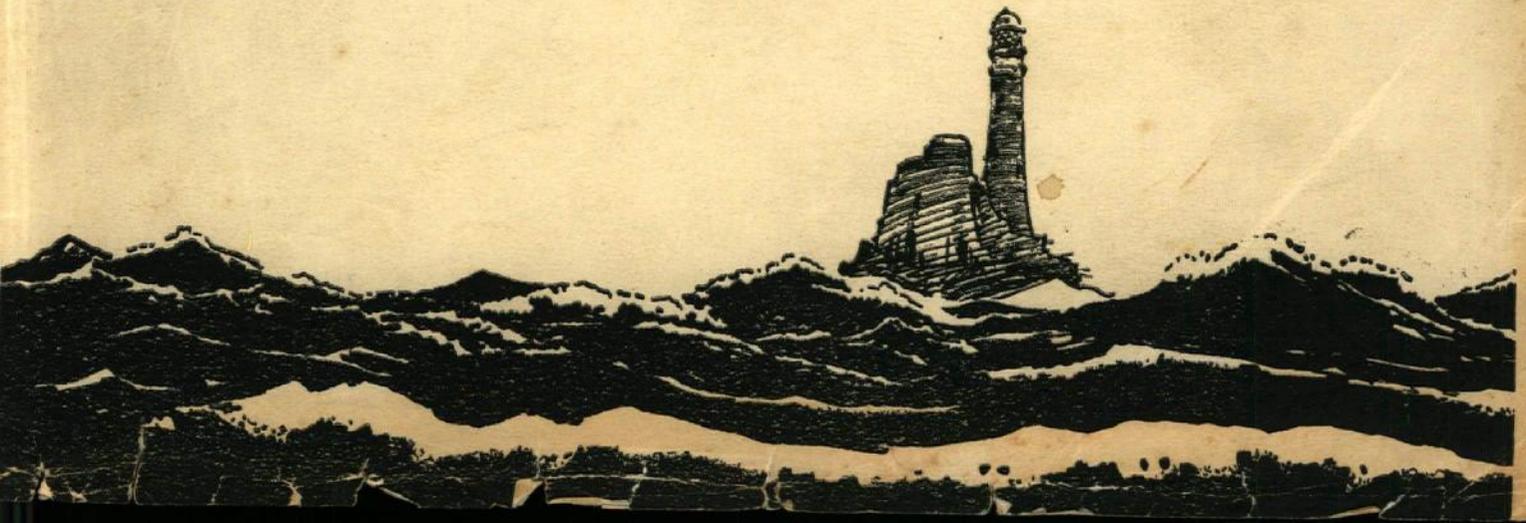
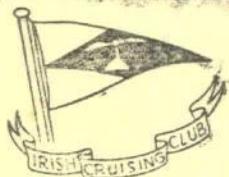




ANNUAL
1958





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C O N T E N T S

	<u>Page</u>
Index	1
Officers 1958	3
Club Port Representatives	3
Irish Cruising Club. (Hon. Secretary's Report).....	4
Hon. Editor's Notes	6
"North About" - "ASTROPHEL" 1958 by Joan Kimber	7
"RAINBOW'S" Cruise to Devon, Cornwall & Scilly 1958 ...	29
"SHINDILLA" - Maiden Cruise - Denmark & Holland 1958 .. by R.L. Berridge..	37
Cruising in a Small Racing Type Boat by L. McMullen....	52
To S.W. Brittany in "MINX OF MALHAM" by R.P. Campbell..	55
To Five Islands in "HARMONY" by R.H. O'Hanlon	67
"FOAM" - 1958 Dun Laoghaire to Kinsale and back	81
To Scotland in "CHARM" - 1958 by Brian Hegarty	84
Log of "FORESIGHT" - 4th July to 20th July 1958	91
"DIANE" - 1958	98
Port Representatives reports:-	
Dun Laoghaire by R.P. Campbell and D.J. Purcell	100
Howth by Douglas Mellon	101
Dunmore East by Miss D. French	101
I.C.C. Rally 1958	102
Club Yachts - Members	103

C O N T E N T S (continued)

	<u>Page</u>
"SINLOO" - from Bergen to Arklow by Henry Horsman.....	104
"SKUA" - Dun Laoghaire to Port Bennatyne and back by Gwen Large	113
"HUFF OF ARKLOW" - 1958 by R.D. Heard	120
Second Cruise to Scotland	125
Radar Reflectors by P.H. Greer	132
"And a star to steer her by" - VANJA IV to the Clyde by Ian Morrison	139
"WILD GOOSE" - 1958 by H.W.S. Clarke	144
"GALCADOR" by Clayton Love	148
Cruise - "ARANDORA" - 1958	156
"SETANTA'S" Cruise to Brittany - July 1958 Cork to Brest via Benodet by R.J. Fielding ..	164
Log of "ANN GAIL'S" Cruise - 1958 by P.H. Greer	176
Circumnavigation of the Island of Trinidad by Peter Bailey ...	181
List of Members	185
Honorary Members	196

OFFICERS 1958

Commodore	F. Cudmore	Westcourt, College Road, Cork
Vice Commodore	H.W.S.Clark	Gorteode Cottage, Upperlands, Londonderry.
Rear Commodore	P.H.Greer	22, Greenfield Road, Sutton, Co.Dublin.
Hon. Secretary	T.J.Hanan	55, Dawson Street, Dublin. (Tel.No.75183) (Home 883486)
Hon. Treasurer	G.B.Moore	18, St.Catherines Park, Glenageary, Co.Dublin. (Tel.No.83152 - Home) (" " 81078 - Office)
Hon. Measurer	D.J.Purcell	3, Marlborough Road. Glenageary (Tel.No.81849)

R.P.Campbell	E.Hopkirk
R.D.Heard	C.Riordan
Capt.J.C.Kelly-Rogers	D.Mellon
T.H.Roche	P.Odlum
Dr.R.H.O'Hanlon.	

CLUB PORT REPRESENTATIVES.

Howth	D. Mellon
Malahide	T.L.Cobbe
Strangford Lough	H.McCleery
Cultra)	A.Murdock
Belfast)	
Portrush	H.W.S.Clark
South Connemara	Col.R.L.Berridge
Limerick	J.R.Bourke
Bantry	P.O'Keefe
Baltimore	Kieran Cotter
Glandore	Mrs.Bridges
Crosshaven)	
Cork)	J.Cudmore.
Dunmore East	Miss D. French
Wexford	Ray P.O'Keefe
Arklow	J.Tyrrell
Dun Laoire)	
Dublin.)	P. Campbell.

Four Entries
Two Finished.

1st	Vanja	I. Morrison	Donegan Cup and Plaque
2nd	Arandora	Col.Knox Gore	

Boyne Regatta. The Boyne Yacht Club decided to revive their Regatta this year and asked for our support. The greater number of our yachts raced to the Boyne in the Passage Race and to add to the interest we announced an I.C.C. Rally concurrent with the Boyne Regatta and we offered a prize for competition between I.C.C.Yachts.

The opinion of Members is requested as to the possibility of a Rally during 1959 and as to the best time and venue.

Cruising. Despite a year during which the weather was in most districts the worst for many years the I.C.C. Yachts covered a lot of water. The Record of Cruises published is indicative of the variety of weather and conditions experienced.

Log Competitions

Faulkiner Cup:

Won by "Minx of Malham" - R. P. Campbell.

Round Ireland Cup:

No Entries - Retained by R.P.Campbell.

Fortnight Cup:

Won by "Rainbow" - L. McMullan.

NEW MEMBERS.

Rd. T. Large
Peter B. Morck
R. Wall Morris
Alan Smiles
Harold P. Goodbody
J.A.C.Mahony
Gerald J. Shepherd
Jas.J.Mulhern
Ml.J.Maguire
C.F.W.Wood Wolfe
J.C.McConnell.

OBITUARY.

We regret to announce the Decease of the following Members since last publication.-

Mr. D. L. Daly of Cork
Comdr.J.M.H.Garriock. R.N.R. Retd.
Capt. Walter Riddel Martin.

Hon. Editor's Notes.

Due to circumstances beyond our control one of our main sources of voluntary assistance in the preparation of the Journal has not been available to us this year and I would like to thank those members, in particular Paul Campbell and Tom Hanan, who have come to our help in cutting stencils and duplicating thereby enabling us to keep the cost down and print all the logs submitted.

Although we have not yet attained our ambition of making the Journal a record of the sailing activities of all the club members the logs received are well up to standard both in performance and interest including cruises to N. France, the Bay of Biscay, Denmark, Norway, round the N. of Scotland etc. etc. in spite of a summer which to say the least did not encourage sailing for pleasure.

Members will I feel sure read with great interest the article on radar reflectors by the Rear Commodore Mr. P.H. Greer to the preparation of which he and his colleagues have devoted endless time and trouble and to whom the club's very grateful thanks are offered.

Congratulations to Dr. R.H. O'Hanlon on his election to membership of the Royal Cruising Club.

In conclusion my very grateful thanks to all contributors for the hard work in writing up their logs and my apologies for any mistakes in printing them.

LIBRARY.

The following books and publications, the property of the Club, are in the care of

Mr. R.P. Campbell, The Cotswolds, Foxrock,
Co.Dublin, 'phone: 883242,

with whom members should communicate if they wish to consult or borrow any of them.

Royal Cruising Club Journals, 1947 to 1957.
Clyde Cruising Club Journals, 1952-4 & 1957-8.

The Cruising Association Handbook.
(corrected to date).

The C.A. Bulletin)
Little Ship Club Jol.) Current numbers.

"NORTH-ABOUT"ASTROPHEL 1958 by Joan Kimber.

Astrophel is a Bermudan cutter, designed by Robert Clark and built in 1939. Her dimensions are: L.O.A. 39'; L.W.L. 26.3'; beam 8.7'; draft 5.6'; sail area 570 sq. ft. Accommodation consists of: self draining cockpit; saloon with quarter-berth to starboard and galley to port, settee berths and Britehot (charcoal burning) stove; separate W.C.; and forecastle with two cots. A 9 ft. fibre-glass dinghy stows on deck; this is a new acquisition since last year, and is a great improvement on the 8'3" pram. The engine is a Gray Sea-Scout, with electric light and self starter. The petrol tank holds 8 gallons and we carry a further 6 gallons in cans; this was increased to 10 gallons after experiencing persistent calms in Scotland. The water tank holds 25 gallons, with a further 5 gallons in cans. (A full description of Astrophel appeared in the 1957 Annual.)

Studying the charts, (small scale and covering immense areas) by the fire on winter evenings, the possibilities for a cruise seem unlimited. "With a bit of luck, we ought to be able to make Skye in the first hop." The Outer Hebrides, Orkneys, Shetlands, they all look so near on the map, and our only worry is the places we would miss if we went by too fast! Suddenly I remember that I like sheltered waters and a quiet life, and Cape Wrath sounds like a warning to anyone with a modicum of sense. Gurth assures me, however, that the name doesn't mean what it says, but derives from a Danish word meaning "a turning in the land." We also had to consider where we would pick up the girls, who would be joining us after the first two weeks. Inverness would be an easy journey for them. As we could not expect them to find their way by bus, boat or donkey cart to the remote corners of the N.W. coast, the only alternative pick-up point would be Mallaig, or further south. So it was decided: we would aim at Inverness, north-about, provided we could get there by the 24th July.

All times given are B.S.T.

All courses given are those actually steered on the ship's compass; i.e. they include deviation and variation.

Crew.

Gurth Kimber.

Joan Kimber.

John Notman.

Thomas Martin

Jane Kimber (12).

Margaret Kimber (10.)

} Dun Laoghaire to Inverness.

} Inverness to Dun Laoghaire.

Friday, 11th July.

Stowed ship, in between the showers, and after dinner Thomas and I went aboard and got to bed.

Saturday, 12 July.

John arrived at Star-flight, straight from a week at Bisley, carrying the four-egg-poacher that I had failed to find in Dublin. Gurth met him at the airport and brought him straight on board, dropping the car key through the letter box at the "George" for Terry Roche to collect. Got the dinghy on deck.

- 0325 Bar. 29.5. Wind S.S.E. 2-3. Rain.
Left under reefed mainsail, staysail and No.2 yankee.
- 0410 Baily Light abeam; set course 27 for St. John's Point. All night it rained, and the day brought drizzle and low visibility. Progress was slow in the light winds, (we had the spinnaker up just long enough to get it wet) but it was peaceful, and gave the crew a chance to settle down.
- 1220 Carlingford Mountains visible to port. During the afternoon, we kept hoping to raise St. John's Point, but could only see low-lying land 4 points off the port bow. Gurth introduced John to the joys of the Radio Beacon and Consol, but their findings were conflicting.
- 1820 We then turned on the engine and started closing the land. We picked up some radio masts, which turned out to be Kilkeel. We were about 1 mile to windward of our course, (no doubt because of a tendency to luff to keep the sails drawing) and in the poor visibility had missed St. John's Point.
- 1850 Strangford Buoy close abeam. A light wind then got up, and gave us a couple of hours sailing, but we then settled down to a night of motoring in rain and mist, which later developed into an unpleasant fog.
- 2030 South Rock L.V. close abeam. As we passed within hailing distance of the L.V., they let off an explosive fog signal, and for once we "got the gun". The L.V. was just swinging to the ebb. Set P.L. Course 357°.
- 2400 New Island Lights abeam, just visible, but very audible, through the fog. P.L. 16.25 Course 10° to keep well clear of the Maidens.

Sunday, 13th July

- 0100 P.L. 22 Bar. 29.43 Flat calm.
- 0500 I was on watch, wondering how I could contrive some waterproof gloves, when I saw some low lying land emerging from the murk ahead. A light flashed, but it was turned off before it could be identified, (or it may have been obscured again by the fog.) We seemed to be approaching a lot of small islands, and I quickly called Gurth, wondering where I had got to. Then, as the fog lifted, Sanda Light and the Mull appeared, looking quite different!

As we intended going outside the Mull, we hung around in light airs waiting for the tide to turn in our favour. We shook out the reef, much to our regret later on. Bar. 29.34.

- 0930 The wind strengthened to force 3-4 Northerly, and we could almost lay the western end of Mull, close hauled on starboard tack. Shortly after, the weather began to look unpleasant, with freshening wind and dark murk to windward. As Gurth did not relish the prospect of entering Port Ellen in poor visibility, and there was no other accessible harbour if we carried on and the weather got worse, we tacked to go through Sanda Sound. So much for our plan to keep going till we made Portree.
- 1045 Macosh Rocks Buoy close abeam. Strong tide against us. Changed down to No.2 jib.
- 1130 A fishing boat passed towing a Dragon which was towing a dinghy. We assumed they were on their way to Belfast for the Dragon Week. (Mutterings on board, "I wouldn't tow that dinghy!") As we laid close-hauled up Kilbrannan Sound, the wind freshened to a good 5. It was fairly wetting and, approaching Carradale Bay, Gurth decided he would be better occupied repairing the choke, so we ran back to Davarr Light and beat up to the anchorage at Campbeltown.
- 1515 Dropped anchor in 4 fathoms.
Bar. 29.53.
137 miles.

Monday, 14th July.

- Bar. 29.67. Wind S.S.W. force 3-4.
As the weather forecast promised winds N.W. to N. force 4-5, we decided to go through the Grinan Canal.
0845. Got anchor under one reefed main, and set staysail and No.2 yankee. As the wind fell lighter, we shook out the reef. A dry day at last, and all the wet clothes were hung up to dry. John, with MacDonald blood, was visibly relieved to escape safely from Campbell country.
- 1630 Entered Ardrishaig under power. Cleared customs and shopped.
- 2015 As there was a puffer holding up traffic ahead, we tied up alongside "Aeolian", just before No.5 lock.
Bar. 29.74.
39 miles to Ardrishaig.

Tuesday, 15th July.

- Bar. 29.76. Overcast. Light easterly air.
- 0700 We went through the locks in company with "Aeolian." As there were only the owner and his wife on board, they had a canal hand to help them through, (a most unfriendly character).

The hand remained on shore working the gates, which meant we could have both gates open. While this makes steering easier, it slowed us down as we had to wait to enter and leave the locks in turn. (However, I was consoled by the thought that "Aeolian" would hit any bridges before we did!) Before we were through the canal, the rain had started, and it continued for most of the day.

- 1030 Left Crinan sea lock and sailed through Dorus Mor, under mainsail, staysail and No.2 yankee.
- 1205 Pladda Light abeam. "Aeolian" was following under reduced sail and power until she bore away towards Oban.
- 1345 As the wind headed, and then died, we turned on the engine. I decided to light the charcoal stove to combat the pervading dampness. I had a lot of trouble at first, trying to light the meths stove that ignites the charcoal. When I had almost used a whole box of matches, it suddenly got going with fierce yellow flames and lots of smoke. Somebody had put turps in the meths tin!
- 1500 Off Duart Castle a light E.N.E.ly wind got up, and we were glad to turn off the engine. We had quite a pleasant sail, in the rain, up the Sound of Mull, the wind gradually freeing us as it went round to the S.E.
- 1905 Rudha nan Gall Light (N.W. of Tobermory) abeam.
- 2140 Approaching Ardnamurchan Light we had to motor again to counter the adverse tide in the failing wind. The rain had stopped at last, and the evening gave promise of a pleasant night passage. But we need stores before we got too far north, and Mallaig was the last good shopping centre. We did not want to enter Mallaig in the dark, (last year we watched a yacht disentangling her propeller from the moorings of one of the numerous lobster boxes scattered round the harbour) so we decided to put in to Eigg. The light was failing as we nosed our way into the southern end of the anchorage on the east side of Eigg, and it was not easy to pick out the landmarks.
- 2330 Anchored in 5 fathoms. Bar. 29.75.
Crinan Canal 9 miles. Crinan to Eigg 60 miles.

Wednesday, 16th July.

Bar. 29.80. High stratus and faint northerly airs.

- 0710 Got anchor, and motored over to Mallaig for stores. I bought a newspaper, but the next shop used it to wrap up the fresh supply of meths, so I stopped worrying about the troubles of the world. We were disappointed not to find any lobsters, as the catch is only brought in on Fridays.
- 1125 Motored out and up the Sound of Sleat, through Kyle Rhee, Loch Alsh, Kyle Akin (carrying our tide all the way) and up Inner Sound. There were one or two false alarms, when we tried to sail, but

- otherwise we had to motor continuously until
- 1815 when we got a N.E.'ly force 2-3, and were soon doing 5 knots on starboard tack. The peace from the engine was a great relief, but I found it a bit hard that our only decent wind of the day, to which we were heeling rail down, should appear just as I was cooking the dinner. As soon as the wash-up was over the wind died again, and we reverted to the engine and occasional sail. As we motored into Loch Gairloch, stowing the sails, the salmon were leaping all around us. Thomas hopefully put the mackerel line over!
- 2130 Anchored in Flowerdale Bay in 5 fathoms.
Bar. 29.85. 62 miles.

Thursday, 17th July.

Bar. 29.90. High stratus. Flat calm.

As we rowed ashore for stores, a summer visitor on the pier remarked that it was a fine day. Gurth, in reply, muttered something about hoping for more wind outside. "Wind! You don't mean you use the sails! I thought they were only a decorative survival." Before the day was out, we began to think he was right.

Our real need was petrol, and this could only be got from the large hotel about a mile away in the next bay. While Thomas and John walked across, I tried unsuccessfully to shop, buying only a packet of biscuits, and losing my pen. Gurth and I then got the anchor under power and motored round to collect John, Thomas and the petrol from the beach. The hotel had produced another petrol can (4 gallons) which increased our capacity to 8 in the tank and 10 in cans.

- 1030 Under way, getting the dinghy on deck. It was a lovely day for motor cruising, and we motored for $11\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Occasionally a light air ruffled the glassy calm, but the sails never drew for long; so we sat in the sun and admired the view; the Outer Hebrides hazy on the horizon, the Summer Isles, site of the last whaling station in the British Isles, and the strange shapes of the Sutherland Mountains. John, a fervent Scot, sat and purred in a proprietary way, giving a running geological commentary.
- 2100 As we entered Loch Inchard, the S.E.'ly wind that we had been promised for two days came in at last.
- 2150 Anchored at the head of Loch Inchard (near Rhiconich Hotel) in $5\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms, nearly H.W.
Bar. 29.88 56 miles.

Friday, 18th July.

Bar. 29.82. Stratus, and glimpses of sun.

We got petrol and a loaf at the hotel. The, as the wind was gusting freshly down the loch, we put in a reef.

0900 Got anchor, setting staysail and No.2 yankee.

1000 Outside we found a southerly wind force 2-3 and shook out the reef. After an interval of motoring, we got a N.W.'ly force 1-2, and by noon were approaching Cape Wrath doing 3-4 knots with the No. 1 yankee set. John was down below, shaving with a cut-throat. So much for Cape Wrath! Before we got round, we had to motor again, and the confused sea, despite the flat calm, suggested that it might not be much fun under different conditions.

1300 Cape Wrath Light abeam, bearing south. Our original intention had been to put in to see Loch Erriboll. We now had doubts whether this was wise, for we would not find any petrol there and, after the last three days, we were more worried about petrol supplies than wind. When a light N.W.'ly got up it was clearly sense to use it, and make for the Orkneys, particularly as we made much better progress with the wind abeam than we could hope for on a dead run into Erriboll, with the tide now turning against us. But it was disappointing not to put in on the north coast.

1415 Turned off the engine and set course 68° for Hoy Sound. Set P.L.O.Z With the No. 1 yankee set our speed on the new course improved to a good 3-4 knots. But during the afternoon the wind slowly took off and by

2005 (P.L.17.5) we were becalmed in a maddening short lollipop. As this did not improve our appetites for dinner, we turned on the engine.

2120 P.L.23.5 In the calm, clear evening we could see the cliffs of Orkney, 50 miles away.

Saturday, 19th July.

The wind gradually improved during the night, and we had our first really good sail, close hauled on starboard tack in a smooth sea. When I went off watch at 0100, the sky to the north was still pink from the sunset, and I almost wanted to remain to watch for the dawn. But my berth won.

In the early hours the wind died, and we motored for a short time round Kame of Hoy towards Hoy Sound. As we were ahead of our tide (which runs at 8 knots), we then jilled around off Hoy, more or less hove-to, in fluky airs. A fisherman, going off to his lobster pots, came up to enquire if we were all right. When we told him we were waiting on the tide, he said another half hour should do it.

0630 Turned on the engine and motored into Stromness.

0710 Anchored in $3\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms (L.W.) near two churches.

Bar. 29.81. Raining.

73 miles.

A yacht seems to be an unusual occurrence in Stromness. The Customs Officer, new and keen, had been there since March, and we were his first visiting yacht. A constant stream of rowing boats circled round us all day; "Oo, they are living on board", "Is it Dublin you came from?" "Yes, but not direct, we came up the west coast". "Oh, did you carry any passengers up the coast?" A large man, with his family aboard, rowed up purposefully. "Would Jerome Thompson be aboard?", he asked. When told that he was not, our large friend explained that Jerome was a real keen yachtsman and his father came from the Orkneys -- ergo! The most frequent question was "Have you come for Shopping Week?" This we later learned was the local "Tostal", complete with Shopping Queen, to be crowned by George Young Esq., ex. Capt. of Scotland and the Rangers Football Team, a Pigeon Race, Treasure Hunts, Baby Competition, Boating Gala, fireworks and the Wick Girl Pipers. When we had seen the programme, we realised why we were thought to have come expressly for The Week.

Our view of Stromness was of the private jetties which back onto the houses and shops of the main street. The boats, nets and lobster pots of the jetties reappear in the tray of fish to be found in every shop in the street, whether the other merchandise be bread, meat or knitting wool. We made friends with the owner of the nearest jetty, who sold us 4 lobsters and 4 crabs for 10/- (and he cooked them for us).

After shopping and baths, we went by bus to Kirkwall to see the 12th century cathedral of St. Magnus. The 15 mile bus ride took us through rich agricultural country, the varied cultivation of the undulating open fields making a delightful pattern in the bright sunshine. I was surprised, for I had imagined that the islands would be bleak and barren, like the impressive cliffs of Hoy. But apparently the population live almost entirely by farming; and fishing, mainly for lobster, is only a side line.

Bar. 29.79

Sunday, 20th July

Bar. 29.65. Fog, gradually lessening to give visibility of about 1 mile. Wind force 2, S.S.E.

After hours of arithmetic the previous evening, Gurth and I decided that the tide would serve for the passage south at 1900. After a good clean up, above and below deck, we got anchor under sail and took the flood through Hoy Sound and Brings Deep, leaving Cava and Fara to port. We then bore away up Long Hope and anchored on the south side.

1430

Although visibility was poor, it was a pleasant sail, and the strong weather going tide in Hoy Sound increased the apparent wind speed to a surprising degree. The move south simplified the tidal problem; we had to leave Long Hope on the latter part of the ebb, but wanted the flood through from Stromness.

By 1600, when we were eating our meal (I rather doubted the wisdom of starting a night passage on a diet of lobster, but they were so good we were ready to risk it), the weather looked most unpromising. Apart from the rain, there was very little wind and visibility was deteriorating rapidly. Soon it was down to 200-300 yards, and we settled down to digest the lobsters, while Gurth and John rechecked their tidal calculations.

Bar. 29.56. 11 miles.

Monday, 21st July.

- Bar. 29.40. The fog was no better, and a start on the early morning tide was out of the question. We amused ourselves identifying the fog signals lowing in Pentland Firth. During the day visibility improved and the weather forecast promised northerly winds 2-4, increasing to 4-6. So we put two reefs in.
- 1935 Got anchor under two reefed main and staysail and reached out on port tack through Switha Sound, keeping well northwards towards Hoxa Sound. We then gradually bore away towards Barth Head.
- 2055 Barth Head abeam. We gybed to starboard and made for Duncansby Head.
- 2105 Lother Rock abeam to port. As the tide was setting strongly westward, we later gybed back to port to ensure clearing Duncansby Head.
- 2205 Duncansby Head abeam to starboard, 270° , 2 miles off. We were right on time, as the south going tide set in at 2200. The sail from Long Hope had some of the tense excitement of a race. Even the non-navigators were impressed by the importance of using the tide correctly, and by the difference between the direction of the ship's head and our progress over the land. (See separate note by the navigator for details of the tidal problem).
- 2210 Set P.L.O.
As the wind was northerly, we continued on port tack for some time, so as to give a comfortable broad reach down the coast when we gybed back to starboard, and set course 223° to clear Tarbat Ness. Conditions could not have been better.
- 2245 The wind was no more than force 4, and the sea no more than alive. The two reefs were an unnecessary concession to comfort and the gloomy predictions of the meteorologists. Our only worry was the traffic, some of which passed unpleasantly close.

Tuesday, 22nd July

- 0015 P.L.10. Wind lighter and more abeam. Ness Head abeam.

- 0600 Bar.29.33 The day was bright and clear, and we could already see land on the south side of Moray Firth. There was a short splashy sea, and the northerly wind (still force 4) made it quite cold on deck, but the stove kept the cabin nice and snug.
- 0810 P.L.50. Tarbat Ness abeam. We had done 50 miles on the log in exactly ten hours, very comfortably with two reefs down. As we luffed up into Moray Firth, we got much smoother water.
- 1015 We shook out the second reef in the lee of N. Sutor, and beat into Cromarty Firth. We had a lovely sail in smooth water with the wind gradually increasing to force 5-6. The three-masted schooner "Prince Louis", the training yacht belonging to Gordonstoun School, made a fine sight, running out under main trysail and squaresail.
- 1200 The anchorage at Cromarty looked so exposed that we went on to Invergordon, where we anchored to the east of the pier. We got in just in time, for the afternoon brought fierce squalls and heavy rain.
- 87 miles.
- Bar. 29.41

Wednesday, 23rd July

- Bar. 29.47. Overcast, with occasional showers. Wind N.'ly 3-4, gusting to force 5.
- We rowed over to the Harbour Master's Office on the pier, and from there Gurth telephoned the Caledonian Canal, and arranged for us to go in between 1600 and 1800. The H.M. then ran us into the town in his car to shop.
- 1230 Got anchor under one-reefed main and staysail. We ran down Cromarty Firth on port tack, passing Buss Bank Buoy at 1325. As the big swell in Moray Firth made it inconvenient to run off too far, we carried on to give a broad reach to Chanonry Point Light, and then gybed to follow the shallow water channel up to Inverness. The buoyage here is surprisingly inadequate, and our efforts to identify the buoys was not helped by finding one of them had disappeared.
- 1615 Entered the sea lock at Clachnaharry. The Canal Office have a most useful plan of the canal for sale. Our dues amounted to £4.12.0., which is pretty reasonable for 60 miles and 29 locks, compared with £3.15.7. for the 9 miles of Crinan Canal. There was some delay in the second lock, and I got tea ready. When the lock-keeper asked if we were ready to go, Gurth shouted up, "We're just going to have a cup of tea, will you have one?" The lock-keeper came running, and we realised just in time that it was not tea he expected.
- After the fifth lock, we tied up on the starboard side opposite MacBrayne's Garage. This was a very convenient and surprisingly private place, with quite a pleasant outlook. The garage supplied fresh water and rubbish disposal, and we were three

minutes walk from the bus, which took only ten minutes into the centre of the town. Passing through Miurtown Basin we had noticed a very tattered looking "Vorsa", without her mast. After dinner, we walked along to have a look at her and found that the new mast was just being finished. She had again changed hands.
Bar. 29.53.

Thursday, 24th July

In the morning John left for Edinburgh and London. We did various odd jobs, including releathering the paddles, and then wandered round Inverness. We found an extremely good delicatessen opposite the G.P.O.Z In the evening we rang up the girls, who were spending the night in Edinburgh, to confirm that we were at Inverness to meet them when they arrived next day.

Friday, 25th July

Bar. 29.72 Light airs. Sun and cloud.

Thomas left in the morning for Glasgow and Dublin. Before meeting the girls at 1600, we had "chance baths" (local term) at the railway hotel.

1620 A taxi from the station took only five minutes, and we got away as soon as we had changed - Jane and Margaret talking nineteen to the dozen all the time. As the locks do not function on Sundays we wanted, if possible, to get through by Saturday evening. We entered Loch Ness at 1740 and hoisted sail, but the breeze was so light that we had to continue motoring. Except for its length, I did not find Loch Ness as impressive as I had expected, but perhaps that was the fault of the grey evening.

2130 Tied up to the pier at the starboard side of the entrance to the canal at Fort Augustus. Margaret was theoretically in bed, but Jane leapt ashore to pick some wild roses and put them in a mug. The new crew had taken over!

Saturday, 26th July

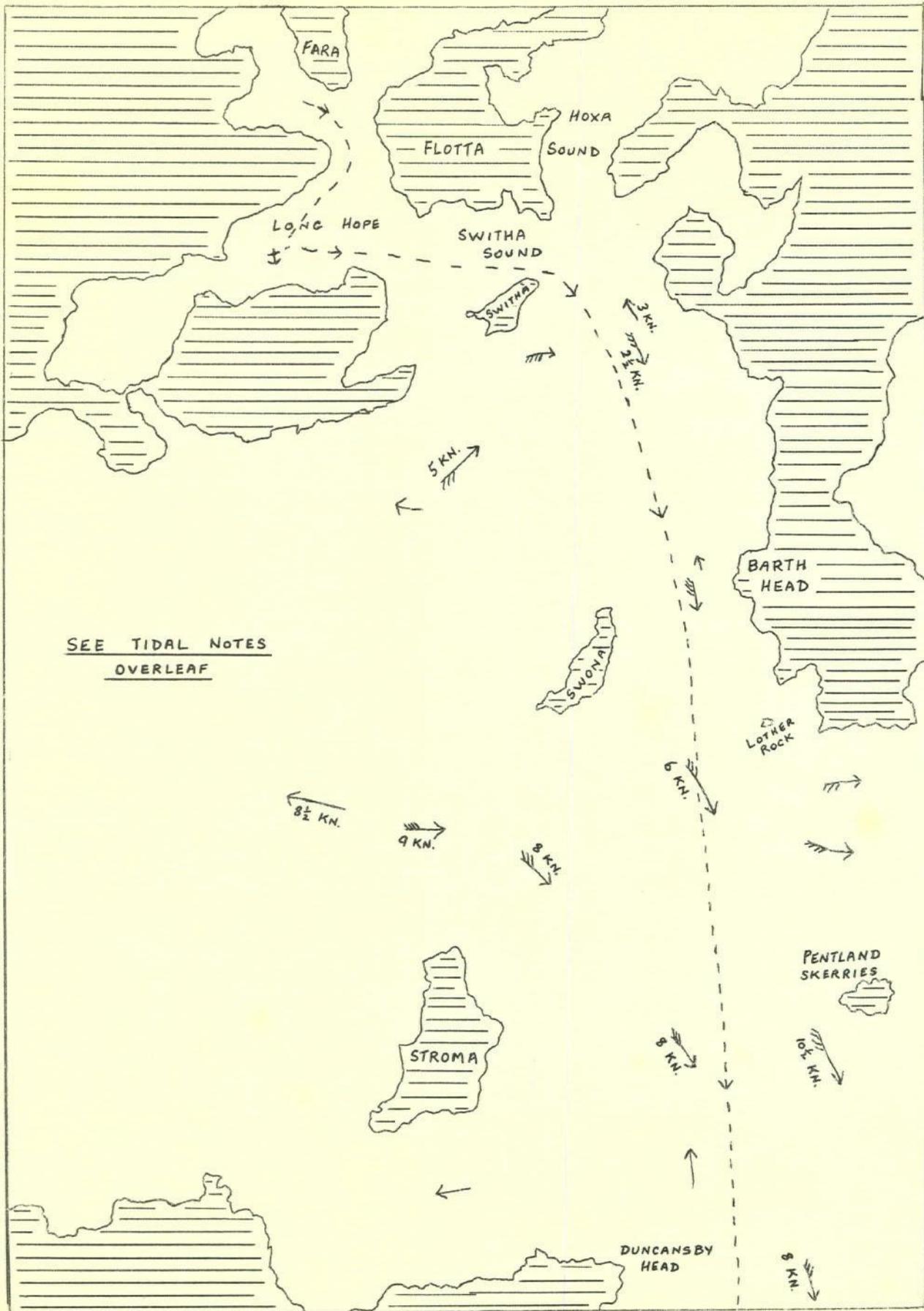
Bar. 29.49 Overcast.

0800 Got under way and entered the first lock. There are five locks at Fort Augustus, and it took us two hours to get through, crossing a Dutch Coaster (that looked alarmingly large) in one of them. We then had two more locks (13 & 14) before reaching Loch Oich, which is the highest point of the canal. Unfortunately we had to motor through in the rain, which rather spoilt the scenery.

1350 By lunch time we had negotiated two more locks (14 & 15 downwards) and entered Loch Lochy, where we had a pleasant $\frac{3}{4}$ hour sail.

A NOTE ON THE PENTLAND FIRTH

The attached sketch shows the direction of the streams affecting the passage from Long Hope to Duncansby Head. The flood, after sweeping in a semi-circular direction past Hoxa Sound, finally runs, at a greatly increased speed, East and South East past the Pentland Skerries and Duncansby Head. In doing so it sweeps across the very dangerous and extensive reefs of the Pentland Skerries. To avoid this, the Pilot Directions for "low powered steam vessels" are to leave on the latter part of the ebb at such a time as to arrive at Duncansby Head at Low Water, thereby being in a position to take full advantage of the S.E.- going stream, and avoiding any risk of being swept onto the Skerries.



- 1435 We had to tie up and wait before entering the second lock at Gairloch, and Gurth and I went below, while the girls went ashore. Suddenly we felt a bump, and found that the lock-keeper was trying to tow us through a half-open gate. We lost some paint, but when he explained, quite unabashed, that he thought we were having a meal, and didn't want to disturb us, it was difficult to be angry.
- 1630 There was no sign of life on shore at the Banavie Locks, so we tied up to a jetty and Gurth went ashore to enquire. He found the keepers were having their tea, but would take us through straight away. There are eight locks, one after the other, and we got through in $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Gurth and Margaret went ashore to help the men, who displayed magnificent team-work and a real sense of urgency, inspired perhaps by Margaret's efforts to work the sluices single handed. Jane and I tended the warps on board as we towed through.
- 1915 Left Corpach sea lock and motored over to Camus na Gael (near
1945 Fort William) where we anchored in 5 fathoms L.W., inside a lot of fishing boats.

Not being very fond of canals, after our experience in the Crinan, where you never seem to have a moment's peace, we had been rather dreading the Caledonian. In fact we enjoyed the trip through. Designed for fairly large vessels, the canal is big and spacious, with room to circle, and large locks that are much less violent than those in the Crinan. This gave us a feeling of confidence and comfort. It is also very well sign-posted, with two sets of warning notices before each bridge or lock. The notices gave the distance to the obstruction, and instructions such as "Slow Engines." "Stope Engines." Do not rely on engines reversing." We only met two other yachts, but passed several fishing boats, and a Dutch coaster.

Canal 60 miles. Corpach to Camus 1 mile.
Bar. 29.57.

Sunday, 27th July

- Bar. 29.55 Sun with some high cumulus and slight haze. Wind S.W.'ly 3-4.
- 1245 As the tide began to slacken, we got anchor under sail and set the No.2 yankee. We had a delightful beat down Loch Linnhe, only interrupted by a slight touch at one point. (Margaret had been pointing out a "shark" ahead of us, when we bumped, and realised that it was the remains of a beacon.)
- 1515 We had to motor through Corran Narrows, as the tide was still against us, and the wind took off behind the hills. We then changed to No. 1 yankee, as the wind fell lighter, and finally motored into Loch Corrie in a flat calm.
- 1845 We first anchored in 5 fathoms off the boat slip on the north shore. As we found we were swinging into shallow water, we

moved further out, and eastwards, to anchor in 7 fathoms. Though a delightful spot, this would not be a happy anchorage in a blow. The ground shallows so suddenly, with an awkward rock or two for good measure, that even in 7 fathoms the rocks would be uncomfortably close, with an onshore wind. 20 miles.
Bar. 29.53

Monday, 28th July

Bar. 29.3 Although the forecast gave variables force 2-3, a fresh N.E.ly wind got up during the night, followed by heavy rain.

- 1015 The wind was blowing in fierce squalls off the mountains, and from various directions, which gave us some work to get up the anchor, with engine and double-reefed main.
- 1030 When we cleared the mouth of Loch Corrie, and bore away on port tack down Lynn of Morven, we found the wind was N.E.ly force 4.
- 1130 We gybed to starboard as we opened up the Sound of Mull.
- 1230 Off Ru an Ridire we were becalmed in the lee of the land, and plagued by light variable winds. The tide however was strongly in our favour.
On entering the Sound of Mull we completed our circumnavigation of the Highlands.
- 1250 We soon got the N.E.'ly again, and reached through the southern end of the Sound of Mull ending with a beat, short and long, up the N.W. end, as the wind tended to head us.
- 1600 Anchored in Tobermory, in 5 fathoms, finding the harbour crowded with yachts. It had not stopped raining all day, and even the cabin was now full of wet oilies. After tea we went ashore for milk, and finally found some at a farm up the hill behind the town. We thought of going to the pictures, but the "theatre" only functions once a week - or was it once a fortnight?

26 miles.

Bar. 29.26

Tuesday, 29th July

Bar. 29.4 Wind W.'ly force 3. Overcast, with glimpses of sun.

We spent the morning stocking up with food, water and petrol, while Gurth did some work on the engine.

- 1400 We got anchor under one reefed main and staysail, and sailed across to Loch Sunart. (As soon as we were outside, we shook out the reef) As Margaret wanted an occupation, I told her she could set the No.1 yankee. When Gurth came on deck to help her, she said she wanted to do it all by herself, which she did in something under half an hour.
We sailed up Loch Sunart as far as Salen, to admire the scenery, and then beat back, using the engine at the end, to anchor in

6 fathoms (H.W.) east of Carna Island. This was a lovely and peaceful anchorage, with suitable local colour provided by the pipes and concertina (Scottish airs only) from two cottages on the far shore. Jane and Margaret tried to dance reels on deck.

14 miles.

Bar. 29.50

Wednesday, 30th July

Bar. 29.5 Light stratus and hazy sun. Light N'ly airs and calms.

- 0840 Got anchor, and motored out of Loch Sunart. Set sails hopefully. Gurth was busy photographing the mountains from the counter, and the girls were weaving mats from rushes collected the previous evening. They tried to make me a hat but it was not a success
- 0950 Turned off the engine and set the No.1 yankee - as we were only making for Coll, we were in no hurry. Off Ardnamurchan Point we were completely becalmed, and someone remarked "Even the jelly fish are beating us." After some discussion whether the jelly fish would sting, the crew joined them over the side.
- 1215 A light N.W.'ly air gradually strengthened to give us a good sail, just free on starboard tack, with a MacBrayne steamer slowly overhauling us. As we approached Arinagour, we turned on the engine and followed the steamer in.
- 1415 Anchored in $3\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms (half tide) about 100 yards from the beacon.
In the evening we went ashore, and, though we were unsuccessful in our search for either milk or lobsters, we enjoyed the walk.
Bar. 29.63. 23 miles.

Thursday, 31st July

Bar. 29.73 Wind N.'ly, force 1-2, increasing. Bright sun and blue sky.

- 0720 Up early to catch our tide south, and got anchor under sail. Outside we set the spinnaker to starboard, and steered south, to go westward of Backmore (Dutchman's Cap). We were traveling nicely for a time, but by 1000 our speed had dropped to less than 1 knot. We then motored steadily in a glassy calm, occasionally marred by a ripple of air, past Iona and round to the south of Oronsay. The continuous sunshine was some compensation and Margaret ended up in swim-suit and sou'wester. (For lack of a sun hat).
- 1615 We had just reached the clearing line for the rocks south of Oronsay, and were rounding up towards the anchorage, when a light E. wind came in. As the Oronsay anchorage is exposed to the east, we decided to keep on, and bore away for the Sound of Islay. It was very peaceful, and the girls were very happy to

- continue, hoping to beat their longest passage,
- 1630 Turned off engine and set No.1 yankee.
- 1735 Rudha Mhail Light abeam; the tide should turn in our favour at 1800. As we entered the Sound of Islay the wind fell lighter, and, after several gybes, we were becalmed and travelling entirely on the strong tide. We took the opportunity to have dinner in peace.
- 1930 Approaching Glas Eileann, we got a light S.E.'ly and beat out until we bore away north up the Sound of Jura. Finally, we
- 2110 motored in to anchor inside the Small Isles in $3\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms.
Bar. 29.73. 62 miles.

Friday, 1st August

- Bar. 29.55 Light S.E.'ly wind. Sun and cloud.
- As the girls were rowing me ashore we got a terrific downpour, and had quite a job, struggling into oillies without upsetting the dinghy. There is only one shop, (the only one on Jura) but it supplies most things, except meat which has to be ordered by post. The shopkeeper thought Charlie would be able to let me have petrol, but Charlie had had quite a night, and wouldn't be about yet. Later Charlie appeared, and sold me six gallons for 36/- !
- 1320 We got anchor under sail and left by the northern entrance. We alternately motored and sailed across the Sound to the anchorage above the Ferryman's House, on the N.W. side of West Loch Tarbert (The Ferryman's House is now being done up for private occupation, and the new owners were helpful in providing water.)
- 1715 Anchored in $4\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms, $\frac{1}{4}$ flood.
- Immediately an 8ft. "bum-boat", manned by three children aged 8-10, rowed up and (after much "You speak to him", sotto voce) asked if we wanted eggs, milk or lettuce. We bought all three and most of the eggs were double yolkers. Margaret rowed over to a fishing boat to see if they had any fish, and returned, somewhat apprehensively, with a lobster crawling round the dinghy. As they wanted 10/- for one lobster, and alive into the bargain, I sent it back.
- Bar. 29.52 14 miles.

Saturday, 2nd August

- Bar. 29.61 Wind W.N.W.'ly 2-3
- 0600 An early start was necessary to take our tide round the Mull of Kintyre and up to Campbeltown. We got anchor under power and motored out in steady rain. As visibility was poor we decided to carry on until outside Gigha, to avoid the hazards of the Sound of Gigha.
- We were considering the weather, and wondering whether we couldn't make the inner passage, when the engine stopped.

- (Probably the newly fitted choke control was responsible.) That decided us, and we bore away, setting the No.1 yankee. Despite the heavy rain squalls, we managed to identify the various buoys, and the passage was rather easier than we had feared.
- 0805 Southern end of Cara Island abeam, set course 205°. The girls and I then turned in out of the rain to get some sleep.
- 0945 The next entry in the log reads: "Off Skerryvore the wind increased to a good force 4, and the seas increased. Handed Yankee." It's all a matter of how you feel. The crew would describe the seas as confused and mountainous, and Jane said she felt sure we had hit a rock every time we banged down. When Margaret called "Mummy", I thought we were in for trouble, but she was only worried in case she should break her record by being sick! She wasn't; and I also kept my record, which is a very different one. The only consolation was that we were travelling very fast and were well ahead of schedule. (The tide was due to turn against us at the Mull at 1400). The motion was much less violent once the yankee was stowed, and steering was easier. Gurth used the harness working on the foredeck, and it was a great comfort to know that he was attached to the ship. (Later we got even greater comfort from the gin, known aboard as canal-water, that we offset against the canal dues.)
- 1015 Mull Light abeam, about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile. We went through a slight race off Sron Vamha, but otherwise the seas were much smoother, and the crew took on a new lease of life.
- 1045 Gybed to port tack.
- 1130 As the wind was freshening, we ran under staysail whilst we put in a reef ready for the beat into Campbeltown.
- 1205 Arranman Barrells Buoy abeam. As we luffed up for Campbeltown, the wind increased to force 5-6 and we were glad of the reef.
- 1400 Anchored in 5 fathoms, (H.W.) off the north shore. The wind took off in the evening, and we saw "Namhara" motor in flying the Q flag.
Bar. 29.80. 49 miles.

Sunday, 3rd August

- Bar. 29.89. Cumulo-stratus nine-tenths. S.S.E. force 3.
- 1015 Got anchor under power, and then sailed out under main, staysail and No.1 yankee, setting course for the south of Arran. Shortly after passing Pladda Light, we gybed and approached Lamlash on a broad reach.
- 1310
- 1440 Anchored in 5 fathoms (H.W.) inside Kingscross Point.
Bar. 29.74. 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

Monday, 4th August

Bar. 29.59. Strong S.W.'ly wind and showers. Forecast for force 4-8. We decided to stay put.

We exchanged visits with "Zanetta", who was lying next to us, and were interested to find that she is a cruising version of a Dublin Bay 21-Footer, in which the owner and his wife were week-end cruising with two children aged five and two. As the forecast was for a S.W.'ly gale, veering N.W., we laid out a kedge to starboard. In the late evening we were surrounded by fishing boats, some of which swung dangerously close. We felt much happier when we heard they would not be staying the night.

Bar. 29.51.

Tuesday, 5th August

Bar. 29.61. Wind N.W. force 4-5. Sun and clouds.

- 1015 Got anchor and kedge, and beat up to Lamdash under reefed mainsail and staysail.
- 1045 We anchored off Lamdash while the girls and I went ashore to shop. When we were rowing back we collected a small, boy adrift in a large rowing boat and towed him in.
- 1430 Got anchor under reefed mainsail and staysail, setting the No.2 yankee outside. We luffed up for the Firth of Clyde, just free on port tack.
- 1640 Runnaneun Point Light abeam to port.
Crossing Rothesay Bay, the wind freshened in the gusts, and we stowed the yankee.
- 2000 Just as we were approaching the Burnt Isles the chart was blown overboard. I went too close to it after the first gybe round and managed to sink it, but it came up again and we got it next time.
Going through the North Passage we got soaked in a blinding rainstorm, which was followed by a triple rainbow.
- 2030 Anchored in Caladh in 3 fathoms, $\frac{1}{2}$ tide, entering under power. There were two other boats in the anchorage; a small yacht with an enormous dog and a motor cruiser with a cat. From the latter we borrowed some milk for breakfast.
- Bar. 29.65. 30 miles.

Wednesday, 6th August

Bar. 29.62. Sun and cloud. Fresh N.W.'ly wind, with forecast 5-6.

The girls rowed off to the farm round the corner for milk and came back with a boat load of mussels. After we had cleaned these for lunch, we explored the island and the ruined estate.

- 1430 Got anchor under power, then set one reefed main and staysail and set off down West Kyle. Suddenly the flag halliard parted, and Gurth "ran" up the mast to the crosstrees to recover the end. The girls were tremendously impressed by such unexpected activity from Father, and spent the rest of the cruise trying to emulate him. (The trick is to wear long sea boots that grip at the knees.)
- 1530 Ardlamont Point Buoy abeam to starboard. We luffed up for East Loch Tarbert, setting the No.2 yankee as we found that the wind outside was less than we had expected. We had an uneventful beat, and entered East Loch Tarbert under power.
- 1800 Anchored, to find "Moonface", I.C.C. just astern of us. After dinners the girls went off to the fair, (harbours seem to be plagued with fairs) while Christo Gore-Grimes regaled us with Gaelic coffee on board "Moonface".

15 miles.

Thursday, 7th August.

Bar. 29.48 Wind W.N.W. 3-4. Sun and occasional showers.

We had just got the dinght on deck when I discovered that something had been omitted from the grocery order. We hailed a lad in another yacht and he rowed Jane ashore. Later we discovered that they had enjoyed a good grumble together, as they were bot both the elder "child" aboard and so reckoned they got all the work.

- 1220 Got anchor under one reefed main and staysail and set off for Campbeltown. (Couldn't avoid the place.)
- 1315 As the wind outside came more abeam, we set the No.2 yankee and were doing a good 6 knots, well free on starboard tack.
- 1400 Skipness Point Buoy abeam.
- 1550 Carradale Point Buoy abeam. Wind slightly lighter.
- 1655 Otterard Rock Buoy abeam.
- 1740 Anchored in the usual place on the north shore of Campbeltown, after a hard beat in. (When will we not have a hard beat in?)
- Bar. 29.53. 30 miles.

Friday, 8th August

Bar. 29.53 Overcast. Wind E.'ly force 1-2

- 0910 Got anchor under power and motored out in heavy rain, washing the usual mud off the anchor.
- 0945 As we bore away round Davarr Light we turned off the engine and set sail. (Main, staysail and No.1 yankee.)
- 1145 Paterson Rock Buoy close abeam to starboard. We set course 225° for the Maidens, slightly to leeward of our proper course to allow for the tide.

Apart from half an hour's motoring during a calm, and a brief interlude with the spinnaker as the wind went momentarily further aft, we had an uneventful sail across on port tack, in a smooth sea.

- 1555 Russel Rock abeam to port, with the tide racing across it.
- 1735 Entered Loch Larne and dropped anchor in $4\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms (H.W.) on the west shore near the yacht moorings. We then spent an hour or so shifting our berth on the advice of "local knowledge". Wherever we went someone thought we would be in the way of the steamers. Finally we picked up a mooring. We then had a grandstand view of the evening dinghy racing, at least five different classes starting.
- Bar. 29.64. $39\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

Saturday, 9th August

Bar. 29.64 Wind S.E.'ly 2-3, with forecast for force 5. Nobody felt enthusiastic about beating south in the pouring rain, so we decided to wait for better weather. In the afternoon we went into Larne to shop. It is a depressing place, and even the girls were dejected by the dreary back-yard fair they discovered. We didn't feel like hanging around to go to the pictures and were glad to get back on board to our "home comforts". The stove was going continuously against the damp and the chill.

Bar. 29.60

Sunday, 10th August

Bar. 29.59 After a day in Larne we were much more anxious to get away, but the wind was still S.S.E. and had strengthened to force 4-5. Gurth said we wouldn't enjoy beating through the races off Muck and Mew Island with a weather-going tide, so we settled down to play cards, quite glad to be out of the rain. By the time the wind eased in the late afternoon, we had missed our tide.

Bar. 29.51.

Monday, 11th August

Bar. 29.51. Wind S.S.E. 2-3. Hazy sun and stratus. Showers. The tide would not be in our favour, south going, until 1500. We preferred to start earlier, and were prepared to buck the last of the tide off Muck Island, as long as it was not a dead beat. The wind kept shifting round to the south (which would just enable us to lay along the coast, and we would decide to set off, when back it would go to S.S.E.

- 1310 About two hours before L.W. we slipped mooring under sail and set the No.1 yankee. Outside the harbour we luffed close hauled on starboard and beat along the coast, tacking three or four times to shifts of wind. As the No.1 yankee has to be

carried round forward, Margaret took the helm, Gurth dealt with the yankee on the foredeck and then helped Jane and me with the staysail and yankee sheets. We could just carry the big yankee, rail well down.

- 1630 Crossing the mouth of Belfast Lough on port tack, the visibility was so poor that when half way across we could not pick up Mew Island. Suddenly we were enveloped in thick fog. Anxious not to get embayed to the west of Mew Island, with the flood running into the lough, Gurth got the Beme Loop going, and got Mew Island Beacon 80° to leeward.
- 1700 The fog lifted as suddenly as it had come down and we saw Mew Island Light dead ahead. As we passed Mew Island, Gurth handed the yankee before entering Donaghadee. No sooner was it down than I brightly suggested we should go on to Portavogie. He got soaked a second time resetting the yankee, but as soon as he worked it out, realised that we had no hope of making Portavogie on the tide. It was more sense to get in early and be ready for an early start with a fair tide and (we hoped) a fair wind next day. So he got soaked a third time taking the yankee down again.
- 1830 We sailed into Donaghadee and anchored off the southern wall. A fisherman took our stern lines ashore. Later we dropped back and put in long bowlines so that we could cast off easily in the morning. (Lots of fun for the crowd.) Our early night was rather disturbed by a concert party on the pier and a lot of noisy singing about coloured tooth-brushes. Bar. 29.50. 18 miles.

Tuesday, 12th August

- Bar. 29.50 Some high stratus. Faint W.'ly air.
- 0505 Slipped lines and got anchor under power, setting full sail outside. We had intended leaving an hour earlier, but had overslept, if getting up at 4.30 can be called oversleeping. We hoped to make Dun Laoghaire before dark, which we could do if we averaged 5 knots. So, although the wind gradually improved, we turned on the engine whenever it fell light, to keep up our speed. During the first ten hours the engine was turned on six times, and was running for a total of nearly six hours.
- 0615 Skulmartin L.V. close abeam.
- 0735 South Rock Buoy abeam to starboard. Set course 215° for the Baily Light. A short head sea, presumably left over from the southerlies of the last few days, slowed us down rather.
- 1015 St. John's Point Light abeam, bearing N.W.
- 1515 The engine was turned off for the last time as the wind gradually strengthened to force 3-4, and freed slightly, so that we were soon doing a good 5½ knots, just free on starboard tack.
- 1735 Rockabill Light close abeam. The tide was now against us, but the wind was still freshening.

- 1830 As the wind was fairly strong in the gusts, we handed the No.1 yankee and set the No.2 jib for the beat across Dublin Bay. We had dinner in the lee of Ireland's Eye, and eating rail-down seemed to improve Margaret's appetite out of all recognition.
- 2015 Baily Light abeam. As the wind eased a bit, and freed us slightly, we rather regretted the yankee.
- 2115 Picked up "Namhara"'s mooring, as our own was occupied.

87 miles.

On the whole, the weather did not treat us too unkindly. We complained of lack of wind, of head winds and of rain, but we missed the gales and big depressions which, according to the weather forecast, were mainly running across from Shannon and up the Channel - last year, also, we had better weather up north. We rarely had a good fair wind for a passage, and could have done without the spinnaker, but the No.1 yankee, which we took for the first time, was invaluable.

For the first half of the cruise we were rather haunted by the importance of keeping to schedule. A change of crew is always a problem, and it is even more complicated round the north of Scotland, and when one crew is young. Once we had passed the point of no return, there was nowhere except Inverness where we could conveniently make the change. As a result, we pressed on when we could, and then had to kick our heels for forty-eight hours in Inverness. (It is true we could have gone on to Fort William, but I thought the canal would give the girls a good start.)

Our only regret is that we did not go on to the Shetlands. Looking back, we realise that we could have done so easily, for the south-easter, that had been forecast day after day, at last arrived on the day we spent in Stromness, to be followed, two days later, by good northerlies. But who was to know?

* * * * *

T I M E

	TOTAL	UNDER	DISTANCE
	H. M.	POWER	Miles
		H. M.	
JULY			
12	Dun Laoghaire		
13	Campbeltown	35 50	9 0
14	Ardrishaig	7 45	30
1	Crinan		
15	Eigg	13 0	3 25
16	Loch Gairloch	13	10 50
17	L. Inchard	11 35	11 35
19	Stromness	22 10	6 50
20	Long Hope	3 0	0
22	Invergordon	16 25	10
23	Muirtown	3 45	15
	Caledonian Canal (Corpach Sea Lock)		
26	Camus na Gael		15
27	L. Corrie	6 0	1 0
28	Tobermory	5 45	15
29	L. Sunart	4 15	30
30	Coll	5 35	1 40
31	Small Isles, Jura	13 50	7 30
AUGUST			
1	West L. Tarbert	3 55	1 30
2	Campbeltown	8 0	1 10
3	Lamlash	4 25	10
5	Caladh, Kyles of Bute	6 30	30
6	East L. Tarbert	3 30	30
7	Campbeltown	5 20	0
8	L. Larne	8 25	1 15

		<u>T I M E</u>		<u>UNDER</u>		<u>DISTANCE</u>	
		TOTAL		POWER		Miles	
		H.	M.	H.	M.		
AUGUST							
11	Donaghadee	5	20	5		18	
12	Dun Laoghaire	16	10	5	40	87	
		<hr/>					
		223	30	62	35	995	
JULYZ	14-15 Crinan Canal	say -	5	0	5	0	9
	25-26 Caledonian Canal		16	25	say 11	0	60
		<hr/>					
				say 78		1064	

Average speed 4.45 knots.

Petrol consumption about 55 gallons i.e. 0.7 gallons/hour.

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A NOTE ON THE PENTLAND FIRTH

The attached sketch shows the direction of the streams affecting the passage from Long Hope to Duncansby Head. The flood, after sweeping in a semi-circular direction past Hoxa Sound, finally runs, at a greatly increased speed, East and South East past the Pentland Skerries and Duncansby Head. In doing so it sweeps across the very dangerous and extensive reefs of the Pentland Skerries. To avoid this, the Pilot Directions for "low powered steam vessels" are to leave on the latter part of the ebb at such a time as to arrive at Duncansby Head at Low Water, thereby being in a position to take full advantage of the S.E.-going stream, and avoiding any risk of being swept onto the Skerries.

* * * * *

Rainbow's Cruise to Devon, Cornwall & Scilly, 1958

Launce McMullen (all the way)
 Tom Hayes (to Plymouth)
 Brian Hegarty (to Dartmouth)
 Claire McMullen (from Plymouth)
 Tony Purssell (from Dartmouth)

.....

Thursday,
22 May.

After fairly bad weather for preparation we left at 1328 in an increasing Southerly wind and lumpy sea and beat through Dalkey Sound and down the Coast. By 6-mile Point the wind was a good force 5 and it was clear that we would have to spend the night at Wicklow, as we could hardly beat round the Head against the tide.

1805

Having jilled about outside so as not to mix up the weather forecast with mooring, we entered Wicklow and moored to the wall on the North side of the river. During the night the wind went round to NE and our stern rope carried away; replaced with man-sized rope.

Friday,
23 May.

A terrible day in the centre of a depression, with masses of rain and wind in various directions; Tom returned to Dublin by train leaving more room for Brian and me. People often ask if an ex-6 is not very cramped on a long passage, and it isn't with three aboard, there being plenty of room to sleep and cook; it is the wet day in harbour when one could do with more room, everyone wanting to move about.

Saturday,
24 May,

Another bad forecast, but with NW wind we decided to get to Arklow at least and left at 0954.

1050

Reached Horseshoe buoy after rolling round the head in heavy swell.

1320

Entered river at Arklow, and beat up with many short tacks to the Basin, where we moored at 1340. We should have gone on, but there was still a bad forecast and Tom had left his car at Wicklow. He and I went home to sleep. In the evening An Gail, Vanja, Zephyra and Arandora arrived, having been frustrated by the cancellation of the ICC race to Holyhead.

Sunday,
25 May.

A nice day at last.

1058. Left Arklow Harbour and sailed South against the tide inside the banks in moderate westerly.

When attempting to set sail I found that I had mixed up two pairs of sails, and instead of a good genoa and a large working jib had brought an entirely worn-out large genoa and a rather useless small one.

Approaching the Tuskar the opportunity was taken to check the steering compass against the chart and the hand-bearing compass. It was found to be 2° in error due to incorrect adjustment of the mounting bolts, and this was corrected.

1825 Log streamed, adjusted zero.

1843 Tuskar passed close to Starboard)(they thought too close as they hoisted JD) bright sun, wind SW force 3 to 4, sea long enough for comfort. Course 184 mag, for Longships, strong ebb tide.

After an hour the wind veered enough for us to start the sheets a little. So began the nicest night passage I have ever sailed, moonlit, warm, phosphorescent, fast but not wet.

2320 Loom of Smalls 095°.

Monday,
26 May.

0001. Log 29 miles.

0200. Log 40 miles.

0800. Log 71 miles.

0845. Course 180°.

0930. Log 79, wind WNW.

1200. Land sighted Port bow.

1225. Log 91.

1817. Passed Longships to Port. We thought of going through the channel, but wind veered so as to make it a dead run; the usual pyramid seas were present. Log read 120 $\frac{1}{4}$, a bit under, but we had started in a strong ebb.

Wind now a foor force 2, N.

1942. Runnelstone Buoy. Course to pass Lizard 2 miles off.

Tuesday
27 May.

0015. Lizard abeam, log 143, wind light NW, another very fine night but not quite so remarkable as the previous night; course set for Rame Head.

0715. Log 170, wind rather dying away.

0930. No wind. Outboard run for a few minutes to check its starting as we would probably need it on arrival. Soon a SW breeze sprang up and gradually freshened.

1200. Passed Rame Head and ran up Western entrance of Plymouth Harbour. When well up the Harbour we lowered the main and entered Sutton Pool under jib alone.

1300. As we prepared to secure to the usual buoy, where everyone lies, one boat already there, the large ugly

owner of a large ugly launch ordered me to move off as he had "hired the buoy for the Bath & West Show". However his skipper was a remarkable man. He secured us along one side and the Customs launch to the other so that we could do customs without being crushed between the two, all the time telling his owner that he was getting rid of us. This skipper was one of the quickest and most efficient seamen I have met, and when he borrowed my canvas punt, which most people have to enter with the greatest care, he just sprang in and rowed away as steady and safe as could be.

Once ashore I phoned Claire who was staying with friends waiting, and she was delighted and surprised as she knew we had still been in Arklow on Sunday morning. I slept ashore and in the morning Tom Hayes left to return via Rosslare while Claire joined.

Wednesday,
28 May.

1000. Towed out of Sutton Pool by aforesaid skipper and set sails outside. Wind SE force 4, sunny. Beat out through Eastern Entrance and across Bigbury Bay towards Bolt Head. In one tack we passed close astern of "Fresh Breeze" formerly owned by Uffa Fox. Sea lumpy and wetting near Bolt Head, so decided to enter Salcombe.

1515. Entered Salcombe, and sailed up river a fair distance above the town. Beat back to the town.

1610. Anchored at Salcombe. Later a wet evening.

Thursday,
29 May.

1100. Left, light Southerly. Once outside we got a lot of sea and very little wind, rather sick-making.

1250. Prawle Point abeam.

1345. Passed Start Point and freed sheets.

1700. 1 M East of Berry Head, gybed to enter Brixham.

1730. Entered Harbour.

1738. Anchored near Brixham Yacht Club.

Friday,
30 May.

Having been to Brixham before we thought we must go a little further from home before turning, so we decided to sail clock-wise round Torbay, hugging the shore on the way out.

0835. Left Brixham, and sailed past Paignton, light SW wind.

1000. Sailed quickly in and out of Torquay Harbour, very crowded. Beat towards Berry Head, force 3.

1100. Off Berry Head, continued to beat.

1200. Off Dartmouth. Entered river and ran in the usual fluky winds right past the town and up to Dittisham, where we anchored at 1303. The Dart is a very beautiful river especially in the Spring. In the afternoon I went for quite a long row while the others walked up steep hills ashore. In the evening we drank cyder; when we got back to Rainbow some thought she was aground; others that it couldn't matter less if she was.

Saturday,
31 May.

0640. Up anchor to beat down to Dartmouth in fluky winds.

0735. Anchored Kingswear. Shopped ashore. Brian crossed from Dartmouth in the ferry and left in the Torbay Express. The Customs man came aboard and was also Vice Commodore of the Dartmouth Sailing Club which hands out a very fine card giving all the local information one could want. I spent considerable time helping some people with an 8-tonner in unsuccessful attempts to free their painter from their propellor. We also met Captain Robert Hughes, who bought Aideen from Billy Mooney. He now has a 4-tonner. After a lazy afternoon Tony Purssell arrived by train, so we had exactly three people aboard all the time, which is the best number.

1750. Left Dartmouth, usual fluky winds between the Castles, outside lumpy sea and poor breeze mainly Westerly.

2045. Start abeam. Reached towards Salcombe entrance very fast with good Northerly but inside it was calm, and the tide ebbing. We could have reached the anchorage rapidly under outboard, but the other two were for some reason madly interested in beating against the tide with no wind and failing light. This process continued till 2235 when we mercifully grounded below the Grand Hotel on the last of the ebb. I rowed the kedge into the deeper water, and we all turned in without waiting to float.

Sunday,
1 June.

0710. N. wind; as Tony had not seen Salcombe we motored up through the anchorage as far as the "Bag" to show it to him.

0740. Turned down river and stopped motor. Outside conditions were poor as there was a big Southerly swell, little wind and poor visibility with some rain. There were many basking sharks about.

1300. Started outboard which ran practically all the rest of the passage.

1350. Rame Head abeam, continued Westwards.

1910. Anchored Fowey, now a fine evening. Visited Royal Fowey Yacht Club, and also Polruan across the river.

Monday,
2 June.

0920. Left Fowey, again winds were light and variable, and the swell heavy. We saw a basking shark jump right out.

1230. Dodman abeam.

1625. Anchored in Falmouth. The outboard had again run most of the way, and did very well in the lumpy sea. Dined ashore and rowed across to Flushing later.

Tuesday,
3 June.

Managed to get aboard Bounty a very nice 24 ft. WL cruiser built by Falmouth Boat Construction. She struck me as a remarkable combination of capacity with easy handling and almost certainly very adequate performance. Heavy rain fell at intervals; after lunch we decided to sail to Helford River.

1455. Left Falmouth, SW wind mostly force 4. After a pleasant beat to windward we entered the river and were just able to lie the course.

1645. Anchored Helford Point. Explored village and visited pub where there is a Visitors' Book for Yachts, saw Foresight among other names.

After supper we were all set to row across to Helford Passage, but suddenly decided to sail for Scilly at once, as the wind had backed almost to South. One should not miss a favourable chance of rounding the Lizard particularly to Westward, as, if the wind gets set in the West and South West it can be a formidable obstacle; heavy breaking seas on the West going tide, while few yachts could beat the flood close-hauled. An offing of 4 miles is necessary to avoid the race.

2110. Left Helford, and after a slow sail down the river sailed close-hauled on Starboard just East of South. Tacked when we could pass an estimated 2 miles off Lizard.

Wednesday,
4 June.

0040. Lizard bearing 000° magnetic, distance guessed perhaps quite inaccurately as $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. Course set to pass 1M South of Wolf Rock. A fine night with rather lumpy seas, fast sailing on close reach.

0455. Wolf Rock abeam to N.

A slow entrance through St. Mary's Sound against the tide.

1920. Anchored in St. Mary's. A fine morning, and we ought to have made for Tresco at once instead of lazing after our night passage.

Thursday,
5 June.

Though misty with SW wind we thought we would try Tresco, but after dragging our anchor we abandoned the attempt and returned to St. Mary's. Underway 1045 to 1145.

Thursday,
5 June.
(contd.)

1420. Left again intending to circumnavigate Bishop Rock. Sailed towards it close-hauled on Port, but when about 1 M short we emerged from all shelter, it was clear we would not round the rock without getting wet. "Shall we turn back?" I said, and on the crew agreeing pointed for Dunmore East. This soon caused yells of protest, and in vain I pointed out that to return to St. Mary's would give us two unnecessary passages through the rock-strewn approaches; no, we had an engagement to meet the Harbour Master for a drink, and we must get more milk.

1545. Back again in St. Mary's.

The pubs ashore have mostly been greatly altered in the last five years, improved or ruined according to the point of view. It turned out a shocking wete evening.

Friday,
6 June.

A fairly early start was intended, but it was raining in a big way, and we were on holiday so we stayed in bed.

1103. Left under trysail, and sailed slowly toward Bishop in SE wind and bad visibility.

1135. Log streamed.

1140. The transit of Great Smith and St. Agnes Light, on which one sails out to the NW, was just visible. These islands need constant attention to one's position at all times, and are dangerous in thick weather, owing to the number of rocks and the speed with which one's position becomes uncertain in the strong tides.

1225. On course 016 to pass 4m E. of Tuskar, log had been streamed so as to read as if we had started from Bishop Rock.

1310. Round Island 110° Mag. The forecast being winds 4 to 6 Southerly we were under trysail and large genoa, as well as small jib. The idea was that as the wind increased we would eventually lower the genoa, and then be correctly rigged to run before the strong winds at night. Actually the wind veered and remorselessly fell, 4, 3, 2, 1, 0 and by midnight we had to set a disgustingly wet and sulky mainsail in floods of rain.

Saturday,
7 June.

0200. Log 58 miles, line vertical. In the next six hours we sailed little patches and also ran the outboard at times.

0810. Log re-set at 66 miles, on estimate.

On this day a West wind increased as slowly and steadily as it had fallen the day before.

1200. Log 81.

1420. Genoa down, wind a good 4.

1600. Log 105.

2120. The first land seen was the low coast between Carnsore and Rosslare. The Tuskar was not seen until the light was lit and was then 30° abaft the beam, distant about 7 miles. I have always been frightened of the coast between Carnsore and the Saltees, especially at night, and had kept well to the East.

2322. Passed Blackwater LV.

Sunday,
8 June.

0340. At Horseshoe buoy and found strong ebb established, so rounded buoy and turned back South to Jack's Hole, where we anchored 0432. Here we had a sleep, breakfast and ditched the Genoa.

1005. Sailed for home in NW wind, good tide, rather lumpy sea. Could not quite lay sound and after a short tack entered Dun Laoghaire at 1432.

* * * * *

SUMMARY OF PASSAGES

<u>Ports</u>	<u>Miles</u>	<u>Hours</u>	<u>Speed (knots)</u>
Dun Laoghaire - Wicklow	21	4.6	4.6
Wicklow - Arklow	14	3.4	4.1
Arklow - Plymouth	235	51.1	4.6
Plymouth - Salcombe (including extra up river)	23	6.2	3.7
Salcombe - Brixham	22	6.6	3.3
Brixham - Torquay - Dittisham	18	4.5	4.0
Dittisham - Dartmouth	2	.9	2.2
Dartmouth - Salcombe	15	4.8	3.1
Salcombe - Fowey	38	12.0	3.2
Fowey - Falmouth	23	7.1	3.2
Falmouth - Helford	7	1.8	3.9
Helford - Hughtown (St. Mary's)	61	12.2	5.0
2 local sails	12	2.4	5.0
St. Mary's - Horseshoe - Jack's Hole	188	41.5	4.5
Jack's Hole - Dun Laoghaire	27	4.4	6.1
	<hr/>		
Total	706	163.5	4.31
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"SHINDILLA". MAIDEN CRUISE.Fair winds in Denmark and Holland. 1958.R. L. Berridge. 1958.

At the end of July we took over "SHINDILLA" at her builder's yard in Alkmaar - Holland. Designed by Baron Van Hoevell of Amsterdam, she is a Bmdn Ketch - L.O.A. 38' 0". L.W.L. 28' 0". Beam 10' 10". and draught 4' 9". Displacement is about 9 tons and sail area 580 sq ft. with a mast head staysail. She is built of steel with lead ballast. The auxiliary is a Coventry Victor Vixen diesel of 2 cyls and 22 H.P. Masts are in tabernacles and they can be lowered or raised with some 2 hours hard work. Raised side decks give roomy accommodation with over 6 ft headroom throughout.

We arrived at the yard on Monday July 28th to find SHINDILLA afloat in the North Holland Canal, black topsides gleaming in the sunlight. For the next two days we were busy with fitting out with yard workmen finishing off on deck and below. Midday

Thursday
July 31st.

was fixed as our deadline.. What was not ready by then would have to wait till winter. At noon all the men who had been working on board her came to a party in the salon which went well despite the language problems. Baron Van Hoevell arrived from Amsterdam and at 1510 we cast off and motored down the canal bound for the Sixhaven in Amsterdam. We were a family crew, my wife Cicely, daughter Sally and son Richard.

We found SHINDILLA did 6 knots under easy engine revs while we settled down to enjoy a delightful day passing t through the countryside, across the Alkmadermeer and through Zaandam to the North Sea Canal. We tied up at Sixhaven at 2030.

The next two days were spent in work on the boat, provisioning and cleaning up after the yard.

Sunday
Aug. 3rd.

found us locking out into the Islemeer at 1130 through the Orange Sluis, bound on our first sailing trials. Sail was made as soon as we were through the opening bridge, in a light breeze and smooth water. SHINDILLA slipped along well and we soon had the Genoa set and then the mizzen staysail, 909 sq. ft. An hour was spend tied up in Volendam, which was packed with tourists, and then away again close hauled in a fresh breeze to Muiden where we moored to the R.N.Y.C. jetty. There were many fine boats in the attractive yacht harbour

again close hauled in a fresh breeze to Muiden where we moored to the R.N.Y.C. jetty. There were many fine boats in the attractive yacht harbour below the 14th century castle. Late in the evening we motored back to Amsterdam, well pleased with our trials.

Tuesday
Aug. 5th.

We swung ship in the pouring rain and had the compass adjusted. The maximum error on the final deviation table was 4 degrees. At last on

Friday
Aug. 8th.

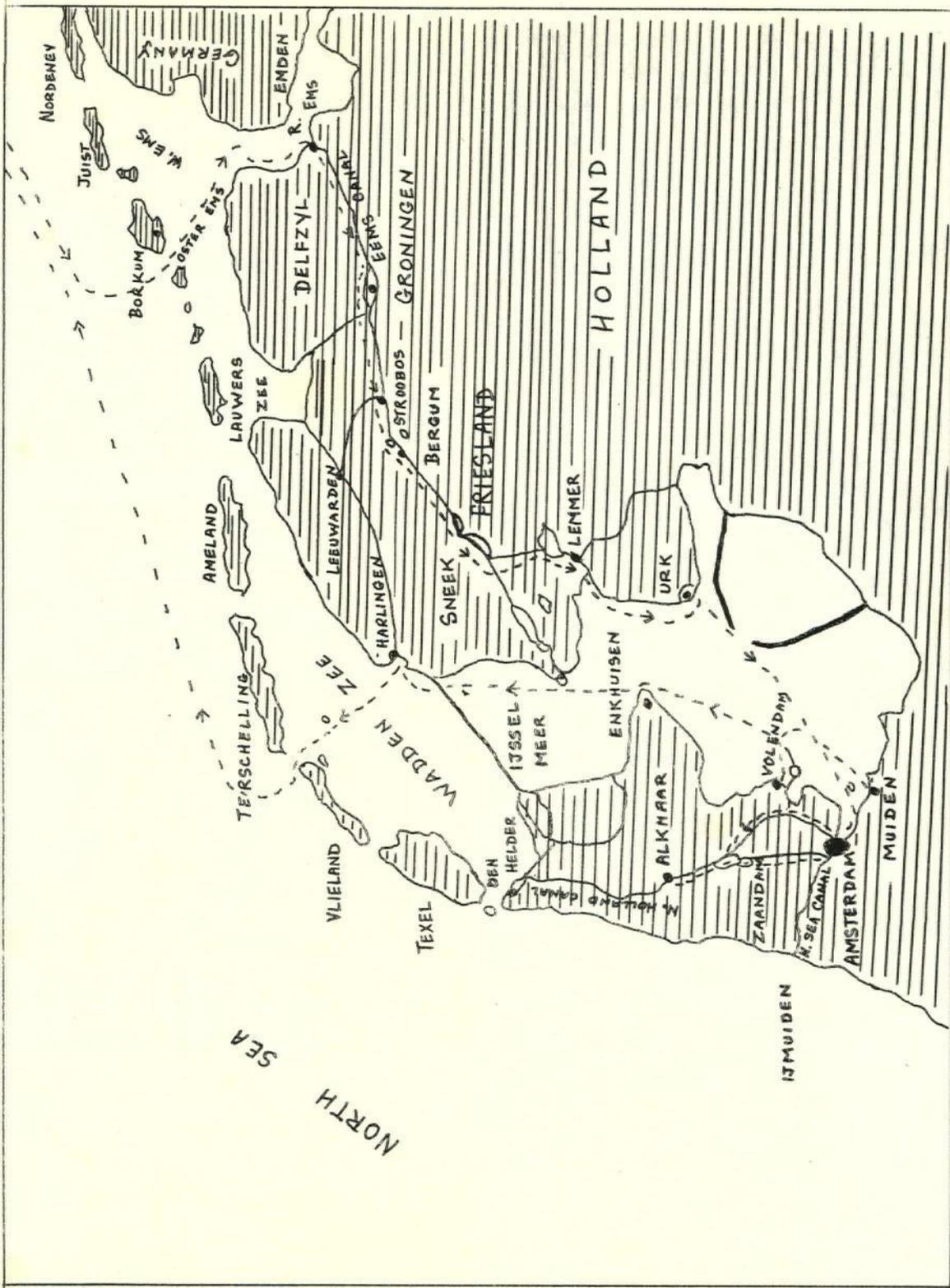
We got away, Gillian Candler having joined us the day before. Enjoyed a pleasant sail to Enkhuizen where we moored alongside at 1345. There was a lot of work in progress in the south approach. The start of another polder. Visit in the rain in the afternoon to the fascinating Zuider Zee Museum. The Coventry Victor agents came on board to check on the engine cooling system.

Saturday
Aug. 9th.

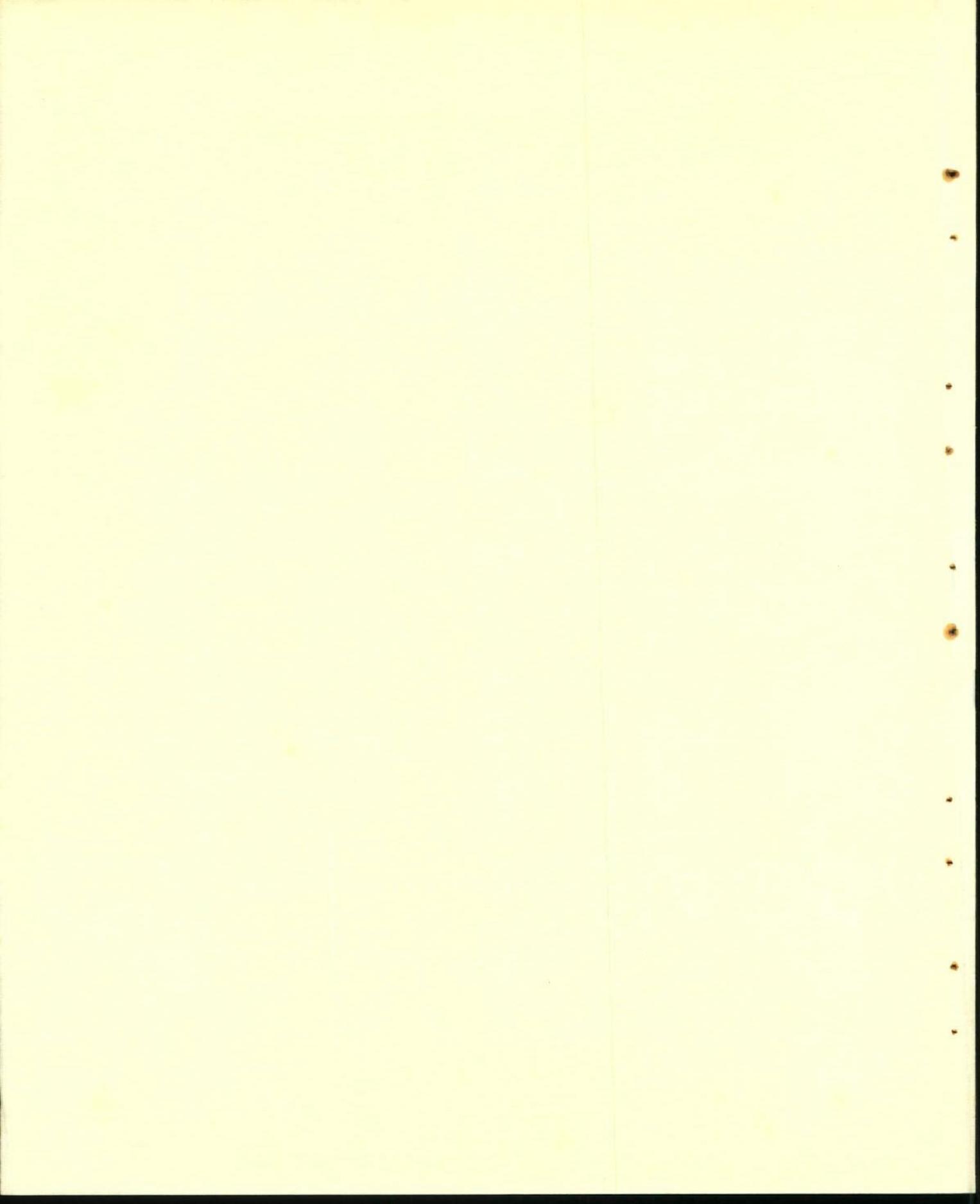
We left at 1245 in a flat calm and brilliant sun, motoring across a glassy Islemeer with distant buildings and boats forming crazy mirages. We locked out at Kornwerdezand and made Harlingen, across the flats, by 1945.

Sunday
Aug. 10th.

Harlingen was a very commercial harbour but an attractive town. We had managed to get customs clearance the night before, a necessity with the new yacht which had many dutiable items on board, and motored out in another flat calm at 1100. The Waddenzee was looking its best - a desolate and tide-ridden stretch of water with golden sands drying out in all sides and the outer islands slowly coming up over the horizon. Early afternoon found us breasting a strong flood in the main channel out through the Terschelling Zee Gat, the Stortemelk. A light easterly breeze got up which just allowed us to make sail and lay down the southern edge of the swept channel. This was all wrong - where were our brave west winds which we had counted on to blow us to the Elbe? However on checking the engine at dusk we discovered a leaking oil gasket, our own fault in cleaning the oil filter, and nearly all our oil had leaked into the bilge. Deciding to return, we bore away and ran back to the entrance to the Stortemelk. From there it was a long, hard beat, the only hazards being the unlit buoys which sometimes loomed up and swept past uncommonly close. The dark night brought a freshening wind and the narrow channel made the tacks short and quick, especially in the approach to the Schuitengat. I blessed the Ferrograph echo sounder which allowed me to stand on as long as possible. SHINDILLA went splendidly and soon Terschelling harbour opened up



SCALE: 0 10 20 30 40 SEA MILES



and we lowered main and shot in between the pier heads under mizzen and staysail and slowly worked up the long harbour as we looked out for a berth. Eventually made fast to a ship at the head of the harbour at 0215 on

Monday
Aug. 11th.

Terschelling is a rather dull seaside resort, chiefly notable for the extreme shortness of the girls' shorts, but we did manage to get our washer replaced and to buy new oil.

Tuesday
Aug. 12th.

Alarm at 0400 woke us to teeming rain and no wind. It took little persuasion to decide to lie in for another hour and it was still wet when we left at 0740. Outside we made sail to a light westerly and eased sheets round the west end of the island. We had discovered from the head of the Terschelling Pilots that the Thomas Smit Gat, the easterly outlet through the Terschelling Zee Gat, was now buoyed and in common use by small coasters. Though it was not officially declared mine free. The buoys are not marked on the Admiralty chart, but we had a good look at them on the large scale Dutch chart and found no difficulty in finding our way through. It saves a lot of distance bound east, but is not lit at all.

SHINDILLA was soon through it and we settled down to the long and interesting run down the swept channel to the Elbe. There was endless traffic of all sizes and we blessed the fair wind and good visibility. The Nemedri buoys came up with satisfying regularity despite a wind of very variable strength. At one time we were down to staysail and mizzen, then a reef in the main and then whole sail again for the rest of the passage. All night we worked up the long series of Jade - Ems Buoys from the Borkum Riff light ship. It was a quiet and rather calm night with the engine called on for a lot of the time. All around were the lights of shipping, to starboard the shore lights, Borkum, Nordeney, Alter Weser L.S., and every so far a J.E. Buoy, J.E.8, J.E.10, and so it went on.

A grey, early dawn found shipping converging from all directions and a roaring flood tide made as Elbe I L.S. came abeam at 0630 on

Wednesday
Aug. 13th.

Sal and Gillian had done some pretty heavy sleeping during the night watches, so we turned them out early and they got a great wave from a German Trawler, inward bound - the first of many. Elbe II L.S. came abeam with the desolate Scharnhorn Riff and Neuwerk Island to starboard. What a shocking bit of coast - a lee shore, sands extending 20 miles from the land, strong tides and often bad visibility. One could not help thinking of the long beat back in September. However conditions

were perfect and soon Cuxhaven was in sight and then passed and we came alongside the Customs launch in the roads to get clearance. Our half kilos of tea and coffee were solemnly entered up on a form and then we were away again for Brunsbuttel with the flood still running. By 1130 we were made fast in the lock with the United Baltic representative on board to make our way smooth. As soon as the gates were opened we motored into the canal and tied up in the yacht harbour on the north bank. The afternoon was spent with stores and sleep and in the evening it was delightful to walk around the huge locks, surrounded by trees, and watch the ever changing panorama of ships passing through.

Thursday
Aug. 14th.

A damp morning with heavy showers as we slugged away down the canal at 0845. The east end is dull, flat country with the interest lying in the shipping. All nationalities and sizes came past - Germans and Finns, Swedes and Norwegians, Danes and Dutch, small barges and large tankers, old and new. Everyone waved except the Russians - they remained wooden and impassive until the commissar came out on the bridge and waved, then all waved. The easterly end of the canal is more pleasant with higher wooded banks and there are some fine bridges. At Holtenau we came alongside a water barge and filled up then locked through and motored to the British Kiel Y.C. at Stickenhorn, a couple of miles north of Holtenau, where we made fast at 1715. There was a crowd of R.A.C. chaps at the club getting ready for a race the next day in 30 sq. metres to Sndeborg. The girls soon disappeared with some of them, bound for the bright lights of Kiel. We got our bonded stores on board, gin at 7/- and brandy at 15/-!

Friday
Aug. 15th.

The sun shone and a brisk westerly breeze made the Baltic seem the place to be. After provisioning and working on board all morning we left at 1330 and motored across the fjord to the Customs launch off Labo and went alongside to break bond. By 1430 we were under all sail, beam wind, sun and spray and SHINDILLA going splendidly. There was a good deal of sea and Gillian was feeling the lively motion. Our destination was Bagenkop on the S.W. tip of Langeland and the wind held all day till we made fast alongside in the crowded harbour at 1930. We had been wondering about the advisability of keeping to the swept channels in Danish waters and were encouraged on this passage to watch the German Navy manoeuvring with élan well outside them.

Bagenkop proved to be a busy and delightful fishing harbour with high sheered and broad bowed boats, painted the palest blue, chugging in and out with their one lung semi-diesels whose note was to be always with us in the Baltic. We were the centre of considerable interest and were already becoming used to the queries about our ensign.

Saturday
Aug. 11th.

Next morning a young customs officer gave us clearance. There was the same brisk breeze and sun while we shopped and drew money from the bank and decided that we liked our first acquaintance with Denmark.

SHINDILLA was under all sail off the southern tip of Langeland by 1145 and was soon running up the Langelands Bælt with a pleasant quartering breeze. We got the genoa out, inspired with thoughts of a really fast passage, only to find that a diesel leak from the filler pipe had run all over the bag and through onto the sail. Cicely and Sal spent a long time working in the sail locker to try to staunch the joint. By the time this was done the wind had freshened to force 5 and SHINDILLA was going great guns. We packed the genoa away again in a kit bag.

Langeland looked peaceful with its cultivated fields windmills and farm houses as we picked our way from buoy to buoy across to the Smaalands Farvandet - The Channels among the Small Islands. We debated making a long evening run to Vordingborg but decided instead to run down for the night to the southern islands. Our course brought us through the Staalby and past Raag where we saw a Danish ketch running in south of the island. With the fresh westerly breeze the island harbours on Faem or Fej would be rather exposed, so we made for Kragenaes on Lolland and came to alongside the pilot boat in the little harbour at 1730.

The Danish ketch, Jenni V, came in later and her owner was on board to have a look around. Our evening stroll through the village and wooded country was delightful. It was another lovely day when we sailed at 1045 on

Sunday
Aug. 17th.

Earlier, the owner of Jenni V had brought Cicely a bouquet of flowers in the Danish national colours, and we arranged with him to sail in company through the channels south of the islands. We were soon following Jenni V past Fej with a fair wind, SHINDILLA soon overtaking her pilot as she ran between the shoals, Faem Slatterev, Gronvold Grund, Stem Toft - delightful names. This was the Smaalands Farvandet as we had pictured it when studying the charts in Connemara. Wooded shores small islands, rich farmlands, sunshine and a blue sea with breaking crests. If only one had more time, there were so many places to explore.

By early afternoon the Storstrøm Bridge was marching right across the eastern horizon. Jenni V started up her engine and overtook us, passing through one of the Northern spans of the bridge. We sailed slowly under the centre and laid up close hauled for Vordingborg, making fast bow on to the pier opposite the Y.C. at 1530. Small

boys sailed diminutive dinghies to and fro with gusto and backchat while the inhabitants of Vordingboro took their Sunday evening stroll along the pier, commenting on the moored boats. The ubiquitous German yachts were in, and one soon tied up alongside us. The daughter of the owner, it transpired, had recently been staying in Moycullen. Vordingborg is a pleasant town with delightful walks through the grounds of the old fortress which overlooks the harbour.

Monday
Aug 18th.

Was spent in Copenhagen to which we went by train. One day is a ridiculously short time to devote to this lovely city. It was a hot calm day and we walked till we felt tired and then took a water bus to the Langelinie and had a look at the yacht harbour and the mermaid. In the evening we dined in the Tivoli and finally caught a late train home. During the day the wind had swung round to light easterly and we had great hopes of the morrow.

Tuesday
Aug 19th.

The east wind was there sure enough, but force 5, overcast and unsettled with a falling glass. Watered and provisioned before we motored out through the narrow channel at 1215, hoisting reefed mainsail and staysail outside. The wind steadily freshened and visibility was poor but SHINDILLA made great speed back across the Smaalands. A surprisingly short and steep sea got up which made the boom guy invaluable. This was a very different Smaalands scene to that of two days ago. It was grand to think of the miles slipping astern which we had expected to have to gain laboriously to windward.

The approach to Omø Sund gave us some difficulty. There had been alterations to the buoyage since our chart had been published and a heavy squall which reduced visibility still more, and made SHINDILLA hard to hold, did not help matters. We lowered the mainsail, which came down easily with the wind aft, and in due course the sound opened up clear ahead. We were through by 1740 and set course across the Store Baelte for Nyborg. It was a wild run under staysail and we were glad when the Vresen Puller buoy was picked up to port and we knew that we were clear of the unpleasant Vresen N.Flak shoals which extend up the Store Baelte from the N tip of Langeland.

We raced up to Nyborg and came to alongside in the Fiskeri Havn at 2000, glad to be in. This berth was more sheltered than in the roomy main harbour where the swell found its way in everywhere from the S.E. gale which was blowing, with heavy rain, on

Wednesday
Aug. 20th.

We stayed in port and rather exhausted the limited pleasures of Nyborg. The train ferry steamers run from here across the Store Baelte to Korsør on Sjælland. One will always remember the ferry ships as they came in and went out, opening and closing their bows like huge crocodiles.

Thursday
Aug 21st.

Was more promising. Still blowing hard and overcast, but the rain had stopped and the glass was steady and the wind fair again. We motored out at 1120 with 2 reefs in the main and all dressed up for the worst. By 1215, off Knudshoved, we were able to hoist sail and bear away up the Store Baelte, soon adding the mizzen. Early afternoon found us passing through Ramsø Sund with a strong fair current with us and a nasty sea breaking on the Romsø W. Rev. At Fyens Hoved, the north tip of the island, we gybed and ran through the inner passage in the reef, setting the mizzen staysail to help her along. To the north we could make out Samsø and Endelav Is and wished we had time to run up there to have a night in one of the little harbours.

The buoy off Aebelø N.W. Rev was rounded at 1845 allowing SHINDILLA to head up for the Tragten channel leading into the Lille Baelte, with the lights of Fredericia showing up on the horizon. Prominent among them was a powerful green light which puzzled me for a long time and was only much later identified as a neon advertising light. Once the 14 mile Strib light came up, it was plain sailing. One kept in the narrow white sector with cross bearings from Bogense and Traelle lights showing satisfactory progress. Neither of the two Nemedri buoys, marked Fl.6 secs, appeared to be lit. Supper was underway with the skipper at the helm when I suddenly realised that I would have no time for mine before we began rounding Strib light. We worked round through its green and red sectors with Fredericia a blaze of lights to starboard and Cicely, at the helm, seeing unlit, ghost breakwaters ahead. It was impossible to reassure her that they were only the trees on Lyings Odde cutting off the lights of Middlefart. To her, imminent wreckage was certain. However, we were soon in the southerly white sector of Strib light with a clear run till we came into the leading lights for the great bridge. By then the red pier head light at Middlefart could be seen and SHINDILLA slipped into the harbour and came to alongside a barge at 2315. Belated supper and so to bed. We were woken at 0600 on

Friday
Aug 22nd.

When our barge went out. It was a rather smelly barge and full of huge rocks and we were not sorry to see it go.

We came alongside a Danish yacht which left at 0900 when we finally got alongside the quay.

Gillian Candler had to leave us here. A dinghy sailor, this had been her first experience of cruising. At one time we felt that she was also determined that it would be her last! However she swore she would come again, and we were sorry to say goodbye to her. A wet day was spent in working on the ship. We accomplished a stove pipe and extensions to the fuel tank vents which had been smelling.

Saturday
Aug 23rd.

Another wet day when Bob and Anne Templer joined us having crossed the night before via Esbjerg. Middlefart is an attractive town with delightful, old buildings.

Sunday
Aug 24th.

The sun was out again when SHINDILLA lay close hauled under the huge Konvebro Bridge. There was a squally wind and for a short while we lowered the mizzen. Wooded country with low hills ran down to the shores on both sides and it was all unspoilt. There are many channels and the pilotage is interesting. However, it had been decided that this was to be a short day so we sailed into the Syd Have at Assens at 1250, berthing alongside the short N.W. mole. Assens was found to be a most pleasant town with lovely old courtyards leading back from the main street. A very poor dinner at the Lille Baelt Hotel finished off the day.

Monday
Aug 25th.

Brought a light breeze for a change and the genoa did most of the work as we beat on down the belt. The breeze lightened in the afternoon till we were completely becalmed and motored round Helnaes to anchor off Lyø at 1645 to allow Anne and Sal to swim. They assured us it was warm. Launched the dinghy for a walk ashore but were caught by a heavy shower and had to abandon our plan. Finally got away at 1930 and motored the few miles in the rain to Faaborg, the excellent leading lights making the narrow approach easier by night than by day. Tied up at 2040 with the assistance of the harbour master who told us that there were sometimes 400 yachts in the harbour in July. Another nice old town.

Tuesday
Aug 26th

Saw us running through the Grydløbsbaat 1130 with a fair wind, bound for Svenborg Sund and catching fine mackerel as we went. A big German ketch slowly came up on us and when we hauled our wind up the sound she overtook us, a fine sight. What a lovely place this is, the narrow sparkling sound, the wooded banks and houses with trim lawns running right down to the sea. A heavy squall came up and both we and the German ketch dropped our

mainsails to let it past. Sailed in and out of the main harbour to have a look then ran on past Troense and out through the easterly entrance to the sound. This had a different character, more like a river with its sharp bends and wooded shores. It took no time at all to run across the open water to the north end of the long Rudkøping dredged channel. The wind was freshening and we were going much too fast as we had no large scale chart of this narrow and tricky entrance. With main lowered we continued more sedately under staysail and mizzen. The main harbour at Rudkøping has two basins and we had a look at them both to try to find somewhere free of swell. Eventually came to alongside the F.A.F. quay in the southern basin. The swell licked in everywhere, however, and we had to haul off across a corner to save our fenders. There was a yacht harbour, too, but it was full up and hardly suitable for a boat our size. Usually we found the commercial harbours more interesting to a visitor than the yacht harbours, which were always pretty crowded.

A Norwegian steamer came in, new and white painted and flying the Brazilian flag at one crosstrees and the Stars and Stripes at the other. She had just been built for a Norwegian salvage company and was on charter for three months to a Brazilian Coffee King. No wonder coffee is dear! Poor man, he looked both sad and cold. It was a horrible evening anyway.

Wednesday
Aug 27th.

We had had quite enough of Rudkøping Havn when we left in very light airs to make across past Strynø to Marstal. We motored into the harbour to have a brief look and wished we had come on there last night. Coming out again we anchored outside for the swimmers to have a plunge before drifting slowly across the flats into the Mørkedyb with a few inches under our keel, according to the Ferrograph. In the clear water, the bottom looked much too close. Becalmed again, we anchored for lunch and to watch the yachts motor past through the dyb.

In the afternoon it was delightful beating slowly to windward past Bredholm and Birkholm in a light breeze and warm sunlight to bring up at Aeroskøbing in the evening. A good harbour with several fine yachts and a North sea trawler being planked up at the yard. The heavy framing and arrangement of cant frames round the cruiser stern made an interesting study for anyone keen on small craft construction. In many ways this Farvandet Syd for Fyn was the most attractive part of the Danish islands which we had time to visit.

Aeroskøbing is a charming old town, much of it dating from about 1700 to 1750. Streets of old, colour-washed buildings, each one different, a fine church and interesting museums. Our evening walk was sheer delight. At dusk a crowd of 30 sq metres from the British Kiel Y.C. came in after a race.

Thursday
Aug 28th.

Brought a fresh easterly and a sky which promised more wind to come. A fair wind for Søndeborg. Our departure at 1145 was complicated by Richard getting himself left ashore as he cast off so that we had to go out and come in again to pick him up. Reefed main, staysail and mizzen found us a bit undercanvassed for the run down to Skjoldnaes but from there our course brought the wind forward of the beam and SHINDILLA settled down to make a quick passage in a nasty, steep sea and the sort of poor visibility which goes with an easterly wind haze. We had trouble in picking up the red buoy marking the Pols Huk Rev, finally only spotting it as we brought it abeam, - a cable outside us. The Ferrograph had given us an adequate offing from the head.

A big German ketch with two trysails and engine was beating out of the Flensborg Sound and making very heavy weather of it. She was lifting half her keel clear and smashing it down again into the same hole.

The Flensborg L.S. was abeam at 1700 and course was altered for Søndeborg. Again it was difficult to pick up the small buoys in the sea that was running and against the land. The harbour was full, but a berth was found below the Customs House at 1800 and we enjoyed an excellent dinner ashore.

The same strong S.E'LY wind kept us in port all day Friday Aug 28th. and we had to shift berth further up the harbour where we rolled continuously. The opening bridge being temporarily out of order it was impossible to run up Als Sund which was disappointing. There was no change on

Saturday
Aug 30th

But we pushed out with double reefed main and engine to have a look at it. When we were nearly at the light ship we gave it best and bore away for Hørup Havn as Cicely was feeling out of sorts. Brought up in good shelter off the Ferry pier.

Sunday
Aug 31st.

I looked out at 0400 in the hope of a lull, but the wind was fresher than ever. The Templers had to leave and morale was low when we had seen them off by Ferry. A walk ashore restored it, followed by a drink at the local Kro with a most friendly and tight Dane whose father turned out to be a baker and produced bread later in the evening. 1000 hours found us away on

Monday
Sep 1st.

Double reefed against the same hard wind. I could not bear to think of this easterly wind going to waste any longer with visions of the many miles of North sea. It was wet going but SHINDILLA took it in her stride. We should have left three days earlier. By 1230 we had made our last tack out of the sound and settled down, close hauled on the long leg to Kiel. Well dressed up and dry below, it was a grand sail in the sun and steep sea. The big Kiel Memorial first showed up on the horizon and we cut across into the fjord. Some time was wasted in a vain hunt for the Customs launch off Labo. It had gone into the little harbour for shelter, I think. We left it and motored into Stickelhorn, tying up once more at the British Kiel Y.C. Pier to enjoy their pleasant hospitality and welcome.

Tuesday
Sept 2nd.

Found us jilling about at 0950 off the entrance to the Holtenau locks in company with the American yacht 'Palawan'. It was over an hour before we got our signal and squeezed into a tightly packed lock. The canal official in the lock office was officious and rude while I was awaiting the United Baltic representative. I am afraid I got very short with him and stumped out! Main and staysail were hoisted at 1130 when we got through and settled down on the long grind with many gybes and 'Palawan' just in sight ahead on the straight reaches. It was just dark when we came alongside the jetty at Brunsbutted at 2000.

Chatted with the Palawans and saw all over her. A lovely ship, 55 ft overall with varnished topsides and built by Rasmussen. She had everything, coffee grinder winch, S.S. rigging, ship to shore wireless, echo sounder, fridge and so on. Quite a few of the gadgets not working! She was in charge of a German skipper who told us that the small coasters kept just outside the main Elbe - Terschelling swept channel in bad weather and poor visibility. He had been mate of one for five year.

Wednesday
Sept 3rd.

H.W. at 1700 gave us an easy morning, shopping and the pleasure of watching a ship - with pilot and all on board - getting herself wedged diagonally across one of the big locks. We were through a nearly empty lock at 1730 and running down the Elbe with a fine tide under us. We all felt rather tired and as the easterly wind seemed set for ever we decided against keeping on all night. We shot into the Amerika Haven at Cuxhaven and made fast to a barge at 2030. Passport people bothered us and the skipper of the barge gave them hell for making a noise and waking him up, which delighted us.

Thursday
Sept 4th.

A lovely morning and the east wind again when we got underway at 0515. The Customs delayed us this time, dithering about whether we should come alongside or not while we gyrated irritably round the haven. How the Germans love bureaucracy. We cleared Cuxhaven by 0540 and ran on down the Elbe with a single reefed mainsail. A fleet of barges and small coasters accompanied us out, scattering N and S about their occasions as the Scharnhorn Riff was passed.

The reef came out and once again we settled down to the long run down the swept channel, the endless catalogue of buoys, J.E.12 at 1140, J.E.11 at 1300, J.E.10 at 1415 and so it went. The traffic as before, in interesting and continuous and to port the desolate islands of the German coast - Spiekeroog, Juist, Nordeney - what fascinating names and what visions of "Dulcibella." A light house, a watch tower or church spire or cluster of hotels were all that distinguished one from another. A number of barges worked in and out of the various Zee Gats and I wished we had had a large scale chart to enable us to go in at Nordeney. But what a place it must be in bad weather, a deadly, tide-ridden lee shore.

Darkness found us cutting out of the channel past the Oster Ems Buoy on course for the R.A. buoy at the entrance to the Riff Gat, which was brought abeam at 2200. I lowered sail and motored straight in with the flood under us. This was a mistake. We would have done better to keep some sail on her and beat in. Running, it was hard to realise how much the wind had freshened from the S.E., dead ahead and giving no shelter. Soon, there was a vicious little tidal sea which made SHINDILLA plunge and rear and sometimes stopped her dead - and all this with only a 15 mile fetch.

It was a black, cold night and I funked the entrance channel to Borkum, which ran athwart the tide and of which I had no large scale chart. This meant a long plug up through the Randzel Gat. The channel seemed endless and progress slow. We had it all to ourselves. The tide helped and we were going faster than appeared, the Binnen Randzel light changing from white to green, to red, to white again, to mark our progress. As the rather miserable Kampen light was approached the water began to smooth at last. The final buoy was passed, we worked on to the flats and when the Ferrograph gave 14 ft at H.W. the anchor went down. It was 0230 on

Friday
Sept 5th.

Up went the riding light, plenty of chain was veered and then what joy to come below to a warm, dry cabin with hot soup on the stove, which Cicely had somehow prepared. A last Bols, and so to bed. An excellent 21 hour passage from Cuxhaven.

We spent a lazy morning watching the local fishing boats with their two beam trawls suspended from outriggers, before getting underway for Delfzyl where we tied up outside the lock at 1330. A lot of new harbour work in progress here. After locking through and shopping and clearing customs and passport control we motored up the Eems Canal to near Groningen.

Saturday
Sept 6th.

On entering the lock at Groningen we found that we would have to lower masts or else do a long deviation via the Lauers Zee. Alongside a grassy bank we got them down in just two hours. Unfortunately, Cicely slipped on stepping ashore and sprained her ankle and was badly handicapped for the rest of the trip.

We left the sheer legs up as we found the lowering wire to be too short to lower them. At the second lifting bridge the keeper let it down smartly on top of them. He swore the lights were red, we swore they went red at the last moment, when we had no room to stop. Got the buckled legs down on deck and carried on rather gloomily for Bergum where we tied up for the night - ironically under a huge pair of sheer-legs at a shipyard. We were interested to see a coaster building for Wexford at a small yard en route

Sunday
Sept 7th.

Made up for everything. A perfect day with the Friesland scene at its best and that can be very fine.

This was our landscape as the miles slipped by. Small boats in canals and meres, sailing, tacking and gybing, crews, young and old, the staid Dutch handling their craft with Latin abandon. There were so many, this fine Sunday, that sometimes it seemed impossible for us to weave our way through them. A long frieze of trees marched across the horizon with a high sky above them. Huge old farmhouses combined under the steep roof with their barns. Trees gave shade and shelter to the farm implements, the boats and the girls bathing from their little piers. Church spires were everywhere, and fishermen on the banks, in row boats, in barges, all industrious and catching nothing. Finally an anchorage in the evening in the last mere before Lemmer - with six inches of water below our keel and perfect quiet.

Monday
Sept 8th.

A kind samaritan in a boat on the meres had come alongside to give us the name of a yard in Lemmer who

would straighten our sheer legs. We contacted Mr. De De. Boer when we got to Lemmer and he directed us to his yard - lock out and in again on the other canal. The work was done quickly and cheaply so that by evening we were ready for sea once more. Mr De Boer is the acknowledged expert on the design of the traditional Dutch ships and the designer of Princess Beatrice's lovely, new yacht. A most charming man.

Tuesday
Sept 9th.

Rain and gale in the morning, but by 1500 it looked better so we locked out and had a fine sail to Urk where we tied up at 1800. A busy fishing harbour which used to be an island. Everyone in traditional dress. When Sal went shopping on the morning of

Wednesday
Sept 10th.

She was lead from shop to shop by some of the old ladies and through their houses. Leaving at 1100 we had a perfect run in warm sunshine to Amsterdam, passing close by the works of the new polder which is being built and is nearly ready for closing. A lovely day for our last sail. Tied up at the Sixhaven alongside T'Nijenhuis, the Baron's house, and he and Baroness Van Hoevell were soon aboard to hear our news.

Thursday
Sept. 11th.

A busy morning organising our return passage and going through the yard list with the Baron. In the afternoon the sailmaker collected the sails for storage and we arranged alterations to the staysail to put it on a boom. It was 1500 by the time we got away and locked through into the north Holland Canal. A rather pleasant trip with less traffic than the Saandam rout. We tried to find a berth for the night in the Alkmaadar Mere, but it was too shallow so we had to continue to Alkmaar where we tied up at 2015.

So ended a most enjoyable maiden cruise. We had been wonderfully lucky with our weather, far more than our share of fair winds - long may it continue so. There was little rain and it was never too cold. We felt very smug listening to the Shipping Forecasts and hearing of the Gloom predicted for the British Isles. We had enough wind at intervale to test out the ship and found only minor snags to be remedied during the winter.

The Baltic is, I think, the perfect cruising ground, a pleasant mixture of open and sheltered water, no tides, better weather than in the U.K. and most friendly people,

SUMMARY OF DISTANCES.

July	31st	...	Alkmaar to Amsterdam	27 miles.
Aug.	3rd		Amsterdam-Volendam-Muiden- Amsterdam	35 "
"	8th	...	Amsterdam - Enkhuizen	27 "
"	9th	...	Enkhuizen - Harlingen	31 "
"	10th - 11th.		Harlingen to Terschelling via Terschelling L.S.	62 "
"	12th - 13th.		Terschelling - Brunsbuttel	169 "
"	14th	...	Brunsbüttel - Stickenhorn	56 "
"	15th	...	Stickenhorn - Bagenhop	30 "
"	16th	...	Bagenkop - Kragenaes	42 "
"	17th	...	Kragenaes - Vordingborg	27 "
"	19th	...	Vordingborg - Nyborg	49 "
"	21st	...	Nyborg - Middlefart	62 "
"	24th	...	Middlefart - Assens	20 "
"	25th	...	Assens - Faaborg	28 "
"	26th	...	Faaborg - Rudkøping	24 "
"	27th	...	Rudkøping - Marstal - Aerokøping	22 "
"	28th	...	Aerokøping - Søndeberg	33 "
"	30th	...	Søndeberg - Hørup Havn	6 "
Sept.	1st	...	Hørup Havn - Stikkelhorn	38 "
"	2nd	...	Stickenhorn - Brunsbuttel	56 "
"	3rd	...	Brunsbüttel - Cuxhaven	16 "
"	4th - 5th		Cuxhaven - Kampen. R. Ems.	110 "
"	5th	...	Kampen - Groningen	23 "
"	6th	...	Groningen - Bergum	24 "
"	7th	...	Bergum - Lemmer	29 "
"	9th	...	Lemmer - Urk.	15 "
"	10th	...	Urk - Amsterdam	33 "
"	11th	...	Amsterdam - Alkmaar	25 "
<u>TOTAL.</u>				<u>1117 "</u>

ON CRUISING IN A SMALL RACING TYPE BOAT.

By

L. McMullen.

The first question is "why do so?." Well the smallest boats that are really satisfactory for both racing and cruising are about 10 tons, and if you cannot run so large a yacht, and can only spend two or three weeks cruising you may wish to race for the rest of the season.

The absolute essentials for a boat to be a reasonable cruiser are (1) A strong hull in good condition, (2) Rig of adequate basic strength with all fitting in good condition and properly secured, (3) (3) A deck that does not leak. A leaking deck will make a misery out of the best boat in our climate.

If these three conditions are fulfilled the exact type, age and size of boat are comparatively unimportant. The main thing is to get the most out of the advantages of your boat while minimizing the drawbacks. One advantage will probably be speed, but this should be used to make fair speed under comfortable canvas rather than to crash against head seas under full sail. If the boat is normally rigged for day racing a smaller mainsail will be a great improvement for cruising - a large light headsail can make up the area in light weather and can easily be lowered. Though some swear by the spinnaker as a cruising sail I think it needs too much attention and prefer a boomed out foresail. For running a main boom guy is essential as you will not be able to spare a body to sit out the boom. It should be led from the end of the boom to a block on deck as far forward as possible and thence back to the cockpit, and it must be really strong. A trysail of the kind that is set while the boom remains in its crutch is almost a necessity; without it running at night in a seaway is terrifying and if the course is near a dead run one cannot hold it.

The main shortcoming of a racing type boat is likely to be sheer lack of internal space and even this can be turned to advantage by omitting unnecessary gadgets. Under the pressure of modern advertising many yachtsmen have lots of things they would be better without. Consider a fitting which we will call a what-not. First you have to buy it, then you have to use boat space, which nowadays costs about £20 per cubic foot, for it. You have to waste time fitting it, or pay someone to fit it, and learn to use it in time when you might be sailing, or checking over your rigging; and finally it may fall to work under conditions of damp, or it gets kicked to death in rough weather. Also consider the few boats that do come to grief. This is practically always due to human weakness or error, or to failure of a major component of equipment. I have yet to hear of a yacht sinking for lack of gadgets.

A few points on equipment, and space-saving.

Pipe cots with rubber mattresses can be very comfortable. A good galley is not difficult to make; if a boat is stiff and is cruised under reduced mainsail it may not be necessary to gimbal the stove.

I personally consider a W.C. with skin connections to be wholly out of place under 10 - 12 tons. There are several ways round it.

Most racers carry one real anchor and a light kedge. For cruising one must have two anchors, either of which are really capable of holding in bad conditions, for the temporary or permanent loss of an anchor is always possible. Adequate warps and fenders are essential. Water can be a problem; I have very successfully used a galvanized vessel on the cabin top with rubber tube connection to a tap in the galley; two two gallon cans are carried for topping up the main tank, which is sheltered from the sun by the punt.

On the subject of punts the best place to carry one is amidships, failing this aft, and if neither is possible it must be forward, but this is often a considerable nuisance for sail handling and anchor work; but anything is better than the formerly common practice of towing. A towed punt is a constant source of anxiety and causes much loss of speed. I would rather go without one altogether, though this cannot be recommended.

A real electric system is not worth it for one annual cruise, and a combination of paraffin and dry batteries is adequate. Incidentally if one can arrange it there is nothing to beat beer bottles with crowns as carriers of paraffin.

A good steering compass is essential. In a boat with lead keel and no fixed engine it may be found that deviation is negligible, but this must be checked. A hand-bearing compass is needed, though it is sometimes possible to take bearings with a steering compass. One should be able to get anywhere in the British Isles by chart and compass navigation. A log is highly desirable on a passage from Ireland to the South of England, but not necessary on the West Coast of Scotland, nor to get there from Ireland.

Chart-work is always much more difficult in a small boat at sea than in more comfortable conditions, and a lot of effort can be saved by advance preparation. For instance on leaving Scilly for home this year I had all on one page in a notebook the courses and distances to Hook Head, Tuskar, mid-channel, the Smalls and Milford Haven, the characteristics of Hook Lighthouse, Coningbeg, Tuskar, Blackwater LV and Smalls, and the times of High Water Dover for the Tidal Atlas, and so did not need to consult a chart for a day and a half.

An ordinary shore-going portable radio can be used for weather forecasts if one takes the trouble to keep it dry; I have used the

same one for seven years, and often for racing as well.

Life lines can and should be rigged on any cruiser; the shrouds are often the only "stanchion" required, but really adequate strength is absolutely necessary.

Some fitment for fixing the tiller is needed, whether lines, or a lock; the advantage of being able to let her sail herself for a few minutes is worth a lot; I use a fitting which consists of a wooden tiller crutch mounted on a brass slide, and this runs on a short piece of mast track on the after cockpit coaming. A set screw with a knurled hand wheel enables the crutch to be set instantly in any position, and in addition to self-steering it holds the tiller central on moorings or at anchor.

Engines. A good engine is a great help, and in any boat too big to row (which is a lot bigger than most people suppose) some form of engine is necessary to keep out of trouble in a tideway with no wind; an outboard will do well for this. It is a pity in a smart sailing boat to use the motor for manoeuvres like coming alongside or leaving a jetty, when these can nearly always be performed under sail if carefully thought out. The great thing is to be sure that you can lower your main instantly at the right moment.

Personnell. Too few is better than too many and it is quite fearful how much people can hate each other in a small boat. There must be sea-sickness dope aboard unless everyone is known to be cast-iron. Some people who are first-class by day are useless at night, being unable to steer a course or to interpret lights, but taken all round a cheerful disposition is more important than technical ability.

To S.W. Brittany in MIX OF MALHAM.

By R.P. Campbell.

Minx of Malham is a R.N.S.A. 24 footer by Laurent Giles, 31' x 28' x 7.4' x 6'. 7 tons T.M. Rig; bermudian sloop. Sails main 240 sq. ft., trysail 115, spinnaker 566, quad 270, big genoa 250, genoa 210, staysail 120, storm jib 55. Auxiliary: $1\frac{1}{2}$ hp Stuart Turner.

Crew. My wife, Lisl, Joined effectively at Benodet. Jack Martin, who cruised with me last year, came for the whole trip. Herbert McCready came for the first week, and Bob Arnold for the first two weeks; Herbert was MINX'S regular crew during Brendan Maguire's ownership and then became Bob's sailing master in MAID OF YO .

Pilotage. I used Admiralty charts, tide tables and pilots; the latter are the only source of information on beacon characteristics. For harbour work Merrien's yachtsman's guide proved useful, and the C.A. handbook more so. For lights I brought the Almanach du Marin Breton, but in fact we never sailed at night in French waters except when leaving, when it was foggy; the Almanach is not crystal clear on fog signals.

Weather. We went seeking and expecting hot sun, and in this we were sadly disappointed; the climate was much as in Ireland in summer and apparently has been thus since 1955, for which the locals blame the atom bombs. On the other hand, it was mostly very pleasant weather for sailing; except when we were up the vilaine. The only serious calms we met were after leaving Brest for home. The B.B.C. Biscay forecasts do not apply inshore; there were good French local forecasts, but they seemed to come at erratic times, apparently because of the Tour de France commentaries.

General. On the short stretch of coast we cruised there were several harbours and rivers we did not visit, and many more for a yacht which could conveniently take the ground. The coast is mostly low, and in places invisible from a few miles off, but the rivers are attractive. An abundance of rocks, beacons and buoys keeps one busy while sailing. The coast is most intensively fished, and the fishermen friendly and considerate. We met a dozen English yachts, but only saw three French yachts sailing, except for the Sunday in the Morbihan where there were plenty. Wherever you stop you can go ashore and sit down to dinner, which we nearly always did, and this makes for very luxurious day cruising. There were no customs, harbours, police or other formalities whatever, in Brest or anywhere else.

In the following account bearings are given as true.

False start. We planned to leave on June 14th in the morning but it was mid-day before I stopped remembering things I had forgotten, so we

missed most of our tide. After lunch, with genoa and reef and wind SE by S 5, we stood out to near the S. Burford, but not relishing a beat in these conditions returned to Dun Laogire.

Sunday
June 15th.

Wind as Saturday. We left at 9.45 with the first of the ebb, staysail and three rolls in main, an oilskin day, but quite an enjoyable beat. The tide was still fair past Wicklow Hd. but flooding strongly at Mizen Hd. at 17.15, so we only reached Arklow at 19.15. Before entering we got the engine ticking over, but on opening the throttle between the piers it stopped, so the anchor had to be dropped in a hurry and the plug changed. We then motored into the dock, and after supper moved to the SE corner, which is now dredged. We got a berth alongside and so were undisturbed in the early hours.

Monday
June 16th.

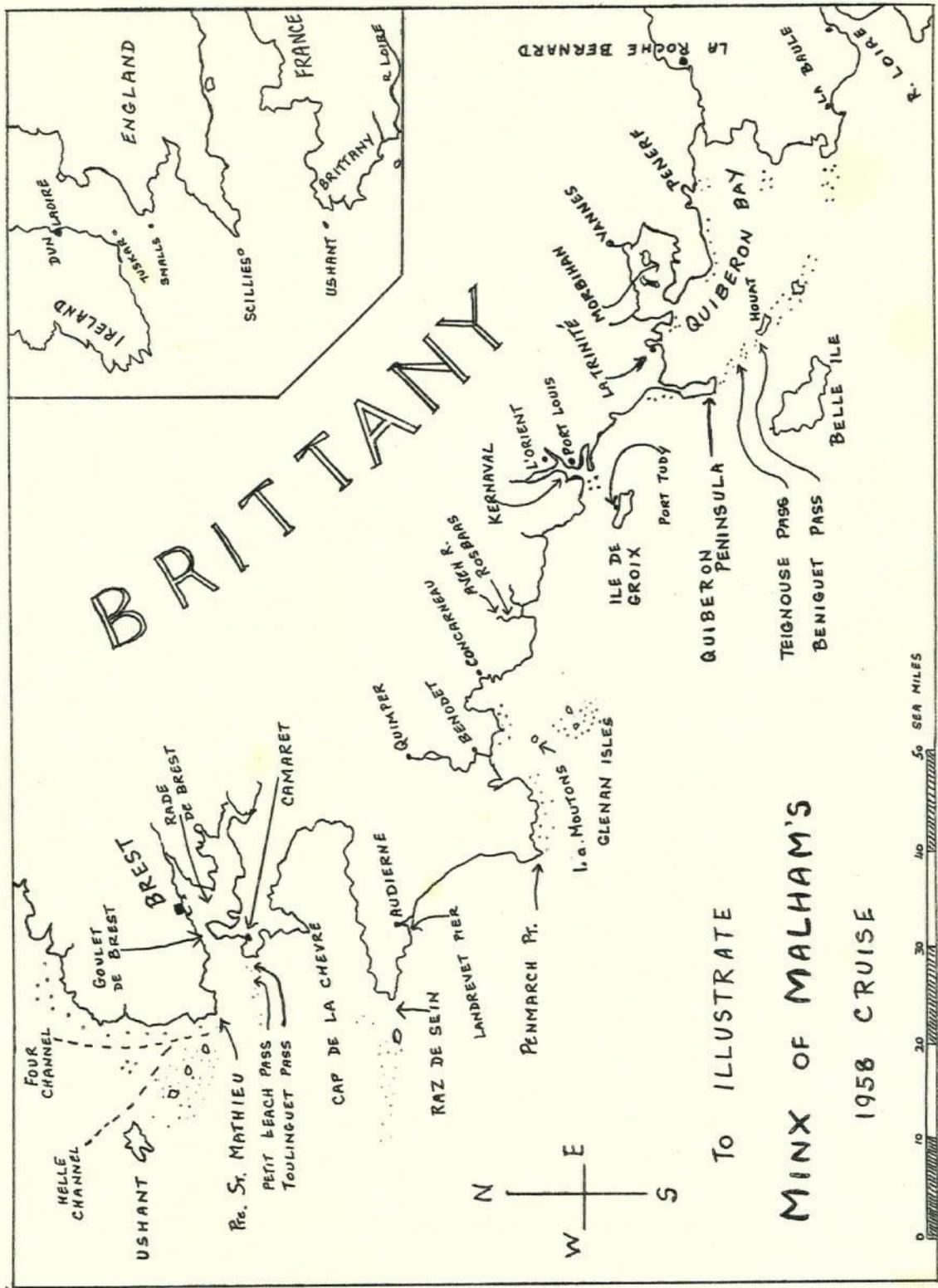
A rainy morning, but though the forecast was S 1 to 3 there was the faintest air from the NE. At 10.00 when we started the rain was stopped and we reached out, main and genoa, to the Glassgorman buoys, and at No 2, at 11.10, set spinnaker to port and steered 180°, wind NE 1. During the afternoon the wind was between Ne and SE almost calm at times, visibility poor. At 18.10 the Tuskar appeared abeam 2 miles, the flood starting; at 22.10 it was still abeam and no wind at all, so the engine was run till 23.30, when a welcome W 2 wind spread across the water.

Tuesday
June 17th.

During the night it veered and freshened to 4. From two to five Jack steered 200° to keep the genoa drawing. From five to eight Bob, running under mainsail only, put up 18 miles and then, defying the motion, produced a magnificent breakfast. We ran on before a steady N 5 wind all day, staysail boomed to weather, rolling up to 30° at times, but averaging 6 knots and enjoying the blue sky and warm sun. At 16.45 we sighted land on the port bow and gybed to port tack; two hours later we were gazing at a lighthouse, unsure was it Pendeen as we could see no Longships to the S; however in due course this came up, and luckily we had a fair tide as well as the fine fair wind past the land's End. Longships was abeam 20.35 and course altered to 165 for Ushant. After supper, or to give Bob his due I should say dinner, the staysail was handed (to stop the rattle of the spinnaker boom in its eye on the mast) and again we each stood one watch of three hours, thus enjoying a full night's rest, if not sleep.

Wednesday
June 18th.

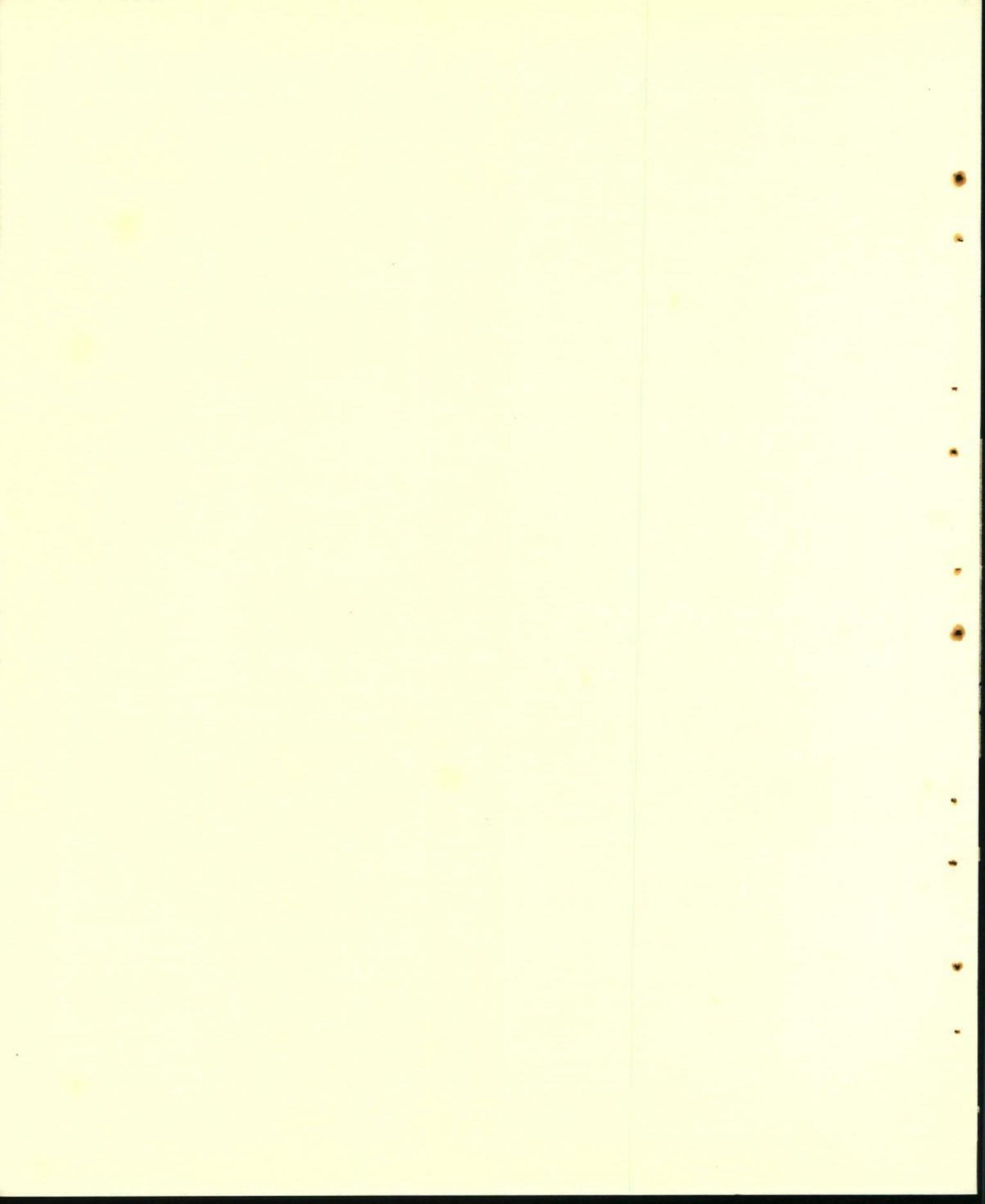
Till 8.00 we maintained 6 knots, but the wind then veered to NE and dropped to 2 and less and at 10.00 the spinnaker was set giving 4 knots. It was another warm sunny day. At 13.00 Ushant was seen fine on the s. bow



TO ILLUSTRATE

MINX OF MALHAM'S

1958 CRUISE



and at 15.00 we handed spinnaker and steered for the Helle channel. By the time we reached the Four channel the N-going flood had ceased, but having rounded Pte Ste Mathieu and came closehauled port tack for Brest we were stemming the ebb; however we now had a weather shore and smoothwater, and with our destination almost in sight spirits were high. The Goulet de Brest is 3 miles long by 1 mile wide with a row of rocks straight down the middle; we chose the N side of it but eventually the tide brought us to a standstill; finally at 20.35 we started the engine and having weathered the E end of the rocks (Mengam Tr) shot across to the S side, where a procession of fishing boats indicated an eddy stream. Soon as were in the Rade de Brest and beating across to the harbour, which we entered at 21.40. We motored around seeking a berth and were just about to come alongside a passenger vessel when we ran hard aground. This was in the first dock (furthest W) of the Port de Commerce, $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours to LW. Afterwards I found that the inset on chart 3427 indicates this danger. As she heeled we tied our large rubber fenders to dinghy paddles and pushed them under her bilge, for the bottom was large rough stones.

Thursday
June 19th.

Our first night in France was far from as planned. The poor MINX lay on her side heeled 60° in the bottom of the dock. Herbert and I roamed the deserted quays and chose a place to dry out for inspection on the next tide. After floating off we had a couple of hours' sleep and at 5.30 went alongside at the head of the third basin, opposite the chandler (grocer) Fournier. I went to find Lisl at her hotel leaving Herbert to attend to taking the ground. At LW the cast iron keel was seen to be heavily scratched, but not a mark on the planking. After lunch some shopping and sightseeing; there are no pre-war buildings in Brest and some of it does not seem to be intended to have a very long life, but the general effect is pleasing. At 17.55 we left under staysail and, after threading our way between small craft, set the main and beat across to and through the Goulet. The ebb was starting so it was a lively sail, wind SW by W 4, and rain had started too. This was the only day we had five people aboard; maybe the congestion was to blame for an accident to the perspex dome of our compass which was hit by a sheet winch handle causing a slight leak. This was patched with selotape and later on with bostik, but for the rest of the cruise it was rather hard to read. From the Goulet we freed sheets a little for Camaret, where we dropped anchor at 20.15 off the new (S) pier inside MORNING FLIGHT R.S.Y.C. I have since learnt that the harbour has been dredged and we could have gone in behind the old pier in better shelter. Lisl had acquired a very bad cough; she and I went ashore, in downpours of rain, and stayed in a hotel.

Friday
June 20th.

Lisl unable to speak, so summoned a doctor who diagnosed an allergy, prescribed drops etc, and advised her to stay ashore for a day or two. Arranged to meet at Benodet on Saturday evening. The crew had survived some rolling during the night and at 11.30 we left, main and staysail, wind W.N.3. Finding the Toulinguet fell between two large-scale charts, we passed it and bore away through the next channel, Petit Leach, and made rapid progress towards the Raz de Sein, arriving there an hour too soon, so that we remained in the same rather lively place till the tide slackened. We rounded La Vieille at 16.40 and at 17.30 bore away for Audierne, later setting the spinnaker. We anchored behind the new breakwater at Landreyet at 19.00. The day had been cool and cloudy, but no rain.

Saturday
21st June.

Bob and I took Herbert up the river in dinghy and outboard to catch a 6.30 bus from Audierne, the first stage of his journey to Belfast. We then realised it would have been simpler to take him there in MINX, HW being at 7.00. By the time we got back aboard and had breakfast we did not get sailing till 10.00. Wind was W 4 and with main and staysail we had a splendid reach to Penmarch Pt (12.20) then boomed out staysail and ran past the various buoys and beacons. At Rostolou buoy (14.20) we had to alter course to 010°, and at the Malvic to 005° which was closehauled, wind having veered to NW and fresher, so we reefed 4 rolls. It was a beat up the river past Benodet; the flood helping, and just beyond the town off the Anse de Kergos we moored at 15.30 to one of several conical galvanised buoys; these appeared new and I believe were yacht club property. Benodet is a large yachting centre and a very fine one, but there were only two or three sailing. We were exposed to the NW wind blowing down the river and being tiderode had to rig our spinnaker boom as a bowsprit to save our topsides from the mooring buoy. It was here that a mast winch handle went over the side, leaving only one, which thereafter was always kept in the quarter berth. Lisl arrived by bus soon after we got ashore, her throat greatly improved.

Sunday
June 22nd.

A sunny day, but wind WSW 6 in the river. We set trysail and staysail, left at noon and reached across close E of Ile aux Moutons to the Glenan Isles. At 13.50 we took a look in past Pen Men Pt, but it was too wild to explore the archipelago so we came out and headed for the Aven river, a fairly dead run, roaring along with trysail and boomed-out staysail. At 15.40 we anchored at Port Manech, a little fishing pier at the mouth of the Aven, completely sheltered in W wind. Lisl and Bob went

ashore. At 17.25, half flood, we proceeded up the river, lost the wind, started the engine and in 20 minutes reached Rosbras where we moored in midstream. This is a most charming place, just a country inn on one side and on the other a quay above which a large wooden trawler was in the planking stage; they launch them over the edge of the quay at HWS. One word of warning: do not be persuaded to go to Pont Aven for dinner.

Monday
June 23rd

We left under power at 9.40, half an hour after HW, passed P. Manech at 10.00, and had sail set to big genoa by 10.20, wind W 2, a fine day with occasional sun. We sailed close inside Ile de Groix and when clear of it at 13.20 the wind went SW 3. After passing the tip of Quiberon peninsula we bore away through the Teignouse channel into Quiberon bay, identifying and correctly passing ten buoys; then gybed at 16.50 for the Crac'h river at the N. end of the bay, entering it at 18.00 and anchoring off the village of La Trinite in 2 fms at 18.20. This is a fine port of call; the well-buoyed river curves round an area of oyster beds and leads to a wide expanse with relatively weak stream, the upper part of which is crowded with moored yachts.

Tuesday
June 24th.

A sunny day, and ashore in the morning there was some warmth in it. We left at 14.50 under staysail, setting main as we went downstream past the oyster beds, where there was great activity laying tiles as it was nearing LW. The wind was W 5 to 6 so we rolled down some reef and set off before it along the N. side of Quiberon bay which is well spattered with rocks and shoals, so a busy time was had ticking off beacons and buoys. As an experiment we were to ing our Prout dinghy, but after an hour or so it filled, so we had to heave to, haul it out and dismantle it, quite a job. When we reached the leeward end of the bay, where shoal water extends two or three miles off the mouth of the river Vilaine, there was quite a steep sea but the wind was doing to 4. We decided to enter by the Varlingue channel along the east shore; the coast is very flat and binoculars were needed to line up the leading marks, a ruined tower and a mill some way inland. This brought us, at 19.15 to the leading lights into the Vilaine itself and thence we had a very enjoyable sail up this winding river, 9 miles through fields and woods till La Roche Bernard appeared round a corner. We anchored just short of the quay at 20.35 and laid a second anchor upstream.

La Roche Bernard. We had intended to stay two nights here but eventually stayed five. It is a very safe anchorage, though rather uncomfortable in strong wind as

the current runs up to 3 knots. The water is extraordinarily muddy. La Roche is at present the limit of navigation as a pontoon road bridge replaces the high bridge said to have been destroyed, during the war, by lightning setting off the mines. A suspension bridge with some 150 ft clearance is under construction. The port of La Roche appears dead; there was formerly a schooner trade in pit props. In 1629 Richelieu made them build a 3 decked ship of the line, a shipwright being sent from Dieppe to direct operations; nothing of equal importance appears to have happened in La Roche since the launching in 1634. To us the town seemed strangely deserted, and on enquiring we were told people were staying indoors because of the cold weather.

On Wednesday Lisl and I visited Nantes in continuous heavy rain.

On Thursday, after great difficulty in getting our upstream anchor which was into something, we left at 13.00 in pouring rain and wind NNW 6 to 3; as we approached the sea the wind grew fresher and the rain heavier. We anchored off the village of Trehigier near the river Mouth; none wanted to venture forth, discouraged chiefly I think by the rain. When the flood made at 18.55 we set the staysail and sailed up the river again, later setting the mainsail, and anchored at 20.30 a little further downstream than before. Lisl and I slept ashore, and unfortunately a gale blew up during the night, which made MINX dance about a lot and robbed Bob and Jack of all sleep.

On Friday Bob decided he had best stay ashore in case there was another gale, as suggested by BBC; he was due in Belfast to officiate at his daughter's wedding, so could not afford to miss his plane at La Baule on Saturday. We wired his successor to join us at La Roche instead of at Vannes as pre-arranged. That evening it stopped raining at last.

On Saturday Lisl and I went to Vannes to get our post, which included a message that our replacement crew could not join us at all due to unforeseen circumstances. That evening a small French yacht came up the river; she was named SPUTNIK, a Corsaire one-design by Herbulot. We invited the owners, a young chap and his wife, for drinks. They were about to finish a week's cruise out of La Baule, most of which they had spent weatherbound in Peneferf. I had to use our outboard to put them back aboard due to the strength of the flood.

Sunday
June 29th.

HW being at the awkward hour of 03.00, we left at 04.45 and motored down the river in dead calm, the morning mists giving promise of another fine day. When we passed

Trehigier at 06.10 breakfast was washed up and we headed out by the Accroche passage and at 06.55 set sail tobbig genoa to a wind E 1, and stopped engine. We sailed back the way we had come on Tuesday, again a run, but very quiet this time, with spinnaker, we turned in for the Morbihan and entered the narrows on the conspicuous leading marks at 11.15 just as the flood was starting; several French yachts were slipping out, keeping very close to the shore. The stream was helpful but not startling and at 12.15 we anchored beyond the Rechaud rocks at the north end of the Ile aux Moines. After lunch, in view of the early start, we had a snooze, and later went ashore for a stroll and a very fine meal. When returning aboard we had to aim well upstream of MINX as she was lying in the full ebb stream although she had been inside the edge of the flood. The space at this anchorage between the edge of the stream and the shoal water seems rather narrow.

Monday
June 30th.

The delay in the Vilaine left no time to explore the Morbihan. We sailed at 9.15 in drizzle, using the engine for 10 minutes to get us round the corner of the island. The ebb was quite spectacular in the narrower places. Outside the day improved and the sun shone. With wind between S and SE 1 we set the quad for the first time on this cruise and turned to windward across the bay to the island of Houat, where we dropped anchor in the new harbour at 13.45. CARLOTTA, 28 ton gaff cutter, was there, and her owner, Twist, took out stern line ashore; he was a mine of information about the coast generally. When the sardine fleet came in we were rather like sardines in a tin, fenders both sides. Houat is about the size of Lambay, with one village, two or three shops (one run by nuns) and a hotel. The men are all engaged in fishing. The larger children were busy bringing in the hay.

Tuesday
July 1st.

Away at 9.30 under genoa, wind WSW 3 but flukey in the harbour where we almost ran ashore due to missing stays. Set the main outside and after running out to clear the rocks made for the Beniguet passage at NW end of the island; this is fairly simple once the beacons are identified; a couple of tacks took us through and we held on closehauled a while for an offing before easing sheets. There was a very confused sea till we had Quiberon abeam at 11.15, then a pleasant reach along the coast to the entrance of L'Orient; but the fishing boat traffic left us in no doubt. At 14.25 we picked up a mooring outside many local yachts at Kerneval. We found few amenities ashore and the anchorage was made uncomfortable by the wash of passing trawlers. So we set the genoa and at 17.30. sailed across to Port Louis, where we had better shelter in a more or less deserted anchorage between the

the town and the citadel. Port Louis is old, dirty and rather dead; Lisl and I slept ashore in rather a poor hotel.

Wednesday
2nd July.

Due to the heavy rain Jack, who had the dinghy took it upon himself not to come ashore for us till lunch-time. This meant we had missed our tide, but I thought we might make the Aven, instead of Concarneau as planned. Wind was SSW 5. We set staysail and reefed main and got away at 13.15. After many tacks we succeeded in getting out through the narrows against the flood; this was quite the most exciting bit of sailing during this cruise. We stood out through the west channel into rather a nasty sea, which made me nervous about the entrance to the Aven. So we decided to have a look at Ile de Groix and after a short turn to windward we entered Port Tudy at 15.45 and came alongside a moored fishing boat. Later a yacht appeared from the south looking very like a DBSC 24 footer, and sure enough it was HARMONY. The fishing boats were moored in clusters of six or more to three or four large buoys. We decided to moor together to the bunch nearest the quay, where a sounding showed ample water. After a meal in the village (it was raining again) HARMONY's crew were aboard MINX when we were found to be aground. The bunch of boats had swung around with our side towards the mud. United efforts got MINX heeled away from HARMONY, which remained afloat; we were on for $2\frac{1}{4}$ hours.

Thursday
July 3rd.

We left at 9.10 under staysail setting main outside and came closehailed port tack, wind W 3 to 4. Set genoa at 11.00. We could not quite lie along the coast and took tacks to seaward at 11.50 off Brigneau, at 13.20 near Ile Verte and at 13.45 to clear Corn Vas buoy. Thereafter we could ease sheets a little for Concarneau where we anchored at 15.30 off yachts moored in the outer harbour. HARMONY had been overtaking us and arrived 15 minutes later. We had been warned to avoid Concarneau as being noisy and trippery, which is true, but it is a safe easy port and an attractive and interesting place.

Friday
July 4th.

We left at 11.20, large genoa, wind NW to W 2, overcast. We had a leisurely sail past the beacons and buoys off Beg Meil and Pte de Moustierlin and then made slowly to windward towards Benodet. Started engine 14.20 to enter the Odet, passing HARMONY moored off the town, and continued under power up this very beautiful river, whose wooded banks grow steeper as it gets narrower; then it broadens to a lagoon where we set our genoa to help but were overtaken by HARMONY with her 8 hp. The channel across this wide part is perched but we went aground by not keeping well in the middle; we got off 20 minutes later and proceeded up beside a towpath with only 9 ft in

places; we were glad to fall in astern of a boat loaded with sand whose crew tied to HARMONY at the quay on the west side. Quimper is a most charming old town. We left at 19.55, half an hour after HW, motoring without incident down this delightful river in the fading light. At 21.45 we moored to one of the club buoys just south of the point on the west side opposite Anse de Kergos; this is out of the strong stream and would be well sheltered from the NW to which A. de Kergos is exposed; it is a long row to Benodet or the ferry of course.

Saturday
5th July.

A sunny morning with a promising NE air which died before we got off, at 9.40, under power. We motored past the various buoys till 12.00, when we started tacking against a W breeze, I later increasing to 2, slow work against some tide. We rounded Penmarc'h pont at 15.40 and stood closehauled port tack across Audierne bay, fine sailing, wind now force 3. We fetched in just east of the Gamelle rocks off the entrance to Audierne, took a tack to leave them to starboard, proceeded up the river Goyen, motoring the last bit, and came alongside at Audierne at 18.55. We could have left after dinner, HW being at 19.20 but as we had a bit of quay (with ladder) to ourselves we let her dry out and had a very quiet night. Usually this quay is three deep with fishing boats and the only place for a yacht is in the pool below the bridge, a hazardous spot, see I.C.C. Journal 1952, page 131.

Sunday
July 6th.

At 7.15 we motored to a mooring behind Landrevet breakwater. It was a strange misty morning and as we went downstream we were treated to buckets of rain with thunder and lightning. At 9.25. after breakfast, we left with large genoa set, wind W by N 2 to 3, visibility about a mile, decreasing. We streamed the log and stood offshore for one hour, then tacked in; we heard the sea on the rocks just before we saw the white line of surf and tacked at 11.50. Five minutes later we came on two men hauling pots who said we were off Porzloubou, a little west of our D/R. The next tack took us towards the siren on La Vieille lighthouse and at 13.05 we saw the jagged outline of the Gorlegreiz rock about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile ahead. Another short tack took us past the Plat Bn, just glimpsed through the fog; we had arrived at the Raz exactly at the start of the N-going flood. I did not like to grope for an inner channel, so steered 004° for Basse du Lis, aiming to pass outside La Parquette However at 15.00 the fog quite suddenly cleared, revealing the whole coast from Cap de la Chevre to Pte Ste Mathieu; so we bore away for the Petit Leach channel (16.35) whence we had a spinnaker run through the Goulet to Brest harbour. At 18.50 we took a mooring in the outer harbour but were told these were for

members of the naval Y.C. only, so we motored into the Port de Commerce and were assigned a splendid deep-water berth in the 2nd basin.

Monday
July 7th.

Having completed with petrol water and stores we motored out at 11.35, dead calm. At 14.15, when we had passed Basse Beuzec, we got an air WNW 1, stopped engine and set sail to big genoa. At 14.55 approaching les Vieux Moines wind increased to 5 and we changed to stay-sail. We arrived at the corner with the last of the ebb just in time to catch the flood north and tacked through the Four channel till we could stand away s. tack through the Helle. Here the wind fell away, and after changing back to big genoa we started the engine to help. We continued slowly on s. tack till 22.00 when down genoa and motored on course. We did not see the Ushant lights and had an anxious time with a couple of hooting steamers, but visibility appeared about one mile. We found our battery was run down and were reduced to keeping a blue flare handy in the cockpit.

Tuesday
July 8th.

We motored through the night till 7.50. Then we got a light NW air and set the quad and made a little progress, tacking with occasional slight wind shifts. In the afternoon it gradually fell calm again and at 15.00 we lowered all sail and motored. At 16.20 the breeze returned with a little more weight, 2 and later 3, and we held the port tack with large enoa set till 21.00, when we tacked and headed 280°. Around this time we were some 30 miles SSE of Land's End and the sea was very choppy.

Wednesday
July 9th.

We held on to the west till 02.15 when we found we could head 350° or so on port tack. At 5.15 we were lucky to see the Wolf light dead ahead just before it went out. We carried on towards it till 7.00, then headed west and soon lost the Light Ho in Mist. At 9.30 a lighthouse was seen which the crew insisted was the Bishop, but it was still the Wolf, rather disappointing. We spent a very weary morning beating towards the Scillies, wind variable 0 to 2 and sea more than in proportion which stopped the boat in a most tiresome way. At 14.45 we started the engine and headed for St Mary's and at 16.45 up sails again and reached along with a nice breeze off the island. We entered St Mary's sound at 17.15, engine again, and anchored just behind Hughtown pier at 18.10. Managed to get our battery put on charge by the owner of the airport bus.

Thursday
July 10th.

Was a fine sunny day. Lisl and I motored across to Tresco, leaving MINX anchored SW of Tobacconists Ledge, and returned to Hughtown in the evening. Jack spent the day exploring St Mary's.

Friday
July 11th.

We left at 11.55, about a hour before NW, and ran across Tresco flats and through New Grimsby, wind 1 to 2. We were clear of the islands by 13.10 and set spinnaker for a couple of hours heading north. From 15.35 to 18.30 we had no wind and ran the engine. Then we got a SE breeze which slowly freshened and veered S and by 23.00 we stowed our boomed-out genoa (for quiet) and were logging 5 knots under mainsail only.

Saturday
July 12th.

We ran on through the night and morning, gybing and altering course a couple of times, wind about 5, ideal conditions for making a passage. At 12.30 by reckoning we were 13 miles W of the Smalls. At 17.15, after much scanning of the horizon, we sighted the Tuskar bearing NW about 8 miles and set course for the Blackwater LV, which we passed close aboard in rain at 21.10 and altered course for Wicklow Hd. It was now a reach, wind having backed to SE 4 increasing to 5, rain and poor visibility, sailing very fast with our big genoa, which was handed in a squall at 23.10. As the wind showed no sign of easing I thought well to roll down a good reef.

Sunday
13th.

While reefing, a fishing boat came up astern, and then worried us by hanging about rather close to leeward, maybe thinking we might require assistance; at last she proceeded north and her stern light was a very welcome steering mark for an hour or so. I should explain that we filled our compass before leaving the Scillies but by now it had a huge bubble again and was hard to see, especially in the rain. At 03.40 Jack called me on deck; he had seen rocks close ahead and had immediately tacked, but the boom was guyed so we were aback. The engine started immediately and took us clear; the wind had dropped leaving us badly under canvassed. I had warned Jack when I turned in not to luff above the course as there lay the Arklow bank; this may have caused him to err in the other direction, but I think also that when we saw the Arklow LV light through the rain about midnight it was much further off than I had imagined. If Jack had not been keeping a good look-out we could have been wrecked on Ardmore point. We stood out closehauled s. tack setting the genoa and soon picked up Wicklow Hd light and the Horseshoe. At 4.50 off Wicklow Hd we unrolled the reef and by 5.25 we had no wind and started the engine. At 8.30 off Bray Hd the breeze started NW 2 and we found that by pinching with main and engine we could just fetch the muglins. When we got there we set the staysail for a beat into the bay; the sky turned black and the wind increased to a full 6, but we were so near home it did not seem worth reefing. However we made rather poor tacks overpressed and against a strong ebb and did not get into un Lacroire till 11.05. Handed staysail, and while preparing to get our mooring observed

mainsail starting to tear; found our buoy nestling under ADASTRA's counter, made for an outer mooring, missed it, sail tore right across but the leach-line held till we let go our anchor. This was rather a bad end for our cruise, but just as well it happened in the harbour. During the rather hectic beat up from Dalkey the lee hummer had several times been left set up till after we filled on the new tack: I believe its sudden release had the effect of sawing through the leach where this bore against the wire; an argument against leading runners too ell aft.

We had been away exactly four weeks, of which 18 days were spent on the Brittany coast and 10 days getting there and back. With important exceptions we had had fair winds to Quiberon bay and head winds when homeward bound.

SUMMARY.

1958.	Distance made good sea miles	Total time		Under power	
		hrs.	mns.	hrs.	mns.
June 15 Dun Laoire - Arklow	33	9.30		.05	
16-18 Arklow - Brest	290	60.00		1.45	
19 Brest - Camaret	8	2.20			
20 Camaret - Landrevet	27				
21 Landrevet - Benodet	32	5.30			
22 Benodet - Rosbras	23	6.00		.15	
23 Rosbras - La Trinite	46	8.40		.30	
24 La Trinite - La Roche Bernard	35	5.45			
26 Trehigier and back	13	2.50			
29 La Roche B. - Lle aux Moines	34	7.30		2.10	
30 I.a.Moines (Morbihan) - Houat	15	4.30		.10	
July 1 Houat - Kerneval	27	5.15			
2 Port Louis - Port Tudy (Groix)	6	2.30			
3 Port Tudy - Concarneau	25	6.20			
4 Concarneau - Quimper - Benodet	28	7.35		4.35	
5 Benodet - Audierne	33	9.15		2.30	
6 Audierne - Brest	35	9.55		.20	
7-9 Brest - St Mary's, Scilly	127	54.35		21.35	
11-13 Scilly Isles - Dun Laoire	205	47.35		7.05	
TOTAL:	1,042	263.05		41.00	

TO FIVE ISLANDS IN HARMONY

By

R. H. O'HANLON

HARMONY - Dublin Bay 24 footer Cruiser Racer.

L.O.A. 38 ft.
W.L. 24 ft.

Beam. 8 ft.
Draft. 5 ft. 6 ins.

Crew - Rory & Barbara O'Hanlon
- Shelagh & Norman Wilkinson.
- Reginald Lee.

One ship sails East, One ship sails West
By the self same wind that blows
But it isn't the gales but the set of the sails
Which determine the way she goes.

When I returned from Faeroe last year everybody said to me 'What on earth took you up there?' In Brittany this year, as I listened daily to the weather forecasts and learnt of the excellent weather in sea areas Faeroe and South East Iceland, I said to myself, 'What on earth took you down here?' Of course, it was the Irish Cruising Club Journal.

I had read much of Brittany as a cruising ground, and like the many who have been there before me, I can say now that it is a wonderful place. However, let us not despise what is on our doorstep, for Brittany cannot compare in sheer beauty with South West Ireland or Western Scotland. Brittany is just different, its harbours are crowded with attractive fishing boats, there is colour everywhere and with it the aroma of the French cigarette and the wine. How different from the sophisticated South! Life here means the small waterfront cafe with its typical water colours, the fishermen in their blue canvas suits, the colourful vegetable stalls and above all, the food and the wine which is to us just that much different.

It is not so very far to Ushant but as I have learnt, a formidable enough task. Once you are there things are easy, for despite a wild and dangerous coast. navigation is simple due to the superb French buoyage. Excellent harbours abound, and it does not matter where you go, you will be happy.

Friday, June 20th.

This year was like any other, there was just too much gear. This formed a mountain in the hall of the 'George', and I believe this log would never have been written if it were not for the help I received from members. It was a terrible evening and I owe it to the cook who gave us an excellent dinner that we found ourselves at sea some short time later.

Saturday, June 21st.

00.45 hrs. dropped the moorings.

At last order has been restored, the vessel has been stowed. The weather is unspeakable with much rain and mist, but at least we have six hours of tide with us. In a light breeze from the W.S.W. we make down the coast slowly to Newcastle, here the wind fails and we start the engine. For the next eight hours until we neared the Tuskar at 12.45 hrs. the engine was on and off to suit the whims of the wind. Here the wind came in Force 4 from the same direction giving us a good fetch for the Scilly Islands. For some time we made very good progress, but the wind gradually increased so that we had to lower the Genoa and set the No.1 Jib. Again at 18.00 hrs. we found ourselves with too much sail, mainsail off and set the Trysail. I have not got a roller boom so I do not bother to reef at sea. Moreover, I feel that once it is too much for the mainsail you are as well off with your tryvail. With reduced sail our progress continued to be very rapid, but again at 21.00 hrs. we were carrying too much sail so we lowered the No.1 Jib and set our No.3 or Spitfire Jib. I doubt if I shall forget the night that followed, for rapidly the wind increased to 6 and 7 and the sea built up in its fury. All night long Harmony tore along into blackness and driving rain; with the heavy gusts and nasty tumbling seas we were forced to bear off below our course for the Seven Stones. How well I remember the joy of snuggling into my bunk on coming off watch at 05.00 hrs.; my peace was short lived as soon afterwards Harmony was hurled into space and landed on her port bilge with a deafening crash. I found myself covered with biscuit-tins, cups, glasses and other impedimenta. The motion aboard was impossible. Norman called me on deck; I did everything in my power to stall him but he is not that kind of chap. Soon I found myself on deck as an angry dawn was breaking. Throughout my sailing experience I have never seen anything to equal the seas which surrounded us, they were angry and monstrous and lashed at us from all sides in their fury. Again we were travelling too fast. The wind, without let up, had swung into NW. With great difficulty I crawled along the deck to the mast, for the motion was very violent, and lowered and furled the Trysail. This made our progress more leisurely but still the violent motion remained. For the next hour or more we ran under spitfire jib

and soon land loomed ahead. Could it be Scilly? Probably not, but like Micawber, I felt something would turn up. It did, for soon afterwards Pendine Lighthouse was visible on the port bow. By 07.00 hrs. the day looked brighter, the sea seemed smoother and the wind a little less. The Trysail was reset.

This is no place to be in poor weather, and I believe our trouble was due to crossing the Cornwall Bank, unavoidable under the circumstances. By 09.30 hrs. Pendine was abeam, the sun shone and our progress to the Longships rapid. We rounded it in a heavy sea and with relief we entered Mount's Bay and hauled up for the Runnelstone and Newlyn where we arrived at 13.15 hrs. On the log 237 miles, time $36\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

This was my first visit to Newlyn; I liked it very much but experienced great difficulty in getting living space, as the harbour was filled with fishing boats. Our first task was a drink and a meal, both very necessary after a long passage. Then came the usual drying of sails and cleaning the vessel. I was very keen to look at the frames under the cabin seats, nothing was broken save the bulkhead on the port side which had split up the middle. Apart from this the paint work along every seam on the port side was badly cracked; but what was more surprising, the main chain plate on the starboard side was bent on edge and had eaten into the covering board. This was an odd lesion, but when one considers it, the lower shroud in these boats does come off the mast rather low down giving a wide angle.

That evening we had a pleasant meal ashore and sampled Cornish Mead. I did not think much of this.

Monday June 23rd.

Still blowing very hard with poor weather forecast. We spent most of the day exploring Penzance, and by evening the weather looked kind. There was very little wind but the forecast still gave warnings of gales. I felt we should make a dash for it when the going was good, so at 21.10 hrs. we left Newlyn for L'Aberwrach laying off a course for L. Vierge Tower, C 161. The wind was light westerly with calm sea and good visibility.

22.00 hrs. very little wind. Engine.

Tuesday 24th June.

05.00 hrs. Steady breeze from the West, engine off. At 11.00 hrs. Norman took a fix with the Beme Loop. This was a new toy for us but Norman proved to be very expert at this as he knows the morse code. He pronounced us too far to the East so we hauled our wind to C 200. So far I had been able

to learn the Irish Sea beacon call signs, but once I got into strange waters I found it difficult and tiresome to make things out. Certainly, Consul is easier but I suppose in time I shall get to know the morse code. On this occasion the loop saved us some beating, as soon after our change of course we sighted the tower on La Vierge dead ahead. This is a massive tower, one of the highest in the world and an ideal landfall by day or by night.

14.30 hrs. entered L'Aberwrach by the Malcuine Chanel. This suited us better than the Grande Chanel, but as the entrance is difficult and narrow one needs to be on the alert.

15.00 hrs. dropped anchor off the lifeboat slip in L'Aberwrach. Here we found five other English yachts including 'Roy Roy McGregor' owned by Peter Guinness. They were all waiting for better weather to cross the channel or round Ushant. Our passage across the channel was very lucky as no sooner had we dropped anchor than the wind increased rapidly, and by night we had a full gale from the SE.

L'Aberwrach is the ideal port on the North West corner of France. It is a natural harbour at the mouth of the river. It is an easy landfall and is much frequented by British yachts. The hotel 'Baie des Anges' is renowned for its menu and its welcome to yachtsmen. Here you will find amusing records of visiting yachts.

Wednesday, 24th June.

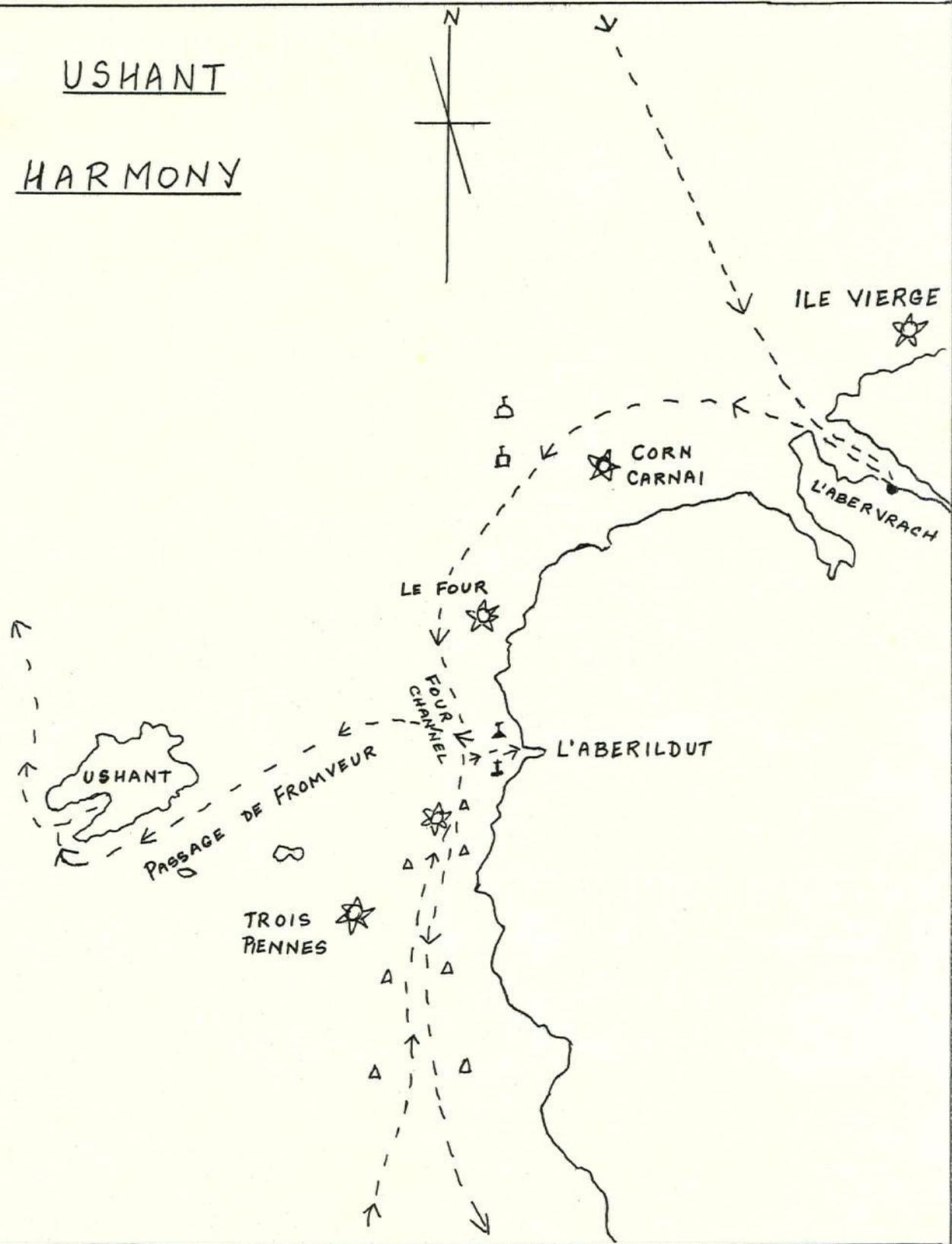
By dawn most of the other yachts had slipped their moorings and run up the river for shelter. Normally this is a very good anchorage but in the severe gale it was uncomfortable. Soon afterwards we followed suit and ran up river for about four miles in driving rain. The best anchorage is at La Paludin, where one anchors just below the village quay in perfect shelter. This is an attractive river, well wooded, but the leading marks which consist of wooden crosses are not easy to see. There is a small but good cafe here with extensive oyster beds near by.

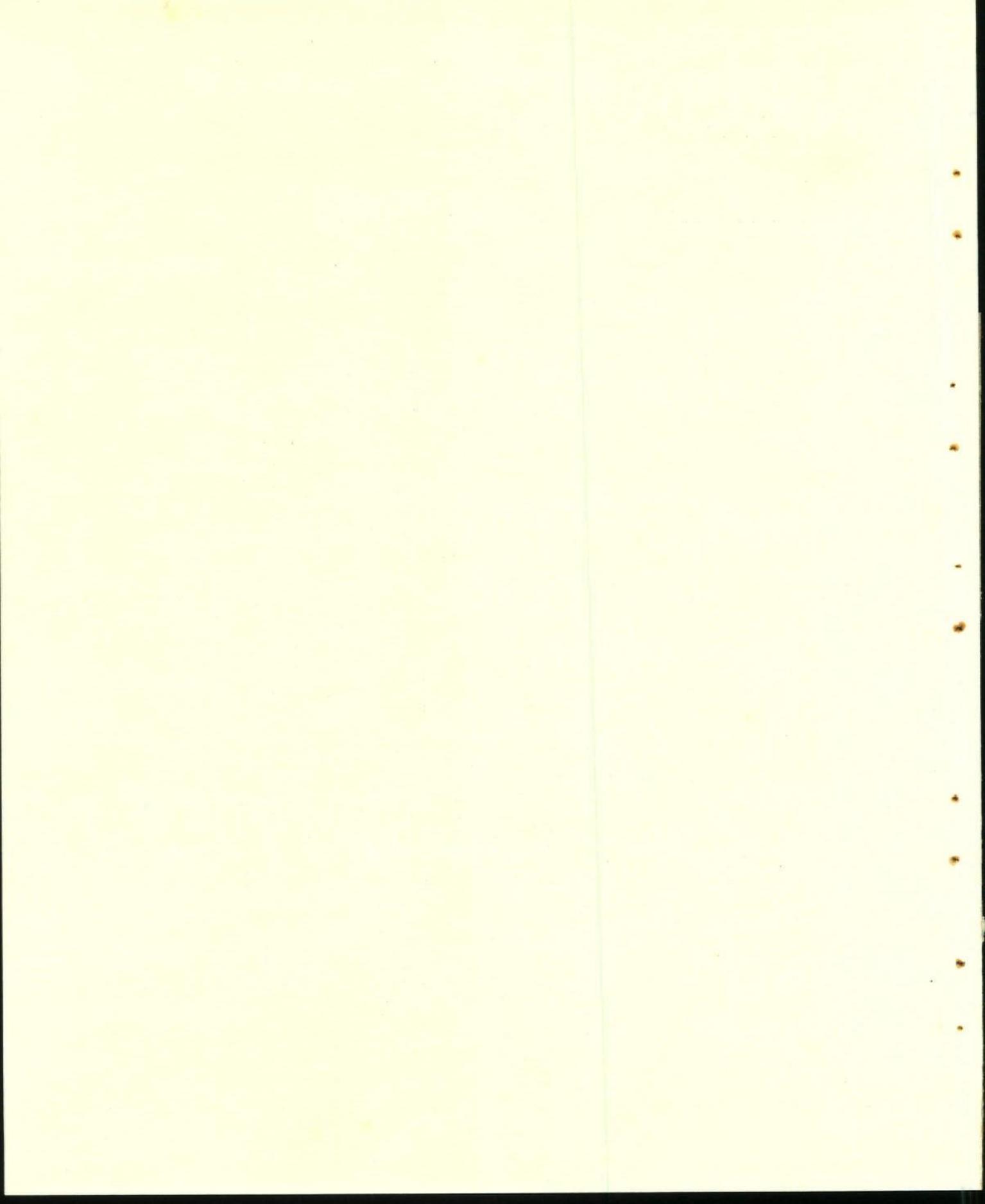
Thursday, 25th June.

Left La Paludin under power at 10.00 hrs. for L'Aberwrach where we tied up alongside the slip to take on stores.

12.00 hrs. left L'Aberwrach, wind ahead 2 to 3 NW. with a large tumbling sea. On clearing the entrance we beat out for the Bassi Primer and then squared off the Four Tower which we rounded at 14.10 hrs. Our progress to the Four had been slow but now with the wind just abaft of the beam and the strong tide we romped down the Four Channel to Pt. St. Mathieu in one and a half hours. This corner of the world looks very terrible on the chart, but again due to the excellence of the French buoys navigation is easy. Here one can see clearly from buoy to buoy and one rapidly loses all the

USHANT
HARMONY





fears one has built up about this area. I was very glad to get through this channel; as I am sure, is every yachtsman bound for the Biscay coast. I experienced a feeling of satisfaction - we were well on our way now - we were round the corner, there was only the Raz to pass now.

At St. Mathieu we bore off across the bay for Camaret, a small fishing village on the South Western corner of the bay. This harbour is said to be open to the NW but it does save going all the way up to the bay of Brest. However, very soon the wind blew Force 6 and left us tearing along with too much sail. There was nothing for it but to run for Brest as Camaret was exposed and by now there was a further gale warning. We had a lovely sail up the Rade du Brest in sheltered water. This is a place one could spend a week exploring the many inlets in the upper reaches. It was stimulating to see the new city of Brest fresh and white looking on the hill side overlooking the harbour. It seemed to stare down on the giant German submarine pens and the repaired vast sea wall. The harbour here is split into two by a pier, to the East the commercial harbour, to the West the vast naval harbour.

As I looked at this scene my mind travelled back to the war time raids by the R.A.F. Would I have had the nerve to fly just a few feet above the water, jump the harbour wall and let go my torpedoes and then climb over the cliffs and the old city with hundreds of guns bent on my destruction? I fear not!

In my guide books yachts are advised to lie alongside in the Commercial Harbour. This is very difficult as the walls are so high that it is almost impossible to get ashore. It is much better to anchor or pick up a moorings in the yacht anchorage a little more to the East. Here you will find the Brest Yacht Club and the local yacht yard. This is not a pretty anchorage but at least it provides a safe and convenient berth. We were lucky and picked up a moorings at 18.30 hrs., 40 miles out from L'Aberwrach.

Friday June 27th.

It had blown very hard all the previous night and there was now a NW gale. This did not trouble us as we had perfect shelter. For us this was to be a memorable day as several of the members of the Brest Yacht Club, whom I had met in the George sailing Dragons for France, came to do honour to our Flag, and gave us a really wonderful time. I do not take this as personal but as an honour to my Club, and I know that it will interest members of the George to learn that on entering the Brest Yacht Club the first thing you will see is the R. St. G. Y. C. Burgee.

We were taken around Brest by car and shown all the right places, and much shopping was done by the girls. In the evening Jacques Le Monze gave a cocktail party for us and later took us out to dinner. I like my food and I shall not forget the dinner and the wines we had that evening. Everything was superb, even the Black Velvet we received very much later.

Saturday, June 28th.

We left Brest soon after breakfast for Camaret where we arrived at 11.45 hrs. We had arranged this so that we could spend some time here, and then leave with the afternoon tide which is so necessary for the Raz. Camaret is a typical French fishing port. Most of the harbour dries but it has been much improved by recent works. Here I saw a unique type of craft, a sort of wooden canal barge with a type of house built on to the forward portion. Apparently they are fish stores. I would have liked to sketch them and the harbour but this is an art which has escaped me. We had a very good lunch ashore and at 14.30 hrs. set sail for Audierne. The wind was ahead, a steady Force 4 from the South. Despite the storm of yesterday the sea was moderate and we made the Raz after two long tacks. The Raz de Sein is one of the great tide races of the world and is feared by vessels of every type. There was a nasty sea about but it meant well and was really kindly that day.

I was most interested in the Isle de Sein and would have liked to call there. This is a difficult place and local knowledge is essential. These islands, despite their nearness to the coast are among the loneliest in the world, and until very recent times most primitive. Here two world wars have passed by, but the women still wear black in mourning for their dead in the plague of 1885.

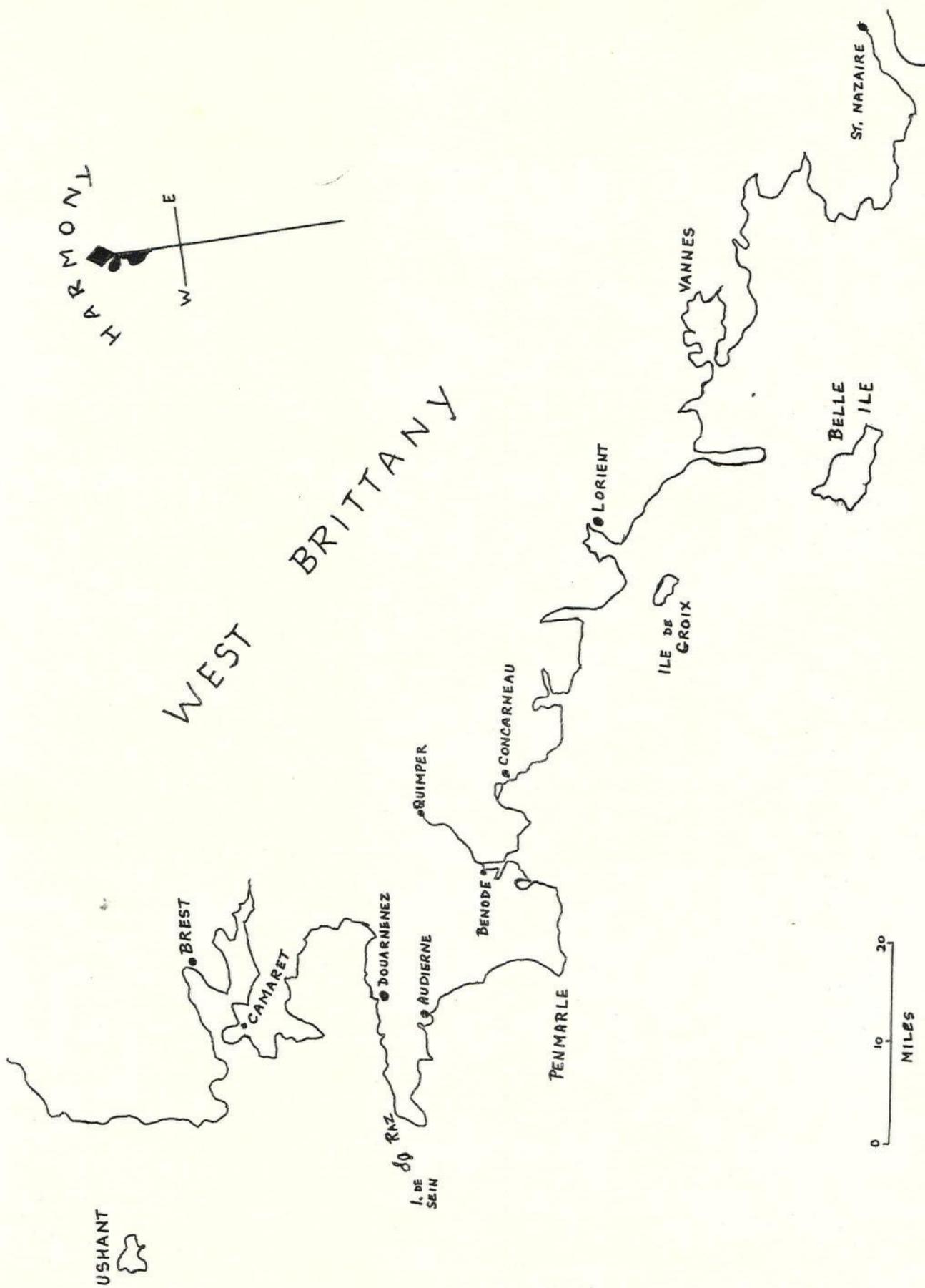
We arrived at the outer harbour of Audierne at 21.00 hrs., having had a beat to windward all the way. Here we had to await the tide to enter the port proper, and were unfortunate enough to get a rope round our propeller. However, the harbour launch kindly towed us into port. The entrance to the port is difficult and can only be made at half tide. The inner harbour is very large, attractive and full of fishing boats. One must be prepared to take the ground as it is not advisable to anchor in either of the two pools available.

Sunday 29th June.

Most of the day was spent ashore looking around the town. There is a fine fish tank here for preserving the lobster and cray fish in readiness for the Paris market. In the evening many people came dressed in their Breton costumes and danced in the Square.

Monday 30th June.

Gale warning for Biscay and Finisterre. With us there was not a breath of wind so despite the forecast we left on the last hour



FAR MONY



WEST BRITTANY

USHANT

BREST

CAMARET

DOUARNENEZ

AUDIERNE

QUIMPER

BENODE

CONCARNEAU

PENMARLE

LORIENT

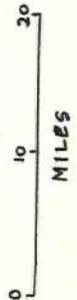
VANNES

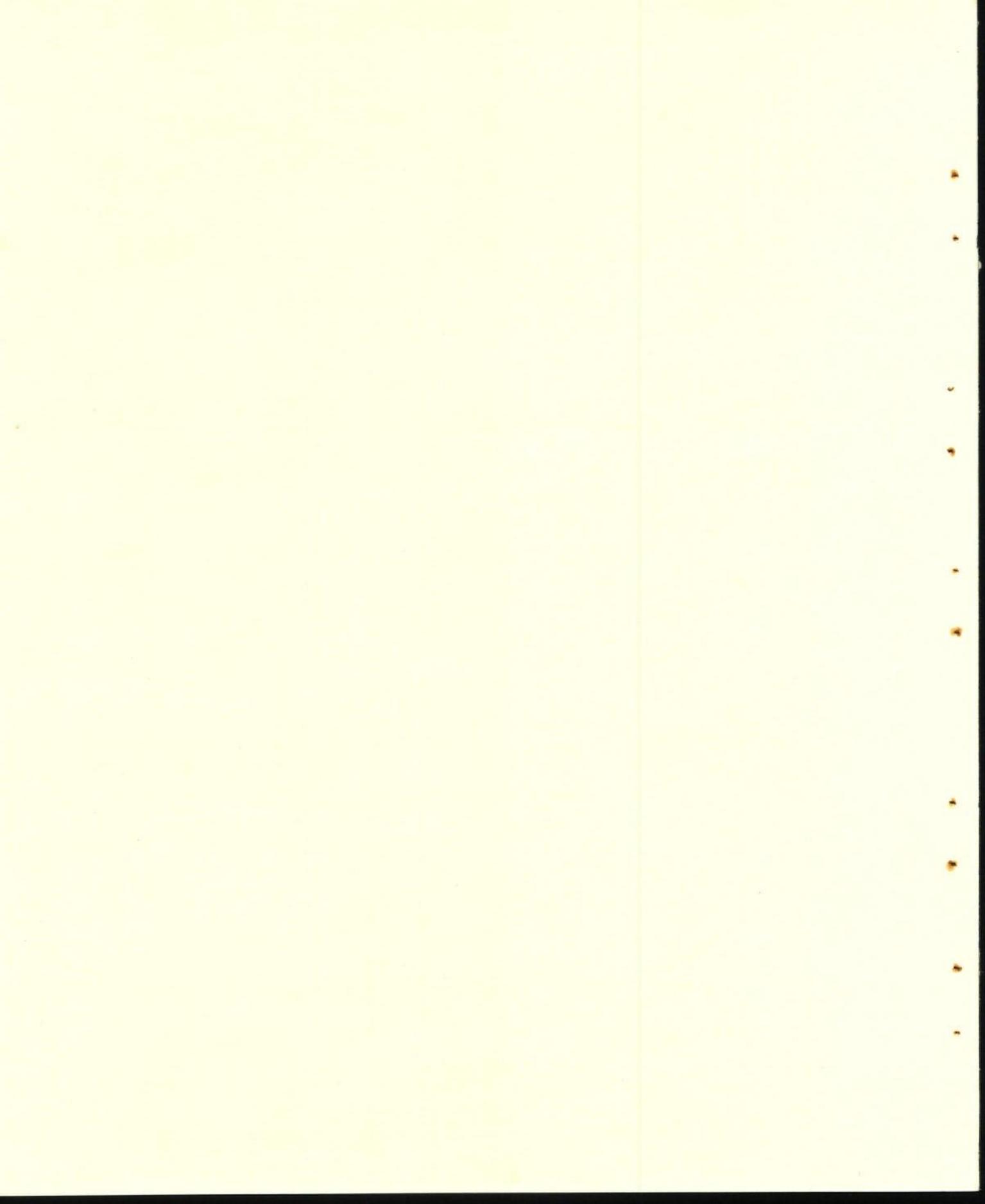
ILE DE GROIX

BELLE ILE

ST. NAZAIRE

I. DE SEIN





of the flood for Belle Isle at 01.00 hrs. The sea was perfectly smooth and we had a quiet passage under power to Penmarhe Point. Here I counted the lights of over forty fishing boats, but nearly got into trouble as I did not observe that the outside lighthouse was unlit. It was just 05.00 hrs. when we arrived there and the dawn gave us help to get our bearings. Soon after a good smart breeze came in from the S.SW; we were not long in getting sail on. For the rest of the day we had a pleasant reach all the way to La Palasis, Belle Isle, where we arrived at 16.15 hrs. and anchored in the outer harbour with stern lines ashore as is the custom. Distance 75 miles, time 15 hours.

Le Palasis is a most attractive and well sheltered harbour. The outer harbour is artificial and connects with the inner or natural harbour which dries. The town, which surrounds the inner harbour, is on a slope and is fortified. The old walls and fortifications are in excellent repair and all together give the town a very attractive look from the sea. Like all French harbours it is filled to capacity with fishing craft, but to make matters worse there are six steamers per day from Lorient as Belle Isle appears to be the Isle of Man of this coast.

Tuesday July 1st.

The gale of yesterday caught up with us and it was blowing very hard from the SW. Not only was the harbour full to capacity with fishing craft but so was the bay where there is good shelter. We took to the land and explored the island in a hired Renault. It is possible to do this with ease in one day as the island is not large. I found the island interesting but not beautiful in any way. I had my one and only swim on the Western side of the island in a sheltered cove. There was a big sea outside and the water very cold and to add to my misery I got covered with diesel oil. Later that evening we visited the shops where we all made purchases, including Shelagh, who acquired a sea going canvas smock which she insisted would be very useful around the house!

Wednesday July 2nd.

Absolutely foul morning with torrential rain and still blowing very hard from the SW. We had hoped to get off early that morning but it was impossible and we had to abandon all hope of going further South. However, by midday the rain had stopped and the wind a little easier so we decided to run for Port Tudy on the Ile de Groix. This island was only 22 miles away to the NE. and we left at 12.30 hrs. under Trysail and Spitfire jib. This was a most uncomfortable passage as the sea was nasty and

confused. We took one heavy sea aboard right over the cockpit which soaked every one of us despite our oilskins. I find this is the weak spot with a 24 footer as she has little freeboard here, and with the large racing, non self-draining cockpit much water can come aboard. It is for this reason that I believe a cockpit cover, as used by Dr. Falkiner and myself to be essential.

We arrived at Port Tudy at 17.15 hours to find Minx of Malham tied up to a fishing boat. She had come in just before us from Lorient across the sound. We had barely tied up when we were offered some fresh sardines. I was uncertain if this was a good thing as I had come to know these animals very well, fried, boiled, smoked and alas even canned.

Port Tudy is an odd little place, and, of course, has an outer and an inner harbour. The outer very small and the inner which dries very large. This is not a good place for a yacht as all vessels moor to one or other of the two mooring buoys available. As up to fifteen boats tie on to each buoy you can imagine there is some confusion, especially as on this coast the fishing fleets put to sea at 2 a.m. and return to harbour in the afternoon.

There is an attractive low and high town, and the simple cafe situated in the high town is very good indeed. The island is much smaller than Belle Isle and we did not have time to explore it as we were keen to get on to Concarneau.

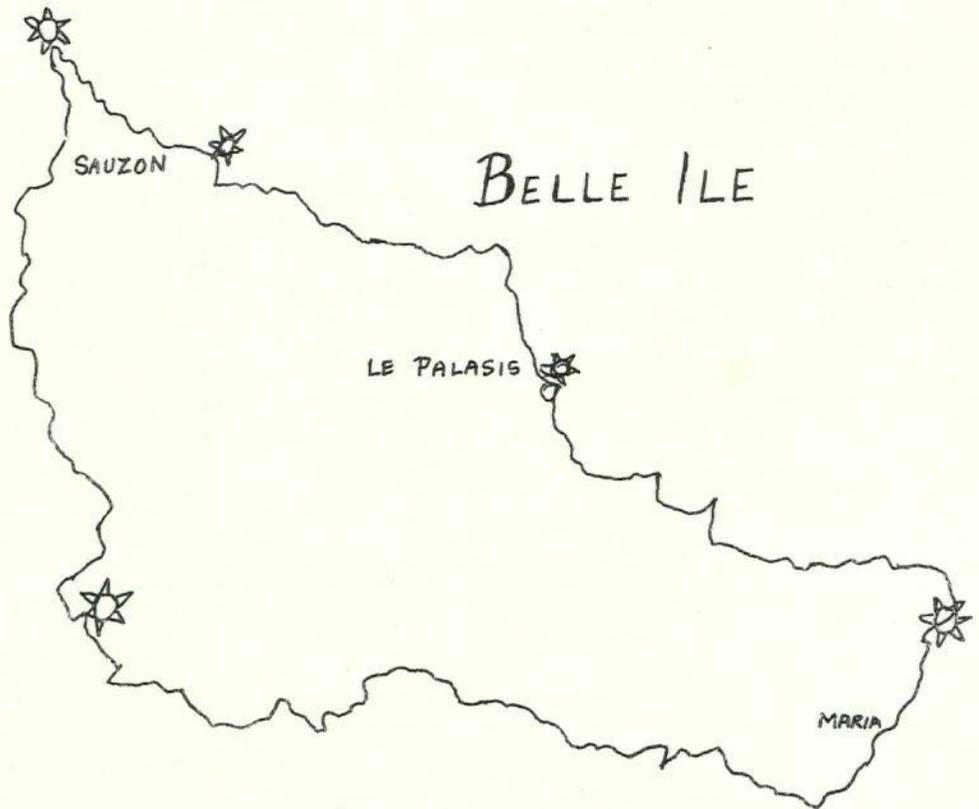
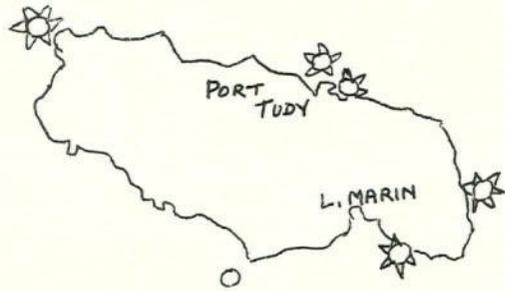
Thursday, July 3rd.

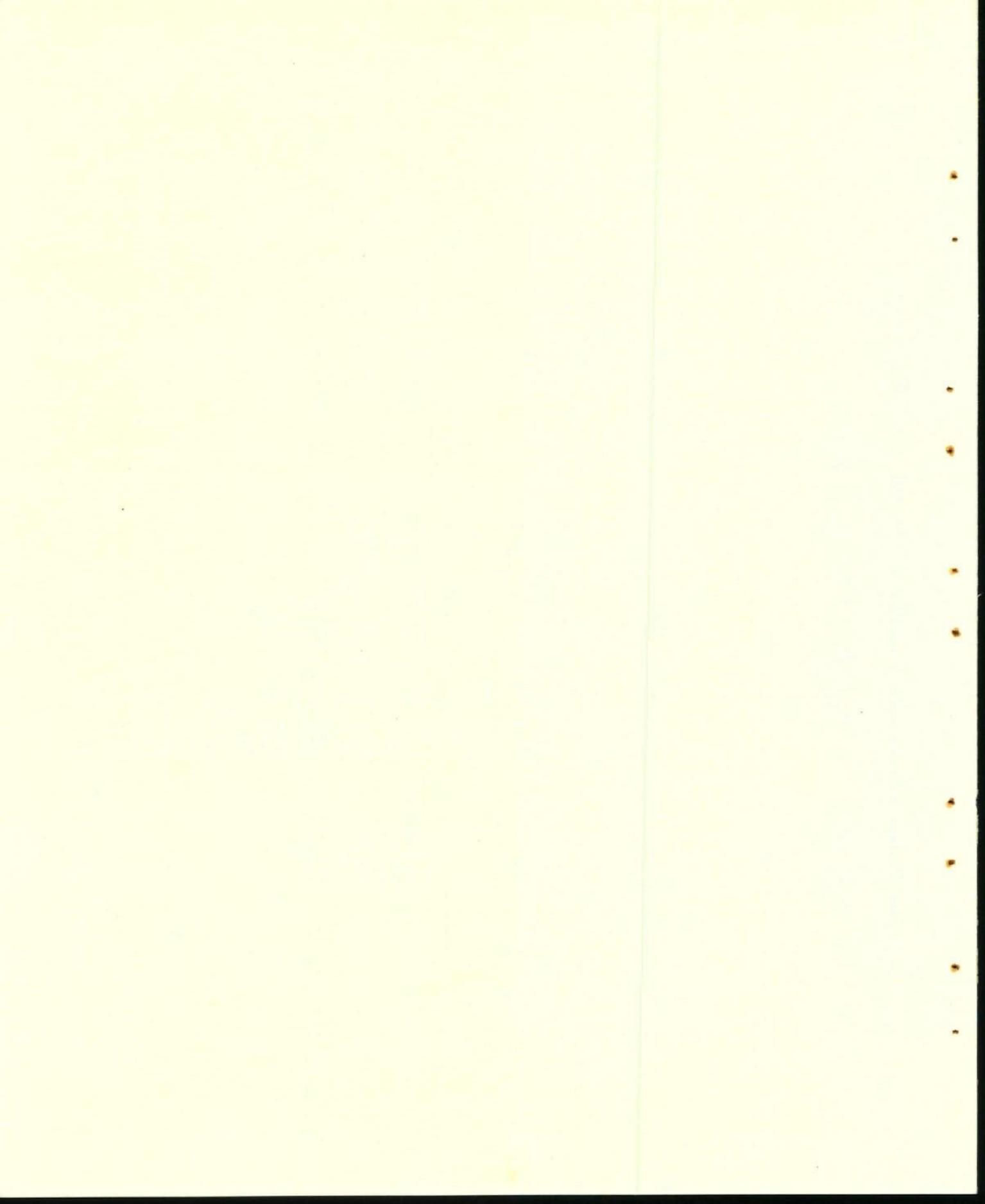
The Minx left at 09.00 hrs. and we 45 minutes later for Concarneau. It was a pleasant morning and despite the odd shower and the head wind we had a very enjoyable sail, arriving at Concarneau at 15.45 hours, where we anchored in the outer harbour. On the way I had consulted my Breton Guide and here is a literal translation.

'Long ago, Concarneau repudiated pleasure seekers by the smell. The remarkable works which have transformed almost the whole of the back port into a deep water basin has stopped the smell. Unfortunately noise has replaced this, so in summer one should drop anchor in the front port. Right in the middle you will not beach. Shelter is more than enough.'

We followed the above instructions to the letter and suffered no ill effects from noise or other disturbance. This is a lovely anchorage well sheltered by the harbour wall and the walls of the old town. Concarneau is the picture postcard town of Brittany and is featured in every guide book. Apart from the old town there are modern shops and civic buildings, a fine church and extensive quays and fish markets. Everything is available here, yacht yards, ship chandlers, and a Yacht Club. Vaubin, the old walled town is well worth a visit but consists mainly of souvenir shops.

ILE DE GROIX.





Friday 4th July.

Left Concarneau at 10.30 hrs. for Benodet, which is in the next bay to the North and is only 12 miles distant. The coast here is very foul and navigation must be exact. We had a very easy and pleasant sail, spoilt only by poor visibility. Benodet lies at the mouth of the Odet river and seen from the sea the entrance is flanked by golden beaches and colourful bathing boxes. At the entrance the tide runs hard and a good leading wind or a powerful engine is necessary with a foul tide. The main anchorage is close in shore on the Starboard side, and as there are very many yachts here a moorings may be available.

I doubt if I have seen a more attractive place than Benodet. It is one of the main yachting centres on this coast and is a must for the visitor. I would have liked to spend several days here but I was very keen to catch the afternoon tide up the river and visit Quimper. We were lucky here and found a moorings where we passed an hour before going up river. The Odet river is renowned for its beauty. We could not have had a better day, it was warm and sunny as we followed the wanderings of this great river through well timbered groves. It is not unlike the Shannon and in places opens into small lakes like Lough Forbes. The buoyage on the river is good and there is little difficulty in getting as far as the city of Quimper.

At Quimper the river narrows considerably and leads to quays right in the city itself. The river here is still tidal and if one wishes to stay over night it is necessary to take the ground.

Quimper is a fine city with a population of over 40,000 and is well known for its lace and its pottery. It is a favourite holiday centre and as a result has fine shops and places of amusement. All of us would have liked to spend several days here, but with one week to go we caught the ebb in the evening about 19.30 for the journey down river to Benodet.

Saturday July 5th.

Left Benodet under engine at 07.20 hrs., no wind, poor visibility but warm sunny day. The coast from here to Penmarche is very foul and unfortunately one cannot sail close to the shore but must steer from beacon to beacon which are quite a long way off shore. On the return journey I had again hoped to visit the Ile de Sein but again the visibility was so bad when we arrived at the Raz, that this was not possible. At last we got some wind and were able to reach up along the shore to Douarnenez. This is another important fishing port, much improved since the war by new works. Here

we saw many Tunneymen in for a refit before returning to the African coast. We arrived here at 19.30 hrs. and dined ashore in the local hotel. Unfortunately we left buying our petrol until the following Sunday morning. This cost us dearly, as Duty Free petrol is not available on Sundays, and sixteen gallons cost us £8.

Sunday July 6th.

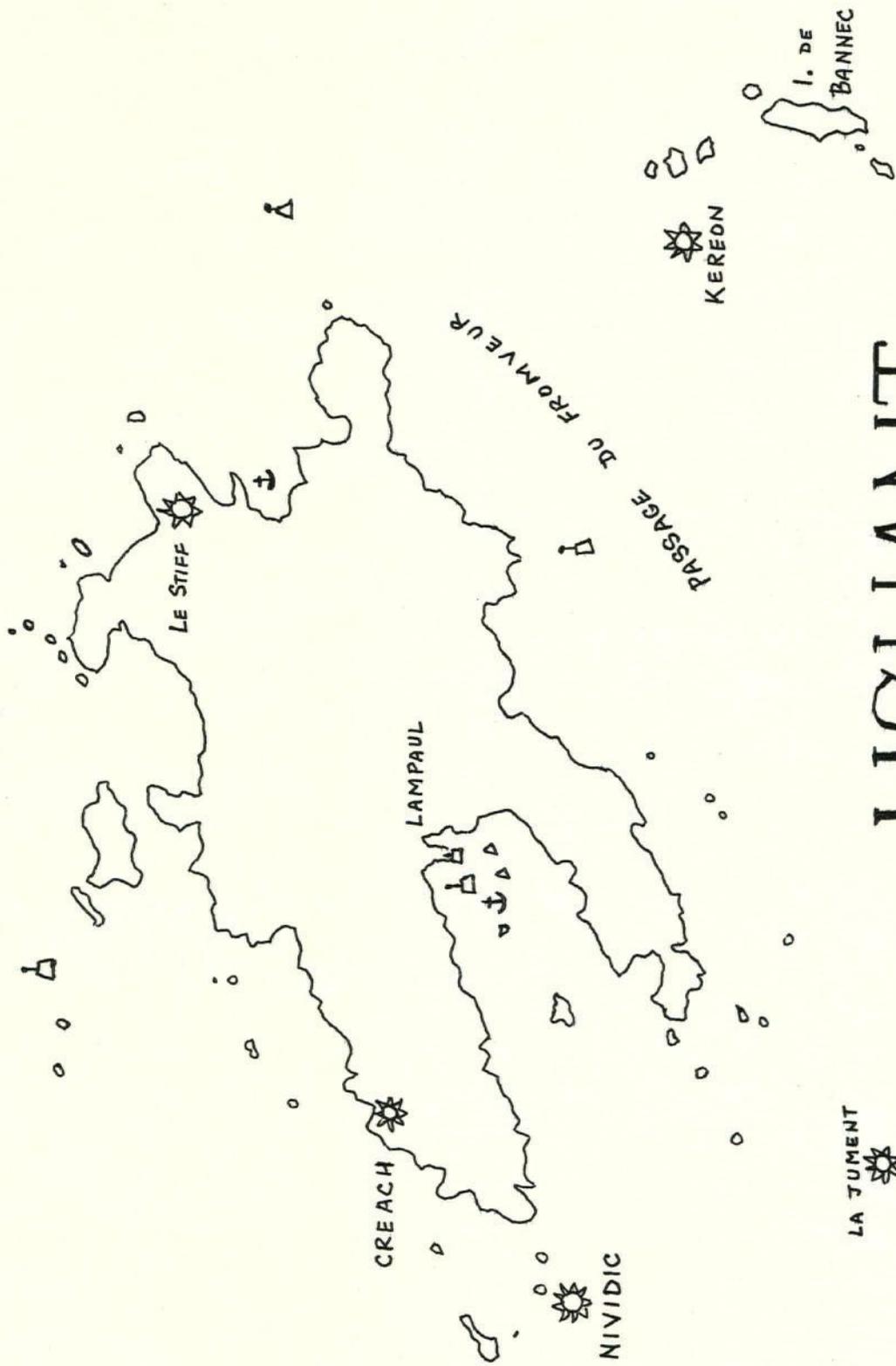
Left Douarnenez at 12.45 hrs. in dense fog. Absolutely no wind, engine. From here to Point St. Mathieu navigation has to be exact as there are many shoals and one goes from beacon to beacon. The fog remained with us for most of the afternoon, and it was not until we had made the entrance to the Four Channel that the fog lifted a little. We had but one hour of tide to go so we decided to make for Laberildut at the northern entrance to the Four Channel. This is a fine natural harbour but the entrance is not easy as the leading marks are difficult to see. Also, there is a stony bar at the entrance which dries 5 feet, but has 9 feet on it at half tide. Inside one is sheltered from all winds. The village is tiny but a good cafe is available.

Monday 7th July.

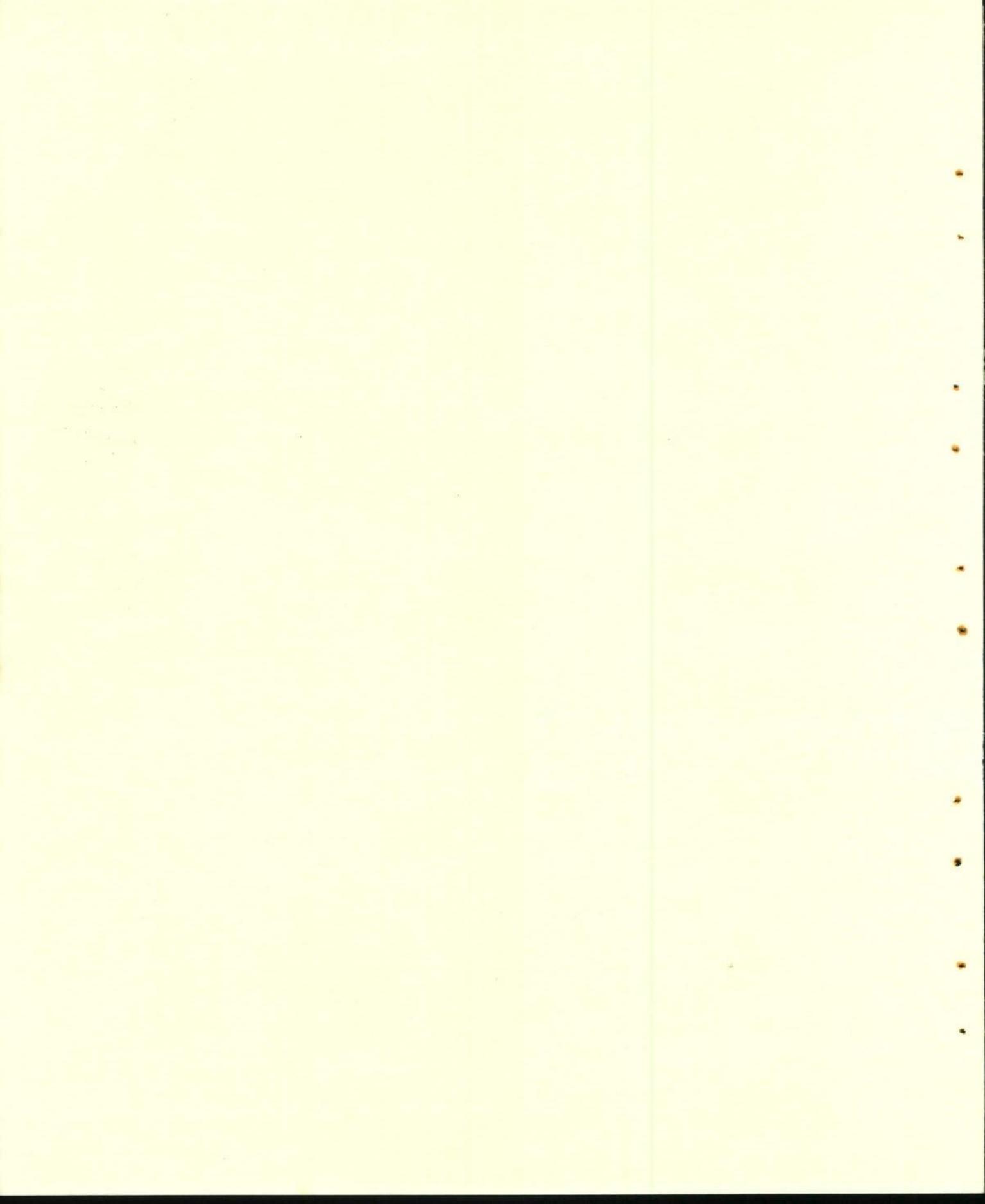
Another foggy day with poor visibility. I was very upset about this as I was determined to pay a visit to the Island of Ushant. However, if the visibility was poor at least it was perfectly calm with no wind. This was a great help as this is no place to be save in good weather, as there are rocks and many small islands everywhere. Our course took us through the northern entrance of the Four Channel, then above the many obstructions to the Kereon Tower, then down the Passage du Fromveur to the Baie de Lampaul on the southern end of the island. I was very interested in this bleak island surely one of the most important milestones on the world's sea traffic lanes. As one would expect there are lighthouses everywhere, mainly Le Stiff on the northern coast and Creach on the western shore, the latter of 5,000,000 candle power, and said to be the most powerful in the world.

The Passage du Fromveur is wide and well marked, but as the tide here runs at 8 knots it must be a very terrible place in bad weather. As we came down the channel it was cold and raining, and due to the confused sea and pitching of the vessel the engine stalled from dirt in the filters. I was not at all happy about this as close by on the shore was the wreck of a fine steamer. I lost no time in cleaning the filters.

Lampaul affords the best anchorage on the island but is open to the south. There is a small harbour here which dries, and one anchors just outside the beacons which mark the entrance to the harbour. When we arrived there we found a large German



USHANT



Ketch at anchor. I think she was of shallow draft and came from Dusseldorf on the Rhine.

The population of Ushant is just under 3,000 which is surprisingly large for such a barren looking place. Lampaul the main village on the island is attractive and the Church and Churchyard are well worth a visit. Here there are many British sailors buried dating from the First War, and in the Church hanging from the ceiling is a lovely model of a sailing ship.

While the male members of the crew carried water rather a long distance the girls explored the Town. When we met them later they were very upset as they had been taken for Germans, and had been very coolly received in a cafe. Soon, however, the word passed that we were Irish; all was well. We were all very interested in this island, said to be the last stronghold of Paganism in Europe, for Christianity did not reach here until the beginning of the eighteenth century. It is said that the island was very rich in dolmens and cromlechs but that many were destroyed to obtain stone for the building of the first lighthouses.

We had made up our minds to circumnavigate the island, and it was with reluctance that we set sail at 16.00 hrs. for the Scilly Islands, in a light Northerly wind. It was a dead beat made interesting by the astonishing amount of steamer traffic. However, by 21.30 hrs. we had only made good 14 miles so the engine was started and we set course - C345° for Scilly.

23.30 hrs. engine off. Gentle breeze from the W.NW. Throughout the night the engine was off and on but by morning we had a good breeze which took us into Hughtown, St. Mary's, at 17.00 hrs. on Tuesday June 8th. On the log 100 miles.

Wednesday 8th July.

We were determined to treat this as a day of rest and spend our time in the gardens of Tresco. We were very lucky with the weather as it looked as if the real summer had come at last. Tresco is certainly a must, and apart from the wonderful garden, very smartly kept as the Queen was expected; the Valhalla with its wonderful collection of figureheads is unique. For several months prior to our visit several artists of repute had been staying on the island repainting the figureheads with great detail; they had done their work well.

19.30 hrs. Left New Grimsby having spent one hour ashore on the Tresco Flats. There is little water here at low tide and the instructions for the leading marks for the

channel none too clear. From the time we cleared the entrance until we made Lundy, 100 miles away, we had an easy sail with a Westerly wind. I had heard much of Lundy from Reggie Walsh who had run there in the previous year in his Dragon 'Alpa' seeking escape from a South Westerly gale.

This remarkable island is well worth a visit. One anchors in an open roadstead, but shelter may be obtained on either side of the island depending on the wind direction. The best anchorage is in Lundy Roads close in shore. Here one is sheltered by Lundy and by Mouse and Rat islands from the SW. to NW. Raffles anchorage on the South gives good shelter from the NW. to NE. There is no shelter in winds from S. to E. The island is well lit by a South and North light and is about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles long and $\frac{1}{2}$ mile wide at the widest part.

In olden times Lundy was a Viking stronghold, and it passed from them to the De Mariscos family who held the island until 1327. This family was well known for its misdeeds, but it will be mainly remembered for their introduction of the rabbit into England. After that time the island was apparently Crown property but was donated to Lord Saye and Sele by Parliament in 1647. From that time until the present day the island has either passed down as an inheritance or has been sold. Since 1918 the island has been owned by the Harman's who acquired it from the Heaven family. The Heaven's owned Lundy from 1836 and it was the Rev. H. G. Heaven who built the fine Church on the Summit in 1897.

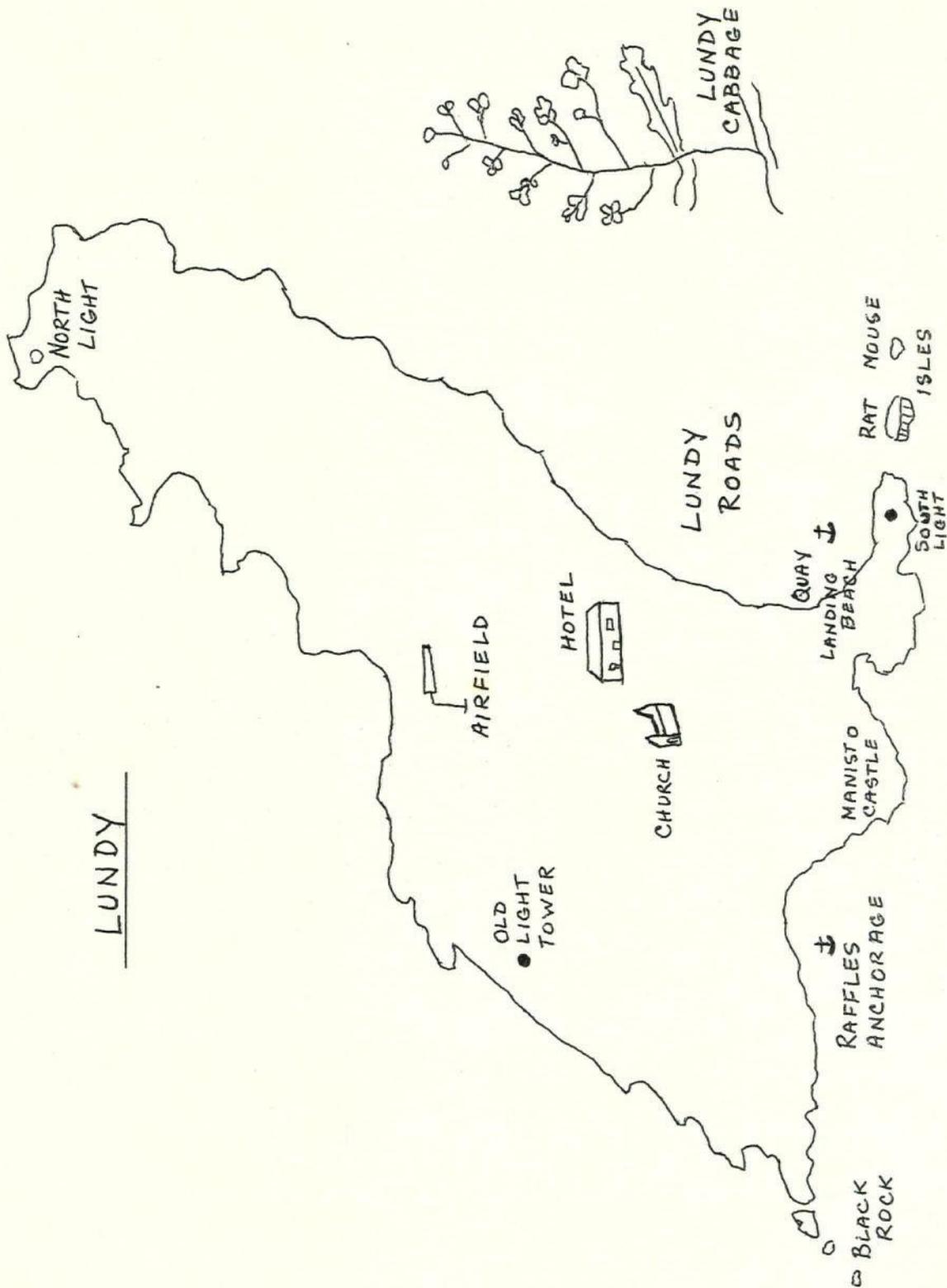
From the anchorage in Lundy Roads there is a very steep and narrow road which takes you past the manor house to the top of the island. Here you will find the Church and the Manor House Farm Hotel and the Marisco store and Tavern. The top of the island is almost flat, and here there are many wild ponies and Japanese deer. The main industry is sheep farming and there is a considerable flock of Soay sheep similar to that found on St. Kilda and in Faeroe. Also, I am told that only on Lundy will you find 'Brassica Wrightii' an ancient member of the cabbage family.

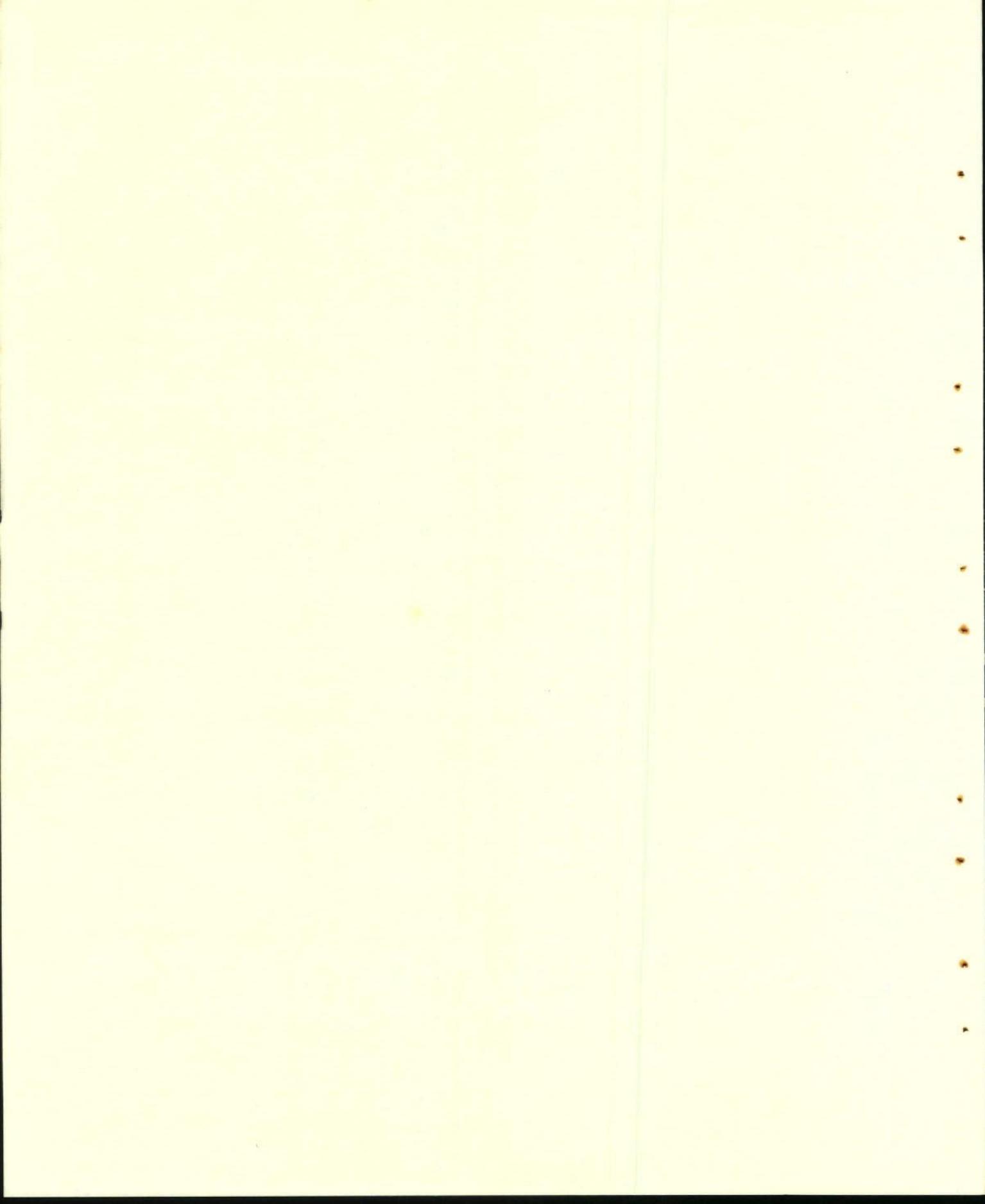
The normal population of Lundy is 22 which includes six lighthouse keepers. The hotel is most comfortable and we enjoyed a good dinner there. There are no licensing laws and as you can imagine a party can last until the small hours. Here we met some of the Harman family and the doctor to the island and his wife. They live in Biddeford and would prefer to holiday on Lundy than in any other part of the world.

Friday 10th July.

With great reluctance we left Lundy shortly after midday for Milford Haven. It was a lovely day with not a breath of air.

LUNDY





We had hoped to sail direct from here to Dun Laoghaire but felt it best to call at Dale Roads, Milford for fuel. I am very fond of Dale but it is a long row to the beach to collect stores. We had to engine all the way to Milford Haven where we arrived at 19.30 hrs.

Midnight - Left under power in teeming rain for the Bishop Rock. There was no wind and the visibility very poor. We passed close to the rock at 03.30 hrs. and picked up a good breeze from the SW. By 05.30 hrs. we were able to set our spinnaker as the wind had backed to the South, giving us a good run up the Irish Sea in an ever increasing wind.

Sunday 12th July.

Picked up our moorings in Dun Laoghaire at 00.30 hrs. We had missed the 'George' Regatta by nine hours, but at least we got the last two hours of their dance.

Lundy to Dale - 40 miles.

Dale to Dun Laoghaire - 107 miles.

- - - - -

D I S T A N C E S

Dun Laoghaire to Newlyn	237 log.
Newlyn to L'Aberwrach	100 miles
L'Aberwrach to Brest	40 miles
Brest to Audierne	39 miles
Audierne to Belle Isle	75 miles
Belle Isle to Port Tudy	22 miles
Port Tudy to Concarneau	27 miles
Concarneau to Benodet	12 miles
Benodet to Quimper and return	18 miles
Benodet to Douarnenez	52 miles
Douarnenez to Laberildut	33 miles
Laberildut to Lampaul	19 miles
Lampaul to Hughtown	100 miles
Hughtown to Lundy	102 miles
Lundy to Dun Laoghaire	107 miles

"F O A M" 1 9 5 8.

Dun Laoghaire to Kinsale and back May 17th to June 21st.

CREW

Whole time	-	Basil B. Jacob (Owner).
May 17th/23rd	-	Ronald Grubb
May 23rd/June 1st.	-	Richard Schlessenger
June 1st/3rd.	-	C. Norman Baker
June 7th/21st.	-	Harry Charles.

This summer I had a long holiday, several changes of crew and (apart from the first week) the best weather I have had for years. Both Ronald and Richard were somewhat inexperienced and it was unfortunate that the weather was at its worst during the week Ronald was aboard. He joined me in Dun Laoghaire and hoped to make the passage to Waterford (his home town) or possibly Cork, but strong winds and a falling glass kept us at the moorings most of the time. We did get out a couple of times under reduced canvas and then the time came for him to leave and Richard to join.

After that things began to improve and we slipped our moorings at 8.15 on Whit Monday, 26th May. Barometer 29.80 (rising), wind moderate Westerly and a South going tide - I had visions of Rosslare but that was not to be. We were off Greystones at 1120 when the wind shifted to the N.E. fell light and then died away altogether for a spell, after which we got light airs from all directions. It took some 5 hours to make Six-mile-point, at 1730 I put my pride in my pocket, started the engine and made for Wicklow. On arrival we found a regatta in progress so waited outside until the Herons had finished their race, when we were hailed and invited to the Club house for tea, which was most welcome. We tied up alongside the trawler Ros Ruadh for the night but had to shift at 0400 to let her away. We were off ourselves at 0650, under power to Wicklow Head where we picked up a S.W. breeze and got sail on. We worked down inside the Arklow Bank and all went well till we were off the Glassgorman Bank when the wind backed, freshened and kicked up quite a sea. I decided that a night in Arklow was preferable to one in the vicinity of the Blackwater Bank with an inexperienced crew so we turned and made good time back to Arklow, where we spent not one but two nights. We were away again at 1045 on the 29th with a N.E. breeze and sunshine, neither of which lasted very long. We passed outside the Glassgorman and Blackwater Banks and were about 2 miles off the Blackwater Ship at 1420 when we altered course for the Tuskar. The wind again fell light and visibility deteriorated and five hours later we were still looking for the Tuskar - we found it (by D/F) 2 points on the starboard

bow so altered course and, as the wind was very light, started the engine. The forecast gave winds S.W. force 6 but they never came and we proceeded under power, passed the Tuskar, the Barrels and nearly out to the Conningbeg before altering course for the Hook. We tied up in Dunmore at 03.30 on the 30th and turned in as soon as we had tidied up the ship and fed ourselves. This was Richard's first night passage and it thrilled him, particularly the phosphorescence, it also tired him and he slept till about 1 p.m. I woke about 8, it was a glorious morning and Dunmore was looking its best so I nipped ashore with the camera and got some colour pictures as well as the usual warm welcome from the Harbour Master and Mrs. Carroll. In the afternoon we went up the river to Waterford under power. It is a lovely run, and with the tide under us we did the trip in about $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours. We spent a couple of days in Waterford when we visited and were visited by many friends and relations.

Richard left for home on Sunday 1st June and Norman joined me for the passage to Cork. We motored down to Dunmore that evening and were away at 10.00 next day. The morning Shipping forecast was wind, S.E. 2 - 4, showers, moderate visibility - we didn't have the showers but the rest was fairly accurate and with the wind on the quarter we made the Pollock Rock buoy in $10\frac{1}{2}$ hours. By this time the wind had fallen very light again and with a big swell running we found it difficult to keep the sails full so "pressed the button" and went into Cork Harbour and up the Crosshaven river under power to pick a mooring off the R.M.Y.C. at 22.30. And here a word of thanks to the members and staff of the R.M.Y.C. for their kindness during my time in Crosshaven. We lay on the mooring all Tuesday, cleaned up, replenished the larder and petrol tank and in the evening Norman left for home by train.

I had a few days to myself after that. Most of Wednesday morning seems to have been spent lying on my back repairing the forecastle light and airing blankets; in the afternoon I moved up to Cobh to acquire some charts and then down to East Ferry for the night. In the old days when my home was in Monkstown I spent many good (and some bad) days in this part of the Harbour and I have always wanted to spend a night in it but this time I seem to have chosen the wrong night. My log reads "a dirty night, wind freshening, glass falling - did not turn in till 1.30 - awake again at 4 - dressed and stood by till 6 when I shifted ship". I had to move again a couple of times during the morning and eventually moved back to the Crosshaven River and up to Drakes Pool. By evening it was raining hard as well as blowing. I kept an eye on things every couple of hours that night, but I needn't have worried as I was in a snug anchorage and all was quiet. Friday it rained on and off all day and I could hear the fog horn at Roches Point but on Saturday morning the sun came out and the glass began to rise again. I moved down to Crosshaven and boarded a bus for Cork to meet Harry, who was coming down from Belfast. We were aboard again by 7 and back in Drakes Pool soon after.

Next morning (Sunday 8th June) we pushed off for Kinsale. We were off Weavers Point at 1200 and laid a course for Cork Head but the wind backed a bit when we got outside and the best we could do was the Ship, which we rounded at 1320. We both had cameras loaded with colour and we both wanted a picture of the light ship so the change of wind didn't worry us unduly. Next a beat to the Sovereigns, between them and on the Bullman Buoy, then we eased the sheets and went up Kinsale Harbour like "the hammers". We chose our anchorage off the town and let go at 1730. After we had been ashore for a stroll we were joined by Mr. Gay who came over from his yacht Guillemot for a chat and a gossip and while he was aboard another yacht came in and dropped a hook close by. Her crew went ashore and soon after the yacht went off down the harbour on her own, two punts went into action, she was boarded, given all the cable she had and brought to a stop before any damage was done. Mr. Gay went off to try to locate her crew and I returned to Foam. Next morning it was raining again but the day improved gradually and towards evening the sun came out. We were off again on Tuesday (10th) by 1120 and with a light wind it took nearly an hour to make the Bullman, then the wind freshened and we had a lively beat out to the Old Head. Here we went into conference, was it to be a dead beat to windward with Glandore at the end of it or a fair wind with Cork at the end, we chose the latter so swung round and three hours later passed Roches Point, we carried on up the harbour and had a look at Monkstown Bay before making Drakes Pool. Thursday (12th) we "did" the harbour, up the Back Channel and as far as Passage on the flood, then down, passed Cobh and on to East Ferry and back to Crosshaven for the night. We felt that the time had come to turn our bows towards home and decided to get away moderately early next day and spend the night either in Helvick or Dunmore. We didn't get away till the afternoon and it was 1510 when we passed Roches Point. The wind was moderate to fresh and almost dead aft once we had rounded the Pollock Rock buoy and we moved on well, bringing Mine Head abeam in just under 6 hours from Roches Point. By that time we had come to the conclusion that we would not make Helvick in day light and as neither of us had been there before we decided to carry on to Dunmore which we both knew. We carried on, to arrive at 0230 on the 14th, 11 hours 20 minutes from Roches Point. We lay in Dunmore for some days waiting for a fair wind to bring us North while "Wyndsong" which had followed us from Crosshaven was waiting for a wind with North in it to take her to Milford Haven. She got away on the evening of the 16th and we moved off on the morning of the 18th in a very light wind and took over 12 hours to make Rosslare (engine on $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours). The glass fell a bit during the night and brought rain with it and the 19th was not a day for pleasure sailing. We had time to spare so we stayed where we were and watched the trains carting motor cars up and down the pier. We soon tired of that particular form of amusement and pushed off again next morning on the first of the North going tide. A fresh wind on the quarter kept us

moving on and we did the 30 odd miles to Kilmichael Point in about 5 hours but soon after that the wind died away and we had to use the engine. We were tied up in Arklow 6 hours 20 minutes after leaving Rosslare. We were on the move again next day (but not too early). Leaving under power we were outside and under sail at 15.30 with a moderate breeze on the port quarter and a South going tide. I hoped that we would pick up the North going tide somewhere near the Horseshoe Buoy and carry it to Dun Laoghaire but soon after we left the wind backed and freshened with the result that we moved on much faster than I had anticipated and were actually North of Wicklow Head before the tide turned. There was quite a jump in the sea and we got a bit closer to Mizen Head than we wished, which caused some anxious moments. When off Wicklow Head we saw Huff of Arklow beating South, she appeared to be going well and having quite a lively time. We had Wicklow Head abeam at 19.00 when the wind began to ease and about an hour later when the tide turned it died away altogether. Once again we "pressed the button", brought the Breaches buoy abeam at 21.00 and passed the Battery 2 hours later, to pick our moorings at 23.10. And then supper and bed and the end of cruising for 1958.

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TO SCOTLAND IN "CHARM" - 1958

by Brian Hegarty

Skipper - Brian Hegarty

Crew - Jack Wolfe, Dermot Hegarty, (1st 2 weeks),
Paddy Coyne, Jnr. (3rd week).

Our Skipper/Owner, T.L. Cobbe, although unable to spare the time for cruising himself, very kindly allowed his crew to take "Charm" away this year.

Saturday, 5th July.

Although the dinghy had been stowed on deck and provisions, petrol and water had already been brought on board, by 16.00 there was a vast amount of personal kit being ferried on board. However, as always happens, everything was eventually stowed somewhere and we were ready to leave. Tommy came aboard and bid us farewell and by 18.00 we were slipping out of Malahide Estuary under engine at half ebb. It was a beautiful evening - sunshine, no cloud, flat calm.

Before we had cleared the river the engine was faltering and soon stalled, and we anchored a little to the N. of the river entrance. Within half an hour we were off again after Jack had

cleaned the jets. At 20.50 we streamed the log off Patrick's Island, the most seaward of the Skerries Islands. It was decided to stay fairly close to shore in the hope of picking up a night breeze off the land, rather than to stand away for the South Rock Lt. Vessel.

Sunday, 6th July.

Midnight found us steering NE. to a light NNW'ly breeze which later increased somewhat. The engine had developed a short at the magneto and had to be stopped. Thereafter, until it received attention in Donaghadee, every effort to start it met with defeat. At daybreak the hills to the S. of Carlingford Lough could be seen.

Fog rolled down on us shortly afterwards, and the wind veered to N. and increased slightly. At 11.15 St. Johns Point Lt. House was sighted bearing W. about 3 miles. Visibility improved and the fog gave way to sunshine. With a fair tide we had an enjoyable beat past the South Rock Lt. Vessel and up to the Skulmartin Lt. Vessel, which was abeam at 20.30.

Hardly had we weathered the Skulmartin, than we ran into thick fog and the thought of spending a night in the North Channel in those conditions was not relished. Luck favoured us and within half an hour the fog had cleared away and taken most of our breeze with it. We were left with a tedious beat against a foul tide and did not finally anchor in Donaghadee Harbour until 04.40 on Monday.

Monday, 7th July.

Having cleared Customs we went ashore to see about getting something done to the engine. McGimpseys Garage took the magneto away for testing and promised to have it back by the following afternoon.

Tuesday, 8th July.

By 18.00 we were preparing for sea again with our engine in running order once more. We watched the Dublin Bay 24 footer "Zephyra" come in and then left with a light to moderate breeze from S. by E. Outside the sea was calm as we ran away on the starboard tack for the Isle of Arran.

Wednesday, 9th July.

In increasing wind and sea we hove to at 01.00 and stowed the main. Dermot was unfortunate to break a rib in the course of this task. At 03.00 we hove to on starboard tack to wait for conditions to clear, for although Sanda Is. Lt. was visible to the W. we were unable to see

Pladda Is. Lt. which was very much closer. By 03.30 with the Ailsa Craig just visible we let draw again and soon picked up Pladda Is. Lt.

Off the N. entrance to Lamlash at 08.00 vicious squalls rushed at us off Holy Island. Midday found us in Inchmarnock Water under jib, main and mizzen with a W'ly breeze. There we passed close to "Vanja" who was going S. from Loch Fyne. The sun came out and with a smart W'ly we had a most exhilarating close fetch to East Loch Tarbert, where we downed anchor at 15.15.

"Venture" and "Curlew" were there, but left soon after we arrived. We were sorry to see them leave as we were looking forward to a gathering ashore! Later that evening we watched "Huff of Arklow" beat in and anchor.

Thursday, 10th July.

A beautifully sunny day with a moderate W'ly breeze. After a run ashore for provisions and a look around, we were under way at 13.00. Outside, in Loch Fyne, the wind was light W'ly and we had a quiet sail to Ardrishaig, arriving at 15.25.

As we nosed into Ardrishaig sea lock under engine it was the first experience any of us had had of canal work and we were thrilled by the novelty of it. We were told that "Foresight", who had left Dun Laoghaire the day before we left Malahide, had passed through on Tuesday and that the Dublin Bay 24 footers, "Arandora" and "Vandra" had been through the day before.

As we motored away from Ardrishaig, in bright sunshine, on the 4 mile stretch to Cairnbaan we were thrilled by our surroundings. Bottles of beer, glasses etc. appeared on the bridge deck and we settled down to something approaching absolute bliss! But it was short lived - when approaching Cairnbaan the engine seized solid and there was nothing for it but to get ashore and tow "Charm". I had thought that towing boats in canals must be easy work for horses - well, perhaps it is! I suppose that I don't rate very high in terms of Horse Power because I thought that "Charm" was extremely heavy!

At the 13th lock we were met by a mechanic from the Stags Garage, Loch Gilthead, and with his help our engine was eventually off loaded on to a grassy bank. No, we didn't dig a hole and bury it, but arranged that the Stags Garage would have the engine ready and meet us with it at Crinan. We towed "Charm" for a further mile to Bellanoch Bridge where we tied up at 22.45.

Friday, 11th July.

By 09.00 we were underway with myself acting as horse, while Dermot steered, and Jack prepared breakfast - only 2 miles to Crinan! After breakfast in Crinan Harbour, we locked out at

11.20. A grey wet morning had given way to sunshine and with a moderate, becoming light SW'ly breeze and the last of the flood we reached away NWXW for the Dorus More. As we obviously could not burst the very strong ebb that would shortly be setting in, we decided to run up Loch Shuna and eventually anchored inside Craobh and Dun Islands in 4 fathoms at 14.10. "Fair Rover", a bermudan sloop of about 7 tons, from Holyhead, was already anchored in this very snug and secluded anchorage. We had intended that this should be a temporary anchorage in which to wait a favourable tide up Scarba Sound, but by 18.00 there was no wind and we spent the night there.

Saturday, 12th July.

All set for an early start I woke at 06.00 to find no wind and rain. By 09.50 in light rain we were underway with a faint NW'ly air. Outside the anchorage the wind became light E'ly and we ran 3 miles to Torsa Island in Seil Sound, then a beat back to the northern anchorage in Shuna Island anchoring at 12.40. Leaving at 18.00 we sailed 2 miles down the W. side of Shuna Island to anchor in Ard bay, Luing Island at 19.10. Underway again at 20.00 we rounded Ardluing Point at 20.15 with the first of the flood, to beat up Scarba Sound with a light N'ly breeze. With the strong flood fairly sweeping us to windward we passed between Fladda and Dubh Sgeir Lights at 22.00 and were abreast of Easdale Island by 23.00.

Sunday, 13th July.

After a windward turn throughout the night we were off Lismore Lt.Hse. at 04.00. From there we had a slow beat against light fluky winds and rain for the 7 miles up the Sound of Mull to Loch Aline. We anchored off the entrance at 09.00 being unable to stem the last of the ebb. After breakfast, underway again, we beat into Loch Aline to have a look around before continuing NW, up Sound of Mull hoping to make Tobermory. Off Eileanan Glasa a strengthening NW'ly wind compelled us to take in the main, and this, coupled with the poor visibility and our tiredness, decided us to return to Loch Aline where we anchored close on W. side of the loch off the inner beacon at 13.45. The day deteriorated to wind and rain and we were glad to be in such a snug anchorage.

Monday, 14th July.

A sunny day with light to moderate WNW'ly wind. After a late leisurely breakfast and a general cleaning and airing of the ship, we went ashore to shop and send home postcards. The village at Loch Aline is centered round the silica sand mine, which, I believe, has been working since about 1942.

At about 15.50 we got underway with jib main and mizzen and were just able to stem the last of the flood tide. Outside

we freed sheets and bore away for Ardtornish Point. We soon had the spinnaker set and were steering for Lismore Lt. House. What a wonderful day after yesterday's wind, rain and poor visibility! A number of yachts passed beating Westwards. Lismore Lt. Hse. was 1 cable to port at 17.58 as we ran on towards Maiden Island at the N. entrance to Venera Sound and Oban. A moorings was taken on the north side of Oban Bay, off the town, at 19.48. There followed a hurried sail stow and tidy-up before peeling off ashore to an indifferent and expensive meal!

Tuesday, 15th July.

By 07.00 all sails were set and the dinghy was on deck, but there wasn't a breath of wind! However, at 07.15 a faint air set in from NE. and we cast off. With a fair tide we made reasonable progress down Venera Sound, which we cleared at 08.45. We had hoped to make Crinan in the evening but with the existing faint air, and only carrying a fair tide until 11.00, we decided to put into Puilladobhrain, where we anchored at 10.45. This is a very sheltered anchorage 7 miles SW. of Oban and is clearly illustrated in the CCC Sailing Directions. Entering, as we did, near low water all hazards are easily identified, and the anchorage is in 3 fathoms.

What would otherwise have been a wet depressing day turned out to be very enjoyable, because we met Peter and Anne Green, and Brian and Gillian Pilcher whose "Taronga", a bermudan sloop of about 6 tons, was anchored close by. In the evening the crews of both boats made an expedition to Drumeckie Inn at Clachan Bridge, $\frac{3}{4}$ mile from the anchorage.

Wednesday, 16th July.

With genoa, main and mizzen we were underway to a light NW'ly air at 06.35. Eilean Dun was cleared at 07.50 with the aid of a tow from the dinghy. Once clear we took the dinghy on deck and set about breakfast. Though the wind had deserted us, fair progress was made on the tide and by 09.15 Easdale Point was abeam. By 09.30 we had the spinnaker set to a faint NE'ly air which carried us to Fladda Lt. House, at the N. entrance to Scarba Sound, before deserting us. With less than one hour of fair tide left there was nothing for it but to launch the dinghy and tow, in an effort to make an anchorage. The dinghy plus a faint air brought us to Black Mill Bay on the W. side of Luing Island at 11.40 to await the next tide.

At 16.15 in bright sunshine, we left our anchorage with a moderate W'ly breeze, which lightened later, but gave us a pleasant sail to Crinan, where we entered the

sea lock at 18.45. It was with a feeling of relief, being out of that area of strong tides in such light winds, that we strolled into Crinan Hotel for a meal and a few drinks.

Thursday, 17th July.

Another hot sunny day! I 'phoned the Stags Garage and they had the engine at Crinan by 10.15. While the crew had baths at the hotel the mechanics dealt with the engine installation. We left Crinan Basin at 15.45. At 17.30 the engine stopped in the 9th lock. The lock keeper kindly 'phoned down the canal to the Stags Garage who sent the mechanic back again! We finally reached Loch Gilphead Bridge at 20.30 where the Stags Garage provided new plugs. We motored to the 4th lock at Ardrishaig, where we tied alongside for the night.

Friday, 18th July.

A dull unpleasant day with moderate to fresh S'ly wind. We dropped down to Ardrishaig Basin in the morning and at 14.50 left the canal under No.2 jib, reefed main and mizzen. Outside there was great activity as Royal Navy vessels arrived in Loch Fyne for a visit. We had a pleasant beat until off East Loch Tarbert, when in increasing wind and rain it was necessary to take in the reefed main. Under jib, mizzen and engine we beat to Ardlamont Point which was rounded at 21.48. At 23.45 we anchored off the Bute shore close by the Burnt Islands, in the Kyles of Bute.

Saturday, 19th July.

As the wind was dead ahead and light, we set out for Sandbank under engine at 08.30. The morning was warm and sunny and off Port Bannatyne many yachts, competing in the first leg of the Tobermory Race, presented a fine sight. Toward Point Lt. House was rounded at 10.30, and at 12.15 Dermot was put ashore at Dunoon Pier, just in time to catch a ferry to Gourock, as he was flying home that evening. Jack and I went on to Sandbank where we picked up a moorings at 13.05.

Paddy Coyne joined us during the afternoon, and after a general tidy-up we took a bus to Dunoon for a meal and some amusement.

Monday, 21st July.

After a lazy day on Sunday, we set out at 12.15 under No.2 jib, reefed main and mizzen. With a moderate, occasionally fresh, NWXW breeze we had a grand sail down the Clyde. By 15.50 we had cleared the Cumbræes and altered course for Brodick Bay, Isle of Arran. At 18.15 we let go in Brodick Bay, a pleasant, though rather exposed anchorage.

Tuesday, 22nd July.

At 04.30 I awoke to feel "Charm" pitching and to hear wind whistling in the rigging. On going on deck I found that the wind was fresh NNW., and that visibility was only fair. As the barometer was also falling we decided to clear out and slip around to Lamlash, a distance of 5 miles. We left at 05.20 under No.2 Jib, mizzen and engine and at 06.25 we let go off the steamer pier at Lamlash.

After a dull start the day brightened up and we spent some time ashore laying in food, petrol, and water. The 18.00 forecast predicted NNW. wind force 4 to 5 for Malin and Irish Sea, and although we did not have to be home until Sunday we decided to take a fair wind while we had it. When outside, at 20.30, we set the trysail. Pladda Is.Lt.Hse. was abeam at 20.55 and as we cleared the land we felt the weight of the wind. At 22.45 Ailsa Craig was abeam to leeward. By 22.30 the sea had increased to an extent, when, with such a fresh breeze, "Charm" was racing along and yawing wildly. The mizzen was taken in, which, without appreciably reducing her speed, eased her considerably.

Wednesday, 23rd July.

By 06.10 the Skulmartin Lt. Vessel was abeam and the breeze was easing so the mizzen was reset. At 08.45 with the South Rock Lt. Vessel abeam, course was altered for the Rockabill Lt. Hse. As the sun got higher the wind got lighter, until at 15.00 under No.1 jib, main and mizzen, we had a light W'ly breeze.

When an estimated 7 miles from the Rockabill Lt.Hse. at 20.05 the spinnaker was set to a light N'ly breeze which later increased to moderate. We had the Rockabill abeam at 21.55 and ran on to pass inside Lambay Is. and Ireland's Eye, to arrive in Howth Harbour at 00.30.

Thursday, 24th July.

Turned out and gave the ship a thorough cleaning in anticipation of Tommy's arrival. He duly arrived in the afternoon and commented favourably on the ship's appearance! At 17.55 we ran out of Howth Harbour with a fine ESE'ly breeze and picked up our moorings in Malahide Estuary at 18.50.

LOG OF "FORESIGHT"

July 4th to July 20th - 1958

"FORESIGHT"

5 ton Vertue Class Bermudan Sloop built by Elkin's of Christchurch in 1957.

S U M M A R Y

<u>ARR.</u>		<u>DEP.</u>	<u>DIST.</u>
	Dun Laoghaire	1710/ 4th July	
0830/ 5th July	Portavogie	1300/ 5th "	77
0200/ 6th "	Lamlash	1100/ 7th "	61
1810/ 7th "	Ormidale Pier	1000/ 8th "	29
1630/ 8th "	Ardishaig		24) 9)
2005/ 8th "	Crinan	1600/9th "	
2150/ 9th "	Loch Aline	1530/10th "	33
2025/10th "	Tobermory	0555/11th "	13
1835/11th "	Crinan (via Cuan)	1120/12th "	44
1730/12th "	East Loch Tarbert	1415/14th "	9) 10)
2205/14th "	Inverary	1450/15th "	26
2205/15th "	Loch Ranza	1900/16th "	37
2215/16th "	Brodick Bay	0915/17th "	12
2200/17th "	Stranraer	0915/18th "	42
2205/18th "	Portavogie	0915/19th "	48
0215/20th "	Dun Laoghaire		77
			<u>551 Miles</u>

C R E W

SKIPPER : T. Sheppard
R. Mollard
J. Pollett (4th July to
13th July).

Both John and I had known the West of Scotland from our service with the "Grey Funnel" line, but, somewhat curiously perhaps, we were keen to return again. The trip was in the nature of a reconnaissance, to see really if this coast was all it was cracked up to be as a yachtman's paradise. Robert was, as usual, game for anything so at least there was unanimity about the location of this year's cruise.

NARRATIVE

4th JULY.

John had arrived, from London, on the morning mail-boat. This was lucky as it meant he, with Robert, had the boat ready "in all respects" when I arrived out from the office. Readers may well remember the 4th July, 1958, that was one of the Summer days, and it so happened that at 5 o'clock there was little wind, any there was being out of the North. We motored out, carrying the Genoa, but the best we could do when getting the sails to draw was to lay the mouth of the Liffey! Another tack brought us to the Bailey where the wind dropped, and the engine stopped. Fortunately Robert, being a scooter owner, is a 2-stroke expert, and he successfully doctored the plugs, enabling us to set off again after about fifteen minutes. Off Lambay we got a light westerly which lasted most of the night. It was one of those nights at sea you dream about, peaceful with just enough wind to keep her moving comfortably, the waning moon rising in the dying twilight, the surface of the sea after sunset gold and green and blue and red.

5th JULY.

The wind died when we were off Strangford so we decided to motor into Portavogie, to stock up with petrol should the calm last.

Customs clearance took the usual form of waiting for two officers to come from Belfast by car to sign forms. We hung on then until after early lunch to get the best of the tide, which we carried right up to Aran. We got a good north westerly breeze in the North Channel - so good that both John and I, in spite of having taken Marzine, managed to get sick. Robert, innocent of drugs, remained intact.

How long it takes to pass the Craig! It's so tiresome, particularly when one is off colour, trying to persuade oneself one is covering the ground. Finally we could fairly say it was abeam. Then the Pladda, but with the wind dropping with the sun. Under Aran we were becalmed, so more motor as we sighted Holy Island, and then slipped in, by bright moonlight, to Lamlash, jolly glad, even at 2 a.m., to be able to look forward to a night's rest.

6th July.

Sunday. We have a rule when cruising that it at all possible Sunday should be a day of rest. It gives us a chance to get the ship - and ourselves - fairly straight. This glorious Sunday morning was to be no exception. Skipper bathed over the side - the water was pronounced to the scoffing crew to be warmer than the Fortyfoot. Ashore for church and then on board the "Peregrine", all the way up from the Solent, via Dun Laoghaire, for pre-lunch drinks.

A ziz in the sun in the afternoon and ashore in the evening for a bus trip across Aran. Very, very, pleasant cruising.

7th July.

We weighed at 11 a.m. closely followed by Peregrine and made up for the Kyles of Bute, west about. No disappointments here at all. On the way up we could see the yachts making for Largs to see the Queen, but we decided to forego this as we wanted to cover as much ground as we could in the first week. We anchored in Loch Ridden, off Ormidale Pier at 1810. After supper, ashore for a walk in a quite desolate part of the world.

A lot of motor to-day, wind very light and what there was heading us.

8th July.

Rain. Is Summer finished? However, rig of the day - oilskins. Slip down in the forenoon once again under engine, and then a good beat round Ardlamont, W.N.W. force 4, and up into Loch Fyne. Making good time, so we decide to push through the Crinan. Weather now clear and we are thoroughly enjoying it.

At Ardishaig we heard that a yellow boat from Dublin had been through that morning. Who could that be? Ashore to the hotel for dinner, where we met the skipper of a former Mooney "Nirvana", on its way back to Belfast Lough. The water skiers amused us after dinner, but Crinan is such a friendly, interesting place that water skiers are not essential for enjoyment. Interesting to see Goering's "Sea Wolf", in beautiful trim.

9th July.

Mooching round the basin, chatting to various sea-faring types, getting the low-down, cleaning ship. At 1600 we leave the basin in company with two other boats, and with the crew behaving like Colombia's men we make sail and show the Scots and Sassenachs a clean pair of heels through the Dorus Mor. Changed headsails three times inside ninety minutes with the wind blowing

between force three, and force seven from the South West. We shot up the Sound of Luing and Fladda, across the Firth of Lorne, and then with the wind veering, beat up the Sound of Mull and into Loch Aline for the night. A good sail. Five hours fifty minutes of hard work. To-day we saw our first genuine Puffer.

10th JULY.

Ashore in the forenoon for a walk and shopping. Weighed in the afternoon and had to beat, once again, up the Sound, into a W.N.W. force 3/4. In the Sound we met the "Kenya" wearing a Vice-Admiral's flag. Got a friendly wave from the Bridge. Nice to think we are noticed by Flag Officers. Perhaps it's the tri-colour.

20.25 anchored in Tobermory. Skipper landed immediately to have foreign bodies removed from his eye by the local doctor. Then a walk and bed. The midnight forecast was not good, and as John had to get to London on Sunday it was decided to get under way at 06.00 the following morning.

11th JULY.

We managed to weigh at 05.55, Robert being allowed a lie-in in recognition of his services as cook. John turned in immediately and Skipper rather stoically sat in the cockpit in drenching rain and sailed the boat in light airs down the Sound. However, after about three hours the weather cleared and we had a fair wind. This time we made the exciting passage through the Aran Sound - to be recommended, but the Clyde Cruising Club's directions are a must.

On clearing Shuna more heavy rain and a falling breeze forced us to motor again. We could see another boat way over to the westward also making for the Dorus Mor and as we converged it transpired that the other chap also wore the tricolour "Vandra". We entered the basin at Crinan together. Something quite dramatic about this.

"Vandra" pushed on through the canal, but we decided that Crinan was a pleasant place to spend the night, so once again a clean-up, and ashore to the hotel for dinner. (Two helpings of strawberries and cream). The sunset this evening was too incredible to describe. Marvellous, out-of-this-world colours lasting till nearly midnight.

12th JULY.

The 'Twelfth', but we persisted with the tricolour. A leisurely start, 11.20, we left Crinan and soon had the joy of meeting a puffer in the Canal. We slipped straight out of Ardishaig and made for East Loch Larbert to meet "Vandra" again,

as well as many Clyde yachts week-ending. Ashore for a walk to West Loch Tarbert.

13th July.

Sunday. Ashore for Church and then drinks on board the luxurious motor yacht "Maureen IV". How cramped our poor little five-tonner seemed after that. John left after lunch by bus for Glasgow. The rain poured down so we zizzed for the afternoon. That afternoon drinks and supper on board "Sonas" from Howth, and then the Mawkes came aboard us for a night-cap. Exchanging ideas about five-tonners.

14th July.

Our topsides were showing marks of our journeys through the Crinan, so ashore to Dickies yard to discuss. A superb painter came off and did some mixing in his punt and managed to hit off our blue to perfection. He did some very good touching up.

After lunch we set off for Inverary. This was another memorable sail. A fair breeze, force 2/3, sent us up the loch in the most heavenly sunshine, the hills in all their colours closing in on us as we went northward until in twilight we anchored off Inverary pier. We shifted berth on the advice of the locals; this is a deceptive place and it is well to keep well off.

15th July.

Ashore in the morning to shop and then to see a stately home; this one is tremendously rewarding - the Duke of Argyll's Castle. Lunch in one of the excellent local hotels and then on our way again. We motored down in dead calm and a steady drizzle, for about 2 miles when we picked up a good easterly which carried us down, still in the rain, to Loch Ranza, getting there in twilight.

16th July.

A glorious sunny day. Not a breath of wind. Spent the morning shopping and swimming. In the afternoon, still no wind, we climbed Mount Tornidane.

Our days now getting fewer, so we decided to make use of a northerly which got up in the evening to push further down Aran. We had a very agreeable sail, close to the coast, to Brodick Bay, once again anchoring after sundown. We brought up, because of the northerly wind, right under Brodick Castle.

Both Brodick and Ranza do for a night in this sort of calm weather, but both anchorages are exposed in various sectors and may only be classed, unlike Lamlash, as temporary anchorages.

17th JULY.

Weighed after breakfast, in dead calm once again, so once again we had to motor - for over an hour. Then the wind got up, but from where? - it would be the South. Quite a dirty chop as we pushed down the Firth again with Ailsa Craig being so irritatingly ever-present. We had hoped to get to Port Patrick, but with the weather deteriorating we decided on Loch Ryan. Unfortunately we were rather short of supplies, so we had to go right up to Stranraer and we had to head in to a horrid short steep sea for about three hours. We finally anchored North of the west pier at 22.00 and Skipper landed for rations. Bed about midnight, having listened to a bad forecast - force 6 from the South.

18th JULY.

07.45 forecast still bad, but the glass had remained steady, so we set off after a good breakfast - reefed and under a small jib. Force 6 all right, but with just a touch of east in it. Having cleared the Loch we worked two hours on, two hours off watch and watch for the next twelve hours. What a joy this little boat is in this sort of weather. Dry in the cockpit, dry down below, she seems to revel in this clawing up to windward in more than half a gale.

We laid across the North Channel to the entrance to Belfast Lough - half tempted to go on to Cultra for the Edinburgh Cup celebrations; then short tacks down the coast to Portavogie. What a relief to get in to this perfect haven after the long beat. As usual the local people were as helpful as could be. No trouble to open the petrol pump, or the shop, even though it was nearly eleven o'clock.

19th JULY.

After a good sleep we motored out of Portavogie to find the South wind forecast by the B.B.C. was in fact S.E. We left the motor on until we reached the Lightship's buoy. The visibility was not good, but as we laid down the coast it gradually improved. Were bowling along merrily for most of the day, but in the dog watches the wind started to head us, and the visibility closed in. Coming down from the North you feel you're almost home when you sight Rockabill, but that's just wishful thinking. Switched on the Beme to find we were well inside our course, and the wind had dropped, so nothing for it but, once again, the motor. Then it was just a slog along past Lambay and Ireland's Eye and the Baily, finally picking up our moorings at 2.15 on Sunday morning.

REMARKS

This cruise seemed to emphasize how important it is for a small yacht to cruise in June or July when the days are long. In waters such as the West Coast, where tidal streams run fast, it was always possible to work a tide in daylight, even setting off as late as 1600. In some areas the tides must be worked, e.g. the Dorus Mor, the Crinan Sound. And in strange places it is so nice to come in to a strange anchorage in daylight.

Thanks to a willing crew we always set off at the time we had arranged; this is also so important for the success of a cruise in a small boat.

MATTERS NAVIGATIONAL

Most Cruising Club members will know these waters far more intimately than I do, but I would make two observations about Pilotage.

(1) Approaching Portavogie from the South

On page 69 of the East and North Coasts of Ireland sailing directions you will read "In approaching from the South, do not get inside the line of the North Rock beacon and South Rock old Lt. Ho." This to me implies that outside the stated line all is well. All is far from well. My advice would be that unless this part of the coast is known intimately, stay outside the black conical buoy one mile to the westward of the South Rock L. V. near the Ridge. This would apply particularly at low water or if there is any sort of swell. The charted depth is only 8' inside the buoy.

(2) Loch Ryan

If you must go up to Stranraer, stick to the buoys, even if it looks longer. The spit on the western side moves about. If you look at the plan on page 74 of the Clyde Cruising Club Sailing directions you will see buoys marked. These bear no resemblance to fact, or to fact in July 1958. Then the buoyage was as follows, starting from the entrance:-

1. Black Conical - about where the plan shows.
 2. Red can - off Lady Bay - not shown.
 3. Black Conical) - off the East Shore, marking
 4. " ") the dredged channel. Stick
 5. " ") to this unless on a rising
- tide near H.W. Then head for Stranraer Pier.

MATTERS METEOROLOGICAL

The B.B.C. area forecasts this year were not particularly accurate. Their general inferences, aided by the barometer, were really of more value. It may be that in the restricted waters the winds don't blow in the same direction as the isobars on the weather chart. We found that frequently the prevailing wind might be up to 4 points off the forecast.

MATTERS MEDICAL

Dramamine as a sea-sick remedy, or rather preventive, was most effective. Not very strong-gutted mariners were able to work and cook and read down below when the little ship was bouncing about in the North Channel beating to windward in a force 6. To be recommended.

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D I A N E - 1958

For family reasons plans for Diane's 1958 cruise were not ambitious. She was launched late, and I reckon missed the best, if one might use that term, weather of the season.

In early June, with Wallace Clarke and Jorgen Anderson aboard a visit was paid to Rathlin. The early morning passage from Portrush was windless and in fog. However, this quickly cleared to give a glorious sunny morning which was spent wandering over the island. The 13.40 forecast with force 4 to 5 S.E. meant that our berth alongside the harbour would be untenable overnight so we reluctantly made a hasty departure to catch the west-going tide thro the Sound. In brilliant sunshine and with an unruffled sea we motored close alongshore to just below the Bull Light. The scenery was spectacular with grim reminders of the winter seas in the shape of twisted steel frames and wreckage hurled high up the cliff faces. When just below the lighthouse, a blast from the foghorn all but blew us out of the water and sent great masses of birds wheeling overhead, simultaneously banks of fog rolled down as we headed towards the Antrim coast. When abeam of the Giant's Causeway the fog lifted and we had a fine sail to the River Bann where we anchored overnight.

In July, John Stevenson and I sailed Diane to the Clyde. Once again we met fog in Rathlin Sound this time

with heavy rain and a thunderstorm. It cleared with dawn and to the north lay Sanda, whose whereabouts we wondered about overnight as we kept altering our course to the southward. As the sun rose the sky cleared and in the light breeze we had a pleasant sail up Kilbrannan Sound. The scenery was magnificent and the Firth a busy place with yachts and steamers as towards evening in a now brisk breeze we came to anchor at Sandbank. Supper over we returned the earlier calls of neighbouring yachtsmen and turned in. A run ashore in the morning to shop ended in Robertsons yard where we simply gaped at the Chandlery not to be seen around Derry or the North West. The weather was cold but the fresh N.W. wind was a delight in these sheltered waters, and on our next passage to Rhu on the Gareloch we simply tore along. Here we met Peter Hamilton who had crossed the north sea with us in Diane in 1956. Since then he had sailed his Vertue single handed to Labrador and later with a newly acquired wife via the Panama to the Pacific calling at the Galapagos, Tahiti and ending his voyage in Los Angeles. Needless to say we sat late over our drinks, and next morning made a late departure on our down river passage. What started with a close haul in brilliant sunshine ended in a wet beat thro the Kyles of Bute in a bitterly cold downpour. In the dusk we crept into a delightful anchorage Caladh Harbour which with eight or nine earlier arrivals appeared crowded. Next morning in bright sunshine we motored out and in a light breeze made sail. As we rounded into Lough Fyne the wind came ahead and freshened so we had a hard wet beat to Eash Lough Tarbert. Here we were very struck by the colour and orderliness of the port with its impressive fishing fleet tied bow to shore while all around fishermen were busy mending nets and going about their business. After a late lunch we continued beating up to Ardrishaig on Loch Gilp. Here we lay overnight and finding the weather not to our liking decided to return to Lough Foyle by way of the Clyde rather than going thro the Crinan Canal and out to Islay.

With a following breeze and spinnaker set we had a fine sail to Cambletown. The latter part of our passage was tricky as we treaded our way thro the ring net herring fleet. After an all too short stay we left to catch the tide at Sanda. The wind which died overnight came up fresh from the S.E. and we were soon across the North Channel. Twelve hours after casting off at Cambletown Diane was at her moorings at Greencastle, having carried the tide the entire way. This was a pleasant sociable week's sailing during which we had very reasonable weather.

Until in Mid September, when Diane was hauled out, we sailed at weekends from Lough Foyle. In retrospect weekends, memorable more for the wettings than the passage, many of which ended under motor. Lets hope that next season we can realise the more ambitious plans now brewing.

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VISITORS TO DUNLAOIRE, 1958

Report by Club representatives R.P. Campbell and D.J. Purcell.

Easter brought our first caller this season, Lord Runciman in his 24 ton U.Fox sloop SANDAVORE, from the Clyde - after launching SCEPTRE - and bound for Falmouth. SCEPTRE followed on 27th April and aroused great interest.

In May we saw the 8 metre C/R ADASTRA X from the Solent for the Clyde, and the Stephen's 15 ton Finisterre-type yawl NANTUCKET from the Clyde for the Solent, each with a new owner proceeding to his home port.

Clyde-bound visitors in June were:- PEREGRINE RCC 13 tons from Poole, KALISTRA RCC 12 tons from the Yealm and KALADANA 12 tons from Milford Haven. South-bound cruisers included:- SOLWAY MAID CCC 21 tons bound for Falmouth and Brittany, TRONA LSC 14 tons and MACNAB RHYC 18 tons. Our Shannon representative Roger Bourke came to take delivery of his newly-acquired L-class 4-tonner IDUNA; we wish him good sailing in this very well-built little ship.

In July we had our annual visit from SEA BEAR CCC 22 ton ketch bound this year for our south coast. Also from the Clyde were FALKEN 5 tons bound for the Mediterranean and AVOCET 52 tons for Jersey. Your representatives were unfortunately absent when Tomlins called in XANTHE RCC 6 tons from Bosham for Scotland. At the end of the month SINLOO OF ARKLOW ICC arrived home from her 3 year stay in Scandinavian waters.

The following called during August - Miss Edwards in SIBYL OF CUMAE CCC 14 tons, the late H.E. Donegan's last yacht, now a bermudian ketch. ESTHER MARIA 20 ton cutter from the Mersey. MYFANWY BACH, R. Mersey Restricted class, contrasting remarkably with our DBSC 21 footers, though both are 6 ton topsail cutters designed by Mylne about the same time. Humphrey Barton and his twins delivering MAID OF YORK to a new owner, a loss for the I.C.C. FLAME 33 ton cutter. CISTUS 16 ton gaff cutter from the Mersey. ESTA 3 tons, cruising single-handed out of Carrickfergus. ORTAC 20 tons, owned by the Hamburg Y.C. and now an engineless "training yacht" arrived from Crinan and left intending to sail direct to Hamburg leaving England to port.

HOWTH PORT REPRESENTATIVE'S REPORT.
by Douglas Mellon.

The damage to the West Pier is being repaired and the work on the front has been completed, making it possible to haul up heavier boats. There is now an attractive promenade with lawns and flower beds between the two piers. The three year dredging programme is proceeding, two dredgers now being employed.

The following yachts visited the port:-

23.5.58	CORDAILYS	Port St. Mary	Mr.Lomas	18 tons
8.6.58	STAR OF ROSNEATH	Portavogie	- Parker	10 -
1.7.58	PRISCILLA	Bangor N.Wales		6 -
22.7.58	VANETTE	Kilkeel		3 -
17.8.58	WEE INTOMBI	Belfast	Capt.Fleming	4 -
3.8.58	ORANMORE	Ardglass		10 -
11.8.58	MORAG	Portavogie		11 -
6.9.58	SCALPA	Strangford Lough	R.A.Wright	8 -

THE FOLLOWING YACHTS CALLED AT DUNMORE EAST

June 14th.	WINDSONG	4 tons,	sailed from Crosshaven by J. Rearden, bound for Milford Haven, on behalf of her owner, Hough.
June 14th.	FOAM	5 tons	Jacob, Dun Laoghaire.
July 4th.	LORNA	5 tons	Kells & McKay, Dun Laoghaire
July 6th.	ZEPHRA	6 tons	Dumphy, Crosshaven
July 6th.	BOOJUM	18 tons	Mersey
July 6th.	XANTHE	6½ tons	McMullen, Bosham
July 23rd	ANN GAIL	12 tons	Greer, Dun Laoghaire
Aug. 6th	RAGNA R.	21 tons	McCallig, Dun Laoghaire
Aug. 14th	ULULA	10 tons	Demery, Dun Laoghaire
Aug. 17th	RHODIA	10 tons	Tomkin, Dun Laoghaire
Aug. 29th	ELVER	17 tons	Phillips, Foy.

There has been an addition to Dunmore of a Tumlare class boat "RANZA", purchased by Mr. Egan of Waterford.

I. C. C. RALLY. 9th AUGUST 1958

At the last Annual General Meeting several members supported the proposal that a meet or rally be held at an east coast port during the summer; accordingly a notice to members in July announced that a rally would be held in the River Boyne on August 9th simultaneously with the Boyne Y.C.'s first Regatta. The idea was that some I.C.C. boats would arrive in B.Y.C. races and others would proceed independently to the rally. All would enjoy the facilities generously offered by the B.Y.C. including ferries on the river, invitations to tea at the new B.Y.C. Club-house and the use of the fine Co. Louth G.C.'s premises at Baltray in the evening.

All went as planned and twelve club yachts foregathered in the Boyne. Of these nine came in a race from Howth, one dragon from Dun Laoire, and later in the evening CHARM and OUTWARD BOUND were seen sailing up the river. The B.Y.C. "shoremaster" was our old friend Sam Williams, paid hand on MARAMA when she flew our Rear-Commodore's pennant; he sent full-powered auxiliaries up to the Cement Co's wharf, leaving VANJA and MINX at the old schooner anchorage and the dragons at the I.C.C. anchorage where they were joined by CHARM, so our fleet was somewhat split up. Yet if the I.C.C. rally became rather submerged in the B.Y.C. regatta, it is certain that without the regatta the rally would have been smaller. Ten I.C.C. yachts normally stationed at Dun Laoire were absent; several were away cruising, some owners were unable to get away from work on Saturday morning, and could not have foreseen the fine southerly breeze which made it such a short race from Howth; one or two must have been heavily involved in racing for points with the D.B.S.C. A rally in September might have attracted some of these members. It was noted with regret that one I.C.C. yacht on this occasion flew the burgee of another club. The party at the golf club is described in a member's contribution elsewhere in this Journal. Apologies are offered to any member whose name may have been omitted from the following list of those present, which is believed to be complete.

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CLUB YACHTSMEMBERS

ANN GAIL	P. H. Greer (Rear-Commodore) D. Luke
ARANDORA	Col. W.A.C.Saunders Knox-Gore, D.S.O. D. Bradley.
ADASTRA	F. D. Martin
BRYNOTH	R. Courtney.
CHARM	T. L. Cobbe. B. Hegarty.
HARMONY	Dr. R. H. O'Hanlon.
JEAN	T. H. Roche.
MINX OF MALHAM	R. P. Campbell. S. Butler. Dr. N. C. Browne.
OUTWARD BOUND	Dr. P. D. Mitchell.
SOUTHERN CROSS	J. Ryan.
VANDRA	M. Park.
VANJA IV.....	I. Morrison.
In other yachts	R. S. Cresswell, J. M. H.Garriock, H. G. Richardson, Dr. A. J. Mooney, W. Begley.
By road	A. W. Mooney, Capt. J. C. Kelly-Rogers, O.B.E.

SINLOO FROM BERGEN TO ARKLOWby Henry Horsman.

8 Tons, 24 ft. water line Bdn sloop, sails Ratsey terylene '58 - it reads well and maybe we shall have to sell her but in four years cruising, she was only built in '54, we have overwintered three times in Scandinavia and enjoyed the majority of four season sailing in Norway, Denmark and Sweden.

Sunday, June 22nd.

I arrived 01.30 hours at Bergen's airport, itself a wonderful arrival; magnificent approaches and seen in the dawn colours (or is it sunset at that hour?) the fiords, islands and even anchorages could be often recognised as the plane lost height in the descent between Stavangar and Bergen. Finn Engelsen and Inge Bergesen were there to meet me and, within $\frac{1}{2}$ hour of touching down, we were all in Finn's Annemarie to wake Petra and admire their first baby 9 months 'Lille Finn', compare him with our twins left with my wife only 8 hours earlier. The plane had no bottles or $\frac{1}{2}$ bottles of Scotch but I had bought all the samples they had and we drank the lot with bacon and eggs at 2.30, then I stepped aboard Sinloo, lying alongside Annemarie at Finn's moorings in Bergen's yacht harbour having been launched less than 24 hours, and into my sleeping bag.

The advantage of having such friends to look after one's boat are at once apparent, Sinloo was looking as well as she had ever looked; she was scrubbed and polished below and was equipped with our new terylene canvas, one goat cheese and a bottle of Petra's marmalade. At 11.00 with Annemarie and Blanche, the dragon Finn was to race at Hanko, I got Sinloo away under her new canvas and stretched this for 5 hours, failing to hold Annemarie when close hauled but hoping for better luck with the sails stretched and Sinloo not so short handed.

Monday, ashore to provision; Tuesday for stores, attend to rigging and measure for a new storm jib, (lost with our main canvas in a fire the winter before); to be 12 sq. feet and let the wind blow too hard for a sail that size and I'll cheerfully give up yachting!

Wednesday and at 15.00 Aunt O. arrived, my partner in all our cruises. We were making tea on board within half an hour of her plane's arrival; Sinloo's tea has been, since 1950, China weak but very strong with lemon and sugar. We have run out of most stores at one time or

another almost cheerfully, but lemons, sugar, tea and enough water to fill the kettle are as vital as our storm canvas to us. We are proud that Sinloo has the unusual clinging smell (all boats have one of some sort) of China tea.

Within two hours of Aunt O's arrival we were under way and cleared the Bergen yacht harbour for the last time; main and No.1 but motor to save time tacking out of the narrows, shut off the motor, raised Genoa and log 8 miles before finally starting the motor again with both sails drawing in the light N.W. wind head South for Godosund; dropping amidst the yachts gathered for the annual regatta. At 20.00 we dined as Finn's guests with Petra, Inge, Finn's brother Per and Hugget, a friend of last season, at the hotel.

Lay to anchor all day Thursday, rigged the flat haliard, hawling Aunt O. to the top of the mast on the main haliard - hope I am able for that job as I close 70 years! Also lowered the boom on the mast and varnished the dinghy. We were hosts for dinner that night, a most excellent sea trout dish; however, fishing that evening with Finn was without success, the yachting liquor was as good as ever and the night pleasant; finally towed a 52 sq. meter into anchorage and hit the sleeping bag at 1.30.

0620 flags up at the first gun, six guns were fired finally from a punt, closer and closer to the commodore's yacht, he awoke before his yacht was sunk under him. 0.700 we cleared Godosund under power and all thirty yachts were clear within 10 minutes. Under their own power or under tow we were all in position to greet the King in the royal yacht on his way south from the crowning at Trondheim. Breakfast with Annemarie and Blanche followed.

10.00 we left the others and Sinloo sailed North across the fiord in and out of familiar bays; we watched the racing and finally made into Einar and Elizabeth Engelsen's private anchorage for supper ashore, with Elizabeth and her two pony tail daughters, Muffett and Squirrel. Einar and Lille Einar were racing their dragon at Godo.

Saturday and a late start, hot sunny day with very light winds; breakfast with Elizabeth and then by car to the shops for provisions, being back on board in time to leave at 13.00 hours under main and No.1, take Elizabeth's motor launch in tow and have them all on board for lunch and to watch the racing in Bjourne fiord. As the wind became lighter Elizabeth took us in tow and dropped us at the finishing line, we watched the 52 square meters finish and the dragons (just over in the time limit), sailed on for Godo and finally motor to the quay for petrol, paraffin and water.

Sunday was very hot, 88°F. recorded in Bergen, we left at 10.00 Annemarie and Blanche followed one hour later; the wind

being negligible we started the motor when Finn caught up towing the dragon; Finn, Petra and Inge on Annemarie, Per and Jon on Blanche. Stop motors at 12.30 and sail in light but freshening N.W. wind on course generally South via an intricate passage amongst coastal islands reaching, beating as well as running, following Finn accurately due to the underwater rocks. Decanted into the North Sea at 15.00, one hour motoring then a fresh land breeze heeled us all over and we did our maximum under Main and Genoa, all yachts very even in speed, course South. At 19.00 the wind failed and for the final hour we motor to Espevaer a fishing village in a group of coastal islands and an old rendez-vous.

Unfortunately I suffered from a bad back the next morning after fiddling with rigging screws the night before. I find the complaint almost unbearable at times and believe it due to yachting and wildfowling - both leading to a wet seat. We leave at 10.30 after motoring to the quay for petrol and putting Sinloo hard-up on a rock, scarring her immaculate topsides with the black from the signpost on top of the rock (to be reached at all, this required hitting at fair speed). Our old custom of one rock every year was fulfilled again; perhaps these few words may encourage others to cruise abroad who are only held back through a feeling of incompetence, two tons of lead require an awful lot of rubbing off! with Main and Genoa we head south for Haugesund sailing through that crowded harbour in flukey winds picking up the general North West wind under the bridge south of the town. Sailing into Kalmsund where I found myself fixed at the tiller unable to move without pain; signalling Finn who waited for us and Inge came on board whilst at 4 or 5 knots. I retired to bunk and a hot bottle. Finally into Kvitsoy a village amongst a group of islands at the entrance to Stavangar fiord where two Stavangar yachts await us. Inger was able to drop anchor and down sails under the watchful eye of her father and mother, Sigval and Ragny Bergesen with whom we had cruised last year on 'Falcon'. The weather had got pretty wet and being incapacitated and miserable it was cheering to have Sigval and Ragny come on board and drink to old times, eating my favourite smoked dry leg of lamb.

Monday, we were away at 10.00 under main and No.1, Sigval hauled up our anchor, into the open sea with Aunt O at the tiller. 12.30 forced to start motor and use fairly continuously except during squalls mostly from the South. The self starter failed and I was unable to start by hand due to the back, so we finally had a long beat in which Annemarie and Blanche outdistanced us, against a moderate current. At 20.30 we tacked into a fishing harbour, Per came aboard, down sails and stowed for me. Dinner in

Annemarie's cockpit, Sinloo supplying the wine. At about midnight Annemarie and Blanche sailed, the wind warm and East, the night almost tropical, the moon was full and pink. They have a date in the mouth of Oslo fiord, international dragon racing. It was almost with lumps in our throats as we watched them getting sail on; Finn and Petra are the best friends we ever made cruising and we have made excellent friends that way. Finn must have felt an easing of his burden, for when cruising with him he was always the one who took the major responsibility - only that day he had returned to us twice and Blanche once, believing us in difficulties.

The next day there was a very strong S.E. wind blowing, we took on petrol and I repaired the battery connections by hitting them. On Wednesday we left at 03.00 and had a close reach for 15 miles, the wind became variable at 7 so we motor for one hour, when a fresh S.E. wind hit us in a squall, we beat into the shelter of Lindesnes and hove to for reefing three rolls; out into a choppy sea we beat around Lindesnes heading S.E. Finally the wind went north and we had a grand reach up Farsund fiord to lie alongside at 20.00 ahead of a R. N. vessel. It had been sunny all day with some lively sailing.

Drinking aqua vite and eating slices of dried leg of lamb in the cockpit we were surprised by a voice from the quay "you're not all the way from Arklow, are you?" John Barlee, whose mother has a house on Tara Hill, Wexford, and his friend Captain Morgan Giles came on board for drinks. The Captain was skipper of the Vigalent lying astern of us, his brother and father are well enough known in yachting circles. His own claim to fame was being responsible for the fuss concerning the British training flotilla which wished to hold a regatta in Ireland; permission being refused, it all got a headline or two in the Press this Spring. Anyway, his flotilla took a cruise to Norway instead, and there they were. The S.E. wind of yesterday was a full gale. We had made good 50 miles, less than four of which were by motor.

The next morning Captain Morgan Giles arranged that a weather report be handed us; we had no wireless on board, and anyway our Norwegian is not good. A depression over south Sweden, one over Germany, one over France and of course one over Ireland! We have found the policy of no wireless a mixed blessing; the forecast, like the admiralty pilot should not be used by those who like to anticipate pleasant sailing; there is always some threat somewhere in both.

Away under sail at 9 with the wind very light and sun shining, we used the engine to help for half an hour through the fiord approaches. A light westerly wind carried us 20 miles east till 20.30 when the motor was used and we dropped in the bay of a low lying coastal island a cable from the few

fishermen's houses at the head of the bay, one of which contained the only people living on the Island; 30 miles were made good.

Saturday, July 5th, sunny with a fresh S.E. we were away at 10.00 hours with 3 rolls in the main beating Eastward, then a long close reach into Kristiansand fiord, we tied up at the yacht harbour at 13.00 hours. After collecting mail and leaving messages we were away again under main and engine, with wind fresh S.W. (following the sun as it did all 1955 on this coast) through the island passage for 8 miles east to an old anchorage where our friends the Heibergs have a summer house; we dropped at 18.20 within a cable of our 1955 rock; with a heavy dew, a dropping barometer and a strong west wind we went ashore to meet old friends.

Sunday, 6th, we were away at 9.30 with the engine and jib to Kristiansand where we tied up at 11.30. Found Colin Crole at 18.30 approximately, a Scot without much sailing experience but an exceptionally pleasant manner and an enormous suitcase. Away to anchor amongst some islands at 19.30 and Colin joins us for the evening cockpit cocktails, beer or spirit with the dried leg of lamb, or relic as it was now known.

Monday, and back to Kristiansand for provisions, water, petrol and Customs-Police clearance. We were unable to take on bonded stores unless I would sign a paper stating we are at least 6 persons on board; as the 3 of us are honest we paid full price for Scotch and aqua vite. 16.15 away with 3 rolls in the main and No.1 jib, a long close reach west to Nyhellesund at the Western approaches to this fiord, where we dropped at 19.30, 8 miles accomplished.

Our intention was to set sail for Inverness if the weather looked possible, if contrary then to potter along the coast till we got a fair slant. Tuesday, 8th, wind N.W. strong, we beat with reefed main and storm jib and motored too for 20 minutes to clear Nyhellesund. A west beat followed and the wind became very gusty as we headed close inshore and Westward. Dropped at 13.30 between two islands close to the mainland; Skogso, an attractive spot even in unattractive weather, only 8 miles W.S.W.

Wednesday, with a fresh West wind we beat with reef tied in the main (equivalent of 6 rolls) and the storm jib; the engine also for half an hour through a very narrow passage between submerged rocks, visibility reduced to a cable at times, dropped at 12.30 after 5 miles of this tricky passage had been navigated and waited a weather clearance - we had passed the sight of our '56 rock. Away again at 14.00 we beat 5 miles west across the approaches to

Mandal and finally into open water where we had to raise the No.1, the storm jib was unable to carry Sinloo through the waves, we beat 3 miles to Svinor, a bay between an island and the mainland. We dropped anchor under motor at 20.00 and had fish soup from our catch on the spinner during slow tacking in the early part of the afternoon.

Thursday, 10th, the wind N.W. and very strong, stayed at anchor in force of 5 to 7, 50% cloud. Attempted to use the last of our Norwegian currency on chocolate-cognac sweets, inevitably the odd Kroner turned up later despite our careful search to avoid this very occurrence.

Friday and in a fresh West wind we left at 11.30 with fully reefed main and storm jib, we beat in a hard wind to the open sea in order to round Lindnesnes where the wind moderated, set the No.1 jib and at 13.00 our course was S.W. The wind failed finally so we motored for one hour to drop Ullero for the night.

Saturday, July 12th, at 06.00 we were away under main and genoa with airs from the East. At 08.30 the log was streamed and the course 260°, wind south-east. 11.35 log 15, course 260°, wind backing South; 14.30, log 31 and so on we averaged 5 knots on course West by South a little West, the wind moderate S.S.E. The 80 miles were up around midnight, the wind after changing to E.N.E. veered to the South and freshened so we put on the trysail.

Sunday, 13th, 03.00 log 91 course W. by N. baro 997.5; 08.10 log 108, baro 995; 12.00 log 127, baro 993, wind still south but sky vile and clouds coming from the west. The barometer dropping very quickly and Sinloo doing up to 5 knots under trysail and genoa in a moderate to fresh beam wind. At 20.00 the log 155 and baro 987.5, the skipper very nervous and quite unable to eat. Before midnight the wind went round to N.W. and Colin took off the genoa and put on the storm jib before coming off at 01.45 hours, log 157.

Monday, 02.00 and I had been on watch for half an hour when the wind piped up over about 10 minutes from moderate to beastly, I hauled the weather jib sheet and blessed those 12 sq. feet of tanned canvas. At log 160, time 02.30 Sinloo was hove to course approx. S.W. by S. the tiller lashed to leeward and trysail sheet bone tight.

At 08.00 log 167, the baro rising was the only bright prospect, however, our barometer rises whenever we use the stove, so this could mean (1) we are leaving the centre of the depression or (2) someone has boiled the kettle. The three of us were lying reading or endeavouring to sleep and having an odd look out. My own reaction to this sort of sailing is a mixture between fear, boredom and misery. Colin's strength was

little affected by these conditions as was my Aunt's; mine is always reduced greatly as I am unable to eat or sleep with Sinloo on her ear. Colin and Aunt O stood watches that night and I slept (my first since leaving Norway) as the seas began to moderate and the wind too after 20.00 hours.

05.30 log 192, the wind very light North and baro 1005 set main and No.1 then began a day as bad as the last. The sea was big and tumbling but gradually falling to a swell, the crash bang of a keeled yacht in such conditions is very tiring and finally I could stand the sight of our main being tortured no longer, so we had it down and rolled away the hours. We motored for an hour at midday, but not till 17.15 did we raise sail, picking up no worthwhile wind till 19.00 hours, the log 210.

Wednesday morning with wind N.E. and log was 255 by 05.30 hours, in a fresh wind our speed was up to 7 knots, the land estimated 40 miles off at its nearest point but as we were well south, of course, our land fall was even further off; Aunt O had worked out my midday shot of the sun the day before and despite the rolling this turned out to be an accurate position.

At 13.00 the course N W. by W. to avoid a gybe in the considerable sea, log 293. We changed course to W. by S. to close the land which was sighted at 15.10, log 302, we were off Aberdeen so pointed up for Peterhead. We tacked the night through in light airs with a 2 knot current against us in shore; we stood out into the Moray Firth. The wind N. by W. Finally up genoa and a long reach W.N.W. to Cromarty Firth. At 18.00 east wind got up as we were making for an anchorage at Banff, the night having looked like being a calm; we set the main again and made 5 to 6 knots dead before. Through the night in a dropping wind we carried on West along the Southern shore of the Firth. Due to incorrect recognition of Cowsea, I did not use a compass bearing. I nearly ran Sinloo onto a beach slap in the red sector of this light.

Friday, and Colin enjoyed the tiller with Sinloo approaching within one half mile from the coastguard station manned from Gordonstown school of which he is an old boy. From 05.00 I had an enjoyable sail of 3 hours on a lovely morning, during it I caught 5 mackerel and sailed finally into a dead calm; having cleaned the fish, started the soup and cleaned the boat, we all had breakfast at 09.30, then started the motor and entered the sea lock of the Caledonian Canal at 13.05. Finally, that evening we tied up to an old quay in Loch Ness at 21.00 and walked 2 miles to a hotel for drinks, telegrams and

petrol; my own delight was to phone my wife who had returned home from Denmark the day before. The weather had been very bad further South on the 12th - 14th and we were lucky to get off so lightly. Six days for the crossing, 4 sailing, 1 hove too and 1 becalmed, we probably would have logged 450 miles, the log was unstreamed at 350 approx. off Peterhead.

Away at 08.15 but failed to clear the canal, so tied up in the last reach and had time to persuade the lock keeper to lock us out on the Sunday. He did so at 07.00 and in heavy rain and poor visibility with low cloud or sea mist we made westward for the Sound of Mull. The navigator read us along by way of the Admiralty pilot as our Scots charts were elsewhere, on board we had charts Eastward as far as the Gulf of Bothnia and South West to Arklow. The R.Y.S. White Phalarope came up astern and stopped when hailed; Mr. Mason the owner kindly lent us a chart; we made Drimnin for tea.

For a little over a week Sinloo rode to moorings off Drimnin, Miss Horsman's estate on Morvern five miles from Tobermory bay on the mainland side of the Sound. Colin and I had two days on the hill after red deer with glass and camera, the end of July being a little too early for a rifle. He had to leave us and we were sorry to part with him, as crew and companion, he left nothing to be desired; so we were reduced to two again.

Thursday, 24th, with N.E. moderate wind we were away at 10.45 dead before under main and genoa, the tide against us; 16.30 we motored for half an hour as the wind had left us, reached Fladda as the tide was slack. The wind came with the turn of tide, fresh from the West. We made 7 knots through the narrows and passed Correveckan on to Jura with the wind falling; dropped anchor under sail at the cove adjoining the south end of Lowland-mans bay - 25 miles from Fladda in 5 hours with 1 to 2 knots current against us. Fifty-three miles made good.

Friday away at 05.00 with a light N.E. wind. At 10.00 a strong S.E. wind hit us in a clearly visible squall; it appeared to moderate slightly so we beat into it. The log was streamed at 11.30 (2 miles off shore with the Mull of Kintyre in line with some unreadable point on Sanda or Ireland) 12.30 log 5 conditions wet, at 16.30 we gave up the attempt to beat into the Irish Sea and ran for the lee of Rathlin Island and possible anchorage there; conditions were very squally here so we ran for Port Ballintrae leaving our log spinner on the rock at the entrance; we were wet and very tired, Reg. Montgomery helped us tremendously with weather forecast, loan of a punt and hauling aboard the anchor on the morrow. I heard that the I.C.C. commodore is due here by land to-morrow.

To catch the tide through Rathlin we left at 14.00 after getting stores, petrol and a good sleep. My back was troublesome and the long walk carrying stores had not helped. The forecast strong wind did not materialise so we motored with jib to Fair Head, then motored and sailed to Larne, dropping at 20.00 hours; 35 miles done with under 4 gallons of petrol used, thanks to the help from the sail in a light beam wind. Aunt O had the tiller most of the way and my back mended with a hot bottle and plaster.

Sunday, 27th, away at 06.30 and sailed to Bangor, we were very kindly met by the members of the club, one of whom lent us a log spinner and line. Some customs trouble held us up but we were finally away at 14.00 and beat into a fresh S.E. wind which dropped with the baro towards sunset, under sail into Portavogie and lay alongside at 17.00. A filthy night with dropping barometer spent in a crowded modern fishing harbour, and very pleased to be there.

Monday and the forecast was not as grim as the baro would indicate; gales Northward to Fishguard but only Force 6 locally. We were away with six rolls in the main and No. 1 jib beating to Ardglass in a Westerly wind.

Tuesday, 29th July, we were away early and made the journey to Dun Laoghaire in flukey winds with a lot of motor. My wife Inge awaited us at the N.Y.C. and we were permitted the use of a R.St.G. mooring for Sinloo.

Since 1950 I have been enabled to travel widely on Europe's coastline during 5 yachting seasons; I have sailed in Spain, France, Italy, Greece, and N. Africa, Denmark, Sweden and Norway. I have loved it all and owe much to the 12 ton Gauntlet Sinloo and our present boat, Sinloo of Arklow. I owe most to my partner who made it all possible. She took up sailing with me, she at 60 years I at 21. Though I was skipper and she navigator, in fact she was also the spirit behind our deep water cruising, so we each have made the cruises possible for the other; she however has other nephews, I have only one such Aunt. We have both met many and made a large number of friends, those who have sailed with us joined as friends and left better friends still - not always the case in the experience of other small boats. In Norway above the other countries, we met the warmest imaginable hospitality and made the very best friends, if we cruise again it is probably to that country we would go, though the warmer sun of lower latitudes is a strong draw to head south again.

I shall conclude with a tale of 'la tante Maritine' as Miss Horsman was once translated. One November we had a passage to make from Bonifacio in South Corcia westward to Palma Mallorca. We were some days held up by a Mistral which the coastguard informed us was force 'onze'; it looked vile anyway. During an apparent lull we left and beat around a cape that lay on our course, then

were forced to heave to on the starboard tack with reefed trysail and storm jib, the sea in the mouth of the Gulf of Lyons is very sharp and Sinloo was very wet so we closed the hatch and went below for two or three days. My friend and I in awe lay on our bunks and wondered just what force is that wind that no canvas can withstand. My Aunt appeared just a little inconvenienced by the shortage of air and instability of the cooking stove; she had, for the week in harbour and first day or two at sea maintained that the wind force might be gusting to a fresh breeze. On perhaps the second day this very active, but very very dear Aunt of mine confided in us "well laddies it must be blowing now, even I can hear the wind!".

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"SKUA" Dun Laoghaire to Port Bannatyne and back.

By Gwen Large.

Skua is a very sturdy Aux. Ber. Cutter. Designed and built by Alex. Robertson, Sandbank, Scotland.

Dimensions. 26'6". O.A. 23'6" W.L. 9'Beam. 5' Draught. Sail area 452 Sq. Ft.

Heavily built on grown frames, steel floors, pitch pine planking, Lough Fyne type stern. Kelvin Ricardo 7/9 Pet. Par Engine.

Accommodation. Saloon, two 6'6" settee berths, standing head room and swing table.

Forecastle. Two 6' berths, hanging wardrobe, sail rack and toilet.

Gally on port side of companion way, Double burner calor gas stove. Fixed sink and larder on S.B. side.

The engine is fitted under floor of self draining cockpit with two fifteen gallon fresh water tanks one either side.

CREW: - R. T. Large, Owner and Skipper
 - Lyall Smith.
 - Brian Graham.
 - Gwen Large.
 - Mildred Large.

- Saturday, 2nd Aug 05.40. Left berth in Coal Harbour having slept aboard Friday night, after taking on stores Bar.29.6. Wind 4/6. N.W.
- 08.14 Rockabill abeam; we made this our point of departure and streamed the log. The seas were short and angry making it rather uncomfortable below, and it wasn't long before two crew members were feeling a bit green. On taking a time count on the log window it showed our speed through the water to be 5 knots.
- 12.58. Kilkeel abeam approx. 5 miles to port. Bar. 29.9. wind still fresh N.W. Girls struggling in galley. Brian missing for sometime and located snugly tucked away in a forecastle bunk and not feeling too good.
- 13.00. Menu handed up to cockpit for approval, Lyall approves with very generous praise to the Galley Slaves, and promptly asks the Skip to take over.
- 15.30. Wind moderating, but visibility deteriorating. St. John's L.H. not seen until we were almost abeam of Ardglass; progress now much slower.
- 17.00. Ballyquintine Pt. abeam and Brian still missing.
- 19.00. Approaching Southrock L.V. Practically no wind. Started engine. It was our intention to put into Portavogie, but not having been in there before, and with poor visibility we handed the log and steered for Butter Pladdy Buoy, then up the Channel inside Southrock to Cloghy Bay, where we found a comfortable anchorage in three fathoms off the old C.C. Station. Distance from Dun Laoghaire 76. Miles. Before turning in we had a visit from two local dinghy sailors and watched several huge Seals hunting in brilliant moonlight.
- Sunday, Aug.3rd. After a very restful night in Cloghy Bay, Skipper and Lyall came to life about 08.00 and as usual Skip got fussing about the north going tide, served the inevitable cups of sweet tea to Mildred and I in fo'c'sle as an inducement to leave our cosy bunks, while Lyall and Brian made a hectic row slushing and scrubbing the deck.
- 09.00. Bar. 30.0. Wind F.4. southerly. Engined to Butter Pladdy Buoy, then hoisted Main and boomed out Genoa (we have no spinnaker) set course North 4. E. for Sanda. Log streamed at Southrock L.V.
- 13.00. Skulmartin L.V. about two miles abeam to port; visibility becoming poor, big swell and steering tedious as there is a constant danger of jibing, which did actually happen on two occasions.

- 14.00. Brián who had fully recovered from the previous day was now feeling a bit off colour again, and on passing through saloon held on to the swing table and upset the Bisto on Mildred, then Mildred said she had enough of the cooking which was making her feel sick, and quit the galley, so the Skip. (auld salt) had to get cracking and finish the cooking.
- 14.00. Announcement from Skipper, lunch now serving, and with some coaxing Brian partakes, and it was so good that he had a second helping, but it wasn't long before he was sick again. Skipper and Lyall told that they had Cast Iron stomachs.
- 16.00. Visibility down to about 1 mile and nothing seen since we lost the Skulmartin L.V.
- 18.00. Ailsa Craig Siren picked up on S.B.bow.
- 20.30. Visibility improving and sea much calmer.
- 21.40 Sanda Lt. to port. Pladda Lt. also appears and taking a bearing with H.B.Compass we find ourselves too far west, apparently pushed over by the west going tide. As the wind had now dropped the engine was started.
- 23.40. Davaar Lt. shows up on port bow so we steer for it.
- Monday Entering Campbeltown loch; flat calm sea and pitch
- 01.10. darkness except for the regular flash of L.H. which showed up the rich green vegetation ending abruptly close to the water on the sullen dark rocks. Skipper assures Lyall who is at the helm that he is quite safe in keeping close in.
- 02.30. We have passed the first beacon opposite Trench Pt. and Brian is swinging the lead, and as soon as the required depth is found, and the anchor down, Mildred served a night cap of soup. In a very short time there was nothing to be heard only the reassuring snore of the Skipper.
- 08.00 The Skip. and Lyall got cracking at what seemed an unearthly hour, weighed anchor and before the female crew shook a leg, Skua was securely berthed in the inner harbour Campbeltown. Soon afterwards we heard a strange voice in the cabin and found out later that it was Mr. Roberts the Customs Officer who had given us clearance without looking into the fo'c'sle.

Campbeltown is a pleasant and well sheltered port. The British Admiralty Survey Ship Shackelton was there and the whole town decorated in preparation for the Royal Visitors.

We met a waitress from Cork at the Hotel who informed us that the Ulula had been in a few days previously, much to our disappointment as we had a date with Buch Allman, but he had beat us to it.

During the afternoon Mildred fished with the aid of the boat hook, a Shackelton's crew member's cap from the harbour. He was very thankful and offered to stow her away aboard, but she declined saying that she preferred Skua.

Moonface from Howth arrived about 10.00 having made a passage from Portavogie.

The day had a perfect ending aboard Moonface, thanks to Mr. Gore Grimes and his crew.

Aug.5th

- 08.00. Bar.29.7. Wind forecast force 4/6 N.W. clear sky and plenty of sun and we slip away very quietly from the side of Moonface for Port Bannatyne under sail so as not to upset the slumbers of those aboard Moonface.
- 08.25. Davaar L.H. abeam and on turning up Kilbrunnan Sound for Otterard Buoy, we find that it is a beat, so down comes the genoa which is replaced by No.2 jib.
- 10.10 Carradale Pt. to Port; experiencing strong gusts off the hills.
- 11.25. Mildred serves coffee which must be carefully handled with those nasty gusts. Brian is back on top of his form again but he has his hands full when we get a send off the hills.
- 12.30. Skipness abeam, it is freshening, Lyall takes helm; Skip. and Brian go for'ad take in jib and roll down main; course altered to 060° for Ardlamont Pt.
- 13.40. Ardlamont Pt. and log handed, it is now a beat through the Kyles, Lyall is at the helm and depends on the Skipper as to how close he can go in before going about. We make the narrows in three tacks having met two steamers on the way.

- 16.00 Narrows cleared and it is now a run from Colintrave to Port Bannatyne, Skip. requests us a good meal to be ready as soon as we reach Port Bannatyne, so girls get busy in galley.
- 16.45. Ardmaleish Pt. and meal ready but almost lost when a vicious gust almost knocked us flat just as we altered course; the swing table saved the day although some crockery was thrown to the floor.
- 17.50. Picked up Helen's moorings at Port Bannatyne. We were all very pleased having made the passage all the way from Campbeltown under sail, particularly Lyall who was at the helm from Ardlamont Pt. As soon as the pangs of hunger were allayed, the punt was put over the side and Mildred and I despatched to find accommodation for Mother and Heather who were arriving at Rothesay by steamer next day.
- Aug. We were all very sorry that Lyall had to leave us.
6th. Skipper goes to Rothesay to see him away.
- For the next ten days Port Bannatyne is our base, accommodation Skua and the Crown Hotel, and the remainder of the large family arrive on time and we are there to greet them.
- During our stay we visited Glasgow, Edinburgh, Loch Lomond, Loch Long, the Gare Loch, sampled the warm sea swimming baths at Rothesay, Bus Tours around the Island, saw the Royal visit, Dances, Shows, etc.
- Aug. Mother and Heather leave for home.
14th.
- Aug. Skipper tried to contact John Ryan who was keen on
15th. sailing back to Dun Laoghaire with us and is informed that he is in the I.O.M. aboard the Southern Cross.
- Aug. Bar. 29.7. Wind 4/6 westerly left Port Bannatyne at
16th. H.W. for Lamash, under reefed main and foresail
15.00. towing dinghy.
- 16.15. Bruchag Hd. abeam. speed $5\frac{1}{2}$ knots perfect evening with lots of sun.
- 17.05. Runnaneum Pt. abeam, wind light, reef shook out of main and No.1 jib set.
- 18.30. Skips. cap goes overboard, Brian immediately jibes and Skip with aid of a boat hook retrieves cap having almost put himself in, in the effort.

19.00. No wind, we are off Clauchland Pt. engine started, steamer passes very close making for Brodick.

20.00. Anchored off old Pier Lamlash, log reading from Port Bannatyne 27 miles. Calor Gas gives out so the primus is pressed into service.

Sunday At Lamlash, it is a beautiful day warm and sunny.
 Aug. Mildred and I swam to raft from Skua. We all go
 17th. to Brodick on Bus with empty Gas cylinder and obtain replacement.

Skipper orders all to bed early as he intends leaving at 05.00 next morning.

Monday Bar.29. 4. Wind N.E. 4/6. Left Lamlash for Port
 18th. Patrick. Under power, no wind.
 05.00

06.30. Pladda L.H. abeam, engine stopped, main and genoa set and log streamed.

07.45. Good sailing, wind freshening from N.E. forecast gives force 7 later in Irish Sea but we hope to be in Port Patrick by then.

09.00. Ailsa Craig abeam to S.B. wind freshening, main rolled down and genoa handed, course altered for Corsewall Pt. S.30°W.

11.00. We have now passed Bennane Hd. and it's a broad reach, some splashes coming right into the cockpit but the going is good.

11.48. Corsewall Pt. abeam and we are glad to be getting the shelter of the land from the N.E. strong wind.

12.15. We are off Laggan Hd. Beacon, log reading from Pladda 25½ miles speed six knots. Course altered to S. 180°.

13.50. Killantrigan and Black Hd., sighted on port bow, it has started to rain and the wind is falling, so the engine is started to make Port Patrick before the turn of the tide.

15.30. We enter Port Patrick, but very little room, it is choc-a-bloc with Trawlers. Raining very heavily. Log reading from Pladda 40 miles. That night the harbour was deserted except for the Life Boat and ourselves, the fifteen Trawlers had put out for the fishing grounds.

- Tuesday
Aug. 19th
10.10. Left Port Patrick under power Bar. 29.2. Wind N.E.
4/5 rain and showers forecast and visibility about
five miles, course S.30 W. = 210°
- 12.15. We lost sight of Grammay Hd. on Wigtonshire coast
and reckon that we should be near the Skulmartin
L.V. but there is nothing to be seen with fog.
- 15.00. Still nothing visible.
- 16.30. Picked up Gun of Southrock L.V. on S.B. quarter,
which we found bearing 300° on the D.F. We had
been carried down much more than we thought on the
flood tide. It was nice sailing with wind on the
quarter (though light) and a kind sea.
- Tuesday
Aug. 19th
19.00. It was evident that we had carried the flood with
us and now had the advantage of the ebb south, but
it was still blind sailing. According to dead
reckoning our position was approx. midway between
St. John's Pt. and the Calf of Man. The Skipper
says we are too far east and alters course to
S.50° W. = 230.
- 20.10 Mildred said that we could have fish for supper,
if we caught them? So I am handed a line with some
feathers, and in a very short time I caught two
huge mackerel, then something very heavy breaks the
line. This fishing certainly helped to break the
monotony and the Skipper had to get filleting.
- 22.00. Where are we? This is what we would like to know.
Skip. thinks we know, Brian thinks Skip. is right.
Mildred and I havn't a clue so retire to our
fo'c'sle bunks browned off.
- 23.45. We are awakened by the throbbing sound of a ship's
propeller which seemed terribly close. On getting
up and coming through the saloon find Brian asleep
and Skip. alone in cockpit. I take over steering
and want him to go down for a sleep but he will not,
until he gets a fix.
- 24.00. We have got the Shipping forecast, Wind N.W. 4/5.
S.W. Gale later, but we are hoping to be in our
home port before the gale comes up, and still nothing
to be seen, only the white beam of fog showing over
the dark and treacherous waters of the Irish Sea
when the torch is shone over the side.

- Wednesday Aug.20th 01.30. Skip. with rug around his middle had forty winks in cockpit.
- 02.45. At last, a light shows dead ahead; what a thrill after twelve hours; but it vanishes again before we have time to take a count; in five minutes we have it again, this time we get it, it's one in twelve Rockabill L.H. He was right after all; the engine starts to purr as it is raining very hard now and the wind has gone. The whole ship takes on a different character and everything seems to come to life now that we really know where we are.
- 05.15. Rockabill abeam, course held for Kish until we can pick up Lambay.
- 06.30. Lambay abeam and course set for Baily.
- 09.00. Baily abeam with it's deafening blast.
- 10.10. Dun Laoghaire, home again and we tie up in the Coal Harbour. Log reading from Port Patrick 102 Miles.
- So ended our Cruise to Clyde in favourable winds as there was only ten gallons of fuel used.

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HUFF of ARKLOW - 1958

by R. D. Heard

" The rain it raineth every day"
" upon the just and unjust."

I don't know the source of the above quotation but as far as the sailing season of 1958 was concerned nothing could be more apt.

During the winter the wheelsteering had been changed to a tiller to make steering easier when running particularly with a spinnaker set.

In spite of exceptional weather difficulties Tyrrells had as usual completed the overhaul, painting etc. on the promised date so it was very disappointing that the Irish Cruising Club Whit race, to which we were looking forward as a test of the new tiller, had to be cancelled.

The first opportunity for a real test other than "round the buoy" races came at the end of June when we left Dun Laoire at 3.30 p.m. on the 21st. for Wexford with John Conan, Chas. Sullivan and Peter Mellon as crew, the weather was as usual unco-operative, showers and variable light westerly winds.

After passing Bray Head at 4.30 p.m. the wind backed to the south and freshened, but with the help of the ebb and the engine in the calm spells we made good progress until within 2 miles of Arklow it dropped completely, the motor bringing us into dock at 9.30 p.m.

Sunday 22nd, June. Early tea and breakfast were dealt with by 9.00 a.m. when John went ashore to phone John Corcoran at Wexford to arrange for a pilot to meet us at the bar buoy. Shortly after Jack Tyrrell came aboard for a yarn.

We cast off at 11.00 a.m. with a light N. E'ly breeze and showers and laid a course for Rusk Channel.

The crew got a good dose of sail drill including the spinnaker. Fortunately we had plenty of time as the entrance to Wexford is not easy to find but Peter who had been there last year in his Dragon was able to identify the buoys for us and we anchored off the entrance at 6.00 p.m. to await our pilot.

Capt. O'Neill the Pilot Master arrived shortly after 7.00 p.m. and seemed a bit surprised when told that our craft was 7 feet. We got under way at once but touched lightly twice whilst crossing the bar.

Capt. O'Neill who had brought us a kind invitation from Mr. J. J. Stafford to dine with him, put us in an excellent and very sheltered berth just below the bridge where Huff lay during the following 'Dinghy week'.

Ashore after a quick clean up we met Mr. Stafford who motored us to his house, Cromwell's Fort, where Mrs. Stafford gave us drinks and then a really first class dinner after which John and Charles left for Dublin by car,

It had been my intention to leave Wexford on Saturday at the end of Dinghy week for Falmouth en route to Cowes which I hoped would enable me to get back to Dublin overland for a special meeting on the following Wednesday but the forecasts during the week steadily deteriorated culminating by Saturday midday in fresh southerly winds with gale warnings.

Postponement of our departure till Sunday found conditions and prospects if anything worse making my programme

quite unworkable, so after a council of war it was agreed to go north instead of south to try to see something of Clyde week, as Scotland seemed to be enjoying better weather than most other areas in Gt. Britain.

The crew consisted of Robert Morehead, Tony Dillon, Peter Mellon and John Corcoran who did a pier head jump.

Anchor aweigh at 2.15 p.m., crossed the bar at 4.05p.m. with very unpleasant conditions, heavy rain squalls, wind south force 4/5.

Set full main and an intermediate jib which brought No. 1 Rusk buoy abeam at 5.10 p.m. where we set the big spinnaker and with its help passed Wicklow Head at 9.50 p.m.; Greystones at 11.25 p.m.; Bray at midnight and the Baily at 2.20 a.m.

The tiller proved a great help as the wind had freshened and built up an awkward sea; in fact without it we would have had to consider seriously dowsing the spinnaker.

During the morning the wind dropped to about force 1/2 but brought fog with it, so eventually we had to start the engine at noon. The fog cleared a bit to give us at 1.30 p.m. a view of St. John's point on the beam, the wind dropping further to a flat calm. We picked up a mooring in Donaghadee at 8.30 p.m.

Mr. Nelson, the lifeboat coxswain was as usual very helpful in fixing our mooring and phoning for the Customs who arrived by taxi at 9.30 p.m. and entertained us for over an hour with yarns about various local sailing celebrities.

Tony, Peter, John and I caught the first train the next morning, Tuesday 1st. July, to Dublin, leaving Robert to get the fuse box of the engine repaired, it having very considerably blown up just as we completed mooring.

John Corcoran rejoined with me on Wednesday evening, 2nd. July, and Robert turned up shortly after we got aboard having been taken for a conducted tour by the owner of 'Maid of Mourne'.

Our luck was out next morning as when we got under way at 9.00 a.m. the wind had gone to the N.E. force 3/4 and inclined to freshen. We stood away to the Scottish coast until we could clear the Maidens which we brought abeam at 2.00 p.m. tacked again to make our next landfall 1 mile S. of Corsewall point at 5.00 p.m. through a very awkward sea. Ailsa Craig was abeam about 4 miles distant by 8.30 p.m.

It was unanimously decided, being shorthanded, to go through Kilbrennan Sound rather than beat up the east coast of the Isle of Bute. This proved very successful as the wind followed us round so that we did not have to tack until we got to the N. end of the

Sound and with the very warm air off the land we were able to carry on with only one on watch at a time.

John took on from 11.30 p.m. to 1.30 a.m. Then I took over till 4.45 a.m. by which time we were almost abeam of Loch Ranza at the N. end of Bute.

So sound asleep were John and Robert that I was able to tack ship several times and when the wind dropped start the engine without waking either. Robert then took over and passed the Cumbræ's at 7.45 a.m.

The wind was so light and fluky that we had to motor most of the way to Hunter's Quay. Abreast of Dunoon we took a Flying Fifteen in tow who was trying to get to his start and managed to do so a minute before his first gun at 12.20 p.m. After dropping our hook and cleaning up we went ashore for stores meeting Uffa Fox and his wife Yvonne and later in the evening the owners of several Dublin 24's, Namhara and Vanja who had been enjoying first class racing during the week, and had been very successful.

Next day, Saturday, we cruised around watching the racing in grand warm weather.

Sunday, 6th. July, we got under way at noon and sailed up the Clynder where Mr. McGruer had invited us to inspect his latest creation 'Sule Skerry' which he was due to launch the following Wednesday for Col. Cameron. A really fine ship

We then cruised up Loch Long and looked at various warships being broken up and so back to Hunter's Quay.

Robert and John returning aboard from Church at 10.00 a.m. that morning found a full bottle of Scotch whisky under the landing slip and failing to trace the owner we subsequently sampled it with great satisfaction.

Charles Sullivan joined us during the weekend and on Monday we left at 10.00 a.m. for Largs where we watched the regatta to celebrate the visit of the Queen and Duke of Edinburgh. We were particularly interested in the race for catamarans of which there were about 18/20 but the wind was too light to produce any spectacular speeds, so we left from Rothesay in company with Vanja.

Tuesday, 8th. July, we motored to the Kyles to give John his first view of this famous bit of scenery before he left for home the next day,

After seeing him off at 12.20 p.m. on Wednesday, we sailed to the Kyles beat through the N. Channel against a foul tide and down to Ardlamont point passing a capsized dinghy

off Tignabruich, who declined our offer of help as local motor boats were on their way to his assistance.

The wind was fresh and gave us a grand sail up Loch Fyne finishing with a beat into E. Loch Tarbert to anchor at 6.10 p.m. again finding several Irish boats including Charm.

Thursday we left under sail at 10.30 a.m. with a light S.W'ly., went up Loch Fyne as far as Loch Gail then turned and made for Loch Ranza where we anchored near the pier at 6.45 p.m.

Campbeltown, our next port of call, gave us a lot of trouble as having run short of fresh provisions we were in such a hurry to get ashore before the shops closed, that we anchored too near the pier and were hailed by the Harbour Master to move clear of the fairway as a submarine and her tender were due. However, as it was then 5.20 p.m. he allowed us to go ashore before shifting and we got our stores. We dashed aboard again, started the engine to get clear a few minutes before H.M. ships arrived, but had to move again as we were in too shallow water. A third move to a berth nearer the town was equally unsuitable, so eventually, with the help of the long suffering Harbour Master, we anchored in a safe berth.

Saturday. 12th July, the weather having been comparatively kind to us for several days decided to show what it could do and rained 'stairrods' with poor visibility down to 1/4 mile from the time we got under way at 8.00 a.m. until midday when we were well out in mid-channel, then relented and gave us odd bursts of sunshine until we got to the entrance to Belfast Lough.

Our arrival at Donaghadee at 6.00 p.m. coincided with the return of the fog.

Tommy Hogan arrived singlehanded in his Dragon on the way to Cultra at 9.00 p.m. having navigated, as we learnt subsequently, by tacking onshore till he could hear voices or dogs barking and then standing off, finally locating the harbour by the sound of the round-a-bouts.

Sunday, 13th July, Robert left for Dublin whilst Charles and I spent most of the day tidying ship and on the recommendation of Coxswain Nelson laying out a kedge from the bow as the strong N.E. wind tended to drive us on to the pier.

With the very acceptable help of a friend of the owner of 'Maid of Mourne' we left for Cultra on Tuesday to watch the racing for the Duke of Edinburgh Cup, and had a most enjoyable week, meeting a strong contingent from Dun Laoire culminating in having the owner of Nirvana, Alec Buckley, on board on Friday to watch Jimmy Mooney win the cup in his boat.

The hospitality both ashore and afloat were magnificent, the officers and members of the R. North of Ireland Yacht Club going to endless pains to help in every way. On Friday evening, 18th, July, Charles and I returned from Alec Buckley's celebration party somewhat late and going to collect our punt from the R. North of Ireland Club pier were nearly thrown into the sea by Alan Stewart and Tony Dillon, who had come up from Dublin for the trip back, and not recognising us in the dark, suspected us of trying to steal the punt.

A very vociferous and jubilant party from one of the Scots yachts arrived at the same time, some of whom begged a lift to their boat so that the punt with a freeboard of a couple of inches had to be handled carefully; fortunately all went well.

Saturday, 19th July, after a late breakfast and a quick run ashore we left at noon with a light N.E. breeze and had a fine sail down Belfast Lough in company with most of the Dragons bound for Bangor to race.

By 13.40 hrs. the wind had dropped to such an extent that we had to start the motor to make over the foul tide; even with its help we had difficulty in getting through Donaghadee sound and did not clear it until 16.05 hrs.

As there was a lot of fog about we streamed the log, shortly after the wind freshened enough for us to stop the engine, but unfortunately it had veered to the S.E. However we had the Skulmartin ship abeam at 17.50 hrs.

The wind continued to increase but luckily also veered more westerly; rain coupled with the fog cut down visibility still further so that with the exception of a very brief glimpse of the Rockabill light at 04.00 hrs. on Sunday morning we saw nothing until the Baily, and eventually picked up our moorings at 09.30 hrs.

SECOND CRUISE TO SCOTLAND.

Peter Odum at a late (or early) hour during one of the winter functions had painted such a glowing picture of the delights of the annual Highland Regatta at Oban and Tobermory that we had promised to take part this year, so at 16.15 hrs. on Friday 1st. August, we had dropped our moorings at Dun Laoire and with Alan Stewart, Eric Healy and Tony Dillon as crew set sail north.

A force 4/5 W.S.W. wind with showers gave us hope of a quick passage. Once we got well out into Dublin bay we found a big sea with heavy overfalls off the Baily which we

passed at 17.00 hrs. and again off Lambay Island at 18.00 hrs. the sea was confused, steep and breaking with the wind freshening to force 6 in the gusts.

The whole way to St. John's point we found the same confused sea which was confirmed later by Peter Odlum who in Namhara followed us some hours later.

We passed the South Rock ship at 02.20 hrs. the next morning and Mew Island at 05.00 hrs. Alan and Tony then took over and made such good progress that when the skipper surfaced at 09.45 hrs. the Ship lighthouse on Sanda Island was abeam to starboard, only $19\frac{1}{2}$ hours from Dun Laoire.

We made a quick run through Sanda sound with the favourable tide passed Davarr Light at the entrance to Campbelltown at 11.20 hrs., Skipness buoy at 14.20 hrs. and by 16.20 hrs. were off East Loch Tarbert in spite of having to beat the last 12 to 14 miles. A final bout of short tacking took us through the entrance and our anchor went down at 17.00 hrs.

Sunday, 3rd. August. We sailed out of East Loch Tarbert about noon with a light S. W. wind and marvellous to relate bright sunshine, ran up Loch Fyne, the skipper and Alan experimenting meanwhile with various methods of setting the storm spinnaker.

We tied up in the canal basin at Ardrishaig at 17.00 hrs. and were soon followed by a number of local yachts including the 8 m. cruiser/racer TINTO.

The weather clerk decided that we had had enough fine weather and turned on the rain full bore which decided us to dine ashore.

Monday, 4th August, we were ashore early to pay the canal dues (nearly £4.) declining the suggestion to hire a horse to tow us, got fresh provisions and then started through the canal at noon, the rain had eased to a drizzle which persisted all day and spoilt what would have otherwise been a really beautiful trip to Crinan which we reached at 06.15 hrs.

We had been tied up only a few minutes when the Commodore and Secretary of the R. Highland Y. Club came aboard to welcome us and give us details of the morrow's race to Oban.

Namhara turned up an hour or so later and Peter Mellon transferred to Huff, a very welcome addition to our crew.

Tuesday, 5th August. At last the rain eased to showers, the wind veered to W.N.W. force 5 so after filling our water-tank and locking out of the basin together with a dozen other boats set full main and intermediate jib and started the race to Oban at 13.50 hrs. A couple of tacks took us thro' the famous Dorus Mor - in a tranquil mood - then we eased sheets but although we

were able to hold our own with most of the fleet, Namhara and Nan of Clynder soon opened away. The fleet was smaller than expected as bad weather had prevented many local Oban boats from getting farther than Easdale on their way to Crinan the previous day.

About this time a forcibly expressed query from the skipper as to who had turned on the wireless being equally forcibly denied by all the crew, it was found that we were being "entertained" by jazz over a loud hailer from Commodore Hobb's flagship which was accompanying the race.

The wind eased as we got up the coast and after a short contretemps we got the genoa set and later when abeam of Easdale at 16.00 hrs. ran up the big spinnaker which pulled us right up to the leaders and enabled us to finish second to Peter Odium at 17.10 hrs.

Wednesday, 6th August. Under way at 11.00 hrs. started the race at 11.30 hrs. in a nice S.W. wind force 3-4 which gave us a beat out of Oban bay leaving Maiden Island to starboard then a run under spinnaker to a buoy in Lochnell bay which we rounded second again to Namhara thence we had a long beat of about 12 miles to a mark off Loch Don.

Peter stood over to the western shore of the Firth of Lorne; most of the locals took the centre where the tide was supposed to be most favourable. Finding we were making little impression on them we followed Peter to the west side which paid handsomely as we got to the weather mark about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile astern of Peter and the rest of the fleet nowhere.

From the weather mark the sailing instructions called for rounding the S. end of Kerrera island, thence up to Kerrera Sound to the finishing line off Oban. Knowing that Peter had raced here before and had a local on board we were content to follow him, but after a few minutes on this course Eric, our navigator, having checked bearings etc. announced that Namhara was making for the N. end of the island not the south. This resulted in a furious argument, the skipper supporting Peter's local knowledge and Eric maintaining his findings.

Eric's expert knowledge won the day and we luffed up to a more weatherly course which was soon proved to be correct by Namhara following suit. This enabled us to round Kerrera first with a good lead which we managed to hold to the finish.

As we were racing level at scratch with the 8 metre Cruiser racers, our only anxiety was as to whether any of the long handicap yachts would save their time on us, but to our relief they did not do so.

The crew's jubilation was damped considerably by the skipper putting Huff hard aground after rounding the flagship luckily on sandy bottom. Commodore Hobbs brought his motor launch to our aid at once but in spite of every effort could not move us, then a couple of local fishermen laid our kedge off for us and this, together with the rising tide, did the trick.

All hands ashore for baths and a general clean up at the Great Western Hotel before attending the reception given there by the R. Highland Y. C. at which we were surprised to find that we had won an enormous silver bowl as well as some very welcome cash.

Next morning Tony Dillon who had unfortunately fallen down the forehatch in the excitement of one of the sail changes the previous day, was obviously in considerable pain, (although he would not admit it). And in addition to having removed a couple of fortunately non-essential parts of his body, was strongly suspected of having broken or cracked a rib, so it was arranged for him to stay ashore to get medical attention.

An X-ray organised very kindly by Mr. Campbell, editor of the local paper, showed that his ribs were badly bruised, but luckily not broken or cracked and he was duly strapped up by the hospital authorities.

The day's race was over the same course as yesterday's but under the flag of the Oban Sailing Club.

The wind was again S.W. but only force 2-3 the start at 11.30 a.m. and we managed to get to the lee mark with the leaders.

It was again a beat to the Loch Don mark; Peter went once more for the western shore followed this time by the bulk of the fleet. In the lighter wind we were dropping further and further behind, so decided in desperation to try the middle, in which we were more than lucky as the further we got down the loch the more the wind freed us so that we made the weather mark in one tack and rounded it second to Peter once more.

Halfway to Kerrera our luck deserted us; the wind dropped completely; we lay flapping and then saw the rest of the fleet pick up a fine breeze and come tearing down on us.

When we did get a breeze it was fluky and we lost not only second place, but only managed to finish fifth at 3.40 p.m.

There was a very cheery party ashore in the evening.

Friday, 8th August. Tony in addition to visiting the Hospital had ordered stores and petrol to be delivered to us this morning at the fish quay, so breakfast over, we motored in and tied up alongside a local inshore trawler to collect them. The crew offered us fresh codling which we gratefully accepted, but refused all payment, and it was with the greatest difficulty that we got them to accept some cigarettes.

To-day's race was to Tobermory and when the starting gun went at 9.00 a.m. there was hardly a breath of wind. We struggled over the starting line at 9.30 a.m. and by 1.40 p.m. had only covered a few miles and had to anchor off Lismore Lighthouse at the entrance to the Sound of Mull as the tide had turned against us.

By 3.00 p.m. there was still a flat calm; the adverse tide several hours still to run; the almost cloudless sky gave no sign of any change, and as it seemed obvious that we could not reach Tobermory within the time limit, we started the engine and had a really lovely cruise up the Sound of Mull to anchor off the steamboat pier at 6.30 p.m., followed at varying intervals by the rest of the fleet.

Saturday 9th. August dawned with a blustery S. E. wind of force 5-6. We started in a bit of a flap for our 10 mile race around the buoys in the Sound with full main and genoa. Once clear of the shelter of the harbour we were smothered but dared not lose time and position by shortening sail. We reached the weather mark third to Namhara and Nan. In the weight of wind no one attempted to set a spinnaker for the run to the lee mark and in the gybe there, we pulled the mainsheet horse right out of the deck but by means of a temporary lashing managed to retain third place over the finishing line.

Our troubles, however, were not over, for we dropped our anchor foul and after dragging about for some time finally laid off a kedge and for added safety, took a line to a nearby mooring buoy,

Sunday, 10th. August. After exchanging visits with various yachts we joined a bus tour of the Island organised by Mr. Wilson of the Nan which in spite of the gloomy weather was most interesting. On our return Alan went over the side to clear a rope caught around our prop in yesterday's mooring efforts and was eventually successful, but so cold was the water that he had to be revived with neat whisky.

Monday, 11th August. Under way at 11.50 hrs. with a nice southerly wind force 3-4, some fog patches, showers

and cold. We reached down to the west entrance of the Sound of Mull then bore away for Canna in the inner Hebrides followed by Namhara and Nan.

With the big spinnaker it was a grand sail over the long Atlantic swell past Ardnamurchan Point and outside Muck and Rhum Isles to anchor at 17.30 hrs in Canna's beautifully sheltered harbour.

Alan and Tony joined Namhara's crew in the usual custom of painting the ship's name on a cliff behind the steamer pier.

Tuesday, 12th August. The uncertainty of the weather coupled with the need for the crew to be back in Dublin on the following Sunday, decided us reluctantly to start for home. Peter Mellon rejoined Namhara whilst we left under engine in a flat calm with the islands and mainland hidden in fog.

As we went south for our destination, Iona, the fog slowly cleared and by 12.40 hrs. when off the N. end of Coll a light westerly set in enabling us to stop the motor.

Conditions were now ideal and we had a fine sail past the Treshnish Isles and Staffa and brought up in Iona Sound just below the ferry at 17.30 hrs.

We had a short trip ashore between showers to inspect the Cathedral and so back aboard for dinner.

Wednesday, 13th August. Yesterday's showers still persisted when we got under way at 07.00 hrs. motoring against a moderate head wind to the south entrance of the Sound, where we set plain sail and shaped a course to the east of Colonsay for the Sound of Jura.

With a dying wind we had to restart the motor at midday in order to catch our tide in the Sound where it runs up to 5 knots and even more on springs.

The invaluable Clyde Cruising Club directions recommended Whitefarland Bay opposite Port Askaig as a good anchorage, and this it proved to be, when we got there 15.45 hrs.

Everything both above and below deck was so wet that Alan lit the coal stove to dry out the ship which it soon did.

Thursday, 14th August. The first sight to greet us this morning was a herd of deer feeding on the foreshore two or three boat lengths away, who seemed quite unconcerned at the presence of the yacht.

Weighed anchor at 8.00 a.m. and motored over to Port Askaig to buy petrol but were unsuccessful as we could not go

alongside the pier owing to the arrival of the ferry steamer and several attempts at anchoring failed, due to the foul bottom and very strong current, so we bore up and made a very quick passage to the south entrance of the sound, where we picked up a westerly breeze and set sail for the Mull of Kintyre.

As we got clear of the land the wind got very fluky but improved as we approached the Irish coast going unfortunately more Southerly until when off Tor Point it was almost due S. We beat along the Antrim shore and got into Carnlough at 7.30 p.m. where we first tied up alongside a Clyde puffer later moving to the quay at the N. end where we were assured there was ample water.

A cast of the lead gave $2\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms, the sailing directions the rise a fall as 5 feet so all turned in quite happy, but at 3.00 a.m. we woke to find the ship hard aground and heeling rapidly; as there was nothing we could do about it, and as it was raining again, we turned in. By 7.00 a.m. we were afloat once more undamaged.

Friday, 15th August. At 8.45 a.m. when we cast off there was no wind with visibility down to $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 mile. As we motored along the coast it gradually improved and by the time we reached the Maidens the wind from S.S.E. had freshened to force 3-4 with heavy overcast and drizzle.

We had a hard thrash particularly off Mew Island where the ebb tide had knocked up a short steep sea and again between the South Rock ship and Ardglass where we anchored by 9.30 p.m. to find a number of Dublin bay yachts on their way back from the Isle of Man.

Saturday, 16th. August. After a leisurely breakfast we set off for Dun Laoire at 10.00 a.m. with a light westerly wind which backed S'ly. when we got to St. John's point and remained very variable until we got abeam of Lambay Island.

Alan by strenuous efforts caught enough mackerel to provide lunch for all hands.

We passed the Nose of Howth at 8.00 p.m. A casual query by the skipper as to the time that the bar at the St. George closed galvanised the crew into frenzied activity; sails were sheeted home in record time; in the intervals of tacking the ship and crew cleaned and tidied; everything not required stowed away so that within a few minutes of picking our moorings at 9.40 p.m. the punt was over the side and the oars bending almost double with Alan's efforts to beat the clock which was managed with a very few minutes to spare.

So ended a cruise which although it failed to produce a single day without rain at some time or other in the 24 hours had been most enjoyable, especially as we had managed to visit a large number of new ports.

by P. H. GREER.

At the last Annual General Meeting one of the members present suggested that it would be useful if the committee could arrange to investigate and test various types of radar reflector for yachts, and issue advice as to the most suitable, as many yachtsmen had experienced narrow escapes from being run down by steamers at night, or in poor visibility.

The committee agreed to do this, and a joint effort by a number of members during the season was made to try to find some answers to this question. I have the task of reporting our findings.

Firstly, let me say that one definite conclusion emerges from our investigations, that is, the complete uselessness of putting one's faith in the reflective powers of any old article such as the saucepans from the galley, the ventilator cowl, or the like.

We feel that it is desirable to emphasise this point, particularly in view of the danger inherent in the false sense of security that such might engender.

I think it would be easier to explain what a radar reflector is expected to do if I use an analogy:-

Suppose it is night time and your yacht is a mile or two at sea off the Kish light vessel. You are standing on deck with a mirror in your hand, your yacht is blacked out and you wish to draw the attention of the keeper on the light vessel to your presence, the only tool you have for this purpose being your mirror.

Your solution is of course to reflect back to the light vessel the light of its own lantern using your mirror - a pretty difficult job just trying to catch the momentary flash with your mirror pointing exactly in the right direction at the right instant. Yes, that is a difficult task but that is not all, for you see just to make matters a bit more difficult you are blindfolded.

Now this is just what the radar reflector has to do - catch a momentary unseen radio beam transmitted by the ship's radar scanner and reflect it back to the scanner itself. It is no use just reflecting it anywhere, the beam must go back to the scanner. Further, it must be a good powerful reflection, otherwise the ship's officer may overlook the small spot of light on his radar screen amidst the general clutter of indications set up by the waves, etc.

I would point out that this is an almost exact analogy. Imagine, therefore, your chances of successfully achieving your object

by hanging up even your bright shiny aluminium saucepans and expecting them to reflect the light right back to the light vessel every time, or even most of the times it flashes, this all at a distance of say two miles. Obviously it is as near as impossible as doesn't matter, and we can consider it so.

Now, just to show you that your investigators were prepared to try anything, we did try a number of articles which we thought might stand a chance, even though they were not theoretically correct.

We tried a large polythene sack stuffed with lovely bright shiny aluminium foil. We tried the 18 ft. boom of "ANN GAIL" with its sail cover (the mainsail was stowed during the test) completely covered with aluminium foil. We tried two large areas each of them 3 ft. by 2 ft. of fine copper mesh hung high up in the rigging and arranged at right angles, and a number of other such things.

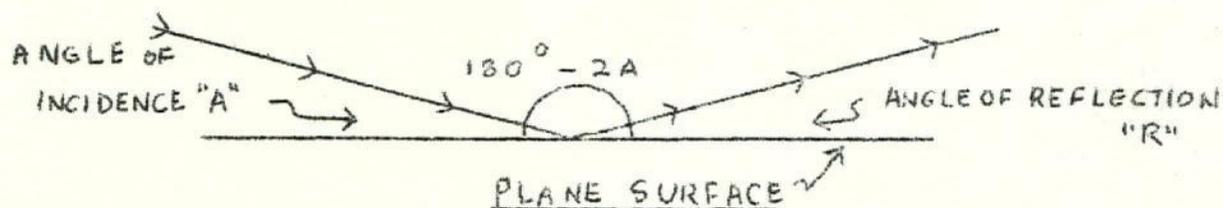
All of these proved useless. We did get occasional reflections just when we were on some particular course, but so spasmodic as to be useless.

So here is one bit of advice we can give with absolute certainty. Nothing but a proper theoretically sound reflector will do.

Now, turning to the question of what type of object will do - I should explain there are two main possible principles - Reflection and Resonance. The former is that generally used in radar reflectors and the latter, whilst I think I can say is not generally used, shows some very interesting possibilities.

Let me just explain the reflector principle first. A radio wave such as emanates from a radar scanner behaves very similarly to a light wave, it can be reflected and follows the same law as light in that the angle of reflection equals the angle of incidence. The diagram illustrates this.

DIAGRAM No.1



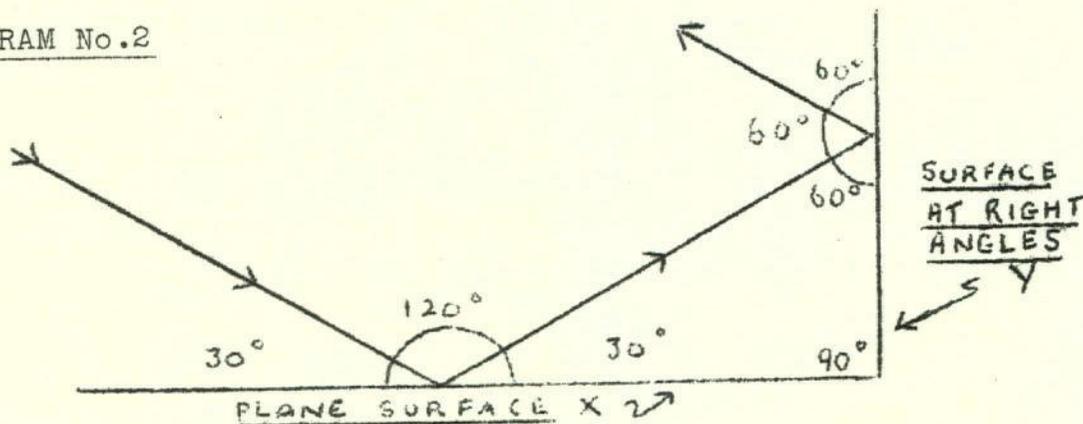
A light beam or a radio wave meeting a plane reflecting surface at an angle of incidence "A" (say 30°) will leave at an angle "R" (which equals "A" and which in this example we have assumed is 30°).

The beam is therefore bent through an angle of $180^\circ - 2A = 180^\circ - 60^\circ$ (in the example), that is an angle of 120° .

It is clear, therefore, that the plane surface is not going to work as a radar reflector unless it is exactly at right angles in both the horizontal and vertical plane to the arriving beam, in which case the angle of incidence is 90° therefore the angle of reflection is 90° so that the ray is bent through 180° , and is in fact sent back exactly in the direction from which it came, which is what we want.

For obvious reasons it is impossible to arrange an area of reflector in our yacht facing at 90° in all the directions that a beam might be expected to arrive, but fortunately the octahedral or corner reflector gets us over this difficulty as follows:

DIAGRAM No.2



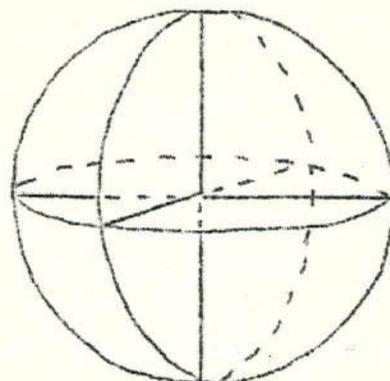
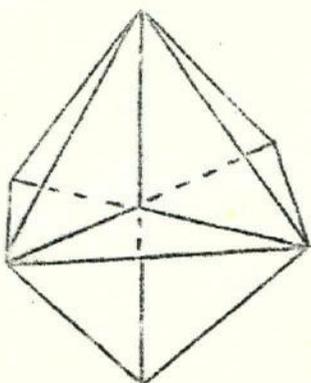
This device consists of three plane surfaces of reflecting material intersecting at 90° all ways, that is, there is one horizontal plane surface and two vertically intersecting plane surfaces, these two being arranged at right angles to one another. Now, for the purposes of explanation, let us just take two of these plane surfaces: "X" a horizontal plane and "Y" a vertical plane at right angles to it (see Diagram 2) and assuming our beam arriving at an angle of incidence to "X" of 30° as in our previous example it is as we have already seen reflected also at 30° from the plane having been bent through 120° . Now, it strikes a plane "Y" at right angles to "X", thus the angle of incidence to the plane will be 60° (as seen in the diagram).

In this case it will leave at 60° , it has therefore been bent through an angle of $180 - 60$, that is 60° .

It was thus turned through 120° at the first plane and now through 60° at the second plane, thus it has been bent through 180° in all, so that it is projected back in the direction from which it came which is as required.

I would explain that the other intersecting plane will deal similarly with rays incident to it, so that the octahedron arrangement will always, providing its planes are exactly 90° to one another and if made from a radio reflecting medium such as metal, reflect back the incident waves to the place whence they came. This provides an answer to our problem. In fact I believe it is the only answer as far as a reflector is concerned. Diagram 3 shows the two main types of octahedron, one with straight sides and the other with circular sides.

DIAGRAM No.3



The vital point, however, is that the planes must be at 90° exactly or the reflector will not work. Further, the reflector must have some reasonable area, a 14" sided reflector will do, but an 18" sided one would certainly be better.

Unfortunately these are large and clumsy objects and would be very easily bent out of the requisite angle and thus rendered useless.

However, such an octahedron, accurately made, whose angles are within 1° of right angles and maintained in this condition, is really the only sound solution. Any proprietary octahedron reflector which fulfils these conditions is worth while or alternatively you can readily make one for yourself. Such a reflector has been made by a member of the Royal St. George Yacht Club, Mr. Falkiner Irving. We tested Mr. Irving's reflector with fairly good results, though it would seem that it should be made of more robust material if it is to maintain its accurate angling, for during the test it was definitely out of angle so that results reduced accordingly. However, such a reflector well made, as I have said, should give a minimum range of $1\frac{5}{4}$ miles, which is probably satisfactory, though obviously a greater range would be better.

As previously explained the reflector can be made straight sided or circular and in either case can be made to fold or dismantle for stowage in the flat. The circular one uses less of the area of material and is therefore slightly less effective, but it has the advantage that it has no sharp corners which could cause chafe and catch up on rigging, etc. However, it has a disadvantage that it might be mistaken for the well known spherical signal shape. It can, of course, on the other hand serve the additional purpose of being used as an anchor shape, or it can be used as the distant distress signal which consists of a ball or shape hoisted above or below a square flag.

A point I would mention is that it is normal for these octahedral reflectors to be mounted in such a way that none of their plane surfaces are horizontal. The suspension holes shown in our sketch therefore provide this.

With regard to height of mounting, generally speaking the higher up you can mount the reflector the better but any convenient place will do though it is desirable to have it at least 15 ft. from the water.

Before I leave the subject of octahedron reflectors, I should say that many variations on the fundamental type are possible. We tested an ex U.S. Navy reflector which was made of fine stainless steel wire mesh. This folded rather like an umbrella but did not prove reliable, due to its being out of angle, though all models may not suffer this defect.

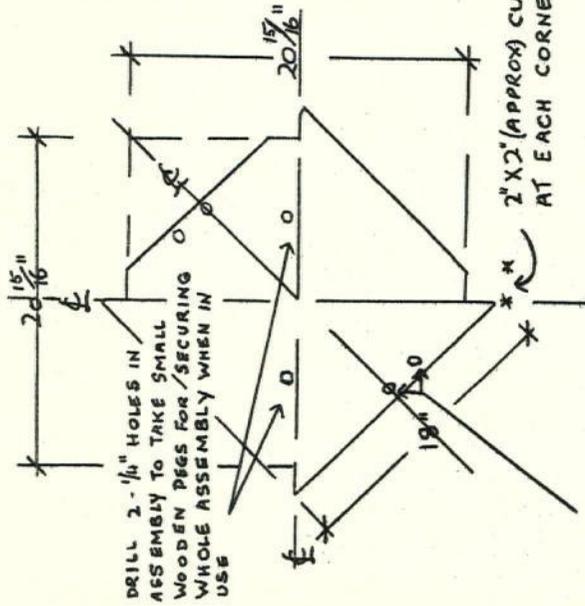
We also tried a small cast octahedron. This is made of cast aluminium and is very robust and reliable. It is purposely made small (5" in diameter) so that one or more could be permanently mounted at the mast head or in any suitable position and also could readily be clipped in strings to the standing rigging in fog. However, due to its small size a number of them would be required to be effective, say 12 or 14 would equal an 18" octahedron. In fact it would need more than this number but for the probability that the angling error on the small ones is likely to be much less than on the larger unit.

The foregoing broadly covers the main possibilities as far as reflectors are concerned but there remains the possible principle based on resonance.

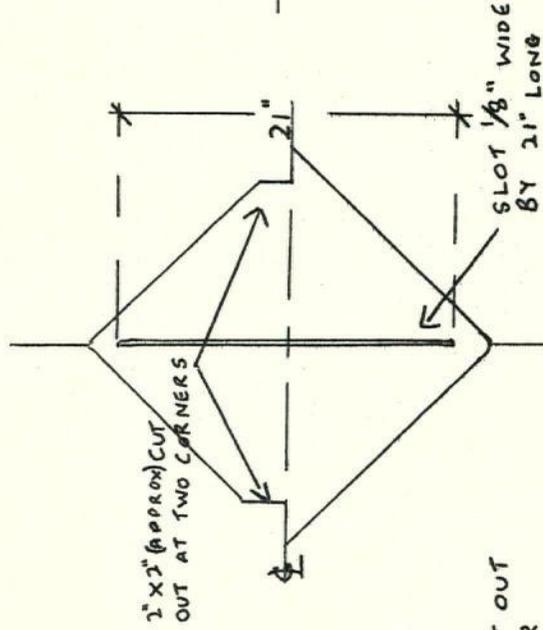
Now, this is really not a question of reflection at all, but is one of re-radiation. It is further not too easy to make the principle very simply understood. However, all will be familiar with the old trick of breaking a tumbler by singing or playing a violin on a certain note which causes a sympathetic vibration in the glass. The vibration is amplified because it concedes with the natural frequency of the glass.

A similar principle is involved in the "breaking step" procedure of men marching over a bridge. This is to avoid the regular footsteps from striking a natural frequency of the structure and causing amplified vibration in the bridge which might result in damage.

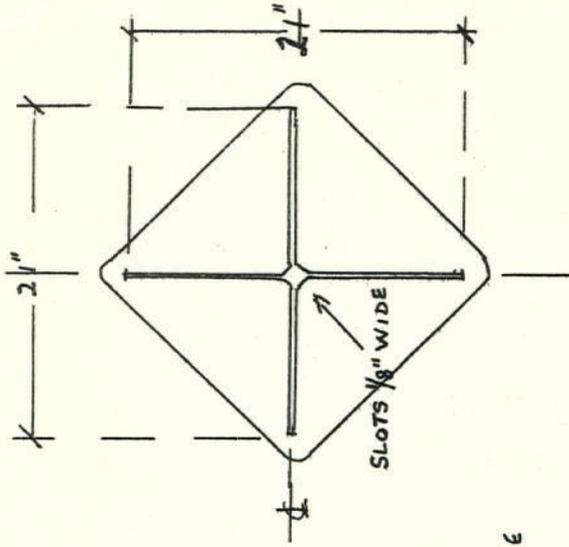
PART 'A'



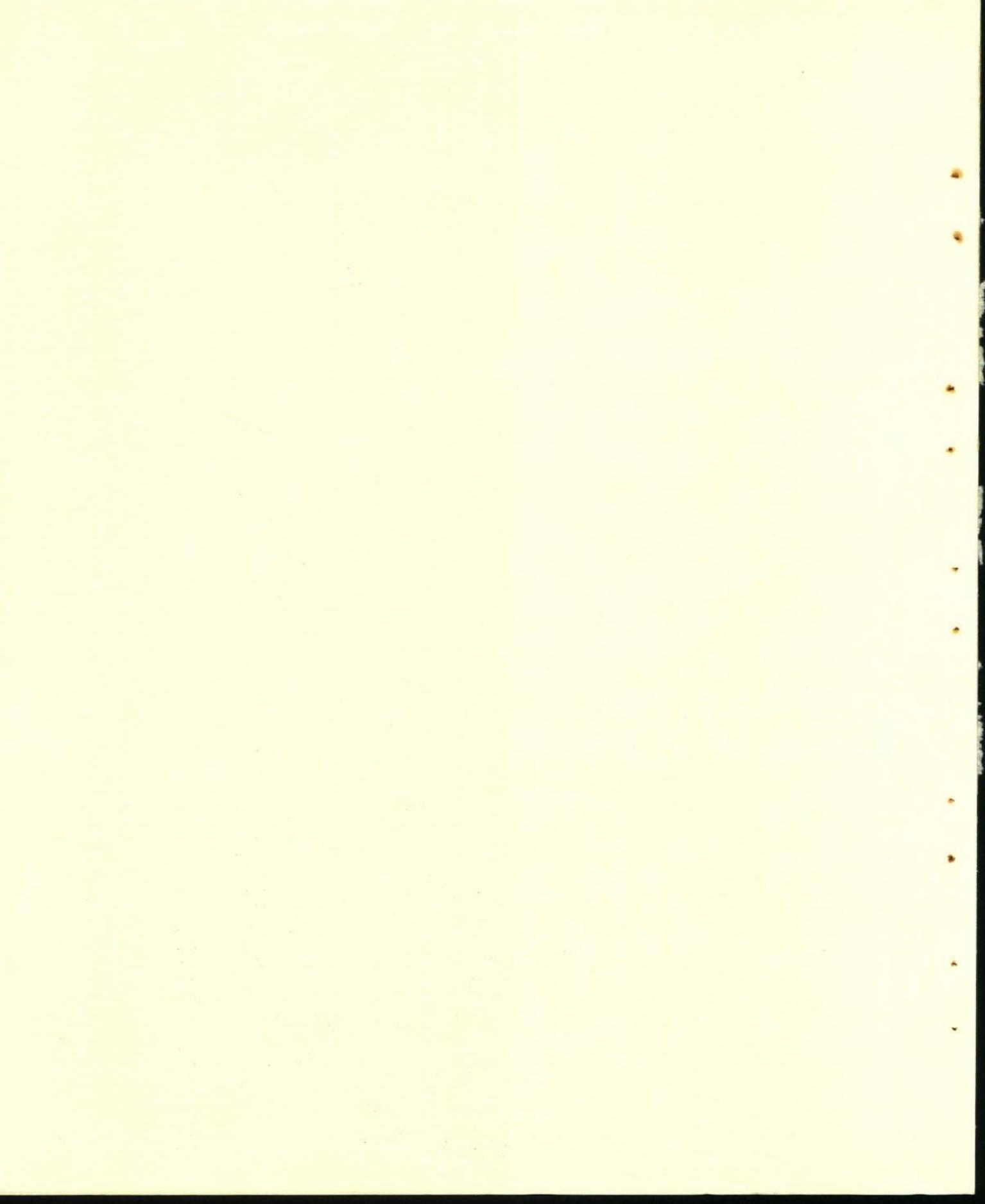
PART 'B'



PART 'C'



PARTS A + B FORM VERTICAL PLANES - PART C FORMS THE HORIZONTAL PLANE
MATERIAL - $\frac{1}{8}$ " THICK ALUMINIUM SHEET



The radio wave emitted by the radar set has a definite frequency for which the particular apparatus is constructed and this corresponds to a particular wavelength. Most European radar sets work on a 3 cm. wavelength, whilst U.S.A. sets are, it is believed, constructed on a 10 cm. basis.

If a little aerial equal in length to a half wavelength is in the path of the radio wave, it will receive energy from the wave and re-radiate it. Further, if a number of these aerials are placed in a certain relationship to one another, the pattern of the re-radiation can be concentrated in any particular plane. This arrangement therefore can be made to focus the outgoing wave just in the same way as the dioptric lens, which many ships have on their navigation lights, concentrates the light in a fan or beam.

A pattern of dipoles can be chosen, which will concentrate the beam in a horizontal or vertical plane, or in fact, at will.

A further point is that slots of the right size cut in a metal sheet will work just as well as the aerials and the slot is generally made half a wavelength in length and if of this dimension will resonate on its particular wavelength.

In order to use this principle we prepared 1" wide strips of aluminium foil in which were arranged $1\frac{1}{2}$ cm. slots, and so as to try the effect of various patterns of slots, we prepared various samples, for example, with vertical slots equally spaced and with compact bands of such slots.

In our final experiment, a wooden spar 4" in diameter and 8 ft. long was covered with this slotted aluminium strip by glueing, and subsequently varnishing over, thus simulating the conditions that would obtain if part of the mast of a yacht were thus covered, our idea being that if this system worked, then it would be possible to cover, say, the upper section of the yacht's mast with the foil and therefore to have a built-in reflector.

Our tests to date indicate that this is a most effective possibility, really strong echoes were obtained at $1\frac{3}{4}$ miles with our 8 ft. spar. Further it would be possible to cover much more than this of the average yacht's mast, so presumably strong reflections could be obtained at greater distances.

In view of the fact that different wavelengths are used by American ships, it is necessary that we should carry out more tests on this type of material, these will incorporate in addition to the $1\frac{1}{2}$ cm. slots, some 5 cm. slots to cope with the 10 cm. wavelength. Also we wish to investigate the best method of attaching the metal to a yacht's mast, the effect of heeling and rolling, etc., so that we feel it would be premature to issue a recommendation regarding the use of this material at the moment.

This method, however, looks quite promising, and is particularly attractive because it can enable a built-in protection to be provided. Once having fitted it to the mast it would be effective at all times, no action would be required by the yacht's crew, continuous warning of the yacht's presence being provided on the ship's radar screen.

In order to gain more experience, in addition to the further tests, it is suggested that a number of members' yachts might be fitted with this material for next season, and it is proposed to supply, free of charge, a sufficient quantity of material to a limited number of owners, providing they undertake to institute tests with ships fitted with radar, and to report these findings at the end of next season.

The material will be available in limited quantities in January and anyone interested should apply to the Hon. Secretary, giving details of their mast size and length it is proposed to cover. It is suggested that the upper section of say 8 to 10 ft. from the spreaders might be covered.

It would be particularly useful if yachts fitted with R/T would be prepared to test the material, as this would enable detailed tests to be carried out with greater facility.

Perhaps it would be as well to summarise our advice so far as we have gone as follows:-

1. Do not rely on saucepans, biscuit tins, aluminium masts, etc. etc. They just do not work.
2. A good large octahedron, accurately made and maintained, is sound and can hardly be bettered at present. You can make one for yourself by following the sketch and instructions given with this article.
3. There are possibilities of in-built protection by means of a slotted resonant system, but we wish to develop this further before coming to a conclusion or issuing a recommendation.

In conclusion I am pleased to say that we have had considerable co-operation from a number of people in carrying out our experiments, in particular I should say that they would not have been possible without the aid of Captain Walsh, Principal of the Irish Nautical School at Dun Laoghaire, who permitted us, with the consent of his directors, to carry out the tests in conjunction with the radar set at the School. Mr. Dixon, Vice-Principal of the College, gave voluntarily a great deal of time in operating the set at the College, and in rendering very useful technical guidance. I would also mention that Mr. M. O'Dwyer, B.E., General Manager and Chief Engineer of Telecommunications Limited, Finglas, provided detailed technical guidance and also the whole idea of a resonant system.

You will be pleased to know that we have also had a great deal of help from Masters of ships plying round our coasts, in particular from Captain Butterworth, Master of the British Railways ship "Slieve Bawn", who with his colleagues has been most helpful in giving advice and in particular with regard to the methods, and procedure, used by ships proceeding in fog using radar. It is quite clear that Masters of ships are using every endeavour to avoid accidents. It is up to us to try to provide the maximum degree of reflection possible, so that their difficult task may be simplified.

6th November, 1958.

"AND A STAR TO STEER HER BY"
 VANJA IV VISITS BONNIE SCOTLAND
 (AN ACCOUNT OF THE CLYDE RACE 1958)

- By IAN MORRISON

With the greatest respect to the poet whose line I have chosen as title, I am now firmly convinced since the foggy Howth - Hunters Quay Race 1958 that the star or better still a good compass is more important than the tall ship! But Vanja not possessing space to accommodate a Beam Loop may have influenced judgment unduly and no doubt in these electronic days, suitably equipped with all the latest appurtenances and appliances, many more experienced in navigation, will not necessarily agree that dead reckoning within the confines of the Irish Sea offers any real difficulty. In any event Friday June 27th found only two starters for the Howth - Hunters Quay Race despite numerous other promises made over cigars and port at the previous I.C.C. Dinner! Five were to start up to the last minute but crew difficulties, business and family calls had taken their toll and only Arrandora and Vanja crossed the line with the gun. Our R.O.R.C. rating dictated that we should give the 24 about three minutes per hour but we did not anticipate doing this on a free sheet.

It was a keen start and Arrandora was just as determined as we were to make it a real race. Quite frankly, a two boat race is always more trying than one in which there are numerous competitors and when it extends over nearly 200 miles it must of necessity be quite an undertaking. The wind was north force one and we hauled our sheets and started the long beat. From time to time the wind dropped and rose to force 1 or 2 but was always ahead.

Dusk saw us slightly ahead and to weather of the Twenty Four and about half way between Ireland's Eye and Lambay. At midnight we were becalmed off the Nose of Lambay and the forecast gave South 6 - 7 possibly 8. We banked a lot on the word "possibly" and sat down to what for a 30 square must be regarded as a good meal - Sherry, Grapefruit a la Revelstoke, Creme de Tomato, Chicken a la St. Lawrence, Salad, Plums a la Heinz, Danish Blue, Coffee, cigars and Brandy. The Skipper encouraged his gourmets as he secretly thought it might be the last decent meal they would have for some time!

It is of interest that after taking this meal we never saw Arrandora again and bangs of hope, despair and doubt again and again assailed us as to whether she was still astern. Watch below to bed and morning saw us heading on our course to a Southerly Force 3 visibility 2 miles. Breakfast was a rather more humble affair and the Skipper was occupied with his D.R. which was slowly resolving on the chart. Vanja boasts a Sestrel Moore compass and chart table which are not often found in even a 20 tonner far less one of $2\frac{3}{4}$ tons and these proved worth their weight in gold. The watches passed slowly, the breeze dropped, veered, backed and did everything except drive us and it was not until about 11.00 hrs. that we picked up the Southerly Force 2, set the Spinnaker and headed north.

The breeze freshened later to about Force 5 (it was Lambay Race Day) and we continued to fly the Spinnaker in poor visibility and made good about 8 knots for a considerable time.

Unfortunately no sight had been obtained of any land since Rockabill and rather than converge on the Irish Coast in the dark with visibility less than half a mile at times, the central channel was chosen and a rather Heath Robinson fix was obtained later in the afternoon which for the amusement of navigators might be repeated:

Two ships were sighted both obviously (?) heading for Belfast Lough, their courses were read when we passed their tracks, the distance run between same measured by Log and a fix obtained which read only 5 miles from our D.R. position. We called it "Point Chandler" after the ingenious inventor and Vanja proceeded merrily northward still without view of land.

About 17.00 hours the fog closed in heavily to about 150 yards and not being happy about either the D.R. or Point Chandler the Skipper seriously considered striking the spinnaker as the speed was now in excess of eight knots and the North Channel is not the best place to run blind under these conditions. However, thinking of Arrandora the spinnaker remained flying and we reflected on all those lucky types back at the bar in the H.M.Y.C. having presumably completed the Lambay Race!

Darkness was approaching and we still roared through the fog with visibility at times less than 200 yards like a runaway coach and four driven by a blind coachman. D.R. was of the essence as calculations checked and re-checked showed us only 2 miles from the Scottish coast. Suddenly the fog lifted and we found ourselves running within a mile of the coast near Portpatrick some 3 miles from our D.R. position. It was our first sight of land since Rockabill nearly 18 hours before. It was, of course, a case for splicing the mainbrace but the cigars were not broached as we could not see Arrandora either ahead or behind. We rounded Corsewall Point and struck the spinnaker but still failed to see Arrandora ahead and everyone but the Skipper logically assumed that she must be behind. Dinner was served and Ailsa Craig was passed at 23.20 hours at full speed, the wind having remained at Force 4/5 Southerly.

Holy Island was quickly doubled and the chart showed we had made some $7\frac{3}{4}$ knots since rounding Corsewall Point. Suddenly the wind dropped; for about three hours we sweated it out wondering whether Arrandora (if astern!) would sail up on us. Dawn proved her nowhere in sight and on receiving a Force 1 Easterly about 04.00 hours we beat up between the Cumbræes to the inner Clyde. At this point the log was handed to quicken ship and breakfast saw us passing through the fleet of small cruisers finishing the night Race around Bute.

It was a lovely morning and we enjoyed the sight of the many sails and the green fields covered in sheep. A shave followed by a good breakfast soon put us in top form. Slowly but surely we dropped the "small" (Up to 27' W.L.) cruisers and worked up through the larger craft, wind force 1 - 2 East i.e. a dead beat. For some time we had failed to make any impression on a large sail ahead and it later turned out that this was Zulu, a new Giles 20 tonner, probably the fastest boat currently racing on the Clyde.

Agonising calms occurred from time to time and in the host of sails astern or ahead we failed to identify Arrandora. At 12.43 hours we crossed the finishing line some 42 hours out having sailed approximately 185 miles, although the direct passage is about 160. Even allowing for the lengthy calm patches and light airs we had averaged $4\frac{1}{2}$ knots which was quite satisfactory.

What horrified us was the fact that we got no finishing gun and were advised by the Officer of the Day that Arrandora crossed some three hours before. It was not for some time that we learned he had mistaken Dr. Falkner's 24 which was not in the Race so the anxious watch began.

Very, very slowly our handicap was made good and it was during dinner at the Marine Hotel, Hunters Quay that Arrandora was espied boring across the line, spinnaker flying and still

game. We understand they had run into extensive calms in the inner Clyde.

Clyde week began on the Monday and we had a 30 mile Race with Class 1 (over 27' W.L.) in which we finished second to Vagrant, an eight meter; Zulu arrived in third. This was the only time we beat Zulu, a boat which impressed us all with her design, turn of speed to windward and above all performance in breezes over Force 6 which we experienced later in the week.

Tuesday demanded a return to Dublin for the Skipper and it was interesting to leave the Clyde at 08.00 hours, visit Dublin and be back at 20.00 hours for a late dinner with the crew who, fortunately for the Skipper's reputation, had not done any better than the previous day. Needless to say the vehicle in this case was an aeroplane and not a 30 square.

Race followed Race for the remainder of the week and Vanja's complement remember it more by the infuriating calms, flukey breezes, dodging the spinnaker boom and close infighting with such great boats as Aline, Zulu, Orionis 11 and Vagrant all of whom seemed to enjoy meeting the little 30 square which was crewed by the most enthusiastic, willing and efficient lads the writer has ever enjoyed skippering. Vanja gave time to all except Zulu and Vagrant but unfortunately the R.O.R.C. handicap was not used otherwise our adjusted results might have been better than the aggregate third place in which we found ourselves at the end of the week.

Sunday saw Neville, Noel and Teddy leave for home and Des Gogarty, Sailing Secretary of the Boyne Yacht Club joined as cook and I may add the words "par excellence". That afternoon we left Sandbank to beat down for Fairlie and passed Peter Morck in Sonas (H.S.C.) off Cloch Point. He saw us but we did not spot him!

Monday saw us sail up from Fairlie to Largs for the Royal Regatta at which the Queen and Prince Phillip were to attend. The Race was about 18 miles and about a mile from the finishing line we found ourselves well in front with Arrandora second. The wind dropped, fluked and Tinto the cruiser eight who was at least five miles astern, sailed round us to take the gun. We never finished, there being no wind, and regretted missing the Queen and Duke.

That evening we sailed to Port Bannatyne in company with Huff of Arklow and met Sonas, and the following day passed through the Kyles to East Tarbert where we met Curlew and Venture, both of Howth.

Next morning (Wednesday 9th July) we left for home at 11.00 hours in a S.W. Force 5 and passed Charm off Arran with her Malahide crew. From Holy Island it was a beat to Howth and we settled down to a rather uneventful sail in breezes from 2 - 5 S.S.W. Long tacks were the order and it seemed no time until we picked up our familiar buoy in Howth at 06.13 Friday, 43 hours out from Tarbert and Log 218.

Since leaving a fortnight before, we had logged over 600 miles including the Races and had no word of complaint against our slight craft which had so willingly served us. We were, however, favoured by good weather which after all is what really counts!

VANJA IV

Dimensions: 42.9' x 27.3' x 7.2'
 Displacement: $2\frac{3}{4}$ tons
 Thames Tonnage: 6 tons
 R.O.R.C. Rating: 28.88'
 Sail Area: 30 square metres (320 sq.feet)
 Skipper: Ian Morrison

C R E W S

<u>Clyde Race</u>	<u>Clyde Week</u> (Additions)	<u>Homeward Bound</u>
Adrian Murray Hayden		Des Gogarty
Neville Maguire	Noel Bedford	Adrian Murray Hayden
Teddy Chandler	Noel Rowe	Noel Bedford.

- - - - -

The weather last summer was generally held to have been the worst for many years; we found it considerably colder than average, particularly in April and June, very grey and fairly rainy but the absence of any really hard blows, and a lot of S. and S.E. winds giving a comfortable weather shore almost all season were fair compensations.

Wild Goose was launched at Portna on the Bann on April 15th and later my wife, June, and I motored her down river on Friday April 25th; a pretty voyage of about 15 miles. The only new experience here was when we grounded at speed on a mud bar, where the canal below Movanager Lock rejoins the main stream. We lost way completely and appeared well stuck when about 20 seconds later up came our own bow-wave forming a sort of bore in the narrow canal and washed us gently on over!

Mast stepping and final fitting out was completed in the main on the 26th April, ably assisted by Colin Gall and Gerry Gailey. The weather was fine, so after getting the mast in at Coleraine we sailed straight off 14 miles to Greencastle with about one weather shroud set-up and the rest of the rigging in great disorder; but it was an excellent opportunity to call on Liam McCormick, spend an evening in Merville, and set up the rigging in pleasant surroundings.

May was a cold month with a lot of E. winds and apart from two Saturday nights spent in Skerries Roads, a mile from Portrush, June and I did no cruising until Whitsun when with Henry and Gordon Clark we planned to sail over to Gigha to visit Colonel Horlick and his family. There were conflicting weather reports including mention of Force 7 S. which makes one think, as the stretch of water between Portrush and Islay-Jura is so riven by tide and tide swell that in bad weather the seas run particularly steep and nasty. However after about 12 hours wondering anxiously if it was foolhardy to start or not, we slipped at 11.a.m. Saturday with an ugly ground swell and breaking crests, wind Force 4 W. at Portrush, soon to find much easier conditions a couple of miles offshore, and had a fine passage arriving at Ardmish Bay about 11.30 p.m. There was Joan ready to meet us and insistent that we should come up to the house for the night in spite of the unsociable hour. Offered our choice of drinks we had - guess what? - Horlicks, and it never tasted better. We spent a very pleasant 36 hours with Sir James and his house-party. He entertains as only an island laird can. Even a short stay at Gigha is well worth the difficult passage which one generally gets, one way at least. You have to cut across two separate tidal systems, the E. - W. on Irish coast and the N. - S. along the Kintyre coast with a variable area in between and since they run at times at speed equivalent to the yacht's average under sail, say 5 knots, it takes involved calculation plus a big slice of luck to hit both off right.

The Monday we spent sailing the 50 miles home, a sunny day with light headwind and swell, largely spoiled by engine trouble which kept us cranking and swearing below by shifts instead of enjoying the passage on deck, and we missed our tides completely in consequence. The brute did start at last and got us home about 2 a.m. - if it hadn't we wouldn't have made Portrush until after breakfast.

Wild Goose's main cruise was 2 weeks round N.W. Donegal in June. Mike and Jane Villiers-Stuart came with us for the first 3 days, as far as Downings. We sailed at midnight, Friday 30th May, a magic night it was, as perfect as they come, calm rippled sea, light offshore breeze, and a full moon well up to make a wide silver patch along which we slid gently and silently with no sound but an occasional bubbling of the bow wave and a creak from the boom to show Wild Goose was enjoying it too. We anchored off Greencastle at dawn - using Liam's mark 'the outhouse on Wee Harry's' to descend to the everyday once more. We spent nights at Strabreagy, Downies, Bunbeg, Rutland, Church Pool and Portnoo.

It was a very leisurely cruise, as had been intended, for June, brave girl, was expecting a baby who is now our eldest son, born in September. He can, I suppose, claim to have started cruising as early in life as most.

We had an eye on the projected W. coast sailing directions and picked up some useful information. I don't think it is commonly known what an entrancing miniature cruising ground lies in the Bloody Foreland-Aranmore area. It is very like a bit of Norway with, to use their terms, an 'outer guard' of small islands and 'inner leads' about 20 miles in length giving sheltered water inside. There are 8 inhabited islands, several other interesting ones, good mountain scenery in the background and varied ports. We were very pleased with our discoveries.

The rest of June and July passed in day sailing - apart from one enjoyable week-end sail to Rathlin with Liam McCormick in much-travelled Diane, a very manly wee boat as the fishermen describe and she duly proved it that trip. We motored to Rathlin, rock-dodging, in vis. of less than $\frac{1}{4}$ mile most of the way, spent half a day alongside Church Bay pier and came back for the night to the River Bann, as the weather looked threatening - from there we had a really fine sail broadreaching with one reef barked to Greencastle, wind S.E. Force 5 - 6, to find getting the moorings a tricky enough job, 50 yards from a lee shore and waves breaking over the foredeck as we manoeuvred to grab the buoy. Liam has quite a lot to contend with in the Foyle.

In August June wisely called it a day. My sister, Jill, George Burton, aged 17, from England and I had a six day holiday in the Bloody Foreland area again. With fair winds and little rain it was a most successful and enjoyable cruise. First night out, Tuesday 12th August, we spent at the Doon Port, Tory Is., which is a narrow rock-bound gut, open to the S. and E. We had a long tiring beat out to the island during the day and proceeded to attend a lively ceillidhe in a crowded cottage kitchen in the evening. After a 2 mile walk back to the boat we thankfully turned in about 2 a.m. About 5 o'clock George woke and found the wind had backed S.W. and freshened. If it proceeded to back even another point we would be on a lee shore, with rock cliffs 20 yards astern, so off we had to go. This operation required care and a 'mad minute' getting the kedge warp and the chain in quickly as we got under way. All went well, but we were shaken to see that the C.Q.R. Kedge on which we had been dependent as the wind backed, was hopelessly fouled; a complete turn of the warp round the neck of the shank. Lord knows how it held even as well as it did. I have previously looked on a C.Q.R. as almost unfoulable; this one had been laid out by a fisherman in a curragh and he must have given it a 'square' twist.

There was too much swell on the North side of the Island to go to Green Port, so we spent the morning at Inishbofin just across Tory Sound in getting some sleep. A discouraging introduction to cruising for George, but it turned out to be the only untoward incident of the trip. We visited Inishmeane, Aranmore, and had a day's surveying by dinghy in the Rosses, trying to fix the positions of the various beacons really accurately. We also tried to shoot rock pigeons in the magnificent caves of Owey, and had the best sail of the season close reaching at 7 knots plus in a whole sail breeze, and bouncing beam swell from Gola to Aranmore via Owey Sound. One of those days when the old boat really comes alive and gives her very best to produce a terrific feeling of exhilaration in the whole crew.

Mike Ross and Brendan Maguire joined us for the last 48 hours and by devious routes we reached Culdaff on Sunday morning, August 17th, after a night passage round Malin Head. There we threw a well-attended Guinness Party alongside the quay to mark the only visit of the season; and so back to Portrush, motoring against the tide all the way, to get Brendan on to his London plane.

The last fling of the season was to be a visit to Jura in the hope of getting a day's deerstalking. The weather seemed unsettled and the Met Officer at Aldergrove when asked on Friday, 29th August, for a forecast for the week-end spoke of a depression 500 miles W. which might go N.E. or S.E., but in any case there would be strong winds probably W. or S. Force 6-7

on Sunday. However he agreed that the night would produce no fireworks. S.E. Force 5, possibly gusting to 6, for next 6 hours. A fair wind, so we decided to sail.

I am slowly becoming of the opinion that 9 times out of 10 it is a waste of time to worry about Sunday's weather for coming back before you've even sailed on Friday night. The Met. men will generally offer you a forecast for Sunday, but for the North Channel at least they are far more often wrong than right. For 6 or 8 hours ahead they are very accurate and that generally covers the outward passage.

With my sister Jill, Tony Frazer, Kenneth his son, aged 10, and Colin Gall on board we had a record passage across without touching the engine; shipped at 11 a.m. Otter Rock 28 miles away abeam at 2 a.m. We had hit the tide off exactly right for once, and had a fine E.S.E. breeze all the way. Beyond the Otter it started to breeze up so we handed the mainsail and proceeded under headsails and mizzen still at apparently the same speed. So we found ourselves off the entrance to the Small Isles long before dawn, and had to heave to watch 'Wild Goose' did beautifully under mizzen jib and stay'sail. By that time it was blowing at about Force 7 with waves 4 or 5 feet high, and the contrast of lying hove to like a sleeping duck after tearing through the darkness with the decks awash for some hours, was most enjoyable. About 5.30 it was bright enough to slip in between the islands and anchor off Craighouse pier. Kenneth's first night passage was over and he had stuck it most manfully.

We spent the day ashore and saw quite a lot of the island by car, and finished with a lively reel dance at Ardlussa. We were still a bit apprehensive of Sunday's weather, but the sea was flat calm and wind varied from none to Force 2 W. The engine proved very obstinate and we completed more than half the passage towing Wild Goose, driven by the Seagull outboard. Tony, Colin and I spent about 6 hours in turns trying to get the Parsons Prawn to go - next week a motor mechanic did the job in half an hour, a partially choked needle valve in the carburettor being the main trouble, which was pretty galling!

That was positively the last appearance of the season and 'Wild Goose' was back in her winter berth at Portna by the exceptionally early date of September 15th.

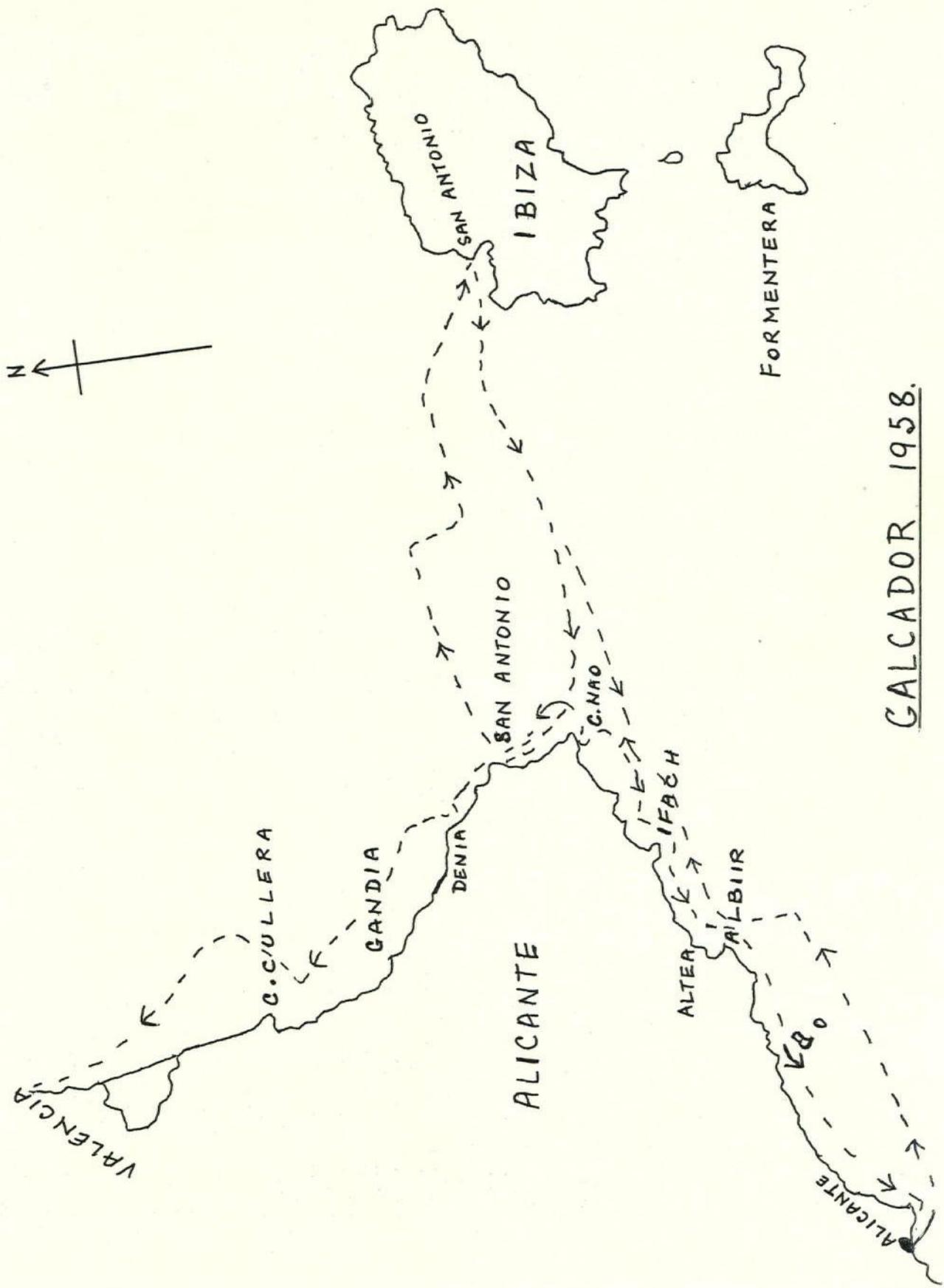
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"GALCADOR"by Clayton Love.

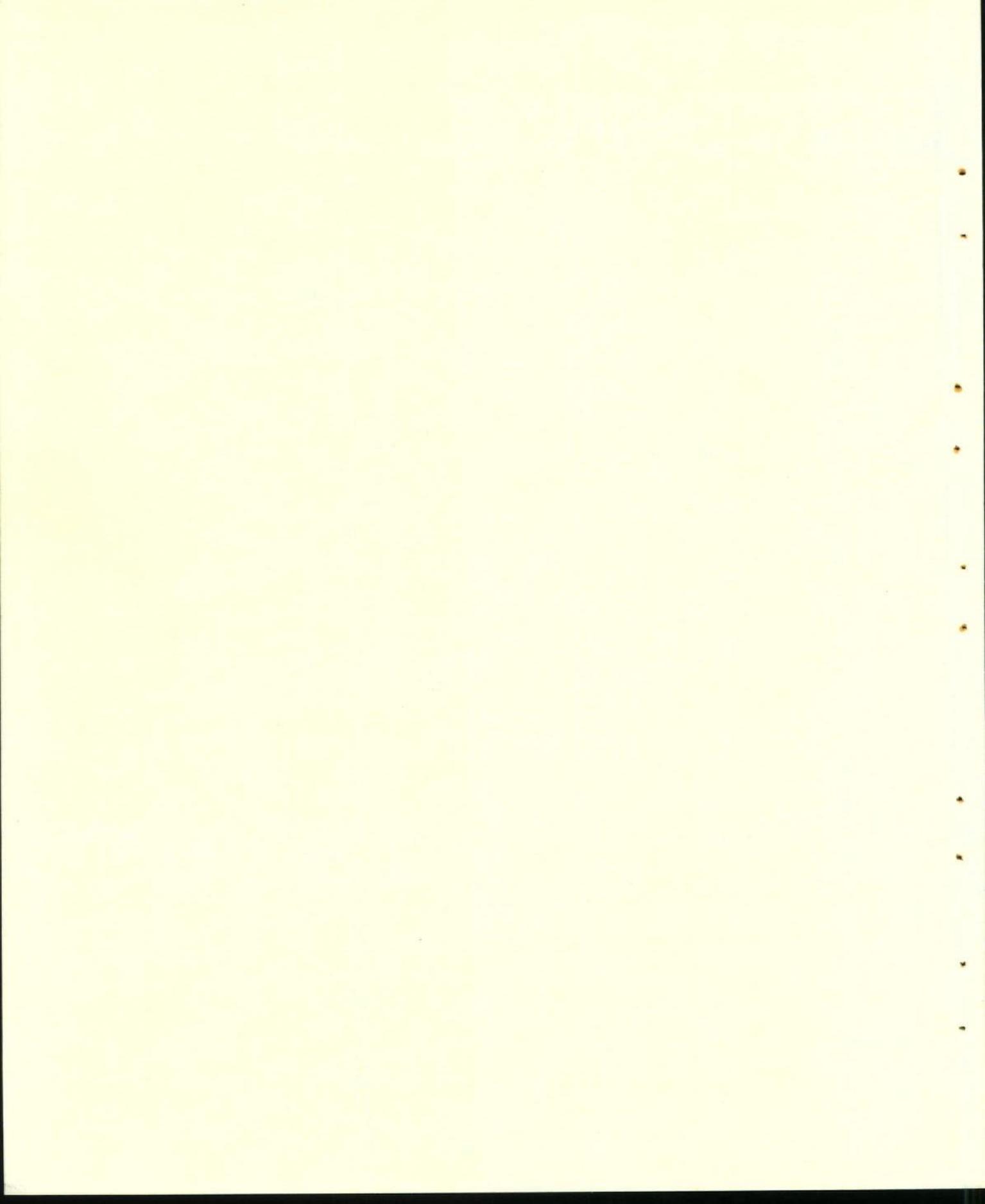
Our log this year is an unexciting one. Paradox is no stranger to yachting circles but it must be rare that the paradox of installing a new engine should be the instrument of delay, curtailment and frustrated intention none of which in themselves, of course, are strangers to the sailing members of Society if such strange beings can really belong.

We laid up in Ibiza last November and having made an exchange plus cash deal for a new auxiliary we had to agree with the local Customs Authorities to remove and ship to England the old engine before they would permit the importation of the new one - duty free - this task was completed to everyone's satisfaction and the Agent at Ibiza gave us the go ahead to ship out the new one which set out on its voyage to the Mediterranean in the hold of a McAndrews steamer in March, 1958. Five days was the delivery advice but some handy fellow tacked two contradictory labels to the case enclosing our treasure, one bearing the advice, Yacht Galcador, Club Nautico, Ibiza, Palma, the other differing only by the insertion of the word via Palma. The Bill of Lading to make confusion doubly "clear" called for delivery to Palma only. At this stage the Customs Authorities at Palma decided that the engine was consigned to Palma where no licence to import existed, and despite the sworn declaration of the Chief of Customs at Ibiza that we were in possession of the licence; a studied indifference to the very existence of that island broke out 60 miles east of it, and all but another civil war in Spain resulted from our innocent efforts to import a new engine. So that when we arrived out there in April all we had was an engine incarcerated in Palma 60 miles from where we were, and an empty hole on board where the engine should be. So the first leg of the cruise, ambitiously planned months ahead resolved itself into cruising a small section of the South East corner of Ibiza in the dinghy with the outboard for a couple of weeks during which time our life divided itself up into about three equal parts of swimming, eating and sleeping with intervals of reviving and disappearing hopes of an arriving engine. We subsequently left the hole in the boat and the engine in Palma. Some months after we had left, the two islands settled their differences and our auxiliary arrived, in the first weeks of August, five days successfully grown into five months.

We had planned a most ambitious cruise this year and were all equipped with the additional charts and sailing directions we felt would be necessary. We had hoped, weather permitting, to make a leg of it from Ibiza to Algeciras, Gibraltar and Tangier and thence to the Canaries between April and May, leaving her there under the care of Hayzus when I would rejoin in August and make it North again for Algeciras to spend a few days with a



GALCADOR 1958.



friend who roughs it in a house that looks out over the Straits and then addle along the coast eastwards by way of Malaga, Cartagena, Alicante, Valencia, Barcelona and eventually to Arenys de Mar where she now is. Without an auxiliary this had to be abandoned and the time was spent in Ireland and thereabouts instead, so now you know who to blame for the delightful weather we had during this period. The disappointment weathered, we returned to Ibiza and rejoined Galcador on 1st September full of fight and raring to go, feeling that our troubles and disappointments were now over. We left Ibiza at 13.30 in the afternoon of September 4th with the wind from S/W and a smooth sea. We motored the $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the mole head to the Ahorcados Passage, a S.S.W. course and rounding the light to starboard brought the wind abeam. So dressed in our best we bore away for Lentrica 8 miles N.W. of us. We rounded it at 16.55 and brought her on a broad reach for the Ahorcados Passage between Cabo Jueu and Vearawell Isles on a more northerly coast to clear the off lying rock Elmateret about four cables north and east of it. With Juea rounded we brought the wind well astern on a more northerly course, and set the small spinnaker which we carried to the light on Conejera and rounded it at 18.20. Dousing the spinnaker we bowled across the 4 miles to the entrance of the Harbour at San Antonio on a close reach. This was our first time here and we were pleasantly surprised. There is plenty of water, a large high mole, it is very little used leaving lots of room and it is very, very, beautiful. Although Ibiza has not much to offer in the way of fresh meat and indeed fish, despite its geographical position, before leaving we had been fortunate enough to come upon a small leg of very young pork with part of the loin attached. It roasted very deliciously and left quite some tasty bones for the two dogs on the large motor yacht Amazonia that lay alongside us, but when Heidi handed them to Hayzus for delivery to the dogs we were informed that there was far too much meat on them for "Peros" whereupon he set to and left only the barest of bare bones; when he was asked didn't he like dogs, he said of course he did, very much, but much more he liked Hayzus. We marketed the following day in San Antonio. There is no market here like at Ibiza, only shops, and although we were rather late, we did quite well except for the same fresh meat problem, but everything else is very plentiful, very fresh and cheap and when we got back on board Galcador, Hayzus had done his own marketing with a fishing boat which provided a few dozen Gambas (a very large Mediterranean shrimp) which we cooked fresh from the sea later in the day on our way to the mainland. Thrown in the pan complete in their shell with plenty of pepper, a little salt and rough chopped parsley, taken on deck you dehead and suck the contents then peel the tail and eat it - what a meal - and what a wash-up, 3 plates one pan, that's all.

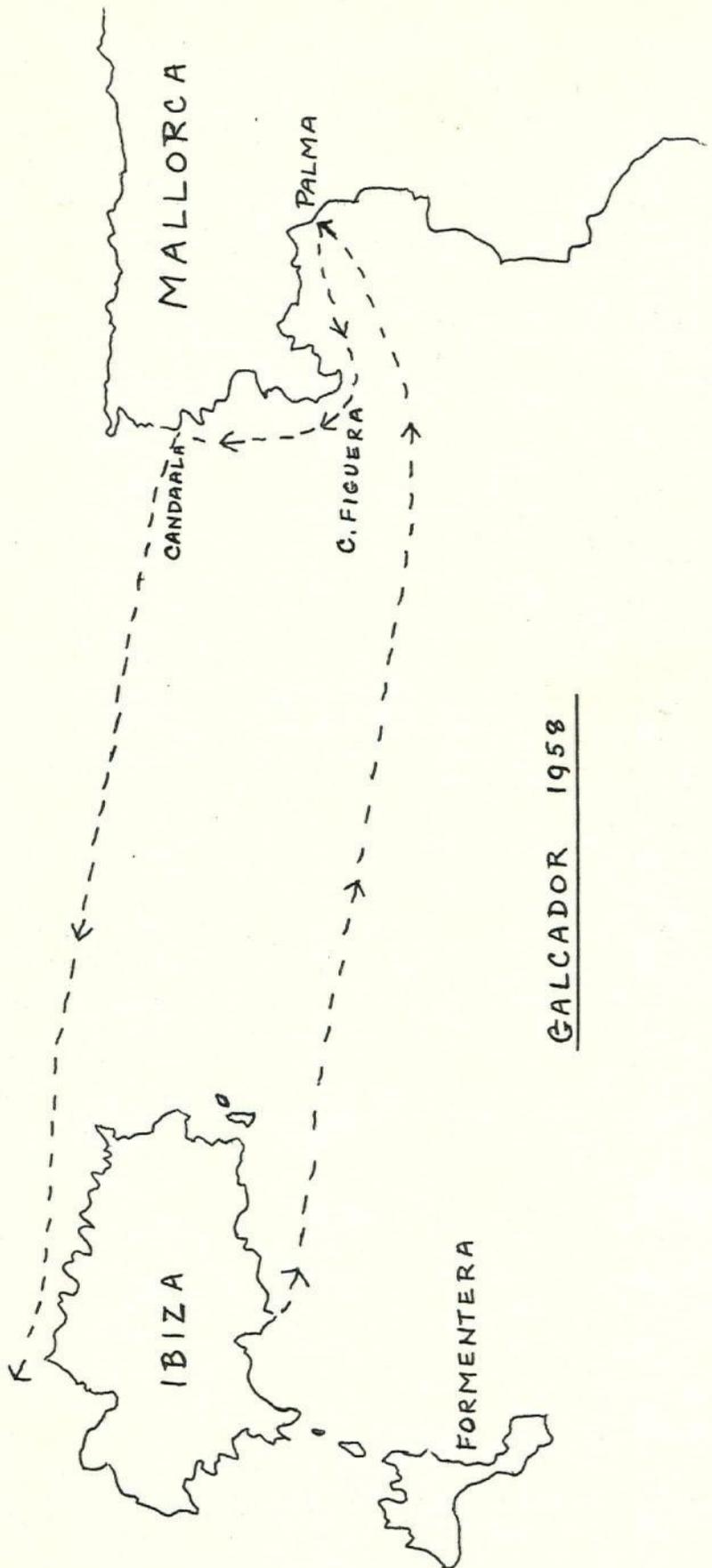
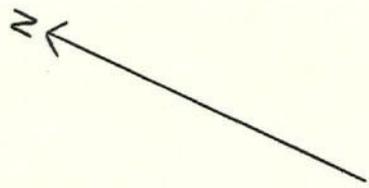
It's a hell of a thing to be always arriving in the dark, but it's great for following the civilized custom of going to bed early every morning and getting up at crack of noon so we sailed, again from San Antonio, at the reasonable time of 13.00 hrs., and 40 minutes later took our departure from the light on Conejer for Altea on a course of 240 for Cabo Albir and with the wind again about S.S.W. it suited us fine. However, as the day wore on it followed the sun around and headed us a little north of our course, so that we finally fetched up to the land between Cabo Toix and Punta D'Ifach about $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles north of Altea. Here we got the night breeze coming down off the high land and fetched away for Altea. It was a very dark night and the light on Albir was most indistinct. We discovered the following day that it was out of order and as we were well in under D'Ifach we could not see Cabo Nao north of us. We would have found it very difficult to find our way into Altea if we had not been there before. During this passage the log records show that at 17.50 the tanker Esscacogne of Le Havre passed us on a north easterly course so close that we nearly got the fender out while the crew from the bridge to the poop deck in the best French tradition waved and Hayzus "galicially" (Hayzus is from Galicia in Spain - as important as being from Cork in Ireland) swore it was to the Senora they were waving, which made the Senora very happy. Shortly afterwards she suffered some competition when we were boarded by a bird which made the skipper and Hayzus very happy to find the Irish and the Spanish preferred by the bird. Maybe it thought the French too fast. This making two of the sex on board evened things up a bit. Up to now Heidi had had one half of the proverb her way - two men, one woman, flattery; two women, one man - famine. About 30 miles off and getting on for 7 o'clock and night time a lone bird appeared it seemed from nowhere. A young Gaviota. It began by circling us making intermittent darts on board and it soon became obvious that we were being inspected although for what reason it was not yet clear. After a little while it decided to come into land, and using the main boom as a runway it made its first landing. The swaying movement of the boom was not very much to the Gaviota's liking and after a few Chaplinesque efforts at the balancing act it took off again and after another circuit of Galcador, but this time flying inboard and head high, it landed in the main boom again but touching down ever so lightly and using its wings all the time to hold its balance again took off but this time it flew up and down about 4 to 6 feet over the deck to windward and turning just over the doghouse landed near the end of the boom so that Hayzus who was at the wheel at the time was able to reach up and take it in his hand. Heidi the meanwhile taking a cine camera record of the performance. We were surprised to note that it made no protest; it must have been dog tired or bird tired and when Hayzus found a "kennel" for it, it accepted quite willingly. Immediately abaft of and adjoining the cockpit is a continuing piece which forms a three-sided shelter about 4" high at the fore-end and tapering off to about $2\frac{1}{2}$ ". The whole being roughly 8" square and in this it settled down but although it refused to eat remained there for the rest of the voyage quite at home allowing its head to be stroked and

back rubbed just like a pet dog or cat. We carried our Gaviota the whole way to Altea and it never once left its "kennel". We arrived and tied up at Altea shortly after midnight and the Gaviota never once moved despite the bustle on deck of stowing and mooring, and was still there until the new day came our way, but eventually took off when several of his own kind appeared overhead and joined them. Hayzus seemed quite disturbed by the manners of a Spanish Gaviota, but we assured him that our northern birds were quite capable of giving the bird in like manner, and there is certainly no foundation for the rumour that it was a love bird - Ben Banner please note.

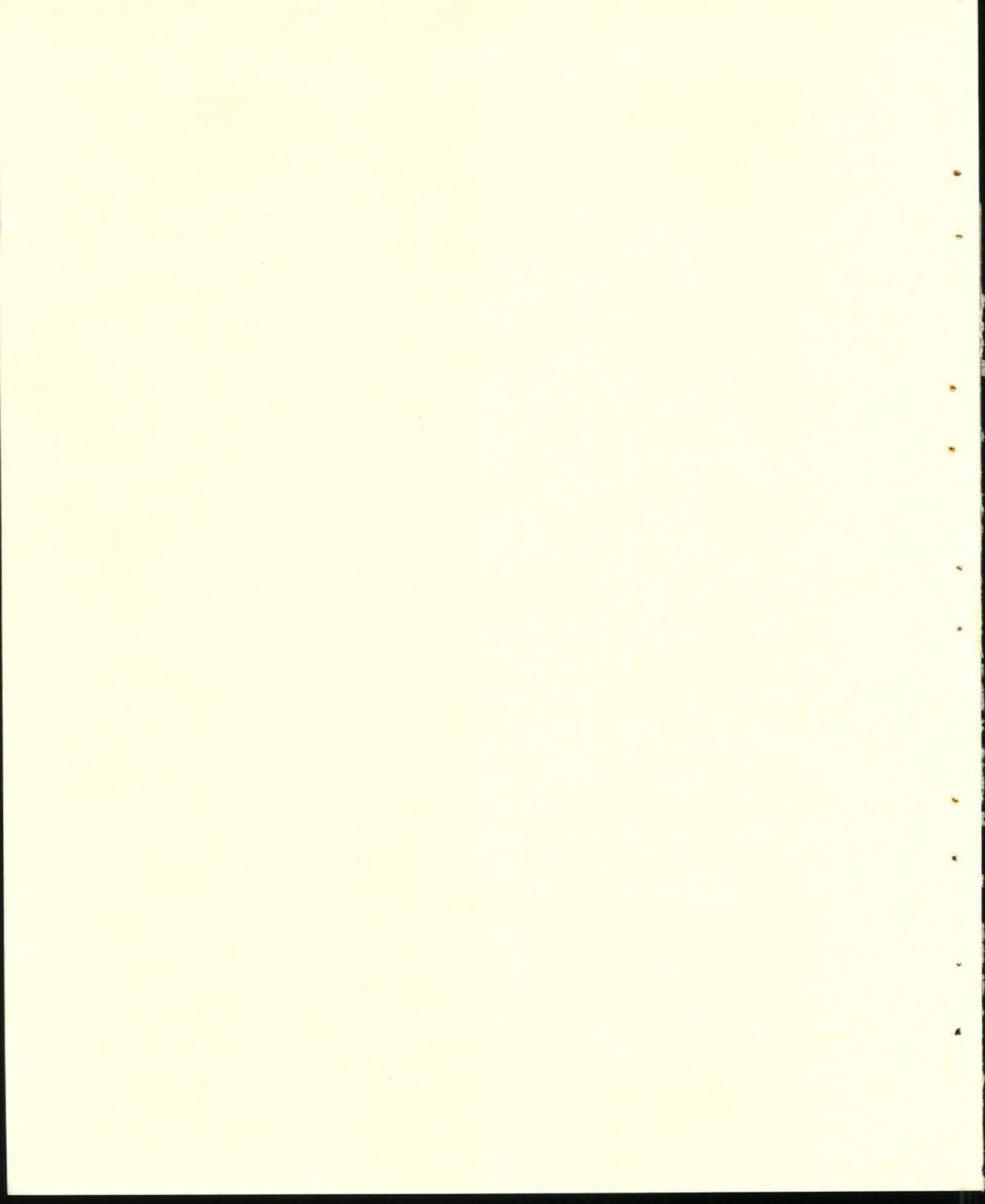
On Saturday we made sail under ideal conditions for Alicante having left word with Miguel the Patron of the Hotel Sol y Mar on the strand that fronts the inside of the harbour with whom the Kosars were going to leave their car while they cruised with us. Alicante for our money is one of the most delightful cities imaginable. The superb harbour with spotless berth in front of the Naval Commandancia fronted by a promenade of Mosaic pathways and palm trees, a glorious climate and fine blend of Spanish moorishness about the size of Cork with some splendid modern hotels so designed as not to obtrude into the well preserved architecture of an older day. A city well in character. Its restaurants are second to none, its shops and arcades attractive and well stocked and one of the finest markets in Spain where prices are very reasonable. No great hardship to spend a weekend here and meet old friends at Las Vegas with its handy bar lunch counters and its sophisticated restaurants indoor or out as you choose five minutes walk from Galcador. One jarring note, why do women when they have it, and Spanish women certainly have it, want to hide it in a sack. Would somebody tell the Alicantinesses that a sack is for hiding what you have not got. And what has this got to do with a Yacht's log? Lets call it an observation. If you will bear with us, towards the end of this log, you will find our epilogue.

On Sunday the Kosars arrived and late the same night drove back to Altea to await our arrival there on Tuesday. The harbour at Altea is formed by two moles, the one running at approximately right angles to the town close S/W. of it. The other N/W. is unused for mooring purposes because of the shoal waters, but we have long intended to try it because there is very little room at the other side when the fishing-fleet is in, so we examined it two years ago in the dinghy and sounded with a lead, and with care in certain spots it was a possibility. So on arrival this time we decided to try for it and found plenty of water close to the mole and quite a bit outside us, but with the Galcador herself we found a hump around the top of which we spun and finally had to away dinghy. With our own keafe, a friend's motor-boat and

our own engine we finally got off and settled once again for a berth on the side we knew. The Kosars meanwhile filming the performance. That night we were hosted at the Hotel Sol y Mar, and the following morning supplemented our Alicante stores with a top up from Altea, where excellent foodstuffs are also available. We left Altea on Wednesday, September 10th, our crew now augmented by the Kosars, their first time on board; at once let us say, we hope not the last; nobody could wish for better ship's company, and this is said and emphasised after three weeks on board, living in a small space. Both Heddi and Bruno are cine camera enthusiasts and the coast from Altea to Calpe is very beautiful, and steep too, as we motored close to, along Altea bay to Cabo Toix, and thence to Calpe where we entered the little fishing harbour, sheltering under the Penyon of Ifach, we didn't tie up, as we only wanted to photograph it, and then proceed on our way to San Antonio, we continued our rock crawl, north to Cabo Nao, for the convenience of the photographers, but coming up to Nao, we began to get the smell of a light levante, and when we rounded the cape, it was quite fresh from the East, so we put the main on her, and lay away for Javea, there we ran inside the small but cosy harbour, dropped anchor and lunched on deck. Javea incidentally is a well known beauty spot. We left Javea at 15.50 and took our departure for Puerto San Antonio on the mainland about 45 miles from the harbour of Javea. The log lists our departure hour as 16.05 with the wind in the east about force 5. We stood away on the Starboard tack, about 11 degrees north of our desired rhumb line, until 21.00 hours, during which time we had logged 26 miles, when we put about on the port tack on a course of 125 degrees, this we only held for an hour as the wind began to move into the North. So round again at 22.15 and with the northerly wind shift, it looked as if from our estimated Drp., we ought to fetch up not more than 4 miles off the light on Conejera, our landfall for the harbour of San Antonio. Actually as the wind continued to go more into the North, we brought Bleda Mayor to our west and a little south of it abeam at 01.50, we estimated about $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles, which should put us not more than a couple of miles North of Conejera, and now were able to free her without fear of getting too leeward of the islands, and we finally tied up stern to inside the mole, to landward of the Motor Yacht Amazonia, who kindly turned on her searchlight for us. Bruno who is an expert about engines, as I am ignorant of them - another Billy Murphy - was not at all satisfied with our new one despite a check over at Alicante by the accredited agents, and we telephoned the engineer at Ibiza, who installed it. He came across the island by road, but said there was nothing he could do here, so would we bring the boat to Ibiza, where his workshop is. We arranged to do this on the Monday, as we wanted a day in San Antonio and a day's sailing on Sunday to the lovely bays between Punta Embarcado and Cabo Bedella. Sunday was a special day, cloudless sky, a steady whisper of a wind that kept all our three sails sleeping, from San Antonio to the Bays, where we were boarded by a merman and his mermaid, and inveigled aboard their yacht for 'one', dinghying was banned, so we 'walked' the waters back to ours for another 'one'. This accomplished we returned to San Antonio for the night and sailed the next day to Ibiza, a most



GALCADOR 1958



leisurely passage that brought us into the harbour about ten o'clock the same night. After a few more days in port we sailed again on Thursday night for Palma. A calm night, we motored off for half an hour, when the engine gave us more trouble. Disappointment was now turning to frustration, with a sigh for the old reliable that had been sent home. I made a vow not to be defeated, the wind was fair, if very light for a passage to Tagomago on the South East corner of the island and if it continued in the South West from whence it had come steady for some days now, it would serve us well for Palma. Morning saw us off Tagomago and we breakfasted on the way; fair enough, the wind came from the S.W., still very light but suitable and we went peacefully on our way. We were within about ten miles of Cabo Figueras, the South West corner of Mallorca at eight o'clock on Friday night, with the wind very light and had ideas of going to Andraitz where there is a splendid harbour, or the bay of Magaluf to anchor for the night, but the weather was so delightful, that we finally decided to go on to Palma. We had incidentally no chance of using the engine because of a blown cylinder head gasket, so we sailed her, or should I say ghosted her to our berth at the Club Nautico where we tied up at 3.15 on Saturday morning, having averaged about 2 miles an hour, some going in the jet age. But who is in a hurry, the ice held, the beer is good, the brandy better, plenty of food, plenty of sun, temperature at night same as by day, sea swimmable in at any time, to hell with that engine. We spent several days in Palma, where we have many old friends, and I won't tell you any more; there is no need to, when everybody in Ireland has been there now. We sailed from there for our rendezvous with the Bublays, in lovely Magaluf bay; a night there and we are on our way once more, again for Puerto San Antonio; but this time direct along the North Coast, a passage without incident, except that we must have gone through a school of flying fish during the night because we found one on the deck in the morning which we rough cured and brought home. We will continue to wonder during whose watch? Having left Magaluf the morning after the night before, we motored South around Figueras, and then North and West to Andraitz, where we went in, dropped anchor and had lunch. Andraitz must be one of the cleanest and most peaceful of yacht ports, easy to enter, no dangers off lying, well buoyed, and stacks of water. We left it in the afternoon, Saturday, September 26th, on a course of 254 degrees to bring us up about 2 miles off the North East corner of Ibiza. The wind served us well, and we were able to follow our nose along our rhumb line and cover the $46\frac{1}{2}$ miles, to a couple of miles off Punt Mascarte. In just under eight hours, we had Tagomago (the only light on the east side of the Island of Ibiza) bearing abeam $10\frac{1}{2}$ miles due South of us, an hour later we had shut it out, bringing Moscarte between it and us, with about another 20 miles to go for San Antonio, where we arrived again in the small hours. This time it was a

little more tricky, as the place was full of fishing boats from the mainland, departing for the fishing grounds; however, when they were gone, we had plenty of room and lots of peace. As we were committed to have the Kosars back on the mainland, so that they could leave from Altea in their car not later than October 1st. we provisioned and left on Monday with a slashing fair wind, and when we fetched up to Conjera under main, mizen and No. 2 reaching staysail, it became clear that the wind direction favoured a close reach for Cabo Nao, and course was ruled accordingly; in $5\frac{1}{2}$ hours we had covered 41, but during the last hour the wind had been strengthening and heading us from the west, so that we had to lay away from Cabo Nao; this didn't really matter as it was now blowing about force 7 and it would be senseless to round the Cape into the full force of it. We were passed by the Greek liner Olympia, a blaze of light, first time we had seen her since she ceased to run the North Atlantic. The wind was not heading us, very much, so we changed the reaching staysail for the working staysail, and the main for the trysail and only just in time, as Hayzus went forward to change the staysail it blew out of the clew, and almost as soon as he got the working staysail on her it followed suit, by splitting a cloth. I had now decided to lay her away for Cabo San Antonio about N.N.W. of us and to harbour for the night in Javea. We would be very snug there and we had been there only a couple of weeks back so knew our way around. We dropped the hook about midnight and as it was still blowing strong from the S.W. the following day, the Kosars decided to take a taxi to Altea for their car particularly as Heidi had earlier developed an ear infection which troubled her considerably the night before and she could avail of the services of a specialist at Altea. We were bound north anyway and as it continued to blow from the S.W. the official weather forecast that day said force 8; once we were west of Cabo Nao we had the full shelter of the land. It was finally decided that the Kosars and Heidi would go on to Alicante and would then motor to Denia 5 miles north of Javea where Hayzus and I would take Galcador because it is a fairly large commercial harbour safe in any weather and they would join us that night. This accomplished we bedded down and rose early next morning to bid, with considerable regret, goodbye to the two fine shipmates, until next year. Later that day after provisioning we sailed for Valencia and had an uncomfortable passage; no sea to speak of but a dirty, blustery strong wind coming down off the high mountains. We tied up to the fruit dock at Valencia and when we woke the following morning discovered that a ship had docked right astern of us and imagine our pleasant surprise when we saw the Cunard house flag fluttering in the breeze; our's was up in a jiffy and before very long courtesies were being exchanged between Galcador and "Phrygia". We were given lunch aboard the latter and that night were joined in the Galcador saloon by the Captain and mate, all of which made Hayzus very proud and very happy. There is

little else to say; to all intents this marked the end of fifty eight's cruising; nothing remained except to get her to her Winter quarters. This has been accomplished with the aid of a moderate levante and she now lies moored stern to the Club at Arenys de Mar about 20 miles N.N.E. of Barcelona, but before we close we have a promise to keep:-

"AN OBSERVATION"

(And a fix on a horizontal Sack)

Take a horizontal observation of a sack,
The dead marines inside are on their back,
In a calm they will not cool nor sooth you
in a lap,

For they'r empty now of Paddy, Paddy's Gin
and Ginger Pop,

Take a vertical observation of a sack,
And now we're getting back upon our track,
Into the dinghy take a mighty awful hop,

For they're full again of Paddy, Paddy's
Gin and Ginger Pop,

To the circulating officer we apologise -
of Severen -
She's too fast for the French we met herein,
And only for this - if - upon her back,
Sure she'd have it much more often in the sack.

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CRUISE ARANDORA - JULY '58

Crew: Dr. Gerald Shepherd, Michael Maguire, James Mulhern.

Helmsman: Desmond Bradley.

The plans for going to the Clyde were formulated at the end of '57 sailing season. The enthusiasm was started by the Royal Alfreds Yacht Club's centenary week, for Peter Odlum had managed to persuade three of the 8 metre cruiser racers, Sonda, Tinto and Nan, to race as a class with Namhara in Dublin. Therefore when the suggestion that a return visit should be made by the Dublin Bay 24's, the response was magnificent for Vandra, Euphazel, Zephra and Arandora all decided to accept the invitation.

The Irish Cruising Club announced that there would be a race up the Clyde, but although there were seven prospective starters, it dwindled down to two boats.

Ian Morrison's Vanja and Arandora. Some of the other entrants considered that the British Navy's hospitality at an opening reception for Clyde week was not to be missed.

From the outset it was a gentleman's race; we would start from Howth, and we agreed our own time of departure. The winning boat would stand a dinner to the loser.

We were to be away from Friday June 27th to Monday July 14th, and as we had made plans to cruise points North after Clyde week; Arandora was duly stowed with all necessary cruising and racing equipment.

Weather for a sailing holiday is seldom ideal, but in spite of our lack of wind en route to the Clyde, we were blessed with abundant sunshine.

The lists of essentials for a cruise are always most comprehensive, and with all our planning we thought we had covered everything - but no - and who would have imagined it was necessary with our summer - we omitted sun-tan lotion!

One of our company had recently returned from a fortnight's respite on the French Riviera, and having acquired a tan, intended at all costs to retain it with a well known French lotion. In spite of our ardent pleas this commodity was not to be shared, so we resorted to engine grease.

Two of the crew had attended the navigation course in the Irish Nautical College under the able guidance of

Capt. Walsh, and as a third member was a seasoned navigator we reckoned we would find our way.

We started from Howth at 19.30 hrs. wind N.W. force 2; Ireland's Eye was to be left to starboard, (the only mark on the course) and to cross a finishing line at Hunter's Quay.

Vanja crossed the line just ahead of us, but at the start the light airs were to her advantage, and at 21.30 we were becalmed 1 mile N. of Ireland's Eye. In shore Vanja ghosted along and she was shortly to be out of sight for the rest of the race; she left Lambay to Port while we decided to try for off shore breezes by leaving it to starboard.

We had decided on four hour watches, so we changed at midnight, but the wind was very light and at 2.0 a.m. we were abeam of Rockabill with spinnaker set.

At this stage there were no bounds to our enthusiasm, and the spinnaker seemed to go up and down, and gybe at the least provocation, but for all our hard work, we had only logged 35 after twelve hours racing.

It was then we realised the real difficulty of remembering to listen to the weather forecast. All too often we had just missed it. An alarm clock would be a benefit to any cruise.

All day the wind was very light and variable and at times even steerage was impossible, but to compensate sun bathing was not. About 15.00 Slieve Donard was visible through heat haze, and with the Barometer rising, we continued on our course now averaging 4 knots. 16.00 hours the decks were littered with bedding, clothing and bodies, no land in sight.

Then at 18.00 we sighted the Old South Rock Lighthouse and our course was duly plotted. The crew had agreed that unless we had logged 100 within 24 hours we should put on the engine. However after the glorious weather and a magnificent salmon, supplied to us by Mrs. Knox-Gore, the owner's wife, we viewed the matter very casually when only 72 could be read on the log. Arandora has a reputation to be maintained, of being the best fed crew in Dublin Bay and the race and cruise were to be no exception!

Fog approaching from the South at 19.00, the crew clad themselves in oilskins, but it disappeared as quickly as it had come. At last Scotland sighted at 21.30 and we checked our course, the ridge of high pressure was changing and the glass fell, but we had logged 84.

Now sailing past the Scottish coast at 6 knots with S.W. force 5, and a favourable 2 knot tide. We clearly picked out Portpatrick and Killantriggan, and raced on to Corsewall Lt., at 01.00 on Sunday and then entered the Firth of Clyde.

Still no sign of any other yacht, let alone our competitor, and we passed Ailsa Craig to Port at 03.15. The visibility was good, and the breeze held until Pladda Lt. was abeam at 04.00 log 122.

With little or no wind we considered anchoring off Holy Isle; there seemed to be a "devilish" current coming from behind the island, and we began to drift, but after 6 hours of contemplation, yes, even meditation a faint air brought us on towards Great Cumbrae.

Heat haze restricted visibility, but at noon after 40 hours at sea we had logged 140, and were already thoroughly enjoying our holiday; with this weather it did not really matter if we ever reached Hunter's Quay.

We sighted our first Paddle Steamer "Jeannie Dean", and we were at one time in danger of being in contact with a submarine, but more to the point we saw our first sight of other sails - but not Vanja's; could it be we were ahead?

We overtook several yachts, which we subsequently ascertained had raced over from Northern Ireland.

Off Largs at 16.00 we were again becalmed but eventually we caught a following breeze and with spinnaker set we approached Clock Lighthouse, which was abeam at 20.00 and then our goal was in sight. We triumphantly crossed the imaginary finishing line, when we saw the owner and his wife rowing to greet us.

To our dismay we learnt that Vanja had arrived five hours ahead, and had thus saved her time. However no hard feelings; we were looking forward to the loser's consolation prize, and we now formally thank Ian Morrison for a truly enjoyable dinner.

This account really deals with the Arandora's cruise, but some mention must be made of the Clyde week racing in which the Dublin Bay 24s competed, in the under 27' water line class. The number of starters in this class averaged eleven. The weather varied from flat calm to a blowy day with wind force 6 to 7 which seemed to suit Arandora.

On the first day's racing at Hunter's Quay there was a flat calm at the start and when our starting gun fired the three classes that should have started before us had

still to cross the line. We tried to kedge but were carried over the line by the tide. It took us 50 minutes to recross it. We were lucky later to pick up a light breeze and rejoin the fleet. A great collision occurred at Gourrock on the third day's racing at the start involving five boats in a force six; happily we avoided the debris.

Anyhow, on the week's results Arandora finished second in the class, being beaten by a beautiful ketch of very recent design, an 8 ton cruiser Navara by Fife's of Fairley which had a considerable time allowance.

The week's racing through steamers was thoroughly enjoyed by every one and the weather was wonderful compared to what was reported from other parts of the country.

On the Sunday after Clyde Week we planned to call at Rhu, on our way to Largs for the special Royal Command Regatta, on the occasion of the Queen's visit. We had the greatest difficulty in getting bread and only got it through the good offices of Stuart Black, the head of the firm of sail makers, John Mackensie & Son of Sandbank.

After a considerable delay James finally returned with the bread and we set off for Rhu. On board we had the Skipper and crew members of the "Caitriona", a Loch Boat based at Rhu which was being sailed up later by David and Niall MacIntosh. This was a glorious sunny day and there was Nivea all over the deck, counter, cabin togs and cockpit. Bodies were sprawled in corresponding places. It was pleasant to see, without the strain of battle, some of the marks and buoys which had been targets for us during the previous weeks' racing.

A big black schooner named "The Falcon" passed us with what appeared to be a pirate crew going in the direction of Hunters Quay and we were told at the time that they would probably be in Dublin later in the season. This however did not come to pass.

Just beyond Helensborough we filled our water tanks at a jetty on the north eastern side of the Loch and safely negotiated the tricky entrance to a moorings off the Royal Northeran. We sailed from there about six, down to Largs where we arrived at midnight.

LARGS TO TOBERMORY

From Largs to Ardreserg was a peaceful passage interspersed with periods of light airs. Passing Rothesay we noticed quite a number of laid-up cargo vessels. We had previously noted similar types laid-up on the Clyde - surely a sign of the times.

Through the Kyles of Bute with a 2-knot tide in our favour, navigation was not made any easier by the presence of unlighted buoys and others not the colour indicated in our out-of-date Cruising Landbook. (It might be of advantage to suggest that the Irish Cruising Club should advise the new address from which copies of the Clyde Cruising Club's Guide may be obtained).

During the night we were passed by a Tubby Craft which was afterwards to be our travelling companion for several days - this was the "Fraoch Geal" - a chartered boat for holiday cruises. They arrived before us at Ardrissaig and greeted us when we finally arrived.

Having restocked our supplies we went through the locks side by side but, as they had the advantage of a reverse gear, we found the sea-anchor of tremendous value.

To add some variety to our venture, we decided to use our sails on one of the stretches of the canal and had great difficulty in preventing Arandora from ramming the lock gates.

Shortly after this, the police hailed the Skipper of our travelling companion, "An Fraoch Geal" and after some time we noticed one of their crew members was taken away by them. We immediately thought of Alfred Hinds and wondered whether he had in fact been holidaying with them. We afterwards learned that there had been an urgent message for the crew member who had been taken off, as his father was seriously ill.

It is quite an experience to meet a puffer on a bend on the canal but we were fortunate in meeting one on a reasonably straight section where we could pass quite easily. At last we arrived at Crinan and, having scrubbed the decks and got our gear in order, we made for the open sea in the wake of "An Fraoch Geal", sailing for Oban.

Having passed Scarba to port, we made passage through the Sound of Loing, then on to Kerrera. Here we were guided by a number of fishing boats, which were returning to Oban and we saw that in every case they hugged the eastern shore at the entrance to the Sound of Kerrera. We sailed within one hundred yards of the cable marker on the shore and afterwards wound our way up the Sound in accordance with the Cruising Club's directions. We were surprised to find no Royal Yacht Club at Oban and we tied up by the side of the steamer jetty. Here again we saw "An Fraoch Geal" but during the early hours of the following morning they left for Tobermory.

We had arranged to meet Brendan Bradley and a friend

of his named Michael at 3 o'clock but they did not arrive until 5.00 and we immediately set sail for Tobermory.

We had a spanking force 5 which enabled us to log six miles in the first hour. We had decided to make a passage through but discovered in good time that there was an apparent line of rocks right across the opening which we thought would have spelled disaster for us had we ventured this earlier plan. We ran into a heavy rain squall at Green Island and, just before reaching Tobermory, our main switch short circuited and caused quite a commotion. All ended well and, on arrival in the harbour, we found a safe anchorage and went in search of provisions once again. We were fortunate in finding a grocer on the front directly facing the harbour entrance and we had a solid meal before joining the crew of "An Fraoch Geal" at a local ceillidhe. To this day, none of our crew has ascertained what the price of admission was to that or any other function we attended.

TOBERMORY - DUN LAOGHAIRE

Arandora left Tobermory at 11.30 next morning, Thursday July 10th, to make the passage home; a great debate having raged as to whether to go direct or via the Crinan Canal, we decided to try to make it direct. We had been warned of the horror of the Gulf of Corrievreckan and how we could be storm bound at Port Ellan or Port Askaig for days if not at Cambelltown. The desire to cover new ground and also, crew members will read here, to save £3 odd, made us attempt the direct passage. We had failed to get milk as the milk steamer had not arrived from the mainland, a point which brought home to us the isolation and dependence of these people of Mull upon the mainland. We set off down the Sound, leaving the very picturesque village with its lovely wooded setting and black and white water front astern in a force 2 - 3 westerly, repairs to the punt being carried out on the foredeck. In the Sound, nature in all its forms makes interesting contrasts. Gaunt rocky highlands in the distance, gently wooded hills, green pastures, sparse hilly farmland, bogs and slob land and, at the Oban end of the Sound, Daunt Castle rising bleakly forbidding from the moorland.

The wind dropped and at 1420 had shifted and we spent the afternoon and evening beating or motoring alternately down the Firth of Lorne towards Port Askaig which was our planned port of call and overnight anchorage. We watched first the Garvellachs, then Colonsay and last Rudha Mhail Lighthouse on the Isle of Islay grow from a speck on the horizon and disappear astern, each one in turn seeming never to grow really closer until we almost despaired of ever reaching Islay that night. All the time the wind was light and adverse or non-existent and the horizon bare save twice, once when a yacht passed in the distance - sailing for Oban

it seemed - and again when a destroyer appeared to sail in to the Gulf of Corrievrechan and disappear from view. The engine was very temperamental firing only one cylinder, it had not been out of the boat since she was built 10 years ago and had never given trouble, the worst was yet to come.

At 23.30 we entered the Sound of Islay lowered our sails and limped into Port Askaig, anchored some distance from a Steamer, a Puffer lying alongside the wharf. Next morning we found ourselves at Coalila a little distillery village a quarter of a mile up the Sound from Port Askaig. We had taken the two fixed white lights on the wharf from the lights mentioned in our very out of date Clyde Cruising Club Handbook. The people of Coalila were most helpful. A farmer came down from his farm with milk for us when some one telephoned to ask him to, and the Manager of the Distillery showed us over the premises and we left at about 08.55 under engine hoisted sail at 10.50 having finished breakfast. The rest of the day was spent boating in the lightest of breezes drifting endeavouring to repair the engine, which had finally packed in.

At 16.00 hrs. in improving visibility we saw Rathlin Island and the Irish Coast. All hope of reaching our destination, Donaghadee now vanished. Shore leave had been promised and we had had great reports of the flesh pots from one of the crew who had been there before and in his own words "knew it all". The engine was heard distinctly to kick about 17.30, mechanic heard to curse even more distinctly about 17.31. It worked for about 2 hours later in the night before it broke down for the last time. Mutiny at the thought of pleasure missed was stemmed at the rather sobering thought; we always had stout supplies of McEwans Pale Ale in quart bottles, of spending a night in a traffic lane in the middle of the North Channel with navigation lights which could not be described as adequate except for the purposes of meeting the Board of Trade regulations regarding colour and actual possession.

We lay without steerage way or just about with it, all night, a fishing boat just missed us at dusk and at 23.50 a steamer had to alter course sharply to avoid a collision. Early on Saturday, July 12th, Steamers were approaching from three directions, the one from astern altered course.

We got under way about 04.40 in a South Easterly. About 700 making progress South we passed another small cruiser flying the Red Duster, we who are a British Registered ship and when the Skipper is on board wear the Royal Irish Yacht Club defaced Blue Ensign, felt that in view of the day "the Twelfth" the Tricolour was called for, the gesture was acknowledged.

At 8.00 we were becalmed again, more heavy rain with a moderate swell, by 10 o'clock the Tide had turned and we were drifting North on the ebb tide, the watch on duty Gerry and Michael commenced rowing in shore towing Arandora and the sleeping watch the depth by lead was 16 fathoms at 10.45 the anchor was dropped. Michael rowed ashore in the rain for supplies thumbed a lift four miles to the village of Carnlough having already borrowed and punctured the postmistress's bicycle. Returned two hours later, forgiven for the delay as we were still becalmed and more important because we had strawberries and cream. Got under way again at 14.20 all hands having been required to weigh anchor, and just about maintaining steerage way in a favourable tide. During the afternoon the wind was unsteady never strong enough to make more than $2\frac{1}{2}$ knots and the most notable occurrence was that Ballymoss won the Eclipse Stakes by ten lengths according to Raymond Glendenning.

By 19.00 hours the maidens were dead abeam and we were beating into worsening visibility, by 22.30 visibility had lessened to 50 yards and Hunter's Rock buoy had been left astern. The next hour was spent short tacking along the lee shore of Magee Island with the aid of stop watch 10 minutes on one hand 10 minutes on the other hand. The rate progress was very slow; we could not be certain whether we were going forward or backward. The high rocky uniform coast line was impossible to gauge, as visibility was so bad.

Finally at 23.45 we dropped anchor about 100 yards off the lee shore.

"Sunday July 13th. 03.15. Anchor dragging - attempted to get under way, failed, unsuccessful try at rowing against North going tide, raining heavily, dropped anchor again, holding.

04.30. Anchor holding, still raining no wind.

06.00. No wind, rain stopped.

09.00. Wind at last Force 4 North West, up anchor and away South. Barometer had dropped over night from 10.02 to 994 Millibars"

All day we sailed South at a rate, varying with the tide, but averaging about $6\frac{1}{2}$ knots in an ever freshening breeze. At 11.30 the Genoa was replaced by a working jib, a small tear having appeared. A three-masted schooner, a rare and pleasant sight, carrying full sail scudded north like a cloud out to sea.

"12.40. Skullmartin Light Vessel abeam $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles to starboard adverse tide Barometer 996 Wind N.W. 5-6.

14.00. Southrock Lt. Vessel abeam portside 100 yards 7 knots logged since 13.00 hours."

At 16.00 we were abeam St. John's point. By 18.10 the seas had grown larger and the wind was N.W. 6/7 gusting F.8 and we commenced reefing also replacing the fastenings on the luff of the mainsail track slides and on the fastenings at the foot. At 22.00 Rockabill was abeam and the wind had slackened to force 5 and at 23.00 the wind was heading us and we shook the reef. The last log entry of the cruise was made as follows:

Monday, July 14th. 00.30. "Patent Log handed reaching 154 Baily Lt. House abaft abeam beating for Dun Laoghaire. Visibility very good clear stormy sky. Sea choppy, wind light. Mooring picked up 01.30."

At 09.00 the log read 46 and when handed in fifteen and a half hours later, 154 was recorded, so after two days virtually becalmed we had made 108 miles in fifteen and a half hours, and average of near 7 knots, a very satisfying end to the passage and cruise. We calculated that including the racing on the Clyde we sailed about 800 miles.

This cruise was certainly very memorable to all of us, but we were all very conscious of the kindness and generosity of our owner and Skipper, Col. W. S. Knox-Gore. His foresight and planning made the preparation and continuance of the cruise so successful. We also wholeheartedly thank Mrs. Knox-Gore, who on every occasion greeted us with her cheerful remarks and supplied fresh provisions for the galley. To them we owe and all offer our hearty thanks.

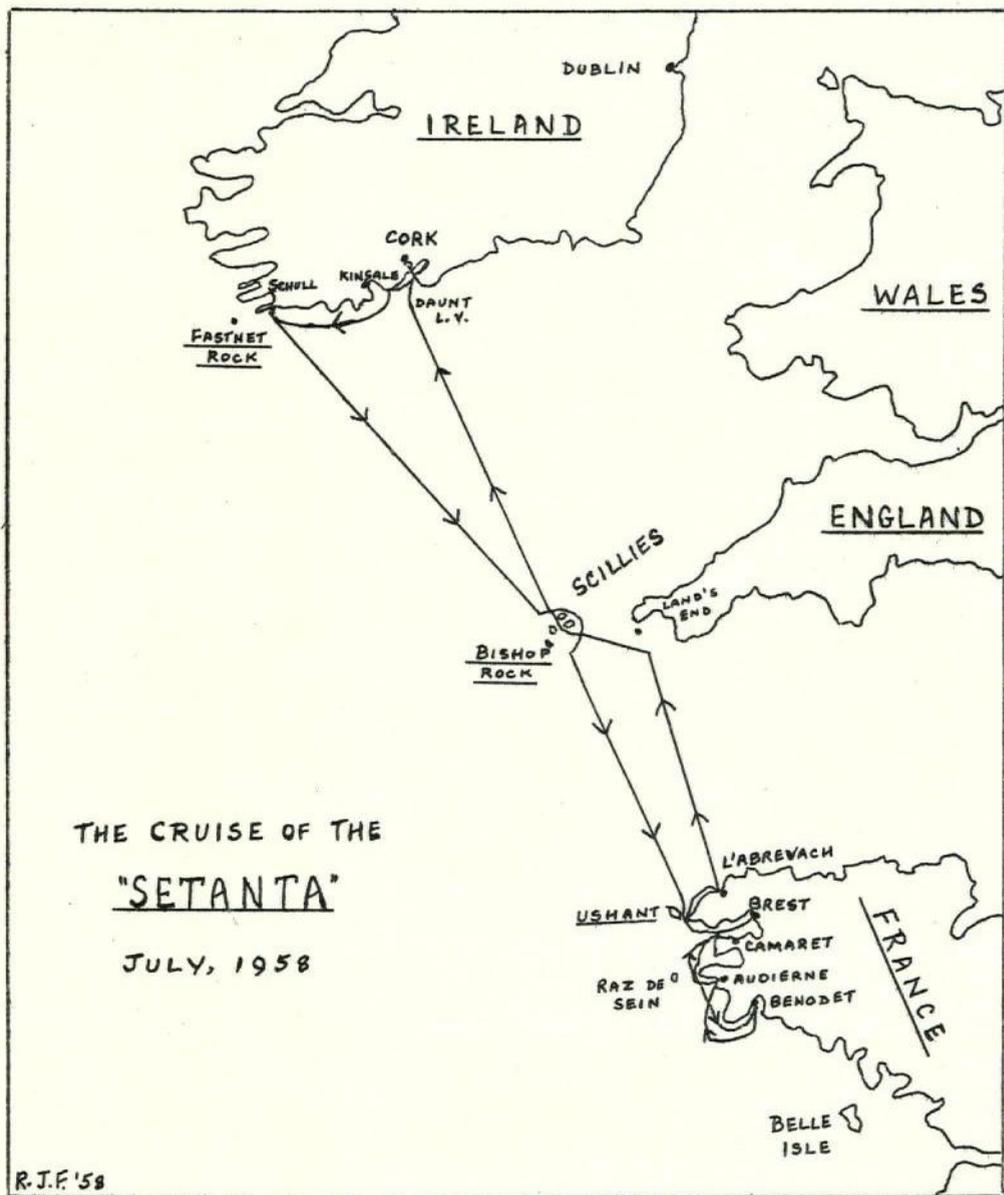
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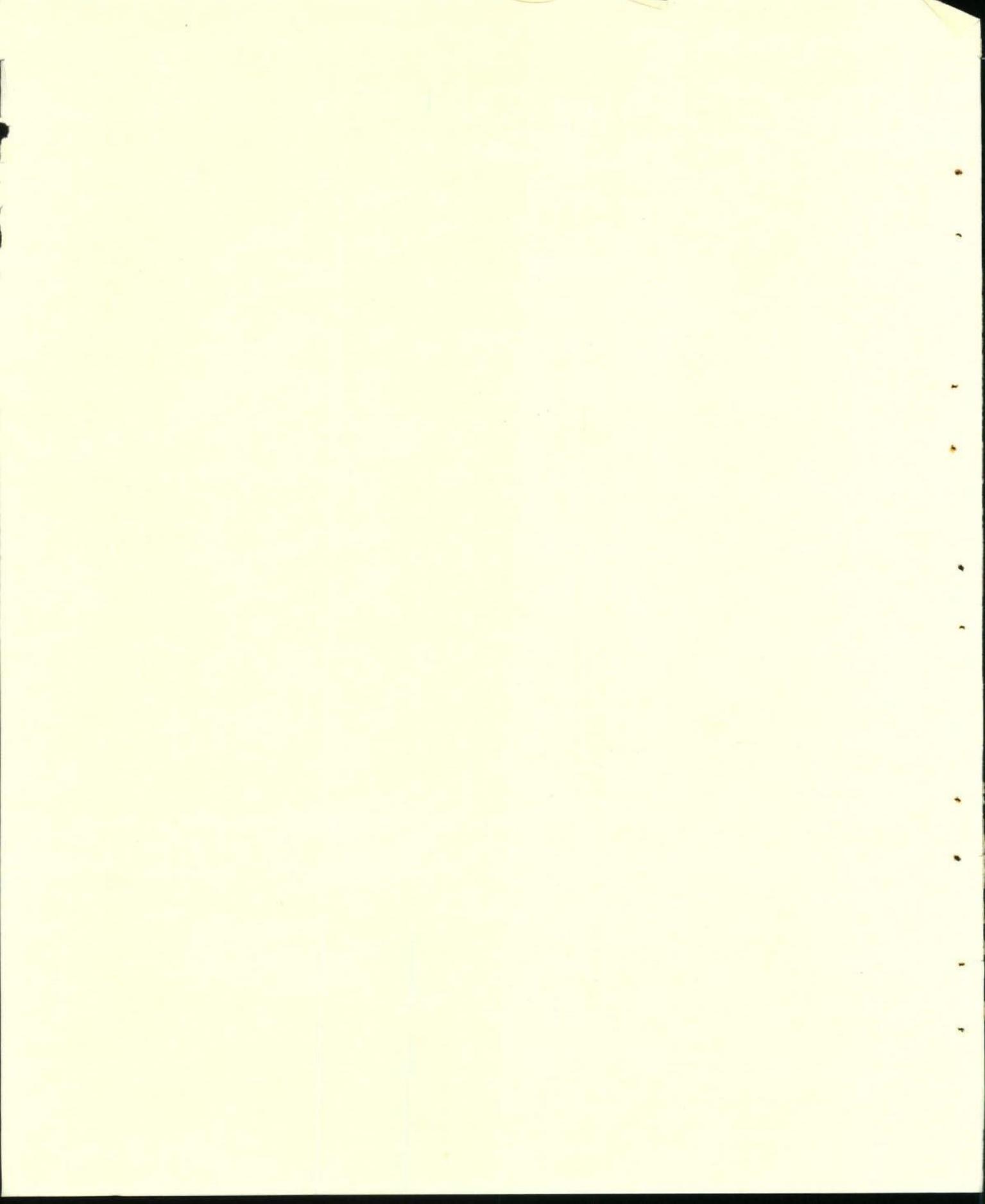
SETANTA'S CRUISE TO BRITTANY - JULY 1958

CORK to BREST via BENODET - By R. J. Fielding.

Sunday 29th June, 11.00 hrs. found Setanta's crew:
 Fred Cudmore - Owner-skipper, and this year's Commodore,
 Cashel Riordan - The old and reliable,
 Mick Donnelly - Very experienced, but a newcomer to
 Setanta, and

Raymond Fielding, a member of last year's Irish Sea Race crew, assembled at the Royal Munster Yacht Club, ready to board Setanta for this year's cruise. During the preceding weeks all the essential gear and stores, plus the multitudinous odds and ends, necessary for a few weeks on a boat, had been put on board, whilst Setanta herself had got the once over. All we needed now was the weather.





Two hours later we were sitting down to lunch in the Club as a force 6-7 S.S.E. wind drove heavy rain before it. A deep depression, of which the weather man had spoken, was centred on our table. Later it began to fill - as if in company with our glasses - the wind abated, and the rain ceased. We were obviously for the sea, no matter where, even East Ferry was mooted by one section of the crew.

The original plan, assuming moderate weather conditions, was to make a long passage, at the outset, to somewhere south of Ushant. Charts were got out for as far South as Belle Isle, as were those of the Channel Isles, should they become necessary. Neither were the Scillies and adjacent mainland Coasts forgotten, last conditions should worsen on completion of the George's Channel passage. This plan, however, had to be altered, as it would have meant a dead flog to windward into the biggish sea that was reportedly breaking off the harbour, and there was also the rather precarious forecast. The afternoon continued to improve, and realising the importance of getting off the moorings we put to sea under mainsail and boomed headsail, at 16.30 hrs. Kinsale or Oysterhaven was in the back of the Skipper's mind.

The combination of S. 4-5, plus an ebb tide, gave an uncomfortable dead beat to Robert's Head, and as the wind took off, things became even more unpleasant. The Dutch liner "Maasdam", making for Cobh, though only a mile off, was disappearing between troughs. The youngest member of the crew, who was to return home on her sister ship, a fortnight later, began to wish for a transposition, both in time and in place. As if to soothe him, the wind went more to sea, and we were able to check sheets for a pleasant reach into Oysterhaven, where we anchored in 2 fthms., as indicated in the I.C.C. Pilot. This is an excellent overnight anchorage in all but the worst conditions. The wooded slopes of the Belgooly river are quite picturesque. So our first passage was $11\frac{1}{2}$ miles to the West, instead of the hoped for 250 - 300 miles to the South. Nevertheless we had made a start and were in a strong position, resolved to push on, at all costs, on the morrow.

The morning forecast on Monday 30th June was not very cheerful - Fastnet S.E. 3-4, but for all areas to the S. and S.E. force 8. Discretion, as we thought, left us no choice but to carry on West. We got our anchor at 10.00 hrs. and then followed a broad reach under all plain sail along a coast not unfamiliar to Setanta. One by one the headlands slipped by, and at 16.00 hrs. Glandore was abeam. We slowly overhauled a Falmouth Quay punt from Milford Haven, which we were to meet later at Schull. Setanta's afterguard looked longingly at her topsail, remembering the days when she once carried a jackyarder - so they said anyway. Later, as the wind began to take off, we set the genoa, and with the intermittent help of the engine, we made a rather slow but pleasant passage to North Harbour, Cape Clear via the Gascannane Sound. There we moored outside the new Post boat "Naomh Ciaran", at 21.30 hrs.

The forecast on the following morning indicated no abatement, and as there was no point in going further West, we decided on a lazy day. The forenoon was spent tramping to the Post Office to send a reassuring message to Cork to those who would naturally have presumed that we were battling a force 8 in the mouth of the English Channel. Compliments were paid to the three village pubs. To the stranger, the Cape is well worth a visit. The atmosphere of divorce-ment from worldly affairs, on the part of the island folk, is infectious. We had all been there before, however, and the Skipper, detecting incipient melancholia, suggested Schull, which was unanimously acceptable. A starboard tack into a freshening N.E. brought us once again close alongside the pier under the friendly wing of Mount Gabriel. There we were in Schull, after 3 days, a place which has been the end of many an ambitious cruise, and some not so ambitious.

The cruise really began on the following morning, Wednesday, July 2nd. The forecast spoke well of all areas of immediate interest, so hasty preparations were made for getting to sea. Somebody entered in the log "From Schull towards the S.E. course Gascannane Sound to the Bishop, S.E.S. distance 146 miles." Some members of the crew were beginning to get "soft" after the few days and began to murmur "what is wrong with the West Cork ports and hospitality?", but the log entry fixed it, and to sea we had to go. It was a dull grey morning, with a light N. E. breeze - who said to Westward is to windward? - as we got our warps and backed out from our comfortable berth at 10.00 hrs. The engine was ticking over as we made sail to mainsail and genoa, on our way out of the harbour. By mid-day we were through the Sound, and trailing the "Walker", we took our departure from Lot's Wife. Four-hour watches, in pairs, were arranged, and we soon settled down to passage routine.

When we had put down the land, it began to rain. It was at first a light drizzle, and then became a steady down-pour. The sea became a glassy calm, and only a long undulating swell gave an indication of the depths beneath. Before a late lunch, the genoa was dropped on deck, and the mainsail sheeted hard in, to stop the incessant slatting. We thoroughly approved Uffa Fox's misquotation that "the road to hell is paved with glassy calms". To bolster our damped spirits, we re-started the engine and made slow progress to the S.E. during the afternoon. At 19.00 hrs. we were reassured of our position, when passed by two French lobster boats on a parallel course, obviously bound for home. From then on, Cashel's Gallic linguistic efforts increased with such rapidity that by the time we reached France all hands were jealous of his "blas".

The change of watch at midnight coincided with a change of weather for the better. The rain cleared, and

there soon followed a N.E. breeze, force 2 - 3, which enabled us to set the genoa and to stop the engine. Then followed a wonderful 12 to 4 watch as Setanta close reached at almost maximum speed over an undulating moonlit sea. Abeam, and on our quarters, shone multi-coloured phosphorescences as a large school of dolphin gambolled in their vigil. To the man on watch, they gave a great sense of company. During the night we were forced to alter course repeatedly to avoid large trawlers, fishing the banks some forty miles south of the Galley. These were the only vessels seen on this little-used route, from the Fastnet to the Bishop. Rapid progress was made under ideal conditions before a gradually increasing E.N.E. force 3 - 4 breeze. The forecast spoke well of things to come, and with a slowly-rising glass, we were obviously heading for an anti-cyclone. At 10.35 hrs. the first 100 miles was duly toasted by all hands in the cockpit. The wind gradually went more astern and lightened, but with boiling sun and a heat haze, this was offshore cruising as it should be.

All through the afternoon various members of the crew were seen anxiously peering ahead, as we did not know when the Scillies should become visible, through what was now quite a thick mist. Setanta carries a Beme loop, so we were not too worried, as a few fixes from South Irish Sea stations had agreed with our D.R. Now, as we broadened the angle of Round Island on the port bow, we were obviously closing the land. Our course was originally laid for the Bishop, but with the strong N'ly flood and little wind, we expected to be set to the North. At 19.00 hours, with the log reading 147, we had overrun our distance by a mile, and as night would be closing in within an hour, thoughts were entertained of putting about and going to the W.S.W. to avoid, in the dark, the reefs around the Bishop. Before implementing them, however, a sound of surf was heard dead ahead, and soon some low lying land manifested itself. It proved to be the Western shores of Samson and Bryher, and we had made our landfall thirty four hours from the Fastnet, albeit a little to the North. Then at 20.00 hrs. it was decided to pass the Scillies North about, rather than chance rounding the Bishop. In the event, this proved much the wiser course - the angel who looks after errant yachtsmen was obviously keeping vigil. New Grimsby harbour looked tempting as we passed, but it was France or nothing, so on we pressed. At 21.30 hrs. a strong flood swept us to the N.E. past Round Island, and on looking astern there was a strange effect. A dark bank of cloud, or was it fog, occluded the lower half of an orange sunset; the sunrays streaking the sky like giant red poker, - "Red sky at night" - who were we to worry?

But there followed an anxious six hours. At 22.00 hrs. the darkness astern was really fog, and coming up rapidly at that, we quickly fixed our position as one mile to the N.E. of St. Martin's Head, and then we were enshrouded. It was thick, damp and swirling. The helmsman in the cockpit could scarcely see the bow. The navigation lights seemed pathetic in their

impenetration. What were we to do? There we were, caught in thick fog off one of the most inhospitable of shores in these Islands, our only advantage being that we were to leeward of them. We seemed to have two alternatives. To carry on to the East - but this would mean standing into the shipping lanes, wherefrom came the ominous blasts from steamers feeling their way. To reach down under the lee of the islands for the night, but one navigational slip and we were on the rocks, which, in the conditions, we would have struck unsighted. The Skipper chose the latter course, having first secured an offing of about a mile. The tides were an unknown factor, so we had to keep our fingers crossed. The wind freshened considerably, as we dropped the genoa and eased the main. We spent an anxious and trying watch jilling along, and were intermittently frightened by ship's sirens, though they cannot have been too near.

The midnight forecast spoke of light N.W. winds, with poor visibility due to fog in the Channel. We derived some satisfaction from the report of thick fog from the Scilly met. station. The fog seemed likely to persist and it would have been foolish to have gone looking for St. Mary's Sound, so we decided by 03.00 hrs. on Friday, 4th July, to take our departure for Ushant. We had hoped to sight the loom of either Peninnis Head or the Bishop, but of the former, or of "his lordship", there was no sign. A.D.R. point of departure is not satisfactory, but at 03.00 hrs. with position estimated $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles due South of Peninnis Head, we laid off course S.S.E. for Ushant Light - distance 92 miles - log reading 170 from Fastnet. Before settling down again to the normal watches which had been somewhat disrupted, we had a bad fright from a big tanker in ballast, which only altered course after much work with the Aldis both on our mainsail and his bridge. There followed a pleasant, if rather slow, crossing of the mouth of the English Channel.

The sea became calm as we lazily ran before a gentle Nor'westerly. The barometer had been slowly rising from 29.75 to 30.20, so we were obviously striking anti-cyclonic conditions. Our spirits rose apace with the barometer, as should the wind freshen, we could make a landfall that evening. The crew settled down, fogs and gales seemed remote. By midday, with the log reading 201, the wind went very light, and the engine was started to help get us on our way. It was to run continuously for the next 20 hours. The sun rose, and the day became hotter. Cashel spent 2 hours "paddling" over the side, but resisted all efforts to make him go in fully. During the afternoon the incessant slatting of the main made it necessary to lower it as many of the boom lashings carried away. In all it was one of those days which, though relished at the time, quickly sinks into oblivion. The sun, now alas a stranger, must be a potent tranquilizer.

All that night and early the following morning we motored over a placid sea. With darkness came a fog, but visibility was never less than a mile. The watch on deck was kept awake by two hourly "biscuits and Bovril". Steering under power at night is much more difficult than under sail - the subconscious feel of the wind is missing. The sensation of going around in a circle is always present, and the slightest inattention results in an alarming migration from the true course. We maintained S.E.S. throughout the night. As we neared the French shore, shipping became more plentiful, and we had bad scares from two vessels, which we presumed were steering by gyro, and uncharitably keeping a casual lookout.

At 09.00 hrs. on Saturday - again a grand day - log reading 246, our D.R. put us 15 miles N. by E. of Ushant. The Skipper and Cashel, after much higher mathematics, gave our position according to the Beme loop as 5 miles further to the East, but as the flood, which was nearly finished, had probably carried us up, we were not too worried. Unsure of our ability to get through the Four before the new flood would set at 13.43 hrs. course was altered to S.E. by E. $\frac{1}{4}$ E. in the general direction of L'Abrevrach. During the morning a fine breeze made from the S.S.W. The engine was stopped and we close reached on course, anxiously looking ahead, as fog once more threatened. The Skipper decided that if no land was sighted by noon, we were standing off into the Channel, this being no shore to play about in. Soon afterwards, however, a grey tower appeared out of the mist, 2 points on the starboard bow, It was Le Four Tower. So, three days after leaving the Fastnet - Log 258 - we were coming to grapple with our cruising grounds, with its fast tides and off lying rocks.

The Chenal du Four, between Ushant and the mainland, is an interesting piece of pilotage. At first sight the chart looks rather frightening, and the armchair sailor perusing it would feel very tempted to go outside Ushant. Like all such passages, however, it does not look half so bad, when one gets there. The secret would seem to be to know where one is in relation to the many marks, at any given time. By 13.30 hrs. we were abeam of La Valbelle Buoy, which marks the Northern end of the Channel proper. The flood tide was unfortunately beginning to make, so we were forced to give the engine full throttle in order to work against it, and the wind was almost dead ahead. We were passed in turn by multicoloured lobster boats, all bound Northwards, with the tide. Their decks were lined with widely gesticulating blue overalled fishermen trying to indicate to us the state of the tide. The Basse de St. Paul and the Basse de St. Pierre were slowly overhauled. These are tall lattice-work buoys which lie well over with the tide. The scenery was magnificent on this busy waterway. To port, lay a long stretching golden beach behind which were many summer chalets, closely

packed together. The hills, behind, have towers and monuments, which serve as useful navigational checks. To seaward, lay the Isle of Ushant and its many off lying small isles, which, that afternoon, were enshrouded in haze. Our progress against the ever increasing tide became slower and slower. The Anse des Blanc Sablans, just North of Le Conquet, which we had been recommended by Adlard Coles in Cohoe III, was debated, but we were determined on making port for an evening meal. By dint of full throttle and the luck of the Irish, we "scraped" around the point inside the Grand Vinatiere. A nearby wreck buoy reminded us of the fate of those less fortunate than ourselves. All hands washed and shaved in turn, and the ship was cleaned down. We were arriving cleaner and fitter than when we departed from Schull. The log, reading 278, was hauled off Pointe de St. Mathieu, as we passed inside Les Vieux Moines at 16.00 hrs. Camaret was decided on as our first French port. After a pleasant sail before a freshening breeze, we brought up between the two piers in Cameret - en-Fete -, in 3 fathoms, at 18.00 hrs. Setanta's C.Q.R. was, for the third time, down again in French mud. Ashore that night we learned that the morrow was the annual Festival Sunday, so we resolved to have a lazy day. Cashel was already speaking pidgin English with a French accent, so all our wants were readily attended to. Mick struck up a strong friendship with a Frenchman, who owned a magnificent Citroen. The only thing they appeared to have in common was a mutual ability to sing "Tipperary", with gusto.

Ashore on the Sunday morning, we attended a beautifully sung Mass, and afterwards stowed with fuel and water. Camaret was crowded with visitors, all jabbering madly, so we were not sorry to get back aboard. During the afternoon, whilst Cashel and Mick slept, we had the alarming experience of being boarded, completely uninvited, by two big French thugs. They indicated by signs that they were paratroopers, and that all they wanted was beer. After an anxious hour, they made off, whence they came. On the way back, their punt capsized, but they were saved despite a tremendous furore ashore - Frenchmen came in cars and on foot, from all directions, to witness the expected tragedy. We entertained on board a charming Douarnenez surgeon and his family, who came alongside in their 5-tonner. Spotting the Skipper's Rotary badge, he struck up an immediate friendship. Ashore that night, having dined and wine rather successfully, all hands retired to the local hall cum pub, where the fishermen's Ball was in full swing. Some members of the crew found the language to be the least of their difficulties. Back on board at 03.00 hrs. on Monday or rather "lundi", as Cashel would call it, we decided, for better or worse, that we were for the sea. Slack tide being at 08.00 in the Raz, we had little time to waste. We got our anchors, and were soon away under engine.

Electing to go South, via the Tolinguet Channel, we nearly lost Setanta, in our stupor, by leaving a day mark on the wrong hand, following a local fishing boat whose powerful engine made light work of the strong current. In retrospect, there was obviously a right and a wrong passage, and we took the wrong one. We were saved by a French M.F.V., which turned back and guided us to safety. Making the far famed Raz de Sein, we got through without much difficulty. Though it was slack water, there were some sharp overfalls. The tide makes 7 - 8 knots, when in full flood here, and we were glad to be seeing it under ideal conditions. Apparently quite large vessels use this passage. Then followed a leisurely motor sail down the Penmarch Point, which we rounded soon after lunch. During this period, the barometer reached an all time high for us of 30.6., and the sun was shining out of a cloudless sky. Penmarch Point marks the start of the Bay of Biscay Pilot, so we really felt we were cruising foreign. Here we were passed by the fine English sloop "Rose Salter" R.Y.S., whose owner, Mr. Kenneth Moore, an authority on the Brittany Coast, we were to meet later in Benodet. All afternoon we rock-dodged along a thickly populated industrialized shore, wending our way among fishing vessels inward and outward bound from the ports of L'Orient, Concarneau and St. Nazaire. As the Angelus was ringing, we dropped sail, and motored up the River Odet to the town of Benodet. We did not choose to anchor in mid-stream off the hotel, but went about half-a-mile further up to an inlet called the Anse de Kergos. Here we moored to a visitor's buoy. This is a very picturesque anchorage. The banks are thickly tree-lined, broken here and there by the lawns of residences stretching down to their private piers. In all, a charming spot. It is possible, when the tide serves, to motor the 12 miles up to the town of Quimper. Ashore that night, Setanta's furthest position South was celebrated by a not inexpensive dinner at the hotel.

Benodet is an ideal spot for a holiday. It combines a long sandy gently sloping beach facing South, with a deep estuary nearby. It appears to be a rather select resort, and is not spoiled by over-commercialization, or by hordes of trippers. Having decided on another lazy day, we enjoyed its amenities to the full. Cashel survived a prolonged swim, followed by a fry in the sun. It became so hot in the afternoon, that all hands had to retire back aboard. Never again will we say "the sun couldn't be too hot". We were disappointed to hear that "Minx of Malham" had been there only a few days previously, as we were looking forward to meeting her ex-Commodore Skipper. Still we were compensated somewhat by the sight of two French training schooners beautifully handled, which moored nearby.

Reluctantly we left Benodet on the Wednesday morning, as we had to be in Brest on the following evening, at the latest. Conditions, as before, were ideal, but there was some sign of an

impending break, later confirmed by the forecast. It was a close beat to Penmarch Point and it proved the one good sail of the trip, despite an altercation with a trawler, which tried to run us down. By 15.00 hrs., Penmarch was astern, and we settled down to a long beat to Audierne against a moderate Nor'wester. The many lobster-pot buoys bobbing around in the water made the sail rather tedious, there being great danger of losing our log line. On this leg, we were surprised to see so many small boats, far off-shore, handled by lone fishermen. At 18.30 hrs., the hook was down inside the outer breakwater of Audierne. This is a useful overnight anchorage for a quick passage through the Raz. On closing the port, we had the rare sight of seeing a Sardinier under sail. This dying fleet use Audierne as their home port. The harbour proper, some two miles from our anchorage, is tidal, and dries out except for one spot under the bridge - where more than one yacht has been in danger of dismasting, due to warps parting. Moored nearby was a fine English ketch - "Hebb" - rigged with a permanent sprit, with vang and a brailed main, like a Thames barge. Landing on the sands nearby, we had a long tramp to the town for supplies. Returning in the early hours, we were startled to see myriads of lights surrounding Setanta. It was the sardine fleet, like ourselves, planning an early start, which had dropped down from the town quays.

Astir early the following morning, owing to the persistent light conditions, we were forced to motor to the Raz de Sein. Passing through, again in slack water, at 10.00 hrs., we found conditions somewhat rougher. Much photography of the ragged awe-inspiring cliffs was indulged in. Then followed a slow beat across Douarnenez Bay, up to the Tolinguet channel, where this time we were wiser and much more sober in our judgement. Overlooking this channel on the high cliffs is a fine memorial to the liberation of France. Judging by the number of buses around, it must be a definite tourist attraction. As the wind had fallen to zero, sail was stowed, and the early afternoon was spent motoring up the Goulet de Brest. The German fortifications in the last war were very extensive, but they appeared to have taken a real hammering from the air. Once abeam of the city proper, the Goulet opens out into an inland sea. On the port hand are the naval and commercial docks, backed by a city which has risen, Phoenix-like, from its ashes of destruction. To starboard is a deep-water anchorage, where at present many tankers lie idle, in trots of four. By-passing the naval dock, with its giant submarine pens and moored battleships and cruisers, we duly entered the commercial dock, and brought up alongside the French Cableship "Emile Baudot", at 15.00 hrs. The captain of this ship kindly invited us aboard for showers and a wash, and later on, to a cocktail party, which was attended by some high-ranking civil servants, on an inspection visit from Paris.

There this chronicle ends. The writer, as planned, had to return home, which he did via Paris, Le Havre, and the Dutch liner "Ryndam" to Cobh - a busman's holiday. Tom O'Byrne, Setanta's engineer, flew out from Cork, arriving on the Saturday night for the last week of the cruise, and the voyage home.

On Thursday July 10th, the youngest member of the crew, "le jeu docteur du medicin," had to take his sad departure to be back for conferring day at Cork. The rest of us were still involved in the party on the Smile Bandot where our ever helpful and hospitable newly found friends were endeavouring to do too much of both for us, when Ray slipped off to the station to make his reservation on the evening train for Paris (he had had much advice from all hands of both crews as to how to behave when he got there). Much amusement was caused at the booking office where no English was spoken and as far as could be ascertained later Ray had told them he had to be careful as he was pregnant and desired to be made as comfortable as possible on the train. A French girl who knew a little English came to his rescue, however, and he eventually got his berth through the good offices of the second mate of the Smile B. a much travelled mariner retired from Piloting in the Suez by the change of administration there.

Friday and Saturday were spent in sight-seeing and acquiring stores of petrol (duty free) water piped overboard from our neighbours, food, liquor, cigarettes and cigars, the latter items being available by arrangement duty free and at most reasonable prices from the quayside chandlers Fourniers whom we found to be most efficient, courteous and of the utmost assistance.

The city of Brest is a standing tribute to the energy of the French. Razed to the ground by persistent Allied bombing raids which took place every night over a very long period, whole new boulevards and streets have since been reconstructed on the most modern lines but using to a large extent the Yellowish stone available locally no doubt, the result being some splendid shops and arcades, the church of St. Just centrally situated being a particularly good example of modern architecture. Several calls were made to the Rallye Bar where M. Ponbinnecc was of great assistance to us in many ways even to driving us back to the port on several occasions. Not only did he recommend us to the best place for a good dinner, he came with us to "speak us" to the management. Members calling at Brest would do well to contact this amazing man at his place on the Rue du Siam. When we were surprised that due to the Bastille Day holiday on Monday, no bread was available unless "commanded" in advance and our intention to leave early on that day was in jeopardy M. Ponbinnecc left quietly and came back in a short while with an armful of long fresh loaves which saved the day. During the war he had been a chef in the R.N. at the Scapa Flow base and had many interesting anecdotes of his travels.

Incidentally lest any of us feel we work too hard, he and his wife open the cafe at 6 a.m. and are still going strong at midnight, many hours of which they have to suffer the juke box noises. They are to be heard everywhere in the town where there are more cafe pubs than one would think possible.

On Saturday night Tom was due in on the train from Paris the arrival of which is a great daily event met by a very large crowd. Was his face red when our planned reception came off! Holding a bag in each hand he was powerless when kissed on each cheek by the three crew in turn who then stood to attention and sang the Soldier's Song, much appreciated by the large audience.

The weather had broken badly and a gale was blowing so that on our return to Setanta, now pitching heavily, warps and fenders had to be doubled. It will give some idea of the conditions when it is known that a ship of some 8,000 tons moored to the quay nearby let go her anchors for safety in the middle of the night. In all it was a very uncomfortable night during which we lost three fenders and some warps. It would have been worse lying to anchors and in any event it was doubtful if we could have used the engine to any effect the wind was so strong.

On Sunday afternoon we took a taxi-ride around the suburbs inspecting some of the amazing modern blocks of flats, having a look at the damaged submarine pens and the naval docks and bridges and visiting the older part of the town on the height overlooking the bay. This section, mainly residential suffered little damage.

On Monday, a lovely sunny morning again we woke to the thunder of naval guns ushering in the holiday, breakfasted heartily, bade our adieux to the Smile B., leaving some sustenance with the crew to gladden the festivities, and set off in a light westerly wind under engine at 8.15 availing of the last of the ebb out of the Rade and down the Goulet to catch the North going tide in the chance du Four Noon found us off the Pt. St. Mathieu checking genoa and main as we passed inside les Vieux Moines. A beautiful and uneventful morning for Tom's first passage, the only other entry in the log just then being "last bottle of Irish Gin and last tonic, now on Gordous export, lime and soda".

Passing Kermorvan and leaving the Grand Vinotiere to port we saw Overfalls ahead as with a fair light breeze and strong tide we proceeded North. Even in these ideal conditions one could not help thinking what the place would be like in bad weather. We regretted not closing the forehatch as our bow plunged into one trough and the foredeck was swept quite an amount going below. The Four Tower was abeam at 2.30 and we altered course for the Porsal Buoy. A very strong tide swept us past this buoy and round the corner into the Channel and at 5.30 we anchored in the river at L'Aberwrach $6\frac{3}{4}$ fathoms at the top of the tide. The 6 p.m. forecast was S.W. force $\frac{2}{4}$, with showers and visibility good to moderate at times which looked good for tomorrow's passage to the Scillies. A good meal at the ever popular Baie des Anges and to bed reasonably early finished a very pleasant day.

The morning forecast was for light E. $2/3$ and the glass, though still over 30 had dropped a fraction. We were off at 8.15 a.m. trailing the log at the Libenter Buoy at 9 o'clock, wind force 2 but now N. by E. and every prospect of a slow passage ahead. Conditions remained the same until 7 p.m. when a breeze of force 3 came from the west enabling us to check Genoa and main. At 11.15 cloud conditions were such that the loom of the Lizard became apparent as did that of Ushant. At midnight we were on the wind again (W by N $3/4$) at 4 a.m. N.W. by W. $3/4$ and by 5 a.m. it had gone. Northerly force 5 so we handed Genoa and set boomed headsail. What we thought was a squall lasted and unfortunately the Genoa had not been made fast for the conditions with the result it was washed overboard and torn badly before it could be retrieved. As we closed the English coast it was a beautiful morning and we sailed quite close to the land tacking ship eventually at Castle Treveen to the E. of the Runnelstone at noon with log reading 93 and the Scillies about 30 miles distant W. $\frac{1}{2}$ S. An uneventful and enjoyable sail brought us close to the Islands once again. The Scillonian bound for Penzance passed us crowded with holiday makers. Shortly afterwards an orange coloured helicopter flew about at a very low altitude. The wind going very light the engine was started and the log hauled reading 120 miles at 7 p.m. and we anchored off the pier at Hughtown St. Mary's at 9.30. Two of us had an excellent grill at the cafe over the warehouses on the pier and renewed acquaintance with Guinness. Later a short walk around the town and so to bed.

In the morning we all went ashore, sent wires home, purchased provisions and topped up with petrol and water. We failed to interest any hotel in supplying breakfast to us non-residents and once again repaired to the quayside restaurant where we had an excellent meal at 10 a.m.

We took our departure from the North Channel at 1.30 p.m. in a S.W. breeze force $3/4$ under No.1 jib and main. When we got to Sea we found a big easy sea running aft of the beam. The evening forecast for Fastnet area was S.W. $4/6$ with force 8 locally and by 7 o'clock we were reaching very fast in what we reckoned was then force 6 and increasing steadily. The log read 38 miles, so that we had little more than 100 miles to go on our N.N.W. course to home. We rolled down the main six rolls and set the boomed headsail, reefed also and with the reduction of sail seemed to travel just as fast with less fuss. At midnight we had logged 66 miles, wind same F. & D. By 4 a.m. we had 91 miles up. During this watch the seas had become very much bigger and we had several breaking crests over the cockpit. Heavy rain began to fall at 6 a.m. reducing visibility. At 10.30 a.m. 21 hours out we sighted land and heard the Daunt L.V. A very big sea was running but the wind had lightened off. We shook out the reefs and set No.1 jib and went towards Fountains-town Bay near where the skipper's family were in residence for the Summer and sailing past we were observed as intended. We were told afterwards that some resident holiday makers thought we were making for the nearest shore to beach Setanta conditions

at sea looked so bad from the shore. We took our moorings at the R.M.Y.C. at 12.15 all fit and well after a really good passage to wind up what had been for all hands a most enjoyable cruise.

It should be recorded that on arrival in Brest our burgee had become a fixture at the masthead, the halyard having entangled itself some way above the knots on the stick. As our average weight was in the region of 15 stone there was no great rush to be hoisted to the masthead. The predicament was noticed and to our amazement next morning the burgee was lying neatly secured to the deck. The cabin boy on the Smile B. did not even wake one of us and he must have shinned up and freed it.

LOG OF "ANN GAIL'S" CRUISE - 1958

by P.H. GREER

It was our intention this year to spend as much time as possible with the yacht based on Sneem in Kenmare river, as the family had arranged to stay there in Dr. Michael's place at Oyster Bed pier near the entrance to Sneem river. With this object in view we left Howth at 13.00 hrs. on Friday, 20th June, intending to sail to Crosshaven and leave the boat there for a week, rejoining her the following Sunday. Our crew for the first leg consisted of Dermot Luke, Ken Cooke, Eamon Beale, Oswald Johnson and myself.

After having zeroed our log off the Baily we set course 185° compass in a force 2 wind with our main, large ghoster and mizzen. It was not long, however, before the wind set in south easterly force 2 and we were unable to lay the course. However, we tacked during the afternoon until at 16.25 hrs. we were off Bray Head, the wind lightened so the engine was started to tick over. At 18.00 hrs. the wind was coming up again and with our log reading 18 we were off Wicklow Head by 19.00 hrs. We now had a good breeze of force 4 and with all sails set were making good progress so that at 20.10 hrs. log reading 30 we were off Arklow and set a course to pass outside the Tuskar which we passed to starboard at 02.45 hrs. on Saturday with our log reading 70.3. Having cleared the rock we set course for the Conningbeg L.V. in a very heavy swell and variable wind. An entry in our log shows that from 03.10 to 03.30 hrs. we had practice with the Bilge Pump and I am afraid this is a long story but suffice it to say that having installed a brand new extra Bilge Pump of the centrifugal type a few days before we left, just in case the other one would fail, we were indeed surprised to find that rather than being a safeguard, our new pump was indeed a danger as in some peculiar conditions it started to syphon water from the sea into our Bilge so that the cabin floor was almost awash. However, this was quickly discovered and the trouble eliminated so our difficulties were shortlived, 20 minutes in fact, and having shut the seacock

leading to our new Bilge Pump discharge, we had no more trouble and learned a lot about how to install Bilge Pumps of this type.

By 10.15 hrs., log reading 105, we found ourselves, the wind having chased us round to head us again, tacking close in shore off Portally Head, near Waterford. The wind continued very variable during the day but ahead all the time, the strength varying from zero to force 6. At about 17.30 hrs. we were six miles south/west of Mine Head, as the wind was piping up we decided to pull in a couple of reefs. However, we were thwarted in this because our main halyard had apparently come off the sheave at the top of the mast and jammed, so it was decided to run into Helvic for the night and at the same time effect a repair.

By 18.30 we were anchored off Helvic Harbour between the Breakwater and the Head, as we feared there was not enough water for us in the harbour.

Ken Cooke quickly went to the Mast Head and unshackled our main from the jammed halyard so that we could hoist it when next required on our spare halyard. At 3.23 hrs. on Sunday, 22nd June, we were under way and at 04.15 were off Mine Head with our main hoisted. We were indeed glad we had gone into Helvic for the night for now we had a soldier's wind of rising strength, so that at 08.30 we took the mizzen off and pulled a couple of reefs in the main and had a glorious beat into Crosshaven under reefed main, yankee and foresail. Our journey came to an end when we moored at Crosshaven at 09.30 hrs.

We joined Ann Gail again on Saturday, 28th June, with weather forecasts round the coast of force 5, 6 and 7. We let go our moorings and at 12.24 were off Roches Point heading for the Daunt Rock Buoy intending to pass inside. We found an unusually steep sea off the Old Head of Kinsale at 15.25, and at 18.20, log reading 35½, we altered course to pass inside the Dhulig Rock off Galley Head and entered Glandore at 19.30, anchoring at 19.50 off Union Hall.

Having done some shopping ashore on the next morning we got under way at 13.00 hrs. bound for Castletownsend where we anchored at 15.30. This was our first call in these two ports and we certainly were delighted with both, particularly Castletownsend, where we had a very good meal at the Castle and much appreciated the pleasant homely atmosphere there.

At 08.15 hrs. on the 1st July we were under way with yankee, main and mizzen with a northerly breeze for Scollane Point. By 09.00 we were off the Stag Rocks, passing inside them and steering for Gascanane Sound. At 9.45 we gybed to starboard for the Sound and by 15.45 were beating up Bantry Bay off Clonaghlin Head, Bere Island. The wind seemed to be funneling out of the bay and with low visibility and drizzle we were still beating at 18.00 hrs. when we were off Shot Head. Glen-gariff was practically invisible in the drizzle when we anchored

some time later and I think when we left at 4.30 on Wednesday bound for Berehaven we had hardly seen the shore distinctly in this desperate summer weather. Having spent the night at Castle-town Bere, we left at 11.35 on Thursday, 3rd July, passing the Irish Light Vessel Tender Ierne at anchor. We were pleased indeed when some of the crew passed us the newspaper which gave the results of the Lambay Race, etc., back at home. We were fortunate to have good weather with sunshine and as we later sailed up Kenmare river for Sneem, hot showers were enjoyed by the crew, these being provided by the engine cooling water. By 6 p.m. we were safely moored off Oyster Bed quay at Sneem.

During the next few weeks we enjoyed some very pleasant cruising in this vicinity, though much of our time was spent ashore visiting the local beauty spots, etc. in the car.

This is certainly a beautiful cruising ground and an ideal holiday place, particularly if one has a car ashore. We imagine that if one were fortunate enough to get good weather, one could hardly ask for a better place.

With a new crew, consisting of Ken Cooke, Singe Hennessy, Andy Gray, Dinky Higginbotham and myself, we cast off from Sneem at 10.00 hrs. on Sunday 20th July, the weather forecast for the area being 3 to 5, increasing to 5 or 6 later. By 16.00 hrs. we were passing through Dursey Sound with a south/west wind force 4 to 5 and on this occasion were indeed careful of the very strong squalls which came from the island, having lost our mizzen mast as a result of these squalls last year. At 20.10 hrs. we anchored in four fathoms at Crookhaven on a dismal evening with drizzling rain which was a most dreary affair.

On going ashore later we were indeed interested to hear of the considerable export trade which goes on from Crookhaven to France in crayfish and we were able to meet the crew of one of the French vessels which makes bi-weekly trips carrying the crustaceans in large tanks in their hold. We were under way again at 10.15 the following morning on 21st July, having decided that we would go out and have a close look at the Fast-net which on previous occasions we had passed at some distance. We were off the light at 12.45 and had already established radio contact so that the keepers were expecting us. We circled the rock and had a very fine view of the lighthouse and of course usual photographs were taken. Much interesting information gleaned from the keepers on the various aspects of their life on the Rock.

By 17.50 we were entering Castletownsend and having been here on our way West we need hardly say that in a matter of minutes the skipper was ashore enjoying a bath in the Castle, to be followed later by a very nice dinner, much enjoyed by all. We had an early start the next day, Tuesday, 22nd July, weighing anchor at 05.55. With a good northerly wind, varying from

force 3 to 6, we had first class sailing, passing Seven Heads at 09.45, the Daunt Light vessel at 12.30 and at 13.45 were off Ballycotton, preparing for entry. Having chosen a berth in this very cramped harbour and very near the entrance, a very pleasant afternoon was spent ashore, replenishing our larder and generally seeing what was to be seen round the harbour. By 20.10 hrs. on the same day we were sailing away from Ballycotton under all plain sail bound westward. By 20.00 hrs. our navigator, Singe Hennessy, was expressing considerable anxiety as he had discovered some 4 degrees of westerly deviation on our compass a phenomenon which we later confirmed, though we never found the cause. By 23.10 hrs. log reading 10.3, Ballycotton Light was just dipping and Mine Head Light bearing 10° magnetic. Much to our surprise the loom of Hook light became visible ahead at 00.15 hrs. By half past midnight on a course of 80° Dungarvan light changed to white and just under an hour later the Hook light was raised ahead. With a strong wind blowing and making very good speed we thrashed on during the night so that at 03.00 the loom of the Conningbeg was bearing 115° , Dunmore East red light became visible and we altered course to 30° to make in towards Dunmore East, where we moored up at 03.55 hrs. On Wednesday, 23rd July, leaving Dunmore East at 13.50 we had a most pleasant trip under engine up to Waterford where we tied up alongside the Quay, a most convenient place for shopping and really a very pleasant trip, certainly one which we will do again.

Leaving Waterford at about 18.30 we retraced our way down the river and on reaching the open water, north of Dunmore East, opportunity was taken to swing our compass for the benefit of our navigator's peace of mind. This was done under engine and under sail, maximum deviation of 4° was found, but this, whilst was not very much, was rather disconcerting, as we had not had any deviation before and so far have not found the reason. We were safely tied up in Dunmore East at 22.30 and left again at 05.00 hrs. on Thursday, 24th bound for Fishguard. With a north/easterly wind, force 2, falling we set course for the Conningbeg but before we arrived there the wind had gone and we were under engine. We drifted and motored all day and it seemed we would never lose the coast of Ireland. At 17.00 hrs. with our log reading 42, our navigator was once more confounded, as the chief engineer, Andy Gray, managed to get his fishing line foul of our log line so that some time elapsed before this useful aid to navigation was restored to usefulness. At 19.30 hrs. at a course of 124° and log reading $52\frac{3}{4}$ we were off the coast of Wales and completely unable to identify anything ashore. It certainly is difficult making a strange coast in the day time. The only outstanding object appeared to be a white tower on a bearing of 147° . This we suspected to be Strumble Lighthouse but it was only when the light started working at 21.59 that we were clear of any doubt. Now that we knew, all was easy and at 23.10 anchor was dropped in Fishguard Harbour.

It was pouring rain the next morning and blowing quite hard. Having shopped ashore we weighed our anchor at 16.30 in a wind varying between force 5 to 7 blowing in a south/easterly direction. We were a little querulous about setting off for the Irish Coast in this. However, listening on our radio we were pleased to hear the voice of Mr. Tierney of Perry's, Dun Laoghaire, on the radio telephone from the Isolda, moored in Dun Laoghaire harbour. It appears he was trying to contact the Baily for a test but we provided the test from Fishguard and Mr. Tierney kindly provided details of the weather on the Irish Coast, certainly nothing like what we were having, though visibility was not good.

At 16.45 hrs. running free and fast on the Port tack we streamed the log in Fishguard Bay; laid a course of 325° . Torrential rain continued all afternoon and with this driving from astern with a strong wind, it was impossible to enter the cabin without all below running the risk of being soaked. However, a tent was rigged over the cockpit and this proved most successful. At 21.00 hrs. log reading 20, visibility which had varied all afternoon was down to 1 mile again and we were beginning to be somewhat concerned as we were obviously in a shipping lane, there being a small ship to starboard and a large one just ahead. By 23.40, the log 34, and still on our course at 320° , the Blackwater Light vessel light became visible, the visibility having cleared somewhat.

As the loom of the Arklow Light vessel was now visible to starboard we decided to make Wicklow. The course was altered at midnight to 355° . It was only a matter of minutes, however, before the Blackwater light first disappeared and at 02.00 hrs., log 33.5, the Arklow vessel completely disappeared. It was peculiar to see the light at full brilliance one minute and then to lose it completely. However, we had a pretty good fix and with our echosounder working we were able to follow the contours of the bottom. At 02.20 hrs. we altered course to 360 and once more could see the Arklow Light vessel bearing about 5° in our starboard bow. The bearing had changed to 148 degrees by 03.40 but by 4 o'clock we were once more in fog. We proceeded carefully in these variable conditions and by 06.50 with our log reading 61, Wicklow Head was abeam. We were glad to enter Wicklow harbour and drop anchor at 7.30. It had not been a very pleasant trip but one of those which certainly contributes a great deal to one's experience.

We were under way again at lunch time bound for Howth, where we arrived according to plan that evening.

We cannot claim that we had made an outstanding cruise, but we had done all we had set out to do and on programme which is all I suppose that can be expected.

Circumnavigation of the Island of Trinidadby Peter Bailey

The purpose of this cruise was to test fully a newly acquired vessel in the rather short period of time available from 17.00 hours on Friday to 06.00 hours on Monday.

"Draconis" is a Laurent Giles designed Berm. Cutter 40 ft. L.O.A., 27 ft. WL, 9 ft. 3 ins. beam, with a R.O.R.C. rated Sail area of 635 sq. ft. and a Parsons Prawn auxiliary. The lines of a sister ship, "Rose of York" appeared in the March issue of the Yachting World of 1953.

The distance from Pointe-a-Pierre, the home port of "Draconis", completely round the Island of Trinidad is a little under 250 miles. As it entailed travelling round four sides of a rough square, it was thought that this would make an excellent trial course.

The circumnavigation was planned in an anticlockwise direction. Southward from Pointe-a-Pierre to Icacos Point, a distance of 35 miles - with winds normally light and off the land, and tidal currents of low velocity; then Eastward from Icacos to Galeota Point, a distance of 60 miles with prevailing winds E.S.E. a strong ocean current running in a Westerly direction and the nearest land to windward - Africa. The third leg was Northward from Galeota Point to Galera Point, a distance of 45 miles skirting the inhospitable windward shore of the Island but with expectations of a 2 - 3 knot current to help us on our way. The fourth leg was from Galera Point to the Bocas Del Dragon following the North Coast of the Island for 55 miles with a fair wind and current. From the Bocas back to Pointe-a-Pierre was our home ground again - a regular day sail of 25 miles, though often taking 10 hours to complete.

Our reasons for sailing anti-clockwise were that we should only have one leg with an unfavourable current and that Galeota Point was obviously a "point of no return". If we could reach there before half our permitted time had expired, we could feel relatively certain of getting home on time. Actually we only got there with 40 minutes to spare - but the time margin was found to be adequate.

The crew mustered at 17.00 hours on Friday 26th September at the Yacht Club Jetty, Pointe-a-Pierre, rowed out to "Draconis" and to my great surprise and delight I was able to record that we were underway at 17.23 hours with Mainsail and staysail set. Tea was served and five minutes later when the spinnaker had been set, we shaped a course of 260 degrees (Magnetic) to clear the tanker loading jetty at Pointe-a-Pierre

and thence to the loading jetties off the famous Pitch Lake at Brighton. The crew consisted of myself as Captain, my wife Barbara and Ken Mulberry, the Starboard watch, Taffy Thomas and John Andrews, the Port watch. The speed and ease with which we got away was a direct result of two hectic evening sails which we had previously made when we set all sails in turn and performed "evolutions" after the style of the Navy, for only myself, Barbara and Taffy had had any experience of ocean cruising, Ken and John being dinghy and catamaran sailors respectively.

At 18.00 hours the wind veered to the S.E. and freshened slightly to force 2 and at 18.20 hours we handed the spinnaker and set the Genoa, altering course to 250 degrees. This done, we settled down to our pre-dinner cocktails in the cockpit. A warm breeze was flowing off the land and the last of daylight disappearing from the Western sky.

We passed Pitch Point at 19.00 hours having covered 11 miles in $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours and sat down to our evening meal of lamb, green peas and boiled potatoes with just satisfaction. One advantage of a base on the lee side of the Island is the reasonable certainty of light winds, off the land, for the first four hours of any passage, giving the crew a good chance to settle down and get a hot meal inside them.

At 19.15 hours we passed the stern of the Harrison boat "Naturalist" loading pitch at Brighton jetty, altering course to 248 degrees to clear the Loo reef off Cedros Point. The oil rigs, 5 miles out to sea off Cedros Point, look picturesque with fairy lights twinkling up the derricks. Those that are producing oil have gas burners close to them and the sight of a solitary pipe sticking out of the sea and belching forth orange flames must be very disconcerting to those unfamiliar with the area.

At 20.00 hours the Starboard watch took over and shortly afterwards we passed the end of Point Fortin Jetty. By 22.00 hours the Loo reef was abeam, the unlit beacon plainly visible in the bright moonlight. The wind however was lightening and by 23.00 hours, when we passed Los Gallos Rocks, it had eased to force 1.

The South Entrance to the Gulf of Paria between the Rio Pedernales in Venezuela and Icacos Point in Trinidad is called the Serpent's Mouth and has four navigable channels, described with the usual degree of horror in the West Indian Pilot. We chose the first or Eastern Channel as it was the most windward passage and there was chance of a favourable current or slack water. The deepest water is close to the land with Wolf Rock a five foot patcha quarter of a mile offshore.

By 23.45 hours we were at the northern entrance to the eastern channel off Corral Point and about 70 yards from the line of coconut palms fringing the beach. The wind left us entirely in the lee of the palms and the engine was run for quarter of an

hour until we cleared Icacos Point, the southern most corner of the Island of Trinidad at mid-night.

When Taffy and John came on watch at mid-night we picked up a S.E. wind; force 2 - 3 with a prospect of a long beat along the south coast against a strong unfavourable ocean current varying from 2 - 3 knots depending on whether the tide was flowing or ebbing. We handed the Genoa, set the staysail and No. 1 Jib and stood off on a long tack towards the Venezuelan shore, hoping to lay along the south coast of Trinidad on the next tack. The course steered was 160 degrees but back bearings on Punta Del Arenal Light showed that we had been set 2 miles to leeward by 02.00 hours when we tacked. On the starboard tack the current really pushed us hard. While steering courses of 80, 85 and eventually 90 degrees, between 02.00 hours and 05.45 hours when we got a three point fix, the current pushed us seven miles to the North. The fix put us 2 miles off the centre of Islote Bay, eight miles east of Icacos Point giving us a speed to windward of about 1.4 knots which was a little distressing as we still had 52 miles to make good by mid-night. The wind had eased and veered to S.S.E. by this time and we found that we could lay along the coast. Between 06.00 hours and 10.40 hours we made good $17\frac{1}{2}$ miles, had a good breakfast and were feeling fine. The one incident which marred this period was when the trolling line which we had put over the stern "caught" the log line, transforming the copper wire trace into a highly-tempered spring. More than a few tempers were lost in the unravelling process!

At 10.40 hours we had to tack off the land again and from then on the day developed into a very boring and discouraging fight against the current. Short tacks, long tacks, standing in 'til we could almost step ashore, standing off until you could hardly see the land, but it still took us $12\frac{1}{2}$ hours to cover the remaining 32 miles along the coast. The wind was force 3 which necessitated keeping the fore hatch closed, turning the cabin into a turkish bath. The hot, tropical sun beat down overhead and all the crew except the helmsman tried to stay in the shade of the sails, despite the occasional wetting involved. Slight alterations in course bringing the sun flashing across one's face brought down curses upon the helmsman's head. The only highlight of the day was the noon-time rum punch followed by chicken legs and salad, a most convenient meal in choppy seas.

By 19.30 hours we could see the lighthouse flashing on Galeota Point on the S.E. corner of the Island and at 21.00 hours the engine was started as the wind had eased although there was still a steep sea. We crossed Guayaguayare Bay at 22.30 hours and exchanged light signals with friends ashore from the oil drilling camp who in turn telephoned the news to Pointe-a-Pierre. Our deep thanks went to these patient watchers on shore - we had told them to expect us between noon and 18.00 hours !!

At 23.00 hours we rounded Galeota Point, shut off the engine and changed watches. Taffy and John had been on watch since 19.00 hours and before going below they helped set the Genoa in place of the No.1 Jib. There was a big ocean swell running and a short sea superimposed on it and we were quite glad when the job was done. Going back to the cockpit Taffy caught his watch as it went through the life lines, the strap having broken but we were not so lucky with Ken's glasses which I flicked off his head whilst making a sudden descent into the cockpit. They were in the sea before he realized that they had gone.

The journey up the east coast was a real down hill ride. The E.S.E. wind force 3 - 4 made it a broad reach and with the current to help we accomplished the 45 miles in 6 hours. We gybed round Galera Point and skirted the Northern Coast setting the spinnaker as soon as all the male hands had had a salt water bath on the fore deck. The wind had fallen light after rounding the point, but gradually freshened until noon when it eased again and by 13.00 hours there was none at all; we were then off Mal d'Estomac Bay according to the chart and deemed it wise to switch on the engine. By 15.00 we had passed through the Bocas de Monos the first entrance of the Dragon's Mouth and had dropped anchor in Corsair Bay on the Island of Gaspar Grande for a swim and a quiet cup of tea.

The run along the North coast was very pleasant. After a rip snorting breakfast we amused ourselves catching fish - two kingfish and two baracuda - the trolling line was fitted with an outrigger this time and a piece of shock cord indicated when a fish was hooked. We had our usual midday rum punch whilst passing Maracas Beach - the most famous bathing beach on the Island. At this time the shore was covered in a torrential downpour, but we were in fine sunshine - perhaps a bit too fine - the problem of finding shade when the sun is overhead is not an easy one to solve.

We left Corsair Bay at 15.30 hours and started the well known 25 mile stretch home. A fresh S.E. wind kept us close hauled and we were escorted home by a school of porpoises who caused a diversion by snorting at the helmsman and rubbing their backs on the stem. The wind eased as darkness fell making this leg last until 21.00 hours. However John had a bottle of brandy to celebrate the successful completion of the trip and we anticipated our arrival at the moorings by at least two hours.

LIST OF MEMBERS

<u>NAME</u>	<u>ADDRESS & TELEPHONE NUMBER.</u>	<u>YACHT</u>	<u>THAMES TONNAGE.</u>
Allen Capt. J.F.	C/o 14 Dundela Park, Sandycove		
Allen E.H.	14 Dundela Park, Sandycove (83276)		
Arnold R.C.	13. Malone Hill Park, Belfast		
Barnes D.	53, Sycamore Road Mount Merrion, Dublin. (832703)	"Firedrake" (dragon)	3
Barry P.	11. York Terrace, Summerhill, Cork		
Berridge Lt. Col. R.L.	Screebe, Costelloe, Co. Galway (Rosmuck 3)	"Shindilla"	13
Booth E.M.	Melmore, Shankill, Co. Dublin (Bray 3094)	"Gipsy" (Dragon)	3
Bourke J. Roger	Corbiere, Ashbourne Avenue, Limerick (Limerick 1479)	"Iduna"	4
Bradley Desmond	26 Kilbarrack, Sutton, Co. Dublin		
Brady, C.J.	64, Fitzwilliam St. Dublin.		
Brindley A.	Abingdon, Shankill, Co. Dublin.	"Eun Mara" (Dragon)	3
Bridges Mrs. M.C.D.	Seamark, Glandore, Co. Cork (Leap 7)	"Mab" (P.O.)	6
Broderick Kevin J.	52, Castle Park Road, Glenageary, Co. Dublin (72761)		
Browne Noel C. Dr.	St. Bridgits, Enniskerry, Co. Wicklow.		
Browne J.	13, Gilford Road, Sandymount, Dublin.		

LIST OF MEMBERS

<u>NAME</u>	<u>ADDRESS & TELEPHONE NUMBER</u>	<u>YACHT</u>	<u>THAMES TONNAGE</u>
Begley W.	Trafalgar House, Dalkey, Co. Dublin.		
Butler Sean	Bonnie Doon, Colliemore Rd. Dalkey. Co. Dublin		
Campbell R.P.	The Cotswolds, Foxrock, Co. Dublin. (883242)	"Minx of Malham"	7
Chadwick Terence	Lissen Hall, Swords, Co. Dublin (Swords 220)	"Huzure" (P.O.)	8
Charles R.	39, Queens Gate, London. S.W.7.		
Cobbe T.L.	Newbridge House, Donabate. (Malahide 343)	"Charm"	6
Cooper C.W.	The Rectory, Athlone. Co. Westmeath.		
Clark H.W.S.	Gorteode Cottage, Rockwood, Upperlands, Londonderry.	"Wild Goose"	10
Collins J.B.	Mulberry, Clenamuck Rd. Carrickmines, Co. Dublin, (883538)		
Collins W.J.	Weirview, Sunday's Well, Cork. (Cork 24038)		
Cotter Kieran	Cape Clear, Baltimore, Co. Cork.		
Coe R.	Craigie, Monasterevan, Co. Kildare.		
Cottrell John B.	17, Parnell Place, Cork. (Cork 21577)		
Courtney Ross	Dinard, La Vista Avenue, Sutton, Co. Dublin.	"Brynoth"	10
Cresswell R.	Lynton, Dalkey Avenue, Dalkey (83163)		
Chambers C.W.	56, Lansdowne Road, Ballsbridge, Dublin (683032)		

NAME	ADDRESS & TELEPHONE NUMBER	YACHT	187 THAMES TONNAGE
Croker T.G.	Abbey House, Waterford.		
Crosbie Commr.	Garrydale, Tivoli, Cork.		
Crosbie Thomas	Woodlands, Montenotte, Cork (Cork 21116)	"If"	12
Crosbie E.	Woodlands, Montenotte, Cork.		
Cross T.Fergus	Montenotte House, Cork.		
Cudmore F.	Westcourt, College Rd, Cork (23862)	"Setanta"	10
Cudmore H.	Roseleigh, Western Rd. Cork.	"Auretta"	7½
Carse R. Fitzgibbon	Cotswold, Thirlestone Rd. Cheltenham. Glos.		
D'Alton H.M.A	Kilda Cottage, Killiney Co. Dublin.		
Denvir Joan M. (Miss)	European Hotel, Cobh, Co. Cork.		
Devereux A.	10. Fleet Street. Dublin.		
Donnelly H.	102, Shandon Street, Cork.		
Doyle Thomas F.	Menloe, Blackrock, Co. Cork.	"Elsa"	21
Doyle Denis N.	Lauriston, Douglas Rd. Cork.	"Severn"	12
Duff John C.	37 West 75th Street, New York, 23 N.Y., U.S.A.	"Naomi" (P.O.)	5
Duff Joseph M.	11, Queen's Park Monkstown, Co. Dublin.	"Naomi" (P.O.)	5
Donegan J.D	Fastnet, Ballinlough, Cork (23499)		
Elliott W. Mayne	Hillsboro, 59, Cromwell Road, Canterbury, Kent (5679)	"Sheena" (Heron)	

<u>NAME</u>	<u>ADDRESS & TELEPHONE NUMBER</u>	<u>YACHT</u>	<u>THAMES TONNAGE</u>
Falkiner Ninian Dr.	Hollypark, Newtownpark Ave, Blackrock, Co. Dublin.	"Euphanzel"	8
Farrell Austin R.	Dungarvan, Co. Waterford.		
Faulkner J.A.	Tullynakil House, Comber, Co. Down (Killinchy 253)	"Nordene"	154
Fielding Raymond J.	Cartriff, Douglas, Cork. (20102)		
Fitzgerald Jos.	24, Patrick Street, Cork (Cork 20633)		
Flanagan R.J.	Distillery Road, Dublin (46377)		
French Miss Daphne A.	Pamir Cottage, Dunmore East, Co. Waterford.	"Dara"	4
Fuller Thomas	Grianan, Skibbereen, Co. Cork (Skibbereen 6)		
Goodbody Harold P.	The Glen, Cobh. Co. Cork.	"Christina of Carcais"	12
Greer P.H.	22, Greenfield Road. Sutton, Co. Dublin.	"Ann Gail"	12
Hall R.A.,	Carrigmore, Cobh. Co. Cork (Cobh 308)	"Flica"	33
Hally M.F.	31, Ashton Park, Monkstown. Co. Dublin		
Hall R.C.A.	Lauriville, Carrigaline, Co. Cork.	"Heber"	14
Hennessy H.	C/o. Cunard Office, Cork.		
Hanan T.J. (Hon Sec.)	Kenmare, Kill Road, Foxrock. Co. Dublin (883486)	"Rippon"	8
Healy A.A.	Newtown, Bantry, Co. Cork.		
Harman S.T.S.	Lishfield, Ballintemple. Co. Cork. (Cork 21610)		
Heard R.D.	Stone Cottage, Claremont Lane, Killiney Hill Road, Killiney, Co. Dublin. (83709)	"Huff of Arklow"	14

<u>NAME</u>	<u>ADDRESS & TELEPHONE NUMBER</u>	<u>YACHT</u>	<u>THAMES TONNAGE</u>
Hennessy Dr. Synge	14 Bold St. Warrington, Lancs.		
Hegarty Brian	2, Killeen Villas, Malahide, Co.Dublin.		
Henry F.J., M.B., F.R.C.S.I.	Match Box, Mount Annville Rd. Dundrum, Co. Dublin. (905956)	"Jacqueline"	
Henry S. Mervyn.	18, Mountsandel, Coleraine, Co. Derry.		
Hollway Lt. Col. J.B.	Eski Shehr, Cabinteely, Co. Dublin	"Viking O"	14
Hollway G.W.	Dunstaffinge, Stillorgan, Co. Dublin.		
Hooper Sean, S.C.	4, Pekenham Road, Monkstown, Co. Dublin. (81405)		
Hopkirk Eric C.	Charleville, Belfast.		
Hopkirk Frank C.	Redroofs, Newtownbreda, Belfast.	"Glance"	17
Horsman H.F.	Templeraingy House, Arklow, Co. Wicklow.	"Sinloo of Arklow"	8
Humphries Ivan	Maya Cova, Tortula via St. Thomas, B.W.I.	"Maya"	20
Hunter-Blair Mrs. David	Seacliffe House, Aberdour, Fife, Scotland.	"Shearwater" (Dinghy) 12 ft.	
Jacob Basil B.	31, Raglan Road, Ballsbridge, Dublin.	"Foam"	5
Kane P.B.	6 Islington Avenue, Dun Laogire, Co. Dublin	"Sidhe Gaoithe"	
Kavanagh P.J.	Leahurst, Douglas Rd. Cork (23491)	(Dragon)	
Kay Alex R.	Rothsay Hotel, 11 Eden Quay, Dublin. (44885)		

<u>NAME</u>	<u>ADDRESS & TELEPHONE NUMBER</u>	<u>YACHT</u>	<u>THAMES TONNAGE.</u>
Kearney John B.	27 Eaton Square Monkstown, Co. Dublin (82329)		
Kelly-Rogers Capt. J.C.	Spindrift, Shore Rd. Portmarnock, Co. Dublin. (Portmarnock 28)		
Milkelly Lt. Col. R.P.	23 Upper Grosvenor St. London. W.1.		
Kimber Gurth	British Embassy, Dublin	"Astrophel"	10
Kirkham T.G.	The Meetings, Avoca, Co. Wicklow.		
Knox-Gore Col. W.A.C.S., D.S.O.	Pontoon Lodge Foxford, Co. Mayo.	"Arandora"	8
Large Rd. T.	Roehill House, Stillorgan, Co. Dublin.	"Skua"	7½
Love C.	18 Coach St., Cork	"Galgador"	20
Luke D.	St. Fintan's, Strand Rd. Sutton, Co. Dublin.		
MacBride W.	39, Harcourt Street, Dublin.		
McCleery H.	Island Bane, Killinchy, Co. Down.		
McConnell J.C.	Harvieston, Cunningham Rd. Dalkey, Co. Dublin.	"Susanna"	9
McCormick W.H.D.	Greencastle, Co. Donegal.	"Diane"	4
McFerran Keith	Dangan, Carrickmines, Co. Dublin (883153)	"Huzure" (P.O)	8
McKechnie W.G.B.	Rhubeg, Strone, Argyll, Scotland.	C.B. Dinghy 12 feet.	
McKinley F.	Beechfield, Sydney Ave., Blackrock, Co. Dublin.	"Sarcelle"	6
McMullen L.	"The Dell", Gordon Ave., Foxrock, Co. Dublin.	"Rainbow"	6

NAME	ADDRESS & TELEPHONE NUMBER	YACHT	THAMES TONNAGE
McSweeney E.J.	"Glendhu", Mentoe Gdns. Blackrock, Cork.		
Macken J.J.	White House, Dalkey Ave. Dalkey. Co.Dublin.	"Aileen" (Dragon)	3
Magill R.	Albion House, Sandycove, Co.Dublin.	"Sadie R"	8
Maguire B.C.	Northfield, 36 Herbert Rd. Hornchurch, Essex.		
Maguire, Ml.J.	Grosvenor House, Monkstown, Co.Dublin.		
Mahony J.A.C.	Cloghroe House, Blarney, Co.Cork.		
Mallagh, T.J.S.	1 St.James Terrace, Clonskeagh. Dublin		
Martin F.D.	2 Eaton Brae, Corbawn Lane, Shankill, Co.Dublin.	"Adastra" (P.O.)	8
Maxwell Fawcett	Frescati, Blackrock, Co.Dublin (880042)		
Mellon Douglas	Thormanby Lodge, Howth, Co. Dublin (322093)	"Spray"	2
Mellon A.M.	6, St.Michael Street, Oxford.		
Mellon D.E., M.D.	8. Fitzwilliam Square, Dublin (66460)	"Colette"	4
Micks R.H., M.D.	18, Fitzwilliam Place, Dublin.		
Miller C.G.	Shortalstown, Ballycogley, Wexford.		
Mitchell P.D.	Montrose, 2, Queens Park, Monkstown. Co.Dublin.		
Mooney A.W.	Ardfern, Breffni Road, Sandycove, Co.Dublin.	"Hurricane IV" (Dragon)	3
Mooney A.J., M.D.	26 Upper Fitzwilliam St. Dublin.		

<u>NAME</u>	<u>ADDRESS & TELEPHONE NUMBER</u>	<u>YACHT</u>	<u>THAMES TONNAGE</u>
Morck Peter B.	Ardvarna, Baily, Co.Dublin.	"Eila"	4
Morrisson I.	"Spindrift" Carrickbrack, Road, Baily, Co.Dublin.	"Vanja"	6
Moore Godfrey B. Hcn.Treas.	18, St.Catherines Park, Glenageary, Co.Dublin. (83152)		
Morehead R.	Currabinny, Crosshaven, Co.Cork (Crosshaven 47)	"Windward"	1½
Montgomery A.M.	"Brocca", North Avenue, Mount Merrion. Co.Dublin.	"Rita" (17 ft).	
Montgomery E.J.	78, Northumberland Rd. Dublin.		
Mulhern Jas J.	New Park, Stillorgan, Co.Dublin.		
Murdock Alex	Westways, Station House Hollywood, Co.Down.	"Kirmew"	5
O'Kelly W.J.	50 Villerea Park, Glenageary, Co.Dublin.		
O'Brien Eric	39, Grafton St. Dublin.	"Thumbalina" (Mermaid)	
O'Byrne Thos.E.	Thomdale, Beaumont Pk. Ballintemple, Cork.		
O'Connor Dan J.	Kotor, Vico Terrace, Dalkey, Co.Dublin.		
O'Connor Dr.M.	58. Fitzwilliam Square,	"Brynoth" (P.O.)	10
O'Donovan W.J.	Eldorado, Ballintemple, Co.Cork.		
Odbert Arthur R.M.	8. Trafalgar Terrace, Monkstown. Co.Dublin.		
Odlum Ed. John	Off Albert Road, Glenageary, Co.Dublin.		
Odlum Peter B.	The Cottage, 30 Highfield Rd. Rathgar, Dublin.	"Namhara" "Jean"(Dragon) P.O.	10 3

<u>NAME</u>	<u>ADDRESS & TELEPHONE NUMBER</u>	<u>YACHT</u>	<u>THAMES TONNAGE</u>
O'Farrell K.	Villaggio, Coliemore Rd.Dalkey.Co.Dublin.		
O'Hanlon Rory H. M.D.	36, Fitzwilliam Square Dublin (62030)	"Harmony"	10
O'Keefe P.	Ard-na-Greine, Bantry, Co.Cork (Bantry 33)		
O'Keefe Ray	Landscape, Drinagh, Wexford (Wexford 280)	"Mary C" (Mermaid)	
O'Lochlainn Colm.	109, Fleet St. Dublin.		
Osterberg Harold	1.Wilton Place, Dublin. (66705)		
Osterberg Paul	27 Sans Souci Park Belfast.		
Park Mungo	The Tansy, Baily, Howth, Co.Dublin.	"Vandra"	3
Pearson J.D.	Craig View, Howth. Co.Dublin.		
Petch John	Kilbrittain, Co.Cork.		
Pope A.E.	Victoria Cross, Cork	"Susette"	6
Powell M.	48, Grand Parade, Cork.		
Purcell Denis J. Hon.Measurer	3, Marlboro' Road, Glenageary, Co.Dublin. (81849, 54204)		
Riordan Cashel J.	The Paddock, Templelawn, Blackrock Road.Cork. (Cork 21554)	"Tern"	5
Rearden John	Rossalia, Shanakiel Road Cork (20270 22220)	"Tern"	5
Richardson H.G.	"Ventnor" Vico Road, Dalkey. Co.Dublin.(86518)		
Roche T.H.	Ros-na-Greine, Avoca Ave.	"Jean" P.O. (Dragon)	3
Ronan, J.G.	Cuskinny, Cobh, Co.Cork		
Rowlands David G.	17 Chlorine Gardens, Belfast.		

<u>NAME</u>	<u>ADDRESS & TELEPHONE NUMBER</u>	<u>YACHT</u>	<u>THAMES TONNAGE</u>
Ryan Eoin	"Epworth" Quarry Road, Greystones, Co. Wicklow.		
Ryan John	"Rochdale" Orwell Road, Rathgar, Dublin.	"Southern Cross"	6
Ryan Sean	Coolmiller, Carrigaline, Co. Cork.		
Smallbridge S.F.	Weston Lodge, Burdett Ave. Sandycove, Co. Dublin	"Mercia 111"	6
Somerville-Large P.T.	Vallombrosa, Bray, Co. Wicklow.	"Gannet"	10
Shepherd Gerald J.	Sir Patrick Dun's Hospital, Dublin.		
Sheppard Thos.	2 Rosier Mansions Sandycove, Co. Dublin.	"Foresight"	5
Smiles Alan	12 Prospect Ave. Port Washington, New York. U.S.A.		
Starkey R.V.	11. Sandford Avenue Marlboro' Road. Donnybrook, Dublin.	"Bonita"	3
Sullivan C. St. J.	Bellevue, Lr. Mountown Rd. Dun Laoghaire. Co. Dublin. (85877)		
Sullivan D. St. J.	123 Upper Abbey St. Dublin (44400)	"Ada" (S.D) "Sprack" (S.D) P.O. "Capella"	3
Sullivan Michael A.	Raffeen House, Monkstown, Co. Cork.		
Thomson C.H.	24 Waltham Terrace, Blackrock, Co. Dublin (880198)		
Thompson A.F.B.	16. Sydney Avenue Blackrock, Co. Dublin (82011.61951)	"Rosemary" (17')	3
Thompson Samuel F.	Windyridge, Rochestown Rd. Cork.	"Ithuriel"	11

<u>NAME</u>	<u>ADDRESS & TELEPHONE NUMBER</u>	<u>YACHT</u>	<u>THAMES TONNAGE</u>
Tyrrell John	56 Ferrybank, Arklow (Arklow 3)		
Villiers Stuart M.F.	"Longside" Greenisland, Co. Antrim.	"Winifred"	13
Wall Morris R	Seamount, Malahide. Co. Dublin.	"Innisfallen"	D.B.S.C. 21 footer
Walsh R.T.	Benbaun, Belgrave Rd. Monkstown, Co. Dublin.	"Firedrake" (Dragon)	3
Walsh J.P.	32 Dartmouth Square, Dublin.		
Weply Wm. O.M.D	6, Bridge Street, Bandon Co. Cork	"Dawn Star"	26
Wilkinson J. Norman.	Glenhedr. Howth, Co. Dublin.	"Leila" (D.B.17')	
Wilson T.G. M.B., F.R.C.S.I.	3, Fitzwilliam Square Dublin. (62757)	"Fenestra"	8
Woodley F.R.	Glenavon. Rushbrooke, Co. Cork.		
Wood Wolfe C.F.W.	Bridge House, Skibbereen, Co. Cork.		
Workman J.R.	53, Malone Park, Belfast.	" Ceara "	8

HONORARY MEMBERS

<u>NAME</u>	<u>ADDRESS & TELEPHONE NUMBER.</u>	<u>YACHT</u>	<u>THAMES TONNAGE</u>
Buckley Col.R.C. McLean, M.S.	C/o. Westminster Bank 300 King's Road, London. S.W.3.		
Cree Donal C.L.	Pinehurst, Aviary Road, Pyreford, Woking.	"Gulnare"	9
Barton Humphrey	South Cliff, De la Warr Rd., Milford- on-Sea, Hampshire.		
Paul Alan H.	Royal Ocean Racing Club. 20, St.James Street, London.S.W.1.		

