

Our trip to the Swedish West Coast

When the idea was born to hold BOMR as part of Vaestkustens Traebåt Festival we did not wait for long to commit to join the regatta with our beloved Ohlson 38 SATURN. This meant to sail her up to Skärhamn from our home port Kappeln on the Schlei Fjord in Germany, some 250 nm away. We have done this trip many times, so we believed we knew what it meant, good or bad. We took it lightly and did not request a dedicated forecast, the first mistake or were we just fortunate for not having checked before?

So my wife and me kicked off on June 23rd with a quick trip to Troense, with warm weather and a light SE-ly to the beautiful island of Tåsinge. But we knew, the next day was not for us. So we spent another night there as it was blowing hard from the west. This pattern, one day of sailing, two nights to stay, should remain until we reached Göteborg. The ports we called were Nyborg on Fyn, Grenå, where we had to run the diesel to get there for lack of wind but rain instead. From there we looked for a weather window where the wind would ease to go across to the Swedish coast. After two days at Grenå we left at next day's dawn around 4:30 am with a much moderated westerly. But two hours later and only half the way to the island of Anholt we were back to a force 6 and a lumpy sea quite usual to the Kattegat due to its low water depth. Shortly before 9 am we made our approach into Anholt harbour Anholt and flew into the outer port, quickly furled in and pulled down the sails as there is limited space to manoeuvre behind the breakwater. We were kindly greeted by the harbour master in his RIB who kindly asked us to move quickly further into the main basin and placed us on a spot on the dock. Only then we learned from him that the kind ferry crew had been patiently waiting with their own manoeuvres to leave port to leave to let us get in safety. We felt honoured by their seamanship and watched their ferry face the swell outside. The spray was hitting the bridge of their ferry.

Again we stayed for two days as it was blowing with more than 40 kn, SATURN moored with 4 ropes on her bow to keep her on the dock. A noisy night which gave me time to contemplate whether this was a sensible undertaking altogether and should be continued. But in the next morning the sun was out, the wind had moderated and it looked like a great opportunity to now face the Swedish west coast. So we sailed to Malö Hamn with ease, all previous thoughts forgotten. There we stayed the night at anchor before we sailed north to GKSS' nice marina at Langedråg, happy that we had made it Goteborg. My wife took the train home the next day to live up to our commitments as great parents, I was trying to find missing supplies in Göteborg and waited for my crew Michael who arrived by boat from Kiel the next morning.

As I had done the chores on my day at Göteborg we were ready to go once Michael was on board. So we departed and went to Skärhamn via Marstrand. Again the weather turned foul inbetween with rain and some wind. Worse I mismanged my autopilot, thought it was engaged when it was not, and hit a rock hard once. I was not amused to say the least. SATURN jumped off the stone immediately as she did not seem to appreciate sitting there for long and I had all minds focused on finding the path back into safe waters. Michael checked for any ingress of water, luckily with negative outcome. But then we got to Skärhamn, welcomed by the great fleet attending the festival. Everybody treated us kindly, the organizers seemed to have taken notice of our unhappiness about foul weather by postponing the race from Saturday to Sunday morning, where we had nice winds. On

Saturday we were invited to a splendid lunch by the sponsor of the regatta and were placed opposite to a window showing the outside: another rainy day.

We were racing the next day with a shortage of hands, our newly joined crew Anders managed the genoa, me both the helm and the traveller and Michael was banned to the navigator seat below to make sure we would use the available waters without hitting another rock.



This went well, well kind of, as I could not get SATURN going against the swell to my liking. I kept the main sail profile too flat otherwise we probably could have gone better against the swell.



Some 80 min later we crossed the finish, thought we had taken line honours but had to learn that these had gone to Andunge GRETA, SWE-68, which seemed to have been unbeatable with her flying her spinnaker. They certainly deserved line honours!

The afternoon was filled with chatting and a generous prize giving before the festival was drawn to its close. We had brought a half model of our boat, done by Peter Ross jr which we donated to Mrs Christina Stenberg for her great support of this event.

The following Monday we went to Martinssons Varf at Svineviken who kindly lifted SATURN out of the water and repaired what turned out to be scratches she had taken from her visit on this stone, something our underwriter PANTAENIUS had recommended to do. This whole matter involving the underwriter and the yard was resolved both pragmatic and professionally and within a few hours. By lunch time we went back into the water.

The remainder of the week we spent around the islands of Tjörn and Orust, we visited the exhibition on Båtliv at Bohuslän Museum in Uddevalla to which THE OHLSON PROJECT had submitted a part of its archives. We lunched and dined with our new friends. On Thursday we were invited to the initial launching of a Jolle at Svineviken yard and were able to renew

our friendship and meet even more new friends before we moored SATURN at Myggenaes marina for some two weeks. The next day we took the overnight ferry from Göteborg to Kiel to honour our commitments at home.

A great trip!