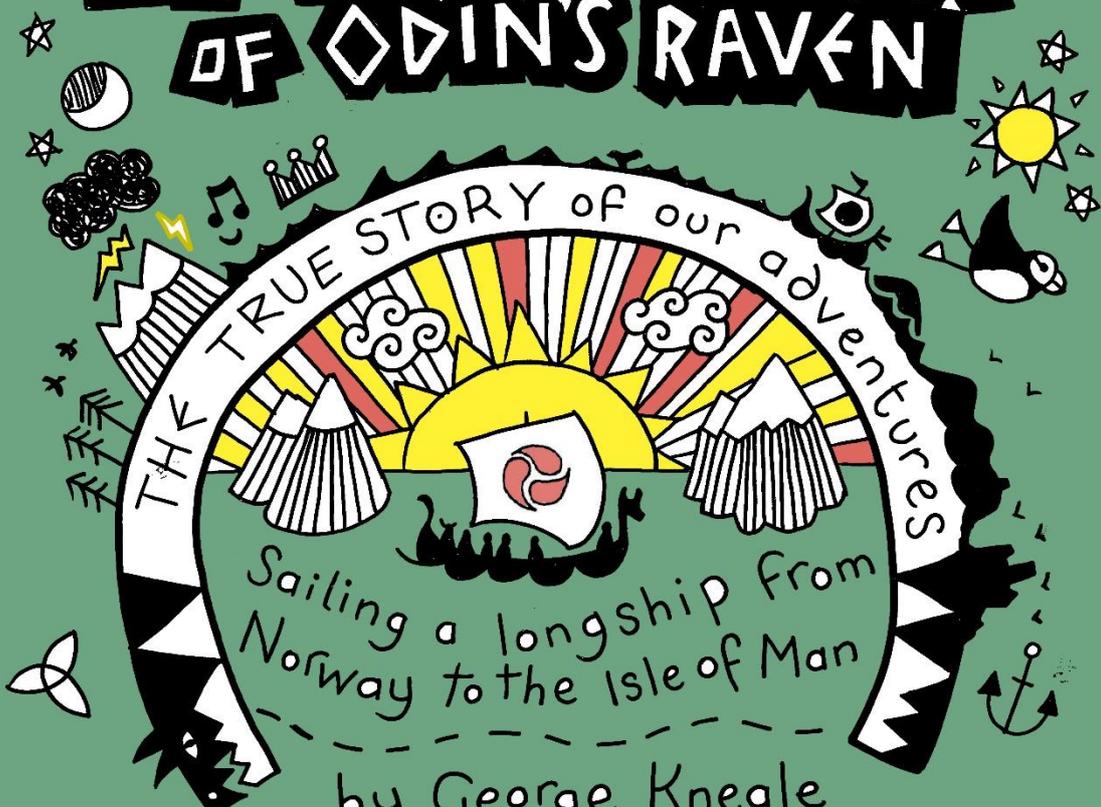


THE VIKING VOYAGE OF ODIN'S RAVEN



Sailing a longship from
Norway to the Isle of Man

by George Kneale
in English & Manx Gaelic

Feeagh Odin – Odin's Raven

The Viking Voyage of Odin's Raven

Written by George Kneale, a member of the crew.

IN MANX GAELIC AND ENGLISH

originally published as

Marrinys Feeagh Odin

er ny screeu liorish Shorys Crayl, oltey jeh'n skimmee

The true story of our adventures sailing a longship
from Norway to the Isle of Man, with a Manx and Norwegian crew.

Cover illustration by Alice Quayle

~ Cabdilyn ~ Chapters ~

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1. Aarlaghey son y turrays. Reayrtys creoi ayns rio, ushtey as ny chrink.
Preparation for the voyage: rigorous training, ice, hills, water.

Cha ren mee rieu screeu monney ass y Ghaelg roïe ry-hoi soilshaghey magh ayns pabyr-naight as y lhied, agh neeym my chooid share nish dy insh diu mychione yn ayrn aym pene ayns marrinys y lhong liauyr “Feeagh Odin” voish **Trondheim** ayns Norlann gys Purt ny h-Inshey ayns Mannin ’sy tourey jeh’n vlein nuy cheead jeig, tree feed as nuy-jeig. Va’n marrinys currit er bun liorish kuse dy Vanninee son dy chowraghey da’n theihll Feailley Thousane Bleeaney Reiltys Vannin. As ya’n aigh vie aym dy ve fer jeh’n skimme. Va moorarane aarlagh as ynsaghey goll er ayns Mannin car y gheuree roish y varrinys shoh son dy reih as teiy fir ny skimme. Begin daue ve follan ayns corp as aigney as ayns slaynt feer vie. Va shey meeghyn ain roie as shooyl harrish sleityn Vannin, snaue ’sy cheayn as shinyn jiarg-rooisht, brishey yn rio er dubbaghyn, un oarlagh er çcheid va’n rio ny keayrtyn, eisht shooyl ny hrooid as shinyn lane coamrit! Ommidjagh t’ou gra? Well, foddee! Agh b’eeu eh da ny kirp ain ooilley, as v’eh slane feeu dooys. Haink y laa greese tra cheayll mee dy row mee er my reih!

*I never wrote much in Manx before to provide information in newspapers and so on, but I’ll do my best to tell you about my own part in the voyage of the longship “Odin’s Raven” from **Trondheim** in Norway to Peel in the Isle of Man in the summer of 1979. The voyage was set up by a group of Manx people to bring the attention of the world to the Millennium of the government of the Isle of Man, and I had the good luck to be one of the crew. A lot of preparation and training had been going on in the Island throughout the winter before this voyage to pick and choose the members of the crew. They had to be all there in mind and body and in very good health. We had six months running over the hills of the Island, swimming in the sea completely naked, breaking the ice on ponds – ice one inch thick sometimes – then walking through it while we were fully dressed! Foolishness, you say? Well, maybe! But it was well worthwhile for the bodies of all of us, and it was certainly well worthwhile for me. Then came the exciting day when I heard that I’d been chosen!*

2. Faagail Ellan Vannin son Norway, trooid Lunnin, cheet dys Norway, as cheet ny quaïl er daa jeh ny skimmee.

Leaving the Isle of Man for Norway, via London. Arriving in Norway and meeting two of our crewmates.

Daag shey jeh'n skimmee son **Frederikstad** ec jerrey Averil 1979 son dy charraghey y chullee-lhuingey, as, erreish da'n lhunney, son dy phrowal "Feeagh Odin" er yn aarkey, ny, lhisin gra, ayns fjordyn Norlann. Ansherbee, ghow y marrinys toshiaght er my hon hene as er son kiare deiney elley, er y nuyoo laa Mee Boaldyn. Daag shin Runnysvie er etlan Lunnin, as son shickyrys haink ooilley ny lughtyn thie ain da'n aerphurt marin dy ghra "Bannaght Lhieu". Va shin fo-raad fy yerrey hoal!

*Six of the crew left for **Frederikstad** at the end of April in 1979 to prepare the ship's gear and, after the launch, to prove "Odin's Raven" on the ocean – or should I say in the fjords of Norway. In any case, for myself and four other men the voyage started on the ninth of May. We left Ronaldsway on a London plane and certainly all our families came to the airport to say goodbye. We were under way at long last!*

Tra ren shin roshtyn Aerphurt Lunnin va ny sooillyn aym ayns my chione bunnys lheimmey magh assym tra honnick mee ooilley ny h-etlanyn aynshid, keeadyn jeu voish ooilley mygeayrt y theihll. V'eh er ny insh dou liorish dooinney ennagh dy vel mysh feed thousane persoanyn gobbragh da'n aerphurt. Nagh nee thanvaneagh shen?

When we reached London Airport, my eyes almost jumped out of my head when I saw all the planes there, hundreds of them from all over around the world. Somebody told me that about twenty thousand people work at the airport. Isn't that astonishing?

Ansherbee, hie shin er boayrd skioot-etlan as ersooyl 'sy speyr lesh Loghlyn. Dettyl shin erskyn Stavanger as ny sleityn coodit lesh sniaghtey as ny loghanyn riojit. Ec Oslo, ard valley Norlann, haink shin nyn quaiyl Odd Borstad as Arne Wiste, jees ny Loghlinee veagh sy 'skimmee marin. Va faasaagyn mooarey orroo as v'ad nyn gheiney choar as gennal. Lurg coonrey pint son kronaghyn va shin currit lesh dys Frederikstad ayns baroose beg. Va aaght ain ayns aynr jeh thie stoyr lesh shamyr aarlee. Chaddil shin er y laare ayns poagey cadlee. Va co-heshaght ain yn oie shen.

Diu shin nyn saie dy rhum as ushtey bea ren shin kionnaghey 'sy çhapp keesh-seyr. Hie mee dys my phoagey cadlee ec tree er y chlag 'sy moghrey er giyn.

Anyway, we went on board a jet-plane and away into the sky towards Scandinavia. We flew over Stavanger with the mountains covered in snow and the frozen lakes. At Oslo, the Norwegian capital, we met Odd Borstad and Arne Wiste, two Norwegians who'd be crewmates with us. Two pleasant men with great beards. After exchanging pounds for kroner, we were taken to Frederikstad in a small bus. We had lodgings in part of a store house which had a kitchen. We slept on the floor in sleeping bags. We had company that night, and drank our fill of the rum and whisky we'd bought in the duty-free shop. I went to my sleeping bag at three o'clock the next morning.

3. Fakin Odin's Raven son y chied cheayrt. Lhong Liauyr niartal. Çheet ny quail lesh ny skimmee loghlinagh. Soiagyn ny Bankyn coamrit myr ny Loghlinee.

Seeing the longship Odin's Raven for the first time – a mighty longship. Meeting the crew. Publicity: raiding banks dressed as Vikings.

Laa ny vairagh honnick shin “Feeagh Odin” son y chied cheayrt. Shilley aalin v'ayn, daahit gollrish airh as kione y dragan jeant ec David Swinton ny hassoo dy moyrnagh ec y toshiaght. V'ee jeeaghyn niartal. Va'n skimmee ooilley cooidjagh nish son y chied traa. V'eh feer vie. Va fir y skimmee voish yn Ellan ain, Robin Bigland (Ard-ghooinney), Edard y Kaighin (stiureyder), Brian Cousins, Nigel Woods, Rick Tomlinson, David Eames (arreyderyn) as va fir veih'n skimmee, Colin Bowen, Shane Lucas, Richard Young, Mike Ingram as mee hene, Shorys Crayl, as mish voish Balley Keeill Eoin ayns Mean Vannin. Va fir y skimmee Loghlinagh ayn neesht, Odd Borstad, Arne Wiste, Rolf Hansen, Knut Hoff as Knut Skogoy. Lesh dy chooilley pheigh er boayrd urree, as ny kishtaghyn ain son nyn eaddeeyn, cha row monney reamys dooin er “Feeagh Odin” edyr. Ansherbee, lurg dooin cur bee as ushtey er boayrd, hiauill shin lesh balley enmyssit Horten, as, roshtyn eh, chaddil shin er y cheiy.

The following day, we saw “Odin’s Raven” for the first time. She was a beautiful sight, coloured like gold with a dragon’s head made by David Swinton standing out proudly at the prow. She looked mighty. Now the crew was gathered together for the

*first time – it was great. Members of the crew from the Island were Robin Bigland (the boss), Edward Kaighin (the coxswain), Brian Cousins, Nigel Woods, Rick Tomlinson, David Eames (the lookout men) – other crew-members were Colin Bowen, Shane Lucas, Richard Young, Mike Ingram and myself, George Kneale from St Johns in the middle of the Isle of Man. The Norwegian members were there as well - Odd Borstad, Arne Wiste, Rolf Hansen, Knut Hoff and Knut Skogoy. With everyone on board along with the boxes for our clothes, there wasn't much room for us at all on "Odin's Raven". Anyway, after taking food and water on board, we sailed for a town called **Horten** where we slept on the quayside.*

Va'n laa er giyn yn laa-ruggyr aym as va shin er chosh ec kiare er y chlag 'sy voghrey as chur shin mooin eaddagh Loughlinagh, bayrnyn-caggee, cliwenyn, shleiyghyn as reddyn elley myr shen. Va shoh er yn oyr dy row shin son soiagh er baatey-yymmyrt enmyssit "Ree Olav" son dy ghoaill ayns cappeeys y captan er son feaysley son kuse dy voteilyn d'ushtey bea! Car y traa va shin ayns Norlann va raanteenys ain liorish Det Norske Creditbank, as va ram reddyn jeant ain er nyn son, myr soiaghey er bancyn as goaill sleih ayns cappeeys son dy chosney cronnalys da'n vanc.

The following day was my birthday. We got up at four in the morning and kitted ourselves out with Viking dress, helmets, swords, spears and so on. The reason for this was that we were to attack a rowing boat called "King Olav" to capture the captain, who was to be released in exchange for several bottles of whisky! While we were in Norway we were sponsored by Det Norske Creditbank, and we took part in many events for them, such as attacking banks and taking people captive as publicity for the bank.

4. Çheet ny quail yn Ree Norlann. Tey marish lugh-thie Loughlinagh. Gaarlaghey son shiaull.

Meeting the King of Norway. Tea with a Norwegian family. Festivities. Preparation for sailing.

Honnick shin ymmodee baljyn, ram sleih and ram reddyn symoil elley. Veeit shin rish Ree Norlann hene as hie shin lesh shilley er ny thieyn-tashtee **Kontiki as Gokstad**. Laa dy row va troor jin cuirrit son dy ghoail tey marish lught-thie Norlannagh. Lurg tey feoilt hug ad yindys orrin liorish taishbyney dooin tarhoilshanyyn jeh Ellan Vannin! Va nane jeh ny 'neenyn oc er ve ayns Mannin marish bann scoill. Er yn aght shoh v'ad cur er ash dooin yn oltaghey ocsyn.

*We saw many towns, many people and many other interesting things. We met the King of Norway himself, and visited the **Kontiki and Gokstad** museums. One day, three of us were invited to tea by a Norwegian family. After a generous tea they surprised us by showing us transparencies of the Isle of Man! One of their daughters had been in the Island with a school band. In this way they were thanking us for the welcome they'd received.*

Ta'n çhiaghtoo laa jeig jeh Mee Boaldyn yn laa feailley mooar da ny Loughlinee – as cre'n laa v'ayn! Cha naik mee rieu whileen sleih as bannyn goll mygeayrt. Son shickyrys va shinyn 'syn ard-hooyl neesht, coamrit ayns eaddagh Loughlinagh.

Er lhiam dy vel ad jannoo ard 'eailley foddey smoo na ta shinyn jannoo son Laa Tinvaal. Va dy chooilley pheigh feer ghennal as ram sleih er meshtey ec kione y laa!

The 17th day of May is a great festival day for the Norwegians – and what a day it was! I never saw so many people and bands going around. Certainly, we were in the procession as well, dressed like Vikings. I think that they celebrate that day far more extensively than we celebrate Tynwald Day. Everyone was very merry and lots of people were drunk at the end of the day!

Jelune yn chied laa as feed Mee Boaldyn, hug shin y baatey lhien gys y logh. Ghow shin toshiaght dy reayll arrey er dy chooilley nhee, y shiaull, y croan, ny teaddyn, yn aker, ooilley'n chullee, yn bee, ushtey as myrgeddin ny kishtaghyn ain. Va shin soie er nyn kishtaghyn tra va shin gymmyrt "Feeagh Odin". Eisht, tra va'n baatey glennit, v'ee

troggit er boayrd baatey traghtee mooar son dy ve goit ersooyl dys **Trondheim**, raad va'n marrinys kiart goaill toshiaght dy gerrid.

*Monday, the twenty-first of May, we took the boat to the fjord. We started to check everything – the sail, the mast, the ropes, the anchor, all the gear, the food and water, and our cases as well. We sat on our cases when we were rowing “Odin’s Raven”. Then, when the boat had been cleaned, she was lifted on board a large commercial boat to be taken away to **Trondheim**, where the voyage was soon to start.*

5. Yn costal scammyltagh cummal vea ayns Norlann.

The scandalous cost of living in Norway...

Cha row ny kiare laa lurg shen ro vie dooin edyr, er y fa dy row feed punt currit da dy chooilley jeh'n skimmee, as liorish yn argid shoh ynrican begin dooin roshtyn Trondheim er traen. Va **Trondheim** bunnys keead meeilley my hwoaie. V'eh orrin dy vaghey rish bunnys shiaghtyn as cha row eh aashagh er chor erbee. Va'n leagh jeh dy chooilley nhee scammyltagh. Laa dy row, chionnee shin ooylyn, arran as caashey, as ren ad costal queig punt. Va traa dy phaays ain neesht, er yn oyr lhune costal punt as daeed ping son pynt! Va aaght ain ayns scoill, aaght jesh lesh lhiabbeeyn er y laare as ceau-oonlaghyn ayn. Cheau shin y traa niee yn eaddagh ain as goonlaghey shin hene myrgeddin.

*The four days after that weren't too good at all for us, because each member of the crew was given twenty pounds, and with only that money we had to reach **Trondheim** by train. Trondheim was almost a hundred miles to the north. We had to live there for nearly a week and that was not at all easy. The price of everything was scandalous. One particular day we bought apples, bread and cheese, and that cost five pounds. We had a thirsty time as well, since beer cost one pound forty a pint! We had lodgings in a school – nice lodgings, with beds on the floor and showers. We spent the time washing our clothes and washing ourselves as well.*

Lurg tree laa, rosh “Feeagh Odin” **Trondheim**. Va shin cubbyl dy laa laadey yn baatey lesh stoyryn, caffee, shugyr, anvroie çhyrmit, feill-vohlt çhirmit, feill-vuc çhirmit, east çhirmit as y lheid, ooilley shoh, v'eh fo lout-eaghtyr yn lhong. Cha row reamys faagit eisht fo'n lout-eaghtyr. Haink ny fir-chustym lesh shilley orrin dy yannoo shickyr nagh row shin son drogh hraghtey red erbee ass y çheer ocsyn. As cur-jee my ner, fy yerrey

hoal yn laa mooar shiaullee, yn çhiaghtoo laa as feed Mee Boaldyn.

*After three days, “Odin’s Raven” reached **Trondheim**. We were a couple of days loading the boat with stores – coffee, sugar, dried soup, dried mutton, dried pork, dried fish, and so on – all this was under the upper deck of the boat, so there wasn’t wasn’t much room left under the upper deck. The customs men came to visit us to make sure we weren’t smuggling anything out of their country. And, behold-ye, at long last the great sailing day, the twenty-seventh of May.*

6. Laa mie shiaulley. Lhuingys mooar dy baatyn. Çheet ny quail deiney corree ta gynsaghey dooin ellynyn.

The great sailing day. Flotilla of boats launch us. Meeting angry sailors, who teach us some Viking etiquette.

Fy yerrey hoal haink yn laa mooar shiaullee, yn çhiaghtoo laa as feed Mee Boaldyn. Va shin ooilley feer neuaashagh. Va ram sleih ayn. Yeeagh ad orrin as shinyn troggal y shiaull. Hie yn traa shaghey dy moal. Hug Aspick **Trondheim** shenn chlagh dooin, aynr jeh Ardçhiamble **Nidaros**, clagh mysh hoght cheead blein d’eash as jalloo jeh dooinney ny hoie er caair urree. Va’n chlagh shoh son Aspick Sodor as Mannin son eshyn dy chur ee stiagh ayns ardçhiamble noa, Keeill Noo Carmane, ayns Purt ny h-Inshey. Lurg kuse d’ocklyn liorish Robin Bigland, as eisht yn Aspick, ghow shin Arrane Ashoonagh Vannin as eisht hie Feeagh Odin magh ass y phurt as y çhionnal geamagh as goaill arrane nyn yei, Cheayll mee ny s’anmey dy row shoh ooilley ry-chlashtyn bio er Radio Vannin!

*At long last the great sailing day came, the 27th of May. We were all very restless. There were a lot of people there, looking at us as we raised the sail. The time passed slowly. The Bishop of **Trondheim** presented us with an ancient stone, part of **Nidaros Cathedral** – a stone about 800 years old with a figure of a man seated on a chair engraved on it. This stone was for the Bishop of Sodor and Man to be installed in the new cathedral, St German’s Church in Peel. After some words from Robin Bigland and then from the Bishop, we sang the Manx National Anthem, Then Odin’s Raven went out of the port, with the crowd shouting and singing behind us. I heard later that this was all heard live on Manx Radio!*

Va baatyn dy liooar geiyrt orrin stiagh ayns **Fjord Trondheim**. Tra va tree meeilley er nyn shiaulley ain, haink geiyrt orrin daa vaatey shiaullee elley as shiauill cherrinagh mooarey orroo, baatyn jeh'n sorçh cheddin ren ny Shenn Loghlinee ymyyd jeh hoght cheead blein er dy henney son goll gys yn eeastagh. Va ny skimmeeyn feer chorree rooin kyndagh rish y kione dragan as ny shleiyghyn v'er y vaatey ainyn! Ayns y fjord ocsyn she cowraghyn caggee v'ad! Begin dooin goaill neose ny shleiyghyn as begin dooin coodaghey y kione dragan lesh poagey! Eisht va shin lhiggit dy gholl er y varrinys ain ayns shee!

*A lot of boats followed us out into **Trondheim Fjord**. When we had sailed three miles, two other sailing boats came following us. These had large square sails – boats of the same sort used by the ancient Norsemen for fishing 800 years ago. The crews were very angry with us because of the dragon's head and the spears we had on our boat! In their fjord these were signs of war! We had to take down the spears and cover the dragon's head with a sack! Then we were allowed to proceed with our voyage in peace!*

7. Lhie ny greiney harrish ny chrink as ny loghlyn. Chied sterrymyn.
Sunset over the mountains and fjords. First storms.

Va lhie ny greiney y fastyr shen yindyssagh, yn ghrian soilshean er ny sleityn as adsyn coamrit ayns sniaghtey. V'eh feer feayr er yn oie, mysh jeih keim fo neunhee as cha row shamyr lhiabbee ry-akin. Moghey yn laa er giyn, v'eh sterrymagh as hie shin er ash lesh y thaloo son dy ghoaill fastee ayns balley beg enmyssit **Honningsvag**.

*Sunset that evening was wonderful, with the sun shining on the snow-covered mountains. It was very cold at night – about ten degrees below zero, and there wasn't a bedroom to be seen. Early next day, it was very stormy and we went back towards the land to take shelter in a little town called **Honningsvag**.*

Haink bunnys oilley ny cummaltee lesh shilley orrin. Cha row agh` kiare feed jeu baghey sy valley beg hene, as va thanvaanys orroo fakin lhong liauyr shiaulley stiagh 'sy phurt veg oc! Ayns y gheurey t'ad freayll ad hene er mayrn gee eeast çhirrym as y lhied. T'ad dooint stiagh lesh sniaghtey voish Toshiaght Geuree dys kione Mean Arree.

Daag shin **Honningsvag** ec lieh oor nuy er y chlag sy voghrey erreish da anjeeal jeh bagoon as caffee. Va'n emshir ny share nish as ny tonnyn mooarey bunnys ersooyl agh ny s'anmey, laa er giyn, haink eh dy ve feer chayagh. Va shin freayll arrey ayns shayllyn myr ta'n cliaghtey er lhongyn, agh ayns earish gharroo as kay as y lhied va'n skimmee ooilley freayll arrey, dy chooilley ghooiney er chosh as arreydagh, fuirraghtyn dy ve scoltit liorish lhong ooill. V'er er ny insh dooin dy vel Mooir Hostyn (Yn Keayn Twoaie myr t'ad gra rish 'sy Vaarle), faarkey feer throng, agh cha vaik shin baatey elley erbee derrey rosh shin ny magheryn ooill.

*Nearly all the inhabitants came to have a look at us. There were only eighty of them in the little town itself, and they were amazed to see a longboat sail into their little harbour! In winter they keep going on dried fish and the like. They are shut in by snow from November to the end of March. We left **Honningsvag** at half-past nine in the morning after a breakfast of bacon and coffee. The weather was better now since the big waves had almost died down, but later on, on the following day, it got very misty. We were keeping watch in shifts as is the custom on board ship, but, in rough weather and in mist, all the crew kept watch, each man up and watchful, waiting to be chopped by an oil ship. We'd been told that the English Sea (the North Sea, as it's called in English) is very busy, but we didn't see any other boat until we'd almost reached the oil fields.*

8. Ny Magheryn Ooil Ninian

The Ninian Oilfields.

Va'n jurnaa dys **Magheryn Ooil Ninian** feer fliugh as feayr. Cha daink y ghrian magh ass ny bodjallyn derrey honnick shin y croan ooill smoo ayns Magher Ooil Ninian. Va'n B.B.C. fuirraghtyn orrin aynshid dy yannoo fillym jeh Feeagh Odin goll mygeayrt y chroan ooill. V'ad jannoo y fillym voish etlan cassee. Dooyrt y skimmee rish Edard y Kaighin nagh lhisagh eh goll fo'n aile mooar va çheet magh ass lhiattee y chroan ooill. Agh hie shin fo, my ta, as ga dy row lossan ny smoo na keead trie as daeed lostey er nyn skyn as dennee shin y çhiass jeh, as va shin kiart dy liooar, agh smooinee mee dy beagh y shiaull goll er lostey. She stiureyder mie va Edard as ny Vanninagh dooie neesht as v'eh ny charrey mie dooys. Haink baatey beg magh voish y chroan ooill lesh giootyn dooin, arran oor, caashey, feill volt, Coca-Cola as

key riojey. Cha hannee shin ayns shen rish feer foddey. Hie shin er nyn doshiaght lesh **Lerwick** as lurg laa elley raink shin dys shen.

*The journey to the **Ninian Oilfields** was very wet and cold. The sun didn't come out of the clouds until we saw the biggest oil rig in the Ninian Oilfield. The BBC was waiting there to film Odin's Raven going round the oil rig – they were filming from a helicopter. The crew told Edward Kaighin he shouldn't go under the great flame which was coming out of the side of the oil rig. But we went under it nevertheless, and although the flame was burning more than 140 feet above us and we felt the heat from it, we were all right – but I did think that the sail would be burnt. Edward was a good coxswain and a true Manxman also, as well as a good friend of mine. A small boat came out from the oil rig with presents for us – fresh bread, cheese, beef, coca-cola and icecream. We didn't stay there very long, but pressed on towards **Lerwick**, which we reached after another day.*

9. Çheet gys Ellyn y Sheltyn. Roaghyn stiagh ayns Purt Lerwick. Failt mooar currit dooin.

Arriving in Shetland. Rowing into Lerwick harbour welcomed by crowds of islanders.

Va'n laa braew grianagh as cha row fynnyraght dy gheay ayn. Myr shen begin dooin goaill maidjey raue ayns ny laueyn ain as gymmyrt daa veilley dys y phurt, baatyn beg as y baatey sauailagh mygeayrt y mooin. Fy yerrey hoal haink fynnyraght, hrog shin y shiaull as hiauill shin dy moal stiagh 'sy phurt, raad va tree thousane ellanagh er y cheiy dy chur failt orrin. Ayns Ellanyn y Sheltyn t'ad cummal feailley Loghlinagh enmyssit "Up Helly Aa" as t'eh gollrish y feailley Loghlinagh ayns Purt ny h-Inshey, agh t'ad foaddey yn baatey oc as lostey ee. Mastey yn sleih er y cheiy ayns Lerwick va olteynyn jeh Bing "Up Helly Aa" as va shinyn dy ghoill maroo dy ghoaill aaght ayns nyn dhieyn oc. Va shoh er ny insh dooin liorish Robin Bigland. Va shinyn gra "Robbin y Bobbin" rish myr far ennym, yn ennym t'er y fer ain ayns arrane "Shelg yn Drean". Dinsh eh dooin dy aghtey shin hene dy mie as dyn dy gheddyn scooyrit! Va mish goaill aaght ayns thie dooinney enmyssit Jimmy Burgess as y lught thie echey. V'eh ny ghooiney mie as by haittin lesh pynteragh as geddyn scooyrit neesht. Myr shen cha b'eeu eh da Robin ginsh dou dy aghtey mee hene!

*The day was fine and sunny, without a breath of wind. So we had to take an oar in our hands and row two miles to the port, surrounded by little boats and the lifeboat. At long last there was a breeze, we lifted the sail and made our way slowly into the harbour, where there were three thousand islanders on the quayside to welcome us. In **Shetland** they hold a Viking Festival called “Up Helly Aa” which is like our Viking festival at Peel, but they set fire to their boat and completely burn it. Among the people on the quayside were members of the “Up Helly Aa” committee – we were informed by Robin Bigland that we were to go with them to stay in their homes. We called him “Robbin y Bobbin” as a nickname, after the character in the “Hunt the Wren” song. He told us to behave ourselves and not to get drunk! I was staying in the home of a man called Jimmy Burgess, with his family. He was a good man who liked drinking in pints and getting drunk. So, it wasn’t worthwhile for Robin to tell me to behave myself!*

Yn oie shen va coheshaght currit er nyn son, as haink olteynyn “Up Helly Aa” as haink y Meoir as Fir Oik elley da’n choheshaght. Coheshaght vie v’ayn neesht, lesh kiaulleeaght as arraneyn. Va Jimmy as e charrey Violet cloie kiaull er nyn bocsyn. Cha row arraneyn Gaelgagh erbee ayn, agh arraneyn myr “The Northern Lights of Old Aberdeen”, “Westering Home” as “Blaa ny h-Albin” myr yiarragh shin ayns Gaelg – she arrane noa mychione Nalbin Jamyssagh y fer shen. Ansherbee, she ass y Vaarle ooilley v’ad goaill arrane. Hie shin mygeayrt yn ellan marish Jimmy as y lught thie echey ’sy ghleashtan echey. Hie shin lesh shilley er y kione ooill ec Sullom Voe. Lurg dou cur shilley er, cha noddym agh gra dy vel boggey mooar orrym nagh ren ad troggal y lhied er ny h-Ayrey ayns Mannin.

*That night, a social was arranged for us. Members of “Up Helly Aa”, the mayor and other officials came to the social, which was excellent, with music and singing. Jimmy and his friend Violet played their accordions. There were no Gaelic songs, but songs like “The Northern Lights of Aberdeen”, “Westering Home” and “Blaa ny h-Albin”, as we’d say in Manx – ‘Flower of Scotland’ – a new song about Jacobite Scotland. Anyway, all the songs were in English. We went round the island with Jimmy and his family in his car. We visited the oil terminal at **Sullom Voe**. After that visit, I can’t say that I’m not delighted they didn’t build a similar thing at the Ayres in the Isle of Man.*

10. Tree laaghyn ayns Ellan Sheltyn. Kiaull as Arraneyn.

Three Days in Shetland. Music and songs.

Hanee shin rish tree laghyn ayns Lerwick, as tra v'eh cooie dooin dy ghleashaghey reesht, haink ram sleih dy akin shin goll magh ass y phurt as stiagh 'sy Cheylllys. Va baatey Loghlinagh 'sy Cheylllys as va ny troailtee urree craa nyn roihaghyn myr corp as slaynt dooin tra va shin goll lesh Kione Lumborough. Haink troor dy ny h-ellanee marin er y jurnaa voish **Yn Sheltyn** dys **Yn Orkaid**. Va fer jeu enmyssit Çhalse ny fiddleyr niartal, as bione dou nane jeh ny carryn echey. T'adsyn gra "Daunse ny Ferrishyn" rish, myr "Car ny Ferrishyn" ain, agh ta shinyn ayns Mannin gra neesht "Arrane Queeyl Nieuue" rish. Ny s'anmey hug eh dou lioar dy chiaull Orkagh as hug mee dasyn myr coonrey yn lioar ain "Kiaull yn Theay", as bione dasyn shiartanse dy charryn 'sy lioar scanshoil shen aynyn. Ren eh ceau fliaghey car ooilley yn jurnaa dys Kirkwall "syn Orkaid, as hie shin fo shiaull son y chooid smoo jeh'n thurrys.

*We stayed three days in **Lerwick**, and, when it was convenient for us to move again, a large number of people came to see us going out of the port and into the Sound. There was a Viking boat in the **Sound** and the people in her waved to wish us good luck as we made for **Lumborough Head**. Three of the islanders came with us on the journey from Shetland to Orkney. One of them was called Charles – he was a great fiddler. I knew one of his tunes. They call it "The Fairies' Dance", like our "Car ny Ferrishyn" – "The Fairies Tune", but we in the Isle of Man call it "Arrane Queeyl Nieuue" – "The Spinning Wheel Song" – as well. Later on, he gave me a book of Orkney music and, in exchange, I gave him our book "Kiaull yn Theay" = "The Music of the People". He knew several of the tunes in that important book of ours. It rained throughout our journey to **Kirkwall** in **Orkney**. We were under sail for the most of that trip.*

11. Mychione y baatey ee-hene.

About the Odin's Raven herself.

Cha nel mee er nimraa monney foast mychione y lhong liauyr Feeagh Odin ee hene. Troggit ayns cooyrt-vaatey **Magnar Hansen** ayns **Elingsgaardskillen, Norlann**, v'ee jeant ass darragh as ny treinaghyn yiarn aynjee lhoobit erash ry-cheilley er yn aght

cheddin ren ny Loghlinee jannoo eh thousane blein er dy henney. T'ee jeih as daeed trie er lhiurid as shey trie jeig er lhead. Ta'n croan daeed trie er yrid, as ta eaghtyr y shiaull daeed trie cherrinagh. Voish boayrd yn ushtey gys y chiouyl ta kiare trie dy lieh ayn. Tra v'ee 'syn ushtey as laadit lesh stoyryn as skimnee, cha row agh feed oarlagh dy seyr-voayrd ayn, agh hie ee harrish ny tonnyn mooarey myr ushag varrey. V'eh gennaghtyn myr dy row ee bio. Tra va shin er yn aarkey vooar, v'ee cassey as jeesternee tra va dy chooilley tonn goll fo'ee.

*I haven't mentioned much so far about the longship Odin's Raven herself. Built in **Magnar Hansen's** boat yard in **Elingsgaardskillen** in **Norway**, she was made of oak. The iron nails in her were bent back together in the same way the old Vikings did a thousand years ago. She is fifty feet long and sixteen feet across. The mast is forty feet high, and the sail is forty square feet in surface area. From gunwale to keel, it's four and a half feet. When she was in the water and fully laden with stores and crew, there was only twenty inches of freeboard, but she went over the big waves like a seabird. It felt as if she was alive. When we were on the ocean, she was twisting and creaking when every wave went under her.*

12. Çheet er Orkaid. Giense elley. Arraneyn ayns Baarle, Gaelg as Faroish.

Reaching Orkney. Another party! Songs in English, Manx and Faroese.

Ansherbee! Lhig dou goll er ash da'n skeeal aym. Tra rosh shin **Kirkwall**, va bastag vooar currit dou, lane dy ghiootyn. Va ushtey-vea cappanyn, as ymmodee sorçhyn dy vee ayn, as ooilley shoh jeant 'syn Orkaid hene. Va oasteyr ennagh ayns Kirkwall ren gobbraghey keayrt dy row ayns thie-oast ayns Mannin, as ren eh geddyn stoandey dy lhune Vanninagh currit lesh neose voish Thie Imbyl Okell ayns Doolish, as myr shen, coheshaght elley! Va'n jough Vanninagh blasstey feer vie dy jarroo! Ayns y thie-oast echey yn oie cheddin, va skimnee ayn ass ketçh-shiaullee ass Ellanyn ny Geyrragh ("Faroese" 'sy Vaarle). Cha naik mee rieu nyn lheid roie! V'ad lheimyragh mygeayrt y çhamyr, daunsin as goaill arrane ass çhengey ny mayrey oc hene, yn Faeroish. Va mee sheiltyn dy row eh glare feer whaagh. Ghow shynyn ass Feeagh Odin arrane reesht, arraneyn myr "Queeyl Laksey", "Cur dou yn Leagh Troailt gys Laksey", "Ellan Vannin", "O Halloo nyn Ghooie", agh ooilley 'sy Vaarle reesht! Keayrt elley, va mish

abyl dy ghoail arrane ass y Ghaelg as ghow mee “Graith my Chree”, “Ushag Veg Ruy” as “Ny Kirree Fo Niaghtey” ass çhengey ny mayrey ain hene. Tra va dorrays y thie-oast dooint, va shin cuirrit ocsyn dy gholl er boayrd y vaatey oc, as hannee shin ayns shen derrey tree er y chlag ’sy voghrey.

*Anyway, let me return to my story. When we reached **Kirkwall**, I was given a large basket, full of presents. There was whisky, cups and all sorts of food – everything was produced in **Orkney**. There was a hotel keeper in Kirkwall who had once worked in a hotel in the Isle of Man, and he had had a barrel of Manx beer from Okell’s Brewery in Douglas shipped from the Island, and so, another party! The Manx beer certainly tasted very good! In his hotel that same night there were the crew of a ketch from the **Faroe Isles**. I’d never seen the like before! They were capering round the room, dancing and singing in their own language, Faroese. I thought it was a very strange language. The Odin’s Raven crew sang songs like “The Laxey Wheel”, “Give me the bus fare to Laxey”, “Ellan Vannin”, “O Land of Our Birth” – but all in English again! On another occasion, I was able to sing in Manx, and I sang “Graith my Chree”, “Ushag Veg Ruy” and “Ny Kirree Fo Niaghtey” in our own language. When the hotel door was shut, we were invited to go on board their boat, where we stayed until three in the morning.*

13. Da Rousay as eisht Lioas as keayrtee er y raad.

To Rousay, then towards Lewis with unexpected visitors on the way.

*Hie shin laa er giyn ayns Feeagh Odin my hwoaie dys ellan beg enmyssit **Rousay**.*

Cha ren paart jin coontey monney jeh’n ellan beg shoh, myr shen hie shin er ash dys

***Kirkwall** er y vaatey ymmyrt. Hannee Edard as mee hene marish carrey dasyn, fer*

enmyssit Bert Grieves. Va shin maroo rish daa laa goaill nyn aash, agh begin dooin

*ve er Rousay reeshtagh ec nuy er y chlag ’sy voghrey son dy hiaulley lesh **Ellan***

***Lioas**. Cha row baatey ny assaig ry-gheddyn sy’ moghrey shen, myr shen hooar*

Richard Young etlan assee. Cha dod mee credjal eh! Va Richard rieuu feddyn red

erbee va feme ain er. Haink yn red doo quaagh shoh neose veih Niau, sheidey

ersooyl dy chooilley nhee va fo.

*The following day we sailed north in Odin's Raven to a little island called **Rousay**.*

*Some of us didn't think much of this little island, so we went back to **Kirkwall** in the rowing boat. Edward and I stayed with a friend of his called Bert Grieves. We were there for two days resting, but we had to be back on Rousay to sail to the **Isle of Lewis**. There wasn't a boat or a ferry to be had that morning, so Richard Young got a helicopter. I couldn't believe it! Richard got anything at all we needed. This strange black thing came down from Heaven, blowing away everything that was underneath it.*

Tra va shin er roshtyn **Rousay**, va'n skimmee ain ooilley ec y cheiy hannah, as ren shin tarlheim veih'n etlan-cassee faggys da thie-obbree partan, as hie shin stiagh raad hug ad partan oor dooin son anjeeal. Eisht daag shin **Rousay**, goll sheese y Cheylllys as ersooyl lhien lesh y thie-soilshey **Sule Skerry**. 'Sy vadran hooar shin reayrt-halloon jeh coose twoaie **Ellan Lioas**. Doaltattym, ooilley mygeayrt y mooin va perkeeynyn lheimyragh magh as stiagh 'sy cheayn, as hannee ad marin rish tammylt liauyr, çheet gys çheu ny lhong as Edard loaghtey ad er nyn ghreeymynyn! By haittin lesh ny perkinyn yn screebey-drommey. As by vie lhien ny cretooryn shoh. Cha row monney ain ry-yannoo tra shiaulley er laa braew. By yindyssagh eh myr ta, ny lhie er lout eaghtyr ny lhong as jeeaghyn seose er y shiaull mooar.

*When we'd reached **Rousay**, all our crew were at the quayside already, and we climbed down from the helicopter near to a crab depot. We went in and were given some fresh crab for our breakfast. Then we left Rousay, going down the **Sound** and away towards the **Sule Skerry** lighthouse. At dawn we sighted the northern coast of the Isle of Lewis. Suddenly, all around us there were dolphins leaping out of and into the sea. They stayed with us for a long time, coming alongside the ship, with Edward touching their backs! The dolphins loved this back-scratching, and we were fond of these creatures. We didn't have much to do when sailing on a fine day. It was wonderful to be lying on the upper deck of the ship, looking up at the great sail.*

14. Lioas. Ushtey Veá as Ceilidh Mooar.

Lewis. Whisky and Grand Ceilidh.

Hoshiaght ayns **Ellan Lioas**, hug shin stiagh er y thaloo ayns baie beg enmysst **Sheshader**, dy ghoail nyn aash as son glenney yn baatey. V'ee goaill toshiaght dy hoaral agglagh. Hie paart jin er y thaloo dy chadley 'syn 'aiyr. Veih moghey 'sy voghrey cha row peiagh erbee ry-akin. Mysh nane jeig er y chlag, haink pobble dys y traie. Hie shin thie maroo dy chummal seose y shenn chliaghtey Albinagh – giu ushtey bea! Raad erbee dy jagh shin ny lurg shen ayns **Ellanyn Sheear ny h-Albin** as y çheer vooar hene, hooar shin shenn chliaghtey shoh. Er lhiam pene dy re cliaghtey mie er bashtal t'ayn. Fastyr yn laa cheddin, va shin ec çheu ny keiy ayns **Steornavie** hene, ard-valley ny h-Ellanyn. Va piobyn ayn dy chur failt orrin, as lurg oltaghey liorish fir-oik ny purt shin, va shin goit gys thie shenn sleih dy ghoail aaght raad va ceau-oonlaghyn, bee mie as lhiabbaghyn bog.

*First of all at the **Isle of Lewis**, we made for land at a little bay called **Sheshader** to rest and clean the boat. She was starting to smell awful. Some of us went ashore to sleep on the grass. It was early in the morning and there wasn't a soul to be seen. About eleven o'clock, some folks came to the shore. We went with them to keep up the ancient Scottish custom – drinking whisky! Wherever we went after that in the Western Isles of Scotland or on the mainland, we found this old custom. I think it's an excellent custom myself. In the evening of that day, we were in **Stornoway** itself, the capital of the Isles. There were pipers to welcome us, and after a reception from port officials we were taken to an old folks' home to stay the night – there were showers, good food and soft beds.*

Va'n chooid smoo dy 'leih va gobbraghey ayns shid nyn loayreyderyn Ghàidhlig. Va mee er choirt lhiam shiartanse dy lioaryn Gaelgagh, goaill stiagh "Skealaght", agh cha row ny Lioasee toiggal monney jeh ny lioaryn, kyndagh rish yn anchaslys t'ayn eddyr y 'lettyryn' ainyn as ocsyn, as cha hoig mish agh kuse d'ocklyn ayns ny lioaryn oc. S'bastagh dy vel yn anchaslys shoh ayn 'sy Ghaelg ainyn. Nagh nee ooilley yn un çhengey t'ayn, bunnys? Oie dy row, va ceilidh cummit er nyn son. Tra v'ad daunsey, va'n sleih cassey mygeayrt y laare myr mwyljyn-geayee, as mish bunnys tuitym

harrish. Va kiaulleyderyn as arraneyderyn mie agglagh ayn, as dy chooilley arrane oc ass Gaelg ny h-Albey. Nee'm gra shoh son ny h-Albinee, she moyrnagh t'ad ass nyn jengey dooie.

Most of the people who worked there were Gaelic speakers. I'd brought some Manx Gaelic books with me, including "Skeelaght" – "Story Telling" – but the Lewis folk didn't understand much of the books because of the difference between their spelling and ours, and I understood only a few of the words in their books. What a pity there's this ugly difference in our Gaelic. Isn't it nearly all the same language? One night, a ceilidh was held on our behalf. When they were dancing, people were spinning around the floor like windmills and I was almost falling over. There were excellent musicians and singers, with every song in Scottish Gaelic. I'll say one thing for the Scots – they're proud of their native language.

15. Shiaulley syn oie da Ellan Skianagh. Failt elley. Arraneyn Ghàidhlig. Coagyrey brock ass yn BBC

Sailing by night towards Skye. Another welcome. Gaelic singing. Impractical BBC barbecue.

Ren shin shiaulley ersooyl ec jeih er y chlag 'syn oie. Tra haink ny Loghlinee va jees jeu scooyrit as begin dooin gymmyrt! Well, cre'n brock v'ayn! Va ny maidjyn-raue oc goll seose as sheese ayns ynnyd jeh goll er oaie as er gooyl. Va Edard as Robin jiarg-chorree, as shynyn gearey dooin hene. Ansherbee, v'eh jarroodit dy Leah, as va shin fo raad lesh yn Ellan Skianagh – "Harrish y cheayn gys yn Ellan Skianagh", myr ta'n arrane gra. Cha row eh ro 'oddey derrey honnick shin yn ellan ard-ghooagh hene, as hug shin sheese yn aker ayns baie beg elley faggys da Staffin. Cha row veg ry-akin agh un thie fadaneagh heose er cronk, as bayr coon gollrish cassan-cairt cheet neose dys y voorey. Va traie chlaghagh ayn. Haink y BBC nyn quaiyl reesht ayns shen son dy heet stiagh marin dys Purt y Ree. Ren Odd coagyrey pohtt mooar dy anvroie dooin ooilley, as ren shoh, lesh arran, caashey as caffee, jannoo shin ooilley magh.

We were to sail at ten o'clock at night. When the Norwegians arrived, two of them were drunk and we had to row! Well, what a farce it was. Their oars were going up and down

*instead of backwards and forwards. Edward and Robin were furious, while we laughed to ourselves. Anyway, it was soon forgotten and we were underway for the Isle of Skye – “Over the Sea to Skye”, as the song goes. It wasn’t too long before we saw the famous island itself. We anchored in a little bay near **Staffin**. There was nothing to be seen but an isolated house up on a hill, and a narrow road like a cart track coming down to the mooring on the stony shore. The BBC met us again as we came into Portree. Odd made a big pot of soup for us all and this, along with bread, cheese and coffee, filled us up nicely.*

Haink daa yilley beg dys y traie, as dyllee ad orrin dy heet dy gheddyn ad, as ren shin shen. Veagh ad mysh jeih bleeaney d’eash. Haink ad dy chur shilley er y lhong ain, as dy chur cuirrey dooin voish yn ard ’er-ynsee jeh’n scoill oc dy heet maroo lesh shilley er y scoill, as ren shin shen neesht. Va ennym yn ’er-ynsee Alan Mac Domhnaill, as v’eh fuirraghtyn rhym heose er y vayr coon ’sy ghleashtan echey. Hie mee marish harrish ny cruink, sheese coan ennagh, shaghey moaneeyn, as fy-yerrey raink shin y scoill veg. Hooar mee my yinnair marish ny paitçhyn, as lurg jinnair ghow ny paitçhyn daa arrane Albinagh ass y Ghàidhlig oc, nane jeu enmyssit “Ellan ny Kay”, yn far-ennym oc er yn Ellan Skianagh, raad ta ram kay as fliaghey kinjagh ayn. Hug Alan dou daa phabyr-naight beg enmyssit “**Cruisgean**”, pabyr naight Gaelgagh ta goill er clou ayns Ellan Ooist y Twoaie. Tra raink mee yn traie reesht, va çheinjean foaddit ec y VBC, as v’ad freeghey pronnagyn. Begin da er ve accrys mooar orroo, son v’ad gee pronnagyn doo, lostit ec yn aile.

*Two little boys came to the shore and called out for us to come and get them, which we did. They were about ten years old. They’d come to have a look at our ship and to hand on an invitation to us from the headteacher of their school to come with them to visit the school, which we also did. The teacher’s name was Alan Mac Donald – he was waiting for me up on the narrow road in his car. I went with him over the hills, past peatlands, and eventually we reached the little school. I had dinner with the children, and after dinner they sang two Scottish Gaelic songs. One of them was called “Ellan ny Keoh” – “The Island of Mist” – the nickname they have for the Isle of Skye, where there’s always a lot of mist and rain. Alan gave me two small newspapers called “**Cruisgean**”, Gaelic papers which are printed in the isle of North Uist. When I got back*

to the beach the BBC people had lit a bonfire and were cooking sausages. They must have been very hungry, since they were eating sausages that were burnt black in the fire.

16. Ellan Skianagh. Purt ny hEllanyn. Failt mie elley. Giensyn mie as arraneyn Ghàidhlig.

Skye. Portree, another good welcome and many good nights spent. More Gaelic singing.

Va shin daa oor anmagh roshtyn Purt y Ree. Tra hie shin stiagh sy 'phurt hene, haink baatey magh ass as dooinney aynjee as fillee beg er, cloie er y phioob vooar. Son shickyrys cha row agh un charr by chooie da dy chloie dooin – “Harrish y Cheayn dys yn Ellan Skianagh”. Va’n emshir feer fliugh ayns Purt y Ree, myr t’ee dy mennick, as va shin bunnys baiht ec y fliaghey, agh foast er y cheiy va ram sleih fuirraghtyn rooin, fliaghey ny dyn. Va’n cliaghtey ain dy feddyn thie-oast beg jesh dy iu ayn as dy loayrt rish ny h-ellanee, as, cur my ner, hoal ayns shid faggys da’n lhong ain va’n thie-oast kiart. Scruit er yn oastrick va ny focklyn shoh, “Taigh Osda a’ Chidhe”, ennym so-hoiggal da Manninagh as Gaelg echey! Shimmey yn oie vie va ceaut ain çheusthie jeh. Ta sleih ayn as t’ad gra dy vel ny h-Albinee peajogeagh, agh she breag t’ayn. Hooar mish feoiltyys mooar voue.

We were two hours late reaching Portree. When we went into the port itself, a boat came out with a kilted piper on it. Certainly, there was only one tune which was appropriate for him to play for us – “Over the Sea to Skye”. The weather was very wet at Portree, as it often is. We were nearly drowned by the rain, but, in spite of that, there were crowds waiting for us on the quayside, rain or not. It was our custom to find a nice little hotel or pub to drink in and meet the islanders. Would you believe it, near to our ship there was just the right place. Written on the pub sign were these words, “Taigh Osda a’ Chidhe” – a name easily understood by a Manx person with Gaelic - “The Quayside Hotel”! We spent many a good night there. There are some people who says the Scottish people are mean, but it’s a lie. I received great generosity from them.

Ec y traa shoh va shinyn, yn skimmee, tannaghtyn ayns thie-aaght beg, as va Gaidlich

ec ooilley'n sleih va gobbragh ayn. Va jees ayn voish Ellan ny h-Earragh, as jees elley voish Ooist, as troor voish yn Ellan Skianagh ee hene. Va nane jeh ny Skianee ny 'neen aeg as folt ruy as coraa ny h-ainleyn eck tra v'ee goaill arrane. V'ee ny kiauulleyder ayns Sheshaght Chiaullee Phurt y Ree, ta shen y çheshaght-chiaullee Ghaelgagh, ard-ghooagh t'ee er feiy ny cruinneey, y çheshaght shid. Hooar mee tape voee lesh arraneyn ny h-Ellanyn er, ooilley ass y Ghàidhlig, son shickyrys.

At this time we, the crew, were staying in a little guest house where all the staff were Gaelic-speaking. There was a couple from the Isle of Harris, another couple from Uist, and three from the Isle of Skye itself. One of those from the Isle of Skye was a young girl with red hair who had a voice like an angel when she was singing. She was a singer in the Portree Gaelic Choir, which is famous throughout the world. I got a tape from her of song from the Isles, all in Gaelic of course.

17. Joostey lesh yn skimmee 'Goosander'.

Jousting with the crew of the 'Goosander'

Cheau shin un oie marish y skimmee jeh baatey enmyssit "Goosander". V'ee ny baatey ayns Lhuingys Chaggee Choonee Ghoal, as v'ee prowal meeryn dy fo-voiranagh. Va ny deiney shoh ooilley nyn Albinee as nyn ndeiney feer chreoi erskyn insh, agh ooilley feer choar, my ta. Ren ad cuirrey shin son dy yannoo co-chloie joostey moghrey laa er giyn. Haink shin nyn guaiyl er y cheiy. Va daa vaatey beg ayn, nane jeant ass fuygh, as yn fer elley ass glenney frauagagh. Va ny baatey lheimmey mygeayrt er yn ushtey myr daa rannag! Hilg shin cooiny as ren shinyn coayl, as hooar shin y baatey jeant ass glenney frauagagh. Va jees jin gymmyrt as fer ennagh ny hassoo ayns toshiaght y vaatey as skeab 'sy laue echey. Eisht ren shin gymmyrt dy tappee noi y cheilley as "polt" – haink y skeab er my chione hene as vrish y skeab (cha row my chione ro vie edyr!). Ghow shin yn skimmee elley greim er y vaatey beg ain as hie shin beal fo. Agh y nah cheayrt hooar shinyn y baatey share as hooar shin y varriaght as va laue yn eaghtyr ainyn. V'eh son dy ve yn share ass tree – seose lesh y cooiny as neose reesht. Shee bannee mee, chaill shin reesht! Ansherbee, va boggey er ny h-ellanee dy akin shin!

We spent one night with the crew of a boat called “Goosander”. She was a vessel with the Royal Navy Auxiliary, used for testing submarine parts. All the crew members were Scottish – incredibly hard men, but very pleasant. They invited us to a jousting match on the morning of the following day. We met on the quayside – there were two boats, one made of wood and the other made of glass fibre. The boats were jumping around on the water like two frogs! A coin was tossed and we lost – we got the fibre glass boat.. There was two of us rowing and another man standing in the prow holding a brush. We rowed quickly to collide with the other boat and then “Bang!” – the brush landed on my own head and broke (my head wasn’t too good either!). The other crew got hold of the little boat and we capsized. But the next time we got the better boat and won a great victory. It was to be the best of three – up with the coin and down again. God bless me, we lost again. Anyway, the islanders were delighted to see us!

18. Brock beg eddyr Ellan Skianagh as Raasay

Minor calamity between the Isle of Skye and Raasay.

Ta shiu ooilley er chlashtyn mychione Feeagh Odin goll beaal fo 'sy Cheylllys eddyr yn Ellan Skianagh as **Raasay**. She munlaa v'ayn as va'n BBC gearree jannoo fillym elley jeh Feeagh Odin. Cha row yn keayn feer gharroo edyr, as cha row agh shey jeh'n skimmee aynjee ec y traas, er y fa shen v'ee red beg eddrym. Ren clabbin teaymagh dy gheay bwoalley yn shiaull, as v'ee harrish 'syn ushtey, beaal fo. Ren ooilley'n chullee floadey ersooyl er y tidey. Ghow eh daa oor dy howal y lhong hene er-ash dys Purt y Ree, as tree laa elley dy charraghey yn jeeyl va jeant ec y chlabbin shen. Begin dooin pumpal magh yn ushtey v'aynjee, as ren shen goaill shin derrey jees er y chlag 'sy voghrey, as hie shin dy lhie feer skee sy voghrey shen. Va baatyn-eeastee cooney lhien 'sy chooish, cur lhieu stoo stiagh, buird lout, maidjyn-raue as y lheid. Ansherbee, ta ooilley mie ta jannoo jerrey dy mie, myr ta shin gra, as fy-yerrey haink y laa trimshagh dy hiaulley reesht as d'aagail ooilley nyn gaarjyn noa er yn ellan aalin shen. Er my hon hene, va lane trimshey orrym as jeir ny ghaa ayns my hooillyn fakin Ellan ny Kay skellal roish magh ass shilley.

*You've all heard about Odin's Raven's capsizing in the Sound between the Isle of Skye and **Raasay**. It was midday and the BBC wanted to film Odin's Raven again. The sea*

wasn't very rough at all, and there were only six of the crew on her at the time, so she was rather light. A freak gust of wind hit the sail and she was over in the water, upside down. All the gear floated away on the tide. It took two hours to tow the ship herself back to Portree, and three days to repair the damage done by that gust of wind. We had to pump out the water that was in her, and that took us until two in the morning. We went to bed very tired that morning. Fishing boats helped us bring stuff in – back boards, oars and the like. Anyway, all's well that ends well, as the saying goes. At last, the sad day came for us to sail again and to leave all our new friends on that beautiful island. For my part, I was very sad, and there was a tear or two in my eyes to see the Isle of Mist disappear out of sight.

19. Tobermory ayns yn Ellan Mull.

Tobermory in the Isle of Mull.

Cha row monney ry-akin er y jurnaa dys **Çhibbyr Woirrey ayns yn Ellan Muileagh**. Cha vaik shin veg agh yn keayn as y speyr. Nish, v'eh yn feedoo laa Mean Souree. Tra hie shin stiagh 'sy phurt ec **Çhibbyr Woirrey**, cha row eie erbee ec peiagh erbee c'raad dy feddyn ny moaralyn ain. Va shin gymmyrt mygeayrt rish lieh-oor, fuirraghtyn er ny baatyn-eeastyn va gleashaghey as dy arraghey son dy chur reamys dooinyn. Cha dug shin shilley er agh un voayl ayns yn **Ellan Muileagh**. Va shen thie mooar y çhiarn-thalloon Sostynagh. She thie stoamey v'ayn, agh t'eh goll sheese y liargagh. Va palçhey dy ee as dy iu ayns shen, as eisht hie shin son skeet mygeayrt y steat. Cha nel mee shicky quoid d'acyryn t'ayn, agh t'eh feer, feer vooar, ro vooar dy ve lesh daa phersoon.

*There wasn't much to see on the journey to **Tobermory in the Isle of Mull**. We didn't see anything except the sea and the sky. It was then the twentieth of June. When we went into the port at Tobermory, nobody had any idea where to find our moorings. We were rowing around for half an hour, waiting for the fishing boats to move to give us some room. We only visited one place in Mull – that was the big house of the English landlord. It's a fine house, but going down hill. There was plenty to eat and drink there, and then we went for a skeet round the estate . I'm not not sure how many acres there are, but it's very, very big – too big for two people.*

20. Mishnish. Voish Tobermory dys Oban. Cre'n Giense!

'Mishnish' From Tobermory to Oban. What a party!

Dy dooghyssagh, hooar shin thie-oast dooin hene reesht, as ayns Çhibbyr Woirrey v'eh enmyssit y 'Mishnish'. Smooinnee mee hoshiaght dy row yn cheeall jeh 'me now', agh dinsh fer ennagh dou bun yn ennym. She shenn Loghlinish v'eh son 'kemmyrk feeaih', as ta boayl elley enmyssit 'Mishnish' ec çheu hwoaie yn ellan. Va'n nah phurt Yn Oban. Daa oor magh ass Çhibbyr Woirrey, haink y fligaghey tuittym neose orrin. V'eh doillee dy chadley er boayrd nyn lhong, er y fa nagh row monney reamys ayn, as myrgeeddin cha row shin lowit dy yannoo ymmyd jeh nyn boagaghyn-cadlee, choud's va shin er y cheayn. Sy voghrey, va shin shiaulley dy mie, as va Odd gaarlaghey anjeeal dooin, as jehi oohyn echey ayns panney vooar. Eisht, gyn raaue erbee, dyllee Edard: 'Neose lesh y shiaull dy tappee!', as huitt y shiaull, teaddyn as ooilley neose er Odd, as haink jiarg-chorree er. V'eh lheim seose as sheese, gwee mollaghtyn, as cheau eh ny h-oohyn harrish boayrd as adsyn floateil ersooyl er y tidey, as ooilley ny gillyn accryssagh jeeaghyn orroo as nyn gib foshlit. Ah well, cha row yn arran as caashey ro olk!

*Naturally, we found a hotel for ourselves again, and in **Tobermory** it was called 'The Mishnish'. At first, I thought this meant 'me now', but someone told me the meaning of the name. It was Old Norse for 'deer sanctuary' – there's another place called '**Mishnish**' on the northern side of the island. Our second port of call was **Oban**. Two hours out from Tobermory the rain came pouring down on us. It was difficult to sleep on board our ship because there wasn't much room. Also, we weren't allowed to use our sleeping bags while we were at sea. In the morning, we were sailing well and Odd was cooking breakfast for us, with ten eggs in a large pan. Then, without any warning, Edward shouted 'Quickly – down with the sail!' The sail, ropes and everything fell down on Odd, who was furiously angry. He was jumping up and down, swearing, and he threw the eggs overboard. They floated away on the tide with all the hungry lads looking at them with their gobs open. Ah well, the bread and cheese weren't too bad!*

Raink shin Yn Oban as shin fliugh reesht! Cha row monney goll er jannoo tra rosh shin y phurt. Ta bun yn 'ockle 'Oban' 'Purt' sy Ghaelg ainyn. Er slystyn y valley ta cowraghyn as 'Fàilte do'n Obainn' scruid orroo. Laa ny vairagh, va shin jerkal rish sleih voish Mannin çheet dy nyn oltaghey. Va shin jerkal myrgeeddin oltaghey y gheddyn voish

Coonseil Ynnydagh Ellan Boaid as Oirr ny Gaeil. Va shin jeeaghyn roin dy gheddyn shilley jeh caaryn voish yn ellan ain hene erreish da ymmodde shiaghteeyn ersooyl voee. Hooar shin oltaghey mie er bashtal, agh cha ren eh çheet gy kione dy tappee. Haink dy chooilley pheiaagh erash dys Feeagh Odin as adsyn lane dy yough. Cha row fer ny sloo na tree feed persoon er boayrd urree, cass ry cholbey, lieckan ry lieckan as thoyrn ry thoyrn!

We reached Oban wet through again! There wasn't much going on when we reached the port. Basically, the word 'Oban' means 'Purt' ('Port') in our Gaelic. At the town boundaries there are signs saying 'Fàilte do'n Obainn' – 'Welcome to Oban'. The following day, we were expecting people from the Isle of Man to come to welcome us. We were also looking forward to a reception from the local council of Bute and Argyll. We were anticipating seeing friends from our own island after being away for weeks. The reception was excellent – it wasn't over quickly. Everyone came back to Odin's Raven full of drink. There wasn't less than sixty people on board her – foot to body, cheek to cheek and backside to backside!

Ec tree er y chlag sy voghrey haink ny meoiryn-shee. Smooinnee shin dy row yn cho-heshaght ec kione! Cha row! Haink ny meoiryn-shee er boayrd urree, gymmyrkey kishtey dy yough as boteil dy ushtey bea! Cha naik mee rieu y lheid roie! Tra va'n cho-heshaght ec kione, ren meoiryn-shee yn Oban cur lesh dy chooilley pheiaagh dy valley ayns car y phryssoon oc! Va'n car goll er slewal mygeayrt ny corneilyn, ny queeyllyn echey screeaghey er y raad, y sollys gorrym er y chlea falleayssagh as y sireen gullal myr dy row ad geiyrt er kimmee er y raad. Cre'n cho-heshaght v'ayn, as cre ny meoiryn-shee t'ad shid syn Oban!

At three o'clock in the morning the police arrived. We thought that was the end of the party! But no! The policemen came on board carrying a box of drinks and a bottle of whisky! I'd never seen anything like it before! When the party was over, the Oban police took everyone home in their prison vehicle! It was swerving round the corners with screeching tyres, the blue light on the roof flashing, and the siren howling as if they chasing after criminals. What a party it was, and what policemen they are over in Oban!

21. Ooig Fingal. Ushtey vea Eeley, giense marish ny shialteryyn Goaill arrane cair vie.

Staffa, Fingal's Cave, Islay Whisky, Party with Sailors. Singing goodbye.

Laa ny vairagh, cha row monney ry-yannoo. Hie shin lesh shilley er Ooig Fingal ayns Ellan Staffa as hie yn baatey beg ain stiagh syn ooig. Shilley braew v'eh, dy ve shickyr. Laa ny vairagh, va shin fo raad reesht, lesh Ellan Eeley, as erreish da laa liauyr dree as oie liauyr gyn monney goll er, va shin çheet stiagh ayns Purt yn Ellan, ny 'Port Ellan', myr t'ad gra rish ayns Baarle. Woaill shin y cheiy as ren shin scoltey kione y dragan. Hug Eddie yn oardagh kiart, "Cum Ushtey", agh cha ren shin cooilleeney dy mie yn oardagh ehey, as ren shin bwoalley yn cheiy dy trome.

The following day, there wasn't much to do. We went on a visit to Fingal's Cave on Staffa – our little boat went right inside the cave. It was certainly a magnificent sight. The next day, we were underway again, making for Islay. After a long dreary day and a long night without much happening, we were coming into Port Ellan. We struck the quayside and split the dragon's head. Eddie had given the order "Heave to!", but we hadn't carried out his order properly and we hit the quayside very heavily.

Haink ny paitçhyn voish y scoill dy ghoaill arrane er nyn son, as ren ad kiaulley ass y Ghàidhlig "Birlinn Ghoraidh Chrovain", arrane ta ry-chlashtyn nish dy mennick ayns Mannin er dyn traas ren Doolish y Karaghey eh y hyndaa gys Gaelg Vanninagh. Ta'n arrane shen feer villish as aalin as lane Ghàidhlig. Ta Gorree Crovan, keayrt dy row Ree Vannin, oanluckit ayns Ellan Eeley, as ta cummaltee Eeley goaill moyrn vooar ass shen. T'eh er ny oanluckey fo clagh vooar ayns jias yn ellan, cha nee feer foddey ersooyl voish Purt yn Ellan.

The children came from the school to sing for us. They sang "Goraidh Crobhain's Vessel" in Scottish Gaelic, a song that's often heard in the Isle of Man now, since Doug Fargher translated it into Manx Gaelic. That song is very sweet and beautiful and completely Gaelic. Gorree Crovan, who was once King of Man, is buried in Islay and the people of Islay are very proud of that. He's buried under a great stone in the south of the island, not very far from Port Ellan.

Er y raad cooin voish Purt yn Ellan gys Bowe Mooar va'n thie-aaght ain ry-gheddyn faggys da Machrie, ny "Am Machaire" myr ta feallagh Eeley gra rish. Sy voayl shen ta magher-golf feer ard-ghooagh as doillee. Hie shin shaghey moaneeyn mooarey. Cha naik mee rieu cho wheesh dy voain. Va mooarane smoo ayn ny moain erbee ren mee rieu fakin ayns Mannin. Va'n voain shoh bunnys ooilley cour ymmyd thieyn sheelee Eeley. T'ad jannoo ymmyd jeh'n voain shoh son dy chur bree as blass da'n ushtey bea. Ta ymmodde thieyn-sheelee ayns Eeley as hug shin shilley er jees jeu, ec Bowe Mooar as Laphroaig, raad va ram sambil nastee currit dooin!

We stayed at a guest house on the narrow road from Port Ellen to Bowmore, near to "Am Machaire" as the Islay people call it. There's a very famous, difficult golf course there. We went past large peatlands – I'd never seen so much peat. There was far more peat there than I'd ever seen in the Isle of Man. This peat was almost all to be used by the Islay distilleries – they use it to give the whisky its character and taste. There's a large number of distilleries in Islay and we visited two of them - at Bowmore and Laphroaig, where we were given lots of free samples!

Faggys da'n **Ellan Eeley** v'eh reaghit dooin dy veeiteil rish y fovooirane H.M.S. Odin. Hie shin magh sy vaie fo hiaull, agh va kay agglagh ayn as cha row monney ry-akin mygeayrt y moon. Mysh tree meeilley voish y phurt, haink shin magh ass y chay as honnick shin, myr vuc varrey vooar, y fovooirane hene. Chiangle shin rish çheu yn fovooirane as ghrapp shin er boayrd urree, raad dee shin as diu shin marish y chaptan as y skimmee echey. Va shin fuirraghtyn rish yn etlan-cassee b'lesh y B.B.C., agh, kyndagh rish y kay v'ayn, cha dod eh girree syn aer. Agh lurg oor haink yn etlan-cassee. Hie eh mygeayrt y mysh, as y fovooirane goaill filmyn er son çhellveeish B.B.C.

*It was arranged for us to meet the submarine H.M.S. Odin near to **Islay**. We went out into the bay under sail, but there was dense mist and we could see hardly anything at all about us. About three miles from port, we came out of the mist and saw the submarine herself, like a great whale. We went alongside, tied up, and climbed up on board, where we ate and drank with the captain and his crew. We were waiting for the BBC helicopter, but, because of the mist, it couldn't take off. However, after an hour, the helicopter appeared. It went round about the submarine filming for BBC television.*

Er ash ayns **Purt yn Ellan** va ceilidh goll er cummal ayns Thie Oast Am Machaire. Hug eh yindys mooar orrin tra haink stiagh tree **as** daeed shialtetryn voish H.M.S. Odin. Va oie yindyssagh elley ain, lesh kiaull, daunseyn as piobberaght. Va shinyn coamrit ayns eaddagh Loghlinagh, agh, ec kione ny h-oie, va shin ooilley coamrit myr shialtetryn ny Lhuingys Chaggee Reeoil as adsyn myr shenn Loghlinee. Ta eaddagh shialtetryragh aym foast hooar mee yn oie shen.

*Back in **Islay**, a ceilidh was being held in the Machaire Hotel. We were amazed when forty-three sailors from HMS Odin came in. We had another wonderful night, with music, dancing and piping. We were dressed in Viking clothes, but at the end of the night we were all dressed as Royal Navy sailors and they were dressed as Vikings. I've still got some sailor's clothes from that night.*

Va trimshey orrin reesht faagail **Ellan Eeley** er y fa dy row ee yn ellan s'jerree va shin son cur shilley er. Lurg Purt Pherick veagh shin jannoo lesh Purt ny h-Inshey as Mannin. Traa daag shin Purt yn Ellan va paitçhyn ayn reesht son dy chur "slane Ihiu" dooin liorish arrane, agh she "Ellan Vannin" ass y Vaarle ghow ad dooin. Smooinnee mee dy row eh kenjal jeu dy ynsaghey yn arrane shen dooin. Ghow shinyn arrane maroo neesht.

*We were saddened again by leaving **Islay** because it was the last island we were to visit. After Port Patrick we were to make for Peel and the Isle of Man. When we left Port Ellen there were children there again to say goodbye to us in song. They sang "Ellan Vannin" in English for us – I thought it was very kind of them to learn that song for us. We joined in, singing with them.*

22. Da Portpatrick. Tonnyyn Mooarey. Yn baatey Manninagh 'Ben', as failt mooar.

To Portpatrick. Giant waves. The Ben. A grand welcome.

Hrog y gheay er yn oie as va mish hene y stiureyder. Yeeagh mee er my chooyl as va aggle mooar orrym fakin tonnyyn mooarey, tree keayrtyn ny s'yrjey na Feeagh Odin geiyrt orrin. Ghow shin tonn vooar harrish çheu yn lhong ren bwoalley yn skimmee ooilley er ny thoynyn oc. Raink shin Purt Pherick ec kiare er y chlag as va shin shiaght oor ro Leah.

The wind rose and I was the pilot. I looked behind me and was terrified to see gigantic waves three times higher than Odin's Raven following us. We took a big wave over the side of the ship which struck all of the crew on their backsides. We reached Portpatrick at four o'clock – we were seven hours early.

Va tree ny kiare baatyn Manninagh sy phurt veg. Haink ad nyn guail son dy hiaulley er ash dys Mannin marin. Hie Richard as mee hene er boayrd baatey enmyssit Gypsy, as ghow shin oohyn as bagoon marish y mainshtyr Alan Boucher. Lurg anjeeal chaddil shin dy mie ayns ny skellooyn-cadlee jesh v'ayn. Shey oor ny s'anmagh, haink coonseilagh y valley hooyn as dooyrt eh, "C' red ta shiuish jannoo ayns shoh hannah? Immee-jee magh as tar-jee stiagh reeshtagh!" Well, lurg oie gharroo gyn monney cadley ain, hie yn coonseilagh son amylyt syn aarkey bunnys! Agh va'n B.B.C. laccal shin dy gholl magh reesht, as myr shen, ren shin. Begin dooin goll. Tra va shin ayns y vaie, honnick shin y baatey Manninagh Ben my Chree, çheet voish Ard Rossan dys Doolish. Tra honnick ad Feeagh Odin, hyndaa ad y coorse oc dy heet ny sniessey dooin as heid ad y sireen oc. Haink ooilley ny troiltee gys y çheu hoshtal dy akin shin, as myr shen va skew agglagh er y Ven hene gys y çheu hoshtal. Fy yerrey, hie yn Ven er e coorse lesh Doolish.

There were three or four Manx boats in the little port. They'd come to meet us to sail back to the Isle of Man with us. Richard and myself went on board a boat called Gypsy and had bacon and eggs with the skipper Alan Boucher. After breakfast we had a good sleep in the nice bunks beds in the boat. After six hours, a town councillor came out to us and said to us, "What are you doing here so soon? Go out and come in again!" Well, after a rough night without much sleep, the councillor nearly went for a swim in the ocean! But the BBC wanted us to go out again, and so we did. We had to go. When

we were in the bay, we saw the Manx boat Ben my Chree coming from Ardrossan to Douglas. When they saw Odin's Raven, they changed their course to come nearer to us and they blew their siren. All the passengers went to the port side to see us, so there was a big list to port on the Ben herself. In the end, the Ben resumed her course to Douglas.

Tra daag shin y phurt son y nah cheayrt cha row peiagh erbee elley ayn, agh tra haink shin er ash reesht va ny smoo na thousane dy leih, as bann-kiaullee as piobberaght neesht. Ec y traa shoh, cha row agh cubbyl dy laa scarrey shinyn voish nyn dhieyn, mraane as paitçhyn. Va'n chooid smoo jin poost. Va trimshey orrin myrgeddin dy row yn marrinys bunnys ec kione. Son shen as ooilley, va shin imneagh dy roshtyn dy valley. Myr shen, va'n skimmee gaase red beg neufeagh. Er y fa shen, hug "Robin y Bobbin" lhongey vooar dooin ayns Thie Phurt Pherick, thie-aaght stoamey, ard, heose er cronk faggys va'n valley. She sorçh dy hibber s'jerree v'ayn da'n skimmee. Agh traa anveagh v'ayn. Va caarjyn jeant ain car y varrinys as caarjyn mastey'n skimmee. Tra ghow shin toshiaght er y varrinys, cha row agh beggan fys ain er y vaatey, ny red erbee elley bentyn rish y treealtys. Er lhiam pene dy row startey mie jeant ain shiaulley yn baatey, as, foddee eer ny smoo scanshoil, cur Ellan Vannin er e toshiaght as soilshaghey magh Feailley Thousane Blein yn reiltys ain.

When we left the port for the second time, there was nobody around, but, when we came back again, there were more than a thousand people there, with a band and piping. At this time, only a couple of days separated us from our homes, wives and children – most of us were married. At the same time, I was sad that the voyage was almost over. Nevertheless, we were anxious to get home, so the crew was becoming rather restless. So, "Robin the Bobbin" arranged a big meal for us in Portpatrick House, a fine hotel, high up on a hill near to the town. It was a sort of last supper for the crew. But it was an uncomfortable time. We'd made friends throughout the voyage and friends among the crew. When we started the voyage, we didn't know much about the boat, or anything else about the enterprise. I think myself that we made a good job of sailing the boat, and perhaps more importantly, promoting the Isle of Man and publicising the thousandth anniversary of our government.

23. Shibber s'jerree. Ommidjys

The last supper together. Sillyness.

Myr screeu mee heose sy skeeal shoh, va mish yn oltey ynrican jeh'n skimmee as Gaelg Vanninagh echey, as myrgeeddin cha nel mee agh my studeyr jee. Agh raad erbee dy jagh shin, dinsh mee da'n sleih ooilley v'aym mychione y Ghaelg Vanninagh as y cultoor er l'eh t'ainyn ayns Mannin, er l'eh ayns sheear ny h-Albey. Va foddey smoo caaryn jeant aym mastey ny Gaelgeyryn na sleih erbee elley. Gyn ourys t'ad ny braaraghyn ain. Ansherbee, ta mee rouailley er shaghryn veih'n skeeal! Shen yn aght lesh ny Manninee. Dy gholl er ash da'n çhibbyr jerrinagh dimraa mee roie dy row palçhey dy ee as dy iu ayn, feill-vart, praaseyn, arran, caashey, berreenyn, joughcheyl, lhune, feeyn, ushtey bea, as lurg shibbyr va shin red beg scooyrit.

As I wrote in the story previously, I was the only member of the crew who spoke Manx Gaelic – I'm only a student of it. But everywhere we went, I told everyone what I knew about Manx Gaelic and the unique culture we have in the Isle of Man, especially in the west of Scotland. I made far more friends among the Gaelic speakers than among the others. Without doubt, they're our brothers. Anyway, I'm wandering away from the story! That's the way with the Manx. To go back to the last supper I mentioned beforehand – there was plenty to eat and drink, beef, potatoes, bread, cheese, cakes, soft drinks, beer, wine, whisky, and after supper we were a little drunk.

Va Robin ny hoie sy chaair ec kione y voayrd. Ghow kiare jin greim er, as hrog shin eh dy ard er nyn skyn, magh ass y dorrys lesh, as cheau shin eh lesh skeoll mooar stiagh sy phoyll faarkee. Eisht deiyr shinyn ersyn as shinyn coamrit, as ny goaldee blakey orrin lesh nyn meill foshlit. Haink y reireyder çhelleeragh as v'eh garaghtee, agh cha nee rish foddey. Ghow jees jeh ny gillyn ain greim er as ren ad myr roie, faagail ayns laue Arne muinneel e chooat. By liooar shen dooin as va shen jerrey yn annymoild.

Robin was sitting in the chair at the head of the table. Four of us got hold of him and lifted him high above us. Out through the door with him, and we threw into the swimming pool with a great splash. Then we followed him, fully clothed, with the guests gaping at us, open-mouthed. The manager appeared suddenly, laughing – but not for long. Two of our lads seized him and did as before, leaving one of his coat sleeves in Arne's hand. That was enough and that was the end of the boisterousness.

Laa ny yeih, sy voghrey, ren shin glenney yn baatey. Syn astyr, begin dooin cliaghtey eh çheet stiagh er y traie. Nagh beagh ooilley Mannin jeeaghyn orrin çheet stiagh ayns Purt ny h-Inshey? She startey red beg doillee v'eh, agh lurg tree oor dy chliaghtey v'eh jeant ain mie dy liooar. Ren shin ymmyd jeh keayrtee er y çhooylaghyn, as adsyn lhiggey er dy row ad Aspick Vannin as y Kiannoort.

The following morning, we cleaned the boat. In the afternoon, we had to practice coming ashore on the beach. Wouldn't the whole of the Isle of Man be watching us coming into Peel? It was a rather difficult job, but after three hours practice we did it well enough. We used visitors on the promenade to stand in for the Bishop and Governor of the Isle of Man.

24. Faagail Portpatrick, as dy Valley. Cheet dy Valley. Roshtyn mooar dy valley as bannaghtyn veih thousaneyn

Leaving Portpatrick for home. Fending off flying Norwegians. An epic arrival home greeted by thousands.

Daag shin Purt Pherick ec tree er y chlag sy voghrey. Shey oor ny s'anmagh, ec nuy er y chlag, hooar shin Ellan Vannin ayns reayrtys. Va'n ghrian soilshean, as va'n ellan ain jeeaghyn dy mie dooin, lurg lheid y traa liauyr ersooyl voee. Lurg tammylt beg, haink magh ass Purt ny h-Inshey shiartanse dy vaatyn beggey, as er boayrd nane jeu va Juan Moss voish Radio Vannin son dy loayrt rish Robin as Edard. Eisht honnick shin y lhong-chaggee reeoil HMS Mohawk, as eisht, tra va shin shiaulley dy mie, va etlan-cassee jeeragh er nyn skyn. B'lesh Lhuingys Chaggee Reeoil Norlann eh. V'eh jannoo rouyr geay lesh yn rotor echey as y gheay blestal neose orrin, as ren y gheay bunnys lhieggey Feeagh Odin as begin dooin goaill neose y shiaull. Haghyr shoh kiare keayrtyn, as va David Eames craa yn doarn echey hug yn etlan-cassee, as v'eh gwee mollaaghtyn mynney er y skimmee jeh. Hooar ad y çhaghteraght as hie ad ersooyl.

We left Portpatrick at three o'clock in the morning. Six hours later, at nine o'clock, we had the Isle of Man in view. The sun was shining, and our Island looked good to us after being away from her for so long. After a little while, several small boats came out from Peel. On board one of them was John Moss from Manx Radio to speak to Robin and Edward. Then we saw the battleship HMS Mohawk, and, when we were sailing smoothly, there was a helicopter directly above us – it was from the

Norwegian Royal Navy. It's rotor created a strong wind blasting down on us which nearly capsized Odin's Raven – we had to take down the sail. This happened four times, and David Eames was shaking his fist at the helicopter and cursing its crew. They got the message and went away.

Ec kerroo dys shey er y chlag syn astyr, va shin faggys da'n traie mastey ymmodee baatyn beggey. Va ram sleih erskyn insh er y traie as er y chashtal, as y boalley-marrey, as y kione-thalloom neesht. Va Purt ny h-Inshey er croo lesh sleih as va feiyr mooar ayn. Mysh kerroo meeilley voish y traie, ghow shin neose y shiaull, as hug shin ny maidjyn-raue syn ushtey. "Nish, my yillin vie," as Edard y Kaighyn, "Ymmyrt-je dy mie, er nonney nee'm brebbal ny thoynyn eu!" Cha nod shiaulteyr erbee goll harrish fockle chaptan echey - myr shen, ren shin nyn chooid share, as woaill shin y traie, kiart ec shey er y chlag. Lheim jees jeh'n skimme ain stiagh syn ushtey as ny akeryn oc, as hug ad stiagh sy gheinnagh ad. Eisht lheim y chooid elley jin stiagh sy tidey, as hooill shin seose y traie cooidjagh. Va shin dy valley!

About six o'clock in the afternoon we were close to the shore, surrounded by little boats. There were very large numbers of people on the shore, at the castle, on the sea wall and on the headland as well. Peel was crawling with people and it was very noisy. About a quarter of a mile from the shore we took the sail down and put the oars in the water. "Now, my good lads." said Edward Kaighin, "Row very well, or I'll kick your backsides!" No sailor can ignore his captain's word, so we did our very best, and hit the shore right on six o'clock. Two of our crew jumped into the water with the anchors, and pushed them into the sand. Then the rest of us jumped into the tide and we walked up the shore together. We were home!

Tra raink shin yn Aspick, y Kiannoort as e ven, doaltattym va sleih ec dy chooilley voayl, as shamraigyn goll "click" ooilley mygeayrt ain. By haittin lhiam cosney er ash da'n vaatey son dy ymmyrt seose y phurt hene gys Thie Liauyr ny Loghlinee, as ny mraane as paitçhyn ain fuirraghtyn orrin aynshid. Hannee shin ayns shen rish tammylt beg, agh va shin ooilley imneagh dy gholl thie, as, er aght erbee, va marrinys Feeagh Odin ec kione.

When we reached the Bishop and the Governor and his wife, suddenly there were people everywhere, with cameras going “click” all around us. I was glad to get back to the boat to row up the port itself to the Viking Long House where our wives and children were waiting for us. We stayed for a little while, but we were all anxious to go home. In any case, the voyage of Odin’s Raven was at an end.

Fy-yerrey, she jurnaa mie v’eh, voish yn immeeaght ain gys y jerrey. Va ram caarijn jeant ec yn skimme ayns ymmodee buill. Cha row monney co-streeu mastey’n skimme, as cha row builley bwoailt, as cha row agh kuse veg dy arganeys ayn car ooilley’n traa, as shoh ayns baatey beg as shey deiney jeig er boayrd, jingit cooidjagh rish traa liauyr. Va traaghyn mie as traaghyn sie ayn. Son cooid vooar jeh’n traa, v’eh feayr as fliugh, agh yinnin hene y marrinys reesht. Dynsee shin ooilley ymmodee reddyn mychione y keayn, yn emshir as ny Loghlinee hene. Mychione oc shid, cha noddym gra agh dy row ad nyn deiney creoi agglagh. As ta shen jerrey yn skeeal. Ta treisht orrym dy vel shiu er n’ghoail soylley jeh. SHORYS Y CRAYL. Mean Fouyir 1980.

Overall, it was a fine voyage from beginning to end. The crew made many friends in many places. There weren’t many flare-ups among the crew, not a blow was struck, and there were very few arguments at all – and this in a small boat with sixteen men on board, jammed together for a long time. There were good times and bad times. For a great part of the time, it was cold and wet, but I myself would do the voyage again. We all learned many things about the sea, the weather and the Vikings themselves. As for them, I can only say that they were frighteningly hard men. And that’s the end of the story. I hope you enjoyed it.

GEORGE KNEALE. September 1980. END