

New Ground

A Baltic Cruise in the Kattegat
and Skagerrak.

August 2003.

Anne and Dennis Kell
"Emma"
Wayfarer 247

New Ground



Emma
W 247

During August 2003, we sailed "Emma" from Denmark to join the Wayfarer International Rally in Sweden. After the rally, we continued our journey north along the western shore of the Skagerrak to Norway, before returning to Denmark across the Kattegat. This is the log of our cruise.



Anne Kell



Dennis Kell



New Ground

August 2nd - 26th, 2003.

Distance covered across the ground: 455 nautical miles.

"Emma," the crew and Wayfarer Cruising.

"Emma" is a Mk. 1, wooden Wayfarer dinghy, number 247. She was built by Moores of Wroxham in 1960. The Wayfarer was designed by Ian Proctor in the 1950's and has remained a highly popular training, racing and cruising dinghy since then. Her long-lasting success is a tribute to her designer.

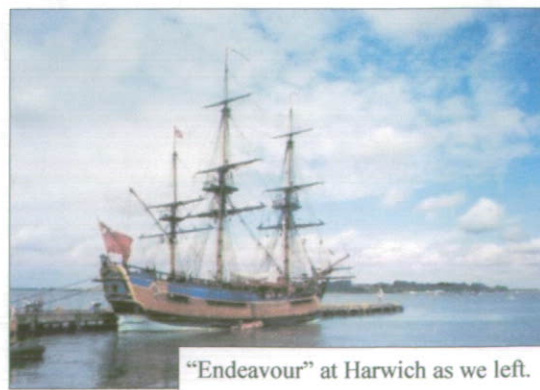
Anne is skipper and chief helm. Born in New Zealand, she has an instinctive feel for sailing and has grown up with boats. She began in a Mirror and progressed to racing Fireflies and Lasers. She is an RYA instructor and cruising secretary of the U.K. Wayfarer Association.

Dennis was born in Coventry, as far from the sea as possible. He does not have an instinctive feel for the helm and is usually left to pull bits of string, mess about with the maps, pour the coffee and leap out into mud or deep water to hold the boat. The combined age of boat and crew is 137.

Boat and crew are usually to be found at the Royal Harwich Yacht Club, on the River Orwell near Ipswich. They occasionally race, but more commonly cruise around the East Coast including Lowestoft, the most easterly point of the U.K. They have sailed around to the south coast as far as the Solent, crossing the channel en route. Trailing up to Scotland, they also cruised around Ardnamurchan Point, the most westerly point of the U.K., and amongst the Inner Hebrides.

"Emma" has an overboom tent and the crew live and sleep aboard, cooking with typical camping equipment. There is no engine, alternative propulsion coming from oars or paddles. A 5 kg Bruce anchor and small folding grapnel are carried. A sea anchor is also carried but rarely used except to keep the boat straight on a buoy, where wind and current disagree! Flares and a hand-held VHF are there if needed. She has slab reefing and a furling genoa.

As we set off, "Endeavour" was in Harwich on Trinity Pier. What would Captain Cook have given for a hand-held GPS? We largely sail by dead reckoning with mental adjustment for tide, leeway etc. The GPS is reassuring to have in reserve. Charts are protected in waterproof map bags. We have a solar "Tactic" compass on the mast to steer by and hand-held compass in the pocket for fixes and when negotiating busy shipping lanes. Our watch has a barometer display, upon which we keep a very close eye. Our radio receiver can usually manage to pick up a forecast. Like Cook, we also carry a lead line.



"Endeavour" at Harwich as we left.

Friday August 1st. *What have we forgotten?*

In the middle of a heatwave, it is easy to assume you will only need light clothes. We did not know what to expect from the weather during a Baltic summer and debated long and hard about the clothes we should need. There is limited space to stow kit on a Wayfarer and compromise had to be reached - smart clothes giving way to the extra wine box in the end.

Neither were we sure about fuel for our camping stove. We had seen cans for our Coleman petrol stove in Bergen some years ago, but surely camping gas was more universal? In the end, we took both.

We had been loaned Swedish charts by John and Polly Colvin, who had visited our intended cruising ground previously, and who enthused us with much helpful information. We had our own admiralty chart of the Kattegat and all our usual navigation equipment, including compasses, plotter, a hand-held GPS, VHF and an ordinary radio receiver. Guides published by the Cruising Association and Lonely Planet provided good sources of information aboard.

Running repairs, sorting and packing gear, covering "Emma" in her cocoon for the journey and loading everything into the car seemed to take the best part of two days. However, after last minute dashes to the shops and chandlery, securing the house and evicting next door's cat from the garage, we finally set off from Ipswich at about 4.00 pm.

It is barely an hour's drive to the ferry at Harwich and for most of the journey each quizzed the other about whether they remembered some vital piece of kit being packed somewhere - not to mention tickets and passports.



The mounting stress of the preparation dissipated on the deck of "Dana Sirena" as she slid out of Harwich Harbour, past "Endeavour" and into the North Sea.

At last, we were away; breaking new ground.

Saturday 2nd August, 2003. *Where shall we start?*

Each year, an International Cruising Rally is organised by the Wayfarer Association. This year, it was to be held in Sweden at Malon, an island on the west coast, some 50 km north of Goteborg. It began on August 5th, following the Danish National Championships. Anne had been a guest at a previous rally in the Netherlands and decided that this year we should take "Emma" and join in the rally ourselves.

An international rally was new ground for us, as was getting there. Dreaming about the trip during the previous winter, we had speculated about sailing from Denmark to Sweden. However, having spoken to Wayfarer sailors from Denmark, they indicated that we should need exceptional conditions and several days to complete the journey.

Keeping our options open, when the ferry arrived in Esjberg, we drove toward Frederikshavn, near the northern tip of Jutland. From here, regular ferries crossed to Goteborg, and the cost seemed similar to driving across Denmark and over the new bridge to Sweden. We were told that there were also two possible launching places from where we could sail, if time and conditions allowed.

It was a lovely drive through Jutland's largely agricultural landscape. We enjoyed brief glimpses of a fox and several buzzards perched on roadside fences. Some 10 km short of Frederikshavn, we diverted into the small coastal town of Saeby and followed signs to the 'havn.' In the busy harbour, we discovered a lively marina full of visiting yachts from Germany, Holland and Sweden. There was also a slipway, but most useful of all was a three-day weather forecast in English. It looked good.

Within 24 hours of leaving Ipswich, we were afloat in Denmark. The tent was up, and two Wayfarer sailors from Frederikshavn drove down to greet us.

At 9.00 pm, on the harbour wall, a Saeby tradition was enacted when a trumpeter played the last post and other tunes to mark the curfew. This was certainly breaking new ground for us, and things were looking good.



Sunday

3rd August, 2003.

Our first Island.

Sunday dawned fine. Our speculation about sailing to Sweden from Denmark was becoming reality. Lying about a third of the way across the Kattegat was the Danish Island of Laeso, and we planned today's passage to reach it.

After negotiating parking for car and trailer with the harbour master (at no charge), we finished stowing the gear aboard "Emma" and left the harbour under full sail in a westerly wind of around force 3. Looking back at the harbour entrance we realised that we had been so keen to start sailing, we had barely visited Saeby itself. The huge white tower of the church and the statue of the "Lady of Saeby" at the harbour entrance gleamed in the morning sun, and we looked forward to returning and spending a little more time there.

Denmark quickly faded behind, but the low-lying island kept itself hidden for some time. Apart from a few yachts and the ferry from Laeso heading to Frederikshavn, for whom we took avoiding action, it was a quiet crossing. Eventually, the radio mast came into view and the sandy shores of the island revealed themselves below. Eider and black guillemot bobbed around us as the wind freshened a little. By the time we headed into the harbour at Osterby, it was blowing a good force 4. The 20 mile crossing had taken 5 hours.

We moored bows-to in the bustling harbour. Many Swedish yachts were visiting and we soon realised that this was a popular 'booze cruise' destination from Goteborg. The harbour stores had many cases of wine and beer at 'special prices.'

We headed off into the dunes for a walk. The dunes quickly gave way to heathland and then to woods. The heath was a carpet of colour with the heather in full bloom. Patches of purple loosestrife, bedstraw, scabious and harebells added



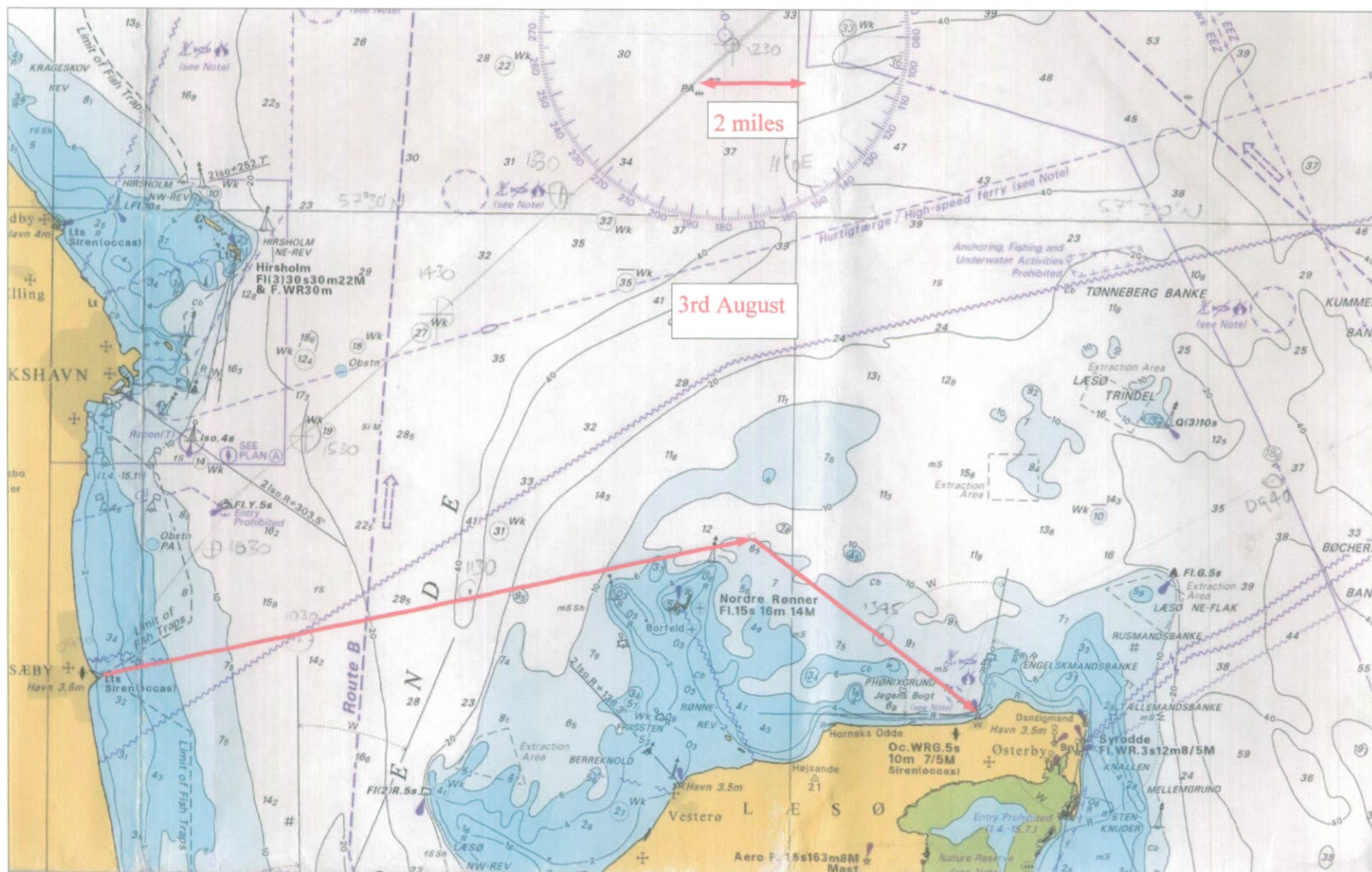
Laeso heathland and woods.

more colours to the palette. In the woods were wonderful old cottages and we found a stall selling Kanterellen - chanterelle mushrooms which we converted into an omelette for tea.



Kanterellen

We liked Laeso and wanted to stay longer, but knew we must press on if we were to reach the rally. That night, the Swedish couple from the yacht next door invited us aboard and, accompanied by their home made wine, gave us the benefit of their local knowledge in planning the next day's sail. Once again we were breaking new ground. This time, we hoped to reach Sweden.



Monday 4th August, 2003. *You must avoid the Englishman.*



In the shelter
of Osterby
Harbour.

We had found forecasts in Danish, and it seemed the wind was due to rise to 12m/s. We reasoned that this was approaching force 6 and were apprehensive when we set off with one reef and a small genoa. It was a wet close reach out of Osterby. We had been warned to avoid the Englishman at all costs. This red buoy marked the Engelskmandsbanke and wartime minefields, and having cleared it, we turned onto a rolling run toward Sweden.

The waves rolled in from the northwest, but "Emma" slid comfortably over them, ably guided by Anne on the tiller.

The yacht which had left with us turned south and we found ourselves suddenly alone. Laeso quickly vanished and apart from the occasional guillemot we saw nothing but the rolling waves of the Kattegat. Our solitude was suddenly shattered by a jet fighter which passed almost in touching distance; it is truly amazing how they fly so low, like shearwaters getting lift from the waves.

The main shipping channel runs along the centre of the Kattegat and we aimed to cross this at the Kummel Banke, where a reassuring safe water mark should confirm our position. We were delighted to discover that we were exactly on course as we approached. We had kept a sharp look-out and had three ships in view at the channel. Using hand bearing compass to confirm relative speed, we crossed ahead of the first travelling south, but decided to change course and wait for the other two steaming north. Furling the genoa, we turned parallel to the channel until they passed then crossed astern of them. The wind had risen to force 5/6 and we continued under a reefed main only.

Our next target was Trubaduren light. At 24m tall, it came into view from some distance away and made direction finding more simple - just point! Passing the lighthouse, we turned more toward north and the wind came onto our beam. This was our most uncomfortable point of sailing, with the long fetch the waves were rolling toward us and whenever one broke nearby it seemed to make an awful noise. A large yacht sailed over to have a look at us, probably out of curiosity, and with a wave from the crew, carried on its own course, while we continued alone.

The waves were really rather large now. I find it hard to estimate size, but I know that at times we seemed to be at the bottom of a well surrounded by large black walls of water. Then we bobbed up again, and "Emma" danced on across the rollers. Anne is an instinctive helm, and the tiller is a natural extension of her arm. Together, they steered us into the shelter of the islands surrounding the entrance to Goteborg, and in relative calm, we unpacked the sandwiches for lunch.

Still Monday

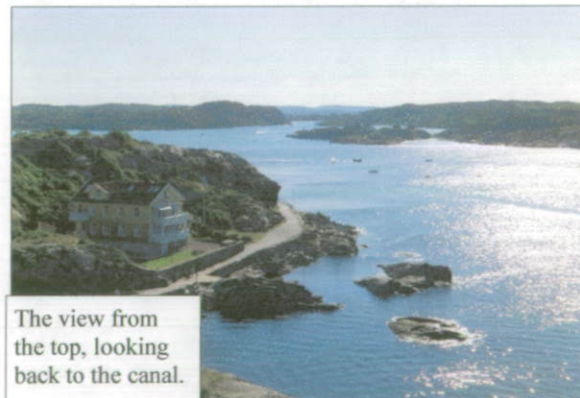
A thousand tacks later.....

We crossed Vinga sand as the high speed catamaran emerged from Goteborg en route to Frederikshavn. We were unsure which way it intended heading, a situation compounded by an absence of sound signals. After several quick tacks and changes of direction we finally puzzled out its intention and avoided it.

Between the islands, heading north, we had our first taste of sailing in the archipelago. What was to become the norm, was totally new ground for us and the dramatic island scenery was wonderful. We followed the charts closely, picking off each rock and hazard as it approached. We learned to recognise and anticipate the ferries and their behaviour. We met a few fleets of Oppies where young Swedish children were learning to sail in the sheltered bays, and we were passed by a fleet of Europe class dinghies, with young helms being coached from a power boat. Above all, we realised that we were on the "E1" of Swedish waterways. Countless yachts and powerboats were using the same route as ourselves, and we experienced the wash from these craft for the first time.

Perhaps we were a curiosity, but many power boats left their track to come closer, but never slowed down. We had several bumpy rides. It was still gusty in the more open sections and we tacked occasionally on our journey to Kommissen Point. Here we entered the Albrektssunds Kanal. Our Swedish friends had recommended this entrance to Marstrand the night before. "It is a most wonderful approach. You must go this way if you can!" Dutifully, we turned northwest and began beating.

Many Swedish canals prohibit sailing, but we found no reference to such a rule on the chart, and anyway, we could not row 1.5 miles directly into a force 4/5! Unfortunately, it was a very busy stretch of canal, needing a sharp look-out, patience, perseverance and quick tacks. The ability to bite one's tongue was an asset too.

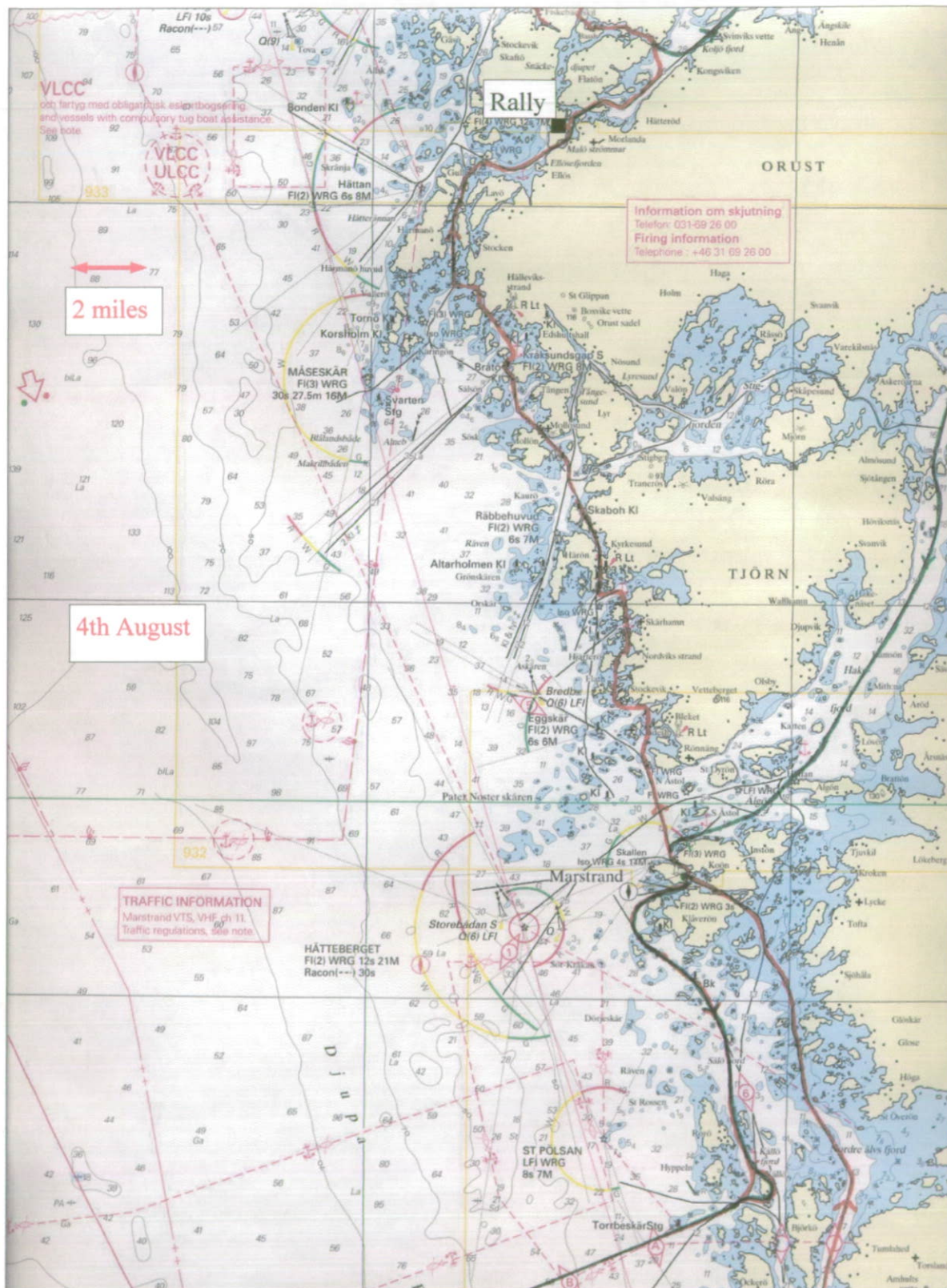


The view from the top, looking back to the canal.

A thousand tacks later, we pulled into a packed and bustling Marstrandson harbour, and, with the help of a Norwegian in a beautiful wooden yacht, learnt how to moor fore and aft using the lines laid out below.

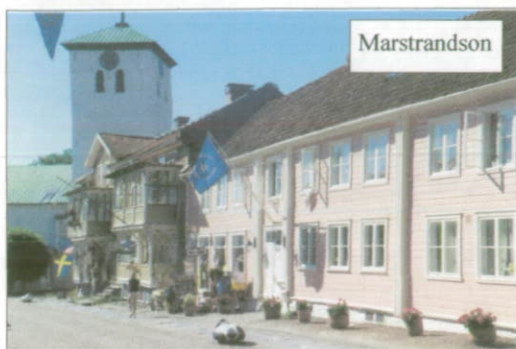
We were elated. A 43 mile sail in 9 hours, mostly in force 5 and above. We really enjoyed our shower, had a meal ashore before snuggling down in the sleeping bags.

Then the disco started!



On the following charts the red line represents our outward track
and the green line our return route.

Tuesday 5th August, 2003. *We arrive to a ticking off.*



We eventually drifted off to an unsettled sleep as the disco raged into the early hours. Marstrand is a very popular place to visit!

Next morning, sleepily, we explored the narrow streets and ancient buildings of this island town. There are no cars, and the walk up to the top of the island is rewarded with fantastic views of the archipelago. The castle on the hilltop dominates the view for many miles around.

After some shopping and coffee on the quay, we set sail once more, heading north in easier winds. It was intricate navigation, the terrain still being new ground for us, and we kept our noses glued to the chart. It was more like orienteering, weaving our way between some of the rocks and tiny islands.

At Skarhamn, we past a church whose tower had two windows like eyes. So much like eyes did they look, that someone had painted a smiley mouth on it! Between the steep cliffs, in a narrow cleft at Sunna Holme, we lost all wind and were forced to row through the wash of the powerboats, racing past in both directions.

We met a sole Swedish dinghy sailor amongst a mass of tiny islands. His local knowledge extended much deeper than the water, and he confidently tacked between the rocks in water that we cautiously avoided. He found us again, appearing beyond another island after one of his 'short cuts,' and came over to enquire about "Emma," which he correctly identified. The Wayfarer is a very well known design.

Finally, we arrived at the rally around 6.00 pm, pulling into the bay beside the campsite as the others were returning from their first day sail. Fortunately, they did not see us try first to go the wrong way around the island, or later to land in the wrong bay. No face lost after all! However, we were roundly ticked off for wearing our courtesy flag at the port spreader. Being aft-sheeted, we cannot wear our ensign at the transom, so it takes the prime position on the starboard spreader, and the courtesy flag takes the second position. This was clearly not acceptable! As any typical British male would do, I lowered both flags and sulked, flying neither until we were on our own again, a week later.



Wednesday 6th August.

Meeting the natives.

The British arrived at the Wayfarer International Rally in a pincer movement. A few minutes after we anchored in the bay at Malon, Ralph Roberts and his crew Cedric arrived in a borrowed boat, having completed a fantastic journey from Norway through canals, across the Oslofjord and down the coast of the Skagerrak. They hired a cabin whilst we erected our land tent and waded ashore with endless plastic boxes of food and kit - how on earth did we manage to stow it all aboard?

The first evening was spent getting to know the campsite and meeting the other wayfarer sailors from Denmark, the Netherlands, Norway and the USA. Everyone was extremely friendly and helpful, and we quickly settled into our new environment, camped beneath the pines. We enquired about the next day's sail, and were told that this would be discussed at the skipper's briefing in the morning.

At 0900 the following morning, the skipper's briefing was announced to the whole world by a trumpet calling "Reveille." Not only had he come 2nd in the Danish nationals, but Paul Ammentorp was an accomplished player, and his skills roused each day of the rally. The new crews introduced themselves to the assembled group, who were fortunately extremely fluent English speakers. Bo and Neel Christensen, the organisers, explained that our destination was the island of Gulholmen, the most densely populated piece of Sweden (in the summer).

Leaving the bay on Malon, we had our first experience of the currents in the narrows leading out to sea. Fifteen Wayfarers tacking in the light winds made it an awkward exit, but with a bit of judicious paddling, we all made it without colliding.

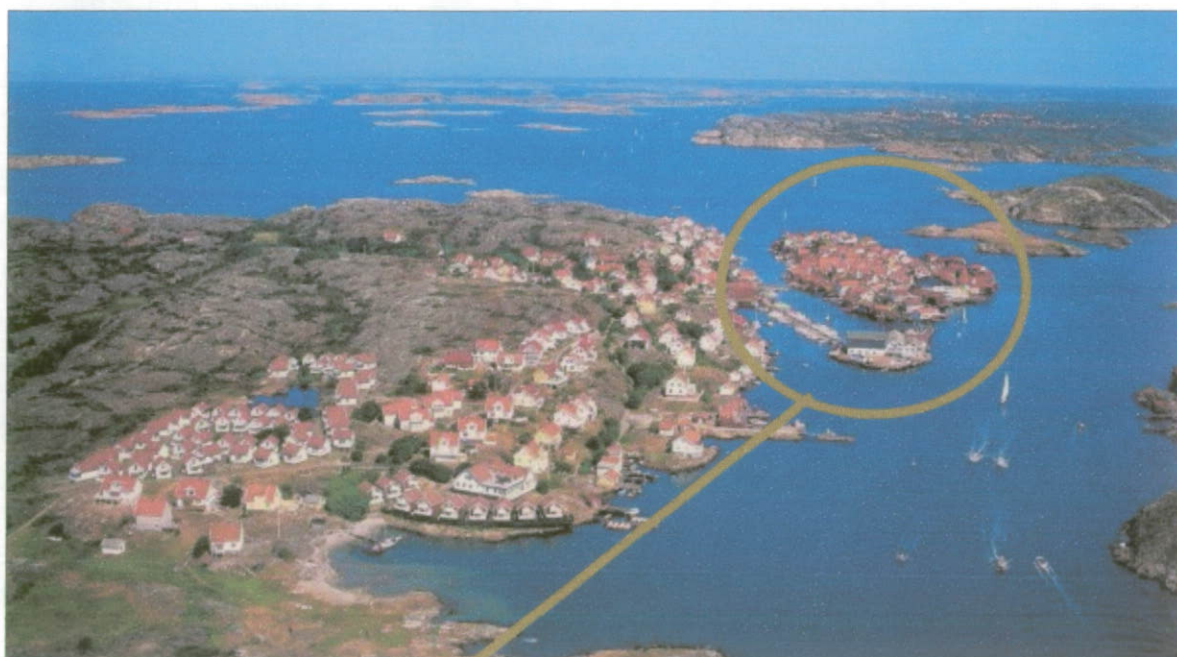
The island of Gulholmen is incredibly popular, but we managed to moor all the boats in the little harbour, then set about exploring the island. It was smothered with holiday homes, traditional wooden buildings, brightly painted. In the warm sunshine, two locals stopped to ask us about our boat. When we met them again amongst the narrow streets, they invited us into their house for coffee and we enjoyed a fascinating conversation, learning rapidly about Sweden, its people and culture. We left them, reluctantly, to their annual four week holiday on the "Golden Island" and climbed up to the rocky summit opposite to enjoy a wonderful panoramic view.

Sailing back, cutting between rocks that we had earlier been much more apprehensive about, we found ourselves growing a little more confident about this new ground. We tacked off to creep up on a raft of young eider, and slid back easily through the narrows with the current. We had sailed barely 8 miles, quite a contrast to the previous few days!

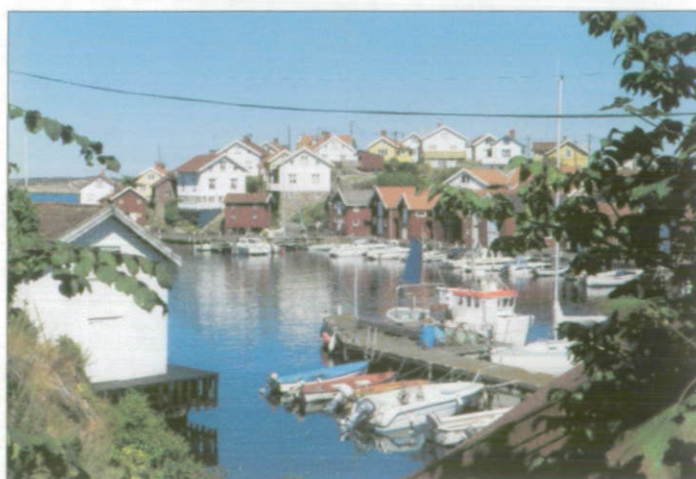


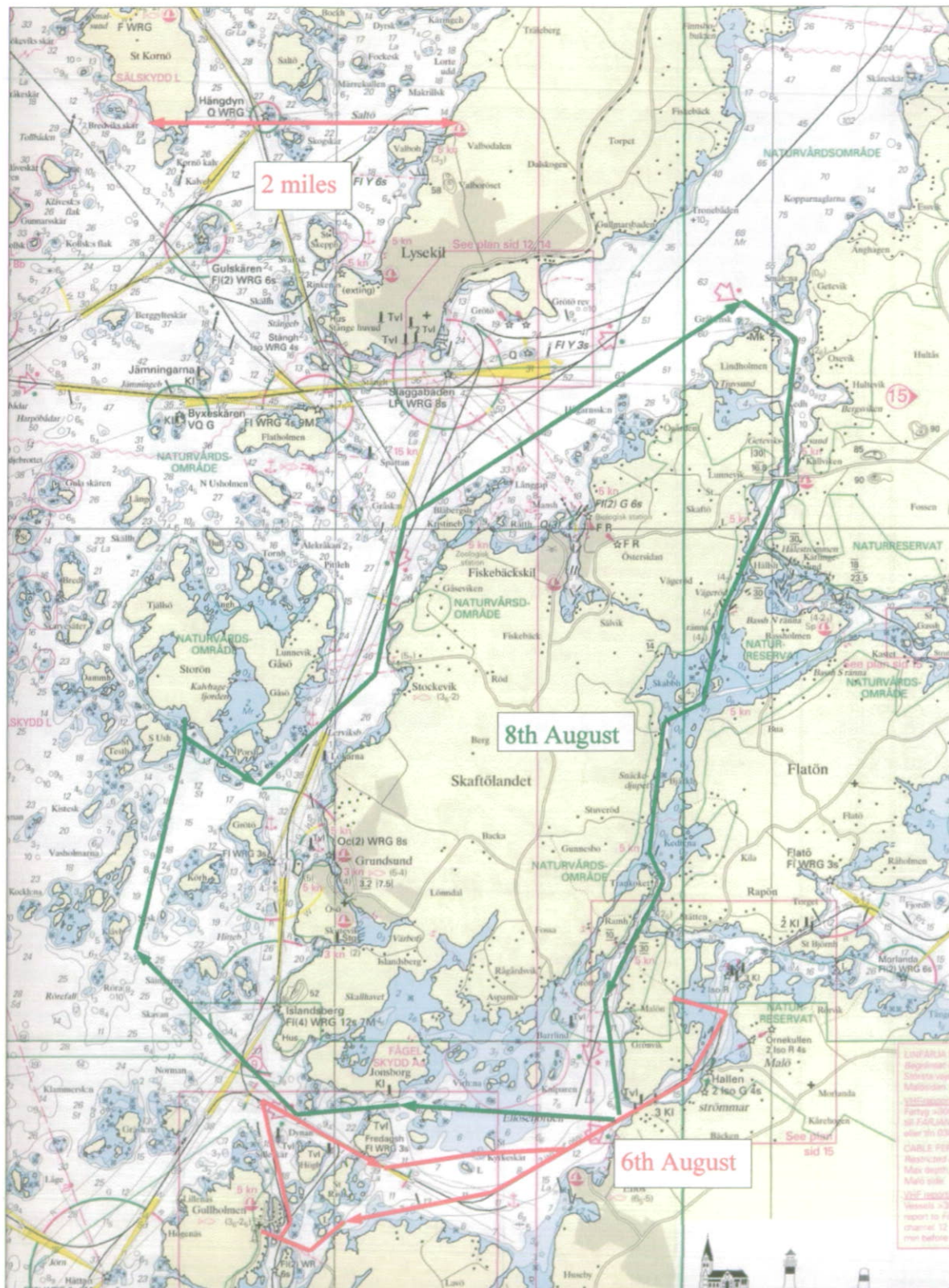
On the balcony of the holiday home where we were invited for coffee.

"Emma" and other Wayfarers in the harbour at Gulholmen, flying the flag of the Scandinavian Wayfarer Association.



The most densely populated island in Sweden, Gulholmen.





Thursday 7th August, 2003. *We are grateful for a tow.*

Ken Jensen is the founder of Scandinavian Wayfaring. This remarkable former airline pilot has completed many adventurous cruises and today, he had arrived with his son to sail his boat back to Oslo. Dick Harrington from Ohio was to sail with them. Everyone stood around the boat in the water, examining the set-up and noting how things were stowed. After many farewells, he eventually set off to the chords of the American national anthem from a trumpeter aboard a certain Danish wayfarer in the bay. Ralph and Cedric hitched rides aboard other boats.

The fleet set off from the bay and through a section of canal before gently running east along the Koljo Fjord. In both Denmark and the Netherlands most crews race and cruise, unlike Britain where more people tend to follow one path to the exclusion of the other. In light winds, the racing crews sailed very well, and we were soon overtaken by the boats flying spinnakers. A peregrine falcon called to its young and swooped from the steep cliffs overhead as we drifted by.

Like many Swedish towns, the supermarket was near the harbour in Henan. We stocked up with supplies and explored the town, before heading off to Paradise Bay, a sheltered cove where the sandy beach was backed by grass and shaded by pines. Here, the plan was to spend a relaxing afternoon, sleeping, sun worshipping and swimming in the bay.

Being curious about the area, we decided to leave the fleet and explore a little more of the waters, sailing north up Kalvo Fjord to see one of the many fine bridges linking the island of Orust to the mainland. We knew that this may be useful recognisance for our return trip later in the month.

Under tow in the canal as a warship approaches.



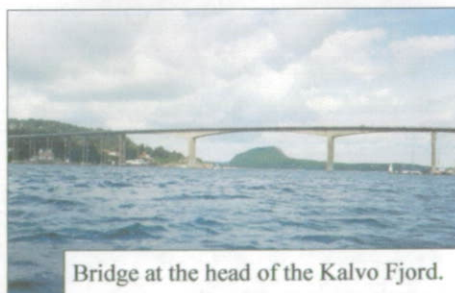
Koljo Fjord



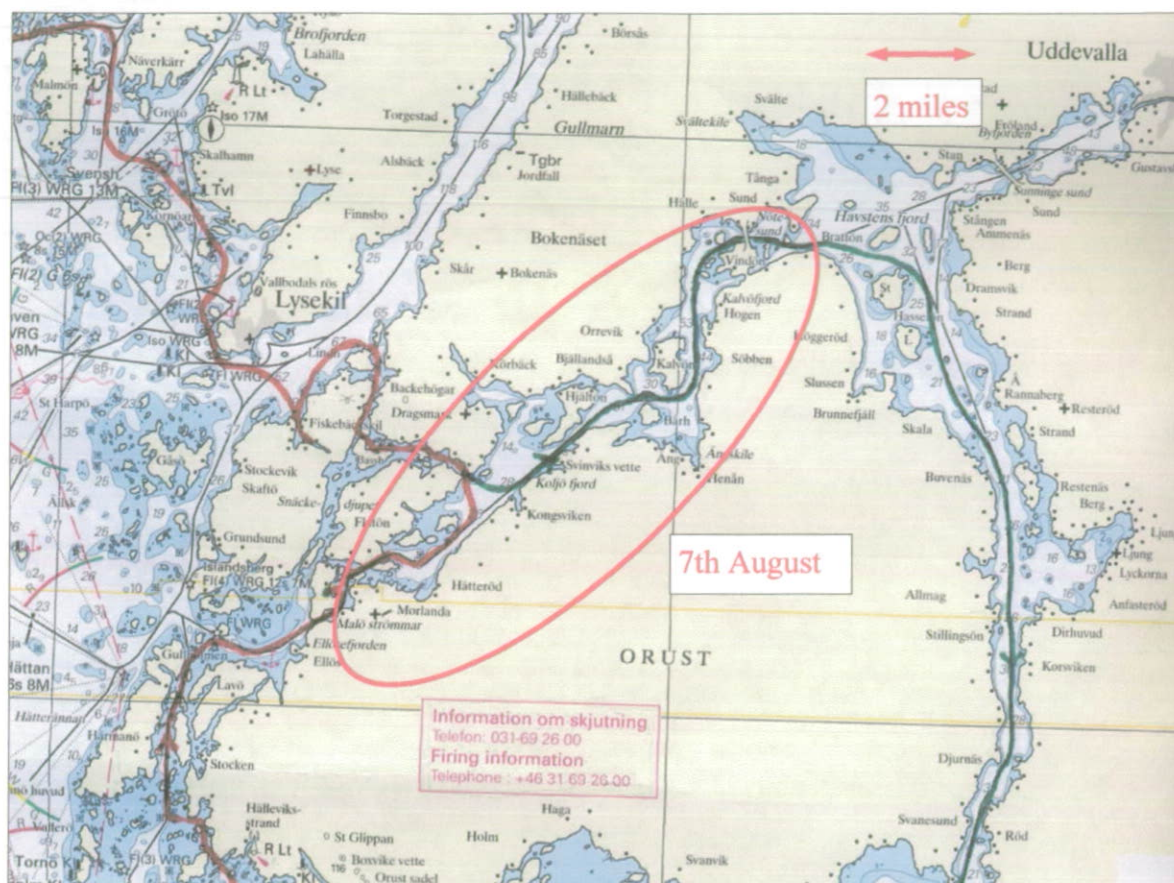
Viking seats, Henan.



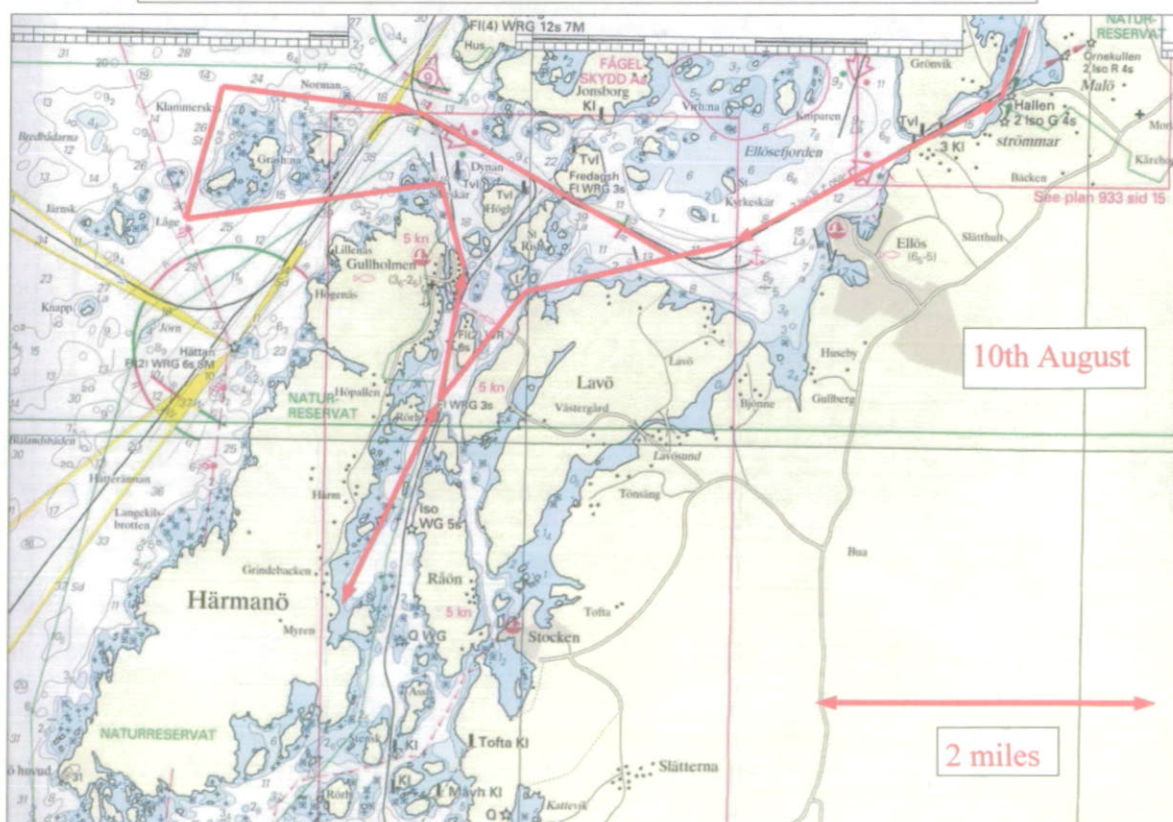
Bridge at the head of the Kalvo Fjord.



In the light winds, our diversion took us longer than expected, and most of the fleet had left Paradise by the time we sailed in. We sailed back with the last three. In his old wooden boat, Paul Ammentorp showed what good sailors he and his wife Irene are, by coaxing as much speed from the dying wind as possible, as we tacked slowly back down the fjord. They left us way behind. By the canal, the wind had disappeared, and we gladly accepted a tow from Ton Jaspers in one of the Dutch Wayfarers. Arriving in camp at 7.45pm, we had been out for nearly 9 hours and covered only 23.5 miles. However, it was our first real taste of sailing the inland route.



(Above) Area of day's sail shown by red circle. Red and green lines represent route taken on other days.



Friday 8th August, 2003. *Pink granite, snake skins and paddling.*

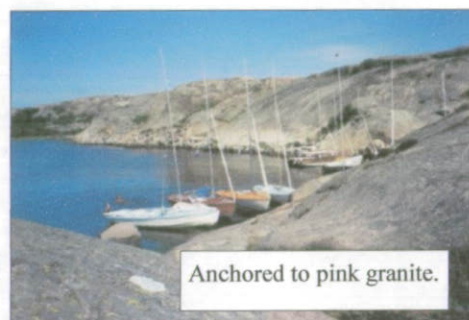
The trumpet summoned us to greet two new boats from Denmark, including our new friends from Frederikshavn who had arrived via the early ferry that morning. After introductions we set off for a seaward island, Storan.

Paul Ammentorp, trumpeter, and Bo Christensen, organiser.



It was a lovely sail out through the archipelago, picking our route very carefully. In a tiny cove with sheer walls we sailed right up to rocks and tied off the bows, leaving a stern anchor out. Ralph arrived but missed his footing and took an early swim. With the fleet secure, we climbed up the rocks for lunch. All the bays around were packed with boats. This is clearly a popular anchorage.

These islands are made from pink granite. In the bright sunshine they looked stunning. Restless as ever, we set off to explore the island, stamping through the grass and heather. Climbing over a small bluff, I discovered an adder skin. The growing snake had used a small thorn bush to peel off its old skin. We carefully untangled it and took it back as a trophy to the group (cautiously avoiding all vegetation) but no-one seemed particularly interested. We left it with the children. Two kestrels and a group of jackdaws were engaged in a battle of wits for possession of the top of a telegraph pole.



Anchored to pink granite.

Whilst most of the fleet swam and relaxed, we persuaded two more boats, Thomas and Jorgan, to join us on an extra excursion to complete a trip around the island of Skaftolandet. This meant a good sail north up the open fjord then back south through a narrow inland route. The latter section was very sheltered, very scenic but, as we beat slowly down the channel, we found ourselves using paddles more and more, especially as we were fighting the current for much of the way.



The wild island of Storan.

We had expected little in the way of tides in the Baltic. In fact, the rise and fall rarely exceeded 60cm. However, the currents were much stronger than expected, and sometimes hard to predict around the islands. It seemed like a very slow sail, but we arrived at the Malon narrows with the rest of the fleet after an enjoyable 17 mile cruise.

Saturday, 9th August, 2003.

Our first rest day.

The trumpet summoned us to news that winds were very light and temperatures were soaring. It was breathless and we decided to go for a walk to the supermarket at the nearest town Ellos.

The ferries are part of the road system so there are no charges. The Malon Stronmar ferry crossed every half hour and as we walked aboard, two Wayfarers were drifting down the channel. We found a track into the woods and enjoyed the walk in the shade. A little further along the track we found a route to the cliff above the narrow entrance we had been using each day, and watched Thomas slowly inch his way past against the current.

Back in the shaded trees, we were treated to glimpses of woodpeckers and nuthatches in the canopy. A deer returned our gaze through a gate before leaping away into cover. Coal tits, goldcrests and wrens entertained us from the trees.



Our inflatable tender.

We emerged at Ellos and strolled along the quay to the small town and the supermarket. We found some shade to eat lunch as a slight sea breeze developed and blew in a Wayfarer full of Danes for ice creams.

Returning in the afternoon, we blew up our tender, an inflatable canoe and set off to explore the bridge at the north end of Malon. With high water and shallow draught, we could explore several small islands and reedbeds, creeping up on the turnstones, herons and curlews. It was a refreshing end to a sweltering day.

A communal barbecue was organised that evening. Paul proved as skilled on guitar as trumpet and the whole assembly joined in renditions of both Danish and English songs. Hitherto, our linguistic ineptitude had been a source of great embarrassment. However, faced with the peculiarities of Australian, we could at least



Danish, Dutch and English perform a Danish folk song.

translate some of the lyrics of Waltzing Matilda into English so the others could understand! It was a really enjoyable evening in good company.



Barbecue.

Sunday 10th August, 2003. *Our last day in the big fleet.*



Rigging on the last full day.

Summoned by the trumpet, plans were agreed to sail out to the island of Harmano. Again there were only light winds forecast, but we should have some sea breeze in the afternoon. For the last time, the big fleet tacked out of Malon Stromnar.

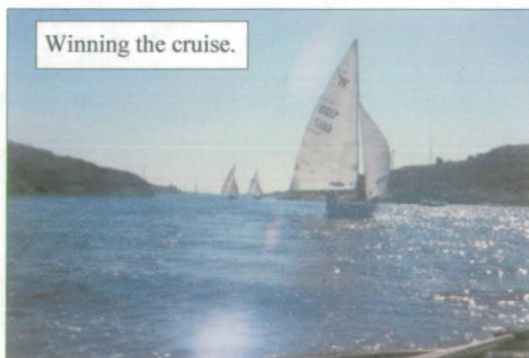
We headed out past Gulholmen, and then beat down another very narrow channel. The fleet was so close to

each other that manoeuvring had become as tricky as a start line. The busy Sunday traffic made it even worse. However, we made it through against the current and were pleased to have overtaken some boats. (Who says cruising is not competitive?)

After a relaxed lunch on a sandy beach, we decided to leave early and set off to explore some offshore islands. No-one seemed surprised. We appeared to have developed a reputation for wanting to keep going on a bit further - I can't think why.



The fleet tacking through the narrow entrance at Malon Stromnar.



Winning the cruise.

Three boats joined us and we ran easily back through the narrow channel to Gulholmen and out around the islands. Large flocks of cormorants and gulls perched on low rocks. Large flocks of Swedes lay on higher ones. Sun worshipping is a very popular past time here.

We returned to the campsite and many boats were pulled out ready to begin packing for their journey home. It had been a lovely few days and we had grown very friendly with the other Wayfarer sailors. We should miss their convivial company. People were also very keen to help us plan the next few days of our cruise, and we spent some time trying to learn key words in the Danish weather forecast. "Kuling," a near gale seemed a good word to recognise. Converting wind speeds from m/s to Beaufort was also useful.

In a week, we had learnt a great deal about the area, the language and the customs. We had grown secure in its familiarity. Now, with more apprehension, we were ready to continue our own adventure. New ground lay ahead.

Monday 11th August, 2003.

Alone once more.



As Wayfarers departed on trailers heading for the ferry, we waded back and forth to "Emma" stowing all our gear once again. Three other boats remained for the last day. Kindly, they agreed to head north enabling us to join them for most of the day before continuing alone. It was sad leaving the campsite and our new friends.

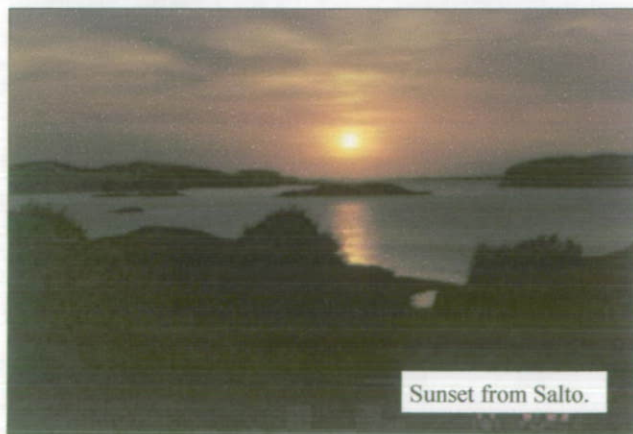
We sailed inland from the empty bay, through the canal into the Koljo Fjord. Then we turned into the narrow channels that wound their way around the island of Flaton. We headed for the small island of Bassholmen. Here, quite unexpectedly, is a traditional boat museum, recommended by Polly and John. To our dismay it was closed, but by a stroke of good fortune, the curator passed our little group and after discussing the Wayfarers and the rally he opened up especially for us.

Bassholmen museum. The boats afloat (left) and displays inside. (below)

The island had been a centre of shipbuilding from Victorian times. Many artefacts, pictures and models explained the lives and work of the people who lived here. These included the model of a Lowestoft trawler built in the early 20th century. Most impressive, however, was the collection of traditional sailing craft, many of which were moored outside and in regular use. We watched some sail. Paul revealed another talent as he quickly sketched a Wayfarer in the visitors book to represent the rally. We were touched that he drew 247 on its sails!



After lunch, we sailed on together to the beautiful fishing village of Fiskebackskil, to visit the supermarket for supplies. Then, as we continued to explore the narrow streets of the village, the others headed back to Malon and we waved our final farewells.

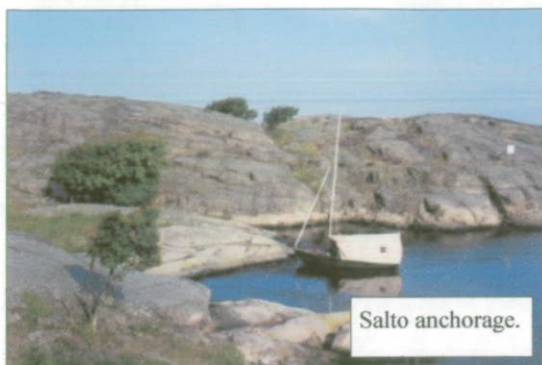


Sunset from Salto.

Alone again, we sailed on past the city of Lysekil and out to the island of Salto where we anchored for the night and enjoyed our first true Bohuslan sunset.

Tuesday 12th August, 2003.

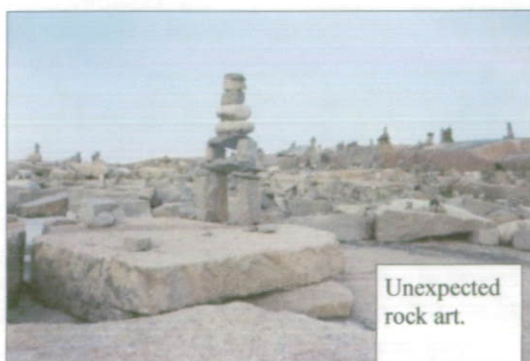
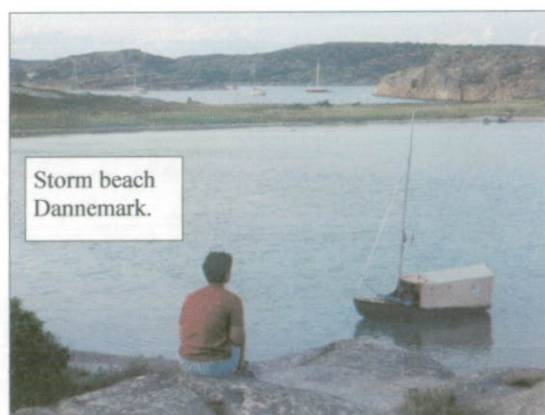
Heading North.



Our anchorage at Salto was typical of many that followed. We tied the bows ashore and laid a stern anchor, then stepped ashore off the deck. The island was virtually uninhabited and we enjoyed roaming around the bronze age cairns on its summit. It was a remote, peaceful spot - a contrast to the busy campsite we had just left.

We had no set plans heading north, except that we should like to reach Norway. So when we set off, our day was very relaxed, taking things as they came, and just enjoyed being on the water. It was still the Swedish summer holiday and everywhere was busy with people enjoying the continuing Mediterranean conditions. Hundreds of Swedes appeared to enjoy lying on rocks in the sun. Many sped about in power boats and quite a few yachts sailed or motored around the fjords. We saw other visitors from Denmark, Germany, the Netherlands and Norway, but no British boats at all.

Our route between the islands took us around the island of Malmon then out toward Smogen. To progress north from here, we must either go inland through the Sotekanal or head out to sea. Sailing is prohibited in the canal, so we decided to head out. We were beating most of the way and against the current until we got outside. A sea breeze helped us up the coast and we rode a large swell into Hunnebostrand, where we stopped for a break and some shopping. On the quay, a statue to the "Alma" told the tale of this ship whose family crew earned a reputation for smuggling goods and people during the war.



We carried on to the island of Dannemark where we anchored in a shallow bay beside a storm beach. On the opposite side, the deeper bay had many yachts on visitor buoys. The island was a nature reserve and had rubbish bins and earth closets provided. We explored the disused quarries of pink granite and discovered unexpected rock art created by countless visitors.

Wednesday 13th August, 2003.

A Flying Visit to Vaderoarna.

An English forecast is broadcast twice per day at 0730 UT and we expected slightly stronger winds today. It had been recommended that we visit the Vaderoarna Islands, a group of skerries some 5 miles offshore. They are particularly good for birds, in season. Sadly, we were a few weeks too late.



Vaderoarna – the cleft with the platform.

Leaving our sheltered bay, we made our way north through a cleft in the rocks to the west of Hamburgo. It was more exposed amongst the skerries beyond, and we put in a reef before turning west and heading out to sea. The wind blew from SSW and was a good force 4, and the waves were building in the open sea.

The principal anchorage amongst the Vaderoarna Islands is on Storo, where a wooden platform has been built along the vertical rock wall of a narrow cleft between islands. Facing south, it was impossible to sail in and the strong wind made it difficult to paddle or row. Fortunately, a tender from a yacht offered us a tow in and we tied up to the end of the platform.



Rock folding patterns.

In fact, the platform was attached to a very small island, and a tender is necessary to explore the main island opposite. We explored our small island and discovered fascinating patterns of folding and ice sculpting in the rocks. We looked carefully at the weather which appeared to be building up and considered our options. This would be a lonely place to sit out a storm, and difficult to get ashore to the main island. The journey back to the mainland would be exposed to strengthening winds on the beam.

Various Swedes came to examine "Emma" and talk to us. "We heard that the English cruise in small boats, but have never seen one before," observed one, as he quizzed us about our anchor, sleeping, cooking and navigation. He pointed out that the wind was already blowing 12m/s at his masthead, and he did not intend to move. We decided 'to put our nose out and have a look,' in the hope of reaching more shelter inland. "I shall put the kettle on. You'll be back soon!" he replied.

We left the cleft under jib alone, then hoisted the main with 2 reefs. It was a fast, wet reach back at a steady 5 knots. As usual, "Emma" performed impeccably, and in less than 2 hours we were moored securely in Fjallbacka with the wind blowing at force 7/8. Time to stay put for a while.

Thursday 14th August.

Anyone for welding?

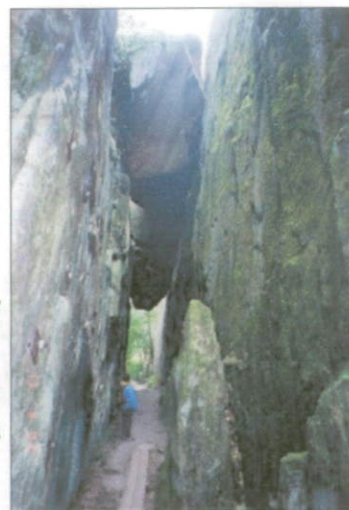
The tourist office informed us that the coast guard reported winds of 25m/s near Vaderoarna. This is creeping into Beaufort force 10, and we agreed that the decision to head for cover was probably correct. We had a very uneasy night, as "Emma" tugged and snatched at her warps. We secured the inboard ends to thwart and mast for security, but the tent creates a lot of windage, and she slewed restlessly all night. By morning, one of the warps had worn right through the varnish into the decking. We padded the warps during future gales.

By daylight, the wind had eased and rain was falling. We explored the small town, birthplace of Ingrid Bergman. Our camping gas stove had run out of fuel, and we had pretty well given up hope of finding more. However, the well-provisioned chandlery stocked familiar canisters - although it warned, "ONLY TO BE USED FOR WELDING!"



Steps climbing up Vetteberget.

A fantastic little walk and climb leads to the summit of a sheer rock cliff behind the harbour, the Vetteberget. The walk is made easier by the installation of several flights of steps, and passes beneath some precariously jammed chockstones. However, the view from above is superb. In kinder weather, this would be the place to watch the sun set over the archipelago.



Beneath Kungs klyftan.

A chance discovery in the tourist office, a short bus ride to the town of Tanumshede and a 2 km walk, took us to Vitlycke. We had not realised that we were so close to a world heritage site of immense importance. Here, in a very small area amongst the woods, is the most amazing collection of Bronze Age rock art. All carved on south-facing granite slabs, presumably to set off their designs with rain and sun, are pictures of boats, people, animals, gods and the footprints of those too sacred to draw. The largest slab was over 20m wide and covered in pictures. I have never been quite so taken aback by an archaeological discovery, but in the silent damp woodland, I was lost in a time 2,500 years ago, able to touch something that was clearly very precious to other visitors all those years ago.

Elsewhere in the museum, we met a Viking in his farm, before returning to "Emma" and preparing to head North toward Stromstad.



Looking down on the harbour
at Fjallbacka from the top
of Vetteberget.

"Emma" is moored here!

The amazing Bronze Age
rock art from Vitlycke.
The boats are about 2m long.



The Bronze Age farm at the museum - Anne chatting up a Viking.



Friday, 15th August.

Dead beat.

The previous day's storm had subsided, but there was still plenty of wind forecast. However, much of the route north to Stromstad was sheltered inside the islands, and the weather was improving later. So we agreed to head on, and paddled away from our berth at about 10.00 am. With no tides to plan for, we avoided the 'crack of dawn' starts we are used to in Britain, and decided that we could grow accustomed to this non-tidal existence.

The wind blew from the north or slightly west of north all day. We headed north or slightly west of north all day, until about 6.00 pm. Our course across the ground was about 26 miles, but our course through the water felt nearly double that! It was a day of endless tacks, heeled one way or the other, soaked by the breaking waves, aching backs from leaning out to balance the boat and hands sore from gripping the sheets.

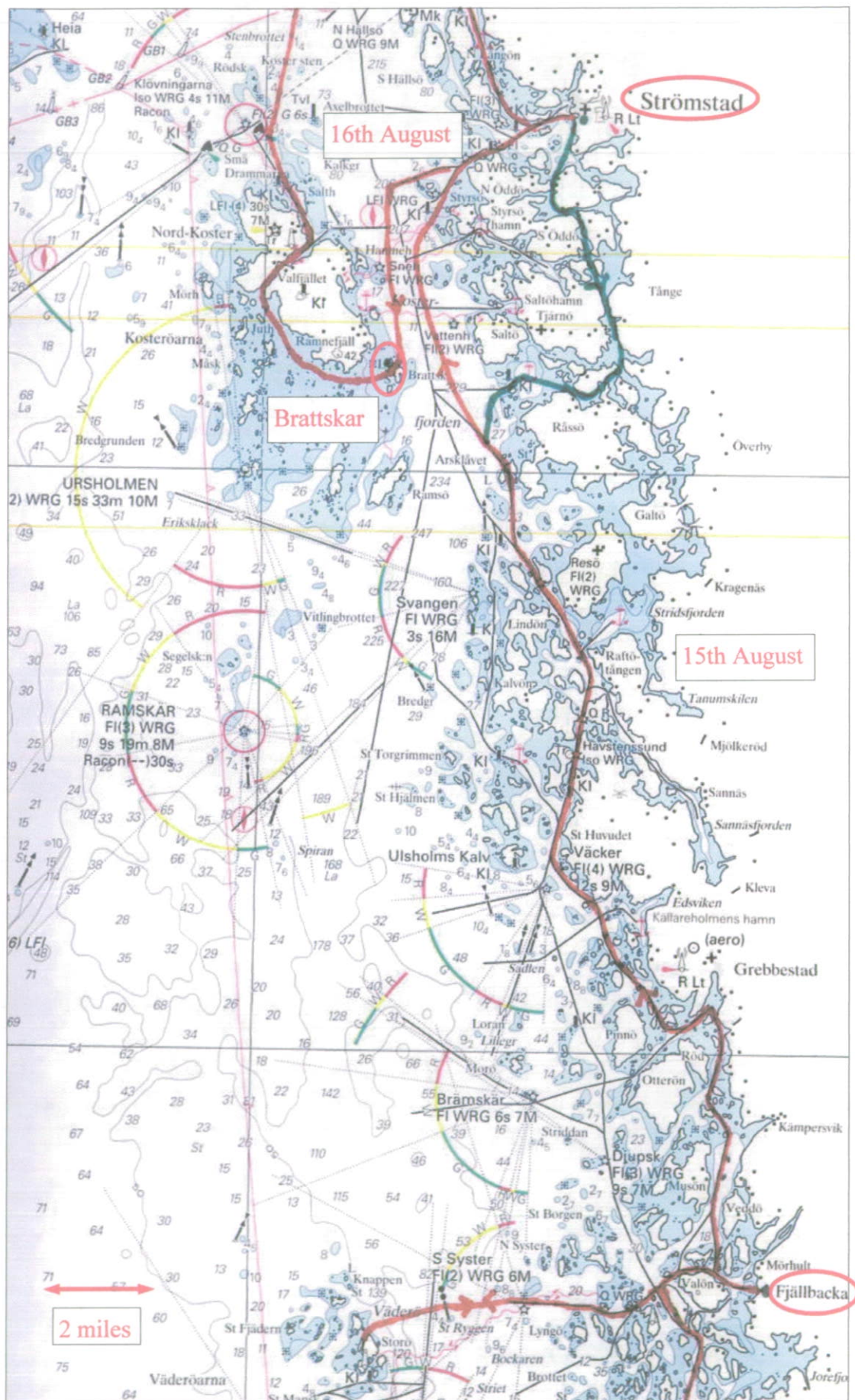
Between the islands, the wind blew at force 3/4. In the more open Koster Fjord, it blew 4/5. We sailed with one reef all day. As usual, "Emma" behaved well. She rode over the waves and turned sharply as we neared the shallow rocks. We were following a recognised route for much of the way, but used the chart and our own judgement to cut between small islands, saving tacks and exploring new ground. Once again, we had to beat through a very narrow channel, against the current and between high rock walls where the wind was suddenly hidden. A burst of frantic tacks with the paddle ready and a helpful eddy saw us through. On the other side, we found a delightful bay on the island of Trosso for a short break.

We moved out into the deeper water of the Koster Fjord and made better time in the stronger wind and bigger swell before finally turning east and reaching into Stromstad. This is Sweden's most northerly harbour in the Skagerrak and was full of visiting Norwegians. We were lucky, and found a small vacant berth near to the shore, tied up and collapsed on the pontoon to finish our flasks of coffee. It was 7.00 pm and we had been sailing for 9 hours, beating most of the day. We were dead beat.

Suddenly, a Norwegian from the boat ahead bounced onto the pontoon and stood before us. "I pass you in the Fjord. I take my hat off to you. I know words to describe what you do in English, but I must not use them!" He handed us two cans of beer and bounced back into his boat. You just never know who is watching.

Stromstad Harbour.





Saturday, 16th August.

The Koster Islands.

The Norwegians come to Stromstad for cheap Alcohol. One boat pulled into the harbour with a wheelbarrow lashed to the deck for his booty from the state-run liquor market. (Nice earner here, Gordon!) Having acquired their booty, they decided to party. This coincided with us deciding to crawl into our sleeping bags. It ended at about 0500. We made as much noise as possible when we went ashore in the morning.

Stromstad is a delightful town, with the main street bisected by the river. We completed our shopping at the supermarket and visited the bookshop to buy a set of Norwegian charts. Like the Swedish ones, they are published in A3 packs similar to our folios. There is slightly more legend on the Norwegian charts, and colour indicates whether an Island has free camping. In both Norway and Sweden, it is perfectly reasonable to camp in any open land, away from dwellings. We could see at a glance which islands were suitable, and which had earth closets and litter bins.

Norway had been a bit of a dream all trip. Last winter, we had dreamt about getting that far north. Even on the rally, it still seemed a touch ambitious to aim that far. Now, it was only a day's sail away. However, today we were heading for the Koster Islands.

We retraced our route to the Koster Fjord, noting the lifeboat trying to pull a large fishing boat off rocks immediately outside Stromstad harbour entrance. A close look at the chart makes you gulp, because the soundings suddenly drop from the usual 20 metres or so, with rocks sticking out, to 200 metres or more! This is a real fjord, not quite like the River Orwell.

We sailed down the fjord to the east of the two main islands, North and South Koster. Then we found our way to a perfect anchorage on a small island called Brattskar. This was totally uninhabited and we claimed it for England, like several others we visited. In our little bay we swam and snorkelled, admiring the marine wildlife. Like a giant aquarium, the shallow bays are absorbing and swallow time as we just watch the crabs, shrimps, tiny flounders and a host of creatures we cannot name go about their daily lives. With a mask, the amazing colours of the anemones strike you. I watched entranced, as a 30 cm pipe fish nosed its way around our anchor oblivious to my presence.

We climbed to the summit of our island as the sun set. The view of the Koster Islands was amazing. Tomorrow, we should wend our way through the mass of islands and then it was next stop Norway - new ground; new country.



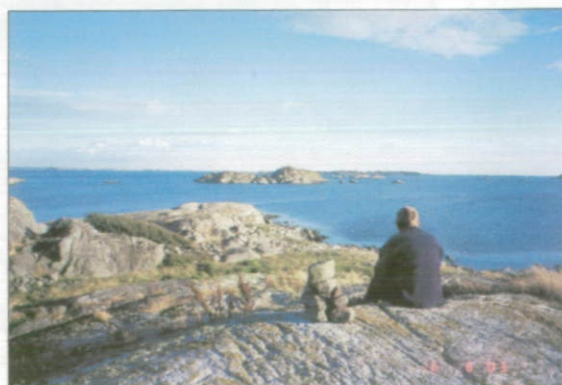
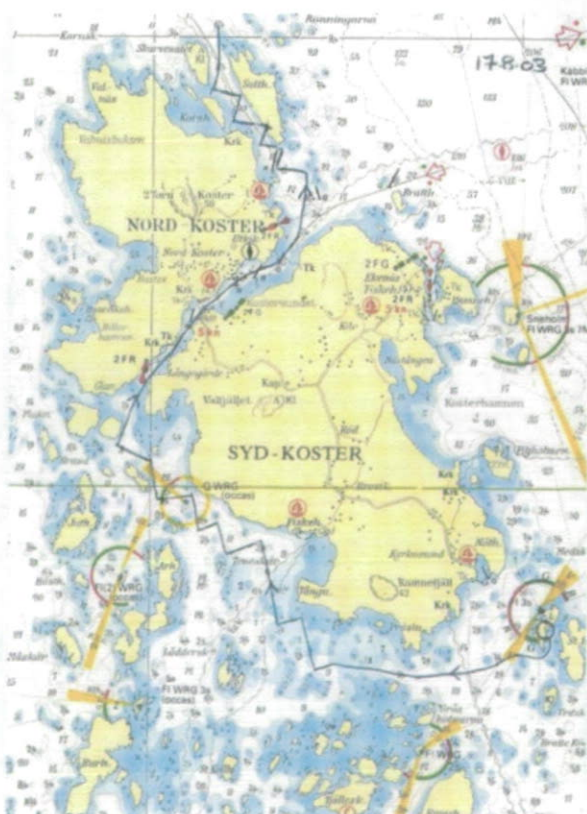
(left) "Emma" nestled into her anchorage on Brattskar. We had this island entirely to ourselves.

(below) The main cabin with four-poster tent.

(below) Our route through the mass of rocky skerries and between the main Koster Islands.

(below right) Anne at the helm leaving Stromstad.

(bottom right) The evening view from the top of our island.



Sunday, 17th August.

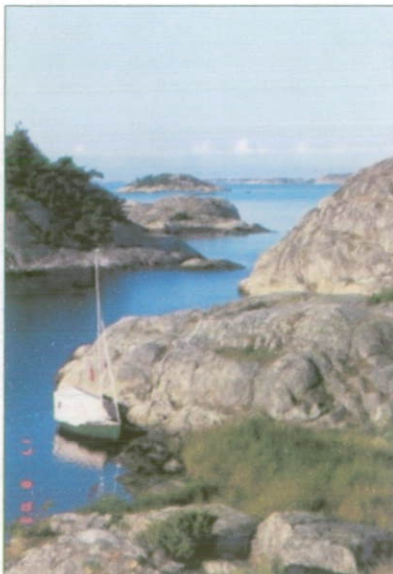
We arrive in Norway, and everyone leaves!

Today was a day of light winds, barely reaching force 3 all day. Amongst the skerries and rocks of the Koster Islands, this was quite reassuring as we first paddled, then rowed and finally drifted around to the west. A passing yacht had a crew member lying on the bow watching the water ahead as it gingerly crept through between the rocks.

At last we saw a seal! We had been looking out for seals all trip and had been surprised to find none. Perhaps this was a result of the Phocine distemper virus the previous year that had also decimated the population in North Norfolk? Generally, we were disappointed not to encounter the rich diversity of wildlife found on the west of Scotland. Perhaps we were a little too late to meet the flocks of breeding sea birds? We supposed that the Skagerrak was too enclosed to attract whales or porpoises. However, it made our brief encounters even more enjoyable.

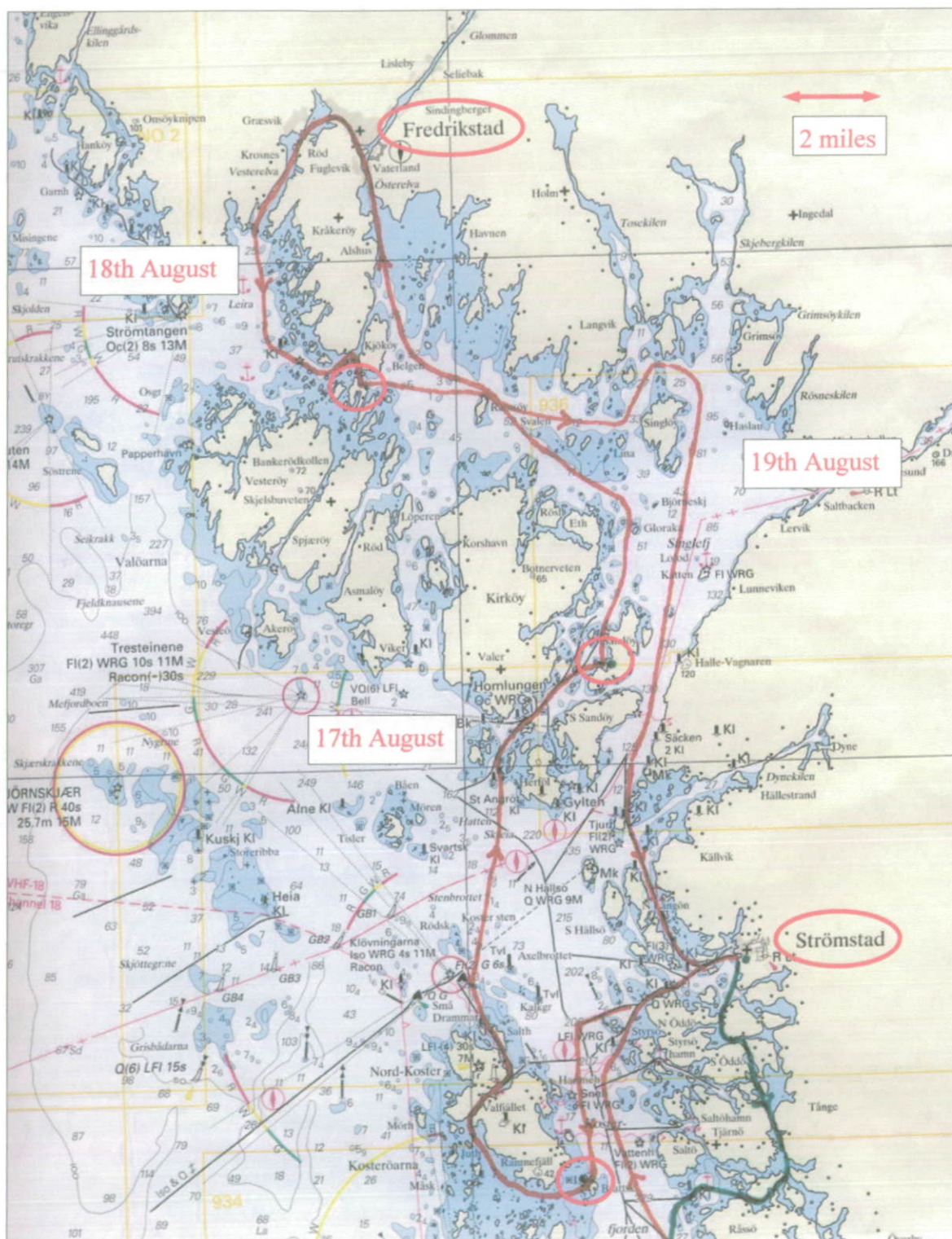
Ferries, power boats, wind shadows and motoring yachts conspired to make the passage between the Nord and Syd-Koster interesting sailing. We paused for a break on a beach of broken shells at Saltholmen. These beaches proved most difficult holding for our Bruce anchor. Refreshed, we set off once again - this time it was next stop Norway.

In force 2/3, it was a gentle passage, nothing like our arrival in Sweden two weeks before. At the appropriate point, we exchanged courtesy flags (still on the wrong spreader) and celebrated by draining the last of the luke-warm coffee on the flask.



We entered through skerries between the two islands of Kirkoy and S. Sandoy. Immediately, the surroundings seemed greener. There were far more trees on these islands than in Sweden. It *felt* different even if the surroundings were remarkably similar.

Navigating our way to our proposed anchorage, we found several boats already moored. However, within minutes of our arrival they all left. Today was the end of the school holidays. All of a sudden, both Norway and Sweden's summer was over.



Monday, 18th August.

Decision Time.

Our car and trailer were in Saeby. Our ferry left Esjberg on August 28th. We had to decide what to do. We could continue to Oslo, a fitting end to the trip. However, an expensive ferry to Denmark and back would be needed. Then we still had to get to Esjberg.

We could cross the Oslofjord to Larvik. But now holidays were over, the timings of the ferry sailings meant it would take 6 days to get "Emma" back to Denmark.

We could sail back to Goteborg and use the fast ferries to shuttle back and forward to Frederikshavn.

We could sail back to Saeby, but we did not want to make it too long a crossing, so we must sail south first and time was against us. So far we had been very lucky and lost only one day to a storm. Who knew what lay ahead.

In the end, we decided to sail back south toward Goteborg via the inland route around the island of Orust. There would be plenty of places where we could recover the boat if time ran out, and easy access to Goteborg by train or bus.



Today, the Norwegian town of Frederikstad caught our eye on the chart. In fact, this day gave us a few unexpected surprises. Our folio of Norwegian charts took us to Frederikstad - at least to the southern outskirts of the city. The rest was on the next folio. As we wanted only about three quarters of a mile of water we decided not to invest in a whole new set of charts, and everyone we spoke to assured us that our two ends of water joined and could be navigated with no problem.

We set off along the fjords intending to make this our northern limit of cruising, for this trip anyway.

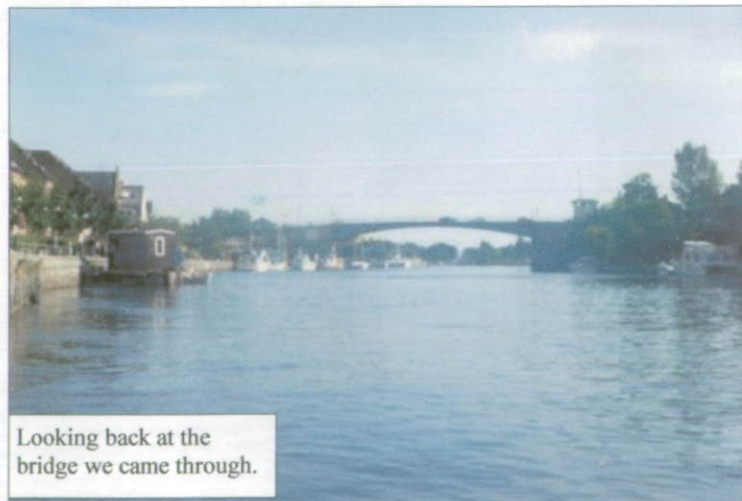
Still Monday.

Current affairs.

We approached Frederikstad through the narrow channel to the east of Krakeroy, intending to round the island heading west and then south after visiting the city. Flowing south and joining this channel is a waterway which must drain large areas of Norway above. Thus, as we drew closer to the town, the current grew stronger and stronger.

Having a following wind, we discovered that if we crept into the shallows and bays on the edge of the channel we could creep forward and even pick up small eddies to help our progress. However, on reaching the narrows at the head of a bay we were forced out into the strong current once more and found ourselves ferry-gliding across to the opposite side, making little forward progress. By the time we reached the bend to turn northwest away from this river, the current must have been at least 4/5 knots and we crept along the bank hugging an eddy, brushing trees and touching the bottom. Finally, the eddy ran out and once more we ferry glided across. This had become a challenge of immense proportions, we were determined to make it to Frederikstad and beat this current.

This time, with the wind astern, standing waves had developed in the centre of the channel which we clawed our way up then slid down. A group of police divers watched from the bank, intrigued as we inched forwards. After what seemed like an eternity we turned, and with the current now behind us, were squirted into Frederikstad past a collection of beautiful wooden boats and toward a low bridge that we ought to be able to sail under. I checked the chart three times. "Yes, we *should* fit beneath this bridge," I replied each time Anne asked. The noise of the traffic didn't help and it looked very close, but we *did* fit, even without heeling the boat over.



Looking back at the bridge we came through.

In the euphoria of conquering the current and the bridge we barely noticed flag 'A' sitting rigidly on the workboat ahead. Fortunately, when we did and began to wonder how we could actually stop in this current, we were waved through. It was quite unnerving seeing bubbles rising all around us as we sailed by. The crew of the workboat were less polite to the cruiser behind.

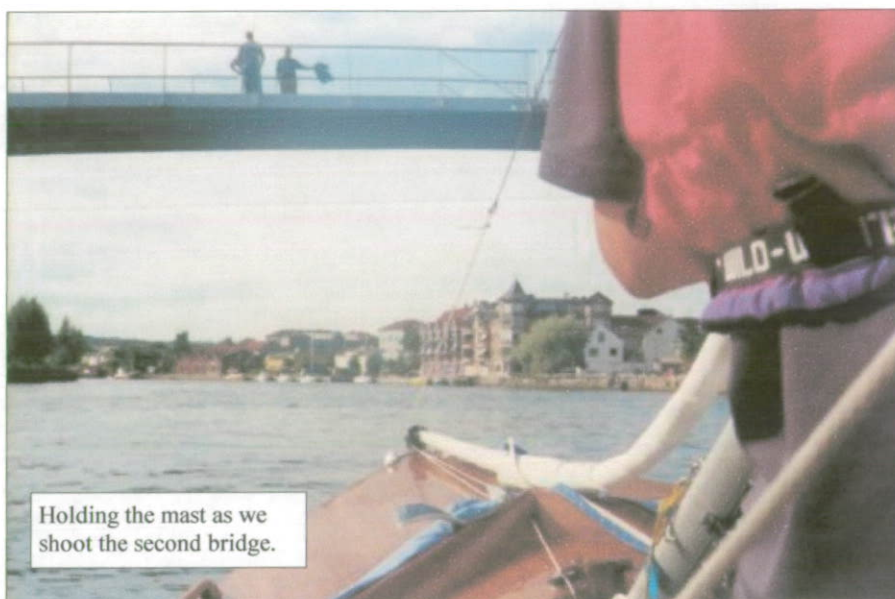
Still Monday.

What Bridge?

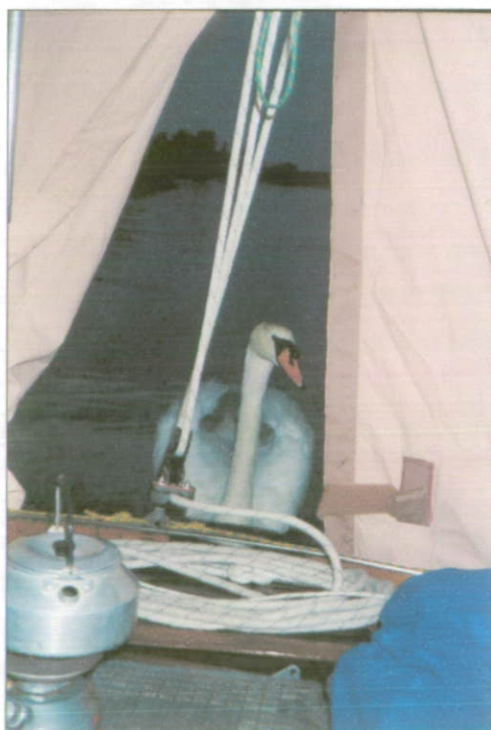
We did manage to turn and stem the tide, coming alongside the harbour wall in the town centre. It was designed for boats with a much higher freeboard than ours, however. We carry two webbing slings attached to the thwart. In the event of a capsize, these are used to pull the boat upright, and to stand in to climb back aboard. Today, after lasooing a bollard, they became our ladder for scaling the harbour wall.

It was just now that we noticed the second bridge. Off our chart by about 2mm! Lower than the other bridge; we were trapped. After a brief exploration of Frederikstad, a coffee, some shopping and postcards, we set about getting the mast ready to lower so we could shoot the bridge. As crew, you soon realise the importance of

multi-tasking. When Anne says, "Lower the mast! Hold the boom! Paddle on the left! Put the mast up! Ready about!" I know I'm probably going to get it wrong. Fortunately, on this occasion, we didn't do too badly. With little control and far less grace we shot the bridge and raised the mast once more.



Holding the mast as we shoot the second bridge.



It was a gentle sail back around the island and into the skerries once again. We found a delightful island to anchor for the night and received an unexpected visitor at our back door.

Settling down for the night, we explored all the possible scenarios for getting back to Saeby. Of course, everything depended on the weather and we had no control over that. And so we drifted off to sleep, to the whine of a mosquito also exploring new ground.

Norwegian mute swan (no relation to blue parrot) paying an evening visit.

Tuesday, August 19th. *Running for cover, we meet our first British boat.*

For the first time, we set off in rain and drizzle. The schools were back and the mosquitoes came out to play. In light winds we made our way out into the fjords, through the skerries and headed for the channel to the east of North and South Sandoy. Here, we sailed with Norway on our right and Sweden on our left. We were tacking, and reached a compromise about when to exchange courtesy flags. It was still drizzling and there was hardly anyone else on the water. Such a contrast to the previous week.

We followed a channel inside North and South Langon, heading toward Stromstad once more. This would be a good place to reprovision before heading on south. As we neared the entrance to the Stromstad approach, the wind picked up dramatically. It rapidly veered around to the west and blew at force 5/6, just as we were trying to avoid a ferry steaming toward us through a very narrow gap between rocks.

Hurriedly, we lowered the main and ran toward Stromstad harbour under genoa alone. Inside, we tucked ourselves under the lee of a large cruiser and moored up. The wind was now gusting force 6/7, and it did not take long to decide that sailing was done for the day. We set up the tent and began organising ourselves inside.

After a short walk ashore we wandered around the harbour. In stark contrast to our previous visit, there were hardly any Norwegian boats, and the bustling pontoon life was now more relaxed and calm. We noticed a yacht beside a café. It had a parade of 49 house sparrows along the guard rails, waiting for crumbs. We also noticed that it wore a red ensign, the first British yacht we had met.



Gavin and Terry invited us aboard and we spent a lovely time exchanging tales about our trips. They are experienced Baltic cruisers and we realised how much we could learn. It was wonderful to meet them.

Wednesday, 20th August.

Gale warnings in force.

We had no intention of sailing out into a gale, and the forecast was not good. Instead, we took a bus to the hamlet of Blonsholm, and spent some time Investigating the Iron Age remains of a stone circle and several burial mounds, Including two very large tumuli beside the main road.

Ship burial.

It was a lovely walk through the woods around a farm with no restrictions upon access. The Swedes are proud of the ancient heritage and it has been protected by law for more than 200 years. As we examined the remains, a buzzard circled overhead, as if guarding the spirits of those resting beneath the soil.

Emerging from the trees into the open, we found a ship burial. This is nothing like Sutton Hoo, where the Anglo Saxons interred the remains of a great leader, possibly King Raedwald, in a wooden ship on a hill above the River Deben near Woodbridge. Though no doubt for an equally respected leader, this burial was inside a henge of huge granite standing stones, some 50 m long and in the shape of a ship, the prow and stern being the largest stones. More recently, a military hospital nearby had elected to bury officers who failed to recover from their wounds inside the same tomb, maintaining the status of the site. Today, the sun shone and the wind blew on a carpet of wild flowers around the stones.



Returning to Stromstad we found a map to the 'heart and lung fitness trail.' This was created by the council to encourage residents to take more exercise. It followed a lovely 7km route around the town and was well worth the walk. It actually went straight through two schools - imagine that happening in Britain.

We visited the state run liquor store and invited Gavin and Terry aboard "Emma" for a drink. I think they were amazed at how roomy a Wayfarer can be, but I suspect that they won't be rushing to downsize their yacht just yet.

Thursday, 21st August.

Making a break for it.

Much as we enjoyed Stromstad, especially without the Norwegian late-night parties, we wanted to get on. We only had a week before the ferry home. The forecast predicted winds of 12 - 16m/s, decreasing to 8 - 12 m/s later. We knew that we could complete much of our route in the shelter of islands, so we decided to set off. The British yacht and a small German boat also made the same decision.

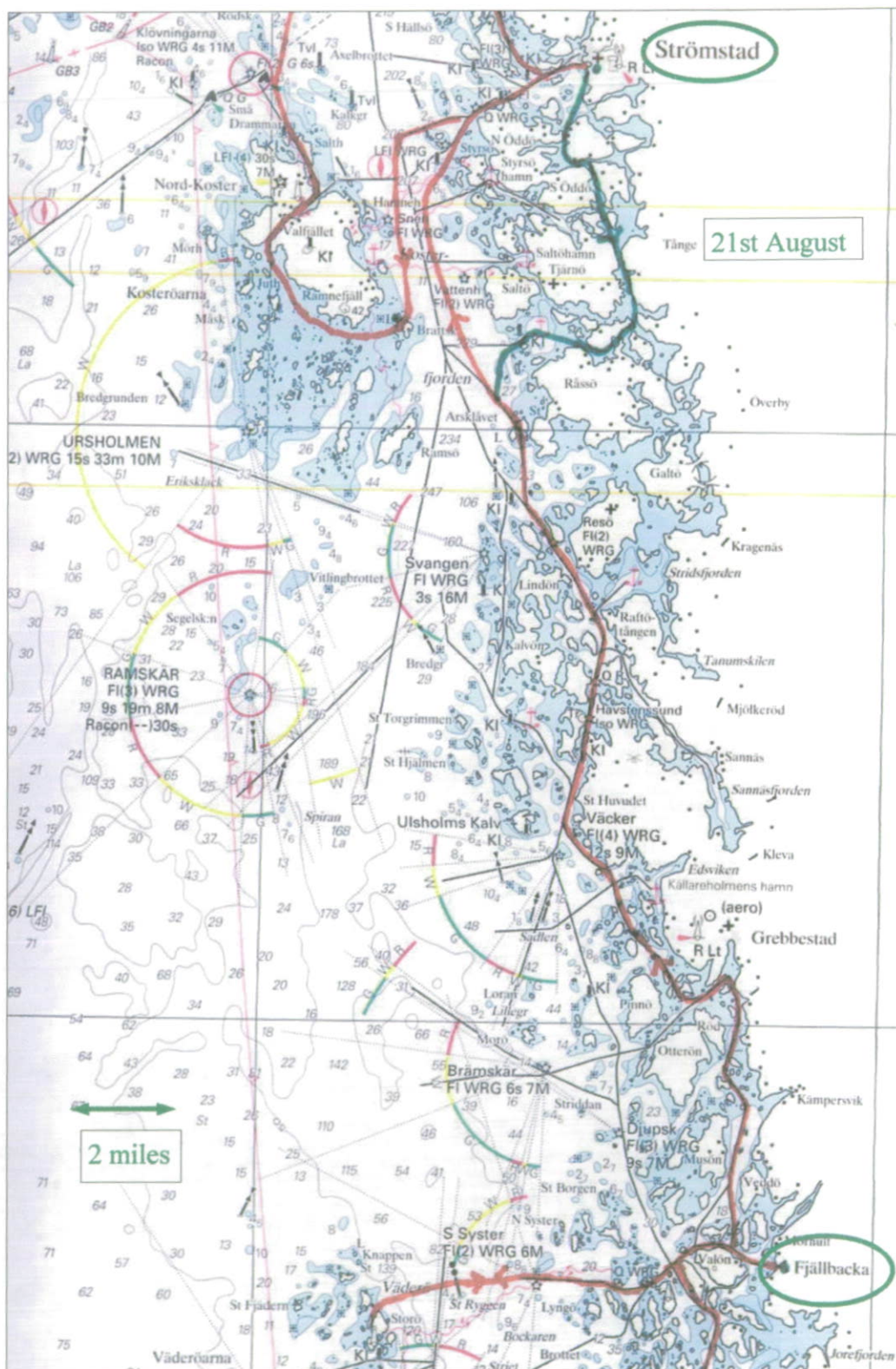
It was very sheltered sailing inland from Stromstad. The first 8 miles were quite frustrating as we often found ourselves becalmed in the steep-sided channels. A Swede in a Dragon keelboat followed us down a very narrow channel into a small lake. He hailed us. "I don't know where I am. I am looking for a narrow channel!" We had just gone down the wrong narrow channel, but still he followed us out of the lake through a very shallow passage to yet another narrow, but deeper, cut between the islands.

Emerging from the shelter of the islands we had to sail out into the Koster Fjord. This was exposed and in winds of force 4/5 the waves were rising a good 2 m. Almost at once, Gavin and Terry came past in "Hexotic" screaming along at a very good speed with one reef. We ploughed on outside the island of Rasso, searching for a small north cardinal before turning in between the islands once more.



To our relief, it was a little more sheltered, but the sea still carried a large swell and progress was slow. We passed the entrance to Fjallbacka intending to make progress south, but after another hour, realised that the wind was not easing and decided to return to the safe harbour. We tied up behind the German boat who had left Stromstad with us. It had been a long day, over 30 miles of hard wet sailing. We were both tired and the wind had not abated as predicted. The 9.30 pm forecast predicted winds rising to 10 - 15m/s.

It looked as though we should have to sit out another gale. We made the warps secure and settled down to another uneasy night.



Friday, 22nd August.

A frustrating day in port.

Fjallbacka is a lovely town. Like most harbours, the facilities were good and we paid what seemed a standard fee of around £10.00, but showers were extra. However, we had not intended to return here, and under these circumstances we were frustrated to discover that the winds showed no sign of abating.

On Thursday evening, during the gale, a party of four Norwegian power boats arrived. In true fashion, they decided to have a party aboard one boat. This eventually subsided at around 0530! Is this normal in Norway?

In the harbour, next morning, the Germans measured winds of force 7/8. At sea, the coastguard reported winds of 20 - 25m/s in the Skagerrak. The 9.30 pm forecast warned of a 15 m/s 'kuling' decreasing to 8 - 12m/s on Saturday. We watched the waves breaking over the seaward pontoons, and were glad to be well inside the harbour. The air was filled with spume and we watched the lifeboat leave on three separate occasions.

We had no choice but to stay put. We walked out of town along the coast to a nature reserve and explored the rocky, coastal habitat. We noticed that the leaves on some trees had begun to turn brown. Autumn was arriving, perhaps hastened by the long, hot dry summer. It was sobering.

Returning to town, we climbed up the Vetteberget and walked over to the other side, visiting the local library to check our e-mails. Returning to the boats, we spent a pleasant evening with the Germans who were just as frustrated as ourselves and eager to get off again. We all hoped for kinder winds over the next few days.



Storm clouds over Fjallbacka church.

Saturday, 23rd August.

Moving on.

The morning forecast warned of gales, but easing by tonight. We decided to wait until midday and see what it looked like. We had only 5 days left to reach our Ferry at Esjberg and the prospect of completing the voyage back to Saeby seemed increasingly remote. We relaxed and had coffee with our German friends before deciding that we could wait no more and set off.

Our problem was the Sotekanal. To avoid this meant going out to sea. The wind was still gusting force 4/5 and we anticipated a large swell after the last few days' wind. However, a Swede aboard a neighbouring yacht suggested he call the canal



Rowing tin the Sotekanal.

control by radio. He was sure that they would allow boats to sail if they had no engine.

Dutifully, he called on our behalf and permission was granted. All we had to do was call up Port Control as we approached the entrance.

The first part of the journey was sheltered between the islands around Hamburgo.

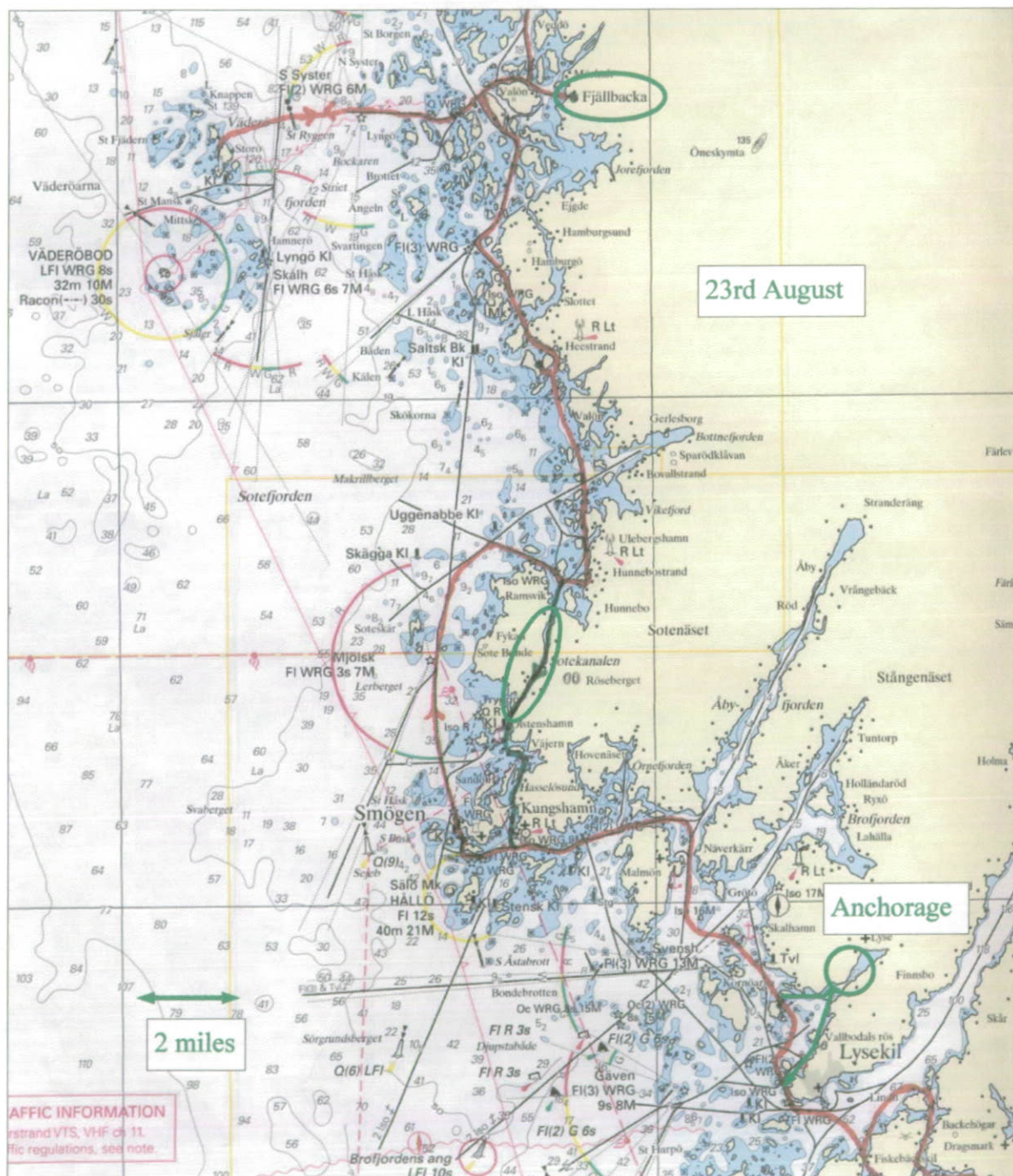
However, south of Dannemark the small islets provided less shelter and the seas became more confused with breaking waves. We were glad to escape into the calm of the canal.

There is a low road bridge half way along. The bridge keeper responded to our VHF call at the entrance and opened the bridge as we approached. Needless to say, we entered a wind shadow at this point and hurriedly broke out the oars just as a police boat appeared from the opposite direction. We squeezed past successfully and carried on. The current was against us and we were glad of a short tow from the German boat who caught us up at an opportune moment just before the exit from the canal.

We raced them and another Swedish yacht for some miles south past Kungshamn and around Malmon where they went for the night. We continued to a remote sheltered bay near the city of Lysekil, where we settled for the night. The wind did ease and we were grateful for a quiet night after several recent windy ones. Tomorrow we were to head inland around Orust. Totally new ground.



Racing the German boat.



Sunday, 24th August.

A long way with little wind.

Sunday dawned fine. We still had a long way to go, and had vague ideas about reaching Marstrand that evening. From there, we knew we could find a three day forecast and decide if the sail back to Denmark was possible. However, the wind was light and in 11 hours, we sailed only 33 miles. Once again, frustration began to set in. How *were* we going to get "Emma" home?

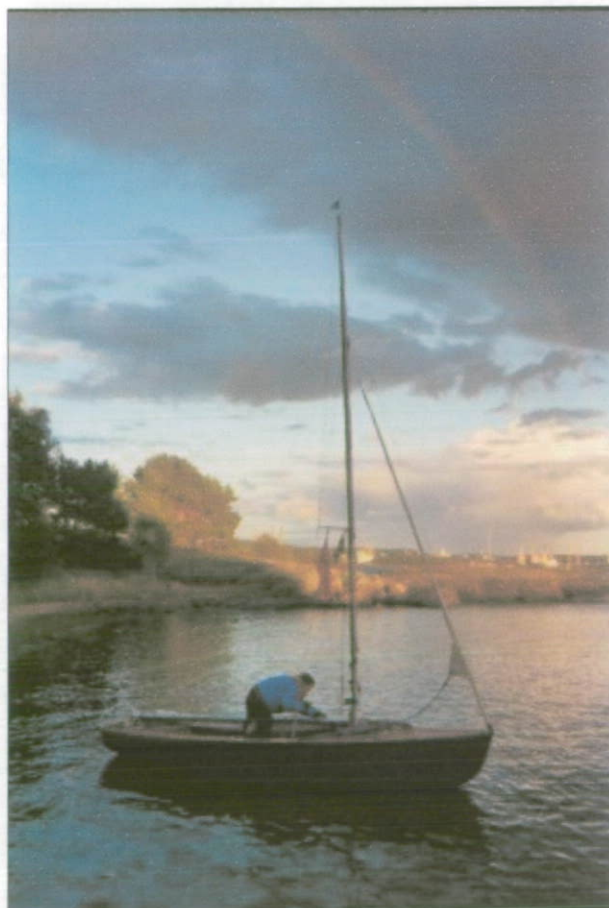
The first part of our day entailed retracing our journey from the rally. In one sense it was good to be in familiar territory, but in another, we longed for something new. We made our way around the island of Flaton past the traditional boat museum at Bassholmen, up the Koljo Fjord and the Kalvo Fjord to the bridge we had visited at Notesund. Beneath it, we were in new ground, sailing behind the island of Orust. We saw a few boats but largely had the waterways to ourselves. Once we entered the Havstensfjord we turned south and with the wind behind and current in our favour made good progress south down an extremely attractive route.

We finally decided to stop for the night and headed for a bay on the south side of a small island, St. Farholmen. As we pulled into the bay, a herd of deer who were grazing at the water's edge looked up and saw us, then bolted for cover in the pines surrounding the beach.

We anchored in the shallow bay and waded ashore. A rainbow was developing behind us, but no rain fell. It was a beautiful wooded island and we spent some time exploring before settling down to cook dinner. We pondered all the possible options about returning to Denmark, but came to no real conclusion. If we could reach Marstrand tomorrow, we could make an informed decision there. That seemed a good place to leave our planning and settle down in the sleeping bags.

During the night, we could see from their tracks, that the deer had crept back to watch us.

A rainbow developing as we anchor in the bay.





Monday, 25th August.

A decision is made.

It was a day to be decisive and we set off with a force 3 blowing from astern, helping us toward Marstrand. As the morning wore on, the wind eased, and by midday we were rowing. This was not helping us, and frustration began to creep in once more. Finally, as we left the shelter of the islands and headed for more open sea, the wind rose as a sea breeze developed, giving us a wet and windy ride into the harbour at Marstrandson.

Unlike our previous visit, when berths were like gold dust, the pontoons were almost deserted and the harbour master had gone for a long lunch. We searched out the tourist office, which had moved during the last month, and investigated buses and trains to Goteborg. No problem getting back from here, and we could recover the boat.

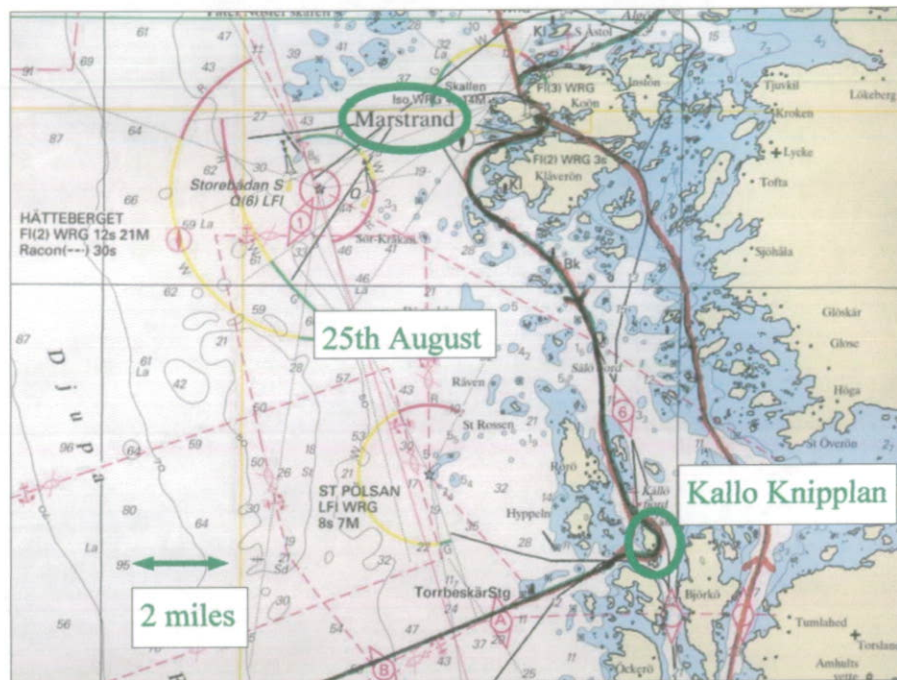
We searched for the three day forecast in English. Good news. Tomorrow was to be fine with light winds. Wednesday was also fine with slightly more wind. Thursday should be fine too. Someone was looking after us. It did not take long to decide that we could attempt the crossing back to Denmark. We could head for Laeso tomorrow and visit a different part of the island. Or, we could cross to Frederikshavn tomorrow, then Saeby on Wednesday. Or, we could head straight for Saeby tomorrow. The light winds were a worry, as we had to cross the shipping lane and did not really want to be rowing in front of advancing container ships.

We decided not to stay at Marstrand, and headed off out to sea then south through the skerries toward the island of Kallo Knipplan. On one low flat islet, we saw 16 common seals basking. Apart from a brief glimpse in the Koster Islands, these were our first proper seals and it was almost a relief to see them.

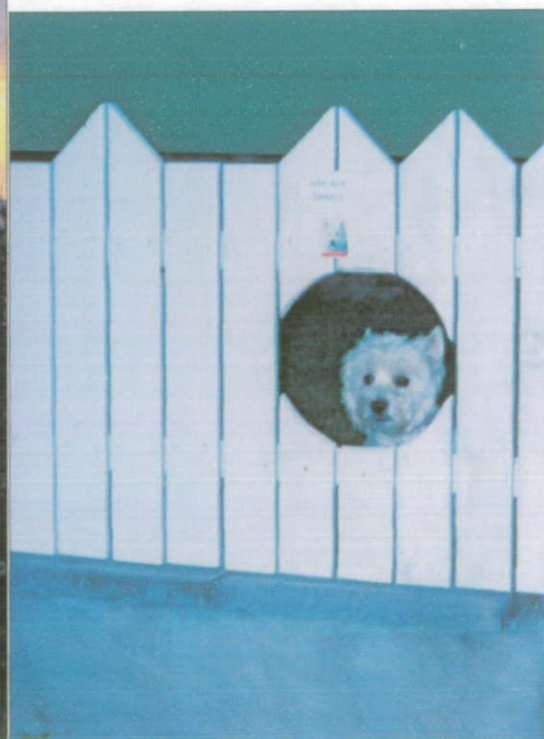
Like many other harbours, Kallo was deserted. The harbour wall was built of huge boulders and, as we tied up, two mink appeared, having a serious altercation, and oblivious to our presence. One vanquished the other, then spent some time examining "Emma," almost challenging us too, before slinking off between the rocks.

Kallo, the island, is far from deserted, however. There were regular ferries bringing commuters home throughout the evening. After tea, we explored the village and found a lovely Scottie dog protecting his garden, with his own port hole in the fence.

We climbed to the top of the island and were rewarded with our most spectacular sunset. What a way to spend our last night in Sweden.



The sunset and the
Scottie dog on
Kallo Kniplan.



Tuesday, 26th August.

Let's go for it today!

We had done our passage planning and reckoned that the direct route would be about 45 miles. We plan, expecting to do 3.5 knots thus expected this journey to take about 13 hours. We were still apprehensive about having too little wind to cross the shipping lanes safely, but decided to set off and try to make the crossing, staying north of the ferry and high speed catamaran routes between Goteborg and Frederikshavn.

It was 0715 as we sailed out of the harbour. This had meant rising at 0530 as it always takes at least an hour and an half to strike the tent, cook breakfast and stow everything ready to sail. The wind of force 3 blew from the north, and we reached comfortably out between the islands and into the open sea of the Kattegat.

Quickly, Sweden faded away and we saw nothing. We allowed about 10 degrees for current and leeway and headed on our bearing toward Denmark, logging our position each hour. As on our crossing from Laeso four weeks before, we planned to cross the shipping lanes near a fairway buoy to confirm our position. Once again, we were bang on target and the wind lifted a little to help us across ahead of a tanker approaching from the south. We altered course slightly and continued, changing courtesy flags when we considered we had changed territory.

It was steady progress and we slowed a little as the wind eased for a while. We even had the oars out for a short time, but it picked up shortly afterwards. A radio mast with a flashing light was our first view of Denmark. Gradually other masts and other pieces of Frederikshavn became clear and we began to breathe more easily knowing that we were nearing our destination.

It took an awfully long time to pass Frederikshavn. The giant wind turbines stayed in view for ages. Anne was asleep when I carefully changed course to avoid first, the high speed ferry, and second, a naval frigate as they steamed past. Then we noticed something white. Gradually it grew larger until, with the binoculars, we could identify the church and statue of Saeby.

It was 1730 when we sailed into the harbour entrance. It had taken just over 10 hours to sail 46 miles from Sweden and here we were back where we started. The statue of the Lady of Saeby beamed down on us as we paddled up to a berth. She has two faces, one looking after the townsfolk whilst the other looks after those who sail out past her. She certainly looked after us. In fact, we did not realise how much. Our biggest shock was just about to unfold.



(above) The lady of Saeby watching over the harbour entrance as a storm follows us in.

(left) The fairway buoy, a reassuring find in the centre of the Kattegat.

(below) Exchanging courtesy flags as we return to Danish territory.



Wednesday, 27th August.

How lucky we were!

Having tied up the night before on our arrival, we found the harbour master to let him know we had returned and pay our dues. In the office, we noticed the new forecast. It warned of imminent gales! We had received no other warning of this sudden change. Indeed, as we looked out to sea, the approaching weather was clearly visible.

We suddenly became aware of how lucky we were. Had we decided to wait another day for better winds, we should have never left Sweden. If we had sailed to Laeso, we should be trapped on the island, possibly on a remote anchorage. We had chosen well, but only by chance. That Lady had certainly done her job!

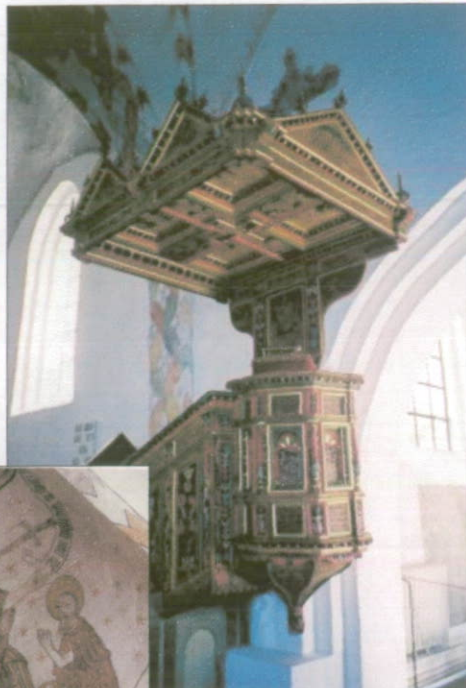
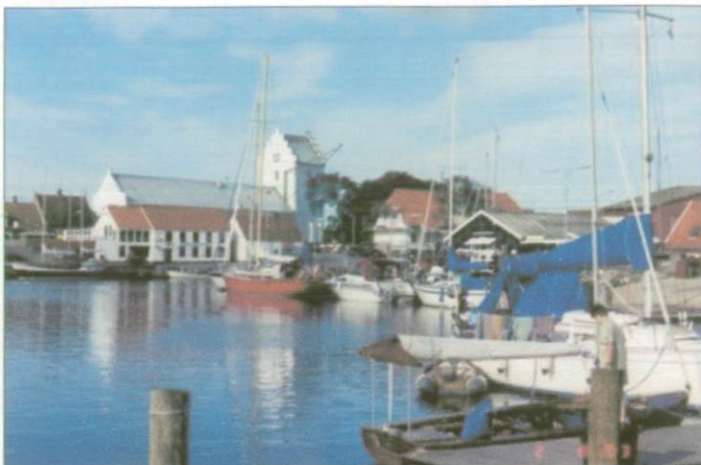
We walked up to the supermarket and found celebratory food and wine. The euphoria of completing the crossing and coming to the end of a wonderful 455 mile voyage was keeping us on a high and resisting the sleep that we knew we should be craving after such a long day. When we did fall into sleep it was restless, as the gale blew hard, even in the shelter of the harbour, the tent flapping harder than in any of the other storms.

Wednesday was spent mostly clearing up and stowing gear in the car. We booked in at the local youth hostel so we could recover the boat and pack her up ready for the journey to Esjberg. It took some time to unload everything, wash it, pack it and stow it in the car. Washing down and cleaning the boat were interesting as she had acquired a lot of barnacles on her bottom - something that never happens at home where she is recovered on land after each trip. Eventually we managed to squeeze her into her cocoon ready for the journey home.

We still allowed ourselves enough time to visit the church, explore the town and stroll along the beach. Inside the church were amazing frescos originally painted when the church was part of a huge medieval monastery. They were recently discovered beneath the whitewash and give a glimpse into how bright medieval churches must have been.

Saeby is proud of its street art, and several pieces of sculpture caught our eye on the beach and in the streets of the town.

In the evening, we drove to Frederikshavn and found our Danish wayfaring friends to share experiences and memories of the rally. It rounded off a very pleasant day.



Saeby church and harbour. (*top left*)

Some of the medieval frescos. (*left*)

Pulpit. (*above*)

Saeby street art. (*below*)

Saeby beach art. (*right*)



Thursday, 28th August.

Heading home.

This date had been in our minds for so long. We knew that we had to be in Esjberg to catch the ferry, and so much of our passage planning and decision-making had been geared to meeting this deadline. Now it had arrived, and we drove back across Jutland happy in the knowledge that we had met it.

We were happy to be going home. We had been away for a month and already we were thinking about things that needed attention at home. The allotment had been abandoned through the hottest summer for years. The house had been left in neighbours' care. The prospect of work loomed on the near horizon. We had a cruise to the Walton Backwaters to organise for the club and Wayfarer Association.

We were probably a little "sailed out," as one person put it. A month on a Wayfarer is quite a long time. At least it was a dry month, unlike time spent in Scotland where everything seems to become slightly damp after a while. The prospect of using a kitchen and full size bed was becoming attractive.

Before we left, our rear commodore had helped us by providing lots of useful information on the region. In exchange, he asked us to do a short presentation on the cruise to a joint Royal Harwich and Cruising Association meeting in September. How could we refuse? It provided the impetus to start collating our log. [Ironically, when the processing company appeared to lose five of our films, preparing the talk created more worry and panic than any of the sailing!]

As soon as we started to reflect on what we had done, we immediately began to think about what we should do next. That is often the way with cruising. It is very addictive, and looking back at Esjberg as "Dana Sirena" steamed out of the harbour we were already thinking about future cruises.

"Emma" ready for the journey home.



Friday, 29th August.

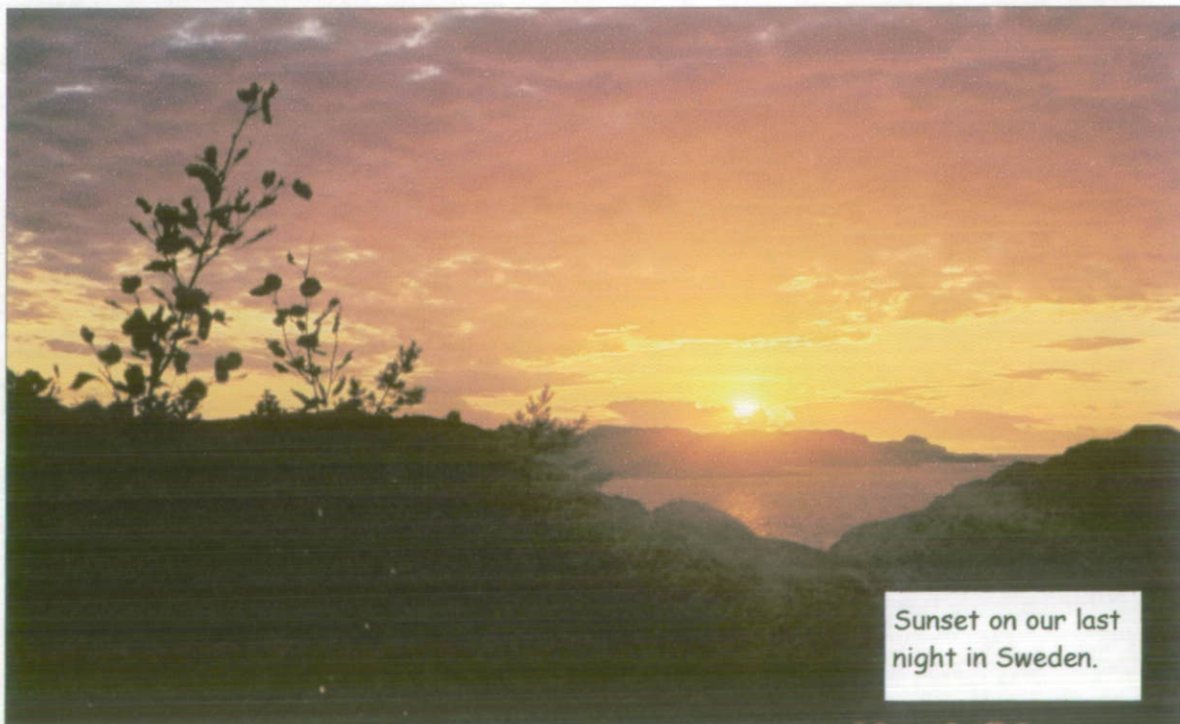
Home at last.

The house was fine. Some plants had struggled on the allotment, but it had been a bumper year for tomatoes. The mountain of junk mail was soon 'filed.' "Emma" was delivered to her slot in the dinghy park ready for the cruise out to the Walton Backwaters. We met a few people at the club and quickly found ourselves in conversation about our holiday.

The Baltic is no longer new ground. We have a very small piece of experience which we can use to plan and build up more. Any experience rapidly makes anyone aware of how little they know, and we are all too aware of our limitations. There is so much more to discover about sailing the Wayfarer and cruising in different places and conditions. There is such a lot more to discover about the places we visited, the people who live there, their culture, history and language. Most of all, every time we sail, we find out a little more about ourselves. You have to be honest about the things you discover.

It is hard to pick out the best part of a cruise. It was an absolutely wonderful experience for us - the best cruising we have ever had. However, if we had to pick one thing, it is probably the people we met. Each person added a little more to our experience in their own unique way, and we hope that we can preserve and use that in the future.

Many thanks to everyone that we met and who helped us when both planning and sailing, enabling us to enjoy cruising in new ground.



Sunset on our last night in Sweden.

Summary of the cruise.		Wayfarer International Rally.	
Date	Distance over ground (nautical miles)	Journey	Weather Summary (wind in Beaufort Force)
01.08.03	0	Ipswich to Harwich/ferry	Hot and calm for the crossing
02.08.03	0	Esjberg to Saeby/launch	Still hot and calm
03.08.03	20	Saeby to Laeso	Sun. Wind W max 3/4
04.08.03	40	Laeso to Marstrandson	Sun. Wind W/WNW max 5/6
05.08.03	26	Marstrandson to Malon	Sun. Wind NW max 3
06.08.03	7.5	Gulholmen	Sun. Wind NW 2
07.08.03	23.5	Henan and Notesund	Sun. Wind W/SW/Var 2/3
08.08.03	17	Storon and Skafolandet	Sun. Wind W/SW/Var 2/3
09.08.03	0	Walked to Ellos	Sun. Wind Var 1/2
10.08.03	12	Harmano and Grashna Is.	Sun. Wind Var/SSW 3
11.08.03	15	Basshmn.,Fiskebackskil, Salto	Sun/drizzle. Wind SW 3/4
12.08.03	21.5	Hunnebostr. and Dannemark	Sun. Wind WSW/NW 3/4
13.08.03	19	Vaderoarna and Fjallbacka	Sun/cloud. Wind SSW/S 5/6
14.08.03	0	Tanum and Vitlycke Museum	Cloud/rain. Wind NW 7/8
15.08.03	26	Stromstad	Sun/cloud. Wind WNW 4/5
16.08.03	6.5	Koster Islands	Sun. Wind NW/WNW 3/4
17.08.03	14.5	N. Sandoy, Norway	Sun. Wind Var/WNW 2/3
18.08.03	22	Frederikstad & Farholmen	Sun. Wind S 3
19.08.03	21.5	Stromstad	Rain/drizzle. Wind W 5/6
20.08.03	0	Walked to ship burial	Sun. Wind W 6/7
21.08.03	30.5	Fjallbacka	Sun/cloud. Wind WSW 4/5/6
22.08.03	0	Walked to nature reserve.	Rain/sun. Wind W 6/7
23.08.03	24	Sotekanal & Karingeh	Sun/cloud. Wind NW 4/5
24.08.03	33	Inland route around Orust	Sun/cloud. Wind NE 2/3
25.08.03	26.5	Marstrand & Kallo Knipplan	Cloud/sun. Wind Var/NW 3/4
26.08.03	46	Saeby	Sun/cloud. Wind NNW 3/4
27.08.03	0	Saeby; recovered boat	Sun/rain. Wind W 6/7
28.08.03	0	Esjberg/ferry	Sun and calm crossing
29.08.03	0	Harwich and Ipswich.	Sun.
TOTAL	455		