

# Eleanda ARC Atlantic Crossing, Las Palmas to St Lucia 2011

## Day 17, Tuesday 6<sup>th</sup> December, 16<sup>th</sup> Report

### The Skipper – At last, arrival and this is the final diary

Eleanda is under engine, no sails out, wind speed less than 5 knots SE.

**232h40 Monday** ARC Finish Line, this is Eleanda, Over  
Eleanda, ARC Finish Line, Go ahead, Over  
ARC Finish Line, Eleanda, 5 miles from Pigeon Island, ETA 00h30  
Eleanda, ARC Finish Line, Thank you, noted, please call again when  
2 miles from Pigeon Island

**00h15 Tuesday** ARC Finish Line, Eleanda, Will do  
Eleanda, ARC Finish Line, Go ahead  
ARC Finish Line, Eleanda, 2 miles from Pigeon Island, ETA still  
00h30  
Eleanda, ARC Finish Line, Thank you, noted, please call again when  
you have sight of us

**00h25** ARC Finish Line, Eleanda, Will do  
Eleanda, ARC Finish Line  
ARC Finish Line, Eleanda, go ahead  
Eleanda, ARC Finish Line, we have you in sight. The finish line is from  
the committee boat in the south. Our spreader lights are on and  
you will see a yellow flashing light. The northern end of the line  
has a white flashing light. Do you see us?  
ARC Finish Line, Eleanda, yes, we see you

**Crew** – unfurl Genoa, standby to unfurl main. We are sailing across the finish line, but only  
5 knots wind.

**00h30** ARC Finish Line, Eleanda, Where are you. Please turn on your  
flashing yellow light  
Eleanda, will do  
ARC Finish Line, I see you. We are tacking to starboard

**Crew** – Ready about. Engine off to cross the finish line

### Horn Sounded

**00h32:18** Eleanda, ARC Finish Line, you have crossed the Finishing Line at  
00h32:18, Tuesday 6<sup>th</sup> December. Welcome to St Lucia.  
Congratulations, you are the 34<sup>th</sup> boat to finish. If you wish to  
proceed to the marina, please call ARC Berth Control on channel  
77.  
ARC Finish Line, Eleanda, many thanks we are all thrilled. Out

And with a little more banter, Eleanda had arrived. The paparazzi were there in a rib, flashes going off all over the place as our finish in the dark was recorded for posterity. Channel 77 greeted us and guided us to our berth, E15, next to Sapphire II, a Discovery 67, which had arrived not long before us. Eleanda reversed into her berth with the usual professional calm. As the last mooring warp was secured and with the engine shut down, we were offered rum punch, beers and a basket of fruit. It was all very touch feely!

It was no time to go to bed. We were in the Marina bar a few minutes later. But it was closing at 01h00, so just one rum punch (or white wine for Nigel). Returning to Eleanda, all the lights were blazing on Sapphire and we were rapidly and genuinely invited on board. The reluctant Net Controller was particularly saluted and it was not until 04h00 that we could finally crawl into bed.

Such was our arrival in St Lucia at the end of our ARC Atlantic crossing. On Tuesday, we became legal. Our passports are all stamped and we are checked in at the Marina Office. We take the day off and go out for our first meal ashore. Later, with much sadness, we say good bye to Miranda and Antonia, who left by taxi late afternoon.

So after 2,784.9 nautical miles, the adventure has come to a happy and successful conclusion. Other than problems with our spinnakers, nothing has broken or gone wrong. The Autopilot steered for all the 2,800 miles without a thought, making our watches so much easier. More importantly, there was never a cross word, never a disagreement. The six of us lived for the 15 days and 15 hours in relative peace and harmony, quite an achievement in itself.

We now know that Eleanda has held on to her 6<sup>th</sup> position in the Invitation Cruising Division. Geronimo, who we had overtaken, used 30 hours of engine time against Eleanda's 23, so sealing her fate. We will not know our overall position in the fleet until the last boats finish and the handicaps and engine times are factored in. But it will be around 30<sup>th</sup>.

I have enjoyed writing this diary so I hope it has been enjoyed by others. It will be a reminder of all our happy moments, those of elation and the depression when something had gone wrong. Fortunately there were not too many of those.

This is Eleanda, Out.

Yours at rest

Nigel and the Crew

### **The Crew – Today Conor Reflects**

So we are here. No sense of anticlimax. We all feel we have done something special.

Eleanda looked after us all so well. She produced approximately 300 litres of fresh water daily. Hot water, showers and shaving was the norm. When the sea was calm enough towards the end we even managed some on-deck showers.

We were never bored. Indeed some days were very busy when we were pressing Eleanda. Once we settled into our onboard routine, the days just flew by. Most of us read much less than we planned.

Each day at noon we had the Net Reporting, which lasted for about an hour, as boats reported their positions and any onboard news. There were about 50 boats in our group, of whom 30 participated actively. The idea was that we would be close enough to keep in touch by SSB Radio. 4 boats were selected to be hosts or Net Controllers. We were one of those. When our turn came, Nigel decided it was all too full of turgid radio speak and needed jazzing up. He transformed the role. It became all first names, shared confidences and valuable weather and routing advice from Nigel. In time two of the hosts dropped out, as their boats were too far away, so inevitably Nigel filled the gap. We saw our skipper become a cult figure on the airwaves. The heartfelt thanks from many boats as Nigel signed off before our arrival (we were one of the first of our group to arrive) confirmed that a star had been born. And so it turned out. Many boats first priority when they arrived was to “go and meet Nigel”. As you can imagine his feet have stayed on the ground, but it has all been such fun.

Nigel’s well thought out watch rotation (3 hours on, 6 off) worked very well. There was a change each 1½ hours. By a mathematical miracle everybody got to be on watch with everybody else. Great chats and easy silences were the norm.

Tomorrow Bill and I fly home. We leave our ship but carry off so many wonderful memories.

Conor