

**Martin Edge**  
**[www.edge.me.uk](http://www.edge.me.uk)**



**ROCKS**

**and other stuff to tie your boat to in eastern Sweden and Finland**



# Martin Edge



# 1005 ROCKS

and Other Stuff to Tie your Boat to  
in Eastern Sweden and Finland

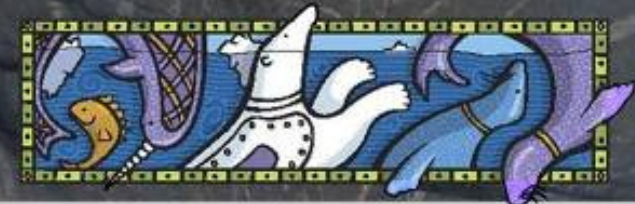
A partial, incomplete, inaccurate, biased,  
derivative, idiosyncratic, unoriginal,  
unreliable, flippant but FREE guide to mooring  
in the Baltic archipelagos of Sweden and  
Finland for insecure, English speaking wimps  
who are lacking in confidence but resigned to  
running into the odd rock occasionally.

Martin Edge  
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# Introduction



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## "Just an alongside berth and a supermarket"

I've spent the last two summers (2012 and 2013) cruising the Baltic in my wee 27ft long keeler. Most of that time I've been in the archipelagos of Eastern Sweden, Aland and the Gulf of Finland. It's one of the world's most fantastic cruising grounds. Hundreds of thousands of rocky islands, riven with deep water channels, provide an unbelievable number of perfectly sheltered, treed anchorages in which the main concerns are the temperature of the balmy summer waters for swimming and the availability of a perfect barbecuing rock in the evening sun.

Most of the anchorages are in bays with muddy bottoms and perfect holding between 2 and 5 metres deep. There's almost literally no tide of course and typically, around the shoreline, nice friendly elephant-back rocks curve down into the sea.

Everyone in Scandinavia with a boat has an anchor on the stern. Most have no anchor in the bow. The most common mode of mooring is to bung the anchor over the stern and tie the bow to a couple of rocks or trees ashore. Then you nip ashore with the barbie and luxuriate on the round rocks that have been baking in the sun all day while your crew take a leisurely dip in the 20° plus sea.

In the Baltic I've spoken to a few sailors from more difficult, tidal waters and quite a lot of them – especially some died-in-the-wool Brits – are extremely resistant to such filthy foreign practices. Some have refused even to contemplate having an anchor – or even a mooring warp – hanging from the stern. Others, in a region of the world where everyone, always, boards their boat over the bow, absolutely refuse to do so. The most extreme foreignphobe I met, when I offered to point out some idyllic anchorages which were more sheltered, beautiful and perfect than anything he would have ever come across, said "The thing is, me and the wife don't want to see beautiful places and idyllic islands. All we want is an alongside berth near a supermarket".

So I thought I'd try to encourage people to experience some of the perfection that is a Baltic archipelago mooring on warm summer nights, by detailing, on these pages those moorings, anchorages and harbours which I've poked around in during my very limited experience.

I hope you find the ensuing pages interesting, but if you should find yourself disagreeing with me or getting annoyed that I've not included your favourite wee spots, please at least bear in mind that you've not paid a penny for this poor guide.



# The Gospel Truth

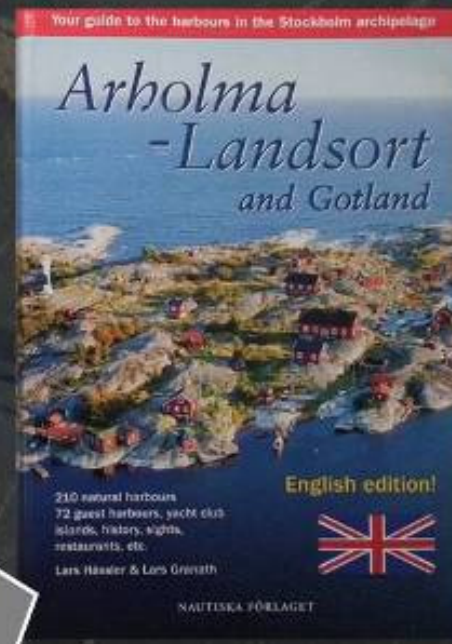
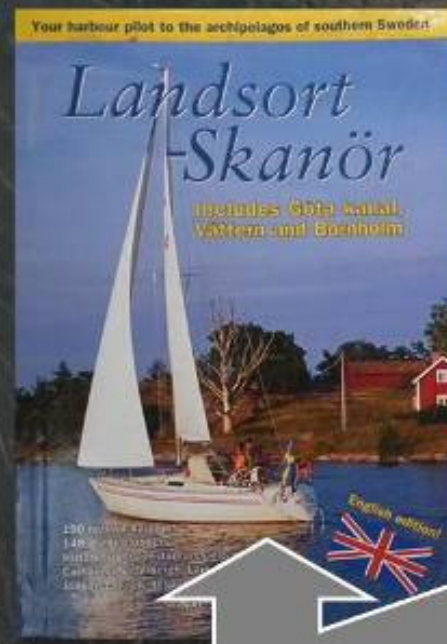
The first thing I should say is that the large majority of this book is not terribly original. Most, but not all, of the places I detail have already been documented as anchorages and moorings in other publications. By far the best of those publications are the two books pictured opposite. These are, without a doubt, the best pilot books ever published. Not only do they contain really detailed, original cartography of hundreds of anchorages, which is much better than anything in the official charts, but they are also positive and encouraging.

Practically every page of any pilot book published in the UK features dire warnings about the awful dangers of going anywhere at all. Whenever I've bought one and flicked through it I've been sorely tempted to give up sailing altogether and take up basket weaving. Every single bit of sea is just so damned horrible and dangerous. The Swedish ones are different. Whilst they are fantastically detailed about where you can go and which rocks you can tie to, they typically also encourage you to wander 'off-piste' away from the recommended areas and explore the shallows for yourself. They are enough to give an Imray editor apoplexy and you should definitely buy both testaments of these Swedish bibles before any trip to the east of Sweden.

Opposite is an example of their excellent cartography. The chartlet on the right is from the bible. The one on the left is exactly the same area of coast shown at the largest scale available on the official Swedish charts. If you consider the scale it's not that the official charts are bad – they aren't, it's just that the attention to detail in the bible is huge. I've included biblical page references at the top of each page, where the anchorage is a biblical one. The references in Part 1 are to the Landsort-Skanör gospel and the ones in Part 2 refer to Arholma-Landsort.

Unfortunately the natural anchorages of Finland are not nearly so well documented and you are more likely to have to go off piste. People in Finland will undoubtedly tell you that you can anchor anywhere. This is, of course, not really true as you need both some water and a bottom to anchor on and it's not always easy to tell from the official charts which bits are suitable. I've tried to document a few rocks in Finland that I've tied to and I'd urge others to do the same.

In one respect, of course, you can anchor anywhere in Finland. Both Finns and Swedes are proud of their access legislation which gives you a legal right of access to practically anywhere that's not the back yard of a house. Please ignore the ridiculous advice in the Imray Baltic Pilot, which is that most islands in Finland are private and 'landing is seldom permitted'. This is annoying, arrant nonsense.



Buy these books!

Official and biblical charts of the same bit of sea







The Archie Foundation booklet has maps of their nature reserve island showing anchorages. A useful guide through not up to the cartographic standards of the bible



## And Other Information

Aside from the two gospels of the bible there are other books in the same series covering Lake Malaren, the west of Sweden and the Gota Canal and Lake Vanern regions. I'm sure these are also excellent, but none of them are published in English translation as yet.

For the Stockholm Archie the 'Archipelago Foundation' publishes a free annual booklet (in Swedish) and has a website (a lot of it in English) at <http://archipelagofoundation.se/> Though not aimed directly at folk with boats it does produce maps showing anchorages a few of which, such as the ones pictured opposite, aren't mentioned in the bible.

For Finland the Finnish Sea Scouts publish a number of books which are purported to detail 'wild' anchorages. There is one volume published in English entitled The Sea Of Archipelago And The Gulf Of Finland. It's an expensive publication that looks impressive until you realise it's on ludicrously thick paper, with a double page dedicated to each 'anchorage', almost all of which are commercial guest harbours.

There is a book published recently on Aland that has some natural harbours, but it's not up to the standards of the Swedish ones having been designed by graphic designers as opposed to cartographers

There's loads of free publications detailing the guest harbours in both Sweden and Finland, but don't be fooled into thinking that these are giving even the tiniest sample of the proper, rocky islands waiting for you in the Baltic. They are only about the guest harbours, not the rocks.

There's a couple of British yachties who have developed useful English language resources and blogs on their websites at <http://www.kissen.co.uk/> and <http://www.channelpilot.info/blog.php>



The chunky but content-light Finnish Sea Scouts' Guide is not a guide to Finnish Sea Scouts

## When to Go

The Archies of Sweden and Finland only really fill up in July and the first half of August. Although the Baltic has a short season it's not that short and you are likely to get pretty good weather in June and probably through to September. I'd recommend the archies in June, when the sea mightn't be so balmy for swimming, but you can have whole island groups to yourself.

If you can't easily get your own boat there, why not check out small yacht charter away from the peak season? Companies around Stockholm seem to include amongst their rentals very wee old 25ft Maxis and other budget yachts that should make Sweden very affordable. Many Brits seem to be put off by our cliché of the freezing Baltic. But honestly, in the summer it's a far better cruising ground than anywhere in the Mediterranean.



## Bobbing to the Baltic

Zophiel's Cruise from the Forth  
to the Russian Border in 2012

Martin Edge

## A Gigantic Whinge on the Celtic Fringe

Martin Edge

Martin Edge  
Floating Low to Lofoten

## Travels with my Rant

Martin Edge

Martin Edge

The Front  
of Beyond

## Skagerrak and Back

Zophiel's  
Two Summer  
Cruises in 2007

Martin Edge

# A Shameless Plug

In early 2013 I published an e-book on my cruise from Edinburgh to the Russian border, entitled "Bobbing to the Baltic". In it there's more rambling about some of the harbours and anchorages detailed in these pages.

Previously I've also published e-books on my circumnavigation of Ireland ("A Gigantic Whinge on the Celtic Fringe"), a cruise to Arctic Norway ("Floating Low to Lofoten") and my 'circumnavigation' of the North Sea ("Skagerrak and Back").

Should they be of interest I've also published two other travel e-books, "Travels with my Rant" and "The Front of Beyond". These rip-roaring yarns document some travels in places like the Spice Islands, East Timor, China, Burma, East Africa, El Salvador and Nicaragua. These last two have nothing to do with sailing but are, in my view, rather better written books.

All 6 e-books are available by searching for 'Martin Edge':

For 'Kindle' at [Amazon.co.uk](http://Amazon.co.uk) .fr .de .es or .it

For 'Kobo' at [kobobooks.com](http://kobobooks.com)

For the 'I-Pad' through 'I-Tunes'

For all e-readers (and as pdfs) at the daftly named 'Smashwords.com'

Or via the links to sailing pages on my website at [www.edge.me.uk](http://www.edge.me.uk)

Where you'll also find, free of charge, the current publication and all the photos from the 6 travel books.

I hesitate to say that all these e-books for Kindle represent 'good value', but at between about £1.40 and £2.40, they are pretty cheap. I hope you enjoy one or more of them.

[www.edge.me.uk](http://www.edge.me.uk)



# Tying up Techniques

Here's a few random tips for tying up your boat in these outlandish, unnatural parts



Though you might aim to tie to trees or big rocks, handy ones aren't always available and it's worth carrying a few galvanised spikes. A few types are available in Scandian chandlers. Knock them in until they stop pinging and give off a satisfying 'dunk'. I never like relying on them entirely, even if it means running a very long line to a distant tree.



If you're expecting an onshore wind and can't be arsed shifting, is there any way of rigging a line to an offshore rock or another island, no matter how long? I've done that a few times. On at least one occasion to the great amusement of local sailors who, when the wind shifted and blew them onshore, had to leave the anchorage in a hurry at 5 a.m. At least I think they did. I was in the land of nod at the time.



If there's any sort of crosswind when you're tied to a rock it makes sense to run a stern line, at as wide an angle as possible, to a rock on the windward side. Stopping the stern blowing sideways, I think, will actually reduce the leverage acting on your anchor line. I choose to ignore any snide comments or smirking looks which seem to suggest that I'm being obsessive.



Here's a mooring tip for solo sailors using a stern anchor, a stern buoy or mooring piles. Especially if there's any crosswind it's a bugger trying to stop the boat just short of a quay or rock, then dash forward to hop off the bow. If you don't hit something the chances are you won't be quite close enough, or she'll have blown off by the time you get there. But this tip can make you look cool and in control. Alternatively you can make an arse of it and look very foolish indeed.

Before you get there, leave a loosely coiled line up forward, making sure it can run free. Take the end of the line and a decent amount of slack aft, run it through an aft fairlead and tie a clip to the end (for a stern buoy) or a big loop in the end with a bowline (for a pile). Once you've clipped or looped the line to the buoy or pole, slow the boat down to the minimum speed that will still give you a gentle forward movement. Then walk forward and control the forward movement by using the stern line as a brake. That way you can control the way on the boat from the bow.

You'll hanker after a cleat in the Baltic, but they'll very rarely be forthcoming.

Most quays have either just wooden posts or, worse still, small steel loops.

When you laep ashore in a strong crosswind you somehow have to thread a line through the fiddly loop and shorten it before a) your boat blows off and hits something or b) you take a

couple of fingers off as the line tensions. Most Finns rig ridiculously short, fixed lines with clips on the shore end. The length of these is fixed simply by the distance from the boat to the wee clip on the pontoon in their home marina. So when you offer to take their lines you will be unable to fix them to anything and there's a fair chance that, if you hang on too tenaciously, you will be pulled into the drink. I'm not sure what the answer is but if there was such a thing as a loose cleat which you could click onto one of these daft rings, I would undoubtedly buy a couple.



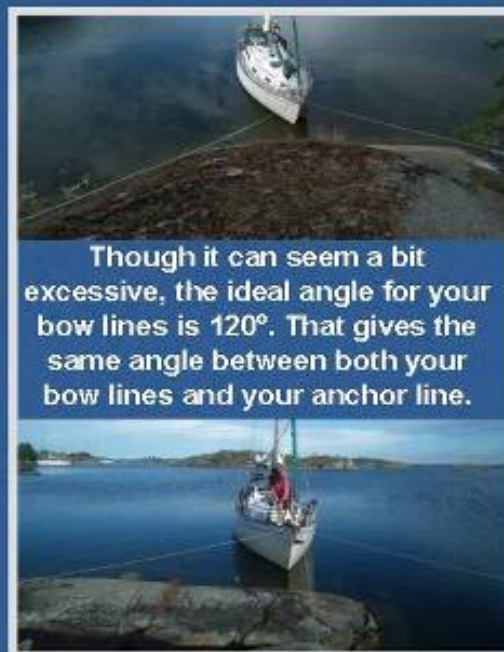
# Tying up Techniques Two



If sailing anywhere in the Baltic you need to find a way of getting off forward. This is often anathema to your British sailor, but the average Scandian would scarcely ever consider getting off anywhere else. A problem with British built boats is that most of them have a pulpit that wraps all the way round the bow, making it nigh on impossible to hop over. Short of sawing the bloody thing off, I find that my 35lb CQR anchor permanently in the roller does the trick. The steel bar welded across the top of a CQR makes a very handy step. I'm afraid that's practically the only use I've had for a bow anchor in the Baltic. A plank is handy though. I carry it for lock walls and dodgy tidal harbours, but it's useful for shallow seas and rocks a metre or two offshore.



I chose a nice, dark blue woven anchor warp for my stern anchor. Don't be a pillock like me. Use a white or other light coloured anchor warp, like everyone else in the Baltic, so that people can more easily see it under water and avoid laying their lines across it.



Though it can seem a bit excessive, the ideal angle for your bow lines is  $120^\circ$ . That gives the same angle between both your bow lines and your anchor line.

When you're solo and trying to hop onto a rock, get a good long line prepared at the bow. Before you jump off, fling the long line ashore as far as you can. Trying to hop off holding a short line, or worrying about handling two lines at the same time, is very likely to leave you ashore as the boat drifts gently off to sea on its anchor leaving you, believe me, feeling very foolish.

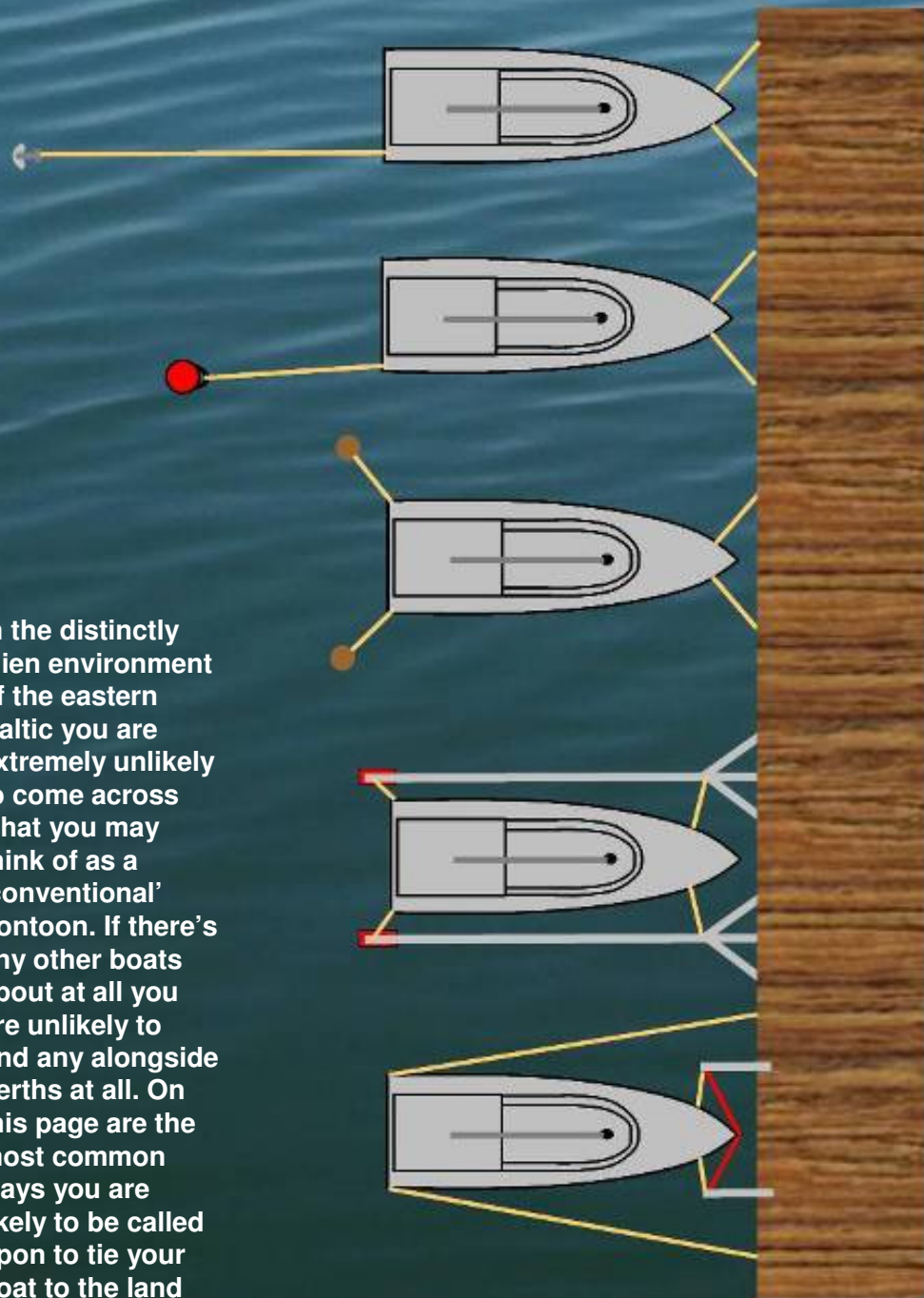
When landing on steep rocks, think about rigging slipping lines to trees ashore, even if it means stupidly long ones. That way if it pisses down and the rocks become slippery, you can cast off easy peasy after having a good laugh at all the other punters slipping around and falling in the sea.

An Anchorage to Standard Scandinavian Specifications



# Types of Baltic Mooring

In the distinctly alien environment of the eastern Baltic you are extremely unlikely to come across what you may think of as a 'conventional' pontoon. If there's any other boats about at all you are unlikely to find any alongside berths at all. On this page are the most common ways you are likely to be called upon to tie your boat to the land



## Stern Anchor

A stern anchor is a must in the Baltic for mooring to all rocks and some guest harbours. British anchoring tackle allows for flexing and resists snatching either by a catenary curve in a heavy chain or by using stretchy anchor warp. Your Scandian stern anchor is typically held on by a bit of completely unstretchy luggage strap. That's because your bow is only a foot away from the shore, so stretching is not to be encouraged. Make sure, therefore, that you're not on a lee shore when mooring like this.

## Stern Buoy

Probably the most common mooring in Swedish and Finnish guest harbours. Buoys most commonly have a galvanised pole with a loop on the top passing right through them, connected to the anchor chain. Usually easy enough to pick up if there's not a strong crosswind. The distance between buoy and quay varies so much that whilst in some places you may need to tie two lines together to make it long enough, in others the buoy will be alongside you. Most folk carry a long stainless steel hook – with or without a captive bar – to hook onto the buoy. I use a large carabiner.

## Piles

Very common in the shallow, sandy southern Baltic. Much less so further north. Can be tricky to get a line on both piles when flying solo. It's probably best just to concentrate on getting one line on initially. Preferably the up wind pile. Tricky in a crosswind, when it's probably best to aim at a slot next to a boat that's already moored, preferably with someone on board. Then just go alongside it. When piles are close together you may need to keep fenders on deck until you are in. In older marinas piles are often too close together for modern, beamy boats, which is handy if you've got a wee boat. There's always spaces even when it's busy

## Booms

Can be a very secure type of mooring in which you are unlikely to be rammed by other boats. But it's often quite a pain reaching the wee loops on the galvanised steel 'booms' you lie between. In common with all Scandian moorings, there's only ever fiddly little loops, never cleats

## Bows to a Rubber Band

This is the most stupid type of mooring ever devised by man. I only came across it once and didn't have to use it. Probably best to avoid it like the plague unless a) your bow is absolutely straight and vertical, b) it's perfectly, absolutely calm and c) you don't much like your boat and don't care what happens to it



# Guide to the Guide

## A few disclaimers...

Rocks, harbours and anchorages are listed in the pages that follow approximately in order from south west to north east. As someone who lives in Scotland I'm very conscious of the geographical bias towards the south and the English tendency to map stuff from the bottom (south), upwards. So apologies for inflicting the same bias on you. It's not any sort of deep political statement, it's just the way I happened to be going. Of course some might argue that this amounts to much the same thing.

The waypoints I've given for each rock represent exactly where my cockpit was once I was tied up. They are not waypoints leading to the approaches to harbours. If you steer directly at them you will hit stuff. Since my boat is 27ft long with a wee cockpit, if you tie your bigger boat up in exactly the same place her bows will be 6ft up in the air on top of a rock.

I hopefully don't need to say that I'm taking no responsibility for any of the information in this book. If you run into stuff by slavishly following some vague line I've roughly sketched on a satellite image, that's your lookout. If you keep going slow enough, however, it doesn't matter that much if you hit things.

Finally, the linguists amongst you will already be frustrated by the fact that I have used absolutely no accents in the spelling of any names in Swedish or Finnish. This is very anglocentric of me I'm afraid and it means that you won't be able to glean how to pronounce stuff from these pages.

*Martin Edge  
Edinburgh  
January 2014*



# Key to the Rocks

Rocks and harbours are listed in numerical order approximately from south west to north east.

The guide is in three parts.

**Part 1** takes you from the very southern tip of Sweden's east coast up to the headland of Landsort. The first bit is fairly open sea and not proper archipelago, but from about Eko northwards you are in proper, rocky, idyllic archipelago territory

**Part 2** takes you from Landsort north across the Stockholm Archipelago as far as Arholma. This is not quite the end of the Swedish Archipelago and there's more islands up in the Gulf of Bothnia. But that's as far as I've been, I'm afraid.

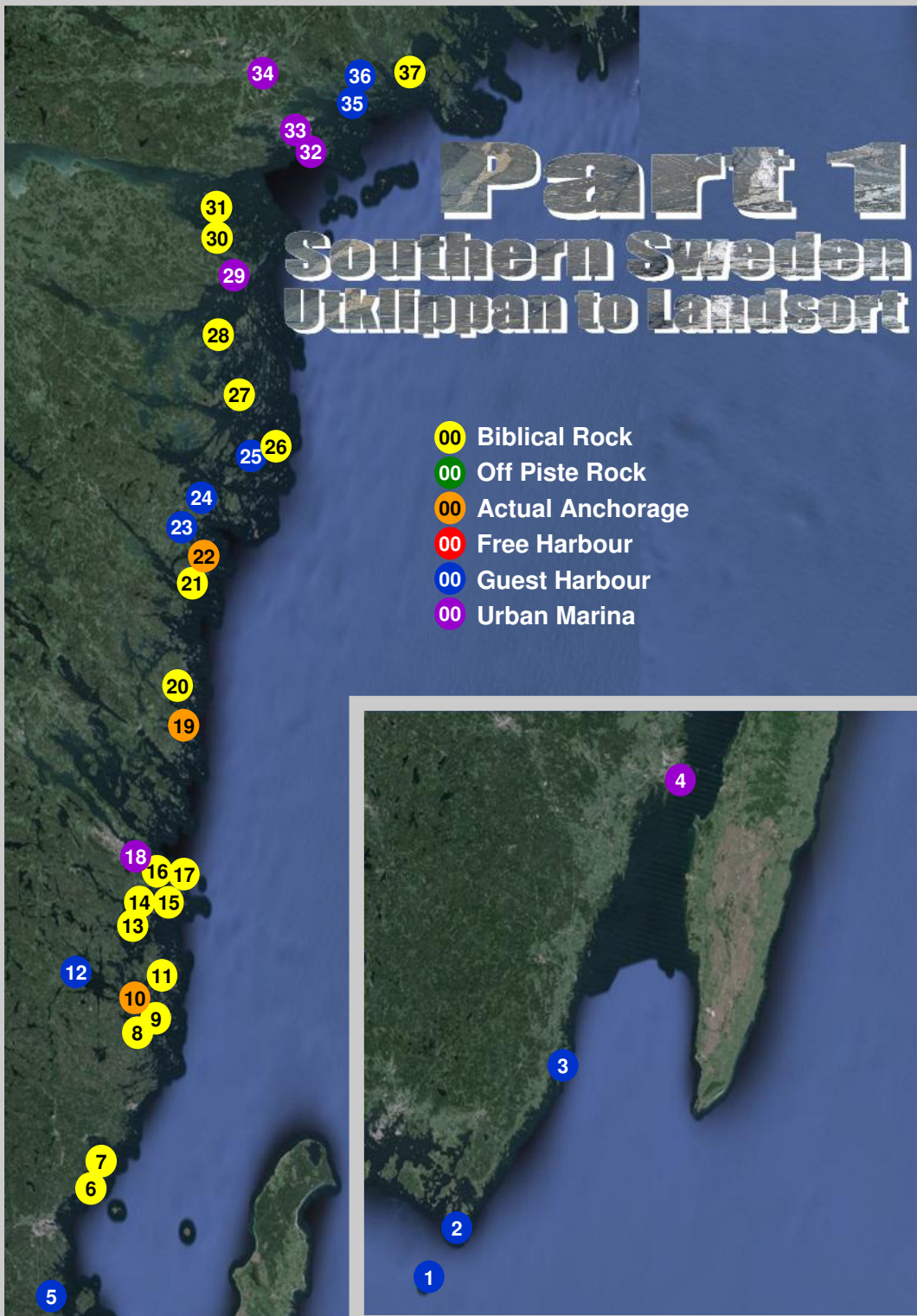
**Part 3** takes you through Åland and into the Gulf of Finland as far as the border with Russia. East of the Åland Archipelago the number of rocks published here thins out a bit, since I've only ventured once further to the east.

I've divided the rocks and harbours up into 6 categories as shown below. On the left is the key to the maps at the front of each section. On the right are the colours I've used to frame each of the pages.

## Key:

00	00	Rocks published in the Swedish 'Bible'
00	00	Off piste and unpublished rocks
00	00	Actual proper anchorages
00	00	Harbours which ought to be free
00	00	Guest harbours with a fee
00	00	Marinas in urban centres



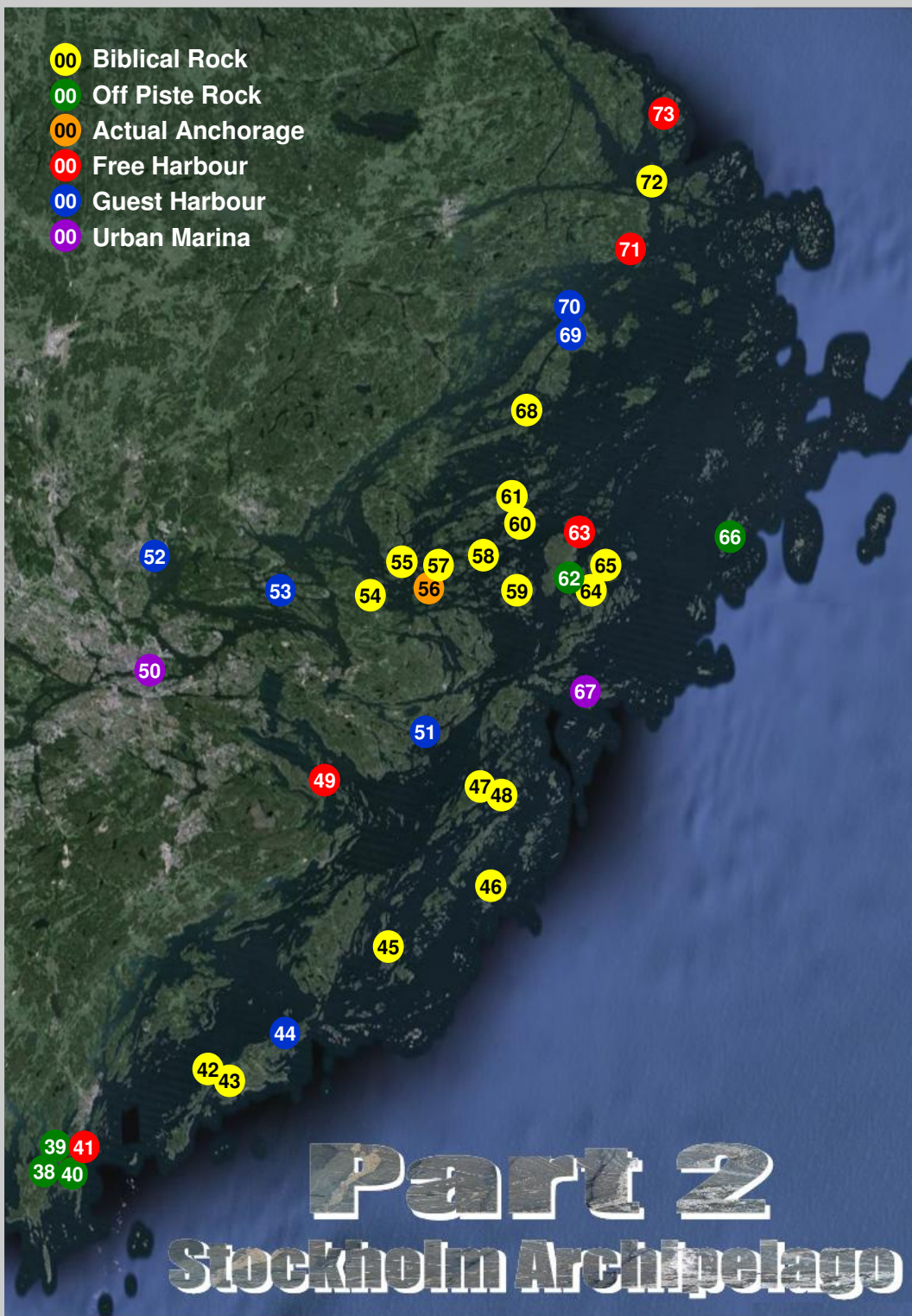


1	Utklippan	55° 57.292'N	15° 42.195'E
2	Stenshamn	56° 01.825'N	15° 46.644'E
3	Kristianopel	56° 15.392'N	16° 02.655'E
4	Kalmar	56° 39.581'N	16° 21.728'E
5	Paskallavik	57° 09.786'N	16° 27.862'E
6	Eko South	57° 19.343'N	16° 34.770'E
7	Eko North	57° 19.725'N	16° 34.825'E
8	Snuggosund	57° 31.840'N	16° 41.739'E
9	Stora Vippholmen	57° 32.340'N	16° 41.786'E
10	Alo	57° 32.710'N	16° 41.225'E
11	Brando	57° 34.955'N	16° 44.050'E
12	Blankaholm	57° 35.342'N	16° 31.694'E
13	Marso	57° 39.360'N	16° 41.411'E
14	Stora Kuggen	57° 40.269'N	16° 42.169'E
15	Handelop Huvud	57° 40.588'N	16° 44.609'E
16	Sparogloet	57° 42.993'N	16° 43.883'E
17	Sparogloet best	57° 42.956'N	16° 43.917'E
18	Vastervik	57° 43.885'N	16° 40.592'E
19	Lotsskackelhamn	57° 54.519'N	16° 48.213'E
20	Lango	57° 57.408'N	16° 47.034'E
21	Langholm	58° 05.344'N	16° 49.720'E
22	Halso	58° 07.129'N	16° 51.113'E
23	Gryts Varv	58° 09.578'N	16° 48.568'E
24	Fyrudden	58° 11.486'N	16° 51.132'E
25	Harstena Village	58° 15.366'N	17° 00.301'E
26	Harstena	58° 15.618'N	17° 01.265'E
27	Missjo Morke Krok	58° 19.771'N	16° 56.615'E
28	Riso	58° 24.565'N	16° 53.871'E
29	Arkosund	58° 29.278'N	16° 56.539'E
30	Skallo	58° 32.265'N	16° 54.057'E
31	Svartskogsskar	58° 34.212'N	16° 54.120'E
32	Oxelosund Fiskhaven	58° 39.481'N	17° 06.727'E
33	Oxelosund	58° 39.783'N	17° 05.934'E
34	Nykoping	58° 44.612'N	17° 01.271'E
35	Broken	58° 42.692'N	17° 14.403'E
36	Svardsklova	58° 43.460'N	17° 14.700'E
37	Aspofladen	58° 44.641'N	17° 23.340'E

These maps and lists are repeated at the appropriate section.  
Part 1 = Page 15 Part 2 = Page 54 and Part 3 = Page 92



- 00 Biblical Rock
- 00 Off Piste Rock
- 00 Actual Anchorage
- 00 Free Harbour
- 00 Guest Harbour
- 00 Urban Marina



38	Bondholmen, Maren	58° 51.055'N	17° 52.485'E
39	Rassarviker South	58° 51.542'N	17° 52.652'E
40	Rassarviker North	58° 51.914'N	17° 52.994'E
41	Gummern	58° 51.265'N	17° 54.718'E
42	Rano Hamn West	58° 56.234'N	18° 10.479'E
43	Rano Hamn East	58° 56.270'N	18° 10.890'E
44	Uto	58° 58.242'N	18° 19.434'E
45	Fjardlang	59° 02.970'N	18° 31.348'E
46	Biskopson	59° 06.332'N	18° 43.511'E
47	Namdo South	59° 12.162'N	18° 42.663'E
48	Namdo North	59° 12.260'N	18° 42.706'E
49	Harso	59° 12.861'N	18° 25.330'E
50	Stockholm	59° 19.571'N	18° 05.623'E
51	Malma Kvarn	59° 15.307'N	18° 36.859'E
52	Viggbymholm	59° 26.180'N	18° 06.665'E
53	Vaxholm	59° 24.062'N	18° 21.069'E
54	Loknasviken	59° 23.484'N	18° 31.140'E
55	Bockholmen	59° 25.412'N	18° 35.201'E
56	Gallno Hemfladen	59° 23.974'N	18° 37.983'E
57	Gallno Gettuden	59° 24.472'N	18° 38.410'E
58	Krokholmsviken	59° 25.502'N	18° 44.133'E
59	Sack	59° 23.430'N	18° 48.000'E
60	Brunskaret	59° 27.326'N	18° 48.598'E
61	Paradiset	59° 28.913'N	18° 47.987'E
62	Hemsundet	59° 23.830'N	18° 54.375'E
63	Moja Langvik	59° 26.581'N	18° 55.225'E
64	Lokholmarna	59° 23.581'N	18° 56.260'E
65	Lokao Osterviken	59° 24.412'N	18° 57.513'E
66	Stora Nassa	59° 26.042'N	19° 12.519'E
67	Sandhamn	59° 17.300'N	18° 55.120'E
68	Idskaren	59° 33.792'N	18° 49.934'E
69	Stammarsund	59° 38.145'N	18° 55.265'E
70	Furusund	59° 39.666'N	18° 55.094'E
71	Kapellskar	59° 42.844'N	19° 02.789'E
72	Lidon	59° 46.691'N	19° 05.360'E
73	Arholma	59° 50.571'N	19° 07.281'E

These maps and lists are repeated at the appropriate section.  
Part 1 = Page 15 Part 2 = Page 54 and Part 3 = Page 92



# Part 3 - Finland



- 00 Biblical Rock
- 00 Off Piste Rock
- 00 Actual Anchorage
- 00 Free Harbour
- 00 Guest Harbour
- 00 Urban Marina

74	Kobba Klintar	60° 01.821'N	19° 52.978'E
75	Rodhamn	59° 59.122'N	20° 06.144'E
76	Mariehamn East	60° 06.012'N	19° 56.832'E
77	Moholm	59° 58.180'N	20° 17.240'E
78	Svinosund	60° 12.146'N	20° 12.202'E
79	Angsholm	60° 04.298'N	20° 30.315'E
80	Sottunga	60° 06.609'N	20° 40.793'E
81	Kokar	59° 55.251'N	20° 54.697'E
82	Enklinge	60° 19.650'N	20° 45.940'E
83	Lappo	60° 18.939'N	20° 59.758'E
84	Jungfruskar	60° 08.367'N	21° 04.244'E
85	Parattula	60° 29.728'N	21° 26.512'E
86	Vasteron	60° 04.751'N	21° 20.112'E
87	Bjorko	59° 54.554'N	21° 40.795'E
88	Boskar	60° 01.980'N	21° 46.541'E
89	Nagu/Nauvo	60° 11.729'N	21° 54.641'E

90	Glosan	60° 01.732'N	21° 46.894'E
91	Birsskar	60° 04.325'N	22° 02.506'E
92	Helsingholm	60° 01.821'N	22° 16.895'E
93	Rosala	59° 51.761'N	22° 25.247'E
94	Hanko	59° 49.167'N	22° 57.992'E
95	Modermagan	59° 51.453'N	23° 25.422'E
96	Jussaro	59° 49.861'N	23° 34.343'E
97	Elisaari	59° 58.746'N	23° 54.635'E
98	Stora Brando	60° 02.650'N	24° 36.082'E
99	Stora Bredskar	60° 02.537'N	24° 36.756'E
100	Helsinki	60° 10.411'N	24° 57.830'E
101	Bockhamn	60° 16.077'N	25° 59.829'E
102	Lillifjarden	60° 16.988'N	26° 06.189'E
103	Kaunissari	60° 20.644'N	26° 46.527'E
104	Haapasaari	60° 17.327'N	27° 11.697'E
105	Koursalo	60° 27.943'N	27° 23.710'E

These maps and lists are repeated at the appropriate section.  
 Part 1 = Page 15 Part 2 = Page 54 and  
 Part 3 = Page 92



[www.edge.me.uk](http://www.edge.me.uk)

105  
ROCKS

*Martin Edge*

**Part 1**  
Southern Sweden  
Utklippan to Landsort

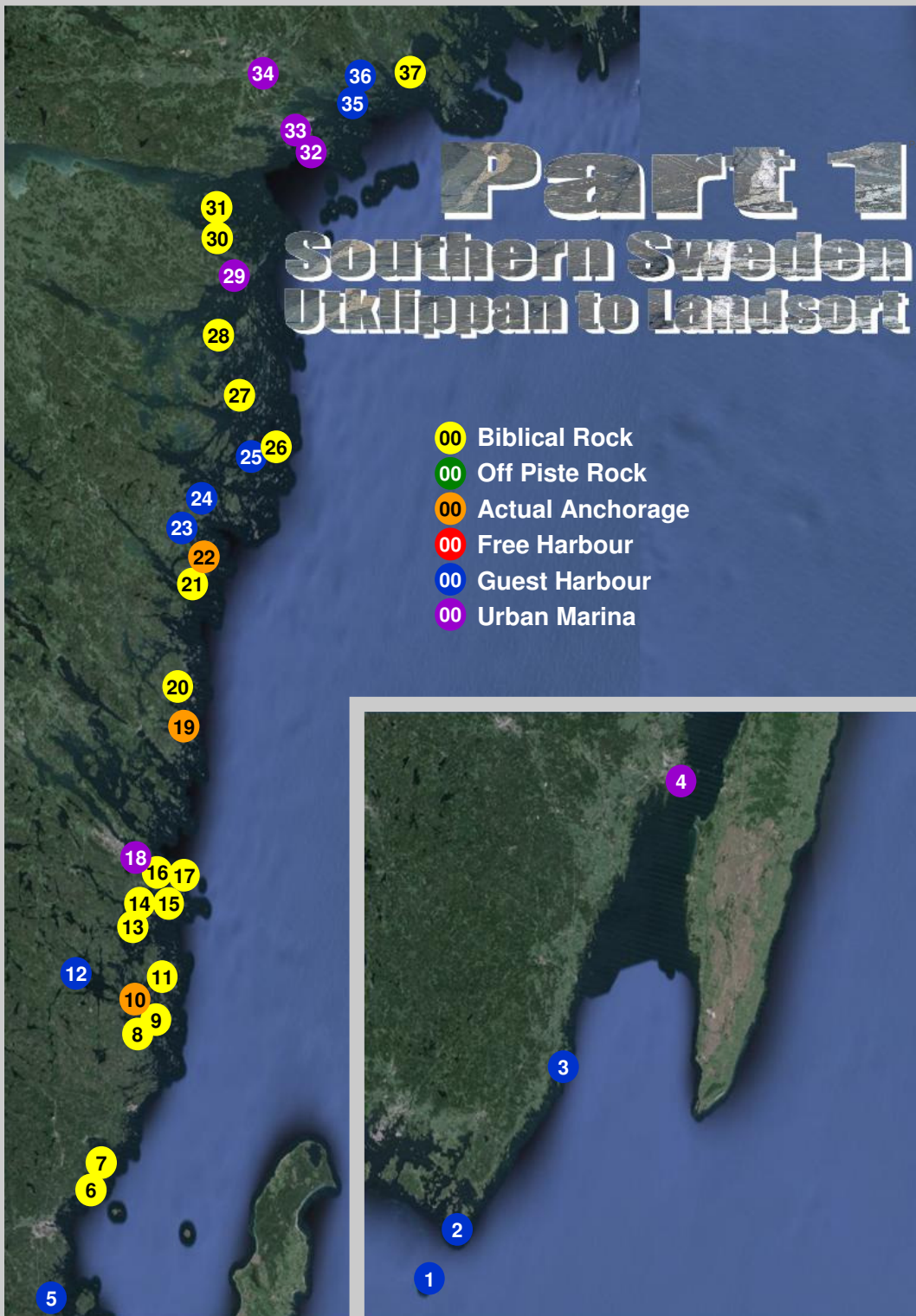


# Part 1

## Southern Sweden

### Utklippan to Landsort

- 00 Biblical Rock
- 00 Off Piste Rock
- 00 Actual Anchorage
- 00 Free Harbour
- 00 Guest Harbour
- 00 Urban Marina



1	Utklippan	55° 57.292'N	15° 42.195'E
2	Stenshamn	56° 01.825'N	15° 46.644'E
3	Kristianopel	56° 15.392'N	16° 02.655'E
4	Kalmar	56° 39.581'N	16° 21.728'E
5	Paskallavik	57° 09.786'N	16° 27.862'E
6	Eko South	57° 19.343'N	16° 34.770'E
7	Eko North	57° 19.725'N	16° 34.825'E
8	Snuggosund	57° 31.840'N	16° 41.739'E
9	Stora Vippholmen	57° 32.340'N	16° 41.786'E
10	Alo	57° 32.710'N	16° 41.225'E
11	Brando	57° 34.955'N	16° 44.050'E
12	Blankaholm	57° 35.342'N	16° 31.694'E
13	Marso	57° 39.360'N	16° 41.411'E
14	Stora Kuggen	57° 40.269'N	16° 42.169'E
15	Handelop Huvud	57° 40.588'N	16° 44.609'E
16	Sparogloet	57° 42.993'N	16° 43.883'E
17	Sparogloet best	57° 42.956'N	16° 43.917'E
18	Vastervik	57° 43.885'N	16° 40.592'E
19	Lotsskackelhamn	57° 54.519'N	16° 48.213'E
20	Lango	57° 57.408'N	16° 47.034'E
21	Langholm	58° 05.344'N	16° 49.720'E
22	Halso	58° 07.129'N	16° 51.113'E
23	Gryts Varv	58° 09.578'N	16° 48.568'E
24	Fyrudden	58° 11.486'N	16° 51.132'E
25	Harstena Village	58° 15.366'N	17° 00.301'E
26	Harstena	58° 15.618'N	17° 01.265'E
27	Missjo Morke Krok	58° 19.771'N	16° 56.615'E
28	Riso	58° 24.565'N	16° 53.871'E
29	Arkosund	58° 29.278'N	16° 56.539'E
30	Skallo	58° 32.265'N	16° 54.057'E
31	Svartskogsskar	58° 34.212'N	16° 54.120'E
32	Oxelosund Fiskhaven	58° 39.481'N	17° 06.727'E
33	Oxelosund	58° 39.783'N	17° 05.934'E
34	Nykoping	58° 44.612'N	17° 01.271'E
35	Broken	58° 42.692'N	17° 14.403'E
36	Svardsklova	58° 43.460'N	17° 14.700'E
37	Aspofladen	58° 44.641'N	17° 23.340'E



01

# Utklippan

## Autistic Rock

55° 57.292'N 15° 42.195'E

Bible p267



Utklippan is just a random, bare rock with a lighthouse which had, naturally, no perfectly sheltered all weather harbour. It could easily be on the west of Scotland and if it was it would still have no harbour. But it's in Scandinavia. Since there was no all weather port within 5 miles they've blasted out the middle of the island and created, arguably rather autistically, a perfectly rectangular harbour. When I was there in May the bogs were locked and there was no-one to charge me any money. Nevertheless some Finnish lads, who were utterly distraught that there was no working sauna, managed to get shouted at by a couple of proprietorial twitchers who felt they had the sole rights over the southern island. This despite the fact that it's a public nature reserve with dinghies you can borrow to row between the islands. This is the only genuine incidence of someone trying to stop people landing on an island I have ever encountered in Sweden or Finland. I understand it gets completely rammed with German yachts in July, but there's bogs, electricity, showers and a café then so it's probably perfectly pleasant.





02

# Stenshamn Haar Island

56° 01.825'N 15° 46.644'E

Bible p265



This is a rare, pleasant island off Sweden's south coast. It is low, sandy and, of course dotted with nicely painted holiday homes. There's pleasant, easy walks and a couple of beaches. The harbour seems popular with local motorboats from Karlskrona in the season, when there's a very rudimentary shop. There is a theoretical shower, which appears to have a complex rota which, like modern swimming baths in Britain, admits adult males under the age of 75 for half an hour on the third Tuesday of every month. I was fog bound here for an extra 24 hours. As everywhere in the Baltic the natives assured me that thick fog would clear in an hour or two, then were astonished to find that it persisted all day, despite the force 4 easterly breeze. To me it seemed blindingly obvious, with warm air blowing across the cooler Baltic, that this was exactly like the Haar we get on the east of Scotland, sometimes for weeks at a time. The pontoon I'm tied to is a new one not shown in the 'bible'. It has a few more 'Y boom' type berths for smaller boats. Apart from the fog probably the only downside of this nice sheltered harbour was the ubiquitous stench of rotting seaweed that pervades the south coast of Sweden in late summer. The locals pretend not to notice it.





03

## Kristianopel

*Formerly Istanbulshit*

56° 15.392'N 16° 02.655'E

Bible p234



A handy guest harbour on the way up or down the coast with plenty of stern buoys and a long paved quay. This is a pleasant, quiet seaside village full of quite posh commuter homes and folk taking a Sunday drive. There's a general store and a couple of cafes, which typically seem to shut 99% of the time. There's a large campsite which was almost deserted in mid August. The harbour was almost empty, but apparently at weekends in July hundreds of boats can be crammed into the wee rectangular space. There's leccy and adequate showers and toilets.

There's pleasant walks around the long, low town walls and fortifications, but the place is no longer substantial enough to be called a town. We were waylaid here by an enthusiastic chap who remembered us from a rock further north, where he had a minor family drama involving a baby's bib. (See No. 55)

Kristianopel used to be called Istanbul until 1930, when a Turkish raiding party attacked the town and stole it's name. As they fled the scene the Turks accidentally left behind the name Constantinople, which the townspeople adopted, changing it eventually to the more Swede-friendly name 'Kristianopel. The foregoing is, obviously, a complete load of Istanbulshit. Apologies.





04

Kalmar

*Iron Man Central*

56° 39.581'N 16° 21.728'E

*Bible p228*

Kalmar is a genuine city. Perhaps not a huge one by European standards, but it feels pretty big after a summer spent hopping from rock to rock in places where an urban centre means somewhere you can buy a pint of milk between midsummer and mid August. There are pleasant old streets to wander round and plenty of bars, restaurants and shops, including a reasonable sized chandlers near the harbour. The last time I was there the town was in the grip of an 'Iron Man' triathlon, which I found oddly intriguing. Perhaps the oddest bit was watching individual female competitors staggering over the finish line after 18 hours, as the PA system boomed out 'YOU... ARE... AN... IRON MAN'. I don't know many women who would appreciate the description.

I suspect that most of the time, outside peak season in July, nobody will bother coming round for payment. The staff of the tourist information centre who I tried to pay for a nights berthing seemed to find it odd that I bothered in mid May. In August the marina was less than half full. In July there were a lot of boats, but I suspect you'd always find a berth. You might need to pay to get a code for the quite swish bog and shower block. Zoph is pictured in a large, secure, boom mooring space, but the majority of moorings involve stern buoys.





05

## Paskallavik

*Spoilt Bratland*

57° 09.786'N 16° 27.862'E

*Bible p215*

This place was handy enough and sheltered in a westerly, but a pain in the arse in some ways. For a start the guest harbour is not where it appears to be in the photo in the bible. The harbour shown there (see my red cross to the left) is a club one with 'Keep Out' signs. You need to pick up a buoy on the line where I've shown them on the photo. Unfortunately, when I was there in May, practically the whole guest harbour had been occupied by an old fishing boat which had been half converted into a yacht and a theoretically sailing, theoretically youth training 'tall ship' called 'Shalom'. They effectively made it impossible to use the buoys provided. I just managed to squeeze in behind the bloody thing, which belched fumes from its generators all evening as the little darlings on board, who were being, presumably, toughened up with a dose of the sailing life, used the leccy to power their game boys and large screen tellies. To add insult to injury, despite the generators, the buggers had also plugged in to all the available leccy points on shore. I later saw 'Shalom' several times, doggedly motoring everywhere, all sails furled in a following force four.

On the plus side, the village, with one pub and a small shop, wasn't unpleasant and there was no one to take my money. Hopefully you'll find the place spoilt bratless.





06

## Eko (South)

57° 19.343'N 16° 34.770'E

*The First and Last Rock**Bible p204*

If you're heading north, this is just about the first proper rock and a taster of the millions of perfect rocky anchorages to come. It's also your first chance to observe the Power of the Bible. Its wee chartlets are at a much larger scale than the official charts and detail practically every pebble. Follow them closely and if in doubt at hyper-slow speed and you won't go far wrong. Even if you do bump into the odd rock.

The wee spot I was in was a bit tight and close to a rock behind us, restricting the amount of anchor line I could use. But there's loads of other rocks to tie to in here

Here I found one of the smallest cruising boats in my Baltic travels. A one man kayak paddled by a German bloke. 27ft Zophiel, with her bog, galley, beds and water tanks, seemed like five star luxury for once.





07

## Eko (North)

57° 19.725'N 16° 34.825'E

*The Last and First Rock**Bible p204*

I know I've a bit of a cheek counting numbers 6 and 7 as separate anchorages, since they are really part of the same bay, but it looks nice, doesn't it? By mid August, when we were chased in here by a horrendous thunderstorm and lashing down rain, the whole of the Eko anchorage was entirely deserted. Not for the first time we had a whole mini-archipelago to

ourselves.

The shore was a bit shallow at this particular rock, which was nicely sheltered from the north and west. You need to approach carefully and pick an exact spot where there's a rock to hop onto. If you pick around carefully there's loads of places to tie up. Choose somewhere that's appropriate to the wind direction and you could sit here in just about any weather





08

# Snuggosund

57° 31.840'N 16° 41.739'E

*Does exactly what it says on the tin*

*Bible p187*



The best named rock in all Scandinavia, Snuggosund is exactly that. You need to be careful of rocks before the southern entrance, but the entrance itself and the wee bay I entered are clear. I tied to a rock that's not suggested in the bible, as I wanted to be facing into a predicted strong northerly. It's a good rock, but you'll need a dinghy if you fancy walking more than 5 metres. There's no trees so this was my first use of spikes for tying to

It was early June and when the predicted northerly did show up it brought with it a startling phenomenon I've never seen before. As the first squalls hit, the millions of Scots Pines making up the forest on these islands released thick clouds of yellow pollen into the air. There was a thick fog of pollen and later, when the wind subsided, a deep coating of pollen over everything. Perhaps it's a common event in Sweden, but I've never seen it in pine forests at home.





09

## Stora Vipholmen

57° 32.340'N 16° 41.786'E

*V.I.P. Rock**Bible p190*

The spot I chose is just about as sheltered as you could get. Watch out for the tail of an underwater rock just to the south of you. If it's blowing from the north you might want a long stern line to the land to prevent you blowing onto it.

The wee place south of there, between the larger and smaller islands, looks good, but you'd need to get someone ashore at the southern island and tie your boat between the two.



Had I been more mob-handed I might have done. My rock is spot on for evening sun and barbequeing on the rocks. There's anchorage and a cruising club buoy in the larger bay near my scale.





10

Alo

57° 32.710'N 16° 41.225'E

*Alo Alo what's this then?**Bible 186*

This will suit the average British yachtsman with properly entrenched ways and a jingoistic resistance to funny foreign ways. A proper anchorage where you can actually use your bow anchor.

This was a lunchtime anchorage for me but is a nicely sheltered one for an overnight stop. If coming from the north don't turn into the main inlet too soon as there's a rock almost in mid-stream. If you've a mast over 12m high you'll not be able to get in from the south. Don't go too far west or north into the anchorage bay as it shallows. There's supposed to be a quay to tie to, but it's a little overgrown and a distance from the wee village so I didn't bother with it. At first I thought the quay detailed in the Bible was the obvious one more or less due south of Zoph's position on the left. But actually I think that's a private one and the public quay is the rather more run down one where my red arrow is.





11

Brando

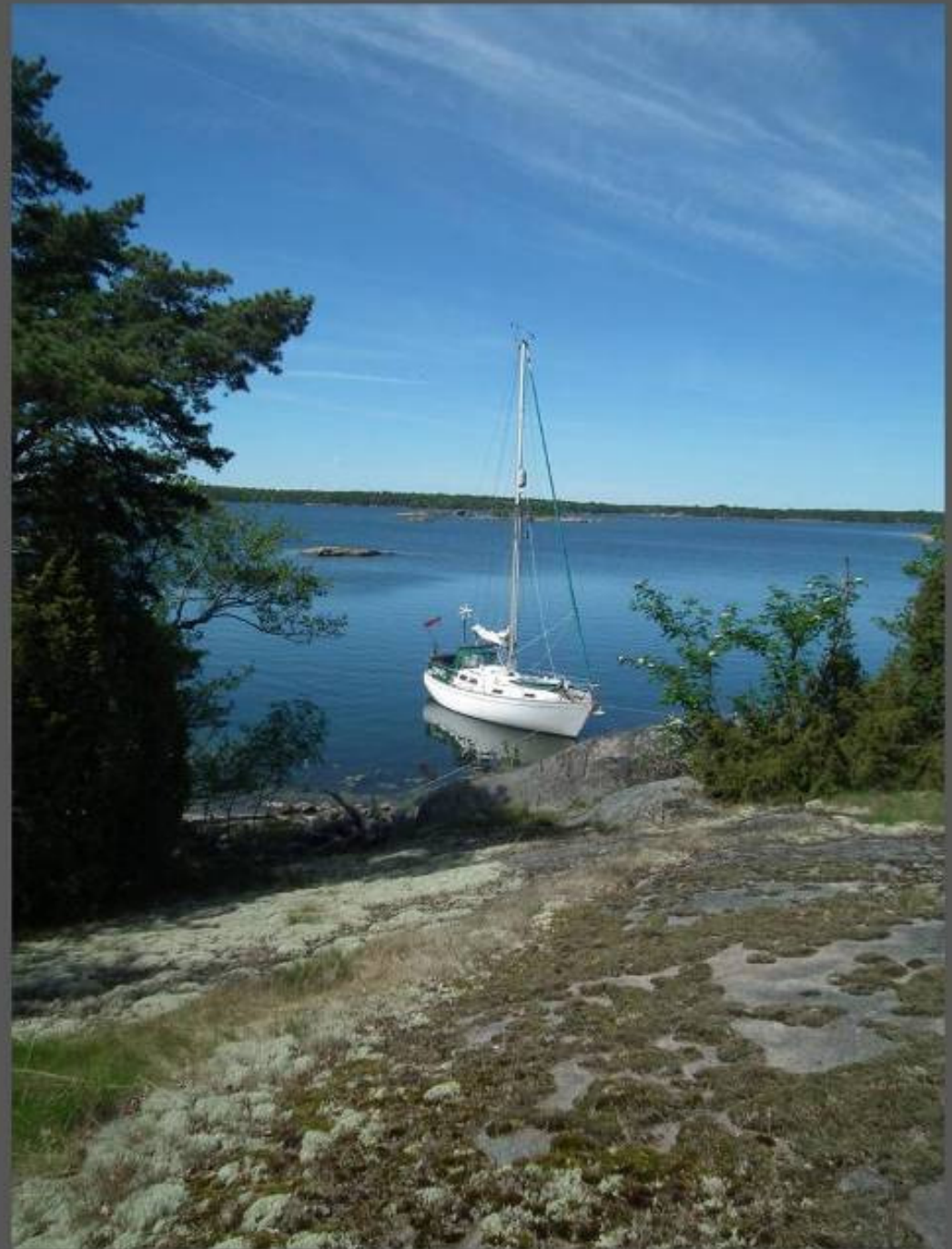
Godfather Rock

57° 34.955'N 16° 44.050'E

Bible 192



Another lunchtime anchorage with a few tight wee spots to squeeze into. It feels quite open and I wouldn't fancy it with strong westerlies or northerlies, but in a southerly or an easterly it would be a pretty spot-on barbeque rock. There's not a lot in the way of trees to tie to, but a couple of handy boulders which would take a bit of shifting. You might want to employ a spike or two hammered between the rocks. Happily one of my crew on this occasion was a professional mountain guide from Snowdonia. He was not short of advice on how to hammer home a reliable spike. I, on the other hand, still remain wary about trusting my life solely to a wee galvanised spike between a couple of rocks. I'm very happy to use them, but not to the exclusion of a solid tree.





# 12 Blankaholm

## *On its last legs*

57° 35.342'N 16° 31.694'E

Bible 184



The story in the bible about Blankaholm is clearly written by the locals themselves and bigs the place up more than it deserves. My fault. I should have read between the lines of the bible, which said "*Blankaholm is a community that refuses to die out*". For a start the 'IT Café' pictured has now been demolished. The harbour is an old port for exporting bulk ore and the current facilities are stapled onto extensive, rotting, knackered concrete quays. The quay for yachts is a little rotten and knackered, but serviceable and the 'facilities', once you've found them, are well kept. Inland, the wee village is quite pretty and there's a reasonable general store. It's quite a long sail in from the islands to Blankaholm for no great return.



Library picture, not actual game footage. This building has now gone



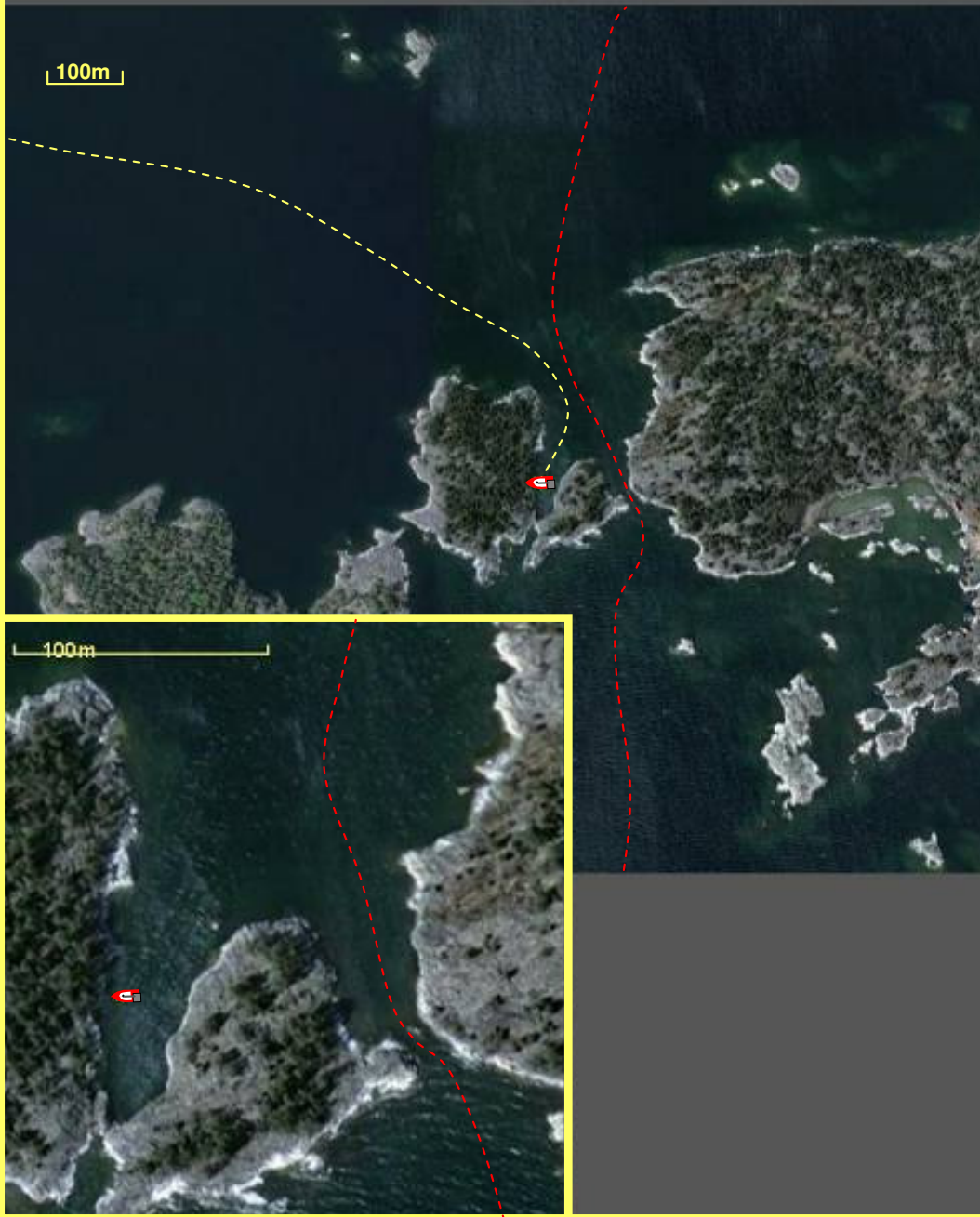


13

Marso

*Kamikaze channel*

57° 39.360'N 16° 41.411'E

*Bible p182*

We had the island to ourselves in early June. It would have been idyllic had it not been for the thin stream of zoomular speedboats and open boats which used the tiny non-channel (Shown by the red line) to our east to nip through to their holiday homes. There must have been about 2 feet of water through this narrow gap, but they didn't slow down and sent small tsunamis washing against Zophiel. At first I didn't even realise there was a channel through the tiny gap and thought the speedboat was on a kamikaze mission.

It was a small taster of the busy Stockholm Archie in July. Walking round our private island we spotted a couple of other boats tied to adjacent islands. There's no facilities here but it's a pleasant, quiet spot in anything except a northerly.





14

# Stora Kuggen

## Vampire Rock

57° 40.269'N 16° 42.169'E

Bible p182



This is a nicely sheltered harbour, though it mightn't be so great in a strong south westerly. In early June we had the bay to ourselves. It's a bit short of trees to tie to and you might want to hammer in a couple of spikes. For some reason it's also short of photos. I seem to have forgotten to take any. Or maybe I did take photos but they mysteriously didn't come out. Spooky. Perhaps it's a vampire rock





15

## Handelop Huvud

57° 40.588'N 16° 44.609'E

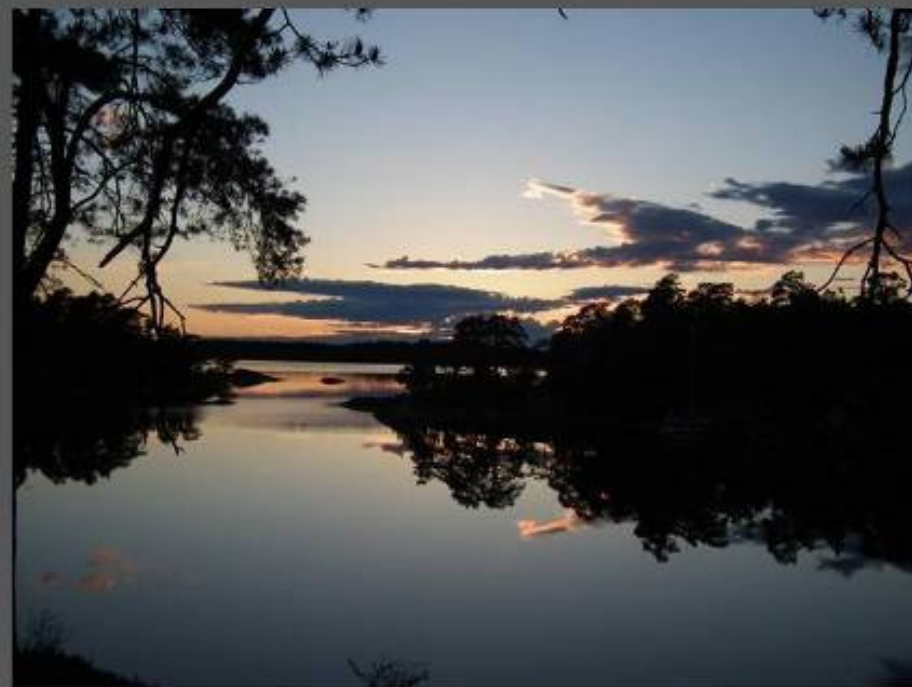
## Notastop Rock

Bible p181



This one's a bit of a cheat. I motored slowly around the anchorage but, since it was still early in the day, didn't actually stop. It looks however like a spot-on, sheltered set of rocks. You'll need to take it slow. It's shallow (reputedly 1.8m) in the approach and there's a good rock to hit nearly in the middle. The prospect of shallow, rocky coasts seems to scare the shit out of your average British sailor. Really there's buggger-all to worry about, as long as there's no wind blowing you onshore. If it's a weather shore in a Swedish archipelago it's probably completely sheltered by trees. Just take it hyper slow – about a tenth of a knot – near the dodgy bits.

Then even if you do hit something it'll not matter much. When I'm flying solo I just let her edge gently forward and nip up to the bow from time to time to squint at the rocks. I'm afraid that the photos are not actual game footage. A couple of sunsets from elsewhere on the coast.



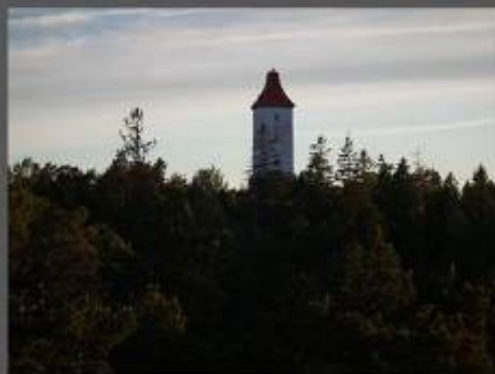


16

## Sparogloet 1

*The Smug Spyug*

57° 42.993'N 16° 43.883'E

*Bible p179*

This is one of my favourites. In very easy reach of Vastervik, it's reputed to be rammed in July, but in June and August it was almost empty. If I'd not read about it in the bible I'd never have found it. A hundred boats could sit in here and you'd never spot them from outside. So if you're ever on the run from the law...

I stopped in a number of places on different occasions. Mostly deliberately, but once by running aground on the allegedly 1.6m rock at the entrance. Typically, I negotiated the convoluted way in then lost concentration and rammed it on the way out. There's plenty of room to anchor and rocks to tie to whatever the wind direction.

Spyug, by the way, is Scots for Sparrow and a gloating one would be a smug spyug.





17

## Sparogloet 2

57° 42.956'N 16° 48.213'E

*The World's Best Anchorage?* Bible p179

As an obsessive, anal paranoid this is my favourite natural harbour in the whole wide world. I make no apologies for including Smug Spyug twice. The inlet in the south east corner is about 12m wide by 25m long and a couple of metres deep (Note the huge scale of this satellite photo). I reversed into the single boat dock and tied her off on all sides. We could have sat there in a hurricane from any direction and not noticed that there was a breeze. Once the wind rose to above about 200kt from the west there might be a slight danger from falling trees.

The crew of a German Halberg Rassy nearby were taking the piss out of my obsessive ropeage, until a sudden westerly squall had them fending off from the lee shore of a steep rock they were tied to nearby.





18

## Vastervik

57° 43.885'N 16° 40.592'E

*Rampant Inflation Sailing Club**Bible p176*

This is the sailing club in a sheltered bay in the outer approaches to Västervik. The rip-off 'Promarina' marina in the town centre is to be avoided, as are all the new marinas owned by that company as they try to build an empire and establish a monopoly in a lot of Swedish harbours. It's double the price and about a tenth as well sheltered.

The Westervik is an extraordinarily friendly sailing club. When I arrived on May 14<sup>th</sup> they were only just putting the boats back in for the summer, the whole bay having been under a foot of ice at the end of April. Despite not being prepared for visitors they were extremely accommodating and I left Zoph there when I flew home for a fortnight. The down side was that the day I arrived the fee for leaving a boat went up from 500 to 800 Krona. Perhaps they were trying to tell me something. The other downside is the obsessive way in which many club members care for their boats, making Zophiel look shamefully scruffy.

The club is almost 2 miles from town, through the world's largest campsite – a sort of Swedonian Butlin's – but they provide free bicycles for guests, which is nice. Västervik is a pleasant town which is buzzing at lunchtime in July and completely dead at all other times of the year. There's a large chandler within half a mile of the sailing club which was brand new in May 2013. It deals mostly with discounted online orders, but has quite a lot of stock to browse.



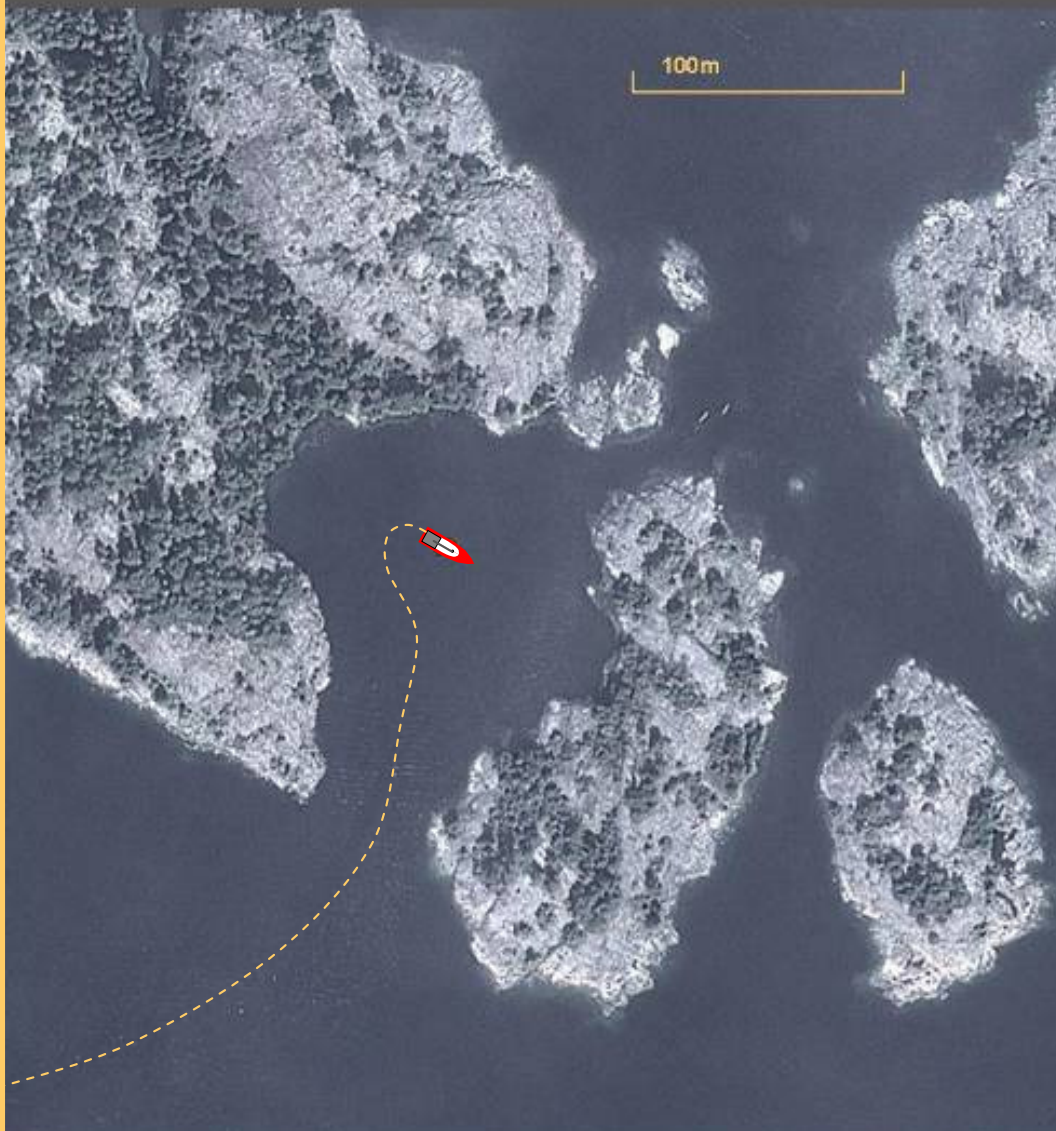


19

# Lotsskackelhamn $57^{\circ}54.519'N$ $16^{\circ}48.213'E$

*Muchshrilllaughterport*

*Bible p158*



Lotsskackelhamn is of course Swedish for much shrill laughter port. We just used it as a lunch stop and it was very well sheltered in a south easterly, with the usual good holding and even, perfect depth.





20

Lango

57° 57.408'N 16° 47.034'E

*Nudie Breakfast Archie**Bible p156*

This is deep within a sub-archipelago of dozens of islands. On June 11<sup>th</sup> we motored all around them. Amongst the hundreds of bays and rocks to tie to there was not one single other boat. From the top of the hills on our island there was no sign of any civilisation or human activity at all. There was not even the normally ubiquitous sound of a distant motor.

I'm afraid to say that, in the glorious weather, we went a bit German and sat around eating breakfast and swam in the nud. Over the weeks we had to remind ourselves, when there were more folk about, that this is not generally sen as acceptable behaviour in polite society.





21

## Langholmen

*Pissingdown Island*

58° 05.344'N 16° 49.720'E

*Bible p144*

This is a nicely sheltered rock in westerlies. In mid August there were a couple of other boats in. There's composting bogs and waste disposal a short walk to the south of where we were. From now on northwards through the Swedish archipelagos and into Finland, the composting bogs became the standard piece of kit you expected on every rock. The Swedish ones –

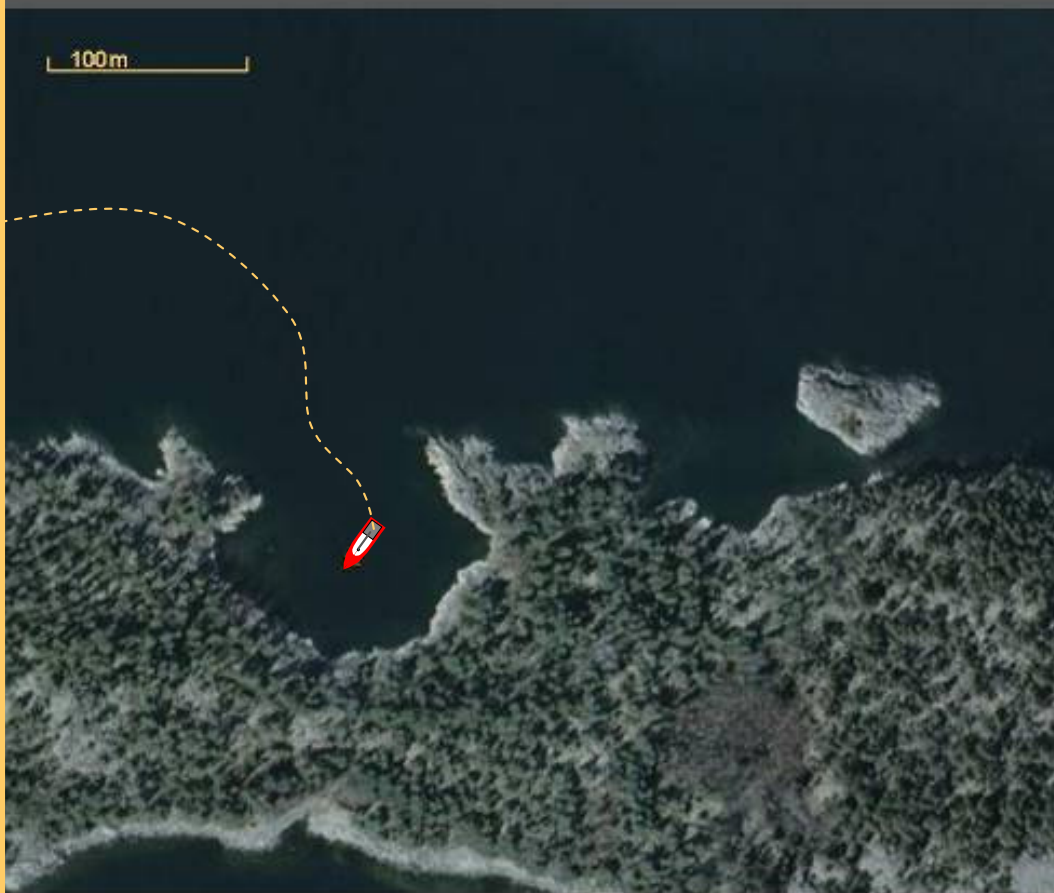
basically just buckets with a seat – are usually a bit more primitive than the Finnish ones, which are usually long-drop ones with a supply of sawdust to chuck on your poo. In June they are largely empty and perfectly pleasant. By August they are sometimes very, very unpleasant. The photo below, by the way, is some rain. It absolutely pissed down while we were here, as the photo below, for those of you who don't know what rain looks like, shows.





22

Halso

 $58^{\circ}07.129'N$   $16^{\circ}51.113'E$ *Noeagle Anchorage**Bible p135*

This was another pleasant lunchtime stop. We just swung to the anchor here, but there's a number of places where you could tie to rocks ashore. Nicely sheltered from anywhere vaguely south. It's one place in Sweden where you are guaranteed not to see white tailed eagles, since the bible tells you that it's a good place to see white tailed eagles





23

## Gryts Varv

 $58^{\circ}09.578'N$   $16^{\circ}48.568'E$ *If you're desperate for a marina* Bible 117

Sorry, no pictures again. These are just lifted off the web. We stopped off here in the off chance of finding a shop. No luck. But there's a restaurant, inevitably closed when we were there but perhaps sometimes open. The inner harbour is a commercial marina which would probably provide good shelter if you'd been out amongst the islands for a week or so, were minging and in need of a shower.



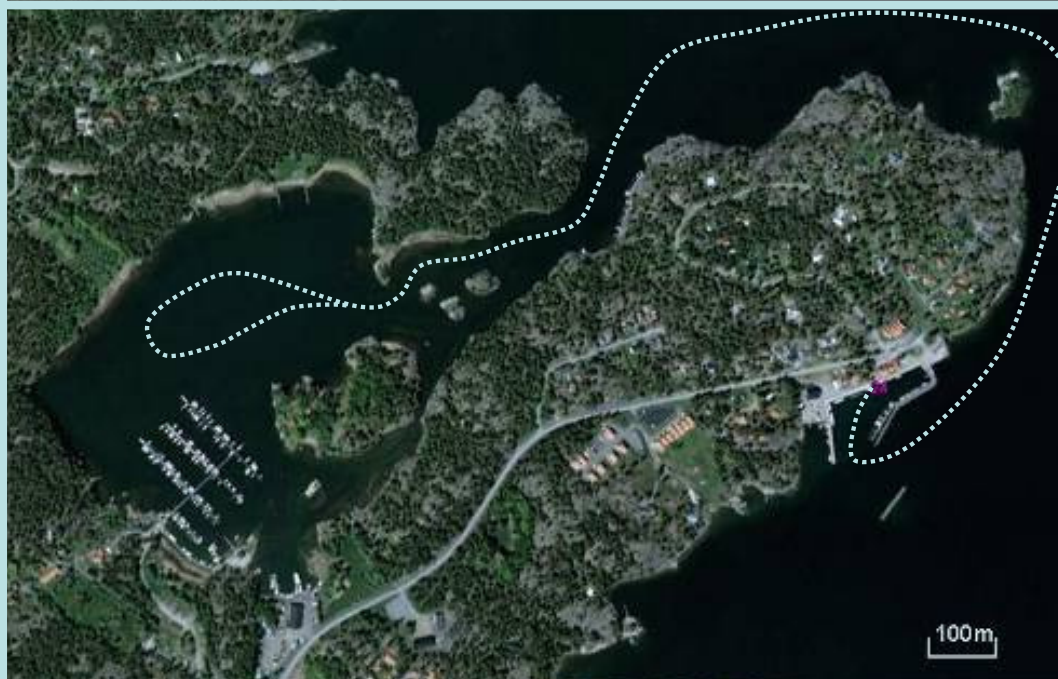


24

## Fyrudden

*Foreigners only*

58° 11.486'N 16° 51.132'E

*Bible p267*

This harbour looked like a good idea at the time since we were looking for supplies and expecting crap weather. There is a handy shop and the village is pleasant enough to wander around, but the harbour wasn't the best in a south easterly. Perfectly fine and secure by British standards, but crap and windy for the Baltic. It was telling that there were only foreign boats in. All the Swedes obviously had somewhere better to go. The fantastically sheltered marina where most local yachts are is in the large bay behind Fyrudden to the west (Upper piccy, where I didn't in fact go). Looking at the chart it's hard to avoid the impression that someone's designed this fjord for yachts. There's boat yards in there which might be useful for a long stay or winter berthing, but I don't think there's any facilities for guests. If you were expecting a hurricane, however, you might try nipping in here.





25

# Harstena Village

58° 15.366'N 17° 00.301'E

*Brig o' Doon by the sea*

Bible 124



Absolutely rammed in July and oozing summer holiday atmosphere, we had the entire harbour to ourselves on June 14<sup>th</sup>. In fact, the restaurant we tied alongside wasn't yet open for the summer. This is a typical cheapo end Baltic marina in that you usually have to use your own stern anchor to approach the quay, then they charge you for it. This doesn't put off the swarms of motor boats which flock here in July. Mind you there is leccy on the quay.

Harstena is the archetypal twee Swedish archipelago holiday island. There's a few people living here all year, but the population swells hugely in the shirt summer. Wandering about the mown grass of the village, the level of tweenery is almost painful.





26

## Harstena

58° 15.618'N 17° 01.265'E

## Overlapping Anchors

Bible 122



In July there was little prospect of finding a berth in the village harbour on Harstena, but the large bay to the east is sheltered from all directions with a narrow but deep entrance. It's about half a mile of potentially damp walk through the woods from the bay, which has composting bogs, to the jolly holiday village. In my usual, obsessive way I squeezed right into a corner then laid out prodigious lengths of anchor warp. I told the young couple who later moored opposite me that their anchor line was on top of mine, but he didn't believe it could possibly be. Until the morning that is, when I disturbed their breakfast to get up my anchor. It is testament to the monumental uselessness of Imray's 'Baltic Sea Pilot' that on the same page on which it urges you to visit Harstena it prints a dire warning about the perils of leaving 'marked channels'. Something you should apparently never do. Needless to say, Harstena is nowhere near any marked channels. You just find your way there by skirting round the rocks as best you can, like the Swedes do.





27

## Missjo Morkekrok

58° 19.771'N 16° 56.615'E

*Unpronounceable Rock**Bible p110*

This is one of many anchorages in an extensive mini-archipelago extending to the west of the main north-south channel. I say 'main channel' but it's just a winding path through the rocks. This bit was fantastically sheltered from the west and south west. There's a composting bog fifty metres away the other side of the peninsula. By mid August, however, it was becoming less than savoury.

Poor holding! Can you believe it? An anchorage in Sweden that's not just perfect, claggy mud and the same depth all over. I picked up a rock three times trying to set the stern anchor. I think it was even the same rock twice.

It's a tight and shallow hole, if you'll pardon the expression. There was a 0.8m deep rock about 3m to port, so I took a long, obsessive line across to the neighbouring island from the stern, marking it with a fender in case any speedboats zoomed up what may be an occasional channel for idiots with six inch draft boats. In the event we had practically the whole archie to ourselves, except for a couple of canoes





28

Riso

Max Plank Rock

58° 24.565'N 16° 53.871'E

Bible 95



There's a whole load of good places to moor round Riso, particularly in the east end of the large, shallow, reedy inner basin. We settled for a spot on the south shore of the south easternmost inlet. Even in mid June it was quite busy with weekend picnickers from Arkosund. But we had the whole southern shore to ourselves even though the wind was from the south.

One of our crew, Max, had his first outing of the year here. Max is, of course, the ship's plank. He was added to the crew mostly for protecting the topsides against muddy locks and tidal harbour walls. He comes in useful, however, as a gangplank where the sea is shallow immediately offshore.

Unfortunately, unlike boats built anywhere else, older British boats always have an enclosed, wrap around pulpit. This makes it nearly impossible to get on and off via the bow. Enter the CQR anchor. Of dubious use for anchoring the CQR, with its transverse bar across the top making a handy step, is invaluable as a way of hopping off the bow of the boat. And sometimes attaching Max the Plank to. If you're cruising in the Baltic you need to sort out some sort of handy way of getting on and off the bow





29

## Arkosund

*Avoid like the plague*

58° 29.278'N 16° 56.539'E

Bible p88



The bible lists at least 4 guest harbours in Arkosund and the area is dotted with foreign boats wandering around in a confused state trying to find them. Unfortunately the bible (2009 edition) is out of date. The aggressive monopolists Promarina have moved in. They've built a large, massively

overpriced guest marina in a ridiculously exposed spot. I am pleased to report that it seems always to be substantially empty.

Unfortunately they have also somehow managed to shut down all the other guest harbours, which now sport big 'Bugger Off' signs. The only other one left is the 'NSS Klubbhamn', a slightly scruffy set of pontoons with an appealingly knackered club house. Unfortunately they have succumbed to Promarina-style greed and charge a ridiculous amount for berthing – about double the norm for the area. The lady there helpfully explained to me that, whilst they didn't actually have a shower, there was a cold tap outside. To be avoided.

About a mile north of Arkosund, on a small island, is another club harbour, called 'Snedskar', which is reputed to welcome guests. I'm told there's a free ferry to get to the mainland. Then it'd be a good walk to Arkosund's one shop. I've not tried it but this may be a better option. (See inset on left).





30

## Skallo

58° 32.265'N 16° 54.057'E

*Miles of Anchor Warp**Bible p82*

This was a pleasant lunchtime stopping place in which to sit out a sudden thunderstorm and torrential downpour. It's pretty sheltered from the south west, which was where the wind was supposed to be from. It feels a little exposed to the east. I put out stupid quantities of stern anchor warp here – almost 40 metres – having



misjudged it a bit. This was something of a pain in the arse to haul in and coil again. Happily there were no other boats around to take the piss out of my obsessive actions.

There's quite a few good places in this sub-archie, some mentioned in the bible and doubtless many that aren't. We poked around in a few of them. The ridiculously tight little bay on Pirumskaren at 58° 32.587'N 16° 57.020'E, Bible p83, is particularly worthy of mention (See inset opposite). I'd have had a go at tying across it had the wind not suddenly sprung up, completely unforecast, from the east. If you're giving it a go, take it slow.





31

## Svartskogsskar

58° 34.212'N 16° 54.120'E

*Land of the Variable Bog**Bible p82*

This is a spot-on, sheltered wee bay with good rocks to tie to. It might be a bit ropy in a northerly but otherwise it's great. We were there in June, when we had the whole island to ourselves and the composting bog was as fresh as a spring daisy. In August there were 3 or 4 other boats and the bog was like an eighth circle of hell where you wouldn't want your worst enemy to spend eternity.

There's a painted warning on a rock on the east shore on the way in. It refers to a 0.9m deep rock not far from the middle of the entrance, so watch out for it. In August – but not in June – it appeared to be marked by an extremely makeshift buoy consisting of a transparent lemonade bottle, but I wouldn't want to rely on that.





32

# Oxelosund Fiskehamnen

Bible p267

Grimsby on the Baltic 58° 39.481'N 17° 06.727'E



Oxelosund is probably the least prepossessing place in Baltic Sweden. It's a small steel town with a large port for bulk carriers and, of course, a large steel plant. It is further testament to the crapness of Imray's Baltic Sea Pilot that it is one of the very few places on this coast detailed in it. The author makes it clear that it's not a great place, but just doesn't

bother pointing out anywhere else that's good. Unfortunately Imray's 'Baltic Sea Pilot' is printed on waxed, water resistant paper, so it isn't even any use as toilet paper.

Having said that, Scandinavian standards for towns are a hundred times more demanding than British ones. If this port was on the east of England, for example, it would be feted as a place of particular beauty. The slightly scruffy Fiskehamnen is tucked into the corner of a larger harbour with loads of moorings and a couple of boat yards. I checked both of these out as possible winter storage options. Though both were feasible and the guys there friendly, one seemed to be about twice the price of the other, so make sure you check out both.





33

## Oxelosund

58° 39.783'N 17° 05.934'E

*Bloody Promarina Again**Bible p64*

Towards the end of June the large Promarina was almost completely empty. We stopped just to get some shopping and, surprisingly, the girlie on duty who came to take our lines let us stay for two hours for nowt.

It's a fair walk into the town centre, but there's a good selection of shops including banks and a decent sized supermarket. It's also only a couple of local bus journeys from Skavsta Airport, to which the excrable Ryan Air fly from various places in the UK. They, of course, call it 'Stockholm', from which it is several hours bus journey





34

## Nykoping

## Kneeshopping

58° 44.612'N 17° 01.271'E

Bible p267



We fled up to the pleasant, quite large town of Nyköping to sit out some crap weather. Oddly, we had a knot and a half of current with us up the shallow, silted approach to the town. Someone pointed out that Nyköping was on a river. But the tide was with us, flowing up the river.

It's a fair way off the coastal fairway, but a town with stuff to do, a history and good transport links, such as to Skavsta, Ryan Air's 'Stockholm' Airport. In common with most airports flown to by Ryan Air it's hundreds of miles from where it claims to be. This is usually a pain in the arse but can act in your favour as they are sometimes in these coastal villages with handy marinas. There's a large boatyard that's probably a handy place to overwinter, but in a quiet summer week I couldn't get any sense out of the glaikit youth who had been left as the only member of staff.

The town has a pleasant historical centre and, in decent weather in high summer at least, there's a fair amount of restaurant activity around the harbour. I'd never before seen a free compressed air pump for bicycles like the ones on the streets here. Testament to the extraordinary number of people who cycle around everywhere in northern Europe, except Britain.

You can tell that Sweden is rising up and that the Baltic is disappearing by comparing the photo of the quay below to old ones from a hundred years ago. The torrent of a mountain stream used to be the quay where the sailing fishing boats landed their catch. There's no way they'd plug against the stream now.

'Kneeshopping', by the way, is not a bad approximation, to my inexperienced ears, to the actual sound of a Swede pronouncing 'Nyköping'.





35

## Broken

*Doesn't need fixing*

58° 42.692'N 17° 14.403'E

*Not in the bible*

We came across the club harbour at the superbly named Broken by following a yacht with an AIS transmitter which suddenly disappeared between some rocks. It's not mentioned in the bible or any other pilots I have, though guests are theoretically welcome and there's often German or Dutch yachts there. You'll need your stern anchor to go bows to the long, well sheltered pontoon. There's limited leccy points, a bog and a theoretical charge for non-members.

Though a good place, the only downside was a slight feeling communicated by the local yachtsmen from Oxelosund that you weren't entirely welcome. Later I mentioned this to a steel worker from Oxelosund with a yacht. He laughed and said that, even though he was a member and had been going there for 25 years, he knew exactly what I meant as he'd felt unwelcome himself. A nice place though and well worth a stop.





36

Svardsklova

58° 43.460'N 17° 14.700'E

*The Invisible Marina**No biblical references*

This place was quite a good find. The first time I was there, on a July weekend in 2012, when everywhere was rammed, I shared the 10 or 12 boom moorings with only 2 other boats. There was leccy and water on the pontoon and the shower block was open for free showers. The guest harbour is attached to a restaurant and holiday chalet operation, but nobody seems to have been detailed with the task of collecting money. Neither is there any sign that you have to pay. It was the same when I returned in June 2013, though now the shower building was closed. This time we had the whole place to ourselves. The marina seems to be invisible to Swedish sailors and the boats in it are invisible to the staff of the holiday

complex. The brand new pontoons are substantial concrete affairs. It might be a bit ropy in a strong southerly or south easterly. There's a wee bakery attached to the restaurant where you can buy extraordinarily expensive bread if you can work out for which half hour a month it's open.





37

## Aspofladen Museum Rock

58° 44.641'N 17° 23.340'E

Bible p51



This shallow bay was hooching when I passed it in June. Twice. In August it was pleasantly lively without being mobbed. There were around 15 other boats in. I tucked Zoph into a far, shallow corner. We had that side of the bay to ourselves. Here you'll have to be careful about selecting a landing spot as there's shallows to either side. Just take it hyper slow. Max Plank came into his own again so that we could get ashore.

Though it's a free, natural anchorage it has some of the institutional feel of an 'official' harbour.

There's a free museum of the natural history of the Baltic on this nature reserve bay. Some info in English and it's quite interesting finding out just how new-fangled and what a changeable environment the Baltic Sea is.

There's also well built barbeque places and little Wendy houses filled with cut and dried logs for your barbeque. All, of course, for free. Composting bogs as well, which had even been emptied relatively recently.





## Bobbing to the Baltic

Zophiel's Cruise from the Forth  
to the Russian Border in 2012

Martin Edge

A Gigantic Whinge  
on the Celtic Fringe

Martin Edge

Martin Edge  
Floating Low to Lofoten

## Travels with my Rant

Martin Edge

Martin Edge

The Front  
of Beyond

## Skagerrak and Back

Zophiel's  
Two Summer  
Cruises in 2007

Martin Edge

There's more stories about the rocks and harbours in this volume in my 'e-book' 'Bobbing to the Baltic', a poor pun on a Griff Rhys Jones book. I've written a series of such books on a trip to arctic Norway, a cruise right round the North Sea and a circumnavigation of Ireland. I've also written a couple of volumes about my earlier wanderings, without a boat, in some more exotic corners of the world

Try searching for 'Martin Edge':

For 'Kindle' at [Amazon.co.uk](http://Amazon.co.uk) .fr .de .es or .it

For 'Kobo' at [kobobooks.com](http://kobobooks.com)

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For all e-readers (and as pdfs) at the daftly named  
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Part 2

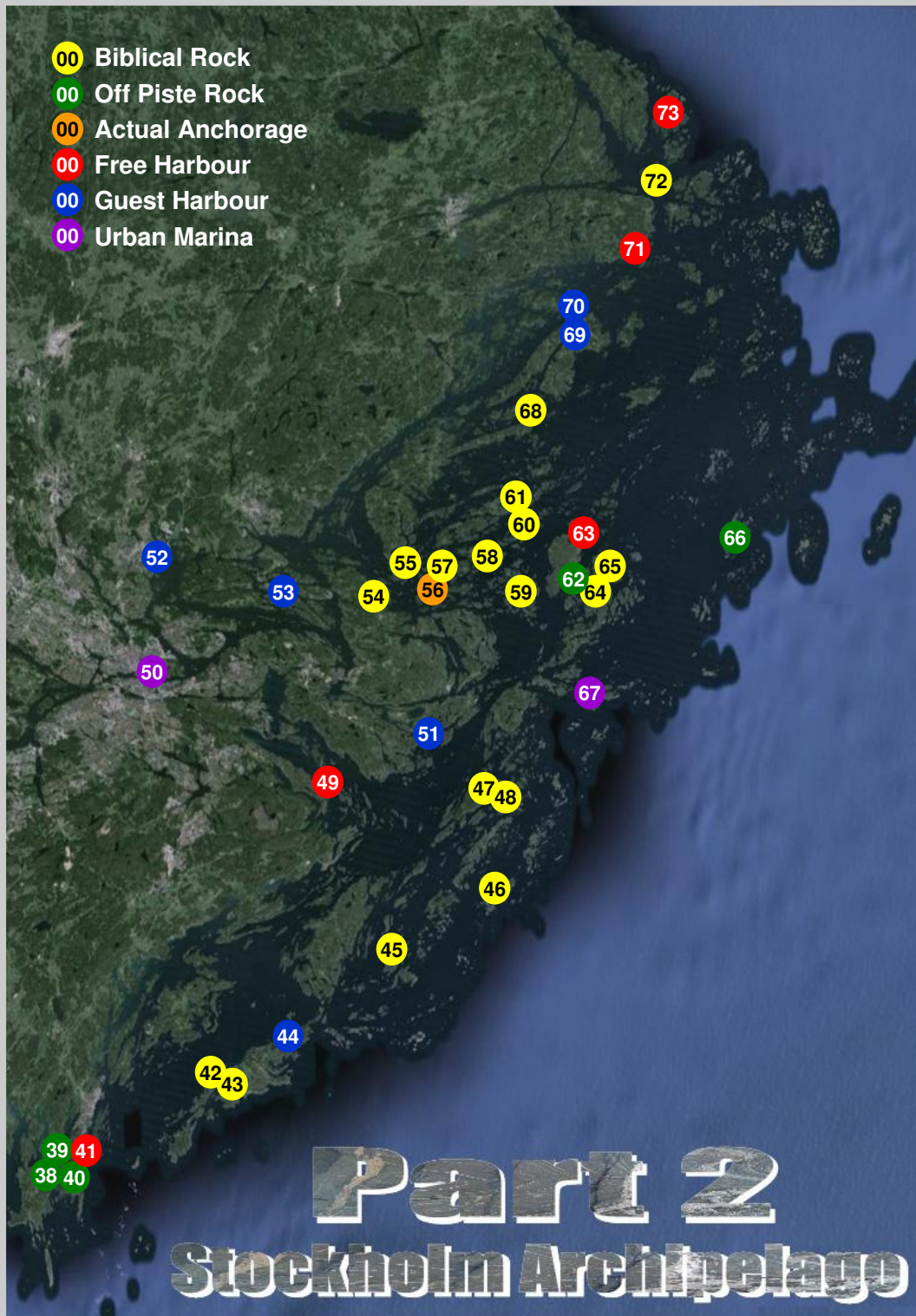
Stockholm Archipelago

Rocks

ZOPHIEL



- 00 Biblical Rock
- 00 Off Piste Rock
- 00 Actual Anchorage
- 00 Free Harbour
- 00 Guest Harbour
- 00 Urban Marina



38	Bondholmen, Maren	58° 51.055'N	17° 52.485'E
39	Rassarviker South	58° 51.542'N	17° 52.652'E
40	Rassarviker North	58° 51.914'N	17° 52.994'E
41	Gummern	58° 51.265'N	17° 54.718'E
42	Rano Hamn West	58° 56.234'N	18° 10.479'E
43	Rano Hamn East	58° 56.270'N	18° 10.890'E
44	Uto	58° 58.242'N	18° 19.434'E
45	Fjardlang	59° 02.970'N	18° 31.348'E
46	Biskopson	59° 06.332'N	18° 43.511'E
47	Namdo South	59° 12.162'N	18° 42.663'E
48	Namdo North	59° 12.260'N	18° 42.706'E
49	Harso	59° 12.861'N	18° 25.330'E
50	Stockholm	59° 19.571'N	18° 05.623'E
51	Malma Kvarn	59° 15.307'N	18° 36.859'E
52	Viggbymholm	59° 26.180'N	18° 06.665'E
53	Vaxholm	59° 24.062'N	18° 21.069'E
54	Loknasviken	59° 23.484'N	18° 31.140'E
55	Bockholmen	59° 25.412'N	18° 35.201'E
56	Gallno Hemfladen	59° 23.974'N	18° 37.983'E
57	Gallno Gettuden	59° 24.472'N	18° 38.410'E
58	Krokholmsviken	59° 25.502'N	18° 44.133'E
59	Sack	59° 23.430'N	18° 48.000'E
60	Brunskaret	59° 27.326'N	18° 48.598'E
61	Paradiset	59° 28.913'N	18° 47.987'E
62	Hemsundet	59° 23.830'N	18° 54.375'E
63	Moja Langvik	59° 26.581'N	18° 55.225'E
64	Lokholmarna	59° 23.581'N	18° 56.260'E
65	Lokao Osterviken	59° 24.412'N	18° 57.513'E
66	Stora Nassa	59° 26.042'N	19° 12.519'E
67	Sandhamn	59° 17.300'N	18° 55.120'E
68	Idskaren	59° 33.792'N	18° 49.934'E
69	Stammarsund	59° 38.145'N	18° 55.265'E
70	Furusund	59° 39.666'N	18° 55.094'E
71	Kapellskar	59° 42.844'N	19° 02.789'E
72	Lidon	59° 46.691'N	19° 05.360'E
73	Arholma	59° 50.571'N	19° 07.281'E



38

## Bondholmen, Maren

*Not mentioned in the bible**Off Piste***58°51.055'N 17°52.485'E**

This large bay with shelter from any wind direction doesn't get any mention at all in the bible. It is marked on the free brochure produced annually by the 'Archipelago Foundation', which lists the facilities provided on nature reserve islands in the Stockholm Archie.

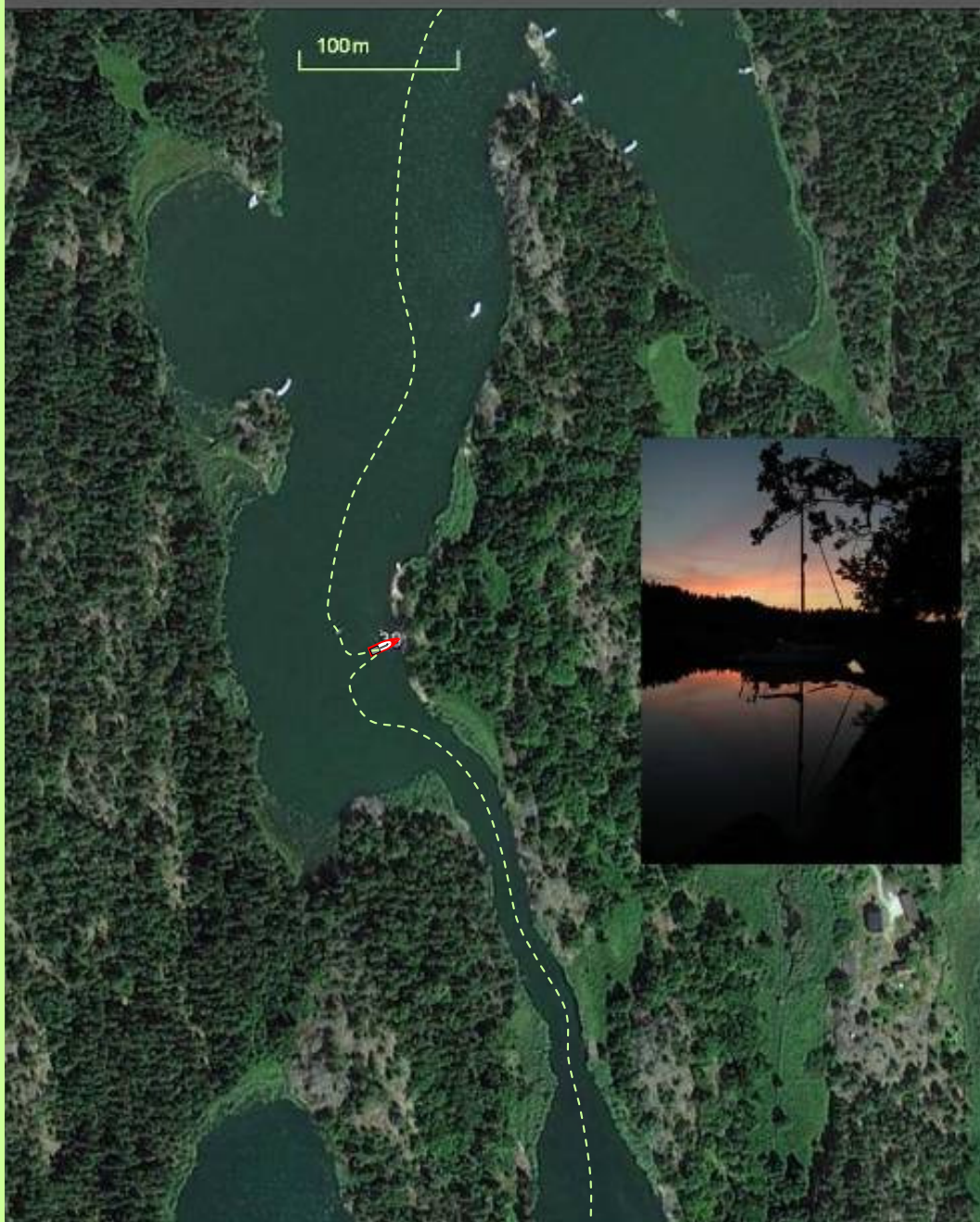
This is a relatively unfrequented anchorage I think. While we were there a couple of yachts turned up at the entrance to the loch, then gave up and

buggered off. The problem is probably that there is a shallow, eminently hittable rock just below the surface in the middle of the entrance, roughly where I've put a red cross. You'll need to take it hyper-slow. Very small changes in sea level can render this one obvious or invisible. On our way in it was covered. The next morning, on the way out, it was showing.





39

Rassarviker South  $58^{\circ}51.542'N$   $17^{\circ}52.652'E$ *The Gap between Gospels**Not in the bible*

It's quite surprising that the extensive and popular Rassaviker lagoons aren't mentioned in the bible. There's loads of rocks to tie to and plenty of room to anchor. There's even bog facilities on the shore just opposite where we tied up. The narrow, reedy entrance is marked as being only 2m deep.

But I never saw the depth go below 2.3m and anyway 2m is plenty for most boats. If you're heading north, this is just after Landsort and really the start of the outskirts of the Stockholm Archie. The Baltic Pilot would have you believe that Landsort was a major challenge, so you may feel like you've just rounded The Horn. It's bollocks, of course. For one thing, you don't even have to round Landsort but can take the well marked and popular inside channel. It's actually a doddle. After Rassaviker you head north via the Draget Channel, the narrowest and most surreal sea channel in all the world. (Picture next page) Here you are so surrounded by forest that it's hard to imagine that the open sea lies just a short distance away.



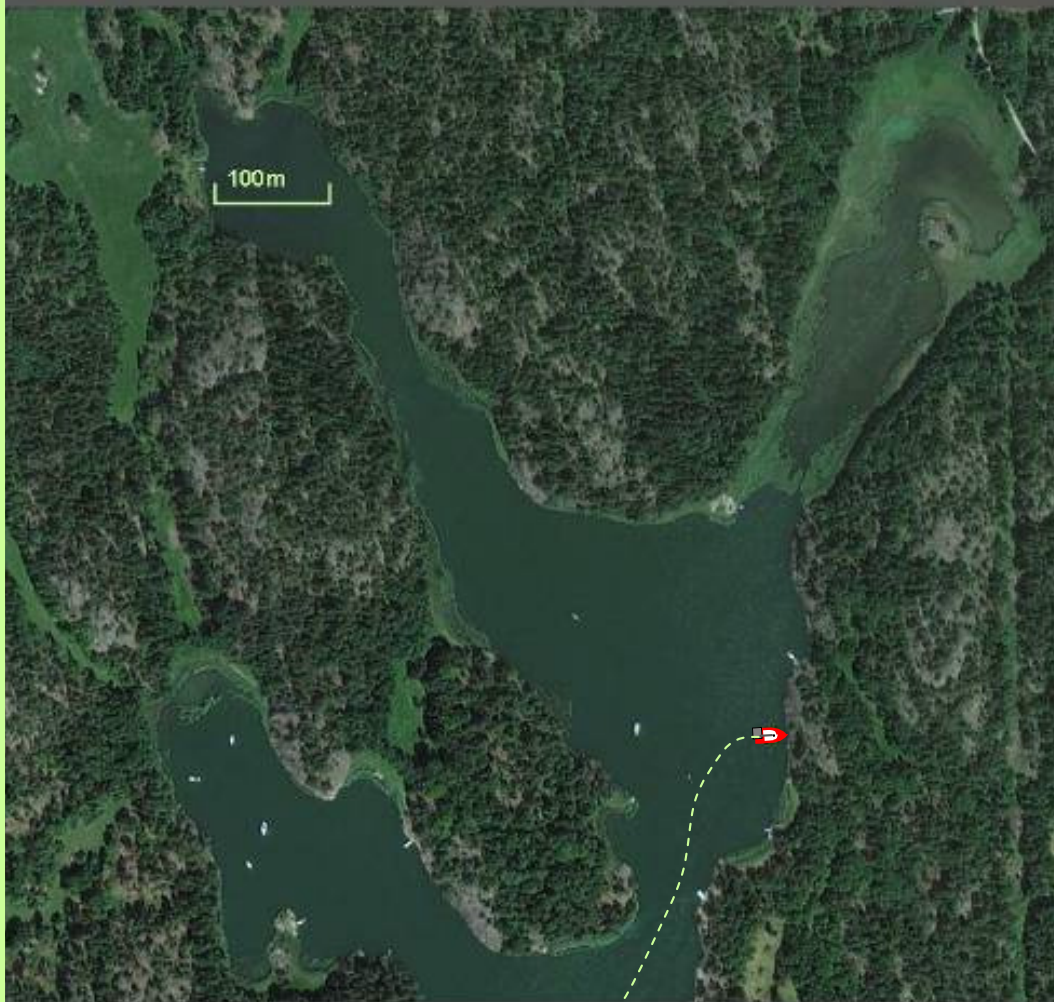


40

# Rassarviker, North

*Not mentioned in the bible*

*Boiling Water Bay 58°51.914'N 17°52.994'E*

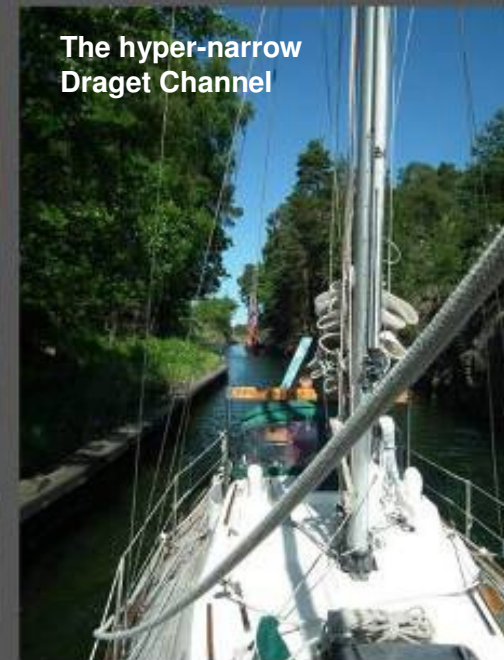


It is a telling fact about boaters in the Baltic that they are more concerned about water temperature than they are about weather forecasts. In July loads of motor boaters head for the shallow waters of Rassaviker because the water temperature is likely to get well above 20 degrees. They seek out these temperatures so that, effectively, their entire boat is a lukewarm radiator and their sprogs can laze about swimming in the sea all day. Weather – wind at least – is much more of an irrelevance in these perfectly sheltered lagoons. Try Rassaviker, it's a great spot.

The Scandians are, however, the world's least fit outdoor freaks. Trying to go for a walk from Rassaviker is quite difficult. I had a small run-in with some proprietorial, slightly condescending hippies who had been learning their social graces from The Archers. 'Get off my land!' It was a rare incident in a country proud of its access legislation. It is often difficult, however, to wander about on land in these anchorages, because of the density of forest and undergrowth. The Swedes and Finns would have you believe they are expert orienteering woodsmen. Personally I think most of them just sit tight, have a barbeque and get pissed.



The hyper-narrow  
Draget Channel





41

Gummern

*Solon Staff Association*

58° 51.265'N 17° 54.718'E

*Bible p267*

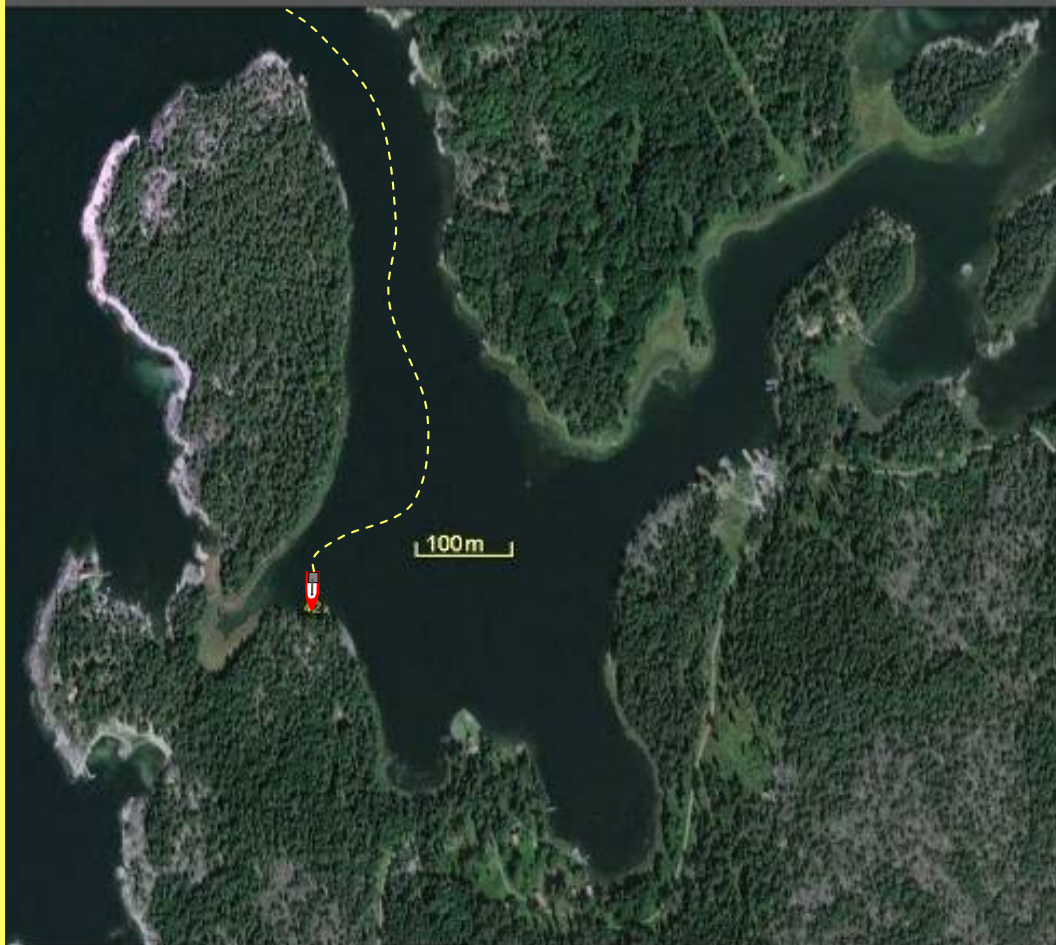
At the time we were there, this place was something of a godsend. We'd just arrived in the Baltic and were extremely unsure about where we could moor, especially in the absence of many other boats in early June. Also in the absence of the bible, which I didn't come across until much later, we wandered around various potential anchorages until we came across this staff association summer clubhouse. There was a single stern buoy to hold us off the quay, on which there was even a leccy point. I'm sure we weren't meant to be there and I grew nervous every time I heard an engine approaching, but nobody bothered us and it was a fine place to spend the night.

In 2013 they seemed to be rebuilding the quay and clubhouse. I'm sure it's likely to be both crowded and private in peak season, but you'll probably get away with it at other times. Failing which there's perfectly good anchorage in the bit we circled around, as well as other places listed in the Archie Foundation booklet. The bible remains strangely silent about this bit that falls down the cracks between the two gospels, but offers a load of beautifully sheltered places to tie up.





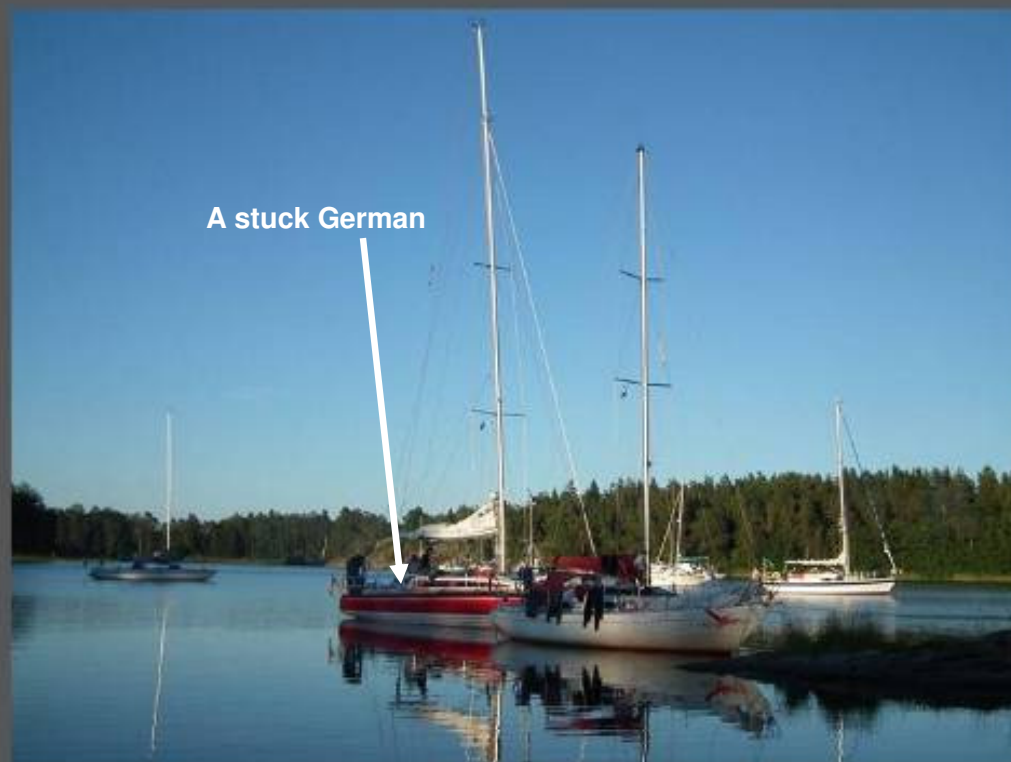
42

Rano Hamn West  $58^{\circ}56.234'N$   $18^{\circ}10.479'E$ *Stuck German Rock**Bible p304*

This is a large open bay with plenty of places to anchor and a number in which to tie to a rock. I managed to sidle ashore round the corner from a rock mentioned in the bible. Which was OK but quite shallow. You need to position your bow carefully where there's a rock to hop onto. There were quite a few boats in on that July evening. One late comer was a fortysomething foot, racy red German yacht which I'd last seen on the customs island of Haapasaari in eastern Finland, having just come from St

Lenin'sburg. Approaching the coast just to the east of me, which is marked as deep in the bible, they promptly ran aground and, in trying to reverse off, buggered their gearbox. This was manna from heaven for the bored, sensation-seeking blokes off a dozen boats and soon a whole parliament of loud opinions had assembled.

To cut a long story short, if you want to know how it was my sound grasp of nautical string theory which ultimately freed them from their muddy trap, buy my e-book 'Bobbing to the Baltic' from Amazon, I Tunes or somewhere, you skinflint. It's very cheap.





43

Rano Hamn East  $58^{\circ}56.270'N$   $18^{\circ}10.890'E$ *Massive Cheat Rock**Bible p304*

I really have got a hell of a cheek entering these 2 Rano moorings separately. In 2013 we tied to the fairly steep and bare rocks on the east side of the bay, near a small yard for working boats. It's astonishing how little bits of nautical industry can be found even on these islands which are practically uninhabited in the winter. Rano is a pleasant and fairly typical Stockholm Archie holiday island. In fact it's so typical that the memory of it has merged with a lot of other ones. There's decent tracks down which the part-time, summer locals razz on their ridiculous, noisy, macho quad bikes, when nice quiet electric cars would suit these graphic designers and middle managers so much more.

I do remember it was rather surreal hearing, in the middle of the forest, a babble of voices and suddenly coming across about a hundred people sitting down to dinner in a big green tent.





44

Uto

Party Island

58° 58.242'N 18° 19.434'E

Bible p297



Uto was mobbed when we were there in early August. Not only was the extensive and relatively expensive marina practically full, but the main village was packed with folk on packages and day trippers off the ferry. As usual the Scandians managed to create quite a jolly, friendly family atmos, but it wasn't our favourite place. For a start, when we decided on a rare restaurant meal we couldn't find anywhere with a table free. And of course, being Sweden, some of the restaurants didn't bother opening in the evening despite the crowds. But we were spoilt by all the great places we'd been and actually Uto's not a bad place to wander. The guest harbour

stretches a long way both sides of the fixed footbridge over to the small island of Stora Persholmen. The bridge is low so you'll have to sail round the island. There's hundreds of metres of quay on both sides. We chose the north eastern side as there was a south westerly forecast. In the season you'll have to use your stern anchor, for which the harbour fees are a bit steep and the harbour, in the wrong conditions, potentially exposed. (There's no stern buoys)

By the way, once again I was remiss in not taking any photos, so this is not actual game footage.





45

## Fjardlang

## Wicker Man Rock

59° 02.970'N 18° 31.348'E

Bible p285



We arrived here on the first properly busy day of the summer, the Friday evening before midsummer day. The bay was pretty full when we arrived and rammed by night time. With an easterly blowing we chose a spot tucked inside a row of Swedish yachts and facing a rocky peninsula to the east. We only just had room to set the anchor towards the very shallow patch to the west.

We stayed in this jolly, busy, sprogmungous spot for 2 nights. Unfortunately on the second night the wind shifted to the west and a near gale was forecast. Our necessarily short anchor line wouldn't be enough. To the amusement of all present I donned a protective hat and coat against

the over-proprietary terns who lived on the wee rocky island behind us and rowed out a long, 50m line, tying it to a boulder on the other

island. Thus securely, obsessively fastened between islands we passed a slightly noisy but untroubled night. By the morning all 20 or so of the boats on the north east shore, marked by crosses, had gone. They must have had a shit night. It was a reminder that in these fantastically sheltered bays, if the wind shifts you are literally one foot away from a lee shore.

Here we observed the 'traditional' Swedish midsummer celebration, together with the birch leaf clad cross, reminiscent of the Wicker Man. Happily they were all merchant bankers and IT consultants from Stockholm playing, in an archetypally Scandian way, at being primitive pagan people of the forest. Despite the dancing round the cross most of the activities were reminiscent of a primary school sports day.





46

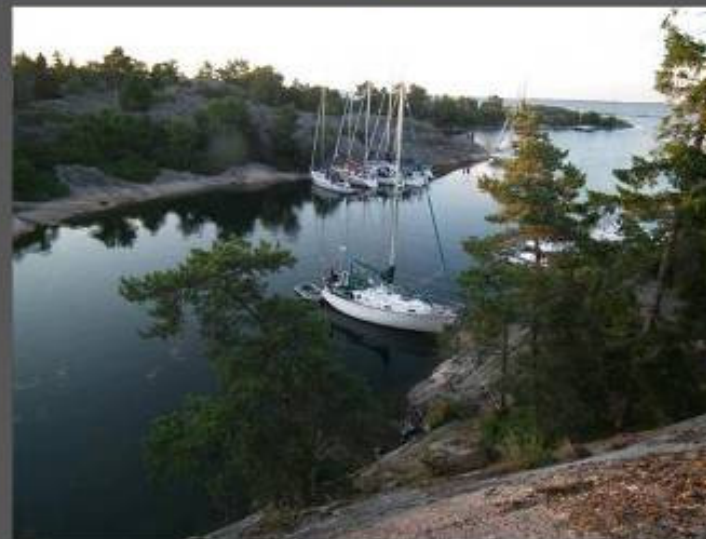
## Biskopson

59° 06.332'N 18° 43.511'E

*Too shallow or not too shallow* Bible p281

This was a busy spot in early August, but there was still plenty of room and good shelter in a pleasant, sheltered bay. We came in after pottering around the immediate archipelago for a while, peering into anchorages like Finnskar and almost running aground in the benign looking yet shallow sound between Biskopso and Kasto. Partly because it was busy there wasn't anywhere to moor that was quite as good as it looked in the bible.

There's a leading line into past some shallows into the entrance, but there's loads of room. With a southerly forecast we poked our way as far as we could along the south shore. Folk on boats on the north shore all assured us that it would be too shallow, but there was 2.5m of water close into the shore. With obsessive oneuppersonship I was chuffed that we had the best spot in the bay.





47

## Namdo South

## Yet Another Rock

59° 12.162'N 18° 42.663'E

Bible p218



Yes, yet another rock. They all begin melding into one after a while. In July the bay was quite busy, but there was still plenty of room to take my place amongst the row of yachts and tie to a boulder and a rotting stump. If, like me, you're often solo and the process of dashing to the bow and hopping onto a rock, without watching the boat drift off into the sunset, is a forbidding one, seek out other yachts.



In the Baltic most folk will get off their boats to help with your lines. Especially if they see that you're flying solo. Having said that, don't necessarily assume that just because a row of rocks is unoccupied, whilst another is stowed out, it's not suitable for mooring. Remember that the 'locals' are both gregarious and, in fact, inexperienced. There's a fair chance that some of them, like you, have never been in that bay before. So poke about independently. Sometimes even if people tell you there's not enough depth, it turns out there's plenty.





48

## Namdo North

59° 12.260'N 18° 42.706'E

*Barefaced Cheek Rock**Bible p218*

What a bloody cheek putting these 2 rocks on separate pages. This is just 200 metres from the last one. There's plenty of rocks to tie to on this coast. I've just been a bit bloody minded and settled on an offshore rock you need to hop to the shore from.

Namdo is quite a large island with a permanent population, as well as the usual holiday homes. and if you skirt the rocks to the south you'll soon come across a good gravel track that leads round the island. On the other side there's a shop and a pub/ restaurant, as well as a pontoon with diesel for sale.



Remember your boat doesn't draw its full draught right in the bow.





49

## Harso

59° 12.861'N 18° 25.330'E

*The Hebrides in Heathrow**Bible p246*

On a midsummer weekend this bay, in easy reach of the centre of the capital city, got pretty crowded. There's plenty of room to anchor and rocks to tie to all round. But we went deep into the most sheltered part, where not a zephyr of the southerly force 5 penetrated. This is a friendly club quay where you'll need to use your stern anchor. There was just room for a wee Zoph amongst the many small weekender yachts. There's a composting bog and a clubhouse. Nobody asked for any dosh. I say it was crowded, but really the amazing thing is just how remote and rural it feels, like a particularly forested bit of the inner Hebrides. I should point out that Harso is 13 miles as the crow flies from the centre of the capital city of Sweden.

To put it in a context that even southerners can understand, it's the same distance from central Stockholm to this remote paradise as it is from Tower Bridge to Heathrow.



A barbeque park is one of the sights most redolent of a Scandian summer. I count 9



50

## Stockholm

59° 19.571'N 18° 05.623'E

*Home of the Badly Designed Wreck Bible p155*

Go on, translate  
'barnvagnsparkering'.  
See, you do speak  
Swedish

The Vasa, a  
monument to the  
crass idiocy of  
kings



Everyone ends up in the Wasahamnen in Stockholm and it can get pretty crowded in season. We aimed to get there early in the day and if you do it should be easy finding a place, especially if you've a small boat. It's expensive for Sweden but not for a capital city. The worst thing about it is the chop created by all the inconsiderate prats in motor boats who plague the waters around Stockholm.



The marina is nice and central. It's right next to the Vasa museum building, which everyone waxes lyrical about. The ship is impressive but the building is not the architecture the authorities in Stockholm would have you believe.



The museum makes it clear that the crap design of the sunk ship was entirely the megalomaniacal king's fault.



Real colours, not  
doctored, honest



51

## Malma Kvarn

59° 15.307'N 18° 36.859'E

*Pointless Cycling Peninsula*

Bible p241



When we were here I tried to join the Swedish Cruising Club. I could have done so, but they had no documentation to offer me at all. This would have meant that, though a member, I would have had no idea what that membership entitled me to. This is a pleasant enough guest harbour which might be quite unpleasant in a strong south westerly.

A word of advice – don't bother trying to cycle to the nearest shop, across the peninsula, for provisions. I tried and gave up after many hours and hundreds of miles of pedalling. When we were there it was hard to negotiate the quay because of the Halberg Rassy 46 which had seen fit to

tie alongside and occupy most of the moorings, the majority of the quay and nearly all of the shoreside facilities. They all loudly advertised the fact that they were just off to take part in the ARC, which apparently gave them licence to use everything up. Had it not been for this there would have been plenty of moorings available, with stern buoys. There's Leccy and reasonable shower facilities.

Later we called in round the corner, on the tip of the peninsula, at Stavsna, to avail ourselves of the shopping facilities. Though this was fine, never have I encountered so much local ignorance as I was faced with when I asked the girl in the petrol station where the village was. This local girl, with impeccable English, seemed to have no idea where her own village actually was.





52

## Vigbyholm

*Industrial Estate Marina*

59° 26.180'N 18° 06.665'E

*Bible p158*

I nipped to Vigbyholm from Vaxholm just to buy a solar panel from the large chandlers there. Which was fine except for certain misrepresentations about the nature of the solar panel. I tied up on a service pontoon for free for a couple of hours. There are a few bony-fido visitors' berths as well. There's few reasons to be this far inland though, unless perchance they offer competitive rates for long term or winter storage. Given the number of boats ashore 0 and the correspondingly few afloat – in the picture opposite, this seems quite likely.

Not exactly library pictures, but taken on the same day, as opposed to necessarily in the same place





53

## Vaxholm

## Suburban Stockholm

59° 24.062'N 18° 21.069'E

Bible 166



This is the nearest port out from the centre of Stockholm. It's a pleasant seaside town and a jumping off point for ferries to the Stockholm Archipelago. The marina is one of a few posher ones in the area which has adopted a Mediterranean type of mooring, the 'lazy line', where you pick up an anchored line, with no buoy, from the pontoon and take it to the stern. It's fine once you are attached and an easy one to drop, but can be a pain in the arse to pick up with a following wind when you are solo. It's not a cheap marina for the area either, but this is to be expected in a popular suburb. There's signs telling you which side of the mid-stream castle you are allowed to pass heading north from or south to Vaxholm, but a lot of people seem to ignore them.





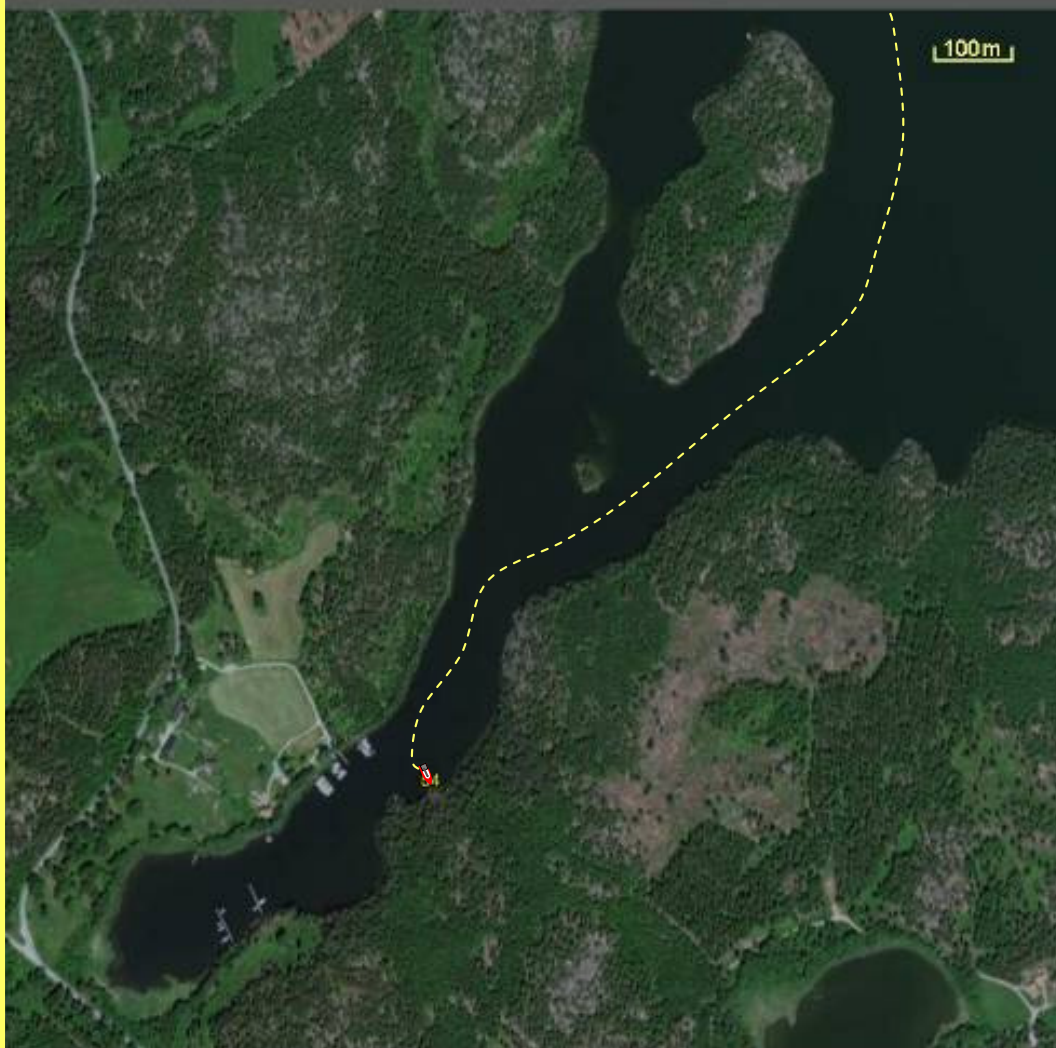
54

## Loknasviken

## Commuter Rock

59° 23.484'N 18° 31.140'E

Bible p183



This is a handy spot to stay if you want to dash into Stockholm early to ensure a berth in Wasahamnen marina. I left so early, in fact that I arrived before anyone had left Stockholm, which defeated the point somewhat. On a Sunday morning at 7am I found a few folk out sailing in old folkboats. Depressingly, I think the reason for that is that at all other times sailing in gentle breezes is impossible due to the constant short chop created by speedboat wash. The closer you get to Stockholm the

more annoying this wash is. There are sheltered sea lochs which will never, since their creation after the last ice age, have experienced such large waves as they do now, because of the thoughtless pillocks in floating Ford Fiestas.

In the bible this loch looks like a wild spot. In fact there's a couple of marinas. One for wee motorboats, the other for local yachts. But there's plenty of room to anchor and rocks to tie to on the south east shore.

A Dutch Halberg Rassy anchored here when I was in. The skipper sounded like a very posh southern English bloke. When I asked where he was from he became quite angry. Apparently they were very angry Dutch South Africans. It was a strange encounter that killed the otherwise laid back summer mood a little.





55

## Bockholmen

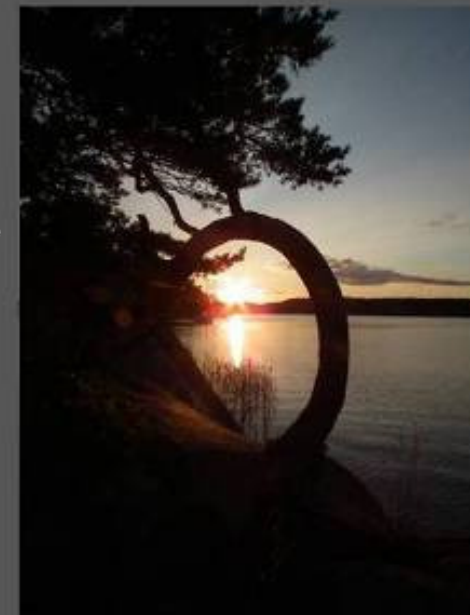
*Rock of lost Bibs*

59° 25.412'N 18° 35.201'E

*Bible p185*

This is another handy rock to tie to before or after a visit to Stockholm. It was fine in the gentle southerly we had, but would be crap in any sort of northerly. You'd think it was a dead end, but the propensity of Swedish speedboats to find a reason to use the smallest of channels never ceases to amaze, so it is a little subject to their wash.

A very friendly chap on a wee hired maxi was anxious that we share his rock, but we chose one that was a bit shallow, but sheltered from the south, nearby. There were minor disasters when the Maxi left in the morning, as they lost a small sprog's plastic bib over the side. It's always amusing watching other people make an arse of manoeuvring and picking things up. In this case they somehow managed a collision course with Zoph and needed to be fended off. A couple of months later the same old manny recognised us in the harbour at Kristianopel (No. 3) when he was driving through with his wife. He was quite excited to recognise us and made us feel like minor celebrities. There's really not a lot of British yachts in the Baltic



Check out the ridiculously good sunset tree, by the way.

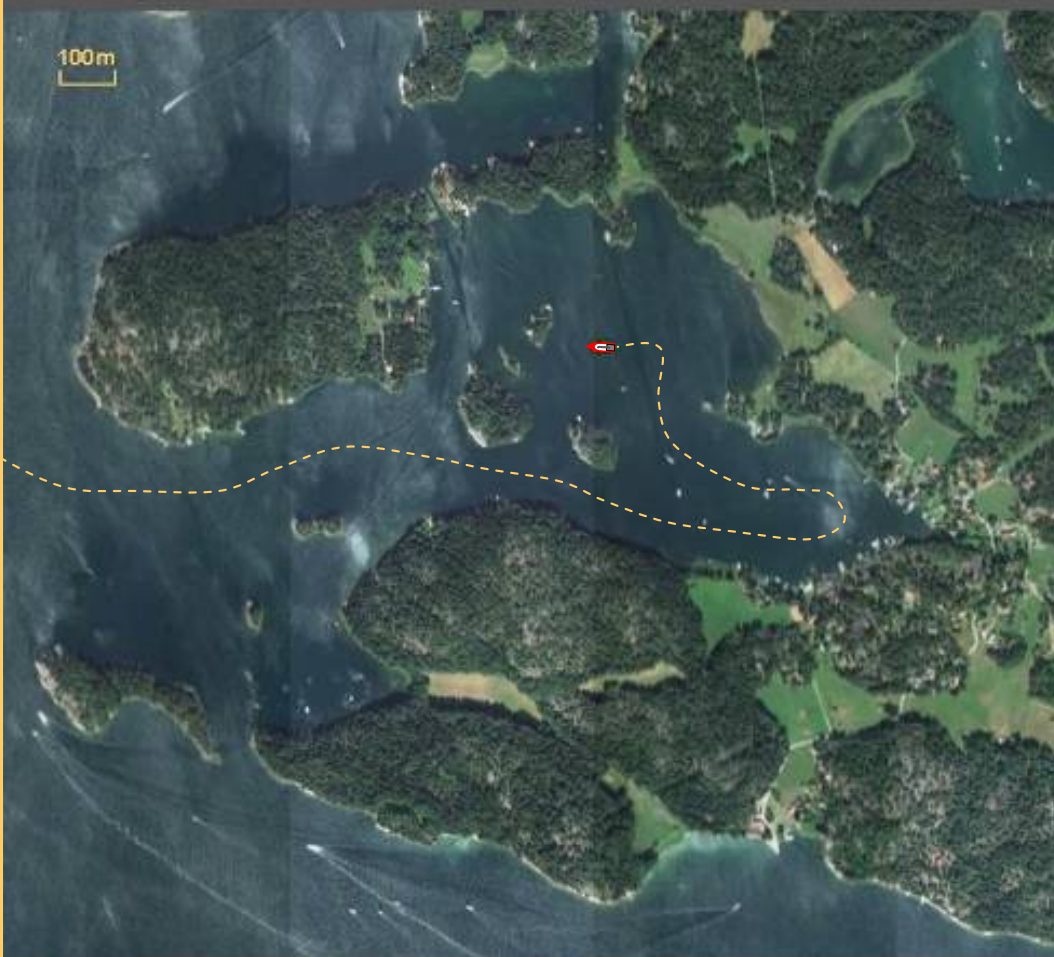


56

# Gallno, Hemfladen $59^{\circ}23.974'N$ $18^{\circ}37.983'E$

## Crapweather Bay

Bible p186



A rare outing for the bow anchor in this large, well sheltered bay with room for a lot of boats. There's reputed to be a 0.8m patch to the north east of where we anchored. Otherwise the 6m deep bay, with good claggy mud on the bottom, should warm the cockles of your average British yachty with an aversion to tying to rocks. We sat in here in pissing down rain and a near gale from the north, then the east, then the west. It's a fairly random anchorage, but probably better than anything we have in the UK, even in Scotland.

Given better weather it would have been nice to go ashore at the pictureskew quay at the east end of the bay, to visit the rather nice looking pub





57

# Gallno, Gettuden

## Almost Full Rock

59° 24.472'N 18° 38.410'E

Bible p186



It doesn't look it, but this inlet was almost full when I was there in July. I got just about the last approachable rock and it was a bit shallow. There's plenty of deeper ones if they aren't full. It's a small bay but a couple of boats were anchored at the end as well. It feels more sheltered than it looks on the chart, but it would probably be untenable in a strong westerly or north westerly. There's a campsite and a composting bog at the head of the bay. It's a fair walk, but a pleasant one, to the island's village, with its pub. I kept missing out on that pub. Once it was pissing down too hard to row ashore. On this occasion I walked all the way having left all my money in my other sodding trousers.

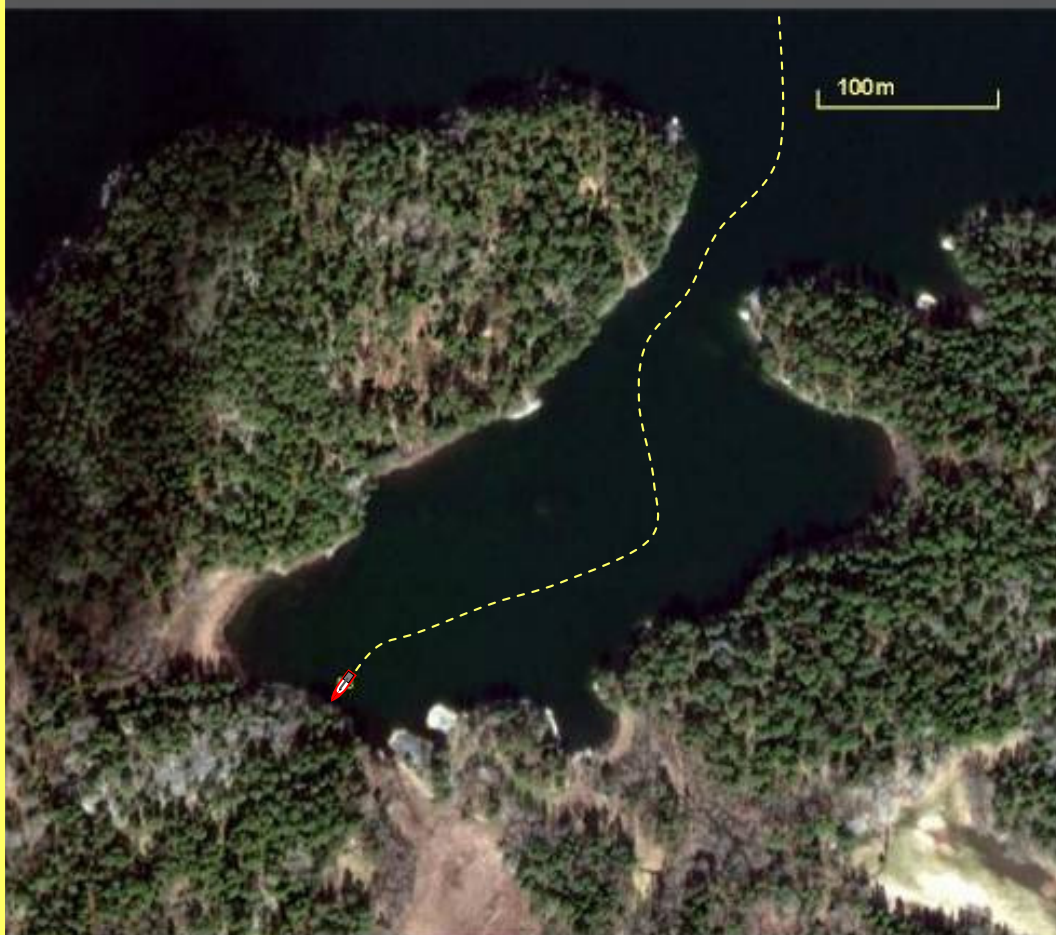
To the north is one of the narrowest, reediest channels I've been up. There's an unofficial green channel marker at the entrance, but the buoyage direction isn't at all clear. I think you need to leave the buoy to port. The channel is reputed to be 1.7m deep. I didn't see anything less than 1.8m. It's dead easy, but I wouldn't like to meet anything coming the other way that wasn't very manoeuvrable. Try waiting for a motorboat to come the other way and then ask if there's anything coming behind it. (See the 2 photos opposite).



58

## Krokholmsviken

59° 25.502'N 18° 44.133'E

*So good there's two of them**Bible p191*

Annoyingly, the perfectly sheltered bay at Sack (No. 59) is also called Krokholmsviken. The Swedes have got so many perfectly sheltered bays they are running out of names for them. You'll find something to tie to whatever the wind direction here. In a southerly I was on a high, steep rock and had to take lines a long way up to find suitable trees. That was fine, but an old gadgie on a nearby boat gave me a good tip. Rain was forecast and he predicted that it'd be impossible to climb up the slippery rock when it was wet. So I took slipping lines around the trees and back aboard. In the event it didn't rain much, but it's worth bearing in mind that conditions can change and friendly rocks can become treacherous.



Just to the east of my mooring is the wooden quay, barbeque area and composting bog of a sailing club harbour. I didn't use it as I thought someone might come and shout at me, or possibly nail me to the cross and set fire to me, but the same old manny assured me that I would have been welcome to do so.





59

Sack

## Ice Cream Rock

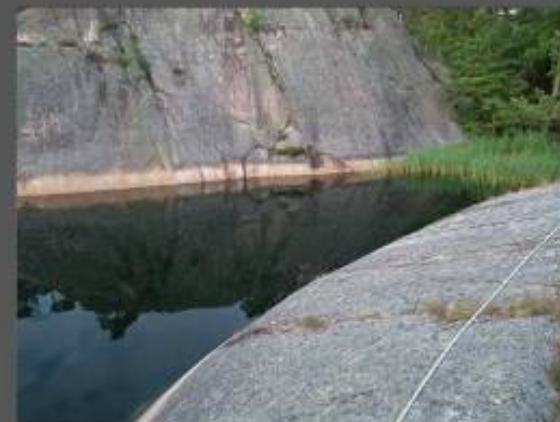
59° 23.430'N 18° 48.000'E

Bible p195



This nicely sheltered bay on Sack is another Krokholmsviken. It was busy in late June, but there were still plenty of rocks to tie to and loads of room to anchor. There'd always be somewhere to tie up, whatever the wind direction. The rather dull wee photo of a rock on the right is the tiny, tiny inlet just to the north east of my rock. I didn't try it, but I reckon a boat could just go in there and tie side-on to the rock. The place was full of barbecuing families with sprogs. The summer holiday atmos was made complete by the ice cream man. Late in the afternoon a rib arrived selling ice cream, bread rolls and milk. This brilliantly Scandinavian service seems to do the rounds of a lot of anchorages in this area every day, probably

probably from late June to early August. There's a decent path and a walk across to the village and the ferry quay. I know it doesn't look very full in the photo below, but not every bit of rock is approachable.





60

# Brunskaret Edge's Hole

59° 27.326'N 18° 48.598'E

Bible p95



I've been in here a couple of times. It's probably my joint favourite Baltic mooring. The first time was before my conversion. I didn't have a bible and poked in here on the evidence of the Archie Foundation's free booklet. I was so ridiculously pleased with myself that I decided to rename the wee round bay in honour of me. So far the Swedish cartographic authorities don't seem to have responded to this change.

Motor boats use this tiny, perfectly sheltered bay, but I've never seen another sailing boat there. The reason is the entrance, which is charted as 1.4m deep. When I've been in it has been exactly 1.4m deep.

Zoph's draft is 1.4m, so it's touch and go. The last time I was there I was monitoring the water level and it seemed to be dropping, which was a slight worry. Though there's no tide in the eastern Baltic, it is worth remembering that water levels can change, unpredictably, with weather and pressure.

It's probably a bit deeper at the rocks to the east, where the motor boats congregate in the sun, but at the west side the approach is a bit shallow. My echo sounder showed 1.2m where I was. This is, obviously, less than our draft, but the deepest point of the keel is towards the stern and there's no harm in pushing through a few inches of soft mud.





61

# Paradiset

*Real name, honest*

59° 28.913'N 18° 47.987'E

*Bible p91*



Despite the prosaic, over-optimistic, slightly naff name, this rock is not in Australia. It's a pretty good bay with loads of rocks to tie to and room to anchor, but it's not quite paradise. I'm sure it must have some other, more believable name. One respect in which it is not paradise is, surprise surprise, the noise and wash from bloody motor boats. Because there's a channel running right through the bay they see no reason why they should slow down, so walls of water occasionally threaten to wash boats, including, of course, motorboats, onto the rocks. The twats seem to have no concept of how much of a pain in the



arse they are. Around Stockholm this problem is so bad that rich people with houses along the main channels have hydraulic platforms to lift their 40ft powerboats out of the water every time they park them. Not because of 'natural' waves, because there aren't any. So they know it's a problem, but then they lower their gin palaces into the drink and head off at 20 knots, sending walls of water into other people's boats.

The rock I tied to, away from the channel behind a small rock islet, gave good shelter from the east and protection against wash.





62

## Hemsundet

*Eaten by cows*

59° 23.830'N 18° 54.375'E

*Off Piste, not mentioned in the bible*

This was a genuinely off piste rock that we found by picking our way carefully down narrow, shallow channels that are hardly shown at all on the charts. There were plenty of bony-fido anchorages around, but it was a busy weekend so I kept on obsessively going further and further from the main channels. It was a good one too. Perfectly sheltered with fine, deep enough rocks to approach.



There were only two downsides. One was the young gay couple on the only other boat in the area insisted on sunbathing and swimming in the nud. This seemed to be to Anna's liking, but I have to say that naked men aren't really my thing. The other was the cows that periodically came down to the water's edge for a drink and took to chewing on Zoph's shore lines. The fact that the cows drink seawater demonstrates just how little salt there is at this end of the Baltic.

There's a few summer houses dotted along the west shore of this channel, but none on the east side. A few motorboats also use the channel, but most of them did, for once, slow down.





63

## Moja Langvik

## Totaldisasterport

59° 26.581'N 18° 55.225'E

Bible p134



Oh dear, this one is embarrassing. There's a shop here and a quay you can use temporarily. So instead of using the anchor we decided just to nose up to it, Anna would hop off and go to the shop while I circled offshore, then I'd come back and pick her up. She duly shouted 'OK' when she had both feet ashore, I reversed rapidly and Anna, who was intending to push herself upright using the pulpit, plummeted suddenly into the deep water, next to slippery, unscaleable rocks. Being a poor swimmer at the best of times she proceeded to float about on her back, weighed down by a rucksack, giving every indication of drowning. I reversed off 10m or so, flung the stern anchor and 10m of line into the 3m deep sea and dived in to try and help her. By the time I'd got there, however, she'd been dragged onto the quay by the seat of her pants and by a bemused old couple who were picnicking nearby. Swimming back to the boat I noticed that she seemed to be drifting along the shore at a remarkable rate, heading for the rocks. I realised that I'd left the bloody engine in gear. What a tosser. Just as I was coming to

terms with trying to explain the total loss of an unmanned, motoring yacht to the insurance company, the anchor suddenly held and the boat jerked to a halt. Aside from our egos, the only thing knackered that day was Anna's mobile phone. Perhaps the most surreal thing about the near disaster was that it was such a hot summer day that, just before we arrived, people had been diving off the quay in their swimming gear. It was an unlikely setting for a near drowning and a near sinking. This was on the same day as No.66, Major Disaster Rock. Library pictures again, of course.





64

## Lokaholmarna

59° 23.581'N 18° 56.260'E

*Avoiding the Gin Palace Wash* Bible p143

All the inlets along this channel were busy in July. This whole wee sub-archie seems popular with Stockholmiens. It's worth remembering that most of them are gregarious and conservative. If you look into an anchorage the foreshortening can make it look like the boats are crammed together and reach right to the inner end. It's often the case that if you continue to the most shoreward end, there's deep water beyond the last boat. Round here it makes sense to get a long way in, since the main channel is very subject to the wash of speedy idiots with theoretically planing gin palaces, weighed down with jaccuzis, pool tables and the like, which can't quite get out of the water and actually



plane. Instead they progress along at 15 knots, their bows stuck up in the air but their sterns resolutely buried in the sea, sending tsunami-like walls of water along the shore. The only consolation is that they can't afford to do it for long, as the fuel costs them about £100 an hour. Anyway, the spot I chose – almost as far into the shallowing bay as I could – was a good one. There's nicely west-facing rocks for your evening barbie.





65

Lokao Osterviken  $59^{\circ}24.412'N$   $18^{\circ}57.513'E$ *Fallinggirlie Rock**Bible p139*

This is quite a good rock in a westerly. It was reasonably popular in late July, but there's loads of room to tie up all along the western side. The approach is quite deep right up to the shore.

There was an amusing sideshow when a wee yacht tied to the rock next to us, crewed by three gírlies. After it had rained one of them, hopping off the bow, demonstrated the depth of the sea at that point by sliding rapidly straight into the sea. With water temperatures approaching  $20^{\circ}\text{C}$  this sort of thing merely provides amusement for the assembled boaters, but I'd not fancy doing it in, say, April.





66

## Stora Nassa

59° 26.042'N 19° 12.519'E

## Major Disaster Rock

*Not mentioned in the bible*

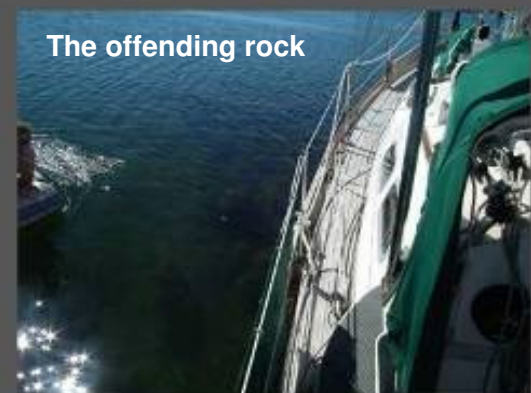
Oh dear, this properly off-piste rock was the site of another embarrassing disaster. Amazingly, it was on the same day as Anna's near drowning (No.63). There's loads of places to moor in good weather in this group of outer archie islands. But it was busy so we found a wee corner of rock down a convoluted path off the marked channel. It was fine, if a little shallow and difficult to get close to a rock. But we had the whole island to ourselves and spent a pleasant evening and night.

On the way in we'd carefully avoided the rocks just offshore, but it's when you are leaving that you think all the pilotage is done and let your



guard down. Whilst trying to coil ropes I drove her square onto a large submerged rock. We didn't hit it hard, just rose gently up over the rock shelf. This provided, as you can imagine, no end of amusement for people tied to other islands, whose heads suddenly appeared, like startled meerkats, over the surrounding rocks. To their credit though, a couple of lads came over in an inflatable to help. We put an anchor down in several places and tried to winch ourselves off, to no avail.

Eventually, with the addition of the two lads hanging off the boom and the winch heeling her over first, the tactic worked. We scuttled off with red faces and our tails between our legs.

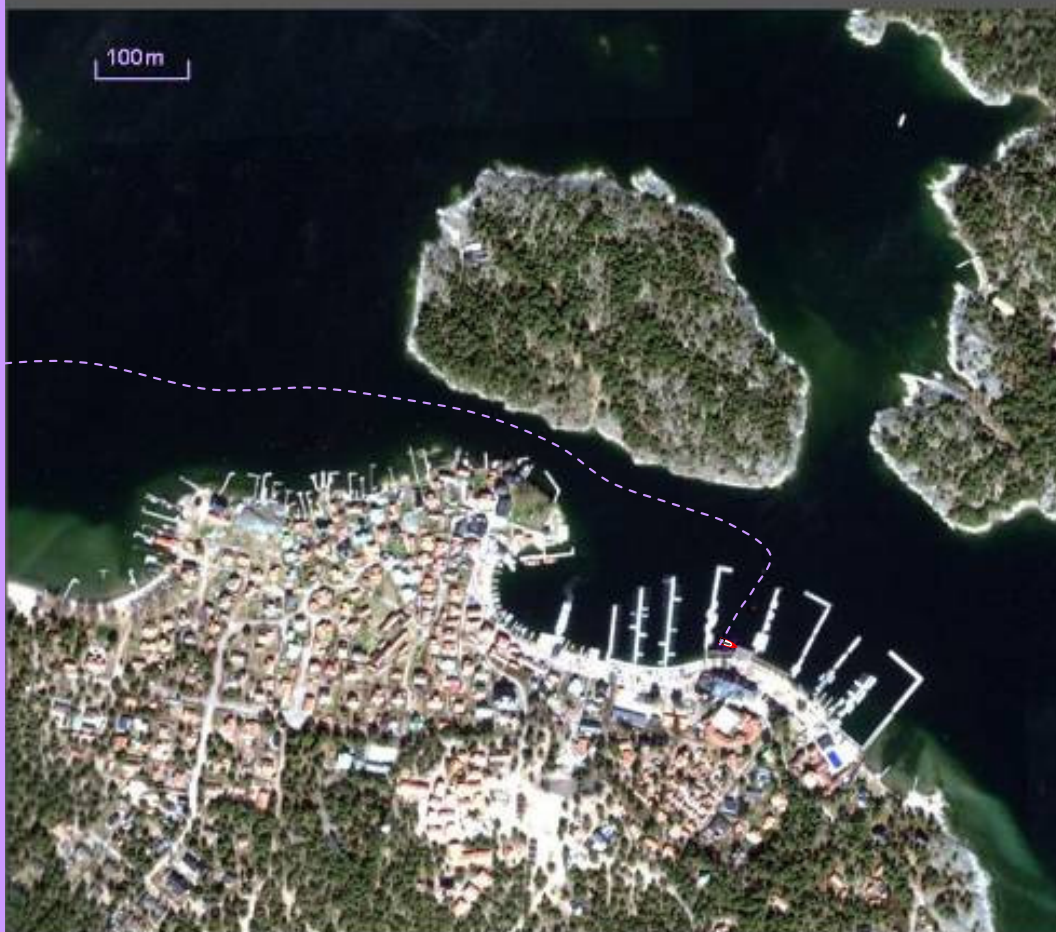




67

## Sandhamn

59° 17.300'N 18° 55.120'E

*World's Shittest Marina**Bible p210*

Oh god, this bloody place. Sandhamn is a posh person's island that also attracts millions of punters by ferry. The island is pleasant and lively in summer. The marina is shit and should be avoided. On this remote Hebridean spot they charge more than they do in Stockholm. For larger boats the fees are surreally large. The marina was rammed and all the facilities close at 9pm. People then try to use the pub bogs and get abused by the 'security' staff. It was the weekend of the major offshore sailing race, round Gotland and all eyes were on the racy boats. I went to the Harbourmaster's office and enquired about the locked bogs. It was explained to me that they didn't give a shit about me or any of their customers. They were solely concerned with the progress of the offshore racers, who were out at sea and hadn't even been to Sandhamn. In the morning the office elves said that yes, oddly enough everyone complains about that, but they had to lock up the bogs because of vandalism. It apparently had not crossed their minds that, with a nightly income from the berths of over £10,000, they could employ someone to patrol the marina at night. It was the worst example of posh yachty folk imagining that the world owed them a living just because they were posh I came across in the Baltic. In fact it was the only one. They were almost southern English in their arrogant presumption. To cap it all, we then witnessed a baby falling off a speedboat into the drink as it's numpty father tried to drive onto a pontoon like a boy racer in a gocart. It was no thanks to the idiot dad that the sprog survived unhurt. Avoid this marina like the plague. It was quite good fun watching the racing boats passing in the evening, the biggest ones doing about 8 knots in a 5kt breeze, but that's only one night a year.





68

## Idskaren

*Undergrowth Island*

59° 33.792'N 18° 49.934'E

*Bible p76*

This is quite a good wee spot in settled weather. I was fine tucked in behind a wee promontory against a south westerly, but I wouldn't fancy it much in strong conditions. Even in July it was quite quiet here, with 5 boats in different spots by the evening. Out of season I'm sure you could get the island to yourself. It's a difficult island to walk round as it's thick in undergrowth, but a good place for a barbie and the summer sunset. I was invited aboard a Swedish yacht for a beer and spent a very pleasant evening.





69

## Stammarsund

59° 38.145'N 18° 55.265'E

*Unnecessary payment port* *Not a biblical harbour*

This is a guest harbour attached to a restaurant which is purported, by a local bloke hanging around on the quay, not to be very good. We arrived here on a nervous afternoon after the engine had overheated. In June there was plenty of space to tie alongside. At busier times you'd need to pick up a stern buoy. In a strong westerly it was a bit exposed, but not worryingly so. I've had to draw the pontoons on the view above from memory, so they may not be accurate. There are bog and shower facilities if you pay and, given a bit of bloodymindedness, I managed to stretch some wires to a leccy supply. In the morning Anna insisted on paying. She spent ages trying to find a member of the restaurant staff

and eventually forced the fee on a reluctant chef, who seemed to have no idea what to do with it. In common with other restaurant harbours, I'm not sure you really have to pay.





70

## Furusund

## Prison Ship Alley

59° 39.666'N 18° 55.094'E

Bible p66



Another one to be avoided. I dropped in here of a morning just because there's a shop in the busy village. This one looks nothing like it does in the details in the bible. Since it was published Promarina have moved in and built large pontoons roughly where I've drawn them (Opposite). The sound is subject to wash from passing huge ferries and prison hulks, or 'cruise ships' as they are sometime known, plying their trade between Stockholm, Aland and Turku, as well as the usual crop of execrable gin palaces. I met the crew of a large, spick and span wooden cutter here. They were from Edinburgh and had built the boat themselves. I made the mistake of assuming they'd had the boat built. But they'd done all the work

themselves. Quite a feat. They did regret building her with a draft over 2m, however. This meant they were stuck with going into crap places like Furusund and couldn't get into some anchorages. I ran the gauntlet of the studenty marina elves and managed to avoid paying for my one hour stay. The aerial photo is nicked from Promarina's webpage.





71

## Kapellskar

## Daft Belgian Harbour

59° 42.844'N 19° 02.789'E

Bible p56



This is a pleasant, shallow basin with a narrow but well marked entrance, filled with local boats. Few people seem to use the guest harbour, where there's plenty of room even in season. It's a handy stopping place after a crossing from Finland and I used it as such twice. There's a few boom moorings available. Otherwise you'll need to use your stern anchor. For a guest harbour it's a bit lacking in facilities. There's no leccy and the bogs and showers are half a mile away on a campsite. There's a wee kiosk at the campsite but no proper shops. But it's a pleasant place for a wander along the nature reserve trails. Last time I was there, on a stern anchor, a wee Belgian yacht arrived and tied up alongside Zoph. I managed to avoid

confusing the flag and accusing him of being French. I didn't notice them putting out a stern anchor and asked the skipper about it. He was dumbfounded. He had travelled all the way up the east of Sweden without even noticing that people used stern anchors at all. Instead of getting one out, he protested that he didn't have anything suitable and that there was no way he was ever going to anchor by the stern. He moved over to a more exposed, dodgy pontoon. It was a good example of boating culture clash. The died-in-the-wool north sea sailor refusing to countenance changing the habits of a lifetime just because they were completely wrong for the environment he found himself in.





72

# Lidon

## McDuff

59° 46.691'N 19° 05.360'E

Bible p44



This is a well sheltered bay from the strong westerlies which were forecast when I was there. The good, sheltered rocks got pretty full in July and some folk were attached to more exposed rocks. There would probably always be room to anchor however. My rock was a bit shallow and difficult to hop onto, but OK. There's a composting bog on the south shore and a sturdy quay you could tie to on the north shore. There's good tracks for a walk over to the other side of the island, where there's a summer restaurant in a posh old manor house. Most of the other boats, by the way, had gone by the time a couple of the photos were taken the next morning.





73

Arholma

59° 50.571'N 19° 07.281'E

*Human Sacrifice Island**Bible p39*

Arholma is a popular island and pretty much the last call heading north in the Stockholm Archipelago. It's also the first – or in our case the last, since we're heading in opposite directions – harbour in the bible. You're about to leave the bible belt. A lot of people seem to use it as a jumping off point for heading to Finland, as I did myself. Unlike a lot of the rocks I tied to, there's a fairly large foreign contingent here and the long wooden quay, stretching around the shoreline, was pretty full. It's another stern anchor job. I managed to squeeze onto the end of the row then watched other yachts trying to get their 3.5m beams into a 2m wide space. There's plenty

of anchoring room offshore as well. There's a theoretical fee but I didn't see anyone collecting it. There's a composting bog and, in a preview of the nightmare to come throughout Finland, a sauna but no shower. There's good walks around the island's tracks to the other side, where there's a shop, a couple of restaurants, another guest harbour and the ferry quay. In any sort of westerly the harbour on the other side would be quite rolly. As you can see, the huge 'Junepole' is evidence of particularly lunatic midsummer celebrations, possibly with human sacrifice.





## Bobbing to the Baltic

Zophiel's Cruise from the Forth  
to the Russian Border in 2012

Martin Edge

A Gigantic Whinge  
on the Celtic Fringe

Martin Edge

Martin Edge  
Floating Low to Lofoten

## Travels with my Rant

Martin Edge

Martin Edge

The Front  
of Beyond

Skagerrak  
and Back

Zophiel's  
Two Summer  
Cruises in 2007

Martin Edge

At the risk of getting boring, here's another plug for my e-books. If you're finding the repetition annoying, at least you can skip these pages a lot easier than telly ads if you want. And the advert doesn't keep popping up just at critical moments when you're smurfing the web. So on reflection I think you'll agree that you're getting off lightly.

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# Part 3 - Finland





# Part 3 - Finland



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- 00 Off Piste Rock
- 00 Actual Anchorage
- 00 Free Harbour
- 00 Guest Harbour
- 00 Urban Marina

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74

## Kobbar Klintar

*The Outer Hebrides*

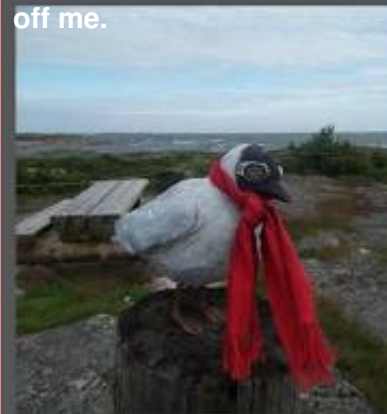
60° 01.821'N 19° 52.978'E

Bible p267



This really tight wee harbour with a rocky entrance is a good jumping off point for Sweden. The potentially dodgy channel is marked, but you'd soon hit the rocks if you strayed off it. Inside the harbour is wee but perfectly sheltered. It needs to be, since it's completely exposed to the Aland Sea to the west. A Swedish bloke called this sea 'the ocean', whilst on the same

day an Australian called it 'the sound', which says a lot about both countries. The odd island, an old pilot station right near the main channel, came highly recommended by Finns. In Scotland, of course, we are used to bare, windswept islands and I rather like the sheltered, treed islands of the Baltic. But there's so many of these that the Scandians always point you at the bleakest, windiest spots as being especially charming. It would appear that at least 50% of Finns and 25% of Swedes used to make a living through piloting boats around the rocky coast. The ridiculous new pyramid is, I believe, some species of museum. The ferries pass so close to this rock in the night, all cabin lights ablaze, that it is somewhat surreal. There's stern buoys. When I was there the bogs were locked, but there was nobody on the island to take money off me.





75

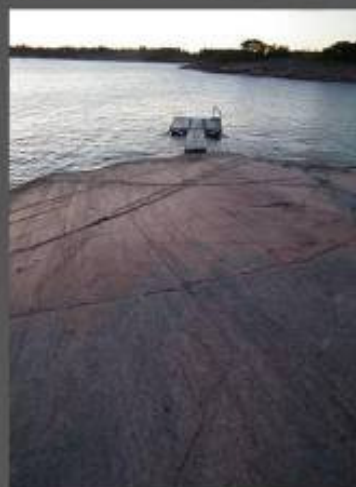
## Rodhamn

59° 59.122'N 20° 06.144'E

*World's Longest Stern Lines*

Rodhamn is a popular harbour as a first stop in Åland on the way to Mariehamn. It's well sheltered from most directions. The stern buoy appear to be designed for 80ft superyachts, so have a very long line available. Don't be lulled into a false sense of security by the wooden quay and numbered spaces. The one we approached at first had a dirty great underwater rock, about 2ft down, right in front of it. There's bugger-all facilities apart from a composting bog and a pricey, occasionally open coffee shop. The self-righteous tones of the bloke who runs the place explaining the ecological benefits of not having mains leccy would have been more convincing had he not had a dirty great diesel generator lighting

up his own house all night. You might prefer to anchor offshore and avoid the fee. The island is a pleasant, rocky place to wander. The main building in the centre used to be a radio station and has an interesting museumy bit. In Rodhamn we met more British yachties, based in the Baltic permanently, who absolutely refused to anchor by the stern or get on and off the boat by the bow. How on earth these folk manage with their bloody-minded approach I don't know.





76

# **Mariehamn East** 60° 06.012'N 19° 56.832'E *As Crap a Town as Paris or Edinburgh*



English language pilot books are at one with the Rough Planet Guide in describing Mariehamn as a bit of a dump. The reasons given are that there's a lot of tourists and it's a planned city with a designed grid pattern. So, like Edinburgh or Paris then. How dreadful. It's actually a pleasant, prosperous feeling town with tree lined streets and plenty of shops, restaurants and cafes. You'd get practically anything you needed in this capital of Åland. There's a couple of chandlers, but they are a wee way out of town. A 20 minute ride on folding Bertie the Brompton Bike.

I've only moored in the east harbour, which is very popular with Finns. There's a big mixture of yachts and motorboats of all sizes and, in July, a

Western Harbour



holiday atmos. Indeed it was pretty full in peak season. As a wee boat I managed to get an inner spot, but with near gales from the north, latecomers and big yachts ended up on stern buoys outside the north end of the harbour. With waves crashing over the pontoon this looked very unpleasant. Up until midsummer you'll probably find plenty of room here however. The western harbour also gets full. It's perhaps a quieter, more genteel spot that attracts the larger yachts and is popular with foreigners. It's a short walk across town between the two, but about 16 miles, literally, by sea.



Eastern Harbour





77

Moholm

Shirtybastard Rock

59° 58.180'N 20° 17.240'E

*Not mentioned in the bible*

This is one of the few natural harbours in Finland which is published in the pilots. Looking at the chart you'd not know there was a way in here, but actually there's good, though unofficial, cardinal marks as well as leading lines in the form of triangles that you need to bring together. Once in it's a large harbour with plenty of room to anchor and a private club harbour at the east end. With a strong northerly blowing I chose to tie to a rock on a separate wee island. This was fine except you're struggling for good trees to tie to and might need a galvanised wedge or two. In a westerly or a southerly you'd probably be better on the useful looking rocks on the 'main' island to the south.

A couple of Swedish boats were already there when I arrived. I waved cheerily to the people on one, then went to the other end of the rock to tie up. Unsmiling, they disappeared below. A bloke came out on deck. I waved at him then started the fraught process of anchoring and leaping ashore, confident that he would come and take a line. He just stood there, staring at me, took a piss over the back of the boat and went back below. He was a very rare miserable, shirty bastard.

But I had the last laugh. When a rare Norwegian boat and 4 more Swedish boats, hooching with hyper noisy sprogs, showed up, I directed them to berth close up either side of the shirty bastard. The folk on HMS Shirty stayed below all evening as about 25 excitable people partied loudly all round them. A good spot and another handy stop just before or after crossing the Aland sea.





78

## Svinosund

60° 12.146'N 20° 12.202'E

*Anchoring from the Bow. Bizarre*

This is just a random bay we anchored in when there was a northerly blowing. A very rare outing for the CQR in the bow. The bay shallows gradually, so you're 150m or so offshore. By Baltic standards it feels miles from the shore. If it was in Britain it'd feel as sheltered as can be. You'll need to approach carefully as there's shallows and rocks about, some of which I don't think are charted. We were there on midsummer's night and though it was ostensibly deserted, we could hear the unmistakable sounds of partying being carried to us on the wind from miles away.





79

Angsholm

Edge's Rock

60° 04.298'N 20° 30.315'E

*Properly Off Piste*

This was my first genuinely off-piste rock and I was dead chuffed with myself for getting to tie to it. I nosed into one or two rocky bays before managing to get into this one. There's a few charted, very shallow rocks across the bay, one of which a passing aluminium open speed boat managed to run into quite fast while I was there. But if you take it very, very slowly and can deal with the shallowness of the shore – my 1.4m draft boat was again anchored in 1.2m of water – it's a fine, quiet spot. It was well sheltered from the south west in particular. There's a very shallow, narrow channel leading between the two islands to the south. It's only about half a metre deep, so you'll not be able to use it, but a few small motorboats might disturb you.

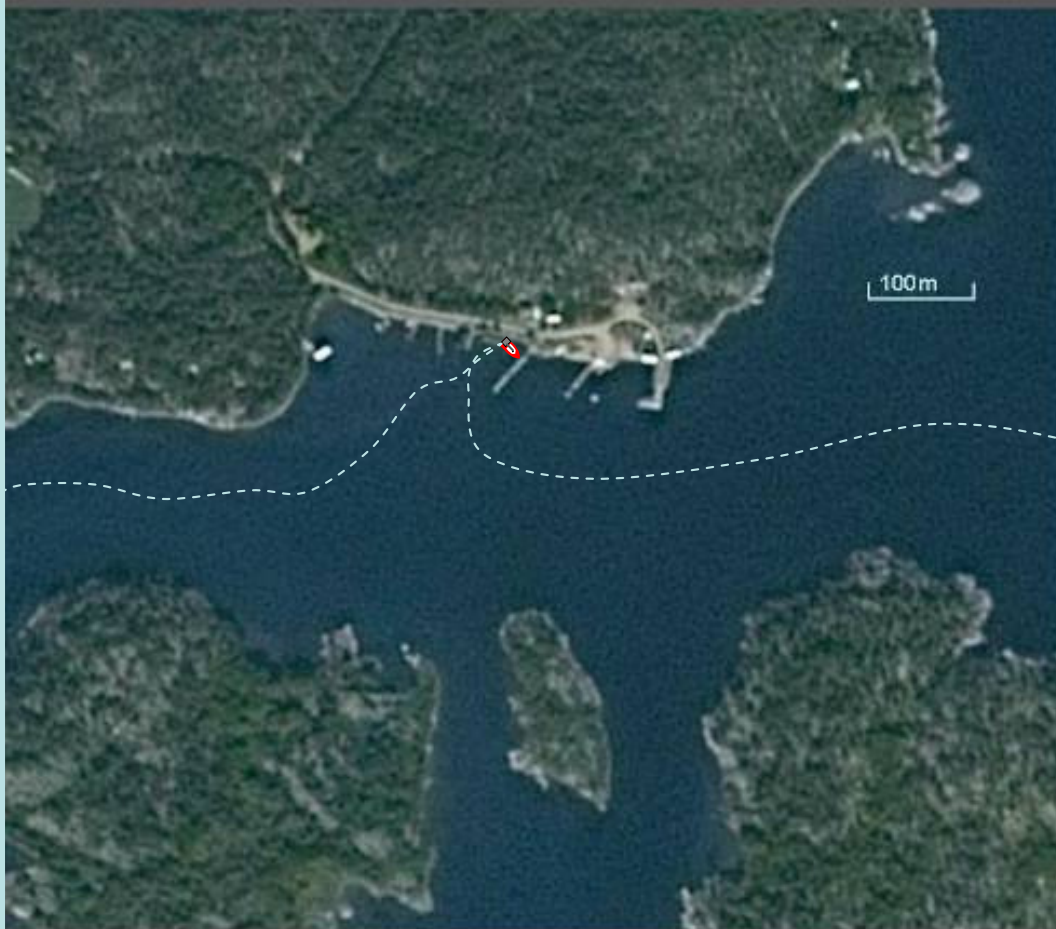




80

## Sottunga

60° 06.609'N 20° 40.793'E

*Not deep enough for the likes of you!*

In July Sottunga was properly busy. There's a small harbour to the east and a substantial pontoon to which you tie with the use of a stern anchor to the west. I went for the latter. At first I was more or less convinced that the place was full. Boats were packed shoulder to shoulder all round the pontoon. I poked round its west side and as far inshore as I dared, beyond the shallow draft motorboats. I shouted to someone on the furthest in motorboat to ask how deep it was. "Not deep enough for you!" came the reply. I resolved to try anyway. There was fully 2.5m of water right up to the pontoon. Later another sailing boat came along and moored inshore of me. They told me that they weren't going to bother, assuming it to be

too shallow, until they saw me in there. It was another lesson on the need to be pushy and stick your nose in as far as you can. As I've said before, most Scandians are very conservative in their mooring choice.

Later the nice young couple off the boat that came in last gave me a small miniature of aquavit, for no good reason. Result.

There's a couple of seasonal cafes here, then it's a couple of miles across the island to the shop. The wifey will come demanding money for the use of the pontoon. In one book the bogs are described as "perfect". They have a strange conception of perfection.

It may be worth pointing out that the glowing descriptions of harbours in the free guides are, of course, composed by the people who charge you for mooring there.

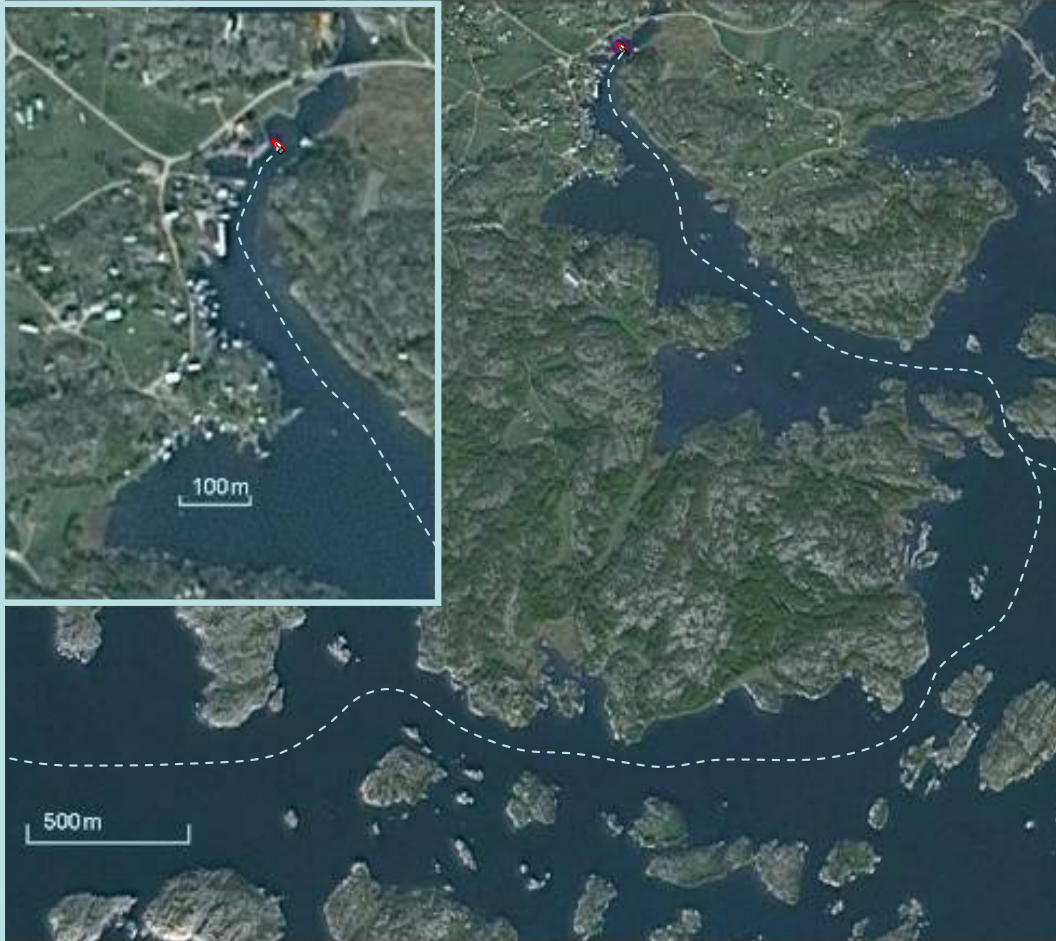




81

## Kokar

59° 55.251'N 20° 54.697'E

*Overpriced Teddyboy Harbour*

It's a somewhat convoluted trail into this harbour on Kokar, but most of it is marked with painted leading lines. By the time you get in you have the impression of having turned round in several full spirals. We went in in crap, downpourish weather and a strong south-westerly, in which the initial entry through the outer rocks was a bit fraught. But it's a well used channel to a secure, if slightly rundown harbour, in a pretty spot. There are 2 significant downsides. Firstly, the superannuated teddy boy who took our money demanded more for berthing than I've paid anywhere in the Baltic apart from the centre of Stockholm. Secondly, there was no hot water at all in the showers. I was endeavouring to scrub my bod in freezing

cold water when the cantankerous old bloke who seemed to constitute the night shift burst in. A very rare Scandian who spoke not a word of English, he flung open all the windows to admit the gale and the driving rain and, by means of hand signals, angrily told me that there was no hot water. This was a fact of which I was all too painfully aware. Overpriced even if, as with luck will be the case if you go there, the shower did work, but a good place to sit out a hurricane without being disturbed by so much as a ripple.





82

## Enklinge

60° 19.650'N 20° 45.940'E

*Island of the Useful Christian*

This pleasant guest harbour, where you use your own stern anchor, was very well sheltered from the strong northerlies we had when I was there. It might be a bit crap in strong south easterlies, but you'd probably be OK round the north side of the long pontoon. There's just a composting bog and, of course, a sauna, but no shower. The island is a pleasant one to wander, with a good road. There's a small shop roughly in the middle. To the north is a free open-air museum, consisting of traditional farm buildings which were, apparently, gifted by an eccentric old bloke in the



1970s. The local student who gave free guided tours made it interesting. I was there in July, so it was open. Doubtless it is shut at all other times. Whilst on Enklinge I was preoccupied by the need to replace my propeller, which fell off in Lappo (No.83). When I dived over the side and found half the prop missing I had visions of spending months on Enklinge trying to sort it out. But with the help of an old fixed bladed prop I found lying in the bilge and a welder and metal worker who was also a qualified diver and happened to be on the boat next door, the apparently intractable problem was sorted in a couple of hours. Thanks to the diver, whose name was Christian. All praise to the only useful Christian I've ever met.



Christian the  
diver's boat



83

## Lappo

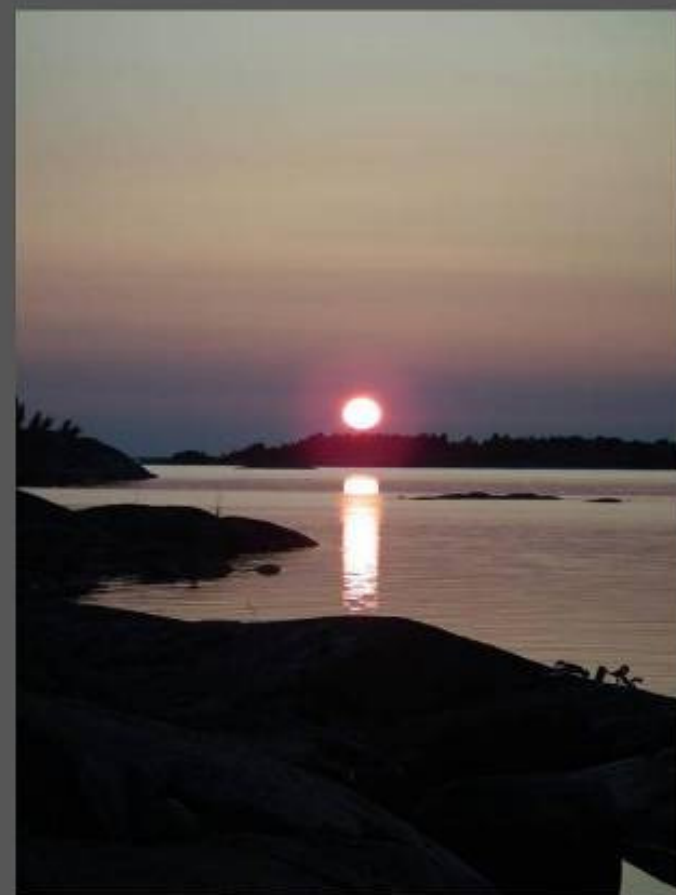
60° 18.939'N 20° 59.758'E

*Land of the Lost Propellers*

Lappo was well enough sheltered from the north west really, and there's stern buoys to pick up so you don't have to rely on your anchor. These buoys, however, were my problem when I was there. With a strong cross-wind, Zoph blew over one of them and as I tried to motor off the prop caught the long galvanised pole sticking off the top of it with an alarming clang. When I got onto the quay I thought I'd got away with it. The next day in Enklinge, however, I discovered that the bloody thing had broken one of the three blades on my extraordinarily expensive – stupidly expensive in fact – propeller.

If you're not an idiot though, it ought to be sheltered from any sort of westerly. The harbour is attached to a small shop and restaurant and is a pleasant enough environment.

The boathouse on the left, by the way, really was that shape. It's not been photoshopped or processed through a hall of mirrors.





84

## Jungfruskar

60° 08.367'N 21° 04.244'E

*Axe Murderer's Paradise*

I was here a couple of times. By coincidence it was exactly a year apart, on 12<sup>th</sup> July 2012 and 12<sup>th</sup> July 2013. The first time I was superbly sheltered from a south westerly by nudging deep into the east side of the long guest quay, into the shallows beyond all the other boats that flocked there on a nice day in July. Even if it had been full there was plenty of room to anchor. The second time I lay on the outside of the sparsely populated quay, bucking around as we rode the strong northerly that swept waves into the bay. It was perfectly secure, even calm by British standards, but almost unthinkable rough by Scandian standards. It was amusing watching

the Finns try to tie their boats up so that they rode the chop without blowing hard onto the quay, without much success. This is a nature reserve island with a free quay, a composting bog and barbeque facilities. These last are surreally good. The authorities have kindly chopped a load of dry logs, which are free to use. In case you should run out, they have left, in cute little huts, sharp, dangerous looking saws and axes for your use. Try to imagine a committee in the UK agreeing to leave sharp axes lying around in what is fundamentally a children's playground. There's pleasant walking over the slightly decaying, ex-agricultural landscape of the island. Check out the slightly surreal 2<sup>nd</sup> World War gun emplacement disguised as a hut. Probably worth avoiding in a northerly though.





85

## Parattula

60° 29.728'N 21° 26.512'E

*Shelter for the Obsessive*

I fled here when a north westerly gale was forecast and it's hard to imagine a more sheltered marina. Even before the approach you feel like you've left the sea behind and the reedy channel in, lined with casually tied up wee speedboats, looks almost impossibly narrow (See photo opposite). It's not though and despite the reeds it seems to be deep enough for just about anything. There were a lot of quite big yachts in when I was there. This is a proper marina with stern buoys and theoretical showers, if you can run the gauntlet of the mass of paunchy, sweating Finns subjecting themselves to the sauna. It's attached to a restaurant and in July there was quite a family holiday atmos, with a playground for the hordes of rampaging sprogs. It's quite a long (over 5 mile) cycle to the nearest shops at Kustavi. The countryside round about is agricultural and pleasant enough, without being stunning. Actually the farming landscape made quite a pleasant change in the Baltic, where agriculture always seems to be treated as an anachronistic throwback to the days before it was realised that food production was unnecessary and anti-eco.





86

## Vasteron

60° 04.751'N 21° 20.112'E

*Headquarters of an Evil Alien Empire*

This was a properly off-piste rock wot I found. It'd be crap in any sort of northerly, but was very pleasant in the south westerly I had. Sheltered yet with open views. When I first arrived, with my normal paranoia, I thought there might be a good reason why nobody else was there, as Zoph was almost immediately hit by a small tsunami of a wash. God knows where it came from as I could see absolutely nothing moving out there. This only happened once however and the rest of the time my island was idyllically quiet. With a name like 'Vasteron' I did half expect to be probed by a race of evil aliens who had taken up residence with a view to eventual world domination, but there was no sign of them. I was approached by a dinghy from one of the 2 German yachts anchored out in the bay. At first I thought they were going to warn me against the alien threat, but actually they had come to congratulate me on the extraordinary expertise with which I had anchored and leapt onto my rock. A good sunbathing, swimming and barbequing spot, but the rocky island is full of spiky bushes and riven with small ravines, making going for a walk awkward. A recommended off-piste rock in the right conditions though.





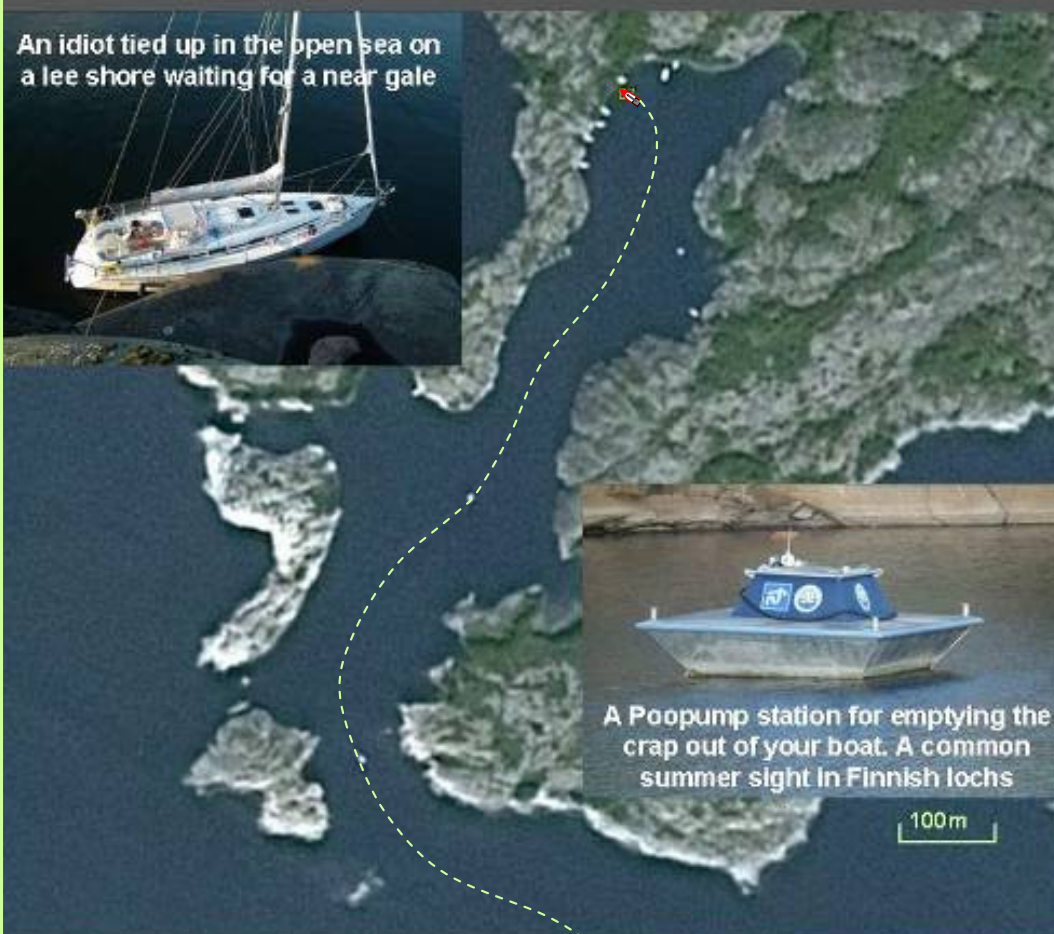
87

## Bjorko

59° 54.554'N 21° 40.795'E

*Surprisingly Crap Rock*

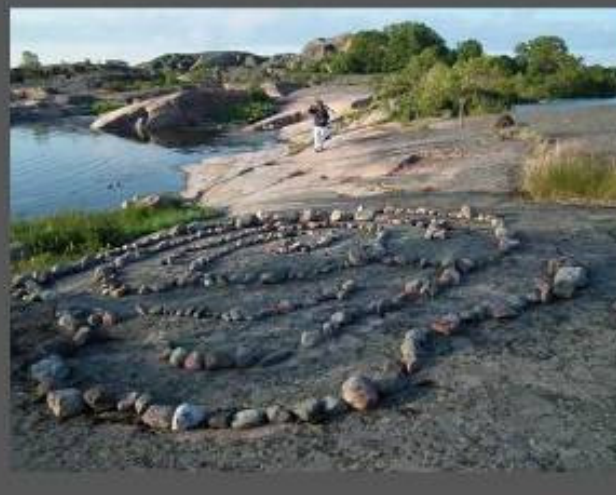
An idiot tied up in the open sea on a lee shore waiting for a near gale



A Poopump station for emptying the crap out of your boat. A common summer sight in Finnish lochs



This was an early introduction for me to tying up to Finnish rocks and, despite the apparently idyllic setting, it was a salutary lesson in the limitations of such moorings. Various sources mention this loch as a fabulously sheltered harbour with rocks to tie to all round and a flat bottom at 5 or 6 metres, making it suitable for all wind directions. When we arrived an easterly force 7 was forecast for the next morning. I explored all round the bay, but the only decent, approachable rocks were in the north west corner. In the middle the bottom was 13m deep, making it difficult to anchor in the restricted space. None of the 'various sources' are anywhere near up to the standard of the Swedish bibles. We tied to a rock with our stern anchor out and literally 1ft from a lee shore. There was a German



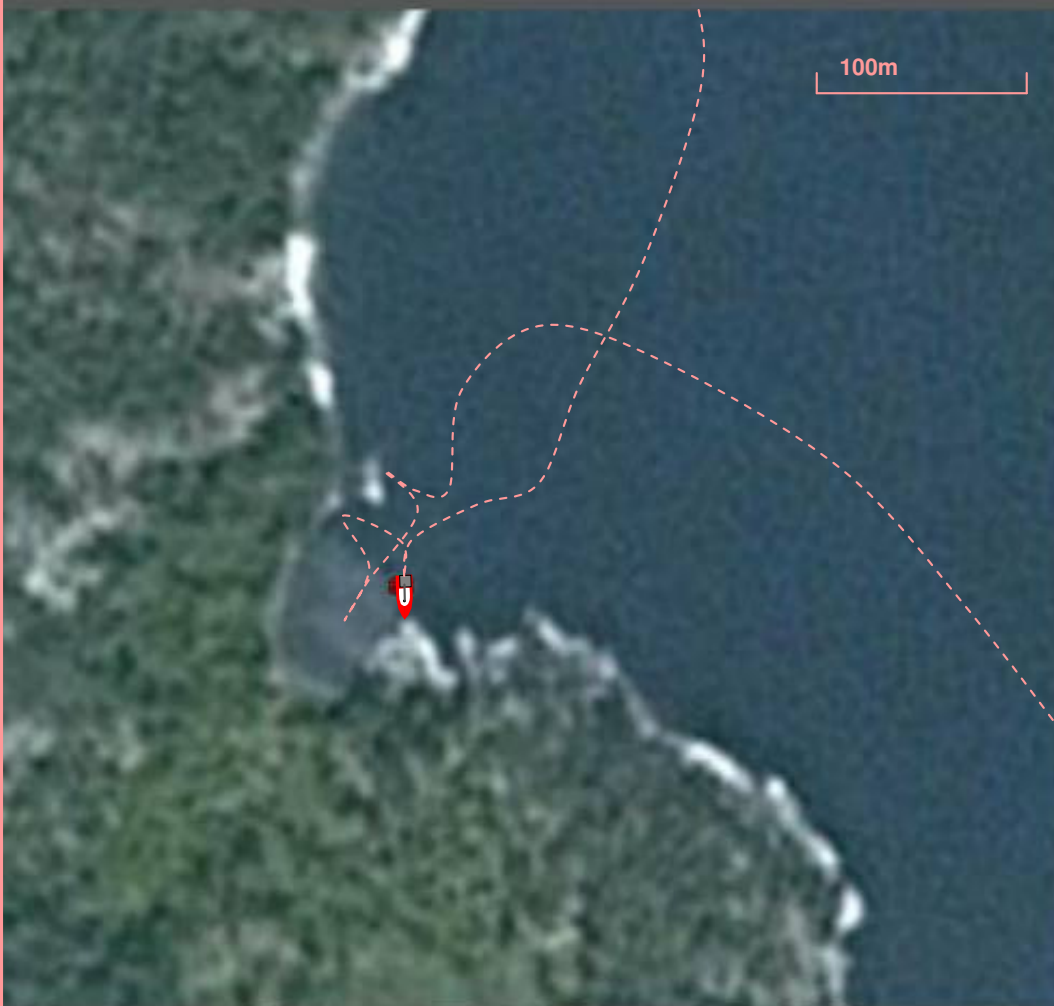
yacht and one Finn. I asked the German bloke why it was so empty, having heard that it got very busy. He told me that it would be busy 'in the summer'. It was June 24<sup>th</sup>. Summer was not yet deemed to have started. Later 3 or 4 more yachts turned up. I asked all their skippers about the holding in the impending near gale from the east. They confidently told me that there would be no problem tied to this rock. We were woken at 7am the next morning by the sound of every other bugger hauling up their anchor and deserting the theoretically ideal anchorage for pastures new and unspecified. We ended up riding out the near gale anchored in 13m in the middle of the narrow bay. At the height of the squalls a Bavaria came into the bay and tried several times to anchor. I'd seen it the evening before casually tied side-on to a rock outside the bay, in the open, with a fetch to the east of about 4 miles. Evidently this position had become untenable. That day I learned that all this casually tying to apparently sheltered rocks can go tits-up and that the locals, whilst giving the impression of expertise and self-confidence. Often haven't got a bloody clue what they're doing.



88

## Boskar

60° 01.980'N 21° 46.541'E

*The Harbour that Wasn't*

This one's a bit of a cheat, as I didn't actually stay here. I did however go ashore, albeit briefly. I found reference to a nature reserve harbour here with good mooring by stern anchor to a quay, with composting bog provided. Obviously everyone else knew something I didn't, since when I arrived there was no sign of any other boats anywhere, at the busiest time of the summer. There was however a small paper notice pinned to the quay. It explained that the quay was dangerous and out of bounds for the moment. 'No problem' I thought, 'I'll just tie up to a rock somewhere in the

wee bay, just off the quay'. Five minutes later I stood on the low rock ashore looking at Zoph, gently but firmly stuck in the mud a couple of metres away and pondered the knotty problem of how to get back on board. Eventually I managed to pull her far enough in and re-board, at the cost of a couple of damp feet. I spent another twenty minutes approaching other rocks around the bay. All of them were too shallow to approach and the sandy bay dries out quite quickly as you go inshore of the guest quay.

In the end I decided that the only feasible place to tie up here is actually to the out-of-bounds quay. Even the inshore end of that was a bit shallow, but the offshore end should be OK. Perhaps when you get there it'll be open again, but don't rely on it. Due to my brief stop I've not got any pictures of this one, I'm afraid.





89

Nagu/Nauvo

60° 11.729'N 21° 54.641'E

*Schizophrenic Town*

It's unsurprising that this wee holiday town has names in both Swedish (Nagu) and Finnish (Nauvo). In Åland Swedish is everyone's first language and here, though properly in Finland, Swedish is the language of a lot of islands. It's more surprising that nowhere else I came across displays it's schizophrenic nature as much as Nagu/Nauvo. The quite large guest harbour was properly busy when I arrived in mid July. Zoph got practically the last proper space. But the studenty marina elves, zipping about in small RIBs, are accommodating and good at squeezing people in. One of them told me that they had recently managed to pack in nearly twice as many boats as there are spaces. So you'll probably always get in somewhere.

If possible try to avoid going into one of the laughably crap rubber band spaces. This type of mooring is the worst ever devised by man. It's like an alongside mooring, but one in which your bow is pressed onto the pontoon. A rubber band is stretched between 2 galvanised poles sticking out from the pontoon. You ram the band with your bow, then tie both bow and stern to the pontoon. No stern buoy or anchor. The stern is theoretically prevented from swinging about by the tension in the lines from it to the pontoon. Locals tell me that it sort of works, as long as all the berths are full and the boats all support one another. This type of mooring is evidence of how benign sea conditions are here. Imagine such a system in a British marina. The slightest motion in the sea would make all the boats – especially the ones with the most rakish bows – mount up onto the pontoon. If they used such a system where my boat usually stays – Port Edgar Marina on the Forth, the first time it blew over a force 5, or a ship went past, everything in the marina would be written off.

Nagu/Nauvo is a busy, jolly holiday place in July, filled with touros packed into the 3 or 4 restaurants. There's also shops and bus and ferry connections.



The world's worst mooring system



90

Glosan

60° 01.732'N 21° 46.894'E

*Bloody Minded Rock*

This was a genuinely off-piste rock on which I spent a very pleasant and quiet night, but not one that I'd recommend terribly much. I came round here after the debacle with trying to moor and running aground in Boskar (No.88). With the wind forecast to go north westerly I explored all round the little bay and tried to get ashore in a number of places. Everywhere there were underwater rocks less than a metre deep. But I was getting pissed off with not being able to get ashore in this archipelago about which everyone says you can just go ashore anywhere and which is supposed to be so bloody easy. So eventually I found probably the only suitable rock, in the western corner. But it was shallow and I could only get ashore by hopping from rock to rock and engineering a sophisticated bridge using Max the Plank. It was a very pleasant evening and I had the whole wee island to myself, but you'd want quite a shallow draft, no strong wind from the south and a degree of bloody mindedness to make this rock work. There's probably plenty of suitable places on the surrounding islands, but there are holiday homes on the shores of some of them and you aren't supposed to park in people's front gardens.



Geologists, could this be a natural hole?





91

## Birsskar

60° 04.325'N 22° 02.506'E

*Pay attention and face the right way!*

This is a pleasant guest quay on a nature reserve island. It's free, as far as I could tell. There's a composting bog and waste facilities. With a strong north westerly forecast I chucked my stern anchor out on the south east side of the quay. I had to get there early as that side filled up quickly. Though latecomers still found space by going further and further into the shallows next to the land. It shallows quickly to the south east of the quay and there is a rock just above water. But there's 50m or so of space to approach the quay. Plenty of room. The other side would have been crap in a northerly, with the quay as a lee shore. Indeed the latecomers who populated the north west side of the quay either moved elsewhere in the

evening or spent a somewhat fraught night. The whole thing would be nicely sheltered in a prevailing westerly. On the other side of the bay is a more developed guest harbour with, I believe, showers and stuff. But you'll probably have to pay there.

A lot of the published information waxes lyrical about the nearby island of **Gulkrona**, where there is purported to be a nice guest harbour (60° 05.305'N 22° 04.803'E). This now seems to be shut. Or rather, there's signs up saying that it's open only from 9am to 5pm in the season. What legal basis there can be for an island to be 'shut' at night I can't imagine, but I couldn't be bothered with the confrontation of finding out. I'd just stick to Birsskar if I were you.





92

## Helsingholm

60° 01.821'N 22° 16.895'E

*Home of the Seahorse*

Helsingholm was very busy in July, but I managed to find a wee spot amongst the motorboats, inshore of most of the yachts, where there was still 1.5 metres of water. If the quays are full there should be plenty of room to anchor off shore. Incidentally, there are advantages in mooring in very shallow water. Whilst there I accidentally dropped a bucket over the side during a rare cleaning spree and it sank. But I could see it 4 feet down in the clear water and fished it out with a boat hook.

Helsingholm is a pleasant little island that's easy to walk round, with paths through the woods. The guest harbour didn't seem too worried about

getting money for berthing. There's composting bogs and a small working bakery and shopette in the high season. I suspect the bay may be a bit crap in a north easterly, but it was beautifully sheltered in the south westerly I had. To be recommended, but you'd best show up quite early in the day if it's July.



The Helsingholm Seahorse.  
'Helsing' is of course Finnish  
for 'Seahorse'





93

Rosala

59° 51.761'N 22° 25.247'E

*Home of the Sailing Toddlers*

I was in Rosala a couple of times. Even in late June it was starting to get popular and by mid July it was properly hooching. There's stern buoys off a long, substantial pontoon, but the second time I was there, there were none available and I had to set a stern anchor and perch right in the corner of the pontoon, nudging in between the boats. This was not ideal as there was a south westerly force 6 blowing, with about a kilometre of fetch. But other boat owners were friendly and helpful and had my anchor not held I'm sure I could have tied off alongside the next boat, which was on a buoy. Where I was squeezed in another, much larger yacht crewed entirely by 16 year-olds turned up. I think they were sea cadets or something. They put

out a maximum of 10m of anchor line in the 8m of water and settled alongside – and blowing onto – Zoph, already straining against her anchor. A lot of Scandians have very little idea about anchoring and at least this lot had the excuse of being only toddlers. I sent them politely packing to polite murmurs of agreement from others on the pontoon.

Rosala is a pleasant place with proper showers, a shop and a fuel berth. Not a bad spot to stop.





94

## Hanko

59° 49.167'N 22° 57.992'E

*Portal to Another Universe*

Hanko is, in a sense, the exact opposite of Mariehamn. All the published sources go on about its great attractions as a town and a tourist destination yet it is, I'm afraid, a bit of a dump. Well, perhaps not a dump by British standards – it's not exactly Hull – but it's not great by Scandian standards. It's just about the only place where I saw, in 2 summers, bars on shop windows and old blokes sitting on the ground in run down shopping malls getting pissed. It's basically dominated by the freight and ferry port and the eight track railways sidings and main road to the docks bisects the town.

Unaccountably, however, the town was full of tourists, cycling around and occasionally stopping to consult what appeared to be a town map or guide. They didn't seem to do anything else or interact with anyone, just cycled

about looking. Why so many people would want to come here on holiday is beyond me. My best hypothesis is that Hanks contain a portal or wormhole through which Finns can travel back from a couple of hundred years in the future, in a sort of historical tourism, to observe the ways of the distant past. Doubtless they are given strict instructions not to interact with anyone. I suspect they think we can't see them at all.

Hanko has 2 big guest harbours. One on the mainland and one on a little island a couple of hundred metres offshore. I chose the former. Despite the apparently free ferry, the island one would be a bit of a pain if you wanted to observe the people from the future. Both marinas are fairly expensive, large, reasonably posh and fairly full in July. Don't take an alongside berth, for which they appear to want about sixty quid!





95

## Modermagan

59° 51.453'N 23° 25.422'E

*Miserablebastard Rock*

It was blowing a force 6 from the south west when I entered the perfectly sheltered bay at Modermagan but, from my rock amongst the trees tucked into the south side, it was impossible to tell that there was any breeze at all. Every now and then I would climb the low rocks to the south side of the island and see that it was still blowing a good 25 knots. There's a composting bog, a nature trail round the island and plenty of good rocks to tie to on the south shore, making this a spot-on passage harbour. Watch out of the charted rock in the middle near the entrance. The bay to the south of my position, which nearly cuts the island in two, would also be good. But in a strong southerly the narrow and shallow entrance looked forbidding and there was less shelter. In anything except a strong southerly it would probably be worth a go.

I was in amongst a row of 4 boats in a popular bit, but a few others were scattered around and there was plenty of anchoring room. In the evening the most miserable bastards I met in the Baltic came in. I was wandering about on the rocks to the east of Zoph when a yacht with a family of 4 – Mummy and Daddy and a teenage boy and girl - arrived and approached the spot I was standing on. As is customary I waved and indicated that there was plenty of water. They didn't acknowledge me but kept on coming. I offered to take their lines. Unsmiling, all 4 of them looked right through me as if I wasn't there. Perhaps they genuinely couldn't see me because when the yacht was a metre off Kevin the teenager jumped off exactly at the spot I was standing on. I actually had to throw myself sideways to avoid him landing on me. At no point did the Miserablebastard family acknowledge my existence at all. Folk on neighbouring boats concurred with my view that this ignorant behaviour was more or less unprecedented. Don't worry, this is most unlikely to happen to you. Most folk are friendly and happy to help and be helped.



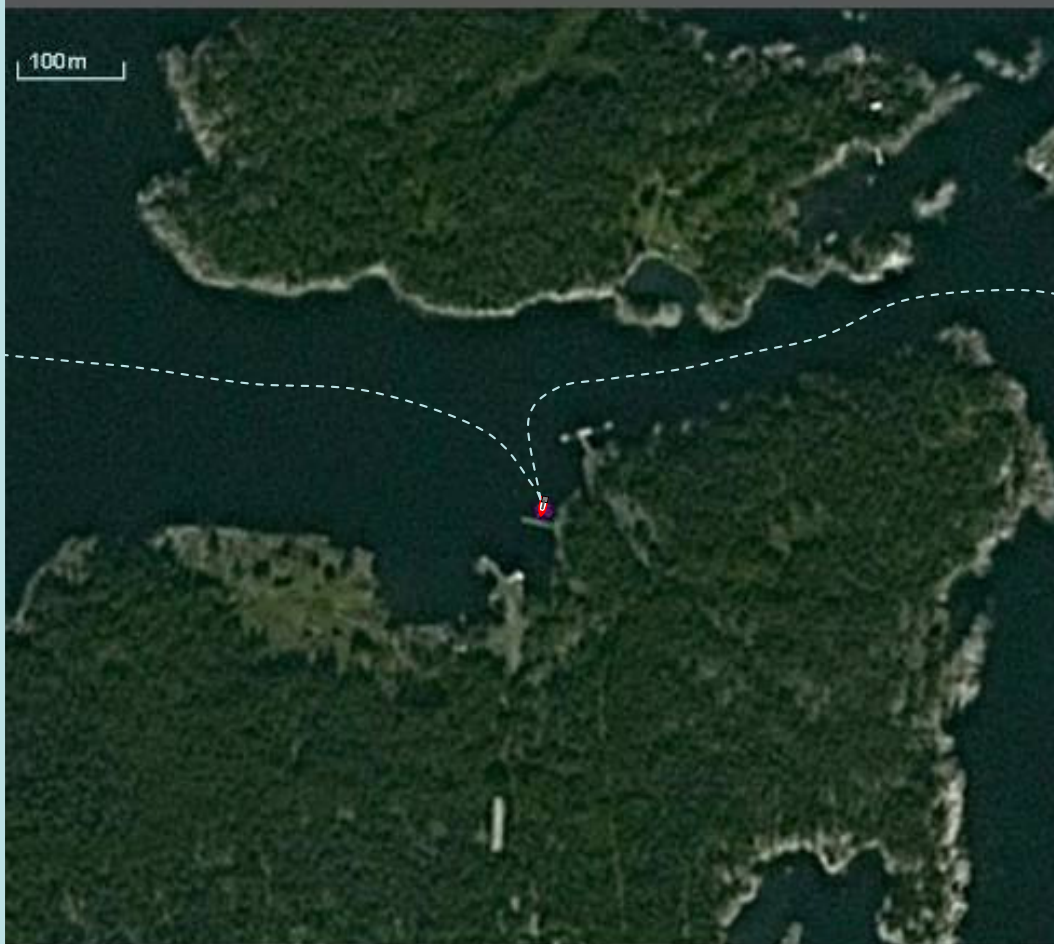


96

Jussaro

Slagheap Island

59° 49.861'N 23° 34.343'E



This is a small guest harbour with stern buoy moorings which got very full when I arrived there, picking my way in poor vis through the rocky channels in from the open Baltic and Estonia, in July. With quite a strong westerly it was somewhat exposed and uncomfortable by Baltic standards. With fairly poor services reluctantly provided by the proprietors of the seasonal, rarely open restaurant, it was a bit of a rip-off really. But my fellow boaters had kindled a sort of Dunkerque spirit and the stay was pleasant enough. Modermagan (No. 95) a very few miles away to the west, is both cheaper (in fact free) and a darned sight more sheltered.



This is now a nature reserve island with quite a long, convoluted 'nature trail' round the island. Jussaro used to have a large iron ore mine until the 1960s and the run down industrial landscape of mining waste and abandoned slab-block buildings was quite a surreal find along the trail



The gravel 'beaches' are actually mining waste



Does this collection of stuff found on the beach count as 'Art'?



97

Elisaari

*Duckpond Island*

59° 58.746'N 23° 54.635'E



This is a ridiculously sheltered harbour on an island owned by the City of Helsinki, up a stupidly narrow, reedy channel. It doesn't look navigable, but is deep enough for large yachts. There's a long pontoon with stern buoys and a winding wooden quay all round the north east shore, also with loads of stern buoys. It's impossible to conceive of the sort of storms that you might even notice in here. It feels like you are at least a hundred miles from the nearest bit of sea. There's a wee café, showers, lecky etc and good walks over the heavily treed island where, in common with most islands in the Scandian archies, they seem to have given up entirely on farming. Probably the most ridiculous thing about the island is the ludicrous numbers of saunas, into which entire families disappear to get naked and sweaty together. It's a mystery to me, I must say. Overnight on June 28<sup>th</sup> a large, flat bottomed work boat was just fixing some of the pontoons in place ready for the start of the season. It was already quite popular by then but there was plenty of room along the reedy shore.





98

## Stora Brando

60° 02.650'N 24° 36.082'E

*Unexpectedly Temporary Rock*

This is a free, nature reserve harbour with a pontoon to tie to the outside of with the use of a stern buoy. Unfortunately there was an easterly blowing when I got there, making it a wee bit choppy on that coast. But I made the best of it by squeezing in behind the deserted pontoon and tying alongside it. I'd just got Zoph and me comfortable when A gale warning came on the radio. Easterly force 8 soon. I decided that this lee shore wasn't the ideal place in a gale and bugged off to Stora Bredskar (No.99), less than half a mile away. In a westerly however this might be a pleasant spot to stop in. Watch out for the very shallow and drying rocks in the bay to the east, particularly if heading from here to Stora Bredskar or, as I did, out, out

through the rocks to the south looking to make a passage to Tallin.

Before I tied to the pontoon I had skirted all round the island looking for an anchorage on a weather shore, but without much luck. Most of the way round the rock was a bit steep and the sea a bit deep. But you might have better luck finding a rock round here, depending on the wind direction. Because of my very short-lived tenure of this spot I omitted to take any photos, so these are of motoring about in a dead flat calm between Elisaari and Helsinki, so pretty close to here really.





99

## Stora Bredskar

60° 02.537'N 24° 36.756'E

*Surprisingly Friendly Rock*

Having given up on Stora Brando (No 98) I noticed 4 or 5 stern buoys off the west side of the adjacent island. Three boats were already there, but a couple of buoys were free. There were signs making it obvious that this was a sailing club island and many of these don't welcome visitors. But I picked my way through the rocks and hailed a couple on the shore. Unusually they didn't speak any English, but seemed friendly enough and took my lines, steering me clear of shallow rocks to the north. Soon I was snugly tied up. Then I noticed that a conference was taking place between the denizens of the other three boats on the island. This involved much gesticulation towards Zoph. A deputation of an elderly couple was dispatched along the sea front, clearly to speak to me.

Bugger, they were obviously going to try and fling me off their island. Would I put up a fight? "Good evening" said the fairly elderly man when he had reached me. "This is a private club island... and you are very welcome to stay here". Phew, thank god for that. Pretty soon they were having a beer on Zoph, then I was having a beer on their boat and we were exchanging email addresses. It was all very friendly. They expressed the view that most club islands and harbours would welcome outsiders if they weren't busy. I'm not sure. A lot of them can be pretty standoffish. But this lot were very friendly indeed. I took a short walk right round the island. These buoys would be pretty exposed and crap in a strong westerly, but for that eventuality there were other buoys round the other side of the island.





# 100 Helsinki HMKV

60° 10.411'N 24° 57.830'E

*Helsingin Moottorivenekkerhon Kotisivuille*



That's really its name, honest. There's a few places to moor near the centre of Helsinki and, as you'd expect, a whole load of marinas around town. The one most recommended in Imray's Baltic Pilot is a posh club where I've seen fit to put a red cross opposite. This is right next to noisy docks, completely at the mercy of the heavy chop from the many trip boats which zoom around the bay, expensive and on an offshore island. Far, far better to keep going round the headland to the friendly, inexpensive HMKV club harbour. Here the rocky pontoons are also subject to a bit of chop, but not nearly as much so. This puts you pretty close to the centre of this interesting capital city, yet in a quiet part of town. It's a short walk to all the sights and at high season, when all the local boats are off cruising, there

should be loads of space. There seem to be only a few foreign cruising boats here. The posher ones mostly seem to choose the dodgy island club, complete with the disturbance from swell etc. The office of HMKV let me get post sent there and held it for me when I cruised off towards Russia for a few days when I had to get a new bit for a mobile phone. Definitely recommended.

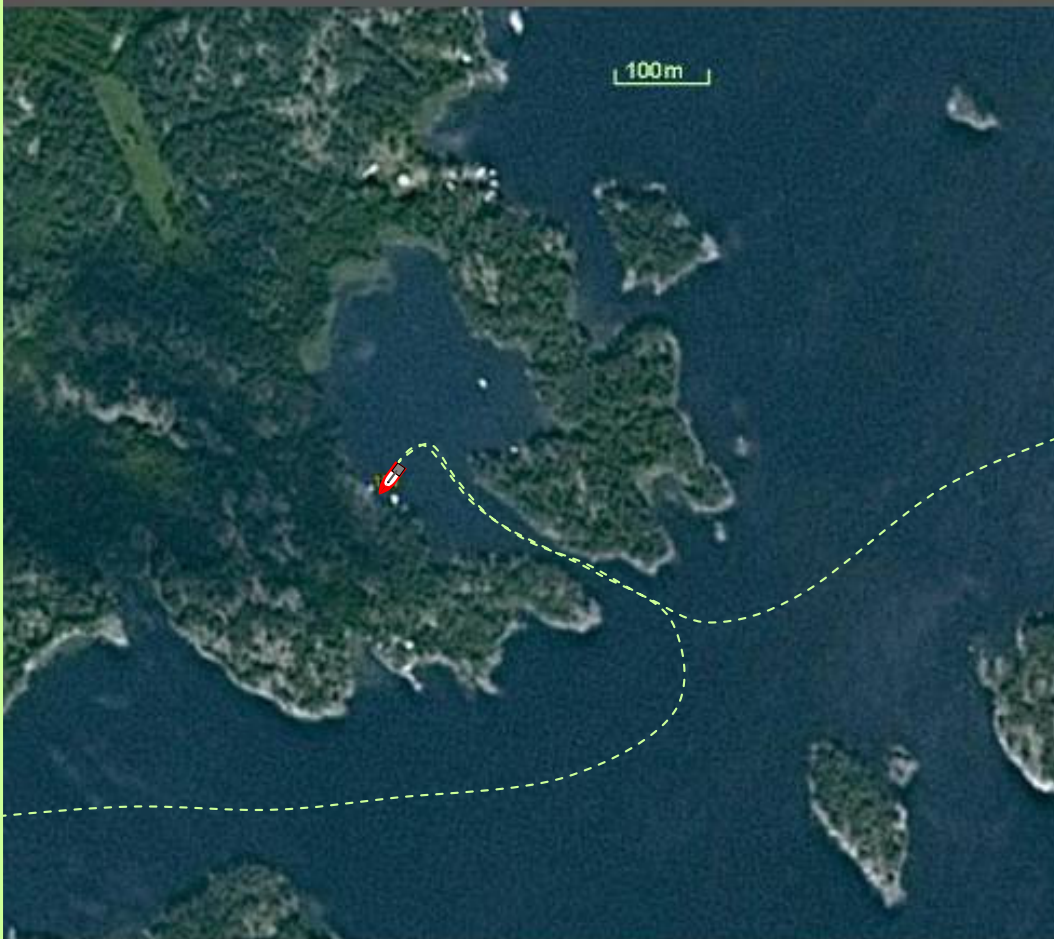




# 101 Bockhamn

## *Almost Invisible Bay*

60° 16.077'N 25° 59.829'E



Bockhamn is a wee, free, nature reserve quay, with stern buoys, in a beautifully sheltered round bay. The entrance is another narrow one that you'd hardly notice on the way past, but it's plenty deep enough for large yachts. In common with most places I visited to the east of Helsinki it wasn't very busy, even by the second week in July. There's good cruising grounds east of Helsinki, but most of the traffic from the capital seems to head west to the Turku and Aland archies, leaving the eastern waters quieter. There's a composting bog near the quay. If you don't fancy the quay or it's full there's a couple of buoys in the middle you could probably pick up, or there's room to anchor. There's also stern buoys near the rocks on the north east shore, which I think you could pick up with impunity.

When I left Helsinki to come here – and more particularly when I left Bockhamn for Kaunissari (No. 103) – I was soon enveloped in thick fog. Your average Scandian will swear blind that any fog will clear in a matter of minutes – or at worst an hour or so. They are especially convinced about this if there's a breeze blowing. Repeated experience suggests that this is mostly shite. On a number of occasions I was beset by a thick fog which lasted all day. In every case there was a south easterly blowing. It was obvious to me that this was a phenomenon similar to our east coast haar. Relatively warm, relatively damp air blows off hot, continental Europe and across the warmish, but relatively cold Baltic sea. The moisture condenses out and forms a fog which is constantly reinforced by the continued breeze. Since the locals are so bemused by this phenomenon perhaps it's a rarity, but it happened to me on three separate occasions in 2012.

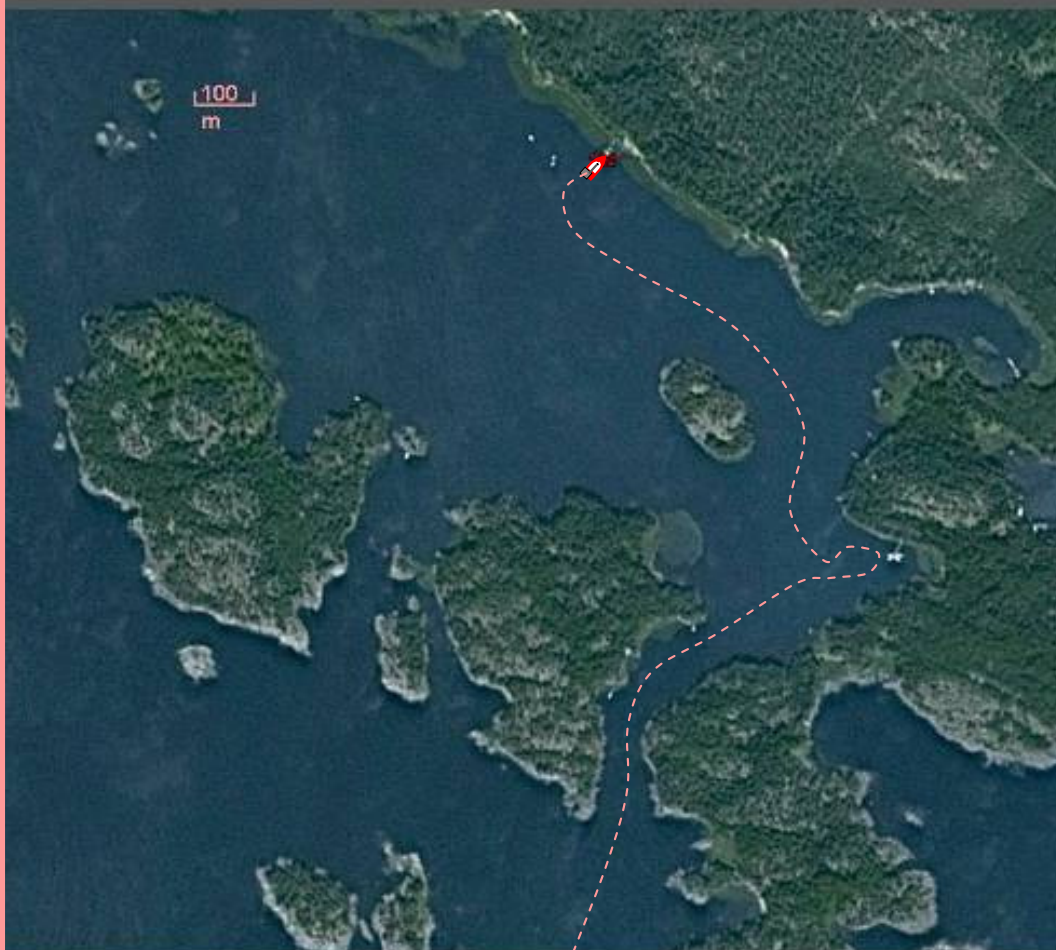




# 102 Lillifjorden

60° 16.988'N 26° 06.189'E

## Over the Top Barbie Provision



This is another free nature reserve harbour with stern buoys. There's not many spaces and you'll have to squeeze around the end of the wooden quay that pokes out from the reedy shore. I was the first boat there and was joined by only one other. Ashore there's a composting bog and a very elaborate barbeque area with a huge shelter. A good place to pitch a few tents if you're wanting rid of your massive crew for the night. It's a big bay and there's loads of room to anchor. The quay might be a bit dodgy in a strong westerly. On the way into the bay I had a go at entering the larger harbour in the south east corner. Here there were pontoons with stern buoys and more facilities, including leccy. But this was a club harbour from

which I was chased by the one, single boat occupying the massive facilities for about 50 boats. Miserable gits.

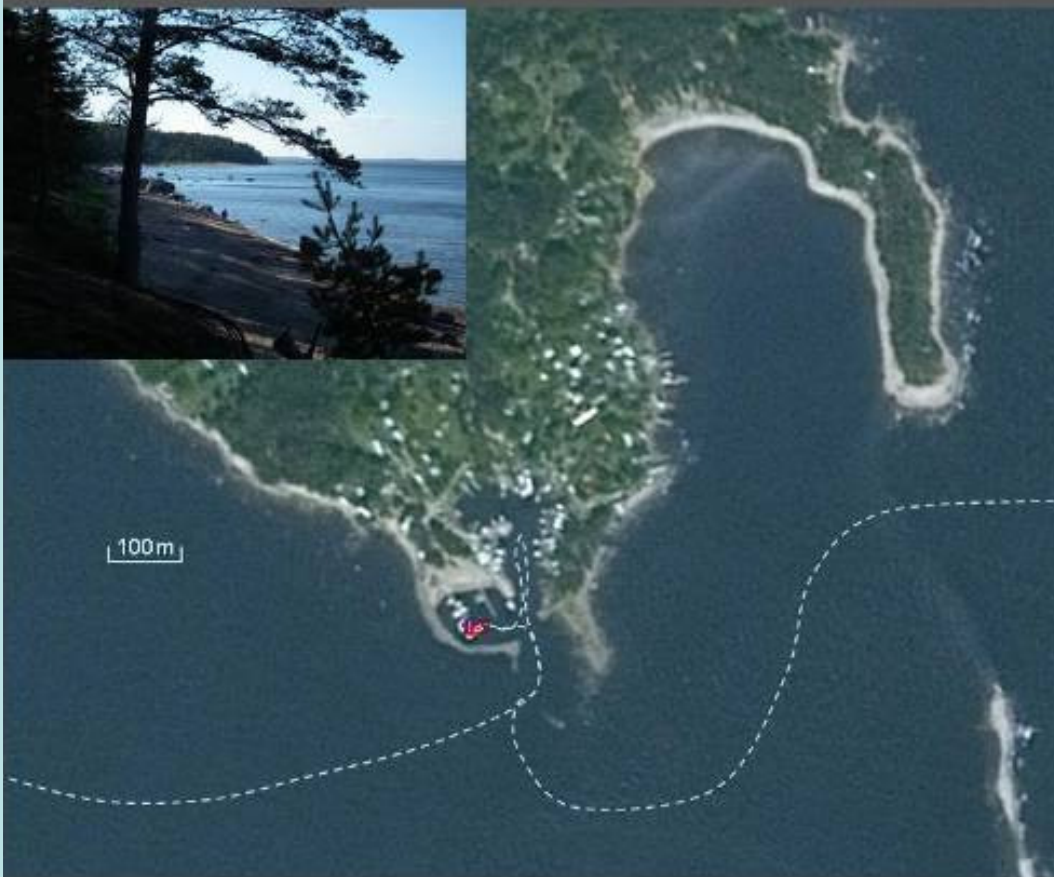




# 103 Kaunissari

## *Dodgy Fog Rock*

60° 20.644'N 26° 46.527'E



This is a pleasant, sandy island with a twee village, nice walks and a proper guest harbour with reasonable berthing fees, showers, leccy etc. It was quite full when I arrived in thick, thick fog and an onshore force 5 blowing. In these conditions the approach was pretty hairy. I could only see the cardinal buoys when I was 50 yards away. I had to find them by GPS and if you don't spot the buoys, you will run onto the rocks. The lee shore is not exactly beset by rolling ocean breakers, but the island is fairly exposed to the open Baltic to the south, at least by archipelago standards, so it can be choppy on the approach

Don't follow my line on the photo, by the way. Follow the buoys. In a choppy sea it was also tight to get rid of the mainsail inside the harbour. I continued on into the old village harbour to do so, then came back to the

guest harbour. The latter is a rock pier built out into the shallow sea, more reminiscent of the constructed harbours further south and west than of the Baltic archies. The way out to the east would be equally fraught in a fog, but easy enough to follow the port and starboard buoys through the reef.



Try spotting these bloody cardinals in a thick fog



The buoys out east through the reef





# 104 Haapassaari

60° 17.327'N 27° 11.697'E

*Finland's Main Supplier of the Letter 'A'*



As well as the ridiculous number of spare 'A's, this is one of the two border points for heading to and from Russia. It seems to be the standard immigration port for folk who are heading for Petersgrad. The border post is the quay in the south west corner of the island. If staying the night you'd be better off in the fantastically sheltered inner bay, up the very narrow but well marked channel. The village in the inner bay looks very pleasant, though little frequented by cruising boats that aren't en route to or from St. Leninsburg. A couple of odd coincidences. The red yacht pictured alongside the customs quay was the same German yacht I helped to free from the mud hundreds of miles away in Rano Hamn (No. 42).

The red yacht pictured in the inner harbour was a Danish yacht I'd first seen on the mooring next to Zoph in outer Peel Harbour, Isle of Man, twelve months before (See 'A Gigantic Whinge on the Celtic Fringe'). I was even able to date our encounter and find photographic evidence. The blokes aboard Wasa, the Danish yacht, were gratifyingly stunned by my feat of memory.



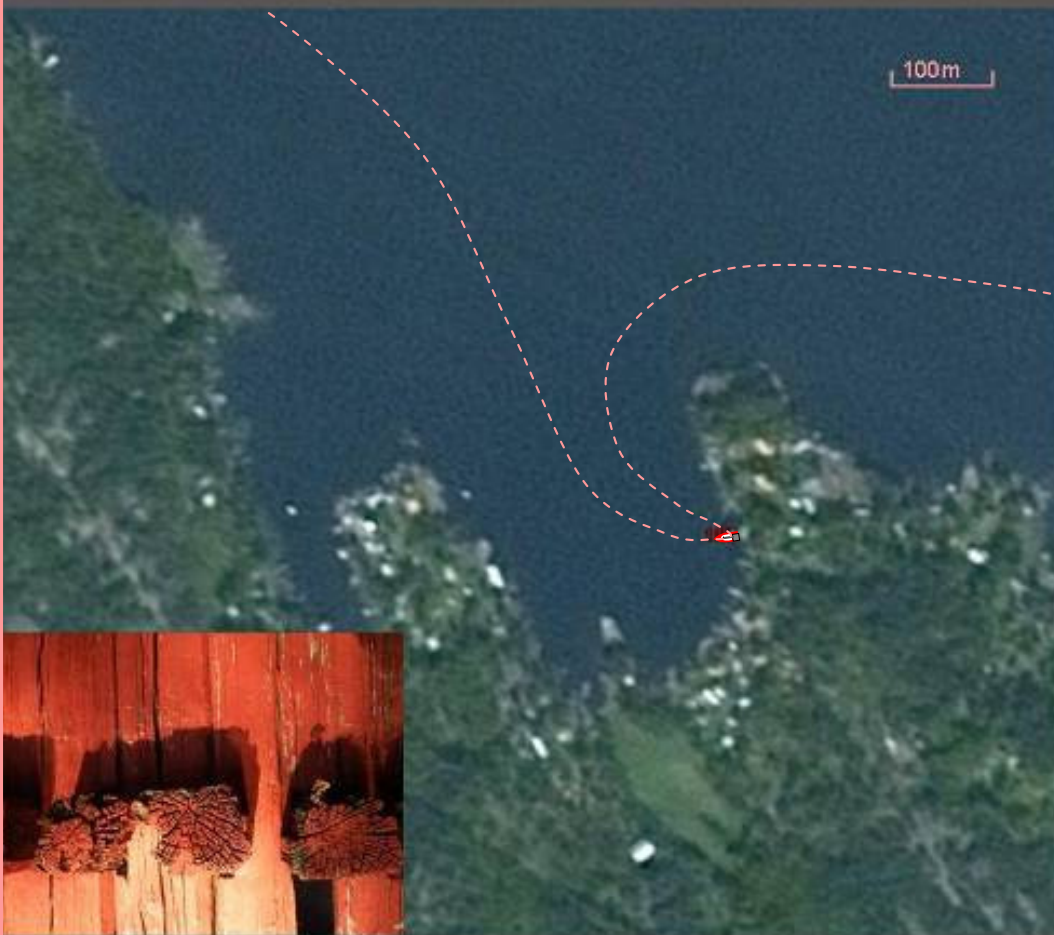


105

## Koursalo

*Almost the End*

60° 27.943'N 27° 23.710'E



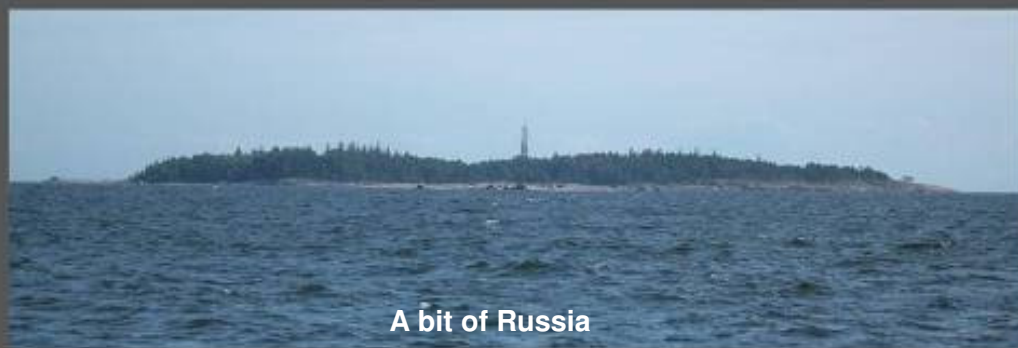
I arrived here on the way back from the Russian border and in pleasant, calm conditions it was a great spot. Since it was empty I was able to go alongside the substantial concrete quay. There was enough water for Zoph but you'd not need to go too far in. If it was busier you might have to put out a stern anchor. This is a ferry quay for the settlement, which consists of a load of slightly faded wooded holiday homes joined by overgrown, leafy green paths. The old gent sat on the quay fishing seemed to think I'd be OK on the ferry quay and so it proved. It would be a bit exposed in a strong westerly and probably horrible in a strong north westerly, but otherwise it's a pleasant spot, albeit with no facilities.





**fin** Santio  
*The End*

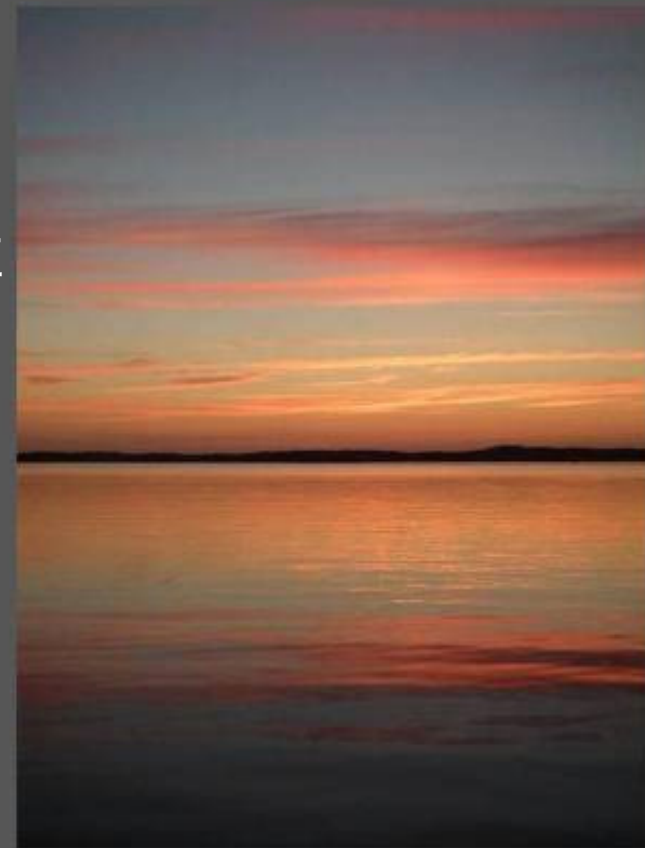
60° 27.133'N 27° 42.602'E



A bit of Russia



This harbour doesn't really count because I didn't stop here at all, but I've included it because it's where I turned round a hundred yards or so before the bit of sea that makes up the Russian border. Santio is the customs port for heading off through Russian territory to the Saimaa canal and the Finnish inland lakes and you can stay for the night, free of charge I believe, roughly where I've drawn a red cross. Rumour has it that you're not allowed to leave the customs enclave, for some reason. You no longer need to apply in advance for the paperwork to head through to the inland lakes and you don't need a Russian visa for this. So you can get it all done in Santio. Indeed when I turned round and headed back west I was chased by speeding customs squaddies in a RIB who seemed very keen to shove me into Russia. For some reason this bit of map is a negative. Doubtless something to do with spies and stuff.





## Bobbing to the Baltic

Zophiel's Cruise from the Forth  
to the Russian Border in 2012

Martin Edge

A Gigantic Whinge  
on the Celtic Fringe

Martin Edge

Martin Edge  
Floating Low to Lofoten

## Travels with my Rant

Martin Edge

Martin Edge

The Front  
of Beyond

Skagerrak  
and Back

Zophiel's  
Two Summer  
Cruises in 2007

Martin Edge

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