



The official Newsletter of the
International Yachting Fellowship of Rotarians in Great Britain and Ireland

Rotafleet News

The International Fellowship of Rotarians is a group of Rotarians dedicated to the promotion of yachting and other boating activities as an opportunity for friendship and service. This fellowship operates in accordance with Rotary International Policy but is not an agency nor controlled by Rotary International.



Spring/Summer 2015

Commodore's Report

The winter months probably see less boating activity than in summer, but no doubt we are all looking forward to an improvement in the weather and a start to the boating season (except perhaps for those lucky enough to have the opportunity to sail in the Mediterranean or the Caribbean – you know who you are!)

Jeanne and I have been continuing our visits to the GB&I Fleets. We had a very enjoyable day earlier in the year with the East Coast Fleet at the home of their



Commodore, Bob Francis, and have many more invitations lined up.

I am so pleased that GB&I have been very successful with grant applications. Out of the 8 grants awarded in Area 1, four were to GB&I Fleets, the South West, Suffolk, East of Scotland and Thames totalling US\$ 7,370 out of an Area total of \$17,000 (see later article). However, no-one can

guarantee how long international funds will be available to distribute to support good causes, so if your Fleet has identified a worthwhile project it will be worth getting the information ready to submit a grant application in the autumn. All the information that you will need about the Grants Programme can be seen in the Members' Section of the IYFR web-site (www.iyfr.net).

I am pleased that there was a strong GB&I contingent attending the Area 1 Meeting in Naples at the end of April. As you may recall, this relatively new event has normally taken place in the autumn but was brought forward this year to be held jointly with an Italian Fellowships week-end. We will look forward to receiving a report from those attending. What with attending the RIBI Conference in Belfast, and our visit to Sao Paulo for the RI Convention, and the IYFR AGM, this was just one trip too far for us! Peter Ibbotson, our Rear Commodore represented us at the Area 1 Meeting.

We are hoping that the dates and venue for the next joint meeting with the Flying Fellowship can be announced soon. They are keen to have the event at the end of June, 2016 which may be very near or even clash with my Handover to Robin. However, we will have to see how matters develop.

Membership continues to be our big concern. I suppose in part this is a reflection of the same issue in RIBI but I do hope we can all be alert to the task of finding new members whenever the opportunity arises.

Rodney Davis
Commodore, IYFR in GB&I

Cardiff Executive Meeting & Fellowship Weekend

As usual the 2014 sailing season closed with an IYFR event, this time at the New Country House Hotel in Cardiff between Friday 31st October and Sunday 2nd November. Nigel Fentiman describes his experiences there:



The first mate and I set off from Cobham for Cardiff, arriving at the hotel shortly after 1400 hours and settled into our room. So whilst the Executive Committee were doing whatever executive committees do, we enjoyed the afternoon with our fellow IYFoRians, catching up on people and events.

Thereafter, we assembled in the bar for a pre-dinner tippie and renewed more friendships with the latecomers. Friday night was an informal private buffet dinner, and as with the Kings Lynn hotel we had to go outside to get to the dining room. The consolation was that it wasn't raining and we had an excellent night view over Cardiff. We had to be encouraged to leave the bar and join our tables for what was an enjoyable and friendly dinner.

After dinner Commodore Rodney gave a short welcome and introduced our secretary, Jean Skinley, who gave us strict instructions for the Saturday. We all had to be up bathed, fed and in our seats by 0915 sharp to be updated on IYFR activities. There were the usual formalities and reports, all duly recorded and minuted. Coffee was served, the coaches arrived, and we were on board like clockwork by 1115 for our visit to the Millennium Stadium and a cruise round Cardiff bay.

After a short video our guide, Tom, took us around the stadium. Viewing the pitch, Tom explained that the lights covering half the pitch were only there to make the grass grow as it had been reseeded: later the grass would be reinforced with polypropylene tufts and it would then be ready for a game the following Saturday.

Then it was on to the dressing rooms, where for some reason the ladies exhibited an unnatural fascination with the showers. We also went into a special lounge reserved for people who have played for Wales and which is not normally open to the public. I guess they thought that as Rotarians we would not pinch the silver!

It was onwards and upwards through the hospitality areas to get a lovely view of the pitch from on high. All possible catering facilities are laid on for matches, as long as

you can afford the eye watering charges. Finally we reached the president's box, which was even more luxurious with richly upholstered seats from which to watch the match. We were even able to put our bottoms where the great and the good of the land have placed theirs!



After a break for lunch, the coaches took us to the docks where we boarded a waterbus for a cruise on the harbour lake created by the barrier. The skipper gave us an amusing commentary and we were lucky enough to see the unusual cantilevered road bridge working, otherwise we would have had to pass under it. We were informed that our wooden waterbus was actually built in Wroxham, Norfolk, especially so she would have a low air draft (presumably using the Potter Heigham Bridge as a pattern).

We returned to the hotel in time for a wash and brush up and more pre-dinner drinks in the bar. Saturday's dinner was a more formal affair, giving the ladies a chance to dress up, and after dinner we were royally entertained by the Cardiff Arms Park male voice choir. Outstanding and very moving!

Finally there was breakfast on Sunday before we said our good byes after another active and fun-filled IYFR Weekend.



Barnsdale Hall

The 2015 Annual General Meeting was held at Barnsdale Hall in Rutland between 13th and 15th March. It followed the usual pattern of an informal dinner on the Friday night; the AGM on the Saturday morning; a trip on the Saturday afternoon, in this case to Burleigh House nearby; a more formal dinner on the Saturday night; and breakfast and depart on the Sunday.

Barnsdale Hall overlooks Rutland Water and is an old country residence that predates the building of the reservoir, enhanced with new hotel accommodation and with many time share properties in the grounds. It is a great activity centre; not just sailing and water sports, but also cycling and walking.



The main topic at the AGM was the budget for the coming year, which was based on 250 members in GB&I. The historic cash surplus had been run down as planned from previous years and now stood at £6,369 at the end of 2014, as compared to £6,491 at the end of 2013. The levelling off in recent years was largely the result of revenue savings, notably in printing costs. However the current financial position did not provide much headroom, especially for organising events like these fellowship weekends. It was therefore unanimously agreed to increase the basic member subscription from £15 by £2 to £17 (this is before any additional subscriptions charged by local fleets). This is the first increase in many years.

Otherwise discussion was largely on upcoming events, notably the Area One Meeting in Naples and the GB&I Conference in Belfast. Fleets were urged to organise joint events to enable members to visit unfamiliar waters, and members were encouraged to attend national events, like the Slovene Regatta in June. The next Fellowship Weekend will be between 30th October and 1st November 2015 in Kendal (the Lake District). The next AGM is likely to be 1st to 3rd April 2016 in the Ludlow (Welsh Borders) area (still to be confirmed due to the timing of Easter next year).

Thereafter the members conveyed themselves to Burghley House, home of the famous Horse Trials. This is a most impressive building set in equally impressive grounds. The Garden of Surprises was especially novel, its modern features contrasting with the

antiquity of the surroundings. It was a really interesting and informative day out, surrounded by so much history and accumulated art.





From Schooner to Dugout the Ecuadorian Way

It was all David Attenborough's fault! We were happily settled with a glass of wine to watch a nice nature programme on the television when we saw his descriptions of the Galapagos Islands and were bitten. We concluded that a 16 berth schooner is the only way to explore the Galapagos, and so took to the seas off Baltra Island in November 2014 and had a wonderful experience accessing these fascinating volcanic islands. The comforts of the larger cruisers definitely did not appeal to us as we wanted to travel with smaller numbers and have the time to explore.



The *Cachalote* was a beautifully equipped schooner with 16 berths, complete with a local expert naturalist guide who had been educated in Germany. Island hopping didn't really give an opportunity to get the sails up: by the time they are set, it is time to bring them down again. However, two longer voyages in the eastern part of the Galapagos Islands gave time to enjoy a leisurely sail with frigate birds taking a free ride in the rigging, albatrosses skimming the water, and dolphins playing through our bow wave. We sailed to Genovesa, which is in the northern part of the islands and has a population of red footed boobies, Storm Petrels, Frigate Birds, Tropic Birds and nocturnal Swallow Tailed Gulls. Whilst we were on this passage we were suddenly taken back in time to the days of the *Beagle* when a square rigger appeared over the horizon: not a pirate ship, but a training vessel of the Ecuadorian Navy!



Schooners, in this location are nothing without their *pangas* (a motorised rib), which ferried us right up to landing stages or to rocky outcrops. In some places there are no landing stages, so we waded ashore like English pirates and buccaneers, and even as Spanish bishops have done since these ‘Enchanted Isles’ were discovered in 1535. The *pangas* gave us opportunities for snorkelling with the sea lions, white tip sharks, rays and an abundance of other tropical fish



Schooners to Dugouts: what is the link? On this occasion Ecuador. Two short plane rides from the Galapagos via Guayaquil (a city associated with the production of Panama hats and which is nowhere near Panama) took us to the Yasuni National Park. This is on one of the tributaries of the Amazon and where we picked up our local motorised canoes. At the local Anangu Community we transferred to paddle power to go down smaller streams to the eco-lodges of the Napo Wildlife Centre, which are located in a spectacular setting in tropical rainforest nestled along the side of a lake.

Unfortunately there were no masts on the canoes, which meant we were not able to fly our IYFR Burgee, so perhaps did not get the usual level of hospitality afforded to flag officers of our fellowship.



The trips down the small streams were really exciting as you never knew what you are going to find around the next corner. We saw giant otters; spider monkeys; parrots at salt licks; macaws; the occasional caiman, and numerous birds. Under paddle power we did not disturb the wildlife and had time to appreciate our surroundings. There



were a number of hazards to navigation because branches and sometimes whole trees fall into waterways, reducing the depth to a matter of inches. So we all had to get out and move the boat onwards. It is awe-inspiring, paddling down waterways, when you realised the vastness of the forest that is all around you. I wish I could say that it was tranquil and peaceful, but the amount of noise from all the birds and the monkeys meant one did not have the peace we often feel on a boat out at sea.

The dugouts are unquestionably the only way to get access to see the variety of wildlife, but don't expect to keep dry! The vast regulation ponchos did not prevent the rain of the tropical deluges flowing down and then upwards, leaving embarkation a very amusing sight as we waddled back to the huts for dry pants. However the whole trip was an unforgettable experience and something we would happily recommend to anyone.

Robin Sudlow

Everyone has their Everest:

To Short Hand Sail the Atlantic Was Mine !

It is never too late, and I managed the crossing short-handed at the age of 71. Success depends on in the belief that you can do it and thorough preparation. I selected a



sturdy encapsulated keel boat, the Slocum 43, and to ensure that we could not be thrown the full width of the cabin, I installed a commercial fishing net down the cabin. I believed it was necessary to have state of the art, navigation, AIS transponder, communication, and safety equipment on board. So as to be visible at night I replaced the spreader lights with LED flood lights,

which were left on all of the night. Twice passing freighters thanked us for being so clearly visible at 12 miles. They said we looked like a Christmas tree. Collision Regulations do allow this as 'being seen' is paramount, and more important than the small loss of night vision. Redundancy of equipment is absolutely necessary. I think passive systems such as wind vane and solar cells are best. In addition to the HF, a satellite phone and modem were essential for communication and weather data downloads. The boat had so many aerals I feared the US coast Guard might take us as a North Korean spy ship!!

On long ocean voyages things break, and they did: the Windex and wind speed gauge; the main fridge; one of the depth finders; the engine alternator, and the head sail shackle pin: they all failed. The last two we managed to repair at



sea. In a storm the main 30kg anchor captive device broke. The anchor was thrown off its mount, partially puncturing the hull just below the scuppers. Our passage plan was to leave Norfolk Virginia, and sail a NE-NNE course to above the 40th parallel. We hoped this would reduce the risk of encountering Tropical Storms and Hurricanes. However, three and a half days out, we found ourselves on the northern edge of a Hurricane that suddenly reformed SW of us and tracked NE. Fortunately, as it passed to our south, it turned into a deep tropical depression/line storm. The wind and seas then quickly died and for two and a half days it was like a mill pond.

We were glad of the advice “take plenty of diesel as you have to keep the boat moving or the rigging will suffer”. After that, the weather was a series of winds building to 30 to 35 Knots over 24 hours, followed by up to 60 hours of calm as the weather centre passed in a NE direction south of us.



Exhausted small sea birds visited us. They tried to hide anywhere that protected them from the winds. One morning I was woken up by two of them pecking at my neck as they snuggled down in the warmth of my pillow.

As we passed above the Azores, a storm from the NW with 35+ Knot headwinds and seas building to 6+ metres hit us. As the weather

forecast was for even stronger winds and seas, we ran for the Island of Flores and sheltered there for 3 days. However, we needed to continue and sailed into headwinds for Terceira Island where, 35 days and 200 engine hours after leaving Norfolk, we provisioned and refuelled. The weather from the Azores to Gibraltar was much kinder for 7 days, but as we approached the Straights the wind suddenly changed to an easterly blowing



30+ Knots, driving us back to Cadiz where we were storm bound for 9 days. In Cadiz my crew mate had to leave me to return to the USA, so single handed I sailed to Barcelona where I was joined by Maurizio Caccialupi from the IYFR.



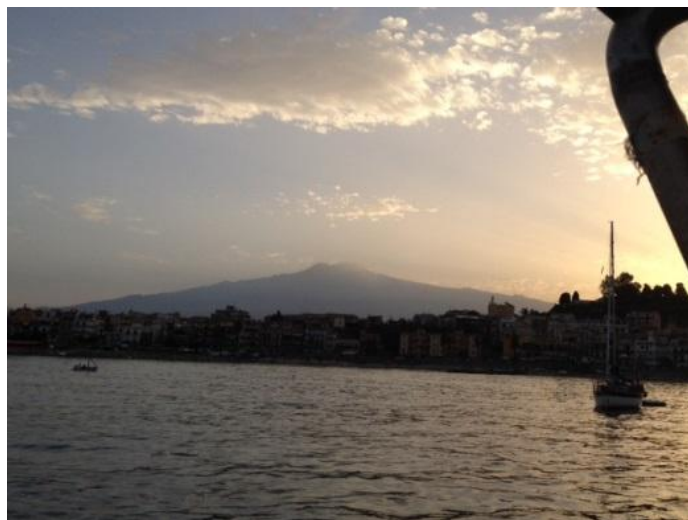
Together we sailed through Menorca to Cagliari, Sardinia, where we sheltered from bad weather for 3 days. Birds are the animal I will always associate with reaching my Everest! Yes, yet again we were visited, this time by a pair of lost exhausted Belgium registered homing pigeons. They settled on the boat as we were sailing to Sardinia. They were only too happy to accept water and seeds and having recovered left us two days later after we anchored in the morning.

From Cagliari we sailed to Monastir, Tunisia, to organise the winter berth. Maurizio left me to return to Nice. I made some repairs in Monastir and then sailed for Trapani.



An unexpected electrical storm system developed as I neared Sicily, so I sheltered for two days in the lee of Favignana. I was grateful for the berth arranged for me by IC Sergio Santi in Trapani where my wife, Elisabeth, joined me.

In Trapani we hired a car and visited the historical sites of Erice, Segesta and Marsala. We then sailed to Palermo, where PFC Vincenzo Autolitano welcomed us and found



us a very good mooring in the harbour, close to the historic centre of Palermo. After a few days we sailed onto Cefalu, and onwards to the Eolie Islands where we spent some days on very crowded anchorages. After circumnavigating Stromboli we sailed to Messina,

Giardini-Naxos (just South of Taormina), and then onto Catania where Italy RC Luigi Falanga had organised us a berth. Our next and final port of call in Sicily, was Syracuse where we spent 4 days exploring the old city and the splendid museum.



Here again, the Sicilian branch of the IYFR was helpful in the person of SC Mario Costa. We cannot thank the IYFR enough for all the support we received this year in the Mediterranean. I wish to thank my brother Michael who encouraged us to join the IYFR and, in particular, IC Sergio Santi for his support and help in making contact with the Sicilian IYFR people who assisted us in securing berths in Palermo, Catania, and Syracuse.

Alan Thilo

GB&I Scores Well with the Grants

Once again, this year, \$30,000 was made available worldwide for IYFR Grants. As in previous years this sum was divided between the three Areas according to membership, which resulted in Area 1 (Europe, Middle East & Africa) being allocated

\$17,000. This year the application date was delayed until 15th December, because late annual subscriptions had to be collected before it could be determined what sum of money was available. In total eight applications were received from fleets in Area 1, including four from GB&I, two from Germany and one from each of Iberia and Slovenia. All fleets who applied received a grant, but as the total applications came to more than US\$17,000, not every fleet received the amount that they had requested. The four British fleets received a total of US\$7,370, which was a most respectable share of the money (43%).

All four British applications were different in nature and also differed from those outside GB&I. It was pleasing to see the diversity within the various applications. The East Coast Fleet received money to help fund their bi-annual Thames Barge trip for disabled on the River Orwell, whilst the East of Scotland Fleet's money went to purchase new lifejackets for narrow boats, which have been modified to take disabled people for trips on the Forth and Clyde Canal. The Thames fleet will help disabled people to enjoy trips on the Thames, while the South West Fleet will provide funds to help partially sighted enjoy the pleasures of sailing.

Bob Burns

Our Visit to America

This story goes back a long way to the RI Convention in Copenhagen when an American said to the room at large "Would anyone coming to America next year like to come on my boat". I made a note of his name and did not do anything about it until the autumn, when we were looking at our plans for the following year. We decided to go to the Salt Lake City Convention and then set about organising a trip around the canyon lands where Rodney Davis, Michael Pooley, me, and our wives wanted to do a spot of sightseeing. Having fixed that up, Jane and I thought that we would take up this offer from this strange American. His name was Ron Stern and we duly contacted him and made arrangements to meet at Baltimore airport.

We then spent a glorious five days with him and his wife, Lenora, exploring Chesapeake Bay on his 51ft Sea Ray called *Joint Venture*. We met up again in Seattle for the Post Convention Cruise and had a



great time sailing on yachts amongst the San Juan Islands south of Vancouver. Following this we invited them to come to England and offered them a cruise on a

sailing boat on the Broads, a complete change from Chesapeake Bay which is 200 miles long and 50 miles wide!

Since then we have had two wonderful holidays with them on their boat in the Bahamas where they berth her in the romantically named Treasure Quay Marina. We



then spent a grand fortnight touring Northern Italy including Tuscany and Rome. They very kindly invited us to stay in their home in Mechanicsburg, where we had a wonderful time with side trips to Washington and Charlottesville. To cap it all we were invited to the Handover Ceremony of the Chesapeake Bay Squadron. This took place over the weekend, with us arriving on the Friday when we were

greeted with refreshments on a 74ft motor boat which was much enjoyed after a 40 mile journey across the bay, Needless to say, in a boat of Ron's power it only took a couple of hours!! Imagine it in my *Drascombe*.

The actual ceremony took place after the meal on Saturday in the Chesapeake Bay Yacht Club, when Robin Hatfield was duly made Commodore. She then duly inducted her officers, which included Ron as her Vice Commodore.

What a wonderful way to round off our holiday. We went back to their house prior to a visit to the Hershey factory where they process 250,000 gallons of milk a day into chocolate. Lenora is a Hershey by family. What a memory!

Chris Bishop

A Warm Reception for *Banwen* at the foot of Mount Etna and a Chilling Arrival in Licata.

The *Easyjet* flight from Manchester had been good and on time, and the great staff that they had were an added bonus. This airline has changed and all congratulations to them for it. It was very hot when we arrived in Marina del Este and *Banwen* looked dusty and peculiarly grey with her bow to the pontoon mooring. A cursory inspection revealed no apparent damage, and so we started to tackle the intricacies and challenges of rigging the ladder to get on board. This was quite a task, not made any easier by the conflicting requirements of security whilst away and easy access upon return. Consider the difficulties and especially those that arise upon return in the hours of darkness! The ladder was eventually coaxed from its stowed location with

considerable stretching by crew and captain, not to mention an extraordinary amount of precarious balancing while the widening gap between pontoon and bow was successfully bridged. Progress onto this little piece of Welsh property was now clear, and cases and packages were taken on board. Since our arrival the sky had been cloudless with a temperature in the low 40°centigrade, whilst in the background there were ominous rumbles and we assumed that Etna was hiding a localised thunderstorm.

Opening up the hatches of *Banwen* provided no respite from the heat, but the shade was most welcome. We also found time to survey our marina berth and it was difficult to overlook the newly arrived *MV Pacific* that bristled with communications equipment, a new helicopter and a full security detachment. Our packages and all recently transported personal possessions were secreted away. However we were left wondering if there as a correlation between age and the amount of luggage taken? Where has the once adequacy of the carry-on luggage allowances disappeared to? Any answers gratefully received.



The rumblings continued that evening and into the next morning when we stopped guessing and went to speak to the marina staff about the prolonged thunder we could hear. Their response clarified the situation, and we were told that Etna had become active and as a precaution the local airport of Catania, used by ourselves only the day before, had been closed. The request for a procedure should lava flows direct themselves at our plastic palace were met with a near Gallic shrug. We were advised

that if there were lava flows, and if the population were threatened by them, then the army would use explosives to divert their path. Instant reassurance??

Armed with this information we ventured, bravely, away from our waterside home to explore the nearby town. Seasonality meant that the type and quality of fruit and vegetables in the market had changed, but the fish still looked superbly fresh. The edges of buildings looked somehow a little greyer and the polished volcanic blocks of the roads were also covered in a layer of dust. The scene was reminiscent of Llareggub in the famous Dylan Thomas poem, and the words 'time passes' repeated themselves in my head. The local value for money restaurant welcomed us as 'family' (is that the correct word to use in Sicily?), and after an excellent meal we had to refuse the home made pudding. However on paying the bill we were presented with a dessert treat to eat later on our boat. In *Riposto* we have found really genuine people who provide good food, and great service at an open and reasonable price. This is not always the norm, in any location.

Time passed, and we busied ourselves with checking out all boat systems, securing internal contents for passage, and becoming familiar with the now constant background rumbling. Morning illuminated *Banwen* in brilliant sunshine, only to reveal an even darker greyness on all horizontal surfaces. Upon closer examination



there was grit similar to ground breezeblock that sat on the deck. The grit and dust were easily washed off without staining the plastic or canvas, but annoyingly needed copious amounts of hosepipe water to remove – annoyingly because you pay fairly hefty amounts for water as normally this is the water for tanking, not for squirting over extended periods to wash away volcanic residue. The day had been very hot and it was a respite that evening to eat on board in the cool and dark of the cockpit. The

clouds that had masked the summit of Mount Etna lifted, and we could clearly see three distinct lava flows now glowing red and heading in our direction. We made the final plans for departure and then retired to our stateroom, wondering if we should establish a lava watch, but deciding against this course of action on the assumption that if we were to be incinerated then 'somebody' would probably advise us.

We departed the next day bound for Licata with full tanks of fuel and water, together with a forecast of continuing unbroken sunshine but with no wind. We had escaped from our imminent doom.

Coasting under engine is not usually the most pleasant experience in a sailing yacht. *Banwen* can roll uncomfortably with the swell and you lose the stability that the heeling motion gives under sail to prevent the pendulum effect. However we motored in glorious sunshine and on a glass like sea, pootling along the coast to Acitrezza where we hoped to find a berth or an opportunity to raft, and so explore the town. We were disappointed to find that the harbour was full with other pleasure vessels, and so *Banwen* was unable to stay. Our approach to Acitrezza had been from the North and as we neared, we entered the buoyed approach channel to give us clearance over underwater rocks and to avoid the swimming areas. We then started to think about the



Cyclops Islands that guarded the harbour entrance and remembered that the Cyclops were one eyed monsters that guarded the land and were the servants of the gods. But why were these islands referred to as the Cyclops?

All was revealed as we sailed further away and these black pillars finally gave up their secret as *Banwen* changed course to go further out to sea to avoid any uncharted obstructions. We looked back towards these impressive pillars and noticed that, from a now opening angle of view and towards the top of the pillar, there was a wind formed hole that extended through it. The eye of the

Cyclops had been revealed, and there, firmly grounded, was the one eyed monster.

We motored for the rest of the day at about 800 rpm, quietish but with sufficient power us to move us over the ground at a respectable 4 knots. The very industrialised harbour of Catania was passed and, with evening approaching, we decided to moor in the Augusta area. The charted anchorage was affected by an uncomfortable swell and we decided to continue further and enter the huge oil port complex. Entering through the breakwaters gave flat water and there was very little activity within this port complex. However the area was subjected to an all pervasive heavy smell of the oil refinery, and so this calm nearly five nautical mile long protected area was not to be our chosen overnight stop: onwards we continued. Just outside the shelter of the breakwaters we found a natural anchorage, with good holding and only the faintest of petrochemical whiffs, so the anchor was plunged by the first mate and held first time. We had found the shelter of Maguisi and we enjoyed a good meal and an excellent night's sleep.

The evening and night had been calm and quiet with no incident, and in the morning we awoke to another glorious Sicilian day, but again however with no wind. A leisurely breakfast was taken with little enthusiasm for another day of motoring, but we eventually left and ghosted under partial main and genoa, giving to anyone ashore at least the partial pretence that we were sailing. It was the zephyr of our reliable (and economical) Volvo that filled our sails and the forward motion was basically thanks to the energy of the latterly criticised petrochemical industry.

Syracuse came into view just before noon and we followed the coast about a mile off towards this home town of Archimedes. When the sailing is not challenging and the



sea is calm, we turn our thoughts more towards our surroundings, and this approach to Syracuse presented no charted dangers, and so we drifted into our old lessons of mythology. Were we really approaching the bay of Syracuse? Was this where Archimedes destroyed attacking

ships with his 'death ray'? We were approaching the city at a time when perhaps, just perhaps, an attack could have been launched. The sun sat in perfect position to use solar rays reflected by huge concentrating reflectors situated on the mainland to burn

the sails of the attackers. It seems that as with all myths, it maybe could have happened. We were in any case really pleased just to be in a location that had so much history attached to it. The skyline on the approach to Syracuse from the North is low with a conspicuous cathedral, a few high rise buildings, and extensive signs of rebuilding. Further south the delights of the old town and castello restored the historical balance. Coming more up to date with our thoughts we remembered that Syracuse was the landing spot for first allied campaign of World War Two to regain occupied European territory. It is also thought that the invasion of Sicily (Operation Husky) provided the blueprint for the English Channel landings in the following year.

It was with some regret that Syracuse was left astern on our relocation cruise to Licata and Marina Cala del Sole. We proceeded South in a freshening breeze and darkening skies. The wind as we followed the coast did not help our progress and the engine continued to drive us towards our overnight anchorage. This time the chosen



anchorage was not tenable and after a lot of rolling whilst we ate our evening meal, we decided to motor on through the night. It was the more comfortable option to this anchorage which had no nearby alternative. We took *Banwen* slightly further out to sea than originally planned to increase our safety margin, and again followed the coastline from about 5 nautical miles offshore. Our course South was quiet and without problems or sightings: Sicily appears to be a very empty cruising area and only rarely do we see another yacht or fishing vessel. Night passages on *Banwen* are spent without sail

most of the time for our security, the standing rule is that the cockpit is not left during darkness and we quickly established our watch pattern. *Banwen* was put on auto-helm and we maintained 4 knots, keeping a keen lookout for other vessels and dangers.

The night passage was without incident or observation, and all course corrections were undertaken at planned times or waypoints. Overnight was cold and wet from condensation and an overnight humidity drop. Dawn provided a welcome illumination to an otherwise particularly grey, rainy and worst of all, windless day.

Gela would be our next significant town and we again maintained our plan to skirt the coast. Visibility was poor and in the early light Gela announced itself with the despatch of the fishing fleet, all of whom apparently seemed intent on taking a very close view of *Banwen* while motoring at high speed to their fishing grounds. Gela and its surrounds had not quite finished with us, and in the murk we came across uncharted capped wells and gas platforms, again providing evidence for the sound reasoning behind installing and using radar. Slightly later we observed a helicopter, circling about 2 miles off, and for the next forty minutes or so we watched the helicopter hover over an area of sea for a reason that we could not understand, although we approached to within one mile. A few days later we discovered that there had been another tragic loss of life as one more craft carrying illegal immigrants to the island of Lampedusa sunk.

Banwen found the entrance to Licata around noon. We called in on the VHF radio and the marina launch came out and escorted us to our prearranged berth. This was to be our over wintering berth and we are very pleased with *Marina Cala del Sole*, not least because of the absence of an active volcano. We are also very mindful of the sacrifice that some of our fellow humans make in their attempt to complete a similar journey.

Alan and Barbara Morgan

Rivertime

Disabled and disadvantaged children and adults can now have a wonderful day out on the river Thames, thanks to the Rivertime Boat Trust. The Thames fleet IYFR Grant was to pay for 4 off 2 hour trips on “*Rivertime*” and the Thames fleet are currently selecting which special groups they will take to have a memorable experience on the River Thames.

Each day trip involves a small group of passengers, cruising on a spacious, purpose-designed 42-foot boat named ‘*Rivertime*’ which is equipped with a ramp and a lift for wheelchairs. There is a toilet for the disabled and a large saloon with a sliding roof for sunny days. The boat can take 12 passengers (including carers) and always goes out with a fully qualified skipper and experienced crew member. There is a small galley for tea, coffee and biscuits and a small microwave.

The volunteers are 16 fully qualified skippers including Past GB & I Commodore Mike Pooley and several other Rotarians, plus a crew of 32 additional volunteers, all of whom can choose which trip they would like to make. Last year “*Rivertime*” made a total of 201 trips adding up to over 10,000 passengers over the last 5 years.



The trust has received several awards including the Queens Award for Voluntary Service.

Mike Pooley

The Seagull Trust

Scotland has two canals linking the North Sea the West Coast: the Caledonian Canal through the Highlands, and The Forth & Clyde Canal linking Edinburgh and Glasgow. Founded in 1978, the Seagull Trust Cruises charity offers free cruises on Scotland's canals for people with special needs. From bases at Falkirk, Kirkintilloch, Ratho and Inverness it typically hosts more than 2,000 cruises and carries over 22,000 passengers



in a typical year. With these numbers of disadvantaged passengers strict regulations are applied, and the IYFR Grant from the East of Scotland Fleet (supported by the Clyde Fleet) contributed to the purchase of new lifejackets for the specially adapted narrow boats that the trust uses on the Forth & Clyde Canal.

Mark the Dates: 30th October to 1st November 2015

The next Fellowship Weekend will be in Kendal, in the Lake District at the Castle Green Hotel (www.castlegreen.co.uk).

Please remember to send all your news, photographs and stories in whatever form to the editor by mail or at andre@hawryliw.plus.com as this newsletter will only be as good as you make it.



Selection of Garments for members of the International Yachting Fellowship of Rotarians



PR210 Long Sleeve
£20.11 each

Premier Pilot Shirt

stiffened collar, tabs for epaulettes on shoulders, two mitred pockets with button closed flaps, combined pen pocket on left breast. Easy-care requires minimal ironing.
Collar Size—14.5", 15", 15.5", 16", 16.5" 17", 17.5" 18", 18.5", 19"

PR212 Short Sleeve
£19.18 each



Premier Women's Pilot Short Sleeve Shirt

Size—8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26

PR312 Ladies Short Sleeve
£19.18 each



7620M
£19.72 each

7620M Russell Jerzee Raglan Unisex Sweatshirt

Twin needle coverseams on neck, raglan sleeve, cuffs and waistband for extra durability. Herringbone back neck tape. Spotshield™ stain resistant coating for fabric protection, fade resistant.

Colour—French Navy

Size Chest to fit XS—34/36", S36/38", M38/40", L—40/42", XL 42/44", 2XL 44/46", 3XL—46/48", 4XL 48/50"



FR01M
£27.96 each

FR01M Front Row Long Sleeve Original Rugby Shirt

Taped shoulders, rubber buttons. Elastane re-inforced cuffs for shape retention. Twin needle hems and traditional rugby collar with cotton webbing.

Colour—Navy white collar

Size Chest to fit S34/36", M37/39", L—40/42", XL 43/45", 2XL 46/48", 3XL—50"

KK606/KK706 Kustom Kit St Mellion Polo Shirt.



£20.87 each

Taped back neck, contrast herringbone taped side vents, half moon yoke. Slanted placket. Contrast tipped collar and cuffs, comfort finish cuff seams. Tape reinforced shoulder seams. Twin needle stitched hem, shoulder and around armholes. Colour—White with navy trim
Size Chest to fit XS-32/34", S—36/38", M—40", L-42", XL—44", 2XL 46-48"
Ladies Size—8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20,

Sweaters

KK352/KK353 Kustom Kit



V Neck Long sleeve sweater in male and female fit

Size Chest to fit XS—32/34", S-36/38", M—40", L—40/42", XL-44", 2XL- 46/48", 3XL—50/52"

Ladies size 8 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20,
£24.74 each



BC015 Caps **£9.35 each**

Ultimate 5 panel cap 100% cotton drill. One Size fits all adjustable rip-strip with embroidered IYFR cap badge.

IYFR BADGES

Cap badges 50mm **£7.50 each**

Blazer badges 75mm **£9.50 each**



*International
Yachting
Fellowship of
Rotarians*

Prices include left breast embroidery of the IYFR logo. Fleet, Members, and Boat Names can be added for £2.40 each. Delivery is £3.60 for one garment, £6 for 2 by post. All prices include VAT. Full details of garments at www.logosew.co.uk.