

Nicholson 32 Association



Bulletin 2026



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Class Captains' Reports

Ben Kemp (*Blue Venturer*) and Peter Hammond (*Tina Louise*)



Ben Kemp (outgoing) writes:

It was great to catch up with a good number of you at our annual lunch and AGM at the Cruising Association in London in February. I particularly enjoyed the chance to share salty tales and particular thanks to Sam Tyrell for his inspiring and entertaining slide presentation about life aboard *Stowaway* and sailing solo to Scandinavia. One day soon I hope to follow in his footsteps.

Owning a Nicholson 32 is as we know not really about ownership, but a sense of responsibility and of stewardship of our iconic vessels. And it is also to have a tangible, accessible glimpse of a dream, one that has captivated seafarers, wanderers and adventurers for generations. The dream of putting to sea on a small boat, to set sail for new harbours and anchorages, and just as important, to earn the right to tell the stories of our adventures when we come home. You will find some more of those stories in this latest edition and I want to record my particular thanks to our hard-working editor, Sandy Tyndale-Biscoe for putting it together with his customary panache. And for his patience in waiting for your dilatory Captain to produce something half worth publishing...

It has been a real privilege serving as Class Captain for the last three years. My role has been made easy and hugely enjoyable however because of the commitment, support and friendship of your excellent committee. My thanks and appreciation to each of them – in addition to Sandy, they are Peter Hammond, Kate Caesar, Simon Braunscholtz, Sarah Meeson, Robert Hill and Alan Thorne. I am delighted too to be handing over the reins as Class Captain to Peter, under whose leadership our Association is I know in very capable hands.

For my part, I am not going far and I look forward to seeing you out on the water, and maybe at next year's lunch to share some more seafaring adventures. Fair winds and safe passage, in the meantime.



Peter Hammond (incoming) writes:

I am sitting onboard *Tina Louise* at her mooring ready to start the season. Who knows what it will bring. As always the winter has seen a number of tasks completed onboard but as I sit here I am conscious that she is, to me, so much more than the hull, mast, engine, sails and all the parts that make her a sailing yacht. They are what she is made of but she is the hopes and dreams of the previous owners, the record of what they did and what I have been able to do in her. I feel privileged to be a part of the story of her and the Nicholson 32 association.

As the new class captain I am very much indebted to the previous captains, especially Nick and Ben and also to all the past committee members who have kept the association alive over the twenty five or so years that I have been a member. As I look back over previous bulletins and flick through the amazing stories of our Nic 32s I have to confess to being a bit of an imposter. I'm afraid I can't, at a glance tell the difference between a Mk IV or VII. Unlike so many of our members I only started sailing when I was 40 years old and so now in my mid sixties I'm not really a sea dog at all. But what I do know is that *Tina Louise* has carried me safely and elegantly through my learning process, to visit places and to see and experience things that I could never have imagined. It is a real pleasure to also be able to share with other members who feel the same, whether it be via social media, WhatsApp groups or Facebook or the annual Bulletin. I would therefore encourage you to join in in this it is so good to feel we are keeping the spirit of our wonderful boats alive.

I wish you all a super season wherever it takes you and let us know how you get on.



Editorial

Sandy Tyndale-Biscoe (*Ballyhoo*)

Welcome to the 2026 edition of the Nicholson 32 Association Bulletin. Before we get to my usual introduction, a few words about the way ahead for this Bulletin and the Members List we publish with it. It was my intention to stand down after last year's Bulletin but here I am, still in the Editor's chair, still fighting to get material, which made me wonder if a different format might be a way forward. Perhaps something more like a year book - with membership names and details, and a few articles, possibly A5 in size, might be easier and cheaper to produce. I put forward some ideas at the AGM last February and this elicited the following points:

- everyone present likes the current format which can be used as PR material;
- A5 format would make photographs less attractive;
- the Members List can be used as proof of membership;
- savings from combining the two documents would be only about £300.

So, no change, for this year at least. But we note that maybe members are put off writing by the fear that they have to try to emulate the long and high quality articles that have featured so strongly in the past. Don't be. Almost anything will do, provided it is about Nic 32s and either reinforces our preposterous prejudices in their favour, or gives us new ones.

On to this year's offering. We kick off with the very satisfying news that the Cruising Association's Generations at Sea Trophy, for the best log by a child under 16 was won last year by Beau Cooper (aged 10) reporting on a trip in a Nicholson 32, when, over a period of nearly 3 months, Mat Cooper took *Hy-Brasail* (formerly a past Class Captain's boat) round Britain via the Caledonian Canal. Beau's record of the trip, with its idiosyncratic English and spelling, and well placed pictures, somehow unwraps the civilised veneer of adult sailing reports, and brings back the simple pleasure of being in a nice boat on a jolly trip. I loved it.

After which, to return to that civilised veneer, we have a little piece of nostalgia for those of us who can still relate to the days when to go off sailing was to get away from the world, without the communications used nowadays to ensure that your yacht is fully provisioned. Stafford Taylor's quotation from the Hong Kong Yacht Club's 1953 signal book gives us a reminder of the time when a Yacht Club would service a member's needs based only the flags they flew as they picked up their mooring. I might try that with the Royal Cornwall one day, but my hopes are not high.

We follow this with a nice little description by Pierre Guillaume of a trip from the USA to France, where the distance covered, there and back, was only 1,500 miles. You'll have to read it to find out how that works.

We can rely on Ben Kemp, the outgoing Class Captain, to have done some serious sailing and to report on it. In 2025 he decided that the time had come to emulate his predecessor, Simon Braunholtz, and get up to the Shetlands. Sadly, weather prevented him achieving this, but his description of how things went, and didn't, is typical of a Nic 32 cruise, and also includes some serious rock-climbing. Is this the hidden interest that all Class Captains have to aspire to? (See Peter Hammond's article on p33.)

James Lovett knew little about Nic 32s when he was asked by a friend to ferry a recently acquired Mk VII from Weymouth to Brighton. He describes the trip and how it turned him into such a Nic 32 enthusiast that before long he not only bought that boat (*Becky*), but had also acquired a Mk X (*Tigger*), which he believes to be the better variant (the evidence is shaky).

We next get a nice potted history of ten years worth of ownership of *Fai Tira*, a Mk XI, from Miki Knoll and Karl Bitz; many high spots and only COVID related low spots, and even those don't look too low. As of April this year, they were back in Brittany where they first saw the boat, having put 26,000 miles under the keel.

This is followed by Louise Mulvihill's description of what turned out to be a fairly challenging journey (cruise? that sounds a bit too benign a word for what turned out to be prolonged and not entirely enjoyable) from Kilrush on the West coast of Ireland, where their boat *Salicet* had been based for 3 years, to Brightlingsea on the East coast of England.

As we have seen from Ben Kemp's report described above, for many of us our cruises are memorable for the places we fail to get to; the number of times I haven't gone to Scilly (when that was the hope) certainly exceeds the actual number of times I have gone there. For Julian Dixon, resident amongst the lakes of Sweden, the intention was a long cruise, "somewhere – anywhere – souther and warmer" and the oncoming Scandinavian winter in 2019 forced a December crossing of the North Sea in the hopes of cruising the Caribbean the following year. We all know what happened in the Spring of 2020 – COVID. He got as far as Gosport, and was forced to turn back to be somewhere he was sure of a welcome. Both legs of the trip were a challenge, although unbalanced in length – "5 months going Westward, – just 7 days to get home!"

The incoming Class Captain, Peter Hammond, next provides us with a nice fresh description of a short trip he took with a couple of mates to do what might be called the "Three Peaks (not a) Race" – anchoring in beautiful spots to climb three "tops on islands": Beinn Airien on Muck, the Sgurr of Eigge and Sgurr Na Stri on Skye. His "happy place".

After this we have a couple of short technical articles: a terrifying report by Alan Thorne of the dangers of gas cookers on yachts (fully confirming my prejudices), and a reprint of an article by Herb Sutcliffe first published in the 2020 Bulletin, on mast boot replacement. We wind up with a report on the 2025 AGM and Lunch, and some publicity for a single-handed Round the World adventure by Rollo Goodman, in aid of the young persons' charity Lifebeat. Support it if you can. 



Cruising Association “Generations at Sea” Winner Beau Cooper (Hi Brasail)

For more than a century, the Cruising Association has been running a number of Log Competitions that showcase the experiences, achievements and adventures of cruising members. One of these is the Generations at Sea Trophy, for a Family Cruising Log that celebrates adventures that inspire young sailors. At least one child under 16 must be on board. In 2025 this was won by Beau Cooper, the 10 year old son of Mat Cooper, reporting on a cruise that took Hi Brasail from Portland all the way round England to Scotland, through the Caledonian Canal, down the Irish Sea and back to Portland, over a period of nearly three months.

In the following pages we reproduce some of his award-winning log, in his own words (and his own spelling).



My name is Beau Cooper

I am 10 yrs old and I live in Kidderminster on Sutton park road

My boat is called Hy-brasail and is a Nicholson 32

This has been our biggest adventure so far.



*this picture is of Grandad and I swimming back to the boat in lock ness.

29th May 2025
 Portland to Poole : 50°42.7N, 1°59.04W

Logbook Summary
 We left at 16:15
 The wind was blowing about 20 kn SW
 The sea was quite calm
 We had 2 reefs in the main and a reefed Genoa
 We arrived at 22:00
 We sailed 32.9 NM



Daddy,Mummy,Sofia,Beau



We got to poole marina in the evening it was already dark . There were. Lots of super yachts hear we checked in, and used the facility's.

In the morning it was very exciting to wake up somewhere new. With a degree of difficulty we managed to catch a bus to the ferry to get across to ...
 It was fun on the bus being on the top deck looking at all the big house and whacking the trees.



*this is hy-brasail at poole marina.

30th May 2025
 Poole to Bucklers Hard : 50°48.03N, 01°06.95W

Logbook Summary
 We left at 08:30
 The wind was blowing about 12 kn SW
 The sea was pretty rough
 We had a full main and Genoa
 We arrived at 13:20
 Today we sailed 30.6 NM

Daddy,Mummy,Sofia,Beau

It was nice and relaxing sailing the trickiest bit was navigating and mooring up again the strong cross currents in the Marina.

I really liked this marina, Sofia and I joined in game of catch in the water we got the dogs ball to play with it was good fun playing with others we just had to be careful of the current.

I found out this is ware Horatio nelson's favourite ship (the Agamemnon) was made. we walked to had ice cream and beat Sofia in a park obstacle race on the way back.



*this is us walking the dog



20th July 2025

Inverness - Caledonian Canal - Fort Augustus : 57°08.78N, 4°40.60W

Logbook Summary
We left at 09:15
We arrived at 19:00
We motored 25.4NM



This is the sign to welcome us to the Caledonian canal



this is James doing the locks with his dad



Daddy,Mummy,Beau,Grandma,Grandad.

I arrived in Inverness by train with Grandma and Grandad as they were joining us for this leg. In Inverness we stocked up with supplies, Mummy got food, Daddy got fuel and I got a new Kayak

whilst we were in the marina I met a new friend James who was sailing around the UK with his dad. We decided to enter the first lock together this was very exiting and we realised we had a lot to learn .



*this is me and mummy doing the locks. And this is kiwi grandma's dog



This is us at the bottom of lock ness.



21st July 2025
Fort Augustus to Loch Lochy
56°56.78N, 04°56.73W

Logbook Summary
We left at 10:30
We arrived at 16:30
We motored 14.8 NM

Daddy,Mummy,Beau,Grandma,Grandad.



After a while we arrived in lock ness, we dropped anchor this gave me a chance to test out my new kayak and jump of the front of the boat with grandad . We ceped an eye out for nussy.

Leaving lock ness was hard as there were so many tourists taking lots of photos of us going through the locks .the lock operators had to move the tourists out of the way. In a lot of the locks two of us had to get of with a bow and stern line's to walk the boat along to the next lock .



22nd July 2025
Loch Lochy to Fort William : 56°48.94N, 05°07.02W

Daddy,Mummy,Beau,Grandmar,Grandad.



This is me doing the locks.



On this leg we had to tackle Neptunes staircase this is a flight of 8 lock's that lowered us 19 meters this took about 90 minutes to complete.as me and Grandad walked the boat along the tow path Mummy, went to get some ice cream whilst Daddy and grandma steered hy-brasail .We all had a grate vue of Ben Nevis. We stade next to James. Later we dropped Grandma and Grandad off at the train station this was the end of their adventur.

This is us next to the the sign saying bye bon voyage



23rd July 2025
Fort William to Oban
56°24.93N, 05°28.53W



Daddy,Mummy,Beau.



Me and James
are playing
pontoon .

Logbook Summary

We left at 06:20
The wind was blowing about 2-7 kn
The sea was flat
We moter sailed
We arrived at 11:50
We sailed 28.2 NM



Katisha

We left extremely early in the morning , about half way through dolphin swarmed katisha (James boat). WE moored in Oban marina James came over and we paled on the pontoons , went fishing and played with the RC cars on the beach . That evening James mum booked restraint for the evening .We had nice food and played pontoon



24th July 2025
Oban to Crinin Canal (top of Ardrishaig) 56°01.62N, 05°26.95W

Daddy,Mummy,Beau.



Logbook Summary

We left at 05:50
The wind was blowing about 5kn SW
The sea was flat
We moters this passage
We arrived at 16:30
We sailed 29.9NM

The beginning of the pasig gannets dive bombed fish this was fun to watch when we arrived at the crinin it looked very different from the caladonion . All the locks were hand operated , it was alot narrower and windier the lock keepers had to ride bikes from one lock to another. Two Locks before the end we were told to stop for the night because the locks had ran out of water so Kitty, James and I inflated my kyack and their dingi . The next day we managed to do the last two locks. By this point I had got good at throughing the lines to the lock keepers and controlling the bow by my self in the locks.



24th July 2025

Ardishaig to Isle of Arran: 55°32.15N 05°06.96W

Logbook Summary

We left at 09:20

The wind was blowing about up to 25 kn in all directions

The sea was calm

We had the cussing chute and then 2 reefs in the main

We arrived at 18:10

We sailed 32.6NM



Daddy,Mummy,Beau.

On arrival we picked up a mooring ball and dinghyed to shore. We walked the high street looking for somewhere to have diner. We stopped at a pub. On the way back to the boat we played with my RC car. The next day we played in the park and discovery centre



26th-27th July 2025

Isle of Arran to Bangor, Northern Ireland 54°39.87N, 05°40.30W

Logbook Summary

We left at 13:30

The wind was blowing up to 15 kn in all directions

The sea was quite calm

We had reefs in the main and a Genoa

We arrived at 01:10

We sailed 58.9 NM

Daddy,Mummy,Beau.

We left at 02:30 pm we saw seals sailing past holy island . We said into the irish sea under the night sky things went to plan and we arrived at boatfolk bangor we had brekfast in the town after daddy went back to the boat whilst mummy and I explored we found skipstone beach this was a graetest beach for scamming stones after me and Mummy went to asda and I lost my tooth



27th-28th July 2025

Bangor, Northern Ireland to Howth, Ireland 53°23.39N 06°03.93W

Logbook Summary

We left at 18:10

The wind was blowing about 10-15 kn W

The sea was calm

We had a reefed in the main and a reefed Genoa

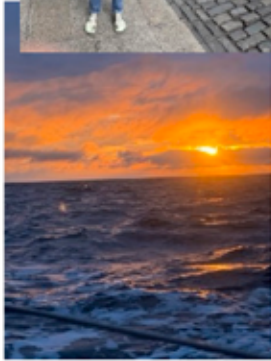
We arrived at 10:15

We sailed 89.8 NM

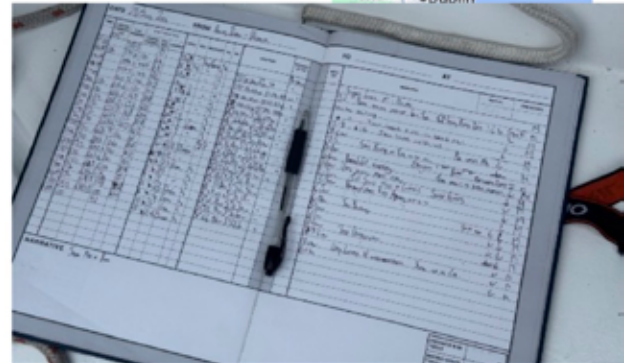


Daddy, Mummy, Beau.

We sailed down the EAST coast of Ireland to Howth marina it had lots of shops and a good park we caught the train to Dublin as we had never been before. There were lots of pubs with live music but unfortunately I was not old enough to go in but we found a good toy shop then at last we had dinner at crabby joes.



This is our log book this helps us keep an accurate track of all the places we go to



27th-28th July 2025

Howth, Ireland to Dale, Wales: 51°42.47N, 05°09.54W

Logbook Summary

We left at 12:45

The wind was blowing about variable kn in all directions

The sea was calm then lumpy at the end

We had a full main and Genoa

We arrived at 10:00

We sailed 118.3 NM

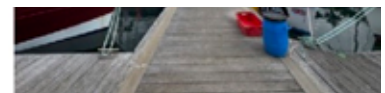


Daddy, Mummy, Beau.

On arrival we anchored in the bay and dingied into Dale we went to the cafe for lunch and then the little shop at back grabbed some supplies and an ice cream. Later we went to diner at the griffin where we overheard a lady that worker there talking about the dinghy sailing club so I decided to ask her more information about it and booked in for the evening. As pizza was included after I decided to skip the griffin and grab a snack (peanut M&Ms cheddar and onion walkers and water) I had great fun dingying somewhere new.



This is me eating pizza after dinghy sailing in Dale



We arrived in the fishing town of Newlyn I could smell the fish. We scooted down the coastal path to pensants on the way we past an amazing lido called Jubilee pool unfortunately we didn't have time to go. In pensants we found a really cool pirate themed pub we ordered two piggly wiggly and one meatball pizzas. The next day mummy and I woke up early to go to the outdoor gym we found before we set sail.



8th August 2025

Falmouth to Mevagissey: 50°16.12N, 04°46.98W

Logbook Summary

We left at 13:00
The wind was blowing about 10 kn SW
The sea was calm
We had a full main and Genoa
We arrived at 17:55
We sailed 16.8 NM

Daddy,Mummy,Beau -Sofia



On passage dolphins played and splashed about with us as we entered Mevagissey. I saw a baby seal sat on a mooring. We had to tie to the mooring it was the first time I had done this so it took a few attempts. Mevagissey is a lovely fishing village there are lots of ice cream shops and seafood shacks. There was a big seal that lived in the harbour. The next day I tested my new fishing rod that I bought in Penzance but as per usual.



9th August 2025

Mevagissey to Salcombe 50°14.06N, 03°45.93W

Logbook Summary

We left at 11:05
The wind was blowing about 15 kn W
The sea was 1-2 M waves
We had a full main and Genoa
We arrived at 22:00 19:15
We sailed 41.5 NM

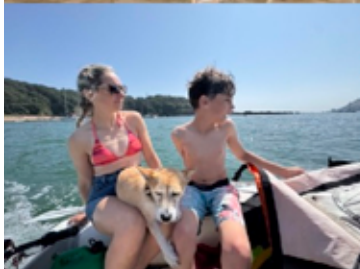


Me skimming in Salcombe on my skim board



Daddy,Mummy,Beau and Sofia

As we came in daddy called me and Sofia up and we saw lots of beach's every where. We tried to anchor but we failed at the attempt so we drifted 4 deep. As we drifted to shore we saw lots of Williams Dingies on land we searched for a pub and we found the Fortscue Inn. The next day we found out it was Salcombe Regatta and we had to find the bloomers in the window. Sofia was very good at it. Grandma and Grandad came down for daddy's birthday when they went home we sent Sofia back with them. We also went back that night.



this is me about to beat someone on a greasy pole a part of the Salcombe Regatta activities

12th/13th August 2025
Salcombe to Portland

Logbook Summary

We left at 10:45
The wind was blowing about 5-12 kn SW
The sea was calm
We arrived at 13:15
We sailed 70.5 NM

Daddy,Mummy,Beau

We had 2 reefs in the main at night and in the day we had full main and motor and a reefed Genoa

At the beach I decided to test my new skim board, I failed and failed. The next day we went to the next beach and met a boy (I don't no his name) and he was really good at it so I asked for some tips and then vüolla I could do it. The next day we left late at night when I went to bed. When I woke up we were only an hour away It was smooth sailing all the way back.

The sumerry

Now we have finally finished are circom navigation It was a grate expearitants to have gone around the UK at only 10 yrs old and it was grate fun . *this is dash



*this is dash our dog



Provisioning Ship the old-fashioned way Stafford Taylor (*Moonlighter*)

Over the past few years I have, on occasion, found myself in a predicament where *Moonlighter* has become a dry boat. I tried dry January once, that box is now ticked, I know I can do it so no need to impose such restrictions ever again.

Guests on board are normally the reason *Moonlighter* becomes a dry boat. Well, who can't resist a gin or two if the sun is going down, especially if you have nowhere to be, but it can be inconvenient if at anchor.

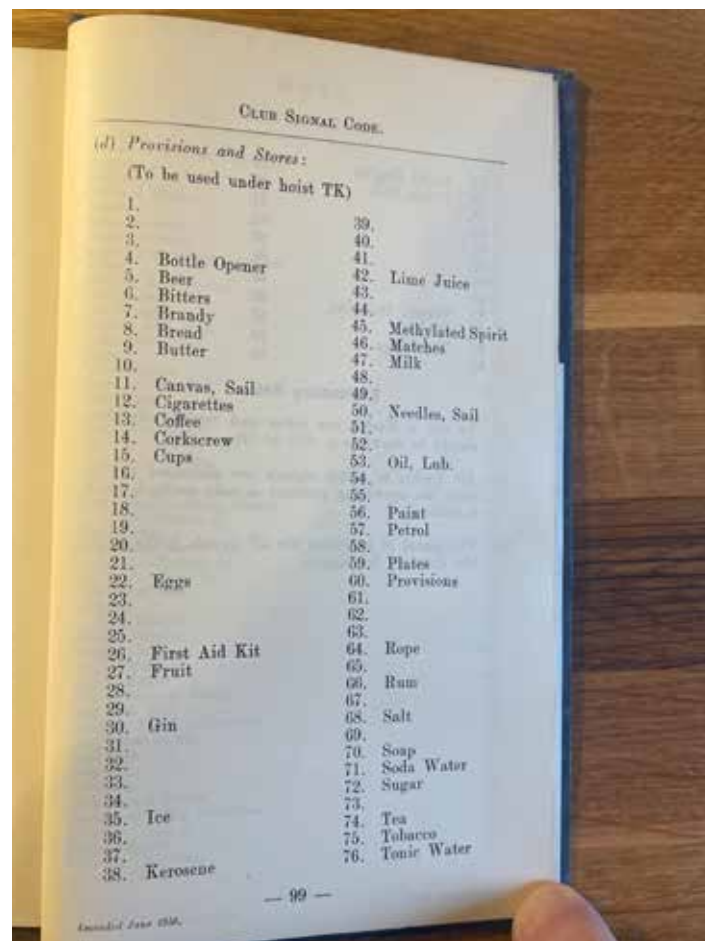
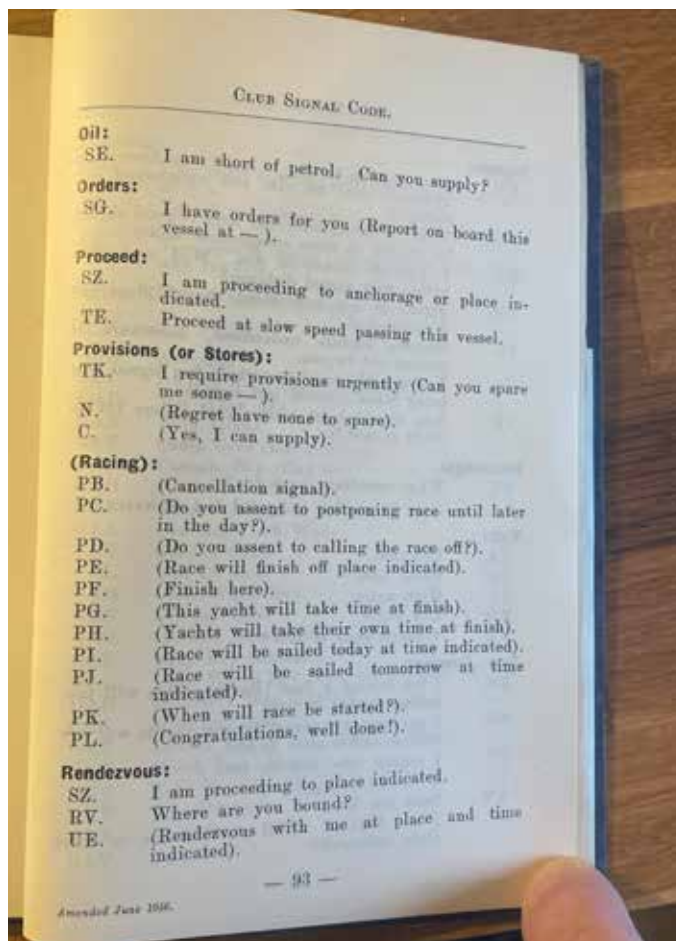
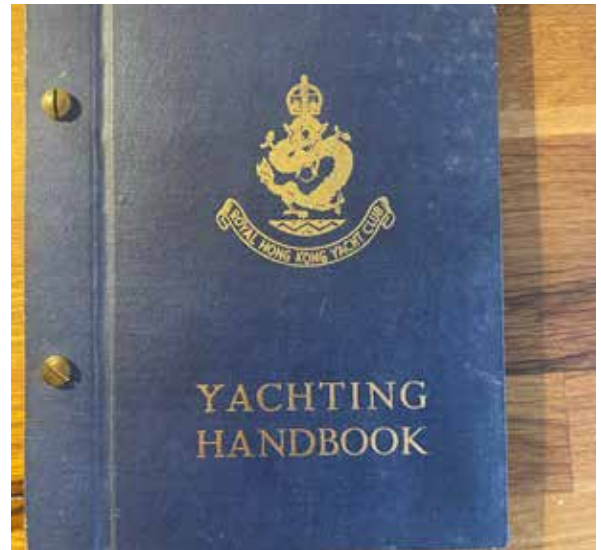
Last summer my local yacht club was having a clear out of old books from their library. One afternoon, the Club Commodore wandered over and presented me with a copy of the Royal Hong Kong Yacht Club "Yachting Handbook". She knew I travelled to Hong Kong with work and thought perhaps I would be interested to read it.

Originally published 1st October 1953, this was the 1958 edition. Hard backed and fastened with brass screws it is a joy to have. A fascinating look at the past and lovely pocket containing a chart of Hong Kong Harbour waters. Flicking through past the regulation for the preventing collisions at sea, racing by-laws and etiquettes, imagine my surprise when i stumbled upon the solution to my issues. Club Signal Codes!

The handbook has a section on signals that are broken down in to a number of sub-section, one titled "Provisions".

I'll leave you to have a look at the photos to work out my solution, but suffice to say I think we should implement the following flag codes in all good sailing clubs:

TK, 30, 35, 42, 76



How to get from Maine in the United States to France in 750nm

Pierre Guillaume (Air)

On July 31st, 2025, *Air*, our much-loved Mk X, dropped the pennants that secured her to her mooring in Quahog Bay, in mid-coast Maine and made her way to Cape Small before heading East Southeast toward Cape Sable in Nova Scotia. On board besides myself was my long-term friend from Montréal, Luc Beaudoin, who had participated in similar trips in the past.

Our objective was to reach France while sailing no more than 750 nautical miles, a feat that seems to defy the rules of geography but is actually quite manageable: France retains a couple of small islands off the coast of Newfoundland, the Saint Pierre and Miquelon archipelago, which we intended to reach during this month long trip.

First step was to reach Halifax, a three or four-day blue water leg across the Gulf of Maine. My wife Sophie would join us to continue toward St Pierre in shorter hops. Pretty uneventful crossing with beautiful sunsets except for the failing of a much-anticipated new Code 0* setup that I had just installed. In order to fly a Code 0, I had had the yard install a crane at the top of the mast to move the head of the sail 6 inches forward and thus avoid interference between the genoa and Code 0 halyard swivels. That crane failed quickly, the forces at the top of the mast being stronger than anticipated and the Code 0 ended up in the water in the middle of the night when friction on its halyard caused it to fail. We fished the sail out of the soup and continued under genoa at a somewhat reduced speed. Multiple trips to the masthead were then required to Jerry-rig a temporary solution once we reached Nova Scotia – my days of climbing up the mast at sea are long gone.

From Halifax, we would continue along the southern coast of Nova Scotia toward Louisbourg, the site of an imposing French fortress that fell twice into British hands, first in 1745 and then again in 1758, sealing the fate of Québec and French colonial ambitions in America: with the control



Crossing the Laurentian channel

of the Saint Lawrence river. Québec itself fell the following year. The only remaining French possession in North America was going to be St Pierre itself, one of the “confettis de l’empire” that France retains around the globe.

The last leg was to cross the Laurentian Channel to St Pierre, a 180 miles stretch which we managed to complete in 32 hours of mostly exhilarating sailing, flying the asym all the way.

St Pierre surprised us by a curious combination of a physical environment more reminiscent of Scandinavia than France itself, a serious dose of “Frenchness” – multiple boulangeries all across town, an ever-present French administration: mairie, prefecture, gendarmerie, douane, police etc. – and an almost tropical feel: everyone seemed to operate on “island time”, much as one would find much further south. I only had scant memories of a short mid-winter stopover there on the French helicopter carrier *Jeanne d’Arc* eons ago, so this trip gave me a new chance to appreciate the island without blizzard conditions.

From St Pierre we were hoping to continue toward the southern coast of Newfoundland but the weather forecast interfered with these plans: Hurricane Erin was starting to form much further south and the predictions suggested that it would turn into a category 5 beast and could hit Newfoundland – yes, they do reach that far North occasionally – and we didn’t want to get caught in an isolated anchorage if this was to happen. Out of



Fixing the Code 0 halyard

St Pierre surprised us by a curious combination of a physical environment more reminiscent of Scandinavia than France itself, a serious dose of “Frenchness” – multiple boulangeries all across town, an ever-present French administration: mairie, prefecture, gendarmerie,

douane, police etc. – and an almost tropical feel: everyone seemed to operate on “island time”, much as one would find much further south. I only had scant memories of a short mid-winter stopover there on the French helicopter carrier *Jeanne d’Arc* eons ago, so this trip gave me a new chance to appreciate the island without blizzard conditions.



First night on a mooring in St Pierre

* Editor’s note: For the Ancient Mariners in the Association (a high proportion, I guess) a Code 0 sail is a specialized type of sail designed for light to medium wind conditions, functioning effectively between a genoa and an asymmetric spinnaker. It is characterized by a flatter shape that allows for better performance when sailing close to the wind, making it ideal for reaching.



Observing wildlife while waiting out Erin



On a mooring in Baddeck NS

maybe an abundance of caution, I decided we would sail back to Nova Scotia and play it by ear, potentially finding a well-protected gunk hole inland in the Bras d'Or lake to weather the storm.

The crossing back was somewhat less glorious than the outbound leg, with 40 knots winds that challenged the crew more than the boat. But we made it to Baddeck in the Bras d'Or lake and continued on to St Peter's at the other end, where a small canal with a lock lets you back out into the open ocean. Spectacular lake sailing on flat waters and plenty of empty anchorages, even though we were barely past mid-August. We continued to watch the weather forecast, with Erin appearing not to be able to make up its mind about the direction it was going to take after wreaking havoc on the Eastern coast of the US.

In the end, we found refuge further southeast 5 miles upstream in the Liscomb river, while the eye of the storm stayed a couple of hundred miles off the coast, sparing us any unpleasantness. From there, it was a couple of shorter hops to Halifax, where we dropped Sophie, and a single uneventful stretch back to Maine, with a few hours at anchor at Cape Negro Island waiting for the tide to turn at Cape Sable, an area known for its choppy and unpredictable waters when the tide runs against the wind. All in all, over 1,500 miles in 30 days, 9 nights at sea, and wonderful memories of a spectacular trip in these seldom-sailed waters.



We had company



Northern climes – an adventure to the Orkney archipelago, in three parts

Ben Kemp (*Blue Venturer*)

Part 1 – July 2025 – Applecross northbound via Cape Wrath to Stromness

Having spent our family holidays over the last decade exploring the West coast of the UK and Ireland, our plan in 2025 was to venture to pastures new and the very far north of these isles, to Orkney and Shetland. My partner, Alison, and I, along with our two teenage sons, Reuben and Donald, were inspired in part by Simon Braunholtz's entertaining and inspiring account of a similar expedition at the previous year's annual dinner. Starting from our new base in the scenic delights of Applecross, on the north-west coast of Scotland, was a distinct advantage. Limited time this year, and a mixed forecast, not so much, but we set sail in good fettle aboard *Blue Venturer*, calling initially at the Highland village of Gareloch for fuel and provisions.

Next up it's a longish motor-sail northwards, in variable but mostly light wind and sloppy sea, to the picturesque and somewhat 'out there' fishing port of Kinlochbervie. This was the furthest north we had been by boat, some 20 nautical miles beyond our previous year's record of Lochinver, and just 15 NM short of Cape Wrath, the headland marking the northwest corner of the UK mainland; the point at which our westerly and northerly coastlines converge.

We arrive at Kinlochbervie at about 8pm. It being July, and at this latitude, there is still plenty of daylight and it is a gorgeous, sunny evening as we navigate the inconspicuous passage amidst the wild, rocky, and somewhat desolate coastline. Once inside the shelter is excellent and we settle down with just 3 or 4 other yachts to enjoy the tranquillity. Principally a small commercial fishing outpost, all is peaceful now, with no signs of imminent activity. Donald decides on a spot of evening fishing himself, heading off in the dinghy, accompanied by Alison, while Reuben and I promise to start preparing dinner. First things first, however, and I rig up the hammock (a recent, welcome addition) on the foredeck and crack open a beer.

There are three boats heading off early the next day with the shared aim of taking advantage of a weather window to round Cape Wrath and then what looks a positive tail wind and tide eastwards, bound for Orkney. There is a moment of drama, and a little good humour, as we prepare to depart. We had had to raft up given limited space in Kinlochbervie and the yacht on our outside naturally heads off first. I am returning from the bathroom as I watch the Dutch couple on board manoeuvre their boat out into the harbour, then appear to come to a somewhat jerky stop. Engine still going, but going nowhere. It is then that I spot with a wry smile their long stern line, still attached to the dock. I call across, point to the



Donald northbound heading for Kinlochbervie

obvious issue, the impediment to their efforts at forward progress and politely inquire if they would like me to untie it. They smile in the affirmative and then they are away, for real this time, promising each other a drink when we reach Stromness. More haste, less speed. It can happen to the best of us.

Three hours' later and we are rounding Cape Wrath, at a good distance, following the caution in the Cruising guide, but conditions are benign today and you sense we would have been ok going closer. A point duly demonstrated by the third yacht to leave Kinlochbervie that morning, more modern than ours (most are, of course), which steals a march on us by cutting the corner. Having sailed the west coast, from the Isles of Scilly to St. Kilda, this headland feels like a real milestone, a significant entry in our logbook, and we spend some time watching from several miles off the landmark lighthouse which guards it.

From here it is plain sailing all day, running downwind in an ENE direction across the top of Scotland for the next 55 or so miles, to Orkney. There is enough breeze to enable us to sail unassisted the whole way and *Blue Venturer* surges forward, maintaining a reasonably steady 5-6 knots. The result is that we are two hours early for the earliest time we have decided it is sensible to enter the Sound of Hoy, with its fast-flowing tidal stream separating the Isle of Hoy and Orkney Mainland. Heeding the numerous cautions in the local guides, we slow down and instead head awhile for the iconic, 137 metre high sea stack which graces the west coast of the isle of Hoy, the most hilly



Donald, Reuben and Alison, Bound for Orkney

island in the Orkney archipelago. Twenty years ago, Alison and I had followed in the footsteps of Chris Bonnington et al in climbing the Old Man of Hoy, one of our most memorable climbing adventures and we are happy to return, this time by sea, to show the boys. We approach to within a few hundred metres, in calm seas, from where the perspective on this towering slender monument of rock is impressive, even from here somewhat intimidating. I recall our previous encounter with the Old Man of the North. It had been a fine day then too and I recall reaching the summit late into the evening, the sun still shining as I gingerly brought my line of sight level with the small summit plateau, an airy and exposed platform perched precariously in the sky, the water glistening far below. And I was full of delight and astonishment to find myself face to face with the tiniest little puffin, just a foot or two from my nose and, for that precious moment, both of us rooted to our precarious perches, it clearly just as surprised as I was..



Alison with the Old Man of Stoer, Northwest of Lochinver, in the background



The Old Man of Hoy

It is approaching 2200 (but still broad daylight) as we make our move and approach the Sound of Hoy. The fancy Dutch yacht has also been in a holding pattern and follows our lead. We are still under full sail but switch our engine on as we enter the tidal channel, riding the strengthening eastbound stream until we are able to make the hard turn to port into the slack water of Stromness harbour, where we drop sails and make for the pontoon. We are pleased if a little surprised to see our other Kinlochbervie companions – the ones apparently reluctant to detach themselves from us earlier – already there. We had seen nothing of them while waiting for the tide and had assumed that, arriving early, they must have changed course, perhaps to head further north. As we later learn they had decided to plough directly on through the Sound of Hoy, taking on the adverse tide, making slow work and only just making it, not very long in the end before us. The look in the crew's eyes suggested the experience had been anything but plain sailing ...

We spend the next few days sightseeing by bus on Orkney, mostly in somewhat more tempestuous and decidedly damp conditions. We enjoy the welcome warmth and hospitality of the Ferry Inn on more than one occasion before making plans to return home, where work duty calls, leaving Blue Venturer for the time being safely moored in the shelter of Stromness harbour. We catch the overnight ferry to Aberdeen and a combination of train and hire car reunite us with our own car in Applecross, before making the 6 hour schlepp down the A9 to home.

Part II- Stormbound- 4-5 August 2025

The plan had been to return the following month to sail on to Shetland and perhaps winter the boat there. Storm Floris however put paid to that and I was fortunate even to make it back to the boat on the ferry, taking the last, bumpy crossing from Scrabster before all services are cancelled due to the weather. A notable highlight en route to the ferry is the discovery of the delightful nature reserve at Forsinard Flows, in the Flow Country, just south of the north coast, where I spend the night before catching the ferry.

Secure in the harbour I do some jobs, listening to the gale buffeting the boats. Some of the bigger vessels, with their greater windage, are heeling alarmingly against their warps. Then all is quiet suddenly and for the next few hours we are in the eye of the storm. It is hard to imagine Floris still raging all around us. I take the opportunity to head back to the Ferry Inn for a pint and a bite to eat. By the time I leave the storm is back with gusto. I stagger back to Blue Venturer through the wind and rain and, next day, catch the ferry home.



Conditions are not promising for moving on

Part III- Escape to Freedom- September 2025

Blue Venturer is still in Stromness and we need to move her before the winter. I get the chance to recruit my brother-in-law, David for a two day, two man mission to bring her back to Applecross. We fly up to Orkney after work on Friday night. The plan is to head off pretty sharply as the tide in the Sound of Hoy will have turned against us but, if we are quick, should I reckon still be passable...

On arrival in Kirkwall we grab our bags and jump in the waiting taxi, dropping David at Tesco for provisions en route, while I go ahead to prepare the boat. 30 minutes later we are motoring out of Stromness on a tranquil, late summer evening. As soon as we are out in the Sound, however, it is quickly apparent that the adverse tide is more than we had bargained for. We are initially going backwards, then I increase the revs and we sort of track sideways. We have full engine now, and are barely holding our own, with little if any detectable forward progress. We get the mainsail up, which helps, but not enough. Out with the genoa and under full sail, and engine, we slowly work our way through the tide, finally emerging into open water some 2 hours later, no more than a couple of miles over ground from where we had started. It is tough going, and I thought at times that we would have to go back, but we make it, just, with the opportunity as a result of a clear night and favourable breeze, bound overnight for Cape Wrath.



David, relaxing into the night shift, with the excitement of the Sound of Hoy behind us



Sunrise over Cape Wrath on the way back

Once clear of Orkney, David and I exchange 3 hour shifts, taking turns to rest as we mostly motor sail westwards. We are mesmerised for a while by the distant glittering beacon of the enormous Virgin cruise ship, dominating the horizon at some 5 miles distance. Later I am thrilled to witness what appears to be the Northern lights, faint but distinct over the fading silhouette of Orkney. David wakes me as we approach Cape Wrath, making good time and we round to a spectacular sunrise at dawn.

We continue south all day, passing the picturesque and dramatic landscape of north west Scotland. We see dolphins and minke whales. Then off Lochinver we are treated to a feeding frenzy as whales and hundreds of dolphins chase what appears to be a huge bait ball of fish- mackerel, maybe, or herring?

The other incident of note occurs just off Gareloch. We are motoring now, in a flat calm. It is early evening, when the engine stops. This has never happened before and we had a full tank of fuel on leaving Stromness. In the silence of the moment, as we start to drift gently, I think quickly. We are in open water, with no immediate danger so I take the time to double-check the fuel while David takes the helm. Empty- strange! We would never usually use this much fuel. But I have spare and empty my two extra 10 litre cans into the tank. We decide to try re-starting without bleeding- maybe we will have been quick enough and it will sort itself out. It takes three goes, spluttering as the air works its way out, but then returns to its usual rhythm and we are away again. It is only later that we realise the almost certain cause, being the unusual amount of fuel used at full revs for two hours working our way against a 6 knot tide in the Sound of Hoy! You live and learn.

Three hours later we are motoring in fading light across Applecross Bay, the lights of the village twinkling in the still night. We navigate the narrow passage to our mooring, David keeping a lookout by torchlight from the bow. Our local friend, Barry is on the slipway to meet us when we go ashore, complete with dinner plans and a beer. The next day he drops us at the station to catch the train home, via Inverness. 135 Nautical miles in 27 hours and Blue Venturer is home. And so are we. A memorable adventure, complete with incident or two and all the remote, rugged drama of northern Scotland.

How I found and came to love Nicholsons

James Lovett (formerly *Atlas* then *Tigger*, but now between Nics)

I had just sold my Hunter 50 and downsized to a Krogen 38, after learning what all great sailing vagabonds learn; smaller is better when it comes to voyaging. My friend, in his 'new to sailing zest', had been working his way through several boats, and his latest acquisition was a Nicholson 32 Mk VI. But as he was still at the very beginning of learning how to sail, he asked me if I would deliver her from Weymouth to Brighton. In the golden glow of the pub and a few drinks I had agreed and now I was committed. I had certainly seen these boats in old magazines and had heard about them here and there, but to me at the time they were just another one of the many other famous older yachts.

Time dragged on through the Spring, and I kept putting it off as a bit of a nuisance; it seemed a very small boat to be fussing over and I had a lot of other things to do. However, one day me and another friend - Paul - were sitting in Whitehaven ready to take out the Krogen, waiting for a weather window that wasn't going to appear anytime soon. I happened to mention the delivery that was still milling around in my conscience when he said, quite out of the blue, "Lets go and do it now then". The weather looked much nicer down south, and after kicking it around in my head I figured I may not get another chance to do this with a crew. So I said yes, we grabbed my girlfriend Lisa ("I am not down-sizing any further!"), and we drove all the way to Weymouth.



Heading for the bridge in Weymouth



Paul takes the helm

We had exactly 30 minutes from my first sight of the boat to get her ready, off the pontoon, and under the lifting bridge at Weymouth. Paul noted that she was covered in junk, did not look in any way ready to go to sea, but at least did not seem low in the water so maybe we could consider this still. I threw everything into the fore-cabin, Lisa threw everything in the bin, we slipped and we went. Getting used to her on the way, we cleared the bridge and I had my first good feelings - the engine worked, she steered, there was no water sloshing around, and even the rig looked okay. As we started to approach the end of the waterway and the sea started to open up, I could see the swell and the waves looked big and close. This was going to be horrible in a small boat. I sighed, warned the others to be prepared for a nasty trip, braced myself in the cockpit, and waited. And waited ...



Atlas in Brighton

As we headed further out to sea I felt like I was experiencing two opposing feelings; on the one hand the waves were big and lumpy and not very friendly looking at all. On the other however, the boat was calm, with an easy motion, and didn't seem the slightest put out by it. She simply seemed to shrug her shoulders and waddle on. And she was doing okay - we were going forward at a decent rate. After a while I took a chance and relaxed into a comfortable position, Paul was smiling happily, and even in this swell Lisa was cooking us up a pasta for the evening meal. It all seemed a bit surreal. Throughout the night the swell went on, got worse, and got better again, but by the time we had reached St Catherine's Point we were all very at ease and felt like we could go anywhere in this amazing boat. Paul and I kept commenting on how solid and safe she felt, and Lisa went to sleep. The next day when we arrived in Brighton I was full of admiration for the Nic, and had to find out more about them.

I spent more and more time with the Nic as the owner was



The confident smile of a Nic 32 owner

away, and in a short space of time the inevitable happened when he realised he simply would not be around to use her. "Could you sell her for me?"

"I'll save you all that trouble - I'll buy her."

"Really?"

"Send me your bank details."

I knew this was the way forward for me. Even when everybody looked at me with some disbelief at my change of boat, I just knew.

There was one more change to come. Just when I thought this was it I discovered that the Mk X had 3 inches more headroom and the bunks seemed slightly longer. And at 6'5", that makes a big difference to me. I sold *Atlas* (I could have sold her 10 times over!) and was lucky enough to get *Tigger*, a Mk X in the same week (and this one had a tiller AND a wheel!). So here I am, fitting her out in Brighton, and enjoying every moment with her. Next year I am hoping to test her fully and go and chase the sunshine, but for now the south coast in Autumn will do.

Sailing without Smoke

Everything we do has risks, and anybody who ventures out to sea in a small sailing boat takes a risk simply by going. Getting closer to nature we try and avoid using engines as much as possible and prefer to use sail, even though by taking away the option of using a motor we reduce our allowable margin of error even further. I also tend not to fill our craft with gadgets such as air conditioning, televisions, satellite, freezers, and the other components that use vast amounts of power, are very susceptible to break down, cost a lot of money, and are largely unnecessary.

When we go to sea with sail alone we feel close to nature and alive; when we use only the wind and our own resources, we feel a true sense of working in perfect harmony with what is natural. The sense of achievement is heightened, the skills sharpen exponentially, our train of thought is allowed to deepen, and we leave no footprint of our existence whatsoever. In short, we live that much closer to ourselves. Our understanding of life is enhanced by living closer to ourselves. Very little comes near to providing the solitude and the peace, the rawness of nature and the understanding we seek, than being on or near the ocean.

But this sailing without smoke and novelties is not for everybody. Overnight passages can easily take over a week if the wind is not in our favour, routes are normally well offshore to avoid the dangers of lee shores, mooring is rarely in marinas and is a tough job that needs excellent planning and commitment, and sailing can often involve sleeping at interesting angles just to finish the day off. It really is a sharp lesson in sail training. But for those that come to handle a boat under sail and sail alone, a level of competence and understanding with the sea is reached that will seldom be touched upon otherwise. Combine this principle with everything that we do and we realise that we only really need what is already within us; no more gadgets and toys, and no need to relentlessly keep taking.

"*The map is not the territory*" was coined by Korzybski in 1931. He was trying to explain that an abstraction of something is only that; the something that represents something else is not the something else. It states that a person's reality is actually just a collection of their view of their own experiences built up over their lifetime.

And one last thing. While I was out there one day wondering how I would feed my crew with my last \$4 in my pocket, somebody gave me a scrap of paper with the following on it. I keep these words with me still...

"To be truly challenging, a voyage, like a life, must rest on a firm foundation of financial unrest. Other-wise, you are doomed to a routine traverse, the kind known to yachtsmen who play with their boats at sea... cruising, it is called.

Voyaging belongs to seamen, and to the wanderers of the world who cannot, or will not, fit in. If you are contemplating a voyage and you have the means, abandon the venture until your fortunes change. Only then will you know what the sea is all about.

'I've always wanted to sail to the South Seas, but I can't afford it.' What these men can't afford is not to go. They are enmeshed in the cancerous discipline of security. And in the worship of security we fling our lives beneath the wheels of routine - and before we know it our lives are gone.

What does a man need - really need? A few pounds of food each day, heat and shelter, six feet to lie down in - and some form of working activity that will yield a sense of accomplishment. That's all - in the material sense, and we know it.

But we are brainwashed by our economic system until we end up in a tomb beneath a pyramid of time payments, mortgages, preposterous gadgetry, playthings that divert our attention from the sheer idiocy of the charade. The years thunder by, the dreams of youth grow dim where they lie caked in dust on the shelves of patience.

Before we know it, the tomb is sealed. Where, then, lies the answer?

In choice. Which shall it be: bankruptcy of purse or bankruptcy of life?"

The above quote is by Sterling Hayden - Actor, author, wanderer; an up and coming movie star who quit, bought a sailing boat, and took his children off around the world. Long may those words continue to cause quiet discomfort.





Proctor Trophy Winner

Sunset at anchor off Old Grimsby, Treco, Isles of Scilly
Robin Tyndale-Biscoe (Ballyboo)

A decade on *Fai Tira* Karl Bitz and Miki Knoll

In our early twenties and after a few years backpacking abroad we decided that the best way to see the world would be by way of sailing. We bought a small 6.60m French production boat in sunny St Tropez in the South of France. A couple of years later we found ourselves in Greece wanting a bigger boat.

What we wanted was a boat for two, small enough to be fun to sail yet big enough to take us anywhere we want in the world. She should be a boat from the 1970s era, full keel and made in GRP. *Fai Tira* was moored on the Odet River in Brittany, just in front of the splendid Manoir de Kerouzien.

It is very important to listen to your gut feeling when buying a boat and our first impression when we stepped on-board was a safe one, everything felt extremely solid and well built. I have to say, the scenery made an impression on us too.

She had a broken gearbox and the owner already bought a bigger boat so she was priced accordingly. We bought her and went back to work for a year to save some money for a sailing trip heading to warm climates. That turned into a decade of sailing and exploring the fabulous places the Atlantic has to offer.



Manoir de Kerouzien

After fixing the broken gearbox and installing windvane self steering we set off from Brittany across Biscay towards Spain. This passage is to date the worst we've experienced. A part of the self steering broke only a few hours after hoisting the sails. We could have turned around but by then it was already mid September and we didn't want to chance another departure later in the season.

We took turn at the wheel. We tried 3 hour watch each but felt exhausted after 2 hours. We switched to 2 hour watch and still felt miserable. We both were extremely seasick. At one point we decided to heave-to in order to try to keep some food in our bellies. In our sleep deprived state we made the mistake of coming off the hove-to by gybing without sheeting in the main sail. Stupid! The main-sheet wrapped around the pedestal and ripped away the compass. Luckily it flew inside the cockpit. We lashed it back to the pedestal and kept going until we finally arrived after beating to windward for 60 hours. We both said if this is sailing we are not up for it!



Miki exhausted at the wheel



Fai Tira in the Guadiana

In Cedeira we met a French couple also in their twenties on a 30fter heading for the Rio Guadiana. Having no real destination in mind other than warm climates we decided to sail together there. Our first plan was to stay about 2 weeks but we ended up staying 6 months! Since then we learned not to make plans. Why rush when you enjoy the place!

Spring came and we decided to do a tour of the Med. By November and we found ourselves back in the Guadiana.

In February we left for the Canaries, a nice 5 days passage. The good thing about the Canaries in February-March is that most of the boats have already left for the Caribbean. We got the anchorage in La Graciosa all for ourselves!

From the Canaries we sailed to the Gambia in West Africa. Our Watermota Sea Panter engine was giving us a lot of trouble. Parts weren't available in Gambia and it was getting late in the season so we set off across the Atlantic.

We had a 24 days passage in blissful conditions. At one point I counted 38 flying fish on deck one morning! We often averaged 130 miles a day.

We loved the contrast between the dry and dusty Gambia and the lush and vibrant atmosphere of Grenada.



*Warm welcome by the Peter's cafe crew
in Horta*

We spent a year in the Caribbean, where we re-engined *Fai Tira* with an outboard engine in a well (see Bulletin 2022) and this has proven to be a great success. We've had many adventures and met many friends, but sadly COVID prompted our return to Europe. We wanted to be closer to our families so we departed Martinique in April 2020 and made landfall in Horta in the Azores after 29 days at sea. We only experienced one gale on this passage. We did not have a Jordan Series Drogue at the time so we opened about a square meter of genoa sheeted hard in the middle by both sheet. We set the self steering in the downwind position. *Fai Tira* was doing 4.5 knots downwind and we felt extremely safe down below.

In the Azores, much to our disappointment COVID was not over, and by rules we could not go to ashore, so we sailed off to the Guadiana in Portugal once more where we knew we could stretch our legs.

After COVID, our friend Trevor who'd been trying to navigate through ice on the east coast of Greenland all summer came to see us in the Guadiana. Being in his late seventies he wanted to go home to Australia by way of Panama before retiring from trans-ocean sailing.

We decided to sail together for part of the trip. We waved him goodbye in Martinique after exploring Tobago, and made our way up to St Martin where we sailed off to the Azores once more. This time it took us 30 days. The conditions were ideal, beam reach and flat seas for the 3/4 part of the trip and we had to tack our way into a big swell for the last week.

COVID was long forgotten and we could finally explore the Azores for the summer before setting sails to ... guess where ... the Guadiana!

We dropped anchor at the mouth of the river, exactly at the same spot we left 8 months before, having sailed 9,600 nautical miles in that period. We pottered around the Algarve for a while but we were longing to discover new places.

So in the summer of 2025 we decided to sail to colder places. Even with the full keel and protected rudder of a Nic 32 we knew the Orcas would make a light work of chewing our rudder so instead of taking the short route of going North following the west coast of Portugal we sailed to Madeira, a place we never had the chance to see in our previous travels, then the Azores for the third time and then Galicia where we are now waiting for a weather window for Brittany. Going back where we started 10 years ago after having sailed 26,000 miles!



Fai Tira and friends in Tobago

Back from Ireland – Kilrush to Brightlingsea

Louise Mulvihill (*Salicet*)

This is the story of our return from Ireland after sailing to Kilrush from Brightlingsea in 2022. (A story for another day)

Kilrush marina is at the mouth of the River Shannon sheltered behind a lock. It has excellent facilities and the marina team are very helpful and can't do enough to help any boat owner, In short it was a perfect place to winter up *Salicet* for 3 winters. Shannon airport is convenient for us to fly to direct from Stansted (we live on the north Essex coast) in about an hour and a half.

We returned to Kilrush in late April to prepare *Salicet* which was ashore in the boatyard, for the return journey back to Brightlingsea. We were fortunate to have the wonderful company and practical experience of an additional crew member, John Lawless, to help us bring the boat back to the UK (we are now three years older and had various health issues during the intervening time). Most of the Lawless family are experienced sailors having sailed in all



Salicet is re-launched

conditions in the Atlantic ocean. John's brother Pat Lawless is sailing in the Golden Globe Race 26.

So back to our voyage! We departed from Kilrush heading for Dingle on 9th May 2025, taking the tide out of mouth of the Shannon, the weather was fair with light WSW winds. There was quite a swell from Kerry Head to the Blasket Islands (nothing to stop the rollers between the US and Ireland) and we passed through the Blasket Sound and two hours later moored in Dingle Marina.

Dingle is a charming Irish town and as a result had many visitors by coach and sail. We had only intended to stay for two nights but the forecast was for the wind to pick up over the coming days, so we spent a pleasant two days exploring Dingle.



Entrance to Dingle Harbour

We left Dingle on 14th May heading for Lawrence Cove on Bere Island in Bantry Bay; the weather was fair but the wind on the nose, so not much sailing done as we went round Dursey island – the Dursey Sound with its strong tidal race did not tempt. The Bull Rock Light house was on our starboard side with its dramatic rock formation.

We turned into Bantry Bay and arrived at Lawrence Cove late afternoon. Lawrence Cove is a beautiful mooring, peaceful and sheltered and the weather was warm and sunny, although the only nearby shop wasn't that nearby and certainly not open all hours.

But we had to go on, and on 16th May left after a couple of nights heading for Baltimore. Looked like it was going to be a fair day with light winds, sails were put up however as



The Bull, Cow and Calf rocks

we rounded Mizen head (said to be the most southerly point on the south west coast) the wind picked up to F4 and the sea was choppy, this continued as we rounded Cape Clear and sailed into the large natural harbour of Baltimore in west Cork, We looked for a 'marina' and finally found an old concrete and timber barge which functioned as a pontoon

Baltimore is an attractive village with lots of visitors taking part in the watersports on offer -while we there, there was a big dragon boat meeting racing in the adjacent Roaring Water Bay. The weather was sunny and pleasant but windy constantly. Baltimore also offered ferries to Sherkin Island and Cape Clear including a trip round the Fastnet Rock with many sightings of dolphins.

We left Baltimore early on 20th May, once again breezy and choppy as we left the harbour heading to Kinsale however it was a pleasant sail and we moored up on the outer pontoon of the



Lawrence Cove Marina



Baltimore



Fastnet Rock

Kinsale Yacht Club. We intended to sail back to the UK from Kinsale when the forecast was right for the crossing.

As it happened we waited some time for the forecast to be suitable, in the meantime it was windy and wet nearly every day and along with various nationalities of yachts we waited for fair weather.

Kinsale is a nice town with long history and therefore a lot of coaches full of tourists, it has good transport links and nice restaurants. So there could be worse places to be weather bound.

Finally, we left in early June, the weather outlook had apparently improved and the marina was expecting approx. 30 boats from Falmouth doing the YM Celtic Triangle race in the coming days.

Salicet headed out of Kinsale towards Newlyn about 7pm on 8th June. As we left Kinsale the wind and sea state was worse than forecast, the wind blowing up to F 5 or 6 with a big swell, As the wind increased to F7 we had an uncomfortable 24 hours. Instead of the wind dropping it carried on gusting more strongly, this didn't improve until we crossed the traffic separation scheme at Lands End heading for Newlyn a bit battered, arriving about 10am. After catching up on food and sleep John our heroic crew member left by boat train back to Limerick.

We rested up, exploring the area and eating local seafood everyday, once more waiting and checking the forecast several times a day until it improved and we left on 16th June. It was fair and there were light winds. We experienced quite a swell across Mounts Bay and round the Lizard which calmed down as we approached Falmouth. We moored up on the visitors pontoon at Port Pendennis Marina. We left after 2 nights having fuelled up at Falmouth Yacht Haven then heading towards Plymouth. The weather was warm and sunny with light winds so we motored most of the way to Plymouth Haven marina. We left Plymouth after a couple of nights it was very warm and muggy and our next destination was Torquay.

We had a couple of rain showers and the wind picked up as we passed Salcombe and round Start Point, the wind and choppy seas continued until Berry Head on approach to Torquay, we crossed Tor Bay and motored into Torquay marina – sunny and calm at last!



Newlyn Harbour



Off Portland Bill

We spent a few days in Torquay waiting for the wind to drop and finally left on 25 June in mostly fair weather with light winds rounded Portland Bill close to the headland to avoid being sucked into the race which is something to be avoided at all costs!

We continued on to Portland Harbour and the marina built for 2012 Olympics – a huge harbour and tricky avoiding sailing dinghies while following the buoyed channel. We tied up on the visitors berth to be entertained by a large dolphin who seemed to take pleasure in leaping out of the water down the side of the boats soaking anyone sitting in the cockpit.

We departed Portland Marina on 28 June the forecast was 3-5 SW, we were heading to Yarmouth on the Isle of Wight. The wind turned out to be on the upper side of 5

and this was a very uncomfortable voyage. A miscalculation on our part as we were planning to arrive at the Needles just after the tide had turned around 4-5 pm. However the tide against us on our way was slowing us down a lot more than expected and the visibility was poor as fog came in – we finally arrived at the needles and went through about 9.30pm in the dark and with very limited visibility due to the fog, with the wind and tide behind us our speed was 10 knots at times. We were in danger of bypassing Yarmouth altogether – we identified the ferry lights at the entrance and turned into Yarmouth harbour, with no help available other than being told to tie up where we could. Yarmouth was very busy on this Friday night – so we managed to raft up to 3 boats. By the time we had tied up to the neighbouring boat it was midnight. When we woke the weather was much better and many of the boats were leaving so we went out of the harbour and picked up a mooring buoy while the harbour cleared of visiting boats – we were given a good linear berth perfect for our long keel boat.



Yarmouth IoW

We spent three more days as the weather was now glorious sunny and warm and explored the isle of Wight by bus.

We left Yarmouth heading for Portsmouth, we arrived at Haslar marina in Gosport after a good fast sail with the tide under us. Caught up with laundry and other chores and left a couple of days later heading for Eastbourne, with the tide against us we went round Selsey Bill through the inside Looe channel with fair weather and light winds and onto Eastbourne, a comfortable marina as the wind once again picked up for a few days, then on to Ramsgate our last port before home!

Ramsgate is one of our favourite harbours and we stayed for a week, the wind was strong through the Channel and we were waiting for it to drop and also waiting for favourable tides for going into Brightlingsea, the last leg to our home port, we had time and wanted a pleasant day sail.

On 17 July we set out at 5.30am and had a good sail through Foulger's Gap with fair weather and light winds only picking up as we went up the river Colne, we moored up early afternoon and we and *Salicet* were home at last.



Sailing England by the pound – a trip from Scandiwegia to a seeming infinity, and beyond – Julian Dixon (*Carina*)

Realising that probably not all sane skippers would do Denmark to The Channel in winter I was fortunate enough to sail under the eagle eyes of one of our Nic32 Association members – the venerable Andy Moore. The other crewman aboard was a big ship officer, a very intelligent man coming to see how we do things in little boats - and to see if there was any actual reason we should not just be pushed out of the way on a bow wave. I met up with Andy in Copenhagen that summer and he showed me his pride and joy Nic32 *Goblet*, in which he had just soloed the Atlantic, and which he swore by and told me to look for no other vessel on the water, short of marrying Abramovich himself. Searching the internet for weeks brought up results here and there, but no boat I was happy with, until in boredom I thought to search in German, just to see what would come up – and straight away there she was on the screen - a Nic in northern Germany, just three hours away by coach. Andy and my son and a hilarious ex French Foreign Legionnaire friend (just in case there wasn't any monkey business) set off straight there. What Mr Moore didn't know about Nics and what he didn't check wouldn't be worth mentioning – he was up the mast, down in the bilge, and upside down in lockers with just his legs sticking out, and the buyer's poker face turned into quiet smile and a nod. Soon we had done the deal, and the hardly used *Carina af Heligenhafen* was now freed again to sail the seas. We soon had her cleared for sea and Andy did the best thing possible and left me and my crew to get to know the boat by sailing her up to Copenhagen to meet him there at his home port.



Almost in Denmark

We had some vague plans of doing a long voyage and so some sort of testing was in order – duly, we filled up with precisely one tonne of beer from the local agents and headed north. Copenhagen was now a fleeting courtesy visit, as it was pretty chilly by now, being the end of September – we



First beer in Denmark

had to crack on home – home being the small town of Karlstad on the northern tip of one of Sweden’s inland great lakes “Vänneren”. Soon we found ourselves coming in to the Swedish West Coast Archipelago, and on through Gothenburg city centre on the river, coming to the first of many impressive swinging, lifting, cantering, tilting, decanting, flushing and otherwise operable bridges and locks on the Göta Canal – all of these efficiently opened on request by VHF radio. We were the only boat there, passed occasionally by timber and fuel ships heading to and from the inland lake ports and timber areas, in and out to the Kattegat. The canal itself is lovely. Well I’m sure it would be in the warmth. In the middle there is a big museum dedicated to the building of the canal, dug by tens of thousands of soldiers before mechanisation, which I was dying to see. And I still am, enthusiasm for seeing it heightened by the free entry ticket for canal users – so long as they come in when it’s open, which is the middle of summer only. That’s very Swedish – a lot things close down totally for the winter, but equally a lot of things close down totally for the summer – one has to be very aware of this.

Eventually we were spat out into lake Vänneren in cold wind and persisting rain, with the marina closed (not a boat in the water!), and the fuel pumps closed, meaning a slog with cannisters to a service station. Our first night on the lake was anchored in the lee of a small island to get away from rising winds and the impending darkness. Short days were a cross the Vikings had to bear as we did, and setting off at first light, we arrived home late and in the dark – fortunately down a well marked route which I knew well. Our arrival was met by my Brazilian friend being accused of leaving cans on the quayside – not that our red beer cans resembled the blue ones on the quay – but that’s how it is up here – you’re either Scandinavian and innocent, or you’re not and you’re not.

Back in the redneck territory of the deep forest I now call home, my friends were all out to help us get ready for a departure – somewhere – anywhere – souther and warmer. We took the pushpit railing off the boat and got it straight into a workshop and welded on the pieces to make up a decent aft frame to support a solar panel, emergency antenna, etc., and had it ready in under a day. The boat was hauled out and we spent days in cold wind scraping and applying new anti-fouling, and got her ready in record time.

One of my German mates Paul kindly rewired large parts of the boat to fit a solar panel and wind generator and controllers etc., staying on the boat at zero degrees with only a fan heater, as he was dead keen on coming along to sea. Supplies and safety gear were bought in and the day of departure was brought forward by a 20cm fall of snow on the decks one morning – and off we went, and not least as ice was forming in the bay – and once it’s frozen you’re stuck there for the winter. Before the day was out, sadly Paul realised sailing was not for him – he was green and yellow and weepy with the worst case of seasickness ever, and got out the moment we arrived next day on dry land: Same empty marina, same rain, same freezing winds, same closed fuel pumps, even the canal was the same, and the



Alone on Lake Vannern, Sweden



Lake Vannern before departure

bridges looked as though they hadn’t moved. A complete draining of the batteries so we could not start engine was our piece de resistance, having used the ‘William Wallas’ heater all day and all night. Luckily a call to a Italian friend in the town got us a start and we were off back towards Copenhagen to continue fitting out in an unfrozen port. That was a cold sail.

We were well into October by now and cracked on with sealing the forward hatch (hatch rebuild), ordering parts (anchor winch) and fitting parts – line locks to modernise our sound but old day sailing rig, etc etc. - and finding an Aries windvane. I found one in the UK and got a promise to send it out to us for about £100. It took two months, after finally a lot of shouting and threats and another £150 to get the thing to us. As anyone can imagine, the clock was ticking for getting across the North Sea – it was by now mid-December. I have to thank some lovely people in Denmark for helping us out – the harbour master at the club “Lynetten” – as she moderated the otherwise high visitors’ berthing fees for central Copenhagen in a packed harbour. And we had great Danish and Norwegian boat neighbours, who got us into music concerts again and again for free as guests, and drove us about to get spares, and the local chandlers who gave us massive discounts to help us along on our trip. It’s a city where I have a lot of lovely friends who invited us for dinners and took us around. But, hanging over our heads above all of this, was that we couldn’t leave the port as the Aries was supposed to be arriving at any moment (according to the couriers). And it was bloody cold, bitter and icy on deck, and condensation started to become a real issue, affecting the electrical equipment as it was literally running in streams down it.

Last minute kindness by our new Danish mates working into the darkness got out Aries fitted for a lull in the harsher

winds and off we set next morning, Aries untested. Our first obstacle was that the lowering mechanism wasn't the best design and jammed, with it being dangerous to lean out to work it loose and we had to do that in Germany. That was the only problem we ever had with it though, and once working it steered us perfectly, in light winds or harsh. We needed a bit of luck by now as after a long, long night we headed into the Kiel Canal entry areas, mooring up in a more or less deserted harbour where a German fisherman was kind enough to drive us into town for to seek provision. On the opposite side of the massive breakwater, was, a little hidden, what amounted to a hippy community – people permanently living in boats. We had some fun discussions on existentialism and reality and met an old hippy with long dreads – who turned out to be the best friend of one of my hippy friends up in the Swedish forest! It's a small world, until one sets out to sail it.

Next day at sunrise, after radioing the canal lock keepers, we went to the holding area for the canal and circled in the gusting drizzle as instructed. Four hours later the gates were finally opened for us. We could have had a decent breakfast, and needed one. When we did get in the massive locks were opened just for us, and we felt like a speck on the sea in there, before being flushed into the calm Kiel canal and a bit of wind-shelter for the next day of motoring. For anyone who has not done the big Canals, there is an art to it best learned from someone who has done it before, because big ships do not, cannot give any way, and they plough up the enclosed channels at fast speeds, with their wash throwing one easily sideways, if one gets into the wrong place as they pass. At Rendsburg 2/3 of the way along the canal is a branch taking one to the town centre. Here there were loads of boats in the marina, and our spirits took a leap – only to find not a single person aboard or near a boat, all cafes and facilities closed, pontoons gated and locked, with no way in or out. It was rather cosy listening to the rain beating on the decks, too scared to switch the heater on for long for fear of draining the batteries. I've not been a great fan of these fan powered William Wallas heaters since.

Next morning at first light I cast off alone to let the others sleep and headed for the canal exit at Brunsbüttel. By the time we had got down the river Elbe to Cuxhaven, following on the ebb tide we had hoped/planned to catch, it was, being midwinter, pitch dark. There was a roaring wind blowing across the river and the 6-7 knot ebb was choppy, rough and even visibly white in places. We had researched the entrance and layout of our chosen marina in Cuxhaven carefully, even bringing up satellite images so as to know what to expect – we had to turn sharply and probably had but one chance of getting into the entrance, which we did ever so smoothly, to find all the finger pontoons gone – none where they should be at all, no lighting, and matt black painted piles with no reflectors all over the place, with ropes trailing from them left right and centre. Looking for anywhere to secure we ran aground and, just as we got off, the engine cut out, filters blocked by muck as we found out. We got an anchor down and happily it held first time, so we weren't sucked back out into the river or pushed sideways by the current into pilings. Eventually we spotted a pontoon and elected to get in to it, despite its being the farthest out from any landfall. Next morning we had a full gale, and wind ricking us all about, with some worry the pontoon would not hold, but it did. In daylight one could see that the Germans had moved the finger pontoons into one another such that they were interlaced, and had left ropes dangling and floating all over the place. We had been lucky getting in without the prop getting fouled. So the long walk of half a kilometre to the clubhouse and shore was done by leaping from finger to finger back and forth along iced and slippery, semi buoyant fingers which sank as one walked them, six jumps in all, only some two feet across, but with swirling black, heavy looking tidal water boiling under them as we walked and leapt in a freezing wind one had to concentrate to resist. Not to exaggerate, but it was the stereotypical nightmare, jumping in the dark from one uncertain and sinking, moving, ice covered and slippery object to another the same, leaping over a deadly precipice. I'm sure it's nice in the summer.



Nelson in my dreams

At the chandlers as in many places we were met with quite a frosty reception until they found out I “wasn't English but from the Isle of Man” – which seemed to open a lot of doors mentally. I don't know what had happened there after the war, but it was clear there was a quiet dislike for specifically the English, which I would never have imagined. We got invited to pose for the local newspaper and enjoyed a brief interview and photoshoot followed by the reporter being true to his word and sending copies to our families. The only other visitor we had was a police launch asking why we were there and copying our papers – the only time in the entire journey I had been asked to provide any. In fact, we had been told there was no water but we had found a working tap and borrowed vast lengths of hosepipe, joining them together to get water for our tanks, only to be met with the caretaker screaming at us for it, despite all offers to pay for the darned water. Before this, we had contacted another marina to the north of the town to be told it was closed for the winter, sorry no water no showers no nothing. It turned out that the city centre marina was sort of half open and we could have gone in there behind the city lock/flood gates but the info had not been posted anywhere we looked. Eventually we did go in there for a few hours and were given water and even allowed to use the showers for free as a courtesy after we had become ‘famous’ as travellers in the local paper.

This time in harbour, two days solid, was taken up making a hole in the stainless steel fuel-tank top, with few tools and no shore power, cleaning it out with a special rake-cum-scraper tool we made, working in the rocking boat and the cold, finally making the job good with a new plastic fuelling and inspection and cap bolted and sealed onto it. The tank had certainly not been opened since the boat was built around 1968 and we got an entire bucket full of sludge out.

I should mention my crew – because they were great lads all the way – my son Jack (21) a strapping lad ready for



Gleb the Merciless

any adventure, and a Belarussian called Gleb, who didn't like being called any kind of Russian at all. Apparently all Belarussians are actually Lithuanians or Poles, or something like that. We had met Gleb via the Workaway website, when advertising for crew, and it has to be said he was sterling all the way – always ready to jump into action, pro-active, tireless and full of good ideas to help things along. Neither of them ever complained. Although in fairness, Jack saved a number up for me, for later.

Our next leg was out of the 11 mile wide and exposed Elbe, away from the sandbanks, and round towards the Dutch coast in a rare window of opportunity when the winds had died down a little. As the wind did get up again we were forced to use the motor a lot due to headwinds, constantly thinking and planning ahead should the weather turn really evil. I was determined to avoid a Den Helder entry at night, despite lovely facilities in the naval base marina there, because they turn navigation aids off at night for whatever reasons the military, and there are plenty of obstructions and sand banks about there. We did have a bash at getting straight across the North Sea – but met wind farm after wind farm construction site – building work was massive, we passed

works for several days, and there were so many exclusion zones that it was not possible to get over directly at all – in fact the way was blocked utterly and one has to follow the side of specified shipping lanes near the coast – I know, as patrol boats aggressively ploughed up to us, stopping in the last seconds, repeatedly, if we went so much as an inch into their 'no go zones' to make use of the wind angles and avoid massive detours or engine powered advances.

At one point there was a vessel announced on VHF to be towing a submerged cable array and one was told to stay clear of it by a sea mile. The only problem was that it kept turning and we could sail parallel but slower than it (he was making 9kts, we were making 5). Eventually we raised its skipper who sounded uncannily like Borat, who told us his course and which side of him to run to get round him – five or ten minutes later he changed course, and did so repeatedly, so we could not get past. Instead we headed for his stern and I think he got the idea, and we were given way to pass on our way South West. During the next day we had the first and only good weather of the whole trip – a decent 16kt wind on the beam half the day, which took us quickly further south.

During these two-three days we came into the close proximity of more and more fishing boats – and it has to be said that all too often, their watchmanship is sloppy to the level of being dangerous – I don't think they were aware of us and seemed to have no one on watch a lot of the time – who knows? But I wasn't happy being anywhere near them.

Being tired after some cold days at sea we were tempted to put into the great Dutch ports, but also knew that there were all manner of dangers, what with so many ships concentrating into bottlenecks and with the forecasts of more gales we headed straight on to Zeebrugge in Belgium.

Coming in, it was clear that there was not a single private boat in the water, and that we were entering yet another deserted harbour. We moored alongside in a rising gale, trying to calculate which way resounding waves would travel when the wind increased, so as to increase our chances of survival without damage. We ended up stuck there for around two weeks what with storm after storm, and little respite. We had five lines out from the stern, warps, catenaries, bishops, and the same out from the bow, as well as springs and rubber dampers – yet the boat shook and rattled day and night, one line shredding its outer mantle, but it held.

After weeks stuck there we finally got a one day weather window to get across to Ramsgate, some 14 hours of relative calm to make a dash for it. As we left Zeebrugge, work boats hooted warnings at us and waved something in Belgian. And they were probably right. It was a relative calm, meaning only the headsail got torn, and the railing smashed from only one side of the boat with a great bang into another confused wave. Soon after though, a great sheath of black fishing net had tangled in the propeller. With some pokery and more jiggery we managed to get most of its 10 odd feet long twisted mass free and were able to keep going, but slowed significantly. Well, we had to get North-West, with a gathering Westerly, and then straight West – by this time the winds were doing their best to push us East and the tangled prop was struggling with high revs to push us further West – we were making a SOG of some 2-3kts, with the balance in mind of a lowering of revs giving the quickly rising Westerly wind more time to rise, and a rise in revs potentially overheating the engine. Had there been a cooling water blockage, an overheating or any motor issues at that point I know we would not have made it. That limp into Ramsgate seemed to take an eternity – in reality it was some 3-4 hours. We radioed in for instructions but could not hear the answers. And promptly ran aground in the pitch dark in the port entry channel. Luckily we got off quickly, and made berth quickly. We tied that boat up like a trussed chicken that night.

Gleb had left us in Zeebrugge a visa short of the UK, and Jack left to stay in comfort with his friends in the UK, so I was left alone in the boat for some nights to care for her before daring to leave her. Not a good night's sleep in general, the wind noise was a screeching and a clanging of masts and equipment, with damage evident on other boats each morning.

We were there in Ramsgate several weeks, waiting for winds to drop and take us down the Channel, and I was not impressed by the fees nor the facilities, and there was no hint at waiving some of the costs, with a view to the extreme weather – we were the same prices as in summer, at £26 per night.

There was a funny occurrence there – we had been away from the boat for some days and returned to fit a third reef system and had the mainsail up in the berth. Two Border Force people turned up and said ‘ah we don’t see many people in here with their sails up, what time did you get in?’ ‘Well, says I, “...we got in about nine in the night”, pausing before adding “...about ten days ago”. I’m not sure if the irony was lost on her, but her next question was “Are you local, then?”. I looked slowly at our Swedish flag, flying well from our back-stay, its free end almost brushing my face, then looked slowly back at her. I’m not sure she got that one, either. She said “well you seem to know what you’re doing”, and with that, they wandered off.

Stuck in Ramsgate, in total we had five storms in a row, that first one being the strongest ever to blow in the channel, according to the media. It was at this point that the COVID lockdown threats became more and more serious. Indeed, after the second week there, pubs were told they would have to close and that would be that. Our thoughts were to get to Portsmouth, get all necessary last minute gear and provisions and get out of the UK to France and onward, along and down the European coast. We got the headsail fixed here and ordered loads of stuff online to improve the boat. Talking to Nic32 club members, we soon found some really decent sorts, not least Wayne Broderick who insisted on sending down a used headsail as a spare and would not accept any money for it. This sort of kindness was a real boost to our heretofore waning morale.

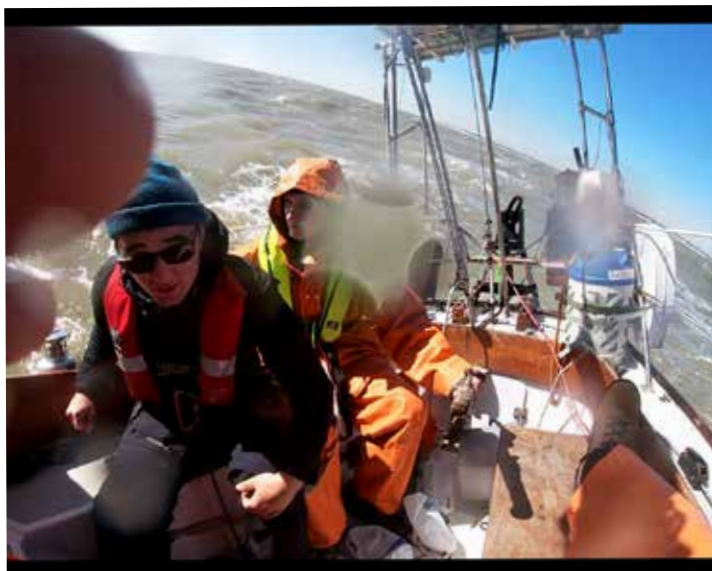
As soon as we did get some half decent weather we moved on to the Isle of Wight. The wind was rising fast again as we came into the Solent, and we promptly got lost and disorientated as to what were the allowed/marked waterways there, opposite HMS *Hermes* the aircraft carrier, with her attendant police boats patrolling - in the lashing rain intermixed with drizzle and very low visibility. We got in touch with Port Solent marina by radio and headed innocently up the channel to the locks. I asked them there and then if the circa £40 per night was the normal fee for the area and if there were cheaper alternatives as we were on a long voyage, to be told it was normal and there were not. Well it turned out that their reply was at best inaccurate, and as we soon found out – Haslar Marina cost far less and was right in the town (Gosport), with really friendly and helpful staff all the way. Of particular importance was to get the railing fixed that had been smashed off in hard weather and make sure the rest was secure – so we set off to find a boat builder to get some wood steamed to shape. Sadly, we were told again and again that the old trades people had just closed down and that there were no ‘real’ boat builders left in town. Eventually we did find the right man – John – at a sailing and youth care organisation called Oarsome Chance – they really did still build boats and knew about wood and were kind enough not only to lend us a steamer but also to source and pick up some hardwood from out of town.

By now, the COVID thing had worked itself into a frenzy, and people were emptying the stores of loo roll. We had an interest almost exclusively in pork pies, noodles and ketchup, the former being unavailable in Scandiwegia, the more so after finding out that Aldi do the best ones ever. In the world.

So having got all our necessary gear and provisions, we were about to set off when France announced its closing of all ports to British yachts, closely followed by closures to international traffic trying to arrive in Portugal and Spain (and thus the Canaries). We had a crowd of friends in Portugal waiting to receive us, having found us cheap berthing and good places to enjoy with them, which made the decision to turn back the harder. I had visions of the Caribbean Islands imposing ten day quarantine one after the other, with difficulties provisioning and accessing water, which turned out to be about right. So, back home via Denmark it was to be – but with only two of us as crew? Luckily one of my sons’ friends, Morgan, an Italian who loved warm sailing and good food agreed to abandon all his principles and common sense for us and sail north at the start of March. So, there he was with big Jack’s guitar from his mum, and a hefty Amp, asking a taxi driver at 3a.m. to take him to Brighton Marina as he was “going to Sweden”. I like that lad.

I recall crawling past the busy harbour entrance of Dover in what should have been favourable tidal streams, but which didn’t seem to be, with our propeller still tangled – something I had thought to sort out in France, diving to free it in warmer waters. It was a bit daunting seeing ferry after ferry darting out, with us making such slow progress.

There we were - soon once again in Ramsgate. Two days later, with the wind offering a not wholly reasonable opportunity, we headed out into the waves coming in from the East. There was quite a bashing over the shallows, and slow progress into high and frequent waves slowing us to two or three knots before we got out into open water and it all calmed down, and we were able at last to set sail. After a slow night of sail and motor, we were able to let sails fly properly and made good progress in water that had turned from muddy brown to a deep blue. Our Aries carried us along on course perfectly. On day three or four we espied



Do not upset the Italian



Carina backside down leaving Ramsgate shallows

the mists, and what lay ahead lay in the mists, with only the banks of the fjord and pine woods and headlands coming and going, occasionally a real channel or just miles of red and green marker buoys. It had a mystical feel to it, and one could imagine the mindset of early sailors and Vikings pondering the shores and who may be on them, friend or foe, and what lay ahead and how they had eluded the past, into anonymity and invisibility. Villages that popped up here and there were picture-postcard immaculate and pretty, and eventually after a fine and dreamy day, chilly, but with faces warmed by the sun, we put into one for the night. The tiny harbour of Løgstør has an entrance of some 15ft across, which made entry with a long keeler a commitment to get right first time but we moored safely and the lads ran off to find a shop and get some beers and some good Danish remoulade. The harbourmaster didn't want to charge us anything at all as it was off season and "all

the Danish coast and a working catamaran came out to meet us (pretending not to be, in the subtle Scandinavian way), turning around when it was just close enough to see our Swedish flag through binoculars. We were not troubled as we approached land by miles of sandy golden beaches, and entered the Limfjord Canal in bright sunshine. This inland route offers a mast-up alternative to travelling round the top of Jutland. The fjord is bordered by low lying lands on both sides, separating Jutland into two parts – all from pasture to dunes to low sea cliffs and a few bridges. After anchoring in the lee of a bridge promontory, we got a really good night of sleep in perfect calm – the first in the entire journey. So getting up early the next morning was a pleasure, again in sunshine, to heave in the anchor and set us a-motoring until the lads woke up, one then the other. There was a wonderful sea-mist out on the water – such that the sun shone through and it was warm enough, and bright, and yet one could only see the banks of the fjord come and go – the past faded into



Motoring Limfjorden



The ethereal Limfjord

facilities are closed for the winter", when actually, though basic, they were cleaner and more pleasant than almost anywhere else and he was very kind, happy to give people having an adventure some manner of tacit support. A lovely night that was, with the feeling of being back in calm Denmark with its reserved but good people. Next morning and we were motor-sailing East to Aalborg, where a cold wind descended and we found the normally vibrant Danish pubs to closed, museums closed, and the whole place in a lovely Scandinavian style voluntary 'recommended, but not enforced, lockdown'. So that was that and we just had to get home to Sweden in the fear of greater lockdowns to come, totally uncertain as to what really to expect.

By evening we were at sea – in the Kattegat, working our way around the shallows of Laeso in increasing, and very cold, winds. At 03:00 I was awoken by the motor giving up and a quick inspection told me the fuel filter was blocked. I wasn't best pleased even when, covered in diesel, we got the beast going again and headed on through the biting cold wind to get eventually into Gothenburg's outer harbour, weaving between the cargo ships, then ferry dodging in the narrow archipelago fairways, to get into the inner city and back up the river and (we thought) into the canal. When we got there, the 5-6 kts stream gave us some challenges in



Entering Gothenburg Roads

mooring as there were no bollards outside the city centre and the exorbitant docking fees there (£45 per night). We settled to come alongside an old floating restaurant with bits of metal sticking out at odd angles. Morgan suffered this cold badly and had to get to his bunk quickly, he was looking bad, yet was normally such a strong lad. The canal people had told us by VHF that they were not going to open to small vessels that day, despite our rush to get to the first opening-bridge start-line in time (three minutes ahead of deadline). So we moored up expecting a boring and cold day, when suddenly and just as we had started to cook a decent breakfast they radioed and said we could come in after all. So there we were back on the old canal, heading North East. After a day of motoring we came to the first locks, passed them and moored in peace in the tiny and deserted marina. It had been a fine day of mostly fields. Lots of fields. When we awoke there was thick frost all over the boat and around us, and again I cast off myself to let the lads get some sleep and headed north. Great lads they came up trumps as always with a full English breakfast - well, I think it was noodles in fairness, but it felt like much more at the time. The day took us through the myriad opening bridges with their watertight efficiency, and of course past the still closed Canal Museum, now for the third time. Not only that but the canal fee had gone up from £80 to £120 – I'll swear they knew we were coming back!

Out to the lake, we needed fuel – the fuel person was still in winter hiding, and it wasn't easy to moor to find that out, in strong winds by the lake, within a very tight turning space for our long keeler, and none of us was that keen on the walk to the petrol station with cannisters. At this point I got Morgan our Italian to ring Mauro my local Italian and explain to him in his best Neopolitan that that I had a godfather and that if he didn't come with fuel that instant his life could be on the line. Whatever he said worked, and he was straight down with Diesel for us, fresh from wherever Diesel comes from, and with a big smile as always.

Again the winds got up, but we were prepared for that by now, with cyanide capsules implanted in our teeth should it come to it, and we headed up motor-sailing, right tight to the wind, to the stunning archipelago half way up the lake. Sending texts to my Swedish friend Tommy, the grapevine got drumming that were back and more or less alive, and our kind friend Gunnar who runs a tourist/camping site on one of the islands, Lurö, had specially got up and lit the sauna for us in the middle of the night, expecting us in the early hours. The reality was that the weather had blown some marker buoys off course and I was not prepared to take us into the tiny rocky archipelago inlets in the dark and we had to make our excuses and apologies, and gutted, pass up such a darned good offer, to anchor up in the lee of an island a few km away East, in a bouldery 3m deep bay. Still alive, we threw off frosty duvets and sleeping bags, to enjoy that wondrous quietude and peace that is a Swedish island covered in pines, moss, and boulders, which looks as though it has never been touched by man.

After a good hot cup of tea we headed north to home port in daylight, to arrive just before dark, with Tommy there with a big smile to greet us. So keen were we to get in that we (well, I) nearly stuffed the mast straight into the boat crane 12m overhead. Luckily, an old fellow who had more sense than I had seen it coming and shouted across, and so we were in full astern mode when the touch happened, or things could have been far worse. It was a good ending to a significant journey with a moral: Don't go to Belgium. Or England. Go to Denmark instead: It's clean and safe, everything works, people are honest, the authorities reasonable, there's hardly any tide, the pubs are great, and good beer is still ten pence a bottle in some supermarkets. Just don't tell everyone. And don't take pork pies – sadly they don't like the sea air and go green. It puts a wry grin on my face just thinking about the trip – 5 months going Westward, but just 7 days to get home! In conclusion, I'd like to say that the Nic32 is a fine boat – no banging and bashing as newer boats are more wont to do, and who needs all that space? A long keel is a fine thing – there are no worries with an occasional grounding, and I'm not sure a fin keeler would have held her course in the high (3m), and frequent (4s interval) waves when ploughing East out of Ramsgate at the tale end of a gale.



Jules and Jack Dixon

Visiting the Tops

Peter Hammond (*Tina Louise*)

Owning and sailing our Nicholson 32 Mk X, *Tina Louise* has brought us to so many places that are difficult to visit any other way and taken us on new adventures. The following is, what I would consider the perfect 'potter'.

May 2025 in the Western Isles was balmy. Our intrepid trio, me and John on *Tina Louise* and Kevin on his boat *Calvador*, decided that a visit to a few 'tops on islands' might be a fun thing to do, and so leaving Oban in fine weather and a lovely breeze we headed up the sound of Mull with no particular objective in mind.

Since everything was peaceful, avoiding the fleshpots of Tobermory, and having a good wind and tide around Ardnamurchan point we headed for Ghallanach on the north side of Muck. It is a super anchorage with good holding on a sandy bottom. There were a few boats already in but we had plenty of room and rowed ashore to see the view from our first top.



Sunset from the top of Muck looking down on the anchorage

As the sun set we were rewarded with views across the small isles with our next top, the Scurr of Eigg clear to see.

We had enough breeze the following morning for the short hop over to Eigg. The approach under sail through the southern entrance was exciting as we hadn't seen the incoming ferry, and so some expedient rounding up and getting sails down was necessary before we could enter the anchorage of Poll Nan Partan, again lovely holding in sand. It is a quick row ashore followed by a very pleasant walk up the Scurr - it is a walk, not a climb - and again the views from the top are worth all the effort.



Approaching Eigg



The mighty Scurr of Eigg (Walk traverses the right hand side of the view)



View down to the anchorage Poll Nan Parton

The route down and a visit to the 'Brewery' on the harbour side, then a wander around to the anchorage for a BBQ ended a very pleasant day. The anchorage can be subject to incoming swell and therefore can be a bit roly so if you do intend to visit bear that in mind.

Our final 'Top' was one I'm almost afraid to revisit. It is such a special place and I have such wonderful memories of it that I almost dare not go back. However with the weather set so fair and my crew having not been there before it was the perfect time to visit Loch Scavaig on Skye.



View down onto the anchorage with the Cuillin Ridge behind



A fair breeze wafted us north to an empty anchorage. My crew and I wandered along the side of Loch Coruisk, surrounded by the majestic hills. It is such a wonderful place. We then scrambled up to the small hill overlooking the anchorage and a fine view of tomorrow's top.

Squerr Na Stri is a small mountain south east of the anchorage. As you enter the loch you see two buttresses rising almost from sea level to a 'pointy' summit. Previously we had wandered up the more eastern ridge and so set our sights on the 'unclimbed' one. The route requires traversing 'The Bad Step' on the path to Elgol. Once past this obstacle a rising traverse takes you to the start of the buttress and the scrambling starts. I love this type of wandering. The rock was perfect and we ascended by various routes to reach the top, finding a number of jet engine pieces from a crashed American jet on the way.

Perhaps next time will continue to Rum and Canna too, but for now we'll just enjoy the view from where we are.



My happy place

The Night My Cooker Became a Blowtorch

Alan Thorne (*Tivoli*)

A peaceful evening at anchor in Stangate Creek, off the River Medway, nearly ended in disaster aboard *Tivoli*.

While preparing dinner, my gas stove suddenly malfunctioned. Without warning, the burner turned into a blowtorch, sending a fireball across the galley. I managed to shut off the isolation valve beside the cooker and threw a fire blanket over the flames. To my horror, flames immediately appeared around the edges of the blanket and began scorching the hardwood surround behind the cooker.

For a few alarming moments I genuinely thought I might have to abandon ship. Through my mind flashed the image of jumping overboard and swimming to safety while watching *Tivoli* burn to the waterline.



Tivoli

Fortunately, the flames subsided before they could take hold. I was then able to leave the cabin and shut off the gas at the regulator. Even so, the experience left me badly shaken. My hands continued trembling for hours afterwards.

The culprit turned out to be a standard camping/caravan gas regulator. Despite being less than two years old, it had corroded internally and failed catastrophically. A marine gas engineer later informed me that the use of a non-marine regulator could have invalidated my insurance. It was a sobering lesson. While a regulator bearing the word “MARINE” may cost many times more than its camping equivalent, there are good reasons for the difference.

I initially replaced the faulty regulator with a proper marine unit, but the high pressure had damaged the cooker. As I considered the cost of replacement, I found myself questioning whether I wanted LPG aboard at all. Eventually, I decided to decommission the gas system completely and fit a second-hand Taylors paraffin cooker instead.

Unlike many modern appliances, the Taylors was designed for a very long service life and for maintenance by its owner. Genuine spare parts are undeniably expensive, but the cooker itself is a remarkable piece of engineering. I found a used example on eBay for under £1,000 — a considerable saving on the £4,000-plus cost of a new one. Although advertised as “fully reconditioned”, it still required a substantial overhaul before I was satisfied with it.

Operating a pressurised paraffin cooker does require a degree of mechanical sympathy. Commissioning involved replacing seals, carefully tightening fittings, and tracking down a few minor leaks. Pre-heating is part of the ritual; I find that about 6cc of methylated spirits delivered by pipette works perfectly, although a plumber’s blow-lamp is another option*.

One useful refinement has been to boil a full kettle whenever the cooker is running and transfer the hot water to a stainless-steel vacuum flask. This provides hot drinks throughout a passage without repeated lighting and pre-heating.

Following a recommendation from fellow Nicholson owner Sandy, I installed the fuel tank beneath the bunk, below the cutlery drawer. The system holds pressure for weeks at a time and has proved entirely reliable.

The conversion has been a success. I have exchanged the risks associated with LPG for the occasional inconvenience of cleaning a blocked jet. More importantly, I now enjoy genuine peace of mind. The Taylors may demand a little more involvement from its owner, but somehow that seems entirely appropriate aboard a nearly sixty-year-old Nicholson 32.



The end result

* Note by Editor: On Ballyhoo we (and indeed the previous owners) have always used a blow-lamp, which, though sometimes challenging (and some crew have refused to touch it) has the great advantage that relighting a still hot burner is possible, which it isn't with meths.

Mast Boot replacement Herb Sutcliffe (Jouster)

Note by Editor: The team at Nic 32 Headquarters has often seen requests for information about how to replace the mast gaiter, so we here present an edited reprint of the article published in the 2020 edition of the Bulletin.

Jouster, a 1964 Mk III, has, for the last 19 years, been kept on the west coast of Scotland at Ardfarn, 25 miles south of Oban, a beautiful spot. She is taken out of the water and kept on the hard for the duration of each winter. Mid-winter can sometimes be a bit wild on the west coast so, in order to cut down the windage for stability while propped up, the mast and rigging is removed and racked.

The old mast boot had been on the boat for a long time before *Jouster* came to me and was looking rather tatty. It was made of a grey plasticised sort of fabric which was cracking with age and, to ensure a good waterproof joint at mast and deck, as well as having large jubilee clips top and bottom it was sealed with copious quantities of silicone sealant. It was time for a replacement.

Having seen a comment on Facebook from one of our Antipodean N32 brethren a couple of years ago I managed to track down a UK company that dealt in drainage pipes and such. I came across a rubber flexible drainage adaptor



coupling which looked like it might fit the bill. The crunch then, go for it and see if it is suitable!

Having measured both the old mast itself and the oval, raised, deck fitting I decided that the item to fit the bill was the “Flexseal 225mm to 160mm Rubber Flexible Drainage Adaptor Coupling” from the on-line company www.drainagesuperstore.co.uk.

Following an internet order with next day delivery the photo at left shows the initial mast fitting last winter

My delight when the mast was replaced the next spring was palpable as the boot, seemingly tailor made for the job, looked pretty good.

There is a small amount of vertical compression due to the position of the lower mast cleats and winch handle pocket which I hadn't foreseen but otherwise it fits beautifully. The rubber allows a lot of leeway for the fit so



millimetric accuracy of measurement is not necessary. As, presumably, this item is meant to be underground, I am not sure of its UV resistant properties so have made a simple canvas wrap-around cover which looks fine but, as Alan Thorne mentioned on our FaceBook page, a cover is probably not necessary. It has now been on *Jouster* for a complete summer season with some lively seas and is perfect for the job, I can recommend it.

An internet search this year showed the boot for sale at pipestock.com, as a “Fernco Adaptor Coupling, Code 484337, Fernco EPDM Adaptor Coupling 200-225mm x 160-175mm, List price £43.79, discount 30%, Cost £30.65

One man. One Nicholson 32. One extraordinary dream – thousands of young lives changed Rollo Astbury Goodman (Becky)

Among classic offshore yachts, few inspire more loyalty and respect than the Nicholson 32. Built for endurance rather than fashion, these legendary vessels have carried sailors across oceans for decades. Now, *Becky*, a 1964 Mk III, faces perhaps her greatest challenge yet.

I am a volunteer youth worker and professional sailor and completed my first solo Atlantic crossing 2 years ago. It took me 4 weeks and was an interesting trip after losing my auto pilot and navigational equipment after 3 days.

Now I'm preparing for a solo, non-stop circumnavigation from Falmouth, passing all three great capes before returning home in 2028. The voyage will take an estimated 8–10 months and will raise funds for Lifebeat, a charity I have supported for over ten years, helping young people discover their potential through transformative residential experiences.

Every refit milestone this year and every mile sailed next year will directly support a new Lifebeat project helping young people move into employment. Follow, share, and donate—because this isn't just a voyage around the world; it's a journey towards brighter futures. In the UK employment for young people is at an all-time low. This is a systematic issue that needs addressing.

The proposed project will harness the energy of past Lifebeat weekend residential courses with the aim to focus on looking into potential careers opportunities for young people which may have been overlooked in the past. Giving them the confidence to take that first step into the unknown, to offer a support system where with confidence they can express themselves. Focusing on these elements Lifebeat aim is to help the young people adapt to the world of work, to grow and to find the right pathway into the industry of their choice, a route to success which will greatly empower them. To prove that it is not where you come from, or your start in life that determines your career, the aim being to give these young people the time to develop, and evolve, to have the opportunity to delve into their passions and interests in a supported environment, enabling them to look at a potential working future with positivity. We want them to be excited about going into the workplace, with confidence to step outside their comfort zone and to be willing to try things. Lifebeat offers a supportive system to help guide them, it's a community which is not connected to their school or to their family, allowing far greater impact

The trust that Lifebeat has gained over the years with its transformative work has created the perfect platform for them to deliver this important and needed project.

Editor's comment: We know that many of our members will wish to support this very brave effort, if only to show that the Marks I-IX are up to this challenge (the Golden Globe Race restrict entries to Mk X or XI, for no reason that I understand). You can support Rollo by going to his JustGiving page at <https://tinyurl.com/y33ysvzn>. For more about Lifebeat go to www.lifebeat.com



Rollo on completion of his solo Atlantic crossing



Becky is prepared for her adventure

The Nicholson 32 Association AGM and Annual Lunch

Sarah Meeson (*Wild Weasel*)

Annual General Meeting

The Annual General Meeting of the Nicholson 32 Association was held at the Cruising Association's Club House on 28th February 2026. 21 Members were present, including one from Dublin via the Zoom link. Apologies had been received from two Committee members: Robert Hill and Simon Braunholz.

Class Captain's Report by Ben Kemp

This was Ben's last report as he was retiring after 3 years as Class Captain. He said it was a privilege to be an owner of such a sea kindly boat, capable of being restored and kept going; most were now over 50 years old and were being cared for by people like us in the Association. He appreciated the generosity of spirit and camaraderie and the sharing of knowledge that came from the members. Each member of the Committee was thanked for his or her specific contribution - Kate for the swanky merchandise (as well as keeping the accounts), Sandy for the magnificent Bulletin, Robert for his quiet leadership as Secretary, Simon for maintaining the website, Alan for his knowledge and inspiration behind FaceBook, Sarah for bringing fresh ideas to the Trophy scene and Pete for his tales of climbing and sailing (and general support, especially helping Simon and Robert with website and membership matters).

Alan Thorne proposed a vote of thanks to Ben, which was fully supported by all present.

Treasurer's Report by Kate Caesar

The accounts for the year had been published prior to the meeting. They showed a similar position as last year - net worth at approximately £11,000, with £8000 held in cash (£60 difference from last year) and £3000 in stock - so we had just been breaking even. Forecast expenditure for the coming year included new rudder shoes for stock and glassware for prizes, and other costs were also going up; there was therefore a proposal to increase the annual subscription, to be discussed and voted on later at this meeting.

Kate reminded members that she held the club merchandise and that ideas for new items would be welcome.

The accounts for this and last year had been audited by Stafford Taylor and had been agreed to be a fair view of the financial position of the Association. Kate thanked him for doing this for us and noted that she would look at introducing a new accounting method during the coming year.

The accounts for both years were proposed (by Dave Anderson) and agreed by all present.

Secretary's Report (presented by Peter Hammond in Robert Hill's absence)

Robert had reported, by email, that the website showed 230 or 240 members - duplications accounted for the difference. The membership was stable at about that number, with a healthy turnover. Amalgamation of two different systems for recording email addresses could have resulted in some members not receiving recent communications – if any member suspected this to be the case please inform the Secretary.

Membership Subscriptions

These were currently £20 per year for all, and had not been increased for many years (except for the recent rationalisation of the Associate subscription). Benefits included the Bulletin, the Website and technical information, and access to specialised stock. As noted from the Treasurer's Report, we were now only just breaking even and costs were all increasing. It was therefore proposed to increase the annual subscription to £30; whilst it was recognised that this was a large percentage increase, it was hoped that it would not be necessary to increase the subscription again for some time, as there was a not insignificant administration load in making the change. The change would not be effected until 2027. It was noted that Joint Membership (for one subscription) was accepted, as long as the joint members shared a single Bulletin.

The proposal to increase the annual subscription to £30 was unanimously approved by those present.

Appointment of Committee

Ben Kemp noted that there was always room for new people to join the Committee; informal meetings were held on Zoom about 6 times a year. He was pleased that, apart from him retiring as Class Captain, the current Committee were all happy to continue in post.

All members (except Class Captain) of the Committee were re-elected for a further year.

Election of Class Captain: Peter Hammond had been proposed by Ben, and had agreed to stand. There were many seconders and Peter was unanimously elected as the new Class Captain.

Ben would be pleased to remain on the Committee, and Peter wanted him to stay; Ben was duly confirmed as a continuing Committee member.

Informal Business

There was a discussion on the way ahead for the Bulletin - for details see the Editorial on p2. In summary, Sandy Tyndale-Biscoe reported that getting material is increasingly difficult (so far this year he had 2 articles) - and he wondered if a different format, possibly combining the Bulletin and the Members list into one year book, for example, might be a way forward. He was concerned that the Internet and FaceBook (etc) might be taking over from the printed word. In discussion it was clear that:

- everyone present (including by Zoom) liked the current format;
- A5 format would make it more difficult to display articles and photographs so attractively;
- in the past, the Membership Booklet had been used as proof of membership;
- having a separate Bulletin meant that it could be given to outside organisations without breaching members' confidentiality; this meant it was useful as PR material;
- combining into one document would not give significant saving on production costs.

This was followed by discussions about the AGM Venue and Format. The following emerged:

- In the past the AGM had been held in the evening, followed by dinner at a more formal venue. For years, we had used the Naval Club in Mayfair, but this had closed during Covid.
- The timing for early in the year had come from the days when the Earls Court Boat Show had existed – members could attend the Boat Show during the day and then come on to the AGM and Dinner in the evening.
- The Committee had (a couple of years ago) briefly considered whether the timing should be moved to coincide with the Southampton International Boatshow but, at the time, identifying a suitable venue had been difficult.

The general consensus of those present was that the AGM and lunch in London at CA House worked well. London had the best transport links for the majority of people and the CA looked after us well.

Annual Lunch

The meeting adjourned to the bar and the usual excellent lunch during which, in a series of votes members chose the winner of the Proctor Trophy (see centre spread). After this we were entertained by an excellent presentation by Sam Tyrell about his early season solo trip in *Stowaway* from Bucklers Hard to Pin Mill for which he won the Jim Williamson Trophy (see below).

Finally, Sarah Meeson announced the awards of the Association's Trophies, as follows:

Sea Wolf Trophy (account of long voyage): Beth Browne, *Dyola III* - from Brittany to Madeira. This was a lyrical account of skies and stars, accompanied by atmospheric pictures.



Peter Fetto – Hamble Cup

Hamble Cup (most enterprising voyage): Peter Fetto, *Ngairé* - from Aldeburgh to the Solent and back, taking in the Round the Island Race, which was sailed in horrible conditions, which, despite the picture, Peter claims to have enjoyed.

Camper and Nicholson Salver (short voyage): Peter Hammond, *Tina Louise* - around Jura. A tale of peaceful anchorages, gentle light-wind sailing as well as more testing beating in a F4/5 gusting to F7, accompanied by great photos and a helpful chart.

Scottish Cup: Ben Kemp, *Blue Venturer* – the Class Captain, sailing with his family from Badachro. After a nearly disastrous start (when the forward gear did not engage after casting off from their mooring), they visited tranquil anchorages, busy marinas and glorious beaches.

Jim Williamson Trophy (Seamanship): Sam Tyrell, *Stowaway* - Bucklers Hard to Pin Mill. This was a single-handed, early season voyage, in a boat new to him, and anyone who heard Sam's presentation at the Annual Lunch would be in little doubt about his seamanship.

Navigators and General (technical article): Peter Hammond, *Tina Louise* – fitting a staysail. There was good technical detail and a helpful narrative for anyone who might want to try the same rig.

Spindrift Cup (best presented boat): Jan Van Vaek, *N'Timpa* (ex *Le Corbusier*) – nominated by Peter Hammond. Some great photographs of the restoration in the 2025 Bulletin, and further shots of *N'Timpa* in action were shown at the 2025 Annual Lunch – a beautiful boat.

Wooden Spoon: Sarah Meeson, (*Wild Weasel*) awarded this to herself (*a modest gesture, but I'm not sure it's allowed, Ed*) – for not checking the impeller, after a season of overheating engine problems.

Proctor Trophy (photographic competition judged at the Annual Lunch): Sandy Tyndale-Biscoe, *Ballyhoo* – see centre spread, p20-21.

The **Vectis Trophy** (winner of a race between Nic 32s) was not awarded.



Sam Tyrell – Jim Williamson Trophy



N'Timpa – Spindrift Cup



Wild Weasel tow to Alderney





The Nicholson 32 Association

nicholson32.org.uk

Membership of the Nicholson 32 Association is open to anyone who owns a Nicholson 32, or is in the process of buying one. Ex-owners, or anyone who has an interest in the Nicholson 32 marque, can apply for Associate Membership.

Membership is also open to owners of our sister class, the Nicholson 31.

A motion to increase membership subscriptions was approved at the Association AGM in February. Printing and postal costs have risen substantially over the years, as well as the cost of holding essential parts, and we hope that members will be content to pay the new rate. All members, whether Boat Owners (Full), or Non-Boat Owners (Associate) will have an annual subscription of £30, which will start on the rolling renewal of their membership. Because of the payment processes we use, this will require members to sign-up for a new membership but please be assured we will make this as painless as possible!

We intend to send a reminder email in advance of each member's renewal with a follow-up on the day of renewal with links and instructions.

The Committee

Peter Hammond (<i>Tina Louise</i>)	Class Captain	captain@nicholson32.org.uk
Robert Hill (<i>Sagan</i>)	Hon Secretary	robert@hill4.co.uk
Kate Caesar (<i>Gulliver G</i>)	Hon Treasurer	katecaesar@yahoo.co.uk
Sarah Meeson (<i>Wild Weasel</i>)	Trophies Secretary	sarah.meeson@yahoo.com
Alan Thorne (<i>Tivoli</i>)	FaceBook admin	ajthorne3@hotmail.com
Sandy Tyndale-Biscoe (<i>Ballyhoo</i>)	Bulletin Editor	a.tyndalebiscoe@btinternet.com
Geoffrey Caesar (<i>Gulliver G</i>)	Bosun	bosun@nicholson32.org.uk
Simon Brauholtz (<i>Splashdown</i>)	Webmaster	n32webmaster@nicholson32.org.uk
Ben Kemp (<i>Blue Venturer</i>)		

The Association keeps a stock of vital spare parts, including Tiller Bolt Bushes, Rudder Shoe and Strap, and the Nicholson 32 Association flag. These can be purchased online through the shop, which is accessed in the 'Clubhouse' page of the website (<https://nicholson32.org.uk/1658-2/merchandise/>), or by emailing bosun@nicholson32.org.uk.

