching Shuna with the tide now turned

giving 4kts foul tide... so it's engine on for the final hour and at 2245 drop the hook in the small bay at north end of Shuna, at last we can have our very late breakfast of a mega fry up washed down with a nice Aberlour Malt.

Saturday 18th June. Shuna to Isle of Muck. Log 40nm.

Forecast: E or NE 3-4 increasing 5-7 for a time.

Nice quiet night at anchor, no early rise as foul tide at Cuan Sound till 1130. Decided to leave about 1000 and ride the last of the foul tide. No wind so engine on... with just an hour of ebb left we still had 5kts of tide against as we crept past the Cleit rock at 1kt over the ground, nice to have 58HP helping you along! I was surprised to still see such an easterly flow with less than an hour to go until later I realised my 'Easytide' printout had not adjusted for BST as I had asked it to! Once past Easdale the breeze filled in so all sails up...only short lived as the wind faded away. Motor now in very light wind from the north. On entering the sound of Mull the wind freshened again, only to tease us as soon as the sails back up once again it dies away. Once passed Salen the wind back again giving us a good close hauled sail to Ardnamurchan where once again the wind goes too light to sail. Decide now to motor to Port Mor on Muck. Entrance now well marked with both perches and buoys and a leading sector light. Drop anchor in 8m at the top of a spring tide just south of the new pier. Three other boats also at anchor. Teen's homemade Chilli for our meal tonight then we spoil ourselves with three Aberlours and good measures too!

Sunday 19th June. Port Mor, Muck to Plockton – 40nm

Forecast: N or NE backing W or NW 4 or 5 dec. 2 or 3.

A very quiet night, up at 0800 and away by 0900 in brilliant sunshine, nice F3 from the NE so manage a sail towards Bo Fascadale Buoy before wind goes dead! Motor

Touching 40kts in the Sound of Sanda



Plockton



on once again, glassy sea, warm sun but still very cold air... someone forgot to mention it's June. Harbour porpoises playing as we motor north. Wind filled in from the West once past Eigg so a great sail in 15kts towards Kylerea. Approaching Kylerea the wind heads us so engine on, motor through the narrows just as the tide had turned in our favour, giving an extra 2kts over the ground. The biting wind over the bow is bitterly cold and feels more like January than June. A beautiful mega yacht at anchor off Kyleakin. Soon the Skye Bridge is passed and we make our approach to Plockton. First visit here for me by boat as I have only made it by car before. Once a visitor's mooring is commandeered it's ashore to search for a good pint of real ale! The 'Plockton Hotel' comes up trumps and has Cairngorm ales 'Windjammer' on offer – the only problem it goes down too well and despite Terry's fancy for a third pint I convince him after two that our limit is reached as we still have to row back to the boat.

Back aboard it's on with the food and we also enjoy a pan full of langoustine that a Plockton fisherman gifted us earlier.

Monday 20th June. Plockton to Aultbea Loch Ewe. 40nm

Forecast: Variable 3 or less, becoming NE 3 or 4 occ. 5 later.

Up at 0800...well I was as it seems that two pints of 'Windjammer' and a few drams have de-sensitised Terry this morning. I am washed and shaved and last night's dirty dishes washed before Terry manages to surface!

A smeary morning so far with low cloud and a wee bit of drizzle but the Radio Scotland forecast promises better. Ashore for an explore. Terry's idea is to walk up to the station where he tells me there is a great cafe for bacon rolls – my dodgy knee protests as we walk up the hill but the thought of that roll keeps me going. When we arrive – disaster, the cafe is no more... well at least now it's back down hill to try our luck in the village. By accident (honest) we stumble across the 'Plockton Brewery' Not only that the owner is on hand to show us around, I say show us around but the wee room is too small to swing a cat. It's of interest to hear that the owner is an ex-executive officer at HMS Gannet and lives in Plockton and is married to a local girl. Sadly he has run out of beer and so to have the village pubs that supply it after a very hectic weekend.

The 'Plockton Shore' supplies us with a fine coffee and the best bacon roll ever then its back to *Angelique* to slip the mooring and start our trek north.

Little wind and glassy sea see's us motor north up the Sound of Rassy and watch with interest as the Navy are playing with some new torpedoes on the Rasaay Range.... at times a Merlin helicopter shows an interest in us at it hovers close by. Strangely enough last week at work I spoke to the very same aircraft as it made its way north from its base in Culdrose Cornwall.

Despite the forecast and promise of wind we see very little — glassy sea all the way to Loch Ewe, we pick up a mooring belonging to the Aultbea hotel then row ashore to sample two pints of An Teallach's brewing Company's best!

Tuesday 21st June (the longest day). Aultbea to Loch Nedd, Kylesku. Forecast: NE 3-4 increasing 5-6.

Another very calm and peaceful night on the mooring. Awoke at 0700, managed to slice my chin whilst shaving, not drink induced I may add. Away at 0800 to no wind, on leaving Loch Ewe and turning north for Point of Stoer the wind fills in at 20kts from the East. Full sail out and cracking along at 7kts over the ground in a wee lumpy sea with a 3 meter swell

running from the north soon sees us passing the Summer Isles though the temperature feels far from summery! All of a sudden we are joined by a pod of 20 dolphins as they cavort in the bow and stern wash. How this uplifts the spirits on a rather dull and cold day. Too roly to make breakfast so we manage a cheese roll and Snickers bar.

Approaching Point of Stoer the wind starts to drop and with still a 3 meter swell from the north it's engine back on.

We motor into Loch Nedd to anchor and make a spot of lunch. Terry wanted to check this place out after reading comments made by Libby Purves in her book 'A Summer's Grace'. Nice pleasant spot but spoiled, I felt, by loads of fishing gear and moorings cluttering up the place.

After a spot of lunch it's off into Kylesku... a bit off our intended track but I visited the hotel there by road many years ago and a great place for seafood. We wanted to see if it was as good and were not disappointed. Terry had done his air draught calculation for the bridge and promised 7 metres to spare. He was right but always looks closer than it really is! Anchored off the small fishing pier near the hotel though lots of old moorings around. Ashore for another two pints of An Teallach ale and a seafood platter....at £25 a platter great value with seven different species of shellfish and fish. Back aboard for a final dram before a sort of early (2300) night!

Wednesday 22nd June. Kylesku to Kinlochbervie
Forecast: NE4-5 occasionally 6

Gusty night at anchor. Woke at 0400 by anchor alarm but appear not to be dragging, GPS was set to alarm at 0.01nm due to limited space – alarm activated as tide dropped and boat swung.

Away at 0800, another grey day with rain in the air. Motored out of loch and turned north towards Handa

Kylesku Bridge



Island...once again joined by a pod of dolphins, one with no tail! A few puffins on the water. Off Handa the wind now touching 25kts on the nose, at times a 5 metre swell running from the north and with a small amount of wind against tide a bit lumpy off the Island, soon flattened though as we turn more east towards Kinlochbervie.

Make fast alongside Kinlochbervie yacht pontoons... three other Swedish built boats in, a Malo 40, Najad 380 and a Hallberg Rassy 36.

Ashore to the hotel for lunch then the Spar store for supplies. Those are the only two places in KLB! Visited harbour master's office to pay dues only to be invited into his retirement bash, free sandwich's and beer and some good

company to chat to.

Managed to get internet on my laptop and synoptic charts that shows we may get North wind backing NW by tomorrow so looks good for an early start.

Had our evening meal in the hotel – average, but then we were spoiled last night. The place is in need of some TLC but most folk staying there (mainly freshwater anglers) seemed happy. Have a wander around the village but really not much to see, shame to see the huge fish market empty, we are told that four boats are due to land their catch tomorrow night. I feel it's a sign of the times as far as the fishing industry is going, so many boats now decommissioned due to lack of fish.

Thursday 23rd June. Kinlochbervie to Stromness
Forecast: N backing NW 3-4

Awoke by large fishing boat at 0400 off-loading his catch. Decide to rise at 0500 and make an early start for Cape Wrath, will need to motor to the Cape with the direction of wind but hope the Forecast NW4 will help us on our way from there as we are down to quarter tank fuel and to motor all the way will not be possible with the fuel we have left in the tank. We decide to see if it's possible to get some fuel before we leave so take a walk over to the fishing boat that is unloading to see if they can help. It appears they are taking on 65,000 litres but looks like there will none for us! OK then its fingers crossed that the forecast NW will be there once we round Cape Wrath.

We have a good motor to the Cape in a rather large oily swell and tuck in towards the headland to miss what appears to be some pretty nasty overfalls further offshore, rounding the corner just as the tide has turned in our favour, still a big 3 to 5 metre swell running though. I could imagine this place in a big blow of wind...would really not be nice. However, a

Kinlochbervie – shame to see the huge fish market empty



bit like the Mull the water seems flatter very close inshore but with this swell a quarter mile off is close enough. Rounding the Cape we set course for Stromness and set full sail. Wind becomes a bit light and variable just what we don't need but eventually fills and gives us a steady North F4 and a cracking fast sail in bright sunshine but very cold air towards Stromness. We spot the island of Hoy at about 40 miles out and eventually we enter the sound with a slight bit of foul tide but nothing our 58HP cannot handle.

Berth alongside in the new marina, the pontoon fingers quite narrow but long and stable. Within 30 minutes of making fast we are in the Stromness Hotel sampling some fine Orkney ale.

Friday 24th June. Stromness to Pierowall, Westray
Forecast: N3 Becoming variable

Up by 0830 and take wander around the town, a lovely quaint place and not much changed since the last time I visited some 30 years ago.

Take on 100 litres of fuel from the fuel pontoon, (note that the man in charge only visits between 1000-1100 and later in the afternoon so you need to take that into account if you are going to require fuel).

Head off at 1130 into a F3 from the north. We sail up the west side of Orkney mainland in brilliant sunshine and blue sky but the wind is not strong enough and too close to our head to give us more than 3kts against the still big swell from the north. Passing Brough Head we give in and start the motor to make good speed towards Noup Head on the west side of Westray. After Noup Head the wind starts to die even further so we continue to motor and enter the Papa Sound from the north. On the approach to Pierowall we are confronted by fish farms that are neither shown on our latest version CCC directions nor on our C-Map chart.

Entering the small harbour at 2030 in glorious sunshine we make fast to the new visitor pontoons and our ropes are taken by the Assistant Harbour Master who turns out to be the original owner of Troon Marine Services before Sandy Wood purchased the company.

Our new found friend offers to drive us the short distance to the Pierowall Hotel. On entering the hotel we think we must have entered someone's living room as the bar is jam packed with folk of all ages sitting chatting around the fireplace and lounging in tatty old sofas. It appears we have hit it lucky as tonight it appears we will be entertained by a three piece band, one fiddle and two guitars, that is run by the once female GP for the island, a nice lass who now practices in Arbroath. At first we find the music a bit off key but after five pints of Orkney ale they not only sound brilliant but we even take part. By midnight it's still light outside and we offered a lift back to the boat by one of the islanders who told us it would be too far to walk. The fact that he had drunk more than we had apparently was normal on the Island that has no police to enforce the drink drive rule!

Saturday 25th June. Pierowall.
Forecast: SE 6 becoming SE-5 3-4 later

Woke at 0700 to hear gusty wind pushing boat hard onto pontoon. Wind now SE F7 a fair change since the calm of last night so back to bed till 0900 in an attempt to sleep off the effects of the previous night! Wind still blowing a good SE7 that would be on the nose for our planned trip to Kirkwall so decide to go for a walk and hopefully wait for moderation. We visit the local shellfish dealer on the Harbour side, buy two large ready dressed crab and four large claws for £2.96! Enjoy a fine breakfast of crab and fresh rolls from the baker next door. Another stroll and take a look at the bay...loads of white horses with the wind still a steady F7 so we retire back to the boat and see what the afternoon brings.

By late afternoon wind still wild so we plan an early night with the intention of an early rise to make the most of a moderation in the forecast and leave in the early hours of tomorrow.

Sunday 26th June. Pierowall to Kirkwall. Forecast: SE 4-5.

It's up at 0300, it sounds like the wind has moderated some. At least we are no longer pinned onto the pontoon and should be able to make our escape. Pretty grey looking

outside and visibility not too great but at least the white caps have gone from Pierowall bay.

The route loaded into the plotter, not ideal timing for tides but hopefully *Angelique's* 58HP engine will give us a push when needed so lines slipped at 0330. We route through Weatherness Sound then passing between Rusk Holm and Faray then down between Grass Holm and Shapinsay. This passage made so much easier with the use of modern electronics, route planned and proposed track placed into electronic plotter then just sit back and monitor the situation as the autopilot tracks the route near inch perfect compensating for any tidal effects along the way. At heart I am a traditionalist using paper charts when at all possible but with the ferocious tides, small channels and poor visibility of today's passage the electronic form wins hands down.

We enter Kirkwall Marina in time for breakfast. It was 30 years ago since last I visited and so impressed to see such a great marina facility as this. We pick a nice berth next to a Seamaster 925, *Smithereen* that I recognise as once belonging to TCC member Jim Smith a few years ago. Chatting later to the owner she is now based on the Forth at Granton and has just competed in his local clubs race to Orkney.

The rest of the day is spent napping, checking out the local hosteleries and using the showers provided in the local Sailing club, not too palatial a place but fine after a few shower-less days at sea

Monday 27th June. Kirkwall to Troon

After making *Angelique* secure as she will now be left alone for a couple of weeks before Terry can return with Angela to continue their passage south to his home marina at Fosdyke. We head off to Kirkwall airport to catch the Loganair

Angelique in Stromness



flight back to Glasgow. What a swift passage this turns out to be... from boarding the aircraft it is just two hours dead before I disembark the train in Troon, perfect timing. Getting off the flight at Glasgow my bag is already on the carousel, as I exit the terminal the Paisley bus is just pulling out and as I walk onto the platform at Gilmore Street the Troon train doors are about to close. A perfect end to a perfect passage in a great sea worthy boat, tremendous scenery, good malts and real ales and a great sailing companion.

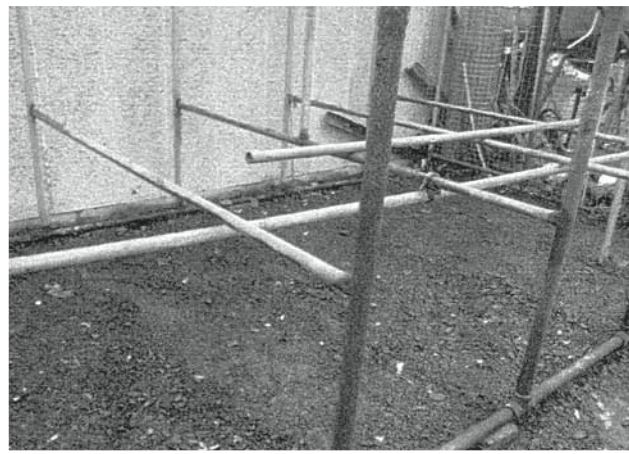
Now, I wonder what passage Terry has planned for me in 2012?



A Much Needed Makeover...

Work started on the cages on Wednesday 8 February. Dinghies which hadn't been removed by their owners were relocated from the cages to temporary storage to prevent damage whilst the works took place. In just three weeks the project was complete and we owe a hearty thanks to the team

of volunteers led by Jack Gairns, for their hard work. The team comprised – *Jim Burrows, John Cairns, Robert Colquhune, Bernard Connor, George Faller, Charles Goudie, Alan Gravett, John Hall, George Hunter, Jim Laird, John Lewis, Callum Lindsay, Ronbert Miller, Gary Muir, Owen Nichol, Jim Palmer* — a great job Guys!



Loose stone chippings were raked out from the sides of the cages where they had built up over time facilitating corrosion of the structural supports.



The structure was braced before corroded members were cut away



The old rusty bits were cut off and removed.



New steel tubing arrived and a number of members helped transfer it from lorry to the worksite.



The new steelwork was cut to size and held in place before welding



Bricks were put in under the uprights to keep them off the ground

...for the Dinghy Cages

Ewan Black



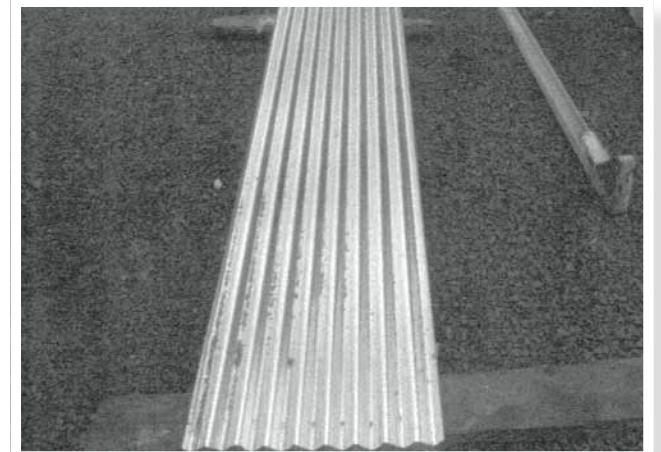
New steel being welded in position



The structural members completed



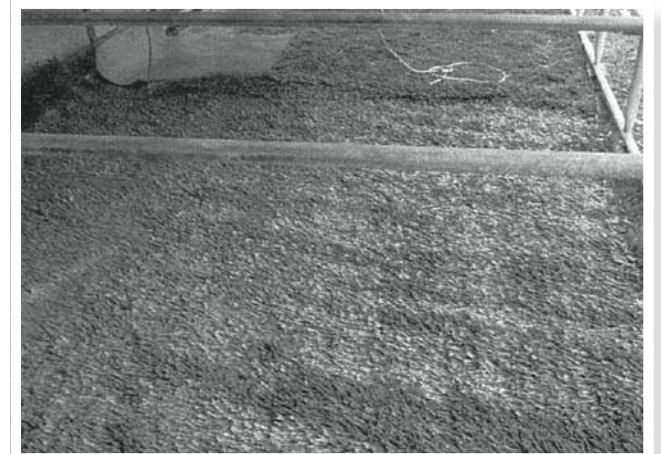
Steelwork was painted with galvanising paint



Corrugated steel sheets to form the shelves



PVC pipe protects dinghies from sharp steel and rope and tackle added to assist lifting dinghies on to the shelves



Astroturf was laid to protect the dinghies from the sharp gravel and prevent the gravel moving



Its **FREE** could save you money, and your life!

No, it's not a sales gimmick, but hopefully will have got your attention. What am I talking about? Well, it is a service provided by the RNLI called Sea Safety and is available to all leisure boat owners. So, what is it all about?

A number of years ago the RNLI launched the initiative aimed at reducing the severity of accidents at sea. No matter how well we prepare, sometimes things happen over which we have no control. By being as prepared as possible and following certain rules the effects of these incidents will be limited. Out of this Sea Safety has evolved. It is provided by teams of volunteers led by a Lifeboat Sea Safety Officer (LSSO) attached to lifeboat stations who receive training to enhance their own knowledge and experiences and can pass on safety advice to fellow boat users.

The service consists of three main parts, Safety Equipment Advisory -SEA Checks, Lifejacket Clinics, and presentations to clubs and organisations on Lifejackets and Calling for Help.

Whenever we talk to boat-owners we try and encourage them to have a SEA Check carried out on their boat. Despite the name this is not an inspection or a pass or fail. It is merely a chat to see what safety equipment you have on your boat and how it compares with what the RNLI would recommend you have, based on the areas you use your boat in. A SEA Check normally takes about 1 hour, depending on the size and type of boat, and is carried out on the boat by one of the Sea Safety team. As well as discussing the various items on our list of essential and recommended items the volunteer will also share tips on dealing with emergency situations which are specific to the vessel and crew as well as lifejacket care. At the end of the SEA Check you will be left with a copy of the form used along with any comments or suggestions made by the volunteer.

Lifejacket clinics take place at a variety of locations, marinas, open days, boat jumbles etc. At these clinics people bring along their lifejackets to have them checked over by our trained volunteers. In 2011, a total of 6160 lifejackets were checked by our volunteers throughout the UK and Ireland. Of these approximately 48% had faults and a staggering 11% were so bad that they may not have worked when deployed. The figures for Scotland are very similar. As well as checking the lifejackets our volunteers also provide advice on how to look after your lifejacket.

Whereas the Lifejacket Clinic is normally run using one of our Roadshow trailers and takes place at marinas and shows we also provide Lifejacket Presentations which can be run at sailing clubs etc. These are aimed at getting boat

users and owners to look at all aspects of lifejackets use, and not just servicing and maintaining. It is interactive and involves participants in looking at various scenarios and discussing practical solutions.

Some of you may remember or have attended one of the Flare demonstrations we used to run. These were stopped in 2009 due to a variety of reasons, including changes in use of flares, costs and other health and safety issues. These presentations have been replaced with one entitled Calling For Help and looks at all means of communications on board boats, not just flares. This is an interactive event, aimed at getting you, the boat owners/ users, to think about what equipment you have on board and how useful or otherwise it may be.

Both of these two Presentations are ideal for a club situation and would be run for around 20 participants. As we have the equipment and presenters available locally they could be run over a number of nights to cater for larger numbers.

Whenever we speak to boat owners or users we provide copies of the Complete Guide – full of useful information on all aspects of being safe afloat. Included in this is an interactive CD. We also have the updated DVD on Cold Water Shock available. All these are free. We also have a wee acronym to help you remember our top tips for safe trips – IT'S WET (no not the latest forecast in Scotland!!)

- I**nform – tell others where you are going
- T**raining – knowledge of your activity is essential
- S**OS device – carry a means of calling for help
- W**ear a lifejacket. A life statement, not a fashion one – wear it.
- E**ngine and fuel check. Have you sufficient fuel and spares?
- T**ides and weather. Check the conditions before heading out.

Hopefully this will have given you a bit of an overview of what the RNLI Sea Safety team can do for you. We would love to hear from anyone wanting more details on any of the above or indeed any aspect of Sea Safety. The team attached to Troon Lifeboat Station consists of 6 Sea Safety Advisors – Alan Carruthers, Alex Bryson, Gary Pringle, Jack Gairns, Louise Nixon and Bill Templeton. As I am sure many of you will recognise some of the names as members of Troon Cruising Club so feel free to speak to any of us. Here's to a safe and enjoyable year of sailing activities.

Kenny MacLeod LSSO RNLI Troon
kennymacleod@hotmail.com / 07711828801





SAILMAKING AND GENERAL TEXTILE WORK

Sails • Waterproof Covers • Awnings
Canopies • Tents • Dodgers • Screens
Inflatables • Upholstery & Trimmings
Ridged Plastic Welding • Tanks • Pipes
Boxes etc

Unit 7, 9 Miller Road, Dunfermline, Fife KY12 9DL
Tel/Fax 01383 622444
email: forth.marine@btinternet.com
www.forth.marinetextiles.co.uk



Greek Island Sailing

Interested?

Let me organise a trip for you to the delights of the Aegean Sea in a top of the range sailing yacht. October is a great time to experience this, and I would be delighted to organise flights and the charter to take the hassle of all that out of your hands.

One trip has already been organised for the week 6 – 13 Oct, flying from Manchester to Corfu. A Bavaria 40 and flights work out currently at £400 per head based on four sharing. Prices can be negotiated for a variety of craft, please contact me.

Give me a buzz on 07955 853558 to chat, and let's go sailing!

John Woods (Free Spirit)

Pre-purchase and insurance surveys

RYA Cruising Instructor
Tuition and deliveries
Project management
Qualified and insured

Call or email any time for free, friendly advice.

01436 675378
07775 927370
colin@cbmarineservices.co.uk



CB MARINE SERVICES
www.cbmarineservices.co.uk

Cradle to wave services for you and your boat.

Colin Brown
Marine Surveyor
B.Sc. AfillIMS DipMarSur
Affiliate YDSA

Photo Competition Winners



◀ Winner: On the Water Category
'Arlil enjoys perfect sailing conditions'
by Gillian Swan & Bryan Hull



◀ Winner: Racing Category
'Hoodlum - Scottish Series Class Winners'
by Gillian Swan and Bryan Hull



◀ Winner: Nature & Wildlife Category
'Puffin' by Jim Goodlad

fair winds to old friends

BILL MURRAY – DATESTAMP

On 26th June Bill passed away suddenly and the Club has suffered yet another blow in the loss of his constant friendly presence in the clubhouse and on his boat *Datestamp* which he purchased from Archie MacNiven some years ago. Married to Renee for almost 55 years, they had one son, Alex, who lives and works in Gibraltar. Bill worked for 40 years with National Tyres. Bill and Renee lived in their home in Prestwick for 47 years, and I can't remember a time when Bill was not around the Club. He has served twice on the Council, but always reluctant to take up the Flag Officer position which I am sure he would have carried out with his usual dedication to perfection. Great friend of Adam Kennedy and Angus McFarlane, the three could be found always on a Wednesday enjoying the camaraderie of their friendship on board one or other of their boats. He had in succession a *Fantasy*, a *Pandora* and a *Snapdragon* before finally the *Mystere*, *Datestamp*. Always available to produce keys, arrange grid bookings and most importantly, see that the coffee, tea etc was replenished for the members. Bill will be a very big miss to everyone in the club, especially wee Gyp the dog! Sadly Renee passed away not long after Bill and our sympathies go to Alex who has suffered such a double loss.

Babs

ROY SMITH – NEBULA

Roy was born in Braintree Essex in 1935 and was the eldest of two sons born to Connie and Bert, who was a corn merchant. As a young boy, Roy became interested in model aeroplanes, he joined the Scouts and stayed on to become a Senior Scout while he completed his early education at Colchester Royal Grammar School. Directly from school Roy became a student apprentice at Marconi. After gaining an HND in electronics he moved to the University of Bangor, where he attained a degree and PhD. He was also secretary of the University's Mountaineering Club through which he met his wife, Sue.

Having attained his doctorate, Roy worked at Marconi College in Great Bradford. In 1965 he took an academic post at the University of Bradford teaching electrical engineering and doing research. It was while in Bradford both his sons (Alan and Charles) were born.

Roy's love of sailing started because of his brother David building himself a sailing dinghy, and it was whilst living in Bradford that he bought the first of two boats which he kept on Windermere, but pastures new called, and he made several trips between the mainland and the Isle of Man. He also joined friends for a trip in the Azores and into the Arctic Circle when he sailed along the Norwegian coast. Roy also put something back into sailing by becoming a First Mate for the Ocean Youth Club.

Roy towed his boat *Iota Kate* from Windermere to Scotland each summer to explore the Clyde and the West Coast. It was during one of these expeditions that he fell into conversation with a TCC member and as they say, the rest is history. Roy settled in Troon some 20 odd years ago, joining TCC in 1991 and becoming Commodore in 2002. Unfortunately due to an illness which affected his balance, he had to sell his *Nicholson 32*, called *Nebula*, four years ago, and spent his last two years in Belhaven Nursing Home, suffering from cerebral dementia, and passed away on Monday January 23 2012.

George Hunter

JIMMY LINDSAY – WHITE MAA

James Lindsay, a real gentleman in every sense of the word. His loyalty to Troon Cruising Club and its members, especially new members, is legend. Known to everyone as Jimmy was, as our Commodore remarks, one of the founding members of the club, a family tradition which started with his father James Lindsay Senior, and followed by Jimmy's beloved daughter Diane, who also became Commodore of the Club.

Jimmy was married to Moyra for almost 59 years, and served his time as an engineer in Ailsa Shipyard, but spent the vast majority of his working life at British Aerospace. He had a fund of tales to tell, and members would sit mesmerised by his ability to conjure up story upon story from his unfailing memory bank. If a new member appeared in the club Jimmy was usually the first to make their acquaintance, introducing them to the facilities and enjoyment the club could offer. The carousel for dinghies belonging to the elderly or infirm was all down to Jimmy and has been a boon to many, and his expertise in the workshop was the envy of all. He and Diane were very competitive in the racing section of the club, and carried away many trophies every year at the Annual Dinner and Prize Giving.

Jimmy had suffered ill health for about a year before he died, but he never failed to turn up at the club each and every week with a cheery word for everyone. Jimmy insisted on taking me for a sail in *White Maa* during my year as Commodore as he said I couldn't not have a sail during such an important year, so we sailed round Lady Isle and back with me at the 'steering wheel' – thanks Jimmy! It was great. You will be sadly missed.

Babs

ALASTAIR WILSON – CANDY

Although his family were from Scotland Alastair spent most of his childhood in Kenya. First in Nairobi and then Mombasa. His father worked in the Colonial Service as a technical teacher. He always spoke fondly of his childhood memories and the special times he had in Kenya with his sister Carolyn. He boasted that his first language was Swahili!

The family moved back to Scotland in 1947 and Alastair went to Ayr Academy. On leaving school he worked for a short time at the Stamp Works prior to National Service where he served in the Royal Signals in Cyprus and subsequently Suez. Returning from his National Service he went to work with motor bikes at Cooper Brothers in Temple Hill. This is where he developed his passion for motor bikes. He then went on to the Docks Board at Troon, five years working close to boats. Following this, Alastair then went to work with the Irvine Development Corporation until he retired. Alastair was never one to stand still and took a part time job after retirement with Digital Computers which became full time for eight years – when he retired again!

Alastair started sailing dinghies with Troon Sailing Club where he raced until it closed. He then joined Troon Cruising Club. He bought *Candy*, and particularly enjoyed racing in the Whacky Races. You would always get a howl and a hoot if he passed your yacht! Sailing with Alastair was always great fun and very eventful.

Alastair married his first love Moira to whom he was clearly devoted. He had two sons, Colin, who sadly predeceased him, William and a daughter Fiona and their spouses Karen and Scott and four grandchildren, Barry, Jamie, Ryan and Sean and a great grandchild, Daiton.

Alastair died September 2011. Alastair was a lovely man, much liked and his memory lives on.

Ian Sawkins, Stephen Holland

JOHN WHEELER – BULI

John died on 25 April at the helm of his boat *Buli* in the Outer Harbour – I am sure he would not have wished for a more fitting end. John had not been a member of the Club for very long, but had endeared himself to everyone who met him. He was delighted with the help and advice he received and the Club was rewarded with various small gifts from time to time as a token of his appreciation. During his lifetime he had undertaken work with young people on boats and with the Sea Cadets, so the Club was an obvious place to spend his later years. Sadly, one of the many members the Club has lost during 2011.

Babs



Roy Smith's last Sailing Adventure

Mayday, Mayday, Mayday – Oh my goodness...what to do next? Oh right! Call the coastguard. 'Pan, Pan, Medico' ok?

I'd been sailing from my twenties – but always with a confident and very, very bossy skipper. So I did what I was told – fine. But this time the skipper was staggering about the deck, falling down, crawling towards the saloon, leaving me in the cockpit, alone, and frightened.

Right, start again. Switch on the GPS, call the coastguard, say again 'Pan, Pan, Medico'. A reassuring voice came back, 'What is the problem?'

I tell them. 'Where are you?' 'Off Colintrave, bound for Troon', 'OK we will call Tighnabruich RNLI, hang on for them.'

Most profound thought, uppermost in mind, 'I need coffee – badly!' But not to be.

The lifeboat comes alongside – 'Where is the patient?' 'Below'. Pause while I pine for coffee. The Lifboatmen reappear with the skipper on a stretcher and transfer him to the lifeboat, while I watch admiringly.

'Right take us to Port Bannatyne' – 'Who me?' – 'Who else? Oh! Right girl – testing time! Amazingly, I steered Nebula into Port Bannatyne Bay and picked up a mooring, and even tied the right knots. There was an ambulance waiting for us on the quay. I followed the Lifeboatmen up the slip and settled down at the side of the ambulance as details were exchanged. The Lifeboatmen departed, waving.

We were taken to the health centre at Rothesay where the skipper was examined, questioned and cared for by the wonderful Dr Shaw. When I told him how worried I was that I had left everything on board and that the boat was on someone else's mooring he came up trumps. 'My own boat is moored there and the one you are on belongs to a friend of mine who is on his way to New Zealand'. What a relief! The best mooring I could have chosen. He gave me the number of the coastguard who would take me back to the Bay and give me a lift to the boat in his dinghy so that I could batten everything down, grab my handbag and a clean pair of knickers. Praise be!

While waiting for this lifesaver to arrive a nurse looked at me and said 'You look as if you need a cup of coffee' 'Oh yes please' and even some toast – what joy.

When I returned to the health centre we were told that there weren't the facilities for the required tests in Rothesay and that we would be transferred by ambulance and ferry to Inverclyde Hospital in Gourock. This was done with all the attending drama and we got through it somehow with a feeling of unreality as it all happened around us.

After three days in hospital the skipper was diagnosed with Labrynthitis an inner ear infection and didn't sail after this. Nor have I, but our sailing days ended in high drama and not with a whimper. Great days.

Margaret (Jo) Sutherland

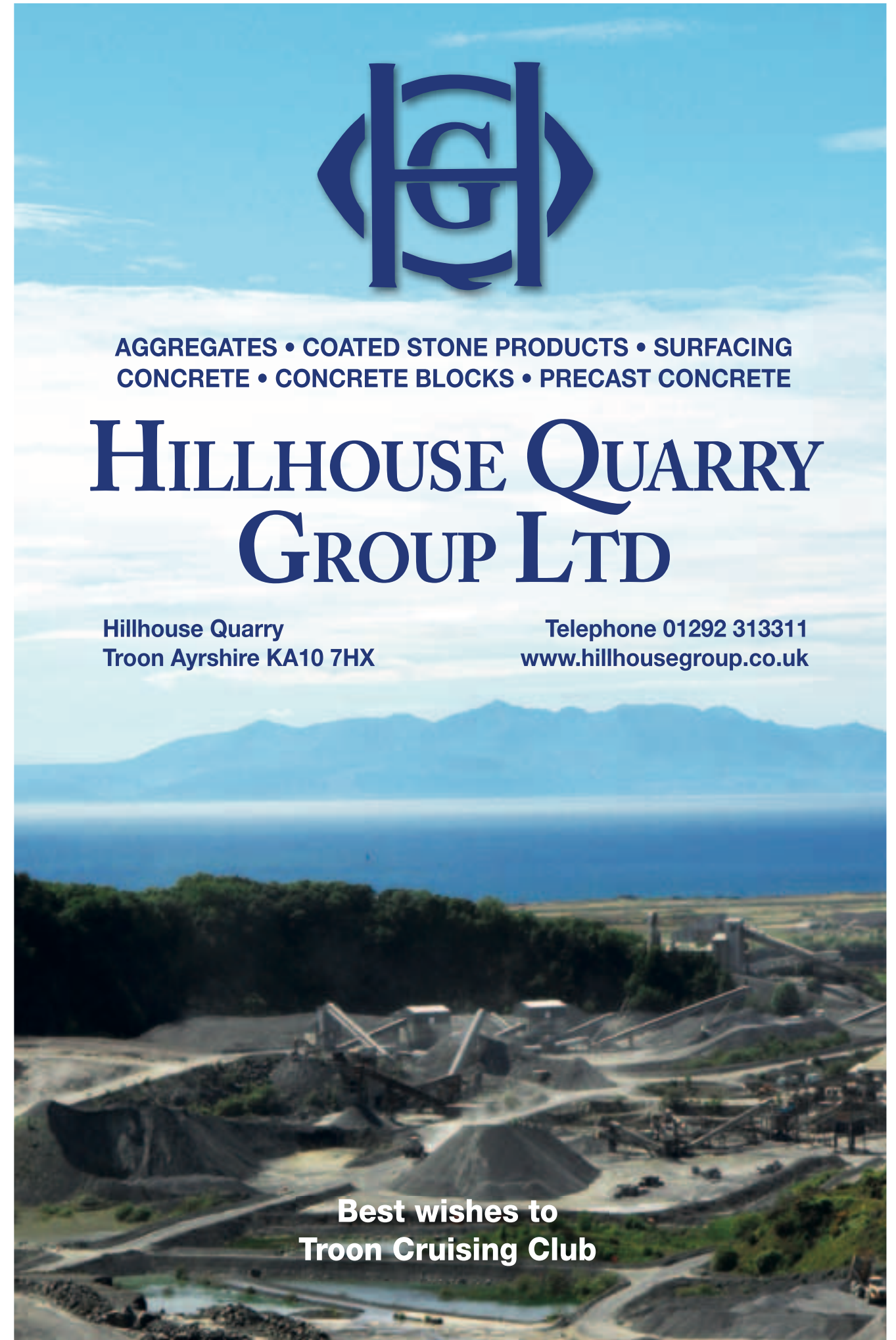


AGGREGATES • COATED STONE PRODUCTS • SURFACING
CONCRETE • CONCRETE BLOCKS • PRECAST CONCRETE

HILLHOUSE QUARRY GROUP LTD

Hillhouse Quarry
Troon Ayrshire KA10 7HX

Telephone 01292 313311
www.hillhousegroup.co.uk



**Best wishes to
Troon Cruising Club**

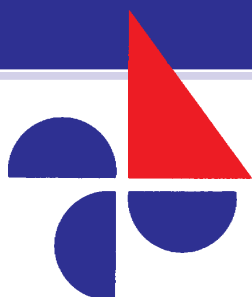


Your First Port Of Call On The Clyde

- Fully serviced 400 berth marina
- 50 ton hoist
- Undercover repair facilities
- Well stocked chandlers
- Large selection of on site service companies
- 25 ton mobile crane
- Brokerage & new boat sales
- Open 24 hours for diesel sales

Award winning Scott's Bar & Restaurant open all year.

10 Minutes from Glasgow Prestwick Airport



TROON YACHT HAVEN

The Harbour Troon
Ayrshire KA10 6DJ
Tel: 01292 315553

Email: troon@yachthavens.com

www.yachthavens.com