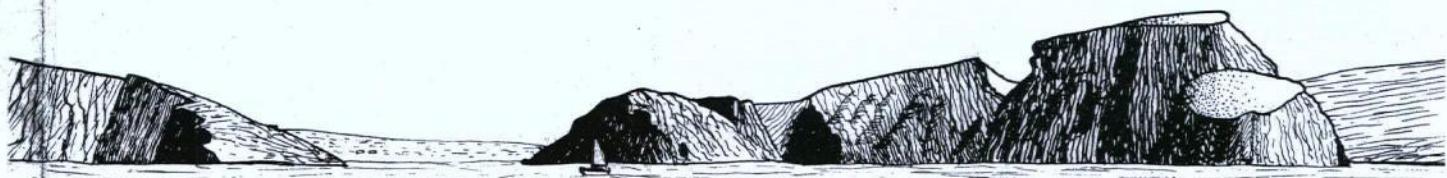


IRISH CRUISING CLUB

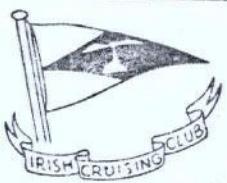
1968 ANNUAL



PORTRACLOY - CO MAYO

E. & T. O'Brien,





This book was presented by

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HON. EDITOR'S NOTE

The size of this Annual, and the several new contributors, indicate the ever increasing cruising activity of members and also the unusually pleasant weather of 1968, especially on the South Coast. As the logs came pouring in — starting even before the stipulated date — it became clear to your Hon. Editor that it was going to cost a lot more than last year and to ease the blow to the Club's finances a more condensed type has been used, which it is hoped will not cause eye-strain. For many years it has been assumed that if a member goes to the trouble of writing an account it will appear in the Annual, even if mangled by the Hon. Editor. In view of this the Committee dismissed any idea of omitting any of this year's entries. It does seem however an appropriate time to consider the future of the Annual. This one contains 28 accounts of cruises. It also lists over a hundred cruising yachts owned by members. What should we do if even half contributed? Our Annual has been compared favourably with others, the variety of its matter and its unrestricted narrative styles being features praised. If we go on publishing everything there will certainly have to be an increase in our annual subscription to the Club. The Committee would like to have the members' views. Please send your comments and suggestions on a post-card to the Hon. Secretary. If you make no comment the Committee must assume that you wish no change and are content to pay more.

It remains for the Hon. Editor to express the Club's gratitude to the contributors, to acknowledge welcome assistance by Tom Hanan in correcting MSS and proofs and to apologise for any errors.

R.P.C.



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IRISH CRUISING CLUB, 1968 ANNUAL.

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OFFICERS AND COMMITTEE FOR 1968

Commodore	Lt. Col. R.L. Berridge
Vice-Commodore	J. D. Faulkner
Rear-Commodore	J. H. Guinness
Hon. Secretary	A. Dunn, 2 Nutley Road, Dublin 4.
Hon. Treasurer	C. N. Watson, North Quay, Wicklow
Hon. Auditor	J. F. Brown

COMMITTEE:

R. P. Campbell	P. H. Greer	P. D. Odlum
M. M. A. d'Alton	R. D. Heard	R. H. O'Hanlon
D. N. Doyle	P. B. Morck	C. J. Riordan
W. E. Glover	J. C. McConnell	W. A. Smyth

HON. SECRETARY'S REPORT

Committee Meetings Eight were held during the year, all in Dunlaoghaire and zealously attended by Flag Officers and committee-men from Belfast and Cork. Average attendance was 56%.

The Annual General Meeting last March was attended by a mere 7% of the membership. The Officers and Committee, disappointed at this poor turn-out, could only hope that it indicated approval rather than lack of interest. It is expected that at the forthcoming A.G.M. a decision may be taken radically altering the organisation of the Club and it is hoped that every member will make a special effort to be present. (See below.)

The Annual Dinner in Cork was attended by 143 members and guests. For the first time for many years lady guests were admitted without restriction. A memorable evening was enjoyed by all and on behalf of visiting members I would like to record a special word of thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Denis Doyle for their hospitality.

The Annual Muster in Newry, attended by 44 yachts, owed its success to careful organisation and guidance by the Vice-Commodore, ably assisted by the Rear-Commodore (See report and photos herein).

The Challenge Cups are also the subject of a separate report. Congratulations to the winners: Rory O'Hanlon, Paddy Dineen and John Beckett.

Racing Results

Cork-Fastnet-Castlehaven. 1st Moonduster, D. N. Doyle. **Wybrants Cup.** 2nd Sonata, T. F. Doyle.
Irish Sea Race. 1st Class I and overall Moonduster, D. N. Doyle, **Donegan Memorial Cup.** 2nd Class II
Querida, R. I. Morrison. 1st Class III Marula, J. C. McConnell.

Islands Race. 1st Moonduster, D. N. Doyle, **Waterford Harbour S. C. Cup.** 2nd Sarnia, J. G. Sisk.

Holyhead-Wicklow. Class B. 1st Wingelock, Greer Trophy. 2nd Arpege. 3rd Hustler.

Dunlaoghaire-Holyhead. Race cancelled.

Membership. It is with very great regret that we record the death during the year of the following three members:

A. Devereux, elected 1930

R. J. Flanagan, elected 1930.

H. Osterberg, elected 1938,
(Honorary Member 1966)

During the year the following were admitted to membership:

Derrick Cole	Alistair McMillan	Noel Speidel
Dominic J. Daly	Patrick McSweeney	Rynn Stewart
Patrick Donegan	Michael O'Flaherty	Eric P. Sutton
Robert Geldof	Malachi O'Gallagher	Jonathan Virden
Capt. George F. Hely	James Porteous	Ronald A. Wayte
J. Patrick Jameson	Frank Ryan	William P. Williams
Brendan P. Lyden	Leonard Sheil	William Walsh
George McCann	Brian Smullen.	

First Lady Officer of the club is Mrs. Jennifer Guinness who has kindly agreed to take over the new job of Hon. Publications Officer thus relieving the Hon. Treasurer of the increasing onerous task of dealing with orders for books.

Congratulations to our Hon. Treasurer Neil Watson on his marriage. Best wishes to Darty and Lilian Glover who are emigrating to Australia, we hope not for too long.

Honorary Port Representatives The first object of the Club is to encourage cruising in Irish waters and our first-line troops in this campaign are our H.P.R.s. Their quiet devotion to their duties, together with the excellence of the Club Sailing Directions, have resulted in a record number of foreign yachts visiting Irish coasts this year. The fame of our 1968 weather will doubtless bring even more next year.

Local Meetings – Offshore Racing. At the meetings of members held in November at Belfast, Cork and Dublin various subjects were discussed and one similar recommendation came from all three: that a separate Committee be created with the following duties. 1. To organise traditional I.C.C. races. 2. To co-ordinate these and offshore races organised by other clubs in Irish waters. 3. To enter an Irish team for the Admirals Cup. While it is recognised that this is primarily a cruising club there is an important minority of members, amounting to possibly 20%, who, if not dedicated R.O.R.C. men, are interested to some degree in participating in off-shore races. In 1964 the Club adopted a rule officially permitting the Club to encourage off-shore racing. It is felt that the Committee have been unable to devote sufficient attention to the promotion of this sport and that its interests will be best served by a special Committee as proposed. Some members feel that a better solution would be the formation of an Irish Off-Shore Racing Club. The Committee hope that a decision will be reached at the forthcoming A.G.M.

The Rockabill Trophy. After the 1966 dinner in Belfast this valuable silver model was lost. Efforts to locate it and appeals for its return were in vain. Happily this summer it was discovered – in a locked press in the hotel where the dinner was held. It has again been won – deservedly and most appropriately – by its donor Perry Greer.

Dursey Sound. During the summer it was learned that a cable-way was to be built to Dursey island at an authorised height of 45 ft. which would have closed the sound to all but fairly small sailing yachts. As a result of energetic protest by your Committee it has now been decided to increase the clearance to 70 ft.

Sailing Directions have continued to attract favourable comment and to sell well, in fact a new edition of the East and North Coast book may be required for 1970. Any member who has fresh information which he believes should be incorporated in either book should send it to R. P. Campbell, Cuilin, Bray, Co. Wicklow. Anyone contemplating a cruise on the north coast next year may apply to Wallace Clark (Upperlands, Co. Derry) for a set of tidal charts for Inishowen Head to Malin Head which he is preparing and of which a few copies will be available.

Irish Yachting Association. For some years meetings have been going on between yacht clubs and other bodies both in the Republic and in Northern Ireland in an endeavour to establish a body to represent and protect the interests of Irish water sports. At a meeting in November it was unanimously decided that the constitution of the I.Y.A. should be changed with a view to its becoming such a representative body. The co-operation of the Officers and Committee of the I.Y.A. throughout these protracted discussions deserves grateful recognition and there are now high hopes of a satisfactory conclusion.

Cruising Club of America 1969 Cruise. Thanks chiefly to the efforts of our Commodore in conjunction with the Royal Cork Y.C. the C.C.A. have arranged a race in June from Newport to Cork. At least one I.C.C. yacht will compete. It is to be followed by the annual C.C.A. cruise which will be to West Cork and Kerry and which I.C.C. and R.C.C. yachts have been invited to join. This is the first time that the C.C.A. have held their cruise on this side of the Atlantic and will be a unique occasion in uniting these three national clubs in one cruise in company. A brochure has been sent to members. If you have not already done so please return the form stating whether you propose to participate or not. A great deal of advance organisation is needed and the special Cork committee in charge need this information and deserve the co-operation of all yacht-owning members.

Finally, a word of sincere thanks to our Hon. Editor for the time and effort he has devoted to producing this Annual.

Aidan Dunn

OBITUARY

Harald Osterberg, an old and valued member of the Irish Cruising Club and for some years its Rear-Commodore, died on August 31st 1968.

I knew Harald since 1936 when he came from America to reside in Dublin, having left his native Denmark where he had already made his name in yachting circles and sailed with King Christian of Denmark in the Royal Yacht *Rita* and also the King's 6 metre *Dane*.

In 1937 he brought to Ireland the Dragon *Alpa* which he had ordered whilst in America, but as there were no others of the class in Ireland at that time, shipped her back to Denmark. He then bought the gaff cutter *Isme*, converted her to bermudan and renamed her *Marama*, the yacht with which his name was associated for so many years both in cruising and racing circles.

In 1947 Harald took part in the R.O.R.C. Fastnet race and finished second in A class and, with the I.C.C. Hong Kong Cup winner of this class, put the club second in the R.O.R.C. Points Championship that year. This was a record for the club which is still unbeaten. He also won a great many awards in both I.C.C. off-shore events and in local races and Regattas.

In 1950 he won the Faulkner Cup for a cruise in the course of which he circumnavigated both England and Denmark.

In 1939, in order to encourage members to improve their skill in navigation and pilotage, he presented a fine cup which with typical modesty he named the Navigation Cup. This was to be awarded to the most successful I.C.C. student at the Irish Nautical College and subsequently for the best navigator's log submitted, but the response by members was disappointing. In 1954 he agreed that his cup should be renamed the Round Ireland Cup and awarded each year for the best circumnavigation.

Harald is sadly missed in yachting circles. Our sympathy goes to his widow, to his son Paul (a member) and to his daughter, Mrs. Alys Goodbody.

A. W. M.

CHALLENGE CUPS – 1968.

THE VICE-COMMODORE'S AWARD

FAULKNER CUP There were seven entries for this Cup.

Ainmara – Richard Gomes. Once a ship has acquired a reputation it seems to stick and certainly this cruise from Donaghadee to Brittany and back was no exception! It is a very good cruise indeed and provided a great variety of weather.

Carragwen – Lyall Smith. This was a short cruise from Dunlaoghaire to Fahy Bay Co. Galway in rather more wind at times than most of us experienced this year.

Sea Dog – R. C. A. Hall. This was a cruise from Crosshaven to Brittany and back, spending a week storm-bound in the Scillies on the way. Undoubtedly it was not the year to be in the latitude of the South of England. A well executed cruise.

Sule Skerry – John Guinness. This was a good cruise covering more than 1,700 miles in five weeks from Howth to South Biscay and back. The Log contains interesting and useful information for others planning such a cruise.

Tir na nOg – Dr. Ninian Falkiner. This was a month's cruise to the west coast of Norway and back, carried out competently and providing much of interest as one would expect from the owner. In company with *Rinamara* they had plenty of hard weather on the way out. The log is very well written and presented by Stanley Dyke and Michael d'Alton.

Tjaldur – Dr. Rory O'Hanlon. This was the second instalment of the cruise started in 1967 up the eastern seaboard of the United States and Canada and home across the Atlantic. It was a remarkable trip in many ways, not least in the speed of the ocean crossing when they covered 1,645 miles in under fourteen days, to average about five knots – more remarkable because it was almost wholly on the wind. It is fascinating to read Rory's cruises and almost more so to ponder on the location for his next one!

Winifreda of Greenisland (Winnie) – Michael Villiers-Stuart. This was a most interesting and amusing account of a cruise from Belfast Lough to Malta via Midi Canal. In the two Seasons since "Winnie" has had her major re-fit she must have covered almost a greater mileage than her total distance up to that date. Last year she visited the West Coast of Norway.

The Club's usually high standard has been fully maintained in this year's cruises: at least five of them were of over 1,600 miles. We have a great cruising reputation to maintain.

I have awarded the Cup to Rory O'Hanlon.

Sharavogue – Jonathan Virden. Unfortunately this cruise was not eligible for competition as the owner was not not then a member of the I.C.C. This is a fine single-handed cruise from Dunlaoghaire to Brittany and back using a Quartermaster wind vane, without which it would have been almost impossible.

FORTNIGHT CUP There were six entrants for this Cup.

Wallace Clark cruised with his family in Wild Goose to Jura and Crinan via Corrievreckan to Clyde and back, mainly in good weather. He attached some useful notes.

Paddy Dinneen describes a good cruise in his Folkboat, Huntress, despite a few incidents with halliards and a freak gale, from Cork to L'Aberwrach, Scillies and home.

Raymond Fielding delivered his new boat, Gigha, from Plymouth to Crosshaven and included a description of a short cruise to the south-west and some local racing.

Nancy Hall described a very good short cruise in Sea Dog on the south-west coast.

Dr. Noel Hennessey described a most interesting cruise in Aisling from Ruskey "in the bogs of Roscommon" to Connemara and back, with a few hair-raising experiences on the Shannon!!!

Leonard Shiel delivered his new boat, Gailey Bay, from Chichester to Dunlaoghaire.

It is a pity that none of the entrants for the Fortnight Cup provided either a chart or an analysis of mileage, ports visited or engine hours. I decided that the Cup should be awarded to Paddy Dinneen in *Huntress*, for a very good cruise in a fairly small boat.

ROUND IRELAND CUP There were three circumnavigations, all excellent cruises, competently managed and clearly described. DARA and PHALAROPE went clockwise and VERVE anti-clockwise. It is standard practice when judging anything to say how difficult it is to decide between one and another but, in this case, it really is true! However, I think that the Cup should go to *Dara*, John Beckett, mainly because she visited rather more anchorages and also because she is a much smaller boat than the other two.

Denis Faulkner

CARLINGFORD RALLY

7th–8th September, 1968

The Rally this year was a memorable sight with forty-five boats berthed comfortably in the heart of Newry and no fewer than twenty-four of them from North of Carlingford. 25 were I.C.C. yachts and 20 non-members who had been invited to join. The weather was fine, but rather windless, on Friday, particularly for the Northern boats so that the race from Portavogie was slow and the time limit impossible to meet.

Saturday was a lovely day with a moderate south-easterly wind. The Competition organised by the Rear-Commodore started off Rostrevor and was completed during the afternoon in Newry. It consisted of "a man overboard" exercise, a check on essential equipment and a First Aid Test with particular emphasis on mouth to mouth resuscitation. The combined marks gave an extremely close result with a tie for third place as follows:

1st Rockabill Trophy *Helen of Howth*, P. H. Greer. 2nd *Jaynor*, J. Selig.

3rd Brynroth, P. Roche and Fionnuala, R. Courtney

A most successful Party was held on board *Helen of Howth*, *Rinamara*, *Sule Skerry* and *Zest of Strangford* during the evening which remained fine though chilly — and many other parties of all sorts were continued elsewhere during the remainder of the night!!

Sunday dawned (and remained) with continuous torrential rain and a fresh south-easterly wind. The boats locked out in two lots with a ship entering between and everyone experienced a nasty steep sea on the bar, with the ebb against the south-easterly wind, the tide at the lock having determined the time of departure. However, there was no mishap, although the Southern boats had a hard and long sail home.

A great many things were learnt to help for another year, but, hopefully, the Rally is once more firmly on the Club's Fixtures List.

We are greatly indebted to the Newry Port and Harbour Trust for allowing us to use the Canal and Docks and, in particular to Mr. John Fisher for making all the arrangements for us.

The following yachts attended the Rally:-

<i>Ainmara</i>	<i>Gailey Bay</i>	<i>Kitugani</i>	<i>Sharavogue</i>
<i>Bonita</i>	<i>Gipsy</i>	<i>Ladybird</i>	<i>Sheenan</i>
<i>Brynoth</i>	<i>Grey Seal</i>	<i>Lamita</i>	<i>Shelmaliere</i>
<i>Capella</i>	<i>Havoc</i>	<i>Marionette</i>	<i>Shortwave</i>
<i>Catalina</i>	<i>Helen of Howth</i>	<i>Medea</i>	<i>Sule Skerry</i>
<i>Cughulain</i>	<i>Huff of Arklow</i>	<i>Medusa</i>	<i>Tara</i>
<i>Cunamara</i>	<i>Ice Bird</i>	<i>Nirvana</i>	<i>Teal</i>
<i>Curlew</i>	<i>Jaynor</i>	<i>Polonaise</i>	<i>Tjaldur</i>
<i>Emanuel</i>	<i>Juffra</i>	<i>Queen of Mourne</i>	<i>Tyrena</i>
<i>Felma</i>	<i>Kailena</i>	<i>Rinamara</i>	<i>Vandara of Arklow</i>
<i>Fionnuala</i>	<i>Kirmew</i>	<i>Sarcelle</i>	<i>Wynalda</i>
			<i>Zest of Strangford</i>

DOWN EAST (Leg two)

by R. H. O'Hanlon

Crew:	R. H. O'Hanlon Desmond Barrington	P. C. Denham Andrew O'Hanlon	Reggie Lee B. M. O'Hanlon (Baddeck to St. John's)
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I suppose every yachtsman regards the laying up period over the winter as a difficult time. Theoretically at least, if one's boat is in Canada one cannot see it and fuss over it. This, I fear is not strictly so, especially as friends of mine in Baddeck kept sending me photos of *TJALDUR* reposing in what I would call an "ice field". I said goodbye to the boat on August 5th, 1967. She was immaculate, shining, — brightwork, topsides and cabin top. She was ready for 1968, at least that is what I thought.

Cape Breton suffers from extremes — August particularly hot with a winter like the Klondyke. These extremes told their story in June, 1968, the spring in Cape Breton. I had sent my eldest son, Andrew, out to Canada by students' charter flight to help the yard with the fitting out. He arrived on June 9th to find almost all the varnish work stripped by ice despite adequate winter cover. It was cold and rained continuously; he doesn't talk about it much but I think those fourteen days were days of discomfort and much work. To his great credit he prepared the boat extremely well and the "gentry" duly arrived on June 23rd. The lilac was just coming out to add its perfume to the smoke of the log fires.

Pinauds' Yacht Yard is a sort of overgrown Christie Mahony's with all the delights of that place. The "boys" as they are called are well past the three score years while father is not far off the five score. It took all six of us three full days of work to get everything in order — the electrics, the sails, the rigging, all the countless things you can think of. These days were well spent and gave us carefree cruising from then onwards.

June 27th At 0830 left Baddeck on a cold morning, air temp. 47°F., Wind N.E.F.4. We were dead on schedule and making for Sydney to take in stores. It was a joy to see those lovely Bras D'Or lakes again and I pondered and wondered, "Shall I see them again?" We had a very smart sail to Sydney ending in a heavy beat in F.7 for the last eight miles up the harbour to the Royal Cape Breton Yacht Club. The afternoon was spent in Miles supermarket checking stores already ordered. The checking of the list and the marking of tins was energetically carried out by Peter Denham.

June 28th Skipper ashore to carry out the important task of bonding ship while the crew stowed ship with a mountain of supplies and water. At 1230 left for St. Pierre. Wind S., F.3 to 4. Pleasant sailing but cold with poor visibility.

June 29th At 1000 log 126. Wind S.E. F.5 much rain and sea. Four rolls and small genoa just fetching — very poor visibility and rather unpleasant. At 1900 eight rolls plus storm jib. F.8. By good fortune we had made our landfall with the help of beacons dead on. The last 30 minutes were most simulating. By now we had a smooth sea between St. Pierre and the northern island of Miguelon. It is difficult to imagine fog with such wind. The whole top of the water appeared to be in the air and it with the fog made visibility something to be imagined. At 1945 tied up alongside at St. Pierre in violent rain and poor visibility. Ashore to the cafes and the high life for which this little town is renowned.

St. Pierre and Miguelon are small barren islands ceded to the French by Great Britain for the use of the fishing fleets following the Canadian wars. Mainly they are famous for the large part they played during the prohibition era in the U.S. and today are an important outpost not alone to the French but also to the Spanish and Portuguese fishing fleets.

Sunday June 30th — A day of rest.

July 1st At 0900 left St. Pierre, sun and fog, wind F.1 variable. Engine. Water temp. 43°F. Visibility 75 yards. At 2100 Log 42. Fog - Fog - Fog. No wind.

July 2nd Wind S.W. F.2 to 3. At 0915, Log 104, altered course for Cape Race. Fog. At 1410 Cape Race abeam? two miles offing, dense fog, wind S.W. F.3. Many fog horns about. Suddenly we sailed into sunshine and there on our port quarter was the famed Cape Race looking just like any other headland. Ahead were two steamers blowing furiously "You are standing into danger". They were quite right as three miles ahead lay an enormous berg glistening in the sunshine. The wind came on smartly W. F.4 and we ran towards the berg with cameras poised with a growing feeling of excitement. This berg was about the size of the Muglins but about three times as high. We did not know it then but it was aground on the Bullard Bank. We paid the iceberg great respect and having tired of gazing and wondering, lay for Fermeuse (Newfoundland) some 25 miles further along the coast. Arrived at 1900, log 159, and tied alongside very smelly fish factory.

July 3rd At 0600 left Fermeuse for St. John's, a pleasant sail in F.3 variable. Arrived St. John's at 1330. Distance : 40 miles.

It was a thrill to make this famous port about which so much has been written and which had played so great a part in convoy work in World War 11. The harbour entrance is narrow and well fortified. From the narrows the harbour bends at right angles to the west and is lined by docks. As we entered the harbour we were met by the pilot launch which delivered a "Telegram" from the newly appointed skipper of *Asgard*, Captain Healy, and a letter from my old comrade of the sea, Douglas Heard, sending us best wishes and the following sound advice:-

"Don't forget that the Captain's word is law. Crew's duties are to do all the dirty work, keep the skipper supplied with ample refreshment especially liquid, take full blame for everything that goes wrong and only speak when they are spoken to! If well behaved they could be allowed a small — repeat — small ration of alcohol now and again. Any signs of insubordination must be stamped on immediately. Suggestions as to sail setting, courses etc. contrary to the Skipper's ideas should be treated with scorn and the offender deprived of his alcohol ration for several days as well as being given the dirtiest jobs going."

We stayed at St. John's until the evening of July 5th and enjoyed good weather with sun. We had arrived in Newfoundland on their first summer's day and by good fortune had just picked the time correctly. During our stay we were looked after by the famous firm of Bowring Bros. who showed us every kindness. Included in their properties is a vast supermarket and I would advise any transatlantic yacht to provision at that firm. Newfoundland is full of Irish especially in the medical profession. Dr. Denham and I met many former students of ours and we are most grateful to them for the great hospitality shown to us. We had a great luncheon party on Friday, July 5th, twelve doctors and the crew of *Tjaldur*. It was obvious we must get to sea.

Friday July 5th At 1740 we left the quayside in St. John's in much fog, under power for the harbour entrance. To me it was a great occasion in a long sailing career. Soon we lost sight of my wife and the many doctors who came to say farewell. We cleared the Heads at 1830, wind E.S.E. F.4, dead ahead. I had expected this as I had read in detail the account of *Phalarope's* crossing in the C.C.A. Journal. During their fourteen day passage they kept asking "Where are the North Atlantic Westerlies?". They experienced 25 hours of winds abaft the beam; three quarters of the time they could lay their course, while during the other quarter they lay 30° off. Most of this time was spent on the port tack. As you will read we scarcely fared any better. Running down this coast is the cold Labrador current for a distance of about 250 miles offshore. This sets to the S.W. at about 25 miles per day, so I lay to the north-east. Our course was 100°C and we lay 085°C on the wind. It was a fine night apart from fog. Barometer steady at 1009. Chronometer 1½ seconds slow. Water temp. 44°F. Log streamed

at 1800. At 2100 Log 17½. Wind S.E. F.3. Very cold with much rain. At 2400 Log 30 — Little change.

July 6th At 0315 course 085° made good. Log 46. At 0700 Log 55½ very, very cold. Passed large iceberg one mile to the west. Wind S.E. F.3 to 4. At 1200 genoa chafed through by pulpit and lowered for patching. Sheepskin sewn on pulpit. At 1300 stopped and lay-to for cod fishing but depths too great as we had skirted the N.E. end of the Grand Banks — large berg sighted ahead. At 1415 very large berg abeam with at least twenty associated growlers of various sizes. Sailed as near as felt prudent for photography. Growlers all around and in the darkness would have been most dangerous. Log 85. - Water temperature 45°F. At 1725 Log 96, D.R. position 48° 39' N., 49° 25' W. At 2300 Log 121, Wind S.E. F. 3 to 4. Barometer steady.

Sunday July 7th At 1100 Log 129, visibility very poor. At 0920 took morning sight. At noon D.R. position 49° 40' N., 47° 17' W. At 1400 Log 189. Wind S.E. F.5. Four rolls and small genoa. Water temp. 49°F. At 2200 Barometer 997, Wind S.E. F. 6 to 7. Storm jib and reefed to crosstrees. Confused sea.

July 8th At 0400 wind S.E. F.8. Mainsail reefed right down, course 090°C. At 0430 lay-to but very uncomfortable. Lowered mainsail and reached across the seas with storm jib only. Very satisfactory and comfortable now. At 1600 Wind F. 6, reset reefed mainsail and lay 100°C. At 2300 Wind F. 3 — confused sea. Ran engine to charge batteries. Log 336. Lying 110°C.

July 9th At 0300 Lumpy sea, Wind W.S.W. F.5. Double reef and storm jib. At 0700 Log 360. Barometer 999 rising. Noon lat. 51° 24'N. At 1500 Water temp. 52°F. — Gulf stream. Log 390 — plus two days Gulf Stream = 440 made good, allowing 25 miles daily drift. Log apparently underreading as it did the previous year. At 1730 genoa boomed out and full mainsail. Wind S.W. F.3.

July 10th At 0300 calm, engine ran for two hours. At 0330 Log 445, wind S.W. F.3. Fog. At 0700 Fog. No sights. At 1100 Fog. Wind W.S.W. F.3. Spinnaker. Log 475. At noon Fog. No sights for three days. Spinnaker tightly round forestay. Took two hours to lower in confused sea. At 2300 Log 525. Calm. Engine.

July 11th At 0300 engine suddenly stopped — full of water. Wind N.E. F.2. At 0700 Wind N. F.3 — Log 544. At 0800 morning sight. At 0900 engine stripped and cleared of water. Diagnosis: burnt-out exhaust pipe inside water jacket. Noon position — 52° 03' N., 34° 15' W. New course 120°C. Worked all day on engine. Oiled and reassembled. At 1600 Log 574 (plus Gulf Stream drift). At 2100 wind E. F.3., steered 150°.

July 12th At 0200 signalled cargo ship by Aldis lamp and obtained position. 52° 00' N., 32° 00' W. Our latitude was correct but we are a good bit further east than expected. Again log underreading and Gulf Stream may drift in some areas at 30 miles per day. At 0745 Wind East F.3, full sail, a dead beat. 145°C. made good. The rest of the day was spent with the engine as Peter Denham and I rebuilt the exhaust system. We had lived over the past two nights by the light of an oil riding lamp as we wished to conserve our batteries for compass light and wireless use when necessary. The plan was to divert the water from the engine direct to the Parson's silencer by means of plastic pipes. This achieved, one was left with the difficulty of closing off the water inlet and outlet of the water-jacketed exhaust. This was successfully carried out by filing down American pennies to make blanks and a successful seal was made with the help of asbestos string. This operation completed the engine started at once but alas the water pump refused to work. At 1850 Wind east F.3 to 4, a good visibility, mean course 170°.

July 13th At 0300 Wind E.S.E. F.3 — Log 666. Mean course 140°. At 0710 morning sight. At 0830 removed pump with considerable difficulty as it lives at the back of the engine in a most inaccessible place. Valves removed and cleaned — very little dirt found. Noon sight. Position 51° — 24' — 24" N., 29° — 55' — 00" W. Many dolphins and whales about. At 1300 pump reinstated but alas leaks badly as washer injured during the taking down process. New

cardboard washer made and greased - still leaks. Every material including shoes inspected for suitable washer. New wetex used with great success. Pump reinstated for the third time and as I came to the final stage I dropped a pertinent part under the engine. It is impossible to retrieve without taking off the garboard. You can imagine my extreme frustration. It had been two and a half days since I had sailed the boat save at night. Defeat was not possible. The w.c. and every item of equipment was inspected. At last a portion of the cooking stove was excised and duly grafted to the pump and this time Peter Denham replaced the pump in situ. The operation completed the engine was restarted and the pump responded at once. It had taken three days to restore our power and our electrics and I am glad to say that the engine still works unchanged to this day. It runs somewhat hotter but I believe this suits a diesel engine. At 1630 engine charging battery. log 700. Barometer steady. As this is the Royal St. George Club's Regatta Day we celebrate, ending with Irish Mist at a late hour.

Sunday July 14th At 0100 Log 730. Mean course 100°. Wind S.S.E. F.3 to 4. At 0700 Log 753. Lying 090° on the wind. Noon position: 52° 23' N., 24° 54' W. Course 113 - lying 095°C. Wind S.E. At midnight log 818.

July 15th At 0200 Log 823. Steering 080°C. Barometer steady 1000. At 1130 tacked and lay 150°. Wind S.E. F.3. This is our fifth day on the wind continuously. At 1600 Log 877 - Wind change to N.E. still on the wind. Wonderful sunny day. Course 117°. At 1915 Log 896. Sighted cargo vessel *Ribblehead* bound for the Bristol Channel from Seven Islands (Gulf of St. Lawrence). Spoke by radio-telephone and obtained position 53° 12' N., 23° 30' W., putting us slightly north and west of our D.R. position. At midnight Log 903.

July 16th At 0300 Wind N.E., big swell, rather confused. At 0800 Wind S.E. Making 160° on the wind. At 1030 Tacked, lay 100°. Noon fix: 52° 56' 18" N., 21° 17' 00" W. Log 955. Wind S.E. F.3-4, still ahead. Average course 100°C. At 2300 wind still ahead.

July 17th At 0100 wind S.E. F.4., course 100°C. At 0300 F.6 - Storm jib plus 6 rolls. At 0400 F.7 - Storm jib plus trysail. Average course 125°C. At 0900 Log 1042. D.R. position 53° N., 18° W. At 2100 Log 1083. Wind S.E. F.5., still ahead, course 130°C. Magnificent phosphorescence.

July 18th At 0100 Log 1100. Wind S.E. F.4. Very poor visibility. Course 140°. At 1600 large genoa plus mainsail. Wind S.E. F.3 to 4, drizzle. Course 140°C.

July 19th At 0100 Log 1187. Wind S.E. F.3., thick mist. At 0300 bearings of Eagle Island and Mizen beacons put us about 100 miles from Fastnet, bearing 120°C. At 0500 calm, engine. At 1900 Wind S. F.1 - Log 1227. Poor visibility. At 2000 Landfall. Visibility poor. At 2100 passed Bull lighthouse three miles on the beam. Allowing for the time difference of four hours Newfoundland time we had made passage of 1645 miles from Cape Spear to the Bull in 13 days - 23 hours - 10 minutes.

I shall not write of the landfall, many before me have done so in beautiful prose and in verse. What they have said is true. How few experiences in life are new? At least all of us had shared, what is to my mind, one of the greatest.

Saturday July 20th At 0100 Mizen Head abeam - engine. No wind. At 1200 tied up at Kinsale. "Down East" had its finale. Log reading - 1330 miles - recorded by a very tired and twisted log line. It is very old, perhaps I should acquire a new one, who knows what the future has in store.

* * *

I believe it is true to say that *Tjaldur* is a magnificent vessel at sea. This does not mean that she is without fault, how very few yachts are. Often, I have asked myself what is the ideal yacht? For all purposes such a boat does not exist.

The well balanced hull has full sections forward and fine sections aft. She has a long straight keel, spacious accommodation forward and tends to be dry and seaworthy. If she is very well balanced, she will carry lee helm at minimum angle of heel on the wind and some weather helm when well heeled. *Tjaldur* has too much weather helm, as have her sisters, and on a seaway cannot compete to windward with a modern yacht built especially for offshore racing. Such a yacht must be the opposite in design. Her entry is fine, her after end full. She too is an unbalanced yacht, often very much so. She will climb away to windward and may change course rapidly with different angles of heel. Her keel is short, her accommodation forward rather poor but she is compensated by an excellent galley and chart space. In a blow she can be very wild off the wind but she will win races. She will be hard on her crew and often wet.

Don't buy such a yacht unless that is what you want. On the other hand if you want to cruise, try the fat girl like *Tjaldur* — she will be kindly.

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TRADE WIND PASSAGE

by R. L. Berridge.

I suppose most cruising men have thought at one time or another that they would like to experience an ocean passage in the trade winds. There are many accounts to read and one wonders if it is really all that it is cracked up to be or is it really a long and rather tedious grind. Anyway, early this year the opportunity came my way to find out for myself.

During the winter 1966–67 the American schooner *Westward*, 100 foot overall, was laid up in Drake's Pool at Crosshaven. Her owner Drayton Cochrane asked me to make the passage over to the West Indies from Spain during the following winter. There were various delays and it was not until Sunday January 21st 1968 that I eventually joined the ship at Cadiz.

Westward is an auxiliary staysail schooner built of steel in the early sixties by Abeking and Rasmussen of Bremen and designed to sail around the world, which she did with efficiency and comfort. She is very similar to Irving Johnson's famous schooner *Yankee*, an ex Elbe Pilot Schooner. The area of her sails (in sq. ft.) makes interesting comparison with the small and easily handled yachts to which we are accustomed:- Mainsail 1,506. Main staysail 616. Fore staysail 416, Fisherman staysail 1,361. Yankee jib 1,237. (Total reaching canvas 5,136 sq. ft.) Squaresail 1,248. Raffee 710. (Total running canvas 5,441 sq. ft.) Her mainsail luff was 80 ft. and the main boom 38 ft. long. The square yard was 46 ft. and the bowsprit 23 ft. There were no halyard winches, all halyards being double-ended with purchases. There were four small sheet winches and the mainsheet could be brought to the after hand-capstan. The anchor windlass was driven by a small diesel engine and with the aid of snatch blocks this could be used for many purposes around the decks.

During the two previous years of coastal cruising *Westward* had sent down her square yard and fore-topmast, giving her a somewhat bald-headed look. These were lying on the quayside at Cadiz and our first job was to send them aloft. This was interesting work with only a few of us on board and only our own gear available. There were as well a number of other rigging jobs including the splicing in position of a complete new bowsprit net. A new diesel-burning cooking range was fitted. Luckily the weather was perfect, sunshine all day and not

too hot so work aloft and on deck was most enjoyable. Each day there was a pleasant interlude before lunch sampling Senor Gonzales' most excellent sherries.

In the course of the next few days the rest of the crew arrived. We were formed into three watches. Myself, Nick and Harriet Lear, who had been across the Pacific in *Westward* and was both a superb helmswoman and a splendid hand aloft. Rex Yates, Cathy Cochrane the skipper's daughter, Jill Porkess and Anne Gladstone, all very experienced on the ship. Frank Cunningham, Dr. Oliver Moore and Erland; Frank and Erland were from the Hawaiian Oceanographical Institute where the ship was going and Oliver Moore was a surgeon from New York. Below decks were Marguerite, also from Hawaii and Antonio, the Spanish cook. Erland and Marguerite were Swedish. I was lucky to share a cabin with Oliver Moore, a delightful Texan. It became known as the 'Old Man's Cabin.'

We left Cadiz at 1630 on Wednesday Jan. 31st and made all plain sail to a light easterly breeze. The sea was smooth and in my 2000 to midnight watch there was a lot of traffic crossing our bows, bound to and from the Straits of Gibraltar, which kept us busy with frequent bearings. With the easy conditions everyone was able to settle in well and Antonio produced most excellent and varied meals. It was pretty cold at night, but lovely by day. By Friday we were running well with a good breeze from the N.E. and some swell. Squaresail and raffee were up. The fair wind freshened and by the graveyard watch on the Saturday morning we were running dead at 8 to 9 knots and slowly getting the feel of the ship. With her size and long, straight keel she was slow to answer the helm compared with a smaller vessel and it was easy to oversteer and to start grinding away at the wheel. At about noon Allegranza, a rock north of Lanzarote, the northernmost of the Canaries, was in sight and during the afternoon Lanzarote and then Fuerteventura could be seen dimly to port.

We gybed over in the afternoon, quite a business with the big fishermen set, and at 2230 picked up Isletta light on the north point of Gran Canaria way ahead. We were running hard when eventually a long line of town lights appeared. With the swell making the lights rise and dip it was hard to identify the harbour lights. It seemed a long time before the small flash of the pierhead light could be made out against the neon brilliance of the shore front. There was much more town than the chart showed. Sail was reduced, a slow business in the dark on a strange ship, and the engine started. We ghosted past many ships rolling at anchor in the roads outside and rounded the pierhead to come to anchor in the outer harbour at 0315 on Sunday morning, later mooring alongside. Here, unfortunately, the Lears had to depart, they had been splendid value as watchmates. We had been lucky in getting over this part of the passage so easily in winter.

We stayed in Las Palmas for four days, the filthiest harbour I have ever been in. There was oil everywhere, on topsides, warps, fenders, skiff. On the last two days a roll came in which had us grinding against our neighbour with warp tending parties at all hours of the night. Eventually we moved out to anchor. Manufactured yards of baggywrinkle, saw something of the town of Las Palmas, which has little to recommend it, and hired cars for an expedition round the island. The island is volcanic, very arid and the best part was a drive along the fearsome bohreens right across the mountains. Unfortunately I sprained my Achilles tendon going ashore which gave me a lot of trouble for the rest of the trip and ashore on the other end. Two young Americans joined here, Bill and Dave, neither of them very experienced. Watches were re-arranged and Jill and Dave came in with me. Jill had joined in Dublin and was an excellent and able hand.

We sailed from Las Palmas at 0900 on Thursday, Feb. 8th with a light S.E. wind and smooth sea. Rounding the north of the island we passed down the channel between Gran Canaria and Teneriffe and had lovely views all day of the beautiful, volcanic cone of Pico de Teneriffe, 12,000 feet high and snow-capped. By midnight the last island, Hierra, was abeam. One always imagines the brave N.E. trades filling a yacht's sails as she leaves the Canaries and blowing fresh and strong all the way across. Our first day after leaving the islands found us heading S.W. with a light southerly which soon veered and freshened till we were slamming into a S.W. wind and headed up north of west. We handed the big fisherman to come about and head south. For the next few days we had the wind all over the place, sometimes under

sail and sometimes motoring. It was becoming lovely and hot, there was a full moon, one night a very clear sputnik and through the glasses the four moons of Jupiter easily identifiable. Dave was an expert on stars and could point out galaxies which one would never have identified otherwise. Orion, the finest of all constellations was high in the sky in the middle watches, and the Southern Cross well above the horizon to the South. We had been nearly a week out before the trades were fully established. It was great to get the squaresail and raffee drawing, the big fisherman set, and the main boom guyed out and to be running at 5 - 6 - 7 knots as the wind freshened.

It would take a far more skilled writer than I am to make a readable day by day account of the passage. I can only give a few impressions of the life on board. Life really centred round which four-hour watch one would have that night. The first from 2000 to 2400 was the favourite with the pleasant prospect of eight hours in one's bunk to follow. The morning watch from 0400 to 0800 was a close second and one which I always enjoyed. The sunrise around 0630 was usually superb and at 0715 the forenoon watch were called for breakfast and the decks washed down before one went below for a leisurely breakfast and the rest of the day to oneself till the first dog watch. The graveyard watch from 0000 to 0400 seemed endless with its broken night. *Westward* had an easy roll with a period of about 6 seconds, but sleep was always a problem unless well wedged into one's bunk. It was pretty hot below. A lively vessel with a quick roll could be hell.

There was always plenty of ship's work to be done, rubbing down, varnishing, rigging, navigating, eating, sleeping, sunbathing, reading and endless discussions on all the topics of the world. And all the time there was the most perfect weather, though pretty hot in the sun around midday. At noon we all gathered aft with a bottle of sherry and again in the dog watches as the sun went down in a blaze of changing colour. Frank was a keen fisherman and each day he had out a line with complicated lures. He caught three fish, one per 1,000 miles, two bonito and one tunny, all about 12 lbs. and excellent eating. There were endless flying fish to catch, the shoals scattering asunder as they skimmed over the crests of the seas. Once we saw a tortoise flapping solemnly along and occasionally porpoises would play tag under the bowsprit.

It was great to lie out in the bowsprit netting looking up at sunlight and shadow chasing each other across the rich curves of squaresail and raffee, silhouetted against a deep blue sky patterned with scudding trade wind clouds. And then to look downward at the stem-head rising and dipping with the bow wave creaming off to leeward. A schooner is a lovely rig to sail before the wind, there are so many sails and so many interlocking curves. At night the tracery of the rigging against the sky and the shimmer of moonlight on the sails is something never to be forgotten.

The squaresail and raffee were wonderful pulling and lifting sails. The big yard hung from a chain and was held to the mast by a heavy universal joint. A lift to each yardarm supported it and it was swung and steadied by braces which lead aft. The sail itself ran on a track on the yard and was furled by brailing in to the mast and lashing it there. A simple operation and always under control. When set, double sheets at the clews led fore and aft and prevented any movement. The yard had the usual footropes to give access to the yardarms. The raffee set on a small yard, six foot or so long, bent to its head and the wire sheets led to the yardarms. It was set to the foretopmast head and went up and down easily in the lee of the squaresail.

Our only rigging failures were one raffee sheet and later, one night, the wire strop on the raffee yard parted letting the sail down with a run. Jill and I were able to get it down on deck easily and luckily the downhaul was made fast to the block so that we could retrieve that too. We replaced the strop with terylene which gave no further trouble. All halyards had downhauls, essential in a ship of this size.

The fisherman, a quadrilateral sail, set between the two masts, hoisted on a track on the foremast and by a halyard to the main masthead. It sheeted in somewhat aft of the mainmast. It was a great pulling sail but a bit light for windward work in any weight of wind. The main and fore staysails were self-tending, the sheets running on rollers on overhead tracks. The jib when

not in use stowed along the bowsprit. To avoid chafe and confusion the halyards were led out to pins below the bulwark capping, the hauling part one side and the purchase opposite. Once one got the hang of it the gear was delightfully simple with little that could go wrong.

I found that steering with the wind aft needed great concentration, especially at night. By the end of an hour I was glad enough to hand over. No one on board could handle her under these conditions with the consummate skill of Harriet Lear, it had been a joy to watch her and exasperating to take over from her.

And so we ran on, day after day. It is a lonely ocean and we only saw one ship the whole way across. One remembers the hurrying white crests as the trades freshened and the lift and swing of the ship as they overtook her, the gorgeous sunrises and sunsets, the vastness of the ocean with the little self-contained world of the ship in the centre of it. At night sometimes there would be squalls. The clouds looked black and forbidding and one wondered when they would hit and what the wind shift would be. None proved bad and we never had to reduce sail. Strange to say my chief regret was that it would end so soon and we would again be faced with the problems of the shore.

Our landfall was to be Barbados where Dave and Bill had to leave. The navigators were busy and the skipper was anxious that the correct course should be steered while his crew were even more anxious to avoid a gybe. On Saturday, Feb. 24th, from 0400 we were running dead with a big squall building up from the south which I hoped, but doubted, would go clear. At 0530 we picked up some lights, dancing and dipping on the horizon off the starboard bow. An ocean landfall is exciting. We got a bearing and then the squall hit with plenty of wind and sheeting rain and all was blotted out. By the time it cleared at dawn land was in sight and at 0800 we handed the raffee as another squall came up. Soon the island was abeam with a few fishing boats working in the swells off its southern shore, rolling downland, fields of sugar cane, green and inviting. We came to in the roads off Bridgetown at 1104 and launched the double-ender in which Cathy brought Bill and Dave ashore. As soon as she came back we hoisted it in, got the anchor, made sail and squared away for Grenada by 1200. It looked a nice island and we would have liked to see something of it, but we were already late.

Grenada was in sight at dawn next day. Very different this, a high volcanic island covered with tropical rain forest and with deep bays running inland along its southern shores. As it came close aboard we sighted another schooner beating out under engine and mainsail and which was recognised as the *Integrity*, in the islands under charter with the son of her owner, who had sailed a lot in *Westward*, in charge. We exchanged news as we passed then lowered sail and rounding the southern lighthouse motored past golden beaches into the little sheltered port of Georgetown, Grenada, coming to anchor at 1230, Feb. 25th. Very shortly Cicely, who had flown out, was aboard with the owner's wife and their young son.

There are many ways to cross the Atlantic under sail. Mine was the easiest, we suffered no hardship. It was however very satisfying to have had the chance to sail in such a fine ship, superbly kept and run, and to sail under such a fine seaman as Drayton Cochrane. One will never forget or regret it.

For ten days we lived on board and enjoyed the wonderful scenery and bathing of Grenada. With a small, hired car we were able to find superb beaches, coral sand and waving palm trees the water at about 80° and all to ourselves. From the peace of the ocean we were plunged into the noise and colour of the Mardi Gras festivities and their accompanying steel bands. For several days we had the schooner *America* alongside and were able to see all over this fine ship.

Cicely and I then flew up to St. Lucia for a couple of nights in a delightful little grasshopper of a plane which skimmed low over the Grenadines giving a wonderful panorama of small islands, coral reefs and lonely bays, an ideal cruising ground. We wished we had a small yacht to be exploring them. From there we went on to Antigua where we visited and admired the famous English Harbour and Nelson's old dockyard, so beautifully restored.

Thence a jet brought us into the cold of New York and wonderful hospitality from the Moores and Cochranes and from the Commodore of the Cruising Club of America, Clayton Ewing.

With him we were able to make the preliminary arrangement for the Royal Cork Yacht Club Transatlantic race, and the cruise in company which follows it in 1969.



PLYMOUTH to PARKNASILLA and BETWEEN - GIGHA 1968

by Raymond Fielding

Sometime last summer we decided to sell our *Vertue Corran* and replace her with something a little bigger, roomier and faster. Prolonged cogitation of the new and secondhand markets ensued as did several visits to English South Coast yards. We finally decided that a Holman Sterling, the wooden prototype or cruising version of the ubiquitous Twister would best meet our needs. Some 30 odd Sterlings have been built and we viewed several. We found *Gigha* No. 12 of the class at Blagdon's Yard, Devonport, nr. Plymouth in March and when a Lloyds surveyor passed her as being in excellent condition, bought her and arranged to collect her afloat at the end of May. Some weeks afterwards Neil Watson was instrumental in selling *Corran* for us to Des. Gogarty the Club's H.P.R. in Drogheda, who came and took her away in early May.

Gigha's vital statistics are: 7 tons T.M.; L.O.A. 28 ft. 6 ins.; L.W.L. 22 ft. 6 ins.; Beam 8 ft. 6 ins.; Draught 4 ft. 8 ins. Forecabin with one fixed berth, chain locker etc. Separate toilet with wash-basin and lockers opposite, the Sparlight Mast being stepped on deck over two fixed berths in Saloon, galley to port and quarterberth with chart table under to starboard. Long self-draining cockpit. A Stuart Turner 8 h.p. auxiliary gives her almost 6 knots under power. She is masthead rigged carrying 470 sq. ft. when the genoa is set. R.O.R.C. Rating Class 1V is 17.72. Designed by Kim Holman she was built of pine and mahogany on oak by Uphams of Brisham in 1961.

Christine and I travelled over via Fishguard and British Rail with a lot of gear. Almost 24 hrs. after two tired co-owners were put thankfully aboard *Gigha* by her former owner on Saturday May 18th. She was lying afloat off Blagdon's Yard in Devonport, a small friendly yard run by Alec Blagdon, situated alongside the Naval Dockyard and opposite the more famous Mashfords of Cremyll, where several of the trans-Atlantic Racers were lying. We spent the week-end recovering from the journey over and getting to know the boat. The next few days were spent in excellent weather, on engine trials, a sail with the former owner, having the decks painted etc. and getting all the gear on board, including the winter cover. On Friday, the weather broke and it rained and blew from the East as we bought our stores for the passage home. On the Wednesday we had gone around to Millbay Dock, thinking that it would have been nearer town but we did not like the look of the place at all and gladly went back to Blagdon's.

A week after our arrival on Saturday May 25th we changed crews and as everything was ready we were obviously for the sea. Pat, the yard Secretary was good enough to drive us to the London train where I saw Chris off on her way to Cork. Henry Jermyn, Stafford Mansfield and Robin O'Donoghue arrived almost simultaneously, having come their separate ways, and we were all back on board stowing gear, in under 30 minutes. After a light lunch and a final visit from Alec we were underway motor-sailing at 1430. We took the short cut through the 'bridge' to the west of Drake Island and into the Sound. The wind was light S.W. and we had to make several tacks across Cawsand Bay before we rounded Rame Head against a strong spring flood so the engine was kept ticking over to help drive us to weather. At this stage it

was stopping intermittently and was not finally cured until Newlyn, where we took out the tank, and cleaned it, with fresh petrol, to get rid of the winter's accumulation of scum. We slogged our way in long and short tacks along the Devon coast against wind and tide and by 2000 were off Fowey entrance, when we decided to carry on through the night. We sailed on into a light headwind and calm sea across Falmouth Bay, past the Manacles winking away inshore. Started the engine again to round the Lizard against the last of a spring flood and were in to Mounts Bay for 0600 on the Sunday morning. We had hoped to carry on and laid a course for St. Mary's Sound in the Scillies distant 42 miles but the 0640 forecast gave S.E. to S., F. 7 to 8 with poor visibility. It would have been a fair wind for home but we had no wish to take any chances with a new ship and at that stage, a doubtful engine, so we altered course for Newlyn. By 0800 it was blowing F.5-6 and freshening, so we rolled down six rolls in the main, as we ran into Penzance Bay. St. Michael's Mount and then Mousehole showed up in the mist ahead as we ran in for Newlyn pier. We dropped the main a mile off and blew in under jib and had the engine ticking over as we rounded between the pierheads. The Harbour Master directed us to berth outside the MFV *Ocean Pride*, where we were snugly berthed by 1000 - Log 18 from Lizard. A good breakfast and all hands turned in. We later organised a successful work party on the fuel system and a short party for petrol and to arrange dinner. We saw Charlie Buckley's *Isolde* in Penzance dock but no sign of her owner. A good Chinese meal was had ashore in Penzance later and all hands to bed by midnight.

We were awakened at 0500 on Monday to find that our lines had been let go by the *Ocean Pride* who was off without a word to the sea so we hastily resecured. Poor visibility and a big swell was evident in the bay but the wind had blown itself out. "Anything could happen" a local fisherman said. Fortunately nothing did. The forecast said we were in a slack area between good weather to the east and bad to the west. Taking a gamble we put to sea and fortunately the good weather to the east won out and there followed one of the pleasantest crossings from Lands End to Cork that I have had the good fortune to make.

We departed under power from Newlyn at 0700 and streamed the log reading 0 off Carn Base buoy. The Runnelstone was left to starboard, still under power. Visibility was improving all the time but we decided it was still too thick to try to get into the Scillies and carried on for Cork. A light wind began to make, at first from the south-east but by 1010 when we were 1½ miles west of the Longships it hardened from slightly east of north so we cut engine and lay away to the west close-hauled starboard tack. Wind F.3 lasted for the next 12 hours but slowly backing breaking us off from our rhumb line. There were intermittent banks of cold fog but a very calm sea. *M.V. Suderau* passed bound for Cork at noon rolling in ballast. Little if any other shipping was sighted on the rest of the passage. After dinner we tacked ship on to port and lay north-east. By midnight it had fallen away altogether and as we were back on the rhumb we motored at 5 knots for Cork, over a glassy sea under a starry sky. We had only been able to get 8 gallons of petrol in Newlyn so we stopped the engine at dawn on the Tuesday to conserve our last gallon for our approach to Cork should it be necessary. Then followed a glorious day with calm sea, light westerly wind, later hardening, meals off the saloon table and our ghoster set. Offshore sailing as it should be, but, like the discontented creature that man is, we wished for more wind. We had an exhausted little bird, of the feathered variety, aboard and in our cabin for a few hours but he later flew off and in attempting to land on our log-line was drowned. We started to get good fixes on the Daunt by Homer-Heron 25 miles out, when we transferred our D.R. position 2 miles west. We homed on the Daunt for the next few hours with half-hourly bearings, until we sighted it ahead. Log hauled reading 167, a mile East of Daunt L.V. at 2215 - 36 hours from Longships. Sails stowed off Fountainstown as we took evasive action from a Russian freighter outward bound in ballast. The Crosshaven River seemed very dark as we motored up and 3 guns from the R.C.Y.C. line made us feel glad to be home. Picked moorings just before midnight and ashore for quick drinks and arranged for transport of crew to their loved ones. I remained aboard and Christine arrived off the Fishguard boat the following morning, when we cleared customs and tidied out the ship after the passage. Back to work for two days.

We rejoined *Gigha* at her moorings on Friday May 31st at 1700 for the Whit weekend. The

racing crew of Brendan Lyden, now I.C.C., Barry Burke and Jerry O'Sullivan I.C.C. from Tralee joined shortly afterwards. After dinner ashore at the club we motor-sailed to the starting line of the I.C.C. Whiterace to Castlehaven set in Church Bay from the Commodore's *Killala*. The A class boats were bound for Castlehaven via the Fastnet and the B class boats to Castlehaven direct. Forecast was S.W. 4-5 backing later southerly with some rain. In light winds at the start we opted to stay to leeward in the early ebb. The weather end of the line was tightly packed with boats and *Moonduster* was over at the gun but restarted and soon had the remainder of the fleet astern, as is her wont. Subsequently the two other A boats worked their way into Myrtleville expecting a northerly cool off the land but it never came and they were rather hung up for a time. We took a more central course while the remainder of the fleet elected to go to sea. We crossed tacks with *Setanta* off Rocky Bay but otherwise saw no other boats until dawn. The boats that went to sea got the first of the predicted southerly several hours before some of the more inshore boats. We were dead-beating until 0300 on the Saturday morning into a S.W., F.3 wind. It then backed for us and we rounded the Galley at 0700, a mile too far off in the east-going tide then running and laid High Island, outside the Dhulic^s. We saw *Querida* and *Ann Again* inshore ahead and *Setanta* on a similar course astern of us. Some of the bigger boats were visible in the mist ahead in Scullane Bay. We finished almost exactly at 0900. *Moonduster* beat *Sonata* in the A class and the order of finishing in our B class, *Querida*, *Ann Again*, *Gigha* turned out to be our result after application of I.C.C. handicaps. All hands retired to bed until a late lunch. Then Barry had to leave us. A party developed later in Mary Anne's.

On Whit Sunday the Kinsale Y.C. race started at noon to Kinsale, which was "all in" and run on Cork Harbour handicaps. Genoas were carried to the mouth of the harbour to a westerly wind but then it was rather shy spinnakers to a N.E. by N. wind after that. Most of the spinnakers were handed in the middle of the bay and all the boats settled down to a close fetch to a north-easterly F.4 gusting 5 along the coast. It was a question of W.L. lengths and maximum speeds after that. We were at the Galley inside the Dhulic^s at 1345 and rounded the Old Head at 1630. Then a dead beat from there up to the finish off Kinsale pier leebowing a fair tide. *Moonduster* finished first again at 1700. We were across at 1825. *Ann Again* won after application of handicaps, *Setanta* was second and we were third in *Gigha*, 20 seconds later. Chris and a friend joined the boat off the Trident for the night and Jerry had to leave for home.

A pleasant Whit Monday morning was spent sunbathing and lurching on deck. Maurice McMahon joined us for the short passage home. Dropped moorings under sail at 1500. Tom Barker took some pictures from a launch as we beat out under working sail only. We had a pleasant run along the coast before the edge of a front obviously moving in. We stowed sail and motored up from Camden mainly to charge our batteries as the engine had been hardly used over the weekend. We had our moorings aboard by 1830 and made our way ashore through the first rain of the weekend.

We had hoped to do the I.C.C. Islands race on Saturday July 6th to Kinsale and start our weeks cruise to the West from there. However, the race was wisely altered to finish in Crosshaven to have the boats in the harbour for Monkstown regatta the following day, so we cancelled our entry and started our cruise on the Friday night. In the event the race was sailed in light airs and only *Moonduster* and *Sarnia* - some hours later - finished. The other local I.C.C. event, the end of season rally, such a success last year in Ballycotton, was not held. It is anticipated that South Coast members will have ample opportunity of rallying with visiting Cruising Club members as well as their own next summer.

Neville Brown R.C.C. with whom I had sailed back to Dartmouth last season on his 18 ton Holman *Amadea II*, a fine completely equipped modern yawl, came to join Christine and I, much to our delight for our week's cruise in July. Apart from being most pleasant company he is an experienced hand, an excellent cook and knows our coast very well. Ron Cudmore I.C.C. also joined us for the first few days. After dinner ashore we departed under power at 2200 on Friday July 5th and motored over a flat calm windless sea all night. Old Head was abeam 3½ hrs. later and the Galley at 0430. Then passing inside the Stags and through the Gascannane we were berthed alongside a trawler at Schull pier at 0900, having carried the ebb all the way from

the Old Head of Kinsale, in zero wind and mirror calm seas. Sixty miles made good in 11 hours and 8 gallons of petrol. Here we stopped for fuel, breakfast and a rest until noon, when we were off again perforce under power.

We lunched in the cockpit as we rounded a very quiet Mizen at 1400 and set course for Dursey entrance. We hoisted the main and genoa more as a token than anything else, as there was still no wind. We were glad to be crossing Bantry Bay rather than becalmed in the Islands race. Motoring was becoming rather monotonous but at least we were making westing. We were poured through the Dursey Sound, soon to be spanned with a cable car, which will make it impossible for larger masted yachts, and were into the Kenmare River for the 1757 forecast which promised continuing good weather and light winds. We dropped anchor in Derrynane at 1935 alongside our Commodore Bob Berridge in *Killala* after a pleasant but boring passage. We doubt if we will ever again be anchored on the northern shore of the Kenmare River in under 24 hours from our moorings. Thank you engine! A party developed later on *Killala* as did a discussion on whether it is kinder to cook a lobster by putting him into cold water and boiling it or putting him directly into boiling water. On the Sunday morning Ted Butler who lives locally kindly gave the loan of his car for Mass in Caherdaniel. Later he piloted *Killala* whom we followed into Westcove where the entrance is rocky and intricate. We rafted alongside the small pier there as it was H.W. and later left motor-sailing through the eastern channel and then sailing up to Parknasilla. We had a quick look into Sneem harbour and later came to an anchorage off the hotel, just north of the Seal Rock beacon. Both crews ashore later for an excellent meal and back aboard *Gigha* for nightcaps.

Ron left for Cork and dinghy week on the Monday morning. At 1045 we left under sail for firstly the Dunkerron anchorage followed by a run down the Kenmare River. We anchored for lunch off Garinish at the north-eastern corner of Dursey sound. We had some difficulty finding the sunken rock to starboard as one enters but at the time of writing I understand that the perch, marking it in the past, is being replaced. We subsequently went through the usual disturbed sea off the northern side of the Dursey Sound, which with a fair tide again we were poured through. An offshore breeze carried us rapidly along to Piper sound. Rather than go up to Castletown for the night, and at Neville's instigation, we went into Dunboy and spent the night there anchored under the ruins of the old castle. Fortunately our contented slumbers were not disturbed by Puxley's ghost which is said to frequent the ruined house further in. We did some exploring in the Avon and decided that south of the transit of the tree on the fore-shore to the west, on the door of the ruined old house, led clear of the rock with the ringbolt which is well covered at H.W. and which lies a cable or so off the southern shore. In the morning we motored up to a depressing Castletown for stores. Anchored nearby was Peter Morck's blue Nicholson 36, *Samphire*.

We had intended to go up to Bantry Bay but as the wind looked like staying easterly we changed our plans and opted for Dunmanus Bay. I had never been in there and was glad of Neville's knowledge of this seldom visited rather deserted area. We sailed out of Castletown at 1120 and had a gentle crossing of Bantry Bay and lunched as we rounded close in under Sheep Head. Far above we could see the new lighthouse being built precariously on the cliff face. On our way across Bantry Bay we had passed the fine old *Dyarchy*, beating up the bay under topsail and genoa. We poked into Dunmanus Harbour, half way up the southern shore of that bay and anchored in this very deserted place for an hour. Departed again an hour later under sail at 1615 for Kitchen Cove where we were anchored and stowed for the 1757 forecast which still promised N.E. winds F.3 for Fastnet. The tranquility of the place ashore was somewhat shattered by the presence of a London T.V. group filming. Our tranquility in this lovely place was also later shattered at low tide when we discovered that on our way in we had passed over the rock which is shown in the I.C.C. pilot as being just off the spit of land to the West as the harbour opens out. It is in fact a good cable offshore and certainly outside the two fathom line shown in the chartlet. Early the following morning we motored up to the head of the bay to Dunbeacon Harbour and anchored behind Mannion Island for breakfast. Neville and Chris discoursed on London which in that place seemed another world away.

We departed at 0940 under sail and had a pleasant if slow sail down the bay and rounded

Three Castle Head three and a half hours later. I was glad of the opportunity of going into Dunmanus Bay but doubt if I will go in there again. It would be a long slog out in the prevailing south-westerlies. An hour later we had another gentle rounding of the Mizen. The wind fell away, except in a squall of rain off Crookhaven and we were anchored off Schull pier by 1715. The wind freshened for a few hours off Mount Gabriel but we had another pleasant night, preceded by the usual card game which Neville inevitably won. Thursday was a typical cruising day in these favourite waters of Roaringwater Bay. We sailed over to North Harbour in Cape Clear, west of the Calves, for an excellent lunch of crab which we had got from the Schull factory. It was low tide at the pier and our warps needed constant tending as the Post and other boats came and left. Motoring out we made sail to a good north breeze, paid a brief visit to the small harbour on the south shore of the Eastern Calf but there was not enough water there - best time is two hours either side of H.W. when there is just room to turn inside - and on under sail through the Postman's entrance North of Sherkin in to Baltimore Harbour. No sign of Albert! Out again through the main entrance and we squared away to the east, and were anchored off the pier in Glandore by 1930, followed by dinner and more cards.

We rafted alongside a French yacht the following morning and gave them some information on ports west. Departed under power - zero wind - at 0820. A depression was apparently coming in. Galley two hours later and Seven Heads another two hours later. By lunch time we were sailing to main and genoa and rounded the old Head as The Met. Men spoke, incorrectly, of improving weather. Wishing another night away from moorings and abetted by the forecast we went into Kinsale and took a moorings off the Trident, alongside the *Nancy Bet*. A pleasant afternoon and ashore for dinner. It started to blow from the S.E. and rain at 0400 on the Saturday morning and continued so for the next twelve hours, backing N.E. We went out and had a look at it off the Bullman on the Saturday morning but decided to give it best. We spent a few hours in our bunks in Lower Cove and later took *Gigha* back to her previous nights moorings, and left her there for two days until the weather blew itself out. Neville went back to London early on the Sunday as planned. I brought the boat back to Crosshaven with Stan. Roche and Al Gibbons after work on Monday night partly under spinnaker. We had another more successful visit to Kinsale over the August weekend but otherwise we spent our time racing and day sailing in and from Cork Harbour, until the boat after a most pleasant first season in our ownership was laid up in October.

INSIDE OUT

by Dr. Noel St. J. Hennessy

Deep in the bogs of Roscommon, but saved by the presence of the Shannon, lies the village of Ruskey. We live there, and so does *Aisling*, our 8½ ton ketch-rigged Waterwitch. She is a true creature of the river, having been built upon its banks by G. O'Brien Kennedy & Sons. She was never intended to remain in the Shannon, but circumstances decreed otherwise and so the lakes and creeks of the upper Shannon have become her permanent home. This year, the urge to go to sea again became altogether too strong, and so it was decided to give her a little treat and sail her round to Connemara.

On the morning of Wednesday 22 May 1968 the crew duly reported for duty, the masts were lowered in their tabernacles (I told you it was an inside-out voyage) and in perfect weather we set sail, or rather the diesel engine, and headed south. The crew consisted of myself, Ron Holman and Eamonn Hanley, and all were well acquainted with the ship. By 1115 we were through Tarmonbarry lock and were able to carry out a few compass checks, as this stretch of river is shown on the Admiralty chart. By the time we had reached Lanesborough at 1240 it had fallen flat calm, so that we gave up our original idea of sailing through Ree, and leaving our masts down we motored on to Athlone locking in at 1600. (At this point I found myself, the master of the vessel, holding both my warps, with no crew in sight. When the water level was sufficiently high for me to belay the ends and step ashore, the crew were found engaged in animated conversation with several pretty girls off another boat). When discipline was eventually restored, we set off once more, leaving the lock at 1700, and reached Meelick Lock at 2115. As there was still some daylight left, we decided to push on, and finally anchored in the reeds, three miles to the south. Distance from Ruskey 65.6 statute miles, log entry reads "a quiet night".

The following morning 23 May, we were up early, and as Portumna bridge, our next hazard, is so low that it practically has to be swung for swimmers, we decided to hoist our masts immediately, there being no point in keeping them down for a bridge that would need to be swung whatever we did. Going downstream, there is an excellent quay at which to lie while waiting for the bridge to open, and we were lucky to find plenty of room at it. Once past Portumna, the river rapidly opens out into Lough Derg. The weather was perfect, the scenery superb, and the wind S.E., F.4 so that the sailing was perfect too. On the westerly leg from Hare Island, we were able to carry our mizzen staysail to the Scillies where to our surprise we were met by *Golden Hours* with David Knight on board news of our expected arrival having filtered through to Limerick. By 1900 we were tied up at the wharf in Killaloe, lowering the mast again for our passage through Ardnacrusha. Alas, tragedy struck and our mast heel caught in the tabernacle and broke out a wedge-shaped piece at the back. However, all was well. There is a boatyard beside the wharf, and in a matter of minutes they had come to our rescue and by the time we ascended the hill to the hotel for dinner, the mast was already fully clamped and screwed, waiting only for the glue to dry. We had hoped to get through Ardnacrusha that night, but now had to stay in Killaloe. Distance from Ruskey 106 miles.

The 24th dawned dark and foreboding, with a S.E. gale and frequent showers of driving rain which kept the helmsman huddled up in his oilskins. Soon after leaving Killaloe I was called by the watch on deck for the somewhat astonishing sight of two Danish longships dead ahead. Fortunately without any Danes, as we had left our battleaxes behind. A short distance south of Killaloe, the river widens out into an artificial lake, by no means well marked, and full of horribly un-nautical hazards, such as groves of trees, tops below the surface, houses, churches and even an old lock, all in the same sub-surface state. Dodging all these we entered the headrace of Ardnacrusha, a stretch of water that perhaps only the Suez Canal can equal for sheer monotony and boredom, and duly arrived at the grim tower of silence that marks the entrance to the lock at the top of the E.S.B. hydro-electric station. Many and gruesome are the tales told on the Shannon of owners going mad in this fearsome lock, and having to be hoisted from their own decks to be taken to the Asylum in straightjackets. They could be true.

The lock, for those who do not know it, has a drop of one hundred feet in two steps of fifty. On arrival there, there is no sign of life on shore, a huge steel gate closes behind you, apparently worked by supernatural forces, and you find yourself in a dungeon-like chamber whose walls drip a loathsome slime. When downward bound, one must under no circumstances tie up to anything, this is most important as the next item on the programme is the sudden removal (apparently) of the plug from the bottom, so that one's ship starts to descent like an express lift. Fortunately, there is no swirl at all in the water and only light fending off is required, but from below it is a most awe-inspiring place as you are now at the bottom of a slime-coated box some 70 feet high. At this point relief comes, as with a clanking of machinery a second steel gate in front of you opens, and you enter an apparently normal Shannon lock, where you are relieved of 3/5d. by the keeper whom you now meet for the first time. There follows a second identical drop and you are in the man-made gorge of the tailrace, a fascinating and delightful place but with at times a ferocious current. And so to Limerick, the most formidable part of the whole cruise, with the S.E. gale still doing its worst.

The problem at Limerick is to negotiate in safety the bridge on the Abbey river known as Baals Bridge. This horror is situated just around a right angle bend in the river, has a total of sixteen feet between the top centre of the arch and the rock of the river bed, an unknown time of high water which cannot be worked out from the tide table, as it depends also on the flow through the turbines at Ardnacrusha, and except at slack water, a furious current of some eight to ten knots. Anchoring just upstream of Athlunkard Bridge, we decided that two of us would go down in the dinghy to reconnoitre Baals Bridge. It was now noon, and very nearly low water neaps when we set out, fortunately in the rubber dinghy or this would not have been written. Few people are likely to make this trip, most visitors and members of the club will be going the opposite way, but for anyone following our example I would like sound a very serious word of warning. The Abbey river, except at high water is extremely dangerous as we very soon found out. Having studied the bridge and made our plans for the evening's high water, we decided to continue down the river into the city and do our last minute shopping. Within a few seconds we were in the grip of a current so powerful that even with the outboard flat we could not return, neither did the smooth walls of the artificial banks offer any place to which to tie. Ron and I suddenly found ourselves in boiling white water at the rapids where the Abbey re-enters the Shannon, and barely had time to raise the engine and hang on for dear life as we were spewed forth into Limerick. Here a worse rapids appeared in front of us and using the oars as paddles we just managed to work our way into the channel between the Harbour board office and the city quay. This too was white water but not so bad as the rapids on the main river, and still using the oars as paddles we emerged at last into safety. Had we been in the wooden dinghy I do not think it could possibly have survived. Neither could we. Ron scrambled ashore and did the shopping whilst I spent a miserable two hours nursing the dinghy up to the city quay on the rising tide over a sea of broken glass and jagged tins, a major hazard to inflatables, all in pouring rain and whilst soaked to the skin from our passage of the rapids. This called for resuscitation, which was duly carried out in the time honoured manner, there being a suitable pub nearby.

We made three or four attempts to get up the Abbey river again before at last the incoming tide dammed the outflow sufficiently for us to succeed. We arrived to find the faithful Eamonn, armed with a boathook stoutly defending *Aisling* from hordes of the local children, a pursuit in which he had apparently been engaged for some hours. At last *Aisling* began to swing slowly at her anchor, indicating that the tide was beginning to flow against us. We gave it about ten minutes to build up a sufficient depth of water under the bridge, and then up with the hook and away. We made it nicely with about a foot to spare overhead.

Arriving at the commercial dock where we were to spend the night, we had no sooner got the masts up again when we were greeted by our old friend Captain Knight with "are you two mad, going down the Abbey river at low water". All very well, we were mad, but there is no word of warning in any of the guides about this, that is why I have written at such length about it. Captain Knight soon returned with his wife and they very kindly drove us out for still more shopping and went to the station to collect John Weaving, who was to join us here for the rest of the voyage to Connemara. With the arrival of John, our sea-going mate, we were now ready for the main part of our cruise.

At 0600 on 25th May we motored out of the commercial dock into the estuary, having two wildly conflicting weather forecasts, one for southerly winds F. 0-2, the other for northerly winds F. 7-8. In the event it was flat calm anyway until we were past the Beeves rock, the point at which it might be said that river conditions end and sea conditions begin. By 0915 a light breeze from the N.W. sprang up and we were moving along well under sail with the genoa set, streaming our log off Labasheeda light. By noon the tide was beginning to turn against us and the wind being very light, we put in to Cappagh pier to while away the six hours of foul tide in the usual manner. Unfortunately, the landlady was away for the day and it was shut, a serious blow to crew morale.

At 1710 we set the genoa to a N.W. breeze F.2 and pulled away from Cappagh, but it didn't last and by 1845 with only two miles on the log we started the engine again in flat calm and continued so until 2055, when with the Loop abeam bearing 011°M distant 1.1 miles we altered to our course for Connemara. In spite of the flat calm, there was a very nasty lop in the sea with a huge swell and conditions were not good for stomachs. During the night we found ourselves running into a large fleet of trawlers, later identified as Spanish, and felt obliged to alter course well to the west to avoid them, as they frequently have nets spread out between them. Owing to this, when dawn came, bringing with it a breeze from the N.N.E. Ireland had vanished and we had to re-discover it. This was achieved by setting sail and steering as close to the wind as we could when at 0815 the wind freed us a bit and we sighted the Twelve Pins. Soon we had a fix and Skeirde (Skird Rocks) came up on the bow. As the weather was now perfect and the full effects of the swell were wearing off, we decided not to go straight in through the Mile Channel, but to cruise down outside Skeirde, the Yellow Ridge, and the East Shoal, and to enter the Inner Passage to the west of the Namacken Rocks and this we duly did, entering the excellent harbour of Roundstone late in the afternoon. Here a pleasant surprise awaited us, as the grapevine had been at work and the Duke de Stacpoole was on the quay to take our warps, and we were all whisked off to lovely warm baths. However, Connemara is a very dangerous place in which to have friends, and the whole of the next day, Monday 27th May was spent doing absolutely nothing at all but loafing about. We did go so far as to enquire about diesel oil, but the skipper of the only local trawler promptly despatched his engineer to get us some, filled our tanks, and then absolutely refused to accept a penny for it. If you don't have friends in Connemara it is just as dangerous, because if you visit it, you soon will have. At this point, sad to relate, John Weaving had to return home.

Early on the 28th we set out for Kilronan, wind S.W., F.3-4, leaving by the Mile Channel, a heavy swell still running. By 1600 we were entering Kilronan carrying the mizzen staysail right to the entrance, when for the first time we came on the wind and had to beat in the last mile and a half to tie up at the old pier. Having twin bilge keels means that drying out has no terrors for *Aisling*. Having discovered Aran, we now proceeded to explore it, although the navigation, by horse and trap, appeared decidedly hazardous. It was also expensive, but the view from Dun Aengus was well worth it, so while we were at it, we explored Killeaney too in case we ever had to go there for shelter. The harbour entrance is excellently marked and even lit, and it is quite safe in all weathers. Not far from Killeaney we climbed a hill overlooking Gregory Sound, but the swell was so awful that I was glad we were navigating a horse.

At 1500 on 29 May we tore ourselves away and headed for Kilkieran Bay, but we certainly needed our gift of diesel oil as the wind soon dropped to nothing while the heavy swell continued. Entering the bay between Golam Head and the Eagle Rocks, Ron began to cause us some concern as he is a geologist by profession, and took to displaying far too keen an interest in rocks. However, when we reached our destination, the delightful harbour of Ardmore, lobsters proved to be plentiful and he was unanimously appointed cook as a tribute to his geological knowledge. Ardmore is delightful as I have said, but in bad weather is absolutely untenable, which is a great pity as it has the loveliest beaches and rock pools in Connemara.

The following day we dried out on the tide and actually got a full coat of anti-fouling on between tides, for which work the main tribute must go to Eamonn, who covered not only the boat, but himself also, so that he should remain free from barnacles for many a long season. In the late evening with the rising tide life, became extremely uncomfortable and *Aisling* started

surging violently at her warps so that we were forced to move two miles up the bay to Kilkieran in pouring rain. A very dismal night was spent in that gloomy spot. One night is as much as anyone could wish to spend in Kilkieran, so on Friday 31 May we set out for Roundstone again taking the inner passage.

The wind was S.W. F. 3-4 and with perfect visibility we had no trouble following the instructions in the I.C.C. Guide. It is always said in Connemara that St. Macdara likes his church (6th century) to be saluted, so that we duly dipped our ensign as we passed at about two cables. No doubt the saint was pleased, as we made an excellent passage to Roundstone and had fair weather for the rest of our stay.

From our arrival in Roundstone at 1230, the cruise seemed to change its character. The weather had got hot and balmy, the winds became light and variable and so did the company. Life seemed to consist of leisurely day sailing of the most casual nature, visitors aboard abounded and were all duly taken for trips around the bay. Families appeared, children went sailing, in fact crew discipline ceased to exist. The best part of this period was a thorough exploration of Bertraboy bay in which we spent several nights in the most delightful of anchorages. So delightful was it, in fact, that we woke up one morning to the realization that we had overspent our leave, and so lost Eamonn, who had to return by road. This left us rather short-handed with only Ron and I, but by great good fortune John Tinney who lives in Connemara and is not only a hooker expert, but has trips in Iceland trawlers to his credit was available and so was appointed mate.

On the evening of the Tuesday 4 June Ron and I sailed *Aisling* to Roundstone for the last time, to be ready for an early start next morning. At 0730 a somewhat sleepy looking John having appeared at the quayside, we cast off and in the face of S.S.W. breeze F.3 we motored out as far as the Skird Rocks, where we were able to hoist sail and get cracking. There was a heavy and confused swell and as the wind kept heading us we were making very poor progress, having frequently to steer 35° off our proper course. However, in the early afternoon the wind went round to the S.W. and increased to F.4-5, so that not only were we easily able to lay our course, but to lay it at our best speed and so had a most exhilarating sail to the mouth of the Shannon. Once inside the Loop, the seas were very moderate, so we decided to carry on for Cappagh which we entered after dark, but still just in time for a drink ashore. The landlady had obviously returned.

There is little more to tell. After a peaceful night at Cappagh Pier, we made a very fast passage with the tide to Limerick, doing the quickest mast drop in history in the Commercial dock, in order to catch the tide for the Baals Bridge, which this time we made with only a couple of inches to spare. The lock at Ardnacrusha is more formidable when going up, but the keeper was very kind to us, and let the water in very slowly indeed. (He took exactly half an hour, but can take a ship up in four minutes. I would hate to be on board when he did). A good deal of warp handling is required when going up, but the procedure is quite straightforward, successive bights of warp being thrown over a series of iron pins in order to hold the vessel against the strong current, as the lock fills. Killaloe was reached in time for an excellent celebration dinner.

The proposed early start on 7 June did not come off, for which the dinner must bear the blame, and it was at least 1100 before we finally set off. Of wind, there was not a sign, and so we motored in perfect weather to Athlone where our last night was spent. The following morning, the weather remained exactly the same, so once more the iron topsail was set and sheeted home, and we duly reached our home port in the late afternoon of the 8th. By nightfall, only the heavy salt caking of our black topsides showed that we had ever left the Shannon for a round trip of about 500 miles.

SAMPHIRE VISITS SOUTH-WEST IRELAND

by Dermot Hegarty

Dr. Peter Morck again very kindly offered me the use of his Nicholson 36 *Samphire* for part of her annual cruise. This year I was to leave her at Kinsale where he would take over. My crew consisted of: Dai Souter for my whole cruise, Neil McFerran and Rob Fowler for the initial passage to Kinsale, Melanie Nesbitt and Jeremy Young from Kinsale to Sneem and Jan Jefferiss and Ann McFerran from Baltimore to Kinsale.

June 7th, Dun Laoghaire. The Irish weather forecast at 2336 which promised fog and mist patches with fresh S. to S.W. winds was far from encouraging for a south-bound yacht but an excellent supper provided by Neil and his parents quickly dispelled our anxieties and put us in good holiday cheer.

June 8th. Early rain and cloud gave way to slightly brighter weather and we were underway with engine at 1155. Once outside the harbour mouth a smart N.N.E. breeze filled in so the engine was turned off as soon as the mainsail and genoa were drawing well. However the breeze was shortlived and the engine was restarted once clear of Dalkey Sound. The day brightened considerably and the fog and mist gradually disappeared as we motored and sailed slowly southwards. Wicklow Head was abeam at 1515 and Arklow at 2010 and as we headed out on our course towards the Blackwater L.V. the light air deserted completely. The lightvessel was abeam to port at 2250 and this was to be our last glimpse of it as it was replaced by a buoy a few months later.

Sunday June 9th. Whilst we were naturally disappointed with the lack of wind we enjoyed this balmy starlight night with glassy calm conditions. Our course took us inside the Tuskar Rock towards the Barrels L.V. and we often wondered if we were passing over the resting place of the ill-fated Viscount. The Barrels L.V. was abeam at 0430 and the Coningbeg at 0730. There was great bird life in the vicinity of The Saltees with much coming and going or razorbills and guillemots. Set course for Hook Point which was abeam at 1000 and we were tied up alongside at Dunmore East at 1100. It was a perfect day and after some provisioning we were underway at 1200 in an improved breeze which being W. gave us a long and short tack along the coast. Ram Head was abeam at 1915 Capel Is. at 20.23 and Ballycotton Is. at 2130. The photographers aboard were presented with an excellent subject as the sun slowly disappeared behind Ballycotton Is. The wind also deserted and the engine was required to push us the rest of the way to Roches Point which was abeam at 2350.

June 10, Crosshaven to Kinsale. Entered Cork Harbour in pitch darkness and eventually anchored in midstream at Crosshaven after a little difficulty making out the unlit entrance buoys and the location of a suitable berth. The early risers met the Minchins who kindly offered the hospitality of the R.C.Y.C. Robs parents had also arrived and agreed to meet us at Kinsale later in the day. After entertaining the crew of a small Dutch sloop *Lulu 11* aboard we made sail and were underway in warm sunny conditions bound for Kinsale. Passed inside the Daunt Rock and later between The Sovereigns which looked quite impressive in the brilliant sunlight. We sailed quietly up to Kinsale and anchored close to the other moored yachts across the river from the town in what seemed to be the best berth. Unfortunately Neil and Rob had to leave us here and we awaited our next crew due to arrive the following evening.

June 11th, Kinsale to Oyster Haven to Kinsale. Another beautiful day stirred us early and with reduced crew we sailed round to Oyster Haven in anticyclonic conditions. Oyster Haven was very quiet and the peace and seclusion were undisturbed apart from the odd cry of a seagull or bark of a dog. Bathed from the boat, sunbathed and generally relaxed in the sunshine. Quiet as was the anchorage one got the impression that it could be susceptible to a ground swell in anything but fair conditions. Motored back to Kinsale in a flat calm anchoring in our former berth close to a pretty 4 ton Colleen Class sloop. We were surprised to see Neil again that evening but he had kindly driven our new crew Melanie and Jeremy all the way from Dublin.

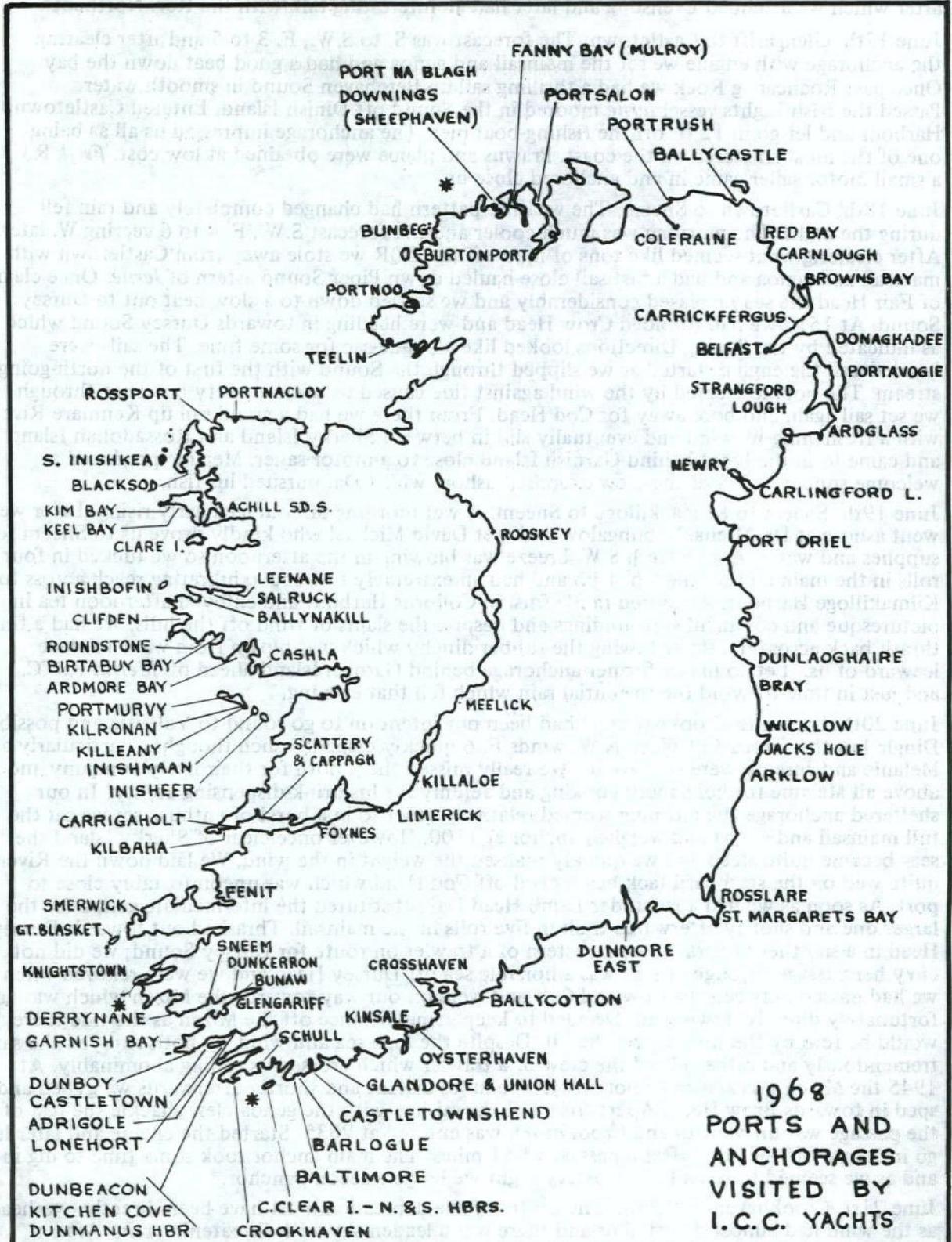
June 12th, Kinsale to Glandore. Underway with engine at 1100 in brilliant sunshine. The breeze improved to W.S.W. force 4 towards the Old Head of Kinsale, and the engine was no longer required. Had a fine sail across Courtmacsherry Bay to Seven Head and across Clonakilty Bay to Galley Head. Took a tack offshore at Galley Head to avoid Dhulic Rock and later tacked again to avoid a trawlers nets. It was quite foggy by now and some difficulty was experienced identifying the entrance to Glandore. We eventually slipped past Adam and Eve Islands and anchored off Glandore village in 14'. Ashore later for walks and a sample of the local brew whilst Dai disappeared for some genuine river fishing.

June 13th, Glandore to Crookhaven. Bathes before breakfast and shopping ashore filled in time waiting for the fog to disperse. By 1115 visibility had improved and we motored out through the narrows setting the mainsail and genoa as we went. The breeze was variable, but mostly from S.E. and once outside we had a quiet sail without engine assistance to Toe Head. The wind dropped completely at this stage but the fair tide carried us through inside the Stags. We felt that the Stags must present an awesome sight in an onshore gale but none of us particularly wished to witness the sight from seaward at any rate. With an improvement in the wind we set course for the Fastnet Rock which was completely invisible in the mist. The disused lighthouse on Cape Clear Island was abeam at 1510 by which time there was a considerable swell setting onshore and expending its force on the Island. The Fastnet Rock was close abeam to port at 1630 and quite a confused sea running. An Irish Light vessel anchored to seaward of the Rock was obviously trying to replenish stores. (We subsequently found out that they had to abandon this attempt but succeeded the following day.) Gybed and set course for Crookhaven then invisible in the fog. We first identified the beacon on Goat Island and later saw the swell breaking forcibly on Bulligmore Rock and the foul ground north of it. Shortly afterwards the lighthouse and the Alderman Rocks were just discernible. As there was no wind we motored into Crookhaven in warm sunshine receiving some encouragement from a large black yawl with an interesting crew aboard. Anchored in 15 ft. off the village. Went for a walk towards Barley Cove in the evening and later quenched our thirsts in O'Sullivan's Sing Song Bar.

June 14th, Crookhaven to Adrigole. Another glorious day dawned with less fog and mist than of late so that after swims, breakfast and shopping ashore we were underway with engine in glassy calm conditions bound round the Mizen. Brow Head was abeam at 1235 and Mizen Head at 1324. Our friends from the black yawl had kindly given us some fresh crabs the previous day so that on passage across Dunmanus Bay Melanie produced an excellent meal of cold crab and trimmings. Sheep Head was abeam at 1445 and as the westerly breeze had improved we enjoyed a pleasant sail up Bantry Bay. Rounded Roancarrig Rock and Bulliga Ledge and entered Adrigole which looked really beautiful in the sunshine and well guarded by a formidable mountain range. Anchored off the small jetty in 20 ft. at 1715. Having covered 24 miles. Dai went off again in pursuit of sea trout whilst the rest enjoyed a swim in the pleasantly warm water followed by drinks in the Glenbrook Hotel.

June 15th, Adrigole to Glengariff. After bathes and breakfast we moved away with engine at 1115 bound for Bantry. Once outside a breeze made from the west so the engine was dispensed with and all sail set including spinnaker. The west end of Whiddy Island was abeam to starboard at 1215. We saw that the island was undergoing great changes in preparation for enormous oil tankers and wondered how this very pretty bay could possibly escape fouling in future years. Went north about round the Island and entered Bantry leaving the Horse and Chapel Islands to starboard and coming to off Bantry House. Were glad to meet Paddy O'Keeffe who came alongside for a few minutes and told us that we were the first I.C.C. boat there this year. However we were not very impressed with the anchorage due mainly to the continual disturbance caused by a flotilla of boats ferrying workers to and from the island. After some provisioning of ship and a visit from Liz. Sides we weighed anchor at 1945 and had a pleasant sail round to Glengariff where we anchored in 15 ft. between Bark and Calf Islands. Following a magnificent meal from Melanie the crew dispersed ashore for a leg stretch.

Sunday June 16th, Glengariff. The day was misty and overcast with little wind. Some went fishing, others hiking whilst the remainder bathed and walked. Dai produced an excellent supper



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after which we attended Evensong and later had an interesting talk with the Rev. Northcott.

June 17th, Glengariff to Castletown. The forecast was S. to S.W., F. 3 to 5 and after clearing the anchorage with engine we set the mainsail and genoa and had a good beat down the bay. Once past Roancarrig Rock we had a thrilling sail up Berehaven Sound in smooth water. Passed the Irish Lights vessel *Ierne* moored in the Sound off Dinish Island. Entered Castletown Harbour and let go in 12 ft. off the fishing-boat pier. The anchorage impressed us all as being one of the most sheltered on the coast. Prawns and plaice were obtained at low cost. *Frisk* R.C.C. a small motor sailer came in and anchored close by.

June 18th, Castletown to Sneem. The weather pattern had changed completely and rain fell during the night. The morning was much cooler and the forecast S.W., F. 4 to 6 veering W. later. After cleaning what seemed like tons of mud off the CQR we stole away from Castletown with mainsail and genoa and had a fast sail close-hauled down Piper Sound astern of *Ierne*. Once clear of Fair Head the sea increased considerably and we settled down to a slow beat out to Dursey Sound. At 1515 we had rounded Crow Head and were heading in towards Dursey Sound which as indicated by the Sailing Directions looked like a cul-de-sac for some time. The sails were handed and the engine started as we slipped through the Sound with the first of the north-going stream. The popple created by the wind against tide caused us some anxiety but once through we set sail again and bore away for Cod Head. From there we had a grand sail up Kenmare River with a freshening W. wind and eventually slid in between Sherky Island and Rossadohan Island and came to in the bight behind Garnish Island close to a motor sailer. Melanie produced a welcome supper and later the crew exercised ashore whilst Dai pursued his fish.

June 19th, Sneem to Kilmackilloge to Sneem. A wet morning discouraged early rising. Later we went ashore at Dr. Michael's bungalow and met David Michael who kindly drove us to Sneem for supplies and water. A very fresh S.W. breeze was blowing in the afternoon so we tucked in four rolls in the main and set the No. 1 jib and had an extremely fast and exhilarating reach across to Kilmakilloge Harbour. Anchored in 3½ fms. in Collorus Harbour and enjoyed afternoon tea in picturesque and colourful surroundings and despite the slams of wind off the hills. We had a fine thrash back across the River towing the rubber dinghy which was blown from wave to wave leeward of us. Let go in our former anchorage behind Garnish Island ahead of *Merlin* R.C.C. and just in time to avoid the torrential rain which fell that evening.

June 20th, Sneem to Crookhaven. It had been our intention to go round to Valentia and possibly Dingle but the forecast of W. to N.W. winds F. 6 quickly dispelled such thoughts, particularly as Melanie and Jeremy were to leave us. We really missed them both for their lively company and above all Melanie for her superb cooking and Jeremy for his drink-dispensing ability! In our sheltered anchorage the morning seemed relatively quiet so in a burst of enthusiasm we set the full mainsail and genoa and weighed anchor at 1100. However once clear of Sherky Island the seas became quite steep and we quickly realised the weight in the wind. We laid down the River quite well on the starboard tack but tacked off Cod Head which was uncomfortably close to port. As soon as we had a lee under Lamb Head Dai substituted the intermediate genoa for the larger one and shortly afterwards took in five rolls in the mainsail. Thrashed out towards Dursey Head in a smother of spray, passing astern of a trawler on route for Dursey Sound; we did not envy her passage through. There was a horrible sea off Dursey Head and we were relieved when we had passed between the Cow and Calf and were on our way towards the Mizen which was unfortunately directly downwind. Decided to keep some distance off the Mizen as the tide there would be foul by the time we reached it. Despite the high sea and wind we both enjoyed the sail tremendously and rather pitied the crew of a trawler which crossed us rolling abominably. At 1945 the Mizen was abeam to port some five miles distant and shortly afterwards we gybed and sped in towards Brow Head. Apart from a slight mishap with the genoa clew shackle the rest of the passage was uneventful and Crookhaven was entered at 2035. Started the engine and later let go in 2 fms. off the jetty after a passage of 51 miles. The main anchor took some time to dig in and as we seemed to be in for a blustery night we let go a second anchor.

June 21st, Crookhaven to Schull. The centre of the depression must have been directly overhead as the wind had almost deserted us and there was a leaden sky with threatening rain. After a

quiet morning cleaning ship we ran out under mainsail only at 1430. The rain came down in torrents and we laid off a course to clear Bulligmore Rock and Carthys Ledge. Once these dangers were astern we squared away and entered Long Island Sound through Man of War Sound, the poor visibility making it difficult to distinguish the leading marks. The engine was needed as we ran up the Sound and we eventually let go in Schull S.E. of the jetty in 3½ fms. Ashore that evening we spoke to the manager of the crab-processing factory who turned out to be the owner of the large black yawl last seen on our first visit to Crookhaven. Later that evening we indulged in a tremendous meal of prawns which we purchased from him and which were beautifully prepared by Dai. We were lulled to sleep that night by a lively band, with vocalist, playing at some local dance.

June 22nd, Schull to Baltimore. The morning brought an improvement in the weather and by 0900 the sun had come through though Gabriel, towering behind the town, was still enshrouded in mist. The forecast promised S.W., F. 4 to 6 becoming W. later so we got underway at 1215 with full main and intermediate genoa bound for Baltimore. Having cleared Calf Island we bore away and had a very fast sail to Gascanane Sound. There was a very short and hollow sea in the Sound one of which shook us violently but once through we ran away to Baltimore passing in through the narrows astern of a large white cutter which turned out to be *Griffin III* (ex *Fanfare*). Anchored off the village in 14 ft. close to *Griffin III* *Merlin* R.C.C. and *Harmony* from Dun Laoghaire. The berth was quite uncomfortable as the wind was fresh S.W. so we laid out the kedge in case it strengthened any more during the evening.

June 23rd, Baltimore. This was a glorious sunny day though with the same fresh S.W. breeze. As additional crew were due that evening we decided to stay put for the day and to devote our time to other activities. Spent the day cleaning ship and walking ashore whilst Dai continued his fishing activities in Skibbereen direction. *Fanu* R.C.Y.C. a small single-handed sloop came in during the day together with a Nicholson 32 *Jouster*. It was quite a hazardous business going ashore in the inflatable dinghy with the considerable popple and unless one was properly togged out the result was usually disastrous.

June 24th, Baltimore to Castletownshend. Jan Jefferiss and Ann McFerran jumped aboard at an early hour having driven from Dublin. The morning was completely overcast and the wind light E.S.E. so we beat slowly out of the harbour at about 1205 to catch a fair tide for Castletownshend. Stood out some distance off shore but the wind deserted completely and we were forced to resort to the engine. Passed outside the Stags and Toe Head at 1515 and later anchored off Castletownshend village in midstream. The rain started quietly but increased to a deluge later and remained that way for the rest of the day. Jeremy Winfield kindly took us shopping by car and made his house available to us later for welcome baths. We ordered an evening meal in Mary Annes but unfortunately there was some misunderstanding and we never got it. However the proprietress trustingly lent us her car and we dined sumptuously in Skibbereen. Whilst launching the dinghy in the dark Dai walked off the jetty into the water much to his disgust and to our amusement. Entertained to drinks aboard *Merlin* by Dr. and Mrs. Andrews and crew Tim.

June 25th, Castletownshend to Kinsale. A bright sunny day with F. 6 S.W. wind. Our anchor started to drag upstream at about 1100 so we quickly prepared for sea setting the No. 1 jib and mainsail with five rolls. We beat smartly out of the anchorage waving goodbye to our friends in *Merlin*. Once clear of the entrance and High Island we laid a course for Galley Head and as there seemed to be less wind outside we replaced the No. 1 jib with the intermediate genoa. Galley Head was abeam at 1340. We enjoyed magnificent sailing with the following wind covering the 9½ miles across Clonakilty Bay to Seven Heads in 1¼ hours and the 7 miles across Courtmacsherry Bay to the Old Head in 50 minutes. By this time the wind had increased to F. 7 with a nasty following sea. We passed the Bulman Rock Buoy at 1710 and entered Kinsale in a lather of spray and foam which was quickly whipped away to leeward by the wind. Handed the mainsail off upper Cove and beat up to the anchorage off the town. The C.Q.R. would not hold in the wind and we were on the point of letting go a second anchor when we came to a halt. Dai produced a suitable meal to end the day. Our holidays were at an end and

Jan and Ann were to remain aboard until Peter and Patsy and crew arrived on Friday.

In conclusion my thanks are once again due to Peter and Patsy for providing the ship in such wonderful trim and to my excellent crew for all their hard work. I can only hope that the return crew enjoyed their part of the cruise as much as we did ours. Whilst we had not broken any records or accomplished anything spectacular we had all enjoyed a restful holiday on this wonderful cruising ground.

* * *

"SEA DOG'S" MINI CRUISE IN THE IRISH TROPICS

by Nancy Hall

If you work a five day week, have you ever thought what you can do with a weeks holiday plus a Bank holiday? Yes, add two weekends and you've got ten whole days to go cruising. The weather was too good to last, or so we thought, but we had a good ship (description elsewhere) and a crew of sorts, the owner and wife, we won't say which was the skipper.

Thursday 1st August. In spite of all the good resolutions to be away immediately after work it was 2000 before everything was stowed and the moorings dropped. There was no wind but the mainsail cover was hopefully removed..The engine ticked away merrily as we headed west. Would we stay at sea for the night? No, the crew actually agreed that a few hours sleep in Oyster Haven with the chance of a sail in glorious sun shine next day was a better idea. And so it was.

2nd August. It was cold at 0600 with a good breeze off the land. Both hands turned out to get the ship underway and then took turns of another two hours sleep each before breakfasting somewhere off the Seven Heads. The sun had soon climbed over the haze, bringing a hot day with a light breeze which followed the sun around (a really good weather sign) till at last off Baltimore we could only just lie the Gasganane Sound on the port tack. The tide swept us through as the wind had almost died. A short debate ensued as to where we were going, there were plenty of ports at hand but the old inclination to press west while you can was too strong and on we went.

By 1830 with some help from the engine the Mizen was abeam. Never before in all our years of rounding it had we seen this headland so calm. A lobster boat was lying alongside the rocks as though in harbour. The tide against us by now was like a river in spate. Then followed a peaceful two hours of gentle sailing close-hauled, the wind having completed the full circle. We enjoyed our evening drink in the cockpit and then took turns to have dinner below in comfort.

At 2045 we gave in and motored the rest of the way to Castletownbere, where the anchor splashed overboard at 2130. Why must *Ierne* always anchor in such a position as to blanket the Pyper Sound leading lights from the deck of a yacht?

3rd August. We sailed at 1055 in company with a British yacht *Providence* for Dursey Sound, destination again uncertain. A fair wind O-2, a short-cut inside the Cat rock, a whoosh through the Sound on the tide and we were running up the Kenmare River with the genoa boomed out.

We sailed right into Bunaw Harbour, one of the three in lovely Kilmakilloge. Going in we noticed that we were being followed, the wind was almost gone and the stranger under engine just about managed to keep astern as we crept in. She turned out to be a Pionier from Holland who had only been four days in passage between the Hook of Holland and the Old Head of Kinsale with a crew of man, wife and a two year old son, plus self-steering vane. Later when we went to visit our old friends in the pub-cum-shop we were amazed to find the customers overflowing out the door, when a few short years ago five or six was a crowd.

Sunday 4th August. We spent the morning fraternizing with our Dutch friends on each others yachts. They were very impressed by the I.C.C. sailing directions and were quite annoyed that their ship chandlers in Rotterdam had never heard of them. At 1300 we motored off in a glassy calm with the heat haze obscuring the mountains all round. Fifty minutes later a sea-breeze came in dead ahead and strengthened gradually as we beat down the bay under plain sail. A few drops of rain appeared from nowhere but shortly afterwards a thunderstorm started rolling around the mountains to the north of us. By now we were well down the bay and our next tack took us between Moylawn and Two Head islands. The wind started to do odd things coming and going from several directions in a short time and so the prospective mushroom hunt on Deenish was called off and the ship beat a hasty retreat into Derrynane, to avoid being soaked by the thunder which seemed to be approaching fast. A wise move as the rain missed us and soaked some people who were out on the island in a motor boat.

5th August. Wash day for the crew – their first swim in home waters since the days of their youth and actually enjoyed by both. By 1130 sea fever had struck again. Outside the main and genoa were hoisted and course set for Dursey Sound with a fair wind N.W.3. These ideal conditions lasted as far as Blackball Head, here the wind freshened and thunder was heard ahead up Bantry Bay. Some dithering ensued and instead of our going on to Lonehort Harbour we made for Dunboy where we anchored at 1740 in a flat calm. Very soon we had to mount an anchor watch as the thunder had arrived over Hungry Hill and sent a very strong squall putting us on a lee shore. Once again we escaped the rain.

6th August dawned fair and old faithful below was called upon to take us on to Lonehort in a flat calm. 'She' was very anxious to solve the mystery of the lost islet. We entered about an hour after low water and gently took the sandy bottom on the north-west of the harbour going in. However, we were soon safely anchored in 1½ fms. right inside the land-locked. A survey of the place followed from 'Puddleduck', our rubber dinghy. The islet Carrigavaud is now rather a dangerous rock awash at L.W.S. However, it is marked by brown string sea-weed, until two-thirds flood when everything disappears. The grass-topped rock which should be left to port should not be approached too close as it extends well out to the north at low-water. The channel once past this lies very close to the shore. We had gone aground keeping in the middle where there is a slight bank lying parallel to the shore, probably the remains of the islet. We next explored the deserted fort and firing range ashore and it being such a hot day were forced to swim once more.

At 1650 'he' wanted to go to Crookhaven. We started off with the working canvas, but before long the genoa was called out. A foul tide again at the Mizen but the same uncanny calm reigned as we rounded it at 1935. Once around we began to get vicious squalls off the land and in spite of the winch the genoa became rather an embarrassment. However, the mast stayed put and we anchored under sail about 2130. Another thunder storm was rolling over Cape Clear and again we were in luck and got no rain.

7th August. A cool breeze N.E. 4-5, was blowing straight into Crookhaven. After lunch we moved over to the other side for shelter and our daily swim which was becoming common-

place by now. There was a regatta of sorts in progress which gave some amusement in the strong wind. At 1700 we put three rolls in the main and with the stay-sail added, set off for Schull just lying up the Barrell and Long Island Sounds. Two hours later we were stowed and the cook really looking forward to the first spell of off duty of the cruise, a meal ashore in the East End Hotel.

8th August. The weather back to normal today, wind E.1 so the largest area of sail possible was set as we left for Cape Clear. Progress was slow but the porpoise ballet around us was fascinating. The sea-breeze arrived in due course and we beat down the bay outside the Calf Islands and anchored in North Harbour at 1430, laying the kedge astern to keep us clear of the entrance. At last the daily mushroom hunt was crowned with success. There were seven yachts in, most of them taking the ground at low-water in the middle of the night.

9th August. The crowded harbour gradually thinned out although some had to wait for the flood after lunch to free them. We sailed at 1415 for Baltimore in the same wonderful sunshine and light airs from the north, but once through the Gasganane Sound from the S.W., there was quite a sea coming up from the east which made it difficult to keep the sail full as we ran up past Sherkin Island. There were twenty-two visiting yachts that evening in Baltimore.

10th August . A large crew joined us for today's sail as far as Castletownshend, our son Mervyn with his current girl-friend, Mr. and Mrs. McCann and their daughter Jane from Donaghadee. We set out about mid-day with the wind south 1, so that old faithful was called upon to propel us to sea. Once outside the genoa and main-sail took over. *Providence* followed us through the Kedges Sound thanking us for the pilotage as she motored past. All the hands aboard made short work of the effort involved in having lunch at anchor in Barlogue. We looked longingly towards the rapids at the entrance to Lough Ine but time did not permit us to stay and shoot them in 'Puddleduck'. After lunch we sailed a long hand out to sea with a nice breeze on the quarter, gybed and came in to anchor in Castletownshend at 1730.

The extra crew members returned to Baltimore in a car that they had brought over in the morning and the old originals took an evening off with a delicious feed of salmon at Mary Ann's pub.

Sunday 11th August. We weighed anchor around 1000 in light southerly airs and had to use the iron top-sail to assist the main and genoa as far as the Galley. We noticed at once that there was a swell which we took to mean that there was a break coming in the weather (the next day proved us correct.) We kept well into the bay to cheat the tide, a policy that paid well as we soon passed *Providence* who had left an hour before us. Once at the Galley the wind, sea and ship all came alive with the arrival of a good wind from the south-west. We had a really glorious sail up the coast with the genoa boomed out passing *Segura* off the Old Head, the third time that we had seen her steaming in a westerly direction in a week! When it came to changing course for the harbour we realised that the wind had strengthened more than we thought, which gave us a few lively minutes getting the genoa down. By 1800 we were safely back at our moorings after our first ever all fine weather cruise with a really rollicking finish, having covered 300 miles, 12 ports and had 7 swims in 10 days.

We had been amazed at the number of foreign yachts (including British) that we had met everywhere. Will there be room to anchor anywhere next year, in the pouring rain, when they go home and tell their friends about Tropical Ireland?

CARREGWEN'S TRIP FROM DUN LAOGHAIRE TO FAHY BAY

Narrated for Lyall Smith by Maurice Brooks

Carregwen is an Aux. C.-B. bermudan cutter of 11 tons T.M. designed by Maurice Griffiths. The reason for our trip to the West was partly for a holiday and partly because the Skipper has a house on the shores of Fahy Bay and he had plans to haul *Carregwen* up there for the winter. We decided to split up the trip in two because of holiday difficulties.

Our first leg was Dun Laoghaire to Crosshaven, with Skipper Lyall Smith, Maurice Brooks, John Breen and David Craig as crew. The second leg was Crosshaven to Ballinakill Harbour. Brian McDonagh and George Cheatle joined us in place of John and David who had to study for exams and work.

The first leg went as planned in light airs and good weather. On the second we were held up for four days by inclement weather.

We retired on board on the Friday evening before August Bank holiday at dusk. As we aimed for an early start at 0700 we stowed all our gear and provisions and put the punt on the fore-deck. The Skipper and John Breen were up at the crack of dawn and reported 'No wind and a sea mist'. David and Maurice stirred slightly and muttered something about being able to eat a large breakfast and then fell asleep to the purr of the Morris Navigator engine. A little over an hour later, they woke up to greet the sun which was rising to continue the amazing spell of fine weather of this summer. We made good progress in a flat calm, averaging about 7 knots. Soon a breeze got up and we set the genoa and an hour later the spinnaker. We had been followed out of Dun Laoghaire by two yachts, one of which was *Greylag of Arklow*. She also had her spinnaker hoisted and kept us company down the coast. Off Arklow Head we set our course for the Blackwater Light to pass outside the Banks. *Greylag* crossed ahead of us and headed down the Rusk Channel for the inner passage. By 1530 the Blackwater L.V. was abeam (it was replaced a few weeks later) and we had handed all sail and were under motor again. There were bodies strewn all over the deck in an orgy of sunbathing. By 1800 we were close off the Tuskar lighthouse to avoid the Bailies and soon altered course between the Barrels buoy and lightship for the Saltee sound. Just before the long and short Bohurs we were fascinated by a school of basking sharks with their triangular dorsal fins cutting through the water and their tails slowly swishing from side to side with immense power. At 2100 we passed through the Sound dodging lobster pots and soon saw the Coningbeg and Hook Head lights in the dusk. Hook Head seemed as if it would never go astern of us, but by 2345 we had felt our way cautiously up to Dunmore East and moored up having rounded the new extension to the Quay wall which in the pitch dark is apt to confuse. We had trouble in mooring up due to a crowded quay wall but we found a gap and rope ladder. Half an hour later *Greylag* tied up alongside. This was interesting as she is a much faster boat than *Carregwen* and proves that there are peculiar eddies inside the Blackwater Bank.

The next day we made several journeys to restock our petrol supplies and spotted *Motihari III* at anchor but no sign of Dick Large who had been with us in Scotland last year. We departed at noon for Ballycotton with a N.E. 3 wind, hoisting the spinnaker again. The sun shone out of the heavens all day but at 1700 the wind dropped slightly and we motor-sailed. We moored up alongside a Norwegian sharkfishing vessel at 2130. We invited the Skipper, Mr. Dale on board for a jar and he told us that he was after Porbeagle shark 100 miles off the south coast. He told us some extremely interesting yarns and facts. For example his best catch of shark was on his 600 hook line, when he caught 365 shark which took him two days to haul in. A fishy story?

At 1040 on Bank Holiday Monday, we set out for Crosshaven where we planned to leave the boat for a week. The wind was N.E. 4 so we set the genoa and had a pleasant sail around the

attractive Cork Coast, picking up moorings opposite the Royal Cork Yacht Club, which had been arranged beforehand. We had time for a hurried swim, lunch and tidy up, in that order, before catching the bus to Glanmire Station.

The following Friday night we travelled down to Cork by train. Maurice and Brian left the Skipper and George in the Royal Cork and rowed to Currabinny to visit friends.

Saturday 10th August turned out another lovely day. The wind was N.E.I. when we slipped our moorings at 0900 and soon we were reaching for the Old Head of Kinsale. Off the Old Head which was his old hunting ground the Skipper was heard to remark that we would seldom find the sea so smooth in these parts. We had intended to put in to Kinsale as our first port of call but the weather was so fine and wind so favourable that we decided to continue on to Glandore. At 1830 we dropped anchor in 15 ft. off the pier and later on went ashore to absorb some 'local colour' as the Skipper called it. We were told that we had just missed the local regatta, which seemed to be the pattern as we went along. There was also a shortage of water due to the long dry spell, and we were a little worried that we might have difficulty getting it further west. However, as it later turned out our fears were groundless.

Sunday was a beautiful day in Glandore with bright sun and little cloud. The weather report was for little change in the next 24 hours, but the anticyclone was moving eastwards followed by a depression from the Atlantic. Skipper rowed Brian ashore and took 'photos whilst Maurice swam and had breakfast. We raised anchor at 1130 and left picturesque Glandore under mainsail and genoa. Wind S.E., 2-3. However the wind seemed to follow the sun around and by 1300 we were tacking under jib and foresail into Scullane Bay, approaching the striking Stags. The wind dropped away later, just before the Gascanane sound, which we were careful to pass through with the S.E.-going tide. We made our way into the North Harbour of Cape Clear Island and tied up alongside in 10 ft. of water behind two other yachts moored at the head of the pier, but later decided to anchor in the middle of the harbour to avoid taking the ground. We went ashore and wandered round this picturesque island (Irish-speaking). We found it crowded with long-haired campers known to the skipper as Troglodites, so were the pubs, but we had a pleasant evening ballad singing late into the morning.

Having listened to the B.B.C. forecast, which appeared all wrong, there was a sudden burst of frenzied activity. We had started to drag anchor in strong S.W. winds and heavy rain and were fast heading out of the harbour mouth. George had managed to pull out a pair of trousers, which was just as well, and jumped onto a trawler tied up at the harbour mouth and he and Maurice made up the stern to stop us going over to Schull; Skipper meanwhile had got the engine going. By this time Brian had emerged fully clothed and soon we were safe in the inner harbour. Maurice had slipped in his wet pyjamas and badly sprained his toe which quietened him down for a few days. We moved alongside the yacht *Marie Victoire* recently bought by Eric Sutton of Cork. He had tried earlier in the day to go back to Kinsale but had turned back because of high seas. We had a late lunch and as there were only showers and the wind had died, we left at 1645 under motor for Crookhaven. There was a heavy swell. The B.B.C. 24-hour forecast was N.W. 6-8, and when we anchored at 1925 off the point at Crookhaven it started to increase. Later Brian and George went ashore to seek the adult pleasure of Crookhaven. Maurice decided to be a non-runner and retired early.

Tuesday 13th was a fine and gusty day with the wind W.S.W., F. 4. We left Crookhaven under staysail and jib and with 3 rolls in the main and beat to Brow Head, after a peaceful night in company with *Arabel*, *Setanta* and others. As there was a short chop off the Mizen, we assumed deck harness and had a tot to celebrate the rounding of the first obstacle. It was a close fetch in increasing wind to the west entrance to Bear Haven as the wind had veered into N.W. The

Skipper prepared one of his miracle meals in the galley on the way over. Stew and Carrots all in the one saucepan with bread and butter. Very fortifying! Having negotiated a drilling raft in the centre of the entrance to Castletown we tied up alongside a converted trawler at 1525. Anchored nearby was the cruiser-8 *Namhara*.

During the night it blew up and when we awoke we discovered sand, sand everywhere due to the building of new wharfs for the growing fishing fleet. We stuck it out for as long as we could and in the afternoon moved out and anchored off the jetty in much greater comfort. The weather report was not favourable this day. Strong westerly winds and high seas were reported by local fishermen who stayed tied up for the day. Maurice and Skipper went for one of the coldest swims of the year on the stoney beach at Bear Haven. The lights vessel *Isolda* was to be seen at anchor in the bay. We found the hotel not to be recommended and supped in the cafe at the end of the pier. Later a business acquaintance of the Skipper's was kind enough to drive us over the Tim Healy pass. From the top we "did a Granuaile" and looked out to sea and saw no sign of an improvement.

This was confirmed next morning. Rain clouds and a weather report of a depression approaching from the Atlantic kept us on our moorings for another day. The sound of the wind in the rigging made us very happy to be still on our moorings. It could have been a case of harbour sickness but we still had time to reach Fahy Bay and keep to our original schedule. We arranged a trip to Glengariff by local bus as we got pretty fed up with Castletown.

On Friday 16th, we timed our departure so that we should get the north-going stream between the Cow and Calf. It was a sunny morning as we left under sail and engine at 0945 to a forecast of S.W. 5 going N.W. up to 7 later. We motor-sailed whenever we felt our progress on the beat was not fast enough but this time it did not pay off. We wanted to go through Dursey Sound but just as we rounded Crow Head the engine had to be stopped due to overheating. The water inlet was going above and below the water in the swell and because of the angle of the boat. We therefore hoisted the jib and stood out for the Calf. Ahead appeared the blackest clouds we had ever seen. It turned out to be a thunder shower which killed the wind altogether and we made slow progress between the Bull and the Cow, thereafter setting our course for Puffin Island. As the forecasts indicated the wind increasing to fresh and dead against us, we handed the sails and started the engine at 1820. There were strong gusts as we made our way up the coast past the Skelligs which looked very bleak in the grey dark. This caused the engine to get hot again so progress was slow. Having eventually sorted out the leading lights we went into Knightstown and at midnight moored alongside a trawler hired by a group of ornithologists. They had had a bit of bad luck as their skipper had a heart-attack while they were on one of the Blasket Islands.

When we looked out next day, we were horrified to see how close to the shore we had come as we had sailed in between the lifeboat and fishing boat and straight over the mole. That's the advantage of having a centreboard and only drawing 4 ft.! We decided on a night passage to the Aran Islands as the wind was still N.W. 5 and at 1315 we left Valentia under motor for Blasket Sound. At 1645 we passed a red-hulled bermudan sloop in the Blasket Sound. She was sailing under genoa alone and flying the I.C.C. burgee from her cross trees and the Stars and Stripes of the U.S.A. from her stern. We waved and a crewmember shouted to us "You'll get a lot of air out there". How right he was! Off Clogher head we broke out main and staysail and scampered along past rugged Sybil Point. The sea was confused but as we drew away from the land on our course of 042° Mag. the rhythm became more regular and we settled down to the night watches. We decided on 3 hour watches for two reasons. With 2 hour watches you don't get enough sleep when off watch and 4 hour watches are too long for those on watch.

As we approached the Aran Islands, we found we were closer to the Clare shore than we should

have been. One feature of the night was the way in which we could not get away from Loop Head light. This may have had some affect on our steering. Nearing Gregory Sound we were fascinated to observe the "puffing holes" described on the chart. When waves hit the cliffs, sea was forced up the large holes and came out the top of the low cliffs like a spouting whale. We entered Kilronan Harbour and moored between the lifeboat and quay at 1120. George and the Skipper slept while Maurice had a bathe and then went with Brian to try their hands at the gaelic, shopping and arranging the evening meal. Later we all walked to the top of Dun Eochla, the highest point on Inishmore, where we had a wonderful view of the surrounding coastline. It was tremendously clear and we could see the tip of Mount Brandon in the south and our route round Slyne Head to the north-west. That evening we all retired early. Wind S.S.W. about Force 1.

At 0620 next morning, the wind was fresh S.W. and heavy rain reduced visibility to less than a mile. We felt that a passage to Fahy Bay was out of the question and as we were uncomfortable in our present position we decided to go for shelter to Cashla Bay. Kilronan Harbour is not sheltered from west winds and the sandy bottom does not offer good holding ground. Having left at 0820 under motor we anchored off Shrockam quay two hours later. We could have picked Rossaveel quay, but it was firstly not near enough to civilisation as George had to leave us and secondly a fishing boat had recently been blown up by I.R.A. extremists. We even flew the Irish flag instead of the Royal St. George Yacht Club ensign in case it would be misunderstood.

We anchored off the quay in 1½ fms. mud and rigged as many bits of canvas as possible to keep out the lashing rain. Later we laid out a kedge and then walked to Carraroe and George was lucky enough to step right onto the Galway bus. The two o'clock weather report forecasted gales and we decided to raise our anchors and moor in against the pier. We had to be careful as there were piles of rocks a few feet from the wall to take the outer bilge of the hookers. The remaining crew were very depressed with the incessant rain and gale warnings but our spirits rose again when we lit both burners of the paraffin stove having placed it in the centre of the cabin.

At 2000 we took the ground alongside having secured the mast to a ring on the quay wall in case of gales from the S.W. Later Michael O'Brien, skipper of the hooker *St. Ann* and his boatman Pateen O'Flaherty (son of the O'Flaherty mentioned in the West Coast Manual) came on board. They told us there were only two hookers left operating to the Aran Islands. They had just finished loading up 5 tons of turf, a cargo which used to be for the Clare coast in days gone by and not for the island. Michael knows the history and whereabouts of many of the old Galway Hookers. These old sailors are a tough breed of men for he told us that this summer he and his boatman had spent nine hours rowing a full load of turf out to the Islands. By the same token they had once returned in 45 minutes at "½ sheets" and the end of the boom under water. A speed of about 12 knots. We had a great fug up on the cabin and everything was drying out well. We all felt slightly hungry but were too lazy to do anything about it.

We stayed where we were the next day. Mrs. Smith came with a very welcome change in menu, from Derrylahan, the site of their house. Unfortunately that evening at low water *Carregwen* decided to lie out from the wall with a resulting strain on the mast. At this point it should be mentioned that *Carregwen* was originally designed to take the ground in Wales and had legs, one of which we successfully rigged up. We turned in at 1130 with a strong list to the starboard. Wednesday 21st was to be the last day of the trip. We set out at 0815 with a 3-4 southerly wind even though the forecast was Shannon S.W., 5-6 locally 7 and Rockall 5-7 and gale 8. It was a dull morning when we set sail with 4 rolls in and it did not improve. By 1045 towering

Golam Head was abeam and we caught a brief glimpse of Errisbeg and Cashel Mountain. But visibility was poor in general. We set our course to bring us two miles south of the Skird rocks. Here we bagged the jib as the wind was rising. There was a heavy swell, in fact some waves broke right up and over the side. We first sighted Slyne Head (or the Slyner as it became affectionately known) at 1330. As we aimed to keep 5 miles out it was 1455 before we gybed having taken in 3 more rolls, making 7. The seas were very big we estimated 20 ft. waves. We were running by the lee and as *Carregwen* was inclined to be pushed about by the waves, we were unable to hold our course. So we headed out again, having gybed. There was no question of heading in as this course would have brought us through the turbulent Barrett shoals. At 1530 we gybed again and were able to set our course for High Island Sound. We did not dare to look back at the waves towering behind us and at the chuckling of the breaking tops. This was the worst sea the Skipper had sailed *Carregwen* in and she came through with flying colours. Once through High Island Sound the sea was smoother but the wind still increasing but we did not mind as our goal was in sight and we were on home ground. There were fierce gusts down from the mountains as we made our way up the entrance to Ballinakill Harbour; they appeared to flatten *Carregwen* but on reflection that takes some doing. At 1900 we picked up our moorings in sheltered Fahy Bay, having signalled our arrival to an astonished Mrs. Smith!

Carregwen is now high and dry on the shores of Fahy Bay in a cradle made by the Skipper. She floats on the highest tides.

SUMMARY

1968

August	Destination	Miles	Hrs. Mins.
Sat. 3rd	Dunmore East	100	18. 20
Sun. 4th	Ballycotton	43	9. 25
Mon. 5th	Crosshaven	15	3. 20
Sat. 10th	Glandore	43	9. 20
Sun. 11th	North Harbour	19	8. 15
Mon. 12th	Crookhaven	8	2. 40
Tues. 13th	Castletown	21	5. 15
Fri. 16th	Knightstown	42	14. 25
17th-18th	Kilronan	85	22. 05
Mon. 19th	Cashla Bay	10	2. 00
Wed. 21st	Ballinakill	53	10. 45
		439	105. 50

A CRUISE ROUND IRELAND

by R. P. Campbell

Verve is a 10 ton aux. yawl and was described in the 1964 Annual. This year she was painted white instead of black as heretofore and most people seem to prefer it. She did this cruise as a sloop as I had just acquired a vane steering gear which could not function with the mizen boom in position, so I left the mast at home too. As I might have foreseen there were teeth-ing troubles and the pendulum skeg lay on deck for most of the cruise.

I started from Dun Laoghaire on Saturday June 1st accompanied by Sean Butler. We had a pleasant sail to Clogher Head. Here Daphne French joined and we lay alongside for the night. Sunday morning was damp but with a promising westerly air. This did not last and we motor-ed most of the way to St. John's Point. A breeze then came from ahead and we spent five hours beating to Portavogie. Our poor progress was explained when we found the South Rock L.V. pointing north at Dover +3 when the tide should have been in our favour. It was a very cold evening and we were glad to get our charcoal stove going.

On June 3rd the wind was N. by E. 1 to 2 at first but the day developed into a flat calm with cloudless sky. We motored all the way to Ballycastle. H.W. was at 1700, giving us a fair tide up the Antrim coast where it matters most. After rounding Fair Head there were signs of the southerly which was being forecast so we abandoned the original intention of spending the night in Church Bay, Rathlin. Though there was some swell out in the sound we lay quietly enough off Ballycastle pier.

June 4th. Some showers during the night but the morning clear and sunny with the wind round to the west. We made long port and short starboard tacks and entered the Bann just after noon. It was a broad reach up this well-marked and pleasant river. We anchored short of the railway bridge which had not responded to our fog-horn. After lunch it opened and we motored to a berth alongside at Coleraine where I proposed to leave *Verve* for a week. The H.M. was most co-operative and promised to keep an eye on her. The quays, which front the east side, are open timberwork and unsuitable for an unattended yacht. We moored off the opposite shore close below the road bridge with two anchors upstream and one downstream. The holding is poor but it is a fairly sheltered spot. We lay abreast a house owned by Major Honeywell who allowed us to store the dinghy in his garage and was good enough to say that *Verve* improved his view. I had slightly bent the self-steering skeg and next morning Wallace Clark kindly sent a car to fetch it for repair and to take us to the station. It had been a most enjoyable Whit week-end in spite of scarcity of wind. I was especially pleased to have introduced two members who had never previously met though Sean joined the Club eleven years ago and Daphne is of course one of the earliest members.

I returned to Coleraine on June 12th with Tom Hanan and Paul Doyle. Tom had been on a short cruise to Gigha in May, so knew where to find things on *Verve*; perhaps I should mention for the benefit of newer members that Tom was Hon. Secretary of the Club from 1947 to 1959. Paul had done very little sailing but has a marked natural aptitude. We got our anchors up and spent the night alongside. We were moored two minutes walk from good shops and a petrol pump with a water hose on the quay and even charcoal for the cabin stove. I can think of nowhere else in Ireland so convenient for provisioning. Unfortunately trains crossing the Bann have right of way over shipping and this slightly delayed our departure in the morning. At sea we found a rather unreliable north-easterly and off Inishowen Head we started the engine, which enabled us to get through Garryan Sound before the tide turned against us. At Malin Head the wind revived and we brought it aft and carried the spinnaker most of the way to Mulroy Bay.

It was an hour before H.W. as we motored across the bar, giving the unseen Low Rock a good berth. We anchored in Fanny Bay at 2000 and took a walk ashore after supper.

June 14th. On motoring out there were signs of fog beyond Melmore Head so we anchored in Ravedy Roads to let it clear. By the time we had rowed ashore *Verve* was invisible. At noon we could see across the bay again so we set sail. Visibility gradually improved during the afternoon and we alternately motored and sailed with a fitful N.E. breeze. We went inside Gola and out by Gola South Sound. We gybed twice through Owey Sound and so on through Rutland harbour to Burtonport. We anchored rather too close to the 'bedstead' and were aground for a short time during the night.

June 15th. Paul acquired a salmon; like his brother John he is keen on keeping up standards of cuisine aboard. H.W. being at 1015 we were able to sail out through Rutland South channel and after clearing Middle Sound squared away for the N.W. corner of Mayo. It was a grand day for the passage, bright sun and a big swell but enough wind to keep all drawing. We carried the spinnaker at first, then the wind backed to N.W. and I regretted not having the mizen staysail. At 1730 the wind began to fail and the engine was started. The Stags as we passed them and the cliffs of Mayo glowed in the evening sun. I had thought of anchoring at Rinroe but when we got there Rossport bar looked very quiet so we went on in, it being local H.W. with an hour's flood still to run. Since my last visit the schoolmaster has got himself a boat and has put up some marks. A pity the bar is so shallow and exposed for this is otherwise an ideal yacht anchorage.

Sunday June 16th. Wind round to S.S.W., an overcast day. We close-reached out under small genoa and nearing Erris Head tied down a reef but an hour later had to shake it out. It was a long beat down the Mullet, inside the islands, where it freshened again. We eventually anchored off Blacksod village east of the moorings, rather rocky bottom I thought, which was later confirmed in the pub.

June 17th. Because of the tide we didn't leave till 1115. After beating towards Achill Head for two hours, wind W.S.W. 5 to 6, rain and little visibility, we got fed up and ran back to Blacksod, anchoring this time north of the fishing boats near the west shore of the bay, which is the right place.

June 18th. A sunny morning, wind W.S.W. 3. We proceeded to Achill Head with mainsail and engine, making 60° tacks, the fastest way in the circumstances. Then we had a splendid close reach with magnificent views of the islands and the mountains behind. We went inside Inishbofin, which made it a close pinch to High Island, then free again and finally a run in to Clifden, anchoring off the mouth of Ardbear Bay, a better place than I had expected. Paul's holiday was up and he got a lift towards Dublin. We were sad to say goodbye but pleased his last day had been such a good one.

June 19th. We had to get up somewhat early – no problem for Tom – and from Seal Rocks beacon it was dead to windward to Slyne Head. By motor-sailing we got there by 0930, half an hour before the tide was due to turn north. The wind was only F. 3 but the sea was fairly large and confused. From the headland we had a quiet run to Roundstone, anchoring just beyond the harbour before lunch.

Tom left for a social engagement on the 20th and, due to misinformation about the bus, did not get back till the 21st evening. Meanwhile the wind was fresh westerly and I had the luck to meet Ronnie Slater and Michael Foreman of R.U.Y.C. who took me sailing in a large fibreglass dinghy. (Michael has since sailed with me from Ballyholme to Dunlaoghaire in September).

June 22nd. Low cloud and no wind at all, most disappointing. Tom and I started off under power and motored all the way to the Shannon estuary. The Arans were invisible; we just glimpsed Eeragh Island lighthouse half a mile distant in the rain. In the afternoon it cleared up with a faint air from the N.W., no question of sailing but fine views of Co. Clare and Loop Head. When

we anchored at Carrigaholt it was pouring again and Tommy Regan, who had originally intended to join at Roundstone, was on the pier.

Sunday June 23rd. Very annoying, fresh S.W. Decided against attempting Blasket Sound. Instead set trysail and storm jib, which I confess had never been used before (a yawl gets by with small jib and mizen) and sailed sedately through Kilrush channel to Scattery roads for lunch. In the afternoon we beat back to Carrigaholt, going better than I expected with 145 sq. ft. in F. 5 to 6 with a short sea, but better still with a little help from the engine.

June 24th. Another unfavourable forecast. My original plan had been to get to Derrynane before Tom's time was up and there either to press-gang Ted Butler or leave *Verve* in his charge. Tom had to be in Dublin on 25th so I decided to leave *Verve* at Foynes. On the way we tried out the vane gear. On the wind it worked like magic using its own rudder only; reaching or running the yacht's wheel steering offered too much resistance so that reaction was delayed and a snaky course resulted. Roger Bourke visited us at Foynes and secured permission to moor between the two piers, no coaster being expected. He also organised a lift to Limerick for us to catch the early morning train.

On June 27th I set off from Dublin after lunch with David Willis and Brian McManus. David's car broke down near Roscrea and we got to Limerick two hours late for a magnificent dinner laid on by Mrs. Bourke. Roger eventually put us aboard at Foynes after midnight. The ebb started conveniently at 0900 next morning but disappointingly it was a beat down river and rather light wind. Off Tarbert we were accompanied by a large school of dolphins. Arriving off Carrigaholt at 1300 we anchored for lunch. The wind then went N.W., a reach for Kerry Head, but soon there came a heavy rain squall and the crew got soaked changing jibs in the race off the mouth of the Shannon. There being now no shelter this side of Blasket Sound we ran in large steep seas down to Tralee Bay, sad to be wasting a soldier's wind. At Fenit there was great activity, both sailing and water ski-ing, and Brian was greeted on the slip by his dinghy partner Vincent Delaney, temporarily sailing instructor to the T.B.C. Fishermen in the pub told us we would have been safe in the Magheres anchorage with the wind at N.W.

June 29th. The radio gave S. to S.E. increasing possibly to gale. This was at least offshore so we left for Smerwick under reefed main and small genoa, handing the latter in a squall near Brandon Point. Here I was horrified to observe by lucky chance that the bottom clevis pin of our main weather rigging screw was half out, the split pin having vanished. David tacked, Brian held it and I quickly got a new split pin. We had been within a hair's breadth of dismasting and I was badly shaken. All the other split pins looked perfectly alright. Soon we were becalmed under Mount Brandon and started motoring but ahead saw gusts blowing the sea into the air so stowed mainsail. The gusts proved ferocious and the sea very rough. For a time we made progress under power in the lulls, but these soon ceased and Brian and I set the trysail — I was glad of the recent rehearsal — and slowly worked our way, motor-sailing, into Smerwick harbour, mooring on sand between the two rocky spurs at the head of the bay. It was blowing 6 with frequent gusts of 8 and continued thus through the night but we lay quietly enough.

On Sunday June 30th it eased a bit during the morning and David and Brian went ashore using the outboard. They were surprised to find a petrol pump behind the sandhills, thus saving a long carry from Ballyferriter. In the afternoon the wind veered a little and, perhaps by coincidence, some swell came in. We motored to the recommended anchorage off the slip where it was quieter but rather rocky bottom; I think I was too close in. David's long week-end was now over and we had failed to make Derrynane, but Brian, who I had first met on Thursday, was proving a stalwart crew. We set off under power on July 1st, motoring in very big seas past the Three Sisters, through Blasket Sound where we passed a small tanker, and on across Dingle Bay and the Kenmare River. There was a huge swell and never more than F. 1 or 2; I reckoned the entrance at Derrynane would be quite impossible and didn't even go in to look

at it; I later heard from Ted that I was wrong and felt bad at passing him by after sending him P.C.s at intervals announcing my imminent arrival. After Dursey Sound the wind came N.E. and we ended the day with a pleasant reach to Ardnakinna Point and a close fetch in to Castletownbere.

On July 2nd we had a fine fair wind N.N.W. 4 to 5 and ran and reached all day under easy sail anchoring at 1830 in Oysterhaven. Next day we had a somewhat variable following wind and being short-handed tried setting the mizen staysail upside down as a flat spinnaker; it was an awful nuisance to gybe which had to be done several times. Yachts were seen coming out of Cork astern of us and *Fionnuala* passed us off Ballycotton. We berthed at Dunmore East at 1910.

July 4th was sunny and the wind again was fair, though patchy. Beyond Saltee Sound we passed *Julia* west-bound under vane steering. We went close round Carnsore and Greenore Points. After passing Cahore Point the wind dropped and we motored from there to Arklow.

July 5th. We had a visit from the Horsman family after breakfast and left soon after 1000. There were occasional airs from ahead and we sometimes set the mainsail but we had now entered the magnetic field of our moorings at Dun Laoghaire and motored all the way to them. We had got back just in time for the N.Y.C. Regatta next day.

It became apparent later that I had chosen the one unsettled bit of the summer to cruise on the west coast. I think the swell there was larger and more general than is normal even for June. However we had some memorable sails and interesting experiences. Half our anchorages were new to me. Excluding days when no progress was made *Verve* did the circuit in 19 day sails, the same as her clockwise circumnavigation in 1965; we diverted from the shortest course that time to Sligo, this time to Foynes. We always had our breakfast and our supper in port. The summary shows that this easy cruising involves much use of the engine, which was called on to maintain speed in both light and adverse conditions. There is something to be said for keeping an auxiliary in good condition by using it to the full and foregoing the alternative pleasures of outwitting the elements under sail alone.

SUMMARY

Date	Destination	Sea Miles	Total Time Under Way		Under Power	
			Hrs.	Mins.	Hrs.	Mins.
June 1	Port Oriel	31	5.	35	1.	20
2	Portavogie	51	10.	35	5.	35
3	Ballycastle	57	10.	15	10.	15
4	Coleraine	25	6.	15		55
13	Fanny Bay	50	9.	30	4.	40
14	Burtonport	34	7.	30	2.	30
15	Rosspoint	69	13.	20	2.	50
16	Blacksod	28	9.	20		20
18	Clifden	49	9.	45	2.	50
19	Roundstone	25	4.	55	2.	10
22	Carrigaholt	62	11.	00	11.	00
24	Foynes	23	5.	10		30
28	Fenit	47	9.	00		10
29	Smerwick	26	5.	05	2.	40
July 1	Castletownbere	52	10.	25	8.	10
2	Oysterhaven	70	11.	40		20
3	Dunmore East	63	12.	05	1.	00
4	Arklow	65	11.	20	2.	45
5	Dunlaoghaire	33	5.	10	5.	10
		860	167.	55	65.	10

Average Speed 5.1 knots

*

Engine Running 39% of time.

PHALAROPE, 1968
CRUISING IN GALWAY AND CLEW BAYS, AND ROUND IRELAND

By J. B. Kinmonth

CREWS FOR CIRCUMNAVIGATION AND CRUISE:

John Kinmonth	All Round
Kathleen Kinmonth	Crosshaven to Union Hall and for Galway and Clew Bay.
Allan Crockford	Crosshaven to Union Hall
Ralph Kinmonth	Union Hall, west around to Crosshaven
Neil Orr	Union Hall to Cashla
Bay Bigelow	Union Hall to Ballinakill
Fergus Kinmonth	Galway and Clew Bays
Margaret Kinmonth	Galway and Clew Bays
Claudia Kinmonth	Galway and Clew Bays
Michael Meredith Brown	Ballinakill to Crosshaven
Denys Sambrook	Ballinakill to Crosshaven
Richard Warren	Sheephaven to Belfast

Phalarope is a fibre-glass centre-board 'Block Island Forty' yawl designed by Tripp in 1957. L.O.A. 40 ft., L.W.L. 27 ft., Beam 11 ft. 9 ins. Draft, board up: 4 ft., down 8 ft. These yawls were the first American ocean racers to be built in fibre-glass. They continue to be successful, obtaining places in the Bermuda race when new and again this year. The *Phalarope* (or sea-snipe) from which the name comes is a versatile bird being the only wading bird which can also swim on the surface of the sea. It breeds in Donegal and in Iceland and winters in the South Atlantic.

Phalarope was sailed against an east wind in 24 days from Newport Rhode Island to Bantry Bay in 1966 by her owner Richard Warren. The author has since had the good fortune to become sailing partner. Richard Warren, owing to other commitments, was unfortunately only able to be aboard for a very few days sailing this season.

21st June 1968. Crosshaven to Kinsale (17m) *Phalarope* was put afloat in June. I had a few days to prepare her for her summer cruise and went aboard at moorings off Crosshaven boatyard. I found her lying next to Miles and Bee Smeeton's *Tzu Hang* and enjoyed their excellent company and hospitality on my first evening. *Tzu Hang* was awaiting a new mast, to replace her old one worn out by thousands of miles of sailing, under construction at the yard. She had spent the winter in Kinsale and Crosshaven and was soon to set out south-westward again.

Cleaning, filling tanks, victualling and the other preparations took two days. Our only snag was a jammed main halyard winch which stopped the mainsail coming down for some irritating minutes until we eased it down, dismantled the winch and effected repairs. Fortunately this happened in sheltered waters when we were about to reef.

Joined by my wife Kathleen and my old friend Allen Crockford we decided to do our 'shakedown' sailing for the season in a westerly direction to make some miles good for the circumnavigation. The normal south-west wind was blowing as Ireland's phenomenal 1968 spell of heat and drought and north winds had not yet started. We beat to Kinsale and did

Gigha

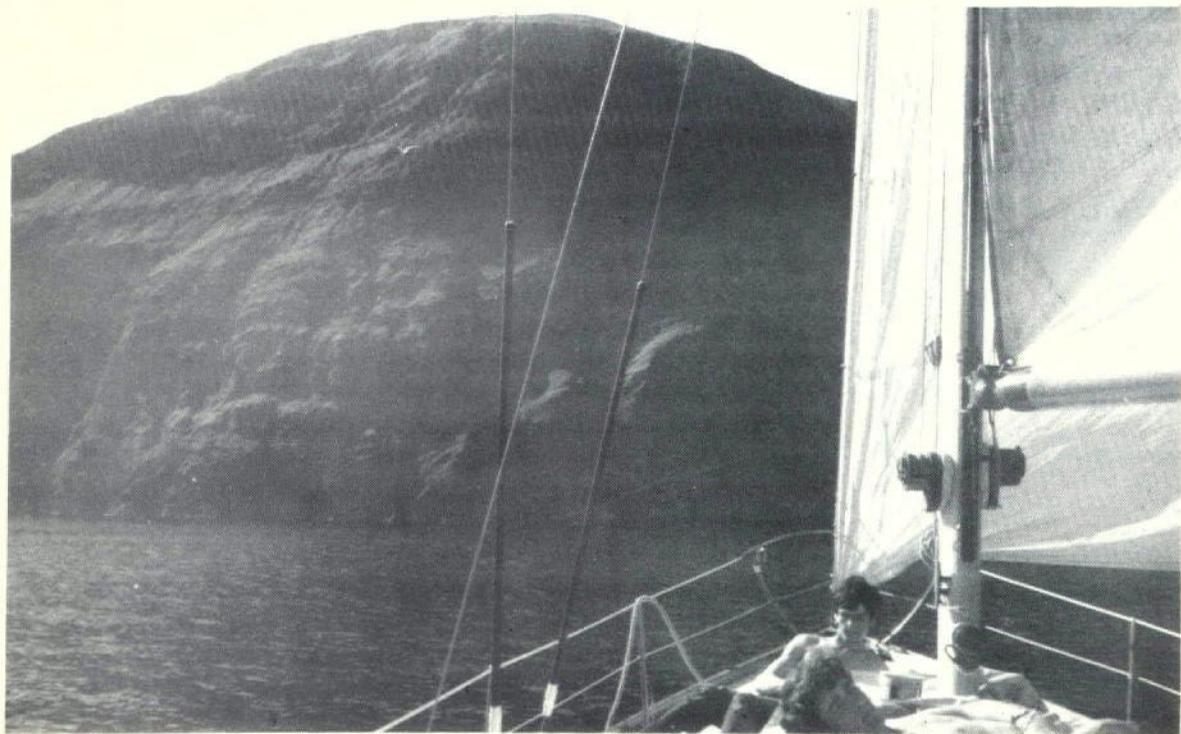




Above: The Three Sisters, looking west from Smerwick entrance.

Below: Clare Island cliffs.

Both Photos: J. B. Kinmonth



some minor repairs there on a wet evening.

22nd June. Kinsale to Union Hall (32m). More S.W. wind some of it F. 7 near the Galley. We beat on and anchored in the evening in Glandore. Near Galley Head we also encountered a three-masted barquentine heading east, which turned out to be the Russian geophysical research vessel, *Zara* of Murmansk. Built of wood she carries a square forecourse which furls in vertical folds next the mast like domestic window curtains. We left *Phalarope* on two anchors to await our return a month later to Union Hall.

27th July, Union Hall to Castlehaven (6m) This was really another day of preparation. We arrived with the heat and fine weather caused by the splendid anticyclone north of Scotland which stayed with us until mid-August. After untwisting our anchor cables (60 twists, roughly two for each day at anchor!) we went alongside Union Hall pier and completed our loading of stores. The crew stripped to the waist and sun and seabathed while doing it. Here we were joined by Neil Orr from London and Bay Bigelow. Bay had been one of the crew on *Phalarope's* transatlantic voyage and it was good to see him aboard again. At 1445 we tacked out of Glandore against southerly airs. At 1645 we anchored off our land base, Island Cottage in Rabbit Island Sound, took aboard a few more items of equipment and drifted and motored to Castlehaven which we entered accompanied by a breaking shoal of mackerel and one black shark. This was the first of many of these black plankton-eating sharks that we were to see around the south and west coasts. Smaller than the traditional basking shark which pass up the Irish coast in June these were often seen skimming the surface in calm weather with nose and dorsal and tail fins showing. On several occasions one dived just as our bow was about to hit it. Although most certainly harmless they had a discouraging effect on even our keenest swimmers.

Anchored off Castletownshend at 1820. Shark gone. Almost all crew swimming around the yacht. The water temperature was 63°F. This was the highest recorded, the lowest being 59°F. in Sheephaven.

Sunday 28th July. Castlehaven to Derrynane. (55m) Up at 0515. Neil took his regular morning swim and after breakfast we were away at 0612 with light N.E. airs, the first of the light and strangely warm northerlies that we were to encounter most of the way up the west coast. 0710 through Stag Sound. Saw the first puffins, manx shearwaters and gannets of the cruise. 0925 through Gascanane Sound in sunshine and with another black shark right alongside ready to be photographed. Ghosted along with large genoa towards Brow Head. Calms and light airs alternated as we progressed towards Dursey Sound through which we motored against the tide at 1630. No sign of the threatened cable-car; it would be a tragedy if this were to close the sound to yachts. For an hour a welcome N.E. breeze enabled us to sail towards Moylaun, then calm and we motored to anchor in Derrynane at 1815. This had (for us) a record number of yachts already there. One black Scotch ketch which had come from the Azores against a north wind which still annoyed them, one white English yawl and one white French sloop. We never learned their names as we were intent on our supper of chops and burgundy and left the next morning while they still slumbered. 1968 saw a record number of yachts visiting the south coast of Ireland but these were the last we were to see except for two in Galway Bay before we reached Belfast. After supper put the wireless in commission after its winter rest. This was useful for the shipping forecasts but we never got enough bugs out of it for the D. F. to work.

29th July. Derrynane to Smerwick (53m) 0720 flat calm. Away under engine. Porpoises near Muckiv rocks on a glassy surface. 0800 N.E. wind F. 2-3. All plain sail and large genoa towards Bolus Head. 0900 Bolus Head abeam. Flat calm again then light northerlies and calms and beating all the morning. 1245 Bray Head (Valentia I) abeam 1 cable. Many puffins near Puffin Island and shearwaters sitting on the sea. 1430 Misty.

Irishvickillaun just visible. Tacking towards Blasket Sound. 1610 Slea Head 1½ miles to north. Wind stronger. Motor-boat of the divers seeking the wreck of one of the Spanish ships lost here in September 1588 seen anchored S.W. of Blasket Sound. We saw this motor-boat last year also when we landed on the Great Blasket. 1710 Clogher Head abeam. More divers in rubber motor dinghies flying red and white flags and with cargoes of aqualungs and gas cylinders passed us. 17 1738 Wind southerly dropped flat off Sybil Point. Engine for Smerwick. 1818 East Sister abeam. 1900 Anchored in east corner of Smerwick Harbour after difficult negotiation of the longest and most intricate salmon nets ever seen. At last found a small opening. The river was almost dry after the long drought and the fishermen were hauling out the salmon in phenomenal numbers as they waited in vain to enter. One currach had sixty fine healthy fish in it. We bought one which supplied several meals including supper this evening washed down with Spanish vino blanco. Ballydavid has good facilities not mentioned in the I.C.C. book. Shop, pub (good draught Guinness) telephone, bus stop.

30th July Smerwick to Kilronan (66m) 0750 Away under engine through the salmon nets and their anxious owners. 0805 Streamed log off Dunacapple Head. Usual large ground swell off Smerwick. It always seems to be there. 0905 No progress, started engine. 1015 Northerly F. 1-2. Engine off. Misty. 1350 Tacking all morning. Should see Loop Head soon! 1415 Loop Head visible 3 miles. 1630 Better wind. Set No. 2 jib. Clearer with sun. 1850 Aran Island just visible to windward. Wind stronger. Set small jib. 1920 Telegraph Tower on Cliffs of Moher visible to east. 1930 Lighthouse on east end of Inisheer just visible ahead. Near it the wreck of the Limerick Coaster that went aground there in an easterly gale some years ago. Beef and spaghetti Bolognese for supper. 2050 Tacked 2 cables south of Inisheer then along the coasts of the east and middle island toward Gregory Sound with a fine sunset silhouetting the old lighthouse on Inishmore and Eeragh in the distance. 2200 In Gregory Sound. 2250 Little wind. Engine. Sails off near Straw Island lighthouse. 2320 Anchored south of Kilronan pier near the moored lobster cage. 66 miles made good according to the book but many more covered in tacks. The new construction at the end of the pier is well advanced. It looks of little use to yachts.

31st July. Kilronan to Port Murvy and back (12m). Anchored off the pier at Port Murvy and made an exploration on foot ashore first to Dun Aengus, as thrilling as ever in beautiful weather, then to Dun Eoghanachla and the seventh century church of St. Breacan. The flowers were good and despite the drought the bloody crane's-bill (geranium) was still showing its red petals amongst the grey limestone. There were several remarkably tame choughs on this island. They are almost extinct in England and Wales but we saw some on almost every island we visited around the Irish coast and also on high cliffs on the mainland like those near the Giants Causeway in Antrim. On our way back to Kilronan many black sharks were seen. A black-sailed Galway Bay hooker left Kilronan for Cashla just as we entered. After another fine dinner of Smerwick salmon, Neil visited the 'American Bar'. He reported it taken over by a team of movie men.

1st August. Kilronan to Kilkieran and back (26m). Six trawlers and a non-working hooker left under engine about 0800. Went alongside old pier for fresh supplies and obtained eggs reputedly as rare as 'hens' teeth' on this island. Otherwise fresh supplies difficult and petrol unobtainable despite the encroachments of 'civilization'. 1030 beat against a light westerly to Golam Tower and into Ardmore Cove in Kilkieran Bay. A slightly disappointing bay as the Twelve Pins, which looked beautiful from the sea, were hidden and could not be seen from the bay itself because of the low hills round about. The outer Hard Rock is dangerous. It looked large and very visible through the clear water on our way in. A very wide circle close to the north shore is advisable on entering Ardmore Cove. 1835 Up anchor and away on a fast reach back to Kilronan.

2nd August. Kilronan-Inishmaan-Cashla Bay (15m). Another misty hot sunny day with northerly airs. 0955 Away engine and occasional sails. Spoke the white sloop *Aracen* C.A. at anchor in middle of Kileany Bay. They had come up from Bantry with yesterday's westerly and planned to go further north today. This was the first yacht we had seen since Derrynane. 1030 Surrounded by a huge school of beautiful pale-coloured dolphins which jumped and blew and wheeled around us in glassy calm water off Inishmaan. 1100 Anchored in 1½ fms. less than a cable off the quay at the N.E. end of Inishmaan on a sandy vottom with granite boulders. All hands ashore and greeted by a small group of islanders dressed in tweeds and pampooties and speaking little English. Probably just as well they might have been at the time of J. M. Synge's visit to the islands seventy years ago. The women still wear red or blue flannel skirts and coloured shawls. One of the men told us there were twenty 'strangers' staying on the island. We visited Dun Conor and the nice small pub in the village. This middle island is the least visited and changed. Inisheer has the Irish colleges and Inishmore the steamers and the tourist visitors.

1330 Up anchor and away under engine just before dead low water. 1340 stopped engine. Drifted in glassy calm. All hands swimming then lurching on deck with the dolphins back again around us. 1440 Light N.W. airs. All sail made for Cashla Bay.

1545 Met the working hooker *St. Ann of Galway* under sail from Cashla to Kilronan and made detour for photography. 1755 Anchored off Shockraun pier in Cashla Bay. Later joined by rest of Kinmonth family from ashore for supper. Some slept ashore in tent.

3rd August. Cashla to Port Murvy and back (20m) Another hot day with calm or N.W. airs. Visited Dun Aengus again and walked along the cliffs and down to the Poll na Bhesta (Pool of the Beast). This spectacular rectangular hole had changed slightly since a previous visit in 1966. There is now an eroded corner which allows a man to climb out. This we saw done when to our amazement a man approached, dived into the terrifying hole swam around and climbed out again. The beast or monster of the pool showed no displeasure at this and indeed failed to appear at all.

Sunday 4th August. Cashla to Inishmaan (for the 'Races') and back (24m) Neil's time has run out and he left by bus from Carraroe. Yet another hot calm sunny day. Drifted in northerly airs and motored to the east side of Inishmaan to see the annual 'Races'. These started with horse and donkey races on the beach. We missed these as they were held early in the morning at low tide. We anchored off the beach, dressed overall, and were in time to see the other land events held in a field near the shore. We had excellent views of the currach races the 'canoes' from the different islands competing and passing close by us at great speed on their triangular course around currachs anchored as marks. Altogether a most brilliant colourful sight in the sunshine and provocative of the use of much colour film.

5th August. Cashla Bay to Roundstone (27m) Northerly airs took us to Golam Head in about four hours. The wind then came out of the west giving us an interesting beat through the 'Inner passage'. The rocks and low islands were difficult to distinguish from each other and from the shoals of porpoises. Undoubtedly not a passage to make without a leading wind or perfect visibility. At 1615 we eased the sheets off St. MacDara's Island where we could see the gables of the ruined sixth-century church, said to be the oldest christian church in Ireland. Ahead was Roundstone and its beautiful backing of mountains. The wind dropped as we came in and we motored up to the inner face of the north pier. We met two more of our crew who had come around by car and obtained some petrol but no fresh water because of the drought. The tap on the quay produced a fluid blacker than Guinness, at blood heat and quite unpotable. We moved out to lie east of the quay. There appears to be 4 feet at L.W.O.S. perhaps just enough for us with the board up next the quay but we found good water off the quay and also I.C.C. member Horace Beck of Vermont U.S.A. in his red sloop *China Bird*. He had come from Scotland and

was the last yacht we were to meet on our cruise. The west coast was very deserted. No steamers and only two fishing boats seen at night near Aranmore. Horace Beck's conversations with us were damped by the first rain for days culminating in thunderstorms. He said it was pretty tough up in the N.W. and we could not expect much in the way of supplies.

6th August. Roundstone to Ballinakill. We sounded our way carefully over the bar at low water neaps and to our relief found 1½ fms. about one cable off the western shore. There was no wind and poor visibility. With engine and compass we found our way past Beer Island and past rocks with disconcerting names such as Wild Bellows, Sunk Bellows and Split Rock. None of the visual marks and transits so beautifully set forth in the I.C.C. directions could be used. At noon we met a W.N.W. force 1 to 2 wind and tacked to Slyne Head which we passed with a favourable tide three hours later. We moved quite fast up to High Island Sound with a N.W. wind through the Sound (which contained yet another shoal of black sharks) and on to Cleggan Point and into Ballinakill. We anchored off Derryinver Pier with the anchor buoyed as the I.C.C. advises. We anchored here several times in the next few days but never had difficulty with the old mooring chains which the book describes. Perhaps they have all mouldered away.

We used Ballinakill a lot. Derryinver is awkward with any west in the wind. Ross Bay is by far the best anchorage. (Fahy Bay, its name on the chart is unknown locally). Ross Point should be a good anchorage in westerlies but we found the holding bad in a W.N.W. force 6 to 7. Huge amounts of kelp or shingle made us drag and re-anchor three times and when we did get a hold the cross tide made things highly unpleasant. Ballinakill is one of the most beautiful bays in Ireland with its background of the Twelve Pins and other mountains with everchanging colours and cloud patterns. We called on friends, enjoyed the scenery and sailed in and out for the next two days, visiting Inishbofin on the 8th. Crew changes went quite well although Denys Sambrook coming from Wales by Aer Lingus to Shannon encountered snags. The airline sent all his gear and also a huge garlic sausage meant for us on to New York. He had to spend the night at Shannon while it was flown back. The 'transatlantic' sausage proved a great success once it was agreed that everyone should partake. It hung in the galley and slices off it with biscuits were welcome during night watches and at odd times during the day particularly at the evening 'Paddy Hour'.

9th August. Inishbofin to Achill Sound. Again light northerlies but sunshine and good visibility. Tacked north past Turk and other islands and along the south shore of Clare Island. Fine views of the Bills and Achill Island. 1450 Anchored in 2 fms. in the sandy harbour near Grania Wael's Castle and all ashore to explore. Walked up to the old lighthouse abandoned three years ago after 184 years service and replaced by the automatic light on Achillbeg. Fine views of the mountains and islands in the bay looking at its bluest but most spectacular of all the cliffs on the north side of Clare Island. Dark and green they descended almost vertically into the sea, 1400 feet at one place, and with hosts of fulmars wheeling below.

Achill Sound. We entered the south end of this at 2030 about an hour after H.W. according to calculations. In the event the current was running strongly against us and the water N.W. of Gubnacliffamore was a maelstrom with deep eddies and whirlpools. A trawler was just making fast to her moorings off the pier where the sailing directions indicate to anchor. We gladly accepted her skipper's invitation to make fast to her. He told us that half an hour later neither we nor they could have made it. They thought no other anchorage here would be tolerable. The answer to Achill Sound seems to be to enter only at the slack of H.W. and then proceed as fast as may be perhaps to anchor off the quay at Kildavnet Castle higher up. We were told by the trawler men that the pier was to be extended and things would be better 'if it was ever started'.

10th August, Achill Sound to Leenane, (26m) Bid a friendly farewell to the trawlermen and left at H.W. and motored out of the sound. Light northerly airs took us close along the foot of Clare Island's wonderful precipices which we had seen from above the day before. We slid past with the tide on the bluest water with the green and shadowy black cliffs soaring above us. One of the finest moments of the cruise. 1115 Around Beetle Head, Clare Island, close-hauled with light E.S.E. wind for Killary Bay. The wind conveniently went W.N.W. in the afternoon giving us a thrilling run up Killary Bay to anchor west of the pier at Leenane and conveniently near the hotel. Had wonderful views of Muilrea Delphi Gap and the Devil's Mother on our run up.

Sunday, 11th August. Leenane to Salruck (9m) Awoke to sunshine and the faintest easterly airs. Weighed at once and just held steerage way to drift down on the tide and enjoy breakfast in the cockpit listening to the sheep baa-ing on the mountains and the bleating of boys aboard (reason not clear, probably the early hour of departure). 1342 Anchored for lunch and swim off sandy beach at mouth of Little Killary. Later sailed in and anchored off Salruck House. All ashore to explore. Walked to Lough Muck where swimming in water about 75° was very pleasant with Benchoona towering above as one swam. Here we saw the Irish Dipper (*Cinclus Hibernicus*) around the lake shore.

12th August. at Salruck. A day of rain and messages about crew changes. Able to use telephone at Salruck House through kindness of Mrs. Barber. Crew all went ashore and swam and washed themselves and their clothes in the warm mountain lake. They came back and dried themselves by the heat of the 'Tiny Tot' coal stove aboard.

13th August. Salruck to Ballinakill (15m). Forecast N.W. force 4 to 6 and we got it and more. Beat out of Little Killary avoiding O'Malley's horrible breaking rock which we could not distinguish from the other breaking seas in the bay, and into Ballinakill. Derryinver was untenable in this wind and even Ross Bay unpleasant. Our little ventimeter recorded over 30 knots there so we lay to two anchors off Ross Point for the night. An uncomfortable anchorage. The next two days were spent visiting, victualling and changing crew.

16th August. Ross Bay to Inishbofin (10m) Denys Sambrook joined at last complete with sausage. Sailed over to Bofin with the usual northerly in the evening.

17th August, Bofin to Blacksod Quay (42m). 0702 Weighed. A morning of beating and sail changes against chiefly N.W. wind, F. 2-6, which backed and veered and lulled and blew. Muilrea and the other mountains magnificent with rain clouds and rainbows to the east.

1140 Ralph decided to dry his trousers and lost them overboard. This gave us a little 'man overboard' practice but they sank before we reached them. 1200 Achill Head abeam. Changed course for Blacksod Bay having decided that Frenchport or Broadhaven would be uncomfortable in the strong N.W. wind and sea. 1315 Anchored north of fishing boats north of Blacksod Quay, as close to the shore as possible. Shelter from the sea but not from the wind which came howling over the flat sandy land and made dinghy landing difficult. Later in the evening the wind calmed and we got ashore to the lonely and deserted looking houses. After some knocking a very small barmaid opened and supplied Guinness and some stores and asked was there anything else she could get for us. We asked for a south wind. She promised 'to speak to the man above'. We got the south wind on our next passage, but at gale force. No further requests have been made.

Sunday 18th August, Blacksod Bay to Sheephaven (138m) 0717 Away on last of ebb, wind W.N.W. force 4 and small jib set for tacking through the narrow 'short cut' between Keely and Gaghty Islands. The wind was dead on our nose for this and what tide there was did not seem to help. Fortunately the leading beacons on South Inishkea were very clearly visible in the morning sun although as the I.C.C. book says they are now grey instead of white. Just got through before a heavy rain storm blotted them out. The wind lightened and

veered, we were not outside Carrickmoneagh and the Mullet Islands until 1030 and our course set close-hauled for Eagle Island. 1150 Eagle Island abeam. Forecast gave N.W. 4, then variable, then S.E. 6 to 7 maybe 8 later in Rockall and Malin. 1307 No wind. Large confused sea north of Erris Head. Engine for 2 hours to get clear. 1750 Little wind. Cliffs of Slieve League (2000 ft. among the highest in Europe) just visible on horizon. Course for Aranmore as cannot get in to anywhere before dark. 2125 Wind too miserable for sailing. Engine on after an excellent dinner on deck. 2230 Rathlin O'Birne light to the east and loom of Aranmore light ahead some 28 miles. This 3½ million candle-power light is the strongest on the Irish Coast.

19th August. 0035 Stopped engine. Light E. wind. Pitch black moonless night. 0345 Predicted S.E. wind F. 6. Handed main and ran fast under small jib and mizen only. 0435 Tory Island light visible. Position about 4½ miles, N.N.W. of Aranmore. 0525 Dawn red behind hills ashore. Going fast before S.E. force 6 to 7 under jib and mizen towards Tory Island. 0650 Tory Island and Horn Head clearly seen. Changed course for Tory Sound. Set main rolled down below first batten to make to windward. Gale force gusts and soon working up to continuous gale from S.E. Can just get through Tory Sound close hauled on starboard tack with help of last of the favourable tide. 1000 Tory Island 1½ miles astern. Rain storms blotting out land to windward. Making a lot of leeway when flattened under this reduced canvas. Choice is to run off under storm canvas towards Rockall or try a little longer to work up to smooth sea under Horn Head and perhaps sneak around it before the tide turns. Decided on latter. 1130 Around Horn Head. Wind definitely less. Tacking towards Dunacap Head in Sheephaven entrance. 1230 Wind much less. Beating into Sheephaven. 1305 Anchored at Port na Blaghy. Soon the 'Tiny Tot' coal stove is roaring away and everyone drying and warming and eating and drinking and glad we are not running away towards Rockall. 1530 Calm. Motored to Downings and anchored off pier to meet friends and other crew members. Rich Warren due to join us here from Scotland tomorrow. Spent a somewhat uncomfortable night with E.S.E. force 5 to 6.

20th August, At Downings. Moved in to lie alongside pier which was sheltered with good water and a smooth face (c.f. sailing directions). Wished we had done this last night. Close examination revealed that our mainsail luff-rope had chafed almost right through near the head. Obviously a sail-maker's job. Nearest sail-maker is Tedford in Belfast. A helpful friendly voice on the telephone assured me it would be done at once if I brought it. So into the car and off via Derry where Kathleen stopped to meet Rich Warren off Air Ulster at Ballykelly airfield. A fine group of men most of whom seemed to be called Willie greeted me at Tedford and instantly set to work on the sail. I heard about the Belfast yachts and saw the remarkable pictures in the loft of old sailing ships, yachts and the most up-to-date and lurid pin-ups. I admired the technique of splicing in terylene rope around the head board of our main sail and then the stitching of (this time) really strong leather over it. All was ready by 6 p.m. and I left, deeply impressed by the efficiency and friendliness of Tedfords and Belfast. I drove back in 2¾ hours to *Phalarope* and dinner alongside Downings pier. Best of all there was Rich having amazingly made the journey from the N.E. of Scotland in one day by planes, buses and cars. His reserve plan of flying direct to Rosapenna in a small plane had perhaps fortunately been unnecessary. It would have been very impressive.

21st August, Downings to Portrush (43m) Day opens overcast but with a fair wind S.W. 5 to 6 for going around the 'top' of Ireland. 0930 Away, with a reef in the main, small jib and mizen. 1100 Melmore Head abeam. Signalled successfully with the Aldis Lamp against the light to friends and family on the head. Overjoyed at having a fair wind we set the mizen staysail but handed it again as there was too much wind. Foul tide all the morning.

1400 Malin Head abeam. Tide has turned and there are just big long Atlantic rollers in the slightly notorious Inishtrahull Sound. Rich's CCA burgee blown off top of mast. Efforts

to retrieve it were as unsuccessful as for Ralph's trousers because it sank. Put up the United Hospitals blue and white as the nearest replacement. The Irish Cruising and Royal Cork have already lost their ends and look like Commodore's or Admiral flags. 1600 Wind dropping, reef shaken out. R.A.F. Shackleton from Ballykelly circling very low and extremely slowly around us. We wave rather cautiously in case they mistake us for Jan de Kat or some other transatlantic racer in distress. 1710 Islay sighted. Michael says he can see the heather all over it. 1815 Have been set N.E. by the tide and have difficulty in identifying Portrush. The three tall masts inland are not easily distinguished nor a good guide. On the wind to tack back. Saw one freighter in the distance entering Lough Foyle, the first since the south coast. 1940 Portrush. Berthed at north quay alongside trawler. Told it was going out in an hour (it never did) so moved alongside the ship-loading machine where we had an awkward bumpy night and a light load of basalt chips on our deck. Portrush is no longer a busy port. The monthly basalt steamer had left and general cargo has gone to 'container' ports.

22nd August, Portrush to Red Bay, (43m) We had planned to leave at 0400 to catch the tide at Rathlin Sound but it was blowing a cold F. 8 onto our pyjama-clad bodies when we looked out. The B.B.C. forecast southerly F. 7 in Irish sea so we decided to await a later tide. The R.A.F. kindly offered us the use of their mooring buoys (after we had signed documents which seemed to say that we and our descendants even to the third or fourth generation would not hold them responsible for anything). The wind dropped and we did not need to move. All of us except Rich made a trip to the Giants' Causeway. He had seen it when here with the U.S. forces during the war and said it was chiefly of scientific interest. In the event we found it was this but was also impressive as a spectacle. We also saw Point na Spagna where the galleass *Gerona* was lost with 1300 Spaniards in 1588. The dark basalt cliffs above were terrific, full of fulmars and choughs. While we were away Rich bought the only jeans in the British Isles with legs wide enough for a man's legs also some Bush Mills whiskey for comparison with southern brands. 1455 Away and set all plain sail in S.W. wind F. 2. Through Skerries Sound and close inshore to cheat tide and see Dunluce Castle which the Earls of Antrim abandoned in the seventeenth century when the end of the cliff, the kitchen and eight cooks dropped into the sea. 1555 Bush Mills abeam. Tried some of the whiskey. Quite a hot debate on Bush Mill versus Paddy. 1600 Through Rathlin Sound in flat sea and very light southerly wind. Fair Head and its basalt columns very impressive. 1515 Entering overfalls. Clear line of demarcation between the smooth water and the choppy area of south-going tide. Mull of Kintyre visible to east with heavy rain clouds over it. 1630 Rain. Poor visibility. Tacking south in bumpy over-falls. Little wind. 1650 Loud report. Found bronze stem-head fractured. Twin stays and pulpit lifted. Sails off and used spinnaker halliard and then jib halliard onto bow as jury stays to save the mast. This seems to have been due to crystallization in the bronze fitting which was cast only two years ago. Glad it did not happen in heavy weather or we might have lost the mast. Groped along under motor into Red Bay in poor visibility and made fast alongside pier. Untenable because of rolling. Anchored in S.W. corner of bay and rolled intolerably all night.

23rd August Red Bay to Carrickfergus and Belfast (40m). 0800 Away under engine with south-going stream. 1154 North Briggs buoy abeam. 1230 Alongside west pier in Carrickfergus. The customs officer cleared us and was most charming and helpful driving me in his car to the Harbour Master's house and to the telephone. Telephoned Hamilton's Yard in Belfast (recommended in the I.C.C. book). Yes, they could undertake the repairs if we came at once as it was Friday evening and work normally stopped about 1630. Off we went at once for Belfast.

A most impressive and thrilling passage into Belfast Docks with huge bulk carriers and cranes of Harland and Wolffs towering around us. We would have missed this were it not for coming

in for the repairs. 1715 Told at the 'Hailing House' to go to Clarendon Dock where Hamilton's were expecting us. The gate was swung and in we went. Mr. Hamilton came aboard himself and his men were at work at once on a raft in the dock removing the stem fitting for re-welding. No one could have been more charming or helpful than Mr. Hamilton who is a sailor himself having owned until recently a 5 tonner *Cuchulain*. The repairs were complete in four hours and Rich and crew finished setting up stay, pulpit, life lines and the rest. Meanwhile I had a stiff examination by a highly conscientious customs officer who declared our previous clearances at Portrush and Carrickfergus null and void. After an hour of form-filling and passport inspection he left us full of admonitions and warnings and with some of the British subjects feeling at least faintly republican. The Harbour Master's representative was a delightful contrast. He worked out our dues as around 2½d. and thought the accountants department might cut his head off if they had to put the paper work through for this. He thanked us for telling him of our visit. Bush Mills was uncorked again to drink to the health of our helpers in Belfast and prepare for an early start next morning.

24th August, Belfast – Crosshaven (263m). Today Rich had to leave us and he caught his taxi to the airfield at 0630. At 0701 *Phalarope* passed through the swingbridge opened by special arrangement for us and we were away. A N.E. wind was dead ahead so we motored through the Victoria Channel and set sail close hauled for Donaghadee Sound. The engine stopped by itself and stayed out of action for the rest of this voyage. This later proved to be due to 'wet electrics'. At last we have a northerly wind that we welcome and we plan to use it as long as it lasts on our voyage south. 0930 Through Donaghadee Sound in brilliant sunshine and with a fast favourable tide. Wind lighter and dead aft. Wish we had our spinnaker aboard. 1100 Skulmartin Rock abeam. 1315 Passed close to South Rock L.V. and altered course for the Kish. 1445 Radar scanner and entrance of Strangford Lough visible, a few sails inland near it. 1455 Aer Lingus Boeing 707 passed low overhead going toward Dublin. Our crew asleep in the sun. 1900 Wind and sea a little higher but dead aft. Rolled down a reef for comfort more than necessity. Supper in the cockpit with the sun setting behind the mountains of Mourne. Discussion as to whether we drink Bush Mills or Paddy. Decide we are still in the Bush Mills area. 2340 Rockabill Light abeam. Loom of Kish Light visible ahead.

Sunday 25th August. On passage. 0130 Wind much lighter. Clouds. Dark moonless night. Baily and Kish lights seen ahead. Rockabill showing red astern. Aeroplanes are audible but invisible crossing overhead to Dublin. Small freighter passed ahead but no other vessels. Keeping a very careful lookout as our navigation lights are misbehaving since the repair to the stem-head and pulpit fittings. 0230 Near Kish light. Set course for Codling L.V. 18 miles ahead. 0450 Pass close to a steamer with all her lights burning but stopped. 0510 Codling close abeam to port. Small freighter passes south on the other side. Course set for Arklow L.V. Now we expect a foul 3 knot spring tide against us for five hours. Wind light chiefly F. 2-3. 0815 Shook out reef after breakfast. Sweepstake on the day's run (129 miles) won by Denys. 1005 One of the Arklow red can buoys just visible away to starboard. Misty with sunshine. 1145 Passed close to Arklow L.V. Crew of 6 or 7 on deck waving. Despite the tidal charts the stream is still running strongly north and the light ship tide rode against the wind. Visibility is only 1 to 2 miles so we continue our progress from light to light. The next should be the Blackwater 10 miles on.

1420 Blackwater buoy (replacing old L.V.) abeam. Red framework with radar reflectors flashing light and a whistle shrieking as it rose and fell. Fast tide rushing us past. Course for Tuskar. 1555 Tuskar lighthouse 1m. on port bow coming at us of the mist like a steamer. Twenty miles in last 2 hours. What a tide. We are past the gleaming white tower and it is gone in the mist. Course for Barrels L.V. Carnsore point and the land indistinct to starboard. 1700 Barrels close to port. Another 9 miles. Another waving crew and another

short friendly chat. Skua and a sooty shearwater nearby. 1840 Conningbeg L.V. and the same again. 10 miles, not quite so fast. Another excellent supper on deck with sunset behind the Saltee Islands. Steak and kidney pie and sweetcorn. No argument that we are now back in the Paddy area. Enjoying our Trade Wind passage and this north wind which headed us on the West Coast. Put a reef in the main, wind has gone aft and stronger. We do not want reefs in the night, nor to get to Crosshaven in too pitch darkness.

26th August. On passage to Crosshaven. 0255 Ballycotton Light abeam. Stars to steer by. No moon. 0505 Roche's Point Light abeam. Hauled sheets and down centre-board to enter Cork Harbour. Flood tide. Cloud and pitch black. Wind now very light and no engine. 0555 Just enough light to pick mooring off Crosshaven boatyard as tide swept us up. 263 miles from Belfast in 47 hours.

Note on Wind Directions

The meteorological correspondent of the London 'Times' wrote in 1968 that the incidence of northerly winds in the British Isles had doubled in the preceding ten years. Some meteorologists have suggested that we are entering a cycle with increased north winds and cold seasons. Recent experience has borne this out. Instead of the westerlies we have known for years there have been more northerlies. In 1966 in *Sinloo* the wind was northerly for a passage up the west coast to the Aran Islands. In 1967 in *Phalarope* the north winds were so strong, cold and wet that a plan to go further north from Dingle Peninsula was given up. This year we had a majority of northerlies but luckily warm dry ones to work against up the west coast, and to bring us back down the Irish Sea like a Trade Wind. Our only gale force winds were southerly. One caught us out near Tory Island, the second found us reasonably comfortable in Portrush where we stayed until it dropped. It will be interesting to see if next season brings more northerlies. If the same anticyclone weather comes too they will be welcome.

ANALYSIS

<u>Passage</u>		<u>Miles Made Good</u>	<u>Wind Chiefly</u>
Crosshaven to Kinsale		17	W (head)
Kinsale to Union Hall		32	S. W. (head)
Union Hall to Castlehaven		6	--
Castlehaven to Derrynane		55	S. N. W. +
Derrynane to Smerwick		53	N. (head)
Smerwick to Kilronan		66	N.N.W. (head)
* Kilronan Kilmurvy		12	N.W.
* " Kilkieran		26	N.W.
* " Inishmaan		15	N.W.
* Cashla Kilmurvy		20	S.N.W.
* " Inishmaan		24	N.W.
Cashla to Roundstone		27	N.W. (+ head)
Roundstone to Ballinakill		36	N.W. (head)
* Ballinakill, out and in		10	W
* Ballinakill - Bofin		10	N
* Bofin, Clare, Achill		24	N
* Achill to Leenane		26	NE, SE, NW.
* Leenane to Salruck		9	E
* Salruck to Ballinakill		15	N.W.
Ballinakill to Bofin		10	N. (fair)
Bofin to Blacksod		42	N.W. (head)
Blacksod to Sheephaven		138	WNW, S.E. (head)
Sheephaven to Portrush		43	S.W. (fair)
Portrush to Red Bay		35	S.W. (+)
Red Bay to Belfast		40	S (head)
Belfast to Crosshaven		263	N.E. (fair)

Total miles made good (excluding tacks on the wind) 953, of which 772 in circumnavigation and 181 cruising otherwise.

Circumnavigation took 15 days, other cruising 11 days, 11 days in port changing crews, etc. 3 night passages.

* * *

DARA ROUNDS IRELAND IN A HEATWAVE

Narrative by W. K. Beckett with interjections by the Skipper.

Dara is a 4 ton aux. bermudan sloop.

Skipper, Engineer, Navigator, Passage Cook	J. D. Beckett
Mate, Anchor Hand, Harbour Cook	W. K. Beckett
Crew (to Rosslare)	D. W. Beckett

Saturday 13th July 1968 (Dun Laoghaire). With good news of a depression over England we left at 1045. Wind light easterly. Sea calm. Glorious sunshine. Everything on board in apple-pie order (we thought). Solar ring observed as we reached down the coast in fine style. Wind backed and freshened to N.E., F. 5 giving us a fast passage to Arklow. Rather rough in the entrance. Motored in. Engine smoked heavily and rather unnervingly and laboured somewhat but this was subsequently found to be due to the brake being on. We enjoyed a good dinner ashore at the Royal Hotel (Don't remember — slept through most of it) and as the forecast gave a gale warning for the Tuskar area we decided not to sail that night as planned but remained in Arklow.

Sunday 14th July (Arklow) After a wet and windy night the bad weather and poor forecasts continued all day. By late afternoon it cleared and looked much better. The B.B.C. continued their dire warnings (for Fastnet) but we were unconvinced and when the Irish "Met." gave us 4 — 6 N.W. for Tuskar area we decided to press on. The entrance still looked very tricky after 24 hours of fresh to strong N.E. winds. However, we decided to chance it. The engine totally refused to start, but providentially the wind went round N.W. (as forecast) and enabled us to sail out at 2130. There was a moment's anxiety in the entrance with all sails aback and the swell taking over, but we carried our way, or the tide, out into a fair wind. Took in 4 rolls for comfort and headed out for Arklow L.V. Seas very bumpy. Near the L.V. gybed and broad-reached along with wind now N.W. The moon soon rose and we had a glorious and lively sail through the night. Rather cold. Brilliant shooting stars.

15th July (at sea) The wind gradually freshened and dawn revealed a wilderness of breaking seas and the boat rather pressed through riding dry enough. Skipper took in 4 more rolls (A daunting task straight out of a snug berth at cock-crow!) Dara flew south in a full F. 6, very comfortable under her reduced sail. (what's that you said Dai?) The wind gradually eased and pulled more into the west. We made more sail for a wet thrash inside Tuskar to St. Margaret's Bay, anchoring at 0800.

Conditions were very pleasant here, with perfect shelter and a warming sun to cheer our tired old bones. Dai was put ashore as he had to return to Dublin and after some hours rest and a meal we left at 1430 for Dunmore. Beautiful sunny wesather with a fresh westerly had us beating for the Barrels, but after some heavy rain squalls the wind fell

away and we motor-sailed to Dunmore. Basking sharks seen near Saltees and plenty of bird life. Arriving near sundown at Dunmore it was difficult to see the pier extension against the bright sky and before the red lights were put on rather tardily – needs watching!

16th July (Dunmore East) A sunny morning. After watering ship and tipping our caps to *Bonita* we left at the comfortable hour of 1200 and enjoyed splendid sailing in a N.W., F. 4 to 5. The colouring of the Comeragh mountains was superb and the scenery generally spectacular and brilliant. Off Helwick Head there were numerous sea birds fishing – fulmars, kittiwakes, shearwaters, razorbills, guillemots, the odd puffin and huge numbers of gannets diving, often five or six together, into the shoals of fish. They often came quite near and a young gannet nearly dived on the log, but changed his mind at the last moment. (All this bird watching is bad for the navigation as shall appear later – not recommended). Sailed into Ballycotton under jib only at 2015 after a memorable sail. Much later Skipper emerged from a local tavern and pointed joyfully to “that brilliant star there”, suspiciously near the lighthouse on Ballycotton Island. He maintained it was a good omen.

17th July (Ballycotton) Left at 0800. The wind light N.W. at first. Motored through the sound but soon sailed in a freshening breeze making good progress in brilliant sunshine down the coast. Skipper took a bath on the foredeck. All hands sunbathed in luxury cruise style. After a flat patch near the Daunt the wind came in ahead and we beat or motor-sailed to the pretty anchorage of Glandore, arriving at 2130 in rather grey conditions. We were disturbed to find the motor stuck in forward gear, discovering the sump to be oil-less.

18th July (Glandore) A perfect calm sunny morning. Skipper tried some work on the gear box but it remained immovable. Fortunately the engine started all right in gear so we decided to carry on though it obviously posed some problems in harbour work and I would have to be smart getting up the anchor. Left at 1130 in real heat-wave weather, motoring out past Adam and Eve to find only the tiniest of ripples on the Atlantic. At the Stags a wind came in from W.S.W. and we continued to beat for the Gascannane Sound. The wind freeing we were soon tearing through (E. Channel) with the strong tide swirling us along. The wind held strong and true as we reached across Roaringwater Bay and passing between Middle and East Calf Islands we reached Schull at 1730 – dropping the main as we luffed hopefully round the pier and grabbing a convenient trawler. Good supper of grilled salmon in East End Hotel where the Skipper negligently left his glasses. They were subsequently posted on to Valentia for collection.

After refuelling and revictualling we left again at 2000 for Crookhaven via Long Island Sound. The engine being rather uncertain and the wind almost non-existent we came through Man of War Sound to have more sea room. Arrived Crookhaven as dusk was falling. As we came up the creek the wild and craggy beauty of this superb natural harbour unfolded itself. We anchored off the village and rowed ashore through the twilight. Not a soul was in sight nor a sound to be heard except the quiet lapping of the tide against the pier. Imagine then our astonishment on opening the door of O’Sullivan’s pub to find it jammed solid with joyous humanity making full-throated whoopee. The atmosphere was like the bar at Lansdowne Road after an International. Arms were pinned to sides making drinking almost physically impossible. A bedlam of noise prevailed, yet courtesy was the order of the day. When several guests were persuaded to sing complete silence was observed during their performances. I think the revellers were mainly holiday-makers from nearby caravan sites – a good humoured lot. Cigars were smoked in the cockpit at midnight, a sure sign of good cruising weather.

19th July (Crookhaven) A red-letter day as *Dara* was honoured by a visit from the Commodore and Mrs. Berridge. (We had not noticed their presence in the dusk of the previous evening.) Skipper remarked ruefully afterwards – “Wish I’d shaved”. Left at 1145 in grey conditions with light westerly and poor visibility. Beat slowly for Mizen keeping in touch with land. Rounded our first major headland under power with no wind, but a huge

swell breaking in dazzling white spray against the awe-inspiring cliffs. Three Castle Head soon showed up dramatically, but nothing could be seen in Bantry Bay and our first sight of land was Dursey Island rather further west than expected. (More of this anon.) Dursey Sound was exciting and in the murky conditions Scariff and Deenish Islands looked enormous. We were a bit worried as visibility was minimal for identifying our route but as the evening came on it improved a little and we had no difficulty in making Derrynane Harbour at 2030. The entrance to this beautiful harbour is very narrow indeed and even in the prevailing calm conditions gave us a thrilling few minutes. The leading marks are conspicuous and we had them dead in line as we approached and yet there seemed to be no passage through. Ahead and on all sides were breaking waves and spume where the swell crashed ashore over the shoals. At last when disaster seemed upon us the passage of deep water could be identified and we slid with much relief through the gap into calm water and perfect shelter. (I would not attempt this in rough conditions). Another balmy evening. *Xanthe* R.C.C. lay peacefully nearby. We broached the ship's wine store to celebrate rounding the Mizen – Chateau Neuf du Pape.

20th July (Derrynane) Another beautiful day, the barometer remaining high and steady. Left under power at 1030. Little breaths of wind from dead ahead. We held off shore towards the Lemon Rock to get a better view of the Skelligs, but the swell was much too high to think of landing. Photography was difficult as they only showed up to advantage for a second while *Dara* stood tiptoe on a wave crest and the results were understandably disappointing. The immense rollers made a majestic spectacle of spume and spray at Bolus Head and increased in size as we passed Puffin Island (escorted by hundreds of puffins), becoming quite fantastic as we approached the entrance to Magee Sound. In the troughs even the highest land disappeared while on the crests the high rocky cliffs loomed uncomfortably close. Each roller carried at least seven large waves on his back, each of which carried about seventy little ones. And all this bother with no wind at all! (Don't try this entrance in fresh onshore weather). The visibility was very confusing with distances impossible to judge accurately. The rollers chased us into the sound, finally subsiding as we rounded Reencaragh Point into smooth water. (Care is needed here not to turn to starboard too soon between Horse Island and Reencaragh Point). We found ourselves in peaceful, pastoral surroundings a world away from the turbulent atlantic.

Rich fields spread out on either hand, and a gently following breeze tickled the backs of our necks. We were in some doubt about the progress of the building of the bridge at Port Magee, so decided to tie up at the pier and make enquiries. Suddenly we remembered the engine would not come out of gear, and if stopped might not restart. Panic ensued and we steered in tight circles pointing things out to each other and reading a warning notice on the bridge through binoculars. Eventually we carried on past the half-built bridge without difficulty and stopping the engine made sail to a following breeze to enjoy an idyllic sail to Knightstown. Anchored off the pier at 1600. Another beautiful calm evening. Luxury dinner with Benedictine and cigars at Reenellan House. (Recommended).

Sunday 21st July (Knightstown) Dawn came with thick fog. A temporary clearance at 0930 allowed us to leave under power in flat calm. At the harbour mouth we ran into fog again and set course for the Great Blasket Island. About half way across Dingle Bay it cleared, but the fog persisted in Blasket Sound and we plunged into it again as we nosed round the corner of the island, keeping no more than 50 yards off to retain contact.

A curragh appeared out of the fog rowing towards the landing place and two girls dressed in red skirts surprisingly showed up on the rocks. We anchored off the east end of the beach and rowed to the tiny inlet and slip. There is a very primitive landing place, only usable by expert curragh men in any but the calmest weather. The party on shore turned out to be German students – very "beat" with beards and guitars. The curragh men had only Gaelic

so conversation was rather meagre. As we were short of water we made our way to a well on the cliff side, but found so little water in it that we took only a token cupful. The higher we climbed the thicker the fog became so we only progressed as far as the top of the village, where we had a snack, looking down on *Dara* rolling uneasily far below us in the murk. (I'm sure Great Blasket must have charm in clear weather, but I remember it as a dreary patch of nettles among the ruins).

Set off again after lunch under power, the fog gradually lifted and by the time we reached Smerwick it was a lovely clear evening with fine views of Brandon and Mount Eagle. We anchored off the boat-slip on the S.W. shore. Here we encountered the genial Mr. McWilliams of Eileen Ferriter's Guest House. He was digging in a field and when hailed offered us assistance in getting petrol, the hospitality of his house and indeed field, where I shortly found myself digging potatoes and other vegetables of the highest grade. We had a most pleasant drive to Ballyferriter for petrol and there met a gentleman who had brought a motor boat back from Arklow using only a school map for pilotage. "Begob, they wanted to know in Kilmore Quay how had I found the right road in at all, but sure it was aisy!".

22nd July (Smerwick) Today was mainly a pleasant reach to Kilbaha. There is a good shop/pub here and excellent shelter in north westerly winds.

23rd July (Kilbaha) Left at 0800 in N.N.E. wind – rather grey and chilly. Found a nasty lumpy sea off Loop Head and took off genoa. Used power to hold her close to wind on fetch up the coast. Off Kilkee wind freed somewhat and we stopped engine and made good progress with working jib. A heavy thrash in a F. 4 breeze with quite steep seas brought us up to the cliffs of Moher. The wind gradually backed N.W. and eased. We motor-sailed south of Inisheer and Inishmaan and approached Kilronan by Gregory Sound passing some curraghs, looking rather strange with outboards poised over their sterns. By now it was sunset and clearing the reefs off Straw Island and finding the anchorage at Kilronan was none too comfortable a task into the bright western sky. (Could we have a plan please?) However we anchored south of the pier in company with a green yawl from Galway. This proved uncomfortable in the easterly wind and during the night we moved in to better shelter with the outer end of the pier closed. This gave 7 ft. at M.L.W.S.

A Galway hooker loaded with turf made a fine picture against the pier but the most memorable part of our first evening was on shore – the lamplight in the high ceiled bar, the dark faces of the Aran fishermen sitting round on barrels seeming sinister at first but actually full of fun and good humour. Over all presided Mrs. McDonagh, an ageless barmaid whose eyes twinkled mischievously under her grey hair drawn severely back from her forehead. She led and controlled the conversation. They were pouring ridicule on Castlebar for that town's inability to provide sufficient drink on the occasion of an important match – "not so much as a glass of water!".

24th July (Aran) Next day we hired bicycles and visited the ancient fortress of Dun Aengus, dramatically perched on the cliffs over the Atlantic. A pleasant lunch was enjoyed in St. Kevin's Guest House and we left at 1500 for Roundstone via Golam Tower and the Inner Channel. The sail to Golam was blissful in the bright sunshine, calm seas and with the Twelve Pins looming ever larger and more colourful on the bow. This was unforgettable scenery viewed in ideal conditions. At Golam Tower the wind fell away flat calm and we had to motor. (In the good visibility this passage presented no problems). We hailed St. MacDara's Island in a fitting manner and again had some difficulty in locating our marks for Roundstone. The water tower did not show up as well as expected and we seemed to come in too much to the east. However, we soon got things sorted and promptly forgot our worries in the peace and beauty of this lovely spot.

25th July (Roundstone) After storing ship we left at 1230 for Inishbofin via Joyce

Sound. Motored at first in flat calm, but outside Lacken Island we sailed for a while in peaceful conditions. The wind soon died away and we had to restart the engine. The Skipper hereabouts dived below and clouds of cigar smoke poured from the cabin as he checked all details of the approach to Joyce Sound. (Bad for the ulcers). Galway Bay seemed to be completely full of rocks, but a lot of these were in fact boats and we eventually identified Split Rock correctly. As I rounded this the skipper called out "N.W. by W. for Joyce Sound". I followed instructions and to my surprise found *Dara* pointing at a large sand-dune! I passed on this disturbing information and the Skipper emerged and stared at it with considerable amazement. Navigational panic ensued as the compass was plainly wrong (and had been before if we had been sufficiently awake to spot it). However, we were able to identify Mweel Rock and later Carrickclumamore to put us right for the entrance. Approaching the two-mile line of rocks and islands that forms Slyne Head it is difficult to identify the passage and many false sounds leered invitingly at us on the port bow. Even in these exceptionally calm conditions the strong tide rip in the narrow sound made it an exciting moment as we dived through. The wind remaining dead ahead and light we decided to motor on and set about checking the compass. The leading marks for Inishbofin Harbour gave a good check and showed an error of more than $\frac{1}{4}$ point. This was due to stupidly installing a new fire-extinguisher in the cabin too near the compass. (The irony of it is I bought this extinguisher from a good lady who contributed its price to the life-boat fund. My support of this worthy institution was nearly my undoing). We enjoyed a calm evening in Inishbofin with pleasant talk ashore.

26th July (Inishbofin) Next day was flat calm and we had a blissful passage towards the sheltering arms of Achill, dropping the hook in Keel Bay about 1500. Went ashore to get petrol and had a swim. It was fun landing our tiny dinghy laden with petrol cans through the surf. This would only be possible in the heat-wave conditions we had. In the evening moved on to the rather gloomy splendour of Kim Bay. Ship rolled uneasily all night.

27th July (Kim Bay) Mist again. Left at 1030 in a very light westerly. Off Achill Head the fog was thick and we motored on in flat oily conditions. The compass was now back on form and the landfalls on Carrickakin and Duvillaunmore were dead on. Decided to visit Iniskea South and had a glorious swim in the little inlet there where we met a family motorboat ex Ballina. Rather a murky passage to Erris Head and across Broadhaven Bay with no land visible. Out of the mist appeared the wildest cliffs of Ireland, huge and barbaric in their splendour and standing out before them the curious rocks — the Knife, the Parson (complete with clerical collar) the Buddagh (reputed to mean giant in Irish). Skipper described it as lunar scenery and it was a welcome relief to enter Portacloy. We anchored inside the lines of fishing boats at 2100, observed closely by grim, black-clad watchers ashore. They gave no response to a wave and resembled the gaunt figures of Jack Yeat's paintings. Poteen country?

28th July (Portacloy) Dreary enough day. Left at 0715 in flat calm conditions. One or two fulmars always escorted us in these waters and today they were very pretty, skimming gracefully over the water and often swooping across the bows, especially when we were under sail. At 0945 the motor stopped and left us rolling very gently on the glassy sea. Fortunately, a breeze soon came in from the east and we sailed for some time. Picking up Rathlin O'Birne on the port bow we came in under the immense cliffs of Slieve League and made Teelin at 2000. We much enjoyed this quiet and pretty estuary. Stores are at Carrick, 3 miles away, but a lift can often be obtained.

29th July (Teelin) Left at 1400. Came out smartly under sail and an easterly wind gave us a marvellous sail past the Slieve League cliffs, reputedly the highest in Europe. Some willi-waws jerked *Dara* to maximum speed. Runners and after shrouds twanged to rock hard and huge foaming bow waves gushed out on either hand. The tiller needed accurate handling! When we came through the Sound at Rathlin O'Birne the savage beauty of the

cliffs near Glen Head appeared. Even with an offshore wind there was an ugly sea running here and we were grateful to be spared strong westerlies — the “anchorage” did not look at all inviting. The wind was very strong off the mountains and we took a few rolls in the main. Later however, it suddenly fell flat calm and we had to motor into Portnoo. . The thunder of the surf here at night was alarming.

30th July (Portnoo) Left about 1015 to navigate the inner passage to Burtonport. Grey day, no wind worth mentioning. Headed north across Boylagh Bay for the “Clutch” in poor visibility. Aranmore loomed faintly on the port bow, various vague shapes elsewhere. Between the Clutch beacon and Turk Rocks there is only 2 ft. at L.W.S. so we had to be sure of our position. The Clutch perch showed up all right and then gradually a positive maze of perches loomed out of the mist ahead. The question was “which two do we put in line”! The binoculars were our salvation and the skipper duly identified them despite which I succeeded in aligning the wrong two!! The sand rose up threateningly under our keel but Skipper called me to order and we moved gradually into better water again. Leaving stream rocks well to starboard we passed close south of Lackmorris and S. Channel perches to enter by Duck Sound. The tide was very strong against us and the channel very narrow. *Dara* just breasted the surging tide and we swung round to starboard to pass up the channel between Edernish and Rutland Islands. Here *Dara* was reduced to about $\frac{1}{2}$ knot at times but she pushed on bravely into the still water of Burtonport. Anchored in 5 ft. S.E. of the concrete structure known as the Monument (or Bedstead).

Burtonport is a lovely anchorage in complete shelter, pleasantly enlivened by the fishermen and the passing of Aranmore ferry boats. We launched the punt and while getting the gear aboard her the Skipper inadvertently chucked a rowlock into the drink. I improvised a rope rowlock but Skipper insisted on diving for the lost one at low water. There was a bit more than 5 feet and he spent a lot of time walking around on tip-toe with his head just up — failed to retrieve the spur, got very cold and came out rather blue and shivery. I got some whiskey ashore and saved his life by administering a good couple of shots. (Th-thanks!). There is a small chandlery attached to the Aran bar but they did not have a suitable rowlock. Later we had a great chat with the barman who told us of the lively night life on Aranmore which normally begins apparently at midnight and continues with song and jollity until near dawn. Unfortunately we did not put in at the island. (Now, now, be your age!)

31st July (Burtonport) Lovely sunny morning. Left at 0955. Aranmore looked majestic and prosperous. On through Owey Sound (Owey looking a dream island in glowing colours) and swinging to starboard inside the islands with light variable breaths of air only. Decided for Gweedore Harbour (Bunbeg) and came to this intricate passage under power at about three hours of ebb. I became navigator with the Skipper at the helm as I read out the course changes and identified landmarks. We crept round the N.W. side of Bo Island looking out for the sand which soon enough appeared under our keel. There was sufficient water at the North bar and we identified the cottage and “Nick in Hill” without trouble. Pressed on boldly, prudently ignoring the two false perches towards Carrickfin. The ebb made huge lee-way when we headed for Magheraclogher Point and set us strongly towards the sands. Corrected for this and came up in good order anchoring just west of perch No. 6 at 1330. Scenery absolutely glorious with the dazzling turquoise of the sea merging into the gleaming yellow sand. This anchorage was uncomfortable and we were too near the rock (we did not think it feasible to secure a stern line to it) and in a swirl of tide with a sandbank under her tail. (Not recommended). It rained for the first time since Arklow. At low water we hoisted the main and assisted by the kindly advice of a Carrickfin fisherman made a few tacks to the N.N.E., anchoring off the south end of the Bluff. Lay very quietly in the calm inlet after admiring the beauty of the Rosses scenery.

1st August (Bunbeg) Completely calm, balmy morning. Left under power at 1000

Perhaps we were over-confident after our successful entry, but we mistook another rock for Carrickbully (which was masked against Bo Island) and touched on the way out. The deep channel is readily seen however in sunny conditions and we had no bother regaining it. (We had also taken the precaution of leaving on the flood tide). From Bo Island we took the passage inside Inishmeane and the Inishirrer. In Inishirrer strait it was difficult to identify Davmore Rock as it looked very far inshore and Davmore Beg looked just as big! Motored on in very summery conditions past Bloody Foreland and through the Sound between Inishbofin and Inishdooey. The wind now gradually picked up from E.N.E., gentle and summery, so we stopped engine and commenced to beat for Horn Head. It proved rather dreary with a lop taking the good out of the light wind and an extensive blanketing effect as we passed to windward off the Head. Once round things improved and we had a lovely reach to Downings arriving about 1800. Complete calm in the harbour at night. Many caravan lights mirrored in the still water.

2nd August (Downings) Off on main about 1100. Wind (N.E.) soon died so we motored and sailed when wind permitted till near Fanad Head. The wind picked up quite strong from N.E. and we had a lively sail, romping up Lough Swilly wondering if we could get any shelter at Port Salon. There was not a lot but it proved sufficient in the falling breeze. Had a very pleasant dinner at the Hotel and an amusing evening in the bar/shop with customers on both sides of the counter!

3rd August (Port Salon) Set off under power about 1000. The morning mist was just clearing and it soon became a sunny day with a breath from the S.W. When quite near the entrance of Lough Swilly we sighted a deckchair! Grappled it with the boat-hook whereupon it filled and tried to pull us both over. However, we mastered it and got it aboard. It was a fine specimen and looked well lashed on the punt! Wind now began to pick up from N.N.E. dead ahead but it gained no strength. We motored on and near Malin Head there were some waves and swirls in the sea but little else. We gave a very large berth to the group of horrible rocks known for some reason as the Garvan Isles. Entered Inishtrahull Sound at 1345 about half an hour before the estimated commencement of the east-going stream. Flat calm. Skipper served a four-course lunch today including asparagus in honour of passing our most northerly point. (He is usually content with a three-course repast). Islay appeared blue and alluring as we made a fast passage with the tide. I never saw the sea so calm. Absolutely flat with large stretches of mirror-like surface. About 1600 a fine land breeze picked up. We set genoa and main and had a lovely sail to Portrush. Marvellous visibility. At one time we could see Islay, the Paps of Jura, Kintyre and Rathlin. Arrived in Portrush about 1830 where the Commodore of the local sailing club courteously indicated the best berth to tie up to and afterwards came around for a chat. He was surprised to hear we had arrived from the west and informed us he had seen very frightened men come ashore from much larger craft than poor *Dara*. Having seen the west for ourselves we didn't doubt his word. We had a quiet berth in Portrush, flaunting our tricolour bravely under the guns of the British Navy. In North-Westerly winds there is reputed to be a nasty lop in this harbour.

Sunday 4th August (Portrush) No wind. Slightly hazy sunshine. Left at 1000 under motor. After rounding the head we got a puff from the north as we came inside the Skerries Islands. Optimistically hoisted main but the wind soon died. We kept inshore to avoid the adverse tide and though we came quite near the Giants Causeway we were still too far out to see it properly. The wind now picked up from a general easterly direction and remained dead ahead as we passed the headlands and fine bold cliffs. We reached the approaches of Rathlin Sound at slack water, the wind remaining very light dead ahead. It now became slightly misty and horribly cold. A most curious effect considering the sun was still shining and the wind so light. Most unpleasant! As we came through the sound the tide gradually picked up under us and kicked up a certain amount of sea. Off Fair Head the tide was really strong

and bore us rapidly towards a long patch of boiling seas that looked quite formidable even in these calm conditions. By steering directly for the cliffs we made a crab-wise course that took us in close to the head and through a quieter portion of the race into calm water. Wind remained dead ahead as we turned south and motored on. Antrim looked lovely after the rugged scenery of the west coast and aided by the strong tide we made rapid progress to Carnlough where we glided in (after cutting engine) and tied up at 1830.

Many boats were in this charming little harbour. Later we were aroused (at 1 a.m.) by the entry of what was for this tiny harbour quite a large steamer. After skilful backing and forwarding to get round the right angle bend of the entrance she approached the packed inner quay very slowly and gently but firmly pushed the whole lot of little boats into the angle of the harbour. There was pandemonium aboard these lesser fry with people running in all directions to tend their warps. After a few adjustments all settled down again. As the boat was neither a fisherman's nor a cargo boat we were curious to know more and on enquiry we were told she was the parish priest's yacht! (An ex naval tender).

5th August (Carnlough) Drizzly morning. Slept late and started out about 1300. Dull motoring in flat conditions. Decided to anchor in Brown's Bay, Islandmagee, for lunch. Skipper prepared it on the way, skilfully timing the cooking to finish exactly as the hook went down. Off again about 1630 with only light breaths of wind. Arrived in Donaghadee about 2000 where the Harbour Master very kindly hailed us and directed us to the steps just inside the lighthouse. Certainly the best berth in the harbour. Wind blew tonight.

Tuesday 6th August (Donaghadee) Left at 0800 and motored out. *Dara* had a paroxism of rolling just outside and succeeded in breaking the lamp glass. Set main and spinnaker and commenced to run south in a force 2-3 northerly. At last a breeze! Sailed into Portavogie under jib alone about 1230 to wait for a fair tide to Strangford Lough. There was not enough wind inside for manoeuvring under jib and after a rather distressing attempt at beating we made fast to a fishing boat. Got a hinge to replace a broken one on the fore-hatch and effected the repair. Paid 1/6 dues to the Harbour Master who then demanded beer and was quite annoyed to find we had none aboard. Asked why there was no pub in a fishing village, he replied in broad County Down accents – “The trouble with this place is there's too much damn preaching”. Motored out about 1545 and took the inside passage at South Rock leaving the old lighthouse well to port. Observed a plate of the wreck inshore of Butter Pladdy and arrived at Strangford about 1830. Dropped anchor in the creek. Lovely balmy quiet evening in this beautiful anchorage.

Wednesday, 7th August (Strangford) During the night the wind came north and the anchorage was rather uneasy with wind against tide most of the time. The Skipper visited Mr. Faulkner, who claims to be the oldest member of the I.C.C. We had a day off except for the move to Ardglass in the evening where we tied up about 1845, later moving to an anchorage under threat of fishermen arriving in large numbers.

Thursday 8th August (Ardglass) Off at 0930 under main only to find a good N.E. wind F. 5. Commenced to run in glorious conditions, the Mourne looking their best. Skipper had not at first decided where to make for, but after setting the spinnaker we were making such good progress that he set a course for Howth. Really wonderful sailing and visibility. During the afternoon the wind increased and we reefed the main but held on to the spinnaker. Ugly lop off the Baily with the tide now against both us and the wind. Arrived in Dun Laoghaire 2000 having carried the spinnaker for over 9 hours! This was a great sail for *Dara*, 61 miles in 12½ hours with a strong adverse tide for the last part.

How clever of *Dara* to choose 1968 for rounding Ireland. I had allowed 5 days for sheltering from stress of weather, but in fact we made a move every day and arrived home with 3 days in hand. Pressing on fairly persistently we reached Aran in 11 days out of the allotted 30

and so had time for a full week of pottering on the Donegal coast. Tribute must be paid to the old Stuart-Turner engine which kept going most of the time and without which we could never have made it. I record my grateful appreciation of the excellent I.C.C. directions, also the hundred year old admiralty charts still giving reliable information. And now to find a fitting place to display the plaque — I know we don't deserve the Cup.

Date	Destination	Passage Miles	Hours on Passage	Passage Speed
July 13	Arklow	33	6½	5.0
14	St. Margaret's Bay	40	10½	3.9
15	Dunmore East	30	10	3.0
16	Ballycotton	43	8	5.4
17	Glandore	50	13½	3.7
18	Schull	21	6	3.5
18	Crookhaven	8	2	4.0
19	Derrypane	34	9	3.8
20	Knightstown	20	5½	3.6
21	Great Blasket	12	3½	3.4
21	Smerwick	10	3	3.3
22	Kilbaha	30	8	3.8
23	Kilronan	41	13	3.2
24	Roundstone	22	6½	3.4
25	Inishbofin	24	7	3.4
26	Keel Bay	24	5½	4.4
26	Kim Bay	5	1½	3.3
27	S. Inishkea	14	3½	4.0
27	Portacloy	24	6	4.0
28	Teelin	43	13	3.3
29	Portnoo	26	5½	4.4
30	Burtonport	11	3	3.7
31	Bunbeg	16	4	4.0
August 1	Downings	23	8½	2.7
2	Port Salon	18	5½	3.3
3	Portrush	41	8½	4.8
4	Carnlough	34	8½	4.0
5	Brown's Bay	11	2½	4.2
5	Donaghadee	16	3	5.3
6	Portavogie	12	4½	2.7
6	Strangford	16	3	5.3
7	Ardglass	8	2	4.0
8	Dun Laoghaire	61	12½	5.0
27 Days	32 Anchorages	821	212½	—
Averages		30	8	3.9
Sail	50%	Engine	50%	

HUFF IN THE IRISH SUNSHINE

by J. A. Mackeown

Huff of Arklow is a 12-ton light displacement aux. sloop.

For various personal reasons we decided to try a different pattern of cruising in *Huff* this year. The plan was to take her in leisurely fashion to Baltimore, to make a long stay there with day sailing only and then to finish with a short cruise to the Blaskets, or alternatively to dash down to our beloved Scillies for a few days. By great good fortune this programme was barried out in the best weather the South of Ireland has had in living memory — hence the title of this article.

Dunlaoghaire to Crosshaven. July 5 to 7. For this trip I had a strong crew consisting of Christopher Pringle, John Bourke, Martin Smith, John Finnegan and Bruce Buttimore. Alas, their sailing abilities might as well have been left at home. We started under engine at 1830 on Friday, July 5th, from Dun Laoghaire and, except for about 8 miles of the journey, were under engine the whole trip. We had to make calls for petrol at Arklow after midnight, at Rosslare at 1000 on Saturday and at Dunmore East at 1830. Eventually we reached Crosshaven and picked up moorings at 0830 on Sunday July 7th. Our only sailing was one hour off Cahore Point at 0615 on Saturday and from two miles off the Pollock rock into Crosshaven on the Sunday. Still we did enjoy a glorious day of sun bathing on the Saturday and for some of us it was our first visit to Rosslare where one feels yachtsmen are not welcome.

Crosshaven to Baltimore. July 21 to 23. My crew, Dick French and Tom Hanan met me at the Royal Cork on Saturday 20th July, a blazing summer's day, after motor runs from Dublin, and were glad to get a cooling breather in the afternoon by a gentle sail over to Corkbeg with the skipper's younger son and his family and a friend. We had to be away early on Sunday 21st in order to get the tide round the Old Head of Kinsale and so we cast off our moorings at 0800 and again under engine reached the Old Head at noon. In a gentle F. 2 southerly, going round with the sun, we then sailed till 1910 when a tack brought us close inshore and we were expecting to enter Glandore Harbour. A large English ketch came up from astern under engine and passed us out and disappeared round the point. We furled sail and followed under engine, taking care not to hug Adam Island. While the skipper at the helm was anxiously watching for Eve to be able to hug her, Tom Hanan was increasingly perturbed by not being able to see the perches in Glandore Harbour. Just as we realised it was not Glandore, we opened up a pool where the ketch had obviously stopped in bewilderment. It was easy then to realize that we had gone into Tralow Bay and that what we had too easily assumed to be Adam Island was in fact Tralow Rock. It only shows that you should never follow another boat without good reason. The only excuse could be we were drugged by the sun! As for the ketch she followed us out very gingerly. When they saw us first so close inshore they must have assumed we were about to enter Glandore, not realizing that we were only there because of being on a tack. Eventually we anchored in Glandore at 2000 and recovered our morale over a good dinner. The next morning we weighed anchor at 0800 and went under engine to the real Adam Island whence we had a gentle sail with frequent tacks to Baltimore, where we anchored off the pier at 1400.

At Baltimore, July 23rd to August 3rd. There followed twelve halcyon days of sailing in warm sunny weather with light breezes and calm sea. Every night was spent at anchor in Baltimore harbour and most days were partly spent bathing in Roaringwater Bay or at the lovely beaches at the west of Sherkin Island. With different parties of friends aboard *Huff*

visited South Harbour, Barlogue and Schull, sailed twice round the Fastnet, three times round Sherkin Island and four times round Cape Clear Island. There was plenty of variety, interesting sailing and pilotage and in weather such as we were lucky enough to have it would have been impossible to beat the experience anywhere else.

Baltimore to the Scilly Isles. August 3rd to 5th. John and Margaret Bourke joined David and the skipper on board at 1800. All had decided to sail for the Scilly Isles rather than the Blaskets, firstly because we felt that no part of Ireland could give us anything better than we had enjoyed at Baltimore for the last fortnight and we had better seek a complete change and, secondly, because we love the Scilly Isles! A small party of friends in Baltimore delayed our departure as *Huff* was also boarded by welcome, but unexpected, arrivals from Dublin and the drop in liquid ballast had to be replaced before departure could be thought of. Eventually we got off at 2100 under engine and we set sail at 2215 in a F. 1. By 0800 on the 4th we only had 15 miles on the log but the wind began to freshen then and in a few hours we were doing a steady 6 knots. We had pleasant but uneventful sailing all Sunday until a pigeon settled in Margaret's hair as she was sitting peacefully in the cockpit after supper. Shooed away it settled for the night in the radar reflector which was on the fore deck. After 0700 on the 5th we ran into light winds and decreasing visibility and ran under engine for about an hour. At 0845 we had 141 miles on the log and were surprised at the non-appearance of the Scillies especially as the pigeon had taken off about an hour earlier and set a course straight ahead, presumably for land. Bearings on Round Island R.T. showed that we must be a good deal south of it and possibly nearing the Bishop but there was no means of knowing if we were coming in 2 miles north of it or south of it. Visibility was even worse than we had realized because suddenly at 0930 we sighted the Bishop dead ahead at under 1½ miles. Oddly enough it was not giving any fog signal. It was an easy matter then to enter Hughtown by Broad Sound and two hours later we were anchored and receiving the new Customs officer, Mr. Eric Brown. When we went ashore to the Mermaid at 1245 and had Cornish Pasties for lunch we felt we had really arrived!

At the Scilly Isles. August 6 to 8 We did not have such good weather here as in Ireland and there was a tendency to have cold north-east winds of F. 4 or 5. However on August 6th after an early lunch at the Mermaid we sailed over the Tresco flats at half tide with great care. At one stage David even climbed the mast to spot the shoals better! None the less we arrived safely and anchored off New Grimsby. We took the punt over to the island of Bryher, the only inhabited island on which we had not yet set foot and had a grand walk over it and looked down from the heights on Shipman Head and Hell Bay with some perturbation. It seemed distinctly rough off Shipman Head. After most had bathed we re-embarked and had an interesting sail back outside Bryher and Scilly Rock and in by the North West channel. Navigation has to be accurate here owing to the numerous outlying rocks and reefs and the strong tidal set. The next two days it blew too hard for comfortable sailing and on the Wednesday we walked over parts of St. Mary's we had not yet explored. There is fine coastal scenery round the south-east side and attractive inland walks also. On the Thursday we had an exciting trip in one of the big tourist launches which was scheduled to call at the islands of St. Martins, Tean, St. Helens and Tresco and also to visit Round Island. We were particularly keen to see the old sailing ship anchorage of St. Helen's pool with a view to possible future use. It was blowing a good F. 5 and when we got out of the shelter of Tean and were nearing Round Island the seas rolled in from the north were quite impressive. We rolled a lot and took much spray to the excitement of the passengers, but we reached Round Island and even succeeded in landing a package for the keepers at the foot of their steps by making the unfortunate mate cast off in a punt while the launch, which was well handled, made a lee for him. We surfed back into the shelter of St. Helen's pool in great style. We got off at Tresco after a most interesting two hour trip, not bad value for five bob! We lunched at the New Inn in New Grimsby and David and I walked out to Cromwell's Fort and were even more impressed by the wild seas outside Shipman Point, while Margaret and John went to bathe. So

back in the evening for a final dinner at the Escapade.

Hughtown to Crosshaven. August 9 to 10. We weighed anchor at 0640 and left by the North West channel. The early start was partly to get tide with and not against the N.N.E. wind and partly to get clear of the Scillies before the wind strengthened in the late morning. Even so when out of the shelter of the islands we found quite an uncomfortable sea running and though it went down a little after a couple of hours the day remained quite rough. We had winds varying from 4 to 5 and crashed along at 6 to 7 knots until midnight when we had put 108 miles on the log in 16½ hours. We then entered the good weather off the South Irish coast and speed dropped fifty per cent while we were steadily broken off, until, finally, we were only a couple of miles off the Old Head of Kinsale at 0400. Here we tacked and on the new tack were gradually let up so that we passed Roche's Point at 0730 without having to tack again. With tide against us and the wind falling away we soon put on the engine and by 0830 were comfortably moored off the Royal Cork in Crosshaven, where we enjoyed showers and every comfort after breakfast. After lunch on board Skipper drove the crew to Baltimore to pick up their cars and all returned to *Huff* for the night after dinner in the Royal Cork. It had been again a glorious sunny day and we almost wondered why we had gone to the Scillies when Crosshaven and the South Irish Coast were looking so lovely! Next day the crew packed and, after lunch with friends, David departed for Galway and John and Margaret for Dublin leaving the saddened skipper to console himself with a family sail over to White Bay where he sleepily kept solitary watch on *Huff* while the young generations bathed and picnicked ashore. After sleeping aboard alone the skipper was awakened by very heavy rain which marked the beginning of the end of the halcyon weather. So it was with modified regret that he returned to Dublin on the 12th afternoon.

Crosshaven to Dun Laoghaire. August 16 to 18. For this trip Jonathan Virden and Desmond and Richard Hayes who only arrived from England on the 16th, crewed with the skipper. We cast off moorings at 2300 and had a hectic time motoring in pitch dark down the lines of moored yachts. It was with great relief we were able to hoist sail in wider waters off Fort Camden. We passed Roche's Point at 2345 and with the wind W. by N., F. 4 we had fast sailing all night. At 0850 five miles south of the Hook we changed course to go through the Saltees sound as we would get a favourable tide there and it was a lovely morning with good visibility. We rounded Carnsore Point at 1300 and with the wind freshening to F. 5 with squally showers we shot up the coast and after an uneventful trip entered Dun Laoghaire harbour at 0130 on the 18th, 25¾ hours from Roche's Point. A good sail to end an enjoyable season's cruising.

SETANTA'S MINI-CRUISE

Contributed by Justin Cudmore, narrated by Rory Conway

"O that all things were thus"

Having spent two to three weeks in Brittany earlier in the season, *Setanta* was in good shape by the time her second cruise came about (which was probably just as well). The second trip began with the annual race on August Sunday from Crosshaven to Kinsale and only three of the crew going on the cruise were aboard in order, as it were, to break the news gently to *Setanta*. However, on Tuesday, 6th August, *Setanta*, under skipper Richard (Justin) Cudmore and crew Fred Cudmore, Jnr., Ronald Cudmore, David Bourke and Rory Conway left Kinsale. A complement of five, average age 20-21 years, destination – West, object – fun! Kinsale pier was left behind at 1130 and luckily (considering the weekend put down in Kinsale) the sea was fishpond calm. The wind was negligible but it was a glorious day and spirits were high. At 1500 the prospect of a wind increase was still slight and, being impatient with eagerness to get to Glandore early that evening, it was decided to start engine. We anchored safely in Glandore at 1830 everyone having got a little colour from the sun. After a fine meal aboard we headed for shore and Kilfinnan Castle. Needless to mention, a good night followed.

The following day was Glandore Regatta Day and Ronald left us to sail a Fireball (to victory, it transpired). After a swim around noon the remainder of us were reasonably fit for the Cruiser Race which was to High and Low Islands (starboard) and back. The starting gun found us badly positioned but by carrying a shy spinnaker we gained a few places. After rounding the Islands the jib sheets gave us a wee bit of trouble and places were lost in changing these. All in all however an enjoyable sail. Glandore was a bee-hive of activity that night and Kilfinnan Castle was no exception. In proof of this it was noon the following day when we were fit enough to leave Glandore for Baltimore.

We entered Barloge at 1400 having passed inside the Stags at 1300. Anchoring off Bullock Island we went up as far as possible by punt and then by foot to the lake. To those of us who had not been there before this was a really beautiful spot and it was with reluctance that we decided to leave at 1830 and head for Baltimore. Unfortunately for Ronald he was set upon by a "vicious looking bee" causing us to miss the shipping forecast with his loud protestations at so unwarranted an attack. After a pleasant sail Baltimore was reached sometime after 2000 and no time was lost in repairing to "Teddy's". A singsong there was followed by a barbecue on the beach and the dawn cannot have been far off when the last of *Setanta's* crew straggled aboard.

We remained in Baltimore the following day as there was a race to Schull on the Saturday. The starting gun at noon prompt saw *Setanta* nicely positioned, whilst a change of wind caught at least two boats carrying spinnakers while beating against a gentle breeze. It was a lovely day with a very slack wind but due to the beautiful sun and a few cans of beer there were no complaints during the five hours it took to get to Schull. We tied alongside the pier at Schull at 1600 and having restocked with food and water we tidied up a little and went ashore for a good meal after which everyone felt like an early night.

The next day, Sunday, was another clear sunny day with a south-westerly wind 3–4. David was hoisted up the mast to free the topping lift and was enjoying it so much that it was only with great powers of persuasion we got him down again. We sailed to Cape Clear that afternoon and spent an enjoyable few hours just strolling about the island and arriving back in Schull later in the evening for a few drinks in the East End.

On the following day the wind had freshened to about F. 5 and after a very nice two and a half hour sail we arrived at Crookhaven at 1800. There we were greeted by a very alert Customs official who was so eager that he had been following us about while we were choosing a spot to anchor. We enjoyed a good ballad-session ashore that night after which we had a very gay party on board lasting into the early hours of the morning. It was after 1800 the following evening when any move was made to raise anchor and 1900 before we got under way. Richard, our sagacious skipper, decided we should hoist a No. 1 headsail only with no main. We were heading for Baltimore via the Fastnet. The Fastnet was rounded exactly one hour later with the wind westerly F. 6 with a good sea running. Once rounded the Fastnet we were presented with a most memorable sight. When in between waves we could lose sight of the light-house completely but when on the top of the waves we had a full view of this large form softly silhouetted against the blood-red sky caused by the setting sun. It was glorious, a sight never to be forgotten. It was dark when we reached Baltimore exactly three hours after leaving Crookhaven. We anchored on the eastern side of the Life Guard station and began preparations for something hot to eat as we were all feeling fairly cold at this stage. The wind was now gusting F. 7 and being afraid that we might bump off the bottom at low tide we moved anchor to what we considered to be a safer position. Having both eaten and made sure we weren't dragging the anchor we went to bed with one eager crew member muttering something about an anchor-watch.

On Thursday it was still blowing hard and so the skipper and three of the crew went to Schull to see the Regatta. As we were heading homeward next day we made sure that our last night in Baltimore was a good one. The forecast the following morning was S.W. 5-7 and so at 0730 we left Baltimore under trisail and a small jib. By 0900 the wind hadn't risen above F. 3 and so full sail was hoisted. At 1100 the Galley Head was passed and at 1530 we slipped by the Old Head of Kinsale. At 1945 we picked up our moorings at Crosshaven, a quietened crew. *Setanta's* second cruise of 1968 had ended.

Looking over the log of the trip it is hard to convey the amount of fun we had, the holiday spirit we all felt, and the carefree abandon which we all experienced from the time we gaily cast off to the time we somewhat sadly picked up moorings in Crosshaven. The weather for the most part was Mediterranean and the spirit aboard was nothing short of 'devil-may-care'! We will never forget the sail from Crookhaven to Baltimore nor will we forget the rather reluctant sail home. Things happened on the cruise which are not recorded in the log and many more words could be written about it, but I think it suffices here to say that our attitude at all times was "Eat, drink and be merry!"

LATE FOR THE START – RAINBOW'S 1968 CRUISE

by Launce McMullen

Crew: Owner and Claire McMullen, all the way
Colin McMullen, to Falmouth outward
Tony Pursell, Falmouth to Yealm river
Brian McManus, Falmouth to Dun Laoghaire

Rainbow is an ex-six metre built by Fife in 1927 as the Belgian entry for the 1928 Olympic Games, in which she got the Bronze. In her present form she has three bunks, metal mast, increased sail area and 5 h.p. outboard motor. The cruise here described is the last of 16 made in my ownership and brings our total cruising mileage to 9,500. She is to be replaced next year, for cruising only, by a more comfortable and less exciting boat.

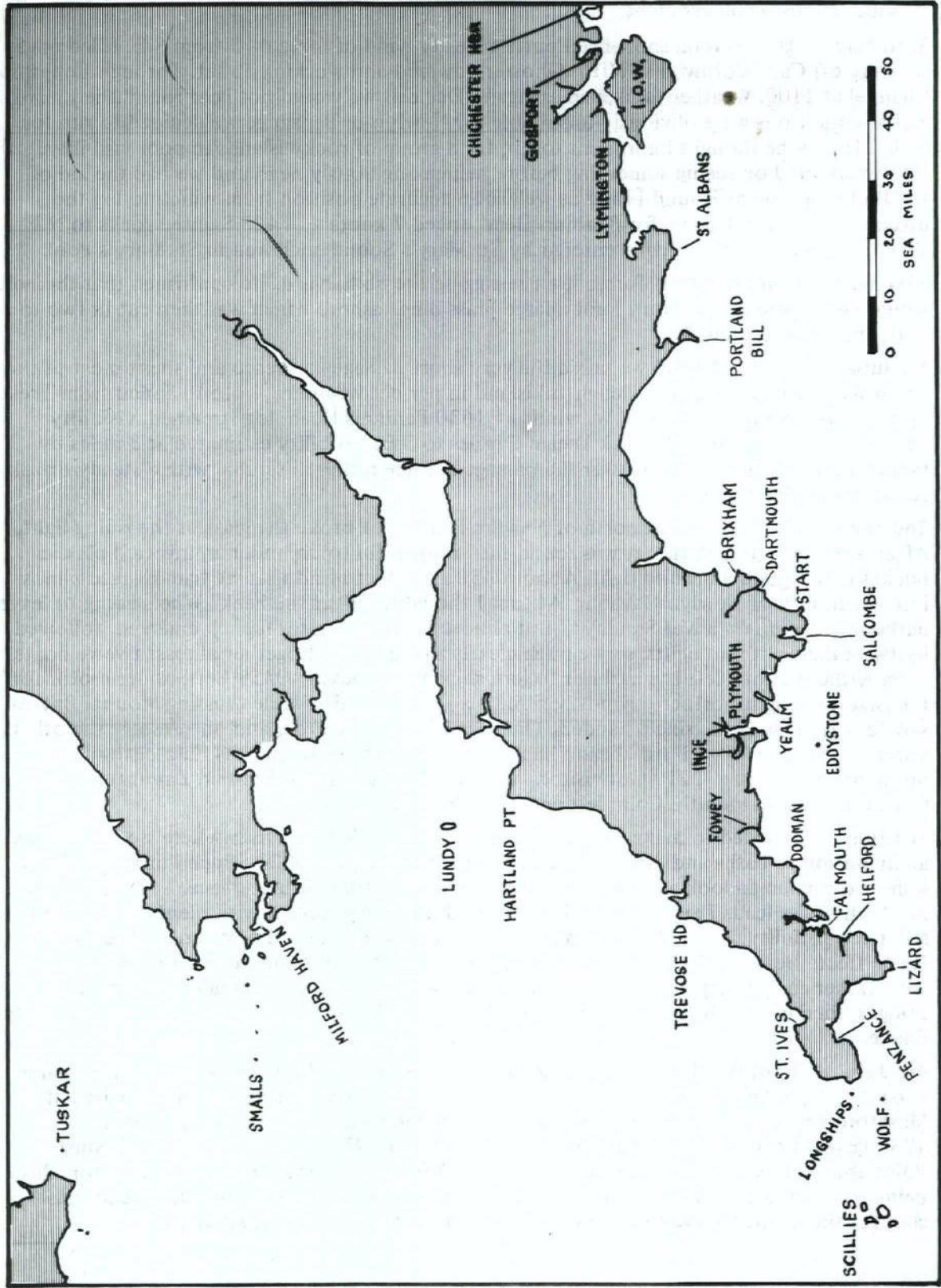
To give a definite objective, we aimed to see the start, or the fleet soon after the start, of the single-handed trans-atlantic race, but owing to adverse winds and thick weather we saw very little of the race in the end. Before the start my echo-sounder went u/s, and in spite of many years cruising before such things were thought of in small yachts, I would now cheerfully sacrifice log and speedometer for one.

27th May 1227 Left slip at Royal St. George under tow by club launch. 1240 Cleared Harbour, wind N.E. 2–3. 1737 Wicklow Head abeam, 1 m., tide beginning to flood. 1845 Motor rigged and started near Horseshoe Buoy, and we motored inside the Wolf Rock to beat the tide. 1956 Anchored Jack's Hole. 2310. Away, mostly under motor for first two yours.

28th May Visibility poor at dawn, wind light and flukey. 0550 Blackwater L.V. Tide turning adverse. 1030 Tuskar seen dimly bearing Green 070. Wind force 1–2, mainly westerly. 1705 Smalls Lt. Ho., bearing 133 Mag. estimated distance 12m. Big westerly swell. No real breeze. Fog developed in the night. Many ships heard.

29th May 0710 Motor started, visibility very poor. 1110 Light westerly, motor stopped, ghoster set. At intervals satisfactory radio fixes were obtained, using Round Island St. Mawgan and Lundy.

During the afternoon the nut off the bolt holding the forestay and jib halyard block was found on deck, having cut the copper wire with which it was secured, leaving the forestay attached by a nutless bolt. Remembering its tightness when rigging, I considered it unlikely to jump out, but as the yacht's motion was rather violent in the almost windless swell, precautions were taken: the spinnaker halyard was made fast forward and hauled tight when not in use for a headsail, the backstay was tightened, and care was taken that at least one runner was always well set up. When the ghoster was lowered in the evening the block slid off the nutless bolt and the whole halyard assembly came down. In consequence of the violent motion the boom-crutch broke its hinges. About this time we acquired a new granddaughter/niece some 300 miles to the east, which would have been cheering if we had known. We continued towards the Longships mostly under motor, and land was sighted in the evening.



Another almost windless night.

30th May After several short-lived puffs a steady wind of force 4–5 from S.E. filled in as we were off Cape Cornwall at 1015. Ghoster lowered and working jib set. Through Longships Channel at 1100. Weather thickened up again. Decided we would not beat round the Lizard and as conditions were obviously unsuitable for Newlyn or Penzance we decided to run for Scilly. It may be thought imprudent to run for a group of rocky islands in poor visibility, but we counted on seeing something before being dangerously near, and we had the aid of the Radio Beacon at Round Island as well as an accurate position from which to log the distance. 1120 Course for Peninnis Head, speed 7 knots. 1425 Sighted rocks to N.E. side of group. 1535 Having entered by St. Mary's Sound anchored in St. Mary's Pool.

31st May Colin was aloft for an hour re-rigging the jib halyard. He confirmed that the bolt would never have jumped out. I got a large brass hinge ashore which was then cut in two to re-fit the boom crutch.

1st June At about 1000 we sailed the very short passage to Tresco and spent most of the day walking round that most delightful island in perfect weather. 1540 Sailed from Tresco by St. Mary's Sound, in light N.W. wind. 1630 Peninnis Head, log streamed, visibility deteriorated. 1940 Wolf Rock abeam 2 miles to S.E. Visibility estimated at 3 miles by taking 4 point bearings. Thereafter the passage became rather miserable with a steady drizzle and unsteady light winds.

2nd June 0005 Anchored north of Newlyn Harbour. I broke the glass of the riding light. After some experimentation it was found that a powerful torch under an inverted plastic bucket gave a good all-round light. About 0430 I awoke to find that we had dragged almost into the mouth of Newlyn Harbour. At first I thought, "What the heck? Who's going to leave harbour at 5 a.m. on a wet Sunday?" But almost at once a motor launch emerged, followed by two others without lights, so we must clearly up and go. Altogether at least twelve boats, most without lights, left the harbour to join ships in the bay. 0455 Left, under motor for the first mile, light northerly winds, visibility 2–4 miles, rain. While crossing Mounts Bay we saw four trans-Atlantic single handers. One was *Cheers*, *The Proa*, and one *Jester*, the others unidentified. 0750 Lizard abeam, hauled our wind and beat towards Falmouth in improving weather. 1210 Got visitors' mooring (last tenant G. Kimber, *Laputa*) at Royal Cornwall Y.C., Falmouth. Colin left and Tony Purssell joined.

3rd June Decided to make for Ince Castle on the St. Germans river where we had missed an invitation to baths and drinks on the previous Saturday. 0920 Slipped mooring. Made a short diversion to look at *Aye-Aye*, a retirer from the trans-Atlantic race. 0955 Passed St. Anthony's Head. This was a lovely day, wind northerly force 3 with plenty of sun, but still poor visibility. 1130 Dodman faintly visible a little forward of beam. 1500 Passed Rame Head. Beat up Plymouth Sound through numerous craft and up the Tamar. As we were rather early for the tide we went on up to Saltash and under the railway and road bridges, then up the St. Germans river, missing the echo-sounder. 1755 Anchored below Ince Castle.

4th June Lord Boyd and Lord Runciman, who is Commodore-elect of the R.Y.S., came aboard. 1035 Off. Sailing down the Tamar we saw Tabarly's machine being repaired at Mashford's yard, and the great man himself watching. Circled twice to take photos. 1230 Passed breakwater through eastern entrance. Wind N.E. force 2–3. 1710 Start Point abeam, failed to find Skerries buoy. 1850 Entered Dartmouth under motor, this being a notoriously difficult entrance to beat through. Very full of boats and the marina shut for the night. We eventually brought up alongside a builders' float at 1955.

5th June Lionel Law invited us to lie alongside his 60 foot converted lifeboat *Jymphany*, and later took us a few miles up the river in her. The latter half of the day it rained heavily and continuously, and we all got very wet landing and coming off.

6th June 0845 Off in light northerly. Steered to pass close to Berry Head, whence it was a short beat to Brixham. 1130 Picked up mooring rather exposed to north, but the Club boatman later gave us a much more sheltered one. We visited Upham's Yard and saw Twisters being built. I bought a new cooker on a sudden impulse; excellent dinner in the town.

Brixham is a natural turning point for a cruise of this type, since there are no easy harbours between Torbay and Portland a long way to the east.

7th June 0730 Off under motor, round Berry Head. 0825 Southerly breeze, motor cut. Considered reefing in view of winds up to force 6 forecast, but decided we would need lots of power to punch round the headlands from Start Point to Bolt Tail in a lumpy sea. 1100 Start Point bearing north, wind S.W. force 4. 1130 Prawle Point abeam. 1250 Bolt Tail abeam, sheets eased for sail across Bigbury Bay. About a mile short of the Yealm entrance the wind veered westerly and became fluky, giving us a tedious little beat.

The Yealm was very full of boats, and after picking up a mooring at 1535 to give us time to enquire about things, we anchored in the pool below the hotel. At the change of tide one swirls about and the next morning we hit a fishing boat which had appeared to be at a very safe distance. One ought to moor with two anchors, but as each would need tripping lines it would be hard to avoid entanglements.

8th June Tony left and we visited friends outside Plymouth, also went aboard several yachts.

9th June Bob Purssell came for the day. 0950 Anchor up, tripping line considerably chafed. Motor out of river. 1015 Stopped motor and set ghoster. For the next three hours we had perfect sailing with a light southerly and smooth water, but then the wind slowly died. 1415 Motored. 1515 Picked up visitor's mooring of Royal Fowey Y.C. *Sir Winston Churchill* was taking on a fresh crew nearby. Visited R.F.Y.C.

10th June 0815 Motored up river as far as Wiseman's Pool, then out to sea. 0900 Sailed for a few minutes but soon becalmed. From time to time we ran before easterly catspaws and motored in between. 1520 Falmouth again. Picked up mooring of Royal Cornwall. This club is totally shut on Mondays. We were moored near Robert Wingate in *Zeevalk*, a retiner from the trans-Atlantic. In the evening Brian McManus arrived from Dublin.

11th June 0556 Off under motor, calm. 0805 Manacles buoy. 0955 Motor off, very light N.E. wind (4-6 was forecast). 1020 Lizard 360 magnetic, gybed. 1328 Runnelstone Buoy, strong favourable tide. 1412 Passed inside Longships. Between here and the Brisons a strong puff came from the N.E. In view of the forecast I decided to change from ghoster to working jib in the sheltered water, but this was a mistake as it soon died away and never reappeared. 1620 St. Ives Head 090 mag. Visibility poor, wind force 1.

12th June 0036 Coming on watch I found that the log was wrapped in sea-weed and had not registered for several hours; the wind was ahead and fluky. My dead reckoning was almost completely shot to pieces. 0500 Close-hauled on starboard tack, speed 4 knots, course 010 mag.

Slow sailing all day until 1615 when three hours motoring started. With the radio I placed us about 5 miles S.S.E. of the Smalls at 1915, and at 2005 I saw swirls in the water, and almost immediately the lighthouse appeared bearing Red 045. Using the sun's diameter as a base I estimated its distance as 1½ miles and we steered towards it until its distance was reduced to

an estimated $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, when it was safe to steer north leaving the light to port. 2015 Course 002 mag., log 70 miles, wind E.N.E. force 2. Another foggy night, many ships about, one slowed down rather close.

13th June No sight of Tuskar, got rather wide range of positions by radio, and was pleased to see the unmistakable outline of Tara Hill at 1005. Continued to beat to windward mostly in force 3. Passed close to Mizen Head and again inside the Wolf Rock to avoid the tide.

1805 Horse-shoe buoy. 2331 Entered Dun Laoghaire.

The return passage, like the outward one as far as the Longships, was somewhat tedious owing to lack of wind, but in *Rainbow* 242 miles with no water on the deck except dew is not to be despised.

SUMMARY OF PASSAGES

From	To	Distance (Miles)	Time (Hours)	Speed (Knots)
Dun Laoghaire	Jack's Hole	27	6.5	4.2
Jack's Hole	St. Mary's (via Longships)	200	64.4	3.1
Tresco	Newlyn	37	8.4	4.4
Newlyn	Falmouth	33	7.2	4.6
Falmouth	Ince Castle(via Saltash)	48	8.6	5.6
Ince Castle	Dartmouth	40	8.2	4.8
Dartmouth	Brixham	9	2.8	3.3
Brixham	Newtown Ferrers	36	8.1	4.4
Newtown Ferrers	Fowey	24	5.4	4.4
Fowey	Falmouth (including trip river)	27	7.1	3.8
Falmouth	Dun Laoghaire	242	65.6	3.7
		723	192.3	3.76

Average speed for the year's cruising is considerably improved by including a week-end in Holyhead:-

Dun Laoghaire	Holyhead	56	10.3	5.4
Holyhead	Dun Laoghaire	56	8.7	6.4
		835	211.3	3.95

BRITTANY WITH SHARAVOGUE 1968

by Jonathan Virden

The cruise to Brittany was the culmination of a series of contractions. Originally I had it in the back of my mind to go much further, but this was a rather vague idea and was abandoned, for 1968, in favour of passages from Dun Laoghaire or Crosshaven to Santander, and back. But crew for this was not forthcoming and about three weeks before the day I had to set off I decided to go, alone if need be, South for the sun in manageable stages, depending on the weather. In retrospect I cannot decide whether I had always intended to go alone. Certainly during the month or two before setting sail I was not trying very hard to find company.

Sharavogue is well known to most members of the I.C.C., having been in the excellent care of John Guinness since she was launched in 1963. Briefly she is a clinker-built Folkboat with masthead rig and a Penta MD1 diesel engine. In every respect she is simple and well balanced, making single-handed sailing really very easy.

During the cruise I used a 'Quartermaster' self-steering gear — this is a simple wind-and-water vane device mounted on the top of a rudder behind the transom stern: it is always referred to and addressed as "Charlie". It works when the wind is not blowing straight past the wind vane tending to twist it, whereat the wind vane turns the water vane which provides a torque on the rudder derived from the water passing the water vane, in the sense that will make the main rudder turn so as to reduce the pressure on the wind vane. The angle between the wind and water vanes is adjustable and governs the direction, relative to the wind, in which Charlie tries to steer the boat.

Charlie has some limitations: (a) the boat should be nearly balanced in the required direction of sailing, as Charlie is really only a trimming tab. Weather helm can be compensated by Charlie, and, of course, has to be on very broad reach. (b) Charlie follows the wind and is no respecter of compasses. (c) Charlie cannot anticipate; making wild slides and turns, e.g. while on a very broad reach in a swell — most exciting at times. (d) There must be no friction in the main rudder pintles, as friction leads to 'hunting' because of excessive over-correction. The new nylon bushes in the pintles were too stiff on this cruise, and the swings were limited by adjustable tiller lines. (e) Charlie cannot keep a look-out — a serious defect which grows as the passage gets longer.

In general Charlie has rather complicated interactions with the sails, making the setting up of the boat to follow a given course a most interesting exercise. But once correctly set Charlie sails the boat very well, particularly to windward and on average a remarkably accurate course can be obtained. In practice I found it best to let Charlie sail the boat as he pleased in nearly the right direction, and follow the course on the chart, making corrections to the general course every 6 or 8 hours or when the wind changed.

I would most strongly recommend a self-steering gear to anyone who is cruising. It leaves the man-on-watch with two spare hands and a free mind for 95% of the time rather than 5% of the time, or not even that much, and he can keep in a warm dry corner in bad weather.

On 1st June I gathered together all the essential goods and chattels, notably forgetting milk and handkerchiefs, and made a fair sort of stowage. The mooring in Dun Laoghaire was let go at 1535, about an hour after the time originally planned. We stopped in Wicklow for the night — a quite still night — and went on at 0430 on 2nd June. The run down the east coast was fairly routine, though I had never seen any of it before. The sky was rainy and visibility bad all day, so I saw Kilmichael Point and Cahore Point only, and buoys, the last of them being the South Shear at 1912. The wind was intermittent but mostly N.—N.E. 1—3 when

there was any. The forecast for Lundy and Fastnet was for N.W. 3–4 with visibility moderate, becoming good, so the decision to go on south was made. As we crossed the shipping lane I put up the radar reflector and noticed that the ships, which were just visible, seemed to turn away and slow down – this was comforting. A few hours later the visibility improved and I got a fairly good compass fix on the Barrels and the Tuskar. This was the first night I had spent wholly at sea and I did not attempt to keep continuous watch, particularly as the shipping lane seemed to have been very clearly defined. The pattern that evolved was that I woke and checked the compass, log, sails, and had a look round every 1½ – 2 hours. The phosphorescence in the disturbed sea was delightful to watch when I changed sails at 0325.

At 0600 on 3rd June the wind fell light and we could feel the long westerly swell which made *Sharavogue* roll quite heavily, and the boom had to be guyed to prevent the sails flapping. It was a most lovely sunny day with no clouds in the sky and for the whole day we sailed fairly slowly on a compass course of 210°. There was a very large number of birds particularly fulmars, shearwaters and gannets, in numbers that I had never seen in one place before, seemingly endless in that part of the sea. At mid-day I tried to take a sun-sight with the plastic sextant and though I was reasonably sure that the reading of altitude which I obtained was accurate (it was the average of 10 readings plotted on a graph) the calculations would not come out at all. After a while I found the mistake and got what I believed to be a very good position line at 51° 23' N. During all this day and the following night I slept for periods of about 1½ hours leaving the boat to sail herself as we were well clear of any important shipping lanes. During the afternoon and evening the wind went round to W. and then S.W. 4 which made us fly along most satisfactorily. During the evening the clouds began to come down as the warm front approached from the west. At 2145 I set the No. 1 jib and took in six rolls of the mainsail to steady the boat for the night.

In the early morning of 4th June the wind was still S.W. 4–5 with fine rain. At 0655, with log reading 119 nm. I saw land ahead to the S.W. which looked like islands. This was the first landfall of the voyage and readers will understand how exciting it was to have made it so well for the first time, particularly as the r.d.f. had not been working. At 0800 I wondered whether we should stop at the Scillies at all; the wind was N.W. 3, and Ushant a mere 100 miles away. In fact, I went past the east end of St. Mary's and up St. Mary's sound to Hughtown on a most beautiful sunny morning. The islands were just like a picture postcard, with bright green fields and blue sky and sea and little white houses. We anchored outside the moorings of the ferries in Hughtown at 1210, greatly relieved and exceedingly tired.

Mr. Browne, the Customs Officer, came to clear us very promptly and was patient while I tried to find the ship's papers which had been very carefully stowed in a dry place, but I could not find the box at all! After a while, and the beginnings of converting him to Irish whiskey from his more normal tipple, the papers were discovered and everyone was satisfied.

During the afternoon I went ashore to purchase milk and to view a foreign port. I failed to find a place to have a bath, as the Hotel Atlanta which had been recommended could not oblige, so I went on to France unwashed. While ashore that afternoon I sent a telegram to Dublin to announce my safe arrival to those who knew I had gone. It was a most curious sensation to be so tired, quite dazed, after three intensely active days following many months of relative inactivity at home. Indeed it took a week, or more, of sailing before my hands stopped aching. In the evening I went ashore again and had an excellent dinner at the Bar Escapade: chicken provencal and appropriate wine went down very well! Next day, June 5th, it rained nearly all day. In the afternoon I went ashore for a walk all around the island of St. Mary's but did not see any other island because the mist was so thick. For those who have not been to the Scillies they are very small and green and lush and there is relatively little traffic, most people being on holiday, and they prefer to walk the short distance between houses and the nearest shops.

We set sail at 0600, 6th June on a clear sunny morning. The forecast was for N.W. winds with good visibility. There was a N.W. swell and a rather confused sea, so the boat ricketed about rather uncomfortably. The sun-sight gave a position which was further ahead than the log indicated but as the sextant had been knocked during the set of readings I distrusted this result. At 1900 the beginnings of clouds from a warm front were coming over the sun and the passage became a race between us and the poor visibility to reach Ushant. However, at 2030 I decided to slow down and wait in the open sea clear of the shipping channels for the night, so as to arrive at the Chenal du Four in time for the mid-day south-going tide, even though the possibility of poor visibility next day was very worrying as I had no experience of navigation in a fog on a strange rocky coast with strong tides. I came on deck at 2310, log reading 62 nm, and saw the loom of the Creach light. It immediately occurred to me that we might be much closer than we really were and that we might go for the Chenal du Four. Great excitement! As there was very little wind, the engine was started and we set forth bravely looking for some more lights. After 1½ hours, no light, even Creach, was above the horizon and it was clear that the log had been right. For the rest of the night I was never below decks for more than half an hour, frequently looking out for ships and lights. At 0315 (7th June) the whole port bow a quadrant was sparkling with lights: Stiff Light, Le Four, Trezien, Pointe de Corsen, Pointe de St. Mathieu and, of course, the great light of Ushant, Creach itself. I still marvel at the luck of the wonderful visibility on that morning.

There were several ships in the area though none came as close as a mile from us and we did not have to alter course at any time. We came past Ushant about 3 miles off, being scared of rocks and feeling very small when a French destroyer went inside quite close to the island – most irritating to go so far outside and needlessly. We went south of the island across a strip of very rough sea, probably the tide race, until we had La Jument and Creach lights in transit at 0703. The wind died completely at this point which was also close to low tide. Shortly after this I decided that I would not get to Camaret before the north-flowing tide carried us on to the Chaussee des Pierres Noires and I turned back to Ushant, hoping to find a small anchorage in which to wait for more favourable tide before venturing on to Camaret. I met some fishermen in an open boat, with a large single cylinder diesel, who told me in a sort of French which I did not really understand, that Camaret was "au Sud, au Sud" with waving of arms. On being asked about tides (a word I had forgotten in French) they said "les courants, qu'est que c'est que ca?", i.e. forget them – so I did, and set off under engine over a glassy sea towards Camaret. This was the most nerve-racking part of the course because I had no evidence that the tides should be weak, after all the scarifying stories from Dublin about 9 knot tides, and it seemed to take a very long time to get from the Whistle Buoy to the light of "Les Pierres Noires", and if I had visions of the engines stopping and wondering whether the chain and lengths of warp which I had were sufficient to prevent us being swept among the rocks. Visibility was becoming a little less than perfect but I was able to keep a clear transit between La Jument and the Whistle Buoy which was certain to keep us clear of rocks. Some sharks also appeared to make the scene realistic, and again I was becoming rather dazed. At 1100 Pierres Noires light was abeam, enough wind S.W. 3 to sail. It had just begun to rain when I identified the position of Camaret. At this point I mistook the Basses Royales buoy for Les Vieux Moines and must have passed very close to some of the outlying rocks of La Chaussee des Pierres Noires. The Tas de Pois was most impressive and I was glad that the visibility was still adequate to reach Camaret while still able to see everything. At 1435 we dropped anchor just inside the entrance to Camaret which has been enlarged since Adlard-Cole's book was published. I immediately went ashore, cleared customs, found the Post Office, sent a telegram to Dublin, bought bread and wine, before repairing to the ship for a hotch-potch of a meal. After a short sleep I woke up in time to go ashore. After more wine, I found a bath and did some washing at the hotel at

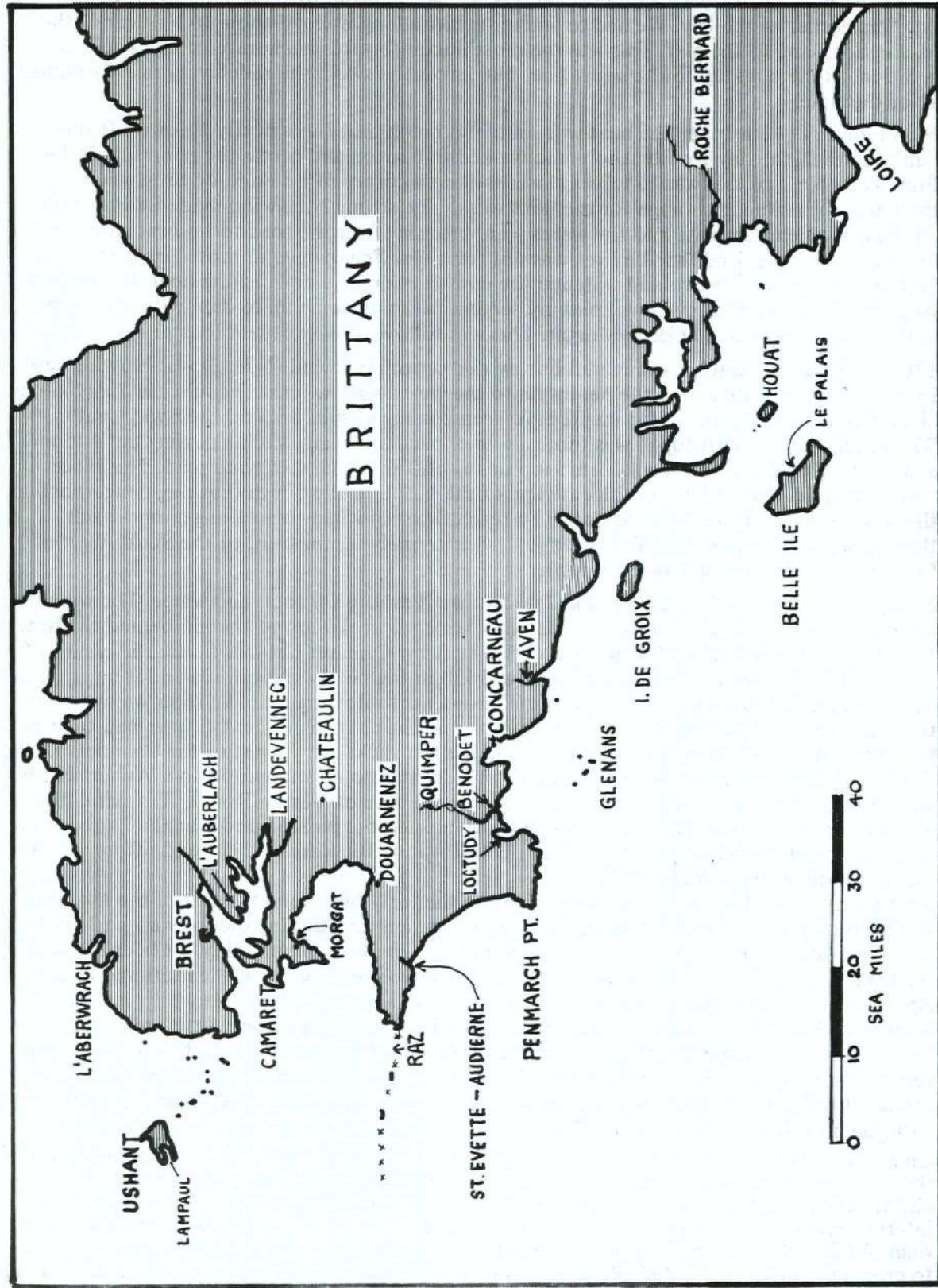
the inner end of the harbour. Being very dozy and feeling inordinately pleased with myself I slept very well that night.

Next day, 8th June, was a soft day with visibility down to 500 yards and drizzle. I spent the morning tidying the boat and the afternoon in a long walk to Tas de Pois. While I was ashore my neck became very stiff and painful to move. This lasted until I was able to lie down and stretch it, which seemed to cure it. That evening I had a disappointing meal in Le Restaurant Crozon in Camaret.

Next day, 9th June, I spent the morning in sealing some battens in the cockpit which were allowing water to get into the boat which then ran under the bunks and made the food, drink and clothing wet. This was fairly effective, except on the return journey, of which, — more later. At 1355 we left Camaret under the main, genoa and engine to go to Morgat. We passed Le Chanel du Toulinguet, on a south-flowing tide, passed the most impressive Tas de Pois which we had seen two days before. There was little wind and very strong sunshine in a clear sky — perfect for a short coastal passage. During the afternoon there was very little wind indeed and we drifted south on the tide while I sunbathed with a minimum of clothing, i.e., nothing at all. By 1655 the Basse Vieille was just past and we were under engine for the next hour. At 1745 a good wind sprang up E. 3, and I decided to go to Douarnenez as it would offer better shelter from an easterly wind than Morgat. But a short choppy sea, which made the boat pitch very badly, stopped her every few seconds, and we made very slow and frustrated progress up the southern shore of Le Baie de Douarnenez. In fact, we arrived at Tristan Island at 2200 and finally anchored in the corner to the S.E. of the main harbour of Douarnenez just outside some other yachts which I could hardly see, as it was so dark. This was a very uncomfortable anchorage but I could find no better for that night.

Next day, 10th June, was a bright day but the east wind still persisted. This was, incidentally, the same time as a particularly sunny spell in Ireland and the east wind in Brittany was associated with the same weather system; a persistent high over the Irish Sea, and it caused all of my stay in Le Baie de Douarnenez to be very uncomfortable as none of the harbours have any appreciable protection from E. or N.E. I moved from Port de Rosmeur round to the back of the N.W. wall of the new harbour where it was much more peaceful. In the evening, after exploring Douarnenez, I returned to the wall where I had left the dinghy, and found that it was high and dry on a pediment on which the harbour wall was built about 5 feet above the water level and covered with thick, slippery seaweed. It was quite dark and I had a hilarious time trying to launch the dinghy down a 45° slope without uncontrollably following it. Having launched it I was able to tow it along to a more suitable point for embarkation.

Tuesday, 11th June, started as a bright sunny day with the same steady east wind from a clear sky. In the morning I went round to the river and the new yacht basin, plenty of water, pontoons, etc.: (turn right $\frac{1}{4}$ mile up the river, only accessible at high tide): it would be ideal if it was not quite jam-packed with rowing boats; it is reported to carry very high harbour dues. On the way back I saw the peacocks which I had heard the previous night on Tristan Island and also succeeded in catching the dinghy painter in the propeller of the outboard: outboard lesson No. 1: very tedious. At mid-day we set off from Douarnenez to La Lieu de Greve, which is a small village on a magnificent beach in the eastern shore of Le Baie de Douarnenez. The wind was gusty and cold, and after a while I removed the genoa and sailed under main only, very slowly, towards the middle of the long sandy beach. We anchored about 200 yards from the beach in 8 feet of water with the tide rising, and lay very comfortably. The wind was very cold and gusty, but, sheltered in the cockpit, the sun was very hot to sit in, and the whole prospect was blissful with the green fields and blue sky. In the afternoon I went ashore to post some cards and found the beach very popular with holiday-makers, many of whom had come from further inland. In the evening we sailed very fast on a broad reach



across the Baie de Douarnenez to Morgat, taking care to avoid the two patches of rocks in the N.E. corner of the bay. We had to anchor rather a long way off-shore to be clear of the fishing boat lane to the pier. This was the most uncomfortable anchorage of the whole expedition, as the boat lay to the slight tide, but across the swell, she rolled very heavily almost all of the time.

Next morning (12th June) the boat was rolling so much that I was nearly thrown off the bunk. Later in the day I went ashore and walked to Crozon and across the peninsula to Le Fret. The object of this was to take a closer look at a corner of Le Rade de Brest where there was a possible anchorage for the next week. The strong N.E. wind made Le Fret rather unpleasant to contemplate and the waves were breaking over the road to Le Fret along which I had to walk. I decided that Le Fret was not for me or *Sharavogue* in those conditions. At Le Fret I had a beer or two and watched the construction of a new fishing boat which seemed very conventional. That evening I had my second bath and came up to date with the washing in the hotel opposite the pier in Morgat. This was followed by excellent lobster soup.

13th June started quite clear and still but by mid-morning a wind (N.E. 5) was blowing and I went ashore to walk across the peninsula to the west to see whether I could see *Sule Skerry* (J. H. Guinness and party) who might have been passing at that time on their way south. When I reached the cliff-top it was too hazy to expect to see any yachts passing but I found a beautiful flower-covered bank at the top of the cliff in which to sit and read. This place was quite quiet and had a magnificent view of the beach to the South (bathing dangerous) and the waves coming in from the Atlantic. To reach the spot I had to go along a mud-track through a poor broken-down little village — all extremely reminiscent of the South-West of County Cork; this was a forgotten corner of France.

Next day (Friday, 14th June) I awoke late and went ashore for food and water. The water could only be obtained from the local laundry which is at the top of the hill behind the hotel Ville D'Ys. At mid-day, with wind N.E. 2, I set off for Camaret but had to use the engine after a short while. We passed Cap de la Chevre at 1430 in the nearly smooth sea and went up past Le Bouc and Les Tade de Pois. There was a strong north-flowing tide. At 1655 we went through Le Chanel de Toulinguet. The wind died at the critical moment and we had to start the engine in a hurry to make sure of clearing the last rocks north-west of the Channel. As the tide was right for going into Le Rade de Brest I decided to go straight on to L'Auberlach. We sailed straight up Le Goulet de Brest and at 1825 we bore off for Ile Ronde. The wind died when we were half-way to L'Auberlach and we finished the passage under engine, arriving at L'Auberlach at 2045 and anchoring in 27 feet of water. 100 yards off the end of the pier. It was just raining and completely still.

Next morning, 15th June, it rained very hard in the early hours and the rest of the morning was deep grey and very soft, I spent the time in cleaning and tidying the forward part of the cabin and later went ashore for food etc., but at L'Auberlach I could only get beer because there were no shops and the visiting grocer had come before I woke in the morning. In the afternoon I walked to Plougastel Daoulas along small lanes between fields which had just been picked of their strawberry crop and the smell was still very strong. At Plougastel I bought postcards and ingredients for a mixed grill, also wine and bread. With this load I was very footsore by the time I returned to L'Auberlach. It had been misty and grey all day though it had not actually rained. In the evening I went ashore again and drank much beer with the proprietor of the Cafe du Port.

On Sunday, 16th June, the water was glassy. After breakfast I measured the exact position of the water-line all round *Sharavogue* using the rubber dinghy. I also spent the morning in oiling all the moving parts on the deck and running rigging. This included the piston hanks of the intermediate genoa, the No. 1 and No. 2 jibs and on the return journey to Ireland I was most thankful for having done this. In the late afternoon we sailed to Land'evennec. We were able to cross over the parts of Rade de Brest which were marked as drying on the chart, with about 10 feet of water to spare and we followed the buoys up the channel and across the bar to

Land'evennec with very little trouble. There were a great many small fishing boats and one or two sailing boats on the bar of the river, this being Sunday. It was noticeable how the water changed from Salt to Fresh at the bar — a ripple of different surfaces spread right across the estuary. We sailed into the Aulne River behind Land'evennec and felt for the bottom at the place in the bend of the river where Adlard Coles suggests for anchoring. Apart from very close to a tiny set of steps, no bottom could be felt and on the shelf at the edge of the river there was no room to swing on the tide. In the end I went about 100 yards further up the river and dropped the anchor in 70 feet near the big buoys. For the moment I did not think of the awful task of pulling up the anchor and that much chain (5/16 chain). In order to prevent us swinging I then tied a long mooring warp to an electricity supply pole at the water's edge near the high-tide mark and tied it as tight as I could, leaving *Sharavogue* approximately three lengths off-shore, effectively on a mooring.

In the morning, 17th June, there was a thick fog at about 0430 when I looked out first. At this time I also saw an enormous anchor stuck in rocks at the edge of the river about 15 feet above me and the rocks were approximately one length away. This was low tide and the anchor was one of the main anchors for the big ship buoys. Clearly if we swung appreciably at low tide we would foul the mooring warp and probably the rocks. Later I rowed upstream against the tide in the dinghy to investigate a better mooring, also recommended by Adlard Coles, in a bay off the south side of the river. In the event I found a better anchorage opposite the bay close to the Point de Terenez in 15 feet of water at low tide. I moved *Sharavogue* to this point and spent the rest of the day in sun-bathing and messing about. In the evening I went ashore to have a bath and to see whether a colleague of mine from Dublin had arrived, as we had tentatively agreed before I left Dublin. I had my bath and waited for him for an hour after the appointed time but he did not appear. He was, in fact, at that time looking at the boat from the road near where she was moored and from the bridge over the river. Anyhow we had a secondary appointment next morning in Land'evennec at 11 o'clock. I went back aboard very much wondering whether he would turn up.

Next morning (18th June) I sorted out all my clothes, and did a session of washing as it was a bright sunny day for the drying. I then went back to Land'evennec and as I walked to the centre of the village there was John Hughes coming down the road towards me. There was, of course, great chatter and neither of us stopped for some time. Over a leisurely lunch, with the inevitable Blanc de Blanc de Champagne, he explained that he had under-estimated the distance from Le Havre to Brittany by about 100 miles and that he had driven extremely fast to try to make the appointment the previous evening, but he had seen *Sharavogue* at the time was not there, and then missed me in the village. He had also been to Bayeux to see the tapestry. He was, in fact, en route for Calabria in Southern Italy but made the detour so that we could go up the river to Chateaulin together. After lunch we went in his car to reconnoitre the river up to Chateaulin. We came to Port Launay and found a possible quay to tie alongside. We also found the lock and agreed with the lock-keeper that we would appear next morning at about 11 o'clock. We then went on to Chateaulin itself and found an ideal spot to tie up with 8 feet of water and good shelter just below the bridge. On the way back to the boat we went to Tregarvan, a little village on the river which we went past next day, and to Le Table d'Orientation at Menez Horn, but it was very misty and we could see almost nothing; disappointing, as I had hoped to see the Baie de Douarnenez and the Rade de Brest together. We went on to Morgat and Camaret where we had dinner and then returned to the boat to sleep for the night. We slept very well that night as we had consumed several bottles of wine during the day.

At 0810 on Wednesday, 19th June, we left Terenez with the tide, using the engine only, as the wind was very flukey and we motored all the way up the river to the lock where we arrived exactly at 1100. The river is most beautiful on the way up to Chateaulin and the trip is much

to be recommended. The tide was not very strong and there is obviously plenty of time to get up to the lock which can only be entered at nearly high tide. It was sunny when we started but by the time we reached the lock it was raining quite heavily. The lock-keepers were very pleasant and let us through the lock very quickly — full of enthusiasm for foreign visitors. Once through the lock there was plenty of time and we went slowly on to Chateaulin in the slow flowing river which is quite narrow between Port Launay and Chateaulin. In Port Launay we saw some black swans on the bank of the river and turned twice in order to take photographs of them. We moored in Chateaulin on the north bank just at the end of the trees below the bridge, close to the B.P. garage. John and I went for a walk in the afternoon and found that Chateaulin was a delightful provincial town, set in a steep little valley among rolling green countryside. In the evening we had dinner in a dark little restaurant and repaired on board feeling very replete and unusually well lubricated.

The morning of 20th June was bright and blustery. We made a shore expedition to collect stores, including fuel and water. At 1130 we cast off and went down to the lock. After we were on the tidal water again John went below to complete the magnificent vegetable stew locally known as 'Rattatui': he is a master of this dish. We ate it while battling down the river with the tide, against a strong and gusty N.W. wind, with heavy showers. We reached Terenez 4 hours after leaving the lock, and anchored on the inside of the bend opposite the steps. This is much the best anchorage — mud, 15 feet at L.W. and plenty of room to swing. In the evening we went ashore and had baths in John's hotel where the car had been left. After dinner we parted — he was leaving for Calabria in the early morning and stayed in the hotel. I was very sad going back aboard, after the delight of John's company and with the thought of the long passage back home.

I left Terenez at 0530 on Friday, 21st June, under a deceptively clear sky. We went past Land'evennec into a gusty squally wind on the last hour of the ebb tide. Land'evennec looked magnificent — lit up by the early sun under a huge black cloud. The choppy sea — fresh meets salt after the long fetch down the Rade was exceedingly unpleasant in that shallow place. This was the moment I would have most given anything to be home in Dublin.

However, we beat up the Rade de Brest against the tide to Brest. We went into Brest, through Le Port de Commerce and out again and anchored in the elbow outside the wall: sheltered from W. to N. The bottom is stinking mud full of old cans and boots. Here we stayed to wait for the top of the tide, and spent the time in making a good sea stow. At 1330 we started for Le Goulet de Brest and beat out against a S.W. 3–4 and fair swell — as we finally left Le Goulet the tide was beginning to run and the waves were becoming spectacular — $\frac{1}{2}$ hour later would have been dangerous. We stopped in Camaret to clear customs, make final shore expedition and have a meal; this was the last of the Rattatui, hotted up and converted to "Piperade" by addition of eggs. The forecast was for W. 5–6 becoming S.W. perhaps 7, with moderate visibility: the tide was just right to go up Le Chenal du Four so we went at 1820.

We sailed to Les Vieux Moines and arrived on the moment for the tide, wind S.W. 2–3. We sailed up Le Chenal — I was steering and navigating myself most of the time. When dark was falling we were on the last transit — and passed La Valbelle with rising wind and swell at 2145. Having set Charlie I stayed below mostly but looked out for ships for a couple of hours. At 2300 the wind was S.W. 5 and the sea becoming rather wild — we were going on a very broad reach and much too fast. Also I was feeling rather ill — a combination of three alcoholic days with John, too much Piperade and not having seriously been at sea for two weeks. I put six rolls in the main after much trouble with the gear at the end of the boom where two shackles had crossed and jammed. I also got extremely wet and was violently ill. From this point the log did not get written.

About the next 15 hours I prefer not to remember too much – I was very cold and wholly wet, and had cramp with sickness unless I was flat on my back, where, fortunately, I could relax and think clearly; but the slightest movement or tension devastating. Meanwhile, *Sharavogue* and Charlie were tearing across the Channel – in S.W. 5–6 and a wild sea with big waves, and much spray from the port quarter. They were slipping away to leeward, because Charlie's ratchet would not stay in its notch – I knew this was happening and made allowances in the course. At 0730 I changed to No. 2 jib and rolled more into the mainsail – to the top row of points. The maximum wind was probably about force 7, for a few hours about midday, but under that rig *Sharavogue* just trickled along at 6½ knots with showers of water blowing straight into the cabin – charts wet, food wet, clothes wet. I had to pump out every hour – just spray – not a drop of green water came on board. During the whole time I was very cold and stayed down below as much as possible, wrapped in a plastic blanket which was remarkably warm, but sweated wet very much. In the early forenoon I was recovering and the wind and sea moderated, but the visibility was not any better – about 3 miles. All the afternoon I was wondering where exactly we were and thinking how I was at the end of my tether, but there still seemed to be plenty of energy in me. Following the r.d.f. on Round Island, bless it, we came up fairly close on the wind and with a lucky lift in the visibility I saw St. Mary's at 1740 straight ahead. We dropped anchor in Hughtown at 2040. I cleared customs, ate a little, removed the salt from myself and my bedding and prepared to sleep all in a haze of tiredness.

Next day was Sunday, 23rd June, and I gradually collected myself and sorted out the chaos, this included straightening the mainsheet jaws and the boom end fitting which were twisted 90° during the jam-up on Friday night. The anchorage was very unpleasant – no room close to the beach, and a strong swell and gusty wind N.W. 5. The owners of the yacht anchored outside us, *Wingletang II*, were very kind and brought some long life milk and bread to me so I did not have to go ashore. They came and had a short drink – the only visitors who came on board during the cruise, except Mr. Browne and John.

We left Hughtown on 24 June at an awkward state of tide, through the N.W. Channel, because the tidal information was conflicting: it turned out that the chart was righter than Reed's or the Tidal Stream Atlas. The forecast was for N.W. 5 becoming S.W. 5 with visibility good becoming moderate or poor and then improving. The cloud clamped down just as we were using the transit to keep the tide and wind from combining to push us to the east on to steeple rock. However, we missed the rock and set off for Ireland at steady 5 knots under well rolled main and No. 1 jib. The wind remained W. to S.W. 3–5 all the way to Ireland and the sea was boisterous, but not offensive. I gradually learned how to eat bread and drippy French honey while lying quite flat on my back – with care my appetite became good, and by next afternoon I was making up for lost time. The visibility was never good on this passage and I saw only a fleet of fishing boats on the Nymphe bank.

On Tuesday, a sunny hazy day, wind S.W. 4–5, in the afternoon we were held up by the tide for several hours just South of the Tuskar until the tide changed. All the afternoon we were pursued by a quite large swell from S.W. with breaking crests all around – but none looked aggressive. Then we rushed down wind, the big swell and the tide, with Charlie swerving wildly up to 50° off course, past the Barrels, which I could not identify at all (the genuine article being in Dun Laoghaire) past the Tuskar at 1845, past the Blackwater lightvessel at 2030, well inside the Arklow lightvessel at 2215 and straight into the basin at Arklow at 2355. Charlie did a fine job – I altered nothing between Tuskar and Blackwater, except to save the lightship from losing some paint as we tore past it.

The last day, 26th June, gave us the loveliest sail of the whole cruise – from Arklow to Dun Laoghaire. Bright sun and W. 2–3, a calm sea and utter clarity: I could see each leaf on the mountains, and I just sat and enjoyed it. We met *Rainbow* in Dalkey Sound, and picked up the moorings at 1300.

The most noticeable requirements for single-handed cruising, in retrospect, are that one must have total confidence in the boat, one must have a reasonable amount of nerve, one must be intensely disciplined, for example in the use of the life lines, and one must not be made so that one is dependent upon company. The rewards of single-handed cruising are immense, for I found reserves of energy and capacity to get on and do what needs doing which I did not believe were there, and are never used when other people are about. Also I found a clarity of mind and singleness of purpose which is impossible when living in a society of any sort. The whole cruise was such a personal experience that it is next to indescribable, and this account is really only some of the trimmings.

* * *

“HUNTRESS” 1968

by Paddy Dineen

This year we planned to return to North Brittany to explore eastwards from L’Aberwrach, possibly to Morlaix, and to have a few leisurely days in the Scillies on the way home. We realised we might have to shorten this schedule a little as we were limited to a fortnight, and weather conditions as a limiting factor did not seem to enter our minds. As in previous years, a head start was gained by getting my Folkboat “*Huntress*” around to the south coast – to Crosshaven, this year – a few weekends before the cruise was due to start. The amount of time gained is quite significant, if the cruise is to be to Brittany or the English Channel, and it is a simple matter to organise a ferry service by road to one’s jumping-off point from almost anywhere in Ireland. The crew – Paddy Dineen, Tom Farrell & Tom Perrott – gathered on Saturday, 22nd June, with gales forecast from Dover around to Shannon on the 1355 Shipping Forecast. This was to be the pattern for the next week!

23rd June The morning and early afternoon were taken up in general stowage work and in keeping a close watch on shipping forecasts which were rather discouraging. Northwest to west was fine, but 5/6 gusting 7/8 was not particularly enticing. By 1700, things seemed to be moderating, and with the barometer just over 1000 and rising slowly, we decided to get moving. As we cleared Roches Point, the shipping forecast was N.W. 4/5 becoming S.W. 5, and we laid course for L’Aberwrach! By 1830, the jib sheet had parted, the skipper had shipped a sea down the open collar of his oilskins, *Huntress* was plunging about like a yo-yo, and the jerrycans of fuel in the starboard locker had broken loose. We made Ballycotton before the pubs closed! A log entry for 2400 is informative: “Supper finished. New jib sheets fitted. New gas heater very useful for drying. Weather moderated considerably”.

24th June At 1205, we cast off from Ballycotton pier and for some hours sailed and motor-sailed with the wind S.E. At 1700 the wind was S.W. and estimated 3/4; at 1900 we were double reefed; and at 2330 the jib halliard parted and we carried on with the reefed main only in a westerly 6/7.

25th June The 0640 Shipping Forecast gave us S.W. 5/7 becoming Gale 8 for Lundy, so we hoisted the storm jib using the spinnaker halliard and freed sheets for St. Ives. We reckoned that it would be too difficult to beat into the Scillies and that we had a better chance of a chandlery shop in St. Ives. We had 57 miles to go and were in St. Ives Bay at 1800. We anchored off the end of the pier but had to drop outside almost immediately

as the tide was ebbing. We spent an uncomfortable but sheltered night, after going ashore, failing to get customs clearance and subsequently launching the dinghy from the strand on the "harbour" at low tide to get back to the boat.

26th, 27th, 28th June: Any harbour where one has to lose time at the beginning of a cruise due to weather must tend to be a little depressing, but when it is overrun with trippers and a large number of the scruffiest looking hippies imaginable, where one has to take the ground and dry out completely at every tide when alongside the pier. — St. Ives is just not our favourite harbour. We were able to get a halliard made up in Penzance, where we met *Isolde* and Mr. Charlie Buckley. The carburetter and fuel system of the engine were also attended to and cleared. The shipping forecasts during the course of these few days were consistently bad, with gales forecast for the Portland, Plymouth and Lundy areas every day. By the evening of the 28th, the weather was beginning to look up.

29th June The 0640 forecast was favourable at last, giving S.W. 3/5 for Lundy & Plymouth, with, what was to become significant later, a variable becoming S. 3/4 for Biscay. We cast off at 0730 and motored for Land's End. The overfalls indicated off Pendine did give some discomfort but were not really bad. The fishermen at St. Ives told us that the disturbances here are caused by the collapse of old tin mines under the sea bed in this area. By 1045 we were clearing between the Longships and Land's End in sunny weather and calm seas. There was much activity around in the form of helicopters and planes, as Sir Alec Rose had not yet been sighted, and there seemed to be many people around the hotel on the cliff top. Late that afternoon, we were sailing under full main and genoa with the wind southerly about F. 3 but slowly going around to the east.

30th June The night was glorious with clear sky and calm sea and the wind about F. 2 from the S.E. The only snag was that we were being headed up the Channel too much. At 0230, an interesting incident occurred on Tom Perrott's watch when he noticed the Great Bear rather oddly out of shape. It took a few moments to realise that a satellite, which was shining quite brightly, was crossing from north to south. The moral probably is that if one must steer by a star, make sure it is not an artificial one! Shortly after this, we reckoned we could lay Isle Vierge on the port tack and went about. The wind held S.E. F. 2/3 for the rest of the morning and early afternoon until 1400 when we were drifting eastwards on the flood. From then until 1830, we motored or sailed as the wind or the engine, which was now most temperamental, would allow. We were again drifting, by now almost due north of Isle Vierge light, and the haze which had developed during the late afternoon was making it difficult to get good bearings.

At 1950, by some mysterious means, the engine was restarted but by now it was touch and go as to whether we had enough fuel to get us into L'Aberwrach. Very carefully, the needle of the main jet of the carburetter was tightened down as far as we dared and with half throttle we committed ourselves to attempting to get in the Grande Chenal de L'Aberwrach. It seemed an age before we got the leading lights (Lanvaon and Isle Vrach) in line near the Libenter Buoy and made our way in painfully slowly against the tide. By the time we had the inner lights (St. Antoine and La Palue) in line, our hearts were in our mouths and we were afraid even to mention the engine or the fuel situation to one another. How the fuel lasted we still don't know, but when we found ourselves at 2245 just N.W. of the lifeboat slip and on the outskirts of the main anchorage, we dropped anchor hurriedly when we imagined we heard the engine falter. For a short time, prior to this, there had not been a breath of wind. The log entry states: "Fuel actually lasted. Nervewraching!".

The relief was almost overpowering, as none of us had relished the thought of drifting about during the night off those most inhospitable-looking rocks that lie off the coast around these parts. An hour later, while making heavy inroads on a bottle of Paddy, we were discussing

just how fortunate we had been. With the anchor down and plenty of chain out, we were tidying up on deck and watching our shore marks when there was a sudden savage gust of wind from the S.E. There was a short pause while we recovered from our surprise and after that things happened with such rapidity and force that none of us can give an accurate account of it. The most disconcerting thing that happened next, immediately after that first gust or maybe coincident with the second, was that there were two separate and distinct intense blasts of heat. Our best description of that incident would be that it was as if a furnace door had been opened suddenly, closed, opened again and quickly shut. After that, all hell broke loose. Fierce gusts of wind struck us in rapid succession from different directions. At one moment we would be lying to the tide and heeled over across the wind, while the next we would be lying to the wind and across the tide. The C.Q.R. anchor appeared to be dragging somewhat, but not badly yet, so we started to get the big fisherman anchor and a heavy warp prepared.

While doing this, we had an opportunity to take stock. Pandemonium reigned farther up in the anchorage. Lights and spotlights were flashing from every boat and shouts and calls could be heard over the sound of the wind. In the light of some of the spotlights, we could see boats sheering about in every direction. It was then that we began to discern our own main danger. We had noticed against the sky as we came in the masts of a three-masted square rigger to the north-east of us and on the other side of the channel. Our anchor was now holding but we were sheering to port across the tide towards the N.E. The ship had swung right around on her mooring and was now sheering in the opposite direction to us and down on top of us. A light-blue-hulled motor trawler was on the other side of us sheering as we were, and we were in the middle! We now had eyes for nothing but the ship. Above the noise, the skipper shouted to jump aboard her if anything happened, as she was bigger. Then, as a collision seemed inevitable, she came to the end of her mooring chain and began to swing. Her stern swung past us, about one length of *Huntress* away. Almost immediately afterwards the wind died away to nothing. We sat in the cockpit exhausted — more from fright than anything else — and waited to see what was coming next. There was still a lot of activity among the other boats in the anchorage, but we all began to realise that "it", whatever it was, was over. It was then we went below to the Paddy bottle already mentioned.

It had lasted, we reckon, about 20 to 30 mins., but it felt like an age and while we had all sorts of theories that night about it, we did not get an explanation until the following morning. It was part of the freak storm that had coated the south coast of England with Sahara dust. Three English boats that arrived in the following day had met it in mid-channel and were coated with the dust. We don't dare to think what would have happened to us had we met it when we were in the Grande Chenal de L'Aberwrach, under reduced engine power, in the vicinity of some of those very unpleasant rocks.

1st, 2nd July: We were now on the Brittany coast as planned but five to six days later than we had intended. We got up early on Monday 1st and decided that we must give up any thoughts of exploring eastwards. Just before we went ashore, *Sea Dog* from Crosshaven came in from the Scillies, having stood offshore during the night. *Prudence* of the Island Cruising Club also arrived with a crew of about twenty. Ashore, we cleared customs with a much more pleasant officer than was there two years ago, and repaired to the Hotel Belle Vue, where we ordered stores immediately and had baths. It was pleasant to be greeted on our arrival with "Ah Messieurs, je vous reconnaiss". We had a few drinks and chat with the Halls from *Sea Dog* and some of the English people who had also arrived a short time previously, and about the only subject of conversation was "The Storm".

Leaving our gear in the Belle Vue, we took the noon 'bus for Brest, and in very pleasant weather toured around and shopped there for the afternoon. Naturally, Breton smocks and peaked caps were on our lists and we got them in a small shop in a side street off the lower end of the Rue de Siam. We were back in L'Aberwrach at 1830 and had a magnificent dinner

later in the Baie des Anges Hotel.

The morning of Tuesday 2nd was very wet and we remained on board tidying up, stowing purchases and stitching our cap badges to our new "casquettes marins". On our way ashore, we called aboard *Sea Dog* and then retrieved our stores and stowed them. It must be recorded here that a large-scale development is taking place in L'Aberwrach. Along the front between the lifeboat slipway and the La Palue light, considerable civil works have been executed, in the form of a large slipway and an extensive sea-wall. In June & July of this year, a dredger was working off the new sea-wall in that area that was heretofore too shallow for yacht moorings, and the dredged material was being pumped to reclaim the area behind the sea-wall. This whole development was listed on billboards locally as the creation of a "Port de Plaisance" and was on a scale that indicated considerable support from the central government. It will be interesting to see the effect of this development on L'Aberwrach as a yachting centre. We dined in the Baie des Anges Hotel again and returned on board to prepare to leave the following morning.

3rd, 4th July: At 0730 we raised anchor and headed out, as did almost every other visiting yacht in the anchorage. Some were making for the Chenal du Four, more for the English coast, but we were the only boat making for the Scillies. At first, the wind was W.N.W. 3 and we motor-sailed until it freed to the west and we carried on under main and genoa in sunny weather and calm seas. It was an uneventful passage except for sighting the *Queen Elisabeth* which crossed our bows going west less than a mile ahead of us at 0630 on the morning of the 4th. She certainly was a finer sight than big squat tankers and bulk carriers which comprised 60–70% of the other traffic around. We had the Scillies in sight at 1000 and some time later noted what was obviously the *Scillonian* making her way into Hughtown. Without more ado, we headed towards where she disappeared and it was some time before we realised she had taken the north channel around St. Mary's. We changed course and went through the south channel and were at anchor to the north of the lifeboat slip at 1400. Ashore that afternoon and evening, we found Hughtown as pleasant as ever. As this was the afternoon of the Thursday of our second week, our planned "leisurely few days" in the Scillies was out of the question. We were not happy about the engine even though we had found and rectified another fault – a break in the H.T. lead from the magneto which gave international disconnection. For the whole trip, it had sounded very rough and was still obviously in need of a proper overhaul.

5th, 6th July: At 1315, we raised anchor and headed out through the channel between Tresco and Bryher Islands. This is a most attractive channel but obviously can only be done in suitable tides. As a rough guide, the Harbour Master's Assistant said it should not be attempted by a keel boat if the tide is lower than half-tide. At 1405, we were clear of the Scillies and were on course for Cork Harbour. The weather was fine and sunny with the wind N.E., F. 3, which held until 1600 on the 6th when we had the Irish Coast and the Daunt Rock L.V. well in sight. As the wind had now died away almost to F. 1 and we had about 10 miles still to go, we decided to motor in. The engine now dealt its last and most telling blow, for after starting easily, it made a few revs. and seized solidly! There was now nothing for it but to hope that the wind would hold and we hoisted the ghoster as well which helped slightly. At 2100 we were becalmed under Camden Fort. At 2130, a motorboat from Crosshaven gave us a tow and at 2200 we were tied alongside the pier there.

Our cruise was over, and in spite of the gales, engine trouble and some headwinds, we had achieved much of what we planned, but it still remains for us to explore the coast east from L'Aberwrach and to spend a few leisurely days in the Scillies.

For the record, *Huntress* is a Folkboat with a hull of mahogany strip planking, built in East Germany. She is equipped to sleep 3 only, as the head of the quarter berth has been con-

verted into a reasonably sized chart table and the remainder into locker space available from the cockpit. The engine is a 6 H.P. Vire which is normally very reliable. A very full set of working, storm and light weather sails is carried.

SUMMARY		Distance miles	Time Hrs.
Crosshaven	-	Ballycotton	14
Ballycotton	-	St. Ives	137
St. Ives	-	L'Aberwrach	116
L'Aberwrach	-	Hughtown	106
Hughtown	-	Crosshaven	134

507

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BREEZING DOWN TO BRITTANY

by R. C. A. Hall

This year *Sea Dog* went to Brittany — after putting the trip off for various reasons in past years we thought we had better go before the Irish boats had the road completely worn out. There were great reports of wonderful summer weather down in those parts and all sorts of sun-bathing and sea-bathing equipment were included in the vast amount of gear which was stowed aboard. The crew consisted of myself — owner and general factotum. Nancy — who produced first-class meals in addition to deck duties. Elmer Story — navigator and gale forecaster, who went all the way there and back. Michael Hall and George Macilwraith — who came as far as Benodet and flew home, (finding that much more dangerous than sailing, because of some misunderstanding about the landing wheels when over Cork Airport). Mervyn Hall — who joined at Penzance in spite of the efforts of British Railways 'go slow' and stayed for the remainder of the voyage. We had therefore 5 as far as Penzance, 6 from there to Benodet and 4 home. A full ship as we only have 5 berths! For the record, *Sea Dog* is an 11 ton cutter by Hillyard with a good strong diesel, and really gives us the best of both worlds between sail and motor.

June 20th was the day appointed and as may be expected it was breezy, with heavy showers giving a certain lack of encouragement. Cork Airport told us that we could expect westerly winds about F. 5 for 24 hours and that a front with rain and backing wind would appear the following afternoon. During the day the last-minute provisions and bonded stores were put aboard and the crew reported for duty after the evening meal. During this operation I noticed that the boot-top had vanished below the water-line — this must have been due to the crew rather than the bonded stores!

At 1950 we slipped from our mooring in Crosshaven and motored down the river on an

evening which was not in the least bit enticing for going to sea, and set the trysail, staysail and No. 2 jib. The wind was not as strong outside as it had been in the river, being west F. 4 with a bit of a roll coming in and we left the harbour in company with the *Queen Elizabeth*. However, we could not compete with our rather shortened-down rig and it was not long before she was hull down. We kept the engine running for an hour or so to make an offing and watches were set – 2 on deck at a time, 4 hours each, but with a change every two hours, this worked quite well. As we left the land the roll became bigger with white tops beginning to show. By 2300 the wind had increased and things were becoming lively with wave tops coming into the cockpit. So ensued a somewhat rolly-poly night with large lumps of sea breaking over the weather-side and sloshing over the helmsman (or woman) at frequent intervals. For several hours on end we were logging seven knots which was not too bad under a trysail.

The following morning the wind eased a bit, but a big long swell was rolling in from the Atlantic where there must have been some pretty bad weather to cause it and at 0900 the engine was called upon and run gently to keep up our speed, as we were ever mindful of the frontal system which was promised for later in the day. Shortly after this, a Norwegian Steamer came along and closed to have a look at us and as she came up we could only see her bridge and funnel when we were both down in a hole. Around midday the wind started to back with periods of drizzle and the engine was speeded up a bit. At 1530 the Islands of Scilly were sighted in poor visibility. As no one seemed to have much in the way of thoughts about sunny France at this stage it was a welcome sight and by 1730 we were anchored in New Grimsby Harbour under Hangmans Rock. As the anchor went over the side the rain really started to come down and so the front arrived, dead on time, with us just ahead of it. Not a very pleasant passage for a start – the only men who had not been offshore before was the only one not sick – there had been no great demand for food and it was only when the customs man arrived that we discovered that we had forgotten to break out of the bonded stores. This omission was quickly rectified and we all felt better.

The next week produced strong south-westerly winds and there was a large sea outside, which we could see rolling across the entrance with big white crests on top of it and we rolled heavily at anchor when the wind came against the tide. One day we motored over to Hughtown for a change, but when we saw the yachts at anchor dipping their stems into the seas, we returned to roll at New Grimsby. The time was passed by walks ashore, darts at the Tresco Arms and a friendship which we struck up with a very hairy gentleman with the most colourful language, who rowed past every day to pump out his two fishing boats. We were now beginning to wonder if we would ever get to France and in the event of our not doing so what would happen to the duty-free stores which would no longer exist.

A new problem also developed in that Mervyn was supposed to be flying from Belfast to Benodet and we were still locked up in Scilly. This caused much telephoning to St. Mawgans R.A.F. Station for weather reports and to Mervyn in Belfast and eventually it was decided to make for Penzance and pick him up there. Our friends in St. Mawgans told us to go on Friday as they expected another lot of dirt to come in on Saturday, so off we went, having spent a full week rolling around in Scilly. There was a large swell with wind west F. 5 and we set No. 1 jib, staysail and trysail, which was much more comfortable than the mainsail with the big following swell – steering was rather hard work but otherwise the voyage was uneventful. The last part of it was a race against the lock-gates and we arrived at high speed with the sails full of wind and the engine full out to find the gates closed. However, they were opened again for us and we duly berthed in the basin – for a change, the boat was not rolling! This was Friday evening 28th June, a whole week gone by and no France. However, the morale got some bit of a lift when we found the Trinity House tender in Penzance waiting to relieve the local lighthouses which were considerably overdue.

The next thing was to extract Mervyn from the clutches of British Rail. The local station staff were definitely going slow. They could not say what trains were running and when one might arrive and did not seem to be over worried whether or not a train might arrive at all. It was Saturday evening before one did manage to get there and Mervyn was on it, having arrived in London the previous afternoon. This was celebrated with a very enjoyable meal at a lovely pub called the Admiral Benbow. It really is a wonderful place, full of all sorts and kinds of ships gear, ancient and modern.

Sunday, June 30th was a fine day with south-easterly wind F. 1–2 and although the sun was trying hard to get through a misty haze, at least it felt as if it was with us. We cleared Penzance at 0800, made all plain sail and set out for France. We made a couple of tacks and then gave up and started the engine. When we got away from the land we found that our old friend the roll was still with us, but with little or no wind we pressed on for L'Aberwrach. These conditions lasted all day and at 1930 Nancy announced that dinner was ready, so the engine was stopped, the jib hauled aback and we all sat down to a roast joint of beef, potatoes and veg. — all done on two gas rings. The fiddles were needed to keep it on the table, but we had all rolled so much by this time that it was not even noticed and at 2015 the voyage was resumed. Later on the ship was snugged down for the night with a couple of rolls in the main and the radar reflector set up. As it happened we were glad enough of these rolls during the night, as some heavy squalls out of an electrical storm hit us from all directions and we tacked a number of times at short intervals without altering course. There was lightening flashing all around and wonderful phosphorescence in the water from fish swimming away from the boat. We arrived off Ile Verge lighthouse before dawn and decided to await daylight before going any further. In fact when dawn came, all we could see was the top of the lighthouse and some very hazy land in the background. It was 0720 before we could identify any marks and find our way in and we anchored off L'Aberwrach at 0755 — France at last! and the bond saved! — and the first boat we saw was *Huntress* from the Shannon who we had last seen in Crosshaven. While we were waiting for dawn off the lighthouse the wind was quite strong at times and very hot, although it was early in the morning. We heard later that this was some freak wind from the Sahara and a yacht which was at sea that night found sand on her deck in the morning! Seeing is believing but we did not see it. The day turned out to be fine and warm — some went swimming and later we all went ashore, found the customs and explored our first bit of France which appeared to be very like Ireland in many respects.

Tuesday brought us back to normal with W.N.W. wind F. 6 and rain. We had got up early in the hopes of continuing our trip, but the thought of that wind on the big swell outside decided us to cancel sailing and we spent the day going to Brest by bus instead. There, some of the crew fitted themselves out with Breton caps and had some discourse with local ladies in the back of the bus. These were invited to come aboard but they had more sense and could not be persuaded. In the evening we visited the converted Brixham trawler *Provident* — what a lovely old ship with the most wonderful gear, all in first-class order.

The next morning was fine with no wind and we weighed at 0630 and proceeded under motor setting all plain sail on the way. There was the usual big swell outside with a light but cool north-westerly wind, but the day warmed up as the sun became stronger. We entered the Four Channel at 1000, set the big ghoster and stopped the engine. We had a grand sail and carried the big sail all day. We just caught the last of the tide through the Raz de Sein which was in a very quiet mood and finally tied ourselves up to a large buoy behind the breakwater at St. Evette at 1835. Here we were visited by members of the lifeboat crew who consumed several bottles of wine and provided a most amusing hour of conversation in several languages. After this we had our evening meal followed by a walk ashore. This was our best day yet and we felt that atlast we had found the promised land.

Thursday morning was dull and cool with north-easterly wind F. 2. At 0910 we dropped our mooring, set all plain sail and departed. Soon we had the big headsail up, but before long were on the engine with no wind. At 1300 off Penmarch the wind came in south-easterly, but we continued to motor and it did not last long before becoming flat calm and turning into a very hot afternoon. 1530 found us anchored in Lochtudy and the most unusual sight, of all hands taking to the water. This included a battle for the possession of the Avon dinghy which finished up full of water and four people sitting in her. What wonderful craft these are. This is a lovely spot and we enjoyed a glorious evening doing nothing much, but watching lots of fishing boats coming in and then going ashore for a meal at a very nice and reasonable cafe, which is behind the fish market.

July 5th Next morning was fine and warm. Ashore for shopping and weighed anchor at 1200, bound for Benodet under engine (no wind) arriving at 1255. Having looked around for a while we eventually found a mooring next to *Prunella* a French yacht which we met in Derrynane the previous year, but there was no one on board. After lunch the town was duly done and the day rounded off with a farewell dinner ashore, for George and Michael who were to leave early next morning.

At 0530 they left by taxi for Quimper and a plane home, leaving a crew of four. We were sorry to see them go but their departure did make life a bit easier on board, as with only five berths, six people are a bit of a crowd. It was a fine calm morning and as we were all awake anyway, we decided to motor to Concarneau. We were amazed at the number of small motor boats containing just one fisherman, dotted around on the sea, and so early in the morning too. We arrived at Concarneau and anchored in the Avant Port at 0815 – the day was flat calm and getting hot which did nothing to alleviate the strong smell of fish which prevailed in the harbour. We wanted to buy fuel for the engine here and as diesel oil is no longer duty-free for yachts, we had to look for domestic heating oil which our book told us was the right thing to buy.

We did not have to look far because there was a pump on the end of the pier which was marked "L'huile Domestique" and which delivered 50 litres straight into our tanks with no trouble at all and at approximately the same price as we pay for diesel at home. After this we went ashore for shopping and got into considerable difficulty in trying to get a refill of calor gas. Phrase books are of little use for complications of this sort and we gave up the uneven contest, hoping for the best that the spare cylinder would hold out until we got back to Scilly. We then returned aboard, paid a visit to the inner harbour where we tied up for lunch, and not being able to stand the smell any longer, proceeded to sea. Outside we found a cold wind and no sun and felt really chilly after the heat ashore. We set main and staysail intending to beat up to Beg-Meil, a short way to the north. After a couple of tacks and being nearly run down by a speed boat we decided to continue to Lochtudy, so set No. 1 jib, the wind being F. 3 or 4 and dead ahead. If the wind had not been so cold this would have been quite a pleasant sail but just as we arrived off Lochtudy it started to rain. We motored in and anchored further up the river off the quay at Ile Tudy. Later in the evening the rain stopped and we went ashore for a walk – a cool grey evening.

Sunday morning, July 7, was very wet and cold with not much wind but later it came in south-westerly F. 4. We weighed anchor at 1030, motored out of the harbour and kept motoring to windward for a few miles. There was a nasty little jump of sea and it was wet and cold. When we were able to lie clear of Penmarch we set all plain sail and stopped the engine. At about 1400 the weather cleared and turned into quite a nice afternoon, although there was a good lump of sea coming in – more than one would expect from the strength of the wind. Having rounded Penmarch we were able to square away for Audierne and eventually made fast to a buoy in St. Evette at 1715. On our previous visit we did not have time to get as far as Audierne, so on this occasion we walked into the town. It was low water and we

could not help but wonder why anyone goes into the river entrance, and having got in, how they manage to stay afloat and get out again. We had a meal at a restaurant just outside the town and during this, some concoction Elmer was eating exploded all over the table and ourselves. Back on board again we rolled heavily all night in a swell coming around the breakwater.

At 0840 next morning we dropped our mooring, hoisted sail in the lee of the breakwater, and left harbour bound for the Raz. It was a warm day, wind south-westerly F. 4 and a lump of sea which made us leave the engine running to keep going. At 0900 we went about on the port tack and stopped the engine. At 1030 we were pushed through the Raz at speed by the tide and set course for Toulinguet. We were now able to set the big jib as a spinnaker and had a wonderful sail in really hot weather. Having passed through the Toulinguet channel, the crew decided that they wanted to swim before getting to Camaret, so we anchored in a small bay a short distance east of the harbour. There was a large assortment of rubbish on the beach and we wondered where it could have come from. We got the answer very soon when a tractor and trailer tipped a load of Camaret's gash over the highest part of the cliff. At 1745 we anchored in Camaret just astern of *Setanta* who was on her way south. Later on we went aboard her for drinks and met the crews of various other yachts in the harbour.

We were awakened early next morning by the noise of the lifeboat being launched down her railway close by — she went away to sea. It was a foggy morning but it cleared soon and became a very hot day. We went ashore after breakfast to dispose of our remaining francs and to find the customs men who did not seem to be very interested in the fact that we were leaving their country. At 1130 we weighed anchor and just as we did so the lifeboat returned with her flag at half mast. She went alongside her slipway and landed at least three bodies — we never discovered what she had been out to. It was a flat calm glassy sea with no wind at all when we left the harbour — the sun was hot and we were making over 6½ knots under engine on a course for the Four Channel. About 1300 a light north wind came in and we set main and staysail but could hardly lay the course so the engine was kept running. This breeze gradually freshened and veered north-easterly, the engine was stopped and a few rolls put in the mainsail. By 1420 we were on a course for Scilly with a slight sea on the beam and sheets just checked. Shortly after this the wind increased further to around F. 6 which caused more rolls to be put in the main. However, this did not last too long and it seemed to settle at F. 5. The weather was hazy with not too good visibility and as we were approaching the shipping lanes we rigged the radar reflector. During the afternoon we sighted a number of ships of various shapes and sizes but none came close enough to worry us. Later in the evening Nancy produced a wonderful stew which she served to us out in the cockpit and which was eaten with spoons. It was made even more liquid by a heavy rain shower which suddenly came down just as she was dishing it out, but it was jolly good just the same. The sea was getting up a bit now and it had all the appearances of another of our lively nights, which, in fact it turned out to be — complete with lightening flashes, wind F. 5–6 and heavy thunder-showers, to say nothing of dollops of cold spray arriving in the cockpit. We worked single watches of 2 hours each, which under the circumstances were quite long enough, although the time seemed to pass quickly as steering was rather hard work. In the early morning a particularly nasty black squall passed which must have been more than F. 6 but it did not last long. 0710 a Consol fix showed us to be 13 miles from Scilly and at 0730 we sighted land in the far distance. We did not see it for long because the rain started again and became very heavy. This was the time of the floods in England and we must have been on the edge of it. At 0840 the Spanish Ledges Buoy appeared out of the deluge and at 0915 we anchored off Hughtown. The first boat we saw in the anchorage was *Sonata* just in from Cork. For the last few hours of this passage a seagull took up station just astern of us and kept perfect formation only breaking away to pick up a biscuit which was offered to him and then returning to his position again. The afternoon was very wet with thunder and poor visibility

— we all turned in but went ashore for dinner later in the evening in conditions which were both wet and cold.

Next morning July 11 we were awakened by strong wind and found that we were on a lee shore which looked horrible, but the wind died away during the day which became fine and warm. We spent most of the day ashore and at 1800 moved over to our old berth at Hangmans Rock where we met our friend with the fishing boats (still pumping) and had our evening meal. The forecast was a bit doubtful but it seemed that we should have a clear 24 hours before anything too unpleasant came along, so at 2115 we weighed anchor and set out for home. There was very little wind and what there was was ahead together with an uncomfortable sea which produced a lively motion — some sail was set for steadyng purposes and we motored. We continued in this manner for most of the night with the sails filling now and again, there was a full moon which showed itself occasionally and a few lights — probably fishing boats, appeared here and there. The sea seemed to calm away a bit towards morning, but the wind remained light and ahead. The forecast was now talking of freshening south-easterly wind from a front coming in and it looked as if we might have this up our tail to finish up with. About 1100 a light breeze came up from south-west but was not strong enough to make any progress under sail, but later we were able to set No. 1 jib in addition to the main and stay-sail which had been up all along and stop the engine as the wind freshened up out of a shower. The sky was threatening and unsettled looking, it rained on and off for the afternoon but the wind remained about F. 4. Eventually towards evening the breeze fell light again and the engine had to take over. Land was first sighted at 1830 and as we came up there was the most amazing mirage effect. To the westward we could see the pattern of the fields and farm houses quite plainly with sea under them, while ahead the coast was distorted and there was nothing to be seen to the east. The weather had now turned fine and it was a lovely warm evening with any air of wind that was there from dead astern. At 2115 we could recognize the water-tower above Church Bay and finally at 2350 picked up our mooring in Crosshaven just three weeks from the evening we left. Next morning was a real wet one with strong south-easterly wind and we sailed around our mooring with the wind against the tide as we packed up and cleared customs.

Well, we went to France — It is doubtful if anybody's French has improved very much. The road was bumpy most of the way there and back and is already showing signs of wear!! Generally I think West Cork and Kerry are a lot nicer cruising ground but undoubtedly if you are lucky enough to strike a few hot days down there, they are real hot ones. Owing to our early frustrations and misfortunes our visit to Biscay was a very rushed one. We did not have time to explore the coast as one would have wished to do but I suppose there is always the next time. The weather was mixed — we got pretty well everything except snow but I think we all enjoyed ourselves very much. To end with, a word for the boat — she did her stuff in great style both in fair weather and in foul, under sail or steam and the food-stuffs keeping cool in the bilge remained dry all the way.

BRITTANY AGAIN IN SETANTA

by Jim Porteous

Setanta is a 10 ton aux. sloop designed by J. B. Kearney and built at Malahide in 1949.

It was Thursday 4th July and for the third successive year the Royal Cork Yacht Club was witnessing *Setanta*'s pre-cruise celebrations. These were indeed very similar to their predecessors, as was to be expected, with the crew unchanged - Skipper: Fred Cudmore; First Mate: Paddy Meagher, and the three juniors: Fred and Peter Cudmore and Jim Porteous. So it was fairly safe to assume that they would continue until closing time at least. Imagine our surprise then to find ourselves slipping moorings and setting a somewhat erratic course for Brittany at scarcely 2315.

We put to sea on a calm night and so little wind that we had to start the engine immediately and run it all night and most of Friday until 2130 when an F.2 easterly sprang up giving us a pleasant night sailing. With 126 miles logged at 0400 on Saturday we identified both Round Island and the Bishop and altered course for Ushant at 0630. Light winds again forced us to start engine. We were left without wind until 0230 on Sunday when an F.2-3 easterly pushed us along at a comfortable 3½ knots. Off Ushant at 0230 in poor but improving visibility we decided to start engine only to find that from all the running at low speeds the battery was flat. We finally anchored at Camaret, with 275 miles on the log, having completed an uneventful, but pleasant crossing.

Monday, a beautiful day, was spent ashore as the battery had to be charged. After much gesticulation and frustration we finally got our point across only to find it would be a 12-hour job. Returning to *Setanta*, after a pleasant day on the beach we found ourselves surrounded by friends, the Halls of *Sea Dog*, I.C.C., the Hunts from *Liz of Lymas* (acquaintances of 505 week years previously) and Stevans, the owner of a motor launch who the skipper had met while cruising in Baltimore. Needless to say all were welcomed on board *Setanta* and we soon found ourselves with a lively, impromptu party on our hands. When these finally left the Juniors departed ashore with Mervyn Hall leaving Skipper and Mate to tidy up. Hours later the Juniors returned, Peter leading with trousers under his arm. Gave some excuse about a punt? Maybe the French nights were too hot?

Tuesday, the aftermath of the party, revealed a dangerous error of judgment, already spirit supplies were low, so while Juniors went ashore to recover the battery, Skipper and Mate headed, post haste, for Brest, on the most important assignment of the cruise. Having procured the battery, the Juniors returned to greet *Setanta* as she dropped anchor. We were amazed to find Skipper and Mate in such good form but then they had met Charlie Buckley and *Isolda* moored near enough to Fourniers to return the empties. We intended leaving for Belle Ile on Wednesday and gauging our departure for the tides of the Raz de Sein we spent the morning watering. We set out at 1400 only to find thick fog in the Toulinquet Channel, which forced us to return. Sick to death of Camaret we decided to put to sea at 0200 but forecasts of rain and high winds sent us back to bed.

Finally at 1230 we left for good, setting our course for Belle Ile via the Raz through which we had a surprisingly calm passage. This was the keynote of the whole trip and we arrived in Le Palais at 1015 our forehatch having been open all the way. We were just in time to greet our friends from *Liz of Lymas* as they left. The remainder of the day was

spent on the beach, followed by a pleasant meal ashore to round it off. Expecting Belle Ile to live up to its sunny standards of other years we were rather disappointed to find Saturday a cloudy, showery, day, so left with nothing to do we hired a car, and, with skipper at the helm and Mr. Meagher navigating, we set off on a round-the-island trip. Everywhere was magnificently sign-posted. Unfortunately however, most houses and towns were equally well signposted. Intending to leave for Houat on Sunday, gale force winds deterred us. Juniors, yearning for exercise succeeded disrupting most of Le Palais' traffic on hired bicycles while Fred "burned out" three of them. This incidentally was Bastille Day and we were very much chagrined to find pubs still closed at 2200.

By Monday the high winds had abated and a F. 5 N.W. by N. gave us a pleasant reach to Houat, our first new port. While manoeuvring in the crowded harbour we discovered to our grave alarm that Houat had a ferry. Tuesday morning was spent enjoying this beautiful little island and we decided to leave for Port Tudy at 1230. Trying to raise our anchor we found it fouled on a moorings and only with the greatest effort were we able to free it. This was to prove the roughest passage of the cruise, a tough slog to windward in rising winds, which reached gale force in rain squalls. On arrival at Port Tudy we were greeted by *Quiver* who lowered her British ensign and replaced it with an Irish one and a Royal Cork burgee. Again we found ourselves in the same port as *Liz of Lymas*.

We had heard great things of the Aven river, both for its scenic beauty and its food so we decided to make it the second new port of the cruise. Due to the shortness of the trip and the fact that we did not want to get there until eating time we did not leave Port Tudy until 1440 and with a F. 3-4 north-westerly we were in the Aven at 2040. We found both the scenery and food up to expectations while Skipper and Mate found some unbelievably strong beer in the bar of the "Tel More", a small hotel.

0845 on Thursday found us leaving the Aven under engine for the Glenans. It was a beautiful day but with very little wind, forcing us to engine all the way. We spent a very few hours anchored off Penforet, arriving at 1200 and leaving at 1445. These islands are bare except for the famous sailing school. Only comment - not even a pub. We now had Loc Tudy, which had been recommended by the Halls as our goal and we arrived there at 1745. We had a fairly pleasant meal ashore, followed by a game of bowling in which all the crew participated, even Skipper.

Friday constituted a leisurely rising followed by watering, petroiling, shopping and finally departure at 1355. Our next port of call was an open question, Audierne or Ushant, depending on tides in the Raz. These proved favourable and we passed through in slack water at 2330. At 0330 and 6 miles from Ushant on Saturday morning visibility was reduced to a few feet and we were forced to stop all progress for nine hours, during which we were overtaken by our own milk bottle. We could hear ships on all sides and when miraculously, the fog cleared there were three ships in sight and, unbelievably Creach Point. We finally anchored at Lampaul, on Ushant, at 1730 and retired ashore for a very pleasant meal.

Sunday was begun in quiet fashion with Mass and shopping: we finally said goodbye to France at 1430. At 1700 we found a tanker bearing down on us with seemingly no intention of altering course. We were eventually forced about. This was the only startling event of the passage which took twenty hours, with a north-easterly F. 2-3 all the way. We arrived at the Scillies at 1230 and spent a pleasant evening on the beach with a delightful meal at Tregarthan's Hotel to follow.

Tuesday was made memorable by the fact that it began with our first rasher and egg breakfast in weeks. While the Mate cooked the breakfast, the juniors watered. The rest of the morning and afternoon were spent seeing the town. We finally left Hughtown at 1520 and anchored at New Grimsby an hour later where we had a delightful curry produced by the Juniors by courtesy of Vesta, Cross and Blackwell and Erin. Well satisfied we put to sea, setting our course for Roche's Point in a lumpy sea which made the going slow. This however smoothed out as we cleared the land and with a north-easterly F. 3 progress was good until 0800 on Wednesday when the wind dropped. With 85 miles on the log we started engine and motored to Crosshaven in mill-pond condition. We were moored there by 2000 on 24th July. On our return our only chagrin was that the natives who had remained at home were far more bronzed than *Setanta*'s sun seekers. But what was lacking in sun was more than compensated for by first class sailing weather and this, with the sun we got made up a very enjoyable cruise.

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AINMARA ON THE WIND

by Richard Gomes

*Ainmara is a 9 ton aux. gaff yawl designed and built by J. B. Kearney
in Dublin in 1912.*

Port Watch

Richard Gomes
David Nixon
Gordon Fitzsimmons

Starboard Watch

David Stedman (Paddy)
David Gomes (Pedro)
James McCreadie

Ainmara's annual preservation last year consisted of replacing her old 52 ft. spar, weighing 8 cwt. with an alloy spar, weighing 3 cwt., and putting five of her external halliards internal in the hope of improving her windward ability. The making of this spar took up most of the winter, and other modifications and restoration had to wait until the following year. Little were we to realise how much windward work was ahead of us.

My holiday actually started on Friday, 28th June, when we decided to start off with the Royal Ulster Yacht Club's annual race around the Ailsa Craig, before setting off South for the Bay of Biscay. We left Donaghadee at 1930 and arrived at the start 35 minutes late with a F. 2 northerly and were close-hauled to Corsewall Point, from where we had to tack several times to reach the Rock, with *Nimble Nomad*, the trimaran, round already and *Suvretta* beside us becalmed. We spent until 0600 preparing to fend off the Rock and chatting to the lighthouse keeper. We left with a F. 4 sou'westerly with the jib tops'l, jib, stays'l, main, mizen stays'l and imizen set (about 1,300 sq. ft.) doing 7½ knots, but were headed an hour later. We nearly managed to lay Black Head and arrived there at 1800 with foul tide and wind F. 5-6

southerly gusting F. 7. We then took a long tack to Carrickfergus where we were flattened by a gale force gust. At 2032 we crossed the finishing line, sailed to Orlock Head and then motored through Donaghadee Sound, which was very rough with several gale force gusts, to Donaghadee, having logged 125 miles.

Sunday, 30th June The morning was spent tidying the boat and at 1400 the stores were put into bond and the remainder of the food was stowed. The wind was still F. 7 southerly and at 1900 it was F. 6 so the departure south was postponed until the morning. We left Donaghadee at 1020 under power on 1st July. The crew consisted of Jean and Billy Carleton, David Monson and myself; the main crew to join on Friday in the south of Ireland. It was calm all day and we arrived in Ardglass at 1515, having logged 24 miles. While having a quiet drink *Icebird* arrived and the quiet drink became quiet no longer. *Icebird* left for the South of England that night; we waited until the morning.

2nd July We left at 0520; wind F.4–5 nor'westerly on a fine reach with all sail set. At 0800 wind F. 6 N.N.W. we shortened sail until we only had the small stays'l and deep reefed main. This was a very memorable sail with the wind blowing F. 6–7 across Dublin Bay in the afternoon, with F. 8 gusts at times. At 1435 with the wind F. 6 N.N.W. and with reefed main, stays'l, jib and mizzen we arrived in Arklow at 1850, having logged 90 miles.

Arklow was left behind on the 3rd at 1515 with wind west F. 5–6 and jib, stays'l, reefed main and mizzen set. We missed tide at Cahore Point and tried to short tack through the Sluice. We just managed this and short tacked on down the coast. The head then tore out of the jib and the forestay parted. We winched up the jib tops'l halliard to the end of the bowsprit and had to lower mizzen and further reef the main to balance her, leaving us under-canvassed for the short steep seas. We arrived at Rosslare at 2130, having logged 42 miles and then set to repair the jib and forestay.

4th July We left Rosslare under engine at 0955; wind F. 4 W.S.W., ran out of petrol at 1600 after which we sailed close-hauled within $\frac{1}{2}$ cable of the Conningmore rocks and managed to lay the Hook light. We arrived at Dunmore East having logged 43 miles and lay alongside two Irish yachts. We went to a very pleasant hotel and enjoyed the company of Ross Courtney and crew, but later I was involved in a rather wild singsong on board *Brynoth* with some German trawler men, which unfortunately finished with the Germans fighting amongst themselves on the quayside. However, there was no harm done other than some innocent party getting quite a fright when two Germans appeared down his forehatch with a knife, but he drove them off with a pair of dividers; so they couldⁿt have been very dangerous.

5th July This day was spent cleaning the ship and stowing gear while awaiting the arrival of the main crew.

6th July We left Dunmore at 1015 with the fain hope of reaching Spain. I had suggested that if we were to be continually on the wind we could make our first stop the Scillies. These conditions prevailed as wind varied from E.S.E. through south to south-west F. 2–6 but nevertheless we decided to carry on and after the first two days most of the Port Watch had recovered from sea-sickness and had accepted life with the lee rail down most of the time. Sailing under these conditions in *Ainmara* entails much reefing and sail changing as she carried 1,000 sq. ft. on the wind and reefing is called for above F. 4 when cruising. With all this reefing, Pedro had now acquired the dubious title of "The Demon Reefer".

Sunday, 7th July I read an interesting entry in the log – "0325 Strange fish with long snout – mackerel shape, with swordfish snout arrived on deck, flopped about then departed whence it came". This brightened my arrival on deck at 0400.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights were spent mostly becalmed in confused seas after fresh winds during the day. The slamming of gear was very tiring. Finally on Wednesday night the main was lowered and only the stays'l and mizen kept, as we had to continue re-lashing the sail slides. This proved to be very lucky as during the night we had much thunder and lightening with gale force gusts from every direction with calms in between. In the early hours of the morning it blew exceptionally hard for about half an hour and so we were laid flat with the suddenness of the gust. A yacht which was lying under bare poles about 5 miles away had recorded F. 10 at this time.

A source of constant annoyance to the Port Watch was Paddy, with pipe in mouth, extra large gin and tonic in his hand, sailing hard five points off the wind, in a F. 5-6, obviously thoroughly enjoying himself; while we were wishing we were back home in bed. During this stage of the trip the Starboard Watch became known as "the Biscay Boozer's" as Paddy called for his "nooners" at most peculiar times, and Pedro seemed to join him rather often. Not much has been said about Jim who was known as the "Demon Sleeper" for obvious reasons and when he wasn't sleeping, he either ate or disappeared to the head; mind you he did steer and work ship part of the day (I think).

At this stage it was obvious that we were not going to reach Spain in our time limit, so we ran off for Belle Ile in a now steady F. 7 westerly and by the time Belle Ile was sighted the seas were very large, but running in these conditions was not at all unpleasant after beating, although it was tiring at the helm. We arrived in Le Palais at 1930, having logged 435 miles from Dunmore East.

We met two French crews here and spent a very entertaining evening; first at a small cafe and then at a night club, up on the hill, which we would never have found on our own. Later we had a soiree on board which ended up with three of the Frenchmen falling into the water and screaming blue murder, with floodlights and aldis lamps shining on them. The next day we all paid the penalty for hitting the high life too hard after four and half days at sea.

We watched many of the small French yachts sailing in and out of the harbour and all agreed that we would sail out of the harbours whenever possible, but we would motor in, to ensure that the best berth was selected. However, we sailed out at 0800 on the 12th with a F. 2 sou'westerly and a large 45' trimaran, ketch rigged, followed us out and we kept it behind us all day. We had a glorious sail to Port Joinville, Ile d'Yeu, and arrived there at 2015, having logged 47 miles. Port Joinville has now a new basin on the port hand where yachts can lie without drying out, but, not knowing this at the time, we dried out just outside the basin.

We left at 0745 on the 13th and headed for La Rochelle with the wind F. 4-5 south-west increasing to F. 6 W.S.W. later. We had a fine, hard sail under reduced canvas and arrived off the basin at 1850 having logged 68 miles. Here the engine would not start and we sailed up the channel with stays'l and mizen, but possible embarrassment was averted when I managed to start the engine and we motored into the basin. The wind had now increased and we had to lie here until Monday while it blew F. 9. The town impressed us greatly, and the firework display on the Sunday the 14th was very impressive also, even though it was wet and windy.

15th July We left at 1740 with the wind F. 6 north-west and had a dead beat up to La Flotte on Ile de Re, arriving at 2115. We dried out in the inner harbour in soft mud and then had a walk round the village which took about 10 minutes flat.

16th July We left at 0905 close-hauled and obliged a French photographer who the previous night had been very anxious to know our time of departure. The wind freshened

all day and we had a fast exhilarating sail with an incredible cloud-burst as we arrived at Ile d'Yeu at 1815, having logged 55 miles. We returned to Port Joinville as it was the only convenient harbour with the prevailing conditions.

17th July We had a day in port as it was a F. 6 noser. We visited the sailing school and had our first swim. We then beat out of the harbour at 2215 making four tacks, to a cheer from some Germans whom we had previously met in La Rochelle. We made little headway that night, but beat up the coast the next day and passed about 15 small J.O.G. type yachts which appeared to be racing. We were considering calling at Houat, but as we were behind our schedule, and as the evening was very pleasant, we just sailed on west into the sunset on the starboard tack. We tacked during the night, and having eventually picked up one of the many buoys around the Iles de Glenan in the morning, we passed to the south. That day, the 19th, even though we were beating, we had wonderful sailing in hot sunshine with wind about F. 1-2. We investigated the east side of the Iles de Glenan and saw many yachts there. We then sailed on to Benodet. The wind freed so we ghosted on up the river. When the wind died we drifted back down and met Pedro, who, on arrival at Benodet, had jumped overboard and had swum over to three girls in a 490 dinghy to let them know of our arrival.

We anchored off the yacht club at 1600, having logged 180 miles. Soon there were five 420's and 490's tied alongside. Then the drinking started. Gordie, Davy and I took to the water again; this time in borrowed dinghies and had our own private race. When we came back the remainder of the crew and the local yacht club sailing instructors were looking the worse for wear. When they left, it was flat calm and two dinghies capsized in the 20 yards to the beach. Davy succeeded in overturning the Avon Redcrest in three feet of water to a rather large gallery armed with cameras. That night one of the instructors, the local magistrate's son, showed some of the boys Quimper; the others went to the local dance.

20th July Benodet was unanimously voted "The Place" The morning was spent sailing in the 490 dinghies, very kindly loaned to us by the girls Pedro had met and some other locals. That afternoon Pedro and I went for a sail in *Ainmara* and took with us all the people who had been so kind to us. The nightclubs got another 'going over' that night and Davy announced that he was in love. Paddy and I had a quiet beer or two in a waterside bar and then an early night. The crew arrived back in dribs and drabs, and when the last arrived, I got up and motored out at 0530 with the boys fast asleep.

Sunday 21st July We motored most of the day in a flat calm and picked up a F. 2 northerly about two miles from the Raz de Sein at 1300. We missed the tide here and tried to get through, but could not manage it. Then a bank of fog rolled in and we about turned with visibility down to 200 yards, and had our first spinnaker run. Even though we were going backwards, it was a great change and we arrived at Audierne at 1500, having logged 45 miles. We then sun-bathed and swam off the beach until 1900. *Hoshi*, the Island Sailing Club's schooner, arrived and we had her skipper Dick Baylay; the mate, Colin Brauder and the cook, Eyvonne Lylley on board. I do not quite know what happened, but I awoke to breakfast in bed on board *Hoshi* and Colin had evidently slept on board *Ainmara*.

22nd July We motored up to the town at 1200, provisioned and returned to anchor off the beach at 1500. We swam and sunbathed with *Hoshi*'s crew and after farewells motored out at 1800 with no wind.

23rd July At 0600 we stopped the engine with 48 miles logged; the wind north F. 3-4 and freshening. At midnight it was nor'east F. 6-7 but whether it was the effect of the tide or not, the sea appeared to be moderating. The wind decreased in the morning and blew

between F. 4 and 6 nor'easterly all day. The Port watch caught several mackerel that evening and the Starboard watch had supper in bed.

25th July The wind fell away slowly all day and everyone helped to clean ship. Pedro was observed cleaning brassworks with - toothpaste! We had only about 1 gallon of petrol left and at 2130 we started the engine to try to reach Rosslare. We ran out of petrol at Carnsore Point. However, we found that with four hands at the end of the bowsprit the last dredge of petrol ran forward and we were able to motor as far as the Splaugh buoy, where it finally finished. With a fierce tide against us, we hastily dropped the hook, rigged a riding light and spent an eerie, uncomfortable night with a roaring bow wave.

At 0500 on the 26th the tide turned and we picked up a light nor'easterly so we managed to sail into Rosslare and tied up alongside a fishing boat, having logged 328 miles. We quickly went ashore for petrol and sailed out at 0830 with wind north-east F. 2-3. When we arrived at Arklow the wind died, and we sailed into the river where we started the engine and motored on into the basin.

A quiet night was spent in the town and we left at 0900 on the morning of the 27th in a flat calm. We entered Bray Harbour as it was high water and we were low on petrol. Here we met an old acquaintance, Plunkett Connelly, and only just cleared the harbour as the tide fell and anchored off while awaiting the return of the shore party. We left after two hours and motored until 2230 when we picked up a northerly and beat on up the coast. The wind died again at 0815 and we motored sailed from the Skulmartin light on to Donaghadee where we arrived at 1930 on Sunday 28th July.

We all learned a great deal from the trip and although we grew to dislike going to windward we always preferred a headwind to a calm. At the end of the month the coachroof developed some irritating leaks, but otherwise the old girl was in as good order as at the start of the season; and after 56 years she still appears to be ready for more.

	Distance Logged Miles	Time			Average Speed Knots	Time Under Power	
		Days	Hours	Mins.		Hrs.	Mins.
Donaghadee/Donaghadee	128	1	3	30	4.7	-	-
Donaghadee/Ardglass	24		4	55	4.9	4	55
Ardglass/Arklow	90		13	30	6.7		10
Arklow/Rosslare	42		6	15	6.7		15
Rosslare/Dunmore East	43		11	35	4.1	6	5
Dunmore East/Belle Ile	435	4	8	15	4.2	1	5
Belle Ile/Port Joinville	47		12	15	3.8		50
Port Joinville/La Rochelle	68		11	30	5.9		30
La Rochelle/La Flotte	14		3	35	4.0	3	0
La Flotte/Port Joinville	55		9	10	6.0		30
Port Joinville/Benodet	180	1	17	45	4.3		
Benodet/Audierne	45		10	30	4.3	7	30
Audierne/Rosslare/Arklow	373	3	22	15	4.0	15	5
Arklow/Bray/Donaghadee	148	1	8	30	4.7	26	45

Total Miles: 1,692

REAR COMMODORES' CRUISE

by J. H. Guinness

Please note the apostrophe — not one Rear Commodore but two — my brother as Rear Commodore of the Royal Cruising Club and myself as a Flag Officer of the Irish Cruising Club, obviously a case of too many cooks and no scullery maids. To add to the confusion we are both members of both Clubs.

Sule Skerry which I bought last year formerly belonged to Col. John Cameron for whom she was designed and built by James McGruer in 1958. She is an auxiliary yawl of 18 tons T.M. with a water line of 30 feet, beam 11.5 and overall length 43 feet. On account of her beam she makes an extremely comfortable seven berth cruising boat.

7th June We left Howth at 1915. On board were my wife Jennifer, John Collins who has sailed with us every year since we started cruising, Mungo Park and Duncan Ramsey. As the wind was light we motor-sailed during most of the night and through a greater part of the following day. We passed the Smalls at 1615 with spinnaker set.

Sunday 9th June At day-break we sighted the Cornish coast and were abeam of the Longships by 1400. We were hopeful of making the tide at Penzance so pressed on motor-sailing as fast as possible. Unfortunately, we were just too late to lock in and had to go to Newlyn to clear customs. After a short time ashore we moved to an anchorage off the entrance to Penzance for the night.

10th June We met Lorna Park and Elizabeth Sanford, my wife's cousin off the early morning train from London and spent the remainder of the morning buying fresh food and petrol.

A farming friend of Mungo's, an old sergeant-major, came on board and sorted us all out smartly and left, having covered the deck in "fertiliser" from his boots. The process of seeing him off put M.P. well in ballast. We left Penzance at 1400 with no particular destination in mind other than rounding Ushant. The French political troubles were by no means over at this stage and we did not even know whether we would be welcome on the west coast, or whether we would have to go straight to Spain. There was practically no wind and we spent most of the afternoon drifting around Mounts Bay watching four R.A.F. fighters flying round in circles.

11th June We were content to wait for a breeze which eventually came in from the north-east during the early hours of the morning. It freshened up to about F. 4 and we had a magnificent sail on a bright sunny day across the Channel. We sighted Ushant at 1235 and plugged against the tide for the next few hours. Once it turned we made great speed down the coast outside the rocks and passed Roche Occidentale buoy at about dinner time. We hove-to for a memorable meal at sunset. The wind freshened gradually during the evening and we reefed before night-fall. The sailing was magnificent since the full moon was shining and the wind was palatably warm. However, those below thought it rather too uncomfortable, due to a short steep sea.

12th June At 0800 we closed the French coast at the Iles de Glenan. Since we thought it would be advisable at some stage to clear customs we made our way to Benodet where we picked up moorings at 1200. Although it was early in the year there was very little space left

in the anchorage for the visiting yachts. As there was no sign of the customs we eventually went ashore, arranged for baths and had our first and very excellent French meal at the new hotel "Chez l'Ancre Marine".

13th June We slipped the moorings at 0845 and during the morning sailed to Concarneau where we spent the afternoon clearing customs. We found the officials most courteous and helpful. Most of the crews of the large trawlers were still on strike and it was a fine sight to see those magnificent vessels lying against the quay. Forniers the chandlers were extremely pleased to see us as they had done no business since the beginning of the strike and we were made most welcome. We ate ashore in the old town which is within the walls of the fortification and is most attractive.

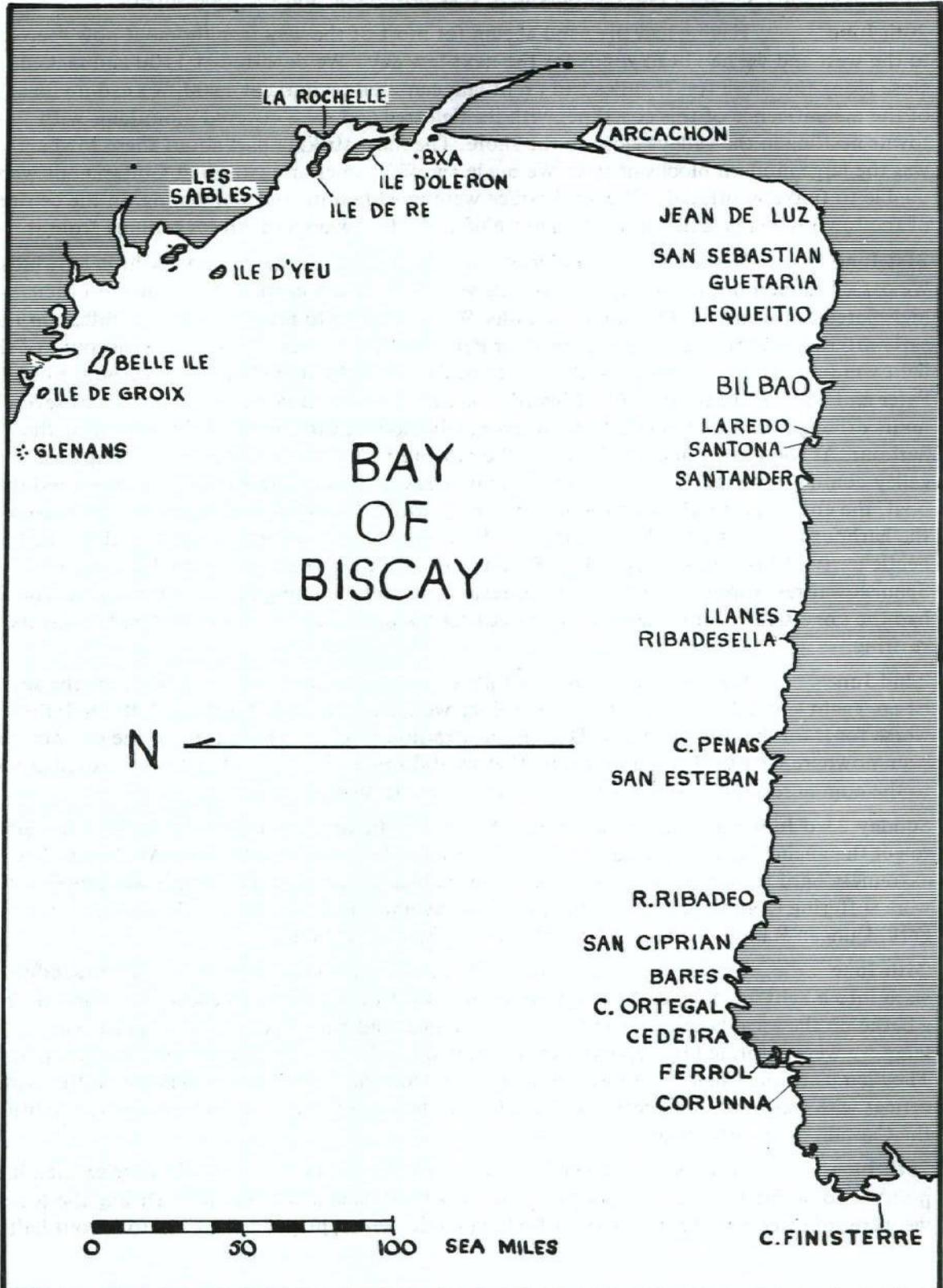
14th June Well laden down with our duty-free stores we proceeded on our way down the coast. Still with a north-easterly breeze speeding us along at over 6 knots, we sailed through the Passage du Beniguet and anchored off the harbour at Houat at 1815. Here again the fishing fleet was in port since they were unable to sell their fish on the mainland. The village on the island is most picturesque and it appears that the only means of livelihood of the inhabitants is fishing. We were fascinated to see in the harbour a fisherman who had tamed a cormorant which he took fishing with him. The young bird appeared to be every bit as excited as a dog going for a walk with its master.

15th June We weighed anchor at 0550 in a light south-westerly breeze and sailed up the Rade de Haedik. After breakfast the visibility closed in and the wind lightened. Since we wished to reach the Ile d'Yeu that evening we spent most of the day motor-sailing and eventually sighted the western tip of the island at 1600. At 1730 we anchored off Port Joinville. Unfortunately there is very little room for yachts in the actual harbour itself, which is for the most part tidal.

Sunday 16th June was spent idly anchored off the beach; some of us lying on the sand whilst others did all the various little odd jobs on board which have to be done from time to time. Later that evening we hired a taxi and drove across the island to Port de la Meule, where we had a most excellent meal. This attractive anchorage is extremely small and would be a most difficult one in which to manoeuvre unless one had a first-class engine.

17th June Before breakfast we moved into the harbour at Joinville to take on water and fuel before departing for St. Jean de Luz. We eventually left at 1000 and motored to the western end of the island, where we hoped to pick up a breeze. However, it was nearly flat calm and we drifted in the bright sunlight during the rest of the day. Whilst the crew swam idly round the ship, the owner public-spiritedly had a bath in a patent contraption rather like a car washing unit. The breeze freshened at dusk and we were able to sail at 6 knots. By 1300 on the 18th we had covered 107 miles and our position was $10^{\circ}50'W$, $44^{\circ}52'N$. The breeze dropped right away during the afternoon and we remained becalmed until 2100 when the wind once again came up but from the north-west.

19th June It freshened during the night to F. 5 and we made excellent progress and sighted the coast shortly after 0700 in visibility of about one mile. Unfortunately, not having sufficient faith in our navigation we failed to realise that we had, in fact, sighted the entrance to St. Jean de Luz and imagined that we were further to the west. It was not until we had sailed a few miles up the coast to Biarritz that we were able to fix ourselves positively. We entered the inner harbour of St. Jean de Luz at 1130, the anchorage just inside the mole being too disturbed to be comfortable. We spent the afternoon shopping and later dined ashore.



At St. Jean the fishermen and customs were very hospitable and the food superb.

20th June Having had the wind abeam for most of the way from home it now veered to the west and we had head winds for the next few days. We departed at 1100 and tacked close along the shore for 25 miles and eventually entered Guitaria at 1900. We had no idea of the magnificence of this coastline, with its high tree and grass covered mountains with towns nestling in the valleys close to the shore. The most striking part about these towns was the large modern blocks of flats. We made an effort to clear customs at Guitaria but were unable to find any officials. The local police were most helpful and welcoming. In the centre of the town is a large cathedral with a maze of dark alley ways and streets running from it.

21st June We left at 0630 and motor-sailed for most of the day into light head winds. We passed numerous modern Spanish fishing vessels which are most picturesque with their high flared bows and brightly coloured hulls. We had hoped to reach Las Arenas Bilbao in the early afternoon in time to meet my brother Peter and Tony Gray. However, on account of the light wind and a fairly strong easterly set of the tide we did not anchor in the harbour until 1800. Peter and Tony had had no explicit instructions as to where to meet us and had spent several hours driving round Bilbao in a taxi and eventually come to rest in a hotel overlooking the harbour. As soon as we anchored we saw the most remarkable sight of an ancient Spanish galley coming towards us being rowed by Tony Gray and coxed by Peter. They had hired this boat, the engine of which had promptly ceased to work and they were forced to row across the harbour to us. During that evening we all repaired ashore for baths and a meal and had a hectic party. Tony insisted on making friends with a stuffed fox and eventually chased the Spanish waitress through the hatch in the restaurant still clutching the fox in his arms. The fox had the same treatment on several other occasions and strange as it may seem, still holds its stuffing.

22nd June We spent an idle day at Bilbao having a most magnificent lunch at the shore-based Yacht Club. This proved to be fatal since we all ate too much fish and felt much the worse for it on the following day. During the afternoon we decided that since the customs had been nowhere near us it was about time that we did something about it, so we motored across to the commercial port where we succeeded in making our clearance.

Sunday 23rd June During the night we dragged but thanks to our hydraulic windlass were able to get the anchor up and moved away from the shore before it was too late. All day it blew extremely hard from the west and we were disinclined to move as our morale was low since we were suffering from the effects of the previous day and the departure of Munto and Lorna Park, Duncan Ramsey and John Collins, who all flew home that day.

24th June We weighed anchor at 0800 and motored out of the harbour and sailed westward into a light head wind. At 1600 we anchored off the Customs House at Santona. After a bathe on the local beach we went ashore for a meal and bought victuals. On our return to the quay we were informed by three policemen that we had failed to observe the customs regulations. They led us to the Customs House where we had a long and voluble interview with the customs officer who was most apologetic for disturbing us but explained that it was necessary to inform the Captain del Puerto of ones arrival at each port.

25th June As we wished to be at La Rochelle at the end of the week there seemed little point in going further westwards so at 0700 we set out back across the Bay. During the forenoon we were followed by a large school of basking sharks which played around us for about half an

hour. Their snorting and bellowing was a most weird sound. The wind during the night was extremely light and we were virtually becalmed for about 12 hours. Our noon position on the 26th was 45°07' N. and 2°W. We motored for quite a bit during the afternoon and the breeze sprang up during the evening and we were once again able to sail.

27th June We sighted Chassiron Light at 0200 and continued to sail on up the coast. During the morning we anchored close to some vessels of the French fleet off the northern shore of the Ile d'Oleron. We weighed anchor at 1230 and sailed past La Pallice and on to St. Martin on Ile de Re where we locked in at 1700. This is a most fascinating little port with a tremendous naval tradition and history. We remained here during the following day and paid a well worth while visit to the most interesting maritime museum.

29th June At 0600 we locked out and motored across to La Rochelle. We knew that there was no hope of making the inner basin there before the tide turned so we moored directly outside at 1000. The weather by now was extremely hot and sunny and I, for one, was beginning to feel the effects of it. We had a most pleasant lunch with Mons. Epaillard who runs a restaurant at the waterfront. He and my brother have known each other for many years. When we returned to the boat after lunch we found that my sister-in-law, Susan and Jens Bratz had just arrived from London; they were to be with the boat for the rest of the trip. Shortly after this we moved into the inner basin and much to the consternation of all of the Frenchmen manoeuvred ourselves stern first into a suitable berth. All the other boats were bows on but we felt that it would make it much easier going out in the morning to be our way round. We had just bought a model boat for my son and we further perplexed the Frenchmen by sailing this in the middle of the basin.

Sunday 30th June We locked out at 0700 in very light wind, motor-sailed to Ile d'Aix. We walked around this fortified island from where Napoleon made his final departure from France, which was most interesting. Unfortunately it was swarming with day tourists from the mainland. At midday we weighed anchor with no particular destination in mind other than the intention of going back up the French coast. The wind died completely and while starting the engine a warp got jammed around the propeller. After a magnificent concerted effort on the part of Jennifer and Jens this was eventually cleared and in the sweltering heat we motored when there was no wind and sailed when possible up to Pertuis d'Antioche. We later found out that the temperature ashore had been 104° in the shade and was the hottest day on record in that part of France. Towards dusk a gentle breeze came in from the north-east. The amazing thing about this was that although there was not a ripple at all on the surface the wind was sufficiently strong for us to sail along in a mill-pond at 5 knots. The phosphorescence was incredible and far brighter than any of us had ever seen before to such an extent that it was possible to differentiate colours.

1st July We passed inside the Ile de Yeu and sailed on into the Rade de Penerf past Ile Dumet which apparently is a fascinating bird sanctuary. At 1700 we entered the Vilaine river and motored up to Roche Bernard. This river is most attractive interspersed with trees and green fields coming down to the banks. About half way up a barrage is under construction and it seems that a lock is being built to permit navigation. We had a pleasant meal ashore and intended to depart on the following morning.

2nd July When we awoke it was blowing a full gale from the west and it was obviously no day to be at sea. When eventually we weighed anchor at about 1000 we made slow progress down river under motor although the strong tide was under us. Shortly before

lunch we brought up about half mile below the barrage and we anchored for the rest of the day, sheltered by trees on the shore and a bend in the river, exercising ourselves by a long walk ashore during the afternoon.

3rd July We weighed anchor at 0700 and motored down river until we reached Trehiguier where we bought petrol and obtained water. At 0900 we departed and sailed out to Belle Ile where we moored at La Pallice at 1800. *Blue Hills* R.C.C. was in the harbour and we visited each others boats. We had an excellent meal at the small restaurant in the inner harbour where we found the proprietor and his wife more than helpful.

4th July We left at 0800 and sailed through the Glenan Islands and were off Penmarc'h by dusk.

5th July At 0200 we anchored off the mole of Audierne. We weighed at 0700 and with the tide under us made an extremely fast passage up through the Raz de Seine in a north-easterly wind. We then proceeded to beat up to Douarnenez where we eventually tied up to a fishing vessel in the yacht harbour, since we were unwelcome in the main port itself. I retired to bed for the whole day suffering from a high temperature and a septic throat.

6th July Still feeling miserable, I arranged for Peter to take over from me and we left Douarnenez around breakfast time and had a very pleasant sail across the bay and inside the Toulinguet rocks close to the shore. We anchored for a short while at Camaret for lunch and later sailed on to Brest where we made fast in the inner harbour at 1800.

.....*The account is now continued by Peter Guinness*.....

The change of command should have been marked by suitable ceremony and festivity but this was not to be as John had been feeling wretched. He was transferred from his bunk on board to one on the night train to Paris, via which he and Jennifer returned to Dublin.

Jens and I met Sissel at the airport and were back on board about 1100. The crew for the remainder of the voyage was complete and consisted of Jens and Sissel Bratz, Tony Gray, Sue and myself.

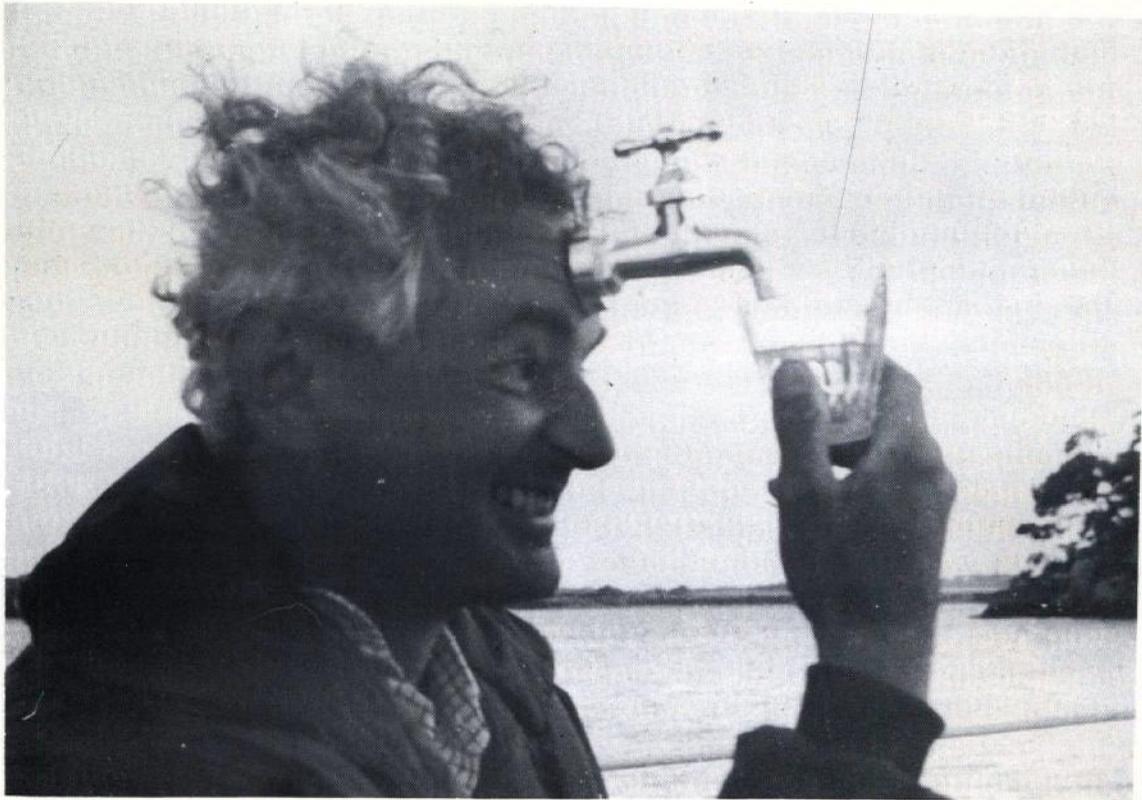
Sunday 7th July Jens and I turned out at 0600 and got under way in a drizzle which developed into heavy rain and bad visibility when we were abeam of Pointe St. Mathieu. These conditions persisted till we were up to Le Four and kept the rest of the crew in their bunks. At Le Four the weather cleared and with it came a nice south-easterly breeze so with 7.5 knots on the clock and 3 knots of tide we were soon in L'Aberwrach where for twenty-four hours we enjoyed ourselves with the Guyomardes and Ouhlens.

8th July After lunch we came alongside for water, fuel and stores. We were under way at 1620 bound for the Scillies. Under main and genoa we went out through the Malaise passage cooking the lobsters Jean Ouhlen had given us.

9th July After midnight the wind failed so we motored till breakfast time when the wind returned light from the south-east and we could make about 3 knots to the N.N.W. By 1830 we were well up to the island but the wind was failing and the tide setting strongly so we motored in to Hugh Town.

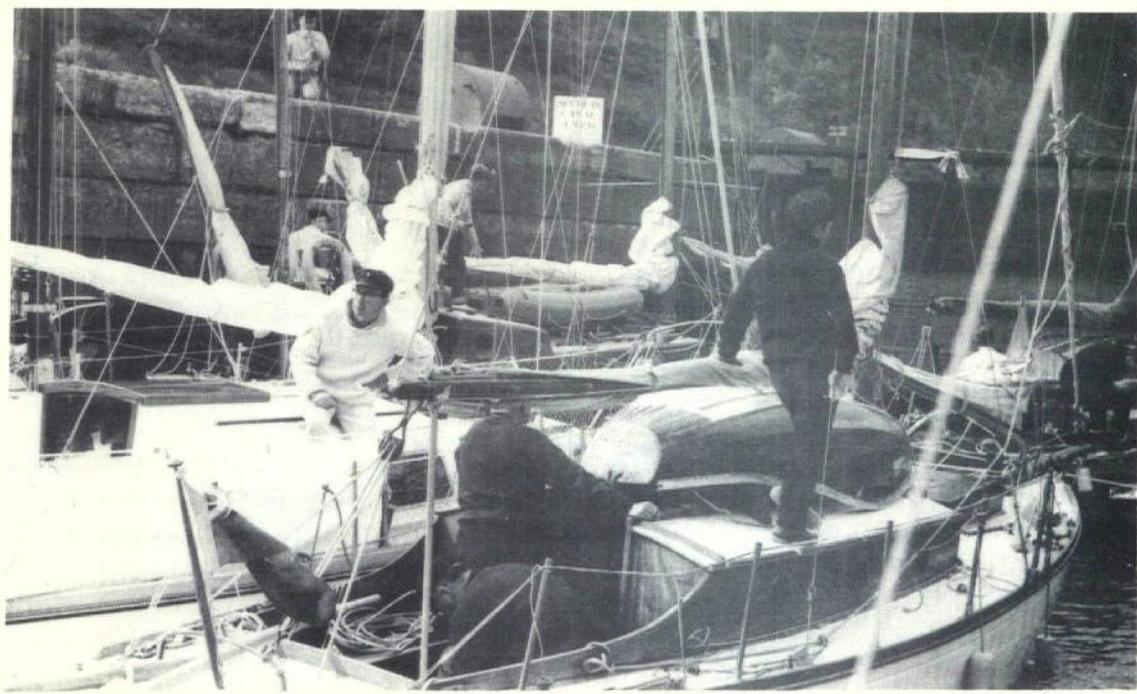
10th July It rained hard all day and blew N.N.E., F. 4. As our course across the Bristol Channel and on to Howth was N.N.E. we stayed where we were and did precisely nothing.

11th July The rain had departed eastwards to flood the West Country and the wind had



**Brain drain aboard Sule Skerry? Peter Guinness
Newry Rally. Sule Skerry, Rinamara and Zest**
Photo: W. M. Nixon





Locking through to Newry

Photo: W. M. Nixon

The Newry Rally



backed to the north-west so we left before midday and stood down to the Bishop which we passed at 1300. We stood on for an hour to get clear and then tacked. We couldn't quite lie the course for the Tuskar but at all events we could get into St. George's Channel. The wind fell light but as we had not sufficient fuel to motor the whole way we decided only to use the engine in absolute calm.

12th July By 0300 it was flat calm so we motored, we were using D.F. and Consol to fix our position. The day was clear and bright with not a ripple on the water. At 1830 we could see the Blackstairs and Mt. Leinster 40 miles away on the port bow. At 2245 when the Tuskar was abeam we passed a message by Aldis asking them to give E.T.A. at Howth to my brother, who is a Commissioner for Irish Lights. The tide was under us and we made swift progress towards the Blackwater, L.V. There was still no wind and the petrol situation was critical if we had to motor the whole way to Howth; the tide was about to turn so we decided to pass close alongside the lightship and enquire whether, when she swung to the ebb we could lie astern on a long warp. Although it was past midnight the whole crew of the Blackwater were on the deck and as we approached they hailed us as they had orders to report us and had heard from the Tuskar that we had signalled them. There ensued a long conversation about nothing in particular so we went round in circles under their stern.

13th July A very light easterly wind had come up so there was no point in lying astern of them and for the next six hours we were able to stem the tide and make a few cables progress in addition. At the turn of the tide the breeze hardened and shifted to the E.N.E. we set the biggest genoa available, a complicated affair with adjustable tension for its luff. By applying ourselves to keeping the sail well adjusted we flew from the Arklow L.V. to Howth moving alongside at 1550 to clear customs. Everyone who had been on board during the cruise then arrived to greet and compliment us on getting from Brest to Howth under the extreme conditions of flat calm to F. 4 and good visibility.

It had been a very pleasant passage and we were able to hand *Sule Skerry* back to John with our thanks and in the same condition as we took her over with the exception that we had let a carving knife get rusty for which we were reprimanded.

Owner's Conclusion

During the whole five weeks *Sule Skerry* was away from her home port she covered 1703 miles and gave us no cause for anxiety at any time. She is a real credit to her designer and builder, as well as her previous owner who put much thought into her design and layout. The weather during the cruise had been exceptionally good and we were lucky enough to enjoy quantities of sunshine in late June when most of Europe was wet and windy. Counting crew changes 12 people lived on board for varying periods of time — no real arguments or disagreements occurred and everyone seemed to enjoy themselves. I am afraid that I grumbled for a few days before I left but plead a high temperature and septic throat. The one major complaint was that time went too quickly.

Date	Passage	Distance
7 – 9 June	Howth–Penzance	212
10 – 12 June	Penzance–Benodet	178
13 June	Benodet–Concarneau	15
14th June	Concarneau–Houat	60
15th June	Houat – Port Joinville Ile de Yeu	51
17 – 19 June	Port Joinville – St. Jean de Luz	205
20 June	St. Jean de Luz–Guitaria	25
21 June	Guitaria–Les Arenas, Bilbao	47
24 June	Les Arenas–Santona	20
25 – 27 June	Santona, St. Martin, Ile de Re	216
29 June	St. Martin – La Rochelle	10
30 June–1 July	La Rochelle – Roche Bernard	137
2 July	La Vilaine River	5
3 July	Trehiguier – La Pallice	40
4 July	La Pallice – Audierne	80
5 July	Audierne – Douarnenez	40
6 July	Douarnenez – Camaret – Brest	30
7 July	Brest – L'Aberwrach	42
8 – 9 July	L'Aberwrach – Scillies	108
11–13 July	Scillies – Howth	182
		1,703

SOUTH

A TOUCH OF THE SUN IN ICE BIRD

by W. M. Nixon

Ice Bird is a 5-ton cutter rugged modified Vertue class, 25' OA and a bit narrow with 7' beam, though there's more than enough draft at 4'9" (at least). Still, her old-fashioned lines give her great weight-carrying power and make her most suitable for extended cruising, so when Dr. Joe Cunningham offered his nephew Brian and I the loan of her for another year after the '67 cruise to Iceland, we jumped at the chance. There was much needing done to her, so we had her hauled out into a shed near Belfast before the season was over, and as Brian had started work in Scotland I had a free hand to indulge my notions as to what should be done, and how.

Other people's fitting-out is even more tedious than one's own, but as the problems we faced were pretty universal for wooden boats, a brief account may be of interest. *Ice Bird* had been afloat, winter and summer, for most of the time since her launching in 1952. Varnishwork had gradually disappeared under paint, and though she appeared sound generally, it was difficult to tell exactly the condition of her woodwork. As a start, all paintwork on the exterior was removed, either by burning from the hull or 'Nitromors' from the coachroof. The decks had leaked, so the 'Trakmark' on them was removed. Thus before Autumn she was down to the bare wood and getting some needed drying. We were also able to inspect thoroughly, and this confirmed a fear that there would be electrolysis where — in the accepted manner of the time she was built — copper rivets fastened steel floor straps, chainplates and mast beams. In all, 98 such rivets had to be drilled out, necessitating removal of bunks and so forth. The rivets were replaced by stainless steel machine screws; fortunately any electrolytic damage to the wood was slight, so this procedure has been a success, if expensive.

As warmer weather came through in the Spring, the decks were covered with a fibreglass which has cured the leaks except for round a couple of chainplates, which apparently were not set at the exact angle of the shrouds they carried, and cracked the glass in their immediate vicinity. With the hull laboriously stripped down, it seemed senseless simply to recover the bottom with paint, so it was nylon sheathed to 3" above the waterline with the Cascover process. The agents for this are McGarry's Boatyard of Ardmore on Lough Neagh, George McGarry showed us how it was done, and we were able to finish it ourselves. A slow business, but well worthwhile as she now requires no more attention underneath than a fibreglass yacht, leaks not at all, and can voyage in warmer waters totally protected from worm.

By late March I had been joined by Ed Wheeler, who used to cruise with me in *Ain Mara* and being a Hispanophile was very keen to go on *Ice Bird's* projected cruise to Spain. So much needed doing that it was mid-June before she was afloat, very frustrating but she was gleaming in new paint and restored varnishwork, fit for anything as we had also renovated the engine, re-glued the mast, installed a cabin heater and new cooker, and 'acquired' her first suit of terylene sails. Between sorting things out to get away for two months and completing the fitting-out, she spent two further weeks in the filth of Belfast docks. We could only think of blue water and by the end of June I was having fits.

Brian had hoped to join us in the Scillies at the end of June, but with the delays, he joined instead in Belfast, and from here with great relief we sailed at 1600 on Saturday June 29th. in sunshine and a brisk southerly. There were four of us on board — coming

back from a night of hectic painting we'd met Georgina while downing a well-deserved pint; thereafter she became Sanity Preserver in Chief, so when *Ice Bird* sailed it seemed only right that we give Georgina a lift home to Falmouth for the start of the long vacation.

Going down Belfast Lough the yankee (a fine pulling sail formerly on an offshore racer, but past its best) parted the luff wire; with a day or two of strong southerlies forecast we felt in any case disinclined to plug on down the Irish Sea, so we put into Ballyholme Bay and rode out the southerlies, and first thing on Monday morning I was at Tedford's with the sail, and by 1250 *Ice Bird* was motoring away from Ballyholme in calm, really off at last. We motored down the coast all day, until by 2000 all were fed up, and went into Ardglass, where *Ain Mara* — southward bound for furrin parts like ourselves, and exasperated by calm — had come in a couple of hours previously. A couple of jars with Dickie Gomes and his crew, and then I insisted that a fair wind was on the way, so at 2300 we departed in torrential rain and the faintest of airs, which soon settled into a spanking norwester, the first accurate forecast I've given in years. Cold and grey the westerly airstream persisted the following day. Tuesday July 2nd., but GREAT passage-making weather, and 23 hours from Ardglass the Tuskar was abeam and little *Ice Bird* romped out into open water. Rather too open — the wind backed slightly about ten miles south of the Tuskar and freshened with squalls driving across the moon, the sea was lumpy as cold porridge and all farrowed down with gusto. But still we pushed on south, and Wednesday daylight brought a slight veering, with a clearing sky and levelling sea, the bow wave roaring as she pushed on under all plain sail. And a cheerful shout from Brian at the helm: "It's great out here, the sparkling sea and last night's boke glinting in the sunshine on the toe-rail....."

Land on the port bow at 1600 was identified as Cape Cornwall, but as we closed Land's End the breeze fell away, and in calm we motored slowly over the tide, passing the Longships at 2300, exactly 48 hours from Ardglass. A gentle dawn on Thursday July 4th found us still motoring round the Lizard and on into Falmouth harbour, where the log came in at 0830, 300 miles from Ardglass. Georgina's folks, Mr. & Mrs. Campbell, lived above Restronguet Creek on the upper harbour, and we stayed on in this charming spot until Friday evening, being royally entertained with lunches on the lawn, a whistle-stop tour of Cornwall and perfect weather though calm. But at 1700 on Friday a gentle northerly came from the sunlit Cornish hills, so we said farewell and slipped down the blue waters of the attractive harbour, away southwest for Vigo, meeting *Dyarchy* tacking into Falmouth, and *Griffin II* — returning from the Anglesey-Cork race — off Coverack on our way past the Lizard, whose long shape was silhouetted against a fine sunset.

The passage out to Spain went very well. As it says in the old sailing ship directions, "Ushant should not be sighted...." We kept well to the west at first but it made no difference, as for much of the passage we were close-hauled. But this didn't seem to matter — *Ice Bird* was going as well as she could, and life was good — we ate far too much, talked a great deal, and as we were able to do 4 hours on, 8 hours off, slept a great deal too. Every day the weather was warmer, though not necessarily better. Nearing the Spanish coast we were plagued by thunderstorms, and instead of getting the northerlies that often blow down there in summer, southerlies and sou'westers slowed us back, though we made great progress one afternoon in a grand easterly while Ed and Brian argued about the place of mankind in the Universe, Ed being an anarchist and Brian an organisation man.

Ed was on watch from 0400 on July 10th, when we were getting near the coast. *Ice Bird* was sailing herself to windward in a brisk sou'wester so he didn't have to look out ~~as~~ much, but following pointed suggestions from the watch below he glanced out at first light at 0530 and there was Spain up ahead, enabling him to gratify his penchant for bellowing "Land Ho!!! On the Lardboard Bow!!!!....."; it also, of course, served the snoozing watch

below bloody well right for telling him how to run his watch.

We closed into Santa Marta bay just to the east of Cabo Ortegal, savouring the scent of the pines, and then spent the rest of the day weathering the Cape, as thunderstorms marched down across the land, and the wind, while remaining a dead noser, fluked between almost nothing and gale force. Far at sea we would have plugged on without a thought about the abysmal progress, but with the land beside us — albeit the awe-inspiring purple peaks of northern Galicia — it seemed a good idea to scrub Vigo in the meantime and go into port. And an ideal port was right there — in a belt of sunshine on the heels of a squall *Ice Bird* punched her way across the heaving blue water in a flurry of spray, into the smoothing water in the gap of the coast that was Cedeira. As we entered between the bluff pine-clad hills, peace came over the little ship, and she gently made her way into a perfect and utterly Spanish harbour. The hook went down off a tiny beach on the sheltered south side away from the town and its cluster of brightly-painted fishing boats. We'd been a few minutes over five days coming from Falmouth, with 512 miles logged. It had been an easy passage — scarcely were the sails stowed before Ed and Brian were rowing ashore in the little dinghy across the sparkling water to bathe at the beach under the trees, and to try Ed's spear-gun, a dangerous-looking weapon that he assured us would provide fresh food during our time in southern waters. They didn't catch a thing, but we dined aboard in style from *Ice Bird's* ample stores, and afterwards wandered through the woods above the bay, enjoying the land.

The Harbour Master came across in a little fishing boat to clear us the following morning. With a sou'wester persisting we were in no hurry to move, and after Duty Free ('Judy Free' she was called, or th'oul DF) had spread friendship, we went off with the old fisherman to lift his pots; he kept an octopus that came up, but insisted on us taking half a dozen spider crabs the preparation of which was entirely Ed's province.

July 12th brought a gentle easterly, and we slipped away as the first sunlight lifted the wraiths of mist from the gentle hills about the harbour. The breeze didn't last, so we motored most of the 30 miles to La Coruna. Brian had only 3 weeks of holiday in all, so he wanted to make final arrangements for flying home, and Coruna seemed a useful place to do it. We went in alongside the Real Club Nautico beside the fish harbour, very Real but not much Nautico, though most hospitable. By the time we returned from business up the town (a busy city with tourists thin on the ground) — in late afternoon the 25-ton ketch *Cleone*, owned by Peter Hotten and port-hopping on her way from Sussex to the Med, was lunging around the harbour looking for a berth, so we were only too glad to let him get inside us, as the berth at the yacht club — or anywhere else in Coruna harbour proper — is a filthily oily place. With *Cleone* securely in, a party got under way aboard *Ice Bird*, spreading to the 50 ton Dutch botter *De Bries* (Tony Rodgers) which was also in port, and ultimately almost extending to the town jail as what might be called a brawl developed, but eventually calm reigned. In the morning *Cleone* was less one crew member, discharged for aggression, most of which had been directed at the unfortunate Brian, who mournfully remarked at intervals "Nobody's ever hit me before" while Ed and I got stuck into octopus (quite delicious) in a little cafe. At the same time Tony Rodgers spun yarns about his incredible life as a 20th Century buccaneer which had taken him all over the globe, and so fascinated Ed that when Tony mentioned that a ship going out to Shanghai as scrap was in port for repairs and looking for a crew, well old Ed just shot off round to this ship and got provisionally taken on as an AB.

As this ship wasn't due to sail for another 3 weeks, Ed was still with us when we sailed out of Coruna next day. The weather had been bad, with strange fishing craft coming in for shelter, but if we didn't weather Finisterre very soon we wouldn't have time to weather it at all, so on we went. Outside, a big lumpy sea, and a dead noser down the coast. After the

Coruna business, we were still scarcely fit to beat our hind legs together, let alone plug down to Vigo, but to our immense relief the forecast rumbled about F. 9, , so we eased sheets and slipped across to the narrow entrance of El Ferrol harbour, and ran up between its stony hills to anchor in the delightful bay at Leusado (last on your left just before the main part of the harbour). El Ferrol itself is a maze of military installations, but Leusado seems remote from it, a friendly shambles of creeper-covered crumbling houses, tiled roofs and fly-blown bars. We liked it immensely, and in the slight coolness of late evening sat on the verandah of one of the bars wolfing cockles and drinking incredibly bad wine (Ed was quite sure we's all go blind) contentedly watching the whole village milling past on the evening promenade.

There was no Force 9, and Monday morning (July 15th) brought calm; we motored out to a lurching sea, and then a faint air still from south of west made us abandon Vigo to another year, and head up into the Bay of Biscay, as Brian was to fly out from Bilbao at the end of the week. The heat was intense as *Ice Bird* trickled along past the impressive sun-drenched coast in the light breeze. In the first coolness of evening we passed Cabo Ortegal once more, and then across Santa Marta bay past Punta de la Estaca and round bluff Cabo de Bares, behind which, at the entrance to the beautiful Ria del Barquero, nestled tiny Puerto del Bares, a little bay with fishing boats rolling at anchor, and above the beach the straggling village beside a rough breakwater made from boulders. We dropped the hook at this seemingly remote spot, which we found got extra attention from being the most northerly village in Spain. Brian had sunburn, and retired to his bunk, but Ed and I went ashore, I to film and he to mingle with the simple fisherfolk and honest peasants in which he insisted the place abounded, an effort at international relations which was doomed to founder on Ed's embarrassment and lack of Spanish. But the night was warm; the lights winked in the little town of Bares silhouetted on top of the bare hill against the last of the sunset; and on the road down to the sea the cicadas chirped their refrain of the south. Belfast docks and the shed of the winter were a long way away.

We slept well in spite of the scend finding its way into the somewhat open anchorage; on Tuesday the alarm went off piously at 0630, which happening we drowsily contemplated until 0830, when it was thought we should do something about it, so all tore on deck breakfastless and while Brian hauled furiously on the chain, Ed in the cockpit flailed about casting off sheets as I whipped on the sails. In two shakes of a lamb's tail we were away, reaching across the Ria in a nice southerly. Ed looked about him, after we'd been sailing for a while, with knitted brow, the seemingly irate expression he adopted when trying to speak Spanish and which invariably alienated whoever he was trying to communicate with. Out it came: "Where in hell's the dinghy?"

Where indeed? Certainly not on the foredeck, and not astern either. In our swift departure with Ed's rapid freeing of sheets, the little one had been cast adrift. It was, of course, entirely my fault for not making it fast to the proper cleat, but irritation subsided when we returned to Puerto del Bares to find one of Ed's honest fisherfolk putting out with the dinghy in tow, in return for which he got Judy Free's gaspers and even Brian and I running to a bundle of muchos gracias, while Ed made a speech doubtless spiced with earthy humour and blunt philosophy that will become a part of Puerto del Bares folklore. And after breakfast we reflected that the total incident had not been without a certain charm, a well rounded event.

We reached for about 12 miles along the coast past the Rias of Barquero and Vivero to a place called San Ciprian, which on the chart looked an attractive little hole behind an island of rocks, but on investigation proved to be simply a hole behind an island of rocks, so we upped and away after an hour's stay. This sudden departure, which disgusted Ed, was caused as much as anything by the sudden spread of bad weather from the southwest, and with it a spanking fair wind to speed us on our way up the coast. Eastward from San Ciprian the

Asturian coast as far as Santander is the least interesting part of the north Spanish coast from a cruising point of view. The number of harbours on this 160 mile stretch is limited, and in fact the only really good one is the industrial port of Gijon 13 miles eastward of Cabo Penas. There are a number of shallow Rias and small fishing ports, but most have poor entrances and all require fairly settled weather for a stranger to enter. In view of this, and also Brian's approaching departure, the best move seemed to be to make full use of the fair wind and run down our easting towards Santander. The wind gathered strength, and with rolls down and the straining yankee boomed out, *Ice Bird* flew along the coast, which soon disappeared behind rain.

Through the afternoon (Tuesday 16th) we thundered on, gradually reducing sail as the wind veered and freshened with a depression moving south-east into the Bay of Biscay. Eventually, we had to gybe, and by early evening were running under deep-reefed main in rough water, with visibility closed right down; all became deep purple-black at 2000, culminating in a line squall which brought a sudden clearing from astern; the breeze eased a bit, but *Ice Bird* was still sailing hard right through the night, belting past Cabo Penas at midnight in company with some shipping. The rest of the gang thought it a slightly contemptuous way of dealing with a great chunk of northern Spain, but I enjoyed every minute of it, being firmly convinced that the only rule of cruising is that you shouldn't waste a fair wind.

The weather continued to look up at dawn, and by early morning we were running under full sail in sunshine. As there was less than two days to Brian's departure time, he suddenly became concerned about making the connection, especially as one of the days was a national holiday. So we pored over the chart looking for a possible port to land him, as he also fancied the idea of a train journey from some little coastal town to Bilbao, wishing to become an 'ordinary tourist for one day', a sentiment with which Ed and I had no sympathy whatever. A place called Llanes looked hopeful having a Radio Beacon. Although the pilot talked of it being clogged with sand, there was mentioned a proposal for dredging, and as the sea was now calming we hopefully closed in, running in bright sunshine under the massive Cantabrian mountains, a great black wall of 4,000 ft. which came close to the coast, eerie peaks crowned with limestone pillars. But for the Radio Beacon we would never have found Llanes, a huddle of white, red-roofed houses at the edge of the rolling strip of narrow coastal plain, totally dwarfed by the impressive surroundings. But as we closed in it became obvious that the swell was considerably larger than we had thought, which ruled out the dinghy, and a quick examination showed that Llanes was now the very epitome of sand-chokedness, so we reverted to Santander — it was only fifty miles away — and had a delightful reach along to it in a sparkling northerly with the genoa pulling like a train sheeted to the end of the mainboom, marvellous sailing.

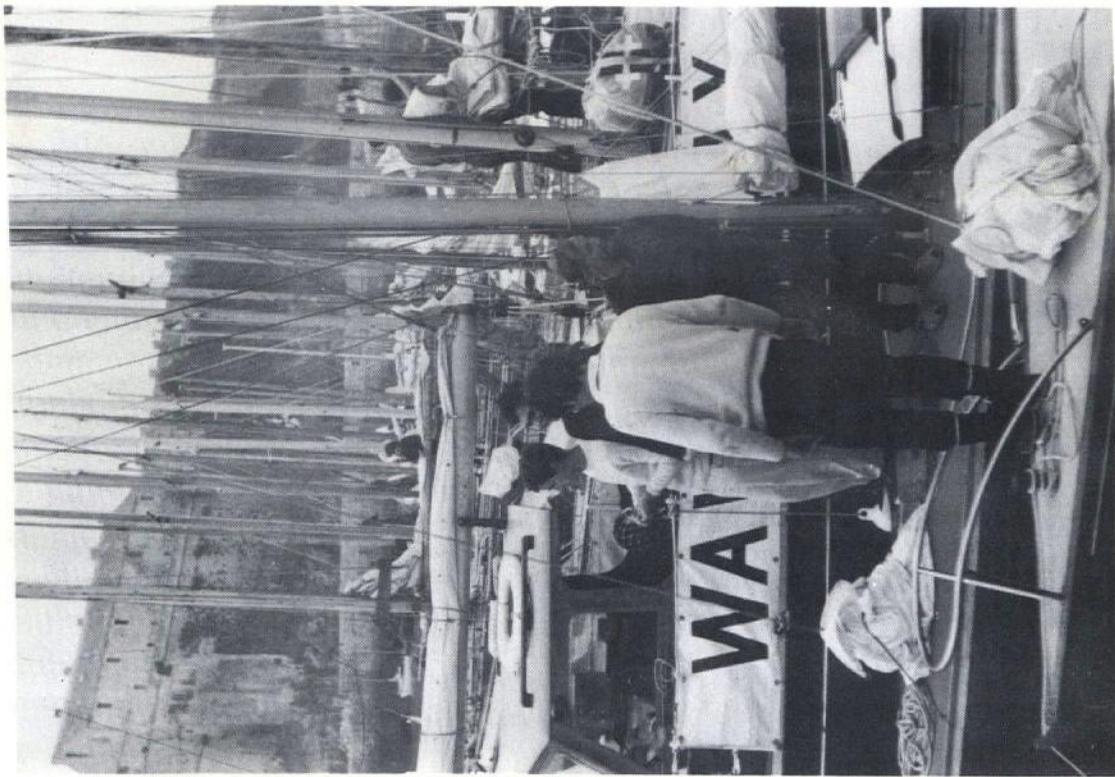
After the more primitive ports to the west, entering Santander that night at 2230 (178 miles logged from Bares) seemed very smooth, with the lights of the harbour and the hotels and casino glinting on the calm water. We went into the Darsena de Molledo, the small craft basin immediately north-east of the Club Maritimo, then ashore for bonito steaks. In spite of the national holiday next day, Brian soon has his travel arrangements made by the time-honoured arrangement of finding an English-speaking hotel receptionist (not that we used the facilities of the hotel), and we afterwards explored Santander, a slightly prim city where the Spaniards themselves go on holiday. Then in the evening we went to the bullfight; it was rather a local affair — the first matador was average, while the third was disastrous; but the second one was quite good, and the whole business possibly gives more insight into the Spanish character, or at least some Spanish characters, than anything else. In the morning, July 19th, Brian was away early, lusting already after his computers, to catch his flight from Bilbao. The remainder of the day — the weather was now very hot — was mainly taken up with a visit to the market where Ed contrived to get some incredibly cheap fish etc., and then an evening at a suave bar where we managed mellowness on a few shillings.

With the good weather, there was calm at night and a brisk nor'easter during the day; it was still calm as we motored out at 0900 on the 20th with the sun already hot, but soon we were bucketing along in a spanking nor'easter which steadily freshened through the day with no sign of easing until about 1630. During this time *Ice Bird* plugged along in strong sunshine past mountainous Punta del Aguila, which loomed purple through the haze of that hot afternoon. Progress was good as the sea running was negligible, and we hoped to make Castro Urdiales at the entrance to Bilbao harbour, but our attention was taken by huge blocks of holiday flats along the magnificent beach at Laredo, almost the only place on Spain's northern coast where this Mediterranean-type development has taken place; Laredo itself being an historical old fishing port, we looked in, but there wasn't enough water to get into the little port, so we sailed along the beach and in behind the mighty Gibraltaresque rock of Monte de Santona at the west end, going into the comfortable little basin at Santona town. This was a pleasant little Spanish place that contrasted interestingly with Laredo, which has been almost entirely taken over by French holidaymakers, certainly the new part of it has. We went into Laredo towards high water on Sunday the 21st and reckoned the invasion was inevitable — the beach was probably the finest either of us had ever seen, and even I began to swim enthusiastically.

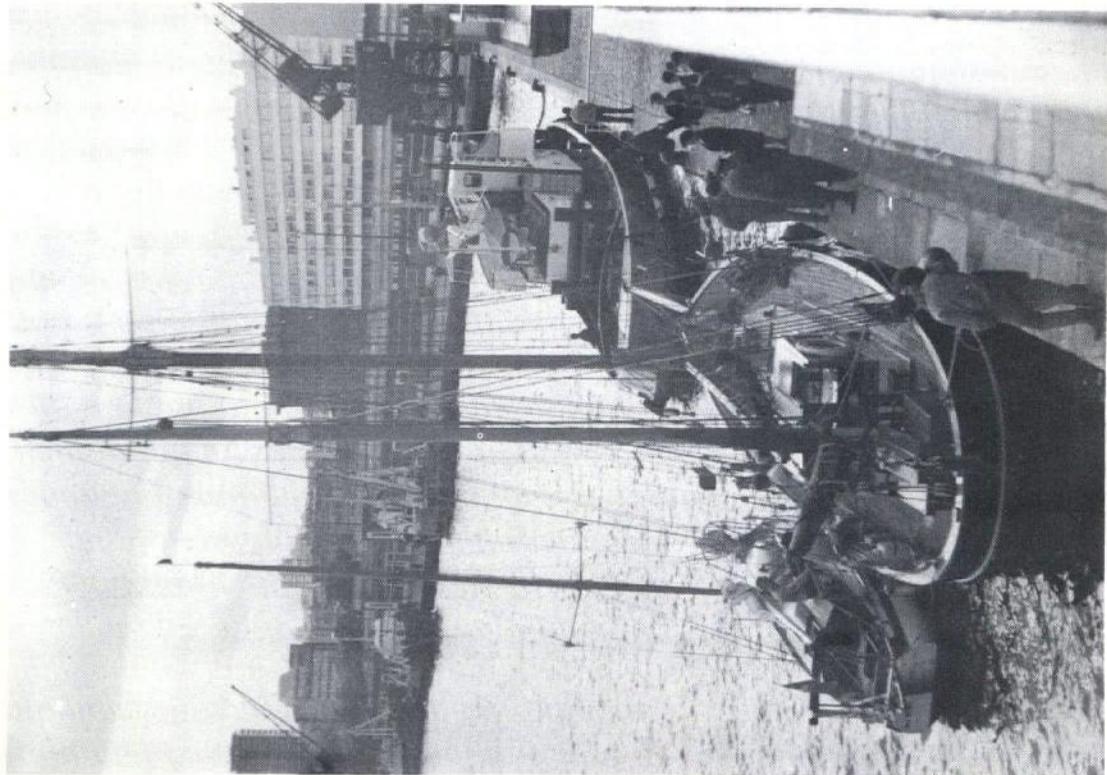
A good time was had — Monday found the nor'easter continuing, so to pot with beating along the coast, a swim before breakfast was seen, with Ed ranging around with his spear gun. Then back to *Ice Bird* for breakfast (at crack of noon by this time) which included Ed's famous porridge, well worth swimming for, then a couple of tintos up the town, then siesta, then swimming again.....

The 20-ton Norwegian type cutter *Banba IV* (she spent much of her early life in Cork harbour) came in during the afternoon; the Robsons were making their way in leisurely stages from the Channel Islands to the West Indies. Visiting *Ice Bird*, Malcolm Robson told of his round Ireland cruise 4 years ago, which included an offbeat visit to Rathlin with Liam McCormick. By the time Ed returned from yet another unsuccessful fishing expedition I was in rare form, and in adjourning uptown to the Las Vegas Bar (an establishment of which Ed strongly disapproved) I decided that he would undoubtedly forget to undo a halyard that we'd taken to the quay, (*Ice Bird* taking the bottom at low water), as by this stage she was only dried out about a foot. The best thing it seemed to me, was to undo it altogether, so I did, and as our extensive and very weighty ship's library was on the outer side, she went over with a satisfying whoosh! interrupting Ed's supper and bringing him on deck raging. Between one thing and another we had had quite enough of Laredo, so at midnight I motored out into the night calm (Ed being determinedly in his bunk refusing to have anything further to do with any scheme of mine) and headed northeast for Cabo Machichaco.

Through the night we rolled across the windless sea while the motor thumped away — a diesel, we still hadn't got used to its utter reliability, and tended to listen anxiously for sounds of expiral, which had been our invariable experience with other auxiliary engines. But it never let us down, and at 3½ knots consumption was just over 1/6th gallon per hour — at times it seemed so little she might have run on the smell of an oily rag. Machichaco was abeam at 0915 (July 23rd); although the sun was hot, the sea breeze failed to appear, and in calm solid heat we chugged along the very beautiful Basque coast to the charming harbour of Lequitio, surely one of the most attractive fishing ports in the entire Bay of Biscay. More swimming and total holiday, and then the following day in light airs we ambled along the coast — like Switzerland-by-the-Sea, we thought — to Guetaria, a slightly rolly little port behind the rock of San Antonio. By this stage, owing to the usual mismanagement of our affairs, Ed and I were approaching Skintsville, familiar territory to both of us but definitely a neck of the woods we hadn't expected to see again. So when a Guetaria fishing-boat came in, we watched with interest, and when, after unloading her, the crew threw over



Le Palais — Mais non mon vieux c'est impossible



Ice Bird and Cleone in Coruna

Photos: W. M. Nixon



Above: Leusado

Below: Port de la Meule (Ile d'Yeu)

Photos: W. M. Nixon



a couple of mackerel which they thought beneath contempt, we rowed over in the dinghy and surreptitiously collared them, and soon had them in the pan. Guetaria is crowded on a rocky coastal spur, and is a masterpiece of ingenuity in the use of space available; it's also the birthplace of Juan Sebastian Delcano, who was Magellan's second-in-command and hence the first man to captain a ship round the world. They've a statue of him in the village, with his back to the sea and his hawk eyes fixed stonily on the door of the Guetariano Bar just across the road — a real sailor.

The following day was calm, and we motored the 8 miles to San Sebastian, *Ice Bird*'s last Spanish port, with 371 miles logged from Cedeira. The setting of San Sebastian is superb, built around a fine bay with the steep island of Sta. Clara in the middle sheltering the anchorage. The city is the summer capital of Spain, and is somewhat on the grand style, but the older part of it, immediately about the old fishing port, is very attractive. The climate appeared to be Mediterranean or even hotter — all activity ceased on *Ice Bird* that afternoon.

We'd anchored in the bay off the Yacht Club, but in the evening moved into the more convenient little harbour, mooring stern to quay alongside the 18 ton French cutter *Lord Jim* (Bertrand Peyrelongue) which had just come in from Bordeaux. We had them aboard for a few jars, and then contemplated the remedying of our financial straits. There was a Jazz Festival just starting, and we soon convinced ourselves that it would be almost wholly attended by many and undoubtedly extremely thirsty American tourists, who would be only too keen to buy some of our Scotch. Our great enthusiasm for this scheme partially stemmed from the bonhomie induced by *Lord Jim*'s crowd (being themselves wine merchants, it was a dead loss to try the ploy on them) and the bonhomie reached such a stage by the time we went uptown that the hilarity of the situation so overcame us that the serious conduct of business was out of the question. Next day, the Consul suggested that money — apparently unobtainable through a Spanish bank — could easily be got through Lloyd's Bank in St. Jean de Luz, 20 miles away across the French border. This was purely academic to me, as at that stage of the proceedings I had no money in any bank anywhere, but Ed thought he might be able to scrape up some quids, so we pooled our last pesetas and off he went on the rattling little coastal tram to St. Jean, while I retired to a lengthy siesta, having been struck down by heatstroke. Ed returned triumphantly in the evening and shouted unheeded for some time from the quay, as I was entertaining the crew of a large motoryacht whose owner, they informed me, had dismissed us after one glance as 'those two bums on the Irish yacht'. Our celebration of the eternal damnation of all such capitalists was scarcely halted by Ed's having become one; a noisy adjournment to the old fishing port for seafood followed; one of our guests expired, so Ed and the other one escorted him back to *Ice Bird* while I apparently ate everybody's meal, but amiability prevailed as we became involved in the Jazz Festival, the music of which Ed declared abysmal, while your man from the motor-yacht, though he claimed to have once spent a winter playing double bass in a band in Cannes, had no idea whether it was good or bad. Quite a night.

The time was now approaching for Ed to return to Coruna to join his China-bound ship, the *Albur*; already he was taking on the look of a Conrad hero, or perhaps his distant expression resulted from being struck down with the dread umbogo fever after drinking Spanish water in something. Not totally trusting the arrangements made back in Coruna, he had managed to get hold of enough money to entrain to Coruna and back again to France if need be, as hitching in Spain is just not on. This continued my own penniless state, but as the next port would be in France where they doubtless would be queuing up to buy Scotch I wasn't unduly concerned. As to having a crew, I wasn't prepared to look around San Sebastian for one, and if letters sent from Santander bore fruit, someone might be waiting at La Rochelle. So on Sunday July 28th Ed went ashore with his worldly goods and an attack of Spanish gut,

ant at 1030 I motored out of the harbour and headed north. The last I heard from Ed, he'd got on board the *Albur*, and owing to that good ship's proclivity for breaking down, he had called at some of the more interesting ports between Coruna and Lorenc Marques. If he ever gets to China, he'll have a helluva job getting out again with his distinctly unoriental red beard.

It was calm outside San Sebastian, and humid; *Ice Bird* chugged slowly north and soon Spain faded into the haze; I was glad to get away, as the heat was beginning to become oppressive, but Spain had made a lasting effect and will certainly be visited again. As to the technicalities, we had found a certain amount of official interest, usually in reverse ration to the number of yachts that usually visit the harbour — in San Sebastian nobody took any notice of *Ice Bird* at all. Further west, there was a bit more officialdom, but once we had found out what they wanted to know, and that it was much the same in each port, we just took out a blank piece of paper, filled out the information required — name and size of boat, official number, names of crew, where from, where to etc. — and that was that. I was eventually able to do this in my sleep, which was just as well, for when officialdom did call, it seemed invariably to do so at scrake of dawn. As to provisioning and so forth, I'm afraid I haven't been very informative as *Ice Bird* has such substantial stowage space and can carry so much water and fuel it was only necessary to re-stock when convenient rather than all the time.

The weather broke up a bit as we made northing, and there were thunderstorms in the afternoon, though still very little wind. The business of being singlehanded was little bother, as it had come about so painlessly — at first, we'd been four to Falmouth, then three to Santander, two to San Sebastian, and so it seemed perfectly natural to have one to La Rochelle. Starting any cruise from scratch is bad enough, but doing it singlehanded must be intolerable; becoming gently single-handed in the middle, on the other hand, is scarcely noticed. The only bother, in fact, was a touch of the umbogos; however, after some violent gusts around midnight, there was calm; so I hove-to under shortened sail, hung out the hurricane light, and got a good sleep which cleared the Spanish gut.

The 29th brought a clearing in the weather and a light westerly at 0830; in sunshine I had a leisurely breakfast as *Ice Bird* steered herself, followed by a luxurious shave which made me feel even better, thank you. The greatest nuisance in single handed coastal sailing is a calm, as it's wellnigh impossible to get any boat to steer herself under power. Calm returned in the afternoon, and we chugged along across an amazingly smooth sea while far to starboard huge metallic thunderheads built up into the blue sky and presumably discharged themselves on the citizenry of Bordeaux. Towards evening, a N.N.W. breeze came, which headed us in towards the coast. Although the land was at least twenty miles away, I was a bit bothered by this and tacked offshore, as its a singularly unpleasant coast, 120 miles of beach relieved only by the harbour of Arcachon, the entrance of which is a bank-ridden shambles, not recommended at all. Contemplation of these miles of sand got me a bit het up, particularly as the thunder was making DF navigation possibly inaccurate, so I helped myself to a seasick pill. They may not always prevent seasickness, but boy are they great sedatives! I soon felt much better, and not in the least put off by the thought of having to motor, as the wind had taken off once more.

This state of equanimity was firmly dealt with after 2130; the thunder clouds that had been plaguing the land suddenly came out over the sea, and went to work; sheet lightning flickered all about, and it was uncanny for though *Ice Bird* was in calm, she seemed to be motoring through a black tunnel of swirling, fast moving clouds, so low as to be claustrophobic. The lightning increased, until at one stage we were in total lilac brightness for about 20 seconds (it seemed like hours). I realised that sheet lightning was much more powerful than the forked variety, but as it stayed up there it seemed relatively harmless. Then in the small hours we were struck by a good old-fashioned thunderstorm, with forked lightning, hard

winds, torrential rain and hail; I did what any sensible old woman would have done, I waited till the wind eased, then hung out the hurricane light and dived into the sleeping bag; in spite of a couple of squalls coming later, the lantern was still going when I re-emerged at first light, by which time the storms were either away or re-establishing over the land.

A gentle dawn westerly had us moving by 0600, and as it soon settled into a reasonable breeze it had me thinking of getting into La Rochelle by nightfall. But it fluked around, and through the morning it was either motor or sail or both that had us approaching the mouth of the Gironde. Visibility varied, and was often less than two miles, but as the BXA light-float off the mouth of the Gironde had a Radiobeacon, this didn't seem too much of a problem. However, I was unable to pick it up with the Seafix, so with Cap Ferrat fading astern navigation was by running fixes on Pte. de la Coubre on the north side of Gironde mouth. It became plain that something was wrong with either my navigation or the BXA beacon; at 1445 something loomed through the haze, and we were at it by 1505 with 153 miles logged from San Sebastian – it was the BXA buoy, and even though we motored round it with the Seafix at all possible angles there wasn't a whimper, so after industrious shaking of fists by the navigator we headed on for the Ile d'Oléron and BXA disappeared even more quickly than it had appeared. Soon after, a delightful westerly appeared with some real coolness, and a salty smell of the sea that seemed to be absent further south. The relief of being away from the meteorological cess pool that is the upper Bay of Biscay was immense.

The breeze cleared the haze a bit, and the low coast of the Ile d'Oléron appeared to starboard at 1730 – the first sight of France. *Ice Bird* rounded the corner into the Pertuis d'Antioche at 2010, and the motor was needed again in the calm of evening to cover the last few miles to La Rochelle. The light wind had made us too late to get into the wet basin in the harbour, and in fact with plugging the ebb it was 2330 before we came alongside in darkness at the steps immediately eastward of the dock gates, with 201 miles logged from San Sebastian. After a bit of ayarn with some people on a French yacht, I was very glad to hit the sack.

Sack hitting was indulged to such good effect that I slept too late to get into the dock first thing next morning, but went in early in the evening, berthing alongside the writer Denys Val Baker's MFV *Sanu* from Fowey; his crew was a charming bunch made up of his family and friends, decidedly of what might be called the St. Ives set. If nothing else, they fed well, and I was invited aboard to join them – fifteen of us sat down to eat that night, followed by a hectic party with a very fragile surfacing (and that only by the stronger element) next morning – afternoon rather – to see what La Rochelle was like. Very attractive – after the self seriousness of Spain, it seemed positively sparkling, and the bright little yacht club was refreshing after the opulent non-sailing yacht clubs of Biscay's southern coast. In Spain, they have marvellous clubhouses and almost no boats. In France, everybody has a boat, albeit sometimes minute, and the clubhouses are economical – in La Rochelle, for instance, the clubhouse has the very Gallic economy of mixed showers – hooray!

Poste Restante at La Rochelle revealed that if I was to acquire a crew, it would be at some port further along, so I was still alone when *Ice Bird* went out in company with *Sanu* at 0900 next morning (August 2nd). We parted off La Pallice, *Ice Bird* to beat (of course) northward through the Pertuis Breton, while *Sanu* went south to Spain where, God help them, they hit an underwater obstruction in Bilbao harbour and she filled, involving expensive salvage.

It was interesting beating through the Pertuis Breton as for the first time there were other yachts about, and at last I was able to compare *Ice Bird*'s performance – she seemed to keep her end up very well, going like a train in the brisk, misty northwesterly. We were headed off round the north end of the Ile de Re, and with the wind piping up had to take in some rolls and change down a headsail. It turned out very well, as we were able to lay Les Sables d'Olonne (or at least where I thought Las Sables would be, as the mist was no less) on the other tack. It

was great sail with the little ship thumping along in a length of sea that seemed to suit her, and sure enough Les Sables came up ahead in the evening, and we were in by 2015, having logged 46½ miles with the beating, an exhilarating and satisfying passage. Les Sables I thought a dull holiday town, the best thing about it being that you scarcely have to deviate from the course up the coast to go in.

August 3rd at last brought sunshine, though once outside the haze soon had the land fading; a light nor'wester gave a dead beat up to the Ile d'Yeu, so I kept the engine ticking over. This 'ticking over' is a bit of a misnomer — I find that when motor-sailing one invariably has the engine going at the same rate as normal motoring, and only refers to it as "ticking-over" as a concession to the fact that one feels guilty about not sailing. But we'd have been out all night if we'd relied on sailing, whereas motor-sailing *Ice Bird* had the legs of a Caneton (like a slightly larger Dragon) and the low shape of the Ile d'Yeu came up through the haze by late afternoon, and at 1900 the hook was down in the delightful rock gut of Port de la Meule on the sou'west coast. A charming spot, though open to the south and subject to swell in unsettled weather; at the head of the gut there's a little quay that dries; manoeuvering space is very limited, but from a past Annual I see that the Commodore took *Shindilla* right in alongside in 1963, which must have been an impressive sight. The village of La Meule was like a cross between a Spanish village and somewhere on the west of Ireland, which recalls the theory postulated by Professor Evans of Belfast, that there is an identifiable European maritime province, running through North-West Spain, Brittany, the West of Ireland, the West Coast of Scotland, and perhaps Norway. Cruising the southern part of this province, we certainly found that at times the similarities between the areas were striking.

A couple of tiny French yachts came in later. One was a Corsair, a hard chine sloop of about 18 feet carrying in this case a crew of four. The two owners came aboard *Ice Bird* for a ball of malt later on. They were typical of the explosion of "le yachting" that has swept France in the last five years; schoolteachers from Paris, they had started with a Vaurien, the popular French 13' dinghy, and had now graduated to a Corsair (of which there are well over a thousand) which was ideal as they could spend the summers cruising in Brittany and yet could take her home for winter storage. The thing that really impresses in France is the determination of everyone to have his own little boat, rather than sail in someone else's larger one; its a mixed blessing as they are also equally determined to sail in and out of every port where remotely possible, without resorting to outboard, which can be hazardous for all others.

La Meule was one of the most attractive spots I visited but first light next morning revealed a light nor'easter, so regrettably I slipped away to be able to reach in comfort through the grey day, making a comfortable passage over the fifty miles to Belle Ile, getting into Le Palais at 1810.

A visit to Le Palais in early August is essential to anyone at all interested in the psychology of yachting. Already the stern to quay berth along the pier was crowded, but an English family on a spanking new GRP motor-sailer helped me to moor alongside them. They were an intriguing bunch for a start, utterly English, like a bit of Surbiton set down on the sea; they seemed to spend most of the time in the cockpit critically observing everyone else, or complaining loudly to each other; any red ensign that appeared immediately caused a reference to Lloyd's, which made me realise why *Ice Bird* had been selected for special attention — from an English point of view, her credentials were impeccable. On the other hand, by contrast over to starboard was a French crowd on an Arpege who may have been a family, though the exact relationship of the sexy birds to the overly nautical men might have been difficult to define precisely. They took absolutely no notice of anyone else, giving all attention to lengthy preparation of a huge evening meal and then retired early (naturally!) and were away early next morning. By Irish standards, the French take their sailing very seriously, and are

notably deficient at celebrating arrival in port.

Brittany gut made its appearance next day, or perhaps it was more like 'flu. Anyway, it was scarcely aided by going for a swim. That night the harbour was bunged such that there were virtually two and in places three rows of boats stern to quay, all surging dramatically when the ferry from the mainland came and went at its usual breakneck pace. Finally at dusk the ex-100 sq. metre *Overlord* looked into the harbour, ranged up and down looking for the narrowest gap where she might force her way in, and eventually had to give up and moor outside.

I left early next morning (August 6th) luckily getting the hook clear with no bother, and went out into fog which thinned to mist as we beat up to Port Tudy on the Ile de Groix. Ile de Groix is an attractively scruffy island covered with the most straggling village you ever saw. The outer harbour at Port Tudy was quite hectic, as the cold northerly breeze freshened during the afternoon and as usual the French were demonstrating their expertise at handling under sail. One new but already battered fibreglass sloop came in, decided she didn't want to stay, so upped helm and bore off for the entrance; she didn't bear off quickly enough, and scraped her way with a terrible noise down the last hundred yards of the pier, shooting off the end with a positive pop!.....

Next day, more mist and headwind, but only a short hop to the River Aven, where there was enough water on the drying bar by 1400. With tide still flooding, I went on up the slightly remote and beautiful upper reaches to Pont d'Aven, following the winding channel past a brace of chateaux by following poles, though exactly which side of some of the poles you were meant to go was difficult to say. Gauguin used to paint at Pont d'Aven, and apparently it is also well endowed with restaurants of starred rating; but with high water approaching *Ice Bird* soon headed down river again and – luxury of luxuries – I was able to pick up a mooring in the little pool at Rosbras, a spot distinctly reminiscent of the lusher Cornish rivers.

There was rain during the night, and next morning an unsuccessful search ashore for a grocer (doubtless if really pushed you could get supplies from one of the two inns on either side of the river) resulted in a welcome walk through the steaming Breton countryside. In most places I've cruised to, there always seems to be a convenient mountain near the anchorage which yachtmen feel obliged to climb – Conor O'Brien started this atrocious habit. Perhaps one reason why Brittany is so popular as a cruising ground is that there are no mountains at all, so you are able to laze around with a clear conscience. By early afternoon there was enough tide over the bar to get out, and *Ice Bird* reached westward in a good northerly that cleared the sky and even the perennial mist a bit, giving the second of the only two days with any sunshine the whole time in France. A sparkling sail to Penmarch, and then with the sun setting in a pink glow beyond the Atlantic, we came on the wind to beat up to Audierne, out of the Bay of Biscay once more. It was as if *Ice Bird* was pleased to be nearing open water – sea conditions seemed to suit her, and she really tramped along, just able to carry full sail, thumping along in phosphorescence. We got to Audierne at 0215, having logged fifty miles from the Aven bar.

It was only a stopover at Audierne – the prospective crew had been unable to get away, so I'd decided to get on back to England to try and arrange a crew for the final couple of weeks. The tide suited in the Raz de Sein at noon (August 9th), so we were away from Audierne by 1020 along the barren coast of Finisterre with a cold northerly bringing mist nearly thick enough to merit being called fog. With the wind in that direction the Raz would have been quite brisk when the flood set in, but happily it was dead slack water going through with only a slight jump. With the mist clearing a bit, *Ice Bird* laid on round the corner through the Toulinguet Passage and into Camaret by 1830. Perhaps it was the cold north-easterly breeze, but I thought Camaret markedly different in character from the Biscay ports; slightly tattier, very much a busy working fishing port, with a seemingly strong sense of its own historical

importance as a fishing port, *Cymro*, a 44' Primrose designed cutter from Milford Haven, with unmistakable influences of single-handed practice in her layout, was in port with Barton Evans and family from Cardiff aboard, bound into Biscay. I went aboard for drinks, and found her layout interesting — the single-handed cruiser of today is the family cruiser of tomorrow, or was until the *Lipton* came along.

In the morning foghorns sounded, so it must have been thick outside — in Brittany they don't actually turn on the foghorns until they have to feel their way to the switch. The delay suited me as I wanted to look over the fishing-boat graveyard in the upper harbour, interesting from a naval architectural point of view, as well as being dust to dust and all that. Visibility improved during the morning, and as the tide suited through Le Four Channel by 1400, we sailed at noon in a cool nor'easter. We went up Le Four channel in a thick fog, and almost came back down it again wrapped round the bows of a 500 ton coaster, the avoidance of which had involved a rather undignified gybe all standing. An unpleasant business — the fog came down with a colder breeze sweeping in from the north-east over the warm water coming through with the flood; it rolled over us when we were less than a third of the way through, and although the northern part of the channel is liberally marked with buoys, we saw not one of them as we went out blind on a compass course, avoiding your man the coaster en route. A bit tensing on the old nerves, as the wind fell away and we then had to crawl under power through the shipping lane nor'east of Ushant. We didn't actually see any ships, though a few were heard; at 1715 we passed through oil slicks, but I couldn't really relax until we were well clear at 2100. On the way out to Spain, we'd been very impressed with the regularity of the Ushant-Finisterre shipping lanes, and the numbers of ships using it — about one every 2 miles thumping along. The thought of going through the channel offshoot of this lane had been unappealing in the extreme with fog, so the reliability of the engine was a Godsend. Curiously enough, *Ice Bird* was originally built without an engine; while heading north from West Indies to Newfoundland, Joe Cunningham had been becalmed for two days off Newport, Rhode Island, in thick fog, unable to do anything about getting away from the many ships that rushed past invisibly but noisily. Following this, the first thing he did when he got to Newfoundland was to have an engine installed and I sure was grateful.

The further from Brittany, the less the fog; all through the night visibility slowly cleared as *Ice Bird* made on across a now smooth sea at 3–3½ knots; at first light there was still calm, though I thought it was trying to come with a breeze out of the west. The fog had cleared, so I grabbed three hours kip. On deck again at 0900, and definitely a westerly air, so on with the cloth and north for Falmouth. The sun strengthened through the morning, the first really warm drying day since leaving Spain, so out with the mattresses (all two of them) and washing drying in the rigging. I was mooning along in a state of amiability when a white belly suddenly broke the water alongside — a killer whale sporting about the boat. He swooped and dived under and around for about ten minutes, scarcely a relaxing companion, and then made off, much to my relief, particularly as he hadn't taken the log spinner with him.

The Lizard appeared at 1430 (Sunday August 11th) broad on the port bow, and with the breeze freshening, though drawing more from ahead, we'd a sparkling sail the rest of the way into Falmouth, picking up the visitors' mooring (they charge you 10/- per day after the first day) off the Royal Cornwall Y.C. at 1930, a slow 115 miles logged from Camaret, making a total of 605 miles from San Sebastian, far too much of it on the wind or motoring in calm. In Falmouth the call of the seagulls echoing round the crowded houses above the harbour was as music after the relatively songless harbours of the south.

In the morning a phone call to Belfast indicated that a session at the end of a phone was necessary to bring some order into a tangled existence and a temporary removal from Skintsville, so I breezed up to Restronguet clearing customs on the way with the Customs launch

coming alongside as *Ice Bird* tramped along, all very nautical. From Georgina's place I was able to sort things out and arrange a crew to meet me in Kinsale, for if time served I hoped to return to Belfast by way of the west coast. On Tuesday we went down to Falmouth again, and alongside the Boat Construction Co.'s pontoon for diesel and water, also very convenient for getting stores from the town. The ease of it all made one realise how low we are on facilities in Ireland; *Ice Bird*, for instance, carries 32 gallons of diesel fuel — try getting that aboard with 5 gallon drums in the average Irish yachting centre. The only drawback at Falmouth is that there is only four feet alongside the pontoon at low water.

The weather had gone to pieces, so I returned with Georgina to Restronguet and a snug mooring, followed by a few pints in the 700 year old Pandora Inn, where people talk boats all the time. That night a nor'westerly gale got up, and had *Ice Bird* writhing round her cable; next day it still blew hard, but the weather had otherwise cleared, and we walked across the rolling Cornish hills while little clouds flew in from the nor'west across the blue sky, their shadows moving fast over the tracery of fields. But on August 15th the breeze had eased and gone to S.S.W. so I motored away at 0830 down the harbour, past *Saoirse* at her moorings at Mylor and on into the channel, where there was still plenty of wind as we headed offshore into rain and murk, until 1230 I reckoned I was able to weather the Lizard; but we had scarcely tacked before the wind really got up, and *Ice Bird* was reduced to deep-reefed main and was more or less hove-to in the thoroughly unpleasant sea; it began to clear and the black rainsqualls swept on to leeward when suddenly a vaguely familiar blue sloop appeared out of the murk astern and slowly worked past under very shortened sail half a cable to lee while I sat in the hatch damply drinking soup and reflecting that I should be getting along with it as well. Suddenly it clicked — she was *Sarnia*. Later I found she was being delivered back to Dun Laoghaire from St. Malo by a professional crew. The wind continued to ease away, and then came in again, s'helpme from the west; we plunged along under reefed main and yankee, only just laying Helford River, so much for all the effort to weather the Lizard. I didn't fancy rounding Land's End in darkness and tired, so I just headed right on into Helford in a state of total disgust, but once in that most beautiful of anchorages sanity returned, in spite of having sailed 33 somewhat energetic miles to make good 6.

Having failed to take the Lizard by brute force, the best thing seemed to be to try it by stealth; so I was away from Helford at 0600 next morning in near calm, although calm in Helford doesn't mean a thing, and its often difficult to realise that the gentle Helford River is only a dozen miles from the most foul headland of the Lizard. Outside there was a light southerly; as the tide was foul, I kept the engine running and with the main set and sheeted hard was able to slip along right inshore to the point, where I went out no further than was absolutely necessary to clear the nasty rocks at the end, and then bore off for Land's End — the bête noir was astern by 1130. Only just in the nick of time — already the wind was veering, and a succession of rain squalls came streaming up from the south-west. With the main reefed and the staysail and smaller jib set, *Ice Bird* hammered on round Land's End. At 1545 the Longships — the spray thundering about them — were abeam two miles away, and we were screaming along for Kinsale. I drove her as hard as she'd go, reaching along over that heaving sea, for the weather seemed to be going to pot and the thing to do seemed to be to find sea room. The sky was fantastic, great black and white squall clouds marching along, shot through with purple streaks and looking, as the log damply records, like something from Dali with a hangover. We were lucky for a long time, managing to avoid squalls although the wind steadily freshened involving further reefing, until 2300. At this stage a squall got us, and it was the beginning of the end of progress, for by midnight we

were hove-to in the foulest sea imaginable. I'd gone on rather than go into Newlyn, as the crew would be in Kinsale by Saturday night; it was already the small hours of Saturday (August 17th) and we'd still a long way to go to Kinsale, but at least by driving on the land was now forty miles astern, and we were clear of the main shipping lane.

I thought I'd be stopped for four or five hours at least, but was scarcely reassured by having to go on deck at 0300 to take off the little bit of main that was left, as the wind had gone bonkers. 0800 revealed the sea worse than ever, but the wind eased slightly and by 1000 I was under way with shortened canvas, but just able to lay the Tuskar as a result of veering. I reckoned I might as well make progress to the north in case of further veering. Progress indeed! it was farcical, for now a cold front was passing through with a succession of the notorious Bristol Channel 'strikers', ferocious squalls that brought everything to a halt, sometimes only for a few minutes but highly exasperating. They became more frequent as the afternoon wore on, and at 1600 *Ice Bird* was laid flat on her ear, or so it seemed, under bare poles while horizontal rain swept past and the sea was flattened and white. "Stuff this!" said I, and retired below to sleep while the weather made its mind up, which it didn't do for another 12 hours, but even then I ignored it until 0800 by which time we were trickling along in a northerly, now headed towards Wales with the hardness of the sky relenting. An interesting strategic problem. The radio part of the Seafix had packed it in, so I'd been guessing on the weather forecasts. If the wind continued to veer, I would benefit from going north for a while longer, but if it went back to the west I'd look pretty silly. The wind seemed to be veering, and for the first time on the passage the sea was reasonably settled; there was a barely perceptible swell from the west, although the sky was clearing and the glass was steady (oh for a barograph). Were we in for a couple of days of nor'easters, or was it just a ridge day between depressions? A long hard look at that swell from the west, and *Ice Bird* was tacked at 1000.

Footering with the Seafix, I found I could get very distorted reception of the long wave on the DF setting. It being Sunday (August 18th) the forecast was at noon, and I was reassured to hear that another depression was heading in, and would give south to south-east winds, F. 4-5, which was just what was needed, why hadn't it come 2 days earlier, damn it. But it was a beautiful day, a classic ridge day, and *Ice Bird* gentled her way westward over a smooth and sunny sea, in late afternoon getting slowly headed off as the smooth white-grey of the approaching depression spread across the sky from the sou'west.

We tacked again at 1605, and by 1815 were able to lay Kinsale, tramping along beautifully in seemingly gentle conditions. Storm petrels were flitting about, but I optimistically reckoned they were left over from Saturday's blow, and was quite pleased when I'd take in a couple of rolls at 2300, as the little lady goes like a train with the main shortened down. But the storm petrels were right as usual — by 0300 on Monday we had all we could carry with staysail only, and it was still blowing smoke at first light, a slow crawling dawn that served to reveal visibility as negligible with the driving murk. *Ice Bird* took quite a battering, particularly when the tide was running to the westward; it was some relief that the wind stayed in the south-west, as approaching Kinsale in a strong sou'easter would be no laugh. At least with the slow progress I was sure of some leisure to calculate our position. The only Radio bearing I could be really sure of was the Consol from Ploneis, and by a happy accident it took little to get *Ice Bird* right on to the bearing from Ploneis through Kinsale entrance. The signal from the Daunt was, as Brian would have put it, about as much use as a third armpit, and in fact I was less than 18 miles from Kinsale at 1615 when I finally got some doubtful bearings from the Daunt.

The wind had eased, but visibility seemed as bad as ever, so rather than put on some main to further obstruct vision I approached the coast under staysail and engine. Sweeping rain and mist came back towards evening, very deceptive conditions which made you see things that weren't there; at 2000 there was a slight clearing to port – could that be the Old Head, or is it just another squall coming behind? It clears marginally further, and there's the lighthouse on top before the next squall does sweep over, obscuring all. But soon after it clears up ahead, and there's the entrance to Kinsale; total elation in spite of it all disappearing again under another bank of driving murk. Finally it showed up permanently, and we were through into smoother water, into the warm smells of the Irish land sweeping across as in the last of the light the little cutter went up that most welcome harbour and alongside the quay by 2045, completely away from the battering seas, having logged 201 tedious miles from Helford, an average of 2½ knots, 'struth! A shower and a couple of pints in the club soon got things into perspective, though it didn't help to be told I'd got home just in time to see the end of the finest summer in Ireland for years.

Trevor Green who joined me here had been waiting for a couple of days, but like me he didn't fancy plugging to windward into the next day's brisk sou'westerly that brought Tommy Hogan in his Maica Class *Arabelle II* from Schull in 8 hours. I had more or less dropped the notion of the west coast in any case, finding Ireland around Kinsale so beautiful that to think of going westabout in the remaining ten days bordered on an insult to the land. So we enjoyed ourselves for another day in Kinsale, a tremendous night ending with Maurice O'Keeffe and myself arguing somewhat heatedly on the decks of *Ice Bird* at 0330 as to the correct tension of a yacht's rigging.

The following day found us away at crack of noon in some fragility – with a crew aboard after 3 weeks I took a minimal interest in the running of the ship, which at this stage of the proceedings was unfair to Trevor as his fragility bordered on the comatose; so it came about that when I stuck the engine into reverse to move briskly away from inside *Arabelle II* at the quay, she came with us owing to a forgotten warp, somewhat to the bemusement of Tommy who emerged from the hatch to observe the performance – without comment, bless him! I have never yet managed to depart from Kinsale with any semblance of dignity, so in fact the whole business passed without comment and we sailed in fog to Ballycotton for a much needed night's sleep. The following day continued in poor visibility as we ambled along to Dunmore East. I continued my holiday by retiring to the bunk, and went on deck only to prevent Trevor from sailing into Tramore Bay under the impression he was entering Waterford harbour as many a one has before.

In Dunmore East we met up with Pat Moss and family, who had just arrived home from the Hamble in their newly acquired *Acari*. We liked Waterford Harbour so much that we stayed on, sailing up to Waterford itself next day, something I've wanted to do for years. After sea time, one seems to have a need to sail as far into the country as possible, and in fact we'd have gone up the Barrow to New Ross if it had not been necessary to make prior arrangements for opening the railway bridge. Going downriver again after a hectic Friday night, we stopped off for a while with Davy McBride at Glencove, and then tacked through the south channel of little island. Fascinating it was, sailing along deep in the heart of the summer countryside past the glistening mud of the riverbank.

Back at Dunmore Trevor was leaving, to be replaced by Colm MacLaverty of *Durward* fame; Colm failed to materialize, but sent instead two 'folk singing' friends from England, Hamish West and Ian Weekes, who had just happened to call with Colm while on an Irish holiday and

had found themselves shanghaied aboard *Ice Bird* before they knew what was happening as Colm hadn't after all been able to get away. Trevor then drove off in Hamish's smooth little car, which Hamish was to retrieve in a week's time with 400 miles more than the distance from Dunmore to Belfast clocked up, which discovery apparently caused Hamish some pain, as he was rather economy-minded. Meanwhile, back in Dunmore there was a frantic and hillarious boat-warming session aboard *Acari* with Davy McBride in his noted comic strain, the night finishing — as Dunmore nights usually do — up at 'The Butcher's', through the smoke laden atmosphere of which McBride was at one stage observed prancing up and down playing a chair as bagpipes, which seems scarcely worthy of comment on this dull Autumn day, but at the time was thought Chaplinesque.

Dawned Monday August 26th cold and grey, with the persistence of the nor'easter that had been blowing since *Ice Bird* arrived at Dunmore. We stowed below, quite something as Hamish and Ian between them had a suitcase, 2 kitbags, a banjo, a mandolin, a ukelele, a guitar (and case), sundry small musical instruments, and an ex-American army sleeping bag that took up masses of room, particularly when Ian was in it, which was most of the time. Away from friendly Dunmore at 1040; as we approached the Saltees the wind became surprisingly strong, so much so that rather than lose weathering by going through the sound, I went over St. Patricks Bridge, which was reasonably straightforward and at least gave us smooth water, for by now it was blowing smoke. It continued to freshen as we made along to Carnsore Point right inshore. It was obvious that we wouldn't be able to get anywhere much once we got round the Point, as we'd need a fair tide but a fair tide against that wind would have caused a dangerous sea round the Tuskar. To run back to Dunmore seemed an intolerable idea, but the anchorage at Kilmore 6 miles back was rock-infested. So we just stopped where we were, anchoring close to the beach about 1½ miles west of Carnsore Point.

The tide in the spot we chose seemed to run strongly to the east for much of the time, and this killed most of the swell that was coming round the point. In fact, so strong was the scouring action of this tide that it had carved out a bight in the beach and built a slight spit immediately to the westward of us, making for better shelter than in the seemingly more sheltered cove right beside Carnsore Point itself. For a small boat, Carnsore Point can be a messy corner, and any stopover in the area is by way of a severe compromise. Our 'anchorage' would have been untenable in any other wind, and so we kept a weather eye lifting, because any alteration in the wind direction would have let us get on our way in any case. To Ian and Hamish on that cold Monday evening, the whole thing seemed the height of daftness; 'austere' is the only word to describe *Ice Bird*'s berth. Things weren't helped by the nor'easter persisting through the next day, with fog until noon that had the Barrels wailing away. At least we were able to get ashore, as the wind was much less, but this mainly emphasised the remoteness of it — miles of beach, and the boat totally alone off it. In the evening the beach was lined by about 150 surf anglers who had come over from Rosslare — apparently the prevalence of strong nor'easters meant that the mackerel were shoaling along our beach, and certainly in a short time so many fish were being hauled ashore they were being thrown back. It was all so corny I enjoyed being there — there was something outrageous about the little boat anchored off the straight miles of bleak beach.

First light on the 28th found us motoring along towards Carnsore with the wind gone light; the tide suited at 0700 inside the Tuskar, and we got to the North Shear before the wind began to really come again from the northeast. We held close inshore to get smoother water inside the banks, *Ice Bird* tramping along with the main reefed with Hamish at the helm chewing his beard,

reflecting that in future he would be able to sing sea-shanties with conviction, while down below in his ungainly sleeping bag Ian thought Hamish was a right mug to be up there with the spray flying around him. We only just got round Cahore Point before the ebb really started, and of course with that wind on that coast there was nowhere to stop. Even with energetic short-tacking close inshore we had only made good about ten miles before the tide was in our favour again to have us in Arklow by 2140, and everyone very pleased with themselves as the heater warms the cabin and we think back on the little boat punching along, particularly when some fishermen we'd passed down the coast remarked how well *Ice Bird* had looked driving along with the spray flying, covering 73 miles just to get from Carnsore to Arklow. The fishermen, when we met them afterwards at the quayside, went on to say what a nuisance a nor'easter was on the tide-riven coast, and next morning they were doubtless as annoyed as we were when it was fresher than ever; we went out for a look, but skelped back into Arklow when it became obvious we could be in real trouble trying to get round Wicklow head.

Hamish and Ian were now concerned about getting back in time, so it was arranged to meet Colm in Dun Laoghaire the following evening; and next day, the 30th, a gentle westerly finally replaced the nor'easters after a week of them, and we sailed smoothly to Wicklow to see Neil Watson, then on to Dunlaoghaire while the westerly became a spanking fair wind that would have had us home in 12 hours, but we had to stand by the arrangements made with Colm. Logistics never having seen Colm's strong point, he didn't arrive until nearly midnight, and it was 0100 before we left; it was the first time I'd sailed with Colm for six years, but the bantering output of drollery continued as though there had never been any pause. We laughed our way across Dublin Bay in a rainsquall, yarn swopping at a great pace. The weather cleared through what remained of the night, and the morning found us running in sunshine, with the Mourne looking magnificent over to port as *Ice Bird* creamed her way over the sparkling white-capped sea, and with the apt accompaniment of Sibelius on the radio with the exchange of reminiscences being aided by an attempt to finish the last of the Duty Free.

The familiar landmarks of the home coast came up, and we ran on past St. John's point, inside St. Patrick's rocks and on into Strangford Narrows, going into Strangford Quay at 1530. The actual ending of the cruise was pleasantly long drawn-out unlike the usual frantic rush. After customs clearance we savoured the pleasures of Strangford, and then moved across to Portaferry to meet up with Billy and Dick Brown. The last day — Sunday Sept. 1st brought sunshine at first, and Billy Brown with the Sunday papers — H.P.Rs. please note! Georgina had arrived from Falmouth, and the three of us took *Ice Bird* up through Strangford Lough as soft rain spread from the south, muting the rounded islands of the Lough to a gentle grey-green; through the familiar channels we wended our way while Colm gave forth with the sweet plaintive notes of Rosheen Dhu on his penny-whistle — he renamed it 'The Lament of Leaving Portaferry', which may have been a result of the generosity of the Customs man who'd cleared us. We called with Barry Bramwell at his house beside the lough, and in the evening laid a mooring for *Ice Bird* behind Conly Island. She'd sailed 2,412 miles since leaving Belfast, and it was good to see her resting for a while in that quiet place.

VOYAGE ON NANCY BET TO SPAIN

Contributed by C. J. Fitzgerald, narrated by Jim Collins

Nancy Bet is an aux. bermudan ketch of 29 tons.

31st May 1968 Arrived Crosshaven from Rush 2315. Met lads in Club. Had a quick one in Leahys and aboard and away at midnight. On board were the owner, Stanley Roche, Charles Howlett, Bob Levis, Joe Fitzgerald, Mickey Aherne, Kevin Walshe and Jim Collins. 0050 Daunt L.V. abeam Log streamed course 190. Watch on deck set main and jib. Wind southerly. Sea calm night fine. A few half ones for the men going off watch at 0400.

1st June Conditions still southerly very light. Under engine with main as steadier. Weather cool in morning but getting warmer as day wears on. All hands for soup and cold stuffed pork steak. Set genoa and mizen in afternoon. Calm, slight swell. Observed sea birds, fulmars, terns etc. 1600 Changed watch, tea and cake. 1700 log reading 100. Wind very light. Dowsed genoa and mizen. 1800 just discovered the cost of living for the next 2 weeks – including duty-free drink and cigarettes works out at less than £10 per man – great! Forecast: Sole, Fastnet, etc. S.W. 1–3 later 4–5. Still very fine with light swell. Charlie has Spanish class in cockpit. Big dinner coming up soon. Roast loin of lamb, mint jelly, roast potatoes with a bottle of red. No wind, motoring at 1200 revs with main.

2nd June Wind came up from the west at 0400 and mizen and genoa set. Engine stopped. Big swell. Wind steadied in N.W. Mizen handed and genoa goosewinged on spinnaker boom. A small tragedy – fishing line left overside attracted and hooked a young gannet. 0800 watch changed. Vessel very lively so breakfast cooking restricted. All hands in good routine order now. 1200 dropped genoa and set spinnaker received minor burns on hands from spinnaker sheet smoking through. Not enough turns on cleat. After all those years what a bloody idiot I am. Now making 7½ knots. 1300 log reading 225 miles. Lunch cooking. 1400 Boiled smoked haddock with white sauce and mashed potatoes. 1530 Sunshine and fresh N.W. Spinnaker halyard block carried away and so ended spinnaker for the time being. Boomed out genoa again. 1800 seem to be in the main steamer lane from Ushant to Finisterre. Several large vessels sighted. Log reading 245. With the watch hours – 4 on and 4 off and 2 dog watches, everyone is keen to hit the sack when his hour comes. Watches – Starboard, Stan Joe and self. Port – Charlie, Mickey and Kevin. Bob as full time cook does not stand watch and rightly so as the cooking is really magnificent. 2200 Dinner – roast pork, apple sauce and potatoes, conditions slightly bumpy. 2400 log reading 295. We have been blessed with the fair wind but weather very cold especially at night.

3rd June 0200 forecast: Finisterre N.W. 4–5 backing west. Wind went more westerly so genoa was sheeted to leeward and mizen set. 0800 nice and sunny and all hands had good breakfast for the first time. 1000 mizen staysail set and driving well. We have had 36 hours of sailing, distance to go approx. 150 miles. 1100 – sherry and cake. Cook baking brown bread. 1400 Lunch. Cold meat, salad, etc. Sunny conditions wind W. Observed one hank on genoa adrift so lowered and unbent same. Set jib and refastened several hanks on big sail. 1800 Forecast: N. Finisterre westerly 5–6 showers. Log reading 403 miles. Moderate sea. Dinner 2000 Roast mutton, boiled onions in white sauce and spuds. Conditions very light. “George” took over helm for a while and entire crew had a few quickies together.

4th June D/F Bearings gives us a fix approx. 60 miles N. of La Coruna area. 0400 Loom of light seen off port bow. Shortly identified as Pt. de la Estaca. 0500 Land sighted. 0500 Land sighted. Forecast: Finisterre W 5–6. Decided instead of slog to windward

to bear away and head for Ria de Barquero. 1030 anchored off Port de Barres. Log reading 490 miles from Daunt rock. Very pretty and peaceful place. Warm at last. Had breakfast, tidied ship and Stan got a bloody great hair cut. Shore leave soon. Port de Barres tiny little fishing village. Found the local and started in at the local brew. Sampled tapas – in this case little shred of octopus cooked in Spanish style – very tasty. Discovered the cost of the wine and beer very, very cheap. Charlie, Kevin and Mickey went for a taxi drive. The rest of us bought post cards, visited the post office, also a pub and generally got buckled. The local barber tidied Stan's and gave me the closest hair cut I've ever had. Everyone says it suits me! The locals couldn't have been more friendly. We eventually got everyone singing and went aboard for dinner having promised faithfully to return later. Alas we didn't. Bod had an unexpected swim so we stayed aboard and slept very soundly.

5th June Departed Port de Barres 1300. Bound now for Ria de Ribadeo approx. 30 miles course 100. Engine and main. Arrived Ria de Ribadeo 1730. Moored to buoy off Figueras. Big dinner – roast beer, carrots and new potatoes. Ashore found and took over local. All aboard 0030 approx.

6th June Lay day. Ashore for quickies and then off to Ribadeo by ferry. Visited post office, pub, shops, pub, restaurant (we were robbed!), pub, bought Basque bonnet, slacks, shoes, pub, got the gawks near pub at quayside – very tinto. Back aboard vessel. Visited by four lads from shipyard. Sandwiches and ashore. Visited big pub – not so nice. Aboard at 0115 Party. So lay day ended T.G.

7th June Departed Figuerra 1200 course 090. Very pleasant trip along a lovely coast well dotted with villages in the background. Very mountainy country. Bound now for San Esteban. Arrived there 1800. Moored alongside trawler. Huge dinner – baked ham, lovely cabbage and new potatoes – estupendo! Ashore and usual take-over of bodega. Le Grand Charlie court-martialled and sentenced to very watery half-ones. I don't ever remember such a wonderful time in my life.

8th June Half lay day. Ashore and cognacs (Veterano Viejo) and coffee and post cards. Taxi to Cudillero. Lovely, lovely cognacs, tinto y blanco go mor mor. Back to San Esteban and departed from there at 1700 bound for Musel.

9th June Arrived Musel 0930. Musel very disappointing. Dagenham would be like Miami in comparison. Even the pubs were rotten. Departed 1030. Short steep sea, head wind, motion very lively. Main and engine – slog. Lunch, sherry and cake. Arrived Ribadesilla 1800 Looks a lovely place. Moored alongside quay near fishing boats. Squared with Custom's man. All hands up town for meal and other entertainment. Back on board 0200. Admired lovely view of moonlight and mountains.

10th June Decide to have lay day. Breakfast, tidy up ship aloft and alow, water and oil. 1100 gin time and afterwards up town for shopping, lunch etc. then balmed off on deck and later walked to beach. Stan and self had swim – very refreshing. Visited big hotel and little pub. Back on board for dinner 2100 Corned beef, boiled onions and spuds. No shore leave.

11th June Left 0600 bound for Santander. Forecast: 5–6. Looks like being a lovely day. Later on shirts off and shorts on. Passed by school of dolphins jumping and threshing along. Cold lunch on deck. Northerly wind, very light. Cape Menor abeam 1600. Anchored off beach 1630. Charlie, Mickey and Kevin ashore in dinghy. Moored off Club Maretimo 1800. Ashore, drinks in Club, thence to town. Big meal – paella – and toasts to Cook. Much laughter

and one for the road in Club.

12th June Decide to proceed Bilbao by sea rather than by train etc. Dep. Santander 1000. Nice day. Must start packing now. Lovely run, gins and laughter on deckio, superbe lunchio, paello Nancy Betio, ole! Arrived Bilbao 1600 approx. Moored alongside trawlers. Investigated *Patricia*. Checked into Customs etc. and aboard at 1700 to discover bar closed. Ashore again very rapidly. Met Stan, Joe and Chas. More tintos. Last minute rush and Dep. Bilbao 1930. Two hilarious nights. Much music and carry on. No sleep. Arr. Southampton on 14th June at 0730.

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TO MALTA IN A BOAT WITH A POMPOUS NAME

by M. F. Villiers-Stuart

Two "Happenings" decided us to go to Malta this year. First, being a professional bug-killer by trade I found that full and by Homo Sapiens has become more interested in killing Humans than bugs (although about one-quarter of the world's food supply is eaten by bugs). This unfortunate propensity had an adverse affect on business, and I came to the opinion that if I must be poor I might as well be happy.

The second was that the Baha'is had arranged a conference in Palermo starting on August 23rd and the Family wanted to go to it, so making this an excuse I downed tools and got ready to go.

It should be mentioned that poor unassuming *Winnie* had to have her name changed to the pretentious title of *Winifreda of Greenisland*. This prostitution of her innocence to Bacchus was necessary for the sake of "Duty Free" for we all know that man cannot live by bread alone (*Winnie*, now a registered vessel, was described in last year's Annual).

Crew:

Tony Frazer	Greenisland	to Falmouth
Dennis Aylmer	"	" "
Jim Halpenny	"	" "
Michael Evans	"	" Bordeaux
M. F. Villiers-Stuart	"	" Malta
Garry Villiers-Stuart	Falmouth	" "
Virginia Villiers-Stuart	"	" "
Katherine Villiers-Stuart	"	" "
Nigel Bortrick	"	" Propriano
Rollo Barnes	Toulouse	" St. Florent
Jane Villiers-Stuart	Ajaccio	" Malta
James Adean	Palermo	" "

The Falmouth Crew arrived on Thursday 4th July and they were masterful and the very best imaginable adjectives would not describe them. While I was flitting about like a berserk blue-

bottle trying to settle my affairs, they worked night and day doing all sorts of jobs that should have been done weeks ago and found stowage for an amazing assortment of odds and ends that might be needed where no space was apparent.

Having failed to be ready on Friday, we at last got away from Carrickfergus under engine at 1545 on Saturday July 6th in a very light variable easterly wind and calm sea. By 1930 South Rock L.V. was cable abeam giving us an average of 7 knots with a fair tide from Donaghadee. At 0640 July 7th Howth Head was just identifiable on 280° on a clear grey windless morning, in fact all was as merry as a marriage bell, until the ominous entry in the log "1130 stopped engine to put out fire" It was found that the sound-proofing material alongside the well lagged dry section of the flexible exhaust pipe was smouldering, this was quickly and easily extinguished but it was quite a business cutting the material away to allow a further two inches of air space between the pipe and the bulkhead. The new second-hand 400 square foot genoa (for the benefit of English Readers the secondhand genoa recently purchased) was set and this drew us along nicely at over 4 knots until 1945 when the Tuskar lighthouse was just visible. The wind fell light and engine was again started at 1900 giving a speed of 6 knots.

July 8th at 0101 Smalls light was abeam 1 mile, Log reading 186, wind light and fair, sea calm, and so it continued throughout a delightful sunny day. At 1710 we hailed *Rosheen Bawn* bound for Belfast. 1810 saw us passing inside the Longships where the race was bigger than it had appeared from seawards and we were glad to be out of it.

Having started to play silly what have you's we also went inside the Runnelstone. After missing everything a course was set for the Lizard, the rum came on deck, noggins were enjoyed and yarns swapped on as perfect an evening as you could wish. The Lizard was abeam at 2150 and at 0100 the log was handed off St. Anthony's Lt. reading 329. After some investigation we brought up off Fishstrand Quay in Falmouth at 0140. July 9th.

Our visit to pick up crew and get squared up proved frustrating. Water got into the oil-operated gear-box in a most mysterious manner and made a horrible emulsion. The battery charging motor became unreliable although almost new. There was great difficulty in getting *Winnie* insured for the Med. because of her age, even after a satisfactory survey alongside the Royal Cornwall Y.C. Eventually I got her fixed up at Lloyd's through Thomas Stevens of Poole. The Falmouth crew departed to get bogged down in the floods. Garry arrived fresh from his row across the Straits of Dover to raise money for his school building fund, and by the 17th the Bordeaux crew had arrived and we were ready to go.

The wind was north 4-5 on a sparkling sunny day as Garry and Nigel winched in the cable with main and jib set. At the last minute when the engine was started to get her off on the right tack horrid black exhaust smoke was seen coming from the engine compartment, as it seemed to come from the silencer joint, I assumed it was only the gasket and that a spare could be fitted later. The anchor came home. The engine was switched off and we sailed out of Falmouth on a perfect day.

It was not until we were 15 miles dead to leeward of St. Anthony's point that it was discovered that the gasket was O.K. but that the engine would not start, making hollow expensive noises as it turned over. With thoughts of the canal ahead, we brought her to the wind and had a smashing beat back. I have never entered Falmouth in daylight and this was no exception, arriving back off the R.C.Y.C. at 2200. The Ponsharden Shipyard took us in hand, and it was found that the flexible exhaust pipe had opened up, causing the fire, and had then allowed water to enter the cylinders.

By 1800 July 19th repairs were complete. We had a last meal at the Royal Cornwall Y.C. and said goodbye to Jo Smith and his charming wife who runs the Club. Jo had been the soul of kindness and had been the greatest help in all our difficulties. At 2315 we floated off and threaded our way down the river and through the harbour, setting main and genoa. The log was streamed off St. Anthony's Point at 2350 and course set for Ushant. With light northerly winds and calm sea we made good progress keeping the engine going to make up for lost time. 1900, 20th July, saw us through the Chenal du Four and abeam of Pointe St. Mathieu with 116 on the log. The engine was turned off to time our passage through the Raz de Sein with the first of the flood, also to have our supper in peace. By 2300 we were clear of the Raz and set a course 136° for Ile de Yeu with a nice breeze from the N.W. About tea time we lay-to for a bathe and were abeam of the island at 2100 on July 21st. 45 hours out with a freshening breeze and motor running. The Gironde channel buoys came abeam at 0800 on the 22nd after a certain amount of anxiety as the visibility was only a few miles. The tide was against us until Pointe de Grave, above Royan, thereafter we flew up the river averaging 11.7 knots to Bordeaux, where we arrived alongside the Club Nautique at 1730 to find that Marcel the boatman was on holiday and that we would have to get the mast out elsewhere.

The Midi Canal. The mast was taken out at No. 5 Quay near Place de Jean Gaures. We obtained "Passport du Navire Etranger" at the Customs in 6 Rue Chatrons and got an electrician from S.E.M.I.B. Ltd. to wire up the main dynamo to charge the battery operating the fridge as well as the main battery. Even this arrangement did not prove effective. I would not advise any one who is not prepared to keep a charging motor going at 20 amps for more than two hours every day to have even the smallest electric fridge in his boat.

The modifications were complete at 1530 July 24th. We set off up the Garonne river with 3 hours of the flood to run. We did not have a chart. But I went up with Wallace in *Wild Goose* in 1962 successfully with no chart and remembered that by keeping to the middle of the river in the straits and keeping to the outside on the bends and by leaving the first islands to starboard where the alternative looked possible, the rest was self-evident. At first we went slowly hoping to be overtaken by a barge and as confidence increased speed was raised and eventually we overtook a number of barges. We arrived at Castete at 2145 having burst the first of the ebb for the last hour. The scenery is pleasant and the atmosphere of the river is delightfully peaceful after the sea. As there were about six barges waiting to enter the first lock we had supper alongside a sand quay near the lock. Later Bertil and Ingrid Argen came aboard for a drink and suggested that we should go through the locks together. They had come from Sweden, bought a 25' speed-boat in Burnham and without any previous experience had arrived at Castete via Calais Cherbourg St. Malo and Nantes.

At 2230, 24th July we both locked in and so began a most enjoyable trip in company arriving at Toulouse at 1200 on July 28th. Here we got sucked out from the bank by a passing barge for whom we had been waiting while he was coming down the locks and our rigging pulled off his search-light and the strain bent our gallows supporting our mast. The bargee's wife started screaming abuse, I waited until she began to lose steam before going aboard to settle the matter as I considered that we should have been properly moored to the bank. It was better to give the 100 francs asked for and finish the matter. Rollo was waiting for us when we arrived at the Station lock and as it was Sunday and stores, gas etc. were needed we moved down to Le Port de L'embouchure which is reserved for yachts, where we moored for the night. There was no difficulty getting diesel at only 1/8d. per gallon,

but gas was difficult. Eventually we got 2 Calor bottles filled for nothing after spending £5 in taxis.

From Toulouse to Cette took four days and was the most attractive part of the canal. Nigel and Garry were both knocked out by Gypy Tummy. It could have been caused by bathing in the canal, which is pretty filthy in parts but it was so hot we couldn't resist a swim. At Cette we met up with Tom and Diana Crighton who were living aboard their 40 ton Norwegian pilot cutter *Jack London*. We got our mast stepped on August 2nd by a firm called Lary who own mobile cranes and on Saturday 3rd August we sailed in company with *Jack London* in a still fresh mistral for a fishing port, Greau du Roi about 20 miles down the coast. For about 2 hours had a glorious sail with an off-shore wind on the quarter. Tom told us later that he had to do 9 knots to keep up with us. This proved too much for his new engine, and the prop shaft seized solid. We took him in tow until about 5 miles from Greau du Roi when an anti-smuggling police patrol launch took over saying that they would tow them to a new harbour just built. We followed them in under sail arriving at Porte de Motte at 2000. This proved to be a brand new Marina about 2 miles south-west of Greau du Roi in the Gulf d'Aigue Mortes with about 10 ft. of water and sheltered from all winds. When approaching from the south it is identified by two large "step Pyramid" type conspicuous buildings which I gathered are flats available for the small boat owners. Tom asked us aboard for drinks and we discovered that he had led a most adventurous life having twice crossed the Atlantic in *Jack London*, bummed around America in freight trains looking for work during the slump, Prisoner of War in Japan and wartime Captain of Liberty Ships. He has written a number of books which are well worth reading, "Carribean Vagabond" is his latest.

The next few days were great – just what we had come for; anchoring off and swimming ashore to deserted sandy beaches; arrival at picturesque Cassis just before dawn; a brisk beat up the coast past spectacular "Mountains on the Moon" type cliffs to Ciotat Bay; picnic ashore in Isle des Embiez just past Bandol; a fair wind sail past Toulon in blazing sun and clear blue seas at times with most of the crew being towed on the end of a rope; and, one of the highlights of the cruise, the anchorage at Porquerolles Island, by Prime Point, with woods coming right down to the beach where most of the crew slept ashore. Unfortunately a Mistral began to blow up just before dawn and we had to move to Porquerolles Road, a very beautiful anchorage "Where only man was vile", for it was full of yachts and the sandy beach was very crowded. In the evening after a bathe and a walk through the scented pine woods to the village it was still blowing hard and we decided to make use of the fair wind to move on to the bay at the east end of Ile Port Cros which offered better shelter. We had an exhilarating well-reefed sail until abeam of the island where we altered course to anchor under Ile Bagau opposite Port Cros inlet. Unfortunately I had read the instructions in the Pilot saying Anchoring prohibited in the other Bay; though this later proved to be full of anchored yachts.

The strong wind died out during the night and next morning August 8th we set sail for Corsica. At 1300 just clear of Titian Light (Ile de Levant) the wind steadied at W. by S., F. 5 and we had a magnificent sail on a course of 104° averaging 6 knots for 18 hours, at times in company with a large whale! At 0945 August 9th we anchored off a white sandy beach in 2 fathoms of crystal clear blue water about one mile S.E. of Perallo Point at the mouth of St. Florent Gulf. Here Rollo who had been such excellent company and crew had to leave us.

The west coast of Corsica is most spectacular, 9000 ft. vivid blue mountains sweep down to deeply indented bays. The few coastal towns are historically interesting and attractive. Unfortunately the boisterous westerly wind persisted, preventing us from calling at a host of inviting places, owing to lack of shelter. After some hardy beating along the north coast, we called at Calvi with its fortified Citadel. Then south-westwards to the Gulf of Galeria, where the foresail split in a squall and southward to Ajaccio where Jane joined us (just in time to celebrate Napoleon's birthday). The gallant and stalwart Nigel had to leave us, feeling pretty groggy not quite recovered from a touch of heat stroke, at Propriano which was a delightful little town with a good harbour.

After a leisurely sail to Figari Bay our last Corsican anchorage on the 17th we had a terrific passage next day, again with a strong westerly, through the Straits of Bonifacio and between the Intermediate Isles to St. Teodoro on the east coast of Sardinia. At times we were doing 7½ knots. Off Molare I. a force 10 squall knocked *Winnie* flat; even with three reefs down and the small jib set we lay over until half the high coaming was in the water. The sea although calm, was like a cauldron of boiling white water, as the top was blown off in solid layers. It only lasted for a short time but it seemed years. *Winnie* recovered before we did, Garry immediately took in the jib and the main was reefed further. We finally anchored in shallow water about a cable from the beach in bad holding ground off the village of St. Teodoro just before dark. The friendliness of the Italians was a noticeable and pleasant change when we went ashore for stores.

The next morning the wind had fallen light and a very pleasant uneventful, fair wind passage to Palermo was enjoyed by all in 42 sunny and starlit hours. We arrived just before midnight. The two events worth mentioning were; very clearly sighting the loom of the lights of Rome over 120 miles away and the astonishingly accurate Radio bearing of Cape Bon in Tunisia with a null cut of only a few degrees when 150 miles away.

The Bahá'í conference was a great success and many visitors of many colours from many countries came aboard and were most entertaining as *Winnie* became more and more befouled in the filthy water of Palermo harbour (Hard-a-port round the breakwater leads you to the yacht jetty). Palermo is a once fine city, from which the glory has departed, set in beautiful surroundings. The people are most friendly and helpful, and the scoundrels we met were more delightful and amusing than you could ever meet at home! Historically it is a gold mine, the Phoenician, Greek, Carthaginian, Roman, Islamic and Crusader have all left their mark, making Palermo and indeed all Sicily immensely interesting. Katherine departed for home via Israel and Virginia, who had been a really magnificent Cook, to her first job. James Adean joined and we set off late on August 27th anchoring for the night off the excellent Villa Igea hotel where we collected James's gear. This was achieved by putting *Winnie* alongside the cliff close to the hotel.

The passage to Malta was made in fine weather, except for a south-westerly gale which held us up for a day at Trapani which was our first stop. When approaching the harbour we were asked by a frantically gesticulating Italian in a speed-boat to look for a frogman reported missing. Garry climbed to the crosstrees and we started a box search of the area. Just as hope was abandoned the speed boat returned to say that the frogman had been found at the same time waving us over to the mark boat. We went over at full speed, getting blankets ready and expecting an almost lifeless body; on arrival we found a grinning frogman holding up two fish he had harpooned and insisting on our taking them. We had them for supper and very good they were, one had large square teeth like ourselves and the apes and as far as we could make out from the Sicilians was called a Cannibal fish. That evening *Mahari* a 26 ft. Nicholson

from Burnham came alongside and the Smith family invited us over for drinks. They had come down the Rhone canal and had become involved in the French riots.

Our next port of call was Mazara del Vallo which turned out to be a scruffy uninteresting fishing harbour only offering good shelter and a ship-yard if you needed repairs. So next morning we got away early intending to go to Port Empedocle with the idea of visiting the impressive Greek temples a few miles inland at Agrigento but to my horror we got caught in a tunney net 2 miles of Cape St. Marco when we over-rode a 3" steel hawser which became wedged between the rudder and deadwood. On going full astern the nut holding the prop shaft coupling flange on to the gearbox drive spline, stripped leaving us without power and we could have been there to this day if a local fishing boat had not come out to give us a hand. With the extra man-power we were able to dislodge the wire. As the westerly force 4 wind was fair for Malta we altered course and Garry gave us a good land-fall of Valetta, where we arrived at 1500 Sept. 1st. After sailing into Grand Harbour to enquire for the new Marina, we were directed round to Lazaretto Creek, where to our delight we again met up with Tom and Diana, who reported a rough ride to Malta in *Jack London*. In fact the Marina life was so alluring I very nearly did not return.

NOTES

Med. weather forecasts are not reliable owing to the various local influences. A useful card giving Stations, Wave-lengths and Zones in Atlantic and Med. can be obtained from La Meteo, Meteorologie Nationale, 1. Quai Branly, Paris 7. From our experience the barometer did not give much indication of the approach of strong winds. Squalls seem to be much more formidable than at home. If it is going to blow the wind gets up more rapidly than we are used to.

Fuel — In French territory Diesel is about 1/9 a gallon. In Sicily it was only 1/- a gallon.

The Midi Canal — Going up look out for overflow currents at 90° to your course as you are about to enter a lock.

At Cette phone 74-14-22. for Lary who is good at stepping masts. Agree on a price first. The bridges open at 0700 and 1700.

Bordeaux Reliable marine electricians — Societe d'Electricite pour la Marine L'Industrie et le Batiment, 45 Rue Borie, Bordeaux. Tel 29-34-28.

Malta — The new Marina's in Lazaretto and Msida creeks are good but there is a considerable scend during gales (in Oct. they had a force 9) Msida is the better of the two but the smell of sewerage is noticeable in the evenings. Both are very crowded.

Manoel Island Dock Yard can perform any repairs well, but I found them extremely expensive.

Yacht Services Ltd. 165 Coast Road Ta'x biex are a first-class firm honest and most helpful.

Food — is much the same price as at home.

Yacht Chandlers — carry stocks of most things you are likely to need but a bit more expensive than here.

Malta Sailmakers — have a very good name. Prices are competitive with English sailmakers.

The Landfall Club at Ta'xbiex supplies good crack and a tattered I.C.C. burgee was left with them.

SUMMARY

		Miles	Time
Carrickfergus	Falmouth	329	58 hrs. 55 mins.
Falmouth	Point de Grave	359	58 hrs. 00 mins.
Point de Grave	Bordeaux	76	6 hrs. 30 mins.
Bordeaux	Cette	316	9 days
Cette	Porte de Motte	19	5 hrs. 15 mins.
Porte de Motte	Cassis	70	18 hrs. 30 mins.
Cassis	Baie des Lecques Ciotat	8½	3 hrs. 15 mins.
Baie des Leques	Isle du Grand Rouveau by Isles des Embiez	26	7 hrs. 00 mins.
Isles des Embiez	Porquerolles isl.		
Porquerolles Rd.	Bagau Isl.	10½	2 hrs. 00 mins.
Bagau Isl. Port Cros:	St. Florent Gulf Corsica	127	22 hrs. 45 mins.
Perallo Pt. St. Florent	Calvi	25	5 hrs. 00 mins.
Calvi	Revallata Lt. anchorage	5	1 hr. 30 mins.
Revallata	Galeria Bay	13½	5 hrs. 00 mins.
Galeria	Ajaccio	44	10 hrs. 00 mins.
Ajaccio	Propriano	24	6 hrs. 00 mins.
Propriano	Figari Bay	24	5 hrs. 40 mins.
Figari Bay	St. Teodoro Sardinia	52	10 hrs. 00 mins.
St. Teodoro	Palermo Sicily	232	42 hrs. 00 mins.
Palermo	Trapani	49	14 hrs. 15 mins.
Trapani	Mazara del Vallo	28	9 hrs. 30 mins.
Mazara del Vallo	Malta	140	32 hrs. 45 mins.
		1977½	323 hrs. 50 mins.

Average: 5.1 not counting Canal.

CRINAN CIRCUIT or THE CORRY VRECKONED

by Wallace Clark

Wild Goose is a 10 ton aux. cutter by Maurice Griffiths.

Americans cruising to the Caribbean call it the Grape Fruit Circuit and English yachtsmen speak of the Bread Run to the Channel Islands. Some of our favourite cruises from Ireland are becoming rather hackneyed and well-grooved too. We did one of them last summer, the sort of thing an adult crew might comfortably complete on a long weekend. It filled a very delightful ten days for June and myself as it was experimenting all the way to see if the children could fit in, pull a little weight and above all enjoy it.

Even since early June there had been blue skies and shimmering seas. As a family we were anxiously wondering could it last for our first trip in open water with Bruce 9 and Miles 7. As a precaution, I moved *Wild Goose* from the Swilly to Carnlough a week in advance. This is the closest place to the Clyde where a boat can be left unattended. (Waterfoot or Ballycastle, though closer, are only suitable for embarking en passant those who want a calm short crossing). Carnlough is the anarchist's dream of a harbour. Danny the Red would love it. No harbour master, no regulations, come as you please, do as you please. The dredger sank long ago and no-one has bothered to fish it up, so the bay and channel get steadily shallower. But its still a useful harbour, particularly for transferring gear, while petrol and most stores can be bought within a few yards.

On Friday 9th August we left home at 1015, the car down to the gunwhales with gear, arrived at Carnlough at 1130 and were under way, car parked and all gear stowed at 1300. Forecast: Irish Sea N.E. to N. 4-5. It was just high water and we motored carefully out the channel towards Glenarm Head for a cable before turning north. Bruce read the echo sounder – it would have been a bad time to go aground. Miles swung on the halliards and up went the nearly new white mainsail, then the big jib, and Miles took up his favourite position resting on the pulpit facing aft, secured, I hasten to add, by his lifeline. Both boys could swim this summer which meant we could relax a little of the constant vigilance needed in earlier years. Bruce, the navigator, calculated a course for the west side of Kintyre and we were off. We just laid the course and found the wind was N. by W. Fairly predictably it backed as we got north and clear of the land. The passage outside to Gigha became a real possibility, provided we were past Kintyre by 1730. There the tide turns earliest and strongest, running nearly 5 knots southerly in the first hour of the flood. If we had been going up the Clyde, by contrast there would have been little or no hurry, in fact probably a matter of waiting an hour or two for the first of the flood to push us up there. By running the engine for a while we just made it past the Kintyre lighthouse, perched like an eagle's eyrie half way up the cliffs, and began to look out eagerly for Gigha. As you head north a couple of miles off Machrihanish the land to starboard tails off below the horizon, and that part behind Gigha appears first detached like a lumpy island; 'makes as an island' in Admiralty phraseology. Then two detached rocks appear a little west of the main lump, actually the tips of Meal Glammy and Creag Bhan hills in Gigha, with a little later Cara coming up to the right of them. Now we were out of the strong tides of the narrows and the stream though foul did not hold us up much. At 1930 we slipped in past Gigalum, as Miles caught his first mackerel of the season with a chortle of delight. The rattle of the anchor chain followed; one of my favourite sounds. Down the pick went to a clean sandy bottom in water as clear as gin; seals on their backs out on the rocks cocked a head over bulging tummy to look at us, dunlin picked their way like ladies along the tide line; oyster catchers, pompous like military

policemen, watched them and us without moving. We smelled the heather and a reek of smoke from a hidden cottage. All the charm of the islands there around us in an instant, as we stowed the sails and tucked Bruce and Miles up in their pipe cots in the focsle. In the morning we moved alongside the pier and so saved launching the dinghy. It is well worth carrying a McBrayne time-table on a trip like this to know when the piers can be used without obstructing their steamers. We walked up to the big house but the Horlicks were away for the weekend — we were given milk and a chance to telephone, admired the many improvements to the gardens made during the last couple of years and were away by 1330, fifteen minutes before the arrival of the daily steamer. A beat in Force 3–4, and a little rain as we headed west to the misty hills of Jura. Miles had been busy writing his log in the cabin and emerged at three o'clock to find it wet and a slight chop of a sea. "I suppose," he said, hunching under his anorak hood, "this is sort of weather Chichester had to face."

We just made Port Askaig on the last dregs of the north-going tide and steered in to the pier. The crew were becoming proud of their skill now, and there were approving glances from the steamer as we came in. June at the tiller, Bruce handling the headsails and Miles ready with a new sisal heaving line, which was exactly the same colour as his hair. I sat back in lordly ease, my hands in my pockets. It's a peaceful sort of place tucked into an angle under steep banks with pine trees on top, and the Schroders 19th century 'Scottish baronial' castle blends in nicely on an upper plateau. We hadn't been tied up more than ten minutes when up drove Captain Donald Cameron from Bownore. It was a great pleasure to see this old friend looking so hale after his recent serious illness. He made three very long lifeboat voyages after wartime sinkings and I know of no-one with anything approaching his store of seafaring experience.

Breakfast next day, Sunday, at 1030. Calm and sunny; in the middle of it Miles, on the ball as usual, went up to see why *Wild Goose* was beginning to rock. "Come up quick" he yelled. I got there in time to see the first white-topped comber coming over the bow. All was noise and splash and crunch as I struggled to get the forehatch closed without jamming Miles and with the other hand tighten the head ropes. Three more big waves and it was all over. Miles was still on board, uncrushed, and we hadn't shipped much water. 'Look at your stern', shouted a sailor from the ship ahead of us. The pulpit was smashed to bits and pieces of wooden taffrail were floating in the water. They had been crunched under an overhang of the pier as we jerked back on the warps. I never saw the ship that made the wash but found out in due course who it was, — 15 knots she'd been doing. The damage has since been generously repaired at the expense of the owners. Moral — always have your warps tight at Port Askaig and lie off if you can. Luckily none of the standing rigging was damaged so we were not held up for repairs.

Back to congealed bacon and eggs, then Miles shouted again. There was a family of congers gliding under our heel. Several medium-sized and one Daddy, 7 or 8 feet long. Half a herring pushed over a mackerel spinner produced as exciting an hour's fishing as I've ever had. Helped by the head stalker from the nearby deer forest, we beached three, each about five feet long, on very light tackle. Each one had to be led, once hooked, slowly round piles and under our warps to the beach in the boat harbour. I stood by as executioner with the ship's axe and operated as soon as their heads got over a stone, then started the gory job of getting out the hook, now about a foot down their throats. The shore echoed with laughter from the crowd of onlookers, when Miles at this stage yelled "What are you doing? A heart transplant!".

A reach and a run to Lough Tarbert, Jura in the afternoon. We threaded through the narrows and anchored off an islet with the neat name of Eileen Dubh Chumann More.

All the transits are now marked by conspicuous white pyramid beacons, a professional job

by Blondie Hasler. Ashore for a barbecue supper. This is one of the most delightful lochs I know, a great land-locked lagoon, with several bracken-covered islands, plenty of water and superb Scottish mountain scenery all round; not a house or any sign of man to be seen, just stags or wild goats, and seals 'wabbling' off the rocks. We stayed there all next day, Monday, and took the dinghy on a couple of miles up the dramatic inner narrows, inching up the rock gorges with the outboard at top speed against the ebb. I rowed home down tide, and we tumbled on board famished for a late lunch. The one-inch O.S. Map we had of Jura was a great help on this trip. These are well worth carrying and often supplement the charts.

The weather was beginning to get worse and by six o'clock it was blowing hard and pelting rain. I laboriously laid out a second hook to windward, but we never moved an inch. Next day the glass was still falling and thinking the inevitable break in the weather must have come I considered a retreat back down the Sound of Islay to more sheltered waters but Bruce was determined to see Colonsay, (mainly to study the local brand of Gaelic!). In bad visibility we motored out at high water and found we could lay the course close-hauled for Scalasaig.

This was Tuesday – calm sea and wind about S.W. Force 4. We tied up to the new steamer pier at 1430 and later got a lift to the beach at Kilaran for a fine afternoon's sunbathing and surfing. There was an amusing house party at Colonsay House and we soon decided to stay another day. Dinner at Ardskeenish after a hair-raising five mile jeep ride to get there, over stone walls at times, through the tide, and skirting along the top of 40 foot cliffs at others. The farm there is two miles from the next habitation, as isolated as if it was on a separate island. After that drive even the James Bond film in the village hall seemed quite tame. We'd bumped horribly on the bottom in the scend caused by a light east wind the first night, as we dried out on the hard shingle bottom by the stone slip so for the second we disregarded local advice and lay peacefully alongside the steamer pier.

Now it was time to turn for home. It was tempting to push on for Iona but the passages would have been a bit long for the children. I was told the normal route from Scalasaig to Crinan is through the Corrievreckan. Any other way is much longer and if the weather is too bad for the Corrievreckan its probably too bad for the north-about alternative. For us this meant going through at near the full strength of the east-going tide. I was laughed out of any cautious doubts and told to keep south of Eilean Mor the small island at the west entrance for best results.

We slipped at 0915, could just lay the course close-hauled and took three hours to get to the entrance to the Gulf. There was no swell in the open but it got up suddenly about 3 foot high as we approached, making a white shine on the rocks in the murk. No turbulence south of Eilean Mor but a jagged line of white joining its east end to the nearest point of Jura making me look hastily at the chart to see if there was a reef there. There wasn't of course but I shouted to the children solemnly drawing and playing games in the cabin to hold tight as we swept through. There was a great 'Routen Wheel' as we joined the main stream which spun our head 6 points to port. Wavelets were 18" high in the patches of broken water but none came on deck. You could see the water filing up a foot or more off level against the rocky points of Jura close aboard. The sky was dark and lowering and the hill tops covered in mist to add a touch of drama. The scale of the scenery is so vast that it was hard to appreciate the speed at which we were being carried through.

The advice to keep south of Eilean Moreis certainly good but it is worth noting that the Admiralty Pocket Tidal Atlas is in error for the Corrievreckan being an hour out of phase with the

Scottish Coast Pilot. If one had last-minute doubts and didn't want to go through one could anchor in Glengarrisdale Bay on Jura just short of the Gulf. We did this last time five years ago to wait for slack water.

We made Crinan in 4 hours for the 24 miles, about the right length of passage for children. We locked into the Canal, sad to say goodbye to the islands, and after a midgy and tiring afternoon spent the night at Cairn Ban. The engine had been giving clutch trouble earlier with quite a bit of slip but I opened up the gear box and managed to tighten up the clutch a couple of nicks so that we got through at an adequate speed. Miles swung manfully on the lock gate beams and at times trotted ahead to take our warps at the next one. Sheets of Rose Bay willow herb, and heather in full purple among the larch on the hillsides made the passage memorable for its scenery. Loch Ranza next night, after a long dull beat down the Clyde. I climbed a hill beside the town after breakfast and flushed two hinds with a calf not fifty yards from the houses. It was sunny and so calm that from the hill-top three-quarters of a mile away and 1000 feet up I could hear the voices of the children bathing with June at the pier. We had to push on, for it was Saturday now and setting out at 1300 expected a calm sail down Kilbrennan Sound but the wind drew rapidly ahead and freshened. We hove-to for half an hour for lunch in the narrows in force 5 and a lumpy sea, then plodded slowly south again. After an hour at anchor at Carradale we found the wind veering and could lay the course for a very fast sail, reefed down to Campbeltown. It was dusk as we beat up the bay, first touch of night sailing for the children; the harbour lights, showing radiant against the afterglow, were a fine sight after the dark cliffs we'd been skirting. We chose to go into the basin and tie up to a hefty fishing boat. It was nine o'clock and Jock McNeill, who lives at Davaar House by the entrance, immediately carted us off to a warm fire and his very special whiskey. It was a fine Scots welcome. The children went to sleep on the sofa and I felt tempted to do the same but we had to tear ourselves away into a dark windy night for the drive back to the ship.

It was an effort to get up, next morning, Sunday, but we had a passage to make and a tide to catch so I listened carefully to the 0640 forecast. N.W. 3-4 the man said, good visibility. I went back to sleep again. We slipped at 1100, 2 hours before low water two other Irish boats an hour or so ahead of us. The ebb took us rapidly down to Sanda, reaching under full main and big headsails, then it began to breeze up. Force 6, just forward of the beam, blue skies and the sea flecked with breaking crests in the tide rip. "My tummy feels a bit funny" said Miles. We persuaded him to leave his action station on the after deck and go below with a marzine. It was fine sail. June steered while I shortened sail, chatted to Miles and made some lunch. Bruce sat talking unconcernedly to June in the cockpit. I wished we had gone east of Sanda, for the rips were strong and the waves steep in the sound, and we had to pinch a bit to clear the island. Then we ran her off south of the track to clear the race which could be seen extending a long way out from the Mull. Then we came back on course direct for Slemish, the mark for Carnlough. Gradually it slid down behind the hills in the foreground, we got into calmer water in the lee of the land, and at 1600 entered the harbour. It was calm and hot there and no-one from the crowds sitting round it would have believed we'd been through what was for the children quite a blow. They'd enjoyed it. As we drove home Bruce talked about plans for Skye next year.

CROSSING TO SCOTLAND

This is not usually much of a problem but I reviewed the possibilities since we were taking young children for the first time. The following may interest others similarly placed.

Nearest Points:

Tor Point to Mull of Kintyre 11 Miles. Rathlin to Mull of Oa 16 miles. **Shortest Distance between fair weather landings:** Tor Point to Carskey (Kintyre) 15 Miles. **Port to Port Distances:** Donaghadee to Port Patrick 19 Miles. Larne to Portpatrick 24 Miles. Larne to Loch Ryan Anchorage 30 Miles. These are however not very attractive arrival points for those anxious to minimise exposure as there are still longish passages ahead to get to the Clyde e.g. 43 miles from Port Patrick to Lamlash or 34 Miles from Loch Ryan. **Ailsa Craig** is an amusing stopping-place particularly early in the year when the gannets are nesting. You can tie up alongside at the N.E. corner 34 miles from Carnlough, 18 from Loch Ryan.

More Practical Passages are as follows: From Carnlough to Carskey or Sanda 22½ miles, to Gigha 41 Miles, to Campbeltown 33 miles. From Red Bay to Carskey 19 Miles, to Sanda 21 Miles, to Campbeltown 33 Miles, to Gigha 37 Miles. Carskey is not much of a place but in offshore winds it is quite satisfactory to anchor and relax for a few hours. The same may be said of Sanda.

A boat from the Swilly or Portrush might consider the direct passage outside: From Portrush to Port Ellen, Islay, 30 Miles. Again Rathlin is an interesting place to stop, assuming you know the anchorages: From Rathlin, E. coast, to Port Ellen 21 Miles, to Gigha, 28 Miles. In a settled spell of weather such as occurred in June, July 1968, these passages from the north coast offer probably the simplest and shortest ways of getting to Scotland, and what is more attractive parts of it with many more possibilities close at hand. There are in every summer times when the smallest boat can cross if the driver is able to pick his day but few of us are so fortunate. An amphibious car was driven from Carskey to Ballycastle last August with a substantial margin of safety.

Much more important than bare distances are the run of the tides. A passage which can be made with a fair tide all or most of the way (e.g. Carnlough to Gigha) becomes substantially shorter in relation to one which involved cutting across the tides so that the stream is of little or no help, e.g. Red Bay to Sanda. The selection of the correct state of the tide at which to depart is vital. This will vary with direction and strength of wind and the speed you are likely to make through the water. Rules of thumb are as follows. Leave Red Bay for the Clyde at half ebb. Leave Carnlough for the Clyde one hour earlier i.e. 2 hours after H.W. Leave Red Bay for Gigha at H.W. Leave Carnlough for Gigha at one or two hours before H.W. Leave Campbeltown for Larne two hours before L.W. Leave Campbeltown for Carnlough or Red Bay up to three hours before L.W. This is because once past Sanda you will be cutting more or less across the tide. In a W. or N.W. wind you will be best with some ebb or north-going stream running in the North Channel to allow you to sail freer. This passage requires particularly careful calculation to get the best of the tide for if you leave too early, you may be pushed too far west along the south tip of Kintyre and get into the tide rip off the Mull itself.

From Portrush to Islay wind direction will control your selection of timing. In the old days the

pulling boats used to leave at one hour before local low water, go down to the Bengore Head on the east-going tide and found they were pushed up to Islay by the west-going tide out of the Irish Sea.

Places to avoid if there is any sea running are the tide rip off Kintyre as mentioned in last paragraph, the close vicinity of Sanda, and on the Irish side the vicinity of Tor Point and Rathlin. Winds tend to change direction a point or two and increase speed in the narrows between Kintyre and Fair Head. The increase of speed is due to the funnel effect of the land. N.W. and S.E. winds are affected most by this. My personal observations are that W. and N.W. winds in the Irish Sea generally back a couple of points as you round Fair Head. This can be very useful. I have not enough experience of other winds to suggest a pattern. Perhaps other members would contribute experiences.

H. W. S. C.

* * *

Chichester to Dun Laoghaire in GAILEY BAY

by Leonard Sheil

Gailey Bay formally *Nimbus of Itchenor* is a 5½ ton aux. bermudan sloop designed by D. W. Simmonds, built by James Taylor of Swanwick in 1952. Dimensions: LOA 25' LWL 19'6" Beam 7'3" Draft 3'9". The name *Gailey Bay* was chosen because of family connections with a Yacht Club of the same name well known on the Shannon during the early part of the century. I bought her in April without an engine, the original 4 h.p. Stuart Turner having proved completely inadequate. I decided to fit a new 10 h.p. Stuart Turner but as the makers were unable to effect delivery until the third week in June, our departure was planned for early July.

My crew were Aidan Dunn and Charlie Roche. Despite the British Rail go-slow, we arrived at Chichester Yacht Basin, heavily laden with equipment, at noon on Friday 5th July to find fitting-out still in progress. After lunch in the restaurant which is beautifully situated overlooking the basin, Aidan and I assisted in stepping the mast and in completing fitting-out operations while Charlie set off with the shopping list to the nearby supermarket and chandlers which he found well stocked with our requirements. After a farewell toast on board with Mr. Spencer the yard manager, we shifted across the basin to the fuel jetty and finally locked out at 2130. We motored down river to East Point just at the entrance to Chichester Harbour where we anchored at 2240. Aidan here provided us with some late night entertainment by his attempts to manoeuvre himself into the quarter berth which he had to share with a 12 volt battery.

6th July In bright sunshine and light variable winds we weighed anchor at 1030 and motored most of the way to Cowes where we were fortunate to pick up a mooring off the Island Yacht Club at 1430. Distance: 16 Miles. Having availed of the catering facilities of the Club, we did some further shopping and were ready to leave again at 2105 to take advantage of the ebb for the passage down the Solent. It was intended that our next call would be Salcombe so three-hourly watches were set with Charlie sharing an hour and a half of each watch. The wind being free, we made good headway during the night with occasional engines assistance.

Sunday 7th July With the wind south-easterly 1 to 3 and overcast skies we progressed mainly under engine. By early afternoon the wind had died completely and it began to rain steadily. This in fact led to a disappointing entrance to Salcombe which must be very pleasant indeed under more favourable conditions. At 1750 we were again lucky enough to pick up a mooring. Later we went ashore in the dinghy for an enjoyable dinner in the Salcombe Hotel. Distance: 104 miles.

8th July Cleared Salcombe at 0940 and set course for the Lizard. However, the wind began heading us so that we passed to the north of Eddystone Light and subsequently picked up Gribbin Head which for some time we mistook for Dodman Point. It had been our intention to make for Penzance but, in view of the adverse winds and loss of time, we decided on Falmouth instead. In the evening it went completely calm and from 1800 we motored, to arrive in Falmouth where we anchored off the Prince of Wales Pier at 2240. Distance: 53 miles.

9th July Left Falmouth at 0900 for Penzance motoring in flat calm conditions. Due to the necessity of having to lock in at Penzance, we decided on Newlyn Harbour where we tied alongside at 1545. Distance 32 miles. Having enjoyed the luxury of hot baths in a local hotel, the remainder of the evening was spent in Penzance.

10th July During the morning we prepared for the next and longest leg of the trip – Penzance to Rosslare. Up to now, our progress had been up to schedule though we would have preferred less motoring. It was essential that we should make every endeavour to reach Dun Laoghaire by Sunday 14th at the latest as we were all due back at work the following day. 1305 Cleared Newlyn Harbour in misty conditions. Forecast N.E. 5 to 6, occasional rain or drizzle. 1515 Abeam of the Longships in poor visibility. Altered course for the Tuskar, close hauled and making about 4½ knots. 1800 Forecast N. to N.E. force 6 or 7, rain, moderate to poor visibility. With this information indicating a strenuous night ahead, we prepared a substantial hot meal. 2000 Very heavy continuous rain with thunder and lightning and wind steadily increasing. Motor-sailing with working jib and two rolls in the main. Consideration given to altering course for St. Ives but, in view of very poor visibility and lack of local knowledge, decided to maintain course for Tuskar. 2300 Two-hourly watches set but subsequently failed to operate due to noticeable lack of enthusiasm to go below.

11th July 0300 Wind now N.–N.E. force 6 to 7, heavy seas. Motor-sailing under main only which had been reefed still further. Shortly after this the engine cut out completely. With the aid of safety harness, storm jib set by Aidan and self, while a wondering and trusting Charlie took the helm. 0400 With the wind now reaching force 7 to 8 and progress extremely uncomfortable we hove-to, leaving one on watch and two below trying to get some sleep in saturated sleeping bags. 0700 Tiller unshipped and all hands below. By comparison with the previous eight hours, the situation was reasonably comfortable though far from ideal. 0930 Makeshift and very welcome hot breakfast prepared. Further attempts to start engine proved futile. 1230 By this time the

wind, though still from the N.E. had eased considerably so that we were able to make way again under full main and working jib. Having established our position by D. F. bearings on Tuskar, South Bishop, Round Island and Mizen Head as approximately 8 miles west of our E.P. and with 75 miles still to go for Rosslare, it was decided after some discussion to alter course for Milford Haven.

12th July 0200 We were now abeam of Skokholm Island making slow headway in a very light breeze. I then launched a final assault on Messrs. Stuart-Turner. With the help of two old sparking plugs discovered in the back of a locker, to our great delight the engine reluctantly came to life. By 0430 we had anchored in Dale Cove. Distance 92 miles. At 1705 having lunched ashore and topped up with fuel, water and stores, we were under way again for Wicklow.

13th July The overnight passage with the exception of passing an unidentified submarine was uneventful and completed entirely under power. At 0920 we tied alongside Wicklow quay to await the arrival of my wife who was joining us for the final leg to Dun Laoghaire. Distance 98 miles. Customs clearance having been obtained by telephone, we were visited briefly by no less than fourteen children — the combined total of the crew's offspring! With the aid of the moderate E.—N.E. breeze in the afternoon, we had one of the most enjoyable sails of the trip, arriving in Dun Laoghaire at 1645. Distance 21 miles.

Total distance: 416 miles.

LATE DELIVERY

by T. R. Perrott

I had one week of holidays still to take when on 17th September Paddy Donegan 'phoned me to say that he had just bought a new boat on the south coast of England and would I join Bernard O'Reilly, as skipper, and Mick McCullough to bring her back. It was not a difficult decision to make and on the afternoon of Friday 20th, the three of us flew to Southampton. Because of a rather long delay at Dublin Airport before leaving, we only had time to complete formalities with Commander Easton on Paddy's behalf that evening and to get our gear on board.

The boat — *Casquet* — was lying in Camper and Nicholsons marina at Gosport. She is a centerboard yawl 36' LOA, 25.5' LWL, 10.5' beam, drawing 4' and 6.8' with the plate down. The hull is Burmese mahogany with teak laid decks. She was designed by Robb and built in 1956 by the Rowhedge Iron Works.

All day Saturday it was blowing a gale and we were occupied victualling, getting to know the yacht and preparing her for sea. On Sunday afternoon, we toured H.M.S. *Victory* in Portsmouth and on Monday afternoon, with the shipping forecasts still bad, we visited the Isle of Wight. It was a disappointment to find that the Hovercraft ferry was cancelled because of the weather but crossing on the ordinary ferry gave us an idea of the strength of the wind, and there wasn't a sail to be seen in the Solent. The weather had moderated somewhat by the late afternoon and we returned from Cowes by Hovercraft. This was an interesting experience, and, personally, while accepting that the weather had been and was still poor, I found it rougher and noisier than I expected.

On the morning of Tuesday 24th, the forecasts were at least clear of gales for Portland, Plymouth and the Irish Sea, and by now anxious to get away, we cast off at 1230. We beat out of the Solent in a W.S.W. F. 4—5 and experienced some pretty rough seas between Hurst Point and the Needles. It was just possible to lay a course to clear Portland Bill and Start Point in comfort and we found that in the prevailing conditions, working jib, working stay-sail, main with three rolls and full mizen was more than comfortable, and giving us 4½ to 5 knots. At this stage we were not particularly anxious to make speed but rather to shake down and get the feel of *Casquet*. At 1900, about 2½ miles S.E. of St. Alban's Hd., we had a brief contact with home when the M.V. *Aztek* — a frequent visitor to Drogheda — passed across our bows going eastwards.

During the early hours of the morning of the 25th we motor-sailed for a few hours, but by 0700 we had cleared Start and Prawle Pts. and had gone about to make for Plymouth. Here we sighted the only sail for the whole voyage, this was well reefed down and making into Salcombe. The visibility was worse with very heavy mist when we made the breakwater at Plymouth and at 1400 we were at anchor in Cattewater off Turnchapel. It is not a particularly inviting anchorage as much of it is occupied by R.A.F. moorings and there seems to be little free space. There are so many moorings that the worry here is the danger of getting fouled and when we were hailed and informed that we would be in the way of shipping, we moved and picked up a vacant yacht mooring and fortunately did not have to move off it. We had completed 26 hours in *Casquet* and were really getting used to her, but were not entirely happy about the engine as we were finding difficulty in getting neutral.

At 0815 on Thursday 26th, we cast off with the intention of making Falmouth or the Helford River. We were close-hauled and motor-sailing when the gearbox began to give us still further worry. It heated up to an alarming degree and there was a distinct smell of burning brake lining material. We shut down the engine, went about and freed sheets for Fowey, where we anchored at 1400 on the Polruan side of the river off Brawn Pt. I went ashore immediately on the Fowey side and found that all the yards were on the Polruan side. I crossed on the ferry and made contact with Toms & Sons boatyard and they had a mechanic on board by 1600. In the meantime, Bernard & Mick had made contact with Mr. E. W. Moggs, Commodore of the Fowey Gallants Sailing Club, and we received the first of many kindnesses we were to get in this very delightful place. While the mechanic and subsequently Mr. Toms himself were studying the engine problem Mr. Moggs first towed us onto a vacant mooring and then ran a ferry service to the pier at Polruan to enable us to stock up with fuel. At that stage, we were still hoping to leave the following day. Nothing was achieved with the engine that afternoon, and by the next morning the South Cone was hoisted at the signalling station to remain there until Sunday 29th.

All day Friday was occupied with engine repairs and an ignition fault developed, was located and repaired. We also discovered that the starter had tendency to jam, and had to get a spanner suitable to free it. The rest of our time was spent enjoying unlimited hospitality from the Commodore and members of the Royal Fowey Yacht Club and I must make special mention of John & Joan Wright who were exceedingly kind to us, wining and dining us at their cottage in Readymoney Cove.

Eventually we cast off the moorings at 1815 on Sunday 29th and decided to motor-sail until we rounded Land's End or the wind freed us. At 2330, we had the Lizard abeam and an hour later the engine began to make queer noises. A rapid check showed that it had badly overheated and to this day I can't say whether it cut out just before or stopped just after I switched off the ignition. There was nothing for it now but a dead beat to round the Longships. At 0710 we went about on our last tack and at 0945 with the Longships abeam about 1½ miles to the east we freed sheets for home.

The 30th turned out to be mainly clear and sunny, but the seas were quite big and the wind continued to freshen. Eventually, with the wind W.S.W. 7 to 8, the main was handed and we carried on for 18 hours under working jib and mizen doing between 5 and 6 knots. As time had in fact run out, I asked Bernard to put into Rosslare to give me an opportunity to make some 'phone calls. We came to anchor in Rosslare Harbour on Tuesday 1st October in just under 24 hours from the Longships. I rowed ashore and had something to eat at the hotel while waiting for my calls to come through and then visited the Meteorological Station. The forecast was still poor, giving gales for the Irish Sea. When I got back to the hotel and collected my oilskins, I saw *Casquet* sailing off to the north. I subsequently found out what happened was that in a particularly sharp set of gusts the anchor dragged badly and Bernard and Mick just managed to hoist sail to clear the head of the pier. They considered quite rightly that I couldn't possibly row out in those conditions and carried on. I was left to 'phone for transport home and to deflate the dinghy, while they carried on and anchored overnight in Wicklow.

I got back to Drogheda early on Wednesday morning and that evening met *Casquet* in the Boyne near Mornington with Jim Byrne in his Elizabethan 29 to give a tow upriver. As far as I was concerned there was a great similarity between the cruise of *Huntress* earlier in the

year and the trip home in *Casquet* as far as gales, engine trouble and head winds were concerned, but both were very satisfying from the point of view of something achieved. With our experience of this trip, we can say that other things being equal one should make for Fowey rather than for Plymouth if cruising on that coast.

As a postscript: We discovered the cause of the engine overheating. The delivery pipe from the water pump had fractured in the union at the pump in such a way that the break was not readily visible. Besides cutting off water circulation in the engine, it also explained away the amount of water that had mysteriously appeared in the bilges at the same time.

* * *

AUTUMN DELIVERY

by Brendan Murray

As Rory O'Hanlon well knows, your first delivery can be difficult, beset with problems, nevertheless very interesting. This proved to be the case with the sloop *Misty*, newly acquired by Gerry Kavanagh. Her vital statistics: 11 tons T. M., Water-line 25 ft., overall 37 ft., beam 10 ft. Built 1962 by Clare Lallow to a Cheverton design, she is a modern offshore racer. She was owned and sailed by the Ratseys mainly. We collected her in Lymington and delivered to Howth. The crew consisted of the owner as skipper, his brothers Ronan and Kevin, the redoubtable Dickie Malcolm and self as navigator. Its a lovely surprise to get a long sail so late in the season.

Monday Due to the large amount of gear, we travelled on the evening Mail Boat on September 30, and trained straight through to Lymington, arriving at 0845 on Tuesday. This has an excellent marina, rates 30/-d. a night or £6.0.0. per week. All facilities, including ice.

Tuesday First sight of *Misty* impressed us. She looked good, and capable of any weather. This was just as well since the forecast was S.W. F.6-8 with gales in Shannon and Fastnet. A hard beat was indicated to Land's End. In view of the forecast, we took our time checking the boat thoroughly. Provisioned for four days, added missing items like fog-horn, vice-grip, torches, etc. Brookes and Gatehouse were very helpful. They checked the radio and showed me how to operate their D/F set which was new to me. All in all, it was a very busy day. Our last meal ashore was a very good lunch in the "Lonsboru" bar grill.

We cast off at 1630 finally, and motored down the snaking river. Clearing the entrance we came on the wind in a F. 6-7 and started beating to the Needles. *Misty* has a fine entry and does not pound, but naturally threw a log of spray even in the sheltered waters. We used the full main, which is small (handicap cheater?) and the No. 2 heavy genoa. Soon after the Needles we had to change down to a smaller jib. The seas got bigger, we got wetter and we beat. The tiring overnight journey and the hard day behind us took its toil and we were all seasick at some stage or other. Not being familiar with the coastline, I had decided to stand

well off the Portland Bill Race. We first sighted the loom of Portland at 2000. It was a pitch black night, wind F. 6-7 as we passed this infamous headland. I was very glad that I had opted to stay out.

Wednesday At 0700 wind the same, still beating, that dreadful lighthouse was still winking sardonically at us well to the north-east. I had by then gone farther out to sea to seek the bigger seas and possibly more comfort. By now we were all very tired wet and hungry. I was fed up smoking sea-soaked cigarettes. Our original intention was to take a break ashore at Newlyn, which is half-way to Howth. In view of our debilitated state, decided to put into Salcombe and tacked inshore accordingly. The seas got smaller and shorter, and the spray was worse. We beat on and on into a steady F. 6. The sun appeared and cheered us greatly. It is much nicer in sunny daylight than black night, even though conditions had not altered an iota. At 1500 Portland Head finally disappeared far to the east. I have never hated a lighthouse so heartily as that one.

Tidal state and wind ruled out the entrance to Salcombe so I opted for Dartmouth instead. Tacking up from Berry Head in darkness, the coast is unlighted and forbidding. The entrance to Dartmouth is very narrow and is not seen until you are right in line. The crew cast votes of 'no confidence' in the navigator. To assure them, I said: "We'll run back to Brixham, if you are not happy". This kept them quiet and made me feel much better. We finally opened the entrance, dropped sails and motored in at 2100. The Green White Red lead-in lights are very difficult to pick out in the surrounding maze of shore lights. The bliss of a sheltered harbour after 28 hours hard beat can only be imagined by fellow yachtsmen. Tied up at the marina which is less sophisticated than Lymington; so is the price at 18/-d. per night. Some lovely brandy and dry cigarettes went down well. I concocted a stew in the pressure cooker which went down very well, and we slept like logs. The boat obviously could take far more than we could and had performed beautifully.

Thursday Up at 0800, topped up water, diesel and oddments from ships chandlers. Left at 1100. Forecast S.W. F. 5, Gales for Shannon, Fastnet and Irish Sea. Tacked out from Start Point to avoid the worst of the flood tide. When far enough out, tacked back to fetch the Eddystone. The sun shone and we were happy. The wind eased, backed and we pointed the Lizard. Visibility very good. Off the Lizard at 2100. Very heavy coastal traffic, all steaming along blind as far as we could see. Much flashing of aldis lamp and alterations of course.

Friday Land's End at 0600. Southerly F. 5, big seas and nasty lop. The longships are as nasty a collection of rocks as I've ever seen. All the way up the Irish Sea the wind remained southerly F. 2-3 so we motored a fair bit to make time. *Misty* is powered by a two-cylinder "Arona" diesel. A great little job, using $\frac{1}{2}$ gallon/hours. The tank capacity is 25 gallons, giving a tremendous cruising range under engine.

During the previous night I found difficulty reading charts and attributed the trouble to A.D. It was in fact D.C. since the fan belt had quietly jumped off. Now we retrieved it from the bilge, adjusted the tension and carried on. It had given of its best, and disintegrated after about two hours running. So we had to conserve our batteries.

About the same time, the storm spinnaker was hoisted to have a look at it. A screw in the port upper crosstree, unwound and neatly hooked the sail. Naturally this happened when I was in the middle of cooking breakfast., Dickie had the bilge pump in bits to try and clear it and the skipper was also deeply involved in something. Yachts need an "Actions Stations"

siren for such emergencies. There was pandemonium, furious activity and lots of letting off and taking in of ropes and things before we finally freed and lowered the spinnaker, with only minor damage to the leach. The seas were small and the wind light when the "All Clear" sounded, and overcooked bacon and egg were still sitting on the cooker — to my amazement. Ronan "volunteered" to go up the mast and retrieve the offending screw. Later on, the entire fitting disappeared from the starboard upper crosstree and we found the topmost stay adrift. This could have meant disaster had it happened the first night out. All for the sake of a small piece of tape!

Meantime, back at the bilge pump. This was fouled by an incredible selection of wooden pieces. Dickie and the skipper cleared and reassembled it. Investigation revealed no filter over the intake. Pressure cookers have three containers for cooking vegetables separately, if you are that fussy. They are light alloy and suitably holed. I thought one of these would make an ideal filter. It did, when suitably formed, and fitted over the inlet tube in the bilge. Our troubles were nearly over. The toilet was not working. Mention of this problem reminded me that I had urgent business at the navigation table. The skipper and Dickie disappeared into the toilet. About an hour later they reappeared filthy and triumphant.

Saturday An uneventful night, apart from very heavy traffic as we crossed the shipping lanes near the Smalls. Arrived abeam Tuskar at 1030. Visibility down to 200 yards. Wind light. Much activity with D/F bearings. Fixed position by transferred position lines. Our E.T.A. for Howth now was 0200 Sunday. Decided to go to Arklow for what is known as "a good night's rest". We altered course accordingly and ran up outside the Glasgorman bank. Arrived Arklow at 1830. Had a very good meal in the Arklow Bay Hotel and absorbed some of the local culture.

Sunday Left Arklow at 0500 to carry the tide to Howth, I believe. I woke up at 0730 on a beautiful calm sunny morning, feeling cultured. How lovely this coastline looks with the morning sun picking out the colours on the Wicklow mountains. Feeling very guilty, I cooked the breakfast. A lovely breeze came up at Dalkey and we romped across Dublin Bay and tied up in Howth at 1030. The beauty of the morning was soon improved by much slurping of gin and popping of corks. The skipper was very pleased with himself and delighted with the boat. In fact, I think he was delirious because he signed me on to navigate the "Fastnet" for him next year.

Misty was home. May she cruise happily and race successfully. Distance point to point: 410 nm. Logged 500 nm.

Not Recommended: English milk cartons. They break easily.

Recommended: Shell South Coast Pilot by Adlard Coles. An excellent little book. Dartmouth: A quaint town and lovely harbour dominated by the Naval College. Mother's Pride Sliced Pans: After four days, were still perfectly good. Must be Odlum's flour!

The Brookes and Gatehouse radio I was very happy with. Earphones must be used for aural nulls. The speaker is suitable for music and weather forecasts. I even got bearings with the engine idling and out of gear. Presumably, in gear, the rotating shaft creates a magnetic field and, therefore, heavy static.

BUILDING A FERRO CEMENT YACHT

by B. P. Lyden

During 1967 the subject of building boats in concrete got a lot of publicity in the yachting press, particularly *Yachting Monthly* I was immediately impressed by the possibility and discussed the matter with two friends, keen sailing men and singularly well qualified to make a critical analysis of this process. Barry Burke is a graduate Engineer, principal of a large building firm, with many years experience in the application of steel and cement. Not least of his achievements was the conversion of the 70 years old *Cygnet* a Cork Harbour One Design to a modern fast cruiser in which he won a cruiser race this season. Pat MacSweeney, the proud owner of the *Pride of Kerry* and an architect who can claim Cork County Hall, the tallest building in Ireland, amongst his creations. He is very reticent about the fact that he was a member of the Institute of Naval Architects. His opinion on any form of marine construction is worthwhile, but I cannot conceive of anyone who would have more to offer on the matter of construction in Ferro Cement. Our Mr. Burke doesn't undertake a project like this lightly, but when he does he goes in very deeply indeed. Within the week he had contacted practically all the individuals and agencies throughout the world who had any experience of ferro-cement work. These included Professor Nervi of Rome who resurrected the process in 1942 and whose *Nennele* a 50 foot sailing ketch built at that time is still afloat. The Portland Cement Research Agency in London and its counterpart in Sidney Australia was very helpful indeed. Some practical builders in Sacramento California and Vancouver British Columbia where the use of Ferro Cement in work boats is now completely accepted.

We chose our design from a drawing in *Yachting Monthly* of the C-shell Ketch by Marine Design Enterprises. The lines drawing as published represented a scale of 1" = 8 feet. In due course and after much communication with Vancouver, British Columbia, including a very expensive phone call, the plans arrived, having been slightly altered to suit the sloop we had requested. They were as sweet and fair as we had judged from the small print. We laid down a lofting floor and set to work on 18th January, 1968, when lofting was completed and fair we took shapes off the floor with plywood which we gave to a semi-skilled labourer who bent $\frac{1}{2}$ " internal diameter black iron water pipes to the station shapes. These were marked with water-line and buttock lines and when complete were set up like the moulds for a timber hull. The back-bone which consisted of $1\frac{1}{2}$ " diameter pipe was welded to the moulds and the whole secured to tubular scaffolding. O.2O" diameter high tensile steel rods were now run-in horizontally fore and aft at 2" centres from the sheer line down. These were tied at each intersection with the pipes, and later with vertical rods of the same size which were placed at 6" centres between the pipes. Where these H.T.S. rods met the back-bone both horizontally and vertically they were joined to mild steel rods which over-lapped them for about two feet. The mild steel rods were then welded to the back-bone. In this way the two sides of the craft were joined together to give a complete monocoque shell construction.

Before starting work I had told my colleagues that the best investment we could make would be to install a turn-stile into the building site. It would surely have defrayed a great deal of the cost. We had a big number of sight-seers, but in fact they were all very welcome and some were quite helpful. We got advice from Consultants in structural engineering and members of the Faculty of Engineering at University College, Cork, in particular Professor Dillon whose

advice on matters of aggregates and additives was very helpful.

By the third week in March we had started putting on the 22 gauge chicken wire mesh. Four layers were placed inside the steel matrix and four more outside, the lot being stitched together with wire ties, so that the total thickness would be less than 5/8" and so that the complete hull would be fair. It was time consuming, tedious, and tiring — one could never see what one had done but could always see what needed doing. When the mesh work was eventually complete, and this included not only the side decks and bulkheads but also the transverse webs across the boat to the level of the cabin sole, we had to think about the skin fittings. Timber plugs to the exact size were placed in the appropriate positions and we fervently hoped that we had them right, as we did not fancy the problem of boring through the high tensile steel which had a strength of 114 tons per square inch. We did in fact put in one too many as we discharged the engine cooling water in the exhaust and not through the skin as originally intended. My perfectionist colleagues who know about this sort of thing would not accept an ordinary cement mixer but went to a lot of trouble to locate a pan-mill which apparently is not in general use nowadays as builders get ready-mixed mortar. Having weighed out the Pozzolan which is a very finely ground silica used to combine with the free lime in cement, in 11-lb. bags to go to each bag of cement and 1½ sacks of fine sand, we were ready to start the laying up.

The 23rd April 1968 was a very big day indeed, it started about 6.00 a.m. The mortar mill was moved into position and the sand and cement added in the proportions stated. The amount of water is critical and the least that will make the cement workable is best. In normal concrete work — reinforced concrete etc. the mixture is made sufficiently fluid to pour into form work. A portion of this water is used in the curing of the cement, the remainder evaporates leaving voids. In the early days these voids are clogged with dust but later the dust is washed away and the salt water will travel down the voids and get at the reinforcing metal causing oxidation. In Ferro Cement there isn't any excess water above that which is required for curing the cement, therefore there are no voids. When the cement was adequately mixed it was handed in to the operatives inside the hull who forced it by hand through the mesh until it appeared outside. This was not easy and was particularly difficult in the narrow part of the keel ahead of the rudder where we had to use vibrators. Nevertheless with patience, and fourteen men working in a bucket chain, we had plastered the hull up to the sheer-line by evening. Two skilled plasterers worked outside with trowels, floats, and eventually a special tool to give a surprisingly smooth finish. A fortnight later the side-decks and bulkheads were plastered using a similar technique, the day-joint, that is the joint between the old plaster and the new, having been primed with wet to dry epoxy.

From now on the work was basically similar to a conventional boat, the coach roof is plywood with mahogany and spruce laminated beams. The 51'9" hollow spruce mast with a section of 8" x 5½" was built alongside the boat. The lead ballast was cast to the shape of plugs which were made from the inside of the hull. Two and a half tons in three parts were lifted up by crane and dropped into the boat through a hole in the roof of the shed and fixed into position with epoxy mortar. The B.M.C. Captain Diesel was installed in a similar manner. The "caravan work" took longer than we expected and most of the fittings which we designed specially and had fabricated locally were held up because the galvanizing plant closed down early in July. The summer holidays for our men caused further delay. We did eventually reach the water on 14th September, when we launched at the quays in Cork. Our beautiful white side decks were

filthy within the hour with coal dust from the quays. To the unconcealed surprise of many *Rossa* floated — about $\frac{1}{2}$ " above her marks.

Are concrete boats for real? We think so. The ferro cement process lends itself to any conceivable shape. The strength — about five to six times a pine hull, is fantastic, and because of this provided the boat is big enough the weight compares more than favourably with any other form of construction. The following table from *Sailing Yacht Design* by Philip Birt is of interest. Hull weights applicable to the 30 ft. water-line U.S. Naval Academy Yawl per linear foot.

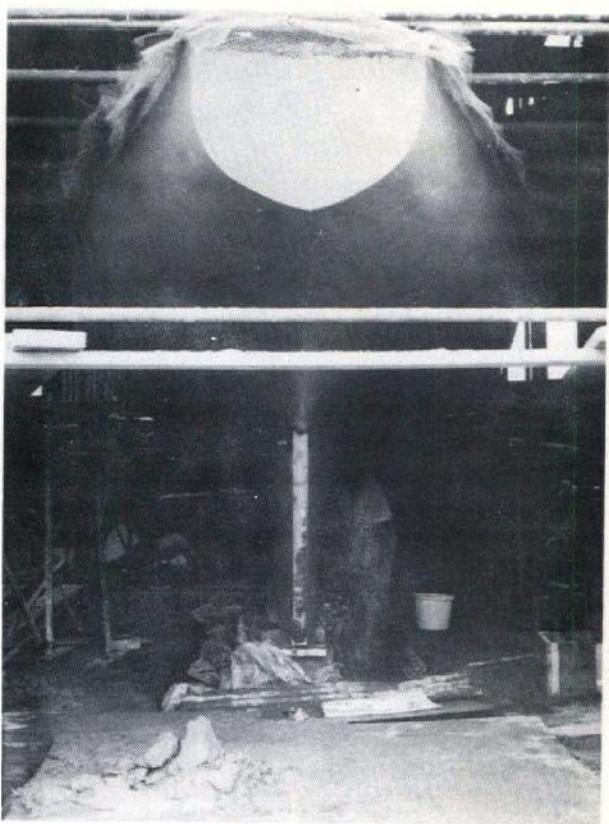
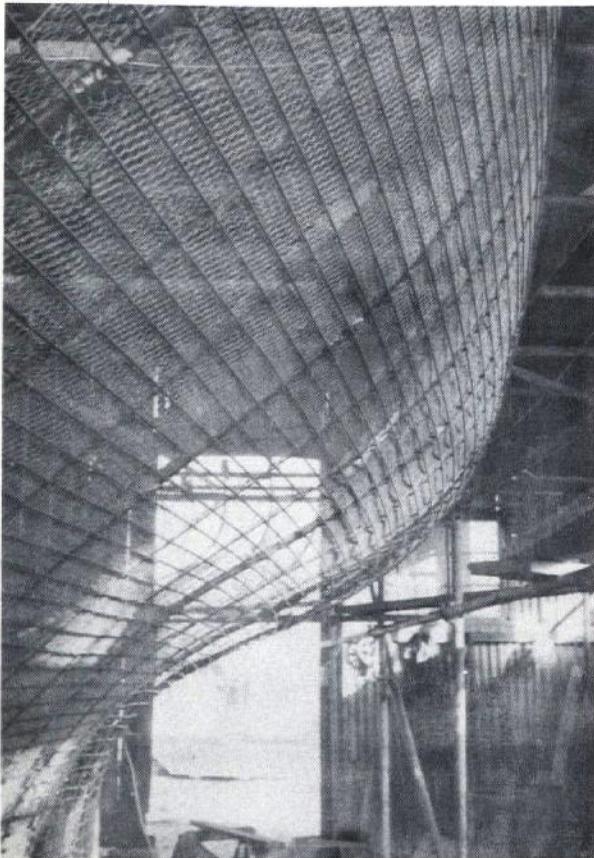
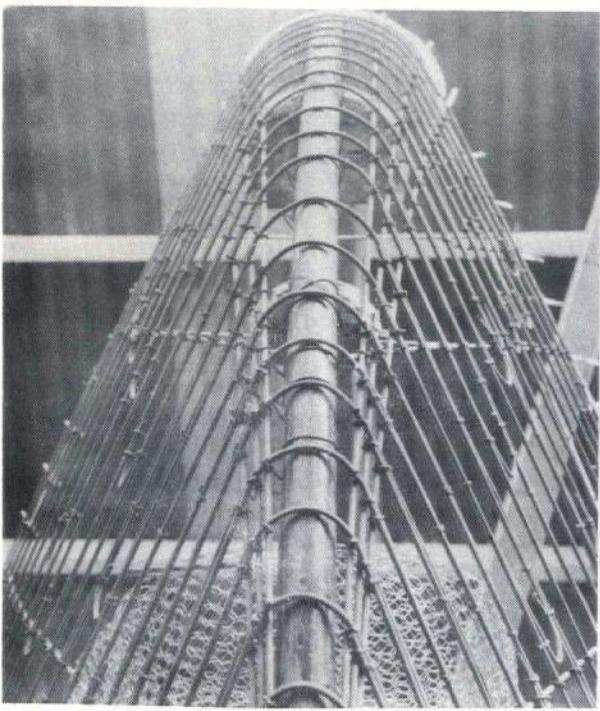
Wood construction as designed	182 lbs.
Wood construction Herreshoff's rule	159 lbs.
Wood construction LLoyds Rule	170 lbs.
Glass reinforced plastic	144 lbs.
Welded aluminium	132 lbs.
Ferro cement	155 lbs.

Will they last? A scow in Amsterdam Zoo which was built in 1887 is still in use. In essence the process consists of a very powerful matrix of high tensile steel rods and eight layers of 22 gauge steel mesh covered by a thin membrane of high ratio cement-sand mixture. The thinner the membrane the better, because then we have a greater proportion of steel to concrete thus giving greater strength, and also because there is not any concrete which is not reinforced.

Historically Ferro Cement was first used by Jean Louis Lambot in the South of France in 1850. His boats were exhibited in the Parish Exposition of 1855 with the following notice "These boats were experimented and tested over five years, this construction, formed of metal mesh plastered and jointed together offers:

1. Saving in initial cost of construction
2. Saving in maintenance, this becomes nothing.
3. Speed of construction.
4. Immediate repairs in case of damage
5. Impermeability.
6. Incombustibility.
7. Soundness under test.

Indeed well over one hundred years later an advertisement for ferro-cement boats might read the same. Within the past ten years these boats of Lambot were again exhibited in Paris at a symposium on concrete. Louigi Nervi, Professor of Civil Engineering in the University of Rome who came upon Lambot's work utilized the system during the War in Italy and built boats up to 400 tons for the Italian Navy. Nervi, having given it the name of Ferrocemento, reckoned the weight to be 5% less than a similar timber hull in the sizes with which he was concerned and 40% less in cost. He also used the Ferrocemento to span approximately 300 metres without columns in the Palace of Sport in Rome which was designed by him. Because of the fate which was meted out to the Italian Navy the process was largely dropped after the war. It was left to the New Zealanders, men who wanted yachts for the wide oceans, to pick up the idea and develop it. This they have certainly done, and at this stage have fleets of both fishing and pleasure boats. Australia and Canada followed suit. The Chinese Peoples Republic



Top left: Steel reinforcing at stem.

Left: Steel and wire mesh, port side.

Top Right: Plastered to covering-board,
showing mesh for side decks.



Above: Ninian Falkiner bound for Norway
Below: Tir na nOg and Rinamara in Sogne Fjord
Photos: Rex Roberts



has one factory with 600 workers building sampans.

A brief note about *Rossa*. As stated the lines plan came from Marine Design Enterprises Vancouver, British Columbia. The remainder of the boat was to our own design. Mast-head sloop with 266 sq. ft. mainsail, 460 sq. ft. genoa, working jib 275 sq. ft. on furling gear. Over-all length 36'8" Water-line 28'4" Beam 10'10" and draft 6'0" displacement 17600 lbs. ballast lead 5,400 lbs. Berths for five, one quarter berth, 2 forward, 2 pilot berths in saloon outboard of the settees. Head room 6'6" in the galley. In performance she has exceeded our hopes, being very lively, well balanced and weatherly. Within nine days of the launching we raced with the A and B class cruisers in Cork Harbour. I believe F. 7 was logged constantly until the squall hit which was said to be F. 9. Our crew consisted of the three owners one wife and five children. We carried full mainsail and small jib and were said to be looking as comfortable as any boat in the fleet. We are not yet fitted with a spinnaker and on the run home when we decided to carry a larger head-sail the halliard parted and we had to finish on main alone. Nevertheless we were first boat home in Class B, the only boats ahead of us being Denis Doyle's *Moonduster* — this year's winner of the Irish Sea Race, and his brother's *Senata* one time winner of A division in the Fastnet and Dom Daly's Giles designed *Tumbelina*. We were rather pleased with our showing and feel certain that when all the stretch in the rig is taken up and we are properly tuned we will no doubt do better.

I sincerely hope that this article will have cleared up some miscomprehensions on Ferro Cement construction but I would be very disturbed if it were to cause any I.C.C. members to rush out to buy a cement mixer. To my mind this could be a back-yard system only if the builder could lay claims to the expertise in lofting as a shipwright, the skill and equipment of a pipe-bender, the application and know-how of a welder, experience in steel construction and finally the finishing touches of a master plasterer. Unless he could obtain these and a suitable place to put them to use I know he would be very disappointed.

ISLES OF GOLD

by Wallace Clark

On Christmas Eve at five minutes to midnight the telephone rang. We'd been asleep half an hour exhausted after the usual endless preparations. "Allo, Wally, 'ow are you?", said the voice. It was Bernard Felix, in the middle of a party in Toulon, ringing up to offer us his 7 metre yacht for a cruise in the Med next summer. It didn't take me long to say yes – the nicest possible Christmas present.

Six months later in the warmth and strong colours of Provence we stepped on board *Skreo I.C.C.* in the Marina at Hyeres. Bernard, his wife Marcelle with Jack and Alice their friends came out with us as far as Baie de Langoustiers on the island of Porquerolles for the first sail; a delightful day of picnics and super food in the cockpit and bathing in crystal clear water. Then we were on our own. "Take her anywhere you like", Bernard had said in his generous way, but added that he didn't advise Corsica: seeing *Skreo's* large open cockpit I agreed, but we began with ideas of coasting as far as the Italian border 60 miles east.

However a couple of days round Porquerolles soon convinced us that there was enough to see and enjoy there for a lot more than the fortnight we had to spend. Plage d'Argent, Anse de Bon Renard, Calanque D'Alicastre, Ostau De Dieu (House of God), Plage de la Courtade, Port Man, Port Cros: there was a different one for every day, and many more tiny unnamed creeks with mini-beaches at their head where you could bathe and sunbathe all day in privacy.

The islands lie in relation to the mainland as do the Arans off Galway and have a not dissimilar history: In the past they have been used by monks, pirates and as military bases, then they sank so low in economic value that in the last century they were rapidly depopulating and changed hands several times at very low figures. Now they are worth ten guineas an inch, for they have all the climatic and scenic advantages of the Riviera without the brassiness and crowds. Probably the Arans will make a similar comeback. On the Isles d'Hyeres there are plenty of small hotels and shops but cars are prohibited or strictly limited. There is a frequent ferry service from the islands to "The Continent", as the bill boards call the mainland. Food and stores are more expensive than on the mainland but we stored up at Hyeres and Le Lavandou, so only needed get the daily necessities like bread and ice on the islands. At Porquerolles we were charged harbour dues of about 6/- a night but this was only for two nights when the mistrale blew and we were glad to pay for the shelter, now provided by the special yacht piers made since our last visit. In *Wild Goose* in 1962 three anchors failed to hold us against a spring mistrale in the very spot where we now were comfortably tied to a ground chain ahead and twin stern warps. Only snag was a veteran yachtsman who bellowed "Gardez vos ordures", at me in a voice the whole harbour could hear as I tried to slip some gash over the side. Well, it was only a very little bit of gash and the dump was a quarter of a mile away!

Other nights we spent in idyllic surroundings in one of the little open bays round the coast, usually in company with two or three small craft, sometimes at a single anchor, sometimes with a warp ashore as well: a 50 metre warp is compulsory equipment on boats of *Skreo's* size. Bernard showed me the official list and his skippers certificate. An owner can select his category depending on how far he wishes to go from his home port, and then has to instal

and have inspected the appropriate equipment and life saving gear. The system has a good deal to recommend it. I suppose we will have to face it one of these days in Ireland.

Bernard had *Skreo* so well arranged that one sensed immediately, long before looking over the equipment in detail, that this boat was run by no mere 'Moko' or Toulonnais. She was a Breton ship, in character as well as name; *Skreo* means a seagull in Breton. Designed by Mauric, who is working in the new French 12-metre for the America's Cup, she sails very well indeed and taught me a lot about what a small cruiser should do in the short time we had her. Of the Challenger's Class, she has a hard chine plywood hull, and a simple masthead sloop rig on an aluminium mast. Bernard sails nearly all the year round. Last New Year's Day he was on passage from Marseilles to Toulon, starting in bikinis but finishing in oilskins and heavy clothing. *Skreo* is driven by an 8 h.p. McCullagh self-starting outboard which is a little heavy to unship but gives a wonderful amount of power. The cockpit is almost 6 foot long — some nights I slept out on the side bench. Below there are two quarter berths and a double berth forward, with a good chart table and a tiny Primagas galley in between. It would be crowded living for four but two of us were very comfortable.

Of the three islands, Port Cros, like Inishmaan in the Arans, is the central, the highest, smallest and most mysterious. Dark cypress and pine trees cover it all. There is one tiny village in a bay like a niche in a Norwegian fjord. Castles stand on every promontory. The whole island is a national park where a great many things are prohibited — camping, lighting fires, underwater fishing, anchoring in certain bays (we fell foul of that one) — but the things that matter are freely indulged in. Port Man is the large bay at the east, a very well-known yacht stopping-place with not a house to be seen. 'Un peu triste', a French yachtsman described it to us, and on the whole we agreed with him. There was nothing triste about Port Cros itself at the other end of the island — full of life and colour from the rocks and shrubs on its steep shores to the lawn-like cropped green seaweed of the harbour bottom. Every detail can be seen twenty or thirty feet down. Colourful too was the donkey cart which took guests' luggage to the Chateau, the swarthy fisherman with teak features, curly black hair and red head scarf who ferried us ashore, and blonde postmistress. (June wondered why I always took so long collecting the mail. I wish our postmistress looked like that.) There were large smart yachts from Italy with jet set crews, slinky motorboats with sinister crews, ocean racers with athletic crews, but mostly small family yachts with child after child emerging incredibly from the cabin. The bay would empty very early. By 6.30 am crews were up, by 7.30 most yachts were off to a beach, then in they would come again before dusk, thirty or so each night, mostly different ones from the night before. One day when an easterly gale blew there were over a hundred in by afternoon, coming in for shelter in ones and twos, their crews in bikinis laughing the salt spray out of their eyes. We had come in early ourselves that morning after clearing out of Port Man; the first move had been much earlier, when I had had to leap out of my bunk and swim ashore through a swell like a caricature of Tarzan by moonlight, bumping on ousin-covered rocks, to slack off our warp, and change to a different berth. At dawn we got right out and ran quickly round the island. As the anchor went down in Port Cros and the gusty east wind made us heel and yaw, a Frenchman from the yacht next door put on goggles and offered to swim down and dig our anchor in at the same time as his own, a much appreciated bit of help.

Ile de Levant we had to visit of course to see the nudists. Seven eighths of the island is occupied by the Navy. The French Admiralty from time to time try to drive the nudists

off their one-eighth, but the sailors on the spot do all they can to keep them there. What could be a more ideal run ashore? Naked girls, no holds barred, no badges of rank or identification marks worn. In the village of Heliopolis you wear anything from a 'minimum' to a city suit and no-one minds, or even glances. I admired this attitude, for lots of people are not even overnight nudists — they come off a motorboat from the mainland in the morning, strip off, then go back home in the evening in normal clothes. A fat nudist lady in the post card shop obviously thought I was wasted in shorts and pressed a fiery red minimum on me for 2 francs; but new chums are referred to as white-arsed, and being of a modest nature I had to disappoint her.

On the beaches and rocks you wear nothing of course; the brown figures wandering round in the sun and scratching uninhibitedly looked like an illustration from "The Naked Apes", Chapter X. As we watched someone had netted a dolphin and brought it into shallow water; the dark-haired figures crowded round fingering it, uncertain what to do. Suddenly, decisively, a tall skinny ape as hairless as Yul Brynner arrived with a large chopper and proceeded to dissect it. The sea around became red for twenty yards and minor apes staggered off, proudly blood bespattered, with dripping steaks under their arms.

We hastily moved forward thirty centuries or so, and swam back on board. Girls on the whole look so much nicer in bikinis than in nothing that enough of that place was very soon more than a feast. But I guess it was the placid tassels that really got us down.

The anchorage was not safe overnight and we pushed off to privacy. During the last few days we spent a night on a borrowed mooring at Gaou Benat near Le Lavandou, and another stern to the quay at Anse de Niel on the mainland, and liked both.

Crossing the bay we once passed the fine sight of *Sovereign Constellation* and a brand new Twelve Metre all now in the hands of M. Bic in preparation for the next America's Cup.

The last day the Quatorze was spent with Bernard, Marcelle and their friends again for a sailing picnic and a party at St. Tropez. It was too windy unfortunately on the day we had arranged to fly in Bernard's aeroplane and see the whole coast from the air but that was about the only thing that went wrong with the whole holiday.

We visited instead Bernard's Yacht Club, a floating one in a basin in Toulon, looking out at the classic battleship lines of the *Jean Bart*, now used as Naval H.Q. There are 4,000 yachts and three major yacht clubs in Toulon.

Thank you Bernard, for a perfect holiday.

RETURN TO NORWAY

Ninian Falkiner's Cruise in *Tir na nOg*

Narrated by Stanley Dyke and Michael d'Alton

Dun Laoghaire to Inverness..— *by Stanley Dyke*

In the early part of the year I chanced to be in the Royal Irish Y.C. when the Commodore and Vice-Commodore were discussing their plans for the coming season and persuaded each other to go to Norway. A little later they both asked me to join them. Finally we decided that I would navigate *Tir na nOg* as far as the Caledonian Canal where Michael d'Alton would replace me and I would transfer to *Rinamara* for the passage to Norway and the coastal cruising there.

Thursday 27th June The crew for the first stage were Dr. Falkiner, Michael O'Reilly, Dr. James Nixon, Jerney Corballis, Rex Roberts and myself. We left at about 2030 after dinner at the R.I.Y.C. and headed north. The wind was south-easterly F. 4 with a lumpy sea. We carried main and small genoa, watches were set and the crew got down to settling in. Jerney, who came aboard with two small handcases, opened them and revealed three bottles in each, making it evident that as far as he was concerned the passage would not be a dry one. It was at this stage that the story-telling began and it never ceased from then on. We went to sleep laughing and were awakened by laughter. Everyone seemed to have his own fund of stories which the others hadn't heard before and indeed at the end of our passage all of us could say that we had never sailed on a happier ship. The night was uneventful and at dawn on the 28th we were off Dundrum Bay with the wind falling light. We started the engine to catch our tide at St. John's Point and leaving it astern set course for the South Rock L.V., which we passed close-to. There was virtually no wind and visibility was poor due to haze. We kept the shore in sight, and passed all the navigation marks in succession, and at 1800 the Maidens were abeam. Here we decided to make for the Sound of Jura, rather than go inside the Mull, though the flood tide was just starting against us. We passed Sanda just as the lantern was lit. We went as close in as we dared under the Mull, making slow but steady progress over the tide and were most surprised when a McBraynes steamer passed between us and the land. After this we went in even further and soon passed the Mull Lighthouse.

At 0020 on the 29th we were approaching Gigha and this with some anxiety as the mist of the previous morning had come down again. However after much eye strain we picked out the ghostly outline of the islets off the south end of Gigha and later picked up the buoys, on its western side. The sea was now like a mill-pond. When the sun rose and flooded into the Sound the Paps of Jura and other hills were visible above a curtain of mist, but this was dispelled as the sun climbed higher. After passing up the Sound of Jura we came abeam of Crinan just when the next south-going tide was imminent and decided to wait in Crinan for the fair tide. Unfortunately instead of going straight into the basin at Crinan we decided to lie at the jetty and were no sooner made fast than a Canal attendant told us to move and directed us to the Pier of the Basin assuring us we could lie there at any state of the tide. We

were highly sceptical about this and shortly after moving took soundings and decided we couldn't and so made preparations to anchor off only to find that we were trapped inside a ledge of rocks. There was nothing for it but to make fast again, take a line from the mast-head ashore and wait for her to take the ground, which she did very shortly afterwards. At low water the keel was immersed to a depth of about 2 feet. We were all very annoyed and frustrated as we would only float off again at the next high water and hence couldn't contemplate making north over the next foul tide. Further, any chance we had of getting into the sea lock of the Caledonian Canal on Saturday evening was gone. There was nothing for it at H.W. but to go into the Crinan basin and spend the night there. However "every cloud has a silver lining" and we enjoyed a convivial night in the Crinan Hotel, a Sunday morning pottering about the basin chatting with other floating residents, and a special treat kindly provided by Jerney, a sumptuous Smorgesbrod lunch at the hostelry, which was much appreciated.

Sunday 30th June We left Crinan at 1400 and once out through the Dorus Mor picked up the fair tide and scooted up past Scarba and Pladda. The wind was now south-easterly F. 4 with brilliant sunshine and we had an uneventful passage up the Lyn of Lorne and Loch Linnhe, passing Fort William as darkness descended. We arrived off the Sea Lock at 2300, too late to gain admission and luckily spotted a mooring in Loch Eil, to which we made fast for the night.

Monday 1st July We awoke at 0630 to hear the wind singing in the rigging and were very glad we were in the sheltered waters; it proved to be south-westerly which meant a following wind through the Canal. We entered at 0800, went very rapidly up through the first two locks and then paid our respects and dues at the Toll Lodge which is about 200 yards from the railway station. At this time British Railways was on a go-slow and as Jerney and Michael had to leave us a runner was sent to find out if there were any trains, and discovered that the train which was then at the platform would be leaving in 15 minutes. I have never seen two people change and pack so quickly. Michael had the edge on Jerney for he ran for the train fully dressed and packed whereas Jerney (after a hasty stirrup cup) was seen running with a half-open case under each arm, without a tie and holding his trousers up with his hands with the braces dangled down the back of his legs. Fortunately the engine driver did not in the least mind waiting for him and as the train drew away we waved our farewells.

Continuing along the Canal we set the genoa and sailed from lock to lock. Having traversed Loch Lochy and started the engine again to enter the lock, on putting it into reverse most alarming sounds came from under the cockpit floor. On examination it was found that all the holding-down bolts had sheared. It had been out for overhaul not long before and cannot have been properly re-aligned. We made our way under sail to Fort Augustus where Michael and Mabel d'Alton were waiting to join us. We asked the local mechanic to undertake the job of engine removal for us; he had a look and decided he was too busy, so it was a case of doing it ourselves. We set to with a will, and having let go all engine controls, electric wires, exhaust pipe, water pipes, propeller shaft coupling etc., we lifted the engine into the cabin. The bolts had sheared absolutely flush with the fibreglass bed and there being no hope of backing them out so it was clear that they would have to be drilled out and re-tapped. We borrowed an electric drill from our friend the mechanic and with an extension flex from the lock-keeper's house began the long slow job of drilling in the most awkward positions one

could imagine. Several hours later we were ready to re-install the engine and this was done, checking the alignment carefully. The new bolts which we had made were put in, all the ancillaries attached and we were ready to start. We switched on and immediately a control cable got red-hot. On reasoning out this electrical problem we concluded, that it was an earth fault and sure enough found we had disturbed a rust-bound earth tag on the generator. When this was cleaned and replaced hey presto—our engine was in business again and *Tir na nOg* in fit condition to visit the rocks and islands of the Norwegian coast.

The job was completed by about 0100 on Tuesday morning. We had taken the precaution of dropping down through the locks at Fort Augustus earlier in the evening and now decided to make a night passage through Loch Ness in order to keep our rendezvous with Peter at Inverness. After the engine job I was exhausted and turned in while Michael took the helm. It was a miserable night raining hard, and I was glad to be in my bunk, but soon I was not so happy as we seemed to have a leak of exhaust fumes which were filling the cabin. We opened the fore-hatch and covered the engine box with blankets and this improved matters somewhat. James Nixon having volunteered to do a cabin watch, I went to sleep wondering if I would wake up again. I woke up alright, Rex Roberts almost pulling me bodily from my bunk to say that he was approaching a lock gate and the gear lever had broken off. I jumped into the cockpit just in time to whip Rex's lashing off the helm, steer towards the left bank and then turn in the width of the canal, very thankful for the Excalibur's small turning circle. We switched off the ignition and took way off by going round and round and eventually slipped in and made fast alongside the jetty. The Lock Keeper left his breakfast to let us through — it was raining stair rods — and we continued our passage to the ladder of locks above Inverness, dropping down through these in company with some boats which had been waiting overnight to do so. From the top of the Ladder we had seen *Rinamara* in the basin and we moored astern of her. Peter invited us all aboard where we swapped experiences and discussed our future plans.

Michael d'Alton now takes up the narrative—

Inverness to Bergen

We now had a complement of six: Ninian Falkiner — skipper, Rex Roberts — cook, James Nixon, Aidan Tyrrell and my wife Mabel — crew and myself — navigator. Both yachts left at about 1800 on Tuesday, 2nd July with a rather dubious forecast, passed through the shallow Inverness Firth, out past Fort George into Cromarty Firth and so at last into Moray Firth, that great bight 55 miles from head to head. I laid off the course for Bergen and found that we just could lie it on the port tack. Peter, who was making for Sogne Fjord 60 miles further north, chose the starboard tack and sailed off towards Wick. The 0200 forecast on Wednesday gave gale warnings for Cromarty, Forties, Viking, Forth and Fair Isle, N. in Cromarty and S.E. in Viking and East Forties, not a happy combination. At this time we were getting well out into Moray Firth and a brief consultation took place. Navigator: "Shall we hold on?" Skipper: "Yes, I think so too".

Soon after this it was blowing F. 7 and for a few hours before dawn F. 8 with a confused sea through which the boat, with only a working jib set, worked splendidly to windward, much happier than some of her crew. Later on we were broken off our course. By morning it had eased then almost fell away so that we motored for an hour or two, until soon after lunch it came in F. 7 from the south-east with heavier seas than ever — the centre must have passed close over us. We bucked on throughout Wednesday, our lack of joy relieved by the splendid sight of a graceful schooner under very reduced sail scurrying to the north. We passed her at

half a cable and saw she was the training ship *Malcolm Miller*, looking magnificent as she slashed her way past us.

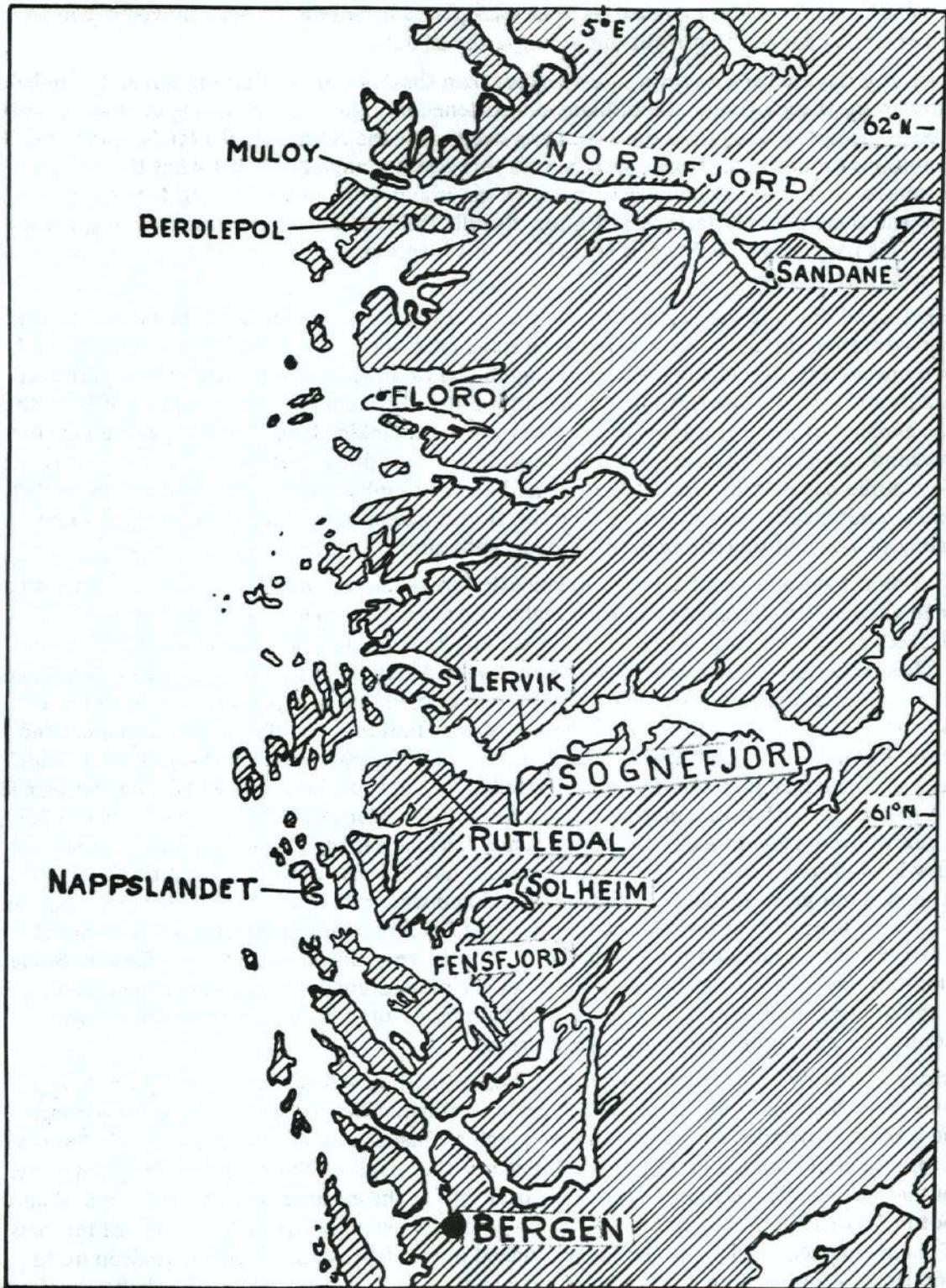
This night was little better than the last but on Thursday at what should have been breakfast time the sun smiled slickly through a thinning of the cloud just long enough to get some sort of sextant shot — none too reliable in this wind and sea and unfortunately not very useful on its own as the bearing gave a position line which checked neither our course nor our distance run. Unfortunately too, the sun did not appear again on this passage so it had to be dead reckoning almost all the way. The rest of this Thursday and the night too was near gale most of the time but with dawn on Friday the wind moderated though visibility remained poor. We should have set more sail but lethargy had sapped desire, except in Rex who almost throughout the passage — and indeed the cruise — would savage half a dozen tins and even in most difficult weather, produce amazing meals which when the weather was good, were colourful beyond belief. Ninian, no mean cook himself was lost in wonder at the complex way the simplest things could be combined.

Whilst there is a joyous sense of mental ease clearing a coast for a long sea passage, the time always comes for the navigator when anxiety imperceptibly creeps in upon him, and mounts, in low visibility, until it seems it must smother him, relieved at last by the cry, "Land Ahead!" a wonderful relief, short-lived. — What land? Where on the Coast? With poor visibility, gales from different directions and only one rather useless sight I was in fine doubt just where we were. I reckoned that on balance we might have been set 25 miles north of our D.R. As the coast of Norway is very foul in places, eventually about noon, with a tinge of regret I tried the R.D.F. and got a reasonable fix which put us 30 miles to the north. With regret because it is infinitely more rewarding to navigate without recourse to electronic aids which cannot be trusted absolutely. However in this thick weather pride gave way to prudence and I was most grateful for its local aid. Sure enough, soon after lunch land was sighted and eventually identified through the mist as our intended landfall, Manstein Lighthouse, marking the southern approach through the outlying islands to Bergen, over 20 miles away.

For the next four hours we threaded our way between clusters of high islands, many with timber houses in amongst the trees. Soon we joined the stream of shipping and in nice time for supper we came upon Bergen, wondering where on earth we could berth, until Ninian saw a tiny inlet beside a pier with a full rigged ship alongside, almost in the centre of the city, and which quite clearly was not intended for yachts. We slipped in here and with a nod from Ninian to the authorities we stayed happily for the next four days in this very convenient berth at the ferry at Nostet. The rather unpleasant passage of the North Sea, just 350 miles from port to port, had taken us one hour over three days, an average of 4.8 knots.

On the Norwegian Coast — Bergen to Nord Fjord

Tuesday 9th July was a beautiful day with a force 5 breeze dead ahead — in almost all these fjords the wind is either this way or dead astern, or else there is none at all, so an engine that works is absolutely essential. We set only the working jib, our usual rig for many days to come, for not only did she beat well in stiff winds with this sail but also we could see under it, most important when short tacking up narrow sounds. We beat our way north up by Fjord with Bergen and its surroundings superb in the sun, then later branched off up Herlo Fjord, again of course against a strong head-wind. After about four hours and many tacks we attempted to anchor in a minute bay off this fjord but funked it when we saw it shelved from 40 fms. to 2 ft., mud bottom, in just a few boat lengths. We crossed the Fjord and motored up a long, very narrow sound behind a precipitous island where we tied up to an ancient trawler at a tumbled-down old timber pier on Berlands Sund, a delightful hidden place for the night, with a heron looking down his lengthy nose at us from his perch on the cliffs. This was farmland of a sort, very hummocky grass plots of every shape with no roads, merely foot tracks winding amongst the farms, rather



TIR NA NÓG IN NORWAY - 1968

like the Rosses of Donegal, only more fertile. Though there were scattered houses there was no village — there seldom seemed to be in such places in Norway. It was, however, a most fitting setting for our first night out amongst the islands.

From this day on each day was more perfect than the day before, flashing sun and dappled sea of every shade of blue, the brilliant sky softened by odd banks gleaming cumulus clouds, bringing sculptured depth as their shadows swept over the landscape of islands, fjords and mountains far and near. Norway, in fact, in this weather anyway, is just what the coloured posters show — an ever changing scene of water, island, cliff, mountain and forest with here and there a lonely farm in a clearing, its hilly fields of deep lush grass gleaming in the sun. This I say now to unburden myself, for this might be said of almost every day we sailed in these lovely waters.

This second day out was perhaps the best of all. First we sailed up the magnificent Fjord of Fejeosen, then threaded our way between small islets into long and narrow sounds which in turn opened into broadening waters like inland lakes. From these we entered yet narrower sounds and after a most tortuous 'short cut' of about 16 miles we at last came out onto the fine expanse of Fens Fjord, up which we ran with a spanking breeze. At sunset we put into Duesund, a wonderfully enclosed anchorage behind an island, with a ferry pier in one corner. We moored between the end of the pier and a large ring-bolt in the face of the vertical cliff, almost underneath some overhanging trees. In this magnificent day of about eight hours sailing we covered something over 40 miles, with almost every mile of it a memory.

Next morning was a beautiful one, so late after breakfast we sailed just across the fjord to a small village with the usual pier. We bought a huge salmon trout — the first time we succeeded in buying fish, almost an impossibility outside Bergen, as none is sold, everyone catches his own. We then sailed back to land poor Aidan on the ferry, for he had to go home, leaving behind him a void where usually there was the sense of a presence immovable. As soon as the ferry had come in, we sadly and slowly motored out the northern channel and gently but quite unmistakably ran aground. We had the largest scale Norwegian chart which showed 27 metres in Duesund and 52 immediately outside it, but this whole channel turned out to be not much over a metre deep. To say my confidence was shaken is to put it mildly, to say we were embarrassed is to do the same, for this was right under the nose of the ferry-load of locals and tourists — and Aidan. A motor boat carefully towed us. We expressed our gratitude with a bottle of 'Irish' and were rather surprised at his great pleasure — later we learned that its local value was about £7. After this chastening we came out the south entrance again and turned back north up the very fine deep and steep fjord to Solheim, a famous ferry place near the head of one of the more dramatic fjords, brooding and beautiful in the slanting evening sun. We lay the night alongside the ferry and walked around this picturesque spot both then and in the morning.

Friday 12th July another perfect day! We motored back down this striking fjord, with some snow high up in its corries, called again to Masfjordnes for stores and so on out into the broad Fensfjorden once again, down which we had the usual hard beat for a few hours before we could branch up to the north towards the island of Nyomen, to a deep bay in its southern end — Nappslandet — which we beat into in the evening, and anchored in a 'shallow' spot in 10 to 12 fathoms, to our C.Q.R. on a polypropelene warp with a couple of fathoms of chain — for chain alone is very heavy indeed in the depths one often has to drop in. In fact, this was our first anchorage in Norway and nearly our last one too, for almost everywhere

there was a little pier to tie up to. This was an absolutely deserted spot, this island very rough indeed, of very poor land and full of huge patches of bog cotton, the one inhabitant we met when Mabel, Rex and I went ashore, as uncultivated as the land around him.

Saturday, lovely once again, with our usual beat, this time with an odd kick of the engine, up a very narrow sound, between smaller islands and over too very lovely 'cross-roads' of waters, Norway at its quieter best, until at about lunch time we came out upon the largest fjord in Norway, Sogne Fjord — a thousand metres deep, and one of the oldest-inhabited regions of this coast. Up this we had, for a change, a most glorious reach with everyone strewn around the deck, basking in the sun and enjoying magnificent scenery. Ladvik, up the fjord a bit, had been arranged as our rendezvous to meet Peter Odlum with Stanley Dyke in *Rinamara*, and also to take back on board James and Katherine who had left us in Bergen to have a few days touring on their own and to relieve the pressure of living eight aboard. Also Andrew Curtin was to join us for the trip back across the North Sea. All miraculously went as planned except that Peter was in Lervik instead of Ladvik! This was about nine miles down the fjord, so back we beat and entered this most beautiful flooded amphitheatre in the quiet of the evening — and sure enough, there was *Rinamara*, green and cool, immobile on the black molten water of the gloaming. We dropped our hook nearby and all tumbled aboard for a very pleasant reunion and swap of reminiscences of the times there had been in it since we had parted tacks outside Inverness, the night the gales blew up. Mabel and I spent a palatial night aboard as we were now back to our full strength of eight.

Sunday was yet another day made to measure. Ninian, Pook and I walked up the gorge from the anchorage, an absolutely lovely few miles with the most glorious contrasting colouring of river, reed and watermeadow. Soon after lunch both yachts set sail and on Sogne Fjord Rex, from the punt, took photographs of them with one camera after another. We then eased away across the fjord and gently ghosted into the smallest possible anchorage behind the cluster of islands off Ruteldal where Peter had anchored on his first night in Norway, on Henry Horsman's advice. There was scarcely room to swing the boats, let alone a cat in here, but the whole surroundings were entrancing and reminiscent of Connemara. Most of us went ashore for a stretch before Peter and his crew of Stanley, Richie Coe and Laurence McKinley came aboard *Tir na nOg* for another evening of yarning.

We parted next morning, they heading south for Bergen and Stravanger, we towards Nord Fjord. When coming out of these islands the usual lack of tide almost mislead us, for in this instance there was a most decided set upon the outlying rocks. There were one or two similar occurrences elsewhere — Norwegian waters can tend to reassure in order to deceive. This was one of our longest day's sailing, ten hours mostly beating with an occasional push to the port of Floro, the largest on this part of the coast and 43 miles by chart from Rutedal. This was all in blazing sunshine, sometimes under huge cliffs, through clusters of islands, up narrow and dramatic sounds then out on wide fjords with wonderful backcloths of mountains capped by gleaming glaciers and with lush patches of farms here and there. Shortly after setting out, we passed under electric cables spanning in a single sweep a distance of over than a mile, leaping off an enormous vertical wall of rocks, the greatest we had seen so far. We met two other yachts — almost the only ones we saw from this time on. Towards evening we beat up to the main approach to Floro, as usual finding the right 'gap' amongst the many islands by laying off the next course as soon as we were free of the last lot and sighting with care which gap was dead ahead when the boat was exactly on course.

This approach to Floro is the most confusing thing I have ever seen upon a chart, especially on the Norwegian ones which we had been strongly urged to get (obtainable at Giertsens in the centre of Bergen. They indeed are beautifully produced and printed, the land coloured and the many sections of the numerous lights coloured too. They show an amazing amount of detail with (almost) every one of the many perches indicated (most of which have an 'arm' pointing to the proper passage). All this detail can be absolutely baffling and in many cases the Admiralty charts which look sketchy in comparison are in fact, infinitely more helpful, especially as they usually indicate the proper route with a dotted line which the Norwegian ones do not, and where there could be any number of alternatives, this is most important. The Norwegian ones however show the heights of the many electric cables overhead, whereas the Admiralty ones do not. This is vital in these days of metal masts, as some of these cables are low. In short then, the Norwegian charts were most useful for detail when needed and the Admiralty ones far better for guiding through tricky and confused places. If I were to have only one set I would choose the Admiralty ones and not just because I am used to them. Best of all is to have both and use them in tandem.

Back then to the approach to Floro. The Norwegian chart was well-nigh impossible, the Admiralty route did not seem to 'tie in' with the several lighthouses and islets so I laid off an independent course between the islets and rocks and in great trepidation came on in. At this moment a large passenger ship overtook us, so unashamedly I followed her and to my great delight, she left the proper route — and took 'my' short cut through the worst part. In glassy calm we motored the rest of the way, and tied up alongside another yacht. *Trumper* a Nicholson '32' from Edinburgh, with Dr. Laurence and his wife and daughter and one other on their third cruise to Norway.

Floro is by Norwegian standards quite a large town and port — a very pleasant one too and as we were still eight on board Mabel and Andrew went ashore to look for digs for us and came back with an invitation from two most charming young Norwegian girls to stay in the house of one of them — clearly not a guest house. They took us there and having entertained us as honoured guests until the small hours, were hauled off to the house of the other one by her highly irate mother, leaving us in absolute command of the whole house and its contents. As we clambered into the parents' bed we wondered what on earth we would say if they returned during the night! We lazed away all Tuesday and Wednesday in this pleasant town, all of us, especially Andrew, seeing a little of our girls from time to time.

As Mabel had had such a dusting on the passage over and was scarcely three months post-confinement of our daughter Sonda and had moreover developed a very poisoned thumb, Ninian and 'Dr. James' warned her off the crossing back of the North Sea. This relief, was in many ways, a deep disappointment to her, so she decided to fulfill an old ambition and pay a visit to the Lofoten Islands, far to the north. She may yet regret this respite from the rigours of the sea for it seems that the Lofotens is a cruising ground if there ever was one!

On Thursday, we left at lunch and in wind F. 6–7 beat up a sound with a long line of sunken rocks on one hand, not well marked — a little bit of anxious guesswork at the end of every second tack. We came out on to Frojsfoen looking forward to an easy reach up this fjord but again it was a beat, so as it was near teatime we motored up an unusual and very narrow dredged channel almost touching the beacons on our port side into a fine long narrow inlet in the mountains called Berdlepol, where we moored at a small jetty, complete with fresh water supply. This little sunken valley was the home of several large trawlers, each owner-

skipper having a wonderfully complete menage — his fine house, land down to the water's edge, a huge loft for gear, a private pier for his trawler and the mountain slope opposite for his sheep. We all walked some miles up this elongated lake after supper, not at all troubled by the fact that the whole days passage amounted to only 16 miles.

Ninian rose next morning at 0800 and induced the rest of us gradually to do the same so that we were away at 1100, en route for our furthest north, the Nord Fjord. We had to motor, first across an absolutely lovely conjuncture of waters — the Skatestrommen — with valleys leading off, foreboding, yet faintly luminescent under the overcast sky, all dominated by the most enormous overhanging cliff at least two thousand feet high. One of the trawler skippers had warned us that this area was dangerous under sail in fresh winds from the south when vertical gusts from this huge cliff burst upon the water, flattening all in their way. From here we entered a very narrow twisting channel stiff with perches which led out between solid rock sides little wider than a canal lock to Nord Fjord where later on the wind actually freed us so we hoisted our main for almost the first time on this coast. This passage up a series of fjords leading off and into one another for many miles, was made memorable by a marvellous concoction conceived by Rex — a dish which he assured us was Mock Lobster. We reached or ran for seven hours after this, from Nord Fjord through Davik, Isle and Hunduik Fjords passing a huge waterfall under a most dramatic 5,000 ft. table mountain, a wonderful sight in the now brilliant blue sky, and on into Gloppe Fjord. This was of an entirely different character — broad fertile sloping sides with, of all things, huge beds of strawberries growing through holes in acres of black plastic sheeting, interspersed with orchards, and surprisingly close beyond a line of snow-capped mountains glistening in the sun — a delightful furthest point of our cruise.

We secured alongside a pier right beside the town of Sandane, a picturesque place of timbered houses on a steep slope beneath high cliffs close inland. When evening fell we walked to the hotel and managed to find real beer, at little more than 5/6 a bottle in Oslo, Andrew told us with great feeling, it was 'two bob more'! It speaks volumes for Norway that cruising folk will come here — and return — in spite of the near impossibility of getting a drink ashore, and even then at what an astronomical cost. This was our furthest up a fjord and about 40 miles from the sea and almost the same from our inlet of Berdlepol. Here, a little sadly, we turned upon our track for home.

We left Sandane at lunchtime, slipped down this gentle fertile fjord and for the next eight hours, sailed, motored and motor-sailed back down our string of fjords, in brilliant sunshine, past the waterfall, this time even more striking than before, on past the very narrow Rugsund from which we had come out upon Nord Fjord, westward beneath huge cliffs almost 3,000 ft. high and ended with a beat into Maloy, a large fishing port on the island of Vaagso at the very mouth of the Nord Fjord, the last little leg under motor through the very narrow rocky channel. No sooner were we secured at the town than two 'young-wans' lolling indolently on the quayside served to put this place out of countenance with Ninian — a most unusual occurrence on this cruise.

The Sunday was yet another perfect day which started with a bath in the hotel for most of us, followed by Church for some of the newly washed — a most interesting if protracted ceremony, at which no less than four infants were christened, all four sets of parents and god-parents being lined up in the aisle and visited in turn, from time to time, by the bishop in his Luthern ruff. Rex and I stood lunch in the hotel — with a special treat, beer by Andrew — at which we had a charming woman, Mrs. Lige, the wife of the garage owner, as she had been extremely helpful to us. She ended up by taking Katherine and Pook for a drive around the

island until it was time for them to board the night steamer, to return to Bergen and so back to Newcastle and home — quite a touching farewell after which the boat seemed rather empty for a while.

Nord Fjord to Dun Laoire

Soon after tea, on Sunday 21st July, we set our working jib only and left Norway with something more than mere regret. We bucked our way between off-lying rocks, some of them sunken and unmarked, and kept north of west for six miles so as to clear this rather foul region, before laying off on our course of about south-west back to Inverness. Thus for it was bumpy but when we bore away with a F. 4 wind the motion was much easier and for the rest of the night we made good way, not losing sight of the towering cliffs and mountains until morning. By midnight a crescent moon was snuggling in the apricot afterglow of the set sun — a really lovely farewell to this magnificent coast. Soon after this Rex sighted a satellite in the high glow — we were back amongst the mundane once again. When morning came we roused ourselves and set the main to the N.N.E. wind F. 3 — 4 and having reached easily for three days and nights entered the Cromarty Firth on Wednesday evening, almost home it seemed, although we did not reach the sea lock of the Caledonian Canal until 0900 next morning.

I took three sets of sun sights on this cushy passage — and worked them up too. As usual it is when least needed that most sights are taken; in bad weather when uncertainty is greatest there is no sun or else one's stomach tends to murmur otherwise.. The first of these taken on Monday morning when the sun was right on the beam gave a most useful position line parallel with our course and showed surprisingly that we had been set some miles to the north-west. The next one 24 hours later confirmed that we were now on course and was of great use to give a position when brought forward and crossed with the line from the third sight, taken on Tuesday evening. This fix put us 25 miles ahead of D.R. by our log which was of great concern as we had altered course drastically to try to find Fair Isle, hoping to pop ashore there as we had to pass it by when sailing from Shetland to St. Kilda in 1956.

Doubt darkened during the next three hours as we hauled our wind to the west looking for our Isle. At last we sighted it, well up on our weather bow giving us a 15 mile dead beat which would have brought us there in the middle of the night. Cursing the log, we at last bore off, thwarted once again. I hauled the dratted log and found the rotor neatly enveloped in a plastic bag — so this was where our 25 miles was, and how dangerous this could have been if we had been relying on it to make a landfall on a foul coast in poor visibility. Few people seem to realise how lethal these things are; they never should be thrown overboard for they never sink and even ruin ships' engines by being sucked into their cooling systems — they kill cows too in much the same way.

Having entered Cromarty Firth we realised we would arrive off the sea lock of the Caledonian Canal in the middle of the night and not being able to enter before 0900 we jilled about for part of the night and at dawn came in through the Narrows at Fort George. There the silence of first light was shattered by dozens of great porpoises leaping all around us for a radius of a mile, some of them jumping five feet clear of the water and returning to it with a tremendous report that echoed for the full mile — their joyous welcome for our deliverance from the perils of the North Sea'. We were just in nice time to go straight into the Sea lock though had we to lie outside we could have done so at the pierhead, portside only, no matter what the tide.

We pushed straight on through the Canal all day as time was running short, through Lough Ness,

Loch Oich and to the south end of Loch Lochy all in magnificent weather, through scenery of mountain, heather, steel blue water and islet-dotted lochs, all lovely beyond description, so lovely in fact, that a trip up and down this waterway in weather of this kind would in itself, form a cruise to remember for many a day. We hoisted sail down most of these lochs and anchored for the night in a deep calm bend of the river just beyond Loch Lochy – a place of hushed beauty most perfectly suited to wind up such a day. By an extraordinary effort we were under way at 0630 as it would be touch and go whether we would get out of the sea lock at Corpach by 2½ hours before low water. This we did somewhat over four hours later with less than 15 minutes to spare, greatly helped by the speed of operation of the large lock gates which now are almost all hydraulic.

As there was a head wind – and not much of that – we motored most of the day down Loch Linnhe past Lismore, Duart Castle and Pladds, through Dorus Mor and on into the basin of Crinan at 2200, with a parched rush ashore for our first real beer for several weeks, only to find that we were back in class-conscious Britain; last beer at 2205, last whiskey 2225! The basin was packed, with two ex 8 metres from Cork – *If* and *Wye* – in new hands. The young owners and crew of *Wye* came aboard with cans of beer en route for a dance and a sight of a skirt ashore and gave us a splendid party, which Rex maliciously repaid by plying them with wonderful sandwiches well laced with powerful onions, quite banjaxing their chances later on.

Another 0630 start, another pleasant canal passage of the Crinan, which like the Caledonian is experiencing a decided increase in yacht traffic – the puffers of old are few and far between and only one of them is still steam. We had to motor down Loch Fyne, but at the north end of Kilbrennan Sound a west wind came up. As it was a glorious day and all on board were comatose below, I quietly rigged tiller lines and lay in the sun on the foredeck steering from there for two full hours, for half of this with spinnaker set creaming south as a splendid pace. A laege Clyde passenger steamer closed us to see what was the matter and went on her way still puzzled. We ran on, still under swelling spinnaker, in gorgeous weather, with a wonderful sunset silhouetting the Mull of Kintyre behind us, and swept on south as dusk dissolved the veil of daylight imperceptably revealing the Milky Way in a broad and glittering band of countless diamond chips embedded in the black velvet vault arching over us – a night rainbow; several skeins of gannets, in a silence that pulsed swiftly sped homewards to Ailsa Craig, while Scotland dipped astern and we swished on through the starry night towards the South Rock L.V.

A last beautiful day, with most of the crew on deck sun-bathing, two lucky ones on sail bags at the stern sipping beer. A meridian sight of the sun taken for interest close beside Carlingford Whistle Buoy – (so simple, no exact time needed, almost no workings, no chartwork) was just about half a mile in error. This could well be used more often. One last pleasure of this so lovely voyage all the way from Norway: Ninian saw close alongside us a large dark-brown bird with white flash on its wingtops, an arctic skua, the first that he had ever seen in the Irish Sea. A dozy day, like all good things, must end at last, and this one gently did so shortly before 2100 on the azured evening of Sunday 28th July, at the moorings off the ‘Irish’ in Dun Laoghaire, where as we stowed the sails for the last time, the azure paled to a saffron glow.....*Tir na nOg* was home again, well gratified with her month away in Norway and happy too to have another sixteen hundred miles or so wound up on her log – in spite of plastic bags!

FROM	TO	NAUTICAL MILES	TIME Hrs. Min.	KNOTS	ENGINE
Dun Laoghaire	Inverness	296.5	58.30	5.1	?
Inverness	Bergen	349.0	73.10	4.8	6.00
Bergen	Berlundsoon	18.5	4.45	3.9	.15
Berlundsoon	Duesund	46.0	8.20	5.5	1.40
Duesund	Solheim	12.5	2.30	5.0	1.00
Solheim	Nappslandet	28.5	6.30	4.4	1.00
Nappslandet	Lervik	41.0	8.00	5.1	1.40
Lervik	Ruteldal	7.2	1.30	4.8	-
Ruteldal	Floro	49.0	9.50	5.0	2.15
Floro	Berdlepol	22.5	5.20	4.3	.20
Berdlepol	Sandane	39.0	9.30	4.1	1.50
Sandane	Muloy	40.5	8.00	5.1	2.50
Muloy	Inverness	389.0	87.00	4.5	5.30
Inverness	Corpach	53.0	16.40	3.2	15.10
Corpach	Crinan	58.5	10.45	5.4	9.10
Crinan	Ardrishaigh	9.0	5.00	1.8	5.00
Ardrishaigh	Dun Laoghaire	176.0	32.50	5.4	13.20
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Total		1635.7	348.10	4.70	67.00+?

LIST OF MEMBERS

The letters (H.P.R.) are inserted
after the names of Honorary
Port Representatives

Name & Year Elected	Address (Phone Number)	Yacht
Anderson, A.W. 1961	Balmacara, Deanfield, Londonderry. (3348)	Lapwing 3½ tons
Andrews, David O.B.E., M.Sc., J.P. 1959	Belfast Mills, Percy St., Belfast 13. (Office: 22451; Home: Bangor 60631)	Ocean Dove 8½ tons
Archer, William M. 1965	16, Harberton Park, Belfast 9. (669943)	Petrel II 10 tons
Arnold, R.C. 1955	13, Malone Hill Park, Belfast. (667377)	
Balmforth, M.B. 1966	Flat 4, 16 Whyke Road, Chichester Sussex. (Home: 86995; Office: 85027)	Unmistakable 5—0—5
Barnes, Dermot 1955	53 Sycamore Road, Mount Merrion, Dublin. (882703)	Cu-na-Mara 9 tons
Beck, H.P. 1963	10, Murdock Court, Middlebury, Vermont, U.S.A.	China Bird 13 tons
Berridge, Lt. Col. R.L. (H.P.R.) 1946	Ashleam, Monkstown, Co. Cork. (Glenbrook 841022)	Killala 19 tons
Berridge, Mrs. Cicely D. 1965	do.	
Beckett, John D. 1963	52, Sydney Ave., Blackrock, Co. Dublin (889826)	Dara 4 tons
Begley, William 1950	87 Tritonville Road, Sandymount, Dublin. (684947)	
Booth, E.M. 1967	Melmore, Shankill, Co. Dublin (863094)	Venetia 5 tons
Bourke, John P. 1965	27 Belgrave Square, Monkstown, Co. Dublin (805225)	
Bourke, J. Roger (H.P.R. Shannon)	Corbiere, Ashbourne Ave., Limerick. (Office: 45444, Home: 45479)	Iduna 4 tons
Boyd, J.M. 1963	Craigantlet, Newtownards, Co. Down	
Bradley, Desmond 1957	"Mostyn" Grove Lawn, Blackrock, Co. Dublin. (Office: 53351, Home: 882552)	
Braidwood, W.S. 1963	3 Dufferin Villas, Bangor, Co. Down (2382)	Cruiskeen 15 tons
Braidwood, Mrs. 1963	do.	
Bridges, Mrs. M.C. (H.P.R.) 1936	Bow Hall, Castletownshend, Co. Cork. (Castletownshend 36)	
Brindley, Aidan C. 1954	Pendennis, Gordon Ave., Foxrock, Co. Dublin. (Office: 78617, Home: 893444)	Aletta 2 tons
Broderick, K.J. 1943	Kilcoran, Knapton Road, Dun Laoghaire Co. Dublin (803397)	Darroch 13½ tons
Brown, J. Finlay 1959	151, Seafield Road, Clontarf, Dublin 3. (335789)	Hy-Brasail (P.O.)
Brown, W.P. (H.P.R.) 1963	212 Shore Road, Portaferry, Co. Down (318)	Black Soo 5 tons

Bunting, Peter J. 1962	Faunmore, 58 Demesne Road, Holywood, Co. Down (Office: Belfast 21892, Home: Holywood 3744)	Wender 7 tons
Butler, J.C. 1959	Belgrave, Cobh, Cork (811342)	Happy Morning 6 tons
Butler, Sean, Mr. Justice 1957	Bonnie Doon, Coliemore Road, Dalkey Co. Dublin (806187)	
Campbell, R.P. 1934	Cuilin, Bray, Co. Wicklow (862634)	Verve 10 tons
Chadwick, T. 1944	Lissen Hall, Swords, Co. Dublin (Office: 280381, Home: 201220)	Huzure (P.O.) 8 tons
Charles, R. 1948	13 Ham Road, Shoreham-by-Sea, Sussex. (Home: 3421, Office: CHA 1644)	Franzi 5 tons
Clapham John F. 1965	3 Clanbrassil Tce., Marino, Co. Down. (Office: Belfast 25475, Home:Holywood 2933)	Daphne (Dragon)
Clark, H.W.S., D.L. (H.P.R. Portrush) 1951	Gorteade Cottage, Upperlands, Co. Derry (Maghera 216)	Wild Goose of Moyle 10 tons
Clarke, Don. 1965	6 Belmont Park, Derry. Office: Derry 2112, Home:Brookhall 365	Caru 5 tons
Clegg, J.A. 1963	Craigside, Langley Ave., Bingley, Yorks.	Sinbad of Abersoch 11 tons
Cobbe, T.L. 1939	Newbridge House, Donabate, Co. Dublin (350343)	Charm 6 tons
Coe, R. 1957	Craigie, Monasterevan, Co. Kildare. (Kildare 25300)	
Cole, Derrick	5 Stillorgan Pk., Blackrock, Co. Dublin (881240)	
Clarke, S.H.R. 1967	Aghmarta, Carrigaline, Co. Cork	Quiver IV 21 tons
Collins, H.A.B. 1963	Clanallen, Manse Road, Kilkeel, Co. Down	
Collins, J. B. 1954	Mulberry, Glenamuck Rd., Carrickmines, Co. Dublin	
Collins, W. J. 1937	Weir View, Sunday's Well, Cork. (Office: 20636, Home: 24038)	
Cooke, K.L. (R.O.R.C. Measurer) 1959	"Salia", Dublin Road, Sutton, Co. Dublin. (Office: 771801. Home: 322348)	
Courtney, Ross 1948	Ross More, Claremont Rd., Howth, Co. Dublin. Office:44686, Home:323090	Fionnuala 13 tons
Cresswell, R.S. 1949	Lynton, Dalkey Ave., Dalkey, Co. Dublin (803163)	
Crosbie, Commdr. George 1930	Garrydale, Tivoli, Co. Cork (51665)	
Crosbie, T. 1930	Woodlands, Montenotte, Cork. (52420)	If 12 tons
Crosbie E. 1957	Do.	
Cross, T. Fergus 1940	Montenotte House, Lr. Montenotte, Cork. (Office: 20595, Home: 22396)	
Cudmore, Fred. 1947	Westcourt, College Rd., Cork. (Office: 24019, Home: 42662)	Setanta 10 tons
Cudmore, Justin R. 1966	Westcourt, College Rd, Cork.	
Cudmore, Fred (Jun.) 1966	Westcourt, College,Rd., Cork.	

Cudmore, Peter F. 1966	Westcourt, College Rd., Cork.	
Cudmore, Harold 1956	Cartriff, Douglas, Co. Cork. (Office:24019, Home:33016)	Auretta 8 tons
Cudmore, H. (Jun.) 1959	Do.	
Cudmore, Ronald 1964	Do.	
Cudmore, Richard B. 1966	Uplands, Shanakiel, Sundays Well, Cork.	Ann Again 7 tons
Cunningham, Brian 1967	36 Dhu Varren, Portrush, Co. Antrim.	
d'Alton, M.M.A. 1956	Kilda Lodge, Killiney, Co. Dublin (Office: 61481)	Glenshane P.O. (Glen)
Dalton, Brian 1967	8 Whittier Place, Boston, Mass.02114 U.S.A.	Helwick 6½ tons
Daly, Dominic J.	Currabinny, Carrigaline, Co. Cork.	Tumbelina 12 tons
Dawes, Miss K. P. 1963	9 Courtenay Place, Lymington, Hampshire	
Deane, Douglas 1965	"Rosario" Sidney Park, Cork.	
Denvir, Miss Joan 1956	Mount Bernard, Cobh, Co. Cork (811504)	Emmy 12' National
Dineen, Patrick A. 1965	St. Munchin's Bakery, Nicholas Street, Limerick	Huntress 5 tons
Donegan, Patrick, T.D. 1968	St. Etchans, Monasterboice, Drogheda	Casquet 11 tons
Doyle, Denis N. 1956	Lauriston, Douglas Road, Cork (23706)	Moonduster 20 tons
Doyle Frank, 1966	Lauriston, Douglas Road, Cork.(23706)	
Doyle John G. 1967	Springfield, Shankill, Co. Dublin (862631)	
Doyle Thomas F. 1930	Ardmannagh, Glenbrook, Co. Cork	Sonata 21 tons
Doyle D. Conor 1966	Do.	
Duff, J.C. 1946	37, West 75th St., New York, 23, U.S.A.	Naomi P.O. 5 tons
Duff, J.M. 1949	11 Queen's Park, Monkstown, Co. Dublin (804414)	Naomi P.O. 5 tons
Dunn, Aidan (Hon.Secretary) 1963	2, Nutley Road, Ballsbridge, Dublin 4. (Office: 770733, Home: 691158)	Shortwave 9 tons
Dwyer, Kevin F. 1966	Glenkeen, Glanmire, Co. Cork	
Dyke, Stanley W. 1965	Benwell, Crosthwaite Park, Dunlaoire (807918)	
Elliot, W. Mayne 1932	35 Beechfield, Hilldale, Parbold, Lancs. (Parbold 708)	Sheena Heron
Eves, F. Maitland 1967	Ganaway, Ballywalter, Newtownards, Co. Down	Isle of Skye 5 tons
Falkiner, Dr. N. 1953	24, Upr. Fitzwilliam St., Dublin (62131)	
Fannin, Robt. N. 1959	117, St. Assam's Ave., Raheny, Co. Dublin (335388)	
Faulkner, J. Dennis (Vice-Commodore) (H.P.R. Strangford Lough) 1960	Olinda, Craigavon, Co. Down (Office: Belfast 744261, Home: Holywood 2783)	Zest 23 tons

Felix, Bernard 1963	"La Tour D'Ivoire", Bd. De latre de Tassigny, 83-Toulon, France (Home: 92.61.36, Office: 92.69.7)	Skreeo 4 tons
Fielding, Dr. R. J. 1956	Mizen, Douglas Rd., Cork. (31006 & 51848)	Gigha 7 tons
Finnegan, John J. 1966	9 Belgrave Road, Monkstown, Co. Dublin.	5-0-5
Fitzgerald, C. J. 1944	24 Patrick Street, Cork.	
FitzGerald, David H.B. 1966	Mount Pleasant, Loughrea, Co. Galway (Home: Loughrea 148; Office: Tynagh 214)	Pegeen 6½ tons
Fogarty, John J. 1967	8 The Crescent, Middleton, Co. Cork.	Nora Sheila 5 tons
French, Miss D. (H.P.R.) 1934	Port Oriel Estate, Clogherhead, Co. Louth	
Fuller T. 1936	Grianan, Skibbereen, Co. Cork. (6)	
Geldof, Robert	18 Crosthwaite Pk., Dunlaoghaire, Co. Dublin (802818)	
Glover, Dr. W. E.	Rosamar, Mile Cross, Newtownards, Co. Down. Office: Belfast 30111, Home: Newtownards 2633	Tyrena 11 tons
Glover, Mrs. L. 1963	Do.	
Gogarty, Desmond (H.P.R.) 1960	"Lamlash" Mornington, Drogheda, Co. Louth (8740)	Corran 5 tons
Goodbody, H. Perry 1958	The Glen, Cobh, Co. Cork (Office: 21701, Home: 811322)	
Gomes H. R. 1967	12 Main St, Crawfordsburn, Co. Down	Ain Mara (P.O.) 10 tons
Gordon, Hugh 1965	1 Willow Tce., Booterstown, Co. Dublin (Office: 45551).	
Green, Ronald, 1963	Plymouth Hoe, Stoney Road, Dundonald Belfast. Home: 63175.	
Green, Mrs. Margaret 1963	Do.	
Green, Chris., H. 1964	Do.	Helen 11 tons
Green, Michael 1964	Do.	Do.
Greer, P.H. Li.D. 1951	22, Greenfield Road, Sutton, Co. Dublin. (Office: 771801, Home: 313195).	Helen of Howth 29 tons
Greer, Howard 1966	Do.	Amazon (Heron)
Guinness, J.H. (H.P.R.) 1961	Censure House, Baily, Co. Dublin. (323123)	Sule Skerry 18 tons
Guinness, Mrs. M. J. 1966	Do.	
Guinness, Peter 1963	15 Queensberry Way, London, S.W.7.	Rob Roy McGregor 8 tons
Hall, R.C.A. 1952	Lisaniska, Monkstown, Co. Cork. (841083)	Seadog 11 tons

Hall, Mrs. Nancy W. 1965	Lisaniska, Monkstown, Co. Cork. (841083)	Music I.D.R.A. 14'
Hanan, Thomas J. 1937	Kenmare, Kill Lane, Foxrock, Co. Dublin (895831)	
Harman, S.T.S. 1949	Lichfield, Ballintemple, Co. Cork. (31053)	Carina 4 tons
Healy Capt. George F.	Shanganagh, Albert Rd., Glenageary, Co. Dublin (801528)	Master of Yacht ASGARD
Heard, Mrs. Ruth 1967	Stone Cottage, Killiney, Co. Dublin	
Hegarty, Brian 1957	Cairn Gorm, Baily, Co. Dublin (323421)	Puffin Mermaid
Hegarty, Dermot 1959	2 Killeen Terrace, Malahide, Co. Dublin.	
Hennessy, Dr. Noel St. J. 1957	Roosky, Co. Roscommon (Roosky 24)	Aisling 8 tons
Henry, F. J. M.B. F.R.C.S.I. 1936	Match Box, Mount Anville Rd., Dundrum, Dublin 14. Home: 984956	Jacqueline
Henry, Dr. George R. 1961	6 Farmhill Drive, Goatstown, Dundrum, Dublin 14 (983200)	
Heron, Barney 1965	Castletown, Celbridge, Co. Kildare (288349)	Arctic Sun 10 tons
Hicks, Savell O. O.B.E. 1961	Cuan Hills Farm, Ballydorn, Killinchy, Co. Down. Office: Belfast 57251; Home: Killinchy 468.	
Higginbotham, J.W. 1964	Weatherly, Claremont, Howth, Co. Dublin. 322086	Mimosa 17 footer
Hilliard, C.E. 1961	5 West Bar, Banbury, Oxfordshire	
Hogan, Thomas P. 1967	Monkstown Castle, Co. Dublin	Arabel II 10 tons
Hollwey, G.W. 1948	Dunstaffnage, Stillorgan, Co. Dublin (880998)	
Hollwey, Lt. Col. J.B. 1939	Eski Shehr, Cabinteely, Co. Dublin (893255)	Tora 6 tons
Horsman, Henry F. 1952	Templerainy House, Arklow, Co. Wicklow (22349)	Anne Marie P.O. 16 tons
Hunt, C. K. 1963	30 Upr. Merrion St. Dublin 2.	
Irving J.F. 1960	9 Courtenay Place, Lymington, Hampshire, England	Sea Sauterer 9 tons
Jacob, Basil B. 1956	15, Cunningham Drive, Dalkey, Co. Dublin. Office: 503222, Home: 806614	
Jameson J. Patrick	9 Arranmore Rd., Donnybrook, Dublin 4. (680371)	Zephyra 8 tons
Johnson, Terence 1960	390 Clonard Road, Dublin 12	
Jones, A.G.H. 1965	125 Redland Road, Bristol	

Kavanagh, Commander Peter	1965	Kerlogue, Railway Ave., Sutton, Dublin. (323396)	
Kelly-Rogers, Capt. J . C. O.B.E.,	1953	Spindrift, Shore Road, Portmarnock, Co. Dublin. Office: 46851. Home: 350028.	
Kennedy, Hugh P.	1963	7 Mount Eden Park, Malone Rd., Belfast 9 (Office: 226941, Home: 660500)	Tosca II 5-0-5
Kilkelly, Lt. Col. R.P.	1954	Cavalry Club, 127 Piccadilly, London W.1.	
Kimber, Gurth	1957	Hillside, 14 Stoke Rd. Nayland, Nr. Colchester, Essex. (Nayland 337)	Laputa 15 tons
Kinmonth, Prof. J B.	1966	70 Ladbroke Road, London, W.11. (Park 6045)	
Kirkham, T.G.	1929	127, Rathgar Road, Dublin.	
Knott, H. B.	1964	Marlay, Proby Square, Blackrock, Co. Dublin (881063)	Pamela 6 tons
Knox-Gore, Col. W.A.C. D.S.O.	1954	3 Windsor Terrace, Dunlaoghaire, Co. Dublin (805378)	
Landon, Capt. E. G.	1959	Crannog, Banagher, Co. Offaly Home: Offaly 24	Sea Bird (P.O.) 4½ tons
Large, Richard T.	1958	Rosehill House, Carysfort Ave., Blackrock, Co. Dublin. (Office: 61236, Home: 880574)	Motihari III 5 tons
Lawless, Peter D.	1964	Heydene, Westfields, N.C. Road, Limerick	Ianthe 8 tons
Lee, Reginald	1961	Beaumont Cottage, Waltham Tce. Blackrock, Co. Dublin (880610)	
Leonard, Alan G.	1964	24 Maryville Park, Belfast 9. (669883)	Lamita 5 tons
Leonard, Miss Elizabeth M.	1967	35 Buccleuch Place, Edinburgh 8. (Newington 8509)	
Leonard, Gerald B.	1964	Craigaveagh, Sketrick Island, Killinchy, Belfast.	Do.
Livingston, William David	1965	89 High St, Cowes I.O.W.	
Livingston, Mrs. Bridget	1965	Do.	
Love, Clayton	1950	Seabank, Clifton Terrace, Monkstown, Co. Dublin (801314)	
Love, Brian	1963	Do.	
Love, Mrs. T.	1963	Do.	
Luke, Derek	1959	Windward, Strand Road, Sutton, Co. Dublin. (Office: 53351, Home: 322507)	Emanuel 7 tons
Luke, Dermot	1955	Fairways, Carrickbrack Rd. Sutton, Co. Dublin (Office: 771801, Home: 322634)	

Lyden, Brendan P.	Carrigaline, Co. Cork.	Eventide 5 tons
McAuley, F.D., M.Ch., D.O.M.S. 1961	44 Fitzwilliam Square, Dublin (61717)	
Macauley, W.P. 1963	Ballyward House, Manor Kilbride, Blessington, Co. Wicklow	Heather Bell 52 tons
McCann, George	Rathmore Ave., Bangor, Co. Down	
McCleery, H. 1953	Island Bane, Killinchy, Co. Down (355)	
McConnell J.C. 1958	Darwin House, Cunningham Road, Dalkey, Co. Dublin (Office: 773141)	Marula 10½ tons
McConnell, John H. 1965	Do.	
McConnell, Mrs. M. 1959	Do.	
McCormick, W.H.D. (H.P.R.) 1956	Brooklyn, Greencastle, Lifford, Co. Donegal (Office: Derry 4081, Home: Greencastle 5)	Diane 4 tons
McCoull, M. J. 1960	47, Earlswood Road, Belfast (656980)	Lorelei
McDowell, J.R. 1963	Cherryhill, Ballymullan, Rd., Crawfordsburn, Co. Down Office: 28221, Home: Helen's Bay 3165)	Cait Caitlin 6½ tons
McFerran, K. 1931	Dangan, Carrickmines, Co. Dublin (893153)	
McFerran, Neil 1965	The Peak, Killiney, Co. Dublin (803556)	
McGonagle, Liam 1959	Fingal, Strand Road, Sutton, Co. Dublin (322848)	
McIlwaine, A.D. 1960	Barra, Crawfordsburn, Co. Down	Sheenan 17 tons
McIlwaine, Mrs. Y. 1963	Do.	
McKee, Michael (H.P.R.) 1962	104 Seacliff Road, Bangor, Co. Down (Office: 22734, Home: 2692)	Marie of Howth 5 tons
McKenna, David C. 1964	Flat 5, 5 Lancaster Gate, London, W.2.	
Mackeown, J.A. 1959	57, Leeson Park, Dublin. (67964)	Huff of Arklow (14) Antoinette (5)
McKinley, Fergus 1953	Beechfield, Sydney Ave., Blackrock, Co. Dublin (888376)	Sarcelle 6 tons
McLaverty, C. 1961	77a Brownhill Rd., Chandlers Ford Eastleigh, Hampshire.	Dauntless 2 tons
McLaverty, K. 1961	30 Deramore Drive, Belfast 9.	Durward 2 tons
McMillan, Alistair	"Treborth", Corr Bridge, Howth, Co. Dublin. (324042)	
McMullen, L. 1940	The Dell, Gordon Ave., Foxrock, Co. Dublin (893298)	Rainbow 6 tons

McNally, R.J. 1964	42 Mount Prospect Ave., Clontarf Dublin, 3. (335814)	Hy-Brasail (P.O.)
McSweeney, Patrick	"Dunmuire", Woodview, Douglas, Cork.	Pride of Kerry 14 tons
McVicker, Jack T. 1967	33a Windsor Ave., Belfast 9.	
Macken, J.J. 1949	White House, Dalkey Ave., Co. Dublin (806897)	Aileen (Dragon) 3 tons
Mackey, K. 1964	6 The Close, Mount Merrion, Dublin. (881352)	
Madden, Arthur, G. 1961	Hazeldene, Marina, Blackrock, Co. Cork. (31348)	
Maguire, B. C. 1950	Northfield, 36 Herbert Rd., Hornchurch, Essex. (48754)	
Maguire, M. J. 1958	Willow Brae, Castlepark Rd., Sandycove, Co. Dublin.	
Maher, Patrick J. 1959	Ballinglanna, Douglas Road, Cork. (Office: 25252; Home: 33966)	Fafner 2 tons
Mahony, J.A.C. 1958	Cloghroe House, Blarney, Co. Cork (85121)	
Mallagh, T. J. S. 1957	2 Clonskeagh Road, Dublin 6. (971013)	Mac Lir II 8 tons
Marshall, A. H. (H.P.R.) 1963	Rockmount, 20 Warren Road, Donaghadee, Co. Down. (3553)	La Petite Mamselle 5 tons
Martin, Brian M. 1966	11 Jordanstown Road, Newtownabbey, Co. Antrim.	Solitaire 6 tons
Martin, F. D. 1954	2 Eaton Brae, Corbawn Lane, Shankill, Co. Dublin (863410)	Adastra (P.O.) 8 tons
Masser, A. H. L.I.D. 1959	Edros, Bally, Co. Dublin. (Office: 79801; Home 323162)	Segura 22 tons
Masser, K. A. 1966	1 Willowbank, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin (806367)	Cantabile 5-0-5
Mellon, D. E., M.D. 1947	5 Vergemount, Clonskeagh, Dublin 6. (973075)	Janet 12 tons
Miller, C. G. 1955	Shortalstown, Killinick, Co. Wexford. (Murrintown 8)	Calloo 4 tons
Minchin, John 1960	Currabinni, Carrigaline, Co. Cork. (831296) T.A.S.	Pride of Leap 6 tons
Mitchell, E.D. 1959	Carrowdore Castle, Millisle, Co. Down. (Millisle 234)	Felma (P.O.) 11 tons
Mitchell, P.D. 1956	21 6th Avenue, Atlantic Highlands, New Jersey, U.S.A.	Brindaban 11 tons
Montgomery, A.M. 1957	Brocca, 5, North Avenue, Mount Merrion, Dublin. (Office: 79232, Home: 881045)	Zeewill 7 tons
Montgomery, E.J. 1955	78, Northumberland Road, Dublin. (Office: 61201, Home: 67852)	Caravelle 2 tons

Moore, Godfrey B. 1946	18, St. Catherines Park, Glenageary, Co. Dublin (Office:801078; Home: 803152)	
Morck, Dr. P. B. 1958	Frankfort Lodge, Merrion Ave., Blackrock, Co. Dublin (880852)	Samphire of Osyth 11 tons
Morck, Mrs. P.C. 1962	Do.	
Morehead, R. 1950	Leeward, Marina, Blackrock, Cork. (33297)	Windward 1½ tons
Morris, Arthur 1961	Clonmore Glebe, Piltown, Co. Kilkenny (Fiddown 8)	Evarne 11 tons
Morris, R. Wall 1958	Melbeach, Monkstown, Co. Dublin. (Home:804843, Office:76331)	Vandra 8 tons
Morrison, R. Ian 1957	Spindrift, Carrickbrack Rd., Baily, Co. Dublin (323106)	Querida 14 tons
Mosse, W.P. 1964	Denedin, Bennetsbridge, Co. Kilkenny (5)	Acari 11 tons
Mulhern, James T. 1958	Hillside, Upr. Mounttown, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin. (Office: 77592, Home: 801420)	
Murphy, W. J. 1963	15, Cleve Hill, Blackrock,Road, Cork.	
Murray, Capt. Brendan, 1964	17 Mount Prospect Ave., Clontarf Dublin 3. (Office:45851 (Ex. 558) Home: 334422)	
Nixon, W.M. 1963	127 Stranmillis Rd., Belfast 9. (Office: 669491)	
O'Brien, Eric 1948	39, Fitzwilliam Place, Dublin (64511)	Thumbalina (Mermaid)
O'Byrne, T.E. 1951	Thorndale, Beaumont Park, Ballintemple, Cork. (32614)	
O'Ceallaigh, C. 1959	46, Killiney Road, Killiney, Co. Dublin (806037)	Julia (5 tons) Glenshane P.O. (Glen O.D.)
O'Ceallaigh, Mrs. M. 1963	Do.	
O'Connor, Dr. M. 1957	58 Fitzwilliam Square, Dublin. (67136)	Inisfallen 6 tons
Odlum, Peter D. 1942	Priory Lodge, Grove Ave., Blackrock, Co. Dublin	Rinamara 20 tons
O'Donovan, W.J. 1947	Eldorado, Ballintemple, Co. Cork.	
O'Flaherty, Michael	Mentone, Military Road, Killiney, Co. Dublin (803608)	Namhara Moonbeam
O'Gallagher, Malachi	12 Cyprus Lawn, Templeogue, Co. Dublin.	
O'Hanlon, R.H., M.D. 1940	8 St. James' Terrace, Clonskeagh, Dublin (62080)	Tjaldur 12 tons
O'Hanlon, Mrs. B., M.D. 1962	Do.	

O'Keefe, Ray. P. (H.P.R.)	1937	Landscape, Drinagh, Wexford. (Office: 72, Home: 280)	Iolar (Mermaid)
O'Mara, Stephen	1960	"Monaleen", Torquay Rd., Foxrock, Co. Dublin. (Home: 896009)	Oisin 11 tons
O'Neill, J. Russell	1964	25 Glandore Avenue, Belfast 15	
O'Reilly, John	1965	9 Eden Quay, Dublin 1. (47040)	
Osterberg, Paul	1949	The Old Manse, Hillsborough, Co. Down. (226)	
O'Sullivan, Jeremiah	1964	9, Rock St., Tralee, Co. Kerry (91)	Geraldine 4 tons
Park, Mungo	1955	Corrig Breac, Baily, Howth, Co. Dublin. (322210)	Kitugani 11 tons
Payne, J. Somers	1961	4, Camden Terrace, Crosshaven, Co. Cork. (831128)	Melody (Nat. 18')
Perrot, Thomas R.	1965	c/o Cement Ltd., Boyne Road, Drogheda, Co. Louth.	
Pearson, J. D.	1950	Craig View, Howth, Co. Dublin. (322276)	Orana 12 tons
Pierce, Dermot		126 Harley St. London	
Pope, A.E.	1948	Roancarrig, Waterfall Road, Cork. (Office: 41851; Home: 41143)	Harbar 7 tons
Porteons James		Bunnyconellon, Myrtlevalley. Co. Cork.	
Pritchard, John P.	1966	The Coach House, Helen's Bay, Co. Down.	Aspasia P.O. 12 tons
Pritchard, Mrs. Mary G.	1966	Do.	Aspasia P.O. 12 tons
Purcell, D. J.	1937	3 Marlborough Road, Glenageary, Co. Dublin (801849)	
Reid, N.C.	1963	43 Ward Ave., Bangor, Co. Down. (60093)	
Riordan, Cashel	1947	The Paddock, Templelawn, Blackrock Road, Cork (33554)	Tern 5 tons
Robinson, Dr. G.	1960	15 Belgrave Square, Monkstown, Co. Dublin (Office: 805581, Home: 807207)	Whimbrel 3 tons
Roche, T.H.	1935	Ros-na-Greine, Avoca Ave., Blackrock Co. Dublin (881093)	Neon Tetra 20 tons
Ronaldson, Charles E.	1967	54 Clifton Rd., Bangor, Co. Down.	
Ronan, J.G.	1956	Cuskinny, Cobh, Co. Cork. (811370)	
Rothwell, R.M.	1960	Rosbarnagh, Newport, Co. Mayo. (17)	Seamrog
Russell, John F.	1965	Edendorn, Craigarusky, Killinchy, Co. Down (201)	Macfin (Enterprise)
Ryan, Senator Eoin	1957	4 Winton Road, Dublin 6 (65249)	

Ryan, J. 1957	c/o The National Yacht Dun Laoghaire Co. Dublin	Southern Cross 6 tons
Scanlan, Edward P. 1966	"Old Oast", Ellen's Green, Rudgwick, Sussex.	Flarepath 12 tons
Scanlan, Mrs. D. E. 1966	Do.	
Selig, Ivan 1965	5a Windsor Ave., N., Belfast 9. Belfast (33878, office, Home 666064	Jaynor 15 tons
Sheil, Leonard	"Portelet" Haddington Park, Glenageary Co. Dublin	Gailey Bay 5½ tons
Sheppard, T. Lt. Comm. 1957	Derrybawn, Military Road, Ballybrack, Co. Dublin	Greylag of Arklow 12 tons
Sheppard, Gerald J. 1958	Oakfield Lodge, Cuckoo Lane, Liverpool 25.	
Smiles, Alan 1958	28 Fifth Ave., Port Washington, New York, U.S.A.	
Smith, L. G. 1960	Islington, 47 Terenure Rd., East, Dublin 6 (908962)	Carregwen 11 tons
Smullen, Brian P.	22 Upr. Grand Canal St., Dublin 4. (689335)	
Smullen, John D. 1961	Sea View, Corrig Ave., Dun Laoghaire Co. Dublin	
Smyth, B.T. 1960	40 Balmoral Ave., Belfast 9. (66386)	Wynalda P.O. 10 tons
Smyth, F.B. 1964	646, Howth Road, Dublin 5.	Rebel 4 tons
Smyth, Karl 1964	20 Hamilton Rd, Bangor, Co. Down	St. Michael of Cape Clear 16 tons
Smyth, W.A. (H.P.R. Cultra) 1960	11 Balmoral Ave., Belfast 9 (665265)	Wynalda P.O. 10 tons
Somerville-Large, P.T. 1946	Vallombrosa, Bray, Co. Wicklow (862216)	Gannet 10 tons
Speidel Noel	"Coolmaine", Malahide, Co. Dublin	Marionette of Malahide 10 tons
Starkey, R.V. 1939	11 Sandford Ave., Marlboro' Rd., Donnybrook, Dublin (971107)	Bonita 6 tons
Steadman, David, 1967	125 Sydenham Ave., Belfast 4	Dolphin 8
Stevenson, John A. 1964	96 Pymers Mead, Croxted Road, Dulwich, London S.E. 21	
Sullivan, C. St. J. 1955	9 Avondale Road, Killiney Co. Dublin. (Home: 805877; Office: 79345)	
Sutton, Eric P.	Laurentic, Knockrea Park, Douglas Rd. Cork.	Jade 6 tons
Sullivan, Michael R. 1967	1 Eglantine Pk., Douglas Rd., Cork. (32734)	

Taggart, Thos. N. 1966	Cuan Cottage, Skettrick Island, Killinchy, Co. Down.	Kirmew 5 tons
Tayler, Warren J. 1962	53 West Point Edgbaston, Birmingham 16	
Thompson, S.F. 1956	Windyridge, Rochestown Road, Douglas, Cork (31137)	
Tierney, John 1960	Amalfi, Eglinton Road, Donnybrook, Dublin (692836)	
Tomlinson, Michael 1962	Elmleigh, Neston, Wirral, Cheshire.	Pellegrina 12 tons
Tomlinson, Mrs. Molly 1965	Do.	
Tyrrell, John (H.P.R.) 1940	56 Ferrybank, Arklow (Home: 2452, Yard: 2403)	Aisling of Arklow 15 tons
Tweedy, Dr. E. S. 1962	Everton, Sutton, Co. Dublin(323084)	Twayblade 9 tons
Villiers-Stuart, J.H.I. (H.P.R. Helvick) 1961	Ballynaparka, Villierstown nr. Cappoquin, Co. Waterford. (Villiers- town 4)	
Villiers-Stuart, M.F. 1957	Loughside, Greenisland, Co. Antrim.	Winifreda of Greenisland 13 tons
Virden Jonathan	Glenlion Cliffs, Baily, Co. Dublin	Sharavogue 5 tons
Walsh, R.T. 1950	65, Merrion Road, Dublin 4-(691385)	
Walsh, William	Maryville, Crosshaven, Co. Cork. Office: 52358; Home: 83126	Querida 5 tons
Watson, Neil (H.P.R. Wicklow) (Hon. Treasurer) 1962	Shandon, Crosthwaite Park South, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin (804620) (Office: Wicklow 2492)	Vivi 30 sq. m.
Watson, Richard 1962	29 Balkill Road, Howth, Co. Dublin. (322472)	
Watson, Mrs. Patricia 1966	Do.	
Wayte, Ronald A.	Villa Nova, Dundalk Rd., Carrickmacross, Catania (6 tons) Co. Monaghan.	Black Soo (5 tons)
Wilkinson, J. N. 1956	Glenhedr, Howth, Co. Dublin (323063)	Leila 17 footer
Wilby K.A. 1964	Monte Alverno, Sorrento Road, Dalkey Co. Dublin (808235)	Sun Venture 18 tons
Williams Wm. P.	The Green, Derryboye, Crossgar, Co. Down	Water Lily (P.O.) 32 tons
Wilson, P. 1964	Gribton, 12 Ralston Rd., Bearsden, Dunbartonshire, Scotland	Nan of Cylinder 12 tons
Wolfe, J.M. 1959	Rob's Walls, Malahide, Co. Dublin. (350505)	Kyrenia 5 tons
Wood Wolfe, C.F.W. 1958	Bridge House, Skibbereen, Co. Cork.	
Workman, J.R. 1954	53 Malone Park, Belfast (665815)	Ceara 8 tons

Wylde, Commdr. A. L. 1961	South Shore, Sheridan Drive, Helen's Bay, Co. Down (2208)	Sula's Wing 5 tons
Stewart, Alan C. 1959	Ardnacrusha, 16 Penrodyn Valley, Anglesea, N. Wales, (Office:Holyhead 2231)	

HONORARY MEMBERS

Barton, Humphrey 1934 (1954)	4 Quay Hill, Lymington, Hants.	Rose Rambler 11 tons
Barry, Gerald 1943 (1967)	Murrayfield, Wilton Lawn, Cork. (42612)	
Cree, Donal, C.L. 1934	Pinehurst, Aviary Road, Pyreford, Woking	Gulnare 9 tons
Faulkner, J.A. 1930 (1967)	Doon, Cultra, Holywood, Co. Down. (2104)	
Ewing, Clayton Comm.-C.C.A.	Wilderness Farms, Trappe, Maryland 21673 U.S.A.	
Gray, A.P. (ex-officio-Hon.) Sec., R.C.C.)	Bine Cottage, Crondall Rd., Crockham Village, Hants. (Crondall 376. 01-499-3761)	Rococo 5 tons
Heard, R.D. 1939 (1963)	Stone Cottage, Killiney Hill Road, Killiney, Co. Dublin (803709)	Vanja IV. (6 tons) Harklow (12 tons)
Mooney, A.W. 1929 (1966)	Ardfern, Bréffni Road, Sandycove, Co. Dublin (804366)	
O'Keeffe P. (H.P.R.) 1932 (1967)	Ardnagreine, Bantry, Co. Cork. (33: Office: 1)	
Paul, Alan H. 1958	Royal Ocean Racing Club, 20 St. James Street, London S.W.1. (HYD 5252)	

Years in brackets are those in which honorary membership was conferred on previously elected members.

