

Offshore Blogs

It is my aim to keep up a Blog of progress from the Prima 38, Mostly Harmless, during the race and post it here as and when I am able:

History The 1760 mile Sevenstar Round Britain and Ireland Race 2006 will be fully crewed and is open to IRC, IRM, Open 60s and multihulls and is designated as a Category 1 race under ISAF Special Regulations. Full details of the race can be found on the RORC website (www.rorc.org). It is the Club's intention that all entrants will be fitted with a tracking device enabling sponsors, families and friends to follow the race.

Course Starting from Cowes, we will sail clockwise, non-stop around the Scilly Islands, Ireland, the Western Isles (excluding Rockall), the Shetlands and down the East Coast of England to the finish in Cowes. The exact course will be from the RYS line leaving Trinity House/Cowes Mooring Buoy (S), Snowden buoy (S), Horse Sand Fort (P), Bembridge Ledge (S), West Princessa (S), Isle of Wight (S), Bishop Rock (S), Bull Rock (S), Great Skelling (S), Inishtearaght (S), Black Rock (S), Flannan Isles (S), Muckle Flugga (S), North Foreland (S), Owers (S), Horse Sand Fort (S), RYS finish line Cowes - Approximately 1760 miles

Crew

- 1 - Tom Hayhoe
- 2 - Neal Brewer
- 3 - Bob Clitherow
- 4 - Mark Gentili
- 5 - Sarah Fawcus
- 6 - Helen Kennedy
- 7 - Ralph Mason
- 8 - David Bright
- 9 - Chris Beeson
- 10 - Kerri Whitehouse

Boat **Mostly Harmless** is a Prima 38 (38ft) racing in Class IRC1. Our ambition is to finish in the top quartile both in class and overall. First Prima would be nice as well!

Start Scheduled for 18.00pm on Monday 7th August from the RYS, Cowes, to the East.

26/7/06 Setting up a new (well another aged Dell) computer for the trip. Seatrack was playing up. A quick phone call to Scho and it emerged I was using an old .DLL file. 10 minutes later, despite that he was at sea on Zarafa off the coast of South Brittany, an e-mail arrived with the right file. What service! Everything OK now and I have subsequently realised that it was my mistake not checking the new installation. The evening was spent route planning. This got more complicated than expected as the leg from the Shetlands to North Foreland (at 580 miles) is too long. I have now added an additional waypoint somewhere in the North Sea called Erehon as well as Cross Sand and Kentish Knock buoys. This works well with the new (free) source of high density grib (weather) files I have discovered. Now I don't have to use France Meteo and their irritating paid for service that works fine when I test it but mysteriously is unavailable whenever it is needed in anger. (Apologies, I had said that this blog wasn't going to get xenophobic!)

27/7/06 Crew dinner at RORC to discuss practicalities. My spreadsheet of various route scenarios was criticised for stating the bleedin' obvious. If we have an average of 16kts SW, we will get around in 9 days 23 hours, 10kts SW would

take 11 days 8 hours and 7.5kts SW would take 13 days 2 hours. Well, at least my calculations made sense!

Other conversations were on weather, food, water (>250 litres!), safety, etc. A very useful evening. But, the enormity of what we are undertaking is beginning to sink in.

6/8/06

Two fantastically busy days preparing the boat. Saturday was chaos, with everything on the dock while the boat was cleaned. I busied myself with fitting a Navtex aerial (for weather information). By the evening it was working, but I didn't feel I deserve supper at Boomerang (yes, it got messy!) as there was still so much to do. More chaos on Sunday as I pulled the handle off the loo pump (not entirely my fault, as it is not the first time it has happened.) Poor Sarah earned her spurs, epaulets and sash for putting it all back together with fewer expletives than the task deserved. By Sunday afternoon, it was beginning to look as if we might make it to the start line. The nice RORC inspector passed us fit to race. The water was put on board. Some food, although Helen was still off shopping for England. But Ralph was still trying to replace the cable up the mast to the tricolor. Mayhem. Then, he found the end of the mousing line at the bottom of the mast, and it was all downhill. Everything started to come together. All of a sudden, I found I was cleaning the chart table, the new hi-fi worked (don't buy Maplin's £20 car radio, it really is rubbish!) and I could log on to the marina's wifi and look at the weather.

I rather wished I hadn't. The high is moving south with a complex series of fronts off Ireland. So, it is looking like 20kt plus on the nose to the Scillies, and to Bull Rock and up the West side of the Emerald Isle. Nice..... All hopes of a fast reach have evaporated.

Still, supper in The Old White Hart in Hamble did raise my spirits. Dave and I bothered a barrel of Gales HSB and the Highland Park after we were abandoned by the rest of the crew who craved that last bath and a night in a bed.

07/08/06

19:40pm

We are off! Good start up at the S Bramble end of the line in 10kts NE. Puma Logic ahead (they looked close to being over!) and Magnum behind. First right call was to go north of Ryde Bank for better wind and tide. Only Puma stayed with us. At the end of the Bank, as the boats merged, we were alongside Minnie the Moocher. Clearly Kerr 11.3s go slowly with all that food on board. Next call was to go inside Nomansland Fort. Very few boats did and we gained masses on those that didn't as we could just hold a kite down to Bembridge. We rounded Bembridge Ledge at 19:22pm ahead of Puma, Magnum and comfortably ahead of the other two Primas. A perfect peel to the runner and a gybe. We are now coming out of the tide into Sandown Bay.

The watch system kicked in a while ago and the cabin is gently reverberating to Neal, Chris and Mark's slumbering. Someone is talking about supper. Chicken slices. Hmm, maybe I should have had a bigger lunch!

Actually, joking apart, I am really impressed by all the effort that has gone into getting us to the start line. The piles of food that Helen has bagged up into daily rations is testament. I can praise them here now, as they won't read it until we finish. We even have our course drawn out on a map by Neal's daughter. I may have to rely on that at some point.

8/08/06

03.30am

15m south of Portland making very good progress. Wind is 12kts from 110 degrees, which wasn't predicted in any forecast, grib or fisherman's tale that I saw. Still, why complain? We have been doing 10kts SOG. But, this is dropping as the tide begins to turn against us. We should get to our waypoint

off Start Point just after midday. The next slack water is at 10.00am. So, the tide gates seem to be working in our favour and against the bigger boats.

On that note, we saw Jeu d'Esprit a few hours ago. We are also still having a ding dong with Magnum, who are 0.1nm to the North of us. They got ahead as we went in close off Dunnose (and picked up a fabulous tide eddy!). Then we passed them, dropped the kite and went to white sails and let them through, passed them again and we are now neck and neck.

Not sure where anyone else is. I tried to log on to the race tracker, but the page took far too long to load. So, any text messages would be appreciated!

8/08/06
11.30am

The wind has dropped to 3.5kts from the east and we are slowly making our way west towards Start Point 11mn away. Magnum has just gybed in towards Dartmouth. We are going out in search of more tide to push us through the front we are expecting this afternoon when the wind will go SW and then NW, we reckon. A text from the co-owner (Tom's wife Natalie) said that we are well ahead of Talisman and Owl, the other two Primas, and Puma is back there somewhere as well. So, there is lots to pay for and spirits are good. But, I hesitate to say that we would like more wind. It looks like we will have plenty before long....

On the domestic front, there is nothing much to report. The off watch, Ralph, Helen and Chris are asleep, the standby watch, Tom, Sarah and Dave, are having a lively chat (more like roasting in the sun!) on the foredeck, while Neal, Kerri and Mark are pulling strings. My only concern is the loo. It would appear that one of the retaining bolts on the pump has lost its thread. I discovered this when the contents (clean, thankfully!), started squirting over my underwear! This could have been a disaster considering the limited number of clean pairs I packed. I have resolved to have a look at the pump a bit later....

8/08/06
23.00pm

We eventually passed Start Point at 14.15pm about 3.25nm off and Prawle half an hour later. The light SWly pushed us in towards Rame Head, which was OK as it kept us out of the course. It then became apparent that we were going to get a pretty good look at the Eddystone lighthouse. This is not normally something that we would worry about. But, as Amendment 1 to the Sailing Instructions for the race refers to all outlying rocks around Great Britain & Ireland being marks of the course except St Kilda, Rockall, Mona and Sula Segir, we had to take the view that Eddystone Rock must also be a mark. This is supported by the answer to my question at the pre-race briefing about the status of Foula, off the Shetlands. This was confirmed as a mark. So, logically, must Eddystone.

Our tack out to clear the lighthouse was around 4nm and meant that Jeu d'Esprit, Magnum and the girls on Predator slipped away. We felt obliged to notify the committee by text that it is our intention to protest these yachts unless they add a time penalty to any yacht that has not sailed the right course. Boring, but only fair.

Apart from that, it was a lovely afternoon's sailing as the wind picked up. One highlight was Talitha's (Neal's wife) flapjacks. Yum! Mark had a go at the loo and I am pleased to report the leak is better, which is a relief.

We got headed around 6.00pm as the wind went around to the NW. We are now on our way to the Lizard and, although the wind is backing to the W, hope to be there about 01.30am.

Crew all fed on Shepherds Pie and in good heart.

9/08/06

00.05am

Just passing due south of Kuggar above Kennack Sands, where I was born 40 something years ago!

26/08/06

Apologies for the delay adding anything here! Some time after rounding Bishop Rock, which we did at 7.18am on Wednesday morning, water got into the chart table. This was either during a sail change down to the No3 or as a result of a wave coming down the main hatch. Whichever, the water hit my laptop and mobile phone. Thankfully, it missed several other PDAs and other phones. No doubt mine fizzed briefly before dying. Also, the reserve PC got soaked sitting in a bag in a supposedly dry cupboard. (Mike Eaton does build such waterproof boats!) So, no blog, no navigation software, no music, no weather data. So, it was just as well that we had taken the precaution to pack a full set of passage charts, even if they lacked the detail we needed for some of the race.

Mostly Harmless finished the race at Cowes at 7.15am on Monday 21st April after 13 days, 13 hours and 15 minutes at sea. If we had had a couple more gusts as we rounded Norris, we might have got there a couple of minutes sooner. We had covered our course of 1,800.1m at an average speed of 5.53 knots - a lot slower than we had hoped for. Eight tired and smelly crew members (we had to drop off Ralph and Helen at Dover) staggered onto the new Trinity Pontoon in Cowes to be met by Tom and Neal's respective wives and daughters and Janet and Anne from RORC swapped our tracking beacon for a very welcome bottle of champagne. I shall treasure the fabulous moment when Kazia, Neal's daughter, ran up to her father and recoiled holding her nose! I will put up some notes here on the rest of the race in the next couple of days.

30/8/06

Somewhere in St George's Channel, as we came through a tack and the weight came on the starboard sheet, there was a bang. The car carrying the block had parted company from the track. This was a disaster, as we had no way to repair it at sea. For a start, the ball bearings that hold it together were all gone over the side. We tacked back to have a closer look. But, we all knew that this might mean we had to retire. But, the ever resourceful Ralph rigged up a cat's cradle of spectra ropes from the D rings on the deck. With a little more tweaking, we even had a working in-hauler. Perfect, and the "bodge" lasted without further adjustment until the end of the race.

The leg from Bishop Rock to the SW corner of Ireland started as a close fetch in 20-25kts. But, half way, we were headed (a familiar experience by the end of the race!) and began to tack NW using the tide to maximum effect. We eventually opted to tack in towards the Irish Coast, taking a quick hitch out to round the Fastnet to starboard (first time I have been past that way!) to get the tide round Mizen Head, at 14.44pm on Thursday 10th, and Bull Rock. This worked well, but it would seem that boats that went east fared a little better with more wind.

The tide turned foul after rounding Bull Rock (an impressive chunk of granite!) and we tacked in towards Bantry Bay. The wind, and you will begin to recognise a pattern here, veered to head us yet again. Still, we were lifted on starboard for the out tack out to Great Skelling. We then tacked back in towards Dingle Bay, which looked fabulous, and headed out to Inishteara, or the Irish "Land's End".

It was amusing to think that I had stood on the end of Dingle peninsular a few years ago with Bas and Angela Diethelm, an Australian dentist and his wife, who own a Swan called Sarabande. They were about to do the ARC and then return to Sydney across the Pacific. Bas said that "Those islands", which I now know to be Great Skelling, "look just like the Marquesas!"

As we approached Inishteara, the wind headed us yet again! So, we went west for 30 miles. This might have been a bit far as the wind freed us a little on the port tack north and we had a close fetch most of the way up to Black Rock, which we rounded at 19.26pm on Friday 11th. But, as we got there, we were first headed, calling for a short tack out on starboard and then, you have guessed it already, the wind went round to 020. Our course to the Flannan Islands was 012. So it was right on the bloody nose again!

We took a bit of a risk and went out 70m on starboard. This seemed to pay, as we were able to settle on a course of 036 for the Flannan Islands at 7.5kts with a 20kt wind from 350. But, where were the NW'lies promised by the weathermen?

At some point on this leg the bilges filled to a point that water got under the engine and the diesel fuel caught there was liberally spread over the rest of the boat. The cabin sole quickly became a skating rink and anyone who attempted to move around ended up on their back end after doing a very good impression of Wiley Coyote and Road Runner with their legs spinning but no forward motion. It was a great relief when the mother watch managed to clean up and wash all the floorboards. Apparently, we were not the only boat afflicted with this problem.

20m short of Flannan, the wind went right again to 080 and settled on 050 - right on the nose for the next leg to the most northerly point, Muckle Flugga on the Shetlands. We eventually passed Flannan at 23.19pm on Sunday 13th. Still, we were looking forward to the inevitable run down the North Sea and steeled ourselves for a long beat North East. We took another long 35m tack north, in the hope of getting into more stable N wind. Our tack back was delayed a little by the last call to use the loo. It is definitely easier to hold on when the boat is on starboard, and the pump was not working on port! Picture a queue of increasingly desperate, wet and smelly crew, and you wouldn't be far from the truth. After the tack, the wind did go back to the north and we were on track on a fast fetch. This is where a Prima can out perform an IMX 40 and we had visions of reeling in Magnum, who we now knew were a few hours ahead.

We passed our halfway point with 189m still to run to Muckle Flugga. This was marked with a tot of scotch from the navigator's secret supply and spirits were raised literally and figuratively. Shortly after, we were rewarded with a call for the reaching kite. I know that I was not alone in thinking that we would be able to hold a spinnaker for the rest of the race.

But, it was not to be. After a couple of hours, we were back to the #2 genoa. The mist also came down and as we passed Out Stack, the rock north of Muckle Flugga at 16.53pm on Tuesday 15th, all we could see were waves breaking over something 100yds away in the murk. Arriving in the mist on an unfamiliar coast is always a bit nerve wracking for the navigator. It was not the only time during the race that I was grateful for the late evenings I had spent creating waypoints in my GPS to keep us in safe water.

We eased the sheets and reached four miles SE to the next waypoint 0.75m off Holm of Skaw. At last! We bore away and put up the running kite. This must be the reward for all the agony of beating almost the whole way so far. A huge sense of relief settled on the boat.

With the Navtex u/s, as it connected to the PC, we had been relying on the Coastguard for weather information. There was no mobile phone signal up the Irish coast and even BBC Radio 4 was out of reach of the small transistor radio we carry. When we could get them, I had become very grateful for the four hourly broadcasts, particularly the lady with the lovely voice in

Stornoway! She could make a hurricane sound welcoming! But, as we passed Lerwick, we were able to use mobiles. Time to read supportive messages from family and friends, find out where everyone else was. Tom and I poured over what we could find about the weather on his PDA.

We now knew that Magnum was a good few hours ahead. Puma was behind and close enough to be a worry. They had had to drop off a member of crew at Penlee and had done well to catch up. One of the other Primas, Night Owl, was out and Talisman was far enough back to not be a worry. Puma's sister ship, Jaguar, was also struggling a way back. So, we were still very much in the race. But, the real concern was the weather. The high of the west of Ireland that had provided all the northerlies so far was receding south. Worse, the low that had generated storms in the Shetlands before we got there had been forecasted to move over Germany and give us northerlies down the North Sea. But, the whole pattern was changing and the low was now due to spread out and settle over the UK. Any hope of northerlies had evaporated and we were left looking at a slack weather system that was only ever going to give us weak SE or S winds.

Sure enough, within 20m, the spinnaker pole was on the forestay and the wind was dropping. It was only a matter of time until we were hard on the wind again. The wind got progressively lighter and progress became agonisingly slow over the next day. It was becoming increasingly apparent that we were going to be very tight on time to finish before our latest time of 4.00am on Monday morning, which would just give crew enough time to get back to work.

We had been aware that the Pogo 40, Needasponsor, had been close to us on the way to the Shetlands. As we sat becalmed in the North Sea, she emerged out of the murk. It would have been impolite not to communicate and the subsequent VHF conversation suggested that they had had a difficult time as us. It also emerged they were short on loo paper. We couldn't think what we required, so a "deal" wasn't possible. Anyway, I was still reading Helen's "penny dreadful" book, which otherwise would have served them well. As evening drew nearer, a feeble easterly developed and they pulled away into the distance as we recommenced our slow progress south.

The low impeding our progress was due to cross our path. But, we didn't have enough weather information to see if we could take advantage. As it turned out, Puma had taken a more easterly route than us from the Shetlands. This paid for them and allowed them to catch up and pass us a few miles to the east.

The further south we got, the further the wind went from east, to southeast and south. This, and the tide, caused us to take a leg in towards the Wash. The tack out would take us along the NE coast of Norfolk and out to our next waypoint, Cross Sands buoy off Great Yarmouth. Here, the disadvantage of not having the laptop with detailed charts was sharply demonstrated. The passage chart said 20m to 10m, but at around 8.30am, the boat grounded heavily enough to cause more than a little consternation. We were 8m off the coast and there was shipping to our west. The course was reversed and, after plotting our position, it looked as if we might have hit a gas pipe. So, I called a course NE until we found deeper water. After one aborted dive south again, we were happy to see the depth stay at 6m and allow us past the obstacle. It subsequently turned out we had "found" the only drying part of Haisborough Sand, due east of Cromer, the only obstacle for miles around! All a bit unlucky, really! But, thankfully, no damage and it didn't lose us much time.

Progress tacking down the Norfolk coast continued slowly. Tacking through the sandbanks and shipping lanes off the Thames Estuary was always going

to be complicated. With a bit of concentration, we were able to avoid Gabbard and Shipwash banks, dodge the shipping and tack close to Galloper bank. We closed Kentish Knock as the tide turned and, for once timed to help us, the wind went around to the SW to give us a nice lift down to the Goodwins. A tack on the edge of the shipping lanes gave us a perfect lay line into the Eastern entrance of Dover Harbour at around 8.00am on Sunday. We had decided to drop off Helen and Ralph. The latter had lost a crown, although Dave had effected a repair from the medical kit. Not the most serious medical emergency, but we dropped them on the marina pontoon and immediately returned to the race.

By now, the wind had, predictably, gone round to the West and we were beating into a steep chop built up by a steady F6. This was probably the worst weather we saw and, while not bad in itself, any pretence at keeping the boat dry down below had long gone. Everything was sopping wet! I had taken over Ralph's role as helm on his watch, which served to raise my spirits, and I enjoyed the opportunity to drive the boat in quite challenging conditions under two reefs and the #4.

As dawn broke on Monday morning, the wind dropped as the last of the ebb took us round Owers cardinal and towards Nomansland Fort. The last leg had all the feeling of the end of a Round the Island Race, but without any competition. Tight up Ryde Sands, close in past Peel Wreck, playing the gusts of Norris. All very familiar after the wilds of the grey north and a contrasting finish to what had been quite an adventure.

How did I feel? Very mixed emotions, in reality. Tired, but elated. Very pleased we had finished, as we were prepared to admit we had run out of time. Frustrated that we hadn't done a bit better, but satisfied that we deserved our finishing position. Magnum had sailed well and would have been hard to beat. Puma had done very well and deserved 2nd in class. Pleased that we had got round in one piece. Frustrated that we could have done it better with a PC running and more navigation input. Pleased the weather wasn't too bad, but frustrated not to have had any off-wind sailing. Pleased we didn't have a storm, but frustrated as that would have been another experience. Overall, an amazing couple of weeks.

The food worked well. Helen and her helpers did a fantastic job. Each day's rations were separately bagged and labelled, even down to the sweeties. So, fresh supplies of Haribo every day! The first few days was mostly frozen. After that, we were on boil in the bag climbing stuff, which was very tasty.

Did we see any sea life? We had a few porpoises on the way north off Ireland and more dolphins in the North Sea. I didn't see them, but some crew say they saw two basking sharks. I did see the sunfish and we were permanently surrounded by kittiwakes, gannets and puffins in the northern areas. Now, what we are to make of the bat that two of the crew saw, I am not so sure. Of course you, if you said you saw it.....

Kit? Good - Musto HPX smock, Dubarry leather boots, waterproof liners for kitbags. Bad - Musto HPX trousers leaked badly, mid layers got really nasty!

As for our protest, we did submit one against Magnum, Predator and Jeu d'Esprit for going inside the Eddystone. From the tracks on the official website, we also knew that Puma had gone inside. As we felt that our deviation lost us a few hours on Magnum, on which she was able to capitalise and get further ahead, we were keen to see fair play. The substance of our claim was that the course had been amended to include Great Britain and Ireland and all off-lying rocks with the exception of Rockall, Mona, St Kilda and Sula Segir. So, this must include Eddystone. Tom quickly became an expert on the lighthouse and UKHO confirmed that it commanded

its own 12m territorial limit. But RORC pointed out that the rock covers at HAT (Highest Annual Tide) and therefore is a drying rock and cannot be regarded as a qualifying as a mark. Our calculations to disprove this got us to within 20cms and we had to concede that we didn't have a case that it didn't cover. It took me a little while to get my mind around it, but RORC's answer had to be the right one. Chalk that one down to experience, I think.

Highs? Passing Muckle Flugga was an extraordinary feeling. Lows? Soon after the Flannan Islands, when it became apparent how long it was all going to take. Sense of humour was adjusted by the navigator's bottle of scotch. That, and the last night at sea. We had changed down from the #3 to #4 genoa and Sarah and I had both got very wet on the foredeck as the #4 refused to stay in the groove of the tuffluff. I was soaked through and down to my last pair of dry socks and last pair of trolleys. As I came off watch, I changed, slipped over, sat on a wet cushion and slipped into a puddle. I was as wet as before I started! It was the only time I felt seasick the whole trip and I retreated to a bunk to recover.

Memories? Sarah's giggling and chat. Kerri's glasses sitting on her nose at ever more unlikely angles as her hair got wilder and wilder. Dave climbing around the cabin like a spider. Neal's classic sleeping position against the shrouds. The wet. The mist. The cold. The crew's enthusiasm. More than a little dry humour. But, I will try and forget the heads, which developed a character all of their own

Many thanks to Tom and the rest of the crew. You even put up with my singing! Many thanks also to Natalie and the shore crew and those who sent messages of support. Talitha's cakes are legendary! Thank you also to the RORC team. The website seems to have worked well and generated a lot of interest. The office had already realised that I wasn't going to be in on Monday!

Would I do it again? Yes, probably. But a little more time needs to pass before I forget some of the less pleasant periods. These are better summed up by Chris Beeson who "knocked up a little 12-bar whimsy" while sitting on the rail:

'Let's race around the country'
Said Tom to one and all
'It's a reaching, running sleigh ride
Let's have an offwind ball
Meet you Monday on the dock
Don't forget a change of smalls'

The reaching, running sleigh ride
Got steeper everyday
Only problem, it's not downwind
It's uphill all the way
In direct contradiction
To what the brochure had to say

By the time we got to Ireland
We were right up in the race
Between Magnum and Puma
Looking good in second place
But like the winds, fortunes change
Here's some of the problems that we faced

The hatches all need patches
The water's pouring in
I was dry when I came down here

Now I'm soaked right to the skin
I'm reversing evolution
Growing back my gills and fins

The heads have blown a gasket
How did it come to this?
The finest engineers on the case
Still I'm ankle deep in p***
Now I'm bailing with a bucket and sponge
Give me more of that progress

Tomorrow's navigator died today
When both Bob's laptops drowned
They went out foraging for GRIB files
Files they never found
Still the diesel that we saved
Kept global oil prices down

Once the laptops kicked the bucket
The bucket followed too
On a mission for water
Only the handle came through
Thank the Lord for his successor
Clean Water No.2

There's diesel in my bilges
Slip-sliding on the floor
Bob just tried a triple Lutz and fell
A fact reflected in his score
And the bottled water down there
It's good to drink or run your car

There's a jib car on the left side
Nothing on the right
We used to have a matching pair
Blew the right one off last night
Patent pending Mason hauler
Got to get us to the line

After 13 days we made it
Eyes aglow with burnt out pride
And the lesson to be learned
Make sure you're home in bed EVERY night
Good luck Mostly Harmless
Sayonara RBI

If you have read this far, you may be amused by the photos on the **Mostly Harmless** <<http://www.mostly-harmless.co.uk/RBIR.htm>> website. But, please don't think for a moment that the navigator is always holding a bottle of champagne!