

WOTAN'S LOG

OXELOSUND - GOTHENBURG 25th July to 10th August 2009

This log is particularly long so watch out, have your delete buttons ready!

Bim very kindly drove me all the way to Stansted. The place was bedlam. If it had not been for Bim working out a way around the system, which had broken down, I would never have got on the flight. Mike and Pally Gibb, who had arrived much earlier, were by this time relaxing in the departure lounge. We landed at Skavska, found our luggage and a taxi to Oxelosund, where Carl Sjosted was waiting for us.

After some shopping and necessary repairs we set off for Arkosund at 1550. We anchored at the entrance to Lindofjarden, well out of sight of the caravan site where we had dinner previously. I decided that the marina off the campsite was probably too shallow for Wotan. A Swan 38, which we had encountered on the way down to Arkosund, was braver than me and went into the marina, only to finish up several metres off the pontoon! In the morning we weighed and motored out of Lindofjarden and south towards Arkosund, following our friend in the Swan 38. The route towards Mem, at the eastern entrance to the Göta Kanal, takes you along the mainland coast until you enter a long fjord up the Mem. There is an imposing castle at Stegeborg guarding the entrance to Slätbaken. We tied up outside the Göta Kanal office, where I was relieved of an exorbitant sum by way of canal dues. In exchange for which, I was given a sticker and two Servicekorts for the showers in the marinas along the canal, one of which I promptly lost! By 1345 we had transited our first canal lock and we were well and truly in the system. We had to wait for about 40 minutes for a bridge to open just to the west of Söderköping. Carl called the Göta Kanal office to enquire what was happening. He discovered that if there was an ambulance on call in the area, the bridge would not open on the hour and half hour as scheduled. This lower part of the Göta Kanal meanders through relatively flat countryside. On either side there are fields with disinterested cows and on one side a towpath with friendly cyclists pedaling along. At 1810 we gave up for the evening and tied up between the upper and lower Carlsborg locks. The canal shuts at 1800, but the lock keepers, who are almost all students, will continue working the locks to allow you to berth at a marina for the night. Needless to say we ran aground approaching the marina dock, but Carl spotted a suitable gang plank in the nearby timber store, so we did not have to leap ashore!

I had been warning everyone, since we met in Oxelosund, that it would rain at 0900 on Tuesday morning and it did. By 1025 the rain had cleared up and we were off! The main hazard for the day was the motorway bridge outside Norsholm, with a 22m clearance. Wotan has an air draft of 18.9m plus impedimenta. Pally had her camera trained on the top of the mast, while I strove to sail directly under the 22m sign, for cinematographic effect. Anyhow, we slid under the bridge with not much room to spare. It was lucky that I had not reassembled my RCC burgee at the top of the mast for we would surely have hit the bridge. We stopped for lunch just before the entrance to Lake Roxen, which was to prove our nemesis. As we entered Lake Roxen we passed a planeing work boat which ran a service carrying bicycles from Berg at the other end of the lake 20 miles away to Norsholm, to save cyclists the rather tedious ride along the southern shore of the lake. About 40 minutes into Lake Roxen, the engine overheating alarm went off, so we anchored behind an islet to sort it out. I checked the water

filter and it was clean. I found to my astonishment that the engine inlet seacock was not fully open, but it had allowed sufficient, or at least barely sufficient water, to cool the engine until now. So, with pride that I had sorted the problem, we ran up the engine for 10 minutes and set off once more, only to find that the alarm went off again. This time I found a better anchorage and Carl and I set to with a will to determine what was causing the overheating. We opened up the impeller, which looked to be in immaculate condition. I took the inlet hose off the seawater filter and proved that, with the seacock open, seawater came pouring in, so clearly the inlet was not blocked. We then turned our attention to the seawater filter. For those less mechanically minded readers, who are not already asleep, the seawater filter is about 10 inches above the waterline, so it is the suction produced by the impeller which lifts the water up into the seawater filter and into the engine. To get it all going you need to prime the pump by filling up the water filter. You then start the engine and as soon as it fires, you should open the seawater inlet seacock and water should flow, or not, as the case may be. We found that the water was not flowing well and that there was a hissing sound of air rushing into fill the vacuum caused by the action of the impeller, nature abhors a vacuum and all that! We tightened up all the jubilee clips between the impeller and the seacock. Things improved somewhat, but the water flow was still intermittent and the hissing sound persisted. Finally, I decided that washing up liquid was what was needed to improve the seal on the seawater filter cap. This seemed to make a difference and I could see seawater welling up in the seawater filter. The engine again ran for 10 minutes without overheating, but that, as I already knew, did not prove much. I identified a sheltered anchorage on the southern shore of Lake Roxen, so we weighed anchor and motored very gingerly across to it. The engine did not overheat so perhaps that was a result!

We found a delightful anchorage in the lee of an island not far from an extensive reed bed, which usually denotes a muddy bottom. Pally cooked us seafood pasta, which we ate in the cockpit, in the company of some swans and under a cloudless sky.

On Wednesday morning we weighed anchor and motored very gingerly towards Berg at the bottom of a long flight of locks. I found that at 5 knots the engine did not overheat but increase speed to 5.5 knots and the overheating alarm went off. I slowed down to 5 knots and headed across Lake Roxen to Berg. The Berg flight consists of seven locks, then a basin then a further four more locks. The area surrounding the locks is grassy and was full of people on holiday watching the fun. The weather was beautiful so it was no hardship to wait at the bottom of the flight while a passenger ship worked its way down the locks. Passenger vessels have absolute right of way.

We continued along the shores of lakes Ljungsjön and Norrbysjön along a classic contour canal past a beautiful old house called Brunneby with its own chapel overlooking the canal. We missed the last opening of the bridge and lock into Lake Boren, which meant that we could not reach the marina on the otherside of the bridge. As it turned out this was a blessing in disguise, as the marina was both full and noisy. We picked up a berth on our own, outside the Göta Kanal Hotel and Vardhus, which features on the cover the canal Skippers' Guide. We treated ourselves to a beer in the hotel, but one look at the menu convinced us that dinner on board would be much more economic.

I used the time to sew my RCC burgee onto its frame and to attach it to the burgee stick that Carl had so kindly bought for me in

Stockholm. Some 2 years after joining the RCC, I could at last fulfil my undertaking to fly the RCC burgee from the top of my mast and, forsaking all others, stay faithful to it all the days of my life.

Thursday was not a day which I would wish to repeat, but one with a happy outcome. We slipped our moorings at 0900 in order to be first through the lock. It was a manually operated lock so Carl set to opening the lock gates using a clever capstan bar. By 0905 we were through the lock, under the bridge and into the Lake Boren. Lake Boren is about 10 miles long. The engine alarm went off but we had little alternative but to slow down and hope for the best. Carl called Motala Batvarv to see if we could bring Wotan to their dock to have the engine looked at. They said that, while they were very busy, they would certainly have a look at the engine. We reached the bottom end of the Motala flight at 1030, where we were told that there were two passenger vessels coming down and that the first locking would not be until 1245.

When we exited the flight of locks, it was clear that there was no water coming out of the exhaust at all. Carl called Motala Batvarv to ask if they could possibly send someone out as we could not move. Within half an hour a young mechanic appeared. Within minutes he had opened up the impeller to find that it had disintegrated. When he removed the pipe from the impeller to the heat exchanger he found impeller shards blocking the flow of cooling water. He found that the entrance chamber to the heat exchanger was full of debris so he needed to remove it. As well as debris, which had been deposited following the catastrophic failure of the impeller today, there was also finer debris which had been there for sometime and had been causing the reduction in the flow of raw cooling water. When Wotan was in Soper's Hole, Tortola in the BVIs I was told by the yard, where I had the engine serviced, that the impeller had been damaged. Ever since when, the exhaust had been smokey and the flow of water from the exhaust somewhat reduced. This did not cause the overheating alarm to sound or any loss of power. I had asked the various yards who serviced Wotan's engine to clean the heat exchanger as part of the normal Volvo Penta 500 hour service schedule. The cap of the heat exchanger had never been taken off, so I doubt if this service check had ever been carried out. Once everything was back together, the water flow through the engine was completely different. We pattered very happily into Motala spewing out water the while.

The builder of the Göta canal was Baltzar von Platen. He died in Norway, where he was Governor, three years before the canal was completed. He was buried just outside Motala in a spot he had carefully chosen. His body was embalmed and brought back on a sledge to Motala. His grave is a simple one with a small monolith, hewn from the quarry, which provided stone for the canal, with his name inscribed upon it, overlooking the canal. We saluted his grave as we motored past, because to build the Göta Kanal was a remarkable achievement.

We had planned on Friday to sail down to Visingsö, an island where the Swedish royal family took refuge when the Norwegians attacked Sweden many years ago. On the way hoped to visit Vadstena, where there is a castle in whose moat you can moor, or that is if you draw 2 metres or less. Last night I had picked up the 2000 weather forecast on Stockholm Radio, which had gale warnings for Lake Vannern the neighbouring lake 30 miles to the west, so things did not look at all promising. Opinion shopping in the morning produced similar warnings and threats of heavy rain to add to the fun. We decided that

we were not going anywhere. Carl and I went down to Motala Batvarv with a bottle of wine for the young mechanic and for me to pay the bill. I was so happy that the engine was at last working properly, I was not about to haggle over the bill!

Sure enough the rains came and the wind blew. A small boat sailor coming across from Carlsborg on the west side of the lake, where the canal starts again, said the weather was foul and the water very rough. Carl began to regale us with stories about boats sinking on Lake Vattern. Any enthusiasm we might have had for venturing even as far as Vadstena soon evaporated. We visited the motor museum by the quay, which was great fun and took us all back to our misspent youths. After lunch we hired bikes and set off in the rain the 3km down the canal to a small Göta Kanal museum. On the way to the museum we passed von Platen's grave. Not only von Platen himself but members of his family were also buried there including his son who predeceased him. It was a rather nice touch they had also buried in the plot the chief engineer of the canal, who was not related to the von Platens. There were two canal museums of which we saw only one. The one we visited described the main characters involved in the building and design of the canal. There were descriptions of the parts, which they played in the building of the canal and mannequins of them. There were maps of the canal and technical drawings of locks and pumps. Robert Telford laid out the entire route of the canal from Lake Vannern to Mem on the Baltic Sea and all the locks in a mere twenty days. Small wonder he was afforded a tomb in Westminster Abbey alongside the scientific greats like Newton and Darwin.

Kevin Seymour the owner of Islander II of Itchenor, a Victoria 32, docked nearby came to introduce himself. He had been part owner of the Northshore Boatyard in Itchenor, which had built his yacht. He went back to fetch his wife, Susan. They had over wintered Islander II in the water up near Bergen, where the Customs don't worry about making yachties pay import duty to leave their boats over winter. Apparently the Customs authorities on the west coast are quite separate from those in Oslo, who always demand payment of Import Duty, to be refunded on departure. He was able to leave his boat in the water over winter because of the warming effect of the Gulf Stream. He had been through the Göta Kanal west-east and was now returning. The return dues for the canal are only marginally more than the single way dues. They had been across to the Åland Islands, but had not reached Helsinki as their time had run out.

It blew hard all night and we rolled around in our moorings. Kevin and Susan had a much worse night as they were on the outer pontoon exposed to the wind. Kevin had to get up in the night to put out stronger warps,

At 1025 on Saturday morning, we moved to the watering berth, which had been allocated to a yacht seeking shelter in the storm last night. We had soon refilled out tanks and we were off to the castle of Vadstena. The chart showed that there was only 2m in the entrance channel so I was far from certain that we could get in. Tour leader Carl called up the harbour master, who confirmed that there was no problem with depth and allocated us a berth outside his office in 3.6m. We set the main and genoa for the first time on this leg of the cruise. We entered Vadstena up a channel protected by a sea wall that would do justice to a commercial harbour. Vadstena Castle is surrounded by a moat, in which you can moor, but it was much easier for us to moor outside the moat as the drawbridge giving access to the moat was closed.

We walked across the entrance bridge into the imposing four storey castle. The castle was both a serious fortification employing all the artifice and techniques of the most advanced castles of its day, before being converted into a sumptuous royal residence. Saint Birgitta, the queen of Sweden, formed a religious order, the Birgittine Order, which was based in the nearby abbey. Carl Mike and Pally went over to visit St Birgitta's Abbey, while I met up with Kevin and Susan again, who had arrived by bus from Motala. After some drinks on board with them, we were off round Kampudden and down Lake Vättern some 20 miles to Hjo. Hjo was where Carl's grandfather lived and who was known as the "King of Hjo" as he essentially controlled the place, owning a large house, with his own bank operating from an annexe of his house. He was also instrumental in the building of the lake steamer Trafik, launched in 1892. As we arrived, Trafik was moored at the end of the town quay, with a trad jazz band playing on the foredeck, waiting to take passengers on an evening cruise around the lake.

We went for a walk into town to see Carl's grandfather's house, situated just off the main square. Hjo is famous for its wooden buildings. The town was full of 1950s American cars, which seem to be a very popular collectors' item in Sweden. To own, such a car you need to have tattoos and preferably a tattooed wife or squeeze! In the main square they were preparing for an open air showing of Mamma Mia. The screen was in effect a tall bouncy castle. The locals were swarming into the main square carrying their deck chairs hoping to grab a good viewing place. We went to a café overlooking the lake where we had a drink, with a view of Wotan's mast now properly flying the RCC burgee. Mike, whose sixty-third birthday it was, kindly stood us all dinner in the restaurant on the quay. We all had toast skagen and roding, a fish only caught in the lake. It was all delicious. We spotted Trafik doing a fly-by through Hjo harbour in front, before taking a final twirl around the lake. We noticed that its port running light was not working.

Carl had arranged a guided tour of Trafik first thing on Sunday morning. They were off at 1000, therefore we had to be off the boat by 0930 so that the passengers could board. Before going on board we told the Chief Engineer that the port light was not working. They found that we were correct. The Captain felt that it was serious matter, but that he had until sunset to sort it out! As he had not been skippering the boat last night, no doubt he would pull the other Captain's leg. Trafik is operated as a trust and the skipper, a retired sea captain, did the job for love. First we visited the galley where they still had the original cast iron stove. I should point out that during the 1960s and 1970s Traffik was out of commission and was a floating café restaurant. During the 1980s she sank at her moorings. The good burghers of Hjo could not make up their mind what to do with her, to scrap her or restore her. Eventually, a trust was formed to restore the boat. She was refloated and taken to Sjötorp, where she was drydocked and restored over a period of several years. There were three classes. The first class passengers enjoyed a plush saloon, the third class ones, wooden benches. There was a smoking lounge, where smoking is now forbidden, with a backgammon table hidden under the top of the saloon table! The pièce de resistance was the engine room. The engine had been built in Stephenson's workshops in England. Instructions could be given by the bridge to the engine room down a speaking tube! Originally, there was no electric light on the ship. The engine room was lit by a solitary

oil lamp. Subsequently a belt-driven generator had been installed to provide electricity.

We slipped from Hjo at 1125 and headed north towards Karlsborg, under power. From Karlsborg the canal gave into Bottensjön, along the north shore of which there were some very smart houses. The channel took us northwest out of Bottensjön and up to Forsvik. At Forsvik things got distinctly hairy! The lock in Forsvik was the oldest lock on the canal, which should have been something of a wake up call, likewise that the scale of the chart dropped from 1:50,000 to 1: 12,500, should also have been something of a warning! We squiggled our way through Billströmmen, past Edviken and into the Spetsnäskanalen. This was the oldest part of the canal. The old canal banks had broken down and were barely above water. I later learnt that these banks supported towing bollards. This narrow channel took us through to Lake Viken, the highest point on the canal. Once we had rounded Marnäsa Udde, we were able to roll out the genoa and sail down to Åsaviken, where we anchored at the head of a bay. We were entertained by some very proficient mono ski water-skiing and two youths having a ball in a ringo.

On Monday, we weighed anchor at 0920 and head towards Tåtorp, where we rejoined the canal proper. Tåtorp lock is one of the few hand-propelled locks. The lock keeper was being helped by his son, who was evidently enjoying working with his father. We passed the "ox-bow" where the old canal had been abandoned and a new direct cut blasted through the rock. We passed the smallest ferry in Sweden, which is a hand driven ferry across the canal at Töreboda, but we were held up by the railway bridge half a mile further on. The ferry would not have passed muster with health and safety back home as it had no guardrails and you simply jumped on and off! There are several flights of locks between Töreboda bringing the level of water down from the highest point on the canal at Lake Viken to the water level in Lake Vänern. We were held up at Sjötorp No.6 lock while Juno, the oldest cruise liner still in operation came through. She is a splendid sight so we did not mind. We tied up in the Old Drydock basin two locks above Lake Vänern. It was in this dry dock that Trafik was restored a few years ago. Another classic boat was undergoing restoration there.

We slipped our moorings at 0920 to go through the lock at the bottom of the basin and into Lake Vänern. Our first task was to visit Läckö, Carl's ancestral castle on the shores of Lake Vänern, about 20 miles from Sjötorp. We followed the lake steamer Wilhelm Tham into the harbour, where it tied up to the quay, while we tried to enter the Gasthamn. I failed to spot that there was a notice saying that the average depth in the harbour was 2.4m. More importantly, I failed to spot the depth gauge indicating that the water level in Lake Vänern was 0.3m below standard level, so we ran well and truly aground. This upset me quite a bit as it was by far our worst grounding this season. We got off and regrouped outside the harbour. Carl spoke to the skipper of a pleasure boat operating out of Läckö, who said that certainly we could use the other side of the quay from Wilhelm Tham as it was no one's berth.

Läckö Slott had been restored, which judging by the scaffolding, was a continuous process. It had been built by Magnus Jacob de la Gardie in the 17th century. From his portrait he looked to be a fairly unpleasant sort of fellow and his wife, seriously terrifying. The ceilings were all painted on the wooden boarding, with carved mouldings around the sides. Since the castle had been allowed to fall

into disrepair since Carl's ancestor, Count Carl Rudenschöld, had been in favour of it, the tapestries and paintings had for the most part come from elsewhere. Count Carl did not in fact live in the castle but rather in a large house nearby. Carl, Mike and Pally walked over to visit it. There were memorials both to Count Carl and his brother Count Thorsten. Apparently, Count Thorsten was something of a radical and was fired from a company for suggesting that the workers should be paid more for working less hours! He was the founder of universal education in Sweden.

I was more concerned as to whether Wotan, having already banged her keel today, could get through a narrow and apparently shallow channel through the Ekens Skärgård. From the chart, I could see that the channel ran inside the 3 metre contour, but as to what the least depth of the channel was, I could not tell. I was able to speak to the First Mate of the Wilhelm Tham, who assured me that his ship went through the channel regularly and that she drew 2.8 metres. The obvious solution was to follow the Wilhelm Tham, which was leaving any minute. In the event the channel never went below 3.8 metres and the very narrow section with six concrete dolphins, was quite wide enough, even if you had to make a sharp turn to port immediately afterwards. These dolphins were used in the 18th century to haul sailing boats through the narrowest part of the channel.

We decided that we needed to press on, even if it meant sailing by night, if we were to get into the Trollhattan Canal in the morning and to have a reasonable chance of some sailing in the Bohuslan Archipelago on Thursday. I decided that it would not be clever to arrive in Vänersborg in the middle of the night as to reach the Gasthamn you would have to negotiate both the road and the railway bridge. I identified a cosy anchorage in Sikhullsviken, about 5 miles north of Vänersborg, where we anchored at 2240, after a delightful dinner in the cockpit in the evening light. There was absolutely no wind and the sky was almost cloudless. We had dinner in the cockpit, with the table up as we motored along. We were tired little teddy bears by the time we reached our anchorage at 2240.

We weighed anchor at 0920 and motored down to Vänersborg. We approached the road bridge in high hopes, as the railway bridge was already open. We waited and waited and then finally in desperation called the bridge. They told us to get up close and personal or they would not open the bridge. The bridge eventually opened, but in the meantime the railway bridge closed! We went through the same process. Half an hour later we were alongside at Vänersborg Gasthamn. Once the shoppers had returned, we moved to the fuel berth, refuelled and headed down to the first lock at Brinkebergeskulles. The Trollhattan canal locks are designed for ocean going ships, so Wotan for all of its 41 feet was rather dwarfed. The water descends very rapidly. Each lock goes down 7 metres in about 5 minutes. The water is controlled very well so there is almost no surge, admittedly we were going down, which is always altogether a quieter exercise than going up. The next flight of 4 locks was at Trollhattan, where the rapids presented the main technical challenge to the canal builders and provided the name for the canal. Some of the old locks built by the famous van Platen can still be seen, but they are no longer in use. We exited the Trollhattan flight at 1610. We were soon speeding down stream at 8 knots with the help of the current. It looked as if we could reach Göteborg tonight. The only lock before Göteborg was Lilla Edet, which we passed through at 1744. The bridge keeper at Jordfallsbron bridge told us that he was too busy looking after another bridge to open up for us, but eventually he lifted it for us and another yacht at 2030.

This gave us plenty of time to look at the Kungälv fortress built to keep the marauding Norwegians at bay. There were two more bridges to negotiate, the railway bridge north of Göteborg and the Götaälvbron, which was a few hundred metres from our destination, Lilla Bommen marina. Carl has a way with lock keepers. The railway bridge opened up almost as we came in view and he persuaded the Götaälvbron lock keeper that we really did need to have the bridge opened. The yacht in front of us was able to sail under the 19.5 metre span, but this option was not open to us. Bearing in mind trams, buses and all the traffic flowing from north to south Göteborg use this bridge, it only took a few moments for it to be opened for us and we were soon snuggled up in Lilla Bommen marina, under the benign protection of the four-masted schooner Viking, which is now an hotel. Sadly since the downstream road bridge has been built it is a prisoner in its own berth!

I needed to visit the marina just south of Göteborg where I was planning to lay Wotan up for the winter. Unfortunately, the director with whom I had corresponded was away for the day. It was a beautiful day, so who could blame him. We sailed past the scene of Carl's military service at the fort at Västerberget. The powerful guns, which had guarded the entrance to Göteborg, were decked out with flags and there was clearly a party going on there. Carl did not seem to be too fussed about the change to his fortress! We sailed past a nude bathing beach and into Wahlborg marina, where I tried to berth in a box berth with my fenders down and promptly bent the starboard stanchion even more! Having done the business at the marina, we set off through the rocky entrance up towards Marstrand, which Carl had told us was a must see! Just south of the southern entrance we set sail and beat up almost all the way to Marstrand up the channel between Hönö and Grötö. When it became obvious that we were going nowhere fast, we started the engine and motored into Marstrand where we took probably the last berth.

Marstrand was heaving. I don't think anybody can have been at work in Göteborg; everyone was in Marstrand. We walked along the quay to the Society House a beautiful turn of the century ornate wooden building, where the great and the good disported themselves at the beginning of the last century. We had a beer overlooking the sea, before walking back up the hill and past the Town Hall, rebuilt after a fire in 1947, up to the castle. We climbed up the ramparts and inside the walls before heading back to Wotan down Smugglersgatan. The sun went down as the moon came up. We had dinner in the cockpit in awe of the view and our surroundings.

Carl went for a shopping trip and came back with lots of pastries, while Pally took off over the rocks for a bathe. We slipped our moorings at 1025 and motored down the narrow Albrechtssund channel, which I had been too chicken to take last night. Once through the channel we set sail and beat gently down to Nödre Älvsfjord. I kept telling Mike who was on the helm not to tack as I wanted to get closer to the rock ahead to make best use of the sea room for our tacks. We anchored for lunch in Sandviken, whose bottom turned out to be muddy rather than sandy. Pally and I went for a swim. My swim was very short indeed, but Pally swam over to the shore and back. The weather was perfect and we had lunch in the cockpit. We weighed anchor at 1403 and motored back to Lilla Bommen, where we arrived at 1630. I think we snagged the last berth in the marina, which was full in honour of the Madonna concert and the powerboat racing. The racing had finished by the time we motored past but we passed the odd power

boat heading down river making an awful noise, even though they were only idling along.

The crew very kindly stood me dinner at a wonderful fish restaurant in town. There was a jazz festival on. A marching band of some 40 musicians set off just as we arrived and we followed them down the main street. Leading the band was a dance troupe called Sweet Feet. Sweet Feet consisted of 20 ladies of a certain age, dressed in green flapper dresses and bandeaux dancing along having a whale of a time. We whiled away an hour or so before our table at a rooftop bar overlooking Göteborg. The restaurant chosen for dinner was a fish restaurant well known to Carl, who had lived for many years in Göteborg. In the middle of the restaurant was a shallow fish tank, with small sharks and piranha fish. We were warned not to put our fingers in the water in case they were bitten off. Pally could not resist doing so and was quite badly bruised! Our first course of prawns arrived on the deck of a radio controlled trawler, which, as chief guest and skipper, I had to con alongside out table. Much to the amusement of all, I bumped the trawler straight into a lighthouse! Göteborg was full of young enjoying themselves, without any of the aggro or drunkenness to be found at home, in the cafes and bars.

We waived goodbye to Carl at the train station the next morning. Yves arrived at about 1330 in time to have lunch with Mike and Pally, before they too set off for Oslo by bus. Thus ended a very happy cruise.

Ant Fawcett
29th August 2009