

# Fun Flotilla Cruising on S/Y Corcho Catorce

*S/Y Corcho Catorce*, a Sun Odyssey 49, was chartered from [Náutica Corcho](#) for the 2022 CBYA flotilla cruise to the Ibiza and Formentera. The yacht was crewed by Ally, Pilar, Tessa, Mark, Gwendoline and Glenn, together with professional skipper, Fran.



Here is the *Corcho Catorce* cruise report kindly penned by **Glenn Ward**:

A southerly wind gave us a starboard beam reach across a lumpy sea with a Force 5 and a speedy, almost direct easterly passage from Dénia, over **Friday** night, to **Cala Bassa** on the west coast of Ibiza. A picnic tapas en-route dinner, provided by Ally, kept everyone alive except Glenn, who felt seasick from the beginning (pathetic; said he was a sailor, huh). Good news, however, from Mark, the Petty Officer, who reported that the boat's beer supplies were holding up.



We arrived on the **Saturday** morning and after breakfast visited a cave by dinghy, and then motored north-east along the coast to **Cala Binirras** for the night. After swimming and snorkelling, we had a dinner ashore in a chiringuito where we were unexpectedly serenaded by the massed drum band of Ibiza who were obviously not out for a quiet evening's practice. Before turning in for the night, it was observed that there was a clear reduction in the boat's beer stocks.



On the **Sunday**, a short dinghy trip was made around the bay to **San Miguel** to meet **Sunny Spray** with Helma and crew who had had a delayed arrival from Oliva due to adverse headwinds. They had decided to stay on there for the night in order to recover. After we had returned to **Cala Birrinas** and wolfed a stunning paella lunch, cooked onboard by the skipper Fran, we motored north-eastwards to spend the rest of Sunday swimming in beautifully clear water in **Cala Portinatx** where we stayed the night. It was commented on by the Petty Officer that beer reserves were dwindling faster than expected.



On the **Monday** morning Ally, Tessa and Fran went for a walk to the **Punta del Marios** lighthouse whilst Mark carried out an inventory on the beer supplies, which were now becoming worryingly low. Later that day saw us actually sailing on a zig-zaggy course as we tacked our way to **Tagomago Island**, off the north-east coast of Ibiza, where Fran successfully hustled his way to an anchorage in this popular, small but beautiful location. Here, Pilar went swimming wearing her aquatic audio-phones and we listened to her whistling to an unknown tune which could have been Bach or the Beatles. Gwendoline, ever the adventurer, went off snorkelling and came back with a patchwork of jellyfish stings. She asked for someone to urinate over her, this apparently being an old Yorkshire remedy, but no-one took up the offer. Having rested - and by then with (thank you Mark) our beer supplies having been reduced to emergency status - we sailed on a gentle port reach to the narrow inlet of **Cala Llonga** on the Ibizan east coast. Here we spent the night, but not before Mark, ably supported by Fran and Glenn, went ashore to purchase sufficient beer (and crisps) to enable a trans-Atlantic crossing to be made without danger to their lives. Please note that further gin (mainly for Gwendoline) and 'Pink Drink' (rosé, Tessa's special) were also purchased. An abundant necessity of red wine was available for Ally at all times. Pilar would drink anything.



From **Cala Llonga** we motor-sailed on the **Tuesday** morning to **Formentera** passing Ibiza town on our way to an anchorage on the west side of the island off a long beach of wonderfully blue-turquoise coloured water. We went ashore to a chiringuito for a pre-prandial drink followed by lunch on board. The cost of the drinks at the bar suggested that rampant inflation had already hit the islands so we returned to the boat where, after another amazing lunch from Fran – an excellent *tortilla española* - we snorkelled, swam and

lazed before re-anchoring for the night a short distance just north on the west side of **Espalmador**. That night we had a beautiful full moon. Beer reservoir level lowering and in Mark's opinion, by breakfast time, there might be cause for concern.



The **Wednesday** morning saw all except Gwendoline and Glenn (the latter by now having regained his sea-legs) go ashore; Ally, Tessa and Fran went off for a walk to the old watch towers and then, with Mark (beer-master general – not keen on walking), Fran (*jefe de cocina* and part-time skipper) took the four of them by dinghy to the port at **La Savina** to take a taxi to visit **St Fransec de Formentera**. Fran, Gwendoline and Glenn then motored on to Cala Saona on the west of the island and were joined en route by the intrepid taxi passengers who had first, after returning from St Fransec, walked along the cliff top. We all swam and dived in clear waters next to some caves and then motored a short distance south to anchor for the night and to be treated to an amazing chicken *con verduras* meal created, as if by magic by Fran, which confirmed to all that, even if he is a pretty good skipper, he is undoubtedly scheduled to compete on Masterchef – and win! Our replenished beer, wine and gin levels were holding up, but we still had a day and a half to go.

**Thursday** morning followed our last and sixth night in the Balearics. Fran had decided that we would depart Ibiza from **Cala d'Hort** on the south-west of the island around 6 o'clock in the evening. We set off on a gentle north-west motor-sail from our Formentera anchorage to Cala d'Hort where we had arranged to meet *Sunny Spray* and sail back together but Helma had called to say that, because of the light winds, they were setting off early. As it was with the first leg of our voyage, we would be sailing alone. After a last dip in the sea we upped anchor and set off westwards for Dénia, the prominent rise of Montgó guiding us back home. We motor-sailed for a couple of hours whilst the light wind held and then dropped our sails and motored in for the final run.

We had enjoyed an amazing time. The week had gone so quickly, as indeed had the beer, which we can confidently report held out until the last drop was shared out over breakfast on the **Friday** morning in Dénia, before we all departed, sad to be saying our farewells, promising to keep in touch and looking forward to our next CBYA escapade.

**Glenn Ward**