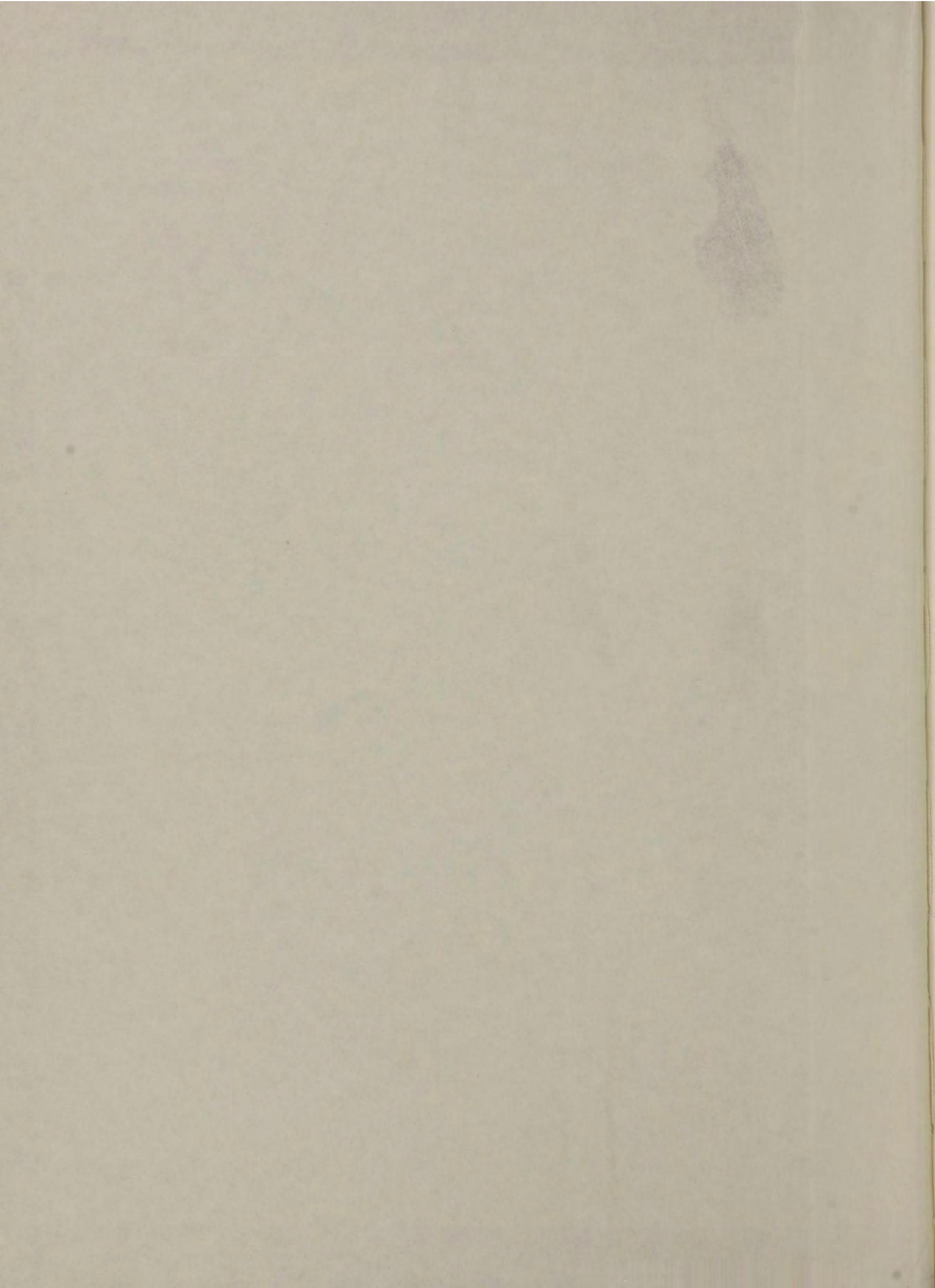
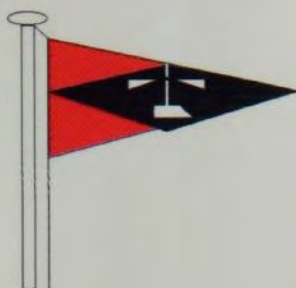


IRISH CRUISING CLUB ANNUAL

1931 - 40





Irish Cruising Club

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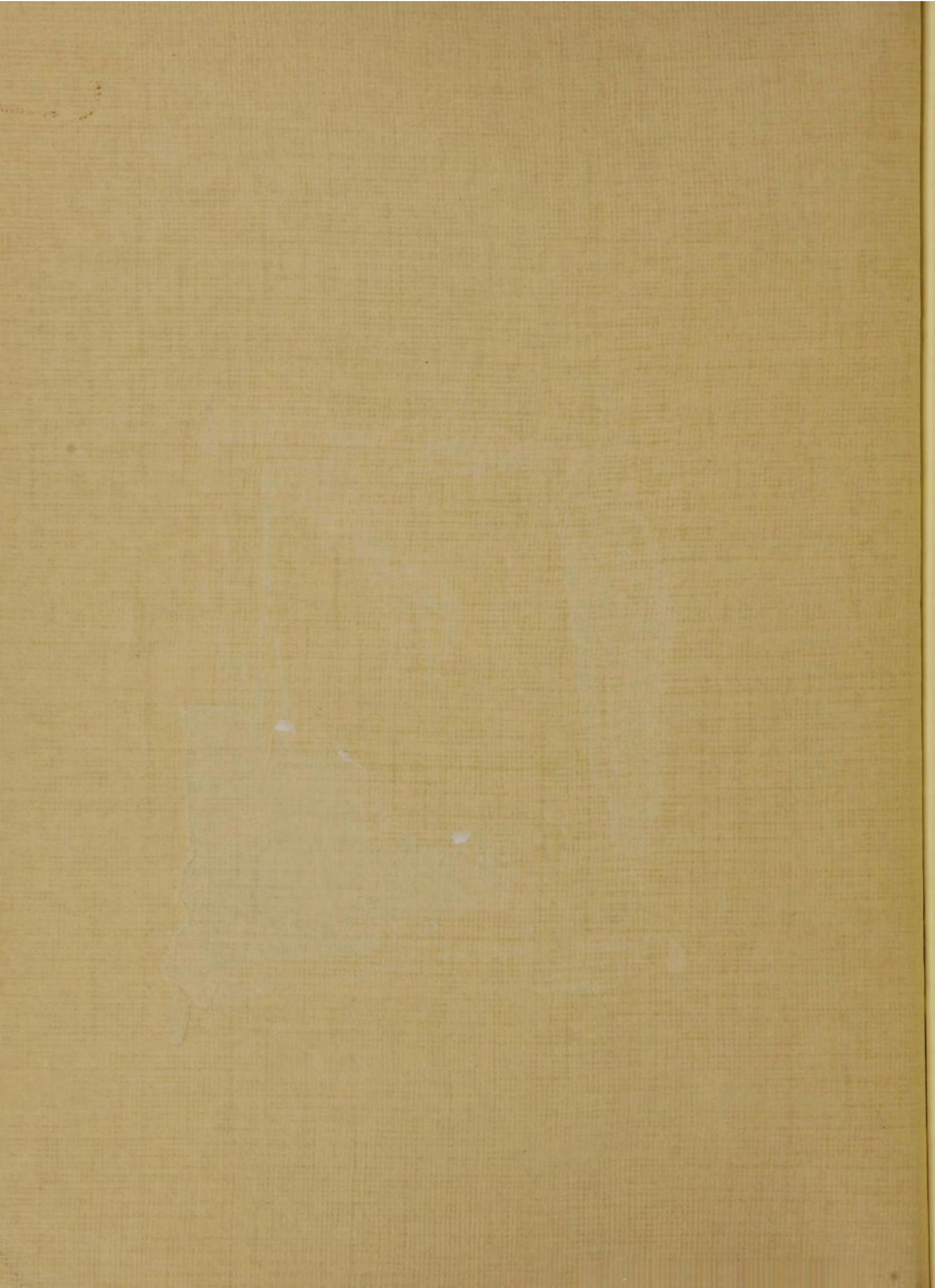
ROSS COURTNEY

BARBARA FOX - MILLS



The Irish Cruising Club Annual 1931





THE IRISH CRUISING CLUB
ANNUAL

1930

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ESPAÑOLA.

The Irish Cruising Club Annual

NOTES BY THE EDITOR.



IN DRAFTING THE CLUB RULES the Committee visualized a somewhat comprehensive programme of objects to be achieved; but few, if any, of the Officers considered that in the first year of its existence the Club, with limited financial resources, could attempt to carry out—even in a restricted measure—some portion of each of these objects. Yet, enthusiasm, co-operation and hard work have achieved wonders, and the Officers and Committee are deserving of congratulation on the results of their labour of love. The membership has grown steadily, and the roll is almost complete. Cross-channel Yachtsmen, many of whom are famous in Ocean Racing as well as Cruising, have become members, and one, whose home waters are Burnham-on-Crouch, sailed his vessel the long distance to Queenstown in order to take part in the first Club Cruise.

The Book of Sailing Directions for the South and South-West Coasts of Ireland already supplied to members, will, it is hoped, be followed in the present year by Directions for the East Coast, and thereafter, as the necessary information and local knowledge can be acquired and arranged, the North and West Coasts will be dealt with similarly.

The Passage Race from Kingstown to Douglas, I.O.M., proved very successful, notwithstanding the fact that the weather encountered was too heavy for the little 'uns, and the Commodore's win in *Espanola* was most popular. The Club Cruise from Queenstown to Valentia, was greatly enjoyed, and warrants the belief that future undertakings of this nature will attract large fleets, while the possibilities of awakening interest in many seaports by the visit of an I.C.C. Armada should produce very favourable repercussions on our sport.

The first Annual Dinner of the Club, held on the 25th October, 1930, at the Standard Hotel, Dublin, was attended by over fifty members and guests, and the proceedings were marked by the greatest cordiality and good fellowship. The Diners were piped in and round the table to the strains of Colm O Lochlainn's Irish pipes. A fine model of the *Santa Maria* bearing the I.C.C. Burgee, served to remind those who study the history of the old seafarers that Columbus carried a Galway pilot. Perchance, also, the thought was formed that the I.C.C. members are collaterally the direct descendants of the Saints and Scholars of this ancient land, who, in former days, voyaged extensively in the course of bringing light and learning to the heathen. Such a thought, however, might not bear deep scrutiny in view of the extensive cursing* recorded in the Commodore's account of the I.O.M. Race.

The Menu Card, designed by the Hon. Treasurer in collaboration with Messrs. O Lochlainn and Kirkham—a really artistic production—put everyone in good humour. The speeches were interesting and witty and of merciful length. The songs and music were much appreciated, and when breaking up time came, all were loth to go—the most gratifying commentary on the evening.

* * * *

WURRA ! WURRA !

DURING THE 1930 CRUISE, the hills surrounding many South Coast Harbours and anchorages, echoed and re-echoed the above words, which have been adopted as the official war-cry or salutation of the I.C.C. The origin lies in the following yarn :—

* Doubtless, such want of restraint has led to the regrettable fact that in some quarters the title of the Club is changed to the Irish Cursing Club. The origin of another title—The Irish Coursing Club is not yet apparent.—Ed.

One moonless, misty evening after dusk, the old topsail schooner *Maria Reid* was stealing quietly up the River Liffey. The skipper, well pleased with his fair wind, was "standing by" to reply to the expected hail from the watcher who records the movements of shipping in the Port. It happened that an old Guillemot—probably suffering from digestive pangs, though that is hard to credit—was swimming close to the Hailing Station, croaking violently "Wurra, Wurra."
In due course the *Maria Reid* came close, and the following dialogue ensued :—

SKIPPER (*thinking he has been hailed*).—*Maria Reid*.

GUILLEMOT.—Wurra !

SKIPPER.—Tiles and Slates!

GUILLEMOT.—Wurra ! Wurra !

SKIPPER.—From Cardiff!

GUILLEMOT.—Wurra! Wurra!

SKIPPER (*surprised*).—*Maria Reid*, with Tiles and Slates.

GUILLEMOT.—Wurra! Wurra!

SKIPPER (*exasperated*).—*Maria Reid*. . . . Cardiff . . . Tiles and Slates, I tell ye!

GUILLEMOT.—Wurra! Wurra!

SKIPPER (*furious*).— * * *



VERVE reaches the Holy Loch

The Club yachts were engaged in many cruising ventures of which the Editor has been unable to secure the logs ; but the following brief summary will indicate the variety of their undertakings.

Palatina, our largest vessel, was welcomed by the Commodore to Kingstown during Regatta Week, and she sailed south about, with a view to the circumnavigation of Ireland.

Espanola, unable to raise a crew for the combined cruise, visited the Clyde, then rounded the Mull of Cantyre close reefed in half a gale, and on to Oban and Tobermory.

Esterel also went North and among other places, discovered a new and most delectable anchorage in Loch Craiginish.

Foam, late *Colleen Rhu*, purchased by Capt. D. Tidmarsh, was sailed home by him from Kingstown to Limerick.

Realt accomplished a cruise from Kingstown to Dunmore East and return.

Marie, acquired by Desmond Keatinge, was sailed down from Strangford to Dublin in October. It will please our members to learn that this much-travelled little ship has come into the possession of an enthusiast who is proud of her record, and is determined to add lustre to it.

Verve cruised to the Clyde Fortnight and, as usual, flew a long string of winning flags on her return to Cork.

The adventures of our Ocean Racing Club members have been recorded in the Yachting Press, and are fresh in our memories. Now, however, by reason of their association with our Club, such reports have acquired for us a more intimate significance, and we look forward to the time when we may welcome them to our waters.

The Officers and Committee wish me to impress upon the members the mutual advantage of keeping logs of their cruises in 1931 and subsequently, and of noting therein every item of information which may appear of importance in connexion with the Club's series of Sailing Directions. We must recognize that the owner of a deep-draft boat will be chary of entering many havens in which the smaller craft will be quite snug, and whilst the former, unless of an exceptionally adventurous disposition, will, of necessity, lay his course well clear of the dangers already admirably charted by the Admiralty, it is to the latter we must look for that "local knowledge" which will often mean the saving of a tide, or perhaps a reasonably quiet berth in which the crew may rest for a spell before tackling afresh the tumbling waste of water just outside.

In any event logs, notes, photos, and other relevant material should be sent to the Hon. Secretary in October in each year, in order that the Committee may decide on the contents of the Year Book, and arrange for its issue before the end of December. Should the members co-operate as suggested, it should be possible to make the Year Book increasingly attractive, not only to members, but to Yachtsmen generally.



The illustrations herein, apart from the photos reproduced, are the works of Mr. William MacBride who combines the duties of Hon. Treasurer and Club Artist, and Mr. George F. Holmes, who singularly enough, occupies exactly analogous positions in the Humber Yawl Club. Clean, accurate, line drawings of Yachts are rare enough to call for comment, and in this respect the I.C.C. can congratulate itself on the very good fortune which it enjoys in possessing the good will and artistic workmanship of these gentlemen.

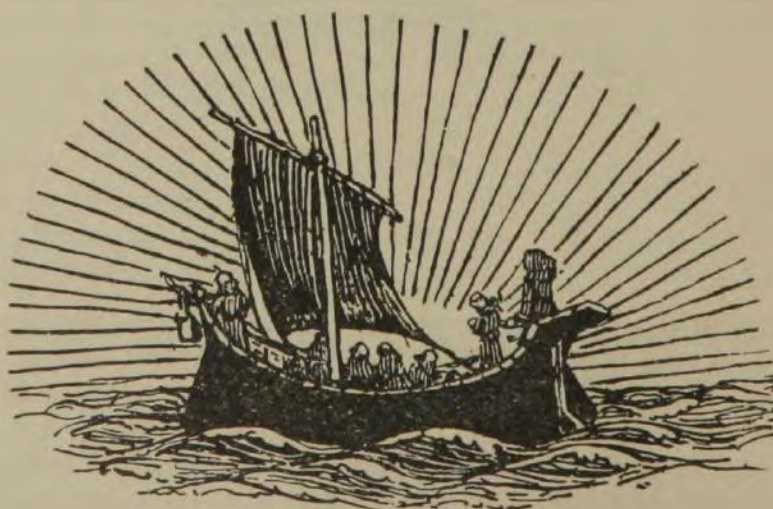
Hugh R. Wallace

Late Rear-Commodore of the I.C.C.

WHEN THE FLAG OFFICERS of the I.C.C. were being chosen, Hugh Wallace's selection as Rear-Commodore was unanimous. His loss was a stunning blow felt by every member, but more particularly by those who had come into intimate contact with him. Though still in the twenties he had accomplished a series of daring passages in his 5-ton cutter *Marie*, and as a member of the Royal Cruising Club he had been awarded the coveted Claymore Cup of that Club for a single-handed cruise from Brightlingsea to Strangford, through the Pentland Firth in 1928. He was an enthusiastic sailor, and his exploits were the result of his personal skill and sea-lore, and owed nothing to the aid of an engine.

In June last he purchased a 16-foot canoe yawl, which had lain in the Royal Irish Yacht Club boathouse for many years, his idea being that such a boat would be ideal in the upper reaches of Strangford Lough. Prudence would have suggested her transport to Strangford by rail, but Wallace's buoyant spirit rebelled against that course, and he set out alone from Kingstown at 9.30 p.m. on Saturday, 29th June, to sail her home. At that time conditions were favourable—light off-shore breeze and smooth water—but during the night the wind shifted to S.E. and strengthened, and many friends who had seen him set off were beset with misgivings as to the success of his venture, but were buoyed up by the hope that he had beached the boat before the sea had risen. Alas! Monday morning brought tidings which shocked everyone—the boat had come ashore on Sunday afternoon at Ballagan Point, close to Carlingford Lough, untenanted, and Wallace was missing.

That he had made a glorious bid for victory was evident. When his boat came ashore the jib was set, but main and mizen were stowed and lashed, and it would seem that Wallace had made all snug for the run across Dundalk Bay, and then, probably tired out after a long train journey on the Saturday, and an all-night passage, had dozed while sitting, and lurched overboard in a roll. Strong swimmer as he was, his chance was then hopeless. We may draw some comfort and consolation from the thought that he would have wished the end to come on his beloved sea.



The Irish Cruising Club Passage Race to Douglas

6th and 7th June, 1930.

FOR NEAR THREE windless days the Vice-Commodore's 18-ton *Gull* had been on passage from Cork. *Gull* has no engine, and on the evening of 5th June, the third day, we almost despaired of her arrival in time for the start on the following evening. At 6 p.m., however, a rumour reached Kingstown that *Gull* had been sighted off Wicklow, and in the small hours of the 6th she really did arrive, having rowed—as the Vice-Commodore averred—the entire distance from Cork! On the 6th the entire fleet of eleven boats was present at Kingstown, and the times of starting were communicated to each. As it had been decided that handicaps should be taken at the start, *Kitsune* and *Hyacinth* went off at 8 p.m. in a very light air; but *Lil* and *Failte* were better served at 8.30, and thereafter the wind increased steadily. There was not a single absentee, although the sky was ominous of wind and the glass falling fast. As the crews of *Espanola*, *Gull* and *Rose*—the three back-markers—watched their smaller competitors go off on their 80-mile passage in such conditions, they must have felt that, whatever the result, the little fellows were not wanting in pluck. From this point I must deal only with the experiences of *Espanola*, referring only incidentally to other boats.

Espanola dropped her mooring at 10.45 p.m. In conformity with B.O.T. regulations we had our side lights burning, and they continued to burn throughout. We set whole mainsail, foresail and small jib. The course for Douglas is E.N.E. mag. and the wind was N. by W. westerly—a free reach if it did not go through N.—but the falling glass rendered this unlikely. We, therefore, steered the course E.N.E. throughout, which proved to be right, while some of the small boats held between 1 and 2 points higher for the shelter of the land and in view of possible shift. The Bailey, $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles, was passed at 11.25 the ship going quietly, although considerable motion was noticeable in the water. From midnight on the wind increased progressively, and was blowing hard with nasty sea at 2.30 a.m. Hereabouts we passed *Happy Days* which was making good weather of it, but we lost her quickly. I came on deck to see her, was sea sick and retired again. In the rolling the dinghy had shifted and jammed the slide, fortunately leaving it just sufficiently open to permit of squeezing through. A good deal of water came down on to my bunk, as well as through the sky-lights, and down the fore hatch, as we were perpetually swept by spray. About 3.30 a.m. we passed *Nirvana*. The wind hardened still more, and *Espanola* was sailing well on her ear, but going over faster. We saw nothing of our other competitors, which surprised us at the time. *Gull* hove in sight at 4.30 a.m., but did not get closer—another puzzle, until we learnt that at about this time she burst her foresail and sheared her $\frac{7}{8}$ in. brass bobstay bolt, which hung her up badly. The sight of *Gull* gave us no pleasure, as she had plenty of time to catch us, or we thought so.

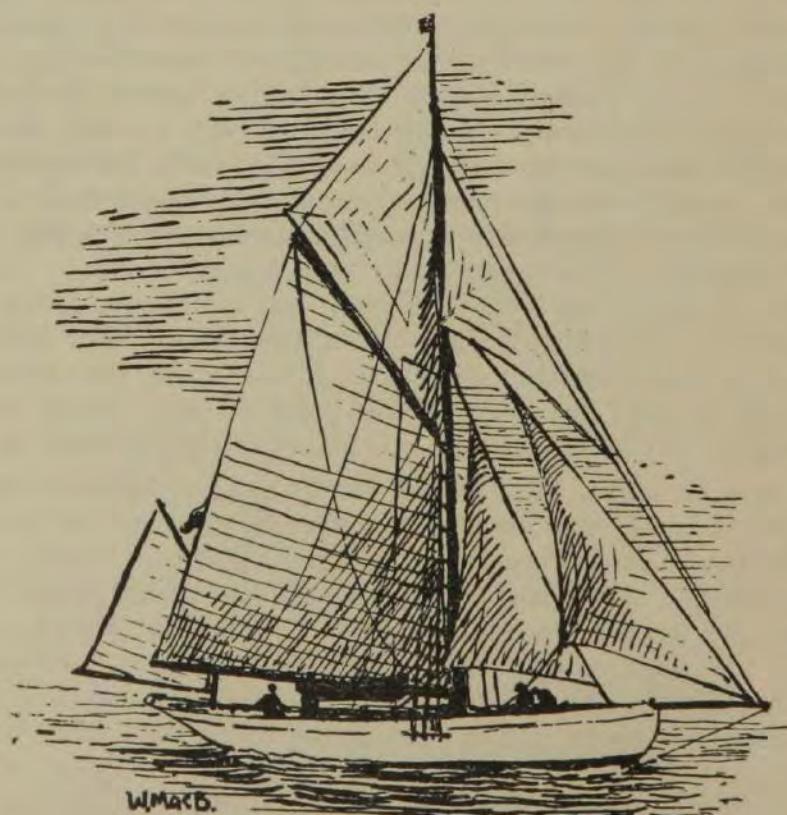
The Island was now in sight, and looked lovely in the brilliant morning light—any land would have looked lovely just then which gave us the hope of 20 miles of a weather shore. We were fortunate in hitting off the floodtide about here, where a steep sea gets up against the wind. A regular breakfast was postponed until Douglas should be reached, but we managed tea and bread and butter—an angular repast. As we approached the harbour a mast was seen and greeted with curses—*Rose* perhaps, or *Mavis*? A little further on more masts and more curses—were we not even placed? We feared *Mavis* or *Lil* or *Failte*—all boats which could run hard in a free wind—especially *Lil*. We favoured *Lil* on the whole, and were becoming resigned to a back seat, when we at last opened the harbour, and behold there was nothing at all in it. We went at full speed through the narrow entrance, and the Harbour Master, Capt. Kelly, fired a cannon at us. Out again to get our anchor ready, and then, more leisurely, to range about for

the best berth in the harbour. We rowed ashore to thank Capt. Kelly for shooting off the cannon. After that we had breakfast, and had nearly finished this before the next boat, the *Gull*, came in, and soon after there was a spectacular finish between *Nirvana* and *Mavis*, separated by 8 secs! The official timings at the finish were :—

		H.	M.	H.	M.	S.
<i>Espanola</i> (Winner)	Handicap	2	15	10	18	0
<i>Gull</i> (2nd)	„	1	45	11	4	0
<i>Nirvana</i> (3rd)	„	3	05	11	37	0
<i>Mavis</i> (4th)	„	2	30	11	37	8
<i>Rose</i> (scratch)	„	—	—	12	55	0
<i>Failte</i>	Handicap	4	39	1	0	0
<i>Lil</i>	„	4	30	2	40	0

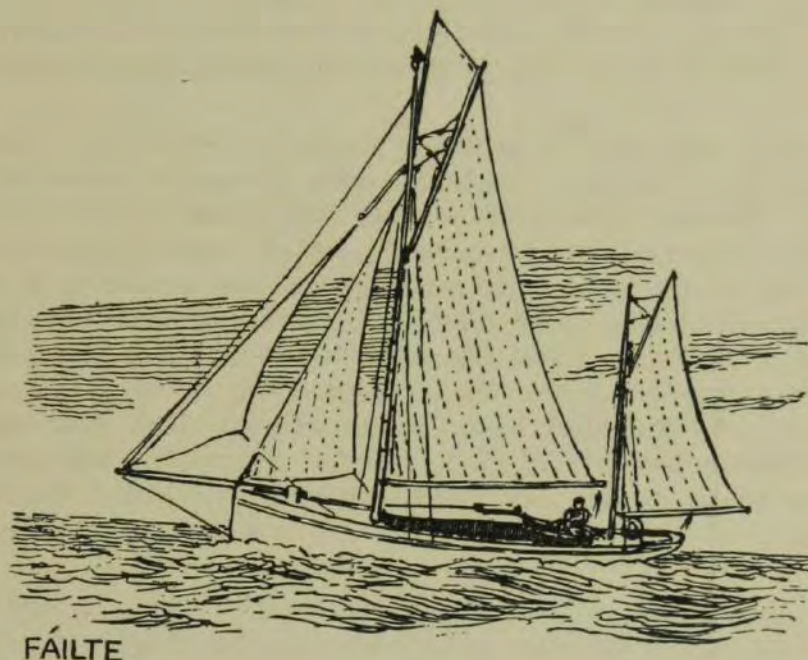
Espanola's elapsed time for the 80 miles was 11 h. 33 m. Good going!

Happy Days had given up off Carlingford—some of the crew being down with sea sickness. *Kitsune*, 3 tons, had persisted as far as Clogher—a gallant trip in such weather—*Hyacinth* went back to Howth after a long battle, and *Charm* returned to Kingstown towing a half-filled dinghy. Naturally, in the darkness, many incidents and events on the other competitors were unnoticed by us; but in the subsequent yarning we learnt that *Kitsune* actually carried topsail and an enormous Yankee jib until darkness fell. *Hyacinth* and *Failte* had mizzen stay sails, which did some noble work until conditions necessitated their removal—and the job of “muzzling” them was sufficiently exciting to satisfy the most exuberant—and *Failte* in addition, had one of those accidents which invariably occur at an inauspicious moment—the spider band moved up the main, carrying all the halliard falls. *Mavis* carried her jackyarder throughout, but only because her helmsman was the only one unaffected by sea sickness, and *Nirvana*, after passing *Happy Days*, hove-to to stow jackyarder, and had to catch up *Happy Days* once more.



ROSE.

Among the minor casualties was that of a member of *Gull's* crew, whose first appearance on arrival was nothing short of terrific. In the language of the films he featured a badly-punished prize fighter. *Gull* carried a crew of eight and her Skipper, in order to relieve congestion below decks, had removed the cabin table. One of the eight, going below in ignorance of this, put out his hand for support as the ship lurched and finding none, pitched nose foremost on to the lee rack. He came aboard *Espanola* for professional treatment, and was stuck together with a yard of plaster and an arm sling, which made him look like a buccaneer—honourable and admirable scars in such a company as ours, but unsuited to the avocation of a Judge of the Southern Law Courts. I trust he has long since got rid of them. Another boat had a man so overcome by sea sickness that he lay partially immersed in a mixture of bilge water and a variety



of soluble materials.* The rest of the crew walked over him, and the skipper thought mortification had set in and proposed burying him at sea. The sick man made a marvellous recovery after a run ashore, where he met some girls—the air of the Island is very embracing.

The rest of the evening was spent in making arrangements for a tour of the Island next day, and in doing various useful jobs. It was a thoughtful inspiration of the member who procured a large placard on which he inscribed the Notice: "TWIN SCREWS—KEEP CLEAR OF PROPELLORS," and hung it over the stern of *Gull* while her crew was ashore.

On Sunday all hands circumnavigated the Island in two charabancs, the prize-winners in true sporting fashion defraying all expenses out of their prize money, a fitting wind-up to a completely successful racing cruise.

H. M. W.

He boarded his ship in the floppiest of *plus fours*! What better could he expect? *Ed.*

Combined Cruise on the South and South-West Coasts of Ireland. 13th to 26th July, 1930.

THIS CRUISE PROVED very successful, notwithstanding the fact that only five boats took part. *Nirvana* and *Lil* made passages from Kingstown, and *Isis* came all the way from Burnham-on-Crouch, despite a head wind from St. Mary's in the Scillies.

The rendezvous was at Crosshaven, Co. Cork, and on the 13th July the above yachts together with *Gull* and *Tern* were ready ; but heavy rain and a stiff breeze made conditions exceedingly unpleasant, and by mutual consent the start was postponed until next morning. *Isis* had had trouble with her runners during her heavy passage across, and advantage was taken of the off day to effect repairs and replacements.

Monday, 14th July : Weather improved. Strong N.W. wind. The Vice-Commodore signalled "Start for Glandore," with the code of signals specially devised by him for this cruise. *Lil*, *Nirvana*, *Tern*, *Isis* and *Gull* slipped out in the order named, careful timings of each yacht's departure being recorded on *Gull*, both at this time and throughout the cruise. *Gull's* log—from which this summary of the cruise is compiled—says that when south of the Old Head of Kinsale, *Gull* had caught and passed the other boats. "It was a magnificent sail—19 miles in two hours and three minutes. We had a tide with us, but on that run it had little strength." *Gull* fetched the Seven Heads nicely, but some of the others had to make a board into Courtmacsherry Bay, and naturally dropped far astern. When *Gull* tacked off Adam Island for the dead pinch into Glandore, *Isis*, *Nirvana* and *Lil* were off the Galley, and she let go at Union Hall 6 hours and 20 minutes out from Crosshaven.

Tuesday, 15th July : Rain and westerly wind early. Start postponed until afternoon. The yachts beat out in the same order as before, but *Gull* was soon ahead. However, a big swell and a failing breeze soon induced *Nirvana*, *Lil* and *Isis* to start their engines, and they went away one by one, leaving *Gull* "toeing and heeling" in a stopping sea. The Vice-Commodore has an unstinted admiration for fine scenery, and his descriptions of the beauties of the south and south-west coasts are eloquent and sincere, therefore it is strange to read in his log that *Gull's* crew gazed at the Stag's and Toe Head and hated the sight of them. However, she plugged on past the Kedges, through the eastern channel of Gascanane Sound (incidentally being swung about in an eddy though the helm was hard up, and, at the time, there was a nice breeze), close (too close, apparently) to the Calves, then on in a freshening breeze which caused topsail and staysail to come off, past the Copper Point and Bull Rock Perch and into Schull at 1.5 a.m. to the hail of "Wurra! Wurra!" from *Nirvana* and *Lil*, anchored hours before. *Gull's* crew retorted "Tiles and Slates" with true Oriental politeness.

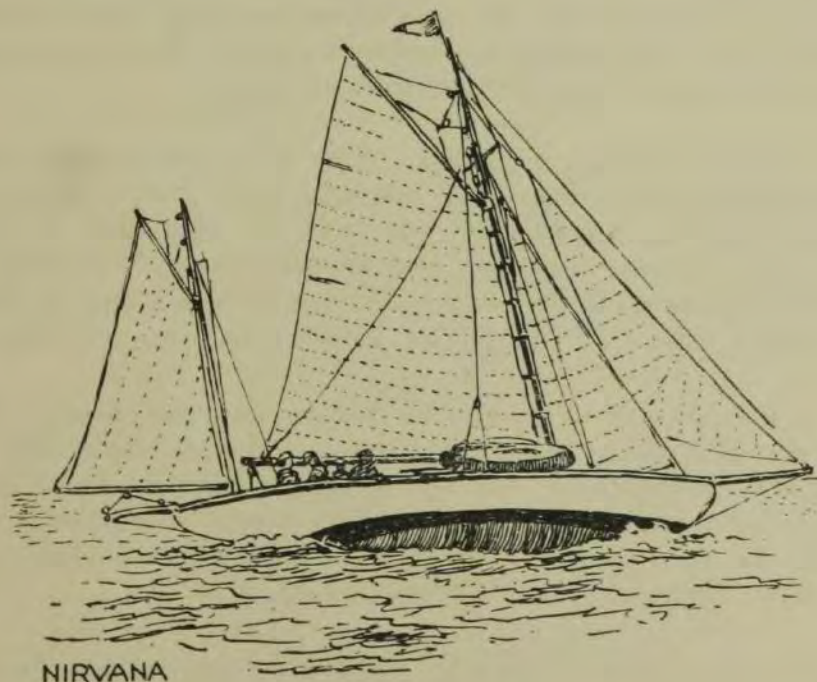
Wednesday, 16th July : The Schull Regatta Committee had organized a Race for the Irish Cruising Club, and the Vice-Commodore had a busy morning arranging all details. In the afternoon the Race was sailed three times round a nice triangular course in a good breeze, and *Gull*, *Nirvana* and *Isis* annexed the prizes. Afterwards all the crews foregathered at the Grove Hotel where Captain Jagoe presented the prizes on behalf of the Committee. Speeches, songs, and an impromptu band enlivened the hours, and a thoroughly enjoyable night ended with cheers for and from the crew of *Isis* who had to leave for home next day.

Thursday, 17th July : *Isis* left at 4 a.m. with a fair wind for the Longships, and with the good wishes of all for the great sportsmen who had come so far.

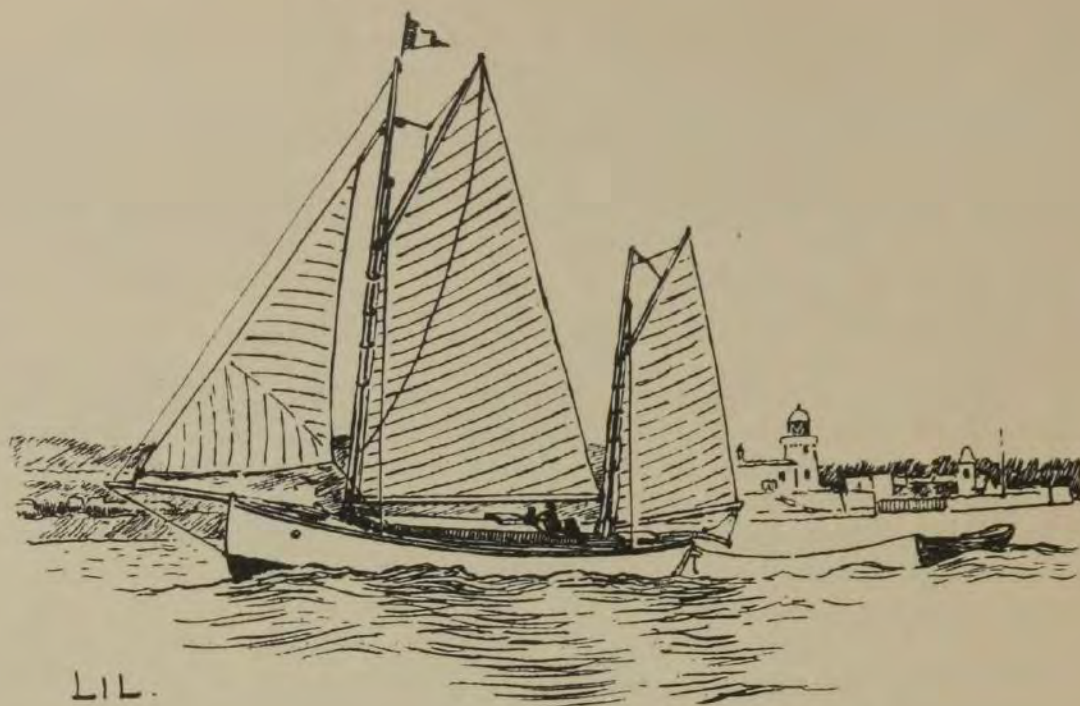
By midday *Nirvana*, *Lil* and *Gull* were off in a nice W.S.W. breeze and a reach to the Bull Rock was followed by a beat through Long Island Sound—a fine stretch of perfectly sheltered waters. Through Man-of-War Sound and on to Broad Head in a heavy sea and failing wind. *Nirvana* had stolen ahead, *Lil* started engine, but *Gull* lolloped and her crew swore.* Too close to the Mizen Head she went, and an oar had to be used to make certain that she would not miss stays. Hopes of smoothing the water after passing Three Castle Head were falsified, but spinnaker helped somewhat, and *Gull* had her hook down in Castletownbere at 7.30 p.m. *Tern* again joined the fleet here after a day spent in Baltimore doctoring a torn mainsail.

Friday, 18th July: Morning poor, blowing hard from N.N.W., so an invitation from the Rev. H. D. Pearson to visit Dunboy Castle in his motor-boat *Heather* was gladly accepted, and the crews of *Gull*, *Lil* and *Nirvana* were taken along, inspected the ruins, took photos, and were entertained to tea. Back on board, the Vice-Commodore, (possibly in emulation of Ste. Croix exploits with the giant crab), partook of tinned lobster, and thereby laid the foundation of a dose of ptomaine poisoning which was to cause him such acute discomfort as to necessitate his being sent ashore seven days later under medical advice. Capt. A. J. O'Brien-Twohig, the Assistant Harbour Master in Dublin, was staying in Berehaven with his wife, and the crews joined him in Mrs. O'Shea's Hotel and sang, danced and played some game called Rabbits invented by the Vice-Commodore.

Saturday, 19th July: In consultation to-day it transpired that *Lil* could not go on to Valentia, and *Gull* had engagements with visitors at Sneem for the week-end, so the code signal "Start for Sneem" was hoisted, and *Nirvana* led out, followed by *Lil* and *Gull* in a breeze from N.W. by N., but outside Piper Sound all were broken off and made a hitch in for Blackball Head. Perfect sail to Crow Head. When clear of the Cat Rock and Bull's Forehead *Gull* threw round and entered Dursey Sound, but before she got through, her crew had some anxious moments as she lost the wind, got it dead ahead, then (luckily) abeam and clawed up to the Island, well to windward of the Sound Rock. Luckily the tide was with *Gull*, as the channel is so narrow that beating through is rather close work. Clear of the Sound *Gull* squared away for Cod Head and had rounded that headland before *Nirvana* appeared through the Sound. Followed a perfectly lovely sail up to Sneem, and hook was down behind Garinish Island in perfect shelter at 5.30 p.m. *Nirvana* and *Lil* coming later.



* *Gull*'s crew also! Tut Tut. ED.



Sunday, 20th July: *Nirvana* set off alone for Valentia flying a "Mick McQuade" sign which had been tied to her masthead by the Mate of *Gull* during a period when *Nirvana's* crew were ashore. *Gull's* visitors arrived by car from Cork, and were taken for a sail up the Kenmare River in a hard blow.

Monday, 21st July: *Lil* got under way at 9 a.m. for Glengariff in a nice N.N.E. breeze, and *Gull* followed about an hour later. Outside the wind came due N., fresh, and a sea commenced to get up. Down to Dursey Sound the breeze shoved *Gull* along at an easy 8 knots, and the tide added another 4—so a passage over the ground of 12 knots pleased all. *Gull* managed to get through the Sound without a gybe, one hand standing against the mainboom, and others on runners and preventers; but *Lil* had a few—the mizzen in a yawl or ketch always makes the main uneasy when running. Off the Cat Rock discretion was used, and tacking instead of gybing was general. Crow Head sent down some heavy squalls, but a glorious reach up Bantry Bay followed, with *Gull* steadily pulling in *Lil*, and passing her before Lonehart Point was abeam. Glengariff was reached in good time, and *Tern* was found at anchor.

Tuesday, 22nd July: *Tern* left for home. The Vice-Commodore's interior was very troublesome, and medical advice indicated rest and light diet. *Nirvana* arrived in the afternoon, flying a mysterious signal that could not be identified in the Code Book—WU. RA. On inquiry it transpired that she wished to say "Wurra," but had only one R on board. She reported a fine trip to Valentia, and a call to Parknasilla on the way back. An amusing dance at the Eccles Hotel concluded the day.

Wednesday, 23rd July: *Lil* was away at 7 a.m. for Crosshaven; but *Nirvana* and *Gull* delayed until the afternoon, when the former tied down two reefs in her mainsail. In Glengariff it was blowing fresh, but when clear of Corrib Point it eased, and top-sails and spinnakers were set. A calm, and later a breeze with plenty of heft in it saw the light sails come off, and an exhilarating sail round Mizzen Head was enjoyed. In Crookhaven, *Gull* and *Nirvana* found *Tern* when they let go.

Thursday, 24th July: After a morning walk, *Nirvana* led out at 2.5 p.m. followed by *Gull* and *Tern*, on a grand sail to the Gascanane Sound. This was a shy spinnaker run, and although that sail had to be lowered in the haul up through the Sound, it was

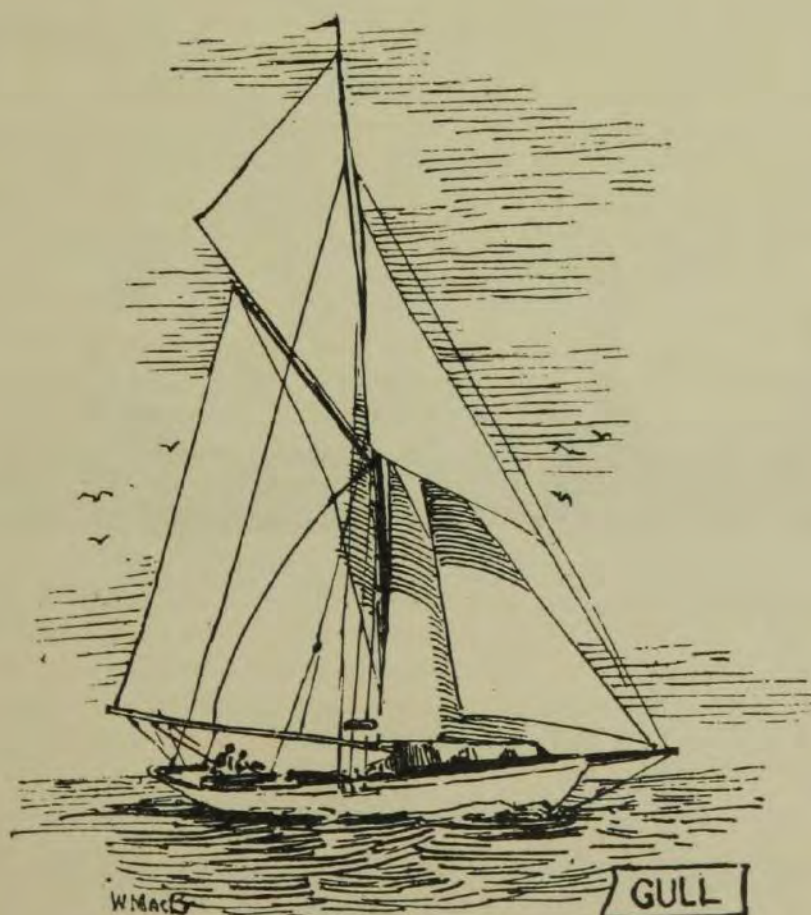
re-set when clear, and carried until it became necessary to gybe off the tail of Sherkin. *Gull* led into Baltimore, where anchor was dropped at 6.30 p.m. This evening the Vice-Commodore had violent pains.

Friday, 25th July : Blowing hard and raining. Vice-Commodore taken to Cork by his Doctor in the afternoon. All crews reading, and playing cards and cribbage.

Saturday, 26th July : The previous day's hard blow had knocked up a big sea, and as there was plenty of wind *Gull* hauled down one reef and *Nirvana* two. *Nirvana* went off at 11.30 and *Gull* at noon, and both did plenty of buck jumping on the way to the Kedges, where sheets were eased and some very fast sailing commenced. *Gull's* Mate, now, perforce, Skipper, sent her along, and spinnaker and small topsail went up, and *Nirvana*, under plain sail, was caught about 2.45. There was a tremendous break on the Dhulic, so it was given a wide berth. *Gull* tramped along—9 miles from Galley Head to the Seven Heads in 1 hour 13 minutes, and 7 miles from thence to the Old Head in 54 minutes. Off Old Head the sea was very bad, and although *Gull* came within a cable's-length of the shore to try to avoid it, and to get the slack tide, she found such surprisingly large breaking seas that steering was difficult. *Nirvana* hauled under the land into Kinsale; but *Gull* carried on, and gradually lost the broken water. Daunt's Rock buoy, abeam to port at 6.35 p.m., saw spinnaker off and a gybe, and the topsail and staysail came down in the reach in the harbour, moorings being picked up close to *Lil* at Crosshaven at 7.45 after a very strenuous day. *Lil* left for Dublin at 9 a.m. on Sunday, 27th July, and *Nirvana* came round from Kinsale in the afternoon.

The first combined cruise of the Irish Cruising Club was over; but the day to day incidents of that cruise, the glorious scenery, and the new friendships formed and old friendships strengthened will, it is hoped, remain fresh in the memories of all who took part, and spur them on to induce every available member of the Irish Cruising Club to join in the cruises yet to come.

H. P. F. D.



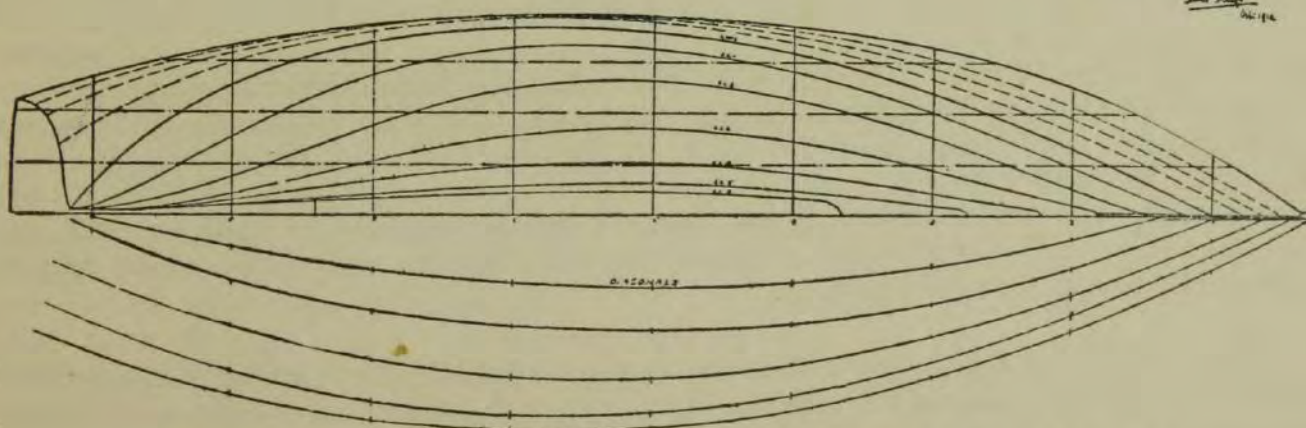
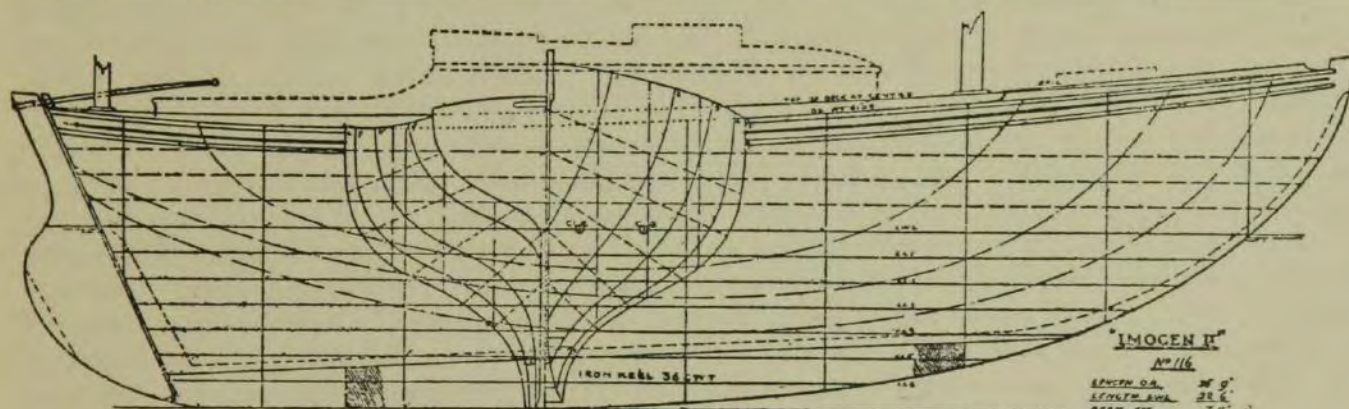
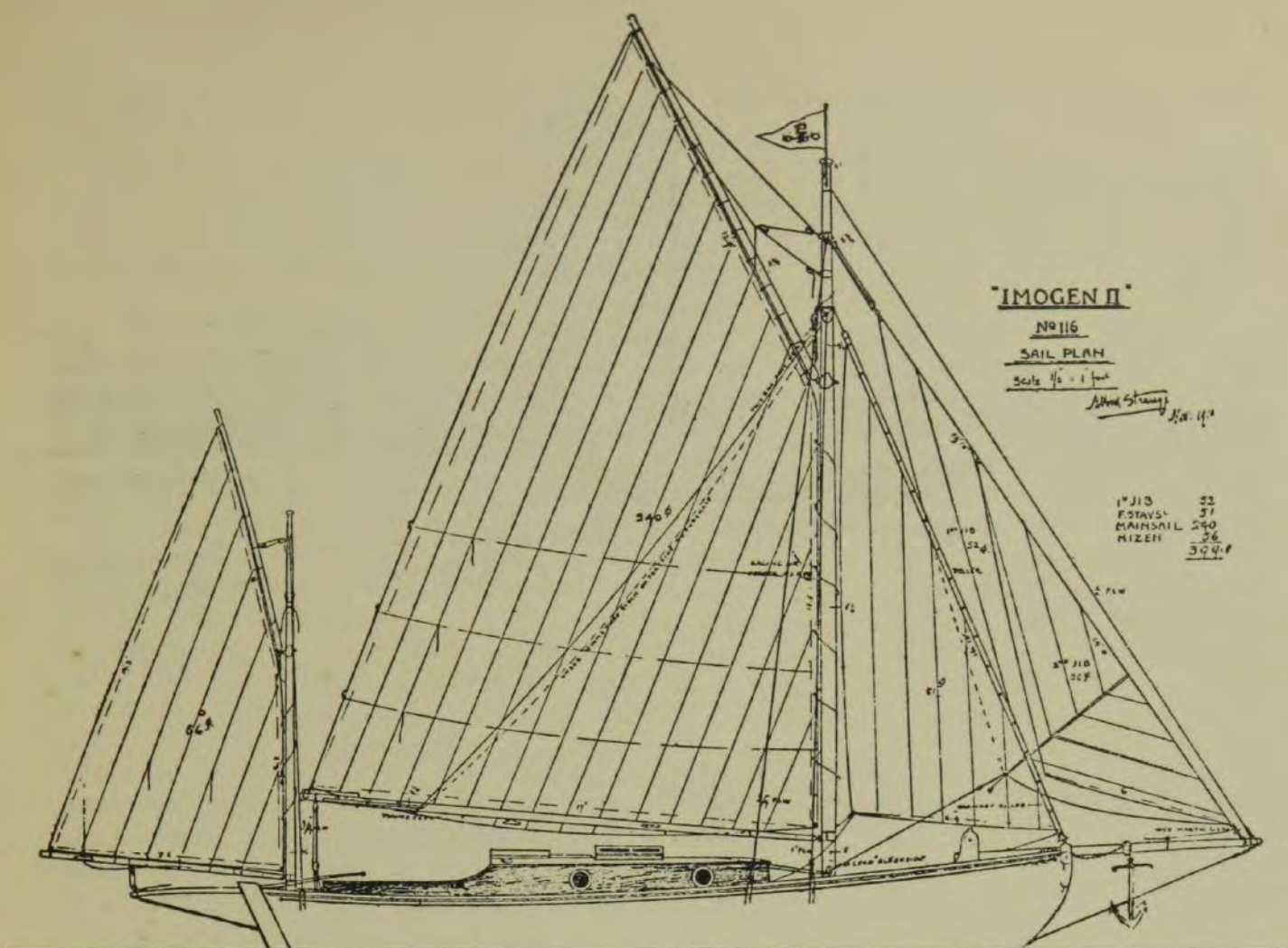
Imogen, 1930.

WITHOUT QUESTION, Captain Otway Waller's voyage from the Shannon to Las Palmas was the greatest achievement by any Club member in the past year. To take a 6-ton yawl singlehanded on such a long voyage demands qualities of nerve and endurance which few possess; but at the Club Dinner Capt. Waller treated the matter lightly. He humorously deprecated the idea that he was a deep-water sailor; but as we know, after years of racing and cruising on the Shannon Lakes, he purchased *Faith*, a 37-ton Bristol Channel Pilot Cutter, and cruised extensively before parting with her. His navigation, he told us, was self-taught, and he practised sextant work with an artificial horizon composed of lubricating oil in a tea tray set on the lawn in front of his house. Knowing the difficulty and strain experienced in a long run before the wind, he sought means to overcome them, and finally evolved the double spinnaker, with booms, guys and roller gear, and sheets leading from the spinnaker boom ends through quarter blocks, and made fast to the tiller.* There was no opportunity to test the device during the nineteen-days' passage to Vigo; but in the N.E. Trades encountered between Vigo and Madeira, *Imogen* carried the running sails day and night, and steered herself perfectly, logging over 100 miles per day on three separate days without a hand on the tiller. Capt. Waller slept on the floor and found it the best place to cook and eat off also, owing to the violent motion. His opinion of sea-anchors does not coincide with that of some other cruisers; but his reasoning, that a small light boat must not be held rigidly to heavy breaking seas, seems quite sound, given plenty of sea-room.

It was unfortunate that the fever contracted by Capt. Waller at Madeira should have persisted so long as to make it impossible to sail beyond Las Palmas. It is almost certain that had the Fates willed it, his daring and ingenuity would have carried him far along the track of Conor O'Brien and other circumnavigators.



* The *Yachting Monthly* for October 1930, contains a full description, with diagrams, of *Imogen's* running sails and gear.



LOA. 26 ft. L.W.L. 22.5 ft. Beam 8 ft. Draft 4 ft. S.A. 400

"Lines from Complete Yachtsman."



Mavis HAS JOURNEYED to the Clyde regularly each year since her launching in 1925. It was intended this year to visit the Western Isles, but the closing of the Crinan Canal upset the programme. Visits to a more extensive number of anchorages than usual within the Clyde area partly atoned for the disappointment.

Leaving Kingstown on 5th July at 3.50 p.m. with a crew of four Skipper, Jack de C. Donovan, Teddy Mallagh and last, but by no means least—save in height—Mrs. Donovan, (jocularly termed Samson), *Mavis* had fair, if fitful winds up the coast. Hawlbowl Light was abeam at 11 p.m. The spinnaker, which had been pulling well as a reaching jib for about nine hours, was taken off at 2.30 a.m. on the 6th July, when the wind veered to S.W. St. John's Point was abeam at 4.15 and Ardglass at 4.40 a.m. Breakfast soon after did not tempt Samson, and with the wind veering further, and increasing, a nasty sea was getting up, so sail was shortened, and instead of crossing over to Corsewall Point, *Mavis* tacked to starboard at 10.30 Skulmartin Light Ship was passed at 11.25, and short tacks were worked to Donaghadee. Anchor was dropped in Donaghadee Harbour at 1 p.m., and stern warps taken to the Pier, where *Trasnagh* and *Minnie* were already berthed, and a few hours later *Espanola* came in from Ardglass.

Next morning, 7th July, *Mavis* motored out of Donaghadee at 9.30, set sails, and when abeam of Mew Light streamed log and steered for Sanda. Ailsa Craig came in sight at 11.30, Sanda Light was abeam at 4.25 p.m., and anchor was dropped in Campbeltown at 6.10 p.m. Teddy Mallagh, who was making his first cruise, was solicitous as to the amount of chain to be veered, as the morning's efforts in recovering 30 fathoms in Donaghadee were still painfully fresh in his memory and elsewhere. As if in disapproval of first voyagers venting opinions, the boom playfully pushed Teddy overside while the mainsail was being stowed; but he managed to hang on until the sheet was hauled in. Jack Donovan went off for milk, but the canny folk ashore refused to accept the strange coinage tendered.

Before 6 a.m. on 8th July the sleepers were awakened by boys selling herrings (two dozen for a shilling), and in a flat calm *Mavis* motored out and up Kilbrennan Sound. After passing Loch Ranza, about midday, a light breeze and rain stole in, course was set for Garroch Head, and in the afternoon *Mavis* proceeded through the Cumbraes and on to Rothesay, accompanied by the Big Class from Largs Regatta. *Mavis'* owner

is a member of the Clyde Cruising Club, so a club mooring was picked up, and Miss McIver's boy came off with Mail, Stores, etc.

July 9th came in bright with N.W. breeze, but the mooring was not dropped until 1.45 p.m., when course was directed for Holy Loch, and on arrival there at 5.20 p.m. a mooring inscribed "Back-to-Night" was picked up at Teddy's earnest request. In fact he offered to do an all night anchor watch rather than drop anchor.

On 10th July *Mavis* crossed over to Gourock, and after replenishing stores went on to Row where Teddy again scored—a vacant mooring was pointed out by a steam yacht. *Mavis'* skipper recommends Row as a safe, convenient anchorage for anyone wishing to visit Glasgow. 11th July was spent in Lower Gareloch, and in the evening a crossing was made to Gourock Bay, where a chain on a Hauling Buoy was picked up. Next day, an addition to the crew (Jerry Coath) having been signed on, *Mavis* proceeded under easy sail in a fresh N.W. wind to Loch Long, passing through about sixty swimmers in the annual Clyde race. In beautiful sunshine and a beam wind the trip to Arrochar was a memorable one, and as the anchorage near the Steamboat Pier was in 3 fathoms, Teddy's night was peaceful. Next morning, 13th July, all hands walked to Tarbet on Loch Lomond, and in the evening motored in a light head wind to Loch Goil Head. The C.C.C. Handbook indicated an anchorage close to the north shore in 5 fathoms and anchor was dropped there east of the Steamboat Pier, Teddy, as usual being critical as to the scope of chain. 14th July. A large breakfast was served for the benefit of the chain gang; but Fate again intervened and Teddy this time went overboard when scrubbing decks. Loch Long was entered at 1 p.m., and the Gare Loch at 2.30. Anchored at Gareloch Head 4.30 to south of Pier, well off shore in 3-4 fathoms. 15th July. Proceeded to Port Bannatyne where anchor was dropped at 8.30 p.m. During the night a strong breeze came from E.N.E., and the snubbing became so bad that the skipper had to put spring to chain. Barometer fell fast and wind backed. At 4.50 p.m. engine was used to help in getting anchor, and when clear of the Spit an exciting run was made through the Kyles of Bute, round Ardlamont Point and into Loch Tarbert. A whole day was spent here, and on 18th July *Mavis* had another sunshiny calm day in which Ardrishaig was reached under power. Next day Loch Gair was explored, and in the evening Loch Tarbert was again reached. 20th July. Church and a walk to West Loch Tarbert. At 5.30 p.m. left under power for Lamlash in a hazy calm. Anchored 10.10 p.m. 21st July. Anchor stowed 9.15 a.m. strong N.W. wind. Second Jib, Foresail, Trysail and Mizzen. Samson steered until noon, when the skipper took the helm. Wind Force 6 was curling up a very nasty sea, and despite the easy sail and *Mavis'* canoe stern a breaker came aboard. It was particularly trying from Corsewall Point to Port Patrick, and before entering that Harbour *Mavis* was hove to, and Foresail and Trysail stowed. This was a ticklish job in the big sea running; but one cannot well "barge in" between the broken piers at the entrance in such conditions. Secured 3.30 p.m. On 22nd July the wind was still too strong, so remained in Harbour, and visited Stranraer, where some Belfast yachts were sheltering.

23rd July. Left Port Patrick in moderate N.W. wind and heavy sea. After a very strenuous 6½ hour passage with increasing wind and sea, entered Ramsay (I.O.M.), and tied up alongside North Pier. *Faith* had set out for the North earlier in the day, but was forced to put back. Next day proceeded to Douglas, after a scrub. 25th and 26th July. Ashore; blowing very strong from S.W. 27th July. Started 11.45 a.m. in company with *Happy Days* in moderate S.W. wind. Langness 2.30 p.m. Very nasty sea. Chicken Rock abeam 3.30. Wind and sea increasing and backing. 5.30 Wind Force 7 hove to and double-reefed main 6.30. Bar. falling rapidly, so ran for Ardglass. St. John's Point on port bow 9.30. Anchored Ardglass 11 p.m. Seas breaking over Pier. 28th July. Still stormy. 29th July. Wind light, big swell. Started 11.45 a.m. under power. Sail set to steady ship. 2.30 p.m. when abeam of Annalong heavy showers, with thunder and lightning. Double-reefed main. Wind came N.W. and freshened rapidly. Passed Hawlbowl 4.15 p.m. travelling 7 knots. Flew along in wind Force 6 and picked up mooring at Kingstown 10.35 p.m.

J.B.K.

Log of the Yacht "Isis."

12 Tons T.M. LOA 31.7. Beam 10.5. Draft 7.4. 8 h.p. Kelvin Single Cyl. Engine.

FRIDAY, 4TH JULY. 8.30 p.m.—Joined the Yacht at Dartmouth. Sat down to an excellent dinner of lamb, green peas and new potatoes. After inspecting all running gear preparatory to an early start, turned in and had four hours' sleep.

Saturday, 5th July: Up at 3.30 a.m. Got up sail, started the engine, and off at 4 a.m. Herbert was put ashore with the rest of the cheese and some biscuits, to kick his heels until breakfast time. Said he was going for a walk in the country: evidently a country lover. Sailing conditions grand, smooth sea, bright sun and fair breeze from N.E., which freshened later in the day. Put out a fishing line—no success, going too fast. Wind fell light off Plymouth, so we ran alongside a crab boat. Got a crab for 3s. 6d. Biggest ever seen (also biggest price ever heard—ED.) Puzzled us stiff how to cook it; tried the fish kettle, but crab too big; bucket also not big enough. Would hold three-quarters of the beast down, so we cooked his port side first, and afterwards the starboard side. Bit the skipper with the starboard side while the port side was cooking. Lunched too well nor yet too wisely off large masses of crab meat, the system of cooking having proved excellent. Brought up at Fowey at 5.30 p.m. after a splendid run. Put on our Sunday best, and went pub crawling—beer excellent. Returned to dinner on the boat (finished the crab! ED.) and turned in early to a much-needed sleep.

Sunday, 6th July: Spent the day at Fowey. Got up late. Went ashore at 10.45 and met Mrs. Hicks with car. Visited St. Austell Bay Hotel, and inspected the whole of it, very fine, and can safely be recommended to friends. Thence on to lunch and dinner at Menacuddle, St. Austell, and again dined too well but not wisely. The Port was excellent, so much so that everyone was seized with an irresistible desire to sleep. It was not resisted, but a Cornish cream tea at 5 p.m. woke us up quite successfully. Visited Collins at 6 p.m. and criticized his new hotel. Back to Menacuddle for supper. Wright there—an amusing fellow. Played bridge till 12.30. Wright drove us back 15 miles to Fowey—three of us in a two-seater Morris. Got to the water front just as a private motor boat was going out. Lucky for us, as our hails would not have been heard, the *Isis* having been shifted. To bed at 2 a.m. after a thoroughly satisfactory and enjoyable day.

Monday, 7th July: Owing to a small repair job, shopping—water—oil, etc., could not get away before 11 a.m. First intended going to Penzance, but day so fine and weather so perfect, with good breeze from N.E., decided to carry straight on to the Scillies, and make that our jumping off place to Ireland. Everything went well till about 10 p.m., heavy cloud bank came up from N., blotted out the moon, on which we had been relying. Set course (from mainland) Land's End for Wolf Rock Light. Soon after passing which, it came on to drizzle. Sea also heavy and bumpy, conditions anything but comfortable, cold, wet, and heavy sea with head wind. Picked up St. Mary's and Round Island Lights for a few minutes only about 1.30 a.m., but blotted out by fog almost at once; same with Seven Stones Lights. Locality so dangerous changed course to other tack, S.W. by W. Carried on this course till daylight with fair confidence that we should pass south of St. Mary's. Changed course to N. about 4.30 a.m., and about fifteen minutes later saw land dead ahead through a rift in the fog. Shortly afterwards recognized St. Mary's Light, coasted round to the East and N. of the Islands, and dropped anchor between Tresco and North at 7.30 a.m.

Tuesday, 8th July: Had some breakfast and went to bed till noon, for some much-needed sleep. Went ashore after lunch and wandered round Tresco, bought a few stores, sent telegrams home notifying our safe arrival. Spent the greater part of the afternoon in the Abbey gardens. Never saw anything like them—acres and acres of rock gardens—a perfect blaze of colour. Sat in the sun and wrote letters to our dear ones. Very surprised at the luxuriant semi-tropical growth. Groves of aloes, giant geraniums, tree

fuchsias, cacti, etc., growing profusely out of doors. Should think these islands possess a climate the temperature of which must average many degrees above the adjoining coast, and with its rugged coast, magnificently sheltered bays, and inland water, is an ideal resort for yachtsmen, especially if fond of sea fishing and bathing. Found the proprietor of the New Inn and store at Tresco a most obliging fellow, with a large assortment of both stores and local knowledge. Returning to the boat about seven, had supper and turned in early, with the intention of going fishing and lifting lobster pots at 6.30 a.m. the next morning with a local fisherman.

Wednesday, 9th July : Up at 6 a.m., had breakfast, but due to heavy fog and drizzling rain, visibility about 50 yards, we decided to give the fishing a miss. Later a smart N.N.W. breeze got up, and swept the fog clear, sun came out, and a perfect day looked likely. We had arranged to be at Queenstown on Friday, with a N.N.W. wind blowing it would mean a dead beat the whole way, we therefore decided to make an early start, so went ashore for water and a few necessary odds and ends before starting, got up anchor at 11 a.m., and started our voyage north, hoping the wind outside would be a little more westerly, as the course to Queenstown is almost exactly N.W. from Tresco. Got outside and found a very fresh N.N.W. wind, so decided the only thing was to lay a course for Waterford for the time being, and see what happened later. This we did, setting course for Waterford N. 35° E. (Mag.), this being as near as we could get to the wind, carried on this course until 5 p.m., altered course to W. 12° N., and ran till 9 p.m., by which time the wind had backed to N.W., allowing us to alter course to due north (Mag.), which allowed us to stick to our original plan of making Queenstown if the wind held from this direction.

Thursday, 10th July : At 2 a.m. the wind freshened and went dead ahead, forcing us gradually back to a N.E. course. The sea had been fairly heavy, too, ever since leaving port, and by this time a big sea was running, which did not add to the comfort of a close-hauled course. At 7.15 a.m. patent log read 94 miles, and as the wind had veered more N.N.E., we abandoned the idea of Waterford and changed course to N.W. Managed to hold this course until 1 p.m., by which time the wind had headed us on to a westerly course, so at 2.40 p.m. we decided to alter course, the log reading 126 miles, with a change of wind to N.N.E. we were able to run in the required direction till about 5 p.m., when the wind gradually died out, and left us practically becalmed. With so little way on the boat we thought it a good opportunity to fish, and in about half an hour succeeded in getting a dozen mackerel, which were a very acceptable addition to our evening meal. Boiled in sea water, they were extremely palatable, especially as—apart from bacon and eggs—we had not had a square meal since leaving Tresco, the weather having been too bad to cook anything. About 6 p.m. a good breeze came up from the N.W., so we thought that as we were only about 30 miles from land, we had better try and make Dungarvan Bay, and put in the night there ; but unfortunately the wind fell much lighter, and gradually forced us East. By this time we had sighted land, which we judged to be Mine Head, from the bearing and position on the chart and we soon confirmed our landfall as Mine Head by the light. The wind gradually freshened to half a gale from the N.W., with a very nasty sea, forcing us to run slightly S. of W., and by 4 a.m. we had only succeeded in getting opposite Ballycotton Light about 12 miles from land. At 4 p.m. we could see the coast, so put about and ran up to Youghal Bay, thence coasted along the coast, and eventually brought up in Crosshaven (near Queenstown) at 11 a.m. after forty-eight hours sailing, practically every mile of which was a dead beat, against head winds and heavy seas.

Friday, 11th July : Ashore to the P.O. Sent telegrams, and thence to the Yacht Club for a much-needed bath. Lunched at the Crosshaven Hotel and returned to the *Isis* for a couple of hours much needed sleep. Dined off the rest of the mackerel and went off to the Club about 9 p.m. Met some good fellows, including Leo Daly, who offered to take us to Cork the following morning, was most extremely hospitable to us, and added enormously to the enjoyment of our stay. Returned to the *Isis* at 12 p.m., and slept soundly until 7 a.m.

Saturday, 12th July : Gusty day, with heavy rain squalls interfering with our work of repairing rigging. The pounding about, crossing to Ireland, had nearly chafed through our runners, these had to be completely replaced and rerigged on port and starboard. Went up to Cork at 11 a.m., did some necessary shopping, and lunched with Daly at Cork Club, afterwards driving back to Crosshaven. Dined with Mr. and Mrs. Daly, spent a very pleasant evening, including a visit to Queenstown, and returned to bed about 2 a.m.

Sunday, 13th July : All arrangements made for starting west this morning, but a hard blow from the S.W. with heavy rain decided against starting, went over the rigging and spent the morning doing odd jobs. Daly came off to tea in the afternoon, and took us back to dine, returned about 1 a.m. after an extremely pleasant evening. Truly, the unbounded hospitality of the Irish is wonderful!

Monday, 14th July. : Got up to find weather had improved, strong off shore wind from N.W., and the Vice-Commodore (Donegan) of the Irish Cruising Club flying the signal : "The Fleet will start for Glandore at 9 a.m." Got under way and had a fine run with all the wind we wanted, dropped anchor in Glandore at 3 p.m. A very beautiful land-locked harbour in steeply wooded surroundings, an extremely beautiful spot. Went ashore for a stroll about 5.30 in company with the other crews, and returned to the *Gull* where we dined extremely well. Ashore after dinner for a walk. Discovered there was a local concert in the village so all yachts' crews (about a dozen) attended and were vastly amused. To bed about midnight.

Tuesday, 15th July : Woke up at 7.15 to find thick weather, wind due South, and raining hard, so got up very leisurely, breakfasted, and proceeded to tidy up generally, and write up the log. Starting out of the question, as visibility about 100 yards. Weather cleared later, and the four yachts started at about 3 p.m. for Schull. Very heavy weather outside, wind and tide both against us. Made so little progress by 6 p.m. thought it advisable to start motor, after which made better progress. Schull is a bad place to come into after dark, it was therefore fortunate we made the anchorage by 11 p.m., otherwise we should have had to spend the night outside.

Wednesday, 16th July : Fine day but strong wind from the west. Went ashore and bought a few necessities at the Grove Hotel, a very pleasant spot, arranged to race at 3 p.m. Handicaps arranged. Thought them quite inadequate—as they proved to be—but agreed to handle the *Isis* as for racing : came in third. Met at the Grove House after dinner, had a jolly evening, said good-bye to our yachting friends—all of whom had been kind and hospitable.

Thursday, 17th July : Got up at 4 a.m. and weighed anchor at 4.15. Put the patent log out opposite the Beacon on Long Island, calculated that from this point it was 170 nautical miles to the Longships Light. Got through Gascanane Sound (Cape Clear Island) at 5 a.m., and set our course S.E. with a fair wind from the West. Carried on all day at a great pace.

Friday, 18th July : At 4 a.m. sighted Pendine Light (Cornwall Coast) slightly to port, and was very glad to see it. Daylight revealed the Cornish Coast and Land's End dead ahead 25 miles away. Our landfall being correct to about one mile. Made the Longships at 10.45, the log reading exactly 170 miles as calculated, passage having taken 29½ hours from Cape Clear Island. Carried on with a strong wind, and arrived at Fowey at 7 p.m.

Saturday, 19th July : Got under way at 11 a.m., with Mr. Fox and son as extra passengers. Good strong breeze from the W. carried us along gaily. Lovely day, but sea a bit rough ; too much so for passengers.

Arrived at Dartmouth just after seven. So ends a very delightful cruise.

W. B. de Ste. C.

“Viking,” Cutter.

Designed by Colin Archer. LOA. 48.3. LWL. 41.0 Beam 15.25 Draft 8.5.
Sail Area 1,203.

“VIKING” WAS ONE of the contestants in the Fastnet Race in 1930. Luck was decidedly against her, as after a good start, and when travelling well, the leach rope of the mainsail carried away, and the sail split in for two cloths between the second and third reefs. She had to heave to off the Needles, haul down third reef and darn the rent temporarily. Getting away again, she had hammered her way down Channel to the vicinity of Torquay when further trouble was experienced with the patched sail, and anchor was dropped to effect more extensive repairs. This was bad enough, as the Fastnet Race can be won only after a gruelling drive, in which every moment lost through failure to crack on the last shred of canvas reacts against the hopes of victory; but worse was to come. After rounding the Start, it was again necessary to heave to and reef, and later a calm set in, so flat that the dinghy was launched and photos taken near the Longships. Then a light fair wind in which every rag was set, including the dinghy sail on the dinghy, and blankets hung on the boom. Again in a freshening breeze with fast rising sea and mist, the leach rope parted, this time above the repair, . *Viking* was then within 30 miles of the Fastnet, and the cup of bitterness of her indomitable crew was filled to the brim when she was reluctantly squared away for Queenstown. Even when at anchor there, a sorry jest was played on her depleted crew one evening when, with sails ashore for repair, a strong gale sprang up from S.E. and in a hurried attempt to shift to a better berth, the motor stalled, and although anchor was let go quickly, she failed to bring up in time and drove against the quay—luckily without damage. During her enforced stay at Queenstown, *Viking's* owner was persuaded by our Vice-Commodore to forego his intention to cruise on the West Coast of France, and instead to coast round the S.W. of Ireland, and when all was again ready for sea, *Viking* made her way round by easy stages to Valentia, visiting Kinsale, Glandore, Crookhaven, Glengariff, Adrigole and Kenmare on the way. *Viking's* log book, from which the above short summary



of her wanderings has been extracted with her owner's kind permission, is, as one would be led to expect from the fact that Lieut. Lindsay Fisher, R.N., is an instructor at the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, an example of what a log book should be. From such a source, the congratulations conveyed in a covering letter to the Vice-Commodore, on the "excellent sailing directions, which are most complete and accurate, and were to us, invaluable"—must be a source of quiet gratification to the Donegans and, incidentally, to the I.C.C. Users of portable wireless sets may be alarmed to hear that:—

"on taking transits (abeam of the Runnelstone) to check deviation before setting the long course to the Fastnet, was shocked to find 10 to 15 degrees deviation in the standard compass. This was eventually traced to the portable wireless set which had been placed temporarily on the cabin top. It was surprising to find it could have such a strong effect, even when it was not switched on."

That *Viking* can foot it right merrily when conditions suit her, is apparent from the log book, where sustained speeds of 7 to 8 knots are recorded, and the I.C.C. members will wish her better luck in the 1931 Fastnet Race. The third time is charmed!

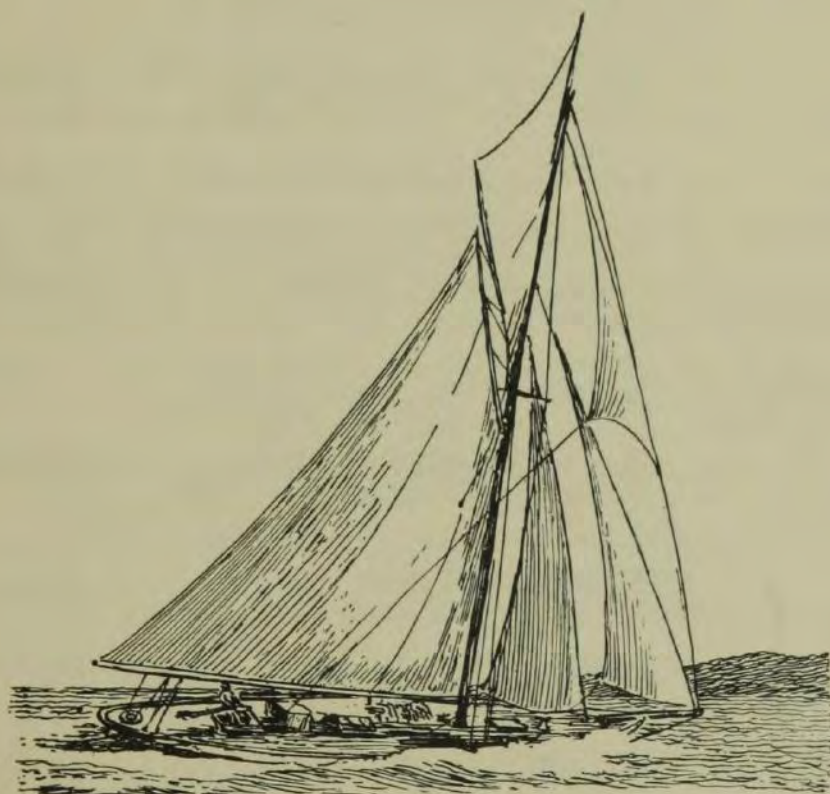
Failte, 1930.

HOWTH TO CARLINGFORD LOUGH and return. Rev. W. E. Vandeleur, who "took over" from Messrs. MacBride and Kirkham on *Failte's* return from the Douglas Race, has sailed for years in and around Carlingford Lough, and it was but natural that he should cruise there with the new purchase at the first opportunity. Fortune favoured him, as fair winds wafted *Failte* on the outward and homeward passages. Leaving Howth at 12.30 p.m. on July 15, Rockabill was abeam after two hours. Misty rain caused bad visibility, and it was not till 5.30 p.m. that the Mourne Mountains were picked up, dead ahead. The S.W. wind had freshened steadily and *Failte* tore along—too fast—as she had to wait near the Whistle Buoy until 7.30 when the flood commenced. The run up the Lough past Greenore and Killowen Point was accomplished in rising wind and sea, and anchor was dropped in 2 fathoms with the Greenore Chimney in line with Killowen Point off the Woodhouse. The sails came off as quickly as possible, and a second anchor was laid out just in time, as the wind settled into a S.E. gale with torrents of rain. *Failte* remained in the Lough until the 19th, when a N.W. breeze greeted the early risers, and after getting away just before 6 a.m., a fast passage, without particular incident, finished at the moorings at Howth at 2.20 p.m.

Howth to Dunmore East and return.—*Failte* dropped moorings at 10.30 a.m. on 28th July, and made Wicklow at 6.30 p.m., after a longish rainy beat in a S. to S.S.W. breeze, which at times was strong. The night's repose was rudely disturbed by the anchor dragging, owing to a heavy "fresh" down the river. Next day at 11.30 a.m. with W. wind, squally at times, *Failte* coasted down inside Arklow Bank and outside Glassgorman Bank. In the heavy squalls the mainsheet had to be eased, but all went well, and after passing No. 3 buoy, she was headed in close to St. John's church, and anchored in 4½ fathoms, after which the Skipper made a dinghy trip to the Gut at Courtown Harbour in a downpour, his anxiety to land having to be curbed until the rush of water caused by the opening of the sluice gates had subsided. An anchor watch was set, and at 5 a.m. on 30th July *Failte* got off with N.W. wind, and passed outside the Moneyweights Bank. Tuskar was rounded at 10.15 a.m., but thereafter the wind died away, and Dunmore was not reached until 11.50 p.m. In Dunmore Harbour yachts staying over a tide are expected to moor to the chains from the Quay with kedge shot astern. A heavy scend comes into the Dock at times and heavy warps are essential. The return journey commenced at 7.30 a.m. on 26th August in a light air from S. by W. The engine refused

duty, and as *Failte* was shorthanded (Skipper and one paid hand) course was laid outside the Saltees. The Coningbeg Ship was passed at 11.30 a.m., and the Barrels at 1.25 p.m., but a foul tide delayed *Failte*, and the Tuskar was not reached until 4.35 p.m. Course was set for the Lucifer, and fog came on, but in a light fair wind *Failte* slipped along and sighted the Lightship at 8.30 p.m. The reed horn was not heard until *Failte* had the Lucifer astern. Carrying on for the Blackwater, reached at midnight, a course was set towards Cahore Point, and with the lead going, land was discerned, and as the wind was dead and tide foul, anchor was dropped in $15\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms about 3 miles S.E. of Cahore Point. Shortly after a heavy thunderstorm with vivid lightning passed out to sea. At 7.15 a.m. with tide and light N.E. wind the anchor was weighed (and found very heavy in that depth) and a slow sail up to Wicklow Head occupied until 6.30 p.m. Here fog came again, but a lucky fresh breeze brought *Failte* into Wicklow shortly after, and hot air coming off the land brought back to the Skipper recollections of making port in semi-tropical lands. On August 28 *Failte* left Wicklow at 8.45 a.m., and beat her way as far as the Muglins. Here the wind failed, but *Norma* came alongside, and a welcome tow into Kingstown finished the passage at 2.40 p.m.

W.E.V.



LADY EDITH

List of Members, 1930.

NAME	ADDRESS	YACHT	THAMES TONNAGE
ALLEN, A. H. ...	Merville, Queenstown, Co. Cork	<i>Sibyl</i> ...	15
BARRETT, H. R. ...	Marshalls, Braintree, Essex ...	<i>Banba IV</i> ...	20
BECKETT, A. ...	15 Fleet Street, Dublin ...	<i>Charm</i> ...	7
BECKETT, J. W., T.D. ...	5 Kilteragh Mansions, Foxrock, Co. Dublin.	<i>Kitsune</i> ...	3
BENNETT, J. H. (<i>Vice-Admiral, R. Cork Y.C.</i>)	Ballincurrig, Midleton, Co. Cork ...	<i>Verve</i> ...	20
BRETLAND, A. W. ...	Ferry House, Malahide ...	<i>Togo</i> ...	17
*BROWN, B. ...	5 Park View, Wellington Rd., Cork		
BROWNE, LT.-COL. E. W.	Raven Ho. Adderley, Market Drayton	<i>Palatina</i> ...	48
BUCKLEY, JACK ...	Castle View, Montenotte, Cork.		
BYRNE, GERALD ...	9 Lr. Ormond Quay, Dublin.		
CROSBIE, GEO. ...	The Kedges, Douglas Road, Cork	<i>Maureen</i> ...	6
CROSBIE, THOMAS ...	Woodlands, Montenotte, Cork ...	<i>Betty</i> ...	6
DALY, D. L. ...	Lota Park, Glanmire, Co. Cork ...	<i>Colleen</i> ...	21
DE STE. CROIX, W. B.	23 Leadenhall St., London, E.C.3	{ <i>Isis</i> <i>Wraith</i> <i>Ladybird</i>	12
DEVEREUX, A. ...	Fingal, Clontarf, Dublin ...		4
*DONEGAN, H. P. F. (<i>Vice-Commodore</i>).	74 South Mall, Cork ...		18
*DONEGAN, H. E. (jun.) ...	74 South Mall, Cork.		
DONOVAN, D. M., M.D.	11 St. Patrick's Hill, Cork.		
DONOVAN, J. DE C. ...	23 Grafton Street, Dublin ...	<i>Hyacinth</i> ...	4
DOYLE, THOMAS ...	Drumcora, Blackrock, Co. Cork.		
ERSKINE, JACK ERSKINE, TOM	} Whitehouse, Belfast ...	<i>Minnie</i> ...	—
FAULKNER, J. A. ...			
FIELDING, JACK, L.R.C.P. and S.I.	20 Leinster Square, Dublin.	<i>Bryden</i> ...	—
FISHER, LT. R. LINDSAY, R.N.	Broadview, Hayling Island, Hants.	<i>Viking</i> ...	39
FITZGERALD, A. ...	Landscape Ter., Sunday's Well, Cork	<i>Honor Margaret</i> ...	—
FLANAGAN, F. G. FLANAGAN, R. F.	} 123 Inchicore Road, Dublin ...	<i>Margaret</i> ...	10
GILLILAND, LT.-COM. F., R.N.V.R.	Brook Hall, Londonderry ...	<i>Melmore</i> ...	17
GOOD, JOHN, D.L. ...	The Moorings, Merrion Rd., Dublin	<i>Lady Edith</i> ...	31
HARRINGTON-HUDSON, R.	89 Pembroke Road, Dublin ...	<i>Theta</i> ...	15

* Members of Committee.

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NAME	ADDRESS	YACHT	THAMES TONNAGE
HAWKES, COL. W., D.S.O.	Crosshaven, Co. Cork ...	<i>Kathleen</i> ...	10
HIGGINBOTHAM-WYBRANTS, W. A.	72 Grosvenor Rd., Rathmines, Dublin.	<i>Rose</i> ...	32
HYLAND, JOHN J.	... Mt. Pleasant, College Rd., Cork.		
KAVANAGH, JOHN	... Woodview, Ballintemple, Cork ...	<i>Ziska</i> ...	9
KEARNEY, JOHN B.	... 7 Killarney Avenue, Dublin ...	<i>Mavis</i> ...	10
KEATINGE, D.	... 42 Grafton Street, Dublin ...	<i>Marie</i> ...	5
KELLY, FERGUS, B.E.	... Ardnacrusha, Limerick.		
KELLY, CAPT. P. F.	... 4 Ard-na-greine, St. Luke's Cork...	<i>Tern</i> ...	9
KENNEDY, FRANK	... Beechfield, Bray ...	<i>Realt</i> ...	4
*KIRKHAM, T. G.	... 126 Francis Street, Dublin.		
*KIRKPATRICK, L.-COL. A.R.	The Lodge, Kiltarnan, Co. Dublin	<i>Norma</i> ...	10
LE FLUFY, FREDK.	... Menloe Gardens, Blackrock, Cork.		
*MacBride, W. (Hon. Treas.)	39 Harcourt Street, Dublin ...	<i>Leila</i> ...	3
MACFERRAN, KEITH	... 33 Hollybank Road, Clontarf	<i>Marie</i>	
MCSTAY, M. A.	... St. Germain's, Ballybrack, Co. Dublin		
MARTIN, LT.-COM., E. G., R.N.V.R., O.B.E.	25 Moore Street, Lennox Gardens, London, S.W.3.		
(Commodore, Ocean Racing Club).			
MARTIN, W. R.	... 1 St. Andrew's Street, Dublin.		
MELLON, A. M.	... 43 Victoria Road, Oxford.		
*MELLON, DOUGLAS	... 7 Kenilworth Road, Rathgar, Dublin	<i>Lil</i> ...	10
MICKS, R. H., M.D.	... 5 Fitzwillian Square, Dublin.		
*MOONEY, A. W.	... 9 Rutland Square, E., Dublin ...	<i>Nirvana</i> ...	9
NESBITT, G., M.D.	... 71 St. Stephen's Green, Dublin ...	<i>Hera</i> ...	3
NEWSOM, G. A.	... Ard Einin, Killiney, Co. Dublin	<i>Punctilio (P.O.)</i>	9
O'BRIEN, TWHIG, CAPT. A. J.	23 Idrone Terrace, Blackrock.		
O LOCHLAINN, COLM, M.A.	Beechlawn, Rathgar Road, Dublin	<i>Klysmá</i> ...	9
O'RYAN P. W.	... 3 Clarinda Park, Dun Laoghaire.		
O'SULLIVAN, Patk., B.L.	Silverdale, Rushbrooke, Co. Cork.		
PAGE, J. A.	... Melrose, Silchester Road, Dun Laoghaire.		
PALMER, Francis H.	... Glenavon, 306 Clontarf Rd., Dublin	<i>Happy Days</i>	12
PERROTT, WILLIAM	... Ballincurrag Lodge, Douglas Road, Cork.	<i>Myrtle</i> ...	22
REARDON, JOHN	... Wilton Park, Cork ...		
ROSE-RICHARDS, MAJ T. P.	Furze-field, Bosham, Sussex ...	<i>Iolaire</i> ...	17
SIMON, INGO	... Scotland Hall, Stoke-by-Neylan, Suffolk.	<i>Saladin</i> ...	34
SINGLETON, J. S.	... 39 Harcourt Street, Dublin.		
SOMERSET, CAPT, THE HON. Robert.	Ince Castle, Saltash, Cornwall ...	<i>Jolie Brise (P.O.)</i>	44
(Vice-Commodore, Ocean Racing Club).			
* Members of Committee.			

LIST OF MEMBERS, 1930—continued.

NAME	ADDRESS	YACHT	THAMES TONNAGE
SOMERVILLE-LARGE, C., M.B.	16 Fitzwilliam Place, Dublin	... <i>Tern</i>	... 4
SULLIVAN, A. M., (<i>Sergeant-at-Law</i>).	1 King's Bench Walk, Temple, E.C.4.		
SULLIVAN, D. B., B.L., D.J.	Little Island, Cork.		
TIDMARSH, CAPT. D.	The County Club, Limerick	... <i>Foam</i>	... 5
TOMLINSON, W. T.	3 Killeen Terrace, Malahide	... <i>Marguerite</i>	... 4
*VANDELEUR, REV. W. E., M.A.	25 Mountjoy Square, Dublin	... <i>Failte</i>	... 12
Wallace, Hugh R. (<i>Rear-Commodore</i>).	Lost on passage from Kingstown to Strangford, 30th June, 1930.		
WALLER, CAPT. OTWAY	Banagher	... { <i>Wayfarer</i> <i>Imogen</i>	... 43 ... 6
Walsh, J. P. (<i>Hon. Auditor</i>)	32 Dartmouth Square, Dublin.		
WALSH, P. T.	32 Dartmouth Square, Dublin	... <i>Sheila II</i>	... 9
*WILSON, CANON D. F. R., M.A.	St. Mary's, Ailesbury Rd., Dublin	... <i>Esterel</i>	... 12
WOODLEY, F. R.	Mount Bernard, Queenstown (Cobh)	... <i>Maia</i>	... 3
*Wright, H. Bunting (jun.) (<i>Hon. Sec.</i>)	3 St. James's Ter., Clonskeagh, Dublin.		
WRIGHT, H. J., M.D.	59 Merrion Square, Dublin	... <i>Pauline</i>	... 3
*Wright, Herbert M. (<i>Commodore</i>). <i>Honorary Member:</i>	3 St. James's Ter., Clonskeagh, Dublin.	... <i>Espanola</i>	... 15
O BRIEN, CONOR	Foynes, Co. Limerick	... <i>Saoirse</i>	... 20

N.B.—Members are requested to notify the Hon. Secretary of any change of address or boat.

* Members of Committee.

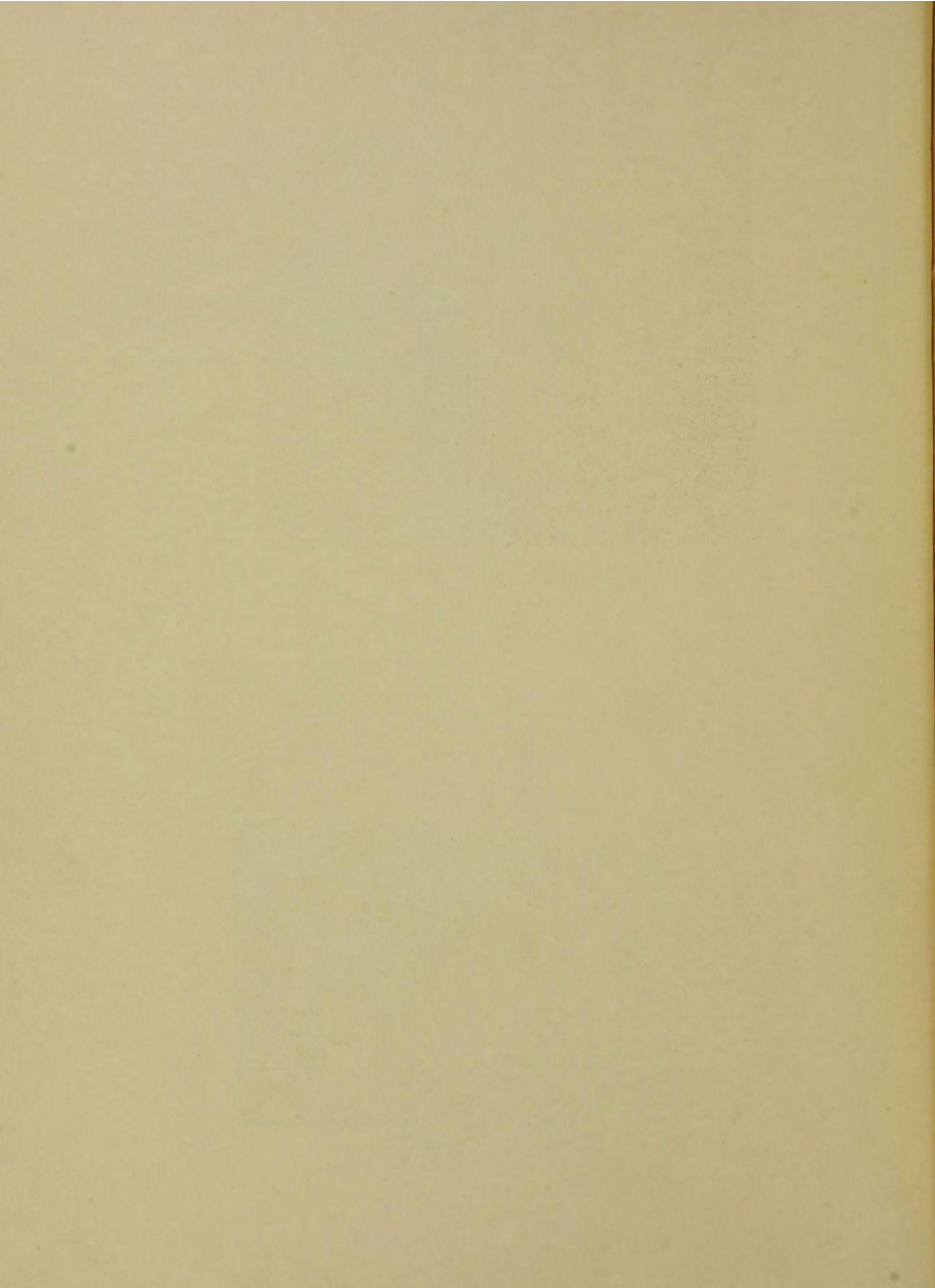




Gull SLIPPING ALONG NICELY



THE CREWS ASHORE AT DOUGLAS, I.O.M., WHITSUNTIDE, 1930.





Colm O Lochlainn
Printer
Fleet Street, Dublin



The Irish Cruising Club Annual

1932



CO. DOWN
BALFARNORTH
BIRN POINT

The Irish Cruising Club Annual

CLUB NOTES

THE YEAR 1931 was an appallingly wretched season, though members who cruised on the west coast of Scotland were fortunate in meeting sunshine and other favourable conditions denied to us around Dublin waters.

Rose, *Lady Edith* and *Verve* formed the bulk of the "big class" at the Clyde, and they departed for home liberally bedecked with Prize Flags.

In the Fastnet Race our sympathies were divided: Commander Martin sailed on *Patience*, Major Rose Richards on his fine new *Lexia*, and Lieut. Lindsay Fisher again threw down the gauntlet to Fate by braving every handicap in *Viking*.

At Whitsuntide, *Gull* from Cork, and six of the Dublin contingent gathered at Carlingford for a Passage Race to Kingstown. Their experiences are set forth herein by the Vice-Commodore.

The difficulties surrounding a combined cruise were experienced in an acute form in 1931, and eventually the project was abandoned. Wicklow Regatta, however, attracted many of our boats: *Rose*, *Mavis*, *Nirvana*, *Margaret*, *Charm*, *Failthe*, *Happy Days*, *Lil* and *Sheila II*—and as the wind came in strong from N.E. the crews had plenty of practice with anchors and warps during their stay. The "plug" home to Kingstown was not very enjoyable.

The Second Annual Dinner, held at the Standard Hotel, Dublin, on 21st November, 1931, was very well attended and thoroughly enjoyed. Colm O Lochlainn and his pipes were missed, but Canon Wilson and his chanteymen (Messrs. Keatinge) were in good voice and spirit. Commander Martin, the guest of the evening, held our rapt attention when he described the thrilling duel between *Patience* and *Highland Light* in the Fastnet Race, and his praise of the Bermudian rig has led to some "gaff-riggers" pulling out drawing boards, paper and scales and the designing of sky scraping masts and sail plans. Alas! Income-tax officials are not sailing enthusiasts, and the money which should pay for the desired spars and canvas will go elsewhere.

With a view to keeping Dublin members in touch during the winter months, the Committee organised a series of Lectures. On November 27 Capt. R. E. Kellett, Principal of the Irish Nautical College, told us many things we did not know, or but dimly understood, in a talk on Deviation of the Compass. No doubt when the boats go afloat once more, strange doings with kedge anchors laid out astern, weighed and shot again and again, will attract the attention of longshoremen and balcony Admirals. Men of Great Weight, too, may be pleasantly surprised at urgent invitations—until they discover that their presence is desired principally for the purpose of checking a certain "heeling over" in a compass hitherto blissfully regarded as free from such an aberration.

On December 18 the Vice-Commodore spoke on "Cruising," and starting about 1880 (age at that date suppressed) led us back and forth, N.S.E. and W. in all sorts and sizes of craft, few of which could be deemed really seaworthy. The "little cherub that sits aloft . . ." evidently had some anxious moments during the lecturer's early days.

Mr. Harrington Hudson was the lecturer on January 19, and in treating his subject—"Sails"—he adopted unconventional angles of view as befits a keen cruising man, and thereby shed new light on the age-old but ever new and fascinating mystery of the wind-driven vessel.

The East Coast Sailing Directions, compiled by the Rear-Commodore, were ready in time for the Carlingford event, and subsequently our members who cruised North referred to them constantly. The general consensus of opinion was that the Book was a worthy successor to the South Coast Volume.

Failthe started for Penzance ; but, unfortunately, motor trouble developed, and she put into Arklow. Neither blandishments nor the technical engineering ability of the Hon. Treasurer could induce the quiescent " horses " to activity, and as time pressed, the cruise was abandoned.

Foam and Tern, we understand, cruised extensively on the Shannon and its Lakes. Deep-watermen are prone to describe such passaging as " ditch-crawling," but from personal experience we can affirm that the big Shannon Lakes can furnish plenty of thrills.

Imogen's homecoming was prosaic, as compared with her notable outward voyage to Las Palmas—she arrived in Liverpool by steamer. Capt. Waller sailed her thence to Kingstown and on to Banagher by canal.

We are delighted to learn that the title of the Club is no longer the subject of jest or mispronunciation. Members will note with satisfaction the forbearance exercised by the crew of *Esterel*, notwithstanding extreme provocation. Other owners please note.

This year's illustrations are by the Hon. Treasurer, based in some cases on West of Scotland etchings by Mr. George F. Holmes, of the Humber Yawl Club, who kindly granted permission for their use.

Portavogie is not often visited by yachts. The terse entry in *Lil's* log may supply the reason.

A rumour current in Dublin, that the V—C— has been approached by the Famous Risky Film and Talkie Corp, to make a Picture of his Watery Wanderings and to record *complete* Sea Shanties, at a fabulous remuneration—may be regarded as absolutely without foundation.

From a newspaper report we learn that our old friend *Maria Reid* after spending some years tied up in the Custom House Dock at Wexford, has been purchased by the Harbour Authorities and will be used to form part of a new breakwater ! The news is sad.

WURRA—WURRA !



“Espanola’s” Cruise, 1931

DURING A CRUISE of twenty-eight days we had twenty-two fine and six bad ones. We never had our rail down, never reefed, not once did we make up our mainsail wet and, with one exception—a windless one—made every long passage with fresh fair winds.

Having placed a full stop at the end of this sentence—it occurred to me that there was little more to say, for what interest can any log which begins like this have for the ordinary log reader who, quite naturally, demands in the words of Lucretius “*alterius spectare laborem?*”

And yet to me—if not to others—most interesting is the fact that this was the sixteenth cruise which I have made in *Espanola*, of which ten have been on the West Coast of Scotland. Also that *Espanola* has become in my hands a very much more perfect cruiser. Designed to carry 1,680 sq. feet of canvas, she had when I bought her in 1911 some 1½ cwt. of unnecessary ironwork and gear aloft, and too much lead below. Yet she was described by the yacht agents as “a powerful cruiser.” She has now 900 sq. feet, is capable of a higher speed in heavy weather than when I acquired her, and is immeasurably more comfortable and handy. All this, of course, is purely egotistical; but I confess that to my mind the best yachting stuff may be so described. We had an excellent crew, though we seemed to be constantly discharging and taking on its members. One left at Howth, another at Campbeltown and a third at Oban. We shipped a hand at Oban, and another at Mallaig, whilst a third who was to have joined at Portree faded away in face of route complications and a fare of £4.

Of mishaps I recall only three—a gull came aboard at Crinan and flew off with my tooth brush. Near Mallaig the spinnaker guy fouled the propellor, and was removed only after an hour’s hard work by the combined crews of *Espanola* and *Briden*—most of them ranged out on the boom. We touched a rock entering Scathvaig in a smurr of rain.

From Mallaig to Canna we sailed over a glimmering mirror of sea, under a speckless sky; ahead the twin peaks of Rum, radiant pillars of light, far to starboard the jagged precipices of the Cuchullins aflame in steely blue. At Canna a six-years’ old acquaintance with the hospitable laird was renewed, and with the old postmistress who had not been out of the island in all those years. In Scathvaig, that matchless gem of the West, we lay a night in company with *Briden*. The Loch has an evil reputation—we heard of a dinghy blown into the air and returned bottom up—of a skipper who refused duty when asked to take a vessel in. In heavy gales the surface peels off and is sucked up the vertical cliffs while rocks are sometimes blown from the summits, and reach the pool with the velocity appropriate to the acceleration, due to gravity, of bodies falling 3,000 feet! All these risks are worth taking rather than miss Scathvaig. When I last met the skipper of *Briden* he was still talking about it. From Scathvaig we had a close haul in strong S.W. breeze round the point of Sleat, sighting *Griselda* under the mainland. Through the narrows of the Kyle and by Raasey Sound to Portree in the same unbroken sunshine, whilst the wireless spoke of constant rain and winds “approaching gale force” in the South.

An almost windless passage brought us by S. Rona to Gairloch, where we lay a night in Flowerdale Bay, and another in Shieldag—both of them beauty spots. The wind having come northerly we sailed from Gairloch, and ran with spinnaker South to Kyle Akin, glimpsing Loch Torridon as we passed, keeping, of course, a safe berth from the dangerous rock off it called Murdock Breac. In Kyle Akin for three days we sheltered from a heavy S.W. gale with torrential rain, which was followed by perfect weather, in which we sailed to Mallaig, where Dr. Dobbie awaited us. The passage thence to Tobermory was made in a light wind and dead smooth sea round Ardnamurchan, which is locally dreaded even more than Cantyre—though my experience does not confirm this.

It was just part of our luck that we should have a strong N.W. breeze down the Sound of Mull, up which on our outward passage we had carried an equally strong South-Easter.

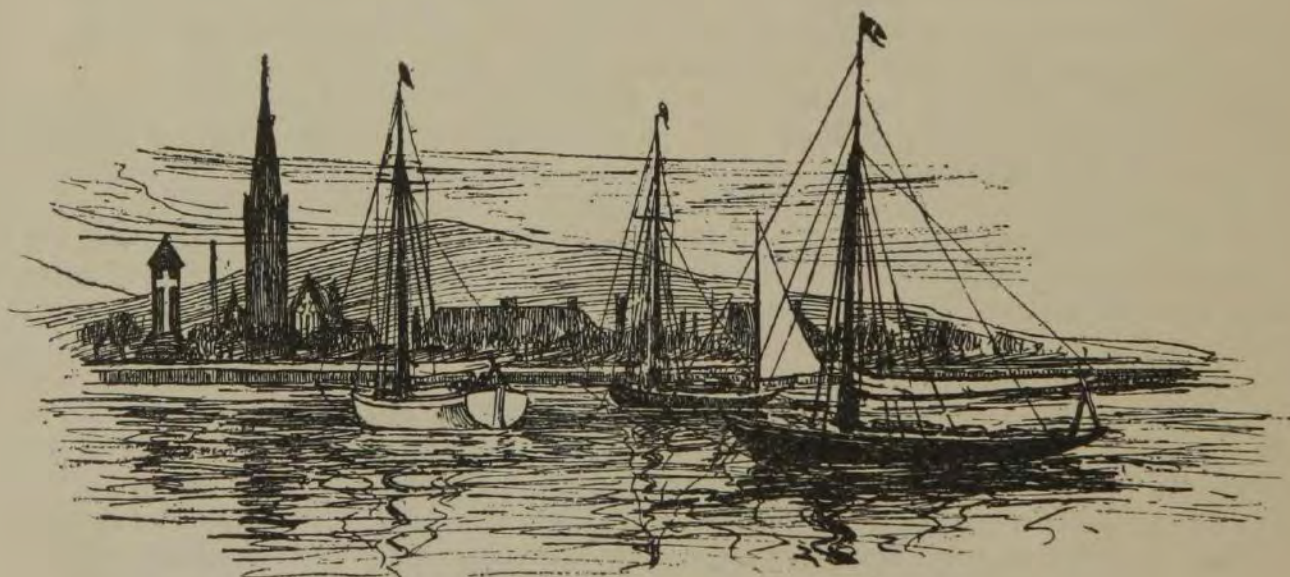
But a bitter three days of rain, fog and wind awaited us at Oban, where all steamboat and charabanc traffic was immobilized.

We left Oban in some anxiety owing to fog ; but had a beautiful run to Crinan—the fog clearing in the difficult bit of navigation near the Dorus. The same evening found us through the canal and in E. Loch Tarbert for the night.

Our last night in Scottish waters was passed at Cranaig in Kilbrennan Sound, where foul tide and absence of wind brought us up. An even more windless day followed ; so that, starting at 4.30 a.m., we only reached Donaghadee at 9.30 p.m. A brisk northerly wind however, brought us in, promising well for next day.

On the first of the inshore flood we left Donaghadee, overran our tide a couple of hours off Johns, and had bad visibility though a fair wind, to which we carried spinnaker most of the day. We did not pick up Rockabill until close abeam, and laid compass course for Nose of Lambay. The wind became very strong on port quarter, and for the first time during the cruise we sailed at our limit—doing 8 miles in thick fog over the young ebb in 45 minutes. Lambay blew past to starboard like a wraith and vanished. Visibility improved near Howth and, at last, off the Bailey, we had to get the spinnaker off in a burst of wind and steep breaking sea. Dr. Dobbie, by this time an expert hand, declared the last three hours' sail was worth his journey from Edinburgh. Side lights were lit for entering harbour, where we picked up our moorings at 10.15 p.m.

H.M.W.



"Gull," and the Carlingford Passage Race

WHITSUNTIDE, 1931

THE I.C.C. HAD ARRANGED a Passage Race from Carlingford to Kingstown for Monday, 25th May, and *Gull*, at Crosshaven, was ready for the journey North on the morning of the 20th. Beautiful sunny morning with southerly wind; but vexatious delays (principally due to inability to wake L.D., from whom punt oars were required) caused the start to be delayed until 12.35. Roches Point was abeam at 1.30, and outside we found a considerable sea and the wind inclined to back. We were carrying jibheaded topsail, and in the freshening wind *Gull* had her lee rail well under. Off Cable Island some big ones came aboard, and with a falling glass, wind backing, and sky looking nasty, the skipper (whose doctor had forbidden him night watches and enjoined on him to take things easily) announced that course should be altered for Dunmore. The moist crew concurred heartily, and Dunmore was reached at 9.20 p.m. No sooner was the ship safely moored—main anchor ahead, kedge astern, and a warp to the S.W. of Pier—than it piped up into a whole gale from S.S.E, which kept us stormbound on the 21st—in fact we had to run a breast rope to the Pier, and two additional warps astern.

22nd May: Wind moderating. All hands roused at 6.30, and notwithstanding a hectic struggle with anchors and warps we cleared Pier at 8.58 a.m. With light southerly wind it was a dead beat to the Hook—cleared at 11 a.m., and course altered to E. by S. for the passage between the Saltees. Long swell, sunshine and delightful breeze, eased sheets, set balloon topsail and cleared Sound 2 p.m. Headed due E. for Carnsore, passing N. of the Black Rock and Tercheen. At Carnsore at 3.40 p.m. and eased sheets to clear Fundale and Coolough, then headed for Splough Buoy. Passed Splough 4.50, and headed N.E. for Lucifer—abeam 6.30 p.m.—then altered course N.E. by N. At 7.40 p.m. when No. 2 Blackwater Buoy abeam, rain set in and the low-lying coast vanished from view; but as wind was much fresher no grumbles were heard. Eventually, the wind backed to E., and blew hard, and before we got our anchor down at Kingstown (2.20 a.m.) on Saturday, 23rd, we were laid flat, right down to the mast, after the jibe at the harbour entrance.

Left Kingstown 10.30 a.m. and crossed to Howth, hoping to find the fleet, but they had all gone, so set out after them. Abeam Skerries 1.3 p.m., and altered course to N.E. $\frac{3}{4}$ E. for Cranfield Point—26 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Visibility poor, but got a glimpse of Clogher Head at 2.16 p.m., bearing N.W. $\frac{1}{4}$ W. Streamed log. At 3.24 log read 7.4, and we sighted Haulbowline Lighthouse, and later the Whistling Buoy. Then Cranfield Point showed itself and we found the outer No. 1 Buoy, and sailed up channel with the tail end of the flood tide. Visibility improved and we eventually found *Espanola*, *Nirvana*, *Lil*, *Esterel*, *Mavis* and *Realt* near the Rostrevor shore, and on rounding up to anchor outside them, were greeted with jovial and hearty cries of "Wurra Wurra."

Rose arrived later, and anchored on the Carlingford side. *Briden*, on passage from Strangford, was windbound at Ardglass. All hands enjoyed a very pleasant evening at the Rostrevor Hotel, and the details of the race back to Kingstown were fully discussed and arranged. Two handicaps were agreed upon—fair wind and beat to windward—and it was decided that the Vice-Commodore should signal the selected handicap on the morning of race.

On Sunday, 24th, the wind came fairly hard into the Lough, but it was possible to land without difficulty. Great relief was felt when *Marie* turned up about 8 p.m. as it was then blowing really hard.

On Monday, 25th, the race was scheduled to start at 9 a.m.; but racing was clearly impossible. Low lying clouds flew and streaked across the mountain side, and squalls were fierce at times, and practically every boat in the fleet dragged. Intercommunication was not attempted until 3 p.m., when *Gull's* dinghy manned by three hands was blown up the Lough for a long distance before they could make a landing; then, assisted by *Briden's*

crew, she was carried along the foreshore well south of the fleet ; launched again and other crews were landed.

The wind eased late in the afternoon, and the crews dined at the Hotel, orated, danced, sang, and finally ferried back to their respective ships.

Tuesday, 26th : Wind had moderated ; but at 9 a.m. it was still from due south. *Lil* was compelled to make an early start for home and left under engine at 7 a.m. The actual start of the race, off the Killowen Buoy, was rather straggling. *Nirvana* leading out, *Realt*, *Gull* and *Esterel* close together, followed by *Espanola*, *Marie*, *Mavis* and later *Rose*. Down the channel we had a dead beat through a wind against tide chop, and our crew at any rate were heartily glad to get away from Carlingford Lough. We passed *Nirvana* near Greenore Point, and thereafter held pride of place, though when near Drogheda *Espanola* and *Nirvana* gained rapidly during a light patch. Soon, however, the wind came and we went off again, and without further incident crossed the line between the S. Rowan Buoy and the E. Pier at Howth at 8.51 p.m. We had agreed the previous evening that as several of the boats had headquarters in Howth, it was unnecessary to drag them on to Kingstown, as originally arranged, and the handicap was adjusted by deducting one-seventh all round.

As the wind was getting light we carried on to Kingstown, and were lucky enough to pick up a vacant mooring. The Mate had concocted a Gargantuan Irish Stew ; but it disappeared in an astonishing manner.

Wednesday, 27th : No wind. Commodore came on board, and gave us the official result of our race. *Gull*, winner ; *Espanola*, 2nd prize (one minute outside her time from *Gull*) ; *Nirvana*, 3rd prize (half hour outside time) ; *Marie*, 4th prize—finished shortly after noon to-day. It seems that *Rose* did not come through Howth Sound ; nor did *Esterel*, which latter anchored during the fog at Lambay, and came in this morning. *Realt* is reported as being in Balbriggan, and *Mavis* apparently did not persist seriously after an unprofitable long tack out to sea.

Thursday, 28th : Fog. No wind. Rain and roll. Set mainsail to steady the ship.

Friday, 29th : Wind E.S.E. light. We got under way about 7.30 a.m. Found the flood making strong at the Muglins, beat between them and Dalkey Island, and stood towards Bray Head. We were abreast of Bray about 9.50 a.m., when the wind failed us, and had to have recourse to the oars to get an offing. At 11.20 we got a breeze from the South-East, and were abreast of the Moulditch Buoy at 12.1 p.m. Wind much stronger. Lowered topsail. Wicklow Head abeam at 1.12 p.m. Horse Shoe Buoy abeam at 1.26 p.m. on course S.W. by S. $\frac{1}{4}$ S. Mizen Head abeam at 1.58 on course ; Arklow 2.30 p.m. Wind very fresh. Nasty sea. No. 2 Blackwater Buoy at 5.15.

The whole Blackwater Bank was breaking feather white, and we realised that we carried too much sail ; but there was no doing anything until we cleared No. 2 Buoy, when we set about lowering the mainsail and setting the trysail. This was a risky and troublesome job, and involved crutching the boom in the gallows and making all secure, which took what seemed to an anxious skipper, a considerable time ; but in reality it was very speedily done. The heavy sea made things very hard, but the crew worked well.

When the trysail (gaff-headed) was set, we found we had drifted too far to fetch clear of the Long Bank, so tacked ship and stood to the east'ard for about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and then tacked at 9.45 heading S.S.W. for the Whistling Buoy. The wind was piping up harder and harder ; but *Gull* was standing up to it fairly well with the trysail and jib. At 10 p.m. we were up to the South Sheer Buoy, past which we literally flew, aided by the strong ebb which was setting us to the south'ard at its fiercest rate. We knew we were in for a bit of a "dusting" with this strong wind against tide over the Bailey Prong, but hoped it would not last long. About $\frac{1}{2}$ mile south of the Buoy we got into a tumble of sea that taxed the helmsman's efforts to the utmost.

Suddenly there appeared right ahead and half way up the sky a line of white which seemed to be dead straight and about 50 yards in length. This was the crest of the 'Grandfather' of seas, and it was an awe inspiring sensation for the watch on deck as well as for the watch below when *Gull* crashed into this veritable wall of water. It is hard to describe our feelings. For some appreciable time *Gull* seemed to be completely under water ; but nothing carried away, and shortly after this we reached the region of seas that had at least normal formation.

One felt that when *Gull* could go through a sea such as this she could go through anything,

and there was a semblance of comfort in the realisation that she could not possibly meet anything worse, for it was the biggest thing in seas that any of the ship's company had ever come across. I think most of us fervently thanked God that *Gull* had not a big cockpit or she would probably have gone to the bottom. I say "most of us" advisedly, because, one hand confessed afterwards that he had reached the stage of not caring whether we sank or floated. One distinctly felt that the way we had on stood to us, for *Gull* was under perfect control.

* This monster wave was almost at right angles to the wind, and any attempt at easing her on its approach might have been fraught with disastrous consequences. Had we tried to bear away, it is conceivable that the volume of water striking the canvas might have entailed a serious carry-away, while if her helm was put down, the sea would have taken her under the lee bow, and she would have been thrown at once on her beam ends in the smother of broken water. The helmsman, to his credit, simply put her at it, with the result that, while everything was soaked from the cross trees down, there was no real harm done.

Whatever golden rules may be laid down for sailing in a sea-way, it is rash to say how a phenomenal tide rip should best be sailed through.

The lesson to be learned from our Bailey Prong experience is to keep perfect control with steerage way on the boat, and chance the rest.

Mindful of the dangers to leeward the skipper would not let the course be altered for the Barrell's Lightship, which was in sight well under our lee, until the Tuskar bore East by North. We met some more heavy seas before we got clear of the Prong; but nothing in comparison with the one just described, and when we checked sheets, we romped along in comparative comfort and were abreast of the Barrell's Lightship at 11.35 p.m.. Altered course to W. $\frac{3}{4}$ S. for the Coningbeg L.V., and were abreast of her at 1 a.m. on the 30th, and altered course W. $\frac{1}{4}$ N. for Ballycotton.

Gull at this time was sailing as fast as ever she went. The canvas suited her, and she was by no means troubled by the big beam sea. We sighted the Hook and Mine Head in turn, and about 4 p.m. the weather moderated. Off Ardmore we got a good breakfast, which we badly needed.

We could then easily have carried the whole mainsail; but we were all too tired to tackle the job. So we carried on under the trysail, and arrived at our moorings at Crosshaven at 2.30 p.m., just as another blow started up and rain began to fall haavily.

So ended *Gull's* Whitsuntide Cruise.

H.P.F.D.



The I.C.C. at ROSTREVOR 1931.

* This paragraph was added by request, but most reluctantly the V.C. being of opinion that it sounds as if he wants to pose as a modern St. Peter!

Why not. Is not this Island a Land of Saints?—ED.

Log of the "Ailsa"

AUXILIARY YAWL. 15 Tons.

<i>Owner Master</i>	...	A. M. SULLIVAN.
<i>First Officer</i>	...	P. H. CHATWIN.
<i>Mate</i>	...	LESLIE CHANCE.
<i>Crew</i>	...	ROBERT SULLIVAN, MARGARET CHATWIN, and MAEV SULLIVAN.

August 1, 1931: 8 a.m. Stowed dinghy on counter. Started engine, dropped moorings and proceeded down river against flood. Light airs from N.E. 9.28 Set sail. 9.57 Calshot Lightvessel. 10.19 N. Thorm. 10.45 Thorm Knoll. 12.50 p.m. Solent Bank. 1.42 passed Hurst. 2.25 Through the Bridges. Wind freshened as we set course for Anvil Point. 4.25 Anvil Point abeam, $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. 5.5 St. Alban's Pt. abeam, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. Bore up for Portland Harbour, but fearing to lose favourable wind, now N.N.W., determined to proceed to Dartmouth. 6.45 Shambles Lightvessel abeam, 1 mile. 7.40 Portland Bill Lighthouse, N.W. by N. $\frac{1}{2}$ N. by compass and sextant $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles. 9.0 Set course for fl. lt. Buoy in the bay to escape foul tide. Took off topsail. 12.23 Passed buoy 2 cables to N. Wind freshening.

August 2: 2 a.m. Stowed mizzen. Lumpy sea in tideway, throwing up on lee deck in squalls. 6.35 Passed Castle Ledge. 7.35 Anchored bower and kedged off Galmpton beside 35-ton *Airymouse*, with whom we contempalted sailing in company. 4 p.m. Sailed again. 6.45 Passed Start Point. 7.30 Bolt Head. 8.20 Anchored bower and kedged, Salcombe. Blowing hard from N.E. roound to N.N.W.

August 3: Strong gale with ebb. 8 a.m. On lifting kedged ship dragged anchor. Started engine "full ahead," just able to stem wind and tide. Crew (R.S.) fell overboard getting cable in—climbed in again. Set three reef mainsail and small jib. Tailed down channel. 11 a.m. Bolt Head N.N.E, 2 miles. In the race ship spun on hummock of sea and jibed. Mast bent but recovered. 2 p.m. Eddystone N. $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Set foresail. 3 p.m. Shook out reefs. 4 p.m. Set mizzen. 7.15 Anchored in Helford River.

August 4: Day on shore. Fitting out—getting water and stores.

August 5: 10.10 Weighed anchor. Engined out in dead calm. 11.30 Manacles Buoy abeam. Noon light Wind N. by W. 1.30 Blackhead abeam. 3.0 Lizard abeam, wind falling. 8.10 Runnelstone Buoy. Fog settling down. 11. Longships fog signal apparently abeam. Midnight wind N.W. Sailing close hauled.

August 6: 4 a.m. Went about under Seven Stones Lightvessel on losing tack. 6.0 Went about course, W. by N. Whole day tacking—two hours winning; one hour losing tack.

August 7: Glass started falling. Set course N.N.W. under engine. Wind dropped sky overcast. 6 p.m. By D.R. E.S.E. Old Head, 40 miles. 7 p.m. Stowed foresail and mizzen in view of falling glass. 8 p.m. Gusts of wind N—N.E. Midnight—full gale blowing from N. by E. Sea rising.

August 8: Tried to sail close hauled under mainsail and jib; but lost wind between waves. Short steep seas coming aboard into cockpit when ship driven. Making no headway. Starboard tiller lines pulled out. Wind not too bad, but at 9 a.m. got into big short breaking seas, driving a point or point and a half off the wind. Ship hammered at times. 1 p.m. Wind increasing in gusts. Gave up trying to sail, and hove to, on starboard tack, with some difficulty. At 1.40 in a fierce gust the clew of the mainsail parted. Ship paid off and became unmanageable. Signalled distress to N.D.L. liner passing 1 mile to N. Signal unnoticed. 2.15 Got foot of mainsail laced again and rolled up three reefs. Ship lay to steadily. Topped boom and slacked peak to ease strain. 5 p.m. Seas ceased breaking. 7 p.m. Glass rising and wind moderating. 11 p.m. Gale and sea at worst, though glass still rising. Ship's head inclined to pay off.

August 9: Middle watch. Barometer 30. Wind rising and falling. 4 a.m. Bar. 30.2. Sea moderating. 9 a.m. Jib outhaul parted, rigged new outhaul. 10.30 Signalled Admiralty fuel ship to N.: "Wish to communicate." No notice taken. 12.50 p.m. sky clearing. 1.10 sun coming out. Took observation—50.54 N. Lat. Longitude by ship's clock (chronometer watch stopped by water) 9.25 W. 2.20 Set sail close hauled to N.E. 3.50 Set foresail and mizzen. Wind shifting towards N.W., made northerly course. 8 p.m. Wind freshening and going north again. Stowed foresail and mizzen. 11 p.m. Full gale N., with big seas. Ballycotton Lighthouse bearing N. Old Head Lighthouse N.N.W. Midnight—making lee way only.

August 10: Bar. 30.3. 4 a.m. Wind shifting westward and moderating. Close hauled sailing as near to north as would carry. Lumpy sea. 9 a.m. Sighted land to port through mist. 9.20 Lumps of land on starboard bow. Through clearing in mist caught a glimpse of Poor Head. then Ballycotton to leeward. All hands too tired to beat up for Roche's Point, so bore away for Ballycotton. Met lifeboat out on engine trials after overhaul. Committee offered to give us a lead on return. Ran under shelter of Ballycotton island. Lowered and stowed sails. The lifeboat returning offered us a line and as our carburettor was full of water we gladly accepted. Moored safely in Ballycotton at 1.40. The last three days were uncomfortable, owing to the water in the cockpit flooding the two after berths. In spite of this the two girls kept us well fed, serving hot soup or coffee at the change of the night watches all the trip. The boat was sailed too long. Once hove to no water came aboard. With the high glass and Northerly winds the Master underestimated the forces and endurance of gale and sea. Had ship been laid to under mizzen and spitfire at sunset on 7th no inconvenience would have been suffered. With land so close to windward the Master yielded to the temptation to drive for it.

A.M.S.



“Esterel” in the Doldrums

IN MAKING some notes from our log of the 1931 Cruise an old letter is episodic :

*Hyleck Roads neere Leverpole,
Ye 22nd August, 1689.*

Hond. Sir,

After busking uppe and downe ye Irish Coast Wee arrived this morning at Hyleck [Hoylake]. . . . I have noe more to say but pray that itte may not be our station this Wynter to cruise in ye Irishe Sea itte being ye worst place imaginable for Tempestuous Cold Wether. Wee having hadde this yeere noe Summer to speeke of but Wynds and Raines and Crewell seas. . . .

*I remain your dutyfull son [godson]
Saml. St. Michel.*

*To ye Honble Samuel Pepys,
Secretary to ye Navy.*

July 5 : 10 p.m. Hardly a flutter of air. We pointed seawards and drifted for an hour across the harbour. The others are asleep. At the tiller musing upon—

“The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.”

We found outside a fair wind which took us as far as Rockabill. That was our last fair wind for a week to come. Late on Monday we struggled into Ardglass.

July 7 : The early ebb carried us into the customary fog round South Rock. All day we countered a foul wind and tide. Spurning Donaghadee the ebb moved us gently through Copeland Sound. We lingered long round the S. Briggs Buoy, so long that we wondered if we might flout the authorities and hitch on to her for the night ; a compassionate motor towed us into Ballyholme. May every blessing . . . Ashore, the hospitable R.U.Y.C. made us grateful and comfortable. Afloat—what a night ! Morpheus and ministers of ease defend us ! Never, in the whole course of my maritime experience, etc. . . . There was scarcely a ripple on the water ; but we, with every boat in the Bay, rolled and pitched like tormented porpoises. Neither sleep nor rest was possible ; at 2 a.m. we three groaned as one that we could suffer no longer.

July 8 : From 2 a.m. till 5 p.m. we spent the fifteen hours doing the five miles to Carrickfergus via Blackhead.

July 9 : We were in luck to-day : getting into Larne about ten miles in ten hours, just before the tide began to ebb out of Larne Lough.

July 10 : Larne to Ballygalley : four miles in fourteen hours ! This day's cruise was interesting. We got a glimpse of the sun, and not being rushed we were able to inspect those remarkable rock pinnacles of the Irish Sea which taper up out of great depths. The Maidens, the Highland Rock with its pillar beacon rising up 30 feet out of the sea like a giant's staff, and with its marking buoy moored by a wire one-third of a mile deep, no buoy could support a chain that length ; and near it is the Allen Rock on whose apex is speared the wreck of the Spanish ship *Albia*—a striking sea mark since October, 1929. The compass is said to be unreliable here. We also saw the fearsome Russell Rock, whose needle point shows two feet.

July 11 : Ballygally to Carnlough. Another peaceful day. Six miles in ten hours. We have been cruising for a week, and are becoming well acquainted with the Antrim coast. We have rarely seen the sun. We have had almost no rain, and it is a little consolation to read that it has been raining in Dublin almost every day since we left. I have a presentment that our friends of the I.C.C. are enjoying fine passages and glorious

weather north of Cantyre. Read *Edward FitzGerald* this evening. He called his boat *The Scandal*, because nothing in the place travelled faster. *E.F.* is comforting :

“ To withdraw from the crowd and press of men . . . in this there is a repose that becomes ever more grateful as the inventions of science speed up the pace of life.”

Our crew has been well brought-up. No bad word was spoken—or at least—heard. So did we travel on life's common way in cheerful godliness.

July 13 : One of those heavenly days that cannot die. Our doldrums are ended. To-day we had a glorious sail, up to the Mull then through Kilbrennan Sound. The mountains of Arran were magnificent in form and colour. Along by Loch Fyne to that most desirable haven, beloved by all cruising men—East Loch Tarbert, which we reached in the afternoon—a good eighty miles !

For the next fortnight we cruised in Clyde waters, We had some fine passages, adventures, and a thrill or two. We lay in ten anchorages that were new to us. The most delectable was Ormidale in Loch Riddon hushed “ by a brotherhood of venerable trees.” One dark and squally night we were glad to find shelter in Lady Bay in Loch Ryan. Finally, we brought up in Holyhead Harbour just in time to put the London member of our crew—the gallant Major—on “ the train which he must catch ” Rather an achievement, I thought.

D.F.R.W.



A Cruise from Kingstown to the Solent

"THETA" is a 15-ton auxiliary cutter. Her crew consisted of "the Major" and "Mac," besides the Skipper, his wife and 13-year old daughter. It was the Major's first cruise, and we all wondered how he would like it. If his unfailing good humour even in dirty weather was a test, then I think he must have liked it immensely.

July 25: All aboard with kit 23.00 hours. Got dinghies stowed (we carried two which folded flat on deck).

July 26.: Dropped off moorings 0.30 hours. Fresh westerly wind which fell away off Bray Head to light breeze. Laid course inside Banks and through Rusk Channel.

Wind freshened from the west towards evening. Spoke Lucifer L.V. to get latest weather report before going South, and received reply: "unsettled strong southerly winds," so decided to put into Rosslare for the night.

July 27: Heard ashore the Lucifer L.V. had no wireless, so their *latest* weather report probably came to them by post. Bar. 29.30, wind light N.W. Weighed anchor 12.30 hours. Tuskar abeam 13.15 hours. Streamed log. Course laid S. by W. $\frac{1}{4}$ S. Wind freshened considerably before evening. Tied down two reefs at 17.00 hours. Wind increased, and backed slightly to W.N.W., where it remained all night. A hard blow, but snuggled down comfortably to it.

July 28: At 01.00 hours a very heavy squall came down from the West which lasted an hour, and knocked up a big sea. Cape Cornwall sighted on port bow at 06.30 hours. Very hazy, but appeared to be 6 to 8 miles off to the South-East. Picked up Longships 08.30 hours. Longships abeam 10.00 hours. Gybed and altered course E.S.E. for Rundle Stone and shook out reefs in mainsail. Rundlestone abeam 11.30 hours. Hot sun, delightful morning with light West wind. Lizard abeam 15.00 hours. Manacles Buoy abeam 17.30. Brought up opposite R.C.Y.C. in Falmouth at 19.00 hours. Club boy came aboard with letters and an invitation to use the Club.

July 29: At Falmouth, plenty to do. Club very friendly. *Maitenes II* came in after her Atlantic race and anchored alongside us.

July 30: Bar. steady at 29.50. Light West wind. Weighed anchor 14.00 hours. Rounded St. Anthony's Point 14.30 hours. Course E. by N. for Dodman. Brought up in Fowey opposite R.F.Y.C. at 19.30 hours. Club boy came aboard with an invitation to use the Club. Went ashore, bought a small wireless set, and had it installed on board before midnight.

July 31: Bar. fell slightly to 29.45. Light S.W. wind. Weighed anchor 07.00 hours. Used engine for the first time on the cruise to get clear of harbour. Looe abeam 09.30 hours. Wind flukey—rain and mist. Cleared 11.00 hours, and wind freshened from South. Dropped anchor inside Drake's Island in Plymouth Sound at 15.00 hours with American Yacht *Lismore* alongside. *Lismore's* main mast had been sprung and snapped off at the hounds during the Atlantic race. Went ashore for letters.

August 1: Bar. 29.40. Light E. wind. Went ashore for shopping. By 19.00 hours wind had freshened and gone round to N.N.E., so decided to get away. Weighed anchor 21.00 hours, hoping to make tide round Start Point, but wind fell away outside to light breeze.

August 2: Bolt Tail abeam 0.30 hours. Bolt Head abeam 02.00 hours. Start Point abeam 03.15 hours. Streamed log. Wind freshened from N.N.E. Laid course E. by N. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. for Shambles L.V. Bright moonlight and fine fresh breeze, but a biggish sea across the Bay. Bill of Portland abeam 12.45 hours. Visibility bad and had difficulty in picking up the Shambles L.V. At 13.35 log 54 miles from Start Point, stood in on Starboard

tack leaving Shambles L.V. to port, and entered Portland Harbour by North entrance. Anchored in Old Castle Cove 16.00 hours.

August 3 : One of the American yachts, *Amberjack*, came in and anchored just outside us. They had sprung a leak in one of their sea-cocks, and very soon got under way again, to lie up alongside the Quay at Weymouth to have it put right.

August 4 : Glass rising. Light N.E. wind. Weighed anchor 11.00 hours. St. Albans abeam 14.00 hours. Wind fell away to flat calm and foul tide, so started engine and motored into Poole Harbour, anchoring in South Deep, 20.00 hours.

August 5 : Bar. steady at 29.70, light N.E. wind. Weighed anchor 02.30 hours, and sailed out of Poole Harbour and laid course for Needles. 05.00 hours, dense fog. Great difficulty in finding Needles Channel. Kept lead going continuously for fear of getting North on to the Shingles Bank. Did not hear Needles Fog Syren until a mile from the Lighthouse. Soon after picked up outline of hills above fog and worked up to the entrance 09.00 hours. Beat up Needles Channel, difficult to locate positions each tack owing to fog. 15.00 hours. Fog lifted. Solent Bank Buoy abeam and big yachts passed racing down Solent Channel with spinnakers set—a fine sight. Anchored in Cowes Roads off Shraper Mud 18.00 hours. Found American Yacht *Landfall*, anchored alongside. The Major had to leave us—greatly missed by all on board. Peter and John, two new members of the crew joined us late that evening.

August 7 to August 13 : At Cowes. All enjoyed good view of races. Found large sailing dinghy very useful for pottering about Roads, as many interesting yachts to be seen. Rode out a heavy blow from N.N.W. on the night of August 8, using "sentinel" made of two pigs of lead lowered down cable. Anxious night, squalls very heavy. Sailed over to see Ryde Regatta August 11, and saw start of Fastnet race in almost flat calm same day. Good view of Schneider machines practising overhead. Geoffrey joined us from London on August 13.

August 14 : Bar. 29.70 falling. Strong S.E. wind. Weighed anchor 14.30 hours, and sailed over to Hamble River under gaff-trysail and second jib. Brought up opposite Luke's Yard.

August 15 to 17 : In Hamble River. Explored the river in our motor dinghy : many interesting yachts here.

August 18 : Ready to get away 04.00 hours ; but found dense fog in river which cleared later, and we got under way at 12.00 hours. Bar. 29.70 light S.W. breeze. Beat down Solent Channel. Got a slant outside Needles and carried the tide well over to Anvil Point which was abeam 17.00 hours. Anchored in Portland, Old Castle Cove 23.00 hours. Bar. falling and wind freshening.

August 19 : Bar. 29.20 falling. Heavy rain storm and piped up 05.00 hours. Saw Geoffrey off to London. Wind easterly, later backed through N. to W. and S.W., and at 15.00 breezed up to a heavy blow, and backed still further to South. With gale warning and glass still falling decided it was unsafe to remain in Old Castle Cove, as no shelter from southerly wind. Got anchor 18.00 hours. Now blowing gale force, and engine with full throttle open would only hold yacht, and make no headway against gale ; so set foresail as trysail and sailed close hauled to shelter at south side of harbour. Glass falling rapidly. A dirty night.

August 20 : Bar. 29.00 still falling. Anxious night, blowing gale from S. and S.W. Laid out kedge with difficulty, and rigged "sentinel" At 15.00 hours wire rope lashing on "sentinel" parted—chafed through. Repaired and rerigged "sentinel." Very crowded anchorage, as many craft in for shelter, and only part of harbour tenable.

August 21 : Several yachts dragged during night, including *Britannia*, a small cutter which narrowly escaped being smashed against Breakwater, and a big yawl which had dragged down alongside us and was now much too close. Gale still blowing, but inclined to veer to the West and coming in over Chesil Beach in mighty heavy squalls knocking up a steep sea. A tight corner to ride out a blow from that quarter with craft dragging all round us, so decided to move again. No room to beat out to windward as the place was full of craft and no possibility of swinging and weighing anchor from the stern in that gale, so decided to weigh anchor and rely on the yacht handling well under foresail set as trysail, as she had proved to do on the 19th August. Set foresail as trysail (it is a new one of heavy

canvas) and weighed anchor. Only clear way out was astern and no room to wear round, so kept her head to wind luffing and shaking until we were driven astern and clear to bear away on the port tack to Old Castle Cove. One of the tightest corners I have ever got out of in a gale. Very pleased with the way the boat handled. Went in to Weymouth and tied up alongside for much-needed sleep.

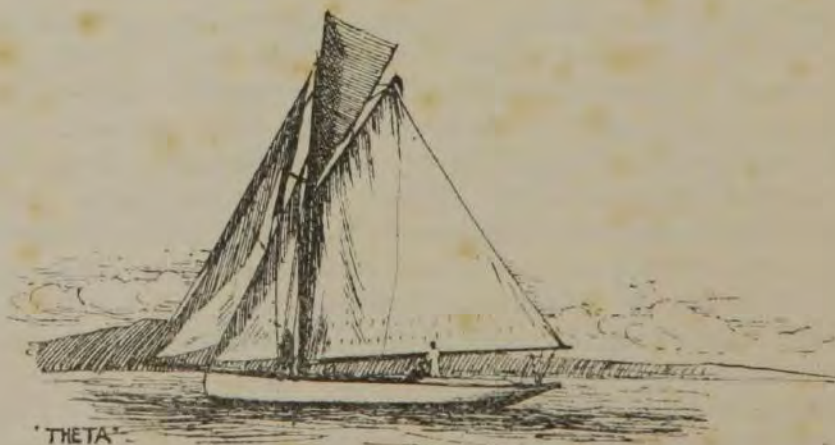
August 22 : Bar. 29.50 rising. Light N.W. wind. Got under way 04.00 hours, rounded Portland Bill inside race 06.00 hours. Race looked quite unpleasant to port. Streamed log. Berry Head abeam 15.00 hours. Wind fell away to flat calm, so put into Dartmouth.

August 23 : Bar. 29.40. Light N. wind. Weighed anchor 07.00 hours. Laid course outside harbour S.W. by S. for Start Point. Shoals of Porpoises came close alongside, great excitement. Anchored inside Drake's Island in Plymouth Sound 18.00 hours. Before turning in got weather forecast by wireless : "East to N.E. winds, uncertain conditions in southern area." At 23.00 breezed up a bit, so payed out more cable and rigged "sentinel." Blowing hard, but riding snugly, so turned in.

August 24 : At 06.00 Bar. still steady at 29.40 ; but wind freshening from East. At 07.00 hours wind increasing and sky looked nasty. At 08.00 astonishing change, full gale broke over Sound from the East. At 08.15 anchor started to drag, so payed out more cable, 25 fathoms out in 3 fathoms of water ! Anchor then held for a few minutes, but again dragged and suddenly brought up hard as full force of gale struck us and stretched chain to an amazing angle and anchor parted. Before I had time to start up the engine or get any sail on the boat we were being driven by the gale past the reef of rocks at the N.W. corner of Drake's Island with the rocks uncomfortably close, and missing one of the Beacon Buoys by a matter of a few feet. Although the foresail was ready to set as a trysail we found it impossible to get in the chain, and she would not handle under sail while it was out. The engine just held her against the gale. The Harbour Master's tug was standing by watching us, and when we found we could do nothing with the chain I decided to accept a tow from them into Millbay Harbour. They came alongside and with difficulty got a line aboard. We afterwards discovered that the anchor had parted and not the chain, and the broken anchor had probably fouled a piece of wreckage making it impossible to weigh the chain. Altogether an uncomfortable morning, and glad to get into shelter. We were lucky to get out of it with total damage only a winch handle broken and an anchor gone. Got winch handle welded locally and borrowed a fisherman's anchor to carry on with as I could not get a suitable one in Plymouth.

August 25 : Bar. 29.70, rising wind N. to N.E. Cast off harbour mooring buoys at 20.00 hours. Pleasant sail to Falmouth, entering harbour next morning (August 26) at 05.00 hours, and brought up opposite R.C.Y.C. Found a lot of damage had been done here during gale of the 24th August. Many small craft smashed. The gale was very unexpected all along the coast. Purchased new anchor ashore, and at 17.00 hours sailed round to Helford River, anchoring in Abraham's Bosom—a delightful little creek and snug anchorage.

August 27 and 28. : In Helford River. Did some painting and cleaning up, and looked up several old friends. Skipper's wife and daughter left for London to pay a visit, and



from there return to Kingstown by the Mail. Peter also left, and my crew was then reduced to Mac and John.

August 29 : Weighed anchor 14.00 hours. Heavy E. wind. Set trysail, storm jib and foresail. Beat out clear of Manacles before bearing away. Lizard abeam 19.00 hours. Longships abeam 24.00 hours.

August 30 : Heavy rain and change of wind to N.E., so towed trysail and set mainsail 02.00 hours. About 02.00 a trawler gave us some anxiety as she was busy with her trawl, and apparently did not see our lights. Attracted her attention by flashing a torch on the mainsail. 11.00 hours wind light, backed slightly to N. by E., and freshened again in the afternoon, remaining fairly steady all night N. by E., so was able to keep simple courses on each board and work out positions fairly accurately. Decided to work up as nearly as possible to Coningbeg L.V., and when we picked it up to bear away for the Tuskar.

August 31 : Wind N.E. since midnight. Fine sailing breeze. 05.00 hours, picked up Coningbeg L.V. flashes on Starboard bow. 07.00 hours fog and wind fell light. Went on Port Tack and worked up to Tuskar. Tuskar abeam 20.00 hours. Got light breezes off land from West and laid course outside Banks. John prepared a wonderful dinner consisting of all he could find in the provision locker, mixed up together and heated on the Primus. 21.25 hours Lucifer L.V. abeam.

September 1 : 0.25 hours Arklow L.V. Wicklow Head abeam 05.45 hours. Bray Head 08.15 hours. Through Dalkey Sound at 09.00 and sailed into Kingstown with jack-yarder set and light W. wind, picking up our moorings at 09.45 hours—the end of a very enjoyable cruise.

Log of “Happy Days”

THE PERSONNEL of *Happy Days* was unique, as no qualification of seamanship was required, skipper being of opinion that the “devil would make a sailor if he would only look aloft.” So all looked aloft even if it was only from the broad of their backs in their bunks and hoped for the best.

As the crew were all hearty fellows, question of provisions was very important, as was also the position of cook. The cook having provisions aboard, water breaker was filled and sleeping kit and wearing apparel shipped. Full crew of seven checked off, no case of desertion occurred. Farewells were said, and *Happy Days* moved off northward under power.

The destination had not been decided ; but general feeling was that we should proceed to North of Ireland, possibly to Donaghadee, and then across to somewhere in Scotland. There was also a casual arrangement to meet *Mavis* in Donaghadee and travel in company.

Wind was light from S.W. variable with bright spells. Engine was run occasionally, and all went satisfactorily. Meals being served to schedule, and of good quantity and quality. Morning broke and was gloriously fine when we ran into Ardglass.

All the crew retired to their bunks and slept until 8.30 a.m. On our way up town we saw *Mavis* pass at 9 o'clock under power and sail bound north. A good breakfast had been prepared by the Engineer on our return, when night watch again turned in. The weather had changed during last twelve hours, and sun was warm, and everything looked good when we slipped away again at 12.30. Wind still variable from E. to S., but fresh at times. We reached Donaghadee having passed very close to Skulmartin Lightship anchoring at 6 p.m. *Mavis* was already snugly moored. After grub the crew went ashore to see the natives, and study foreign customs. *Espanola* had arrived in the meantime. We met the skippers of *Espanola* and *Mavis* ashore, and understood they were sailing for Campbeltown, in the morning at 5 a.m. which we thought was a bit early, but otherwise not a bad idea. Everybody was fairly tired, so retired to bunks.

At 4.15 a.m. heavy fog lay all around so the mate, who had been the only one to hear the alarm clock, retired to his bunk without further consultation. A good long sleep, breakfast, and walk ashore followed by hearty dinner, and at 5 p.m., we followed *Espanola* out of Donaghadee for Larne, and later *Mavis* appeared also bound for same port. Anchored in a comfortable berth near Steampacket Pier at 8.40 p.m., we had tea and went ashore. Crews of other boats apparently turned in as we did not meet them. We did not see much of Larne as it was too late. Start next morning was arranged for 6 a.m., but *Espanola* went off about 5.30 a.m. *Mavis* sailed at 6 sharp, but with our big crew, meals took longer, and we failed to start until 6.30 a.m. with engine and sail. Thrust bearing on shaft slipped whilst in the Channel to the sea, so we returned to adjust as it was easier fixed in the lee of Larne than at sea. Left finally at 7 a.m. Fog and mist ahead, but we sailed on course given us by Mr. J. B. Kearney of *Mavis* and followed his instructions, procedure, viz., to turn to the left round the first corner of Scotland we met. Passing Maidens to starboard we ran into a fairly heavy sea and visibility gradually became worse. About 11 a.m. estimated position 7 miles S.S.W. of Mull of Cantyre. Fog was very heavy, and about 11.30 we picked up fog signal of Mull of Cantyre and bore away to east for Sound of Sanda. Sea had become much longer, and a beautiful roll followed us, when with a free sheet and a flood tide we made 10 or 11 knots through the fog. The fog lifted with Sanda Sound dead ahead, and the wind dying away to nothing, we drifted in a warm sun with the tide. Lunch prepared and eaten ravenously in a beautiful calm sea with Isle of Arran and Ailsa Craig away to East and Cantyre and Sanda to West. Dirt was found in carburettor when engine was started, but at 2 o'clock we made along to Cambeltown under power. About 2.30 wind again returned and we bowled along merrily with the crew festooning the deck half-naked like an emigrant ship. Approaching Campbeltown we sighted *Espanola*. Having made the entrance we stowed sail and ran up under engine, anchoring near *Mavis* about twenty minutes after *Espanola*. *Mavis* had arrived about an hour and a half ahead of us.

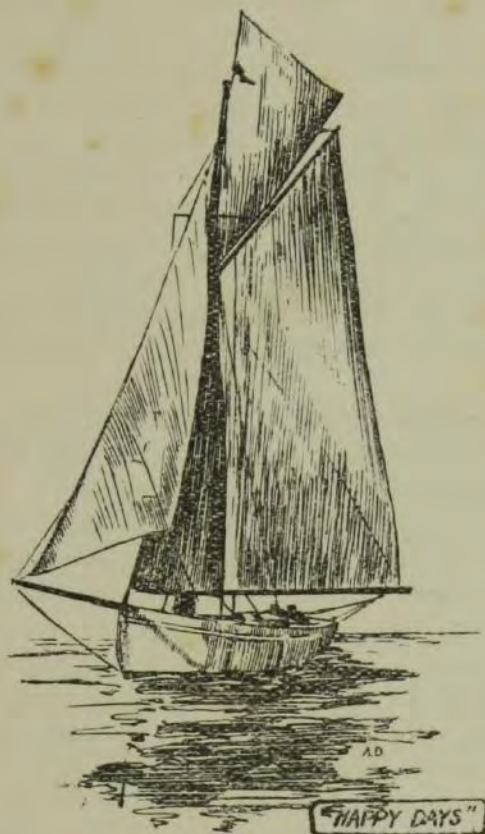
The best dinner of trip was then served, followed by some bottles of old wine from the bilge to celebrate arrival in Scotland. All went ashore and contact established with *Mavis* shore party and at 10 p.m. all hotels appeared to be shutting so we returned to *Happy Days* bearing master and some of crew of *Mavis*. All slept well and breakfast finished, we followed *Mavis* and *Espanola* with engine and sails—as wind was very light. Kilbrennan Sound and along past Tarbert we kept company with *Mavis*, and enjoyed another glorious day with beautiful scenery and calm seas and no trouble about navigating, as *Mavis* was leading. *Espanola* stopped her engine, but as *Mavis* used hers, we followed suit to keep her company. Approaching Tarbert the sky became clouded and rain fell. We reached Ardrishaig at 6.25 a.m., and anchored outside harbour to dine. We had decided not to proceed through canal, so we did not follow *Mavis* into dock.

Next morning after a very comfortable night we had decided to go back past Tarbert and through Kyles of Bute. The morning was gloriously fine and wind very light, so we started engine, but discovered a crack in pipe to the oil gauge which required soldering. As this proved a rather difficult job and equipment of local garage was not as good as might be, it was 1.15 p.m. when a final start was made. *Espanola* who had rested overnight at Tarbert was observed approaching and had just anchored as we moved off. The engine was running excellently, and at 2.15 p.m. we passed Tarbert—a distance of practically 10 miles. The tide was favourable, but only $1\frac{1}{2}$ knots so as an auxiliary the power plant was certainly "doing its stuff." The sun was very warm and beneficial rays were absorbed in quickest fashion in a practically nude state. About 3 p.m. we entered the Kyles of Bute on what corresponded to a Yankee's trip to the Continent. Still under power we proceeded up to Tighnabruaich without difficulty, where we stopped for dinner at 4 p.m. We greatly appreciated advice to pick up moorings where at all possible, as we were only fifty yards from the shore, but in 11 fathoms. We continued on our way through the narrows where we very nearly entered a cul-de-sac while all were admiring the undoubtedly beautiful scenery. It was greatly regretted that the unseemly rush past so many beautiful spots and certainly best cruising ground, should have no better excuse than the doubtful pleasures of hectic Douglas. We made good speed down to Port Bannatyne where we again were fortunate in securing a mooring. All the crew having washed a general dive

was made ashore and up to Rothesay where it was expected things would be "stirring." In this we were disappointed, as all the Scottish "Garbo-s" were elsewhere. The entire crew missed public conveyances back to Port Bannatyne, and arrived by various and doubtfully acquired craft at irregular intervals during early hours.

The following morning it was decided to remain no longer in Rothesay but to push on to Douglas. Provisioning and re-fuelling being a big job, it was 3 p.m. before a start was made under engine and sail. We passed close into Rothesay, and then down close inshore to the Cumbraes which we reached at 4.30, the wind veering slightly to S.W., but remained very light.

Visibility became bad as evening closed, and at 10.30 we passed Ailsa Craig, where an absolute calm prevailed, and sea was glasslike. Passing Ailsa Craig we had just located Corsewall Point when definite signs of fog became apparent. The oiling of one cylinder



became hampered, and so engine was stopped to adjust. Engine again started and ran O.K. About 1 a.m. we were off Corsewall Point, and had just sighted Black Head Light when fog became very dense, and all land marks lost. A heavy ground swell made itself felt, but no wind came to steady us, and we proceeded at same speed and course. At 3.15 a.m. the narrowest escape of the trip occurred when a south-bound liner appeared suddenly about 200 or 150 yards to westward. The only light visible was her port light which appeared to be right above our craft and made us realise the miserable chance we had in argument with such a ship. Fortunately she sighted our lights and signified her course with siren. Some ten minutes afterwards we ran into a broken belt and again sighted our nightmare disappearing into another bank, which added fervour to our prayers. We now judged our position to be seven miles W.N.W. of Black Head, and altered course to S.S.E. About 5.30 we just sighted rocks ahead in time to miss running ashore, which gave us the second fright of the voyage. As there should not have been any rocks according to our calculations, we decided to definitely locate our position before proceeding, so we bore in again and found a sandy beach, anchoring in three fathoms. The skipper and purser rowed ashore and were very hospitably invited to breakfast by local schoolmaster, who informed them their position was Port Logan on Mull of Galloway.

A fierce tide runs into the bay, and yachts bound from Clyde to I.O.M. are frequently drawn in there off their course, we were informed by an old "salt." The night watch having had a few hours' sleep, and a square meal, we again pushed on, the sun having dispersed the fog, and a glorious breeze being favourable, we enjoyed the best run under sail we had for the cruise. We said good-bye to Port Logan at 10.45 a.m., and passed Ardmore Point at 11.50, passing the wreck of a steamer on the rocks with salvage crew working on her. Off Mull of Galloway at 1.30 we experienced a very strong tide, but made fair progress. At 3 p.m. I.O.M. was visible and wind being fresh and fair we passed Point of Ayr at 6.30 and ran into tide race. Weather had taken a bad change, and rain was imminent. Sailing through edge of race we held close inshore as advised and started engine as wind had gone on to the southward. Passing Ramsay we stowed all sail and proceeded under power as rain was falling. Rounding close in to Ramsay Lighthouse, I.O.M. passenger steamer passed within stone's throw which then combined with backwash and current created a very nasty jump. (The steward who had become ill through eating tinned beans retired to his bunk at Ramsay and slept soundly with aid of some Irish medicine. The cook had got wet coming on deck and took personally a curer for each of deck crew in case they might feel effects of exposure. His tonic ran to Scotch medicine however). The sea was rather heavy all along to Douglas which we reached at 9.15.

Then followed four days of soft shore life, which need no recounting in these pages. *Mavis* arrived on Thursday having had a glorious run from Oban.

The holidays were now approaching an end, so it was decided to leave Douglas on Friday, and proceed to Skerries to attend annual regatta on Saturday.

Friday morning, however, came, and it was blowing strongly from S.W. and weather report via *Mavis*, expected a pretty strong blow later. *Mavis*' skipper decided to stay till Saturday and we followed suit.

Saturday morning also proved fairly fresh with a nice lump of sea off Douglas Head ; but we were unfortunately bound to go. At 1 p.m. we left Douglas under power, and set sail off harbour. *Mavis* followed about fifteen minutes later. A very nasty sea was running against the tide as we made down for Langness with wind slightly ahead.

Approaching Langness we ran into usual jump which we thought was jumping worse than ever. We shipped some very heavy seas, but everything was dry and comfortable below. As we cleared the worst portion, our jib-sheets carried away, but they were replaced at the expense of a tooth ex mate. Up to this, we had been too interested in ourselves to watch *Mavis* pass the "meeting of the waters" but we could now see her plunging and staggering in a most alarming way. Shortly after clearing the Langness she bore away on port tack and disappeared towards Port Erin.

The sea had become calmer, and mist settling down all around we lost sight of I.O.M. about 4 p.m. for two hours, when we sighted for a short time Slieve Donard, Mourne Mountains and Snaefell I.O.M., and from position, we discovered we had drifted a few miles out of our course, so we allowed a few points to westward to allow further for tide. Rain and fog ahead, but everything quite comfortable aboard, and a light meal about 8 p.m. We were unable, however, to locate either Balbriggan or Skerries lights, with the dense land fog, so we bore away to Rockabill, and approaching close to rock, again made for Skerries.

After supper some of the crew returned to bunk while some went to a dance.

The last run of the trip was made after lunch on Sunday, which left us at our starting point in Howth. And so to moorings—and so to bed—and worst of all—so to work !

“Lil’s” Cruise, 1931

IT HAD BEEN intended to start on Saturday, 11th July, 1931, but owing to a bereavement in the family of a member of the crew it was postponed till Thursday morning. The crew consisted of O.F.J.M., E.J.O., C.W.M. and skipper.

Thursday, 14th : Away bound North at 7.35 a.m. under all plain sail, wind very light, Easterly. 8 s.m. Bar. 29.525. By 9.15 wind had petered out, and engine was started. 11.30 a.m. St. Patrick’s Island abeam to port. Set course N. by E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. to leave Carlingford entrance to port. 12.15 p.m. wind came Southerly, light. Stopped engine, set topsail and spinnaker. 7.30 p.m. Carlingford Entrance pillar buoy bearing N. by W., 1 mile, started engine and set course N.N.E. for Kilkeel. Tied up in old dock there 8.45 p.m. (half tide). The harbour dries out across the entrance at ordinary spring tide. The best distinguishing mark for entering is the red brick Coastguard Station on cliff to W. of the harbour. If coming E. do not approach within $\frac{1}{2}$ mile of shore until Coastguard Station bears N.W. $\frac{1}{2}$ N. steer in on this. If beating the W. side will be found clean. The old dock is only suitable for use in fine weather, but it is an excellent place for a scrub, as there is a good wall opposite the two-storey store on the N. side with a hard bottom, along which a stream of fresh water runs. In the new dock the bottom is soft. John Macintosh and Son, Shipwrights, had two boats on the stocks—one 32 feet and the other 35 feet.

On the following day we scrubbed *Lil*, shopped in Kilkeel, and fished in the river alongside the harbour, while E.J.O. made a survey of the harbour, as the plan in sailing directions was out-of-date.

July 16 : 8 a.m. Bar. 29.95. Motored out of harbour at 10.50 a.m. bound for Newcastle. Outside, set all plain sail and at 11.30 spinnaker and topsail. Light S.W. breeze which improved so much that it was decided to carry on for Donaghadee rather than waste a fair wind. Took the passage inside the S. Rock and outside N. Rock. 6.30 p.m. just before coming up with Burial Island we met a very heavy rain shower, and glass began to fall slightly. The wind came off the land and headed us so that we had to beat into Donaghadee where we moored at 11.30 p.m.

July 17 : Dried sails.

July 18 : Watched Donaghadee Regatta. Visited Mr. Brown of Belfast, owner of M.Y. *Marjorie*, bound for Strangford Lough.

July 19 : Skipper went to Dublin by train.

July 20. Returned by afternoon train, and found extra moorings out—there having been a nasty blow into the harbour the previous night.

July 21 : Bar. 8 a.m., 30.05. Beat up Belfast Lough to Bangor, light breeze. Anchored off Pickie bathing pond, diving stage bearing N. by N. about 100 yards ; 8 feet water at l.w. neaps. Ashore at Bangor everyday until,

July 24 : Bar. 8 a.m., 29.78, falling. Sailed 9.30 bound South. Southerly stream commences in Donaghadee Sound 11.34 a.m. Light southerly wind. Off Donaghadee Harbour, 11.45, wind freshening. Beat down coast till 5 p.m., very dirty looking, thick haze, wind dead ahead, so altered course for Portavogie. Sailed up to top of inner harbour and tied up, where we dried out. Discovered main chain plate, port side had drawn.

N.B.—There is no publichouse in Portavogie !

E.J.O. did repairs : timber and screws supplied by Mr. Mahood, Shipwright. Cost 1s. Bar. down to 29.55.

July 25 : Bar. 8 a.m., 29.52. Inclined to rise. Unbolted legs and motored out of harbour at 10.50 a.m. Took dinghy aboard and set all sail plain, wind about S.S.W., very light. Ran engine on and off most of day. Tied up to fishing boat in Annalong 9.30 p.m. Bar. up to 29.55. Went ashore for petrol.

July 26. Motored out at 7.50 a.m. Bar. 8 a.m., 29.55. Took dinghy aboard and set all plain sail. Wind westerly, light, course S.W. Wind came ahead and fell lighter. Ran engine all day till on marks for Malahide entrance when wind went westerly, and freshened. Picked up moorings in Howth 8 p.m. A day of the most perfect visibility : saw Boyne viaduct quite clearly.

“Marie” in 1931

“MARIE’S” OWNERS had spent their limited spare time during the 1930-1 Winter in company with the Rear-Commodore and other Dublin members in an intensive course of Navigation under the tuition of Capt. Kellett, Principal of the Irish Nautical School, and the knowledge acquired was of inestimable help in the year’s cruises.

Marie was ready for sea on the evening of Friday, 22nd May, and although it had been arranged that the fleet should cruise in company from Howth on the following morning, our spirits revolted against the waste of a fine evening and a S.E. breeze. We accordingly explained to the Rear-Commodore that we would try to reach Peel, I.O.M., and join the fleet at Carlingford subsequently.

Accordingly, we dropped mooring at 8.30 p.m. and set course E.N.E. for the Chickens. Off Lambay the topsail was sent down, foresail stowed and watches started at 10 p.m.—the skipper and mate each taking one hand, in two-hour tricks. The night was uneventful, save for a freshening and backing wind, and at 9.45 a.m. the Calf of Man was sighted. The sun came out, topsail and foresail were set, *Marie* tramped along famously, and rounded up in Peel at 12.45 p.m. : 79 miles in 16½ hours. A ’bus drive to Douglas and back rounded off the day.

Skipper and mate rose at 6.30 a.m. on Sunday, 24th, and got away from Peel without disturbing the crew. As the wind was light the spinnaker was set as a reaching jib. Our course for Haulbowline was due west. At 8.30 we stowed spinnaker and set jib and foresail. Daventry reported “winds moderate S. to S.E.” at 10.30, the crew were dug out, breakfast cooked and despatched, the many dangers encumbering the entrance to Carlingford read over and memorised, and at 12.30 the ship’s officers retired for forty winks. Long before the fortieth wink, however, all hands were on deck. *Marie* was storming along, and the sea was getting up. Foresail came off, and at 4 p.m., visibility poor, we hove-to and tied down two reefs. Away again, sailing more easily, and an hour later Carlingford Mountains was sighted, and shortly afterwards Slieve Donard’s Peak towered above its cloud-enshrouded base. In due time we picked up the Whistle Buoy and the No. 1 Can Buoy, and so up the Channel between the Buoys ; but we quite failed to decide in which white house the lightkeeper lived on Cranfield Point, and also which of the many gaps was the “unmistakable” one in the sky line. However, we must have impressed a German motor vessel, *Pax II*, as she followed most carefully in our track. Haulbowline abeam 6.40 shook out reefs in the smooth water, tore up to Rostrevor and anchored alongside *Mavis* at 8.15 p.m. Peel to Haulbowline—50 miles, in 10 hours 55 minutes.

The Vice-Commodore tells elsewhere of the conditions experienced on Monday, 25th, so we will refrain .

Tuesday, 26th : Up at 7.30 a.m. We started last of the fleet save *Rose*, and after clearing the entrance held out to sea S.E. until 1.30 p.m., then tacked inshore. The sea was rather heavy at 3 p.m. so we reefed ; but soon set full mainsail. Close to Balbriggan at 7.30 p.m., but shortly after the wind and sea died. Rockabill 10.30, flat calm. Two-hour watches ; slight breeze, 4 a.m., steering S.W. 4.30 Fog. Tacking inshore until lead line gave warning, then lee-oh ! and so until 11.10 a.m., when we sighted the Tower on Ireland’s Eye. Crossed a line that was invisible save for the Rowan Buoy to port, and groped our way into Howth about 12 noon. We still wonder whether if we had had an engine, the temptation to abandon the race when the wind left us, could have been overcome.

* * * *

Friday, 17th July : Our holiday time had come ; but as we boarded *Marie* at Howth the conditions were gloomy. Grey sky, with black lumps of vapourish cloud racing across, squalls and a most un-summerlike outlook. One feature only was favourable—the wind came strong from S.W.—so we double-reefed and went out “to have a look at it” at 8.30

p.m. In the smooth water all was well ; but at 10.15 when we were abeam of Lambay it was decided that Skerries would be a welcome haven. We found our way in bad visibility, but though it was a relief to stow the madly slatting canvas, the roll was horribly uncomfortable and, worse still, we took the ground at low water.

Saturday, 18th : Breakfast at 45 degrees heel. Away again under same sail at 11 a.m. Course N.E. by N. for Ardglass. Sun came out, clear horizon. The S.W. breeze eased somewhat and reefs came out. Log registering 4.1 knots. 3.14 p.m. Haulbowline abeam. Later wind died and we lay becalmed until 12.30 a.m.

Sunday, 19th : Ardglass, Strangford South Rock and Skulmartin were duly passed, and at 10.32 a.m. we dropped our hook alongside *Lil* in Donaghadee. In the afternoon the crews of *Lil* and *Marie* were treated to a very enjoyable run to the Great Copeland, by Mr. Browne of M.Y. *Marjorie*.

Monday, 20th : Weather inspections at 4, 6, and 7.30 a.m. were similar—strong N.W. to N. wind—so to bed until noon. Entertained Mr. Browne, *Lil*'s crew and Mr. Faulkner (*Briden*) in the evening.

Tuesday, 21st : Away at 1.50 a.m., all plain sail for Sanda, wind N.W. Ailsa Craig abeam 8 a.m. Sanda dead ahead. Altered course for Pladda. All sail and spinnaker, plenty of wind. Pladda abeam 12.30 p.m. and pick down in Whiting Bay 1.50. Put D.K. ashore to catch steamer for Dublin. Weighed and called at Lamlash before proceeding to Brodick Bay, where we spent the night.

Tuesday, 22nd : Away at 9.15 a.m. for Rhu. Fresh breeze astern. Had to heave to and double reef near Garroch Head. Later set topsail over reefed mainsail and boomed out foresail. Had our hands full and wore ship instead of gybing at the Cloch. Pick down at Rhu 2.45 p.m. Run 33 miles, 5½ hours : speed 6.

Wednesday, 23rd : A day off. Visiting and being entertained.

Friday, 24th : Left Bhu 10.15. All sail. Wind patchy all day ; but we worked down to Rothesay by 7.15 p.m.

Saturday, 25th : Left 1.15 p.m. in flat calm ; but patiently utilising stray zephyrs and using oars occasionally, we reached Tighnabruich 8 p.m. and moored.

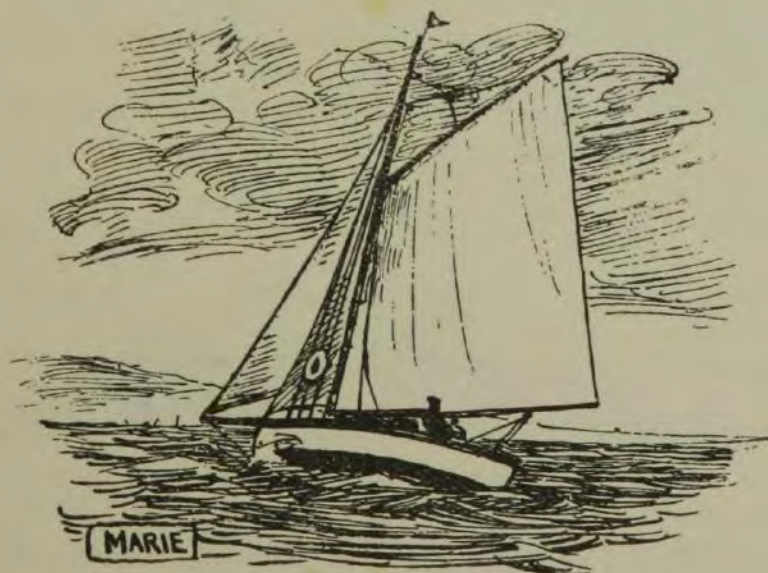
Sunday, 26th : Fresh N.W. wind. Left 11.45 a.m. round Ardlamont then on to E. Loch Tarbert, where we were weatherbound for two days.

Wednesday, 29th : Left 10.30 a.m. Strong breeze S.W. Squalls off hills were heavy, so double reefed outside Cock Island. Noon, wind easing, reefs out. 1 p.m. wind gone ; but sea big. For many weary hours we tossed and tumbled and the boom's swings and crashes were nightmarish, but eventually we worked into Brodick Bay and let go at 1 a.m. (Thurs.)

Thursday, 30th : A day off.

Friday, 31st : Picked up D.K. again, and sailed to Whiting Bay in the evening.

Saturday 1st August : Away at 10.30 a.m. Light N.E. breeze, then calm until 3.30 p.m., when the breeze came again, and gradually freshened. Abeam of Ailsa Craig 9.15 p.m. Set watches and spinnaker.



Sunday, 2nd: Going strong. Corsewall Point 4.30 a.m. Good visibility. After breakfast we raked out all our spare sails, set a spare foresail under the spinnaker as a water sail and the staysail on the weather runner. Aerodynamically, perhaps, fault might be found with this combination; but everything pulled well at times, and we stormed past lights and coast headlands at a fine pace, and had Rockabill abeam 10.30 p.m. Spinnaker had now to come off after pulling manfully for 25 hours; but we broke its boom in the struggle. Then the topsail (set in Whiting Bay) was dragged off, and we streaked past the dim outline of Lambay and were moored in Howth at 2.15 a.m. on Monday, 3rd, tired, content, and rather proud of our run home. Ailsa to Rockabill, 105 miles in 25½ hours.

D.K. and K.McF.

Cruise of "Nirvana"

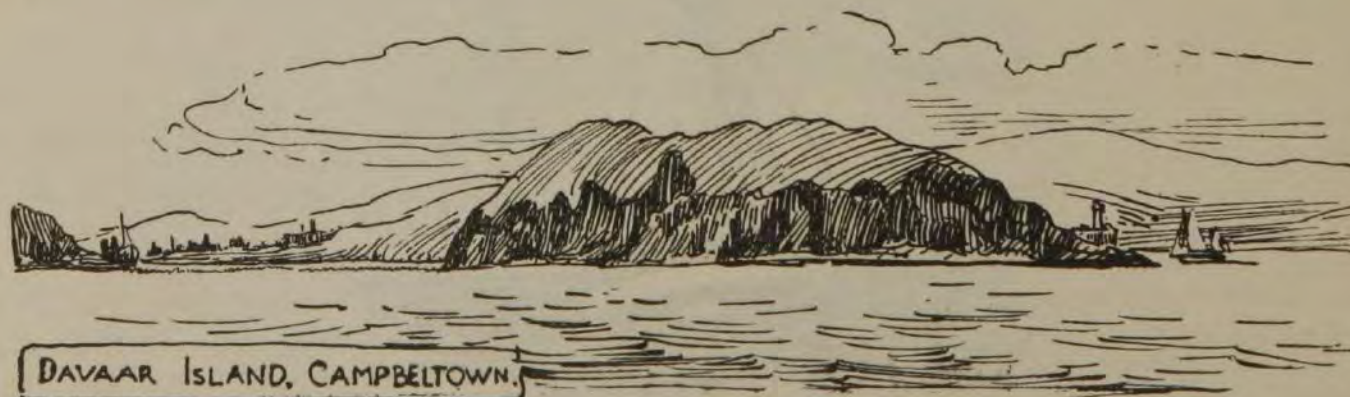
NIRVANA'S 1931 CRUISE was a very pleasant one, favoured as we were with a generous portion of leading winds and sunshine.

We left Howth at 8.30 p.m. on Tuesday, 30th June, and having decided to skip the ports on the Irish Coast, laid our course for St. John's Point. It was a cheerless dark evening, but the breeze was fair, although rather too much aft for real comfort. Taking watch and watch with Arthur, who joined us at the last moment, we sailed easily through the night, logging about 5 knots, and at breakfast-time it had cleared up a lovely morning with St. John's Point about 5 miles our on port beam. Here we set the spinnaker, and decided that Port Patrick on the Wigtonshire coast should be our first port of call, as I wanted my wife and Arthur to see this perfect harbour—which I had often talked about.

As the afternoon drew on the weather became dark and hazy, with a falling glass, and at 6 p.m. just as we sighted the Wigtonshire coast, the rain came down again, so we handed the spinnaker and reducing sail gradually, fetched into Port Patrick at 7 p.m.: a perfect haven.

The next morning after getting the weather forecast which was: "Strong W. to N.W. winds, backing later," at 10.30 a.m. we got away under all plain sail, and decided for Lamlash. This was really a sightseeing cruise, and I wanted to take in all the choice spots possible, as although Arthur had been up the West Coast before, this port was new to him, and as far as possible I wanted to touch at ports my wife had not been in previously. We had all the wind we wanted; but as I had a new mainsail I did not reef, but carried on until teatime, when I took off the mainsail, and we had our meal in comparative comfort, and by the time we had cleared up we were inside Holy Island, and dropped our hook off the New Pier at Lamlash at 7.30 p.m.

The next day, Friday, 3rd July, was a very wild one, and blowing a gale from the S.S.W., so we laid out another anchor and "stayed put" until about 7 p.m., when the weather cleared up. It looked settled at last, as indeed it was, for from this on for the next fort-



DAVAAR ISLAND, CAMPBELTOWN.

night, we had most glorious weather. We got away in a light breeze, and sailed and drifted round the Cock of Arran until about 10.40 p.m., when we fetched into Loch Ranza.

Saturday morning found us away from our anchorage at 9.30 a.m. in bright sunshine and with a strong following breeze. In pursuance of our plan to visit every place of interest on our route, we sailed into the E. Loch Tarbert. Here Arthur took the opportunity of going overboard with the anchor—no doubt to see that it took the ground all right; but in course of time he came to the surface, notwithstanding his top boots, and was aboard again in a jiffy none the worse. We lazed about in this beautiful spot all day, and walked across to W. Loch Tarbert after tea, and turned in at 11 p.m.

On Sunday morning we took it easily, the Crinan being closed for traffic on that day, so after a late breakfast sailed out through the entrance, and were anchored outside Ardishaig at 1 p.m. Here we had our first meal in an Hotel, and in the afternoon started the engine and went into the Canal Basin for the evening.

Our trip through the Canal on Monday was uneventful. It took about four hours, and we ran straight out through the sea lock into Loch Crinan, and had our lunch; anchored under Eilean Na Vain at 12.30—a sweltering hot day. In the afternoon with a light following air we sailed across to Loch Craigneish, and anchored at Ardfarn inside Iscan Island—a beautiful spot. We were both loth to leave here, but the following day we got away about midday, to catch the first of the tide through the Dorus Mor. We left under every stitch of sail, including topsail and jib topsail; but at 4 p.m. when off Craigneish Point, a heavy fog came down through the Gulf of Corryvreckan, and a careful compass course had to be steered for the next hour, when the fog cleared off, and was followed by a tearing breeze of such strength that we had to hand the topsail and jibtopsail. Sailing rapidly through Fladda and past Easdale Island we dropped anchor off the Brandystone at Oban at 7.50 p.m.

As we were a day or so before the time of the appointed rendezvous of the Irish Cruising Club boats, and as Arthur had to leave us in a few days, we decided to sail over to Ballachulish and Fortwilliam to fill in the time. With the breeze still aft we went up the Sound of Morven and sailing through Peter Straits, the narrow bottle-necked entrance of Loch Leven, bore away to port and fetched up in Port an Dunan, a delightful landlocked anchorage in $1\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms—almost under the Loch Leven Hotel.

The next day we hired a charabanc and passing St. Mungo's Isle and Lord Strathcona's Castle, motored through the wonderful Pass of Glencoe. After lunch at the Ballachulish Hotel we took another 'bus to Fortwilliam, and got back about 5.45 p.m.

On Saturday, 11th July, when we turned out there was a fog as thick as a bag. However, Arthur had to get back to Oban, so away we started, this time under the engine, there being no wind at all. For about three hours we motored along, steering by compass and then the fog began to lift and the sun came out; a light breeze also sprang up which brought us to Oban to find *Mavis* off the Brandystone, but no one aboard.

On Sunday a rather dull wild day, *Espanola* arrived, and the Commodore stating his intention to get to the North of Skye if possible, one of his crew "Bosco" having to go home by the 24th came aboard *Nirvana* to fill the vacant berth we would have on the morrow when Arthur had left us. *Espanola* and *Mavis* got away immediately for Tobermory, and we said we would follow in the morning as soon as we had seen Arthur safely off. On Monday morning about 10.30 we got away for Tobermory, visiting Loch Aline on the way, and arrived about 5 p.m., to find *Espanola* gone, and *Mavis* on the point of leaving.

Tobermory being the northernmost limit of our cruise, Iona was decided on as our next port of call, and having had S.W. breezes since we left Dublin, we were prepared for a nose-ender all the way down the west coast on our homeward trip, but our luck held, for on rounding the N.W. corner of Mull the wind came out of the N.E., and there we were with the spinnaker set again and this we carried past the Treshnish Isles and Staffa, both of which we hugged closely in order to admire the curious rock formation, and dropped our anchor at Martyr's Bay, Iona, at 4.30 p.m.

The anchorage is on dazzlingly white sand, and in 5 fathoms we could plainly see the anchor until after sundown.

On the Wednesday morning we did the "Cathedral" and the local sights, and at 11.40 regretfully got under way bound for the Sound of Islay. On this trip we had a strong

N.W. breeze, so fresh that even under the lee of Colonsay our angle of heel was too great for comfort at meals, so we lowered the mainsail and dropped our anchor in 3 fathoms. Off Scalasaig Pier and Colonsay, had a meal and a run ashore, and then on again to Islay. Sailing down the Sound of Islay was a great experience, the tide being the top of springs, running at 7 knots, and we were doing over 6 under sail making a speed over the bottom of 13 m.p.h. With the greatest difficulty owing to the tide we managed to come alongside the Pier at Port Askaig astern of one of McBrayne's steamers. Here we had a visit from Sir Harry Lauder, who was on a fishing holiday in Islay. Next morning we left for Sanda Island, and could just lie the Mull of Cantyre on our tack, fetching into Sanda anchorage at 7 p.m. As we now had a full week in hands we agreed to take in the I.O.M. on our way home, as "Bosco" could easily get a steamer from there. On Friday 17th, we left Sanda bound for Port Patrick, and for the first time found we could not lie our course; an overcast day with fresh southerly winds, so we settled down to our long plug to windward; but by the time we were off Corsewall Point, it was blowing so fresh and the seas were so big that we decided on Stranraer for the night. We had a nasty beat up Lough Ryan, and were glad to lie up in the corner at the head of the harbour. Next day the breeze had whipped round to the N.W., but was so fresh that we did not get away for our beat down Loch Ryan until evening. However, once round Corsewall Point it was a fair wind again, and we made Port Patrick that night. On the Sunday we carried the spinnaker nearly all the way to Douglas, where we arrived about teatime. We stayed in Douglas until Wednesday, 22nd July, on which date we put "Bosco" aboard the *Ramsey Town* bound for Dublin. The wind also had now gone back permanently to the S.W., and was very fresh. However, we got away and started our long beat back to Howth. Off Port Soderick I was compelled to put in a reef in the new mainsail, and it was freshening all the time, so when off Langness Point at 10.30 a.m. I got a gale warning on the wireless, and promptly put up helm for Port St. Mary and tied on to the Pier. We were hardly in before it was blowing a fresh gale, and this continued all day and night; but on Thursday morning although the sea was mountainous, the wind had definitely eased so we hardened our hearts and got away under single-reefed mainsail about 9 a.m. Off the Chicken the sea was so bad that we ran through the Calf Sound, and finding when through that we could just lie Clogher Head, we plugged at it all day. As we closed with the Irish Coast the wind and sea moderated, and we shook out our reef and after a 13-hour turn to windward came to an anchor off Skerries Pier at 10 p.m.

The last 14 miles home to Howth on the Friday was a repetition of the previous day, strong head winds and lumpy sea. And right glad we were to pick up our moorings at Howth at 1.40 p.m., thus bringing our cruise to a finish.



SHOTS AT "BRIDEN" RUSHING THROUGH MULL SOUND,
12TH JULY, 1931.

Noise aboard. Was it a Drum?

List of Members

NAME	ADDRESS	YACHT	THAMES TONNAGE
ALLEN, A. H.	... Merville, Queenstown, Co. Cork ...	<i>Sibyl</i>	... 15
BARRETT, H. R.	... Marshalls, Braintree, Essex ...	<i>Musette</i>	... 3
BECKETT, A.	... Esplanade Hotel, Bray ...	<i>Charm</i>	... 7
BECKETT, J. W., T.D.	... 5 Kilteragh Mansions, Foxrock, Co. Dublin.	<i>Kitsune</i>	... 3
BENNETT, J. H. (<i>Vice-Admiral, R. Cork Y.C.</i>)	Ballincurrig, Midleton, Co. Cork ...	<i>Verve</i>	... 20
BRETLAND, A. W.	... Malahide, Co. Dublin ...	<i>Togo</i>	... 17
BROWN, B.	... 5 Park View, Wellington Rd., Cork		
BROWNE, LT. COL. E. W.	Raven Ho. Adderley, Market Drayton	<i>Palatina</i>	... 48
BUCKLEY, JACK	... Castle View, Montenotte, Cork		
BYRNE, GERALD	... Abbeville, Dalkey.		
CHANCE, LESLIE G.	... Mullamore, Milltown, Co. Dublin.		
CLARKE, A. W.	... Fernbank, Howth.		
CROSBIE, SENATOR GEO.	The Kedges, Douglas Road, Cork ...	<i>Maureen</i>	... 6
CROSBIE, THOMAS	... Woodlands, Montenotte, Cork ...	<i>Betty</i>	... 6
DALY, D. L.	... Lota Park, Glanmire, Co. Cork ...	<i>Colleen</i>	... 21
DE STE. CROIX, W. B.	23 Leadenhall St., London, E.C.3	{ <i>Isis</i>	... 12
		{ <i>Wraith</i>	... 4
DEVEREUX, A.	... Fingal, Clontarf, Dublin ...	<i>Ladybird</i>	... —
*DONEGAN, H. P. F. (<i>Vice-Commodore</i>).	74 South Mall, Cork ...	<i>Gull</i>	... 18
*DONEGAN, H. E. (jun.)	74 South Mall, Cork ...		
DONOVAN, D. M., M.D.	11 St. Patrick's Hill, Cork.		
DOYLE, THOMAS	... Drumcora, Blackrock, Co. Cork.		
ERSKINE, JACK	... } Whitehouse, Belfast { <i>Redwing</i>	... 6
ERSKINE, TOM	... }	... { <i>Minnie</i>	... 11
FAULKNER, J. A.	... Dufferin Villas, Bangor, Co. Down	<i>Briden</i>	... 19
FISHER, LT. R. LINDSAY, R.N.	Broadview, Hayling Island, Hants ...	<i>Viking</i>	... 39
FITZGERALD, A.	... Landscape Ter., Sunday's Well, Cork	<i>Honor Margaret</i>	—
FITZGERALD, WILFRED	... 1 St. Andrew Street, Dublin.		
FLANAGAN, F. G.	... 123 Inchicore Road, Dublin.		
FLANAGAN, R. F.	... " " "		
GILLILAND, COM. F., R.N.V.R.	Brook Hall, Londonderry ...	<i>Melmore</i>	... 17
GOOD, JOHN, D.L.	... The Moorings, Merrion Rd., Dublin	<i>Lady Edith</i>	... 31

* Members of Committee.

LIST OF MEMBERS.—continued.

NAME	ADDRESS	YACHT	THAMES TONNAGE
HAWKES, COL. W., D.S.O.	Crosshaven, Co. Cork ...	<i>Kathleen</i> ...	10
HIGGINBOTHAM FRED., A.M.I.C.E.	Glen Cor, Howth ...	<i>Yvonne</i> ...	10
HIGGINBOTHAM-WYBRANTS, W. A.	72 Grosvenor Rd., Rathnmines, Dublin.	<i>Rose</i> ...	32
HUDSON, R. J. HARRINGTON	89 Pembroke Road, Dublin ...	<i>Theta</i> ...	15
HYLAND, JOHN J.	Mt. Pleasant, College Rd., Cork ...		
KAVANAGH, JOHN	Woodview, Ballintemple, Cork ...	<i>Ziska</i> ...	9
*KEARNEY, JOHN B.	7 Killarney Avenue, Dublin ...	<i>Mavis</i> ...	10
KEATINGE, A. R. F.	Bramberg, Sutton, Co. Dublin ...		
*KEATINGE, D.	42 Grafton Street, Dublin ...	<i>Marie (P.O.)</i>	5
KELLY, CAPT. P. F.	4 Ard-na-greine, St. Luke's Cork ...	<i>Tern</i> ...	9
KENNEDY, FRANK	Beechfield, Bray ...	<i>Realt</i> ...	4
*KIRKHAM, T. G.	126 Francis Street, Dublin ...		
KIRKPATRICK, L.COL. A.R.	The Lodge, Kilternan, Co. Dublin	<i>Norma</i> ...	10
LE FLUFY, FREDK.	Menloe Gardens, Blackrock, Cork		
*MacBride, W. (<i>Hon. Treas.</i>)	39 Harcourt Street, Dublin ...	<i>Leila</i> ...	3
McCracken, H.	3 Hillside Ter., Howth.		
McMorrough, J. (jun.)	Castilla, Clontarf ...	<i>Happy Days</i> (P.O.)	12
McFERRAN, KEITH	33 Hollybank Road, Clontarf ...	<i>Marie (P.O.)</i>	5
McSTAY, M. A.	3 Prospect Terrace, Beach Road, Sandymount.		
MARTIN, LT.-COM., E. G., R.N.V.R., O.B.E. (<i>Commodore, Royal Ocean</i> <i>Racing Club</i>).	3 Goat's Farm, Billericay, Essex.		
MARTIN, W. R.	1 St. Andrew Street, Dublin.		
MELLON, A. M.	43 Victoria Road, Oxford.		
*MELLON, DOUGLAS	7 Kenilworth Road, Rathgar, Dublin	<i>Lil</i> ...	10
MICKS, R. H., M.D.	5 Fitzwilliam Square, Dublin ...		
*Mooney, A. W. (<i>Rear-</i> <i>Commodore</i>).	9 Rutland Square, E., Dublin ...	<i>Nirvana</i> ...	9
MORGAN, W. E.	Munster and Leinster Bank, Ltd. Abbeyfeale, Limerick.		
NESBITT, G., M.D.	71 St. Stephen's Green, Dublin.		
NEWSOM, G. A.	Ard Einin, Killiney, Co. Dublin ...	{ <i>Punctilio (P.O.)</i> <i>Maureen (P.O.)</i>	9 6
O'BRIEN-TWOHIG, CAPT. A.J.	23 Idrone Terrace, Blackrock ...	<i>Deilginis</i>	3
O'KELLY, FERGUS, B.E.	Ardnacrusha, Limerick.		
O LOCHLAINN, COLM, M.A.	Beechlawn, Rathgar Road, Dublin ...	<i>Klysma</i> ...	9
O'RYAN, P. W.	3 Clarinda Park, Dun Laoghaire.		
O'SULLIVAN, PATK., B.L.	Silverdale, Rushbrooke, Co. Cork.		

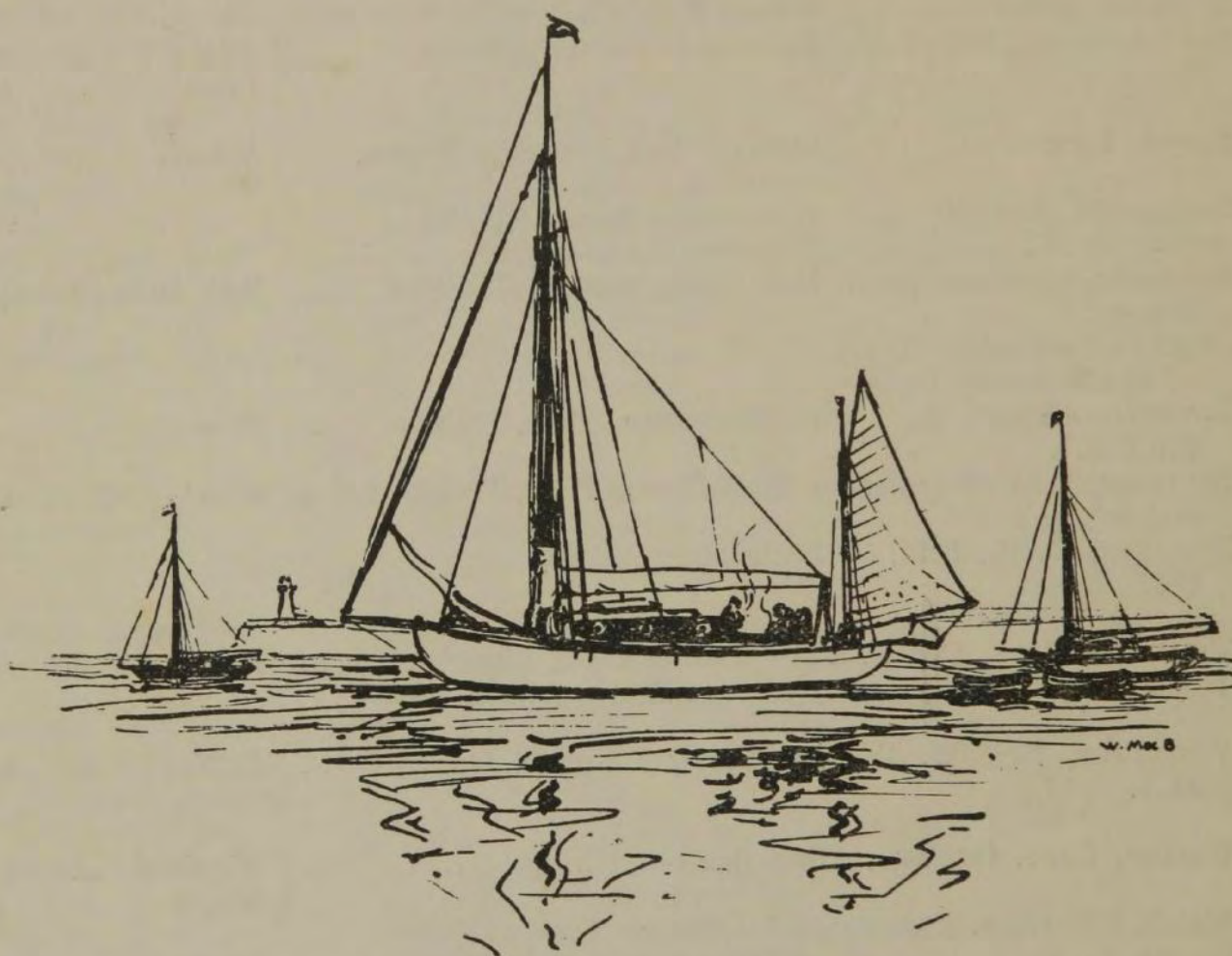
33 * Members of Committee.

LIST OF MEMBERS—continued.

NAME	ADDRESS	YACHT	THAMES TONNAGE
PAGE, J. A., M.B. ...	Melrose, Silchester Road, Dun Laoghaire.		
PALMER, FRANCIS H. ...	Glenavon, 306 Clontarf Rd., Dublin	<i>Happy Days</i> (P.O.)	12
PERROTT, WILLIAM ...	Ballincurrig Lodge, Douglas Road, Cork.	<i>Sea Hawk</i>	23
REARDON, JOHN ...	Wilton Park, Cork		
ROSE-RICHARES, MAJ. T. P.	Furze-field, Bosham, Sussex	... { <i>Iolaire</i> <i>Lexia</i>	... 17 ... 40
SIMON, INGO ...	Scotland Hall, Stoke-by-Neylan, Suffolk.	<i>Saladin</i>	... 34
SINGLETON, J. S. ...	39 Harcourt Street, Dublin.		
SNOW, H. W. ...	Wayside, Enniskerry.		
SOMERSET, CAPT. THE HON. ROBERT. (Vice-Commodore, Royal Ocean Racing Club).	Ince Castle, Saltash, Cornwall	... <i>Jolie Brise</i> (P.O.)	44
SOMERVILLE-LARGE C., F.R.C.S.I.	16 Fitzwilliam Place, Dublin	... <i>Tern</i>	... 4
SULLIVAN, A. M. (Sergeant- at-Law).	1 King's Bench Walk, Temple, E.C.4.	<i>Ailsa</i>	... 15
SULLIVAN, D. B., B.L., D.J.	Little Island, Cork.		
TIDMARSH, CAPT. D. ...	The County Club, Limerick	... <i>Foam</i>	... 5
TOMLINSON, W. T. ...	3 Killeen Terrace, Malahide.		
*VANDELEUR, REV. W. E., M.A.	25 Mountjoy Square, Dublin	... <i>Failte</i>	... 12
WALLER, CAPT. OTWAY	Banagher { <i>Wayfarer</i> <i>Imogen</i>	... 43 ... 6
Walsh, J. P. (Hon. Auditor)	32 Dartmouth Square, Dublin.		
WALSH, P. T. ...	32 Dartmouth Square, Dublin	... <i>Sheila II</i>	... 9
*WILSON, CANON D. F. R. M.A.	St. Mary's Ailesbury Road, Dublin	<i>Esterel</i>	... 12
WOODLEY, F. R. ...	Mount Bernard, Queenstown (Cobh)	<i>Maia</i>	... 3
*Wright Henry Bunting (jun.) (Hon. Sec.)	3 St. James's Ter., Clonskeagh, Dublin.		
WRIGHT, H. J., M.D. ...	59 Merrion Square, Dublin	... <i>Pauline</i>	... 3
*Wright, Herbert M. (Commodore).	3 St. James's Ter., Clonskeagh, Dublin	<i>Espanola</i>	... 15
(Honorary Member).			
O'BRIEN, CONOR ...	Foynes, Co. Limerick <i>Saoirse</i>	... 20

N.B.—Members are requested to notify the Hon. Secretary of any change of address or boat.

24 * Members of Committee.



IRISH CRUISING CLUB.

STATEMENT of RECEIPTS and EXPENDITURE for the year ending 31st December 1936.

RECEIPTS.

Balance on January 1936.	36.16.	5.
Subscriptions	51.19.	6.
" paid in advance	1.11.	6.
Entrance fees	4.14.	6.
" " I.O.M. Race	1.5.	0.
Sale of Year Book	16.	0.
Amount oversubscribed for the Arrenmore Fund	4.	6.

EXPENDITURE.

Printing Year Book	23.	16.	0.
Stationery	1.	6.	0.
Typing Notices etc.,	1.	16.	0.
Postage	2.	18.	8.
Insurance of Cups		15.	9.
Engraving Wybrant Cup		12.	6.
Rents		5.	6.
Expenses of Mr. Barton's Lecture	1.	13.	5.
National Life Boat Subscription,	1.	1.	0.
Lloyd's Register	2.	2.	0.
Annual Dinner Expenses	5.	0.	0.
Balance	56.	1.	7.

£97. 7. 5.

£97. 7. 5.

5

I certify that I have examined these accounts for the year ended 31st Decr. 1936. and found them correct.

Michael McGarry, Auditor.

Wm. MacBride,
Hon. Treasurer.



Colm O Lochlainn
Printer
Fleet Street, Dublin

BURKE'S
BIRN POINT
BALLYHALEERT
CO. DOW



Annual 1933



May Elliott

The Irish Cruising Club Annual

CLUB NOTES

THE SUMMER OF 1932 was on the whole a favourable one for cruising, although by a series of mischances the Passage Race so successfully carried out in 1930 and 1931 has fallen through.

Whitsuntide fell early and in cold unsettled weather when few boats were fitted out, and several owners anything but fit. Three attempts in all were made to carry out the fixture, of which the second is fully described in the Vice-Commodore's Log. The third fell through from lack of wind—a time limit having been wisely imposed on a course round Lambay and Ireland's Eye. It was generally felt that a course of this length is improperly termed a Passage Race, and that Mr. Wybrants' beautiful Cup should find a winner in 1933 over an open sea distance of at least 50 miles.

The logs which are printed in this journal have in most cases been unavoidably cut down and possibly not improved in the process. To the writers the necessary apologies are made. Those members who sailed North had, as a rule, fair winds and weather on both outward and homeward voyages. Of three boats which were bound South one only persevered. A second made but a few miles to the southward. A third skipper changed his mind on the starting line and sailed North, while the Vice-Commodore took six days to return from Kingstown to Cork, having wisely elected not to force a passage in light and adverse winds and much fog.

The Annual Dinner held on 19th November was attended by fifty members and guests, an enthusiastic, eloquent and melodious festival. Quite as successful was the informal Supper held on 30th December in honour of Commander Dixon, helmsman of *Amberjack* in the transatlantic and Fastnet races of 1931.

During the winter months a series of interesting lectures was given by Commander Gilliland, Mr. J. B. Kearney, the Commodore, Dr. Poole.

ERRATA

Page	1	Line	21	For "Helmsman" read "Navigator."
"	1	"	24	For "Gilliland" read "Dixon."
"	16	"	50	For "Per cent" read "Degrees."
"	17	"	10	For "Cudley" read "Audley."
"	18	—		Read "Admiral M. Lennon Goldsmith."
"	19	—		Read "Com. E. G. Martin."

Co. Down
BALLYMAGHER,
BIRN POINT.

Maynellist

The Irish Cruising Club Annual

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THE FAULKNER CUP

LOGS, 1932. AWARD.

AFTER DUE consideration I would award the Faulkner Cup for the log of *Nirvana* (Mr. A. W. Mooney).

Next in order of merit, in my opinion, is the log of *Espanola* (Mr. H. M. Wright).

The cruise which was made in *Nirvana* was, in its way, a highly commendable achievement, in view of the size of the ship, the amount of beating to windward encountered, and the fact that Mr. Mooney had not a very strong crew to help him. Some of the port to port passages were comparatively long for a "family" ship to make, and the crossing from St. Ives to Milford Haven in a really strong breeze on the way home, was well carried out. To my mind, however, the most difficult part of the cruise was not so much the passage making, but the entering of so many strange harbours along the English South Coast. Some of these places are not too easy for a stranger with their tides and obstructions; but *Nirvana* seems to have avoided trouble in all of them.

Although *Espanola* is a fairly hefty ship and was blessed throughout with an able and strong crew, her cruise round Mull led her into such hard weather, from which she did not

run away, that it places her achievement ahead of that of *Marie* (Messrs. MacFerran and Keatinge). The weather encountered was in places very bad, indeed ; but good passages were made in spite of it, while there appeared to have been no "shirking it" when early tides had to be caught—with a couple of reefs down. Cruising aboard *Espanola* sounds very like hard work !

I should like to add that the crew of *Marie* should be commended for their cruise, which was a successful effort for a 5-tonner without an engine. They were, however, assisted by very moderate weather conditions for most of the time, even if the wind came ahead on several days, and their passages were mainly short and in comparatively sheltered waters once they had crossed to Scotland.

MAURICE GRIFFITHS.

(Editor, *The Yachting Monthly*).

December 20, 1932.



"HAULED OUT"

CLUB LIBRARY

IT HAS BEEN suggested that the Club should collect and keep up a Reference Library for the use of its members. The Hon. Treasurer has offered the use of book shelves at No. 39 Harcourt Street, where members could exchange books.

The working out of this idea is at present under discussion on the following lines :

1. *Start and Upkeep.*—Any member having old books of Sailing interest such as accounts and cruises, designs and technical works can now place these at the disposal of other members.

Of course, new books will not be turned down if offered ; also the Club from time to time receives other club journals such as R.C.C. and C.C.C. hand books, and the proposed library will supply a proper channel whereby these books may be fully utilized by the members.

It is almost certain that once established the number of volumes would increase in this way.

2. *Use of Books.*—The books would be kept at 39 Harcourt Street, where any member may call or write and borrow what he wants, subject to the conditions of return which would be definitely laid down.

When a sufficient number of books has accumulated the list would be sent to each member for his convenience.

It should be recognized that the carrying out of this idea rests entirely with the members themselves, and not with their already hard worked Committee.

Anyone approving of this is requested to send his name (and book, if any) to either the Hon. Secretary or Hon. Treasurer and if sufficient support is forthcoming the scheme will be put into operation.

CREWS

IT IS FELT that one of the main services of the I.C.C. is that of bringing in touch and keeping together men with a like ideal.

Having accepted the foregoing statement, surely it would be of use to all members if those owning boats and wanting crews and those wanting berths had a central headquarters to which each could apply.

The Committee have discussed this and feel that the only thing they can do is to keep a Register of those members willing to accept a berth, and at what times they are available for week ends, Bank holidays, and annual holidays.

The Hon. Secretary will make and keep such a register this year, and members wishing to be "registered crews" are requested to inform the Hon. Secretary.

This scheme like others depends on the members. The Hon. Secretary can guarantee that the register will be available daily between 9 and 5.30 at 42 Grafton Street. Telephone Dublin 43224.

“Nirvana’s” Cruise to the South Coast, 1932

THE IDEA THIS YEAR was to try and get to Plymouth and explore as many harbours as possible on the Devon and Cornwall coasts. The crew arranged for the outward trip to consist of my wife, younger son Jimmy, and W. E. Morgan, otherwise known as “Bosco.” At Plymouth my elder boy Bobby was to join us and Bosco to return home by steamer.

We left Howth at 7.40 p.m. on Friday, 8th July. Nice W.N.W. breeze with a high and steady glass, hoping to carry the fair wind to the Longships. Unfortunately, the breeze petered out at dark, and after a calm period sprang up out of the S.W. So we had to turn to windward all along the Wicklow coast, and when abreast of Rosslare on the following evening, decided to go in and anchor for the night in the hope of a shift of wind.

On the Sunday morning there was no change and, in addition, there was a heavy fog; but hoping for the best we got away and laid a course for the Tuskar, our landfall being so successful on this occasion that we spent an anxious few minutes piled up on one of the outlying rocks with a fog like a blanket. Having got clear, it became apparent that we could not hope to make the Longships, especially in view of the weather forecast, which prophesied a continuance of southerly winds, and finding that on starboard tack we could just make the Smalls, we settled down to the long pinch and the fog dispersing at mid-day had a pleasant sail in moderately smooth water; passed the Smalls at 6.45 p.m., and anchored in Milford Haven at 10.30 p.m.

After a day off in Milford Haven we left again on Tuesday 12th July in a light S.W. air, and laid a course for St. Ives. Later the wind came more ahead and the best we could lie was Trevoise Head, which we passed at 7.0 p.m. and having the tide with us and the wind fair although light, put up our helm for Newquay where we tied up alongside at 11.0 p.m.

On the following day we had a very pleasant afternoon sail to St. Ives, where we came to an anchor outside the Pier, and spent a quiet night with just a gentle roll.

From St. Ives round the land to Newlyn was our next step, and we had very mixed weather on the trip, head winds, fair winds and thunderstorms, with rather a nasty sea round the Longships and as far as the Runnellstone. From here we had a fair wind to Newlyn Harbour where we came to an anchor at 7.30 p.m. No sign of *Faillte* with whom we had a rendezvous; lovely evening.

The following day, Friday, 15th July, was a most perfect day, and slipping along very quietly we rounded the Lizard, but at the Manacles the weather changed, fog came down accompanied by a fresh offshore wind, and we had a fairly stiff turn to windward to Falmouth, where we anchored off the Yacht Club at 6.30 p.m.

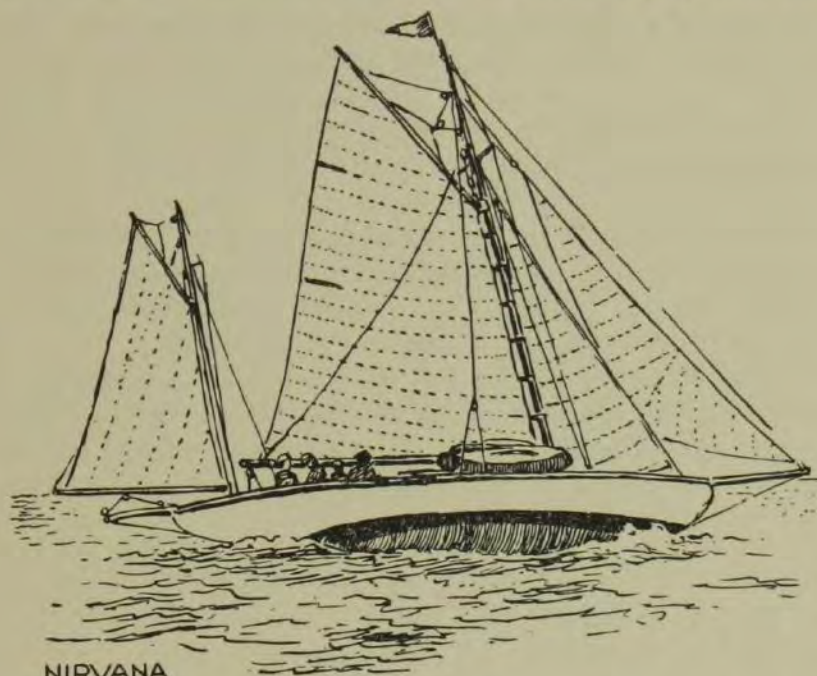
Saturday was spent in town and in enjoying a trip up the Fal to Truro in the steamer, and on Sunday we got away after lunch for Megavissy. Off St. Anthony’s Point the breeze was very fresh, just allowing us to lie the Dodman on port tack, and once round this headland we were compelled to stow the mainsail and, under mizzen and headsails, beat the last few miles to Megavissy Harbour, into which we ran under bare poles.

From Megavissy to Fowey was a short afternoon sail on the following day, and spending the night in the yacht anchorage in the latter port we left again on Tuesday, 19th July, with a nice offshore breeze, anchored for a few hours outside Polperro Harbour, and made Looe that evening, spending the quiet night in the Bay.

Our next port was Plymouth where we had arranged to pick up Bobby on the following day. So leaving Looe with a slashing breeze on our quarter we did the 13 miles to the anchorage in quick time, and tied up securely to a buoy in Sutton Harbour; weather deteriorating.

Thursday, 21st July, we met Bobby's steamer at Millbay Docks after lunch, and then saw Bosco off by the afternoon train for Holyhead. The next few days we spent in sight-seeing, and having paid a visit to Torquay and Paignton, finally left Plymouth under double-reefed mainsail and headsails on the morning of the 25th for the beat to Looe, where we tied up safely at the head of the town after a slight altercation with a bridge.

From Looe to Fowey the next day we had a heavy and uncomfortable turn to windward under double-reefed mainsail, the weather having apparently definitely broken, and for the next two days we were held up by a strong Westerly blow and heavy rain; but on the third day although conditions were still bad we simply had to push on owing to



limitation of time, and managed to beat under trysail and headsails and mizzen to Megavissy, where we spent the night of the 29th July.

The following day turned out to be a good sailing day, and after a turn to windward to the Dodman we reached along to Falmouth, called for letters, and got away again for the Helford River, another peg to windward.

From Helford River to Newlyn was another nice sail; but in the morning the glass had gone down again, and we had to face a most uncomfortable beat round the "Land" in a heavy sea, taking the passage inside the Longships this time. The wind having veered by this into the North, we were again denied a fair wind for our cross-channel trip, and being rather worn out with the violent motion ran round to St. Ives where we tied up alongsidy the quay wall with all available fenders out owing to the heavy swell that found its wae round the corner.

Tuesday, 2nd August.—Bar. 30.2. Nice morning. Wind W.N.W. light.

0530 Got our warps and worked into bay. Tried anchoring for breakfast, but found it impossible, owing to heavy swell. Even getting into the dinghy was attended with considerable risk, so abandoned idea of having a meal ashore, and stowed the dinghy on deck. Hoisted sail and stood out of the bay and lay partly hove-to while all hands breakfasted.

0900 Wind fair for Milford Haven. Streamed log. Godevry Is. bearing S. by W. 4 miles.

1000 Wind steady and fresh W.N.W. Set topsail and averaged 6.7 miles for next five hours.

1600 Bar. 30.05. Nearly 2/10 drop since morning. Hove-to for tea.

1645 Got going again. Wind very fresh from W.S.W., having backed gradually since noon. Sighted Lundy Is. N.75E., 30 miles.

1715 Visibility becoming poor, accompanied by rain.

1800 Stowed topsail, wind now S.W. strong, big quarterly sea. Hung out side lights as may be difficult to do later in freshening breeze and rising sea.

2030 Blowing very fresh. Estimated near force 7. Difficult to prevent a gybe, as carrying too much sail. So hove-to, and double reefed main and stowed foresail. Speed hardly diminished.

Wednesday, 3rd August.

0000 Wind lulled. Visibility rapidly improving.

0015 Breeze fresh out of N.W., just able lie our course, N.N.E.

0100 Visibility splendid. Blowing very hard N. by W., and sea enormous, broken here and there ; due, probably, to new wind overrunning old sea. Fleet of drifters ahead. Ran down to leeward to clear them.

0130 Tide now turned to the Eastward. Cannot lie our course to allow for this. Picked up St. Govan's Light V. on starboard bow, and shortly after St. Ann's Head Lt. and Skokholm Is. Lt. Cross bearings fix us 12 miles off St. Ann's Head.

0430 Passed under St. Ann's Head after a bad dusting having turned to windward. Since 0130 appreciate smooth water in the Haven.

0510 Got our anchor down off Milford Dock, and all hands turned in after a hot cup of cocoa."

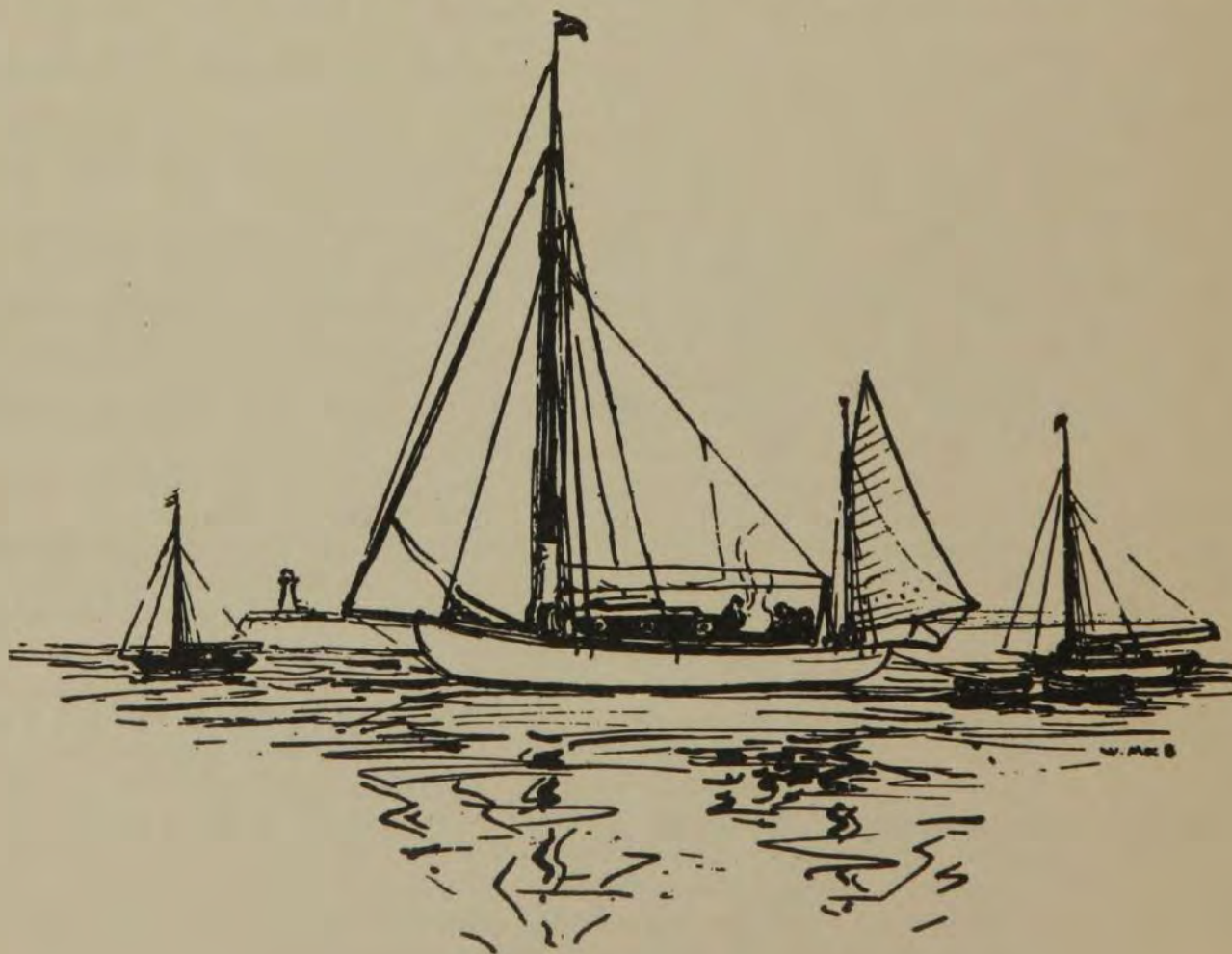
The next day it was still blowing hard, so we rested all day, and did not leave until the morning of the 4th August, when although foggy, conditions looked better and, as a matter of fact, from midday until 10.0 p.m., when we moored outside the Dock at Arklow we had the best sail of the cruise, fair wind, moderate and hot sunshine.

Leaving Arklow on the morning of the 5th in a fresh offshore breeze, we had a very pleasant sail to Howth, where we picked up our moorings at 6.15 p.m.

Taking the shortest distances from place to place we did 707 in the cruise. The actual distance sailed was greatly in excess of this owing to constant windward work.

A. W. MOONEY.

For dates 2nd and 3rd August, the above account is a copy of the log as kept by the Rear-Commodore. It is given here as an example of how a log should be kept.—ED.



“Espanola’s” Cruise

TO OBAN AND ROUND ISLAND OF MULL

JULY 5. 6.15 a.m. light southerly wind and Bar. 29.9 as we left the Harbour followed by *Esterel* and *Sheila* (62 tons). Although we ran the engine for 45 minutes *Esterel* lost but little on us : standing more to seaward where she held a better wind. In order to make Ardglass by daylight we again used the gas, but *Esterel* had found a breeze and came in two hours later—a good example of patient reliance on sail alone.

July 6. To Bangor, having towed *Esterel* out of a calm at the South Briggs. At Bangor two nights were cheerfully but unprofitably spent. Here Major Stubbs deserted, leaving *Espanola* crewed by Jack Page, Harry Wright, Percy O’Ryan and Skipper.

July 8. Left at 5.45 a.m. in light S.W. wind, which freshened so much that after reefing we put into Red Bay at 11.25 a.m. for shelter. *Esterel* followed at 1.15 p.m. having had trouble with a broken gaff-span. Both vessels lay to two anchors, to which *Esterel* added a third, and put a weight down her cable. Gusts during the night of gale force. Red Bay is a good anchorage with off or along shore winds, but a very pestilent trap should the wind come in, as it did for an hour or so next afternoon.

July 9. The hours passed slowly enough—at 4 p.m. were visited by the Customs officer—an amphibian, who patrolled the coast on a push bike, commanding a shore boat when necessary. He had the usual cold to which the usual remedy was applied. The wind had backed round the compass and came off shore again, blowing as hard as ever that night.

July 10. I had seen quite enough of Red Bay, and left the dreary place at 8.15 a.m. under close-reefed main and foresail only. *Esterel* remained and we saw her no more. An enormous gust shot us out of this horrible place, and off Tor Point into a moderate breeze, which had apparently prevailed while twice its force was coming from the glens in Red Bay. Off Fair Head we shook out one reef and set No. 2 jib. Sighted a steamer in the offing apparently on her beam ends. Rain and thick fog followed, in which we groped our way into Gigulum anchorage at 5.30 p.m. without a crumb of bread aboard. There we were greeted by Commodore Stephen of the S.Y. *Medea*, who supplied us with all we wanted. I little dreamed he was so soon to be taken from us.

July 11. With northerly wind and in glorious weather we made Crinan, after anchoring for a tide in Lough Swen entrance.

July 12. Same wind and weather to Oban, where Dr. Dobbie of Edinburgh joined us, and after a day sail to Dunstaffnage Castle we sailed for Iona, South about, but met foul tide and wind, and returned to Brandy Stone.

July 15. Light S.E. wind ; weather very fine. Let go in Tobermory where some rain fell that night—not surprising, as the average annual fall is 100 in.

July 16. Wind North, bright sun. Tacked round the N. of Mull, and ran with spinnaker before freshening breeze past the Treshnish Islands and Staffa in a large westerly swell. Soon the square mass of the Cathedral on Iona loomed up, and beyond it (of course) the Free church, which indicates the anchorage. (See Sailing directions, *passim*.)

We let go in Martyr’s Bay not far from the spot where St. Columba landed, having sailed from Ireland some 1,400 years ago. He left that Isle of Unrest in consequence of an infringement of copyright (of the Vulgate) of which he was adjudged guilty. Three thousand men fell in battle that he might get away with his pirated copy. Perhaps he thought it worth the price. He came at all events in peace to Iona, and in peace he lived and died there. As a fellow-countryman I think the Saint made a good change of residence, and I feel strongly inclined to follow his example. The centre of gravity of Iona is not the Cathedral—which is unimpressive and mostly modern—but the Post Office. All the dogs of the island, about a dozen husky, white-eyed shaggy-hided collies, were collected at this spot and, like the humans, constantly entered and left without any apparent business. As they jostled one another there was much growling ; but, as none broke the law, so the peace was kept until

a terrier (from Ireland!) a visitor and a stranger, thought fit to seize one of the collies by the leg. Under a massed attack of the entire mob the terrier disappeared from view, and I went to visit the antiquities.

At one time there were, I heard, 365 crosses of which, owing to doctrinal animosities, only two have escaped destruction. We saw many immemorial tombs of kings, and one of a humbler citizen who lived 100 years and begat twenty-five children; but we looked longer at the lovely sunlit island, and down the Sound where lay our course to-morrow.

A surf fringed islet stood out boldly from the Mull Shore. Not having the Chart at hand we took it to be Eilean Chalman which, of course, it was not. It is however the key mark for the course as, once there, Chalman can be identified and the inner passage of the Torranans lies open. From the Bull Hole, however, it is not seen as an island at all, as it merges into Erraid and the mainland of Mull.

It was time to be off, as our ship was wallowing in the perpetual swell, and the water beginning to lessen over the mid-channel shoal, which we crossed to the entrance of Bull Hole. This is a remarkable haven, and has for many years attracted me, ever since first I read in William Black's *White Wings* how a 40-tonner ran in there for shelter. How an old type straight stemmer did it is now a greater puzzle than ever. The Hole is a slit between the mainland of Mull and a knife-edged strip of high rock. It is 3 cables long, and about $\frac{1}{2}$ cable wide at the entrance, and at the top where we let go in three fathoms. On the port hand are fixed two rings for mooring purposes. I have never been able to attach any meaning to these rings, so frequently mentioned in the Sailing Directions. Certainly, I should not dream of attaching a warp to them, as it would probably wind itself round the propellor with change of tide or wind. During the night it continued to blow freshly from the North—nearly straight down the Hole. The consequence was that, when the flood made, as it did at midnight, we sheered wildly around the anchor which lay about 40 yards off the knife edge. At each alteration of sheer the chain rendered across the fixed bobstay rod with a shattering clang. For a while I lay wondering if we would hit the rock face; but, being very sleepy, found comfort in the reflection that the forward hand, who occupied a cot about 2 feet from the bobstay, could not possibly sleep at all, and might be relied on to turn out in need. And so it was. I knew, because although it was his turn to cook breakfast he refused duty in the morning.

Dies irae, 17th July. We lay quietly enough to wind and tide; but the hard blue sky with small patches of cloud driving fast and low told an obvious tale. It seemed to me no day to go to sea, especially off the Ross of Mull.

My son, however, had an appointment with the W.O. in London, and was anxious to get home. We got the anchor with a hundred weight of weed on it, and under foresail alone had barely room to turn in the Hole. The mainsail had one reef down and no jib hoisted. *Espanola*, with her displacement of some 15 tons, deepdraught (7 ft. 2 in.), easy midship



section, and moderate overhangs, works under almost any distribution of canvas. She is the sweetest boat I have ever handled in a blow, especially when running. Almost immediately we tied in the close reef as we ran, carefully navigating down the Sound to pass the striped canister to starboard and, to Port, the red conical which guards Bogha Chiolta and a mass of horrors inshore, but could make nothing of the broken land and islets ahead through which no passage such as we sought could be perceived. As I have already said the outstanding islet which indicates the course from Iona did not stand out when viewed from this side of the Sound.

Moreover, the Clyde Cruising Club directions very inadequately describe the Torranans as "a cluster of rocks." The *West Coast Pilot*, which was not on board, I afterwards found more accurately terms them "a group of *islets* and rocks," one of which "is 74 feet high." What we saw then at this juncture, tearing along at speed in a whitening sea, was an immense number of islets, including the higher Torranans (as yet not recognized as such), with the sea breaking heavily at their base, and no passage corresponding with our expectations. It is true that a little further on we picked up what I now know was Eileen Chalmers; but, worried as we were about the higher Torranans (which we had pictured as low rocks awash or under water) we could not be certain, and the beacon on Ruadh Sgeir was not visible. A decision had to be made and that without delay—We turned 5 points due West, in which direction lay nothing more solid than deep sea water as far as the coast of Labrador.

It was by this time blowing half a gale, with rising sea, as we lost the weather shore of Iona and Soay, but anxiety vanished and confidence in the good ship remained. The sails of extra canvas were strong and new, and well able for the punishment they got. We laughed at the comber that burst on the quarter and filled the self-emptying cockpit.

On a safe bearing between Soay and Dub Artach L.H. we jibed over, passing within 5 miles of the stupendous Column 145 feet over the sea. We clawed in for the shelter of Mull, the panorama of the dreaded Torranans now spread out to Port, the West reef and the more dangerous Frasier's rock spouting their warnings, the wind still hardening, the sea shorter and steeper. We had been debating where to make for, having regard to the certainty of Brandy Stone anchorage at Oban being untenable. The Clyde Cruising directions now proved of value: "Carsaig" (not to be confused with Charsaig in Iura Sound) "is the only anchorage between "the Ross and the Firth of Lorn, lies 13 miles East of the Ross, and is clear in its outer part. . . . Entering from W. the rocks extend $1\frac{1}{2}$ Cables from E. 1 cable. Shore very foul with rocks." and so on. The usual rings are mentioned—not an attractive proposition; but we decided to attempt it. Just short of the Loch a rotatory squall fell from the heights and skimmed the top off the water, the spray rising vertically and whirling away over the mast head in a cloud. I luffed to it with two planks under through the greater part of a circle. Carsaig, when we managed to get in behind the rocks, proved a very comfortable anchorage with excellent holding ground, free from weed. The scenery weirdly beautiful.

Start at 5 a.m. to catch the Pladda tide and so through the canal and to Tarbert. Thence *via* Campbleton to Ballyholme where we called on business for a couple of hours.

Stout fellows those Northerners who can leave a boat at moorings in a fearsome place like that. Home to Kingstown from Donaghadee in 17 hours. But next summer we are for the Highlands again. There are harbours and islands and mountains there to fill a cruiser's sailing for a long lifetime—and I did not begin early enough.

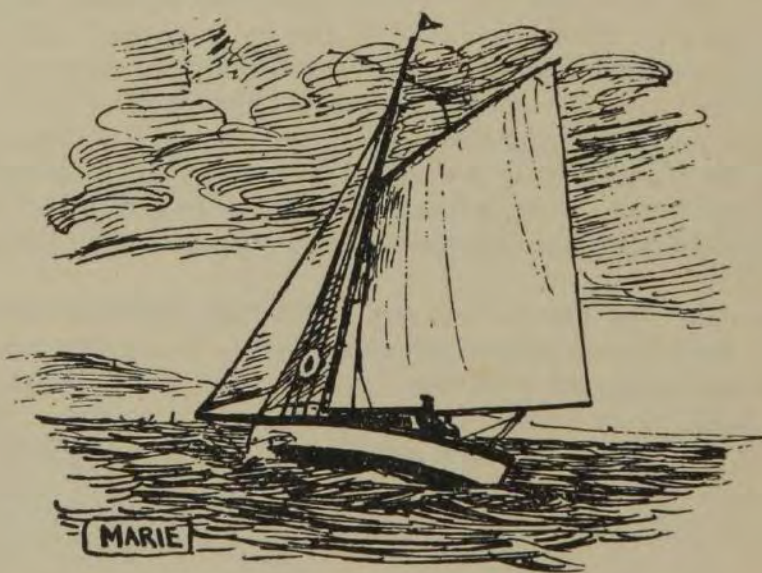
H. M. W.

Cruise of "Marie"

5-TON CUTTER

Marie in a very creditable cruise from Howth to Oban and home covered much the same ground, as did other members who sailed North, except that she went twice through the Crinan Canal. She was unfortunate in meeting an undue proportion of head winds and calms. For example without touching anywhere she put in no less than four days in sailing from Howth to Loch Ranza, 10th to 14th June. The log on 1st July reads :

"At 6.30 p.m. we left Donaghadee homeward bound. At 9.15 breeze freshened from dead ahead. As night came on we took in two reefs. At 8.30 a.m. on 2nd we had Haulbowline abeam, and, as wind was very fresh and still S., decided to run for Carlingford Loch, which we did under jib alone. A fierce gust off the mountain tore the jib to bits, and we were glad we had a second one. Anchored off the southern shore 2 miles above Carlingford at 10.30, and at 1.30 ran across under head sails to Woodhouse, where we let go in three fathoms.* That night (2nd July) was an anxious one. We had 40 fm. of warp and 16 fm. of chain down, with 12-lb. weight slung down it on iron stirrup. Every other wave *Marie* put her head under and shipped it clean back into the cockpit. Next morning her decks and cockpit were covered with seaweed." So, they had "some" wind after all and dealt with it in proper seamanlike manner.



* This must be a "new" hole, as there has hitherto been only $1\frac{1}{2}$ fm. obtainable at L.W.S.—Ed.

"Gull's" Cruise

CORK TO KINGSTOWN AND BACK

JUNE 25. IT WAS 9.25 p.m. when we squared away from Roches Point and watches were immediately set. At Ballycotton 12.30 midnight, the log was streamed, the wind being very light Southerly, and sea as smooth as a m——*

June 26. At 10.30 a.m., a bright sunny day, wind coming west we gybed spinnaker and carried the fair wind past Coningbeg L.S. at 2.5 p.m.; the Barrels buoy at 3.52; Lucifer 6.35; Blackwater No. 3 and Blackwater L.S. 8.36. Gybing spinnaker where necessary and so to Kingstown at 5.15 a.m.

June 29. Fresh breeze S. by E. Started in R.I.Y.C. Handicap, in receipt of 20 minutes from *Lady Edith* (scr.) and 15 from *Mavourneen*. (*Gull* had no chance in this race, with her inadequate handicap, and retired immediately on hearing the lamentable news of Mr. Peter Good's loss overboard from the *Lady Edith*.)

July 3. At 10 a.m. we started in company with *Espanola* and *Esterel* for the Passage Race to Holyhead, postponed from 2nd in hope of some improvement in the weather. Far from improving, however, the hardest blow of the season occurred from the S.S.W. *Espanola* tied in a reef 5 minutes before the start, and *Esterel* did likewise. We in *Gull* feared to reef, anticipating that our mainsail might tear at the points. So we started under whole mainsail, staysail and jib. Before we reached the South Burford we were carrying far too much sail, and were so buried in the lumpy sea that we could not shake off *Espanola*. *Esterel*, however, was dropping far astern. With the sea as bad as it was with the flood tide, we were in for a far worse state of things on the ebb. When about a mile and a half off the Kish we decided to lower the staysail. Just as the turn of the halliard was being taken off the pin the wire luff of the jib parted about 18 inches from the tack, and without the jib it was almost impossible to sail *Gull*, and when about to get up No. 3 jib from the sail locker we saw *Espanola*, which had passed us, come about and head back. *Esterel* lost her jib about the same time, and for quite a time seemed in difficulty as she would not pay off without it. All three then put back for Kingstown and were glad to get there. It was very well that the race was abandoned as it blew with increased force in the afternoon, and the incoming mail boat reported desperately heavy seas in the Channel.

July 6. We left Kingstown homeward bound at 10.5 a.m. Wind light W.S.W. Bar. 29.95. Wind backing off Bray, with very overcast sky to southward, we decided to await a change in Wicklow, which we entered at 2.45 p.m. Here the unpleasant discovery was made that 10 lb. of fine salt beef had gone bad and had to be dumped overboard.

July 7. In a light N.W. air we got away at dawn, but found a flat calm, and had to get the dinghy ahead. The tide took us as far as the Wolfe Rock where we kedged until 1.15 p.m., when a light Southerly breeze came up. At 7.30 p.m. there was a fresh squall off the land, and we lowered jib header; but it did not last long. At 11 p.m. a nice S.W. wind and we worked to the Southward.

July 8. Abreast the S. Shear at 5 a.m., land invisible in fog. This cleared off and we beat through the Bailey Prong channel inside the broken water of the race, which we judged to be at least 2 miles off the land. At 11 a.m. fog came down again. Passed through Saltees Sound, being able to lie N.W. by W. A splendid day with sea as smooth as——. We beat to the Hook and entered Dunmore E. at 5 p.m.

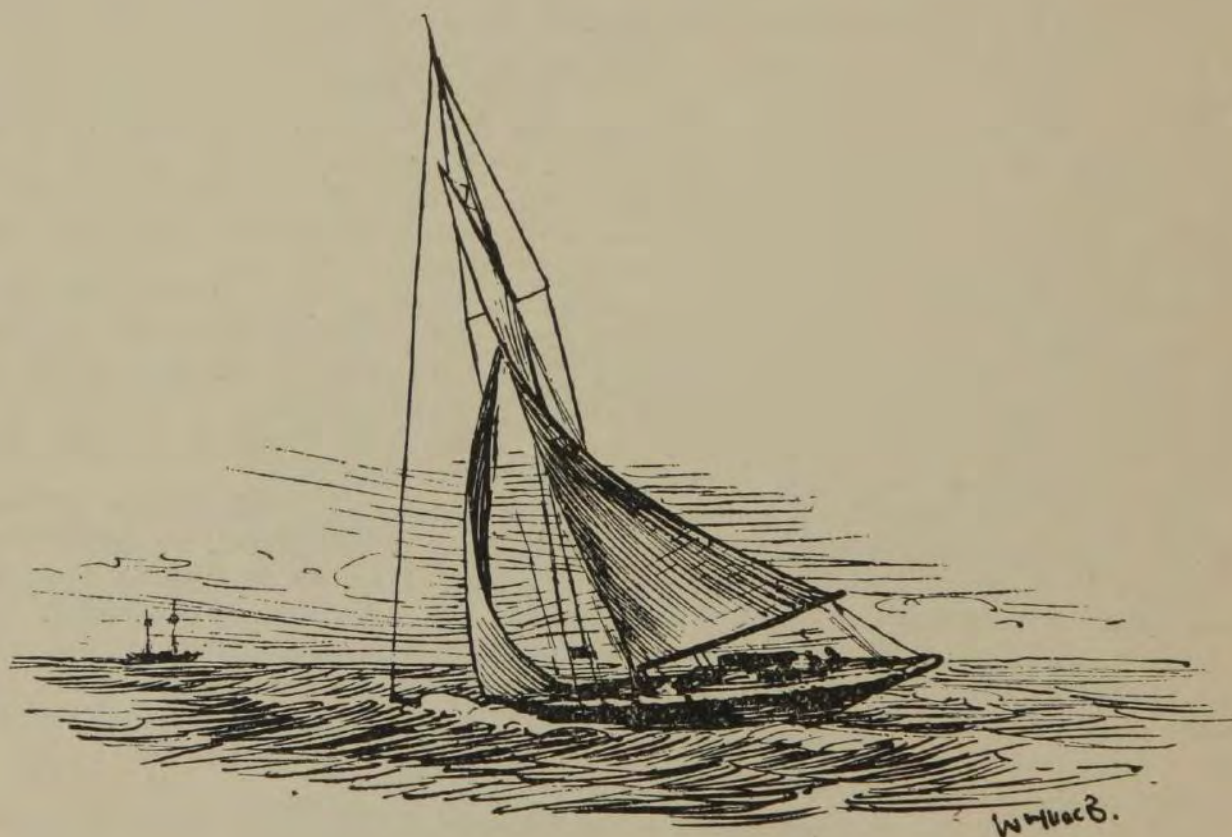
July 9. Proceeded to get our anchor at 6 a.m., but were foul of something. Captain Murphy of the dredger sent four men in a boat with a grapple to our assistance. After nearly three hours' work an enormous chain was brought to the surface by means of a heavy tackle. The fluke of the grapple had gone through the ring of our anchor! The wind was no

* No; not that, we cannot bear it.—ED.

better than W. later backing to S.W. Thick fog came down near Brownstone Head, and we streamed log. A good tack along the land brought us to Helvick where we tacked to sea. Found considerable bobble off Mine Head though without much wind. The fog now rolled in again, and we stood into Ardmore Bay. Visibility about 200 yards. In a short clear we got a fix of Ardmore Head. Wind freshened, and shortly afterwards saw breakers ahead, and found were about 1 cable off the point. Ardmore is an open roadstead, but looked better than the prospect of a night at sea in fog, so we stood in for the pier, and let go 150 yards E. of it in 3 fathoms. The ship's company comprising in all five, the night from 10 p.m. to 7 a.m. was divided into as many portions, for which lots were cast—the unhappy skipper finding himself on anchor watch from 2.30 a.m. to 4 a.m. !

July 10. From 11.5 a.m. we beat along the land until Pollock Rock was abeam at 5 p.m. when for the first time we checked sheets and picked up moorings in Crosshaven at 6 p.m.

H.P.D.



“Lil’s” Cruise

“LEFT HOWTH on 9th July at 9.15 p.m. under power and sail. Wind S. very light, and continued so during the night and all day on 10th. Ardglass abeam 1.50 p.m.; S. Rock 5 p.m.; Skulmartin 6.30 p.m.. Wind came N.W. with rain, and Donaghadee was reached at 9 p.m.

July 11. Wind still N.W. Made Carnlough Harbour at 9.15 p.m. Short choppy sea inshore, especially passing through the Muck race, where a port rigging screw became unscrewed, but was fortunately noticed and put right before damage resulted.

July 12. Put *Lil* on hard to scrub when she took a list to starboard, probably due to soft spot under the leg.*

July 13. 8 a.m. Bar. down to 29.9 Hazy with rain and N.E. wind. Set out to walk to Glenarm† but when almost there driven back by heavy rain. Glass fell to 29.8 and to 29.5 at 10.30 p.m., at which time it was raining heavily with strong wind. Laid extra shore lines and dropped anchor with 10-fathom chain.

July 14. Fine morning. Bar. 29.6 at 8 a.m. Rose no less than 4/10 to 30 at midday, and fell a small fraction at night. Beautiful evening.”

The crew of *Lil* were apparently so preoccupied in contemplation of this meteorological activity that their day’s work is thus logged: “Got dinghy on deck in the evening.”

July 15. Leaving at 5.40 a.m. in good weather with Easterly light winds which enabled course to be held Chuirn I. Light was passed at midnight. Ris an Tru was abeam at 7.30 a.m. on the 16th, and Pladda was passed about 9 a.m., whence a beat in fresh Northerly wind brought them to Brandy Stone at 3.50 p.m.—a good passage, having regard to the light winds during the early part. Fortunately they decided to move that evening to the north of Oban Bay opposite Munro’s Pier, no doubt owing to freshening wind. Here they had good shelter in the strong northerly blow of the 17th, a motor yacht next them dragging her anchor. The homeward voyage was commenced on the 18th, when they reached Easdale at 2.30 p.m. Left by South Entrance at 4.30 p.m., and sailed to Crinan *via* Cuan Sound. *Mavis* was encountered at Crinan on the 19th, in westerly backing S.S.W. Small Isles anchorage was entered, passing between Rabbit and Goat Islands which is not the usual route. A small boat race was in progress in this usually rather deserted spot! Leaving at 7 a.m. on 20th, with nice Westerly breeze and engining at intervals, a good passage was made, arriving at Bangor 11.15 p.m. on the 22nd in a good N.W. breeze. Starting at 7.20 a.m. Howth was reached shortly after midnight—a very creditable run to finish up with.



* But possibly to stowing the bottled cargo to starboard.—ED.

† We suppose because, like Portavogie, Carnlough has no “hotel.”—ED.

“Esterel” Pilgrimage and Excursions

A.D. 1932, being the fifteen-hundredth anniversary of the coming of St. Patrick to Ireland, and hearing that his landing was to be celebrated by a Pageant at Strangford, I was moved to sail coastwise to the North, as he did, in a little ship.

It was morning when, in light airs, we drifted past Gun's Island and surveyed at leisure St. Patrick's Rocks, with their conspicuous beacon of four crosses. One facing each of the cardinal points. This dangerous rock covers at four hours flood, and perhaps the Saint gave his name to the spot where he first touched Ireland. Once round this reef the flowing tide carried us quickly through the five-mile length of Narrows, an exhilarating passage. What a bogey the Sailing Directions make of it : with its melodramatic description of the swirling “ Meadows ” and the Routen Wheel !

The tide carried us across to Audley Bay, where thousands of people had gathered on the slopes by the waterside, under the old Castle walls, and the shining waters were gay with decorated boats of every kind.

This was a delightful little cruise. A fair wind each way, the finest weather, an impressive pageant with an ideal setting. On one side the sparkling waters with wooded shores and islands and for a distant background the mountains of Mourne, and to crown the day, a sunset such as one rarely sees, all combined to make an unforgettable impression.

* * *

Early in July we started on a three-weeks' cruise. With such good companions as *Gull* and *Espanola* we pointed for Holyhead, but did not get there. One hundred and more years ago the ballad-singer in College Green might have been heard lilting :

“ When I took my departure from Dublin's sweet town,
And for England's own self through the seas I did plough,
For four days and nights I was tossed up and down
Like a quid of chewed hay in the throat of a cow.”

The simile is worthy of Virgil. Well, we had less than four hours of it, and came back to harbour feeling battered, shattered and relieved, with our stoutest jib blown to ribbons, and my eye bunged-up by a flying sheet which “ hit me a kick,” as we used to say in Donegal. One of the crew, prepared for anything, produced an eye shade ! So after a night's rest we proceeded northwards.

At Ardglass we found *Espanola*, the very proximity of this hardy sea-rover always inspires confidence. We spent two cheerful days at Bangor. In the Main Street we met our Commodore in the attitude of benediction on the place : “ The cheapest town I was ever in,” he said. Whereupon we all spent more than we had any occasion for.

Red Bay was our next anchorage. I did not like it. *Nunc tantum sinus et statio malafide carinis*. We came here as it offers the shortest passage round the Mull. Here we lay for three days while all the winds that are bred in the Nine Glens of Antrim converged, concentrated and capered on the spot where we held on with three anchors out, with full scope of chain and weighted foreby. However, *Espanola* was with us, inspiring confidence, while we whisper Tommy Moore's “ Silent O Moyle (=Mull) be the roar of thy water.” Meantime in our snug cabin the gramophone discourses cheerful music, including the whole of *Pinafore*. So very seasonable : “ But when the breezes blow, we generally go below, and seek the seclusion that a cabin grants.”

Espanola, with two reefs in and without a loaf of bread ! went off a day before us. No sooner had we got into the offing than a thick fog blanketed us, not a pleasant thing in

this narrow, much-frequented waterway. We had to tack all the lengthy Sound of Jura, sailing all night, a dark night it was ; not a star, no moon.

“ Och long life to the Moon for a fine noble creature,
That serves us for lamplight each night in the dark.
While the Sun only shines in the day, which by Nature
Needs no light at all, as yez all may remark.”

(Do not fear, dear Editor, I shall not quote the old ballad again.)

We enjoyed our stay at Gigha (pronounced Gee-a). This group of Islands—Cara, Gigulum and Gigha, of which the last only is inhabited (pop. 300) is the last resort of the fairies, driven from the mainland by the noise and clatter and journalists, and wireless, etc. The only fairies we saw wore shoes and came from Glasgow. My crew appreciated them hugely, and returned from a dance (two bagpipes and a concertina) at dawn.

Admiralty Directions and the chart would frighten a stranger from venturing through Gigha Sound ; but with fair weather and an eye on the chart it is not difficult. But Gigulum Sound is no place to anchor in, and Gigha Sound is no place to sail through when the stormy winds do blow.

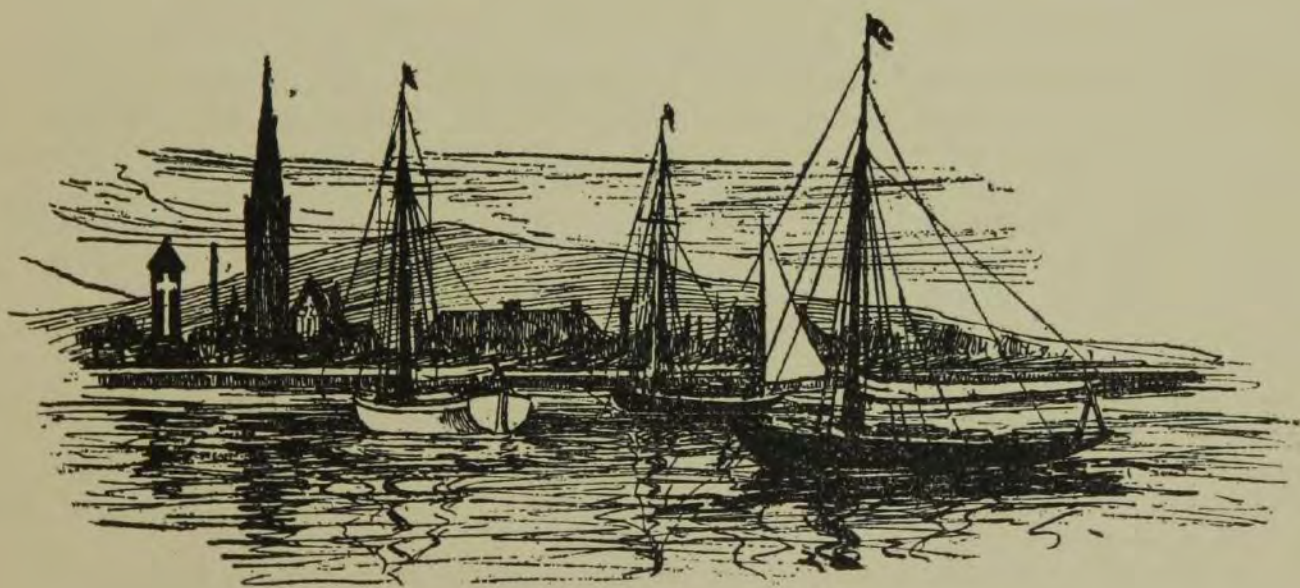
From Scarba to Kerrera Sound on the 17th, we got a dusting ; the white seas half filled and nearly wrecked the dinghy aboard. Oban is as lovely as ever ; but as a yachting station it has declined sadly within my recollection.

With the advent of Lipton, Cooper, etc., prices are now moderate in the fine shops, and it is not necessary to ask a policeman to hold your yachting cap when you go into a store to make a purchase.

Coming homewards we stopped at Small Isles in Jura, a friendly place. Here there is a Post Office, a good store, a comfortable hotel where we had an excellent tea and—more fairies, and a piano. This anchorage is very shallow all over, but there is only a two-foot tide.

At Larne the mud bank, opposite the hotel, seems to have come out further, so that one has to anchor in the uneasy tide-way. Nothing unusual happened for the rest of our cruise. As usual we arrived in Kingstown at midnight ; as usual it was the darkest night any of us had ever experienced. Carefully groping our way among the yachts we could not find our moorings—not even with the help of the dinghy and a torch—for as usual, they were occupied by some other fellow's boat.

D.F.R.W.



Cruise of the "Failte"

WITH A CREW of three husky amateurs Mr. Vandeleur left Howth on 2nd July bound for the Land's End. Freightened, too, in about equal proportion with hope for the best and fear for the worst, he carried charts for the North in the event of contrary winds.

"We left Howth at 11.5 a.m. Bar. 29.75, wind W. by S. As we passed across Dublin Bay the wind freshened from a more southerly point with squalls, one reef being taken off Greystones, and the second off the Codling Bank. Tide and wind being against us and, evening drawing in, the help of the new Brooke 10-h.p. was called upon, and Wicklow reached at 8.30 p.m., where we made fast against the S. jetty in comfort. The breeze now freshened up to a gale which prevailed during the next day. Shortly after we had made fast a large ketch came in for shelter (*Albatross IV*?). It appears she had been warned off Arklow when making in to cross the bar. They were detained, chiefly by strong Southerly weather, in Howth until Tuesday morning, and one of the crew deserted. On Tuesday, 5th July, the weather improved, though wind was still adverse, and on this day Arklow was reached—a matter of some 14 miles—and *Failte* went into the dock where she lay until Friday morning, 8th. In six days she had made 40 miles to the southward. Here we lay close to a Dunmore East yacht, which had been trying for nine days to get south. Another member of the crew left us for his home in the neighbourhood (mercifully referred to under initials alone). The wind remaining in the South the Skipper now jettisoned his cargo of hope and turned 32 points due N.

In place of T.B.V. I had engaged James Redmond, mate of an Arklow schooner, as paid hand, and as W.A.R. returned to duty we were at full strength. We got off at 4.20 a.m. Wind S.W. light, and by 5.40 a.m. on the following day had passed the S. Rock, letting go finally in Larne Harbour under the Olderfleet Hotel at 12.30 noon, 9th July." This was a good run of 143 miles in perfect conditions of weather, and justified the Skipper's decision to make a fair wind of it.

Incidentally desertions—of which two had occurred in the course of 40 miles—made good to the southward, had naturally been impossible in the course of 143 miles to the North, and would become increasingly improbable as that distance was increased. The Skipper found attraction in Larne, which most of us have missed, sharing as we do the general view that it is visited solely in order that, leaving it with the utmost expedition, the shores of Scotland may be attained by the shortest sea passage. "We got away on the third day after the 12th—to the sound of drum and pipe, after some delay through the anchor fouling a lost chain—a new one, too—which the bos'n, to his lasting regret, failed to catch as it came up on the fluke. The bos'n was turning out a good paid hand, as in addition to nearly bagging a new chain he had, on the Sunday during our absence ashore, succeeded in bagging a maiden of Larne, who whilst bathing was being carried away by the strong tide.

Light variable N. wind and long tacks were the order of the day, the Mull being sighted at 3.30 p.m., where a good northerly breeze came away. Going about on port tack on the edge of the Deas race we sailed up outside Sanda to Devaar Island, and motored up Campleton Loch, letting go opposite the harbour near "Onora" R.C.Y.C. and H.M.S. *Beaufort*, which was on survey work. Commander Turner invited us aboard, and showed us how a chart was made. They were seeking to locate a rock P.D. in Drumadoon Bay reported by fishermen.

On Friday 15th, away at 4.25 a.m. under power and sail for Inverary. Called in at E. Loch Tarbert for petrol, anchoring where we ought not. Lunch and pipe of peace in ignorance of this was terminated by appearance of hostile Harbour Master, ordering us with obloquy to get away out of the fair way. Up anchor and on motor and so to Inverary, where at 8.40 p.m. we let go in 7 fathoms north of Pier. By good fortune we got a mooring shortly after, which relieved us of anxiety about the bottom which shelves at 45 per cent.

On Sunday 17th, we sailed in perfect weather down the Loch and round Inchmarnock to Rothesay, and the following day through the Kyles and back to Rothesay, where we roped a C.C.C. mooring. On Thursday 21st, we slipped the mooring and reached Lamlash at dusk with light westerly breeze." 3.30 a.m. on the 22nd and, this early-rising Skipper is away under power and with the aid of a strong N.N.W. breeze from Ailsa Craig on makes Donaghadee at 4 p.m.

On the 23rd Strangford Loch was reached, mostly with the aid of the Brooke, as any wind is from the South and very light.

"Following the directions of the I.C.C. we pass up the N.E. side of the Narrows, observing Routen his wheel at work, and anchor of Cudley Castle in $5\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms 1 cable off shore. Rain (the first mention of it) commences soon after. Sunday 24th is spent as Sundays should be. W.A.R. gave us roast lamb, with boiled rice and pine apple. W.A.R. who is doctor in shell back meaning, and in the received sense, has now joined the Royal Navy and should go far. A day was spent in crossing to Portaferry and sailing up the Quoile River, another the 26th in making Rostrevor, and on the 27th in a westerly breeze force 7, under two reefs, Howth is reached and 523 miles have been made good."

W. A. VANDELEUR.

The New Helm Orders

CHANGE TO DIRECT SYSTEM. JANUARY 1, 1933

UNDER THE Merchant Shipping Act, 1932, which comes into force on 1st January, 1933, the present indirect system of helm or steering orders will no longer be permissible, and all helm or steering orders are to be given in the direct sense as explained below :

The words "Starboard" and "Port" shall continue to be used.

On and after 1st January, 1933, the order "Starboard" must only be given when it is intended that the wheel, the rudder blade, and the head of the ship should go to starboard "Port"—in similar sense.

On vessels steered by hand tiller the order "Starboard" must only be given if the rudder blade and the head of the vessel are to move to "starboard," and similarly with the order "port." A simple and salutary change so far as forward motion is concerned. Occasionally, however, vessels are driven astern by machinery, and even sailing vessels may make a stern board. In such cases, the action of the rudder blade being reversed, the only intelligible method by which to conform with the new rule would be to reverse the terms "Port" and "Starboard," and substitute "Stern" for "Head." Incidentally also to turn the helmsman and the officer in command around so that they face the stern. But such an innovation, besides introducing a new source of confusion, would antagonise the deepest seated conception of a sailor concerning his ship into whose frame are structurally bedded the terms "Starboard," "Port," and "Head."

The new Rule makes no reference to direction in which vessel is moving ; but from the above considerations must, we think, be intended to refer only to motion in a forward direction.

We may add for the benefit of yachtsmen who decide to adhere to the "indirect" method that they will render themselves liable to a penalty of £50.

List of Members

NAME	ADDRESS	YACHT	THAMES TONNAGE
BARRETT, H. R. ...	Marshalls, Braintree, Essex ...	<i>Musette</i> ...	3
BECKETT, A. (<i>Hon. Auditor</i>)	Esplanade Hotel, Bray ...	<i>Charm</i> ...	7
BECKETT, J. W., T.D. ...	5 Kilteragh Mansions, Foxrock, Co. Dublin.	<i>Kitsune</i> ...	3
BENNETT, J. H. (<i>Vice-Admiral, R. Cork Y.C.</i>)	Ballincurrig, Midleton, Co. Cork ...	<i>Verve</i> ...	20
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BROWN, B. ...	5 Park View, Wellington Rd., Cork		
BROWNE, LT.-COL. E. W.	Raven Ho. Adderley, Market Drayton	<i>Palatina</i> ...	48
BYRNE, GERALD ...	Abbeville, Dalkey.		
CHANCE, LESLIE G. ...	Mullamore, Milltown, Co. Dublin.		
CLARKE, A. W. ...	Fernbank, Howth.		
CROSBIE, SENATOR GEO.	The Kedges, Douglas Road, Cork ...	<i>Maureen</i> ...	6
CROSBIE, THOMAS ...	Woodlands, Montenotte, Cork ...	<i>Betty</i> ...	6
DALY, D. L. ...	Lota Park, Glanmire, Co. Cork ...	<i>Colleen</i> ...	21
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		<i>Wraith</i> ...	4
DEVEREUX, A. ...	Fingal, Clontarf, Dublin ...	<i>Ladybird</i> ...	—
*DONEGAN, H. P. F. (<i>Vice-Commodore</i>).	74 South Mall, Cork ...	<i>Gull</i> ...	18
*DONEGAN, H. E. (jun.)	74 South Mall, Cork.		
DONOVAN, D. M., M.D.	11 St. Patrick's Hill, Cork.		
DOYLE, THOMAS ...	Drumcora, Blackrock, Co. Cork.		
ERSKINE, JACK ...	} Whitehouse, Belfast ...	{ <i>Redwing</i> ...	6
ERSKINE, TOM ...			
		{ <i>Minnie</i> ...	11
*Faulkner, J. A. ...	Dufferin Villas, Bangor, Co. Down	<i>Briden</i> ...	19
FISHER, LT. R. LINDSAY, R.N.	Broadview, Hayling Island, Hants	<i>Viking</i> ...	39
FITZGERALD, A. ...	Landscape Ter., Sunday's Well, Cork	<i>Honor Margaret</i>	—
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FLANAGAN, F. G. ...	123 Inchicore Road, Dublin.		
FLANAGAN, R. F. ...	Do.		
GILLILAND, COM. F., R.N.V.R.	Brook Hall, Londonderry ...	<i>Melmore</i> ...	17
GOOD, JOHN, D.L. ...	The Moorings, Merrion Rd., Dublin	<i>Lady Edith</i> ...	31
GOLDSMITH, LT.-COM., M. LENNON.	Royal Cruising Club ...	<i>Oeniadæ</i>	—
GUNN, L. G. ...			

* Members of Committee.

LIST OF MEMBERS.—continued.

NAME	ADDRESS	YACHT	THAMES TONNAGE
HAWKES, COL. W., D.S.O.	Crosshaven, Co. Cork ...	<i>Kathleen</i> ...	10
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HIGGINBOTHAM-WYBRANTS, W. A.	72 Grosvenor Rd., Rathmines, Dublin	<i>Rose</i> ...	32
HUDSON, R. J. HARRINGTON	89 Pembroke Road, Dublin ...	<i>Theta</i> ...	15
HYLAND, JOHN J.	Mt. Pleasant, College Rd., Cork		
HEALY, THOMAS	Skibbereen, Co. Cork.		
KAVANAGH, JOHN	Woodview, Ballintemple, Cork ...	<i>Ziska</i> ...	9
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*KEATINGE, D. (<i>Hon. Sec.</i>)	42 Grafton Street, Dublin ...	<i>Marie (P.O.)</i>	5
KELLY, CAPT. P. F.	4 Ard-na-greine, St. Luke's Cork ...	<i>Tern</i> ...	9
KENNEDY, FRANK	Beechfield, Bray ...	<i>Realt</i> ...	4
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O'BRIEN-TWOHIG, CAPT. A.J.	23 Idrone Terrace, Blackrock ...	<i>Deilginis</i> ...	3
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O'SULLIVAN, PATK., B.L.	Silverdale, Rushbrooke, Co. Cork.		
O'KEEFE, R.	Ardnageena, Bantry, Co. Cork.		

* Members of Committee.

LIST OF MEMBERS.—continueud.

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PERROTT, WILLIAM ...	Ballincurragh Lodge, Douglas Road, Cork.	<i>Sea Hawk</i> ...	23
REARDON, JOHN ...	Wilton Park, Cork.		
ROSE-RICHARDS, MAJ. T. P. ...	Furzeffeld, Bosham, Sussex	... { <i>Iolaire</i> ... <i>Lexia</i> ...	17 40
SIMON, INGO ...	Scotland Hall, Stoke-by-Neylan, Suffolk.	<i>Saladin</i> ...	34
SINGLETON, J. S. ...	39 Harcourt Street, Dublin.		
SNOW, H. W. ...	Wayside, Enniskerry.		
SOMERSET, CAPT. THE HON. ROBERT. (Vice-Commodore, Royal Ocean Sailing Club).	Ince Castle, Saltash, Cornwall	... <i>Jolie Brise</i> (P.O.)	44
SOMERVILLE-LARGE, C., F.R.C.S.I.	16 Fitzwilliam Place, Dublin	... <i>Tern</i> ...	4
SULLIVAN, A. M. (Sergeant-at-Law).	1 King's Bench Walk, Temple, E.C.4	<i>Ailsa</i> ...	15
SULLIVAN, D. B., B.L., D.J.	Little Island, Cork.		
STEPHENS, J. B. ...	Rathmadh, Glenageary, Co. Dublin.		
TIDMARSH, CAPT. D. ...	The County Club, Limerick.	... <i>Foam</i> ...	5
TOMLINSON, W. T. ...	3 Killeen Terrace, Malahide.		
TOWNSEND, GEO. W. ...	Wilmont, 51 Howth Road, Dublin	<i>Baltic</i> ...	—
*Vandeleur, REV. W. E., M.A.	25 Mountjoy Square, Dublin	... <i>Failte</i> ...	12
WALLER, CAPT. OTWAY	Banagher { <i>Wayfarer</i> ... <i>Imogen</i> ...	43 6
*Walsh J. P. ...	32 Dartmouth Square, Dublin		
WALSH, P. T. ...	32 Dartmouth Square, Dublin	... <i>Sheila II.</i> ...	9
*WILSON, CANON D. F. R., M.A.	St. Mary's Ailesbury Road, Dublin	<i>Esterel</i> ...	12
WOODLEY, F. R. ...	Mount Bernard, Queenstown (Cobh)	<i>Maia</i> ...	3
Wright, Henry Bunting (jun.)	3 St. James's Terrace, Clonskeagh, Dublin.		
*WRIGHT, H. J., M.D. ...	59 Merrion Square, Dublin	... <i>Pauline</i> ...	3
Wright, Herbert M. (Commodore).	3 St. James's Ter., Clonskeagh, Dublin	<i>Espanola</i> ...	15
WORKMAN, R. E. ...	Hon. Sec., Royal North of Ireland Y.C. Cultra, or 6 Dublin Road, Belfast.	<i>Eriska</i> ...	9
(Honorary Member):			
O'BRIEN, CONOR ...	Foynes, Co. Limerick <i>Saoirse</i> ...	20

N.B.—Members are requested to notify the Hon. Secretary of any change of address or boat.

* Members of Committee.



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The Irish Cruising Club Annual

MIXED GRILL

THE SUMMER of 1933 was an unmixed grill. Some of us would have preferred more westerly weather, cloudy skies, and less persistent anticyclonic systems. Weed and barnacles grew with astonishing rapidity on our underwater bodies. The Loch Ness Monster made its appearance. A new sport came into existence when quite ordinary people captured in the English Channel extraordinary fishes of 500 lb. weight, which towed them at high velocity through its tepid waters. The burgee of the Club has been flown in several French ports, on the west coast of Scotland, in the North Sea and English Channel, and on the south and S.W. coasts of Ireland.

The cruise of *Albatross VI* to the Baltic and home via the North Sea and the English Channel, a distance of nearly 3,000 miles, was a remarkable performance. So was that of the little 5-ton *Foam*, which sailed 850 miles, forth and back, in seventeen days to take part in the Holyhead race. This race, formerly the chief event of the Irish Yachting Season, had lapsed for ten years, until successfully revived by the Irish Cruising Club.

Unfortunately, through illness, none of the Flag Officers were able to compete for either the Faulkner or the Wybrants Cups, though the Rear-Commodore "sailed" some thousands of miles to the Mediterranean and elsewhere. His cruise, having been performed entirely under power, is ineligible. He did not "participate" either as owner or as crew of the 20,000-ton vessel on which it was made. He has sold his 9-ton *Nirvana* to Mrs. Crimmins, the first lady member of the Club.

The fourth annual dinner, held in Cork, was a huge success. Eighty members and guests attended, including representatives from Belfast, Great Britain, and the U.S.A. The guests of the evening were Mr. Maurice Griffiths and Senator Crosbie. The following notes, though quite unsuitable in a serious journal such as this, are appended by request.

FAULKINER CUP AWARD

HAVING given the seven entries for the Falkiner Cup Competition very careful consideration, I recommend that the Cup be awarded to Capt. D. M. Tidmarsh, for his log of the 1933 cruise in *Foam*, 5-ton Yawl.

The standard of the cruise entered for this Competition this year was, on the whole, very high and reflects great credit on the members of the Club who took part in them, and on the boats themselves. The decision as to the most deserving was not easy to arrive at, for the cruise to Skye and back by *Mavis*, the cruise to Fishguard, Baltimore and back by *Failthe*, the cruise of *Lil*, and the cruise of *Happy Days II*, were all noticeable for some good navigation or good seamanship—or even both.

Although possibly the total distance (868 miles) made good by *Foam* during her twenty-four days' cruising (including the Holyhead race) may not be so great as that covered by other competitors, her course led her round the South West Coast from Limerick and back again (which may well have caused trouble to a 5-tonner) her W.L. length is only 22 ft. 2 in.; her crew consisted of only two men; and the length and times of some of her passages, in view of some of the winds encountered, were remarkably good for so small a ship.

Although the cruise of *Mavis* seems to me to run this very close in mileage covered in a given time, *Mavis* is a larger boat—30 ft. L.W.L.—and she had a stronger crew; while the energetic cruise of *Failthe* occupied twenty-six days, and the boat—31 ft. L.W.L., carried a strong crew of three and a paid hand most of the way.

In considering these entries I should like to commend Capt. Tidmarsh (*Foam*) and the Rev. W. E. Vandeleur (*Failthe*) for the clear manner in which their entries were submitted—giving details of their boats and engines, and crews, together with track charts of the entire cruise. The work of the unhappy judge is thereby simplified.

1st January, 1934.

MAURICE GRIFFITHS.

Log of "Foam" 1933.

I HAD ENTERED *Foam* for the Irish Cruising Club Race from Kingstown to Holyhead on 2nd June, and planned to run her to Kingstown via the Grand Canal, which only takes three days ; but on applying for a pass I was informed that the water was too low for my draught, so I had to make the passage round the South Coast.

It was a terrible rush to get *Foam* ready in time, and when my crew (George Whitfield) joined me on 25th May, I had only just shipped the mast, and it was 10 p.m. before we had her sufficiently ship-shape to knock off for a meal.

We left Limerick at 7.50 the next morning and beat against a fresh West wind and short wetting sea, with the assistance of the engine. We carried the tide to Tarbert, where we anchored at 3 p.m. After lunch we put the finishing touches to the rigging, and washed away the dirt of Limerick Docks. We left Tarbert at 7.10 p.m., in a flat calm, and arrived at Carrigaholt at 10 p.m.

We left at 8.30 the next morning under all plain sail, with a light wind North, and set the course for Sibyl Point, 40 miles distant. As usual the long Atlantic swell produced that horrible empty feeling which luckily wears off after the first day at sea. Nearing Smerwick the wind died, and we started the engine and steamed through the Blasket Sound. The scenery here is really beautiful, the rugged and lofty Sibyl Point rising steeply out of the sea, the Three Sisters, the jagged rocks in the Sound and Brandon Point with its halo of cloud. We picked up a light north air outside the Sound, so stopped the engine and ghosted along in glorious sunshine to Knightstown, Valencia, where we anchored at 9.30 p.m. ; 58 miles from Carrigaholt.

We were congratulating ourselves on the prospect of a free wind the next day, but alas! what little wind there was had changed from N. to S.S.E. or dead against us, so we set off under engine at 7.55 a.m., and headed out to sea, via the Port Magee Channel. We noticed quantities of seagulls flying out to the Skelligs with nesting in their beaks. Opposite Kenmare River the engine stopped, and after taking the carburettor to pieces, and then cleaning the petrol filter we found that the trouble was dirt in the petrol tank outlet. This job, which would have taken only a short time on land, was quite tedious in the long Atlantic swell, and an hour had passed before we were under way again. This delay, coupled with the fact that we had wasted quite a lot of petrol, made us decide on Crookhaven instead of Baltimore. The swell was so smooth and oily that we ignored the race off Mizen Head ; but we won't do it again in a hurry. The crowd of sightseers on the lighthouse must have been highly delighted at our antics. We moored at Crookhaven at 8.5 p.m., but found that there was no garage. Eventually, having impressed a local car owner of our anxiety to be in time for the race, he very kindly gave us two tins.

Monday, 29th May, was one of those days that a yachtsman dreams about. There was no wind when we woke up at 6.30 ; but by the time we had finished breakfast and washed up, there was a light N.W. wind, so we got the topsail on her, and let go at 8.25 a.m. Outside we set the spinnaker and laid a course for Cape Clear. The breeze was slowly backing, so that when we got to Cape Clear we were still able to carry it on our new course E. to Queenstown. It was a perfect day, fair wind, smooth sea, and a hot sun.

I placed cushions on deck forward inside the shrouds and lay on my back looking up at the bellying sails and the swaying mast until the ripple of the seas lulled me to sleep. Hi ! I've got a vacuum, yells George, and when I produced the bread and cheese and beer, I was quite as ready for it as he was. The breeze held well, and we made 6 knots between Toe Head and Galley Head, and $6\frac{1}{4}$ between Galley Head and Seven Heads. I was in the middle of another snooze when off the Old Head of Kinsale George

woke me and directed my attention forward. There in the distance was the most beautiful sight that man can behold—a four-masted barque under full sail, the *Parma*, I believe, leaving Queenstown for Falmouth. We felt so good that instead of putting into Queenstown we decided to make a night of it, so hove-to near the Daunt Light Vessel, and took the topsail off her, and then altered course for the Hook Light, Waterford River, 50 miles distant, carrying plain sail and spinnaker. We took two-hour watches during the night. At 11.40 p.m. I sighted Mine Head Light. When I took over again at 4 a.m. it was cloudy, and the wind was light, so at 5 a.m. we started the engine. The sun came up rather too red to be healthy, and at 7.30 a.m. we got a S.S.W. wind, so stopped the engine, and sailed to Dunmore where we anchored at 10.30 a.m., having covered 113 miles.

The next morning was drizzling and foggy; but we got away at 2.10 p.m., and steered a course through the Saltee Sound. When nearing the Barrel's Buoy it came down thick; but with the help of the compass and the odd glimpse of a buoy or beacon, we found our way into Rosslare at 10.45 p.m.

The next day, 1st June, was particularly nasty: thick fog and strong S. wind. If it wasn't for the race next day, I would never have put to sea. We left Rosslare at 8.40 a.m., and set compass course for the North Shear Channel, inside the Long and Lucifer Banks. At 9.25 a.m. we sighted the Wexford entrance No. 3 B Buoy to port. Visibility now got worse, and at 9.45 a.m. we heard the North Shear Whistle to starboard, but could not see it, neither could we see the Wexford No. 1 B Buoy to port, although the distance between the two is only $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. We were clearly on our course, so steered N.E. for the Rush Channel 9 miles away. At 10.45 we should have sighted the Blackwater No. 5 Buoy to starboard, but it was now as thick as pea soup. We were doing a good 6 knots with the tide and a fresh following wind, and with the Rush Bank and the Blackwater Bank ahead, we decided it was not good enough so we altered course N. to sight the shore, which is clear here. Morris Castle is just inside the Rush Bank, and we hoped that by keeping the land in view, we would be sure to find it.

Gradually the fog ahead took on a yellow haze. George was at the mast looking out when I yelled that I saw a ruined castle ahead with a big archway, but suddenly, to my horror, it turned out to be a horse on the sand quite close to. We put about quickly and got away from the breakers with vertical breeze up, and kept as near the land as we dared. The bearing of the coast corresponded to that south of Cahore Point, so we felt confident that when we arrived there, we must see the Sluice No. 1 B Buoy, which is only .8 of a mile from the shore. When we sighted this, a course N.E. would take us safely out of the trap.

We carried on like this until suddenly we saw breakers close to port, and I jammed the tiller hard down just in time. We had sailed between the land and No. 1 Sluice B Buoy without seeing either! However, we were now safe as we had plenty of sea room to starboard, so set course N.E. Visibility gradually improved, and at 12.45 p.m. we sighted Glassgorman No. 3 B Buoy to port. The wind now increased, and in taking in the mizzen, the gooseneck snapped. Opposite Arklow we rolled down two reefs, and shortly after had to roll down two more. Near Mizen Head the tide had turned against us and the seas became steep and breaking. We were heavily pressed, and we lowered the peak and topped up the boom, which was being struck by the overtaking seas. Nearing Wicklow steering became difficult, and George tried to roll in some more sail, but the pressure of the gaff against the lee stays, prevented the jaws from being lowered, so, using the topsail sheet as a vang, we got the gaff inboard, which allowed George to lower the jaws right down on the boom. He then hauled on the peak halyard till the gaff was up and down the mast, and by tightening both topping lifts on either side of the gaff end, we had a most effective trisail. This eased the ship considerably.

Off Wicklow a heavy rain squall struck us and she was so heavily pressed that I was unable to prevent a few jibes, the wind and seas being dead aft; but as we had the boom topped and the sheet well in, no damage was done. The sky looked very black and threatening behind, and we would have liked to run into Wicklow, but I was afraid to bring the steep seas on our beam with our comic rig. As the wind increased, the seas got more steep and confused, but we only got the tops of the waves on board. Dalkey

Sound, and all around the vicinity of the island was a mass of broken water, so we gave it a wide berth, and when we got in its lee we raised the gaff and entered Kingstown Harbour under our four-reefed main and foresail in a really wonderful "mooring squall"—buckets of wind and blinding rain, and anchored near *Mavis* at 8.5 p.m.: 67 miles in 11¼ hours—practically 6 knots average—so we were not dallying.

After exchanging a welcome with *Mavis's* skipper, Mr. J. B. Kearney, who designed and built *Foam*, we did a quick and clumsy stow. We were soaking wet, very cold, very hungry, and d—— tired, and rowed ashore where a lady friend of George's kindly drove us to the Marine Hotel where we ordered two hot baths and three large dinners, and then to the bar where we demolished two very large drinks and left two large pools of water behind. What a glorious thing a hot bath really is! and then to sit down to a well-served dinner in dry clothes. We did that dinner justice I can assure you. After dinner we were sitting in the lounge having coffee when we heard the lifeboat maroons go up so we donned our oilskins and legged it hard for the Lifeboat Station. There was a devil of a crowd, all waiting to be taken on, but they even overlooked George's Naval experience, saying that the crew was already complete. We watched the launch which was done in excellent time, but heard after that the boat was out most of the night on a false alarm, so we were glad we weren't there!

The next day, Friday, 2nd June, I got the mizen gooseneck repaired, provisioned ship and got everything in readiness for the race, which was scheduled for 10 p.m. that night. We dined at the Marine Hotel at 7 p.m., where we had arranged to meet "Bosco," who was racing with us, but we eventually found him on *Foam*, his message to the Marine having miscarried.

Unfortunately, the three Flag Officers were all prevented by illness from taking part, so we had only four starters: *Mavis*, 10-ton Yawl, scratch; *Lil*, 10-ton Ketch, 60 min.; while *Marie*, 6-ton Cutter, 24 ft. L.W.L., and *Foam*, both got 65 minutes.

There was the lightest of airs from the S. by E., which was a beat, our course being E.S.E. The five-minute gun went at 10.5 p.m., and we crossed the line between the piers at 10.10 p.m., *Mavis* leading. We were in the starboard tack, close hauled, and at 12.50 we had the Kish Light Vessel about 1¼ miles to port. Shortly after midnight we were treated to a regular downpour which, however, brought with it quite a fresh squall, and we trashed through the accompanying short seas with green and red spray on either side and overtook *Lil* to windward.

When we were thoroughly soaked the rain stopped just before dawn, leaving a thick mist and light S. wind, and I turned in. At 8 a.m. the wind was so light that we set the topsail, and although we couldn't point so high, it gave us better steerage way. At 2 p.m., just two tides from the Kish, I put her about on the port tack, and was able to point south as the wind had backed slightly. This should bring us two miles west of the North Stack, but we had the E. going tide in our favour from 1.23 p.m., which I reckoned should put us about right.

As the time drew near for land to appear every distant cloud on the hazy horizon seemed to take shape until at last, about 3.30 p.m., a high point of land appeared on our bowsprit. It looked like an island, and at first we feared it was the Skerries, and that we had overshot our mark, when suddenly a long black streak emerged from it and we recognised the Irish Mail boat leaving Holyhead for Kingstown. It was a pretty good landfall considering we had only tacked once and carried no log. Then, to add to the excitement, *Marie* appeared out of the mist a couple of miles on our port quarter, she was to windward of us, and was sailing fairly free while we could barely point for Holyhead; but the tide was in our favour and carrying us to windward all the time. Then the breeze increased and the mist cleared and we sighted *Lil* about two miles over our stern. Then *Marie* had some trouble setting a big topsail and we gained a good lead, only to lose it when the topsail was drawing properly.

In the meantime the tide had helped us so that we could now easily point Holyhead Breakwater. It was neck and neck as *Marie* and *Foam* converged on the finishing line, and it was only then that I realized the full power of the tide that was helping us, and set the reaching foresail. On the large scale chart No. 1413 this is given as ½ to 1 knot

on the flood between the North Stack and Holyhead Breakwater, but although the tides were neap, I swear it was nearer $3\frac{1}{2}$ knots, as I had to point well to leeward of the lighthouse to allow for it. But it was too late, *Marie* gradually drew away from us and crossed the line at 5.15 p.m., just three minutes ahead of us. Pretty good handicapping for a twenty-hour passage. We found *Mavis* in the harbour, having arrived at 3.49 p.m., thus easily saving her time. *Lil* arrived at 6.15 p.m. We had an excellent dinner at the L.M.S. Hotel, and Mr. Mellon of *Lil* presented a replica of the Wybrant's Cup to Mr. J. B. Kearney, and we finished off the evening with the customary cheery sing-song.

Next day, Whit Sunday, was gloriously hot, and we basked in the sun and bathed. We had hoped to make Kingstown on Monday, but the fog signal on the South Stack had been booming all the morning, so "Bosco" decided to return by the L.M.S. Mail Boat. We escorted him on board and called on the Captain and enquired what the weather was like at sea. He said he saw nothing after leaving Kingstown until he sighted the Holyhead Breakwater, and that our only chance would be to try a night passage, so we left Holyhead at 9.10 p.m.

It was a glorious evening with a beautiful red sunset and fresh S.S.W. wind, and an even sea, and the mountains of Wales reflected the sun's rich changing colours as it gradually disappeared behind the horizon. But shortly after 10 p.m. we suddenly ran into thick fog. A quarter of an hour later, we heard the Mail Boat's siren ahead to starboard, and five minutes later, another siren ahead to port. It was a horrible feeling, as we were doing a good five knots, and could only see a few yards ahead, so we rolled down two reefs. The sirens got nearer and nearer, then our starboard light went out and our fog-horn sounded futile. I kept flashing a torch on the mainsail in the hope they would see us in time. At last, to our intense relief, the sirens passed on either side, and we left them astern. We then had trouble with our compass batteries. In the early hours we met some quite steep seas which, being on our beam, were difficult to avoid owing to the thick fog. Eventually, at 5 a.m. the fog gradually cleared, and we made out the Hill of Howth ahead. We then sighted the L.M.S. Mail Boat on our port and felt a certain satisfaction when we saw that she also had been carried north of the Kish. We dropped anchor in Kingstown Harbour at 9.10 a.m. and turned in. It had been a nerve-racking passage and we slept till after midday.

That evening and the next day we enjoyed the hospitality of the Kingstown Yacht Clubs. We left at 12.45 p.m. on Thursday, 8th June. It was a pleasant sail, a fresh N. wind, and smooth sea, and we carried the spinnaker as far as Mizen Head and arrived at Arklow at 7.15 p.m. and warped into the inner harbour.

That night the wireless forecast gave "wind light or moderate" so on the strength of this we decided to tow the dinghy, thus giving more light and air in the cabin.

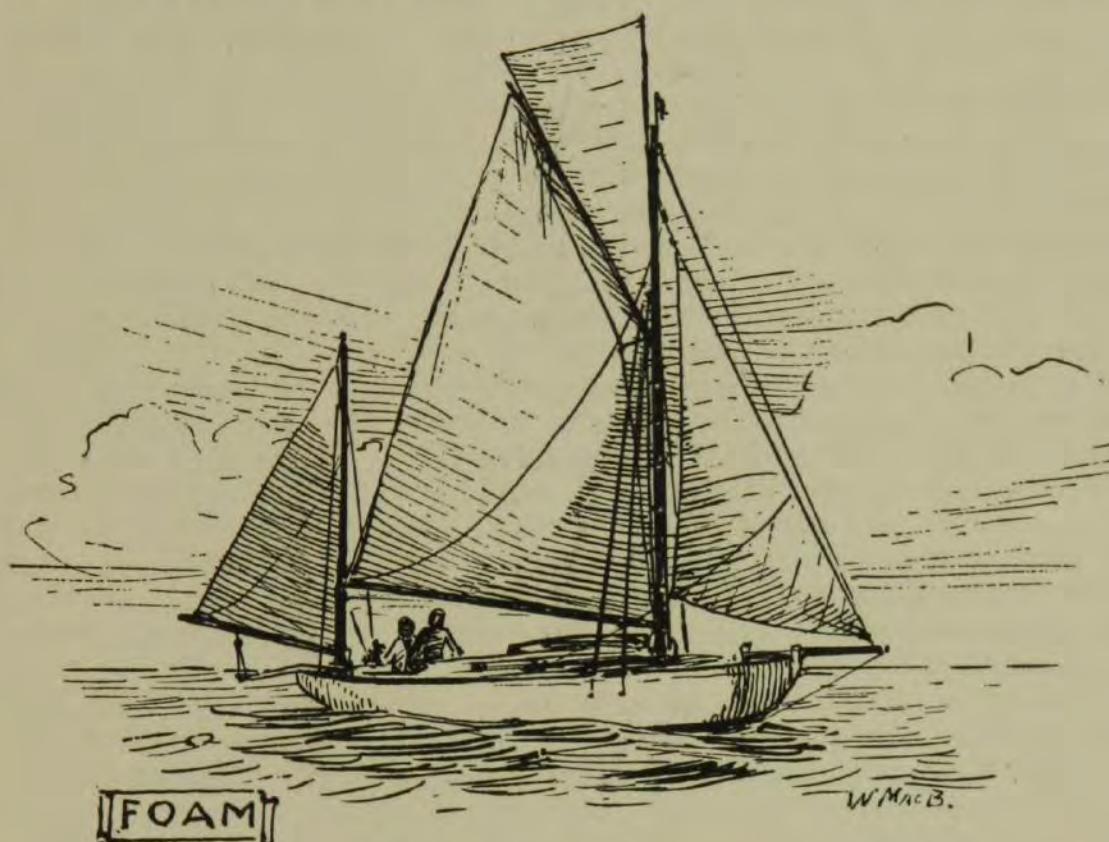
We left at 8.15 a.m., but as soon as we got outside the shelter of the river, we found a steep sea running, and a strong wind, and I got George to roll down two reefs. As we got out further the seas became worse, and one unruly crest broke over our starboard quarter into the well. Steering became so difficult that off Glassgorman No. 2 B Buoy. I told George to roll down two more reefs, but in doing so the square on the axle of the boom of the reefing gear snapped so we stowed the mainsail and mizen, and ran before the wind under jib only. This eased her considerably, but the dinghy was causing us grave anxiety: one moment she would be almost thrown on board, or crash into the mizen bumkin, the next she would be spinning round on her flat bottom, to be brought up with a jerk by the painter. During one of the latter manoeuvres we noticed one of the painters strands snap and unravel. We very carefully pulled her alongside and succeeded, at the expense of damaged knuckles, in fixing one big hemp warp around the forward thwart, and by paying out a good length, she kept clear of our stern.

By 12.10 p.m. we had our old friend Rush Channel No. 1 B Buoy, marking "The Sluice" abeam, and had intended taking the passage between the Banks, but the wind was now so strong and the seas so short and steep, that I decided that when the tide turned against the wind later on, it would be dangerous to drive a boat of *Foam's* size through such broken water, so I altered course out to sea.

Although we were under jib only, we made 6 knots between the Blackwater No. 2 and

No. 3 B Buoys, and $6\frac{1}{2}$ from there to the Lucifer Light Vessel, which we passed to seaward at 2 p.m., and got a hearty cheer from the crew. As we neared the Tuksar Rock we congratulated ourselves we had taken the outside passage as between there and Carnsore Point the Bailies were one unbroken mass of foam.

We had to give the Tuskar a wide berth, and when clear of the South Rock Buoy, we set the mizen and headed for the passage between the Barrels Light Vessel and Barrels Buoy, my idea being that by getting in the lee of the land, we should get smoother water. But this proved to be a mistake, as between the Barrels and the Saltees we again ran into steep and breaking seas, and at the entrance to the Saltee Sound, one steep sea capsized the dinghy and she dived under. We hove to under mizen, and with great difficulty succeeded in hauling the dinghy on board. We now entered the Saltee Sound. It was well



we had the dinghy on board as she could never have survived the Saltee Sound. Half way through I didn't think we would survive it. One moment we were standing on our head, the next our bow was in the air, and an incredibly steep concave sea rolled up behind us as we stood on our tail, and it seemed impossible that our canoe stern would lift in time. It was hard work with both hands on the tiller to meet such a confused sea squarely, and at the same time to keep to the narrow channel, and when we got safely through I felt quite done-in.

In Ballyteige Bay the seas were smoother, and the wind now eased, so we set the mainsail. By 9.15 p.m. the wind had got so light that we started the engine and anchored at Dunmore at 11 p.m., having covered the 73 miles in $14\frac{3}{4}$ hours—mostly under jib, at an average of 5 knots.

We slept well into Saturday, and then set to work to repair the damage. We got two odd looking oars and a thwart for the dinghy; repaired the mainsail which was badly chafed and rove a new mainsheet and mizen topping lift, and repaired the clew of the jib. I was also able to file a square on the remains of the worm shaft of the reefing gear sufficient for the handle to grip.

We left Dunmore at 8.30 the next morning. The wind was light N.N.W., and we could barely hold our course. At 10.55 we started the engine, but at 11.15 a rain squall

with a nice breeze slightly more north, allowed us to make our course close-hauled, and we stopped the engine. We got quite a heavy squall off Dungarvan Bay, and we both got very wet. The wind held, however, and we made $6\frac{1}{2}$ knots between Rame Head and the Pollock Rock Buoy, and anchored at Crosshaven at 8.30 p.m., and were welcomed by the Vice-Commodore of the Irish Cruising Club, Mr. H. P. F. Donegan. Members of the Royal Munster Yacht Club then called with an invitation, and after a clean up and change into dry clothes, we had an excellent dinner ashore, and enjoyed the hospitality of the cheery members of the club till the early hours of Monday. We slept late and decided to take a day off, and it was again after midnight before we got aboard *Foam*!

Tuesday, 13th, was a lovely warm morning, but very little wind, so we left Crosshaven under plain sail and engine at 9 a.m., and passed close to the liner S.S. *Washington* anchored outside the harbour. At 10.15 we got a light breeze from the N.E. and stopped the engine, and set topsail and spinnaker; but we were only making about 2 knots against the tide, so at midday off Barry Head we started the engine again. At 8 p.m. off Galley Head a light breeze allowed us to stop the engine and enjoy to the full the glorious scenery of this wonderful coast as we glided silently by Glandore Bay, Castlehaven, The Stags, Kedge Island, and the scene was enhanced by the most glorious red sunset with marvellous cloud effects, and as the day gradually turned into night, the stars shone out with unusual brilliance while our wake sparkled like the milky way with phosphorus. We started the engine at 11.30 p.m. off Kedge Island, and groped our way into Baltimore, where we anchored at 12.15 a.m. I had never been to Baltimore before, and was charmed with the surroundings and perfect shelter afforded.

We left at 12.15 p.m. carrying topsail as the air was light S.E., and soon had to start the engine. It was a gloriously hot day and we steamed along close to the shore past Cape Clear and Mizen Head. Off Three Castles Head a light air from the west allowed us to stop the engine, and we ghosted along with reaching foresail across Bantry Bay. What a wonderful piece of coast this is: the lofty Slieve Miskish and Caha Mountains ahead, the great expanse of water of Bantry Bay to starboard, the weird-shaped islands, the Bull, Cow and Calf off Dursey Head, and the broad Atlantic to port, and on this beautiful day the mountains were a deep cobalt blue like old china, and the sea a transparent green. How different this long undulating swell compared to the short seas met with on the other coasts of Ireland. We sailed into Berehaven by the westerly entrance and anchored in Castletown at 5.20 p.m. No sooner had we anchored than I.F.S. aeroplane dived down on us and had a good look. We had a similar visitation at Arklow, off Hook Point and near Seven Heads. It appears there was a great gunrunning scare on and the coast was kept well patrolled.

We left Castletown at 12.30 the next afternoon under engine, there being no wind. Visibility was bad, and nearing Crow Head we ran into thick fog banks, but it cleared sufficiently to allow us to take the short passage through Dursey Sound. On entering Kenmare River there was a light N.N.W. wind, and we stopped the engine and set sail; but had to start it an hour later as the wind was heading us. The fog came down thick off Scariiff Island, and we had to steer a compass course. We sighted Puffin Island, and then the fog lifted and we steered through the Port Magee entrance and stopped the engine and sailed to Knightstown Valentia, anchoring at 9.40 p.m. I have recorded in the log the very excellent supper we had at the Royal Hotel, consisting of two beautifully fresh lobsters, salad, tea, toast, at only 5s. for the two of us.

And now for the last lap and the most strenuous day of the cruise, as we were caught in the moderate gale that reached the Irish coast on Friday afternoon, 16th June. The Barometer had dropped from 30.16 on Thursday to 30.06 Friday morning. It was cloudy with a wetting drizzle and no wind, but later it cleared and there was a light W.S.W. wind, so we got the anchor up at 9.25 a.m., and set the reaching foresail when we got outside.

At 10.30 I got the shipping forecast, "Wind W. to S.W., moderate to fresh, visibility moderate, cloudy and occasional rain. Further outlook wind W. or N.W. Strong at times." I was having a nap in the cabin when George called me to get the reaching foresail off her. We were at the entrance to the Blasket Sound, and there was a fresh wind blowing. It was a struggle to get the big foresail off her without tearing it. but this we did with no more damage than a few blood stains. The sea was very confused in the Sound, but we had

worked our tides well as it was slack water. When we emerged again into the open Atlantic, there was a big sea running, and the sky to windward was black and threatening. We hove-to, and rolled down $2\frac{1}{2}$ reefs and put her on her course for Carrigaholt 40 miles away. The wind was on our starboard quarter, so I kept a bit to windward of my course. Off Ballydavid Head a heavy squall struck us and the white-capped seas grew really formidable, as we slowly climbed up the back of one and then plunged down the steep face of the next into the trough between where we could see no horizon. We were heavily pressed, and it was an anxious time keeping her before the seas while George up forward, lowered the jaws on the boom and topped up the peak against the mast. At 3 p.m. off Brandon Head there was a heavy rain squall, and the land was obliterated, so we had to steer a compass course. I went below and had a look at the barometer. It had dropped three points since the morning, and I then realized we were in for a dusting. We got the mainsail off her and fixed the boom securely to the starboard quarter, stowed the mizen and ran before it under jib. As the wind increased, visibility improved and we sighted Kerry Head, and then the wind began to veer and we gradually found ourselves on a lee shore, so we set the mizen and clawed off to windward.

But as squall followed squall it was imperative to run before the breaking seas, so that what we gained on the lulls we lost again, and I realized we could never weather the Beal Bar Buoy without bringing her on the wind, so choosing a favourable opportunity I jammed the tiller down on the top of a sea, and she responded nobly, only shipping very little water. We now felt the full strength of the wind, and I was afraid my mizen mast would never stand as we fought our way to windward.

As the river narrowed the seas became steeper, so that I had to luff continually to prevent them coming on board. It was here that we met a sea with two tops, and although I had all way off when it struck us, the second top broke right over our bows and soaked us. However, we were now sufficiently to windward, so we furled the mizen and ran her off again before the wind.

As we neared Kilcredan Head I knew that the worst had still to come as the Shannon which is 8 miles wide at the mouth, narrows to $1\frac{3}{4}$ miles between Kilcredan and Dooneen Point, and half this distance on the South Shore, is the Beal Bar sandbank, which only leaves $\frac{3}{4}$ mile navigable. Then on the north shore is the notorious Kilstiffen Bank, which breaks in heavy weather.

My problem was to go as near Kilstiffen Bank as I dared, so as to weather the Beal red Buoy. It was anxious work as I fought with the tiller to prevent her broaching-to, but after what seemed an age we at last won through and setting the mizen, altered course N. for Carrigaholt.

Although we were only under mizen and jib and in the lee of the land, the squalls were so fierce that they put our gunwales under. We dropped anchor in $2\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms off the castle at Carrigaholt at 9 p.m., and let out all the chain. Through lack of food and cold and strain we were too done to put out a kedge, and after some food we turned in all standing so as to be ready for any emergency. By midnight the barometer had dropped to 29.8. It was a terrible night, the wind shrieking through the rigging, the spray breaking right over the bows to be brought up with a splash against the well aft bulkhead, while the chain, which must have been bar taunt, snubbed heavily as the bows was thrown up by the waves. Although we were both tired out, neither of us could sleep and during the heavy squalls one or other of us would involuntarily crawl out, convinced that we must be dragging, but the anchor held. We got the shipping forecast at 10.30 the next morning: "Gale warning Irish and Scottish coast in a west direction." We had run out of bread, butter, sugar and beer; but as there was no possibility of getting ashore, we used our iron rations. The wind was stronger than ever, and it was all we could do under full engine to stem it in order to lay out the kedge. We then set to work and got the storm jib and mizen on her in case our cables parted. It blew hard from the N.W. with heavy rain squalls all that day and night, and at 11 p.m. we got another gale warning. Sunday morning the barometer had dropped to 29.66 and the shipping forecast was "Wind N.W. strong to gale."

It was blowing nearly as hard as ever, but our food was running short so we got in the

ledge and at 10.40 a.m. we managed to get the anchor up with the help of the engine and headed inland under storm mizen and jib. It was an exhilarating sail after our hours of inaction, especially through the Tarbert Race where we couldn't avoid taking a fair share of water on board. We covered the 22 miles to Foynes in 3 hours 40 minutes, which works out at 6 knots under storm sails, and anchored at 2.20 p.m.

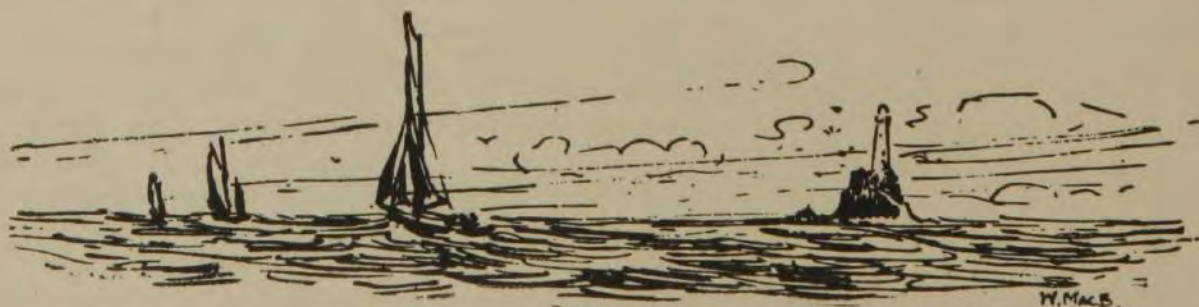
The wind eased that evening, and the next day was beautifully warm with a light N.W. wind, and we carried topsail and spineraker most of the way to Limerick where we anchored at 4 p.m. Thus ended what was to me, the most interesting cruise I have made. We covered 868 miles in 17 days sailing. We seemed to meet every possible kind of weather, but our average speed for the whole distance works out at $4\frac{1}{2}$ knots, and would be very much better if it was not for the slow time on the race to Holyhead where we only averaged 3 knots. We were quite sad at leaving our small floating home which had behaved so well under all conditions, and I may say that we are both strong exponents of a canoe stern, but we have not much faith in the shipping forecasts.

29th November, 1933.

DAVID M. TIDMARSH.

SUMMARY

DATE	—	MILES	TIME	KNOTS	RIG
<i>May:</i>			H. M.		
—	Limerick.				
Fri. 26	Carrigaholt ...	45	10 0	4.5	Plain sail. Engine 8 hours
Sat. 27	Valentia ...	58	13 0	4.5	Plain sail. " 4 "
Sun. 28	Crookhaven ...	52	12 10	4.3	" 12 "
Mon. 29	Dunmore ...	113	24 25	4.6	Topsail, spinaker. " 2½ "
Tues. 30	Rosslare ...	33	7 30	4.5	Plain sail. Engine : 3 hrs. 50 min.
Wed. 31	Kingstown ...	67	11 25	6.0	Jury rig.
<i>June:</i>					
Thur. 1	Holyhead ...	53	17 40	3.0	Plain sail topsail.
Fri. 2	Kingstown ...	53	12 0	4.5	Plain sail ; two reefs.
Mon. 5	Arklow ...	34	6 30	5.1	Spinaker. Engine ½ hour.
Thur. 8	Dunmore ...	73	14 45	5.0	Jib only.
Fri. 9	Crosshaven ...	57	12 0	4.8	Plain sail. Engine 20 min.
Sun. 11	Baltimore ...	53	15 10	3.5	Topsail, spinaker. " 7 hours
Tues. 13	Berehaven ...	33	7 45	4.4	Topsail. " 4 "
Wed. 14	Valentia ...	41	9 10	5.4	Plain sail. " 5 "
Thur. 15	Carrigaholt ...	58	11 35	5.5	Jib.
Fri. 16	Foynes ...	22	3 40	6.0	Storm mizen and jib.
Sun. 18	Limerick ...	23	5 0	4.5	Topsail, spinaker.
	Total ...	868	193 45		



"Mavis" Cruise—1933

TO PORTTREE (ISLE OF SKYE), AND HOME VIA CRINAN CANAL AND CLYDE

WE SLIPPED our moorings in Kingstown Harbour at 8.30 p.m. on 8th July, and sailed to Howth Harbour. My crew consisted of P. J. Crossan, W. J. Douglas, and W. Carson.

Sunday, 9th July, weighed anchor at 5 a.m. Barometer 29.5. S.W. wind, light. Rockabill abeam at 7.35. Streamed log, set course N.E. by N. Wind fresh from same direction. Sighted *Sonia* to seaward bound north.

A.M.

- 8 50 Log reads $6\frac{1}{2}$. Set No. 2 spinnaker.
- 1 15 Sighted cutter bound south, presumably *Happy Days II*. Wind freshening. Visibility poor. Barometer falling.
- 3 15 Passed Strangford Buoy. Lowered spinnaker. Sighted *Sonia* far astern, with freshening wind, and bad visibility. Feel uneasy about *Sonia*, as owner is single-handed.
- 5 35 Skulmartin Ship abeam. Log reads 59, hauled same. Bar. 29.3.
- 6 30 Hove to, and lowered all sail. Started engine.
- 7 0 Anchored in Donaghadee alongside *Esterel*. At 7.30 p.m. Barometer reads 29.2. *Sonia* arrived at 7.55 p.m.

Monday, July 10. Left Donaghadee at 3.5 p.m. under power. Set trysail outside, wind S.W. squally. Encountered heavy thunderstorm crossing Belfast Lough. Bar. 29.1

- 4 55 Larne abeam. Left Hunter Rock to starboard; heavy squalls.
- 6 5 Off Carnlough. Started engine, and stowed sails. Noticed white cutter anchored off harbour with peculiar flag streaming from mast. Offered tow, which was accepted, and we entered Carnlough, which seemed to amuse the large number of spectators ashore. The flag after all turned out to be a flying jib. Visited by Customs Officer. Barometer steady.

July 11. 10.30 a.m. Bar. reads 29.0.

- 1 50 Left Carnlough under power. Set jib, foresail, trysail, and mizzen. Wind S.W. moderate.
- 4 10 Entered Rathlin Sound. Squally. Pushed through nasty overfalls with the assistance of engine.
- 6 45 Off Bengore Head. Rain squalls and nasty short sea, head wind.
- 8 15 Anchored in Portrush. Heavy rain. 11.30 p.m. Barometer has fallen to 28.97. We remained three days here to enjoy the rain.

A.M. July 15. 8 a.m. Bar. 29.08.

- 9 25 Left Portrush under power, set full sail outside, and set course for Small Isles, Sound of Jura. Steady moderate breeze all day from N.W. Very pleasant sail.

P.M.

- 5 30 Small Isles abeam; decided to carry on for Loch Swen with a fresh fair wind. Let go anchor in Tayvallich at 9.45 p.m. Barometer 29.2.
- July 16. Spent forenoon in dinghy (outboard motor) exploring the shallow water of Caol Scotnish. Bar. 29.32.
- 3 30 Left Tayvallich under power, and when taking a short cut stuck fast on tail of rocks at centre. As the tide was falling little time could be lost to refloat; the engine was put full speed astern, with spinnaker boom over bow, and two hands pushing as hard as they could, but of no avail; the spinnaker boom was then placed at an angle

of 45° over the starboard side amidships with the luff tackle secured to runner plate, and becketted to top end of spinnaker boom. By passing the fall through runner lead on deck, and all hands pulling, listed the ship to port, and by working the engine from slow to full astern, managed to refloat, taking care to clear rocks. Proceeded out of Tayvallich, and down Loch Swen without further mishap. We anchored alongside *Lil* at Crinan, at 8.40 p.m. Barometer rising.

July 17. Bar. 29.5 at 7.45 a.m. Calm. Weighed anchor and started under power at 9.10 a.m. Through Dorus Mor at 1.05. Light variable wind. Anchored at Oban 1.45 p.m. Shipped stores, etc. Weighed anchor at 6.15 p.m. Bar. 29.6. Proceeded to Tobermoy, where we dropped hook at 11.30 p.m. Raining, of course, at Tobermory.

July 18. Remained anchored all day to enjoy the rain.

July 19. Bar. 29.4—8.30 a.m. Weighed anchor at 10 a.m., and set course for Ardnamurchan Point under headsails and mizzen, later set trysail. Wind S.S.W. fresh, increasing. Rounded Point at 11.50 a.m. With plenty of wind on a broad reach passed Mallaig at 3 p.m. Carried on and anchored at Isle Ornsay in heavy thunder shower at 5.30 p.m. Bar. 29.3.

July 20. 8.10 a.m., Bar. 29.28. Left Ornsay at 10.20 a.m. under trysail; sailed through Kyle Akin 1.5 p.m. More rain. Anchored Portree at 5.20 p.m.

July 21. Visited John Smellie's new Motor Cruiser *Orani*. Sailed at 5.5 p.m. with fine fair wind. Anchored at Lochna Beist at 9.10 p.m. Bar. 29.5. No rain to-day for a wonder.

July 22. Bar. 29.62. Sailed at 11.30 a.m. with light variable wind and some sunshine. Had a pleasant sail to Mallaig, where we anchored at 5.30 p.m. Barometer rising.

July 23. Went on a land cruise in a Ford Ton Truck to Loch Morar, where we spent a very enjoyable forenoon. We were obliged to hire a saloon car to take us back. Sailed for Tobermory at 2.45 p.m. with light wind and variable. At 5 p.m. wind freshened from S.W. with some rain. Rounded Ardnamurchan Point at 10.15 p.m. Anchored at Tobermory 12 midnight.

July 24. Bar. 29.64. Heavy Scotch mist. Left Tobermory at 10 a.m. under power, set sail at 12 o'clock, to take advantage of light leading wind through the Sound of Mull, the afternoon turned out fine, anchored off Brandystone (Oban) at 2.50 p.m. Rain again. Barometer 29.5. Spent evening ashore at Oban.

July 25. Left Oban 9.5 a.m., calm. Proceeded to Crinan under power. Locked into Canal at 1 p.m. Arrived Ardrishaig at 8.30 p.m. Barometer 29.44.

July 26. Unlocked at 7 a.m. Bar. 29.36. Sailed to Tarbert, where we arrived at 9.40 a.m. Left Tarbert at 1.30 p.m. under full sail, and had a pleasant run to Rothesay through Kyles of Bute. Picked up C.C.C. Moorings, Rothesay Bay, 6.50 p.m. Collected letters and ordered stores. Bar. 29.44.

July 27. Bar. 29.48. Left Rothesay 4 p.m. Arrived Lamlash in another downpour at 8 o'clock. Bar. 29.40.

July 28. Bar. 29.40 at 4 a.m. Left Lamlash at 5 a.m. Strong S.W. wind, reefed mainsail, nasty head sea. Ailsa Craig abeam at 8.15. Off Corsewall Point the wind backed to South and lightened somewhat. Beat through Copeland Sound and anchored in Donaghadee at 5.30 p.m. Glad to find *Sonia* here. Bar. 29.25.

July 29. 8.30 a.m. Bar. 29.14; 9.40 a.m. Bar. 29.46. As the sky looked windy, and the longshoremen predicted dirty weather, we waited for Daventry forecast, which gave fresh to strong W. to N.W. wind, perhaps showers; as our time was limited, we decided to take a chance. Weighed anchor at 10.45 a.m. Wind westerly, moderate. Set reefed mainsail. Passed Skulmartin Light Ship at 11.50 a.m. Wind increasing with squalls, drizzle. 12.50 passed South Rock Light Ship. Strong W. wind with scend coming from South. 1.40 p.m. passed Strangford Buoy, and hauled close in for Ardglass, intending to shorten sail in the lee of the land; however, this was not done. 2.45 p.m. St. John's Point abeam. When Dundrum Bay was opened, we had still more wind and a nasty short sea. At

4 o'clock when almost across the Bay, the wire becket securing the runner to the mast on weather side broke, to save mast we luffed and proceeded to lower mainsail ; but the jib could not stand the luff, and split. The mainsail was quickly lowered, and remains of jib taken in ; during this operation the boat remained almost head to wind, thanks to yawl rig, as when the mizzen sheet was hauled taut, the work of stowing mainsail was easy : trysail and No. 2 jib was set, and

P.M. we bore away on our course again.

5 40 Haulbowline abeam, glad to have mainsail off, as Dundalk Bay is feather white.

6 20 Passed Imogene Buoy. Wind veering to N.W. and easing.

7 10 Altered course for Rockabill, and set No. 2 spinnaker.

9 45 Passed between Rockabill and Skerries' Islands.

11 0 Passed inside Lambay Island.

A.M.

12 15 Anchored in Howth Harbour.

This wound up an enjoyable cruise, although we had only seven days out of twenty-two without rain. We found comfortable anchorage every night.



“Failte’s” Cruise

IN AND OUT OF HARBOURS—LARGE AND SMALL

THE START was made from Howth on 3rd July at 5.25 a.m. Wind O, Bar. 30.55, on the last of the flood, under power for Arklow—the crew being G.T.T., W. MacB., and the Skipper.

Here our paid hand, J. R. of last year’s cruise, was taken on, and after having entertained our friends from the shore, we got under way for Fishguard 6.15 p.m., a perfect N.W. breeze, plain sail, beautifully clear evening, Bar. 30.6, Arklow Light. abeam 9 p.m. Course S.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ S., compass, for Strumble Head.

July 4. The Tuskar Light was lost at 12.15 a.m., and the Strumble Head picked up at 1.30 a.m. The breeze carried us up to within five miles of the land, and then under power we came to our anchor in Fishguard off the boathouse S. of the Steamer Pier, in 2 fathoms at 8.20 a.m.

We had hardly commenced breakfast before the vigilant Harbour Master was on our track for 5s. 7d. dues for the benefit of the G.W.R. Not being able to understand the Skipper’s replies to his queries, he got the Harbour tug under way and was satisfied that the *Failte* was bound from Arklow to Crosshaven, Co. Cork, he had never heard of that port before!

After breakfast we went on shore, satisfied the enquiries of the customs officials, got *Pratique*, and were therefore free to depart when we wished.

On a boiling day we walked up to the pleasant village of Fishguard above the old harbour of Cwm. Not far off is the scene of the famous ruse practised by the British General on the French force which had landed in 1797: he caused the Welsh country women to be mustered in their hundreds and paraded round and round Saddle Head in view of the invaders who mistook their red cloaks for the red uniforms of a large force of troops.

July 6. On Wednesday while the artist member of the crew was sketching in the old harbour, G.T. and the Skipper made an expedition to that most interesting Cathedral of St. Davids. Situated in a district which still carries into it suggestions of “Lyonesse where fragments of forgotten peoples dwelt.” On our return having been supplied with the weather report by the kindness of the G.W.R. Mail Steamer’s wireless officer, we weighed after tea at 5 p.m. Wind S. very light, under power.

Strumble Head to Conningbeg N.75° W. 59 miles.

Strumble Head passed at 6.15 p.m., and the engine kept going until 10.30 p.m., when a pleasant Northerly breeze took us on our way. It was a clear evening, Bishop’s Light quite plainly visible, and also the loom of the Smalls. The Skipper and J.R. took the middle watch, G.T. and W. MacB. turning in.

July 7. At 12.30 a.m. the Tuskar Light was sighted broad on the starboard bow. About 4 a.m. watch was changed, W. MacB. taking the helm and G.T. a mackerel! Dawn saw fog and a very light easterly air.

The Barrels were heard abeam at 8 a.m., and the tide being foul, it was not until 10.25 a.m. that the Conningbeg showed up dead ahead through the mist.

The Bar. still falling and the fog being unpleasant, we turned into Dunmore East. Sufficient allowance had not been made for the strong ebb making S.W. so we were set a couple of miles out of our true course, but picking up some Ballyhack men, mackerel lining, whose boat appeared to bear the same proportion to its crew as does a ship in a medieval picture, we came to anchor at Dunmore at 1.20 p.m. No fog gun was heard from the Hook—a complaint as to this was lodged, and most courteously replied to by the authorities.

We lay weather bound until Tuesday, 11th July, there being constant strong S.W. winds. However, on Tuesday desperation rather than better weather, drove

us from snug Dunmore, and leaving at 10.30 a.m. with Bar. 29.62, we battered our way under second jib, reefed mainsail, and mizzen, and in some very heavy rain, to Helvick Head, arriving at this delightfully welcome refuge at 8.10 p.m.

The entrance is towards the N.W. and rather narrow; but good water inside and a good pier to tie up to. We found inside M.T. Puffin, and a Norfolk Broad Yacht—and on shore an interested crowd of students from Ring Irish College taking their evening stroll.

After a quiet night the morning of Wednesday, 12th July, appeared to promise better weather, wind N. by W. with showers, left Helvick at 9.55 a.m.; but 2.10 p.m. found us, in lightish wind, S.W. again, as far as Ram Head, so engine was turned on and pushing on past Youghal and Ardmore a fresh S.W. breeze brought us into Ballycotton at 6.15 p.m.

Note—Ballycotton is full of warps and conger eels. Note also—make a bargain with any lobster boatman you may find hovering about for prey in the offing. Thursday, 13th July, broke with strong S.W. wind, and driving mist—heavy rain during night. Bar. 29.34 at 9 a.m. inclined to fall.

The Skipper went ashore early to obtain stores (a good butcher near the Post Office at end of village), and opinions as to the weather—the best authorities, the coxswain of the lifeboat, and the postmaster (a member of the crew) announced a dirty day outside, and



as this coincided with the Skipper's feelings, a day in port was decided on. Ballycotton is one of the chief resorts of the British Sea Anglers Association, who still muster in force there at the end of July, it is also famous locally for its congers, and some of us found much to interest during the morning in watching the experts catching these wily ones, and more perhaps in listening to the copious advice showered on the fishermen by a numerous band of spectators: "There now, ye have him now, Michael, and he as big round as a pig." During the afternoon we paid a very interesting visit to Cloyne Cathedral with its famous Berkeley tomb.

Friday morning better. Bar. 7.50 a.m.—29.56. Wind W. by N. fresh.

July 14. Having regretfully said good-bye to G.T., who had to leave for Dublin, his short holiday having come to an end, we got off at 8 a.m. for Crosshaven, picked up *Gull's* moorings there at 1.30 p.m. A beautiful afternoon. We got ashore after lunch for letters and then off again for Kinsale. Bar. 29.62 at 2.30 p.m. However, finding strong head wind and very heavy sea off Daunt's Rock, which we took 2½ hours to reach, we decided to return, and spent a quiet evening at moorings and enjoying the hospitality of the R.M.Y.C. Bar. 29.55 at 11.30 p.m.

July 15. Saturday a pleasant sail to Kinsale, leaving Crosshaven at 11.30 a.m., and anchoring close to Quay at Kinsale at 4.20 p.m. Bar. 29.8 at 9 p.m. As sailing directions indicate good anchorage is found a cable or less, off Quay where one is out of the tide.

Sunday was spent at the anchorage, a beautiful day, but with an ill-looking sky in the evening, which brought on Monday morning slight mist and fog. With Bar. at 30.1 and in a calm, we got away at 8.25 a.m. for Glandore.

July 17. Fog more or less all day with the usual head wind. Old Head was passed at 10 a.m., and slowly we beat by Seven Heads and across Clonakilty Bay, and just as we came up to Galley Head, the fog having by this time cleared, *Gull* passed us in great style, the Vice-Commodore steering, to whom we dipped, soon he passed away to leeward, and we bumped on, giving Dhulic a good berth, and picking up the marks for Glandore High Island and Adam and Eve and Foilnashark Head, we came to anchorage off the Rectory at 6.30 p.m. Here W. MacB. had to leave for Cork. A.W.R.C. who had been crew in the *Failte* on other occasions, taking his place.

Tuesday spent in pottering about and going out to look for mackerel, which effort was taken by a local shopkeeper as an attempt to escape payment of debts! a boat being sent after us in hot haste; however, their fears were allayed on our return to the anchorage in the evening.

Wednesday a strong head wind and rain kept us still in the bay and enjoying the hospitality of friends ashore.

July 20. Thursday with Bar. 29.93, wind W., we got away at 9.20 a.m. for Baltimore. A beautiful clear day, but a slow beat, with the usual head wind, coming to anchor off the little cove S.W. of the Pier at 5.30 p.m., in $1\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms. This was the furthest west



BALLYHACK FISHERMEN.

of the cruise, as fog, varying in density, prevailed during Friday and Saturday, which did not encourage the rounding of Cape Clear. However, we thoroughly explored Sherkin Island and O'Driscoll's castle, now a creamery, and the Baltimore shipyards. Note.—Petrol can be supplied by Mr. Denis Nolan.

The somnolence of Saturday afternoon was disturbed by the arrival of two Spanish trawlers for coal. Some of the crew, the engineroom hands, apparently, came ashore and amused themselves in boisterous horse-play. The remainder of the crew clothed in Sunday best sat quietly on deck paying no heed to their fellows' antics.

After a short wait a local resident was found to interperit, and having replenished their bunkers they departed. The evening was beautiful, and a tone of romance was given to the scene by the sight of a boat being steered over the calm waters by a boy singing a beautiful Gaelic melody.

Sunday was spent on shore.

July 24. Monday heavy fog, but we got under way for Kinsale at 8.25 a.m. with a gentle westerly wind and Bar. 30.31, weather clearing off Galley Head 1 p.m., and passing Old Head 5.5 p.m. Came to anchor in Kinsale 6.40 p.m. Bar., 10 p.m.—30.12.

Tuesday dull morning clearing to a beautiful day with brilliant sun, encouraging practice with the Sextant.

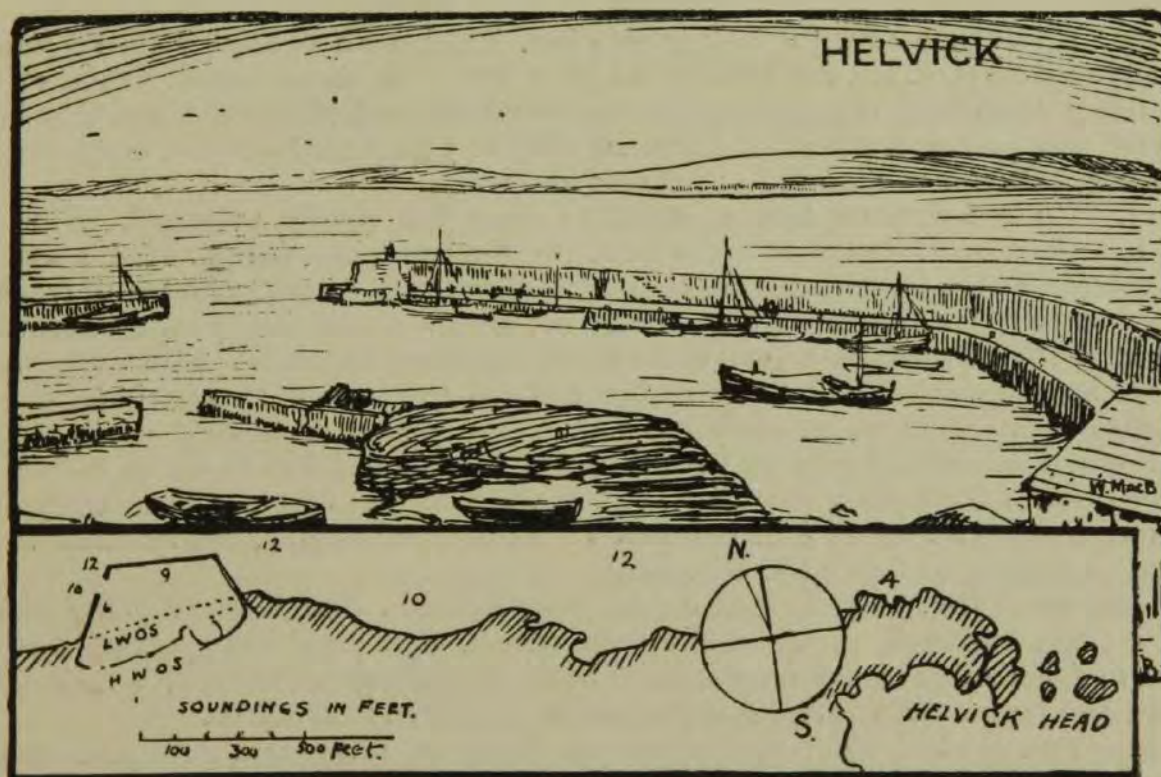
July 25. Leaving anchorage 8.40 a.m. we lay straight course for Capel Island, which with a fair wind we pass at 4.15 p.m., carry on to Youghal Bar, where the lead showing only $1\frac{1}{2}$ fathom, we anchor for tea and tide. We notice the Schooner *Emily Flemming* lying off and on waiting also for tide [she is the only vessel now left out of Youghal], and following her in we anchor in $4\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms off Ferry at 6.45 p.m.

Youghal is a most deceptive place for the Yachtsman. He goes in and sees a wide expanse of water and a noble river, he anchors close in shore in good holding ground [he needs it], presently the tide turns, a mill race, kedge put out—not without difficulty. The next day the antiquities of Youghal were inspected, and on Thursday, 27th July, with Bar. 29.88 at 8.30 a.m., at slack water, practically the only time it could be done, we got in kedge and anchor, and got away on the ebb in a strong squally N.E. by N. wind, with a reef in main and mizzen, for Dunmore East, mooring there in the usual fashion at 3.15 p.m. Find *Nepenthe* lying among the local yachts, none the worse for her adventures last autumn.

July 28. After quiet night slip moorings from Quay chains, and get up anchor at 6.30 a.m., two hours of ebb to go in harbour. Shall we catch the tide round the Tuskar? Light S.W. air; engine going—signs of rain and wind appear as we draw near the Saltees passing between them at 9.15 a.m. Splaugh Rock at 11.15 a.m., catching tide alright! Mist and S.W. fresh breeze, visibility poor, lay course for Lucifer Light Vessel, which we pick up and pass at noon, and carrying on for Blackwater, pick it up at 1.15 p.m. Some tide!

We then lay an inshore course for Glasgorman No. 2 Buoy, and presently the weather clearing Tara Hill puts his head through the mist, and assures us we are doing quite well; we are off Ardmore Point at 5 p.m. However, the tide was spent, and we did not get into Wicklow until 7.20 p.m., a snug berth alongside Quay after a good sail.

July 29. Saturday morning after breakfast saw us under way at 8.40 a.m. Threatening squally weather (which did not come to anything until the next day) found us at Howth moorings at 1.5 p.m. D.M.G.—494 $\frac{1}{2}$.



"Lil's" Cruise, 1933

July 6. Left Howth at 4.40 p.m. Crew: W.E.M., R.P.C., D.E.M. (aged 9 years) and Owner.

Came to an anchor in Ardglass 8.30 a.m., on July 7th and arrived at Bruaghadee at midnight after a night passage.

July 8. Bar., 8 a.m., 29.9. Wind S., fresh. Took bus to Orloch Head and watched *Britannia* and *Velsheda* racing, also three 12-metres racing. All had reefs down and were sailing hard; 3 p.m. sailed for Oban, wind still S.; but not so strong. Let go shore line, started up engine and got anchor. When clutch was put in engine stopped. Unrolled jib, set mizzen and sailed out, setting mainsail in sound. 6 p.m., Garron Point abeam $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. s/c N.N.E. 6.30 p.m. found the tide was setting *Lil* very much to the E., gybed and stood off N.W. 10 p.m. Xeas Pt. abaft the beam, dirty sea, gybed and s/c N. by E. for Sgeir Maol in Sound of Jura.

July 9. 3 a.m. Otter Rock light abeam and Chuirn Island Light dead ahead. 5 a.m. Chuirn Is. abeam a/c to N.E. for run up Jura Sound. 8 a.m. Bar. 29.95.; 8.30 a.m. Sgeir Maol abeam to port $\frac{1}{2}$ m., wind falling light. Investigated cause of engine stoppage in Donaghadee and found universal joint of propellor shaft seized up for want of grease. Freed and greased it. 11 a.m., set topsail and spinnaker. The breeze died away and spinnaker was handed and engine started. After an hour's running a gentle breeze came from aft, spinnaker was set and the engine stopped. Carried fine breeze to Oban and anchored at Brandystone. 6 p.m., Bar. 10.30 p.m. 29.74.

July 10. Bar. 8 a.m., 29.65. S., wind, heavy rain showers, ashore shopping and telephoning till too late for tide going N. Saw *Pamela* and compared notes.

July 11. 8 a.m. Bar. 29.60. Showery morning, brightening up later. 1.15 p.m. sailed for Tobermory. Met submarine flotilla coming out of Tobermoy and anchored there at 6.30 p.m. Exchanged visits with *Molly*, H.Y.C., M. Botteril owner, Messrs. Rimmer and Hide crew. More rain.

July 12. Up at 6.30 a.m. for look at weather. Thick with pouring rain, lay on. Bar. 8 a.m. 29.52; 4.20 p.m. left for Mallaig, all plain sail. Beat down sound. When off Rhunna-Gall found everything closed down with mist and rain and plenty of wind. Ran back to Tobermory and anchored there. off Mishnish Pier at 5.30 p.m. Had visit from Mr. Reid with his wife and son of the Clyde 19-footer *Trebor*.

July 13. Up at 6 a.m. for look at weather: clear but cloudy overhead. Wind S.E., light. 8 a.m. Bar. 29.5. Sailed at 12.10 p.m. for Mallaig, glass falling. Had a call from R. E. Workman before leaving. Spinnaker run to Ploughman's Rock, then broad reach with boom to port to Ardnamurchan Light, which was abeam $\frac{1}{4}$ mile 2.35 p.m. s/c N.E. by N. for Mallaig Hr. Wind came ahead, and broke us off. 4.30 p.m. 2 m. S.W. of Eil Castle in Eigg. engine was started as the wind was very light. When Ardnamurchan Light was closed in by Ru Sana came about on to starboard tack. Wind almost completely dead, rolled up jib and lowered mainsail. 6.30 p.m. got bearing of Mallaig Point N.E. by E. before heavy mist closed down. Steered on this till 7.15 p.m. when fix was obtained from Grey Is. and Loch Morar, a/c N.E. by E. $\frac{1}{4}$ E. Off Red Rocks stopped engine, set mainsail and jib. Anchored in Mallaig at 8.20 p.m. Bar. 29.37.

July 14. 8 a.m. Bar. 29.4. Left at 8 a.m., bound south. Saw *Meteor*? going N. under engine, 5 p.m., anchored in Tobermory for stores. 5.30 p.m. away again, 8.30 p.m. anchored in Loch Aline in bay on starboard hand in 5 fathoms. Afterwards motored into 3 fathom, and let go. Bar. 29.65. Caught four mackerel and turned in.

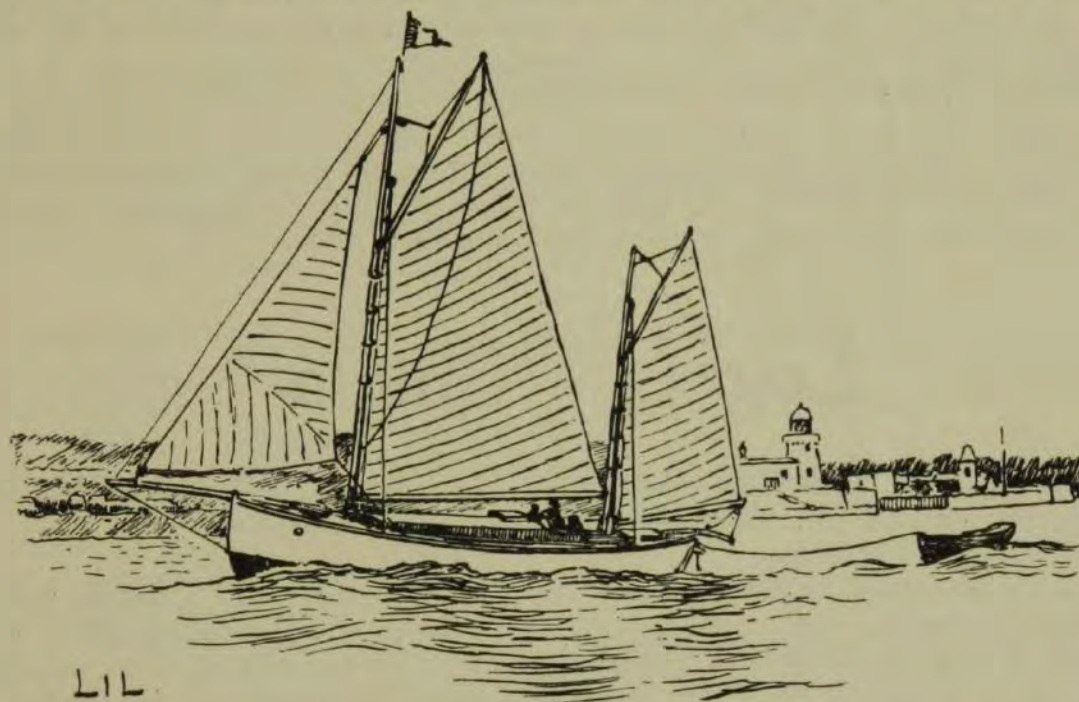
July 15. Bar. 8 a.m., 29.7. Fine morning. Away at 11.15 a.m. 3.30 p.m. anchored in Oban Bay off Highland Y.C. in $3\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms. 6.30 p.m. away again. 8.50 p.m. anchored

in Pulldoran after pleasant sail with light fair wind. Found there *Morica*, Clyde Cruising Club, Gregg owner, and exchanged visits.

July 16. Bar. 8 a.m. 29.95. Got anchor 10.50 a.m. Beat out of anchorage in light breeze. When between Eil na Beith and the Dun Horses the wind failed. Broke chain of engine starting gear, towed clear with dinghy, repaired chain and started engine. Met the C.C.C. boats racing from Crinan to Tobermory. 12.45 stopped engine, wind about W.S.W. nice little breeze. 12.50 passed through Easdale Sound. 1.25 p.m. through Cuan Sound. Breeze freshened, fine sail to Crinan. Anchored there in Eil Vannen anchorage 3.30 p.m. Met yacht *St. Bees*, had owner and friend aboard, and lent them I.C.C. East Coast sailing directions. *Mavis* arrived during evening. Visited her and *St. Bees*.

July 17. Bar. 8 a.m. 30.06. Fine morning, away bound south. 11.5 a.m. beat to Ardnoe Point, wind very light. 11.25 started engine. 11.45 stopped engine, wind light and more northerly. Able to lie S.W. by S. down Sound of Jura. 3.15 p.m. wind came dead ahead, light. Beat into Small Isles anchorage between Rabbit and Goat Islands, started engine inside and anchored at 7 p.m. in $1\frac{3}{4}$ fathoms, the old pier bearing W. about 2 cables. Bar. 30.10.

July 18. Bar. 8 a.m. 30.10. Rain and strong W. wind. Glass fell slightly about 9 o'clock, and went up again to 30.10 by 11 a.m. Aboard Mr. Nicholson's M.Y. *Helen* and borrowed Chart No. 2481, Islay Sound, with plan of Port Ellen. Away at 1.40 p.m.,



second jib, reef in main and mizzen. Found no wind outside, shook out reefs and set No. 1 jib. 2.10 p.m. started engine and stowed sails. Course S.S.W. for Chuirn Is. 2.25 p.m. W. breeze, bright sunshine, stopped engine and set all plain sail. 2.50 p.m. Chuirn Is. bearing S.S.W., estimated 7 miles. 3.30—4 miles. 4.20 p.m. Chuirn Is. abeam to starboard $\frac{1}{4}$ mile. 4.45 p.m. wind fell very light dead ahead, stowed mainsail and rolled up jib. Steered for Otter Rock Light Float. Thence steered for Port Ellen Light House, N.W. When 2 cables off light a/c to N.E. and steered on this until the iron beacon was nearly on the steamboat pier, then steered for anchorage off pier and let go in $1\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms 6.50 p.m. Away under engine 9.40 p.m. 10.15 p.m. Port Ellen Light bearing N. $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. s/c for Torcor Point, allowing for 2-knot ebb. 10.50 p.m. Otter Rock Light bearing E. 2 miles. 11 p.m. N.E. breeze, light, set all plain sail and started engine. 11.10 p.m. wind fell away, restarted engine.

July 19. 2.40 a.m. a/c S.S.E. to allow for N.W. set of tide. 3.30 a.m. stopped engine, sailed closehaunched on starboard tack, course E. 4 a.m. went about, course S. to S $\frac{1}{2}$ W. 5.25 a.m. Mull Light bears E. 6.25 a.m. wind fell light, started engine. 7.15 stopped

engine which had kept stopping after every few minutes running ; took down feed pipe and cleaned it, restarted engine. 7.30 a.m. 8 a.m. Bar. 29.98. Wind S.E., freshening, stopped engine. 9 a.m. opened up Carnlough Bay and stood in for harbour. stowed mainsail and mizzen and ran in under jib. Tied up 9.30 a.m. 3.30 p.m. motored out of Carnlough, set all plain sail outside and beat to Larne, stiff breeze still S.E. Anchored S. of Railway Pier in $2\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms.

July 20. Away under engine 4.10 a.m. Light N. breeze. Set sail while going out, and stopped engine outside, found we could lie course for Copeland Sound with sheets checked. 7.45 a.m. Donaghadee Harbour open, saw *Sonia* inside. 8 a.m. Bar. 29.92. 9.40 a.m. no wind, started engine. 11.42 North Rock Beacon bearing N.W. $\frac{1}{4}$ mile. s/c S.W. for Kearney Point. 1.30 p.m. anchored off Tara Hill Signal Station House in $1\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms at half tide. Flagstaff showing over porch of house next to boathouse and bearing S. Afterwards moved a cable to seaward and let go in 3 fathoms. This is Mill Bay. Told by shore boat that there is better anchorage under castle in Knockinalder Bay, 3 to 4 fathoms. 7.20 p.m. away under engine and sail, wind S, light breeze. Beat down for St. John's Point. 11.5 p.m. no wind. S. roll, stowed jib and mainsail. 11.10 St. John's Point Light bearing N.N.W. $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles, s/c S.W. $\frac{1}{2}$ S. for Skerries Pier, 11.20 sighted Haulbowline Light. 11.35 a/c to S.W. by W.W. for Clogher Head.

July 21. 2 a.m. light breeze off land, set jib and mainsail, and a/c to S.W. by W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. to allow for leeway. 2.25 breeze more ahead, almost none, rolled up jib. 2.55 breeze came again, set jib. 3.55 a.m. Carlingford fairway buoy abeam to starboard about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. 5.30 a.m. Clogher Head bearing W.S.W. $\frac{1}{2}$ S. about 5 miles, set topsail and a/c to S.S.W. $\frac{1}{2}$ S. for Skerries. Bar. 8 a.m. 30.06. 9.40 anchored in Skerries. Beautiful morning. Bought milk, etc., and away for Howth 12.30 p.m. under engine and all sail, wind only an air, S.S.E. 1.20 p.m. breeze fresher, stopped engine. 3.15 p.m. started engine and stowed sails. Picked up mooring in Howth 4.15 p.m., and landed crew to keep their appointments.

A most enjoyable trip, made so by a most excellent crew.

Log of "Sheila" 1933

P.M.

- 12 45 July 12. Left Dun Laoghaire, strong breeze off the land with reef in the mainsail, for'sail and jib. Heavy rain squall in Dublin Bay.
- 1 35 Off Bailey Light House.
- 4 35 Passing Rockabill to port. Shortly after saw *Britannia* and *Velsheda* being towed south, slamming and pounding into heavy head sea. Heard later they had to be cast off and run for shelter to Milford Haven. Heavy rain squalls every half hour.
- 6 15 About 6 miles N. by E. of Rockabill, wind has eased off. Slamming in very steep sea.
- 7 0 Blowing very strong. Two reefs in mainsail—lee rail under.
- 8 0 Decided as tide suits to go into Carlingford.
- 9 5 Picked up Whistle Buoy, and up between the buoys—nearly dark. Went too near buoy off Greenore to identify it. Failed to stay and rammed buoy, being carried on by fierce tide. Split one plank forward of chain plates starboard side, which allows water to gush through when on port tack. Plugged hole as well as possible with rags.
- 9 45 Let go above Carlingford Shoal on south side in 5 fathoms. Laid out kedge. Hot cocoa. Pump ship dry and turn in.
- Blew hard all night from S.W. Investigate damage—one plank crushed and split, luckily between the frames, and well above water line.
- 5 0 Wind moderating, so moved to anchorage off Wood House.
- July 13. Went to Warrenpoint. Got copper sheathing and copper tacks, which with a few coats of paint made a watertight job of plank. Weather much better—gentle W. breeze.

- 6 15 July 16. Left Carlingford on first of ebb, fresh W. breeze. Plain sail.
A.M.
- 1 0 July 17. Picked up gentle S. breeze.
- 12 15 Gun's Island—passing well outside charted position of overfalls.
- 1 45 Ballyquintin Point. Wind fresher, nice breeze.
- 3 20 Passing close to South Rock Light Vessel.
- 7 45 Anchor down at Donaghadee. Stern warp to quay alongside *Sonia*.
July 18. Slept 'till 1 p.m. Got stores. Had first meal ashore at Imperial Hotel.
- 8 0 July 19. Left Donaghadee plain sail. Good S. breeze. Set course for Lamlash.
Wind S., fresh, big seas near Scottish coast.
- P.M.
- 1 0 Nearing Corswall Point. Decided to make Loch Ryan, as weather looks dirty and glass falling. Beat up Loch Ryan, very wet work with short sea. After flood set in at 3 p.m., made good way. Let go off Stranraer Pier [not the steam boat pier]. Found forward port chain plate had sheared three screws. Restored everything from cabin floor to proper places. Pump choked owing to clotted milk choking up strainer. Cleared pump; meal; turned in.
July 20. Arranged for repair of chain plate; but man never arrived to do the job. Wind S.W. Nice sunny day. Dried sails.
July 21. Had repairs done by a garage man. Re-stored and watered. Made new jib traveller.
- A.M.
- 11 0 July 22. Left Stranraer on ebb. Turned to windward down loch against light N. breeze.
- 5 0 July 23. Off Pladda. Calm.
- 9 0 Whiting Bay. Went ashore for bread. Returned to breakfast. Got anchor and went into Lamlash.
- 10 30 July 27. Light W. breeze, cloudy. Set course for Garroch Head.
- P.M.
- 1 45 Wind gone more north and fresher; raining, making good headway in smooth water. Cannot see Garroch Head, except for intervals of clearing. Making short tacks half hour.
- 7 0 Fed up beating: so decide on Millport for night.
- 9 30 Let go to east of inner Allen Island. Had good supper and wireless. Saw a yacht, we think to be *Mavis*, making for Lamlash earlier in the afternoon. [Since confirmed.]
- 12 0 July 28. Left Millport. Wind S.S.W. Run down Largs Channel.
- 5 0 Anchored Holy Loch.
July 29. Sailed over to Helensburg to watch racing. Light fluky day. Back to Holy Loch in the evening. Before laying out kedge stupidly omitted to make fast end of kedge warp. Result—kedge and warp at bottom of Holy Loch!
July 30. Recovered kedge and warp. Day off. Gale warning at shipping forecast.
- 10 0 Blowing strong S.E. Well sheltered.
- A.M.
- 9 0 July 31. Wind has shifted, and is now blowing a gale from N.W. right down loch and concentrated by two glens at head of Holy Loch. Bar. rising, but wind increasing.
- P.M.
- 12 0 Starting to drag on to Ardnardam Spit. Took three reefs in mainsail and storm jib, slipped chain, and just managed to get away on, so prevented being driven ashore. Beat out into centre of loch. Confounded little room owing to three tankers moored right across loch. Never thought could get such a sea in Holy Loch. Wore ship, during which parrel line carried away. Lowered mainsail, running before it. Under storm jib ran down and picked up spare moorings near Hunter's Quay in comparatively sheltered water.
August 1. Spent to-day and following days dragging for chain. Unsuccessful.

- 7 o August 4. Procured new chain. Left Holy Loch. Turned to windward.
A.M.
- 7 o August 5. Off Little Cumbrae. Wind very light.
P.M.
- 1 o Arrived at Lamlash. Took in stores.
- 3 30 Left Lamlash. Wind S.W., fresh. Could make so little way against short steep sea that we decided to return to Lamlash and get good night's rest.
A.M.
- 10 o August 6. Left Lamlash. Becalmed off Whiting Bay.
P.M.
- 2 30 Good N.W. breeze at last.
- 5 35 Passing Ailsa Craig to port close to : travelling very fast.
- 7 45 Off Corswall Point. Set course for Mew Island. Later altered course for South Rock Light Vessel.
A.M.
- 1 o August 7. Skulmartin Light Vessel. Wind N.W., fresh.
- 3 30 South Rock Light Vessel.
- 9 45 St. John's Point abeam. Wind has gone round to S.W., and falling light.
- 11 o Wind gone. Turned all morning to windward against light airs as far as Carlingford. Hove-to off Carlingford waiting for flood tide. At first attempt arrived off "new cut," while it was still ebbing owing to watch being fast. Meanwhile it had been growing blacker and blacker over Carlingford Mountain, 'till sky took on a greenish tint.
P.M.
- 6 o This was the breeding place of a terrific squall, which advanced blowing clouds of spray off the waves. We were soon laid flat with rudder helpless. After what seemed a long time *Sheila* gradually lifted. All we could do was run before it out to sea while it lasted. When it eased off we took down two reefs, and this time had not much difficulty in getting in.
- 8 o Anchored very close in, in about 7 fathoms. Tide very strong here.
August 8. Breakfast at old Railway Hotel, Greenore—second shore meal. Left Carlingford Loch on the ebb. Vowed never to return. Wind variable all day. Sometimes beat against light airs.
- 6 o Off Port Oriel, dead calm. Kind man in motor boat towed us in, where we let go. Had a good night.
A.M.
- 9 30 August 9. Fresh herrings for breakfast from trawlers just in. Left Port Oriel. Arrived Dun Laoghaire at 4.15 wind west. Nice whole-sail breeze. This day's sail we considered the most enjoyable of the entire cruise.



A "Happy" Cruise

1933

SATURDAY, 22nd July, the appointed day arrived, with all provisions aboard, but it was not until 12 midnight that enough temporary lockers were made to hold nearly everything. At the last moment, one of the regular crew was held back for business reasons, but arranged to meet somewhere Monday night.

July 23. At 2 a.m. we started from Howth under power in a flat calm. Trouble soon arrived. We had gone only about thirty yards from the pier when engine stopped. Drifting with the ebb, we saw nearly all the lights of Dublin Bay from the region of the Kish Lightship, which was the best we could do under sail. After many attempts, the engineer discovered that a little error on his part with petrol and paraffin taps was responsible for engine trouble, as it was not designed to burn air alone.

We ran under power through Lambay Sound, where the punt, which had been leaking badly, decided to sink. At 6 a.m. breeze came fair from S.W., engine was closed down and we sailed merrily along to Port Oriel, where we anchored at 9.30 a.m.

We got under weigh again at 2 p.m. with a fair wind, but a foul tide, heading northward. At St. John's Point we decided to stop the night at Ardglass and have a really good sleep. Anchored at 9.10, grubbed and slept. Going on next day to Donaghadee and anchored alongside "Sonia." Our friend arrived late that night, and our ship was full; but as we had yet one more to gather into our hold, we still kept to the coast of Northern Ireland.

July 25. Next day we said farewell to the "eloquent Smith" (Sonia) and proceeded to sea under reefed mainsail. Set jib and staysail in Copeland Sound, and things were just going nicely when bowsprit broke in a rather heavy squall. We retrieved sail and remains of spar. With some adjustments we carried on to Larne, where we anchored about 5 p.m.

Our friend arrived with some young relations, and we decided to proceed to "Red Bay" for the night. With ten aboard, we set out for "Red Bay" at 7.30 p.m. in a very heavy patchy fog. And there was hardly a ripple on the water we employed the engine all the time. Shore was not visible for some hours, and skipper was getting into a mental fog, when a headland appeared. This proved to be Barren Point, and Cushendall was now visible to the westward. The tide had now turned and ran strongly. Reached Garron Point at 10.30, but were in doubt for a considerable time as to whether the engine could stem the tide. Approaching within 10 yards of shore, we finally managed to scrape around and in towards Waterfoot. The tide ran strongly yet, but progress improved. No shore lights were visible, the night was very dark, and the coast altogether unknown, so the more careful members of the crew were "jumpy." We finally found the pier and tied alongside, and had food about 12 midnight.

As we were inclined to bump, we tried to kedge off, but picked up a moorings on the anchor. Eventually cleared everything, and proceeded to anchor well off the pier, when one of the crew fell overboard. Not being a swimmer, the cook proceeded to his rescue, while the ship was brought around to their assistance, and all was again quiet. As the tide was very strong and night inky, his action deserved more notice than it received.

July 26. All slept well, and after breakfast proceeded to inspect Waterfoot and Cushendun. While all were away, ship started to drag anchor, but we arrived back in time to prevent her hitting the pier. Waterfoot is quite an excellent anchorage except from E. or N.E. winds. The wind, however, from S. to W. is greatly amplified by contour of the hills forming a funnel, and frequently extremely heavy squalls occur on days which would be calm a mile seaward.

We left Waterfoot, Red Bay, at 2.30, with reefed mainsail and staysail, as we had not yet secured a bowsprit. Wind gusty and heavy from S.S.W. About three miles off shore wind went very light, and sea was very lumpy with ebb tide. We reached Mull of Kintyre about 6 p.m., but were unable to make any progress even with the engine against a fierce

tide. The sea was very broken, and things were very uncomfortable for an hour or so until tide turned. The wind freshened with evening, and we romped gaily through Sanda Sound and on to Campbelltown, dropping anchor at 9.20. The engine had given trouble off the Mull, but was not looked at until next morning, when it was found that carburetter was full of dirt.

July 27. Next day was spent searching for new sprit. At last we secured a mizzen mast from one of the Lough Fyne boats, and fitted it for the time being.

July 28. At 12.15 a.m. we slipped away from Campbelltown, past Carsluke Point, Loch Ranza, Outer Kyles of Bute, Tinahbruach to Port Bannatyne which we reached at 7.30. We had a very fresh fair wind the whole trip, and beyond three accidental gybes in the Kyles nothing untoward happened.

Our crew was now reduced to six, as two members left us here to return to work. We stayed all day in Rothesay to see them off, and most of the night mourning.

July 30. Left Port Bannatyne 1.45 with wind fresh from S.W. Proceeded past Rothesay close to shore, we squared away towards Dunoon shore. Just off the Cloch lighthouse punt went adrift. The deck hands forgot to warn the cook who was laying dinner of ensuing manoeuvre, with result that the dinner service was practically demolished. The punt was picked up, and we arrived at Holy Loch. No mooring could be found, so we were forced to let go an anchor at Hunter's Quay at 4 p.m. Three steam yachts arrived and anchored. We returned at 11 p.m. to find anchor dragging, and decided to take a mooring which had been vacated as the glass had been falling very fast.

Starting the engine, the steward-cum-deckhand-engineer was struck by handle, nose broken and eye blackened. The engine started, however, and mooring secured. Injured man brought ashore for treatment. All snugged down by 1.30 a.m.

July 31. Overnight the wind switched round to N.W. and blew strongly down the Loch, kicking up a fierce short sea. Four of the crew set off for Glasgow, great difficulty being experienced in getting ashore. The skipper and one hand stayed aboard as weather was getting worse. A six-metre boat nearby went adrift, and having fouled all its kin, in a very systematic manner, was eventually secured by a powerful launch. The Loch up near Sandbank was now the haven of rest of six steam yachts. Heavy sea was still running next day, and an oar was broken going ashore.

August 1 and 2. Next morning, breakfasted ashore; bought provisions, and with difficulty secured water. The four tourists returned about 2 p.m. and a start was made at 3.30 p.m.

The wind was fresh and squally from W.S.W. working round to S.S.W. as we passed Toward Point at 6 p.m., and after a pretty tough passage past the Cumbraes, anchored at 10.30 p.m. off Lamlash.

August 3. After a trip ashore, and frantic half hours stitching on the staysail, we left in fog and rain at 11.50 a.m. The rain ceased at 1.30 p.m. and Ailsa Craig appeared ahead. Wind S.S.W. light with bright sunshine. Rain and fog again passing Ailsa Craig at 3.40. Passed Corswall Point at 6.40 and along coast to Port Patrick, anchoring there at 9.10. After dinner, we took a look around—then to bunk, as we were to make an early start.

August 4. Started at 6.5. a.m. with wind W.S.W., visibility very poor. Passed Mull Galloway and through heavy tide. About 10.30 picked up the I.O.M., and with help of the engine in failing wind reached Peel at 2 p.m.

Most of the crew left shortly afterwards for Douglas.

The next two days were spent in Peel with magnificent weather. One of the remaining six returned home: so we were five.

August 6. Sunday morning brought us three recruits from Dublin, and with another we had found ourselves, we were again a large party of nine.

A start was made at 12.15 noon, wind being W.S.W. Some miles out the wind veered to N.W. and freshened. Visibility became bad and lost sight of I.O.M. About 7 p.m. Mourne Mountains visible but soon disappeared. Wind freshened very much about 10.30 p.m., and it became difficult to locate any lights other than Rockabill and Carlingford. Finally, locating Boyne estuary and Balbriggan we ran into Skerries and tied alongside the pier as the roll was very bad in the "Roads."

After a good night's rest we proceeded to Howth about 3 p.m. reaching our home port at 6.30 p.m.

“Marie’s” Cruise—1933

JUNE 30. Dropped our moorings in Howth Harbour at 5.30 p.m., bound for the Clyde. Passed Lambay to seaward at 7.40 p.m. At 9 p.m. overtook and passed trading ketch *Irene* bound for Dundalk.

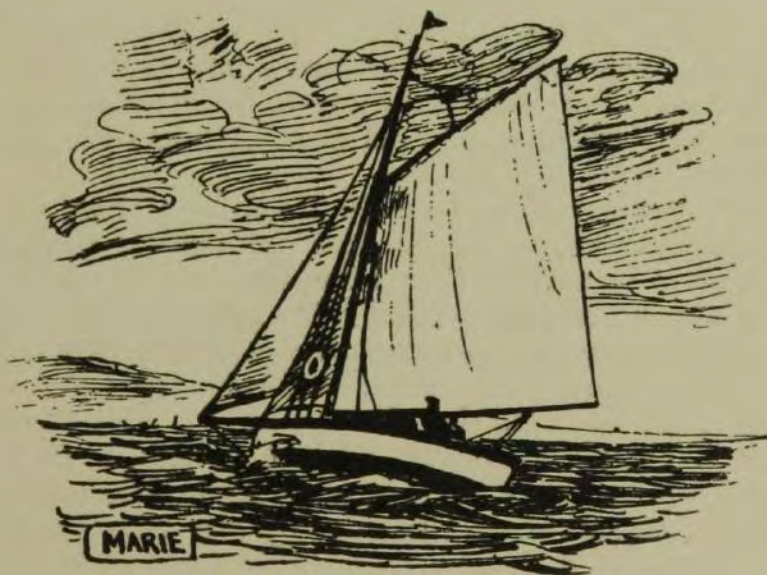
July 1. Light airs and calms until 8 a.m., when wind came N.W. Off S. Rock at 9.45 a.m. Little wind all day. Spoke a three-masted schooner under power. at 8.30 p.m. Fresh N. wind and choppy sea. Entered Port Patrick at 9.30 p.m., aided by a pluck from small skiff with two boys. Next two days remained at anchor mostly in fog. K. McF. deserted, and D. O'B. joined up.

July 4. Fog cleared and got a pluck out at 12.30 noon, only to meet fog again at 1 p.m. With a pot and spanner did our best to contribute to whistles and blowings all around us. 2.30 p.m. brilliantly clear and flat calm. Black Head, Antrim, visible all day. Practically no night.

July 5. Off Ailsa Craig we passed a trading ketch, and were soon after passed by *Britannia* and *Velsheda* in tow of H.M.S. *Sutton* (why is there not an H.M.S. *Howth*?) At 9.15 p.m. dropped our pick in Broderick Bay. Thereafter we sailed to Tarbert, the Kyles, Rothesay, etc., to Campbelltown, where K. McF. rejoined, and we met *Jean II* of the R.O.R.C.

July 14. Another night passage to Ardglass, arriving at 9.50 p.m. on 15th.

July 17. Left Ardglass at midnight, our fourth night passage, and home at 6.50 a.m. on 18th.



Cruise of the "Albatross VI." 1933

MAY 29. At 10.45 a.m. pushed off from the Green steps, Kingstown, grasping my trusty umbrella in one hand and a kit bag with the ship's papers in the other. 10.55 saw the moorings dropped and the *Albatross* under full sail creeping out of the harbour with a wind E. by N. light. We made one short tack into Scotsman's Bay, then round on the starboard tack as soon as we could clear the Bailey; we kept on this tack until we rounded up to let go our anchor in Oban two days later. Once past Rockabill visibility became poor, and no lights of any kind were seen. A quiet night.

May 30. Sighted the Mull of Cantyre about 12 o'clock, and were up to it about 4 o'clock. It now began to blow pretty fresh from the E—and as we did not want to go through narrow and unfamiliar waters in the dark—reduced sail to mizzen and No. 2 jib for the night. A cold bleak night.

May 31. Arrived Oban about 11 o'clock. Let go in 10 fathoms. Distance sailed—206 miles.

June 1. Oban to Caledonian Canal. Fresh S.E. wind under mizzen and jib. Arrived about 2 o'clock, found lock gates open and got into canal at once without any delay. Got through as far as Loch Ceann by 9.45, here we nearly had a calamity—and in a canal of all places. It was by this time raining and blowing fairly hard, so all sail was stowed some 200 yards from the lock and the engine started. Just as we got into the narrows at the lock a strong rain squall struck us right aft and the boat began to travel too fast under bare poles; then as we got close to the gate we found there was no quay, and nothing to make fast to. The engine reversed gallantly and we brought up just six feet short of the chain guarding the lock gates, with one of the crew ashore; he jumped with the aid of a boathook, trying in vain to find something to fasten a hawser to—eventually a large whin bush was used. A poor wet night. I determined never again in a canal to be without a kedge ready to drop over the stern.

June 2. To Inverness. In Loch Ness a grass hawser suddenly vanished over the stern before it could be secured. It did not float as it should have done; undoubtedly seized by the monster of Loch Ness, which was then at its prime. Nearing Inverness the Aberdeen influence was felt: large notices up on approaching a lock gate—"Don't rely on reversing the propellor—go dead slow." A Scotchman always thinks of his screw!

June 3. Left Inverness for Norway (canal dues £5 instead of £3, as stated in sailing directions).

June 5. About 25 miles out from Kinnaid Head in a short steep sea with a fresh E.S.E. blowing, two reefs down, found the boat was making a lot of water through the rudder casing. Put back to Port McDuff, 45 miles, for repairs; found canvas round rudder head had been badly put on and not packed with grease as it should have been. Work done at Port MacDuff in a very expeditious manner and very cheap. Not a drop of water came through after this. Sailing back to McDuff with the cabin floor awash, Norway seemed a very long way off. A depressing day.

June 5 to 8. Left MacDuff for Norway. Light E. winds all the way. Sea often glassy calm. Visibility as a rule poor; little or no wind at night. Did not use engine at all. Sun sights were difficult to get, but several satisfactory star fixes were obtained.

June 9. Arrived Kristiansand about 9.30 p.m. No large scale chart, so hoisted signal for pilot; but no pilot came, so got in as best we could, and tied up in a small basin alongside a 200-ton coasting brig. A quiet night.

June 10. Baths and breakfast at a fine hotel, laid in fresh provisions, and left at 11.45 for Denmark.

June 11. Arrived Skagen about 6 p.m., tied up fore and after to two big piles. Harbour very full of shipping, yachts and fishing boats.

June 12. Skagen to Anholt Island (Denmark). Tied up in a delightful quiet little harbour. Three other boats. Off next morning without landing.

June 13. Anholt to Molli (Sweden), a beauty spot and summer resort. Two small motor pleasure boats and ourselves in the harbour.

June 14. Molli to Tuborg—2½ miles from Copenhagen. Tied up under the beer factory (over 1,000,000 bottles of beer a day) tried to get into two harbours for yachts on the way to Tuborg which is a commercial harbour, but could find no room to anchor or tie up.

June 15. Overhauling running gear which showed some signs of chafe. Never saw so many yachts as at Copenhagen—all under sail, nearly all under 20 tons. By Danish law any yacht over 20 tons must carry a professional skipper with a master's certificate. All boats of a sailing type—very few cruisers. Two offers here to buy my boat—as cruisers are unobtainable.

June 16. Tuborg to Skanov (Norway). Glass falling and a bad looking sky, so put in. Blew up a gale that night and next day. Every one most kind and anxious to help us in every way. A snug little harbour.

June 18. Ten days cruising amongst the Danish Islands, stopping at Stubbeck Jobling, Osehoved, Nyborg, Swenberg, Faaborg, Asseus, Aalenraa and Sonderberg, as always head winds, as a rule fresh in the morning and dying away towards 4 or 5 o'clock, when we often had to get the motor going to get into harbour. On the whole splendid cruising weather.

June 28. Sonderberg (Denmark) to Flensburg (Germany), here all flags half-mast—anniversary of Treaty of Versailles. Strict customs examination for the first time; but every one civil and polite.

June 29. Nazis not very much in evidence. A splendid naval college here. Back to Sonderberg.

June 30. Sonderberg to Kiel. Arranged to go into the canal next day. Pilot compulsory (and not as sailing directions states). Pilot cost 60 marks about £4, canal dues only 12s.

July 1. Kiel to Fröböl, Kaiser Wilhelm Canal pilot on board. Strong head wind, S.W., 7 hours with engine to do 28 miles. Decided at 10.30 p.m. that the engine was overheating so got permission to tie up for the night outside pilot's house; so we passed a quiet night. Only two locks on the canal which is a great piece of engineering. Three large ships can steam abreast in it—over 30 feet of water.

July 2. Nuböl to Brunsbüttel Koog (Elbe). Able to sail close hauled part of the way, but engine going all the time, as pilot was paid by the hour.

July 3. Brunsbüttel to Cuxhaven, blowing hard, with two reefs down, more sail than we wanted. By the time we reached Cuxhaven we decided better to wait for wind to moderate. Nasty short steep sea running in the Elbe.

July 4. Storm stayed in Cuxhaven with over 200 barges. A big ketch about 150 tons after four hours beating outside had to be towed in by a tug. Three harbours in Cuxhaven—we anchored in the New Harbour. First time we had lain to an anchor since leaving Oban.

July 5. Weather better, but still S.W. Left Cuxhaven at 11 o'clock when tide turned, making for mouth of Elbe and Holland. Weather rather thick and anxious to make a good offing from the Elbe sandbanks before it got really thick. As usual by 8 o'clock that evening becalmed, by daylight found we had gone back about 6 miles. Heavy fog coming up.

July 6. From 6 a.m. until 5.30 p.m. fog very thick—no visibility. As we were in the steamer track we got engine going and made for the coast to get into soundings, and kept in the 10-14 fathom-line all day, this kept us fairly clear of steamers. An unpleasant day. Good breeze that night; made about 80 miles by morning—the best night sail we had; but close-hauled all the time.

July 7. Arrived Ymuiden, Holland, 9 p.m., a rather dirty harbour, with rather uncivil people. Provisions and petrol very dear.

July 8. Left Ymuiden for England. Wind still dead ahead.

July 9. Morning, bad thunder storm: thought the boat had been struck, smell of

brimstone very strong, but no damage done. Wind strong, had to drop mainsail ; later on set it with two reefs, but by afternoon were reduced to mizzen and jib, steep sea running. Glass falling. Weather looked poor.

July 9. After twenty-four hours' wet work we had only made good some 8 miles against a strong S.W. wind. As dusk was coming on we gave up the idea of making Dover, some 25 miles to windward, and ran for Harwich, our nearest shelter—about 45 miles off. During the night the No. 2 jib carried away, and we set small foresail instead. Arrived at Harwich about 8 o'clock next morning ; still blowing hard.

July 10-14. Storm stayed in Harwich five days, blowing the best part of a gale still from the S.W. Wind so strong not easy to get ashore in the dinghy. Anchored where told to do so by the customs boat which fastened on to us as we came in with much damage to our paint, and found we had dropped our hook on to a lightship's moorings. In spite of a tripping line nothing would budge the anchor, which probably had a fluke in one of the links of the big mooring chain.

July 15. After five days, wind moderating to strong S.W., we cut the chain, and started beating down the 70 miles to Dover. Reached Dover at 1 a.m. on the 16th.

July 16. Left Dover for Cowes ; wind still dead ahead. By the time we reached Dungeness blowing hard with a nasty sea. Very nearly ran back to Dover, but hung on for a couple of hours when we were able to carry a double-reefed mainsail, and began to make much better progress. Off Hastings a bad thunder storm hit us coming from the north, and for half an hour we were able to sail free—for the first time since June 9 ; however, after half an hour it headed us again, and remained so for the next ten days.

July 17. Arrived Cowes. Tied up in the Medina river to a yawl about our own tonnage. Very crowded anchorage.

July 18. Cowes to Portland. Dead beat all the way, but a pleasant sail.

July 19. Next day, wind from the east, but a thick fog with it, and so we could not stir out. Weather report : much fog.

July 20. Fog gone ; but wind back S.W.

July 21. Portland to Brixham.

July 22. Brixham to Dartmouth, where as our decks needed hardening, and we were a day ahead of time, we tied up at Phillips' yard and had our decks done—two days' work ; but plenty to see round Dartmouth, both on shore and in the sailing pram.

July 23. Dartmouth to Plymouth, another dead beat, but in delightful weather. Stayed in the Cattewater. Not many yachts about. Saw the *Benbow* go out : had already seen the Rotor ship, the new German pocket battleship, and the *Bremen*—the crack liner.

July 24. Plymouth to Fowey. Always a pleasant spot to lie, but as usual rather crowded. Their one-design sailing class very much in evidence here, the class looks full of life.

July 25. Fowey to Falmouth. Again a crowded spot. Many fine steamers laid up here in Dartmouth and Fowey.

July 26. Left Falmouth for Ireland. A close haul to Lands End with short tacks, looking forward to a fine free breeze for the South of Ireland when we rounded the Runee Stone ; but here we fell into a turbulent sea and an ominous flat calm. Set the engine going, as we were being set on to the Longships in an unpleasant way. Ten minutes later fresh breeze from the N.N.E., and we saw that we were in for another beat. Soon had two reefs down, and a good deal of spray coming across our decks, and at times driving over the cockpit. Boat very lively below. No one could sleep that night, and three out of the five on board were rather sea sick. Altogether an unpleasant passage. Wind kept going more N., and by the time we were two-thirds of the way across we were heading for Youghal instead of Waterford.

July 27. Sighted the Irish coast about 2 o'clock, a gleam of sunshine gave a rather uncertain observation, which showed that we were heading for Queenstown, which lay about 25 miles from us. An hour and a half later came about hoping to fetch Waterford on the other tack—with a dropping wind and a choppy sea we made better way, and finally at 8.30 started the engine, took off sail as the wind had gone, and got into Dunmore East at 11 p.m.—all glad to turn in for a good sleep after the bad night on the Irish sea.

July 28. Ran out of Dunmore about 10 a.m. Found it thicker than we thought

outside, and some sea running, blowing fairly hard S.W., so decided to put back and wait. A quiet day in Dunmore.

July 29. Dunmore to Wicklow. Had a free run as far as Rosslare. Very pleasant change after weeks of hard sheets and close hauling. Off Rosslare it blew up fairly hard, two reefs down, and wind again going N. John Good's fine new ketch passed us going north. From Arklow on light head winds all over the place, but always north. and we seemed always on the wrong tack. However, we reached Wicklow at length at 10.30 p.m. Had the harbour to ourselves.

July 30. Wicklow to Kingstown. A fine breeze from the south gave us a quick pleasant run to Kingstown in less than three hours. Total mileage—2,471. Actual mileage sailed must be well over 3,000.

(May 29th to July 30th, 1933)

Gaff Ketch—30 tons T.M. ; 24 tons gross.

Length—53 feet ; beam, 13.1 ; draft, 6 ft. 7 in. ; water line, 37 ft.

Sail area—1,380 sq. feet.

Engine single cylinder 9 h.p. with variable propellor.

PERSONNEL :

Skipper.—A.B. (paid hand).

Cook.—Gunner in R.A. Signals (paid hand).

Wireless Operator, Ship's Carpenter, and Self-starter for the Engine.

The Navigator.—Colonel in R.A. ; looked after punt and ground gear.

The Owner.—Caterer ; Engineer and Medical Officer.



"Gull's" Log, 1933

Gull left Cork Harbour bound west at 5 p.m. on 4th July, with a fair wind and was up with the Old Head at 9 p.m.

July 5. At 7 p.m. weighed anchor with a light wind from the S.E., which freshened later. Abreast of Seven Heads at 7.50; Galley 9.20; Stags 10.40; Kedges abeam 11.15; Mizzen 2.25; Corrid Point at the entrance to Glengariff 5.21—roughly 10 hours from port to port.

July 6. Tom made a trip up the hill to Roche's Hotel to bespeak some chicken for Saturday's dinner when, we expected a big crowd on the yacht.

It appears chickens larger than a blackbird were hard to get; but "May" was very kind and promised that she would have three decent size birds ready for us.

July 7. 2.50 we weighed anchor and made for Bantry in a strong breeze.

After some purchases which included salt ling (the only fish procurable in this seaport town) we joined the ship to find that a considerable sea had arisen and the wind having gone more westerly and freshened, the anchorage was decidedly an unpleasant one.

Weighed anchor at 7.10 under trysail and staysail, later set the jib, and made a fairly fast passage across Bantry Bay, arriving at 8.30 in our old anchorage off Bark Island.

July 8. This day again began with heavy rain and squalls from the S.W. It was a fine evening with a strong wind from the S.W. The cutter *Herga*, 26 tons, owned by Lieut.-Col. E. H. H. Elliott, flying the Royal Cruising Club burgee, came to an anchor astern of us.

Billie, the Judge and the owner paid a visit to the *Herga*, but found they were having a late dinner, and by arrangement Col. Elliott, General Gardiner, and Dr. Moore came on board later and we swapped yarns.

The Colonel stated they had left Helford River and had a fine fair wind from the Longships, but made a landfall of the Stags, which put them many miles to the Eastward of where they expected, and that they put into Crookhaven, and later made for Berehaven outside of which they anchored near the Walter Scot Buoy, not being sufficiently charted for the inner Harbour. On hearing which the owner produced a spare copy of the Irish Cruising Club Sailing Directions which he lent to Col. Elliott.

July 9. This day began with blustering south-westerly squalls. We decided to remain at anchor, and made preparations for a great Irish stew. It rained incessantly, and blew hard so we amused ourselves by playing Australian rummy and swapping yarns.

Raining again, but not as persistently as on yesterday. In the afternoon we went for a sail down the Bay, but found there was too much wind and rain for comfort, and returned to the anchorage feeling very sick of the weather.

July 10. Sunshine at intervals, strong wind. Spent most of the day trying to dry mainsail.

July 11. Weather still bad.

July 12. At 11.50 we weighed anchor. Wind light, westerly, and were abreast of Corrid Point at 12.14. There was little sea and we had a fine turn to windward down the Bay to Sheep Head, where we checked sheets for the remainder of the journey to Crookhaven, and we arrived there about 6 o'clock.

July 13. Fine bright day, but very strong westerly wind. At 4.30 we put to sea under the small jib and trysail and headed for the Gascanane. Half way across the Bay we found a tremendous swell, but as there was not too much force in the wind, we gave her the spinnaker which gave us a fine drag towards and through the Gascanane Sound and the broken water, and south-east of it and anchored in Baltimore at 7.10 p.m.

July 14. Were at Baltimore when the yacht *Makora*, owned by Mr. McPherson, came in. We directed him to a suitable anchorage, and he came on board later with

Miss Graham and Lieut. ———. Later the *Herga* came in, and Dr. and Mrs. Moore came on board and returned our sailing directions with thanks. They told us of their trying experience at sea on the previous night. They had been to Parknasilla and had worked down the Kenmare River. They prudently avoided the Dursey Sound as the weather was so bad, and hove to seaward of the Bull. Mrs. Moore and young Strickland were the only persons on board not seasick.

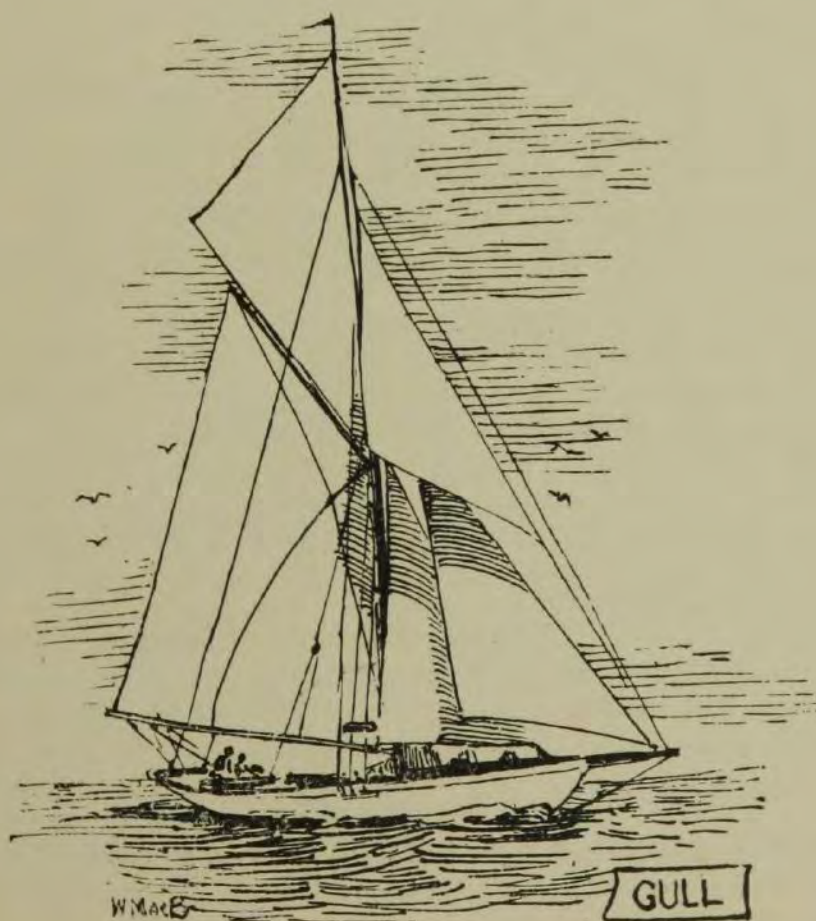
Commander H. O. Hanson, Hon. Secretary of the Cruising Association, was also at Baltimore in his yacht *Ianthe II*, seven tons, and came on board to us. *Herga's* crew came also, and sitting accommodation in *Gull's* saloon was much overtaxed. Talked cruising and the coincidence of *Ianthe's* making a more westerly landfall than *Herga*.

July 16. Weighed anchor at 2.30 p.m., sailed close to the entrance to Barlogue, and then having passed eastward of Scullane went into Castletownshend, had a look at it, and came out again, and made for Glandore where we anchored at 5.40 p.m. Saw motor yacht *Puffin* alongside Union Hall Pier. As he had only a blue-back coasting chart we offered the owner a loan of the Sailing Directions, which he was glad to get, and returned the book later when we got to Queenstown.

July 17. Fine morning. Decided to make for Kinsale as Jack was anxious to see the place. Weighed anchor and proceeded at 2.25 p.m. Abreast of the Galley at 3.25, where we streamed log as it was getting thick. Saw a yawl beating to the westward of Dirk Cove, and as we came close to her recognised the *Failthe* in charge of her owner, Rev. W. E. Vandeleur. At 4.42 log read $9\frac{1}{2}$, and we got a glimpse of Legana Head right abeam on the course.

At 5.50 we were abreast of the Old Head and let go our anchor off the town pier at 6.55.

July 17. A perfect morning. Bright sunshine. Wind light about W.S.W. Weighed anchor at 1 o'clock and proceeded out of Harbour. Wind died away when off Barry's Head, but we got quite a fresh cool westerly breeze, and let go off the entrance to Ballycotton at 6.18 p.m., where we remained until 19th July, when we sailed home to Crosshaven.



WHITSUNTIDE PASSAGE RACE

THE COMMITTEE arranged for a Passage Race from Kingstown to Holyhead in 1932, and although two attempts were made, the race fell through. This year it seemed as if it would have a similar fate, as the Commodore, Vice-Commodore, and Rear-Commodore were, unfortunately, ill, and could not take part.

The start was arranged for 10 p.m., 2nd June. The afternoon looked anything but encouraging : drizzle, dull, light S.S.E. wind, and the glass inclined to fall. The fact that the smallest craft taking part had sailed over 400 miles to join the Fleet, was the only encouraging feature of the afternoon.

At 9.45 p.m. the Fleet (mustering four), on a dreary June evening, sailed to the Starting Line—*Lil*, *Marie*, *Foam* and *Mavis*. (*Marie* sporting a Storm Topsail). The Starting Gun was fired from the East Pier Battery at 10.10, when the four boats crossed the line in the following order : *Marie*, *Mavis*, *Foam*, *Lil*. The course was a close haul on the star-board tack, to weather the Kish Lightship. The Fleet were in the following order half-an-hour after leaving the Pier : *Mavis*, *Marie*, closely followed by *Foam* and *Lil*. The visibility was poor, the Kish Fog Gun was heard, rain and wind increasing ; after this we lost sight of the other boats, and were anchored in Holyhead Harbour before we sighted them again.

P.M.

LOG.

11.41 June 2. *Mavis* passed the Kish Lightship

A.M.

12 30 June 3. Wind increasing with heavy rain.

3 15 Wind and rain eased a little. Sighted B. & I. boat about four miles to Port.

4 30 Wind light, Rain eased off.

5 30 Light variable wind. Thick.

6 30 Light wind, variable, between S. and E. Visibility bad.

8 30 Lowered mainsail, cleared topsail sheet. Set topsail. Wind light variable. Visibility poor.

10 30 Conditions similar. Sighted no leading lights since Kish Ship.

P.M.

12 30 Sighted land dead ahead, probably South Stack. Wind E., light. Tide setting south. Hauled wind.

2 0 Fetched in close under South Stack, and worked short tacks inshore, in order to gain advantage of early flood tide. Wind E., light. Bright sunshine. Passed outward bound Mail Boat off North Stack.

3 39 Rounded Holyhead Breakwater.

4 45 Let go anchor off small Harbour.

5 35 *Marie* rounded Breakwater.

5 48 *Foam* rounded Breakwater.

6 5 *Lil* rounded Breakwater.

All hands turned up to dinner at 8 p.m. at L. M. & S. Hotel, and spent a very pleasant evening. The owner of *Lil* presiding.

J.B.K.

SAILING DIRECTIONS (CORRECTIONS)

EAST COAST OF IRELAND.

- P. 27. Par. 9. Pladdy Lug Beacon is now painted white.
- P. 4. Par. 5. Light sectors altered to :
Green from 098° to 188°
White thence to 208°
 " 246°
Green " 286°
White " 291°
Red " 32° obscured by Greenore Point on last bearing.
 Bearings true from seaward.

S. AND S.W. COAST OF IRELAND.

- P. 4. Par. 11. Hook Point Lighthouse has been altered to White with two Black Bands.

NOTE ON STRANGFORD TOWN ANCHORAGE

"A SNUG CREEK with depths of 2 and 4 fathoms. Sheltered by Swan islet where small vessels can moor in complete security out of the tidal stream."

It is, however, not completely free from tidal stream which runs N. in the channel about $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 Kn. (at Springs) except for three-quarter hour at $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours of ebb, by the shore when it runs S. rather more strongly. I make the following remarks additional to the Admiralty Directions :

1. Swan islet at high water is a grassy button of land about 12 yards in diameter, and 8 feet high, with off-lying reefs extending to N.E. some 35 yards—elsewhere rather less.
2. Approaching from sea leave Swan islet to port, giving a clear berth of 50 yards round the small buoy N. of islet, and let go between quay of Strangford town and islet. There is a detached rock, marked on plan, between islet and quay, but we found no trace of it.
3. In quiet weather it is unnecessary to moor. We had trouble in trying to do so, our warp getting foul of a permanent mooring. There are two of these—possibly more.
4. We finally anchored further out and a little more to the N. in 4 fathoms. N. by W. of, and 15 yards from, small buoy already mentioned. This buoy is closer to islet than as indicated in plan ; but the islet shore is here fairly clean. We ran a warp astern to ring in wall or built up shore of mainland which is steep to. There is even less stream here than further in, and more room to range.

Strangford anchorage has the great advantage of being alongside supplies, buses and ferry, Audley Roads being miles from all three.

H.M.W.

8 March 35, add

Camier
Boucher

Sandymount

12

List of Members

7 + 3

NAME	ADDRESS	YACHT	THAMES TONNAGE
BARTON H.D.E.	Linden Lea Cultra Co Down	Jean II	5
BARRETT, H. R. ...	Marshalls, Braintree, Essex ...	Musette ...	3
BECKETT, A. (Hon. Auditor)	Esplanade Hotel, Bray ...	Charm ...	7
BECKETT, J. W., T.D. ...	Teag Beag, Gordon Ave., Foxrock, Co. Dublin.	Kitsune ...	3
BELL, Maj W. Bertram, Foaty Island Cobh			
BENNETT, J. H. (Vice-Admiral, R. Cork Y.C.)	Ballincurrag, Midleton, Co. Cork ...	Myth ...	24
BRETLAND, A. W. ...	Malahide, Co. Dublin ...	Togo ...	17
BROWN, B. ...	5 Park View, Wellington Rd., Cork	Tern (P.O.) ...	9
BROWNE, LT.-COL. E. W.	Raven Ho. Adderley, Market Drayton	Palatina ...	48
BYRNE, GERALD ...	Abbeyview, Dalkey.		
CHADWICK, TERENCE	Shielmartin House, Howth.		
CHANCE, LESLIE G. ...	Mullamore, Milltown, Co. Dublin.	Britannia	
CLARKE, A. W. ...	Fernbank, Howth.		
CRIMMINS, MRS. E. (Belgrove)	Belgrove, East Ferry, Cobh ...	Nirvana ...	9
CROSBIE, SENATOR GEO.	The Kedges, Douglas Road, Cork ...	Maureen ...	6
CROSBIE, THOMAS ...	Woodlands, Montenotte, Cork ...	Betty ...	6
DALY, D. L. ...	Currabinny, Crosshaven, Co. Cork	Colleen ...	21
DE STE. CROIX, W. B. ...	23 Leadenhall St., London, E.C.3 ...	Isis ...	12
DEVEREUX, A. ...	Fingal, Clontarf, Dublin.		
*Donegan, H. P. F. (Vice-Commodore).	74 South Mall, Cork ...	Gull ...	18
*DONEY, H. E. (jun.)	74 South Mall, Cork.		
DONOVAN, D. M., M.D.	11 St. Patrick's Hill, Cork ...	Tern (P.O.) ...	9
DOUGLAS, DESMOND H.	The Tunnel, Greystones ...	Sheila ...	6
DOUGLAS, S. J.	Do.		
DOYLE, THOMAS ...	Redcliffe, Western Road, Cork.		
ELLIOTT, GEO. W. .M ...	36 Wellington Road, Dublin.		
ELLIOTT, MAYNE ...	52 Mount Pleasant Square, Dublin.		
ERSKINE, JACK ...	Whitehouse, Belfast ...	Redwing ...	6
ERSKINE, TOM ...	Do.	Minnie ...	11
*FAULKNER, J. A. ...	Dufferin Villas, Bangor, Co. Down	Dolphin ...	10
FITZGERALD, A. ...	Landscape Ter., Sunday's Well, Cork	Honor Margaret ...	10
FITZGERALD, WILFRED ...	1 St. Andrew Street, Dublin.		
FLANAGAN, F. G. ...	123 Inchicore Road, Dublin.		
FLANAGAN, R. F. ...	Do.		
FRENCH, HERBERT ...	Cudworth Manor, Newdicat, Surrey	Ninon ...	68
FRENCH MISS DAPHNE, A.	Seaford Ho. Seaford Ave. Seaford	Emble ...	9
GILLILAND, COM. F., R.N.V.R.	Brook Hall, Londonderry	Melmore	17

Gibbon Col. C.M.

* Members of Committee.
Sleedagh Wexford
34

Monk 5

FitzSimmons, W.G.

(Clonycquin, Castlera, Co. Roscommon).
braugild, Bla...

Barbint, Rosstrouquet;

LIST OF MEMBERS.—continued.

NAME	ADDRESS	YACHT	THAMES TONNAGE
<i>REAR</i> GOLDSMITH, ADMIRAL R.N., <i>LENNOX</i> M. LENNON, D.S.O.	Royal Cruising Club, <i>LONDON</i>	<i>Moda Léna</i> Ena	<i>44</i> 31
GOOD, JOHN, D.L.	The Moorings, Merrion Rd., Dublin	<i>Pamela</i>	61
GUNN, L. G.	43 Fitzwilliam Square, Dublin	<i>Albatross VI</i>	30
<i>M.D.</i> HEARD, R. DOUGLAS	<i>Penrose Quay, Cork</i>		
HAWKES, COL. W., D.S.O.	Falmouth (West Point <i>Rosstrouquet</i>)	<i>Kathleen</i>	10
HEALY, THOMAS	Skibbereen, Co. Cork.		
HIGGINBOTHAM, FRED., A.M.I.C.E.	Glen Cor, Howth	<i>LADY</i>	<i>10</i> <i>SOPHIE</i>
HIGGINBOTHAM-WYBRANTS, W. A.	72 Grosvenor Rd., Rathmines, Dublin	Rose	32
HUDSON, R. J. HARRINGTON	Vennadon House, Dousland, Yelverton	<i>Theta</i>	15
HYLAND, JOHN J.	Mt. Pleasant, College Rd., Cork.	<i>Tern (P.O.)</i>	9
KAVANAGH, JOHN	Woodview, Ballintemple, Cork	<i>Ziska</i>	9
*KEARNEY, JOHN B.	7 Killarney Avenue, Dublin	<i>Mavis</i>	10
KEATINGE, A. F. H.	Bamberg, Sutton, Co. Dublin.		
*Keatinge, D. (Hon. Sec.)	Landfall, Bailey, Howth	<i>Marie (P.O.)</i>	5
KELLY, CAPT. P. F.	4 Ard-na-greine, St. Luke's, Cork.		
KENNEDY, FRANK	National Y.C., Dun Laoghaire	<i>Realt</i>	4
*KIRKHAM, T. G.	126 Francis Street, Dublin. <i>122 Rathgar Rd Dublin.</i>		
KIRKPATRICK, L.-Col. A. R.	The Lodge, Kilternan, Co. Dublin.		
LANNIN, JOSEPH	56 Gillabbey Street, Cork.		
LE FLUFY, FREDK.	Menloe Gardens, Blackrock, Cork.		
<i>Mr STAY M.</i>	<i>53 Blessington St Dublin</i>		
*MacBride, W. (Hon. Treas.)	39 Harcourt Street, Dublin	<i>Leila</i>	3
McFERRAN, KEITH	33 Hollybrook Road, Clontarf	<i>Marie (P.O.)</i>	5
MACCARTHY, MORROUGH F. D.	Coolgrena, Little Island, Co. Cork.		
MACNAMARA, FRANCIS	5 Upper Ely Place, Dublin	<i>Mary Ann</i>	24
MARTIN, LT. COL. E. G., <i>R.N.V.R., O.B.E.</i> <i>(Commodore, Royal Ocean</i> <i>Racing Club).</i>	3 Goat's Farm, Billericay, Essex.		
MARTIN, W. R.	1 St. Andrew Street, Dublin.		
MELLON, A. M.	43 Victoria Road, Oxford.	<i>Osmunda</i>	<i>11 ?</i>
*MELLON, DOUGLAS	7 Kenilworth Road, Rathgar, Dublin	<i>Lil</i>	10
MICKS, R. H., M.D.	2 Fitzwilliam Square, Dublin.		
*Mooney, A. W. (Rear- Commodore).	9 Rutland Square, E., Dublin	<i>Aideen</i>	16
MORGAN, W. E.	Munster and Leinster Bank, 174 , Navan.		
O'BRIEN BRENDAN	<i>65 Fitzwilliam Square Dublin</i>		
O'BRIEN, DONOUGH	65 Fitzwilliam Square, Dublin	<i>Maureen (P.O.)</i>	6
O'KELLY, FERGUS, B.E.	Castle Avenue, Clontarf.		
O LOCHLAINN, COLM, M.A.	Beechlawn, Rathgar Road, Dublin	<i>Klysma</i>	9
O'RYAN, P. W.	3 Clarinda Park, Dun Laoghaire.		
O'SULLIVAN, PATK., B.L.	Silverdale, Rushbrooke, Co. Cork.		
O'KEEFFE, R.	Ardnageena, Bantry, Co. Cork.		

* Members of Committee.

LIST OF MEMBERS.—continued.

NAME	ADDRESS	YACHT	THAMES TONNAGE
<i>Avenue,</i> <i>Abroad</i> ODLUM, ED. JOHN ...	7 Sandycove West, Co. Dublin.		
PAGE, J. A., M.B. ...	Melrose, Silchester Rd., Dun Laoghaire.		
PERROTT, WILLIAM ...	Ballincurrag Lodge, Douglas Road, Cork.	<i>Sea Hawk</i> ...	22
REARDON, JOHN ...	Wilton, Park Cork.		
ROSE-RICHARDS, MAJ. T. P. ...	Furze field, Bosham, Sussex	<i>Lexia</i> ...	40
REIDY, MATTHEW ...	Mulgrave Rd Cork		
SIMON, INGO ...	Scotland Hall, Stoke-by-Nayland, Suffolk.	<i>Saladin</i> ...	34
SNOW, H. W. ...	Wayside, Enniskerry. Clonkeen, <i>Kill of the Grange, Blackrock.</i>		
SOMERSET, CAPT. THE HON. ROBERT, D.S.O. (Vice-Commodore, Royal Ocean Racing Club).	Ince Castle, Saltash, Cornwall	<i>Nina (P.O.)</i> ...	53
*SOMERVILLE-LARGE, C., F.R.C.S.I.	16 Fitzwilliam Place, Dublin	<i>Tern</i> ...	4
STEPHENS, J. B. ...	Rathmadh, Glenageary, Co. Dublin	<i>Punctilio</i> ...	9
SULLIVAN, A. M. (Sergeant-at-Law).	1 King's Bench Walk, Temple, E.C.4	<i>Ailsa</i> ...	15
SULLIVAN, D. B., B.L., D.J.	Carrigrenane, Little Island, Cork.		
TIDMARSH, CAPT. D. ...	The County Club, Limerick	<i>Foam</i> ...	5
TOMLINSON, W. T. ...	3 Killeen Terrace, Malahide.		
TOWNSEND, GEO. W. ...	Wilmont, 61 Howth Road, Dublin		
*VANDELEUR, REV. W. E., M.A.	Killiskey Rectory Ashford Co. Wicklow 25 Mountjoy Square, Dublin	<i>Failte</i> ...	12
WALLER, CAPT. OTWAY	Portobello Harbour, Dublin <i>Banagher</i>	<i>Wayfarer</i> <i>Imogen</i>	43 6
*WALSH, J. P. ...	32 Dartmouth Square, Dublin.		
WALSH, P. T. ...	32 Dartmouth Square, Dublin	<i>Sheila II</i>	9
WHITFIELD, GEO., R.N.	Modreeny, Cloughjordan, Co. Tipperary.		
*WILSON, CANON D. F. R., M.A.	St. Mary's, Ailesbury Rd., Dublin	<i>Esterel</i> ...	12
WOODLEY, F. R. ...	Mount Bernard, (Queenstown) (Cobh)	<i>Maia</i> ...	3
WORKMAN, R. E. ...	Hon. Sec., Royal North of Ireland	<i>Eriska</i> ...	9
WILSON, H. G. <i>Moyle, Lame A.C., Cultra ; or 6 Dublin Road, Belfast.</i>			
WRIGHT, HENRY BUNTING (jun.). <i>M.B.</i>	3 St. James's Terrace, Clonskeagh, Dublin. <i>Abroad</i>		
WRIGHT, H. J., M.D. ...	59 Merrion Square, Dublin	<i>Pauline</i> ...	3
*Wright, Herbert M. (Commodore).	3 St. James's Ter., Clonskeagh, Dublin	<i>Espanola</i> ...	15
O'BRIEN, CONOR (Honorary Member)	Foynes, Co. Limerick	<i>Saoirse</i> ...	20

N.B.—Members are requested to notify the Hon. Secretary of any change of address or boat.

* Members of Committee,

*Cree, Donald G.L. Hon. Secretary. Royal Cruising Club.
(Hon. member)*

IRISH CRUISING CLUB



OFFICERS ~~1933-34~~

~~4~~ ~~5~~

1935

Commodore :

H. M. WRIGHT.

Vice-Commodore :

H. P. F. DONEGAN.

Rear-Commodore :

A. W. MOONEY.

Committee :

~~H. E. (Hon.)~~
H. E. H. ~~DONEGAN~~ DONEGAN, *Junr.*

J. A. FAULKNER.

J. B. KEARNEY.

T. G. KIRKHAM.

D. MELLON.

C. SOMERVILLE-LARGE, F.R.C.S.I.

REV. W. E. VANDELEUR, M.A.

J. P. WALSH.

REV. CANON D. F. R. WILSON, M.A.

~~D. KEATINGE~~ (Hon. Secretary).

W. MACBRIDE (Hon. Treasurer).



The Irish Cruising Club Annual

1935



The Irish Cruising Club Annual

1934-35



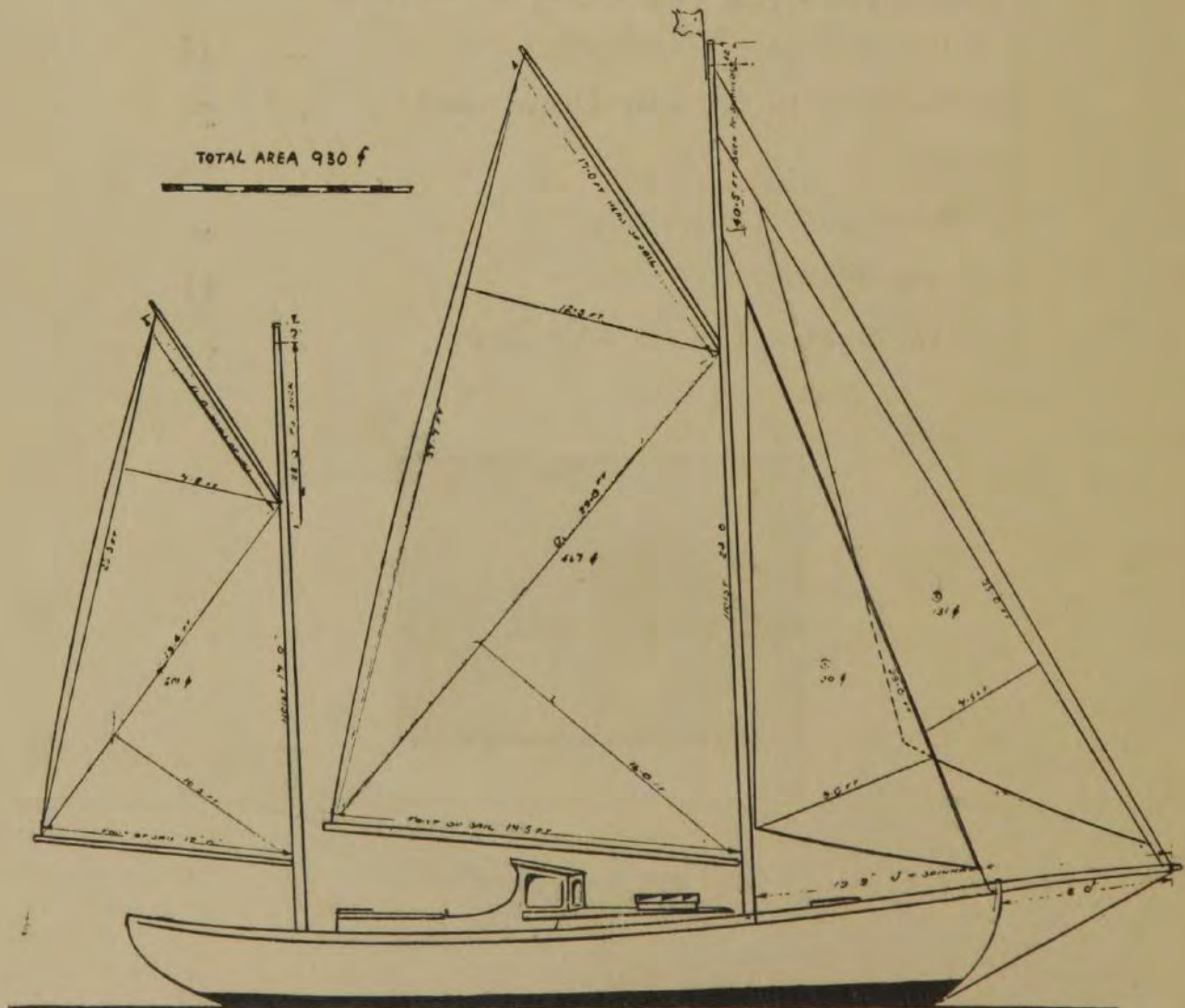
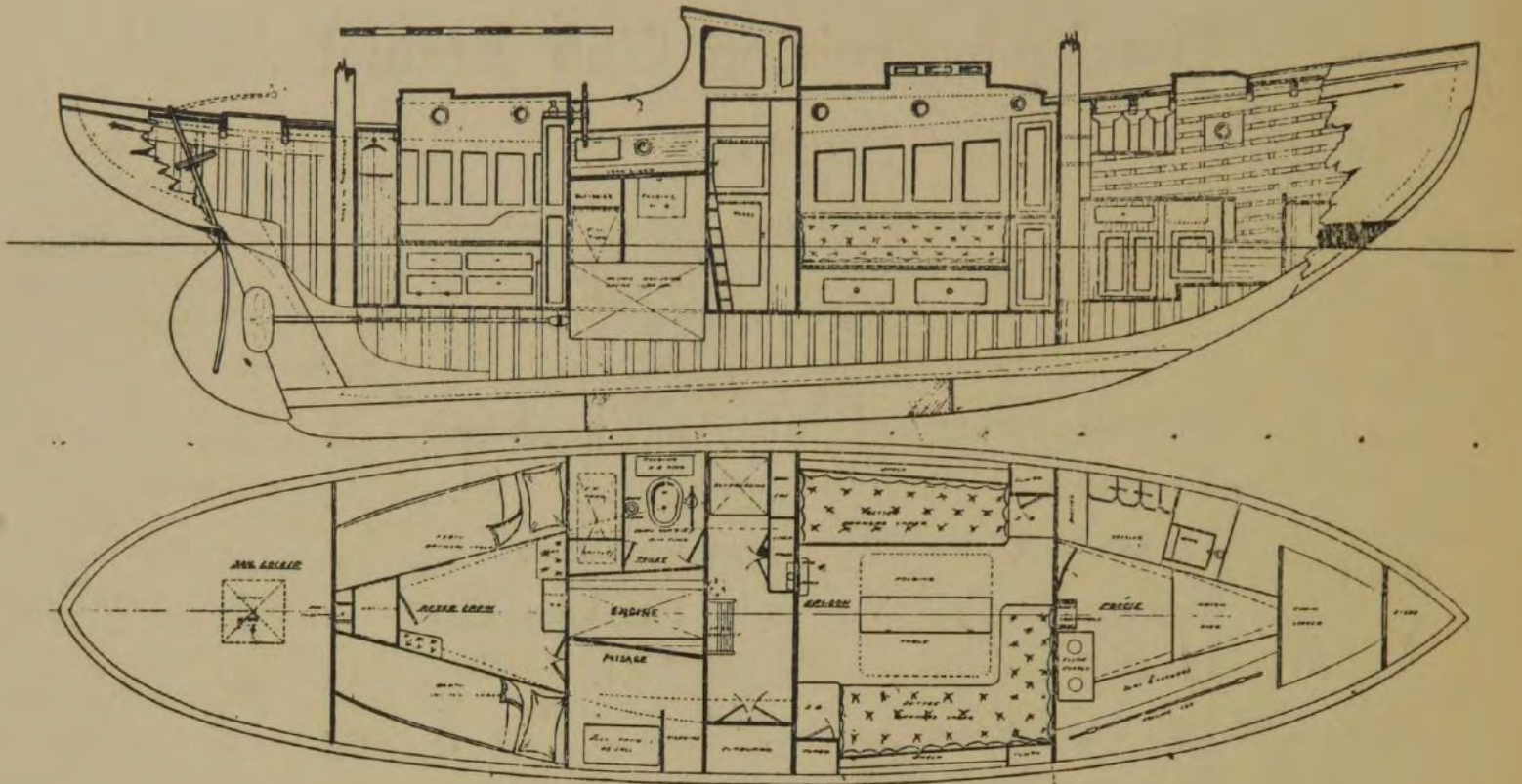
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Accommodation and Sail Plans of "AIDEEN"

AIDEEN
GENERAL ARRANGEMENT
SCALE $\frac{3}{4}$ "=1 FOOT



The Irish Cruising Club Annual

EDITORIAL

ON THE WHOLE we had a good Sailing Season in 1934, marked, however, by prolonged calms and by windy periods, becoming at times even stormy—a bad year for the underwriters who have had to pay for several total losses. There was a gale on 6th May, and a high S.S.E. to S.W. wind for the Channel Match a fortnight later. On 20th August a sudden and very violent westerly gale swept the entire country reaching 78 m.p.h. in squalls. Two yachts, *Lil* and *Anita*, were driven against the East Pier, Kingstown, and sunk, and others had narrow escapes.

The four logs entered for competition for the Faulkner Cup are of above the average merit. The Cup has been won for the first time by a lady, who well deserved her success. Capt. Tidmarsh sailed his 5-tonner into many remote creeks on the Connacht sea board, hitherto almost entirely unknown to amateur sailors, and his Atlantic passage of 52 miles from Slyne Head to the Shannon, made mostly “under half a jib,” was a notable performance. His photographs, taken on the cruise, are very beautiful. An owner of a 6-tonner once asked my advice about acquiring a large vessel in which he could “keep the sea.” My reply was that in such a craft he would be unable to “keep the land.” Capt. Tidmarsh has shown that in *Foam* he can do both !

Lil's last cruise was probably her best. Out of twenty days the first six passed before the dinghy was launched ; five nights were spent at sea ; recognised harbours were entered only for an hour or so to buy stores. It is lamentable that the fine old boat should now lie a hopeless wreck in Kingstown Harbour. Miss Daphne French's cruise in *Embla* was a plucky one, and her log exhibits all the freshness and many of the mishaps of the novice's first effort. Her poetry is inspiring. We suggest that next time she versify her entire log.

The attendance at our annual dinner continues to enlarge ; ninety-two members and guests being present on 8th December, 1934. The artistic ingenuity of the Menu-makers is apparently inexhaustible. Mr. Kirkham contributed a fine model of the Fastnet, which is the Club Emblem !

In the coming Season the Club fleet will be augmented by the new 16-tonner *Aideen*, now under construction for the Rear-Commodore, by another vessel, *Osmunda*, purchased by Mr. Douglas Mellon to replace the ill-fated *Lil* (both it is needless to remark, two-stickers), and by *Madalena*, 44 tons, for Rear-Admiral Goldsmith.

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY FOR THE FAULKNER CUP.

THE FAULKNER PERPETUAL CHALLENGE CUP shall be awarded each year for the log of the best cruise during the Season, sent in by a member who shall be responsible for the safe return of the Cup to the Club at the expiration of twelve months.

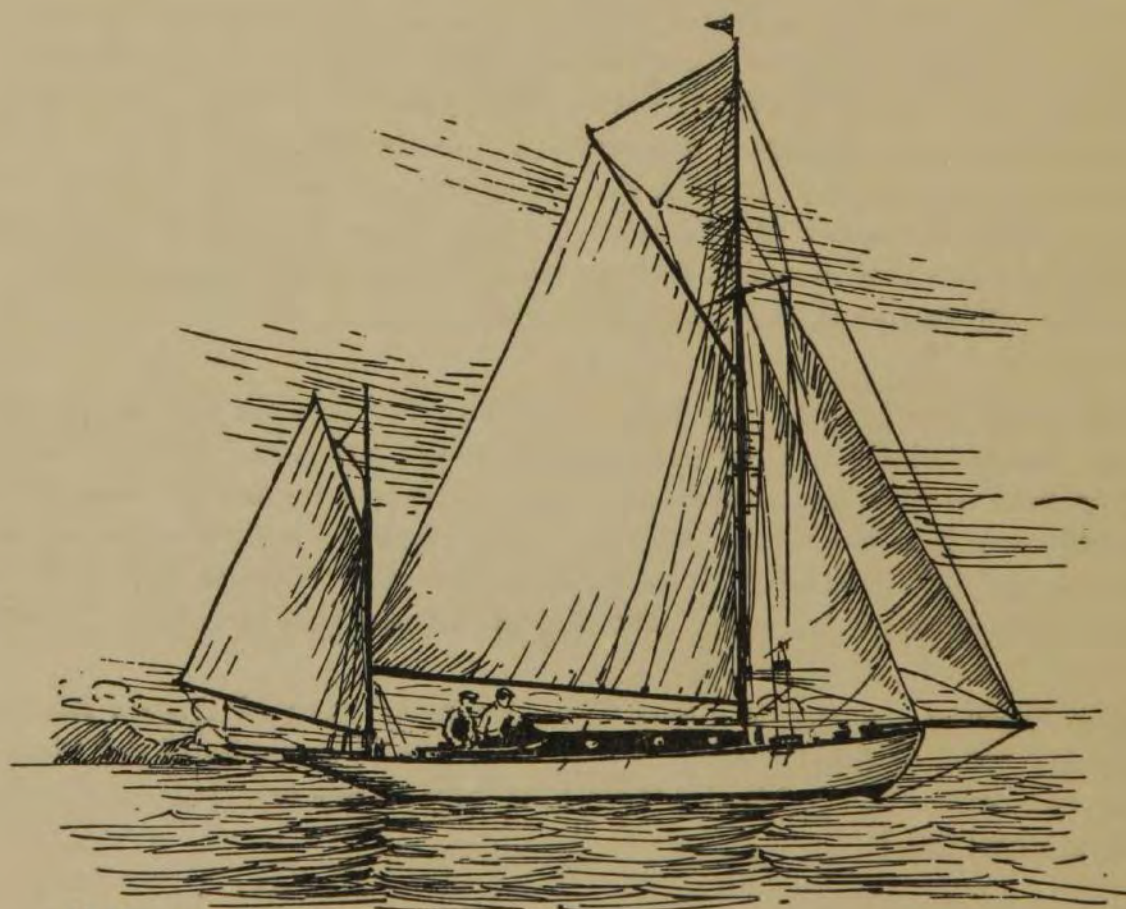
The competition is open to any member provided that he shall be in command of the yacht, the cruise of which is described, and that the said yacht shall be owned by a member of the Club.

The onus of deciding the winner will devolve on a judge who shall not be a competitor, appointed by the Committee. He will take into consideration distance covered, crew, time occupied, tonnage of vessel, whether equipped with auxiliary power, seamanship displayed, and difficulties overcome, including description of working details embodied in the log and sailor-like presentation of same.

The I.C.C. will be responsible for the engraving of the winner's name, yacht and date, and the insurance of the Cup.

Logs entered for this Cup are to be sent before 1st December, 1935, to the Hon. Secretary.

A description of the yacht and photograph should be sent with each entry.



OSMUNDA.

Nirvana's Cruise, 1934

					<i>Miles</i>
June	5th	Cork to Helvick	40½
	6th	Helvick to Dunmore	22
	7th	Dunmore to Arklow	67½
	8th	Arklow to Abersoch (St. Tudwall's Rds.)	66
	9th	Abersoch to Portmadoc	15
	12th	Portmadoc to Port Dinllaen	43
	13th	Port Dinllaen to Carnarvon	17½
	14th	Carnarvon to Beaumaris	10½
	17th	Beaumaris to Port St. Mary	56½
	18th	Port St. Mary to Cultra	61
	24th	Cultra to Larne	21½
	25th	Larne to Lamlash	51½
	26th	Lamlash to Sandbank	29
	29th	Sandbank to E. Loch Tarbert	42½
	30th	E. Loch Tarbert to L. Craigmish	23
July	1st	L. Craigmish to L. Aline	37½
	2nd	L. Aline to Gometra	38½
	3rd	Gometra to Colonsay	31
	4th	Colonsay to Cultra	80
	6th	Cultra to Bangor and back	8
	9th	Cultra to Kingstown	97½
	19th	Kingstown to Wicklow	21
	21st	Wicklow to Cork	135
TOTAL					1,015½

Tuesday, 5th June:

9.35 a.m.—Owner, Mike and John Coleman on board. Rounding Roche's Pt. saw anchored outside a four-masted barque. Motored out to her and circled her—the *Priwall* of Hamburg, from Australia.

4.0 p.m.—Capel Island abeam. Wind almost nothing, and not too much petrol. Decided to go for Helvick.

6.20 p.m.—Mine Head abeam. No wind and swell all around the coast. Saw three-masted schooner with all sail set and no wind. Mike said she was the *Brooklands* of Cork.

7.30 p.m.—Tied up to a fishing boat in Helvick Harbour at dead low water. All the natives speaking Irish and very pleasant.

Wednesday, 6th June:

6.0 a.m.—Went out under engine, having breakfast *en route*.

7.0 a.m.—All sail set, but topsail. Choppy sea, thick, and squally. Sea stopping the ship a lot. Took off mizen to ease steering. *Nirvana* carries pronounced weather helm in a fresh breeze. Went about and stood in to the land as visibility was worse.

3.0 p.m.—Off Dunmore. Almost no wind. Started engine and anchored in harbour with stern warp to quay.

Thursday, 7th June:

7.0 a.m.—Under way under engine. No wind. Off the Hook there was a little breeze off the land.

7.45 a.m.—Set mainsail, and steered to pass between Saltees and Coningmore.

10.55 a.m.—Saltees (West Pt.) and Coningbeg Rock respectively to port and starboard. Thousands of Puffins, Shearwaters, Kittiwakes and Herring Gulls.

1.0 p.m.—Small air from S.W. gave us hope, but lasted only ten minutes. Went slowly by Barrells L.V., and threw paper to them. They reported light N.E. winds predicted.

2.25 p.m.—Fundale perch abeam. Sea breaking on Bailies in spite of calm.

3.0 p.m.—Rounded Slough Buoy. Altered course to stand up inside the banks. Great tide under us from Barrells.

4.16 p.m.—Lucifer L.V. abeam to starboard. Air from E.N.E. steady, but light.

5.40 p.m.—Rusk Channel North Buoys abeam. Nice light breeze and slight sea.

7.10 p.m.—Wind gone completely. Tide now foul. Started engine.

10.0 p.m.—A/c for Arklow Buoy and Pier. Moored just ahead of dock entrance, half blocking it, and let go stern and bow anchors. Procured petrol, milk and potatoes.

Friday, 8th June:

6.20 a.m.—Under way under engine. No wind outside.

8.30 a.m.—Arklow Light Vessel abeam. Took departure for Bardsey Island Light. Set Log. Sails all set, but no wind. Black thunderstorm on horizon to the N.E.

4.50 p.m.—Bardsey Island Light on port bow about 3 miles. Log thus proved very accurate. S.W. swell noticeable as we neared coast.

6.30 p.m.—Bardsey Island Light abeam. Yacht being carried N.E. with flood tide.

6.45 p.m.—Tide now turned, strong against us. Only creeping along, although engine going three-quarter speed. Obviously hopeless to make Portmadoc. The coast to the north is beautiful with sharp mountains and cliffs, and sandy beaches, and the colours and shadows in the evening light are unusually clear. Furled and covered sails against dew.

9.20 p.m.—At last. Penkilan close abeam. We kept inshore to lessen tide strength. Entered St. Tudwall's Sound, and watched a lone sheep braving death on the cliff's edge. It seemed to know what it was doing; but was almost over once or twice. Saw yachts anchored off Abersoch Point, so went in with the lead instead of anchoring in charted anchorage, $4\frac{1}{2}$ fm. No air stirring. Very beautiful.

10.20 p.m.—Dropped hook. Engine ran for sixteen hours, with fifteen minutes off. Twice we let her petrol fail, but all the trouble she gave was two dirty plugs ten minutes before we anchored.

Saturday, 9th June:

In the morning sent John ashore with an Irish pound-note for milk and butter. No one would look at it but the small hotel, reassured by their Irish cook. Kept the mizen up to keep her head to wind, as the anchorage was a bit uneasy at times, though there was no wind. The sands dry out for about half a mile, and most of the boats were either motor boats with permanent leg fittings, or Menai prawners—all carrying legs.

2.45 p.m.—Under way with engine at dead low water; leaving Spit buoy to port until the Light was bearing W. by S. Then steered E. by N. very slowly through the clear water. Hazy all round.

5.30 p.m.—Saw *Aluna*, Christopher Swayne, coming out to meet us. He took me off, and we drifted together while we had tea, and waited for the tide to rise. She is comfortable and heavy, and draws only 3 ft. 6 in. She is like a prawner, but not so squat aft. With C.S. on board as pilot, into Portmadoc, we moored in mid-stream at 7.55 p.m. near the bridge.

Tuesday, 12th June:

8.20 a.m.—Under way. Anchored at Bar buoy off Black Rock sands in lee of east bank.

10.40 a.m.—Finding water a bit shoal, moved to off the fairway buoy. Mike spliced paddle: broken for the second time and in a different place by John.

1.20 p.m.—*Aluna* coming out. Set sails and away. Just able to point our course. Wind very light—had to help with motor.

5.45 p.m.—Penkilan Head abeam. Now strong west-going fair tide. Sea oily, smooth.

7.0 p.m.—Braich y Pwll abeam. Sailed out to *Aluna* waiting for us. They asked me to supper. Wind dead ahead, so in staysail and set steamboat course. Engine not happy: changed plugs. Covered mainsail and mizen. Sea oily—strong fair tide.

8.15 p.m.—Engine stopped: cleaned plugs and put first set back; but after ten minutes

engine stopped again. She went on doing this at short intervals until we were close to the perch at Porth Dinllaen, and stopped twice between perch and anchorage.

10.0 p.m.—Anchored outside *Aluna*. and went aboard her for dinner. Mike was hot and exhausted after winding engine at very short intervals for so long. Hailed a motor boat and asked them to send a first-class mechanic on board early next morning.

Wednesday, 13th June:

8.0 a.m.—Lancashire mechanic (thank goodness !) aboard. He found filter just before carburettor absolutely choked. He cleared it and charged 7s. 6d. ! On board *Aluna* for breakfast. Then walk ashore for a few supplies.

5.30 p.m.—Under way under mizen and jib. Got on main when clear. Gybed to make offing, as our course was a dead run.

7.25 p.m.—Gybed again to reach down close to Llandrdyn Point to look for buoys. Foggy to seaward. Can hardly see *Aluna*. Hove to off No. 5 red buoy.

9.15 p.m.—Sailed in under jib and mizen quite fast and anchored off pier. *Aluna* in about 30 min. later.

Thursday, 14th June:

Shops shut (early closing) ; but located Mr. Thomas, High Street, living over his shop, and stocked ship. Got John Coleman off to Ireland, great relief to Mike and self.

Friday, 15th June:

Breakfast on *Aluna* Shopping and lunch on shore. Visited yard in Bangor by bus (Dickie's). Bought pair spruce paddles : 7 ft.—22s. Brass spurs—8s. 6d. Dined on *Aluna*. Very friendly party. Leslie arrived at 10.30, complete with anchor weighing 65 lb. instead of anchor light, owing to mutilated telegram. All day and all yesterday two mechanics worked on the dynamo. We had to get a new one from a Bean car. Discovered that the dynamo and engine were not connected so, that battery on which we depend for navigation lights was not charging.

Saturday, 16th June:

11.45 a.m.—Pilot on board, mechanics still here; decided to take them along. Under way. Engine, mizen and jib. Engine casing smouldering. Mechanics jumping on it have made a proper mess, and wood is now bearing on exhaust pipe.

12.18 p.m.—In Swillies. Tide slack ; but even then not a prepossessing place.

1.15 p.m.—Anchored off Beaumaris Pier (Pin Head N.E. ; Elk Buoy E.S.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ S). Got rid of the mechanics. Saw the Castle—moat all round. Spent the rest of the day trying to make casing possible.

Sunday, 17th June:

6.10 a.m.—Left anchorage under mizen, jib and mainsail. Went out between the buoys until Lighthouse and perch open. Lighthouse sending fog signal.

7.10 a.m.—Through Puffin Sound. Set course for Lynas Pt., N.10.W. Set log. Set jackyarder ; wind very light—going to nothing. Gave engine. Lynas bearing S. 80 W. Log 3. Set course for Port St. Mary, nice steady breeze from W.S.W.

1.0 p.m.—Sun shining. ; perfect sailing. Log 26 $\frac{1}{2}$. Sighted land ahead.

4.15 p.m.—Log 43. Made certain of Langness Lighthouse close, but not clear through haze. A/c for Spanish Point.

5.45 p.m.—Rounded breakwater, Port St. Mary Bay. Anchored about 50 yards from end of it. Went ashore and was reassured by Lifeboat Cox that all was well.

Monday, 18th June:

7.0 a.m.—Under way, flat calm. Kept motor going until clear of tidal streams and away from Island.

8.50 a.m.—Oily sea. Set log. On course for South Rock

10.0 a.m.—Log 4 $\frac{1}{2}$. At last there came a light but steady air. Airplane passed.

1.15 p.m.—South Rock L.V. dead ahead. Took position. Set spinnaker. Log 24.

4.30 p.m.—Skulmartin L.V. close abeam. Noticed jaws of main gaff broken and hanging to windward. Log 39. Wind freshening with more S. in it. Handed log. Took off topsail to ease strain aloft.

5.15 p.m.—Took in spinnaker before entering Donaghadee Sound. Wind puffy. Fair tide through Sound. A lovely sunny day, but getting overcast.

5.40 p.m.—In the Sound between the Deputy and the Governor buoys. Throat halyard caught on a rivet of the gaff jaws.

6.10 p.m.—Off Bangor. Very puffy; notice slight chafe; took off mainsail in the middle of a puff with some difficulty, as we could not put her right up for fear of getting the corner of the jaws in the sail. Continued under mizen and jib quite fast.

7.0 p.m.—Very cold and rain threatening, so off Grey Point gave engine. Coming up to Cultra saluted Yacht Club. Motor boat came off, and gave us moorings astern of *Mavourneen*., just going out for a sail. Went ashore to Club to pick up mail, etc. The Hon. Sec. (Mr. Workman) very kind. Rain now falling.

Tuesday, 19th June:

Glass fell a lot in the night, and the wind came from the N.W., which makes this a bad spot. Very glad to have such a good mooring. After tea Mr. Workman came on board. Visited his Belfast Island-Class Yawl *Eriska* and then had supper with him at Club. All members very friendly. Watched racing, and was then taken for lovely drive to see Strangford. Leslie went as crew in *Pixie*, the winning Fairy in the crew's race.

Thursday, 21st June:

That night the wind went suddenly to the N.W. very strong, and all yachts had a dreadful time. Even *Mavourneen* was in up to her mast.

Friday, 22nd June:

Still very bad. Had a very wet sail round to Musgrave Basin. Dinner party at Mrs. Read's, where I found a poodle that needed clipping—and half did it!

Saturday, 23rd June:

Glass rising and steadying. Wind E. Jaws of gaff repaired and very nice. Finished poodle early. Hoping for S. in the wind to-morrow. Leslie joined ship.

Sunday, 24th June:

5.55 a.m.—Under way. Raining; cold and generally miserable. Engine also unhappy. Since the Welsh engineers got at her everything is wrong, and she uses enormous quantities of petrol. Off Cultra when out of channel set all plain sail and began to beat out of the Lough, sailing well. Sea choppy and cross. Found that there was not enough of wind to beat to the Mull and anchor in Gigha or W. Lough Tarbert, as I had intended.

2.30 p.m.—Motored slowly into Larne, and anchored there.

Monday, 25th June:

6.20 a.m.—Under way under engine. No wind. Foul tide. When off Hunter's Rock engine suddenly stopped. The ship was rolling heavily in the oily swell. Found no petrol in tank, though owner was assured the evening before that it was full! Filled tank. Rolling—almost gunwales under. Engine spluttering and stopping.

7.45 a.m.—Turned back to Larne. and dropped hook.

8.27 a.m.—Owner procured mechanic, and then went with Leslie to Olderfleet Hotel for baths and delicious well-earned breakfast. Returned to find mechanic almost ready, reporting one choked jet.

10.30 a.m.—Under way again; all feeling more cheerful. Engine sounds like her old self. Same deadly roll outside.

11.20 a.m.—Floor boards near exhaust on fire. The casing, etc., have always been a bit rickety and narrow.

11.55 a.m.—Off the Maidens set a course for Lamlash in order to get casing done; though owner gave up with regret the chance of rounding the Mull of Kintyre in comparatively smooth water.

6.50 p.m.—Ailsa Craig abeam. Many trawlers and small steamers. Ran out of petrol in tank. Seven hours on 4 gallons!

8.50 p.m.—Pladda L.H. close abeam. Motored up the coast. Anchored in lovely harbour of Lamlash. Four or five "L" class Submarines with parent ship and a destroyer. Anchored next another yacht rather further out than I had intended in over 12 fm. All chain out. Lovely evening and romantic anchorage—our first in Scotland with present owner.

Tuesday, 26th June:

12.0 midday.—Under way, sailing. Wind light S.E. Thick haze. Glass down. Battleship *Barham* in at 7 a.m. Sailed past and saluted.

1.30 p.m.—Wind more S. Thicker. Rather cold ; but sailing along in grand style.

5.50 p.m.—Sandbank. Dropped anchor off Robertson's yard. Owner went ashore at once to arrange new engine casing. On the way up saluted the Royal Clyde Y.C. as we passed. While owner was on shore the yacht was called on by the R.C.Y.C. and hospitality offered. Notice *Harbinger* lying near. Called on her after dinner and had pleasant visit.

Thursday, 28th June:

All morning busy filling up stores, water, and ship's gear unprocurable in Cork. Men working on engine casing until 12.30 p.m.

1.0 p.m.—Under way, sailing. Fair wind out of Holy Loch. At Hunter's Quay wind headed us, and we beat out S.W. towards Toward Point in company with many yachts going to tomorrow's regatta at Rothesay. A perfect day. Sunny smooth water, and *Nirvana* sailing beautifully.

5.30 p.m.—N.W. light. In the Kyles wind blowing straight down from L. Riddon. Beat up with fair tide and just a breath of wind. Very lovely and still.

8.10 p.m.—Tide now turned, so put on engine to help us through Burnt Isles.

Overtaken by a Loch Fyne yacht about our own size with four men and a hand aboard. Wonder how they all fit below.

9.20 p.m.—My watch. Light on Aoidhe Head in sight. Only just enough wind to fill sails, so kept engine going to make E. L. Tarbert while there is light enough in the sky to see the buoys, as it is strange to us all.

10.45 p.m.—Aoidhe L.H. abeam. As we got closer to the W. shore a mist came round the ship, but was not very thick. Got position from Ardrishaig L.H. W. Aoidhe L.H. S.70E. Closed the shore on course N.55E., and hit the entrance E. L. Tarbert. No sign of green light marked on the chart until we almost struck the reef on which it stands. It is no brighter than a candle. Lots of other lights in houses. From the perch quickly picked up the passage between the buoys. Dropped hook at 11.55 p.m. All very cheerful.

Saturday, 30th June:

9.0 a.m.—Still misty. At low tide the black buoy was high and dry and the red buoy aground. Along the west shore between our anchorage and the harbour were great frames for drying nets, and beside them lay a number of varnished L. Fyne fishing boats looking very foreign with their raked masts.

10.0 a.m.—Under way, sailing. Gybed outside and sailed up west to get any breath going off the shore, as there was little or no wind. Very misty over Ardrishaig and sunny behind.

2.30 p.m.—Entered sea lock, Crinan Canal (31s.) in company with blue boat. Five young men aboard on two weeks' holiday going to outer Hebrides. Very decent.

3.40 p.m.—Through first four locks. Both boats tied up to shop. Saw people wearing kilts. ; bought rum and lovely bread. Then on through pretty scenery. After the second group of locks the canal becomes really beautiful. The S. banks are steep—sometimes small cliffs and luxuriant with big ferns, foxgloves, ragged robin orchids and wild roses. As we got near Crinan we overlooked the sea beaches, and watched a dozen sheep cut off by the tide jump in one by one and swim ashore.

8.30 p.m.—Left canal. The keeper of the last lock told owner that her brother's yacht *Britannia* had left only an hour and a half before, having called at Crinan for news of *Nirvana*. He was from the north bound round the Mull for Ireland. Sailing out we saw her in the distance south. The mist was now very low and visibility poor, so we set mizen and jib, and kept the engine going.

9.40 p.m.—Anchored in L. Craiginish behind Machevan Island. The blue boat went E. of Righ Island for the night. Lovely anchorage, but fog came down thick as we anchored.

Sunday, 1st July:

Under way at 1.30 p.m. A nice puff took us out of the anchorage ; but we lost all wind under Craiginish Pt., and had to use the engine to get out to the entrance of Dorus Mor.

2.25 p.m.—Found wind there. Had a glorious sail up Ris an Vic Vaden and Shuna Sound.

4.15 p.m.—Off E. entrance Cuan Sound. We had to make a couple of tacks, taking care when going about at the elbow not to get swept on to the rock or the island ! Then came a real thrill—sailing fast down hill on the overfall by the island. Not unlike skiing.

4.27 p.m.—Through Cuan Sound. Well worth while having gone through. Great boiling outside and our good wind failing again.

4.40 p.m.—Entered tiny Easdale Sound at almost low water. Dangers painfully plain, drifted through with the tide. Coasted quietly along. Noticed that thick fog and mist was creeping down Mull to the N.W. Took bearings for course from chart.

5.20 p.m.—Steering compass course N.55E. Thick all round.

6.15 p.m.—Entered Kerrera Sound. Sun to W. and shining on Oban.

6.40 p.m.—Clearer all round. Carrying splendid tide; dead run.

7.45 p.m.—E. of Lismore wind left us, and as the tide was carrying us north, we started engine to get W. of the lighthouse and Lady Rock. Thick black fog now over Kerrera and south of it.

7.55 p.m.—Off Lady Rock got fresh N.W. wind. Beat up Mull Sound with a fair tide, but wind dead against us in mid-channel, and failing close in shore.

10.35 p.m.—Dropped hook in exquisite L. Aline just before H.W. Glassy stillness and peace in the anchorage.

Monday, 2nd July:

8.0 a.m.—Under way, sailing; but N.W. wind was so light against the incoming tide in the Narrows that we were sailing backwards and had to turn on engine until we were through.

11.15 a.m.—Anchored in Tobermory off old pier ahead of our friend the blue L. Fyner.

1.20 p.m.—Under way again. Wind W. by N. Light. Glorious day.

2.50 p.m.—Went about under Ardnamurchan.

3.50 p.m.—Chart blew overboard, having been left unattended by owner in light wind. Missed it first gybe; ran over it second, and put Leslie overboard third gybe, but salvaged the chart. L. slipped as he reached for the chart and went in up to his waist, but had such a grip of the shrouds with one hand that he went no further.

5.30 p.m.—Drifting in Calgary Bay with the sails flapping. Tried engine, which refused with snorts of carburettor trouble.

6.0 p.m.—Saw the tide turn, and at the same moment flocks of sea birds, mostly kittiwakes flew from all directions towards the Trasnish Islands. Watched sea hawk in action, and saw a greater black-backed gull.

7.42.—Got engine started again W. of Staffa. All outlying dangers clear. Went very close to the Cave with its three openings, but the swell and backwash too great to risk rowing in in the dinghy. Circled island close to, and started for Gometra.

9.15 p.m.—Anchored in Gometra, having crept in under head sails and mizen into this wild, yet peaceful anchorage. Quiet inside, but the sound of the swell breaking always present. Leslie went ashore for milk. A woman gave him ten eggs and 1 quart of milk and when he gave her a shilling refused it; but took 2d. after being pressed. He also gave her an Irish sixpence—which pleased her.

Tuesday, 3rd July.—Under way with engine. Stoppage in the feed, as she runs well for fifteen minutes and then stops. Leak also between tap and carburettor.

11.15 a.m.—Landed on Staffa in the dinghy at the steps while Mike stood the yacht on and off. Climbed round to Fingal's Cave, much impressed. The whole island and outlying rocks remind one of a jamb of logs on a Canadian river.

12.10 p.m.—Off again, with a stone for the rock garden and thyme and thrift.

2.45 p.m.—Anchored in Martyr's Bay, Iona. Walked about on the lovely island with its white beaches and did the few "sights."

4.10 p.m.—Under way for Colonsay. Wind getting very weak; air clear and the view amazing. The Torrens Rocks looked very peaceful in the calm sea; but must be terrifying in even a slight sea. Mike took the feed pipe off the engine. In doing so he broke some solder, which puts the engine completely out of action. He found in the feed pipe the end of a wooden peg about $\frac{3}{4}$ in. long broken in by the Welsh mechanic, which must have swelled gradually when petrol was turned on, and eventually blocked the pipe.

9.30 p.m.—East of the N. end of Colonsay, having used a catspaw of wind.

10.15 p.m.—All Mull and Scarba hidden by thick white mist. Bright light visible in Colonsay anchorage.

10.20 p.m.—After a big supper off the mackerel we had caught, put the dinghy over the

side and Mike and Leslie in turn towed the yacht to the anchorage, which we reached at 2.15 a.m. The fog came and went, and the light was at times lost. Very puzzled at absence of red light. Just as we dropped the hook did we see for the first time the tiny glimmer of Colonsay red light within 50 yards of us. The bright light that we had seen was the mast-head light of the M.Y. *Kiloran*.

Wednesday, 4th July:

10.15 a.m.—Owner awakened by knock on deck, to find boat from M.Y. *Kiloran* alongside, with our broken feed pipe beautifully mended. Mike had already been to them, and was now ashore for milk.

11.40 a.m.—Under way. Glorious day, but all land except Colonsay shrouded in thick mist.

2.45 p.m.—Jura hills suddenly clear above us, and sandy beaches to port. A/c to cross to the Islay side to avoid dangers.

3.30 p.m.—Quite clear. Tied up to pier at Askaig, as tide very fierce. Went ashore for lunch—walk—bath and supper. Stocked up on all stores, and wait turn of tide.

10.15 p.m.—Under way under engine. Not enough wind to cope with the last of the tide.

11.45 p.m.—MacArthur Head abeam. Streamed log. Hills of Islay reflected in the still water.

Thursday, 5th July:

12.45 a.m.—Moon rise. Almost the colour of a ripe tomato. Cloud above the moon in a black streak; otherwise the sky clear.

3.15 a.m.—Little breeze, S.E. For some time the ship has been rolling in a long swell from the N.W.

5.45 a.m.—Mull of Kintyre bearing E.S.E. Ship sailing nicely. Log 24.

9.45 a.m.—Approaching Garron Head. Wind lightening and fluky.

12.10 p.m.—Off Garron Head. No wind. Petrol short; decided to go in to Carnlough to replenish. Motored in, and went ashore, finding Canon Wilson.

2.30 p.m.—Tide fair. Made a long leg out E. and another back inside the Maidens to make the most of the tide.

7.30 p.m.—Wind gone—gave engine.

8.15 p.m.—Picked up mooring at Cultra. Supper at the Club.

Saturday, 7th July:

Bangor Regatta.

Sunday, 8th July:

In the morning came down to find mechanic still working on engine. He said paraffin must have got into the petrol. Tank emptied, and thrice washed. Finally decided mag. trouble.

Monday, 9th July:

2.15 a.m.—Under way. Engine would not go into gear and made a dreadful noise. Crept away from anchorage rattling and squeaking. No wind.

4.30 a.m.—Between Mew I. Lt. and Bangor considered anchoring; but expected a breeze outside after good weather report.

6.50 a.m.—Skulmartin abeam to port. Ship rolling most uncomfortably owing to making so little way. A sickening oily sea from every direction, short and steep. South Rock L.V. making explosive fog signal.

9.50 a.m.—South Rock L.V. abeam. Set log.

10.30 a.m.—Engine about to disintegrate. Switched her off. Not enough wind to sail. Boom hanging, having jumped the crutch. Butter Pladdy buoy visible.

1.30 p.m.—Slight air from N.E. Set spinnaker. Sea less.

5.0 p.m.—Haze lifted, showing St. John's Point, bearing N.W., about 8 miles.

7.45 p.m.—Took off spinnaker: now useless. Wind more E.—when there is any!

11.0 p.m.—Can just see tops of mountains N. of Carlingford Loch. Haulbowline Lt. flashing on starboard beam. This is the only light seen that night. S. Rock heard still, and St. John's once or twice. Could not lose Haulbowline. Drifting.

Tuesday, 10th July:

3.15 a.m.—Breath from N.N.W. Thick black haze over N.E. horizon. Steering S.W. by S. No land visible.

5.15 a.m.—Breeze dying at sunrise—very red.
 1.20 p.m.—Rockabill suddenly showed up through the haze on port bow.
 4.30 p.m.—Drifting off Lambay and the Bailey.
 11.0 p.m.—Tide now fair. Alternately drifting and being helped by the lightest of occasional airs into Dublin Bay.

Wednesday, 11th July:

12.45 a.m.—Got a breeze after half an hour of rowing the ship with the dinghy's paddles. Breeze failed just outside Kingstown. After frantically rowing against a streaming tide we dropped anchor in $6\frac{1}{2}$ fm. off the East Pier at 2.15 a.m.; 48 hours from Cultra.

9.30 a.m.—Up anchor, and in under jib and mizen. Picked up moorings off R.I.Y.C., and were looked after by their boatman. Called on by Customs who gave pratique, and stayed for a long chat on smuggling.

Thursday, 19th July:

Since 11th July owner has been ashore and engine in Dublin at S. T. Robinson's. The whole of 18th July and half of 19th was spent putting in the engine. The work was well done.

Friday, 20th July:

1.30 p.m.—Dropped mooring and sailed out with light westerly air. Off Dalkey found ourselves between two winds. The outer one was S., so we sailed on to weather Wicklow Head. Owner went below for a sleep at 4 o'clock.

7.0 p.m.—Wind S.W., freshening, and sea rising. Sky very nasty looking. The carry above seems easterly, so decided to make for Wicklow Harbour, and hope for a better wind to-morrow, rather than to beat in the dark between the banks with a falling glass.

9.20 p.m.—Dropped anchor in the middle of Wicklow outer harbour.

Saturday, 21st July:

6.30 a.m.—Very hazy morning. Gusty N.E. in harbour, so put one reef in the mainsail.

7.20 a.m.—Under way after breakfast. Less wind than we expected outside, but very choppy.

8.5 a.m.—Off Wicklow Head; tide fair now down the coast.

10.0 a.m.—Glasgorman abeam. Tide having helped us a lot. Gybed to make offing.

12.30 p.m. Log 24. Blackwater L.V. visible, 1 mile, in thick haze on port bow.

4.35 p.m.—Tuskar visible dead ahead. Altered course to stand outside it. Have seen no land since Arklow. Visibility very poor.

6.0 p.m.—Tuskar abeam. Tide foul, but due to turn. A/c at South Rock buoy for Barrels and Coningbeg L.V. Feeling big smooth W. ocean roll.

9.15 p.m.—Wind light. Much banging about Coningbeg L.V. dead ahead. A/c to relieve banging. Coningbeg abeam 2 miles to port.

Sunday, 22nd July:

2.30 a.m.—Wind failing completely. Started engine. Hook Light flashing N.N.E. Off shore wind with dawn. Stopped engine.

7.0 a.m.—Sudden strong N.E. squall struck ship and put her lee rail under. Shook her up for a moment; then sailed her hard and made great way.

9.30 a.m.—Ballycotton abeam. Handed log.

10.10 a.m.—Wind hardening and ship sailing in ideal conditions for her.

11.25 a.m.—At Roche's Point. Beat with fair tide in slight lop through harbour entrance. Sailed close-hauled across the roads, and beat up the ferry, picking up moorings just at the top of the tide at 12.50 p.m.



Cruise of the "Embla"

At 7.30 p.m. on the Tuesday, 17th July, we slipped our moorings in Kingstown, in a fresh N.W. breeze, and got into Howth at 9 p.m., just before the clouds broke in rain and vivid lightning. How snug the lamp-lit cabin seemed that night as we spread out charts and traced our passage! Fair winds followed us North, and Thursday showed us the misty outlines of the Mountains of Mourne on our port bow, with the Isle of Man away to lee. Whenever we thought about it we steered for Donaghadee, and in absent moments for the Isle of Man! Towards evening the prevailing steering being northerly, we dropped anchor in Donaghadee at 9 p.m. Soon there were calls for the cook, who hastily produced some old boots—I mean beefsteak which the crew pronounced delicious, as soon as we were able to speak.

Friday dawned wet and grey; a steady drizzle without a break. *Mavis* sailed in and reported a very rough crossing from Lamlash with heavy seas. They lent us a grand warp which did noble service at Loch Tarbert.

On Saturday we sailed for Larne, running before a somewhat fluky S. wind. In the sound we met a tide rip, and the next thing we heard was a splash as the anchor disappeared over the side with most of the cable, holding us firmly anchored. *Embla* bounced like an inebriated cork; but we soon got everything up and stowed, and made Larne without further adventure, anchoring well in on the Islandmagee port side.

Delayed another day by the oil indicator refusing to work. We spent Sunday hunting up a mechanic, and eventually ran one to earth. We left Larne on Monday, bound for Campbelltown. With a fresh W. breeze we had a good run across, and anchored off the lifeboat slip. On Tuesday we called in the lifeboat engineer to look at the engine, which refused to start. He found mag, trouble, and when that had been put right, the oil indicator gave up again. The day was spent in bathing; it was gloriously hot and the water so clear we could see the chain lying on the bottom. Discovered the real use of the bob-stay after some vain attempts to haul ourselves up the mizen shrouds.

At East L. Tarbert we had our first hard blow. It came on rather suddenly on the night of our arrival, with heavy squalls from the East. About 11 a.m. we began to drag, so we shifted further in under engine. Again we dragged, shifted again and dropped both anchors, buoying the larger one. In a short time we found ourselves still dragging; so the skipper rowed across to one of the fishing fleet for advice as to a better anchorage, while we kept her going under engine. He returned after a tough pull with two fishermen. They weighed the anchor, but forgot the buoy rope and, as we turned to motor to the lee of Cock Isle, it fouled the propellor. Cock Isle was close astern—it seemed impossible, but we just sheered past. Then the two men jumped into the dinghy and rowed furiously to the Isle while we paid out warp after warp. They made fast just as we were down to the last fathom. Presently *Brenda* (a motor launch) appeared; she had just rescued three other yachts, and gave us a tow to a vacant sea-plane mooring. How we blessed that sea-plane for being away! Later *Monica* (a cutter) which had kept us company since Larne, arrived. They lent us a marine telescope, and with its help we were able to clear the propellor. The evening was celebrated by a little supper party on board, to which came *Monica's* crew, armed with soup plates and a bottle of sherry.

Everybody talked at once. It was a grand party. After supper we rowed across to the fair, and visited the shooting galleries. They were very encouraging, and handed out prizes whatever our score—perhaps one of the lesser-known Scottish customs! Finally we rowed back to the ship through waters luminous with phosphorescence, and all the lights of the fair reflected in the harbour. On 28th July we slipped our moorings once more. The weather was still broken; but we were told it might be much better outside, and so it proved. How good it was to see our last port slipping away astern, and

Embla's bow lifting to open waters. We left heavy rain clouds over Tarbert as we ran before a N. wind for Ardlamont Point, and then tacked up the West Kyle bound for Rothesay. But when we came to Colintrave we could not pass it by. Looking up the Narrows towards Loch Ridden we gazed long at hills and water bathed in sunset colours—it was too good to leave, so we decided to spend the night there.

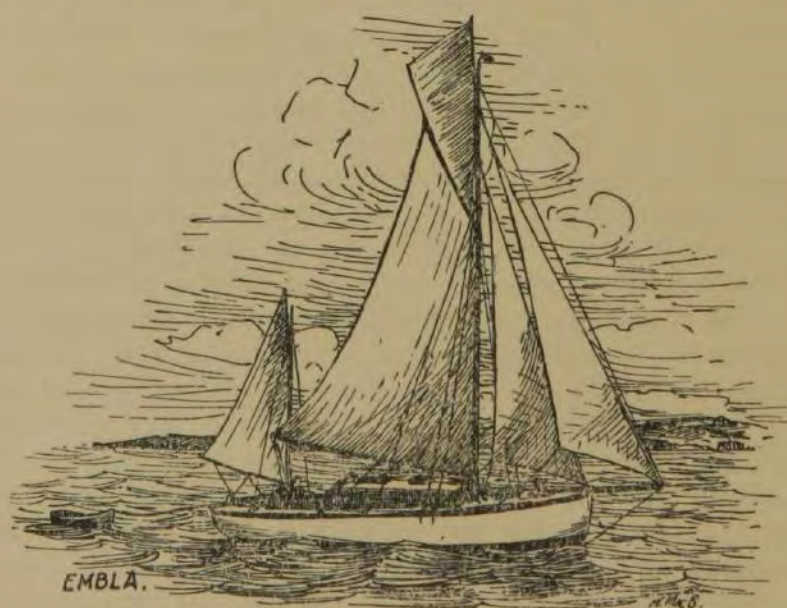
The same evening I upset a pan of hot fat over my foot ; so I put my head through the galley door and said : Sorry, supper will be late, as I've burnt my foot." The other two were immersed in papers. "Quite all right," they said, "we won't mind waiting." I thought this a bit harsh until I discovered that they had only heard the first part of my remark. But a much worse calamity befell us next morning when our skipper went on the sick list, and had to leave the ship at Rothesay. We stood by for a few days until we had the doctor's assurance of his improvement—then sailed sadly away. The night before we left was stormy, blowing hard from the N.W. The ship rolled and pitched violently, and the rain water in the cockpit slatted wildly from side to side. Saucers flew through the air ; cups sprang off their hooks ; we hung on to our bunks and praised Heaven that our teeth were our own, and that we were on good moorings.

Next morning the seas began to subside and the strength went out of the wind. We had a fairly easy passage to Lamlash with the new man, Ferguson, who turned out to be a first-class hand.

August 3rd we set a course for Donaghadee, wind N.W. backing to W. Becalmed near Ailsa Craig, we picked up a fresh breeze about 7 p.m., which held for about an hour then proceeded under motor. After a good deal of engine trouble, we eventually found ourselves in Red Bay. Three times we motored just inside the Bay, and each time the engine stopped, and we drifted out before we could get it going again. Finally, we ran in too far south. The moon was completely obscured, and Ferguson was up in the bow taking soundings, when suddenly he shouted : "Helm hard down : shoal water." At half speed she swung slowly round ; for one sickening minute she stopped dead, though the engine was now going full speed ahead. We waited breathless. At last she moved and we nosed our way into deeper water, anchoring opposite the village of Waterfoot at 3 a.m. We were told afterwards that the best anchorage is further north in the Bay beside a small jetty.

We left Red Bay pursued by threatening banks of cloud from the N.W., and occasional flat calms with a heavy swell. From Donaghadee the breeze was light and headed us, and we had to resort to the motor to make Ardglass. From there, delayed by fog, we made a short passage to Rostrevor, whirling up Carlingford Loch with the help of the I.C.C. hand-book on the crest of a 5-knot tide. On our way out tried to get petrol at Greenore, and had to drive a mile to obtain it. Set a course from the whistle bouy outside the entrance to the loch, and after a hard beat against a foul tide met at Rockabill, we picked up moorings in Kingstown Harbour at midnight on 7th August.

D. F.



Cruise of the "Espanola"

"It is a strange thing that in sea voyages where there is nothing to be seen but sky and sea, men should make diaries."—(BACON).

THE BEST CRUISES are frequently not logged at all ! Unquestionably, the worst, though not the least enjoyable, cruise recorded in the present journal is that of *Espanola*. Still it seems the duty of a flag officer of a Cruising Club to sail somewhere, and something over 100 miles. Fifty-one years have passed since first I cruised to the Clyde—"o mihi prae-terites referat si Jupiter annos"—that was in *Finola*, a 20-ton lead mine, 22 tons on keel ! 50 ft. B.P., 10 ft. B., 10 ft. D. On 28th June, 1934, at 5.30 a.m. we set trysail and stay sail to a strong westerly veering N.W. wind, which brought us to Ardglass by 5 p.m. *Concha* (25-footer) arrived later from Douglas.

At noon next day sailed for Donaghadee, still under trysail as there was no wind. Towed *Concha* a couple of miles, and engined the whole way to Donaghadee. *Concha* spent the night at sea, and on the 30th we saw her from the train on our way to Belfast. At Donaghadee we met a few friends, including Andy MacDowell ; also a very attractive person at a small shop called the "Blue Tit." She was—but I say no more ! The boys all fell for her. Bill fell the heaviest.

Owing to persistent N. wind and some fog we did not leave until 2nd July, when we beat pleasantly to Larne. We touched the Island Magee shore on falling tide, but got off by going full ahead on engine and chasing all hands out on bowsprit—one of the few advantages of a bowsprit). The plan in Club directions does not sufficiently indicate this shoal. Wind remaining foul and very light, we lingered three nights in Larne—which is three too many. One morning Bill was below preparing breakfast ; stoves, etc., standing about anyhow, when a steamer passed down the Loch, sending a huge swell over the shallows. Someone yelled "Look out Bill, here comes a steamer !" So Bill looked out, and the breakfast went to the bilges.

The ship's doctor had announced that he would not go up the West Coast—nervous about the risk, I think, on my account. This greatly disappointed me—I always contract claustrophobia inside the Clyde—and anyhow, there is more risk inside than out West !

In a clock calm we got away at 6.0 a.m. on 5th July with no sail set, and coat on main-sail. It was an extraordinary passage. We logged a steady $4\frac{1}{2}$ to $4\frac{3}{4}$ knots under power, without movement in sky, sea or ship. Michael has been tinkering to some purpose with the 20-year old Brooke. In Sanda Sound we set the canvas to a wandering air, and crawled into Campbelltown, which we had to ourselves. Another almost windless day to Loch Ranza. My first visit to this charming place, where eggs cost only 10d. and butter 11d. At E. Loch Tarbert we spent some eight or nine days, and met Dr. Gunn in *Albatross VI* ; Dr. Wilson in *Gannet* ; Dr. Carslaw in *Rowan II*, and many others. Some of them not doctors—also many young persons with whom the boys danced and mixed-bathed. We brought a team of them for a sail in Loch Fyne.

My conviction about the greater security out West was strengthened. In company with *Rowan II* we sailed to Loch Gair, where water was obtainable only by walking a mile to the only stream which had not dried up. The shade temperature rose to $83\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$. Ashore we pushed our way through a dense wall of cleggs.

Another day we chartered a car and drove to Carsaig on the W. coast *via* Ardrishaig, partly along the dried-up canal bed. On the 15th we sailed by Tighnabruich, where a regatta was in progress, and brought up at Burnt Island inside the Wood Farm buoy, where we were joined by *Vaila* (Belfast yawl). There was a fine breeze and temperature 20° down. This naturally brought up a strong wind which came S.W., and we beat to Lough

Ranza, finding very hard squalls off the Loch from the glen behind it. There was a down-pour of rain all night, with lightning and strong wind ; the drifters describing it as the worst night that Summer.

Fog next day but little wind until nearing Davaar, where we met quite suddenly half a gale from S.W., against which we had an exciting beat up the Loch. *Frolic* (20 tons, Lieut. Taylor) followed us in, well reefed, and reported very heavy weather outside. This continued at intervals on 18th and 19th, and on 20th we hired a car and had a pleasant drive to Cranaig, a lovely day with fresh fair wind for home. Four days in all we spent in Campbelltown, which was at least as bad as three in Larne. On the other hand the beer and baths were excellent. Some boys stole our dinghy off the strand one day and actually called round next morning to ask for a reward for recovering it !

On the 21st we got away in a faint air which petered out, and we turned on motor—or rather tried to—for owing to some little carburetter trouble it would not start. For ages Michael plied the handle, which at last slipped off and caught him a tremendous blow. Pouring with blood he emerged apparently holding the top of his head on. He looked as if he had been scalped. The eyebrow was laid open to the bone. He was bandaged with lint and iodine and two veramons administered, which killed all pain. Sail twine is unsuitable for stitching, so this was postponed until we should reach Cultra. Satisfied with the mischief it had done, the motor started on the next turn, and we made almost the entire passage under power, arriving at 6 p.m. A local doctor put in three stitches and Michael is now all right—rather improved, some say, by the scar !

The evening was spent in the Club, and we got aboard at 11 p.m. to find a most infernal joggle which lasted all night. We dropped down to Donaghadee on 22nd, but were late on one tide, and had no time to visit even the “Blue Tit.” We started before dawn next morning, saw a magnificent sunrise, and with a fair wind made Kingstown by 9.30 p.m.



Log of "Failte"

Master: A. W. MOONEY. *Crew:* W. McBride ; B. E. O'Brien ; S. J. H. DOUGLAS

Sat. May 19.—4.30 a.m. Turned out to a hail from *Marie*, which had just got under way, and was crossing our stern. Dirty looking morning with the Barometer at 29.5, having fallen 2/10ths in five hours. Heavy scud flying up Channel, and apparently a strong S.S.E. breeze. All hands worked their best, but we were very late in getting away, and finally crossed the starting line at 5.4 a.m., nearly twenty minutes late, under full mainsail, mizen, foresail and No. 1 jib. ; with *Marie*, *Lil*, and *Embla* out of sight ahead.

Once clear of the shelter of Dalkey Island, although we had the wind almost abeam on our course of E. by S., conditions were decidedly on the heavy side, and the visibility poor.

5.39 a.m.—South Burford Buoy close abeam. Incoming Mail Steamer passed within a few cables.

5.42 a.m.—Sighted *Embla* returning to Harbour looking A1. Could see no apparent reason for her giving up, but surmised that she was probably making water—having been only launched a few hours before the start.

6.10 a.m.—Kish Buoy abeam. Here McBride produced four nice cups of hot tea with sandwiches—a difficult feat, and very welcome ; but I am afraid temporarily disastrous to the well-being of the crew.

8.5 a.m.—The meat-safe, which was bolted to the cabin top abaft the main mast, disappeared overside in fragments ; but luckily we had had the foresight to empty it previously.

9.0 a.m.—Wind freshened considerably, and now just one point forward of the beam, and sea very heavy. Hove to and stowed the foresail, into which everything that came over the bows was bursting. This made *Failte* rather inclined to gripe, so we stowed the mizen to balance her. We now sailed much more upright, and were not at any time pressed with the whole mainsail and No. 1 jib.

10.15 a.m.—Visibility having improved greatly, *Albatross VI* showed up astern and under reefed main, with two headsails and no mizen, passed us slowly, and was in sight for the remainder of the trip.

10.30 a.m.—*Pamela* (Mr. J. Good) which was accompanying the race appeared astern and soon caught both *Albatross VI* and *Failte*. She was under main trysail, mizen and two headsails.

10. 45 a.m.—The Mail Steamer bound for Holyhead passed, and shortly afterwards we made out Holyhead Mountain dead ahead. Having made my landfall, and feeling very cold and hungry, I went below and routed out some grub and after a pipe turned in for an hour while the crew steered and pumped alternately.

12.30 p.m.—*Albatross VI* could be seen rounding the breakwater, and it now breezed up in earnest, although the sea was much shorter—due to the lee we got from the Sth. Stack.

12.57 p.m.—Crossed the finishing line, with the clew of our jib just holding on by its roping. We then beat up to the anchorage off the lifeboat house and picked up a good berth in 4 fathoms near *Pamela* and *Albatross VI*. Two warships *Leander* and *Achilles* were lying in the roads, and soon after we anchored, a picket boat came alongside with an invitation from Admiral Noble of *Leander* to use his services at any time during our stay.

We had a nice informal dinner at the L.M.S. Hotel in a special room, those present being John Good, George Good, Dr. Gunn, Dr. Somerville Large, B. McFerran, W. McBride, Bt. O'Brien, S. Douglas and self. At midnight *Lil* turned up, having had a rotten time—burst mainsail, etc., and finished up under trysail.

A. W. M.

"Foam" 1934 Cruise—Summary

Date.	PASSAGE.	Dist. (Sea)	Time.	Speed	REMARKS.
<i>July:</i>		M.*	Hrs.	Knots	
Wed. 4	Limerick—Foynes ...	23	4	5.7	Plain Sail. Jib topsail.
Fri. 6	Foynes—Carrigaholt	22	4 $\frac{3}{4}$	4.6	Plain sail. $\frac{1}{4}$ hr. engine.
Sat. 7	Carrigaholt—Aran Is.	55	13	4.2	Head wind. 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ hrs. engine.
Sun. 8	Aran Isles—Galway ...	25 $\frac{1}{2}$	12 $\frac{1}{2}$	2.0	Head wind. Very light.
Tues. 10	Galway—Spiddle ...	12	3	4.0	No wind. Engine.
Wed. 11	Spiddle—Costelloe B.	11 $\frac{1}{4}$	5 $\frac{1}{4}$	2.5	Head wind, light. 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ hr. engine
Thurs. 12	Costelloe—Roundstone	27	9 $\frac{3}{4}$	2.8	Head wind. Two reefs.
Fri. 13	Oisterbay and back ...	10	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	4.0	Fresh wind. Two reefs.
Wed. 18	Roundstone—Clifden	25	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	3.3	Head wind.
Sat. 21	Clifden—Ballinakill ...	21 $\frac{1}{4}$	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	4.8	Head wind to High I.
Sun. 22	Explored bay ...	10	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	4.0	Fresh wind. Plain sail.
Mon. 23	Ballinakill—Killary ...	19	5	3.8	Plain sail.
Sun. 29	Killary—Inishbofin ...	19	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	4.2	Head wind. Trisail. Engine.
Mon. 30	Inishbofin—Ballynakill	9	1 $\frac{3}{4}$	5.2	Trisail and engine.
<i>August:</i>					
Sun. 5	Ballynakill—Limerick	126	26 $\frac{3}{4}$	4.7	All sail to half jib.
and					
Mon. 6		415	107 $\frac{1}{4}$		

* Direct distance. No allowance for tacking.

"FOAM"

5-Ton Auxiliary Yawl.

LOA 28 ft. L.W.L. 22 ft. 2 in. Beam 7 ft. 6 in. Draught 4ft. 4 in.

Displacement 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ tons.

Cast Iron Keel, 2 tons. No inside ballast.

7-9 h.p. Sleeve Valve "Kelvin" Engine.

Main Sail ... 265 square feet.

Mizen ... 66

Jib ... 92

— 423 sq. ft.

Jib topsail ... 49

— 472 sq. ft.

Mast ... 38 ft. 10 in. over all.

Log of "Foam"

AFTER THE PORT had gone round at the I.C.C. Dinner at Holyhead, at the conclusion of the Race from Kingstown last year, in a soft moment, when I was full of beer and *bonhomie*! I undertook to compile Sailing Directions from Valencia to Blacksod Bay. When I got home, however, my enthusiasm was considerably damped by the lurid accounts of that wild and rock-strewn coast by two local motor cruiser enthusiasts. So as my gaff rig and gear were rather the worse for wear, I decided to give *Foam* a brand new Bermuda rig, and I will never regret the change. She handles beautifully under every condition, is faster and looks better; but I nearly lost heart during the transition stage. It meant, of course, a new mainmast, 9 feet higher than the old one. I also got a new mizen and bowsprit, new sails and tracks for booms as well as masts. When the tracks arrived the Customs insisted that they were curtain rails, in spite of Cranfield and Carter's label; but although I sent numerous letters and wires of explanation, I was unable to convince them, and was forced to pay the full duty.

Then there was some ingenuity required insulating the triatic stay for use as an aerial, also double mizen shrouds, runner cleats, new mast wedges, to say nothing of twenty wire splices, and best crucible steel at that; so when I eventually set sail on a still unfinished ship at 3.5 p.m. on 4th July from Limerick with George and Russel, my hands were as raw as beef.

It was during the heatwave, and with a moderate breeze on our port beam, under plain sail and jib topsail, we made the 23 miles to Foynes in 4 hours.

But there was a lot wrong with the ship. The 1-in-24 rake of the mast necessitated cutting 1½ inches off the main boom to clear the mizen mast. We raised the spiderband 6 inches to clear the dinghy when stowed on the cabin roof, and when this was done we scrubbed the filth of Limerick docks from our decks and topsides.

We sailed from Foynes to Carrigaholt on 6th July, and were accompanied by a shoal of porpoise part of the way, who gambolled playfully around the ship.

July 7th. We got under way at 8 a.m. under plain sail. The wind was E. light, and the sea smooth. Off Kilcraden Head we set the spinnaker to port, and at 9.50 a.m. off Kilcloga Head, we were enveloped in mist. We rounded Loop Head at 11.20 a.m., visibility had improved; but the wind was dead ahead on our course E. by N. for Gregory Sound, Aran Isles, so we started the engine, furled the jib, and kept her just drawing close-hauled on the port tack. This course brought us along the Clare coast past Kilkee, Miltown Malbay, Mutton Island and through Foul Sound between Inishmaan and Inisheer, Aran Isles. Once through Foul Sound we stopped the engine at 8 p.m. and sailed into Kilronan, passing the *Dun Angus*, crowded with passengers, and anchored just off the quay at 9 p.m., having covered 55 miles.

The wind freshened a bit from N.E. during the night, and produced a most uncomfortable roll, so much so that instead of having breakfast and going ashore as we intended, we sailed away at 7.55 a.m. bound for Galway. The wind was N.E. moderate and dead ahead. The first tack brought us to Greatman's Bay, where we put about and had a long leg towards Black Head during which we had breakfast. At 12.30 p.m. the wind became light and we set the jib topsail.

It was now a glorious day, hot sunshine and smooth sea as we tacked towards the dark and rugged Black Head to starboard, and the beautiful Connemara Mountains, rising out of the shimmering haze to port.

After passing between Black Rock Beacon and Margaretta Shoal in the entrance to Galway Bay, we again passed the *Dun Angus*, and also the pilot boat on their way to a liner, and anchored in Galway Roads, among a fleet of trawlers, at 8.30 p.m.

After a good supper we were hailed by the pilot who very kindly presented us with two cooked lobsters. He said *Foam* was greatly admired by everyone as she sailed in.

July 9th was another scorching hot day, and we spent the morning caulking the decks and bathing. That afternoon we steamed into the main docks, and later had a most cheery dinner with some friends we met at the County Club.

The next day was hotter still, and we bought provisions in the morning, and after lunch explored Galway and its beautiful churches.

We left at 4 p.m. under engine, there being no wind, and moored alongside Spiddle Pier at 7 p.m., where we dined with Mr. Harold McDermot, who afterwards showed us over this very beautiful house and grounds.

The little harbour is shallow, and we missed the morning tide, but got away at 2 p.m. Once again the wind headed us, having backed from E. to W. very light. We had a very slow sail with two spells of engine, and anchored at Cashla Bay, called Costelloe Bay locally, at 7.15 p.m. This is a well-marked and well-sheltered bay, and is surrounded by beautiful mountain scenery. That night the heatwave broke with a thunderstorm.

The next day (July 12th) we sailed at 10.40 a.m. The wind was very light in the bay, and we got the jib topsail, but it soon freshened from the N.W. and we had to take in this sail. The wind was again a dead-a-header, and off Kiggaul Bay it blew harder and we had to roll down two reefs. This was our first experience of reefing the new rig and it worked perfectly. We were afraid that having no peak halyard, the boom would drop, but although we had our dinghy stowed on the cabin top, there was plenty of clearance. Also, the sail being triangular, two rolls are more effective than two rolls of a gaff rig, and she undoubtedly headed higher, with the sail in a graceful curve from head to foot, and the silence was uncanny compared to the swinging, creaking gaff. We were travelling faster, too, and the short steep seas in North Sound covered us with spray.

We decided to explore the intricate Inner Passage to Slyne Head, so at 4.30 p.m. we altered course and sailed between Eagle Rock and Golam Head. It is certainly a confusing passage, and the Irish Coast Pilot was not encouraging: "Some of these islets afford secure anchorage; but the dangers in the approach are so numerous that they are seldom frequented, and should never be attempted by strangers without the assistance of a pilot intimately acquainted with their intricacies."

The mainland to the north is indented with numerous bays, outlying islands and rocks, while the south is bordered by groups of low-lying rocks, many of which cover, and shoals whose position is only indicated by breaking seas. Added to these difficulties, it was a dead beat through a confused sea, which necessitated numerous short tacks, as the passage is only half-a-mile wide in places.

Golam Head open well north of Red Flag Island gave a good lead between N. Feraun Rock and Muskerry Rock, which we passed at 5.30 p.m. We failed to locate Carrickaview, which was covered, and at 7 p.m. we negotiated the narrow passage between Tonyeal Rocks—indicated by breakers, and Macdara Island. We were now able to square away on the port tack, and had a great sail to Roundstone Bay, where we anchored off the pier at 9 p.m., 27 miles from Cashla. Roundstone is beautiful. It is situated at the foot of Mount Errisbeg, and the village is conspicuous by its three churches in line on the hill. The north is bounded by the beautiful Galway Twelve Pins, and it is separated from Birterbuy Bay to the east by a narrow promontory called Inishnee.

It was blowing fresh from the N.W. on Friday 13th, so we decided it was unhealthy for the passage around Slyne Head. Instead we brought the Parson's son and his friend for a sail to Birterbuy Bay. They brought a mackerel line and got seven fish in nearly as many minutes. I had a try and was messing about with the line for ten minutes without effect; but as soon as I handed it back to Manning, he hooked another. We anchored just north of Oghly Island, and had tea, during which it blew hard, so after washing up, we rolled in two reefs and had a lively sail back.

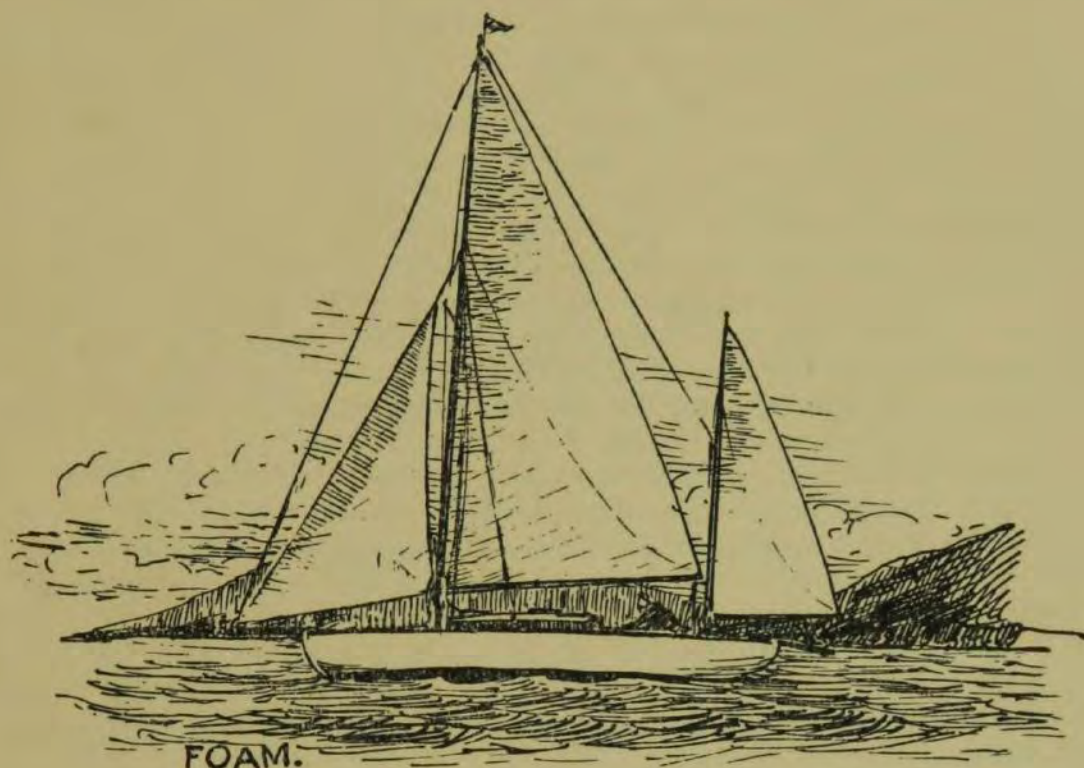
It was still blowing hard on Saturday, but eased in the evening. We climbed to the top of the church tower and had a beautiful view, and later walked to Gurteen Sand which is pure white.

Sunday I climbed Mount Errisbeg and got soaked. We dined with priests at

Ballynahinch. It blew very hard during the night, so we made fast alongside a trawler in the small harbour on Monday.

At 4.30 a.m. Tuesday I woke suddenly and found we had listed out from the trawler on taking the bottom, and were being held only by two warps and the spinnaker halyard from the mast. Of course it was raining and very dark, also the decks of the trawler had been freshly tarred! However, we set up the runner to a bollard on the quay, and having ruined a pair of shoes and got thoroughly wet and miserable, we turned in and were relieved when we floated at 5.15 a.m. It cleared that afternoon and we had a short sail.

On Wednesday, 18th July, we left Roundstone at 9.30 a.m. The wind was W.N.W. fresh and right in our teeth for Slyne Head. I should hate to do this passage in foggy weather, as it is strewn with unseen shoals and rocks. There is no good leading mark between Muckranagh (3 fathoms) and Floor Rock (2 fathoms) and on tacking from Croagh-More I plead guilty to mistaking Murvey Rock for Caulty Rock, and when we went to



tack inside it we were faced with a solid line of breaking seas. After extricating ourselves from this, we steered a course to clear Wild Bellows Rock which dries 9 feet, and at 10.45 its position was disclosed by breakers. We had now a clear passage to Slyne Head which we rounded at 2.40 p.m. We had heard so much of the dangers of this headland that we were greatly relieved to find that although there was a pretty confused sea, there was no steep race.

We were now able to ease our sheets on a N.E. course between Barret Shoal and the rocks off the mainland. We soon sighted Carrickarone Rocks by its conspicuous white beacon, and later Clifden Castle came into view, and this in line with the beacon on Fishing Point gave an excellent lead into Clifden Bay. The entrance is only $2\frac{1}{2}$ cables wide, half of which is obstructed by a $1\frac{1}{2}$ -fathom spit, but with our $4\frac{1}{2}$ -ft. draught this did not worry us. We anchored off Drinagh Point at 5 p.m., 25 miles from Roundstone. Clifden is very lovely with its surrounding mountains.

Thursday 19th it blew hard from the S.E. and rained. We rowed the dinghy the $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles up the river to the town which is very pictureque. Friday it blew a moderate gale from the S.E. and rained. Two friends had great difficulty rowing out to us, and after two attempts to come alongside we threw them a rope and hauled them in. They

introduced us to a local yachtsman from whom we got valuable information concerning the bay and adjacent coast.

In the early hours of Saturday morning we were awakened by the sound of her bumping the bottom, and on looking out found the wind had backed from S.E. to N., and we were on a lee shore. It was blowing hard and very dark; but we got the cable in smartly, and motored to the north shore where we anchored in shelter. It eased a bit after breakfast, and at 11.5 a.m. we left under full sail, with our friend Maurice O'Connell. It was a lively reach to Carrickarone, but from there to High Island, 15 miles, it was a dead beat through a wetting sea. We made High Island at 1.45 p.m., and took the passage between it and Friar Island. From there to Ballynakill we were able to hold our course close-hauled. We passed Cleggan Hill with its conspicuous tower at 2.40 p.m. and entered Ballynakill Harbour by the passage between Carrickeen South and Mullaghadrina. This entrance is very beautiful, surrounded by high mountain peaks, Nelly Mountain on the north shore being 1,159 feet. We sailed right up the harbour and anchored in Fahy Bay in $1\frac{1}{4}$ fathoms at 3.40 p.m., $21\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Clifden. This is a beautifully sheltered anchorage and well out of the tidal current. We were greeted by our friend Major Irwin, who rowed out, and was delighted with *Foam*. We then spent a most enjoyable evening in his charming house overlooking the Bay. We brought the Major for a sail next day and he showed us the leading marks for the three passages into Ballynakill Harbour, and that evening we dined with his brother the Padre, who is also a keen yachtsman.

We left Fahy Bay at 11.30 a.m. on Monday 23rd, with the Padre. It was a lovely day, but, of course, the wind was again dead ahead, N.W. light. It was a most picturesque sail round Rinvyle Point, past O'Mally's Breaker, an evil-looking spot, and then on until we got the very excellent beacons in line which brought us safely into Killary Bay. This is like a Norwegian Fjord, 7 miles long, and about $3\frac{1}{2}$ cables wide, with steep mountains on either side. Muilrea 2,675 feet on the north shore is the highest in Connacht. I shall never forget that beautiful sail: sunshine, a light breeze, smooth water, blue sky flecked with white clouds, and those awesome mountains towering over our heads with their steep and noisy cascades crashing down into the Bay.

We anchored near Leenane in $1\frac{1}{4}$ fathoms at 4.30 p.m., and the Major, who had just arrived, met us and rowed us ashore, and we dined at the very comfortable hotel.

And now having been lured into this wonderful Arcadia, I will tell you what a trap it can be if the fates are unkind. For five days it rained and blew, and even the beautiful mountain scenery was hidden from our view by fog.

Any wind from south round west to north, enters the mouth seven miles away and whistles through this narrow gut between the mountains with the result that the water which is 20 fathoms at the mouth, is lashed into short, steep and breaking seas as it shoals to one fathom opposite Leenane.

Our dinghy was useless, but Paddy Melia, the local boatman, acted as our tender regardless of weather. It was a most uncomfortable anchorage, as there is no island or anything to shelter behind. Tuesday and Wednesday were just wet and foggy; we climbed mountains and got soaked; but on Thursday, Friday and Saturday it blew hard, especially during the night, and *Foam* was like a bucking broncho. We anchored further out at 7 a.m. on Friday and laid the kedge. The forecast at 10.30 a.m., gave wind west strong so we took off the mainsail and set the trisail. The wind increased to a moderate gale, the seas broke over our bows and splashed into the well, and at about midnight the anchors dragged and we were driven ashore.

We got the awning out and covered the well to prevent the seas breaking in, and lashed the spinnaker boom to the lee shrouds to prop her up, and unshipped the dinghy ready to abandon ship. But the fates relented, and at 1 a.m. the turn of the tide floated us and the anchors held, so we got out of our soaking clothes and had a hot drink and waited for the dawn. We then got the engine going and managed to pick up our kedge and main anchor, and then slowly, sometimes losing ground, we forced her through the wind and seas, and anchored inside the *Fantome* with main and kedge at 10.30 a.m.

With lots of water now under us and to leeward we turned in to a well-earned sleep after the anxiety and discomfort of the night.

We had just finished a meal at about 7 p.m. when we heard a hail, and here was our brave Paddy Melia, who is only 18, soaking wet in his boat almost waterlogged, wanting to know if we wished to go ashore. We gave him a hot drink, and after bailing the boat we rowed ashore, glad to stretch our legs again. The wind eased a bit in the evening and we pulled an oar each back to *Foam*.

Sunday 29th was heavy with a moderate W.S.W. wind and inclined to be foggy. I had to be at business in Limerick on 1st August, so we left at midday under trisail and engine, the wind, of course, being dead ahead. We had not gone far when we saw a fog bank approaching, but were fortunate to sight the O'Mally Breaker and lay a compass course for Live Island before we were enveloped. We strained our eyes anxiously before our course was run, as there are outlying rocks around Live Island; but suddenly it loomed up on our port bow and we altered course for Leahy Rocks which also appeared at 3.35 p.m. and we steered to pass between Carrickmahoga and Lyon Head, Inishbofin, where visibility improved.

We soon had the leading beacons in line and sailed through the narrow entrance, less than a cable wide, into Bofin Harbour, where we anchored at 4.30 p.m. This is a perfectly sheltered harbour with $2\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms good holding. I now worked out my courses for the passage to Slyne Head and from there direct to Loop Head and Carrigaholt. I made it 76 miles. By leaving at midday I reckoned we would be at Loop Head about dawn, Tuesday, and would easily make Limerick on Tuesday evening. But once again the fates were unkind. At 9 p.m. we got a S.W. gale warning from Slyne Head to Devonport. That night the wind whistled through our tall rigging, but we rode snugly and in the morning a local boatman rowed us ashore, and we climbed up Knock Hill on the south shore, and encountered the full force of the gale. We had a beautiful view of breaking seas against the islands of Cleggan to the south and Inishark on the west.

I am afraid, however, on this occasion I did not fully appreciate this wild and awesome scene. It was Monday 30th, and I had to be in my office at 10 a.m. Wednesday, 1st August, and here I was trapped, with no apparent hope of escape. Every time we touched the glass, it dropped. It was 29.98 at 11 p.m. Saturday night, and now it was 29.50. But once again the fates relented, for at 6 p.m. there was lull in the storm, and on rushing down to the ship we found the glass had stopped falling. We were evidently in the centre of the depression, so without wasting a moment, we set the trisail, started the engine, and headed for the narrow entrance.

It was a nasty sight as, facing the south it was exposed to the full force of the seas which rolled in, one mass of breaking foam except in the narrow passage close to Cromwell Tower, where the waves were like a steep scenic railway. We were soon plunging up and down in this without making any headway, and only by getting her on the port tack and going dangerously near the rocks, did we manage to get out safely. Once clear, however, we had no trouble under our snug rig, and anchored in Fahy Bay at 7.57 p.m., nine miles in under $1\frac{3}{4}$ hours. I told the Major our troubles and he drove me to Clifden next day, where I caught the train and arrived Limerick at 8.30 p.m., and I was in my office at 10 a.m. on 1st August.

George sportingly agreed to stay on board until the August Bank Holiday. Russell drove me up on Saturday 4th; we dined in Galway and got on board the *Foam* at 1 a.m. Sunday. George reported another gale warning on Wednesday and lots of wind, so we did not miss much. Russell left at 11 a.m. and after thanking the Major for all his kind hospitality, we set sail at midday, bound for Limerick, 126 miles away.

It was quite a good-looking day, a bit cloudy but, wonderful to relate, the wind was free, N.E. moderate. We made good time, and at 2.40 p.m. we sailed between High and Friar Islands, followed by the French fishing boat *Ster Vras* under mainsail and engine. At 3.45 p.m. we set the reaching foresail and it began to drizzle. We rounded Slyne Head at 4.45 p.m., and put her on her course S. $\frac{3}{4}$ W. for Loop Head 52 miles away. At 7 p.m. we sighted the Sheid rocks in the distance and later had supper. At 8.45 p.m. we had Erragh Light, Aran Isles, abeam. As night came on the wind increased, and we took in the reaching foresail. At 10 p.m. it was blowing quite fresh, and we furled the mizzen and reefed the mainsail, and I got George to turn in.

There was a vivid wild looking sunset behind a black bank of clouds, and soon night closed in, pitch black, as we ran before an increasing wind and sea. Nearing midnight steering became difficult, so I woke George and we stowed the mainsail. She ran easily under jib, and with Loop Head Light in view, I turned in.

At about 2.30 a.m. I was suddenly awakened by the crash of a wavetop over the well into the cabin, and jumping up I found George like a drowned rat and took over. We were abreast of Loop Head and the revolving beams of light playing on the breaking seas made it appear as if we were in the centre of a foaming millrace. I gradually put the helm down to round Loop Head, but this brought the seas on our port quarter with the result that another breaker crashed into the well before I could see it in time to put the tiller up.

We were in a nasty position. I had budgeted to arrive here at dawn, but we had averaged 5 knots for 72 miles, and it was now only 3 a.m., pitch black and horrible. We rolled in half the jib with the Wykeham-Martin gear to ease her speed, and by careful handling I gradually eased her into the Shannon, only shipping two more seas. Once under the lee of Loop Head we were safe and George turned in to a well-merited rest. I kept her semi-hove to till dawn, and at 6 a.m. George appeared and we set the mizen and unfurled the jib. He then got to work and produced a hot cup of tea which effectively thawed our cold and sodden joints, and restored sufficient energy to set one close-reefed mainsail at 7 a.m. We were now fairly shifting through the water, throwing spray high over our bows, and passed the Limerick yachts anchored at Carrigaholt at 7.30 a.m. when I turned in. I woke up at 9.30 a.m. refreshed and we had breakfast. This put such life into us that although it was blowing hard, we shook out all reefs and literally *Foamed* into Limerick where we arrived at 2.45 p.m., having covered the 126 miles in $26\frac{3}{4}$ hours—an average of 4.7 knots.

It was a disappointing cruise. The weather during the first week was so ideal for our job of work; but when it broke with those continual head winds, it made it impossible to complete our undertaking, so we must only hope for better luck next year.

DAVID TIDMARSH.



Log of "Gull"

CROSSHAVEN TO KINGSTOWN. HOLYHEAD RACE; AND KINGSTOWN
TO CROSSHAVEN. MAY, 1934.

May 15th.—Under way at 8.30 p.m. Wind fresh W.S.W., with slight rain at times. We set the watches and streamed the log when off Ballycotton at 10.43 with the wind a little lighter, but a heavy following sea.

May 16th.—At 1 a.m. Minehead was abeam, and the wind had hauled into the W.N.W. At 5.20 the M.V. *Innisfallen* passed us, making heavy weather of it, and shortly afterwards heavy rain set in, and we lost the land.

By cross bearings the mate noted that we were about three miles to the south'ard of our course, and at 6.20 we sighted the Coninbeg L.V. bearing E.N.E. distant about four miles. The wind had freshened up considerably, and all of a sudden came out strong from the north blowing the tops off the large westerly seas. We decided to haul up for Dunmore, as with the wind all down channel we would never make any headway with the trisail, so we took the staysail off, and hauled our wind at 6.30. Bitterly cold, sea very broken, and a great deal of water coming on deck. Water beaker and harness cask washed loose, but saved from going overboard. Watch below turned out as it was impossible to sleep. Had a very hard turn to win'ard up to Dunmore. We took the trisail off her outside the basin and went in under jib, rounding to inside before we let go at 12.30. After a very substantial breakfast-cum-lunch all hands turned in. Turned out for dinner, ran a kedge, had a walk ashore and turned in again.

May 17th.—When beating up for Dunmore the previous morning we noticed that the for'ed bottle screw of the main rigging on the port side had drawn; so after breakfast, while some of the crew were ashore, the Mate and Tommy Kirkham spent half an hour putting a good seizing over the bottle screw, after first removing a shackle so as to get more thread further into the screw.

Got the kedge and anchor aboard, and were under way at 10.5 a.m. under trisail and jib. Passed the Hook on course E. by S. for the Saltee Sound. Wind moderate W.S.W.; bright sunshine. Set spinnaker to starboard. Passed through the Saltee Sound at 12.40 p.m., and altered course to E.½N. for Carnsore Point. At 3 p.m. the South Shear was abeam, and we made the tide very strong, wind freshening a bit and squally. Altered course to N.E.¾E. for No. 3 Blackwater Buoy. Later we gave her the spinnaker; but it was too shy, and in endeavouring to persuade the boom to retain its normal position instead of trying to be a topsail yard, the crew proved themselves too strong and the boom suffered. The outer half remaining attached to the sail—the inner half making a bee-line for the coast of Wexford.

We made pretty good headway, and had the No. 3 Blackwater Buoy abeam at 5.20 p.m. At 6.30 it looked very dark away to the S.W., and rain set in, so we streamed the log. At 8 p.m. we were up to No. 3 Glasgorman Buoy, and at 10.50 were off Wicklow Head. Coming up for Bray Head the wind fell very light, and when we were off Greystones, it dropped away altogether. The tide took us up to Bray Head, and when the ebb came and we had no wind, we had to work inshore to try and get into soundings for a kedge. We were unable to get bottom with a 15-fm. lead; but at 4 a.m. we picked up a little air, which saved us the trouble of letting go the kedge. We got into Kingstown and let go at 8.45 a.m., and after breakfast most of the crew turned in as we were all "deado."

In the afternoon we got new rigging screws and fitted them, and picked up a spar ashore; and arranged with Ml. Mahony to make a new spinnaker boom for us. We also had the

spinnaker mended by Perry in one or two places. Fergus Kelly joined us for the race across. Later Douglas Mellon and some friends came aboard.

May 19th.—We were awakened by the Commodore looking for a punt at 2.30 a.m. as one of his crew was three hours ashore and had not rolled up. Our punt was lashed down on deck, and as all the 'bally heroes' were well asleep—or pretending to be—our skipper succeeded in waking someone on *Albatross VI*, who kindly did the needful, and went in search of the culprit. His story—that he was stepping the mast in the *Embla*—at that hour was, to say the least of it, doubtful.

We turned around for another sleep, and then our alarm clock started, so out we had to get. We saw *Marie* first away under topsail at about 4.30 a.m., followed by *Embla*, *Lil*, and *Failte*. We got a cup of tea and some bread and butter under our belts and started to get the mainsail on her. *Britannia* and *Mavis* were next away, and then *Albatross VI*, followed by *Espanola*. There was a strong breeze in the harbour when we let go a borrowed mooring, and on the stroke of 6 we crossed between the piers. The wind was about S.S.E., so that we were able to lay the course E. by S. $\frac{1}{2}$ S. There was a tumble of sea near the breakwater, and we did not think it was going to be anything; but when we had settled down to our work we found that there was a great deal of heft in the wind.

Gull had full mainsail, jib and staysail, and before we had gone more than a mile or so she was taking it green along the lee deck. We saw *Embla* returning. *Mavis* was ahead to lu'ard, and *Espanola* ahead to win'ard; but we saw no other boats in the mist and rain. One big sea came aboard green and walked off with our water beaker. Our nearest rivals ahead seemed to be making very heavy weather of it. We were just thinking of taking the staysail off her when we saw *Espanola* come about and head back for Kingstown. *Mavis* came around a few minutes later, and then our skipper informed us that there was a lot of water in *Gull*—well over the floor boards. At this time there was too much wind for a full mainsail, even in fairly smooth water; but, the big sea running in the Channel, and the wind getting fiercer all the time, made us decide quickly to put our helm down and return to Kingstown, feeling it was better to come in with our tails between our legs than to have no tail at all! We saw another ship, first of all taken for *Marie*, but later identified as *Britannia* well to win'ard, up near the Muglins, and also heading for Kingstown.

Gull's crew were pretty well 'beat out' by this time, so they all turned in again. At 3.30 the Commodore came aboard and told us that he had a wire from Billie Mooney that *Albatross* had finished at 12.30 and *Failte* at 1 o'clock; but no other boats were then in sight. Mr. H. Wybrants, the donor of the Cup, had crossed over in the Mail Boat, and confirmed the news that only two boats so far had finished.

Whit Monday, 21st May.—Still blowing fresh. Watched some wag races and played cards. Mr. Fuge, Secretary of the Lifeboat Institution, came aboard with his son. He also played cards, and after two minutes he was as quick at spotting the joker as the best of us. He had to leave after a game or two, as he was afraid of getting cross-eyed!

Undecided all day whether to start or not, as it was still blowing pretty fresh outside; but when we came aboard after a shopping expedition, found that a lot of the heft had gone out of the wind, and the sky was softening a bit, so decided to make a dash for Wicklow.

Got under way at 6 o'clock under trisail with ebb tide. Had a grand sail and were able to lay the course. Let go in Wicklow at 9.20 p.m. Decided on an early start next day so as to make Rosslare before dark, as we were still suffering from 'trisailitis' and 'no-nightoutitis.'

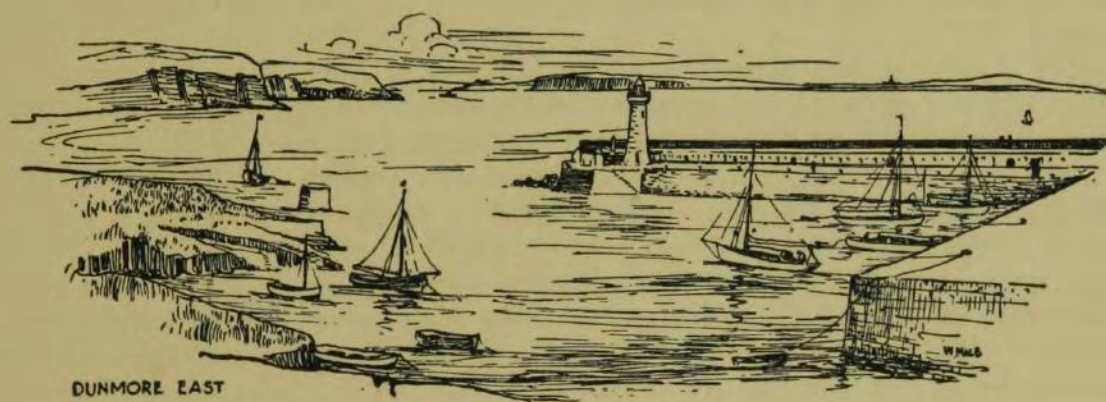
May 22nd.—After a hurried breakfast, hoisted trisail and got our anchor aboard at 6.45 a.m. We had the first of the ebb with us, and were abeam of the Horseshoe Buoy at 7.30; but we were now making the wind more southerly than inside in the harbour.

Beat down Channel with light to moderate breeze. Near the Blackwater L.V. we lost the wind and made little headway against the flood tide with the airs we were able to pick up now and again. Here we were inundated with flies; they covered the decks and canvas—some no bigger than midges; others like blue-bottles that had done some slimming. They were a beastly nuisance. At about 6 o'clock we got the ebb; but with only a patch of wind here and there, were only able to get to the South Shear about midnight when the

tide turned again. The Rosslare—Fishguard boat passed ahead of us near midnight. No option but to keep to sea and make for Dunmore.

May 23rd.—It was close on seven o'clock in the morning before we got a decent breeze off the Barrels Buoy. Lowered trisail and gave her the mainsail. Wind all westerly. Here we were again attacked by flies ! We were tempted to carry on, but were all too tired, so beat up to Dunmore where we let go at 6.30 p.m.

May 24th.—Grand morning, but no wind when we came on deck. Had to send the punt ahead to pluck us clear of the Pudding stones. Hoisted jib-headed topsail, jib topsail and balloon staysail. Got a cool from the south'ard which hardened a bit. This was the finest sail any of us ever had. Sea perfectly calm with just the ripples of the light southerly breeze and no swell of any kind. Nice steady breeze and a good check on the sheets. Bright sunshine and warm ; ship so steady that down below you would think she was at her moorings. Capel Island abeam at 5 p.m. An hour later Ballycotton Island was passed, and at 8.3 p.m. Roche's Point was abaft our beam. The breeze had lasted all day at the same force and direction. In Crosshaven the wind was light, so we got a pluck in from a motor boat for 100 yards or so to our moorings. All moored at 8.45 p.m. Stowed gear and had tea.



"Lil's" Cruise, July 1934

CREW : D. MELLON (*Skipper*) ; R. P. CAMPBELL (*Mate*) ; C. DOOLEY (aged 17, *Cook*) ;
D. MELLON (aged 10, *Cabin Boy*).

Saturday, 7th. 6.10 p.m.—Left Howth under motor with sails set. Faint N.E. air. No wind at all by the time we got to Lambay, where we met several 17-footers being towed back by *Happy Days*. Stowed all but mizen. Swell gradually became quite a lumpy sea.

10.10 p.m.—Rockabill abeam to port. Skipper and Cabin-boy succumbed to the horrible motion and retired below.

Sunday 8th. 2.0 a.m.—Wind arrived at last from the N.E. Plain sail set ; lay in for the land on starboard tack, rail down in a dirty sea.

8.15 a.m.—Haulbowline L.H. dead ahead. Stayed ship, and held the port tack for an hour. The cabin floor was awash. Lovely sunny morning, but plenty of wind and sea. At 10.15 skipper recognized Kilkeel Harbour by the red-brick coastguard station. Worked up to windward of the harbour entrance and ran in under jib and mizen. Spread out everything to dry in the sun and wind, as the decks had been suffering from the heat-wave. Scrubbed bottom at low water. Had to throw a good plum-cake to the gulls, as it had not been properly stowed, and had floated round in the foc'sle all night in company with a large piece of beef !

Monday 9th. 9.30 a.m.—Sailed out of Kilkeel ; light N.E. air.

1.0 p.m.—Cleared weed from propellor with boathook. Quantities of weed floating about ; presumably because this is the area of slack tides.

5.30 p.m.—Tied up alongside drifter *Fisher Lass* in Ardglass. Shopped, fed, yarned with drifter, fitted new jib outhaul and slept during the hours of the flood.

10.15 p.m.—Motored out of Ardglass. No wind.

Tuesday, 10th. 1.45 a.m.—Passed S. Rock Light Ship.

4.30 a.m.—Large schooner, under power, passed us quite close.

5.40 a.m.—Tied up to hauling buoy in Donaghadee Harbour to wait for the tide. Saw *Mavis* there.

10.40 a.m.—Away under engine. Strong tide running N.

12.50 p.m.—Black Head Light abeam.

1.50 p.m.—Passed Muck I. Motored along all afternoon, and decided to put into Red Bay during the worst of the flood and get petrol.

6.30 p.m. Tied up to pier at Waterfoot ; when we went ashore to adjust warps we discovered that a tar vessel had been in a few days previously. Decided that this would not be a good berth in any wind.

8.0 p.m.—Away under engine, getting a fine eddy tide close inshore along the northern side of the bay. Saw the wreck of a Guinness lighter. Removed tar from warps, fenders, cabin-boy, etc.

11 p.m.—Breeze aft. Set main, mizen and spinnaker.

11.40 p.m.—Altacarry Light (Rathlin) abeam.

Wednesday, 11th. 4.0 a.m.—Picked up the Otter Light Ship bearing N.W. by W. Worried not to find the light on Chuirn I., but held on same course when daylight came.

6.30 a.m.—Identified Chuirn I., the light was not working. Faint catpaws from the N. Stopped engine and sailed by the wind N.E. to N.N.E. Slow work. Worked in towards Islay Sound.

7.30 a.m.—Anchored in Ardnure Bay in $1\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms after motoring round, swinging the lead; bottom sandy, but very foul with weed.

10.20 a.m.—Weighed anchor and beat slowly out of the bay. Wind being about N.E. and very light. As we had a tide to get through Islay Sound we rolled jib and started engine. Another lovely sunny morning; but we were extremely tired of the noise of the engine.

12 noon.—McArthur's Head Light House abeam. Light breeze. Stopped engine, and set all sail with spinnaker. Tide taking us along in good style.

1.0 p.m.—Port Askaig abeam. Splendid sail up the Sound.

1.50 p.m.—Rudha. Wind dropping—soon failed altogether. Stowed spinnaker and started engine.

2 p.m.—Light breeze about N.W. Stopped engine. Wind kept shifting and failing. We were also attacked by horse-flies and stung all over.

4.30 p.m.—Gave up trying to sail and started engine again. Our 4 knots under power produced a delightfully cooling draught.

5.45 p.m.—Ship on line between N. Point of Colonsay and Glengarrisdale Bay (Jura). The latter about 3 miles off. Slight haze.

7.30 p.m.—Corriebrackan closed. Went to look at the anchorage on the S. end of the Isles of the Sea—but did not like it.

8.0 p.m.—Head breeze. Stopped engine and made over towards Mull on the starboard tack.

9.30 p.m.—Restarted engine. Course N.E.

Thursday, 12th. 2.20 a.m.—Duart Light abeam—red sector.

4.30 a.m.—Wind astern. Mate called out skipper and set all sail with spinnaker. Stopped engine.

6.30 a.m.—Anchored in Tobermory, 1 cable off end of old pier in 3 fathoms. Mate and skipper turned in. Dinghy launched later for the first time since leaving Howth. Ashore for provisions.

3.12 p.m.—Away under engine for Eigg.

4.0 p.m.—N.W. wind. Stopped motor and set plain sail. Wind varying.

6 p.m.—Ardnamurchan Light abeam: distant $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

6.30 p.m.—Examined Sava Bay anchorage; but cleared out again, as it is not very sheltered in W. wind.

8.20 p.m.—Thicker. Scur of Eigg disappeared in mist. Scur showed up again for a few minutes. Came down very thick at 8.30. Got glimpse of Eibhan Chasgaidh Lt. Stowed mainsail and went in slowly.

9.15 p.m.—Let go N. of pier and two local boats in 2 fm. Steady drizzle.

Friday, 13th. 8 a.m.—Steady drizzle all morning. Ashore for milk without success. But got some mussels for bait. N. going tide starts 2.29 p.m.

2.50 p.m.—Away under plain sail. Fresh N. wind. Lumpy sea.

4.50 p.m.—Paid off sheets and set course E.S.E. for Mallaig. Set spinnaker to port.

6.30 p.m.—Anchored in Mallaig. Ashore for stores, water and letters.

9.30 p.m.—Beat out in light breeze for Loch Nevis.

12 midnight.—Anchored in Inverie Bay, off shooting lodge and inside local motor launch in $4\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms.

Saturday, 14th. 8 p.m.—Bright sunny morning and glorious scenery. Wind W.N.W. Ashore with soap and towels and washed in burn.

12 noon.—Away under plain sail. N. going tide starts 3.05 p.m.

4 p.m.—Approaching Kyle Rhea; light breeze aft. Set spinnaker. Swept through Kyle Rhea with swirling tide and followed mainland coast round. Took passage S. of Eil Glas and entered Loch Duich. Saw quantities of mackerel at narrows. Anchored off cottages at Kintale Lodge at head of Loch. Not a good anchorage. Ashore for bread which we eventually procured. Sailed down the Loch. Congratulated ourselves on having got thus far in a week of many calms.

Sunday, 15th. 12.10 a.m.—Anchored in bay on mainland S.W. of Eil Glas in 3 fms., after much heaving of the lead. Aground during the night with a good list to starboard,

sufficient for the F.W. tank to overflow *via* the pump on to the cabin-boy ! Turned out late and spent idle morning.

2 p.m.—Away in a hurry under jib and mizen, as it was nearly low water. Fresh gusty wind.

2.30 p.m.—Let go in Kelly's anchorage. Set up mizen shrouds, and did odd jobs.

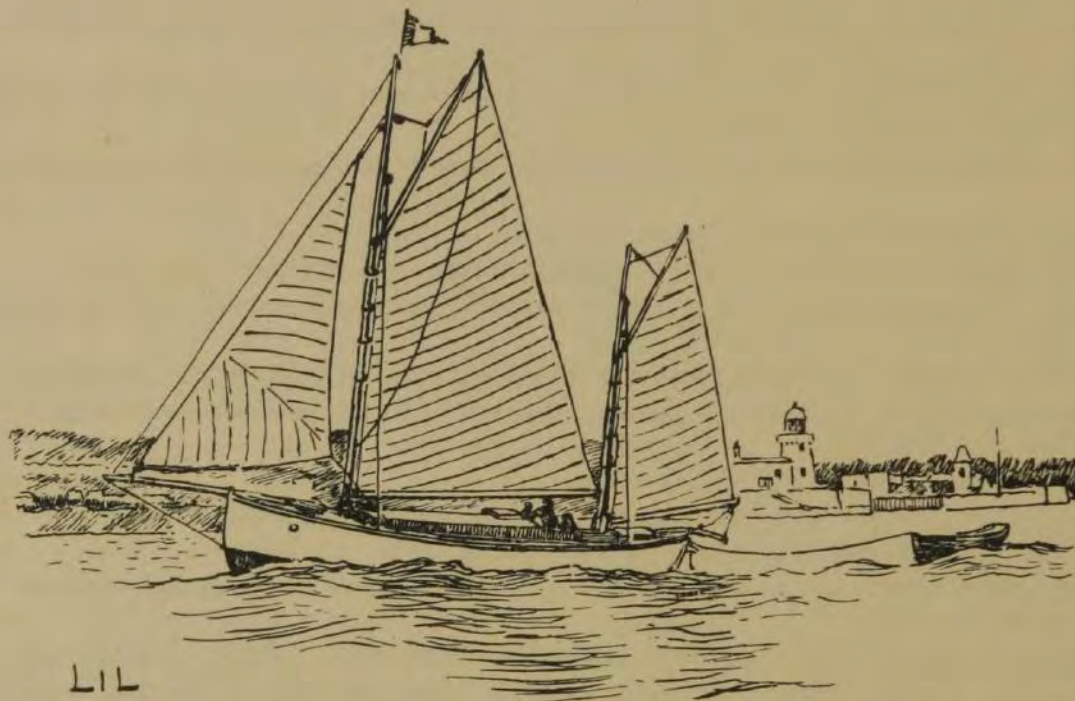
4.25 p.m.—Away under reefed mizen, No. 2 jib and whole mainsail. Had to make a short tack in Kyle Akin to get through it ; but then held the port tack fairly free to Scalpay Is. Grand sailing.

7 p.m.—Wind very light and variable. At 9 p.m. got fair breeze.

11.20 p.m.—Anchored in Portree in 3 fm.

Monday, 16th. 8.0 a.m.—S.S.W. wind. Heavy rain till the afternoon. Ashore twice for provisions—swindled by butcher ! Exchanged visits with *Craignaire* and ketch.

Tuesday, 17th. 9.20 a.m.—Beat out of Portree. Light and variable airs. Fine sunny morning.



11.10 a.m.—Having got out into Raasey Sound the wind fell completely, so the engine was started. Passed Holm I. at 12.20 p.m. Rounded Vaternish Pt. at 7.15 p.m. Here we saw many small whales. Isay I. abaft the beam at 9.

9.22 p.m.—Almost imperceptible air aft. Stopped the engine and crept slowly into Dunvegan, letting go off the Castle at 11.20 p.m.

Wednesday, 18th. 8 a.m.—Disgusted to see that Castle had been plastered with cement ! Motored up to pier hoping to get alongside ; but steamer unloading occupied whole berth, so let go beyond her and launched dinghy. After great search discovered water at cottage. No water at pier as pipe-line is smashed. Cook and cabin-boy walked a mile in heavy rain : no eggs, but some " salt pig."

1.10 p.m.—Away under engine for Dunvegan Pt. Rain stopped.

3 p.m.—Round Dunvegan Pt.—splendid basalt columns. Saw there was wind to the nor'ard.

3.25 p.m.—Breeze came. Stopped engine and set all sail and spinnaker to starboard.

4.40 p.m.—Breeze freshened and came more abeam. Travelling in grand style. Gannetts diving inshore.

4.45 p.m.—Passed Meall-a-Veg Hd.

5.0 p.m.—Round Neist Pt. wind looked like holding.

6.10 p.m.—Passed Dubh Sgeir. Drizzle set in. Set old No. 1 jib as spinnaker to port. Macleod's Maidens distinctly visible.

9.30 p.m.—Entered Soay Sound after a splendid run. Took off spinnaker. Wind variable in Sound : at first gusty and then lighter till we had to start engine at 10.25 p.m. Worked into Scathvaig cautiously as it was getting dark quickly.

11.15 p.m.—Anchored behind Eil Glas and turned in to the roar of the water down the cliffs around us.

Thursday, 19th. 8 a.m.—Glorious sunny morning ; the rocky mountains rising up all around us.

12.30 p.m.—Away under sail, passing between Eil Glas and the submerged rock. Very light catpaws. At 1.20 p.m. we got a fine W.S.W. breeze

3.30 p.m.—Round Pt. of Sleat. Took off stays'l and set spinnaker for a fine run across to Mallaig, where we let go at 5.20 p.m. Lovely sunny afternoon, but foul smell of fish. Ashore for water, provisions and letters and away at 6.40 Wind still W.S.W., but very light. Made a board out towards Pt. of Sleat and then went about at 7.5, and followed the coast down on the starboard tack.

8.15 p.m.—Wind almost gone. Not wishing to repeat last night's experience of entering a difficult anchorage in the dark, we started the engine. Entered Arisaig Harbour slowly ; bewildering number of rocks and no perch. Worked in along the S. shore of the bay ; hailed shore boat and were told that perch had been destroyed. Anchored off old stone pier in 3 fm. at 10 p.m. Explored further up towards the real harbour in the dinghy and found the passage marked with perches. Red sunset ; silhouette of Cuilins.

Friday, 20th. 10.10 a.m.—Away under plain sail Faint E. air. Set reaching jib ; but at 10.30 wind died and engine was started.

1.30 p.m.—Bo Askadail Buoy abeam. Stopped engine and set spinnaker.

3.30 p.m.—Passed Ardnamurchan Pt. At Ru-na-Gall wind fell very light and engine was started. *Ron* passed us under power.

7. 40 p.m.—Let go in Tobermory off old pier. Saw *Intrepid*, unconverted Brixham trawler, manned by four undergraduates, sail out bound for St. Kilda. T. N. Arkell (*Nova*, 12 tons) came aboard. Several more yachts came in.

Saturday, 21st. 11 a.m.—Out of Tobermory through S.E. channel with light fair breeze. Carried spinnaker all the way to Oban. The wind increasing to a nice breeze and following us down the Sound of Mull. Tried to get a place to let go off the Yacht Club at 4.30 p.m. ; but got nothing between 9 and 2 fm.—the latter too close in to be safe. Asked a yacht nearer the Railway pier what water she had : "Plenty," was the reply ! Abandoned the idea of anchoring, and went alongside the Railway pier at 5 p.m. After getting provisions motored across to Brandystone and anchored in 4½ fm. inshore, S. of the slip. Several yachts at Brandystone ; amongst them *Craignaire*, whom we met in Portree, and *Harbinger*.

Sunday, 22nd. 11.20 a.m.—Under way. Beat down Kerrera Sound with fluky wind. Astern of us was *Vagrant*, the old Clyde "20," now a Bermudian sloop with good rake to her mast. Through Easdale Sd. with the tide. Fine N.W. wind to Cuan Sd., and tide took us through in no time. Passed to the E. of Shuna I. carrying reaching jib ; halliard parted at the nip, but there was enough wind to keep the sail out of the water.

4.20 p.m.—Let go in Crinan Eil Vannin anchorage in 2 fm. This is the third year running that we have had the same good breeze, and the same sunny day for the run from Oban *via* Easdale and Cuan to Crinan.

Monday, 23rd. 8 a.m.—Trebor came in. (Crinan Canal closed, of course !) Pleasure steamer *Killarney* put host of trippers ashore to buy picture postcards.

11 a.m.—Away under plain sail. Light W.N.W. wind. Beat out and then lay down Jura Sound, with fresher breeze and occasional showers.

4.0 p.m.—Anchored in Small Isles in 1¼ fm. Saw Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson, and took Miss Nicholson and R. and A. Bird for a sail to Lowlandman's Bay and back.

Tuesday, 24th. 8 a.m.—Sunny morning. Light S.S.E. air. Ashore to say good-bye. Presented with excellent lettuce.

11.0 a.m.—Away under engine.

3.20 p.m.—Started engine again.

5.40 p.m.—Altacarry Lt. bearing S.W.½S. From then till 10 p.m. engine was stopped

and started countless times. Stemmed the tide across Red Bay with engine, and groped our way down the coast towards Carnlough.

Wednesday, 25th. 1.0 p.m.—Let go inshore in 5 fm. thinking we were near Carnlough. Turned in leaving mizen set.

4.30 a.m.—Mate and skipper got away without disturbing others. We had anchored several miles N. of Carnlough! W.S.W. air developed into fine breeze.

9.15 a.m.—Anchored in Donaghadee next to *Pegasus* (Dundee). *Sonia* the other side of her. Ashore for letters and stores.

12.25 p.m.—Away under N. 2. jib, reefed mizen and whole mainsail. Grand N.W. wind.

3.0 p.m.—Burial I. abeam, 2 cables. Steered for N. Rock beacon and passed it, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cables to starboard at 3.40 p.m.

6.15 p.m.—St. John's Pt. Lt. abeam. Quite a sea coming out of Dundrum Bay.

7.40 p.m.—Hardly any wind, but plenty of sea. Started engine and headed inshore.

8.10 p.m.—Wind freshened again. Stopped engine.

Thursday, 26th. 2.10 a.m.—Wind very gusty all night. Luffed her through the worst puffs

6.20 a.m.—Rockabill abeam to port—distant 2 miles.

6.30 a.m. Cook-out sang out that something had parted. Skipper and mate turned out double quick and found mast wobbling like a fishing-rod—starboard cross-tree having snapped. Reefed mainsail and then decided to stow it. Set up topmast shroud as back-stay with a tackle. Hardly moving under reefed mizen and No. 2 jib.

7.15 a.m.—Started engine after heating plugs in "Primus." Stood in for Lochshinney keeping mizen and jib set. Got much smoother water inshore.

10.0 a.m.—Picked up our moorings in Howth Harbour.



“Marie’s” Cruise—1934

Marie, Cutter. Built 1893 by J. Doyle, Kingstown. T.M. 5 Tons. N.R. 3.5.

On board K. McF. ; A.F.H.K. ; B. O'B. ; D. O'B.

THURSDAY, 14th *June*.—Bar., 7.30 a.m.—30.00 Rising. Light wind from S.W. Left our moorings in Howth Harbour 8 a.m., and caught the first of the flood. Took dep. from Lambay and set course N.E.½N. for South Rock L.V. Set spinnaker. Rockabill abeam 10.10 a.m. Daventry forecast 10.30 a.m.: “Wind S.W. light, vis. moderate.” Fair winds anyway ! About 4 p.m. drizzle commenced and visibility was very bad. Heard Strangford Buoy moaning on the port beam at 10.45 p.m. Heard South Rock L.V. fog explosions ahead 12 midnight.

June 15th.—Abeam South Rock L.V. 12.40 a.m., so we had averaged slightly over four knots over the ground since Lambay. Did not sight the light on South Rock L.V. until we were very close to it. The fog explosions seemed very loud then ; but it wasn't until we had passed her, and were down to leeward, that we got the full benefit of them. They literally shook every loose article in the cabin ; the watch below could hear the submarine bell distinctly. We were abeam Skulmartin at 2.30 a.m. Heard Mew's Island fog signal at 4.45 a.m. ; but real fog had come on, and although we passed through the “Ram Harry,” the tide rip, just south of the Copeland Islands, and so close to the Mews that the pumping engine for the fog signal could be heard very loudly, we never got a glimpse of the Island. About six syrens were going ; but only one was near enough to cause us any anxiety. Passed a Bermudian cutter about 25 tons bound south : a most extraordinary sight, as we could only see her hull and a few feet of her mainsail—the rest of her being hidden in the fog. They signalled us in Morse with their fog-horn ; but it was wasted effort, as we had never learnt the code, to our shame. Sighted Mull of Cantyre on port bow 3 p.m. (fog cleared), and were abeam 4.10 p.m., wind light but still from the south. Altered course to N.W. by N. Abeam Macrihanish 5.15 p.m., wind falling and variable. At 8 p.m. had to take in spinnaker, which had done good work since Lambay. By 9.30 were only off Ardminish Point in Gigha Sound and wind was force O. Decided that a good night's shut-eye was what we all needed ; so made a very inefficient sweep by lashing a locker lid to the spinnaker boom, and rowed into Drum-Yoin Bay on Gigha. Dropped anchor 11.30 p.m. ; had a very good supper, and turned in.

June 16th.—Wind South, fresh. Under way 8.10 a.m. Gigha Sound looks very foul, especially round Drum Yoin Bay. The tide was against the wind, and the size of the sea running was surprising. Set topsail and spinnaker 9 a.m. when clear of the rocks, and luckily caught the tide through Scarba Sound. *Fladda* abeam 4.30 p.m. Dropped anchor in Oban Bay 7 p.m., a very pleasant sail.

June 17th.—Wind south, moderate. Underway 12.30 p.m. for Tobermory. Wind freshened, and we had our first beat of the cruise ; anchored in Tobermory 8 p.m.

June 18th.—Hauled up anchor 6 a.m. No wind. Bound for somewhere beyond Ardnamurchan ; by 7.10 a.m. were only abeam Runa Mal Lighthouse. Light S.W. wind got up, and we passed Ardnamurchan Point 8.45 a.m. Set course N.E.½E. for Sleat Sound. Set spinnaker and reaching jib ; lovely sunny morning. Wind fell light 2.30 p.m. Isle Ornsay abeam 4 p.m. ; caught the last of the tide through Kyle Rhea. Wind backed and freshened considerably, and we had to down foresail and topsail in a hurry, as it was blowing very hard in the squalls. Anchored off Kyle Akin 6.40 p.m.

June 19th.—Left Kyle Akin 11.15 a.m. Wind W.S.W. moderate. Pleasant beat to Raasey Sound, and then got some very hard squalls under An Thom Point ; we had to

loose off the mainsheet to them, as the ship would not luff up. Anchored Portree 5.15 p.m. our furthest north. ; Weather forecast gave fresh northerly winds : decided to start back next morning.

June 20th.—Fresh N.W. wind. Double-reefed mainsail and left Portree 11.35 a.m. Fouled smack when getting away. Luckily no damage with the exception of loosened bob-stay. Anchored Isle Ornsay 10.15 p.m.—a very cold sail.

June 21st.—Left Isle Ornsay 11.15 a.m. Light S. wind ; 1 p.m. becalmed about 8 miles north of Mallaig. A northerly wind sprang up in the afternoon, and we were able to drop our anchor in Mallaig at 6 p.m.. Later we had to run out a kedge, as the wind had freshened and was blowing straight into the harbour.

June 22nd.—A very wet cold day. Fresh N.W. wind. B. O'B. left us on 8.35 train to take an exam. in Dublin. Left Mallaig in very heavy rain under all lowers 11.15 a.m. Could just see Scur of Eigg through rain. Rain stopped about 4 p.m., and wind fell light. Becalmed off Ardnamurchan 5 p.m. Light Easterly airs brought us to Runa Mal Lighthouse, and for six hours we wished we had an engine. Yacht *Manora* gave us a pluck into Tobermory at 11 p.m.

June 23rd.—Left Tobermory 11.15 a.m., in light easterly wind. A grand sunny day ; but very little wind, and by 6 p.m. were only off Green Island. Anchored in Ardtornish Bay on Morven at 9.10 p.m.

June 24th.—Left Ardtornish at 7.15 a.m. to catch the tide at Lady Rock, in light easterly wind, had breakfast under way ; passed cruising ship *Killarney* in entrance to Sound of Mull, looking very smart in the early morning sunlight. We had to call to Oban for letters, and anchored there at 11 a.m., only to discover that we had to wait till Monday to get them. This is our shortest day's sail so far.

June 25th.—Left Oban 11.15 a.m. in light N.E. wind, which freshened for just long enough to tear our reaching jib badly, before falling away to nothing. Very light airs from the S.E. enabled us to beat towards Scarba Sound ; but we did not reach Fladda Island until 9 p.m. We should have gone through Cuan Sound, but were afraid to chance it in the absence of sufficient wind to give us steerage way. However, the ebb did not finish in Scarba Sound until 9.30 p.m., and we thought we might make Blackmill Bay, and anchor there for a tide. We drifted down to within half a cable of the anchorage, when we saw an advancing line of seaweed coming up the Sound, and in about ten seconds we were going back the way we came—and faster. We managed to steer into the cove at the N.E. end of Fladda Island, dropped our anchor at 10.45 p.m. and had supper. The lighthouse keeper warned us to get out a few minutes before the ebb starts, as it flows strongly over a very nasty reef of rocks off the East of the Island. The anchor watch does not want to keep another watch like that one. It was a pitch dark night, and the roar of the tide within a few feet of the boat was quite frightening.

June 26th.—Ebb according to tables started 3.42 a.m. ; got under way 3.40 a.m., although you could still hear the flood bubbling and swirling. There was sufficient wind at first to give us steerage way. It came from the S.E. and freshened later on, and we sailed into the sea lock at Crinan at 8.30 a.m. Left 12.15 p.m., and towed by hand through Crinan Canal in pouring rain, until about three miles from Ardrisaig, when the steam puffer *Petrel* threw us a line, and towed us to Ardrisaig.

June 27th.—We gave the ship a thorough clean-up inside and out, taking advantage of the canal bank to throw everything out on. Took water on board and left sea lock at Ardrisaig 3.15 p.m., with fresh S.E. wind. We had a fine closehaul to Tarbert. Anchored off Dickie's yard 5.30 p.m.

June 28th.—Got reaching jib mended by Leitch ; repaired bob-stay, and tightened all lanyards. Left Tarbert 2.45 p.m., and had a lovely run down Loch Fyne and Inchmarnock water with a fresh N.W. wind behind us. Anchored Rothesay 8.30 p.m.

June 29th.—Stayed at Rothesay, as we wished to see Regatta next day. D. O'B. left us to keep an engagement in Wales. Were glad to see *Embla* arrive, skippered by our Hon. Treasurer. Swapped yarns with them. Met D. McF. who came down from Edinburgh to join us for the week-end. This was the first day of the cruise that *Marie* did not leave her anchorage.

June 30th.—Drizzly day. Followed Regatta on board *Embla*. The "eights" were a great sight.

July 1st.—D. McF. left us. Wind light West. Left Rothesay 12.45 p.m. for Howth, under all plain sail. Garroch Head abeam 2.40 p.m.; Pladda abeam 7.45 p.m.; Ailsa Craig abeam 9.15 p.m. Altered course to avoid basking shark. Moderate westerly wind. Set course for Skulmartin L.V. Corsewall Point abeam 11.10 p.m.

July 2nd.—Mew Light abeam 4.30 a.m. Wind left us and we drifted southwards with the tide. Skulmartin abeam 9.30 a.m.; South Rock L.V. abeam 12 noon. Set course for Lambay. St. John's Point abeam 5.10 p.m. Hailed *Esterelle* 11 p.m. sailing north in some miraculous manner, as there seemed to be no wind at all with us.

July 3rd.—Light airs from N.E. Haulbowline abeam 1.30 a.m.; still abeam 4.30 a.m. Kedged until 9.30 a.m., when moderate S.E. wind got up. Took tack inshore S.W. by W. until fishing fleet off Clogher Head put us about. Tacked to seaward and weathered Rockabill on next tack inshore 4.10 p.m. wind freshening. Picked up our moorings in Howth Harbour 8.15 p.m., when A.F.H.K. and K.McF. discovered that they had hardly spoken to each other since leaving Rothesay, as when one was on watch, the other was sleeping! A very enjoyable cruise.

Total Distance.—Not counting beating to windward—621 Miles. *Time.*—20 Days.

Conclusions reached.—That an engine would be very useful, especially to ease such situations as that wait outside Tobermory, for four hours, and that nervous anchor watch in Scarba Sound.

K. McF.

"Lil's" Last Race

IT WAS UNDERSTOOD that if the owner could not go I should take *Lil*. After leaving *Gull* on Friday, the 18th of May, I went on a hunt for a crew and managed to get three in half an hour. With one of them I brought *Lil* from Howth to Dun Laoghaire, where I picked up the other two. We prepared ship in quick time, and turned in at 12.30. At 3.0 a.m. we set plain sail, mizen, main and large jib, without any tucks, and we were three minutes late at the starting line, with *Marie* and *Embla* well ahead. Things were fairly lively outside, and as the breeze was freshening, we changed jibs at the Burford. This operation finished two of the crew, and the pair curled up together on the lee bunk.

We were closing on *Marie* but *Embla* appeared to be increasing her distance. This, however, didn't worry us as we knew some of her canvas would have to come off. Soon afterwards she gave up, and wished us the best of luck as we passed. *Marie* was making very heavy weather of it, and was also carrying too much sail. At this stage the remainder of the crew curled up in the cockpit. Thank Heaven for a good stomach! We were making water rather badly, and by now it was about two inches over the cabin floor when on an even keel. Things made their appearances which I hadn't seen for many a day, and I was interested in watching the shoes of the crew being washed up under the lee bunk, and thence down into the bilge. My own shore-going shoes soon broke adrift, and followed the others out of sight. A sea boot (sole detached) together with an awful package, evidently once an oilskin, of the consistency of glue, came next, and then (oh! the mockery of it) a yachting cap, with remains of badge, but minus the lining. For an idiot moment I thought of donning all three when going ashore in Holyhead—if we ever got there.

We had meanwhile passed *Marie*, who had taken off her topsail and was luffing up to the hard puffs. First boat now—and I do not ever remember seeing the old ship travelling so fast; but something would have to be done about the water, as it was still gaining. The pump—situated on deck near the lee rail—was useless in our heavy list, and I couldn't let go the wheel for a second. M. was able to fill a bucket in the cabin and pass it out to me in the cockpit. I could just manage to empty it on the lee deck without altogether letting go of the wheel. It was terribly tiring work, and we had to knock off frequently for a rest.

This bailing business was really the cause of our undoing as, when carrying out this operation, I neglected the steering somewhat, and allowed her to gybe. No harm was done, but I wasn't chancing it again. Another member of the crew was routed out to take the main sheet, and we gybed her back on her course. This gybe was not a success. The sheets were too slow in coming in, and were let off by the run. The mainsail had seen its best days, and the strain was too much for it. The stitching about half way up, ripped from leech to luff. Before we had time to do anything the mizen peak halyards went, the head of the sail came down, and the halyard made a hurrah's nest at the top of the mast.

It was now 10.10 a.m. We kept her up to the seas as best we could with the jib while taking off the remains of the mainsail and stowing the mizen. It was just 10.30 when these jobs were finished, and we saw *Albatross* passing us some distance to leeward, and shortly afterwards the Mail Boat came up astern. We had no log, but judging by the time and position of the Mail Boat, we would be about 20 miles off Holyhead.



Lil in trouble.

The mizen should have been put right first ; but it looked such a hopeless job that we decided to leave it until the crew were fit. If the wind had not been so strong we could have carried the spinnaker-cum-baloon-jib in place of the mainsail. This sail had had a long and patchy career ; the job would have been too much for it. If we were to get anywhere we must set the trysail. This was a brand new sail, although old in years, I mean it had never been used before. By this time B. was able to take the wheel, while O. and I went forward, unshipped the main gaff, and fixed the trysail gaff. As the old ship was jumping about a good deal it took some time to get the sail set ; but eventually we got it up, and we were able to lie our course again. It was about 12.0 o'clock, and O., who had been suffering from a chill before the trip, had to turn in again on the lee bunk. B. and I had another go at the bailing, and succeeded in getting the water down again. The wind was now easing off, but there was still plenty of sea, and with the water rushing across the cabin floor, it wasn't exactly yachting as one reads about it in the story-books. After a further struggle we got the better of the hurrah's nest and up went the mizen again. She was more like her old self now ; but the wind was falling lighter, and what little there was in it was very little use to us. Some of the crew were tied to time, and anxious about getting home. I hated turning back, but I felt that under the circumstances I couldn't ask them to carry on. So very reluctantly I set her head for Howth.

It was dinner time (2 o'clock) and I was just starving. I wanted the crew to have a good hot meal, but they only smiled sadly. B. managed, however, to suck an orange, while I went below and found some medicine in a black bottle—a lone bottle floating about the cabin in a wooden box, with several dead comrades, and just waiting to be salved. I made a sandwich of a cold roast of beef and a loaf of bread, and had a much appreciated meal!

We had found a small semi-rotary pump which we rigged up in the cockpit and soon got the water under control. It was a great relief to see a dry cabin floor again. The sea was going down, and by wrapping oneself around the mizen shrouds, we were also able to work the pump on deck.

The west-going Mail Boat was now in sight; we were right on her course, so she slowed up and gave us a good berth. About this time M. put in an appearance—the first since 6.0 a.m.—and he was greatly amazed at the shrinkage of the mainsail! The wind was going more westerly, thus making Holyhead a much more attractive proposition. The question of our port was again put to the crew, and the ship was quickly back on her old course for Holyhead.

We had now to get more sail on her, and decided to try the spinnaker. It was too shy for its job; but we didn't have to take it down, as the ——— who set it forgot to make fast the halyard. Whilst it was being fished out from under the keel, a few complimentary remarks were exchanged in a whisper between the skipper and the aforementioned haymaker. Up went the old rag again—this time as a reaching jib, and although it did resemble the stern view of a Dutchman's pants, it lifted us along in great style.

Time: 6.30 p.m. We were raising the land and found ourselves, despite all troubles, well on our course. It was all plain sailing, and the crew were taking an interest in things, except O., who was still laid out. He was not at all fit for this trip, and it was very sporting of him to come.

It was tea time, and those of us who could tucked in to another good meal. We were getting into the steamer traffic, which is very heavy on this coast, particularly on Saturday night. The *Britannic* passed us, bound for Queenstown, and also several lines bound south on holiday cruises.

Darkness was coming on, and we had not our navigation lights aboard; so we rooted out a Coleman petrol lamp and hoisted it at the end of our main boom—which, of course, was not in use—and thus relieved our anxieties about the "Grand Hotels" which were steaming past us. At 11.30 p.m. we crossed the finishing line, after a passage of 18½ hours, and commenced a very tedious beat to our anchorage. After dodging two unlighted buoys we made out some riding lights, which we took to be those of the fleet, and the crew were requested to clear away the anchor. We let go close to *Failte*, and everybody was happy but not for long. An anchor is not much use in a four-fathom anchorage with only two fathoms of chain out, and in a few minutes we were foul of *Failte*, whose crew had already turned in. However, there was no harm done, as the culprit went out on the bowsprit and from *Failte's* deck was able to keep it clear of her mizen rigging. We left him aboard to report our arrival to the Rear-Commodore, and fetched up astern. This was the last straw, and it is understood that the Rear-Commodore apologized to his crew for the shocking language of *Lil's* skipper, and explained that he was suffering from a nervous breakdown.

In reading this log it may give one the impression that I have made too much of the seasickness of the crew; but undoubtedly it was the basic cause of all our troubles. This trip, more than any other, has impressed on me the importance of having someone on board who is fortunate enough not to have a tendency in this direction. The crew were really fine, and never failed to respond as well as they possibly could to the demands of their skipper.

T.K.



Passage Race: Higginbotham-Wybrants Cup

The Annual Passage Race for the Higginbotham-Wybrant's Cup took place on Saturday, 19th May, 1934. The Course was from Kingstown Pier to Holyhead Breakwater.

The Handicap allotted at the start as usual was as follows :

				Min.	Start
<i>Gull</i>	...	H. P. F. Donegan (<i>Scratch</i>)	...	—	6. 0 a.m.
<i>Espanola</i>	...	H. M. Wright	...	10	5.50 „
<i>Albatross VI</i>	...	L. G. Gunn	...	25	5.35 „
<i>Mavis</i>	...	J. B. Kearney	...	30	5.30 „
<i>Britannia</i>	...	L. Chance	...	30	5.30 „
<i>Failte</i>	...	Rev. W. E. Vandeleur	...	75	4.45 „
<i>Lil</i>	...	D. Mellon	...	90	4.30 „
<i>Marie</i>	...	Messrs. Keating and McFerran	...		
<i>Embla</i>	...	Miss D. French	...		

All the entrants turned up at the line ; but conditions outside the Bay were so severe that six boats gave up early and returned to Harbour.

FINISH :

<i>Albatross VI</i>	...	12.30 p.m.
<i>Failte</i>	...	12.57 „
<i>Lil</i>	...	Not timed.

Alterations in Sailing Directions

EAST COAST OF IRELAND.

Page:

- 1 *Tuskar Rock*.—Fog Signal altered from 5 to 4 minutes.
- 10 *South Bar Buoy*.—Altered to Red. Cyl. Fl. Red.
- North Bar Buoy*.—Altered to Black conical. Fl. White.
- 13 (Plan).—Clearing mark for N. Rowan, should read “ 2 roads in line ” (S.W. $\frac{3}{4}$ S.).
- 26 *Ardglass Light*.—Character altered from “fixed white with Red Sectors,” to “Occulting, with White, Red and Green Sectors. (Plan to be altered accordingly.

SOUTH AND SOUTH-WEST COASTS

- 4 *The Hook*.—Fog Sig. altered to “ 1 report every 6 minutes.”
- 21 *Old Head Lighthouse*.—Fog Sig. altered to “ one report every 5 minutes.”
- 44 *The Fastnet*.—Fog Sig. altered to “ every 3 minutes.”
- 47 *Carrigskye Island*.—The White Staff and Globe has been destroyed.
- 49 *Adrigole Harbour*.—There is a small Stone Pier due East from Orthon Is.
- 51 *The Volage*.—Buoy discontinued.
- 53 *Piper's Sound*.—Old Fort Rock Buoy discontinued.
- Colt Rock*.—Buoy discontinued.
- Harbour Rock*.—Buoy discontinued.
- 61 and 62 *Big Skellig*.—Fog Signal altered to “ 1 report every 6 minutes.”

(See also page 44.)

STORM

THE FAR-OFF clouds were white and high,
The day our passage was begun ;
We watched the white crests tumbling by,
Across the pathway of the Sun.

Our hearts were lifting with the bow,
The sun-warmed sails filled fair and true.
Embla sailed fast and faster now,
And stronger still the South wind blew.

Till backing to the east, a frame
Of warning mist spread round the sun,
And in its train the sun-dog came,
We heard the storm-born hornet's hum.

Reef down the main, stand by the sheets,
The mizzen halyards floating free ;
The jib has fouled the foresail cleats,*
Haul down that runner, slack the lee

The tide has turned, the ebb runs south,
The seas pile up, wall on green wall.
'Tis eight long miles to harbour's mouth,
Through waves so steep in craft so small.

But bravely still her white bows rise,
Her spirit calls us to the fight,
Though driving sleet and spray disguise
The visionary land in sight.

Will gear and canvas stand the strain ?
The storm-tossed ship still holds her way,
While shattering seacrests all in vain
Tear past her sides in furious play.

The harbour light lies on our bow
With treacherous sandspit down to lee,
Another tack we must allow
To clear those rocks—we're past—we're free !

The strident music of the storm
Is muted now, anchored we lie,
And hear her quivering timbers form
To louder notes a lullaby.

D. F.

Poetic licence for hanks. ?—ED.

IRISH CRUISING CLUB



OFFICERS 1934-35

Commodore :

H. M. WRIGHT.

Vice-Commodore :

H. P. F. DONEGAN.

Rear-Commodore :

A. W. MOONEY.

Committee :

H. E. DONEGAN, Junr.

J. A. FAULKNER.

J. B. KEARNEY.

T. G. KIRKHAM.

D. MELLON.

C. SOMERVILLE-LARGE, F.R.C.S.I.

REV. W. E. VANDELEUR, M.A.

J. P. WALSH.

REV. CANON D. F. R. WILSON, M.A.

R. P. CAMPBELL (*Hon. Secretary*).

W. MACBRIDE (*Hon. Treasurer*).

List of Members

NAME	ADDRESS	YACHT	THAMES TONNAGE
BARRETT, H. R. ...	Marshalls, Braintree, Essex ...	<i>Musette</i> ...	3
BARTON, H. D. E. ...	Linden Lea, Cultra, Co. Down ...	<i>Jean II</i> ...	5
BECKETT, A (<i>Hon. Auditor</i>) ...	Esplanade Hotel, Bray ...	<i>Charm</i> ...	7
BECKETT, J. W., T.D. ...	Teag Beag, Gordon Ave., Foxrock, Co. Dublin.		
BELL, MAJOR W. BERTRAM	Foaty Island, Cobh.		
BENNETT, J. H. (<i>Vice- Admiral, R. Cork Y.C.</i>)	Ballincurrig, Midleton, Co. Cork ...	<i>Myth</i> ...	24
BRETLAND, A. W. ...	Malahide, Co. Dublin ...	<i>Togo</i> ...	17
BROWN, B. ...	5 Park View, Wellington Rd., Cork	<i>Tern (P.O.)</i> ...	9
BROWNE, LT.-COL. E. W.	Raven Ho. Adderley, Market Drayton	<i>Palatina</i> ...	48
BYRNE, GERALD ...	Abbeyview, Dalkey.		
*Campbell, R. P. ...	Cuilin, Bray, Co. Wicklow.		
CHANCE, LESLIE G. ...	Mullamore, Miltown, Co. Dublin ...	<i>Britannia</i> ...	16
CLARKE, A. W. ...	Fernbank, Howth.		
CRIMMINS, MRS. E. ...	Belgrove, East Ferry, Cobh ...	<i>Nirvana</i> ...	9
CROSBIE, GEO. ...	The Kedges, Douglas Road, Cork ...	<i>Maureen</i> ...	6
CROSBIE, THOMAS ...	Woodlands, Montenotte, Cork ...	<i>Betty</i> ...	6
DALY, D. L. ...	Currabinny, Crosshaven, Co. Cork	<i>Colleen</i> ...	21
DE STE. CROIX, W. B. ...	23 Leadenhall St., London, E.C.3 ...	<i>Isis</i> ...	12
DEVEREUX, A. ...	Fingal, Clontarf, Dublin.	<i>Happy Days</i> ...	12
*Donegan, H. P. F. ...	74 South Mall, Cork ...	<i>Gull</i> ...	18
(<i>Vice-Commodore</i>).			
*DONEGAN, H. E. (jun.)	74 South Mall, Cork.		
DONOVAN, D. M., M.D.	11 St. Patrick's Hill, Cork ...	<i>Tern (P.O.)</i> ...	9
DOUGLAS, DESMOND H.	The Tunnel, Greystones ...		
DOUGLAS, S. J. ...	Do.		
DOYLE, THOMAS ...	Redcliffe, Western Road, Cork..		
ELLIOTT, GEO. W. M. ...	36 Wellington Road, Dublin.		
ELLIOTT, MAYNE ...	52 Mount Pleasant Square, Dublin.		
ERSKINE, JACK ...	Whitehouse, Belfast ...	<i>Redwing</i> ...	6
ERSKINE, TOM ...	Do. ...	<i>Minnie</i> ...	11
*FAULKNER, J. A. ...	Dufferin Villas, Bangor, Co. Down	<i>Dolphin</i> ...	10
FITZGERALD, A. ...	Landscape Ter., Sunday's Well, Cork	<i>Honor Margaret</i> ...	10
FITZGERALD, WILFRED ...	1 St. Andrew Street, Dublin.		
FITZSIMMONS, W. G. ...	Gracefield, Blackrock.		
FLANAGAN, F. G. ...	123 Inchicore Road, Dublin.		
FLANAGAN, R. F. ...	Do.		
FRENCH, HERBERT ...	Cudworth Manor, Newdigate, Surrey	<i>Ninon</i> ...	68

* Members of Committee.

LIST OF MEMBERS.—continued.

NAME	ADDRESS	YACHT	THAMES TONNAGE
FRENCH, MISS DAPHNE A.	Cloonyquin, Castlerea, Co. Roscommon	<i>Embla</i>	... 9
GIBBON, COL. C. M. ...	Sleedagh, Wexford ...	<i>Monk</i>	... 5
GOLDSMITH, REAR-ADMIRAL	Royal Cruising Club, London ...	<i>Madalena</i>	... 44
M. LENNON, R.N., D.S.O.			
GOOD, JOHN, D.L. ...	The Moorings Merrion Rd., Dublin	<i>Pamela</i>	... 61
GUNN, L. G., M.D. ...	43 Fitzwilliam Square, Dublin ...	<i>Albatross VI</i>	... 30
HEARD, R. DOUGLAS ...	Penrose Quay, Cork.		
HAWKES, COL. W., D.S.O.	Weir Point, Restronguet, Falmouth.	<i>Kathleen</i>	... 10
HEALY, THOMAS ...	Skibbereen, Co. Cork.		
HIGGINBOTHAM, FRED., A.M.I.C.E.	Glen Cor, Howth ...	<i>Lady Sophie</i>	... 10
HIGGINBOTHAM-WYBRANTS, W. A.	72 Grosvenor Rd., Rathmines, Dublin.		
HUDSON, R. J. HARRINGTON	Vennadon House, Dousland, Yelverton	<i>Theta</i>	... 15
HYLAND, JOHN J. ...	Mt. Pleasant, College Rd., Cork ...	<i>Tern (P.O.)</i>	... 9
*KEARNEY, JOHN B. ...	7 Killarney Avenue, Dublin ...	<i>Mavis</i>	... 10
KEATINGE, A. F. H. ...	Bamberg, Sutton, Co. Dublin.		
*Keatinge, D. ...	Landfall, Bailey, Howth ...	<i>Marie (P.O.)</i>	... 5
KELLY, CAPT. P. F. ...	4 Ard-na-greine, St. Luke's, Cork.		
KENNEDY, FRANK ...	National Y.C. Dun Laoghaire ...	<i>Realt</i>	... 4
*KIRKHAM, T. G. ...	122 Rathgar Road, Dublin.		
KIRKPATRICK, L.-Col. A. R.	The Lodge, Kilternan, Co. Dublin.		
LANNIN, JOSEPH ...	56 Gillabbey Street, Cork.		
LE FLUFY, FREDK. ...	Menloe Gardens, Blackrock, Cork.		
McSTAY, M. ...	53 Blessington Street, Dublin.		
*MacBride, W. (Hon. Treas.)	39 Harcourt Street, Dublin ...	<i>Leila</i>	... 3
McFERRAN, KEITH ...	33 Hollybrook Road, Clontarf ...	<i>Marie (P.O.)</i>	... 5
MACCARTHY-MORROGH, F. D.	Coolgrena Little Island, Co. Cork.		
MACNAMARA, FRANCIS ...	5 Upper Ely Place, Dublin ...	<i>Mary Ann</i>	... 24
MELLON, A. M. ...	43 Victoria Road, Oxford		
*MELLON, DOUGLAS ...	7 Kenilworth Road, Rathgar, Dublin.	<i>Osmunda</i>	... 11
MICKS, R. H., M.D. ...	2 Fitzwilliam Square, Dublin.		
*Mooney, A. I. (Rear- Commodore).	9 Rutland Square, E., Dublin. ...	<i>Aideen</i>	... 16
MORGAN, W. E. ...	Munster and Leinster Bank, Navan.		
O'BRIEN, BRENDAN ...	65 Fitzwilliam Square, Dublin.		
O'BRIEN, DONOUGH ...	65 Fitzwilliam Square, Dublin. ...	<i>Maureen (P.O.)</i>	... 6
O'KEEFE, R. ...	Ardnageena, Bantry, Co. Cork.		
O'KELLY, FERGUS, B.E.	Castle Avenue, Clontarf.		
O LOCHLAINN, COLM, M.A.	Beechlawn, Rathgar Road, Dublin ...	<i>Klysma</i>	... 9

* Members of Committee.

LIST OF MEMBERS.—continued.

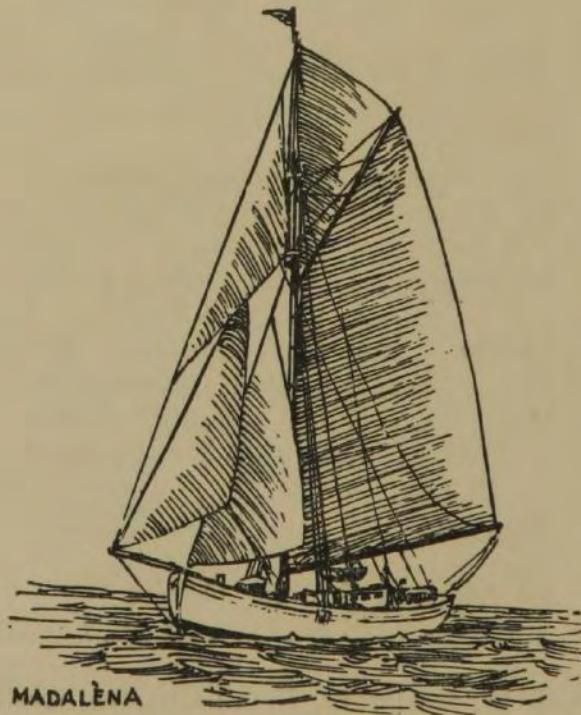
NAME	ADDRESS	YACHT	THAMES TONNAGE
ODLUM, ED. JOHN ...	7 Sandycove Av., West, Co. Dublin.		
PAGE, J. A., M.B. ...	Abroad.		
PERROTT, WILLIAM ...	Ballincurrig Lodge, Douglas Road, Cork.	<i>Sea Hawk</i> ...	22
REARDON, JOHN ...	Wilton Park, Cork.		
ROSE-RICHARDS, MAJ. T. P. ...	Furze field, Bosham, Sussex ...	<i>Lexia</i> ...	40
REIDY, MATTHEW ...	Mulgrave Road, Cork ...		
SIMON, INGO ...	Scotland Hall, Stoke-by-Nayland, Suffolk.	<i>Saladin</i> ...	34
SNOW, H. W. ...	Clonkeen, Kill-o'-the-Grange, Blackrock.		
*SOMERVILLE-LARGE, C., F.R.C.S.I. ...	16 Fitzwilliam Place, Dublin ...	<i>Tern</i> ...	4
STEPHENS, J. B. ...	Rathmadh, Glenageary, Co. Dublin	<i>Punctilio</i> ...	9
SULLIVAN, A. M. (<i>Sergeant-at-Law</i>). ...	1 King's Bench Walk, Temple, E.C.4	<i>Ailsa</i> ...	15
SULLIVAN, D. B., B.L., D.J. ...	Carrigrenane, Little Island, Cork.		
TIDMARSH, CAPT. D. ...	The County Club, Limerick ...	<i>Foam</i> ...	5
TOMLINSON, W. T. ...	3 Killeen Terrace, Malahide.		
TOWNSEND, GEO. W. ...	Wilmont, 61 Howth Road, Dublin.		
*VANDELEUR, REV. W. E., M.A. ...	Killiskey Rectory, Ashford, Co. Wicklow.	<i>Failte</i> ...	12
WALLER, CAPT. OTWAY ...	Banagher. ...	<i>Imogen</i> ...	6
*WALSH, J. P. ...	32 Dartmouth Square, Dublin.		
WALSH, T. P. ...	32 Dartmouth Square, Dublin ...	<i>Sheila II</i> ...	9
WHITFIELD, GEO., R.N. ...	Modreeny, Cloughjordan, Co. Tipperary.		
*WILSON, CANON D. F. R., M.A. ...	St. Mary's, Ailesbury Rd., Dublin	<i>Esterel</i> ...	12
WILSON, H. G. ...	Moyle, Larne Harbour, Co. Antrim.		
WOODLEY, F. R. ...	Mount Bernard, Cobh (Queenstown)	<i>Maia</i> ...	3
WORKMAN, R. E. ...	Hon. Sec., Royal North of Ireland Y.C., Cultra ; or 6 Dublin Road, Belfast.	<i>Eriska</i> ...	9
WRIGHT, HENRY BUNTING (jun.), M.B. ...	Abroad.		
WRIGHT, H. J., M.D. ...	59 Merrion Square, Dublin ...	<i>Pauline</i> ...	3
*Wright, Herbert M. (<i>Commodore</i>). ...	3 St. James's Ter., Clonskeagh, Dublin	<i>Espanola</i> ...	15
CREE, DONALD, C. L. (<i>Honorary Member</i>). ...	Hon. Secretary, Royal Cruising Club.		
O BRIEN, CONOR (<i>Honorary Member</i>). ...	Foynes, Co. Limerick ...	<i>Saoirse</i> ...	20

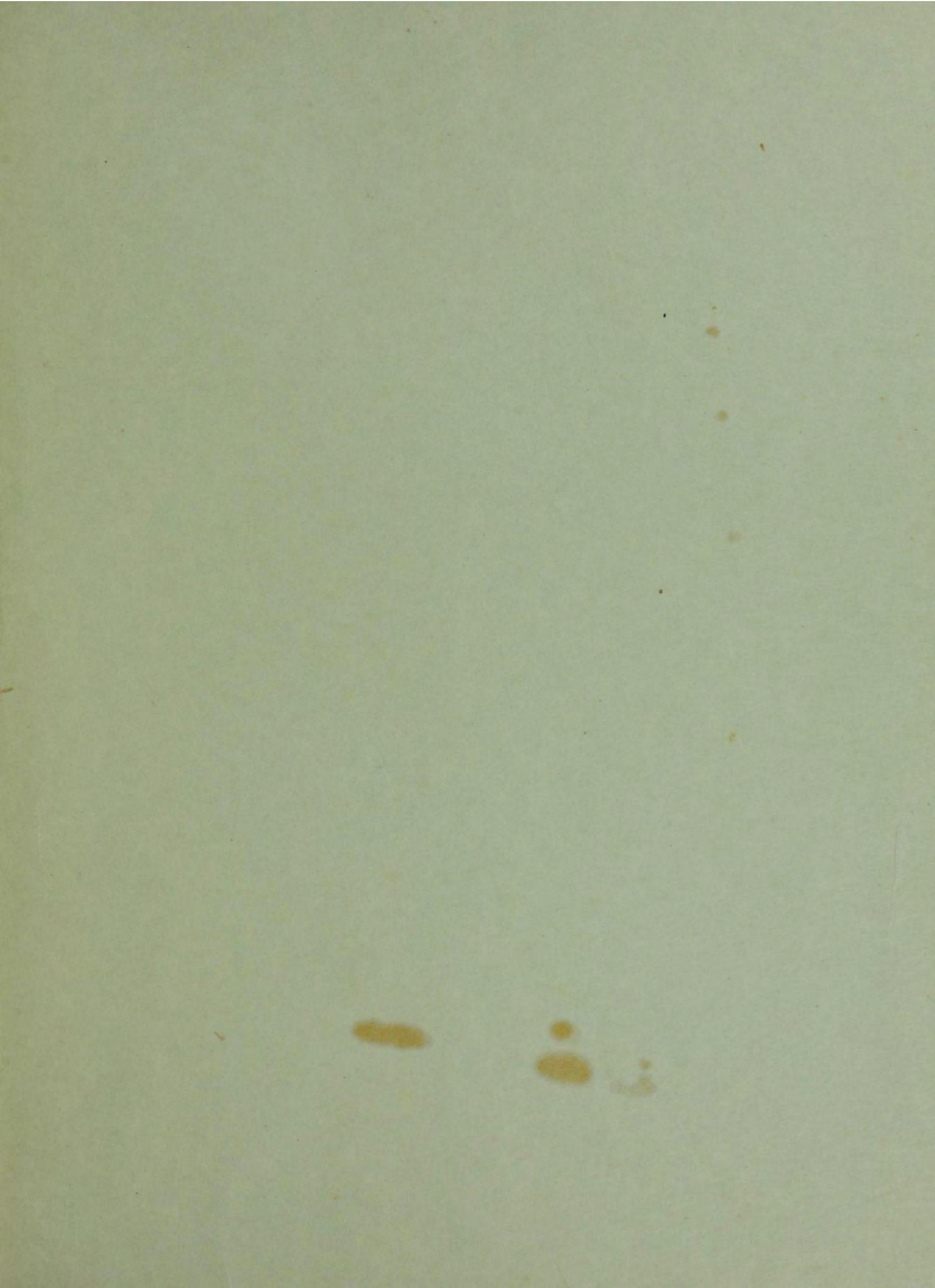
N.B. Members are requested to notify the Hon. Secretary of any change of address or boat.

* Members of Committee.

Alterations: Lights and Buoys

- ARDGLASS** ... Light has been altered to *occulting* with White, Red and Green sectors *every four seconds*; Green from the land to 310° , thence White to 318° , thence Red to the land (bearing true from Seaward).
- DONAGHADEE** ... The existing Red and White Light on the South Pier has been replaced by a new light *occulting* White *every four seconds*; visible from shore through S. to 333° Existing sectors to be expunged, except obscured sector, from 333° to the Coast. (bearing true from Seaward).
- CONINGBEG LIGHT V.** Submarine bell replaced by submarine oscillator sounding six notes *every twenty seconds*.
- BUOYS** ... ^{con} Port hand ~~conical~~ buoys now coloured Red. Starboard conical Black.









The
Irish Cruising Club
Annual



1936

IRISH CRUISING CLUB



OFFICERS 1935-36

Commodore :

H. M. WRIGHT.

Vice-Commodore :

H. P. F. DONEGAN.

Rear-Commodore :

A. W. MOONEY.

Committee :

H. E. DONEGAN, (JUN.).

MAYNE ELLIOTT.

J. B. KEARNEY.

D. KEATINGE.

T. G. KIRKHAM.

D. MELLON.

C. SOMERVILLE-LARGE, F.R.C.S.I.

J. P. WALSH.

VERY REV. D. F. R. WILSON, M.A.

Hon. Secretary:

R. P. CAMPBELL

Hon. Treasurer:

W. MACBRIDE

The Irish Cruising Club Annual

1935-36



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HIS DAILY DOZEN

The Irish Cruising Club Annual

EDITORIAL

DURING MOST OF THE past Season the weather around the coasts of the British Isles was extremely unsettled. Except for a few weeks in July it was thoroughly treacherous, and culminated in the great storm of 16th September, which is estimated to have cost the underwriters two years' Premium income. Sixty Yachts are stated to have received or been offered assistance during the season by the Lifeboat Institution.

The logs, necessarily abridged, which appear in the following pages are for the most part pleasantly full of wind and water. The Whitsun Passage race took place in heavy weather, most of the competing boats suffering casualties to spars and canvas. *Britannia* and *Marie* escaped mishap. These boats are cutters. Contentious comment thereon is hereby deprecated.

Mr. Barton's cruise round Ireland in *Dauntless* is remarkable alike for daring and skill. He wins the Faulkner Cup. The Vice-Commodore in *Gull* sailed from Queenstown to Falmouth and several ports on the Cornish coast., and met a good deal of fog. Much may be learned from both these intrepid navigators who will have nothing to do with engine-power.

Mr. Mellon in *Osmunda* made his annual passage, almost non-stop, up the West coast of Scotland as far as the Summer Isles in Latitude 58° North with even more than his usual velocity, and then sailed round Skye. He tarried one entire day for the purpose of darning his mainsail. Elsewhere he seems to have entered port only to get supplies for his works and his workers. *Osmunda* must be something of a "hell-ship."

Embla covered much of the same ground as *Osmunda*. Putting in at quite a dozen places new to her from Fortwilliam to Fingal's Cave. Her crew consisted of three ladies and an old-time Ringsend trawler-man. There were some caustic interludes in this singular outfit; the trawler-man on one occasion lodging a complaint that he was walked on, and that the ladies used more delph than the Shelbourne; but Miss Daphne French proved herself an excellent ship master and navigator, and pulled off a long cruise most creditably. Shortly afterwards she sailed with another lady from Dublin for Australia in *Pamir*, an Erickson four-masted wind-jammer, and arrived at Port Lincoln in the Spencer Gulf after a passage of 92 days.

Capt. Tidmarsh in *Foam* contributes an excellent log of his strenuous cruise in very mixed weather conditions on our wild western coast, and Mr. O'Keeffe has written a vivid narrative of the hair's breadth escape of himself and his crew before the *Water Witch* foundered at the mouth of the Bristol Channel in the gale of 6th to 7th July.

The following changes in ownership are noted: Mr. P. T. Walsh has sold *Sheila II* to Mr. P. O'Keeffe of Bantry. Rev. Mr. Vandeleur has sold *Failte*, and ordered a 10-tonner from Tyrrell of Arklow. Dr. Lane has placed an order for a 6-tonner, designed by Mr. J. B. Kearney, with Morris and Lorimer of Sand Bank.

The Annual Dinner, attended by some eighty members and friends, was held on 7th December at the National Yacht Club, who most generously placed their premises and equipment at our disposal for the occasion. Mr. F. R. Holland Swann, Librarian of the Royal Cruising Club was the principal guest. The Higginbotham-Wybrants Cup was presented by the donor to Mr. Kearney, the winner of the Passage Race.

Log of "Gull"

A STRONG DESIRE to see the celebrated "J" class racing at Falmouth and Penzance was the deciding factor in our selecting the Cornish coast for our Summer cruise in *Gull*. Our crew consisted of H.P.F.D., owner and master; H.E.D. mate; D.B.S., second mate; T.D., ordinary seaman; B.C., cook; and J.C. steward. The weather had been vile for nearly three weeks, and when we made our start on Sunday, the 23rd June, at 10.55 a.m. *Gull* carried only trysail, head sails and spinnaker.

At 11.35 we were abeam of Roche's Point on our course to the Longships, with log streamed and spinnaker to port. Wind later was light; about 9 p.m. we were becalmed, the log then registering 31.9. The middle watch had better luck and at 4.0 a.m. log read 55.7. At 5 it freshened up from N.N.E. At breakfast time the log read 78.7, *Gull* was tearing through a big broken sea that got up with amazing rapidity, and the wind coming at times in powerful gusts, made us glad we had not the mainsail on her.

Harder and harder came the wind, and the sea became exceedingly difficult to steer through; but *Gull* took little water aboard, and was at her best for several hours, logging, for one hour, 8.3 knots. This state of things continued until 2 p.m., when we sailed close to a Penzance trawler, who gave us the course to the Longships as south-east, the log then reading 122.9. It thickened considerably, while the wind moderated, and visibility was only about half a mile, judging by the rate at which we picked up and lost sight of some French crabbers. At 5 p.m. we sighted the Longships Lighthouse on her bowsprit end, log reading 140, and soon after made out Land's End Hotel and other buildings ashore. Sea was comparatively calm in the race off the Longships as the tide was slack, and we altered course for the Runnelstone Buoy. The wind fell flat, and we started to drift backwards with a north-west set of tide. We regretted we had not brought our outboard engine for the dinghy, but B.C. and J.C. did the needful with the oars, and we managed to get in towards the land and pick up a light breeze, which enabled us to pass inside the Lee Ore and Runnelstone.

Tues. 25th.—At 1.0 a.m. the wind came ahead from the N.E., and we gave her the mainsail. At 6.40 a.m. we let go about 100 yards S.S.E. of the breakwater at Newlyn, and all hands turned in. At 12.30 p.m. we had lunch and breakfast combined, and found thick fog had set in with light rain. As there was a big swell rolling in, we decided to shift our berth to the east'ard of the breakwater, so weighed anchor and went in under our jib and let go in what looked a more favourable berth; but soon an official came alongside and told us that we were in the fairway and advised us to get into the harbour. He rowed away and returned in a short time with another official, and they very kindly gave us a tow in. Under their advice we made fast to a French fishing boat, the *Lutin* of Morlaix, and were introduced to the skipper who spoke a little English. We hung an anchor-light on our davits and had a quiet night with no disturbance from the fishing boats coming or leaving.

Wed. 26th.—Rain and fog, big seas and S.S.E. wind; decided we would stay where we were. Quite a number of Brixham trawlers entered the harbour during the day and reported nasty weather outside, and as some of these were looking for an inside berth at the quay, we had an anxious time protecting our paint.

Thurs. 27th.—Grand morning. Wind S.W. Got under way at 10.30 and were abreast of the Lizard at 1 o'clock; a delightful sail. After passing the Manacles we saw four sailing ships anchored off Falmouth, and later saw the oil tanker *D. L. Harper*, which had gone ashore on the Lizard, and was salved by two large tugs. We let go off the Prince of Wales Pier in what we took to be a good anchorage, free of the traffic; but we were immediately hailed by the skipper of a tug and told to shift as we were in the fairway of the ferry steamers that run between St. Mawes and Falmouth. We then shifted into Flushing Creek. Col. Hawkes came aboard and invited the skipper and two others to dine with him on the following

evening at the R. Cornwall Yacht Club, but we had to decline as we could not count on getting back in time.

During the evening we watched the big boats arrive. *Astra* with her light green topsides looked very beautiful. *Shamrock* light blue, and *Candida* white. *Endeavour*, *Yankee* and *Velsheda* anchored in Carrick Roads, while *Britannia* was moored to a buoy at the entrance to the dock.

Fri. 28th.—Wind light, S.E. We busied ourselves making sail and bending our jack-yard topsail to make *Gull* look her best, with all her brasses shining.

We sailed out to view the race and got some wonderful photographs of the big fellows ; T.D. with the Cine Camera was very busy. *Astra* led from start to finish. Major Heckstall Smith and the Skipper had a long pow-wow on the pier. He remembers the *Gull* well as having taken part in the first Fastnet Cup race in 1925, and said that he sailed in her when she was built.

Sat. 29th.—Wind light and fickle. Turned out early, and after doing some shopping ashore got under way, and went out to see the second day's race which was won by *Yankee*. The wind was too light to carry on for Newlyn, so we made for Helford River, and picked up a nice berth in four fathoms.

The Judge and Skipper rowed ashore to the ferry and were pointed out Claud Worth's house, but were told that he was an invalid at present.

Sun. 30th.—It was nearly low water when we got under way at Helford and we had some anxiety as the Channel is very narrow. The wind got up fresh from the west'ard as we got down to Beast Point and passed inside the Vroque Rock. We could see all the rocks off the Lizard, and we passed close outside the southern (Minehear) Rock and hauled our wind to find we were just able to lay our course for Penlee close-hauled on the starboard tack. The water was smooth and we had a fine sail across Mounts Bay. Having made out St. Michael's Mount on our starboard bow, we were able to give her a slight check, and on going up closer, discovered crowds of people on both piers at Newlyn. It was then nearly high water, and boats came out as if to welcome us. The explanation was that they were expecting the racing fleet from Falmouth for the Penzance Regatta fixed for 1st July, and thought *Gull* was a twelve-metre until she was recognised as the boat that had been in the harbour a few days before.

Mon. 1st July.—Strong N. wind. There were ten crabbers moored abreast, extending well out into the harbour ahead of us. While we were at breakfast there was a shout on deck, and we came up to find the whole string closing in on us, stern first. Billy, who was first on deck, shouted "the French are surrounding us." We were engaged fending them off while dozens of sabots clattered on our decks, and it was fully half an hour before the string of craft drifted east of us.

We spent most of the day watching the crabbers, Brixham trawlers and local boats racing in the strong wind.

Tues. 2nd.—Strong S. wind. Made sail and got out of the harbour intending to go to the Scilly Islands. Fine morning, clear visibility, beat down to the Runnelstone. As we got to the Longships, we decided that it would take too long to beat to the Scillies, and as it was then hazy and the crew were anxious to see St. Ives, we bore away and set spinnaker to port. Passing Battery Point we saw several crabbers, and we let go in a berth clear of them in six fathoms. St. Ives harbour dries out completely even beyond the piers, and there is a twenty-one foot rise and fall. There was considerable swell and *Gull* rolled a great deal throughout the night. At one time one of the crabbers that had lengthy scope came close to us and we had to fend off their punt and call upon the crew to haul her up, which they did. To avoid repetition of this we laid out the kedge.

Wed. 3rd.—Beautiful morning, wind light from N.W., so we decided we would stay the day as it was useless putting to sea with a light head wind. We bent the trysail to have it ready in case we got a shift of wind.

Thurs. 4th.—Strong W. squalls. Big sea outside and fog. Rolling a lot at the anchorage. Decided to hang on till wind changed or lessened in force. Made a few trips ashore for water and stores. Skipper made a canvas apron for use in the cockpit. Weather conditions got worse in the afternoon ; roll greater, wind harder and visibility poorer. Skipper

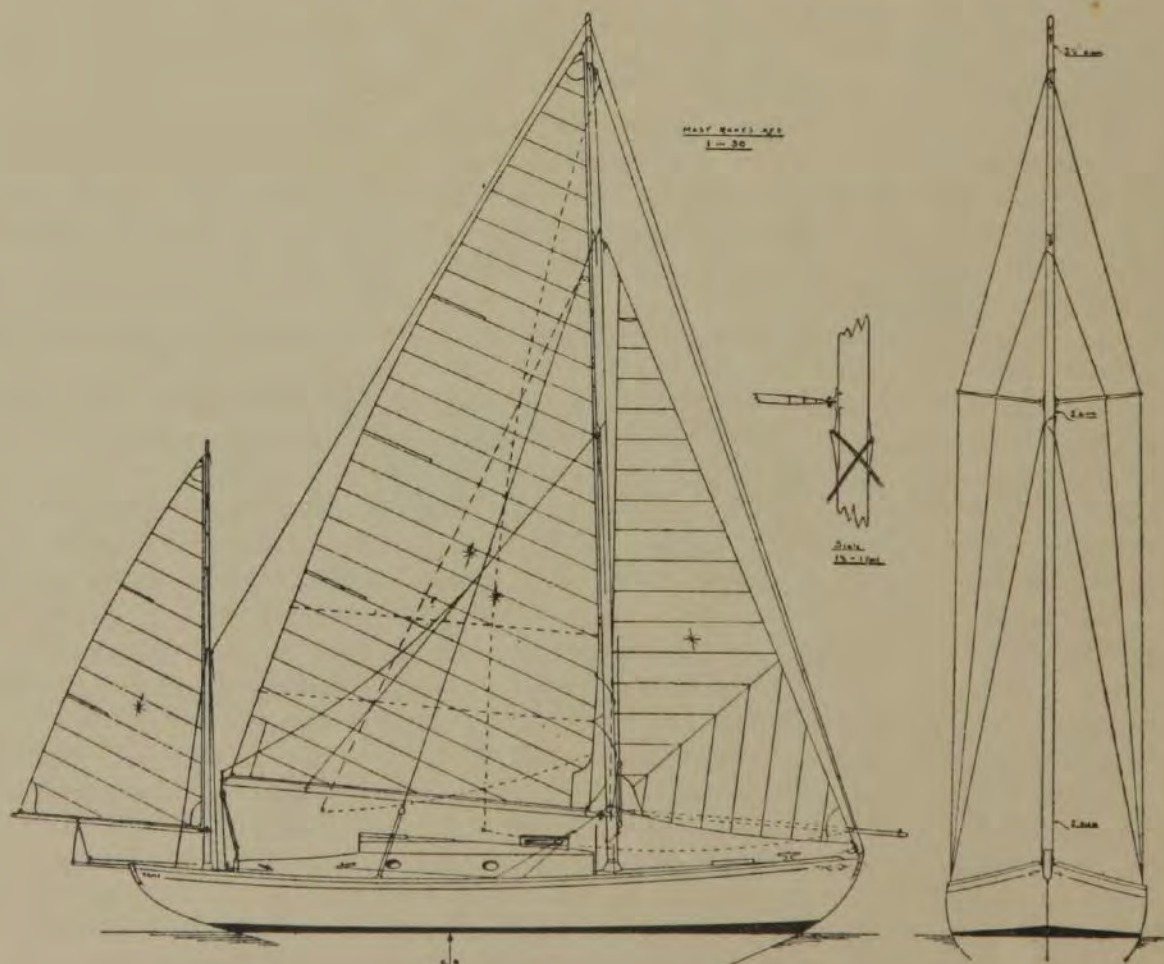
uneasy as only one crabber returned, and feared the wind's going into the north or north-east and our having to clear out. Got our kedge so as to be ready if we had to sail.

Fri. 5th.—Thick fog; steamer sirens going outside. Wind very light—north-west. We got our anchor about 10.30 a.m. and made a start under trysail and jib, but it was so thick we could not see the Battery Point after we had gone a quarter of a mile, and the wind being light from the wrong quarter, we returned and this time took up a berth somewhat nearer the Pier in $4\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms. The swell seemed to increase but the wind continued light and *Gull* rolled heavily all through the day and night. We spent a good deal of time ashore.

Sat. 6th.—Fine morning, wind northerly. Decided that whatever came we would make a start for home, so gave her the mainsail and headsails and proceeded. It was a little hazy at first, but cleared up, and when we were about half a mile from Battery Point the wind left us. We had recourse to the oars and picked up a little breeze which gave us steerage way. With the wind N.N.E. later we were able to lay our course, and we took our departure from a cross bearing; Land's End S. $\frac{1}{4}$ E.; St. Ives S.E. by E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E.; Pendeen S.E. by S. $\frac{1}{2}$ S. which put us in the position of 50° 16' N. Lat. 5° 50' W. Long. It was then 3 o'clock with the Log reading 8.2, and it showed a westerly drift of nearly 6 miles. In the 4 to 8 p.m. watch we logged 21.1 miles and in the 8 to 12, 27.7. The wind continued firm in the same direction, clear sky. In the breakfast watch we did 25.5 and then the wind freshened up a bit. We did 27.5 in the forenoon watch. About 10 o'clock we made out Ballycotton Island on the starboard bow; abreast of Pollock Rock at 12 o'clock, and at 1 p.m. were inside Roche's Point. *Gull* had sustained her reputation in doing just as she was asked to do.

H.P.F.D.

Sail Plan of New 6 Tonner



The Loss of the "Water Witch"

AUXILIARY CUTTER, 9 Tons Thames Measurement, 15 h.p. "Kelvin," Colin Archer type, with a Loch Fyne stern. The crew were : P. O'Keeffe, Skipper and Owner ; T. Healy, Mate ; P. J. Cassin, M.O. ; C. Deane ("Parry") Cook, deckhand.

It was Cassin's first cruise. Deane had never been on a yacht before, but was deckhand for seven years on Bay Steamer. Healy had been cruising with me for twelve or thirteen years.

Bantry, Friday, 31st May, 1935.—At 9.23 p.m. we cast off, under power from Bantry, in a flat calm, sky clear overhead, clouds on horizon, bar. 29.5. The weather forecast at 9.30 was : "W. Ireland—light, variable winds." We rounded Sheep's Head at 12.15 a.m., and on oiling the feathering gear of the propellor I found the bearing so hot that it burned my fingers. I stopped the engine. The sea was confused and irregular. Before leaving the bay I had warned Parry to lash stove in galley, but he forgot it. She jumped it off the stand and the primus emptied into the bilge. Later I found that the heating of the bearing was due to having too tightly clamped the lever in the full ahead position.

Sat. 1st June.—We anchored in Crookhaven at 7.15 a.m., chilled and sleepy. In the afternoon the glass fell to 29.32, and it was blowing fresh up the harbour from E. A local fisherman told us that a Saturday night's moon comes seven years too soon, and especially if it's a new moon.

Sun. 2nd.—11.30 a.m. Strong S. wind, showers, heavy seas outside. 5.30 p.m. : Glass 29.22. Visited Keeper Donovan at the Lighthouse. He was very interesting on the building of the Fastnet—having worked at it from the commencement. 8.53 p.m. : Weather forecast rotten. Wind now howling.

Mon. 3rd. 10.30 a.m.—Forecast : "Bright, but local showers, rather warm. Depression W. I. moving slowly S.E." With the glass down to 29.20 we were feeling very fed-up. However, a verse of a song and a full stomach livened up matters. The sky was overcast with a damp chill, and yet that son-of-a-seacook on the Radio says "Light S. Winds." 6.0 p.m. : Weather growing milder, though glass 29.10. Wind west. 7.0 : Sky clouding over, glass 29.19. Stow ship, punt aboard. 7.25 : Started up engine. 7.52 : Out past Lighthouse. Big sea running, cross and confused. Hoisted big jib, and squared away for Schull. Would have headed across Channel if it were not for the low glass and threat of S. wind and rain. 9.55 p.m.—Anchored in Schull, went ashore, inclement S. winds and rain swept the pier ; glass 29.16. Rained heavily and blew hard during night. Morning, overcast sky.

Tues. 4th. 10.30 a.m.—Glass 29.1. Forecast : "Ireland, occasional rain, Depression off S.W. Ireland. Wind E. or N.E. Moderate or rather fresh ; visibility good." 9.45 p.m. : On board after being ashore all day. Glass 29.00 and wind light N.E. ; big swell ; weather report at 9.30 p.m. : "Disturbance off S.W. Ireland, Wind E." "Three moons in a month unluckily"—again from a fisherman !

Wed. 5th. 12.45 a.m.—Glass 29.22. 5.30 a.m. : Glass 29.08. Turned out, calm in harbour, punt aboard. 6.10 : Weighed anchor, out under power ; morning cold and clear, sea still heavy outside. 7.8 : In Gasconane Sound, course S.E. Decided to make for the Longships. 8.10 : Hoisted jib. 8.30 : Heavy cross swell, light N.E. wind, mainsail slatting, so lowered it and lashed boom to rail. 9.30 : Breakfast ; boiled kettle in foc's'cle by holding it and ate bread and butter and marmalade. Sun breaking out gloriously. Swell more regular, still very big, no wind. 10.30 : Weather report : "Ireland, cloudy, wind N.E. light variable, but stronger from S.W. to W. near French coast." Noon : Set trisail. 1.55 p.m. : Down trisail, up mainsail ; nice breeze from N.N.W. 2.25 :

Spinnaker up with shortened boom after a little mishap in which boom snapped. 4.0 : Sun shining brightly, breeze freshening all the time, sailing fast. 5.55 : Weather report : "Disturbance off Scillies—moving N.E. and dying out. New disturbance approaching West Irish coast. Outlook unsettled." 6.45 : Took in spinnaker, wind stronger, sea running high. 7.0 : Glass 29.28 ; took mainsail off her and hoisted trisail ; pumped ship, no water. Parry relieved wheel ; seas running higher, holding course under trisail. 9.20 : Cold, big swell, wind not so strong ; Glass 29.32 ; brought ship to wind. Securely lashed boom on port quarter and hove to under trisail only on starboard tack. Ship handling comfortably with helm to port, three-quarters to full down. 10.30 : Weather report—"Deep depression off Ireland, gale at times, S.E. or S. ; further outlook similar, gale warning." Remained at helm all night, no cause for alarm, told crew they were experiencing a Summer gale which would blow itself out in about twelve hours.

Thurs. 6th. Day did not break until about 4 a.m. ; grey heavy seas, no water coming on board. 6.0 a.m. : Pumped ship—three to five minutes pump sucked. Ship handling so satisfactorily thought I would try her on her course under trisail and power dead slow. Started engine and ran for about an hour, but beginning to ship water, so again hove to, still on starboard tack. Wind piping up and inclined to back to S. 9.20 : Glass 28.32 ! 9.30 : Forecast—"Disturbance approaching W. Ireland, showers, wind S.W., gale warning continued." 11.30 : Sea growing more rough and confused, and an odd sea breaking aboard at rigging. Pumped every hour ; decks and forehatch leaking continuously ; directed Parry to tie large bundle of cloths and soak thoroughly with lubricating oil, lashed it with about three fathoms rope to weather rigging, and floated it to windward. Necessary to bring helm up occasionally to keep trysail full ; rove new spare main sheet on trisail to reinforce double trisail sheets which were belayed to port and starboard ; cooking out of the question, munched biscuits and now and again a sup of whiskey (did not know until later that those below denied themselves whiskey, as not much left in bottle—Parry and I got it all). Day wore slowly on, no cause for anxiety. Ship riding splendidly and only an occasional sea coming on board. Pumping regularly, everything below sodden ; two cabin lamps jumped out of double gimbals, floor strewn with broken glass. Movement impossible without firm handhold. 6.0 p.m. : Weather report—"Large disturbance off W. Ireland, cloudy, rain at times. *Astra* lost man overboard. *Endeavour* dismasted, gale warning continued."

Fri. 7th. 8.15 a.m.—Glass 28.9. Shipping some terrific seas. (From this on very few entries were made in Scrap Log Book). Thursday night and Friday morning the gale kept increasing and the sea becoming much worse. The crests were continually breaking on board, while now and again an irregular crossing sea struck us from the rigging aft : a solid wall of water which hove her down bodily. The crest would fill the belly of the sail, and when she started to right herself solid water would also be scooped in over the rail. She then felt dead under our feet, and we wondered would another strike her before we had pumped her clear. The nine-inch rail held too much water on deck, and the scuppers were too small. I was afraid to risk bursting it out, as it was fastened to the top of her timbers which came up through covering board. It was very lonely at the helm, and I could not subdue thoughts of what I had let the crew in for.

We could not float the oil bag sufficiently far to windward to give the oil time to make a good slick. We had eleven gallons of lubricating oil on board and now allowed a two-gallon tin to empty slowly over the side from the channels amidships in addition to the oil in the bag. We pumped every fifteen or twenty minutes and worked feverishly with buckets after each sea that came on board. The hours dragged slowly on. I directed Parry to nail the cabin floor boards across the cockpit, and this he did very creditably under great difficulty, cutting and bruising himself badly on his left hand. While he was doing this I held on to him, and at times he had to drop the hammer and cling on. When the boards were fastened we nailed a spare jib and several raincoats around the coaming and over the floor boards, leaving only sufficient space to stand at the helm ; but before long it was obvious that not even this would keep the sea in its place.

About 9.0 a.m. I called all hands : (what I intended saying to them I have not the faintest recollection), and just then Tom sighted a steamer approaching. We broke out a tin of red flares and burned the lot one after another, and hung our ensign in the rigging. The

steamer approached us slowly, heading towards where I took the Longships to be. We were certain we were seen, and all agree that she did alter her course. To our terrible disappointment she passed slowly ahead and left us. The seas were sweeping her foredeck and every now and then she flung her rudder and propeller clear. Nobody spoke, pumping went on, drearily, and at times those below tried to pass up buckets of water. In the cabin it was up to the level of the bunks. The Wireless still functioned perfectly. I sang out for the 10.30 report, but all they told me was that it was bad. Tom logged it as follows: "Cloudy, bright intervals, local thunder, changeable, complex depression, moving E.N.E., wind S.W. strong to gale, visibility good, gale warning still in force."

The day wore slowly past. The Glass was 28.8. Each one of us was bruised almost from head to foot by being thrown about. The seas were growing worse. It was impossible to look to windward. In addition to the lubricating oil I also allowed a considerable quantity of paraffin oil to drain overboard, but it did little good. The trisail, halliards, sheets and the sail itself, held excellently. A raw egg in a mug was passed up to me from time to time. A tin of fruit was opened about midday and a mugful of it was passed up to me, but a sea struck the ship and when it passed the mug was washed clean. I hurled it after the fruit. All our movements were slow, fumbling, and uncertain. Towards 4 p.m. I gave the helm to Parry and went below. I lay on a seat shivering violently, even with all the sodden bedding piled on, and my oilskins and boots still on. Cassin stretched alongside of me, but rest was out of the question and I felt played out. Cassin and Healy were actually joking about the scramble for their jobs. Stout fellows! I whispered to Tom that we were on our last cruise, and he answered: "What about it; we had many a fine cruise together."

Parry hailed us, singing out "A Steamer." She was to windward and bearing down for us. We put Tom's shirt—it was driest—in a bucket with paraffin, and set it alight. The steamer blew two welcome blasts and altered course. She circled round, and again around—grand, purposeful—a glad sight. We signified our intention to abandon ship, and they floated a lifebuoy on a long line. It could not be drifted down to us, and the fifth circuit showed that the Captain intended laying his ship alongside. She bore down on us, and at times we could see her bow clear out to underneath the bridge, and then she plunged her foredeck level with the sea. As she came close I told my crew to jump overboard to port, i.e. away from her—if I sang out, as I thought she would cut us down. Just before getting under her lee on this fifth rounding a sea struck us, and hove *Water Witch* down so that those on the steamer yelled to the Captain, busy with his ship, "She's gone." We grabbed the kapok mattress and life jackets, but she remained afloat drunkenly, and presently we were in the lee of the ship. I placed Parry forward at the rigging, Cassin astride the boom amidships, and Tom hanging on to the upturned dinghy on the starboard side deck. They had already, at my order, taken off their sea boots and oilskins. Rope ladders, hawsers in coils and cargo slings were draped overside the steamer. I sang out to Cassin to jump when I told him, and then Parry and then Tom. The first impact I yelled to Cassin to jump, but he stumbled and fell between the ship and the yacht. Quicker than it takes to tell he had drifted astern and came in over the rail aft, miraculously unhurt. Nothing daunted, he jumped when I sang out again, and the others went in the order named. Each time the hulls came together there was the sound of splintering. I was one moment nearly level with the Captain on his flying bridge, and another the yacht's crosstrees threatened to poke his eyes out as he looked down on us. He rang ahead a turn to bring our mast aft the bridge, then I jumped and many hands hauled me on board. The Captain called me up beside him and from there with tears in my eyes I saw my poor little ship being battered to bits, the bowsprit splintered and broken off, the dinghy crushed like a concertina, three top strakes stove in and the deck opened up.

The steamer was the *Etrib*, from Malta and Mediterranean Ports for Glasgow, with about 3,500 tons general cargo. Captain J. F. Morgan—a Dublin man. We discussed the possibility of being able to tow the yacht, though both of us agreed that it was unlikely it could be done in the sea that was running. However, the matter was decided for us as the bight of a hawser got round the steamer's propeller. *Water Witch* was being crushed against the steamer's side meanwhile, and the mast was smashed off just above the deck.

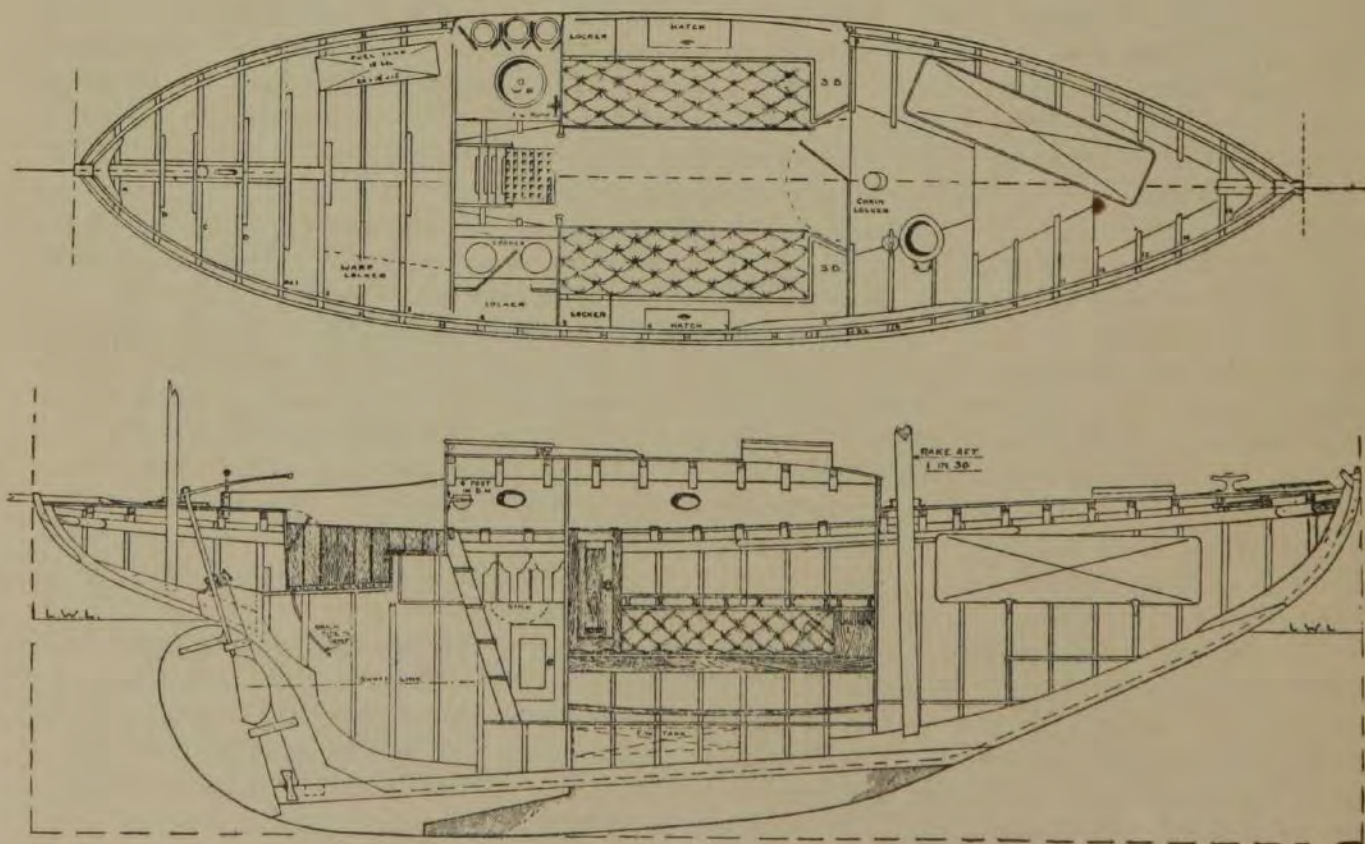
She drifted clear astern with the wreckage lying to windward. It acted as a breakwater. She rode fairly high and lay broadside in the trough.

Our rescuing ship was in the devil's own mess with a hawser tightly jammed around her propeller. We lay in the trough of the seas for over an hour while, with stern winches straining and the propeller giving a turn ahead and then astern the rope was finally chewed through. A diver took 8 fathoms off the screw afterwards in Glasgow, the cost of which the owners absolutely refused to allow us defray. Captain Morgan then told us he would land us in Rosslare as the manoeuvring had caused several tubes in the condenser to burst. On the heel of this the Chief Engineer came to announce that he would have to stop at once. For four hours the ship lay broadside, with seas continually slopping on board. We were given hot rum, hot baths, dry clothes, and a glorious square feed. The kindness and hospitality we received at the hands of Captain Morgan, his officers, and crew, will never leave our memories. His skill in handling his ship would have to be seen to be properly appreciated. He afterwards confessed that as he bore down on us his knees were knocking together with the fear of cutting us down. That night as we sat drinking toddy in a comfortable saloon we listened to the Wireless: "Gale warning continued," and thanked our stars to be where we were.

The rest of the voyage to Glasgow is of no general interest, save that we wish to record our appreciation of the kindness we received from the *Etrib's* owners and numerous Glasgow yachtsmen. Lloyd's list of 14th June contained the following: "*Water Witch* (Yacht) Heysham, 12th June. British Steamer *Multistone*, London, for Glasson Dock, picked up a derelict Yacht 45 miles N. of the Longships. The Master of the *Multistone* thinks that she was the above vessel abandoned in Lat. 50.54 N., Long. 6.25 W. The yacht which was dismasted, partly water-logged, and had her starboard side stove in above the water line, was taken in tow at 9 a.m. on 9th June and towed until 7 p.m. same day, but sank in deep water about 5 miles off Strumble Head."

P. O'K.

Accommodation Plan of New 6 Tonner



Round Ireland in "Dauntless"

BY H. D. E. BARTON

WHEN WE DECIDED to spend our holiday circumnavigating Ireland, the problem arose as to which way round to sail. I asked the question of several knowledgeable men, and their opinion was that, starting from Belfast Lough, we should go North about. So North about we went.

Dauntless is an old Fife-built 10-ton cutter without engine that I found rather neglected in the Musgrave Channel last winter. After extensive alterations and renewals at Cultra she seemed fit for anything, and the race from Howth to Peel last Whitsun proved that there was not a great deal wrong.

Thurs., 11th July. Wind N.E.2.—With a crew of two officers of the Border Regiment, a local yachtsman and myself, we slipped our mooring at Cultra at 6.0 p.m., and started to beat out of the Lough. At 9.45 p.m. we put about off Black Head and an hour later we were becalmed.

With the ebb tide we drifted North. It was due to turn at 2.20 a.m. at Muck Island, and as it seemed problematic whether we would be round the island before then, we shipped the sweeps and pulling strenuously we crept round the north end and brought up in 6 fathoms off Port Muck at 3 a.m.

Fri. 12th.—At 9.25 a.m. the tide was on the turn and we got under way. Again pulling with the sweep we slowly moved out into the tideway, and at 10.15 got an air from S.S.E. At 11.20 when Ballygalley Head was abeam we streamed the log. Three hours later it read 2.8, but the tide carried us up to Red Bay by then. At 4.0 p.m. the tide was running strongly against us and, as we were barely holding our own, we brought up in Cushendun Bay. As our dinghy is only 7 ft. 6 in. long and will not safely carry more than three in smooth water, we had to go ashore by instalments.

Sat. 13th.—We were under way at 8.0 a.m. with all plain sail and tops'l. By 10.0 a.m. Fair Head was abeam and we streamed the log. The N.W. going stream through Rathlin Sound was due at 9.32 (i.e. at H.W. Dover), so we entered the Sound on the first of the ebb and sailed W. on a broad reach. The wind freshened until the yacht was heeled to her rail and the spray came flying over the weather bow. When it freshened a bit more we handed the tops'l.

At 2.15 p.m. we had the entrance to Lough Foyle abeam distant about six miles. At 4.40 Glengad Head was abeam and the yacht was logging 6.1 knots. As we followed the coast W. the wind slowly veered, and by the time we were up to the Garvan I. we were close hauled on the starboard tack. With wind and tide against us we had to make every effort to get through the Sound. We sailed close up to Carnadreelagh, a large rock on which the Atlantic swell was breaking furiously, and put about. The wind was veering so quickly, however, that when we came to tack ship again a few minutes later, we found that we were heading straight back to Carnadreelagh. We put about at the same spot as before and on the starboard tack were able to weather Crab I. and sail through the Sound.

The shift of wind had put us on a lee shore, and to make matters worse a driving mist came down which reduced visibility to little more than a mile; navigation was difficult. One more tack out to sea, and I judged that we could weather Ireland's North Point—a low-lying rocky promontory on which the seas were breaking heavily. The wind was N.W.5, and there was a confused sea off this notorious headland, but once round we were able to ease our sheets and set a course S.W. by W. for Lough Swilly. At 8.40 we sailed into the Lough, and at 10.15 p.m. we brought up in 2 fathoms in Dunree Bay. A more filthy evening it would be difficult to imagine.

Sun., 14th.—The morning was spent drying sails and cleaning ship. The Border Officers called on Dunree Fort, and came back with an invitation for us all to lunch at the R.A. mess. We took two of the gunners sailing in the afternoon and, after dropping the Borderers at Buncrana (they were due back at Belfast that evening), we sailed up the Lough as far as Drunboy Point., and back to Dunree. When the gunners had been put ashore my crew was reduced to one.

Mon. 15th.—At 10.45 a.m. we got under way and sailed up the Lough to Fahan Creek, arriving at the entrance at L.W. I had examined the chart carefully beforehand and was confident that I could sail up to Fahan. I had a brand new, large scale, Admiralty Chart of Lough Swilly; but the whole place is silting up, and the channel has shifted a long way eastward. We got aground on Inch Spit, and whilst waiting to re-float the Brown brothers came down from Fahan in their motor boat. We took one of them aboard and he piloted us up to an anchorage off the pier. We left the yacht in the Browns' care and caught the next bus to Londonderry.

Fri. 19th.—My wife and I joined the yacht in the evening. The Brown brothers had carried out our instructions to the letter. Water cans had been filled, bread, milk and potatoes put on board. They are first-rate fellows and entirely to be trusted.

Sat. 20th.—Blowing very hard from N.W. We got the Browns to tow the yacht alongside Fahan Pier for a scrub and two coats of anti-fouling.

Sun. 21st.—Mainsail and tops'l were set by 9.0. a.m., and Brown piloted us out of Fahan Creek. It is an impossible place for a stranger. We dropped the pilot at the entrance and beat to windward down the Lough and brought Fanad Pt. abeam by 12.20 p.m. For an hour we stood out to sea on the port tack and then put about. There was a tremendous swell from N.W. and we both felt seasick. On the starboard tack we sailed into Mulroy Bay at 2.45 p.m. From the crosstrees I had a good look at the bar. It was nearly L.W. and the swell was breaking where deep water was shown on the chart. Where the chart showed shoal water there were no breakers; it was all topsy-turvy and I was quite mystified. We hauled our wind and sailed back into Melmore Road where we brought up in $1\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms. We launched the dinghy and landed on a sandy beach. Two men with a *curragh* told us that the channel had moved to the W. and that the old leading marks (two white beacons on a distant mountain) were now useless.

At 5.45 p.m. we got under way again and sailed over the bar in a least depth of 2 fathoms. We entered the First Narrows and with a very light wind drifted up the "bay." With a strong flood tide we sailed into the Bullogfemule, an almost land-locked lake on the E. side, and brought up in $2\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms at 8.30 p.m.

Mon. 22nd.—At 9.10 a.m. we got under way and at 9.20 we were aground! We had tried to get out of the Bullogfemule against wind and tide. The entrance is very narrow and the tide was pouring in. We lowered the mainsail and she soon refloated. Having brought up again we went ashore to take photographs and wait for the tide to slacken. But the wind suddenly freshened and she started to drag her anchor. We chased her across the lake, but by the time we were aboard she was nearly ashore. It was blowing so hard that we had to pull down a reef in the mainsail before we dared set it. Never have we worked quicker. The yacht was dragging slowly all the time. Her rudder was nearly on the rocks when I broke out the jib. She took a terrific sheer and lay over until the deck was awash. When my wife put her about I rattled in the chain with the winch and picked the anchor clean off the bottom as we sailed over it. On the starboard tack we just fetched out through the narrow entrance against the tide.

The navigation of Mulroy Bay in a yacht drawing nearly 6 ft. is not at all easy. The whole place is littered with shoals and rocks—few of which are marked in any way. To explore the place in comfort one needs a light wind. We had a moderate gale on our beam, and with the tide under us were doing 9 or 10 knots over the bottom. In the Third Narrows we travelled even faster. It was in this particularly awkward place that one of our new coir fenders got adrift and slipped overboard. We tried to pick it up but missed it. What with the strong wind, the tearing tide and the lack of room for manoeuvring, I had decided to abandon the thing when my wife offered to retrieve it with the dinghy. I dropped her off just inside the Broad Water, but wind and tide carried her out into

the Water among some rocks. I sailed round the other side to pick her up, but she stuck to her oars and after half an hour's hard pulling landed in a little bay. The wind was blowing with gale force by this time, and the yacht was becoming rather a handful under single-reefed mainsail and jib. Moreover, I was getting tired of careering up and down the Broad Water juggling with tiller, chart and sheets, so I luffed up into a bay near Green I. and to loo'ard of the dinghy. The furlong line had dropped off the Wykeham Martin gear on the jib, and the sail went completely mad. I lowered away on the halyard and after a terrific fight finally killed the devil and let go the anchor. Whilst waiting for wife and fender I pulled down the second reef in the mainsail. She turned up eventually, having walked across to the Third Narrows, where she found the fender on the shore.

Tues. 23rd.—We were under way soon after 9.0 a.m., and started to beat up the S. part of the Broad Water. Navigation was extremely interesting as islands and rocks abound. We made fast to a mooring buoy off Steam Mill at 11.20 a.m., and the mate nobly walked into Milford and bought stores.

Away again at 2.25 p.m. in lighter wind. We went aground twenty minutes later on a shoal that extends some distance off Long Island. It was just after H.W. and we were on a lee shore. I unshackled the 35-lb C.Q.R. anchor and laid it out broad on the port bow on 20 fathoms of $2\frac{1}{2}$ -inch manilla. With the mast winch we wound that anchor back to the yacht almost as easily as I had laid it out. I unbent the warp and made it fast to our old 55-lb. fisherman pattern anchor, and then dropped it in the same place. It got a bite immediately, and we slowly turned the yacht 90° to port. She then lay head to wind and nothing would move her further. I was beginning to think that we should set about rigging legs when a gust of wind came off the hills from an unlikely quarter. The yacht heeled over, gathered way and sailed herself into deep water whilst we got in the slack of the warp. The C.Q.R. just would not bite into that hard gravelly clay. On any normal ground it gets a powerful hold, and the fact that the yacht can swing round and round in a tideway without the chain getting foul saves all the usual trouble with the kedge. I can lift the little C.Q.R. on deck inside the bowsprit shroud and it stows between the bowsprit and the rail.

The wind freshened and backed to N.W. with rain, and we had to turn to windward practically the whole way back. The Third Narrows were quite exciting as there was a tremendous tide and hardly room to tack. We brought up in the Fanny Hole in 2 fathoms at 6.30 p.m. and walked over to Sheep Haven.

Under way by 5.5 a.m. and sailed over the Bar at about $\frac{3}{4}$ ebb at 5.45. Set the topsail and streamed the log off Ravedy I. at 6.5 a.m. We spent the fine sunny day feeling seasick and beating to windward in the tremendous heave of the Atlantic swell. We beat through Tory Sound and rounded Bloody Foreland at 11.40 a.m. The wind headed us, and we continued tacking S.W. along this formidable coast. We kept inside the Ballyconnel Rocks and sailed through an acre or more of froth that was drifting to loo'ard of the rocks. It gave one the shivers to look at them.

We had no large-scale chart of Owey Sound and I funked the place. One cannot take any chances with that swell. So we made one last board out to sea—right up to the Stag Rocks—and then put about and sailed into the N. Sound of Arranmore and on to a large scale chart of the place. We brought up in 2 fathoms in Arran Road. There was a roll coming in, but we were able to land at the little quay at Leabgarrow. I can recommend the water from the well which is situated close to the harbour among some trees. A fisherman assured us that it was the second best water in Ireland. Good wells are few and far between on this coast.

Thur. 25th.—A strong W. wind justified a reef in the mainsail. At 10.10 a.m. we were under way, having waited half an hour for a fisherman who had promised to pilot us out through the S. Sound. There is only 3 ft. in the Narrows channel at low water springs. As the pilot did not turn up we sailed without him. The tide was nearly half flood and I expected there would be at least depth of 7 feet. We kept the leading marks in line astern and with the wind abeam travelled at a great pace down the Sound. The leading marks are the highest Stream Rock in one with the perch on N. Perch Rock. But the Stream Rocks seemed to be all more or less about the same height. I picked what I thought

was the biggest and quickly brought it into one with the perch. A cluster of submerged rocks named the Clutch appeared, as expected, close to starboard. The water was extraordinarily clear and the rocks showed purple-brown against the sandy bottom. When a purple patch suddenly appeared dead ahead we got a real fright! I put the helm hard up to miss it. Two more rocks showed up ahead and I bore away again and left them all to starboard. As I had been very careful to keep the leading marks astern in one I could not understand how we had deviated from the channel. Perhaps I did not choose the highest Stream Rock, but I am not quite satisfied that this is the explanation. If there was a perch on the highest Stream Rock the navigation of this Sound would be a simple matter. A few months later a local sailing boat struck one of the Clutch rocks at night and nineteen lives were lost. As she was crossing the South Sound from Burtonport to Arranmore a perch on the Stream Rock would have been no use to her, but a perch on one of the Clutch rocks might have prevented the disaster. The navigation of these waters at night should not, of course, be attempted by strangers.

When Illancrone I. was abeam we hauled our wind and stood across to Roanish on the starboard tack. As soon as we ran out from under the lee of Illancrone we met the full force of the Atlantic. The strong W. wind had piled up the seas to an astonishing height, but we had a long way to go and we drove the yacht for all she was worth. We were deep into Boyleagh Bay, and if the wind veered to N.W. and blew really hard, we would be in a somewhat dangerous position. At 12.25 p.m. we were off Dawros Head and we put about on to the port tack. For the next six hours we beat to windward, and in that time we made good 18 miles. It was tremendously heavy going. Although she always managed to stagger over the crests, she sometimes landed with an appalling crash at the bottom of the hole on the other side. By 5.45 p.m. we had Malinmore abeam, and a quarter of an hour later we sailed through the sound between Rathlin O'Birne and the mainland. It was a great relief to be able to ease sheets and run down wind. The famous 1,000-foot high cliffs between Malinbeg Head and Carrigan Head were lost in the driving rain. We saw the lower 100 ft. of them only. At 8.50 we brought up in 2 fathoms off the pier at Killybegs. It had been a hard day's sail!

Fri. 26th.—A dreadful day. It never once stopped raining, and Saturday was the same. With the anthracite stove going we kept warm and dry on board.

Sun. 28th.—We set the mainsail with one reef down and left Killybegs at 10.30 a.m. We beat to windward all day across Donegal Bay. There was a tremendous swell and we were glad to get into Killala Bay and anchor behind the Patrick Rocks for the night. But the anchorage is rather exposed, and it was too rough to get ashore in the dinghy. We turned in all standing, so that we could clear out at a moment's notice in case of a shift of wind.

Mon. 29th.—Away at 7.25 a.m. under all plain sail we turned to windward along the coast and had the Stags abeam to starboard by 5.0 p.m. There was a fearsome swell between these rocks and the mainland. At times we appeared to be on the next sea to the one that burst itself in fury at the foot of the cliffs, although I am sure that we were never nearer than $\frac{1}{4}$ mile to the land. This is a formidable coast; the cliffs are stupendous and at their base lie jagged rocks on which the never-ending swell roars and thunders. We brought Eagle I. abeam by 8.5 p.m. We had now finished "westing," and could turn S. at last. We set the spinnaker and tops'l; but, alas! the wind died away during the night, and we were left rolling about off Achill Head at 2.45 a.m.

Tues. 30th.—Becalmed until about 8.0 a.m., when we got a light air from S.S.W. It was a tremendously hot day with very light, variable winds. I spent nearly the whole day shifting sail. It was not for lack of trying that we only covered 12 miles in 12 hours. At dusk we were within a mile of Inishturk, when the wind died right away. We let go a 56-lb. weight on a long line and brought up in 30 fathoms. Leaving mainsail and tops'l set we turned in all standing.

Wed. 31st.—An air came from S. at 11.0 a.m. We hove in 10 fathoms of the line with the winch and then it parted. I was glad we had not let go an anchor; we would certainly have lost it. We got a light breeze at 1.40 p.m. and half an hour later sailed between Inishboffin and Davillaun. Off Cleggan Bay we put about, and beat up to High I.

Sound and sailed through. With the spinnaker set on the bowsprit end we sailed between Turbot I. and Wavery Beg. The swell was breaking heavily on the rocks on each side, and the wind chose this inopportune moment to drop very light. We drifted into Clifden Bay at 6.50 p.m., and half an hour later we brought up in 5 fathoms near the Double Rock Beacon.

Thurs. 1st Aug.—We had taken twelve days to sail from Lough Swilly to Clifden, a distance of 230 miles; we now had only eleven days left in which to sail from Clifden to Cultra, a distance of 500 miles. I had promised to meet my sister in Kingstown on the morning of the 8th, and to keep this appointment we would have to cover 400 miles in seven days. Fortunately, our luck turned at last. There was a N. wind for the first time for weeks.

We got up early, and walked into Clifden, collected our letters, and having bought a large quantity of stores, chartered a taxi to take us back to the bay. We were under way at 11.0 a.m. Once outside we set the tops'l and altered course to S.W. by W. for Slyne Head. At 2.40 p.m. this notorious headland was abeam and we bore away S.S.W. for the Blaskets, distant 83 miles. The wind was N.4, and we set the spinnaker to starboard. The hourly log readings for the next ten hours were 5.5, 5.9, 6.2, 6.2, 6.4, 6.4, 6.7, 6.9, 6.9, and 6.1. With over 1,000 sq. ft. of canvas set, we were running nearly square, with guys on both booms. It was perfect sailing. The never-ending succession of deep blue Atlantic seas that came rolling up astern were a continual source of delight and wonder. Thanks to a long straight keel, steering was ridiculously easy. My only worry was the topmast. The big spinnaker is about 400 sq. ft., and it was tending to pull the topmast over the weather bow. But for the pull of the tops'l in the opposite direction, I doubt if it would have stood the strain.

At 8.55 p.m., when I happened to be below, there was a terrific crash on deck and a startled shout from my wife at the tiller. I rushed on deck to find the spinnaker boom gooseneck had carried away and the sail flogging wildly. I secured the end of the boom to the mast with a rope lizard and we carried on. We had hoped to reach Blasket Sound in daylight, but the wind was not quite strong enough. At 10.25 p.m. when it became obvious that we could not save our daylight, we altered course S.W. to pass outside the Blaskets. We took in the spinnaker, but hung on to the tops'l until 12.40 a.m. A tremendous black cloud to windward seemed to indicate wind or rain, but as it happened we escaped both. There was a heavy sea running off the islands.

Fri. 2nd.—At 2.0 a.m. Inishtearagh L.H. was bearing E. and the P.L. was reading 87.5. At 6.10 a.m. the Little Skellig was abeam to starboard, and two hours later we sailed between Deenish I. and the mainland. In the next three hours with very light wind the log registered only 3.7 miles. Reading the Club's *Sailing Directions* we decided to put into Sneem, and we brought up in the middle of the little bay at 11.45 a.m., the P.L. reading 132 miles. Later in the day we met C. Somerville-Large and family who were extraordinarily kind to us. *Tern* was the first yacht we had seen during the cruise. It was good to see the Club burgee again. Sneem is a perfect spot.

Sat. 3rd.—We got under way at 6.45 a.m. There was not a breath of wind, so we pulled the yacht clear of the harbour with the sweep. Outside there were some light airs, and we set the tops'l and the spinnaker on the bowsprit. It was not until 10.50 a.m. that we got the breeze. It came suddenly off the mountains. There was not time to take in the spinnaker before the wind reached us. The topmast bent like a fishing rod; but I let fly the sheet and thereby saved a nasty mess. We were up to the entrance of Dursey Sound at 1.0 p.m., and although the spring tide was pouring out into the Kenmare River we sailed through against it with ease. A strong following wind will drive *Dauntless* at a maximum speed of 8.4 knots.

Crow Head was abeam at 1.25 p.m. Mizen Head at 4.10 p.m., and an hour and ten minutes later we sailed close past the Fastnet Rock. Having handed the spinnaker we gybed and closed with the land. The wind was fresh off Cape Clear, and for a time the yacht logged just over 7 knots. We sailed into Baltimore Harbour at 7.0 p.m., and brought up off the pier in 3 fathoms. P.L. reading 48.8.

Sun. 4th.—Another brilliant, sunny morning; but not a breath of wind until 10.15,

when we got under way. Soon after midday the wind backed to W. by S. Running square before the wind we sailed her nearly due E. all day. Toe Head came abeam at 12.25, Galley Head at 2.15, Seven Heads at 3.35, and the Old Head of Kinsale at 4.37. Between 4 p.m. and 5 p.m. the yacht covered 7.1 miles. We sailed into Cork Harbour at 6.8 p.m. It was a turn to windward past Queenstown, and we brought up in 10 fathoms about half a mile above the Royal Cork Y.C.

Mon. 5th.—Ashore early for letters and stores and under way at 10.55 a.m., Roche's Point was abeam at 12.25, and we then bore away for Power Head which we passed at 1.0 p.m. With spinnaker and tops'l we reeled off the miles until 10.55 p.m., when we took in spinnaker and gybed. We soon sighted the red light on Dunmore Pier and we brought up in Dunmore Bay in 7 fathoms at 11.40 p.m. with P.L. reading 54 miles.

Tues. 6th.—A morning of mist and light airs that promised fine weather. Under way as soon as there was any wind (9.50 a.m.) and set a course S.E. by S. for Hook Pt. At 12.40 the wind backed to S. by W., so we took in the spinnaker and set the jib tops'l. An hour later we sighted South Saltee I., and at 2.15 we sailed through the Sound. We could now steer E. $\frac{1}{2}$ N. and re-set the spinnaker to starboard.

The wind was very light throughout the afternoon, and it was not until 5.30 that we brought the Barrels Buoy abeam. The tide was running strongly against us, and progress was so slow that it was 9.0 p.m. before the No. 5 Long Bank Buoy came abeam. We then ran into thick fog; for an hour we sailed N., and then altered course to N.N.W. Keeping the lead going. At 10.45 we brought up in 7 fathoms. Position by D.R. 1 mile N. of Black Buoy in N. Bay. The fog was very thick and the buoy had not been sighted. P.L. reading 39.7.

Wed. 7th.—Under way at 9.40 a.m., we kept the land close aboard and sailed inside the Ram and found a least depth of 2 fathoms. The wind freshened, and the log readings from noon to 7.0 p.m. were: 4.8, 6.2, 6.7, 5.5, 7.0, 7.1, 5.0, 5.0. At 6.50 p.m. Bray Head was abeam, and the wind dropped nearly flat. By 9.0 we had worked up to Dalkey Sound, and were then becalmed. At 9.15 p.m. a four-oared boat came alongside and offered to tow us through the Sound. I threw them a line. Within a minute or two the yacht was doing 3 knots. Those fellows could pull! In ten minutes we were nearly through the Sound. A large open motor-boat then picked us up and towed us into Kingstown Harbour.

Thurs. 8th.—The Royal Irish Yacht Club very kindly invited us to make use of their club-house, and I wasted no time in telephoning my sister and telling her that we had arrived according to schedule.

Fri. 9th.—We were under way at 9.25 a.m. At 11.45 p.m. we sailed into Ardglass Harbour. There were two other yachts at anchor and neither of them had riding lights. We sighted the first one only just in time and put about. No sooner had the sails filled than we sighted the second and had to put about again. We finally brought up in 3 fathoms rather close to the iron beacon.

Sat. 10th.—There was a strong wind during the night and still plenty left when we sailed out of the harbour at 11.15 a.m. under whole mainsail and jib. We kept close to the coast and left Patrick Rock to starboard. We then sailed through the race and found that it was not nearly as bad as it looked. Very little water came aboard, despite the fact that the yacht was logging 6.9 knots at the time. We made short work of the County Down coast and were within four miles of Donaghadee by 3.0 p.m. Having logged the wind S.W. 7 we hove-to and pulled down the first reef in the mainsail.

The wind was blowing almost directly out of Donaghadee Harbour, and a fierce gust at the entrance heeled the yacht until the topmast hung well over the S. pier. People who had collected to see the fun stepped back from the edge to miss the lee rigging!

Sun. 11th.—The last day of the cruise and the last day of our holiday—which, of course, is as it should be. We were clear by 11.30 a.m. and had a beat to windward through Donaghadee Sound. It was the first bit of windward work, on a passage, we had experienced since leaving Clifden. For about 600 miles we had run with the wind! But that beat to windward from Lough Swilly to Clifden had earned us some fair winds. In driving rain and mist we picked up our mooring off the R.N.I.Y.C. at Cultra at 2.5 p.m. and thereby completed the circumnavigation of Ireland.

Cruise of "Foam" 1935

WE SAILED from Foynes on Monday, 10th June, 1935, at 4 p.m., and at Tarbert were joined by a large shoal of porpoises which gambolled under keel and nearly capsized the dinghy. Off Slattery, the wind dropped suddenly, and we motored in a deluge of rain to Carrigaholt, where we anchored at 8.40 p.m. Next morning it was blowing hard from the N.W., and the forecast was bad. The anchorage was uncomfortable, and we steamed into the inner harbour at 1.15 p.m., taking the ground at 3.10 p.m. The night was clear. We left the inner harbour at 1.30 a.m., and anchored off the Castle.

Wed. 12th.—At 8.30 a.m. with two rolls in the main, we began a dead beat to Loop Head, and as the sea was still high, it was a slow and wet passage. We rounded the Loop at 1 p.m., and squared away for the Aran Isles, 40 miles off. In the increasing wind and sea the boom was being constantly tripped, so we put a third roll in the mainsail and furled the mizzen. About 5 p.m. we sighted the Aran Islands, and entered Gregory Sound at 6.50 p.m. The wind now was really strong, and we sailed into Killeany Bay in a shower of spray, anchoring just inside the lifeboat off Kilronan at 7.50 p.m. After a hot stew, we went ashore for a drink and a yarn with the local fishermen. "How do ye manage to carry that b——y tall mast," said one cheery fellow. "Never mind the b——y mast," said another, "didn't they sail in like a b——y mackerel!"

Thursday was a lovely morning and I walked over to Killeany and explored the harbour. It rained heavily in the afternoon, and the wind backed to E. and blew fresh. The E. wind made the anchorage uncomfortable, so we tied up alongside the Quay.

Friday morning was wet, and the wind had shifted from E. to W. fresh, so at 8 a.m. we left the Quay and anchored outside. In the afternoon I explored the wonderful ruins of Dun Angus Fort.

Sat.—At 8 a.m. we got away under plain sail. Once clear of the Islands, the wind increased and headed us, and the seas in North Sound were very confused. At 1 p.m. we tacked off the Skerd Rocks and later some rain squalls blew over, causing the tops of the seas to break. It was a terribly slow job weathering Slyne Head, but we eventually got past, and with a fresh wind abeam. we had a lively sail through that always confused sea north of Slyne Head, and through High Island Sound, round Cleggan, and into beautiful Ballynakill Bay, where we dropped anchor at 8.35 p.m. in Fahy Bay.

Sunday was fine with W. wind. We brought Major Irwin and his brother for a sail to Cleggan and back. There is quite a big harbour at Cleggan with two basins, where a yacht can lie snugly in any weather. I took a photo from inside with *Foam* at the entrance and was amused [?] to find my dinghy came into the photo, rowed out by some inquisitive youth to look at *Foam*. We left Fahy at 10 a.m., Monday, in a light S.S.E. wind, intending to make Westport. We set the reaching forsail off Inishbroom at 11.20, but at noon the wind backed to E.S.E., which would make it a dead beat to Westport, so we altered our plans and set course for Blacksod Bay.

We passed between Inishturk and Ballybeg at 12.45 p.m. The wind dropped completely at 4 p.m. leaving us in an oily swell, so we started the engine, and at 4.20 brought the Bills abeam, a peculiar group of rocks 6 miles S.W. of Achill Head. They are 124 feet high and steep-to, and the centre rock is pierced by a remarkable cavern. A breeze came from the S.W. with drizzle, and we rounded Achill Head at 6.5 p.m. Off Saddle Head, squalls struck us from the high hills. Blacksod Bay was soon white with foam, and we had to roll down two reefs. By 8.25 we had the black buoy abeam, then jibe ho! as we rounded up to Blacksod Quay in a deluge of spray, and dropped anchor at 8.40 p.m. We got the sails stowed quickly and steamed alongside the quay just as she took the ground.

We ordered petrol next morning from Belmullet, bought provisions, and were shown over the Lighthouse and also the Meteorological instruments in the Post Office, where the

family keep the Air Ministry posted every day with many details of the weather. With the wind tending to back to E. Blacksod Quay would become a most dangerous berth, so we steamed out at 5.30 p.m., and took up a mooring belonging to a local fisherman. We were now prepared to run to Elly Bay if necessary, which is more sheltered.

It was pouring cats and dogs on Wednesday morning. The 10.30 a.m. forecast gave winds fresh'ning from South. We were having a late lunch of bread and cheese and beer in the local pub, to the accompaniment of light music from Droitwich, when at 4.30 p.m. the music stopped and a gale warning from Bloody Foreland to the Fastnet was announced.

We weren't long in deciding that Blacksod Quay was no place for a small yacht in a gale, so we left hurriedly and got under way at 5.15 and set a compass course to Doohama Head $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles away, as visibility was very bad. We brought it abeam at 6.35 p.m., when visibility got worse, and as the wind was now ahead we stowed sails, started the engine, and tried to pick our way between the sandy shores leading to the Bull's Mouth.

It was very thick, with a ceiling of only 20 feet, so that the hills were invisible, and soon we had overrun our distance; but we remembered seeing a small gap in the sandhills to starboard, so we retraced our course and steered for this gap.

There was no possible doubt that we were heading for the Bull's Mouth; we could already hear him roar as the 5-8 knot current swirled through the narrow entrance, and soon we were covering the ground at over 10 knots when the engine suddenly stopped! We were now at the mercy of the current, without steerage way, rocks on either shore and Carrigeenfushta Rocks somewhere ahead in the fog. I swung and I doped, and then found that the rocker arm of the magneto had stuck. Within two minutes I had her going again, just as Carrigeenfushta Beacon flashed past to starboard.

We altered course S. by E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. for Achill Sound, but a compass course in this current didn't help a lot, and our speed made the large scale chart seem wrong. A hooker loomed up ahead, we identified Green Island, and soon out of the mist Achill Bridge appeared, and we anchored at 8.30 off the West Shore. much to our relief. It blew a gale for two days. On Thursday we hired a car and drove round the Island, and on Friday we drove to Mallaranny *via* Corraun, through a wild and rugged country.

Sat. 22nd, was heavy with bad visibility. Achill bridge was opened at 10.30 a.m., and there was a strong current boiling as we steamed past in pouring rain; with the help of the chart, we picked our way along the winding channel and emerged at Achillbeg at 11.30.

There was a fairly steep sea outside and a fresh N.W. wind. We set main and mizzen, rolled down two reefs, broke out the jib and set course S.E. by E. $\frac{1}{4}$ E. for Inishgort Lighthouse 10 miles away. We were doing a good 5 knots, so when two hours were nearly up, we strained our eyes ahead anxiously, and gradually a blur appeared on our bowsprit, which soon took the shape of Inishgort Lighthouse. We crossed the bar at 1.30 p.m., in steep and breaking seas, and dropped anchor in the peaceful waters of Dornish Harbour, surrounded by islands, with Croagh Patrick rising to the South.

We left Dornish for Westport Quay at 8.30 p.m. under mizzen and jib, picking our way between the islands, so colourful in the rays of the setting sun, and tied up near the Quay steps at 10.10 p.m. Here we had the only two hot days of the cruise.

There was a wetting mist on Tuesday morning and a moderate N. wind. We left Westport Quay at 12.27 and dropped anchor in Dornish at 1.20 p.m., got into oilskins and stowed the dinghy over the skylight. We left Dornish at 1.35 p.m. under all plain sail, bound for Clare Island 12 miles away. and arrived to find the little harbour full of the typical Hooker type fishing boats, but the fishermen told us it was very exposed in any wind W. of N. We explored Granuaile's Castle, which is disappointing. We were surprised to be able to replenish our stock of Bass here—and excellent Bass it was.

The rain cleared, and at 5.45 p.m. we weighed anchor, and set course S.W. to pass inside Caher Island bound for Fahy Bay. This was a glorious sail. With a fresh following wind and an easy sea we made $5\frac{3}{4}$ knots to Caher Island, and after passing Inishdalla, the sun shone out over that wonderful Connemara Peninsula. And so we sailed past Killary, Inishbofin, and Inishbroom into beautiful Ballynakill, looking a picture in the setting sun, dropping anchor in Fahy Bay at 9.26 p.m. During supper we heard a distant rumbling of thunder, so I disconnected the aerial before getting into bed. At midnight I was awakened by a

deafening crash and vivid flash, and looking up beheld a most awe-inspiring scene. It was pouring, and the mountains around us seemed to be continuously illuminated by lightning, whilst the crash of thunder echoed and re-echoed around the bay. I got back into bed and thought of my tall mast with its metal track leading close behind my head, and also of my aerial plug which was lying on my feet, and I was not at all happy.

It rained heavily all Wednesday, and the greater part of Thursday. I spliced new jib sheets and end for end the main halyard, and we dined at Ross House. On Friday it was blowing hard from S. Major Irwin drove us to Clifden, 5 miles away. The evening was lovely, and I will never forget the view, when we topped the ridge on our return journey, of the blue waters of Ballynakill Bay. and the wonderful colouring of the surrounding hills.

After dinner at Ross House, we said good-bye to the Irwins, as we had every hope of being able to leave in the morning; but we woke up to find it still blowing strong from S.S.E. At 6.15 p.m., however, the wind slackened and veered to the West, so we weighed anchor at 6.50 p.m. under plain sail, bound for Inishbofin. We were joined by the Post hooker from Cleggan as we beat through steep seas and up the narrow entrance into Inishbofin harbour.

Sunday, 30th June.—We left at 10.35 under sail, bound for Kilkieran Bay 35 miles away. After passing through High Island Sound at 12.15, the wind backed; there was a big swell caused by four days' heavy weather, so I started the engine. We rounded Slyne Head at 2.20 p.m. in steep seas, and set course S.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. for Wild Bellows in the Inner Passage. This rock dries 9 feet, as as the Spring rise is $13\frac{1}{2}$ feet it is $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet below the surface as H.W.S. It is an important mark in this passage, so I wished to see to what extent the Sailing Directions were right in saying it can be identified by breakers. As it happened it was a rather easy day for the test, so that at about 4 p.m. we clearly saw the breakers. We left it 3 cables to port, and altered course for Deer Island, which we passed at 5 p.m., and steered for Macdara, sighting the breakers over Carrickview at 6 p.m. We had some difficulty in distinguishing the numerous bays and inlets on the North shore owing to the islands being of exactly the same colouring as the main land; but we identified Bimore and rounded it at 7.15 p.m. and set course N.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. up Kilkieran Bay, passing the peculiar stumpy island, Maam, alive with terns, and so on to Kilkieran Cove, off which we anchored at 8.55 p.m. It has quite a sheltered little harbour where vessels take the mud at L.W.

July 1st.—Shortly after midday, the weather gradually changed. Clouds rolled up and the wind backed to S.W. and freshened. We weighed anchor at 4.40 p.m., and beat out under engine, mizzen and jib. At 5.30 p.m. off Maam, a black squall came, accompanied by a wetting mist which blotted out the surrounding land. We steered a compass course to clear Bimore, but we were making very bad weather of it, and when at 6.15 p.m. we sighted Bimore and brought it abeam, we had only made $1\frac{3}{4}$ knots from Maam. We carried on like this for another threequarters of an hour so as to be well to windward of Dinish Shoals, and the lee shore from there to Golam Head. During this time squall after squall struck us, so that the steep seas broke over into the cockpit, and at times we seemed to be loosing ground. Eventually, the breakers over Redflag Rock loomed out of the mist ahead, and we squared away for the passage between the Namackan Rocks and Golam Head.

With sails now full we crashed over the seas taking a lot of water on board, and by 7.10 p.m. we had brought Golam Head abeam. At 7.40 p.m. the wind eased somewhat, allowing us to set a reefed mainsail, and now we fairly foamed along on our course S.S.E. for the Aran Isles. We actually made 7 knots over the twelve miles between Golam Head and Killeany Bar Buoy which we rounded at 8.50 p.m. We dropped anchor in our old berth at Kilonan at 9.5 p.m. after a very wet and trying twenty miles, and after a good hot stew, were glad to get to bed.

Tuesday was dull with a wetting drizzle and bad visibility, and Wednesday was foggy with a fresh West wind and more drizzle. I asked the local fishermen how soon they thought I could leave. "You can go on Friday," they said. "Why Friday," I asked. "Because Friday goes agin the week," they replied, and explained that if there was to be a change in the weather, it invariably occurred on a Friday.

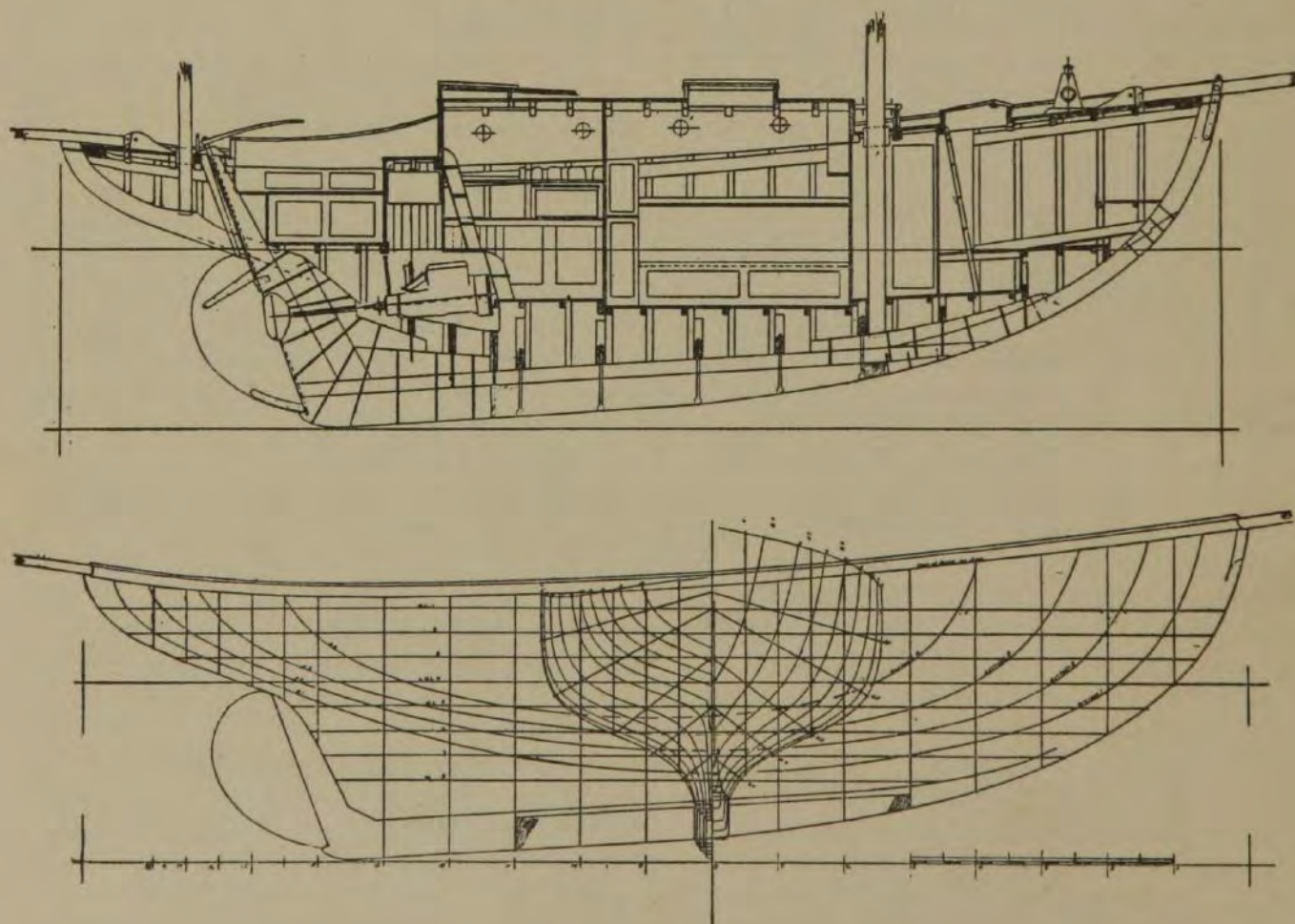
Thursday it was blowing fresh from the W.N.W. all day. Friday morning there was a wetting mist, but sure enough it turned into a beautiful afternoon, and I made a sketch

of Killeany Harbour. We got up on Saturday morning at 6.30, and left at 9 a.m. under plain sail with light S. wind, poor visibility, and a big oily swell outside. At 10.30 we ran into drizzle and fog patches. We passed Inish Maan S. Point at 11 a.m. and set course for Loop Head, 33 miles away. At 4.25 there was a light air from North, so I stopped the engine and set spinnaker. We brought Loop Head abeam at 7.50 p.m., and we sailed into Kilbaha at 9.15 p.m.

As Kilbaha is exposed to the South, we stowed sails and steamed into the little harbour where we took the ground at midnight. We left Kilbaha at 9.30 a.m. Sunday 7th, had a fresh S.E. breeze from Carrigaholt to Scattery, a lively beat through the Tarbert Race with spray flying high, and then a close haul when we kept level with the Norwegian steamer *Robert Maerk*, doing 7 knots, until we picked up our mooring at 8.30 p.m. at Foynes. Although we read that it was the worst June for seventeen years, we were able to complete our programme. During 1934 and 1935 we had found our way into every harbour and through every sound and passage between Limerick and Blacksod Bay that the average yachtsman would wish to explore. It is a tough coast, with most wonderful scenery, and it is well worth the odd dusting one gets outside.

I only hope that the Sailing Directions and harbour plans that I have now prepared will encourage members of the Irish Cruising Club and visiting yachtsmen, to share the beauties of this magnificent cruising ground.

Plans of "Failte II"



Log of "Mavis"

PASSAGE RACE FROM HOWTH TO PEEL, 7TH JUNE, 1935

Crew—W. McKEVITT, G. COATH, P. CROSSAN.

8.5 p.m.—Left Kingstown under headsails, mizzen and engine. Sighted *Marie* as we rounded Nose of Howth, sailing North between Ireland's Eye and Lambay. Wind S.W. squally. Arrived Howth at 9.35 p.m. Picked up moorings, and sent dinghy ashore to collect one of the crew. Meanwhile, fixed reef in mainsail, was in act of putting two reefs in for comfort, but noticed other competitors starting under full sail, and some sporting topsails, so felt content with one reef. When dinghy returned we had little time to prepare; stowed dinghy on deck, sailed out, and crossed starting line about 500 yards astern of *Aideen*. As the course was "Ireland's Eye to port," we ran down the Sound to clear Rowan Rocks, with boom to port, when clear gybed over, and set course for Peel, E.N.E. allowing for tide. At first *Aideen* increased her lead, but later when her spinnaker was dowsed, we appeared to be holding her. 12.45 a.m. Rockabill abeam. Kept in close company with *Aideen* until about 3.30 a.m. when she broke to port. Sighted trawler steaming South, and then realised the amount of sea there was, as the spray from her bow appeared to go over her stem head. Wind almost dead astern, so great attention had to be given to the steering; but we were running quite comfortably with dry decks. Wind steadily increasing. Handed tiller over to Mac, and went below to see what remainder of crew were doing, found them quite happy—fast asleep. Tapped the Admiral (which woke them up). Returned to cockpit and took over tiller. 4 a.m. called crew to douse mizzen, which was accomplished with little difficulty. Stream appears to be south-going, as the sea is getting much bigger. 4.30 a.m. Sighted timber-laden steamer heading about S.E., crossed her bow $\frac{1}{4}$ mile off, an impressive sight with the spray mounting her deck cargo. 5.30 a.m. Encountered nasty cross seas as we approached the Chickens, one struck the dinghy (which was stowed bottom up on the starboard deck), and shoved her over until the lashings brought her up. 5.45 a.m. Chicken Rock abeam. Wind still increasing, and steering is hard work with tired arms.

Observed sail dead astern, which we made out to be *Britannia*. 6.30 a.m. Sighted boat off port bow, under headsails only, cannot make her out, but consider she is not an I.C.C. competitor (she turned out to be *Happy Days*). 6.45 a.m. While instructing crew *re* procedure in an attempt to gybe, and insisting on safety first, the main boom skied, and slammed over to port on the taut runner, for a moment the gaff remained to starboard, and in coming over broke the parrel line, and the jaws jammed into the starboard shroud. The order to set up starboard runner and let go port was carried out with a great sigh of relief. 7.10 a.m. Hauled in for Peel, and rounded pier at 7.18. As we rounded the jib split. Made short tack in harbour, and let go anchor, but the mainsail filled partly across the ship, and dragged the anchor until we brought up alongside a fishing boat, where willing hands fended off and helped to get the mainsail down; as the eye forging connecting the gaff to the jaws was forced on to the shroud, the man aloft had quite a difficult job to clear it. Started engine, but could barely stem the wind, dropped anchor in clear berth. Then, as ship was quite dry below, went to bed, and left the crew who had slept during the night to deal with the Customs officials.

J. B. K.

List of Members

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N.B.—Members are requested to notify the Hon. Secretary of an change of address or boat.

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The Irish
Cruising Club
Annual



1937





Presented by

T. J. HANAN

1967

IRISH CRUISING CLUB



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The Irish Cruising Club Annual

EDITORIAL

EIGHT LOGS have been contributed which if printed in full would extend the journal to more than one hundred pages. and much exceed our revenue. Consequently the Editors have had to do a great deal of log-chopping.

The Rear-Commodore wins the Faulkner Cup for his cruise to the West Coast of France, completed without serious mishap in the face of severely abnormal conditions of weather. The log of *Mab* (6 tons) is placed second. Mr. Townsend and his sister, who have only recently joined, sailed 900 miles on a maiden cruise over well known but to them entirely new ground and without auxiliary power.

The yachts which went North seem to have fared a little better this season ; but *Marie* had her share of heavy weather. She carried her usual complement of five merry sailor men, and sailed outside the Mull, anchoring one night practically in the open at Mackrihanish. Pursued by gale warnings she managed to dodge the gales excepting two of them when she sheltered in Holy Loch and Port Patrick.

Almost the only windward work encountered was on the homeward passage from Ardglass in moderate Southerly weather—an admirable log, free from lurid detail, but between the lines we hear the whistle of wind and feel the driven spray—good old *Marie*. It is worthy of note that five of these cruises were made in engineless vessels.

Capt. Tidmarsh's log of *Foam* was received late for competition. It is as usual illustrated with beautiful photos, one of Scraggane a place we had never previously heard of ; another of Derrynane, once a favourite resort of Conor O'Brien. Here the voyagers were hospitably entertained by Lord Adare who told them that five years had passed since the last visit of a yacht.

At the eleventh hour we have received from Mr. F. R. Woodley the log of the 6-metre *Rainbow*, also late for competition. We have published extracts from it and an editorial summary.

Britannia won the Whitsuntide passage race to Douglas finishing at 11.57 a.m. *Mavis* was second at 2.46 p.m. and *Marie* third one minute later at 2.47 p.m.! *Britannia* was lucky in saving her tide round Langness.

Two pleasant reunions were held during the winter—the first at the Clontarf Yacht and Boat Club when Drs. Falconer, Wilson and H. J. Wright and Sir George Murphy collaborated in a fine Cinema Spectacle. The second at Royal St. George Y.C. when a long and somewhat gusty, but very interesting, discussion followed a paper read by the Commodore on "Gale Warnings and Other Warnings." Capt. Webb, Doctor Poole, Capt. Dowd, the Rear-Commodore, D. Mellon and others joined in the discussion.

The Annual Dinner was held in Cork at which representatives from all parts of the Free State, England, and the North of Ireland, were welcomed.

From present indications it seems a larger number of yachts will fit out in the coming season. Let us hope they will also be afloat a little earlier so as to be ready for Whitsuntide.

“Aideen’s” Cruise

TO BISCAY PORTS

THIS YEAR my holidays commenced on 1st July, but my elder son R., had an exam. extending to the 4th, so we arranged that he and an old cruising companion of mine should join the ship at Rosslare, and that my younger son and I, with the “hand” should sail the yacht down there.

At 5.30 p.m. on Wednesday, 1st July, we left Howth under engine, there not being a breath of wind, and at 10.30 p.m. tied up alongside the quay in Wicklow Harbour. There had been a lot of fog about for some days; on 30th June the I.O.M. Steamer *Mona’s Isle*, had grounded on the rocks at Howth Head on her way to Dublin, and every weather forecast was predicting still more. However, we left Wicklow on Thursday forenoon, and had a nice sail to Arklow, where *Aideen* was built and where I wanted to make a call. It started to spill rain the moment we tied up in the dock, and continued without intermission all the time we were there.

On Friday morning visibility was less than $\frac{1}{4}$ mile, and we had to find our way to windward amongst the banks, working close inside of everything. At 3.30 p.m. the rain stopped, the wind shifted to west, the fog rolled away and we had a splendid sail into Rosslare Harbour. On Saturday a fresh breeze from W.S.W. set up such a popple that we could not get ashore until evening. At 4.30 we saw a large yawl go flashing by the Tuskar under mainsail and spinnaker, probably *Trenchemer*, competing in the R.O.R.C. race from Falmouth to Hunter’s Quay. R. and M. duly arrived just before midnight, and all turned in hoping for an early start in the morning. It blew strong all Sunday from S.W., and it was not until 10 p.m. that we got away in a softening S.W. by W. breeze after a sunset behind ragged banks of clouds. The wind remained light all night, but as we left the land an enormous Atlantic roll, the result of weeks of S.W. winds, began to make itself felt and the best course we could hold was S. by E.

We tried a rather unusual system of watches. Each hour one hand only was relieved, so that each new hand coming on deck had an hour’s companionship with one of the previous watch, who could pass on all information unhurriedly and fully. There was a sort of continuity established. At 4 a.m. when I came on deck after my watch below, there were heavy banks of fog about and no stars or horizon visible, so that a sight was out of the question. The breeze had backed to S.E., and we could for the first time lay our course and actually sail a point free.

At 11.53 a.m. the sun appeared for about 10 minutes, during which time I got four shots at it and from the average worked out a position line which gave an intercept of only 15 seconds; but the sun being nearly ahead, the sight was not so useful, being only a check on our patent log which stood at 67. However, at 3.2 p.m. I got another sight which when crossed with the first gave us a definite fix of $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles to leeward of our D.R. position.

At 6.30 p.m. we sighted Pendeen Head on the port bow, and the wind now having completely deserted us, we hauled all sheets flat to ease the tremendous roll and started the engine. A heavy fog then came down, accompanied by torrential rain. At 1 a.m., Tuesday morning, we passed the Longships fairly close according to the sound of the guns, and an hour later we were relieved to hear the Runnelstone whistling buoy dead ahead. As we felt fagged out, we decided to try and make Newlyn, and it was certainly a nightmare to find our way there: no lights, no wind, nothing but rain, fog and the eternal roll. After nearly piling up on St. Clement’s Isle we groped our way at 4 a.m. into Newlyn, some 20 yards off which we spotted its welcome 5-sec. flash light, and all hands turned in in double quick time. Both Newlyn and Penzance fog signals had been

silent during the night ; but shortly after we got in the Newlyn signal started off in full blast, far too late to be of any assistance to us.

At 6 a.m. on Wednesday we slipped out of Newlyn, bound for Brest. It was a nice looking morning, but the wind was light and from the S.W., and our course was S.3°W. As the day wore on the wind freshened and came more ahead until at midday we were only able to lie S.S.E. The sun now disappeared for the day and it commenced to rain. At 4 p.m. the wind had backed so much that we were able to lie our course ; but the glass which had dropped 2-10ths since morning was still falling and the wind freshening ; at 8 p.m. we hauled down two reefs in both main and mizzen, as I expected a dirty night.

From now on it really commenced to blow and rain ; the wind worked round to S.E., then to E., and eventually N.W., with a mountainous sea rolling up from the Bay of Biscay and the new sea running over it. We were tearing along at nearly 8 knots, when an eyebolt holding one of the mizzen sheet blocks sheered off. We made a temporary repair by passing a grommet over the bumpkin. At 1.20 a.m. we suddenly sighted the two flashes of Pt. de Creach Light dead ahead and very close, and we altered course to pass abeam ; but the light in a few moments was blotted out again, so as we had run our distance and were afraid of over running Ushant in the blinding rain, we stowed the mainsail. In 10 minutes we sighted the light again nearly abeam, and this time held it.

We had lost the fair tide, and it began to run against us full springs, and as the Chenal du Four was out of the question we went round the longer way *via* the Chaussée de Pierre Noir. When dawn broke the rain eased off and we set the mainsail ; but the wind which was aft, was in some way deflected by the enormous beam sea, so that we gybed everytime we reached the bottom of the trough. By 8 a.m. we saw the sun again ; but owing to the foul tide it was 11.20 a.m. before we got our anchor down in the Port du Commerce in Brest, alongside *Skua*, a 15-ton Bermudian Cutter which had come in a few days previously from L'Abervrach.

Friday was spent in exploring Brest and airing our alleged French. In the evening paper we read an account of a very strong gale on the north coast of Spain the night before, which caused the loss of three Spanish fishing boats with all hands. We must have been on the edge of it when off Ushant. The rate of exchange being so badly against us, everything was very expensive with the sole exception of petrol, which was duty free, and cost about 8*d.* a gallon ; but on the other hand paraffin was 2*s.* 9*d.* for the same quantity !

On Saturday, the 11th, we got away under all plain sail at 9 a.m. to a fresh N.W. breeze, bound for Benodet, and coming through the Goulet de Brest met warships, cruisers, destroyers, and submarines, arriving for the manoeuvres on the 15th, and they kept us quite busy dipping our ensign. We had a splendid sail to Penmarche ; but the sun disappeared and we had to hand our big reaching jib owing to a heavy rain squall. It was a dead run from Penmarche, and we identified the different buoys until we opened the leading lights of Benodet, and motored in at 7.45 p.m., 65 miles in 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ hours. Benodet is a really charming spot, with its river flowing between pleasantly wooded banks, reminding one of Fowey or the Fal ; but it spilled rain all Sunday, so that all we saw of Benodet was the view through the cabin ports, and even the ceremony of the blessing of the fishing fleet which we had hoped to see from this point of vantage was denied us, it having to be postponed owing to the bad weather.

Monday morning also broke dull ; but as the wind was still N.N.W. we decided to get away, to Le Palais if possible. So we got our anchor at 10.45 and once outside set everything, and were rewarded by a hot sun at midday, which turned the sea blue, and gave us the most glorious sail since our holiday started. The Tunnymen interested me particularly, and I admired their beautiful colouring ; one boat in particular with white topsides, blue bulwarks, blue topsail and foresail, and the crew in blue to match ! At 6.15 we entered Le Palais harbour and moored with anchor ahead and warp to a ringbolt astern on the wall just under the fortifications, having done the 55 miles at over 7 knots.

The harbour was full of Tunny boats and none had engines, and I was astonished to see these big ships of over 30 tons being sculled out of harbour by one man with a sweep

over the stern. It was a perfect evening with not a breath of wind ; but it proved to be our only real summery night on this coast.

The next day being 14th July was a great day in France, commencing with a salute of guns from the Point at 8 a.m. All the boats in the harbour were decorated, so we sent up the Tricolour to the main and kept our ensign at the staff. After lunch we got our anchor and sailed out under mizzen and jib, and hoisted our mainsail outside to a light breeze from the S.S.W. About 3 p.m. a heavy mist set in, and at 4.45 the wind dropped and the mist developed into a thick wet fog. We started the engine with the intention of making Port Tudy in the Ile de Croix about 15 miles away, as there was every indication of bad weather.

The stretch of coastline between Belle Ile and Penmarche Point must surely be the foulest in the world, to judge by the hundreds of buoys, beacons, islets and exposed and awash rocks that abound miles out to sea. Having spotted the Plateau de Birride Beacon close abeam we laid course with allowance for deviation and tide of N.17°W., in order to pick up the Bersee des Chats whistle buoy, it being essential in the heavy fog which now prevailed to pick it up in order to get a fix to clear the outlying dangers in the vicinity of Ile de Croix.

As soon as we estimated our position to be in the vicinity of the buoy, we stopped the engine, hauled everything flat to minimize noise, listened carefully, and in a few minutes were rewarded by hearing the faint whistle of the buoy on our port bow. Our course was now N.19°W., and at 6.20 we got a momentary glimpse of the Point des Chats lighthouse. *Aideen* was by now well heeled, the visibility was worse than ever, and it being essential not to close the island within $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile until opposite Port Tudy owing to foul ground, we just had to calculate when it would be safe to turn in to the land, and we were in great luck, for when we hauled our wind and turned in, it was only a few minutes until we saw the mole and harbour right in front of us and very close to.

The harbour was very congested with Tunnymen ; we came to an anchor, took a stern line to a buoy to which already five Tunny boats had made fast, and we then took a long warp ashore to windward to a chain on the sloping beach. It blew a full gale that night from the S.W. with a deluge of rain, and next morning the wind had gone westerly with a rising glass, but was blowing as fresh as ever. Several Tunny boats had been caught out in the storm and could not get into the harbour under sail, and they had to be towed in one by one by a powerful motor drifter.

Needless to say, we stayed in harbour that day and lazed, provisioned ship and took photos. Notwithstanding all the fish about, I noticed in this port—and, indeed, everywhere on this coast—an almost total absence of gulls and cormorants, so different from Howth.

Thursday, 16th July, broke clear and fine with a nice westerly breeze, and so at 6.30 a.m. we commenced clearing up our warps, two to the buoy astern, one to the shore ahead, and our anchor. Then we had to unmoor and moor again a fishing boat in order to get out and had a very narrow squeeze between a Tunny boat and the Mole before we got clear of the harbour. The morning kept fine, and passing inside the Ile de Ponfret we came to anchor in Concarneau outer harbour at 12.30 p.m. After lunch a misty rain set in, and at 7 p.m. we went into the inner harbour, which is one of the best and most sheltered I have been in. Far from being almost entirely dry at L.W. as the Biscay Pilot states, there is an average depth of $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 fathoms everywhere, except at the N.E. side, and scores of large Tunnymen lie afloat here at all times.

We slipped away next morning at 7.15 a.m. to a nice E.S.E. breeze, and at 11.30 a.m. were off Penmarch Point. The sun actually came out and we took the opportunity of varnishing the dinghy while running before the gradually freshening breeze with spinnaker set. Andierne Bay was full of fishing craft of every type, and being a bit early for this tidal harbour we decided to have lunch before going in ; but before the cooking was complete, we had to stow the mainsail and lie to under mizzen and staysail during our meal, the breeze had freshened so much. Every boat in the bay was now making for port, so we let draw, and travelled up the river at a great pace under jib alone.

When near the bridge we rounded up and let go. We then sounded in the dinghy and found that the R.C.C. chart which we were using was out-of-date; the only spot now available to lie afloat in was with our stern almost under the easternmost span of the bridge—a new concrete one—and with an anchor out to S.W. A few feet either way would have us aground at L.W.

We made fast two stern warps to the abutments and parcelled them carefully, and by the time this was done it was 3.30 and the glass had gone down to 29.72. By 4 p.m. it was again blowing a full gale. The whole yacht shook in the gusts, and at 7 o'clock the usual rain set in, and this and the gale continued all the next day, Saturday.

On Sunday morning we had to get out of Audierne at 5.30 a.m. or else wait for the next tide, so we hardened our hearts and went. The breeze was moderate and westerly and we jilled about waiting for the slack water due at 10 a.m. in the Raz de Seine. It was quite tame, so we decided to push north as long as the tide would help us, and gave *Aideen* all the sail she could carry. At 1 p.m. we entered the Chenal du Four, and in the next hour covered 13 miles over the ground.

In the Narrows in a heavy hollow sea a rather curious accident happened. There was a sharp crack aloft and bits of metal showered down on the deck. The heavy metal sheave of our runner had burst, leaving the pin undamaged and in situ, so we clapped on a handy billy to take the strain and save the wire. At 3.30 we passed the Portsal Buoy and at 4.45 had our anchor down in L'Abervrach, 53 miles on one tide. We fitted a new sheave and spliced a new wire in the runner, and all hands went ashore and had a good dinner in the Belle Vue Hotel, our last meal in France.

It was a close haul all the way across the Channel the next day, but it kept fine with fresh N.N.W. breeze so that we made good time to the Lizard which we fetched close-hauled on port tack at 4 a.m. on Tuesday, 15½ hours from L'Abervrach, and it is worthy of note from the time we passed the Libenter Buoy until we broke tacks off the Lizard, 105 miles away, nobody had touched the wheel, and *Aideen* had sailed herself perfectly to windward all day long.

Our next port of call being Newquay on the north coast of Cornwall where my wife was staying, it was essential to work our tides round the Longships, and finding that the stream would not make in our favour until midday, we beat into Newlyn at 8 a.m. and laid in a fresh stock of provisions and water, getting away a few hours later in a nice westerly breeze. We had a splendid sail round Land's End, passing inside the Longships, and tying up in Newquay Harbour at 7.50 p.m., with the glass at 30.02 and rain coming down in sheets. Next morning was fine, but the glass had gone back to 29.95 and after a family outing ashore, with a theatre in the evening, we got back to *Aideen* in a deluge of rain, having arranged to meet my wife again at Kingstown on the Saturday evening.

On Thursday morning, 23rd July, the glass was down to 29.62 and it was blowing a fresh gale outside from S.W. with bad visibility. The shipping forecast at 10.30 a.m. gave a S.W. gale in the Severn area, so we decided to wait for the next tide. It rained and blew all the morning, and in the afternoon when *Aideen* floated again, a nasty ground swell came into the harbour, and we had to rig springs and a warp across to the other quay, the swell became so bad that we burst four new 3½-inch warps, and the strain on our sampson posts and bitts was terrific.

We were kept awake all that night by the sound of the surf breaking in the harbour entrance and on the beach outside, and decided that at all costs *Aideen* must be got out to sea the moment the tide should float her. So at 6 a.m. we turned out, took two reefs in the main, two in the mizzen and bent our small jib, and were greatly cheered by a local fisherman who asked which we thought the most valuable—our lives or the yacht, as if we put to sea we would lose the former, and if we stayed, the latter.

The moment we floated we hauled out with the help of a couple of longshoremen to tend our warps, and squared up opposite the harbour mouth. A tremendous hollow sea was passing across the entrance, and we had to time things very carefully so as to shoot out under power immediately following the passage of a sea, and turn her to meet the next one head on. This was accomplished safely, and we immediately set the mizzen and jib and stopped the engine. We only began to feel the full force of the wind and

sea when we came abreast of Towan Head on which the South Cone was flying, so we hove to and had a quick breakfast and realizing that this was no job for even a double-reefed mainsail, bent our trysail and letting draw laid a course for Milford Haven. It was splendid sailing ; but the seas were very big, and the *Channel Pilot* stated in no uncertain language that it would be folly to attempt to enter Milford in a S.W. gale. A close study of the chart showed that the only place with any likelihood of shelter would be Lundy Island, about 45 miles to leeward. The 10.30 a.m. shipping forecast announced a westerly gale in operation on the west coast of England and the east coast of Ireland, so we put up our helm and ran almost dead before it for Lundy under trysail and jib. The out-haul of the jib parted at 12.15, so we stowed it and set a reefed staysail instead. The tide running against the wind made the sea really tremendous, but *Aideen* was just a pleasure to handle, and ran with dry decks and there seemed to be no undue tendency for the seas to break under her stern, as I had often experienced in other craft. In fact we were able to get about and do little jobs and make things more secure. We took a number of photos of the seas, but as the seas were so large, the camera could take only one sea at a time and the photos gave a very poor idea of the scene. I was much interested to see a number of Mother Carey's chickens flitting about all day in the hollows and had not known previously that they were to be found in such high Latitudes.

At 4.45 p.m. we got our anchor down under the lee of Lundy Lighthouse amidst a goodly company of steamers and drifters—all there for shelter. A message came down from the Lighthouse shortly after, asking our ship's name, and if we had seen anything of *Gracie III* which had left Kingstown a few days previously, or of *Mermaid* which had left Falmouth on Tuesday and was said to have rounded Land's End shortly after we did. At 9.30 p.m. according to the wireless the gale was still operating ; but we felt nothing in our perfectly sheltered anchorage.

Lundy is a very interesting place and stores of all kinds may be purchased there. There is a good hotel and an air service twice daily to the mainland. It was still blowing hard enough on Saturday morning to keep us in our anchorage. Milford being dead to windward, and one member of our crew having to be back to work in Ireland without fail on Monday morning, he took the opportunity of transshipping to a small passenger boat which was leaving for Ilfracombe. The boys and I went ashore to explore the place and visit the lighthouse to find out if there was any news of *Gracie III* or *Mermaid*. Looking over the windward side of the island we felt very glad that we had not made a start.

On Sunday, 26th July, we got under way at 7.10 a.m. under all plain sail to a nice westerly breeze and just fetching clear of St. Ann's Head, carried a fair tide through the "Wild Goose" Race off Skokham Island, to the South Bishop, and sailing steadily all day and night in smooth water and a splendid breeze up the Irish Channel, fetched to our moorings in Howth Harbour at 9.30 on the Monday morning, a magnificent sail, quite the best of the cruise—159 miles in less than 26 hours. A.W.M.



"Gull's" Cruise

"Ship won't go if wind won't blow."

WHEN THE Royal Ocean Racing Club announced the Falmouth to Clyde race, we of the *Gull* were intrigued. The distance is roughly 400 miles, while the Fastnet Race, in which we competed in 1925 and 1926, covers over 600.

On Sunday, 28th June, in a light southerly breeze almost dead in our teeth we started on our course S.E. by S. $\frac{1}{2}$ S. for the Longships from Crosshaven, Cork Harbour. Evidently some one of our crew of seven all told had forgotten to pay the washerwoman. Streamed log at 4.30 p.m. close to the Pollock Rock Buoy. Able to sail full and by E.S.E., wind very light. At 5.30 log read 2.9, which was not very encouraging. At 7 p.m. having made little headway, and with Ballycotton Island only just abaft the beam, we decided to anchor off the entrance to Ballycotton for the night. After dinner Paddy Navan entertained us and, incidentally, the whole population of Ballycotton with selections on his piano-accordeon.

Monday, 29th. We weighed anchor at 10.50 a.m. in rain and poor visibility, and were able to head S.S.E. in light airs. At 4 p.m. we had covered only 10 miles. We were finding it hard to leave old Ireland's shore. Wind then came S.W. and at 10.30 p.m. it was blowing strong; the sea was nasty, so we first lowered the staysail and later eased the throat halyard. At midnight log read 48.3.

The wind backed to S.E. on Tuesday morning; and at 8 a.m. with 74 on log, we were only able to head E. At 4 p.m., 107, course S. by E. At 5 p.m. Mate noticed that the bottle screw on the fore port rigging had disappeared. He was able to fix the rigging with a string of shackles, taking the same strain as the after shroud. At 8 p.m. land was sighted on the starboard bow, and later the Seven Stones Lightvessel ahead distant three miles. At 8.30 altered course to S.E. by E. for the Runnelstone. This was the first decent easing of sheets since we left the Irish coast, and although there was considerable swell and sea, the crew greatly appreciated the check, and *Gull* moved faster than she did since leaving Cork Harbour.

July 1st. Approaching the Lizard, the wind came in very strong squalls, and later eased away with thunder and heavy rain. There was terrific chafe and slatting of canvas, and at 4 a.m. we had a series of gybes, entailing a lot of work for the watch. Stood well eastward of the Lizard to clear Vroque, then altered course to N.E. by N. for the Manacles Buoy. From this mark into St. Anthony's Point the wind was light and southerly; the spinnaker was set and helped to bring us into our usual anchorage between Flushing and the Prince of Wales Pier (Falmouth) at 9 a.m.

None of the local ship chandlers could supply a bottle screw; but after much trouble one was obtained through the kindness of Mr. Thomas, the owner of a small ship-building yard. The day went by quickly. Met the Chances and Stoney on *Britannia*; also Admiral Goldsmith and Mrs. Goldsmith and daughters. Saw *Trenchemer*, an enormous yawl, with the mainmast painted white. *Gull's* chances seemed very remote against craft of this type. Major Heckstall-Smith and "Fr." Brown came aboard and spent some hours measuring up *Gull*, the mate assisting. Col. King and Moore from *Rose* visited us. Tommy Kirkham joined us and cooked a wonderful Irish stew. Eight slept on *Gull* that night.

July 2nd. The outstanding event to-day was Paddy's climbing to the main truck of the *Cutty Sark*; *Gull's* dragging her anchor while the skipper was ashore, and the laying of our kedge (assisted by some of the crew of the *Amphitrite*, a large aux. schooner, owned by Lord Arran) was just an incident. The skipper later boarded *Amphitrite* to thank the owner, and was most courteously received by Lord and Lady Arran who were

deeply interested in *Gull*, and knew all about her performances in the 1925 and 1926 Fastnet Races. We had a game of Wurra-Wurra which delighted Major Hackstall-Smith and "Fr." Brown and a contingent from *Rose*, and we arranged that Paddy would play "I'll be in Scotland before Ye" at the start next day!

July 3rd. The Bar. was steady at 29.7 Start fixed for 4.30 p.m. The wind was blowing at almost gale force from S.W. After much deliberation we decided to double reef *Gull*, with No. 2 jib. Under headsail alone, all the boats proceeded towards Carrick Roads, where, with plenty of sea room, reefed mainsails were set.

We had all the wind we wanted, and a bit more; but we got a good start, no boat being close to the line save ourselves, *Rose* being nearest to us about 200 yards on our lee quarter. Paddy played the tune as arranged, but it was fated not to be so. We were soon passed by the larger boats: *Trenchemer* in the lead, *Spica*, *Tai-mo-shan* and ourselves rounding the Manacles Buoy almost together.

For some reason all the fleet, with the exception of *Gull* headed seawards and did not haul their wind for the land. We got in our sheets hard, and with a strong tide under our lee, made over towards Blackhead, and soon found that we had done the right thing, as we were well to windward of *Spica* and *Tai-mo-shan*, when the former stayed and followed us. *Banba* was next to tack towards the land, and she weathered us by very little. As we approached the Lizard, having passed inside the Vroque, we met the full force of the tide, and a very big sea, which slowed *Gull*. *Spica* overhauled us, as also did *Elvira*. *Tai-mo-shan* being then a long way astern. *Trenchemer* seemed to have opened up a good lead of the rest of the fleet, with *Veronica*, *Diadem*, *Rose* and *Banba* in her wake.

At 1.26 a.m. on the 4th, we were abreast of the Runnelstone. The wind was then firm in the south-west, but there was a rather troublesome sea. The tide was setting to N.W. which was in our favour for the Longships, distant five miles. As we approached the latter, we found that the wind was veering more westerly and getting light, and decided to stay and make a tack to the N.W.; but just then the wind fell away completely, and *Gull* lost steerage way and would not come round.

We were approximately a quarter of a mile from the rocks when this happened, so we endeavoured to gybe ship, but *Gull* became completely unmanageable. By the bearings of the Light, we found that we were being carried inshorewards of the rocks, which formed a mark in the course; so when the Light bore N.W. we decided to anchor with our kedge, believing we were in about 10 fathoms of water. In reality we were in less than three fathoms, and far closer to the rocks than we anticipated.

There was nothing to do but wait for the tide to turn (about 5.27 a.m.) or for wind, and after a most trying delay, we got a light southerly breeze and decided to get our anchor. We hove short; but when it was up and down it became obvious that it was foul of the rocks. The Mate took the warp to the winch and an effort was made to heave it in. Just then *Gull* rose on a sea, and the enormous strain on the winch made it fly round; the pawls did not fall properly into berth and the starboard winch handle struck the Mate on the forearm, fracturing the bone.

A yell and a groan from him were the only indications of what happened, and he was then stretched along the deck and might have been dead for all we knew aft. One blow of a hatchet cut the warp, and in the light breeze *Gull* gathered steerage way and was able to weather clear of the rocks and out of danger.

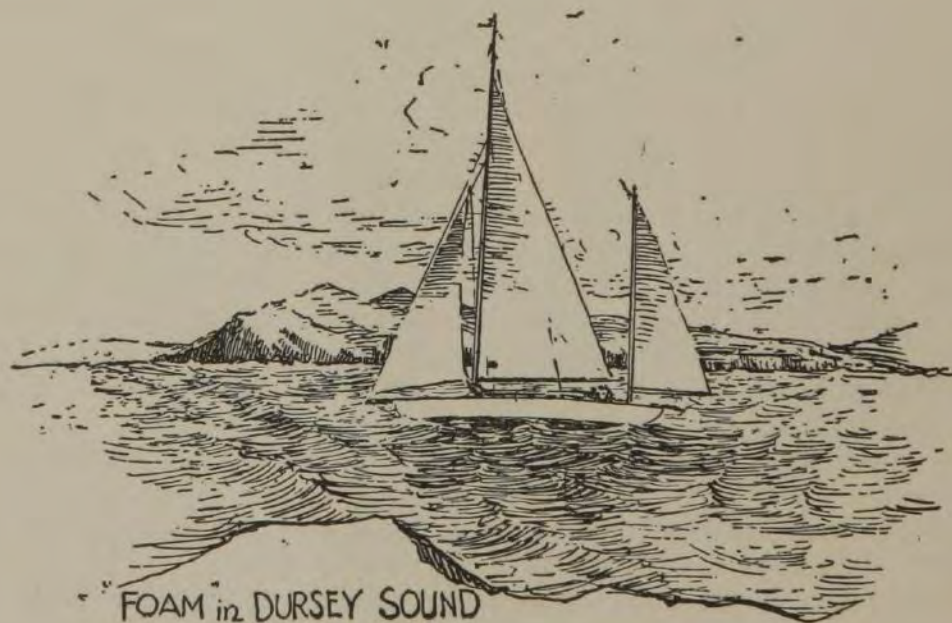
The Mate was taken below and was suffering intense agony: but after the arm was put in a sling and bandaged, the pain was less. We decided to make for St. Ives as the nearest port, to get a Doctor, and the Mate insisted on steering and bringing her in himself. We anchored at St. Ives about 9.30 a.m. having encountered a thick fog coming along the land which necessitated our streaming the log.

The Doctor at St. Ives advised an X-Ray photograph, and the Mate and Billy went to Hayle Hospital where this was taken, and it was found that the arm was fractured. We wired Secretary, Ocean Racing Club, c/o Clyde Cruising Club, Hunter's Quay, that we had abandoned the race owing to injury to one of the crew, and the Old Man sent a letter giving particulars later. We debated as to the Mate's going home by train and steamer *via* Fishguard, but he declined, knowing that would mean something like six changes and delays.

I wonder if anybody ever laid peacefully to an anchor in St. Ives Bay without that continuous ground swell : not an air of wind all night—yet *Gull* rolled her ports under. We weighed anchor at 1.20 p.m. July 5th, in a moderate westerly wind, and half an hour later with 2.2 on the log, and Pendeen bearing S.W. $\frac{3}{4}$ W. we set course N.W. by N. $\frac{1}{2}$ N.

At midnight the log read 54.4. The wind backed to W.S.W. and there was slight rain. At 4 a.m. (6th) 73.8 on the log, wind about S., very slight.

At noon the log read 98. From that to 4 p.m. we logged 1.3 for the entire watch ! Got breeze from the W.N.W. and resumed our course at 5 p.m. and sighted the land about 6.30 About 8 p.m. were able to make out Ballycotton Island distinctly. As we got to Roche's Point the wind failed us entirely, and with the aid of the oars we picked up our moorings at Crosshaven about 4 a.m. on the 7th. We had hopes of being seen from Myrtleville where the Mate's wife and family, as well as her people, were staying, in which case we expected the motor boat *Lady Ann* would come off to us ; but they never saw us, with the result that the injured Mate remained on the ship until the afternoon. His Medical Adviser found that the arm was doing well and that it was only necessary for him to have a complete rest. Our Ocean Race had started on a Friday, and it was the thirteenth time our Mate had passed the Longships. If sailors are superstitious there is a danger that we may become sailors.



“Mab’s” Cruise

FROM QUEENSTOWN TO THE CLYDE AND BACK

Mab is a STURDY little 5-ton cutter, gaff-rigged, and has no engine. Her accommodation is comfortable—a roomy saloon with wide bunks and quite a good foc’sle.

My sister M. and myself are part owners and crew. The decision to sail to Scotland was one of those wild inspirations one has when yachts are laid up and one can only think about the sea.

We prepared everything very carefully, inspecting all our rigging and renewing anything at all doubtful. As we cannot carry a wooden dinghy on deck owing to our coach roof, I built a collapsible one, something like a Berthon.

On 29th June, 1936, at 3.30 p.m. we dropped our moorings and beat out of the harbour in a light S. wind. At 4.50 we were at sea, and set course for Ballycotton. We passed Ballycotton Light at 7 p.m. and at midnight were off Mine Head, and altered course to E. by S. for the Coningbeg L.V., streaming the log.

June 30th found us well off the land, with the wind dying. We brought up the Coningbeg L.V. at 7.30 a.m. With a moderate sea and practically no wind we took a long time to reach the Barrels L.V., which came abeam at 1.10 p.m., and the South Shear buoy off Ross-lare at 3.30 p.m. Steering N.E. by E. for No. 5 buoy we made the Blackwater buoy, a long way to East, and then sailed from buoy to buoy, getting clear of the banks through the Rusk Channel at 6 p.m. By midnight the wind had died away, and we anchored in the shallow water off Kilmichael Point.

July 1st, 1.30 a.m., a light breeze crept up with fog behind it, and as there were a lot of fishing boats about, we decided to race the fog to Arklow. Unfortunately it won. We were left with no wind and a strong tide against us; we had not succeeded in picking up Arklow light, so we anchored again. At 3.30 a.m. the fog lifted, and we picked up Arklow Light. An hour later a breeze came from N.W. and we made Arklow.

We slept till 1.30 p.m., then left Arklow with a light S. wind, and a fair tide. Wicklow Head was abeam at 4.20 p.m. and we decided to carry on, but three miles past Wicklow the wind fell away and we turned back. We barely stemmed the tide and were eventually towed in, anchoring in this delightful little walled harbour at 6.30 p.m.

July 2nd came with no wind and heavy rain. At 2.30 p.m. a nice breeze came from S. and the sky cleared, so we started for Kingstown on the flood tide. At the Breeches buoy the wind fell light, and we anchored off Greystones in 9 fathoms at 6.30 p.m. having lost steerage way. An hour later we got a light head wind, weighed anchor, and got to Bray Head where the wind fell again, and we were towed in to shelter under the high land by a fishing party, 9.30 p.m. We turned in, setting the alarm clock for 2 a.m., but M. could not sleep, and at 12.30 called me, as there was a nice W. wind.

July 3rd found us going well with a reaching staysail set, but the wind soon fell, and as the tide was foul we anchored again. It came up again in an hour and we weighed anchor, and using every air we got into Kingstown at 5.40 a.m., 25 miles in 14 hours! *Cruachan*, another Queenstown yacht bound north, was leaving.

July 4th, wind S.E. light. We were under way at 5.25 a.m. and two hours later got a nice breeze from S. Set spinnaker and passed Rockabill at 8.50. We then laid our course N.E. by N. for St. John’s Light, 50 miles away. At 9.45 the wind hardening I went to lower the spinnaker. Instead of waiting till the boom was right forward, I lowered too soon, a bight of the sail fell into the water and the boom snapped. Two miles S. off St. John’s a fog came up so we decided to put into Ardglass, where we anchored at 4 p.m. We had hoped to get further that day, but we felt very tired, and Scotland seemed a very long way off. However after a fried onion dinner we became optimistic again.

Scotland was nearer than we had thought. July 5th brought a light S. wind. We were under way by 10.40 with a fair tide, which we held for twelve hours. We had South Rock L.V. abeam at 1.20 p.m. and Skulmartin at 2.25. We had intended to make Stranraer, but when we picked up Ailsa Craig we determined to make one passage all the way to Hunter's Quay. Ailsa came abeam at 11 p.m. Here *Banba*, one of the Ocean Racers from Falmouth, passed us. The wind fell light with sundown, and for the next three hours we had hardly steerage way. *Veronica*, also in race, overtook us and we had quite a conversation with her. With the dawn a light S. wind came up and we enjoyed the sight of daybreak on Aran. Holy Island was abeam at 5.30 a.m. After breakfast we celebrated by having our first wash—very spartan as it was a cold morning. Coming up to Hunter's Quay *Spica* passed us. The anchor went down in Scottish water at 1 p.m., just a week from home.

July 7th.—Went up to Sandbank, where we found *Cruachan*.

July 10th.—Wind N.W. fresh. It was time to leave for home and we sadly said good-bye to the Holy Loch. Weighed anchor 1.5 p.m. It was to be a race with *Cruachan*, who started $\frac{1}{4}$ hour ahead. We overtook her at Dunoon, all plain sail set. At Rothesay the wind came fresh and we handed foresail. We kept with *Cruachan* in a lovely sail past Aran, with a free sheet. 8 p.m. the wind fell and we re-set the foresail. *Cruachan* turned on her engine and got more than a mile ahead, but the wind freshened again and we beat her into Campbelltown—engine and all—and anchored at 1.5 a.m.

July 11th.—Weighed at 10.20 and logged $6\frac{1}{4}$, $6\frac{1}{4}$, $6\frac{3}{4}$, 6 knots in four successive hours. At 2.5 we handed the foresail as the W. wind had increased considerably. At 7.5 the Mew L.H. was abeam, and the wind light, while there was a strong tide against us. We decided to go into Donaghadee, where we anchored at 8.20 p.m.

With a light S. wind and a fair tide we left Donaghadee at 10.50 a.m. on 12th July. We brought up the South Rock L.V. at 4.35 p.m. A dense fog had come up with the usual swell. We set course S.W. by W. for Ardglass. The fog soon killed the wind, and we were wallowing in a huge swell, the gear crashing and grinding and the bowsprit diving into each sea, much to the detriment of our highly-prized bunch of Scottish heather. The wire on the gaff jaws parted and the parrel balls showered down on the deck. We drifted along till Patrick's Perch was abeam, then decided to go into Ballyhornan bay and anchor. We got there chiefly by paddling with the 6-ft. oars of the folding dinghy. Owing to darkness and a small scale chart we ran aground, but kedged off in torrents of rain. A rowing boat towed us to a better berth, but the whole place was rock-bottomed, so I stood anchor watch. A very uncomfortable berth with very heavy rolling.

July 13th.—At 2.50 a.m. a light W. wind sprang up, so we hastily made ready for sea, and got out safely past the rocks. Once clear we steered for Ardglass meeting one or two heavy squalls, which gave us all we wanted. Anchored at 4.35 a.m.

The next two days we were held up by light head winds. On 16th July we left Ardglass at 10.20 a.m., met a heavy squall off Slieve Donard, and then light S. airs. We beat wearily to Annalong only a few miles away, drifted in and tied up to the quay at 8 p.m. By 11 p.m. there was no sign of wind, so went into the dock and turned in till 2 a.m. when we stood by while *Mab* took the ground.

July 17th brought a light E. wind, heavy rain and fog and a falling glass. We knew we were in for some dirt but could bear Annalong no longer. We cleared out at 8.45 a.m., lost the land in a few moments and set our course S.S.W. for Rockabill, streaming the log. The wind increased and the glass fell, but we were going along well. At 1.50 the fog lifted and we sighted Rockabill. The sun came out, but the glass continued to fall. At 3.30 p.m. Rockabill came abeam, and Lambay soon after. Inland we could see black thunderclouds and a white woolly cap covering the Nose of Howth. Soon afterwards a black cloud with yellow edges and wind dogs rose out of the sea and a heavy squall came along the water. M. took the helm and I went forward and handed the staysail; not a moment too soon, for as I got the gaskets round it a vicious squall struck us. M. slacked the mainsheet right off and jilled her along. There was no room to reef as the land was close under our lee and reefing under such conditions is a long job. The spindrift was flying and the wind roaring. Then it began to rain—rain that blinded and

soaked us and flattened out the sea. The rain ceased, and then the wind started in earnest. By this time we were in the race off Howth, with a very confused sea, steep and coming from two sides at once. M. kept the helm and steered very well while I held the main sheet and watched the seas roaring up astern. A mud hopper thinking she could help us, stood by close to weather, giving us no room to run up into the wind, had we needed. Visibility became very bad, and I had to try to rule off a course for Kingstown. The squall moderated and we got in and anchored at 5.45, finding *Spica* there. Her crew very kindly asked us to dinner.

July 19th.—Wind W.N.W., strong. Weighed at 1.10 p.m. with two reefs in mainsail and one in jib. Anchored in Wicklow at 4.30 p.m.

July 20th.—Wind N.W. and fresh. Weighed at 6.10 a.m. with one reef and started down the coast with a foul tide. We got the ebb off Arklow—worth $2\frac{1}{2}$ —3 knots—and shaking out the reef at 11.30 a.m. tore down the coast. We went inside the banks and through the Rusk channel. The North Shear buoy was abeam at 3.5 and the Tuskar at 4.5. There is a furious tide in the Tuskar Sound and one must avoid the overfalls. An hour later the Barrels buoy was abeam. We hauled our wind and steered for the S. Saltee. The tide was now against us and the wind more ahead, and we were back again in the old familiar W. swell. Coningbeg L.V. abeam at 10 p.m. Steered approximately W. all night, but we made a lot of leeway with the big swell and light wind.

July 21st.—Dawn found us in the middle of Dungarvan Bay, some 15 miles out to sea. The wind was light W. and at noon we decided to put into Helvick, rather disappointed at not being able to make Queenstown in one hop. We got in at 3.30 p.m., and found a strong Irish-speaking community.

July 22nd.—At 12.15 a.m. a light N. wind was blowing, so we laid out a kedge and warped out of Helvick, which is much too small to sail out of. The ebb tide running down the estuary caught us and threw us against the harbour wall. While M. fended off with the life buoy I laid out the kedge to seaward and we soon got away with only a few scratches on the varnish. Outside we found a nice N. breeze and dead smooth water, so we raced along, bringing Capel abeam at 3.45 a.m., Ballycotton at 5.5 a.m., and entered Queenstown Harbour at 7.30 a.m., very glad to be back after a cruise of about 900 miles.



Log of the "Britannia"

IN THE ROYAL OCEAN RACING CLUB RACE

FROM FALMOUTH TO HUNTER'S QUAY

Britannia is a converted Morecambe Prawner of 35 feet water line, rigged as a gaff cutter. We had a crew of five all told, including Christie Rourke, paid hand.

Friday, 3rd July.—Day broke very unsettled with strong S.W. breeze. At 4.5 p.m. we weighed anchor and sailed down to the start with one reef in the mainsail. All were reefed with the exception of *Trenchemer*.

5.20 p.m.—Rounded Manacles buoy and hauled our wind, pointing about 5 miles outside the Lizard. At 6.40 p.m. *Tai-mo-shan* was just ahead to leeward.

11.50 p.m.—Wind lighter, shook out reef.

Saturday, 4th.—1.30 a.m. Sighted Penzance lights bearing N. by E.

2.5 a.m.—Sighted red sector of Longships bearing N.W.

3.0 a.m.—Wind very light—just carrying steerage way.

3.20 a.m.—Passed Runnelstone, very strong tide; still in the red sector of the Longships.

3.30 a.m.—Flat calm. Set balloon foresail. Our position was becoming dangerous, as we had no steerage way and were being rapidly carried towards the rocks surrounding the Longships.

4.15 a.m.—To our immense relief the white sector of the Longships appeared. Drifting N.W. outside the Lighthouse.

6.15 a.m.—Light wind from S.E. Set course N. by E. to clear Tuskar by about 10 miles. Streamed log.

10.15 a.m.—Wind S.W., moderate. Log 35.

11.15 a.m.—Log 42, wind fresh, ship going well under whole mainsail, standing jib and balloon foresail which we carried all day, the latter proving a great puller.

4.30 p.m.—A Destroyer coming up astern made a number of signals to us which, unfortunately, we were unable to read. At 6.15 p.m. Log 92½.

7.0 p.m.—Sighted the Smalls Lighthouse, bearing E.½S.

7.15 p.m.—Log 100.

10.45 p.m.—Sighted Tuskar, bearing N.½W., about 14 miles off. Forecast: "Strong S.W., veering W. to N.W." Reefed mainsail and set course N.N.E. to pass Codling Bank Lightship one mile to seaward, and make South Rock L.S. Wind freshening.

Sunday, 5th. 2.30 a.m.—Wind lightening, shook out reef. 3.15 a.m.—Wind falling very light, backing to S.S.W.

8.15 a.m.—Passed Codling Bank L.S. ½ mile to port.

12.30 p.m.—Wind light to moderate, hazy. Log 230.

3.20 p.m.—Log 244½. Wind freshening slightly. *Elvira* sighted astern, keeping close in to the Irish shore. We ascertained afterwards that they were uncertain of their position, and were trying to locate Rockabill. Wind tended to ease off during the evening, and the weather began to get distinctly hazy.

9.20 p.m.—Log 273.

10.20 p.m.—Log 276.

12.0 p.m.—Wind very light, sighted Chicken Rock.

Monday, 6th. 4.0 a.m.—Just carrying steerage way, sighted South Rock L.S. on horizon on port bow.

2.10 p.m.—In slashing about, the mainsheet fouled the patent log, broke its lashing, and carried it overboard. We were therefore unable to take any further log reading, which in view of the persistent fog which had now come up, made navigation particularly difficult.

3.0 p.m.—Thick fog, wind very light dead-aft. Fortunately, we were aboe to identify the sirens of the Skulmartin, South Rock and Mull of Galloway light vessels. The difficulty of taking bearings on a siren has to be experienced to be realised.

At 3.20 p.m. we heard an aeroplane overhead, which we were shortly able to see, and assumed it was the service from the Isle of Man to Belfast, as we happened to know the times at which the aeroplane would be likely to cross the North Channel. This proved of very material assistance in locating our position, for we had been drifting for over sixteen hours in tides which average about three knots.

4.0 p.m.—Very light S.W. wind, set spinnaker. 4.30 p.m.—Fog lifted for a short time and wind freshened considerably. Black Hd. Lighthouse sighted, two miles off.

5.10 p.m.—Fog again very thick, wind strong, coming back to south, boat travelling very fast.

5.40 p.m.—Corsewall abeam half a mile off, wind dropping.

11.20 p.m.—Practically stationary. Ailsa Craig distant about 5 miles.

Tuesday, 7th. 3.0 a.m.—Ailsa Craig abeam. Wind E.S.E., still very light.

6.0 a.m.—Off Lamash sighted *Elvira*, hull down astern.

8.30 a.m.—Very little wind ; but *Elvira* coming up in a following breeze and carrying parachute spinnaker.

2.0 p.m.—Off the Cumbraes the wind died away completely. Both ships lay within 200 yards of each other, and the crews bathed.

2.30 p.m.—Very light breeze from E.S.E. *Elvira* held to the Rothesay shore while we made into Wemyss Bay, where a light air was coming off the southern shore. Off Dunoon, however, *Elvira* picked up a light breeze and crossed the finishing line twenty minutes ahead of us.

On corrected time the race was won by *Spica*, who took 56 hours 35 minutes ; next came *Banba*, 57 hrs. 57 min. ; then *Trenchemer*, 58 hrs. 3 min. ; *Veronica*, 63 hrs. 21 min. ; *Tai-mo-Shan*, 70 hrs. 40 min. ; *Rose*, 72 hrs. 10 min. ; *Diadem*, 72 hrs. 36 min. ; *Elvira*, 72 hrs. 38 min. ; and *Britannia*, 72 hrs. 58 min.

It was remarked how a heavily built fishing boat could keep up with a much more lightly built modern type racing yacht when running in very light weather. This was largely owing to the fact that as *Britannia* has a very long gaff, she is able to carry a large jack yard topsail, which has an area of about 280 sq. ft. We were at a disadvantage from the fact that we carried only a rather small spinnaker.

Actual time—95 $\frac{3}{4}$ hours. Distance made good—407 miles. 23 hours becalmed.



The Cruise of "Eidothea"

Eidothea is a true Falmouth Quay punt, 32 feet long, 10½ feet beam, 6½ feet draft. We had no engine, we towed our dinghy, and for crew we had just ourselves—the Skipper and his wife.

Ours was a leisurely cruise. On Wednesday morning, 17th June, we were towed out of Fowey harbour in a calm and found outside a light S. breeze and a lumpy old sea, so that by nightfall we had only got up to the Dodman. Later on, under a nice breeze from the S.S.E., we backed the staysail and let the ship gently sail herself out to the steamer track. We then came about and stood in for St. Anthony's, anchoring off the Prince of Wales Pier, Falmouth, at 11 a.m.

We next put to sea on 21st June, bound for the Scillies. Off the Manacles it fell calm and all that day and night we drifted backwards and forwards. With dusk came a thick fog so that we could sometimes hear the buoy but not see it. Next morning came clear weather and a S.E. wind, which freshened, and the sea got bad. Off the Wolf we rolled up a few reefs and stowed mizen and staysail. At 4 p.m. there seemed little chance of making Trescoe before dark, and as we both wanted to get away from the land we decided to make for Ireland direct. So her head was put N. by W. and we sailed on till 4 a.m. and then "we backed the staysail and took a spell." At 9 a.m. we again let draw—it was a fine morning with a westerly breeze and the sea slight. By nightfall we had got on well but the wind fell away until 8 a.m. when she was sailing once more, and a little later land was sighted to starboard. Soon the Metal Man was recognised and our first landfall was made. We anchored that afternoon off Ballinacourthy Lighthouse, and at high-water next morning were towed into the Cunnigar Pool by Arthur Ryan's yacht *Warlock*. And that is how *Eidothea* first went a-roving.

On 8th July we worked out of Dungarvan against a light S.E. breeze, stood off the land at nightfall, and rolled a few reefs down for a gust at 4 a.m. Though abreast of Roche's Point at noon, it was evening before the anchor was let go opposite the Royal Cork Yacht Club. We were made Honorary Members of the Club during our stay.

We next got away at 9.30 p.m. on 13th July under reefed mainsail and staysail bound for Glandore. Hard going it was, so next morning, with the Old Head in front looking pretty grim and Kinsale nicely under our lee, why "we just turns around and runs in." We liked Kinsale the best of all the harbours visited.

One evening there were four other yachts at anchor—we fraternised with *Tertia* and *Vala*. After four days up came our 70-lb. anchor once again. We sailed at 9.20 a.m. on 18th July. The wind was W.S.W. strong and the sea rough. By 10 p.m. we were one mile off the entrance to Glandore, but as the wind and light were now both failing, we decided not to risk entering and stood off.

Midnight—fine; all well. We anchored early next morning off the village and after a good breakfast turned in.

Glandore is a particularly pretty place. We stayed one day and on 22nd July, in company with *Awarra* (Capt. McMullen, R.C.C.) sailed to Baltimore before a light E. wind.

Our stay in Baltimore was turbulent—such weather! *Eidothea* was only 40 yards from the rocks with a big sea making in the harbour. We had three anchors on the ground, 35 fathoms of cable out, and a 50-lb. pig of ballast slid down the cable. Everything held, but it was most unpleasant and a close call. Capt. McMullen was on board throughout and was very helpful.

On 28th July at 2.15 p.m. we were away again, bound for Valencia. Out by the Fastnet there was a tremendous sea running and the wind was foul for us—W.N.W. strong and squally. We made one board into Roaring Water Bay and then stood over for Crookhaven and tied up to the Irish Lights Mooring buoy at 8.15 p.m.

At 8.30 a.m. on 30th July we slipped—still bound for Valencia in a light N.W. wind. By 3 p.m. we were well across Bantry Bay; but the wind had backed west, freshening, and it was getting thick over the land. We thought of Sneem Harbour. The Skipper went below to look up Dursey Sound—we reckoned we'd get there about slack water. We entered the Sound at 5.15 p.m. and cleared it by 6 p.m.—a nasty lump of a sea there at the western exit. Cod Head was just visible, but soon disappeared in the mist. The log was put over, a compass course set, and jibs changed. We got a glimpse of Inisfarnard, later of Doon Point, and then Sherky Island loomed up. At 9.15 p.m. we anchored in the lagoon at the north end of Garinish.

One day was spent in this very secure and beautiful anchorage. It rained heavily, but had fined up sufficiently by evening to let us row off to the Parknasilla Hotel—hot baths, dinner and dancing!

Our next sail was rather tedious. We took the whole day working out of the Kenmare river and in the evening drifted into Ballinskelligs Bay and brought up in $2\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms north of Horse Island. A moderate south-westerly gale set in about midnight—second anchor over at 1 a.m., and it continued to blow hard next day. We explored Horse Island in the evening—a desolate spot. The Mate found a sprig of white heather, and that was very encouraging.

We felt we'd better have another go at Valencia and were away at 9.30 a.m. on 3rd August under reefed mainsail and staysail. Wind—north-west fresh, and the sea the worst we had met yet, but *Eidothea* stood up to it well and made ground on every tack. Approaching Cromwell Point was disquieting—there was a big sea rolling in—and from the offing it seemed to be breaking right across the entrance. We were moored off Knightstown at 4 p.m., very tired after the knocking about we'd had.

Five days were spent in Valencia. As time was getting on we proposed to make Dungarvan direct in one passage and from there back to England.

We were under way at 7.45 a.m. on 9th August to a light north-westerly breeze. At 2.45 p.m. sailed between the Bull and the Cow. 8 p.m. passed Mizen Head; 10 p.m. passed Fastnet at half a mile, a fine sight in the gathering dusk. August 10th, 7.30 a.m., off the Seven Heads. Becalmed. 12 noon passed the Old Head. 3 p.m. Daunt L.V. 5.30 p.m. Ballycotton. 10.15 p.m. off Minehead. Calm. August 11th at 2 a.m. with the Mate directing from the bows, we anchored in my favourite spot off Ballinacourthy Lighthouse.

On 20th August at 09.05 hours we set off for the English Channel. We had fine weather and a fast passage to the Lizard, were then becalmed for six hours, got a nice slant up to the Start, becalmed again for twelve hours, and finally anchored in Brixham Roads at 11.30 p.m. on 23rd August—four days and three and a half nights out from Dungarvan.

Tor Bay Regatta was on. We counted ninety yachts under sail one morning in the bay. What a contrast to the south Irish coast! As the weather was settled, we stayed outside; but on the third morning the wind came in fresh from the east, so we had to shift into the harbour. Two 200-ton schooners of the Royal Yacht Squadron were lying beside us; but with the burgee of the I.C.C. at the masthead and the Cross of St. Patrick at the taffrail, we thought we looked just as good as any of them.

Our next passage was to Portland. Halfway across West Bay the wind failed us, and it wasn't till we'd been two and a half days and two nights at sea that we anchored in Portland Harbour.

While at Portland the Mate's young sister (aged 14) joined us. "Cherbourg or bust!" she said, when we got under way with one reef down at 12 noon on Saturday, 5th September. This was a hard case passage. 1.45 p.m. passed the Shambles L.V. Bar. 29.33. Wind—west strong. Down with the staysail and mizzen. Wind and sea too much for us. 2.40 p.m. took in second reef. 5.30 p.m. dinghy filled—cut her adrift. Ship making heavy weather of it. 5.45 pumped ship dry. 6 p.m. third reef taken in. Changed to storm jib. 8.45 p.m. it was no longer safe to sail her—we were taking solid water on deck. Hove to on port tack. Ship's head N.N.W. Pumped ship dry. All night she lay quietly, taking nothing more than spray on board. At 6.30 a.m. 6th Sept., D.R. position 20 miles N.N.W. of the Casquets. The wind and sea had moderated a little. We got her going again and anchored in Cherbourg at 5.30 p.m. this evening.

At midnight a wicked gale set in from S.W. Glass down to 29.1. It continued till the evening of the second day making life pretty uncomfortable for us on board. Again we had three anchors out. In such weather Cherbourg is no place for little ships—the harbour is far too large for easy lying.

It was now time to get *Eidothea* back to Teignmouth to lay up. We left Cherbourg at 5.30 p.m. on 10th September bound for the Devon coast. Wind light N.E. Later we were becalmed and were anxious lest we be carried through the Race of Alderney. At 11 p.m. air came from S.E. and steadily freshened, and we were getting along well with everything set—

“Weary of sea-ways
Climbing the hill for home.”

It was hazy and visibility hardly two miles. By 2 p.m., 11th Sept., we had just about run our distance and were expecting to make the land any minute. Then the Mate cried “Land-O, I see a rock.” It was the Orestone, off Hope Nose. We held on and thirty minutes later picked up The Ness on our bowsprit end. We sailed in over the bar and took up a mooring opposite Morgan Giles’ Yard at 3.45 p.m., a good passage—98 miles in 22 hours—and also well timed, as Teignmouth can only be entered at high water!

“And now ashore we’ll take a run.
It’s time for us to leave her.”

Total distance, 1,022 sea miles. Days at sea, 26. Nights at sea, 15.



From Howth to Kyle Akin in "Marie" (5-tons)

Wed. July 15th.—Bar. 10 p.m. 29.55. Left moorings at Howth under plain sail, wind W. When abeam Ireland's Eye found we had forgotten jackyard topsail, put about and Vaughan handed it from pier. Headed out again. 11.50 p.m. Lambay abeam, streamed log.

16th.—Haulbowline abeam 5 a.m. Nice reach so far. South Rock L.V. abeam 1.30 p.m. Skipper getting out Scottish charts, discovered we had left C.C.C. Sailing Directions behind, so made for Donaghadee to wire for them to be sent to Crinan. Dropped anchor Donaghadee Harbour 5 p.m. Barton of *Dauntless* came down from Belfast for a chat. *Sonia* came in from Lamlash about 9 p.m.

17th.—Moderate S.E. Away at 9.15 a.m. with all plain sail and jackyard topsail. Nasty Scotch mist. 3.30 p.m. Mull of Cantyre sighted ahead, wind freshening, stowed topsail. 4.10 p.m. After passing the lighthouse some very strong squalls hit us, lowered foresail and mainsail and set trysail. 7 p.m. still blowing hard, set double reefed mainsail and No. 2 jib, and beat into Macrihanish Bay. Anchored close to sand hills 8.15 p.m. Rolled heavily all night.

18th.—Away under double-reefed mainsail and No. 2 jib 8.15 a.m., still blowing hard S.E. Sailed for Gigha Sound and wind eased off about 10.30 a.m. Set all sail. 1 p.m. light airs now, drifted about Gigha Sound, caught lots of mackerel. 6 p.m. decided to make for Loch Killisport for night as it was raining hard. Had to tow to an anchorage off Eilean Traigh in Lough Killisport. Had stewed mackerel for supper, awful!

19th.—Under way 10 a.m. Light airs from N.W. Ran into thick fog before we cleared Lough Killisport and were nearly swept into Bow of Knap and Brog rocks by the tide, eventually got a bearing of lighthouse on Sgeirmaoile and set course for Eilean Mor. Eilean Mor abeam 11.30 a.m. Fog cleared with light wind from S.W., anchored Crinan 3.30 p.m. found *Faile II* looking very spick and span on way home from maiden voyage; raining hard. Collected the C.C.C. Sailing Directions.

20th.—Left Crinan 11.45 a.m. under all sail. N.W. breeze. Caught first of flood through Dorus Mor. Oban, 6.30 p.m. had nice beat through Scarba Sound.

21st.—Away 9 a.m. full sail. Mod. N.W. wind. Foul tide at Lismore and could not beat against it; did not pass Lady Rock until tide turned. Anchored Tobermory 8.30 p.m.

22nd.—Left Tobermory under all sail 10 a.m.; light variable winds. Anchored off Eilean Castle on Eigg Island 11 p.m. We had rowed past Ardnamurchan Point in company with Mr. Arkell in *Nova*; as he was single-handed we offered the help of some of our crew, but he graciously declined as time was of minor importance to him.

23rd.—10.30 a.m. Weather forecast gave warning of S.W. gale, and as our anchorage was exposed to the S. and a nasty sea was coming into the north anchorage, we decided to sail for Mallaig. Away 11 a.m. under double-reefed mainsail and No. 2 jib. Strong N.E. wind and heavy sea. As we were making no headway beating through such big seas, decided to run to Loch Ailort for shelter, had a three-hour beat up the Loch; wind certainly seemed to be gale force though not from the direction forecasted. Anchored off small cottage on north side of Loch, calling itself Ardmish P.O., behind Caolas Island. 6.30 p.m. Bar. 10.30 p.m. 29.14.

24th.—Bar. 8 a.m. 28.90; had blown hard all night, but as we had laid out kedge anchor and had 20 fathoms chain out on our bower anchor, and 56-lb. weight on chain with Claud Worth's patent slide, we had felt easy in our minds. Weather forecast still gale warning, so stayed at anchor all day. Bar. 11 p.m. 29.22.

25th.—Bar. 10 a.m. 29.32. Left Loch Ailort 11.15 a.m. S.W. wind, strong squalls,

double-reefed mainsail and No. 2 jib, once out of loch had nice reach to Kyle Rhea, although very bad sea in Sleat Sound, and had to run under trysail for a bit. Caught tide in Kyle Rhea and anchored Kyle Akin 7 p.m.

26th.—As half our holidays were over decided we had better make south again. Left Kyle Akin 11 a.m. in strong W. wind, still under reefs; wind fell light at entrance of Kyle Rhea. Set all sail and anchored Mallaig 7 p.m.

27th.—Left Mallaig 9.15 a.m. Light S.E. breeze. First sunny day we have had. Ardnamurchan abeam 10 p.m., flat calm.

28th.—6 a.m. Ardnamurchan still abeam. Slight N. air 11 a.m., which gradually increased to fresh breeze. Hove to in Tobermory Harbour 1.45 p.m., while party went off in dinghy to collect food and letters. Out into Mull Sound again 2 p.m. and had good run under all sail and spinnaker. Ran into thunderstorm at Grey Isle 4 p.m., which left a flat calm, and wind came later from S.W., but fell away again at 5.30 p.m., so we missed our tide at Lismore, and anchored for night at Craignure 9 p.m.

29th.—Wind mod. S.W. Left Craignure 7.30 a.m. and anchored Oban 9.30 a.m. Did a lot of shopping and left at midday. Wind fell away in Kerrera Sound, and aux. ketch *Mafalda* gave us a tow enabling us to catch the tide at Pladda; mod. W. wind in Scarba Sound and we sailed into sea basin at Crinan 5 p.m. Met the Skipper and crew of *Torridon* in hotel that night; they also being engineless we arranged to split a horse between us for the tow through the canal.

30th.—A very small horse towed both boats through the canal in pouring rain.

31st.—9 a.m. Still raining hard, and strong W. wind. Left sea basin Ardrisaig 4 p.m. and anchored Tarbert 6.30 p.m.

Aug. 1st.—Left Tarbert 1.15 p.m. Light S.W. Met all the "Eights," "Sixes," etc., racing to Tarbert, in Kilbrennan Sound, very fine sight they made. Anchored Rothesay 8.15 p.m.

2nd.—Light S. wind. As D.K. had to be in Dublin the following morning decided to sail him as near to Greenock as possible. Under way 9 a.m. Wind suddenly shifted to west at 9.30 and blew great guns, heavy rain squalls. 10.30 a.m. weather forecast gave warning of N.W. gale so we made for Holy Loch for shelter. Anchored Hunter's Quay 11.15 a.m. Now blowing hard from N.W. and willy-waws were coming down the loch and fairly slicing the tops off the waves. Saw D.K. off at Dunoon, and spent a most boring afternoon in same town.

3rd.—Still blowing very hard from N.W. Left Hunter's Quay under double-reefed mainsail and No. 2 jib for Ardglass; but we got a severe buffeting after passing Garroch Head, and we made for Rothesay Bay for shelter. Anchored 4.30 p.m.

4th.—Weather forecast: "N.W. Gale warning still in operation Scotland all coasts." So we stayed where we were.

5th.—Bar 6 a.m. 29.98. Left Rothesay 7.30 a.m. in light airs, which later died to a flat calm. Wind very light all evening, and we had not passed Arran by 10 p.m.

6th.—Ailsa Craig abeam 5.15 a.m. Mod N.E. wind, and heavy mist; 6.15 a.m. fresh N.E. wind, and raining hard. 8.30 a.m. heavy sea now and wind increased. Made into Port Patrick for shelter. Dinghy swamped; hove to and emptied it. Anchored Port Patrick 9.15 a.m. During the day twenty Loch Fyne herring boats came in. They told us there was a bad sea outside. Spent interesting afternoon examining the boats. Their living quarters were most luxurious. 10 p.m. wind eased off considerably. Left Port Patrick 11 p.m. under full main sail and jib, heavy roll in North Channel. Clear night.

7th.—Fell flat at 6 a.m. off South Rock L.V. Wind came from S.W. Called to Ardglass for letters and food 1 p.m. and left 2 p.m. Wind now moderate S.W. Dead beat home! Bar. 6 p.m. 30.01. Haulbowline abeam 12 midnight, wind still holding steady.

8th.—2 a.m. Had hopes of making Skerries for the Regatta this afternoon. 9 a.m. stood in on port tack for land hoping to hit just N. of Skerries; but wind seems to be leaving us. 1.30 p.m. off Drogheda entrance, and wind fell light, so now no hope of us competing in Skerries. Anchored Skerries 6.30 p.m. Regatta all over, but stayed night to join in usual convivial gatherings.

9th.—Left Skerries 9 a.m. N. wind and showers, had spinnaker run to Howth. Picked up moorings Howth 1 p.m.

K. McF.

Log of 6-metre "Rainbow"

HAMBLE RIVER TO CORK

Rainbow is an International 6-Metre, designed and built by Fife of Fairlie in 1927. Her present owner purchased her in 1935 and, for cruising purposes, had a cabin top fitted, the cockpit widened, and bulkheads added. She has now made two cruises, each of which took place in weather which seemed to have escaped from December and "gate-crashed" into May and July. She has always behaved like a perfect little lady, and her owner believes that these little ships are ideal for those who wish to cruise and race round our coasts, carrying no paid-hands, and keeping expenditure within the limits to which a great number of yachtsmen must work, if they wish to sail at all.

Ship's complement consisted of F.R.W., owner; H.F.R.W., Mate; George, A.B. Starting from the Hamble on 22nd May and putting in at Weymouth, Dartmouth, and Fowey, Falmouth was reached on 27th May, the weather having been generally of an unsettled breezy type, but the S.E. wind favourable.

May 28th, 1936. Falmouth.—We turned out at 5.15 a.m. Wind strong E.S.E. Sky overcast. Bar. 30.05, set small mainsail close reefed, and storm jib. Weighed anchor at 5.40 a.m., in cold, driving rain and heavy sea.

6.40 a.m.—Manacles abeam, sea increasing. At 8 a.m. we shipped some water into the cockpit, so hardened in all sheets to reduce her speed.

12.30 p.m.—Longships abeam, distant $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. Streamed log, wind N.N.E. fresh, sea moderate. Bar. 30.01. Course N.W. by N.

2.50 p.m.—The weather runner rigging screw which had worked loose suddenly came adrift with a startling bang. The helmsman immediately threw round on to the port tack. No damage was done, the rigging screw was replaced and *Rainbow* put back on her course at 3.5 p.m. We wired up all the rigging screws to prevent any similar occurrence.

4 p.m.—Wind now very strong, so further reduced sail by tying down luff and leach of mainsail and leaving sail loose footed.

7.45 p.m.—Wind increased to gale force with confused sea, dropped mainsail and hauled foresail aweather and lashed tiller to leeward, so hove to. Bar. 29.90 falling. A steam trawler thinking we were in trouble altered course and approached within 2 cables, and watched us for some minutes before resuming her course. *Rainbow* when hove to rode the seas beautifully not taking any water on board, and all hands retired below. The small cabin was soon thick with the smoke from three pipes, and many lies were swapped.

May 29th.—At 12.15 a.m. the wind had abated considerably and the sea was much smoother—wind now N.E., so set close-reefed small mainsail.

2.0 a.m.—Wind backed to N.E. by N. and lightened; shook out reefs and set whole mainsail (small).

6.0 a.m.—Wind N. very light; upper spreader on port side, had cockbilled, and the port side topmast rigging was all slack. This must have been caused by the head-board of the mainsail fouling the upper spreader when sail was being set in the dark at 2 a.m. We made a temporary repair by bringing the main halyard block across the spreader and hauling down.

5.0 p.m.—Wind N. moderate backing. Sea fairly smooth. Tacked ship, Course N.E.

6.0 p.m.—Wind increasing and backing to N.W. George's cap here decided to leave the ship; so George refusing the offer of a sou'-wester brought out his soft felt shoregoing hat which he said was better than any sou'-wester. Three hours later the hat was lost.

7.30 p.m.—Wind very strong, lowered mainsail and sailed under foresail only.

8.45 p.m.—Set trysail.

May 30.—12.45 a.m. wind increasing, sea very rough, dropped trysail and sailed under No. 3 foresail only.

6.0 a.m.—Sea gone down considerably. Set trysail.

10.0 a.m.—Land sighted distant about 30 miles.

10.30 a.m.—Confused sea. Wind strong N. Land no longer visible. Lowered trysail.

12.0 p.m.—Wind lighter, but heavy sea running. George says that the land we sighted was Dungarvan. He often fished off there. After some discussion altered course to W. by N. $\frac{1}{2}$ N. and set trysail. Heavy sea running, but wind decreasing.

2.30 p.m.—Lowered trysail and set mainsail, wind moderate. Mist and rain make visibility very poor, so that land can only be seen at intervals, and even then no distinguishing marks can be recognised.

8.30 p.m.—Sea smoother. Very cold mist and rain. George says he is quite sure that our course is the correct one; but Skipper and Mate are anxious to pick up a light and definitely fix our position.

10.30 p.m.—Picked up flashes from Lighthouse bearing N.W. Identify the light as the Galley Head. The Skipper admits that the mistake which caused us to sail an additional 50 miles is his pigeon, as he should not have cast away his dead reckoning without further verification.

May 31st. 1.30 a.m.—Old Head of Kinsale abeam.

5.0 a.m.—Roche's Point abeam.

6.30 a.m.—Pick up moorings at Whitepoint, and *Rainbow* arrives at her new home, having sailed a distance of about 450 miles since leaving the Hamble River.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

At intervals during the passage George's headgear blew away—in all one cap, one hat and two sou'-westers. Generally the wind was not unfavourable, the length of the passage being explained by the time lost in heaving to and in the extra distance sailed through George's mistaken identification of the first landfall. A plucky passage, but also a lucky one, having regard to the possible results of the rigging screw and bent up cross tree incidents. Our readers—and there are few of them—who may have had experience of real gales, will be forgiven if they agree with George.

On a cruise in July from Cork to Sneem, *Rainbow's* crew consisted of owner and two ladies, George having gone the way of all paid hands. Weather similar to that of first cruise, or rather more so, was encountered and efficiently dealt with. The mainsail split and the dinghy was lost through painter parting. The following extract from the Log relates their experiences in Crookhaven during a gale on 23rd July:—

8.0 a.m.—All hands breakfasted. Wind S.W., has abated somewhat. Bar. 29.20.

9.15 a.m.—Rain has ceased, but wind has increased in force and has veered to W. by S.

10.45 a.m.—Wind still at gale force, has knocked up a nasty sea. Bar. 29.20.

11.30 a.m.—Strength of wind increasing. The Skipper anxious about the strain on the anchor warp (2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. Italian hemp). Went ashore to see if he could borrow an anchor and warp so as to be able to weigh our anchor and attach a heavier warp. Unable to get a heavy anchor, but got three fishermen's anchors and 30 faths. of 3-in. warp. Sea now very rough. Skipper came off in large boat (too much sea for dinghy) with John and Denis O'Driscoll, but all hands unable to lift *Rainbow's* anchor, so the O'Driscolls went ashore again to get another hand.

12.30 p.m.—The O'Driscolls returned with another hand and another 30 faths. of 3-in. hawser, as they think it would be safer to warp *Rainbow* up to the Irish Lights buoy rather than trust to any anchors in the gale that is now blowing.

1.0 p.m.—Laid out three anchors and started warping *Rainbow* up to Irish Lights buoy.

3.30 p.m.—*Rainbow* made fast to Irish Lights buoy with two 3-in. warps. Bower anchor attached to 3-in. warp also laid out.

4.0 p.m.—Everything being now quite safe, Skipper went ashore with the O'Driscolls who having worked like Trojans for over three hours and being thoroughly wet were in sore need of some liquid nourishment.

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The Irish Cruising Club Annual

EDITORIAL

LOGS

AS EDITORS we are once more under the regrettable necessity of ruthlessly condensing the material submitted. We are reminded of the analogy in mining of the Cyanide process by which 5 dwt. of fine gold is extracted from one ton of quartz. We have even been guilty on occasion of "Salting the Mine" in the effort to produce a readable result.

Strictly speaking, a log is a log, and a yarn a yarn, "and never the twain shall meet," but some sort of admixture is demanded by, and must be offered to, the reader. An excellent yarn in two parts, recently published, contains such statements as "We passed Davaar L.H. distant *one cable by vertical angle*," but includes many passages, and especially an unfinished one at the end of the first part, which was enough to keep one's interest and curiosity alive for a month till the second part appeared. The long-suffering Editors submit the above as their defence, inasmuch as, thus sailing between Loggers to Port and Readers to Starboard, they will probably be protested against by both. At the annual dinner held at the National Y.C. some 90 members and guests were present, including Mr. Uffa Fox and Major Buckley, Hon. Sec. of the R.O.R.C. The Wybrants Cup for the Holyhead Race was presented to the Rear-Commodore, and the Faulkner Cup, for best cruise of the year, to Capt. Tidmarsh. The Log of *Foam* closely conforms to the required principles. It is not a perfect composition, but is a very good one, and the cruise showed excellent seamanship. It is beautifully produced and illustrated. The cruise of *Samphire* round Ireland was marked by the splitting of all her lower canvas except the mizzen and the usual worry about the engine. Fortunately these misadventures did not result in disaster, which might have easily occurred during her complicated wanderings into little known and lonely anchorages.

Three logs deal with the Cork race, forming an interesting example of the different angles from which, even in settled weather, an ocean race may be viewed. During the past year there has been a remarkable revival in local racing in home waters which, though not primarily concerned, this club has viewed with interest. Here, as elsewhere, sailing has been taken up by new-comers. Vessels of from nine to twenty tons have in increasing numbers been permanently stationed at Kingstown. Sail has gained very largely as compared with motor boating. Ocean racing, which is closely allied to cruising, tends to dominate this movement. Indeed, 1938 promises to be something of an *annus mirabilis*. The visit of the 12 metre class on 27th and 28th June at the Royal Irish Y.C. regatta will break in upon a seclusion of many years. But the great feature of the season will be the meeting at Kingstown in the opening days of July of the splendid fleet of ocean racers, when some

20 to 25 boats in three distinct races from Falmouth, the Clyde and Holyhead will sail between the piers to finish their ocean races. Reinforced by some 10 I.C.C. boats, it is on the cards that the start of the combined fleets for the Hunter's Quay R.O.R.C. event may include no less than 35 yachts—a number quite without precedent in the port for such a distance, perhaps in any port. The arrangements in connection with the finish of the three preliminary races will be in the hands of the I.C.C., and details thereof will in due course be published. Many of the Kingstown fleet will be at their moorings or at anchor in the harbour and their crews aboard. It is hardly necessary to remind our members how welcome will be their assistance and advice to strangers, especially at night, when arriving for the first time. Having read so far, we think we hear some crustacean object: "To what end in a cruising club all this palaver about racing?" To such a one would we reply:

"Every passage, especially under sail alone, is made deliberately with such speed as may be consistent with comfort and safety. A passage race is your ideal, though you may profess to be unaware of it. Also your sailing is then in company, and therefore at least in such comfort and safety, mental and material, as company affords."

Indeed, the most considerable element at once of discomfort and of danger in ocean racing, for owners and crew, seems to be what H. G. Wells calls "my inability to support the motion of the vessel with restraint and a certain want of judgment in my disposition of the outcome." This does not affect, or affects but little, the Saturday sailor, but we, who leave far astern familiar bays and buoys, must put up with it. And now begin your fitting out for 1938.



The 1937 Cruise of the "Foam"

THIS YEAR I ENTERED *Foam* for the International Coronation Regatta at Torbay. I had a month's leave ; so I drew up a Schedule, allowing myself ten days to England, ten days there, including six days' racing, and ten days to get home.

We left Limerick on the afternoon tide at 3 p.m., Thursday, 17th June, and had a glorious sail, with a fresh N.W. wind, to Foynes, where we anchored at 6.15 p.m., averaging 7 knots for the 23 miles.

Friday was, of course, a rotten day. There was a fresh W.N.W. wind, and we left at 2.45 p.m. on the ebb, with two reefs in the main sail. There were heavy squalls off Labasheeda, and we got soaked through the Tarbert race. Off Scatterry a thick drizzle blotted out the land, and we had to steer by compass.

We anchored at Carrigaholt at 8.20 p.m., cold and wet, but, within a quarter of an hour, George produced a steaming hot dinner of new potatoes, beans, tongue and coffee, thanks to the *Pentagon*.

There was a light N. wind on Saturday as we left Carrigaholt at 8.10 a.m., and off Ray Hill we set our new kite, a parachute Spinnaker, complete with holes. At 11.15 a.m. the wind backed to N.W. and freshened, and we handed the Spinnaker and had a glorious sail to the Blasket Sound. Here the wind was dead aft, and the usual confused popple caused an inadvertent jibe which knocked George's best yachting cap overboard.

We carried a Spinnaker to the entrance of Valentia, and anchored off Knightstown at 8.35 p.m., averaging $4\frac{3}{4}$ knots for the $58\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

Sunday was one of those perfect days one dreams of. There was a N. wind, moderate to fresh. We left at 8.0 a.m. under mizen and jib, as we had to negotiate the narrow and shallow Port Magee channel at low water. We did this without mishap, and set the main sail with two reefs.

With the wind aft, we reeled off a steady five knots over the smooth Atlantic swell, passing the glorious coast of Kerry to port, with its deep, rich colouring ; while to starboard were the Skelligs, like enchanted islands : the Cow with its tunnel through the centre, and the Bull and Calf.

We shook out a reef off Dursey Island, and the second an hour later.

Nearing Mizen Head, we saw a White Star liner heading south. We rounded Cape Clear at 7.40 p.m. and anchored at Baltimore at 8.45 p.m., averaging 5 knots for the 64 miles.

Here we were greeted by MacBride, who was on board Mr. Marmion's new Kearney-designed yawl, *Evora*, which had just been launched by Skinner. *Evora* is a bit bigger than *Foam*, and, as her topsides were varnished, we could appreciate to the full the wonderful workmanship Skinner put into her.

I was awakened at 5 a.m. the next morning with the anchor dragging, and, going on deck, found a flat calm and no current. I was puzzled, and let out a couple of fathoms more chain. The next day I told some of the local men my experience. "Oh, that's Albert," they said. "He's a lousy porpoise, and enjoys scraping his back against anchor chains." This sounded like a fishing yarn, and I was sceptical. I had bought a C.Q.R. anchor, and had then no proof of its efficiency, but after lunch I was showing MacBride and Marmion my gadgets on *Foam*, when I happened to look out and found we had dragged to within 8 feet of the rocks. I got the engine going just in time and dropped anchor well outside the pier, but away we dragged again, and, with a splash, Albert broke surface near our bow and again proceeded to wind himself round the chain, and dragged us towards the Pier. I started the engine again and anchored in the bay, and decided that the sooner we got clear of Baltimore and Albert the better, so we said good-bye to our friends and set sail for England.

We took our departure off the Lighthouse at 5 p.m. (Monday, 21st) and trailed the log.

It was a very hot evening, with a light W.S.W. breeze, and we logged about $4\frac{1}{2}$ knots over a smooth sea as we gradually drew away from the land, until later it was enveloped in a bank of clouds on the horizon, whose edge was gilded by the setting sun.

George produced a marvellous dinner : soup, lobster, potatoes, peas, fruit and coffee. I discarded my Primus stoves this year in favour of a Coleman petrol cooker, which lights with a match, like my Coleman lamp, and is cleaner than paraffin, but I had to design an oven for the plates, and, on submitting this to the agents in Cork, got the following lovely reply :

"Dear Sir,—We desire to inform you that our Coleman 'Quick Light' Department has been burnt out, and unfortunately we are unable to quote for your kind inquiry." However, in spite of this, I got the design made locally, and it has proved very satisfactory.

We took two-hour watches, from 9 p.m. to 9 a.m. I took second watch—a perfect night with brilliant stars, and Venus to steer by, while later the full moon shone out above the clouds. At 2 a.m. the breeze lightened and we set the parachute Spinnaker.

When George woke me at 5 a.m. there was no wind, so we handed the Spinnaker and ran the engine till 8 a.m., when there was a light breeze from the N.W.

We set the Spinnaker again at 12.30 p.m., and at 6 p.m. changed it for the Genoa, as the wind veered to N.E.

It was peaceful sailing : we had all our meals in comfort, washed up after, and took it in turn to snooze, and at 9 p.m. I turned in.

I was awakened at 10.30 p.m. by the swish of water passing the ship, and, on looking out, found a fresh N.N.E. wind blowing, with a rising sea, and we were pressed. We hove to, and I got out on the bowsprit and unhanked the Genoa from the forestay, and set the jib—a wet job. By 11.15 p.m. we were again hard pressed, and rolled in $1\frac{1}{2}$ reefs, but the wind and sea increased, and at 11.45 p.m. we had $4\frac{1}{2}$ reefs down. It was now blowing pretty hard, and we were running through the water at a good 6 knots, and taking quite a bit on board.

Just after midnight we sighted the reflection of the Bishop's Light on our starboard bow, which put us about 18 miles off, and slightly to the south of our course, which was not bad, as I don't run to a sextant.

At 1 a.m. the red flashes of the Round Island light, Scilly Isles, appeared on our beam, and we hauled our wind a bit, but, as it had veered to N.E., we were almost close hauled. There was a big confused sea running, with breaking tops that swept the ship, and some of the squalls put our gunwale under. Just before dawn, we got scared—a brilliant light appeared a few cables ahead, and, as it was stationary, it couldn't be a ship. We knew there was nothing there, but we appeared to run into broken water, and some seas came in, and we put about with the wind up.

It didn't last long, however, as the light grew taller, and we soon recognised it as the planet Mercury rising above the horizon! A few hours on the tiller in a small ship in tough weather, soaked and cold, doesn't improve one's morale.

We failed to pick up the Seven Stones Light Vessel, but at 6.30 a.m. we sighted land ahead, and George turned in.

We passed the Longships at 8.30 a.m. and I handed over to George, and went below to look up the course, when a lurch knocked me on the bunk, but the longing for sleep overcame me, and it was 10.30 a.m. before I awoke and took over. The wind was still blowing strong off shore, and we were logging a good 6 knots across Mounts Bay, with a continuous stream of shipping passing in both directions.

At 1 p.m. we rounded the Lizard, and, as the wind had lightened, shook out two reefs for the beat to Falmouth, passing a four-masted sailing ship off the entrance, and anchored at 6.40 p.m., having covered the 206 miles in 50 hours 5 minutes—an average of just 4 knots.

We had lovely hot weather the next day, and I had a most enjoyable walk along the banks of the Fal ; then across the bridge at Penryn, and past a most picturesque Church at St. Guvias, and along a path through the woods, and across cornfields to Flushing, and back by the ferry ; and then an excellent dinner at the Green Bank Hotel, overlooking the harbour, with all its yachts and ships and the famous Cutty Sark.

We left Falmouth at 8 a.m., Friday, 25th June. It was another roasting day, with a light N.N.E. breeze, and, when we got outside, we set the Genoa; but at 11 a.m. the breeze died, and we ran the engine till 1.15 p.m., when a light air came out of the S.E. We brought the Eddystone Lighthouse abeam at 5.15 p.m., and an extraordinarily posh motor yacht passed us, heading west. Later the wind died again, and we steamed into Salcombe at 8.55 p.m., averaging $4\frac{1}{4}$ knots for the $53\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

Salcombe is extremely beautiful, but, as it was late, we dined on board. We left at 9.10 a.m., Saturday, and took a snap of the wreck of the *Herzogin Cecilie* at the entrance. This was another broiling day, and we had to use the engine most of the way, and anchored in Dartmouth at 2 p.m.

We looked up our friend, Lieut. Esmond, at the Royal Naval College, who put his room at our disposal, and we had hot baths and changed. He also made us honorary members of the Mess, and got permission from the Commandant for us to use an Admiralty mooring buoy, which was the height of luxury, as the hundreds of other competing yachts were anchored stem and stern, like sardines off the north bank of the river.

I then looked up Stebbing, who agreed to be a member of the crew for the races.

And now let me tell you of the wonderful organization of the International Coronation Regatta. There were over 300 entries, ranging from the 287-ton Schooner *Elk* to the 12-foot National Dinghies. Every ten minutes, from 11 a.m. to 1.40 p.m., during the fortnight, a class crossed the line, and yet, during my six days' racing, I had not to ask a single question. We bought the Official Programme for 6d., and this told us that we belonged to the Cruiser Class under 9 tons; and that there were 38 in our class—the second largest in the regatta; that our preparatory gun went at 12.10, and our starting gun at 12.20 p.m. every day; that our starting line was between the Committee Destroyer and a yellow buoy, and our triangular course, six miles long twice round, was marked by two more yellow buoys, and a sketch of the courses at the various centres were included, complete with compass bearings.

It was a most marvellous sight. Here we were, racing at close quarters with the most famous racing yachts in Europe, and with every established class in the British Isles. And the sportsmanship these big fellows showed to us small fry; time and again some big class would steam up astern, and bear away to leeward, so as not to take all our wind.

Our first race was on Monday, 28th June. There was a flukey N.W. breeze, and we carried our Genoa jib. We tied for third with *Para*, the German "Dragon." *Ashore*, an 8-ton Cutter, won.

There were fierce squalls and rain on Tuesday. We carried the Genoa, but were "on our ear" half the time—too much sail. *Para* won. Two of the 14-foot International Dinghies capsized, and there were various other casualties.

Wednesday was the Passage Race from Dartmouth to Torquay—a distance of 11 miles. There was a fresh west wind, but, as it would be off-shore, we set the Genoa. I crossed the line a few seconds before the gun; was recalled, but did not lose much time re-crossing. Then we fairly *Foam*-ed along, well up to our maximum speed, with lee deck awash. Then black clouds rolled up, bringing more wind, and it became imperative to get the Genoa off, as it would be a close-haul from Berry Head to Torquay; so I steered close in the lee of the Head, and George unhanked the Genoa, while John got it in only just in time, because there were some heavy squalls; but under plain sail we steamed along without slackening speed, and crossed the line, having averaged $7\frac{1}{2}$ knots.

Torquay Harbour was so crowded that we sailed across to Brixham, and anchored there. It is a most picturesque old fishing village, with the steepest and narrowest streets I've seen.

That evening in the local Inn we were all discussing the events of the race—*Tai-Mo-Shan* losing a man overboard off Berry Head, and *Little Astra* picking him up, etc., when there was a yell from George: "Drinks all round, please, Miss; we've won the blinking race!" I was as proud as Punch, and we duly celebrated our victory. Major B. Heckstall-Smith, commenting on the race in the *Daily Telegraph* next day, wrote: "The Irish 5-ton Yawl *Foam* won her race; in fact, it was a rare chance for the sailors who liked a breeze of wind." A pretty compliment.

Thursday was a lovely day, with a moderate S.W. wind, and the 7-ton Cutter *English Lass* won.

There was a light south breeze on Friday, and the race was interesting in that we had to steer a compass course to the mark off Hope's Nose, which was enveloped in fog. The 8-ton Cutter *Asthore* won, and we were beaten by five seconds for third place by the 8-ton Cutter *Fidelis*.

Sailing back to Brixham that evening, we were having biscuits, cheese and beer, when we noticed a seagull gliding in our wake. John chucked him a biscuit, which he caught skilfully in the air. John then held a biscuit up, and the seagull took it out of his hand quite gently, and came back for more. When he had his fill, he carried the last one away in his beak.

Saturday, the final day of the Regatta, brought a light south breeze. It was a wonderful sight to see the bigger classes with all their kites flying, and we took some good snaps.



We had a topping start, hitting the line with the gun, but had to be content again with fourth place, *Asthore* being the winner.

That night there was a Grand Banquet and Prize Giving at the Palace Hotel, Torquay, and it was not until the early hours of the morning that we got back to *Foam*. We collected £9 in prize money, which well covered our 15s. entrance fees, but, quite apart from that, it was a most wonderful experience, and definitely one of the high spots in life's memories.

And now we had to turn our thoughts homeward. So far we had kept our Schedule, as well as a train service. We planned to leave England on Thursday, 8th July, and it was now Sunday, the 4th, and much as we'd have liked a day off after our strenuous week's racing, to say nothing of the night's "divartion," we sailed out of Torquay at 12.10 p.m., with a nice N.W. breeze, and picked up our mooring buoy at Dartmouth at 4.20 p.m.

On Monday the weather broke, and it was blowing hard from the S.E. We provisioned ship, sent our suitcases home, and bade farewell to our friends who had given us such a good time. We sailed outside, but decided it was not good enough, and anchored off the Castle.

On Thursday the wind had veered to S.W. light, but there was fog. We left at 11.5 a.m. and steered a compass course to the Skerries Buoy, which we sighted, after some difficulty,

at 12.10 p.m., and altered course for Start Point. Nearing it some steamers converged, which helped us to pick it up, but it got very thick past Prawle Point, and we had to keep close to the breakers to find our way into Salcombe, where we anchored in bright sunshine at 3.20 p.m., it being only a sea fog.

We left Salcombe at 8 a.m. next morning under engine, bound for Helford River, and had to steer well clear of the land to avoid the race off Bolt Head.

At 9.20 a.m. a breeze came from the N.N.W., and we set sail and stopped the engine, but could not quite point our course.

We sighted the Eddystone at 10.15 a.m., and the wind increased and knocked up a short, wetting sea, and we rolled a reef down. At 5.10 p.m. we passed close to the yacht *Brynhild*, and later made land just N. of the Manacle Buoy, and, with a failing wind, beat slowly into the Helford River, and anchored at 9.15 p.m., having taken 13 hours 48 minutes, to do the 55 miles.

There was a very light air from the S.W. next morning when we left at 9 a.m., bound for Newlyn, but it was one of those lovely hot, colourful days, when life feels really good. A seaplane skimmed low across our bows and some beautiful motor yachts passed by.

We ran the engine for an hour to catch the tide round the Lizard, and then were wafted gently across Mounts Bay and tied alongside in Newlyn Harbour at 5.50 p.m.

We strolled over to Penzance, and had an excellent dinner at a hotel, and got everything ready for our homeward passage next day, but, being a Friday, of course it was blowing fresh from the N.W., and as our course to Baltimore was W.N.W., it would have been practically a dead header into a big sea; besides, the glass had dropped two-tenths, so, being a Friday, we called it off.

I spent a most enjoyable day, taking the bus to Marazion, and was shown over that beautiful gem of the Cornish Riviera, St. Michael's Mount. It was intensely interesting, and our guide had every detail in the history of the Castle at his fingers' ends.

It was still blowing hard from the N.W. on Saturday, and the forecast was not good. I wired the Air Ministry for a forecast for the passage to Baltimore, and they wired back: "Fresh squally, north-westerly, backing, rather rough." I very reluctantly decided it was not good enough, and took a bus to that very picturesque fishing village, St. Ives, on the Western Cornish Seaboard. The streets here were even narrower and steeper than Brixham. I noticed some yachts sailing into the harbour were well reefed down, and there was a big sea running.

On Sunday, the 11th, we were awakened by the doleful wail of the fog siren. The wind had backed to W.N.W., but it was so thick we could hardly see the Lighthouse. We hung about till midday, hoping it would lift, but it was no good. I took a bus to Lands End in the afternoon, and had tea in the hut on the cliff, but I only got an occasional glimpse of the Longships through the fog.

On Monday it was still thick, and I almost gave up hope of getting to Limerick by Sunday. I made enquiries for laying up *Foam*, but there were no good facilities.

That afternoon I walked to Mousehole, the quaintest little fishing village I've seen, and then back by Paul, where I looked over the historic old Church, with its interesting relics of Spanish armour and shot, after the Spanish fleet had fired the Church.

It cleared in the evening, and we saw our friends of the *Black Dragon* off, bound for the Scilly Isles, but I decided to wait for the morning.

But luck was against us, as the fog siren again woke us up, and our wireless went dead. I got this repaired, and as it was a case of now or never, we decided to chance it, and left at 1.30 p.m., July the 13th.

There was a light W.S.W. wind, and we hugged the coast to keep it in sight, and ran the engine until we rounded the Runnelstone at 2.23 p.m. We passed *Wild Swan* returning. She had tried to make the "Scillies" the evening before, but the fog must have been too much.

Nearing the Longships, the fog cleared, and, as we drew away from the land, we were rewarded with the beautiful picture of a topsail Schooner and a 50-ton Gaff Cutter under sail and a four-masted Barque in tow.

At 7.45 p.m. we set the reaching jib and kept it till 2 p.m., when the wind backed to south.

I was on the dawn watch, and called George to relieve me. He came up blinking, and looked around and called my attention to a weird apparition on the horizon to the south. It was the Air Craft Carrier *Glorious* and three destroyers, and later I had a letter from my friend Capt. Westall, who was on board the *Glorious*, saying that he saw my name in the Visitors' Book of the Royal Cornwall Yacht Club, and searched the coast for me, but I had always just gone when he arrived.

At 4 p.m. on Wednesday, 14th, the wind dropped, and we ran the engine till 7 p.m., when we got a breeze from the W.N.W., but could not quite point our course N.W. $\frac{1}{2}$ N.

The Barometer had steadily dropped from 30.18 to 29.9, and the forecast gave fresh S.W. to W. wind; so at 7.40 p.m., when the sky darkened and the wind died suddenly, and a deluge of rain flattened the sea, and peals of thunder rumbled in the distance, I was sure we were in for a dusting, but it never came. We ran the engine, and there was a vivid red sunset that reflected itself beautifully in the clouds above.

Just after midnight I sighted the Old Head of Kinsale Light, on our starboard bow, and it was a slow beat to windward, with the help of the engine, before we anchored at Baltimore at 2.15 p.m., 15th July, having covered the 171 miles in 48 $\frac{3}{4}$ hours.

We had thus three days to make Limerick, but to-morrow was a Friday, and it lived up to its reputation. We were up at 5.30 a.m., and, after a wash and breakfast, were away at 7.30 a.m. under engine. Nearing Mizen Head, a light S.W. breeze sprang up, with rain, and we stopped the engine and set the reaching jib. We rounded the Mizen at 11.20 a.m., and then the wind increased. At 3.30 p.m., off Dursey Head, we took in the reaching jib, but the wind increased rapidly, and we shortened sail until soon we had her reefed right down.

We were now running before a hard blow, with big Atlantic breakers rolling up astern, and, to make matters worse, a thick mist blotted out the land.

I steered as steady a compass course as my bucking broncho would allow, and soon the loom of Deenish Island appeared. We then noticed that the topping lift had got caught under the top battens when reefing, and had torn the main sail, and had to round-up to clear it. Then off again on our course, with eyes strained for Bolus Head, which loomed up ahead at 5.30 p.m. We were crashing through the seas at over 6 knots now, and she took some holding, being a bit by the lee, as I was afraid of losing touch with the land, and we eased her a bit by furling the mizen. Off Puffin Island the seas were very broken, and as we brought the wind on our beam, rounding into Port Magee entrance we set the mizen again, but a squall struck us from the high cliffs and laid us flat, and ripped the mizen from luff to leach. This eased the ship, and we tied up the debris and proceeded through the narrow entrance in a series of short, erratic tacks as the squalls were whistling down at all angles. To our dismay, when we headed for the narrow passage between the beacons and the shingle, we found that, instead of having a leading wind, we were close hauled. There was no choice now, however. We had rocks under either bow, so it was a case of hold on and trust to luck, and we got through, but only because we were "on our ear," and so drawing a foot less.

We dropped anchor at *Valentia* at 7.28 p.m., having covered the 64 miles in exactly twelve hours—an average of 5 $\frac{1}{3}$ knots. We had actually averaged 7 knots for the last two hours.

We brought a change ashore and had hot baths in the hotel, and an excellent dinner, while they tried to dry our sodden clothes.

Up again at 5.30 a.m. and, with palm and needle, I repaired the mainsail, while George replaced the torn mizen with our storm one. We left at 8.45 a.m. under engine, there being no wind. The Blasket Islands and part of the Mainland were enveloped in fog, but I steered a good and true compass course, for the first thing that loomed up at 11.30 a.m. was the Lure Rock off Dunmore Head, right inside the entrance of the Blasket Sound.

We groped our way carefully through the Sound and emerged in clear daylight at Sibyl Head, and a S.E. breeze enabled us to shut off the engine.

At 4.25 p.m. the wind backed to E.S.E. and freshened, and we set the reaching jib, and had a glorious sail, logging 6 knots, and arrived Carrigaholt, safely in the Shannon at last, at 7.35 p.m., averaging 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ knots for the 58 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

I had to splice new jib sheets that night, and up again at 5.30 a.m. to catch the tide, and after breakfast and wash-up we were away at 7.30 with a light west wind. Off Scattery the wind dropped and the clouds opened, and for two hours there was a tropical downpour. It cleared off Foynes, and later we were welcomed by the local yachts, as we approached Limerick, and picked up our moorings at 3.40 p.m.

We had covered well over the direct distance of 1,022 sea miles in 25 sailing days, at an average of $4\frac{1}{2}$ knots, and had brought *Foam* safely back inside schedule, in spite of the odd spot of opposition from the Clerk of the Weather, and so have every reason to be proud of our little 22-foot 2-inch water line ship.

DAVID TIDMARSH.

INTERNATIONAL CORONATION REGATTA RESULTS

CRUISERS UNDER 9-TON

CORRECTED TIMES

28th June—DARTMOUTH				1st July—TORQUAY			
1. <i>Asthore</i>	8-ton Cutter	1	54 18	1. <i>English Lass</i>	7-ton Cutter	2	43 29
2. <i>Fidelis</i>	8-ton Cutter	2	7 40	2. <i>Bryony</i>	7-ton Cutter	2	47 35
3. <i>Foam</i>	5-ton Yawl	2	9 46	3. <i>Para</i>	Dragon	2	48 7
29th June—DARTMOUTH				2nd July—TORQUAY			
1. <i>Para</i>	Dragon Class	2	18 9	1. <i>Asthore</i>	8-ton Cutter	1	47 15
2. <i>Fidelis</i>	8-ton Cutter	2	23 2	2. <i>English Lass</i>	7-ton Cutter	1	51 35
3. <i>Dainty Lady</i>	4-ton Cutter	2	32 0	3. <i>Fidelis</i>	8-ton Cutter	1	52 45
				4. <i>Foam</i>	5-ton Yawl	1	52 50
30th June—DARTMOUTH-TORQUAY				3rd July—TORQUAY			
1. <i>Foam</i>	5-ton Yawl	1	11 27	1. <i>Asthore</i>	8-ton Cutter	1	45 8
2. <i>Alethea II.</i>	8-ton Cutter	1	16 47	2. <i>English Lass</i>	7-ton Cutter	1	54 3
3. <i>Isabel II.</i>	4-ton Cutter	1	17 21	3. <i>Para</i>	Dragon	2	3 47
4. <i>Para</i>	Dragon			4. <i>Foam</i>	5-ton Yawl	2	6 22

English Lass won the Class Championship. Designed by Laurent Giles. She is a smaller sister to his successful *Maid of Malham*.

"FOAM"

Five-Ton Auxiliary Yawl. Displacement $4\frac{1}{2}$ tons.

LOA 28 ft. L.W.L. 22 ft. 2 ins. Beam 7 ft. 6 ins. Draught 4 ft. 4 ins.

7-9 h.p. 2-Cylinder Sleeve Valve Kelvin Engine.

Cast Iron Keel 2 tons. No inside ballast.

Sail Area : Main Sail ... 265 sq. ft.

Mizen ... 66 „

Jib ... 92 „

Genoa ... 200 „ 423 sq. ft.

623 „

Main Mast 38 ft. 10 ins. over all.

From the Log of the "Samphire"

IN THE MAIN a transcript from the *Slate* log, the lengthy document submitted, is unsuitable for abbreviation, however interesting, as a whole. A fine cruise round Ireland North about from Kingstown, it is accorded second place for the Faulkner Cup. The first port entered was Ardglass, easy of access in fair weather, but by no means so in bad fog. By excellent dead reckoning, *Samphire* made it, with visibility no better than 200 yards. *Samphire* was built in 1898 by Summers and Payne, yawl-rigged, 20 tons T.M., 49 ft. O.A., 39.7 L.W., 10.8 ft. B., teak planked, copper fastened and sheathed, and beautifully fitted below. She passed Lloyds' Survey in 1937. She is at present under canvassed, and has a small, rather temperamental, engine.

Among the many lesser known anchorages on the N. and W. coasts which were visited the following are included :—

1. CHURCH BAY, RATHLIN ISLAND

If making for the Island from the E. under a favourable tide, stand well out from Tor Point, steering N.N.W. to counteract the tide. There is a useful eddy along the main shore when the main stream is unfavourable.

On rounding Rue Point, there are no dangers in opening up Church Bay. There is a church on N. shore which bears N.N.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ N. from Rue Point. Keep this in line with a schoolhouse on the hill above until abeam of the harbour entrance. Anchor 2 cables off harbour entrance in 5-2 $\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms. This harbour offers no shelter from S. to N.W. through W., but good protection from any other quarter. There is a depth of 8 feet between the piers at the harbour mouth at L.W.S. and 6 feet alongside the southern pier. A ledge of rocks runs in a W.N.W. direction about 1 cable off the south pier. A few stores obtainable. Water from well close to pier. P.O.

2. PORTSALON, BALLYMASTOCKEY BAY, LOUGH SWILLY

If coming from E. through Inistabull Sound in thick weather, hold course W.N.W. until lighthouse bears E. \times S. Then alter course to S.W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. to lead clear of Malin and Dunaff Heads.

Anchor in 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ —4 fathoms off Portsalon Pier as soon as Dunaff Head is closed in by the point immediately N. of the hotel and bears N.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. The anchorage is exposed to the swell in rough weather and to the drift across the bay from E. and S.E., but is completely sheltered from all winds. Water at pier. Petrol stores and P.O. at pier. Hotel.

3. ARRANMORE, CO. DONEGAL

Arranmore can be easily identified from the N. by a line of cliffs running out from the mainland in a westerly direction, and from the S. by the lighthouse. It can be distinguished in thick weather if coming from the N. by the Stag rocks (29 feet), which lie off Owey, and which present the first danger if making for Arran.

A course of W. \times S. $\frac{1}{2}$ S. from 1 mile W. of Bloody Foreland, if held for 9 miles, clears Ballyconnell and Stag rocks. It is then safe to steer S. $\frac{1}{4}$ W. for the entrance to the sound. The Black rocks are the first danger to be picked up. They must be left to port 1 cable off. In thick weather, when Lachmorris and North perches cannot be seen, it is better to make for Black rocks rather than hug the Island shore, which is foul.

Lachmorris and North perches are not easily distinguishable. If they are found, keep Lachmorris perch just to left of N. perch until the Obelisk on Arranmore, S. of Calf Island, bears W. Then round up under Calf Island and anchor 2 cables off shore beside lifeboat.

This anchorage is sheltered from all winds. Water from various wells. No petrol. Some stores. P.O. Communication daily by boat with mainland.

4. TEELIN, DONEGAL BAY

This beautiful little anchorage is very suitable for a yacht going round the coast. There are no outlying dangers, but the entrance, about 2 cables wide, could easily be missed.

After rounding Rathlin O'Beirne, the distance to Teelin harbour is 7 miles. The shore is free from outlying dangers. Carrigan Head tower serves as a useful landmark 2 miles west of Teelin Harbour. Rinnakil, 534 ft., is the next hill, which slopes gradually down, to form the western entrance of the harbour. Anchor on a line between the 2 piers, in 3 fathoms. If the weather is bad, and there is any swell, anchor more to the N.W. further up the harbour in 2 fathoms.

In bad weather it is advisable to run out a kedge owing to sudden gusts from the hills.

5. BROADHAVEN, CO. MAYO

This is the only good anchorage on the North Mayo coast, and the natural harbour in which to lie before rounding Erris and Achill Heads. The harbour can be easily identified by the Stags of Broadhaven (300 feet), which lie off the cliffs of Benmore Head, around which to the W. lies the harbour. The entrance is marked on its W. side by the lighthouse on Cashel Point. If beating from the E. it is possible to go through the sound between the Stags and the mainland, but the water is very broken and the mainland shore is foul.

It is preferable to keep to the western side. Keep in mid-channel on running up the harbour, which is completely free from swell, and anchor in 5 fathoms $\frac{1}{2}$ mile below Knockan and Inver Points.

N.B.—The grey house, recommended in Pilot Guide as shore mark for anchorage, has disappeared.

Stores and petrol can only be obtained from Belmullet, 8 miles away.

6. BLACKSOD, CO. MAYO

This harbour is an extremely valuable one. It is the only possible harbour between Clare Island and Broadhaven, unless one runs right up Blacksod Bay. The harbour may be approached at night, as a lighthouse stands on Blacksod Point.

7. CLARE ISLAND, CLEW BAY

This harbour gives good shelter from wind south, through W., to north-east. It is subject to a considerable swell in strong southerly winds. If approaching from the north, Kinacorra Point must be given a wide berth, and there is a reef running out from the northern side of the harbour, opposite the castle. Otherwise the bay is free from dangers. Anchor in 3 fathoms about 2 cables off the pier. Some stores are obtainable. No petrol. There is telephone communication to the mainland, and a motor boat crosses to Louisburgh daily.

8. MOYNISHMORE (CLEW BAY)

This is the first good anchorage along the north shore of Clew Bay. It is somewhat difficult of approach. The coast is free from dangers until near Moynish Island, which is the most westerly of the numerous grass covered islands peculiar to the bay.

A dangerous reef, over 1 mile long, stretches out from the western end of Taynish Island. A course of E.S.E. from Gubbaun Point, off Dooghbeg village, leads to Roullaun Island, inside Larbaun, and clearing the reef lying to the west of Moynishmore. When Moynishbeg, a rocky islet just to southard of Moynishmore, can be made out,

continue north 1 cable from eastern shore of Moynishmore until opposite the first pile of stones on the shore. Round up and anchor.

Complete shelter in $1\frac{3}{4}$ fathoms can be obtained here from winds from S. through W. to N.E.

This anchorage must never be approached by strangers in the dark or in bad visibility, as the islands are very difficult to distinguish. In this case it is safer to sail 6 miles further up the bay to Islandmore harbour.

9. ISLANDMORE HARBOUR, CLEW BAY

In thick weather this is the best harbour to make for in Clew Bay. A course of E.S.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ S. from Achillbeg leads to Inishgort lighthouse, which marks the entrance of the Westport channel. Keep to the southard of the Cloonconnack red buoy, which lies 2 miles N.W. $\frac{1}{4}$ N. from the lighthouse, and to the north of Dorinish bar buoy, which is abreast of the lighthouse and marks the channel. A strong tide rip is encountered about a mile west of the lighthouse.

10. SALRUCK HARBOUR (LITTLE KILLARY)

This is a very snug anchorage, but can only be approached in clear weather. If coming from the N. keep well clear of the mainland shore until abreast of the Mweelaun rocks. When off the Meemore rocks steer S. $\frac{1}{4}$ E., keeping the rocks in line with the highest point on Clare Island. This course leads inside Frehil Island (68 feet) and clears Carrick McHugh rock and Murder rocks (on the mainland).

11. INISHBOFFIN

This is the best anchorage on the West coast. The instructions in the Pilot Guide are a little confusing. Keep close to the white tower on Gun rock (the eastern side of the entrance), thereby avoiding a dangerous rock which lies in the middle of the fairway. In daylight the leading marks—two white towers—can be clearly seen. At night, or when these are invisible, keep as close as possible (50—10 yards) to the light on Gun rock. A number of local hookers anchored in this bay will show a stranger the best position for anchoring.

WE CARRIED for the first time a Sextant. It proved useful for checking positions on shore marks, but it was very difficult to take the sun's altitude except in the calmest weather. The Atlantic swell calls for special treatment. On the reach, from Inishboffin to the Skellig, we had a quarterly wind N.W. about force 5, with heavy S.W. swell. Although sailing at about 7 knots, we were becalmed in the trough of each sea, the boom banging as she rolled.*

* *Samphire's* SKIPPER is on doubtful ground here. He expresses an opinion widely held. It is just such an opinion as would inevitably be held and expressed if there were any foundation for it, because it provides a picturesque and rather perilous atmosphere for the reader. Certainly a vessel with sail plan not over, say, 20 feet in height would be, at all events partially, becalmed, though it seems unlikely that, even in waves measuring 20 feet from trough to crest, there would be a total cessation of wind. An appreciable portion of *Samphire's* sail would be from 20 to, say, 50 feet above her waterline, and, when in the trough, would therefore feel the wind pressure blowing over the crests. Conor O'Brien, whose vessel, the *Saoirse*, has a rather squat rig, says somewhere that in similar conditions he has never been becalmed, and we are strongly inclined to agree with his view that it is only the lower portion of the sails that is affected. (Ed.)

From the Log of "Gull"

IN A MOST ARTISTIC COVER, beautifully typed and illustrated, we have the log of the Vice-Commodore's fine old cruiser from Cork to Kingstown and thereafter on the race back to Cobh. Both passages were made in perfect summer weather, but no less than fifty-seven hours passed in the outward one. The customary experiences of pointing in the desired direction for hours at a time, and travelling in the contrary under the impulse of foul tides, were patiently endured, while the blameless crew played the customary cards, chiefly (through lack of currency) for such personal belongings as yachting caps and motor cars. (See Log).

EXTRACTS FROM THE LOG—OUTWARD

There had been plenty of grand westerly winds all the week, and on the morning and afternoon of Friday, but, when we were ready to get under way, there wasn't an air of wind at Crosshaven. Six miles from Kingstown and forty-eight hours out from Crosshaven we lay in Bray Bay, practically becalmed, and not even heading our course. It looked like another night (the third) at sea, as we could not reach the Muglins before the tide turned, and we wondered if any of our Dublin friends would sight us and send along a motor boat. Presently we saw a large white motor boat coming south, and, when a mile away, she altered course and headed straight for us. She stopped a few yards away, evidently getting her tow rope ready—then hailed to know if they could go into Wicklow! At 9 p.m. tide was turning, so we let go in 14 fm., two miles from the Muglins, and set watch for the night. At 5.15 a.m. on Monday, 21st June, we let go near *Mavis* in Kingstown Harbour.

The Race, 26th June:

As far as we could judge, *Espanola* was first over the line at 8 a.m. *Izmé* second, near the Pier. *Gull* third *Izmé* was a little ahead between the Blackwater and the Lucifer about 10 p.m. There then started what was, for us, the best part of the whole race. The wind freshened; *Gull's* lee rail moved down a bit; then a bit more, and, when it reached the stage of being almost awash, she was doing her maximum. We were able to see *Izmé's* stern light close ahead all the time, and, when the moon rose, we could see every detail of her—a beautiful sight in the moonlight—tearing along in the fresh breeze and smooth water, *Gull* moving just a little faster. At 2.45 a.m., on Sunday 27th, we passed her, and were three minutes ahead at the Barrels. Passed the Coningbeg L.V. at 4.40 a.m., having covered 20 miles from the South Spear in two hours and ten minutes; *Izmé* then nine minutes astern. . . . Passed Smith's Buoy at 7.5 p.m., *Mavis* then being ten minutes astern and *Izmé* thirty minutes; the latter was shaking out a reef.

We passed the Spit L.V. at 10 p.m. leading boat, and there followed a most exasperating attempt to drive the *Gull* against the tide with only an odd puff of wind. Tack after tack, for near an hour, we made a few feet, and then lost what we had made. We decided to go in on the bank, and, with lead going, carried on till we got 1½ fm.; then cast round. In doing so, we lost way; got carried back by the tide, and found a mound. We made the usual frantic, but hopeless, efforts to get her off.

Mavis at this time was still hard at it, doing no good, except that she was afloat; *Izmé* had anchored over on the Cobh Shore.

Eventually *Mavis* got her Verrey light at 12.53 a.m. We saw *Espanola* ghosting in the Harbour in the moonlight. *Izmé* finished at 1.25 and *Espanola* at 2.0 a.m. *Sheila II* at 4.34 and *Curlew* 25 seconds later! We got our kedge and crossed the line at 6.8 a.m.

Well, our race was over, and all the small boats had walked off with the prizes.

It should be remembered that the three leaders were off the Harbour at 9 p.m., and that the first to finish took four hours from Roche's Point against the tide. When the

small boats came along, the tide was flood, and, with a nice breeze, they took less than one hour for the same distance. The great mistake was in finishing in the Harbour at all. It would have been much fairer and a more even race if the finishing line had been at Roche's Point or even at the Cage buoy at Crosshaven. Another pull the small boats had was with the strong spring tides and periods of calm. When we stood out near the Blackwater, on the turn of the tide, we were weathering the ship by about a mile, and, when we came back nearly five hours later, we were only about two or three miles to win'ard of her—one or two miles gained—possibly the smaller boats didn't gain so much, but where they did gain was that five or six hours counted in the elapsed time to be multiplied by a much smaller time correction factor than in the case of the bigger boats. Where small and big boats are racing together under the R.O.R.C. system of handicapping it would be well to set a course that would keep the boats clear of the kind of tides you meet near the Banks off the Wexford Coast, and, what's most essential, and was proved in the Falmouth to Clyde Race in 1936, is that the finish of the race should be in open water.



Log of "Sheila II"

DUN LAOGHAIRE TO CORK, 1937

Crew: B. O'R., P. O'K., AND Hand: D. DOWNEY

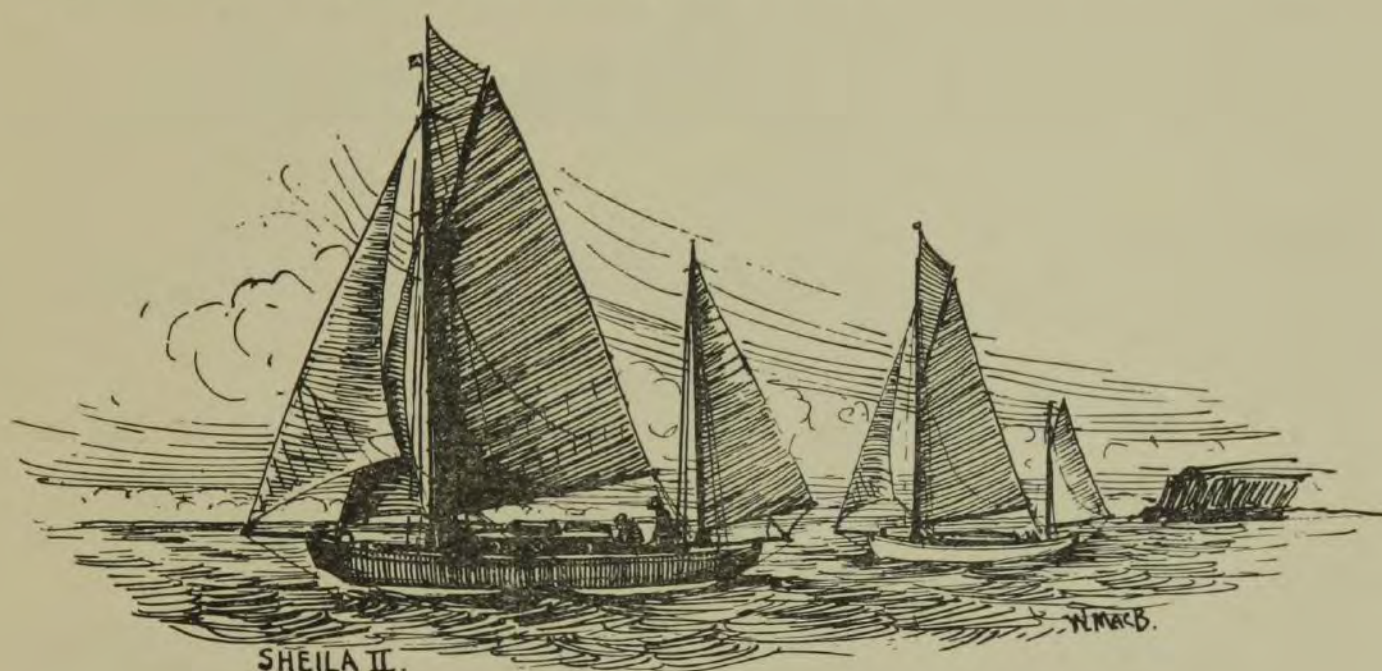
Saturday, June 26th:

8 a.m.—Fourth across the starting line, luckily clear of a jam astern. Wind W.N.W.

8.37 a.m.—Rounded the Muglins. The order then was : *Gull*, *Mavis*, *Espanola*, *Izmé*, *Sheila II*, then a gap, *Samphire*, *Curlew*, *Failte*, *Marie*, and, a long way astern, *Beana*.

9 a.m.—Furled mizen, lowered spinnaker, and set it to port as a balloon jib. Drawing away from the smaller boats and holding those ahead.

9.48 a.m.—Bray Head bearing due west. Drew ahead of *Espanola*, who appeared to be experimenting with spinnaker and Genoa jib.



11.5 a.m.—Neck and neck with *Espanola* ; both close in shore south of Greystones. Hailed *Evora*, bound north. Billy MacBride told us " five days out from Baltimore."

12.31 p.m.—Spoke *Failte II* to the north of Wicklow Head.

1.9 p.m.—Round Horseshoe Buoy level with *Espanola*.

1.30 p.m.—No. 1 Arklow Buoy abeam E.S.E.

3 p.m.—Arklow town abeam.

3.35 p.m.—Glassgorman No. 1 Buoy abeam to port. Wind veering all the time. Fetching Kilmichael Point close hauled. *Espanola* about abreast, but half mile to windward.

3.55 p.m.—*Gull* out of sight.

4.36 p.m.—Tara Hill abeam. *Izmé* abeam about three miles to windward, and tacking again to the south. *Espanola* two or three lengths ahead on lee bow. Both close hauled. Tide still with us ; wind very light.

4.50 p.m.—Sighted *Gull* off Cahore Point. She appeared to be tacking out.

4.51 p.m.—Approaching Ducarrig Rocks. Crawling out to windward of *Espanola*—about a length and a half away.

5.52 p.m.—Courtown Harbour abeam. *Espanola* half a mile astern. Close hauled, wind light.

6.45.—*Espanola* aground. Stood about and went in to them. Offered to stand by, but he waved us off, saying we would be out of the race. Stood out again, and, noticing that her bow had swerved round and that the tide appeared to be throwing her on shore, stood in and offered to start our engine to haul them off, but they refused. Noticed man on shore and small boat with two men in it making down for her. Their position, as far as we could ascertain, was a half mile north of Glascarraig Rock, and about a cable's length off sandy beach.

7.10 p.m.—While sailing around in circles, noticed a Grey Leg Goose, in summer plumage, resting on water.

7.30 p.m.—*Espanola*, to our great relief, afloat again and following us.

8.30 p.m.—Trying to stem very strong tide pouring against us from Cahore Point. Wind now S.W.

9.10 p.m.—Cannot lie Ram Buoy. Carried bodily off shore. Wind dying away. If we could batter a passage through "The Sluice," we could work down the coast with the tide sooner in our favour.

9.30 p.m.—Tacked for the Sluice Buoy, but lost ground. Saw *Izmé* and *Mavis* in the dying sun to the S.E.

9.45 p.m.—Blackwater Light flashing. Hung out side lights. Downey turned in. Being thrown bodily to the north by devil of a tide.

10.45 p.m.—Picked up Lucifer Light S.25.W.

11.20 p.m.—Saw *Espanola's* sails lit up by the flashes of Blackwater Light.

12 midnight.—Tide easing. Lying Lucifer Light, with sheets eased a trifle, and wind freshening.

Sunday, June 27th:

2.5 a.m.—Lucifer Light abeam. Steamer with no lights to windward. Presume steam trawler poaching. B. and Downey both asleep.

3.4 a.m.—With strong tide under us, passed South Shear Buoy.

3.22 a.m.—Go below for a cup of tea. Dawn brightening.

3.33 a.m.—Made out two yachts to leeward against the dawn. Probably *Espanola* and *Samphire*.

4.14 a.m.—Round Barrels Lightship too close, and were very nearly set down on it owing to the sluicing tide. Had to throw *Sheila II* about to go clear. Lightship crew said only four boats were gone west ahead of us.

5.31 a.m.—*Espanola* rounds Coningbeg. We rounded fifteen minutes later.

7.50 a.m.—Heartbreak. Glued to the Hook Tower about three miles out. Wind dying and coming more ahead. Strong confused tide, and our competitors walking away in the slack to the south and west. Little fellows gradually drawing up astern. *Sheila II* jumping in the same hole, straining gear and losing ground. Why did we stand in expecting wind to come N.W. with the dawn? Blast the wireless forecast of last night!

8.25 a.m.—Breakfast eaten out of frying pan owing to jobble. Hook Tower still abeam. Hopeless position. Wind gone west, so stood in for Tramore Bay.

10.45 a.m.—In desperation, put about again. Now laying the West Metal Man Tower.

11.5 a.m.—About again, tide against us, and wind dying.

1 p.m.—Worse and worse; flat calm, and *Curlew* abreast of us outside.

1.20 p.m.—Light westerly wind starts us moving again. Eastern Tower of Tramore Bay now bearing N.E.

4 p.m.—Wind W.N.W. and *Curlew* under our lee.

4.25 p.m.—Wind now W.S.W., and Cobbe walloping us in fair sailing.

5 p.m.—Stood in for land again. If it freshens more will have to reef. *Curlew* making excellent weather of it; must be a great little ship!

6.30 p.m.—Mine Head bearing N.N.W. Slamming into head sea with not enough wind to drive her. Cobbe standing off bearing S.S.W.

7.50 p.m.—Making better speed, but still close hauled N.W. *Curlew* footing it just as fast, but now a mile or so to leeward.

10 p.m.—Wind backing to the west, very light. *Curlew* again drawing ahead, and going well to windward; sailed saucily out under our lee. Hailed and congratulated him on his ship and helmsmanship. Told us *Samphire* packed up and went home last night.

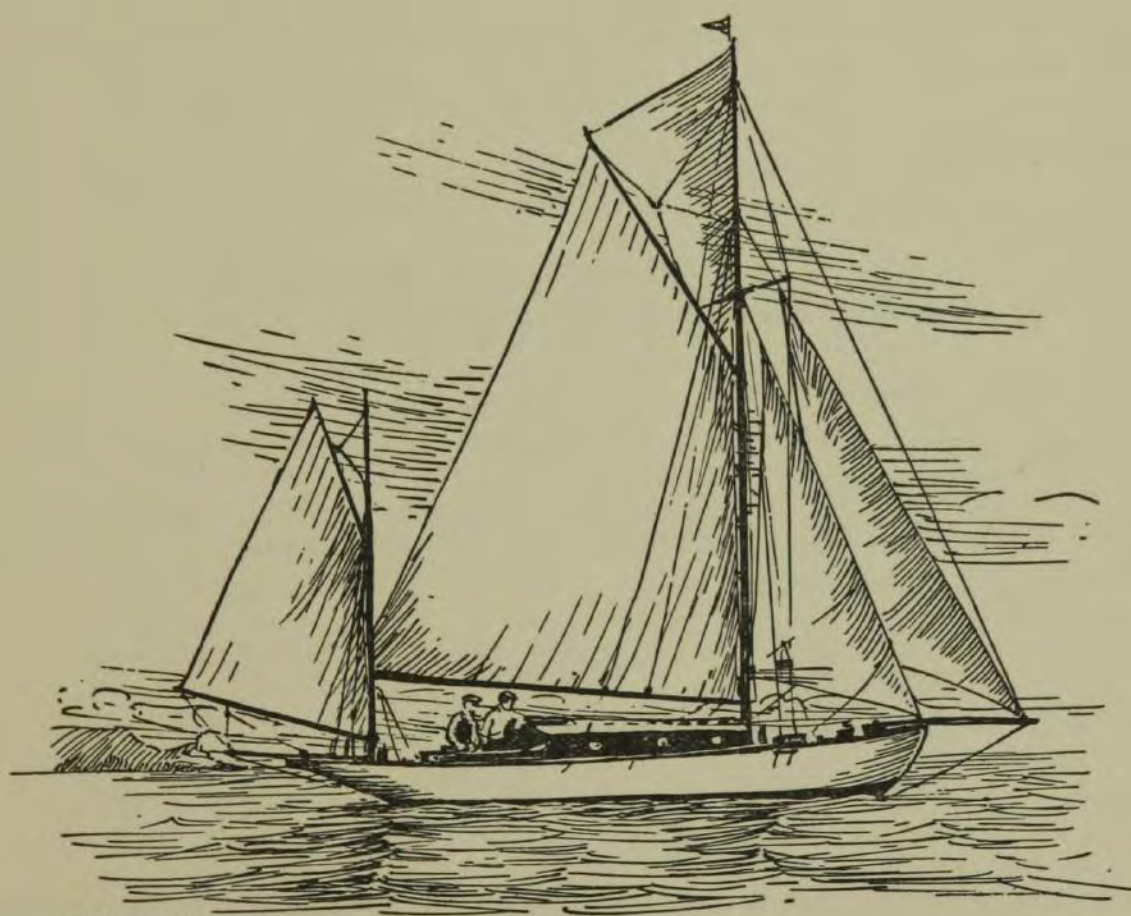
11.25 p.m.—Ballycotton Island abeam due north. Cobbe now well ahead.

Monday, June 28th:

3.35 a.m.—Roche's Point. Approaching Spit Bank came up with *Curlew*, who was unable to locate the red light owing to similar confusing lights on shore.

In the grey dawn noticed *Gull* high and dry on the bank. Kept the lead going as we tacked up river. Cathedral clock struck 4.30, and a few minutes afterwards we crossed the line. *Curlew* 25 seconds later. On engine, stowed sails and made for Crosshaven. Saw *Marie* enter harbour as we steamed into the Pool, *Curlew* following us. Anchored, and turned in, all standing.

P. O'KEEFE.



OSMUNDA.

“Espanola” in the Race to Cork

SEVENTY-SEVEN YEARS AGO the first recorded race from Kingstown to Cork Harbour took place, when sixteen vessels ranging from 25 to 140 tons competed, the race being won by *Sibyl*, 35 tons, apparently without handicap. She was received with a salute of seven guns from the Royal Cork Y.C. battery, and the crew of H.M.S. *Wizard* manned the yards. There was immense enthusiasm along the coast, and at Dungarvan the cliffs were lined by hundreds of people who waved and cheered. The elapsed time was 43 hours, and there was much reefing of bowsprits and housing of topmasts, *Sibyl* being at one time treble reefed.

Similar races were held in 1861, 1862 and 1888. The 1888 race was handicapped by Dixon Kemp, and won by *Wraith*, 37 tons, some bad weather, as usual, being met with when *Nixie*, 80 tons, carried away 20 feet of her bulwarks. *Vandura*, 90 tons, after finishing first in 25½ hours' elapsed time, went ashore on the Spit bank.

Forty-nine years passed before this classic event was revived by the Irish Cruising Club, prizes value £50 being provided by the generosity of the Cork members and friends. *Gull* sailed from Cork to Kingstown specially for the race, *Beana* from Wexford, and *Sheila II* from Bantry (nearly 300 miles).

In all the tales of the old races there are frequent references to foul winds and heavy seas, and also to vessels which gave up and ran for shelter. Apart, however, from Rosslare and Dunmore E., there are no harbours worthy of name except for very small craft, and Rosslare is not easily accessible in bad or thick weather, besides being dangerous in heavy N.W. to E. winds. The whole of the Wexford coast is encumbered by banks—indeed, the entire passage, 160 miles, may be regarded as a searching test of seamanship comparable to that of the Fastnet course.

At 8 a.m. on 26th June there started from outside Kingstown Harbour the following boats, the guns being fired from the Rear-Commodore's yacht *Aideen*—wind N.N.W., light :

<i>Samphire</i> , Yawl	20 tons
<i>Gull</i> , Cutter	18 „
<i>Espanola</i> , Cutter	15 „
<i>Izmé</i> , Berm. Cutter	14 „
<i>Failte</i> , Ketch	11 „
<i>Mavis</i> , Yawl	10 „
<i>Sheila II</i> , Yawl	9 „
<i>Marie</i> , Cutter	5 „
<i>Beana</i> , Cutter	5 „
<i>Curlew</i> , Berm. Cutter	5 „

The R.O.R.C. was most helpful, and their handicap system was adopted, the measurements and certificates of rating being made by the Rear-Commodore, assisted by Mr. John B. Kearney.

Two regrettable incidents occurred. The first at the start, when *Failte* put her bowsprit through *Beana's* mainsail ; the second at the finish, when *Gull* went up on the Spit bank. *Beana's* mainsail was torn almost in two, but her plucky Skipper set a reaching foresail across the rent, continued the race, and arrived at Rosslare under temporary repair.

Espanola and *Sheila II* went inside Glassgorman banks, and here I would mention that,

but for the perfect stillness of the sea, the settled weather and the approach of low water, I would have done otherwise. Our chart, 32 years old, showed a clear passage with nothing under $3\frac{1}{2}$ fm., except actually on the narrow inner shoals; the shoal itself, however, being notoriously a shifting one. We sounded along carefully until nearing Kilmichael Point. I saw, to my horror, directly ahead, a broad line of broken water, stretching away on either hand. The distracting thing about it was that I could not tell, nor can I now, whether we were too near the shore or too near the bank. We were apparently about to sail over what looked like a submerged breakwater. We were moving very slowly, and careful and continuous sounding gave 2 fm., unaltered, right up to the edge of the disturbance, and whilst in it. Clearly it was a big tide rip, and less than half a cable across. The soundings increased to $3\frac{1}{2}$ fm. upwards. There were no more tide rips. We had left a spot of trouble astern. We coasted a long and short leg down the coast, free of the banks, until nearing Glasscarraig rock, when the helmsman unfortunately put her ashore. I was below about 6.15 p.m. when I felt a soft, but unmistakable, check. I rushed on deck and saw rocks half a cable away. The tide was running strongly north, and, with peak dropped, she came round at once, but hung obstinately, even with all hands out on the bowsprit. We had to launch the dinghy and kedge off. This occupied half an hour, *Sheila II* standing by in the most sportsmanlike manner and offering to tow us off. After this we altered course for the Blackwater L.S., which we spoke, as also the Lucifer L.S. I had a sleep until nearing Tuskar, when I was called. In brilliant moonlight, just under our lee, *Mavis* was reaching in a steady breeze and calm sea at $5\frac{1}{2}$ kn.—a beautiful spectacle. As the wind lightened, she got away again, and was well ahead at dawn on *Sunday, 27th June*. Passed the Barrels L.S. about 4 a.m., close hauled in strong favourable tide. For hours we tacked in light airs under Genoa. *Sheila II* had dropped astern, and was hardly visible. We could still make out *Gull* and *Izmé* on the horizon; *Mavis* a mile ahead and leaving us. At last under Minehead we ran into a strong breeze. It looked like coming on to blow. The sea got up and the paid hand went down, only re-appearing under Roche's Point. The breeze carried us to Power Head and well up on the leaders. We saw them disappear round Roche's Point. In the faintest of airs the Genoa took us up past the Point against a spring ebb at $\frac{1}{2}$ a kn. For a while we stopped altogether in a full-grown tide rip which whitened the sea all around. Steered a compass course for Dog's Nose buoy and Spit red light; the latter not nearly so conspicuous as it should be. Indeed, some of us mistook it for the rear light of a car! Surrounded on all sides by blinking buoys, we heartily cursed Cork Harbour. Then a launch came alongside with the information that *Gull* had gone up on the Spit, and *Mavis* and *Izmé*, just ahead, were anchoring, being unable to reach the finishing line against the ebb. The chart showed us the man-o'-war roads a cable to starboard, and we all but let go there, but held on, and, after about 20 tacks in the fairway, got our Verey light for the finish. The destroyer flashed a search light to guide us to the finishing line, which we crossed at 2 a.m., Monday, 28th June.

OFFICIAL RESULT

<i>Order of Finish</i>		<i>Elapsed time</i>	<i>Corrected</i>	<i>Prizes</i>
1. <i>Mavis</i>	...	40 53 20	30 20 37	4th
2. <i>Izmé</i>	...	41 25 14	33 9 57	
3. <i>Espanola</i>	...	42 0 56	32 9 1	
4. <i>Sheila II</i>	...	44 34 9	29 32 9	3rd
5. <i>Curlew</i>	...	44 34 34	27 50 48	1st
6. <i>Marie</i>	...	45 36 18	28 13 30	2nd
7. <i>Gull</i>	...	46 8 6	37 34 39	

Samphire, Failte and Beana gave up.

Monday 28th.—The Return Passage:

To an anchor, in smooth water, just above the Clubhouse, we were looking forward to a restful day, when Harry Donegan (jun.) called to say that, in the strong wind which had sprung up, W.S.W., we would be in a very uneasy berth, and should run down to Crosshaven. This we did under foresail only, turning on the engine as we neared Crosshaven. Here we were in smooth water, but ranged widely in the strong tide. Except on moorings, no part of Cork Harbour seems really comfortable in strong winds.

Tuesday, 29th:

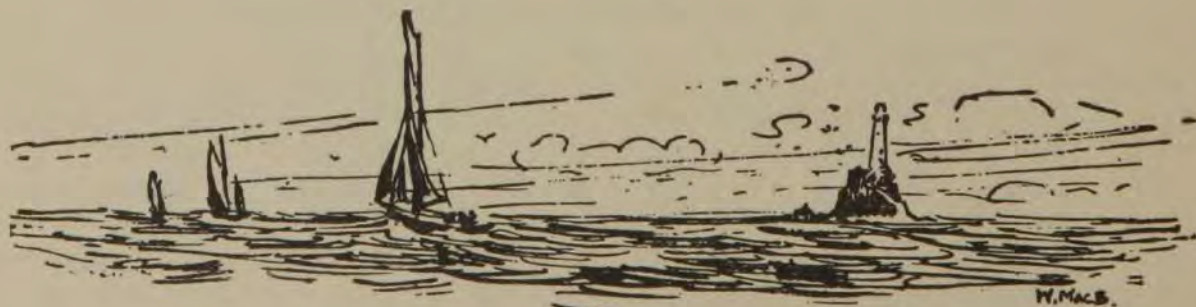
Left for home at 1.30 p.m. under single reef mainsail and second jib, wind strong W.N.W. As we passed Roche's Point, we saw astern a small sail—either *Marie* or *Curlew*. Carried fine breeze till 7 p.m., when we turned on engine to help us into Dunmore E., reached at 10.15 p.m. *Marie* came in after midnight, the breeze having got up again. Two of our crew went ashore to look for milk. They found the lady who controls the milk supply, but, as it was then 10.45 p.m., were told they were half an hour late. Useful to note closing hour for milk is 10.15 p.m. The Milk Controller held strong views on the English weather reports. Said "them Droitwich forecasts were no use in Dunmore," Another injustice, of course, to Ireland.

Wednesday, 30th:

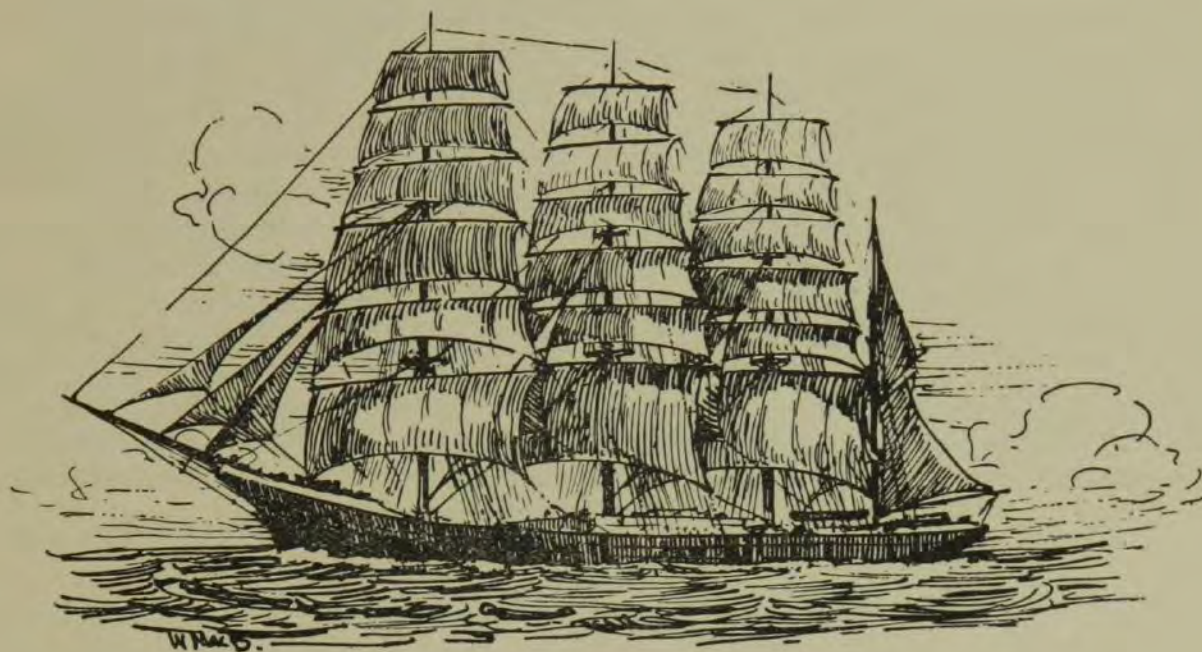
It must have blown hard during the night, as the stretch of coast opposite, which runs out to the Hook, was white with breakers, but in the little harbour there had been practically no wind. Decided to remain. *Artiglio*, the famous salvage vessel, alongside Pier.

Thursday, 1st July:

Underway 4.30 a.m., the crew having faithfully observed their contract to be on duty at that hour, and the Skipper his, to remain in his bunk. Plenty of wind W.S.W. and quite a dirty sea outside, although no sign of either within the snug little harbour. The paid hand again disappeared, leaving two hands and the Skipper to work the ship. One of the hands remained on deck, requiring little nourishment beyond fresh air. Took cinema pictures of the big following seas. Made a rapid passage to the Coningmore Rocks, which were passed close aboard. Shortly after this a dense fog swept up from the south. Enveloped in this we sighted the Barrels L.S., plunging heavily, for a few minutes, as we rushed past. Laid a careful compass course to pass inside Tuskar, and thereafter to leave all the Banks and the Kish L.S. to port in the event of the fog continuing. Fortunately we ran out of it at Tuskar, and so sailed our usual course past Lucifer and Blackwater L. ships. Nearing Wicklow Head, wind W. and lighter, we shook out the reef, and observed a small vessel under the land bound south. We thought they must be very fond of sailing, and afterwards heard it was Vandeleur. He got as far as the Tuskar, and into the fog, when he wisely turned about and came home. Entered Kingstown Harbour about 9.30 p.m., having completed the cruise to Cork and back, 320 miles, in the most pleasant and comfortable fashion.



Round the World under Four Sticks



PAMIR

THE COMMODORE of a certain Club told me one of Erickson's famous sailing ships was at the South Wall getting ready for sea. I took the next bus in that direction, and, accompanied by a friend, Miss J——, boarded the *Pamir* and asked to see the Captain, who, at all events in Port, seemed fairly humane. I knew that Captains should not be judged merely by their demeanour in Port. We asked to be taken on the ship's books for the voyage to Australia, and, after a while, when the Captain had got used to the look of us, he signed us on as Stewardesses at one shilling per month.

Pamir was in ballast, and looked very high out of water. Yet she never failed to stay. When loaded with grain, she carried 2,300 tons, and in ballast, with holds swept, about 1,200 tons of burnt copper ore. This ballast was all stowed in her bottom, and apparently did not have the effect of making her roll too quickly. Our quarters were very comfortable, consisting of a double cabin opening into a bathroom, with salt shower, and also into the saloon. We were allowed a large can of fresh water a day. Perhaps I should here correct two misapprehensions which seem to have arisen :

(1) We were neither of us seasick even once during the outward voyage round the Cape and the homeward round the Horn.

(2) We did not "lay out on the yards when reefing," and for two reasons—the *Pamir* did not reef at all, but took in sails when necessary.

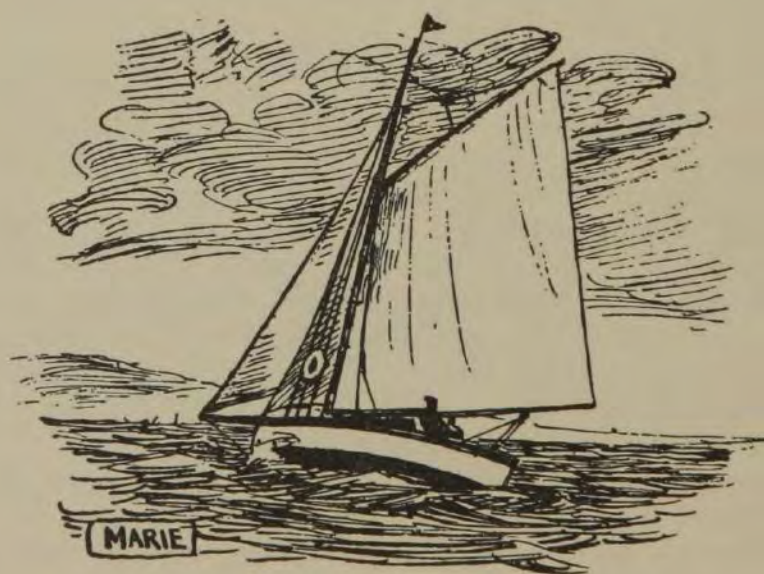
Further, the Captain allowed us to go aloft only to the lower mast heads—said he hated having to lower boats to pick up Stewardesses. Two tugs assisted our start, one casting off at the Poolbeg ; the other at the Kish. Before reaching the Kish we were running up on the tug, having set all our sails, one by one, to a fair N.W. wind. The irresistible silent march of the great ship, under 50,000 square feet of canvas, was a fine sensation. She did not roll much even in very light weather. Her greatest angle of keel, in a sudden tropical squall was 33 degrees. The *Herzogin Cecilie* is recorded to have listed once to 45 degrees. There were three British apprentices on board, but we saw very little of the crew, who

never came aft except on duty. My time was largely occupied with studying navigation, use of sextant, etc., and Swedish. Meal time always found us on the mat. Deep-sea pea soup, with lumps of salt pork floating in it, was a favourite dish. It is true one occasionally found a maggot in the porridge, but the Captain said it "gave body to it." Delicious brown and white bread every second day and Swedish coffee, laced with rum in the forties, were very good. We sighted the Azores, Trinidad and Tristan da Cunha, but no vessel south of the Line. The Captain was less than one second out in his longitude reckoning in making his landfall, although he had no opportunity to check chronometers, as the wireless had broken down. The voyage to Port Lincoln occupied 77 days—a record for the *Pamir*—and regarded as fast even by comparison with the old racing days.

Homeward bound in *l'Avenir* there were some anxious moments when the cable connected to the steering quadrant parted when running before a big sea. The hand steering gear was coupled up skilfully in a few minutes. We did not see the Horn, being as far south as 57 degrees, but the sun was shining and the sea as quiet as a Scottish Loch.

There were seven deaths on board—not all on one day, but at intervals of a fortnight or so. They were days of rejoicing—not of mourning—for who could mourn when eating fresh pork? The homeward passage occupied 95 days to Falmouth, but, as *l'Avenir* was deeply loaded, this corresponded favourably with *Pamir's* outward passage of 77 days in ballast. The best day's run of *Pamir* was 310 miles, and of *l'Avenir* 275. Compared with steam tramps' passages of similar extent, these figures are remarkable. Few, if any, steamers could keep going for three months without coaling. And how many people could steam round the world without being seasick? Certainly not the two stewardesses.

DAPHNE FRENCH.



List of Members

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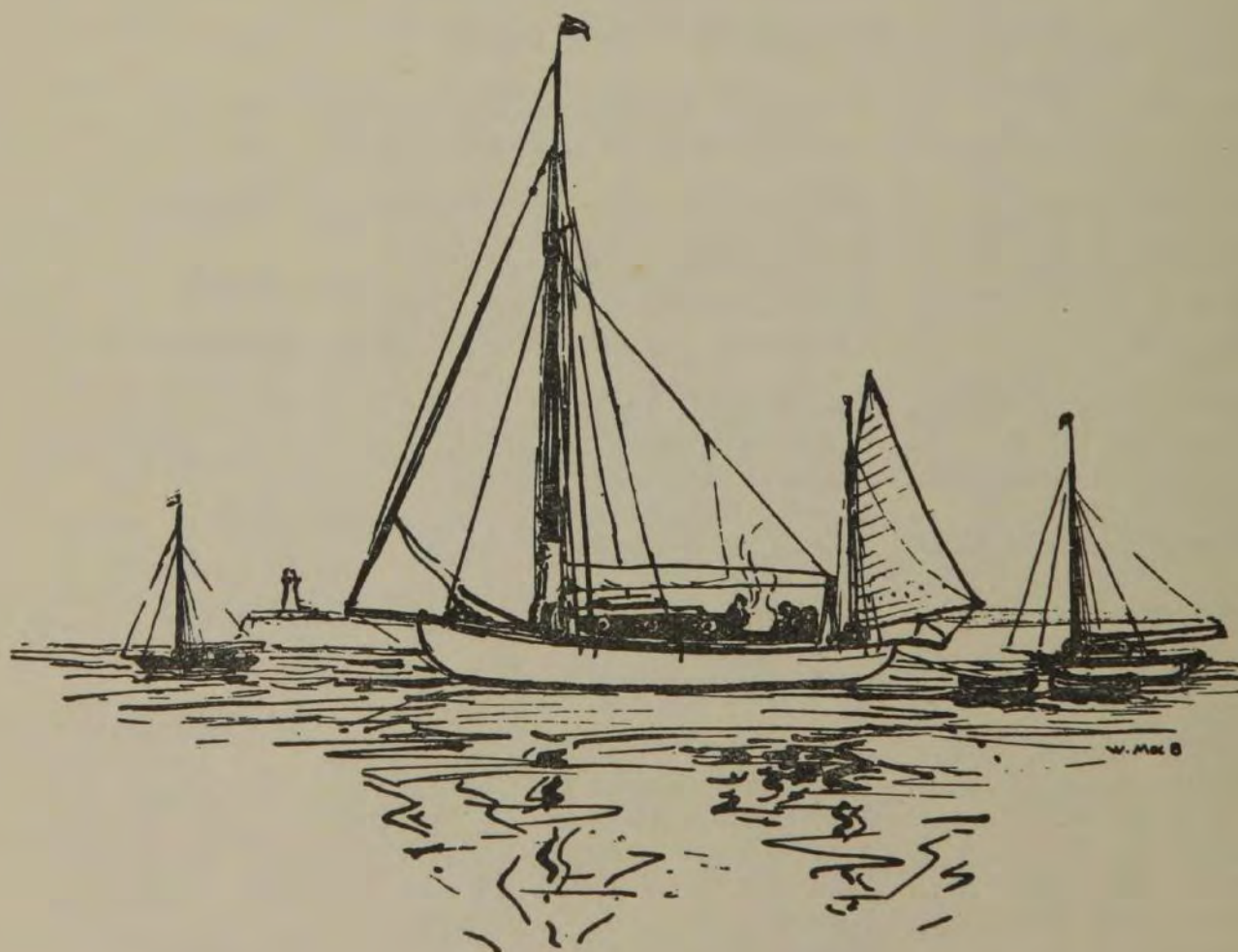
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J. P. W.

The Irish Cruising Club Annual, 1939



(about 1938)



RPC

IRISH CRUISING CLUB



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* Donegan, H. P. F. (Vice-Commodore).	... 74 South Mall, Cork	... <i>Gull</i>	... 18
*DONEY, H. E.	... Fastnet, Ballinlough, Co. Cork.		
DOUGLAS, D. H.	... Wavecrest, Vico Road, Dalkey	... <i>Rita</i>	... 3
DOUGLAS, S. J.	... Do.		
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FITZGERALD, A.	... Landscape Ter., Sunday's Well, Cork	... <i>Pursue</i>	... 33
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FLANAGAN, R. F.	... Do.		
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FRENCH, MISS DAPHNE A.	... Old Connaught Avenue, Bray	... <i>Embla</i>	... 9
FULLER, THOMAS	... Grinan, Skibbereen	... <i>Daphne</i>	... 7
GIBBON, COL. T. N.	... Linziestown, Wexford.		
GILL, J. E.	... Metropole Bldgs., MacCurtain Street, Cork.	... <i>Tertia (P.O.)</i>	... 10
GOLDSMITH, REAR-ADMIRAL M. LENNON, R.N., D.S.O.	... Royal C.C., 1 New Sq., Lincoln's Inn, W.C.2.	... <i>Madalena</i>	... 44
GOOD, JOHN, D.L.	... Moorings, Merrion Road, Dublin	... <i>Pamela</i>	... 61
GUNN, L. G., M.D.	... Abroad.		
HALL, R. A.	... Richmond, Glanmire	... <i>If</i>	... 12
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HAMILTON, ARTHUR	... Do.	... <i>Anita</i>	... 19
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HAWKES, COL. W., D.S.O.	... Weir Pt., Restronguet, Falmouth	... <i>Maybird</i>	... 14
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HYLAND JOHN J.	... Mount Pleasant, College Rd., Cork	... <i>Lorelei</i>	... 9

* Members of Committee,

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McKECHNIE, W. G. B. ...	Rhubeg, Strone, Argyll <i>Shona II</i>	... 6
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(Hon. Treas.).			
*McFerran, Keith ...	Landfall, Baily, Co. Dublin.		
(Hon. Sec.).			
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MELLON, A. M. ...	43 Victoria Road, Oxford.		
*MELLON, DOUGLAS ...	7 Kenilworth Rd., Rathgar, Dublin	... <i>Osmunda</i>	... 11
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O'BRIEN, DONOUGH, M.B.	Do.		
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*OSTERBERG, HARALD ...	Walford, Shrewsbury Rd., Dublin	... <i>Marama</i>	... 14
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PURCELL, PIERCE M. ...	Do.	(P.O.)	
PAGE, J. A., SURGEON, R.N.	Abroad.		
PERROTT, WILLIAM ...	Ballincurrig Lodge, Douglas Rd., Cork	<i>Sea Hawk</i>	... 22
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STAPLETON, CECIL G. ...	Fareham, Glenageary, Co. Dublin ...	<i>Highflier</i> ...	9
SULLIVAN, D. B. ...	Carrigrenane, Little Island, Cork ...		
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STONE, R. V. ...	Lisnacarrig, Brighton Road, Foxrock	<i>Samphire (P.O.)</i>	20
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TOWNSEND, R. V. D. ...	Merton, Cobh ...	<i>Mab (P.O.)</i> ...	6
TOWNSEND, MISS M. C. D.	Do.	(P.O.)	
VANDELEUR, Rev. W. E.	Killiskey Rectory, Ashford, Co. Wicklow	<i>Faite II</i> ...	11
*WALSH, J. P. ...	32 Dartmouth Square, Dublin.		
WALSH, P. T. ...	Do.	<i>Venture</i> ...	4
WHITFIELD, GEO., R.N.	Modreeny, Cloughjordan, Co. Tipp.		
WILLIAMS, MRS. H. F.	Bettwsllaw, West Horsley, Surrey ...	<i>Eidothea</i> ...	13
WILSON, V. REV. D. F. R.	Deanery, St. Patrick's, Dublin.		
WILSON, H. G. ...	Moyle, Larne Harbour, Co. Antrim.		
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WILSON, MISS M. K. ...	Landiore, Shankill, Co. Dublin.		
WILSON, MISS NORA ...	Do.		
WOODLEY, F. G. ...	Mount Bernard, Cobh ...	<i>Rainbow</i> ...	6
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WRIGHT, HENRY BUNTING, M.B.	Abroad.		
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(Commodore).			
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(Honorary Member).			
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(Honorary Member).			

* Members of Committee.

N.B.—Members are requested to notify the Hon. Secretary of any change of address or boat.

EDITORIAL

OF THE FIVE LOGS received from our members all, but one, included the passage made in connexion with the great gathering in July last, of vessels racing for a common goal at Hunter's Quay. The Faulkner Cup was awarded to *Gull* and second place to *Eidothea*.

Many mishaps occurred due to weather conditions. *Embla* carried away her jib sheets and runner, and lost her dinghy which, went to pieces on Ailsa Craig. She also nearly lost her owner, who was knocked overboard during a stormy night and, though retaining her hold on an end of rope, was unable for some time to climb aboard again. The hand at the helm saw nothing of the accident. *Sheila II* fractured her shaft twice and lost one propellor. *Eidothea* broke her gaff off Dover, and *Gull* her topmast after she had passed the Longships.

Certainly the outstanding example of good seamanship narrated in the logs was the performance of *Gull*, whose able crew cleared up the wreckage and continued the race under way. Thereafter they worked double watches in Kingstown in procuring, fitting and setting up the new stick.

In the R.O.R.C. race from Kingstown to Hunter's Quay, *Aideen* was singularly successful in winning all three first prizes offered for her class ; while *Gull* and *Sheila II* gained the third prizes in their respective classes. (See page 11).

The little *Mab*, manned by ladies—"Captains Courageous all"—won the Club award for merit. They rescued, on a stormy night at Hunter's Quay, an intoxicated sailor who had fallen out of a dinghy. They hooked him aboard with all hands on the peak halliard—good old gaff rig once more !

Log of "Gull," 1938

Saturday, 25th June.

We streamed our log off Roche's Point at 5.15 p.m. The wind was fresh, W.N.W., and we gave her the trysail, balloon staysail and No. 2 jib, and headed for the Longships, distant 144 miles. The sky was clear but there was rather a steep S.W. sea. At midnight the log read 45, and there is a marginal note in the log book which reads: "28 miles for the watch."

Sunday, 26th June.

At 8 a.m. log read 84.7, and at noon 109. At 1 p.m. it was getting hazy and at 2 p.m. visibility was poor. We sighted a great number of pigeons flying about, obviously out of their bearings in the fog, and one of them landed on the boom and stayed with us until we later sighted land. At 4 o'clock with 136 on log, it was as thick as pea soup, and it wasn't until 4.30 p.m. that we heard the Longships gun.

There was the usual uncertainty as to the bearing, some made it right ahead, while others declared that it was abeam to starboard. We sighted a large white steamer, bound up Channel, crossing our bows some two cables away, going slowly, and we were able to keep her in view for about ten minutes, the fog then not being quite so dense. A Clyde boat came up astern and passed close to us at a terrific rate, obviously not observing the rule as to reducing speed. Shortly after she had passed us we got a momentary glimpse of the Longships abeam to port. We altered course for the Runnelstone buoy, which we later picked up, and then made for that useful harbour of Newlyn and anchored off the breakwater at 9.15 p.m.

Monday, 27th.

As it was blowing hard and visibility still poor we decided to remain in Newlyn for the day.

Tuesday, 28th.

Blowing harder still, so having a few days in hand we decided to go in behind the breakwater. We kedged and hauled and kedged and cursed and hauled until we had her lying alongside a Lowestoft fishing boat. The forecast indicated winds increasing to gale force with warning of W. gales on all coasts.

When we had our warps fast and our fenders out alongside the fishing boat, another Lowestoft boat, without any warning, came down from the western end of the harbour under motor and forced a passage between us and the inner boat, quite regardless of our paint, and without even having hailed us to let go our warps. A Newlyn fisherman, with whom we discussed the incident, strongly disapproved of this behaviour, and said no one belonging to the port would have acted in that fashion.

Wednesday, 29th.

The forecast was a repetition of yesterday's, and we began to wonder if the yachts coming from the East'ard would get to Falmouth in time for the race. To satisfy our curiosity we hired a car and the whole ship's company drove to Falmouth. We called to the Royal

Cornwall Yacht Club and got letters, mostly invitations to various entertainments on the Clyde, and we were told that *Sheila II* was in St. Mawes ; but that a number of the boats were held up by the gales. We later learnt that Paddy O'Keefe was then in Plymouth. We determined that whatever it was like we would sail for Falmouth next morning.

Thursday, 30th.

To our delight the gale had subsided, and in a moderate S.S.W. breeze we left Newlyn at 7.45 a.m., and sailed for the Lizard under trysail and No. 2 jib. We struck the Lizard as planned on the turn of the tide, and with wind lightening a little we set spinnaker and genoa. Off Black Head we gave her the mainsail and arrived at Falmouth about 3 o'clock.

Having moored midway between the Prince of Wales Pier and Flushing most of the crew went ashore to send wires and gather mail. Paddy O'Keefe and B. O'Regan of *Sheila II* joined us and we swopped yarns.

We met Major Maclean Buckley at the Yacht Club, and he informed us that as some of the boats had not arrived, having been held up by the gales, he considered that the start should be postponed from 10 a.m. to 7 p.m., and this was agreed to by the owners present.

Friday, 1st July.

We spent the early part of the day getting stores, filling up with water and retrieving our batteries. In the afternoon weather conditions looked excellent, wind light N.W., and we all hoisted our mainsails and made ready to get under way.

Shortly before 7 o'clock we were manoeuvring for the start with *Rose*, *Sheila II*, *Tai-mo-Shan*, *Maid of Malham*, *Karin III*, *Maybird*, *Spica*, *Doughty*, *MacNab*, *Iyruna* and *Syrinx*.

At gunfire, when sailing the line, *Gull's* helm was promptly put hard up and her spinnaker hauled aft. She crossed the line before the smoke of the gun had disappeared ; but the extraordinary thing was that no other boat in the fleet seemed to take the slightest notice of the gun, and they were scattered all over Carrig Roads a long way from the line. As a result we opened up a very substantial lead, while the others with less wind, appeared to be doing badly.

It was a perfectly lovely evening as we made our way out to the Lizard, hugging the land for better wind and slacker tide. As we approached the head we seemed to be gaining on *Iyruna*, who had passed us off Helford, and drawing away from the rest of the fleet.

Saturday, 2nd.

We arranged to start watches at midnight, no one feeling the least bit anxious to go below with all this joy on deck and the delight of our doing so well in old *Gull*.

The writer, who had not relinquished the tiller since the start, here went for a hasty bite and sup ; but was soon recalled by the Mate who announced that we were on top of *Iyruna*. We were right off the Lizard, and were considering altering course for the Wolf, having brought up a breeze which *Iyruna* did not get, and were within 50 yards of her when she appeared to luff. We had no desire to be involved in a luffing match right off the Lizard, so bore up, and to our absolute astonishment, with our genoa pulling bravely, we sailed clean through *Iyruna's* lee, and held the lead on our course W. by N. for the Wolf, distant $23\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

In a short while the wind started to come westerly and we were broken off to W.S.W., and then it fell away, and we did nothing for almost an hour. We feared the others might be doing better inshore, so we tacked ship at 3 o'clock. We passed three boats, all on the starboard tack which we later knew were *Rose*, *Maid of Malham* and *Spica* ; but at 4 o'clock we had to tack for *Tai-mo-Shan*. We gradually clawed out from under her lee to dead ahead, and then walked right away from her.

At daylight we saw *Rose* on starboard tack a mile to leeward, and *Spica* half a mile to leeward, while *Maid* had thrown around and was standing in for the land on the port tack,

passing about half a mile astern of us. *Iyruna* was about a mile inside us, and *Karin III* some distance astern of her. *Macnab* was also on starboard tack astern and to leeward.

It was a delightful morning without a doubt as we beat slowly but surely towards the Wolf. *Maid* got a breeze of her own and came out with checked sheets for the mark, and rounded at 7.37 a.m. followed by *Iyruna* at 7.44, while we were third at 8.15.

At 10.30 we were abreast of the Longships having saved our tide. *Iyruna* and *Maid* were about two miles ahead, having a great race in the freshening breeze.

Our course was N. by E., and we had a slight check with genoa and balloon staysail drawing gallantly. At 11.20 we were thinking of taking a departure to stream our log, and were discussing our chances in the race, which seemed quite rosý, when suddenly there was a crash aloft, and the topmast went out of her. Pride had its fall, and so had our poor topmast; a galvanised iron bottle screw had stripped its thread and put a stop to *Gull's* gallop.

The first job was to get the genoa out of the water, and this done the Mate went aloft and succeeded in clearing away the jackyard topsail so that it could be lowered on deck. After lashing our flag to the stump, the next job was to get the topmast down without letting its jagged end strike the mainsail.

The weather preventer was across the peak halyards, and could be used for lowering one end; the spinnaker halyard was made fast to the broken end, and after all other rigging had been slacked away and the mousings at each end of the crosstrees cut—a troublesome job in a seaway—lowering of the spar commenced, and the Mate came from aloft with the jagged end of the spar under his arm, and so the spar was lowered on deck without a single bit of damage being done to the rigging or gear. A steamer bound up channel altered course and came towards us; but as they evidently saw our fighting flag aloft and the wreckage cleared, she moved off on her former course.

At this time *Maid of Malham* seemed to be sailing very fast, but a long way to leeward of *Iyruna*. We estimated that *Rose* must have been fully eight miles astern, and was a mere dot on the horizon when we had our carry away.

We streamed our log at 12.30 from a cross bearing of Pendine and the Brisons. *Rose* did not come up with us until 4 o'clock in the afternoon when our log read 14.4. She passed some miles to leeward with everything set, and it was galling to see all the yachts flying their kites, sailing away from us. We thought of trying to rig a jury topmast, but would have ruined our rigging by shortening it for jury rig, and we counted on getting a new topmast in Kingstown for the race to the Clyde.

Gull was a sad disconsolate ship as we made our way slowly northwards; there was never a moment when we could not have carried our genoa and jackyarder.

Sunday, 3rd.

We thought that all the other boats, even the small ones, were many miles ahead, and were surprised when near the North Arklow buoy to sight two boats about 4 miles E.N.E. of us. The wind was fresh and we seemed to be doing fairly well, and gaining on the boats ahead; but before we passed Wicklow Head it got dark and we lost sight of them.

We got a few strong squalls off Bray Head which flattened us out, and we were temporarily glad we had no topsail up. We crossed the finishing line a minute after 2 a.m., and found great difficulty in finding a space to anchor in the harbour.

Monday, 4th.

We turned out early and lowered the broken stump of the topmast and towed the broken parts ashore to the Royal St. George Y.C. slip. With the kindly aid of Douglas Mellon we got in touch with Harry Smith of Dublin, who came to measure the spar about noon, and promised to have a spar for us sometime that night.

We regretted that we could not take part in the races organised by the Royal St. George that day; but we had so much to do that we had scarcely time to take even an odd look at the races.

Rose had finished first at 5.14 p.m. on Sunday, followed by *Maid of Malham* at 5.33, *Iyruna* at 6.01, *Tai-mo-Shan* at 8.28, *Spica* at 9.26 and *Macnab* at 11.49. *Karin III* at 1.44 a.m., *Syrinx* at 1.56 a.m., *Gull* 2.01 a.m., *Doughty* at 7.02 a.m., *Maybird* at 7.10 and *Sheila II* at 11.36 a.m. On corrected time *Maid of Malham* was winner of first prize, and *Macnab* second.

The Royal St. George Y.C. had arranged a dinner for the crews taking part in all the races, so with over 250 to feed, diners had to be divided into three relays. While we were finishing up in the second relay about 10 p.m. we learnt that our topmast had arrived, so we hurriedly joined our ship and set to work.

To fit a topmast in the daylight and with plenty of time is a troublesome enough job, but to do it at night in a rush and to find that it is so uneven in places that it required the united pull of eight hands to drive it up through the mast cap, was quite a nightmare. At 12.30 a.m. we had it pretty well rigged, and we turned in intending to be up early and finish the adjusting of the rigging, etc.

Tuesday, 5th.

We turned out at 5.45 a.m. The start of the race was at 7.30 a.m., but there was a whale of a lot to be done. We were under way at 7.10, having had our breakfast, and a terrible scramble to get the topsail on her, and the first gun had gone before it was half up. The wind was W.N.W. light, and it was a dead run for the Muglins. No one on *Gull* seems to have heard the second gun; nevertheless, we succeeded in getting our topsail sheeted home, our balloonstaysail bent on, and we crossed the line with spinnaker set ahead of the fleet. We opened up a bit of a lead and passed the Muglins first boat at 8 a.m. *Maid* was first round the Codling Lightship, and *Iyruna* and *Gull* rounded almost together a minute or two later at 10.50 a.m.

Gull is an old ship and it was very nice to know that we could at least run as fast as the modern ocean racer *Maid of Malham* and the ex-twelve-metre *Iyruna*, to say nothing of beating the devil out of such fine old ships as *Samphire* and *Vagrant* under her new Bermudian rig. When we came on a wind on rounding the Codling, however, it was a different matter. There was just enough bobble to stop *Gull* and not enough wind to drive her through it, and *Maid* and *Iyruna* went away from us, and *Dione*, *Vagrant* and *Samphire* came up and passed us.

On the port tack we were heading a course that would have taken us to the Chicken, I.O.M. The wind was very light and that bobble very annoying, so we tacked ship, and for some time we seemed to have more wind than the boats that carried on on the port tack. At 2 p.m. and headed N.E. and later were freed and looked up to our course. *Spica* was sailing faster than us and went a good distance ahead. *Mavis* was a long way astern, and seemed to have very little wind, while the rest were strewn out along the eastern horizon.

Wednesday, 6th.

At 9.20 a.m. the Corsewall was abeam, and with a fine breeze *Gull* was moving fast. At 11.15 a.m. Ailsa Craig was passed. We saw plucky little *Mab* ahead of us, as we passed to leeward of her at 12.35. She was a perfect little picture, with her brown sails and feminine crew, some of whom wore pink trousers with blue jerseys and red caps, which added materially to the colour scheme.

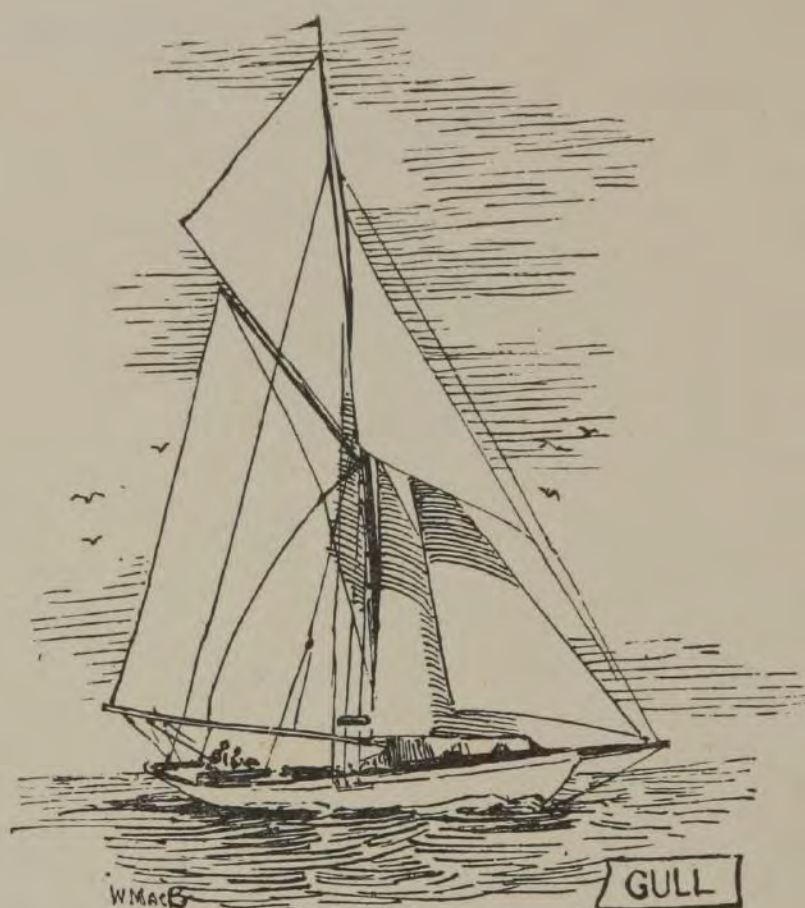
We were at Pladda Light at 12.55 p.m., and then ran up to a number of boats off Holy Isle. The wind here was very light and fluky. We came slowly up on a further cluster of boats, and made out *Maid of Malham* well to the eastward, *Spica* in the centre, and *Torridon* and *Macnab* fairly close to us. We seemed to have more wind on the west side and passed some of them out.

We could make out another cluster of boats further ahead making for the Cumbraes—*Aideen*, *Samphire*, *Marama* and *Vagrant* were in the bunch. For a while we seemed to be drawing up on them, and were in fact within half a mile of *Aideen* when they all got a breeze out of Kilchattan Bay; but unfortunately for us the wind failed us entirely. We

tried to get to the west side where the boats coming up astern of us seemed to have a nice cool.

It took us a long time to get up from the Cumbraes. We saw the leading fleet badly headed off, and we came up on them a bit, before we too, were headed and then lost the breeze. With sheets held lightly we worked up in the few gentle airs that were knocking about, and succeeded in crossing the finishing line off Hunter's Quay at 10.15 p.m. in a wonderful crimson and sapphire sunset.

Holy Loch seemed a forest of masts. After we had crossed the line a motor boat came after us and told us where to let go. To our consternation we found there was 12 fathoms



of water, and by the time we had give sufficient chain our 30 fathoms had run out. *Spica* and *Elvira* finished soon after us, and we heard rather than saw *Galante* finishing at half-past eleven.

Forty-four boats had taken part in the races from Kingstown to the Clyde, and I think everyone of them claimed to have had bad luck with the winds at some time or other.

Thursday, 7th.

We had entered for the races at Hunter's Quay, but in the morning felt more like having a rest than starting off on a harbour race, shorthanded for that game. It started to blow up pretty hard during the day, and we watched *Maid of Malham* and others dragging all over the place. The writer had dropped his glasses over the side in the morning and had ordered new ones at Dunoon. The R.O.R.C. had arranged for a dinner for the crews on board a chartered paddle steamer *Jennie Deans*, leaving Hunter's Quay at 7 p.m., so the writer went up to Dunoon for his glasses and arranged to meet the crew on the quay at 6.45.

In the meantime heavy rain set in and with it the force of wind increased, and then *Gull* took it into her head to follow the example of half the rest of the fleet and started to drag.

The R.O.R.C. launch ran out a kedge and *Gull* held for a bit, but only for a bit, and was soon down on top of another boat.

The club launch was kept busy running crews ashore to Hunter's Quay to join the *Jennie Deans*, nevertheless, the very capable man in charge of her managed to find time to take a rope from *Gull* while the crew weighed our kedge and main anchor, and then towed her to a more sheltered berth.

The writer arrived back from Dunoon to find the *Jennie Deans* had arrived, and while the crews of all the other boats were going aboard there was no sign of *Gull's* crew. Paddy O'Keefe and Dr. Cassen then came ashore in a launch, and rushing up to the writer shouted: "Keep the steamer, *Gull's* crew are coming. They had to shift their berth, and lay out a kedge as she was dragging." This seemed a big request to make; but nothing was too much to ask of Mr. McKechnie, whose kindness the writer will never forget.

The steamer was to proceed to the Kyles of Bute, but the weather was so wretched that we saw very little of that beauty spot. The main object of the dinner was to bring all the crews together to present the prizes, and the writer as Vice-Commodore of the I.C.C., in the absence of Commodore H. M. Wright, had, much to his regret, to desert the rest of the crew for the occasion and sit with the high and mighty.

After an excellently-served dinner during which a distinguished-looking piper played appropriate tunes, the prizes were presented as follows, amidst great laughter:

LARGE CLASS :			SMALL CLASS :		
Open Class	Winner	<i>Macnab.</i>	Open Class	Winner	<i>Aideen.</i>
	Second	<i>Maid of Malham.</i>		Second	<i>Elvira.</i>
	Third	<i>Islander.</i>		Third	<i>Gleniffer.</i>
A. Cruisers	Winner	<i>Macnab.</i>	A. Cruisers	Winner	<i>Aideen.</i>
	Second	<i>Tai-mo-Shan.</i>		Second	<i>Elvira.</i>
	Third	<i>Iyruna.</i>		Third	<i>Gleniffer.</i>
B. Cruisers	Winner	<i>Speedy.</i>	B. Cruisers	Winner	<i>Aideen.</i>
	Second	<i>Samphire.</i>		Second	<i>Starson.</i>
	Third	<i>Gull.</i>		Third	<i>Sheila II.</i>

IRISH CRUISING CLUB RACE :

Winner	-	<i>Evora.</i>	Third	-	<i>Bonita.</i>
Second	-	<i>Maureen.</i>	Fourth	-	<i>Beana.</i>

Friday, 8th.

Another wet day and blowing hard from the westward. Joined by some of the crew of *Sheila II*, *Beana* and *Aideen*, we set off for Glasgow and explored the Empire Exhibition. To quote Para Handy it was "chust sublime." We got a bad dusting going aboard in the launch that night, and even the judge was heard to curse when he got half the Holy Loch down the back of his neck!

Saturday, 9th.

Wind still strong veering N.W. We watched the big class get under way, and the schooner *Golden Hind* was an easy winner in the weather she liked.

Monday, 11th.

Wind light, veering to S.W. We started to beat down the Clyde keeping well clear of the numerous racing yachts. At 12.30 p.m. we got a firm W.S.W. wind and headed for the Cumbræes. About 2.45 the Cumbræes were abeam, wind veering more westerly and squally. We were off Lamlash at 3.40, and at 5.55 Pladda was abeam. There was now

a great deal more force in the wind, so we lowered the mainsail and hoisted the trysail, after which the going was much more comfortable.

At 6.35 Ailsa Craig was abeam, and 8.30 found us up with the Corsewell. The shipping forecast indicated W.S.W. winds, moderate. It was a fine sail and *Gull* moved along very nicely under trysail; but as we came up with the Irish coast the wind fell lighter.

Tuesday, 12th.

At 4.40 a.m. we were abeam of South Rock. We gave her the mainsail and jib headed topsail at 8 a.m., and later the genoa. We had a nice sail all day, but the wind was getting annoyingly light. We had Lambay in sight at 3 p.m., and kept it in sight for a long, long time. Two large basking sharks passed close to us about 6 o'clock. The wind was heading us all the time, and we stood in and out—but made little progress.

In the end with the wind coming a little truer we made a long hitch out in the direction of the Kish, but when we came about we were headed again. We fetched inside the Bailey, helped by a weather-going tide. The wind that night seemed to blow exactly from the direction we wanted to go, and we finished up by sailing all round Dublin Bay before we finally reached Kingstown at 6.15 a.m., Wednesday, 13th, and picked up a moorings, fearing a mutiny if we let that chain and big anchor go over the side again.

We saw the twelve-metre *Marina*, coming in later. She had been dismasted on the Clyde, and was making for the south coast of England in tow of a steam yacht. There were grave fears about her safety, as it had been blowing great guns in Kingstown the day before. We found it hard to believe that it could be blowing hard anywhere on Tuesday afternoon.

Thursday, 14th.

We got away under mainsail and jib in a light westerly breeze about 1 p.m. *Mab* had arrived in Kingstown before we left. We had a pleasant sail with the usual fluky patches off Bray Head; but the wind was getting light again, and as we knew we wouldn't beat the tide off the Head, we made for the harbour at Wicklow, and let go at 6 o'clock. We put a spring on our anchor and two lines ashore.

Friday, 15th.

We left Wicklow at 6.40 a.m. with a nice westerly breeze. We had a good ebb tide with us at the Blackwater, so we drifted to the south'ard, and when the tide was nearly done we got the oars over the side and rowed until we reduced the soundings to 9 fathoms when we let go.

It rained like anything for two hours, so we had dinner and got out the cards. We weighed anchor at 8.30. The breeze freshened and we got to the Barrels L.V. at 12.35 a.m.

Saturday, 16th.

We had a magnificent sail that night. At 12.50 a.m. we took the genoa off her and were up with the Coningbeg at 2 o'clock where we streamed the log. Wind N.N.W. fresh. At 2.15 we took the topsail off her, and she was much easier and still making good speed. At 4 a.m. log read 14, Mine Head in sight. It should be mentioned that we had seen this night the new Tuskar Light for the first time, and it certainly is a grand light. When we were S. of the Hook we still saw the Tuskar Light.

At 10 a.m. we were almost becalmed. With light patchy airs we beat up to Roche's Point, passing at 4.53—just 22 minutes under three weeks out.

Arthur Fitzgerald in *Pursue* welcomed us home with a rousing cheer and seven shots from a starting gun. We picked up our moorings at 5.30 at Crosshaven, and so ended our 1938 cruise, which, in the unanimous opinion of the crew, was the most enjoyable one we ever had.

H. P. F. D.

Eidothea's Log, 1938

Eidothea is a Falmouth Quay punt, 32 feet length over all, beam 10.5 feet and depth 6 feet. She has two sleeping berths in the saloon and one in the fo'c'sle.

Her crew last season were myself as skipper, Margaret Townsend as mate, and June Ayscough as cabin boy.

On the 2nd August we went over from Teignmouth to Brixham under sail and engine, and borrowing an extra compass, swung *Eidothea's* head on different known points, and made out a fairly satisfactory deviation card.

We got under way for Portland at 3.25 p.m. on 5th August, with a light westerly breeze; when the Orestone was abeam we streamed the log. There was a moderate southerly breeze for the next two hours, and *Eidothea* cracked on at a good pace.

The wind gradually lightened, and when Portland Light was abeam at 12.55 a.m., a fog was coming up. With our course now N.E. by E. we took in the log, and carried on up into Weymouth Bay, helped by a N.W. breeze.

At 6.0 a.m. the breeze was dying and fog closing in on us rapidly. As the visibility was now very poor and the tide was beginning to set against us, we started the engine, and stood in towards Portland Harbour for some minutes. We just caught the loom of the breakwater, but as we were uncertain which portion we saw, I decided it would be foolish to attempt finding the entrance with such bad visibility, and came about and anchored a short way out, to wait for the fog to lift. We stowed the sails, and at 8.0 a.m. it began to clear, so we started the engine, entered Portland Harbour and picked up a mooring off Castle Cove.

On the 7th August we left Portland for Cherbourg just before noon. It was a beautiful day with a very light S.W. breeze. Our sail across the Channel could hardly be termed sailing; it would be more accurate to say that we drifted over. The sun set in a red glow over a smooth, still sea, the moon rose and the sea became a sheet of silver. At 1.15 a.m. we sighted C. de la Hague Light, and an hour later, the Alderney Light. At 3.30 a.m. we saw the loom of Cap. Barfleur Light bearing about S.E.

At 5.15 a.m. the dawn broke, still and grey, and found *Eidothea* with hardly any way on her, in light variable airs, and with our old enemy (the fog) closing in on us again. We were more or less becalmed till noon, when a light breeze came up from W.S.W. and freshened gradually.

We ran into some heavy rain squalls with thunder off the land, just outside the entrance to Cherbourg Harbour, and we handed the staysail. As we entered two French destroyers roared past. We brought up in Le Petit Rade in six fathoms, at 7.0 p.m.

We waited hopefully during the next few days for a fair wind to take us over to Alderney, but had nothing but fog and flat calm; so, as our time was limited, we had reluctantly to give up the idea, and on the 12th August at 6.0 a.m. we were under way for Le Havre. The weather was misty and there was a light westerly breeze.

At 8.30 a.m. the yacht *Fée* passed us, heading for the French coast. She hailed us, and asked directions for Cherbourg, as her compass was out of action. At 10.30 a.m. we sighted Cap. Barfleur Lighthouse, bearing S.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. about five miles, and we set our course for the Spore Light. The breeze was now very light and variable, and at times we lay becalmed, but it was a warm day and we enjoyed some pleasant bathing, while we waited for a better breeze.

At 1.15 p.m. the tide turned to the westward and the breeze freshened, but the visibility became poor again, and we altered course to close with the land in an effort to slip round Cap. Barfleur into slacker water before the tide reached its worst. We neglected,

however, to study the Pilot Book carefully enough, and relied on the tide tables only, and in consequence found ourselves in an eight-knots tide in the Barfleur Race, too close for comfort to the land, and going steadily backwards, in spite of a fresh S.W. breeze. We came quickly about and headed out to sea. At 3.45 p.m. with the log reading sixteen, we altered course to E. $\frac{1}{2}$ S. and set the spinnaker.

Eidothea was now cracking along with a moderate S.W. wind and averaged six knots during the next four hours. At 10.55 p.m. the log read fifty-six, and we sighted Point Enfer Light bearing S.W. and Le Havre L.V. bearing E. by S. With the wind steadily freshening we headed for Le Havre, and dropped anchor in the Avant Port at 4.0 a.m.

The next afternoon we found our anchorage much too exposed to a fresh N.W. wind, so we shifted to the Arrière Port under mizen and staysail, for the engine had the migraine and refused us assistance.

On the 14th August we were under way for Dieppe in a light air from N.W. under all plain sail and engine. We beat out to the Whistle Buoy, which was abeam at 11.30 a.m., and then shut off the engine, and with a light northerly breeze came about and set our course N.E. At 12.45 p.m. the Spore Light was abeam; and at 3.0 p.m. we were abeam of Cap. Antifer with the tide against us. A heat haze came up later, and at 5.15 p.m. when we were abeam of the Aiguille d'Etretat, the visibility was about two miles, so we streamed the log in case it should get thicker. After a while, however, the haze cleared off, and at 9.15 p.m., when Fécamp Light was abeam, we altered course to E.N.E. We sailed on steadily through the night, and when daylight came Pointe d'Ailly Light bore about S.E., and the breeze was westerly and very light. Course E. $\frac{1}{2}$ N. With the breeze freshening, we were abeam Pointe d'Ailly at 10.45 a.m., and anchored in the Arrière Port, Dieppe, at 12.30 p.m. We were not allowed to remain there, and we tied up alongside a fishing boat by the quay.

Our stay in Dieppe was far from restful, as the rise of tide is thirty-two feet, and one had to keep a continual eye on *Eidothea's* warps and topsides. At midnight, just to add to it all, we were roused from our well-earned rest, because the fishing boat wished to leave, and we had to move and lie up alongside another. The fishermen were charming, and we had several talks with them; one even offered to accompany us as cabin boy!

We greatly enjoyed our visit to Dieppe, for it is a charming old-fashioned town; but its inhabitants all seem to be on the make, and even the customs official demanded a tip, for coming on board.

On the 17th August we left for Boulogne under reefed mainsail and jib, just before high water, at 2.5 a.m. The glass had fallen, the sky was overcast, and there was a distinct swell coming in. We were outside the harbour at 2.30 a.m. with a moderate to fresh northerly wind. Half an hour later we handed the staysail and then the mizen. At 4.45 a.m. Tréport was abeam and we altered course to N.E. The dawn broke hard and windy looking, with a lumpy and uncomfortable sea. Shortly afterwards, the weather topmast shroud came adrift from the spreader, and the masthead began to bend in a most unpleasant fashion. We hove to, and attempted to put the second reef in, but there was too much weight of wind in the sail, so we scandalised the peak instead, and put her back on her course.

At 8.15 a.m. the log read thirty-six, and Haut Banc Pointe was abeam. We altered course to N.N.E., our intention being to slip up to Boulogne, between the banks and the mainland.

The sea was shallow here, and breaking in patches; we took a certain amount of water on board, and had to pump it out. The lee topmast shroud now came adrift also, and we could do nothing about either of them in this sea.

At 10.30 a.m. the log read 54, making an average of 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ knots for eight hours, under scandalised mainsail and jib only. The wind was now blowing strong, and at 10.50 a.m. the sister hooks of the weather backstay runner sheared off. We hove to, and bowsed it down, then put her on her course again, with jib aback and leeward backstay runner set up, to give added support to the mast.

Boulogne breakwater was now in sight, and presented a fine spectacle, with the seas breaking clean over it. We reached in, and anchored near a Belgian motor launch at 1.30

p.m. and then warped *Eidothea* alongside. It had been a strenuous sail and the crew were very weary and glad to be in port. We learned here that the wind had registered thirty-five miles in the squalls. After our arrival, the glass dropped heavily and the wind backed; and it blew hard for three days, during which we did the necessary repairs.

On the 21st August, with a rising glass, we were under way for Dover at 4.50 a.m. This was another beautiful day, and we had a fine sail across, with the breeze S.W.

The Varne buoy was abeam at 12.55 p.m., and we decided that with so fair a wind we would give Dover a miss, and carry on straight for Ramsgate. We started off on the port gybe in high spirits; but at 1.45 p.m. I heard a crack aloft and looked up to see the gaff had carried away. We hove to, and lowered the mainsail, stowing the gaff on deck. Then we let her off again and proceeded under mizen and headsails to Dover to procure a new gaff. We anchored in Dover at 4.0 p.m.

We couldn't understand why the gaff had carried away on this particular day, when there was only a fine sailing breeze, and not on our way to Boulogne, in much harder weather. The shipwright who made our new one was of the opinion that excessive dryness partly due to age, had caused it to become brittle and carry away.

August 23rd. After collecting the new gaff and bending on the mainsail, we were under way at 3.0 p.m., with a light N.E. breeze. There was a strong tide against us, and it was a dead hammer to wind'ard. For five hours we made practically no headway until the tide turned. At 9.35 p.m. the South Brake L.V. was abeam, and at 11.50 p.m. we set our course N.E.—heading for the Kentish Knock.

It was a lovely clear night and we had a most enjoyable sail. At 2.45 a.m. the Kentish Knock L.V. was abeam and the breeze lighter. We altered course for Longsands L.V., and later on we picked up a light to weather, which we identified as the Longsands buoy; but could see no sign of the L.V., and we came to the conclusion that my chart was out-of-date.

We steered from buoy to buoy until the South Buxey was abeam at 9.15 a.m., and we were entering the River Crouch. At 10.45 a.m. we picked up a mooring at Burnham, full of regrets that such a pleasant cruise had come to an end.

Distance made good about 400 miles.

H. F. WILLIAMS.



Log of "Sheila II."

Saturday, 18th June. Bantry.

On board at noon. Crew, myself and Dan Downey (paid hand).

1.25 p.m.—Cast off. Fresh W.S.W. wind. Bar. 29.80 ; bright sun.

2.45 p.m.—Lee deck a plank under and plenty of spray.

4 p.m.—White Horse Point. Tacked ship. A good many drips showing, and things rather in a mess. Despite new fo'c'sle hatch canvas cover everything in it sodden.

5.15 p.m.—Put about to weather Roancorrig. After weathering the Rock and closing the North shore I put on the engine to help us up Berehaven Sound.

6.50 p.m.—Anchored Castletown Harbour. Everything wet and cheerless ; yet am feeling satisfied.

Sunday, 19th.

7 a.m.—Sunny, but wind strong N.W.

12.50 p.m.—Still blowing too hard to leave, and tide foul at Mizen Head until 4.30.

4 p.m.—Put in a single reef and to sea. Mizen furled. Big sea and strong wind W. outside.

6 p.m.—At Mizen Head passed *Embla*, Miss Daphne French, I.C.C., heading across for Bantry Bay under reefed main and small jib.

8.20 p.m.—Anchored off Schull Pier. Decidedly chilly, but glass up to 30.3. Wind dying in here. Shall we sail for England to-morrow? Ashore to see Father and Mother. Back on board and turned in at 11 p.m.

Monday, 20th.

4 a.m.—Looked out ; calm, heavy dew. To sea under power at 4.35, and reached Gasconane at 5.30 under sail and power. Wind light W.

6 a.m.—Up topsail and off engine. Stern bearing heating slightly.

10 a.m.—Making fast time, running free with all sail. Wind W.S.W., sunny, but great glare on water.

11.30 a.m.—Passing through a fleet of steam trawlers. Brilliant sun, a fresh fair wind, and not too much sea. "What more can the quality want?" as Mat Hannigan's aunt says.

1.30 p.m.—Still belting along at a good clip ; decks never quite dry, but no heavy going. Great glare—eyes a bit strained. Glad I brought my spare glasses, as I sat on one pair last night and did them a whole lot of no good. Dan too prone to over estimate our speed, wants to put it at 6-7 knots.

5 p.m.—Each of us had an hour's sleep in turn. Still sunny, free and fair, and pushing on gaily.

9.30—Dan turned in after hanging out the side-lights.

Tuesday, 21st.

12.15 a.m.—Called Dam. Sighted a big ship heading W. which passed very close ahead of us. Turned in until 2 a.m. when I had tea and took over.

4 a.m.—Dawn. Dan again on deck.

6 a.m.—Relieved Dan, and looking S.E. dead on our course I saw land. What a great twenty-four hours run under sail! Put on engine as wind now light and land still 20-30 miles off.

7.20 a.m.—Off engine as gland heating. Set our new genoa and it pulled like a tug. We are moving again, sea smooth, wind S.W.

9.30 a.m.—Fast coming up with Longships in smooth sea (big swell though) and fair wind. Feeling tired and queasy since we left Eire.

11.3 a.m.—Abreast Longships. Gasconane to Longships in 29 hours 3 min. Lovely day, becoming very hot and calm. We both pulled off layers of ganseys and had a shave.

Anchored Newlyn 1.18 p.m. Customs man alongside immediately. Reported officer unable to come on board at once to clear me. I said I wanted to wire, and he put me ashore, and I wired Bantry. Paid harbour dues, 1s. Back on board, light meal, and while waiting Customs Officer, fell asleep. Two of 'em boarded us at 4.20 and gave us a thorough third degree, putting one bottle of whiskey and one bottle of rum under bond—a most protracted and formal business. They asked after Alex. senior and junior, and David Tuomey. The two kindly old ladies in the P.O. also remembered me since our visit in 1934, and asked after Alex. junior. Bought some stores and back on board.

Turned in 9 p.m. and slept fitfully. Foghorn on Pier Head going from midnight.

Wednesday, 22nd.

7 a.m.—Turned out. Thick fog. Hope sun will disperse it in time for fair tide at Lizard.

9 a.m.—Left Newlyn under power. Wind fresh S.W. Hoisted jib and mizen and ran S.40 E. for Lizard, but it showing every indication of blowing fresher and fog thicker than ever, we came back and anchored in Guvas Lake in the hope of still saving our tide around the Lizard this forenoon.

11.30 a.m.—Decided to sail over to St. Michael's Mount, but after hoisting sail changed my mind and stood out for Lizard, intending if it does not clear after a few hours to stand back again. Wind W.S.W.

12.30 p.m.—Too thick. So ran for and anchored at St. Michael's Mount at 1 p.m., a cable-length off the Pier, between Hogus Rock and end of Breakwater: an unquiet anchorage. Landed; a most interesting island. Saw 140 years old State Barge in excellent preservation.

2.40 p.m.—Up anchor, and back at Newlyn at 3.30 p.m.

4.30 p.m.—Now raining heavily. Glad to be here as it is still thick. Rain cleared, walked to Penzance Quay and back, and turned in at 9 p.m.

Thursday, 23rd. Newlyn.

4.40 a.m.—Turned out after a disturbed night owing to the loading of coasters with stone.

5 a.m.—To sea. Engine ran for a few minutes and stopped. Mizen and jib took us out of harbour. Then up main and tried engine again. No good; took off after plug and swung her to clear petrol. At once there was a light explosion and flame. Tried to wrench fire extinguisher off holder, but it stuck, as I forgot to release the latch. I seized a blanket and gave it to Dan who dipped it in the tide and then I was able to get the fire under; but it was several minutes more before it was out. T.G. for the outcome. Gear and ship in a hell of a mess. Decided to carry on, and set Dan to clean up. Able to see Lizard after a few hours free sailing in light W.S.W. wind. I again heated sparking plugs and got her to go, and at 9.5 a.m. rounded Lizard and bore away for Falmouth. Calm.

11.15 a.m.—Manacles abeam.

12.20 p.m.—Anchored Falmouth. Card from R. Cornwall Yacht Club.

Saturday, 25th.

7 a.m.—Turned out. Chilly, falling glass, damp.

3.0 p.m.—Racing this afternoon. Sunbeams sweet little craft, also two 14-footers; they are simply lovely little machines.

Bernard O'R. arrived. Turned in for a quiet night.

Sunday, 26th.

Left Falmouth at 11.15 a.m. for Plymouth, S.W. wind light, sea smooth. Experimenting with a new log, the spinnaker which did not draw, and the genoa—all sail set.

1.45 p.m.—Fog patches, very light wind, on engine. Intended to put in to Fowey when we left Falmouth, but the day is so fine and warm we decided to run to Plymouth to buy a pram dinghy.

3 p.m.—Tide evidently throwing us out to the S., and as we can now pick up a headland which I take to be the Start, I am hauling her in to N.60E (Dog bark navigation all right). The only chart I have of these parts is one showing both sides of the Channel and also the Bristol Channel.

3.55 p.m.—Think it is Rame Head we are bearing on, but difficult to make sure, as visibility is low. Still it is a good day, a good ship, and a good crew—so why worry?

6.45 p.m.—Anchored off Mashford's Yard, Plymouth, in a sluicing tide ahead of a French yacht tied to a buoy, a poor anchorage and away from the town.

8.30 p.m.—Cleaning up. No; they would not eat tinned Irish stew and tinned peas. But when I had heated a tin of each they condescended to sit up and nearly ate the tins as well. It is foggy and thick, but contentment radiates the ship.

Monday, 27th. Plymouth.

Blowing a full gale. Bar. down to 29.72.

9.30 a.m.—Customs Officer on board and remained until 11.15 a.m. Bored stiff.

11.20 a.m.—Ashore to Mashford's to find they had no pram. To a chart seller, found he was also a compass adjuster, brought him on board and spent an hour or two steaming around swinging ship—£2 2s. od. Then to Cattewater to anchor. Weather looks very broken; *Queen Mary* had to pass Plymouth this morning though due to land and pick up passengers. Blowing hard still but rain stopped.

9.50 p.m.—Anxious debate as to whether we should up anchor out of Cattewater and go where we were last night. It is blowing hard and we are tide rode, twisting and jerking damnably, with splashes coming over the quarter and the punt hauled on deck.

Tuesday, 28th. Cattewater.

After a bitterly cold night am full of rheumatism. Grey and cheerless and blowing like a winter's day.

Ashore and walked along the Hoe, and had a really good lunch. The wind had risen to a full gale, and hurrying back to our ship we saw the bowsprit dipping in the heavy sea, and Dan on deck anxiously watching his anchor. A motor boat took us off and with one of the hands to help up anchor, we got into the Barbican under our own power, and tied up to a smack. Trawlers and coasters were scudding in behind breakwater to anchor. The small schooner yacht which was in Falmouth with us just came in at 5 p.m., and ran up the Plym. They must have had a dusting. The *Rose* which used to be in Dublin is still out in the Cattewater, and is plunging like hell with two anchors down.

A big coaster in trying to get out of the harbour gave the Pier Head a hell of a wallop, and then was carried bodily to leeward before she got under way and out of the Cattewater.

7.10 p.m.—Content after a good meal of tinned hot pot and a tin of peas. Now raining heavily. Bar. down to 29.8. *Rose* came into the Barbican under power, and dropped an anchor well out in the pool. Shouts from the shore, and two launches went off. Meanwhile she had fouled a barge, and her dinghy's painter got around her propellor. It took about an hour to tie her up finally to the Brixham trawlers astern of us. Wireless reports serious gales all over England to-day, reaching 77 m.p.h. A small cutter, double-ender, clinker-built, parish-rigged, about 20 ft. o.a. from Latvia tied up to us. A former owner capsized her in the Bay of Biscay. I am told she is now locally owned.

Wednesday, 29th. Barbican.

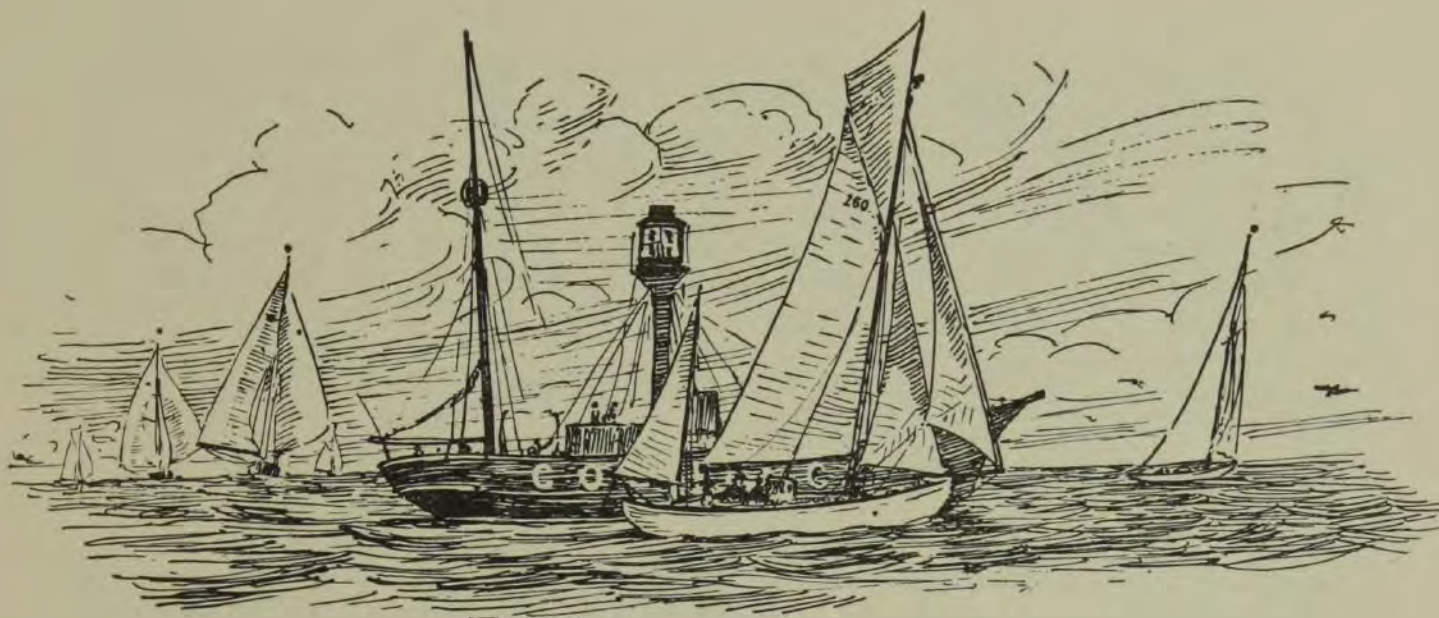
A most unquiet night with many excursions on deck to moor, slack off and haul in. Violent gusts of wind and very cold.

8 a.m.—With the wind and tide we had dropped astern on to a big mooring buoy, and were in danger of harming the ship. On engine and motoring ahead dropped anchor further W. in the pool.

The forecast at 10.30 a.m. gave: "wind moderating," and at 11.15 a.m. we got under way in a strong N.W. squally wind; but at 12.30 p.m. we were beaten back to the Cattewater again. Our chances of getting to Falmouth for the race looked very small.

1.50 p.m.—Light lunch. Dan says "between the Cattewater, the rough water and the calm water, we don't know where we are." We are holding on to a slim hope of being able to get to Falmouth to-night.

8 p.m.—Bitterly cold and sky positively alarming with mare's tails, massed clouds and general dirt coming up from N.W., though it is now blowing strong from S.S.W. Falmouth "na poo." Gloom.



The First Mark in the Clyde Race

Thursday, 30th.

5.15 a.m.—Left Cattewater. A high dawn, light wind, due south six hours' tide against us from Penlec. Engine stopped off Rame Head—water in petrol. Horrible motion owing to sea and tide. Drained pipes and engine started again at 7.30. Heavy going, but we must plug to windward. Engine stopped again about 7.45, and I spent three-quarters of an hour freeing pipes and getting water and muck out of them, and a filthy taste in my mouth from blowing through them. That pink petrol we got in Plymouth is terrible stuff, and I feel poisoned though I have just had a few biscuits and a good swig of sherry.

8.40 a.m.—Sun out, and though sea rough and confused no great harm in it, and we are plugging away to windward under two reef main, whole mizen and small jib. Engine choked again at 9.30. Cleared the pipes and then shook out reefs. Lying the Dodman close hauled, distance about 10 miles.

11.20 a.m.—Showery. Fowey Tower now bearing due N. and we are barely laying the Dodman.

2 p.m.—St. Anthony abeam.

2.30 p.m.—Anchored in Falmouth. *Gull* arrived shortly after from Newlyn, where they had been since the gale. Supped on *Gull* and to bed about 10 p.m.

Friday, 1st July. THE DAY!

Ashore forenoon, final stores. Cool and showery. Bar. 30.00.

5.55 p.m.—Had sausages and now getting ready for sea. *MacNab* and *Tai-mo-Shan* asked to have the race postponed until to-morrow morning, as *Iyruna* had left Salcombe this A.M., and was expected hourly, and they were tired after a stiff beat down here, but the majority ruled for going on. Donegan very kindly gave us written directions for the various courses unsolicited.

6 p.m.—Up anchor and out to starting point. Calm N. wind. *Gull* was first boat over the line, and romped away. We were fifth over, I think, and with spinnaker set and drawing we all moved slowly abreast, making a wonderful picture for the photographers. *MacNab*, *Doughty*, and ourselves were in company to off Helford River. Beautiful, calm, sunny evening; but it is evident we are hopelessly outpaced, having no light weather muslin for such occasions. We rounded the Manacles, ninth boat, at 10.6 p.m. and passed the Lizard Head at 12.30 a.m. Calm all night.

Saturday, 2nd.

At dawn we counted eleven yachts including ourselves; but we sagged away to the S. and made little or no headway while the others seemed to get a breeze to the W. of us.

9.40 a.m.—The rest of the fleet have saved their tide around the Wolf. We are still about 4 miles off, and the tide has turned against us for the N. run and we have no wind. Dreadful! Sea calm, but big irregular swell.

1 p.m.—We are as far as ever from the accursed Wolf. It is now blowing fresh from N.W. and we had to take off the big jib, and are now sailing her all we know close-hauled. We are making no progress up on the damn light though we can lie it. The rest of the fleet disappeared ahead.

7.15 p.m.—Wind N.N.W. abating, and going less heavy. Fine evening—sunny, an irregular swell which prevents her doing any good to windward. Looks like spending another night wallowing in sight of Land's End—Oh! for a W. breeze.

Sunday, 3rd.

At sea. A rather uncomfortable night with wind N.W. to W. Ship travelling heavily at times. Water bound to get below and everything in a mess. Crew in good spirits, despite the knowledge that we are utterly out of the race. Chilly and cool. Two trousers, four pullovers and two pair of socks no load to me. Carried main, mizen and jib all night.

2 p.m.—Topsail and genoa.

4.20 p.m.—In genoa. Wind going more N. Log 110. Glass falling.

7 p.m.—Blowing fresh; took in topsail and put in a reef.

8 p.m.—Sighted the Tuskar ahead and to port.

Monday, 4th.

2.15 a.m.—Off Blackwater. Light. Tide under us, going fast with sheets just started

6 a.m.—Wicklow Head abreast and tide strong against us.

6.50 a.m.—Gave her genoa.

11.35 a.m.—Finished.

8.10 p.m.—These entries for the past sixty hours reflect my lack of energy. I do not suppose I have had one complete hour's sleep. *Gull* very generously has offered to let me have Bertie Brown for the run N., and Tom H. if he turns up is to go on *Gull* for this trip. Results of the race I have not got yet; but I think we were third last on corrected time. Did not go ashore to the Dinner at the Royal St. George Y.C. Wish I could sleep. I want and will want it.

Tuesday, 5th. Dun Laoghaire.

5 a.m.—Turned out for the race to the Clyde. Wind N.N.W., grey and cold. Crew: Bertie Brown, I and Dan.

7 a.m.—Start.

7.30 a.m.—Muglins. A dead run, doing quite well and holding our own. Wish it were all running. A glorious sight all the fleet, about eighteen or twenty in our race, Class B. The big fellows now coming after us.

10.43 a.m.—Rounded Codling and streamed log at zero. Heading N.45E. Surely as glorious a sight as ever gladdened the heart of a man is the spectacle of some forty yachts—of which we are the second smallest in Class B—spread out in the sunshine.

12.5 p.m.—Bertie takes over. Log 5. Course N.55E.

1.15 p.m.—Took in log, reading 9. No way, flat calm.

2.30 p.m.—Streamed log, reading 9. Heading N.15E.

6 p.m.—Glorious evening. Sea calm, sun shining. Wind N.W. Fleet very scattered, and not many astern of us. *Starson* astern, but only a little. Fix on Howth, Lambay and Carlingford put us about 27½ miles N.20E. of Codling.

10.45 p.m.—Course N.E. Log 46 and shortly after N.N.E. again.

Wednesday, 6th.

2.30 a.m.—Changed jibs as genoa too pressing in the tide joggle S. of St. John's Point. Travelling well close hauled. Sea very smooth until about half an hour ago.

3.50 a.m.—St. John abeam. Log 69.9

6.35 a.m.—Very cold, but a fine looking morning. Wind W.N.W. Only two boats visible astern. Several dimly visible ahead.

9 a.m.—Sighted Ailsa Craig.

1.40 p.m.—Glorious sunny day. *Islander* on our lee astern; wind too light for her Bermuda ketch rig. Douglas Mellon also astern. *Espanola* passed under power and sail at 4 p.m. west of Ailsa, and spoke us.

5.15 p.m.—Ailsa abeam. Wind now S.W., very light.

9.45 p.m.—Passed Holy Island. Now flat calm and we are up to *Maybird* again; and *Marie* is now abeam to port.

11.15 p.m.—*Marie* close by, and *Mavis*, to our vast astonishment, is only a few hundred yards ahead of us. *Maybird* also in the group.

Thursday, 7th.

Flat flat calm all night and now no better, and no prospects of wind. We are off N. end of Arran and S. of the Cumbraes, and the tide is against us again.

8.45 a.m.—A light N. wind and six of us now at Cumbrae. *Starson* is here ahead of us. She came up in the calm—a hell of a queer race!

9.30 a.m.—Now a fair breeze but dead north, slogging to windward in joggle with tide turned against us, and that blinking little *Starson* is soaking out to windward of us, and we having left them out of sight astern twenty-four hours ago! Fifteen miles of a dead slog to Hunter's Quay, and no hope of being in the picture after about 1,000 miles of sailing and a year's dreaming—tough—but what about it!

11.15 a.m.—Off Rothesay, fresh wind and *Starson* comfortably on our weather. Lowered topsail to see could we lie a little better. We took a chance, and standing over towards Largs were rewarded by the wind strong off shore, and weathered *Starson* and almost D. Mellon. The Lough is alive with yachts.

2.30 p.m.—Finished, and at 2.40 p.m. anchored in Holy Loch.

Saturday, 9th.

At anchor—Hunter's Quay. Blowing a gale. Bar. 29.8 Dan and I on board cleaning ship. Well, we had got third, which shows that a small boat with a good handicap need never give up hope.

Monday, 11th.

Hunter's Quay. Bar. 29.55.

10.30 a.m.—Went ashore and up to Sandbank and bought some boat gear and paint.

12.40 p.m.—Back on board ; 27 fathoms of chain to come in! Got away, and under engine and sail and below Dunoon there was a sudden race of the engine, and I guessed we had lost our propellor and shaft! We had ; so back to Robertson's Yard. We were under sail and power when it happened, there was a big fleet of racing yachts all round us, and we had to dodge out of their way. Could we have fouled something? I doubt it. I felt no jar or stopping of our way.

Tuesday, 12th.

Hauled out at Robertson's Yard, Sandbank. Fine morning. Glass 29.62.

10 p.m.—Afloat again. Left Sandbank at 10.15 p.m. under power. Wind W. light.

10.40 p.m.—Gland hot. Declutched for ten minutes. It cooled somewhat and so on again ; but at 11.40 p.m. I turned it off as it was very hot and we had a nice W. cool of wind. Toward Point abeam. Fine night, but cold as usual, and plenty of traffic around.

Wednesday, 13th.

5.45 a.m.—Decided to go into Lamlash. Wind S.S.W. and no progress to be made beating against it.

7.40 a.m.—Anchored in Lamlash, and of course, when our hook was down the officious Pier Master sang out we would be in the way of the steamer. Shifted. Turned in at noon ; jumped out with the noise of a crash in my ears, and found a big unwieldy motor cruiser *Dawn* of Belfast foul of us. They were clumsy in getting under way and dropped down on us, but did no harm.

9.30 p.m.—Blowing hard and still raining. *Maid of Malham* came in and several other yachts. Glad to be in out of it. Hell of a night outside. Tied down three reefs before turning in.

Thursday, 14th. Lamlash.

7 a.m.—Turned out and though very unlikely looking put to sea under power. Wind S.W. Bar. 29.95. Probably have to return soon. Wind and sea against us.

9.55 a.m.—Still battling on and undecided whether to turn in good time or try to make Loch Ryan.

11.55 a.m.—Passed Ailsa Craig close to. Sea more moderate for last hour, but wind dead ahead.

2.35 p.m.—Still motoring, but sea subsiding and wind moderating. Now nearly abreast Corsewall.

5.5 p.m.—*Maid of Malham* crossed under our stern on the starboard tack under main staysail and small jib. (She had left Lamlash when we turned out this morning.)

7.20 p.m.—Stopped engine to clear pipe. Almost calm.

7.40 p.m.—Away again.

9.40 p.m.—Anchored Donaghadee. All the passage under power ; sail very little help.

Friday, 15th. Donaghadee.

6 a.m.—Turned out and away at 6.40 under power. Hoisted sail after coming out. Wind N. light. Sails not filling.

8.1 a.m.—Passed Skulmartin. Sail ahead looks very like the *Maid*.

9.14 a.m.—South Rock Light ; passed *Marama* under sail and going quite fast in the light wind.

11.50 a.m.—The wind is still too light for us to sail save at a crawl, so we are pushing along under power. It would be nice if we had a fair breeze and could do without the smell and stench of an engine.

3.40 p.m.—While P. and D. were asleep, there was a jerk, and the new shaft was broken just in the same place as the previous one. It is flat calm. Log 26. It gave no warning—was running quite cool. Is the engine out of alignment despite both Fitz and Willie and the

Sandbank mechanics lining it up? The Sandbank man said it was 'O.K.' save needing a slight cant to port, the shaft slid in and out to meet the coupling perfectly. Could it be that the gear for gearing her in and out is strained in some way? Had a meal, and presently took out broken piece of shaft. Slightly adjusted engine on bed, rammed home the broken shaft and coupled up, started, and in fear and trembling put her in gear. Looked overside but could hear or see no thump from the shortened shaft causing the blades to hit the plank, so ahead dead slow. Flat, oily calm, doing about 2 knots and Carlingford Lough bearing about N.

Saturday, 16th.

2.10 a.m.—Anchored in Dun Laoghaire Harbour. Fresh N.W. to W. wind. Clear moonlight but cold.

9.30 a.m.—Mechanic on board. He said engine lined 'O.K.' but trouble in propellor or its end of the shaft. Could do nothing afloat, and said we should go up to Ringsend. Decided to attempt the 350-mile journey under sail. Weather looks anything but favourable—grey, cool, rainy. S.W. wind. Must make best of it.

12.55 p.m.—Under way under sail. Wind N.

3.50 p.m.—All sail for past $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours including spinnaker.

8 p.m.—Tied up in Arklow Basin. Tried engine for past hour; it is labouring terribly and barely able to go ahead. Came in so as to have a look at it in the A.M.

Sunday, 17th. Arklow.

After a disturbed night waiting for her to take the ground, she did not ground, and our trip in here was a failure, unless I decide to wait until Monday and put Tyrell at her. Annoying. We might have been at sea last night.

11 a.m.—Cassin stripped and went into the dirty pool, but could find nothing on the shaft or propellor, so to sea at 11.45 a.m., having got 8 gallons of petrol. Engine labouring hard, but wind dead ahead for Kilmichael.

12.45 p.m.—Kilmichael Point. Engine turning over, well throttled down; but both the after bearing and brass reverse collar heating and wind dead ahead.

3.5 p.m.—Burst jib to ribbons in the strong wind and pitching. Doing no good to windward, even though tide under us, owing to there being no drive in double-reefed main. Ran in towards Cahore and had to put on the engine. It thumped so alarmingly and drove her so slowly that I became seriously perturbed. Very slowly worked in near Cahore Pier, and then after considering the strong wind, falling glass (30.05) and prospects of continued W. wind I reluctantly decided to run back 18 hard-won miles to Arklow and have Tyrell look after the engine. Sailing like a train even though tide against us, and to add to my enjoyment I have got back my lumbago suddenly and with a vengeance. Dan just after remarking that neither of us had an undisturbed night's sleep since we left Bantry, and it is a fact.

7.45 p.m.—Arklow Basin again.

Tuesday, 19th.

5.26 a.m.—To sea. Foggy in patches. Glass 30.00.

6.55 a.m.—Engine bearings not heating so far. Tyrell's man has shimmed it up considerably.

11.35 a.m.—Splough abeam. Sea smooth, gentle S.W. wind. Sails furled, engine performing satisfactorily. Sun shining, but back aching.

12.40 p.m.—Fundale. Fog.

1.40 p.m.—Thick, picked up the Barrels Light Ship one-eight mile distant, lost her, and presently groped down to her again, gave her papers at 1.55 p.m. Wind now W. dead ahead as usual. From Barrels to Conningbeg we started to jump into a lump of sea, and although tide with us we were glued to the stretch S. of Saltees. We gave her full sail and then furled mizen and later jib, and it was weary walloping with engine only turning over. Oh!

I am fed up with headwinds, small boats and bad weather! Everything wet and my back will not permit me to sit, stand or lean—very miserable. Sell her and play croquet. Anchored Dunmore.

7.20 p.m.—Had our second meal since 5.25 a.m., bar a slice of barm brack. Dan ashore to buy petrol. No getting her anywhere without it. Engine functioned faultlessly without stop since we left Arklow, and bearings cold. One up for Jack Tyrrell.

9.55 p.m.—Jack Egan and wife on board for past hour. Visited *Ziska* also. Told me Miss Townsend came from Clyde to here in 70 hours.

Wednesday, 20th. Dunmore.

6.5 a.m.—Left harbour under power; lumpy sea for first hour.

10 a.m.—Mine Head. Calm.

4.10 p.m.—Approaching Sovereigns; no wind all day and only main set. Calm sea for past three or four hours. Decided to go home for two days from here and come back on Saturday.

5.20 p.m.—Anchored Kinsale. Most peaceful passage we had since leaving Bantry.

Friday, 22nd. Kinsale.

10.15 a.m.—Left Kinsale under power. Light S. wind.

12.40 p.m.—Seven Heads. Still W. light. Lovely day, but must keep under power to get anywhere.

2.30 p.m.—Galley Head. Wind light W. Sea calm.

7.10 p.m.—Anchored Schull.

Saturday, 23rd.

6 a.m.—Turned out and under power and all sail headed for Bantry Bay. Fine morning.

12.40 p.m.—Thirty-five days after our setting out we picked up our moorings again on as lovely a day as ever came, and better than we saw while out.

P. O'K.



Some R.O.R.C. Racers at Dunlaoghaire

Mab's Cruise to the Clyde

WHEN I DECIDED to enter *Mab* for the Irish Cruising Club's race from Kingstown to the Clyde I found two girls who were willing to come, and it was arranged that the mate and I should take the boat round to Kingstown and pick them up there. Accordingly, on 25th June, at 9.25 p.m., we dropped our moorings in Queenstown, and slipped slowly out of the harbour with a light westerly air.

We did not bring Ballycotton abeam till 4 a.m., and we remained in the same position for the next three hours. I called up the mate and we had some breakfast, and then a very light westerly wind came to us, so I gave her the spinnaker and the mate sat on the boom to keep the mainsail from slatting.

In spite of a windy-looking dawn and mackerel sky the breeze continued light all the morning, and heavy rain and fog set in. We brought Mine Head abeam at 1.10 p.m., and decided to put into Helvick as the weather was so unpleasant. Just as we were approaching the harbour, however, the fog suddenly lifted, the sun came out, and with it came a fresh S.W. breeze. We had a grand sail from Helvick to Dunmore, and covered the distance of 23 miles in exactly four hours, bringing up in Dunmore at 6.30 p.m.

The following morning it was blowing hard, and for the next three days we were weather-bound. Though absolutely sheltered from the sea, the squalls that swept down on us were terrific, and certainly the outlook from the cliffs did not tempt one out to sea.

June 30th. The glass, which had been down to 29.1, had risen to 29.7, and the weather looked better. We rolled down four turns in the mainsail and were under way at 9 a.m. with a fresh S.W. wind and moderate sea. It was a glorious sail, with sun, a fair wind, and marvellous colours. We brought the North Saltee abeam at 11.45 a.m. and went through the Sound, where we encountered rather broken water.

The wind and sea had increased steadily all the forenoon, and by the time we had the Barrels buoy abeam at 1.20 p.m., it was blowing hard and the seas were beginning to break. We ran with the boom to port till we were clear of all dangers, and then wore round and made for the Splaugh. There was a grand break on the Bailies, and they looked absolutely magnificent.

The Splaugh was abeam at 3 p.m., and we hauled our wind and steered N.N.W. for the red conical buoy off the entrance to Rosslare. The spindrift was flying, but we were in the shelter of the land and had smoothed the water, and we finished a fine sail into Rosslare, bringing up at 4 p.m. just ahead of the lifeboat.

I think we must have struck a bad patch of ground as the anchor would not hold. We had plenty of chain out and I gave her more, but we still continued to drag in towards the steamer pier. I got the mainsail on her and lifted the anchor, which was polished like silver, and started to work out to a berth farther out in the bay. However, we were hailed by Mr. Wickham, who showed us a mooring which he said we might pick up, and when we had done so, he came aboard and very kindly helped us to stow our sails.

The next morning we were under way at 5.50 a.m. with a light westerly wind and the first of the flood tide under us. At 9.30 we lost the wind entirely, so I got out the sweep and did a bit of sculling, having first stuck my knife into the mast to bring us a breeze. It eventually came from the south, and we were able to set the spinnaker, and made fairly good progress through the Sluice. There were heavy thunder clouds over the hills round Arklow and they played havoc with the breeze. Whenever the sky was clear we slipped along nicely, and then up would come another great violet wool pack, and with the first drops of rain the breeze would fail.

Wicklow Head was abeam at 8.30 p.m. and the tide again flooding. The wind came out N.W., but it was very shy all night and came ahead while we were still off Killiney. We had a weary beat with a lee going tide and eventually brought up in Kingstown at 5 a.m.

I collected my crew (Olive Whyte and Mary de Chastelaine) the day after we arrived. Olive had some experience of racing in Dublin Bay, but I found that Mary had never done any sailing whatever, so we gave her the work of cook and cabin boy; thenceforward she was known as the 'C.B.'

The important day, 5th July, arrived, and at 3.30 a.m. a reluctant crew was dragged from sleep and turned out to finish work which we had intended to do on the previous day, but had gone racing instead. It was a grey, rather dismal morning, a light N.N.W. breeze, and bar. 29.5.

Our start was a masterpiece, due entirely to luck. We cast off our moorings just before the first gun and sailed straight out and across the line just as the second gun went, getting away one of the first.

We streamed the log and put her on a course N.E. by N., and I went forward to give her the genoa, but found that someone had unrove the halliards when taking in the spinnaker on the previous day. I had to go aloft to reeve them, but in spite of the delay, we got well away and were in the lead with *Maureen* and *Evora*.

At midday the wind went into the W.N.W., and I gave her the genoa, which we carried until 2.5 p.m., when a hard squall out of Carlingford forced me to hand it again. We were able to set it again an hour later, but the wind fell very light and the mainsail ceased to draw. *Evora*, *Bonita* and *Maureen* were out of sight, and *Sho Shi* and *Beana* were some way ahead.

At 6.15 p.m. the log read 53 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles, and there was virtually no wind and heavy rain. We were off Slieve Donard, which was almost invisible under an inky black cloud, and it was very thundery. After nearly three hours of faint and variable airs, a nice little breeze from the west settled down, and I gave her the genoa once more. The breeze improved steadily, and before long we overtook *Beana* and *Sho Shi*, and had *Evora* well in sight before darkness fell. We brought the South Rock L.V. abeam at 11.35 p.m. and were overtaken by *Islander*, who hailed us. We had a fine steady breeze and were logging a steady 6 $\frac{1}{2}$.

The mate took over at midnight, but two hours later a hail from her made me dash up on deck, to find that the genoa had split at the tack. I shot out on to the bowsprit end and was immersed up to my neck in the cold, dark waters of the North Channel; but with Olive's help, got in the sail before further damage was done, and we set the working headsails. In spite of the reduction of canvas we were going great guns, and for the next seven hours or so I found *Mab* a delight and a joy to steer. We gave her the genoa again, the great rent in it skilfully repaired by the crew, and at 11 a.m. we brought Ailsa Craig abeam, having averaged 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ knots for the last fourteen hours.

All on board were highly delighted. *Sho Shi* and *Beanna* were left out of sight, and we were close to *Evora* and *Maureen*. However, when Pladda light was abeam at 1.40 p.m., the wind suddenly died, and then came W.S.W. and light, so I gave her the spinnaker.

The next two hours were beastly. The wind was all over the place, and it was a case of constant sail shifting with very little result. The breeze held out at sea, and yachts belonging to the larger class came roaring up with spinnaker set till they too, entered the doldrums, and there was a whole bunch of us—no two holding the same wind. We were out in the middle of the firth and had no wind all night.

It was very disappointing to be so near and yet so far, and the mate and I were worn out, having stood watch and watch about ever since leaving Kingstown. With the dawn a light breeze came to us from ahead, and we beat up very slowly against the ebb tide and crossed the line at 7.15.

We remained on the Clyde for three days, during which time Olive left us, and on the morning of 10th July we started for home. We were under way at 11.20 a.m. with a light to moderate S.S.W. wind, and bar. 29.7, tending downwards. Visibility was very poor, and we could see nothing as we beat down the firth. The wind gradually increased to fresh and was very squally. As the visibility was so bad we decided to put into Port Bannatyne and brought up at 3.45 p.m.

We were under way next morning under all plain sail at 9.10 a.m. with a light W. wind and the glass at 29.5. We held a steady breeze as far as the Cumbraes and then flat calms alternated with hard squalls off the high land. Arran looked enchantingly lovely.

By the time we were down to Holy Island, the breeze was fresh to strong. I handed the staystail and when we were abeam of Pladda, judged that it was time to reef. I brought her up into the wind and the mate went forward and started to roll down. We then discovered that an important point had been overlooked when the roller reefing had been fitted just before we started for the Clyde. I had had no experience of patent reefing, and did not know that it is necessary to have a groove cut in the boom. The sail had rolled all right in port when the boat was head to wind; but with the weight of wind in it when she was hove to, it slipped round the boom. To add to our difficulties, one of the parral balls on the claw ring split and went overboard, and this left a metal edge bearing on the boom and bruising it. so I decided to put back into Lamlash to effect repairs. We brought up off the town at 5.30 p.m.

The mate and I visited *Maybird*, who was lying close to us, and asked if we could borrow a parral ball. Her owner, Col. Hawkes, very kindly gave us one, and rowed over to put it on for us.

We were under way again at 8.45 a.m. with four rolls in the mainsail. We carried a fresh to strong W. wind all night with a moderate sea, and were down to Corsewall Point at 3.35 a.m., but the wind lightened away with the daylight, and at 9 a.m. I shook out the reefs. The breeze then veered N. and I set the spinnaker, but we had a foul tide and made very little headway. We had the South Rock L.V. abeam at 1 p.m., and I got out the sweep, but could not stem the tide and we went slowly backwards.

At 7.40 p.m. we got a light breeze from the S.—a head wind, of course, but very welcome after the calm spells, and we proceeded under all plain sail. We beat all that night and all next day. There was a very dirty-looking sunrise in the morning, and the weather deteriorated all day. I had half a mind to put into Carlingford, but our leave was nearly up and we were anxious to get on.

The wind increased during the evening, and at 12 p.m., when we were off the entrance to the Boyne, it started to blow up, accompanied by heavy rain. We felt this to be the last injustice. The mate and I had had scarcely any sleep for the last three days. As we knew the roller reefing was not working, I decided to close reef her straight away by the ordinary method. It proved not too easy, as we had no reef cleats. We then stood out to sea, and carried on till about six miles to seaward of the Rockabill and then came about. I reckoned we should just make Lambay Island on the port tack and the daylight was due in about two hours time.

The wind had increased steadily and the rain was torrential. Although the seas were big they were not uneven, and we took nothing worse than heavy spray aboard. The mate sat in the cockpit with me all night, soaked to the skin, but cheerful as always, and the sail was not unenjoyable.

The wind died out in one terrific rain squall when we were about three miles to seaward off Lambay, and then came out N.W. and light.

At 8.50 a.m. we brought up in Kingstown, seventy-two hours out from Port Bannatyne. We were longing for a sleep, but as we had to unship the boom, take it ashore and later collect it, and also replenish our stores, we ended by getting only two hours in the afternoon. In the evening the C.B. left us to catch the mail boat.

We left the following morning, 15th July, at 11.35 a.m. with a light N.E. wind. I found that one of the backstay runners had chafed badly during the previous night against the dinghy. The wind fell very light once we were through Dalkey Sound, so I sat on the boom and spliced a new runner, which we rove straight away. We set the spinnaker and with a grand tide under us, we brought up in Wicklow at 7 p.m., with an anchor ahead and a stern warp to the quay.

July 16th. At 2.30 a.m. we woke to find a fresh N. wind blowing into the harbour. *Mab* was being driven across her chain, which was putting a frightful strain on the bobstay. I passed a bight of it round under the bobstay and got the chain to lead in from the other side.

At 3.30 a.m. I swam ashore and cast off our stern warp, and we got under way with a moderate N.W. wind and a fair tide. Arklow was abeam at 7.25 a.m., and the tide then turned against us off Cahore at 11.15 a.m., and the breeze was fresh enough to force me to hand the staysail.

We carried on down the Rusk Channel and into the North Shear. We brought Carnsore Point abeam at 4 p.m., and the wind came W.S.W. once we were round the corner. We kept close to the shore as long as the ebb lasted, and then stood out to the Coningmore in the hope of fetching Dunmore on the one tack; but the wind gradually died away, and a big lump of a sea knocked us sadly to leeward. At 2 a.m. we got a moderate S.W. breeze and were in Dunmore at 4.30 a.m.

We slept most of the day and in the evening the crew of *Tewk*, a 7-ton cutter from Barry, hailed us and came aboard.

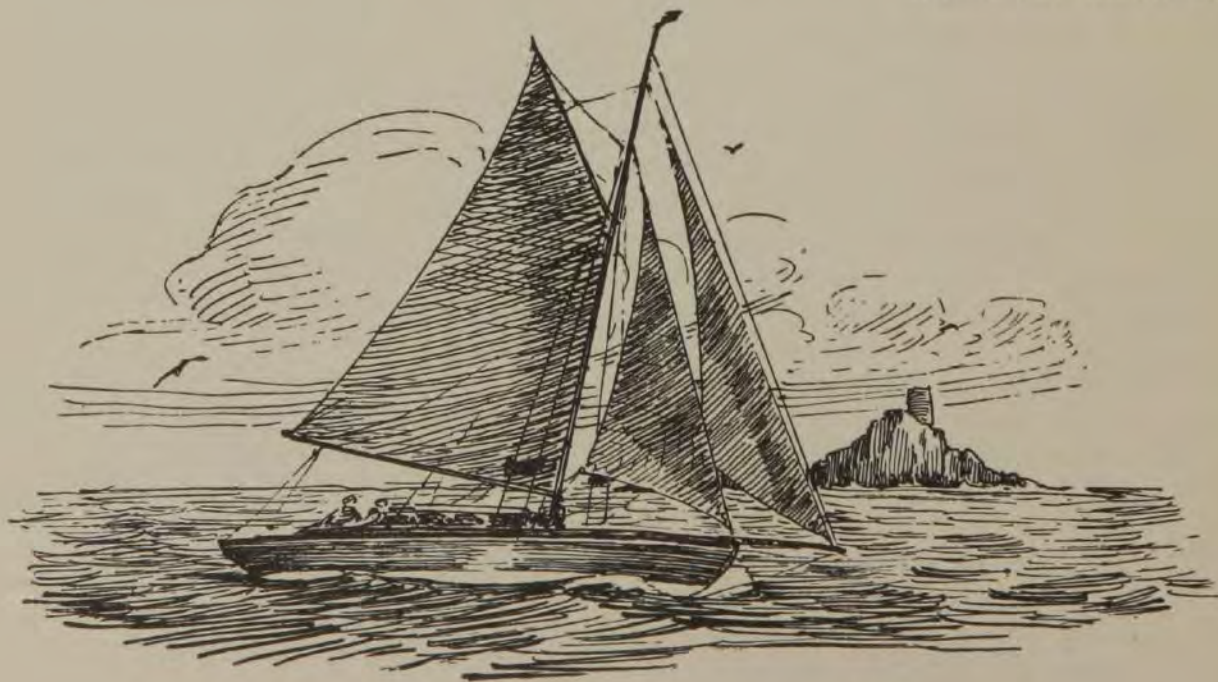
We were up at 3.30 the following morning and I swam ashore and cast off the stern warp. The wind was so light that we waited for it to increase a little, and at 5.50 a.m. we got under way in a very light S.W. air, and we stood out till the Hook was abeam and were then just able to lay our course. At 5.50 p.m. we brought up and anchored in Dungarvan estuary. The mate acted as pilot here and directed us to a very sheltered anchorage in about 3 fathoms, just off the coastguard station.

We were not under way until midday the next day, with a moderate W.S.W. breeze. The visibility was barely $\frac{1}{4}$ mile, so we streamed the log. At 3 p.m. the fog lifted suddenly; we were not making much headway as it was a dead hammer, with a big sea knocking her head off. We carried on till we were nearly across Youghal Bay, and then decided to throw in our hand and go into Youghal, as we were sick of punching to windward. We checked sheets and brought up in Youghal at 9.30 p.m.

We got a very light W.N.W. breeze the following morning, and were under way at 6.55 a.m. under all plain sail. Once clear of the harbour, we got the true N.W. breeze and slipped along well. Capel Is. was abeam at 9.15 a.m. and Ballycotton at 10.40 a.m.

Soon we saw a yacht about a mile ahead and identified her as *Tewk*, so of course, we were determined to beat her into Queenstown. We came up with her gradually and overtook her just after rounding Roche's Point at 1.35 p.m. The wind in the harbour was shy and variable, and she came up with us again. Then ensued a perfect orgy of sail shifting, as the wind seemed disposed to come from any and every quarter. We just managed to beat *Tewk* comfortably, and we picked up our moorings at 3.35 p.m., very pleased to be home, but sad to leave the ship after one of the best cruises we have ever had.

MARGARET TOWNSEND.



Mab

I.C.C. Race from Kingstown to Hunter's Quay

JULY 5TH, 1938

IN CONNECTION WITH the R.O.R.C. races from Kingstown to Hunter's Quay on July 5th, 1938, the I.C.C. Committee decided to organize a race for boats too small to be accepted for the R.O.R.C. events. This race was fixed to start two hours before the smaller R.O.R.C. class, and as the R.O.R.C. course was around the Codling L.V. and ours was direct, it was hoped that both fleets would arrive at Hunter's Quay, at approximately the same time.

The event proved most popular and nine boats were soon entered, viz., *Beana*, *Bonita*, *Curlew*, *Evora*, *Highflyer*, *Mab*, *Marie*, *Maureen*, and *Sho Shi*. The Rear-Commodore had a busy time measuring them, and "unofficial" rating certificates were issued by the Club for each boat. It speaks well for the keenness of the owners and crews that all nine boats started, and seven finished.

Mr. W. Marmion, the owner of *Evora*, had very generously lent her to Desmond Keatinge, Donough O'Brien and myself for the race, and we were very anxious to put up a good show. *Evora* is a 6-ton Bermudian yawl, designed by Mr. John B. Kearney, and built in 1937 by Skinner of Baltimore. She rated low, being full bodied and having a moderate sail area, and proved to be the most comfortable small cruiser we have ever had the luck to sail in.

The nine boats came to the line at 5 a.m., to be started by Mr. J. A. Magauran, who very kindly gave up his morning's sleep, to send us away in fine style.

There was a moderate W.N.W. breeze, and reaching headsails were soon set by those boats which had them.

The Cork Harbour O.D. boat *Maureen* soon pulled away from the rest of the fleet; but as she rated high we did not worry too much. Our Yankee jib was pulling like a horse, which it continued to do all the way to Hunter's Quay; except, of course, for the calm which marred the finish. We had a 6-hours ebb against us, H.W. being 6 a.m., and we set a course to pass one mile distant off the Baily. Consequently, we had the wind somewhat freer than the rest of the fleet, and we were soon ahead (but to leeward) except for *Maureen* who was a mile ahead when we were off the Baily.

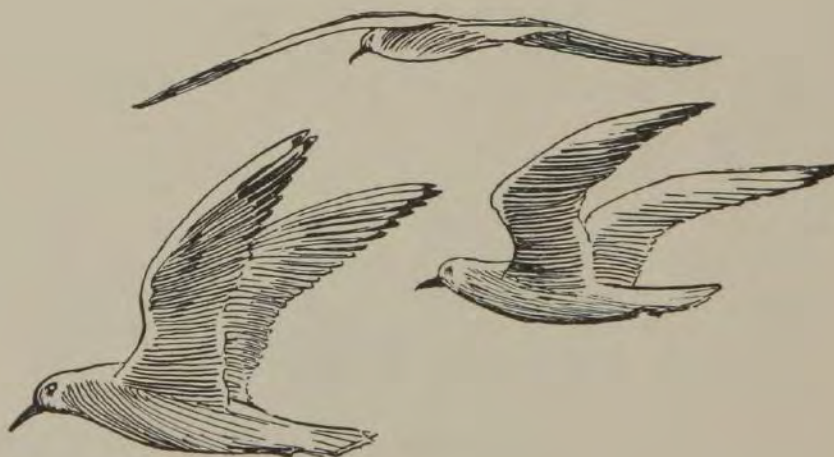
We took our departure when abeam the Baily and set a course for the South Rock L.V. By midday the wind had lightened to a faint air, Rockabill was abeam, and we were surprised to see *Maureen* taking a tack inshore; she was almost hull down by this time. *Mab* and *Bonita* were just astern of us, and beyond them the rest of the fleet were well strung out. In the evening the wind freshened, and there appeared to be thunder clouds gathering over Slieve Donard. At 12.30 a.m. we came up to South Rock L.V. and we hailed the watch on the lightship who told us that a small yacht passed about 8 p.m. We thought that meant the end of the race for us, for although *Maureen* had to give us a lot of time, if she was over four hours ahead then, she should win easily. At 2.15 a.m. we were abeam Skulmartin, and we set a course to Ailsa, corrected for the south-going flood tide. About 3.30 a.m. *Tai-mo-Shan* passed fifty yards to windward, with a beautiful mizen-staysail set, going as great guns—as were we—for the wind had freshened considerably. Fears were expressed for our mast, as the runners had not been designed to take the stresses of a Yankee jib topsail; this sail was our idea, and we had got it made

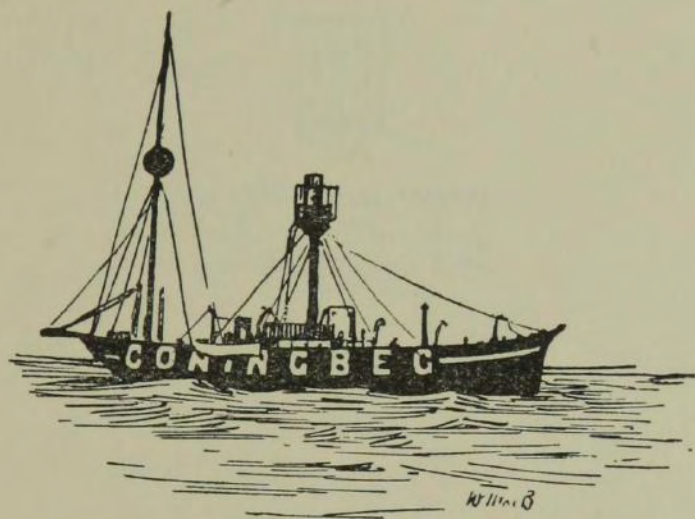
for the owner a week before the race. However, we carried on, and although the mast was whipping like a bow, it held. When abeam Corsewall, we were able to set our spinaker. It was a lovely sunny morning, and we were having a great race neck and neck with *Bonita*, who, eventually, drew away when we couldn't make our spinaker draw any more. At 10.20 a.m. we passed Ailsa, a lot of the R.O.R.C. race entrants had overhauled us by this time, and the Firth looked quite congested with yachts.

Off Arran, we suddenly saw boats ahead of us making tacks to port and starboard. We still had a fine free wind, and we caught up with these boats very quickly and then sailed right into a flat calm. The wind was shut off as if there had been a wall erected behind us. We saw *Mab*, a small patch on the horizon, looming up and soon she was abeam of us. We noticed to our surprise *Maureen* becalmed close to the Arran shore. It looked as if we might yet win. By 8 p.m. we were abeam Garroch Head, with *Mab* close behind us. But it was gruelling work for the crew, being a case of "up spinaker," "down spinaker," "gybe, and up spinaker" all the afternoon and night. We did not cross the finishing line at Hunter's Quay until 2.30 a.m. Thursday, having picked up a light air close to Innellan, and ghosted along the shore past Dunoon Pier. *Mab*, in the middle of the Firth, remained becalmed most of the night, and did not finish until 7.4 a.m. When we had asked the time-keeper what time *Maureen* and *Bonita* had finished, we sat down and worked out our corrected time and found we had won by about fifteen minutes.

We duly celebrated, and turned in for a well-earned sleep.

K. McF., *Hon. Sec.*







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The Irish Cruising Club Annual 1940





THE IRISH CRUISING
CLUB ANNUAL 1940

THE IRISH CRUISING CLUB

OFFICERS OF THE CLUB

FEBRUARY 1940 TO FEBRUARY 1941

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The Irish Cruising Club Annual

EDITORIAL

THE last phase of Yacht Club activity is commonly gastronomic. In itself the fact that in the present circumstances no less than eighty-six members and friends attended at Cork the annual dinner on 2nd December seems, at first sight, an ominous one. For obvious reasons none of our English friends were present. The weather conditions also were awful, and considerations of finance kept many more away. We almost tremble to think of what the attendance might have reached in normal times. The plain truth, however, is that the record success of the dinner was simply a fitting climax to a record season. The cross-channel race to Holyhead brought out sixteen competing yachts—a number never even approached in the long history of this well-known event. The six cruises entered for the Faulkner Cup aggregated seven thousand miles. We may dismiss therefore any suggestion of degeneracy. After dinner a fine color film of the Fastnet race of 1939, accompanied by appropriate music, was shown by Mr. Heard. It was taken aboard *Evenlode*, a competing yacht. A valuable collection of model yachts, one of which had crossed the Atlantic to compete in America, adorned one end of the room. A feature of the excellent musical programme was Mr. Desmond Keating's "Song Without Words."

In the issue of the Club journal for 1939 unusual difficulties have presented themselves. Both in quality and in quantity the matter contributed in competition for the Faulkner Cup has grown enormously. The distances covered, the number of ports visited, both in the British Isles and abroad, the dangers and troubles due to abnormal weather, all reflect this tendency. The cost of paper and of printing exhibits the same feature. Alone amidst all this expansion our annual subscription remains unaltered. For this reason abridgment, paraphrase and omission have had to be resorted to even more severely than in the past. Six logs have been entered for competition. Daphne French wins the Faulkner Cup for her cruise from Kingstown to Norway, Sweden, Finland and Denmark. *Embla* is a husky nine-ton ketch, gaff rigged, with high coamings, open cockpit and a temperamental engine.

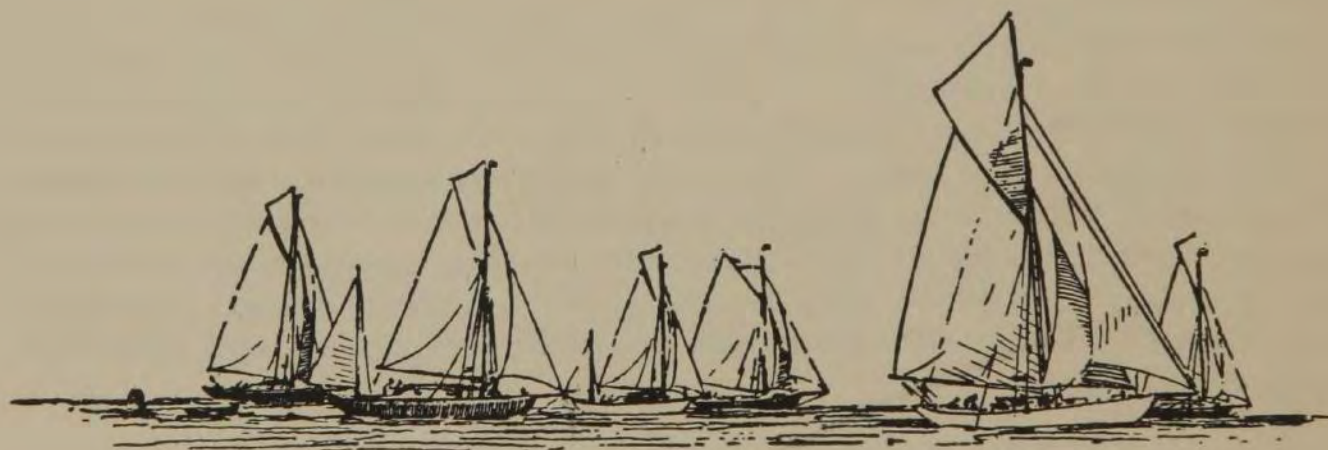
In the annals of the I.C.C., brief, it is true—only a single decade—yet not inglorious, no cruise has been recorded which can compare with Miss French's for temerity, seamanship and a most inflexible determination, preserved throughout, to achieve what she set out to perform. Marjorie McPhee, who accompanied her, played a most efficient part, although with little or no previous experience of the kind, and so did Harry, the elderly paid hand, who knew nothing about charts or navigation, but otherwise was all that a paid hand should be and so seldom is.

And what are we to say of Margaret Townsend in the little *Mab*? Largely what we have written above, including therein, of course, Mrs. Hughe Williams. Few would dream, to look at these ladies, of saying, as old Harry did in our presence, that they are chiefly constructed of iron—perhaps rather of some hitherto undiscovered precious metal, which may some day help to redeem a stricken world.

Of the remaining cruises we are inclined to place third that of Mr. McCormick in *Charm*, but we prefer to leave the decision in the hands of our readers. Mrs. Hughe Williams' cruise to the Hebrides was a meritorious one in seas well known to our members.

Eidothea is a 12½-ton Falmouth Quay punt, 30 feet on keel and water line, 32 O.A., and 10½ beam, 6½ draught—a manly gaff-rigged ketch, suggesting in her bold defiant lines little of the femininity of a ship beyond her uncertain age. In her movement was the deliberate inevitable assurance of a bygone type. We watched her, without using her engine, pick up under our direction *Samphires'* mooring close alongside *Espanola*. "Time is on her side," we thought.

The total mileage made good in the six cruises was 7,000: the longest being *Embla's* 2,500, and the shortest that of the Hon. Sec. on *Huzure*—509. The last mentioned, however, wasted no time about it, and visited many ports. "Huzure," is a funny name, but the *Cautious Clara*, which he encountered several times, surely beats it.



THE BOX OF BITS

The Royal Ocean Racing Club have honoured us by offering the privilege of honorary membership to the members of our Club who may be in London during the War. The Club House at No. 2 Pall Mall Place is to be kept open for "the duration."

In order to stimulate an already lively interest in navigation Mr. Harald Osterberg has presented a Cup, to be awarded annually to the best navigator in the Club. This gift deserves the best thanks of the Club.

The Annual Dinner was held last December in Cork. All arrangements were carried out by the Vice-Commodore, Harry Junior, and a Committee of Cork members, and the resulting function was the best we have had yet.

The finding of the Judges of the Faulkner Cup logs, the Commodore and Mr. Osterberg, were announced by the Commodore, in his own inimitable way, and the Cup presented to the winner, Miss Daphne French, by Mrs. Osterberg. After the Cup presentation Douglas Heard showed us the wonderful cine-film he made when crewing aboard *Evenlode* in the Fastnet race.

Apart from the Logs entered for the Cup competition, three members complied with the Hon. Secretary's request for information.

We have found out about some of the others. Here is the result: The Vice-Commodore in *Gull* and Paddy O'Keefe in *Sheila II*. Met in Baltimore to view the Ocean Racers rounding the Fastnet. Quote: "Log of *Gull*, Monday, 7th August. Bertie was coaxed to get up at 8 o'clock by moving the clock on an hour when he wasn't looking." Got under way at 10.30 for the Fastnet Rock to see the boats rounding the Ocean Race.

A lot of time was spent by the Mate, Harry Junior, gathering further data for sailing directions. From 22nd July until 10th August she cruised around the South Coast, and this is part of last day's entry.

Thursday, August 10th.—Blew hard during the night from the West. In fresh breeze and bright sun, with a rising glass, we got under way at 10.20 with double-reefed mainsail and jib. Passed through the Gascanane Sound at 11.17, and found the tide fairly slack. Picked up moorings at Cross Haven at 7.20. Nine hours from Schull anchorage 62 miles. So ended a very uneventful, but enjoyable, cruise.

The Rear-Commodore speaks for himself. Herewith is my itinerary for July last: Arklow, Milford Haven, Lundy Island, Newlyn, Dartmouth, Cowes, Portsmouth; then the Channel race on 14th July, 26 starters—a beat to the first mark, a close reach to the Owers and Royal Sovereign, where we were third boat round and first in handicap, and then a heavy dead turn to windward of 80 miles, to the Havre Light Vessel, during which the log registered 135 through the water; then a spinnaker run in a fresh breeze back to Portsmouth. *Aideen* was promoted to A Class for this race, and got fourth place in her class. We were receiving time from four boats and allowing time to 21 boats. After the race we spent a few days in Yarmouth,

I.O.W. from there to Poole, Portland, Weymouth, Salcombe, Yealm River, Fowey, Falmouth, Penzance, St. Ives, Padstow, and then without break to Howth. Turned to windward on the way from Yarmouth to Longships, and from St. Ives to Howth. Distance sailed 1,260 miles.

A bit of racing seems to fetch most cruising men. John Kearney took *Mavis* up the West Coast of Scotland this year to see if he could turn last year's win of the Hunter's Quay to Tobermory Race into a double event. However, it was not to be. *Mavis* did well on the first day—Hunters' Quay to Ardrishaig—they survived the first night—Crinan Basin, three times round, and the next day on the last leg from Crinan to Tobermory they were unfortunate; while looking for wind close in they got sucked in to the edge of the Corryvreckan tide race, and had to put the engine on full out to get clear of the sound..

Herbert French in his *Sea Flower* cruised over to the South Coast of Ireland. *Sea Flower* is a Brixham trawler of the Mule Class.

Douglas Mellon in *Osmunda*, and Lauder Stewart in *Boneen*, each ambled up the coast a bit. *Boneen* was short handed and did not go far, but had a rescue party off the end of Port Oriel Pier with a fishing boat full of farmers.

Failte II took a jaunt around the Irish Sea, visiting the Wood House, Carlingford Lough, Peel I.O.M., and ended by laying up in Bangor, N.Wales. You could sail further and fare worse.

We hear that Margaret Townsend is cruising in a Pilot Cutter, and we understand that the tale will be told in its proper time. We were sorry to hear that she came off worst in an argument with the moorings and damaged her finger. Keith McFerran deputised for her over Christmas, and is quite taken with the idea of Winter cruising.



Passage Race, 1939

ALTHOUGH we are all cruising people primarily a passage race generally excites the competitive element even in the most casual.

This year the Passage Race was from Dun Laoghaire to Holyhead, and attracted a record entry. The Committee decided to open the race to all comers, and this added three boats to the list of starters.

Gael na Mara, entered by F. J. McLoughlin. *Nanette*, owned by A. F. Buckley, and William Marmion's *Evora*, who is no stranger to I.C.C. events.

The full entry was sixteen boats: all came to the line, and all finished.

The start was made in two groups at 10 p.m. and 11 p.m. on Friday night, 26th May, 1939. Incidentally this should silence for ever those who in the past have looked with misgiving on a start made on a Friday.

There was a moderate westerly wind at the start, which gave a very pleasant run out to the Kish Lightship. From the Kish those that kept to the north were compensated during the light airs of Saturday morning, when wind died away. Although the finish was not affected, it made easier sailing with a south-going tide than fighting up against it.

The premier award was the Challenge Cup, originally presented by Mr. Higginbotham-Wybrants, and won outright and represented by John Kearney. As this Cup is confined to I.C.C. members, a first prize was to be awarded if the race was won by a non-member.

Gael na Mara finished first, but *Mavis* finished second in an exceptionally fast passage, saving her time, with ease.

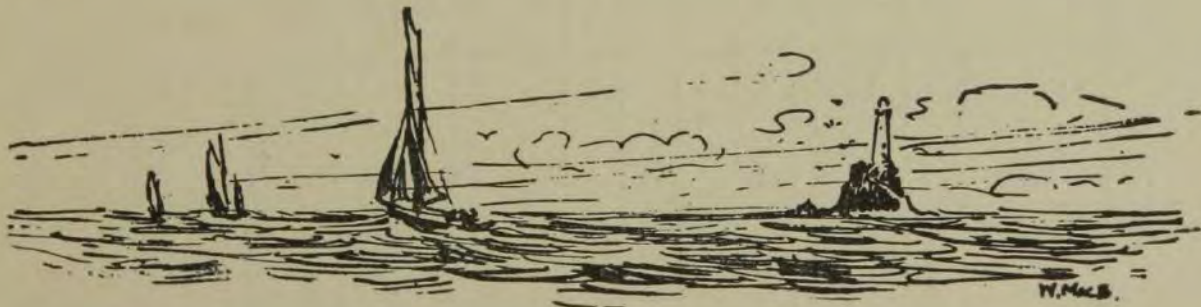
The third to finish was R. A. Hall's *If*, who had come up from Cork Harbour for the race. Anything but a dead run would have suited *If*, but probably she had a beat all the way home to make up for it.

It was a pleasant change for all to finish in fine weather, and particularly those who remembered conditions last year, when many had to leave their boats behind and return for them the following week end. A second wet week end, if my memory serves me aright.

On Saturday night we had dinner with the Royal Mersey men who raced from Rockferry. This is an innovation, and we will look forward to it again with pleasure.

On Sunday all were invited to Mr. Smellie's house at Tre-Arddur Bay, and here again the weather did its best, so that a very pleasant party was thoroughly enjoyed.

On Monday we all came back under engine—not a breath of wind. A very pleasant day out in the sun.



RESULTS OF IRISH CRUISING CLUB RACE

FROM DUN LAOGHAIRE TO HOLYHEAD

MAY 26th, 1939

YACHT	RATING	START				FINISH				ELAPSED TIME			MULTIPLY BY T.C.F.	CORRECTED TIME			
		Day	Hrs.	Mins.	Secs.	Days	Hrs.	Mins.	Secs.	Hrs.	Mins.	Secs.		Hrs.	Mins.	Secs.	
MARIE ...	18.53	26	22	00	00	27	12	46	00	14	46	00	.6304	5	9	18	26
EVORA ...	18.86	26	22	00	00	27	12	43	00	14	43	00	.6317	6	9	20	00
TUMBLER ...	21.22	26	22	00	00	27	11	43	45	13	43	45	.6606	3	9	0	4
EMBLA ...	21.24	26	22	00	00	27	15	34	00	17	34	00	.6608	15	11	36	28
HAPPY DAYS ...	23.28	26	22	00	00	27	15	57	00	17	57	00	.6825	16	12	15	03
VIKING O ...	23.98	26	22	00	00	27	12	02	20	14	02	20	.6897	7	9	40	47
BONITA ...	25.24	26	23	00	00	27	13	21	30	14	21	30	.7024	10	10	5	12
OSMUNDA ...	27.22	26	23	00	00	27	14	12	00	15	12	00	.7217	12	10	58	11
AIDEEN ...	27.78	26	23	00	00	27	11	40	20	12	40	20	.7271	4	9	12	54
MAVIS ...	28.16	26	23	00	00	27	9	45	00	10	45	00	.7306	1	7	51	14
ACUSHLA ...	31.43	26	23	00	00	27	13	33	30	14	33	30	.7608	13	11	04	10
NANETTE ...	30.67	26	23	00	00	27	12	29	50	13	29	50	.7528	11	10	9	38
GAEL-NA-MARA	33.29	26	23	00	00	27	9	32	50	10	32	50	.7769	2	8	11	38
MARAMA ...	34.42	26	23	00	00	27	11	34	30	12	34	30	.7867	9	9	53	33
SAMPHIRE ...	38.54	26	23	00	00	27	12	33	00	13	33	00	.8208	14	11	7	18
IF ...	44.66	26	23	00	00	27	10	08	00	11	8	00	.8682	8	9	42	17

Result : WYBRANT'S CUP, *Mavis*, and Winner of Race.

2nd PRIZE : *Gael-na-Mara* ; 3rd PRIZE : *Tumbler* ; 4th PRIZE : *Aideen* ; 5th PRIZE : *Marie*.

Cruise of the "Embla"

BY DAPHNE FRENCH

5TH JULY TO 8TH SEPTEMBER

Forty-four days and seventeen nights at sea. Twenty-two days in port.

Crew: MARJORIE MCPHEE, HARRY EVERS (paid hand).

Distance covered from port (direct), 2,500 miles.

WE SLIPPED our moorings at 9 a.m. on the 5th July, and picked up a freshening breeze from the S.E. which carried us to the Craig. Baffling airs and a foul tide decided us to put in at Ardrossan for the night of the 6th. At 5 p.m. on July 7th we tied up in Bowling to await Marjorie completing our crew. The *Flying Scot* was three hours late the next morning, bringing Marjorie McPhee plus one canvas bag and a large roll of charts.

Tied up in the Canal on Saturday night, reaching Graingemouth at midday on Monday, 10th July. The afternoon was spent collecting remaining stores and a last wild hunt in Glasgow for a larger scale chart of the Norwegian Coast.

We hoped to see our old friend the sailmaker from *L'Avenir*, now on board S.Y. *Moshulu*. The shops had only local charts, so we dashed off to Victoria Dock, where the *Moshulu* was berthed. The sailmaker had just gone off with a friend; the chief was about to go, and the captain was entertaining a dinner party! In spite of this, they were most helpful. Captain Shögren lent us a chart with an inset plan of Kristianstad, all we needed, and the chief gave us some valuable directions. On July 11th, at 8 a.m., we locked out of Graingemouth, and were given a pluck down the river by a pilot boat. It was too thick in the south to carry on, so we tied up to a jetty outside the river entrance. At 10.30 we were able to pick up the Channel buoys, so got under way to a light westerly breeze. At 1 p.m. we were becalmed, started the motor, and motored to Granton, one mile west of Leith, to wait for a wind. We passed through the southern entrance of the boom, about which we had obtained information at Graingemouth. The Harbour-Master at Granton was not very civil: he began shouting at us for dues (the only dues incurred during the cruise) before we had our fenders out. A well-meaning hand from one of the yacht clubs towed the *Embla* to a berth where she immediately took the ground! Luckily we managed to pole her off!

Note in Log.—Place to avoid. Remarks not fit to publish.

5.45 p.m.—Weighed anchor. Wind W. light. Bar 30.1.

Steered for Inchkeith Island and from Inchkeith to May Island. 10 p.m. wind dying.

July 12th, 5.45 a.m.—Took departure from May Island. Moderate breeze from S.W. Barometer steady, visibility poor. Course E., which is one point S. of our course, to counteract flood tide. 8.30.—Set spinnaker. Wind light, with rain. Noon.—Altered course E. by N. Wind freshening, with decreasing visibility and more rain. Handed spinnaker and carried on till 7 p.m. It was now blowing hard, with visibility reduced to a few hundred yards. The glass had fallen rapidly to 29. One member of the crew was laid low, so we decided to heave-to till daylight. Log 80.7. Ship heading S.E. Skipper sick, but Harry proves a man of iron.

July 13th.—Made sail under reefed main and fore. Bar. 29. Wind S.S.E. Log 99.8. Course E. by N. All this day was wet and uncomfortable. We had not yet got used to the leaks in deck over both ends of both bunks. However, Harry proved a master in the art of producing hot tea and oxo at all hours of the day and night; an occasional tot of rum kept our feet warm—nothing like central heating. Run to noon, 73 miles. Total run, 124.7. Barometer 29.6. Weather still very unsettled.

14th July.—Glass steady. First sight of the sun since we left. 10 a.m.—Shook out reefs. Run to noon, 89 miles. Total, 213.7. 6 p.m.—Spoke to a Danish trawler and asked our position, which was 160 miles west of Hantsholm. Our noon sight showed us 12 miles off our course. We were relieved it was not more, and, being warm and dry, we felt really optimistic.

July 15th.—Wind and sea rising, with rain.

Run to noon, 70.5 miles. Total, 283.5. 2.20 p.m.—Handed jib and mizzen. Wind E. Course S.E., glass falling. 3.30 p.m.—Making heavy weather and taking a lot of water aboard. Hove to. 5.30 p.m.—Hove to on opposite tack. Wind veering S.E. Ship heading N.E. by E.

July 16th.—Got under way, wind moderate, but extremely dirty sky. 3.30 p.m.—Impossible to sail, poor old ship getting badly punished, and we are half drowned. Hove to. 4.30 p.m.—A short lull before the real storm breaks over us. Hove to on opposite tack, our D.R. making us north of the Naze and west of the Lister Light. We were now in for the hardest blow of the cruise. The sky to windward was inky black, and the sea was lashed to a furious green, with breaking crests which seemed to tower over us. *Embla* looked after herself splendidly—she lay about 8 points off, with the helm unlashed, which seemed to suit her best. The pounding of the seas against her sides sounded like giant hammers, but scarcely any water came aboard. Harry, who had been nearly knocked out during the day against a beam, and who had a pet bulkhead into which he was constantly dashing head first (till we feared for the bulkhead) was engaged in caulking a seam in the coachroof from the inside, putting in a blow between each roll. We had gone through all our dry clothes by this time, but, being salt water, it wasn't too bad. The wind dropped towards midnight, but we were too tired to sail, so remained hove to, heading N.E. At 2.30 a.m.—The skipper heard the boom banging against the dinghy; got up to make it fast, and picked up the Lister light fine on the starboard bow. Tired out, we remained hove to till daylight, when we saw the Norwegian Coast, rugged and broken, stretching north and east under a cloudless sky. Spoke to a trawler in Swedish, and were answered in English!

July 17th.—Drifted all day along the coast. Towards evening picked up a westerly breeze, freshened, until the *Embla* was careering along in a series of mad rushes. Obligated to reef once more. Threw a mass of glue overboard, once an oilskin. After several alarms, due to bad visibility the lookout raised Okso Lighthouse at the entrance to Kristianstad fjord. Dropped anchor off Kristianstad at 11.40 a.m.

July 18th.—Eight days out. Distance run by log, 508 miles. The anchorage is west of the Island of Odderö, in 4 fathoms. Our supply of fresh water, 28 gallons, held out well, and bread stored in tins remained perfectly fresh.

July 19th.—Went ashore to explore the town, which we found very attractive. Marjorie had good Swedish, which was understood, if not always spoken, and she could guess at a little Norwegian. What amazed us was the really excellent school English so many spoke. Others had been to America. Harry went shopping and had a great colloquy with someone called Mary, who gave him good value. There seemed to be one or two other Marys in different ports. Brought off an electrical engineer to examine the magneto. He took it ashore to test, and found it required a new armature. As this meant a delay of some days, we decided to carry on to Copenhagen

without the motor. Mr. Nygaarde, the auto man, was a great help. He only charged 3s. for time and trouble, and rang up the Air Ministry for their latest weather report before we left. We made a bus expedition through a very pretty river valley to a place called Vennesla. During our absence we found the British Consul had come out twice in his motor boat and offered to tow us up the river, but Harry had not liked to move without us. We were very sorry to have missed him. Our only trouble was Kristianstad's 1,500 motor boats which fished all day in the fjord, and generally took a run round the *Embla*.

Thursday, 20th July.—Heavy rain all day. Weighed anchor at noon on the 21st. Tacked out of the fjord and set a course E.S.E. from Oksö to Skagens lightship. Wind S. Fine. Sighted our first square rigger off the Norwegian Coast. We heard later she was a school ship.

July 22nd.—Becalmed all last night. Picked up a breeze from the N.E. which held till we lifted the Danish Coast, S. of the Skaw, at noon. Visibility very poor. Becalmed in Tannis Bay until 8 a.m.

July 23rd (Sunday).—Got under way with a light breeze from the N.W. Picked up the Skagen Lightship, and set a course from it to the Tönneberg Lightship S.E. $\frac{1}{4}$ S. Passed Skagen Lightship 9.25 a.m. Wind squally. Lowered jib and mizzen. 10.55.—Continuous heavy rain squalls. Shipping a good deal of water. Visibility very poor. Very heavy squall. The wind moderating as suddenly as it rose. At 2.50 p.m. we picked up the Nordre Ronner Lighthouse: unmistakable from chart and pilot book. We had covered the distance between Skagen and Nordre Ronner, 27 miles, in 5 hours, for three of which we were about two miles off when we sighted the lighthouse. 3.30 p.m.—Altered course from Nordre Ronner for Fredrikshavn. As we appeared to be pursued by bad weather, we decided to have the magneto repaired, sail to Gothenborg and go through the canal to Stockholm. At 6.30 p.m. we picked up Hirsholm Lighthouse, three miles N. of Fredrikshavn. Practically becalmed, we decided to anchor in a small bay given in the Pilot for boats drawing 6 ft., between Hirsholm and Grasholm.

24th July.—Weighed anchor 9 a.m., and, with the wind aft, ran slap onto a reef. A Danish fisherman and his son did their best to haul us off in their motor boat. We laid out anchors and warps and heaved, but were firmly aground in a tideless sea. The Danes shouted to us in Danish, and we shouted back in English and Swedish. Finally, by moving all the ballast, cable and anchors, she was sufficiently lightened to heave her off. As we floated off, the lighthouse keeper from Hirsholm and his son came alongside in the lifeboat. They spoke good English and helped us a great deal. By this time there were three rowboats, full of small boys, hanging on to our stern, and an old gentleman in a motor boat, whom Marjorie instantly christened "Noah," offering us "Yelp" (help). When all was ship-shape, we had great difficulty in persuading the fishermen to accept £1, and they insisted on filling the cockpit with fine young rock cod. Noon.—Under way once more for Frederikshavn. Found the buoys marking the channel difficult to pick up. They were very small, surmounted by broom sticks, which had a trick of disappearing if you took your eyes off them. Took magneto ashore.

July 25th.—Wrestling all day with engine and magneto. Learning Danish.

July 26th.—Acquired second-hand magneto. 10.30 a.m.—Got under way, and motored through channel. Distance to Vinga light, outside entrance to Gothenborg, 36 miles. 11.15 a.m.—Stopped motor. Wind too light to hold course, but decided to carry on and sun bathe for a couple of hours. Saw Danish four-masted school ship motoring towards Copenhagen. Hirsholm lifeboat out fishing. They motored up and wished us luck. Heard a German yacht had also struck our reef the night after our visit, and had been badly damaged. Picked up a northerly breeze 3 p.m. 5 p.m.—Picked up Vinga Lighthouse. 6 p.m.—Channel very confusing. Pilot book gives three

(channels). Numerous islands not marked on chart. Followed what we believed to be the channel, but found the beacons did not agree with the chart. Turned back on our course and went aground. A pilot boat came to our assistance almost immediately, hauled us off, and towed us up to Gothenborg. We were very grateful, and fully prepared to pay for their services, but they refused to make any charge. Tied up to a buoy at midnight outside the yacht harbour at Longedrag.

27th July.—Took a bus into Gothenborg and examined charts of the Gota Canal. The navigation looked extremely difficult, so decided we must have a pilot. Luckily we found a young man who proved an excellent pilot and sailor, and was willing to come for his fare home from Stockholm.

July 29th, 10 a.m.—Left Longedrag under motor, picking up charts and stores in Gothenborg. The Gota Canal is 216 miles long, and enters the sea 100 miles south of Stockholm. Very little of this distance is actual canal, as the first part of the route follows the Gota river, crosses a large lake, L. Väuern, after which come Lakes Viken, Våltern, Boren and Roxen. The sea is reached at Mem, after which there is an alternative route to Stockholm; we chose the coastal passage. Our inland cruise took just over five days, arriving in Stockholm at 7 p.m., August 3rd. We wished we could have spent more time over it: the whole route ran through most attractive wooded country. However, our objective was Mariehamn in the Åland Islands. The coastal passage lay through a perfect maze of rocks and small islands, covered with pine trees to the water's edge. The water in this part of the Baltic is quite fresh. We saw several Swedish warships, with whom we exchanged salutes; a lighthouse crowned with a large stone anchor, a number of racing yachts, a few cruisers and hundreds of motor boats. Many business men live on these islands during the summer, and go to work by motor boat.

We loved Stockholm, and had marvellous weather to see it in. Mr. Johansson was a good pilot on shore as well as on the water; he knew hardly any English, but managed to carry on long conversations with Harry by signs which reduced the skipper and Marjorie to helpless laughter. Harry learnt the Swedish for thanks, which is "Tack," and whenever he couldn't understand he just said "Tack, Tack!"

August 6th, 1 p.m.—Cast off from the quay and motored for the first 15 of the 80 miles to Mariehamn. Sixty miles lay through the northern part of Stockholm's "Rock Garden" in smooth water. Most of the islands are steep-to, but the channel must be followed even with the *Embla's* draught (4 ft. 9 in.). Anchored for the night in an island bay.

August 7th, 6 a.m.—Got under way. Wind again light and variable. Landed on an island for stores, and reached open water at 5 p.m. Picked up Gisslan Light N.W. of Mariehamn 10 p.m. Kobbak Lighthouse 3 a.m. Mariehamn 5 a.m., August 8th. We found only one sailing ship in port, *The Viking*. This is the only town in the Åland Islands; most of the houses are built of timber to most attractive designs, and the centre of the streets shaded by avenues of trees. All the old men walked like retired sea captains. Everywhere were relics of ships, in the churches, the castles, the shops—models, large bottles with ships cut in the glass, figureheads. We saw Captain Gustav Eriksson one evening in a café. Someone had just presented him with a model, and he was dancing away in great form. We were told he was over seventy.

We left Mariehamn at 11 a.m. on August 10th. Mr. Johansson having volunteered to stay with us as far as Frederikshavn, we decided to make a passage to Copenhagen. Wind S.E. fresh. Set a course through Stockholm's "Rock Garden." 9 p.m.—Started engine to motor through narrow channel, as it was too dark to tack; cog in gear box broke, so anchored till daylight.

August 11th.—Light south-easterly breeze; made little progress. Tied up to quay: Nyhashamn fifteen miles north of Landsort. The remainder of the passage to Copenhagen, 335 miles, was

uneventful. We made one harbour at Borgholm on the west coast of Oland Island. to have the gear box repaired, which proved a longer and more expensive job than we had anticipated. We stayed here from the evening of the 13th August until 15th August, 3 p.m. Borgholm was a fine little harbour: we were sorry to leave. When we started the engine, we found we now had no neutral. It was a blue look out for the Forth and Clyde canal.

Leaving Borgholm, we passed a cutter—one of the Swedish sailing school ships—with a crew of girls—all as brown as berries. Motored to Kalmar, where the channel between island and mainland widens. The navigation between Borgholm and Kalmar is difficult. On the morning of the 16th August the wind came out of the north—light at first, but freshening after sunset.

August 17th, 11 p.m.—Passed a three-masted barque between the Swedish and Danish coast, heading south.

August 18th, noon.—Arrived Copenhagen and tied up close to the Royal Danish Yacht Club. Here Mr. Johansson left us to return to Stockholm. Went ashore and visited the R.D. Yacht Club, where we were very kindly received and entertained by the Secretary, to whom we had an introduction. He showed us over magnificent rooms—the finest we had ever seen in any club. When we returned to *Embla*, we found an unexpected friend waiting for us—Mr. Ipsen from Hirsholm, who had come to our assistance when stranded, and was now studying in Copenhagen University. In the evening we all went to the Tivoli, a super-amusement park. The next day, being Saturday, Mr. Ipsen was free to guide us again. He took us to various student haunts where the beer and music were both excellent, and later to a Polish film with a Danish translation. Marjorie managed to follow it, but it was quite beyond the skipper. The seats were very comfortable.

August 20th, 10.30.—Took our departure under motor. Found the channel white with racing craft and a German four-masted school ship. Drifted all day. 7.20 p.m.—Ven Island abeam, 12 miles, made good from Copenhagen. Picked up light E.N.E. breeze; streamed log; set course N.W. $\frac{1}{2}$ N. 9.15 p.m.—Lappe Grund L.V. abeam; wind freshening

August 21st, 10 a.m.—Anholt Island, L. House, abeam. Wind E. 4.30 p.m.—Ostre Slak, L.S., abeam. Altered course N.W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. Wind S.E. 10.45 p.m.—Tied up in Frederikshavn. Distance run, 130 miles.

August 22nd.—Took in stores for passage home. We had run out of colza oil for the side lights, and found it impossible to buy in Scandinavia, so we bought smokeless burners, and the ship's chandlers had two small lamps made to fit the sidelights and take the burners, made and delivered in the same afternoon. 5 p.m.—Cast off warps and started motor. Motored out of channel and set sail to a S.E. breeze. 7.30 p.m.—Skagen abeam. Weather looking very unsettled, so decide to put in to Skagen and wait for daylight.

August 23rd.—Wind in harbour S.W., light, but decided to have a look at it. No wind at all outside, so motored back. Found a cutter berthed near us, *Colin Archer II*, and asked the owner, Mr. Mück and wife and small girl, to tea. They were Austrians, but spoke good English, and were a very interesting pair. Found Harry asleep, with his head on the capstan!

August 24th.—No wind. Getting anxious, as the news from Poland is bad. Polish fishermen in Skagen were ordered to return to Poland, and we heard wild rumours that the British Navy had been seen in the Baltic. A Swedish motor boat, the *Helfrid*, put in from Gothenborg. The owner invited us aboard to drink punch in the evening. Brought back some punch for Harry to sample. He had turned in—but did not mind being woken.

August 25th.—Wind very light, but S.E. Under way at 8.30 a.m. Course N. by W. from Skaw L.V. to the Naze. Mr. Mück told us we should pick up a S.W. stream off the coast of

Norway, which we believe we did. Set topsail. The wind gradually freshened during the night. Found we were logging six knots, and were actually doing eight over the ground. Naze Lighthouse abeam 8.30 a.m., August 26th. Altered course for May Island W. by S. Very confused sea round Naze. Log 120. Total run to noon, 138 miles. This is an average of five knots for $27\frac{1}{2}$ hours. One hard squall at 11 a.m. lowered jib and mizzen and put a roll in the main. 3 a.m.—Shook out reef.

August 27th.—Glorious day. Set spinnaker, which we did not take off till we reached the south. Have seen no steamers since we left the Skaw, but passed two trawlers during the night. Found the bread was mouldy. Where eatable it was very hard. Harry said his jaws were getting worn out. Run to noon, 100. Total, 238.

August 28th.—Becalmed all day, with an occasional air lifting the spinnaker. Lowered mainsail. Total run to noon, 300 miles. 5.45.—Light breeze from N.E. dying away. Altered course W., as we believe we are making southerly as well as westerly drift.

August 29th, 4 a.m.—Breeze freshened from N.E. 11 a.m.—Spoke to a patrol boat, and found our position was sixty miles W. of St. Abb's Head. Our D.R. made us 87 miles W., as we had only allowed 20 miles for drift instead of 47. Run to noon, 372. Corrected total, 399. 5 p.m.—Altered course W. by N. 11 p.m.—Raised Bell Rock Light.

August 30th, 4 a.m.—North Carr Light abeam. Heard on wireless that pilotage is now compulsory in the Firth of Forth, so sailed close to the pilot station at Tindra. There was no pilot boat or signal of any kind, so continued our course for the southern entrance and the boom. This was now closed, but, seeing two warships on the northern side, we suspected the pass would be between them. Hove-to to await an approaching steamer, and then followed her between the ships. Later a pilot boat came to take off our pilot, and seemed surprised to find we had neither pilot nor permit. However, after producing ship's papers and explanations, we were allowed to carry on. Tied up in Graingemouth 12 midnight.

August 31st.—Motored to Mary Hill.

September 1st.—Motored to Gourock.

September 2nd.—Motored and drifted to Brodick Bay. Sailing yacht coming up the Clyde was stopped and searched by patrol boat at Cloch Point, but they did not stop us leaving. War ships very busy everywhere. Anchored in Brodick Bay to wait for a wind, 8 p.m.

September 3rd.—Wind S. Under way 8 a.m. Visibility poor. Rather squally. 12 p.m.—Sudden squall tore spinnaker.

September 4th, 7 p.m.—St. John's Light abeam. Wind died.

September 5th.—Very squally, with short steep seas. Wind south. Making slow progress. 6 p.m.—Dropped anchor in Skerries.

September 6th and 7th.—Weather bound, blowing hard from the S. with rain.

September 8th.—Wind W. Weighed anchor 9 a.m. Picked up moorings in Dun Laoghaire 3.30 p.m.

D. F.

Mab's Cruise

By MARGARET TOWNSEND.

MAB is a six-ton gaff cutter. She is 27 ft. 6 in. over all, has 7 ft. 4 in. beam and 4 ft. 6 in. draft. She was designed by Westmacott and built by Woodnutt in 1913. She has no engine.

Cobb—AT 11 P.M. on the evening of June 6th, *Mab* put to sea. The crew consisted of myself and Mrs. Hughe Williams, and we were bound for Lowestoft.

My brother and I had made great plans for the summer, and had decided that we must take *Mab* out to the Baltic. He was working in Gdynia, Poland, at the time, and expected to have more than two months' leave in the summer, six weeks of which he proposed to devote to putting our plan into action. He would join me when his holiday began, at Lowestoft. We looked forward to a pleasant sail, with enough wind to keep moving, but not enough for hard work.

With Roche's Point abeam, we streamed the log and put *Mab* on her course S.S.E. for the Longships. The night passed uneventfully, and *Mab* made good headway on the smooth sea. This was pleasant sailing. As soon as it was light I set the spinnaker, but the wind gradually drew round into the E.N.E., and at 7 a.m. I changed over to genoa.

7th June

Though the dawn had been as innocent as one could wish, the wind began to freshen considerably, and a big swell set in from the east. By 9 a.m. I had taken in the genoa and taken down four rolls in the mainsail. At 10 a.m. I hove to, rolled down to the emergency reef and took over the helm.

The sun had disappeared and a true easterly haze covered the sky. The sea was a deep navy blue and already beginning to break, though the glass was still steady. At 10.30 I saw water over the cabin floor boards, and sent Hughe below to pump. We have invested in a pump of enormous capacity, yet requiring very little effort, and we were not to regret the outlay on it during this passage.

At midday, when Hughe pumped again, the wind was easterly, still rising and squally, and the sky was very dark. There was thunder all round us, and long zigzags of forked lightning cut the blackness of the clouds. The sea was curiously uneven; the big swell usually associated with easterly winds was there, but now and again a monster of a wave would rear itself above its fellows, its crest toppling over and bursting into grey spume.

At 1.30 p.m. we got the rain. I had been hoping that this would come and kill the wind and clear away the thunder. It came with a heavy squall, and there was a deluge which reduced the visibility to about 200 yards. The rain drove horizontally in sheets, and was so heavy that it made the sea look oily. *Mab* was going like a train, yet perfectly balanced and a delight to steer. A Penzance lugger suddenly loomed out of the wall of rain, and was swallowed up as quickly as she had appeared. She was the first living thing we had seen since leaving Queenstown.

The squall lasted for three hours; then the rain suddenly ceased and the sky cleared. I thought that the wind would die with the sun, and that we would have a fine evening and a quiet night. Hughe pumped the ship dry, and managed to boil a kettle and comfort us with welcome hot tea. The wind eased off gradually till it was no more than a fresh breeze, but, as we were still logging

5½ knots close reefed, I decided not to shake out the reefs for the present. The sea was moderating, too, and Hughe took over the helm again, while I got some supper ready.

I was anxious to pick up some lights and fix our position. I knew that we were considerably to the south of our course, because I had had to keep running her off continually before the sea all during the day. At 10.30 pm. we sighted Round Island light, bearing S.E. and St. Mary's S.S.E., which put us thirty miles W. of the Longships. The log read 140 miles, which makes an average of six knots. Twelve hours of that time we had been close reefed.

The wind had now shifted to N.E., and the best we could lay was E.½S., which course should take us direct to the Seven Stones. We were both rather tired, and the prospect of a turn to windward did not cheer us.

Before midnight the wind started to pipe up again and the sky clouded over. I took over the helm again, and suggested to Hughe that she should take a watch below. She replied that everything was so wet there that she preferred the cockpit to the cold, sodden cellar that was now the cabin, and, suiting the action to the words, she sat down on the floor and fell asleep against me. Though the spray broke over her continuously, she was quite unconscious of it.

We made a board to clear the Seven Stones, and then went about again at midnight, when Round Island light was bearing S.W. The wind was N.E. and strong, and we were steering E. by S. The night was intensely dark and the phosphorescence brilliant, which, when the spray hit the mainsail, remained alive for quite a long time, making the sail appear to be covered with spangles.

We carried on all night on the same tack—myself at the helm and Hughe pumping whenever the water came above the cabin floor boards; that is at least once an hour. Both of us were very cold and wet to the skin. We were in hopes that, when daylight came, we would be able to see land. Of course, a small boat, close reefed, does not make much headway going to windward in a big sea, but the land is high round the Longships, and, given reasonable visibility, we should be able to see it a long way off.

June 8th

Daylight did not come till late, with an ugly, lurid dawn. There was a big sea running, and no sign of land, while a thick, blackish haze reduced visibility to about three miles, and the cold, grey seas, rolling out of the murk, gave very little comfort. I looked back at the log, which we had not read since we had last changed course, and saw nothing but a short piece of line trailing astern—the rotator had gone. We had now no means of reckoning where we were. We had been steering a course of E. by S. since 3 a.m., with the tide setting us to the westward, and at the same time we had been making a great deal of leeway. I decided that our best plan would be to sail for an hour on each tack, since I did not know which side of the Land's End we were, and we were well to the south of the land.

The most disturbing factor was that we had seen no sign of shipping, and it seemed to me that, if we were anywhere near the Longships, we should have seen something. Try as I would, however, with such little data as we possessed, I could not see how we could be very far away, so there was nothing for it but to keep on turning to windward until we sighted land.

All the time the wind was increasing steadily and the sea getting worse. We were taking a lot of water on board, and Hughe had to pump every half hour to keep the water below the cabin floorboards. *Mab* was marvellous—perfectly balanced and lifting to everything like a duck—a joy to steer. Nevertheless it was becoming increasingly clear that we could not go on beating to windward if weather conditions were to get worse. Of course, we could have hove to, but I was anxious to carry on as long as possible and try to make port for the following reasons.

First, we did not really know where we were, and, if we were to remain hove to for any length

of time, we would be badly lost. This was aggravated by the fact that visibility was poor, and was likely to remain so as long as the wind stayed in the N.E.

In the second place, we were both of us in a bad way. Since leaving home we had had scarcely any sleep; we had been soaking wet for the last twenty-four hours, and as a result were miserably cold. Hot food was impossible to prepare and all our clothes were wet; down below the blankets and everything else had long ago resolved themselves into a sodden pulp. Even hove to, rest under such conditions would have been virtually impossible, and I considered that it would be better policy to carry on as long as it was safe and only to heave to in the last resort.

At 10 a.m. there was still no sight of land and it was blowing a full gale. I had been steering the whole night and most of the previous day, and my eyes were so inflamed with spray that I felt I must have some rest, even if only for an hour. *Mab* was getting about as much as she could take, and I did not want to drive her unreasonably. We hove to, therefore, and Hughe gamely volunteered to take an hour's watch in the cockpit while I slept.

A pretty sight greeted me when I went below. Hughe had told me that the water was forcing its way through the forehatch, not in a mere trickle, but in a torrent, so that each time we took a sea aboard about a bucket of water came down through there alone. It seemed hardly credible, but the fact that she had had to pump so frequently was proof enough. Certainly the cabin was as wet as even a herring could wish, but I was too tired to be particular. I flung myself down on the floor and fell dead asleep, to wake up with a start an hour later, extremely cold, but feeling fresh.

Hughe being relieved, we let the jib draw and started off again on the weary old beat. Visibility was still as bad as ever. At 11.30, however, we saw a vessel to the eastward, and it was a welcome sight, for we felt we must be approaching the Land's End shipping. We continued as before, doing an hour on each tack, and at 2 p.m. sighted two steamers, again to the eastward.

At 3 p.m. Pendeen Head loomed out of the haze, quite close, bearing E.S.E. We bore away for the Longships, and it will be a long time before I forget the joy of a free sheet after the long punch to windward. We had a glorious sail down to the Longships, outside us a line of shipping, companionable after the long spell of isolation.

Suddenly we ran out of the turmoil into the shelter of the land. In smooth water we carried on to the Runnelstone, where the wind came once more ahead and a short choppy sea flung spray over us. It could not make us any wetter, but it did seem to make us even colder. We unrolled four turns of the mainsail and beat up for Penzance, where we brought up and anchored at 11 p.m. We kedged across to the quay and made fast to a steamer. It was midnight when we turned in, in wet blankets, it is true, but when one of you has been steering for 36 hours and the other has pumped, such details are unimportant, and we soon fell sound asleep. At 3 a.m. *Mab* lay over and I found myself in six inches of water, while Hughe clung limpet-like to the weather bunk. This was the last straw.

June 8th

However, the morning dawned glorious, and we took everything out into the sunshine and spread it over *Mab*, the steamer and the quay. With fresh water we washed *Mab* down inside, and got everything tidy and reasonably dry. Aloft I found no chafe, but one side of the wire jib pennant was almost in two. What was much more serious was the discovery that *Mab* had dropped most of the stopping out of the seams at the bow and opened them the whole length of the hull.

June 9th

We did not want to remain in Penzance, so decided to sail for Brixham the following day and remain there till we had made *Mab* fit for sea again. Accordingly we were under way next

morning at 11.45 in order to catch the east-going stream round the Lizard. The sun was shining, and there was a light N.W. breeze. We set the spinnaker, and at 4 p.m. had brought the Lizard abeam. The breeze had freshened somewhat, and we handed the spinnaker and altered course to E. $\frac{1}{2}$ N. Towards evening the sky became very overcast, and the clouds assumed a fan-like formation and were yellowish in colour, but nothing came of it, and the wind remained moderate and steady.

At 9.10 p.m. we sighted the Eddystone Lighthouse, bearing E. by N., and altered course for the Start, which we brought abeam at 6.40 a.m. At 10.15 we brought up in Brixham with a fresh N.W. wind.

The next three days we spent there, picking out the loose stopping from the seams and filling them with a composition of red lead, white lead, whiting and linseed oil, with a little black lead added, so that the results would not show too glaringly against *Mab's* black topsides.

June 13th

On the fourth day we awoke to a wet drizzle and a moderate southerly wind. We were under way at 11.15 a.m. Visibility was poor, but there was a perfect sailing breeze, and *Mab* was logging a steady 6 $\frac{1}{2}$.

The mist continued, and the grey sea and the grey sky met and were lost in each other. We were shut in by a curtain. Then quite suddenly there was a grumble, which quickly resolved itself into a roar, and a battleship, with attendant plane, burst out of the mist and roared close past us. The plane flew low over us, and circled round us twice before both of them disappeared into the greyness.

At 5.30 p.m. we made out the Bill. I had intended to carry on for Cowes, but I had a strong suspicion that we should find the fleet if we went to Portland. Accordingly, when the lighthouse bore N.W. by N. $\frac{1}{2}$ N., we gybed and altered course to N.N.W. for Portland. The mist turned to rain and the wind freshened as we came up with the huge concrete wall, and the sky was corrugated with the grey funnels of the fleet. There they were—battleships, cruisers and destroyers—lying in rows, with a long lane up the centre. We came in through the middle entrance and sailed up between them—*Mab* with a white bone in her teeth and two planks of the deck under—and picked up a moorings at Castle Cove.

June 14th

There was heavy rain during the night, but the day dawned fair and the wind fell away to a gentle breeze. At 5.15 p.m. we got under way in order to get the full benefit of the east-going tide. The wind was S.W., light.

A perfect evening faded into a perfect night, and when the day wind died, a N.W. breeze came out to us at once off the land. Before St. Catherine's was abeam the tide had turned against us, and we made very little progress for some hours, though we were going four knots through the water. When we brought the lighthouse abeam at 12.50, we altered course to E. for the Owers.

The N.W. breeze died with the coming daylight, and for two hours we were flat becalmed, but drifting up for the Owers all the time on the tide. We were in the midst of a stream of shipping rounding the Ness. Traffic was as dense as in Oxford Street. The liners and big tramps passing outside of us caused us no worry, but some of the small coasters taking the Ness close bore right down on top of us, even though we flashed a light on our mainsail. There was nothing for it but to give way to them.

However, once clear of the Ness, we were able to keep inside all shipping, and at 4.15 a.m. on the 15th June we brought up in Dover—35 hours out from Portland.

June 16th

We left the next morning at 1 a.m. to catch the first of the north-going stream through the Downs. As we came up with Deal, we were lucky enough to see the 12 metres rounding the Deal Bank buoy; it was the first time either of us had seen the great Vim.

From the Brake we steered N.E. for the Gull, the Elbow and the Kentish Knock. The wind fell right away, and left us rolling uncomfortably in quite a considerable swell. It was very thundery over the land and visibility was poor.

Meanwhile the sky over the land had become inky black, and without warning a black squall came out of the west. We rolled down four turns in the mainsail, and then the rain came in driving sheets, reducing the visibility to about one mile. At 7.25 p.m. we brought the Knock abeam and altered course to N. by E. for the Shipwash.

The wind increased and was very squally, forcing us to close reef at 8.30. The sea was not heavy, but it was very broken, typical of shallow, tide-ridden water. There were sudden holes into which we fell and short steep little waves, which came aboard and made us excessively wet. If there was not the weight of the Atlantic, there was none of its length either.

We got a fix on the Sunk and Longsand Head buoy, and soon after picked up the light of the Shipwash. The lightship was abeam at 1.5 a.m., and we altered course to N.N.E. for the East Newcombe buoy off Lowestoft. The night was very dark, with the rain still falling, and *Mab* was going like a train. It was a glorious sail.

We picked up the East Newcombe buoy at 4 a.m., and from there to Lowestoft was a dead beat. Working in short tacks, we did not catch a glimpse of the land till the entrance to Lowestoft harbour loomed up through the mist, about 300 yards distant. There was a six-knot tide setting across the entrance, so that even by laying right up to the south pier we only just cleared the north pier as we slipped in. We beat in through the outer harbour into the yacht basin, where we rounded up and made fast between two dolphins. We were just a fortnight out from Queenstown. They told us at the yacht club that we were the first Irish yacht ever to visit Lowestoft.

The remainder of MAB'S cruise is summarised by the Editors as follows :

Richard Townsend was to have joined on leave from Poland, but at the last moment found he could not do so until July 4th, thus upsetting plans to sail to the Baltic, where they might have met the *Embla*. Accordingly Hughe said good-bye, and the indomitable Margaret joined the *Catania* for the South Sea - Brixham race. Returning from this, she met her brother Richard in London, and journeyed to Lowestoft to rejoin *Mab*. Here they were held up by constant gales for four days. An interesting cruise to Cherbourg followed, where again a series of gales held them up. They entered Cherbourg by the Eastern Passage, which "was closed to shipping, netted against 'submarines and mined!'" Under way at last, and bound for Brest, they met calms and head winds, eventually arriving in Milford Haven on their way "to explore the Coast of Wales." The inevitable heavy weather kept them there for days, so there was nothing left to do but sail for Cobh—and home. On this passage the much-enduring crew and vessel at last enjoyed perfect weather, and finished a remarkable cruise, which, says Margaret Townsend, "we thoroughly enjoyed."

Analysis

Total number of hours at sea, 336. Days, 14. Nights, 14. Distance made good, 1,244 miles.

“Samphires” Cruise to Brittany

JULY 1939

On board: R. V. STONEY, OLIVER CHANCE, JIM CLEMENTS,
NOEL BROWNE AND WILLIAM PIKE.

Friday, July 14.—The evening was unpleasant, with fresh southerly wind, so, as we were bound south, and were presumably out for pleasure, we stayed in harbour for the night.

Saturday morning, 6.15 a.m.—Moderate N.N.W. wind, with low barometer. When off Dalkey Island, set course to clear Wicklow Head, two miles.

The day passed pleasantly, and at 9.30 p.m. we picked up the Tuskar at an estimated distance of eight miles, the wind being still about due north. During the night the wind freshened, and it came on thick with rain squalls.

At about 4.30 on Sunday morning the parrel on the main gaff broke, and the gaff jumped out of place. We got the mainsail on deck to repair the damage, and took advantage of this to heave to for a sleep and breakfast, under mizzen and storm jib. We hoisted the mainsail again and let draw. We could just sail our course close-hauled, making between five and six knots all day in a confused and unpleasant sea. We travelled well all night under full mainsail, mizzen, working foresail and No. 2 jib. Indeed, we never reefed the mainsail during the whole trip.

Cape Cornwall bank lived up to its reputation, and against a foul tide we were a long time coming up to the Longships. We dropped anchor just off Newlyn Pier at 8 a.m. All that day (Monday) the wind and the sea increased, and we were very content to be out of it.

We fraternised with the crew of a fine French crabber which was lying at Newlyn, and were invited on board. There a chart was produced, and we discussed different harbours in Brittany. We enquired as to the relative merits of La Rochelle and La Pallice. Eyeing my companion meaningly, the patron replied: “Pour les femmes—La Rochelle, pour le bateau—La Pallice.”

On Wednesday morning at 11 a.m. we set sail for Ushant. At 4.20 unfortunately the new fore-stay carried away, and we had to get the topsail and mainsail off. We set the small balloon foresail as a trysail, and carried on at about $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 knots.

At 2 p.m. on Thursday we started the engine, and at 4.20 sighted Crach Point Lighthouse broad on the lee bow. When we were about three miles to the south of the island, the engine had a slight stroke. As there was a very strong north-going flood at the time, *Samphire* has never had sail crowded on so quickly. We put about and headed west, out to sea, the Yankee again doing noble work in the very light air. The engine was pronounced totally defunct and completely seized up.

On the Friday evening we picked up a nice little south-west air, which brought us through the Chenal, as far as the Ans des blancs sablons, when the tide turned, and we had to anchor at 3.30 a.m.

At 6 o'clock on Saturday morning we woke up, had breakfast, and under all plain sail continued to beat through the Chenal. There was by now a good south-west breeze, and many small sailing boats all making use of the tide like ourselves. Off Les Veilles Moines we were able

to up helm and bear away for Brest. We ran through the Naval harbour and dipped to a very large French battleship, which replied at once. We dropped anchor in the Port de Commerce at 12. 30 p.m.

Brest is a very attractive old town, and we were much impressed with the bearing of the numerous naval ratings we saw about the streets. French engineers are not so efficient. We were promised the engine in two days. We waited two days, but the wretched thing wasn't ready, but we were promised it in three more days. Consequently we cleared out, and enjoyed some pleasant day sails in the Rade. Then back to Brest, only to find that the machine was not yet finished. We only had four days more before starting home, so had to give up any idea of going further south.

After our disappointment over the engine, we determined to explore the Chataulain river and the Rade de Brest before returning home.

Off Landevnec the wind began to fail us, and we felt the real strength of the tide. In the best traditions we tried to beat it, but had to confess ourselves beaten, and anchored, waiting for the flood. Everyone took a turn at the tiller in competition to weather No. 12 buoy. Eventually we hit it, and then gave up. It was afterwards discovered that the great Claud Worth did exactly the same thing in 1896, so we were in good company.

On Saturday afternoon the sky cleared, and we had a merry sail down to Le Fret, where we anchored for the night, and put ashore for another excellent, though somewhat plainer, meal. I enjoyed Le Fret. It is a small village not frequented by tourists, and possesses a moribund railway line. Everyone seemed glad to see us, and made us welcome. The following morning we came alongside a fine pier and scrubbed *Samphire's* bottom, which was badly needed. The entire population assisted, with advice, be it said, rather than actual physical effort. The one exception was Poulican, a youth of 16, the slave apparently of one of the fishermen who told him off to help. He was definitely half-witted, and was introduced to us as "Un Bâtardit Anglais," a description which did no credit to either parent or a great friendly power. Anyhow he worked well.

The next day we had a short sail, and returned to Brest in the afternoon for the engine. This took two days, and eventually wouldn't work when it was installed. So, after much cursing, we took our departure, with a fair north wind down the Rade, moderate to fresh. However, when we got out of the shelter of the land, the wind and sea increased, and for the next twenty-four hours, until we got under the lee of Guernsey, we were in as unpleasant a seaway as I have ever met. The course for the Needles was NE x E, and we could just lay it. We were not sorry to see the French coast gradually receding to the Eastward as we worked out into the Channel. It is a frightening place, and the spring tides over a foul bottom and against a head wind knocked up a very confused sea.

Night came on thick and unpleasant, with rain from time to time. We were heartened by a good stew, and I turned in.

At 2 a.m. I came on deck again, and conditions were much the same. We considered reefing, but she was sailing well, and there seemed to be no need. We all had bovril, and Bill and Jim Clements went below. At about 5.30 the upper peak halyard eyebolt in the mast sheared off, and we had to get the mainsail off her, as we considered that in the sea that was running it put an unfair strain on the remaining two fastenings. Dawn broke wet and cheerless. We set the trysail, and, after much cogitation, decided to make for Guernsey, as we could, of course, no longer steer our course for the Needles.

This we did, and Guernsey appeared out of the mist in the proper place. When under the lee of the island, we again gave her the mainsail, and beat up to St. Peter's Port, dropping anchor

at 6.20 p.m. in a very crowded anchorage, close beside the fine yacht *Alianora*, whose skipper was most friendly. In the evening we repaired the halyard.

On Sunday morning we got under way about 10 a.m., bound for the Hamble River. This was to be our last sail for the season, and it certainly was one of the best. The sun shone, which it had hitherto very rarely done, and we had a beam wind past the Casquets and nearly the whole way across. At times we were travelling over eight knots. Then the wind died away, and we had to set the spinnaker in the Solent in a desperate effort to get up to Luke's Yard on the tide, as, of course, we had no engine. The buoyage system approaching Southampton we thought to be much more confusing than anything we had seen in France. Just in the half light before dawn we got to the entrance to the Hamble, and as the wind, of course, began to freshen just when we didn't want it, we mercifully had the sense to take the mainsail off her before running up the river.

And so finished *Samphire's* 1939 cruise. We covered about 700 miles from point to point and nearer 1,000 actual sailing distance in three weeks, entirely without an engine, and thereby learnt a great deal.

Cruise of "Eidothea"

By MRS. HUGHE WILLIAMS.

UNDETERRED by her gruelling experiences in *Mab*, the intrepid Hughe sailed from Brixham on 1st August for the Hebrides, and enjoyed fine weather throughout, excepting in the vicinity of the Land's End. *Eidothea* is a comfortable Falmouth Quay punt of some thirteen tons, gaff rig. Sailing via Falmouth, Milford, Kingstown, Ardglass, Campbeltown, Oban, Scavaig and Colonsay, and finally into Arklow, four days after the outbreak of war, *Eidothea* was efficiently manned in all by a crew of no less than nine hands. Her complement at any one time, however, seems to have amounted to about four, but quite a brisk export and import trade in personnel took place at most of the ports of call. The cruise was abruptly cut short at Kingstown.

"We picked up *Samphire's* mooring," writes Mrs. Williams, "under Mr. Wright's directions, and anxiously enquired the latest news. We were astonished to hear that for three days there had been a war on, and strongly advised me to lay up *Eidothea* at Arklow rather than risk the voyage home to Brixham. After due consideration I decided to take his advice, especially as we felt we should return to England as soon as possible. So on 6th September we sailed for Arklow, where *Eidothea* now lies under Mr. Tyrrell's care. Miles sailed, 1,109. Days at sea, 23. Nights at sea, 9."

The Homecoming of "Charm"

NINETEEN-TON BERMUDIAN AUXILIARY KETCH.

MAY 29 TO JUNE 26.

This was a cruise from Heybridge, Essex, to Tanrago, Ballysodare, Sligo, 900 miles North about, through the Forth Canal, and via Campbeltown, Rathlin, the North and West Coasts of Ireland, to a port which few if any of us have ever heard of.

Charm was built in 1899 and fitted with a centre board, since removed. Her T.M. length is 40 ft. 8 in. Beam 10 ft. 10 in. Draught $5\frac{1}{2}$ ft.—a heavy displacement vessel.

Crew: H. C. McCORMICK, skipper; "JOCK" (MISS JOCELYN CORRY), and G. ECCLES.

The start was inauspicious. The vessel took the ground three miles out and lay over badly, the lifebuoy shipping overboard at night, and not being seen again. Next day the wind was foul, the engine gave out, and they went into Brightlingsea. Leaving there, they were driven back by the weather, and remained a second night. This is no coast to play tricks with—as the skipper says—

"Many times in the early stages of the trip, when the sun struggled through the eastern haze, making the dirty water look more yellow and sandy, I rushed Jock to the chart to take fresh bearings, as the confused sea and light on the water made it look exactly like a sandbank. All along this coast can be seen the masts or hulls of some once proud ship to warn the unwary."

June 4th.—At 3.50 p.m. they were to lee of Walton-on-the-Naze Pier, and made a tack-out which brought them in to the Medusa Channel. Once there, they bore away, and had a free run past the Stone bank buoy to the South Shelf buoy, where the log was handed, reading 42 miles. It was ebbing out of Harwich Harbour, but they sailed on to Felixtowe Docks, and, as there was so much of that part reserved for seaplanes, went up to Harwich and anchored off Shotley at 5.45 p.m.

June 5th.—Left Shotley at 7.50 a.m., streaming the log at zero off Landguard Point. All sails were set, but the wind was still dead ahead and tide contrary, and until it turned at 2.15 p.m. very little ground was made beating up between the Cork sands, Cutler and Bawdsey Banks. They ran into some heavy squalls off Orfordness, and the wind increased, creating a short sea. Wind dropped about midnight.

June 6th.—At 6.30 a.m. the Bell buoy off Lowestoft was left to starboard. Log 80 miles. At 10 a.m. the light breeze dropped to a dead calm. They were beginning to drift astern, so anchored in six fathoms for a couple of hours. The engine, being full of water, refused to function. A light breeze tempted them on, but it gradually faded away, and they tried to get into Great Yarmouth, but missed the tide, which was then rushing out from the piers. Then drifted, hoping for a breeze, but none came. It was a glorious day of sunshine, but the sails slatted idly in the swell

"Back towards Lowestoft we were drifting slowly, when, suddenly in the twilight calm, I heard a noise like a fast flowing river, and saw broken water, towards which we were being quickly pulled.

At first it looked as if it were a bank with a few feet of water over it, but, having passed that way in the early morning, I knew from my study of the chart that there was plenty of water there, but, when we got into it, my first impression was that we were stuck hard and fast. Soon, from lights ashore, it was apparent that, instead of being carried parallel to the land, we were being swept out to sea. Taking a sounding, we let go the anchor in two fathoms to the south of the North Channel."

It dropped in the evening before reaching Southwold. Lights were hung out, and the tide turned foul, and for the next five hours Southwold was never very far away.

On the 9th June the Skipper writes :

Having now developed a horror of the tides, we determined to work them. It was high at 2.48 a.m. and we cleared Lowestoft Piers at 2.35 a.m., when we streamed the log. Many steamers caught us up and passed before dawn, as the course we were on appeared to be a regular coaster lane. We kept the torch handy to shine on the sails, as we only carried side lights.

The course was N. by E. and wind N.W. by N., and light, with bad visibility. Passed W. Sherringham to starboard and the Blakeney Overfalls to port at 4.42 p.m. Log 54. Visibility was very bad, and the buoys appear to be small, and are very far apart. Here we made some miscalculation, probably owing to tide, and made the Dudgeon Shoal Bell Buoy. A course had then to be set N. 76 degrees W. for the N.E. Docking light buoy, which was reached at 8.15 p.m. The wind had been increasing, and across the head of the Race Bank the sea was short and steep. By 11 p.m. the Inner Dowsing L.V. was abeam. It was then blowing a moderate gale, and we reduced sail and set a course for the Humber L.V.

June 10th.—At 2.45 a.m. the Humber L.V. was abeam to port. Log 104 miles, and it had been a wet and uncomfortable passage across the mouth of the wash. From Withernsea, when we got all sail set at 10.30 a.m., we had a very nice sail under the lee of the land to Bridlington, where we rounded to, off the Pier at 3.30 p.m., going inside on the tide at 7.30 p.m. Distance sailed, 164½ miles.

At Bridlington a local fisherman was engaged by the skipper to take the place of Eccles, who had to leave. It is pleasant to relate that Tom Cowling, who shipped for Scotland only, carried on to the end of the cruise. Throughout, the difficult navigation involved in this cruise was admirably conducted and very interestingly described, and indeed the log may be regarded as a valuable contribution to the sailing directions. It is to be noted, too, that the vessel was a new and untried purchase, and that two men and a girl can hardly be regarded as a sufficient crew for a nineteen-tonner.



The Log of "Huzure"

POOLE TO HOWTH.

BY KEITH MCFERRAN

WITH a strong crew, consisting of H. D. O'BRIEN, TOMMY COBBE and FRANK HEGARTY, a fine cruise to Cherbourg, Alderney and Guernsey, and thence to Howth, calling only at Dartmouth and Falmouth, was skippered by the Hon. Sec.

Huzure was built in 1938, and, being practically untried and quite strange to all hands, presented, of course, the usual problems as to her behaviour. The weather was uncertain, and at times severe, but nothing appears to have given up, except, of course, the engine, and that only temporarily. A fairly gruelling passage of 238 miles was experienced from Falmouth to Howth. Curiously enough, the chief worry seems to have arisen from the wind holding almost dead aft. In heavy sea, under reefs, and with wind sometimes blowing half a gale, it was difficult to hold a straight course. These conditions prevailed from a point off the Scillies, and a landfall was made rather to the west of the Saltees—a nasty bit of country—where the heaviest blow was met. About eighteen miles was added to the distance sailed by the necessity of getting an offing from this dangerous coast in thick weather, by sailing to the south and east. They hove-to for some twelve hours about here, and after a bad rain squall filled on her again, meeting thereafter five steamers, two of which altered course to have a look at them. They arrived in Howth three days and four hours out from Falmouth. The Tuskar was not sighted.

Extracts

I ARRIVED in Poole on Saturday, 24th June, with a colossal laundry basket of gear—portmanteaux and kit bags—a miserable drizzly morning. The empty laundry basket was a difficulty, which could only be solved by leaving it on the quayside, where it remained undisturbed until we sailed, when we asked a passer-by if he would like it. He looked surprised, but took it and made off.

June 27th.—Barometer 30.5. S.W. light. Under way 9.30 a.m. 4 p.m.—Much naval activity in Channel. Several destroyers and four submarines with mother ship. 10.55 p.m.—Entered Cherbourg Harbour. Some French sea-planes were practising night landing, and we found ourselves right in their track, having mistaken the green warning light for the entrance to harbour. Two of them cleared our mast head by only twenty feet—the next one by only six feet. Moored off Yacht Club at midnight. . . .

June 30th.—Anchored St. Peter Port, 2.55 p.m. Dipped to H.M.S. *Vindictive*. Apparently no Customs here, but a gentleman arrived to inspect us for "Colorado Beetle"—an insect of which we had never heard.

July 1st.—Our reverse gear burst when motoring in to Scrub. I had seen a notice, "Marine Engines," on the way in, so dashed up, and, obtaining a very blasphemous mechanic,

the pair of us took out the engine. He said we would have to wait till Wednesday for a part from England—this being Saturday. However, at 9 p.m. on Sunday he came aboard with the broken part welded, and, with the assistance of his mate—also blasphemous—he lined up and installed the engine, and had us testing round the harbour at midnight. We were hailed by an indignant harbour master, who wanted to know why we had no lights.

July 4th.—On passage from St. Peter Port to Brixham were nearly run down by French trawler, showing no lights and steaming ten knots. Our lights were burning brightly. Altered course to starboard to avoid her. She switched on her lights as we passed.

July 5th, 10.26 a.m.—Barometer 29.8. Motored out of Torquay through various warps and dozens of yachts. Wind W.S.W., fresh, we very foolishly towed the dinghy in a lumpy sea. 3.45 p.m.—Dinghy filled: luckily oars, etc., lashed, so nothing was lost. Hove to and emptied dinghy; wind increasing. Entered Dartmouth, and tied up to buoy off Kingswear. Big yawl, *Northern Lights*, ahead, started dragging and hand-hailed for assistance. Tommy and I boarded them and started their engine. The hand did not know how to start it!

July 7th.—Weatherbound still, we met the owner of *Alethea III*, who was interested to hear that his original *Alethea* was still afloat in Malahide.

July 9th.—Entered Falmouth and picked up a mooring at St. Mawes, next to *Saoirse*, where Conor O'Brien came aboard for breakfast.

July 11th.—Left Falmouth, and after the usual beat to Land's End on 12th, at 1.35 a.m., took departure from transit of Pendeen Light and Longships Light. Longships distant three miles.

The remainder of the homeward passage—perhaps the most strenuous time of the cruise—is set forth in the Editor's abridgment preceding this extract.

Distances made good:

				<i>Miles</i>
Poole to Cherbourg	/	/	/	63
Cherbourg to Alderney	/	/	/	25
Alderney to St. Peter Port	/	/	/	23
St. Peter Port to Brixham and Torquay	/		/	75
Torquay to Dartmouth and Diddisham	/		/	20
Dartmouth to Falmouth	/	/	/	65
Falmouth to Howth	/	/	/	238
				<hr/>
				509



OBITUARY

March 17th, 1940

H. P. F. Donegan

Late Vice-Commodore of the I.C.C.

It is with profound regret that we announce the death of our Vice-Commodore H. P. F. Donegan which occurred at Cork on March 17th after this annual had gone to press.

Having heard during the past few years that he was not enjoying the best of health, we were delighted to see him in such good form at the General Meeting of the Club on the first of March.

At this meeting he was the moving spirit in planning the forthcoming 'Cruise in Company' to Southern waters. Once again he eloquently pressed the claims of the South with such enthusiasm and feeling that he won the day.

In his *History of Yachting in the South of Ireland* he wrote: "Celebrated as these earlier yachtsmen were and though in truth the halcyon days of the sport ended in the seventies, yet the true spirit survives." In these words there is an epitome of the man himself, for if ever one man embodied the true spirit of the sport, that man was H. P. F. Donegan.

In his famous cutter *Gull* he has added to that history a full chapter which, when it comes to be written, will be found true to the fine tradition of Cork harbour's famous ships, but excelling by far their hardihood and ambition. To be a 'Blue Water Sailor' was the highest praise he could envisage, and he himself was the finest of such sailormen.

At an age when men are considered to be beyond their best, when already he had a long list of successes behind him, he raced *Gull* in the Fastnet Race, 1925, and the Falmouth and Clyde races in 1938. The Club's annual 'Passage race' was seldom started without *Gull*, although for her skipper and crew it involved a long passage out and home in addition to the race.

As well as being a founder member of the R.O.R.C., he was the inspiration and founder of the Irish Cruising Club, and gave from its earliest days the finest example to all its members.

He had a sympathy which won the friendship of men of every age and in every port at which he called, so that it will be many years before the picture of that familiar friendly smile fades from the minds of those whose privilege it was to know him.



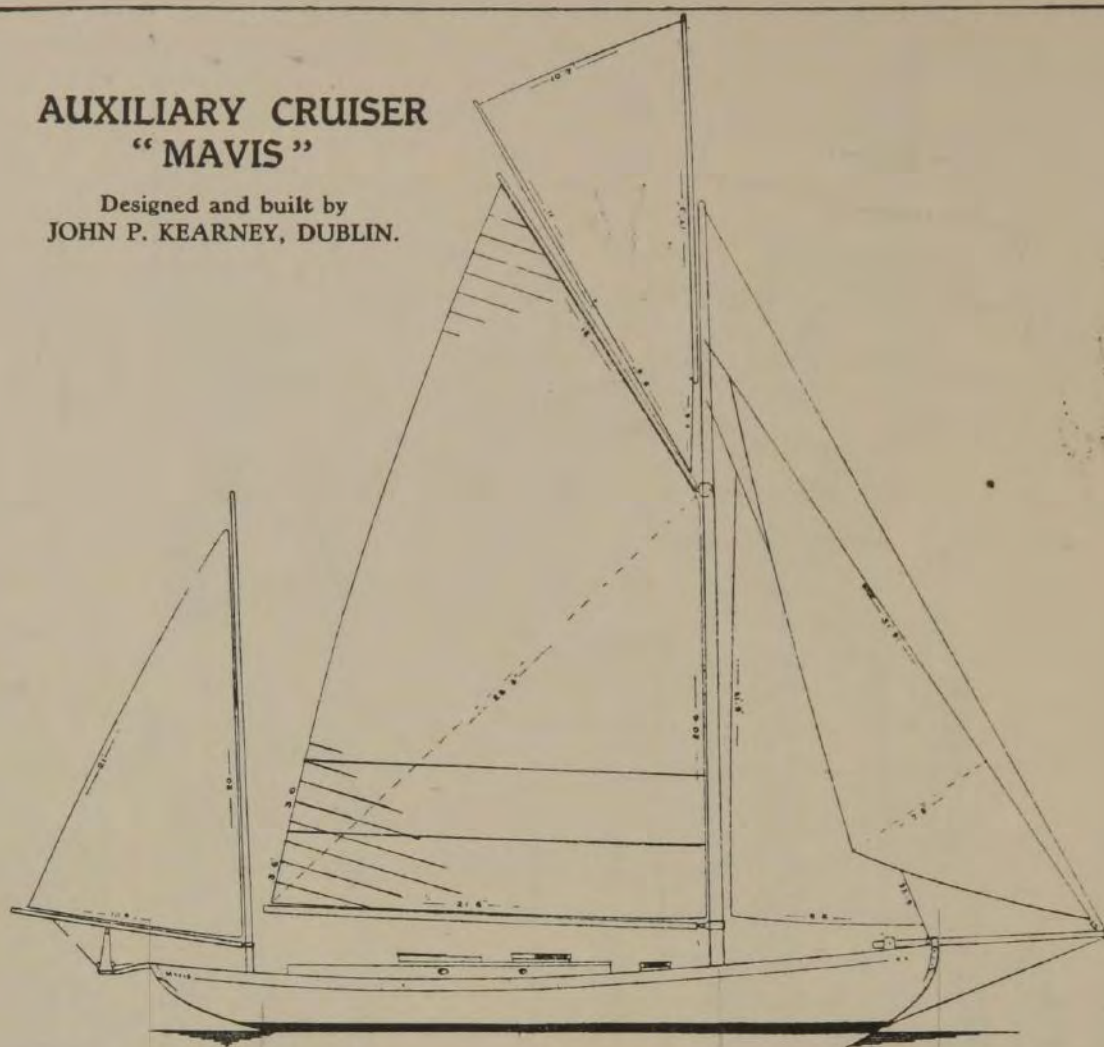
Go stiúra Rí na Glóire chun tíre é.

Designed and built by John B. Kearney, Dublin.

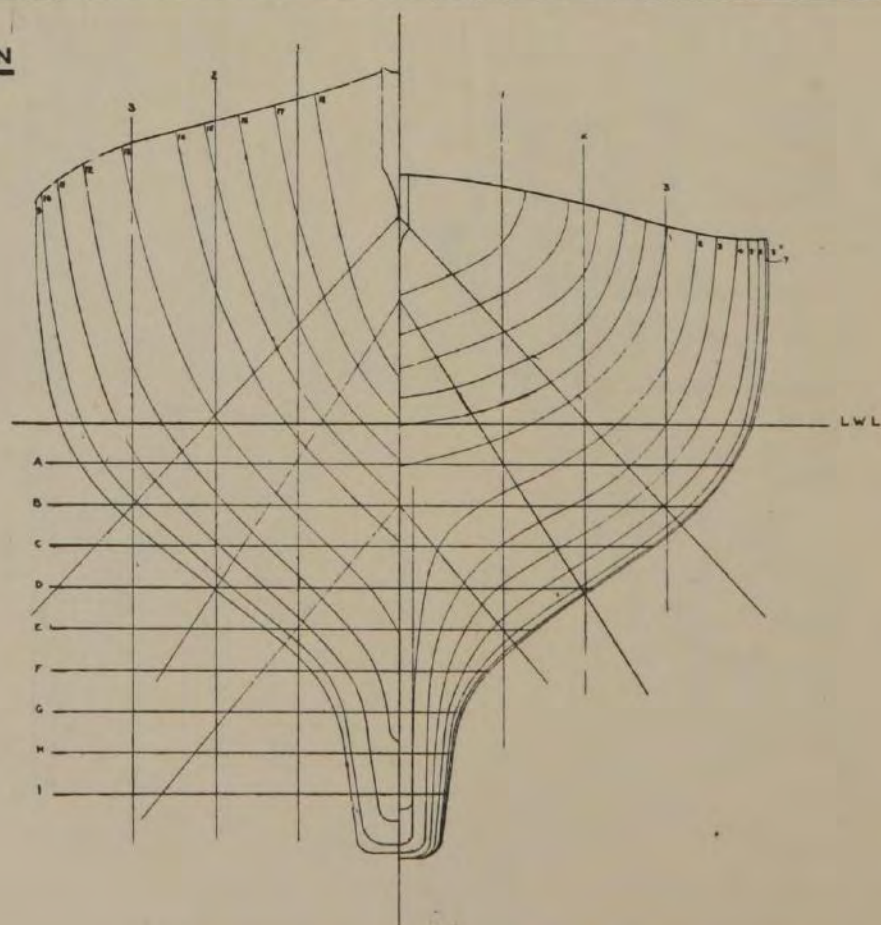


AUXILIARY CRUISER "MAVIS"

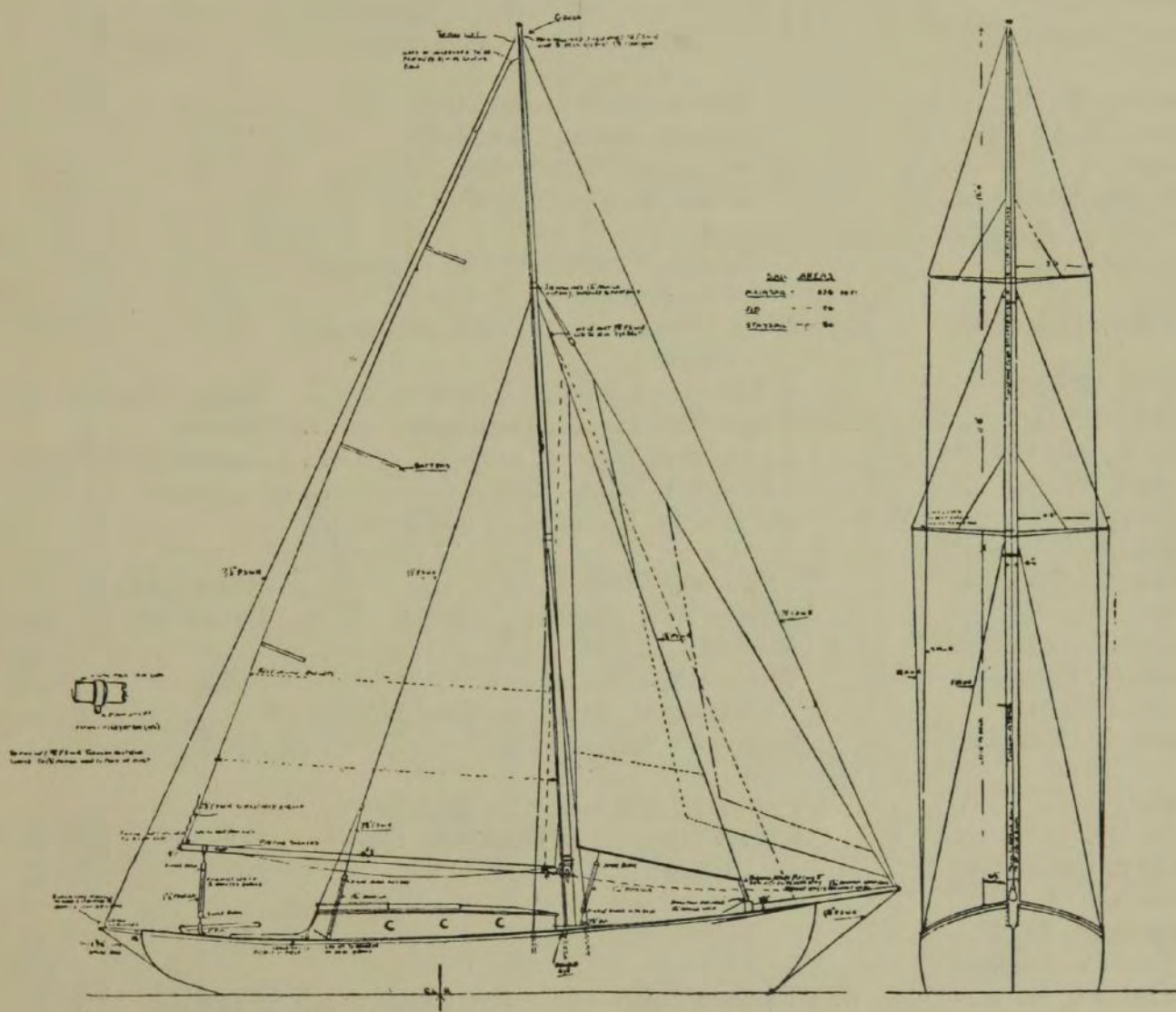
Designed and built by
JOHN P. KEARNEY, DUBLIN.



BODY PLAN



Sail Plan of 8-ton CUTTER "HUZURE"



List of Members

NAME	ADDRESS	YACHT	THAMES TONNAGE
BARTON, H. D. E.	... Laurent Giles & Partners, Quay St., Lymington.		
BRABAZON, LT.-COL. HON. C.	Fassaroe, Bray, Co. Wicklow ...	<i>Failte</i> ...	11
BROWN, B.	... 5 Park View, Wellington Rd., Cork		
BYRNE, GERALD	... Abbeyview, Dalkey, Co. Dublin ...		
CARSON, W. R.	... 85 Tritonville Rd., Sandymount ...	<i>Ain Mara</i> ...	9
COBBE, F. C.	... Newbridge House, Donabate ...		
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DOWDS, CAPT. A.	... The Nautical College, Eden Quay, Dublin.		

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FLANAGAN, R. F.	... Do.
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HALL, R. A.	... Richmond, Riverstown, Glanmire, Co. Cork.	<i>If</i>	... 12
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* Members of Committee

LIST OF MEMBERS.—continued.

NAME	ADDRESS	YACHT	THAMES TONNAGE
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MORGAN, W. E. ...	Munster & Leinster Bank, Navan ...		
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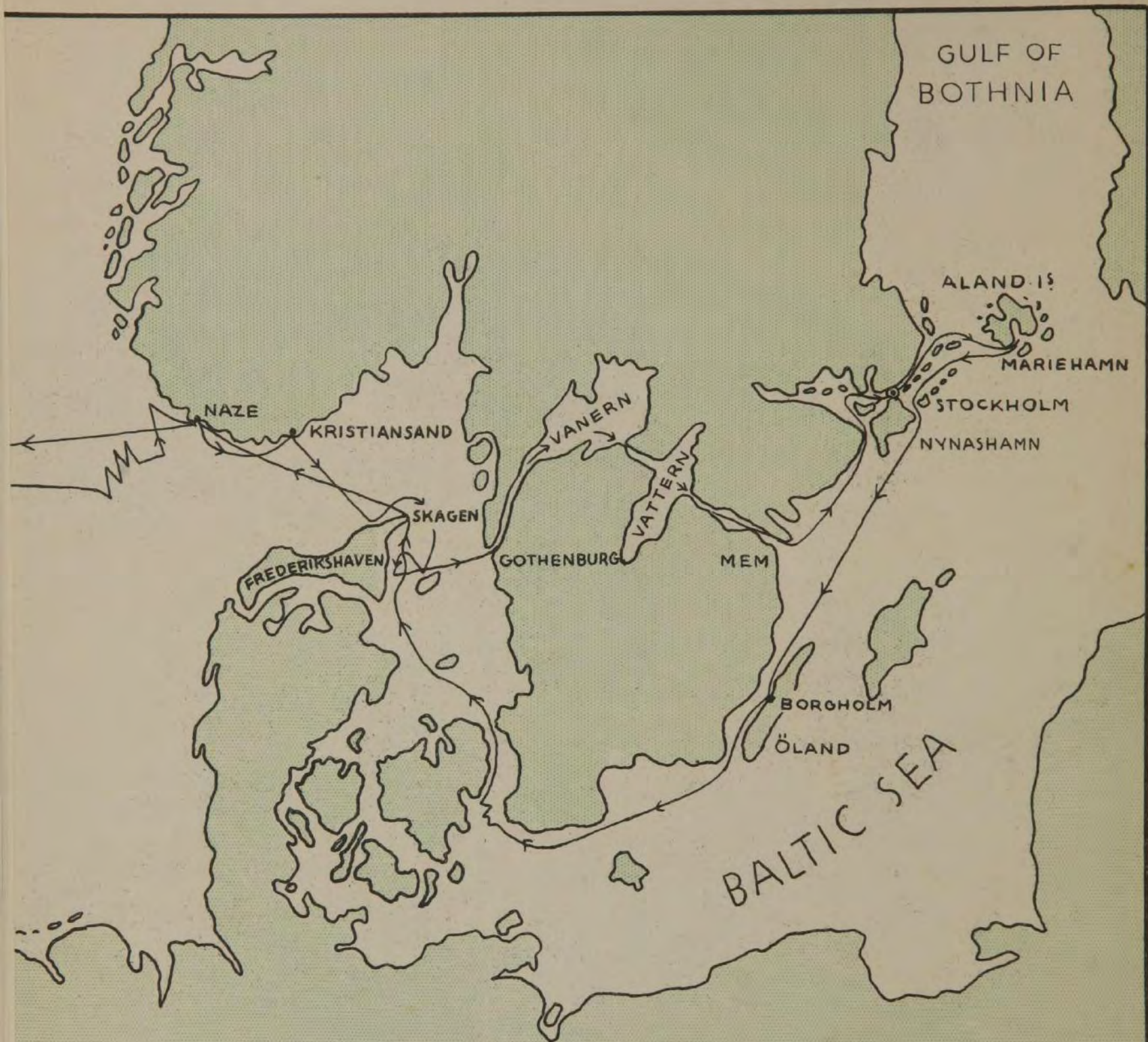
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STAPLETON, CECIL G.	... Fareham, Glenageary, Co. Dublin ...	<i>Highflier</i>	... 9
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