

1953/54



# IRISH CRUISING CLUB ANNUAL

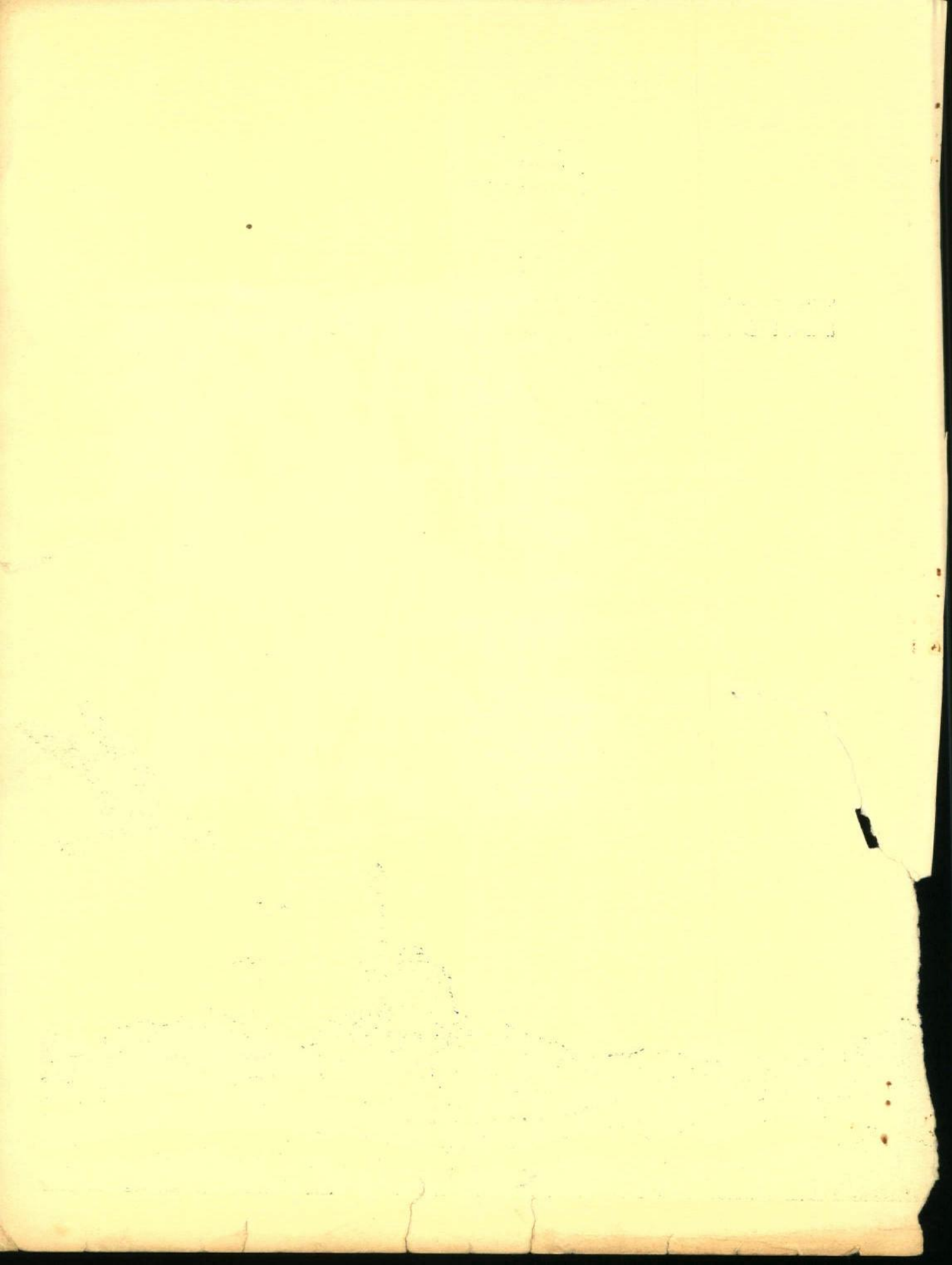


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OFFICERS 1953.

Commodore	Col.J.B.Hollwey	Eski Shehr, Cabinteely.
Vice-Commodore	R.P. Campbell	Cotswold, Westminster Road, Foxrock, Co. Dublin.
Rear-Commodore	B. Maguire	6 Mount Charles, Belfast.
Hon. Secretary	T.J. Hanan	55 Dawson Street, Dublin. (Tel.No.72631) (Home 86097)
Hon. Treasurer	G.B. Moore	33, Albert Rd., Glenageary. (Tel. No. 83152)
Hon. Measurer	D.J. Purcell	3, Marlborough Rd., Glenageary. (Tel. No. 81849)

W. Chambers	MI.A. Sullivan
R.D. Heard	J.B. Kearney
A.W. Mooney	H. Osterberg
F. Cudmore	D. Mellon
H.B. Wright	

Club Representatives

Belfast	Brendan Maguire
Limerick	R. Bourke
Londonderry	Wallace Clerk
Sligo	H.C.Gordon McCormick
Wexford	Ray O'Keeffe
Waterford	Miss Daphne French, Dunmore East, Co.Waterford.



# IRISH CRUISING CLUB

## HONORARY SECRETARY'S REPORT : 1953 SEASON

Gentlemen, I beg to present the Annual Report on the activities of the Club.

Committee: Four Committee Meetings were held during the year. All were well attended.

Meetings: The thanks of the Committee is recorded to the Royal St. George Yacht Club, the Royal Irish Yacht Club and the National Yacht Club for the facilities afforded to us to hold Committee Meetings in their premises.

Racing: The results were most disappointing and every race was marred by too much wind or too little wind.

Whitsun Races: We had planned two races for Whitsun. From Dublin around Lambay and Kish L.V. - Only one yacht finished within the time limit, - incidentally this time limit did not allow a reasonable time for average conditions.

Winner: Jephrya - J.L.Crabbe.

The race Cork Harbour, Fastnet, Schull was postponed and a later attempt to hold this race was also abortive. The Cork Twenty-four hour race had also to be abandoned.

Clyde Race: Our usual Clyde race was not held this year, but a special race was organised direct to the Clyde - The Race was sailed under exasperatingly light conditions and proved to be most tedious. The only yacht to finish being :-

EUPHANZEL - N.Falkiner.

The J.O.S.C. (Royal Anglesea Y.C.: Royal Mersey Y.C.) held a race from Beaumaris to Cork, for which we offered the Donegan Cup for the best placed yacht owned by one of our Members.

This was won by FLYING FOX - F.W.Brownlee.

Cruising:

A number of interesting cruises were made, details of which are given in this issue.

New Members:

As per list.

Sailing:

The Committee have decided to offer the balance of the Sailing Directions in hand at the following prices :-

Directions:

10/-d. for either volume	}	East coast of Ireland
		or
15/-d. for both volumes	}	South and S.W.coasts of Ireland.

Application should be made to the Honorary Treasurer, Mr.G.B.Moore, 33 Albert Road, Glenageary, Co.Dublin.

Obituary:

We regret to record the deaths of the following Members :-

Mr.J.E.Gill  
Mr.Joseph Lannin  
Mr.A.C.B.Jacob.

Mr.Tony Jacob, it will be recollected, made two notable trans-Atlantic passages in small yachts and subsequently died in the U.S.A.



Faulkiner Cup: The Faulkiner Cup this year was won by Mr. Wallace Clark for the cruise to Norway and return in "Caru".

The adjudicators in their report advise that the cruise by Mr. Brendan Maguire in "Minx of Malham" was a very close runner up and it was only after considerable deliberations that the final award was made.

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#### NEW MEMBERS

F. McKinley  
H. McCleery  
J.G. Collins  
Capt. J.C. Kelly Rogers  
C.H. Thomson.

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#### OFF-SHORE RACE 1954

Members will be interested to learn that there are good prospects that the Royal Ocean Racing Club will include in their programme for 1954 a race from Brixham to Cork, starting on the 7th August, and from Cork to Belleisle, starting on the 15th August.

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HONORARY EDITOR'S NOTES

The Honorary Editor would again like to express his appreciation to those Members who have gone to so much trouble to get their logs in for the current Journal which, at the time of writing, it is hoped will be in the hands of Members at the Annual Dinner.

He would like to appeal again to those Members who have not sent in logs, to support the Journal, no matter how short their cruise may have been, as it is our ambition to make the Journal a complete record of the activities of all Members of the Club each year.

A sketch plan of Strangford Lough is enclosed.

Finally, apologies are offered for any errors of typing and spelling in the Journal.

Members are reminded that Club ties are still available from the Honorary Treasurer at 14/6d. each.



RAINBOW'S CRUISE TO SCILLY, CORNWALL & DEVON, JUNE-JULY 1953.

Launce McMullen  
 Claire McMullen  
 Hugh Thomson

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Sunday 28th June. As last year we had raced in the Royal St. George Yacht Club regatta, and had again borrowed Naneen's moorings to make a swift change-over from racing to cruising trim. At 1152 we started under all plain sail in light Northerly wind. We beat out of the harbour and ran slowly through Dalkey Sound where some of our family were assembled at Coliemore Harbour to see us off. We ran slowly on the Port gybe but the wind increased and near Wicklow Head, where we had gybed to sail inside the Banks, it was blowing fairly fresh. By Brittas Bay it was blowing hard enough to decide us to come about instead of gybing and soon after this at 1700 we lowered the main and set the trysail. Arriving off Arklow at 1745 we hung about waiting for the weather forecast, intending to spend the night there if it should be very unfavourable. It was not, so we continued running inside the Banks to Cahore where we set a course to pass three miles west of the Smalls. We continued running all night. Visibility was very poor in the morning and we never saw the Smalls. By 0930 I decided we must be past and we assumed we had been five miles East of it at 0800, thus having to start the long passage to the Longships without a proper departure. All that day, in considerable sunshine but patches of mist and fog, we ran before a light to moderate Northerly wind, setting the mainsail during the morning. As night fell the position became rather worrying for visibility was still low, and when there is nothing to see it is very difficult to decide how far one could see; we expected to reach the latitude of the Longships well before dawn, but thought we might easily be as far East as St. Ives Bay. Actually about 0300 it cleared long enough for us to see the Longships and Pendeen Light and get a tolerable fix by hand bearing compass. From this fix, which was not very accurate, the difference in bearing being only  $30^{\circ}$ , we turned well to the West to steer for the Scillies, however we were abeam of the Seven Stones L.V. at 0545 and so were accurately fixed. In the morning it was still misty, and after breakfast we saw Round Island Light House about three miles away, so we bore to the South for St. Mary's Sound. As we entered the Sound we were at last free from the heavy roll we had suffered all the way from Bray Head, but there are worse things than rolls. At 1032 we anchored at Hugh Town.

After clearing Customs we went ashore and I went in search of the Harbour Master, who was an old shipmate of mine, so we were soon well on the inside of things. In the evening we patronised the Atlantic Hotel where at high tide one may row right to the door of the bar and make fast the painter to a beer cask.



The next day we went under outboard to Tresco to see the gardens, which are magnificent and where you can easily imagine yourself in the tropics, or at least the Mediterranean. There is also an interesting collection of figure heads all from ships wrecked in Scilly.

In the afternoon we returned to Hugh Town; there were several interesting yachts about, the schooner Morwenna, a French ketch with at least two different names on the life buoys, and a beautiful old Fife eight-metre, locally owned.

On Thursday morning, 2nd July, we sailed at 0755, reluctant to leave this attractive and unusual place. The North wind was still blowing freshly and we sailed out through Crow Sound with two reefs. In poor visibility we soon lost the islands, but duly sighted the Wolf Rock and brought it abeam to Port at 1114, a fraction under seven knots average, so thought we would make a fast passage to Helford River. In this we were wrong as the four days of North Wind were finished and it died rapidly, so that by the time we had the reefs out it was almost dead. Such little wind as there was came ahead, and we beat slowly towards the Lizard, sighted at 1745, eventually starting the outboard at 1930, to round the Head at 2000. The race was only a popple on this day, but we did unexpectedly stick our nose into a larger wave and swept the decks causing some confusion. We continued under motor to the Manacles buoy (2230), when there seemed to be enough NW wind to beat into the Helford River; but it got extremely light again and it was midnight when we anchored off Durgan. We had been there two years ago, and decided to push on without landing, delightful place though it is, so left at 0940, 3rd July, sailing rapidly Eastwards on the Port tack. In no very long time we passed the Dodman, whence it was a beat to Fowey. As there was no hurry we decided to look at Nevagissey, so we shot in at full speed, came round and out again all in a few seconds; this little diversion paid dividends a few days later. We then sailed on to Fowey, meeting some violent squalls on the way in, and anchored at 1455. The Royal Fowey Yacht Club made us welcome, and we explored the town. In the afternoon the American Yacht Gesture came in on her way to take part in the Fastnet. We left late the next morning (1150, 4th July) and reached Eastwards in very light winds, though the breeze improved as we approached Plymouth, which was lucky as we had a date with friends in the Yealm River. (Fowey is pronounced Foy, Yealm Yam.)

Much dinghy racing was visible in Cawsand Bay, also near the Yealm. The Yealm is easy to make provided there is not a heavy Westerly swell, but one must have a large-scale chart or sketch. Inside it is a most delightful anchorage beneath beautiful wooded slopes. We anchored below the Hotel at 1705, and after filling up with water, spent the evening ashore with friends.

5th July. The day started with a nice bit of dialogue aboard a neighbouring yacht. Owner, to Foredeck-hand "Let me know when you can see the anchor". Foredeck-hand, who has with great labour hauled up the anchor embedded in a ton or so of weed "Its up, but I can't see it".



0955. Anchor up. Beat down against light and sometimes non-existent wind, lovely sunny morning. 1130. Outside and on course. With genoa set we reached slowly at first but with gradually increasing speed across Bigbury Bay, and past Bolt Tail and Head, Prawle Point and the Start, passed at 1505. The wind had increased so gradually that off Dartmouth Entrance we were quite surprised to see two brace of Firefly sailors in the water. We lowered the genoa as the entrance is notoriously squally, but it was difficult to make progress against the tide in the narrows, the wind being first violently all over the place, and then totally absent for a time; we had to hoist a jib to get in at all. Higher up it was much easier, and there was plenty of wind. Our arrival at Kingswear coincided with that of the Tor Bay Express from London, but she came to her berth much more smartly, as although I decided at once where I wished to anchor, it was a small space and it took several shots before I could get there with way off. Anchored 1705, weather clearly broken. There were several yachts in, and a man I spoke to said he had owned a six-metre once, Southern Cross. He was most interested to hear I had raced against her only a fortnight before.

6th July. Wet, Westerly wind. We shopped ashore in the morning and decided to sail to Brixham, which we did under trysail, leaving at 1410 and arriving at 1705. Here we received great hospitality from the Brixham Yacht Club, arranging to contribute to their collection of burgees. At dinner in a hotel we read about King Billy's landing at Brixham in 1688.

Brixham was necessarily our turning point, for the harbours get worse and it is not worth going further East unless one is prepared to round Portland Bill, which we hadn't nearly time enough for, so the next day 7th July, we sailed at 0628, in spite of Westerly wind. At 0700 we rounded Berry Head and at 0720 we hove to and reefed. We continued in a lumpy sea and went inside Skerries Bank to get smooth water, lowering the jib to be ready for dirt off the Start. At 1040 we passed the Start well offshore, and beat along in dirty weather. At Bolt Head the tide turned against us, and wind and sea were very nasty so we decided to enter Salcombe. As we ran for the Bar my hat blew off, and was recovered at the second attempt. At 1400 we anchored opposite the town, but there was a considerable roll (how does it get past the shallow bar and up the narrow twisty channel?) and we eventually moored in "the Bag" further up, which is nice and quiet but very far from the town either rowing or walking. Here we remained two nights as the forecasts were very bad.

9th July. Left at 0753 under two reefs and storm jib, in company with a Brixham Trawler Yacht used for teaching sailing; it was very lumpy beating past Bolt Head and Tail, but smoother in Bigbury Bay. As we approached Plymouth it increased again and we lowered the jib. Finally the last three miles to the Breakwater it blew so hard I could hardly face the spray and there was an exceedingly uncomfortable sea even close to leeward of the Breakwater, which we passed at 1300.



We decided to go right up the Tamar, but on reaching Saltash found it much disimproved since I was there before the war, and there were lots of disused ships at anchor. Unfortunately my charts only extended just above the Railway Bridge, and I didn't like to go exploring without one in half a gale, so we anchored at Saltash. Apart from fetching water we did not go ashore. The next day after further poor forecasts, we decided to remain at Plymouth, and motored down with some mechanical trouble, to Sutton Pool right in the town; we spent the rest of the day ashore.

11th July. 0653 slipped buoy and motored down Sound in dead calm but we knew plenty of wind was to come. An hour later we made sail in Cawsand Bay, and sailed with Southerly wind round Rame Head. The wind increased and came South Westerly, and at 1045 the inevitable reef went in. The weather got worse and we decided to enter Mevagissey. This was the more annoying as the wind had freed enough to enable us to weather the Dodman, but there was far too much rain, wind and sea. Our short dash into Mevagissey on the outward passage enabled me to enter under jib alone knowing I could reach the right spot to anchor, which we did at 1253. In the afternoon we were lazy and watched the rain, and in the evening we went ashore for supper, and drinks in "The Ship".

12th July 0730. Left Mevagissey - reefed of course - and beat slowly round the Dodman in a lumpy sea. By 1045 we were hardly moving with little wind and short sea, and the question was whether to unreef and try to reach Falmouth before there was much more wind again, or to remain reefed and almost stationary. Having unreefed we did get quite near St. Anthony's Head before it blew up again, it was uncomfortably hard when it came. Being tired of beating against stinging spray I decided on St. Mawes; a mistake as, having been there only in good weather, I did not realise its comparative exposure to the West. We anchored there at 1257, and remained aboard till next day. A few hours after we got in a very decorative coffee coloured yawl belonging to Charles Pears the marine artist, came down the river under too much sail, later she returned under mainsail only but on anchoring dragged so as to get the bowsprit of a Brixham trawler between her masts. It was then inevitable that her mizen would be broken, but quite agonizing watching the process, which took a long time.

13th July. Visited friends, etc., forecasts still bad.

14th July 0750. Left St. Mawer in Westerly - two reefs and small jib. The forecast had spoken of "moderate" but the wind increased rapidly and before reaching the Manacles we had to lower the jib, and even under the lee of the land it was most uncomfortable, and obvious that we would not get round the Lizard, so we put back at 0910, and at 1030 were anchored in Falmouth opposite the Royal Cornwall Yacht Club.

Things were now getting serious as we had to be back the next week, and I began dismal calculations of the cost of returning by public transport. We spent most of the day ashore at Falmouth, and watched the local racing, we also visited Flushing in the evening. Incidentally we had an outstandingly good dinner for only 6/- per head. The Royal Cornwall Yacht Club made us very welcome.



15th July 0805. Off for another bash with better forecast; this time as we approached the Lizard the weather was much better, just a nice breeze with sunshine. I decided to make three miles offing, and kept on till I judged we could lay the Runnelstone. We tacked at noon, and passed 3 - 4 miles off the Head, in a big lumpy sea, which soon became more regular after we cleared the Head. A hefty Danish cruiser, Snarken, which had been in Falmouth slowly overhauled us, with motor running of course. At 1630 we reached the Runnelstone Buoy failing to weather it by 20 ft. or so, not much as we had tacked for it 4½ hours earlier. We rather thought that on rounding this buoy the long thrash to windward, which started off Berry Head eight days earlier would be over and that we only had to ease sheets and sail for home, but the wind decreased and the sea increased; three-quarters of an hour later we were off the Longships, in an enormous popple of sea and very little wind. We could not stop the boom slamming and it soon caused the mainsail to tear at two reef points. We got the sail down and were soon under trysail and genoa. Ideas of returning to Penzance or trying to make St. Ives or Padstow flashed through my mind to be immediately rejected, so Claire and Hugh put a patch on the mainsail while I steered. This sounds easy but the motion was indescribable and both were seasick, yet we raced with their patch after getting home. During this the genoa, made in Holland when Rainbow was a six-metre at Antwerp before 1930, and consequently known as the "Dutchman" quietly died, leaving no light weather headsails aboard. By 2000 everything was fixed up, but as we were all dead tired, and more Southerly wind was forecast, I decided not to reset the main that evening, but to continue slowly under trysail. Course was N 20 W to clear Cape Cornwall Bank, and in the early part of the night our direction was checked by bearings on Pendeen Light. About midnight the wind increased rapidly from the South, and when I took over from Hugh at 0430, 16th July, we were hurtling along. I might mention our system of watches for night sailing; Claire does not steer in the dark, so we put her on 2030 to 2230, then either Hugh or I for three hours from 2230 to 0130, and the other till 0430 when Claire takes over till 0630. This gives each of us five hours sleep and her six hours.

On this occasionshe did not like the look of the sea, so I took on at 0430. Running before a big lumpy sea my reflections were that you could hardly have a more suitable hull or a worse rig. The yacht steered beautifully and never shipped a drop bow or stern. Sometimes an irregular sea flopped sideways into the cockpit, but no ship of less than six foot freeboard would have been immune. But the rig, although safe with trysail was fairly inefficient and at intervals the trysail gybed, usually shedding a slide - although most had been re-lashed in the Scillies. When only two remained we lowered it and re-fixed a few, the lower ones being replaced with a lacing. At 0700 we gybed purposely and steered N 40 E. I became nervous that, steering to windward of the course as one tends to, we might make landfall very far west, and my ambitions were only to pass between the Tuskar and the Smalls - a wide goal. However we



had not been to windward of the course, and the new gybe eventually brought us at 1330 to sight the Smalls on the Port Bow! at 1505 the lighthouse was abeam to Starboard. Apart from waste of distance this was a bad position, for the ebb was just beginning and instead of being in fairly slack water in mid channel or to the West we had to stem a strong tide. The weather was now very much pleasanter and the wind less, so at 1800 we shook out our reefs and continued for Blackwater light vessel. Passing close to it we went inside the Arklow and at first light were near Arklow itself. We continued to run up the coast in a pleasant breeze and some rain, and entered Dun Laoghaire at 1228, 17th July, fifty-two and a half hours from Falmouth; our own mooring being foul we got Flying Fox's till we had time to clear it; it had been a hard cruise but an interesting one. The Danish yacht, which passed us off the Lizard, arrived some hours later.

TABLE OF DISTANCES AND TIMES.

<u>Passage</u>	<u>Distance</u>	<u>Time</u> h. m.	<u>Speed</u>
Dun Laoghaire - Scilly	215	46. 40	4.6
Scilly (local)	3	1. 00	3.0
Scilly - Helford River	59	16. 05	3.7
Helford River - Fowey	24	5. 15	4.6
Fowey - Yealm	24	5. 15	4.6
Yealm - Dartmouth	29	7. 10	4.0
Dartmouth - Brixham	9	2. 55	3.1
Brixham - Salcombe	24	7. 32	3.2
Salcombe - Saltash	25	6. 12	4.0
Saltash - Plymouth	6	1. 30	4.0
Plymouth - Mevagissey	27	6.00	4.5
Mevagissey - St.Mawes	16	5. 27	2.9
St.Mawes - Manacles - Falmouth	12	2. 40	4.5
Falmouth - Dun Laoghaire	242	52. 23	4.6
TOTAL	715	166. 04	4.3



"MINX OF MALHAM"by Brendan MaguireJuly, 1953.

Starting from Cultra (Belfast Lough).

Sailing North to Western Isles of Scotland.

Sanda Island - Iona - Staffa - Castle Bay, Barra - St.Kilda.

Across to Faroe.

Torshaven - Vestmanhaven - Vaago - Skallerfiord - Kollerfiord - Kirkebo.

Returning South to Orkney.

Stromness - Lyness - Hoy Lodge - Rack Wick.

Then via East of Scotland.

Pentland Firth - Moray Firth - Caledonian Canal (Inverness, Fort Augustus,

Fort William) - Firth of Lorne - Sound of Jura (Gigha Island) -

North Channel - Strangford Lough (Audley's Roads - Ringhaddy).

Crew:    Brendan Maguire            Herbert McCready            Charles Payne.

The Ship:

L.O.A. 31'0"	Draft 5'10"	Thames Tons 7.
L.W.L. 24'0"	Sail Area 425 sq.ft.	
Beam 7'5"	R.O.R.C. Rating 22.86	

"The Blue Yacht from Ireland"

Introduction:

It is hard to say just where I got the idea of going to see the Faroes; it was never one of my ambitions to visit lat. sixty-three degrees North for a holiday as I knew next to nothing about that part of the world. More than anything I think, I was influenced by a friend who spent fifteen months on the Islands, while in the Army, and he said that during the six months of Winter everyone went round at an angle of forty-five to the ground, either with or against the wind, and quite regularly their Army Hutment Camp was blown away. During the three summer months life was just heaven and only by spending some time on the Islands could one imagine anything quite like it. A warm climate without excessive heat, bright sun, clear skies and changing backgrounds of mountain scenes from 3,000 feet rocky cliffs and bold headlands, to well cultivated lowlands covered with pastures and arable farms and acres of brilliantly coloured wild flowers. Everywhere water found its way into the picture, the North Atlantic wound up fiords and into bays while inland, lakes and mountain streams intersected the countryside. Also there was a very wide range of interest in the wild bird life which thrives in abundance all over these islands. Added to all this, a friendly and hospitable people who welcome a stranger in the grand manner.

Having reported this picture to Tony we agreed to meet again and discuss the project further. Very aptly this meeting took place one wild evening in January. Real winter weather was sending blasts down the chimney and shaking a wood fire into flurries of sparks. The rain pelted against the windows driven inland by a howling westerly gale. Inside we were secure and in fighting trim to plan a summer cruise anywhere. Since our last meeting Tony had secured three charts and here they were spread out on the floor in front of the fire. While we, on our knees, moved across many hundreds of miles of ocean in our imagination, it was only a few feet in actual fact as we held down one springy corner after another of the chart, which insisted on following every move we made. The three charts were : a large scale detail of the Faroes, an ocean chart of the North Atlantic from Iceland to North West Scotland, and North Sea from North East Scotland to the Norwegian Coast. Also we had a North Atlantic Pilot. That evening certainly improved my geography of that part of the world; names which were only familiar to me through the B.B.C. weather reports now became areas with a definite position in the scheme of life. Iceland, Faroes, Fair Isle, Bailey, Rockall, Forties : four of these six names I could understand. Although they had often intrigued me, it was not until that evening while pouring over these charts, I found out about Bailey and Forties. North West of Cape Wrath Bill Bailey had a bank named after him as a fishing area and so the weather people had adopted the name for weather forecasts. Likewise, off the East Coast of Scotland there is a bank of soundings of forty fathoms, so they became the Forties. It is obvious when you know but it was all new to me.



While I was what might be called doodling over the chart, possibly improving my knowledge but certainly not finding out how one sails an 8 Tonner either to Norway or Faroes, Tony was involved in his own inimitable calculations over distances and average speeds either under sail or power, and such things as the capacity of the petrol tanks and the mean average force of a North Westerly during the month of June, as well as other information obtained from Meteorological reports in the Atlantic Pilot. The distances across these two pieces of water (as we were trying to equate the advantages or otherwise of seeing Norway or the Faroes) worked out something like this:- one hop was from the Forth to Stavanger and the second from Butt of Lewis to the Faroes, and making the chart correction this read 350 miles in the first case and 220 in the second.

When making these calculations we, for some strange reason, usually start with an average speed of 5 knots. From this it was easy to say that two days should easily put us into the Faroes, but Norway was nearer three. Such are the plans of yachtsmen on a winter's evening.

Another point to be considered was whether one would cruise more comfortably North and South or East and West. Here were two cruises which would test this theory properly. My experience in 1952 during a cruise of three weeks, was that going North and South I beat relentlessly going out and coming home. You might imagine that our prevailing Westerlies would favour North and South direction but I think that the summer months are quite unpredictable and you are just as likely to have it all good as all bad. The only thing to do is to get the gear aboard, weigh anchor and go out and see. The incidence of gales or calms came into our discussion; neither we thought should play a vital part in our calculations. A gale of force 7 might occur two days in a month, so going to the Faroes one would be unlucky to be caught, the average force of wind being about 3.

If we made this trip it would be a big contrast to last year's sail, where we moved in short easy stages up the West of Scotland. Here we would have to press on all we could going out and back, taking about one week each way, with a week in the Islands themselves. So ended another evening's talk and we both felt one of the best reasons for going to the Faroes was that it would be such a wonderful place to have visited. In the meantime we decided to go ahead with preparations and learn about the Islands, their history, people, etc. and the countless details which make this cruising game a Winter's hard work.

So our plans were laid, but it was not to be like that. Regretfully Tony with his "Maid of York" had to give up the idea, so I decided to plan a trip myself in "Minx of Malham". As the months slipped by I mustered a crew which varied in number from three to five - only Skippers know how elusive these crews are - till finally we sailed with two and myself. Herbert was an old hand of mine and a tower of strength under all conditions. He knew "Minx" well and was all that a crew could be. Charles was to make his first voyage



outside Strangford Lough and his previous experience was confined to dinghies, but in a short space of days he learnt many of the jobs which are part of the cruising game and, by the end of the holiday, was a first class hand. I had an idea that three aboard would be few enough for long passages but decided later that it was an ideal number for sharing the work and still having plenty of room to live comfortably aboard at sea. We evolved a peculiar system of watches which seemed to suit everyone. Being three on board we split the midnight to 6 a.m. period into three spells of two hours and the other eighteen we did three hours to a watch. Cooking and washing-up went a day each in rotation, and we usually ate every four hours except at night. Navigation I battled with myself, nothing like having only one Admiral on board.

### North and West.

As Friday, 26th June, came close I prepared to put into action "Operation Departure". This is invaluable to yachtsmen escaping from their place of work and is reckoned to be worth either a two day start or a long weekend before one is missed. Looking into the General Office at about 5 p.m. you say "I won't be long", then with brief case in one hand, umbrella in the other and hat pulled down well over your eyes you march briskly backwards out of the front door. Casual observers when questioned later will invariably swear they saw you go into the office to work late on Friday evening and you could not possibly have left for the summer holidays. There is many a true word spoken in jest, but if our holiday did not start that way it certainly started on a depressing note. A cloudburst nearly washed us into Belfast Lough and killed the little wind there was and, to crown it all, we had nearly a mile to row to get aboard with the last minute stores, etc. If there is one thing that tries me it is to have to start a holiday with clothes, charts and the fresh bread nicely wet.

Climbing on board we all prayed fervently that at least there would be enough wind to get us off the mooring at Cultra as we were rolling relentlessly in the tide way and a night of that would have been too much. Strange how the ties of the shore cling to one at the start of a cruise. I always find it hard to break away from the problems which seem to encircle one ashore, so it was this evening I wanted to be started and away and felt impatient at the lack of wind.

This is a good point to introduce our engine; as there was no wind it would have been a good opportunity to use it. The engine was known either as "The Blower" or "The Pusher", and I do recall once hearing a member of the crew saying "Wind up the elastic". This was unsporting and I had to insist that such a remark was never repeated. But for good or evil it develops just  $1\frac{1}{2}$  BHP and did invaluable service by pushing us rather slowly in various directions in and out of canals and locks, but was hardly a working proposition at sea. In fact, we were blown whether the wind listeth. With these few remarks I bless the engine but do not intend to bring it into our story again.



9.30 p.m. our prayers were answered. We had hardly finished stowing when an air came out of the North East and we flew to the halliards to make sail. The mooring buoy dropped astern and "Minx" headed slowly for Black Head. I had a hunch that the way to go to the Faroes - once round the Mull of Kintyre - was to make as much Westing as possible and this would give us every chance of a free wind on the long leg to the Faroes. For once a hunch worked like a dream and explains how it was we went out to St.Kilda. If we had it easy on the leg from St.Kilda to the Faroes we had to work hard for our Westing as we beat every mile of the way and at least half the time in poor visibility and fog.

When morning came we were heading for Mull of Kintyre but the tide turned against us while off Sanda Island, so dodging in between the rocks and islands at the South East corner, we dropped the hook in the bay 50 yards from the pier. The Mull tides are too strong for a sailing boat without a commanding breeze so the time was well spent in eating a good breakfast and catching up on sleep. When the tide turned at 11 a.m. we were under way with the lightest of airs and beating out to Islay. Soon fog closed down and all was damp and rather miserable.

The Sound of Islay had been my first mark but our approach was going to coincide with a contrary tide so I cast an eye to the West of Islay and decided to have a look there instead. This coast is almost unvisited by yachtsmen, partly because it is exposed and off the beaten track and further, good harbours are hard to find. I had heard that the cliff scenery was magnificent, so here was my chance to confirm this, providing the fog cleared. As it was we sailed round the west of Islay and not one of us is to-day any the wiser. The fog hung low and thick and we picked out the fog horn on Rhims of Islay, but that was all. The hours crept by and all was dripping wet till 2 p.m. on Sunday when a misty blueness appeared overhead and slowly the white curtain withdrew, and, as it spread further and further outwards, the navigator was quaking in his gym shoes as to just where we were. There on the port-hand appeared the lonely rock of Dubh Artach with its lighthouse. All was well; allowing for the set of the tides round the headlands we had passed, the D.R. was remarkably close to our position.

With the clearing in the weather a nice northerly breeze came in and we were soon heading for Sound of Iona. As we closed the land the Torran Rocks lay to starboard and the outcrops appeared as a broken mass of foam. I had been to Iona many times before but I said to Herbert and Charles, who had not - "Look well at the scene, as you are seeing Iona under idyllic conditions". People come from all over the world and return many times and never see it like this". It sparkled in a crystal clear atmosphere, a vivid blue sea lapping round the grey rocks and green pastures of the island. Coming up the sound the houses clustered round the shore and the reconstructed Abbey stood out on the headland against the skyline, its pink and grey coloured granite a wonderful soft tone in the sunlight. As we dropped the hook in Martyrs' Bay the wind died, and at 6 p.m. the



Abbey's big bell rang out for evening service. The tone was lovely but, as one of my crew remarked "They are ringing that bell too fast." Each crash followed the next so closely that it killed the vibrations of the previous one. I should like to hear it rung at half the speed. We lounged in the cockpit for a meal, then ashore to climb the hill at the North end of the Island and watch the sun drop behind the islands to the West; a miracle which is repeated so often but one I never tire of seeing again. While up the hill waiting for the sun to dip, quite a crowd gathered, either in ones and twos or half a dozen. But, in each case, as they breasted the top of the rocks and the islands and ocean opened out all around, some member of the party would step forward and start the arm waving act. This is traditional at the top of all hills but Iona is so wonderfully placed for landmarks that the arm waver is right in his element. Sweeping from North through East or West round to South he is in undisputed command as he picks out mountain tops, headlands, islands, lochs and other features. The listeners hang breathless on every word as he repeats: "Coolins", "Paps of Jura", "Ben More", "Coll", "Tiree", "Staffa", it is endless. Having enjoyed my session of arm waving with Herbert and Charles, I wickedly sat back and watched the technique of the others as they arrived and took up their stance!

Back on board I thought how perfect a day can be out in these islands, it is almost so wonderful I cannot believe it is true. Maybe it is because these days are so good the Lord is sparing with them.

Before leaving the following morning two of us went ashore to refill an egg box. This entailed a walk into the middle of the Island where a lady of the farm, being told our need, disappeared to do what she called "Rustle up a few for us" and she certainly did some rustling to good effect. As she handed me the box I was not ready for the weight and perceptibly gripped to take the strain. We thanked her profusely and she wanted us to stop for breakfast, but we insisted we must be going. Once round the corner I said to Charles "I must have a look at these eggs", so opened the box. I have never seen twelve eggs quite like them. All brown, from honey colour to a rich brick, and each near the 4 oz. mark. Eggs were "Eggs" after that, but these were always "The Iona Eggs", and reserved for lightly boiling. As usual on board when it comes to boiling eggs we found we had two schools of boilers: one puts them in cold water, brings to the boil and boils for a minute, and the other boils the water, puts the eggs in and boils for four minutes. Personally, I do not mind which method is used; the most important thing to remember is which tack you started on and take them out at the right time.

Still on the wind we started North out of the Sound and headed for Staffa. The weather was perfect and we were to get a priceless opportunity of seeing the rocks and cave of Staffa under quiet conditions. Making every use of our chances we sailed several times across the cave mouth, then bore away and around the east side of the island. Midday came and so afternoon and evening; life and the routine on board was settling down to an easy rhythm. Tea in the cockpit as we headed slowly North accompanied by the wireless commentaries on the second Test Match; England was up against it and



the tension was intense during the afternoon as Bailey and Watson faced the new ball from Lindwall and Miller.

After the Tresnish Islands the course led West to "Cairns" of Coll" and a fierce tide dragged us North as we rounded the headland.

It must be recorded here that the navigator perpetrated one very large bloomer, and let us hope it will be a lesson to him in the future. We had sailed off one chart and putting another one on the chart table I proceeded to lay a course to Castle Bay in Barra and, by some mischance, when reading the scale I confused the distance with the chart I had put away and read 35 miles as 70 miles. Consequently when fog started to come down at 4 a.m. and the log read 30 miles I thought we still had 40 to go and retired to my bunk with great peace of mind, determined to sleep the sleep of the rather weary. This was not to be. Charles at 6 a.m. announced our dramatic and unexpected arrival in the Outer Hebrides in no uncertain terms. Moving in one jump from the quarter berth to the cockpit, I was there in time to see, looming right ahead and sheer above, a very solid piece of land. Down helm and straight out to sea again and a chance to collect my rather shaken morale. As it happened we were slightly South of our course and as visibility increased at sea level we were able to work along the coast and pick up the buoy marking the entrance to Castle Bay. Heading in, the heavy mist closed down. It appeared to come rolling off the top of the land North of the bay and so it remained during the rest of our stay. We anchored well in shore at 11.30 a.m., had a meal and caught up on some more sleep.

We were only five days out but had a great urge to get on, so despite the poor visibility, we decided at 6.30 p.m. to up-hook and go out to see if conditions were any better outside and, if possible, slip through the Sound of Barra with a West-going tide around 9 p.m. Once outside it immediately closed down thick all round and we had great difficulty in working our way back into Castle Bay on compass courses. Secured for the night in our original spot; it was so thick we could only just see the shore. The crew gave a great cheer and said "A full night in anyway and breakfast at anchor".

The following morning showed very little improvement; still with that breakfast inside us we were ready for anything, so off again into a light Northly. The entrance to Sound of Barra is marked by a very small unlit buoy and, being rather chary of the land at the time, we must have passed well to seaward of it as we beat North. The only land we saw was quite unrecognisable. We finally fixed our position when the Red Can buoy off the entrance to Loch Boisdale appeared ahead. We knew we had overshot the mark but, in any case, the visibility was improving. Running back the few miles, we had no difficulty in finding the entrance to Sound of Barra. The wind was moderate North west so we set about the job of beating through to the West. This turned out to be no great hardship with the aid of a large scale chart of the Sound. When we finally cleared



Friary Point I heaved a sigh of relief as the last few days of rock dodging had been trying in the poor visibility. I felt we could cope with the Atlantic swell much easier without having it complicated by land and tides. Although we were through to the West I made a mental note to return to the Southern Islands of the Outer Hebrides. I felt there was much I wanted to see and explore with countless snug anchorages to visit; as it was we had seen just the first 50 feet above sea level, but only dimly.

After crossing the Minch to the Outer Isles if you wish to go further west you have the choice of rounding either Barra Head or Butt of Lewis, or cutting through the Sounds of Harris or Barra. My experience now is that for a sailing boat I would take the Sound of Barra every time. The Sound of Harris is really a little terrifying; lot of rocks, plenty of tide which behaves in an eccentric fashion, and a course which wanders in many directions. Naturally, local men go through with their eyes closed, but then they always can. I know that the lifeboat men from the Pentland Firth area find their way across those tides in thick fog by the colour of the water and the set of the stream and eddies.

The Course was now 330 Mag: we were headed well off so sailed out to the West. Light airs and tacking, if ever we got a slant, filled the next few hours till 11 a.m. when St. Kilda started to appear out of its cloud. It was not till 5 p.m. that we finally dropped the hook at the head of Village Bay about 100 yards off the landing place.

Here I was back in Village Bay exactly a year to a day since I first landed on Hirta. I so well recall the previous year - as we were heading East for the Sound of Harris and St. Kilda was fast disappearing astern - being asked whether I would return to this group of islands and I replied, "I really don't know, I should like to, but I have not the faintest idea when it will be." An unexpected series of circumstances had combined to bring me back and I was determined to make full use of the time. The previous year we had arrived with very little knowledge of the islands or their history, but during last winter I had read and studied at least three books on the subject.

The chief difficulty about going to St. Kilda in your own yacht is that you are scared to land and go far away, leaving her anchored in the Bay. The weather is very treacherous and liable to break without warning and can produce its own squalls at a moment's notice. Between South and East the Bay is wide open to the Atlantic. The weather was so good that I entered in the log "One perfect evening, all going ashore." I would never have dared to do this but the barometer had sat at 30.20 since 5 p.m. the previous evening. There was not a breath of wind nor a cloud in the sky and the Minx lay in the Bay, her reflection mirrored on the glassy surface of the water, such as you would picture in a Mediterranean scene.



Going ashore, we landed on the well preserved stone and concrete landing place and set about viewing the village systematically. The Manse, Schoolroom, Church, all fast slipping into decay; roofs going, windows out and doors gone. A Pigeon box was in a cupboard where we had left it the previous year; our names were still readable on it, and a few more were added. Walking along the village street the Factor's house was the best preserved; the roof looked good but most of the windows were blown in. We searched diligently for the underground dwelling behind No.5 but failed to see the opening. Every other house we stumbled in and out of, and observed the debris of years : from old bedsteads to pots and pans, and wooden weaving frames. The village was dead, crumbling and depressing, everywhere grass and bracken crept in, and oyster-catchers circled and dived over our heads letting out their plaintive cry, which echoed back and forth across the bay and round the hills. No longer was this man's place, the birds looked on us as intruders.

Leaving the village street we set across the island westward to see the sunset once again. When clear of the village buildings the island with its hills became majestic and slightly eerie, but not dead. The sea-birds in their thousands circled and called above Dun Island. This was their natural setting and home. Though they had shared it with man for many centuries it was their's again to enjoy undisturbed except for the occasional yachtsman or ornithologist, whose visits were very brief.

Pulling up that western slope we took frequent stops either to turn back and admire the view or see inside "Cleets" (St.Kildans' drying chambers built of open stone work), but really to regain our breath after the climbing.

The view from the summit fully justified the effort and we could see all around : the "Great Glen" sweeping down to the sea, Conachir with its 1,400 feet summit connected by the look-out gap to Oisival, Boreray and the Stacks away to the North East, Soay Island to the North, Dun Island to the South, Levenish guarding the entrance to Village Bay. The St. Kilda group lay at our feet and we could not have had a better evening to see it.

On the western heights we did a little stone rolling. Great boulders once started went pounding down the slope, taking jumps into the air as they kicked from ledge to ledge, finally splashing into the sea, a mere dot some 1,000 feet below.

Returning we worked our way to the silver sands of the beach and so completed our circuit to the pier. Before turning in, the dinghy was secured on deck, sails with their halliards ready for hoisting and everything in readiness for a quick get away. We had no wish to be surprised by any sudden change in the weather.

At first light everything looked set enough but after breakfast when we were ready to go ashore again, small wisps of cloud started to form round the top of Conachir; puffs of wind and gusts broke the



surface of the bay; to the South dark clouds were building up. I immediately secured the dinghy again, made sail and put out to sea. As we cleared the Bay and headed round for the East Coast of Hirta, heavy gusts tore at us, accompanied by rain, and clouds poured down from the hill tops. Fortunately this was of short duration and it started to clear almost as quickly as it came. Sailing along the coast we saw in detail the sheer drop to the sea from the top of Conachir nearly 1,400 feet; further round the "Great Glen" swept down to the North Bay; next the rocky shore broke off suddenly to start again immediately in the fine island of Soay. Boreray and the Stacks next took our attention. Sailing the few miles separating the islands we were looking up at the largest gannetry in Britain. It was a question of standing room only for the gannets nesting on the top of Stack Lea and Stack An Armin. The sight beggars description; you just have to go and see it.

The serious part of the voyage lay ahead and we had to get down to making the passage to the Faroes. A fresh Westerly was blowing which made a fair wind for our destination. Having laid off the course, I began to struggle with the problem as to what I should do if I ran the distance and there was no sight of land. How was I to know whether to turn East or West? Looking at the Faroes end-on from our position, I thought at the time that I could easily miss the mark. Such are the doubts of the passage-maker. How different it was 24 hours later. We had run noon to noon 150 miles (158½ miles were on the log), over half way there, and I felt I could not have missed at any time and did not understand the doubts of the previous day. In fact we made great progress and were collecting the dividends on our Westing made at the start. The only incident that day was when an R.A.F. plane, making a landfall on St. Kilda sighted us some way off his course, so took a special turn round and flew very low to have a look. At the time we were running with Blue Spinnaker stretching away ahead. I should have liked to change places for a while, just to see ourselves from above.

Having achieved our 150 mile run the wind then went light and, to quote the Log "Lots of very little wind, rather slow after the previous 24 hours." On this run Consol was coming in very well and gave a grand check on the D.R., the counts were very clear and accurate. I also managed a Sun sight for Longitude which came in very nicely with the other positions.

A Landfall on Sydero has to be taken seriously as about six miles South of the Island are Munken Rocks and the whole area is confused with fierce tides. Visibility was not good enough to pick out the land though one thought one could see it away ahead. From our position I decided to alter course 15° to East and reckoned that this would clear the Munken Rocks by two miles. The test came during my Watch from 2 to 4 a.m. when, with the help of glasses, I just picked out the dark outline of the group of rocks, a mere 38 feet above sea level. My joy was great so I woke everyone just to let them know; their enthusiasm was not nearly so great! After this the shape of Sydero appeared and slowly visibility improved for the remainder of the



sail to Nolsoy and finally into the East Harbour of Torshaven, where we picked up a mooring. The 259 miles had taken 48 hours and we were well pleased with the passage. This part of the ocean was not a lonely one, we were constantly in sight of steamers heading West and the trawler fleet was encircling us all the time. So ends the voyage North, 8½ days out and 530 miles on the log.

My first impression of the Islands as we sailed along the East Coast was one of desolate rocky cliffs and sheer precipices overhanging the sea, but then one began to notice trim villages of a dozen houses or more placed at the head of the bay and round the bottom of a valley overlooked by the mountains. These villages were picturesque with their bright colours, and the green of the grass which surrounded each house was vivid. Above all we were struck by the teeming bird life which crowds the cliffs and covers the sea for miles round. Thousands upon thousands of sea birds crossed our view as they flew back to their nests after being out feeding at sea in the early morning. Landing at Torshaven it was raining hard and we had arrived at the end of the finest spell of summer weather in the islands for thirty years.

#### The Tjaldur Islands:

Tjaldur in Faroese is the name for the Oyster Catcher. This very beautiful bird with the piercing call is the National emblem of the Islanders and they hold them in great respect. Certainly no one would think of harming this species though other types are killed in thousands for food, oil and feathers. After a winter of gales and rain the Islanders start looking out for the return of the Oyster Catcher each Spring. This is a sign for rejoicing and an indication that Winter is past at last. We saw these birds in great numbers everywhere and their call seemed to follow us over the hills or down to the water.

There are two occasions in the Faroese year when everyone really lets himself go. The first is the annual holiday week at the end of July when the days are given up to sporting contests and the evenings to dancing and celebrations. The second can occur anytime during the summer months and is a whale hunt and massacre on any of the shores or bays around the islands. Our arrival at Torshaven was five days after 150 whales had been driven into the harbour and despatched in the shallow water. Ample evidence still remained on the shores of the harbour when we landed; the water was still very oily and the smell of blubber was everywhere. It would have been a great stroke of luck if we had arrived in time to witness this spectacle which we learnt is conducted on the following lines. The first man spotting a whale out at sea, sings out "Grindabod" and this cry is carried far and wide. One minute the population is working in the fields or quietly going about its business and the next, everything is cast aside as all rush to the water. Anyone who can, takes his boat and moves out to the hunt. When assembled, a leader spreads his forces in a semi-circle round the whales and slowly they edge them into the most suitable bay near at hand.



While in deep water the whales are docile and do not make any real effort to escape, allowing themselves to be manoeuvred. However, when they are finally embayed, and find the water getting shallow, the fun starts. Their retreat is securely closed and the Faroese jump in with special long knives and spears to despatch their prey. The catch is next hauled onto land, where it is immediately measured by officials in preparation for dividing and distributing to the population, this being done according to established rules. Families, boat crews, officials and the man who spotted the shoal, all getting shares. A whale hunt gets right into the Faroese blood and they enjoy it to the full. After killing and division of the whales a dance and celebration goes on all night. The whale meat and other parts are much sought after and, besides, make a valuable addition to the food of the Islanders.

Though it was Sunday morning, quite a crowd gathered to watch our arrival and when we pulled ashore later, one man came forward to ask if he could help in any way and suggested we might like to call on the British Vice-Consul. This, we agreed, was just what we wanted to do and he offered us a lift in his car. As we moved off the quay he stopped to speak to a friend and I heard him say "They are off the Blue Yacht from Ireland", and from then on we were always "The Blue Yacht from Ireland". The local press gave us a paragraph and laid particular stress on the height of our mast and the length of the voyage. It appears that the last and, as far as we could find out, the only visit from Britain in a sailing yacht of similar size was Commander Graham's cruise in "Emanuel" in 1929.

Calling on Mr. Marr, the Vice-Consul, we were immediately made at home and received every help and kindness during our stay. The first thing was to decide how best to divide our short time to the greatest advantage. It was agreed that without a powerful motor, to cruise the islands in "Minx" would take too long for us to see much, so we arranged to do day trips by the local ferries and bus services. In this way we covered a comprehensive section of the islands. Communications are mostly by water, with bus services connecting up to negotiate some truly perilous mountain roads.

The Boat Ferries of the donk, donk, Diesel pattern, which vibrate fiercely, are run in a most convenient system for their passengers. Just as the bus will stop anywhere, so will the ferry slow down and take on, or put off, a passenger from any other passing boat. This repeatedly occurred during our crossings. Out of the side of some Fiord would appear a local fishing boat, a lot of waving and then a responding hoot of recognition; next we were slowing down and a local fishing boat was alongside, a smartly dressed Islander in National costume would leap aboard and we were on our way again. It all appeared slightly unofficial but most convenient and well managed. One could hardly imagine river steamers on the main rivers round our islands stopping to pick up passengers from motor boats.

The connections between boat and bus are made with split second timing and we were most impressed. The ferry leaving Torshaven one morning slipped from the quay exactly as the clock struck 7 a.m. and



so it went on through the day. As we pulled into a quay we immediately stepped ashore and into a waiting bus, another minute and we were on our way. Rounding a bend some miles further on the driver pointed to a boat about 1,000 feet below in the Fiord, and said there was our connection coming in. The boat and bus arrived at the same minute, the boat having delayed his start until he saw the bus at a certain corner. Out of the bus, into the boat, and away again across another Fiord and another pier. Here we unloaded some passengers and another bus, standing on the quay, was taken over by a man who crossed with us on the ferry. This was the end of our trip for that day so we returned straight away with the ferry boat. After our early breakfast we decided on a snack and opened some sandwiches we had brought with us. We were the only passengers now, and the skipper-cum-engineer the only other person on board. When we had finished I offered him a piece of chocolate which he accepted with many smiles. Whether this had anything to do with it I do not know, but he never asked us for any fares for that part of the trip.

Mr. Marr gave us some general directions and arranged for us to return that evening, so we departed to sample our first meal and I must say it went down very well. The Hotel served Danish meals and we returned regularly to make quite sure we had not missed anything on the first visit.

After lunch it was still raining heavily so we thought a visit to the Museum would be interesting, and so it was. Though not large we were intrigued with the many sides of Faroese life illustrated there. Such things as the original wooden lock made on the Yale principle, the primitive methods of preparing wool for the manufacture of sweaters, socks, shawls, etc., certainly there are none finer for their warmth and waterproof qualities. A dear old lady who took us round, illustrated the way of handling many of these primitive instruments, particularly the method of spinning by hand a thread of wool from a ball. Taking a stick loaded at one end with a stone, she set it spinning in one hand and from the other, holding the ball of wool, she fed a fine line so that it was evenly twisted ready for knitting. There was much to see and we thought the visit well worth while. The remainder of the evening was spent with Mr. Marr and his family, who told us much about the islands and their history as well as advising on what to see on the following days. Four days on these islands were not long enough but we felt when it came to leaving, we had seen all we could in a necessarily short time. Each day we set out in a different direction and a succession of boats and buses took us to Koller Fiord, Vestmanhaven, Vaago, Skaalefjord, Kirkebo. Some days the weather was good and the islands, fiords and mountains glistened in sheer brilliance against the background of the sea; everywhere the sea creeps into the scene. We strained up mountain roads while gripping the seat and pressing our toes into the floor as the ancient bus weaved its way round hairpin bends, many with a thousand feet drop down to the sea, close to the wheels. Much of the time we were the only passengers and the driver was just too pleased to stop while we took photographs and studied something which took our fancy. Sometimes the bus stopped itself and we all got out and peered under the bonnet, made suggestions, changed plugs and persuaded it to start again.



The tour to Vestmanhaven produced two incidents which are worth recalling. The first concerned the language. English is understood by most people even if they do not speak it, and this led me into assuming that an old man we approached and spoke to, had more than a nodding acquaintance with English as he produced this sentence with absolute certainty and decision. "What you work?" It appeared after a fruitless exchange on both sides that he neither knew or understood another single word of English. It occurred this way : looking into a ground floor room below some shops we saw the old man fussing around. He, it turned out, was a splitter-upper, salter and packer of cod fish, and we had disturbed him at his job. After a friendly nod, he left his work and coming straight up to me produced his opening gambit "What you work?" I replied suitably but he just repeated the only words he knew. This, I soon saw, would go on indefinitely and he would never understand, so I produced a box of matches and illustrated my calling. It got home, honour was satisfied, he knew what I did and I knew what he did, so it was time to escape before we became involved in further problems. Nodding to each other we slipped away, leaving him to the cod fish.

The second incident concerned the finding, quite by accident, of a water-driven horizontal wheel Corn Mill. The village of Kvivig has an attractive stream coming down from the mountains. While we were on the bridge I noticed a wooden structure across a riverlet, so stopping the bus once more, we went to investigate. This was a perfect working example of the Mill preserved by their National Trust. On investigation we found it was locked with one of the original wooden locks. About 50 yards away in the main stream most of the villagers were bathing on this lovely evening, so approaching one of the men I asked if he could open the mill and make it work for us. This he set about doing and with that all the villagers joined in. Everyone flocked round and began to study the Mill as though they had never seen it before in their lives. A search was set up for the key. The Mill was controlled by removing a board from one side of the dam, placing it in the other, so raising a head of water in the stream which was then directed down a chute and onto the wheel. Soon it was spinning away, the wheels rumbling inside the hut. Unfortunately the key could not be found so we could only squint through cracks in the door at the interior. These Mills have a most interesting history as similar models have been traced through the centuries back to the Middle East. What a blessing this application of water power must have been to man. Where previously each household had to grind most laboriously by hand, the day's requirements of flour or meal, with the coming of the mill the burden was eased many times. If we had been able to stay longer I know the key would have been found. The man who was looking for it was most disappointed. He thought we were stopping in the village but I indicated that we must leave and that even our private bus could not delay indefinitely.

Another tour, which we made by car with Mr. Marr, was to Kirkebo. Everyone said "You must go there; that is where the Irish Monks came originally and settled on the island long before the Vikings landed, somewhere about 700 A.D." There remains to-day, in good repair, the



watchers could spend the summer there and not see half the interesting places.

As promised, the wind remained North East fresh on the morning of Thursday, 9th July, so a last turn ashore completed our shopping and rounded off the good-byes. Returning to the dinghy we found a note and two books from Sigmund Peterson. He had called when we were away and said he was returning at 12 o'clock. As we were determined to leave straight away I went to find and thank him for the books and explain our departure. After some wandering, he was located in his studio where I was immediately made welcome. He explained he was interested in our yacht and the voyage as he had known Commander Graham and had sailed with him during his visit to the Faroes. Sigmund was very keen to show us around and help in any way during our stay. I explained we had to leave so he came out to visit "Minx" and made me a present of one of his fine oil paintings showing the Faroe scene.

All during our stay in Torshaven there was hardly a time when some boat was not cruising very slowly round "Minx" while the occupants studied her in every detail. Now that the time came to leave a crowd stood on the quay to wave us farewell. Very quickly we rounded the harbour wall and headed South down Nolso Fiord. Torshaven was blotted out in a heavy squall of rain and so ended our Northern visit. From now on, the course led South and East and there was plenty of interest to come.

#### SOUTH AND EAST:

I had originally intended to return by the West Coast of Scotland but I always leave my plans flexible and like to be influenced into changes of direction on the spur of the moment, or some unexpected happening. This time it was the Orkneys which caught my imagination and a crossing of the Pentland Firth thrown in, followed by passage through the Caledonian Canal and so back to Strangford Lough. Once the idea was there the thing was obvious. I think that in the life of all cruising people there are certain milestones which are small in themselves, but after they are achieved each one leaves a feeling of satisfaction and yet regret, that it is past. Looking back, my first night passage and the first 100 miles under sail were great achievements, these were followed by crossing the Minch, rounding Lands End, and Ushant. This summer we ticked off Barra Head, Butt of Lewis, Cape Wrath. Among the tide races round our coast a very knowledgeable sailing man I know lists Portland Race, Raz due Seine, Coirebhreacain and Pentland Firth as being the most formidable and never to be trifled with on any account. Possibly the greatest is the Penland and I wanted to have a look at the Firth and perhaps add to my list. There was one difficulty about this new plan. I had ample passage making charts and one chart covering the whole of the North of Scotland, but I had no details of the Orkneys. However, I thought I could make a landfall, get in somewhere and there was bound to be someone with all the information and plenty of directions when I got to the Orkneys; and so it was.



walls of St. Magnus Cathedral, a fine building for its age and period. The National Trust are doing extensive excavations round the site and in the Cathedral, and are finding much of interest in connection with the Bishop's Palace and other buildings. We were lucky in our day again. Bright sun made a picture of this wild place on the edge of the water. Also here is an original Viking House dating back 900 years and built over some of the old buildings. It is in its original form built of massive logs in the rough state. The kitchen-living room is preserved as a museum and is the same except that the hole in the roof for a central fire is closed and a stove sits in the corner. Joannes Patursson, one of Faroes' great leaders, lived and worked in this house and is buried in the graveyard alongside.

This car run produced some of the finest coastal mountain scenery one could see anywhere. All the islands to the West appeared in their fantastic shapes. Black rock dropping sheer many hundreds of feet, valleys of vivid green pasture, Faroese villages strung along the sea edge, the bright coloured houses most distinctive against the green... Each house was separate and had its own land around it. The vivid green of the roofs of the houses is accounted for by the fact that they are covered with the same grass as is growing round the houses. The houses are built entirely of wood and have gable roofs planked with flat boards. On these boards are placed strips of birch bark and again, on top of that, the turf for growing grass. We were told that this makes a most effective roof covering, warm in winter as well as damp-proof and cool in summer. While I did not see sheep grazing on the roof, I did see hens pecking away in the grass. No matter how efficient a roof it may be, the effect while the grass is green is most pleasing to see.

The cultivated land was hard won from the rocks and each small plot, usually hanging onto the side of a steep hill, was drained on four sides and stepped to ensure the winter rains did not wash the whole lot into the sea. A few crops were grown, also some potatoes. To-day most of the grain and a lot of the food is imported from Denmark. The men of the community are mostly occupied with the fishing, either the inshore hand lines or the long distance trawlers. The chief export from the islands is dried cod. There is a world market for this tough looking food. The fish is split and sun dried and salted before pressing into bundles and sewn into sacks. It is then shipped to Spain, South American and Mediterranean Countries. We were astonished to learn of the people who bought this fish.

Our last day took us, in broken weather, round the very fine Skaalefiord, which was an oiling base for British ships during the war and a perfect natural harbour with all round protection. This completed our sightseeing, the weather was broken, a North Easterly was calling us with the chance of a fair wind home; we decided to make a move on the following day. If we had been able to stay several weeks there was plenty we could have enjoyed, but one more day at that time was neither here nor there. These Islands can offer a first class fishing holiday, endless scope for walking or climbing, and bird



The North East wind held in varying strengths and took us 136 miles in the first 24 hours and we completed the passage, picking up Noup Head Light on the correct bearing in 48 hours for 215 miles. Sailing down the West shores of the Orkneys we had our only opportunity in four days of seeing anything of the land. Entering Hoy Sound at mid-day, a strong ebb tide checked us in the entrance, and low cloud and mist obliterated everything. Hoy Sound is the only entrance from the West into Scapa Flow and judging by the ships piled on its rocky shores, a great many of them miss the entrance and hit the beach. The local men are inclined to fear Hoy Race more than Pentland in bad westerly winds.

The Pentland is a formidable study in itself and we were to learn plenty about it in the next few days. I felt that the Firth coloured the life of the people of the islands. Always they were close to it and its many moods and dangers influenced them. Of course they are a seafaring people and they give it all due respect. It has a lighter side and a rhyme illustrates this well :-

"May your joy be as deep as the Pentland,  
May your sorrow be as light as its foam."

This appealed to me in its simplicity and sincerity.

Like any other fast moving piece of water which changes direction every six hours, if you study its ways and time your movements it is not an impossible obstacle. From the small sailing yacht point of view the difficulty is that you have 12 miles to sail from Cantick Head on Orkney to Duncansby Head on Scotland, and by no chance can you cross in slack water so you must face the eddy on the Orkney shore; sail South for Stroma making quite sure you can clear Swona, once South of Swona a course for Duncansby Head and the East going stream puts you into the North Sea. The danger point is a failure to cross Swona. If you cannot do this you are nearly destined for Pentland Skerries, the real graveyard of ships. Inshore eddies round the Skerries have been reported up to 13 knots and when an American Oil Tanker was recently caught on the Skerries for six hours, she was lucky to get clear with only the outer bottom damaged. When describing what happened the Skipper explained "What can I do with your tides round here, I have only 11 knots in the box and that race was running 13."

The Coastal Pilot and Admiralty have some very wise counsel and comprehensive directions on how to approach the Firth from every angle. Large warships are described as taking a pounding which beggars description and which would have swallowed anything smaller. The best advice is, with a small yacht if you are not absolutely sure of your conditions, keep clear. Trawler men tend to use the Pentland regardless of the weather because it saves time and distance, both most important when catching markets. One skipper was asked, after stranding his ship, why he took the added risk of using the Firth in thick weather in the winter, and he replied that of course he would not use the Pentland in winter because of conditions



prevailing there. He was next asked why he was there on this particular occasion and he then said: "Well, I never use the Firth except on some occasions." Of course, the answer is time and distance, fish markets, and the tendency to take a chance. The first available anchorage when entering from the West through Hoy Sound is Stromness and here you have good shelter and holding.

With the hook down we felt that the main part of the cruise was over. We had been going hard during the fourteen days since we left, having sailed about 750 miles, it was time to ease up and do some rotting in harbour which we proceeded to do with great success. While the weather was foul and closed down on us, a series of most unexpected things happened, the most fortunate of which was the charming and helpful people we met.

While ashore in Stromness I spotted the Fishery Control Ship "Longa" and immediately thought of her for directions and charts to cross the Firth. After meeting the Ship's Officer it was arranged, by the Captain, that I should return next morning and the Mate would answer all the questions. This he did most accurately and gave me a special track chart telling us all we needed to know. That evening we enjoyed the hospitality of the "Longa" and heard many stories of the Fishery Patrol business. They told us what a great blessing radar was to the fishing fleet as they could now spot the Patrol Ship in thick weather long before she came in sight!!!

Orkney is a happy hunting ground for the Archaeologist, and has a wealth of interesting places to visit. We decided to take advantage of a free afternoon to inspect one of these. "Skara Brae" is a wonderfully preserved Orkney stone age village and consists of a group of seven huts connected by covered alleys. The site of this village could have been occupied 3,000 years ago, though the buildings we saw were preserved from an unknown, but much later, date and built over the original site. The huts are roughly 20 feet square, the walls are built of dry stone work and slope inwards, making a roof which did not cover the centre but left it open to let out the smoke. The people appear to have lived during the winter in these hovels in great squalor, trying to escape the wild storms. During the warmer months they lived mainly out of doors alongside the huts. This is evident from the great quantities of refuse to be found in both places. Agriculture was unknown and fishing hardly practised. In fact life must have been fairly quiet as there is no evidence of any sort of trading. The people were self sufficient, tending their animals, making some pottery and working in stone. Life went on from one gale to the next, until wanderers started arriving from over the sea and they tended to wipe everyone out, just as the gales occasionally blew everyone away. This village and the Dwarfie Stone were the two ancient monuments we saw though there are over a dozen scattered around the islands.

It was time to make a move South and by chance, we heard that Errol Bruce, many times skipper of "Samuel Pepys", a sistership of



"Minx of Malham", was Resident Naval Officer at the base at Lyness. This was too good an opportunity to miss so we determined to call on our way across Scapa Flow.

Low mist and cloud marred the day but we had little difficulty in working our way round the shore till we came to Lyness. In no time we were secure alongside one of the Naval Piers where we remained for some of the most enjoyable days of our holiday. Tea on board; dinner ashore, and endless talk about boats and sailing. We had thought of moving the next day but fog put the Pentland out of the question, so we were very pleased to stay. Erroll arranged for us to meet Mr. & Mrs. Stewart at their home "Hoy Lodge", where we went for lunch. Again there was much of common interest for us to discuss as Mr. Stewart had lived for a month on St. Kilda as well as many of the remote islands of the West. In the afternoon a motor run to Rack Wick took us to the wildest piece of country on the West Coast of Hoy. On the way we stopped to inspect the Dwarfie Stone. This lump of rock in the middle of nowhere into which the industrious people of another Age have carved a two feet square passage with a small chamber set off on each side. We climbed in, out, and around, and generally pondered on the strangeness of the whole thing. There is a tendency to measure this stone but we refrained, as Archaeologists give a very good dimensioned sketch in their guide and the measurements are not likely to have changed since they completed their work.

Rack Wick is a real Orkney village with its low stone built houses and small square windows. The roofs with a chimney at each gable end are weighed down with anything heavy to help withstand the gales. Mostly old people live there now as there is little to keep the young. The fishing is done and a crofter's life is hard. For me Rack Wick has the most terrible looking beach I have ever seen; it is a nightmare to think of being driven ashore there in a gale. Vast boulders lie in confusion below the rocky cliffs and stretch many yards out under the sea. The beach itself builds up almost vertical to the edge of the grass. The boats are sturdy double-enders with good beam and draft, and are hauled high and dry by winch on their return to land, as anchoring is out of question. The path to the sea is a clearing the width of a boat through the boulders, and each winter the sea fills the path in, so the following Spring the villagers start some two weeks before the fishing commences to break the boulders with hammers and crowbars, and so re-open a way to the sea. Back at Hoy Lodge we, like many other visitors to these islands, commented on the almost complete absence of trees, and we were told of the interesting outlook of an Islander on trees generally. It appears that an old lady made her first visit to Edinburgh, having never left the islands before, and on returning she was questioned about her experience and asked particularly about the many miles of woods and forests she must have seen while in Scotland. Without a moments hesitation she replied "Trees! Oh yes, "Trees! They are everywhere and what's the use of them at all; they only attract the flies and blow down anyway". After tea we returned to Lyness to study the weather and the chances of making a move.



Rain, low cloud and fog persisted, which meant another night in Orkney and yet another day. It was most pleasant and we were royally entertained but we all felt we must leave that evening which, in fact, turned out to be the following evening.

Erroll was as near as damn-it in touch with the weather maker when it came to forecasting conditions in the Firth. Minute by minute reports came in by wireless, telephone and visual, and if anyone was to be carefully directed to sea and minutely observed, it was us. I have touched lightly on the directions for crossing North to South round Duncansby Head and my knowledge is strictly limited to that course. When the time came to leave we had moderate visibility up to five miles, with a misty half light, but most important a fresh Westerly which was so essential to get us across the first five miles after leaving Cantick Head. Once clear South of Swona, the stream would ensure that we arrived in the North Sea.

The maintenance crew on a Boom Defence Ship cleared us from Lyness Pier and we slipped away from the land at an ever increasing speed. On the Ruff of Cantick light beacon was Erroll with his camera and a small party of watchers to see us away.

The crossing was uneventful. Where the eddy met the main stream four or five lumpy seas had us falling around, but there was nothing breaking and we were soon across. From there Stroma and Duncansby Head appeared out of the gloom and a seven knot breeze carried us South to Scotland. The following morning found the Moray Firth in sparkling mood, a light wind from ahead just kept us moving with the help of a fair tide round Fort George and up the Narrows to the sea loch at Clackna harry. Reaching up to the loch entrance in what had developed into a nice little breeze, we threw head to wind and shot into the basin while lowering the main. It is not often that any craft sails into the loch these days, we were told by men there. It is not a popular manoeuvre as, if your halliard jams or something else comes unstuck, things become involved in the space available.

One previous passage through the Caledonian Canal had convinced me of its appeal as an inland waterway, and I think it would be hard to beat anywhere. For this reason I was much looking forward to our passage South. Once again it was a period of uncertain weather, from brilliant sun to low mist and cloud. Loch Ness treated us to a fine Northerly and we flew across its water with spinnaker set, doing our maximum. The first day took us to Fort Augustus: arrival here with a northerly wind can be alarming, as it was to us on a previous occasion.

The entrance to the loch is through a narrow channel which ends with a swinging road bridge. If the men are locking another ship through you are left to your own devices how to stop. If you are not ready for such an emergency, and have no reverse gear, that bridge approaches at an alarming speed. The thing is to enter the Channel, as we did this time, with boat hooks, sky hooks, warps and anchors all ready so that we could stop on our own at the correct time.



Fort Augustus has a special appeal of its own. Lying at the head of Loch Ness, overlooked by mountains and well wooded, it is the site of one of General Wade's forts, which is now a Benedictine Monastery and School. An evening spent in these surroundings was most peaceful and an opportunity to relax after the strenuous days just past. The days were creeping by and Herbert regretfully, had to leave us as the wheels of industry in Belfast were calling to him. A succession of buses, trains and boats whisked him away and delivered him to his work promptly at 9 o'clock Monday morning.

The following day the smallest of the lochs in the canal, Loch Oich was delightful, winding amongst the islands and holding the road traffic up at various swing bridges as we made leisurely progress. Entering Loch Lochy the wind went ahead and became squally which entailed a beat its whole length. Owing to our slow progress we were not able to get to sea that night at Corpach, so were canal-bound for a day as there is no moving on Sunday.

After a visit to Fort William on Monday we followed a well worn grove in the sea, at least I always seem to go this way. Heading down the Firth of Lorne, leaving Lismore Island to port, then across to Pulldoran - this pool among the rocks on the island of Luing is a real haven and right pleased we were to be in that night. Almost continuous rain and a beat had kept us busy and rather damp all day. The grove next leads South past Fladda light inside Scraba Island, across the mouth of Coirebhreacain. This crossing was timed with the stream running from West to East, and so the race was in quiet mood giving us a great push on our way South.

Sailing was now into a short sea with fresh wind, but the tide kept us moving down the coast of Jura. Torrential rainstorms blotted everything out for ten minutes at a time but our goal was Gigha Island, Colonel Horlicks' island home. A welcome awaited us there and it would have taken more than a gale to stop us that day. In the end it was touch and go as failing light would have made beating through Gigha Sound in the dark a hazardous operation. At any time it requires most careful navigation as the Northern entrance is foul with several reefs and isolated covered rocks. 11 p.m. saw us securely anchored in Askaig Bay. The 54 ton yawl "Elaine", anchored outside us, fitted well into the picture of peace now that we were safe in the bay and sheltered from the South wind. The following day on the island passed too quickly and we enjoyed the hospitality to the full, ending up with a dance in the village hall where Charles and I produced plenty of energy without much skill.

The weather men promised a fresh North Westerly for the morning and so it was. Dawn found us pulling away from the land again. A fair wind to round the Mull of Kintyre, heading South was a great treat and we were not to waste such an offer. When Charles first sighted the outline of Ireland again, I think he could hardly believe it was true. We had completed the circuit and were crossing our course of three weeks before, so much had happened in between and at times he might possibly have wondered if he would see it once more. The spinnaker was again on duty and working overtime. "Fair Head", "The Maidens", "Black Head" and then "The Copelands" appeared in turn and still we pressed on.



Strangford Lough with its fast flowing tidal entrance lay 30 miles South. We had until midnight to enter the river and sail the four miles up to secure anchorage before the tide turned. It was our day - passing Angus Rock at 11 p.m. the daylight was almost gone but, with the lights of Portaferry ahead and a careful watch on the shores, we quickly made the anchorage, 94 miles in 17 hours.

The last leg was an hour's sail in the morning and we were back home in Ringhaddy.

Looking back, it was a wonderful holiday. There is a tendency about these cruises to make them longer, faster or different from anything else that has been done, but in our case it was first and foremost, a holiday in which we went to sail and enjoy ourselves. The unexpected was always happening, each day brought its surprises and, I must smile when I recall the good advice of another sailing man who asked me where I was going this summer and I said "Up the West Coast", which in these waters always refers to the coast of Scotland. He replied "That's grand, take it easy and enjoy yourself. Nothing strenuous, go in and look at Loch Duick, none finer!!" Of course he was right, but I happen to know Loch Duick quite well and I wanted something a bit strenuous. I do not say that our cruise would be everyone's idea of joy, but I had a ship and a crew to whom I shall be ever grateful for making possible one rather good holiday. A whaling skipper is reported to have said when he got back from a three years' cruise in which he never caught a whale that he had had "the Hell-of-a-fine sail". We had a fine sail and plenty more in between and who could wish for a better holiday, but do look out for a man who comes up to you and asks "Have you ever been to the Faroes?".

If you let him start, he will work you into a corner, fix you with an eye, and you will never get away. There is so much to describe in the Faroes and not much chance of being contradicted! Beware!

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"VIKING O" - 1953 SEASON Lt.Col.J.B.Hollway

After fitting out in perfect weather, we launched on the 14th May, just in time to get things sorted out to take part in the Whitsun Race.

The old crew were strengthened by a welcome addition due to the return from abroad of Trix and her husband Geoffrey Fox, leaving us when all turned out a crew of six young active working hands and it is on this account more than any other that has led to better results compared to previous Seasons.

For most of the Bay Races we also had Pat Foley, on leave from the West Indies, who proved a great addition to our regular crew.

In order to dispel any false rumours which have been current round the waterfront, it is necessary to state definitely that no change whatsoever has been made to "VIKING" or her sail plan.



We started the Season with the idea of racing regularly on Thursdays and Saturdays, not with any hopes of doing better than in earlier years, but in the course of time we found to our amazement that we were getting into a dangerous position and might be winners or runners up for the Thursday Races. In the end, due to a series of very light days, we had to admit defeat to "MERCIA", owned by our Class Captain and Commodore, Sammy Smallbridge. In many ways this was fortunate - whereas Sammy won and got a cup for which he had to pay £2. 2. 6., we got second with no cup but with a cheque for £4.9.10d., which has now been converted into tankards to complete a set, the odd one or two acquired earlier.

On the 26th June we set out on our annual holiday cruise to the Clyde, using the I.C.C. Race as an excuse to get going.

The details of the race itself are given in the Log, which discloses very bad racing conditions and head winds or airs all the way. On the few occasions when there was a reasonable Breeze it was either attached to a thunder storm or coupled with a very low visibility or dense fog. This latter was our ultimate undoing and in the early morning of 30th June we found ourselves ashore just below Turnberry on the Ayrshire Coast.

Our navigators, who had worked out quite accurately the distance it was safe to run, afterwards discovered our turning point would have been in the deep end of the swimming pool in the Hotel.

Feeling rather ashamed after arrival at Hunters Quay, we were greeted by many of our old friends including Ronald Teacher, who restored our self respect somewhat by saying he had been ashore many times with less excuse and adding that in any case all good or bad sailors in due course end up on the beach.

The short time spent in the Clyde was well worth the trouble and time spent getting there and we managed to fit in the AILSA CRAIG Race sponsored by the Clyde Cruising Club.

This race started in very light airs from Hunters Quay at 2100 on the 3rd July and just at the start we had the bad luck of tearing our Genoa right across, which made conditions difficult and almost impossible to work up into a reasonable place.

Jean mended the sail but shortly afterwards in a slightly increased wind it went again for good.

After working hard in the light airs down to the Cumbraes, we picked up a fair breeze, which enabled us to lie our course just free.

We tacked round "AILSA" just astern of "NYATONGA" at 0650 on the morning of 4th July.

From here on to the finish we had a really interesting race with one object in mind, to finish ahead of our rival, which in the lightish breeze was quite a problem.



We passed and were in turn repassed by "NYATONGA" about a dozen times and in the end managed to finish just ahead, having been engaged in a luffing match, not of our choosing, from Toward Point to Hunters Quay.

We started for home on the 6th July, making our first leg through the Kyles to Tarbet East, where we were hospitably received by the owner of "ELLIDH", Mr. Russell, who looked after our crew much too well, and it was with difficulty that the crew were roused in time to get ready for the next leg to Campbeltown on the morning of 7th July.

We had a fair sail as far as Loch Ranza but thereafter had to puck into a dirty short head sea nearly all the way to the south end of Kilbrannan Sound, using the engine to help us to lie up a bit higher than would have been possible under sail alone.

We finally arrived fairly late at 20.30 in Campbeltown.

During the night of 7th/8th July it blew very hard from the N.N.W. and the weather report was sufficiently bad to justify another day in port, which was fully occupied in carrying out a number of repairs including a broken head board found on the Mizzen after arrival.

As usual, we were made very welcome at the Royal Hotel, who supplied all our needs and provided much needed hot baths for the crew.

If it were not for the fact that the owner had a V.I.P. to meet in Dublin on the 10th July, it is quite certain another day would have been spent in Campbeltown.

Rather reluctantly we roused ourselves at 0500, having got things reasonably ready the night before and started home on the morning of the 9th July.

Our Log is attached and while no record is claimed, it can be fairly stated that "VIKING" will be fortunate if she ever repeats the time of 20 hours 55 minutes door to door Campbeltown to Kingstown.

The rest of the Season was spent trying to get the better of Sammy in "MERCIA lll" with the result already described but finishing up with 8 firsts, 3 seconds and 2 thirds, which include various cups and prizes of plate, making the 1953 Season, viewed in retrospect, appear well worth while.

Just one item which gave great joy to all concerned. This was the winning of the Smalldridge Cup and the Dalkey Island Race, which due to unfortunate control conditions, had to be won twice before being declared final.

Looking forward to 1954 is not so pleasant with the loss of Owen McCarthy, gone to England, Trix and Geoff Fox gone to Borneo and a new paid hand to find and educate, but with the retention of George Hollwey, John Collins, Jean Sanford and a new recruit taken on at the end of the Season - Morris - we may be able to do something in Cruisers Section I to where, unfortunately, we had been advised we are being promoted.



LOG - "VIKING O"KINGSTOWN - CLYDE RACE : JUNE 26th : START AT 2000 HOURS

CREW:- J.B. HOLLWEY  
 G.W. HOLLWEY  
 J.G. COLLINS  
 GEOFFREY FOX  
 A.V. FOX  
 N.J. SANFORD  
 OWEN MCCARTHY

20.00 Away to a good start; wind light northerly, bar steady at 29.80. Port tack with Yankee and four lowers.

20.09 Log streamed.

21.00 Log  $3\frac{1}{4}$ , Course N.45E Mag ; wind northerly moderate to light. Watches set, on deck George, Trix and Gannet, below Skipper, Jean, Geoff and Owen. Tea and sandwiches.

21.50 Handed jib as result of wind falling to very light. Side lights lit.

22.00 Log  $3\frac{3}{4}$ . Course approx N. 45E. Difficult keeping course due slight head sea.

22.15 Handed foresail.

22.40 Set foresail, wind slightly fresher and inclined to free.

23.00 Log  $7\frac{1}{4}$ . Wind light, course N.45E. Oxo served.

27th JUNE:

0001 Watches changed. Log  $8\frac{1}{2}$ . Wind very light, just stemming tide. Soup and sandwiches.

0100 Log  $12\frac{1}{4}$ . Course N.30E. Wind light N.N.W. Rockabill abeam. Bar steady 29.80.

0200 Log  $14\frac{3}{4}$ . Wind light. Handed Yankee set jib and jib topsail.

0300 Log  $15\frac{1}{4}$ . Just moving.

0400 Watches changed. Log  $16\frac{1}{4}$ .

0500 Log  $19\frac{1}{2}$ . Wind moderate northerly. Lamps extinguished.

05.50 Handed jib topsail; ran in heavy rain storm about on to starboard tack. Struck by lightening. No apparent damage. Course S.W. to clear storm area.



0600 Log  $24\frac{3}{4}$ .

0700 Log 30. About on to port tack. Course N.60E. Weather moderate. Rain, with moderate N.N.E. wind, thunder and poor visibility.

08.15 Log 34. Course N.60E. Wind light northerly. Rain and thunder. Watches changed.

0900 Log  $38\frac{1}{2}$ .

10.00 Log 42. Course N.65E. Weather and spirit of crew improving.- signs of breakfast. This course should fetch Chickens (we hope), 38 Miles distant, E.T.A. at 4 kts. 19.30.

10.30 Breakfast.

10.50 About on to starboard tack. Course N.20W. Log  $44\frac{1}{2}$ . Wind light N.E. freshening.

12.00 Log  $49\frac{3}{4}$ . Course N.10<sup>0</sup>W. Visibility about 4 miles. Wind moderate N.E. Cold. Watches changed.

13.00 Weather forecast Light N. Wind, thundery showers, moderate to poor visibility. Log  $53\frac{1}{4}$ .

13.25 Recovered Log. Hardly moving.

13.30 Becalmed.

16.00 Log streamed; just moving; various courses. Watches changed.

17.00 Log  $54\frac{1}{4}$ . Wind light northerly; course N.45E; Port tack; slight headway during last 20 minutes.

18.00 Log  $55\frac{3}{4}$ . Wind light northerly. Course N.45E. Watches changed.

19.00 Log  $57\frac{1}{4}$ . No change.

20.00 Log  $59\frac{3}{4}$ . Course N.55E.

21.00 Log  $62\frac{1}{2}$ . Various courses. Chickens Lighthouse picked up. N. Easterly.

22.00 Log  $63\frac{1}{2}$ . Watches changed.

22.30 Lit Side Lamps. Course N.50E. Wind light northerly. Log  $64\frac{1}{4}$ .

23.30 About on to starboard tack. Course N.20W. Port Erin abeam. Chickens dead astern. Log  $64\frac{1}{2}$ .

28th JUNE:

Sunday Crew on O.T. rates.



0000 Course N.10°W. Light N.E. Wind. Log  $65\frac{3}{4}$ .  
 0100 Becalmed. Log  $65\frac{7}{8}$ . Motor Coaster "TICHBORNE" steaming  
 north one cable to East suddenly alters course and passed  
 just under our counter.  
 0110 Light northerly air. Course N.45E.  
 01.20 Becalmed. Watches changed.  
 02.00 Log  $65\frac{15}{16}$ . Course N. Concentrated by seagulls driven off  
 by well directed empty bottle and big beam.  
 0300 Log  $66\frac{3}{4}$ .  
 04.00 Wind freshening light E.N.E. Course N.5E. Log  $71\frac{1}{2}$ . Bar  
 rising 29.90.  
 05.00 Log  $74\frac{1}{2}$ . Course N. Wind light.  
 05.15 Navigation lights doused. Log 75. Course N.15W. wind  
 very light. N.E. Watches changed.  
 05.30 Log  $76\frac{1}{4}$ . Course N.5W. wind slightly freshening.  
 06.00 Log 78. Course N.5E.  
 07.00 Log 81.  
 08.00 Log  $83\frac{1}{2}$ . Course N.10E. Watches changed.  
 09.00 Log  $85\frac{1}{2}$ . Sighted aircraft carrier distance 5 miles on  
 port quarter. Wind very light N.E.  
 09.15 About on to port tack, handed jib topsail. Wind N.N.W.  
 10.00 Log  $86\frac{1}{4}$ . Course N.22E. Wind very light N.N.W. Fog  
 visibility one mile.  
 11.00 Log  $87\frac{1}{4}$ . Course N.30E. Light N.N.W. wind. Fog. Sounding  
 fog horn.  
 11.30 Set jib topsail, visibility  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile.  
 12.00 Log  $88\frac{1}{2}$ . Course N.25E. Visibility improved to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles.  
 Watches changed.  
 12.30 Log 89. Course N.20E. D.R. Position 5428N. 0458W. Mull  
 bearing? 033 Mag. distance 11 miles. Drifting slowly.  
 13.00 Log  $89\frac{1}{4}$ . Course and wind unchanged.  
 14.00 Log 90. " " " " Visibility improv-  
 ing up to 5 miles.



14.30 Sighted Mull of Galloway bearing 50 Mag. Log 81.  
 14.40 Altered course to North 75° W Starboard tack. Log 91½.  
 Fix 5436N. 0459W.  
 15.00 Log 92. Course N 75W.  
 15.20 About on to port tack. Course N.15E.  
 16.00 Log 94½. Watches changed.  
 17.00 Log 95¾. Course N.15E. Wind slightly more free.  
 17.10 Handed jib topsail, set Yankee. Wind slightly more free.  
 17.20 Sighted "AVIL" Green 30.  
 17.42 Handed jib. Becalmed.  
 18.00 Log 96½. Slight airs.  
 19.00 Log 97¼. Course various, continuous sail changes Yankee,  
 Genoa & Spinnaker.  
 19.50 Port Patrick abeam when on course; Log recovered; drifting  
 slowly.  
 2000-2200 Becalmed. "AVIL" between us and land but could not close.  
 23.00 Watches changed. Light E.S.E. Wind; moving slowly with Genoa  
 and small foresail. Course N.Mag. Blackhead Light on star-  
 board quarter. Distance about 4 miles. "AVIL" apparently  
 becalmed astern.  
 24.00 Log streamed.  
29th JUNE:  
 0100 Log 99. Course N. Mag.  
 0200-0500 Becalmed. Watches changed.  
 05.30 Very light breeze from N.N.E. Course N.22W. Set foresail.  
 06.00 Log 100½. Handed genoa; set Yankee; wind improving, from  
 N.E. Course N.10W.  
 07.00 Log 103½. Short lumpy head sea. Wind between E & N.E.  
 Course N 5°E to N.  
 07.45 Handed Yankee about on to port tack. Course E. Mag. Wind  
 moderate N.E.



08.00 Watches changed. Log 108 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Breakfast.  
 08.45 Sighted Wireless Masts at Corsewall Point.  
 09.00 Log. 112. Fix 5501N. 0513W. About on to starboard tack to clear Corsewall Point.  
 10.00 Failed to clear due to tide and wind falling inshore. Short head sea.  
 11.00 About again. Log 114 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Stood out for 20 minutes and back on to port tack.  
 11.40 Passed Corsewall. Distance under 1 cable.  
 12.00 Log 116 $\frac{3}{4}$ . Heading up Loch Ryan. Watches changed.  
 12.42 Milleur Point Buoy abeam.  
 13.00 Log 120. About on to starboard tack. Course N.20W "AVIL" still South of Corsewall.  
 13.41 Went about on to Port Tack. Course N.75E.  
 14.00 Log 112 $\frac{1}{4}$ . Course N.70E. Wind going very light northerly.  
 14.20 About on to starboard tack. Course N.20W.  
 14.35 About on to Port tack.  
 15.00 Log 124 $\frac{3}{4}$ . Course N.25W. About again.  
 15.15 Log 125 $\frac{1}{2}$ . About on Port tack. Course N.70E.  
 15.45 About on starboard tack. Course N.35W.  
 16.00 About on Port tack. Course N.70E. Log 125 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Watches changed.  
 16.25 Log recovered. Becalmed.  
 17.00 Sighted "AILSA CRAIG". Bearing N.10W.  
 17.20 Wore ship on to starboard tack.  
 17.30 'BENNANE HEAD" bearing 90 mag. 1 mile. Fix. 5508N. 0501W. Drifting.  
 18.45 Mast Head Block pulled out. Replaced during calm.  
 20.30 Becalmed. Drifting S.E. lead on bottom. Watches changed.  
 21.00 Still becalmed.



- 22.00 Still becalmed.
- 22.15 Light off shore breeze. Under way. Course N.25E. Starboard tack. Log streamed. 125½. Genoa Main & Mizzen.
- 24.00 Log 126¼. Very light airs. Course N.25E. Watches changed.

30th JUNE:

- 0100 Log 127¾. Light airs. Course N.25°E.
- 0200 Log 129½. Wind very light N.E. Course N.5W; Fix. 5512.5N : 0457.5W.
- 0300 Fog, visibility under 1 cable.
- 0315 Log 136¾. About on to port tack. Course N.80E. Wind fresh N.E. handed Yankee and set jib in stops to reduce speed. Now under Main Mizzen and Foresail. Fog dense, sounding fog horn.
- 0400 Still dense fog, wind much lighter.
- 0500 Grounded slowly in thick fog, at first nothing visible; launched dinghy, sounded round ship, found sandy shore about 100<sup>x</sup> ahead. All sail off. Kedge run out to deeper water but due to falling tide unable to move. Position 5518N : 0450.5W. Log 140.
- As tide receded "VIKING" heeled over and lay down on port side.
- Treated very well at Turnberry Hotel, which opened up for baths and breakfast. Vessel now high and dry, lying on bed of round boulders, well padded with thick seaweed.
- Reported to Hunters Quay and Dublin. Decided to call race off. Numerous offers of local help from fishing boats but declined and ran out working anchor to deep water waiting for tide to make.
- 1200 Started to lift.
- 1300 Heeled over to Starboard. Started winching off but no move.
- 13.36 Kedged and engined off without damage. Anchor and line picked up by dinghy. Set course N.15°W for Lamlash. George left at Turnberry for home.
- 14.00 Log streamed at 140. Fog again coming down.
- 15.00 Log 143¼. Course 320° Mag.



16.00 Log 148. Wind N.E. Course leaving Pladda just open.  
 16.04 Wind died, Came about. Started engine.  
 17.00 Log 153 $\frac{1}{4}$ . Fog clear, bright sun, calm.  
 17.04 Log recovered at entrance of Holy Island.  
 18.44 Anchored in 6 fathoms on 20 fthms. chain off Lamlash.

JULY 1st:

08.00 Colours.  
 09.50 Shortened in.  
 10.15 Weighed and proceeded. Course 65 Mag.  
 10.30 Log streamed. Reading 00. Course N 30E. Wind light E.  
 11.50 Altered course to N.20E. Using engine at intervals.  
 14.22 Passed Toward Light.  
 14.30 Log 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ .  
 15.30 Clock Light abeam. Log 27. Log recovered.  
 16.00 Anchored off Hunters Quay.

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CAMPBELTOWN TO KINGSTOWN.

8th JULY: Weather bound. Very strong N.N.W. wind. Decided to make a start morning 9th. Reefed Main and Mizzen. Four rolls on Main and three on Mizzen.  
9th JULY: Turned out at 0500. Still blowing hard with showers.  
 0600 Up anchor and engined down Loch making sail. Engine off 0645. Reefed Main and Mizzen. Working jib and foresail.  
 0700 Log streamed off Davarr Light. Course S.2W. Bar 29.50.  
 0800 Sky clearing. Log 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ . Course S.5W. Wind fresh to strong N.N.W.  
 0830 Bell Buoy, Paterson Rock and Sand Light in transit. Wind moderate to fresh N.N.W.  
 0900 Log 13. Wind now fresh to strong, sea getting up as we cleared lee of Sanda.



- 10.00 Missed two very heavy showers. Log 19 $\frac{1}{4}$ . Course and wind same. Heavy sea running but keeping fairly dry. Two hands now on tiller, changing every two hours.
- 11.00 Log 26. Wind, course and sea the same.
- 12.00 Log 32 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Haze and fog on Irish Coast.
- 12.15 Port Patrick Wireless Masts abeam. Distance about 6 miles.
- 13.00 Log 39 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Steering difficult. Gannet and Geoff up from below, having missed two goes of OXO. Considerable haze on coast, looking for Copeland Light as with distance plus tide should be abeam.
- 14.00 Log 46 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Copeland Light house on starboard bow about 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  miles.
- 14.20 Fix. 5442.5N : 0522W. Log 50. Altered course for S.Rock.S.12W.
- 15.00 Fix 5439N : 0523W. Wind and sea increasing during last hour. Log 54. Bar steady at 29.50. Steering difficult. Geoff reported Gannet bashed through his course about three times.
- 16.00 Log 60 $\frac{3}{4}$ . Fix 5433.5N. : 0524W. Getting a partial lee. Altered course S.6W to clear South Rock. Running very dead.
- 16.45 Log 66. Jibed on to port tack. Course S.15E. Heavy sea.
- 17.00 Log 67 $\frac{1}{4}$ .
- 17.15 Log 69. Altered course. Jibed back to starboard. Course S.12W.
- 17.25 Passed South Rock. Log 70. Altered Course S.32W.
- 17.30 Altered course to toward St. John's Point to get more lee and dodge expected foul tide for 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  hours.
- 18.15 Strangford, pick up buoy abeam, distance  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile.
- 19.00 Log 81. St. John's Point open to starboard. Course S.62W.
- 19.17 Log 83. St. John's Point abeam. Distance about 1 mile. Altered course to clear Rockabill by 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  miles. Course S.26W. estimated distance Rockabill 40, Bailey 53. Should raise Rockabill about midnight.
- 20.00 Log 88. Sea going down, wind still strong, heavy black showers ahead.
- 21.00 Log 97 $\frac{3}{4}$ . Course S.26W.
- 23.00 Log 106 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Distance estimate to Rockabill 22 $\frac{1}{2}$  miles.
- 23.20 Sighted Rockabill open to starboard. Log 109 $\frac{1}{4}$ .



24.00 Log 113 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Heavy squalls, wind going more westerly.

10th JULY:

01.00 Log 120 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Sighted Lambay.

02.00 Log 127 $\frac{1}{4}$ . Lambay abeam.

03.00 Log 134. Wind going more westerly.

03.15 Bailey light abeam; being followed by s.s. "RUNA" looking for Pilot, also "CLAN MACINTOSH" coming in from Liverpool. Despite considerable use of "big beam", difficult to keep clear. Log recovered.

03.55 Passed between Pier heads. Distance 140 miles.

TIME: 20 HOURS 55 MINUTES - AVERAGE SPEED 6.66

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CARU - CRUISE TO THE WEST COAST OF NORWAY  
by WALLACE CLARK

Yacht's Dimensions: 5 tons T.M. 27' 6 O.A. X 20' 6 L.W.L.  
4' 6 Draft and 7' 9 Beam. Bermudan Sloop, 350 sq. ft.  
8 h.p. Austin Auxiliary.

One misty evening in last June, Caru slipped out of Portrush harbour and headed N.E. for the Sound of Jura. On board were Gerry Gaily of R.N.I.Y.C., Robin Snead-Cox, a retired soldier from Herefordshire, and myself. It was the culmination of a long winter's planning, but just then our intended destination seemed a long way away. As it happened we were blessed with above average weather throughout the voyage, which was successful and most enjoyable.

It is probably more usual to make a summary of events and impressions at the end of the story, but in this case I feel it may be of most interest in the form of an introduction.

The nearest part of Norway is 500 sea miles from Portrush, the open sea crossing from Inverness being about 330 miles. You can shorten this to 240 by calling at Fraserburgh of 190 via the Shetlands, but both of these are deviations. (Brittany for comparison is 475 m. from Portrush, the longest hop being 150).

Having decided to aim at covering such a distance in a limited time (we had 3 $\frac{1}{2}$  weeks), you must be prepared like Nelson not to waste a wind or miss a tide when on passage, for an hour lost near the start may well



cost you a whole tide or day's sail later on; keep her sailing as fast as the wind will drive her, and then be prepared to use the engine as necessary to keep up the average speed. We struck a lot of light weather, and on top of using the Caledonian Canal, and visiting the upper Fjords where one expects to have to motor anyway, had the engine on to assist the sails for about half our total mileage. We were heartily sick of its use very early on in the voyage, and the necessity for this was one of the few unsatisfactory features. Sail purists may argue that we could have made do quite well without it, and I agree that we might have had just as enjoyable a cruise and saved a lot of hard and dirty work involved in maintenance. I very much doubt if we would have got to Norway and back in time. We certainly would not have had more than 2 or 3 days there, so it becomes a matter of what you are out for. Caru in fresh fair winds can average six knots - cruising speed under engine, with sails, just drawing enough to keep them quiet, is 4 knots. With no sail up (which rarely occurs) speed is under  $3\frac{1}{2}$  and petrol consumption about 40% more. Another year you might cover the same ground in the same time with a quarter or half the hours under engine we had, but it would require exceptional luck to have less than this; for as well as in light weather the engine comes into its own again in a 5 tonner when beating to windward in a sea, when the engine just ticking over gives her the punch and power to force her way unchecked over the waves of a craft ten times as large under sail alone. It can easily double or treble your speed over the ground, which the short holiday man cannot afford to neglect if he is out to make passages. Forgive this digression, but this perennial problem was fairly thrust on us and the above observations may be of interest.

We took 7 days on the outward 500 miles passage, two nights at anchor, and had 13 days in Norwegian waters with every night in. Coming home we made our first leg to the Shetlands and then, seeing a chance of favourable conditions, came on round Cape Wrath. This made a 600 mile passage which took 9 days, with two full and two half nights in - the last 4 days with fresh to strong headwinds, and a lot of rain being quite a grind, but being 3 days overdue we had to keep her moving.

As regards time of year to go, July appears to have it. From Met. statistics in the Norway Coast Pilot Part 2 and the North Sea Pilot, Parts 2 and 3, there is an 8 to 1 chance of a fair wind (on the beam on aft) over and even chance of a fair one back in July. June gives 4 to 1 on for the voyage over, and  $3/2$  on coming back, but the average temperature is  $4^{\circ}$  lower. Average wind strength and frequency of gales is about the same. Gales blow on an average of 2 or 3 days per month, so that, given 2 four day crossings, the chances of meeting one in the open are evens or higher. Rainfall is about the same for both June and July, but rises steeply in August.

One must be prepared for plenty of rain on the Norwegian Coast - Bergen outdoes Manchester as the Rainy City, **having** an annual rainfall of  $76\frac{1}{2}$  inches, in which its inhabitants take **an** inverted pride and brooches in the form of umbrellas are the favourite tourist souvenirs! We were lucky here, as '53 was an exceptionally dry summer, so got away with only 3 or 4 rainy days out of our 13. I made and fitted a folding canvas sprayhood which covers the forward half of the cockpit,



while preparing for the cruise and it proved a great blessing on the one or two really wet days, as well for general use. With it up only the helmsman need get wet and the other two crewmen can sit under cover while still able to see the view and get some fresh air.

The Norwegian scenery (in contrast to Brittany, which is mainly ordinary) is everywhere magnificent and very conveniently the Hardanger Fjord, one of the largest and most beautiful of all Norway's Fjords, lies on the part of the coast nearest Scotland; so we went up it. Curiously enough the comment of Norwegian yachtsmen whom we met in Bergen when we said we had been there was "Weren't you bored?" the reason being the lack of wind and a certain sameness about the Fjord scenery. The Hardanger does tend to present a succession of straight reaches between 5 and 20 miles long, and the wind heads you round one right angle bend after another in most irritating fashion. Still the scenery is unique and very beautiful and we wouldn't have missed seeing it; but agreed with the Norwegians who prefer to do their sailing among the Skerries on the coast where reaching breezes are common and the scenery is just as pretty, if not so grand as in the big fjords. The Skaergaard, an almost unbroken barrier of islets, lying a mile or two off shore and running for hundreds of miles along Norway's coast, gives unlimited sheltered water for coastwise traffic as well as yachtsmen, with tens of thousands of lovely anchorages and forms one of the finest cruising grounds in the world.

The population (with one unexplained exception) seemed extremely friendly to British visitors, perhaps even more so to Irish. This led to one humorous incident. We were approaching Godosund when an elderly man in a small motorboat shouted to us in rather broken English "are you from England?" By the time we had called back "No, from Ireland" our boats were far apart, but he stood up in the stern and with a great smile bellowed after us "Begorra!".

None of us spoke a word of the language, but this presents no obstacle to getting around, as we met English speakers everywhere. However, we did miss being able to make attempts at conversation with fishermen and others in their own language, as you generally can in France. The food in Hotels ashore also is not as varied or on the whole as well served as at France, breakfast being a most notable exception, though we did have one or two very good dinners. Meals are a little more expensive than England. Let the thirsty be warned that no spirits are on sale anywhere except in big towns, Bergen being the only one we visited, and light beer at only a few of the smaller places, so its essential to bring your own supplies!

Meat is difficult to buy outside Bergen - the population live very largely on fish, but their fishcakes resemble nothing so much in taste and appearance as soap, and are quite inedible to non-Norwegians, so beware of them however attractive the outside of the tins may look! Other food supplies, also petrol, are easily obtainable. Life in the little communities on the islands and on steep sides of the Fjords seems to centre on the steamer piers, so that shops, Post Offices, and all services are close by if not on these.



PORTRUSH - CORPACH:

Wednesday, 24th June: Drove down to Portrush, arriving about 5 p.m. Robin and Jerry had arrived by train an hour before. Ten days food and the complicated assembly of gear, tools and spares was all on board, so apart from our clothes and some fresh food there was little to stow. Slipped at 1900, under engine in a flat calm and poor visibility.

0200: Made our Scotch landfall on Cath Sgeir Buoy W. of Gigha. Sails just drawing at times during the night. 0700 F/C Malin: lt. to mod. variable, Scotland - Fine and very warm. They got this inland, but we had it overcast and grey all day with heavy rain at times. Up the Sound of Jura, Dorus More 1040, Fladda Lt. 1240. Here we passed a stream of Scotch M.F.Vs and started to count which of them had the most motor tyres alongside - the champion winning with 19. I believe the reason they go in for these in such a big way and keep them out at sea is that the boats fish ring nets in pairs with a crew of five men between the two - two men keep transferring to give a hand on the boat whose turn it is to haul the net, so they have to go alongside in quite heavy seas at times.

1400: Just S. of Duart narrows, tried the spinnaker for a while to a lt. S. wind, but soon had to give it up.

2100: Anchored in  $2\frac{1}{2}$  fm. opposite House with petrol pump just N. of Corran Narrows, Loch Linnhe. Bought petrol and had good dinner ashore at Hotel, 7 miles to go to the mouth of the canal.

CALEDONIAN CANAL:

Friday, 25th: 0400 Wakey, Wakey. Thick mist, vis. 50 yards. Anchor buoy rope round prop. when getting underway, but fortunately not badly and a few minutes anxious fidgeting cleared it. Underway at 0444. Smelled our way up N. shore which is fairly clean and visibility slowly improved. 0700 arrived Corpach. A large notice said Caledonian Canal. This was, as Robin remarked, "reassuring". If it had said Crinan, or even Panama, faith in the Navigation Department, represented by myself, might well have been shaken'.

0940: Cleared top Banavie Lock, 11 behind us in  $2\frac{3}{4}$  hours. Day steadily improved and by the time we entered Loch Lochy it was off shirts and hands to sunbathe with the lovely soft green pine clad shores of the lough looking at their best and perfectly mirrored in the bright blue water.

1430: Cleared Laggan Loch at head of Loch Lochy; this completes the ascent, 15 locks in all.

1730: Ran aground on the S.W. side of the reach about  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile short of Kitra Lock - quite a feat! There is a navigation pole just beyond the spot indicating that the N. bank should be kept to, which has got badly grown up with trees. On the other hand, the W. Coast of Scotland Pilot, which I hadn't thought necessary to read thro' in detail, warns of shoal. Apart from this, unless one was paying very close attention to



the shape of the banks, which there is no apparent need to do, it is not obvious that the S. side shoals. That mud must be real glue, for after half an hour's tugging and warping, we hadn't moved an inch though floating on our normal waterline and not apparently hard on. To help matters, the heavens opened and it rained hard and steadily. We looked like becoming a permanent addition to the landscape, when the keeper from the next lock appeared on his bike wondering what the blank blank had happened to us, as he wanted to get us through and get home for his tea. Having taken in the situation, he peddled back and rang up his chum at the last lock who opened the gates and let the waters flow. In about 40 minutes the level had risen two inches and we were off'.

1830: Entered Loch Ness and, finding only a ghost of a wind from right ahead, continued motoring. At 2100, we anchored in 7 fm. Foyers Bay, about 200 yards S.E. of river mouth at which great rafts of foam were gathered. Heavy spate in all rivers and burns leading into the lock from the torrential rain.

Saturday, 27th June, 0700: Underway. 11 miles to Hd. of Loch Ness, 1235: tied up in Muirtown Basin, Inverness. This would be an ideal place to leave a yacht unattended for a week or two under the lock keeper's eye. Some notes on the Canal may be of interest: our time through, a day and a quarter, is about the fastest a 4 knot boat could make it. Trawlers make it in one day by increasing speed through the locks, but even if we had not lost an hour by grounding and another by being late at Corpach, we could not have got up Loch Ness fast enough to get through the Inverness locks before the crews depart at 6 p.m. If not in a hurry you could well spend 2 or 3 days over the passage and see the scenery properly. In the locks we found no difficulty in manoeuvring or tying up, used a 2½" sisal headrope with a heaving line and a 1½" hemp stern rope and at no time ground unduly on our fenders. Ascending tie up as far back in the lock as possible to avoid the turbulence as it fills. Descending there is no great turbulence and the bow and sternmen have an easier time, as they don't have to heave their lines up a 20 ft. wall, but apart from that is not much different. The passage cost us £3.15. Od.

#### INVERNESS:

As soon as we arrived at Muirtown we were met by a courteous Customs Officer and also Mr. Fraser, a helpful and experienced Shipchandler, to both of whom I had written ahead. Mr. Fraser took down our order, made some useful suggestions in the process and delivered it by van a couple of hours later (his address is 24 Grant Street, Inverness). Meanwhile, we had a run ashore for a few last minute odds and ends and an excellent lunch. Time wasted hunting shops for things one might well have got before the cruise started maddens me, but we didn't have much to do and by 1600 were out of the sea lock and into the Moray Firth. Pilotage of the first bit is little complicated and the tide strong - the lock keepers will give good advice and there is a large scale chart with buoyage, etc., right up to date in the Canal Engineer's office where you pay the bill.



NORTH SEA CROSSING:

Once out of the narrows, we set sail for the first time since Corran, stopped the engine and started to tack against a light Nor' easter. We had ten days food and water stowed below. It was fine, warm and sunny. Courses open to us for Norway were between 057° T. for Bergen, and 078° T for Stavanger. Utsire Island, which lies about 7 miles off shore, between these two, 070°, is the best landfall, as other parts of the coast are difficult to identify and some have sunken reefs offlying 3 or 4 miles.

1755: F/c Forth, Cromarty, lt. variable wind, later lt. S.W. good vis. The glass was high and steady, conditions seem settled, an ideal start.

2015: Tacked off Nairn. Wind now Fce. 3-4 N.E. Hands to dinner - smoked cod, new potatoes, and cauliflower with white sauce a la pressure cooker. To combat public enemy No. 1, i.e., sea sickness, we left off fries for the passage, red meat and also, I regret to say, alcohol! But it was well worth it!

2300: Small short sea stopping her completely in light airs. Started engine.

0010: Streamed log, Tarbat Ness Bg 350° T, 1 mile. Set course for Utsira, 040° T.

0300: Almost full daylight.

0940: Log 35. Stopped engine, lt. N. wind, Main and Genoa drawing on 106° T, 1½ - 2 knots.

1115: Started engine, wind dead. Saw several fishing boats during the day.

1500: Log 50. Tank ran dry. Put in first of our 3 Jerricans. These with the tank hold 20 gallons, giving us 60 hrs. motoring, i.e. about 220/230 miles range under power.

1755: F/c Cromarty, lt. to mod. E. wind. All we got were maddening little puffs about fce 1 from right ahead, which would last about 15 mins. The water kept darkening ahead, we often sagely said "there's wind" but it didn't mean a thing.

2150: Slight short swell from E. Hands working ship, and got several useful small jobs done on board during the day.

Tried for Consol bearing during the night, but could only get Bushmills and Ploneis, both of which are ambiguous for this area.

Monday, 29th June. 0800: F/c winds variable, mainly N. light! In other words, they don't know! Conditions remained exactly the same with us. Still warm and overcast, not a glimpse of the sun.

1545: Shifted Beme Loop wireless into coach roof, and got quite good logs of Kinnaird Hd. and May Island Radio Beacons which agreed with our



D.R. 140 miles to go, 48 hours out and 180 miles behind us. Passed several steam trawlers, some with gear down, and hoped there might be a chance of some fresh fish, but none came close. Now getting Stavanger Consol quite clearly; with vertical aerial, which is recommended for Consol, plugged in, found too much interference from other stations, so could only use the loop.

Another peaceful night - still not a breath except for those little puffs from right ahead. We have juice to motor until about 10 o'clock tomorrow morning, which will leave us a reserve of 3 hours in case we need it on sighting the coast.

Tuesday, 0600. Stopped engine, set Genoa. Lt. N. wind, first free breeze for  $2\frac{1}{2}$  days.

0700: F/c anti-cyclone declining. mod. N. winds in E. Forties. One Turnstone very tired looking joined the ship, landing on the afterdeck after circling us suspiciously a couple of times.

1130: making  $1\frac{1}{2}$  - 2 knots on course. Genoa sheeted to boom end. Passenger taking some nourishment, bread and water. Strolling round the deck and almost landed on Robin's head. Still getting May I. and Kinnaird Hd. beacons at 180 and 200 miles, also Geitungen near Stavanger, but very faint. No sun all day.

1652: About 60 miles to go. Breeze freshening making about 4 knots. close-reaching. Passenger deserted heading E.

1900: Tanker British Rover passed close to Port heading S.W. A fine sight. Gave us a toot and a wave to which we replied and showed our ensign.

2151: A/C  $10^{\circ}$  N. to be sure of fetching Utsire. Now in Stavanger Consol ambiguous zone, but it is the only thing available and, used with caution, better than nothing, as Geitungen has faded out again since 1800. (Our landfall proved that Consol was in fact quite accurate at this time). Geitungen now about 30 m. off, (theoretical range is 50 m).

2202: Fairly good bg. of Geitungen. Breeze freshening up, making 5-6 knots. Sea steep and crests breaking out of all proportion to wind force. This must be due to the N. drift of about 1 knot found off the coast, but it hardly accounts for it all.

Wednesday, July 1st, 0100: Dawn already started. Now making our max. speed. One wave top into cockpit during my watch.

0130: Split Genoa due to water breaking into it. Set No. 1 jib. Still making over 6 knots.

0600:  $28\frac{1}{2}$  miles in last 5 hrs. by log, Very clear bearing of Geitungen (it means "Goat Island"). Cut of only  $5^{\circ}$  and easily hearable on loud speaker. But could get no other station, so no way of checking our position on this line of bearing. Visibility poor to E. and we had more than run our distance, so was getting anxious. Ship jumping about fiercely in a steep sea and few



things make me seasick quicker than sitting in the cabin twiddling wireless knobs, especially after a sleepless night.

### LANDFALL:

0640: Bearing of Geitungen which runs right thro' Utsire to our pn. A careful search of the horizon on this bearing and Robin spotted the Island dimly through the mist about 3/4 miles away on the starboard bow - a great thrill. Ran down towards it to be sure of identification and at 0810, having satisfied ourselves, came closehauled for Bommel Fjord. This meant skirting quite an array of reefs and low-lying skerries and it took the best part of an hour's taking of bearings and plotting to be sure of which was which. The sun came out and visibility improved. A fine wholesail N. breeze was blowing. The sea was brilliant blue with steep faced waves and many breaking crests - now we could see tiny white houses against the green fields ashore. By 1010 Rovaer Island light was abeam - a fine sight with its gleaming white tower set on a low-lying rocky islet, on which the surf was breaking heavily. We left it a cable to leeward and freed the sheets for Ramsh Island at the mouth of the Fjord, getting more and more shelter from its Northern arm with every yard we sailed. It was a great moment - we had arrived.

### LANGEVAAG, BOMMEL ISLAND:

1330: Anchored in 8 fm. at Langevaag, about ten miles inside the entrance for lunch and a couple of hour's sleep. Four days from Inverness.

It is a long narrow inlet typical of many we later saw, with deep water running right up its shores; these in some places are low rocky cliffs, in others green fields down to the water's edge, where parties, mainly women it seemed were busy haymaking. Their cheerful voices and the sweet smell of the hay blew strong over the water. Houses, almost invariably of wood, stand right on the edge of the stone jetties - many have a gabled overhang projecting from the upper storey, from which loads can be conveniently lifted straight out of a boat lying alongside. White or dull red are the most popular colours, many others are painted pastel, greens and blues, with windows and corners picked out in darker shades or white. Roofs may be bright red tiles, which is the most picturesque, or often of the very fine local slate, which is hand cut into slabs an inch thick or more and must make a colossally heavy roof. They weather to a soft grey shade which blends perfectly into the landscape.

### LEIRVICK, STORD ISLAND AND HUSVAAG:

1700: Underway again. 2100: Tied up alongside the Sand hopper "Randi" on S. side of Leirvick Bay at wooden jetty beside petrol pier. An elderly and affable Customs Officer on board an hour later in reply to our Q flag. This was our only contact with Customs throughout our stay.

Thursday, 2nd July: Spent the morning shopping and exploring Leirvick: No large yachts in the port, but many small open pleasure boats under oar, sail and motor. These are almost all the national pattern, double-ended, clinker built, with only four wide strakes aside on five



softwood sawn frames: keel, stem and stern are all generally softwood; they have very little bilge and a fine sheet - pretty and easily driven craft. We only saw about 3 square sterned boats during our stay. Bought Norwegian charts in a Bookshop here - they are bigger scale than Admiralty for some areas and show light sectors in colour, but are no better in other respects. We got underway about 4 and had a fine sail closehauled up the Fjord - the scenery on our right gradually changing to great gaunt mountains, snow-capped, and rising 4 or 5,000 ft. straight out of the water. We had more than enough canvas on in the gusts with full main and No.2 jib - No.1 acquired a small rip yesterday which I was now able to repair as we sailed. We were still all for getting that landlocked feeling and picked Husvaag for the night rather than anchor under the mountains on the S. shore. Had to motor in the last  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hrs. as the breeze disappeared. Passed many fishing craft, several going through a manoeuvre of being towed sideways by another boat with nets spread out in a semi-circle on the opposite beam - presumably this is a method of clearing the nets. Anchored in a very pretty completely enclosed tree surrounded pool - a tiny village at its head. It was rather uncanny to hear the lead ringing clearly on rock, 7 fm. below us right in the indicated anchorage; but the C.Q.R. held quite happily. We were only 50 yds. from the shore, but during the night a brisling net was laid inside us in a semi-circle across a rocky cove. In the morning we watched this being hauled and the water was thick with tiny silver brisling seemingly dazed and helpless though clear of the net.

#### SUNDAL:

Friday, 3rd. After a walk ashore, had breakfast and sailed at 1015; single reefed main and No.2 jib, and reached across to Stor Sund ("The Great Sound") inside Skorpen Island. The sides of the Island are sheer bare glacier scoured rock and the mountains, showing bare rock in many places among their pine trees, with here and there the silver thread of a rushing stream, rise steeply on the other hand. The wind was completely blanketed in the Sound and to make Rosendal for lunch we motored thro' part of it. Tied up Rosendal Pier 1400 and had lunch in the Hotel just behind it: This seems to be the accepted hour for 'middag' as it is called. Here were two cruising motor boats, one from Sweden and a Norwegian single handed from Stavanger, who had kindly indicated that there was plenty of water and then taken our lines as we came alongside.

The day was warm and sunny. In the afternoon we had a very pleasant sail, including a goosewinged run up the Mauranger Fjord to Sundal. Came here on the strong recommendation of "Mary Helen" and "Skipjack", two prewar Royal Cruising Club logs of cruises to Hardanger. It is a backwater which one might normally miss and does not look much until you come round the last corner into sight of the pier.

This was the only place we had to anchor in deep water. We dropped the C.Q.R. in 15 fm. with 20 fm. of chain, lay ourselves in about 10 fm. and had about 20 fm. of warp out to a stake ashore. 30 ft. astern of us there was less than a fathom. These stakes are found all along the coast and marked by large white circles painted on the rock.  $1\frac{1}{4}$  to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  times the depth of the water is considered quite sufficient scope on account of the steeply sloping bottom. There was no room at the pier, as a steamer was coming in during the night. A fierce mountain stream runs down just E. of the pier, colouring the Fjord around milky white, sure sign of glacier water.



The glacier, part of the Folgefonn, S. Norway's biggest icefield, lies about 3 miles walk above the village.

Saturday. We made an early start for it next morning with a young guide. It is about an hour's walk, then a mile row across a cold blue lake, and some scrambling over piles of loose boulders. The glacier has shrunk considerably during the last few years, but is still a beautiful and interesting sight. The top is frosted and rather dirty, but at the sides the ice is a wonderful blue colour, glowing with internal light like a gem and full of complicated caverns. We got many magnificent views of the Fjord from the height and Gerry, our cameraman, was busy recording it. Started to rain on the way down and continued most of the afternoon, which we spent aboard "studying for the staff college" in Robin's army phraseology. Surfaced about 6 and amid the scent of new mown hay and the tinkle of cow bells, walked along the shore of the Fjord towards Gjerdet where there appears to be a good sheltered anchorage. A new road is being cut out of the solid rock to link the village there with Sundal. Sundal itself has no land connection with the outside world, so depends entirely on water transport. It is a back alley where the big tourist steamers do not call, very pretty and completely unspoiled.

Sunday, 5th, NORHEIMSUND: Sailed to Norheimsund - quite a good breeze once outside the narrows of Mauranger, a spinnaker run most of the day in bright sun and then a beat up to the town where we tied up alongside; plenty of water, but we soon found we were right on top the town sewer, so "high" if not dry and had to warp ahead to near the angle of the quay just opposite a shop labelled "Handelslag". This is a real tourist town - we had a magnificent dinner at Sandvens Hotel in the square 100 yds. from our berth where quite a number of the Sassanach were staying - the first we had seen. Alas Robin's and my beards were at a disreputable stage!

Monday, 6th July, ULVIK: Breakfast at Sandvens for 5 kroner (5/-d.) I doubt if they made much on us, for it is a help yourself meal of noble proportions. Big tables spread with a wonderful variety of food, exquisite thinly sliced cold roast beef and ham, cods roe, cereals, boiled eggs, cold milk, coffee, a sort of chutney and marmalade, both of which you eat by the spoonful and quite a lot more I've forgotten. We staggered on board and got underway. The day was wet and windless. Passed E. of islet off Norheimsund and inside Kvamso. When wind came it was from right ahead and we had quite a stiff beat, the mountains now close and steepfaced on either side - passed a big black Norwegian ketch on opposite course, one of the only two yachts we saw in the Hardanger. The wind followed the Fjord right round bend after bend and was still blowing straight down the long leg from Odda, our intended destination, when we got to the junction off Utnick, so we foxed it by going to Ulvik instead and spinnakered for a while, but the wind sulked and died on us, so we motored once more. Ditched the last of the Inverness bread, 9 days old, slightly mildewed, but still quite edible if necessary. It had rained steadily all day, but cleared up in the evening as we tied up alongside the angle of Brakenes Hotel waterfront, close E. of the high diving board. There is 10 ft. L.W.S. here and the Hotel gladly gave us permission to stay. It is a very fine modern building and we had showers



there that evening. Furthermore, they keep a nice line in American barmaids, Caroline from Indiana who brightened up the evening for one member of the crew considerably.

Tuesday, 7th July. This was our "Farthest East" and next morning, having hoisted in another mighty breakfast at the Hotel, done some shopping and had a formal visit from Caroline, we headed back down the Fjord bound for Bergen, 100 miles away. It was our most windless day, but at least dry. Impressions of the upper Fjord are mainly of long narrow reaches, with steep mountain faces rising direct out of the water on either side, many with snow capped peaks. Both days on which we saw it were overcast and, while it was unique and awe-inspiring, it didn't seem as pretty as scenes lower down. Some of the crofts were intriguing, just a house with a barn or two, clinging to the hillside, one or two tiny fields and a fishing boat moored close below just off the shore. It felt odd to be floating in 500 fm. with land so close on either side, much deeper than any part of the North Sea. Pilotage is of the "first left, second right" order and you can forget about tidal streams which is quite a pleasant change - the rise and fall is only about 4 ft.

We saw the little white lighthouses working for the first time this evening - they are all white painted and mostly hexagonal with pointed roofs looking exactly like pigeon cots. No navigational lights in this part of Norway are shown from 28th May to 10th July and today apparently marked the opening of the new season.

Anchored for the night in Ljonesvaag, an open sandy bay facing S., 33 miles on our way. It started to rain just as we finished supper (Gaily omelette) but Jerry and I had 1½ hours walk ashore through the woods, passing several cunningly sited wartime gun positions, some carved out of the solid rock, all now derelict.

#### Loonesvaag to Godesund:

Wednesday, 9th. 0800 Sailed - wind had come up from S., dead foul once more and, incidentally, made us roll quite badly during the night as the flow from a small stream at the head of the bay held us beam on to it. After several wide tacks across the Fjord, on one of which we were passed by a smart Norwegian yacht about 35 ft. L.W.L. under engine with no sail set, we got into the narrows of Bonde Sund, N. of Varaldso Island. Raining hard, wind variable in strength and heading us round each bend in maddening fashion. Passed large Ternery on Oarsnaes. We saw far fewer sea birds on the coast than at home - in fact, hardly any except Arctic terns.

1530: Tacked off Skorpen I. to clear Songanaes, last headland before Lok Sund. Found we had over stood, as the wind freed suddenly and gusted up, causing a minor crisis by almost swamping the dinghy which was already heavy with rain water. It is a Prout collapsible and stows on deck at sea, but we towed it all the time in the sheltered Norwegian waters. Were sure of a run up Lok Sund, to enter which we altered course about ten points and even set the spinnaker, which drew nicely for 15 minutes until the wind came from right ahead once more! Only about Fce 1 at that, so we motored. The Sound is only 50 yards wide in places, with rocky sides rising several hundred feet and looked rather sombre in the rain. The Bergen yachtsmen tell of its fierce tides with some awe, but the Admiralty pilot say .3 knots max. and we noticed none at all. Once through it there is a complete change of scenery to the low rounded hills and rocky skerries of the coast. We headed west



for tree covered Godo Island (pronounced with a long O) where there is a very popular tourist hotel, a large red and white wooden building among the pines, with water washing its very walls. There was a buoy right opposite it and to this was tied a smart blue yawl with "Old Glory" at her stern. We recognised "Loki", an American ocean racer, whom we had read about in a newspaper a week earlier as having arrived at Bergen from New York. Her skipper waved us to come alongside and so we spent a very good evening in the company of one of the nicest crews of any nationality I've ever come across. Dr. Giff Pinchot of Yale University, Sally ~~his~~ wife (the navigator), Bob Loomis (son of Alf the writer) and Davy. It would take too long to describe all the things we admired about their ship and gear - the only thing we could show them being the Beme-Loop wireless which was well ahead of their D/F set. We particularly liked their spherical compass with the Kenyon speed indicator dial below it and a chronometer showing both G.M.T. and L.M.T. screwed up to show through a cabin scuttle facing the cockpit; no struggling with deck watches for Sally!

#### Godosund to Bergen:

Thursday, 9th July: We had breakfast ashore with them, then went our various ways. They were heading S. thro' Lok Sund and finished their cruise by being third in the Fastnet before shipping Loki home. The Commodore of the Bergen Y.C. had joined them for two days to pilot them through narrow channels off the main track and, on their recommendation, we followed part of the same route, which was much more fun than the big ship channel. You could pick leaves off the trees as you passed in places. We did it all under sail too, inspired by Loki, for they are real sailormen with no engine. Enjoyed looking into Lonningshavn on the way past, because the sketch of it by C.G. Lynam in "Blue Dragon's Log" made on his visit in 1911 had particularly caught my fancy. There are a few more houses and boats there now, but the inner part which he sketched is almost unchanged. A lot of steamer, fishing and pleasure boat traffic up and down the main channel which we now entered and a tidal stream at the narrows. The breeze died away in the evening and the last three miles to Bergen took almost as many hours with the spinnaker just drawing, badly upset every now and then by the wash of passing traffic. Every boat from dinghies upwards flies a smart Norwegian flag. Bergen is a most beautiful city - gleaming white buildings, set off by the many trees showing dark green among them, lie on a low tongue of land surrounded by green hills on whose steep faces pretty dwelling houses cling in chains and clusters wherever they can. It is not large (200,000 population) but very conscious of its heritage as the ancient capital of Norway. The Yacht Club, which dates back 60 years or more, lies on the N. side of the Puddefjord: it is becoming more and more hemmed in by the growing docks and plans are already layed for building a magnificent new Clubhouse in the pleasant seclusion of Kviturspollen, 10 miles S. of Bergen of which more anon. The yachts lie at a number of well padded white barrel buoys off the Clubhouse and Capt. Paulsen, the Club steward and rigger, who speaks perfect English, allotted us one right under the bowes of the Statsraad Lemkuhl, the national sail-training square rigger which was just about to commission for another voyage. Our mast did not come level with the top of her bowsprit! A rather grisly object of interest in the approach are the massive German U boat pens now partly demolished.

The next day and a half passed very pleasantly about the town. We made a number of friends and did some shopping. Got the genoa repaired and an electrician to look at the engine. Good ship chandlers abound,



Gjertsens being the pride of them all. There we bought some fine woollen seamen's jerseys at an amazingly low price, long enough to protect poor sailors from that insidious complaint of "num bum". For sweethearts and wives we invested in hand-knitted woollen cardigans in which Norway excels. It is sometimes a problem to know "what to bring back" and woollens are definitely the answer from Norway.

#### Bergen to Kviturspollen:

We sailed about 1700 on Saturday evening, 11th July and had a fine beat up the Big Fjord followed by a reach and a run on a Fce 4 N. breeze to Kviturspollen, where we anchored in among the Bergen yacht Club boats once more. Passed six Russian Iceland trawlers on the way, very fine looking white hulled ships station keeping like men of war. Their crews waved and shouted in friendly enough fashion at our red Ensign. Spent Sunday there largely ashore at the house of Mr. Gjethal, a Bergen journalist, who having written a highly-coloured account of our activities in his paper, had gone to a lot of trouble showing us the town and proceeded to make us thoroughly at home in his attractive bungalow overlooking the anchorage. We took him for a short sail on Sunday and later exchanged visits with some Norwegian boats. It is their pleasant custom that strange boats visiting a port make friends and lie alongside each other and so we did with "Revanche" a 3 ton gaff sloop from Stavanger.

#### "Torpedo Bay" and Mokster:

Monday, 13th: The infernal schedule, one of the few things which can spoil cruising, dragged us on again. Oh! for a whole summer to dawdle round this coast! We sailed at 10, wind S.E. Fce 2-5 and made a stop during the day at "Torpedo Bay" an intriguing hidden cove which they had told us about at Kviturspollen. It was here that Lief Larsen, hero of the "Shetland bus" used to hide his M.T.B. from the Germans and emerge to raid their convoys. The entrance, formed by a fault in the rock, is 6 ft. deep and say 20 ft. wide, quite blind from outside and opens into a circular cove where Larsen layed his boat alongside a steep faced rock and threw a camouflage net over her. We heard several vivid stories of his exploits, the best one being of how he was one day being chased by the Germans up a sound in the centre of which lay a sunken rock. He edged very gently just clear of this, then back on course and the Germans, noticing nothing, continued flat out up the middle - the top part of their ship went on all right, but the bottom stopped! We had a very enjoyable bathe (the water is far warmer than in Ireland), our visit slightly spoilt by the family crew of a folk-bat which was there when we arrived. Unlike any other people we met they maintained a most unfriendly attitude; their boat flew no flag, and the only explanation we could think of was that they were not Norwegian.

In the afternoon we beat South among the Islands and, as we needed petrol for the voyage home, picked Mokster, Stolmen Island, for the night. Here we tied up alongside a big fisherman's net store in the inner part of the port and soon got our petrol and stores for the crossing from the sole village shop. Had an interesting walk round a wooden-hulled trawler just off on a two month trip to Iceland waters. Her semi-diesel engine, a large edition of the type used by almost every Norwegian fishing boat, never stops during the trip, two engineers keeping watch and watch throughout and a complete cylinder can be disconnected and dismantled while the engine is still running. They are amazingly slow running and their deliberate Tonk...Tonk...Tonk exhaust note had become very familiar to us.



Norway to The Shetlands:

Tuesday, 14th July: Next morning after an hour spent checking over the standing rigging, we were off at 1000. Word had gone round the village that we were heading across the North Sea and I should say about half its population turned out to wave us off, a very heart-warming gesture!

An hour took us out between the last two islets and clear of the coast. At first the wind N.E. was too light to enable us to sail in the jumbled swell, but by 1700 it freshened a bit and the spinnaker drew nicely. All through the night we had splendid run under a clear starry sky, but by about 1000 next day the wind was falling light. We got out Robin's sextant and all had some practice - I got a good meridian altitude at noon. Spoke several Lerwick M.F.V.s. during the afternoon. They refer to Consol simply as "the dots" and have no charts or bearings, but just know that "16 dots takes you in past Bressay" etc. Incidentally, these rules of thumb don't agree with the charts and several people told us that Consol is up to 7 or 8 miles out for the Shetlands, which agreed with our own observations.

By 1700 the wind was mod. to fresh W.N.W. and we started to beat under main and Genoa, with the rail awash and quite a lively motion below; about 5 next morning picked up the three flashes of Sumburgh Hd. light at the S. end of the Shetlands. Shortly after this we saw a pair of destroyers crossing at high speed from the southwards; one broke off to approach us and, with excellent manners and seamanship, slowed down to about five knots well before coming abeam of us, switching on her loud hailer and asking our name and destination. She then asked if we had everything we needed and wished us good luck. It was H.M.S. Diamond and a fine welcome back to British waters. A long pair of tacks took us in Lerwick's fine natural harbour where we tied up alongside the S.E. side of the basin at 11 o'clock, 49 hours from Mokster.

LERWICK, SHETLANDS:

We had an interesting day at Lerwick and Mr. Kay, a local yachtsman, took a very kindly and helpful interest in seeing that we got various necessary stores, including charts of the route home westabout. We only finally decided on going that way after careful study of these and a 'phone call to Prestwick Airport where the forecasting officer was most helpful and illuminating.

In the afternoon we had an interesting 2 hour drive round part of the Island and saw several of the buildings and anchorages used by the "Shetland bus" crews during the late war. Jerry and I were so sleepy after a fairly tiring passage and a large lunch that we had to keep rodding each other in a not very successful effort to keep awake. Mr. Kay has been in 98 anchorages round the Islands, which would provide variety and interest for weeks of cruising. Incidentally, the first question we were asked on arriving at Lerwick was "Are you the Minx of Malham"? Minx had set off from Ireland almost the same day as ourselves to go to the Faroes where she duly arrived and got quite a column in the local paper, hence the question. We were delighted to hear of her success and hoped to meet the Vice-Commodore and his merry men on the way home, but oddly enough they did the reverse to us and came home via the Canal, so we just missed each other.



SHETLANDS TO CAPE WRATH:

Sailed from Lerwick 1830, the same day, Thursday 16th July, wind N.W. lt. 2245 Sumburgh Hd. abeam. 2300 started engine; no wind; which state of affairs continued for practically the whole of the next two days. We motored over a glassy calm oily swell, past Fair Isle in beautiful silhouette on the one hand and Foula away out on the other, looking remote, mysterious and attractive, just like Bali Hi on the South Pacific back cloth! Skirted past the low lying rolling green Orkneys; at 1800 Noup Hd., their N.W. point, abeam; F/c light variable in Fair Isle. 2100 Brough of Birsay abeam, set course for Cape Wrath. 0330 loom of Sule Skerry light bg. 3250 M. "Cape Wrath makes as an Island from the N.E.", the Pilot neatly puts it, and so it duly did, a long rounded lump clear out to seaward of the mountain massif to the S. We were round it by 1325 Sunday, 43 hours 139 miles from Lerwick. It is a suitably tall, sheer headland and we had picked up a wee breeze, W. S.W., an hour or two earlier, so sailing once more. The traffic was the heaviest we had seen so far, a dozen or more steamers in the course of the day. Anchored in pretty and well sheltered Fanagmore Bay, Laxford Lough, 30 m S. of the Cape for the night.

SUMMER ISLES AND GAIRLOCH:

Off at 0545, Sunday, 19th July, to catch the S. going tide. Lt. to mod. S.W. wind, so long and short boards past the sheer cliffs of Handa Island, alive with nesting guillimots; stop for lunch and a walk ashore in bright sun at Tanera More, largest of the Summer Isles, now uninhabited, then push on to reach Flowerdale on the Gairloch inside Skye at 0300, a long day and, incidentally, the one on which we were due home. Last four hours in flat calm and got in on the last drop of petrol.

KYLAKIN AND TOBERMORY:

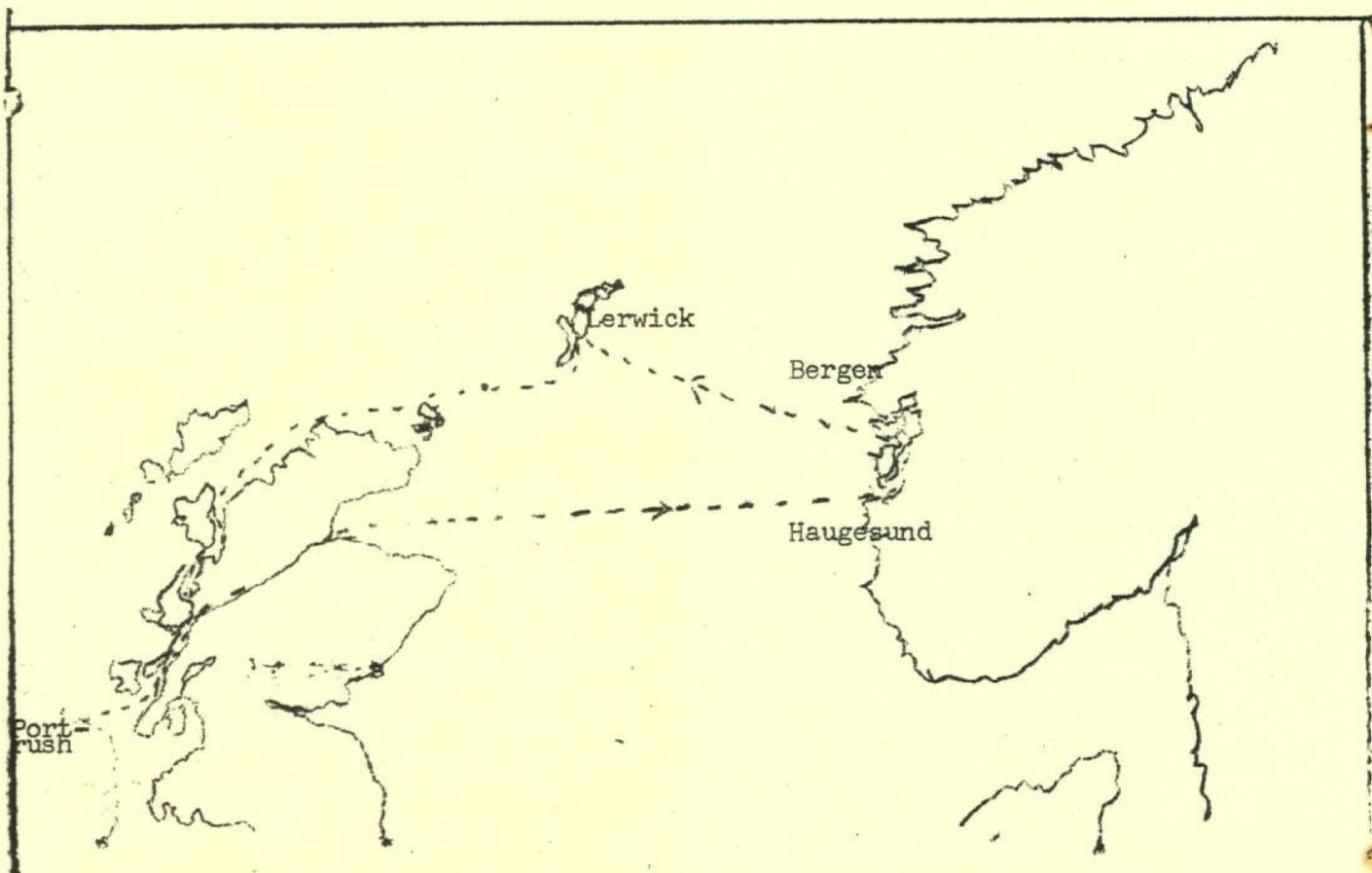
Monday, 20th July. Underway 0830 after getting petrol at the fishing pier. A wet grey day, wind still ahead, almost calm at times with odd squalls. Got to Kylakin in a particularly fierce one at 1800 and tied up in the pool to a buoy kindly indicated by the ferry skipper. Slipped at 0615 Tuesday. Split the Genoa again when beating round Ardnamurchan in a squall. Tropical rain at times completely blocking out the land  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile away. At the entrance to the Sound of Mull passed a mighty gathering of shearwaters, 500 at least, an unusual sight particularly so close to land. Reached Tobermory at 2015, and the Western Isles Hotel five minutes after the bar had closed. Sad because by that time the back of our throats was almost the only dry thing about us!

PORT ASKAIG, ISLAY AND HOME:

Tuesday, 21st. Sailed out from among the bunch of sleeping yachts and beat S. thro' the Sound in a rising breeze and patchy visibility. Kept outside the Garvallochs and at 1500 just S. of the Corryvreckan put in 2 reefs and changed to No.2 jib, but the wind happily veered at about the same time to let us fetch the Sound of Islay on the starbd. tack half a point free. Spent the night alongside at Port Askaig, a pretty spot with a comfortable small Hotel where we ate. The anchorage here is bad, but alongside it is quite comfortable with plenty of water. The Clyde Cruising Club Handbook, for some reason, does not mention this possibility, but there was room for us and the "Lochiel" the Island steamer, that night, so you could normally count on being able to get in. We did have to put out quite a network of ropes to keep Caru from rubbing and it took half an hour to get them stowed in the dark in the morning.



We were off at 3.30 - this hour was getting horribly familiar and had a fine close reach single reefed down the Sound and then across the North Channel the 50 - odd miles to Portrush, where we arrived at 1300. Glad to be back? Certainly - its always nice to get to a place cruising and then nice to get away from it to see the next one - the horizon's the limit and there were still lots of week-ends before the end of the season! The only regret was that this time one more jolly good crew was breaking up.









LEEWICK	1850/ Thurs.	16th-Laxford Lough	1900/ Sat.	18th	175	48	(39)
LAXFORD LOUGH	0545/ Sun.	19th-Gairloch	0300/ Mon.	20th (4½ hour stop at Tanera More)	60	17	(14)
GAIRLOCH	0930/ Mon.	20th-Kylakin, Skye	1900/ Mon.	20th	32	9½	(5)
KYLAKIN	0615/ Tues.	21st-Tobermory	2015/ Tues.	21st	51	14	(4)
TOBERMORY	0700/ Wed.	22nd-Port Askaig, Islay	2100/ Wed.	22nd	39	18	(1)
PORT ASKAIG	0330/ Thurs.	23rd-Portrush	1300/ 23rd		46	9½	-
MOKSTER - PORTRUSH 593 m. 9 days.							

28 days 1334

Av. speed 3.4 knots.

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DOG-DAYS ON THE LAKE OF SHADOWS<sup>22</sup>  
By Robin Elliott

Our "Morna" is an open boat,  
 Of only fourteen feet  
 And when we go out sailing  
 Robin takes the sheet.

His hand is on the tiller,  
 His eyes are on the luff;  
 He nips her up to windward  
 In each succeeding puff.

Down to the rail he'll press her -  
 The spray is flying free,  
 The bounding waves caress her -  
 We're headed out to sea.

And Iris stands up for'ard:  
 She grasps the forestay tight  
 And greets each racing foam-cap  
 With shouts of sheer delight.

So wrote the Skipper a long time ago when we coaxed for a rhyme about "Morna" which has been in our family for over ten years and in which I've been sailing since I was four. She was supposed to be sold when we got "Daydream", but Iris and I, backed up by the Mate, soon put a stop to THAT!

<sup>22</sup> English translation of "Lough Swilly".



This year I really got loose with her and with various crews (including Della, a borrowed spaniel) had some fine fun on Lough Swilly.

One of our first trips was across the Lough to Killygarvan. With Brian for crew and piles of grub, we got away early and lee-bowing the flood (very scientifically) had a smart close-haul over and Brian got wet sitting her out. We made our base in the sand dunes and had lunch. As the tide came we brought "Morna" into the little river and left her at anchor thinking that, as it was very steep to, we'd be able to reach her. We went exploring and when we got back we couldn't reach "Morna". Brian volunteered to swim it and was shivering on the brink, when I suddenly saw him make a wild dive - a car had passed on the road and Brian was in his birthday suit!

The breeze had freshened and we came home in fine style to find that the Skipper had finished a lobster pot and borrowed another. We were keen to get them laid, but we had to wait for bait till the local fishing boat came in and it was getting dusk when we sailed for Carrickacullin - our only outlier-to set them.

The first was all right, but the second wouldn't sink and we sailed into Fahan Channel to get another flat stone. It came light (the wind, not the stone) and the ebb had made, so it was dark when we got under way again.

The Skipper sat on the life-cushion and dozed (though he said he didn't) and I chased back and forward in the red sector of Buncrana light till I found the rock - and not with the plate either!

The Skipper woke up then and, as the stars were bright, told us of a well-known prelate who, in the course of a sermon, is reputed to have said:-

"Behold the heavens - you see thousands of stars:  
Take a glass and you see millions".

He also told us of a boat builder he used to know who stowed away as a boy. After two days, hunger forced him to come out - only to find the ship in dry-dock!

Next morning Brian and I were off early to look at the pots. Imagine our joy when there were two whoppers in the first one. We were so excited we hugged each other and danced round the boat like a couple of young girls!

We were, of course, scared stiff of the lobsters at first, but opened the pot and emptied them into the bilge and, with the floor boards down firmly, we breathed again and sailed home in triumph. Later, I found that I could handle them quite freely.

On future visits to Carrickacullin we took the praam and anchored "Morna" well clear, as the tide runs strongly there and she is heavy to row. With a pot containing a lobster in the bow, Brian used to row the praam with an agonized expression on his face, he said he was always expecting a claw to come through and grab his tail end!



August Monday brought our one Annual race - The Lough Swilly Cup at Rathmullan Regatta.

Brian and I sailed "Morna" over and the Skipper followed with some friends aboard "Daydream". There were three entries this year :-

"Merry Widow" (Major and Mrs. Grove)

"Speedy" (Cadet) (Stephen Faller)

"Morna" (of course).

After much manoeuvring, we got ourselves into some sort of line and the gun was fired (no five minutes gun, Blue Peter, or anything of that sort) and away we went on a dead run for the Kinnegar Buoy. In spite of our spinnaker, "Merry Widow" opened out a long lead and the Cadet (with two hefty men aboard) dropped astern.

Once on the wind we did better - our gunter lug giving us a big advantage over "Merry Widow's" square headed one - and we got into the lead with the Cadet nowhere.

The ebb had made and the beat turned out to be a long one in a lightening wind. However, we were nearly up to Rathmullan when it went flat and we both had to anchor. Ten minutes of this and - low and behold - the Cadet was coming up with a bone in her teeth before a spanking breeze! "Merry Widow" got it and passed within a stone's throw, while we looked on helplessly. Our turn came just in time to let us get into her wind and, by great good luck, we got an overlap when almost at the mark and the berth let us through to win by a very small margin! The cup was ours for the third time and I'm hoping to get sailing her next year, as the Skipper says it's time it moved round a bit!

Tea aboard Major Groves beautiful "Carrigwen" and home to a harbour stow, as we leave for Dublin in the morning - by road, worse luck!

During the next fortnight we had some good sailing at Skerries in the Mermaid "Louise", finishing with a passage to Dun Laoghaire.

Michael came home with us and, with him and Della (whom I was looking after while her owner was away) we revisited our various haunts and Michael saw something of our beautiful lough.

It wasn't so lovely when coming home one day we got caught in a thunder plump and, despite coats, were soaked to the skin. We were occupying opposite ends of the bath when the door burst open and Della jumped in between us! I don't know whether we or the dog were more surprised, but two boys and a spaniel are too much for any bath and the floor and walls suffered.

The highlight of this period was a trip down the Lough to Scraggy Bay though one would have thought we were on a polar expedition by the pile of stuff we had with us. There was a primus, frying-pan, sail bag, a big biscuit tin of tomato sandwiches, two coats, a big bone for the dog (the remains of a roast she had already swiped, but which had been rescued



and used for her meals), two bottles of lemonade and a lot of other things. Luckily, the Skipper ran us down to the Harbour or I don't think we would have had much of the day left by the time all was aboard.

Having warped "Daydream" alongside the quay, as she was to have her mast taken out at lunch time, we brought "Morna" alongside her and loaded the cargo and, as it was light, set the sails also with the dog all the time running from one boat to the other.

We got away at last and stood down the lough with the ebb. The wind gradually dropped and with it our spirits - Scraggy Bay seemed very far away then.

The dog had spent ages trying to dig a hole in the heavy canvas of the life-cushion and had just gone to sleep when I caught a mackerel. She immediately woke up and came to investigate, but the fish gave a kick and she went full astern on both engines.

The wind came through again and we took tricks of half-an-hour at the tiller, the watch below sitting in the sun. At last we glided into the Bay, let go anchor under the lee of the headland and stowed the sails. I wanted to show Michael the caves, so we rowed over in the dinghy, but as it was low water, we'd have had to walk and the place was full of wet seaweed.

Back in the Bay we landed to explore and, on our way out to "Morna", the idiot dog which was, as usual, balanced precariously, slipped overboard and headed for the shore. As we'd had some trouble getting off the flat beach, we went after her hammer and tongs; we won and got her aboard, but the first thing the brute did was to shake herself and there's not much room to dodge in a six foot praam!

While I was frying the fish, Michael brought the dinghy alongside and, not being used to the habits of the species, let her slip sideways, away from the boat, so there was Michael holding on like grim death to the "Morna" with his feet in the dinghy, while the gap widened. Then, quietly as you like, his middle dipped and his feet slipped and he was in!

Helpless with laughter, I still had to hang on to the fish or Della would have swiped the lot and, in trying to reach Michael, I fell over her. Fortunately, Michael is a good swimmer (the Skipper wouldn't have let him sail otherwise) and he was soon aboard.

We divided what dry clothes were left and, after eating all before us, sailed for home. The wind had got very light, but I knew that if it went flat the Skipper would come down for us in "Daydream" so didn't worry. Actually a good Samaritan in the shape of the "Saint Teresa" towed us up.

Michael left for home - and school - next morning.

Saturday and a glorious day with hardly a breath! We put the outboard on "Morna" and went away up the lough to look for Wallace Clarke, who was somewhere up there in "Caru".



The Skipper, aboard for once, misquotes Kipling :-

"The Lake of Shadows sets an' smiles.  
So sof'; so bright, so bloomin' blue;  
There aren't a wave for miles an' miles  
Excep' the jiggle from the screw."

We met "Caru" at the mouth of Ramelton River and went aboard, leaving "Morna" in tow. Many friends and tea made the trip to the Farland Channel seem no length and we anchored off Inch Castle and went ashore to explore.

Under way again and mackerel sizzling in the pan to the great delight of Della, who is a stout supporter of the "Eat more fish" campaign - so much so indeed that she was seen removing Dad's\* fish from his plate by the tail while he expounded one of his pet theories - a yell and a grab - dog in one hand and mackerel in the other; it was a goner, of course, but just then I hooked another, so all was well!

Off the Hawk's nest and getting dusk, Dad got "Caru's" dinghy going and left to put some of her crew ashore at Fahan, while we carried on for the Muckamish anchorage.

Dark as Erebus and the outboard apparently ranging all over the lough looking for us, but well-found "Caru" carried flares and soon the dinghy was alongside and Dad, Della and I left for home where the pier light winked a welcome.

\* Dad, of course, ceased to be Skipper when we got aboard "Caru".

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#### CRUISE OF "SETANTA" 1953

By F. Cudmore

Fred Cudmore, Skipper-Owner  
Jack Rearden,  
Peter Barry,  
Cashel Riordan.

During the winter the standing rigging, blocks, etc., had been thoroughly gone over and renewed where necessary. From the day of our first sail for the season, March 17th, the running rigging was gradually got into perfect trim for the cruise in view and, in the middle of June we were getting the usual stores aboard, water, petrol, gas, canned food, etc. The final storing of the more perishable stuff was completed on Thursday evening, June 18th, and we hoped to make our departure for the West Coast on that night which, however, turned out to be without wind completely, a dropping glass, accompanied by a steady downpour, conditions not in the least conducive to the commencement of a passage which we had hoped would last a few days to see us in the Aran Islands.



Fri. June 19th: We dropped mooring at 07.20 hrs. - Bar. 29.75, no wind but the rain had ceased. We motored to the Harbour's mouth setting main, stay'sl and jib. Outside we found a light Westerly wind and calm sea. Keeping the engine ticking over we had a slow beat. With the Seven Heads open off the Old Head and just able to lay that course on the port tack, as the wind had backed, we shut off engine at 12.30. The Old Head was abeam at 14.00 hrs. and Seven Heads abeam at 16.30. The wind backed further and freshened to force 4 at 17.15 hrs. - Barom. remained steady. A fast reach across Clonakilty Bay saw us off the Galley Head at 18.00 hrs. We had Toe Head abeam at 20.15 hrs. where we passed through the Stags Sound. Wind then lightened and died away completely and, as there was no indication of any more for the night, there was no great enthusiasm for continuing under engine, so we decided upon Baltimore for the night and tied up outside a fishing boat at the pier there at 21.45 hrs. Two of the crew had been a little under the weather during the day, one being supplied with a little cognac while the other slept, a distinction which caused much feeling when discovered some days later.

Sat. June 20th: Morning forecast very bad. Bar. 20-65 - wind Westerly force 3. We departed under engine through the postman's entrance North of Sherkin Island at 12.00 hrs. We engine'd to North Harbour, Cape Clear, where we tied up at pier at 14.00 hrs. We introduced the youngest member on his first call to the Island to two of the three pubs there and looked up Kieran Cotter who had intended joining us in our cruise, but was unable to get away, unfortunately. We left for Schull at 18.30 hrs. under mains'l and jib and tied up at the pier there, again outside a fishing vessel at 19.45 hrs. We renewed old acquaintances ashore.

Sun. June 21st: A vicious wind with very heavy squalls from W. by N. - gale warnings for the area and general - Bar. 29.40. obviously no future in making a passage around the Mizen and Dursey, so we decided to stay "put".

Mon. June 22nd: 06.55 hrs. broadcast again bad. Much valuable time had now been lost and over breakfast the decision was reached to return Eastwards via Dunmore E., Northwards possibly to Dun Laoghaire, then positively to the Isle of Man prior to our call at Beaumaris where we hoped to have a few days rest before the race home.

Wind was W. by N. force 1, Bar. 29.90. At 07.30 hrs. left under engine, main, stay'sl. and jib. Schull looked its best under the sheltering Mt. Gabriel in the morning sunshine as we bade goodbye for another year. 09.00 hrs. saw us passing through Badger Island Sound and at 09.30 as the wind backed more Westerly we gybed and set spinnaker to starboard. The day improved as we went E. At 11.45 we set top'sl and gybed again. Galley Head was abeam at 13.15 hrs. Tide was now ebbing, so we altered course to E. by S. to go to seaward where its effect would be less. Wind was very light and engine was used occasionally for short periods. At 15.15 hrs. Seven Heads abeam - at 16.30 we gybed again - our position was 6 miles S.W.  $\frac{1}{2}$  S. of the Old Head Lt. Ho. We set course for Dunmore East, E.N.E.  $\frac{1}{4}$  E. - distant  $7\frac{1}{2}$  miles - a delightful day. At 17.35 hrs. Old Head was abeam. Bilge pump was tried - no necessity to use it. 20.15 hrs. no wind, engine started. At 21.30 one cylinder cut out, as we brought Daunt Light Vessel abeam on course. Amidst much gloom after considerable efforts to effect repairs, we altered course for the home port, leaving the cylinder well filled with Redex in the hope of clearing the sticking valve which the



"Skipper - Engineer - Navigator - Owner and what have you" had diagnosed as the trouble. Has the gentle reader ever shot the Menai Straits without an engine? At 22.20 hrs. "Mirabile dictu" much to all our great joy the Penta heard our sighs and resumed full activity. "Redex" has for years been a "must" aboard. So useful for all emergencies, cooks have been tempted to add it to the soup at times and stewards to the mid-day pick-me-up when the crew looks a bit rusty.

A light Southerly breeze force 1 started, so we all spliced the main brace and went back on our course for Dunmore E., the Watch below resuming their interrupted slumbers, the prospect of a delightful night passage in view. Course now E. by N.  $\frac{1}{2}$  N. - Bar. now 30-05. Weather outlook good.

Tues. June 23rd: Ballycotton Light House abeam. No wind again. At 04.00 hrs. a light N.E. wind force 1 started - at 07.20 hrs. we were off Mine Head on a course E.  $\frac{1}{2}$  S. now a dead beat. Fog lying in various hollows of the Comeragh Mountains presented an amazing picture, as the sun strengthened. Shortly after this, we were enabled to lay E.  $\frac{1}{2}$  N. wind having backed a point. At 10.30 hrs. wind, which had been light and variable for the last three hours, went S.E. by E. and so enabled us to lay our course for Dunmore E. - Bar. was now 30.15. We tied up alongside Dunmore pier at 15.30 hours and all hands had a swim.

Wed. June 24th: A pleasant day - heatwave now started and all had a swim again. We dined ashore at the Haven that night, having watered the ship by courtesy of Harbour Master Carroll who, as usual, had been most helpful in every way.

Thurs. June 25th: Bar - 30.2 - Wind N. force 2 as we left under engine, main, top's'l, stay's'l and genoa, proved to be purely a land breeze and petered out as we left the Hook behind. Visibility was about 2 miles in the heat haze. Course for Saltee Sound E. by S. We spoke Welsh yacht abeam on same course bound for Rosslare. At 15.30 hrs. we passed through the Sound and altered course for the Barrells buoy, dist. 7 miles - no wind, visibility about 2 miles. At 17.00 hrs. we had reached the Barrells buoy and altered course for the Fundale Perch, when there, we again altered course at 17.30 hrs. for the Splaugh Buoy, which we rounded at 18.00 hours. Still no wind - visibility - the same. We decided on proceeding inside the banks and found all the buoys exactly where they should have been. At 21.00 hrs. we had reached the No.4 Rusk Channel buoy and we cleared the Channel in daylight, as we had counted on doing. We set course for Wicklow Head. At 21.15 hours stopped engine for greasing and refuelling.

Fri. June 26th: Dawn saw us closehauled in very light breeze just north of Arklow - still hazy. 07.00 hrs. we were abeam of Wicklow Head Lt. Ho. Bar. Now 30.20 ins.. Set course for the Moulditch Buoy, which we reached at 09.45 hours - carried on for Bray Head. Wind now came dead ahead. A heavy thunderstorm accompanied by shifting winds of varying force and heavy rain. Lightning was frequent and very vivid. Off Bray Head a shift in wind allowed us to lay Dalkey Island Sound where we handed all sail and engaged through against a foul tide and took a mooring opposite the R. St. G.Y.C. at 13.30 hrs. Short shore leave was granted, as we intended to sail again that night for the Isle of Man.



Invitations from all the Clubs were much appreciated but, unfortunately, could not be availed of in the short time at our disposal. Fresh stores were acquired - not all as fresh as we would have wished for - most of three dozen eggs purchased at a very well-known branch of a City provision shop had to be jettisoned in the next few days, as we had no incubator aboard. for the chickens in embryo most of them carried - we concluded we were strangers and they took us in and wrote it off to experience.

We foregathered at the N.Y.C. and got aboard early. Conditions were all against a pleasant passage - no wind - heavy showers and thunder still around, so the alarm was set for an early start in the morning.

Sat. June 27th: All up early to "enjoy" the continuation of heavy thunder, vivid lightning and rain. By common unspoken consent, breakfast was prolonged for two hours, hoping for an improvement and all below was snuggled down for a passage. By 09.30 hrs. we were away - the Bar. stood at 30.25 ins. the wind light and variable, between N. by E. and N.E. and our destination Port St. Mary, I.o M. We engined out as we set main top'sl, stay'sl and genoa, Log was streamed. It proved a very pleasant day of sailing in not quite the right direction, E. by N.

Sun. June 28th: Bar. 30.25 ins. Course now N.E. by E. Log reading 61 at 02.00 hrs. We tacked and sailed due N. at 04.00 hrs. Wind freshened a little. Watch below were not called. At 04.30 land was sighted ahead in thick haze. A large empty cargo vessel altered course to allow us cross her bows a mile ahead. At 05.15 we identified Chicken Rock and Port St. Mary ahead - hauled log reading 77 miles. 06.00 hrs. started engine, called watch below, handed and stowed all sails and motored into Port St. Mary where we tied up at the end of the outer pier or breakwater, at the bottom of the tide at 07.00 hours.

The Harbour Master called on us before lunch, welcomed us and assured us we were in order in staying where we were. Later in the day the Customs Officer from Castletown arrived, accompanied by his charming wife, who came aboard when declarations had been made and clearances effected.

The heatwave had arrived in real earnest by now and we spent a few days very pleasantly visiting the neighbouring towns and swimming twice daily. We even included a visit to far-famed holiday spot Douglas, deeming this necessary as part of the education of our junior crew member. We concluded that there was really very little change since the days the natives wore "woad" only. We dined at the Metropole and returned to the less sophisticated little port. Our dinner at the "Carrig" completed our meals ashore.

Wed. July 1st: After a pleasant visit ashore where we renewed some stores, buying some of the famous Manx Kippers cured at Kneen's. It was still very hot and hazy. No wind and a glassy sea with the Bar. at 30.1 ins. saw us off at 14.30 hrs. bound for Puffin Island, distant 52 miles, on a course S. by E.  $\frac{1}{2}$  E, Easterly, under main, top'sl, stay'sl and genoa with the engine running. Flukey winds came up light and from astern. Log had been streamed on departure. At 21.00 hrs. we stopped engine, log reading 23 miles. At 22.30 hrs. Skerries Lt. Ho. bore  $184^{\circ}$  mag. and we estimated we had been set 9 miles to the W. by the W. going tide. E. going tide now commencing we carried on the same course. At 23.45 hours Point Lynas bore



149° and the Skerries 219°. Wind was light Easterly. At about this time a collier bore down on us, on a course probably for Liverpool. All attempts to draw attention to our position seemed useless, so a dive was made to fix the Aldis on their bridge, as her bow wave threw up a clearly visible phosphorescent V. She changed course only at the last moment and we breathed a sigh of relief.

Thurs. July 2nd: 02.00 hrs. Point Lynas Lt.Ho. was abeam, log reading 39 mls. Wind still light E. At 03.00 Pt. Lynas bore 281° Mag. and Puffin Island appeared ahead on course. Hauled log reading 43 miles. Started engine to try to get in before strong ebb commenced through Puffin Island Sound. The tide was coming through strongly and we drove at it flat out, barely making headway. Once through the narrows we made good progress against the stream and got the anchor ready for the first time since leaving the home moorings. At 06.00 hours we anchored off Beaumaris pier, breakfasted heartily on Manx kippers, stowed all sails and turned in for a few hours. A pleasant afternoon was spent ashore.

Fri. July 3rd: We were joined by Tom O'Byrne, who was to make the passage home with us instead of Peter Barry, who had to go home via Holyhead steamer, not having the time to spare. Tom was accompanied by Billy O'Donovan, who had crewed with us in the 1951 race to Cork, but was unfortunately under Doctor's orders and unable to come this year.

We went to Bangor sightseeing and to make a few purchases. We saw the sad end of the "Conway" on the north shore of the Straits under the suspension bridge. It was very heavy and warm in the town and we were glad to get back to the yacht. We all had a pleasant dinner party ashore at the Bulkley Arms, joined there by our friend Rev. Basil Rowlands, Parish Priest of Beaumaris.

Sat. July 4th: We watered ship and bought fresh provisions, said Goodbye to the hospitable Royal Anglesea Y.C. and went aboard to lunch and prepare for the start of the race at 16.00 hrs. from Puffin Island Sound. On the pier we met Donald Fairbank, owner of the "Concha", an old Dublin Bay boat conversion entered for the race, whose crew had not been able to come at the last moment. We gave him a berth for the race, as we had four in crew only and were glad to an extra hand. Up anchor at 14.30 hours, at least that is what we thought, but the anchor, neglected for two weeks, decided to stay below well stuck into what proved to be an immense rusty mooring anchor. Our tripping line failed to draw it clear, so we slowly and painfully winched the monster to the surface, got a line under it and freed our anchor. We had lost some valuable time, but made the line with main, top's'l, stay's'l and genoa set. Thirteen yachts came under orders at the top of the ebb in the narrow Sound and there was no wind - not a puff. The next hour was painful, as yachts pushed off one another and jostled one another at the mercy of the tide. A gentle breeze dead ahead, sprung up and, in a calm sea, all gathered way and scattered. Supper was enjoyed by all and watches arranged. The next few hours proved most enjoyable, with the whole fleet in view, and we were quite pleased with the progress we were making in comparison with the backmarkers.



Sun. July 5th: At midnight we streamed log in a position about 2 miles N.W. of the Skerries Lt. Ho. Bar. stood at 30.20 ins. and a nice breeze about force 4 blew from the S.S.W. keeping us pinned on the wind, but moving nicely in an easy swell. 01.35 hrs. South Stack abeam on course of  $250^{\circ}$ , log reading 6 miles. 04.00 hours log reading  $18\frac{1}{2}$  miles wind was southerly, force 3, Bar. down to 30.10. At 08.00 hrs. log read 40 miles, wind same F. & D. - course S.W. by W. - at 10.30 hrs. we had logged 50 miles, barometer the same, wind increased to force 4.

At 12.30 hrs. we tacked, log read 71 mls. and course was now S.S.E. wind strengthened to force 5. A short steep head sea came up rapidly. At 14.30 hrs. the order came to hand genoa and set No.1 jib - bowsprit party enjoyed by all, except the jockey, suitably attired in swim trunks and oldest pullover. At 16.45 hours wind had freshened considerably, rain commenced and the sea became really rough. By this time our new crew, who had succumbed a couple of hours before, became really ill and semi-conscious. We tucked in two reefs and handed jib. In an hour's time we were making heavy weather of it and the N. going tide commencing made it evident that little progress would be made for the next six hours. We estimated our position as about three miles off the Arklow bank and halfway along it to the southward and it was agreed to take the measure of reaching back to Wicklow for the night to give the crew a well-earned rest and a good dinner, resumption of race to take place in the early hours of Monday morning. We anchored inside the outer pier at 18.00 hrs. where the very zealous Harbour Master battled through the rain to find us and collect 5/-d. Dues. No doubt he had to pay half of it to the boatman for bringing him out - we hoped so at any rate. His wrath at a schooner anchored a couple of hundred yards outside us, but not in his jurisdiction was enjoyed by all, as he told us, nearly in tears, that she should be paying £6/7. Dues and it was not fair. We were further amused - if one can feel amused at 05.30 hrs. - at the sight of the long boat arriving at the pier manned as if by Barbary pirates to fill a water cask, while the guardian of the port slumbered.

Mon. July 6th: Anchor up at 06.00 hrs. Bar. 29.90. Wind N.W. gentle, calm sea, as we beat out under main and No.1 jib. We set main, stay'sl, jib and top'sl immediately and made our offing for Wicklow Head. We identified a fellow competitor "Rondinella" coming in from seawards under engine, making for Wicklow from where her owner sent his most amusing wire signifying his "retiral from the Irish Sea race in particular and all ocean races in general". At 07.15 hrs. we were on course for the buoy at south of Arklow bank, wind N  $\frac{1}{2}$  W. force 2, distant  $15\frac{3}{4}$  miles. It was a beautiful morning, spirits were high and the sun shone, but we were racing and the wind was very light indeed, becoming lighter and very variable and we were still a long way from home. At times the wind died away altogether and the "Ketch" another competitor, which had spent the night in Wicklow, passed to seaward of us under engine, having apparently retired. This left at least two behind us and we had ideas of how many others. We bathed on deck and of the bob stay lunched mightily, but made very slow progress. In the afternoon we spoke the Blackwater L.V. who were able to tell us that only four boats had rounded Tuskar, so we cheered up at that. It was then 15.00 hrs.; an hour before darkness came on the breeze had come up dead ahead and we were almost laying Tuskar Rock, in sight for some hours. A fine tide swept us and leebowed us, so we held on the port tack, but had to throw about and passed the Rock on the starboard tack as darkness fell. The wind strengthened



rapidly and the sea became rough. On the next tack we went through the broken water on the Baily Prong, a rather nerve racking procedure, as the waves there were pyramidical and occasionally came aboard from the lee side as well as the weather. We were, however, going like a train with a fine tide under us and well pleased that the next mark would be the Daunt L.V. near the finish.

Tues. July 7th: At 02.30 hrs. the breeze which had hauled dead ahead had hardened considerably and the sea had become extremely rough. We were taking a severe pounding and the din below was terrific. She was very dry below considering everything, but sleep was most difficult with the noise and violent motion, even when lashed in one's bunk. We handed top'sl at this stage and stood on the port tack with Coningbeg L.V. on the stern quarter and laying W. of the Hook Lt. Ho. We took a severe hammering here in the cross seas off Waterford River, but to our delight, laid on to the W. of Dunmore E. An hour later we sighted the gallant old "Glance" running back to Dunmore under jury rig. We were to learn later that she had, unfortunately, been dismasted when near Ballycotton. The wind hardened further and we handed stay'sl, but finding some hour or more later that we were over-canvassed abaft the mast, with the result that we could not put her about, except with great difficulty, we re-set it and had no more of that trouble. It seemed an interminable beat across Dungarvan Bay, but eventually we found we were laying Ram Head on the port tack and smoothing our water somewhat as we came shorewards towards Youghal Bay. Accordingly, we went as close in as we dared and for the next few hours we followed the same procedure of putting about and tacking shorewards when the seas outside became more troublesome as darkness fell and we left the lights of Youghal behind us.

Wed. July 8th: We hove to in Ballycotton Bay and had a good meal, carrying on in much the same force of wind and a somewhat rougher sea. We took a real pounding that night. One wave breaking on her weather topside came into the cabin green through an open mushroom ventilator under the punt lashed on the coachroof. As we neared Poer Head in the early hours, the wind lightened and the seas greatly moderated. We rounded the Daunt L.V. at 07.20 hours and freed sheets at last for the fast reach to the line off the Roches Point Lt. Ho. The Keepers hailed us to say that four only of the thirteen starters had finished ahead of us, which made us certain of second place in our Class III, which we all duly toasted with an extra stiff ration of grog. We crossed the line at 08.04 hrs. and handed all sail as we engined to the moorings looking forward to a hot shower and breakfast at the Club.

It had been an excellent cruise of something over 600 miles and a vote of thanks was passed to the Skipper for not insisting on our setting the top'sl and genoa for the reach in from the Daunt to the Roche.

Omission to stream the log or record more details in the logbook is accounted for by the fact that for most of the cruise we were on a coast well known to all of us and passing from landmark to landmark and light to light on our coastwise passages. In the latter half of the race this was also the case and it really was unnecessary when driving the boat so hard to windward in rough weather to add any further duties to the main



ones of trying to snatch any rest possible and to prepare what food one could in the circumstances.

We have been unofficially informed that since the provisional results were published, objections lodged against the first boat home and the fourth for infringement of a rule at the start were sustained which, if it is the case, would give us first in Class III and third in the Open.

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### "HUFF OF ARKLOW" 1953 CRUISE

With a maximum of only 3 weeks leave, the programme was a somewhat ambitious one, namely, to take part in the Beaumaris to Cork race, the I.D.R.A. Dinghy Week at Crosshaven, thence to Cowes to compete in the Cowes/Dinard race and from Dinard to cruise back via the Scillies to Dun Laoghaire.

For the first leg from Dun Laoghaire to Beaumaris, we had a small crew consisting of Jack Tyrrell, Robert Morehead and the writer.

We cleared the Piers at Dun Laoghaire at 8 p.m. on the 2nd July, being followed by one of our old competitors "GLANCE" owned by the Hopkirks of Belfast.

With a light north easterly wind and a smooth sea, our progress was not very rapid for the first few hours, in fact we had to start the motor on several occasions to make reasonable progress.

By 6.15 the following morning (3rd July) we had the Skerries abeam, the wind having freshened to force 4 from the north. Approaching Puffin Sound the crew did some sail drill with the storm spinnaker, which had given us trouble the previous year, and found that by hoisting it inside the forestay it set perfectly. This inspired "GLANCE" which was at that time about half a mile ahead, to experiment with their new masthead spinnaker. Puffin Sound was entered at 12.45 p.m. and the anchor dropped off Beaumaris at 1.45 p.m. where we found a number of boats from Cork, including Mick Sullivan's "MARCHWOOD MAID", Dennis Doyle's "VANYA" and Fred Cudmore's "SETANTA", as well as representatives from the Mersey, including Peter Brett's "FAIR ROVER", and her sister ship "RONDINELLA" and Major Schofield, the Rear-Commodore of R.O.R.C. in "FANDANGO".

"MARCHWOOD MAIL's" owner and crew boarded us shortly after and seemed pleased to find that we had a supply of their local Gin. Arrangements were made for a joint dinner ashore that night.

The fourth member of our crew, Peter Bailey from West Kirby, joined us after lunch and the afternoon was spent in last minute preparations for the race due to start the following afternoon.

Early in the evening the crew went ashore and paid a call first at the Royal Anglesea Yacht Club where we were, as usual, most hospitably entertained and then adjourned to the Hotel at the Ferry for an excellent Dinner.



The next morning, Saturday 4th July, we cruised up under power to Menai Bridge to get stores and, taking advantage of Peter Bailey's local knowledge, had an enjoyable trip under power through the Swillies and back, passing on the way the old training ship "CONWAY" lying with a broken back on the mainland shore.

The start of the Beaumaris/Cork race was from Puffin Sound at 4.30 p.m. so at 3 p.m. we got under way and motored to the "vicinity" of the starting line, together with most of the other competitors, numbering 15. As the time of the start approached the wind got lighter and lighter and the ebb tide, having started to run, most of the boats were drifting towards or over the line quite out of control. When the starting gun was actually fired, many of the boats were well over the line pointing in all directions and some locked together. Major Schofield in "FANDANGO" and Peter Brett in "FAIR ROVER" held a consultation and decided to motor back over the line, the rest of the boats that were already over, including "HUFF" carried on. Some time after the starting gun had been fired the Officer of the Day hailed the competitors to carry on.

At 6 p.m. a light wind filled in from the north west and enabled slow progress to be made to the westward. The Skerries light was brought abeam at 11.30 p.m. by which time the wind had freshened sufficiently to enable us to make between 4 and 5 knots and, having backed south south west to lay a course for the Irish coast. At 7 a.m. on Sunday morning a check of the horizon showed "GLANCE" on our starboard beam, about a mile distant, a boat believed to be "FLYING FOX" about 5 miles to leeward and "SETANTA" 5 to 6 miles astern. By 8.30 a.m. we had raised the Sugar Loaf mountain and were having a close race with "GLANCE" who bore away and passed throughour lee. At 11.40 a.m. "FANDANGO" crossed astern whilst "GLANCE" crossed our bow, both on the starboard tack. The wind started to increase and veered to the south west. By 2 p.m. it had freshened so as to require several rolls of the mainsail and a change from genoa to a smaller jib.

A suggestion that we should try to get inside the Arklow bank and beat down the Irish coast in smoother water inshore was quickly ruled out by Jack Tyrrell's information that from our then position the only passage available was one which would only be used by fishermen in calm weather, certainly not in existing conditions. We were, therefore, forced to beat on down outside the banks and navigational difficulties were considerably increased by a thick mist which at times cut the visibility to a quarter of a mile. The Beme-Loop was found very useful in obtaining wireless bearings of the Tuskar and Smalls and a few minutes before midnight we were fortunate in picking up the light of the Blackwater ship about a mile to windward.

During the night we met or were overtaken by a number of steamers and, as visibility remained poor, in order to clear the lanes of steamer traffic converging on the Tuskar, we threw round on to the starboard tack and lay south by east.



At 4 a.m. on Monday, the wind having eased, we shook out reefs and set a large jib. Visibility was still bad, but wireless bearings had given us an approximate position of the Tuskar. At 7 a.m. the fog cleared within 15 minutes, the Tuskar was seen to be about 3 miles on our starboard bow and was brought abeam at 8.10 a.m.

From the Tuskar to Helvick with light variable winds and bright sunshine we had a most enjoyable sail, particularly as "GLANCE" was seen to be some miles astern of us, no other vessel being in sight. Helvick Head was brought abeam at 7 p.m. and with a freshening wind we were then forced to reef and set a small jib under Mine Head. By 10 p.m. a further 2 rolls were put in the main and we tacked along the coast to Ballycotton, which was brought abeam shortly before daybreak. At 6 a.m. off Poer Head we were able to shake out 3 rolls and the balance shortly before 8 a.m.

We were sorry to learn on our arrival at Crosshaven that "GLANCE", which we had last seen standing out astern of us to sea, had that night carried away her mast, but as a result of some very hard work on the part of her crew, had managed to get into Dunmore East under her own power.

At 8.23 a.m. on Tuesday (7th July) we rounded the Daunt ship and crossed the finishing off Roches Point after a quick run at 09.24 a.m., being welcomed by Gerald Barry with a gun. The crew's hopes were at this time high, as at the Daunt ship we had been informed that we were the second boat to arrive. This, however, subsequently proved to be incorrect, as "FANDANGO" had arrived the previous evening and "FLYING FOX" 3/4 hours ahead of us that morning.

Out of a total of 15 starters only 5 succeeded in completing the course, others retiring to various ports en route. A telegram to the Royal Munster Y.C. from "RONDINELLA's" owner that "he had retired from the Beaumaris/Cork race, in particular ocean racing in general" ably expressed the views of many of the participants.

#### CORK TO COWES:

The four days at Crosshaven were usefully spent in cleaning up and re-victualling the ship, watching the dinghy races, enjoying the Royal Munster hospitality and arranging for the new crew.

Both Robert Morehead and Peter Bailey had to leave us, the latter being due to fly out to Kuwait the following week-end, whilst Jack Tyrrell had to return to business, but was fortunately able to arrange to re-join us at Cowes.

The new crew consisted of Mick Sullivan, Peter Kennedy, Eric Healy and Alan Stewart, the latter having been one of the crew on the 1952 cruise.

The mooring was dropped at 4.30 a.m. on Sunday, 12th July. Roches Point was brought abeam at 5 a.m., the log streamed and a course set for the Longships, with a light south westerly wind.



During the day the wind steadily freshened until by 6 p.m. it was blowing approximately force 7/8, the log then reading 77 miles. It was decided to heave to, all sails were lowered and a warp streamed from the bow. We were particularly pleased to find that she rode very comfortably and all hands accordingly turned in.

At 7.15 a.m. on the 13th, the wind had eased to force 6, so the storm jib was set and we proceeded on our course. By 10.15 a.m. the wind had eased still further and we were able to hoist the mainsail with 9 rolls in. At 1.00 p.m. we shook out a further 2 rolls and sighted land right ahead. Twenty minutes later this was identified as the Longships, approximately  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles off.

From subsequent calculation we estimated that our drift during the night had been about 1 knot due south.

At 2.20 p.m. the Longships was brought abeam, distance a mile and a half, and a course set for the Runnelstone, which in turn was abeam at 3.45 p.m. At 4.30 we shook out a further 2 rolls and passed the Lizard at 6.30 p.m.

The Westerly wind continued to lighten, enabling us to shake out the remaining rolls in the mainsail and set the small spinnaker. By 8 p.m. it had freshened again to force 4/5 and we were making good progress up channel.

The Eddystone was sighted at 10.30 p.m. and, with the wind strengthening to force 5/6, the spinnaker was taken off and a couple of reefs rolled in the main.

During the night the wind again took off, so that at 3.30 a.m. we were able to shake out all reefs in the mainsail and by 6.15 a.m. had the Start point abeam.

With the fresh south westerly wind we made good progress across West Bay, bringing Portland Bill abeam at 1 p.m. distance, approximately 5 miles and then set course for the Needles. There was still a fairly heavy sea running, owing to the fresh winds of the previous days, but with bright sun we had a thoroughly enjoyable sail made more interesting by being able to watch the manoeuvres of some corvettes and helicopters operating from Portland Harbour. After passing the Shambles Lightship at 2.10 p.m. the wind again freshened until by 4 p.m. it was blowing force 6/7, still from the west, with the result that our course, being practically a dead run, made steering difficult.

Between the Shambles and St. Albans which we gave a good berth, in order to clear the race, we met several coasting tankers proceeding west, which more closely resembled half-tide rocks than ships, being swept from end to end.

At 5.40 p.m. when almost abreast of Anvil Point an involuntary jibe carried away our main sheet slider and a very strenuous quarter of an hour was spent by the crew in a big sea muzzling the mainsail.



We continued on our course under storm jib which considerably reduced our speed, as during the past few hours we had been logging from  $6\frac{1}{2}$  to 8 knots.

We were able to catch our tide at the Needles, which we brought abeam at 8.50 and dropped anchor off Cowes at 10.45 p.m.

The following morning (Wednesday) 15th July, all hands were on deck early, as the Dinard race was due to start the following morning at 10.45 a.m. After a quick clearance by the Customs, the owner went ashore to make arrangements for repairs to the mainsheet slider, the remainder of the crew following after straightening up the ship and taking an inventory of stores, etc., required.

The first call was to Uffa's flat where he was discovered at the telephone in more or less a state of nature and apparently recovering from an overnight party at which the principal item of interest had been a game of cricket played with wine bottles for stumps and oranges for balls.

As soon as the position was explained, Uffa took complete charge, arranged with Groves & Guttridge to put repairs in hand, ordered the "old gentlemen" (Mick Sullivan and the owner) to come ashore, stay at the flat and remain there until half an hour before the start of the race, so as to get thoroughly rested. In the meantime the "nippers" (the remainder of the crew) were given detailed instructions about swinging the ship for compass adjusting, getting on board stores, etc.

One of our crew, Peter Kennedy, had, unfortunately, to leave us, but was replaced by John Conan and Jack Tyrrell, who arrived that evening.

After an excellent luncheon at the local Hotel with Uffa, the "old gentlemen" turned in for a rest, whilst the "nippers" took the ship off to adjust compasses, all meeting again at the Island Sailing Club for the pre-race cocktail party at 6 p.m., followed by an excellent Dinner at the Queen's Hotel. All hands turned in early, the "old gentlemen" in Uffa's flat and the "nippers" on board the ship.

Uffa, who had spent the night at his cottage near St. Catherines, made a heroically early start and joined the "old gentlemen" at his flat for breakfast, during which he gave us valuable advice as to our plan of campaign during the race. In the meantime, Peter Kennedy had raided the local shops for last minute requirements and produced a very welcome and valuable present to the ship in the shape of 3 blankets, which were particularly welcome as we were somewhat short, in view of our large crew of 6.

#### COWES/DINARD RACE:

The crew for the race consisted of Mick Sullivan, Eric Healy, John Conan, Jack Tyrrell and Alan Stewart.

The moorings were dropped at 10.25 a.m. and at 10.45 we started east down the Solent with a south westerly wind, carrying full mainsail and genoa.



The Solent was a fine sight with a total of nearly 60 yachts, ranging from "NORDWIND" rating at 57.10, down to the Belgian yacht "STERDERZEE" rating at only 19, including yachts from French, Dutch and Belgian Clubs, as well as an American boat "CORINNA" also entered for the Fastnet race.

No-man's fort was passed at 11.45 a.m. and by this time the big Class boats, such as "NORDWIND", "BLOODHOUND" and "FOXHOUND", which had started a quarter of an hour after, were beginning to overtake us, whilst we in turn were overtaking the small Class, which had started a quarter of an hour ahead of us. At 1 p.m. we threw about on to the port tack and brought the Nab tower abeam at 1.37, the wind then commenced to freshen and 3 rolls were put in the main. By 4 o'clock St.Catherines was abeam and at 5, the wind having eased, we shook out all reefs and set a large intermediate jib.

As the wind enabled us on the starboard tack to lay well down mid-Channel, it was decided to hold this course unless the wind direction altered and, at 8.30 p.m. we handed the large jib and set the genoa. At 5.45 the following morning, with the Log reading 80 miles and the wind showing a tendency to veer, we threw round on to the starboard tack and continued on this until 12.25 p.m.

During the morning the wind had freshened substantially and we had to reduce to small jib. Shortly after noon it eased again and the big jib was again set. At 3.50, with the Log reading 119, which threw her on to the port tack, and at 4.20 tacked again to try and raise the land, which we did shortly afterwards and identified as being Guernsey.

To take advantage of the westgoing tide we stood right into the north coast of the Island, and by the time we had brought Les Hanois lighthouse on the west end of Guernsey abeam at 5.45 p.m. we were pleased to see about 9 yachts in various positions on the horizon astern of us.

We altered course for the entrance to St.Malo estuary, but ran into light winds, with the result that the boats astern of us, noting this, held up to weather and, getting the benefit of the freshening breeze when it filled in, most of them passed us before we reached the finishing line.

Some difficulty was experienced in identifying the leading marks for the entrance, which consist of two very powerful green lights which have to be kept in line. So powerful are these lights that they were at first taken to be wreck marking lights and it was only after a considerable time that we realised that they were some miles distant and were actually the navigational lights for the Harbour.

We crossed the finishing line shortly after 4 a.m. and anchored off Dinard at 5 a.m.

In spite of the early hour, within a few minutes of our arrival, we were hailed by representatives of the R.O.R.C. and local Club and given full information as to all arrangements for our reception and entertainment.



All hands turned in for a few hours much needed sleep, after which and a general clean-up, went ashore to the Yacht Club de Dinard after lunch.

At the Club a very efficient organisation had been laid on for the cashing of travellers' cheques and the issue of tickets for the evening's functions. Our arrival having been duly celebrated in the wine of the country, the usual hard luck stories exchanged with various competitors, the winners congratulated and the losers commiserated, we sought the advice of one of the local officials as to a suitable place to dine and were recommended to the Hotel Roche Corneille, which lived up fully to the recommendation by providing an excellent dinner at a very reasonable price, their five course dinner, with four or five choices to each course, only costing 500 francs (10/-d.) per head.

Jack Tyrrell had elected to stay ashore and booked accommodation at the same Hotel, which was a great help, as it eased what would have otherwise been a somewhat congested position on board.

After dinner the "old gentlemen" retired on board, but some of the younger members of the crew decided to patronise one of the local dance halls, with, it was subsequently learned, very satisfactory results, so much so that it became the practice of the junior members after dinner each evening during our stay at Dinard, the only slip being the discovery one evening that a particularly charming young French dancing partner was actually a mill lassie from Manchester.

It was decided to take advantage of our arrival in France to spend a few days exploring. On Sunday we visited St.Malo and were particularly impressed with the tremendous strides made in rebuilding and repairing of war damage. All rebuilding is being carried out in a dressed granite and the style of architecture of the few remaining original buildings is being maintained.

On Monday it had been hoped to visit Mont St.Michael, but owing to lack of time we were unable to do so and so took a short trip to a fishing village east of St.Malo called Concale, but did not find it particularly attractive. On the road from St.Malo to Concale we were most impressed by the intensive cultivation adopted, every spare inch being put to one purpose or another, there being a complete absence of hedges or banks dividing the fields.

We were fortunate in having the best weather of our trip whilst in Dinard, three hot sunny days, which were fully enjoyed. Jack Tyrrell had to leave us here and returned home on Tuesday by steamer via Southampton.

We got under way from Dinard at 4.30 a.m. on Tuesday, 21st July, with light wind and calm sea and, as a result of the lack of wind, had to motor almost the whole way to St.Peter Port, Guernsey. The entrance to which was reached at 3.25 where we were hailed by the Harbour Master's office from the Pier end and given instructions for berthing.

The harbour was very full of visiting yachts, but fortunately the wind, which freshened after our arrival, was blowing from the south west and, consequently, we had the shelter of the land.



Mick Sullivan and a couple of the members of the crew went ashore immediately to purchase fresh provisions and to make enquiries as to a good place to dine. On their return shortly before 6 p.m. the whole party went ashore and, after a short inspection, decided to patronise the Wyndham Hotel on the front. On entry to which the first person to greet us was Mr. Alick Buckley of Dublin and his wife, who had called in in their motor yacht "SECUTA" on their way back from the Mediterranean on the completion of a cruise lasting several months.

This meeting was particularly fortunate for the crew of "HUFF", as we were able to inform Alick Buckley that his dragon "ASHAKA" had just won the Duke of Edinburgh Cup, a fact of which he was up to then unaware, and as a result of which he insisted on our enjoying his hospitality, not only at the Hotel, but also subsequently on board his very fine cruiser.

As a result of his hospitality we were unable to carry out our overnight promise to wish him Bon Voyage at 5.30 a.m. when he was due to leave for Southampton. We got underway at 6.30 a.m. with a good whole-sale breeze and brought the Platte Fougere light abeam at 7.48 a.m.

With a freshening westerly wind, four rolls in the main and a small jib, we were only able to lay north north west.

It had been our intention to make for the Scillies, but the unfavourable wind and shortage of time ruled this out. By 7.30 that evening we had the Start light abeam, distance about 4 miles, and then tacked along the coast until we had reached the western end of Plymouth Breakwater when it was decided to put into Cawsand Bay for the remainder of the night, anchor being let go at 2 a.m. on Thursday, 23rd.

At 9.15 a.m. that day we weighed anchor and, with the wind still fresh from the west, beat down the Cornish coast. As we were again running short of fresh provisions, particularly bread, it was decided to call at Fowey. We entered this charming little harbour at 2.15 p.m., anchoring at 2.30.

The Customs came alongside as soon as we had dropped the hook and gave us quick clearance. Mick and some of the crew then went ashore, made their number at the local Club and purchased the required provisions, getting back on board shortly after 5 p.m. when we put to sea again and beat westward until 8.30 p.m. by which time we had St. Anthony's Head at the entrance to Falmouth abeam. As the tide round the Lizard was not favourable, it was decided to go into the Helford River and anchor for the night, which was done in Durgan Bay at 9.35 p.m.

At 6 a.m. on Friday, 24th, we weighed anchor, cleared the Helford River, whilst breakfasting and set course for the Lizard. The wind still continued south westerly, force 2/3, the Lizard was brought abeam at 9 a.m. course set for the Longships, which was abeam by 12.35 p.m.



Just after rounding the Lizard there was suddenly a loud crack from the motor, which we had been using to ensure our catching our tide, which startled everyone, particularly those who were below resting. On investigation, the motor appeared undamaged, but whether put into forward or reverse gear, failed to drive the propeller.

On our return to Dublin, it was found that, owing to the slacking back of a nut on the shaft, the sailing clutch had disintegrated.

The wind had been, during this time, very variable from force 2 to as high as force 5. After rounding the Longships, we set course for the Tuskar and made good progress during the afternoon. For a couple of hours we logged a steady 8 knots, but with the sunset, the wind continued to freshen, until at 10.30 it was deemed advisable to heave to, particularly as there was an extremely awkward cross sea. We, therefore, lowered all sails, streamed a warp out of the bow and turned in.

The boat's motion was, owing to the cross sea, very uncomfortable and at 3 a.m., the wind having eased, we got underway again, much to everyone's relief, and until 1.30 p.m. made between 6 and 7 knots.

About noon we passed through a small fleet of Spanish trawlers and, shortly after 1.30 p.m. sighted the Hook light on our port bow.

We were somewhat anxious as to whether we should be able to catch our tide at the Tuskar, but were fortunately successful, passing it at 6 p.m. and, with a strong flood under us, made very fast progress up the Irish coast, passing Wicklow Head at 1 a.m. and picking up our moorings in Dun Laoghaire at 7.15 a.m. on Sunday, 26th July.

With the exception of the 3 days in Dinard, the weather had not been particularly kind to us, but we had managed to cover well over 1200 miles in approximately a fortnight actual sailing.

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LOG BY MR. A.W. MOONEY

This is the story of the passage to Belfast Lough and back, made by three dragons this summer in connection with the Edinburgh Cup races held under the auspices of the Royal North of Ireland Yacht Club at Cultra.

None of us kept any log and I can, therefore, only rely on my memory for the details.

The three dragons were "ASHAKA", flying the R.I.Y.C. burgee, owned by Alick Buckley and sailed by Jimmy Mooney with Robin Benson as crew; "Eun Mara", flying the N.Y.C. burgee and sailed by Eric O'Brien with Connel O'Brien and Jerry Smyth as crew and "Hurricane IV", flying the R.St.G. Y.C. burgee and owned and sailed by myself with Don Douglas as crew.

The Edinburgh Cup Races were to commence on Monday, July 13th, so we arranged to start from Dun Laoghaire on the evening of Thursday the 9th; the intention being to get to Howth or somewhere along the coast that evening and then make a proper start on the Friday morning. Well, on Thursday it was blowing very fresh from the N.W., so much so indeed that all races except the 24 footers were cancelled. However, the three dragons started off about 7.30 p.m. well reefed and made very good time to the Baily, sailing about a point free. We then lost the shelter of the land and came on the wind and with wind against tide conditions were not pleasant. Off the nose of Howth it was really bad and we were sorely tempted to put into Howth for the night, but as we still had the tide with us, I determined to push on to Lough Shinny, which is very comfortable in N.W. winds. So we beat down Howth Sound and into the more sheltered water off Malahide and arrived off Lough Shinny at dark, sailed in and anchored in the Bay and, after a meal, turned in for the night.

Next morning, Friday, it was blowing as hard as ever from N.N.W. and we gave up any idea of starting until it either moderated or the wind shifted. After breakfast we rigged our outboards and motored over to the Pier and tied up alongside, a nice sunny morning. Don met a pal who was on holiday in Lough Shinny and we were invited to his house where all hands had more breakfast. The wind was now moderating and at about 2 p.m. we decided to get going again and found the sea quite moderate outside and the breeze steadily getting lighter and at 3.30 p.m. we had the Rockabill abeam and all the wind had gone and for the next five hours we were utterly becalmed and, although we got the outboards going, made little progress against the tide until about 8.30 p.m. when a nice S.E. air came along and so we sailed all night within a few yards of each other, with the breeze freshening all the time and by morning, when off St. John's Point, it was blowing quite fresh and later when crossing Strangford entrance we got all we wanted in the Race. We took the passage inside the South Rock and here we all reduced sail, as it was now blowing really hard from S.W. Off Burial Island, "Hurricane" was down to a trysail, "Ashaka" with her main rolled down to the number and "Eun Mara" with genoa only and so we sailed along at evidently our maximum speed as, notwithstanding the variations in our respective rigs,



we all kept going together at the same speed. Going through Donaghadee Sound, Jimmy in "Ashaka" stowed his main and ran along quite merrily under bare poles.

In Belfast Lough the wind had gone more westerly and was now a good force 7 or 8 and it was a very close pinch to Cultra. "Ashaka" and "Hurricane" closed up on the weather shore for shelter, but "Eun Mara" with only her jib set, could not hold so high a wind and got a terrific dusting and, having carried away her starboard runner, did not want to make a tack. She was, however, picked up by the Club launch and towed to her moorings, which had been specially laid down for her, as had also been done for "Ashaka" and "Hurricane". This was the first sign of the extreme efficiency of the arrangements which the Royal North of Ireland Yacht Club had made for our comfort and convenience.

I am not dealing here with the actual week's racing for the Cup; that would take up too much space, but I do want to mention the wonderful hospitality that was shown to us all the time we were in the North - cocktail parties, dances, everything, including the best of good fellowship. To show an instance of this: "Hurricane's" main sheet horse broke in half during the First Race and that evening one of our competitors went specially into Belfast, opened up his works, made a new horse and turned up the next morning with it in time for the next race.

On Sunday morning, July 19th, about 9 o'clock, we regretfully went aboard to start our passage home and with the Edinburgh Cup in "Ashaka's" locker, Eric taking my car and caravan home to Dublin for me and Ken Douglas, who had driven it to Belfast, taking charge of "Eun Mara" with Cornel as crew, Jerry Smith having left us at Cultra.

As the yachts sailed away each one got a Royal Salute of guns from the Club, a grand send off. A lovely morning, warm sun and nice N.W. breeze, giving us a spinnaker run all the way to Donaghadee, off which the wind dropped and in a few minutes came in fresh from the S.E., a dead noser for us. However, we kept at it and the seas got heavier and heavier and I decided to run in to Portavogie for shelter.

As soon as we were all snugly tied alongside the pier, we were told we would have to get out, as the harbour was closed during the construction of a new pier and that the bottom was littered with granite blocks and boulders, which we would sit on at low water, so we decided to try and make for Strangford or if the weather moderated Ardglass and, again taking the passage inside the South Rock, we started a weary and wet beat in a heavy sea. About three miles north of Strangford it became impossible to go any further with everything sodden and no chance of a meal and far too much wind, so we hove to under the partial lee of the southern arm of Miln Bay for a consultation and I suggested running back all the way to Donaghadee. Jimmy, however, was for running deeper into Miln Bay and anchoring for the night and this we did; but it was a very risky thing to do, as the slightest backing of the wind by even a point would have had us on a lee shore and it was then blowing a gale and I doubt if we could have got out of it if this had happened.



It continued to blow at gale force all Sunday night and all Monday, but when I awoke at dawn on the Tuesday morning, although the sea was still very heavy, the wind which was still in the same quarter had moderated a bit and we decided to have a try at it and left about 4 a.m., well reefed down, and after a wet and weary beat fetched into Ardglass Harbour about 7 a.m.

Hardly had we our anchors down when there was a hail from the Pier from Mr. Morton, who had been warned to look out for us, to come ashore to his house for baths, etc., and then to a magnificent breakfast in the Hotel as his guests. Some hospitality!!

It blew hard all day, but we were better off in Ardglass than in Miln Bay. The trouble, however, was that both Don and Ken had to leave us, being already overdue at their jobs. This left "Eun Mara" without a skipper and "Hurricane" without a crew. I then 'phoned to Don's wife in Dun Laoghaire asking her to try and rake up a crew for us and, in less than an hour she 'phoned to say she was bringing up David Ryder and Adrian Henry in her car and would drive Don and Ken home. This she did and arrived about 6 p.m.

In the meantime, the boys at the R.N.I. Club had heard we were in Ardglass and a carload turned up that evening and we had a very good party, saying goodbye to them about midnight.

We made an effort on the Wednesday afternoon to beat home, but had to give it up after an hour or two and return again to Ardglass.

The next morning, Thursday, the wind had shifted to West, blowing fresh, but this meant a reach home. Off we started at about 5 a.m. with Adrian as skipper of "Eun Mara" and David crewing with me and did a wonderful non-stop run to Dun Laoghaire at our maximum speed and picked up our moorings about 6 p.m., only thirteen hours from Ardglass.

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LIST OF MEMBERS

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<u>NAME</u>	<u>ADDRESS &amp; TELEPHONE</u> <u>NUMBER</u>	<u>YACHT</u>	<u>THAMES</u> <u>TONNAGE</u>
Allen Capt. J.F.	c/o 14 Dundela Park, Sandycove.		
Allen R.H.	14 Dundela Park, Sandycove (83276)		
Berridge Lt.Col. R.L.	Scrahallia, Cashel, Connemara. (Cashel Galway 4)	VIVETTE 11	-
Booth E.M.	34 Priory Avenue, Stillorgan.	GIPSY (Dragon)	-
Bourke J. Roger	Corbiere, Ashbourne Avenue, Limerick. (Limerick 1479)	HAN KOW	4
Bridges, Mrs. M.C.D.	Seamark, Glandore, Co.Cork (Leap 7)	MAB (P.O.)	6
Broderick Kevin J.	52, Castle Park Rd. Glenageary, Co.Dublin. (83397, 72761)		
Begley W.	87, Tritonville Road, Dublin.		
Brownlee F.W.	2, Maretimo Gardens West, Blackrock, Co. Dublin.	FLYING FOX	20
Campbell Commdr. F.H.P., D.S.O.	3, Grosvenor Terrace, Monkstown, Co. Dublin (84587)	VISTONAH	32
Campbell R.P.	Cotswold, Westminster Road, Foxrock. Co. Dublin (84135)	ALATA	5
Chadwick Terence	Lissen Hall, Swords, Co.Dublin (Swords 220)	HUZURE (P.O.)	8
Charles R.	4, Clare Street, Dublin.		
Cobbe T.L.	Newbridge House, Donabate.	CHARM	6
Cooper C.W.	The Rectory, Athlone.		
Clerk H.W.S.	Rocklands, Upperlands, Londonderry.	ZAMORIN	7



<u>NAME</u>	<u>ADDRESS &amp; TELEPHONE</u> <u>NUMBER.</u>	<u>YACHT</u>	<u>THAMES</u> <u>TONNAGE</u>
Collins Jas.	Munster & Leinster Bank Ltd., Arklow, Co. Wicklow		
Collins J.B.	Mulberry, Clenamuck Rd., Carrickmines.		
Collins W.J.	Weirview, Sunday's Well, Cork.		
Cotter Kieran	Cape Clear, Baltimore, Co. Cork.		
Cottrell John B.	17, Parnell Place, Cork.		
Courtney Ross	Dinard, La Vista Avenue, Sutton, Co. Dublin	MIMOSA (17' OD)	3
Cresswell R.	Lynton, Dalkey Avenue, Dalkey.		
Chambers C.W.	Lamont, Templeogue Road, Dublin. (95638)	FINGAL (P.O.)	15
Crocker T.G.	7, The Quay, Waterford.	RON	30
Crosbie Senator J.	15, Ailesbury Road, Dublin.		
Crosbie Commr. Geo.	Whitepoint House, Cobh, Co. Cork.		
Crosbie Thomas	Woodlands, Montenotte, Cork.	IF	12
Cross T.Fergus	Montenotte House, Cork.	HELGA	10
Cudmore Fred	Westcourt, College Road, Cork. (23862)	SETANTA	10
Carse R. Fitzgibbon	Cotswold, Thirlestone Road, Cheltenham, Glos.		
Daly D.L.	Currabinny, Crosshaven, Co. Cork.	HERON	
De Ste Croix W.B.	52, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2.	ISIS	12
Devereux A.	9, Fleet Street, Dublin.		



<u>NAME</u>	<u>ADDRESS &amp; TELEPHONE NUMBER.</u>	<u>YACHT</u>	<u>THAMES TONNAGE</u>
Douglas K.G.	Monte Alverno, Dalkey Co. Dublin.		
Doyle Thomas F.	Menloe, Blackrock, Co. Cork.	SYBIL	6
Duff John C.	c/o C.M.851 Co Tulsiqunk, B.C., Canada.	NAOMI (P.O.)	3
Duff Joseph M.	88, Temple Road, Blackrock, Co.Dublin (84414)	NAOMI (P.O.)	
Donegan J.D.	Fastnet, Ballinlough, Cork. (23499)		
Elliott W. Mayne	Rosneath, Buncrana, Co. Donegal.	DAYDREAM	4
Faulkner J.A.	Tullynakil House, Comber, Co. Down. (Killinchy 253)	NORDENE	154
Fitzgerald Jos.	24, Patrick Street, Cork.		
Flanagan R.J.	Distillery Road, Dublin.		
French Miss Daphne A.	Pamir Cottage, Dunmore East, Co. Waterford.		
Fuller Thomas	Grianan, Skibbereen, Co.Cork. (Skibbereen 6).		
Garriock J.M.H.	Wyvernette, Killiney Road, Killiney, Co. Dublin.		
Gore-Lloyd E.	Ecchinswell House, Nr. Newbury, Berks, England.	BENBOW	53
Greer P.H.	22, Greenfield Road, Sutton, Co.Dublin.	MOONFACE	6
Hall R.A.	Carrigmore, Cobh, Co. Cork.	FLICA	33
Hally M.F.	Ardeevin, North Circular Road, Limerick.		



<u>NAME</u>	<u>ADDRESS &amp; TELEPHONE NUMBER.</u>	<u>YACHT</u>	<u>THAMES TONNAGE</u>
Hall R.C.A.	Lauriville, Carrigaline, Co. Cork.	LORELEI	5
Hanan T.J.	Kenmare, Kill Road, Foxrock, Co. Dublin (86097)		
Healy A.A.	Newtown, Bantry, Co. Cork.		
Healy Thomas	10, North St., Skibbereen, Co. Cork.		
Heaney Mrs. Jocelyn	Boat House, Blakeney, Holt, Norfolk, England.		
Harman S.T.S.	3, Temple Lawn, Ballintemple, Co. Cork.		
Heard R.D.	29, Royal Terrace West, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin. (83709)	HUFF OF ARKLOW	14
Henry F.J. M.B., F.R.C.S.I.	24, Upper Fitzwilliam Street, Dublin	JACQUELINE	-
Hollwey Lt. Col. J.B.	Eski Shehr, Cabinteely.	VIKING O	14
Hollwey G.W.	21, Calary Road, Mount Merrion, Dublin.		
Hooper Sean S.C.	4, Pakenham Road, Monkstown, Co. Dublin	EAN GAILE	-
Horsman H.F.	Copse House, Rathdrum, Co. Wicklow.		
Humphries Ivan	Maya Cove, Tortula, via St. Thomas. B.W.I.	MAYA	
Hunter-Blair Mrs. David	Seacliff House, Aberdour Fife, Scotland.	SHEARWATER (Dinghy) 12 ft.	
Hyland John J.	Glenleam, Blackrock Road, Cork.		
Kane P.B.	6, Islington Avenue, Dun Laoghaire.	SIDHE GAOITHE (P.O.)	



<u>NAME</u>	<u>ADDRESS &amp; TELEPHONE NUMBER.</u>	<u>YACHT</u>	<u>THAMES TONNAGE</u>
Kavanagh P.J.	Leahurst, Douglas Road, Cork (23491).	MAYBIRD (18' Nat.)	
Kay Alex.R.	Rothsay Hotel, 11 Eden Quay, Dublin. (44885)	ECHO	3
Kearney John B.	27, Eaton Square, Monkstown, Co. Dublin.	FINGAL (P.O.)	15
Keatinge Lt. Col. A.F.H., M.C., R.A.M.C.	Bramberg, Sutton, Co. Dublin.		
Keatinge D.	42, Grafton Street, Dublin.		
Kelly-Rogers, Capt. J.C.	Ard-na-Cree, Knocknacree Road, Dalkey.	AVIL	5
Kenny J.J.	Portroe, Nenagh, Co. Tipperary.		
Kirkham T.G.	Avonmore Lodge, Avoca, Co. Wicklow.		
Lane T.J.D., M.D.	71, Lr. Baggot Street, Dublin	ROSALIND	6
Love C.	18, Coach Street, Cork.	GALCADOR	
McCormack Paget	2, Otranta Place, Sandycove.		
MacBride W.	39, Harcourt Street, Dublin.		
McCleery H.	Island Bane, Killinchy, Co. Down.		
McCormick H.C.G.	Ballinlig, Beltra, Co. Sligo	APHRODITE	3
McFerran Keith	Dangan, Carrickmines, Co. Dublin.	HUZURE (P.O.)	8
McKechnie W.G.B.	Rhubeg, Strone, Argyll	C.B. Dinghy 12 feet	



<u>NAME</u>	<u>ADDRESS &amp; TELEPHONE NUMBER.</u>	<u>YACHT</u>	<u>THAMES TONNAGE</u>
McKinley F.	Beechfield, Sydney Ave., Blackrock.		
McMullen L.	The Dell, Foxrock, Co.Dublin (84226)	RAINBOW	6 $\frac{1}{2}$
McMullen Mrs. Claire	The Dell, Foxrock, Co. Dublin.		
Macken J.J.	White House, Dalkey Avenue, Dalkey, Co.Dublin.	AILEEN (Dragon)	
Magill, R.	Albion House, Sandycove, Co. Dublin.	THE TRUANT	
Maguire B.	6, Mount Charles, Belfast (27938)	MINX OF MALHAM	7
Martin Capt. Walter Riddel	2, Bayswater Terrace, Sandycove, Co.Dublin.		
Maxwell, Fawcett	Frescati, Blackrock, Co. Dublin.		
Mellon, Douglas	Thormanby Lodge, Howth, Co. Dublin.	OSMUNDA	11
Mellon A.M.	5, St. Michael Street, Oxford.		
Mellon D.E., M.D.	30, Fitzwilliam Place, Dublin. (66460)		
Micks, R.H., M.D.	18, Fitzwilliam Place, Dublin.		
Mooney A.W.	Ardfert, Breffni Road, Sandycove, Co.Dublin.	HURRICANE IV (Dragon)	6
Mooney A.J., M.D.	26, Upper Fitzwilliam Street, Dublin.		
Moore Godfrey B., Hon. Treas.	33, Albert Road, Glenageary, Co.Dublin. (83152)		
Morehead R.	Currabinny, Crosshaven, Co.Cork (Crosshaven 47)	WINDWARD	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Murtagh Diarmuid	Oaklawn, Athlone. (Athlone 10).	ECHELONS	$\frac{1}{2}$



<u>NAME</u>	<u>ADDRESS &amp; TELEPHONE NUMBER</u>	<u>YACHT</u>	<u>THAMES TONNAGE</u>
McCormack Plunkett	11, Hume Street, Dublin. (64908)		
O'Kelly W.J.	50, Villerea Park, Glenageary, Co.Dublin.	MABEL	6
O'Brien Eric	The Haven, Breffni Rd., Sandycove, Co.Dublin (79631)		
O'Brien H.D., M.D.	65, Fitzwilliam Square, Dublin.		
O'Byrne Thos.E.	Thomdale, Beaumont Park, Ballintemple, Cork.		
O'Connor Dan J.	Kotor, Vico Terrace, Daikey, Co. Dublin.		
O'Donovan W.J.	Eldorado, Ballintemple, Co. Cork.		
Odlum Ed. John	60, Albert Road, Glenageary, Co.Dublin.		
Odlum Peter B.	Dublin Port Milling Co. Ltd., Alexandra Wharf, Dublin.	MAUREEN	6
O'Farrell, K.	Gowran Hall, Ballygihen Avenue, Sandycove, Co. Dublin.		
O'Hanlon Rory H. M.D.	36, Fitzwilliam Square, Dublin. (62080)	FIREDRAKE (Dragon)	
O'Herlihy M.J.	32, Villerea Park, Glenageary, Co.Dublin.		
O'Keefe P.	Ard-na-Greine, Bantry, Co.Cork (Bantry 33)	MAVIS	10
O'Keefe Ray	Landscape, Drinagh, Wexford. (Wexford 280)	MARY C (Mermaid)	
O'Lochlainn Colm	9, Fleet Street, Dublin.		
O'Regan Dr. F. St.J.	Hope Hospital, Salford 6. Lancs. & Mayville, Cobh, Co. Cork.		



<u>NAME</u>	<u>ADDRESS &amp; TELEPHONE NUMBER.</u>	<u>YACHT</u>	<u>THAMES TONNAGE</u>
Osterberg Harold	Walford, Shrewsbury Road, Dublin.	MARAMA	14
Osterberg Paul	19, Fitzwilliam Sq., Dublin ( 64130)	ALPA 11 (Dragon)	
Pope A.E.	Victoria Cross, Cork.	VAGRANT	21
Purcell Denis, J. Hon. Measurer.	3, Marlboro' Road, Glenageary, Co. Dublin (81849, 61191)	SONIA (P.O.)	9
Purcell Pierce M.	Albert House, Stillorgan Park, Stillorgan, Co. Dublin.	SONIA (P.O.)	9
Richardson Cecil J.W.	Hillside, Baily, Co. Dublin.	ANN GAIL	12
Riordan Cashel J.	The Paddock, Temple- lawn, Blackrock Rd., Cork.		
Rearden John	Rossalia, Shanakiel Road, Cork.		
Roche T.H.	Ros-na-Greine, Avoca Avenue, Blackrock, Co. Dublin.	NANEEN	5
Rowlands David G.	11, Dundela Park, Sandycove, Co. Dublin.		
Smallldridge S.F.	Weston Lodge, Burdett Avenue, Sandycove, Co. Dublin.	MERCIA 111	6
Somerville-Large, P.T.	Vallombrosa, Bray, Co. Wicklow.	SHIRA (P.O.)	21
Starkey R.V.	11, Sandford Avenue, Marlboro' Road, Donnybrook, Dublin.	BONITA	3
Sullivan D.St.J	Tirnanogue, Malahide, Co. Dublin.	DUNLIN	
Sullivan Michael A., Commodore.	Eglantine, Douglas Road, Cork. (23424)	MARCHWOOD MAID	13



<u>NAME</u>	<u>ADDRESS &amp; TELEPHONE NUMBER.</u>	<u>YACHT</u>	<u>THAMES TONNAGE</u>
Terry L.H., M.D.	The Lynch, Goodwick, Pembrokeshire, Wales. (Fishguard 2118)	KOTIK	7
Thomson C.H.	Bunclody, Springfield Park, Foxrock.		
Thompson A.F.B.	16, Sydney Avenue, Blackrock, Co. Dublin (82011, 61951)	ROSEMARY (17')	3
Tyrrell John	56, Ferrybank, Arklow		
Walsh R.T.	Benbaun, Belgrave Road, Monkstown, Co. Dublin.		
Walsh J.P.	32, Dartmouth Square, Dublin.		
Walsh P.T.	32, Dartmouth Square, Dublin.		
Welply Wm.O.M.O.	6, Bridge Street, Bandon, Co. Cork.		
Whyte John D.	Sutton Lodge, Strand Road, Sutton, Co. Dublin.		
Wilson T.G. M.B., F.R.C.S.I.	3, Fitzwilliam Square, Dublin. (62757)	FENESTRA	-
Wolfe A.J.	Ilfracombe, Douglas Road, Cork.	GUILLEMOT (P.O.)	
Woodley F.R.	Glenavon, Rushbrooke, Co. Cork.		
Wright H.B., M.D.	22, The Rise, Mount Merrion, Co. Dublin (85051)	HURRY	5
Wright H.J., M.D.	59, Merrion Square, Dublin. (61371)	VANDRA	8

#### HONORARY MEMBERS

Barrett H.R.	3, High Street, Saffron Walden, Essex.	MUSSETTE	3
Buckley Col.R.C. McLean, M.D.	c/o, Royal Ocean Racing Club, 20, St. James's Place, London, S.W. 1.		



<u>NAME</u>	<u>ADDRESS &amp; TELEPHONE</u> <u>NUMBER</u>	<u>YACHT</u>	<u>THAMES</u> <u>TONNAGE</u>
Cree Donal C.L.	Hon. Sec., Royal Cruising Club, 1, New Square, Lincoln's Inn, W.C. 2. (Byfleet 444 and Holborn 4029 )	GULNARE	9
Goldsmith Vice-Admiral Sir L.	58, Welbeck Street, London, W.1.		

POST-SCRIPT

Through the kindness of the Designer, Mr. John B. Kearney and the owners, we hope to publish the plans of the yachts "FINGAL", "GANNET" and "CROSSWINDS".

Owing to the time required for the reproduction of the plans, it is doubtful whether it will be possible to include them at the time of the publication of the Journal, but if this cannot be arranged, they will be forwarded to members subsequently.







