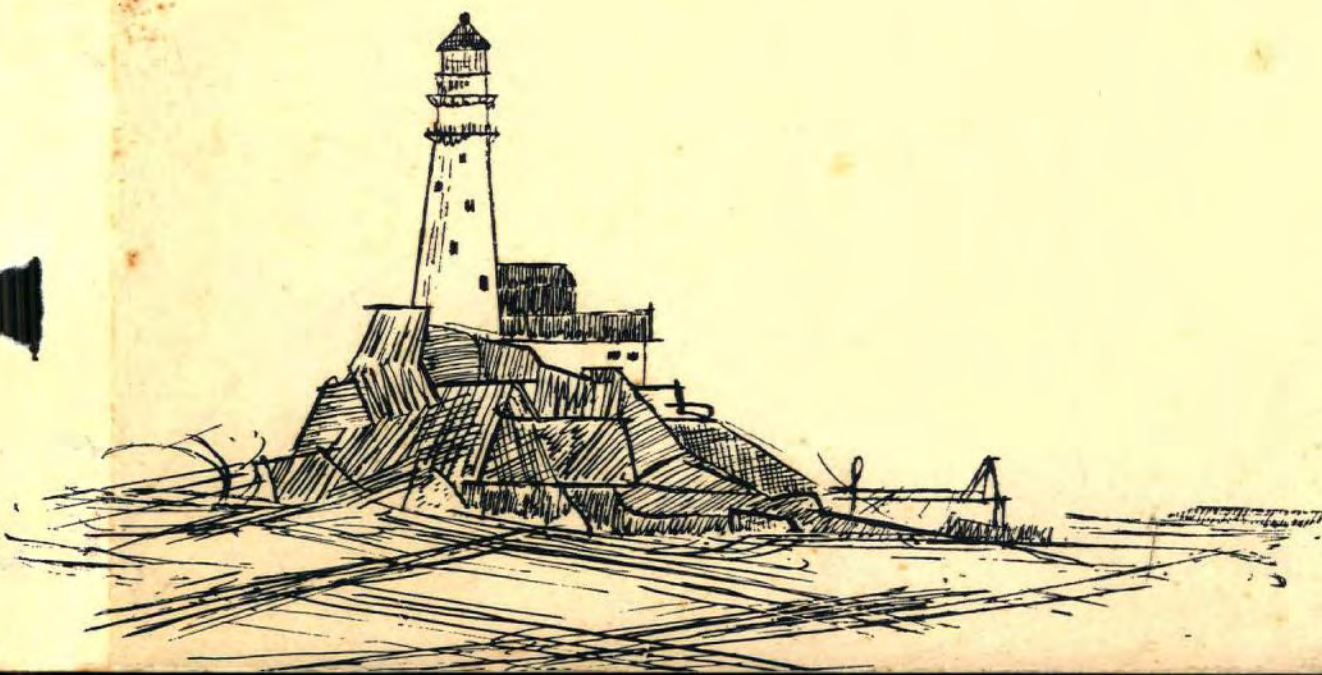


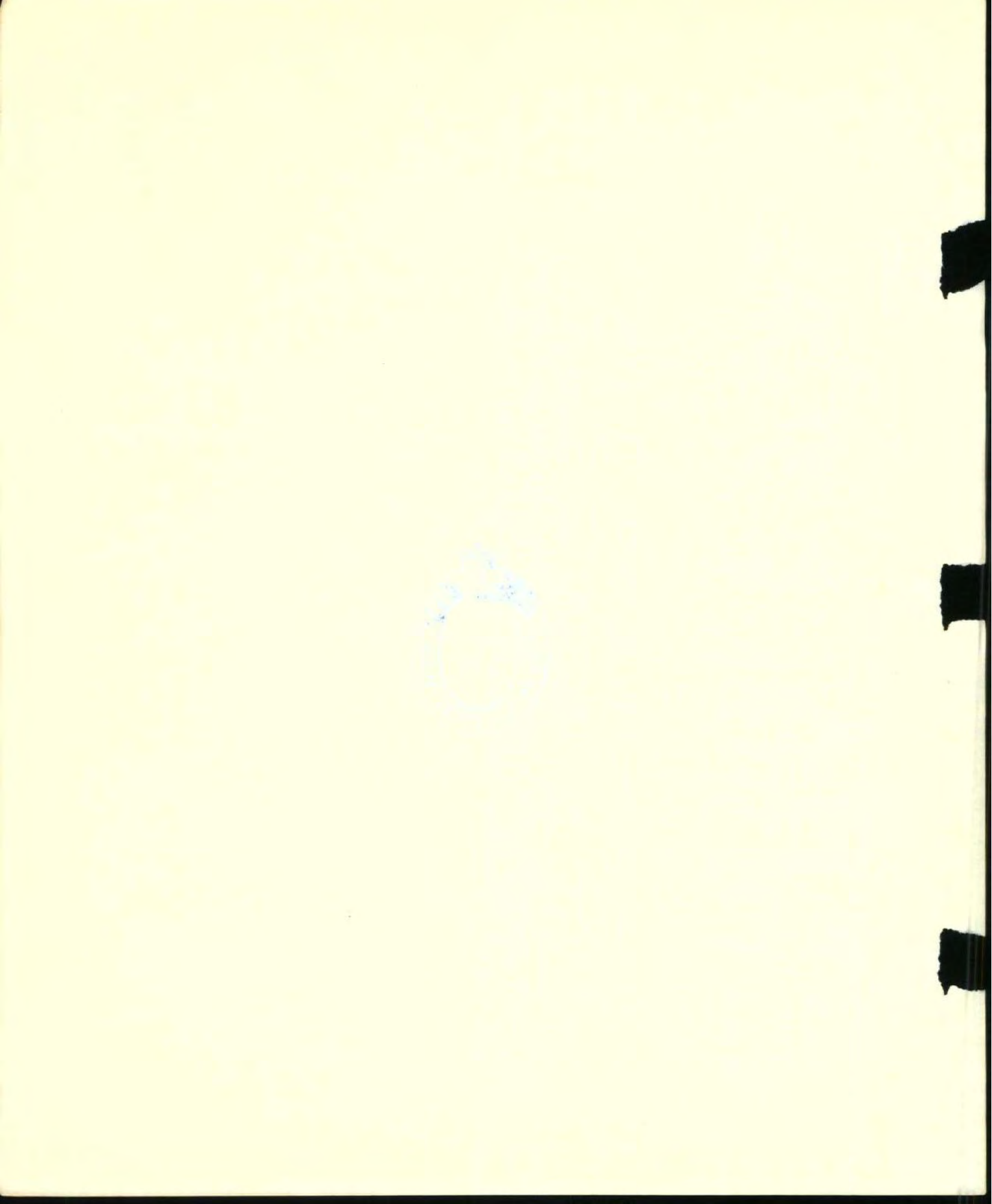


Irish Cruising Club Annual 1963









Irish Cruising Club Annual- 1963.

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Cover:

Drawing of Fastnet by Joe Clarke,
crew for Cormac O'Ceallaig on
"Julia".

Honorary Secretary's Report.

Gentlemen and Lady Members - I beg to present my Report on the activities of the Club during the year:-

1963 has been yet another year of indifferent weather and this has had quite an appreciable effect on the sailing events during the season. However, in spite of this there is a feeling of buoyancy within the Club as our various activities have shown.

During the year more than twenty five new members were elected to the Club. A large percentage of these are from the North of Ireland, where enthusiastic Committee representation has been reflected in the response of local yachtsmen, and in the undoubted success of the local social events which have been held under our burgee.

The number of logs entered for the three Challenge Cups has been very encouraging in comparison with the very poor response of last year. Whilst nothing truly spectacular has been accomplished during the season it is quite clear that the members have been active and enthusiastic in submitting logs for these competitions. Response for the Journal itself has been extremely good and it should prove a bumper edition.

The Faulkner Cup this year was won by "Neon Tetra" owned by Terry Roche for his cruise back from Holland.

The Fortnight Cup was awarded to "Ain Mara", skippered by W.M. Nixon, for a cruise to Stornaway and back from Northern Ireland; the Round Ireland Cup goes to "Wynalda", owned by William and Brian Smyth.

The Donegan Memorial Cup was awarded this year for the best performance by an I.C.C. boat in the Morecambe Bay Race. A very well deserved win was recorded by Stephen O'Mara in "Fenestra".

The Club was well represented in International events this year as three members entered their boats in the Fastnet Race:

Class 1.	Helen of Howth. Owner: The Commodore.
Class 11.	Greylag of Arklow. Owner: Commander Sheppard.
	Querida. Owner: D.N. Doyle.

All three entries acquitted themselves very well in the face of truly fantastic competition.

Without doubt the Musters suffered more from the weather than other Club activities. Poor fitting out conditions tended to make the season late getting under way, and a local Muster held at Lambay during the early part of the season was very poorly attended. The Annual Muster itself, due to be held at Carlingford Lough at the end of August, was abandoned owing to an unfavourable weather forecast- although the expected bad weather did not in fact materialise. In retrospect, it would have been possible to hold this event as planned, but at this stage in the season members were understandably reluctant to run the risk of having to leave their boats far from home.

Part of the enjoyment of racing must surely be the uncertainty of the weather, and this season competitors were not disappointed. The Whitsuntide Race from Dun Laoghaire to Holyhead round the Rockabill Lighthouse started in almost a flat calm, and by the time a working breeze filled in most of the competitors had retired through frustration. The wind steadily increased from the East and by the time the only two remaining yachts in the race completed the course it was blowing almost a full gale. The winner of this race was "Greylag of Arklow", with "Helen of Howth" second.

The boats in the South held their traditional race from Cork round the Fastnet Rock to Schull. They too started in light conditions but the increasing easterly wind gave them a fine fast passage to Schull, and all boats finished within what must have been almost a record time. However, when returning on the Sunday, the wind was a dead noser, and everybody came in for a pasting. "Severn 11" and "Happy Morning" were both dis-masted, and "Christina" was driven ashore in Castletownshend Harbour.

The Islands Race was due to be held on July 6th but only one entry was received owing to a very significant counter attraction. The daughter of one of the Island's most prominent yachtsmen was to be married that day and, very appropriately, the sea had to take second place. It was hoped that the event could be fitted in at a later date, but in the end this did not prove possible.

Cruising and racing have, as always, attracted two quite separate groups of yachtsmen. Both these groups are well represented in the Club, and for some time there has been a feeling that the name should, in some way, be changed to signify that we support both activities rather than purely cruising. Many convincing opinions have been expressed both for and against this, but little progress has been made. However, a racing sub-committee has been formed within the general Committee, consisting of representatives from Dublin, Cork and Belfast, in an effort to serve the interests of that particular section of the membership.

The ability of the Club to provide a real service to cruising yachtsmen has been well reflected in the sales of the South, South West and West Coast Sailing Directions. A very large percentage of the thousand copies, which were originally printed, have already been sold, and this has enabled the Club to build up Funds which will produce a revised edition of the North and East Coast Sailing Directions.

It had been hoped that this companion volume would be available for the 1964 season, but regrettably it now seems unlikely. In order to produce a completely up-to-date work of this type a tremendous amount of hard work and co-ordination is required, and delays are often unavoidable.

The social activities of the Club, which take place ashore, were generally well supported. The Annual Dinner was held in Dun Laoghaire this year at the Royal St. George Yacht Club, and was one of the last functions to take place in that building before their extensive renovations began. The Irish Cruising Club is without premises of its own and must rely on the hospitality of other Clubs when organising its functions. The Club has always received the warmest of welcomes from Clubs up and down the country which are far too numerous to mention individually and to these we extend our most sincere thanks.

In March, Eric and Susan Hiscock visited us in Dublin and gave us one of their delightful film shows, and in the Autumn two more excellent film shows were presented to the Club. The first was a film of the last America's Cup series, and the second an illustrated lecture by Commander Peter Hamilton. Both these events were held in Cork, Dublin and Belfast, on consecutive days, thus enabling a large percentage of the membership to attend if they wished.

It was with deep regret that we learned of the death of Mr. R.A. Hall; this fine yachtsman will long be remembered by the Club.

In 1964 the Club can look forward to another active year. The growing interest in Northern Ireland is likely to continue. The Club has been asked to send representation to the Dun Laoghaire Week Committee in an advisory capacity, and much closer co-operation is envisaged between the Club and its near neighbours across the Irish Sea, the newly formed North West Off-shore Association. There is every reason to expect a successful year.

Peter B. Morck,
Hon. Secretary.

Club Officers and Committee for 1963.

Flag Officers.

Commodore:	P.H. Greer.
Vice-Commodore:	C. Riordan.
Rear-Commodore:	W.H.D. McCormick.

Officers.

Honorary Treasurer:	G.B. Moore.
Honorary Journal Editor:	A.H. Masser.
Honorary Auditor:	J. Findlay Brown.
Honorary Secretary:	Dr. P.B. Morck.

Committee.

Cork.

Col. E.L. Berridge.
D.N. Doyle.

Dublin.

Paul Campbell.
R.D. Heard.
R.I. Morrison.
P.D. Odlum.
Dr. R.H. O'Hanlon.

Belfast.

W.H.S. Clark.
Dr. W.E. Glover.
D. McIllwaine.

New Members. 1963.

Felix Bernard.

W.S. Braidwood.

Mrs. W.S. Braidwood.

J.D. Beckett.

W.L. Brown.

J.M. Boyd.

Horace P. Beck.

J.A. Clegg.

Aiden Dunn.

Miss K.P. Dawes.

R. Green.

Mrs. R. Green.

Mrs. L.M. Glover.

C.K. Hunt.

Madame A.G. Heidorn.

H.P. Kennedy.

Bryan Love.

J.R. McDowell.

W.P. Macauley.

Mrs. Yvonne MacIlwaine.

A.H. Marshall.

Mrs. Millie O'Ceallaigh.

Norman C. Reid.

Peter Guinness.

W.M. Nixon.

W.J. Murphy.

Howth Representative's Report: 1963.

The usual number of cruising boats called and though the number does not seem to grow much it is pleasant to see that a large proportion are regular visitors; it looks as if the season was becoming longer as several boats called in the second half of September.

There was the usual coming and going of boats from other Ports along the coast.

The local cruiser fleet was further strengthened by the advent of two cross-channel boats:

John Guinness's Folkboat "Sharavogue"

Mungo Parks' "Kitugani". (11 tons).

An improvement made during the year was the building, by the Howth Motor Yacht Club, of a slip at the back of the West Pier which makes it possible to launch centreboard boats at any state of tide - a facility which was badly needed.

D.M.

Wexford Port Representative's Report: 1963.

As you are probably aware from reports in the press, Wexford Harbour outer Bar completely closed up about the end of January 1963, owing to a prolonged spell of Easterly gales. This has never been known to happen before in the long history of the port. It remained closed until the end of March, when the wind shifted to the West, and a new channel opened about $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles South-East of the old channel. It gave about 9/11 feet at H.W. (about 5 ft. at L.W.S). It has since been used extensively by fishing vessels drawing up to about $6\frac{1}{2}$ ft. We had three cross-channel visiting yachts this "so called" Summer!

However, unfortunately Wexford has, for all practical purposes, ceased to be a commercial port and, as the Harbour Board have no funds, the Harbour channel is no longer being maintained and, in future, the buoys cannot be relied on. Fishing craft which still use the port have their own marks from objects on the shore.

Yachts wishing to enter the Harbour are advised to take a pilot at Rosslare or, if they wish to get in touch with me, I shall be very glad to give any help I can.

R.P. O'Keefe.

Faulkner Cup Competition: 1963.

by

Hugh Somerville.

Once again it was an honour and pleasure to judge the Log Competition. It was also, very happily, a much more difficult task than last year. Although I personally did not find the weather any better than it was in the 1962 season, there certainly were a number of members of the Club who obviously had most enjoyable cruises.

There were five entries for the fortnight cruise, two of which came from the Secretary, who brought his new Nicholson 36', "Sapphire of Osyth" from Brightlingsea to Dun Laoghaire. This was a well written log with much useful and interesting information, including remarks on the 'breakthrough in marine toilets'. He then took his new yacht up North to Tobermory and back which included the delightful rigours of West Highland Week.

I noticed "Sheenan" at Moody's on the Hamble in the Spring, but never realised she was bound for Ireland. I would certainly have made a rendezvous with Douglas McIlwaine in the watering places of Bursledon.

Having once started in a short off-shore race in a Thirty-square-metre and given up, as the owner was deafened by the noise down below, I could feel nothing but admiration for Neil Watson and the crew of "Toothpick" (alias "Vivi") on her voyage from Dun Laoghaire to Bantry and back. However, I have no hesitation in awarding the Fortnight Cup to "Winkie" Nixon and his braves for their effort in "Ain Mara", with the pious hope that on the night of the dinner they will remain at least as upright as they did in Tobermory!

There were two entries for the Round Ireland Cup. "Auretta" (Harry Cudmore) from Crosshaven, which took the clockwise route and "Wynalda", in which W.A. and B.T. Smyth went t'other way. Here were two yachts of about the same size covering much the same distance at much the same average speed. I have an idea that the joys and hardships must have been very much the same too. Anyway both worked off their "Round Ireland psychosis".

With difficulty I awarded the prize to "Wynalda" but then, when having second thoughts, found that her rival's entry did not strictly comply with the competition rules.

Two went to the Biscay Coast in search of the Faulkner Cup, a study of the entries for which revealed a sad lack of Love - a regular entrant for so long. W.E. Glover in "Tyrena" and Bob Berridge in "Shindilla" appear to have enjoyed themselves - at least most of the time.

Wallace Clark brought "Wild Goose" back from the Mediterranean, and his summary "What price the Med " is obviously "guided reading" to members thinking of following his footsteps. I am told that the owner of "Greylag" was on his honey moon as well as his brief ocean racing campaign.

"Neon Tetra" came home after her sojourn in Scandinavian waters. If I have any criticism of Terry Roche's log, it is for its modesty and understatement. To have visited thirty-seven different anchorages and ports this year, bringing the total in three seasons to a hundred and six is a splendid achievement and must have helped the good name of the Club. That this was all done with only the loss of a bucket and an R.A.Y.C. reefer button makes it all sound very easy. I, for one, am sure it wasn't and have no hesitation in awarding him the Faulkner Cup.

"Neon Tetra" comes home.

by

Terry Roche.

Continuing "Neon Tetra's" cruise of Northern Europe the winter of 1962/63 found her laid up in Denmark, which alas proved to be one of the coldest places in Western Europe. She lay in the open on the island of Turo at the yard of A.G. Walsted under her own covers, which are carried on the boat, but despite the exposure and extremely cold weather she suffered only one minor piece of deterioration which was not discovered until later. We used anti-freeze in the engine water-cooling system instead of draining as in the previous winter. The draining we found to be complicated on account of the keel cooling pipes etc. and we feel now that with the anti-freeze treatment she could withstand any cold likely to be experienced in our future plans, which anyhow turn southward.

On May 11th, when I arrived at Turo for fitting-out with my wife and daughter, Adrienne, the boat was in the water ready for us as arranged, and the fitting out was accomplished in about a week. Fortunately we were able to live on board after the first day and a Mini-station wagon was hired, for the very small sum of £5. the week, petrol included which lessened the burden of provisioning the ship - the nearest shops being 2 or 3 miles from the yard.

On Sunday, 19th May, we left and in less than an hour in a fresh north easterly wind we arrived alongside Svendborg. This is a charming town, as indeed are all the towns around the Little Belt, and we visited many.

A Mr. Ole Victor, of the A.E. Sorensen Shipping Co., was most helpful and if any member of the I.C.C. should be in these waters Mr. Victor assured me that he would like to be equally helpful to them.

Tuesday, 21st May, saw our departure from Svendborg, commencing our 1963 cruise, by now we hoped fully provisioned. The "Neon Tetra" took on 120 gall. of gas oil (which gives us 600/650 miles at 6 knots), also 70 galls. of water and we felt that we were ready for the season's happenings in all respects but bonded stores which we were to get later. The weather on this first day was poor with a thin drizzle and light fitful S.E. winds, but by evening we were content to arrive in Faaborg where we tied up at 18.30. A note in the log mentions that the harbour smells like Ardglass but happily no memory of this remains, only an impression of a quaint little town and a fine sunny day for our departure next morning for Assens. A point of note on this following day's passage was that, at one time, 3 or 4 miles from the nearest dry land, we could count the shells on the bottom.

One day followed another in improving weather and we had a glorious spinnaker run across the widest part of the Little Belt to the Aals Ford. This is a pleasant waterway weaving between rural pastures and forests and, having turned south, we reached along in a stiff easterly. The day turned out to be a holiday and sailing boats were everywhere as we neared Sonderborg at the southern end of the narrowing channel. There is a large swing-bridge just short of the town and on approaching the bridge it duly opened to our fog horn but three black balls were then displayed which was not our clearance, we had fortunately read our Baltic Pilot instructions. After a delay, with nothing in sight, and just as we had decided that the Pilot was out of date, or the Bridge Master had been celebrating the holiday too well, a large vessel appeared round the bend and shot towards us through the opening between the bridge piers at about 7 knots. When we had recovered from her wash, a very chastened "Neon Tetra" slipped through the harbour basin of Sonderborg. Several dozen German yachts had gathered here for what was apparently a rally, (the border of Schleswig-Holstein is quite near), but we did not see any likely types ashore so did no fraternising.

Next morning at 06.00 we left Sonderborg in a thick fog with a thin easterly, bound for Kiel, and we had to use the engine quite a bit in the early part of the day. Pilotage was exciting in the fog as there was, we suspected, some shipping about and the satisfaction of picking up a buoy after a couple of hours with visibility down to 50/100 yds (also avoiding the shipping) was some compensation for a miserable morning.

At 07.15 we slipped past the Flensburg Light Vessel and saw, through the fog, a large yacht tied astern pitching heavily in the oily swell with no sign of life on board either vessel (those on board the yacht must have longed for death).

During the morning, as we felt our way from one buoy to the next, we missed a vital one and the use of the echo-sounder to show a positioning line was certainly proved when we were able to establish that we had passed to the westward of the missing buoy - an adjustment was then made to our course which later proved correct. The fog lifted after 10 o'clock and soon, as we were nearing the wide mouth of Kiel Bay, commercial shipping and Nato naval vessels on manoeuvres, also yachts, became visible all round.

After clearing Customs at the Laboe customs vessel, on the eastern arm of Kiel Bay, we sailed up to Olympia Haven on the outskirts of Kiel and tied up at 14.00 hours, just 12 months after our 1962 visit.

After two days spent taking on board bonded stores etc. (which were not obtainable for private vessels in any Scandinavian country) we left again on Sunday, 26th May at 04.10 - once more in a thick fog. By the time we got to the Laboe customs vessel the fog was so thick that we could not see the next buoy less than 100 yds. away and so decided to go into Laboe fishing harbour and wait for an improvement. The channel is very narrow here and there is much shipping coming in and out of the Kiel Canal entrance nearby which makes sailing hazardous even in full visibility. When we tied up in the harbour the Customs vessel also gave up the struggle and followed in after us. During our wait we managed to persuade a Customs Officer to inspect our seals and give us clearance, thus saving some time, and at 08.10, when the fog had lifted somewhat we were finally able to leave after a delay of about three hours.

This day proved uneventful and we crossed the western Baltic to Denmark, first sighting the island of Langeland to port and then Laaland to starboard which we skirted at a prudent distance, about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile, watching the bottom most of the time.

The earlier delay meant that we could not reach our objective so we had to look for a haven for the night as the water to the north of Laaland is very foul with few lights. We eventually decided upon a little village called Kragenaes (the meadow of the crows) with a tiny harbour and ferry pier. The six mile channel to this village is one, I am sure, not many visiting cruisers have sailed before, even Danish yachtsmen, and we were glad to tie up just before nightfall as the channel brooms or stakes being lost to sight in the gathering gloom.

The following morning we left at 06.45 and, as visibility was good, decided to take an obscure but more direct channel behind some large islands which looked possible on the chart. Had we not taken this short cut it would have meant retracing our steps of the previous evening, adding about 12 miles to the day's run. The tortuous channels were interesting to negotiate and both my wife Jo, and Adrienne, had become expert at recognising the meanings of the different symbols on the chart and we were kept even more alert as one or two of the brooms had not been replaced since the hard winter. (In some areas through which we travelled the ice had melted less than 3 weeks before). By mid-morning we rejoined the main steamer 'Lead' and sailed under the Storestrom Bridge into the Gronsund and so to Stubbekobing, which we visited on our way to Finland in 1962. A call ashore here for our vital Custom's Certificate as there was nobody in Kragenaes to clear us. The whole of Scandinavia is one Customs Union and the officials of one Scandinavian country are usually impressed by the documents of another and, as cruising people will know, this is not the case in most other European countries.

Once in possession of our clearance paper, which would save us answering a lot of questions in the next few weeks, we left once more in a fine breeze for Stege on the island of Mon; another very windy channel through a large expanse of water several miles wide in places, but dotted all over with long lines of fishing net stakes which made it like a maze, and in some parts of the channel we had to use the engine as "Neon Tetra" hardly behaves like a Dragon. Stege was the ferry port of Mon but now a large and incidentally very graceful bridge connects Mon to the main Danish island of Sjaeland, upon which lies Copenhagen, and as one could drive direct from here to the capital we felt that we were getting near to our first objective.

The next morning was spent in Stege completing our fitting out and prettying up the boat after our shake-down cruise, and this made us equal to the urban surroundings of Copenhagen and Oslo with our many introductions and expected parties on board.

We left at 13.50 in a smart fair wind sailing down what proved to be the last of our shallow channel sailing and it was a dramatic farewell. Nothing went wrong but for an hour or two we careered along in less than 8 ft. - we were drawing about 5'9" - with the uneasy feeling that the 2.3/2.8 metre readings on the chart (only in the deepest part of the 'lead') could mean less as the metre soundings are taken from mean-tide level and it was noticed that the water level was low when leaving Stege. However, with our perspex chart-holder strapped on the coachroof and coloured chinagraph pencils, we ticked off the various marker poles and floats until, at 16.20, we cleared the shallows already some miles from the nearest shore, and then set our compass course for the headland of Stevns Klint, as yet unseen. The wind was N.E. about force 5/6 and it was close nip but not, thank goodness, a beat, all very wet however, with the usual crashes below. This was our first tough sail of the year so setting and trimming the various sails, with only wife and daughter, gave us our baptism.

Many charts were carried throughout our three years wandering (about 200 in all) but this happened to be the only stretch without large scale coverage, we had one very small scale Danish chart, lent by Liam McCormack, so we had to refer to a road map to reassure ourselves that Rodvig, our next objective (which had been recommended to us) really existed. All was well as we squared away, having passed to weather of a reef described, in lurid terms, by the Baltic Pilot, and we identified Rodvig, which proved to be a delightful harbour. We tied up in the inner basin and suffered the inspection of the usual bunch of youths on scooters etc, common to many Scaninavian ports (they could be the sons of local dignitaries or teddy boys, it was never clear which, and their antics would be better described by Peter Scott - as done in some of his lectures on the behaviour of young male birds giving a mating display). After a meal, I started conversation with a Danish naval officer from a patrol boat, the Dryaden, tied up nearby, who had come over to inspect us, and of all things it transpired that he was coming to Dublin in the near future as captain of this actual boat which, in fact, he did (but that's another party!). We were taken down for a drive into the hinterland.....

later in the evening in his own car which he maintained in the town and afterwards were entertained on the Dryaden to a fantastic smoresbrod supper in the wardroom (two mess stewards at one in the morning) after which the "Neon Tetra" was revisited etc.etc.

The following day brought what at first seemed disaster. Waking up early from natural causes and vowing 'never again' I became conscious of an unusual sound below. (Cruising owners are sensitive to unexplained noises, and the splashing which I heard could not be explained). Perhaps my hypersensitive state forced action when the flesh was weak but a glance at the bilge revealed a lot of water. The "Neon Tetra" had never leaked through her hull before and a quick groping at the stern-gland proved that was not the source. Now what? Space does not permit me either to describe the mental reaction or the physical action which was necessary that morning, sufficient to say that here I was with 20 tons of leaking boat, a wife and daughter on an alien shore and far from Christie Mahony.

After an agony of pumping we drained the bilge and then looked around for inspiration. Across the harbour, behind a sort of Blackmore's shed, I saw, sticking into the air, the bow of a trawler type fishing boat, such as one would see in Howth and, after investigation, discovered a slipway with, of all things, a truck 'at the ready' which I judged to be just made for the "Neon Tetra". In the first hour of my efforts to explain the situation, and get some action, not one person was met who could speak better English than my Danish (which is confined to conversations on other matters) however, in this little port they live by and from the sea, so our predicament was soon understood. We had just finished a hasty meal at mid-day when an old chap appeared on board enquiring, in perfect English (American) as to how he could help, and it later turned out that he was an old shipmate of Harald Osterberg for whom he crewed many years ago in 6-metres. (I do not know the Danish for 'Its a small world' but what with the Dryaden and now this, the whole thing seemed a little unreal). Mr. Muller, as our informant's name turned out to be, had retired from Copenhagen for health reasons and was doing the books of the local boatyard to give himself some light occupation.

Having assisted at launching and hauling out in Dun Laoghaire dockyard all my life and now, with an expert translator, it didn't take long to follow up our good fortune and arrange for "Neon Tetra" to be hauled out for inspection. Having given them the keel dimensions, etc. (this, by the way, is a useful thing for a cruising man to have at his finger tips in case of mishap in a strange port) and having persuaded them that I took full responsibility for hauling out, up came the boat with Adrienne on one side and me on the other standing on the patent sliding chocks to make them sink down under the water into position. Once high and dry an anxious survey was followed by relief as it became evident that the frost of the severe winter had forced out filling from one of the seams for about 4 ft. (which must have retained its moisture from last season and this was evidenced by water seeping back out. The Shipwright nodded wisely, and did not appear unduly

worried, so after 4 o'clock when normal working stopped, an apprentice attacked the seam and in about 1½ hours completed a very expert job. It was now evening and after some discussion with the Harbour Master as to the difficulties of living with one's family at an angle of 20/30 degrees from the horizontal in a boat high and dry (plumbing?) we persuaded him to re-launch us.

The cost - well I had already enquired the slip charges, which were 25/-, up and down! - but the overtime work could not be estimated for, as the extent of the damage was not known before inspection - was it going to be 100 Kroner? - 200 Kroner? - 300 Kroner? - but no, only 30 Kroner! so the whole operation cost 55/-. Fantastic!

Off to Copenhagen the following morning, with a fair wind and a fine sunny day, tying up in the Langelinie Park yacht basin, near the Little Mermaid statue, at 16.10 on Thursday, 30th May, thus finishing part 1 of our 1963 cruise.

During our 10 day stay in Copenhagen, Gerald Fitzgerald and our youngest daughter, Valerie, joined us by air, and after some short two-day cruises in wonderful weather to places like Skovshoved, Rungsted, etc. where we saw the cream of Danish yachts, we finally said 'farewell', and sailed north, calling at our last Danish port - Helsingør (Elsinor). Here we 'did' the Castle, finding it hard among the tourists to recapture the drama of Shakespeare. However, the many fine paintings, well displayed, were some compensation as was also the eerie groping tour of the dungeons, which I hadn't remembered from my first visit at the more impressionable age of 17.

Following this we sailed and, when necessary, motored northward - the weather was marvellous but, alas, little wind - calling at Falkenberg (uninteresting) and on to Langedrag, the harbour headquarters of the K.G.S.S. or Royal Swedish Yacht Club (Gothenberg) here we met a courteous boatman but no members, and no Clubhouse as such. This was our second visit with the same experience and to have any crack at all it is obvious that one must be there on one of their big days - not like home. After a morning of cleaning the topsides etc. - we had to use the fresh crew somehow - and a visit to the city, we left in the afternoon for Marstrand, yet another Scandinavian yachting centre which only comes to life on special occasions. A very charming island, however, originally only a pilot and fishing centre but now a summer colony for Gothenbergers as well.

On from Marstrand, using a technique adopted in previous years, that is using the innermost, obscure and sometimes difficult routes, which can be interesting and exciting and is a way to see the country thoroughly in a short time, although it might/appeal to some of the salt- /not/ bitten old hands of the I.C.C. We called on the way at Kungshaven, our last Swedish port, and so on to Hango in Norway.

This famous yachting centre, like Marstrand, lacked boats even on June 14th and we tied up to a large buoy off the Hango Yacht Club Clubhouse in beautiful surroundings - being alone in our glory. However,

a splendid welcome was given to us by a couple of senior members - I think one was the Rear Commodore - who happened to be there arranging for the opening up of the clubhouse which only has a very short season (they were also Directors of the big hotel on the island of Hanko and were left over from a Board Meeting held on the previous day!). We had the next day off here and went hill climbing, exploring in the punt etc. and then a visit to the hotel for dinner (not very exciting).

Sunday, 16th June, gave us a fine sail 50 miles up to the fjord of Oslo, and near the capital an off-shore race came up astern going for their finish, about 20 boats in all. There certainly was no lack of boats here; we saw many classes racing from various suburban clubs and as we neared the Royal Norwegian Yacht Club, in the middle of the city, which was our objective, we had several times to alter course sharply to avoid running through a line of boats; we were given a favourable berth at the K.N.Z., arranged by our good friend Carl Mortensen, whom I had met on several occasions as Norway's International Junior Regatta team-leader.

After a pleasant 3 day sightseeing visit in good weather we set sail, once more, for the mouth of the Oslo fjord bound for Larvik and here, the following morning, we dropped Gerald who, despite the early hours, looked as jaunty as ever when he walked down the quay, complete with umbrella and brief case... and so to sea once more.

The southern coast of Norway was not at all as I had imagined and one port followed another on an interesting but not dramatic coastline, and it was only when we left Mandal that the scenery leaves more impression on the memory. Arendal should be mentioned as a very pleasant place to visit as it is convenient to the open sea but affords good shelter, also Farsund is an excellent refuge and supply point near Lindesnes and, as this headland is the turning point of south-west Norway and often used as a landfall when crossing the North Sea, it is useful to know of as a good bolthole. Having rounded the dreaded headland of Lindesnes in poor visibility, but fortunately not much wind, we called into Farsund for charts and provisions. Norwegian charts are excellent but owing to the complicated pilotage are necessarily large scale and, therefore, numerous (23 Oslo to Bergen) but, unfortunately, are not easy to get from stock. Carl Mortensen could only get a few of the 23 in Oslo and to wait for them to come from Stavanger, where they are made, would have meant a delay of several days, so we had to buy them as we went along. The local book-shops are the stockists but they only keep those of their own vicinity, and another snag is that the shops, keeping normal hours, had to be visited either after 8.30 a.m. or before 5.0 p.m. which was a little inhibiting to our passage plans. After leaving Farsund we reached Egersund in the evening, arriving in an increasing on-shore wind. The cliffs between Farsund and Egersund are steep and the backwash was evident quite far out even in a moderate wind, so what it would have been like in a blow, I hate to think.

Egersund is a large fishing town with many canning factories and we were there on mid-summer night, June 22nd/23rd. Expecting folk-dancing and quaint festivals with bonfires we were disillusioned to find that many of the fisher boys were more like teddy boys, but with alcohol thrown in. Groups of them came and stared at us, passing remarks which were, fortunately not understood, and some of them actually stepped on board. We retreated from the quayside and then tied up between some old mooring posts away from the town but still did not escape the attention of an odd straggler catcalling and careering drunkenly home with his outboard in the early hours. This port does not often see yachts and that, together with mid-summer night, perhaps accounts for our experience.

The next day dawned wet and windy with, of all things, a stiff nor'west wind which looked unpleasant even from our land locked mooring. We were some miles from the open sea so it was decided to go and have a look at it and at 08.30 our worst fears were confirmed as we turned the last bend in the channel having to motor dead into the wind.

I judged that we could just about lie along the coast if we plugged off-shore a bit so taking down 4 rolls we motored out through the gap in the rocks. This, by the way, was the north entrance to Egersund and not to be recommended in bad weather - the south is the main steamer channel, is wider and is at an angle to the coast and so, if going in, shelter is reached after passing the first bunch of rocks.

Visibility was rotten with heavy rain and the narrow passage became increasingly rough as we neared the entrance into the full force of the nor' westerly. It was an anxious half-hour and one I would not like to repeat, as the responsibility of having almost one's entire family on board and no knowledge of what the day would bring was nerve-wracking (the Forecast gave N.W. to W. 5/6 although the big sea made it seem worse). Keeping slightly off centre in the channel, in case the engine should fail, we bashed on (literally as one wave was taken green over our bow which is normally a fair distance from the surface) and, with nothing but the breaking seas on the adjacent rocks to mark the channel, I was relieved to pick up the only broom buoy marking one of the many outlayers off the entrance and passing this permitted us to square off slightly and fill the main. The seas became more regular as we clawed off the coast but the visibility if anything got worse, with heavy rain storms blotting out everything for as much as half an hour. We saw the coast from time to time but it was changing in character now being flat and featureless, what we could see of it, although during the morning we did identify the Stavanger Radio masts spread over a wide area, presumably among which was the Consol beacon. The motion was so violent that no interest was taken in the academic question as to which mast was which.

The Jarens Rev. was the immediate objective with Stavanger as our ultimate refuge and as things had now settled down to a bad-weather routing on board I became less worried, also the boat was behaving very well. Jarens Rev. (Rev. meaning 'neck of land', coming I think from the old Scandinavian 'rhyn' which, incidentally gave Ringsend its name) has a bad reputation especially if there is poor visibility with

an on-shore wind, well here we were with just such a situation and I didn't like to rely too much on our compass course for various reasons - drift, difficulty of steering in the confused sea, unknown currents etc. so played things by ear with the accent on safety.

During a rain squall and when I judged from the log that we were a couple of miles past the N.v. an interesting thing occurred. Through the mark coming up astern inside us, I saw the shape of a vessel - which turned out to be a Norwegian ocean freighter of about 7,000/8,000 tons - we squared away a bit towards her and as she came abeam a dim figure was seen to go aft and haul up her ensign, which she had not been carrying. At first I thought they were doing this because she was turning in towards Stavanger, but no, because to our surprise the flag was lowered again. It then dawned on us that she was 'dipping', so I groped aft and ran my hand down our flag to gather it by way of reply and when I had released it hers went up. By this time she was disappearing in the rain once more but it was a heartening gesture and made us feel less alone. I noticed then that the vessel did not alter course and apparently was going up the coast to Bergen, so this put our position further out than necessary (as expected) and although reluctant to lose weather it was vital to pick up one of two buoys which were the leading marks for the southern entrance to the fjord leading to Stavanger, these we must not overshoot as the north side of the entrance is very foul. In about half an hour we were rewarded when I spotted the outer of the two buoys about half a mile away. All was now well and we reached along to this buoy and just as we passed it the first headland and light-house was sighted. The rest of the evening passed with little to remember it by, even the deck log only contains essentials in case visibility should get worse, and so ended the toughest passage of our cruise, as we tied up at the Stavanger Yacht Club at 19.30 being shown where to moor by a local yachtsman who later told us that he remembered meeting Henry Horsman who called to Stavanger some years ago.

The following morning, Monday June 24th, was spent shopping and sightseeing in Stavanger, while our gear was drying out, and at 14.07 we left on a spinnaker run which lasted some hours, jybing several times as the channel turned back and forth between large islands. Here were surroundings such as one expected of Norway and we could even see snow-capped mountains beyond the head of several long fjords. After a perfect afternoon's sailing we passed a fish-glue works which brought us back to earth. The stench was appalling and the smoke from the factory (a boiling of fish entrails was in progress) nearly blotted out the piers of a large suspension bridge causing some anxiety as we ran under it, still with spinnaker set. All was well however and at 19.40 we tied up to an old barge in the harbour or inlet of Haugesund.

Next day saw an early start and still with the following wind we repeated yesterdays sailing with, if anything, more wind. The barometer had fallen during the night and I was beginning to think uneasily of our North Sea crossing. Much rain fell and at times, when reaching hard, we even considered shortening sail, but every now and then as we sailed behind high mountains some shelter was obtained. This

alternating between strong wind and shelter caused quite a bit of activity among the crew but we were knocking off the miles - so all were happy.

Nearing Bergen we had a glimpse of the famous Submarine Pens, cut out of the hillside, but our course didn't bring us near enough to see if they were occupied. At 18.30 we turned into the Bay, upon which Bergen harbour lies, but, alas, none of the scenery was visible as the heaviest rain I have ever encountered blotted out everything but the wooded cliffs 50 yds. on our starboard hand.

Bergen harbour is a difficult place for cruising boats as there is practically nowhere to tie up or anchor. The Yacht Club has moved out 12 miles and, as we were to change crews here for the last lap, it was necessary to remain in town.

We finally came to rest alongside a very smelly quay near a chemical works, but we were so tired and frustrated that anything would do. The following day, after telephoning from the Quay to the Harbour Master's office, a courteous official came over and directed us to the only berth he could arrange suitable for a yacht, which was just under the bow of a large cargo vessel but in pleasant surroundings and right in the centre of the town.

Daughters Adrienne and Valerie left by air for home, then Arthur Odbert and daughter Hilary joined the same day and so, after a couple of days in port, on June 28th, we departed at 16.00 on our last inland sail. It was a glorious evening with the barometer rising again (although possible gale forecast "Viking") and, at last, we were able to see the scenery around Bergen.

The plan was to cross to the Shetlands from the island of Hellisoy, when the weather looked right, and so I wanted to hole up as near as possible to the open sea ready for our departure. There seemed to be several likely places on the chart and one was picked at random, 32 miles from Bergen, near the village of Austrheim on Fosnoy which turned out to be a winner, with exciting pilotage but once in it was completely landlocked and very picturesque. A boat-load of children came to inspect us and we gave them some biscuits and later one of the girls, aged about 10 returned with a bunch of flowers and a tiny photo of herself, which now has a place in the visitors' book. A charming farewell to Norway.

After readying the ship for sea the following morning, the time of departure was discussed and although I wanted to arrive off the Shetlands at morningtime, rather than in the evening, this entailed a long wait until that night, so the forecast being more reasonable - N.W.-N.4/5, and the barometer steady, all looked well. We decided to get under way immediately and the log reads:- "June 29th, 16.20 - weighed anchor and motor sailed out to Hellisoy - wind N.W. light - bar. steady- 17.25 Hellisoy Lt. abeam- departure taken - log streamed set zero - course 265° mag. - sea lumpy".

It was arranged that if the hourly distance-run fell below 5 miles the engine would be used, this happened several times at first as the wind was insufficient to overcome the stop in the sea, but during the late evening the wind increased somewhat and at midnight we had 37½ on the log. While I was on watch the sun had gone down far to the north, in a very lurid sunset, refraction playing weird tricks with the sun's shape. Dawn was late and overcast, at 05.00 rain started and at 11.00 visibility closed in and a long swell was making its presence felt. At noon we were in fog, but making about 5½-6 knots with full main and jib, wind now abeam.

Fog was about the last thing we wanted as the Shetlands are a hazardous place to approach from the east with few lighthouses and many off-lying rocks, some of the large buoys being particularly foul. At 15.00 the wind was about 5/6 with, by now, a very large swell from the north, fortunately only an odd one tumbled over washing us off to leeward and the "Neon Tetra" was behaving well. All that is but her radio. Bressay lighthouse and Radio beacon is on the inside of Bressay Island and I had made a deliberate offset in course to pass a mile or two south of the island, inside which is the port of Lerwick. The fact that the beacon is behind the island (for use apparently only by vessels coming north) made me delay in trying to pick it up on the D/F until nearer, but when I eventually tried - no result - the receiver had packed up, so back to the old reliable - the Walker Log - which I used as follows:- The Shetland group stretches for about 60 miles in a N.N.E. - S.S.W. direction and we were approaching from slightly north of east, that is at about a 60° angle. I checked our distance very carefully and drew arcs of distance run for each 2 miles, with Hellisoy as centre, and so deduced that if anything was sighted before the estimated Bressay distance (i.e. 185 miles) we must be north of it and if we overran our distance we must be south.

A very anxious time as the wind had increased (no radio so no 6 o'clock forecast), fortunately the visibility had lifted slightly which we now estimated to be about a mile. I don't know how many times I looked at the log and re-checked the distance on the chart, as well as adding my eyes to the others peering on all sides (we could have run into one of the bays). The Shetland Pilot was well thumbed but this did little to relieve the anxiety as the old views in it all seemed to look alike.

At last, with 184 on the log, I sighted a vague mountain shape to the N.W. which we estimated to be a mile or more away on the starboard bow and it was decided to harden sheets and close in for identification. Was it the dreaded Sumbrough Head at the south end? - or was it the next bay north which is very foul with no marks (small boat navigators will know the feeling of uncertainty and humility). Even the bottom is similar in each place so the 'echo' was no use. However, as the features became more distinct our spirits rose and we were finally convinced that it was Bressay when a watch-tower, mentioned in the Pilot, was identified. We celebrated in the usual manner and tied up in Lerwick at 22.30 in near darkness, after just over 29 hours crossing.

Our correct landfall can be attributed to two main things - good steering by all and a correct assessment of drift. The Walker Log must also be congratulated as it gave confidence by allowing us to use the above described method of establishing landfall position (this method, of course, can only be used when approaching a coast at an oblique angle and when the tide does not unduly complicate the distance run). I have never heard it explained before, possibly because it is so obvious that a mention is not necessary.

On Tuesday, 2nd July, we left Lerwick for Fair Isle and the visit here was most interesting, not many cruising boats call and good weather is essential to land and stay. The only harbour possible, without local knowledge, is North Haven, a gut in the Cliffs on the North-East corner which is open to the North and is untanable in strong winds from N.W. to E. There is a small pier on piles at right angles to the cliff near the head of the gut, which was rebuilt in 1959 and this is used by the ferry which makes the 30 odd mile journey to Lerwick about twice a week in summer and once in winter. The ferry is kept in the inlet and after unloading passengers and cargo, lies off the end of the pier on a strong morning.

The shipping forecast that day was reasonable so we chanced staying overnight tied to the inside of the pier. The incoming wind (N.E) held us off so no chaffing was caused by the surge which had developed but this surge made strong springs essential.

We were all taken on a tour of the island in a jeep, going first up to the high moors where among other things we saw Skuas nesting in the heather and it was explained that some anxiety was being caused as they were multiplying and were chasing the sheep from their grazing. They proved most aggressive birds, even to humans, and dived at us continually, which was exciting as they are much larger than I had imagined. I don't know if they expected us to react the same as birds do - we had just lunched well. We were also shown the only other harbour on the island, South Harbour, and had to agree that to attempt to bring a boat in without local knowledge would be unwise.

The people who live here are very friendly and we had a cup of tea and a chat with the local postman and his family - knitting was a much discussed subject. There are about 100 people on the island altogether plus the Northern Lights personnel who man the two large lighthouses, but many people come and go in the summer, some coming back again and again and as they arrive are greeted like long lost cousins. The island is also a great favourite of birdwatchers and hostellers.

We left Fair Isle next day and sailed nearly due west to Westeray in the Orkneys thence down to Kirkwall and unfortunately space does not permit a description of our stay ashore in either Shetland or Orkney.

As this would probably be our last opportunity of seeing the Caledonian Canal - the Green Glen - we decided to go down the Caithness coast to Inverness (instead of going via the Pentland Firth and the north of Scotland to the Western Isles which have been, and can be, visited on other occasions) and so through the canal to the west at Corpach. The remainder of the journey after this was/familiar /on ground, anchoring at Charsiaig on the east of Jura Sound, then across to Carnlough in Antrim where, alas, we ran on the mud inside the harbour (our only grounding of the year).

The harbour of Carnlough is not now being dredged as the coasters no longer call and although we crossed the bar safely at half-tide, just before turning into the inner harbour basin (to port) we slithered to a stop as the whole passage here is silting up.

To sea again at midnight from Carnlough as we were now pressing on, and into our last port which was Rostrevor, where we cleaned ship before our homecoming on the afternoon of Friday, 12th July, just two months exactly after we had started fitting out.

In all 37 different anchorages or ports were visited this year, as well as many daytime calls, which makes a total of 116 for our 3 seasons' cruise, giving us a fair idea of the harbours of northern Europe, from Skye to Helsinki and Falmouth to Bergen. This entailed covering 5,562 miles, all, thank goodness, without mishap and with the loss of only a bucket and an R.A.Y.C. reefer button.

"Greylag" Off-shore.

by

Tom Sheppard.

			<u>Miles.</u>
July 30th.	Dun Laoghaire.	July 26th.	
" 31st.	Totland Bay.	" 31st.	380.
" 31st.	Yarmouth.	" 31st.	5.
Aug. 1st.	Buckler's Hard.	Aug. 1st.	12.
	Haslar Creek.	" 2nd.	16.
	Channel Race.		
	August 2nd/5th.		225.
Aug. 5th.	Haslar Creek.	Aug. 5th.	5.
" 5th.	Buckler' Hard.	" 7th.	16.
" 7th.	Yarmouth.	" 10th.	12.
	Solent Sailing.		20.
	Fastnet Race.		
	August 10th/16th.		605.
Aug. 16th.	Plymouth.	Aug. 18th.	
" 19th.	Fowey.	" 20th.	22.
" 21st.	Newlyn.	" 22nd.	49.
" 23rd.	Dun Laoghaire.		215.
			<hr/>
			<u>1,582.</u>

On Board:

Skipper:

Cook:

J. Clapham.
R.R. Watson.
R. Mollard.
B. Hegarty.
J. Pollett.
D. Hegarty.
John Bourke.
Brian Ross Murphy.
Keith Hunt.

T. Sheppard.

Dr. Bryan. (For Channel Race).

Judy Sheppard.

(For Fastnet & to Fowey).

To Plymouth.

To Plymouth.

Haslar Creek to Dun Laoghaire.

Haslar Creek to Plymouth.

Haslar Creek to Plymouth.

Fastnet to Dun Laoghaire.

To Haslar Creek.

To Haslar Creek.

For Channel Race.

Introduction.

"Greylag's" programme for 1963 was a strenuous one, involving preparation and training for the Fastnet. Not being built to the Rule, we had no illusions about success, but were keen to complete the course in a competent manner.

For such a long period away I had to call on friends to help me sail the boat to the Solent. They did not have the fun of participation in the R.O.R.C. Races, so I am bound to record my gratitude to them for their contribution to the venture.

July 26th.

We got away in good time after work, but in light airs, and the journey down the coast was tedious, though the weather was beautiful. We were not at the Tuskar until the following afternoon - Saturday - and Saturday night was spent trying to make headway with the Tuskar, the South Bishop and the Smalls all flashing at us mockingly.

July 28th.

We picked up a Force 1/2, Nor-Easterly during the afternoon, and finally got to the Longships at 2200 - fifty four hours after leaving Dun Laoghaire.

July 30th.

What winds there were came from the east as we continued our tedious way up channel. We went close under Portland Bill, where we saw Sovereign out to sea. There was no wind at all and finally we decided to motor, arriving in Totland Bay, Isle of Wight, just before midnight, having towed "Eloise" for some two hours.

July 31st.

We moved into Yarmouth for Customs Clearance, water, petrol and stores - all available at an excellent new jetty. Then over to Buckler's Hard for the night. What a lovely place it is - and very useful for fitting out, storing etc.

August 1st.

To Haslar Creek via Cowes. We made fast alongside the American yawl "Dyna", at H.M.S. Hornet - a ready made marina. All this time we had been having the most glorious weather, but little wind.

August 2nd.

The Channel crew joined, and in the dog watches we pulled out under motor to the start off Southsea. 130 yachts were more or less

August 2nd contd.

becalmed at the start - a magnificent sight, but how frustrating. During the night the visibility decreased and we made a slow passage with an off-shore wind towards the Royal Sovereign which we eventually picked up by D/F, the wind having backed and given us a run for the last few hours.

August 3rd.

Not "Greylag's" weather as we moved in light airs toward Cap d'Antifer and Le Havre L.V. We hauled up a bit to windward and this probably saved a complete debacle. As it was we were caught in the Seine Estuary, like so many others, by light winds which kept on changing direction.

August 4th.

We finally rounded Le Havre light vessel at 1145. We were badly placed, 32nd in our class of 47, and 79th in the fleet of 119. As we moved away for the Nab a westerly settled in, gradually increasing to Force 5 - a close reach, just what "Greylag" likes best. We romped home in splendid style, crossing the line at midnight, averaging over 7 knots, covering the distance in the second fastest time - elapsed and corrected - of the whole fleet, and picking up eighteen places.

August 5th.

The boat was sailed to Buckler's Hard, via Cowes: the Skipper and Cook having other business to attend to left the ship for five days.

August 6th.

"Greylag" was hauled out at Buckler's Hard for anti-fouling.

August 7th.

To Yarmouth via Cowes.

August 8th.

Sailing in the Solent.

August 10th.

The Skipper and Cook rejoined the ship a.m. It was a wet, blowy day - Fastnet weather with a vengeance. Enough has been written about the start. Suffice it to say that once again "Greylag" showed her real worth in bad weather. We made a lot of water as we plunged out of the Needles and both pumps were used in trying to cope. Most of our clothes and bedding got wet; we parted new jib sheets, but managed to keep going to such good effect that we were 9th in our class to get to Portland Bill.

August 11th.

The wind eased as we crossed Lyme Bay, and we were going along merrily under full sail, but we slipped badly on this leg and never recovered. We were 24th off Start Point.

August 12th.

We picked up three places by good sailing to the Seven Stones, but all the time we were not really doing what a good crew and a strong crew were capable of. The light winds did not suit us.

Meanwhile we were carrying out running repairs inevitably necessary in an enterprise of this kind. Two seized winches had to be stripped and reassembled, a new Genoa, which split along the back, had to be re-stitched. Each watch was charged with regular inspection of all running and standing gear so as to ensure, as far as possible, that we would get round the course.

August 14th.

After the frustrations of light airs to windward we tacked at 0800 to take us to eastward of the Rock. We had luck for once. The wind backed and we had the good fortune to pick up the Fastnet dead ahead. We had taken the correct northerly tack from Land's End but perhaps had not gone quite far enough to the northward. Anyway we were lying 25th when we rounded the Rock at 1600. We broke out the spinnaker as if we were going round the South Bar and started on our way home in a pleasant Force 3 directly astern. Very gradually the wind increased, and "Greylag" was doing really well. The crew carried out a fine spinnaker gybe during the middle watch as we sailed through the night. We reached the Bishop in 22 hours 20 minutes, seven hours better than Clarion!

August 15th.

As we approached the Bishop the shackle on our spinnaker sheet failed. This probably cost us about three places in the final reckoning.

The run to Plymouth was done in a freshening backing wind. Squalls came at us as darkness fell and we had a frightening passage as the seas built up astern of us. Bunks were practically untenable due to rhythmic rolling. We charged on in the blackness, visibility being reduced to near zero in the rain. Tension mounted as we neared our destination. Would we really finish the Fastnet, or would we be overtaken by some gear failure in the gale dashing our hopes so close to our objective?

After a terrifying night we picked up the Plymouth Breakwater Light House, but even in the final hour disaster nearly struck us. In the appalling visibility, surfing along under spinnaker

August 15th contd.

and virtually out of control, we narrowly missed an unlit buoy in the Plymouth Approaches. Finally, five days, fifteen hours and seven minutes after the start, we passed under the Breakwater and anchored - wet, tired, but greatly relieved - under the lee of Drakes Island.

August 16th.

We moved into Millboy basin in the afternoon, to join the hundred plus other yachts. Showers were the order of the day before joining in the post Fastnet junketings. We learned that, of the 49 boats which started in our class, we finished twenty-fifth, and were sixty-second in the fleet of 125 - so it might truthfully be said that our performance was average.

August 18th.

We moved out of the basin - with "Helen" - at 1630 and headed west for Fowey. Light headwinds again delayed us and we did not anchor there until after midnight. We had trouble with the engine - a petrol leak again - and getting that put right delayed us for a day.

August 20th.

We eventually had some joy with the local mechanic and got under way - now three of us only - at 1130. We made fine time to the Lizard, but once again we were caught and had a frustrating beat into Mounts Bay. Shortly after midnight we anchored outside Newlyn, very tired and cold.

August 21st.

We moved into the harbour after breakfast. The weather report was very bad and we were thankful we hadn't pushed on the previous night. The local air station at Culdrose kept us up to date with met. reports, and eventually forbade us to move that day.

August 22nd.

Things getting better as we put to sea under engine at 1100. We had a bit of a pasting off the Runnelstone as we made sail. Then we proceeded up the Longships Channel on one of the most thrilling passages "Greylag" has had. Under full main and Genoa we tore to the northward in a beam wind - Force 4/5 - doing the 120 miles to the Tuskar in under seventeen hours. "Greylag" was doing beautifully, very dry and very manageable.

August 29th.

We continued to go well up the Irish coast. Off Greystones we felt a bit pressed, and changed to No. 2 jib. Luckily we did. We were hit by Force 9 gusts very quickly as we

August 29th contd.

dropped the headsail and set the trysail. The whole sail change took fifteen minutes, so quickly did the wind get up.

We finally picked up moorings in Dun Laoghaire at 1700.

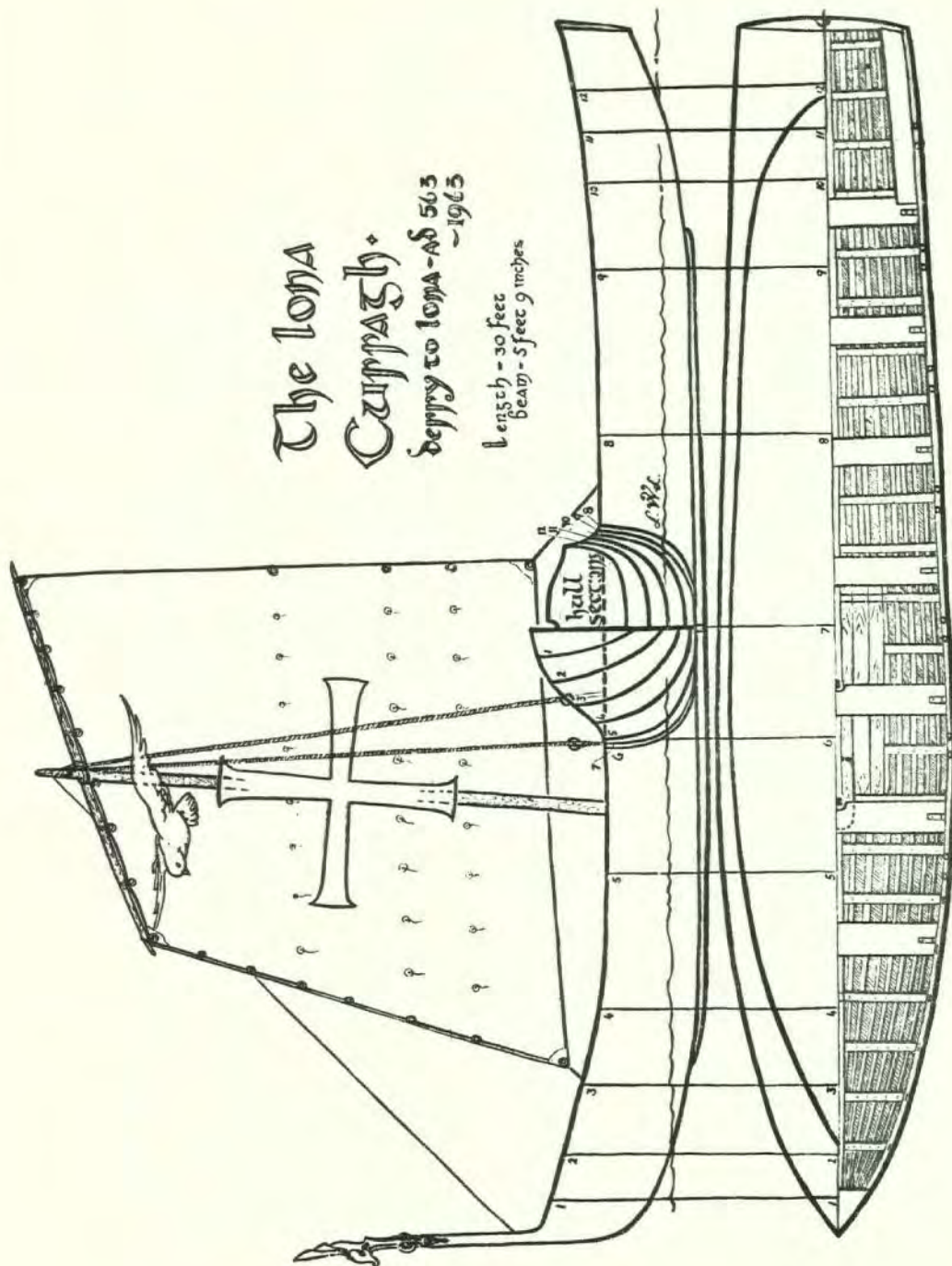
Lessons Learnt.

1. A boat not built to the Rule has no chance these days, but a good strong yacht should at least survive if the crew are in training.
2. A wind direction indicator is a must for night sailing, particularly in light weather. A boat without one is at a tremendous disadvantage.
3. As much night sailing as possible should be got in before setting off on a lark like the Fastnet. It hardens up the crew and instils confidence.
4. It is best to err on the side of a big crew. In the mauling at the start, and again in the tough conditions from the Bishop home, we were able to keep the boat going at full speed. With a smaller crew this would have been too great a strain on the individual.

The Iona Crippagh

deputy to Iona - AD 563
~1963

Length - 30 feet
Beam - 5 feet 9 inches



Derry to Iona by curragh.

by

Wallace Clark.

"Build a boat such as would have been used in the fifth century A.D., raise a crew of thirteen, leave Derry on 4th June, 1963, and arrive at Iona at exactly 11.0 a.m. on the 12th". These were the intriguing instructions given in 1961 to a committee of three of which I was lucky enough to be a member.

The undertaking was to be part of the celebrations of the fourteen hundredth anniversary of St. Columba's departure from Ireland to found a monastery on Iona, so the objects were about half pageantry and half an effort to demonstrate the historical reality of the original voyage. The one thing we had to do was to get there!

The idea, as it gradually grew into being, caught the imagination of the public and press to such an extent that the boat we built could easily have floated and even done her sea trials in a sea of the ink consumed in writing about her. Why add more? - you may ask. The one angle not yet recorded is the technical one so I hope a brief account of the mistakes we made and lessons learned may help some future aspirant on the next similar anniversary - in fourteen hundred years time.

What sort of boat did St. Columba go in? Both wooden craft and curraghs were in use at his time but no contemporary details are available. One of the nearest descriptions, though 400 years earlier, Julius Caesar's, of the curraghs of the ancient Britons, would fit a present day West Coast curragh admirably, hence the curragh can claim an unchanged design and system of construction stretching over two thousand years. As regards Columban wooden boats, almost the only pointer to the details are those of the Viking ships and Irish ships such as St. Brendan's, but these were up to three centuries later. Its a very big bracket.

We decided on a curragh - as seaworthy as a wooden boat, more typically Irish, ideal for beach landings and for camping under, and last but not least, cheaper to build.

What sort of curragh? Richard McCullagh, the historical expert of the committee, had designed and built several boats for himself, so got down to the drawing board with an artist's eye and practised skill. The biggest curraghs currently in use are 24 feet long and carry a crew of four. We had to carry thirteen and about a hundred weight of gear each.

The question of size and in particular of beam is closely tied up with the system rowing to be used. Most West coast curraghs scull to-day with each man having an oar on each side. The maximum beam for this system is about 5'0" so would have forced on us an impractically long narrow boat. It is also more difficult for amateurs to pull this way

efficiently, so we decided on a beam of 6'0", and one man pulling a 13' oar on each thwart. We were willing to go above 30' overall length, so seven rowing benches were all that could be fitted in and this, of course, meant a maximum of seven oarsmen in action at any one time. A third system, known as double-banking which has two men on each bench, each with an oar on his own side requires a beam of 7' at least. At this early stage we were greatly concerned with having a boat light enough to be picked up easily and handled in surf by 13 inexperienced hands, and also with minimum windage and windage and wetted area for pulling to windward; in the light of experience we should certainly have double-banked.

The extra foot or 18" of beam have given us much needed extra reserve buoyance and storage space and while two watches of rowers on a long pull are highly desirable, it is, as we learned, even more desirable that for periods where a special effort is required every man should be able to pull his weight e.g. when in danger of being embayed as we were twice, or when fighting up into shelter against an off-shore wind; it would also have looked better for ceremonial purposes at the beginning and end of the voyage.

Next came the question of rig. St. Columba, from frequent references in St. Adamnan's biography written only a hundred years after his death, definitely sailed more often than he rowed. Present day Donegal curraghs sail not at all. Those in Aran and Dingle set only a tiny lug sail right in the bow for running and broad reaching, so modern practice gave no guide.

Richard selected a small edition of the Shetlands sixarene rig - this is of Viking origin possibly older, a local variant of the dipping lug and sets outside the shrouds. With this in calm water we could make a good course 8 pts. off the wind by pointing up about 6 PT off; leeway, in even a moderate beam sea was 2 or 3 points. (When we were reaching across to Islay from Portballantrae in Force 3-4 a fishing line trolled from amidship made such an angle to windward that at first I thought it must have some sort of otter board on it but it was just plain leeway!).

Apart from this the curragh stood up to her canvas remarkably well and ran "like a sputnik". Steering was usually a problem - she was very hard mouthed and inclined to gripe - we used an 8' steering oar in an iron crutch on the transom. (A U shaped cut in the transom, the usual sort of sculling notch, which we tried first, proved much too weak). It was generally necessary, except on a dead run, to have several oars going, sometimes to windward, usually to leeward; or at least the two after oars poised ready to backwater to assist the helmsman.

It is very doubtful if there is any historical basis for a centre line steering oar, such as this, as early as the fifth century. The centre line rudder didn't come in until mediaeval times and was then hailed as the greatest single invention in maritime history (after spending a week fighting a losing battle with a steering oar I heartily endorse this view!). In a curragh the centre line steering oar is additionally

objectionable in that it forces the helmsman to sit right in the stern of the curragh just where she is weakest structurally, is unsupported by water and needs spare buoyancy. Another time we would try steering by quarter steering oars mounted on pins on stout outriggers; the lee one would generally be the best to use. This would also have allowed us to build with a pointed stern which would have been historically and aesthetically much better. As it was the smallness of the curragh forced us to place the helmsman and one or two other men with some of their gear right in the stern; we even had to build stern sheets to give the helmsman something to support himself by. The stern did not like this a bit, it split one rough March weekend off Dundrum, and though we repaired this, it slowly dropped lower and lower in the water as we voyaged, so that we used to ship water there long before there was any danger of doing so elsewhere and the gunwhale ceased to have any rise at the stern at all.

Soon after first starting to plan we met Jim Boyd, a curragh builder by profession who lives in Carrickfin Island, near the Bloody Foreland. Jim builds a number of small curraghs annually as well as wooden boats - he agreed to join the crew as well as build the curragh, a bold decision in the teeth of gloomiest prediction by local wiseacres, and with his charming personality and great strength and skill as an oarsman proved the mainstay of the undertaking.

Having drawn the plans, Richard left the constructional details very largely to Jim. Donegal curraghs are probably the roughest built of the surprisingly varied West Coast type, they serve their normal purpose ideally but the transom in particular is weak, and our curragh directly arising from the fact that she was too small and hence overloaded, proved too light in scantlings and construction - probably a double gunwhale would have helped, and extra bilge stringer; and knees bolted or screwed in position instead of being merely nailed.

As regards improving her sailing qualities there is room for much speculation. Probably a deepened forefoot, which would have been held up to windward by the lee bow wave, would have helped. The sail made by McCready's of Belfast, set very nicely and we could point up very high with it, but making good a course was another matter. When making 4 knots or more leeway diminished very noticeably, but a deepened keel for the whole length would not have been acceptable as it would have made beaching too difficult.

This is quite a catalogue of weakness but, in fact, most of them did not become apparent until we started to think analytically after the voyage was over, and the fact is that Jim built us a beautiful and shapely curragh much bigger than any seen within living memory, a curragh of which we all became very proud and fond; she served our needs with a sufficient margin of safety.

When it came to raising a crew a word spoken here and there seemed quite sufficient; any form of widespread advertising would have produced two or three times the number required. The quiet method

seemed to work well and we finished up with a curious but efficient blend. Only four of us had any seagoing small boat experience, another four had rowed in university eights - these latter, with Jim Boyd, who was much the best stroke oar, provided the engine room and, had the passage been tougher we might have regretted not having sought out more people with such experience but, as Napoleon said, "the moral is to the physical as three is to one" - and it certainly applied to our voyage. Every man was dead keen and all played parts according to their ability. We encouraged this by parcelling out jobs such as cooking, first aid, stowage, safety equipment, signalling etc. The cooks, as usual, had the toughest job. The Dutch say that the two things certain to bring bad weather, if on board, are parsons and red cabbage. We had three of the former and no cabbage and couldn't complain!

Canon John Barry was the supreme example of mind over matter, for after originating the idea and acting as the organising genius beforehand, he got a severe head wound 12 hours before we sailed, the sort of thing that would have put many a younger man to bed for a week, but he never missed a meal, as they say, and pulled far more than his weight throughout the voyage.

The curragh spent the winter at Murlough House, on Dundrum Bay, and in the spring, fighting out over the bar and round St. John's Point, gave us just the sort of training we needed. The conditions were tougher than any we met on the voyage itself - one day it took us 5 hours to row the five miles from the bar to the point and it was only by the narrowest margin that we were able to round it at all. There was plenty of carpentry to be done, masts, spars, seats, stretchers, a reel for our anchor wash and Canon Stephen Cave (who wrote the I.C.C. Sailing Directions for Donegal Harbour) proved himself a tower of strength and ingenuity at this period particularly.

The route provided a fascinating number of possibilities, more so as we could have portaged a mile or two if necessary e.g. embayed in Loch Indaal, Islay, we could have portaged to Loch Guinart, likewise across the narrow neck of Jura to avoid the Corrievreckan. Eight days gave us ample time to pick favourable weather as a direct passage of 24/30 hours in a moderate S.W. wind would have taken us from Derry to Iona. Our first choice lay upon the Sound of Islay, while the purists would have had us head for Loch Killisport, Kintyre, where one tradition says that St. Columba first landed.

In the event we had a spell of settled Easterly weather, which meant calm seas, bad visibility and light head winds. Possibly a good historical parallel, since antiquaries tell us that, in the fifth century and up until Viking times, Ireland enjoyed a climate similar to the Mediterranean to-day.

The plan shows our actual route and the only problem initially was to avoid getting overtired and to decide at what point we had made enough easting to jump off north from the Irish coast for the islands.

tide by tide we worked along the North Coast and after 48 hours found ourselves at Portballantrae - the sea was calm, the wind E/N.E, 3/4, and we had to decide whether to plug on E. another tide to Rathlin or make a shot at the Sound of Islay. We started at 6.0 a.m., 6th June, an hour before the tide turned E. and had just sighted the S.E. tip of Islay, 7 hours later, when the tide turned West; an hour's earlier start and a fresher breeze and we'd have made the Sound, but now we were swept like a chip of driftwood right through the Rhinns, past Orsay, and could make little attempt to close the land until we were right round on the West Coast.

The lowest ebb in morale was touched about 11.0 a.m. when it began to rain, visibility was only about 2 miles, and everyone cold and cramped, for there was little room to relax properly when off watch - the rum went round for the first time, then came the excitement of land fall and though we lost sight of Islay again shortly for a couple of hours, it got warmer and everyone seemed to cheer up. An Arctic trawler appeared out of the mist, outward bound and circled us twice, the Skipper rubbing his eyes and staring unbelievably - must have been sure that the D.T's had got him at last! We managed to eat or drink something hot every two hours by using thermos flasks and cooking on a calor gas ring set on a tin plate beside the mast. This required some effort to organise but was well worth it and, in addition, rum circulated at carefully chosen times had its usual good effect!

The sail was up almost all day, but we kept pulling too so by 6.0 p.m. everyone had been rowing for a total of 5 or 6 hours in three quarter hour shifts. The wind had remained E. all day, varying in strength between Force 1 and 4, now it blew up to Force 6, and it stretched us to the uttermost to get up into the shelter of the land in its teeth. The mast and rigging made a lot of windage and were a severe handicap but there was no room to stow the mast when lowered without hampering the oar looms. The tide turned S.E. again and, if we hadn't made it, we might have been swept back through the Rhinns race in dangerous wind against tide conditions. The W. coast of Islay is unfrequented and exposed but nestling among cliffs, the white sand of Losset Bay beckoned invitingly and at last about 7.0 p.m. we made it. Here we camped under the curragh for the first time - the previous two nights had been spent in boat houses; we had evolved a method of making four tripods from the stretchers and setting oars across them to support the curragh 2 feet off the ground. With canvas side curtains laced on she made a very weather-proof tent, as we'd proved on stormy occasions as early as March.

We had a real Islay welcome that evening, one of the outstanding memories of the voyage and it was quite an effort to turn out at 8 the next morning to be in time to catch the north going tide along the coast at 11. It was fine and flat calm but by midday was raining continuously. We had intended to spend another night on Islay (and been promised dancing girls) but Ardnave Point, the N.W. tip, looked mighty bleak and everyone remarkably energetic at the oars so we decided to push on to Oronsay.

Visibility was not more than half a mile as we took departure from Nave Island and proceeded by compass at a steady $3\frac{1}{2}$ knots. It was a pleasant relief to have such calm conditions for even the lightest headwind and added immensely to the work on the oars.

Half way across our naval drifter turned up directly astern which seemed comforting but it was only two hours later, after we'd made a good landfall on Oronsay, that the skipper told us his compass was on the blink and, in fact, he'd been following us!

The question of the Navy keeping an eye on us had been a worry in the early stages as we very much disliked the idea of being over escorted. Fortunately this worked out well in practice - largely because we borrowed a pair of police walkie talkie radios which surprisingly worked well throughout, and beyond our reporting our position at intervals we saw little of the drifter. Henry Mercer and Stanley Henderson in "Tor of Moyle" carried our main stock of food and spare crewsmen but kept right out of the way except for a radio arranged R.V. every 48 hours. Seal Cottage, on the E. side of Oronsay, provided a wonderfully welcome shelter from the rain and round the fire in the living room we sat and cracked until midnight.

The voyage from here on was uneventful and enjoyable. We had another foggy passage on the last morning, when we had to find our way a couple of miles or so to Tinkers Hole from Seal Bay in visibility of under 50 yards.

This provided just the right touch of drama before our final arrival. We had reached Mull 48 hours early and as we hid and relaxed some of the sense of common purpose inevitably drained away, but now immediately the tenseness, which fog always creates, knitted us all together.

It was just my favourite sort of navigations, a chart on your knee, a pocket compass in the thwart beside you, a lookout standing up in the bow and a coastline intricate enough to be interesting. At one point an otter, beautiful in its complete mastery of the water, swam through the surf close beside us.

An hour later we burst out of the fog into brilliant sunshine - the first clear day of the voyage - and were even granted a puff of wind fair enough to let us show our sail for a few minutes to the packed crowds at Martyr's Bay.

We'd rehearsed our landing as carefully as any D Day assault party and as the keel touched the sand made as neat a job as possible of the ungainly manoeuvre of leaping over the gunwhale clad in fifth century night shirts and carrying long heavy oars. The battery of cameras was unbelievable as the welcome of the 3,000 odd spectators were unmistakeable and the moment itself unforgettable.

All the Press said was "Why were you two minutes late?".

List of all gear loaded into curragh in Derry.

Safety.

1 Rubber Dinghy: 8 man (13 overload).
1 Tin Red Flares.
1 Emergency S.O.S. Transmitter.
Verrey Pistol and cartridges.

(Dinghy contains pack with rations, flares & survival kit.)

Communications.

1 Walkie Talkie R.U.C. Radio (to communicate with Naval Drifter).
1 portable Receiver for forecasts.

General.

Anchor: 20 lb. Fisherman.
40 fm. 1½ Nylon - 5 fm. spare 1½ Manila.
Sea Anchor.
7 oars and 2 spare.
Steering oar and crutch.
Boat Hook cum Whisker pole.
3 Fenders.
Mast, Yard, Sail, 4 shrouds, 1 Halliard, 1 sheet, 1 tack,
Rope, Traveller, 4 sheets lead Bulls eyes.
4 plastic buckets, for baling and camping use. 2 sponges.
13 stretchers. (4 straps for tripods).
Entrenching tool.
Pair of side curtains: meat skewers; 6 steel tent pegs.
Carpenters tools & repair materials; spare Thole pins.
Sailmakers kit and repair gear.
First Aid kit. 7 candles.

Cooking.

Pressure Cooker.
Frying pan: kettle: tea pot: 1 saucepan.
14 enamel soup plates: 15 plastic mugs: Drying up cloths.
10 lb. Cylinder calor gas: 2 Rings: Primus stove: steel wool.
Can of paraffin: gas poker: matches:
1 jerrican of water; 6 Army water bottles (one each thwart)
Food for 48 hours.

Navigation.

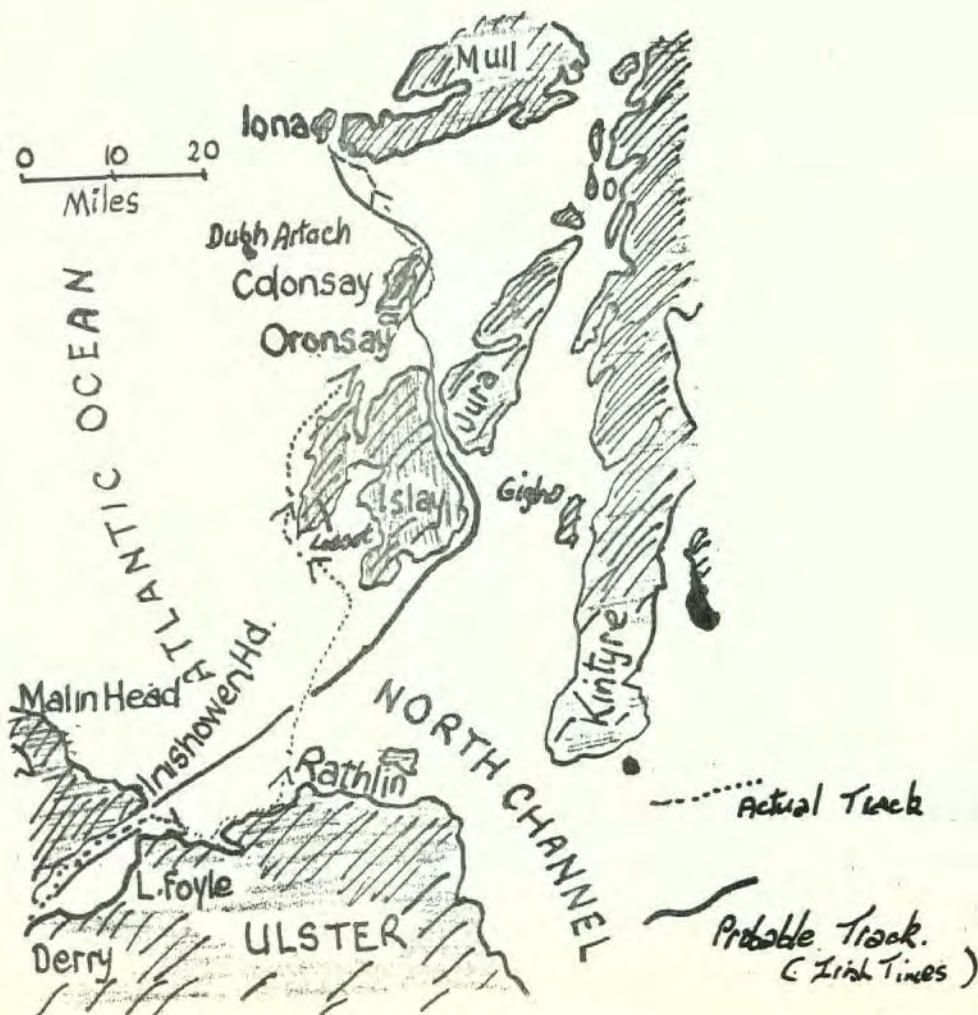
Admiralty charts - 15 in number - in canvas wallet.
Scottish Coast Pilot, I.C.C. and C.C.C. Sailing Directions.
Tidal Atlas: Tide tables: Hand bearing compass for steering.
Pocket compass; Chart case: Log book: Douglas Protractor.
2 torches: tin of white flares:
Hawkins hand lamp: Binoculars.

List of gear contd.

Personal.

Each man 1 kitbag, clearly labelled, containing the following:
1 sleeping bag:
1 ground sheet or air mattress.
Spare clothing.
Wash gear.
One set of oil skins.
One Life jacket.
1 Jack knife: 1 fork: 1 spoon.

Above were subdivided into several polythene bags. In the event of the curragh being swamped kitbags, if properly made up, act as airbags.



"Aeolian's" cruise to Rockall, 1963.

by

R.P. Campbell.

In July 1961 I found myself aboard Iain Rutherford's 11 ton yawl "Aeolian" bound for Rockall in company with Admiral Fisher's "Fresh Breeze". We planned to keep in radio contact with each other and when "Aeolian's" charging arrangements failed we put into Barra for repairs and became gale-bound there; meanwhile "Fresh Breeze" rode out the gale, found Rockall and even attempted a dinghy landing there. The two yachts foregathered at St. Kilda and returned to Crinan in close company. Iain was determined to have another shot at Rockall and I so enjoyed my first trip with him that I was easily persuaded to sign on for 1963.

So on Friday evening, July 5th, we again set out from his home at Rhu, accompanied by Dick Foster, who had been with us in 1961, and John Ricketts, who had been on "Fresh Breeze" - and with a trailer-load of provisions behind the car. We made Crinan just in time to get it all aboard and lock out by a specially arranged closing time.

We had a short sleep at anchor and in the dim light of dawn on Saturday, "Aeolian" again headed west, chugging across a flat calm through the Dorus Mor and the strait of Coirebhreacain, glimpsing Colonsay through the mist and passing Dubh Artach lighthouse at noon. We got a breeze from the north in the afternoon and next day this strengthened, giving us some splendid sailing, albeit closehauled, with the sun shining on the easy long seas.

On Monday it blew a gale from the west and we lay under backed staysail and mizzen and took things quietly. This was rather bad for our dead reckoning, but fortunately Tuesday was sunny again and Iain was able to get a good fix. Accurate navigation was most important if we were to find this 70 ft. high speck in the ocean and it was comforting to be able to agree our position with the line given by Bushmills, but we were disappointed to find we could get no other Consol station. We were, of course, out of range of radio beacons.

On Wednesday morning we fell in with a Scottish trawler and they told us Rockall was 20 miles distant - further than we reckoned, but 1½ hours later we suddenly saw the rock, so we guessed the chap on watch had not been their navigator. The wind was now N.E. and we sailed up and down past Rockall a few times, four cameras clicking away. Then we sailed between it and the Haselwood Rock, marked by a continuous breaker, and the shortest cable distant that any of us had seen. There was no question of inflating our landing craft; the seas were 6 to 10 ft. high and made a fine show surging past the rock, spray sometimes shooting up half its height and foam pouring off the rock as the troughs went by. The rock is very colourful - the top white with bird droppings, one patch of bright green alga halfway down and the fringe of brown seaweed round

the base. The sky was full of gannets disturbed by our visit. There was a strange fascination in sailing around this tiny rock so isolated in the middle of nowhere, but having had a good look and taken photos from every angle we suitably celebrated our success and headed "Aeolian's" shapely bow eastward.

We had a pleasant sail with the wind mostly free and at dawn on Friday raised the twin islands of the St. Kilda group. We sailed close along the north sides of Soay and St. Kilda and anchored in Village Bay shortly before noon. We spent a marvellous afternoon on the island, bright sun, and not a breath of wind even on the summit of Conachair, from which we could see the Flannan isles and the length of the outer isles with the peaks of Skye just visible beyond; the stacks beside Boreray reminded us of Rockall though, in fact, they are ten times higher than it. We were able to lie watching fulmars at extremely close range as they flew up and down the edge of the precipice on which they had their nests.

Back aboard in the evening we were visited by the skipper of a Spanish trawler which shared the bay with us and received a gift of fish and bottles of vino with which we duly washed it down the next day. This was Saturday, another sunny day and not a breath of wind to help us across to the Sound of Harris. However, the monotony of motoring was relieved when a school of porpoises kept close company with us for a while. We went through the Sound by the southern buoyed route and in the evening came out on a glassy calm Minch, but with a south-east gale forecast we motored on in that direction. The wind came in the early hours of Sunday and was gale force by the time we beat, heavily reefed, into Canna at breakfast time. At noon the B.B.C. was still for a gale, but the wind had veered and the sun was out so we reckoned it was over. The forecasters were right - for once - and after a stiff beat past Rum and Muck we spent some miserable hours off Ardnamurchan in the dark and then sailed smartly up the Sound of Mull early Monday morning. We anchored at Craignure for three hours to await the tide and then took seven hours to get back to Crinan beating against a dying wind and then motoring.

We had logged 760 miles in 10 days and spent only one night at anchor. It had been a most enjoyable trip with good friends in a fine seagoing yacht. As far as is known "Aeolian" is the fourth yacht to have visited Rockall, and John the first yachtsman to have seen it twice; not many will wish to deprive him of this distinction, but Rockall is certainly worth going to see once. It is less than 300 miles from Malin Head and would make a nice objective for a week's cruise for some of our Northern members.

To Bantry Bay and the Islands of Carbery.

Julia: 1963.

by
Cormac O'Ceallaigh.

Crew:

Dun Laoghaire-Dunmore:	Aiden Brindley, Liam Brierty.
Dunmore-Bantry Bay-Baltimore:	M. O'Ceallaigh. Joe Clarke.
Baltimore-Arklow.	M. O'Ceallaigh, Juliet Warren.

This year, we had planned to cruise off the south coasts of Devon and Cornwall, but carried charts of our own S.W. coast. In the event, that turned out to have been a wise precaution for we never got to England. We were compensated by a most enjoyable month of exploring the coast of S.W. Cork, many of the more pleasant places on which we had been forced to by-pass on previous cruises. We also visited four of the larger offshore islands and found two of them, Clear Island and Bere Island, particularly fascinating.

Dun Laoghaire-Dunmore E. 100 miles.

We set out between the pier-heads in a N.E. wind of a steady Force 4 at 16.25 and had an uneventful passage under genoa and trisail, sailing close inshore within sound of the breakers, passing Kilmichael Point at 23.23, and at 05.00 were off Blackwater Head in poorish visibility. A compass course was set for the N. Shear By., which was duly made at 06.30. By this time the visibility had fallen to $\frac{1}{2}$ mile and a compass course was set for the invisible No. 4 Long By. The watch was changed, and all on board got the impression that we were being set rapidly to seaward by a strong cross-tide. A course more towards the land was ordered. Presumably, it was followed with exaggerated enthusiasm for presently, an ill-looking black cone buoy was picked up and then, a fellow. They carried no markings and, what was worse, there appeared between them and us, a bank on which the sea was breaking merrily. On sounding, we were shown to be in $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet of water, a finding which almost caused the skipper to suffer a stroke, so a reciprocal course was ordered to pick up our friend the N. Shear which soon could be heard at intervals mooing pleasantly in the murk. This operation cost us two hours owing to a flaccid wind into which we had to beat and a determined adverse tide, but the skipper had received such a fright that nothing could move him from his determination to retrace his steps and to start again from scratch. This time, the outboard was rigged and the No. 4 Long was soon picked up. A glance at R.P. O'Keefe's sketch chart, in last year's Journal, would indicate that our buoys were the pair between the wrecks, and that when the first was picked up, it was steered for in

the belief that it was Long No. 4. After this discreditable performance, which might not have occurred if the skipper had used language more precise than "steer a little down on the land", a course was set to pass outside the light-ships.

We sailed, without further incident, passing the Hook at 17.27, and came alongside a fishing-boat at Dunmore at 18.10. The usual things were done there and, after a good night's sleep (the fuel consumption on passage, other than hydrocarbons, having been $33\frac{1}{3}$ miles per bottle), Liam and the Brinner set off in high fettle for the Urbs Intacta where they met up with the Mate and Joe Clarke. These arrived later in Dunmore, and the evening was passed in discussing plans for making a passage to the Longships.

July 3rd. Dunmore-Helvick. 22 miles.

The morning forecast being for poor visibility and light winds, we decided to move W. along the coast, since the distance to the Longships is not altered materially until close to the Fastnet. 13.00 hours, set off under main and genoa, wind N.E.1, and steered a compass course in the haze for Helvick, a pleasant spot where we tied alongside "Akela", at 20.45. Reville Farrell was aboard, and very kindly left a loaf during the small hours.

July 4th. Helvick-Ballycotton. 25 miles.

The morning forecast was no better, so left at 11.30 and motor-sailed in a wind which alternated between calm and SSW 1. During the day, the wind went S.W.2 or 3, and we tacked along the coast, passing the "Ark of Connemara" inshore of us near Ardmore, apparently making little progress in the light conditions. 18.45, alongside break-water in Ballycotton, noting that the dangerous first iron ladder had been repaired. Spent a pleasant evening in Fawcetts in company with the local fishermen Willie and Jack Sullivan and Michael Lynch with whom Joe (Issac W.) Clarke had much useful conversation, as he was determined to improve the standard of fishing on "Julia", a boat, perhaps because of her colour, which has had a most undistinguished record in this respect in past years.

July 5th. Ballycotton-Crosshaven. 15 miles.

Next morning, we woke to find the bowsprit of the "Ark" towering over our cockpit. They had made Ballycotton in the small hours! The forecast for Lundy and Plymouth was for fog and unfavourable winds, so we left at 13.00, picking up "Auretta's" moorings, opposite the 'Munster' at 17.10. Heard that they were in process of going S-about around Ireland and, in our minds, wished them better weather than we had had in 1961.

July 6th. Crosshaven-Oysterhaven-Kinsale. 19 miles.

Forecast unchanged, so we were beginning to abandon the notion of going S. and decided to move on to Kinsale. 10.50, left on the last of the ebb and had to rig the Seagull off Fish Pt. As a diversion,

we passed between the Sovereigns to view the anchorage at Oysterhaven which we found most attractive. On coming out, we had a nice breeze which was soon killed by a most dreadful thunderstorm. Anchored in Kinsale at 16.35, and spent the evening watching the Dragons, Enterprises and Colleens racing. Kindly invited to use the Club's facilities, but because of the usual difficulty in making telephone calls, we were unable to avail of the invitation.

July 7th. Kinsale-Glandore. 32 miles.

08.16: Left Kinsale under outboard in a flat calm on a beautiful sunny morning. 09.45, rounded the Old Head within biscuit toss, breeze N.W.I. 11.27, abeam Seven Heads, wind suddenly switched to S.W. - still force I. Joe on foredeck sketching. 13.00: slight breeze, stowed outboard and tacked for the Galley. 14.50, had Dhulic and Galley in transit, and set course 303° C for Foilnashark Hd. The visibility was moderate so that we could make out High Sd. but not the Stags. 16.08, anchored at Glandore, rich in beauty but poor in stores, having had a spanking S.W. breeze coming in.

July 8th. Glandore-Schull. 25 miles.

08.35: Left on a beautiful morning on outboard, in a very light N.W. wind, having set the working jib and two rolls in main in deference to a forecast of W.5-6 by evening. 10.50, some wind from N. 11.25, Joe's campaign evidently bearing fruit, the first ever mackerel caught on "Julia"! Mate interrupts skipper's approving inspection with cries of "Oh Lord, let me look at it, you mean so and so"! Fastnet sighted! 13.15, Gascanane Sound abeam but since the tide had just turned against us and was at the top of springs, the skipper decided (foolishly) to pass outside the Bill of Clear. Following that uninspired decision, we tacked along the coast in a rapidly strengthening W. breeze, and by 15.10, tacked to Co. 340° C having succeeded in getting Mt. Gabrill in transit on the Bill. Although we were making 5-6 knots through the water, we were evidently bucking a very strong S-going tide, as indeed, would have been foreseen, if we had taken the trouble to consult Hiscock's synopsis oftides for the vicinity of Fastnet. The wind by now was W.4, gusting 5 or 6, so we had a tough sail into Schull when we cast anchor near "Dara". Later, we got the impression that we had dragged so we re-anchored near the pier. The next day, it was blowing very fresh from the N.W., so went ashore for stores and had an excellent lunch at Bartlett's. Later in the day, "Harmony" came in, having had an exhilarating sail round the Mizen running before the strong wind, about which we heard during a pleasant party in the evening.

July 10th. Schull-Castletown-Berehaven. 29 miles.

Set out with the general intention of going to Crookhaven, carrying No. 1 jib and 2 rolls in the mainsail, but found wind very strong when we emerged from shelter into Long I. Sound, so turned back to Schull to set No. 2 jib and two further rolls. 10.00, set out again and beat through the Sound, passing out through Goat I. Sound. Decided to press on

until we could judge what impression we could make on the Mizen, standing out to give it an offing of about 3 miles. 15.07, Mizen bearing 95° C, sea rough but going well, wind N.N.W.5. Decided to tack for Castletown, in excellent visibility, Ardkinna Pt. Beacon standing out in an extraordinary fashion. Joe delighted with his first sail in rough conditions. 16.10 Sheep Head abeam. 17.50, anchored in Castletown, well pleased to have rounded the dread cape in two long tacks.

July 11th. Castletown-Glengariff. 19 miles.

Laid in stores and visited Mrs. O'Shea who entertained us in her parlour. Sailed out 13.10, running down the Haven in a S.W. wind 4-5, so that we made short work of the passage, and anchored behind Bark I. at 16.45. Near us was a large black yacht "Morva" flying a white ensign, which had been following us the previous day, but had elected to go into Crookhaven. Had a few words with the skipper who was on his first cruise to our S.W. coast and seemed to be very happy. We were to meet frequently during the rest of the cruise. The evening was perfect and conditions could not have been better for enjoying the beauty of the anchorage.

July 12th. Glengariff-Bantry-Adrigole.

Weather still holding, so we continued to 'do the Bay', moving over to Bantry where we laid in stores and paid a courtesy visit to I.C.C. representative Paddy O'Keeffe. Armed with his instructions, we made out through the W. entrance without mishap, beating out against wind and flood. Entered Adrigole in a light and variable wind, and anchored behind the island at 20.20. We were quite surprised to see how large the anchorage is. There seems to be plenty of water at the pier, but the jetty has fallen into decay. Those who use Hiscock's S.W. Irish Harbours and Bays should remember that there have been many changes since 1937.

July 13th. Adrigole-Lawrence Cove. (Bere Island) 6.5 miles.

11.07, beat out of Adrigole and entered Berehaven between Roancarraig Mor and Carraigavaddra. 13.00, opposite Lawrence Cove, so decided to go in and have a look. Anchored off the ruinous army pier on a beautiful afternoon, and fell in love with the place while we were having a meal, considering it in every way preferable to Castletown. 17.40, following local instructions we moved in to the inner basin, finding ample water - the tide being at Neaps. The mid-day forecast spoke of S. and S.W. gales with mist-patches and presently the splendid hills were blotted out. It blew hard during the night and next morning, but we were in good shelter. During the night the luckless skipper fell through his root-berth! The canvas split as he was sitting up to peer through a port-hole, to check the bearing of the shore lights, and he passed the rest of the distressful night supine amid the ruins of his berth, his tender sides offended by the unyielding bulk of Reed's Nautical Almanac and diverse other works useful for navigation and pilotage. Next day, inspected the basin with local fisherman, John Hall, noting carefully the

position of the long reef which runs parallel to Coaling I. To enter the basin, having rounded the point of the island, it is necessary to keep 30/40 feet off the island, no more, until nearly abreast of the perch which marks the artificial boat-passage cut through the reef and marked by a pole (topmark missing). The inner anchorage marked on Hiscock's plan lies between two reefs, and is not to be recommended. There is an excellent shop at Rerrin within a few hundred yards of the basin, also a P.O. and a small shipwright's yard (Murphy's) in which dinghies are built at reasonable prices. Several of the Kinsale Enterprises have been built there.

July 14th. At Lawrence Cove.

The weather fined off during the afternoon, so Joe and the bone-weary skipper took a walk to Lonehort harbour while the kind mate cobbled up the berth and wrote an appeal to Perry's to supply a new canvas. Lonehort is a lovely and sheltered spot, but the reefs and rocks which encumber it are more readily seen through the clear water from the heights above, than from the deck of an entering yacht. Local people say that plenty of swell comes in hard S.E. weather, but to-day it was a mill-pond although there was a big 'shore' off Muntervary after the night's gale. The island is dotted with excellent houses, empty but still maintained by our revered Commissioners of Public Works.

July 15th. Lawrence-Cove-Castletown-Dunboy.

11.20: Left this most attractive place and beat up to Castletown in a S.W. wind, force 5, in smooth water in the lee of the island. 12.55, anchored in Castletown. Quite a swell coming up Piper's Sound and no eggs, so retire to Dunboy at L.W. The anchorage, with its stump of a famous castle much praised by Hiscock reminds one faintly of Dunstaffnage. It is perfectly sheltered in all winds without E. in them. Hiscock's 'sparkling stream' had shrunk to a dirty trickle. His naive Historical note which mentions the "slaughter of 600 Englishmen" would confirm more closely to the truth if it had said "600 Irishmen and Spaniards, the entire garrison". The rock marked on his plan by a cross to the W. of the anchor is, in fact, a reef about $\frac{3}{4}$ cable long, is of vast bulk at L.W. and is misleading. At H.W. it shrinks to a tiny islet with a small bush on the top. The rock drying 5' and marked by a perch (I.C.C. S. and W.-Coast Directions p.64) still dries 5', but the 'perch' has now decayed to a ringbolt. It would seem best to come into Dunboy around the time of L.W. when everything shows. Ashore in the evening to view the ruins of Dunboy House, architect Joe shaking his head at the awful waste of magnificent cut stone and superb craftsmanship. One large heron rose out of a tree and flapped majestically over the anchorage.

July 16th. Dunboy-Fastnet-Baltimore. 33 miles.

08.15: Forecast good, so set off to round the Mizzen, reaching in wind between W. and W.N.W. 3-4, overcast, but improving as we passed Sheep Hd. 10.30, Mizzen abeam, Co. 182°C, about 1½ miles. 12.27, gybed to clear the Fastnet to the joy of the crew who had been consumed with desire to round the rock. This we did at 13.00 fairly

close-in a big swell and some sea, Joe sketching furiously as we surge past at 5 knots in a freshening wind, now W.S. Anchored off Baltimore pier in a nasty loup at 15.00, after a grand sail. After taking on stores we sailed over to anchor off the ruined Abbey of Sherkin, a most charming spot, sunny, with a yellowhammer singing ashore. The forecast was for strong winds from W. Went ashore while weather held. Visited Simeon O'Connor's house of entertainment, a discreet establishment where the curtains are drawn at nightfall in order that the rays of the Aladdin lamp shall give no scandal at Baltimore. Fix up new root berth delivered by Perry's by return of post. This is service!

July 17th. At Sherkin.

As forecast, it rained and blew during the night and we dragged a little. On weighing anchor, we noticed that only one side was muddy and supposed that it had failed to dig in when dropped in the lee of the land on the previous evening. Joe now departs to our, and, we like to think, his regret, with an armful of sketches and our good wishes. Summary of his achievements during a fortnight's fishing. Sharks (basking and porbeagle), nil; pollock, nil; gurnet, nil; mackerel, ONE! To Baltimore in the evening, with Willie on the Post Boat to pick up Juliet Warren who duly arrived on the bus. When Willie had his fill of stout and conversation he kindly appeared on board to bring us back to Sherkin.

July 18th. Sherkin I. to Crookhaven via North Entrance. 14.5 miles.

09.40: Woke up Willie who was sleeping on board. He assured us that if we attended to the marks, there was nothing to pick us up, and that we had better get moving before we lost all our tide. We negotiated the somewhat intricate N.-passage on a lovely morning. By 12.55 we had the W.-end of the W. Calf abeam, making up slowly against a foul tide. Could not pick up the Bailinmhor in spite of all the swell and, although confident that we were about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile to S. of it, hailed a passing fishing boat for confirmation. Later, at Crookhaven, the local bard, Denis O'Sullivan, put forward a very rational explanation of the phenomenon. He said "To-day is Thursday. Now, doesn't everybody know that Thursday is the half-day for the breaking of the Bailinmhor. 16.15 anchored opposite the village after a dead beat up the haven, with drizzle setting in just as forecast. Ashore in the evening to O'Sullivan's where, in spite of chagrin and heaviness of heart, because of the prevailing dearth of lobsters, Denis was persuaded to sing some of his more notable compositions, including "The Turning on of the Lights". His brother Sonny, Thane of Crookhaven, kindly turned on the lights until he saw us safely on board. Weather so thick during the night that the skipper, up to check anchor, could not see the Rock Island Light House less than a mile away. Still foggy and drizzling next day, so we remained at anchor. Fastnet and Mizen firing continuously, the keepers rubbing their hands at the thought of so much "fog money".

July 20th. Crookhaven-Schull-Long Island. 11 miles.

11.40 Fog lifted so that the visibility was sufficient

to return to Schull via Barrell Sound. This turned out to be a very interesting passage as the Dromadda and the reefs between it and Turf I. have the most arresting shapes. 14.35, anchored off Schull for stores where we again saw "Morva". Since the forecast was for strong S. winds, we moved out into the Sound and anchored off the quay at Long Island where we passed a quiet night. Given present of a crab, "bad luck to him!" by one Pat Griffen, a man of great philosophy who descanted at length on his many ups and downs, never failing to conclude the recital of each misfortune by the remark "But airiu, what harrum!"

July 21st. Long Island-Clear Island-N. Harbour. 5 miles.

Went to S. side of the island where we sat in sunshine while only the top of Clear Island peeped out of the fog, and the explosions of the Fastnet and Mizen were continuous. Eventually, there was a clearance, so we set off 15.35, somewhat anxiously, but the fog held off and we made the N. Harbour of Clear I., picking our way carefully through the rocks to the quay, where we tied alongside in one of the most fascinating places we have had the fortune to visit. Passed a most agreeable evening alongside a large fishing boat chatting with Skipper O'Siothchain, and had a night-cap with the Harbour Constable, Ciaran O'Coitir who appeared to light the paraffin lamp on the quay at dusk. In morning, found the fog was back again and our warps adjusted, so we walked to view the South Harbour, and went to the magical Loch Eroll where Juliet had tried the famous waters on a white blouse and concluded that, if not whiter, it came out no blacker than it went in.

July 22nd. Clear Island-Castletown. 17 miles.

13.30: Since the fog tended to lift, we set out from the N. Harbour and made for the Gascanane noting, however, with displeasure that it was coming down thick again behind us. 14.30: Badger I. abeam to 113°C; 15.00 Lot's Wife I abeam to 89°C, - the question was now "do we call it a day, and turn into Baltimore?" Decided to carry on, but first checked the compass on a line given by Clear Light House in transit astern and passing through outside point of Kedge I. and found no error. At 15.17, we had the Kedge abeam, and the fog was thickening ahead. Steered, with infinite concentration, a course to pass just inside Stags as the visibility fell to 100 yds! 16.15: The Stags loomed up suddenly close to starboard, so set a new course to pick up the Black Rock. 16.47: the Black Rock suddenly materialised dramatically out of the fog about 50 yds. off, in fact we first saw the surf on the foul ground W. of it, before we saw the rock itself. After that, the rest was easy since we had been there in 1961, and we sailed round Horse Island and into welcome Castlehaven. There we saw "Morva" at anchor before us. As we passed by, the skipper came on deck and invited us for a drink before dinner. 17.14: anchored in mid-channel abreast the village. Later, over drinks with the owner of "Morva", Lt.-Col. Landon and his crew, remembered reading of his adventures (and mis-adventures) in "Seajack" in previous issues of the R.C.C. Journal.

July 23rd. At Castletownshend.

A horrible day of wind and rain! Ashore in evening to

have baths and dinner at the Castle, where Mrs. Salter-Townshend was her usual kind self to visiting distressed yachtsfolk (decayed or otherwise). After a pleasant chat over coffee in the spacious drawing room, we returned to the confined cabin of "Julia" and bed.

July 24th. Castletownshend.- Crosshaven. 45.5 miles.

09.20: Left Castlehaven under No. 1 jib and 5 rolls, the forecast being for N. to N.W. winds, 4-6. Passed "Morva" making sail. Soon she overtook as we crawled painfully along at 6 kts. 11.20, Galley Hd. abeam Co. 92°C, considerable swell Dhulic marked by a huge breaker. 13.15, Seven Heads abeam, Co. 80°C, swell. 14.50, Old Head abeam 1 mile, Co. 70°C, Gradually closed the land, passing Reanies Hd. at 16.15, finding the wind puffy and flukey inshore. 18.20, picked up "Auretta's" moorings at Crosshaven. No sign of "Morva" so concluded that she had put into Kinsale. Discovered that the bolt-rope of the mainsail had come out of the groove, owing to a parting of the boom at a glue-line, and so had to finish our cruise with 2 rolls in.

July 25th. Crosshaven-Ballycotton. 15.5 miles.

A fresh morning, so after stocking up with stores and a chat with an old friend, Dr. Jack Scully, with whom the skipper had done some sailing in his waterwag days, we left at 14.08 on the last of the ebb, waving farewell to "Morva". With six rolls in and the No. 2 jib, we had a spanking sail at 6 knots to Ballycotton, the wind being N.W. 5-6. 16.58, off Ballycotton breakwater. Not surprisingly there was a very short rough sea, so got up-wind of the entrance, downed main, entering successfully under jib alone. Pleasant evening spent in Fawcett's where Willie Sullivan most kindly presented us with a line suitable for fishing.

July 26th. Ballycotton-Dunmore E. 43 miles.

09.00: Left for parts E. on a beautiful morning with a light and variable wind, and running under spinnaker for some of the time, entered Dunmore under outboard at 21.00, where we passed "Inismara" under a very patriotic spinnaker and "Namhara's" old main, carrying what seemed to be an adequate crew (13 visible). Rounding the Puddingstones, stowed sails whereupon our outboard gave a cough and died! He just regained control, but happily invisible from the majestic "Inismara", the mate having set the genoa flying in a flash, when a rescue party appeared consisting of the good Harbourmaster and Pat from the "Santa Maria" and we were quickly secured alongside. Surely Dunmore is (or was) the only harbour where such a thing could happen!

July 27th. Dunmore-Little Island-Dunmore. 22.5 miles.

09.50: Set off rather late on the tide to sail to Waterford, a long cherished ambition of the skipper's. It was a most pleasant sunny day and the trip is quite as pretty as that up the Lee to Cork. Juliet seemed very pleased to be able to revisit her old home. Unfortunately, as expected, the tide became too much for us at Little I. The wind was now fresh S. and

funnelled up the river making things very unpleasant at Cheekpoint and Duncannon, though, surprisingly, conditions were quite moderate at the Bar. Later it was learnt that the bar was dredged away last year! Alongside at Dunmore at 15.35, where we had a pleasant drink and chat with Mr. Creedon on "Santa Maria".

July 28th. Dunmore-Rosslare. 36 miles.

08.47: Left Dunmore in pleasant weather, but hazy, with a light E. wind, on course for the Coningbeg which we did not pass until 14.00. Made slow progress, coming up to the Barrels By. at 17.35. We spent the next 5 hours inching our way up to Rosslare against the tide. We entered on the green sector, anchored between the lifeboat and the shore at 23.30, and passed a comfortable night.

July 29th. Rosslare-Arklow. 34 miles.

10.55: After a social visit to the Met. Station we took on stores and petrol, and had a slow passage in light winds, having difficulty in passing Kilmichael Pt. and Arklow Hd. against a foul tide. Docked in Arklow at 20.50. Unfortunately Juliet had to leave in the morning. We were sorry, for we had enjoyed her pleasant company.

July 30th. Arklow-Arklow. 0 miles.

Having seen Juliet off, we left for home but, while setting our sails outside, were suddenly enveloped in thick fog, 50/100 yards visibility, in which we hove-to trying to make up our minds as to which was better, to carry on, or to try to find our way back. We succeeded in doing the latter by sounding our way in to 2 fathoms when we could make out the groynes on the beach, and by working back, managed to pick up the pier head. Socialised with Peter Hatton on "Moyune" from Colwyn Bay during the afternoon.

July 31st. Arklow- Dun Laoghaire. 33 miles.

12.10: Set off with "Moyune" in a dying breeze, but left her astern when we rigged the Seagull. 19.45, sailed in between the pierheads and soon picked up our moorings to end possibly the most pleasant cruise we have had, marked by good weather, everything considered, and by more quiet nights at anchor than usual.

Cruise Summary.

<u>Date:</u>	<u>Passage made Good.</u>	<u>Sea M. Pass.</u>	<u>Made Good Cruise.</u>	<u>Time Hours.</u>	<u>Mean Sp. Knots.</u>
30.6.	Dun Laoghaire-Dunmore E.	100.	100.	26.00	3.85
1.7.					
3.7.	Dunmore E.-Helvick.	22.	122.	7.75	2.84
4.7.	Helvick-Ballycotton.	25.	147.	7.25.	3.45.
5.7.	Ballycotton-Crosshaven.	15.	162.	4.17.	3.59.
6.7.	Crosshaven-Kinsale.	19.	181.	5.75.	3.30.
7.7.	Kinsale-Glandore.	32.	213.	7.86.	4.07.
8.7.	Glandore-Schull.	25.	238.	8.25.	3.03.
10.7.	Schull-Castletownbere.	29.	267.	8.25.	3.52.
11.7.	Castletown-Glengariff.	19.	286.	3.58.	5.31.
12.7.	Glengariff-Bantry-Adrigole.	17.5	304.	5.08.	3.45.
13.7.	Adrigole-Lawrence Cove.	6.5	310.	1.88.	3.53.
15.7.	Lawrence C.-Castletown, Dunboy.	5.	315.	1.60.	3.13.
16.7.	Dunboy-Fastnet, Baltimore.	33.	348.	6.75.	4.89.
18.7.	Sherkin-Crookhaven.	14.5	363.	6.58.	2.21.
20.7.	Crookhaven-Schull, Long I.	11.	373.	3.5	3.07.
21.7.	Long I.-Clear N. N. Harbour.	5.	378.	1.41	3.55.
22.7.	Clear I.-Castlehaven.	17.	395.	3.74	4.54.
24.7.	Castlehaven-Crosshaven.	46.	441.	9.00.	5.06.
25.7.	Crosshaven-Ballycotton.	15.	456.	2.75.	5.64.
26.7.	Ballycotton-Dunmore E.	43.	499.	12.00	3.58.
27.7.	Dunmore-Little I.-Dunmore.	23.	522.	5.75.	3.91.
28.7.	Dunmore E.-Rosslare.	36.	558.	14.72.	2.45.
29.7.	Rosslare-Arklow.	34.	592.	9.91.	3.43.
31.7.	Arklow-Dun Laoghaire.	33.	625.	7.58.	4.36.
Totals:			625.	171.11.	3.65.

Away: 31 days.

Sailed: 27 days.

In port: Weatherbound - 3 days.

Awaiting crew 2 days.

Visited: 21 Ports.

Green Days in Forests and Blue Days at Sea.

The Mediterranean to Strangford in "Wild Goose", '63.

by

Wallace Clark.

"There she is". Eight long months had slipped by once more and June and I could enjoy for a moment the excitement which comes from seeing those familiar lines in a far away port. A bit weatherbeaten she looked, but taut and workmanlike in the morning sun of Port Vendres. We had, however, just three weeks to get her home, so there was no time to stand and stare. A Dutch motor coaster was in the next berth and June's charms vanquished the skipper so successfully that by three o'clock his derrick had unstepped both our masts and we were busy tidying up the rigging and preparing for the hurly burly of lock life. Next morning at 8.30 we motored up harbour and after filling every available container with petrol entered the canal itself.

It was Sunday, 30th June, and Bernard Felix and his wife were with us for the first two days. We had 350 miles of canal with 140 locks, and 750 miles of sea passage ahead of us; all Spring negotiations had gone on with the object of getting some of our friends to do part of the distance for us, but a hard winter with much north wind had kept "Wild Goose" in Spain until March, delayed fitting out and finally brought all this planning to nought. On the outward voyage we had just managed the distance in 23 days, but this was with everything prepared well in advance in Ireland, fair winds and no mishap. To try it in reverse, with most of the gear part worn and minor fit out to fit in in Bordeaux before we started, seemed pushing our weather luck very hard indeed. However, our great, and invaluable, asset in this rather uncertain situation was a first class crew who had generously agreed to fly out and join ship in Bordeaux.

We soon discovered that Bernard had made a most thorough job of the fit out, including all the tedious little details like lights working properly in the compasses, rigging and rigging screws greased, blankets and linen clean and mended, and radio on top line - which make such a difference. He had taken out and replaced the engine, with his own fair hand, and apart from oil troubles at the start it ran faultlessly. We found, after a day or two, that the S.A.E. 30 oil, recommended by the makers and quite satisfactory at sea, became far too thin in the canal. The water was so warm that it was a poor coolant and horribly expensive noises developed after an hour or two's running, but once we had changed to S.A.E. 40, she went like new.

The passage across France took twelve days, largely a repetition of our 1961 crossing; the work is hard, particularly for two, as

one is constantly tending warps, winding sluices, opening gates or maintaining the engine, but the countryside is beautiful and constantly varying, the towns interesting, and the people one meets friendly and talkative.

The route is right off the tourist trail and takes you at horse caravan speed of 30 or 40 miles a day. We had time for a siesta and a meal ashore every day and saw a complete cross section of the country, the Continent in fact, from Mediterranean to Atlantic. Whether your interests are history, flowers, trees, birds, agriculture, buildings, or just people, the gradual change is fascinating and there is always something new to see. The canal is narrow, winding and tree lined, so we were generally voyaging down long green avenues, sometimes complete arches, delightfully cool in the heat, with glimpses of cornfields, vineyards or woodland on either side, and hills in the background. At lunch-time we could often moor to overhanging branches instead of the shore; it's not in the seamanship manual but reduces the risk of grounding. The trees change from maritime pine with plane trees on the south, to cypresses and finally poplar, mixed all the way with acacia and many rarer varieties. For watchers of (feathered!) birds, there are hoopoes, kites, buzzards, purple heron, bitterns and many warblers- strange to Irish eyes - as well as numerous familiar ones such as kingfishers, magpies and green woodpeckers.

You meet about half a dozen barges a day and passing requires a steady hand on the tiller - approach under very easy throttle we found best, then open right up when you are about abreast his hold so as to have enough power to avoid being pushed up on the bank by his wash. The lock-keepers can generally tell you if a peniche, as they called them, is expected in the next bief or pound.

The heat makes an awning essential, and at the start we had two or three bad days with horse flies and mosquitos, but luckily were well equipped with repellent cream, and vinegar rubbed on seemed to be the best cure for the bites. At Homps, where Bernard left us on Monday evening, we again discovered not to try to moor in any widened part of the canal or dock as they are, almost invariably, undredged and shallow. In this case, the lock-keeper had specifically advised us to go there and after we grounded, it took half an hour's warping, during which I had to swim across the basin about four times, to get off. There is a perfectly good berth just north of the dock.

Going up, particularly at the South end in the oval locks, is much harder work than coming down. We found we could use the gang plank, which has stiffening struts across the bottom just big enough to act as toe holders, as a ladder which made getting up on first entry much easier, and I no longer had to give my celebrated impersonation of a house fly each time. The lock-keepers will rarely help with a line, as it is not part of their job - they just do the gates. These men and women were of astoundingly varying types and we amused ourselves by finding doubles of most of the Irish Cruising Club among them.

It was a great relief the day we reached the top lock Ecluse de L'Ocean beside which a great pillar stands erected in 1666, to P.P. Ricard, "genial constructor of the Canal", as the blurb describes him.

Almost all the lock keepers houses are pretty, with tiled roofs, small round upper windows, and flowering shrubs on the walls but we gave the prize as most attractive to lock Encassan, just after the summit. Among other things he was the only one to keep his lawn cut with a lawn mower - a 'jardin Anglais' in fact.

From Toulouse I had to fly home for a business meeting so John, June's brother, came out to join. We were able to park "Wild Goose" just 50 yds. from the station where his train got in, most convenient but one of the few noisy dirty berths of the voyage. John and June moved "Wild Goose" on 40 miles to Castelsarrasin and on the Monday I rejoined them, after a 5 mile walk in the morning sun having got out at Moissac station by mistake. They had done extremely well but had several adventures to relate including having got "Wild Goose" jammed across the mouth of a weir, at Montauban, keeling over in a rapid current for half an hour. This can happen all too easily as there is a by pass stream and weir just above each lock. As you slow down to enter you can very quickly find yourself sucked sideways into the shallows. By mustering all available help and getting the sluices shut they got her off - my only regret was that we hadn't a cine-reel of the scene - preferably with sound recording!

By Wednesday, the 10th, the cool west wind and cloudy skies shouted Atlantic weather again and, with mixed feelings, we reached the basin at Castets just above the sea locks. You have to leave this at the right state of the tide and there is the problem of whether to take a pilot for the tricky 30 mile stretch of river to Bordeaux. The Channel winds from one side of the river to the other and if you ground on the ebb there is a chance of being pooped by the Marinac - a bore which sweeps up with the first of the flood in a wave four feet high. The pilot lives close to the lock but, while John's eyes roamed appreciatively over the contours of his daughter, I was told that the price was £10. Was the daughter included - could a gentleman ask? She certainly looked as if she'd like to have been and that compass sweater she filled so well might be useful. But her dad clearly failed to give the lock keeper a cut, because this citizen promptly told us that a pilot was quite unnecessary. The barges travel about 7 knots, too fast for our engine but we hoped we'd be able to follow one for the hard bits and next morning slipped out just ahead of the first one. The second one to pass, seeing us in doubt, promptly offered us a tow and nursed us carefully through. Passing Langon his wife sounded skilfully in the fierce eddying current with a boat hook. If we'd touched, the situation would have been interesting! Then half an hour later, he signed that all difficulties were over, gracefully refused our proffered francs and slipped the tow. A fine gesture and typical of the friendliness of almost every one one meets.

We still trod a little delicately but soon the banks became crowded with the villas of city dwellers; they form a riverine suburb, each

one with its fishing platform on high stilts complete with drop nets dangling like inverted parachutes; the spires of Bordeaux showed over the trees and we sped past row upon row of moored barges, under the great stone bridge and down to the shipping pool. There were no British ships in, (start looking for the dirtiest one and you'll soon know!) so we went straight into the yacht club a mile below the town. Here a small gnarled boatsman beckoned us to a berth alongside the pontoons of the maritime garage! You tie up laboriously to hinged tripods fore and aft which keep you neatly clear of the pontoons and in line with the strong tide.

The small man turned out to be Lucien, the club steward of whom we had heard so much; he has stepped and unstepped the masts of almost every yacht to traverse the canal since the war, and inspired immediate confidence because (dare I say it?) he looked like Billy Mooney ...

The next piece of good news was a hail from the shore and the appearance of Mike Villiars Stuart and Harry Woodhead, bursting with strength and enthusiasm. This called for champagne, but was followed swiftly by the commencement of 36 hours gruelling work, storing, rigging and securing for sea - in the intense heat. Replacement wires had to be ordered and fitted for the two forestays, the masts prepared for stepping, the sails checked and a hole in the dinghy repaired, petrol, oil, duty free booze and food for ten days bought - and taxied at great expense from the town. It took the five of us flat out to do it. At 3.0 p.m. Friday we moved under an open pier, just above the yacht club, and placed ourselves at the mercy of Lucien for stepping the masts - this turned out to be quite the most difficult operation of it's kind I have ever carried out. The yacht could not be properly moored in one place as there were no suitable points of attachment - we got two ropes vertically up to the pier and swayed around in the eddies of the tide, which was fast falling and threatening to leave us dry while Lucien fired a stream of instructions at us in a mixture of German, French and Dutch. It rained stair rods - and the deck was a tangle of wires, spreaders sails, tools and stores of all kinds. The butt of the mast got jammed between the legs of the pulpit and took an age, and two cleats splintered off, before it was free. Were it not for Lucien's uncanny precaution with the crane serious damage would have resulted, but at last the job was done and we returned to lick our wounds. I should add that the Club, very generously, made no charge for this service - the only penalty was having to concoct an entry for their Visitors Book - we got Harry to say it in Irish.

We must sail on the midnight ebb that night, only nine days now remained for 750 miles. It was the start of the Quatorze Juillet holidays, beside us French cruisers were completing preparations, two British yachts had just arrived to go South through the Canal. All round was bustling activity. At 9.0 p.m. June left for her plane home; at 12.00 midnight Mike Tinne, the last of the crew, arrived - and at 12.20 we sailed. At 12.25 it began to rain. All day there had been short sharp thunder showers, lasting ten minutes or so - 'just another' we thought - but it wasn't and what had been a clear calm night became a blinding thick baffling misery. The ebb ran 5 or 6 knots in the narrow which meant that

under engine we were, at times, covering ground at over 12. The buoys came up in quick succession just within the range of visibility; nothing to spare but Mike Villiers-Stuart's eyes are better than a Radar set, and never failed to get the next one in time. John and Mike Tinne pored over the chart table shouting up courses, bearing and distances - it was like a war time action plot. The first hour or so was a strain, then we got into the rythm and while there could be no relaxing, the channel grew wider and things easier. The rigging was not well enough tuned for night sailing, so we motored throughout.

It was as exciting a night passage as one would wish for. As dawn slowly broke over the muddy turbulent waters we found ourselves off Pauillac, 30 miles on, and sought a berth for the flood. The water off the lead line ran luke warm into ones hands but the current was so strong that the lead could scarcely find bottom, and we dragged the C.Q.R. almost quarter of a mile before the Danforth brought her up. Most of us were thoroughly exhausted, "pompe" as the French aptly put it, and made the most of the precious 4 or 5 hours flood to get some sleep. There was still no wind at 11.0 a.m. so we chugged straight down channel and at 5.0 p.m. entered Port Bloc. This is a delightful harbour now dredged to six feet all over and a favourite stop for Bordeaux yachts. A number were gathered here having come down an hour or two ahead of us. Asked where bound they just said "la premiere route" - a useful phrase meaning "the first fair wind". In fact they would have to go a long way South to find much of interest, apart from Archachen. They cheerfully told us that our chances of a fair wind were very small as North greatly predominated and furthermore one is often pinned in the river mouth for days waiting to get out. But we were too busy to listen to much of this as the rigging had still to be tuned, much internal stowage completed, deck leaks caused by the hot sun patched and there were a thousand small jobs to be done.

After 2 or 3 hours sleep we slipped at 01.10, 2 hours after first of ebb. It was fine and calm with good visibility and mirabile dictu a S.W. wind forecast. At 2.30, after much buoy counting and checking of numbers, by the light of the Aldis, we were clear of the narrows but the water pump objected to the change from fresh to salt water and the engine began to overheat. So we made sail by moonlight, for the first time since last year: Wind was about force 2 on the port bow and the sea steep and jumpy. At 03.43, No. 1A, the outer channel buoy was abeam - we were able to set course 336°M for Belle Isle.

The S. wind never did come and by breakfast time were close hauled in a west wind, force 3-4. It was warm and sunny, just what we needed to build up some reserves of energy. Bad weather, at that stage, would very quickly have driven us onto La Rochelle for shelter.

The water pump was repaired and at dusk we began to motor again as the wind went very light. We passed inside the Ile d'Yeu and were reminded by salvoes of rockets from the towns of the mainland that it was the Quatorze Juillet and how many good parties we must be missing ashore,

but it was a perfect night for sailing, so warm that one sweater was quite enough. The last quarter moon hung low and red over the mainland and the stars and milky way were so brilliant and fascinating that the end of ones watch came all too soon.

The French say that they notice two marked stages in weather conditions on the West Coast, one at Penmarch from Channel weather something much better and another at Ile d'Yeu. South of this it is awning weather, the heat of the Mediterranean without it's brassiness. It certainly gave us a delightful welcome back to the Atlantic and conditions the next night as we approached Penmarch could scarcely have been in greater contrast. Cold wet and thick, it was, with a big beam swell building up and the wind veering Northerly.

We had had a most enjoyable lunchtime stop in between at Le Palais, Belle Ile - it really looked 'belle' that day, green and fresh set in a dancing blue sea, with wee rocky coves and private beaches, trees in the hollows, and bright orange tents in the meadows. Le Palais, dominated by a great Vauban fortress, is typical Breton with the harbour winding into the heart of the town and narrow interesting streets giving glimpses of fishing boats at every corner.

Why make all the effort to go to the Mediterranean when Brittany can be like this we felt, as we lunched in the open, over-looking "Wild Goose".

The course from Belle Ile to Penmarch just skirts the wide spread reefs of the Glenan Islands. These project 6 miles from the light house at their centre and have only few, and weakly lit, buoys to mark their extremity. Just before midnight with visibility under a mile, and decreasing we were faced with the decision as to whether to tack right out to sea. This would have wasted many precious hours but hey-presto a tiny red flash appeared out of the murk, - Penfret Light just when we needed it most. So we were able to stand on and visibility steadily improved. Incidentally that anxious hour or two, capped by an equally adrenaline landfall on the Scillies, has completely sold me on the idea of an echo sounder. That night it would have saved a lot of wear and tear on the ulcers and I made an oath not to go foreign again without one.

Conditions steadily improved and our fourth night out proved quite a pleasant one, as we rounded Penmarch Point amid numerous fishing boats. By 11.05 next day the Ar Men Buoy was abeam and 16.15 Mike's radar eyes picked up Ushant, at an estimated distance of 7 miles. We worked a lot of that day at a sea anchor assembly, for the deck leaks were showing up as acute and if caught out we would clearly have to lie to very early on. The old fibre glass deck covering had cracked up in the hot run and the new plywood we laid in March in Port Vendres was so poorly jointed that it might as well not have been there at all. We now made sure that the sea anchor with a brand new 3" warp, and chain at each end against chafe, was ready for instant use stepped to the tail.

As Ushant grew close abeam, Mike turned his attention to the jib halliard and had just spliced in a new fibre tail, when zip, a faulty snap shackle let it go to the masthead. This was the prelude to an hour's concentrated recovery effort; luckily the wind was light but the swell was jumbly and 3 or 4 ft. high. "Wild Goose" looked mighty small from a bosun's chair, 50 ft. up, and we were all relieved when the job was successfully over.

We were thoroughly sick of the sight of Ushant, yellow and arid as it seemed after Belle Ile, by the time the tide turned again and we were able to make some headway. The island is dominated by light towers; they seem, in fact, to be it's sole raison d'etre, from Crach striped like a footballer's jersey, to Nividie like the entrance to a Victorian night club;- it would be better named the Moulin Rouge. There were never less than 4 or 5 steamers in sight, a constantly changing procession, though nothing very big came close. Our navigation lights were, thanks to Bernard, in good order and with the Aldis as well, plus its red and green filters, and a box of white flares always ready on the bridge deck, we felt well equipped for steamer scaring but were glad to find that by nightfall we were clear of the main track.

The forecast next morning for Plymouth was S.W. or W. force 4 -- 6 and, as the day wore on, the wind steadily freshened and veered. We progressively reefed the main during the morning and by 13.00 handed the mizzen and staysail.

It was beginning to look like touch and go whether we would make the Scillies for the night. The chance of substituting a night at anchor for a rough one tossing about in the awkward triangle between the Scillies and Lands End proved enough of a spur to make us keep her going as fast as possible. This meant plenty of pumping as the lee deck was constantly awash and Driver Woodhead, as Harry was now known, constantly calling for more sail. At 18.00 the sea was building up to 8 or 10 ft. high; it was grey and raining but still warm and the wind Force 7 about 5 points on the bow.

Round Island was coming in loud and clear right ahead, but apart from the log, and one's degree of faith in Consol fixes, there was not much accurate indication of our distance off the Scillies. There is no radio beacon in range to give an E.W. position line.

Finally at 20.25, when visibility was down to half a mile and a big ground swell 15-20 ft. high building up, rocks appeared in a smother of spray close ahead. Which way to turn was the immediate question - we had been aiming for St. Mary's Sound but there must be some error in the bearing of Round Island Beacon. A few minutes later a large grey tower loomed out of the mist to port - "must be the Bishop" - "half an hour's daylight and 3 miles to go". We started the engine, trying not to worry about a sudden leak which made petrol ooze from the carburettor and at 21.00 turned thankfully into the Sound. The Customs were off to us as soon as the hook went down but we were into our sodden bunks a few minutes later.

We had a delightful "day off" next day, Thursday; it was warm and sunny and we saw the garden at Tresco and exchanged visits with a French 6 tonner up from Glenan. Mike Tinne had a long session on engine repairs and after leaving it in good order had, regrettably, to leave us to travel back to London and at midnight we slipped out of New Grimsby Sound into one of the blackest nights ever. Visibility was less than quarter of a mile and great wet opaque walls of fog enveloped us but the wind was W.S.W. Force 3 to 4 and progress good. It was a curious night with continuous fine rain and the sea full of phosphorous making tiny points of light; every now and then a bright wave top caught the corner of your eye like a ship's bow wave or the loom of a light and you could imagine crashing right into a cliff without the slightest warning of its pressure. The wind steadily freshened and most of the next day we made 6 knots. "The girls at home have got hold of the tow rope" said Mike. It was a real old Irish grey day and the sunny south seemed far away.

At 18.30 the Log reads "Over Nymph Bark; no nymphs in sight". This caused disappointment among our ornithologists who had little scope for bird watching since Belle Ile three days previously. The wind S.W. force kept up so well that we ran $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles in the best hour and looked like making a passage, but it then began to ease off until by sunset it was near calm and we had to motor at times. By midnight three Irish lights were in sight; Hook, Tuskar and Coningbeg so we had, at least, practically bridged this dull and exposed crossing in the 24 hours but it was 6.0 a.m. and dawn before Carnsore was abeam. We passed inside the Splaugh Rock as the wind had come up from the N.E. and we were close hauled on the starboard tack. We picked the inshore passage, passed through the Rush Channel and were able to make a quick run ashore during the ebb at Poulduff. The hotelier kindly ran us three miles inland to get petrol and provided a good homely lunch - our first ashore since Belle Ile. This is an excellent stopping place and we found "Wild Goose" would lie comfortably off the outer part of the pier within an hour of L.W. Her stern (5'3") just touched at L.W. close alongside but hauled 6 ft. off with the kedge she remained afloat.

We got under way again at 3.0 and apart from heaving-to for an hour to adjust the clutch, which was beginning to slip again, passed an uneventful night, our seventh out of eight at sea, running before a light South wind. We were all keen to get in and home so there were some sharp cracks made at the navigation department, represented by myself, when the Chicken Rock, instead of the Mourne Mountains, appeared on the bow next morning. The compass had been practically free of deviation all the way but a search now revealed a spare steel lifeline stanchion, which some tidy enthusiast had shoved in below it, producing a 15° error. We had put off the decision as to whether to go for Belfast Lough or Strangford but now found that in spite of this detour we could just make the last of flood at Strangford bar. The visibility closed tight down and yet another spate of radio bearings and working up of D.R.'s had to be entered into. After 5 hours of this, St. John's Point duly appeared out of the murk, the navigator could, at last, relax and we thankfully

turned in past the Angus Rock at 12.00 on the last dregs of the flood.

A brief stop at Strangford to telephone before fighting the ebb through the narrows, and by 6.0 p.m. we were moored close N. of Rainey Island in Mike's private winter berth- and the passage was over.

It had been too hurried to allow of much of the usual pleasures of cruising but we'd had plenty of seetime and been able to give all "Wild Goose's" gear a most thorough overhaul. Apart from a leaking deck, which can easily be cured this winter, she finished the voyage ready to go anywhere.

It was McMullan who remarked that to be homeward bound for necessity is a vastly different thing from being outward bound for pleasure, which is only too true, but a long coasting passage has a special thrill and satisfaction of its own as the landmarks slide punctually past and one's confidence in the boat and crew steadily rise. No skipper could have asked for a better or more loyal crew - John had turned overnight from a dinghy sailor into a first class pirate. Harry shook off the cares of a hard working country parson so effectively that, by the end of the trip, you'd think he'd done nothing but drive ships and swap salty yarns all his life. Mike was, as usual, first and best at every job from navigation to needlework, and carried all of us on his back at one time or another.

"Let's have a couple of nights sleep, caulk the deck tight and go on to the Faroes" was our final wish!

What price the Med.?

by

Wallace Clark.

Our arrival at Strangford also marked the end of "Wild Goose's" two year tour of the Med. so perhaps a few observations may serve "pour encourager les autres". Our opportunity to do this thing occurred when at the same time the children were so young as to make sailing impractical at home and our Breton friend, Bernard Felix, found himself on the S. coast of France and free to look after "Wild Goose".

A friend on the spot is essential, unless your pocket is very deep indeed. With Bernard's supervision and personal hard work costs were no higher than at home, but the yards are so busy and prosperous that catering for the whims of a "mad Irishman" with a small yacht does not interest them. As an absentee owner you would have to pay through the nose and probably still get poor service. I would be glad to give details of costs to anyone in the Club who may be interested.

The voyages out and back, particularly the Midi Canal, were great fun and it would have been well worth going to the S. of France and back just to have seen this unique cross section of the country. Of course, once there you want to do more, but with ordinary business holidays of 3 to 4 weeks, the scope is very limited for this, as we fully realised before we started. The sailing in the Med. is generally acknowledged to be not nearly as good as at home "either Force 8 or nothing" is the remark frequently heard and this agreed with our small experience. The ports and coasts are, of course, fascinating so, as a result, one spends a high proportion of time in harbour or ashore.

We chartered half a dozen times to friends or relatives and this arrangement worked amicably. All the parties were careful but the sum total of their wear and tear pushed the repair bills, particularly for the engine, up so much that it is very doubtful whether we broke even. As we couldn't be on the spot to be sure the boat was in good order we did not feel it was fair to ask for more than a minimum fee - but our friends had a lot of fun, more, I suspect, that we did in the Med. - which made the whole thing worth while. Another time we'd prefer simply to lend her.

Incidentally, in '61 and '62 it was impossible, so far as I know, to charter anywhere in France a boat without a paid hand on board. "Wild Goose" is just too small for this and profitable Mediterranean chartering probably only begins from about 20 tons up, with one or more hands. Even without chartering there is a lot of correspondence and uncertainties - you just have to decide not to worry about details, completely trust your friends on the spot and, of course, insure well. Rates are no higher than at home.

Flying backwards and forwards you spend a lot of money, and loose touch with the boat. One of the things that you give up is most of the feeling of satisfaction which normally comes from having reached foreign parts by your own efforts - and you almost feel you are chartering your own boat. Short holidays become hard work as you are always trying to catch up on maintenance as you go, doing the sort of things you would do between cruises at home. Another snag is that once the boat is there for a limited period of say 2 or 3 years you are committed to a succession of holidays which are both similar and complicated. Taken over a larger period one would probably enjoy this more but this is, of course, a personal problem.

You must be quite ruthless in simplifying the gear and have nothing untried or unnecessary, e.g. an awning is essential. The fullest set of tools and spares, including mooring gear that you can carry are, of course, essential - but a dinghy sail, deck chairs and fancy light weather sails are not. The Hon. Librarian has a list of the gear and navigation publications which were found worthwhile in 1961 and have had no reason to modify.

One lesson we learned about sailing a strange coast is to find out first about "Bug Bear" headlands, if any, i.e. local Cape Horns which may hold you up a week or more trying to round them and wreck a short holiday. Cap Creux and Cap Sicie both come under this heading. It is best to plan a short cruise to avoid their like.

All in all we feel no urge to go back to the Med. until we have more time available, but perhaps in a year or two the Baltic! On the other hand, I can think of nothing more delightful for those with a Summer to spare then to make a round voyage out and back through the Midi, and 6 or 8 weeks in the Med. Get out of the Gulf of Lyons (most aptly named by the Romans for its fierce weather) as quick as possible is the idea and see Corsica and the Baleares before the Riviera.

However, if you do wait until you have plenty of time, you may be too decrepid to enjoy it, so it is well worth doing once, even with short holidays. Shakespeare said it first - "Take the instant way, for emulation hath a thousand sons which one by one pursue".

Log Summary.

Sat. 29th June.	In Port Vendres. Unstepped Masts.
Sun. 30th June.	Port Vendres to Sallelles. 9 locks. 28 kilometers.
Mon. 1st July.	Sallelles to Homps. 11 locks. 28 kilometers.
Tues. 2nd July.	Homps to Carcassonne. 12 locks. 40 kilometers.
Wed. 3rd July.	Carcassonne to Castelnaudary. 18 locks. 40 kilometers.
Thurs. 4th July.	Castelnaudary to Toulouse. 20 locks. 61 kilometers.
Fri. 5th July.	Toulouse to Fenouillet. 5 locks. 10 kilometers.
Sat. 6th July.	Fenouillet to Montech. 9 locks. 34 kilometers.
Sun. 7th July.	Montech to Castelsarrsin. 9 locks. 12 kilometers.
Mon. 8th July.	Castelsarrsin to Agen. 15 locks. 51 kilometers.
Tues. 9th July.	Agen to Port des Sables. 13 locks. 57 kilometers.
Wed. 10th July.	Port des Sables to Castets. 9 locks. 30 kilometers.
Thurs. 11th July.	Castets to Bordeaux.
Fri. 12th July.	Stepping Masts, securing for sea, in Bordeaux.
Sat. 13th July.	Bordeaux to Port Bloc at mouth of Gironde.
Sun. 14th July.	At sea- Port Bloc to Ile d'Yeu Sound.
Mon. 15th July.	At sea- Ile d'Yeu to Glenan Iles . Lunchtime stop at Belle Ile.
Tues. 16th July.	At sea- Glenan to Ushant.
Wed. 17th July.	At sea- Ushant to Scillies.
Thurs. 18th July.	Scillies - St. Mary's to Tresco.
Fri. 19th July.	At sea- Left Tresco 01.00. Sighted Tuskar 23.00.
Sat. 20th July.	At sea- Carnsore to Dublin. Lunchtime stop at Poulduff.
Sun. 21st July.	Dublin to Mahee Island, Strangford.
<u>23 days in all:</u>	12 days in Canal; <u>365 miles</u> . 9 days at sea.- <u>750 miles</u> .
	One day fitting out at each end.

Emanuel Cruise to North Brittany, 1962.

by

D.K. Luke.

D.K. Luke.

J.N. Wilkinson.

J.W. Higginbotham.

W.R. Cuffe-Smith.

Owner.

Navigator.

(Wivenhoe to St. Peter Port)

Crew.

Navigator.

(St. Peter Port to Howth).

"Emanuel" is a 7-ton Bermudan Sloop designed by Raymond Wall of London, and is the fourth built to this design by the Colne Marine & Yacht Co. Ltd., of Wivenhoe, Essex.

The main dimensions are as follows:

L.O.A.	26' 10"
L.W.L.	21'
Beam.	8' 3"
Draught.	4' 6"

Sail area is 335 sq. ft. and all spars are solid.

The object of the design was to produce a cruising yacht capable of racing in local off-shore events.

There is a self-draining cockpit aft. In the cabin is a full size chart table with drawer, opposite the galley, which has a 2 burner Taylor paraffin cooker. There are 3 full-length bunks, plenty of locker space, and a Blake toilet forward.

The engine is a Volvo Penta 6 H.P. diesel, with a 2 to 1 reduction gear driving a 2-bladed fixed propeller on the centre line. The consumption is one quart of fuel oil per hour, and 10 gallons were carried - 6 in the main tank and 4 in containers. 20 gallons of fresh water were also carried in cruising trim.

The yacht was launched by Pauline Wall, wife of the designer, on 7th April 1962 - a blustery Saturday afternoon - and lay in a mud berth until taken over on 26th May.

Mud berths are one of the characteristic features of the English East Coast rivers and estuaries and make excellent, if sometimes odorous, natural storage berths for yachts. Fortunately the mud at Wivenhoe was not scented and we spent the best part of two days pleasantly, stowing the usual pile of equipment and gear. The yacht sat upright in the mud except at high water, when she floated clear for a short period.

The advance party consisted of Norman Wilkinson, James Higginbotham and the writer. Raymond Wall had very kindly taken over the vessel on my behalf, and trials had been run the previous week. Guy Harding, the builder, had put the main items of equipment on board and fuel and water tanks had been topped up, so our time was spent in stowing the various items according to our particular whims.

I had arranged a farewell dinner at the local hostelry, named The Fleece in Colchester. Neither Raymond nor Pauline Wall could attend as they were racing their yacht in the Thames Estuary Race that day, but Joan and Guy Harding, the owners of the yard, made up a fivesome with us, and the chef excelled himself with Beef Stroganoff.

We spent Sunday morning doing last-minute jobs, and the Hardings arranged a very substantial meal for us at The Black Buoy in Wivenhoe. Joan Harding presented the ship with a stuffed chicken, which was gratefully accepted.

Due to last-minute rush, Customs clearance had been forgotten and, as it was now Sunday, it proved impossible to locate a Customs Officer. Guy Harding advised that we proceed to Britlingsea and said he would endeavour to have the matter arranged by the time we arrived. We had a quick trial run under engine, to learn how to stop and start and other vital procedures. Then, having said our farewells, we were off down the River Colne at 19.25. The motor ran smoothly, it was a fine evening, rather cool, and we had a good ebb under us. The Essex Flats, with their pleasant old names, drifted by: Marsh Farm, Alresford Creek, Fingringhoe Marsh and Pyefleet Channel.

At 20.30 hours, as we steamed up Britlingsea Creek, the Customs Officer very obligingly came out to meet us and we were cleared in a matter of minutes with no fuss. We dispensed "a drop of the crather" and were complimented on the ship. The East Coast, said our decent douanier, had the finest craftsmen in the country, and we had shown great discernment in having the ship built in Wivenhoe. He also informed us that he was an Irishman, but had lived so long in these foreign parts that he had lost his accent. Having wished us good-luck he hopped into his outboard-engined dinghy. We turned about and made course for the Colne Buoy.

Guy Harding had advised us that it was essential to identify each buoy before altering course for the next one, and we had no doubt of the wisdom of his advice when crossing the Thames Estuary Southeastward as we were about to do.

This great waterway, one of the busiest in the world, with ships of every size moving in procession up and down on every side, from every part of the British Isles and most parts of the world requires, what bureaucrats call "active consideration" from the navigator. Even before reaching the crowded deep water channels, we would have to pass over, around or through the many sandbanks and shoals which streal irregularly northeastward from the mudflats and sandflats lying on both sides of the Thames mouth east of Sheerness and Shoeburyness. The navigation marks are plentiful but one needs them all - and to know which is which.

Norman Wilkinson concentrated on the navigation at which happily he is a past master. The passage across the Thames Estuary nevertheless was not without incident. We motored through the spitway on the Gunfleet and at the Swin Spitway Buoy altered course for the Barrow No. 2. At 23.00 hours we were off the Barrow No. 2 and as there was a fair breeze we hoisted the mainsail and altered course for the Mid Barrow Light Vessel.

All the lights on the main battery now decided to fuse. These were the navigation and compass lights, and as we were approaching one of the main traffic lanes we viewed the occurrence with displeasure amounting almost to concern. Fortunately it was not a very dark night. We managed the compass with the aid of a torch, and as we made our way down Barrow Deep and into Black Deep, motor sailing to keep up speed, Norman kept well to the edges of the navigable channels in sensible deference to the many large merchant ships now pounding along in mid channel.

At 01.00 East Knock, John was abeam to starboard. "Emanuel" was on a broad reach and beginning to show her paces. An hour later the Tongue Sand Light Vessel was abeam. We were in rather wider waters now and course was altered for the Edinburgh South Channel, which we swished through in fine style. Soon we were off the North East Spit Buoy close to Margate Sands. We sailed through the Gull Stream and had the South Goodwin Light Vessel abeam to port. The wind now was force 4 and inclined to lighten, but "Emanuel" was moving well. The tide was on the turn and at 08.00 we entered Dover. In the Eastern Harbour we secured alongside a large motor yacht and had breakfast on a fine sunny morning which was still cool.

Norman and I thumbed the first vehicle we saw as we scrambled up 30 feet of dock wall. Rather neatly, we had picked on the motor mechanic of the Dover Life Boat because Norman is Hon. Secretary of the Dover Life Boat. We were duly elected and dropped at the right spot in Dover town. Here we purchased some spare batteries and bulbs and had a quick cup of coffee. By the time we returned to the Harbour, Jem Higginbotham had managed to scrounge some fuse wire from our larger obliging neighbour. He had also traced some fault in the lighting system and rectified it. Jem is a fine improviser and repairman, never allows a problem to get the better of him, and as such was an indispensable member of the crew.

At midday on Monday we left Dover Harbour for Cherbourg, and an hour later we were passing Folkestone with a light breeze on a broad reach. At 16.00 Dungeness was bearing 340. The night was one of variable winds, mostly north east and dying away, so we used the engine for the greater part of the time. At 21.50 the Royal Sovereign light vessel was abeam to starboard - the log reading 83½ miles; we motored on in the prevailing calm.

Our watches were two hours on and four off, and this arrangement worked admirably except when the navigator had a sticky problem on hands. It was then deemed best to let him alone to concentrate in peace! "Emanuel" is equipped with Homer Heron and Hecta and this compact equipment proved its worth during the cruise.

On Tuesday morning, at 06.00, we set main and genoa in a light breeze, which later turned to rain. Norman got a radio beacon fix from Le Havre and Cape Barfleur. The wind in the meantime had freshened for a couple of hours and then eased to force 3. Barfleur Light was sighted at 23.30, bearing 220.

The wind now left us and the tide turned foul, so on Wednesday morning at 01.30 we started the engine, and lowered the sails, endeavouring to stem the tide, which was running very strongly against us. We did not manage to hold our position, as I was running in the engine and rather pampering it. Visibility closed down bringing, as Norman remarked "typical French Coast weather". The wind then headed us and we spent the rest of the night under engine. The 06.45 shipping forecast predicted a northerly wind, force 2-3, some rain and moderate to good visibility, which turned out to be the case.

A few hours later, running before a force 3 breeze, we had an unexpected visitor. We had noticed numbers of swallows flying towards the English coast, and they seemed to be making heavy weather of it. One of them, obviously very tired, sighted "Emanuel", and decided she would suit as a temporary resting place. The swallow tried to land on the guardrail, missed its footing due to the motion of the ship, and landed in the sea. I thought that we were now going to be the unhappy witnesses of a minor tragedy, but not at all - the little bird sat in the sea like a very small duck for about 5 seconds, then flew towards us again and landed on the varnished tiller. This was a somewhat slippery perch and from there it flew on to the log line which promptly unbalanced the unfortunate bird. So it circled the ship once more and landed on the rim of a plastic bucket in the cockpit in the centre of us. We managed to get a couple of colour pictures of him, and he finally left us 20 minutes later, flying strongly.

A series of fixes by Heron verified our position as being approximately 5 miles off the French coast, which was totally obscured. This is a particularly foul coast for 3 to 4 miles out, so it was impossible to close with it until we were opposite Cherbourg. Further, Cherbourg has a peculiar system of talking vessels in and our navigator had his work cut out in estimating just how far off the harbour we were. At 09.45 we gybed and as Norman was certain we were now opposite Cherbourg, in we sailed. At midday we entered by the main entrance, close to the Fort de l'Ouest, and having sailed the length of the harbour and looked into one or two basins, we eventually found the entrance to the yacht basin and moored fore and aft opposite the Yacht Club, beside a large ketch.

After a hasty wash and stow we rowed ashore, and having had instructions from the yacht club steward, we went to the Cafe de Paris, where an excellent fish lunch was served. We became regulars here for the remainder of our visit, which turned out to be longer than expected.

The weather had deteriorated and it blew a gale for two days, so we had no option but to keep "Emanuel" in the yacht basin; but we had a pleasant excursion. We took the bus to Barfleur which is also a life boat station. Norman, who has fluent French, of course, met the coxwain, so we were given the full treatment, and a personally conducted tour of the life boat, housed in what appeared to be a brand new shed. The afternoon was spent in Barfleur and St. Vaast and we had a most amusing time with a local taxi driver, whom we hired to take us 10 miles to the spot overlooking the Normandy invasion beaches. The countryside, to our eyes, was most attractive, the noticeable feature being the very small size of the fields. The taximan did not notice the countryside much, but in the naughtiest traditions of French gallantry, noticed every pretty girl on the road and made sure she noticed him!

During our stay at Cherbourg we were treated also to the spectacle of the Queen Elizabeth docking in a gale, shepherded by at least a dozen tugs; it was a most impressive sight and an instructive example of big ship management. The yacht moored next to us was the well known "Zoom" with Group Captain Haylock on board, and he turned out to be a most kindly and helpful neighbour.

We had had a rather nasty stow, but as soon as "Zoom" came in, on went all their covers and all the bright work was rinsed in fresh water. This made even our maiden-voyaging "Emanuel" look somewhat uncared-for, so we had to turn to and do as "Zoom" did.

After a couple of days tasting the fleshpots of Cherbourg we left early on Saturday morning, 2nd June, bound for St. Peter Port. It was a sunny morning as we cleared the yacht basin and had breakfast under way. Outside the harbour we passed the "Caronia", and a British Destroyer. The Destroyer, I record with regret, failed to acknowledge our salute. Perhaps the yeoman of signals was having a tea-break, but it wouldn't have done in my day!

There was a flat calm, so we motored, and in 20 minutes we were passing the Raz de Bannes. With a $3\frac{1}{2}$ knot tide under us we made good progress, and with the windless conditions continuing all day it was more of a motor boat passage than a sailing one. Off Alderney, "Zoom" caught up with us; we exchanged greetings and took photographs of each other.

At 15.00 Roustel was abeam, and at 15.30 we dropped anchor in St. Peter Port in sparkling sunshine, after a pleasant passage of $9\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

Having cleaned ship we rowed ashore, hired a taxi and took a quick look at the southern part of the Island. We also paid our respects to the Royal Channel Islands Yacht Club, where we were hospitably received, and as the next day happened to be Sunday, it was one of the few places on the Island where one could get a drink. The club house has a fine view from the large picture window in the lounge, which overlooks St. Peter Port with Jethou and Herm in the background.

Norman Wilkinson had to leave us the next morning and Billy Cuffe-Smith was flying out to take his place. On Sunday morning the three of us left early for the airport and saw Norman off. We were sorry to see him go but he could only manage one week with us. This, of course, happened to the week in which all the hard work had been done and "Emanuel" really had not been able to show her best paces since most of the passage had been in lights airs.

St. Peter Port is a bustling tourist centre, and luxuries are comparatively cheap. We were rather surprised to find that we could buy liquor and perfume here just as cheaply as we had purchased duty-free in Cherbourg, which may be a point worth noting.

On Monday, 3rd June, with Billy safely installed on board, we watered ship, cleared Customs and shortly before midday left St. Peter Port for St. Malo. Twenty minutes later we had St. Martin's Point abeam with Little Sark to Port. It was a wonderful sailing day, with a force 4 easterly and "Emanuel" romped along in fine fashion on a broad reach.

Billy, whose normal occupation is driving a Boeing, had thoughtfully brought along aircraft beacon charts and now he got a radio fix from Jersey and Guernsey airports. At 16.40, the North Miniguers Buoy was abeam, and the wind was inclined to freshen. 40 minutes later we passed the S.W. buoy and the wind was now force 5, so one reef was taken in and the genoa changed for the working jib; owing to a miscalculation on my part, we missed the leading mark for St. Malo and ended up a mile to the east. It took us another hour to retrieve position, as the tide was flowing strongly from west to east, but at 19.00 we were off St. Malo. An hour later we locked into the wet dock and tied up opposite the Societe Nautique de St. Malo, the new Yacht Club, after a most exhilarating sail. Louis, the one-armed boatman, came and made himself known to us. "Emanuel" is registered in Dublin, and we were flying the Tricolour. This seemed to perturb him. The reason was made plain to us next morning when he apologised for not having an Irish ensign to fly at the club flagpole. As he was not sure that his apology was fully appreciated, our French being very limited, he later brought down a member, who further explained his problem. We thought this an extremely civil gesture, assured him earnestly that we were not at all put out, and thanked him for his courtesy. Clearly the sovereign, independent and republican position of Ireland was well known in St. Malo.

St. Malo has been completely rebuilt in the old style, and looked like Maurice Chevalier - both handsome and historic. Although we were moored near the centre of the town, there were very few interruptions and an excellent restaurant was situated on the other side of the street inside the walls. The French cooking and the wines made life most agreeable, as we tried a number of the more exotic French dishes - from the menu. The weather too took a turn for the better and we enjoyed a week of glorious sunshine and favourable winds. On Wednesday, 6th June we slipped our lines from the Quay and made for the lock in company with a Hilliard 20 tonner. Cap Frehel was soon abeam. The wind was Force 3,

with plenty of sun and a coolish wind, we were on a broad reach and making good progress, visibility about 4 miles. Although it would have shortened our distance considerably to take the Ferlas Channel, I decided that on our first cruise to Brittany the main channel was the more appropriate one. So at 1600 we were abeam the North Horaine Buoy, at 16.42 we had the Paon Rock and Petit Pen Azen in transit and with Les Sirlots Buoy to starboard we altered course up the main channel for Lezardrieux.

The sail up the Pontrieux River was memorable. We had just managed to save our tide at the entrance, we had the flood under us, and with the engine ticking over this was one of the most delightful parts of the whole cruise. We dropped anchor off the Quay at Lezardrieux at 18.15 with a 3-knot tide swirling past.

After a quick spruce-up we launched the dinghy, rowed ashore to the slip and walked to the small village about 2 kilos. from the Quay. The eating houses were not at all appetising to see and we were becoming very worried about the prospect of an evening meal when we saw a postcard in one of the small shops depicting a most attractive hotel, the Relais Brener. On enquiring we were told it was a further 2 kilos. over a suspension bridge. A taxi being unprocurable we walked to this hotel which proved to be a very well known haunt of yachtsmen. The dinner was distingue! Our turbot could only have been caught in celestial waters... the sauce was heavenly too. We returned to "Emanuel" at midnight - feeling most friendly to France.

Unfortunately we had not the time to stay very long at any of our ports of call and at 09.45 on Thursday, 7th June, we weighed anchor and left Lezardrieux. Two hours later we were off Les Heaux. The rocks and outlying reefs along this part of the coast seemed particularly tricky; it is essential to work the tides correctly to make a safe and fast passage from one anchorage to another. We managed without serious difficulty. At 13.00 we were abeam Pointe de Chateau - $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles distance - in bright sunshine and very light wind. The Sept Iles looked enticing as we sailed between them and the mainland, but because of their many off-lying dangers and a strong tidal stream, they are not to be recommended.

We decided to make for Primel instead of Lannion, as it looked the more favourable anchorage in the prevailing light wind. After some discussion as to which side of an outlying reef this little harbour lay, we eventually spotted the narrow entrance, and dropped anchor in 10 ft. of water at 17.45. Primel is a most picturesque natural bay enclosed by two arms of rock, and the water was crystal clear and clean.

The Grand Hotel, although not open as yet for the season, welcomed us with open arms, provided quite a good meal at short notice, and also very kindly supplied us with bread and milk. The village of Tregastel-Primel seemed just to be awakening from its winter slumbers and showed very little sign of life. After dinner we had a walk along the

coast road, and returned to find "Emanuel" surrounded by fishing boats, which had come in for the evening. It was noticeable that each used both a mooring and an anchor, and that although the wind was light, there was a swell across the anchorage. According to Hasler, any yacht using this anchorage should be prepared to leave on the approach of bad weather. It is exposed to winds from the N.W. to N. by E. and is dangerous in heavy weather from this quarter.

Friday, 8th June, was another pet day - blue skies, wind N.E. again, force a to 3. We weighed anchor at 09.30 and set course for the Ile de Bas. Ar-chaden was abeam to starboard at 10.50 and we entered the Ile de Bas Channel. We thought the next mile one of the most interesting on our trip. The channel, though quite narrow, is well buoyed and marked, and the Ile de Bas had an almost Mediterranean appearance, with a white beach shining under brilliant sun. We would have liked to anchor there for a day, but time pressed, and all we could do was to take a few photographs as we sailed through on the ebb with a following wind.

Roscoff, opposite, is also a good-looking little place, if one is prepared to take the hard alongside the pier. We cleared the Basse Plate at 11.20, and the wind increased to Force 4, but the sun still continued to shine. This was the weather that one prays for, and we made the most of it - shorts being the dress order.

The spinnaker was hoisted now, for the remainder of our run to the leading marks off L'Abervrach. Visibility was excellent, which was a pleasant change. We had no difficulty in picking up Le Libenter and went in by the Grande Chenal. As soon as we came on the wind it piped up to Force 5, and soon we passed the Grand Pot and Petit Pot, but as this was our first visit we proceeded with caution, navigating from buoy to buoy, as it was difficult to identify the leading marks. When we were sure of our position, we hoisted the genoa and made the remaining distance to the Mole in record time.

This appeared rather an exposed anchorage, and as we were looking for a snug berth where we could have a good night's sleep, we proceeded up river. The channel was well marked by withies, as it was dead low water, and at 16.50 we dropped anchor at Paluden in delightful surroundings. The scenery was reminiscent of the south coast of England, but the sunshine and heat, praise be, were Continental. The woods on either side were thickly populated with birds, and we saw many jays and cuckoos.

The hotel at Paluden, alas, was under reconstruction and no meals could be obtained there so we hitch-hiked to the nearest village, then took a taxi back to L'Abervrach, where we dined splendidly at the Baie des Angues. Jem found a letter from his wife awaiting him, which also bucked up morale; Norman had passed on the word that we would call there.

On the Saturday we decided to have a restful morning, so we did not shift berth until midday. In the process I managed to pull a muscle in my leg and, as a result, had to hobble around for the next couple of days - even more useless than usual, as my companions commented sympathetically.

We dropped down river, anchored off the Mole at L'Abervrach and watered ship. The local lifeboat was out with parties of children and adults on board, the reason being that the Helford River Sailing Club had organised a race to L'Abervrach, and 40 yachts were expected. However, the wind died in the early part of the afternoon, and most of the yachts finished under engine. The anchorage was becoming very crowded, and obviously there was going to be a gay night ashore. Again we could not stay, so up-anchored and left at 20.30 hours.

There was no wind so we motored on our course for the Scilly Isles. At 02.00 we switched off the engine, hoisted the sails, and a dead noser from the North developed Force 3. This was the only prolonged head-wind we experienced during the cruise, but it stayed with us until we closed with the English coast.

Billy took a Consul fix, which gave us a position 37 miles north from Ile Vierge, and frequent Consul fixes during the next 12 hours from Ploneis and Bushmills kept us informed of our progress, which was slow. At midnight on Monday the wind had dropped to Force 2, and a radio fix gave us a position 25 miles S.W. of The Lizard on a lovely night. At 06.00 Land's End was in sight, and as the Scillies seemed a long way off, we decided to make for Mounts Bay. At midday we tied up alongside the quay in Newlyn.

Just as the mainsail was lowered the main halliard jumped the sheave at the masthead. If it had to happen, the timing could not have been better. After muttered prayers from the crew - Jem, the fixer, was hoisted up in a bosun's chair. "Emanuel" is fitted with diamond stays, so he had the difficult job of extricating himself from the bosun's chair below the stays and climbing through them to clear the sheave. He successfully accomplished this, however, spurred on by advice from the deck party.

We were visited by Customs, who proved most friendly, and later, as I was still feeling the damage to my leg, I relaxed on board while Billy and Jem walked to Penzance. Shortly before midnight we left Newlyn under engine, streamed the log as we cleared Mount's Bay, and set course for the Scillies. Around Land's End there was still no wind and only a slight swell. The Wolf Rock lighthouse showed fine on the port bow, and 2 hours later the Longships opened up. At 05.40 the Wolf Rock lighthouse was on the port beam, and as there appeared to be a faint air from the west we set the main and genoa. We motor-sailed on during the morning and were 4 miles off the Day Mark at St. Martin's Point when the Log read 604. As we entered St. Mary's Sound we were passed by a fine motor yacht named Fairwood. Shortly afterwards we dropped anchor in the Pool off Hughtown. It was another glorious day, with plenty of

sunshine and a light sou'westerly breeze. As we relaxed in the cockpit, taking some nourishment, a Customs Officer arrived and cleared us. It proved impossible to arrange a meal at any of the local hotels so we lunched on board. Later we discovered a restaurant on the pier, where a passable meal was obtained. Business was brisk in The Scillies!

On Wednesday we watered ship and at 13.00 left Hughtown bound for Howth. The engine was switched off as soon as we had cleared the Sound, and the spinnaker set to a light sou'westerly wind. Two hours later the Sevenstones Light Vessel was bearing 010° , distance 5 miles. The shipping forecast gave sou'westerly winds 3 to 4 moderating with rain at times. This was just what was required, and we had a 5-hour spinnaker run of 23 miles before we handed it because of the swell. Then we set the reaching jib, and Billy got a fix, using Round Island, St. Mawgarn Aerodrome Beacon and Lundy Island, which put us 2 miles east of our direct course. He followed this up with a Consul fix, which verified our position. The weather forecast for Lundy gave sou'westerly 5 to 6, veering westerly later, rain, and moderate to good visibility.

Early in the morning we took in one reef and changed the genoa for the No. 1 working jib. The wind was Force 5, and quite a big swell was building up. At 04.30 on Thursday we took in a second reef as the wind had risen to Force 6, westerly. Three hours later, as "Emanuel" was now pressed and the sea was beginning to slop in over the cockpit coamings, we rounded up, lowered the main and carried on under the No. 1 jib. The ship was much more comfortable under reduced sail and the speedometer still showed a good 4 knots. She was quite dry, although rolling somewhat in the heavy swell. Quite a lot of bird life was observed, with gannets predominating, and numbers of kittiwakes and fulmars.

The visibility deteriorated during my watch, and feeling somewhat seedy in the prevailing conditions, I did not pay much attention to a hum of heavy engines. At first I thought it was a low-flying aircraft but, as the hum grew, I did look astern. A large ocean-going tug was bearing down on us. Making light of the heavy weather it closed on our starboard quarter about a ship's length from us and gave us a cheery wave. It turned out to be a Portuguese ocean-rescue tug from Lisbon, apparently looking for customers!

Later in the evening we got a radio fix, which put us 15 miles south of the Tuskar and at 15.30, as the wind had eased, we re-set the mainsail with 2 reefs. An hour later we shook out the reefs and set the reaching jib. The Tuskar duly showed up, and was abeam to port at 19.00. From then on, we had the usual run up the Irish Coast. Blackwater Light Vessel was abeam about $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours later, with a most wonderful sunset over the Wexford Hills, which I photographed with quite good results. Now we had a soldiers' wind, Force 3 westerly. This continued until midnight, when the watch changed and the wind died. The engine was switched on, and the Arklow Bank Light Vessel was abeam shortly afterwards.

At 08.00 on Friday morning we passed Wicklow Head in a flat calm, the log reading 810 miles. As the tide turned against us we anchored off Greystones at noon, to let the worst of the ebb go by and have a meal. At 15.00 hours, still with no wind, we weighed anchor, proceeded under engine, and 2½ hours later the Baily was abeam. We tied up alongside the West Pier in Howth at 18.15 hours, having covered 828 miles by log.

It had been a good cruise. We had tried our new ship in a fair variety of conditions, had seen North Brittany in June sunshine, had learned something and had enjoyed ourselves greatly.

Summary of Distances made good.

		<u>Log.</u>	<u>Actual.</u>
May 27-28.	Wivenhoe-Britlingsea-Dover.	50.	55.
28-30.	Dover to Cherbourg.	185.	150.
June 2.	Cherbourg to St. Peter Port.	31.	43.
4.	St. Peter Port to St. Malo.	49.	55.
6.	St. Malo to Lezardrieux.	46.	55.
7.	Lezardrieux to Primel.	34.	42.
8.	Primel to L'Abervragh.	27.	44.
8.	L'Abervragh to Paluden.	-	2.
9.	Paluden-L'Abervragh-Newlyn.	152.	110.
11.	Newlyn to Hughtown.	42.	35.
13-15.	Hughtown-Greystones-Howth.	<u>212.</u>	<u>210.</u>
		<u>828.</u>	<u>801.</u>

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"Emanuel" 1963.

by

D.K. Luke.

Derek Luke.
Art O'Leary.
David Milne.

As I had only 13 days available for the cruise this year, it was decided to try and get as far round the south coast as possible, the target being Glengarriff, so on Tuesday, 13th August, at 10.30, being in all respects ready for sea, we let go the moorings in Howth Harbour and motored to the Baily, where we picked up a northerly wind. Up went the spinnaker and a short time later Dalkey was abeam. The breeze was fitful and the forecast gave a North Westerly airstream. Force 3 to 4. Off the Moulditch Buoy the wind fell light and headed, so the spinnaker was handed and the genoa hoisted instead.

At 18.00 tacked in the mouth of Wicklow Harbour and managed to save our tide, rounding the Head, and 3 hours later we were tied up in Arklow Basin, where we met a number of old friends.

On Wednesday morning at 04.30, we left Arklow under engine, and picked up a light westerly wind outside. The coast was barely visible in the dark, and we stayed about 4 to 5 cables off-shore on the way down, passing the No. 3 Buoy off Courtown at 06.45. A hour later we were entering the Rusk Channel, with a fine ebb. Wexford Town duly showed up as we passed through the Banks. We carried a favourable tide to the Fundale Perch when the flood started to make, and the wind headed. We had quite a job to round Carnsore Point in these conditions. As soon as we got round it was a dead beat; we sailed through the Saltee Sound, and beating round Mizen Head provided quite an exciting time as a very lumpy sea developed, and with full main and genoa we were down to the leerrail all the time. However, once the Head was passed the worst of it was over and we arrived in Dunmore at 2300 hours, to find that the engine would not start, so sailed in under the main and dropped the anchor in the Harbour.

The next day was spent in Dunmore, and on Friday morning the forecast gave 6 or 7, or possibly Gale 8. I happened to stick my head through the main hatch at 0500, when it was coming down in stair-rods, to find that there was a very fresh onshore wind, which put us in a most awkward position as we were anchored off the Harbour in close company with other yachts, which were moored fore and aft, so roused the crew, after one false start, double reefed the main and sailed into Harbour and tied up alongside a Norwegian shark fishing boat. It blew a gale for the rest of the day.

Dick Murphy, the Motor mechanic of the Life Boat, traced the fault in the engine, which turned out to be a faulty injector, which I had to take into Waterford; fortunately Joe Duff, a fellow-member, happened to be in Dunmore in his car and very kindly drove me into Waterford and back. The moral of this little issue is obvious! If one has a single cylinder diesel engine, always carry a spare injector, as it was fortunate in this case that proper diesel equipment was available in Waterford to deal with the trouble.

It blew very strongly during the day, and as the Norwegian boat had to leave in the afternoon, apparently on the instructions of the Harbour Master, we tied up by the head to the Life Boat, which was also moored alongside, with a stern line to a fishing boat in the next Trot. The gale gusted up to Force 9 at times during the night, but everything held. "Vivi" and "Mothari" were also in port.

The Ocean Hotel provided good steaks during our stay. We also tried The Haven, and found the cuisine quite satisfactory.

Sunday, 18th, at 1920 we left Dunmore, the crew having been up at an early hour to attend Church. The wind was very light and flattened out off Brownstown Head, when the motor was started. The early part of the day was pleasant enough with fine sunny intervals, but during the afternoon the weather became overcast, with a westerly wind Force 3, which finally increased to 4, and a lumpy head sea did not make conditions very enjoyable. We had hoped to make Crosshaven, but finally settled for Helvic under the prevailing conditions, and tied up there at 1600 hours.

Left Helvic at 07.30 next morning and had a broad reach to Minehead, where we again picked up our head wind. However, conditions were quite pleasant until we were off Ballycotton, when a dead puff and a lumpy sea combined with a foul tide made conditions quite unpleasant. We had Smith's Buoy abeam at 1550, and arrived in Crosshaven 4 hours later and picked up "Shindilla's" moorings, off the Royal Munster Yacht Club.

Tuesday and Wednesday were spent in Crosshaven as the weather was most boisterous, and we decided not to go further South in these conditions. David Milne had to leave us here. So on Thursday morning slipped moorings at 08.45 and left Crosshaven with a fresh westerly breeze. Arrived in Dunmore 1900 hours, having had a most exhilarating sail.

Mr. Carroll kindly took our lines and allowed us to lie ahead of the "Sisyphus", which was taking up most of the berthing space in the inner harbour. Left again next morning at 07.00, with one reef and a working jib - Force 5 Westerly; sailed between the South Saltee and Shoal Rock and had a grandstand view of the confused sea breaking over the latter. At 10.50 rounded Carnsore Point; the midday forecast gave Force 6 to 7 - possibly 8 for the afternoon. Off Wexford we took off the No. 1 jib and put two reefs in the main, and shortly

afterwards in came the third reef, as we hustled up the main Channel at a great rate and picked up the Blackwater No. 5. Lost the tide just as we left the Rusk Channel, and finally made Arklow at 19.20.

Saturday was the last day of the trip and a leisurely breakfast was taken; cast off from the basin in Arklow at 10.20. The rash of caravans at Brittas was particularly noticeable. The weather continued fresh and fair; at Bray Head I was busily taking in one reef as the wind was piping up, when a blue 505 passed, sailing south under full sail and thrashing along, obviously crewed by two types with a rather limited I.Q., as they capsized off Wicklow Head about an hour later and had to be picked up by a steamer, which they said they were racing. The Wicklow Life Boat was sent out to collect them. It is to be hoped that the facts of life have now dawned on them and this sort of practice will cease.

Crossing Dublin Bay we had some sunshine, and admired the 24's racing. Picked up the moorings in Howth at 17.35, having finished up with a good beat up the Sound.

"Caitilin"

by

J.R. McDowell.

This 6½ ton cruiser designed by Alan Buchanan and built by Hugh McLean of Gourock in 1963 left Bangor on 11th August 1963 with the intention of going to Loch Swen via the Crinan Canal.

It was intended to be a very leisurely family cruise with the owner and his fifteen year old son, Peter, doing the sailing, his wife (a polio victim with a wheel chair on board!) and twelve year old daughter, Ann, to look after the domestic side.

Stops were made at Larne, Carnlough and Lamlash.

At Lamlash - magneto trouble, which has now been rectified, and high winds prevented further progress. After riding out two gales, and several Force 6 winds, in this rather exposed anchorage, the owner and crew were glad to return to Bangor on 24th August.

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"Sula's Wing" - First Sortie.

by

Alan Wylde.

The crew, consisting of the Master's wife and 14 year old daughter had not cruised before. Their previous open sea experience had been confined to Falmouth Bay in a 14 foot dinghy. Our outline plan, therefore, was to see how far we could get on the West Coast of Scotland in the time available. This was disrupted by the hectic (as usual) finish of H.M.S. Kent, so that it was not until Monday evening that we anchored in Audley Road in Strangford Lough, ready for an early start next day.

0623 on Tuesday, 20th August, saw us under way in a very light Southerly breeze. The single-cylinder Feltham engine roused itself with unusual promptitude after its refit, and as we swept out of the Lough on the full spring ebb, for the first time, the Routen Wheel was in splendid form. Outside the wind was NW, force 3-4, and we had a very pleasant close-hauled reach along the Co. Down coast. The crew, who had been defeated by the compass in Strangford Lough, were now steering compass courses to the manner born.

We passed Mew Island at 1320 and stood on the port tack to pick up the North-going stream up the Clyde. The wind was becoming unsteady in direction and at about 1615 when we were about 5 miles due West of Corsewall lighthouse, the Master heard some talk among the Crew in the cockpit about "no wind". A few minutes later it was force 6, again from the NW and against the tidal stream, with a lumpy confused sea appearing like magic, running level with the dinghy on the cabin-top.

At 1630 it was on with the Haward safety-belts, take down 3 rolls in the main and change to No. 2 jib. This was a fairly routine business, which we had done before in the sheltered waters of Strangford Lough; but the crew had never seen seas like this before nor experienced such a sudden change in a rather peaceful day. The barometer, acquired the day before we sailed, had given no inkling. It was subsequently discovered to be hopelessly stuck, and remained so for the rest of the trip.

The Stranraer-Larne steamer went a bit out of her way to have a look at us while we were feeding the No. 1 jib down the fore'sle hatch. Whether this kindly act helped or depressed morale it is hard to say, though she seemed satisfied, and proceeded on her way.

We, therefore, ran for Lough Ryan and after a lively time off Corsewall Point, in which the yacht behaved perfectly, in a

considerable following sea, we took shelter in the Wig. This is a rather spooky place, with a bottom like a billiard table over an enormous area and nowhere more than two fathoms. It was getting dark and most pleasant to be joined by a large motor-yacht, "Nimrod", who came in just astern of us. We anchored in close company close inside the Scar in perfect shelter, and remained there throughout 21st August, while it blew about Force 7 with rain.

An invitation to visit Mr. & Mrs. McLaughlin and their two sons did a lot to revive morale by a comparison of yesterday's experiences, and on Thursday, 22nd August, we sailed at 0745 for Campbeltown. We needed the engine to get out of Lough Ryan but then picked up a spinnaker wind off Milleur Point. This veered throughout the day, and dropped entirely when we were close hauled a few miles short of Davaar Island, with a foul wind. After a short while under power a big black squall swept over Davaar Island and rushed us up to the entrance in fine style, before leaving us becalmed for the evening. We completed this passage under power and anchored in the yacht anchorage off Campbeltown harbour.

Friday's weather forecasts were all of depressions, so the Crew were taken by bus to Machrihanish and given tea in the hotel. To the surprise of the Master this treatment resulted in an unanimous demand to proceed further North. So, at 0930 on Saturday, 24th August, we were away up the Kilbrennan Sound with a splendid Force 5 N.Wly wind. Off Carradale Point we rolled down 3 rolls when the wind freshened, to bring the peak of the sail below the jumper struts, as the mast seemed to be bending a lot. Later we found we had shed a jumper stay bottle-screw.

As we approached Skipness Point we found one of H.M. Submarines carrying out submerged torpedo-firing trials towards the Arran shore. On rounding the Skipness Point at 1515 the breeze freshened considerably, so it was 6 rolls in the main and change to No. 2 jib, followed by a very pleasant beat up to East Loch Tarbert, with the lee rail well down.

Off the entrance the engine was found to be well flooded as the gate valve on the exhaust pipe proved not to have been fully home. However, though it was dead beat in, it was high water, and we considered ourselves a handy yacht as stipulated by the Clyde Cruising Club Sailing Directions. Returning fishing boats sorted the marks out for us and eased the pilotage. But full-ahead was the custom; as returning business men they took the right of way - we were interlopers. We charged round the various corners as a mob. When my wife had time to look up from the sheet winches she had an impression of the faces of yacht hands loaded with anxiety, as we approached and comical relief as we passed. Rosalind, spreadeagles on the anchor and chain to stop it from going overboard, reported that she had had no time to see anything!

We circled around a large motor yacht whose guardrails were lined inside with chainlink fencing, and her decks filled with tiny children, while father benevolently controlled their activities from a stable door fitted to the wheelhouse- and anchored off Dickie's Yard.

Sunday was spent in harbour as we wanted to deal eventually with the engine and jumperstay. It blew hard in the forenoon from the SW with heavy rain, but moderated in the afternoon, becoming sunny, and the Scottish yachts took the opportunity to slip away to the Gareloch.

Monday, 26th August, the wind was SW force 8 to 9 with more torrential rain, but we got alongside Dickie's jetty and got the missing rigging screw replaced.

Tuesday, 27th August, we left at 1055. There was little wind so we used the engine, to push some of the new oil round it. At 1110 we had a spinnaker wind for Lamlash, which gradually freshened for the most lovely run down the beautiful Arran coast. On the Arran measured mile we worked our stopwatch with as much enthusiasm as any of our frigates on their Contractor's Sea Trials, and came up with a speed of $5\frac{1}{2}$ knots. But almost immediately after this the spinnaker clew garnet parted from the sail and we had to hand it.

In our anchor berth off Lamlash Old Quay, on an otherwise completely calm night, we were molested by the wakes of sundry enormous liners passing out to sea, which caused us to roll violently for what seemed like half-an-hour at a time.

Wednesday, 28th August; there was a breeze of about force 1 westerly when we left by the southern entrance at 0620. The weather forecast, as seemed usual this summer, threatened force 5, 6 or 7, with moderate to poor visibility, which rather depressed the morale of the crew for the North Channel crossing. But we found bright sunlight and flat calm outside Lamlash, and indeed stumped along on the single cylinder in the same conditions until we were 7 miles due West of Corsewall Point Light House. The only anxieties now were fuel, for the forecasters were beginning to admit that they had lost a depression somewhere, and a Dutch Coastal Tanker coming up from fine on the starboard quarter.

Instead of altering course to pass astern she made a fine alteration to starboard to make collision inevitable. So when the range was down to about 50 yds. we ceased to act as overtaken ship and initiated a 360 degree turn to port, so as to pass under her stern. There seemed to be no one in her wheelhouse or on her upper deck, except a boy sluicing a bucket over her stern. She was so dirty and dishevelled that the only decipherable word across her stern was her Port of Registry Rotterdam. At 1520 came a breeze from the SE and we were able to stop the engine and sail into Donaghadee.

At 1030 Thursday, 29th August, we left Donaghadee. The wind was S/SE and visibility a mile to a mile and a half. The Skulmartin L.V. lay in the wind's eye, which soon freshened so that the chain plates were nicely in the water and the jib was wet with spray halfway up the leach. By the time we reached Portavogie we knew we would make our tide

at Strangford Bar. Not knowing the inshore passage at the South Rock, and deeming it prudent to try it for the first time in low visibility, we went out to the South Rock L.V. At the Bar Pladdy buoy the wind suddenly dropped completely and we needed the engine as far as Portaferry. Inside it was clear and the Lough seemed never to have looked more beautiful. Also the crew were back in time for the wedding they had set their hearts on attending.

It was a short first cruise but it gave us plenty of variety. It was bad luck to have got a bump on the nose the very first day, but we revived. There is no doubt that, in the modern sailing vessel, with an all-female crew, the authority of the "Master under God" is a great deal less absolute than was that of his predecessors in, say, the "Cutty Sark".

Voyage to Iona.

by

Norman C. Reid.

This one begins from Portstewart on a sunny May morning and necessitated leaving Bangor at 6.15 in order to be at our port of departure around 8.0 a.m. The morning was fine and sunny and quite a few folk were on the quay to watch our departure, not forgetting John Body and the representative of I.T.V. After loading our piles of food and gear, we were served with hot coffee and embarked aboard our craft the "Derry", a fine 31 foot fishing boat, powered with a 25 H.P. Dprman Diesel engine, being given an enthusiastic send-off. We were accompanied for half a mile outside the harbour.

The boat is a gift from the Irish Presbyterian Church to the trustees of the Church of Scotland for the use of the Iona community to mark the 1400th Columban anniversary and it was fitting that the delivery crew consisted of the Skipper, who belongs to the Church of Ireland, the mate, a Methodist, two Presbyterian ministers, one of whom is a member of the Iona community, and a Presbyterian layman.

Our course of 50° should bring us to Otter Rock buoy off Port Ellen in Islay and with the wind northerly, force 2-3, and visibility 7-8 miles, we did not anticipate any difficulty in making our landfall. The long ocean swell was quite impressive when we were a few miles off-shore and we were circled by our first fulmar. The bird must be the fore-runner of all reconnaissance aircraft as he merely flew round the ship and made off elsewhere. Soon the dim outline of Islay appeared and it was possible to make out Port Ellen Lighthouse and the American memorial tower on the Mull of Oa, erected to commemorate the loss of the troopship "Tuscania", in which many American soldiers were lost. Otter Rock buoy duly appeared slightly to leeward, and our open sea passage of about 30 miles was accomplished in about 4½ hours, which gave us a speed of about 8 knots. 8 miles further on we passed Chiurn Island, with its automatic light, and altered course for McArthur Head and the Sound of Islay, which we were anxious to traverse with a favourable tide as the current sometimes attains a speed of six or seven knots. In the Sound we were passed by a large tank landing craft, and discovered afterwards that it had been sent north to transport heavy B.B.C. lorries and equipment for last Sunday's Iona Television Service. Port Askaig and Caol Isla distillery soon vanished astern, and after passing Rudha Mhail Lighthouse, we headed for Colonsay. After rounding the Northern tip of this island a course of 330° was steered to take us inside the Torranan Rocks, the grave of the brig, "Covenant", in R.L. Stephenson's "Kidnapped" and of many other fine ships.

The key to the passage between the South side of the Ross of Mull and the Torranans is a rock called Bodha na Ramfhear which is unmarked but on which the sea, in the words of the chart "Breaks heavily at times"

By this time we were punching our way through a fairly rough head wind giving a short steep sea, and it was quite a relief to see the rock or rather the sea breaking on the rock we sought, fine on the port bow. All was plain sailing after this and we soon picked up the leading line for the passage of Iona sound which is "The Free Church in line with the Cathedral". One of the crew remarked that this was somewhat unusual - at least theologically.

We arrived at Iona pier at 9.15 after a wonderful passage of 12½ hours, and we were welcomed by Dr. George McLeod and other community members.

Our return the next day by the King George V to Oban was a necessity but we all regretted leaving lovely Iona and its peace to return to the daily round and common task.

Skipper:

Crew:

R.J. Fitzsimons. B.Y.C.

N.C. Reid.

I.C.C.

A. Watson.

D. Gray.

R. Steele.

A short fast cruise - "Rainbow" 1963.

by

Launce McMullen.

.....

Launce McMullen.

Claire McMullen.

Alan McMullen. (to Rhu).

Colin McMullen.

"Rainbow" has not appeared in the Journal since 1958, though last year she established herself as a strong candidate for the melancholy distinction of being the last full-draft yacht to visit Wexford; this year we decided to take my son Alan to Glasgow on his way to Italy, so we set off on Wednesday, 7th August, having had several years in which to forget the obvious fact that a boat with accomodation for three is horribly congested with four.

Wednesday 7th Aug.

0900.	Let go. Light wind, full main No. 2 jib.
0921.	Left harbour. (Dun Laoghaire)
1015.	Baily abeam.
1030.	Wind came Force 5 SW.
1120.	Lambay Harbour abeam to Starboard.
1215.	Rockabill abeam to Port, course for S. Rock.

After many variations of wind strength, at 1715 it seemed to have decided to blow rather harder and the jib was lowered; now a bright sunny afternoon.

1940.	St. John's Point abeam.
2145.	Strangford Buoy, passed close.
2255.	S. Rock Lighthouse Vessel $\frac{1}{2}$ cable to Starboard.

Course was set for Kilbrennan Sound, and all seemed propitious for a quick passage to Tarbert, but at 0002 the weather forecast, which had previously been all 4's and 5's spoke of 7 and 8, so I decided to keep the weather shore close abeam, and head up for Donaghadee Sound. The wind was NW, and a couple of tacks were necessary to get through the Sound, the buoys being very easy to pick up in good visibility. I looked forward to an easy passage across Belfast Lough, but now began, by far, the most uncomfortable part of the whole cruise, for the wind increasing to 5 and 6, a thoroughly vicious short sea on the Port bow kept the cockpit wet and uncomfortable, while the fore hatch was not hooked down to its shock cord lanyard and so floated up and allowed rivers of water below. Things gradually eased as we crossed the Lough, and bore away to pass Muck Island. There was a very confused sea and highly variable wind between here and Larne, where we anchored at 0635 (Thursday 8th) after a slow

passage of the narrows against the tide. 0800. Customs aboard from Ferry's launch.

It blew force 7 most of the day and we decided to remain and catch up on sleep.

Friday 9th.

0620. Anchor up, wind NW Force 5, 2 reefs in main, no jib. As we were about to come into the steep sea before being properly secured, a turn back was made for a few minutes.

0800. No. 2 jib set, wind W, force 4. We kept well to the West on the late ebb, so as to allow for the subsequent easterly set of the flood. We eventually reached Sanda Sound, and with Force 7 on the Port Quarter, and a full spring flood with us were not dawdling.

1045. Sanda Lighthouse abeam to Starboard.

1155. Davart Island abeam, wind WNW, force 8, jib down.

During the afternoon the wind gradually eased, and the jib was re-set, only laziness prevented us shaking out the reefs for the last two miles beat to Tarbert where we anchored at 1820, exactly two hours out. Dinner ashore and Claire slept ashore.

Saturday 10th.

Rain fell and "Rainbow" swung round her anchor; all sorts of curious things happened ashore, but that is another story.

Sunday 11th.

0920. Started very slowly in light westerly; and soon shook out reefs. Two other yachts were in company with us towards Ardlamont Point, passed at 1215. There followed a pleasant and rapid passage through the West and East Kyle, taking the South-Western passage at the Burnt Isles. Soon after this we were slowly overtaken by the 8-metre "Camellia" coming from Ardrishaig, but none of those on board had been in Dun Laoghaire for the Regattas.

1500. Toward Point. "Camellia" set a spinnaker and drew rapidly away. A pleasant sail up past Gourock and to Rhu where we got a mooring at 1750.

Monday 12th.

Alan left for Italy.

1200. Slipped and, as the wind was very light and the tide strong and we did not wish to foul other boats, we started the outboard

to leave the anchorage and kept it going through the narrows, into the Gareloch again after 11 years. Saw "Innismara" at her moorings and sailed slowly to the head of the Loch (1430) turning back before the wind.

1750. Cloch Point abeam.

1915. Anchored at Millport, a nice anchorage in NW wind, but not our place ashore. As we arrived Archie McMillan and his wife were just leaving in "Navara". He said "Surely I've seen that boat before?". "Certainly you have. You built her".

Tuesday. 13th.

0540. Slipped a mooring which we had got later in the evening. Wind NW, Force 4, two reefs owing to forecast of more,

0820. Off South of Arran, wind suddenly took right off, and we motored from 0840 to 1000.

0940. Pladda abeam. NW wind returned, Force 4 to 5.

1100. "Irish Coast" overtook to West, very enthusiastic waving.

1120. Ailsa Craig abeam 2 miles to Port.

1330. Corsewall Point abeam.

We decided to make Donaghadee and leaving Mew Island and the Copelands to Starboard we anchored there at 1730. The wind was now almost due North and we saw little shelter in the Harbour. There were not very many boats but so arranged as to leave no good berth. Where we were would dry out, so after 10 minutes at 1740 we upped and out. A good run to the Skulmartin where the ebb really set in.

I decided to take the passage inside the South Rock if we could get there in daylight, but it did indeed get dark before we passed the disused lighthouse at 2230, under motor (started 2130) in an almost flat calm, but even so there was not much difficulty about the navigation, and a good deal of tide is saved by this route.

We ground along slowly past the Strangford pillar buoy and eventually anchored in Ardglass at 1.10 a.m. (Wed. 14th); this harbour being very easy to make at night owing to the 3-sectored light.

In the morning we went ashore, an operation not made easier by the steps all finishing above Low Water.

1350. Left Ardglass, wind S by W. 3 to 4. 2 reefs No. 2 jib. Beat slowly across Dundrum Bay with heavy showers; we intended to make Port Oriel for the night, but before we reached the Carlingford Whistle buoy the wind had practically gone, leaving an unpleasant lull, so we decided to make Carlingford and started the motor to get in before there was too much ebb. The boom was in the crutch, and the strain put on this by rolling the mainsail was too much; with a loud report many square inches of glued joint gave up, fortunately not breaking the wood.

When we got in there was a light Southerly, and between this and the motor we made reasonable progress against the ebb, and with the large scale chart and the I.C.C. book eventually anchored off the pier at Greencastle at 2110, being alleged by the locals to have passed the wrong side of a perch. I say alleged because there seems to be some doubt, but as we came out the other side we must have been wrong once.

Thursday 15th.

0650. Anchor up, reached down on SW wind.

On getting outside we came on the wind, and started the long beat home in about Force 3 to 4, with some gaps.

0915. Clogher Head abeam.

1145. Just weathered Rockabill, still on original Starboard tack and passed outside Lambay. The original tack would just have weathered the Kish, but we took a short tack towards the Nose of Howth, and finally came in well South of the South Burford, certainly the first time I have left this buoy to Starboard on the passage from Scotland.

1558. Entered Harbour.

Summary of Passages.

	<u>Miles.</u>	<u>Hours.</u>	<u>Av. Speed.</u>
Dun Laoghaire to Larne through Lambay Sound.	106.	21.2	5.0
Larne - Tarbert.	67.	12.0	5.6
Tarbert - Rhu.	38.	8.5	4.5
Rhu - Garelockhead - Millport.	29.	7.2	4.0
Millport - Donaghadee.	71.	11.8	6.0
Donaghadee - Ardglass.	28.	7.5	3.7
Ardglass - Greencastle.	25.	7.3	3.4
Greencastle - Dun Laoghaire.	47.	9.1	5.2
Total	<u>411.</u>	<u>84.6.</u>	<u>4.86.</u>

"Shindilla". Biscay Islands '63.

by

R.L. Berridge.

Our original plan for this year's summer cruise was to visit some of the ports on the north coast of Spain, returning by way of France. However, various circumstances, principally my daughter's wedding in July, made this impossible. And so to France we went once more.

It was not until July 18th that we managed to get away. "Shindilla" had been fitted with a new engine, a Parsons Pike four cylinder diesel as we had experienced clutch slip due to the wrong pitch of the propeller. This involved several trips alongside to remove the propeller and reduce its diameter as a temporary measure - which proved satisfactory.

We finally floated on Thursday, July 18th, ran trails in the harbour, checked all stores and tuned in to the 1340 forecast ".... wind S.W. to W. force 4-5, possibly force 7". As one man my crew, Cicily and Col. H. Carington Smith said "Let's go", and so tea time saw us streaming the log off Roches Point with a snug reef in the main as an insurance against whatever might come. I had my own doubts about the compass which, owing to the delays, had not been swung since the new engine went in. Still, sufficient unto the day

We were laying our course and smoked along with the wind freshening during the night. There was little sea and it was pleasant to come off watch and lie in one's bunk listening to the sounds of the yacht reeling off the miles and to feel her easy lift and swing. By morning we were headed off, the wind easing, the engine running, and the reef shaken out. R.D.F. on Round Island and Consul showed us to be well to the eastward of our dead reckoning, - that darned compass. However, the wind soon veered and we could again lay up, the sun came out and visibility was excellent. Tea time and our landfall on Round Island coincided and at 1815 the anchor was let go off Tresto. We got permission from the Customs to land and Tony Waterfield, who had been doing Sister Anne on the headland, soon joined and we dined ashore at the fine new hotel.

Next morning, Cicily and I had our walk round the gardens before the tide served to let us cross the flats to Hugh Town to shop, top up with fuel and clear customs. Motored out after lunch and carried out some complicated evolutions to bring two wireless masts in line on a S'yly course to check the compass. This all pointed to a 20° error, E'yly, which I thought was absurd - as there was some doubt about the identification of the masts. Decided to allow 10° error and off we went,

all plain sail to No. 2 genoa, a new acquisition this year. It was a peaceful night with the sea smooth and the engine running at intervals. Very pleasant passage making. But by dawn next morning we were in thick fog, visibility about 1 cable and the R.D.F. on Ushant showed us to be to the east again. We altered course radically to round Ushant some 6 to 7 miles off. Luckily there was a pleasant breeze, a smooth sea and we were slipping along fast. We could keep the R.D.F. going on Ushant with checks on Ile de Sein and Penmarch, as well as the ever faithful Consol lines. We even managed a reasonable distance off by bearing and distance run. There was a fair share of traffic - some inching along cautiously, some belting by full speed. With our steel hull plus a radar reflector nothing came too close, but the bleep-bleep of our horn sounded rather silly.

About noon the fog suddenly lifted enough to show us the Ar Men tower and buoy - just as I was preparing to alter course right out to the west. From then on all was easy and it was a fine evening as we coasted past Penmarch to come to our anchor off the Grand Hotel at Benodet, at 2130.

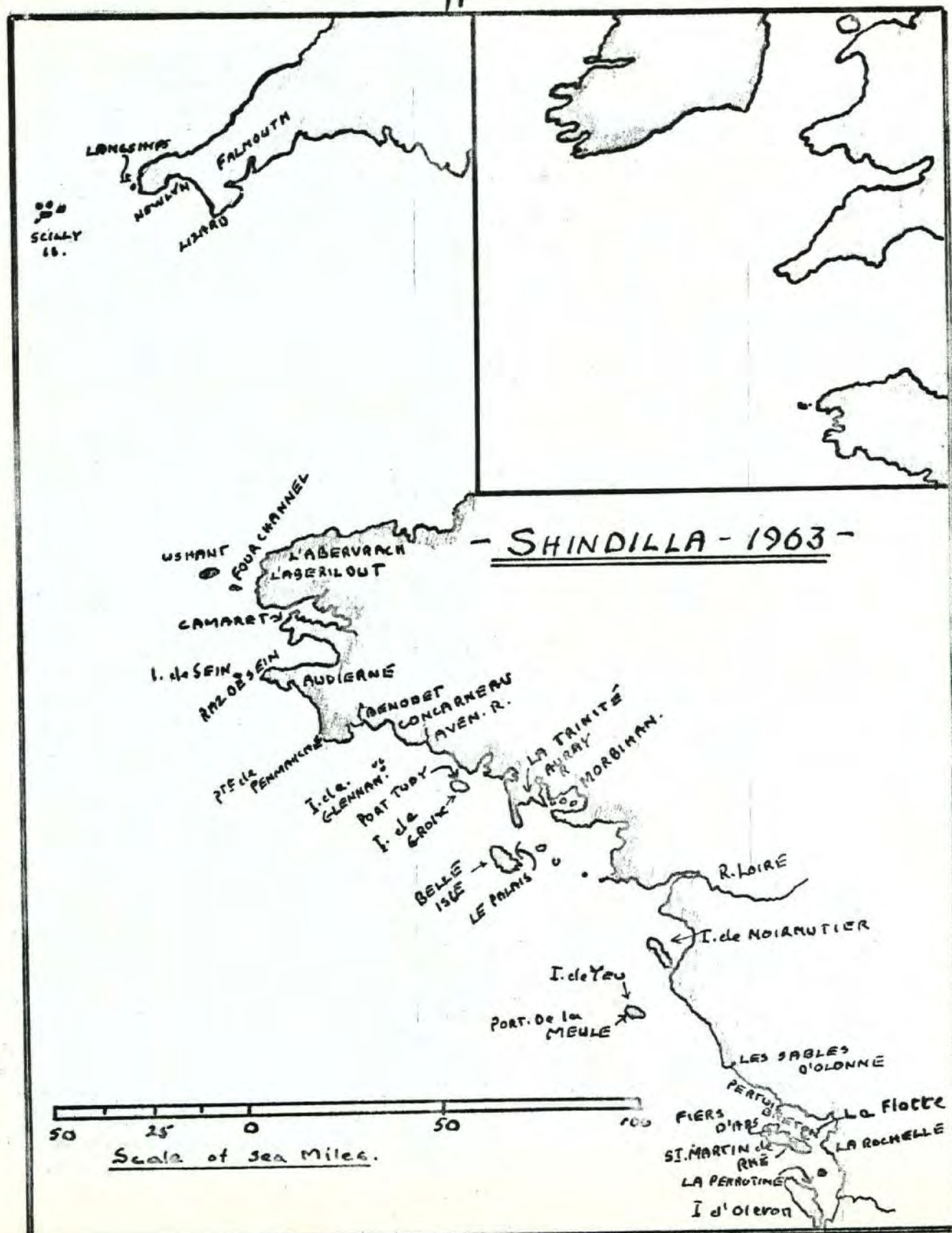
Next day, Honor Waterfield joined us and we lunched with friends of the Waterfields before bringing the whole party on board for a sail to Concarneau in the afternoon.

Thursday morning, July 22nd, was spent with the compass adjuster in misty conditions in the main entrance channel to Concarneau. A slightly hazardous procedure as the sardiniers racing in for the market were clearly quite disinterested in our antics or the rule of the road. Despite all, we got the error down to a maximum of 5° - to my considerable relief.

Here, Herbie Carington Smith had to leave us to our great regret. He is a grand hand in a boat and splendid company. We got under way after lunch with all plain sail, hazy but with a pleasant breeze, which brought us to Port Tudy, Ile de Groix in time for supper. We moored alongside the French yacht "Skeid" with a party of delightful young people on board who visited us for drinks later in the evening.

Another fine sail next day brought us to Le Palais, Belle Ile, again hazy and we had to roll down a reef before starting. Anchored in the outer harbour at lunch time and then got rather involved in assisting a French yacht which was having considerable difficulty in mooring. I always find this business of anchoring in a cross wind and then pulling one's stern into the quay rather difficult. Visited "Dhouette", M. Bertin, in the evening, a nice new 10 tonner on her maiden cruise.

One always seems to be in a hurry when in a pleasant port. Early next morning we laid out a kedge to pull clear of our neighbour in the strong cross wind and were soon reaching away south with all sail and the fine breeze on our quarter. There was a long N.W. swell which was to be with us for the rest of the cruise.



Ile d'Yeu lay on our course for La Rochelle and we had never visited it. There are two harbours, Port Joinville on the N.E., the main fishing harbour, a busy, bustling place which we had seen from the sea when sailing past, and a tiny inlet Port de la Meule on the S.W. side, available only in settled weather. Both places dry out.

As soon as it became clear that we would be off the island about H.W. in the evening, we decided to have a look at Port de la Meule and to go in - if it was possible. Rounding Les Chiens Perrins the swell was breaking so viciously on the reefs that it appeared impossible that our port would be approachable. However, a small headland cut the swell and we threaded our way close through a maze of pots and nets. A cheerful fisherman beckoned us on and "Shindilla" gingerly followed him through the narrow entrance. Like a bull in a china shop she wended her way past many small fishing boats to the rough quay. There was just room for us alongside and we were soon prepared for drying out.

What a wonderful place! We floated at 0530 next morning and were soon ashore for a walk to the headlands at each side. A narrow rocky cleft with a bottom of hard sand it was somewhat sheltered by a small point outside. There were many fishing boats of 15 to 20 ft. and two or three larger ones which were moored in the entrance. All the moorings were very heavy for the inlet was subject to a considerable run in strong onshore winds. A place with great character and well worth visiting. There is a reasonable anchorage in settled weather just outside the entrance, where one would always remain afloat.

A lovely day as we ghosted out, bound for La Rochelle. Light breezes ranged here and there, it was hot and sunny. In the afternoon it freshened to give us a smashing sail up the Pertuis Breton, past La Pallice to the entrance to La Rochelle where we stood by a capsized dinghy for a while till her crew got her up again. Moored in the basin in the evening where we again met "Dhouette" who had been at sea all night. The Waterfields had to leave us unfortunately on Saturday, July 27th. It was really hot.

La Rochelle exercised its usual charm over us. Cicely and I were on our own for a week. On Sunday there was a "Feu d'Artifice", a stupendous fireworks display staged in the Avant Port. We had ringside seats and the scene was the lovely mediaval city flanked by the two great towers in the entrance. Fifty small yachts wove patterns under sail to a light and balmy breeze, lit up by small floodlights surrounding the darkened basin. Tacking, twisting, gybing and running - they were a joy to watch. At intervals water-skiers and speedboats circled before us. The fireworks were on the grand scale, rockets and stars, catherine wheels and set pieces and to culminate a pitched battle between two towers. The whole pageant a wonderful spectacle which we would not have missed for anything.

We decided to add yet another island to our list and in company with "Dhouette" visited Ile d'Oleron, making fast and drying out in the tiny port of La Perrotine. It was the only place we ever met a

rather disagreeable French harbour official who made both "Dhouette" and "Shindilla" move quite unnecessarily. It was all a rather chancy performance as space alongside was limited and yachts were drying out three abreast. I had to get up in the small hours each night to make sure our lot settled happily. One yacht ahead of us, "Flahern", M. Jean Gardot, almost fell over one day and M. Gardot was pacing the quay, not daring to board her - a much worried man. Eventually persuaded him aboard "Shindilla", where strong portions of 'Le Whiskey' soon soothed his nerves. There was a pleasant plage, a good restaurant on the quay, and the Bertlins and M. Gardot good company. It was so hot that Cicely and I bathed twice a day, quite unprecedented.

Another night we spent anchored off La Flette, Ile de Rhe with an offshore breeze. In the early hours a terrific thunderstorm passed right over us. There was no sleep with the noise, the rain and the lightening and the wind freshening and coming right on shore. It eased in the morning when a fishing boat came and tied on to us while waiting for water to enter La Flette. We motored to La Rochelle again in heavy rain. M. Gardot was in and ran us around in his car. He and other members of the Societe des Regattes Rochellaise were most kind to us and invited us to their pleasant clubhouse. Ian, Major General Ian Boyd, joined, via Paris, that evening.

Saturday, August 3rd, found us in the basin at St. Martin de Rhe, a most charming place. On Sunday we had a short but pleasant sail to the Fiers d'Ars at the N. of Ile de Rhe. This is a wide basin which dries and from which a canal leads up to Ars. There is a small pool near the entrance and inside the bar where we anchored and lay afloat. It was fun watching a great variety of small craft enjoying their Sunday sail and the gay crowd on the plage ashore. A walk through the pine trees gave a good appetite for supper.

Motored out at 0545 on Monday and made all sail to a light S.S.W. breeze followed later by heavy rain which cut visibility to a cable. It cleared in time for us to close the land off Les Sables d'Olonne where we hove to for an hour off the entrance to wait for water. Anchored at the head of the harbour - where there was little enough room for the several yachts already there. This was not helped by a French yacht which came in later and anchored right on top of us, waving a long and formidable bowsprit hither and thither.

On Tuesday we were run into by a tunnyman, luckily with no harm done, and went out in the evening to find a very fresh N.W'ly wind and a short, steep sea. Slammed into it for two hours, but then gave it best. It was worth it for the glorious run back - surfing down the seas with the sun shining and a huge school of dolphins playing chicken across our bows.

There are worse places to be weatherbound than Sables d'Olonne which combines a busy fishing port with a considerable resort and plage, but we were glad to put to sea again early on Friday, in a

calm this time. The long swell was still running and all the tunnymen who had been rolling at anchor outside the port were steaming busily to sea. We sailed with the big genoa and motored at intervals, the day hazy but warm, ending with a good beat up the Auray River to Le Rocher.

We had hoped to pick up David Bingham here, but he was unable to get away and we enjoyed two very pleasant days in the Morbihan. These culminated in an exhilarating beat out through the narrows, the full ebb hurrying seaward at six knots, a whole sail breeze, little room and many French yachts. Approaching La Trinite we spotted another black ketch beating in, appearing from a short distance to be "Shindilla's" twin. Anchored, side by side, we eyed each other somewhat askance but were soon exchanging visits and were delighted to meet the Gills who owned her "Sea Pie, R.C.C." - a M. Griffiths C.B. yacht, built in Bombay.

The wind just let us lay up the coast with the genoa on Tuesday, August 13th, a long afternoon's sail to the Aven River which we entered as it got dark to anchor off Rosbras. It was a pity to have to leave this delightful anchorage early next morning, but we enjoyed a pleasant and leisurely sail to Benodet and came to anchor again off the Grand Hotel.

"Linette III" a big French schooner which had been in Crosshaven earlier this year, came in and M. Bollere asked us to his house for dinner. Le Manoir d'Odet is a lovely house on the Odet above Quimper and M. Bollere has one of the finest collections of sea shells in the world; "I believe the British Museum has one or two which I haven't got" - he told us. They gave us a wonderful dinner followed by a most potent liquer - home brewed from pears - altogether a memorable evening.

Ian had to leave on Thursday, and Cicely and I had a pyjama party in the small hours when "Shindilla" fouled her anchor buoy and tripped the anchor. We got it sorted out just before the rain came down. This is a real risk in a tideway where the buoy can lodge between rudder and counter with disastrous consequences. Decided to stay here until my next crew joined rather than in the commercial harbour of Brest and saw Cicely off from Quimper. "Shindilla" was not the same without her. Captain and Mrs. Duncan Campbell and their two sons joined on August 22nd.

Their first day could not have been better, a pleasant beat out to the Karek Greiz buoy with a light westerly from where the big genoa pulled "Shindilla" round Penmarch and across the wide sweep of Audierne Bay to an anchorage behind the breakwater for tea. Some swell found its way in but not enough to worry. "Viking O., R.C.C." E.B. Bate, a boat not unknown in Dun Laoghaire, came in later and we exchanged visits.

Spent the next day at Audierne with a fresh W'ly and no visibility, the Raz before us, but Sunday noon we got away and motor

beat out to the Pointe de Raz, freeing our sheets, as we rounded La Platte. The timing was just right - we slipped through at slack water and no overfalls, and with a freshening breeze had a grand sail through Le Chenal de Toulinguet to Camaret. Here we found a new breakwater being built from the end of the Sillon which will protect the anchorage in N'ly winds. The extension is at present just awash and unlit, marked at its extremity by a tiny buoy. "Temeraire", Britannia R.N. College, came in and Capt. Armitage and his crew visited us. She is a Nicholson 36 and most workmanlike.

Left a bit late on the Monday afternoon, the beat out to Le Vieus Moine taking longer than expected. We rounded it at 1730 to reach quickly through the Four with a sluicing tide under us. Coming out at its northern end a nasty short sea built up becoming a huge swell as we cleared Les Platresses. Our objective had been L'Aberildut, a place I had always wanted to visit. It was soon clear that the approach would be impossible, so carried on for L'Abervrach. The swell grew as the Four Tower came abeam, becoming most imposing, luckily with no sea running on top of it and only a whole sail breeze. The breakers inshore persuaded me to stand right out for the Persal Buoy and to take the approach to L'Abervrach very seriously. Visibility was poor, darkness coming on and steering would be tricky as the swell came astern. Set a course from the Persal buoy to Ile Vierge, planning to stand out to sea if we failed to pick up the L'Abervrach leading marks at this distance. However, they just showed up as two ghostly white patches in the prevailing grey and we bore away up to Le Grand Chenal. The run in needed careful steering with the great swells rolling up astern and breaking majestically on the Libenter Rocks close to port. It was dusk and the lights slow in coming on and it was a relief to pick up the Pot de Beurre Towers and to see the inner pair of leading lights shine out and come in line. From then it was easy the sea smoothing out. There were a number of British yachts in waiting for weather for weather to cross the Channel and we threaded our way through them to come to anchor at 2130, glad enough to be in. We spent the next day here - the sea going down by evening.

We got underway at 1450 on Wednesday, 28th August, bound for England and were able to lay out through the Malouine Channel with the sea much less - but a very dubious sky. The forecast told of a short belt of rain followed by a wind veering W. force 4 to 5 clearing. The afternoon forecast was similar but the wind going to N.W. 6 to 7, and possibly gale 8. The rain started and we reefed the main and altered course to windward hoping to be able to lay the Lizard when it veered and freshened and get in under its lee. All evening the glass fell fast and the wind backed S.W. then S and freshened. The rain came down in sheets and the visibility closed in. A thoroughly beastly night. Duncan was feeling very off and finding it hard to steer "Shindilla" with the wind right aft. By midnight it was blowing force 7 from the S.S.E - and still streaming rain. To ease steering we took the main off and ran at 4 knots under staysail only with the sea getting up. The midnight forecast still talked about a veer, but it was pretty clear that a secondary was coming up Channel and that we could expect little change for some time.

I gybed over to 030° to get back towards the Lizard and at 0230 hove to under staysail only to get a bit of rest. I was pretty tired and wet and felt I must have a spell before we closed the land. It was bliss to get into dry clothes, have some soup from the thermos and an hour or so in the bunk. The time was not wasted as it would have been most imprudent to have crossed the steamer lane off the Lizard in the dark with visibility as it was. I was worried about Duncan who was very cold, sick and shivery but always ready to give me a short spell. Got underway at 0400 with "Shindilla" rolling a lot with no after canvas set. Wished I had set the trysail earlier which would have steadied her.

A Consol line from Ploenis after dawn showed us to be on the longitude of the Lizard and the wind eased to S.S.E. 5. The shipping lane was crossed, with visibility about 1½ miles, and at 0830 we sighted the Lizard on the port bow, much to my relief. From then on it was a quick sail to Falmouth where we picked up a mooring at noon.

Duncan felt that he could not manage the passage to Cork and I am sure this was the right decision. He and his family left the next day and I hoped that the unpleasant passage had not cured them of sailing. Luckily my daughter Sally and Jeffrey O'Riordan had a week's leave coming to them and Cecily came over from Cork. They all joined on Friday, September 6th, a good, strong crew.

We were delayed leaving on Saturday, owing to dropping the stove pipe overboard and having to wait for a frogman to retrieve it! Got away in the afternoon and had an easy sail out to the Manacles and under the lee of the Lizard. We beat round the headland in a nasty sea as dark came down then a slow fetch to Newlyn. Found it hard to pick out the feeble harbour lights against the blaze of Penzance town and promenade. Came to alongside a fishing boat at midnight.

Sunday, September 8th, we left after lunch and had a slow motor beat out to the Runnelstone buoy. We had left it open whether we would continue for Ireland to make the Scillies, but when we found we could nearly lay up to Roches Point, with the engine ticking over, we decided to carry on. There was a very irregular and unpleasant sea off the Longships - what a horrible place it must be in bad weather. Another yacht, a mile or two astern, was steadily closing us and when she came near, an hour or two later, we saw that she was "Fresh Breeze", R.C.C., 19 tons, Admiral Fisher. She was a wonderful sight, lifting her forefoot clear till we could see her keel - yet always gaining to windward. She drew nearly abreast then suddenly altered course and bore away - for Waterford - and how we envied her as she disappeared into the murk to leeward. We decided that we could no longer emulate Class I and reefed main and staysail - later handing the mizzen. The wind freshened at dark and we stopped the engine and eased her along all night. The midnight forecast threatened a possible back for the wind to S. force 8, but there was no change in direction.

By 0245 on Monday morning it was blowing about force 7 with a nasty cresting sea. There was a good bit of water flying about and everyone rather sick. However, "Shindilla" rose to everything and looked after us in her matronly fashion, always making up to windward. On watch at 0500, it was nice to find the intervals between the scream of the wind in the rigging steadily lengthening - the worst was over. The engine was started again at 0745 to push her along. All day the wind backed and eased so that "Shindilla" could lay right up for Cork and Ballycotton Lights came up at 2130 on the starboard bow. But it was a long time before the Daunt and Roches Point were sighted, and at 0215 on Tuesday, September 10th, the anchor went down in a calm drizzle off the perch outside Crosshaven River.

It had been rather a disorganised cruise with delays while awaiting crews. The final two passages had been tough. But there were memories of the fog lifting to show the Ar Men buoy, the wonderful night and early morning at Port de la Meule. The Feu d'artifice at La Rochelle and the dolphins in their hundreds skimming across "Shindilla's" bows as she surfed down the seas to Les Sables d'Olonne. The thrilling beat out of the Morbihan and the sail from the Raz to the Toulinguet. The huge swell off the Porsal rocks, followed by the tension on the run into L'Abervrach. The relief as the Lizard loomed out of the murk - and a dirty passage ended. "Sea Breeze" rearing out of the water as she overtook us north of the Longships, while "Shindilla" somehow eased and lifted over every sea and crest. The squalls easing as daylight came and a long and dirty night drew to a close. Such is the infinite variety of cruising and its many memories - and who would have it otherwise.

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Cruise Summary- "Shindilla".

<u>Date:</u>	<u>From - To.</u>	<u>Miles.</u>	<u>Hours.</u>	<u>Engine Hours.</u>
July.				
18-19.	Crosshaven to Tresco, Scilly Is.	136.	26.	17.
20.	Tresco to Hugh Town.	3.	$\frac{1}{2}$.	$\frac{1}{2}$.
20/21.	Hugh Town to Benodet.	178.	31.	23.
22.	Benodet to Concarneau.	12.	3.	1.
23.	Concarneau to Port Tudy.	26.	5.	1.
24.	Port Tudy to Le Palais.	23.	4.	1.
25.	Le Palais to Port de la Meule.	55.	11.	3.
26.	Port de la Meule to La Rochelle.	60.	11.	8.
30.	La Rochelle to La Perrotine.	15.	$2\frac{1}{2}$.	$2\frac{1}{2}$.
August.				
1.	La Perrotine to La Flotte.	17.	6.	1.
2.	La Flotte to La Rochelle.	10.	$1\frac{1}{2}$.	$1\frac{1}{2}$.
3.	La Rochelle to St. Martin.	12.	2.	2.
4.	St. Martin to Fiers d'Ars.	8.	$1\frac{1}{2}$.	-
5.	Fiers d'Ars to Les Sables.	24.	$6\frac{1}{2}$.	3.
6.	Les Sables to Les Sables.	20.	$3\frac{1}{2}$.	2.
9.	Les Sables to Le Rocher.	90.	14.	11.
11.	Le Rocher - I. aux Moines.	9.	$2\frac{1}{2}$.	-
12.	I. aux Moines to La Trinite.	13.	3.	$\frac{1}{2}$.
13.	La Trinite to Aven R.	47.	$7\frac{1}{2}$.	7.
14.	Aven R. to Benodet.	21.	5.	$1\frac{1}{2}$.
23.	Benodet to Audierne.	$32\frac{1}{2}$.	$6\frac{1}{2}$.	$2\frac{1}{2}$.
25.	Audierne to Camaret.	29.	$5\frac{1}{2}$.	$1\frac{1}{2}$.
26.	Camaret to L'Abervrach.	35.	6.	5.
28/29.	L'Abervrach to Falmouth.	102.	21.	16.
Sept.				
7.	Falmouth to Newlyn.	$36\frac{1}{2}$.	$8\frac{1}{2}$.	4.
8/9.	Newlyn to Crosshaven.	160.	$35\frac{1}{2}$.	$25\frac{1}{2}$.

Totals:

1173. 230. 141.

Average speed: 5.1 knots.

In Search of the Gulf Stream.

by

J.A. Mackeown.

When I acquired "Huff of Arklow" from Douglas Heard I knew that I would never be able to match his great series of cruises in her to Lisbon, Iceland and the Azores, or to equal his series of successes in racing in the last few weeks of the 1962 season, but set my sights on some comfortable cruising in the few years of active life left to me and on an occasional gentle race in fair weather. The Morecambe Bay race this year was not quite in line with the latter aim, but the cruise I am about to describe was planned in accordance with the former one. The end of June and beginning of July seemed to be a good time normally from the points of view of weather and the possibility of getting a crew just at the end of University terms for a cruise of about two weeks, and when I heard at Xmas that my brother and his wife were to arrive at Waterville on the 29th June I rashly said that I would fulfil an old ambition and be at Derrynane to greet them. This fixed the date of departure from Dun Laoghaire at exactly a week earlier and I was fortunate to overcome the biggest hurdle by getting an able and congenial crew to sail with me. For the whole cruise G. Lyall Smith, Graham Jones and Dermot Sparrow worked nobly, Patrick Wesley Smith not only came as far as Kinsale outward bound but rejoined us there for the homeward trip - still complete with umbrella - and my son Hugh was with us only from the start to Dunmore East. So with these intrepid souls aboard we cast off our moorings at 0950 on Saturday June 22nd - ten minutes ahead of planned zero hour.

Saturday & Sunday, June 22nd/23rd. Dunmore East 100 miles.

We left the Harbour in splendid conditions under full sail and enjoyed the sun and a force 3 and 4 W.S.W. wind which gradually increased. Before reaching Wicklow Head at 1310 we had to change down to the intermediate headsail and put a few rolls in the main. For the rest of the day and night we were tacking every few hours which, had we but known it, was to be our fate until we reached Cork Harbour. We passed the Tuskar within a cable twenty minutes after midnight, the wind now having dropped to force 3 again. The night was uneventful except for the main outhaul shackle parting when we were on a long tack from a few miles South of the Conningbeg which was bringing us up to near Swines Head, just west of Dunmore East. Our intention was to carry on to Cork Harbour. However, at 0645 the shipping forecast was for winds from the South to South West of force 6 to 8 and the appearance of the sky and sea did nothing to make this appear unlikely so, with much regret at departing so soon from programme, I decided to put into Dunmore East where we tied up at 0815, just over 22 hours from Dun Laoghaire. The wind steadily increased to about force 6 and there was heavy rain the evening, so we did not regret our change of plan and found numerous

odd jobs to do on board. We had a visit from Mr. Carroll the Harbour Master and a pleasant chat with him, and later the Rev. Donald Sleater came aboard and very kindly drove as many of us as possible through the rain to The Haven where we had dinner.

Monday, June 2nd. Dunmore to Cheke Point and back. 19 miles.

The same wretched wind was blowing, causing a heavy sea outside on the ebb tide, and we spent the morning replenishing stores and water and entertained some visitors. Mr. Dixon the Customs Officer was one, and Robin Tattersall of the Caernarvon Sailing Club stayed to lunch. Afterwards as he was driving back to Dublin he took Hugh with him. Fearful of the crew getting bored, and worse, I suggested that we should sail up the river for a bit so, with the intermediate jib and the main rolled down to the second batten, we set off with a favourable tide. It was blowing a good 6 and it was rough in the estuary, but "Huff" went like a bomb surging along the top of the waves at a faster speed than I had ever been before in a yacht. I wanted to see Duncannon Fort but it was a case of "Duncannon - that was". Above Passage East we met rowing boats out with salmon nets trailing from them, some with their ends buoyed and some not. The first of the unbuoyed ones we met nearly caused disaster, as I only saw it when a few yards off and going at 8 knots. Fortunately the crew were alert and a hasty "Lee Ho" took us along 40 or 50 yards of net at a distance which we will all swear was only 6 inches. Despite having to dodge nets and, oddly enough, getting becalmed for a short time under the high bank above Passage East we reached Cheke Point in 1 hour 5 minutes, not bad for 9½ miles. We beat back slowly to Passage East and then under "Lyall's mainsail", viz jib and engine, we tackled the bigger seas from Duncannon to Dunmore, the return trip taking over 3 hours. We were all ready for a good supper on board on our return.

Tuesday, June 25th. Dunmore East to Ballycotton. 43 miles.

A more favourable forecast and the fact that the wind had eased to force 4, though from the W.S.W., decided us to set off for Cork and at 0930 we left the Quay to find a dead noser outside with nasty stopping seas. We had Brownstone Head abeam after an hour, and took another 5 hours to bring Mine Head abeam. Here we met squalls gusting up to gale force and inconstant in direction so that for a time we seemed to make no real progress, especially as the short steep seas stopped "Huff" noticeably. We were all relieved as we gradually drew past Mine Head and conditions, though still unpleasant, improved a bit. By 2130 we had Ballycotton abeam but were still beating and realised it would take many hours more to reach Crosshaven so, changing plan again, we reached off into Ballycotton where we tied alongside a trawler at the head of the pier at 2200 and thankfully settled down to dinner and a good night's rest.

Wednesday, June 26th. Ballycotton to Kinsale via Cork Harbour. 37 miles.

Still that S.W.S. wind about force 4, with some squally rain showers, but at least the sun came out between them. Under the main with 4 rolls in it and the small genoa we set off at 1015 and with a dead beat all the way were off Roche's Point at 1430. Having lost so much time we felt we should press on, but some of the crew wished to have a look at Cork Harbour so we flew up the Spit Light, reached back and up past Currabinny to the Black buoy in Crosshaven, and then turned and shot back to Weaver Point the whole trip taking just over 1½ hours. I was sorry to treat Cork Harbour in such cavalier fashion but most of the crew knew it well and we felt we must help Lyall in his 'search for the Gulf Stream' which we had learnt he had told his friends was the objective of the cruise. Certainly we had not yet found it. However, resuming our passage off Weaver Point we were able to ease sheets and had a glorious fast reach with the sun sparkling on the water and only a few squalls off the headlands as far as the Bullman Buoy off Kinsale Harbour, the passage taking only 2 hours 10 minutes. It was a beat up the Harbour, which was looking at its best, and, as Lyall needed some muscular exercise, we anchored in 9 fathoms off Kinsale Pier at 1915, and put down the kedge anchor too for better measure. It was a glorious evening and was rounded off by the excellent dinner Lysall gave us at Acton's Hotel.

Thursday, June 27th. Kinsale to Crookhaven. 56 miles.

Patrick had to leave on the 0800 bus to Cork and Lyall and I, after breakfast - or at least a cup of tea, saw him ashore and safely on the bus - with the umbrella. The visit was enlivened by my running after a milk van to replenish our supplies, only to find I had chased it down a cul de sac with quite unnecessary effort. At 1025 the anchor was raised and we went down harbour under engine while sail was set. Off the Bullman we found a wind varying between N. and N.W. about force 3, and we rounded the Old Head within half a cable, amidst a shoal of basking sharks at 11.35. The wind settled into the N.W. about force 4 and we had a magnificent reach for exactly 6 hours when Cape Clear was abeam to starboard. The wind increased to force 5 or 6 and went more Northerly, so we had a good beat up to Crookhaven. We entered the Harbour at 1910 and eventually picked up a moorings at 2015. This was a glorious day's sailing and in good visibility the West Cork Coast looked magnificent. We went ashore after supper to the famous pub, where we heard much of the iniquity of the turnover tax.

Friday, June 28th. Crookhaven to Parknasilla. 41 miles.

We dropped our moorings at 1030 and had a Northerly wind force 3, rising to 5 in the squalls which came later in the day. We made good progress past Barley Cove and at 11.50 rounded the Mizzen in perfect conditions at a distance of half a mile, an event which called for splicing the main brace. The wind having gone Northerly we soon found ourselves beating again and it was four o'clock as we neared Dursey Island. As it now seemed probable that we would easily make the Derrynane rendezvous with my brother the next day, we had decided to spend this night at Parknasilla, so to save distance I set course for Dursey Sound. The wind was now a

fairly steady force 5, and we had changed to the small genoa and put a few rolls in the main. We had the tide with us and had no difficulty in entering the Sound or passing through it, but with the North wind against the tide at the North entrance we certainly found "disturbed seas" which the I.C.C. sailing directions mention, and for about a mile outside they were very confused and a hectic time was had by all, including some fishermen on shore who scrambled along the rocks to watch us! After this, however, we had a very fast reach up the Kenmare River, until the wind died completely a mile off Parknasilla and we finished the passage under engine. We dropped anchor at 1915 in the position marked by the Cruising Club manual to the west of the hotel, though in the prevailing wind this took us unnecessarily far from the hotel, where we had planned to dine, and we had a long row ashore. After dinner we were asked to meet the skipper and crew of the converted trawler "Torr of Moyle" which we had seen coming up from Lamb Head, on passage from Dingle, after we came through the Dursey Sound and which passed ahead of us as the wind dropped. "Torr of Moyle" had been the escort boat for the curragh which rowed to Iona, and then had made the passage round Ireland. We were amused to hear that the skipper, when he first saw us, found that we were going faster than his steady 8 knots under engine and had called for extra speed from his engine room! His crew members, at this stage, were Mr. Bell and Mr. Henderson - though they were handing over to a new crew the next day. Lyall and I had a pleasant chat with them, while Dermot and Graham dashed off to the advertised dance in the ball room - only to return stricken as only one couple was in the room.

Saturday, June 29th. Parknasilla to Derrynane. 14 miles.

We spent the morning at "make and mend" and preparing for a visit from "Torr of Moyle's" skipper and crew for which we moved our position to opposite the hotel where "Torr" was anchored. Lyall did great work in improvising a bottle screw with halyard wire to replace the worn one on the starboard main shroud. The younger members of the crew were very intrigued with a visit we had had from some charming young ladies while they were ashore and finally decided to visit their house, on the pretext of asking for good drinking water. However, though they got the drinking water the young ladies had not returned home! We had a very agreeable and amusing visit from "Torr's" skipper and crew and were all in good form for lunch. We hoisted the Blue Peter after lunch and nearly failed to get off moorings as the young ladies returned to the distraction of the junior members from all useful efforts to get ready for departure. It was 1700 before we weighed anchor in a force 4 northerly and proceeded down the estuary under medium genoa and reefed main. After four miles we were nearly becalmed so we rolled out the reefs only to be hit by squalls off West Cove at 1830, and as we neared Lamb Head they became so frequent we reefed again. I decided to go between Two Head Island and Moylaun, but seeing what I thought was Two Head Island changed plan hastily to beat through Moylaun and Deenish. Just as well..... because when I realised that

what I had thought to be Two Head was only Lamb Rock, just off Lamb Head, and I would not like to try that passage! So in fact we did beat between Moylaun and the real Two Head and found fierce squalls and a rough sea in Derrynane Bay. We kept well out until we could pick up the leading marks into Derrynane Harbour and then lowered the main and went in under jib and engine until we reached Middle Rock right in the entrance, where we lowered the jib too. In good visibility the entrance presents no difficulty with a North wind, despite the squalls which, as the Manual says, are prevalent in the anchorage during North winds. The squalls got less fierce after dark but we deemed it advisable to put out the kedge for extra security. We moored at 2000 and settled down to supper. A fishing boat came in and moored near us so we asked the three men on board to come for a drink. They were grand types - real men to whom it was a pleasure to talk. When they left the crew decided to go ashore, while the skipper hoped in vain for a visit from the brother to meet whom at the fixed time he had suffered such perils. Subsequently we heard that he had been motoring up the Coomakista Pass on his way to Waterville as we entered Derrynane Bay through the islands and he innocently (?) asked if we didn't see him waving and hear his motor horn. At two miles distance and 500 ft. up - I ask you! Anyway we had made the rendezvous on time and could now concentrate on finding the Gulf Stream. At 0015 the crew returned having found, if not the Gulf Stream, at least something equally comforting internally, but they were forgiven when they told the story of the man in the pub who asked them "Are 'oo from the ship with the woeful tall mast?"

Sunday & Monday, June 30th/July 1st. Derrynane to Schull via Fastnet. 51 m.

The skipper's erring relatives appeared while the ship's company were breakfasting and made amends by asking us to dine at their hotel and arranging to drive us to and fro, before they went off for a day's fishing. We spent a quiet day with odd jobs, getting in water and walking up through lanes lined with all kinds of wild flowers to Cahirdaniel for a lunch, provided in lashings by Lyall, and to replenish stores. On the way back we looked in at Derrynane House, now, alas, sadly neglected, with the grounds devastated by some untimely excavations by the E.S.B. When will we use our tourist assets properly? For some reason best known to himself (regrets after Parknasilla?) Graham inspected the graveyard while the rest of us took photos in not very good conditions. While the North wind lasted there was a haze making all colours drab, and my colour photographs on the whole cruise were disappointing. Dinner at the Butler Arms was duly enjoyed by all, but in view of an early start next morning we returned to "Huff" at 1100 for making ready and getting the midnight weather forecast.

We cast off moorings at 0823 on Monday morning and under main and motor proceeded to the channel between Moylaun and Deenish islands where we raised the big genoa and stopped the engine in a N.W'ly force 3. It was rather hazy and after passing outside Dursey Island

we practised a little elementary navigation, which seemed to lead us to quite a lot of course changes as we discovered that the confidently identified Mizzen Head was really Sheep Head - and then we made the same mistake with 3 Castle Head! The truth of the matter seemed to be that in a lightening wind the tide was sucking us into Bantry Bay and with visibility only about 5 miles the heads looked further off than they really were. I must add that Lyall had no part in these exercises. This was the first day he had an afternoon nap and that the crew shed their clothes for sun bathing and we will assume that we had at least found the edge of the Gulf Stream! The day was also notable for our first effort at setting the spinnaker. Up it went without trouble at 1300 in a force 2 and it pulled us along at 4 knots with no trouble until 1520 when a thunder shower brought a temporarily beam wind. Meanwhile we had passed the Mizzen at 3 cables, again in perfect conditions. In view of the fact that our junior members had not yet considered a place for their honeymoons, when these became necessary, we had decided to show them the Fastnet close to, so we rounded it in almost a flat calm at 1655 after a thunderstorm. As a good omen the rain stopped just as we reached it. We hoped they were suitably impressed. We set course for Schull and in a warm sun beat slowly up with the sea like glass. Finally at 2000 we cast anchor off Schull pier and hurried ashore to enjoy a good dinner given to us by the junior members, to mark, I presume, their appreciation of our solving all honeymoon problems, - but anyway Lyall and I much appreciated their gesture.

Tuesday, July 2nd. Schull to Baltimore. 9 miles.

After the usual business of watering and getting stores and after surviving a thunderstorm with heavy rain, we raised anchor at 1248 and in almost a flat calm proceeded under engine for Baltimore. Going down Schull Harbour we did a speed test and found that we were doing a shade over 5 knots, the expected speed with an 8 H.P. Stuart Turner. Graham worked our courses for us round Calf Island and up the Gascanane Sound and since we hit nothing they must have been correct! On entering Baltimore Harbour we saw "Harmony" under Sherkin Island just raising sail, so we went on and cast anchor off the pier at 1510. We were soon ashore and made Mr. Skinner's acquaintance at his boatyard and were shown round by him and much impressed by the quality of the workmanship therein. We obtained bosun's stores at Fullers and a rigging screw from Ischaigh na Mara's yard. After supper on board I was lucky to find Mr. Denis O'Driscoll who, after a long day's work, came aboard to repack the stern gland of "Huff's" engine which had been leaking rather seriously. This action of his was greatly appreciated, but we found Baltimore very much a yachtsman's port and to be preferred to Schull by anyone looking for a base for a few days' cruising in this area.

Wednesday, July 3rd. Baltimore to Barloge and Glandore. 16 miles.

After obtaining more stores ashore, we raised anchor at 1150 and under full sail beat over to photograph Sherkin Island before setting course for the Kedges. The wind was S.E. Force 2 and the crew started to fish catching a $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. pollock off the Beacon point. We rounded the Kedges at 1400 and in a flat calm started the engine and set course to Barloge Harbour, which we reached in half an hour having no difficulty in entering and anchoring for lunch. As the tide was at half flood all of us, except Graham who had a slight upset, launched the dinghy and rowed up to Lough Hyne being swept in the last couple of hundred yards by the fast flowing tidal current. We landed on the island and, though it was somewhat hazy, enjoyed ourselves looking at the varied flora ashore and the fish easily visible under the water. Returning to "Huff" the dinghy had to be towed down the race, the skipper having the easy job of fending off while the others heaved. At 1710 we raised anchor and proceeded under engine to Glandore, being overtaken by "Torr of Moyle" off Sullane Point. When she heard our destination she too decided to go to Glandore, instead of to Castletownsend, and we anchored astern of her off Glandore Pier at 1945. We had an excellent dinner at the Hotel, which we had taken the precaution to order by 'phone from Baltimore, and then boarded "Torr of Moyle" by kind invitation. There we had great hospitality and good company and would not but admire the spacious layout of the cabins down below. "Torr" had been to Glengarriff and Schull since we left her at Parknasilla.

Thursday, July 4th. Glandore to Kinsale. 32 miles.

Lyall insisted on rising and shining at 0800 followed at a decent interval by the rest, so that after the usual visit ashore for stores we were ready to raise anchor at 1027. With full sail set but no wind, we proceeded under engine to Adam Island where we found a light southerly wind in thundery conditions and set course for Galley Head. We made slow progress and did not bring it abeam until 1230 when the crew also caught their first mackerel. At 1245 we set the spinnaker and carried it until 1630, although we had to gybe it twice with the wind shifting between North West and South West. Half way across Clonakilty Bay we saw "Dara's" blue sail a couple of miles inshore, too far to make contact. By 1650 the wind had dropped right away so we started the engine and 20 minutes later passed the Old Head at about 50 yards - surrounded this time by thick masses of jellyfish. We carried on under engine and dropped anchor off Scilly in Kinsale at 1830, followed 20 minutes later by "Torr of Moyle". The skipper was rowed ashore to spend the evening with some friends and as the dinghy reached the quay so did Patrick Wesley Smith and the umbrella! All spent a pleasant evening in their various ways and later on we had the pleasure of welcoming Colonel Williamson of the Kinsale Yacht Club aboard. Kinsale is certainly looking up with its new Yacht Club and the fishing centre, - a magnificent kind of Club House, and its plans for modernising the Hotel.

Friday, July 5th to Sunday, July 7th. Kinsale to Dun Laoghaire. 160 miles.

After a final trip ashore to get water, petrol and stores for the return to Dun Laoghaire, we weighed anchor at 1100 hours and under full main and big genoa sailed close by "Torr of Moyle" to bid farewell. It was a beat out the Harbour in a force 2 and took an hour to the Bullman, but there the wind was from the S.W. and we set course for the Conningbeg which took us inside the Sovereign Islands and close to Daunts Rock L.V. We had the L.V. close abeam at 1400 and were able to hoist the spinnaker which we carried for two hours when we again had to set the big genoa with the wind going southerly. We passed John Guinness's yacht "Sharavogue", some miles inshore, before bringing Capel Island abeam, identifying it only by its blue sail. The wind slowly fell from its maximum of Force 3 and when the Innisfallen from Cork to Fishguard passed us at 2230 we were only some two miles beyond Mine Head. By 2300 the wind was barely Force 2, so as we had to catch the tide at the Conningbeg at 0500 we started the engine and proceeded under it all night. At 0515 the Conningbeg was abeam about 3 cables to Port, at 0540 the engine packed up never to go again and in a flat calm we drifted along on the East going tide. At 0810 we entered a belt of fog with a force 1 S'ly, with the fog horn on the Barrells L.V. going to the East by North of us. By noon we could hear the crew on the L.V. talking and obviously trying to see us, as we were sounding our fog signal regularly. We hailed them and asked could they spot us but they said "no", though they gave our estimated distance from them as one cable. As steamers were sounding foghorns near us this was a very unpleasant episode, especially as we drifted further away from the Light Vessel and were at the mercy of the tide. Twice we swung round in the wrong direction and had to use the punt's oars to bring us on course but naturally, as the tide was now ebbing, we were drifting back towards the Conningbeg. We made efforts to keep a check on our position by using the Beme loop and echo sounder and were not too surprised when the fog eventually cleared at 1630 to find we were some $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles West of the Barrells L.V. The wind came in from the S.W., Force 2, and we set the spinnaker with greatly relieved feelings and set course for the Barrells buoy and Carnsore Point. Here "Great Days", out from Cork, and being sailed single handed, passed us under engine and main near enough to hail and find that he too was making for Dun Laoghaire. At 1840 we passed the Splaugh Rock and decided that with no engine we must go out to the Blackwater Light Vessel, which we brought abeam at 2135. The wind had now gone Northerly, Force 2, rising to 3 shortly afterwards, and we set course to leave the Arklow Bank well to starboard.

So we spent our second night at sea rather anxiously beating up inside the Bank, and daylight was very welcome when it came. By 0830 on the 7th we had Wicklow Head abeam and beating on slowly we were off Bray Head in an ebb tide at 1230. At 1430 we were becalmed for $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours a mile South of Dalkey Island when the flood tide brought a light South Westerly and we were able to pass through Dalkey Sound under spinnaker, only to be becalmed again quarter of a mile from Dun Laoghaire Harbour. By this time we were all feeling so frustrated we sent Patrick off in the dinghy

to get the Club launch to come and tow us, but a South Easterly, force 2 to 3 sprang up, and we sailed into the Harbour before he could reach the Club. Finally at 1900 we picked up moorings, 56 hours out of Kinsale, and feeling rather aggrieved that having beaten down most of the way to the Tuskar, we had again had to beat most of the way back 16 days later. However, suitable refreshment and rest brought me great satisfaction that we had completed a cruise of 578 miles and achieved our objectives, besides visiting 9 different ports (not counting Cork Harbour and Barloge). Finally I felt a great debt of gratitude to the crew who had so uncomplainingly done all the hard work and especially to Lyall without whose experience and skill I would never have completed the full cruise.

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"Seadog" finds a new home.

by

R.C.A. Hall.

This story is not of any very serious or adventurous cruise. It is concerned with bringing our new boat "Seadog", an 11 ton Bermuda cutter from Littlehampton, Sussex, to her new home at Cork. It was the first extended voyage for most of the crew, and the idea was to take 2/3 weeks over it and see as much of the strange waters as possible. The boat was built in Littlehampton by David Hillyard in 1956, carries about 600 sq. ft. of working canvas, and has a 30 h.p. diesel engine.

The purchase having been made, instructions were given for fitting out to proceed, to be complete by July 12th 1963. The crew were myself and wife Nancy, two sons Michael (16) and Mervyn (14) and for the first week Brian and Olga Gale - the last mentioned lady professing never to have been on a yacht before. This made 6 applicants for 5 berths, but Brian, being the biggest, was put on a leaking lilo on the floor.

The advance party, Nancy and Mervyn, joined on July 10th to see that there was plenty to eat, and that the ship was generally ready for sea; the remainder joined on the appointed day - the 12th. We had hoped to sail early next morning but the formalities for the take-over were not quite complete, and we had to wait for the Customs to produce the certificate of registration.

We had been advised that the best time to leave Littlehampton, when bound west, was two hours before High Water and accordingly we delayed sailing until after lunch, finally getting away at 14.05. The day was fine but the wind, as would be expected, was S.W. and blowing a little fresh. Our leaving was somewhat hectic, as the entrance is rather narrow, and we had for company a large fleet of sailing dinghies which looked as if they might capsize under our bows at any moment. Once outside it was obvious that the next few hours would be unpleasant. The choice was either away to sea outside the Owers Light Vessel or the inshore Looe Channel which is narrow between shallow banks or rocks. We rightly or wrongly chose the latter, but it meant putting our trust in the diesel as, from the look of the chart, there would not be room to tack. This was a very wet passage with high steep tidal seas just falling on to the boat; it was quite alarming at times to see the punt stored on the fore-deck disappearing under water. I have never seen so much spray coming over a boat before, but we all agreed that the Channel spray was much warmer than the Irish.

All went well for the first few miles as far as the Winter Buoy, but then progress seemed to become very slow - the bearing of Bognor Regis gas works taking a long time to alter. Then suddenly

we seemed to go ahead and were pleased, and relieved, to pass the Pullar Buoy marking the end and narrowest part of this horrible place at 18.15, having had to slow the engine down, as she was trying to bury herself. After another hour or so, we began to feel the shelter of the Isle of Wight, passed No Man Fort at 19.20 and decided to make for Wooton Creek for the night. There is a narrow staked approach channel here, and having met a car ferry about half way in, we arrived at the entrance to be met by a most apologetic boatman who told us that the place was full up for the week-end and that there was not a berth left. No pleading would soften his heart, so we had to get going again and make for Cowes. This took the best part of an hour and on arrival at Cowes we went right up the Medina river and anchored in company with a number of yachts off the Folly Inn, which looked rather inviting. However, that was the nearest we got to it because when we came to launch the punt we found that she had got stoved in, goodness knows how, during the afternoon frolics and as the next day was Sunday we were confined to the ship until repairs could be carried out.

So much for the first day in our new ship. At least we knew that under motor we had nothing to complain about. Sunday rained and blew all day and we remained at anchor, the only people taking any interest in us being the Customs who seemed quite intrigued by our I.C.C. ensign.

Monday - still raining. We motored down the river and brought up off Souters yard, and landed the punt for repairs. This is where she was built, and they did an excellent and reasonable job on her in a few hours., while we went and viewed the town of Cowes and did some shopping, getting very wet, (with fresh water this time) in the process. When we got back the punt was ready, so we decided that as soon as we had eaten we would sail. This we did at 16.00 with several rolls in the main and boomed staysail. The wind was around Force 5, S.W. The sky was overcast, and the weather was what we in Cork would call 'soft' - not the best conditions for getting used to a strange boat. However, we beat down the Solent without much incident except that the "Queen Mary" obliged by coming in just at the right moment, and giving us a grand view of herself. In due time about 19.00 we arrived at Yarmouth in a heavy rain squall - lots of both squall and rain - and having stowed sail just off the entrance, we motored in, and found a berth alongside a motor yacht at the quay. During the night it blew hard and rained and we were pleased to find that we had a grand dry ship, but we could not get used to the noise of the wind in the rigging, being accustomed to living in a gaff ketch with very little aloft.

The next day, Tuesday, was fine but breezy, and the day was spent exploring the town, and rowing around the large assortment of yachts in the harbour and doing odd jobs aboard - also a circus arrived by the car ferry which added to the general interest. In the evening, actually 17.40, we rolled up the mainsail once more, and proceeded on our way, taking advantage of the slack tide in the Needles channel. The wind, of course, was still dead ahead, and we motor sailed from Yarmouth out through the Needles where we found that there was not as much weather as we expected, and when clear of the channel, unrolled

the mainsail and stopped the engine. The sky was overcast. It was not raining but the wind became lighter and lighter, and off the end of Bournemouth pier we had to get help from the engine again. What a wonderful sight the lights of a place like this make from the sea. As dusk was falling, the wind died altogether, so we stowed the sails, opened the bar and motored into Poole where we anchored at 22.20 under Brown Sea Island.

Wednesday was dry and cool, wind west about force 5 and we decided to view Poole Harbour and find a more secluded anchorage with less tide. This was very interesting. It is hard to think of the huge number of boats moored in these places compared with what we are used to. We duly inspected everything including one of Poole's many Sand banks, and by the time we had been released by the flood tide it was too late to go looking for other anchorages, so we returned to Brownsea Island where we picked up a buoy. There is a very strong tide here and the engine had to be kept going ahead until the buoy was secured. Moral to-day "Do not leave engineers on watch in shoal waters". It blew hard again during the night and we were glad to be well moored.

The following morning was calm but wet. Brian, the two boys and I went ashore for fresh provisions, landing at the Royal Motor Yacht Club jetty - I regret without permission. This looks to be a very fine club. On our return at about 11.15 the ship sailed once more. The rain had stopped, and so had the wind, so the engine was again called upon. This passage was without anything of note, except that although the sea was glassy calm, there was a race with breaking seas off each headland - Handfast and Peveril. Off Anvil Point the sun came out and the crew started to strip off. "This is more like yachting" said the cook looking out of the galley as we motored along. Shortly after passing St. Alban's Head a light south west breeze appeared and for the first time we were under full working sail, having been encouraged to produce a jib from the sail locker. "Seadog" definitely likes her jib rather than her staysail, and immediately came to life when it was set. Although we had to beat it all the way in poor visibility, we had quite a pleasant sail along the coast to Portland with a call at Lulworth Cove. We didn't think much of the latter which seemed rather dirty and full of small rowing boats and holiday-makers all over the place. I wanted to go into Portland for old times sake and we sailed around inside the harbour, causing some confusion on board a frigate to whom we dipped our ensign. They did not seem to be expecting such politeness and we were moving away by the time she got around to replying. We then went into Weymouth for the night and berthed at the Custom House Quay very conveniently outside a house which kept a laundry and several bathrooms for the use of all and sundry and, no doubt, sailors in particular. They were used by all hands, and a very clean crew sat down to supper after which a suitable 'local' was found.

Friday produced a thick fog and as the next obstacle was Portland Bill, it was decided to stay put and visit the Bill by bus. We had been looking upon Portland Bill with a certain amount of awe, and seeing what little of it the fog permitted was no help to morale. The wind was, as usual, S.W. about Force 4, with the tide flowing south out of Lyme Bay at an estimated 5 knots and it was not a pretty sight. No doubt had we been able to see another mile or so it would have been even less pretty but the fog spared us that. Having had a meal in a cafe close by the lighthouse we returned to Weymouth and the local pub. We quite liked Weymouth but it was rather noisy as there seemed to be continuous rail traffic, up and down the quay at which we were berthed, to the Channel Island steamers further down. We were quite amused by the utterly miserable faces peering out of the boat trains as they passed. No doubt they cheered up a bit when they got there.

We had arranged to change crews at Dartmouth on Saturday and as it was Friday evening and the fog was still with us an alteration had to be made so a telegram was sent to Henry Jermyn to come to Weymouth instead. So much for the first week. We had good fun but rather frustrating weather. On Saturday morning we said 'good-bye' to Brian and Olga. Before she left she booked her berth for next season so her first outing cannot have seemed too bad in spite of everything. Of course, it was a beautiful day and they had to spend it travelling while we sat in Weymouth waiting for Henry to arrive in the evening - and hoping he had got the telegram in time.

The tides in Weymouth only rise and fall about five feet and high water lasts for several hours. This, and the double tides in the Solent and Poole seemed rather strange to us. Also the times of high water in the harbours seem to bear no relationship to the times of the tides off the Headlands.

By the time Henry arrived we were bursting to get to sea and the poor man was hardly given time to change into his seagoing clothes before we were off at 20.45.

According to our book there are only two hours in each twenty four when you can go inside the race, and as they did not occur until next morning we decided to go outside that night. Outside Weymouth we found a glassy calm evening with no wind so, with engine doing duty, the course was set for Shambles Light Vessel. It was just getting dark when we came up to the Light-vessel and course was altered to pass about 2 miles off the Bill, slack water being at 22.00. All went well, no rough water was encountered at all. No wind was encountered either and we motored all night across a very flat Lyme Bay in rather moderate visibility, coming up right off the entrance to Dartmouth on a rather misty Sunday morning. It was about 05.00 when we entered and were met by a smart customs launch who wanted to know who we were, and where from. Also we were amused to see two early morning anglers in a small

rowing boat fishing just off the harbour with rods and all. Perhaps they had been there all night. Dartmouth is a beautiful place and looked lovely in the early morning light, as we came in and picked up a mooring off Kingswear with the makings of an E. wind beginning to show. Would patience have been rewarded by a fair wind for the day? Sunday turned out to be a grand hot . . . The E. wind did not come too much and after some sleep we went ashore for lunch. After this we went to the new Marina and got some fuel from a pump on a floating pontoon. Very handy - just like driving into a filling station. Having taken our fill, some 16 gallons, not too bad after about 26 hours running, we motored up the river Dart and saw various ships layed up and some wonderful scenery. On this trip we were accompanied by most of the population of Dartmouth in all shapes and sizes of boats. This was not too bad but as the afternoon wore on the place was invaded by pleasure steamers from Torquay and Brixham and their wash made us roll so much that finally we were forced to go to sea for a bit of peace and quietness.

This we did at 16.30 and found all the peace we wanted in a calm sea and very moderate visibility, the only disturbance being the race off Start Point, but we stayed inside the worst of it. So far we have met these races in very calm conditions. They must be very unpleasant at times. After rounding the Start a small breeze came up from behind, and we were able to sail as far as Salcombe where we went in for the night. We liked Salcombe very much although it suffered from strong tides and the town was rather crowded with holiday makers.

Monday morning saw us on our way once more - glassy sea, no wind and rather hazy. We were bound for Fowey but as we were motoring anyway it was decided to call into Plymouth, as most of the crew had not seen it before. We entered the Sound at about lunchtime and steamed up the harbour, leaving all the 'dirtys' on the cabin table to be dealt with after sight-seeing. Continuing up the river to Devonport to see if there were any warships to inspect, we were received by the Officer of the Guard complete with sword who presented us with C. in C's compliments and welcomed us to the port. This was a very nice gesture and much appreciated, but when I saw the launch coming off, I was sure we were going to be arrested for trespassing or something. The only trouble came when returning down the river where the wash of two of the ever present pleasure steamers (one on each side) caught us under the quarters and upset all the remains of lunch on to the cabin seats and floor - what a mess! As this was being cleared up we returned to the peace of a calm sea and after rounding Rame Head we found a nice little S.W. breeze which brought out the genoa for the first time, and allowed us to sail most of the way to Fowey where we arrived at 20.10 and anchored off the Royal Fowey Yacht Club. They were very kind to us and, in fact, were the only club on the English coast who took any notice of us at all.

Next day we stayed at anchor, cleaned ship, serviced the engine and had baths ashore at the Club. During the afternoon we saw "Moonraker" come in from her voyage to South America with a large bunch of bananas lashed on her rigging. Towards evening the sky clouded over and it looked like rain. We dined well ashore and when we returned we found that the weather had deteriorated with rain and wind causing a swell to come in the harbour and making the boat pitch quite a bit at her anchor. As we were on a lee shore with rather shoal ground inside us, we decided to move over to the weather shore before we turned in. We did this and were glad because it blew hard in the night and we had a much more comfortable berth.

Wednesday morning was still unpleasant, S.W. wind, a drizzle with a swell rolling up the harbour. Conditions improved later, and after clearing a fouled anchor we sailed at 15.20 with reefed main, staysail and jib. Progress was slow close hauled with a jump of sea, so we motor sailed as far as Dodman Point. The engine was then stopped, and we managed without it as far as the entrance to Falmouth. Here we were once more questioned by a Customs launch and eventually anchored at St. Mawes in heavy rain.

Next morning we went ashore for a walk and some shopping. It was a fine day and St. Mawes was voted the nicest place so far visited. After lunch we got underway and motored up the Fal almost to Truro making fast to a buoy off the Oil Jetty at Malpas. There was a strong cool N. wind blowing, otherwise it was pleasant. Nancy and the boys walked the last few miles to Truro, but Henry and I had to return to "Seadog" as we spotted a coaster leaving Truro and were afraid that we might be obstructing the rather narrow channel. As it turned out she had plenty of room. This was a most interesting day as there is a considerable amount of shipping layed up in the Fal and it was a source of wonder to us how some of the bigger ones got up there at all. In the evening we returned to Falmouth and anchored off the town to be ready for a quick shopping expedition in the morning.

Friday morning was bright and warm though calm, and the catering party was hustled ashore with the minimum of delay, although it is amazing how long these operations can take when the ship is waiting to sail. Eventually at 12.00 we got moving and set all plain sail to genoa in light airs, and motored out of Falmouth to meet a light southerly wind giving a beat out to the Manacles Buoy. As soon as we were out the engine was stopped and for a while we had pleasant though gentle sailing, but the wind gradually became lighter and progress became slower. Entertainment was provided meantime by the R.A.F. An aeroplane flew around and dropped packages and parachutes into the sea to be picked up by the fast rescue launches. One flew in low and dropped one quite close to us - presumably the air-sea rescue boys at practice. By the time this party was over we were flat becalmed and the engine had to do

its stuff once more. In fact it had to continue to do so in flat calm conditions all the way to Penzance. We passed Lizard at 15.50 and met a small outboard speed boat off the Head. It is a nasty looking place with strong tides, and I wouldn't think there would be many days on which he would be there. After that we went close inshore to view and photograph St. Michael's Mount and berthed in the inner harbour at Penzance close to "Kittewake" flying the Royal Munster Yacht Club flag. Here we took on fresh water and topped up the fuel tanks. I also visited the Customs to tell them that I was taking the boat out of the country, but they didn't seem to be much interested. We took a walk ashore in the evening and Mervyn found his last fish and chip shop. I think he smelled one in every place we visited and came aboard with a very greasy bit of newspaper full of chips.

We were awakened next morning by crowds of people walking down the quay to the Scilly Islands steamer - some of their remarks about the two boats were very amusing to listen to. This was another fine day and we were tempted to bend on the genoa, but on getting outside of the harbour, this was found to be a mistake as it was blowing a bit from the East and a jump had got up. However, it did not take long to change to working rig, and we were soon to have our first fair wind. This was very pleasant and we thoroughly enjoyed having the breeze going the same way as ourselves for a change until we met up with the Runnelstone Buoy and the race which runs off it. This was a bit hair-raising for a while and gave us a thrilling ride and hard work for the helmsman for half an hour or so including a gybe all standing over and back while running on top of a nasty sharp following sea. After this, although visibility was not too good, we had a grand sail to Scilly with misty sunshine and a fair wind about Force 4. The islands came up just about where and when they were expected to, and we anchored off Hugh Town St. Mary's on a lovely warm day at 17.10. This was the first time the younger members of the party had been out of sight of land and they were thrilled with themselves. The Scillies seem to do a pretty good tourist trade. The place was full of people who obviously did not belong. The steamer from Penzance was doubling up her sailings, and aeroplanes were coming and going all the time.

Sunday was another beautiful day. We wanted to see the gardens on Tresco but the whole place seemed to be closed down, no steamer, no aeroplanes and no boats around the islands. We tried to get a drive around St. Mary's and finally had to hire three bicycles between the five of us. We all got around the island. Nancy and the boys went clockwise, while Henry and I walked anti-clockwise. When we met, Henry and I mounted two of the bikes and completed our circumnavigation while the others carried on on foot. Other than a meal ashore in the evening that more or less completed Sunday.

The next day was another beauty - hot sun and an East wind about Force 4, perfect for the last leg home and, as the glass was beginning to fall there were murmurings in the ship that a move should be made. The majority were for Tresco and off we went in one of the 10g motor-boats which carry the crowds around the islands, opinion was rather divided as to whether the gardens were worth the visit or not, but we all liked the island and its anchorage so, as soon as we got back to "Seadog" we weighed anchor and went across there, navigating a very shallow channel with the aid of the echo sounder and instructions which we had got from the boat-man who had brought us over in the morning. We anchored West of the pier in very pleasant surroundings and spent the afternoon wandering around the island. It was definitely decided to sail the next day although everyone felt regret at having to leave this beautiful place.

Tuesday morning was as fine as ever and sailing had to be delayed owing to bread being unobtainable until afternoon. However, we managed to scrounge some from a cafe and got away after lunch. We sailed for Cork at 14.45, leaving the islands by the channel at the Western end of Tresco and found a glassy calm sea with no wind and a long oily swell. We took our departure from Round Island, streamed the log and hoisted the radar reflector, also main and stay sail - just for the look of it. As that seemed to be all that could be done, we settled down to motoring along, taking an hour each at the wheel, while the remainder sun-bathed, read books, and generally took their ease. This continued all afternoon in terrific heat, making a steady $6\frac{1}{2}$ knots at about $\frac{3}{4}$ throttle, the only excitement being the sighting and picking up of three glass floats, and a trawler steaming in the other direction. The hourly change of helmsman was maintained until 20.00 when Michael and Mervyn took on until 22.00 after which the adult members of the crew were to do three hours each for the night.

The sunset was a sight to be remembered for a long time with all the different colours reflected in the long glassy roll. It really was very beautiful. Also about this time there seemed to be a lot of fish activity all around us. 22.00 saw the steaming lights switched on, the log showing 50 miles, Tuskar, South Bishop and Round Island on the Beme and Henry on watch. At 24.00 I was awakened by the ship pitching into quite a sea, and I went up to know what was happening to find that visibility had closed in a good deal and the pitching was caused by a ship passing ahead which Henry had not seen. I did not care for this at all, for with the engine running one could not hear whether we had company or not and I stayed up with Henry to keep a look out until Nancy came and relieved him. To make matters worse the lights kept going out owing to a faulty switch down below. It was a cold damp mist and although there were no further incidents the morning watch were glad when dawn came and with it an improvement in visibility. We were still motoring along and according to the log maintaining our $6\frac{1}{2}$ knots.

At 05.00 a light breeze came in from S.E. and the jib was added, but there was not much strength in it. A couple of hours later the breeze had become E.3. so we set genoa and stopped engine. How quiet it seemed after having the engine running all night. We now heard distinct explosions away to port and were mystified to know what they could be. The Old Head of Kinsale, which is the only explosive fog signal in these parts, could not be that close as the log and the D.F. bearing of Mizen showed us to be at least 35 miles off the Daunt which, incidentally, we could also hear right ahead. The mystery of the explosions was never solved and we sailed along on a very pleasant morning until 10.45 when, owing to wind failing again, the engine had to be re-started. We could have sailed on, but we wanted to clear Customs that day. At 11.30 we sighted the Daunt Light Vessel in very moderate visibility. It was not until after we had passed her at 12.00, 22 hours out from Scilly, that we saw any land. Roches Point was duly passed, and we finally picked up our moorings off the Royal Munster Yacht Club in Crosshaven at 13.10. "Seadog" had reached her new home port, there had not been much sailing in it, but at least we picked the only fine bit of summer to make the trip.

We cleared the Customs that afternoon, went home for a bath and clean clothes and next day sailed once more for the old haunts in West Cork for a few days to finish up the holidays. This was notable for having a fair wind both ways, and the fuel pump of the engine giving up the ghost in the middle of Kinsale Regatta on the way home. However, the remainder of the voyage was completed without a fuel pump and we had a very pleasant sail up from Kinsale the next day, picking up our moorings in Crosshaven in the early afternoon.

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Table of Distances.

"Seadog"

Littlehampton	to	Cowes.	29.
Cowes	to	Yarmouth.	9.
Yarmouth	to	Poole.	17½
Poole	to	Weymouth.	25.
Weymouth	to	Dartmouth.	57.
Dartmouth	to	Salcombe.	15.
Salcombe.	to	Plymouth.	17.
Plymouth.	to	Fowey.	20.
Fowey	to	St. Mawes.	21.
St. Mawes.	to	Falmouth.	14.
Falmouth	to	Penzance.	32.
Penzance	to	St. Mary's.	36.
St. Mary's.	to	Crosshaven.	140.

432½

"Sharavoge"

by

John Guinness.

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"Sharavoge" is a folk boat with clinker built hull and mast head rig. She was built in Brightlingsea by Cyril White and launched by Mrs. Jo Heriot on 23rd March, 1963.

The Trials lasted six days and enabled my wife and I to sort out most things, but the weather was not suitable for sailing as it was either calm or blowing too hard.

As she was about 600 miles by sea from Howth, her home port, and since I did not want to take my holidays so early in the year, we arranged for her to be trailed to Holyhead. I returned to my office for a few days and on Thursday, April 4th, took the night steamer from Dun Laoghaire to Holyhead. Two friends, Rynn Stewart and John Collins also came with me.

We found "Sharavoge" waiting for us and with the help of a British Railways crane we launched her. The wind had just started to blow from the North East and we had the greatest difficulty in stepping the mast. We had hoped to leave for Howth that evening but things turned out otherwise. We moored on one of the R.A.F. boat moorings in the outer harbour, which, as we were to learn was very exposed from the North East and East. It blew the better part of a gale for 2½ days from this quarter; we were very uncomfortable pitching and even rolling water into the cockpit. Eventually we left at about 09.00 on Monday 8th April heavily reefed with an easterly 5/6 blowing and a heavy swell. Just under 12 hours later we arrived in Howth on a damp foggy night.

Since she is a new boat we thought that a cruise in Irish waters was the most suitable for this year. At 16.50 on Friday, June 28th, we left Howth bound for Kinsale. Our crew was my wife Jennifer, her cousin John Collins and myself. For days previously we had been storing ship and she was well down on her marks. The breeze was ideal, North to North West 4/5, but it was drizzling and very cold. The sea was choppy with an underlying swell which made it too uncomfortable to run dead, so we quartered down to Wicklow, which we passed abeam to starboard at 21.00. The night was wet and dark, the wind freshened slightly at times, but we were still able to carry full sail. At daybreak the sky was still cloudy and it looked as if we were in for a wet day. At 07.35 we passed

the Tuskar about a quarter of a mile abeam to port. We had estimated that it might take us until 5 in the evening to reach the light, so we were very much encouraged by our progress.

As we were making for Kinsale we had set course from the South Rock Buoy near the Tuskar to take us inside the Barrells and Conningbeg, and up to the Daunt Light Vessel off Cork. By early evening we had made excellent progress and were off Mine Head, as we had worked the tides to advantage, both up to Wicklow and round the Tuskar. Thunder storms seemed to be all round us - both out to sea and inland, luckily we missed them all. As it was growing dark we closed the coast at the Daunt and the wind freshened. We were tempted to go on to Baltimore, but the forecast promised unsettled weather. We had also arranged to cruise in company with Rynn and Lucinda Stewart in "Harmony", a Dublin Bay 24 footer. They were supposed to start from Dun Laoghaire at midnight on the Friday but, as we had seen no signs of them by nightfall and the forecast for the Irish sea had been 6 to 7 West to North West, we thought that they might have been delayed, in which event if we went on to Baltimore there would have been little chance of them catching us up.

Although it was the end of June the night was very dark as we closed on Kinsale. We approached the entrance very cautiously and ran in on the leading light, under engine as the wind was then being funnelled straight out. It seemed incredibly narrow in the pitch dark, and it was exceedingly difficult to judge distance, but with the help of an Aldis lamp we could see that the tower of the leading light was quite close but some 60 ft. above us. There was little danger of running aground but I was very much afraid that we might hit one of the three unlit buoys; as it was we only saw one of them. The I.C.C. Pilot, which we found was a most excellent book, tells one to anchor close to the pier, we motored up through the moorings with this intention, however, we found what looked like an ideal place between a Dragon and a motor cruiser 100 yds. from the pier. The sounder showed 25 ft. and I thought it was probably all right, John C. let out 7 fathoms and was somewhat perplexed to find that the anchor had not touched the bottom! We moved about 50 yds. towards the shore and found a good place in 12 ft. of water. The time was 02.00 Sunday. We had reached the entrance at 01.00, having sailed 170 miles from Howth at an average of just over $5\frac{1}{2}$ knots.

We were awakened at about 06.00 by shouts and noise of a 2 cy. engine firing on 1 cylinder. I looked out and saw "Harmony". Subsequently, it turned out that they had tried anchoring in the same spot as we had attempted - with much the same result!

Sunday was cloudy with sunny periods and showers. As we had now plenty of time in hand we spent a very laxy day at anchor and in the evening the three of us, plus five from "Harmony" went ashore to Actons Hotel. The Manager very kindly arranged for us all to have baths and gave

us a very nice dinner. The hotel has recently been bought by Trust Houses and is in the process of being enlarged and improved. They welcome yachtsmen and do anything they can to help. If one wanted to leave a boat at Kinsale for a few weeks I am sure they would provide someone to look after it and also arrange for victuals to be supplied. Now that Cork has an airport it should be possible to leave an office in London and be on board at Kinsale four hours later.

Kinsale is a place where I could spend a long time. It had been for centuries a thriving port and naval harbour, but now it is rather dilapidated. It is full of beautiful old houses with magnificent bay windows and fan lights, most of which were in a very bad state of repair. The whole atmosphere is most un-Irish and perhaps one might say rather Cornish.

We hoped to go as far as the Blaskets off the Dingle Peninsula and, as we had about three weeks holiday, we had plenty of time, but decided to push west in long hops and come back very slowly. Thus, we left for Baltimore at 08.30 on Monday. There was a light N.W. wind as we motored down to the entrance, set sail and made course for the Old Head of Kinsale. We were doing a good three knots but the wind was beginning to drop by the time "Harmony", who was motoring, overtook us at Seven Heads. As it was then 13.30 and we wanted to reach Baltimore we, too, started our engine and motor-sailed for practically all the time until we reached port. Off Galley Head we ran into heavy rain which reduced visibility to not more than a mile, so we stood out to sea to avoid the Dhulic Rocks which come sheer out of the sea about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile S.W. off Galley Head. By teatime the weather had cleared and we motored across Glandore Bay in a glassy flat calm.

The coast line up to now, from the Tuskar, had been most pleasant, but not inspiring, except off Youghal where the Comeragh Mountains stand up well on the skyline. From Galley Head westward the land is very poor, with a great preponderance of rock and short stub grass. Glandore Bay is most attractive with many sharply featured islands.

We anchored off Baltimore pier at 20.15. "Harmony" had arrived before us and her crew went ashore for their evening meal. Later, we followed them and found them at Baltimore House, which has been converted into an hotel, but had not been officially opened. The proprietor was most helpful and on the following day took some of "Harmony's" crew into Skibereen to buy food, as Baltimore has little to offer other than the usual assortment of pubs.

The next morning the sky was overcast and it started to rain as we left our anchorage and sailed out through the northern exit past the islands at the entrance to the Ilan river which have most poetic names such as Catalogue Island, Quarantine Island and Woman Rock. Visibility was none too good which, as we were to realise on our return to Roaring Water

Bay, was an advantage as there are so many islands and rocks in this area it can be difficult to identify them. There was practically no wind all morning and we had to motor all the time, we went through the narrow passage between Long Island and Castle Island. As we entered the sound between Long Island and mainland we saw J.A. McKeown's "Huff of Arklow" disappearing towards Baltimore. The sun came out which enlivened us and we decided to go to Schull for lunch. The town is most attractive and lies at the north west end of an inlet about a mile long. There is a pier alongside which one could lie, but it is preferable to anchor off as there is a fair amount of activity. Everyone was very cheerful and went out of their way to help. It is the first port after leaving Crosshaven where one can buy practically anything one wants. We left at 16.00 with a gentle breeze but it soon died and we had to motor across the bay to Crookhaven. The anchorage off the Quay is very sheltered and it would be an ideal place to wait in foul weather if one were going north round the Mizen. The town is very poor but the centre of life is Dan O'Sullivan's pub. In the evening all the inhabitants and tourists congregate in the little bar, and gradually the singing becomes louder and louder and the atmosphere hotter and hotter. At the best of times it is hard to get a drink but near to closing time you only get half measure!

"Harmony" was again with us that evening, but O'Sullivan's liquor had filled them with energy and they left for Bantry Bay at 02.00 on a still moonlight night. We did not leave until 07.15 on Wednesday morning. We motored out to the entrance and with spinnaker set drifted down towards the Mizen, where the wind died right away and we had to motor across the entrance to Dunmanus Bay and close inshore up to Bantry. Once abeam of Roancarrig Light we were able to sail intermittently. The rain started at the same time and hardly omitted to stop for the next 30 hours. We went ashore at Bantry to buy diesel oil. "Sharavoge" has a Penta M.D.1 diesel engine which, although noisy, is most satisfactory. We carry only 7 gallons of fuel oil and this gives us about 40 hours running and a range of between 150 and 170 miles. If we had a petrol engine it would be difficult for us to carry enough fuel. As we were wearing the blue ensign we were approached by the Customs Officer in Bantry and we still don't think he believes we came from Dublin! It was half day in the town but that made no difference as one knocked on the door of any shop and was let in.

Jennifer and I, in the Autumn of 1962, found a place for which we developed a great affection - Ardnagashel House at Bantry Bay. Ron and Audrey Kaulback bought it as a derelict house shortly after the war and converted it into a hotel. It is quite unlike an ordinary hotel and it is far more like a house party. The food is good and the drink is splendid. Thus the aim of our cruise was to spend as long as possible anchored off the front of the house in a tiny bay which has a reef of rocks which give protection from the seas which run up Bantry Bay. Ron has promised to lay a moorings suitable for cruising boats just off the hotel.

Anyone who visits them will be made most welcome.

We arrived at 17.45 to find "Harmony" already anchored. We all went ashore and after suitable stimulant soaked in splendid hot baths. After a very good dinner we settled down in the bar. Eventually at 02.00 Audrey came out on board and after several hours the party ended. We did not surface until 10.30. the next morning and I felt iller than I have for a long time.

It still hadn't stopped raining but we could see little object in remaining there all day so at lunchtime we motored to Glengariff as there was insufficient wind. We had hoped to visit Garnish Island which lies just off the shore from Glengariff. However, it rained so hard that we did not bother to land and returned to Ardnagashel for dinner and a less hectic evening.

We weighed anchor on Friday, the 5th, at 07.05. It had stopped raining, but there was no wind and morning mist caps on all the hills. If the weather had been clear and fine Bannry Bay would have been lovely, as it is encircled on the north west shore by rocky barren mountains. We passed inside Bere Island and were off Black Ball Head at 11.30. We had hoped to go through Dursey Sound but missed our tide, and it also appeared as if the fog was going to descend. We went close past the Calf Rock which, at one time, had a lighthouse, and on past the Cow and the Bull. The Bull is a magnificent rock 292 ft. high with a large arch going right through the centre. There is a story that an R.N. destroyer sailed through it during the war, but I have my doubts.

We found it very easy to pick up the transit at the entrance to Derrynane. The entrance is moderately narrow and must be most unpleasant in anything of a sea. The directions in the I.C.C. Pilot are very good and we found that they were nothing like as complicated to follow as they appear. Once inside one is in a land enclosed lagoon which is perfectly sheltered from the sea, but in a N. or E. wind I believe it can be very gusty as the wind blows down from the hills above. We anchored close off the pier, just where the beach shelves very steeply. "Harmony" arrived about an hour and a half later at 19.00 and as it was flat calm they "rafted up" on us and we had a communal feast. Later we went ashore and walked half a mile up the road to Keatings. This is the local pub of the area which can also provide a meal.

Since the weather seemed ideal to make a landing on the Blaskets we decided to make a real effort to get there on the following day, in time to land and get back to Knightstown before nightfall. With considerable difficulty we woke ourselves up at 05.00 and left 15 minutes later under engine as there was no wind. Visibility was only about 3 miles, but it improved as the sun warmed up the land.

We had a foul tide up past Bolus Head and Puffin Island, but at about 09.00 it turned in our favour. At 10.30 the Great Blasket appeared out of the mist. We were exceedingly fortunate with the conditions. There was no swell running as there had been no wind for about a week. I took a photograph of the Island and the reflection in the water is so clear that it is hard to tell which way up it is! The village is deserted in the winter, but four men live there in the summer looking after their sheep. It is on the eastern shore and lies above a small cove which has a pier for currachs. Further up the shore is a magnificent sandy beach to which we were guided by two elderly lobster men in a currach. They came on board for a drink and were very conscious of their hob-nailed boots. They took tremendous delight in waving their glasses to their companions whom they had left to look after the sheep on the shore, as they downed their tots of whiskey in one. The island is covered in short stub grass and has little heather on top. There is not a sign of a tree and practically no birds other than sea birds and a few choughs. The Island used to support a community of several hundred and all the houses are huddled up together in the most sheltered corner.

This marked the half-way point in our holiday as we decided not to go any further north, since if we were to do so, we might as well circumnavigate Ireland, as there are few places of interest between Dingle and the Arran Islands. What is more, we wanted more time to explore the anchorages on the south west coast.

Providence was more than good to us; as we left the Island a gentle force 3 N.W. wind sprang up and we ran under spinnaker to Knightstown, Valencia. The entrance is good in fine weather but in foul conditions it would be difficult. The anchorage off the pier is somewhat exposed with fairly strong tides. We had been spoilt up till now and thus took rather a jaundiced view of the place, since neither "Harmony" nor "Sharavoge" would lie still, and kept lunging at each other, also the hotel owner was not prepared to bestir himself to feed or bathe us. Unfortunately, too late on Sunday before breakfast, a pub which showed definite signs of promise was seen further up the main street.

We left Knightstown at 11.15 and sailed down the eastern shore of the island to Portmagee and out again into the Atlantic. The channel past Portmagee is shallow and very intricate, we led the way, having a 2 ft. less draught than "Harmony" and by good fortune both of us managed to sail without running aground. We were in no particular hurry so we sailed around the Skelligs. The Great Skellig is a very impressive jagged rock rising 704 ft. sheer out of the sea. It was, at one time, a religious settlement and beehive huts can be seen high up on the southern side. The Little Skellig was a fascinating sight as it appeared to be covered in white stripes. On inspection it was seen that

the white was hundreds of gannets huddled close together sitting on their nests.

The breeze freshened slightly to about N.W.4, as we sailed into Derrynane and anchored in the same place as before. "Harmony" had decided to go on to Sneem and make her way back home ahead of us, since she had to be at Glandore by the week-end.

We had intended to spend Monday morning cleaning ship inside and out and also looking for some of the rare plants which grow round Derrynane. We managed to do our cleaning, but John Alexander, who was staying in a cottage nearby came and made himself known to us and helped us to occupy the latter part of the morning. We had heard a bad forecast of N.W. 6 and over, which we thought might lock us into Derrynane so, with difficulty, desisted of further alcohol and left at 14.30 under full sail.

Two hours later we went through Dursey Sound at an estimated 9 knots, having, at last, managed to get the tide in our favour. The wind was west north west 4 which just enabled us to carry the spinnaker as far as Black Ball Head. We thought of anchoring in Pulleen Harbour but decided it looked far too depressing, and sailed on. It seemed that there were numerous fishing boats bound for Castletownbere so we decided to anchor at Dunboy in peace and quiet. (The perch marked on the Chart N.W. of Colt Perch has been washed away). A local lobster fisherman came alongside after dinner to pass the time of day while the tide dropped sufficiently for him to shoot his pots, and spent about an hour gossiping.

On Tuesday morning we motored up to Castletownbere, anchored off and went ashore to shop. We were rather surprised to see "Harmony" as we had thought she would have been round the Mizen by then. However, at lunchtime we finally parted as they set off for Schull and us back to Ardnagashel. We had a most exhilarating sail with a westerly wind gusting up to 5 in calm water, and a bright sun. We anchored off Ardnagashel at about 18.30 and spent a very pleasant evening there.

The following day we spent sailing around the Bay with various members of the Kaulback family in relays. We landed on Garnish Island this time and were very pleasantly surprised by the beauty of the Island as we were afraid it would have been overrun by tourists and rather 'Chocolate Boxy' but this is not so in the least. Finally, at 18.30 we took Audrey out for a sail across to Bantry and did not get her back for an hour. Since she was in charge of cooking the dinner we felt that we may have been the cause of many complaints that evening. However, we don't know as we then left for Adrigole which lies at the mainland just east of Bere Island. We felt our way into the Harbour and anchored at 22.15 with about 15 minutes to spare before it got too dark to see. One of the few snags of sailing in this coast is that it is unsafe to enter most of the harbours

at night as they are nearly all unlit. Thus, unless one is prepared to lie off ones range in a small boat such as ours one is limited for convenience to about 50 miles a day. We left Adrigole at 08.30 on Thursday with a very light S.W. head wind and motored towards Sheep Head which was abeam at 11.00. Here we passed Morva R.C.C. who was making her way towards Bantry. She was the second boat we had seen in nearly two weeks. We had thought that we would have seen many more boats as according to the Admiralty Pilot one is likely to get the best weather during the second half of June and first half of July.

On rounding Sheep Head we bore off enough to be able to set the sails. Towards lunch time when we were abeam of the Mizen the wind freshened sufficiently to stop the engine and we ran down towards the Fastnet Rock. We sailed past the east end of Long Island close past Copper Beacon and anchored at 17.30 off Schull pier. "Teal" belonging to C. O'Riordan, Vice Commodore of I.C.C. was tied alongside the pier.

The next day's programme was not very ambitious as we were due to spend the night at Baltimore, which in a straight line from Schull is only about 7 miles. However, after we had finished our shopping we weighed anchor and sailed up the sound in a S.W. force 3 and out into Roaring Water Bay, through the narrow channel between Castle and Long Islands. We ran up the Bay with a foul tide against us and so made slow progress but arrived off Mannin Island, in time to anchor for lunch. In the afternoon, Jennifer, who was suffering from a sore throat went below to get some sleep, which from our point of view was fortunate as the whole of the area is festooned with sunken rocks and small islands, and both John and I had been accused of having an affinity for rocks -and shortly after weighing anchor all but greeted one far too close.

Quite often one finds it hard to navigate because there is not enough in sight but here the situation is reversed, it is difficult on a fine day because one can see too much. There are many small islands all more or less the same size and with no visible means of identification. It would be very helpful if a few of the transits, referred to on the chart, were marked by whiteness or beacons. Beacons in the area stand out magnificently but they are only of help when entering such places as Schull and Baltimore. Going between the islands of Hare and East Calf is a transit on the Chapel on Clear Island and Bird Rocks, one can see the Chapel but unless the birds are nesting the rock is invisible against the Cliff behind it!

We had a marvellous sail in a freshening breeze through the narrow channels and down around Cape Clear Island and on up to Barloge where we anchored at 19.40 abeam of Bullock Island as close to the western shore as possible.

We had been towing our Avon Red Crest dinghy which kept very dry but rushed about violently on the long swells which were running off Cape Clear. We normally carry the dinghy deflated and rolled up in a bundle on top of its floorboards just abaft the mast. I carry two bellows which just about halves inflation time. An outboard is also essential as it is impossible to row into a wind or sea, but with an engine she behaves very well. When fitted with air bottles it forms a very useful emergency life raft.

The 06.45 forecast on Saturday, 13th July, foretold of increasing up to 6, backing to the S.E. As we wanted to see Lough Hyne we had an early breakfast and set out for the Lough in the dinghy. The entrance to the Lough is not more than 50 yds. wide and is blocked at certain stages of tide by rocks which form rapids at high tide and after. We went in on the flood and once we reached the narrows were drawn through at fantastic speed through the turbulent waters. On account of the rapids the lough never reaches low water level, with the result that it is very saline and resembles a marine aquarium. University College, Cork, has a field laboratory there, and we think we must have disturbed someone's experiment as we were treated rather sourly by a group of scientists who had just finished their breakfast. The Lough is surrounded by hills, half of which are densely wooded and most attractive.

We weighed anchor at 12.00 in bright sun and with a force 4 s.w. breeze to help us sailed into Castletownsend for lunch. This is a very pleasant place covered in well-growing trees, a rarity in this part of the country, however, it is not a very good anchorage as it is narrow and the wind blows up and down the river.

The weather in the afternoon was hot and we felt ~~condemned~~, which resulted in "Sharvoge" more or less sailing herself around Glandore and Roscarberry Bays waiting for us to summon enough energy to go into Glandore.

We made a mistake that kept us in Glandore the whole of the next day. Strong southerly winds were forecast and we should have gone on to Kinsale, but did not as we didn't want to enter in the dark again, especially with an on shore wind and sea.

We anchored opposite Union Hall pier at 18.10 as it is far more sheltered from the south and south east than Glandore. We went ashore at Glandore and the proprietor of the local hotel at the harbour was most helpful and provided us with baths and food.

Sunday, the 14th, we woke at 06.45 to hear the forecast. It was gusting to gale force from the S.W. the visibility was about half a mile, and it was raining really hard. The forecast was for force 8 from S. to S.W. with plenty of rain. If we wanted to get out tides right off the Old Head of Kinsale we had to leave by 08.00. We fell asleep and

woke up again at 10.50, much relieved, as it was too late to leave and also it was blowing even harder.

We eventually left Union Hall at 06.45 on the following morning. The wind had eased considerably to about force 4, S. to S.W but a large sea was running in the entrance. The visibility was poor and bad during rain squalls. The wind was freshening all the time and we made good progress as the tide had turned in our favour at 09.00 when we were off Galley Head. However, we had to roll in a deep reef at 10.55 before we passed the Old Head. Visibility worsened as we approached the Daunt Vessel, at 14.00 it cleared, the sun came out and we had a splendid dead run from just past the Daunt up the approaches to Cork Harbour with a surging swell following us. At 15.30 we picked up moorings off the Royal Munster Yacht Club at Crosshaven.

Col. Berridge very kindly offered us the hospitality of his Club, which was most welcome. After doing our victualling we returned to the Club for the evening. Although the Club was not fully open, as it was a Monday, the steward did everything he could do to help us.

Later in the evening we went on board Col. Berridge's "Shindilla", R.C.C.; he, his wife and a friend were just about to set sail for the Scillies and the West Coast of France.

We left Crosshaven at 08.55 on Tuesday, the 18th, bound for Helvick Harbour in Dungarvan Bay. The wind had veered north about force 2/3 and suited us admirably as we were able to sail close along the shore.

There was a hot sun shining and everything was bliss until we arrived at Helvick. This port had been recommended to us by several people as one of the places one should not miss. We would like to make the reverse recommendation. The entry in the log book tells the story for itself. "17.45 moored alongside grubby fishing boat at Helvick. Harbour not recommended, very narrow entrance. exposed to W. full of fishing boats due to leave at 04.00 and 05.00. 18.00, 6/7 S.W. forecast. 18.05 left Helvick".

Having got caught at Glandore we certainly were not going to chance it here, so we went flat out for Dunmore East which is about 20 miles away. The breeze held until 21.00 and fell away for several hours as it was getting dark, but picked up again later. We had a good sail, with the wind on our quarter and the sunset was magnificent but foreboding. It was dark when we entered Dunmore at 23.50 but the pier lights enabled us to see enough to tie up alongside a large motor cruiser on the east pier.

When we woke it was raining and blowing hard from the S.W. in other words a thoroughly miserable day. Dunmore is an attractive little town built on the cliff about 50 feet above the harbour. It has a few shops and pubs - but has one pub "Powers" which fulfils the need of most, selling food and meat as well as drink..

The day continued to be depressing, so in the afternoon, in order not to stagnate, we decided to go up the river Barrow. We left in the drizzle at 15.30 with poor visibility and heavy swell running up the entrance and sailed against the ebb tide. When we were abeam of Passage East the weather started to clear and the sun came out intermittently. Here the river narrows and passes through banks of trees on either side. At 18.00 we passed through the Barrow Railway Bridge, which was opened for us. Once past the Bridge the river is only about 100 yards wide with a very narrow channel, which, for the most part, is well buoyed, but one must not go too close to the buoys as they are moored on the very edge of the channel. The farms surrounding the river are luscious and prosperous. One cannot see far but one gets occasional glimpses of the Blackstairs Mountains. It is impracticable to sail on account of all the bends and the narrow channel, so we motored the whole way up to Strokestown Point, about 3 miles down stream from New Ross, where we anchored at 20.15 for the night.

Shortly after breakfast on Thursday morning we weighed anchor and motored back down to Dunmore, as there was too little wind to sail. It was a bright sunny day and we had a most restful morning. We were amazed at the number of people netting salmon in the river; by two different methods - drift nets and ring nets. The laying of the ring nets involved a lot of hard work which, as far as we could see, was comparatively unremunerative.

in

We were to start early/the morning for home, so planned a full night's sleep. Having had an early dinner we thought we would pay a short visit to the pub, and then turn in. The next few sentences need not be written! We met a business acquaintance by accident and I have never seen three able-bodied people look so miserable as we did when we left Dunmore at 07.20 on Friday, the 19th July.

The sky was overcast and a heavy swell was running from the south west. Visibility was only about half a mile. We had hoped to land on the Saltees, but this was quite out of the question and we shaped course for the Conningbeg Light Vessel. For all practical purposes we were navigating blind, as we had found on the way down that bearings taken on the Tuskar were inaccurate by about 10° on account of the coastal deflections. During "breakfast", in inverted commas, because I was too miserable to have any, I chanced to look up and saw the Saltees for long enough to get an approximate bearing. Shortly after we caught a glimpse, in the clearing, of the Conningbeg which we finally left abeam at 09.25.

We ran dead down wind to the Barrells which was passed at 13.15, visibility was still only about 1 mile; shortly after 14.00 the sky cleared but not for long. As soon as we rounded Carnsore Point and were abeam of South Rock Buoy the fog came down very thick indeed and we found our echo sounder a great comfort. The tide had just turned north and we were swept up to the east of the Tuskar at an alarming rate.

At 17.00 we emerged from the fog and romped up the east coast with spinnaker set and had hopes of making Wicklow before the tide turned. However, as evening drew in the wind fell light and veered to the north west and our speed dropped materially. By the time I came on watch we were off Wicklow Head. There was a good breeze and a bright moon but we only made good 4 miles in 4 hours.

The following morning the sky was clear and the sun hot, home was in sight, but the last thing we wanted was to get there. Thus, we allowed the tide to do most of the work as the wind was light n.n.w. By midday we were abeam of the Burford Bank, and took the opportunity of swinging our d/f aerial and handbearing compass on the Kish. We were very pleased to find that there were no errors of consequence. We finally picked up our moorings at Howth at 14.00 - 31 hours out from Dunmore. The first few hours of the passage had been miserable, but in the last, were the nicest of the whole trip.

I had drawn up a very optimistic programme planning to visit 18 ports. We kept very nearly to our schedule and visited 24 harbours and anchorages in 22 days and covered a distance of 755 miles.

"Sharavoge" behaved magnificently and did all that was asked of her, she made us very conscious of our confidence in her, not only in the way she rode the heavy swells off the south coast, but also in her ability to get us where we wanted.

Cruise Summary.

<u>From:</u>	<u>To:</u>	<u>Distance:</u>	<u>Time Hrs.</u>	<u>Engine Hrs.</u>
Howth.	Kinsale.	170.	32.	7.
Kinsale.	Baltimore.	46.	11½.	6½.
Baltimore.	Schull.	10.	2½	2½
Schull.	Crookhaven.	7½	2½	2.
Crookhaven.	Bantry.	32.	8½	6.
Bantry,	Ardnagashel.	2.	½	½
Ardnagashel.	Derrynane.	42.	10.	5.
Derrynane.	Great Blasket.	29½	6½	6½
Great Blasket.	Knightstown.	15.	3.	-
Knightstown.	Derrynane.	30.	7½	-
Derrynane.	Dunboy.	23.	5½	-
Dunboy.	Castletownbere.	1½	½	½
Castletown- bere.	Ardnagashel.	16.	3½	-
Ardnagashel.	Adrigole.	11.	3½	2½
Adrigole.	Schull.	34½	9	5
Schull.	Barloge.	26.	7	-
Barloge	Castletownsend.	6	2	-
Castletown send.	Glandore.	9	3	-
Glandore.	Crosshaven.	44	8½	1.
Crosshaven.	Helvick.	37½	8½	2.
Helvick.	Dunmore East.	21.	5.	2.
Dunmore East.	New Ross.	16.	4½	4½
New Ross	Dunmore East.	16	5	4
Dunmore East.	Howth.	<u>110.</u>	<u>30½</u>	<u>7</u>
		<u>755½</u>	<u>181½</u>	<u>64½</u>

"Helen of Howth"

by

Dermot Luke.

1963 was to be very special because this was another Fastnet year and "Helen of Howth" would participate.

It would be true to say that none of the crew considered that we were at any time 'cruising' because the Spirit of Speed had been firmly ingrained in everybody's mind and the Training Programme had further developed the sense of urgency.

Nevertheless, on examination of the Log it is surprising to find that sailing to, competing in, and getting home after the Fastnet via St. Malo in France and Hughtown in the Scillies, involved the best part of 2,000 miles of sailing.

The endeavour was to have a crew from Howth Clubs in a Howth boat. The crew consisted of:-

P.H. Greer.	Skipper.
Dermot Luke.	Mate.

1st Watch.

N. Wilkinson.	Mate.
K. Cooke.	Navigator.
L. McGonagle.	
F. Brown.	

2nd watch.

B. Fannin.	Mate.
B. McNally.	Navigator.
D. Higginbotham.	
K. Mackey.	

As will be seen from the above there were two watches each of which had a Mate and Navigator who were responsible for the well-being of the Watch and for carrying out the programme outlined by their opposite numbers at change-over.

This system worked very well and normal watch keeping hours of 4 hours on and 4 hours off were maintained.

We left Howth on Saturday, 3rd August 1963, at 1100 hours and sailed into an unpleasant sea mist which stayed with us practically the whole way to Land's End where we made our first landfall.

Rounding the Long Ships on Sunday night we sped up channel, entering Plymouth on Monday morning, 5th August. It was a Bank holiday and a lovely day.

We had plenty of work to do, leaving ashore the heavy inboard motor dinghy, such finery as carpets - as well as additional blankets - which were provided for the comfort of families who would go cruising to France after the Race.

The crew relaxed with PVC covered wire the piston hanks on all headsails and following a visit from the Skipper of a small French yacht moored close-by, we repaired ashore for sight seeing.

We left for Cowes on Tuesday afternoon, arriving Wednesday morning. The sight off Cowes was something to behold and we learnt afterwards that some 7000 yachts had been competing. We waved to a Flying 15, which passed quite close to us, containing Prince Philip and Uffa Fox as they were threading their way to the start and not exactly conscious of the green boat from Ireland.

Stores, runs ashore, etc. in beautiful weather occupied Wednesday and Thursday, as well as an afternoon's "Shakedown" sail almost to the Needles.

We were most fortunate in passing 'in the opposite direction' the big boys racing up from Yarmouth. "Capricia" and "Stormvogel" were in the lead, passed us with mizzen staysails set and within a seeming matter of seconds blossomed out into two enormous light blue spinnakers.

Quite the most thrilling yacht which we were able to see at close quarters was "Ondine" with her red, white and blue striped spinnaker as she passed us a matter of some 50 feet away, hightailing it after "Outlaw" and "Rubin".

We spent Thursday night ashore and being ashore was nearly as exciting as being at sea, Cowes itself being a very quaint and delightful town and now even more so with the very trim sloops one passed in the Main Street followed by heavy ketches with everything set!!

Watching the comings and going from the Royal Yacht Squadron Steps was in itself an entertainment one wouldn't get at Ringsend.

All hands attended a very interesting Cocktail Party meeting opposite numbers and rubbing shoulders with personalities whom, up to now, one had only read about.

We had been berthed alongside "Carina" and, needless to say, the opportunity of looking around was not neglected. On another occasion we were trot mates with "Evenlode".

On the day of the Race it was blowing a Force 6 to 7 westerly with heavy, overcast skies, and grey seas - classed as 'typical

Fastnet weather'. We left our trot early to make sure we were not caught up in the hubbub of 120 other boats doing the same thing at the same time. We, therefore, moved to a buoy in the Solent, had lunch and felt quite excited at the occasion for which we had been preparing for over nine months and which was about to commence in approximately one hour's time.

We prepared No. 2 jib and working foresail, full main and no mizzen, and we were to start from the North End of the Line, working the North Shore for the first half of the distance to the Needles.

As the gun went we crossed the Line with a clear wind and "Stormvogel" to leeward but understandably not for long.

The Race to the Needles was quite the most exciting in our experience and if the Race had ended there it would have still been worthwhile coming. We beat to Land's End, reported No. 14 round the Lizard and then we beat to Fastnet in falling winds, rounding at 100 hrs. Wednesday morning. As we approached from the South West a white hull rounded from the North East which turned out to be no other than Dennis Doyle in "Querida".

The run from the Fastnet was an exhilarating affair, large spinnaker, mizzen staysail and a competition between watches as to who could make her surf so pushing the speedometer highest. The Roar from the helmsman who made $10\frac{1}{2}$ knots, i.e. Liam McGonagle must surely have been heard in Howth. "Helen" was running very fast and very straight and we had passed 13 other yachts by the time we had reached the Scillies where a jibe in the dark with boats to the right of us and boats to the left of us, was carried out with commendable speed and never a hand wrong.

As dawn emerged we were passing the Wolf Rock Light-house and on the horizon ahead four sails barely visible. We pulled out every trick in the bag, as well as sails, in an attempt to improve our position by these four places and we very nearly did. It was no more than minutes separated us at Plymouth breakwater at 6.30 p.m. on Thursday, 15th August. We reported to the Tower as instructed and a motor launch gave us details of berthing. We went into the inner basin at about 3.0. a.m. on Friday morning and following the usual celebrations slept well.

The stay in Plymouth was greatly enhanced when a crew member found that the Commander of a Submarine in dock at Plymouth was an old pal of his brother and, as a result, traditional wardroom hospitality was the order of the day - and far into the night!

The ladies and families aforementioned joined at Plymouth and half of the crew returned to Dublin. "Helen" left the Sound on Sunday afternoon and had a magnificent sail (miles/time) to St. Malo.

The weather unfortunately was not good on arrival and persistent rain kept us below until late afternoon when we entered the Yacht Basin. Tying alongside the Inner Dock all hands repaired ashore for a meal.

Several days were spent sight-seeing and visiting old haunts (Ann Gail had been there before!) A journey by road to Dinan returning down the Rance by motor boat is well worthwhile - a barricade or dam is in the course of completion and when finished will have reversible turbines installed which, taking advantage of a 35 ft. rise and fall will generate electricity on both ebb and flow.

Leaving for home we visited Lesardrieux and from thence set sail for the Scillies of which the first twelve hours was a run in Force 4-5 with boomed out No. 1 genoa.

During the night we had an interesting and beautiful experience, in pitch darkness whilst sailing at about 7 knots we maintained position in a large shoal of mackerel which lit up the water in innumerable silver streaks as they were disturbed. This continued over quite a long period of time (for several hours in fact) and it was almost possible to believe that we were in a sea of fish. Standing in the pulpit watching the lines of phospherence making the most exotic patterns was a thrilling experience.

The wind went ahead of us early next morning and once again we had to beat from our old friend the Lizard to Houghtown in the Scillies. Our stay here was somewhat marred by persistent gales and warnings of worse to come. Later we moved over to Tresco and as the wind got up from the North West quite a swell came into the anchorage but "Helen's" length, weight and beam allowwd us to ride in comfort in conditions which could have been intolerable in a smaller craft. About a quarter of a mile away mountainous seas were breaking over the rocks and entering the anchorage but we were perfectly safe and secure.

We went for a very pleasant walk on Tresco and would say that this would be extremely pleasant for a holiday "where one could get away from it all".

Gales and winds being forecast for the ensuing 3 to 4 days we decided to put out under short sail and it can be said that we had an exciting few hours fighting our way clear of the islands into the Atlantic.

Going about onto a Port tack we laid course for inside the Smalls. The following day was foggy so we did not actually see them and our landfall was made at Milford Haven. One more long leg on the starboard tack took us halfway across the Irish Sea where we had to start engines as we were becalmed.

We arrived at Rosslare at 12.30 a.m. as a car had come down from Dublin to take two crew members home. "Helen" left Rosslare at 08.30 hrs. and was at her mooring in Howth at 19.00 hrs. the same day.

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"Segura" in Brittany.

Skipper's Mate's-eye-view!

by

Henri Masser.

Saturday, 15th June, 1963.

As usual "D" day dawned with various workmen on board doing last minute jobs, but as Harry Maguire and Eithne had not arrived it didn't matter except that the Mate immediately started a list of things to be done during the next winter instead of on the point of sailing. After weeks of excellent weather there was a midday forecast of Force 7, S.W, in the Irish Sea. With the crew complete - Denis O'Kelly, Harry and Eithne, Sean, Jimmy Cassidy, the Skipper and the Mate, we started, with the main and big new jib and a stylish bend in the mast. With wind and tide against us after Dalkey the jib was taken down and we continued to Arklow by engine.

Sunday, 16th June.

We left Arklow in sunshine and a flat sea and decided to make straight for the Scillies.

Monday, 17th June.

Awoke to grey skies and poor visibility which deteriorated all day until the forecast was 550 yds. to zero, by which time we were nearing Round Island. By 5.0 p.m. (17 hrs.) the wind was 4/5; a nasty sea running and rain showers which blotted everything out, though we could hear the Round Island foghorn quite near. At first we thought of going south about to St. Mary's but found that we lost sight of land if we were sufficiently far off to avoid outlying rocks. Altering course to the west we struggled against a foul tide for what seemed such a long time that the mate was reduced to doing her knitting - a sure sign of mental anxiety! Thanks to Sean's good eye-sight after waiting for one particularly heavy squall to blow over, we found Cromwell's Castle and went through a heavy breaking swell to blessedly peaceful water off Hangman's Island. Great relief all round! The landlubbery mate, doing her knitting, was quietly murmuring the Breton fisherman's prayer, "God be good to me; the sea is so wide and my boat is so small!"

Tuesday, 18th June.

After a peaceful night we awoke to a gale and heavy snubbing on the anchor chain. Sean got up to drop the angel (a heavy

weight!) down the anchor chain and as he did so, the anchor cable parted and down went the chain to the bottom of the sea beside the anchor. Sean leapt into the saloon and started the engine while the Skipper and Denis, in pyjamas, with Jimmy to help, got down the kedge with the angel on it; and another note went into the log not to trust to official testing of chains in future-if you know that some time previous it has been strained - scrap it!

Wednesday, 26th June.

The only periods during the next eight days during which we could have left the Scillies was occupied by various activities - swimming and diving parties to recover the anchor (which we did); a birthday party for Denis (June 22nd) with champagne and a birthday cake; bar billiards and darts and cornish pasties and beer at the New Inn; baths and splendid meals at the Tresco Hotel and a short interlude during which we entertained the Navy for a day while they mended some of our internal workings. There was trouble with the regulator; the Homer radio, which some careless person had left switched on for a week, and the refrigerator, which succeeded in melting a pound of butter and nearly made a bonfire of "Segura". Never a dull moment! The frigate "Virago" sent over two engineers who quickly located our trouble and sent us on our way at 10.25 on Wednesday morning, June 26th, en route for Brest with a good steady N.W. wind. We reached Ushant early on Thursday morning and after breakfast, and a short wait for the tide to turn, we proceeded in glorious warm sunshine to Brest.

Friday, 28th June.

We went across to Camaret - much improved since last year with a new breakwater extension to give more shelter in the Bay. We visited the shipbuilding yards; the tiny fishermen's church and the Vauban Fort Museum and then returned to Brest to await our next visitors, Alistair and Muriel McMillan and to leave Harry en route for Dublin.

After Mass on Sunday morning we had a glorious sail in warm sunshine until the wind fell light and we had to motor to Benodet.

Sunday, 1st July. Benodet.

Apart from a short examination of the engine which revealed one valve not working, this was one of the days which make cruising worth while. Having decided that a 5 cylinder engine would do, we went off to the Iles de Glenan - home of the well-known sailing school, where we had a splendid swim in the clear water and sailed back with a steady wind and a fiat sea - ideal conditions.

Monday, 2nd July.

A short sail round the corner to Port Manec and up the river to Rhos Bras where we anchored for lunch. This is one of the loveliest anchorages on this coast. After dinner in Pont Aven, the Skipper decided to get out over the bar at the mouth of the river to anchor off Port Manec as it is only negotiable at high tide. It was a lovely night, but not bright enough to see the marks; "Segura's" passage down the river was achieved with people shouting directions, depths and other things - and an occasional slight pause while her keel explored the river bed. Arrived off Port Manec; "Segura" rolled all night until by 6.30 a.m. all on board were quite ready to sail for Lorient - our next port of call. Denis and Alistair navigated and drove while the Skipper made up his lost sleep.

Wednesday, 3rd July.

Arrived in Lorient we were directed right up into the town where we berthed by the quay alongside the "Marie Felicie" from Belgium.

Thursday, 4th July.

Denis and Eithne left for home much to our regret. Making use of our stay in Lorient the new regulator was fitted which meant that the engine would now charge our batteries; the refrigerator was repaired by Alistair and we decided to continue this trip on five cylinders, as the faulty one could not be repaired. In spite of the odd bits of trouble everyone seemed happy, and the waistlines increased! After seeing Denis and Eithne off, we had a splendid sail over to Belle Ile, with the sun shining and the sea sparkling.

Friday, 5th July.

We sailed round Belle Ile - sailing all the way except for the last bit; on our return to the harbour we found "Flame II" with M. Cointreau on board and spent a cheerful evening with him. On his advice we set off on Sunday morning for Le Croisic after the boys had been to Mass. After a fast sail in clear weather past Hoedic we arrived at Le Croisic. We ran up on the tide so fast that we missed one of the marks and suddenly found ourselves on a sort of palisade erected to keep out the sand; when we looked ~~at~~ later at low tide, we realised why the echo sounder had gone suddenly from 15' to nothing, but at the same time it felt like being in Noah's Ark on Mount Ararat! Having extricated ourselves we anchored in a pleasant stretch of water with "Maid of Mourne" from N. Ireland beside us.

Tuesday, 9th July.

From Le Croisic we went overland to Guerande - an interesting old walled city where we heard a fine organ recital in the church La Collegiate St. Auban. Then we had a look at Le Pouligen from the shore end hoping it would be a help when we sailed there later. At low tide the entrance between Le Pouligen and La Baule is narrow with large areas of sand where people hunt for shell fish. It is well marked and we had no difficulty the following day in making our way in to moor, as it were in a main street with shops and houses on either side and our bows pointing downstream ready to go out again. We were visited by a Dutchman, Mr. Van Marle who had taken his boat by cargo boat to Balbao and was working his way back to Holland in easy stages. We also met Surgeon Commander Bawtree from "Genesta" and found we had friends in common.

Wednesday, 10th July.

After an early start from Le Pouligen we had a good sail to La Trinite beating most of the way until at 7 knots the big jib, once again, had a bend in our mast and we had to replace it with a staysail. In La Trinite we were visited by Mr. Twist from "Carlotta" - as energetic and cheerful as ever.

Thursday, 11th July.

Returned to Lorient to leave "Segura" with Sean and Jimmy in charge while we flew home to Dublin for a week to keep ourselves on the pay roll! (New guests Peter, Una and Colin Ramsay)

Sunday, 21st July.

After a somewhat tiring journey by 'plane and train and a final hair-raising taxi trip to Kerneval, near Lorient, we were pleased to find Sean waiting for us to go aboard "Segura" for a good night's sleep.

Monday, 22nd July.

A slow but pleasant sail across from Lorient to Belle Ile; halfway across Peter and Una went over the side for a swim in the clear warm water. The harbour at Le Palais was well filled with boats, but we managed to sandwich between "Northele" and "Nancy Bet".

Tuesday, 23rd July.

Went by taxi across the Island to Port. Donnant

and spent the day in bathing costumes on the beautiful sand and in the sea. Back in Le Palais we spent a peaceful evening on board with people painting their boats, fishermen busy on the pier, pleasure boats popping in and out, and over all the sunshine and warm breeze and such an air of complete contentment that one could forget gales and rain.

Tuesday, 23rd July.

We left Le Palais early and headed for Houat, about 7 miles distant, where we went through an overfall between two islands - quite fierce for a few minutes. Leaving Houat to starboard we ran into thick fog in which, on two occasions, we saw the wake of fishing boats cross our bows without seeing the boats. The Skipper and Sean enjoyed themselves working out where we were, and when the fog lifted a bit we saw Noedic, but only for a minute before it closed in again. Quite suddenly we saw the lighthouse and were able to set a course for Le Pouligen, where we hoped to spend the night.

Wed. and Thurs. 24th/25th July.

We left Le Pouligen at 7.0 a.m. in mist but with a rising glass and started off for Ile d'Yeu. After a while the Skipper changed his mind and turned north again - time was getting short and we would not now reach La Rochelle which was our first intention. The weather improved and we had a splendid sail to La Vilaine River anchoring off Treguillet. We hoped to go further up the River as "Maid of Mourne" did, but decided instead to go to Port Navallo and the Morbihan.

Friday, 26th July.

From Port Navallo we went with the tide and wind at top speed up to the Auray River and anchored in the River below the Bridge. After two days shopping and sightseeing we left on Sunday and used the engine as far as Port Navallo where we set sail and had a splendid trip as far as Ile de Groix. The weather again was hot and sunny and we watched a most beautiful sunset as we entered the river at Port Manec on Sunday, the 28th, to spend the night. We were all shades of brown and red with the hot sun - the Skipper in particular a lovely shade of brown with a broad pink sash round where his middle should be.

Monday, 29th July.

Another trip to the Iles de Glenon where the water was so calm and clear that we could see our anchor on the bottom and the crabs crawling about beneath us. We swam and sunbathed and finally left, rather reluctantly, for Benodet. On the way back we suddenly

discovered we had a hole in the exhaust pipe behind the seat in the Saloon. Motoring gently across a sea like a millpond, to Benodet, we left Sean, Jimmy and Colin to effect a temporary repair, and went ashore to dinner.

Tuesday, 30th July.

We made such a good passage to the Raz du Seine that we decided to go on to Douarnauz, a busy fishing centre with good anchorage.

Wednesday, 31st July.

We had a lovely trip round from Douarnauz but had to motor all the way on glassy seas through the Toulinguet Passage with its many rocks. and so into Camaret where we did our last bit of French shopping. We left Camaret about 5.0 p.m. heading for Pointe St. Matthieu, with Colin and Jimmy in charge.

Thursday, 1st August.

After a somewhat bumpy crossing we sighted the Scillies at 12.30 and just beat a squall of rain to enter St. Mary's at about 1.30.

Saturday, 3rd August.

After filling up with oil and water at St. Marys on Friday, we came through the Islands to Hangmans Island ready to leave early for Arklow on the last lap of the journey.

Sunday, 4th August.

The Tuskar seems determined to evade us - last year it was storm - this year it was fog which descended on us about 4.0 a.m. and got steadily thicker until we had passed the Tuskar within about $\frac{1}{2}$ miles without seeing it. We finally reached Arklow and Dublin in good form.

With all our bits of trouble, it was a good trip; we hope our shipmates enjoyed it. We had warmth and sunshine, no gales and plenty to eat and drink.

If the report of our cruise is somewhat unseamanlike in places, put it down to the fact that the Mate is still more of a Gardener than a seaman! She is also the Skipper's Mate rather than 'Mate' in the generally accepted sense aboard ship.

"One that gathers Samphire, dreadful trade".

King Lear IV.6.14.

by

Peter Morck.

Samphire is best eaten in the Spring before it has grown too tough. This succulent plant still grows profusely although less so than in the past, around the Creeks and Saltings of East Anglia, where within memory it was gathered and consumed locally in large quantities. The saying that "Oysters and poverty go together" applied in some measure to samphire in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when both these foods, for those living on the East Coast, were cheap and plentiful. It is hardly surprising that, in this changing world, the present generation have scarcely even heard of it.

To gather our particular samphire it was necessary once again to load the Mini to the scuppers with every conceivable piece of yacht chandlery which we were likely to need on our 700 mile trip home to Dublin, and set off for St. Osyth, near Brightlingsea, in the heart of what is still, the Lord be praised, a relatively unspoiled part of proletarian England. St. Osyth, known locally as Toosey, is still remarkably rural in its character despite its proximity to that tarnished jewel of the East Coast, Clacton-on-Sea. The village is dominated by the magnificent Elizabethan Priory which commands the rising ground above the creek, and whose ancient woods encircle the village on its landward side. The Priory is still inhabited, and is superbly maintained. Moreover, it is open to the public on most days during the summer. At the head of the Creek, next to the Boatyard and the local pub, stands what is left of one of East Anglia's remaining Tide Mills. It is possible to buy, admittedly in faded sepia, post cards showing this Mill in daily use. Efforts were made recently to save it, but failed through lack of funds, and it is sad to think that before very long the ravages of the elements, together with the destructiveness of the local hooligans, will shortly have removed it without trace.

As with all new boats, the contract date came and went and was forgotten, and the only thing to do was to set off lock, stock and barrel, and camp at the yard until all was finished. This we did, living aboard Samphire for almost a fortnight, having to rise at seven each morning to clear out so that the painters could get to work. We then spent the day dashing about attending to all the odds and ends which had inevitably been over-looked. However, the time passed quickly enough, thanks to the kindness of Mr. Denis Barnes, the Builder, and his good wife Margo, whose hospitality and thoughtfulness greatly contributed to our pleasure. After the daily work was done we spent several very pleasant evenings in their company.

We had hoped to start from St. Osyth at Whit weekend but this was not possible. However, we were compensated to some measure by being able to watch the start of the Harwich/Hook Race from the Race Officers' perch on the end of Harwich Pier. It was a glorious day, there was a fine breeze, and laid out before us, for our inspection, was the entire top brass of British Ocean Racing. A truly magnificent sight which we were able to see at very close quarters. Unfortunately all the film which I took of this event was subsequently stolen, together with my cameras, in Dun Laoghaire Harbour. I doubt very much whether the thief had the intelligence to appreciate what he had taken.

Monday, June 3rd.

This was the great day on which we were to take Samphire down the Creek to Brightlingsea to await the pleasure of the Lloyd's. Surveyors on the following morning. This was perhaps one of the most hair-raising trips which I have ever experienced. Our beautiful new ship was dragged, willy-nilly, down the winding Creek, sticking fast at every bend with Barnes pulling like mad in his launch, Samphire's engine going full bore, and everybody shouting at once. The campers on the Saltings left their gaudy tents to rush to the edge of the muddy Creek and stare incredulously at our halting progress. At last we reached Brightlingsea, and thankfully tied up in the Trots, where by this time our crews were nearly all assembled. There was Patsy my wife; Mike Handford from Cranfield and Carter; Warren Tayler; Aiden Dunn; Neil McFerran and June Morrison who was to join us on the following day.

The Tuesday morning dawned bright and fresh. The weather Gods had heard that we were having trials that day and so they gathered round to blow, with the result that we were only able to try out our smaller sails, and the Lloyd's men were glad to regain the shelter of the creek. All was well except that the dynamo would not charge, and even after many hours of fiddling by the Engineer, its performance was unconvincing.

The immediate prospects for our departure, ultimately for Dun Laoghaire, were unpromising. The winds had been blowing freshly from the South East for almost a week, and showed little signs of change. This meant that we must cross the Thames Estuary into a dead noser through unfamiliar channels. Fortunately we would have with us Mike Handford, a native of those parts, whose navigation would be invaluable. However, the morning of Wednesday, 5th June, dawned fine and clear with a faint breeze off the land. We lost little time and were soon heading out down the river Colne under spinnaker but before the land was far astern the breeze had died completely, and we continued with the running-in of "Victor" whilst pressing on our way. Before long we were weaving through a maze of channels across a

glassy sea. The sun shining through the midday haze cast an eerie light around the host of buoys and towers which marked our course and we were only able, once again, to set sail upon the ship as we slipped close around the North Foreland, inside the Goodwins, and on to Dover, which we entered at 1845 hours on a now clear, crisp evening. The main trip had passed uneventfully, except that the dynamo now stubbornly refused to charge. Occasionally I would beat the cut-out smartly with a winch handle which produced possibly an amp, but now it failed to respond to even that. Here Mike had to leave us, which was sad, as he is great company on a boat, and keeps us all amused. At 0645 hours the following morning we motored out of the submarine Dock, and set course along the coast for Newhaven. We made an offing of about 5 miles from the shore, where we motored across a lifeless sea under a clear dawn, but the land was well clouded on our starboard hand. The breeze came in shyly from the South East from time to time, and with our main and quad just drawing, and the engine ticking over, we made good progress towards Newhaven, which we entered late in the afternoon. Here a valiant effort was made to solve the dynamo problem. It was decided that the cut-out was burnt out, but a replacement could not be had at that hour, so, with much cursing, we abandoned the matter for the time being. We had hoped to see good progress on the new Marina, but it presented a forlorn sight. We were not impressed. However, according to the plans it shows promise, and when it is finished, no doubt, will prove excellent.

Later that evening, "Camelot" came in and tied alongside us. She acquitted herself very well at Ocean racing this season. It was somewhat consoling to learn that she was also having mechanical trouble, and at 2300 hours that night we towed her out and clear of the harbour under a large cheese-like moon, and in what little wind there was we parted company, she to the westward along the coast and Samphire towards Cherbourg. That night we were treated to a magnificent display of lightening.

The next morning, Friday 7th, dawned hot and bright; the Skipper came on deck after a night spent stubbornly snuggled in his bunk, having resisted all pleas to come on deck, to find the main hanging limply, and the sea as flat as glass. However, "Mr. Victor" now well on the way to being run in, throbbed away merrily, and we were obviously wasting very little time. By midday the sun was really hot and the Skipper decided to spend his siesta dismantling the lavatory which he had taken up onto the foredeck. In a moment of weight saving enthusiasm we had fitted a new-fangled appliance herladed as "a break-through in Marine toilets". We felt that to substitute the words "breakdown" would be more appropriate! However, the time passed merrily, and at 1830 hours that evening we tied up in the inner basin at Cherbourg. Little time was wasted here and we were soon ashore at the Yacht Club - hell bent on the Flesh Pots. It did not take long to find Ronnie Baskin, who was to join us there, and we all set off to the Cafe de Paris for an evening gastronomie, after which we staggered back to the boat, having worked off the effects of our over-

indulgence at a Shooting Gallery which we had to pass along the Quay.

The Saturday was spent doing nothing in particular except enjoying the delights ashore, and re-victualling the ship. The Skipper, I think, possibly came off worst as he had to dismantle almost the entire engine in an effort to sort out, once more, the dynamo trouble, and at the end of the day with yet another burnt out cut-out on his hands, together with a good deal of grease and sweat, the encounter was called off without success. There were many interesting yachts in Cherbourg as the bad weather the previous weekend had prevented their owners taking them back to England after a race. On the Saturday they began to return, and by Sunday the harbour was a hive of activity, and it was fascinating to watch their comings and goings from the bar of the Yacht Club directly over the Basin. However, time was short, and after one last Flesh Pot on the Sunday evening we made ready to depart at first light the next day. Warren had flown back to London so now we were six.

Unfortunately nobody was awake at first light on the Monday morning, and so it was 1000 hours before we eventually motored out of Cherbourg harbour, and along the coast towards Alderney. Soon a good breeze filled in from the North East, but as we approached the eastern end of the Peninsula a short lumpy sea built up and the wind began to fall off, and our passage through the Alderney race was fast, but uncomfortable. This is a place where you cannot change your mind, as once committed the tide flows through it faster than a yacht can sail. From here on it became very misty, and we laid as accurate a course as we could for St. Peter Port. I was soon to realise just how strong the tide really was, a large headland appeared apparently out of nowhere. According to the log we were still in open water, but as we watched the land we realised that we were being swept down onto it at a fantastic rate. The headland turned out to be the Island of Sark, and to avoid being swept the wrong side of it, where the current divides, we had to use "Mr. Victor" to ease ourselves into the channel between Sark and Guernsey. By this time the ebb was well spent but had lost little of its power. We rounded close up to St. Peter Port, but still proceeded crabwise at an alarming rate out of the roadstead. "Mr. Victor" came to our rescue once more, but it was a long slow haul up into the harbour itself, which we entered at 1830 hours. The Harbour Authorities here are very dictatorial, and one must hang about outside and await the Harbour Master's pleasure. When he thinks you have been there long enough you are directed inside where you must immediately come against the Quay to be cleared by the Customs before taking your chance in the crowded pool. Here one hopes to find a snug berth where one is not aground at low water. The rise and fall here is quite phenomenal, and it is easy to be fooled. One useful thing about St. Peter Port is that they have a Radio Station at the end of the Pier, and as the Island is nearly always beset with fog in the summer season, it is possible to enquire from the authorities what the weather is doing outside without leaving the ship.

St. Peter Port is a pleasant place - a kind of half way between England and the Continent, and well suited to those who, through timidity or other reasons, do not wish actually to 'go foreign', but yet have had their fill of English resorts. Facilities of all types are good, and there was a gay and prosperous atmosphere about the place. It was here that our dynamo problem was finally solved by the local Lucas engineer. It appears that all that was amiss was that two leads had been connected the wrong way round! The lavatory again visited the foredeck and was duly dismantled and re-assembled. On one of these occasions Patsy went into the "cluggy" unknowingly, and was there about to settle herself when she discovered that the appliance had disappeared!

Arising on the Wednesday morning we found a large varnished yawl, about 17 tons, lying beside us. She had a strange Nirvana-like appearance, and close inspection in the dinghy soon revealed that this was Douglas McIlwaine's new ship "Sheenan". We contrived later to be invited aboard to inspect her, and were much impressed. She is a fine and able cruiser and will do credit to the Irish Cruising Club fleet.

Just before lunch on the Thursday "Sheenan" sailed away towards L'Abervrach. We dearly wished to follow her but time was short and there was nothing for us but to make nearer to our home port, and so at 1300 hours on Thursday we set sail for Newton Ferrers.

As we drew clear of the Island we became increasingly aware that the honeymoon was over. There was a sharp steep sea, the sort that one would associate with force 5 wind, but we only had force 3 to drive us through it. This continued throughout the night and added greatly to our discomfort. After the fine hot weather no one knew exactly where their extra warm clothes were, or their oilskins, or any of the little things that make a long passage tolerable. The wind increased considerably in the early hours of the Friday morning, and we were working to windward at a good six knots, hour after hour, but some of us were cold, miserable and a little sick, and we were not at all sorry to sail up the Yealm River and pick up a mooring below Newton Ferrers at 1900 hours on the Friday night. In fairness it must be said that the weather was again improved and, as I have never been in the Yealm River in anything but pleasant weather, it is a favourite place of mine.

June Morrison had left us in St. Peter Port - wise girl! and Ronnie Baskin, who I think quite honestly prefers the Shannon, succeeded in getting a lift back to Plymouth with the Customs Officers who visited us later that night. So now we were four. We did not leave the river until 11 o'clock on the following morning, but we made progress towards Falmouth. The wind was in the South West, Force 3-4, and the sea was calm. Samphire likes this sort of weather and makes to windward at a surprising pace. Moreover, she is very stiff and makes living aboard in such conditions relatively pleasant. This part of the passage was tedious in so much that we were unable to sail in a straight line towards our goal. Nevertheless, the tide was fair

for most of the journey and the scenery full of interest . There were long periods of sunshine and the visibility was extremely good. We felt we should enjoy this while we could, as over the previous twenty four hours the weather forecast had become increasingly more depressing, and as we entered Falmouth, just before 2100 hours that night, a fine high haze of an advancing depression was coming slowly in from the South West.

In Falmouth we lay alongside one of the Ferry piers up against the town, and here found a very helpful pub keeper who allowed us to use the tap in his yard to replenish our water tank. We were also able to get petrol and milk, and so most of the crew and "Mr. Victor" were catered for. As the tide began to fall we motored gently out into the anchorage to find a mooring in the gathering dusk, and to have a closer look at the new Holman yawl "Mingulay" and cast envious eyes upon her. "Restive" was there also but alone and deserted. The Warrington-Smyths were, no doubt, in London which was a pity as we would like to have seen them again.

We left early on the next day, which was Sunday, and by 0530 hours were motoring out to sea. Visibility was very bad indeed, and there was a fresh wind blowing from the South West. We sailed close under the headland down towards the Manacles Buoy and the Lizard to get at least some shelter from the sea, which we knew must be running in the channel. At times visibility was little more than a mile, and although it took us some two hours to round the Lizard giving it a reasonable berth, we were in sight of it for not more than half an hour. It was oilskins with a vengeance, and the Skipper had his long wooly socks on underneath his boots. After getting clear of the Lizard things seemed to improve a bit. The sea was certainly not too bad, and visibility to about three miles. From our offing of approximately this distance from the Lizard we were just able to lay the Runnelstone buoy, and on our passage to it were overtaken by a large varnished motor cruiser being sailed by a charter crew towards Dublin, and we presumed on route for the Shannon. She tossed and bounced away across the waves with a strangely nonchalant man at the controls. These he left for long periods whilst he took photographs of us. I often meant to find out who he was as, with a camera such as he had, they should have been all right. The Longships were in a dirty mood when we got there. We had the flood under us which was about all that could be said for this dismal looking seascape. The glaring white edifice of the Hotel on top of the Cliff was deserted. The ice-cream vendors and the Car Park attendants, no doubt, huddled for warmth in their little wooden huts. We had passed close enough to the Longships to get a good fix for the start of the passage homeward up the Irish Sea, but visibility was such to obscure all but the nearest part of the mainland. We were well clear of the coast by nightfall and there remained little but to steer a good course and hope that our landfall would be reasonably accurate. Visibility improved during the

night, and occasionally the stars came out from behind a thin feathery mantle of mist. By dawn our little world had closed in around us with visibility about half a mile, and so the Radar Reflector was lashed to its position on the backstay, and steadied by two lines to the deck on either side of the counter. The boom just clears it, and although it would be better at the masthead we feel that this is about the same height from the sea as a Reflector on a Navigation buoy would be.

When we had almost run our distance to the Tuskar, and visibility was still about a mile, we began to get anxious for our position. All we could do was hope that Mr. Walker was, in fact, telling the truth but we couldn't hear the Tuskar, or the Barrels, or in fact anything at all. Earlier in the day I had spoken with great confidence to my father in Yorkshire and told him how we hoped soon to be back in Dun Laoghaire. Now I was not so sure, and we would soon be at close quarters with the coast, and with its shipping. Samphire was making a steady six to seven knots under these conditions, and just after I had decided that, if nothing had appeared after a further quarter of an hour, the ship would have to be stopped and a careful stock of the situation taken. We heard it - the faint muffled explosion of the Tuskar. This was relief indeed. There only remained the tide to reckon with and we could nose our way up towards the rock. We had taken continuous Radio bearings for the previous two to three hours and these had placed us fairly confidently in our expected position. Accurate as the BEME can be it takes courage to trust it implicitly, and in many cases this has proved foolhardy. Nevertheless, these Radio bearings, together with soundings of the bottom, had given us a fair degree of confidence. From past experience the character of the sea itself is recognisable off Carnsore Point, as the bottom causes rips and eddies in this region. Together with the Sounder which, at this point, was working, but subsequently gave up the ghost, the Radio bearings and our own senses we were able to feel our way up to where we thought the buoy should be, just about a mile south of the rock; at this point we bore sharply away to starboard, intending to sail round in a half circle, and this we were able to do on a series of changing radio bearings. Entering Rosslare was out of the question as we could hardly see a boat length. All went well until a steamer came up behind us. Patsy came on deck with the Fog Horn, a small but lusty instrument, worked by gas, which she blew defiantly at the oncoming steamer. Much to her surprise and astonishment it repounded on each occasion by a return blast. In all fairness to her enthusiasm I am more inclined to give credit to our radar reflector, as the speed at which she passed us suggested a large vessel likely to be equipped with radar. In the space of the next few hours the process was repeated, and on each occasion when we judged the steamer to be approximately half a mile away they would sound her Horn and would continue to do so until she had passed us. We also got the impression that they were doing this in a half circle, just as we had done at the Tuskar, but we are unlikely to ever know the answer.

The failure of our Echo Sounder at this time made it unwise for us to sail closely along the outer edge of the Banks which run northwards from Rosslare almost to Dun Laoghaire. To go inside was, of course, entirely unthinkable in those conditions. This left nothing for us but to sail straight up the middle of the Irish Sea and hope that the promised clearance would eventually come.

By dawn visibility had cleared to about five miles although at the time it seemed a great deal more. According to Mr. Walker we were somewhere opposite Bray Head, and as we had been running with the wind on our starboard quarter all the way up the Irish Coast, the time had now come to gybe and run in to make our land fall. This manoeuvre was going according to plan, and we were in great heart. Moreover, progress was good with a wind of approximately Force 4 on the Port Beam. Several times during the morning we were sure that we had seen the land, first an unidentified headland which subsequently turned out to be clouds, and later the point of the Sugar Loaf standing sentinel above the mist, but gradually the wind began to fall away and the sea became quiet. This was an unexpected turn of events and we feared it, as winds around us were all increasing. Mr. Victor was switched on immediately and all speed made towards the coast, but alas, too late. The wind began to blow again gently from the South West, and gradually as we watched it the mist lifted from the horizon in front of us, and there we were heading straight into Dublin Bay about five miles seaward of the Kish Bank. The wind died again, and suddenly, with hardly any warning, came straight at us from the North West. This broke us off, and we sailed close-hauled in the direction of Killiney. Within a matter of minutes the wind increased to perhaps Force 6-7 and we hurriedly reefed but progress was slow, dismally slow, and as we approached the Kish Bank the seas began to build up, and the crests to break. There were several trawlers fishing on the Bank and as we passed they stopped to wave at us. By this time we were pitching furiously, and getting very badly thrown about. The wind was a good Force 7 and although we could see the spires of Dun Laoghaire, and the twinkle of the sun on the windows on Killiney Hill, it became quite obvious that after 2½ days at sea we were going to have a terrible battle for the last few miles. To add to our difficulties the tide was now ebbing furiously down the coast. The wind was obviously increasing and coming straight at us without any chance of a slant. So discretion was the better part of valour and we eased the sheets for Wicklow Harbour. It was a disappointed crew that lay in Wicklow that night. We knew that had we hugged the coast more closely or gybed perhaps two hours before we did that morning we would not have had any difficulty. For had we been inside the Kish Bank when the wind increased, we would have beaten both the sea and the tide. However, the old philosophy had come to the fore. "After all we do do this for pleasure and we are not in a hurry anyway" and in all fairness

we discovered that it had blown quite hard in Dublin Bay that day. Going to Wicklow wasn't such a waste of time as it could have been, as we met a very obliging trawler skipper who has subsequently been more than helpful in supplying us with various delicacies from the sea, and has since taken one of my crew on fishing expeditions on more than one occasion.

We left Wicklow at 0530 hours the next morning. The sea was calm, the breeze was gentle, and well breakfasted we sailed quietly and comfortably into Dun Laoghaire. Not such a spectacular arrival as we would have made the day before, but far more pleasant.

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West Highland Week.

by

Peter Morck.

It was soon time to spread our wings again for the second fortnight of our Summer's cruising. We had always heard what tremendous fun West Highland Week could be, and decided that perhaps this year we would go. Two days before I was thinking what a wonderful smart passage we would make to Scotland, with a brisk south westerly wind to take us smartly there but, of course, as always happens, it was not to be like that. We left Dun Laoghaire on Friday, August 2nd, at 1830 hours in a flat calm.

Our crew on this occasion consisted of Patsy my wife, Eric Richardson, Ivor Cherry, Warren Tayler, Peter Carroll and, of course, the skipper. Off the nose of Howth we received supplications from Harry Wright for a tow into the harbour. We explained that we were not going to Howth but to Scotland. Nevertheless we felt that on a fine summer's evening a slight detour would not do us any harm. We motored on until we were just north of Lambay, and the wind came in from the North East. It was only a gentle breeze but it had with it the sort of sea one would expect to get with a force 4-5 wind. Consequently we spent the night uncomfortably. Visibility began to deteriorate, and after tacking backwards and forwards off Dundalk Bay, we decided to close the coast again and check our position. We made our landfall just north of Kilkeel, and as the wind had now eased, and the sea with it, we were able to take a long tack into Dundrum Bay and up to St. John's Point, before it died altogether. The tide was now foul and so the thought of Portavogie became increasingly attractive. There were no sirens ashore to beckon us, but nevertheless it seemed a good idea to cook our supper in peace and quiet. We were off again northwards with the last of the daylight and the new tide under us. By this time the wind had entirely gone and we motored in reasonable visibility towards Donaghadee Sound. We had never been through this place in the dark and it was fascinating to watch the lights on the channel buoys winking at us as we approached. My crew were horrified when they saw where I was going as they deemed it impossible. I must confess that I rather enjoyed it and, in truth, there is no difficulty in it. Having once gone the long way round outside the Copelands en route for Carnlough I know that, although on the chart it doesn't seem much further, in actual fact it is a complete waste of time. We carried on through the night inside the Maidens whilst the Skipper slept, and when he was called at dawn on the Sunday morning we were, as the crew said, just north of Carnlough and ready to make for Sanda Sound. I had

to take their word for this as there was absolutely nothing to see but a grey and featureless seascape dotted here and there with little parties of Manx Shearwaters and the occasional black backed gull. Nevertheless, on their recommendation we altered course for Sanda Island and lo and behold, at the appointed time, according to Mr. Walker, it appeared; once through the Sound we picked up a little breeze from the South East which suited us well, and we made good progress up Kilbrennan Sound, eventually tying up in East Loch Tarbet shortly after lunch. Here we were informed that we could not clear Customs, and that we should have gone to Greenoch which was a Port of Entry. This I explained would have been a little impractical as it was only about 100 miles out of our way! This local pillar of authority, who I had encountered, appeared to lack a sense of humour so we departed to Ardrishaig where we entered the basin and tied up for the night in company with a host of assorted craft from converted ship's life-boats, to the sleek aristocrats of the yachting scene, the 8 metre cruiser racers. We were glad here to meet our friends from "Nan of Clynder" and later "Inismara" followed us into the lock.

The passage through the canal next day was uneventful. We started early and tried to pick our moment so that we would not have to share the locks with some large and ungainly craft. This we managed to do and passed through with Tinto and Little J.O.G. boat which we towed through the loughs on the shorter reaches. Sapphire's engine and stern gear is magnificent for canal work. She has a Hydraulic fully reversing and feathering propeller. The throttle can be kept at a predetermined setting and all manoeuvring carried out by controlling the pitch. Unhappily Peter Wilson lost his propeller and shaft complete just before reaching Crinan and it was only recovered after very strenuous efforts on the part of the local Skin Diving Club. This would have thoroughly spoiled his West Highland Week for him, but fortunately the damage was made good in time and all was well.

The racing for us started on the Tuesday morning, August 6th, with a race from Crinan to Oban. On the Wednesday and Thursday there were races starting and finishing in Oban, over a course of approximately 25 miles. On the Friday there was a race from Oban to Tobermory, and on the Saturday a race starting and finishing in Tobermory once again over a course of approximately 25 miles. The weather on all the days, except the Saturday, was ideal for racing, although for cruising it would have been quite intolerable. There was nearly always a good strong breeze with very frequent and heavy rain squalls. No matter how hard it blows one races in relatively smooth water. This makes sail handling almost a pleasure, and a yacht can be persuaded to travel at a maximum speed almost all the time.

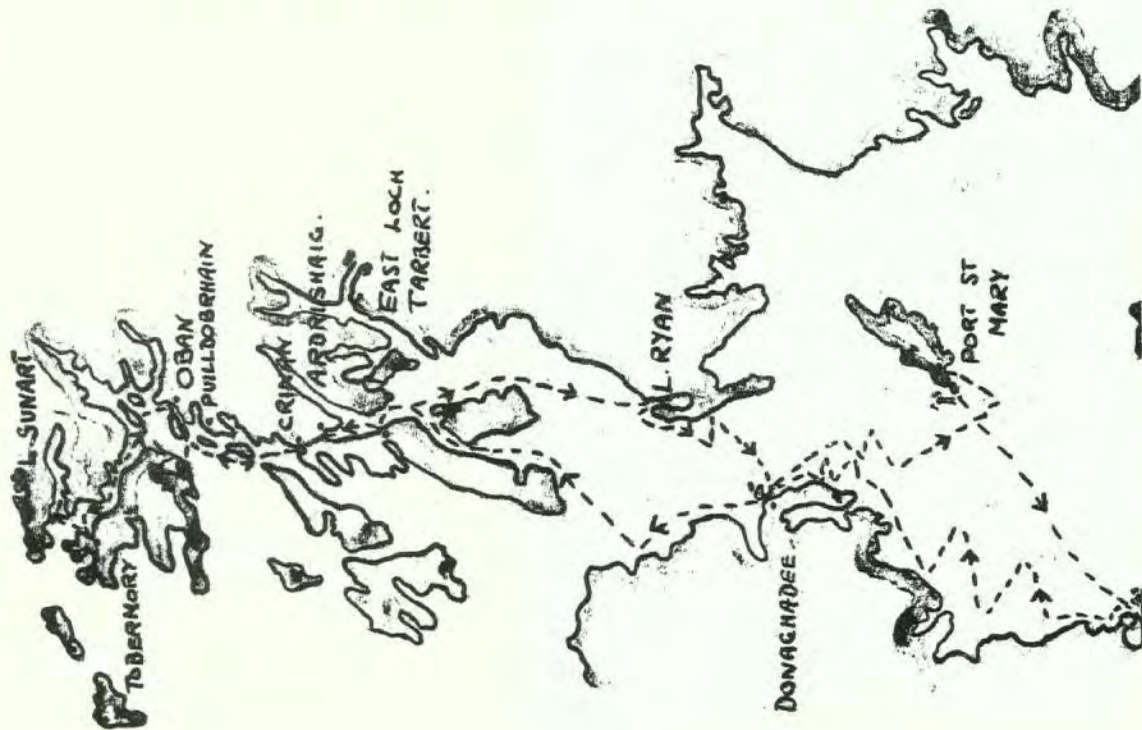
Although the competition is keen the secret of West Highland Week's success must surely be in its friendliness and informality. In addition to the hospitality, which is unbounded, the other essential ingredient in good racing itself is also there. These all start in the

middle of the morning and are of a worth while length. In consequence it is a very attractive event for the visitor.

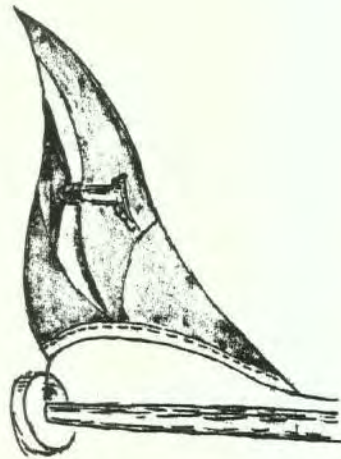
The Saturday morning was different in so much that there was a flat calm. However, there was still far too much rain about for comfort. After an hour Samphire had still not crossed the starting line, and when we had drifted back almost to the place where we had been anchored for the night we felt that perhaps the day could be more usefully employed elsewhere. We had often been told that Loch Sunart was well worth a visit when the weather was too inclement for anything else, and so we motored off smartly towards Loch Dromana Buidhe, the first of many anchorages in this long stretch of water. This is truly a charming place with an entrance scarcely 15 yards wide. Inside there is a completely sheltered pool about half a mile across cradled beneath the steep and thickly wooded slopes on either hand. Needless to say we remained here for the rest of the day until it was time to return to Tobermory for the festivities of the evening.

On the Sunday morning it was still raining with very low cloud around us, but we felt that we should get a move on without delay as we intended to be at Holyhead by the Friday night, in order to race back from there to Dun Laoghaire. Thus we wasted little time and made a smart passage to Oban where Warren and Peter left us to drive through the night to London. No sooner had they left us than the sun came out and we slipped gently down to Puillobhain that evening over a quiet sea. There are very good mussels to be had in this sheltered anchorage and we feasted well. We made another interesting discovery in so much that, contrary to the Clyde Cruising Club handbook, stores are available there if one cares to walk a short distance. There is a path over the hill which joins the Easdale Road at a little hamlet where stands a garage, a pub and a shop.

The passage to Crinan on the Monday was in the best weather of the whole trip. Visibility was magnificent with huge cotton wool clouds over the mountains, and a sparkling dancing sea around us. However, most of the day was taken up with our passage through the canal, but we managed to get to East Loch Tarbert at 2130 hours, having replenished at least some of the ship's stores at Ardrishaig on our way through the last locks. There were now only four of us left and time was getting short, so on the Tuesday morning the serious business of getting down to Holyhead began. The wind was moderate from the North West, and we made an easy passage to Lough Ryan, but the forecast was bad and we were content to run up into the Loch and anchor in "The Wig". This is a much better anchorage than one would suppose, providing that there is west in the wind. A blow from South to East would make it quite untenable. In spite of the forecast of strong southerlies we arose early on the



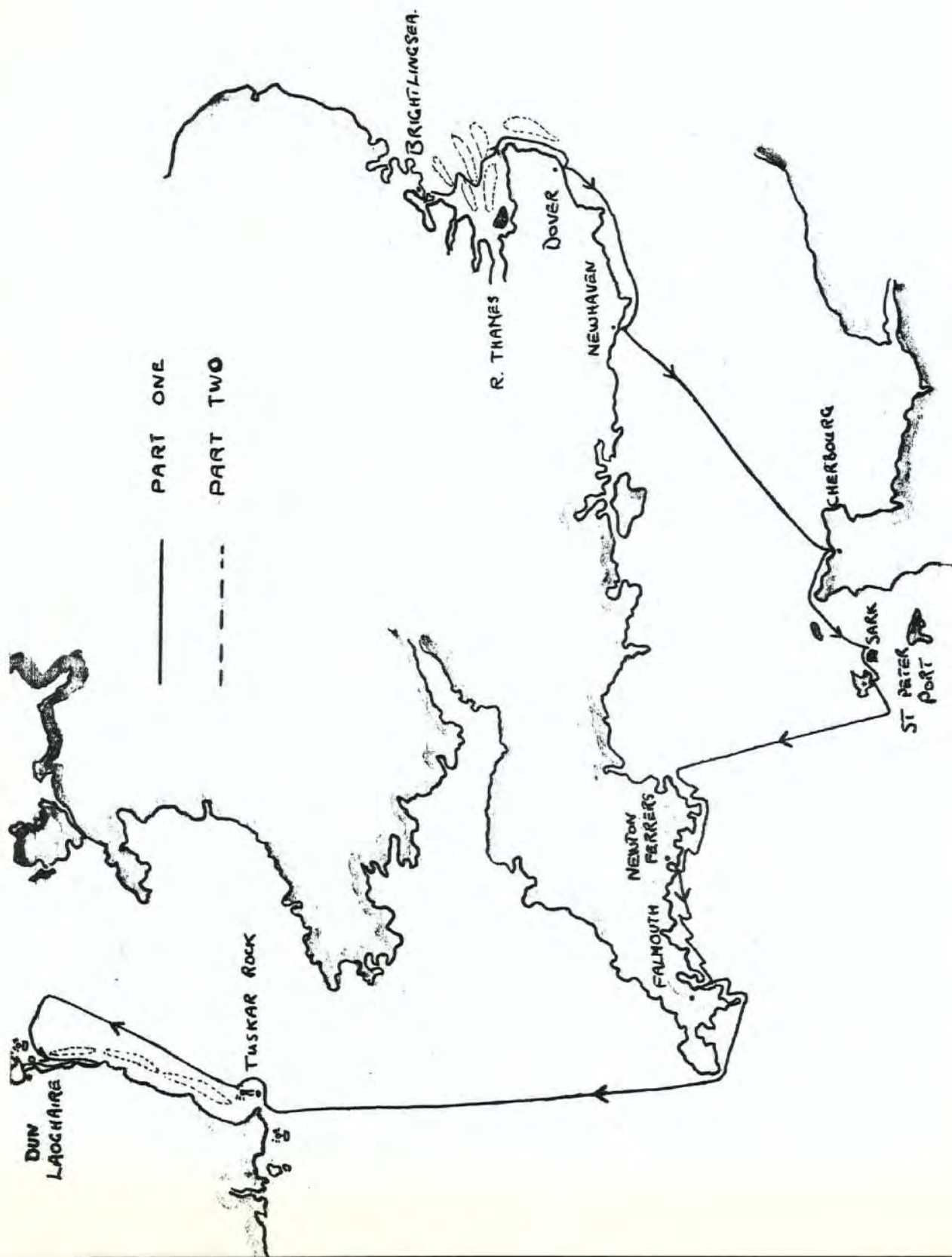
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"SAMPHIRE"

"OF OSYTH"

1963



Wednesday to a fine bright morning with the wind still apparently in the North West. We were soon under way and thought that we would pay a brief visit to Stranraer and replenish our supply of petrol, and I confess that I find nothing endearing about Stranraer, notwithstanding the fact that we nearly stuck in the entrance as it was low tide. To me the whole of Loch Ryan has a dismal and depressing air about it, and it is a place which I hope I will not often have to visit.

It had been our intention to make straight for Holyhead at this juncture, but before we were abreast of Port Patrick we were having to turn to windward in a strong southerly wind and rising sea. As the tide was with us we gave up our short tacking and took a long board across the North Channel towards the Irish Coast. This, no doubt, was our undoing because it brought us within reach of Donaghadee, and as the wind had every sign of ultimately veering we decided to go inside and wait. No sooner had we entered than the father and mother of a rain squall hit the place, with the wind flying right up to the north west, but returning again to the South when it had eased. However, the next morning there was quite a lot of North in it, and, so in good heart, we set off towards Holyhead.

During the day, now Thursday and time running short, the wind slowly began to back into the south again, and we were broken off more and more until we were only just lying the southern tip of the Isle of Man. We passed about three miles to the south of the Chicken Rock and the wind by this time was in the region of Force 6, S.S.W. This in itself was not too bad, as we could still reach Holyhead in time for the start of the race, where our additional crew were due to join us, but a gale warning of "Southerly Force 9 imminent" put a rather different complexion on things. I was pleased to note that nobody wished to argue with the Skipper when he decided to make for Port St. Mary.

Friday, the 16th August, was the Skipper's Birthday, and he has seldom spent a more dismal one. This day is still remembered in the Isle of Man as "Black Friday", when the sky was so black they thought the sun had gone out. It rained and blew so hard that it was almost indescribable. Moreover, during all this the wind suddenly backed into the North East and the boat would have been ground to pieces against the quay in no time at all if we had stayed there. The Manx Harbour Authorities have, however, laid a lovely new buoy hard up under the Carrig Bay Hotel for just such an emergency as this. It is surrounded by a thick rubber fender and has two huge iron rings standing sentinel on its top. Not even the clumsiest of yachtsmen could fail to get his chain through one of these. It was a wonderful idea to put it there and with a bit of luck they may lay a few more.

By this time, of course, we had given up all idea of reaching Holyhead, and it became doubtful whether we would get to Dun Laoghaire before the Monday morning. However, by Saturday morning the

wind had moderated quite a lot to about Force 7 northerly, and so we bent on the trysail and working jib and set off at a tremendous pace down towards the Chicken Rock. Off the southern end of the Island there was a truly spectacular sea running, but the passage to Dun Laoghaire was really most enjoyable as it was a free wind, and we were sliding along at a steady seven knots in spite of our pitifully small sail area. This fact made me wonder why I ever bothered to set all the other unmanageable sails, now safely stowed below, as the boat went just as fast without them.

Just in case the wind should play any more tricks on us, and back in to the West, we held a course well to the northward of Dun Laoghaire, but this proved unnecessary as it stayed firmly in the North, only backing to the North West when we were almost into Dublin Bay, which we entered at 0630 hours on the Sunday morning under a bright but intensely cold dawn, and we were very glad indeed to be back on our moorings with the charcoal stove going and a good hot breakfast on the saloon table.

.....

"Samphire". Part one.

Brightlingsea - Dun Laoghaire.

June 5th - June 20th, 1963.

15 days.

Ports visited:

Sea miles logged.

Brightlingsea to Dover.
Dover to Newhaven.
Newhaven to Cherbourg.
Cherbourg to St. Peter Port.
St. Peter Port to Newton Ferrers.
Newton Ferrers to Falmouth.
Falmouth to Wicklow.
Wicklow to Dublin (Dun Laoghaire).

58.
59.
102.
46.
123.
65.
253.
19.

Total: 725.

The Crew.

All the way.

Patsy Morck.
Aiden Dunn,
Neil McFerran,
Peter Morck.
Mike Handford.
Warren Tayler.
June Morrison.
Ronnie Baskin.

Brightlingsea to Dover.
Brightlingsea to Cherbourg.
Brightlingsea to St. Peter Port.
Cherbourg to Newton Ferrers.

.....

"Samphire of Osyth"

Standard Nicholson 36 hull by Halmatic Ltd. designed by Camper & Nicholson Ltd.

Completed by the St. Osyth Boat Yard, Essex.

26' waterline mast head sloop. Eleven tons Thames measurement.

"Samphire". Part II.

Dun Laoghaire - Tobermory.

August 2nd - 18th 1963.

15½ days.

Ports visited.

Sea miles logged.

Dun Laoghaire to Portavogie.	131.
Portavogie to East Loch Tarbert.	96.
E.L. Tarbert to Ardrishaig.	9.
Ardrishaig to Crinan.	9.
Crinan to Oban (Racing)	31.
Oban to Oban (Racing)	25 approx.
Oban to Oban (Racing)	25
Oban to Tobermory. (Racing)	28.
Tobermory to Oban.	28.
Oban to Puillobhrain.	8.
Puillobhrain to Crinan.	23.
Canal.	9.
Ardrishaig to East Loch Tarbert.	9.
East Loch Tarbert to Loch Ryan.	63.
Loch Ryan, to Donaghadee.	34.
Donaghadee to Port St. Mary.	62.
Port St. Mary to Dun Laoghaire.	<u>67.</u>

Total:

657.

The Crew.

All the way.

Dun Laoghaire to Ardrishaig.
Dun Laoghaire to Oban. (Return)
Crinan to Dun Laoghaire. (via Tobermory)

Patsy Morck.
Ivor Cherry.
Peter Morck.
Eric Richardson.
Warren Tayler,
Peter Carroll.
Laurence McKinley.

.....
Total distance covered during 30½ days cruising 1382 sea miles.

.....

"Toothpick" to Bantry.

by

Neil Watson.

"Vivi" is one of the earliest examples of the International 30 sq. metre class, built in Sweden in 1924. She is 41 ft. O.A., 28 ft. W.L., 5 ft. 11 ins. beam, and her topsides are only 14 ins. She is better known in Dun Laoghaire as "Toothpick".

We bought her in September, 1962, prior to which she had been laid up for a year. We replaced 2 keelbolts, put in two bunks with foam cushions, a primus stove and a good bilge pump. In addition the rigging, runner levers, rigging screws and most of the sheets were replaced.

We decided to spend a couple of weeks taking her to the S.W. coast of Ireland, planning to leave on Saturday, 3rd August. However, a week before this date the deck ringbolt, holding the forestay, snapped and the mast fell down. This looked a little awkward, as it had broken at deck level, about three feet from the butt. It appeared that our cruising would have to be postponed for some time, but through the efforts of Mr. Gray a new butt was scarfed on and we stepped it again on Saturday, 3rd August.

We left the following afternoon, only a day late, having stowed in so much gear that it seemed doubtful whether we ourselves would fit in as well. The crew consisted of my father, my brother John, and myself. My brother had done a little cruising, but it was my father's first trip.

Sunday, 4th August.

We left at 14.45 under outboard engine (a longshaft Seagull) with little or no wind from the SE/SW and a damp fog. The outboard was mounted on a length of timber lashed across the boat at the cockpit, experiments to produce a servicable bracket having failed. A rope was then taken from the end of the propellor shaft to the transom to take the forward thrust. This gave a speed of 3/4 knots in a calm.

By 17.30 we were off Bray Head and the tide had turned against us, so we anchored for a while. We had borrowed an 8 ft. rubber dinghy which was kept almost fully inflated on the counter, the outboard stowing underneath it. We launched this and paddled round to see how it would handle.

17.58 Forecast: Wind variable, force 2 to 4, fog.

20.30. The tide seemed a little slacker so the anchor was raised and we motored on. The engine was stopped on two occasions when a little breeze came up, but it did not last.

22.00. Wicklow Head sighted, still very bad visibility and no wind.

00.50. Forecast variable, becoming N.W. force 2/4.

Monday, 5th August.

02.00. Arklow abeam with the tide well under us for the last few hours; still no wind.

03.00. A very faint air from the west, but the tide was beginning to turn against us, so passing Kilmichael Point we headed inshore towards Courtown, and at 04.15, anchored 100 yds. off the entrance and went to sleep.

08.00. A breeze was starting from the N.W. so we got under way with genoa boomed out; wind force 3.

010.30. Blackwater Head abeam passing down Rush Channel inside banks.

12.30. Set spinnaker, wind light N.N.W.

12.45. Rosslare and Tuskar abeam.

13.30. Wind freshening so the spinnaker was hauled. Approaching Carnsore Point.

13.45. Carnsore abeam, hardened up for Saltee Islands.

15.00. Passed through Saltee Sound, wind now N.W. force 4, tacked twice to clear offlying rocks, and then set course close-hauled for Hook Head. Wind increased to force 5 so changed to small jib.

18.30. Arrived at Dunmore East and tied alongside a trawler.

Tuesday, 6th August.

06.45. Forecast N.W. becoming W. to S.W. force 3/5.

11.10. Left Dunmore East under main and egnoa with a light W.N.W. wind, after tightening rigging, sewing a small tear in the mainsail and getting petrol and stores.

12.00. Wind dropped flat so we put on the engine.

13.00. Altered course to pass through a school of basking sharks which we photographed, and later saw a Norwegian boat shooting them. The local fishermen did not like this boat, as only the shark's liver is kept, the carcase being left to sink to the bottom and catch in their trawls.

14.30. A breeze came up so we stopped the engine, very fitful, mainly westerly.

15.30. Wind now force 4/5, W.S.W., which was dead ahead, so changed to small jib.

16.30. Helvick Head abeam and a short nasty sea had built up. We decided to put into Helvick Harbour for the night and we tied alongside at 17.30.

Wednesday, 7th August.

12.30. Tried to leave Helvick under sail but the tide was too low and we touched at the harbour mouth. We poled back to the pier and waited for the tide.

15.30. Left under engine, reefed outside and had a wet sail to Ballycotton; wind force 5 N.W. Arrived at 20.30.

23.30. Forecast: wind N.W. going S.W. Force 3/5.

Thursday, 8th August.

Another tear in the mainsail was sewn and provisions bought. The mainsail was very old, and a new one had been ordered but had not yet arrived. Another small main was carried in case of emergency.

10.30. Left under full sail and reefed outside after passing through Ballycotton Sound, set course for Power Head and Roche's Point, wind West force 4/5, a close fetch. We had a very fast sail with lots of spray flying but it was a sunny day so nobody minded getting a bit wet.

14.30. Old Head of Kinsale abeam.

15.30. Seven Heads abeam ($7\frac{1}{2}$ knots in the last hour).

17.30. Passed Galley Head, sea very confused, wind dropped and came in light from the S.W. Beat slowly into Glandore Bay and put on the engine to take us up the channel. Anchored off the pier at 20.00 enjoying this beautiful, quiet, sheltered little harbour.

Friday, 9th August.

Bought stores and left at 12.30 (the shops seem to open later and later in the morning as we go further south). Beat out of the channel, and when we could fetch outside High Island, tacked for Toe Head. Wind S.S.W. force 3/4.

13.40. Forecast: West, force 3/4. Depression moving in from the Atlantic.

Headed out to pass close to the Fastnet Rock, and, having given the keeper a wave as we passed, noticed that the visibility was closing down. Took a compass bearing of Mizen Head and sailed on this until we picked it up close ahead. Rounded it in heavy drizzle, visibility 200 yds. Wind S.W., force 4/5 with a very nasty sea off the Head - due to the tide.

Set course, by compass, for Castle Head and picked it up a quarter of an hour later. Picked up Sheep Head after another half-hour looming above us out of the mist. There were very lumpy seas off all these Heads.

Wind veering towards West, set course for Castletownbere, and picked up Bere Island close ahead, only to find that the tide flooding into Bantry Bay had put us $\frac{1}{2}$ mile to leeward of the entrance. Hauled up to weather and entered the channel, anchoring off Castletown at 20.30. The wind was now force 5/6 West, so we put out two anchors and went ashore to look for baths to remove some of the salt.

Saturday, 10th August.

Wind blowing hard from the West, so we decided to stay put, and went by bus to Glengariff.

Sunday, 11th August.

A nice sunny day although the forecast was N.W. to N. force 5/7, so we decided to run up to Glengariff and Bantry. Left at 12.45 with wind N.W., force 5/6. Sailed around Glengariff Bay and took photographs - it looked much more attractive from the sea, when the cafes and souvenir shops could not be seen.

Then we crossed to Bantry, where a Regatta was in progress. (In nearly all the places we had called, we found the Regatta had been the previous day). We luffed into the wind and dropped the jib after rounding Whiddy Island, whereupon the mainsail split across at the second batten. We immediately dropped it and, hoisting the jib again, beat slowly into the harbour. Our misfortune had not gone unnoticed, however, because Mr. Paddy O'Keeffe came alongside in his launch, directed us to a mooring and whipped our sail away to be repaired. For this we were very grateful as

the tear needed a patch and was beyond the scope of my needle and palm.

We stayed at Bantry on Monday, 12th, while the sail was being sewn.

Tuesday, 13th August.

Left at 10.25 under full sail, wind light W., force 2/3. We beat slowly out of Bantry Bay, at times starting the engine when the wind dropped away. A beautiful sunny day but very little wind.

13.40. Forecast W/NW, force 3/4. This sounded hopeful but we did not get any at all.

15.45. Passed Sheep Head and steered for Mizen, still under engine.

21.00. Arrived at the Fastnet, still glassy calm, and saw about ten of the competitors in the Fastnet Race trying to get around the Rock. Motored on towards Cape Clear Island.

22.00 Passed through Gascannane Sound between Sherkin and Cape Clear.

It was now almost dark and a light breeze was coming up, so we stopped the engine and felt our way into Baltimore in the dark, anchoring at 23.30.

Wednesday, 14th August.

We wandered around Baltimore in the morning, had lunch at the hotel, and left at 15.15. A grand westerly breeze, force 4/5, with bright sunshine gave us some trade wind sailing with the genoa boomed out until 18.30. Then, off Galley Head, a rain shower killed the wind. We put on the engine and made for Seven Heads, as there was no good anchorage in Clonakilty Bay.

Passed Seven Heads at 20.35, and motored into Courtmacsherry.

21.30. We tried to feel our way in with the leadline, but found that there was less water than the I.C.C. Directions said (although this book, now somewhat damp, had proved invaluable on all other occasions). So, after touching mud a couple of times we came out again, even though the tide was rising, and anchored in the bay, under the lee of Barry Head in 4 fathoms.

00.05. Forecast W. to N.W, force 3/5.

Thursday, 15th August.

Left at 10.10 under main and boomed out genoa.

11.00. Passed Old Head of Kinsale. We had hoped to stop at Kinsale on our way back, but we could not waste this wind.

12.40. Daunt L.V. ($7\frac{1}{2}$ knots for the last $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours - more trade wind sailing).

13.30. Wind increased to force 5/6, so we took off the genoa and ran on main only.

14.00. Gybing off Ballycotton Island, the mainsheet swivel block broke, so we dropped the main, hoisted the genoa and replaced the block.

Ran into Ballycotton and tied alongside at 14.45. We telephoned home to arrange a lift for John, who had to leave us, and left again at 16.30 for Youghal, where my father had lived for some years.

18.30. Arrived off Youghal and ran in over the bar, through a nasty tide sea as it was ebbing hard. We anchored off the pier, using our large anchor. This was a four-pronged grapnel type, weighing about 60 lbs. with 12 ft. of chain weighing 20 lbs. to keep it down. To this was shackled 15 fathoms of heavy warp.

Friday, 16th August.

06.45. Forecast not good, force 6/7, perhaps 8, from the N.W. so we decided that we should run for Dunmore East if possible, as Youghal was not a pleasant place in which to ride out a gale. The boat was sheering wildly from side to side in the tide and wind.

We waited until the 13.40 forecast, which was N.W., force 5/6, becoming 7/8.

14.15. Left under small main and storm jib, and had a fast reach to Dunmore East, arriving at 20.30. Wind was mostly Force 4/5, but gusting 6/7.

It blew a gale all night and the 06.45 forecast was Gales all round, perhaps force 9, so we decided to stay where we were. Most of the yachts had been moved outside the harbour to make room for the dredger but we were able to tie alongside a trawler.

Saturday, 17th August.

The midnight forecast was W. to N.W. force 4/5, so we agreed to leave in the morning if the forecast was still good.

Sunday, 18th August.

06.45. Forecast W/SW, force 3 to 4, so we left at 07.30. In the process of pushing off from the trawler, I fell over the side and was not impressed by the taste of Dunmore East water. We had a Westerly, force 4, which backed to S.W. when we got to the Saltees, and we ran on against a foul tide. The tide turned off Rosslare and we headed up the Rusk Channel.

19.00. Off Kilmichael Point, when the wind suddenly dropped flat; we put on the engine and plugged on for Wicklow Head.

Passed Wicklow Head at 22.30, when the tide started to turn against us. We headed on for a while until we reached Greystones at 01.30 and then anchored for the rest of the night.

Monday, 19th August.

Left at 08.00 under engine, still no wind.

09.00. Wind came up from N.W. so the engine was stopped and we beat into Dun Laoghaire, picking up our moorings at 10.30.

"Vivi" proved herself a fine boat for coastal cruising, as she can make fast passages during the day, even although she is not comfortable for long overnight passages if there is much wind. She is not as wet as she would appear, and if care is taken to stow everything in plastic bags, one can stay reasonably dry.

We were away for 14½ days and covered 520 miles. We visited 10 different places, only two of them twice. Total time under way, 113 hours; average speed under way, 4.6 knots.

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"Rosalind" 1963.

by

R.M. Rothwell.

It is well nigh impossible to give a detailed account of a cruise lasting over two months and still keep within a reasonable compass; moreover our sailing is of the leisurely variety and when I started to write a day to day account I soon realised it would be unutterably boring. We covered only about 1,000 miles altogether, experienced persistent northerly winds alternating with completely windless days and had to wear three jerseys almost every day.

"Rosalind" came into our possession on May 20th, and just over a week later we left Dun Laoghaire bound for the west coast of Scotland; the wind was N.E. by N. and very light, and these conditions, except when there was no wind at all, persisted all the way up the Irish Sea and through the North Channel - what shifts there were always put me on the worst tack. Going across the Firth of Clyde from Corsewell Point to the Mull of Kintyre we had a good Force 7 from the N.E. and with a certain amount of water coming on board discovered a number of annoying deck leaks; reaching up the west coast of the Mull the wind eased a bit and the sun shone, our spirits rose too, for we were once again in familiar and well loved waters. I can never pass this way without visiting Loch Swen, so we put into Tayvallich and spent a day drying out before going on to Crinan. Here we were held up for nearly a fortnight, meeting friends, doing odd jobs to "Rosalind" and arranging the sale of "Foam", who was living in the Basin. Here too we were joined by our son Oliver and with the business end of things tied up, we were able to leave the following day. Our route was up through the Dorus More to Craobh Island, Ardnamir and through Cuan Sound, across the Firth of Lorne, and up the sound to Tobermory; not much wind until we were past Duart, and then a good reach the rest of the way. No wind to get round Ardnamurchan, so we slipped across to Loch Drumbey for one night, and then on through the Sound of Sleat to Isle Oronsay, on a filthy day with torrential rain and visibility about a mile for most of the time.

Through Kyle Rhea and Kyle Akin we had an interesting beat, as we approached the narrows in company with two Macbrayne's steamers and a coaster, having had to dodge the ferry on the way. However, there proved to be room for all of us; the afternoon sunshine made a sharp contrast between the sparkle of the water and the greyness of the Hills still under low cloud.

It was at Plockton that we came to realise that, with the weather so unsettled and Oliver's limited time, we had better abandon any plan to cross the Minch, so we went through the inner sound and spent a couple of nights amongst the magnificent mountain scenery of Loch Torridan, before pushing on, still against the persistent N.E. winds, intending to make for Loch Ewe, but off Gairloch we saw the two Gordonstoun yachts- "Pinta" and "Soldian" coming down from the north, and we decided to follow them into Flowerdale Bay. This proved a sound move for there followed 18 hours of more or less continuous rain with very high N.E. winds. It was still blowing very fresh when we left, shortly after the other two boats, and ran past the North end of Rona and down Raasay Sound, where the wind backed N.W. and blew up to Force 7. There was a big sea running and we had to lengthen the Dinghy painter as she threatened to come aboard. We must have made an impressive sight coming into Portree, with the lee deck well under, we swept close astern of a smart new Spey class yacht, rounded to inshore of them and let go, with 20 fathoms of cable, "Rosalind" lay quite snug just a berth N.E. of the pier.

Oliver had to leave us at Portree and Judy and I continued our cruise, going to Acarsaid More (S.Rona) and round Totternish Point to Uig Bay (L. Snizort) then to Dunvegan where my romantic dream of a gaunt highland Castle perched on a craggy headland was rudely shattered by the actuality of an ugly, cement faced Victorian building, set on a grassy slope amongst birch and oak woods. Down the West Coast of Skye, the mountains and glens shrouded in rain clouds, the oily calm waters of the Minch covered with rafts of sea birds, we had to motor all the way to Portnalong and Carbost (L. Harport); one could easily imagine the sudden appearance of one of the "monsters" that have been, from time to time, reported in these waters. Next day the weather did something to re-establish itself in our esteem, and we had a good sail to Canna in a moderate N.W. wind, but it was back to its old tricks again when we left there, for having lured us out past Rhum, the wind died away leaving us the alternative of motoring down to Ardnamurchan or wallowing in the swell; we chose to motor and anchored again in L. Drumbay.

I have always been lucky in the Sound of Mull, and this time was no exception for we had a very pleasant sail down to Lismore narrows and Dunstaffnage, which we much prefer to Oban, then down through Kerrera sound to Puillobhain, where, at this time, one can generally bank on finding some company. We beat out of the narrow entrance in a light N.E. breeze which backed N.W. and then W. as we went on past Easdale, through Pladda and down to Ardluing, over to Craobh once more for a night, and a run up L. Melfort the following day; nothing dramatic, but a very beautiful Loch this.

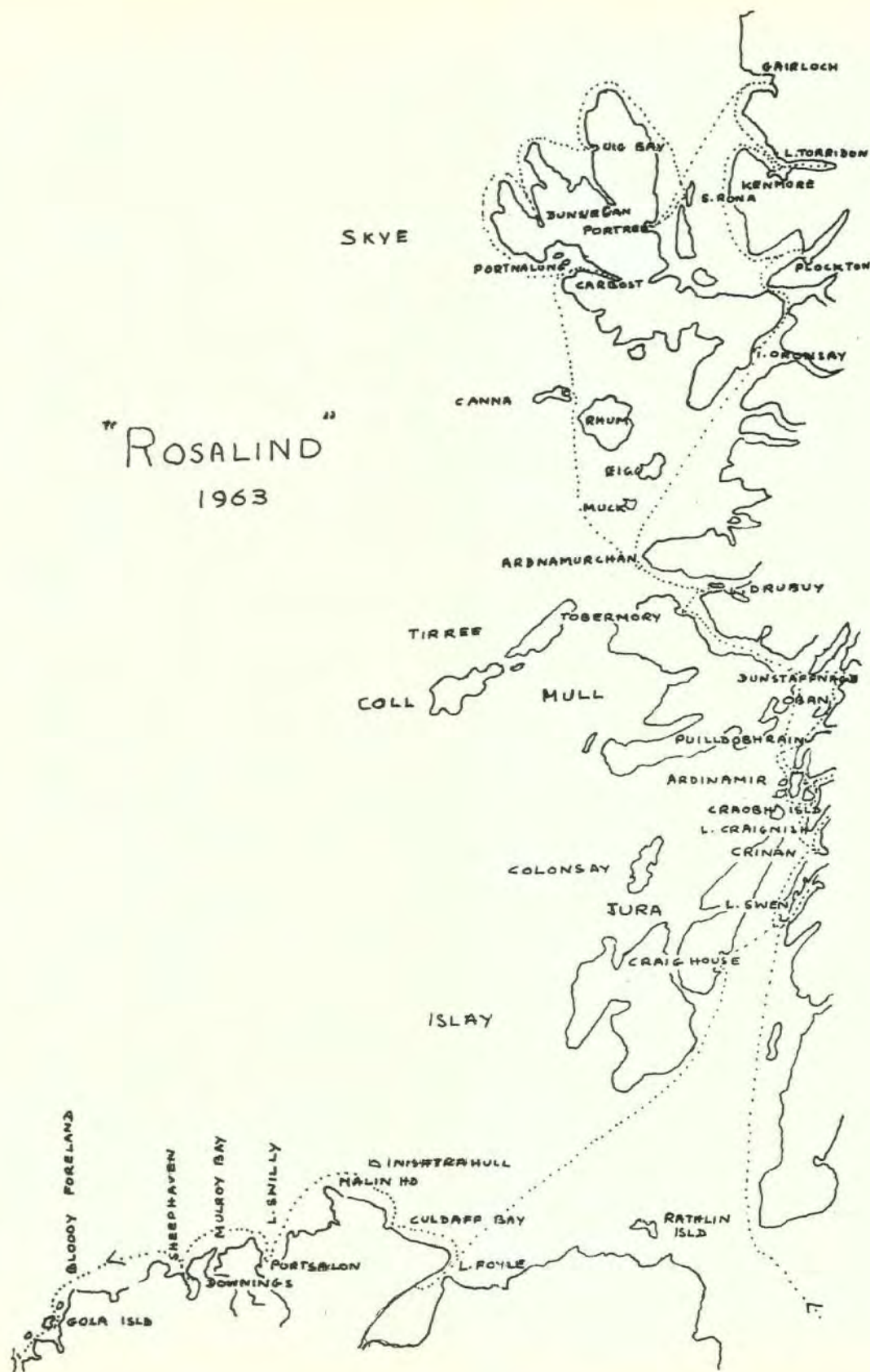
Our time was up and we had to return to Crinan to see how the sale of 'Foam' was progressing; also we wanted to watch the fleet come through the Canal and assemble for the last half of the Tobermory Race, an

impressive gathering of over 70 yachts.

For the passage home to Clew Bay we would have welcomed the N.E. wind, but perversely it had gone to the west, and there followed a succession of those infuriating days with a breeze morning and evening and no wind during the day or at night-time; we pottered down to L.Swen again, anchoring this time in the Fairy Isles, then across to Craigh House, (Jura) and waited a day for a reasonable forecast. This, as usual, proved misleading, for once past "Otter Rock" the wind left us, and we had to motor the 30 odd miles to the Foyle, under the threat of approaching severe gales. However, nothing came of it except a strong N.W. wind, and we made an abortive attempt to make Innishtrahull but the prospect of the long beat to the Foreland in the heavy sea made us change our minds, and we spent a night in Culdaff Bay. I overestimated the time of slack water in the sound next day, and in the continuing N.W. wind the flood caught us and gave us a slow, wet beat, and with the wind piping up to Force 6, by the time we had weathered Malin Head there was a very unpleasant sea, and a good deal of water came on board during the reach into L. Swilly, where we anchored off the pier at Port Salon. We seemed to be committed to a series of short hops instead of making passage, so it seemed best to turn expediency into virtue and to see as many places on this coast as possible; Downings was our next stop and the shelter there proved better than I had expected. After so much frustration it was a relief to be round the corner when we beat down inside the "Blowers" and through Gola North Sound to anchor in the Bay on the east side of the Island. Our welcome there was of the warmest, but we have come to expect this from the Island dwellers off this N.W. coast, in whose hard and austere life the arrival of a yacht is an event to be remembered. One more day seemed neither here nor there, so we sailed down through the Carnboy Channel and Owen Sound and anchored in the lee of Calve Island at Aranmore. From here to Broadhaven the visibility was poor over the land and the day was grey and uninviting, but the wind was fair so we did not complain. We debated whether to push straight on but as the sun dipped the wind dropped also, but freshened again during the night. However, the next day there was no wind at all so we were better off at anchor and out of the swell.

This last lap gave us another good day, at an average of just 6 knots, and as we left Clare Island astern on the home stretch, we were very nearly able to show a clean pair of heels to a local fishing boat. This proved to belong to a chemist in Westport who got some good photos of us as they very slowly overhauled us. He very kindly gave us prints; not easy to come by, photos of ones own boat under sail.

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1963



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No I.C.C. Journal would be complete without a contribution from Clayton Love. The following letter received by the Editor explains the absence.

.....

5th December, 1963.

Dear Mr. Masser,

I realise that I am probably too late to include this apology in the Journal but just in case it could be done I am writing it. Owing to extreme pressures of business I did no cruising this year - yet - and would like to apologise to any of those who have read us for so many years, and to the Commodore and Committee for our absence from the Logs in the Journal this year and to promise, with fingers crossed, to make every effort to rectify this next year.

My kind regards.

Clayton Love.

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For "Rosalind's" Cruise Summary - see the next page.

"Rosalind": Summary.

Dun Laoghaire.	62 miles.
Ardglass.	125 "
Tayvallich. L. Swen.	22 "
Crinan.	10 "
Eiln More and return.	12 "
Ardfern and return.	8 "
Crinan-Craobh Island.	3 "
Ardinamir.	31 "
Tobermory.	5 "
L. Drumbuy.	41 "
Isle Oronsay.	22 "
Plockton.	25 "
Kenmore/L. Torridon.	10 "
Upper L. Torridon.	22 "
Gairloch.	26 "
Portree.	10 "
Acarsaid More S. Rona.	27 "
Uig Bay - L. Snizort.	21 "
Dunvegan.	30 "
Carbost. L. Harport.	23 "
Canna.	35 "
L. Drumbuy.	29 "
Dunstaffnage.	11 "
Puilldobhrain.	13 "
Craobh.	6 "
L. Melfort.	11 "
Crinan.	22 "
Fairy Isles. L. Swen.	17 "
Craig House - Jura.	60 "
Carrickarory - L. Foyle.	12 "
Guldaff.	25 "
Port Salon - L. Swilly.	20 "
Downings.	22 "
Gola.	12 "
Aranmore.	72 "
Broadhaven.	60 "
Newport.	

Total:

962 miles.

Notes on some West of Scotland Anchorages.

by

R.M. Rothwell.

Jura: Craig House.

The anchorage lies behind the Small Isles off the southern side of Jura. Enter between the black iron perch at the outer end of a spit running out from Jura and Goat Island (the eastern shore of this island is foul). Anchor is $1\frac{1}{2}$ fms. off the old stone pier beyond the distillery, the shores shoal far out all round the bay. Alternatively, anchor $\frac{2}{3}$ way up the western shore of Goat Island. Both places are subject to the swell. All supplies.

Tayvallich.

At the head of L. Swen. There is a small islet in the middle of the entrance, leave this to starboard and immediately turn to port down the inside of the promontory and hold on S.W. until almost abreast of a bare rock face on the shore then turn N.W. for the more westerly of the two churches and anchor in 2 fms. anywhere between this church and the disused pier to the N.E. There is a rocky patch which covers, stretching from N.E. to S.W. down the centre of the harbour, with a passage either N.E. or S.W. of the ends, the one to the S.W. (as above) is the wider. Anchorage is to the N.W. of this patch, between it and the village. All supplies.

Eilean More.

On the northern shore of L. Craignish, the entrance, which is 5 miles from Crinan, lies between Eiln More and Macnevan Island and to the north of the small islets in the passage. Anchor in $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 fms. anywhere inside. Landing is difficult as the shores shoal badly. Nearest shop is at Ardfarn, a mile along the road.

Craobh Island.

About 5 miles north of Dorus More on the east coast of L. Shuna. There are three entrances; from the south - round Arsa Island; between Arsa and Craobh Islands and, coming from the north, between Dun Island and Buidhe Island. The first is the best and completely clear; if using the second entrance the rocks off the south end of Craobh must be watched. If using the northern entrance there is a rock off the north point of Dun Island and a shoal patch between this island and Buidhe island, it is best to favour the Dun Island side of the channel but it's S.E. shore is foul. Anchor off

Craobh Island contd.

the burn in the bay on the mainland shore just through the southern narrows in 2 to 4 fms., or in the bay between Craobh and Dun Islands, with Shunacastle open between these islands. Water from burn only. The hotel marked on chart is no longer open.

Ardinamir.

At the north end of Shuna Sound, between Torsa and Luing islands. The entrance is between two rocks, $\frac{1}{2}$ cable apart, which dry 5 ft., and 20 yds. north of the southerly one. Outside these rocks the entrance is obstructed by a drying bank and a reef running in a N.E'ly direction from the Luing shore, the passage is between this bank and the reef; approach on a course south of west and head for a rather inconspicuous patch of gravel on the Luing shore, keep this shore well aboard for $\frac{3}{4}$ cable before passing between the two rocks. Least depth in this channel $1\frac{1}{2}$ fms. Anchor in the centre of the pool in 3 to 4 fms., off a steep rock face; there is a white mark on this rock face intended as a guide but as there is nothing with which to make a transit, it may be misleading. Butcher's and Grocer's vans call at the farm, vegetables can also be had from the farm - but no milk.

Puilldobhrain.

Between Easdale and L. Feochan. Pass north of Dun Island-giving it a good berth and enter round the N.E. end of Eiln na Beith; the Dun Horses (cover at $\frac{1}{2}$ tide) lie off the mainland shore and must be watched; keep mid-channel between Eiln na Beith and the little islet to the south of it and anchor anywhere in the pool in 3 fms. The eastern shores of Eiln na Beith and Centre Island (SW of it) have drying rocks off them so tend towards the eastern side of the entrance and in the pool -and do not go too far up. No supplies.

Dunstaffnage.

At the mouth of L. Etive; about 3 miles N.E. of Oban. Enter between the wooden castle point and Dunstaffnage Island and anchor in 3 to 5 fms., in the bay beyond the pier. The main bay dries out for half its depth. Exposed only to N.E. All supplies. P.O.

L. Drumbuy.

At the entrance to L. Sunart, the entrance about $\frac{1}{2}$ cable wide, is steep but there is a 3 ft. rock inside off the S. point of the narrows, so hold well on into the loch before turning to anchor in 3 fms. in the S.W. corner, off a large isolated boulder on the shore. No supplies. Water from burn.

Plockton.

In outer L. Carron. Pass north of Cat Island Tower but hold on towards the perch on Dubh Sgeir to avoid Hawk Rock, before turning into the bay. The best anchorage is 1 cable off the entrance to the drying inlet north of Ard Voura (N.E. of the village); there is a dangerous rock off the latter which is uncharted; due north off Yellow Cliff Island are the Plockton Rocks which cover and are unmarked, the anchorage given here is outside these two dangers and is preferable to the one marked on the chart. All supplies. P.O.

L. Torridon Kenmore.

Lies in L. Creagach about 3 miles from the entrance on the S. shore. Give the West point on entering a good berth, also there is a submerged rock 1 cable off an island $\frac{1}{2}$ mile west of the bay - otherwise there are no dangers. Anchor close inshore in 5 or 6 fms. off the 4 or 5 houses comprising the village. No supplies; water from burn.

Acarsaid More. (S.Rona).

Lies just north of Rona sound and S.W. of a survey cairn on the highest point of the island. Enter between Rough Island and the Rona shore and keep the latter well aboard until the bay is opened up to the eastward as there are rocks which dry $\frac{1}{2}$ cable North of the N.E. point of the narrows, entrance is between these rocks and the Rona shore. Once the bay is open steer for the west side of the islet at the head, and anchor behind this islet in 2 or 3 fms. Avoid the wooded bay on the west shore of the harbour. No supplies; water from spring.

Uig Bay.

On the east shore of L. Snizort about 4 miles up from Dun Lea. Anchor in 2 fms. half way between the new pier and the old boat slip but not further inshore than the junction of the solid part of the pier and the piled part. The shores of the bay shoal badly. All supplies. P.O.

Port na Long.

At the entrance to L. Harport on the west coast of Skye, immediately eastward of Ru Aird Tearc. No dangers; anchor in 4 fms. close inshore and west of the pier. Good holding ground and shelter. P.O. Shop. Water - but no petrol.

To the Fastnet in "Dara". (4 tonner).

by

J.D. Beckett.

Skipper:	J.D. Becket.
Crew:	Mrs. W.M. Young. D.W. Beckett, Brian Beckett (age 13 years). severally.

A brief account of a qualifying cruise might be of interest to members, particularly owners of small cruisers.

Friday, 28th June.

Forecast 5/6, N. by E. It blew harder in the morning with continuous driving rain. Left at 3.0 p.m. with Freda (Mrs. Young) steering. Miserable, dreary, wintry conditions. A foul tide at first against the wind made lumpy seas, but as soon as the tide eased we set a spinnaker and tore down the coast. Arrived Arklow 8.30 p.m. where Freda left the ship and elder son David (20) took her place.

Saturday, 29th June.

Forecast 5/7, 8 at times, for Irish Sea. 5/6 for Fastnet. After some hesitation we decided to sail. The success of the cruise depended on getting to Dunmore that weekend as from Monday I would only have 13 year old Brian as crew for the following week.

Weather as yesterday, cold, dreary, with continuous rain.

Left Arklow at 7.10 a.m. in force 3 N.E. which soon freshened to 4. Made excellent progress down the coast. Abeam Cahore Point at 10 a.m. raced through Sluice channel and reached Blackwater Head by 11.45 a.m. Wind is moving into N.W. and threatens to head us south of Tuskar.

Abeam Rosslare Harbour at 2.0 p.m. The fresh N.W. wind (5) was creating quite a steep sea in Rosslare Bay.

The tide turned foul, and we seemed to have lost the wind after rounding Greenore Point. Progress was very slow between here and Carnsore, passing inside Splaugh Rock. We wondered was there perhaps an eddy somewhere.

Passed Carnsore at 3.45 p.m. and found we could just point the Saltees. Made fairly good progress to the islands but were faced with a tricky beat against the tide through the sound. Used the auxiliary for this, but even so it seemed to take ages to get through.

Clear of the sound Hook Head was not visible, but we reckoned we were pointing a mile or so south of it. The wind was now definitely rising and moving ahead. Abeam Hook 9.30 p.m. two or three miles out. The wind was now N.N.W. and 6/7. Had reefed main down well but were still carrying working jib which was rather too much for her. For the next two hours we engaged in a seemingly endless attempt to weather the Hook. The wind backed resolutely round and the strong wind blowing out of Waterford Harbour kicked up a nasty chop.

An attempt to start the auxiliary (to hold her closer to the wind) failed. I subsequently discovered I had left it in gear after the Saltees. Darkness descended and it was very difficult to estimate if we were making progress. Finally, however, we weathered the Hook and were relieved to open up the Dunmore light. Tied up finally at midnight with wind still howling in the rigging and a swell running in to set everything jangling. Sank into a fitful slumber in the damp, noisy cabin.

Sunday, 30th June.

Feeling of "morning after night before". A pleasant, almost sunny morning gave us a chance to dry out. Dunmore pier was festooned with sails. Brian came down to take over from David. Looking at him (all 13 years) I concluded I must be mad. Actually Brian was to take me on to Fastnet in some of the pleasantest cruising weather I have ever experienced.

Monday, 1st July.

A dull drizzly morning. Forecast 3/4 NE. Left at 8.45 with a light NE'ly; visibility about 2 miles. Wind dropped away later and we motored to Helvick. Rustled up a good lunch after a cursory inspection of the snug, but odiferous harbour - left again under power for Youghal.

As we approached Youghal, under power (flat calm) by way of East Bar, Brian suddenly sings out "Breakers ahead". It turned out to be a gleaming slick on the water.

Youghal, according to the locals, is very neglected by cruising yachts. In anything but a south wind the shelter there should be excellent, and we spent two very quiet and comfortable nights there. The channel is deep close to the shore on the town side and one can

anchor in deep water within half a cable of the shore.

Tuesday, 2nd July.

Forecast 2/3 NE; visibility 3 to 5 miles, but occasionally 100 yards. We hoped this would prove to be very occasional. Left Youghal after some shopping in the bright and pleasant town at 10.30 a.m. Came out across West Bar to buoy off Bar Rocks. There followed the most enjoyable day's sailing I have ever experienced. The visibility improved to 12 miles or more. The sun came out and stayed out with never a cloud in the sky. A light force 3, from E, enabled us to set a spinnaker which we carried comfortably all day. The sea was so calm that having made the initial mistake of towing the dinghy we were able to remedy this by lifting her bodily on deck with spinnaker set and nobody at the tiller.

Sea water baths were taken on the foredeck, basking in the bright sunshine and listening to the cheerful noise of Dara's bow wave. This really was cruising at its best. Dara's price, which had sunk to a low figure in Dunmore, was now sky high. In fact - she was not for sale.

I had intended making Crosshaven for the night, but Brian, who secretly fears that if we go in somewhere we may never come out again, pressed me very hard to continue for Kinsale. So we did just that, striking out on a compass course from the Pollock Buoy. Abeam Daunt lightship 5.30 p.m.

The wind gradually died away, and at the Sovereigns we dropped sail and motored into Kinsale. What a charming and sheltered anchorage this is. We found an anchorage out of the main tide and spent so quiet a night that one might have thought Dara was on dry land.

Wednesday, 3rd July.

The day dawned murky and drizzly. Decided to spend the day exploring the town and environs. Kinsale is full of historical interest, but it is good to see signs of modern development, and there are plenty of yachts and keen racing. The trouble was that the place was so comfortable that there was a strong disinclination to leave.

Thursday, 4th July.

A fine quiet, promising morning. Left under power at 9.5 a.m. - no wind. Off Old Head at 10.30 a.m. the engine stopped for no apparent reason, but started again first swing.

11.30 a.m. under sail to a force 1/2, SW'ly, the first head wind of the cruise.

Had lunch in Clonakilty Bay as Dara steered herself in the light breeze. Sighted "Huff of Arklow" with spinnaker set, slipping to the east in regal fashion. Abeam Galley Head 3.30 p.m. weather was fine but murky; so far we had no distant views on this cruise and indeed had frequently had recourse to the compass to cross the larger views. Nasty thunderstorms inland, but they never came out over the sea. This was the week when many deaths occurred throughout the country in violent thunder-storms, but we enjoyed good weather at sea all the time.

Arrived Glandore 5.30 p.m; after some bother identifying the entrance. We mistook the rocks off the entrance to Mill Cove for Adam Island from a distance.

Friday, 5th July.

After a beautiful quiet night the day dawned dull with slight drizzle soon clearing to sunny weather. Spent the day exploring this very charming and sheltered anchorage. However, with south winds it would be exposed and perhaps dangerous.

One can, however, move round to Union Hall to the west,

Friends were staying in the hotel and we entertained them aboard for coffee.

Saturday 6th July.

A quiet pearly grey morning. Not a sign of wind, flat calm. Left under power at 10. a.m. for Baltimore. Visibility best yet, up to 15 miles or more. This is a striking part of the coast with its many islands and outlying rocks. The Stags in particular make a dramatic picture when seen for the first time looming over the horizon like a sailing ship.

Off Toe Head, 11.30 a.m., fishing. No bites. At the Stags a light SW'ly sprang up and we made sail. Beat slowly down to Baltimore revelling in the fine scenery and summer weather.

Passed outside the Kedges and duly noted the race which, however, was not alarming in this quiet weather. We felt quite a thrill passing beneath the celebrated 'Lot's Wife' pillar and opening up spacious Baltimore Harbour. We anchored at first outside the small inner harbour, but later moved in to tie up snugly inside the Ferry.

A new hotel has opened in Baltimore overlooking a small bay to seawards of the town. Run by Mr. & Mrs. O'Kell, late of Fleet St., it is friendly, well appointed and beautifully situated. Thunderstorms still rumbled to the north but the weather was warm enough to tempt me in for a swim.

Sunday, 7th July.

A bright sunny morning. No wind at first. Motored out to abeam Gascannane Sound when a light SW'ly got up.

Beat slowly to Fastnet. It was so calm we were able to tie the tiller within a mile of the rock and eat a leisurely lunch, while Dara looked after herself. Magnificent views of Clear Island, Cape Clear and Mizzen Head away to the west. We ran back to Baltimore along the south shore of Clear Island, not much sign of life on this side. My sense of direction is very unreliable in this part of the world and I was continually being surprised by the compass.

Mrs. Beckett brought down David and friend of Brian's; the three boys spent the night aboard Dara while we adjourned to the hotel. I had been looking forward to a comfortable night ashore, but to my surprise I didn't sleep at all. This was certainly not the fault of the comfortable bed.

Monday, 8th July.

After seeing Mrs. Beckett and the younger boys off on their journey, David and I set sail for Schull. A fresh NW breeze gave us a lively sail across Long Island Bay in summery conditions. We were glad to enjoy clear visibility in this rock and island strewn bay. Soon we were anchored snugly in Schull and wondering about the Mizzen to-morrow. In the afternoon we decided to stretch our legs by ascending Mount Gabriel behind the town. It certainly feels much higher than its alleged 1400 ft. Half way up we looked back over the harbour to see a yellow yacht rounding up to anchor beside Dara. A glance through the glasses confirmed that it was "Julia". We paid a call later and were most hospitably entertained by Professor and Mrs. O'Ceallaigh. The Professor seemed disposed to race us to Crookhaven in the morning.

Tuesday, 9th July.

Not wondering about the Mizzen any more. Wind is 6/7 west with occasional rain squalls. Encountered friends ashore and entertained them aboard. "Harmony" came in during the day having rounded Mizzen while we were lurking here. We were kindly invited aboard to hear the midnight forecast, gales as usual, and enjoy some conviviality. Why do these nocturnal gatherings always end up conversing of disaster. Back on "Dara" dreamt of shipwreck.

Wednesday, 10th July.

Forecast 4/5 NW. A grey morning soon clearing to sunshine. "Julia" started early for Mizzen or Crookhaven but we had decided to start for home and could not leave until the tide was favourable in the Gascannane sound. Left at 12.30 p.m. for Baltimore. Enjoyed a beautiful sail across Long Island Bay in force 5 W'ly. Reefed main and set small jib for comfort, but there was really no menace in the seas.

An occasional breaker reared a gleaming white head but nothing came aboard. the sea was a superb mixture of blue, turquoise and emerald with a silvery lacing of foam and a magnificent backing of islands and headlands.

Reached Baltimore at 2.30 p.m. and tied up for lunch. An old salt here says "When the mist do come in over Mount Gabriel from the North that do be a sign of good weather coming". The aforesaid omens being propitious we left later for Glandore. On David's recommendation we decided to try the channel inside the Kedges. This proved exciting as we executed a Chinese jibe in mid-channel and Dara slewed round towards the nearest rock. The channel is only half a cable wide and the wind funnels through between the high rocks. Its a sort of natural Hell's Gates. The channel is only recommended with a leading wind and moderate seas, but has the advantage of avoiding the tide race outside the islands.

Peacefully anchored in Glandore at midnight we amused ourselves by shining a bright torch bottomwards in search of the anchor. The light attracted a fascinating variety of myriads of tiny marine creatures, some almost microscopic and multicoloured like tropical fish. There was also a very beautiful object like a swimming flower with four delicate pink petals and several stems floating out below. Could this have been a baby jellyfish? There was certainly no sign of jelly and it was very tiny, but quite definitely "swimming".

Thursday, 11th July.

A grey morning but with promise of brighter weather later. Conducted friends on a tour to Adam Island. Left the perches to port going out and also coming back to convince ourselves there are two channels. Left for Kinsale at 1.30 p.m.

Set a spinnaker to a fine force 4 wind and made good progress over the foul tide to Galley Head.

Meal taken in stages as cooking an interesting exercise in Dara's confined galley in the lively seaway. Soup served at Galley Head (appropriately enough), main course of 'Clonakilty Goulash', (steak, peas and potatoes mixed up and consumed with a spoon) served in Clonakilty Bay, and coffee served abeam Seven Heads. Additional delicacies were consumed in Courtmacsherry Bay and soon we were handing the spinnaker and preparing for the race at the Old Head. This proved to be lively but not dangerous and by 7.0 p.m. we were snugly anchored in Kinsale.

Friday, 12th July.

A feature of this cruise has been sporadic attempts to touch up the bright work. A week before setting out I had carefully prepared

Dara's two hatch covers, but before varnishing could commence the rain arrived, and persisted.

Now finding ourselves at ease in Kinsale with time in hand, and remembering that Dunmore lay ahead, where Dara is known by everybody, I decided to shine her up a bit. I started badly by upsetting the varnish tin on the foredeck, but after some frantic spooning up I had recovered enough to complete the task. No sooner was the job completed than the heavens opened and we had a proper downpour. In a rage I attempted to protect the varnish and retired ashore in disgust.. Later it was obvious the rain was with us for the day and there was no hope for the varnish anyway, so we decided to carry on to Crosshaven. Putting up the jib David stepped unthinkingly on the forehatch leaving a sort of 'Man Friday' impression.

A light westerly dropped away to nothing and from the Sovereigns we were under power rolling dismally in an old sea.

We took a vacant mooring in Crosshaven and I went ashore to the Munster to seek permission; I was mortified, on looking out of the club window, to see a dragon being towed out to the moorings. However, we were very graciously offered an alternative.

Saturday, 13th July.

Mainly spent at the 'fleshpots' of Cork. "Harmony" came in during the day.

Sunday, 14th July.

Gale warnings kept us on moorings. "Harmony", however, set out undaunted. Small craft came out from the Munster and foundered dismally. David performed rescue operations in the punt.

Monday, 15th July.

Forecast SW5/6. Day started cloudy and cold with occasional rain. Left Crosshaven at 10.30 a.m. A fresh southerly blowing in between the forts was kicking up a lumpy sea and a foul tide necessitated using power for the beat out. Felt decidedly queasy for the first time on the trip.

Close hauled to Power Head but thereafter a reach for Ballycotton. The wind slowly veered SW and the day brightened. Tied up in Ballycotton for lunch (not cooking weather afloat)

In the afternoon the wind rose to 6 and the sun shone brightly. We took in a good reef and set the small jib. We went tearing along with the wind dead aft for Capel Island. I have never sailed in bigger seas. There were breakers everywhere but the seas were long and not dangerous. Dara handled easily under her reduced sail, and once one got used to the

big seas looming up astern and subsiding harmlessly one could enjoy the sheer exhilaration of it. This is real ocean sailing. Once round Capel Island we got good shelter and had no difficulty making Youghal.

Seine net fishing was in operation in the entrance, and we had to detour carefully to avoid them.

Tuesday, 16th July.

Started too late to catch the ebb in the entrance which resulted in a slow but, we thought, stately exit over the strong flood. An old sea and light winds outside made for tedious sailing. However, in the afternoon a breeze got up and we fairly romped back to Dunmore.

Wednesday, 17th July.

Wet and cold, 6/7 SW winds. Stayed put. Why is the bus service to Waterford so hopelessly inadequate?

Thursday, 18th July.

A cool bright morning, light N.W. breeze. Left at 7.15 a.m. and took all of an hour to round the Hook. At 9.0 a.m. we were slipping along quietly in calm summer seas on course for the Saltees. Quite a different matter from our previous experience in these waters. Wind fell away later and we had to motor from Saltees to Carnsore Point. We were considering putting into Rosslare for fuel when a fresh S.W. arrived enabling us to set a spinnaker and tear up the coast. Dara really got the bit between her teeth and we fairly ate up the miles.

Reached Rosslare at 3.0 p.m. Cahore Point 6.0 p.m. and Arklow at 8.30 p.m. A total of 13 hours from Dunmore in perfect weather.

Friday, 19th July.

Freda came down to Arklow for the final leg home and David abandoned ship. Left at 2.0 p.m. with wind SW/4 - weather fine. Dara romped away from her moorings. The wind headed us at Wicklow and we were indignant at having to beat. "Wender" came out of Wicklow harbour and pursued us up the coast finally passing a long way out to sea. Nasty rain squalls off Bray Head reduced visibility almost to zero and set up unpleasant lumpy cross seas. Finally reached Dun Laoghaire at 9.30 p.m. in middle of dramatic sunset effects. A fitting end to an enjoyable cruise.

"Sheenan" comes home.

by

A. Douglas MacIlwaine.

Crew.

Hamble to Whiterock.	A. Douglas MacIlwaine.
Hamble to Falmouth.	Yvonne MacIlwaine.
Hamble to Whitehead.	Dermot Davey.
Hamble to Falmouth.	Robert Carson.
" "	Phoebe Carson.
Hamble to Whiterock.	Dunsmuir Mitchell.
" "	Colin Gleadhill.

Usually the log started on the day one actually gets under way, but this cruise I think really started about six months before, on a very cold Saturday in the hardest winter in living memory.

At the 1963 Boat Show I arranged to inspect "Sheenan" at Moody's Yard on the Hamble, and on Saturday, January 12th, I caught the 8.30 a.m. train to Southampton - a comfortless journey with no heating and no diner (I had hoped for breakfast). It is a well known fact that the English never talk to strangers in trains except in time of adversity. It was, therefore, not surprising that my three companions happily swapped stories of the great freeze-up. (Reminiscent of the blitz!). However, when I mentioned I was going to buy a boat it was quite obvious that they thought anyone who dreamt of such a thing in weather like this needed his head examined. After arriving in Southampton in the middle of a power cut, and after great difficulty in finding a taxi to drive me to Burlesdon - I rather agreed with them.

No boat ever looks its best in winter quarters and certainly my first sight of "Sheenan", in really arctic conditions, with the Hamble frozen over and about two feet of snow in the yard, was no exception. Negotiations dragged on and it was not until the middle of March that the deal was done, and I had to wait until May before I saw her again and had the opportunity of introducing her to my wife.

The details of fitting out and launching were quickly arranged with Mr. Bundy, the helpful yard foreman, who promised to have her ready to sail on Saturday, June 8th - in four weeks time. It's a difficult job commissioning a yacht three hundred miles away and the next few weeks were spent making lists, packing gear and checking inventories. Eventually three large packing cases were

despatched to Southampton containing everything from tide tables to the First Aid box, not forgetting ten fathoms of chain, which I thought might be useful.

Friday, 31st May.

I boarded the Stranraer boat train with seven more packages, including an outboard and a large bottle of champagne for the commissioning party. My journey to Southampton was very different to my previous one six months before. I had an excellent breakfast on the train and arrived in the middle of a heat wave. "Sheenan" was lying stern to the jetty with my packing cases safely on board. Having laid in some emergency stores from the "Red Lion" I spent a busy week-end unpacking, sorting and storing gear.

Tuesday, 4th June.

Mr. Bundy's minions were on board before I was up, and the compass adjuster before I had breakfast.

Work proceeded apace - engine tested and the new Sestral Moore compass fitted by 1100, so we slipped and proceeded down the Hamble to swing compasses off Fawley. I was rather nervous of taking "Sheenan" to sea for the first time with an untried engine and no sails; however, I was able to persuade Mr. Bundy to allow a hand to come with me. It was a most interesting trip down river with all the different types of boat moored in trots either side of the fairway. I was told one had to wait seven years for a permanent berth. A rather sad sight were the remains of the 'J' class lying forgotten and forlorn in mud berths; "Endeavour 1", "White Heather" and "Lulworth" were there - I well remember the last two racing in the Royal Ulster Regatta in their heyday long before the war.

The compass adjusting successfully completed, we returned to Moody's yard and secured alongside an old concrete lighter, where masts were rigged and stepped.

Wednesday, 5th June.

The riggers arrived to fit the new rigging and step the mast. Still very hot. Yvonne joined in the afternoon, having flown to Bournemouth. She recorded in her diary that "Sheenan" looked much better than when she saw her last. At the end of the jetty we noticed "Azara", looking very smart and flying a white ensign - but we missed the familiar deck chairs.

Thursday, 6th June.

"Sheenan" rather like Piccadilly Circus with riggers, shipwrights, electricians etc. all hard at it. Yvonne remembered the bunk-

side cupboards on "Nirvana" and I asked Mr. Bundy who said "he would see what could be done in the time". Half an hour later the joiners were aboard and started work. Very hot and numerous cups of tea and cans of beer required to keep everyone happy. Dinner at the Swan and a night-cap at the "Red Lion".

Friday, 7th June.

Mizzen Mast stepped and rigging completed. The joiner worked all day to complete cupboards by evening. All gear, food and drinks on board and stored ready for sea, except the Mizzen which had not arrived from Cranfield and Carter. After a bit of head scratching and a few frantic 'phone calls, arranged with a friend in the City to collect it at Liverpool Street and transport it to Waterloo. Dermot arrived in the later-afternoon and after dinner in the Swan we found Robert & Phoebe waiting for us in the "Red Lion". Turned in, leaving a mountain of gear, which arrived with Phoebe, Robert and Dermot, in the cockpit, still to be stored.

Saturday, 8th June.

Sailing Day - and thanks to Mr. Bundy's efforts - everything ready. Mizzen collected by the yard at Southampton Station and safely delivered, so after a few farewell pints in the "Red Lion" we got under way at noon and proceeded under power down River. The crew all enjoyed the trip as much as I had done on the previous occasion. Very hot and sunny with a light-westerly, force 2. Had lunch then hoisted all plain sail and beat down to Hurst Castle.

1800. Entered Yarmouth harbour under power and were grateful for the harbour master's instant welcome and direction to a berth, as we thought it very crowded indeed; we were placed on a trot on the outside of three other yachts, and having safely tied up, went below to celebrate our first sail with a champagne party. Meantime yachts had continued to arrive, and by the time we were ready to go ashore, our trot consisted of seven.

Ashore for dinner at the "George" excellent meal, very pleasantly served - then a nightcap or two at "The Bugle". Lovely evening, and we thoroughly enjoyed our evening ashore.

Sunday, 9th June.

Perfect morning - our next-door neighbours (inside) had talked of catching the first of the flood at 0600 - glad to say they didn't. Saw many interesting boats including "The Four Freedoms", a sort of Atalantis, and "Truant" of George Millar's "Isobel and the Seas" fame. Were visited in the forenoon by one of "Sheenan's" previous owners and had a long crack with

him about the yacht.

1145. Slipped to catch the first of the ebb through the Needles Channel. Very hot and sunny with little wind. Lunch served off the Needles. Wind Easterly, force 1-2.

1500. Gave up trying to sail and started engine. Course 180. Speed $5\frac{1}{2}$ knots.

1800. Picked up Cherbourg aircraft beacon on the Homer-Heron; calm with moderate visibility.

2100. Cherbourg breakwater light sighted ahead.

2300. Entered Cherbourg Harbour by the Passe de l'Ouest and made for the Avant Port and ran a line to a buoy astern.

Day's Run: 66 miles.

Monday, 10th June.

Ashore to organise Duty free. We all liked Cherbourg, a pleasant French town with a colourful market. The flowers, especially the hydrangeas, were lovely. Prices were high, but not exorbitant; we bought strawberries, asparagus and vegetables at quite reasonable prices.

In the afternoon the "Queen Mary" berthed alongside the Gare Maritime, an impressive sight, but she did seem rather a relic of a by-gone age. Then ashore again for dinner at the Theatre Restaurant; Yvonne and Dermot, as usual, had Lobster Thermidor; an excellent and reasonably priced meal, with a good bottle of wine. We complimented the Manager and on leaving he insisted on shaking each of us by the hand.

Tuesday, 11th June.

Dermot ashore before breakfast for croissants. After cleaning the ship we had a run ashore for last minute supplies and then got under way at 1225 to catch the first of the ebb westward. There was very little shipping in the Grande Rade and only one naval tanker in the Port Militaire.

1330. Left Harbour by the Passe de l'Ouest and set course 310° for Cap de la Hague but visibility very poor. Had an excellent lunch (result of our shopping in Cherbourg) which was served on deck with a bottle of Vin Ordinaire to wash it down.

1448. St. Martin Buoy abeam and the coast only just visible; set all plain sail; wind N.E. force 2 - altered course to 390° .

1500. Wind fallen away completely so started engine and altered course to 230° to pass through the Alderney Race. Visibility rather poor.

1555. Alderney sighted to starboard about 4/5 miles. We were obviously in a strong tide as there were eddies and tide rips around us. Luckily this was favourable and so made excellent time, but this must be a nasty place in a gale with wind against the tide.

1725. Tower sighted ahead which was identified as the Grande Amfrouque Beacon. We could not pick up the Platte Fougères on the starboard hand of the entrance to the Little Russell and concluded the tide had pushed us too much to the Eastward and it was only after steering 315° for about twenty minutes we were able to pick up this lighthouse and alter course to pass through the Little Russell.

Visibility had improved considerably and we had no difficulty with the remainder of the Beacons and leading marks.

1915. Entered St. Peter's Port and were ordered alongside H.M.S. Droxford for custom clearance.

1945. Cleared by Customs and anchored in the N.W. corner of the pool in 25 feet. The harbour was very crowded.

Day's run: 40 miles.

Wednesday, 12th June.

I woke about 0530 and had a look on deck to see if everything was alright. I noticed the harbour walls looked very high so switched on the echo sounder to check as it must have been about low water, and was horrified to see it reading only 5 ft. ("Sheenah" draws 5'6"). Immediately checked with the lead line and after some anxious moments with the tide tables came to the conclusion that the tide wouldn't fall further, but kept a close watch for the next half hour. After this little episode had much more respect for the tides in the Channel Islands.

Just before breakfast we were visited by Peter Morck, who was bringing his new boat home from the East coast. As we are never our brightest and best before breakfast, suggested we should meet later.

During the forenoon ashore to store ship, finding it a relief not to have to battle with 'French'. Then on board Peter's new yacht for drinks before lunch - a lovely boat, beautifully finished.

Visibility was very poor and any idea of visiting Sark was out, as even the local motor boats had to cancel their trips, so we took

a bus tour round the island - not very impressive, acres of glass houses, pebble beaches and not much else. Peter and his crew visited us in the evening, our first guests on board "Sheenan". After a spot of Duty free, ashore for Dinner.

Thursday, 13th June.

A lovely day with better visibility. Wind south westerly force 3. Tried to persuade Peter to come with us to Brittany but he had a "date with a starting gun" in Dun Laoghaire. Got under way about 1300 and very much regretted leaving the Channel Islands without having the opportunity of visiting some of the other anchorages. (We also liked the gin at 20/6d a bottle). When St. Martin's Point was ahead, altered course to 225° for the Roches Douvres; wind about force 2-3. Peter left shortly after us and we saw him bear away for Falmouth. During the afternoon the wind fell light and we had to set the "Iron Topsail" again; picked up the Roches Douvres fine on the port bow about 1615 - the French certainly build decent lighthouses - this one was 190 ft. and easily recognised.

The Rocks seemed to stretch a long way to the Westward so had to take a tack to clear them. At 1730 we were back on our course 230° wind freshening a little, so stopped engine, and at 1905 identified Les Heaux Lighthouse fine on the starboard bow - only 147 ft. this time. As it was now blowing quite fresh with a bit of a swell we had difficulty picking up the outer buoy of the Lesardrieux River but eventually we identified The Horrairie Beacon and soon picked up the remainder of the channel buoys. However, it took some time to motor up channel as the wind was now off shore, and the tide was running strongly to the south east. At 2115 we passed the Croix Light. As the beacons are of different shapes and the Pilot Book (Hasler) gives excellent sketches, it was simple to distinguish them; but nevertheless we ticked off the beacons and buoys as we passed them.

As we made our way up to Lesardrieux in the setting sun we were struck by the beauty of the wooded unspoilt banks of this lovely river.

We anchored at about 2150 off "The Port" in 7 fathoms. Supper tasted very good. Started with Phoebe's special omelettes and well washed down with some Cherbourg Ordinaire.

Days run: 43 miles.

Friday, 14th June.

Sultry morning, but by afternoon the sun came through. Explored the river a little by dinghy, then ashore to shop. The lady

in the Post Office was able to understand our French, so asked her advice as to where to dine. We proceeded there by dinghy but had a long climb up, and were so muddy we couldn't go in. We explained where we were anchored, and asked how we could get there for dinner - simple - le Patron would call for us at the port and drive us there! He drove with considerable dash. The drive was easily the most perilous part of the cruise - but the dinner made it all worth while. Dermot and Yvonne had Palourdes Farcies, which they were afraid they were not going to find on this visit to Brittany. These were followed by "Flaming Lobster" and "Flaming Norwegian Omelette" - a wonderful concoction of ice-cream and meringue, washed down with a delicious Vin Ordinaire and topped off with Cognac.

After all this we were not nearly so nervous on our drive home!

Day's run: 43 miles.

Saturday, 15th June.

During the forenoon we prepared for sea. Yvonne and Phoebe looked after the messing and rest of us sorted out and checked over deck gear, also took some photos of the lovely anchorage.

1200. Weighed anchor and after stowing dinghy on the Fore-deck (very poor position) proceeded on down river - another lovely day and Brittany looked its best. The little granite houses were rather reminiscent of those seen in Tarbert.

1325. "Sirlot Bay" abeam, so altered course to 015°.

1400. Les Heaux light abeam, course 330° for Falmouth, very calm, sunny and no wind.

1800. Stopped engine to check oil etc. and listen to the shipping forecast. Plymouth area wind S.W. force 4 good visibility - which pleased us.

2000. Entered the shipping lane from Ushant up channel and there were several steamers in sight - a big B.P. Tanker "British Lantern" passed up channel close astern. A lovely evening although there were signs of a change in the west. We reckoned it would take us two hours to clear the shipping lanes and this proved correct. At about 2130 the "Andes" passed us astern outward bound on a cruise - the last time I had seen her was twenty years before on a Cape Convoy.

Sunday, 16th June.

At 0200 we filled up with petrol and Yvonne was speechless when she discovered that we had omitted to fill the other spare can in

Lesardrieux. However, the wind came through from the south west as forecast and at about 0300 we stopped engine and set all plain sail. We had no difficulty checking our position as we were able to get excellent fixes with the Homer-Heron on Round Island and the aircraft beacon just north of Falmouth

0700. St. Anthony Lighthouse ahead; the wind had veered as we approached land, and at 1100 we stowed the sails and motored into Falmouth and at 1130 anchored off The Royal Cornwall Yacht Club.

The Custom Launch was soon alongside and a pleasant officer gave us a quick clearance. After lunch - "make and mend". Ashore in the evening and regret to record a rather frigid welcome; very different from the Yacht Club de Cherbourg.

Distance:

110, miles.

Monday, 17th June.

A wet morning. Went alongside the Falmouth Boat Construction Company's jetty for petrol and water, but unfortunately the petrol float was not yet in commission so we had to carry everything from the town. As Robert and Phoebe were leaving us next day and were anxious to see the Helford River, slipped at 1630 and motored round in the driving rain.

1830. Anchored in 3 fathoms off Pedan, Billy. Supper on board, then ashore to the Shipwright Arms for a pint - a lovely wee pub where we were made very welcome.

Tuesday, 18th June.

Rained all day - it always seems to when we visit Cornwall. Ashore to call on George and Nancy who, as usual, made us very welcome. We were all very sorry to see Robert and Phoebe depart for home. In the evening George and Nancy kindly provided us with baths and dinner - a most enjoyable evening.

Wednesday, 19th June.

Yvonne ashore at 1000 to catch the London train, and as the relief crew, Dunsmuir and Colin, were not due to arrive until 1700, spent the day aboard. Still very wet; visited the Shipwright Arms for a pint before lunch then took the dinghy up Port Navas Creek for petrol.

The shipping forecast at 1800 did not hold much promise

for our departure on next day. Had an excellent dinner in the Trevicle Hotel which went a long way towards consoling us for the disappointing weather.

Thursday, 20th June.

Listened to the 0645 weather forecast for Plymouth and Lundy. Wind W. force 6/7, poor visibility, so decided to stay in our sleeping bags - another miserable day. Ashore for a pint at the pub before lunch and to take the opportunity of ringing up the Coastguard at the Lizard who told us that it was blowing Force 6-7 visibility 400 yds - not good sailing weather. Ashore again for a walk in the evening and spoke to the Coastguards again, who were most helpful. It seemed that we would probably get away Friday morning. Went on board and turned in early.

Friday, 21st June.

A better morning. Up at 0600 and prepared for sea - weather forecast much more helpful, so under way at 0700 - mizzen, head sails and engine.

0800. Manacles Buoy abeam, wind SW force 3-4.
Beat up the Lizard.

1000. Asked by the Lizard coastguards to identify ourselves. Dermot, as usual, did his stuff with the lamp.

1030. Altered course 310°.

1100. Lizard abeam. Set Main. Confused sea left over from yesterday's blow, and by motor sailing we were just able to lay the course for the Rundlestone Buoy.

1310. Rundlestone Buoy abeam and bore away for the Longships.

1340. Able to set course of 350° for the Tuskar. Stopped engine;; wind force 3 WSW. Had a grand sail across the Bristol Channel and only saw two other ships. Kept a check on our position with the Homer-Heron, on Lundy, South Bishop and The Tuskar.

Saturday, 22nd June.

A lovely morning with the Irish coast showing up clearly to starboard. Tuskar abeam at 0900, and with a force 2-3 breeze and fair tide had a pleasant morning's sail outside the Banks. Took the opportunity of trying the genoa and spinnaker. The latter was unsuccessful as the mast fittings proved much too light.

1100. Blackwater LV. abeam, but as the tide had now turned it took us a long time to reach the Arklow LV (1545) - the wind had also fallen light and we were very interested to learn later that at this time only about 7 miles away, "Wender" was beating her way to Arklow through a force 6.

We had hopes of the 'Fleishpots' of Dun Laoghaire but these faded as our progress became slower and slower.

It wasn't until 2100 that we passed the Codling LV with a force 1-2 westerly, so again set "The Iron Topsail". A lovely evening and with a freshening wind we could easily lay our course for St. John's Point. We had a glorious sail during the night with a fresh westerly force 4-5. Rockabill light came up to port and quickly dropped astern. As the compass light was U/S, due to a crack from the boom which was too low, we steered by the stars. At dawn we were off the Mournees with St. John's Point Light winking on the bowsprit end. As we were too early for the tide at Strangford, decided to go into Ardglass for breakfast so at 0730 secured alongside the quay - 48 hours from Helford River - distance 277 miles.

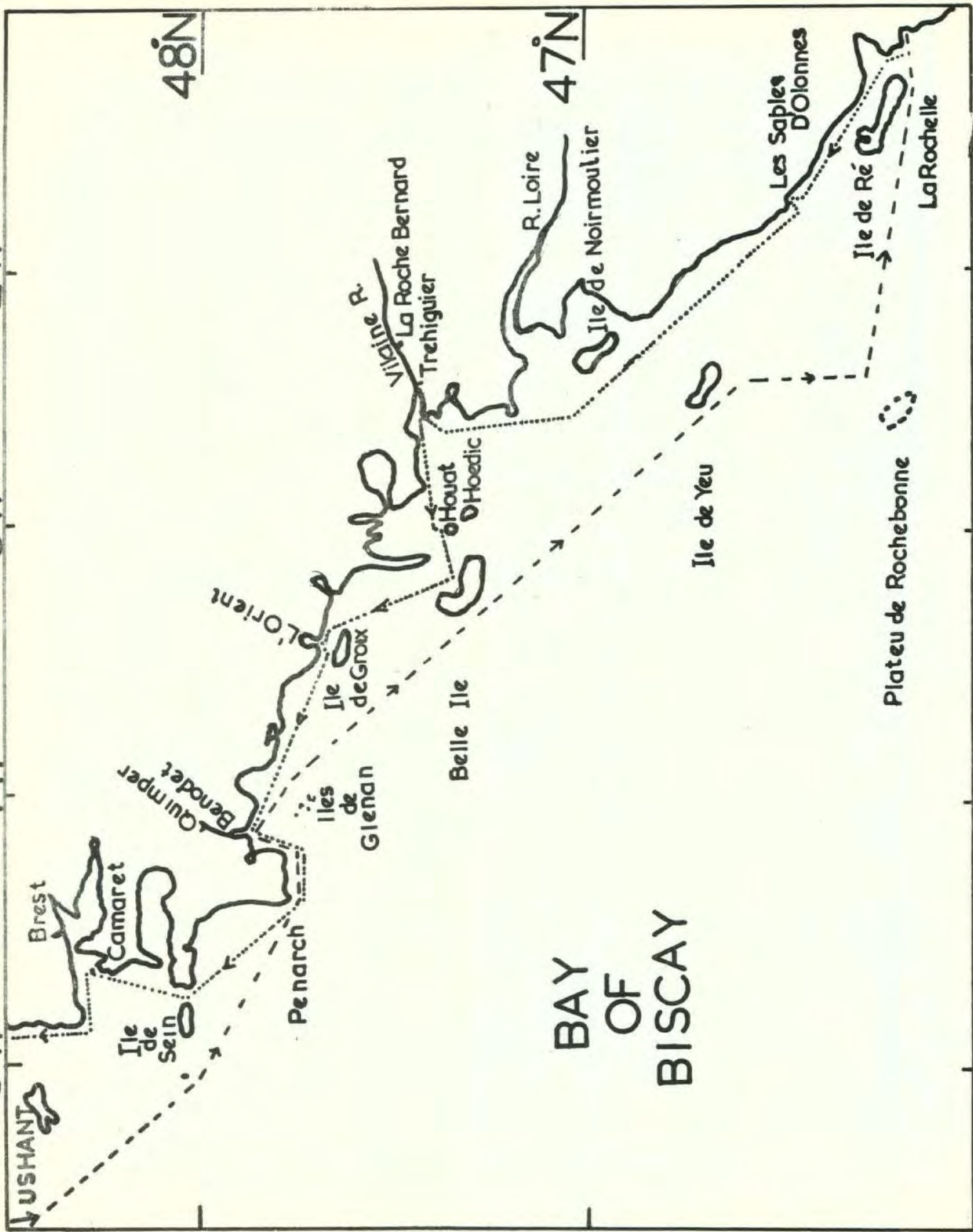
After a large breakfast of scrambled eggs, bacon and coffee, motored up to Whiterock and picked up our mooring off the Clubhouse at 1155.

Hamble to Yarmouth.	11 miles.
Yarmouth to Cherbourg.	66 miles.
Cherbourg to St. Peter's Port.	40 miles.
St. Peter's Port to Lesardrieux.	43 miles.
Lesardrieux to Falmouth.	110 miles.
Falmouth to Helford River.	6 miles.
Helford River to Ardglass.	277 miles.
Ardglass to Whiterock.	<u>15 miles.</u>
<u>Total:</u>	<u>568 miles.</u>

5W 4W 3W 2W

48°N

47°N



BAY
OF
BISCAY

"Tyrena's" Biscay Cruise.

by

W.E. Glover.

The log of "Tyrena", 11 ton auxiliary Bermudan sloop; designed by Charles Nicholson and built by Berthou Boat Co. in 1959.

Our cruise this year was planned to begin on Saturday, 20th July. Jim Boyd, Hugh Kennedy and I were to sail "Tyrena" to Benodet arriving, if possible, on or before the 25th July, when we would meet Jim's wife Maureen, and my wife Lillian. The girls had booked a return flight for August 12th, and we were then to be joined by Kevin McLaverty and Adrian Chapleo for the passage home. Strangely enough except for a slightly earlier start with a few additional hands as far as Dun Laoghaire, all went according to plan.

Hugh was racing his 505 in the Dinghy Week at Strangford but Jim and I decided to make an earlier start. We were fortunate enough to get the company of George Boyd, Joe Kennedy and Ian Roddie for the passage to Dun Laoghaire, when we departed from Donaghadee at 1245 on

Thursday, 18th July.

The sun was shining, the wind was light SE and we motor-sailed for the tide was ebbing north for the next three hours. Passing the South Rock lightvessel four hours later we collected letters for posting from one of her crew. With a fair tide and a freshening but veering wind we fetched Strangford Bar, and then we stood off-shore on the starboard tack. We had a fine sail past St. John's Point and across Dundrum Bay, on the other tack. By dusk the lee rail was well buried so we changed down to small genoa and rolled some of the main down. We fetched Annalong and then stood off-shore again.

Friday, 19th July.

The wind eased during the night and long before dawn, when we set full sail again, we were under-canvassed. We motored for an

hour at 0700 with Rockabill on the starboard bow, and again from 1015 until we arrived in Dun Laoghaire at 1345. The grey day was brightened by the spinnakers of the cruiser-8s as they ran across the Bay to the Rosbeg Bank buoy. Hugh joined us that evening as planned, and George, Ian and Joe departed for home.

PASSAGE: 107 miles; 25 hours; LOG 107m.

SATURDAY 20th A warm sunny day, but for us windless. When cooking breakfast a leak developed in the stove's paraffin tank, and advised by Peter Morck, Jim and Hugh took it into Dublin and had it successfully welded. This gave me the opportunity to visit and admire Inismara and Samphire. We were sorely tempted to stay and take part in the last Regatta of Dun Laoghaire week, but resisted, and left under motor at 1445. This was a bad time to leave as we had missed three hours of south going stream, and we had to buck a foul tide at Wicklow Head. With no wind, and after nearly eight hours motoring it seemed pointless going on, and we went into Arklow for the night, arriving at 2230.

PASSAGE: 42 miles; 7h.45 min; LOG 149m.

SUNDAY 21st We spent the night alongside a coaster in the river, and we timed our departure for 1100 - an hour before high water - to take full advantage of the south going ebb. The day was very hazy and the wind light SSW. It was too early in the cruise for the "manana" spirit, and once again the engine ticking over helped the sails. Even with a fair tide we wanted to keep going and clear the Tuskar

before the stream turned north. With the poor visibility we took our departure from the Arklow Bank LV at 1300 and steered 198° for the Tuskar, 29 miles away. We slowly overhauled a Dublin Bay 24 also under motor, and covered the 14 miles to the Blackwater L.V. in two hours. The crew of the light vessel were pleased to get a Sunday paper from us. Less than two hours later we were at the Tuskar, and at 1750 we took our departure from Ireland.

The meridian through the Tuskar passes a few miles east of the Scillies, a distance of 135 miles away, and it was this course we wanted to make good. Hourly, and sometimes more frequent, entries in the log book record how the conditions for the passage varied within the extremes of wind direction S to W and force flat calm to 2, and of visibility from thick fog to about 4 miles at the best. Our course steered consequently varied from 160° to 225° , with intermittent spells of motoring on course in the flat patches. Keeping the D.R. was almost a full time occupation, but it continued to agree with D.F. fixes and the Scillies slowly drew nearer. In the first 13 hours to midnight we covered 63 miles.

MONDAY 22nd With only three on board our watches were two hours on and four hours off. This system broke down for a short time beginning with an early "nooners" and a very late lunch! The day was mainly notable for our long philosophical discussion during which we solved all the worlds problems to our mutual satisfaction. An interesting

find was a stalk of green bananas which weighed about $\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. We fished this on board and for a time pretended to be ocean voyagers with our fruit ripening slowly on deck!

Days run to midnight: 70 miles; Log 282.

TUESDAY 23rd The midnight forecast had promised poor visibility with more extensive fog later, and the Scillies coastal station was already reporting thick fog. Round Island D.F. station was on our bow, and with St. Mawgan's aircraft beacon gave us excellent fixes. The fog was breaking up when we passed through a fleet of trawlers at dawn, and land, 5-6 miles ahead, was sighted at 0935. None of us had visited the Scillies before, but with the large scale chart found our way easily up St. Mary's Sound to the anchorage off Hughtown, arriving at 1240.

We were boarded by a friendly Customs Officer who pointed out the local lobster man to us, and soon two fine lobsters were changing colour in the pot. The day was dull and mild as we went ashore for fresh food and petrol, but the rain was lashing down before we returned to Tyrena, soaked to the skin, at 1800. The wind had come up from the SW and continued to increase as we made ready for sea. It was fortunate that we were on board and making these preparations for suddenly the rocks astern were very close. We were ready to make sail, but the engine started first time and we motored out of danger. We had been lying to a 45 lb. C.W.R. with 15 fathoms of chain in four fathoms of water, so I can only guess that the bottom was covered with thick weed. Setting the

the reefed main we beat out of the bay but once out of the lee of the land we could see what we were in for. The rain was lashing, visibility was a few hundred yards, and the wind was a good force 6. With only three on board, a rising wind and a rapidly falling barometer we persuaded ourselves that the prudent thing to do was to return to anchor, even though Hughtown suffers from a most unpleasant roll in SW winds. We anchored farther in this time, giving her more chain and an angel, and with the 35 lb. kedge at the end of 30 fathoms of terylene. Only then did we feel safe in retiring to the Harbour Bar. Here we enjoyed the singing and guitar playing of a young Cornish folk singer, whose repertoire for our benefit included Kevin Barry and The Ould Orange Flute. And so to bed.

Run from midnight: 53 miles 12½ hours Lod 335

Passage from Arklow 186 miles 49½ hours

WEDNESDAY 24th We awoke to a grey dawn with rather less wind but just as much rain. The angel and kedge warps were both made fast to the samson post; as we raised the angel the bitter end of the kedge warp snaked its way overboard and quickly disappeared from sight. Hugh and I spent the next hour and more in the dinghy towing various devices along the sea bed in the hope of picking up a bight of the warp but without success. Eventually we saw signs of life on the pier, rowed over and borrowed a light grapnel from the harbour-master, and recovered our kedge and warp at the next attempt. With this latest mishap and the pouring rain we were glad to get away from the Scillies!

We took our departure from the Spanish Ledge buoy at the entrance to St. Mary's Sound at 1000. The wind was fresh SW and we could just lay our course of 175° , our aim being to give Ushant a berth of 20-25 miles. At 1500 the steering wires parted; Tyrena came slowly into the wind but the emergency tiller was handy and the course was resumed without the watch below being any the wiser. The rain continued, heavy at times, for most of the day, but we were going to windward on course at a steady 5 knots. The first sign of a clearance appeared at 1900, and soon a clear line of sky was in the NW. This of course was associated with a veer in the wind and a foreguy was needed on the main boom. Our course steered deliberately made no allowance for tidal stream; our course made good swung from one side of the rhumb line to the other, but no alteration was needed and Ushant was abeam and just dipping at 0230 on

THURSDAY 25th As expected we met several merchant ships in this busy region. Just before dawn a large tanker, presumably mystified by a loud echo on its radar screen (originating from our king size radar reflector) came to a stop until we were past. The course was now altered to 145° for the whistle buoy at the outer end of the Chaussee de Sein. The clearance from the NW had been slow to overtake us during the night but now quickly did so, and a hot sun shone from a cloudless sky at 0800. What a wonderful welcome for our first time south of Ushant!

The whistle buoy was abeam at 0930; we gyped and steered

120° for the Pointe de Penmarch, 35 miles ahead. This was a magnificent sail, creaming down long regular seas. We passed through several groups of fishing boats, and on several occasions a fish was held aloft and offered to us, but Tyrena with the genoa boomed out to weather and a large bone in her teeth was in no mood for stopping. We revelled in the hot sun and good sailing breeze, and our state of extasy that morning will long be remembered.

The tall Eckmuhl lighthouse was abeam at 1400 and we were in the Bay of Biscay. The coast from Penmarch to Benodet is encumbered with many outlying rocks, but these are well buoyed and navigation should present no difficulty. We followed the route suggested by Adlard Coles in his invaluable book "Biscay Harbours" without difficulty to the Basse du Chenal buoy, three miles off Benodet. Here we made the mistake of abandoning navigation and using the pictures! The book shows a photograph of the entrance to the Odet river with a prominent Combrit lighthouse. I spotted what appeared to be this lighthouse, and without bothering to go below to the chart table and check the course we steered for this building. It did seem a little odd at the time that this involved a sharp alteration in course to port, but the scenery looked just right. We had the greatest difficulty in finding the Odet river leading marks since we had arrived off Loctudy! We eventually found our mistake and located the right lighthouse. The rest was easy and we entered the river shortly after 1700. On the beach just past the town was what

appeared to be a Frenchman, gesticulating wildly. This turned out to be my father, and when we eventually recognised him and went ashore in the dinghy we learnt he had arranged for a moorings with the harbour master. This was on the west side of the river opposite the Anse de Kergos about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile from the quay; it was fortunate we had an outboard motor for the dinghy.

Passage from the Scillies: 177 miles; 31 hours; Log 512

FRIDAY 26th Three scorching hot days were spent in Benodet without Tyrena leaving the moorings. We used the dinghy to motor out of the river and visit the fine sandy beach on the east side of the entrance for swimming and sunbathing. Unfortunately Jim and I had to spend many hours in the hot sun renewing the steering wires. The raw materials were available at the local yacht yard which is to be found tucked away behind a hotel about half way along la plate. Benodet was the largest yachting centre we were to visit, and each morning hundreds of craft of all kinds put to sea for a days racing. My parents were staying in Benodet so we delayed our departure until they left for home on

MONDAY 29th With the lightest of northerly airs we sailed out of the river at 1300. Our course was SE, past the Iles de Glenan. It was too hot to sit in the sun and we rigged an awning over the cockpit. The clear water was perfect for swimming. The top layer was luke-warm but about four feet below the surface there was a sudden drop in temperature, and by treading water it was possible to get even cooler. It took us six

hours to cover the 15 miles to the Basse Jaure buoy at the eastern end of the rocky islands, and it was time to decide on our plan of action. Our ambition was to reach Spain, and San Sebastian was 275 miles ahead on a course of 165° . It was Maureen's first cruise, and rather than take her immediately off-shore we decided to sail a more SE course (140°) to pass just outside Belle Ile and the Ile d'Yeu, and this we did.

Days run to midnight; 26 miles; 11 hours; Log 538

THURSDAY 30th We raised the powerful Port Goulphar light on the west coast of Belle Ile soon after midnight, and with a freshening NE breeze we quickly left it astern. With the rising of the sun this land breeze fell away and our speed dropped to 3 knots. It was another scorching day and there was great competition for the best seats under the awning. One of the delights of sailing in these waters is watching the dolphins at play. These happy creatures are smaller and more lively than their near relative the porpoise, and, instead of showing just a rounded back, frequently leap clearly out of the water. An unexpected pleasure however was the sighting of a school of whales about 12.m.N.W. of Ile d'Yeu, at 1100. Two hours later we spied a topsail schooner about four miles away, on a parallel course, but it went E. of the island, probably to Port Joinville. We continued all day at about 3 knots. The SE end of Ile d'Yeu was abeam at 1600, and we changed course to 165° to pass E of the Plateau de Rochebonne, a dangerous group of rocks about 40 miles off shore. The caution on the chart states that this plateau

and the four buoys marking its circumference are reported to be two miles farther westward! San Sebastian was now 195 miles ahead and the weather was perfect, but for the next three hours we debated the wisdom of carrying on. Time was our only enemy, and we decided eventually that a more leisurely return home would be more enjoyable than a quick dash to Spain and back. So at 2100 we altered course for La Rochelle. The light N. wind/had been encouraging us to go to Spain now abandoned us, and progress was slow until just before dawn.

Days run: 94 miles. Log: 636.

Wednesday, 31st. The low Ile de Re eventually appeared on our port bow some time after we saw its lighthouse and church spires; at noon the leading marks of La Rochelle were in line and we motored up the narrow channel and in between the ancient towers of La Chaine and St. Nicholas. It was high water and we passed through the lock gate into the yacht basin where we burrowed into a space, bow on to the quay. The heat was unbearable and soon we were enjoying a long cool drink in a quay-side cafe. After lunch a quick tour of the town was all we could manage because of the heat. Lillian and I walked to the beach, but this is just beside the harbour entrance and looked muddy so we returned to "Tyrena". The yacht club provides a hose on the quay, so we had showers in the cockpit.

We met our neighbours Barbara & Frank Davis, just re-

turning on their 11 ton gaff cutter White Magic after a year in the Mediterranean, and after a drink dined ashore and visited the casino.

Days sail: 37 miles; 12 hours; Log 673

Passage from Benodet 161 miles in 47 hours.

THURSDAY 1st August The barometric pressure had been dropping slowly since our arrival in Benodet as a ridge from Scandinavia to Finisterre declined, and was now 1010. The sky was overcast for the first time for a week, as we left shortly after high water at 1430. The wind was light SW and we sailed between the nearby commercial harbour of La Pallice and the Ile de Re, steering N (305°) for the first time in two weeks. Visibility was poor and we saw little of the island as we sailed out the passage called the Pertuis Breton. Les Sables d'Olonnes was our aim, and darkness had fallen when we arrived there. We had no trouble finding the narrow entrance with the leading lights, and motored up the long and narrow channel. Following the advice given by Adlard Coles we turned just into the eastern arm of the harbour and lay alongside one of the excursion boats.

Passage; 31 miles: 8 hours; Log 704m

FRIDAY 2nd A cloudy day with only occasional bright periods. The town faces south, and behind the beach and its hotels and restaurants is the shopping centre, and then the harbour, connected to the sea by its long channel. We had to move at dawn for the boat we were alongside was taking holidaymakers on a fishing trip. Several tunny-men

(thonniers) had just arrived and the large fish were being passed from hand to hand to the quay. Other members of their crew were fishing over the stern with the enthusiasm that only a Frenchman can show. We spent the day in Les Sables, but were not impressed, although strategically it is a useful and safe port of call.

SATURDAY 3rd We departed at 0630 on a calm bright morning. A light SW breeze appeared, which veered and freshened slowly as the day went on. Sailing past the Ile d'Yeu, Hugh and I gave the covering board and rail a coat of varnish. Ile de Noirmontier slipped by on our starboard hand and we were crossing the Loire estuary. We were back in Brittany, and entering one of the best cruising areas, so we had a choice of anchorages. With the freshening wind we reckoned we could just make the Vilaine river before dark. The wind was N force 4 by the time Le Croisic was abeam, and having to beat meant it was dusk when we approached the entrance. This is guarded by a shallow bank - La Grande Accroche - with less than one fathom of water. It was nearly low water and we chose the E approach. There are three leading marks (unlit); but in the gathering dusk we never saw the Mill, we entered on a bearing of the Abbey, and only saw a white wall mark when we were past the dangerous Varlingue shoal. We continued on this course until the Trehiguiier twin lights lined up, when we swung to starboard and followed them up the river to anchor off the village at 2200.

Days run 82 miles 16½ hours Log 782

SUNDAY 4th A cloudy day with a fresh NW wind. The little restaurant at the quay kindly allowed us to fill our water beakers in their kitchen; we were surprised at the cleanliness of both it and the small dining room. We were fortunate to meet the butcher's van, and the solitary shop at the top of the mainstreet provided our other necessities. After lunch we sailed the six miles up river to La Roche Bernard, where we anchored off the slip. It was just after high water when we went ashore to explore the town and dine in a restaurant with the improbably name "Les Deux Maggots". Returning to the slip we found that the water had receded from its far end, and we had to wade thigh deep in soft mud to launch the dinghy - and it was raining!

Days run about 6 miles - not logged.

MONDAY 5th Leaving at 0800 we motored to Trehiguier arriving at 0900. Ashore for petrol the only source turned out to be the customs officer, but he could only accept "cheques"; our consumption is usually low and we had not bothered with this concession, but it is obviously a wise precaution. There seemed to be a local customs inspection in progress for a large launch was at anchor. Two officers rowed over to us, asked if we had spirits on board, and after a cursory look at our British bonded stores book they departed. We left the river at 1000. The wind was still NW, and we crossed the bar using the W approach; shortly afterwards visibility was greatly reduced by a heavy rain squall. We were making for Belle Ile, about 25 miles to the west, but first we had to

pass through the reefs which stretch from the tip of the Quiberon peninsula to the islands of Houat and Hoedic, and we could just lay the main channel, La Teignouse. By the time Pointe de St. Jacques was abeam the rain had stopped; the sun appeared and in a minute the decks were dry. Visibility improved, and when, through the binoculars, we saw two topsail schooners coming out of Houat we altered course to meet them. We then used the alternative Beniguet Passage, just N. of Houat, and sailed on to Belle Ile, arriving at Le Palais at 1800. Ashore for dinner we spent a few minutes watching a motor cyclist ride across wire stretching from the heights of the citadel, over the entrance to the inner harbour to the quay just beside the yellow cafe.

Days sail: 37 miles: 8 hours; Log 819

TUESDAY 6th A sunny but rather hazy day; apart from shopping, refuelling and filling the water tanks we had a lazy time. The main event of the morning was the arrival of an ancient black gaff cutter with a loose footed main. The wind was moderate SW as she came reaching into the harbour past the boats which were moored stern on to the breakwater on her starboard hand. Seeing a vacant space the helmsman put his helm up and headed for it, now running before the wind. All eyes in the harbour were on him as the gap narrowed, but no wonderful feat of seamanship was performed. A rotund Don Juan stood in the bows and tilted at the harbour wall with a boathook but to no avail, and her stem head hit the wall with a resounding crack! In the afternoon the Bangor built "Uladh" arrived. With a name like that we made it our business to make the acquaintance of

her present owner, Bill Whitcombe, formerly of Port Hamble, and his crew of two, and they visited us for a drink. Our French neighbours from Dunkirk joined us later, and a hectic evening finished on the French boat. It was not until next morning that we realized that we had forgotten about dinner.

WEDNESDAY 7th The wind was light N as we left Le Palais at 1130, but it soon backed and freshened and we almost fetched the entrance to L'Orient on the one tack. It was a dull day with poor visibility, and the rain started as we approached the river entrance by the Passe du Sud. We followed the transits up river to the avant port, intending to enter the wet basin in the centre of the town. This we found had been out of use for some time, and is likely to remain so. We retraced our path past the fish harbour (the most important in Brittany) to the anchorage off Kernevel, just opposite the immense submarine pens which survived many direct hits during the war and are still in use. It was difficult to find a suitable anchorage in sufficient depth out of the strong stream, but a sailing dinghy guided us to a vacant mooring, and the yacht club boatman came out and offered us the usual hospitality. Our dinner in the little restaurant that evening was the gastronomic highlight of the cruise.

Days sail: 25 miles; 4½ hours; Log 844

THURSDAY 8th Skies were blue again as we sailed out past the citadel of Port Louis at 1030. The wind was NNW, and we reefed for a time when

it gusted up to force 6 - the only time in Biscay waters. We retraced out steps for the first time as we sailed past the Iles de Glenan on the starboard tack. We were returning to Benodet, rather than visit a new anchorage such as Concarneau, for we were expecting mail from home. We made no mistake this time and sailed into the right river; fortunately our previous mooring buoy was vacant, and we picked it up at 1700.

Days sail: 35 miles; 6½ hours; Log 879.

FRIDAY 9th We were pleased to meet "Glance" and the Chambers family from Downpatrick. Lillian and I spent the warm sunny day lying on the beach and swimming; Maureen and Jim went shopping and Hugh had a mild attack of Mal-de-seafood. We were welcomed back at the Grand Hotel by M. Boissel and family like old friends.

SATURDAY 10th We had intended to carry on to Camaret or Brest, for the girls were due to leave us on Monday, but the strong NW now blowing would have given us a rough trip round Penmarch and through the Raz de Sein. Ashore we met Mr. Kenneth Moore, owner of Golden Beaver, a fine 28 ton Hillyard motor-sailer. A young lady in his party was returning to London in the same 'plane as Lillian and Maureen, and we arranged for them to share a car at Dinard. Kevin and Adrian were to meet Lillian at Dinard air terminal to find out where they were to join Tyrena, and another young lady was to join Golden Beaver, so this was a most convenient plan.

After lunch we set off up the river to visit the cathedral city of Quimper. The upper reach of the river is navigable only after half tide, and we were too early to reach the quay. The day had been overcast, and when it started to rain heavily we turned down stream again. Progress was slow against the strong flood, so we dropped the hook in a sheltered reach to wait for the ebb. No sooner was the chain silent than we were hailed from "Foresight", a 30 ton M.F.V. type. Our dinghy was in Benodet, and so her owner kindly rowed over for us. He was Capt. Ryder, who had sailed the famous "Tai-mo-shan" home from Hong Kong, commanded a topsail schooner in an Antarctic expedition and, we found out later, won the V.C. for his part as naval commander of the famous St. Nazaire raid. It was dusk as we returned to our moorings, with the rain still beating a tattoo on the deck.

Approx. 12 miles Not logged.

SUNDAY 11th A dull cold day, we were not sufficiently inspired to leave the moorings. We visited "Golden Beaver" before dinner, otherwise an uneventful day.

MONDAY 12th The girls departed for Dinard at 1100, and we spent the day making ready for the passage home. Kevin and Adrian arrived at 1930. Kevin will be known to I.C.C. members for his cruise around Ireland in his 14' W.L. Waverley class "Durward" in 1961; he has also crossed the North Channel unaccompanied (in fact in secret) in a canoe. Adrian

and he were involved in yacht research in Southampton University and seemed to spend their days sailing an experimental Dragon on the Solent. They were an admirable addition to the crew. The evening was high-lighted by Hugh's daring expedition to a boat which shall be nameless, whence he removed a young lady from under her grandfather's watchful eye and brought her to a party on "Tyrene".

TUESDAY 13th We bade farewell to Benodet at 0630. We aimed to reach the Raz de Sein at low water, allowing ourselves ten hours for the 40 miles, and our timing was perfect. It was a fine day with a SW wind of variable strength, and all except me enjoyed the sail, for it was my turn to have mal-de-something. Several hundred people were on the Pointe du Raz as we sailed by, all probably disgusted with the calm sea, for the Raz is a local tourist attraction. The passage to the Toulouquet Channel and on to Camaret was uneventful. A small buoy of indeterminate character was observed in the middle of the harbour entrance. The chart shows slight shelving on the NW side, and so we fortunately left it to starboard. Next morning we observed lorries driving out almost as far as this buoy and dumping large rocks for a new extension to the breakwater!

Days sail: 61 miles; 13 hours; Log 940 m.

WEDNESDAY 14th Camaret seemed a most attractive little port, but we had no time to explore it, and left at 0745 on a bright morning to catch the last of the flood through the Chenal du Four. We beat across the

Rade de Brest to Pointe St. Mathieu in a light NW air, and then with a strong tide under us flashed through the channel. Le Four light was abeam at 1150 and we took our departure, sailing on the wind at 335°, and laying Land's End comfortably. The force 2-3 wind veered during the day and backed during the night, so our course traced a fairly smooth curve first up channel away from the rhumb line, and then back again. Visibility was good, and for most of the night the loom of Ushant on our port quarter and the Lizard on our starboard bow were clearly visible.

Days run to midnight: 71 miles; 17½ hours; Log 1010

THURSDAY 15th Our channel crossing continued at an average speed of 4 knots during the night. The Lizard was sighted well to starboard about 8 a.m. and for a time we thought we would fetch Land's End. After 1100 we sighted the first of many of the Fastnet fleet. They were well bunched together and made an impressive sight running down channel with spinnaker's set, for the wind was now freshening. One tack of four miles and we were past Land's End, with the Longships abeam at 1300. (112 miles and 25 hours from Le Four). We continued on the wind, now sailing due north at a steady 6 knots. The sky had clouded over with the freshening wind and there were occasional heavy showers.

Days run to midnight: 125 miles; Log 1135

FRIDAY 16th The midnight forecast told of an advancing depression with winds later NW force 6, but at 0645 gale warnings were broadcast for Irish Sea, Lundy and Fastnet, with direction first cyclonic, then NW. We were now about 30 miles SE of Dunmore East and just laying the Tuskar. No sooner was the forecast over than the wind fell away to a flat calm. The rain became heavier, and for a time there was thunder and lighting. We started the motor and altered course to 310° for Dunmore East, but twenty minutes later we were sailing again with an easterly breeze; later this backed to NE. At 0915 it suddenly started to blow hard from the NW. We changed quickly to storm jib, and rolled the main well down. We were now on the port tack, making good about 025° at 5 knots; the Tuskar was abeam shortly after 1300, and although only five miles off it was not in sight. The barometer's rate of fall flattened for a time at 997mb. and we thought the present force 7 was the worst we were to get. We were still sailing well to windward, and our plan was to carry on and keep well clear of the banks rather than tack inshore for shelter. At 1700 the steering wires parted again, but as before the change to emergency tiller was smoothly carried out. In the late afternoon the barometer dropped further, and severe gale force 9 was forecast for the Irish Sea at 1758. The wind increased, the waves were building up and progress to windward became more difficult. At 2015 we were about seven miles E of the Arklow Banks L.V., the wind was now a full force 8 and the best

course we could lay put North Wales on the bow, and there was the danger of being driven into Cardigan Bay and a lee shore. As we were, we had plenty of sea room to lee - about 50 miles - so we hove to and all retired to the relative calm below. The small storm jib aback to weather made little difference to our forward progress, and we crashed on through the heavy seas. For the first time ever I was sea sick, and for evermore I shall have the greatest sympathy for those frequently visited by this affliction. Shortly before 2100 there was a louder than usual crash and we were knocked on our beam ends; we were over by at least 90°, for the water in the bilge reached the book case above the chart table, but we slowly reassumed the erect posture. It was obviously time to take off the remaining sail, although the main had already been rolled down to the numbers; this was carried out at 2115, and Tyrena lay ahull. The barometer reading was now 990 mb. In the cockpit it was impossible to look at the wind, now we reckoned force 9, for the air was full of stinging spray, and the noise was indescribable; below it was surprisingly peaceful as we lay at a considerable angle of keel under the bare pole. At 2300 there was a brief ominous silence, a gathering hiss - and a loud crash. Tons of water battered the coach roof and again we were on our beam ends for a period of several very long seconds. Kevin was (we thought rather masochistically) enjoying the gale, and kept popping out into the cockpit for a few seconds and then returning gleefully to tell of the enormous seas. He returned from one expedition to announce

that the dinghy, which had been securely lashed to the coach roof with canvas straps and terylene ropes was now along the lee side. It was full of water, and its stem was battering our topsides. It would have been physically impossible to have lifted it on board, and we had no alternative but to cut it adrift (it has not yet been recovered).

Force 9 was still forecast at midnight for the depression, now centred over Anglesey, was to be low moving. My sickness showed no signs of abating and it was with the greatest difficulty that I donned the ear-phones for hourly D.F. fixes. I almost developed a conditioned reflex to the high pitched bleep of the stations. However the fixes turned out to be surprisingly accurate, and showed our leeward drift to be 3 knots. Adrian and Hugh succeeded in getting some sleep and Jim and Kevin stood by in oilskins. At dawn the wind was still howling, but in spite of the continued force 9 forecast, it soon eased to 7. We were now 25 miles E of the Tuskar, and when we got the storm jib set we found we could lay it. The wind continued to ease; some main was unrolled, then some more, and we changed to No. 1 jib. The wind was now NNW force 6, and we could lay the Blackwater L.V., aided by the flood stream under our lee bow. My faith in the D.F. fixes (with Heron & Homer) was justified when the L.V. appeared on the bow at 1130. The tide was now against us, and the beat to Arklow in a falling wind was slow; we logged 31 miles in $7\frac{1}{2}$ hours arriving in the inner dock and mooring astern of Maid of Mourne at 1930.

Passage from Loughships: 227 miles: 2 days: 6½ hours.

Total from Camaret 358 miles; 3 days 12 hours; Log 1298.

SUNDAY 18th Hugh and I unashamedly spent the night ashore, and enjoyed the luxury of breakfast in bed and hot baths. It was fortunately a dry day and the timber stacked on the quay alongside us was soon festooned with oilskins and other wet clothes. Lillian drove from Newtownards to see us, and the car was useful for shopping.

MONDAY 19th Kevin's brother Colm arrived in their boat "Durward" shortly after midnight on his way south, and Kevin arranged to join him later. We started on the last leg home at 0630, and the full six hours of flood and a westerly breeze carried us to Howth Head at 1230. We were becalmed for a while, but the sun was shining, and having thrown Hugh overboard the rest of us joined him more or less voluntarily. Showers developed in the afternoon, and we used the engine for short periods when we were becalmed, for we wanted to make St. Johns point for high water. We sailed through a fishing fleet past Lambay, and one of the boats came thumping after us. He passed closely by us, and kindly threw a fine bunch of whiting onto our deck. Hugh spent the next two hours filleting these and they were later fried for dinner.

TUESDAY 20th St. Johns light was abeam shortly after midnight, and with a freshening wind and the young flood under us we had a fast sail to Donaghadee, where we picked up our moorings at 0430.

Passage from Arklow: 112 miles; 22 hours; Log 1410.



Ain Mara's Track - - -

BELFAST

DONAGHADEE

MALINBEG

LINTYRE

GLINTIES

CRINAN

ARDRISHAIG

TOBERMORAY

MALLAG

KYLEAKIN

SKYE

LOCH
BOISDALE

BUNDA
SOUND

LOCH

BADACHRO

THE
MINCH

TORNOWAY

LEWIS

ISEALAY

"Ain Mara"

Foreword by the Second Mate.

Like many of the rarer types of virulent diseases the exact origin of the Skipper's 'Round Ireland' psychosis is hard to determine.

If we could have prevailed on him to visit his Analyst before the 1958 sailing season, when he first evinced a desire to sail around the Emerald Isle, the whole thing might have been taken in time. Even the appalling bad weather in May of that year which stopped short "Auretta's" 'round about' attempt at the Blasket Islands failed to effect a cure.

However, the intervening seasons up to 1963 were taken up with idyllic cruises to the Channel Islands, the Scillies, South and West coasts of England etc. and little did the crew know that deep down inside Harry there still smouldered a burning desire to get around or bust!

The method by which the crew were impressed into the 1963 cruise really does savour of 'Ross gang' methods. What really led us up the garden path was the skipper's innocent sounding invitation. "Care to come cruising this year?" says he. "Delighted" says the crew. "Great", says he "we start round Ireland in July"!

There was no drawing back, the die was cast and to a man we all decided to sail come what may!

The funny thing is it didn't come! The depressingly gloomy prognostications of many hard bitten sailors about the terrible Atlantic rollers to be encountered on the West coast, force 8 or 9 winds, lee shores, few havens of refuge etc.etc - these, happily, were not for us in July 1963.

It must really have been one of the most comfortable (if you like that sort of comfort, of course!) of cruises ever to be made round Ireland, despite the unusual phenomenon of head winds encountered all the way from Castletownbere right up the west and north coasts, over as far as Port Patrick in Scotland.

Funny how contagious these diseases are though! The Skipper, having come (around) and seen and conquered - is now a contented and cured man; but if any of you skippers are looking for a crew simply itching to have another bash at 'Round Ireland' I know where you can contact them!

Sunshine, fair winds and fog.

"Ain Mara" in the Western Isles, June 1963.

by

W.M. Nixon.

Designed and built for himself by J.B. Kearney, "Ain Mara" was launched into Dublin Bay in 1912, but during the past few years she has become something of an institution on Belfast Lough. The original owner sold her in 1929, and she shuttled between various owners both north and south before being brought to Carrickfergus in 1953 by Aubrey and Ivan Selig.

They sold her in '57 to Billy Doherty of Belfast and Merville; it is his practice of chartering her to the younger crowd when he is not using her himself which has resulted in her becoming an institution, for she has brought experience of command to a motley selection of individuals who normally would not have such experience for several years hence.

Briefly, it means that crews of average age about 21, mostly from the junior group in Royal Ulster, covered about 2,000 miles on Scotland's West Coast in 1963. And the owner's faith was rewarded by her being undamaged at the end of the season.

A nine-tonner with sweeping sheer and drawn out counter, with a longish bowsprit and setting a thousand square feet with jib tops¹ on her bermudan yawl rig, she is a boat of great character and gives moderately fast cruising with comfort for four, but as often as not carries five or six.

The following is an account of her first cruise in 1963, from Belfast Lough to Stornoway in the traditionally fair first thirteen days of June.

Sat. 1st June.

"Ain Mara" is lying at Queen's Quay in the heart of Belfast, where Ed Wheeler and self are helping Billy Doherty and his son Wesley to put the finishing touches to her fitting out (she has been launched only a few days previously from Erskine's at Whitehouse). A perfect day, with a good easterly giving a fast reach up the North Channel, but we are held back other half of crew (Russ O'Neill and Liam O'Donnell) having to work until midday.

Finally arrive with great puffing and panting, and we are under power down river by 1430; Wesley, after a winter's work, is damn sure he's going sailing on that fine day, and is aboard for the beat down Belfast Lough. Breeze is fresh on the Lough, so a reef is taken in before sending up the main; cut the engine, hard on the wind, and it's just great to be alive.

Clear of the great heated mass of the city, the wind starts to fall off, and with the reef out we have a leisurely beat to Ballyholme. A dinghy comes off to pick up Wesley; rowing it is Ernie Devenney, who is to take the "Ain Mara" up to Portree in July. "Hey boy! Don't bend that boat!" he shouts, as we turn north for Black Head, clapping on the tops'l and the mizzen staysail for a romping reach across lough; but by 2030 we are well and truly becalmed off the Gobbins, and it is mostly the tide which ebbs us to north of The Maidens at the change of the watch.

Sun. 2nd June.

Liam and I descend to the pits leaving Ed and Russ with only two and half hours to cover the fifteen odd miles to the point where we could catch the flood up the Sound of Jura; but the easterly is filling in again, and by 0130 I am on deck again while Russ and Ed perform like a pair of dopes on the bowsprit, getting in the jib tops'l. "Ain Mara" is fairly bucketing along, and we think we might just make it after all.

0300, and she is on a screaming reach, and time for a reef; time for two, in fact time for the whole main to come in. Still we're charging along in the half light, lee rail down, and only the mizzen and the headsails set.

In the gloom a small coaster comes round the Mull of Kintyre, which is now brooding to weather. Closer and closer we come on converging courses, and finally we have to luff across his stern, failing to put the 'sprit through his aft porthole; poor guy, apart from having the whole Atlantic to play around with, he was very restricted for manoeuvring room. Unfortunately it was still too dark to get his name.

But we had other troubles; fierce squalls were sweeping out from the land, and the mainmast was whipping around; the staysail came in, and we staggered on in a cloud of spray across Macrihanish Bay, with the spume flying and a dirty sea which once almost removed the dinghy.

0700, nearing Gigha, and getting exhausted by this mode of travel. Suddenly it falls right off, and we are almost becalmed. Very uncanny, for the wind and breaking water can still be heard from the south.

Feeling rather ridiculous, working canvas is put on, and we glide past the pleasant island where apparently such climatic peculiarities are common; take the opportunity to have huge breakfast. Twelve hours out from Ballyholme, so going is quite good.

In spite of the strong wind, sun has been out all morning, and it looks like lasting for some time. At north end of island breeze is back again, and we can just carry full working sail, hammering north on smooth water; sheer bliss.

North of the MacCormick Isles, with Jura looking magnificent to lee, a reef becomes necessary for the thundering beat up Crinan Loch to the Dorus Mhor; Ed has been consulting the book of words. "The tide", says he, "won't be under us in the Dorus Mhor until 1315". At 1320 we are taking the main in off Crinan, for the squalls coming through the gap are such as to make the old girl uncontrollable on a run. Through the hole in the wall we go, and north again into the confusion of islets at the south end of the Firth of Lorne. "Ain Mara" is still tramping on, even without the main, and is going so fast that Ed almost puts her up on an island he thought was still a couple of miles away.

The Firth of Lorne is incredibly beautiful, specially with the sunshine, as we closereach with the main up again across to Duart Point at the south end of the Sound of Mull; running up the sound in the early evening, the breeze steadily falls off, and we motor the last few miles into Tobermory, dropping hook at 2130.

From Bally holme we have covered about 143 miles in 26½ hours, which included four hours of calm in the North Channel. We nip ashore for a quick jar in the Mishnish, and find we can hardly walk.

Mon. 3rd June.

Under power out of harbour in flat calm on crystal clear, sunlit morning. Still motoring past Ardnamurchan, still flat calm, at 1300. A light, cooling northwesterly comes through, and we thankfully put on all sail and closereach for Mallaig. End up chasing zephyrs on a baking afternoon, with Ed looking like Lawrence of Arabia as spinnaker is gybed and gybed again to keep her going. Mirages and sunburn. And this is supposed to be One Of The Roughest Parts of Scotland's Rugged West Coast. Finally motor last eight miles (it is only 32 miles in all) to Mallaig, where mooring is picked up at 2000. Dinghy, when launched, is found to have opened up with heat, and we row frantically for pier before it sinks under us.

Is not auspicious start, and crew in various stages of derangement owing to acute sunburn (?) make great nuisances of themselves in the little fishing town.

Tues. 4th June.

Sun again. Under power by 0930 into cool northwesterly coming straight into harbour entrance. Waterpump chooses this moment to pack it in, engine looks like blowing up, and so we give classic demonstration of Beating Out Of Harbour to unimpressed spectators on pierhead.

Great beat up sound of Sleat, with lee rail down and thumping along. Tide, as ever, is with us. Freshening breeze necessitates reef just north of Isle Ornsay, and sun lost behind clouds; but we race through Kyle Rhea with 5-knot tide, and by 1430 are beating out through Kyle Akin, hoping to make Port Ree. But it is blowing very fresh indeed on the Inner Sound, and in the steep lumpy sea "Ain Mara" fails twice to come about, and with some of the rocks to loo'ard this is not funny at all; finally we can lay into Loch Carron on the mainland, but then a bank of fog is seen marching down from the north, so we scuttle back on a wild run to Kyleakin where Ed steps on the newly painted deck of a fishing boat and a good time is had by all.

Wed. 5th June.

Moored alongside a ferry which has to be under way by 0700, so rather than drift ashore we do some very short tacking out of the gut and are away by 0645. Wind out of east, but a soft day, and wet mist is driving out of the very vast mountains to weather. "Ain Mara" settles in her reaching, loping style and we hope to really cover ground, perhaps to Stornoway; along the Inner Sound some of the squalls from the grim hills are very fresh, and a couple of reefs come in preparatory to crossing the Minch. But at the north end of Rone it falls flat, and rather than take out the reefs, the jibtops'l is sent up, and "Ain Mara" is very peculiarly dressed. We bang about for long enough in the horrible lumpy sea rolling in from the minch, and then when the easterly fills in fresh again we set off, over two seas and shuddering to a full stop, tail in the air, in the third; so we harden sheets and reach very hard in the fresh breeze coming out of Loch Torridon, which scatters the ragged clouds and gives us a sparkling, roaring sail to the Gairloch, where we drop hook at 1700 after beating into the little anchorage of Badachro (the engine isn't working after the Mallaig business). We are a bit cheesed off, having made only about 100 miles in three days, but are soothed by Badachro, which is a gem of a place.

Pilotage Note; Badachro Inn has only a beer licence.

Thurs. 6th June.

A fine day and a nice easterly yet again; we can surely make it to Stornoway only 40 miles away in the hazy Minch. Clear of the Gairloch by midday, and outside the breeze is more nor'easterly; we bestir ourselves enough to shake out one of the reefs left in from yesterday, and have a comfortable sail across in the afternoon sunshine, Lewis appearing through the haze when we're about two-thirds of the way across; the breeze freshens as the land is closed, and with the Pye Peninsula identified we fairly burn up the last few miles into Stornoway, where we breeze in past the old town built on its point jutting into the harbour, and round up alongside the fish wharf round the back. A crowd watches us come in, tows us along the quay to an allotted berth, and we are exhaustively entertained for almost two days.

Friday, 7th June.

Exhaustive entertainment, including large and noisy party aboard "Ain Mara" by people who are fixing engine.

Engine is fixed.

Sat. 8th June.

Realize we must get away; nip out at noon when nobody is looking, are called back to pay harbour dues, but still get away. For our sins we have to beat into southeasterly, finally homeward bound; still, tide is with us. Breeze falls off in early evening, and to keep with tide motor last couple of miles to North Harbour on Scalpay; only thirty miles from Stornoway, an isolated little fishing harbour very reminiscent of Donegal. Spend last of daylight straightening out crosstrees, which have been crooked since starting, and are offensive to eye; when finished, look most jaunty. "Zuleika" a ten-ton cutter under the CCPR cruising system, motors in; two of her crew are John Simms and John White, Waverley owners from Ballyholme, and drop over for a couple of bottles and a yarn.

Sun 9th June.

Up early to look at remains of two beached steam Yachts in harbour, also old concrete barge, relic of '14-'18 war. Engine refuses to start, so beat down Scalpay Sound against very light easterly. Is 1130 by the time we are off east end of island, but find good breeze there and make mince of foul tide, smoking away on a reach. Wind backs into north, becomes colder and haze becomes mist and mist becomes plain honest-to-God fog.

Visibility down to a few yards. With freshening wind old spinnaker is straining at seams and pole bending so take it in and run blindly down the Little Minch for several hours, holding parallel to Skye which we haven't seen since starting. 1530, and mountain tops of Skye appear, also what appears to be Neist Point Lighthouse - a rough bearing before the mist closes in again, and we bear away and gybe on a course to hit South Uist just South of Ushinish Point.

1900. Suddenly blatter out of fog-bank into summer haze; South Uist a mile away ahead (and above and all around). Ushinish Point just to North. Bear off still in grand sailing breeze and tramp down the coast to Loch Boisdale where we are anchored by 2130. Days run: 54 miles.

Mon 10th June.

Clear, calm morning. Glide down to loch entrance, stopping on way to come alongside steep-to northern shore, stepping off bowsprit end for bundle of heather on hillside above, which tradition allows us to carry on bowsprit end for having been north of Ardnamurchan. At entrance, meet fogbank being swept in on wings of northeasterly breeze; at least as thick as yesterday as we beat out past Calvay Island, on course for Mackenzie Rock buoy one mile away. Buoy suddenly appears dead ahead about twenty yards off twelve minutes later, so after this vote of confidence in compass we set course to hit Coll just to the north of Gunna Sound (between Coll and Tiree). After all, it is a bundle of white heather leading all as we venture across the Sea of the Hebrides with Russ and Ed outdoing each other on the ukelele and mouthorgan.

With a petrol can at the crosstrees as a radar reflector we have a leisurely sail over, and it is late afternoon when the mountain tops of Rhum appear far to the north; some time later the golden beaches of Coll appear through a clearing ahead, and we are able to bear off for Gunna Sound in a fading breeze. A fine calm sunset as "Ain Mara" gentles on towards the gap, going through at midnight.

Tues. 11th June.

Once through the sound, meet southeasterly and can just lay Dutchman's Cap. Is a very light air, and we aren't off it until 0300, where we tack to lay outside Iona. Dawn reveals visibility to be poor once more, and so decide not to go through Iona sound; it is not quite so foul outside, although it is perhaps foggier.

On this morning Wallace Clark is bringing the Columban Currach into Iona, but a fear of bumping into some offlying part of Iona - and a yen for the bright lights of Crinan - makes us plug on

south against the breeze, past the menacing Torran Rocks over to Colonsay.

Becalmed at 1430 off the north end of Colonsay, the motor called up from its long slumber and persuaded to push us along. We hope to go through Corryvreckan to save a long detour round the north end of Scarba, but find we are going to be half an hour late, so slip through a number of back alleys among the little islands into the Sound of Luing where a nice westerly gives the motor a rest as far as the Dorus Mhor. The weather seems to be breaking up and it is good to motor the last three miles into Crinan, locking into the basin at 2230.

Wed. 12th June.

It has rained during the night, and beautiful Crinan has a washed misty appearance in the morning. After baths in the hotel it is noon by the time we are off through the canal for the Clyde. It is a slow dreamy passage through, the only other yacht in the canal being the ex-Fifteen Metre "Kismet", bound out for her anchorage at Totaig. The clouds have broken up, and warm sunlit westerly helps us along between the fifteen locks. It is late afternoon by the time we drift into Ardrishaig, so we stay and make high wassail in Ross Cameron's Anchor Hotel.

Thurs. 13th June.

Must have been stratospheric wassail, for it is 1430 by the time hyper-fragile crew are passing through sealock into calm Loch Fyne. Motor down to Tarbett where we go in for stores and revivers. Finally leave at 1830. Must hurry on, as we have to be back by Friday afternoon.

Flukey, sometimes motoring, sometimes sailing, passage down Kilbrannan Sound. Nearing Cambeltown by midnight.

Fri. 14th June.

Off Sanda by 0300. Good breeze through from north west, and set everything for fast passage across to Maidens. Here we are becalmed once again, but opportunity is taken to clean ship. Northerly air sends us on to Donaghadee, where we are mooring up at 1330, twelve days and twenty three hours, and 700 miles, out from Belfast. And next day the wind came out of the south and it rained and rained.....

Log of "Cob's" 1963 passage.

by

Denis J. Purcell.

Our 1962 trip to Dunmore East, shortly after purchasing Cob satisfied me that we could go further afield but that a fair amount of winter work was necessary in providing a third bunk, additional lockers and fuel capacity. Also the cabin floor was on two levels and most awkward for sleeping.

I decided that we would try to realise a longstanding ambition and go round the Coast, North about.

The idea was to cover the ground as quickly as possible with a view to spending more time over the S.W. Coast.

Cob measures 24 ft x 7 ft. 6 ins. x 2 ft. draft, powered by a Perkins P6M diesel engine, rated at 65 BHP @ 1,800 RPM. This gives a service speed of 10 Kn.

Sunday 9th June.

Starting with Eric Hill as crew we cast off at 22.00 hrs. and kept going quietly through the night.

Monday 10th June.

Made Ardglass for lunch and Donaghadee for dinner, in flat calm and hot sun.

Tuesday 11th June.

Having shopped and watered while waiting for duty-free diesel oil to come from Newtownards we left at 15.15 hrs. and made Greencastle at 23.30 hrs. in heavy rain and some lightning. This was the fringe of the severe storm that hit Dublin.

When off Fair Head entering Rathlin Sound the steering wheel pintle snapped off and Eric rigged a jury tiller using the small boat hook.

Wednesday 12th June.

Having got the steering repaired and filled tanks we left after lunch and made Downings at 19.30 hrs.

The weather was perfect for motoring and I can recommend Downings to anyone both for the anchorage and the excellent meal we had ashore in the hotel.

Thursday 13th June.

Cob had been leaking enough to make pumping a chore so a search revealed a considerable leak coming from the rudder gland. We re-packed this and having purchased fuel from a trawler cast off and made Killybegs in glorious weather at 20.00 hrs.

The leak was still annoying so after a good feed we traced the trouble to the stern gland and re-packed this.

Friday 14th June.

We had planned an early start but were delayed in re-fuelling and by phone messages as to our rendezvous for crew-change. We streamed the log off St. John's point at 11.35 hrs. and proceeded across Donegal Bay in hot sunshine and an oily calm with very long gentle swells. When about halfway across the dynamo stopped charging, Examination showed no obvious remedy. Handed the log at 17.00 hrs. reading 53 off Cashel Point entering Broadhaven and proceeded at dead slow up to Belmullet. As it was low water we grounded many times even drawing only 2 ft. and dipping all the way. The channel is very narrow and mostly mud. A local boat owner has buoyed the channel with spherical buoys on the West side but they were all aground as we passed.

Approaching the canal the bottom changes to stones, some quite large, and we grounded. By shifting the spare fuel forward we came off and gained perhaps a $\frac{1}{2}$ mile before coming to a definite stop on seaweed covered stones almost under the road bridge.

Our change of crew was to have taken place at Cleggan with a contact point for phone messages at the Clifden Bay Hotel. As we had lost so much time it was a case for Eric over the side in long boots to phone Clifden and change the Rendezvous to Achill Sound. Also we needed a gallon of lubricating oil. The tide made up and having got excellent instructions from owner of the garage at the bridge - the boat owner who buoyed the northern channel - we made a fast run to the Bull's mouth.

The description of the Bull's mouth in the Sailing Directions does not exaggerate. With our 10 Kn. and favourable 7/8 Kn. tide the 75 yard gap seemed very narrow in the dusk but all went well and we made contact with Jim Hill and my son, Frank, north of the bridge at Achill Sound.

Having got their gear aboard, while tied to a trawler at the Quay, we moved across the Sound to the Island side and picked up a mooring. Although somewhat overcrowded with four aboard (one on the floor) we slept well.

Saturday 15th June.

Went through the Bridge at 8.00 hrs. but went aground trying to get to the steps on the east side, south of the Bridge. After much pulling and heaving got fuel, water and stores aboard and Eric left to drive back home.

We cast off soon after and nosed our way down the Southern Approaches succeeding in avoiding acres of long seaweed about which we had been warned at Achill Sound. It was raining and blowing hard so seeing a trawler moored at Kildavnet in a nicely sheltered pool we tied up astern for lunch and the forecast.

This gave Shannon S.W. Fce. 7 and Malin SW to W Fce 8 and was a good excuse for taking it easy and giving the boat a clean up. We all bunked down early but I woke to a smell of burning. Some quick moving traced the trouble to an electrical short which was dealt with summarily. After the smoke abated back to sleep.

Sunday 16th June.

Up early and after a solid breakfast cast off at 10.00 hrs. hoping to get to our respective kirks at Mallaranny. Arrived 11.30 only to find that both Services are held at 10.30. However we tried.

After some shopping and replenishment of liquid stores including water we were very kindly offered a lift by the wife of the pub owner who used to work in the R.I.Y.C. and the George. This lift was most acceptable as it is a long walk.

It was blowing up from the S.W. so we slipped out at 13.30 hrs. and made Little Killary after a short but exhilarating run.

Little Killary is a delightful haven and the Directions do it justice.

Forecast that evening was 5/6 S.W.

Monday 17th June.

Early forecast Shannon similar but Malin Fce. 7 NW to W.

Up anchor 10.15 hrs. and out of the peace and quiet. Just a swell to start with then rain and a freshening wind kicked up quite a sea and made things uncomfortable. The breakers and waves breaking over rocks in these conditions are awe-inspiring.

As the rain and wind increased visibility became very poor and made identification of rocks and islands very difficult. Eventually decided to close the shore and made for what looked like the entrance to Ballynakill. It turned out to be the bay behind Omey Island and hadn't much water.

Anchored near a small quay and had some hot soup. Local curragh men came down to the quay and told us we would ground in 2 hrs. Thoroughly wet we moved on and tried to find the inner channel behind Omey Island. We grounded continually in soft sand and eventually it was necessary for Frank to get overside to push and Jim to pole. Of course I had to work the engine.

And so to Clifden where we tied up alongside for stores and I hoped a hot bath. While we got the former I found I would have to wait a long time as the heat is only turned on at 19.00 hrs. and we would be aground.

Cast off and moved up to Ardbear Bay. Dropped anchor above the Bar but short of Slate Rock. Although it was blowing quite hard water was smooth as we had some shelter from the weather shore.

About midnight the violent motion woke me.

Tuesday 18th June.

Wind had veered and was blowing very hard with heavy rain and a short steep sea. Kept anchor watch until 01.30 hrs. when conditions eased. Anchor had not shifted.

At 03.30 hrs. wind freshened again and anchor started to drag. It was blowing very hard taking the tops off the waves and pouring rain so got under way into the teeth of it and anchored in Clifden channel up-stream of the second large beacon. Anchor watch again until low water at 09.15 hrs. when we moved in behind the shingle bank very close to the Northern shore and anchored almost abreast of the first beacon. Skipper rested while crew cleaned ship and assembled the dinghy.

Later we moved up river and moored to the seaward beacon off the quay where there is sufficient water for us and a quiet night was had by all. We wished that we had found this pool the previous day.

Wednesday 19th June.

Obtained fuel and water and cast off 15.30 hrs. heading for Kilronan.

Boat leaking again, assumed it was the stern gland. Passed through the innermost channel inside Slyne Head. This is very narrow and tortuous but mostly deep and we kept only enough way on to beat the tide.

Although we had touched nothing the leak got much worse and even with two new electric pumps we were not gaining so we made for Bunowen Harbour at 2,000 R.P.M.

After tying up we pumped her dry and found the stern gland to be in order but that a joint in the main cooling water feed had come adrift and of course the faster we drove her the more water came in.

Forecast gave 5/6 SW veering W. Decided to stay the night.

Thursday 20th June.

Cast off 07.00 hrs. but skipper couldn't sleep with the motion and as visibility was poor decided to put back to Bunowen where we did some fishing and a lot of resting.

Frank tried to ski in the bay but apart from the chop he found two large dolphins rather too close for comfort.

Friday 21st June.

Midnight forecast S.W. 5/6 but decided if visibility was fair to move on.

Leaving Bunowen after breakfast in bright sun and a free wind had a good run over big swells and some confused sea we tied up at Kilronan at 12.50 hrs. Ashore for phone calls lunch and few drinks.

Cast off 13.50 hrs. and cut out between Innishmore and Maam to get some photographs in the bright sun and stiff breeze then stood in to pass the cliffs of Moher about 2 miles off. Even at this distance I was glad to be passed. After a very pleasant passage I foolishly mistook Mutton Island for Loop Head and investigated most of the bay before realising my mistake.

By now the wind had risen and kicked up a steep sea. Getting out of the bay was thoroughly wet and unpleasant. Outside there was a high and confused sea and we took quite a bit over us even with speed down to 12.50 R.P.M.

Giving Loop Head a wide berth we dropped anchor at 23.30 hrs. in wonderful shelter and peace under the Castle at Carrigaholt.

Holiday time was by now running out due to the delays at Kildavnet, Clifden and Bunowen so I decided to abandon our project and come home by the Shannon and the Grand Canal.

Saturday 22nd June.

After breakfast we tried to go alongside the Old Pier but there was no water so I walked from the New Pier to the village to make arrangements by phone for Ardnacrusha lock to be opened on Sunday morning.

We set off after lunch and had an excellent passage with the flood tide and a following wind in bright sunshine which enabled a good clean up and dry out.

Navigation up to Rineanna is easy but from there there seemed to me to be at least two middle ground marks with a channel on one side only.

Arrived in Limerick just in time to get permission from the Harbour master to lie in the Dock overnight. A pleasant walk to Cruise's Hotel where we enjoyed an excellent dinner.

Sunday 23rd June.

All ashore for early kirk as we had to leave the Dock before 9.15. (The gates are only opened for a short time before and after H.W.).

Engine was slow to start as the batteries were very tired. This was not surprising as the dynamo had not been charging for 9 days.

Leaving the Dock at 9.00 hrs. we had an interesting run under the low bridges to Ardnacrusha where we tied up for breakfast leaving the engine running. By now it was raining and we were cold and hungry only to find the calor gas had run out.

The lock opened and we went in to the vast cavern. Going up is quite an experience although the operator very kindly slowed down the rate of lift. He also shouted down a very useful instruction which we followed without knowing why. This was to hold in the bow and push off the stern. When we reached the top of the first lift he explained that with the rate of flow we would not be able to hold the boat parallel to the lock wall without heavy warps which would be too slow to make fast and let go.

We reached Killaloe in heavy rain and filled our tanks from the dockside pump. We also got calor gas and an electrician who, unfortunately, could do nothing with the dynamo. I managed to borrow two small batteries and cast off at 18.15 hrs. still in heavy rain and strong S.W. wind.

Visibility in Lough Derg was fairly poor but we made Portumna at 20.15 hrs. with about 2 inches headroom to spare under the bridge.

Monday 24th June.

Having cleaned up and dried out somewhat we cast off at 10.00 hrs., did some shopping in Banagher, then entered the canal. This was very dirty and we had to go into reverse many times to clear the propeller of weeds. We tied up in Tullamore Harbour and thoroughly enjoyed our grilled Banagher steaks.

Tuesday 25th June.

After tightening the stern gland we cast off at 10.00 hrs. and tied up in Sallins. This section had been cleaned and apart from a few patches of weed, which we were able to avoid, was pleasant going.

Wednesday 26th June.

We adjusted the gear box and re-packed the stern gland then the batteries finally failed but using the small batteries we got started by 11.00 hrs. There were no incidents until we had to run the gauntlet of the young demons of Ballyfermot.

On leaving the sea lock we lost all drive and suspecting the gear box adjusted it without success finally we accepted the kind offer of a tow and arrived at Dun Laoghaire at 22.00 hrs.

We discovered later that the propeller shaft had loosened its lock nut in the coupling and backed out until the key fell out. This was probably the result of all the sudden reversing to clear the weeds.

For the record, we covered about 780 miles, travelling for approximately 125 hours and used some 220 galls. of fuel. Of the 17 days, we were weatherbound for 4.

ON THE WIND OR THE LONG WAY AROUND.

- being the account of the circumnavigation of Ireland by the yacht Aurette, I.C.C., in the Summer of 1963.

By Raymond J. Fielding.

This year we were fortunate enough to have been able to achieve a long cherished ambition to take Aurette around Ireland. We had many times discussed the venture, and finally decided that this was the year, and if not perhaps never. Plans, therefore were laid over last Winter, often at long distance, and the various crews for the different stages were arranged. Change-over ports were named, with alternatives in each case. To ensure that we could make the most of our three weeks holiday, we agreed that it was imperative to get Aurette around the west of Mizzen Head in County Cork during the week-end before the holiday proper, lest strong prevailing winds should hold us up later, and hazard the completion of the entire trip. In the event, the weather was favourable. There is a quotation from Arthur Ransome, carved into the main deckhouse beam of Eric Hiscock's much travelled Wanderer III - "Grab a chance and you won't be sorry for a might have been". We like to think that we did just that. In return, we had an overall experience and a holiday that we are not likely to forget for quite a while. In our voyage westabout Ireland, we spent short interludes also in Scotland and in the Isle of Man.

CREW.

In the various stages the crew consisted of:-

Crosshaven to Berehaven.

Paddy Maher, Ronald Cudmore, Aiden MacSweeney, Jnr., and Harold Cudmore (from Schull).

Berehaven to Dun Laoire

Harry Cudmore, Raymond Fielding, Paddy Maher, and Ronald Cudmore.

Dun Laoire to Crosshaven

Harry Cudmore, Raymond Fielding, Robin O'Donohue, and Ronald Cudmore.

Auretta has been described adequately before on these pages. Suffice to state that she is a McGruer 8 ton bermudian sloop, of the Romela Class, with an eight horse power Stuart Turner petrol engine. The skipper carefully went over the ship's gear during the previous Winter. The engine was sent to the makers for thorough overhaul, and in return, never let us down during the trip. Fuel and water were carried in cans in the lockers on either side of the cockpit. The ship and crew were in all respects ready for sea, and the only question which remained to be decided was which way to go around. For anyone starting from Cork, that question virtually solves itself. The better way is westabout. All being well, and allowing for the odd blow or two, which one must expect even in the month of July, one should be able to get around Ireland in three weeks. However, should the weather be exceptionally bad, there is always the fear that one might not. In that event, and should one be eastabout, there is really nowhere suitable to leave the boat on the West coast, after a few weeks. On the East Coast there are several places where one might safely leave the ship should holidays expire before completion of the voyage. We, therefore, were committed, and the following is the account of our circumnavigation. We used the usual charts and pilots, including the two I.C.C. publications. Auretta has a Beme-Loop, and whether it was our confidence in this useful piece of equipment, or the fine weather, which we were very fortunate to have had, we never once towed the Walker log.

GETTING AURETTA WEST.

Crosshaven to Berehaven.

As mentioned before, we deemed it imperative to get the ship west of the Mizzen before our holiday proper began. Harry, the owner/skipper, could not get away for various reasons, and the navigator had not yet returned from England. Paddy was promoted to skipper for the first phase of the trip. Accompanied by his young crew of two, he dropped his moorings off the R.M.Y.C. in the Crosshaven river at 20.10 on Thursday evening June 27th, under sail to a Northerley wind, as the owner reluctantly watched from the shore. Outside the harbour, the sea was calm as they sped before a fair wind to have the old Head of Kinsale abeam by midnight. Favoured by an ebb

tide, Galley Head was abeam by 04.00 on the Saturday morning in a continuing calm sea. Conditions fortunately held, and by 05.15, Aurette was through the Cascannane Sound between Sherkin Island and Cape Clear. There the wind fell away as the sun rose brighter and they being in need of some sleep, the engine was started and rapid progress was made to Schull, where the hook was sown, off the pier, at 07.00.

Schull.

After a good lie-in, there followed one of those lazy days best known to cruising men. Contact was made with a nearby yacht from Milford Haven, whose owner had abandoned his plans for going the long way home around Ireland. He very kindly loaned Paddy his complete set of charts for the West coast. Harold arrived that evening, as arranged, having been driven down from Cork. At 09.45, Aurette sailed out from Schull on the Saturday morning, and down through Long Island Sound, before the ENE wind, gradually lightening. Passing close inshore to cheat the foul tide, the Mizzen was rounded. For the only time on the cruise, the engine began to act up a bit, but Harold quickly traced the fault to dirty fuel. Soon after the engine had been restarted, the wind backed to the North, and freshened. Thoughts had been entertained about making for Sneem on the Kenmare River, which is a safe spot to leave a ship, but as there would have been considerable difficulty in changing the original plans for the crew to be met by car at Berehaven, course was altered for the latter port. Rolling down four rolls in the main, and setting the small jib, Aurette purposefully beat her way up the Berehaven harbour to drop anchor off the pier, at 17.30. The ship was stowed and moored, carefully, with a weight down a well scoped chain. On the Sunday morning the crew departed from Cork, leaving Ronald to act as ship's watchman for the week, and to await the arrival of the stronger crew for the West coast trip and the start of the cruise proper.

THE WEST COAST.

Berehaven to Portrush.

Saturday morning, July 6th, saw the crew mustered at the skipper's house in Cork. Aiden MacSweeney, also I.C.C., had very kindly offered to drive us down to the ship. Aiden has cruised before on Aurette, and we were all sorry not to have him with us for the trip. Nearing Bantry, we realised that our course-setting protractor had been forgotten in the rush of getting away. Phoning Paddy O'Keeffe, in Bantry, we soon had that defect remedied. Paddy offered us a

choice of several, and we were glad of the opportunity to re-visit him. As well as being a great cruising man, he is the compendium of archaeological knowledge for his own part of the world. Ronald had the ship ready when we arrived at Berehaven pier. Having lunched ashore, we bade him and Aidan au revoir, stowed ship, and prepared for sea. The wind blew dead-ahead of our direct course, but the sun was shining from a near cloudless sky.

Exactly at 16.00, we picked our anchor, and under all sail to genoa, quickly reached down to the harbour entrance. Watches were set, and close-hauled, we lay along the coast to seaward of Blackball Head. The navigator, much to his delight, was granted the first watch below, and slept through the Dursey Sound, which was negotiated under power. There followed a dead beat across the mouth of the Kenmare River, into a moderate Northerly wind. Derrynane, a good passage anchorage, and incidently a safe place to leave a ship, looked very tempting, to starboard, in the gathering dusk. However as it was still a long way around, we steeled our hearts and decided to sail through the night. Hog and Deenish Islands were rounded by 23.00, and 01.00 on the Sunday morning found us beating into Finian's Bay, as we drew gradually the light of The Skellings abeam. A dark, but pleasant night in a calm sea was spent alternately tacking in and off shore. One of the crew feared very much the unlit Lemon Rocks, but later learned that we were never less than two miles off them. At 08.00, the wind went light, as we had breakfast in the cockpit well out in Dingle Bay, so the Stuart was started to make progress against the ebb towards the Blasket Sound. The skipper had had been here before in Aurretá in 1958, so he was able to point out the various Island landmarks. At noon, we were well through the Sound, laying close-hauled, sailing slowly for Sibyl Head. The weather had turned quite cool, but with the forecast of N.W. - N.E. winds, force 3, we were continuing on passage for Aran Islands, a leg which could be the hardest and most exposed of the trip. The Shannon estuary was well under our lee, and could have been run for, should the usually prevailing winds have turned nasty. Bandon had a large cloud atop his sheer head, as we took our departure at 14.00. Due to the near head wind, we had a pleasant and fast sail across the North Kerry shore and the mouth of the Shannon, until by 19.00 Loop Head, with its conspicuous lighthouse was abeam. A yacht, later identified as being Iduna I.C.C., owned by Roger Burke, author of the section of the I.C.C. instructions we were then using, passed to stewart, running and rolling hard to the south. We shouted some mutually unintelligible pleasantries at each other, before he jibed, astern of us, for the Shannon and home. The wind gradually freshened to about force 4,

and fortunately backed somewhat, enabling us to lay the western end of Inishmore, the largest of the Aran group. There was another fine sunset, with the high cliffs of Clare inside us. Kilkee was resplendent with lights, as the younger members of the crew gazed ashore in that direction, imaginatively and somewhat enviously. So we continued our way, close-hauled under the genoa, with our lee rail under, into the long Atlantic swell found in these parts. At midnight, we hove the ship to, a few miles to seaward of Gregory Sound, on the off-shore tack. The night was dark, and we hesitated to close the unlit and rocky section of that island coast until first light. The wind freshened more, and to give those below some chance of sleep, the main was dropped, and a few hours were spent just jilling around in these empty waters. As dawn made at around 05.00 on the Monday morning, we made full sail and closed the coast in thick rain. By 08.00, we were through Gregory Sound, between Inishmore and Inishman, which is quite wide and deep. There is a most unusual form of rock, stratified horizontally, to be seen on either hand, as elsewhere on the Islands. Twenty minutes later, we came to an anchor under sail, in two fathoms sand, halfway between the lifeboat and the pier. All hands went below for some well earned sleep, and thankful that one of the most feared part of the trip was over us.

Kilronan.

This is the main harbour in the group, and offers good holding in all but northeasterly winds. All the main essentials are available at the small stores ashore. A ship visits the place from Galway a few times a week, Irish is the main language spoken. At first we thought the Islanders somewhat unfriendly, but, in fact, it is probably more of a shyness than anything else. We had an adequate lunch in a small cafe there, and later, on hired bicycles, and wearing our oilskins against the rain, visited Dun Aengus, the legendary stone fort a few miles to the west, in the middle of Inishmore. When we got back to the harbour, one of the old sailing ships, carrying turf from the mainland, was berthing alongside. To see these, is alone worth visiting this area. They have heavy scantled old tarred hulls, with tumble-home on the topsides, heavily raked transoms, pole masts relatively unstayed, and a jib set flying on a massive bowsprit. To cap it all, there is often an open fire in the cuddy, forrard. What, with their tarred hulls, and ignitable cargo, even Lloyds would be hard put to insure them. However they are handled impeccably by their patch-coated, softly spoken, Gaelic speaking skippers. They must be amongst the last sailing ships trading for a living in Western Europe.

We were aboard early, in intermittent rain, to get the ship and ourselves ready for an early start on the narrow. It was blowing

fairly fresh, and we were surprised to see the blue-hulled four-five tonner beating up to anchor. She soon turned out to be Iduna again, on passage from the Shannon. He had set out once more on getting a more favourable slant. His arrival made four of us in the anchorage, as there were two other small boats from the West also there. He came aboard later to visit us, and to renew old friendships.

The following morning, Tuesday, we hauled our hook at 07.30, after a large breakfast, and we made to sea under well reefed main and small jib. It was blowing then force 5-6 from the West, dead in our teeth, and a big lump of the sea was running against the tide, in the Sound. However we decided, laterally to "bash-on", and spent some very uncomfortable hours tacking to and fro across Galway Bay.

About noon, we made a meal of nearly everything we could then lay our hands on, heated in mugs, and that kept us going. Occasionally we took a few seas aboard, but nothing worse than a wetting. In good weather, this would be a fine cruising area, as the north shore of the bay is strewn with delightful well-sheltered anchorages, many of which we had read of in previous I.C.C. journals, when Col. Bob. Berridge lived in these parts. We took one long leg out to sea, a few miles to the West of Innishmore, and calmed, or really lengthened our seas. Then, on coming about, we were able to lay to weather of the Skurd Rocks, which for the last few hours had been our goal. As we came abreast of these, the sun broke through the hitherto cloudy sky, and our spirits rose as our stomachs once more rapidly settled. Skirting the various rocks, with which this area is liberally provided, we lay comfortably up for Roundstone, where we anchored off the pier at 17.00, well satisfied at having forced a passage dead to windward some 22 miles in rather foul conditions.

Roundstone.

Coming in to the harbour, the Paul Henry vista of purple mountains falling sheer to sandy beaches, lapped by the wind capped blue sea, was a pleasant sight. The odd few white cottages, with thatched roofs, completed the picture. The newly fitted echo-sounder, the skippers latest toy, was a great help, and proved very informative, as we sailed over the bar, off the Franciscan Friary. Ashore later, a taxi took us the six miles to Zetland Hotel, run by Guinness's, where we had an excellent meal.

We returned on board in heavy rain by midnight. By the popular choice of the other half of the crew, the skipper and navigator were elected to take the ship to sea at 06.00, the next morning, which they duly did.

Five hours sailing on the starboard tack, in gradually improving weather, brought us up to Slyne Head, another important headland for us to round. Leaving Roundstone, we chose the inshore passage along the shore, and motor sailed on our way. Much chart work was necessary, but fortunately all the dangerous shoals were breaking. Still on the wind, we tacked on a long leg up the West Galway coast, laying just to weather of Innishboffin. We, the skipper, in particular, had hoped to visit this reputedly lovely island, with its well-sheltered anchorage. However, it was still only lunch hour when the time came to make our decision. The sun was shining out of a cloudless sky, and even though there was a big head-wind, we felt it would be tempting fate to put in there. With our ultimate goal in mind, we would never have forgiven ourselves should we have got holed up there in bad weather. With heavy hearts, we pressed on but we, at least, have a very good excuse to find ourselves on that coast again. There followed a series of short offshore and long inshore legs in a fresh N.W. wind, and a big long swell all afternoon, and we ate, slept and worked our ship northwards. Lofty Clare Island was left just to leeward, as we worked inshore to Clew Bay out of the foul tide then making. Off Mulrany at 20.00 we tacked ship to starboard, and snugged her down for the night at 23.00, when a few miles to seaward of Achill. During the night the wind went light, as we worked our way slowly to the N.W. We hesitated to start the engine in order to give the crew below a good night's sleep. Accordingly much progress was lost.

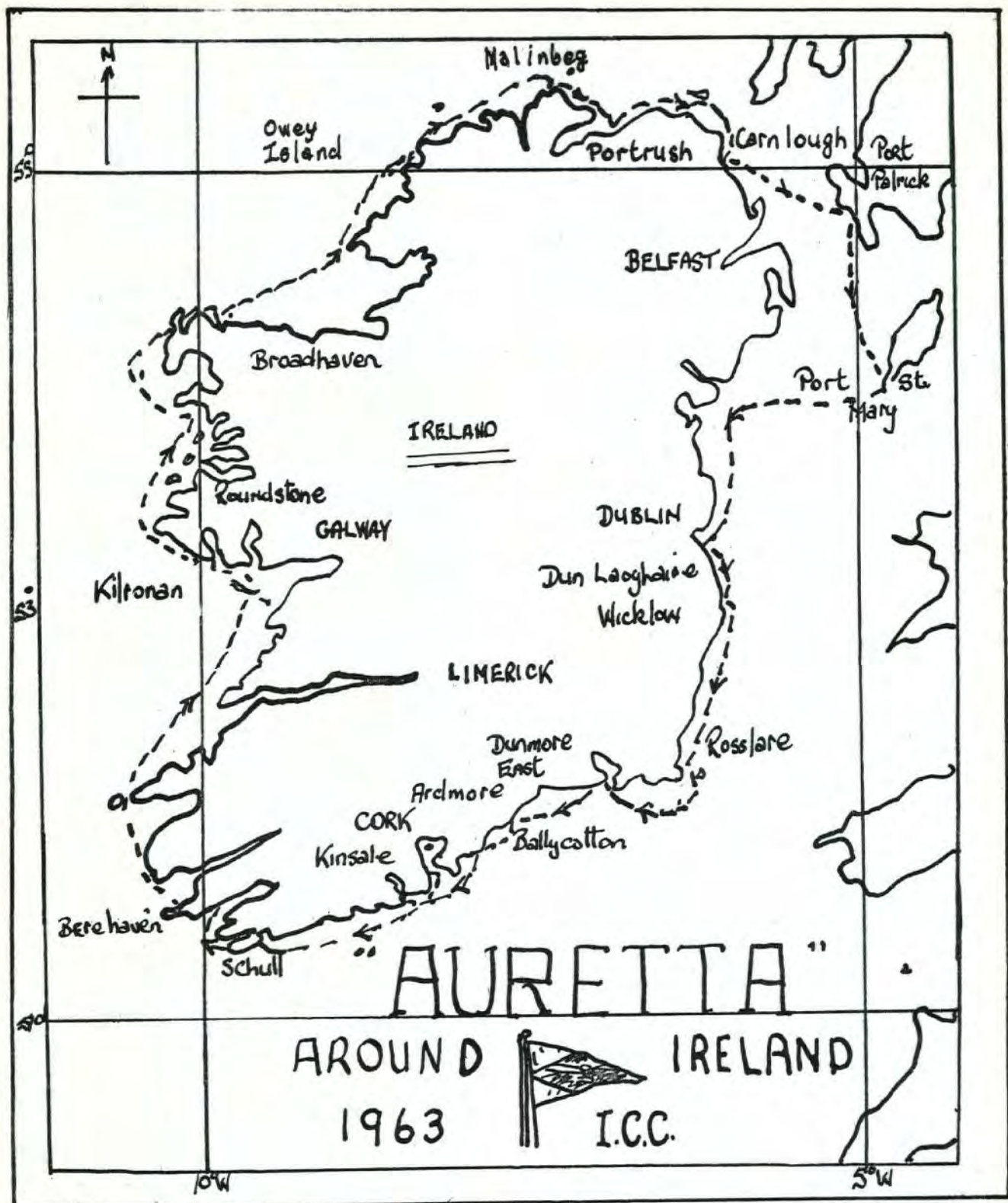
At dawn on Thursday, 11th July, we were a few miles to seaward and north of Achill Head, having made little distance during the night. This situation is always bad for ship's morale at that foreboding hour, so we started the Stuart to aid our slatting sails. We worked our way inshore along the Belmullet Peninsula which, much to our surprise, was low and sandy, and easily the most disappointing and unattractive stretch of coast on the Irish mainland. We wondered how it had survived the seas of time which had eroded all but it's slender connections with the mainland. Thoughts were entertained about entering Frenchport and sending a shore party to get some needed provisions in the town of Belmullet, a few miles away. It seemed a fine anchorage, of a temporary nature, on the charts. However, like Douglas Heard's experience in 'Huff', we found on approaching its entrance, that it was rather unattractive, with a big scend running out, so we decided to carry on. At 11.30 we were motoring through the sound inside Eagle Island, in company with a boatload of keepers from the lighthouse who, although quite near us, were disappearing in the swells. It was altogether a foreboding stretch of coast which we skirted that morning in light winds and fog. Rounding Erris Head, we made over for Broadhaven Roads, in one of the few rain showers of our holiday. In a flat calm we came to an anchor in the recommended spot, inside the headland, on the starboard hand.

Broadhaven.

Ashore, the coast rescue service were trying out some new rocket firing apparatus, and for a while we thought we were in great danger of involuntary rescue. After the meal, the crew, with the exception of the navigator who, as usual, slept, went ashore to the house recommended by the I.C.C., to get essentials and to make some 'phone calls from this rather remote area. All afternoon a very light wind was making from the N.E. once again in our teeth. By 17.50, when we sailed, it had once again fallen to zero. Motoring out, we made sail passing the Stags of Broadhaven, and settled down to another night at sea. A backing wind enabled us to make for the South Donegal coast, close hauled on the port tack, and we stopped the engine. Slieve League, our ultimate landfall, could be seen far ahead at dusk, and was very reassuring to the navigator. At about 21.00 a pyjama clad skipper decided to re-fill the petrol tank. Shortly after the watch below came hurrying on deck driven there by petrol fumes, due to spillage into the bilge. Then followed an hour's vigorous irrigation thereof, and a general defumigation of the ship. Ever conscious of the fire risk, hot food or drinks were precluded for that night. The following morning we were much relieved when the skipper, on lighting the stove for breakfast, failed to blow us all to pieces - as we had feared he might. Apart from this unwelcome interlude, we had a pleasant sail through the night, across Sligo Bay and, at dawn, were a few miles off Rathlin O'Byrne. The wind, as was it's wont, then went ahead in to the North, and we had to tack the ship hard to weather all Friday morning. At 13.00 we rounded the other Aran Island, and freed sheets to come to a delightful anchorage inside Owey Island in the Rosses at 14.45, over 70 miles from our direct was from the last anchorage.

Owey Island.

Our anchorage there proved to have been the nicest of the trip and it was great to have had the ship steady, if only for a short while. The place looked like what we would like to think Tristan da Cunha looks like. Ashore was a small primitive village with one street, and all the Islanders gathered on the foreshore, waiting, as it were, our coming. The sun shone out of a clear sky through which several jets out of Prestwick, bound west, cut their thin jet stream-way; a very sharp contrast between the old world and the new. Below we lunched in style, drinking wine and smoking cigars, as we pictured the Islanders would imagine us. "Auretta" is a sober ship but on this trip a new vice hit us - cigar smoking! The crew would like to take this opportunity of apologising to the skipper for the lingering Havana aroma in his polished cabin. The navigator would like as well to thank Paddy and Robin for their never ending supply - as his abuse of their generosity became one of the jokes of the trip. We were fortunate, however, in the fact that on the whole it was cigar smoking weather. Reluctantly we tore ourselves away from our pleasant anchorage and at 16.00 put to sea under sail and genoa.



The Donegal coast looked very lovely, as we worked along it. The forecast at 18.00 was not good and spoke of strong winds, which, in fact, never materialised. As there was nowhere to make for anyway, buoyed with our good progress of the past week, we decided to carry on during the night. Tory Island looked well, ahead, and we were sorry not to have been able to add it's island anchorage to our list. In the prevailing forecast, it would have been somewhat foolish. Bloody Foreland, not as awe-inspiring as we had thought when at school, was rounded at 19.00, and duly toasted. One thing about this circumnavigation is that it takes one a long time to run out of headlands to be rounded, although in light winds it can be somewhat frustrating. In such conditions, it became essential to use the auxiliary to keep the crew's spirits high. Watches were set for what we hoped would be our final night at sea for some time, as we had been virtually coasting non-stop for two and a half days, and looking forward to a night in port. We anticipated spending the coming week-end snugly in Portrush.

At 20.00 the engine was started for a short while in order to get clear of an uncharted race, which was throwing the ship all over the place. At midnight, sailing with the loom of Malin Head fine on the starboard bow, the Swilly lights were coming up on the same side. The wind was light from the still dark sky astern, and we feared lest the forecast storm should break. At 02.00, on the Saturday morning of July 13th, we were hit suddenly by a hissing downpour from astern quickly followed by a potent force 5/6 squall, to which we promptly lowered the mainsail and ran away with our bow high under the genny, towards the north-east. We were somewhat afraid of an unlit buoy inside us, whose moan we heard, but whose position we could not place. Soon, however, we were out of the section of the light ashore, which marks its bearing, and the wind fell as dramatically as it had arisen. We dollopped around for a while until a fitful breeze made from astern. At 09.00, off Malin Head, we again started the engine in a complete "Harry Flatters" to round the headland. We then put into Malinbeg pier for essential stores, and for a much needed stretch ashore. In the well-stocked general store above the beach, we got all we needed, and stopped awhile to gaze over to Innistrathull, which we were seeing under superb conditions. What a place, we thought, in a full winter's gale, with wind against tide. Malinbeg Pier, where we found 7½ feet L.W.S. at it's outer end, would be a good passage anchorage, bound west, waiting for a fair tide. On our leaving there, we felt somewhat elated, as we reckoned that from there on it would be all downhill sailing home, with still two-thirds of our total holiday remaining.

With the wind zero, we motored east at 11.15 and made along the shore, with a fair tide under us. Away to the North, Scotland came into sight for the first time from the decks of "Auretta" the home of her ancestors. At 14.00, with lunch finished, we were off the entrance to the Foyle, and able to make useful sail again, while the crew shaved and

generally spruced up, for their first touch of civilisation for a while. Portrush is not easily identified from the sea, and at one time we found that we have been inadvertently making for Portstewart, a little to the west. Younger potential visiting cruising men should note that this latter spot is a much brighter place to be on a Sunday than Portrush. After jilling around off the harbour entrance for a while, we dropped sail, and under power, moored up alongside a fishing boat, under the elevator on the port hand. Time - 15.30. 380 direct miles from Berehaven, in just half an hour under one week. Our pleasant, if a little tiring, West Coast interlude was over. What a cruising coast! All of us hope to be back there at the first opportunity.

Scottish and Manx Interludes.

Portrush to Dun Laoghaire.

Portrush.

On our way ashore later for dinner, we were invited to take tea with the members of the Portrush Yacht Club in their premises above the harbour, which we gladly accepted. A good evening was had by all. It was July 13th, the day after 'the twelfth' and Portrush was still enjoying itself. Many excursionists were making themselves felt, in no uncertain manner. Going on board later, we saw a familiar burgee fluttering nearby. It turned out to be the small but much travelled "Diane", I.C.C., with her cheerful owner, Liam McCormack. He had been out to Rathlin on a week-end visit, but had to cut his stay short, on hearing the poor forecast, which would make the anchorage there untenable. On this voyage he was carrying his own ship's chaplain. We stayed yarning for a little while as he showed us over his well-thought-out little ship, which we much admired. During the night and most of Sunday, it blew fairly hard from the W.S.W. but we were relatively snug at our berth. Ashore for Mass, meals and a swim in the hotel salt water pool, the latter being the most exhausting part of the entire holiday. As there was little to do in Portrush, we were early to bed, in preparation for an early start on the morrow. There was no harbour fever, as we were anxious to be away. We had to be in Dublin - in Dun Laoghaire - on the following Saturday to exchange half the crew, and we were hoping, if possible, should the weather hold to pay short visits to Scotland and to the Isle of Man en route.

We were astir early on Monday morning, July 15th, and we were away by 09.15. A strong SW forecast was still being broadcast, but, in fact, it never materialised. Motoring out we made sail off the harbour entrance to a four rolled main and small jib. Quickly we passed through inside the Skerries, and squared away for Rathlin Sound. Soon we were knocking off the miles as we raced along. The Giant's Causeway, as we passed it about a mile off, looked most unimpressive, in contrast to

the surrounding cliff scenery, which was magnificent. The wind gradually lightened, and enabled us to shake out the rolls in the main, and to hoist the genoa again. The Sound was in a quiet mood, as we were swirled through by the fair tide. A British survey ship passed quite close by in the opposite direction. We entertained some thoughts for a while of going over to Campbeltown, but as we were debating the issue off Fair Head, the wind went ahead once more, and that settled it for us. We had no wish to get hung-up to leeward so far from home, so we decided to carry on down the coast. The tide was yet fair with us for some hours, and we thought that we might bring up in Larne for the night. On rounding Fair Head from the North, the change in vegetation is suddenly quite marked. Trees now run seemingly right down to the water's edge, on the sheltered slopes, in contrast to the barren rocks, which had been our lot all the way round from Cork. This fact, combined with the visual nearness of the Scottish Coast, tends to give us, South Coast yachtsmen claustrophobia when cruising in the Northern Irish Sea. Although we were hard on the wind in a force 3, we made rapid progress over the ground in not too pleasant conditions, as short seas were building up and drizzle was intermittently blowing in from the sea. At 17.00 we were working inshore in Carnlough Bay against the now foul tide, when we decided to up-helm and give it best for the day. Arriving off the narrow harbour entrance, we dropped sail, and shot in under power. Once inside, hard-a-port, a full half circle, and we were soon moored up alongside the quay, under the elevator, in eight feet L.W.S., in one of the nicest harbours that our ship has had the good fortune to visit.

Carnlough.

Ashore later, we had excellent salmon steaks at the nearby inn, as the rain poured down outside. Carnlough is a small walled-in-harbour, in the North of Carnlough Bay. It is now obsolete as a commercial port, but was once used by ships of up to 300 tons. We again found the echo-sounder of much use. The rise here is about six feet, and according to our calculations, there is only four to five feet in the entrance at L.W.S, extending for thirty yards off the piers, right up abreast of the western pier head. Here, as one swings hard to port, the water quickly deepens again to a maximum of eleven feet. The inner face of the western pier is foul, and should be avoided. The quay in the inner harbour, alongside the Antrim coast road, is free of obstruction, and would be a good place to tranship crew or gear. In all, it is a charming and pleasant place. For a stranger, it would be best to enter on a rising tide, for the first time, and not far off high-power at that.

We got underway from Carnlough on the Tuesday at 08.15 and making sail off the entrance, set course for the Maidens, which were just visible ahead. We were bound for Portpatrick, in Scotland, we hoped, some 33 miles ahead. By 10.00, a following wind had us up to one mile north of the Maidens, when we altered course for the middle of the Wigtownshire peninsula. We had a pleasant sail across the North Channel during the rest of the forenoon and the early afternoon. On the way we passed both the

Larne-Stranraer ferry, and the M.V. Irish Coast bound for Belfast. Passing near both of them we were reassured that we were not far off course. Away to the north-east, various naval vessels and 'planes exercised off Arran as we lunched in the cockpit. As we closed the coast, we had little difficulty in locating our objective, and it later crystallized, as we drew nearer. The coast-guard look-out, high up on the hill on the port hand, is a good landmark. Dropping sail off the narrow entrance, we motored in. The old outer harbour is no longer in use, and once inside it, the new artificial harbour opens up to port. We went in there at 16.30 and tied up on the port side. On being informed by the lifeboat engineer that this spot was much used by fishing vessels, we later moved over to the starboard wall, and left 'Auretta' there, alongside, moored fore and aft, until we sailed. There is a big rise and fall there, so long warps are essential.

Portpatrick.

Here we found a typical small friendly Scottish fishing village. It is seven miles by road from Stranraer, and most stores are available. Ashore we had a splendid meal at the hotel high over the harbour, from which there is a wide view. We got aboard at a reasonable hour, as we hoped to make an early start south on the following morning. On awakening at 06.00 on Wednesday, 17th July, the boat was pitching gently where she lay, as the wind whistled through the rigging, and we could hear the sound of the surf on the nearby rocks. Added to the patter of the rain on the decks, this all meant to us that the half-suspected forecast, S.S.W. force 6-7, had arrived. As there was little else to do, some of the crew slept, whilst the skipper and navigator went for a walk in oilskins ashore. What they saw from the cliff top did not look encouraging so they also retired to their bunks, feeling that they might well be harbour-bound for a few days. Lunch in an Italian restaurant, in the town, was adequate. There we heard the 13.40 forecast, which spoke of a later veer to N.W. 3-4, which was somewhat consoling. After lunch the rain ceased, and the seas began to calm, as the wind lightened. By 18.00 we were obviously for the sea, as we stowed the ship and prepared to get under way. Passing out between the piers at 18.45 we laid course 170° for the Calf of Man, some 55 miles distant. For the first hour we rolled and pitched our way south, under power, as there was no wind. A big confused cross swell persisted. Fortunately we were then able to set all sail to genoa, and switch off the motor to a freshening N.W. wind, as forecast. We sped south rapidly, making near maximum speed. At dusk, as conditions were becoming a little out of hand, we took the large headsail off her, and put a few precautionary rolls in the main. This activity was heightened, as during the proceedings the spare jib halliard contrived to carry away, and with some difficulty, on the wildly gyrating foredeck, we retrieved the fall. Away to port, a few miles inside us, the noble Mull of Galloway flashed away at his sentinel message. We made rapid progress during the night. The many surrounding

ships needed more careful watching than the ship herself, as they seemingly converged on us from all angles. Dawn at 05.00 on the Thursday, found us a few miles south-west of Peel, on the western coast of the Isle of Man. Away on the starboard quarter, the Mountains of Mourne showed up well. Shortly afterwards we gyped ship and squared away for the Calf of Man and Chicken Light, which we rounded at 06.30, not caring to go through Calf Sound, through which an angry looking tide rip was swirling. Breakfasting in warm sunshine, we made our way along under the lea of the south side of the island. A blue-hulled six metre passed outward bound for Dublin, to whom we shouted the Southerly gale warning for that night, as a depression was to move in from the Atlantic. By 07.15 we were moored up outside three fishing boats, alongside the inner face of the outer pier at Port St. Mary.

Port St. Mary.

Due to the violent motion on the previous night, we had had little sleep, so we retired quickly below. An hour or so later, the local Harbour Master installed himself in the cockpit and kept half the crew awake talking for at least an hour. We surfaced before noon, and made our way to the Yacht Club for a general spruce-up, and we had lunch at a nearby hotel, where we were served by a girl from Rosscarbery. The skipper retired on board, sensibly, afterwards for some sleep, but the crew had come thus far, and, at all costs, were determined to see something of the island. All the self-drive cars were out, so we took the hour-long bus ride to Douglas and back. Douglas, surprisingly, was rather deserted. Back in Port St. Mary we met the skipper for dinner, and later visited the Yacht Club again, and met some of it's hospitable members. When we went aboard, in view of the forecast, we decided to lay to an anchor, but on failing to secure an adequate holding, we went alongside the boats again, and trebled our warps, well served at the chaffing points. It never blew more than force 5, and in fact we spent a comfortable night. The following morning quite a big swell was thundering on the breakwater, but the wind was quite light, and the outlook promising, with a forecast of a North-Westerly shift later in the day.

'Auretta' sailed from our Isle of Man anchorage at 10.30 on Friday, 19th July, bound for Dun Laoghaire, seventy direct miles away to the S.W. The wind, as usual, was dead in our teeth, so in view of the forecast veer, we decided to lay all day on the port tack and raise the Irish coast, rather than go down to Anglesey and get broken off to leeward. At noon we were two miles south of the Chicken Light in intermittent drizzle, on the wind in a force 3-4. As the left-over sea was stopping her a bit, we changed up to the genoa, which we carried for the next 18 hours. Our progress across a deserted Irish sea was unremarkable, as we alternately ate and slept. There were no navigational worries. In a few hours we picked up the Mountains of Mourne, and carried on to within some ten miles of where they "sweep down to the sea" where, at 18.00 hours, we were broken off.

The wind boxed the compass for the next hour or two, before it finally made from the North West at 20.30, as forecast, and all through the night swept us south along, in most pleasant sailing conditions. We were up to Rockabill soon after midnight, and laid off to pass just outside Lambay. With the wind offshore, and on our quarter, we fairly romped along. We were all a little sad as it was Paddy's and Harold's last night with us, and we had settled in well together as a crew. So calm was it, that we were able to sleep up forrard in Aurette, a thing which one is seldom able to do on passage. Lambay was abeam inshore at 03.00 on the Saturday morning, and the Baily at 05.00. Passing along off Howth, the lights of the main runway at Dublin Airport were quite a sight. We were hugh up for a short while under the Baily, but hesitated to start the engine and wake the crew. A close fetch across Dublin Bay and we were off the piers at Dun Laoghaire, where we stowed sail and motored over a mirror calm sea to take a mooring alongside "Vanja IV" at 06.15 in the second best yachting harbour in Ireland. Away to starboard, the cruising Eights were a great sight as they lay together.

Getting "Aurette" home again.

Dun Laoghaire to Cork.

Dun Laoghaire.

In very hot weather, we spent the first half of the morning tidying and stowing the ship, and getting her ready for the new crew, who duly arrived in the afternoon. The members of the Royal St. George were most hospitable, and we renewed many I.C.C. acquaintances. Various meals were had ashore in various places. It was the 'George' Regatta and we were treated to a feast of seeing over 200 boats under sail that afternoon. On Sunday morning, after Mass, we collected the usual essential stores, said farewell to Paddy and Harold, and repaired on board. The wind was, once more, ahead, force 3-4, as we dropped moorings at 12.45, under all plain sail. We were bound for Wicklow, some 21 miles down the coast, and we hoped to have a pleasant initiation for Robin and Ronnie.

Off the Muglins, the wind freshened quite a bit, so we rolled down a few reefs, to make conditions on board a little easier. Hard on the wind, with a fair tide under us, we worked inshore down the "Irish Bay of Naples". Off Woodbrook, we had a short view of the Carroll's Golf Tournament, before tacking out to sea again. Bray Head was abeam by 15.00 as fog began to roll in from seaward. Thereafter we worked south from buoy to buoy, before we finally came up off Wicklow pier at 18.00. Under power, and conned by the echo-sounder, we came to a very snug berth alongside a Dutch coaster, at the fertiliser factory pier in 7 ft. L.W.S.

Wicklow.

Here we spent a very undisturbed night, after a quick stroll ashore, and a stimulating visit from some of the coaster's crew. At 08.10,

we departed from our over-night anchorage, and because of a complete lack of wind, we had to use the Stuart, which had developed an alarming "waddle" in it's mounting. We thought of using it as an excuse for putting into Tyrrells of Arklow, but later traced the fault to an absent engine mounting bolt. Off Mizen Head, we picked a wind from the sea, which forced us gently over the last of the foul tide, soon fortunately in our favour, and which we were to carry right back to Rosslare. Some of the buoys had been moved appreciably since our charts had been last corrected. This, allied to careless steering, put us on top of the main Glassgorman Bank, fortunately in 20 ft. but the sight of swirling sands under our keel was most disconcerting. This made us more careful after that, when we plotted every course and distance, and had no further trouble, but for us South Coast people, the whole thing was rather a strain. In any sort of poor visibility, bad weather or at night, we would certainly stay at sea, outside the light vessels. However, with the tide in one's favour, one can make a lot of distance on one tide, inside the banks. We were catapulted through the Rusk at an estimated speed of nearly 10 knots, over the ground. By 17.00 we were passing through the North Shear channel, bound for Rosslare for the night. There we brought up to an anchor, again in quite foggy conditions, with which this corner of Ireland is ill-favoured, at 17.45, inside the lifeboat and the Fishguard steamer. We were another 47 miles to the good, on our direct course.

Rosslare Harbour.

Ashore, we had a fair meal in a guest house, and bought stores in a well-stocked shop. Later, we were very kindly given a bottle of milk by the chef on the steamer. Stowing the dinghy on deck in thick fog, we turned in early, preparatory to what, we hoped, would be an early start in the morning. The forecast still spoke of fog, for the area on the following day, but made no mention of any depressions coming in so far. The last major corner to be rounded, and quite a hammering, lay ahead.

We awoke, late for the 06.45 forecast, in Rosslare Harbour, on Tuesday, 23rd July, to be greeted by a thick damp fog, and a S.E'ly wind, force 2-3. The visibility improved somewhat, so at 09.10 we put to sea under all plain sail to main and working jib. Close hauled, we lay down the well buoyed channel, on the starboard tack, pointing no higher than the tower of the distant Tuskar. When about a mile past The Splaugh, we made a few abortive tacks for this buoy, but in the light wind, and improving visibility, we could not weather it on account of the strong flood, still making up the Irish Sea. For the next few hours we motor-sailed through the tide rips off this rock strewn low corner of Ireland. Once up abeam of Carnsore, we were able to make adequate progress under sail so we stopped the engine. Comfortably, we laid the Barrells Light Vessel ahead, which we had abeam by 12.45. The wind was freshening gradually from the south, and thick rain was beginning to fall.

On speaking to the Master he told us of an imminent S.W.6-7 warning for the area. We thanked him and shortly afterwards, in rapidly worsening conditions, changed down to small jib, and well-reefed main. The navigator went below and laid the course off the Conningbeg L.V. - 246 deg. distant 11 miles. Conditions continued to worsen as the young ebb out of the Irish Sea began to gain in strength against the wind now gone S.S.W. The Tanker "Kyles of Lochalsh" altered course to pass, kindly, to leeward of us. Her course was the same as ours, which was a great reassurance. Plenty of spray was flying over us, and occasionally, as bigger seas hit us, the hull was thrown bodily to leeward. Robin stayed in the cockpit, as the skipper skillfully played her along. As conditions looked like worsening, and before the wind should veer further, as the depression passed over, we decided to crack on, as fast as possible. At 14.15, the loom of the Conningbeg Light was sighted ahead, thankfully, and we were up on her in another 15 minutes. We wondered what her crew were saying about mad yachtsmen, as they watched us, and, truth to tell, they were probably right. Course was laid for the Hook Light at the starboard entrance to Waterford Harbour. This time we were able to free sheets and laid 320 deg. for our landfall, distant 11 miles. Conditions, as we freed sheets, became worse, if anything, because we were travelling faster. The rather salt water stained log, kept at that time, laconically records "15.35. Reaching over big quartering sea in estimated force 5-6. Quite wet below. Surfing occasionally when she vibrates all through, and one fears for her rudder fittings". The Hook, in poor visibility, such as was prevailing, has an explosive signal every five minutes, and long before we could have heard it, we began to listen for it, as we closed rapidly the rocky lee shore. The navigator checked and re-checked his arithmetic. At 15.45, the flash of the Hook rocket was sighted ahead with much relief, and we hauled our wind to weather the rocks, lying two cables S.W. of it. Soon we opened out Waterford estuary and made for Dunmore East beacon, which we could see against the cliffs ahead. All aboard relaxed once again after a beating which had lasted only a few hours, but seemed much longer. Shortly we were up to the pierheads, before a big and occasionally breaking sea. Rounding the breakwater, we lowered sail and shot into the narrow artificial harbour, to moor up alongside a fishing boat at 16.50 another direct 40 miles nearer home.

Dunmore East.

Dunmore East, of course, was looking as nice as ever, and many boats jammed the harbour. "Innismara" I.C.C., looking magnificent was there, moored stern to quay. She is a big green 'Auretta', being also by McGruer. Ashore we bathed, and had a meal at the Haven, and met some friends from Cork, for which some of the crew were sorry next day, as we stumbled west. The following morning, as we were having a leisurely breakfast, the wind went into the N.E. which makes Dunmore East very unpleasant, so we put to sea, hurriedly, at 10.35. Fearing strong winds we set the trysail and storm jib, as we reached into a

big sea, which was persisting. Off the Metal Man of Tramore, the wind gradually began to take off, and go ahead. During the next few hours, we went through every sail in the locker. 14.15 found us close-hauled to starboard, to a N.W. wind, force 3-4, laying about a mile south of Mine Head, in bright sunshine. From Mine Head on, the wind hauled ahead, as we tacked to make Ardmore Bay. At 18.15, we anchored in two fathoms sand, off the pier, at Ardmore. A useful passage anchorage in off-shore winds.

Ardmore.

Ashore, we dined on the usual excellent meal, served in the hotel, high up on the cliff, overlooking the anchorage. The skipper's family had a bungalow there and a few hours were spent visiting them. 'Auretta' rolled gently all night in the ground swell, and as the skipper remained ashore, we had a good sleep in the following morning. Having given some of Ronald's friends a quick sail around the bay, we departed under sail at 13.10, with two rolls in the main and the small jib. The wind was further inshore, so we lay, comfortably and rapidly, full and by along the coast. Youghal Bay was crossed quickly, and we hove to off Capel Island for lunch at 14.30. Then, continuing our fast progress, we were up off Ballycotton Pier in just over an hour. Dropping sail, we motored cautiously. The bar was showing, as it was low water, but we got in all right, and made fast alongside the outer pier in 7 ft. at 15.50.

Ballycotton.

We were most uncomfortable where we lay for over an hour as the wind was blowing straight in. Robin put his suturing ability to good use in mending a rent in the main sail, and proved that there is some use for a man of his particular talents on a small ship, after all. Hearing that a fishing boat was due at our berth, we put to sea, but not before a slight altercation with her skipper, as he steamed rapidly in - one of the few rude fishermen that we have met cruising. As we steamed out, another yacht came in, under sail, and made fast to the other pier. We shall have to wait confirmation in this year's Journal but the out-stretched figure on the foredeck, clad in oilskins, looked not unlike Cormac O'Kelly, whom we heard was going around Ireland the other way, for a change. We made all sail as the wind had lightened, as we slipped through Ballycotton Sound at 17.15.

Some of us slept and some of us steered as we lay along the familiar shore, bound for the Pollock Rock Buoy. Whether it was anticlimax or not, at the end of the voyage, some of the hands felt pretty tired. The weather on the trip had been generally good, and as it was still only Thursday, we were really a day or two in front of our scheduled return. When the skipper suggested carrying on west again,

we needed little encouragement, as it was such a fine evening. Fortified by a good meal, we carried on across the mouth of Cork Harbour, and wondered if we would be sighted from the shore. We were, in fact. Rapidly we made across our home waters, laying for Robert's Head. At 19.50, on Thursday, 25th July, "Auretta" crossed her outward track between the Daunt Buoy and Robert's Head, to our knowledge, the first Cork based yacht to do so. Ship and skipper were duly toasted. As if her job had been done, "Auretta's" speed fell slowly to that of a crawl; the wind had fallen away. Carried by the ebb and by a slight wind, we made our way along inshore. When inside the Sovereign Islands we thought of going up to Oysterhaven, but, as some wind and light remained, we carried on to Sandycove, one of the most unspoiled, safe, and deserted anchorages on the whole south coast. There we anchored under power, at 21.50, having made a good 40 miles from Ardmore.

Sandy Cove.

The best anchorage is at the bi-furcation of the Y, slightly to starboard, in 9 ft. sand. This anchorage is tenable in all but strong S.E. winds, to which it is exposed. We had a quick stroll ashore, and then retired, to sleep. In the morning we tidied the ship, inside and out, for a few hours, the highlight being Ronald's trip up the mast. At 11.00 we sailed the three miles to Kinsale up river. Making good progress, before a following wind, we tied up to a mooring off the yard of Kinsale Boats Ltd. shortly before noon.

Kinsale.

This was our nineteenth anchorage of the cruise, and we were somewhat sad that it was to be our last, as the weather was now so good. We had a good meal at the Trident and afterwards walked around the old town which in a few years will be the scenic showpiece of the south. We invited Paddy, by 'phone, to a celebration at the Royal Munster that evening. We sailed from Kinsale at 14.30, and had an uneventful trip along the coast before a fair tide and a beam wind. Off Robert's Head, the wind went light, so we started the engine to help us in, in time for the arranged dinner. We stowed sail under the forts and wended our way up the Crosshaven River, to our own mooring, which we hauled on board, and made fast at 18.35.

So ended this cruise.

"Auretta's Cruise Summary.

<u>Dates 1963.</u>	<u>Port from:</u>	<u>Port to:</u>	<u>Direct Distance.</u>	<u>Hours Underway.</u>	<u>Av. Speed.</u>
Th/Fri. June 27/28.	Crosshaven.	Schull.	63.	10.35	
Fri/sat. " 28/29	Schull.	Berehaven.	27.	7.45	4.9 -
Sat/Mon. July 6/8.	Berehaven.	Kilronan.	127.	38.15.	
Tu. July 9.	Kilronan.	Roundstone.	22.	9.30.	
Wed/Thurs. " 10/11.	Roundstone.	Broadhaven.	82.	31.30.	
Thu/Fri. " 11/12.	Broadhaven.	Owey Island.	72.	20.50.	
Fri/Sat. " 12/13.	Owey Island.	Malinbeg.	50.	17.45.	
Sat. " 13.	Malinbeg.	Portrush.	27.	4.15.	3.1
Mon. " 15.	Portrush.	Carnlough.	35.	7.55.	
Tues. " 16.	Carnlough.	Portpatrick.	35.	8.10.	
Wed/Thu. " 17/18.	Portpatrick.	Port. St. Mary.	55.	12.30.	
Fri/sat. " 19/20.	Port St. Mary.	Dun Laoire.	70.	19.15.	4.1.
Sun. " 21.	Dun Laoire.	Wicklow.	21.	5.55	
Mon. " 22.	Wicklow.	Rosslare Har.	47.	9.35.	
Tues. " 23.	Rosslare Har.	Dunmore East.	40.	7.40.	
Wed. " 24.	Dunmore East.	Ardmore.	30.	7.40.	
Thurs. " 25.	Ardmore.	Ballycotton.	15.	2.40.	
Thurs. " 25.	Ballycotton.	Sandycove.	24.	4.40.	
Fri. " 26.	Sandycove.	Kinsale.	3.	1.05.	
Fri. " 26.	Kinsale.	Crosshaven.	17.	6.30.	4.7
<u>23 days.</u>	Crosshaven.	Crosshaven.	<u>862.</u>	<u>230.45.</u>	<u>3.7.</u>

From the above summary it may be seen, at a glance, that "Auretta" visited 20 anchorages in 23 days. The distance referred to is the direct port to port one. In all probability, we sailed over half as many miles again, if not more. The average speed is, therefore, not one through the water, but rather an indication of our passage speed. Sail was used whenever possible but, of course, the engine was employed when the wind forsook us, and occasionally when entering and leaving a harbour

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AROUND IRELAND IN WYNALDA.

BY

W.A. and B.T. SMYTH.

Wynalda is a Bermudian sloop designed by J.H. Hardman and built by the Dalky Yacht Company in 1953. Her dimensions, are:- L.O.A. 33 ft., L.W.L. 25 ft. Beam 9.4. ft., Draught 5.5.ft. Sail Area 540 sq. ft. The galley is aft to port and opposite there is a quarter berth with a folding chart table over it. Forward of the saloon there is a separate "heads" to Starboard and a hanging locker to Port. The fo'c'sle has a built-in berth and a canvas cot which is used for sail stowage. The Gray Sea Scout petrol engin is rated at 16/22 H.P.

We Bought Wynalda in 1962 and cruising that year was limited to the West coast of Scotland. In 1963 we were keen to see the West coast of Ireland and it became apparent that given reasonable weather we might continue to the South-West coast and complete the round trip in the three weeks available. A study of I.C.C. logs and the Sailing Directions made it clear that some hard sailing might be expected, and preparations were made with this in mind. A new suit of Terylene sails was ordered and the mast and rigging were overhauled. An anchor winch and a permanent boom gallows were fitted. The latter was especially useful in heavy weather. The back-stay, fitted with Tufnol insulators, made a very effective serial for the Pye Consol radio. Bob Arnold, who sailed round Ireland in Maid of York in 1956, very decently let us have a large folio of charts. These were supplemented with some new charts and others on loan. The compass was swung and adjusted. All courses and bearings are true.

June 7th.. (Friday)

Final Stowage of gear and provisions was completed. 17.40. We dropped our mooring off the Royal North of Ireland Y.C., Cultra, and heaved a sigh of relief to be off at last. Norman Hughes was our crew for the first part of the cruise which we hoped would bring Wynalda to Roundstone.

Supper was prepared on the way to Black Head as we ghosted to a light Easterly breeze. Here the breeze died at 20.40 and we motored in a flat calm along the Antrim coast with visibility gradually decreasing.

June 8th.

Ballygalley Head was identified a beam at 01.15 about $\frac{3}{4}$ mile to Port. Soon afterwards the outline of the coast was

lost in the thickening fog. We continued to motor at 3 Kn. on course 328°T $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles off the coast. Several soundings were taken but there was no bottom at 20 faths. At 02.55 the lead gave 13 faths. and our D.R. with allowance of one knot for the ebb tide put us 2 miles E by S of Carnlough Harbour. As visibility was down to about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile we decided to sound our way into Carnlough Bay and anchor. Course was altered to 272°T. Fifteen minutes later we were about to stop the engine for another sounding when Norman, on look-out duty in the bow, called out "Rocks ahead". Although the engine was thrown into reverse the keel struck the bottom a few seconds later, the rocks still being visible 30 yards off. There was a flat calm with no swell so that it was easy to launch the dinghy and lay a kedge astern. The dinghy is of the Falmouth nesting type in 2 sections. Norman said later that he had never before seen a dinghy assembled and launched with such speed. When the kedge had been laid and we made to return to Wynalda we got a rude shock to find that she had almost disappeared in the fog, although only 50 yards away. It was now obvious that we had under-estimated the density of the fog. Returning on board we found that Wynalda was afloat so we recovered the kedge and motored N.E. for a few minutes, anchoring at 03.35 in 5 fath. Inspection of the bilge revealed no damage so with great relief we dropped into our bunks at 04.45.

Later we found we were anchored $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles N.N.E. of Carnlough Harbour. In retrospect we attribute the grounding to a patent log which under-registered at slow speed and our under-estimate of the strength of the Nth. going tide. When we turned to the N.W. to anchor in Carnlough Bay we were in fact well North of the Bay and only 8 cables from the shore. This incident shook us considerably for we realised that only our slow speed of approach and the mirror-flat sea conditions had saved our yacht from damage.

We were on deck again at noon and could hear the rumble of traffic on the Coast Road although nothing could be seen. By 14.30 the shore line was revealed and getting our anchor we motored in a calm to Carnlough Harbour.

Distance made good: $28\frac{1}{2}$ miles in 10 hrs. 20 mins. (2.8 Kn.)
We spent part of the warm sunny afternoon watching a swimming gala and getting petrol.

Leaving at 21.17 in a calm we motored to Cushendun and there anchored in 4 Fath. at midnight to await the tide through Rathlin Sound.



WYNALDA
1963

June 9th.

After a few hours sleep we continued North at 03.10 under motor to Fair Head with the help of the ebb. In the early dawn Rathlin Sound was exceptionally calm with only an occasional tidal eddy. By 06.35 the Giant's Causeway was close abeam but was rather unimpressive from the sea at this early hour. Two and a half hours later we cut the motor and enjoyed a light N.W. Breeze force 2 under full sail. It was even possible to carry the spinnaker for an hour and a half on our course of 272°T for Inishowen Head. We were becalmed again at 11.40 in hot sunshine near the Lough Foyle Approach Buoy. We motored along the coast past Culdaff Bay. Approaching the Garvan Isles at 15.15. the engine stopped owing to overheating. The water circulation through the cylinder head was found to be blocked by scale. It was cleared by flushing out with radiator rust remover. This work took about two hours during which time Wynalda stemmed the West-going tide in a light air. We had intended to go through Garvan Sound but in the light conditions decided to take Inishtrahull Sound instead, a light Westerly breeze carrying us through. As we approached Malin Head at 17.05 the engine was re-started and course was set for the Limeburner Rock Buoy. At 17.50 the engine was stopped and full sail set to a light Southerly breeze. Two hours later the spinnaker was set to a N.W. breeze and there followed a very enjoyable run to Horn Head. By midnight the breeze had gone again and Wynalda drifted slowly through Tory Sound in the darkness.

June 10th.

A course 240°T was kept until 06.00 to give a good clearance to the dangerous Ballyconnel Shoals lying West of Gola Island. As we wished to have an accurate departure for Broadhaven we altered course for Rinrawros Pt. on Aran and picked up the lighthouse at 07.05. The breeze remained light N.E.

Since leaving Cultra we had kept three hour watches. However, the excellent weather and the interesting coast had often induced us to stay on deck when we should have been in our bunks. After three nights at sea all on board felt jaded and there was even some talk of going into Aran Roads. It was agreed that it would be reasonable to continue if each of us made certain of sufficient sleep, and in any case we were loath to waste such a favourable breeze.

When Rinrawros L.H. was abeam at 09.45 distant $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. course 229°T was set for Broadhaven. There followed one of the most enjoyable days of the cruise as Wynalda ran across Donegal

Bay under main and boomed-out genoa before a light N.E. breeze. It was a glorious sunny day the greater part of which was spent sunbathing on deck.

June 11th.

The breeze veered to the S.E. but remained light and variable during the night. By dawn a few tacks were required to close the Stag Rocks. These three pinnacles rise sheer from the sea and make a most impressive sight. In overcast conditions with heavy mist on the nearby hills, a slow beat followed across Broadhaven Bay and down towards Eagle Island. The light W.S.W. breeze died and the engine was started at 12.30 but ran for only 70 minutes. Norman searched for the trouble and found that the main jet adjustment had come adrift. It could not be found for over an hour but was eventually located (by touch) in a precarious position balanced between an engine bearer and the side of the engine drip tray in an almost inaccessible position. There followed a delicate operation to recover this vital part as the slightest jolt would have put it out of reach completely. This work took 3 hours and meanwhile we tacked to the S.W. Light fog drifted over the sea and the diaphone at the lighthouse added its dismal note to the scene. The lighthouse impressed us with its isolation and the massive strength of the sea wall which protects the building. When the engine was running again we took the passage inside Eagle Island at 17.45.

South of Frenchport we took passage inside Leacarrick, Inish Glora and the Inishkea Islands. This provided interesting pilotage and the belated appearance of a warm sun added to the enjoyment. A number of curraghs were fishing close to the rocks and we admired the skill with which these craft were handled. A fisherman in a motor boat came alongside for a yarn. His craft had a very jaunty sheer and new Petter diesel engine; the latter causing no little envy on board Wynalda. In the evening the leading/ on Innishkea South were picked up /marks/ and keeping these in transit astern we approached Duvillaun Sound. 20.40. A light breeze from the S.W. allowed us to stop the engine and reach through the Sound under main and genoa. The log was handed at 21.50, reading 173½, as we entered Blacksod Bay. When off Blacksod Village we rounded up and anchored in the Bay at 22.22 in 2 fathoms.

Distance made good 187 miles in 70 hrs. (2.7 kn).

A stationary anticyclone had produced exceptionally calm conditions and had allowed us to reach the West coast with comparative ease. This meant missing many attractive anchorages in Donegal but we felt that these could well be left to another time.

June 12th.

Another warm sunny morning. A hired car took us to Belmullet

where petrol and stores were obtained.
one of the best anchorages in Blacksod.
with its wide expanse of sandy shore.
because it is more convenient for a yacht on passage..

We passed close to Elly Bay,
It looked very attractive
We had preferred Blacksod Quay

14.10. We left Blacksod with full sail set to a S.W. breeze force 3 and soon encountered a large rolling swell which slowed progress on the beat to Achill Head. This was our first experience of a typical Atlantic swell and after struggling for 2½ hours we eventually lost steerage way and the motor was started. As Wynalda passed along the north shore of Achill Island we had a fine view of the magnificent cliffs. In variable conditions the motor was run intermittently until Achill Head was rounded at 18.45. A light Southerly then gave an enjoyable beat in brilliant sunshine to Clare Island. Approaching the Island we had the Twelve Bens of Banna Beola in view for the first time. This conspicuous range was to become familiar as we sailed down the coast. That evening they showed a remarkable variety of colour as the sun set. The wind finally left us some three miles from the North point of the Island and the engine was started. We passed between this point and Deace's Rock which lies ½ mile off but does not cover. The swell breaking on it made an impressive sight with foam carried in long streaks down tide. Kinacorra Point was rounded and the anchor was dropped in 3 fathoms, about ¼ cable off Grania Wael's Castle at 23.15. As we crept into the bay in the gathering darkness, the outline of the Castle presented a mysterious and romantic appearance which made the approach to this anchorage memorable.

Distance made good: 32 miles in 9 hrs. 5 mins. (3.5 kn).

June 13th.

The fine weather continued with a hot sun shining from a cloudless sky. After breakfast we went ashore to see the Island and telephone home. Mr. Tommy Flynn supplied milk and eggs and, with typical island generosity, refused payment. We gathered that few yachts call at Clare Island but this seclusion may not last as plans are afoot to deepen the harbour and build a large hotel.

We were tempted to spend longer exploring this attractive island. However, we wished to reach Inishbofin and get South of Slyne Head whilst the settled weather continued. Conditions were also ideal for a visit to Killary Bay where careful pilotage is required as the approach is littered with rocks and shoals.

10.20. Getting the anchor, we left Clare Island in flat conditions, under motor, course 207° T, to pass between Mweelaun Island and the Meemore Rocks, which lie 1½ miles West of Roonagh Head. Approaching Caher Island at 11.19 course was altered for Frehill Island, giving the ominous Murder Rocks a wide berth. In the passage between

Frehil Island and Govern Island we suddenly came upon some very inconspicuous floats marking lobster pots and these were narrowly avoided. Lobster pots are frequently found on the West coast in shoal soundings and a sharp look-out must be kept for them. Leaving the S. shore of Inishdegilmore to port and the N. shore of Inishbarna to starboard, Wynalda entered Killary Bay at 13.30.

This narrow inlet, which is 7 miles long, has deep water nearly to its head, and is said to resemble a Norwegian fjord. Muilrea Mountain the highest in Connaught rises precipitously to a height of 2675 ft. and dominates the North shore. At one time Killary was used as an anchorage by the Royal Navy and on one occasion Queen Victoria reviewed the Fleet there. The transit beacons on Doonee and Inishbarna Islands are still well maintained and are very conspicuous.

14.00. The high mountains funnelled a light breeze from astern so the spinnaker was set and the engine stopped. This was glorious sailing as we sunbathed on deck and watched the mountains slip past. The breeze increased as we neared the head of the inlet and gave Wynalda about $5\frac{1}{2}$ kns. Here the spinnaker was dropped in good time; for the last 15 minutes reasonable progress was made under bare pole. 14.58. Anchored in $1\frac{1}{2}$ fms. W.N.W. of Leenane Pier. After lunch we went ashore and got petrol at the hotel.

16.15. Getting the anchor, we motored down the narrow inlet against a head wind and cleared the entrance at 17.35. A course of 257° T was steered for Shanvalleybeg Islet and then altered to 321° T to leave the west shore of Crump Island close aboard and "Tom's Anchor" $1\frac{1}{2}$ cables to Port. This rock, which dries 4 ft. is a good example of a West Coast 'breaker' and as we passed, the swell was breaking heavily over it. Soon we turned to Port to avoid Corweel Rock and passing N. of Live Island at 19.05 Wynalda headed for Inishboffin. Since leaving Killary the perfect summer weather has continued, all hands revelling in the brilliant sunshine. The only snag was the lack of wind but eventually a breeze came through at 19.25 and we were glad to cut the engine and sail under main and genoa to a N.W. breeze force 2. A close reach brought Wynalda between Davillaun Island and the Leaghy Rocks and soon Lyon Head, the E. point of Inishboffin was abeam. Opening up the excellent leading marks for Bofin Harbour we were just able to fetch in on the Port tack, passing very close to the Lighthouse. We anchored in the Eastern part of the harbour, 2 fathoms, at 21.07. This anchorage is one of the most secure along this coast and on this warm calm evening it looked its best in the bright sunlight.

<u>Distance made good from Clare Island:</u>	39.5 miles.
	$9\frac{1}{2}$ hours.
	4.1 knots.

After a meal we went ashore and found the local 'pub' owned by Mr. Day. He showed great interest in cruising yachts and, like many of the fishermen on this coast, asked to be remembered to Wallace Clark. The premises were packed with fishermen, all drinking Guinness from large pint glasses. We were interested to note that closing time was strictly observed. Apparently any breach would soon be reported to the Garda on the mainland.

June 14th.

Another fine day with the barometer steady at 30.30° and a southerly breeze force 1. In the morning we went ashore to take photographs and post mail.

13.15. We left the Harbour under motor in very light conditions but after an hour full sail was set to a S.W.I. breeze and the engine stopped. We sailed through High Island Sound and by 16.55 Slyne Head Lighthouse was abeam distant 1 mile. We had a late lunch as we rounded this headland and were thankful for such quiet conditions. Slyne Head had been one of our bogeys as the tidal stream and uneven bottom can create a dangerous sea at this point. There followed a very enjoyable reach down to Deer Island, passing outside many 'breakers' including Wild Bellows and Sunk Bellows. The approach to Roundstone by way of Deer Pass presented no difficulty, the excellent transits given in the I.C.C. Directions proving most helpful. A light N.W. breeze gave a beat into the anchorage and at 20.51 the anchor was dropped in 2 fathoms, off the South Quay of Roundstone Harbour

Distance made good: 30 miles- 7½ hours. (3.9 kn).

Roundstone was an important objective for it marked the completion of the first part of the cruise and it was planned to change crew there. This is a most attractive anchorage with fairly good shopping facilities. The Twelve Pins lying to the North form an effective backdrop to this sheltered anchorage. Having arrived on a Friday evening we had ample time to give the ship a thorough clean and prepare for the next part of the cruise.

June 15th.

In light drizzle we motored alongside the North Quay at H.W. with the intention of examining the keel when the yacht dried out. This was not possible as the keel was still covered at low water. However, we were not worried as there was no evidence of damage. Our berth at the pier was very convenient when changing crew and loading stores. In the evening our new crew, Victor Blakley and Ferris Dennison arrived with their wives by car. Later the whole

company enjoyed dinner at the nearby Ballynahinch Hotel.

June 16th.

Bar. 30.14". In the morning Margaret Blakley and Joan Dennison left with Norman, bound for Belfast. We were sorry that Norman could not come further with us for he had been a really good crew and an agreeable companion.

12.55. We warped Wynaalda to the head of the North Pier and set the genoa to a light W.N.W. breeze. Once clear, the main was set and rounding Macdara Island, the Inner Passage was taken to Golam Head. (Course 126° T). This most enjoyable sail in near-perfect conditions gave Victor and Ferris a chance to settle down to the routine on Wynaalda. A moderate swell aided identification of the various rocks and 'breakers'. 15.15. Red Flag Island bore S.W. distant 2 cables. Course 141° T was then steered for Killeany Bay, Aran Islands. A sunny afternoon gave a fine sail to Inishmore where the anchor was dropped in 2 fathoms, off Kilronan Pier at 18.25.

Distance made good: 23½ miles, 5½ hrs.(4.27 kn).

June 17th.

Bar. 30.04" at 09.00. We went ashore in the morning and in heavy rain did some shopping. Further time on the island would have been welcome but as the good spell of weather looked like ending soon, we were eager to press on to Valentia, a passage of about 85 miles.

16.16. We got under way with full sail and a S.S.W. breeze force 2. After tacking through Gregory Sound we settled down on Port tack (257° T), the course for Sybil Point being 203° T. The barometer had fallen over a point by 18.00 and dark cloud banks were building up to windward. This seemed to herald the approach of a depression which would put an end to the long spell of anticyclonic weather. The forecast at 17.58 gave S.W. winds 3-5 veering later with drizzle, so we prepared for a dirty night.

20.15. Bar.29.80". With the breeze veering and freshening quickly 4½ rolls were taken in the mainsail. Half an hour later, the genoa was replaced by the working jib, the breeze had reached a good 5-6 and a sea was building up over the long grey Atlantic swell. 21.10. Course was altered to 142° T. (Stbd. tack) to bring Wynaalda back nearer the rhumb line. An hour later a further 1½ rolls were taken in the main. From 22.20 to 00.35 the yacht was tacked every hour.

June 18th.

00.35. The wind had now settled in the W.N.W. 6 and Wynalda was charging along on a new course 212° T, our estimated position being 17 miles N.N.W. of Loop Head. 02.25. The working jib was handed and this eased the yacht for a short while. As the wind increased further Wynalda was soon once more racing through the dark night at near maximum speed with spray flying over her. Without a foresail there was very heavy weather helm, although the main was reefed to the first batten. Failure of the compass light added to the difficulties of the helmsman. 03.00. A fix on Loop Head bearing 122° T, and distant 12 miles, helped confirm our position. Our speed into the remainder of the S.W. swell was much too fast and from time to time a sea would come aboard over the bow. We might have set the trysail and continued on a reach towards Sybil Point. Unfortunately Victor and Ferris had not had time to get their sea-legs and were suffering the agonies of severe sea-sickness. They gamely volunteered to continue but we felt that sheer fatigue would soon become a problem for all of us if the strong breeze increased to a full gale. Also the rugged Kerry coast would have been to leeward and it offered no reasonable anchorage in the Westerly wind.

03.50. Victor took the helm while the main was stowed. In the wild conditions on the foredeck we were glad to have the extra security of personal life-lines. Without sail Wynalda lay like a duck, buoyant and dry - a great contrast to the previous rush and roar. The heavy weather jib (100 sq.ft) took some time to set for shackles are used in place of the usual piston hanks. 04.15. Bearing away on a course 67° T we ran for Loop Head L.H. which could be seen intermittently over the large swell. Even under this small jib the yacht ran at about 5 knots and steering required great care to avoid being pooped by the steep following seas. The seas increased in steepness as we approached the Shannon Estuary but the worst were avoided by keeping close in to the North shore.

06.00. Loop Head L.H. abeam. There was now some shelter from the land so the trysail was bent on ready to hoist. Having rounded Kilcredaun Head at 07.55 we began a slow beat into the anchorage in Carrigaholt Bay, the jib being sufficient without the trysail. The wind was still force 6, gusting 7 at times, when we anchored in $2\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms at 08.50.

Distance made good - 53 miles - $16\frac{1}{2}$ hours. (3.2 kn).

Distance sailed - 82 miles - $16\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

After breakfast we all rolled wearily into our bunks. A strong N.W. breeze continued all day. In the evening Brian and Victor

bought stores in the village. An enormous stew was consumed at midnight before we retired to our bunks once more.

June 19th.

Bar. 30.08". There was a light southerly breeze when we left Carrigaholt at 12.45. This lasted only an hour and then the engine was needed to make progress against the strong flood on our way to Kerry Head. By 16.45 the barometer read 29.85" and more wind seemed likely. A S.S.W. breeze filled in at 17.55 and very quickly freshened to force 4. The motor was stopped and with full sail we beat to the Magharee Islands. It was clear that there was little hope of reaching Smerwick Harbour before dark so the helm was put up and we made for Fenit in Tralee Bay. The sails were dropped when we reached the end of the pier at 20.00. The motor was used to manoeuvre in this confined anchorage, where we dropped our bower in one fathom north west of the pier and took a stern warp to a bollard. Moored in this fashion a yacht may expect quite good shelter. Naturally the stern warp must be reliable. The breeze continued S.W. 5-6 during the night and we found that three fishing boats in the harbour had come in for shelter. Ashore there was little of interest. Ferris fared better than the rest of us for finding the shops closed he encountered a friendly local inhabitant who not only supplied some stores but also insisted on entertaining him to supper. There were two very attractive American girls staying in the same house and this, no doubt, accounted for his tardiness in re-joining us.

Distance made good - 27 miles - 7½ hours. (3.7 kn).

June 20th.

06.00. Up bright and early to find a cold damp morning, with a W.S.W. breeze, force 5. 07.45. We recovered our anchor & warp and motored out of Tralee Bay. At the Magharee Islands we set the main with six rolls and the working jib. The breeze had settled to force 6 so that there was a very stiff beat along the coast to Smerwick. The sea which built up on the heavy swell made the going wet and extremely slow. Tack after tack was made against the flood tide, with the lee deck covered most of the time. The mountains which flank this rock-bound coast were shrouded in dense mist and their forbidding aspect gave a general impression of utter desolation. On the inshore tacks we did not go closer than one mile as there were several squalls off the mountains. In such weather tacking is heavy work and care is required to avoid damage to gear. Victor and Ferris were at the top of their form and seemed to enjoy this plug to windward. We fetched into Smerwick Bay at 19.20 and anchored in 7 fathoms off the village.

Distance made good - 27 miles - 11½ hrs. (2.3 kn!).

June 21st.

08.50. A bright sunny morning with a S.W.4 breeze. We got away under reefed main (6 rolls) and working jib. Making 287° T on the Port tack we opened up the Blasket Islands and by 12.15 tacked to fetch to seaward of these remote islands. Soon the genoa was set and the rolls shaken out of the main. Visibility increased to 5-6 miles and morale rose when Sybil Point drew abeam at 14.00. Two hours later the breeze backed and fell light. We were making very poor headway and were tired of looking at the Blaskets. A further tack would have been required to weather Inishtearagh, the most westerly island of Europe - so we bore away to pass inside it. 17.15. The faltering breeze left Wyalda rolling about in a considerable swell E.N.E. of Inishtearagh so the motor was started to take us West of Inishnabro and Inishvickillane and East of the Foze Rocks. The shoaling bottom at the Blasket Islands makes the swell most uncomfortable and this coupled with the yacht's slow progress soon had our crew referring to the group as "The Blasted Blaskets".

After 20 minutes motoring a steady W.S.W. breeze allowed us to set full and cut the engine. 18.10. Course was set for Port Magee as Victor wished to let his wife know where to meet him. However, it seemed a shame to waste a favourable breeze so it was not too difficult to persuade him to postpone his 'phone call to the morning. With relief course was altered at 19.10 for the Skelligs and the Kenmare River. After the delays in the Shannon it was exhilarating to have a fine reaching breeze, a calm sea and the prospect of making up lost time. The Great Skellig, a magnificent pile of rock with the swell surging against precipitous cliffs, was abeam to port at 21.30. The favourable breeze continuing, it was decided to make for the Bull L.H. and possibly enter Bantry Bay.

June 22nd.

The Bull L.H. 2½ miles off Dursey Island was abeam at 00.35. This was very pleasant sailing so we decided to forego the attractions of Bantry Bay and carry on to the S.E. as far as possible while Victor was still with us. The course for Mizen Head now brought the wind dead astern and Wyalda slipped gently over the calm sea at a steady 4 kns. The wake showed brilliant phosphorescence and the watch on deck enjoyed themselves thoroughly.

02.30. The breeze fell light and speed dropped to 4 kn. Finally we had to start the engine at 04.25 and Mizen Head L.H. was abeam at 06.00. William on watch was rather disappointed with this low headland - he had expected that the most southerly point of Ireland would be more impressive. An hour later we turned to Port into the sheltered inlet of Crookhaven which looked very attractive in the brilliant morning sunshine. The anchor was dropped in 3 fathoms off the pier at 07.00.

Distance made good 76 miles - 22 ½ hrs. (3.3 kn).

Later we went ashore and had lunch at a small cafe. In the afternoon we climbed the hill above the pier and had a good view of the coast. It was a pleasant change to stretch our legs again. Margaret Blakley had driven down from Belfast to collect Victor and arrived in the afternoon. The success of the arrangements for changing crews was largely due to Margaret who cheerfully motored long distances on successive week-ends. We were sorry to see Vixtor go for it would mean longer watches and we should miss his cheerful good spirits.

17.50. We decided to use the fresh westerly breeze to reach Baltimore that evening. We got our anchor and left under heavy weather jib and trysail (the latter set by way of experiment). The breeze soon eased to force 4 so the genoa was set boomed-out to Stbd. We gybed round Cape Clear at 19.45 and had a fine run to Beacon Point L.H. before a steep swell. The trysail was too small for the breeze but at least it did give easy, relaxed sailing. The breeze slowly died and we lost it altogether at 21.10 in the entrance to Baltimore Harbour. The motor was used for half an hour to make up to the town where we anchored in 2 fathoms off the pier.

We rushed ashore to get stores and petrol. We found the people very friendly and with their help our needs were soon met. The Fastnet Hotel provided an excellent meal and we had a yarn with Mr. Skinner of the Yacht Yard.

Distance made good - 15 miles - 3 hrs.50 mins. (3.9 kn).

June 23rd.

We beat out of Baltimore at 11.00 with main (5 rolls) and working jib set to a S.W.5 breeze. The morning was overcast with frequent showers but we left with regret that we did not have time to see more of this wonderful cruising area. Having given Kedge Island a fair berth we set course to pass inside the Stag Rocks (78° T). The 11.55 forecast spoke of a fast-moving trough approaching from the West and a Southerly gale for the Fastnet area. Bar. 30.30". The log was streamed reading 76½ when the Stag Rocks were abeam at 12.40. By 15.40 when off Seven Heads the log read 95½ - an average speed of 6½ Kn. Bar. 30.26". The breeze had increased steadily and was now a good force 6.

16.50. Bar. 30.22". The Old Head of Kinsale was abeam to Port one mile. The seas were building up and the motion on board Wynalda had become really wild. Although close-reefed we were running much too fast and when a green sea burst over Ferris at the helm we did not delay action any longer. 17.00. The main was dropped and the trysail bent on ready to hoist. Ferris, at the helm, enjoyed this sailing enormously and never seemed to tire. Course was set for the Daunt Rock L.V. - our next objective - and we

ran before a very rough sea at 5½-6 kn. in a S.S.W. wind force 6-7. Visibility was reduced to about 2 miles so it was a relief to sight the Light Vessel ahead at 18.23. It was abeam by 18.45 and steering 358° T we made for Roches Point. The 4½ miles to the Point were covered in 45 minutes, an average speed of 6 kn. with only 150 sq.ft. of sail set.

We were off the entrance to Crosshaven at 19.50 and found the wind blowing straight out with very heavy rain squalls. Rather than attempt to beat through the rather crowded anchorage we started the motor. Twenty minutes later we anchored in 2½ fms beyond the Royal Munster Yacht Club.

Distance made good - 55 miles - 9 hr.10 mins. (6 kn).

22.00. We went ashore and had supper at the Grand Hotel. Thoughts of an early night soon vanished when we met Mr. & Mrs. Gerald Barry and other members of the R.M.Y.C. in their fine clubhouse. The 'crack' was so good that we didn't get to our bunks until 01.20.

June 24th.

It continued to blow strongly all day. 14.25. Bar. 29.98". After a walk ashore up to Fort Camden we had lunch at the hotel. In the evening we were entertained, most hospitably, at the R.M.Y.C. We especially enjoyed showers provided by the Club.

June 25th.

We got under way at 08.50 with working jib and 5 rolls in the main and passing Roche's Point at 09.05 the rolls were shaken out to a N.W.3 breeze. Log 18. Bar 29.77". The spinnaker was set an hour later and held until 11.40 when the gooseneck slider of the pole fractured. This was the only failure of gear during the cruise. Conditions were near perfect for passage-making with little sea, good visibility and a favourable W.N.W. breeze. We decided to continue to the Conningbeg L.V. rather than call to Dunmore East. The glorious run continued all afternoon with the breeze backing to S.W. force 4. The Light Vessel was brought abeam at 21.55 as dusk approached. Course was altered for the Barrells L.V. which was reached at 23.30. Log 97.

June 26th.

We headed for the Tuskar Rock Light which was now clearly visible, and leaving it to starboard headed for the Blackwater L.V.

These lights made the navigation easy. A fast reach took us past the Blackwater L.V. and by 05.05 the Arklow Bank L.V. was $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles off, when course was altered for the No. 1 Glassgorman Banks Buoy. Progress became slow with a light breeze and an ebb tide. Sails were stowed at the entrance to Arklow Harbour at 07.00 and the engine used to enter the dock basin.

Distance made good - 120 miles - 22 hrs.20 mins. (5.4 kn).

After a few hours sleep we took the batteries to Tyrells Yacht Yard to have them charged. A new sloop designed by Robert Clark was being fitted out in the basin and we spent an interesting hour looking over her.

June 27th.

The batteries were delivered on board and at 11.17 we motored out of the harbour. Bar. 30.30". When clear of the harbour full sail was set to a light N.N.W. breeze and we made for the Codling L.V. in poor visibility and light rain. This was reached at 14.45 by which time we had 3 rolls in the main and the working jib set to the N.W.5 breeze. We had thought of making a direct passage home but a forecast of N. winds 6-7 prompted us to break our passage at Dun Laoghaire. It was some time before we found the Codling Bank No. 5 Buoy in the mist but eventually we made our way inside this Bank and beat slowly along the coast to Dun Laoghaire against the ebb tide.

June 28th.

02.00. We entered the Harbour with some difficulty in the dark, made our way slowly under jib to the anchorage off the Royal St. George Yacht Club, where we anchored at 02.30.

Distance made good - 41 miles - 15 hrs.13 mins.(2.7 kn).

In the afternoon we had a quick dash ashore for stores. The 13.40 shipping forecast gave winds N.N.E., force 5/6 with 7 at times.

15.45. We left with 2 rolls in the main and working jib and settled down on the Port tack (33°T) to a moderate Northerly breeze. A veer had been forecast but to our disappointment it did not come through. During the late evening the breeze freshened to force 6 and a further 4 rolls were taken in the main. The heavy weather jib was also set and we continued through the night towards the Isle of Man.

June 29th.

In the early morning the Chicken Rock L.H. was sighted ahead at 06.10 in poor visibility. The forecast at 06.45 spoke of N. to N.E. winds, 4-5, increasing to 6 or 7 and perhaps gale 8 locally. Port St. Mary was only a few miles away and as the strong breeze was already increasing it seemed wise to get into shelter. 08.10. We anchored off the breakwater in 5 fathoms but as the 35 lb. C.Q.R. anchor dragged on the shale bottom we moved over to the pier where we cleared Customs.

Distance made good - 68 miles - 16 hrs. 25 mins. (4.2 kn).

Later we made fast to an excellent mooring buoy, 2 cables N.N.W. of the pier head. This mooring is provided for visiting yachts. During the day the wind blew strongly and we caught up with our sleep. In the evening we called at the I.O.M. Yacht Club and were made welcome by the members.

June 30th.

This Sunday being the last day of our leave we were keen to reach our home mooring by the evening. 03.40. As usual, Ferris was first awake and his attempts to rouse the owners out of their bunks brought no response. A moment later his shout "There's a yacht on fire" brought Brian and Billy leaping from their bunks. A 5 ton sloop, one of the local yachts moored in the bay was burning fiercely in the first light of dawn. Fortunately no one was on board but it was a dreadful sight to see her burn to the waterline and sink.

04.30. Leaving the harbour we found an E.N.E.4 breeze outside and settled down on a fast reach under main and working jib. The genpa was set at 09.20 and by 11.45 the wind had gone. The engine was started but packed up an hour later due to more scale blocking the water circulation. A very slow beat along the Co. Down shore in a light N.E. air brought us to Donaghadee at 19.50. We tacked through Donaghadee Sound and gradually Belfast Lough opened up. We were becalmed 3 miles from the moorings but at last a light air filled in from the North and carried Wyalda to the Royal North of Ireland Yacht Club anchorage at Cultra where we picked up our mooring at 23.36.

Distance made good - 62 miles - 19 hrs. 6 mins. (3.2 kn).

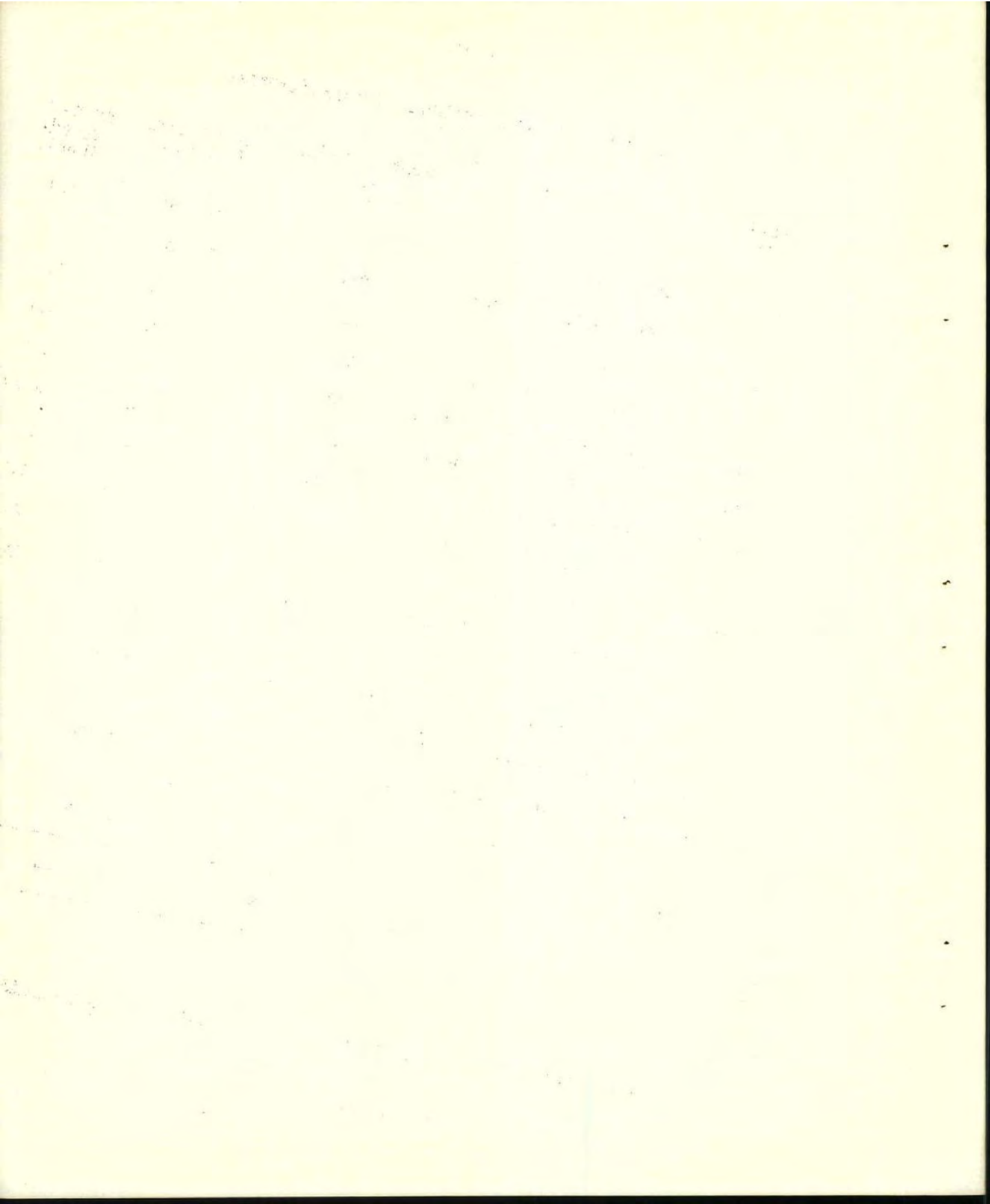
Around Ireland in "Wynalda": Cruise Summary.

<u>Date:</u> <u>June.</u>	<u>Passage.</u>	<u>Distance made</u> <u>good.</u> (Miles)	<u>Under way.</u> (Hrs.Mins)	<u>Average</u> <u>speed.</u> (Kns).
7 - 8.	Cultra-Carlough.	28½	10 -20.	2.8
8 - 11.	Carlough - Blacksod.	187.	70 -00	2.7
12.	Blacksod - Clare Island.	32.	9 -05	3.5
13.	Clare -Innishboffin.	39½	9 -30	4.1
14.	Innishboffin-Roundstone.	30.	7 -30.	3.9
16.	Roundstone -Kilronan.	23½.	5 -30	4.27.
17 -18.	Kilronan-Carrigaholt.	53.	16 -30.	3.2
19.	Carrigaholt -Fenit.	27.	7.-15.	3.7
20.	Fenit -Smerwick.	27.	11 -30.	2.3
21 -22.	Smerwick -Crookhaven.	76.	22 -30.	3.3.
22.	Crookhaven - Baltimore.	15.	3 -50	3.9
23.	Baltimore - Crosshaven.	55.	9 -10.	6.0
25 - 26	Crosshaven-Arklow.	120.	22 -20	5.4.
27 - 28	Arklow -Dun Laoghaire.	41	15 -13	2.7
28 -29	Dun Laoghaire-Port St.Mary.	68.	16 -25	4.2
30.	P. St. Mary - Cultra.	62.	19. 6	3.2
<u>Total:</u>		884½.	225 - 44.	3.5.

Total distance covered: 996 miles.

Hours under way: 255.44.

Average speed: 3.9.



List of Members.

<u>Name:</u>	<u>Address.</u>	<u>Yacht.</u>	<u>Thames Tonnage.</u>
Aldworth, R.H.	Islandview, Whitehead, Co. Antrim.	Duckling.	9.
Allen, Major J.F.	c/o, 14, Dundela Park, Sandycove, Co. Dublin. (Overseas).		
Anderson, A.W.	Balmacara, Deanfield, Londonderry.	Lapwing,	3½.
Andrews, David.	Belfast Mills, Belfast.	Ocean Dove.	5½.
Arnold, R.C.	13, Malone Hill Pk. Belfast.		
Barnes, D.	53, Sycamore Road, Mount Merrion, Co. Dublin.	Cu-na-Mara.	9.
Barry, P.	11, York Terrace, Summerhill, Co. Cork.		
Berridge, Lt.Col. E.L.	Ashleam House, Monkstown, Co. Cork.	Shindilla.	13.
Beckett, J.D.	52, Sydney Ave., Blackrock, Co. Dublin.	Dara.	4.
Bourke, J.Roger.	Corbiere, Ashbourne Ave. Limerick.	Iduna.	4.
Boyd, J.M.	Quarry House, Craigantlet, Holywood, Co. Down.		
Bradley, Desmond.	"Mostyn" Grove Lawn, Blackrock, Co. Dublin.		
Braidwood, W.S.	3, Dufferin Villas, Bangor, Co. Down.	Cruiskeen.	14.
Braidwood, Mrs.	3, Dufferin Villas, Bangor, Co. Down.		
Brierly, Liam.	Avondale, Clondalkin, Co. Dublin.	Fidget. Pride of Bantry.	4. 9.

Brindley, A.	Abingdon, Shankill, Co. Dublin.	Eun Mara. (Dragon).	3.
Bridges, Mrs. M.C.	Seamark, Glandore, Co. Cork.		
Broderick, K.J.	Kilcoran, Knapton Road. Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin.		
Brown, W.D.	212, Shore Road, Portaferry, Co. Down,	Blacksod.	
Browne, Dr. Noel.	St. Bridgets', Enniskerry, Co. Wicklow.		
Begley, W.	87, Tritonville Road, Sandymount, Co. Dublin.		
Brown, Colin.	c/o, Spindrift, Baily, Co. Dublin.	Venturer.	92.
Brown, J.F.	151, Seafield Road, Clontarf, Dublin 3.	Curlew,	6.
Butler, James C. M.C.	Belgrove, Cobh, Co. Cork.	Happy Morning.	6
Butler, Sean.	Bonnie Doon, Coliemore Rd. Dalkey, Co. Dublin.		
Bunting, P.J.	58, Demesne Road, Holywood, Co. Down.	Wender.	7.
Campbell, R.P.	The Cotswolds, Foxrock, Co. Dublin.	Verve.	10.
Chadwick, T.	Lissen Hall, Swords, Co. Dublin.	Huzure P.O.	8.
Charles, R.	28a, Kensington, Church St. London, W.8.		
Cobbe, T.L.	Newbridge House, Donabate, Co. Dublin.	Charm.	6.
Cooper, Rev. C.W.	Bernardene, Bounnanna Rd., Cork.		
Clark, H.W.S.	Gorteade Cottage, Upperlands, Co. Derry.	Wild Goose.	10.

Collins, J.B.	Mulberry, Glenamuck Rd. Carrickmines, Co. Dublin.		
Collins, H.A.B.	Clanallen, Manse Road, Kilkeel, Co. Down.		
Collins, W.J.	Weirview, Sunday's Well, Cork.		
Cooke, Kenneth. R.O.R.C. Measurer.	"Salia" Dublin Road, Sutton, Co. Dublin.	Heron. Class E.	
Coe, R.	Craigie, Monasterevan, Co. Kildare.		
Courtney, Ross.	Rossmore, Claremont Road, Howth, Co. Dublin.	Drynoth,	11.
Coyne, Thos. P.	1, Glenvar Park, Blackrock, Co. Dublin. (Overseas).		
Craig, George D.	Belvedere, Harbour Road, Dalkey, Co. Dublin.	Glenariff.	4.
Cresswell, R. Seymour.	Lynton, Dalkey Ave., Dalkey, Co. Dublin.		
Crosbie, Commdr.	Garrydale, Tivoli, Co. Cork.		
Crosbie, Thomas.	Woodlands, Montenotte, Cork.	If.	12.
Crosbie, E.	Woodlands, Montenotte, Cork.		
Cross, T. Fergus.	Montenotte House, Lr. Montenotte, Cork.		
Cudmore, F.	Westcourt, College Road, Cork.	Setanta.	10.
Cudmore, H.	Roseleigh, Western Road, Cork.	Auretta,	7½.
Cudmore, H. Junior.	Roseleigh, Western Road, Cork.	Cupid,	(Cadet).
D'Alton, H.M.A.	Kilda Cottage, Killiney, Co. Dublin.		

Denvir, Joan. (Miss).	Mount Bernard, Cobh, Co. Cork.	Emmy.	12 National.
Devereux, A.	10, Fleet St., Dublin.		
Dillon, Anthony.	Kilteragh Lodge, Westminster Rd., Foxrock, Co. Dublin.		
Donnelly, H.	102, Shandon St, Cork.		
Doyle, Thos. F.	Menloe, Blackrock, Co. Cork.	Elsa.	21.
Doyle, Denis N.	Lauriston, Douglas Road, Cork.	Severn Querida.	12. 14.
Duff, John C.	37, West 75th Street, New York 23, N.Y. U.S.A.	Naomi P.O.	5.
Duff, Joseph M.	11, Queen's Park, Monkstown, Co. Dublin.	Naomi, P.O.	5.
Dunn, Aiden.	2, Nutley Road, Ballsbridge, Dublin 4.	Saltarello.	6.
Elliot, W. Mayne.	Hillsboro, 59, Cromwell Rd., Canterbury, Kent.	Sheena,	(Heron).
Falkiner, Dr. Ninian.	Hollypark, Newtownpark Ave., Blackrock.	Euphanzel.	8.
Fannin, R.N.	117, St. Assam's Ave. Raheny, Co. Dublin.		
Farrell, Austin R.	84, O'Connell St., Dungarvan, Co. Waterford.	Akela.	12.
Faulkner, J. Denis.	Olinda, Craigavad, Co. Down.	Glen Roy, Angelique.	4. 18.
Faulkner, J.A.	Doon, Cultra, Holywood, Co. Down.	Nordene.	154.
Felix, Bernard.	Kerandre, Montee de Fontvert, Les Lune, Six Fours - la- Plage, Var, France.		

Fielding, Dr. R.J.	Cartriff, Douglas, Co. Cork. <u>Address for 1 year from 16/8/63:</u> Pratt Clinic, New England Centre Hospital, 171, Harrison Ave., Boston 11, Mass., U.S.A.		
Fitzgerald, Jos.	24, Patrick St., Cork.		
Flanagan, R.J.	119, Vernon Ave., Clontarf.		
French, Daphne (Miss)	Pamir Cottage, Dunmore East, Co. Waterford.		
Fuller, Thos.	Grianan, Skibbereen, Co. Cork.		
Glover, Walter Ernest.	"Rosamar" Mile Cross. Newtownards, Co. Down.	Tyrena.	11.
Glover, Mrs. Lillian.	"Rosamar" Mile Cross, Newtownards, Co. Down.		
Gogarty, Desmond.	27, Laurence Road, Drogheda.	Venture.	4.
Goodbody, Harold P.	The Glen, Cobh, Co. Cork.	Christina of Carcais.	12
Green, R.	Plymouth Hoe, Dundonald, Belfast.	Inverna; Sarith.	8. 12.
Green, Mrs. R.	Plymouth Hoe, Dundonald, Belfast.		
Greer, P.H.	22, Greenfield Road, Sutton, Co. Dublin.	Helen of Howth.	27.
Guinness, John H.	Ceanchor House, Bailly, Co. Dublin.	Sharavoge.	5.
Guinness, Peter.	15, Queensberry Way, London, S.W.7.	Rob Roy McGregor.	8
Hall, R.A.	Liseniska, Monkstown, Co. Cork.	Flica.	33.
Hanan, T.J.	Kenmare, Kill Road, Foxrock, Co. Dublin.	Rippon.	8.
Harman, S.T.S.	Lichfield, Ballintemple, Co. Cork.	Carina.	4.

Healy, A.A.	Newtown, Bantry, Co. Cork.		
Hennessy, Dr. Synge.	Carna, Connemara, Co. Galway.		
Hegarty, Brian.	Mouse House, Drumleck, Baily, Co. Dublin.	Puffin (Mermaid)	
Hegarty, Dermot.	2, Killeen Terrace, Malahide, Co. Dublin.	Silver Moon.	17'
Hely, Air Commodore, A.H. McM. O.B.E.	8, Saxholm Dale, Bassett, Nr. Southampton.	Cygnets.	9.
Henry, F.J. M.B., F.R.C.S.I.	Match Box, Mount Anville Rd. Dundrum, Dublin 14.	Jacqueline.	
Henry, George Ross.	Match Box, Mount Anville Road, Dundrum, Dublin 14.		
Henry, S. Mervyn.	55, Strand Road, Portstewart, Co. Antrim.		
Hicks, Savill O. O.B.E.	Cuan Hills, Ballydorn, Killinchy, Co. Down.	Grey Seal of Strangford.	6
Hilliard, C.	Carrigart, Ballincurrag Estate, Douglas, Co. Cork.		
Hollway, Lt-Col. J.B.	Eski, Shehr, Cabinteely, Co. Dublin.	Tora.	6.
Hollway, G.W.	Dunstaffnage, Stillorgan, Co. Dublin.		
Horsman, H.F.	Templerrainy, House, Arklow, Co. Wicklow.		
Hunter-Blair, Mrs. David.	Seacliffe House, Aberdour, Fife, Scotland.	Shearwater, (Dinghy 12').	
Hunt, C.K.	30, Upper Merrion St., Dublin.	Amamaxanda.	
Irving, John Faulkner.	The Moorings, Harbour Rd., Sandycove, Co. Dublin.	Sea Saunterer.	9.
Jacob, Basil B.	15, Cunningham Drive, Dalkey, Co. Dublin.		

Johnson, Terence H.C.	South Lodge, Ballybrack, Co. Dublin.		
Kane, Philip.	Phil Kane Ltd., Summerhill, Sandycove, Co. Dublin.		
Kay, Alex.	Rothsay Hotel, 11, Eden Quay, Dublin.		
Kearney, John B.	27, Eaton Square, Monkstown, Co. Dublin.		
Kelly-Rogers, Capt. J.C.	Spindrift, Shore Road, Portmarnock, Co. Dublin.		
Kennedy, Hugh P.	21, Wellington Park, Belfast.		
Kilkelly, Lt-Col. R.P.	23, Upp. Grosvenor St., London, W.I.		
Kimber, Gurth.	c/o, Mails Branch, Commonwealth Relations Office, Downing St., London, S.W.I.	Astrophel.	10.
Kirkham, T.G.	127, Rathgar Rd., Dublin.		
Knox-Gore, Col. W.A.C.A., D.S.O.	Pontoon Lodge, Foxford, Co. Mayo.	Arandora.	8.
Lambert, Harold.	31, Wilfield Road, Ballsbridge, Dublin.		
Landon, Capt. E.G.	Crannog, Banagher, Co. Offaly.	Sea Bird. (P.O).	4½
Large, R.T.	Rosehill House, Carysfort Ave., Blackrock.	Linte.	6.
Lee, R.	Beaumont Cottage, Waltham Terr. Blackrock, Co. Cork.		
Love, Clayton.	Seabank, Clifton Terrace, Monkstown, Co. Dublin.	Galcador.	20.
Luke, D.	Fairways, Carrickbrennan Rd., Sutton, Co. Dublin.		

Luke, Derek.	Windward, Strand Road, Sutton, Co. Dublin.	Emanuel.	6.
McAuley, F.D.	44, Fitzwilliam St., Dublin.		
Macauley, W.P.	Ballyward House, Manor Kilbride, Blessington, Co. Wicklow.	Heather Bell.	52.
McCleery, H.	Island Bane, Killinchy, Co. Down.		
McConnell, J.C.	Moytura, Barnhill Road, Dalkey, Co. Dublin.	Susanna.	9.
McConnell, Mrs. Mary T.	Moytura, Barnhill Road, Dlkey, Co. Dublin.		
McCoull, Malcolm Jury.	47, Earlswood Road, Belfast.	Lorelei.	
McCormick, W.H.D.	Greencastle, Co. Donegal.	Diane.	4.
McDowell, J.R.	Cherry Hill, Ballymullan Rd., Crawfordsburn, Co. Down.		
McFerran, Keith.	Dangan, Carrickmines, Co. Dublin.	Huzure. (P.O).	6.
McGonagle, Liam.	Fingal, Strand Road, Sutton, Co. Dublin.		
MacIlwaine, A. Douglas.	Barra, Crawfordsburn, Co. Down.	Sheenan	17.
MacIlwaine, Mrs. Yvonne.	Barra, Crawfordsburn, Co. Down.		
McKechnie, W.G.B.	Rhubeg, Strone, Argyll, Scotland.	C.B. Dinghy, 12 feet.	
McKee, M.	2, Sandringham Drive, Bangor, N. Ireland.	Ente.	4½.
McKinley, F.	Beechfield, Sydney Ave., Blackrock, Co. Dublin.	Sarcelle.	6.
McLaverty, Kevin.	201, York Ave., East Cowes, Isle of Wight.	Durnard.	2

McLavery, Colm.	30, Deramore Drive, Belfast 9.	Dauntless	2.
McMullan, L.	The Dell, Gordon Ave., Foxrock, Co. Dublin.	Rainbow.	6.
McSweeney, E.J.	Glendhu, Mentoe Gardens, Blackrock, Cork.		
Macken, J.J.	White House, Dalkey Ave., Dalkey, Co. Dublin.	Aileen. (Dragon).	3.
MacKeown, J.A.	57, Leeson Park, Dublin.	Huff of Arklow. Antoinette.	14. 5.
Madden, Arthur G.	Hazeldenem Marina, Blackrock, Cork.		
Magill, R.	Albion House, Sandycove, Co. Dublin.	Sadie R.	8.
Maguire B.C.	Northfield, 36 Herbert Rd., Hornchurch, Essex.		
Maguire, M.J.	Grosvenor House, Monkstown, Co. Dublin.		
Maher, Patrick.	Ballinglanna, Douglas Road, Cork.	Wow.	"505".
Mahony, J.A.C.	Cloghroe House, Blarney, Co. Cork.		
Mallagh, T.J.S.	1, St. James' Terrace, Clonskeagh, Dublin.		
Marshall, A.H.	6, Castlehill Park West, Belfast 4.	La petite mamselle.	5.
Martin, F.D.	2, Eaton Brae, Corbawn Lane, Shankill, Co. Dublin.	Adastra. (p.O).	8.
Masser, A.H.	Edros, Baily, Co. Dublin.	Segura.	23.
Maxwell, F.	Frascati House, Blackrock, Co. Dublin.		
Mellon, Douglas.	Thormonby Lodge, Howth, Co. Dublin.	Spray.	2.

Mellon, D.E., M.D.	8, Fitzwilliam Square, Dublin.	Janet.	12.
Micks, R.N., M.D.	18, Fitzwilliam Place, Dublin.		
Miller, C.G.	Shortalstown, Killinick, Wexford.	Calloo.	4.
Minchin, J.	Knockree House, Douglas Rd. Cork.		
Mitchell, P.D.	Apartment I.A., Decarie Towers, 5757, Decarie Bvd., Montreal, Canada.		
Mitchell, E. Dunsmuir.	Carrowdore Castle, Millisle, Co. Down.	Appplyn. (Int. Dragon).	
Mooney, A.W.	Ardfern, Breffni Road, Sandycove, Co. Dublin.		
Morck, Dr. Peter. (Hon. Secretary).	Frankfort Lodge, Merrion Ave. Blackrock, Co. Dublin.	Samphire of Osyth.	11.
Morck, Mrs. P.C.	Frankfort Lodge, Merrion Ave., Blackrock, Co. Dublin.		
Morris, Arthur.	Clonmore, Glebe, Piltown, Co. Kilkenny.	Evarne.	11.
Morrison, I.	Spindrift, Carrickbrack Rd., Baily, Co. Dublin.		
Moore, G.B. (Hon. Treasurer).	18, St. Catherine's Park, Glenageary, Co. Dublin.		
Morehead, R.	Curra Binny, Crosshaven, Cork.	Windward.	1½.
Montgomery, A.M.	Brocca, North Ave., Mount Merrion, Dublin.	Rita.	17.
Montgomery., E.J.	78, Northumberland Rd. Dublin.		
Mulhern Jas J.	Hillside, Upp. Mountown, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin.		
Nixon, W.M.	The Banks, Ballyholme, Bangor, Co. Down.	Skaal.	3.

O'Kelly, W.J.	50, Villarea Park, Glenageary, Co. Dublin.		
O'Brien, Eric.	39, Grafton St., Dublin.	Thumbalina. (Mermaid).	
O'Byrne, Thos.E.	Thorndale, Beaumont Park, Ballintemple, Co. Cork.		
O'Ceallaigh, Cormac.	Weatheroak, Killiney Road, Killiney, Co. Dublin.	Julia.	5.
O'Ceallaigh, Mrs. M.	46, Killiney Road, Killiney.		
O'Connor, Dan J.	Kotor, Vico Terrace, Dalkey, Co. Dublin.		
O'Connor, Dr.M.	58, Fitzwilliam Square, Dublin.		
O'Donovan, W.J.	Eldorado, Ballintemple, Co. Cork.		
O'Mara, Stephen.	Pembroke House, Blackrock, Co. Dublin.	Fenestra.	8.
Odbert, Arthur. R.M.	8, Trafalgar Terrace, Monkstown, Co. Dublin.		
Odlum, Peter D.	Priory Lodge, Grove Ave. Blackrock, Co. Dublin.	Inishmara Jean. (Dragon)	12. 3 (P.O)
O'Hanlon, Rory. M.D.	8, St. James' Terrace, Clonskeagh, Dublin.	Tjaldur.	12.
O'Hanlon, Mrs.R.	8, St. James Terrace, Clonskeagh, Dublin.		
O'Keeffe, P.	Ard-na-Greine, Bantry, Co. Cork.		
O'Keefe, Ray.	Landescape, Drinagh, Wexford.	Mary C. (Mermaid).	
O'Lochlainn, Colm.	109, Fleet St., Dublin.		
Osterberg, Harold.	1, Wilton Place, Dublin 2.		
Osterberg, Paul.	40, Bawnmore Rd., Belfast 9.		

Park, Mungo.	Corrig Breac, Baily, Howth, Co. Dublin.	Kitugani.	11.
Payne, J. Somers.	4, Camden Terrace, Crosshaven, Co. Cork.	Melody.	Nat. 18 ⁷
Pearson, J.D.	Craig View, Howth, Co. Dublin.		
Petch, John.	Seaview, Kilbrittain, Co. Cork.		
Pierce, Dermot.	126, Harley St., London.	Alpha.	2.
Pope, A.E.	Victoria Cross, Cork.	Susette.	6.
Purcell, D.J.	3, Marlborough Road, Glenageary, Co. Dublin.		
Reid, Norman C.	1, Fifth Ave., Baylands, Bangor, Co. Down.		
Riordan, Cashel.	The Paddock, Templelawn, Blackrock Rd., Cork.	Tern.	5.
Richardson, H.G.	Ventnor, Vico Road, Dalkey, Co. Dublin.		
Robinson, Dr. G.	15, Belgrave Sq., Monkstown, Co. Dublin.	Whimbrel.	3.
Roche, T.H.	Ros-na-Greine, Avoca Ave., Blackrock, Co. Dublin.	Neon Tetra.	20.
Ronan, J.G.	Cuskinny, Cobh, Co. Cork.		
Rothwell, R.M.	Rosbarnagh, Newport, Co. Mayo.	Rosalind.	7.
Rowlands, David G.	17, Chlorine Gardens, Belfast.		
Ryan, Eoin.	4, Winton Rd., Dublin.		
Ryan, John.	c/o, The National Yacht Club, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin.	Southern Cross.	6
Somerville-Large, P.T.	Vallombrosa, Bray, Co. Wicklow.	Gannet.	10.

Sheppard, Gerald J.	Ravenscourt, Douglas, I.O.M. or Liverpool Royal Infirmary, Pembroke Place. Liverpool 3.		
Sheppard, Thos.	8, Sorrento Terrace, Dalkey, Co. Dublin.	Greylag of Arklow.	
Smiles, Alan.	28, Fifth Ave., Port Washington, New York, U.S.A.		
Smullen, John D.	Clonminch, Tullamore, Co. Offaly.		
Smyth, Brian T.	117, Malone Ave., Belfast 9.	Wynalda.	10.
Smyth, Lyall G.	Islington, 47 Terenure Rd. East, Dublin 6.	Glenheask.	4.
Smyth, William A.	117, Malone Ave., Belfast 9.	Wynalda	10.
Starkey, R.V.	11, Sandford Ave., Marlboro' Road, Donnybrook, Dublin.	Bonita.	3.
Stewart, Alan.	14, Rosmeen Gdns., Sandycove, Co. Dublin.		
Sullivan, C. St.J.	Bellevue, Lr. Mountown Road, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin.		
Sullivan, D. St.J.	123, Upper Abbey St., Dublin.	Mataroa. Ada. Sprack.	15. (S.D). (S.D).
Tayler, W.J.	38, Great Queen St. London, W.C.2.		
Thompson, C.H.	24, Waltham Terrace, Blackrock, Co. Dublin.		
Thompson, Samuel F.	Windyridge, Rochestown Rd., Cork.		
Tierney, John.	Amalfi, Eglinton Road, Donnybrook, Dublin.		
Tomlinson, Michael.	Elmleigh, Neston, Wirral, Cheshire.	Pellegrina.	12.

Tyrrell, John.	56, Ferrybank, Arklow.		
Tweedy, Dr. E.	Everton, Sutton, Co. Dublin.	Twayblade.	9.
Villiers Stuart, J.H.I.	Remville Hall, Oranmore, Co. Galway.	Carrigwen.	11.
Villiers Stuart, M.F.	Longside, Greenisland, Co. Antrim.	Winifred.	13.
Wall, Morris R.	Melbeach, Monkstown, Co. Dublin.	Vivi.	5.
Walsh, R.T.	65, Merrion Road, Dublin.	Firedrake, (Dragon).	3.
Wilkinson, J.Norman.	Glenhedr, Howth, Co. Dublin.	Leila.	17 ¹ D.B.
Watson, Neil.	Shandon, Crossthwaite Park, Dun Laoghaire.	Vivi.	30 sq. M.
Watson, R.	Newtonmore, Grove Road, Malahide, Co. Dublin.		
Wilson, T.G. M.B., F.R.C.S.I.	3, Fitzwilliam Square, Dublin.	Harmony.	7.
Wolfe, John M.	Robs Walls, Malahide, Co. Dublin.	Kyrenia.	5.
Wylde, Commdr. A.L.	South Shore, Sheridan Drive, Helen's Bay, Co. Down.	Sula's Wing.	5.
Wood Wolfe, C.F.W.	Bridge House, Skibbereen, Co. Dublin.		
Workman, J.R.	53, Malone Park, Belfast.	Ceara.	8.

- HONORARY MEMBERS -

Barton, Humphrey.	4, Quay Hill, Lymington, Hants.	Rose of York.	12.
Cree, Donal C.L.	Pinehurst, Aviary Road. Pyreford, Woking.	Gulnare.	9.
Heard, Douglas.	Stone Cottage, Killiney Hill Road, Killiney, Co. Dublin.	Vanja IV.	6.
Hooper, J.P.A.	Royal Bank Chambers, 102, Upp. Georges St., Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin.		
Paul, Alan H.	Royal Ocean Racing Club, 20, St. James's St., London, S.W.I.		

