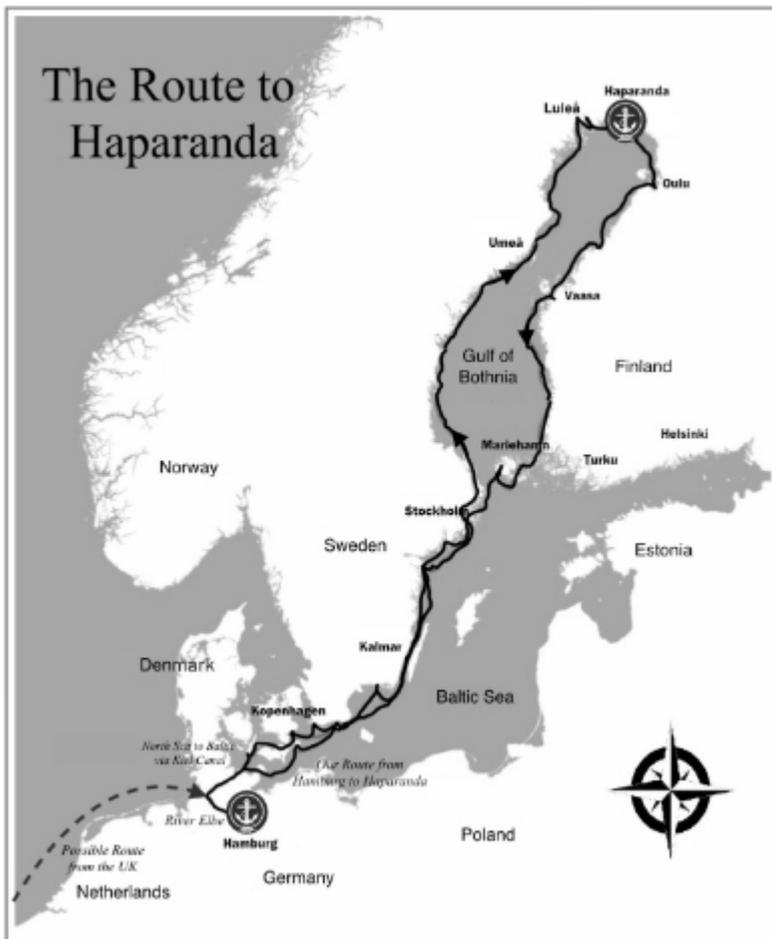


SAILING TO SCANDINAVIA SAMPLE

AN EXTRACT OF THE BOOK

FLORIAN JOHN HANAUER

CHAPTER 1
**FOREWORD & MEET MR.
MOOSE**



The route travelled in the summer of 2021

There is probably no other trip on the Baltic Sea as varied and long than sailing to Haparanda. The route stretches from the well-known sailing areas in Denmark and on the Swedish south coast to the archipelago of Stockholm. A third of the way from Germany to the Swedish capital passes through these island groups. But especially in the Gulf of Bothnia, where only a few recreational skippers are sailing: North of Stockholm, we continue to meander through small archipelago islands before we sail along the impressive High Coast, where the flat shore of the south gives way to small mountains. And then we arrive in the north, again between countless archipelagos to Haparanda. Finland, after all, is an exceptional sailing area, offering original destinations often hidden behind shallow waters.

Because there are so many different harbours on this route, we avoid longer strokes and call at no less than 70 harbours - from the big tourist ports to the enchanted fishing quay. This is also part of the charm of this route: Unlike cruises on the North Sea, the shore with its many skerries is usually never far away. Nevertheless, the trip is long, with several thousand nautical miles. The Bothnian Sea is much more versatile than I had previously thought. This had to become a book.

I started the manuscript with my sailing history on dinghies and yachts, which is not part of the trip to Haparanda. But I wanted to record how you get from dinghy sailing to cruising - just in case you've been wondering. Later I added the chapter about a visit to our homeport of Hamburg. That city is not in Scandinavia, really, but it's where we started and ended our trip. And if you are from the UK, from the Netherlands or Belgium, it might be an interesting destination by itself.

We like to sail a rather traditional boat with our „Vindö 32“, with a long keel and a lot of wood in the superstructure and

cockpit. Nevertheless, I think modern technology can be beneficial on board. However, as far as the gain in knowledge is concerned, I am sure that your horizons will constantly be broadened. You get to know foreign coasts much better when you sail towards them at a leisurely pace. I have garnished the book with practical tips from our sailing experience, which may be helpful at one point or another. There will always be different ways of doing this or that: you can go downwind to set sail, you don't have to. You can cook with kerosene, but you don't have to. I'm just explaining what I think works best on cruises like this.

Special thanks are due to my wife Birgit, who has enthusiastically lent a hand on this trip and was energetically at the tiller. And who later on supported the creation of this manuscript. But now I hope you enjoy reading it - maybe as much as I enjoyed writing it. Perhaps it will inspire you to go on a more extended voyage to Scandinavia yourself.

Hamburg, September 2022
Florian Hanauer



Hello, may I introduce myself? I am Mr Moose, the heraldic animal of Sweden, all of Scandinavia. I don't want to be too modest. After all, I am not an inconspicuous figure: I grow up to three metres long, and my

shoulders can be up to 2.3 metres high. And I weigh 700 kilograms. I am an impressive animal, one that rests entirely within itself. My chest is big, and my shoulders are strong. But the most striking thing is my antlers, which are 1.30 metres wide. Apart from a few cheeky wolves or bears, I have no enemies.

I live up here in Europe in the Scandinavian forests, where I spend my days comfortably as a loner. Now you're wondering what I have to do with a book about sailing? Well, you may not know it, but we moose are good swimmers. When we think there are juicier tree shoots and aquatic plants on one of the many archipelagos, our favourite food, we swim

And not exactly slowly: I can swim up to five knots in the sea. And I can swim long distances, too: I've already managed over ten nautical miles as a moose. I am quite an intelligent animal. That's why I'll calculate for you how fast that is in kilometres per hour: 10 times 1.852 makes 18.52 kilometres. Quite a distance, isn't it?

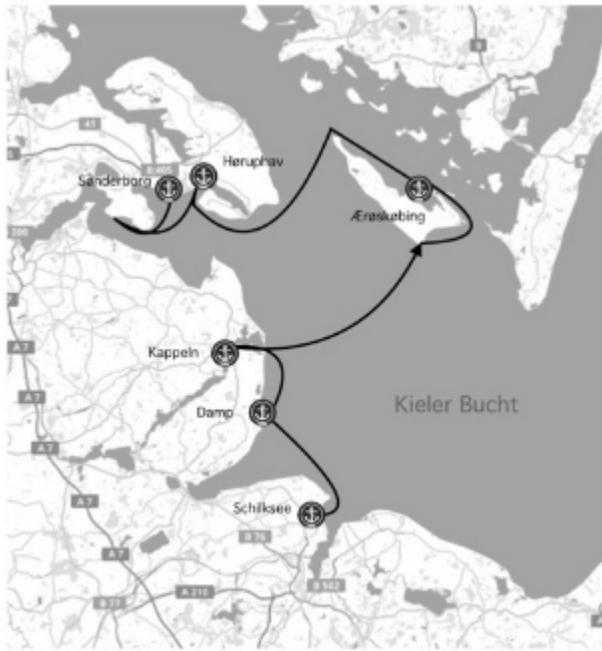
By the way, friends of mine have already swum from the Swedish mainland to the Aland Islands, as you humans have noticed. And because I always hear something about boats while swimming, I don't want to keep my tips to myself.

We moose like it cold. When the temperatures get too warm in summer, we feel uncomfortable. And when the flies and mosquitoes come along and get on our nerves, we retreat to the water. There we can cool down. And I can dive, too: I can reach depths of up to six metres underwater and can search the ground for food. You wouldn't have thought I could do that, would you?

Even though we usually roam the forests alone, we gather in communities in winter. We stand together and search for food in the snow. It's only in your cities, you humans, that we don't feel at home. There is far too much going on. I would love to wander through your pubs and try a beer. But we'd rather leave that territory to you. In this book I will guide you through the chapters. If you got any questions: You'll find us up in the north, in the next forest.

CHAPTER 2 PROLOGUE

A TRIP WITH THE DINGHY TO DENMARK



The bow of the dinghy cuts into the wave. Then the water lifts the boat to crash over the small forecandle. The saltwater splashes past the mast into the cockpit in a high arc. The light rainwear can't do much to stop it. I'm soaked to the skin. Dinghy sailing is generally a rather wet experience, but this can't go on for much longer in the Flensburg Fjord.

The wind, which I'm cutting at a steep angle, is blowing far too hard, the waves have already built up to a stately height at just a few kilometres from the shore of the fjord. Above me, the clouds are chasing across the sky. Diagonally to port lies the harbour of Bockholmwik, across to the side the village of Langballigau. That must be manageable, I think. It's not that far. I have come as far as Denmark with the small dinghy, and now the trip is supposed to end on the way back in the outer Flensburg Fjord? But the weather is not impressed by such thoughts. Nevertheless, the scenery seems almost unreal: At a distance of one hundred metres, I see strollers on the beach waving, while here I am fighting for every metre in the foaming fjord.

I travel by dinghy on the Baltic Sea. This marked the beginning of cruising because I went out from the inland lakes to the sea. 15 years later, this should take me once around the Baltic Sea. Everything went smoothly at first on this trip: From the harbour Schilksee, I went via Damp to Kappeln. Then the journey led to Denmark, once around the island Ærø. It went back to the mainland, around the peninsula Kegnæs on the Danish side of the fjord to the small town of Høruphav and finally, it should go to Flensburg - all in about a week. A squall shoots in. The Conger tilts precariously. I have to open the mainsail and lean far out to keep the boat from capsizing. The wind tugs relentlessly at the jib and the mainsail. At least I make a good speed. The beach passes quickly on starboard.

But again, a wave comes over and pours into the cockpit. Everything is wet in the boat. I realize: This will probably not

work out. Then the decision is made quickly. I want to go back to Sonderburg just to get out of this white-water trip hard on the wind. At least I can turn the boat well in a wave trough. The boom comes over, the dinghy goes on course before the wind. That was off Gammelgab Strand on the Danish side of the fjord. I remember that place. Every time we will pass it later, I think back to it. Here the trip with a small, wet dinghy ended out of respect for the too big waves. Here, however, common sense prevailed over the ambition to reach a destination by sailboat at all costs.



The Conger dinghy ready to sail on a lake

After the turn, “Gorch Grog”, as the Conger is called, begins to “surf”. Not only does the strong wind drive him crossways from astern, but he goes down the wave crests. How fast I really am, I can’t measure. There is no time to get out the cumbersome handheld GPS. Now concentration is needed to keep the boat under control. But the pace has to be fast. On the shore, the rotors of some Danish wind turbines are spinning feverishly. How pleasant the course downwind is all of a sudden, it flashes through my mind, compared to the arduous struggle against it. I round Kragesand and can sail along the peninsula in front of

Sonderborg. Suddenly the waves stop, the land covers the fjord, the water becomes calm. How is that possible, I ask myself: just now a brutal fight for every metre, now leisurely sailing? The sun comes out. I decide to head for the shore.

This is an advantage that no keelboat can offer. With the dinghy, you can easily take a break on the trip at the nearest accessible shore. I hoist the sails, pull up the daggerboard on its halyard and head for the shingle beach. On the beach in front of the forest near the village of Skelde Kobbel "Gorch Grog" comes to a halt. The wind rustles between the trees, but otherwise, it is quiet and relatively sheltered. Some holiday houses are standing on the shore, but no one is to be seen.

I take off the wet and useless rainwear. Unfortunately, the small cabin didn't stay dry. The breakers that kept coming over soaked everything: The blanket, the sleeping bag, but also the delicate handheld GPS, which wasn't really waterproof. With a "camping gas" stove, I can make a hot coffee and sit on the side of the boat. To the north lies Sonderborg with its marina. But before that, I see from the beach the Vemmingbugt, and here waves are piling up again. Even this smaller bay is enough to give the wind so much surface to attack that waves can build up. I feel like I'm in an obstacle course. I am already on the way back to Sonderburg, and just now, such obstacles must be overcome.

I decide to set off and make a wrong decision that could have had severe consequences: I want to cover the last stretch with the outboard to get into the harbour. The sail remains in the furling position above the Conger's boom. Today I know what a nonsensical thought that was: only the wind would have given the dinghy sufficient stability to get safely through the waves. But at that time, the marina seemed so close that it should be possible to get there quickly with the engine. At the same time, there was always the danger that the boat could capsize. Now, the Conger, with its 250 kilograms, is not lightweight for a dinghy, and this specimen also has the "Baltic Sea daggerboard", which adds an additional 30 kilograms of weight to the boat.

And at the top of the mast is a capsize cushion: an air cushion with a cartridge that strikes on contact with water and fills the cushion within seconds. The principle is the same as that of an automatic lifejacket. Because if the Conger capsizes, it would be pretty challenging to straighten it up again - especially with these waves.

Whether Baltic sword or capsize cushion, the possibility of a capsize remains. That's why I start the outboard. »Gorch Grog« sets off. In the Vemmingbugt, the waves slam sideways. The small outboard drives the dinghy bravely forward, but it starts to lurch violently with every breaker from the side. Now I practically learn that the danger for the boat without sails is much more severe. Almost unnoticed, a Danish rescue cruiser approaches on starboard. On this windy day, it has probably taken precautions to move into position in the bay off Sonderborg. Whether he sees me fighting here or not - it is reassuring to know him nearby.

But then it happens. With a crash, the waves hit hard, a strut of the small bracket of the outboard breaks. Now I have a problem. I can hold the motor on the right with my hand. On the left, a strut of the mounting still carries. Rather laboriously, I change course and head straight for the marina so that the wind only hits the boat diagonally from behind. Minutes later, I reach the pier of "Sonderborgs Lystbadehavn". Another crash, the outboard's bracket finally breaks off, right in front of the outer jetty. Some sailors have watched the approach. I heave the outboard into the boat with a big swing, which was about to disappear into the harbour basin. Someone throws me a line, I can pull the dinghy to a bollard. Helping hands grab it from the jetty and moor the Conger to the fore and stern lines.

"Gorch Grog" lies on the jetty with a defective bracket but otherwise undamaged. Everything is wet, including the clothes in the cabin. But in the clubhouse in Sonderborg, a hot shower is waiting for the skipper and a tumble dryer to dry the completely soaked garments. "What happened to you? Did you fall into the

dock?" A woman looks at me, somewhat stunned as I stand dripping wet in front of the clothes dryer.

"No, no, I was out there," I answered her, pointing toward the sea.

"You went out with this weather forecast? And have a yacht sailing so wet?"

Wet sailing is already technical jargon, meaning that you get wet in your boat while sailing.

"Well, it's a dinghy, and you sail wet," I reply. The woman is astonished.

"You sail in a dinghy in this weather. So never would I do such a thing. We'd rather sit in our warm cabin." Shaking her head, she leaves the laundry room.

I'd also like to sit in a warm cabin now, just that "Gorch Grog" doesn't have an actual cabin, and it's not warm anyway. Rather a little wet, as the whole dinghy sails wet.

A little later the owner of a large yacht passes by "Gorch Grog".

"I can't stand by and see you standing here in front of your dinghy. I've made you a pot of hot water," he says.

Then he offers to fix me the outboard bracket. "Yes, but how", I ask, "I can fix that in my onboard workshop."

I follow him into the cockpit of his yacht. "The bad weather continues", he says, "the barometer is still dropping." I'm stunned, not just by his barometer and the big ship. He actually has something like a workshop below deck. He can shorten a metal strut and drill holes into it so I can screw it to the broken bracket.

"It's a temporary fix," he says, "but one that will probably last a long time." True: Even today, when the Conger has long returned to an inland lake, the bracing on the stern is holding. I'm impressed and resolve to be just as helpful to other sailors when they encounter me with problems.

Sailing started for me with dinghies on inland waters. The first boat was an old Danish "Hjerter" dinghy. This construction

from the sixties was one of the first sailing boats made of GRP. I did self-experiments on the lake with friends because none of us could sail properly. After several attempts, which often ended in the reeds on the opposite side of the lake, we had the boat reasonably under control. "Hard to sail, but pretty fast," was my sailing instructor's later verdict on the "Hjerter". But because the shrouds were no longer in order and the mast was damaged, a replacement was needed.

The Conger seemed the best choice: From the beginning, the small "slip cabin" appealed to me to go on tour later on. I dreamed of putting it on a lake or even on the Alster, right in the middle of Hamburg. The previous owner had bought "Gorch Grog", the name remained unchanged, to sail with it on the Saaler Bodden on Germanys Baltic coast. For this reason, he had also equipped it with the heavy daggerboard.

So I planned a trip from Schilksee on the coast to Flensburg, which no longer seemed unrealistic. The Conger is a rather heavy dinghy. It has a tiny cabin in front of its cockpit, which the shipyard has called a "slip cabin", probably because you are supposed to slip into it. It's a little bigger than the Rhodes 19. Theoretically, it would provide a berth for two adults if you moved together, had no luggage at all or completely emptied out the cabin. And if it were dry - which it seldom is due to the daggerboard box, which is only sealed at the top by two rubber strips.

The dinghy was quickly loaded onto a small trailer from a shallow part of the lake and brought to the Baltic Sea. In the harbour of Schilksee, the boat lay there and was equipped: All kinds of provisions went into the small cabin, life jackets, water-proof shoulder bags, and an outboard motor that fit on the bracket at the stern. I was particularly proud of the waterproof bag for the mobile phone, in which it could even still be operated with its buttons, which I tried out. With today's smartphones with their "touch display," this is no longer possible in the water.

Together with a friend, I sailed off at the beginning of June.

First, we went to Damp, the holiday resort that used to be called "Damp 2000" until the name became unfashionable when the year 2000 was over. What a feeling! The harbour was not crowded. We could tie the dinghy to the thick posts at the guest jetty. From Damp, we sailed on to Kappeln. Between big yachts, "Gorch Grog" pushed up the Schlei. We felt like circumnavigators. In Kappeln, we took a lot of time for the manoeuvre to moor all lines correctly in the town harbour.

"What are you sailing in?" the harbour master asked us. "That's a Conger we're sailing along the coast with," I replied. "Along the Schlei?" he asked. Well, that would have been nice too. But I explained to him that we were on our way to Flensburg. "In that little boat? No one has done that for a long time. There was one like that a few years ago," he replied. "If you're going to pull this off - I just can't charge you a harbour fee."

Because the weather was stable, light winds were blowing, and the sun was shining, I decided to take a short detour to Denmark. From Kappeln via Schleimünde, I should go to Ærøskøbing on the east side of the Danish island Ærø. That went well, even though it was a bit of a queasy feeling when the land went out of sight on the small dinghy, and only a pocket compass pointed the way. But the sea was peaceful, and after a few hours, "Gorch Grog" was able to take a break on the island's beach under three windmills.

The first navigation experiences followed immediately: Behind Marstal, the water becomes relatively shallow. Keelboats have to take a bow to the northeast on their way to Ærøskøbing. But even a flat-bottomed conger with a slightly retracted dagger-board has problems with draught on the direct route between Marstal and Ærøskøbing. I had to steer the boat once around the island of Halmø. I could clearly see the sandy bottom, and there was enough draught left. Done: "Gorch Grog" came to Ærøskøbing. In a small dinghy, let it be understood, that was the distance of about 33 nautical miles in one day.

The experience was also hearty: meals were served on the

beach. The Conger was pulled up for this. Then the “camping gas” stove was unpacked from the cabin, and cans were heated in the pot. For the nights, we occasionally helped ourselves with a little trick: due to some overnight stays in hotels, the nights were by no means as spartan as the inventors of the “slip cabin” had obviously had in mind. A real bed was better than the damp and cold mini-cabin. It felt like a perfect combination: Travelling by dinghy, close to the water. The nights were a bit rustic on the beach, but also comfortable in inns and hotels. However comfort or not: Ærøskøbing, this beautiful Danish sailing harbour, where the dinghy had a fine spot in the port, was so impressive that I hardly felt like leaving the place in search of an inn. How nice would it be to not only moor the dinghy here but to be able to stay onboard the whole time?

The last scheduled stop on the way back from Ærø was Høruphav, just before Sonderborg. Directly at the marina is the beautiful Hotel Baltic. There, even haggard sailors who have crossed the Little Belt in a dinghy can spend the night. Here the weather changed at the same time. The bright sunshine turned into dense and then dark clouds the next morning. Instead of the light breeze, a stiff wind blew. The leisurely glide at three knots turned into a fast ride, from Høruphav past Sonderburg into the fjord - and then back to Sonderborg.

It seemed like a great adventure to me. And I had not read Peter Clutterbuck's book with the promising title "The Sea Takes No Prisoners: Offshore voyages in an open dinghy" until much, much later. He managed to sail from Great Britain to Norway in a small sailboat. If I had known it then, I probably would have set off on further adventures with the Conger.

But after this trip, it was clear that I needed a small yacht, also called a “pocket cruiser”. A keelboat, at least big enough to withstand waves like those on the Flensburg Fjord. After the Conger, which I still have, by the way, two keelboats followed, a Kelt 620 and a Jaguar 25, until my wife Birgit and I finally bought the Vindö 32, with which we set off around the Baltic Sea years

later. And because my job as a journalist took me to different cities, we also sailed in other areas because the boat always came along. After the western Baltic, we sailed in the waters of Berlin, on the Spree and the Wannsee. We sailed across the Oder to the Polish coast and to Bornholm. Later we went to Bremen, on the Weser. From Bremerhaven, we sailed to the Wadden Sea and the East Frisian Islands. Finally, we returned to the western Baltic Sea and undertook trips up to the Kattegat, to Gothenburg and further into the Skagerrak. Later we also got to know the Netherlands, France and the British coast.

Today I would say about the trip with the Conger: It was an adventure, in parts also a somewhat daring one. It is possible to sail across the Baltic Sea with a dinghy. However, you should avoid strong winds. To counter the waves, you need a specific size of boat. It is better to gain experience with a small keelboat on the Baltic Sea and other coasts.

CHAPTER 3
OULU, THE BIG CITY IN THE
NORTH



The next sample is from chapter 8 in the book. We sailed far up north, through the whole length of the Bothnian Sea, passed by Haparanda and went to Finland.

Even if one comes from the sea or sails along the coast, big cities announce themselves. Slowly the development on the shore increases, smaller harbours come in denser order, the traffic on the water increases. This is the case on the Elbe when sailing towards Hamburg or approaching Warnemünde. I always find the transition between land and city or sea and city fascinating: it's not yet the city you're sailing into, but you've already left the open ocean. In the case of Oulu, it's like that when you

approach from the north, passing between the Mustakari peninsula and the island of Heta Kari.

Already from a distance, you can see the harbour with its pilot station. A friendly appearing guest harbour, where many sailing boats are moored. Only a few miles later, we reach the next jetty in Kiviniemi. Some sailors are in front of us, motor-boats are darting back and forth. The weather is fine. We left the small harbour of Vatunginnoka in the morning. The distance to Oulu is about 40 nautical miles, for which we need eight hours - so we are on our way very quickly.

Oulu is shielded from the sea by a multitude of islands. As we are sailing close to the coast, we have to pass through a narrow passage, barely a nautical mile long, at Takkulannlokka. Thereafter we land in a sheltered bay, where there is a lot of activity. It is Friday afternoon, the weekend is starting, and many Finns are out with their boats. This is another difference between big cities near the sea and small towns: You meet more leisure sailors on the coast. Even this area on the doorstep must be brilliant for the sailing inhabitants of Oulu because they can get out on the water in a protected area even in inclement weather.

About six nautical miles, you sail along with the city's suburbs before the harbour entrance comes. On both sides of the fairway are port facilities, cranes, container bridges and industrial plants. Immediately one notices: Everything here is clean and spruced up. If there ever were industrial scrap and fallow areas in Oulu, they have been meticulously cleaned up. The harbour advertises itself with a neon sign on a grain silo.



The harbour in the centre of Oulu with the "Oulon"

The waterway becomes narrower and narrower until we leave the industrial harbour area and approach the city. Now the first guest harbour Johannsoni Raanta appears on the port side. The disadvantage: the dock is located on a peninsula, and the way to the city would be a bit long with 3,3 kilometres. In addition, the city harbour attracts with its central location directly in Oulu. However, we could not foresee that Johannsoni Raanta might not have been such a bad choice. So we leave the harbour on the port side and sail into the heart of the city. By the way, we reach a mark when we arrive in Oulu, as I calculate: 1125 nautical miles we are already underway on this trip. So we have passed the mark of 2000 kilometres on board "Svanen".

Between huge motor yachts, there are also some sailboats at the jetty. A friendly Finn is just leaving, but he takes his time and shows us his place in perfect English. The sanitary facilities are

built into an old wooden storehouse in true style. You get the key in the next bar, where you also pay. There is life everywhere: In the harbour, on the green in the park in front of it, on the marketplace at the other side of the harbour. Friday evening in summer in a big city with 209,000 inhabitants in Finland, which is completely unknown to us. We may have heard of Lulea on the Swedish side, but Oulu? In Swedish, the city is also called Uleåborg. So it is about the same size as Lübeck. Although it also has traditional industries such as wood processing, paper manufacturing and a steel mill, Oulu has made a name in Scandinavia with its hi-tech economy. The university also bears a share of this, the largest in the country after the universities in Helsinki. After all, the Finnish capital is 629 kilometres to the south. The Kauppatori marketplace is a hive of activity. Stalls are open. There are dozens of restaurants, bars and cafés with packed terraces. In the restaurant "Kahvilamakasiinit" young musicians perform. Each plays only three songs, then it's the next gig. Compared to Lulea in Sweden, there are differences. Oulu seems more modern, tidier, has wide shopping streets in which, unlike in Sweden, not a single shop is empty. There is also a beautiful market hall at the marketplace, the "Kauppahalli". And there seems to be no end to the number of pubs, as we discover while strolling along the main street Kauppurienkatu and its side streets. After a long cruise, it is good to be in a "real" big city. One of Oulu's landmarks is particularly original: the 2.20 metre high bronze statue Toripolliisi, which depicts a rather plump little market policeman. The Finnish artist Kaarlo Mikkonen created it in 1987. And even the police apparently like it so much that they have put stickers of the market policeman on the windows of the nearest police station.



The sun sets in the centre of Oulu

Now, it is said of Finland that once people start partying, it is hard for them to stop. They are even more consistent than their Scandinavian neighbours. And Oulu is in a celebratory mood this summer evening. The harbour on the island of Kiikeli is a party hotspot, as we discover as time approaches. Corona or not, it's getting crowded on the meadows behind the harbour, including a beach. Large quantities of beer are being brought in by visitors, and the noise level is rising hour by hour. It doesn't get very dark in Oulu, even at the beginning of August. There we are now, lying in our Vindö, after a long stroll through the city. At three o'clock in the night, I am startled when an open-air music system is put into operation right in front of us on the jetty, cheered by many alcoholic Finns. And what's blaring out of it? Tunes in Finnish, the party people are singing along enthusiastically. I stick my head out of the cabin. The sky is already bright again. It

has not become emptier on the meadows around the harbour. There's no question about it: we're moored in the party hotspot of Oulu. Anyone who longs for life on a cruise through the north will be well served here - perhaps more than they would like.

The following day I decide to participate in the online boom in Finland. I buy a prepaid card at an "R-Kiosk" to use the network permanently. The waitress in the kiosk knows her way around surprisingly well. I leave the shop with a "Hyperneti" card from the provider DNA. So there is Hypernet instead of Internet, I like that already. The card costs around 21 euros and is valid for one month. The best thing is that it is unlimited - no volume, no pseudo flat rate, but Internet without any limitation. Onboard, I plug it into the second sim card slot of the smart-phone and turn on the Internet radio, which I rarely turn off. Now there's online music, plus news and streaming TV. Those were the days ten years ago. I bought a Danish prepaid card with a strictly limited volume just to call up the weather report via the Internet. Loading the seven different weather models with the "PredictWind" app is no longer a problem with Hyperneti, nor is streaming my favourite smooth jazz station from California at the same time, which sounds from the Bluetooth speaker on board.

You could spend a lot of time in Oulu, the city attracts with old houses and modern architecture, with many museums and its lively shopping streets. But the prospect of staying in the middle of the party mile doesn't appeal to us.

"We'd like to leave," I say to the harbormaster in the bar, standing behind the counter.

"That's too bad. Why is that?"

"Well, it's a little noisy here at night."

"A little noisy? All hell breaks loose here at night. I wouldn't last a night there," she confesses. "That's when you should really leave." Unless you sleep all day and then be fit for the next night, she adds.

Carefully we cast off in the late afternoon, move the Vindö gently backwards, turn and drive out of the city harbour. It's supposed to be a short jump, an afternoon cruise. The problem: There are few harbours with sufficient draught up here, as the sea off Oulu is shallow. The port of Varjakka, which is 17 nautical miles away, could just about fit our shallow draft of 1.30 metres, as I discovered after studying the marine charts. We take the route around the peninsula with the airport, the second-largest in Finland. A long queue of cars is waiting for a ferry to a large island off Oulu, which we pass. We follow a route through the fairway, which is excellent with a draft of 1.80 metres. There is a scraping on the ground, and boom - we sit up behind the ferry. It seems to be sand, and the next wave lifts us up to get free again. But this route doesn't seem to be very trustworthy, because of 1.80 meters. A little later, we have reached the entrance to the harbour. The entry is exceptionally shallow. The depth sounder shows 0.0 meters. But no scratching is to be heard. It is just enough. Our "Svanen" is the most giant boat in the harbour, where otherwise only small motorboats and two tiny sailboats are moored. We stop at a finger jetty, from which the ship half protrudes.

INFO: ARCHIPELAGO HIGHWAYS IN FINLAND

We first encountered them in Sweden, the trim dotted lines on the nautical chart called "Recommended Small Craft Routes". They are convenient for accurate route planning. I called them "archipelago highways" at Gothenburg because they were really crowded like highways, especially on weekends. Bow to bow, the boats there pulled north and south along the coast, the route pointing a safe way through the archipelago. In Finland, it is different. Two German sailors had already warned us in a

Swedish harbour. In Finland, these routes are marked with very different draughts.

If you plan your route and follow the lines on the map, you will sometimes see how a fairway with a draught of two metres suddenly ends up in one with a draught of 1.40 metres. And some supposed shortcuts on the map behind an island only have a draught of one metre - and are therefore no longer navigable for most keelboats. This is because the entire Finnish coast on the Bothnian Sea is much shallower than on the Swedish side.

However, sometimes the lines of the routes are shown without any indication of draught, at least on the electronic charts on some plotters and on the nautical charts available for purchase from the open-source solution "OpenCPN". The draught must first be requested by clicking on the route and then displaying the information for each section separately. Only in the Garmin Bluechart maps could we find the info next to each path. So you can't just follow a route like in Sweden. You have to verify beforehand if the draft is sufficient on the planned route, especially if you plan electronically with the plotter. And for many boats with a deeper keel, this eliminates many paths.



Mr. moose says: Haha, roads, routes and regulations everywhere. That's not for us moose. We walk and swim along where we like, just like that. But of course, we don't have a keel to drag through the water either. That's why you should always make sure it's deep enough up here. Use your echo sounders!

In Varjakka, the mooring fee of around 14 euros, which is moderate for Scandinavia, is paid in the harbour café. There is actually everything there: shower with toilet and a sauna, plus the lovely café, which is housed in a pretty old archipelago steamer, the "Hailuoto", which was laid on stones on the shore and can be visited. Apart from a few camper vans and a handi-craft shop, that's it for the little harbour's attractions. The following day the wind whistles with six Beaufort over the sanctuary, which lies very exposed in front of Oulu. Also, the wave in front of the pier is strong. Drizzle makes for poor visibility. I don't want to go over the next flat spot in this weather, which we will inevitably have to pass on our way south along the route mentioned above. We are stuck between two shallows near Hailuoto Island.

But there is enough to do in the small port. There are two video calls with Germany, and I can use the new "Hypernetti" card for that. The LTE connection is excellent. In Finland, the network often reaches far out on the coast. After a snack in the lovely harbour café, the sauna is heated up. Through the windows, you have a nice view of the sea in front of the small harbour. The whitecaps fly over the sea, while the sauna stove crackles and the hot air from the infusion rises. It is strange how big "Svanen" is compared to the other boats in the harbour. But it fits. The sauna improves the gloomy mood. In Finland's north, people know how to help themselves even in summer when the weather doesn't play along.

South of Oulu, there is also an animal park, the lovely little "Escorial". There are mainly birds, horses and also reindeer. And, we are in Finland, also a sauna for the visitors. Unfortunately, the only thing missing from the small park are moose. That's why we're skipping "Escorial" on this visit.

When we went on our honeymoon a few years ago, Birgit and I went skiing in Finland in the middle of winter. There, of course,

we also encountered moose. Not in the wild, on the edge of the ski slopes. That might have been a bit too busy for the moose. But in a small animal park near Levi, they were suddenly standing in the forest, looking friendly at the visitors. In Finland, of course, there are also many moose.

The next morning, it is the 9th of August, the weather has calmed down. The visibility is excellent, the wind is stable. So we leave Varjakka very carefully because the harbour entrance is shallow. Outside there is some swell waiting for us. It has been blowing all night. We pass the second shallow passage cautiously again, but there is no grounding this time. We are free to sail along the coast south of Oulu. We have 33 nautical miles to go to the pretty town of Raahe, which are completed in just under six hours. Between the skerries off Rahe, it gets calm, the islands cover the waves.

A pretty church with a cross shining golden in the sun welcomes the sailors on an offshore archipelago island. We moor again in the middle of town at the town quay, expecting it to be a little quieter here than in Oulu. This is true because, in Raahe, nothing is going on at all on this Monday evening. Is this the actual guest harbour, we ask ourselves? Because there is no infrastructure. But the location is excellent, on a long jetty with an outrigger. The Packing House museum is right next door. The town impresses with its wooden houses, just as the coastal handbook promised us. But at the same time, it seems strangely deserted. The guest harbour lies on the other side of the bay and shares its fate with one of Oulu's jetties: the way into town would simply be too far.

In the centre of Raahe, there is a bit more life. We visit a Mexican restaurant, which belongs to a Finnish chain and looks as if it could be anywhere in the world. Maybe the decoration with sombreros is a bit exaggerated after all. So we order a selection of enchiladas and quesadillas. The food is as good as a ready-made kitchen can deliver. Raahe, a small town with 25,000 inhabitants, puzzles the visitor. There is no other way to put it,

the centre itself is ugly: where there are some shops, the houses have crumbling concrete facades. On the other hand, in the other part of Raahе, there are very well preserved historical buildings, between which not a soul can be seen. Here it's true: the streets with wooden houses are among the most beautiful and best-preserved that we have seen in Finland.

In the Pakkahuone Museum, which is the packing house, "Wanha Herra", the oldest diving suit in the world from the 18th century, is on display. The suit, made of leather with seams stuffed with pitch, looks incredible: There are discs for the eyes in the front, it was tied with a rope at the top, and a wooden tube could be used to pump in breathing air. A diver should be able to stay underwater for up to 40 minutes, as tests with a replica have recently shown. A remarkable piece from the beginnings of diving, presented in an excellent little museum in the north of Finland.



In Raahé, the Pakkahuone Museum is located directly in the harbour

CHAPTER 4

ABOUT THE BOOK AND THE AUTHOR

This is a sample of the Book „Sailing to Scandinavia: A Journey to the End of the Baltic Sea“ by Florian John Hanauer.

Sailing is a unique way to travel. Especially when it comes to the end of the Baltic Sea. On the coast of the Bothnian Sea lies the small town of Haparanda between Sweden and Finland, the destination of this trip. With their Swedish-built Vindö 32, Florian and Birgit Hanauer sail to the end of the Baltic Sea in the summer of 2021. On more than 2200 nautical miles, they face dramatic and funny experiences. And what’s best? The whole trip is almost without tides... so it’s tideless fun on the Baltic Sea.

The book is now published in the expanded second edition: It contains extra-chapters about Copenhagen in Denmark and Hamburg in Germany.

„Sailing to Scandinavia“ is available through Amazon.co.uk (ISBN 979-8786850629 for the paperback). It will be available, starting in December 2022, in bookstores like Barnes & Noble or Waterstones (ISBN 978-3982513805 for the paperback). You can read it on any E-Reader (ISBN 978-3982513812), for example the

FLORIAN JOHN HANAUER

Kindle through amazon or other devices through Apple Books or Google Books.

Florian John Hanauer is a sailor and journalist. He has sailed several yachts on the Baltic and North Seas, Kattegat, and Skagerrak. Currently, he sails a "Vindö 32", a Swedish long keel yacht, based in Hamburg, Germany. Previously, he sailed along the German Baltic coast, on the Elbe and Weser rivers and in the waters of Berlin. Hanauer has worked for over 30 years as a journalist for daily newspapers, in the business and politics departments.