

# Yacht *Calypso*

Cruise Log  
Summer 2005

## ***Scotland***

Author: Emma Hurley

*To Roger & Claire  
from Emma*

# Dedication

On our previous voyage to Scotland, our skipper had delighted in our loss of mobile phone coverage for two days. In his opinion, they were 'unsociable devices'.

This year, although he was often to be seen texting home on his 'new toy', he insisted he still did not like them (much to the amusement of his crew).

Therefore it gives me great pleasure  
to dedicate this log to  
Roger Greene,  
still a great skipper and teacher  
and now a  
closet  
mobile phone convert.



*Skipper and his New Toy!*

# *Crew*

*Roger Greene*

*Sidney McInerney*

*Joe Dalton*

*Emma Hurley*





*Ready to Depart*



*Days 1-2: Saturday 25<sup>th</sup>-Sunday 26<sup>th</sup> June*

### *Malahide to Rathlin Island*

The usual suspects mustered once again for voyages foreign: Roger Greene (skipper), Sidney McInerney, Joe Dalton and me. This time, though, it wasn't the old trusty Flamingo that would carry us, but Calypso - a Jenneau Sun Odyssey 34, Roger's new purchase (with his son, David).

After much discussion and deliberation, Scotland had been settled on as our destination. We had toyed with the idea of the south of England, but the 400<sup>th</sup> Anniversary celebrations of the Battle of Trafalgar meant that the whole English southern coast would be awash with craft of every description. That left Wales, the south coast of Ireland, or Scotland. Although we had been there last year, the latter offered more variety as there was plenty we hadn't seen (and we could manage a bit more in Calypso, with the 27hp engine (Flamingo's had been 18hp). Not that we intended to do much motoring, but you have to be prepared!

Destination decided, we had studied the tides around our departure date and opted for a night sail up the coast to Rathlin, giving us a good 'head start' for we intended to sail further up the western coast of Scotland than Roger had ever been - and to reach the Inner Hebrides.

At 1730 on Saturday 25<sup>th</sup> June 2005 we were waved-off by the shore party. This comprised Claire, David and Charlie Greene; Marie and Suzanne McInerney; Geraldine Dalton; and my Mum, Alice Hurley. Dad was sadly missing as he had passed away on 9<sup>th</sup> March (R.I.P.). Geraldine and Joe had kindly picked up Mum and me at 1630, and Geraldine was going to drop Mum home after we departed "to keep up tradition". It was very kind and much appreciated.

Sydney had just come home from Tennerife on the Friday to discover that someone had used his credit card details fraudulently, to the tune of €1000, so he had spent the day chasing the bank officials round in circles. All was eventually sorted out - but he was definitely in need of another holiday!



*The Shore Party*

## *Days 1-2: Saturday 25<sup>th</sup>-Sunday 26<sup>th</sup> June (continued)*

### *Malahide to Rathlin Island*

We set off into a northerly force 3-4 (typically turning against the voyaging yachtsman), but with the good engine, we easily managed. We had opted for the night sail to get the best of the tides and because it was a coast with which we were all familiar. Through tacit agreement, we didn't set any official watches, but slept in turn when we could no longer remain awake, and woke in turn to relieve each other.

There was plenty of storage aboard, but the main cabin sleeping arrangement was a little awkward, so Roger chose the for'ard 'master' cabin, with Sidney and Joe opting to share one of the two aft cabins, leaving the other for me (and Sidney's sailing bag). I first retired at 2200, surfacing again at 0100, by which time Sidney had gone below. Joe headed down once I was back on deck, but was back again by 0200. During that hour or so, Roger and I saw a shooting star - seemingly very close ahead of us. Shortly after Joe returned, we saw the moon rise. These two experiences were new to me and quite exciting. I felt like I was in an adventure - which, in a way, I was.

I went below again at 0300, returning at 0530 to join Sidney. After that it was musical deck-watches until about midday, when we were all finally up and about together. The wind had dropped so we had quite an easy journey. At various stages during that day (and the previous night), the mountain of sandwiches that Mum had prepared for us were slowly but surely devoured!

The tide turned against us before Belfast Lough and we wondered if we should make for Glenarm, but we were off it by 1400 and decided to press on. By the time we got to Fair Head, we had 5 knots under us, so we were really flying along. The tidal streams were right for Church Bay on Rathlin, so there we headed, all set to drop anchor, to find a nice new pontoon. We tied up around 1730 - a 24 hour voyage.

Having spliced the mainbrace, we enjoyed one of Geraldine's gorgeous Fish Lasagnes, accompanied by a bottle of white wine (selected from the wine cellar by Joe). After a short walk, we investigated the local hostelry, where we met Julianne, from Ballycastle, who had recently married into the Island - the first from the mainland to do so in many years.

<i>Distance covered this day</i>	110.71	<i>Miles covered to date</i>	110.71
<i>Distance under power/motor sailing</i>	110.71	<i>Miles under power to date</i>	110.71





*Church Bay, Rathlin Island*





Day 3:        *Monday 27<sup>th</sup> June*

*Rathlin Island to Port Ellen, Islay*

After some souvenir purchases in the local shop, we departed at midday (by local advice) for Port Ellen, one of the main ports on the south coast of Islay, the most southern of the Scottish Islands. The tide was not too strong against us and soon turned in our favour. The wind being northerly force 3-4 again, we motor-sailed the whole way.

The fog (which had not been forecast) rolled in a short distance north of Rathlin and stayed until we were almost at our destination, making steering a course very difficult in rolling waves. Those who were not steering kept a sharp lookout for any hazards and especially for other vessels because we were crossing shipping lanes. We rolled out the jib for a short time to help us along further, but it was too much like hard work, keeping it flying well in the rolling sea, so after an hour, we rolled it in again. All crew were very tired by the time we reached Port Ellen at 1730.

The 'marina' (a long pontoon with small fingers, most big enough for an average yacht) was nearly full, but we were lucky to get a space broadside-on, around the back. It was very pleasant, but no facilities to speak of (diesel & water only). We dined on board again - Geraldine's second lasagne (just as good as the first). Our usual pattern applied and after a short walk we rounded off the night in the (only) local hostelry.

<i>Distance covered this day</i>	<i>25.53</i>	<i>Miles covered to date</i>	<i>136.24</i>
<i>Distance under power/motor sailing</i>	<i>25.53</i>	<i>Miles under power to date</i>	<i>136.24</i>

Day 4: *Tuesday 28<sup>th</sup> June*

*Port Ellen, Islay to West Loch Tarbert*

Our original plan had been to head for Collonsay from Port Ellen, around the outside of Islay. But our calculations showed we could not depart in this direction at any reasonable hour – without at least 2 knots of tide against us. So the decision was for Ardminish Bay, Gigha, with a view to West Loch Tartbert or Collonsay on the following day.

Departing around noon, we carried full sail to the island of Cara (which we reached at 1300), but unfortunately the wind was too light and too much ahead to justify turning off the engine. From there, once we headed north up the Sound of Gigha, we had to take down sail as the wind was once again on the nose (though thankfully quite light). The weather was sunny and mild – our best day so far.

The cruise ship Hebridean Princess was at anchor off Ardminish Point, so to avoid crowds in the Boathouse restaurant, to shorten the next day's voyage, and to see somewhere different, we pressed on to West Loch Tarbert. After searching in vain for the visitor moorings near the head of the Loch that were promised by the cruising directions, we made for an anchorage we had seen on our way up. It didn't look very sheltered nor was it reported to have much holding but it was too late to go anywhere else.

Thankfully, about a half-mile upstream from the anchorage, we spotted some private moorings that were unoccupied. No one came to shout at us after we moored, so we settled down for the night. I cooked pasta, tomato and cheese, as supplies were low (food supplies anyway – there was plenty of wine to accompany). We retired early.

<i>Distance covered this day</i>	<i>32.66</i>	<i>Miles covered to date</i>	<i>168.9</i>
<i>Distance under power/ motor sailing</i>	<i>32.66</i>	<i>Miles under power to date</i>	<i>168.9</i>



*The Hebridean Princess*

Day 5: *Wednesday 29<sup>th</sup> June*

*West Loch Tarbert to Craobh Haven*

We arose and departed early (0830). Once out of the loch, we were able to switch off the engine for the first time on our trip! Apart from some heavy rain showers, it was lovely sailing up the Sound of Jura. The tide was with us most of the way and at times we made 7 knots over the ground.

As we passed the northernmost end of Jura, the sea bubbled and boiled as it tried to rush through the narrow gap that was the Gulf of Corryvreckan. Luckily our course took us past the entrance rather than through, but it made for some very lively sailing and Sidney grappled with the wheel as we were pitched and tossed through the overfalls. We had expected heavy turbulence, but nothing like this. The depth sounder read some very crazy numbers, but the chart indicated we had enough water and we traversed the danger without incident.

After that our journey seemed very pedestrian! We arrived at Craobh Marina at 1545 where we availed of showers and laundry. (Although Calypso has a shower room, the crew had been banned from using this facility as it consumed too much water).

Following a walk in the picture-postcard village that is just behind the marina, we dined in the local pub, The Lord of the Isles.

<i>Distance covered this day</i>	<i>33.34</i>	<i>Miles covered to date</i>	<i>202.24</i>
<i>Distance under power/motor sailing</i>	<i>29.64</i>	<i>Miles under power to date</i>	<i>198.54</i>



*Craobh Haven*



Day 6:      Thursday 30<sup>th</sup> June

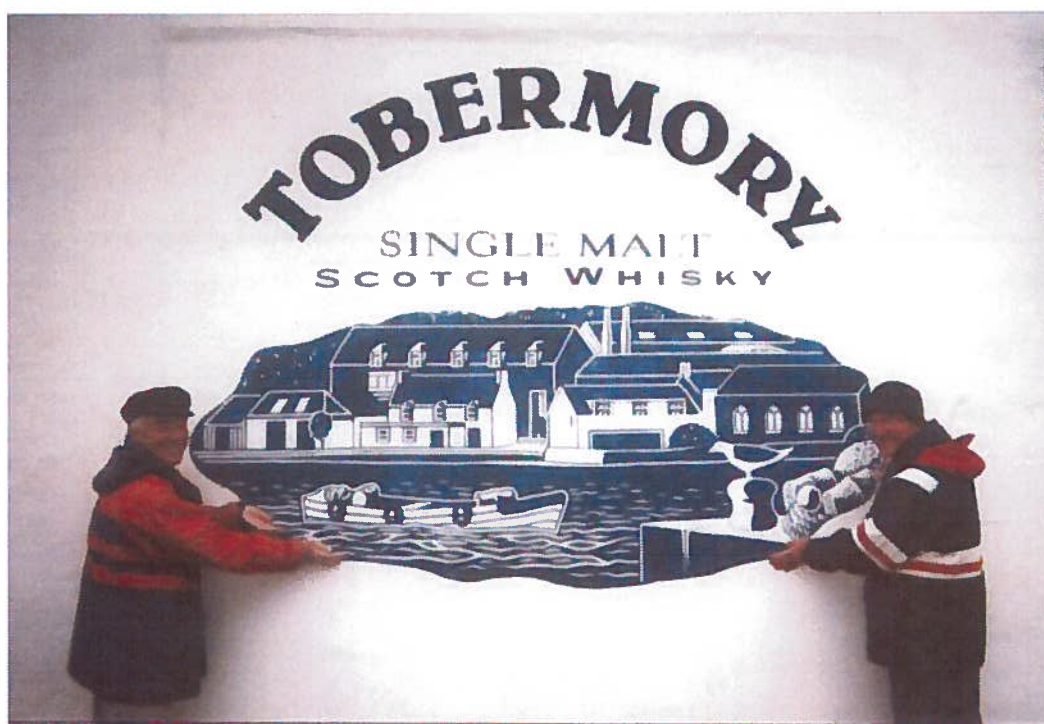
### *Craobh Haven to Tobermory, Isle of Mull*

The heavy rain that fell during the night had subsided. In a moderate wind (against us), we departed just before 1000. My shipmates were a little dubious about my tidal calculations – if I got it wrong we would be punching the tide up the Sound of Mull. However, the worries were unfounded and we had tide with us all the way to Tobermory.

Navigation was interesting. This time it was my turn to helm through overfalls in the Sound of Luing (nothing like Corryvreckan, but they certainly kept a helmsman alert). Later in the Sound of Mull, there were two channels to choose from and a few small islands to pass and island ferries to dodge. The scenery was beautiful, with the hills of Morvern rolling down to the water on our right, and the Isle of Mull towering over us to the left.

We arrived in Tobermory (more picture postcard scenes) at 1700 and later dined in the Gannet's Restaurant – 'cheap and cheerful', before indulging in a nightcap at the McDonald Arms Hotel. A second nightcap was suggested and accepted once aboard and we all had a "Sidney's Special Coffee" before finally retiring late around midnight.

Distance covered this day	33.45	Miles covered to date	235.69
Distance under power/motor sailing	33.45	Miles under power to date	231.99





*Tobermory, Isle of Mull*





Day 7:      *Friday 1<sup>st</sup> July*

*Tobermory, Isle of Mull to Dunbeg (Dunstaffnage Marina)*

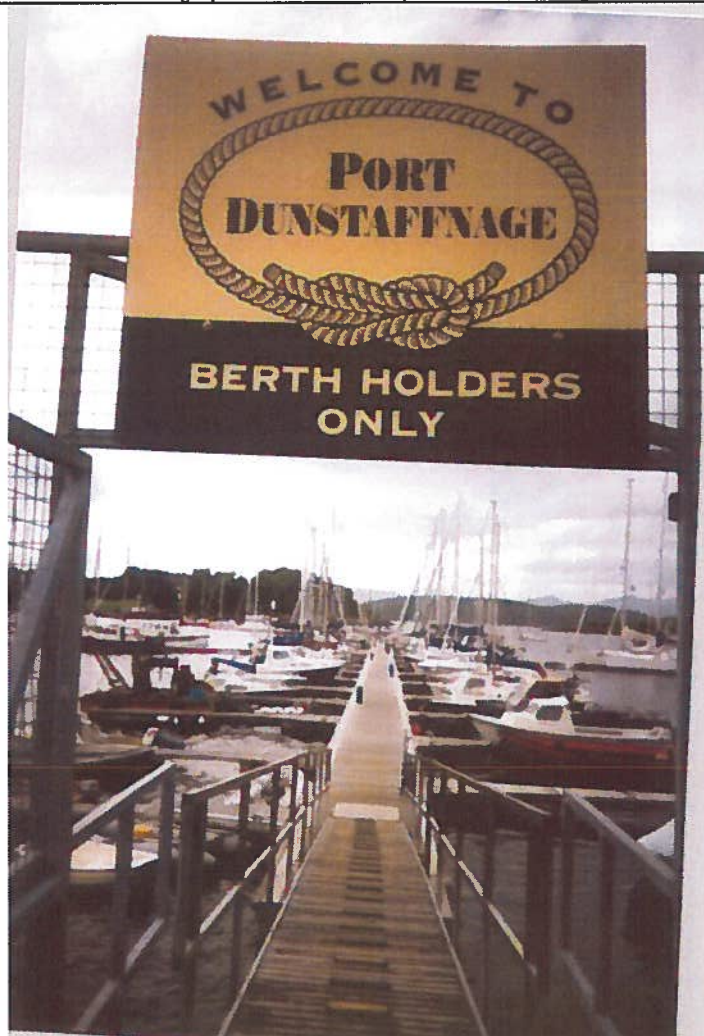
An unfavourable forecast dashed our hopes of scooting around the outside of Mull to Iona. Instead we bolted back down the Sound of Mull to more sheltered waters (and a marina) on the mainland. We weren't too disappointed, as this was our first major weather setback and we had got as far north as we had wished (further than any of us had ever been before). We had reached the Inner Hebrides.

The voyage back through the sound was very pleasant, not least because we got to turn off the engine again! We actually carried full sail (with no engine) for 12 miles, a record so far. After another spell of motor sailing, we were on sail only again as far as Oban.

Before holing up in Dunstaffnage Marina, we nosed into Oban Bay for a look. It looked like a fine old fishing town and was sheltered by Kerrera Island at the entrance. But no marina made it unsuitable for us in the circumstances. Having satisfied our curiosity, we turned north for Dunstaffnage (engine on once again), arriving at 1615.

Showered and changed, after some exploration of our surroundings, we dined aboard, courtesy of Joe's lovely cooking!

<i>Distance covered this day</i>	26.98	<i>Miles covered to date</i>	262.67
<i>Distance under power/motor sailing</i>	19.71	<i>Miles under power to date</i>	251.7



*Dunstaffnage Marina*



*Days 8-9: Saturday 2<sup>nd</sup>—Sunday 3<sup>rd</sup> July*

### *Dunstaffnage Marina*

Forecast gales didn't materialise on Saturday, but the weather wasn't very pleasant, so it was nice to have a rest day. Joe, Sidney and I got the bus to Oban and explored the sights and shops. Joe bought a tripod for his camera, so he could take photos of us all together. Roger, who had been to Oban before, stayed behind and did various odd-jobs on the boat.

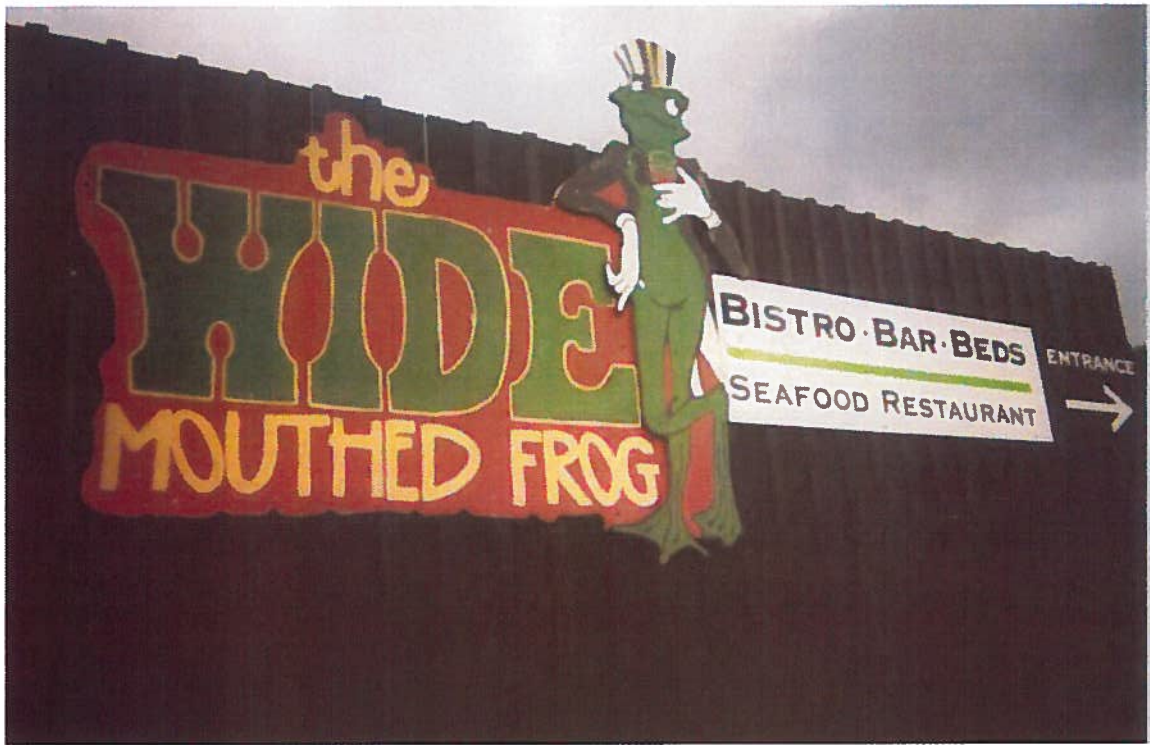
When we arrived back, Joe was dying to test his new toy and took it with him when we decided to have an aperitif before dinner in the marina's pub-cum-bistro, "The Wide Mouthed Frog". On previous days, he had already wrestled with the timer, while trying to take photos of us dining on board, and this was no different. Except he now had the tripod to setup also! Up to this, it had taken at least three photo attempts (using the timer) to get one with which he was happy. Now, that was preceded by the tripod set-up, which must have added another three attempts at least! Eventually, an approved photo was produced and we could all go and eat. From that point on, everywhere we went Joe and his tripod came also!

Gales were forecast again for Sunday and the weather did indeed worsen, so we stayed put another day. With no buses running to Fort William on a Sunday, the options were limited. Joe and Sidney disappeared to explore the nearby village of Dunbeg. After I had caught up on my laundry, I got the bus to Oban around 1300, where I visited McCaig's Tower – a folly built at the turn of the last century, with fine views of the bay. I also paid a visit to the R.C. Cathedral – which, to my astonishment, was open 'at all times'. It was very plain, inside and out, but attractive nonetheless.

On my way back to the marina, I stopped off at Dunstaffnage Castle. I didn't go in, but had a good look around the grounds and an interesting conversation with the gift shop owners about the 'Kidnapped Trail'. I was reading the book 'Kidnapped' on this voyage and coincidentally, it was set in the very areas we were visiting. I bought a booklet in the gift shop about one of the main characters – 'The Appin Mystery'.

Our chef this evening was Sidney and he certainly did a good job. After a hearty meal and some refreshment, we retired early as the forecast was favourable to depart on the morrow.

<i>Distance covered this day</i>	<i>0</i>	<i>Miles covered to date</i>	<i>262.67</i>
<i>Distance under power/motor sailing</i>	<i>0</i>	<i>Miles under power to date</i>	<i>251.7</i>



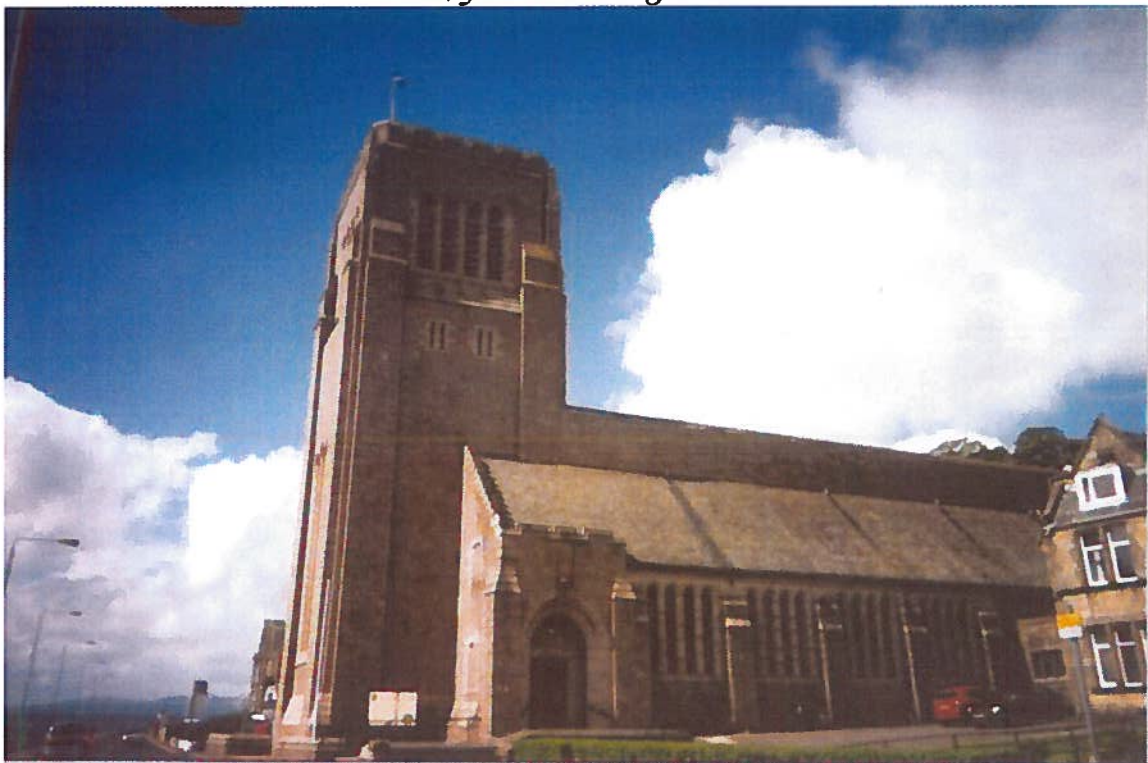
*The Wide Mouthed Frog*



*Joe and his tripod*



*Oban, from McCaig's Tower*



*Oban Cathedral*



*Days 10: Monday 4<sup>th</sup> July*

*Dunstaffnage Marina to Craighouse Bay, Jura*

We finally departed from our berth at 1115 on Monday 4<sup>th</sup> July, after three nights and two days. There was a good forecast and we started by nosing gently up towards Connel Bridge, where there were said to be very unusual tidal features – a maelstrom at certain points of the tide. Falling depth prevented us from venturing too far in that direction, but we got close enough for Joe to take some photos of the bridge.

With both wind and tide against us initially, we had to motor, first outside Kerrera Island, then down through the Sound of Luing, with some more interesting seas and overfalls which were so prevalent as to be unavoidable. Our original plan was to head for Crinan, so we travelled through An Dorus Mór – a very narrow passage between the islands, with plenty of undercurrents, lots of depth and over 2 knots of tide carrying us.

As we were making such good progress and the tide was still in our favour, we decided to press on for Gigha. (Our max speed over the ground was 8.4 knots). Further discussions about the next day caused us to alter course again, this time for Craighouse Bay on Jura. Passing the Gulf of Corryvreckan was very tame this time compared to our previous visit – the tide was flowing in the other direction.

Our only “incident” was when we spotted sizeable planks floating in the water, scattered widely. I spent about 10 minutes on the bow as lookout, with Sidney and Joe looking out from the cockpit, all directing Roger this way or that. We got through without mishap. Later, we passed a lighthouse with remains of scaffolding surrounding it – and concluded that our planks had come away from it in the gales.

When we arrived in Craighouse at 2045, after attempting unsuccessfully to anchor (poor holding), we tied alongside another boat on a mooring and had dinner. A rubber duck appeared from a neighbouring boat that turned out to be sail-training from the University of Warsaw. They said they were leaving soon and we could have their mooring. So after dinner, we changed position before our nightcap.

<i>Distance covered this day</i>	<i>41.34</i>	<i>Miles covered to date</i>	<i>304.01</i>
<i>Distance under power/motor sailing</i>	<i>41.34</i>	<i>Miles under power to date</i>	<i>293.04</i>



*Craighouse Bay, Jura*

*Day 11: Tuesday 5<sup>th</sup> July*

*Craighouse Bay, Jura to Craighouse Bay, Jura*

Up and ashore at 0930 for a short exploration, we decided the island was so lovely that we would stay another night. But we were not inclined to stay put all day, so we cast off at 12 noon to make for Port Askaig in the Sound of Islay (on the Islay shore) – just for a few hours.

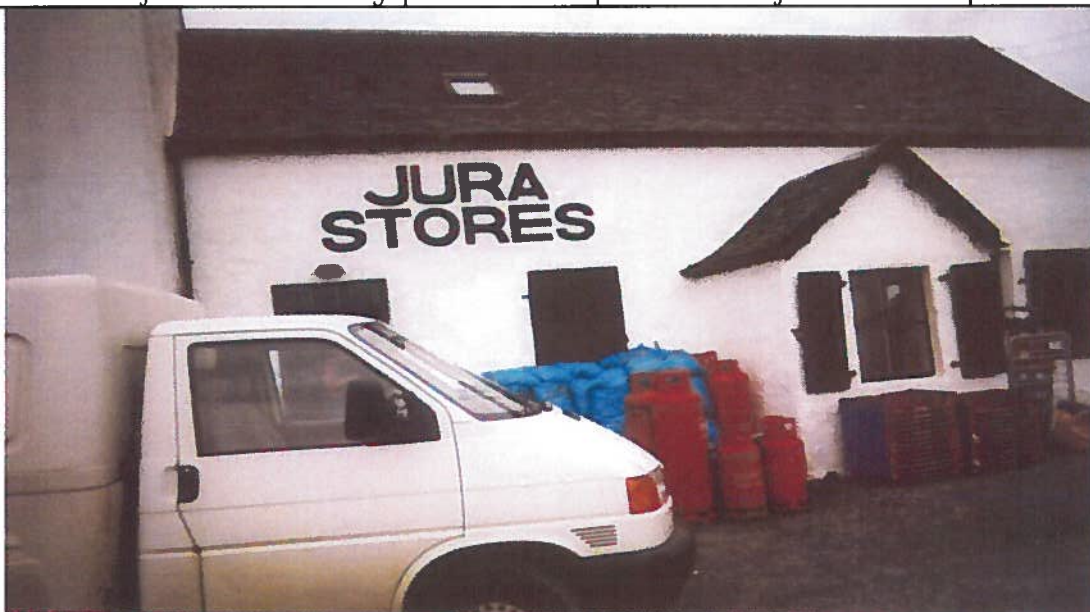
We motored down to McArthur Head Lighthouse at the south-western end of the Sound of Islay. It was quite an impressive sight, and we couldn't quite figure out how it was accessed from the road! The wind was easterly and not very favourable for going up the Sound. Weather was chilly and showery and the tide would not turn until 1630, making departure from Port Askaig impossible before 1530. After a short discussion and a long look at the lighthouse and a few seals basking on the nearby rocks, we turned tail and motor-sailed back to Craighouse, arriving back to a free mooring at 1430.

After a coffee and some of Claire's gorgeous cake (in which by now we had made a sizeable dent), Sidney, Joe and I motored ashore in the rubber duck to explore, get provisions and freshen-up. I posted the last of my cards and had a lovely walk to the edge of the village and got a good view of the bay. We also sampled some of Jura's Scotch in the local distillery shop. There was a video showing of Corryvreckan at its wildest. I inquired about buying it, but sadly, it was for display only.

We returned to Calypso at 1700 and I had a paddle around the boat, much to the entertainment and amusement of Sidney. I (politely but firmly) refused all help and managed to (finally) get back, land and tied up all by myself (with Roger on standby in case I got stuck and Sidney observing amusedly).

Back on board with no mishaps, we all ready for going ashore yet again – for dinner in the Jura Hotel, which we all agreed afterwards was the most enjoyable meal of the trip. It was early(ish) to bed as Sidney and I had calculated that we should leave at 0700 to get the best of the tide south to the Irish coast.

<i>Distance covered this day</i>	11	<i>Miles covered to date</i>	315.01
<i>Distance under power/motor sailing</i>	11	<i>Miles under power to date</i>	304.04



*Jura Stores*





*McArthur Head Lighthouse*



*Picking up the mooring in Craighouse*



*Day 12: Wednesday 6<sup>th</sup> July*

*Craighouse Bay, Jura to Glenarm Marina*

Up at 0645 and cast-off at 0720. Breakfast was in relays: Sidney and Joe first, followed by Roger and me. The sea could only be described as 'bouncy'. But we had good wind and favourable tide. We were actually 'sailing' for a change and making an average of 5 knots over the ground.

Seas and winds turned out to be much higher than forecast. We rotated the helm and at one point while I was at the wheel, I noticed a gust of 33.5 knots (force 7). The waves in the North Channel were up to 10ft or 12ft at times and the sea was rather confused, making steering very tricky. At one point, a rogue wave took me by surprise and I could hear crashing down below as the kitty money went everywhere! Sidney later reproached me for tossing him across his cabin and waking him up!

After my stint, I was very tired and cold so retired to my sleeping bags (2) for warmth. I was served lunch in my cabin by the skipper and after a snooze and the food I felt much better, returning to deck in time for our arrival in Glenarm Marina just after 1500.

Joe's sister, Marge, drove down from Ballymena to meet us that evening and we all went for dinner in nearby Carnlough. Afterwards, Marge took us for a spectacular drive along the coast, in search of fuel for her car. We were nearly in Larne before we found a petrol station! Then it was back to Glenarm about 2130. As Marge departed, we remember the groceries we had bought in Carnlough were still in the boot of her car!

Joe and Sidney headed up to see if any local shops were open. Five minutes later, Sidney was back with a bag of groceries. Marge had realised our mistake and returned to deliver our provisions!

<i>Distance covered this day</i>	<i>41.64</i>	<i>Miles covered to date</i>	<i>356.65</i>
<i>Distance under power/motor sailing</i>	<i>2</i>	<i>Miles under power to date</i>	<i>306.04</i>

Day 13: *Thursday 6<sup>th</sup> July*

### *Glenarm Marina to Bangor Marina*

Tide was with us as we left Glenarm just before 0800 and the passage to Bangor was quite easy. Roger and I took first watch, followed by Sidney and Joe later. We arrived early afternoon (just before 1300). Roger seemed impressed by Sidney careful docking.

As I took off my lifejacket, I noticed it was partly inflated. Puzzled, I voiced my concern, whereupon Sidney opened the jacket, removed the gas canister and held it to my ear. Sure enough, there was an audible hiss. Discussing it afterwards, our best guess was that as I had not tightened the canister for some time (take note all!), water had got into the salt tablet mechanism and triggered the self-inflation. But as the canister was loose, most of the air escaped into the atmosphere rather than into the jacket. Good job I hadn't fallen in!

After buying a replacement canister and salt mechanism from the marina chandlers for £11stg, I later saw a canister alone for £11, with a salt tablet for £7, so I got a good bargain.

We rounded off the night with several rounds of 'shut-the-box' and Sidney and I taught Joe and Roger to play 'switch'. Joe won 3 out of 4 games – beginner's luck!

<i>Distance covered this day</i>	16.57	<i>Miles covered to date</i>	373.22
<i>Distance under power/ motor sailing</i>	16.57	<i>Miles under power to date</i>	322.61



*Shut-the-Box*

*Day 14: Friday 7<sup>th</sup> July*

*Bangor Marina to Ardglass Marina*

I awoke to two juvenile Rooks fighting over a piece of bread on the deck this morning. They made quite a commotion and were a sight to see. Eventually, they lost out to a determined Seagull.

Departed from Bangor at 0730 – Roger and I were on first watch again. Mild, foggy weather and no wind. The sea remained like glass for the whole day. We saw a basking shark at some point on the journey – probably just a baby, as it was only 10ft long (they grow to 20ft apparently). Arrived in Ardglass Marina at 1345 (Sidney docked impeccably once again) and had lunch on deck, because by now it was quite warm.

After a very enjoyable dose of culture in the afternoon (opera on the radio), I cooked dinner that evening to use up the last of our supplies – Tuna ‘Ardglass Surprise’ (Stew), with stewed apples for dessert.

There were plenty of foreign boats around. Our Norwegian neighbours, who were travelling in convoy, told us they had come through the Caledonian Canal and were heading down the Irish Sea, then back up the English east coast. They had two children, aged about 10 or 12 and were schooling them on board! They asked us about where to go in Dublin and of course we said Malahide! Roger also gave them advice about Arklow and Kilmore Quay. They were staying around the next day as one of the other boats in their company was waiting on a spare part to be shipped from England, so we did not see them again.

We rounded off the night in The Old Commercial, which had changed hands, but still had the same rustic, nautical atmosphere.

<i>Distance covered this day</i>	<i>26.82</i>	<i>Miles covered to date</i>	<i>400.04</i>
<i>Distance under power/motor sailing</i>	<i>26.82</i>	<i>Miles under power to date</i>	<i>349.43</i>





*Calypso in Ardglass*

Day 15: Saturday 8<sup>th</sup> July

### *Ardglass Marina to Malahide*

Our last day started warm but misty. The early shift cast off at 0800. We didn't need any sailing gear – just a light jacket when the mist turned to light rain. There was no wind and poor visibility so we put the autohelm to work, just keeping an eye out for hazards.

The second shift took over about 0930 and I took the opportunity to finish packing, then have a snooze. Roger prepared lunch and when I awoke, I kept watch while the others ate below.

The poor visibility and flat sea caused some strange sights. At one stage, The Isle of Man seemed just a few miles away. Later we saw a school of porpoises. While I was alone on deck, I'm convinced I saw a Minke Whale (20ft long with long arched back and dorsal fin quite far back and leaning backwards), but it did not oblige by resurfacing.

During this time, I thought I spotted fellow MYC member Richard McGovern's boat Blue Wrasse heading in the opposite direction. I was puzzled as he had just got back from Scotland before we left. Despite looking through binoculars, I couldn't tell if the burgee was MYC. I was going to ask below for another opinion, but one look told me my fellow shipmates were all asleep! We later discovered I had been right and Richard had tried to raise us on the radio to say 'hello', however ours was in silent mode for the sleeping beauties!

We never lost the benefit of the tide (which puzzled even me – though I was by now confident in my tidal calculations). At about 1430 I spotted Rockabill and announced we were on the homeward stretch.

Shortly afterwards, we heard a call for help on the radio from a vessel 'south of Lambay'. They had lost power and were drifting. They had the main up but not much control as there was no wind and they wanted to get to Howth. Several vessels answered and also Howth Marina. There was quite a confused cross conversation that was very hard to follow. It was apparent from the conversations that they had a GPS (as they gave a lat/long), but not charts or local knowledge as they could not relate their position accurately to landmarks (e.g. Malahide Landfall). Eventually, one motor yacht arranged to tow them to Howth and the Marina was on standby to help them dock. We were passed Skerries by the time it was sorted.

A little later, near the northern end of Lambay, Sidney spotted something in the water. We headed over to investigate. It turned out to be inflated pink, party balloons! As we approached Malahide Landfall, we saw fellow Malahide boat, Cheyenne, ahead, dressed in bunting. I knew Clare Hickey would be on board so I rang her. She didn't answer but rang me back in a few seconds and told me they were just heading in after being OOD for the club race. I replied that I could see that which really confused her, until I told her to look behind! She was almost speechless. We waved and had a quick chat as we passed Cheyenne. Michael McCabe was waiting on our dock to take a line and the shore party was there to meet us, having been informed of our arrival time. We definitely felt welcomed home!

<i>Distance covered this day</i>	45.56	<i>Miles covered to date</i>	445.6
<i>Distance under power/motor sailing</i>	45.56	<i>Miles under power to date</i>	394.99