



***Irish Cruising
Club
Annual, 1962***





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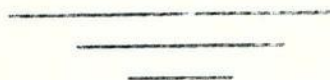


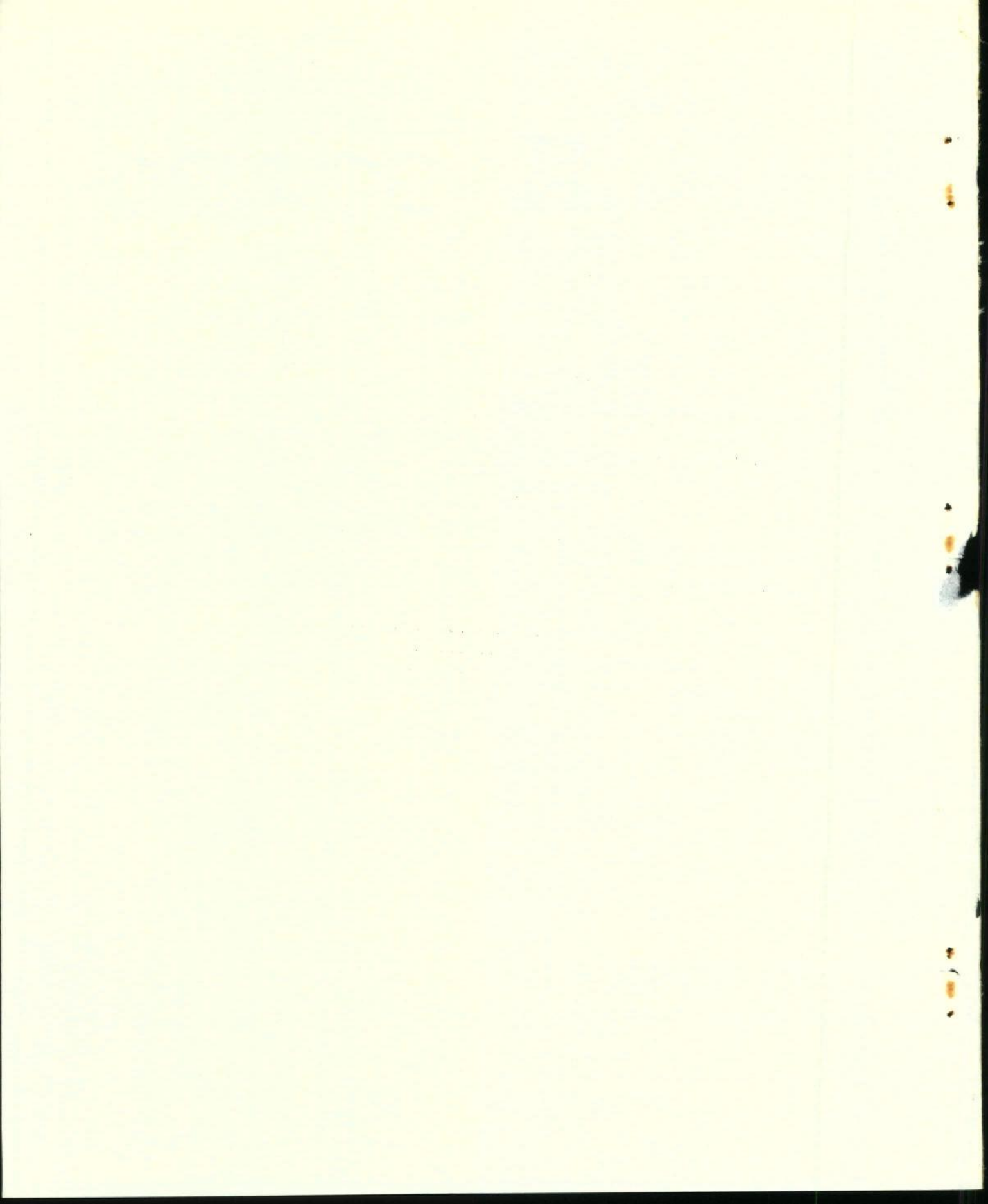
Irish Cruising Club Annual

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COMMENT:

"Editor", says The Oxford Dictionary, "is a person who superintends, revises and prepares material for publication. Each of these duties I endeavoured to perform this year as a "stop gap" measure until a new Hon. Editor is found.

This is a members co-operative journal. Prompt submission of articles and help and advice from Wallace Clark and Peter Morck sent it "to bed". I am thankful for this service.

Articles, once again, get full marks for readability and some are amusing. Particularly informative is Wallace Clark's "Don't knock the rocks", whilst R.P. O'Keefe performed a valuable service in preparing a revised map of Wexford Harbour.

To members -- may I again thank you for your assistance, and a special word of praise is due to Colm O'Loughlin for binding the Journal and printing the cover in a fraction of the time usually required to do the job.

John Morris

Hon. Editor.

HONORARY SECRETARY'S REPORT.

Gentlemen and Lady Members:

I beg to present my report on the activities of the Club during the past year.

Annual General Meeting

The Annual General Meeting was held on Friday February 23rd at the Royal St. George Yacht Club Dun Laoghaire the facilities of which were very generously placed at the disposal of our Members.

The Flag Officers remain unchanged as follows:

The Commodore:	H.W.S. Clark.
Vice-Commodore:	P H. Greer
Hear-Commodore:	C J. Riordan

In like manner G B Moore and Dr P.B. Morck remained as Hon Treasurer and Hon. Secretary respectively, but D.J Purcell retired as Hon. Measurer as Irish Cruising Club rating certificates are no longer to be issued by the Club.

R.D Heard has most regrettably found it necessary to retire from Hon. Editorship of the Journal and A H. Masser has consented to take on this most onerous and appreciated task.

E J. Odlum has retired from the Hon. Auditorship and J. Findlay Brown has consented to take up this office

T.J Hanan has retired from the Committee after long service together with F. Cudmore who retired after his year of service following the Commodoreship.

Committee:

R. D. Heard.	W H.D. McCormick.	D. McIllwaine.
P.D Odlum.	Col R.L Berridge.	A.H. Masser.
R.P. Campbell.	R.I. Morrison	R. O'Hanlon.

The Committee met on five occasions up to the preparation of this report and the attendances were good.

Sailing Directions.

This year has been marked by the publication, after many months of hard work, of the revised and extended edition of the South West and West Coast sailing directions. We are greatly indebted to the Commodore, Col. Berridge, R.P. Campbell and all the other members who helped to make this possible, and to Bord Failthe, Arthur Guinness & Co., Shell (Ireland) Ltd., Esso (Ireland) Ltd., Dunlop (Ireland) Ltd., and John Player & Sons, through whose generosity we were able to produce such an attractive volume. Sales have been most encouraging and nearly half of the 1000 copies originally printed have already been sold. Supplies of the North and East Coast directions have now run out and work is in hand for the revision of this section, and the printing of a companion volume to the South, South West and West edition.

Annual Muster - August 25th.

The Annual Muster was held on Saturday, August 25th, and was, unfortunately, almost completely ruined by the weather which was stormy for the whole week-end. If it had not been for alternative plans, laid well in advance to cope with such a contingency, the whole venture would have been a complete failure. Instead of attempting to meet in Carlingford Lough, the Northern boats gathered at Audley Roads in Strangford Lough, and the Southern boats at Arklow where parties were held aboard. The boats returning from Arklow to their home ports on the Sunday encountered winds gusting force 9, but fortunately off the shore.

Yachts taking part at Strangford Lough:

Nirvana of Arklow.	Mervyna
Diane.	wender
Grey Seal.	
Glen Moyle.	

Yachts taking part at Arklow:

Helen of Howth.	Twayblade.
Segura.	Rosalind.
Huff of Arklow.	Harmony Brynoth.
Greytag of Arklow.	Emanuel.

The competitions were not held and the Rockabill Trophy was not awarded.

Cruising.

Once again the cruises by members were outstanding, and would have done credit to any deep water club.

R.D. Heard's cruise to the Azores was indeed a remarkable adventure, and during the season other members were sailing far afield. Shindilla (Col. Berridge) to the West Coast of Brittany; Neon Tetra (T. Roche) in the Baltic, to mention only a few.

Entries for the Perpetual Challenge Cups were disappointing but those logs entered were full of interest.

The Faulkner Cup was awarded to R.D. Heard. (Huff of Arklow).

The Fortnight Cup and the Navigation Cup were not awarded this year, as no entries were received.

Races.

The races held during the season were well supported and were as follows:-

Whitsuntide: Cork-Fastnet-Schull.

1st.	Severn 11.	D.N. Doyle.	Awards:
2nd.	Christina of Cascais.	H.P. Goodbody.	Wybrants Kearney Cup.
3rd.	Happy Morning.	J.C. Butler.	Lloyds Register.

This race was started in a calm with some yachts kedging until the ebb started. A gentle breeze came in from the S.W. and this gave a light beat to the Fastnet, which favoured the 8 metres. Friday night was fine and pleasant, with brisk sailing at times on the Saturday morning, but the wind tended to fade away later.

Whitsuntide: Howth-Port. St. Mary.

1st.	Cu-na-Mara.	D. Barnes.	Award:
2nd.	Fenestra.	S. O'Mara.	Wright Salver.
3rd.	Euphanzel.	Dr. N. Falkiner.	

Races

There was very little wind before the start of the Howth-Port St. Mary race, but a splendid breeze came in from the S.W. which provided a smart race past Ireland's Eye with all yachts travelling fast in smooth water. Before the darkness came, the wind had backed a little and died and most yachts set spinnakers. It continued very light during the night with better conditions after dawn. There was a good deal of mist in the early hours of Saturday, but all the yachts were in by mid-morning.

Islands Race - July 7th. (Off shore course start and finish in Cork Harbour)

1st.	Severn 11.	D.N. Doyle.	Award:
2nd	If	J. Crosbie.	Waterford Harbour
3rd.	Elsa.	T. Doyle.	Sailing Club Cup.

A very enjoyable race sailed on one of the few warm sunny days in a season of poor weather. There was a good working breeze from the South, and the only windward leg was out of the Harbour with a strong ebb serving well. On the rest of the race it was possible to lay the course on each leg.

Irish Sea Race - June 30th (R.O.R.C. supported by I.C.C. Puffin Sound-Cork)

Class 1 and 11.

1st.	Sonata.	R.A. Hall.	Award:
2nd.	Vanja IV.	R.I. Morrison.	Donogan Cup
			(Best performance by an I.C.C. Yacht).

Class 111

1st	Sinbad of Abersoch.	T.A. Clogg.	Cup awarded to Vanja IV.
2nd	Pellegrina.	J.M. Tomlinson.	
3rd.	Viatic.	T. Smith.	

Qualifications for Membership.

The qualifications for Membership were modified this year and a new nomination form has been printed. In place of the "100 miles without engine" requirement, candidates must now have cruised a total of 1000 miles "mostly under sail". The requirements regarding seamanship have been further emphasised. This has been done to conform with present day conditions, and to ensure that prospective candidates have attained a reasonable standard of proficiency before being allowed to join the Club.

New Members.

The following new Members were elected during the year:

Dr. Barbara Stokes. (Mrs. R.H. O'Hanlon).	J.M. Tomlinson.
N. Watson	P.J. Bunting.
Lt.-Col. E. Tweedy.	J. Warren Taylor.
Mrs. P.B. Morck.	M. McKee.
Com. R.H. Aldworth.	R. Watson.

Lecture.

A very interesting lecture, illustrated with coloured slides, was held at the Royal St. George Yacht Club (by kind permission) on March 9th, by Commander Douglas Dixon, R.N. Retd. The subject being his experiences whilst cruising in the Eastern Mediterranean.

Annual Dinner.

The Annual Dinner was held at the Metropole Hotel, Cork, on Saturday, February 17th. The Club was honoured by many distinguished guests amongst whom the Guest of Honour was Nigel Warrington-Smyth, Commodore of the Royal Cruising Club.

Obituary.

It was with deep regret that we learned of the death of Billy McBride, a past Hon. Treasurer of the Club. He will always be remembered as one of the Club's more prominent members, and his memory will live on in the wealth of drawings and sketches so well known to Irish Yachtsmen.

I thank you - Gentlemen and Lady Members.

Dr. Peter B. Morck,
(Honorary Secretary).

DUNMORE EAST
- - - - -

In spite of gales of wind and rain, 62 yachts, sail and power, visited Dunmore East between May and September.

The pier as it was, is hard to recognise. The removal of the stone houses by blasting began in August. They have buttressed the outer wall against the most furious storms for 150 years, and it is difficult to imagine that their destruction could be justified in order to provide a double lane for fish lorries for a very limited period - architecturally it is a tragedy

D. French.

HOWTH 1962
- - - - -

This has been an interesting year in Howth.

Firstly, two new cruisers came on the station, Helen of Howth, 29 tons, P.H.Greer and Emanuel, 6 tons, D.K.Luke, Then in July the lifeboat, RPL, after 25 years good service was replaced by the new boat, AMT, which wasted no time but was out on service six times in her first six weeks.

At the moment trial borings are being carried out in connection with the proposed fishery development scheme which would completely change the harbour

The cruising season started as usual with the visit of Cordailys from Port St. Mary. During the summer we had about the usual number of boats but they seem to be of larger tonnage.

In addition to the usual calls by boats from neighbouring ports we had calls by fishing boats in process of conversion at the yard in Malahide, a new and welcome feature.

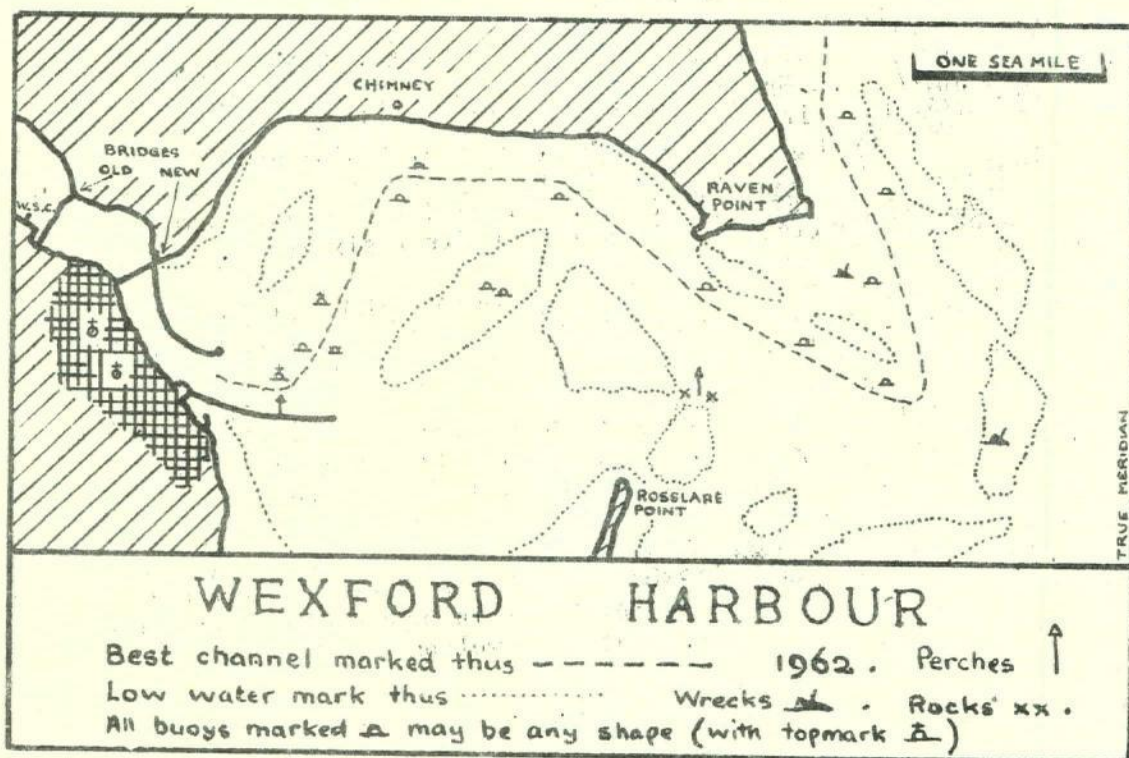
D. M.

WEXFORD REPRESENTATIVE'S REPORT.

OCTOBER 1962

Members' attention is directed to the complete change in the course of the channel across the harbour which took place last winter. The 1962 amendments to the Club sailing directions described these and stated: "the buoys have been or are being amended to suit." These are now as shown below; it will be noted that two buoys are most misleading, being on a drying sandbank; these are two of the buoys which marked the 1956 dredged cut which silted up a couple of years ago. The 1962 amendments rightly advise that the harbour should only be considered in fair weather and with a rising tide, and by yachts of 5 ft. draft or less, or with a pilot. It is of course possible that the entrance may change completely during the winter. I shall always gladly answer enquiries from members proposing a visit.

R. P. O'Keefe.



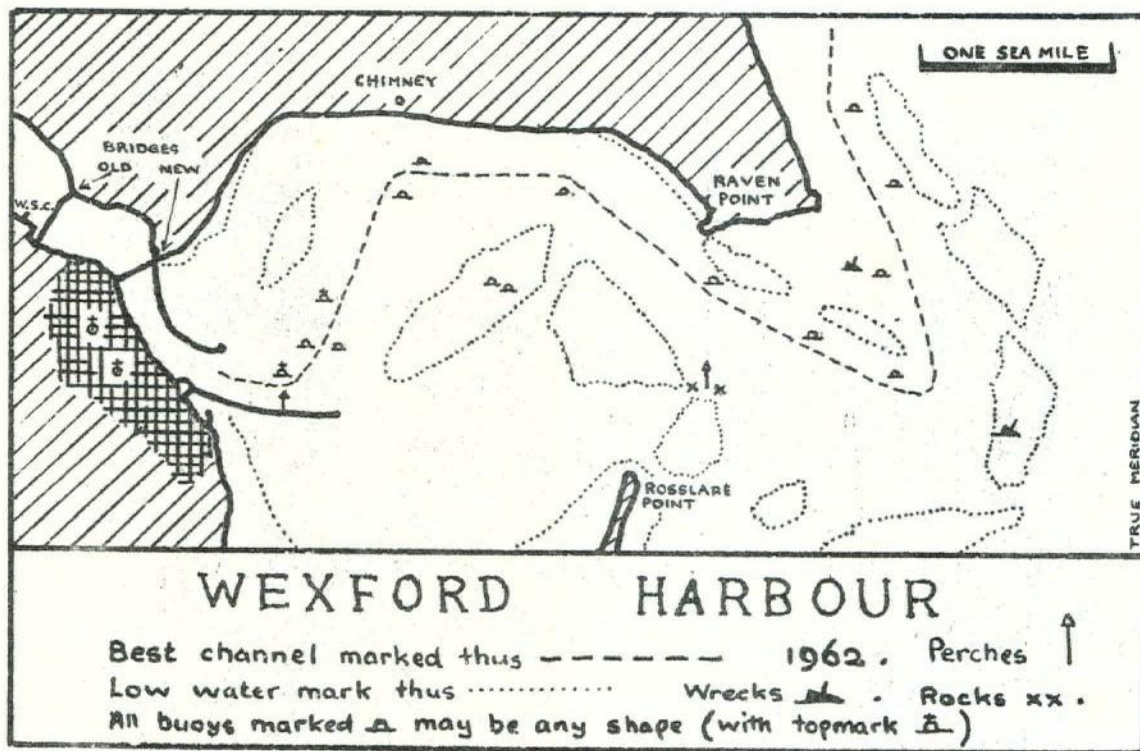
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R. P. O'Keefe.

Tear here.



Tear out for use with East Coast Sailing Directions.

NORTH COAST, 1962.

by

Wallace Clark.

Only two yachts called from the west at Portrush, "Xantho" (R.C.C.) and "Bird of Dawning" (Lough Swilly Y.C.).

An event of some importance, actively planning at present, is the departure of a Curragh from Derry to Iona on 4th June, 1963. The Curragh, measuring 30' x 5'11" beam, was built by Jim Boyd of Bunbeg, and has eight oars and a small lug sail; it is at present at Murlough House, Dundrum. The I.C.C. will be well represented in the crew and "Winifred" Mike Villiers-Stuart is to act as support ship.

The Curragh is due at Iona, probably via Sound of Islay at 10.0 a.m. on 12th June, 1963. Any visiting or accompanying yachts will be welcome.

CARLINGFORD MUSTER 1962.

by

Wallace Clark.

The Muster, which was to have been held at Carlingford on Saturday, 25th August, 1962, was cancelled due to the very unsettled weather, at 6.0 p.m. on the previous Friday evening. This was a great disappointment as an unusually good number of yachts were planning to attend, including at least six from the North. The decision was only taken after a detailed consultation with the Met. authorities and turned out to be a very wise one, although the predicted gale moved more slowly than expected. Saturday turned out to be a reasonably day but Sunday would have been quite impossible for the return voyage.

Audley's Roads.

The Northern boat owners decided to rendezvous at the entrance to Strangford, and "Diane" (Liam McCormack), "Nirvana" (D. McIlwaine), "Mervyna" (D. Faulkner), "Wanda" (G. Bunting), "Grey Seal" (S. Hicks), and "Sula's wing" (Commander Wylde R.N.), arrived during Saturday evening. "Rippon" (Tom Hanan) was held up at Portavogie and just missed making it.

The Lady de Ros and her husband Lieutenant Commander Maxwell, the owners of Strangford Harbour, also the Commodore and Mr. M. Villiers-Stuart, were among those on board.

The party waxed from boat to boat, as well as on shore, and so to bed - foxed - at 3.0 a.m., except your correspondent, part foxed, who had a plaguey two hour drive home.

On Sunday morning, after a bout of torrential rain, the yachts sailed back to their various moorings in the Lough, having a good sail in the near to gale conditions. This was a good party which it is hoped may become an annual event.

CARLINGFORD MUSTER 1962.

Dublin Bay Contingent.

Much consultation and deliberation was involved before the decision was made not to rendezvous at Carlingford. The weather forecasts were conflicting but, as events proved, the right decision was made and we went to Arklow instead.

There is no doubt that the event turned out to be a most successful one and, at the Owners Meeting since held in Dun Laoghaire; there was a strong body of opinion in favour of holding similar "get togethers" during the coming season, in addition to the Annual Muster at Carlingford. Some yachts made Wicklow on the Friday night, but most stayed put and sailed for Arklow on Saturday, where the following nine yachts duly mustered:-

"Emmanuel"

"Greylag"

"Harmony"

"Helen of Howth"

"Huff of Arklow"

"Maid of Malin"

"Rosalind"

"Segura"

"Twaybalde"

The commencement of the cocktail party was delayed somewhat, for whilst all the booze was to hand, our Hon. Secretary had been carrying out a research into the best formulation and he was still at sea with the formula which he had derived!

A number of anxious members were on the Pierhead, praying for his safe and speedy arrival, when a sail was spotted heading for Arklow - a further indication that sincere prayers are answered! The brew indeed fully justified Peter's research and lead to a most enjoyable evening, starting with a party on "Segura" and "Helen of Howth". Dinner was served on the various yachts and most invited guests from the other craft.

By Sunday morning, a Southerly gale was piping up. Conditions on the homeward run were, however, quite variable. Wicklow Head and Bray vicinity seemed to provide the strongest blow for most yachts. Arklow proved to be a very good rendezvous in the conditions we were sorry that our meeting with the Northern Ireland members was denied us but we hear that they managed to have a very good time too - despite the weather.

THE FAULKNER CUP.

by

Hugh Somerville.

It has been a great privilege to have been invited for the second year in succession to judge the Irish Cruising Club's Log Competition for 1962. There were fewer entries than last year, maybe because of the weather, which was a mixture of strong winds and calms. One faithful supporter of the competition was conspicuous by his absence; Clayton Love tells me that he suffered a "visitation" trying to kick a cleat out of "Galcador's" deck, and only covered a mere five hundred miles this year instead of the usual several thousand!

Perhaps because of the weather many competitors struck out for more peaceful cruising on the Brittany coast than the sterner struggles in northern waters, which have characterised many entries in the past.

However, a notable cruise from Mariehamn to Amsterdam was made by Terry Roche in "Ngon Tetra" and it is worth recording that she covered 2234 miles this season. Ninian Falkiner turned south in "Euphanzel" for a quiet short cruise in Brittany, while those in Shindilla enjoyed, what her master described as "Lotus eating in the sunshine" - and very nice too.

While reading these logs one always has the pleasure of discovering what our mutual friends have been doing during the season. I noted with interest that "Emanuel" had been launched by the wife of the designer, and now realise why my secretary had been looking so pleased with herself round about 7th April! "Emanuel" enjoyed a good cruise from Wivenhoe, where she was built, to North Brittany, and thence home to Howth.

This brings me to the climax of these notes and that is to congratulate Douglas Heard on winning the Faulkiner Cup. Last year he told me that ill health was probably going to force him to swallow the anchor and sell "Huff", but what does he go and do - sails to the Azores and back. What a man!

THE FAULKNER CUP.

<u>Winner.</u>	<u>Yacht.</u>	<u>Log: (s/e = round trip).</u>
1931. Keatinge & McFerran.	MARIE.	Howth s/e Clyde.
1932. A.W. Mooney.	NIRVANA.	Dunlaoghaire s/e Plymouth.
1933. D. Tidmarsh.	FOAM.	Limerick s/e Holyhead.
1934. Mrs. Crimmins.	NIRVANA.	Cork s/e Clyde Mull.
1935. H.D.E. Barton.	DAUNTLESS.	Cultra round Ireland.
1936. A.W. Mooney.	AIDEEN.	Dunlaoghaire s/e Brittany.
1937. D. Tidmarsh.	FOAM.	Limerick s/e Torbay.
1938. H.P. Donegan.	GULL.	Cork s/e Falmouth - Clyde.
1939. D. French.	EMBLA.	Dunlaoghaire s/e Finland.

WORLD WAR II.

1947. A.W. Mooney.	AIDEEN.	Dunlaoghaire s/e Fastnet/ Clyde.
1949. L. McMullan.	RAINBOW.	Dunlaoghaire s/e Fort William Mull-Stranraer.
1950. H. Osterberg.	MARAMA.	Dunlaoghaire s/e Sweden.
1951. H.W.S. Clark.	ZAMORIN.	Portrush s/e Norway.
1952. P. O'Keaffe.	MAVIS.	Bantry to Coruna.
1953. H.W.S. Clark.	CARU.	Portrush s/e Norway.
1954. B.C. Maguire.	MINX OF MALHAM.	Strangford s/e Denmark.
1955. C. Love.	GALCADOR.	Falmouth to Palma.
1956. N. Falkiner.	EUPHANZEL.	Dunlaoghaire s/e Norway.
1957. R. O'Hanlon.	HARMONY.	Dunlaoghaire s/e Faroes.
1958. R.P. Campbell.	MINX OF MALHAM.	Dunlaoghaire s/e Brittany.
1959. P.H. Greer.	ANN GAIL.	Howth-Tangier-Vigo.
1960. R.D. Heard.	HUFF OF ARKLOW.	Dunlaoghaire s/e Iceland.
1961. N. Falkiner.	EUPHANZEL.	Dunlaoghaire s/e Faroes.
1962. R.D. Heard.	HUFF OF ARKLOW.	Dunlaoghaire s/e Azores.

GALCADOR: 1962.

by

Clayton Love.

We are indeed in perigee. A compounding of circumstances must make our story this year sound more like a "Travelog" than a "Yachtlog". These are halcyon days for the Irish Cruising Club, its vessels are sailing so far north and south that only time would seem to prevent them from navigating the poles. "Galcador" was one of the early pioneers of long cruises and mixed "crewses", and it is sad for us to think of her in perigee when so much about us is in apogee, but we've had many moons in the ascendant and may console ourselves with the thought that we too, like the moon, have our ephemeris, also it is, of course, no small compensation to be holed up in the equitable climes bounded by the meridians of 35/37 N. and 5/7 W. and its not too hardshipping to rough it here; the winds presented us with such splendid sailing as we have rarely enjoyed before. We counted the use of fuel in pints and our engine must be rusty for want of using it, in addition to these compensating factors, we renewed acquaintance with old friends and made quite a lot of new ones; we met no gales and no fogs, and the only hazards we encountered were at Dublin and London Airports - in that order, on the way out to rejoin "Galcador" at Gibraltar.

It is quite remarkable the amount of money the companies spend to get you to go up in the air, and the amount they now spend to prevent you getting up afterwards. Many years ago, so many that I prefer not to remember, getting on a plane was rather a simple matter, but all that is changed at Dublin Airport nowadays; the boffins have moved in down through the years and have shown a fine consciousness of over-organisation - for the sake of over-organisation. Once upon a time you presented your ticket, were given a boarding card and were counted on to the plane shortly afterwards - but that apparently appeared much too simple for the method men, who work the time and motion studies, and they've come up with new plans and a new building that appears to be all time and very little motion!

I was unable to ascertain from the hordes of shepherders in uniform whether their bosses had gone to Berlin to study the terrain between the East and West cities, but one did tell me, provided I did not disclose his name, that he thought they must have. Certainly they have created a reasonably good miniature - including a wall to divide the "fellow travellers" from the "fellow non-travellers" which

is reached some quarter of a mile after you have passed the first check point in the main hall and after you've survived another quarter dozen "charlies", at all of which you continue to present your credentials until you feel you have been sufficiently credentialled for a voyage to the moon - but all is not over yet. At this stage, you may only proceed to the sheep pen appropriate to your departure gate, until you hear the dismembered voice that informs "You may now proceed to board the air-craft. No Smoking and please have your boarding cards ready". You again produce your credentials and chalk up another couple of showings, this done you are now enabled to get back down stairs again to the level you have so laboriously climbed up from a quarter of a mile ago and several card stampings since. Three fifths of the crew having survived these hazards arrived at London, to be joined by the remaining two fifths, giving the males a numerical one fifth plus, which worked to a conclusion left them with a minus equation - quite naturally.

I do not know whether you would agree that anything Ireland can do, Britain can do better, so as Irishmen let's be fair and agree that maybe there are some things the latter can do just as well - whether this was the spirit that prompted the chaps at London Airport to get into competition with the chaps at Dublin Airport I would not know, but they did a hell of a good job on us!

After two false starts into the night in a Comet, they uncanned us and delivered us back aboard the Airport, from whence several more credential presentings and umpteen hours later, they ferried us across the tarmac, and having re-canned us, delivered the contents to Gibraltar. Last year we came all the way here and back in forty wooden feet of yacht, we were never canned - but nearly on a couple of occasions, and it took us quite a bit of time of course, but maybe the guy who said "If you have time - fly" has something!

We were quickly away after arrival to take advantage of a strong tide, running westward out of the straits, here, of course, you can get very strong tides unlike the Mediterranean, which doesn't really begin until you are east of Europa point, and with the wind from E.N.E. it looked as if we might make a fair passage of it to the entrance of the Guadalquivir River, at the port of Bonanza. Our course for Tarifa was S.W. x W, and with a steady wind from a little north of east, we bowled along in fine style until we brought the light abeam to alter W.N.W. for Trafalgar, five miles off, the Meca shoals, shoal to $1\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms to about two and a half miles off here. After we brought Trafalgar abeam,

a few minutes before midnight, our course was N.W x N. $\frac{1}{4}$ N. to bring us three miles west of the lighted buoy that marks the northern extremity of the Salmedina rocks off Chipiona at the mouth of the Guadalquivir. This coast is a series of banks and shoals all the way, and somewhat like our own East coast, you can go inside them, but as Tuna nets are set moored from the shore for as much as five miles off, at night it is essential to stand well off.

We made a fine passage of it, carrying the easterly wind all the way, troubled by nothing more than a dark night and a fairish swell coming in from the Atlantic. During a very light patch an hour before dawn, we passed through a shoal of fish and a heavy roll brought our breakfast aboard - later that morning the Second Mate, Bryan Love, informed our two new hands that it was much pleasanter to bring your breakfast aboard than to bring it overboard! It was now daylight, and the wind had obligingly gone into the north to offer us yet another reach along the seven or eight miles to the port of Bonanza, where one takes a pilot for the fifty miles of river to Sevilla, to whence we were bound to spend some days at its famous fair; this exciting city is particularly animated during this annual event which takes place immediately after Easter.

The river resembles a boa constrictor in convulsions and although it can on tides take vessels of large draft, it is essential for even a yacht of our size to take a pilot at Bonanza. The cost is approximately six quid for the return passage, a luxury well worth indulging, because when he comes aboard he asks one question only - "What speed can you do under engine?". He quickly equates this to his tide knowledge and you're off with him at the wheel, from whence it is like a passage by excursion steamer as you sit on deck under the blazing sunshine with not an iota of responsibility; these pilots are, of course, fully fledged deep sea men, and if our man was typical you would be hard put to find a more charming or gentlemanly lot. Before we took him on board we carried a fair wind from Chipiona to Bonanza, and it was steady, but it is easy to realise that you need a reliable and reasonably powerful engine to fall back on if necessary, as there are savage tide rips that could put you up on very inhospitable and lonely sand bars! There is one lock to be negotiated at Coria but as this takes vessels of up to twenty feet draft and the pilot is in complete charge, the only impression it makes is to get you to thinking how small you really are.

Sevilla is a very large port and spotlessly clean with a special laid out yacht harbour so that you can either lay along side or "pen" yourself in with access to the shore from your own stern gangway. These "pens" are built in the form of a "T" laid on end, the very large yachts lay to the top of the "T", and the smaller ones, like ourselves, lay inside stern to; a few steps ashore, up a few stone steps and you step right on to one of the city's main promenades - a few more minutes and you are right in the centre of this great city. The Cammandancia of the port came in person to welcome us, and invited us most graciously to make whatever use we needed of his organisation, and to assure us that there were no formalities to be completed - a most refreshing experience - for a foreign yacht coming from what is to them a foreign port.

We were also fortunate to meet with an Irishman teaching English to the Spanish police - what do you know about that? - who gave us a comprehensive and intimate description of the fair and its origins. Originally a cattle fair it has evolved, through many centuries into a spectacle - and a very special social occasion very much bound with family life which is, of course, quite a thing in Spain. The entire city is "en Fiesta" for one whole week, many hundreds of open tents are erected in the Prade de San Sebastian - they must cover acres of ground - and literally thousands of families are visiting and re-visiting one another for what seems to be twenty four hours a day. Refreshment and food in great abundance is on tap, and dancing and music seem never ending.

The city of Sevilla itself is beautifully laid out; it would appear as if, first of all, they grew and matured great gardens and city parks, and the thousands of trees - and then landscaped the buildings into them. During the fair everybody seems to be either on horseback or in open carriages, continually promenading through the city streets, and as the men and women are, for the most part, dressed in the colourful and so graceful traditional dress of old Andalusia - it is almost as if one is transported back into an age that must have known great beauty. It is, of course, the capital city of one of the most fertile regions of Spain, and it surely reflects the luscious hinterland. All through Spain the women are known for their great beauty, and it would appear as though the cream of them are gathered here at this time - enhanced by their great mantillas and their magnificent hand-made lace dresses. We will be back there next year - but all berths are filled.

After several delightful days we sailed again and were most fortunate to get the same pilot. We arrived off Bonanza just as the dark was closing in and on his advice not to attempt the sea-ward channel in the dark, lay to an anchor until the light was in the sky next morning, then motored to the buoy off the Chipiano light before setting a course S.E. x S. $\frac{1}{4}$ S. This was close to the shore rhumb,

but we should carry the daylight all the way to Tangier and the signs were that the wind, once again in the East, would freshen and head us in the late afternoon from the South. We had a splendid sail and even hove to for a swim, but round about 1500 it was obvious that we were in for a stiff levante, and one doesn't play around with this even in the Mediterranean, and certainly not in the Straits of Gibraltar with its savage tide races and great overfalls set up by the Atlantic pouring itself into this narrow gap between Africa and Europe. They can build up into gale size seas without the assistance of gale force winds. We rounded the outer end of the Tangier breakwater at 17.15 and shortly afterwards moored along side the Moroccan Navy gun boats in the inner harbour. We have described Tangier in previous logs, so will pass straight to our departure from here to Gibraltar taken a few days later.

We stood along the coast for Ceuta and then crossed to Algeciras; once more the wind was kind to us and enabled us to sail to our anchorage off the Yacht Club, where we renewed acquaintance with old and made some new friends - lubricating the performance with suitable Spanish "lubricants" at a cost that would stand the hair on the head of our taxgatherers! Three fifths of our original crew did not continue with us, for the very inconvenient reason that they have to earn their living and are unable to make their bosses see that they could do this while yachting abroad! Last year, while we had "Galcador" at home, we signed on three new "talents" - two midshipmen and one midshipwoman; one of the males turned professional and went off to Conway, the other prefers fishing off piers, so our midshipwoman alone became our "snotty" completely upsetting the balance of power on board. She prefers the deck to the galley, but avers that even brass polishing is better than school, to which she is indentured for another year and off which she got a discount of a few weeks this term.

In the Yacht Marina and at the Yacht Club in Gibraltar, no less than at the Yacht Club in Algeciras, she created quite some interest among the teenagers (and a few of the not so teenagers! and I discovered, for the first time, that there is a period in a woman's life when she adds on a few years - that she takes off in such abundance later on. Our "snotty" would appear to be at the former stage, for having added four to her bare fifteen she sat back in traditional female fashions to watch the males come for the bait. However, "Ma", that's Heidi, the Mate, who is our "midis" mother's girl friend, has a built-in autenae and a rather direct approach to things, from which even sharks shear away when she takes the deck watch, quickly lopped off our "snotty's" added years reducing her, shall we say, to manageable size once more. At the same time, she reduced a mixed bag of male imaginations, that emerged variously as Dukes offspring, millionaires sons,

channel swimmers and Olympic helmsmen, to a more accurate equation of their true station in life; this accomplished we settled in to a most enjoyable time between the ports of Algeciras and Gibraltar, beyond which we didn't get much further - as will emerge shortly.

The high light of the "most enjoyable time" was the grand ball at the Royal Gibraltar Yacht Club, which included the presentation of prizes for the season, as well as a reasonable quota of liquid refreshment - three very "merry widows" (who mistook the Club for the Panama night club, and whom Harry and the Club Secretary very gallantly took under their wings) - two beautiful women from "Galcador" and an odd looking character in a black reefer, out of which peeped a hurriedly bought "snap-on" black bow tie, topping a white trousers and one black shoe, with a yellow slipper encasing what appeared to be a gouty toe and which no one would believe was just a busted one - and thereby hangs a tale that plunged even our most modest plans into perigee.

It was felt, or should I say it was brought home to me rather forcibly, by the "crew" that we had voyaged and seen thousands of miles of water and sky for many years now, and just in case we forgot that there was a bit of land around, maybe we should take a small bisque this year. It was pointed out that the two Poles will always be there, and while nobody said "and you'r welcome to go there" - I couldn't help -- feeling that it wouldn't take long to reach this stage - and that the sentence would have included "and alone". There's a good old American philosophy which believes in joining 'em if you can't lick 'em - and that's what I did. After all you don't pick up good crews in the Supermarkets, and who knows maybe we'd have a shift of wind after a shake down, and the Canaries are only six hundred miles from us - but I needn't have bothered, Fate had already set the wheels in motion.

One night in "Galcador's" main saloon a dialogue took place, something like used to go on between characters like Socrates, Menon and Plato, a sort of probing for the truth. It is not recorded in the log so I have to depend very largely on memory.

It has just struck two bells in the last dog, Heidi - the Mate, is in the galley making a curry; (the galley is immediately accessible from and visible to the main saloon) Harry and our "snotty" are on the port settee, she has just poured him a whiskey, and they are having converse. The skipper is on the starboard bunk - sucking a brandy and stretched full length - with his right foot cocked up and his neck supported by cushions; he is genuinely minding his own business. Our pet Priest, Dev, is holding the dock watch and an animated conversation with Manola in Spanish.

A portable transistor is supplying us with news from the B.B.C. short wave, beamed to these latitudes. Some days previously, Puffin, that's our snotty's pet name, had kicked this set off the table and omitted to take her free leg out from under before it landed on it - the radio now bears a large notice in large print which says - "Danger- Radio at work, do not drop on toe". As I said, I was busy minding my own business when Harry initiated the following discussion by suggesting that the notice on the radio was evidence of a skipper's concern for even the least of his crew, when Puffin's reply disturbed my peaceful reverie.

Puffin: If you were in hearing distance when it happened, you would put a different interpretation on the notice.

Harry: Did the skipper use words to indicate disapproval of your action?

Puffin: Words I never heard before.

Harry: Words, I take it, to indicate concern for the radio rather than for your foot.

Puffin: Little doubt about that..

Skipper: How do you know if you never heard the words before?

Puffin: Well, I've heard Daddy use ones that sounded the same in similar circumstances - and I know he wasn't quite in favour of whatever I had done!

Harry: I feel sure that if you continue to go to sea in yachts you will hear them again.

Puffin: Oh I'm sure - actually I did hear them a few days ago too - before the occurrence of the radio.

Heidi: (Over her shoulder from the galley, rather like an inspired question in the Dail). How come?

Puffin: The afternoon that Hector took us across the bay for a swim, in his motor yacht, when our skipper went forward to drop the anchor over the bow and tried to kick the big brass cleat out of its fastenings with his bare foot - before going over the side and twisting his neck.

Heidi: Would you say the twisted neck was the answer to a crew's prayer?

Puffin: Very likely.

Skipper: That's twice you've admitted hearing words you said you never heard before.

Puffin: I couldn't actually swear I heard them, but I feel I must have because when I went forrard to watch you drown, all the paint around the cleat was blistered.

Skipper: I suppose you were disappointed when you saw me surfacing with nothing more than a twisted neck and a busted toe.

Puffin: I was then - but now not really when I look at you hove to on the settee.

Harry: I think you'd better pour more drinks before you get a more vivid illustration of what the words mean!

Puffin: (To themate after pouring the drinks) Can I help you in the galley?

Skipper: (Before Heidi can reply) No you can't - you're safer sitting down.

Puffin: Harry, are there good and bad skippers?

Harry: Like everything else in life, they are a mixed bag.

Puffin: Skipper, how did you become a skipper?

Skipper: The hard way, by suffering crews not gladly but of necessity- and I've got news for you - we've a long way to go yet.

Heidi: (Over her shoulder from the stove). And I've got news for you this is one of those times when the Mate takes over and you're going nowhere, and I mean nowhere, until your busted toe is in one piece again and your neck is unravelled; all those dreams you've had shuttered in your head you may now write off as shattered.

Skipper: How in Hell did you know?

Heidi: Between stirs at the pot) I've always told you that only a woman has the seventh unpenetrable veil, and when she has known a man for quarter of a century, and above all has sailed the oceans with him for more than half that time, he's wasting his time trying to hide his unspoken plans from her.

Skipper: You win.

Heidi: Pour me another brandy before I return to the cooking - and get this into your head - the compromise you have just now begun to think .. up is already settled in mine; from now until you are in one whole piece again I am going to take you in and out of port each day for a sail or from port to port, so long as it is not more than a reasonable day's sail.

Puffin: Does a Skipper know when he's licked.

Skipper: Yes.

Harry looked across at me and I could see reflected in his eyes the story he told me long ago of how his father lived the happiest of lives by always saying to his mother - YES. Following this plan I must say we got in some wonderful sailing, indeed we gluttoned ourselves with the canvas, and all the time the sun continued to shine.

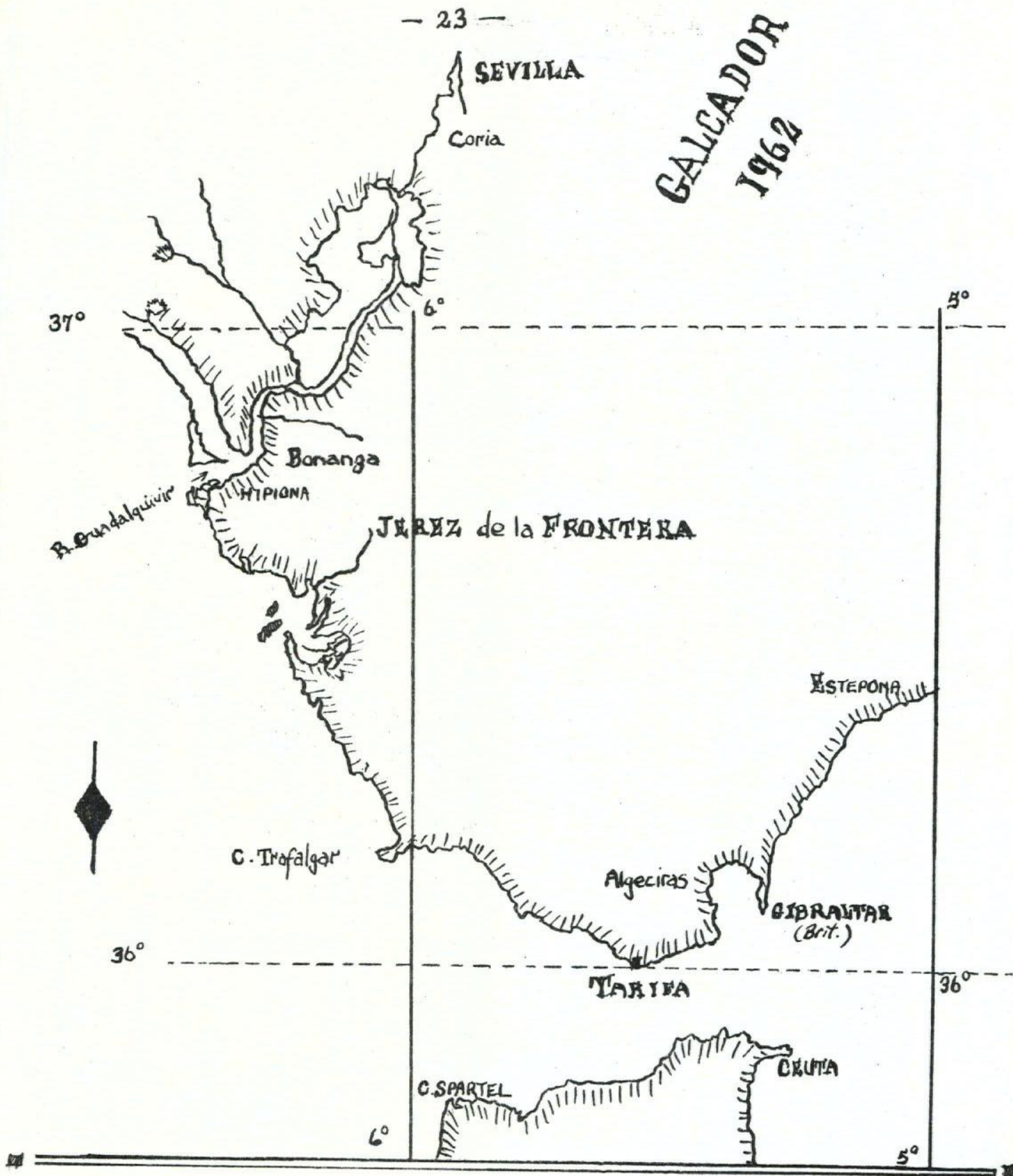
Eventually we sailed for Estepona, a port we had never visited but about which we had heard a lot -- in its favour. It is a small fishing port, very quiet and very well protected by an artificial harbour, but with a very narrow entrance, there are, however, no off-lying dangers and one could square away with safety, if the weather happened to be bad, to make an entrance.

We eventually sailed back to Gibraltar, with the weather still holding fine and the winds proving most favourable. In the meantime, however, we had to take Puffin back to Gib. by road, to send her back to school; silent tears were shed (the skipper included) when we parted with this excellent young crew member, and we'll have her back again next year even if we have to press gang her from her mother and father!

EPILOG.

At the Gibraltar Airport, Heidi, Harry, Charlie Rodriguez and myself saw Puffin off, and believe me these Air boys really are something. First they herd all seventy or eighty passengers for the Vanguard waiting outside, at the left hand exit gate. When they have sweated into a conglomerate mass, the disembodied voice instructs those with green cards to disentangle themselves from those with white and proceed across the building to the right hand exit gate. They are all Tourist passengers and it has been carefully hidden from them that different coloured cards have been issued to them; as they are mostly vacationers they are burdened with baskets, hold-alls, and parcels. The "whites", not unnaturally, have no intention of stirring away from their gate, and the struggle of the "green sheep" through their "white brethren" is fascinating to watch; having gouged and elbowed their way obediently to their newly appointed gate, they are struck a further blow when the disembodied voice once more breaks the silence to instruct the "whites" to proceed first to the plane and the "greens" to await the departure of their more fortunate fellow passengers who, having suffered the least, have now the choice of seats on board. We felt very happy that when our turn came in a fortnight's time, we would not trouble them, as we were making our way home by sea.

GALCADOR
1962



FROM AMSTERDAM TO MARIEHAMN.

BY

Terry Roche.

"Neon Tetra" wintered in Amsterdam last year with De Vries Lentsch and was launched on May 18th, having had a "hull only" painting job done by the yard. My wife and I arrived there on the afternoon 'plane from Dublin with a lot of bits and pieces (fitting out abroad requires detailed organising and many strange items of baggage have to be carried backward and forwards). The yard is in an out of the way part of North Amsterdam, so we had to picnic on the boat from the beginning, as Sixhaven no longer exists, having been taken over by the City authorities. Those who are familiar with cruising in Amsterdam will be sorry to learn of this, as its perfect setting in the middle of the city was unique.

Several boxes of replaced and repaired equipment had been sent over from home by Palgrave Murphy the previous week, and those, together with several large boxes (provided by the 'yard') each full of boat and personal gear, were placed in a large pile beside the "neon Tetra". We had to wade through the stowing of all this, and the various painting and servicing jobs necessary after a boat has spent the winter in the open. Exactly one week was taken by the two of us, working several of the days from 5.30 in the morning to 8.30 or 9 o'clock in the evening, by which time we were exhausted and just fell into our bunks.

The compass adjuster and radio-transmitter technician had to give us their blessing during the week, also stores for the Summer had to be ordered. The latter was necessary as we heard, and later confirmed, that tinned food was much cheaper in Holland than any of the other countries we were to visit, also the Scandinavian countries do not allow the purchase of liquid stores "in bond" so this had to be coped with as well.

Our first crew members were to join us at Muiden, the headquarters of the Royal Netherlands Y.C. on Friday afternoon, the 25th, and as this is some twelve miles from the yard, the whole operation was rather a rush. However, on the last morning, which incidentally turned out to be very wet, the huge mound of stores ordered was safely taken aboard at the Bornoe Dock, and the liquid part sealed by the Customs. The two of us then took the boat out of Amsterdam for the last time making our way through the dense shipping in the IJ, as Amsterdam harbour is called, thence to the large road bridge,

at the eastern outlet. Here we waited about half an hour for it's opening time, snatching a hasty lunch while the boat was tied to a dolphin. This proved a rough wait as many barges etc., could pass under the bridge and the wash from their tugs was quite formidable. The bridge opened at its appropriate time and we passed on to the only lock between the IJ and the IJsselmere (as the now enclosed Zuider Zee is called). This took place without delay or incident as most of the traffic was coming against us, unlike the previous year when we had long delays here awaiting our turn. Once in the IJsselmere we could relax and Jo took the helm while I tried to make the boat tidy for our arrival, and usual inspection by onlookers, at K.N.Z & R.V. (Royal Netherlands Yacht Club). That we secured alongside exactly on time, as arranged in our plans made during the winter, was some compensation for the most exhausting week we ever spent.

Here I had better mention some of the plans for the summer. The first crew to be collected at Muiden consisted of Christo Gore-Grimos and Edgar Piedmont, a Gynecologist from Cologne, and they crewed us to Kiel. Arthur Odber and Philip Wall-Morris then took over at Kiel and stayed with us as far as the Aaland Islands and back to Stockholm. Peter Odium and our youngest daughter Valerie formed the next crew for our trip to Helsinki, and when Peter left our other two daughters joined us. The crew now consisted of a wife and three daughters, and so it remained until we laid up in south Denmark at the end of August. Changing crews and collecting members of the family at various points in Northern Europe required some working out but fortunately, due to good weather etc., we were lucky that not a single arrangement went wrong. At one time during all this we were wearing out crews at the rate of one set a fortnight.

Christo and Edgar duly arrived at Muiden and the first thing that happened was our farewell party. Dr. Jan Hillen, known to some in Dun Laoghaire as the Dutch Team Leader during the International Juvenile Regatta here in 1955, took us aboard his lovely Dutch Barge, where we met, as well as many friends of last year, Sir Gordon and Lady Smith who will be known to some of our Dragon sailors. We finally turned in a couple of hours before we were due to start on our long and varied voyage.

Then came the dawn "ouch" that alarm clock. However, the day was dull with rain so the eyes had only slowly to become accustomed to the light. What rain, also a head wind, fortunately not too strong, about 3/4d. Off at 06.20 under engine to clear the break-waters outside which we found a short lumpy sea, so it was necessary to keep the engine on. The wind eased during the morning, but as it was still dead ahead we had to motor continuously, passing through Enkhuysen Sound at 10.30,

and sighting Stavoren on the starboard beam in poor visibility at 12.50 which proved a very useful check on our position, as land is very featureless on the shores of the IJsselmeer, the only notable feature being the numerous church spires which are sometimes more likely to confuse than to help. At 15.20 we finally locked out into the tidal waters of the North Sea, at the eastern end of the great Dyke through the Kornverderzand Schleuse.

The day had by now improved, and so had all hands, all that is except Edgar who had not done much cruising and wasn't used to what it involved when ashore. Following a small coaster we sailed along the narrow channel through the great shallows to Harlingen, 45 nautical miles from Muiden, which we entered at 16.45. Not knowing the drill we toured the harbour and then decided to lock into the inner harbour for the night. Fortunately, someone aboard was still browsing through the Harlingen entries in the North Sea Pilot and discovered that the lock did not work on Sundays. Upon enquiry from the lock-keeper, up in his control tower, we found this to be correct, so as we were now "up" we had to leave the lock on the inside, turn around and come back in and so go down again. We would have had to turn in the lock without opening the inner gate, but this was not allowed, possibly because the lock-keeper was paid for each operation. Fortunately, there were no charges for the use of the locks, and this applies to most places in Holland.

The following day, Sunday May 27th, was fine with a fresh N.E. wind, and after Church Parade and clearing Customs, we left Harlingen at about an hour before high water. Outside the harbour, we took three rolls in the main and sailed down the channel which twists and turns for most of the 23 miles out past Terschelling Island to the open sea, and we did so without the assistance of the motor most of the way.

This was now typical "Riddle of the Sands" country, but at high water there was little to be seen across the 14 mile wide stretch of water between the mainland and the Friesians, except breaking sea and the odd wisp of sard. The wind increased to about 5/6 on the way, but we still had the opportunity of sheltering in Terschelling Harbour if we thought the North Sea would prove too much. However, as we passed the Channel entrance to Terschelling at 16.40, the wind had increased no further and so we decided to carry on out to sea.

Having the latest large scale Dutch chart of the area, the exit channel selected was the Thomas Smit Gat (which is the second gap to westward of Terschelling Island) instead of the main channel, and this saved us about 8 miles. The buoys in these minor channels are small and in the breaking seas it was often difficult to see the next

one, and the only land visible was the top of the sand hills of Terschelling Island to starboard. Broken water was now everywhere, even in the channel, as the sluicing tide was going out against the northeaster, and this made rough going for a couple of hours. We had by now reached the point of no return as it would be difficult until the tide ceased to retrace our steps, and by then light would have gone and this was no place to be in the dark.

As soon as the last buoy was turned, a sigh of relief went up, even though the full force of the shallow North Sea waves made the boat girate violently. It was 17.50 when we cleared this last buoy, streamed our log and set the course of 025° for Terschelling L/V, seven miles to seaward, and this was reached at 19.05. Shipping was much in evidence as this is one of the busiest, if not the busiest shipping lane in the world, and no doubt the nearer ones who could see us thought we were "nuts". We now took our main departure on a course of 075° which was to bring us to seaward of the Berkumriff L/V in order to keep outside the heaviest of the traffic. The wind eased a bit but on this course it was dead ahead so sails had to be lowered and we motored into a confused sea in which two distinct wave patterns were evident and progress lively.

20.00, log 12.5;	21.00, log 18.0 - lights on;
22.00, log 25;	23.00, log 30.5;
Monday, 28th May.	01.00, log 42.

Visibility was still good, with the loom of some long range lights visible shoreward but the midnight shipping forecast was - "German Bight - N.E 4 backing N or N.W. Visibility moderate to poor with fog patches near German coast". I could not remember the German coast being mentioned in a forecast before, and it gave one an unpleasant feeling of being watched, also never has a forecast which foretold a change been so accurate so quickly, for at 01.35 the log entry reads - "Schiermonikeog Lt. bearing 160°, course still 075°, log 46, depth 13 fathoms - fog closes in".

Now the question was how long would the fog persist. Should we haul further to seaward away from shipping? To do this, however, would complicate the D.R. plot, as our course up to now was more or less in line with the stream. I decided to carry on for the moment as the word "patches" in the forecast was encouraging, and during the following hour the engine was stopped periodically to listen, but unfortunately we heard nothing, which only contributed to our uneasiness. Many things went through my mind during this watch regarding Radar reflectors and the

research which I did with Perry Greer some years ago into the effectiveness or otherwise of various types of small boat reflectors. However, within an hour or so the fog had lifted and Borkumriff L/V was sighted bearing 067° just where it should be, also visible, both sides of us, were many ships which seemed to have spread out during the fog.

The L/V was abeam to starboard at 03.55 and with the course unaltered and still under engine we carried on into the light north-east wind, proceeding through the early morning to buoy JE 13, which is one of the mine-swept channel buoys. This buoy was passed at 12.55 with the log at 106, Nordgrund North was passed at 14.22 and so on to the Elbe L/Vs and estuary buoys, starting with Scharhorn North.

We were lucky with the tide as it carried us right up the river to Brunsbützel, at the entrance to the Kiel Canal. (when passing Cuxhaven our estimated speed was about 10/11 Knots over the ground). The tide here varies greatly in duration according to the weather, and judging by the length we carried it after high water it must have been flowing for about 8 hours at a stretch. The Elbe estuary is still littered with wrecks of several large vessels which went aground during the big storm last winter when Hamburg was flooded.

Custom formalities have been altered now upon entering Germany by this route, and a fast launch came alongside and handed us an explanatory pamphlet written in English giving the various flag signals. We decided to go direct to Kiel town through the Canal and so hoisted pennant No. 4, which indicated that we intended to Custom at Kiel Harbour.

Our passage through the Canal was uneventful except for a brush with the officials at Holtenau. We had apparently violated no less than 4 regulations upon entering the lock and an irate uniformed figure appeared above and boarded us as we secured alongside. However, as Edgar was German it was left to him to sort it out and with his gynecological tact, smiles appeared after a long conversation and the "Gold Label" smoothed matters over finally.

It was decided to go to Olympia Haven rather than the British Kiel Yacht Club, as I had an introduction to a Commodore of the Kieler Yacht Club, which is near the town, whereas the B.K.Y.C. is miles from anywhere, and is in the Nato military area with much formality at the perimeter. (I know this because we went by car later to investigate).

Olympia Haven is a fine yacht harbour built for the 1936 Olympic Games, and there being no tide here about, many yachts can be accommodated fore-and-aft in comfort. Although all berths were occupied we were squeezed in at the end of what must be the millionaires row, as the large number of beautiful boats nearby had several hands each.

Arthur and Philip arrived on Friday, a day early, and together with Edgar's sister and her two girl friends, we sailed to Laboe, a watering place down Kiel Bay, for a hectic day's excursion. Christo and Edgar departed on Saturday leaving the four of us to prepare the boat for sea, and the long passage up the Baltic. We left Kiel at 04.00 the following morning on a bright clear day with no wind. On the way out we had a race with four small coasters which just came out of the Canal entrance as we passed, and fortunately we managed to reach the Customs vessel, anchored off Laboe, just ahead of them. An Official came aboard and after inspecting the bond seals gave us clearance.

A moderate wind had now arrived but alas was dead ahead again. I hesitate to think how far we would have got without an unlimited range auxiliary motor, during the first few weeks of our cruise. As we put to sea, a flotilla of German M.G.B's passed in 'line astern' and their wash put us on our beam ends, otherwise the day passed uneventfully. Our proposed course being to eastward of Langeland in Denmark, and thence round Lolland to Gronsund between Falster and Moen, and the log entries read:-

"04.50, cleared Customs, now motor-sailing. Wind NE 3/4, Bar. steady; 05.55, Kiel No. 1 abeam; 06.25, Gabels Flasch buoy passed. Course set 055°, Log zero; Langelang lighthouse abeam 09.15, wind zero; altering course parallel to shore passing each mind-swept channel buoy; 11.35 No. 7 buoy abeam course back to 055°. Broke bond seal ready for sun over yard arm"

And so on for the rest of the day. Passed under the Storestrom bridge, which is one of the largest in Europe and which reminded me of the Bay Bridge in San Francisco. Finally we tied up in Stubbekoping Harbour on the Gronsund which is a lovely place. Shopping next day, and off again at 14.45 down the Gronsund around the southern tip of Moen and a course was set for Ronne in Bornholm 075°.

A very calm and uneventful night and the high land of Bornholm was sighted at 02.45, and this, by the way, is worth noting. The sun set the previous evening as early as 20.40, but appeared again only a few hours later, the local time here at 15° E. longitude is actually the same as the west of Ireland, and so sunrise is extremely early by the clock, hence the visibility at 02.45. Another item of interest is that we were now in easterly Variation for the first time.

Renne was reached at 07.00 and it was by now another beautiful day, so after a visit to the town, Arthur Odbert persuaded us to get down to painting the coach roofs and so we set to work. Painting, tippling and watching the port activities on a sunny day can be recommended.

During the afternoon, a large German yacht came and tied alongside completely dwarfing us, and as we planned an early start the following morning, he was persuaded to lie inside us. One of his crew came aboard after dinner for drinks and gossip, and this lasted until about one in the morning, which was far too late for our planned early start. Even so we got away at 03.40, on another lovely sunny morning, but this time the wind was northerly and so dead ahead once more.

Hammern Lt. at the north end of Bornholm was abeam at 06.00, course set 040° for Karlskrone in southern Sweden, log zero. Confused swell with fresh E.N.E wind and so with reefs in main and engine ticking over, we altered course slightly away from the wind and punched on into the seas. 13.00 sighted Utklippling lighthouse on the starboard bow and as we closed the outlying islands, our course was altered back to make up for the weathering lost. Our first Swedish large scale chart was brought out and pilotage to Karlskrone naval base was an introduction to the type of rock hopping that we were to live with for most of the summer, and it proved very stimulating. Customs dealt with, we had our first night ashore in Sweden. All very strange.

On the next day, Thursday the 7th June, we threaded our way out of the harbour at 07.20 for Kalmarsund. Passing Klotet buoy, Stengrund buoy and Utgrunden buoy, we turned the corner of Sweden and so up to Kalmarsund leading buoys. The narrows were reached at 17.20, and thence to Borgholm on the island of Oland, where we tied up at 20.05. This had been a most interesting day and it was only now that we were in what I have always considered to be the Baltic.

We were off again at 06.35 on a fine warm day with, of all things, a fair wind, moderate S.S.W. - bar. falling slightly. 08.55 Sandvik abeam; 09.25 set spinnaker for first time this year; 12.00 Tokenasudde abeam, log set zero, course 018 for Landsort (which is at the Southern entrance to the Stockholm Archipelago). We ran before a freshening breeze all afternoon, but at 17.00 with the log at 27.5, the barometer started to fall fast and by now high clouds had appeared which looked very unpleasant (in fact if the same appeared here we would expect all hell to break loose).

Well, what to do? We were now in a Meteorological area strange to us and the "prudent mariner" would certainly not carry on across the open 70 miles with that glass, so an alternative had to be found, fortunately all the local large scale charts were on board and we decided to "close the coast". The town of Vastervik, about 15 miles away, seemed a good bet without retracing our steps too much, and so we altered course to westward. The wind had started to come in warm gusts and the first 8 miles of our new course to the Kungsgrundet lighthouse was anxious. However, the wind did not do its worst and we arrived into Vastervik, 7 miles beyond the outlying rocks, at 20.15.

During the night the wind blow but not as strong as we expected, and I had the unhappy feeling that perhaps the others would consider our action unnecessary. They assured me otherwise the following day and after a pleasant morning in this nice town, to be recommended to anyone cruising in the area, we left after lunch at 16.00 (some lunch!) and threaded our way out through a different "lead", as the recommended routes are called, and so turned north once again.

Another period of fair winds, - Main, Genoa and Spinnaker all drawing in the moderate S.E. wind. Departure was taken at Storklappen lighthouse for Landsort once more. The barometer had come up from its plunge and was now levelling out. During the evening our Walker Log tended to stick and, egged on by Arthur, I dismantled it. (ball bearings all over the place in a rolling boat). However, we found a dry "race" to be the cause of the trouble, (this was only a two year old log and it was always well lubricated) - so minus 3 damaged and one lost ball-bearing we reassembled and - hey presto - it hasn't looked back since. When checked over two seventy odd mile courses it was found accurate.

The night and morning were uneventful, with spinnaker set all night, (what there was of the night that is) and the early morning saw a veer in the wind so spinnaker down and jib up at 04.00, Landsort abeam at last at 07.20 and so for our first taste of the Skargard or Skerries. Lovely morning sailing and motoring between islands and through channels the whole way to Saltsjobaden, which is just outside Stockholm, and here we went alongside the boat jetty at 14.45. A veil will be drawn over the next 24 hours and this is partly lifted at 10.40 to see us leaving for Furusund, the northern entrance to the Archipelago. Another fine day motoring again as there was little wind to sail us through the tortuous channels, but the scenery was compensation and it was felt anyway that we were paying for the fair winds of the last few days.

Furusund was reached at 20.18 and we secured to the S.X.K. buoy. Over 100 of these buoys are put down each season by the Swedish Cruising Club and they may be used by members for an overnight stop. (I joined this Club myself in which, incidentally, there are over 7,500 members).

We cleared customs and left at 10.20 the following morning for the Aaland Islands. The outlying Skerries were left behind at 13.15 between Tjarven and Sodorarn lighthouses and so across the 25 mile wide Aaland Sea to the famous port of Mariehamn, home of the Eriksson four-masters where we picked up one of the newly laid mooring buoys at the local yacht club. Sailing was only just getting under way here (June 12th) and we had the place practically to ourselves.

Thus ended the first part of our 1962 cruise. The "Neon Tetra" was yet to return to Stockholm, then back to the main land of Finland where Hango and Helsinki were visited, back again to Stockholm, then to Lake Maleren and to Sandhamn, finally crossing Sweden through the Gota Canan with lakes, Roxen, Vattern, Viken and Vanern and so to Gothenberg. From there we sailed to Turo in Funen in southern Denmark where we laid up on the 31st August.

We covered this season 2,234 miles which with last season's total makes 3,759 for the two years. We had on board at one time 124 charts of which all but a handful were used, and in the two seasons we anchored or tied-up for the night- in 79 different places, visiting in the process five Continental countries and all this, thank goodness, without a hitch.

HELEN OF HOWTH.

Shakedown Cruise, 1962

by

P.H. Greer.

A late and indeterminate delivery and, the inadvisability of an extended cruise in a new and, therefore, unfamiliar boat, were the main factors in making a decision not to go far. A passage to Cork in wazy stages, followed by a short cruise along the Cork coast and then a return passage from "somewhere on the South Coast" was the general plan. If conditions were reasonable the return passage was to be North about Ireland.

We left Howth on Saturday, 30th June, and calls were made at Arklow, Dunmore East, Crosshaven, Kinsale, Castletownshend, Lough Hine, Baltimore, Crookhaven, Kenmare River, on the way out, and Castletownbere, Castletownshend, Kinsale, Helvick, Dunmore East, Passage East and Arklow on the return journey.

It was not long after leaving Arklow on the way South on the 1st of July that we sighted quite a number of sails on the horizon to seaward. These proved to be those of competitors in the Beaumaris-Cork race. We later were at the Tuskar when some of them were rounding and, as we always do, took the opportunity of talking on the Radio Telephone with the Lighthouse Keepers. The Keepers did not know that the race was in progress and had been very puzzled by the number of yachts going round since dawn that morning. They were naturally very interested indeed to have details of the race and obviously would take great interest in it.

We concluded that it would be a very good idea for Race Organisers, as far as possible, to advise the Keepers of the main Lights on the course of the Race beforehand and give them details. The Keepers are always very keenly interested and, do doubt, such a Race forms quite an occasion for them: from the safety angle too it would be a wise precaution.

The highlights of our cruise, as far as sailing is concerned, came on the return journey. First on a run from Castletownbere to Castletownshend, in a force 6 westerly under jib and mizzen, this was a most exhilarating experience and when we were surfing down the wave fronts our Walker speedometer was showing off scale at 13 knots. The wind steadily eased, however, during the day and thus we were denied a record run.

A few days later, we left Passage East for Arklow with a force 7 North-Easterly forecast and had a very tough beat round the Tuskar, after going through the Sound between the Saltee Islands and emerging into a very rough and turbulent sea. It was at the end of this tough beat that we laid in between Arklow and Blackwater Banks for Arklow Harbour, very much looking forward to arriving into the snug basin soon after midnight. Our course took us to the unlit Glassgorman Buoy, by which time we should readily pick up the Arklow Pierhead light. This was not to work as we had planned for having nearly run our distance on the log, no light was to be seen. After much checking and tacking to make sure we did not ram the unlit buoy in the darkness, we decided the light must be "out" so we stood cautiously "in" using our Aldis Lamp as a searchlight. You can imagine our satisfaction when we found that we were heading right between the Pierheads. However, the precautions and delays had caused us the loss of a couple of hours sleep, for it was 2 o'clock before we were tied up in the basin. We reported the light failure and were told the following morning that the time switch had failed. Later we heard of others experiences of Arklow light failure, so next time we will not be so reliant on it.

The Ports we visited, of course, are familiar to all Irish Cruising Club members. It may be worth mentioning, however, that we were able to go alongside at Castletownshend at high water and, using our own hose, to fill with fresh water direct from the pump; about 120 ft. of hose was sufficient.

We were also able to fill direct from the Harbour Master's hose at Castletownbere, where ice and diesel oil were also readily available.

Back in Howth on the 28th July, we could only say that with every night in Port it was probably our most leisurely cruise. "Holen" had, however, been well tested and we were very satisfied with her performance.

THE AZORES in "HUFF OF ARKLOW"

BY

R. Douglas Heard.

As it was highly probable that the summer of 1962 would be my last opportunity to make an offshore cruise in "Huff", and the crew who had sailed in her to Lisbon and Iceland could, with one exception, take four weeks leave, discussion during the winter centred around the destination.

As from past experience we had found that our reception by island folk, particularly those off the beaten track, was far better than from the main land ports, it was decided to try to realise an old ambition to visit the Azores.

A study of the Admiralty N. Atlantic wind and current chart, the few accounts obtainable of yacht cruises to the islands and the logs of the old sailing ships, which voyaged there for fruit cargoes, indicated that on the outward trip it was advisable to keep to the east of the direct course, and homeward well to the west in order to get favourable winds, whilst in the vicinity of the islands calms could be expected.

The distance from Carnsore Point to the nearest island - Sao Miguel - being over 1200 miles with no port of call en route, made it necessary to store the ship for a voyage of 14/15 days; with this in view we bought, begged or borrowed additional plastic jerry cans to bring our water capacity to 40 gallons and petrol to 45 gallons, and laid in generous supplies of tinned and dried foods.

Through the kindness of Mr. Stephen O'Mara we got about half a pig specially cured and salted which was hung from the deckhead in the forecastle and was still in excellent condition when the last of it was consumed towards the end of the return trip.

The crew consisting of Drs. Barbara and Rory O'Hanlon, Mrs. Ruth Delany, Alan Stewart and Neil Watson attended classes in celestial navigation during the winter.

On the principle that the trouble for which you are prepared doesn't occur, in addition to charts, pilot books etc. of the direct route area, we also purchased those covering the west coasts of France, Spain and Portugal - in case we were driven off course by westerly gales.

A six man fully equipped self inflating liferaft, with survival kit in a plastic case, loaned by Mr. Wilcox of Messrs. Perry & Co. was stowed in checks on deck.

The bosun's store was stocked with ample supplies of spare gear, which past experience had shown might be required, and in view of the smallpox scare each member of the crew obtained an International vaccination certificate.

The ship's company assembled at the Royal St. George Yacht Club on Tuesday evening, May 29th, dined there then went aboard and after stowing last minute deliveries dropped our mooring and left, several inches below our marks, under engine in a flat calm.

In spite of much sail shifting with genoas and spinnakers most of the trip down the east coast of Ireland had to be done under power to bring the Tuskar abeam at 11.20 a.m. next day where the log was streamed, and after passing the Barrels lightship at 12.16 p.m., we were able to stop the engine and set course 235 degrees magnetic for the Azores, with a light northerly breeze.

During the afternoon the wind dropped necessitating recourse to the motor for a couple of hours before it filled in again from the west to veer slowly during the night to the N.N.E and freshen to force 4-5 by 11.00 a.m. on Thursday, 31st May, when we had logged 133 miles. A swallow which came aboard then visited the cabin but refused food or water and left finally in a North Easterly direction.

The ship's chores were divided as follows:-
Barbara O'Hanlon was responsible for the preparation of meals, ordering of stores etc. and was, therefore, excused watchkeeping; Ruth Delany helped her, particularly with the wash-up. Alan Stewart kept the ship's log, wound the chronometer, recorded barometer readings, worked our position by dead reckoning, wireless beacon and Consol fixes, and dealt with bosuns stores. Neil Watson carried out any carpentry or metal work required which during the voyage included making a wind shield for one of the primus stoves out of a fruit tin, a new flag staff for the transom out of a broom stick - and a number of other items. Rory O'Hanlon and Ruth Delany took and worked sun, moon and star sights with the sextant.

During the day no special watches were allocated, and from 7.00 p.m. to 7.00 a.m. the male members did two hours each helped by Ruth who, at her own request, stood the 9.00 p.m. to 11.00 watch each night except in very bad weather; the other watches being moved forward two hours each night so as to avoid anyone having the same watch continuously.

B.B.C. weather forecasts were recorded on special forms by whoever was available off duty, Barbara generally taking the midnight one.

The midday forecast of Thursday of "Northerly winds force 6-7, possibly gale" duly materialised as the day wore on; by 3.00 p.m. under storm spinnaker and 5 rolls in the main we were making 6/7 knots in a big sea which was beginning to break; half an hour later we had to hand the spinnaker with difficulty, carrying on under reefed main only until 9.00 p.m. - with the log recording 206 miles and conditions deteriorating we lowered and stowed the main, streamed a nylon warp out of the bow and hove to in a big broken confused sea, after which all hands turned in for a night's rest.

Friday morning's forecast was more encouraging, the wind showed signs of easing; the sea, though big and breaking, was more regular, so at 8.30 a.m. we took in the warp and got under way under reefed main, then after repairing the chafed foot of the storm spinnaker set it at 9.30 a.m. Conditions improved steadily, by midday the wind had dropped to force 4, so the big spinnaker was substituted for the storm one, the extra strain of which burst the shackle of the spinnaker guy block at the transom, which was immediately replaced with a stronger one.

Large schools of Dolphins played around the ship periodically making a fine sight as they shot high in the air in and out of the sides of the big waves - in the comparative quiet of the forecabin, and sometimes even on deck, one could hear their high pitched squeaks as they presumably talked to each other.

Up to midday Saturday, 2nd June, when we had logged 375 miles, the wind held steady from an easterly direction varying from 3-5 and under full main and large genoa we made good progress, but during the afternoon started to veer and freshen so that by Sunday morning we had to reduce to the small genoa and put three rolls in the main; by noon the log recorded 537 miles from the Tuskar giving us a run of 162 miles in the past 24 hours.

Rory and Ruth had been very busy each day with the sextant, the results agreeing fairly closely with the D.R. and wireless fixes, the few big differences being subsequently found to be due to incorrect application of the azimuth.

The wind continued to freshen, building up a confused sea accompanied by heavy rain showers and after shortening sail with 8 rolls in the main and the storm jib in place of the small genoa at 8.00 p.m. we had, two hours later, to lower the latter and carry on under reefed main only, the wind being then a full force of 6 and over in the gusts, with 604 miles to our credit.

The motor ship "Duke of Mistra" in ballast overtook us to weather at 8.00 a.m. next day (Monday) to whom, in response to their enquiry, we signalled "all well".

The wind veered slowly to the S.W and eased, enabling us by lunch time to set the large genoa and full main and bring our run up to 700 miles by 10.00 p.m. but continued to lighten during the night forcing us reluctantly to start the motor at 7.00 a.m. on Tuesday and run it for three hours when the wind swung to the east, remaining there until 9.30 p.m. then, after another hour's motoring, it veered back to the S.S.W, holding between that and W.S.W up to 8.00 a.m. Wednesday, 6th June, after which, until Friday morning, we had a series of calms interspersed with light and very variable airs.

This quiet period was, however, enlivened by a return visit of the dolphins; the sight of a small pod of whales travelling lazily north close to our port side; innumerable "Portugese Men-o-war", one of which we captured in a bucket and photographed from all angles before returning to its element and, right on our course, an enormous steel navigation buoy marked "7" which fortunately we met in daylight and were able to take avoiding action as had we hit it in the dark, the consequences could have been serious.

Alan and Neil took advantage of a passing rain squall to have a much needed shower bath on the after deck. We put the dinghy over the side and photographed the ship from all angles - to celebrate the fact that we were then over 500 miles from the nearest land, except that two miles below our keel.

At 6.00 a.m. on Friday, a breeze filled in from the North, veered to the N.E. at 7.00 a.m. when the log recorded 1,000 miles, and we began to get a real move on with the full main and big spinnaker on our course of 225 deg. mag. making 7-8 knots all day until by 9.00 p.m. with the wind gusting to force 7, and the ship rolling heavily in a big confused sea, we had to lower the spinnaker and carry on with little loss of speed under a reefed main only.

During the night we got a good fix on the wireless beacons in the islands, which confirmed our sun sight position, and set course 250 deg. mag. for the west end of Sao Miguel island. The almost dead run and big breaking sea made "Huff" continue to roll heavily, which the setting of the storm spinaker at 7.00 a.m. on Saturday did little to ease. By 2.00 p.m., when we had logged 1186 miles, a wireless beacon fix put us within approximately 15 miles of the nearest land, but owing to haze nothing was sighted until 3.15 p.m. when we identified the west end of Sao Miguel fine on the port bow.

A couple of hours later we had the N.W. corner of the island about 2 miles on our port beam so handed the storm spinnaker and set the genoa, shook out the rolls in the main, gybed and bore up to sail along the south coast of the island.

Off Pointo da Ferraria at 6.00 p.m. we handed the log reading of 1209 miles and after a reach along the coast, during which we were frequently hove down by sudden squalls off the high cliffs, hoisted "Q" flag and the Portuguese ensign off the breakwater at Ponta Delgada at 7.30 p.m.

The pilot boat met us at the entrance, told us to follow into the harbour where, in smooth water, we were boarded by the Chief Pilot - Captain Avila, who took us first to an oil jetty to report to the Port Captain by whom we were allocated a berth in the inner harbour near the town, where he subsequently joined us. The formalities consisted solely of filling in one form giving particulars of the ship, crew's names, port of departure etc. which covered us for visits to any of the other islands in the group. - these were completed in a very short time.

In response to a query regarding the International Police who three years ago in Cascais near Lisbon had greeted us with Sten guns and ordered us to await their pleasure on board, Captain Avila said he would telephone them and that we need do nothing about it.

The Port Captain recommended the employment of a watchman, particularly as we would want to spend as much time as possible exploring the island, and promptly produced a tough looking individual without shoes or socks and a smattering of English; he proved excellent, arriving aboard each morning at about 7.30 bringing fresh bread, hoisted our flags, washed the decks, as he explained with "Sweet water", topped up our fresh water tank and cans, and stayed aboard until we returned some time after mid-night.

The Port Captain and Chief Pilot gave us a lot of information as to points of interest in the island, where to get stores etc. and the best restaurants, so after altering our clocks to local time - two hours earlier to B.S.T - and a general clean-up, we went ashore and had an excellent dinner with Rory in the "Nacional" restaurant. The crew found that after eleven days at sea the land was curiously unstable, however, this soon passed off.

Sunday morning we were awakened by a series of loud explosions from the Sao Bras fort, just above our berth, and on enquiring were told that this was a 21 gun salute in celebration of Portugal's National day.

The rise and fall of tide in the islands is only a few feet and at our berth we had about 5 inches under our keel at low water with the result that during the night when an easterly swell developed we touched bottom a number of times but fortunately not heavily so as soon as breakfast was over accompanied by a local yachtsman I paid a call on the Chief Pilot and diffidently explained our trouble; this resulted in another example of the kind and courteous treatment we had already experienced as Captain Avila immediately grabbed his hat issued a few terse instructions to his staff, came aboard and piloted us to a deeper berth across the harbour occupied by a fishing boat - which was ordered to move out to make way for us.

"Huff" safely moored we hired a couple of taxis and drove to the "Terra Nostra" Hotel where Barbara stood a fine lunch of fish, beef and pineapple washed down with a very palatable light local red and white wines. Having booked baths and dinner for the evening we chartered another couple of taxis for a tour of the western end of the island both cars had wireless sets which we had great difficulty in restraining the drivers from operating at full blast all the time and in addition one was fitted with a record player with which we were entertained to operatic and other selections.

The main roads are well graded and mostly surfaced with small stone setts, the banks covered with geraniums, hydrangeas, roses etc. - in many places so profusely flowering that one cannot see the soil, but the side roads are more like the worst Irish boghreens.

Our route lay first along the south coast, then wound up to the top of an enormous extinct volcano - "Sota Cidada"; the crater contains two large lakes, one blue and the other green, surrounded by highly cultivated fields and dotted with cottages and farms - the walls of the crater covered with pine and fir trees.

After a short stop - to admire the view - we followed the road round the rim of the crater, then corkscrewed down to the bottom and on to the causeway dividing the two lakes where the crew decided to cool off with a bathe near a local woman - who was standing in water up to her knees washing clothes by the primitive method of rubbing them vigorously on a flat stone. Although we could not understand her remarks to our drivers, it was obvious from her energetic gestures that she took a very dim view of their bringing us to swim and possibly stir up the mud, where she was washing when there was the whole rest of the lake available.

Rory, who had no bathing costume, went in in his under-pants which promptly fell off and he had to appeal for help to get them on again!

A short distance further on we overtook a religious procession, mainly composed of small children, and when we expressed a desire to film it, the drivers promptly stopped, got out, halted the procession, marshalled it to their own satisfaction and, when assured that we were ready, gave orders for it to proceed.

Another corkscrew climb out of the crater brought us to the north coast, along it to the east for a few miles, and then back across the island to the Terra Nostra Hotel where, finding that we had insufficient local currency to pay for the taxis, we asked the drivers to wait whilst we cashed travellers cheques but they merely told us to leave it until the next day, when we had booked them for a further tour.

The hotel visitors seemed somewhat amused and puzzled at the procession of foreigners to the rather limited number of bathrooms. After a good dinner, with the usual fresh pineapple and locally grown oranges, we were welcomed back on board about midnight by a very relieved watchman who, judging from what we could make out from his limited English, had come to the conclusion that we were either lost or in jail. Neil Watson elected to sleep on deck instead of on the floor of the doghouse - much to the amusement of early morning passers-by on the quay.

Monday morning most of the crew went off to cash cheques, buy postcards and generally explore the town, whilst Alan and the owner called at the Consulate to pay a courtesy call on the British Consul only to find that, being Whit Monday, it was closed for the day, so joined the rest of the ship's company in the main square where we found Rory the centre of a circle of locals having his shoes cleaned by one of the numerous shoe-blacks, then collected the taxis for a trip around the east end of the island.

The road ran for some miles along the south coast with lovely views of little bays and cliffs before turning inland to a village - Furnas - in the centre of a huge crater of another extinct volcano where we stopped for lunch at a very modern hotel also called "Terra Nostra", situated in a beautiful park full of all sorts of tropical trees, flowering shrubs and plants; a large swimming pool, fed by volcanic hot springs, with water a dark yellow colour which the crew who bathed in it found to their surprise had no taste or smell, and beside it a large bath-house where various sorts of medicinal baths could be had, but which at the moment was closed.

Following a well served luncheon we drove on across the heavily cultivated floor of the crater to a geyser area where there were numerous boiling springs, varying in size from some yards across to only a few inches, and were offered samples of the water to drink by grubby urchins from equally grubby cups which they produced from their pockets.

A winding road up the walls of the crater brought us to the rim from where we had a wonderful view of the whole of this enormous basin and beyond it the mountains rising to nearly 4000 ft., then twisted down to the north coast and westward to a tea plantation but the day being a national holiday could not inspect the factory for sorting, drying and packaging the tea, but were only able to inspect the orderly rows of bushes about 5 ft. high which surrounded the factory.

Continuing along the coast brought us to Ribiera Grande, a clean well built town with a stream cascading through the centre, its banks smothered in flowers - particularly roses and geraniums. At a very up-to-date chromium plated cafe cum general store, in the main square, we treated ourselves to very refreshing ice beer, and bought several packets of the local tea called "Cha", presumably the origin of the army slang term for tea. On our way back across the island, we stopped at a small village where the national festival was being celebrated with fireworks, musical selections by quite a good band, and small boys distributing highly coloured cakes to the crowd gathered in the road.

Back aboard we found the local tunny boats landing their catch on the quay just ahead of us, and when our watchman bought for a couple of shillings a huge steak about 4 inches thick we decided, to his obvious relief to dine off it aboard. The steak, cooked by Barbara on a small griddle on a primus, proved delicious, quite different to the rather dry and tasteless stuff one buys in tins at home; the steak was ample for three full meals.

One of our taxi drivers, Mr. Pereira, brought his wife and family along to inspect the ship and after dinner came back to collect the crew, except Barbara and the skipper who pleaded fatigue, to entertain them at a local cafe overlooking an open air rink, where a hockey match on roller skates was being played.

Tuesday morning was spent replenishing stores and by Alan and the skipper paying a call on Mr. Newenham the British Consul, who gave us a lot of very useful information and invited the ship's company to his house that evening for drinks.

After lunch everyone except the skipper, went to a nearby beach for a swim before making our way to Mr. Newenham's House about 5 miles outside the town, where Mrs. Newenham entertained us in her private bar (the walls of which were lined with most attractive coloured local tiles) whilst we bombarded our long suffering host and hostess with innumerable questions ranging from agricultural labourers wages to the best places to dine that night - in response to the latter query our host not only telephoned to reserve places and book taxis but when we arrived at the restaurant "Borge" we found that he had already paid for the cars. The dinner, given by Ruth Delany, not only lived well up to the recommendation as far as the food and drink were concerned, but provided an unexpected treat in the form of the proprietor's daughter singing operatic and local songs in the adjoining kitchen.

Barbara and Ruth were ashore early next day to buy meat, which is only on sale for an hour or so each morning and complete the purchase of various stores, whilst the rest of the crew, with the help of the watchman, topped up the fresh water and petrol tanks and cans - and generally got the ship ready for sea. When asked as to how much we owed him, the watchman adopted the Dublin javey's equivalent of "I leave it to your Honour" - with the result judging by his expression we must have grossly overpaid him, and the further gift of a bottle of gin made the skipper fear for a moment that he was going to be kissed!

Shortly after midday local time, with the stowage of the stores completed we got under way in a flat calm and blazing sun and motored along the south coast of Sao Miguel westwards to Ponta da Ferraria and on the way saw the tops of Pico and Sao Gorge islands in the middle group which at that time were over 100 miles away - also the only flying fish of the trip.

By 3.30 p.m. with Ponta da Ferraria abeam we streamed the log hoisted sail to a light N.E. wind, stopped the engine and set course 225 deg. mag. for Angra Heroismo on Terceira island. The wind gradually freshened during the evening and night and by 6.0 a.m. on Thursday, 14th June, when approaching the island coast had knocked up a short steep sea which gradually smoothed as we got into the shelter of the high land at Angra bay and lost the wind having to start the engine for half an hour to bring us to the small pier in the harbour at 11.30 a.m.

Due to the swell running in this proved a very uncomfortable berth, so as soon as we had the form filled in at Ponta Delgada countersigned by the local Port Captain, which was promptly done we moved out and anchored at the head of the bay in 6 fathoms on a sandy bottom

Luncheon over the crew, except the skipper and Alan went ashore to hire a car for a drive around the island including a visit to the enormous American Air Force base where I.C.B.M's are sited, and where the car driver was most disappointed at the refusal of his passengers to get out to look at what he regarded as the most interesting sight in the island - namely "Americans playing golf". On the return of the car party, we all foregathered on the terrace above the harbour to sample the local wines before adjourning to a near-by restaurant for dinner and then return aboard at 9 30 p.m.

We weighed anchor an hour later and motored out of the bay, again in a flat calm around the south headland, Monte Brazil, streamed the log and set course 270 deg. mag. for the east end of Sao Gorge island. It was not until 1 00 a.m. on Friday that we had sufficient wind to stop the motor, however, it soon strengthened so that by noon we had to put 5 rolls in the main and two hours later when it was up to force 5 - 7 a further 4 rolls, and being dead ahead gave us a very hard thrash up the channel between Sao Gorge and Pico islands in a short breaking sea which by 4.30 p.m. began to smooth as we got into the lee of the east coast of Fayal island and bore up to the south for Horta harbour getting heavy gusts off the high cliffs. We handed the log recording 80 miles at 5.45 p.m. off the entrance to the harbour stowed jib and mainsail, started the motor to pick up the pilot off the end of the long breakwater and berth at the inner end astern of the R.C.C. yacht "Kochab" which had arrived that morning 22 days out from Bermuda.

The Port Captain and M.O.H. came aboard and once again the formalities were concluded in a few minutes with the help of the form from Ponta Delgada; any idea of going ashore was discouraged by rain and a strong west wind so we dined aboard and then entertained Dr. Evans, the owner of "Kochab", who gave us details of his cruise from New Zealand via the Panama canal to Bermuda and Horta.

The first call next morning Saturday 16th June, was to the local hotel to bespeak baths, then to a ship chandlers to order stores for the homeward trip and to the local pilot house to arrange for a weather forecast that evening when it was our intention to sail for Dublin. In view of the restricted bathing facilities at the hotel the skipper took advantage of the empty ship to have his on board before joining the others at the hotel for lunch, followed by a visit to nearby shops to buy postcards and presents to take home before taking taxis for a tour of the island.

We drove north out of the town to the hill above the harbour, then up a winding but well graded road to the top of an extinct volcano "Caldeira" about 3500 feet high, but were unable to enjoy the reputed magnificent views of either the island or the 2000 feet precipice in the crater owing to cloud, which reduced visibility to about 50 yds., so we went down to the north coast where we got out of the mist and following it along to the west came to the west corner "Capellinha" where 3/4 years ago a new volcano appeared out of the sea and threw up so much lava and volcanic dust that the land now extends a mile or more further seaward and the lighthouse, a three storey building which formerly stood on the shore is now not only well inland but almost buried under 40/50 feet of dust - and the surrounding country for several miles reduced to a desolate waste. We were told that during the eruption and earthquakes that accompanied it more than 500 cottages were destroyed with, fortunately, the loss of only one life - an old woman who died of shock.

Whaling is still carried on in the islands by the old "Moby Dick" method, from long narrow rowing boats, a constant look-out being maintained from various vantage points who report the position of the whales to the harbour where the boats are kept - these are then towed to the vicinity of the whales to kill them with hand harpoons and lances, the motor boats towing the carcasses back to the whaling stations. We were told that scale models of these whaling boats could be obtained so we made enquiries at the Cafe "Sport" on the quay and were fortunate enough to get two. These models are made by an old whaler who takes 29 days to make one; they are complete in every detail even down to knives and axes for cutting the whale line in case of emergency, but it was stated that once the present maker dies no more will be made as the younger whalers will not take the necessary trouble.

A poor weather forecast, coupled with dense mist and a strong S.W. wind, decided us to postpone our departure until the following morning when we were rewarded by a lovely view of the top of the Pico mountain, 7000 feet high, standing up out of the clouds which shrouded its sides almost to the waters edge.

When buying stores in Ponta Delgada we had found that prices were very reasonable and both shopkeepers and customers anxious that we should get good quality, particularly with the fruit and vegetables, but in Horta we had gone to a ship chandler who appeared to base his prices on those ruling in the dollar areas, in particular we considered locally grown oranges at the equivalent of sixpence each far too dear.

That evening a suggestion that as we were little over 900 miles from St. Johns, Newfoundland but over 1300 miles from Dublin, we might carry on to America was promptly vetoed by the skipper that most of the crew would lose their jobs if they were not back by the end of the month!

At 8.30 a.m. local time on Sunday, 17th June we motored out of the harbour, past the big ocean going salvage tug "Ost See", set a reefed main and storm jib to a fresh westerly wind to sail north along the east coast of Fayal with again very heavy gusts off the high cliffs. Off Pointe da Ribeirinha - the N.W. corner - we streamed the log and set course 40 deg. mag. in a very confused broken sea with a N.W. wind of force 5, however, as we got away from the islands the wind eased and the sea became more regular so that by midday we were able to change the storm jib for the small gonga, and then a couple of hours later we shook out the reefs in the main with Graciosa Island on the starboard beam about 12 miles distant.

At midnight with nearly 70 miles on the log, the wind had dropped to a bare force 1, so that we started the engine and ran it until 6.45 a.m. Monday, when a breeze filled in from N.W. x N. During the early hours of the morning we hit a large fish which departed east at speed leaving a blazing phosphorescent trail.

As the day wore on the wind slowly backed enough for us to set the large spinnaker, then freshened to force 6 from dead aft at 11.00 p.m. B.S.T. (the clocks having been altered from local time at 4.00 p.m. B.S.T.). So we carried on until 7.00 a.m. on Tuesday under main only, by which time we had covered 205 miles. At 9.00 a.m. we sighted a large twin funneled ship coming up over the horizon on our weather quarter which we at first took to be a whale factory ship but as she quickly overtook us we identified her as the "Cabrera" and when she crossed our weather bow within 3-4 of "Huf's" lengths we had to bear up hard to avoid being swamped by her ash.

We made good progress during the day with a force 4/5 bea winds, saw several turtles swimming on the surface until at 7.00 a.m. on Wednesday, 20th June we had to shorten the storm jib with the wind up to force 5/6 and a falling barometer; at noon it was blowing a full force 6 so we handed the jib and put 5 rolls in the main half an hour later it was up to force 7 with a big breaking sea so another 4 rolls were put in, and with the wind heading us we had to bear off to 80 deg. mag. The U.S. Troopship "General William D. Barry" bound with altered course at 4.00 p.m. and came up under our stern to enquire if all was well, and being assured that it was proceeded on her way.

The wind maintained its force but slowly backed during the evening and night and with the rough sea made the motion very violent at times, then at 5.00 a.m. on Thursday chopped suddenly to the west in a rain squall, and by breakfast time dropped to force 5-6, so we shook out a couple of rolls and gybed ship to steer 70 deg. mag. until noon, when we set the storm spinnaker with 519 miles on the log. Conditions remained much the same all afternoon and evening but a sudden veer in direction of the wind to N.W x N at 11.00 p.m. necessitated calling the watch below to hand the spinnaker and set the small genoa.

At 7.15 a.m. on Friday, with the log recording 602 miles, the wind had dropped to force 1-2, and a couple of hours after to a flat calm so that all that day, and until 3.00 a.m. on Saturday, we had to motor periodically from wind patch to wind patch.

The bread bought in the Azores was now becoming so mouldy that even when toasted it was uneatable; a couple of packets of "soda mix" were baked and soon consumed, and for the rest of the voyage Barbara and Ruth produced excellent soda bread with ordinary flour and bread soda baked on a griddle over a primus, the loaf wrapped in aluminium foil.

The rest of Saturday, Sunday and Monday, June 25th, till noon, when we had covered nearly 1000 miles, we had winds varying in directions from N.W. to N.E. and in force from 3-6, with, at times, quite a rough sea due, as far as we could make out, to the fact that we were coming in on the tail of a depression and consequently not getting the W. or S.W. winds we had hoped for.

Monday afternoon, we had to run the engine for a couple of hours, but by midnight we were down to shortened sail again in a force of 6 nly wind and a breaking sea in spite of which, between 1.00 and 3.00 a.m. on Tuesday, we logged 15 miles and Rory, who was at the helm, reported having sighted the loom of the Bishop light on the Scillies, then about 70 miles away on our starboard beam.

Although every member of the crew had brought a good supply of paper backs, ranging from "Anson's voyages around the world" and "Who dunits" to "Did she fall or was she pushed" sort - of which the highly coloured covers were generally more attractive than the contents - by this time we were beginning to run short.

Tuesday afternoon saw us back with the lighter variable weather and twice before midnight we had to run the engine for an hour or so, and from early on Wednesday, 27th June, kept it going in order to catch our tide at the Taskar, which we were successful in doing at 10.0 a.m., with the log registering 1248 miles, carrying on through the Rusk channel with a smooth sea and warm sun - under sail when the very variable wind was strong enough, and the help of the engine when it failed - we passed into Dalkey sound just before midnight to be hailed by Cmdr. T. Sheppard, whose gift of a bottle of very special liqueur brandy before we sailed from Dun Laoghaire had, with great restraint, only been broached an hour or so earlier - between Wicklow and Bray Heads.

We finally picked up "Segura's" mooring - our own being occupied by a visiting yacht - at 20 minutes passed midnight, having covered over 2800 miles in 29 days, with 24 nights at sea.

FLAMINGOES ON THE BOW.

A Spring cruise on the South coast of France.

BY

Wallace Clarke.

It was June who first spotted the undulating pink line moving steadily eastward into the eye of the wind, no more than a couple of feet above the white horses. Minutes later we realised we were looking at a vast flight of flamingoes migrating north from Africa to their nesting grounds in the Camargue, and doubtless just as fed up with fighting the Mistrale as we were - as they grew closer and eventually passed a few yards ahead we could see how the great white birds suddenly became brilliant crimson as the underside of the wing shows in flight.

The scene, which remains very clear in the memory, makes a neat precis of our all too short holiday. The wind was cold, Force 6-7, the sun was bright and strong, the sea rough and empty of yachts or indeed shipping of any sort; astern were the Illes d'Or, which we had just left, and ahead Cap Benat with a brilliant white lighthouse perched on top of rocks and maquis-covered slopes. It might have been a good day off Donegal but the flamingoes gave it the extra exotic touch. We were close reaching under mizzen and staysail with the rail well under at times, muffled in oilskins and sweaters, yet when we reached Le Lavandou the harbour was calm, smiling and uncrowded - warm as a good July day at home.

Wild Goose had wintered well afloat in Bandol, expertly looked after by our friend Berbard Felix. Our first three days we had been forced to spend ashore with his Mother, while the Mistrale blew in all its cold fury. This wind dominates the weather situation in the Gulf of Lyons blowing on an average 110 days a year and regularly reaching "Force Douze". We moved in, from our winter mooring, stern to the quay to store up and Thursday, the 8th April, sallied forth in our first passage round Cap Sicie, a great gaunt headland, the most southern point of the Riviera, off which the British fleet used to cruise for months on end when blockading Toulon in the Napoleonic wars. With a pleasant N.W. wind on our quarter, 7 hours took us the 30 miles to Porquerolles, the most easterly of the three Illes d'Or which provide a magnet to anyone sailing the coast. There one gets away from the brasseyness

of the over-developed mainland, for the islands are privately owned and building strictly limited. We passed a pleasant evening in Porquerolles, having anchored near the quay and about 30 yards off the beach; it is perfectly sheltered from all winds except N.W. Next morning she seemed to be pitching a lot - first glance through the hatch showed that it was blowing hard from N.W! - and a second one that we were very slowly dragging onto the beach. Quite what happens if you go aground in these tideless waters I didn't know but the answer is bound to be expensive!

There were no signs of life in the harbour but an hour later the paid hand on a Monegasque yacht, the only other one in the port, helped me lay out two more anchors and we seemed to be secure again.

However, we couldn't go ashore and as the wind began to ease a bit after midday we decided to get out - this meant 50 yards straight to windward in the narrow harbour then skirting closehauled along the rocky island shore for two miles, before settling down to a close reach for the mainland. June worked the engine while I had a "mad minute" on the foredeck getting in 30fm. of chain followed by two 30 fm. warp before we over-ran the anchors; then some tense moments before we could set staysail and mizzen, followed by relief to see the pier head astern and feel her pay off and heel to the breeze - we kept an anxious eye on the shore line for if the engine packed up we would have had to get the mainsail on very quickly and tack off, but all went smoothly and just as the point des Tartares slid astern the flamingoes appeared.

Le Lavandou, which we reached two hours later, is a delightful place nestling in the arm of Cap Benat at the foot of a steep mountain face, with sandy beaches (rare in these parts) on its right, a situation not unlike Wicklow. It turned out to be our furthest E. for with the Mistral so active and time so short it seemed unwise to venture to Monte Carlo as we had planned.

We spent a very pleasant sunny three days there and were joined on the 12th by John and Maryette McFarland. We were so impressed by Maryette's Paris clothes that a day ashore seemed an essential inauguration and a visit to Monaco the only appropriate suggestion - a car must be hired - the only one available turned out to be in Hyeres and the bargaining became involved.

Frenchman: To-morrow you want the car au quai?
Me - brightly: O.K. - but the car is Hyeres.
Me - doubtfully: To-morrow it is here?
Frenchman: No - no - no! To-day it is Hyeres, to-morrow it is 'ere.
Me - desperately: We want it 'ere, O.K.?
Frenchman: But there is no quai at Hyeres.

This might have gone on indefinitely unless June had come along, with her Trinity French, and saved the situation! We drove 100 miles along the coast whose scenery is, of course, superb, but apart from St. Tropez thought Le Lavandou the pleasantest harbour of any we saw - Cannes looked absolute hell, a large square box harbour with yachts stacked three deep from the quay, and a constant rat race for berths.

Our neighbours in Lavandou were varied and amusing. The "Blue Skies" a very smart French cutter whose paid hand seemed to live a life of delightful idleness until 3 hours before the owner was due when the activity became terrifying. A battered old fishing boat used for pleasure trips to the islands, owned by a red bearded giant Lulu Le Roquin, who spent his spare time carving Easter Island figures, which littered the deck, out of pieces of drift wood. Then a very smart Morgan Giles, 200 H.P. 40 ft. cruiser arrived, flying a most unusual flag beside a House of Lords Y.C. burgee. This turned out to be the flag of the Lord High Admiral of Lough Neagh and the owner, the Marquis of Donegal, said he'd never seen the lough! Well - can't say he's missed much, but its a nice flag.

We sailed out towards the islands again after lunch on the 14th - calm sea and blue skies - with two objectives - Port Man and, of course, the nudist colony on Ile de Levant. The latter is the place which the Compleat Cruising Commentator on this coast simply cannot afford to miss; we saw it and it wasn't very exciting. If George Millar and so many of the R.C.C. have failed, who am I to attempt to tell you about it! Similarly, no South of France yachtsman fails to go into rapturous descriptions of idyllic dalliance at the mention of Port Man. Its a pretty narrow bay, at the East end of Portbres Island, about half a mile long with deep clear water, high pine clad shores and only one small dwelling at its head. The reasons for the raptures must be that on the whole coast, its the only bay with a bit of shelter and without a swarm of Miramar Cafes, auberges, bistros and tabacs. Kerry and Connemara could produce 50 bays as pretty and much more private.

We landed in the "you-you", as they call the dinghy, threaded past the "Landing Forbidden" notices and along the narrow path to Port Cros - the only permitted excursion. There were only two other yachts in the bay (when the "Wild Goose" was there last July there were 30) - a big British motorboat apparently resident - and a small French family cruiser, who moored most attractively storn to a tree in a tiny rock creek. Fearing an E. wind, we moored out in 9 fm and had a heavy old job weighing next morning.

We sailed at 7.00 to try to make some westing before the Mistrale reached its strength, which it usually does about midday. A long wet beat followed; we had meant to get past the Giens peninsula at least, but at one time it looked as if Hyeres, just opposite us on the mainland, would be the best we could do - then the wind eased a little and by ten o'clock we were approaching the Grand Passe at the West end of the islands. We took the N. exit to get some shelter from Rouveau islet; 2 or 3 anxious tacks in the narrows, where the ground swell built up viciously, a bad place to miss stays. Then we had to decide whether to chance Anse de Niel for a stop - "looks tiny on the map". Would there be any shelter from the swell now running 5 ft. high? "That Frenchman in Lavandou said it was useless" - "but our sailing directions say its good" (Yachtman's Guide to Mediterranean by P.M. Bourdeaux - a very useful book). The sea outside was mounting and the Mistrale mighty cold - "Lets try it".

We shot in past a neat if small pier head and brought up in a sunwarmed lagoon of calm clear water completely sheltered from the wind. The air was quite balmy and fat cheerful fishermen sat mending pots in their boats. It was as if we'd been transported to a different climate and a different coast as well - no concessions to tourists here - a broken down auberge in one corner and a small town half a mile away up a steep hill; a fishing port with a small clean beach at its head, like a bit of Brittany. We moored stern to the quay and had a large second breakfast.

That afternoon, after much telephoning, Bernard Felix joined us, brought news that he was to move to Perpignan in a month - we agreed that "Wild Goose" could be based at Port Vendres. The Mistrale blew unabated all next day, our last full one, Sunday 15th April, and we were now anxious about getting back round Cap Sicio. However, Toulon airport predicted an 8 hour calm, starting at midnight, followed by a very strong E. wind - they advised us to sail at 2.00 a.m.

Mediterranean weather is tough - in Ireland one generally has some warning of the strength and direction of a blow - here you can never be sure; a coup de vent may arise at any minute from any direction and even old hands get caught. If its not force 8, there is generally none at all. We were, at least, beginning to get the hang of the forecasts of which there is no shortage. Marseilles, Toulouse, France I, II and III, Monaco and Geneva all chime in, or you can ring up the various airport met. men. It is worth buying "Semaine Radio", the French Radio Times, which gives all the programmes. We found Marseilles and Monaco best, but they make no effort to speak clearly, and it is all too easy to miss the punch line.

We were unlucky in happening on a very late spring for our one Mediterranean April cruise, so it was cold on the sea but for compensation, the harbours were uncrowded, restaurants likewise; you didn't need an awning - or an icebox - and out of the wind it was as hot as you'd ask for.

After a short sleep Johnny and I unmoored at 2.30 a.m. and motored quietly out of the creek - it was a starlit night, not too cold, as we made sail outside. Two hours later we could stop the engine as the Vent de l'Est began. Cap Sicie was abeam as a pink and grey dawn appeared over the land to the N.E.

The last two hours sail with a stiff breeze on the quarter and calm water in the lee of the land were delightful, but the complications of harbour life soon swarmed in when we reached Bandol. There was much jockeying for berths as everyone prepared for the E. gale, and the "clapotis" it would rise, for it blows straight in the harbour mouth. We had to shift and the engine refused to start - the beginning of the long tale of trouble; after an inglorious attempt to do it under sail, we had to warp her round the bow of the concrete floating yacht club, tuck in beside it and lay out two hooks with all the chain we could muster. John and Maryette were to stay on for a few days, their cruising experience to date wasn't much but, as Johnny recorded in the log, they sure learned a lot about moorings during the next 72 hours. It blew the horns off the cows and rained incessantly and they must have had an uncomfortable and often worrying time, keeping her stern from crashing into the quay, or the boats alongside. In fact, he tells me, everything stood the strain except the double bunk! Luckily, we didn't know quite how rough things were going to be when we jumped into a car that Monday night for the plane home!

Au revoir Wild Goose - see you in October!

"VANJA" OFF-SHORE 1962.

by

Ian Morrison.

"Vanja" has now been a consistent off-shore racer for many years, but the gradual hardening of R.O.R.C. qualifications has really meant that a 30 Sq. Meter is no longer an acceptable off-shore racer in official circles.

For this reason it was decided to make an all out effort to compete in as many off-shore races as possible in 1962 before the hand of officialdom wrote the final chapter by specifying rails, pulpits, parsons, engines, and hot and cold "plumbing"!

Apart from the Royal Alfred Yacht Club night races (of 50 and 100 miles) it was decided to participate in the Isle of Man race, the Port St. Mary-Holyhead race, the Abersoch-Dunleary race, the Beaumaris-Cork race, the Cork Islands race and the Holyhead-Dunleary race. Through incredibly good weather and an excellent crew of foredeck hands, the programme was executed with the exception of the shortest race (Holyhead-Dunleary), with which business finally interfered and precluded all possibility of participation.

It is not proposed to give an account of these races in detail but a brief summary of the programme as seen from "the long narrow boat" might be of interest to some:

Isle of Man Race.

This was a pleasant race and gave "Vanja's" crew little concern as the foredeck was steady and indeed the forehatch was open most of the race - a very rare occurrence.

Navigation was not quite 100%, owing to strong tides and light wind as the Island was approached, but nevertheless a long waterline cloaked these errors and "Vanja" rounded Port St. Mary breakwater to hear the first gun which was fired - rather inaudibly - from the local police constables elderly .45 Webley and Scott! As the bosum remarked - "a champagne cork would have made more noise"!

Unfortunately, a freshening breeze spoiled our handicap chances but it was very pleasant to reach port, and even if it was only 0530 hrs. breakfast was most enjoyable.

Port St. Mary-Holyhead.

This race degenerated into a racing cruise but was quite pleasant. "Vanja" was probably the only boat who did not use her engine - for the simple reason that she has none - and she arrived last and late for the cocktail party which was held in the visitors' honour.

Holyhead-Abersoch

This was a rather interesting sail with a 50 mile beat to windward in fog and force 4/5. Visibility was always less than a mile and "Vanja" passed through Bardsey Sound without seeing the Island.

Arrival at Abersoch, with 70 miles on the log, and a force 5 was very welcome, as usual the South Caernarvonshire Yacht Club members provided hospitality which engendered a degree of harbour fever which has to be experienced before it can be understood!

Abersoch-Dunleary Race.

This race started at 10 30 hrs. with a beat to Bardsey in force 3. Bardsey was rounded at 1400. hrs with "Vanja" reasonably well ahead, but outside the Island. The local fleet passed through the Sound and probably gained an hour by so doing. It was a fast broad reach to the Kish and "Vanja" covered the 53 miles in seven hours and two minutes.

Alas for record passages! In a lightening breeze we reached the entrance to Dunleary Harbour at dusk, but there the wind failed altogether and an ebb tide completely prevented us finishing although only 200 yds. from the line! There we stayed at anchor for five hours. It was interesting listening to the courting couples on the pier and at times almost imagined we could hear the corks popping in the waterfront clubs - but this may have been a slight stretch of the imagination.

Howth-Beaumaris.

"Vanja" enjoyed a routine passage from Howth to the Straits - about 80 miles - and apart from buffeting near the Skerries there were no untoward occurrences. Not so with the Skipper who did a pierhead jump on to the Mailboat the night before the race, arrived at Holyhead about 0100. hrs. crossed Anglesea in an elderly taxi and after all that was refused access to all local hotels because of earlier incidents involving inebriated Irishmen!

Howth-Beaumaris contd.

This meant getting aboard at 0300. hrs. which was finally accomplished - without waking "Vanja's" crew - and sleeping on the floor covered only by a rather damp spinnaker. At 0530. the alarm rang and the crew - all very sober - were surprised to find the skipper on board. Massage and a drop of Scotch soon cured cramp and damp. Breakfast was quickly prepared as an early tow to the line at Puffin Island had been arranged.

Beaumaris-Cork Race

Fog spoiled a picturesque early morning start but did not prevent "Severn 11" stepping into the lead with "Vanja" in second place.

The beat to the Skerries was interesting but a change of wind direction reduced the advantage of the leading boats and the whole fleet rounded probably within two hours of each other.

winds

Light prevailed during the afternoon and "Sonata" crept through "Vanja" in force 0-1. Later a breeze sprung up which enabled spinnakers to be set and these were carried to the Tuskar in a 20 hour passage.

After rounding "Vanja", "Pellegrina" and "Sinbad" overtook "Severn" who was becalmed to seaward some three miles distant. Some light beating into Dungarven Bay ensued and then the wind freshened from the north west. "Vanja" covered the last forty miles to the Daunt at a speed slightly in excess of eight knots. "Sonata" was some two hours ahead and "Severn" about an hour at that point. Unfortunately the wind approaching the entrance was light and "Vanja" possibly lost some time over the last leg. However she finished third to "Sonata" and "Severn" some 41 hours out to take first place for Class 11 and second place for the combined Classes 1 and 11. As "Sinbad" and "Pellegrina" were within one mile for about 36 hours or so it kept all on their toes.

As "Vanja" reached her favourite port, the Scotch made the dawn more imposing and the crew went to their berths to prepare themselves for the further hazards awaiting them later in the day at the Royal Munster.

Cork-Islands Race

This was really a long inshore race - about 30 miles - and not an off-shore race at all. "Vanja" was really too slow for the fast boats (eight metres) and too fast for the slow boats so it was rather a procession. Fine weather made conditions very pleasant, however, and the crew enjoyed themselves in the rather limited way one does on such occasions.

Cork-Dunmore.

The less said about this passage the better - a beat to Dunmore of 36 hours in force 0-1 in a heavy swell made the Skipper sick for the first time in the season. The shore in Dunmore seemed to roll for at least six hours after berthing!

Dunmore-Arklow-Howth

With a force 5/6 S.W. "Vanja" left for a fast passage to the Rock but with the breeze freshening to force 7, there were very ugly seas at the corner and "Vanja" planed from crest to crest with exhilarating - though sometimes frightening - abandon.

Some miles north of the Rock, the jib was struck and she reached for some hours under a storm main of about 130 sq. ft. Arklow was approached at dusk but the heavy outflow prevented "Vanja" from beating up to the lock gates and she was berthed on the outside well in somewhat unpleasant conditions. At 0400 hours the wind reached gale force and "Vanja" burst her chain which had been run ashore in support of her terylene warps. These were stretching like elastic in the heavy scend coming round the harbour entrance. It was "all hands on deck" and "Vanja" ran out astern under bare poles, which was quite a tricky manoeuvre. In a force 7/8 she ran up the coast for a few hours without canvas about 4/5 knots and later a 60. sq. foot jib added to her pace. The crew were satisfied with this leisurely method of travel and only off Wicklow Head was the storm main added to give a little additional pull.

Howth was reached without incident in a lightening breeze and "Vanja" had completed her cruise.

Epilogue.

"Vanja" has now been sold to Douglas Heard - may she serve him as she served us. She raced and sailed many thousand engineless miles off-shore - with anxious moments it's true - but no gear failures (other than one broken spinnaker boom).

To race a 30 sq. up and down the Irish Sea for six years is an unforgettable experience - the Clyde, Isle of Man, Fishguard, Milford, Abersoch, Cork, Baltimore, Carlingford - these names will be remembered with nostalgia and forever by the long narrow boat and by those whom she chose to sail her.

"GREYLAG" TO THE HEBRIDES

By T. Sheppard

<u>Arr.</u>		<u>Dept.</u>
	ARKLOW	July 19th
July 19th	DUN LAOGHAIRE	20th
21st	CAMPBELLTOWN	22nd
22nd	ARDRISHAIG	23rd
	CRINAN CANAL	
23rd	LOCH ALINE	24th
24th	CANNA	25th
25th	LOCH BOISDALE	26th
26th	LOCH EYNORT	26th
26th	LOCH SKIPORT	27th
27th	SCALPAY (Harris)	28th
28th	STERNOWAY	30th
30th	LOCH TORRIDON	31st
31st	PORTREE	August 1st
August 1st	LOCH KISHORN	2nd
2nd	ISLE ORNSAY	3rd
3rd	RHUM	4th
4th	TOBERMORY	6th
6th	POULADOBHARAN	7th
7th	IONA	8th
8th	CRINAN	8th
	CRINAN CANAL	9th
9th	EAST LOCH TARBERT	10th
10th	PORTAVOGIE	12th
12th	DUN LAOGHAIRE	

CREW

T. SHEPPARD
DR. J. BRYAN
R. R. WATSON
J. F. C. CLAPHAM
D. HEGARTY

Introduction

After a foulish passage from Fowey to Dun Laoghaire in 1961, the skipper decided privately, and avowed publicly, that for 1962 the cruise would be to Scotland and carried out observing the following stipulations:

- (a) Not to go out in stronger than Force 2.
- (b) Not to go to windward.
- (c) Not to spend a night at sea.

In mitigation of the subsequent lapse on the Skipper's part in that he had not the fibre to adhere strictly to the above-stated principles, it will be agreed that Force 2 and under was a rare condition in 1962 and not to go to windward was positively unseamanlike - after all, in a wind-rodé anchorage one presumably should bring her up head to wind - she would carry a little way to windward. However, in the 23 days the boat was away, one night only was spent at sea, - the night we left Dun Laoghaire - and it would have been just a little anti-climatical (?) to have spent the first night of the cruise in Howth. (No offence meant at all to Howth fellow-members - a visit there is never an anti-climax!).

Summary of Log

19th July

At six in the evening John, Dick and I put out from Arklow, a lovely westerly Force 4 to 5 was blowing and it was a bright sunny evening. Dick and John had spent 2 days getting her ship-shape and preparing for the cruise. Students' vacation can be put to good use. The boat was going beautifully as we romped up the coast with the tide under us. In Killiney Bay the wind dropped so we motored the rest of the way to ensure a good night's rest.

We passed the piers at Dun Laoghaire at 22.30.
Not bad.

July 20th

Storing was completed and the rest of the crew came out after work. After supper at the George we managed to slip our moorings at 20.30 and went northward with a nice South-Easterly, 4 - 5. During the night this fell away, and we made slow progress up the Irish Sea.

July 21st

We seemed to be moving up with a small depression; on the whole the winds were favourable, but so light.

At 17.15 we had the Maidens abeam. Our intention was that if we had good weather we would go outside the Mull and straight, if possible, to Barra. However, the 1800 forecast gave Force 6 North Westerlies for Mull and Hebrides. Skipper remembered his vows and altered course for Campbelltown. Chicken!

23.00. Anchored in Campbelltown to the tune (?) of bagpipes on the pier.

July 22nd

When in Scotland, do as the Scots - Skipper went to kirk and then cleared customs. Caesar, too, has to be placated.

At 13.00 we sailed from Campbelltown in a 5/6 North-North-Westerly. A cracking beat to windward with 4 rolls down. Met one of H.M. submarines at sea.

At 22.00 we brought up most spectacularly in full view of an admiring audience on the Ardrishaig pier - on the putty! Fortunately it was near low water and we got off at 23.45, when we made fast alongside the lock wall outside the basin.

July 23rd

Locked in at 06.45 and, after shopping in Crinan, proceeded through the Canal as far as Cairnbaan, where we had lunch.

At 16.45 we cleared Crinan and proceeded, again beating, through the Dorus Mor and up Scarba Sound. A lovely sunny day. The Highlands looking their best.

We stopped in the Sound of Mull and towed a largish motor cruiser "Delmar" into Loch Aline. How smug one feels!

July 24th

Another lovely day. Got under way at 08.45 and ran up the Sound of Mull with Spinnaker drawing. At Ardnamurchan, the weather being beautiful, we decided to go out to the Outer Hebrides and set course for Loch Boisdale.

In the late afternoon however, the wind turned very light and headed us. We decided to make for Canna.

As we approached and with Rhum on our starboard hand we became increasingly aware of the approach of a picture book Hebridian sunset. The sea was glassy and thousands of sea birds mostly shearwaters were sitting on the water sharing with us the indescribable beauty of the scene. In the sea and the sky there were purples, indigos, royal blues, sky blues and pale greens, golds and ambers and reds in profusion. The cliffs of Rhum turned copper and scarlet before our eyes as the sun dipped behind Canna.

We were all over-awed and unwontedly silent as we moved into Canna Harbour in the twilight.

July 25th

At 06.00 we set off for Loch Boisdale with a light northerly breeze on our beam which gradually strengthened to force 3. We anchored at 10 40 south of the steamer jetty.

Climbed the local mountain in the afternoon, where we had a glorious view all round - St. Kilda showing up very clearly.

July 26th

At 08.00 we got under way and tacked against a 4/5 northerly. Locked in to Loch Eynort which is a charming anchorage, but quite tricky and great care is needed.

Then out and another beat up the coast to Loch Skipport where we anchored in Little Kettle Pool at 13 30. Another splendid day's sailing.

Visited by friendly seals, flown over by pintails and, we are pretty sure, soared over by a golden eagle. We were really savouring the joys of cruising in the Outer Hebrides.

July 27th

Sailed at 06.00. Another beat to the northward in a force 4. As the day progressed, the wind lightened and we managed to get some sun bathing.

At 4.30 we entered East Loch Tarbert through the southern passage. It was quite difficult to get an accurate position owing to the merging of islands and rocks with the background. However we proceeded with caution and rounded Scalpay to anchor in North Harbour. A good fishing port, and good supplies locally in the shops.

Ashore for a walk and a swim

July 28th.

At 06.00 we got under way and proceeded out of the northern passage and up the coast with a fair wind from the south west. However the weather was breaking as we neared Sternoway and rain started.

We had an impressive escort of porpoises into Sternoway Harbour - an old sailors' sign of bad weather. Anchored at 11.00.

Sternoway proved an excellent town for shopping. In the evening we hired a Standard Companion and drove first to the Butt of Lewis and then down the west coast of the Island - 85 miles all told. Saw interesting Druid circles.

July 29th.

Being Sunday we took a day off from sailing. A dirty morning, but the afternoon improved. Ashore for church and later for a walk through the lovely demesne.

July 30th

06.00. Another dirty morning. South-Easterly wind, Force 3/4 and lots of rain. Beat over to the north of Skye to the mainland where we anchored in Loch Creagach near the mouth of Loch Torridon at 18.00.

Ashore for a magnificent walk in the hills.

July 31st.

Another bad morning - wet with a head wind from the west. However the rain soon stopped and we had another fine beat to windward into Sound of Raasay.

Very strong gusts as we tacked into Portree at 15.00. Another good walk after shopping.

August 1st.

A lovely day and a fair wind when we got under way at 11.00. Sailed by way of Caol More and outer Loch Carron to our anchorage at Loch Kishorn which we reached at 15.30. This was another beautiful little place completely deserted.

Again ashore for a walk and a swim.

After supper the crew went on the island for a walk and spotted what may have been a solitary Greylag goose.

August 2nd.

Another beautiful day. After an early morning swim we got under way at 07.00 and made for Kyleakin which we entered at 08.30. We went through this lovely Kyle and then motored up Loch Duich to its head.

Back down Loch Duich and into the Kyle of Loch Alsh with a powerful tide under us.

Anchored in Isle Ornsay close to yawl "Amokura" at 14.30.

A walk ashore in the Dog Watches.

August 3rd.

Weather less promising - a falling glass and a southerly wind. We tacked down the Sound of Sleat in a Force 3/4 but this lessened as we rounded Sleat Point.

It hardened again and veered as we fetched over to Rhum where we anchored at 16.10.

We went ashore for supplies and then had a wonderful walk into the heart of the Island. Marvellous views of deer in this Conservancy, which is well worth a visit. Saw eiderduck and young at the mouth of the river.

August 4th.

Weather worsening - Force 6 westerly.

Under way at 11.00 under tyrsail and storm jib. Had a thrilling sail once we got out of the lee of Rhum and stood up to weather of Mick. Vicious squalls off the mountains and wind increasing to Force 8. We bore away having safely weathered

luck and had a fast reach to the Sound of Mull in dirty and confused seas

At 15.45 we had Ardnamurchan point abeam to port and by 16.45 we were safely at anchor in Tobermory where there were many yachts in

August 5th.

Sunday and again a rest day. Very wet and we got thoroughly drenched going to church.

Visitors from Eilidh on board for drinks before lunch.

As ore for a walk in the dog watches.

At 21.00 the eight-metres Tinto, Nan of Clynder and Namhara arrived from Barra. Visited Namhara for a midnight sedative.

August 6th.

Dermot, alas, had to leave by MacBrayne for Oban Glasgow and Malahide. We missed him as much for his droll humour as for his ability as a seaman and his energy as a shipmate.

At 09.55 we sailed in company with the 8 metres down the Sound of Mull. A nice northerly breeze force 3 had us going nicely. The 8-metres were making for Grinan and the race to Oban and as the wind lightened they motored to make the tide for the Dorus Mor. We had no such pressing commitment and made gentle progress in glorious weather to Pouladobhran. What a pleasant anchorage - once again.

Ashore for our usual constitutional and swim.

August 7th.

Again settled-looking weather and a light northerly breeze, so we decided to go out to Iona. We had a lovely sail around the coast of Mull and took the inshore passage into Iona Sound. We anchored at 15.10 and were soon ashore to look at the Cathedral and to have a swim.

After supper we went ashore again this time to look for the Well of Youth - but failed to find it. However, the journey was not altogether unrewarding. A clear western sky and a beautiful sunset seemed appropriately peaceful in this holy island.

August 8th.

05.55 sailed from Iona. A vivid sunrise was somehow ominous. So was a long West South-Easterly swell outside the Sound in spite of the fact that the wind had been Northerly for days. Yet the forecast was not a bad one.

Another lovely sail under a hot sun and a fair westerly breeze brought us quickly to Crinan where we locked in at 12 30.

We went straight into the Canal and decided to spend the night at the Cairnbaan Hotel Lock (No. 5)

Dinner in the hotel.

August 9th.

Dull and raining as we set off at 09.00 to Ardrishaig. We cleared the canal at 11.30, and the weather looked horrible, even though the forecast was still favourable. A dirty southerly getting stronger all the time

The 13 40 forecast then came on. Gales all round the coast. Reckon the met. office were really asleep this time. We had realised yesterday morning that something was happening.

We decided to go into East Loch Tarbert and ride it out - or at least wait for a veer. Anchored with some difficulty, as boats were yawing all over the place, off Dickie's yard at 14.40

August 10th.

06.00 weighed and picked up someone else's anchor as well as our own. However John and Dick soon freed it and we were off in a Force 5 from the west. Took in 8 rolls and hared down Kilbrennan Sound - now blowing 7/8.

At 14.00 well clear of the Mull the wind eased and we shook out the reefs, but something was happening. There was a quick shift to South Easterly. Then at 18.00 the forecast gave us South to South West Force 6/8, so we went in to Portavogie to ride that one out.

Made fast in this excellent harbour at 20.00.

August 11th.

A South-westerly gale kept us in harbour all day. We managed to get the boat and bedding well aired for in spite of the gale it was a bright sunny day.

Ate herrings given by the fishermen

August 12th

The wind had veered, so with 3 rolls in the main we got under way - at 04.50. Took the inside passage to the Pladdy buoy and were enjoying, once again, a lovely sail under the lee of the land. The wind slowly decreased. At 10.00 we snook out the reefs, and at 13.00 we changed from No. 1 Jib to Genoa

At 14.45 we had Rockabill on our beam at 17.45 we were off the Bailey at 18.30 we were on our moorings.

Notes.

Navigation and Pilotage

The Clyde Cruising Club's Sailing Directions and its set of harbour plans are adequate for pilotage on such a cruise as "Greytag's" but the following points should be noted by anyone going there:

Loch Eynort.

On no account should this be attempted under sail except at slack water. A fierce stream runs through the narrow.

Iona.

Approaching from the east it would be most imprudent without local knowledge to attempt the inshore passage close in under the Ross of Mull, without Admiralty Chart No. 2617. You have to count the rocks as you sail by.

Kyles of Loch Alsh.

You have to work the tidal streams here, and this is best done with the West Coast of Scotland Pilot. The strength and direction of the streams depend not only on the time of high water but also on the range of the tide for the particular day. For example; in Kyle Akin slack water is 3 hours after high water there, when the range is eighteen feet (or high Springs) and six hours after high water when the range is seven feet (at neaps).

Rhum

This island has been bought by the Nature Conservancy and is a National Nature Reserve.

Day visitors are free to land at the main jetty and may visit without formality quite a large area round Kinloch. Permission to go beyond this should be sought from the warden Naturalist at White House or the Warden at Bayview.

Naturalists wishing to study any other special feature such as archaeology or geology anywhere on the island should write in advance to the Conservation Officer 12 Hope Terrace, Edinburgh.

It is a most interesting island for nature study and for geologists as well as climbers. Some pairs of Golden Eagles breed there as well as Peregrines and Merlin. Several thousand pairs of Manx Shearwaters nest on the island.

"MYSTERY" CRUISE ???

(For answer, please turn to page ..7?..)

With the 1962 edition of the I.O.C. Journal in your hand you are probably sitting by your fire reading your own (first) and then other people's accounts of their summer cruise with a certain nostalgia and though our own cruise this year was in no way remarkable - hence the bit of build up in the beginning - it is only fair that as we enjoy the experiences of other members second-hand we should share ours. And then there is always the THREAT - (Crews note!) The most effective deterrent for the Skipper is only a mere hint of "Just you wait till you see that in print when I write up the Cruise for the Journal" and he is tamed at once.

Looking over the Log with the first pages all carefully ruled and headed on to parts where the crooked writing reminds one of a sudden roll when making an entry, and through the bits where comments on various crew members, however "unprintable" are the more amusing for being recorded, to notes on bus time-tables, phone numbers, shopping lists and a final desperate and unsuccessful effort to teach me the points of the compass with a large crude illustration, I hardly know where to begin.

Like this preamble, we had a long slow start from Helvick on the evening of Thursday 5th July, but lying on deck in the only bit of sun of the summer was not unpleasant after all the rush of preparation and departure. One or two liners passed us and we listened to the cricket and the Wimbledon Finals, out-doing each other in our culinary efforts in a flat calm sea, drifting too slowly to even fish, and reached the Scillies on Sunday morning - 62 hours out.

The minute the "Irish Yacht" dropped her hook in St. Mary's, it was a signal for a party to the many friends the owners have made there on previous visits and several days were spent receiving and returning entertainment.

The ketch YLVA belonging to Air Commodore and Mrs. Russell, en route to cruise in Southern Ireland, came and anchored near us and after we had exchanged visits, the Skippers arranged to hire a motor-boat from a local expert and do a tour of all the islands the following day. These lads took us through ways only known to themselves, and we saw so much on that seemingly-endless sunny day, that when two large new R.N. Submarines appeared on the horizon towards evening, (to the unreasonable excitement or

antagonism of the crew according to sex), one could be forgiven for imagining them another couple of little rocky islets.

Though the Scillies had been given a tremendous "Press" by an understandably-prejudiced crew member, they certainly lived up to all expectations and it was a real effort to tear ourselves away.

So far we had such an easy passage we were not all all prepared for the knocking-about we got outside when we left to go towards Southampton on Wednesday 11th at 1340, as correctly stated in the Log, and soon appeared to qualify for the "Bruising Club" as the self-styled wit of the party remarked. We crossed Mount's Bay "on our ear" and had the best sail of the whole cruise. By the following day the wind, though still fair, had lightened, we amused ourselves playing 20 Questions, which proved no test of skill as by now the crew were one-track minded, and admiring the scenery close to the lovely shore line of Dorset, passing Prawle Point at 1340 and anchoring in Brixham before tea.

There were several yachts in the harbour where considerable building is taking place, amongst them a romantic schooner upon which we cast many a covetous glance. We had baths at the yacht club before going to call on friends in Torquay, and saw preparations being made for the start of the Tall Ship Race from Dartmouth to Rotterdam due to take place shortly.

Next day we shopped for stores while a man from the boat-yard spent hours on board repairing our engine which had sulked ever since we left home. We had great difficulty in phoning Ireland despite booking time calls - or maybe because of it! but our good humour was restored later in the evening when yachts racing from Plymouth arrived and a party developed on board till the small hours.

On Sunday morning, when we tried to get our anchor, nothing would move it and despite the combined efforts of the crew of the new Howth Lifeboat, glittering and shining with all her smart bright R.N.L.I. paintwork, on her way to Station in Dublin, who gave us all the help they could, we had to finally cut it adrift.

We changed crew members and left Brixham in torrential rain which killed every air of wind, after taking on water and fuel from a very convenient floating dock complete with petrol, diesel etc. for the supply of yachts and seemingly operating at all hours, about 5 o'clock. We felt considerably cheered however, by a good curry supper, the unfortunate newcomer valiantly steering meanwhile and being encouraged by us nice and dry below with praise for his hardiness and promises of how comfortable he would find the lee bunk by contrast when he came off watch. As forecasted, the rain turned to heavy mist by morning which was our only excuse for what was logged as Portland Bill proving to be a large hunk of Her Majesty's Navy passing, unfortunately too far off to signal in that visibility, half an hour after we had been abeam of the Bill, according to our doubtful reckoning, in the cold light of dawn.

By mid-day the sun was shining again and when the girls had been provoked into constructing a compound on the foredeck for sunbathing in peace the men retaliated by going into a huddle below and altering the course from Lulworth where we had hoped to spend the night, to Weymouth and deciding that our easting must terminate there. (Actually one member of the crew had to get back and with our present progress it would have been impossible to complete the cruise as planned within the time left). But it was a bitter disappointment all the same and we nursed a healthy grudge when we tied up alongside the R.N.S.A. JETHOU at Weymouth where they felt so sorry for us they invited us to join them en route to Hamble next day, once we aired our grievances to their sympathetic ears (over full glasses at the cabin table stretched to fits capacity in the cosy, lamp-lit saloon of our long-suffering Skipper, where all parties automatically develop), in thoroughly ungrateful fashion.

Thus encouraged, we staged a small mutiny instead and spent all the following day having our hair done and enjoying the shops which were superior to those in Brixham which is mainly a tourist resort, and having a thoroughly good time, while another job which necessitated the lifting of floor boards, a man from a garage etc. on board, made the boat uncomfortable for the self-enforced superintendence of the night males, who flung off the warps the minute we appeared on the dock and shot off to sea before we could even change from our spike heels, to find waiting a tide at Portland before rounding the Bill preferable to giving us an extra minute ashore! (This is our story, though in actual fact we were just nicely timed, and in our hearts admitted that as usual the Skipper was right, though we would have died before saying so).

The weather disimproved so fast during the night that we began to think we had a Jonah on board and we had a very rough passage to Fowey the entrance to which was completely shrouded in mist and required extremely careful navigation, not helped by the comments of the only "local" on board as to the proximity of various bays and coves where increasing numbers of boats and lives had been lost. However, we anchored safely inside with our one anchor left, in the failing light of a miserable afternoon and never did our warm, dry, "upright" saloon seem more attractive and home-like. We failed to get the attention of the ferry boats plying back and forth across the harbour for a passage ashore, who no doubt did not want to divert on such a bad evening, and as the effort to launch the dinghy was not worthwhile, we spent a happy evening with our own company, despite a small uneasiness about the holding ground.

Next morning our visitor left us and we were lucky in securing a C.A.R. belonging to the famous Dr. Pye of MOONRAKER to replace our lost one, in the Yacht Club where we got a friendly reception with the tri-colour flying in our honour.

On Friday 19th we sailed for Falmouth, and arrived towing a dinghy we picked up with a broken Seagull, in a tropical downpour - even our oilskin pockets were filled with rain - and moored among yachts of

of several different nationalities, all the flags of which were flown in courtesy from the Yacht Club. We went ashore there in the evening when the weather improved and saw the visitors book had been signed by the new American owner of the Belgian yacht MOONGLOW, David Louthen who was fitting her out prior to sailing her across the Atlantic with the help of Christopher de Gebrowski, a Pole who had previously sailed across single-handed from Tangiers and a young Australian, Mick Phelps, also with an Atlantic crossing to his credit, and both members of the O.C.C.

The forecast was bad for the week-end so we made some bus trips to the Helford River, Truro and other local beauty spots, where we had Cornish Cream Teas, drank Mead and ate Cornish Pasties hot from the oven, and partook of all the other facilities for which the enormous number of tourists are so admirably catered in Cornwall. By this time we could not part the Transistor from the crew member whose time was running out and it came with us on all the expeditions in case we should miss a weather report by a few hours - we have an amusing photo of himself and the Skipper practically holding up traffic in the Main Street, oblivious to their surroundings, and stopped dead in their tracks, with the set glued to their ears, to prove it!

When a favourable forecast finally arrived, the only delay permitted was a farewell party on board for the MOONGLOWS whose approval of our Guinness nearly made them alter their plans to detour to the West Indies via Ireland - which was the object of the exercise - and we left Falmouth after lunch on Monday 23rd July and had to motor for 12 hours on a direct course for home. We sailed as soon as we could, after swapping a bottle of stout for some fish with some small boys in a boat with an outboard, several miles out to sea who then recognized our nationality as not being Italian as they had supposed from our flag. In a short time we were back to our ordinary ship's routine of watch-keeping etc., no less enjoyable than the shore-going intervals and only made more so by comparison.

On the second night out we had to reef and nearly came to grief with a sizeable freighter which would not give way to us (possibly through lack of look-out in the small hours) and made a very fast passage (25 hours) from the Longships to Helvick where we were welcomed home by the lovely sight of the new MAID OF HOWTH sailing out in the morning sunshine having spent the night on our moorings - for which her owner altered course to come and thank us - on her way back to Dublin.

And now the Mystery!

I deliberately kept the names to the end for two reasons:

(1) To make sure you read it all.

- (2) To avoid a rush of offers to crew in this most hospitable of yachts from more eligible members than I before I can secure my own berth for next season.

The details are as follows:

The Yacht is AKELA.

The Owner is Reveille Farrell and his wife Maeve.

Regular Crew is Pat Read.

Our Visitors were Marianne and Trim.

and you will have to turn to the Index to see the author who is afraid to sign her name in case she is never again asked to crew in this or any other yacht - (Phone: COBH 504)!!!

-----oOo-----

"EUPHANZEL" TURNS SOUTH.

BY

Michael d'Alton.

Owner-Skipper:	Dr. Ninian Falkiner.
Navigator:	Michael d'Alton.
Crew:	Michael O'Rahilly.
Crew:	Aiden Tyrell.
Coasting crew:	Mabel d'Alton.

"But why to the North and not to the South and the sun?"

Thus it had been in 1956 when we set out for Norway and again last year before we left for the Faeroes. But now, at last, had come the time to turn towards the South- the first time "Euphanzel" had done so, except for a race to Dunmore East some years ago.

We now felt with some peace of mind that we could risk being seduced by the soft south, for we had eased the yearning to sail those desolate waters of the North and hide ourselves beneath their towering coasts, to cradle deep within deserted fjords and shelter in behind the chains of off-lying islands. To have gone south before and done this might well have meant that as we got less young the North would have eluded us yet never cease to call us restlessly.

Away then to Brittany! - to that sister Celtic region breasting the Atlantic to her western coast and perhaps as far as her enchanted islands, Belle Isle with it's attendant isles

PREPARATION.

This year there was not much to do to put her in condition for such a cruise. A Dublin Bay 24 Footer, of almost 6 feet draught, "Euphanzel" already had a single gimballed stove with an oilskin locker opposite at the companion way, a main berth each side with a removable tilting table in between and a blanket locker at the foot of the starboard berth; the top of which had a flap folding out over the bunk to form a chart table. Each main berth had lazy backs hinging upwards to form upper bunks, supported by deep canvas leeboards lashed up to the coachroof, as were the ones to the lower berths as well.

Farrard of the port berth is a large stowage bin, and opposite it a fixed bunk with its canvas leeboard to the deck head, so that at sea, even on a tack, it is possible for no less than five to attempt to sleep together. In addition, over the stowage bin, there is a tiny rootberth - but tins of fruit are hard to rest upon. The lavatory is underneath the hatch between these two farrard bunks.

Water we carried in a small whiskey butt - which served as steps and cook's seat too - and also in two other containers. We cooked with calor gas with greater care than ever - life seems more precious as time slips by.

The rigging, life lines, personal life lines and all else on deck were well gone over, particularly the screws of the mast track, for it always seems to me that the track of a boat which cruises should have no screws within it, but through a pair of flanges both sides of the track. With roller reefing, the boom shaved at the gooseneck to prevent "droop", and with our old and faithful friend - our canvas cockpit cover, we felt ready to face the balmy breezes of the south - and more than once were glad of both. Our engine seemed ungrateful for its winter rest, even Michael could not always coax it into life.

Once again we relied on our little grid compass in its tilting timber tray fixed just beneath the (timber) tiller and took as well, a spare one, a handbearing compass, sextant, extinguishers, fogbell and the rest. Our radar reflector had, last year, dropped off somewhere north of the Minches, so this year I made a new one of octahedron form - three intersecting discs about 15" diam. -- fixed high up the mast, above the head of the job, over the jumper struts. This I consider to be more important nowadays than lights - no matter what the Board of Trade may say, for the flash of a torch may well be seen but the radar reflection of a mast apparently will not, and with many a ship it would appear what is not on the screen cannot be there even if there is a heavy mist.

As well as a transistor set, we had a Mini-Loop, but as it - and I - had not been calibrated beforehand, the results from it varied from poor to hopeless - no fault this of the set.

One addition, however, was made to the boat. This year, after last year's bad experience of the semi-rotary pump in a gale we installed a B.O.T. Diaphragm lifeboat pump, on a little shelf just inside the companion way so that it could be worked by those below in "comfort". It was quite self-priming, and the least

tiring, per gallon of any pump that I have tried. It seemed uncheckable but even if it had, the back came off with the turn of a clip and the foot of the hose was situated so it could be got off easily from the saloon - not down to the lowest point beneath the engine or the cockpit. Far better, a little water in the heel than a pipe that cannot be freed. This pump proved absolutely splendid, particularly once in mid-channel.

Dun Laoghaire to Brest.

Shortly before our departure on Friday night, the 3rd of August, our hand, Jimmy, found he was unable to make the trip, so Michael O'Rahilly was fortunate indeed to get a friend of his, Aiden Tyrell - a dinghy man of capability and easy disposition, an asset to the boat - to join our owner-skipper, Dr. Ninian Falkiner, and myself for the trip out. Mabel, my wife, "the Faerce woman" did not make the passage but flew out to join us there - for good reasons which will become better soon after Christmas - so Ninian assures us.

We left then, at about 9 o'clock in a fine W.N.W wind, made to measure for a passage south, under full main and reaching jib, and as darkness came on headed out to avoid the unlit buoys off Greystones, and also to pass well outside the banks for a worry-free night away from the tides which set diagonally over them.

We tramped on through the night in splendid style, and by breakfast were off the Tuskar, with about seventy miles made good. Here we slightly altered course for Lands End, about double this distance away, but gradually the wind drew ahead, breaking us off for the North Cornish coast. This persisted all Saturday afternoon but later on we were free again back on our course, and at 0.300 on Sunday morning got a fix on the Seven Stones and Pendeon Lights - the Pendeon one a tremendous beam.

As light arrived on Sunday the wind fell away, the sky cleared and the sun warmed up the day. A lovely day it was too with a smooth sea, almost no wind and a fine view of the high coast down to the Longships and Lands End. We drifted on in silence in no hurry - with not even an unspoken suggestion of starting up. The lunchtime forecast bespoke even less wind and later on, when it was drowsily mooted that we might put in somewhere till the morrow, it was poorly received and died a natural death when someone remembered that a west Cornish port on August Sunday would be a place to spoil our present enchantment. Besides we were just acquiring the right slow rhythm for passage making.

We lazed this splendid day away in ambling only twenty miles from breakfast to late supper and had the Lonely Wolf Rock Lighthouse close abeam soon after that.

Here we had to do a little bit of brain work in setting course for the corner of France - exhausting after such a day of ease. The tides on this hundred mile stretch go through almost all points of the compass during the ebb-flow so after a good look at this and at our speed - quite satisfactory now - I decided that we would be about twenty four hours and that these tides from all directions would about cancel out for that time. Thus we followed a slightly drunken course instead of pedantically fighting the tide most of the time to stay primely on a dead straight line for sailing showed long before Einstein that the shortest distance between any two points is not that way!

Before midnight we were broken off up channel so much so we eventually had to tack but later on we got back on course again after quite a time of variable winds - rather baffling trying to keep a Dead Reckoning. The early morning forecast spoke of bad weather perhaps a local gale force 5 from the north. As visibility was now becoming very poor I played with the Mini-Loop but with inconclusive results we had rolled nine turns upon the boom and shifted to our working jib - just in case we should in fact have taken off and set the storm one - or had none at all; we should too have spread the cockpit cover but wasted time fiddling with the Loop for our position was rather uncertain.

With very little warning and much sooner than we expected the Eight hit us and blew great guns from the north. This had us careering to the south in a blind mist at terrific speed towards the very foul coast of France - not much over 20 miles away - towards the Chenal du Four the passage with the very strong cross tides through the miles of rocks inside Ushant - well marked in good visibility but no place to search for in this gale and murk.

It was no time to continue on this course to the south so as soon as we could we gybed on to the starboard tack and hauled our wind lying a little to the north of west and heading out into the Atlantic; a great relief to have proper sea room no matter how long this gale should last.

With the working jib set she would not heave to in such a full bodied gale and without the cover shipped far too much water. It was quite a struggle to remedy these two matters but when they were Michael took her splendidly through the worst of it when with no jib and the cover spread she was herself again. Except below where all

was a mushy shambles. Pounds of rice and sugar had broken loose from their plastic bags, but the diaphragm pumped this goo, and a deal of water too, most satisfactorily.

We clawed on out to the west from shortly before ten, when the gale strode down upon us, until after two in the afternoon when it began to moderate. If our position had been doubtful before, it was a great deal more so now, so there was much cogitating on a course for Ushant.

This lightport of the top-left hand corner of Europe - this College Green - this Piccadilly Circus of the shipping world, took an interminable time to come up but at last it did, just before nine that August Monday night, fine on the port bow. The question now was whether to do what was usual and go inside, via the Chenal du Four, in what was the tail of the gale, uncertain visibility and in the dark, or else go the clearer way round outside where it is warned seas can be very heavy.

There is no lack of lights in this part of the world, there is, in fact, the most fantastic variety of the things of every conceivable colour, height, form and characteristic, with some beams revolving one way and their overlapping neighbours the other. Never was there such "embarrass du riches" - now that we are nearing France - quite confusing as a wrong identification could be most dangerous. Just as we were approaching the shipping lane as it got dark, our battery expired and left us lightless when we most needed them to cross the lane. But it was very noticeable that the stream of large ships approaching us often altered course, most markedly, long before they could see us; it was clear that the radar reflector was giving back as good as it got - this was indeed a comfort.

As we came up to Ushant I became convinced, as often as I have been before, that sea room in a well found ship is best, and so we went outside, giving it and its outliers a good berth as we swept round in a fine full curve, fixing ourselves continuously on Cape Stiff lighthouse on the island - one of the greatest beams in Europe I am told - and another lighthouse just north of the entrance to Brest, for there are shoals of rocks S.E. of Ushant.

By dawn we had the leading lights for Brest in transit and came in these until daylight opened up the bay to us, for Brest is situated in a magnificent enclosed bay, with a long entrance less than a mile wide, the whole not at all unlike Cork Harbour and its surrounds - a magnificent place, particularly in our early morning sunlight.

This entrance, this "Goulet de Brest", has a strong run in it and so the tide has to be worked, but we were in luck and had it with us. We entered the main harbour - a huge artificial place - and went on in to the Port de Commerce and tied up alongside a large trawler in an inner basin, right opposite the Customs office.

We were in France; we had, as we had hoped, made a direct passage, amounting to 365 miles upon the log. We had been at sea 3 days 9 hours 20 minutes and in that time had left the engine unmolested.

On the Coast.

Despite our yellow flag and what we expected of French officialdom, and our position just in front of the Customs Offices, we were left in perfect peace for the couple of days we were there - though later on we heard it would have been much more tactful to have called in and made our number.

The quays alongside were most surprisingly clean and free of clutter, with all the shops we needed close at hand - including a chandlers and a splendid "Sailors Rest", more like a hotel.

Mabel had flown to Paris and had an eight hour train journey down to Brest, where she was prepared to have stayed a day or two to await our arrival - but here we were a few hours before she was due; it could not have been better arranged by Cooks! The two of us stayed the night in a little Cafe-hotel on the quays near the boat quite spotlessly clean, in fact this corner of France left little to be desired in this direction, quite different to other parts we had been inland.

We stayed two days in Brest, taking our ease and wandering round the place in lovely weather. It is a very fine, spaciouly laid out, newly built city rising up the heights overlooking the magnificent inlet, upon which it stands. Some of the old historic buildings, including the chateau-citadel still stand but much was laid low by Allied air raids, when Brest was one of the great German naval bases during the war.

While we were lying in our basin, a large white cutter sailed slowly in and warped alongside evidently with engine trouble. The lines of this vessel were uncommonly fine and even at a distance somehow seemed familiar - as indeed they were - as this turned out to be the "Ragnar R" late of Dun Laoghaire, but with a little less mast than she used to have, for she had been dismasted the previous season whilst cruising in the Mediterranean.

On Thursday, soon after noon, we sailed out in a fine sunny SW breeze and part beat our way through the Goulet and took the inside passage of Toulinguet, around the point, to make our way southwards, to pass through that famous stretch of water - the Raz de Sein. Though this was a splendid day, our course to the Raz turned out to be a dead beat and soon it became obvious that we would miss the tide, so with regret we bore away and ran down to the fishing port of Douarnenez in the S.E corner of the deep bay of the same name, 18 miles to the east of the Raz which, unfortunately, often means dead to leeward as the wind most usually is west.

We dropped our hook round in the old harbour of Port de Rosmeur in 3 fathoms, at ten to seven; by five to, Ninian and Michael were ashore in the punt, two minutes later they were dumped in the Butcher by a kindly passing car just as the shutters were about to go up, this was luck - for we had to leave first thing next morning for our beat west, to catch the tide through the Raz de Sein.

We wandered thro' the old town around this harbour later in the night; a thoroughly French place of charm - the only disadvantage being a huge dredger which squealed and "banshee wailed" all night not far from us. These dredgers were at work at several places down the coast, for the French pay tremendous attention to their fishing facilities.

We left before eight in the morning, in a light west and had a dead beat the 18 miles out to the Raz de Sein, so had to use the engine later on to catch the tide soon after lunch. We passed through this most notorious piece of water by the easy passage, inside the islands and rocks which run out due west like a dagger for almost fourteen miles. This passage can be one of the sights of Europe when tide runs against a winter gale, so much so, painters and photographers flock to this place at such times. However, it was quite calm and soon we were whisked through and on our way towards the next great divide of this part of the coast, Penmarich Point, about twenty miles to so to the south east, a very high conspicuous light house on a long low point terminating a stretch of long low coast. It is generally considered that once around this point the weather and the tides are much kinder in every way.

The tides on this coast must be considered, not only their flow and strength but also their varying range from neaps to springs, for the difference at these times is quite striking. The ranges are important here because quite a few of the anchorages usable at neaps are not possible at springs - for the range at springs is in the region of 19 feet whilst at neaps it is about half of this.

We reached around Penmarch Point towards evening, well off-shore for it is very foul, though well marked and ran on east in the lightening wind for Port Tudy a few miles short of Benodet. However as progress slowed and night approached, we looked for somewhere nearer and decided upon Guilvinec, a fishing port a few miles east of Penmarch Point in behind the clatter of rocks off this shore.

The approach was marked and though it calls for care is quite easy, so long as the buoys are correctly identified and provided one has the bible for this coast - Adlard Coles "Biscay Harbour and Anchorage" Volume 1 expensive - 45/- - but indispensable. Quite expensive in fact for Volume 11 is needed for Belle Isle and further south, but still extremely well worth while.

Guilvenec is a long narrow harbour with no less than 150 fishing boats many of them tunny men for which there has in recent years been built a splendid covered fish market - with stores and offices and other works above, the whole business appearing to be very well organised - Howth should have a look at this. The crowds of boats of huge beam and transome all painted in striking strong colours, all either with nets hoisted to mast heads for drying, or else with a pair of tremendously tall and light booms for the tunny lines hoisted high, each twice the height of the mast and looking just like a giant insect's antennae filled this place with interest. So thoroughly genuine was the whole atmosphere of the harbour and it's town with its crowd of fisher folk and its obviously fishing form of life, that we were happier here than any other place. This really was a Breton fishing port with no dilution of its way of life merely to beguile the tourist - who here seemed rare. Even the excellent hotel at which we dined more than well, that night was there to serve the people of the town.

All this despite the fact that the water of the harbour was not clean - would you be with 150 diesels spewing on your bosom? - and the harbour walls below high tide were coated with an appalling inch of the stuff, though curious to relate the treads of the stone steps were free so one had to skip ashore with the agility of a goat - and without hands - to escape the muck.

The town was full of the older women in sober black, each wearing the wonderful head-gear of the district dazzling white stiff starched lace pipe-like rolls on end. They looked about 3" in

diameter and quite 15" tall, the men all in well patched and well washed out blue jeans and heavy wooden sabots - a detached though friendly lot.

We lay a second night in here and when I came on deck at 04.00, not to admire the moon, the fleet was just about to put to sea. Less than 15 minutes later the last of the 150 were on the move out the harbour mouth and yet I could hardly credit it, for not a single word was to be heard from start to finish - could even fifteen yachts do this?

Soon after church and lunch, we motored and beat out in little wind for a pleasant easy sail of eighteen miles or so, out through the rocks and across the Anse de Benodet to the ancient walled town of Concarneau, into whose outer harbour beneath its huge old walls we reached in evening sunshine, a lovely dwindling to a day. We dropped our anchor on the edge of the tidal run of the passage continuing along the walls into the larger inner harbour. At night "La Ville Close" was floodlit from the shore, so I rowed the punt right round the island forming it, and came back to the boat at the end of the full circle of these truly magnificent walls without a single break of disrepair.

All Monday we strolled about the old town on the island, and the new one on the shore; the first, a thoroughly interesting place built mostly from the 12th to 15th century, but the one main street was too crowded with the same as us, and the old houses all turned into Tourist shops - all with the exact same mass produced stuff, though there were a couple of shops selling rather fine paintings done by their owners. That night, Michael, Aiden and I went ashore again and drifted with a crowd to see children in national dress performing local reels and other intricate group dances to the music of the bagpipes, peculiar to this district.

Next afternoon we sailed out in sunshine and had a pleasant few hours skipping down the coast to the Aven river - a passage of about a dozen miles. There are a number of anchorages up this fine but shallow river, with a bar at the mouth which just about dries out at springs, so it must be crossed at the right time and if so is perfectly easy in proper weather.

On the port hand as we went in were a lighthouse, a little village with a white sandy beach - with a line of bathing boxes strung along it - dark fine trees behind with a very fine residence in amongst them. This was a really lovely natural anchorage, even though we had to anchor on the edge of the run of tide. We had a good dinner in the hotel-restaurant in the very

steep-hilly village, and lingered and wandered here for a day - wishing we had more time to spare to take "Euphanzel" further up the wooded river. But this had to be our farthest south and was, in fact, our loveliest call - so, with a twinge of regret, we weighed after lunch, two hours before high water, and sailed out on the Bar, to find a fairly stiff headwind on our way back along the coast to Benodet, the main sailing centre of the North of Biscay. This passage was a dead-boat all the way, and so it was almost dark by the time we made the river mouth up which is situated the town itself.

We got upon the line of the leading lights, or what we took to be the leading lights, after a careful check of the bearings for the lower one was green instead of red as shown in Coles book. As we came in the wind dropped and we very slowly made our way up the river on one cylinder only of the engine, against the strong run of the ebb, just about managing to get past the narrows; it was now very dark and as we neared the shore, though we could not see it, a dim line of little lights came wending down the slope towards the river, twisting back and forth upon itself. When we drew near we saw it was a torchlight procession making its way towards a church - for this was August 15th. It was a most impressive entry.

We passed just beyond the town and anchored in a little bay to starboard, full of fine boats, but as the depth was rather more than predicted, we had to anchor close beside the moorings, in an eddy of the tide. We paid for this, for in the morning a vacant buoy and chain had intertwined itself around our own, and had we not buoyed our anchor we would still be there!

This was a pleasant bay close north of the town, with a fine vista of the wide and well wooded river running up to Quimper of pottery fame, but all we had time to do was to spend the morning in the town to victual ship. We broke out extravagantly and bought a huge cooked lobster for lunch aboard, for the most immodest price of 37/6d - for though shellfish of many kinds are the staple dish of much of the coast, lobster is vastly more expensive than the lesser kinds. This widespread shellfish eating is one of the features of these places, a meal often consisting of a number of such dishes. The other feature which goes with it is the tremendous gusto with which the French-local or tourist tackles such meals, even elbows seem called into use, so at the end of it, plates are piled high with broken empty shells - the debris of these meals seems far more extensive than the original supply. Another gastronomic speciality

of this region are the diaphaneous pancake-like confections which are dispensed by little cafe places in every town - "Les Creperies" which serve them, and little else, with good rough cider - a delightful partnership, the crepes most delicately tasteful.

When we had reverently finished every last crumb of our golden lobster, and were just about to free our much fouled chain, callers came alongside in a punt - two young French boys from a boat moored some distance from us. They produced a soaking yachting jacket which they had found floating past their boat. "This is yours perhaps?" It was indeed - it was Aiden's - and quite the best on board. "And would these be his, they were floating near the boat?" Then they held up two smaller objects - one Aiden's wallet, the other his passport! And we hadn't even got a morsel of lobster nor a drop of wine left to offer them in gratitude.

We motored down the river and found we had a slow and almost dead beat south and west to round Penmarc'h Point. We had intended calling for the night into Audierne, within easy reach of that potential tiger - the Raz de Sein - but it took us so long to round Penmarc'h that night was close upon us with fifteen miles to go. After Penmarc'h we bore off to the N.W. and as it was a reach and all else served, decided to slow her down and make a night passage through the Raz and on to Camaret, just outside Brest - our point of departure from the coast and the most usual call when arriving to cruise south.

We slowed her down to go through with the first of the flood and did so with many bearings of the lighthouses on both hands and on an island ahead, for the set is not all the time in the best direction. There is no doubt this is a place to treat with great respect and wait for suitable conditions.

No sooner were we through just after midnight, than a nasty mist arrived to obscure the lights and, not long after this, the light of the hand-bearing compass failed, so we steered with care to find the lighted beacon of La Parquette, 12 miles away, marking the outer end of the reef projecting almost five miles from the southern point of the entrance to Brest inlet - I did not fancy going blindly in this dark and mist, for the inner passage of Toulinguet we had used on our way south.

We rounded La Parquette and headed in dense mist - less than half a mile visibility - for Camaret, in behind the headland from which this reef runs out, and we had some anxious moments looking for some unlit buoys and the land beyond. We let go in the white sector

of the lighthouse, just outside the harbour mouth, in good shelter - for only part of the harbour is deep enough to lie in - at 03.00 logging 70 miles in just over twelve hours.

A word must be said about the French buoyage of this coast. Parts are very foul indeed and stretch quite a way off-shore, but all are marked with a positive profusion of buoys, many of them magnificent tall fellows, which can be quite easily confused with the many beacons which abound. In fact, profusion is the keynote here; where the Irish Lights or Trinity House will mark a danger with a skimpy buoy or two, the French will fit in half a dozen - or three lighthouses instead of one! Perhaps the equipment makers were friends of the Minister du Marine of years ago - just as Belfast is a city clogged with traffic lights at every intersection of a city alley leading to a pub! Some of the leading lighthouses are difficult to find for two at least, ashore at Guilvinec and Concarneau shine out of windows of buildings indistinguishable from houses.

We are now in our jumping off point and with a day to spare, so we had time to wander round this fine harbour and interesting waterfront with quaint back streets and almost square built fisher folk. Huge stout timber fishing boats operate out of here, mostly for shellfish and many, built here, go as far away as Morocco for these which they bring back in their flooded holds, the hull being studded with holes to let the sea flow in and out. They were even building some of these splendid vessels now, the oak ribs so thick and close that the sides were almost solid. It seemed to bring one back a hundred years.

We had a multi-course shellfish dinner in a back street family cafe-restaurant and excellent it was, then Ninian, Mabel and I dosed for the night in a Council house estate - a grand little house and very clean, with a good humoured decent woman to make us feel at home; the hotels were packed and at first said that if we stayed the night we must have dinner too, then tended to discover that there was not room in any case!

This then was our last night in France, upon a coast with part in rather striking cliffs, part in high ground, and part in long low stretches, with fine deep bays and many varied ports of call; the coast itself generally interesting rather than magnificent - for what can compare with the west coasts of Norway, Scotland and Ireland in this? We thought the more the harbours were purely working ones, rather than holiday-making, the more interesting were they; for a plethora of people in a place as aimless as oneself can tend to pall.

Lastly, the language question could cause an odd delay, for in many of the places, particularly the smaller ones, not many spoke or understood English. But we were well served in this respect for Aiden is reading French in Trinity and Mabel still remembers some from the time she lived there for a while. Though Ninian reads it, and has even delivered learned papers in it, he modestly claimed he could not speak it and so declined to try - perhaps because this might be so! He did, however, try in many places to ask for a bath but all they ever offered him - of all people - was "une douche Monsieur".

Brest to The Scillies.

At seven o'clock on Saturday morning, the 18th August, I saw Mabel off on the bus bound back to Brest and so by train to Rennes two or three hours away, for her flight home to Dublin - there is an Aer Lingus service to here but only twice a week.

By noon we had "Euphanzel" and ourselves quite ready, and so weighed anchor in a light and pleasant breeze, but in disturbingly low visibility - less than quarter mile and at times half of that. We set out across the bay, forming the approach to Brest, sounding our fog bell and navigating with great care to pick up first a buoy marking a wreck and then one near a bank en route for Les Vieux Mionnes Light House on a tiny rock - the entrance to the Cheval du Four, the passage through the concentration of rocks and shoals inside Ushant. This may sound like navigating from danger to danger but far better a known distance from one than an unknown proximity to it. It was now spring tides, the first of the flood and so running very strongly to the north and in our favour, but this channel doglegs and has this powerful tide part-ways atwarthship, no place in fog. Had this not lifted we would have anchored close in shore before nearing the channel and awaited, but to our delight it lifted just in time and there was the Light House close ahead.

The wind was now very light and the tide quite fierce - a good five knots or more - so for a time we sailed at right angles to our course to get on the line to pass between a buoy and a beacon, swept sideways at great speed. This channel is well buoyed but would be, I think, an alarming place at spring tides and light winds, unless ones engine is dependable.

We whistled past these buoys and came out a side fork, the Chenal de la Holle, doing well until we almost had Ushant abeam, when we were swept, at quite surprising speed, when well offshore, over $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles broadside in under 30 minutes. We started up and

pushed her for over 3 hours to get well clear of the fould region of the Four Light House up to which we were being set, as visibility sat down again and stayed that way with one brief lift until we almost landed up on the Scillies.

I decided once again that the tides on this 100 mile leg, though circular, would cancel out in 24 hours which seemed probably our time in this reaching wind, so I laid for the east end of the group which is a better landfall than the low scattered rocks to the south west.

We saw or heard nothing in the heavy fog for almost 24 hours, when we had a momentary sighting of what might have been land, which melted before we could even get a bearing on it. We kept a sharp look out - the Scillies weather station reported visibility of 200 yards - as our log was under reading due to a new and too heavy line, until Michael suddenly announced, not land ahead" but "Beach ahead - I see people on it". The Scillies had given us less than half a mile warning of their presence.

We cruised up and down a mile or so of the coast in quite a strong cross tide, making absolutely sure of our landfall, as there are two channels of approach - one to the north and one to the south of the main island of St. Mary's; it would have been fatal to have come in through the wrong one in these conditions.

We had been lucky, for eventually we ascertained that we had made our landfall less than half a mile from the Light House on Penissin Head, a wrought iron affair marking the entrance which we sought - St. Mary's Sound.

By supper time we had dropped our hook in the crystal clear water of St. Mary's Pool, the harbour port of Hugh Town, the largest town by far in all the Scillies - bearing very much in mind the 16 foot range of tide here, for at low water we had only two feet under us. No sooner had we done so than Aiden and Michael were hailed by student friends from a Folk boat nearby, which had been cruising on the south coast of Ireland - quite an open sea passage for a boat of this size. Our passage from Brest took a little over 30 hours for the 120 odd miles logged.

The Scillies.

St. Mary's Pool is on the "inside" of the main island in water almost totally enclosed by islands in every direction, some rather low and bare, some a little higher and wooded, and many with wonderful long silver shiring beaches in the evening sun which had,

at last, appeared. The town is on the very edge of the crescent bay which forms the harbour, the hill behind crowned with the famous sixteenth century fort in perfect eight point star formation, now the Star Hotel - the best in town and a charming place where we all had a meal or two of excellence.

When night sat down, the Bishop Rock Light House beam swept up Broad Sound, a warning of the low and tidal rocks abounding in that south west corner of the cluster - a graveyard for ships through the ages - as indeed have been all ports of this group until quite recent years, until in fact, the general adoption of radar in all ships of size. There are local maps showing the wrecks and loss of life during the last two hundred years and quite horrifying the numbers are of ships and men lost there. The locals speak, almost with sadness in their voice, of how few there are now since the advent of radar!

Next morning was a lovely one, as was all the day and the Tuesday too, so off we went in one of the local motor boats, to Tresco, an island a mile or two away to see the world famous gardens of exotic plants laid out over a hundred years ago quite in the open, for the Scillies have an amazingly mild climate; the first flower shows are in January, the Harvest Festivals at Easter. These Tresco gardens are a mine of interest to the botanist and very well worth visiting, as is the rest of this privately owned island - heather, trees, magnificent beaches - and one pub!

Until recent years in the islands the daffodil was queen supreme - perhaps 50 millions cut in any year, grown in tiny fields with twelve foot hedges standing all around, for though mild it is a windy place early in the year. Now swifter transport from the Continent has captured Covent Garden, and the daffodil sadly is in decline. There is much talk of turning to plants of special kinds, for medical purposes, for extracts now required by pharmaceutical laboratories. But now another hope has come, the tourists, who flock here more as each year passes, and yet who so disperse throughout the island that it seems relatively easy to get away from ones own kind. So mild is it that the Scillies have what Bord Failte dream about - a tourist season of no less than eight months - March to October.

On Tuesday morning, I quit the delightful capital Hugs Town, walking through its length, arounded the bay encircling the harbour and continued on along the coast, always by the sea, until by evening time, I had circumnavigated by foot the largest island of the group, about 12 lovely miles, with "Clew Bay" views of

sandy heather covered islands no matter where one looked. When half way round I came upon a very ancient burial chamber, said to be 4,000 years old, just above the beach. When I looked into this I saw, not skeletons, but Ninian, Michael and Aiden who had driven here with a student of Trinity, now living in the Scillies and in summer a temporary barman in a wonderful pub in Hugh Town - "the Mermaid", the meeting place of all who call in here, a splendid spot full of the most appalling ragged beards! A place where "Time please, Gentlemen" still has some human kindness left about it, where wet and cold are driven out by the unique local mixture, Rum and Shrub! - a combination well worth trying if you call here.

We all cut back into the centre of the island, the highest point of all the islands 160 feet above the sea and climbed up a light house here which is the coast-guard look out post over all the group. This was most interesting for this little round room was the weather station "the Scillies" and we talked with the man who decided what the weather here would be reported as - unless the higher-ups on the mainland rehashed his report - "silly buggars they!" - said he, in his wonderful broad west country accent.

All in all, this cluster of islands about 25 miles W.S.W of Lands End, were most fascinating, perhaps the most of the whole cruise - even allowing for our good weather here. Five of these many islands are inhabited, the total population being about 1,800 natives; on a host of the other islands you may still be "king for a day".

They seem a perfect place for a cruise of two weeks from Dun Laoghaire, with some passage making, though I was not able to discover if the swell, which I am sure sets into St. Mary's Pool in a strong S.W. wind, would be more than could be comfortably managed, in which case there is New Grimsby Harbour, an inlet between two islands, or perhaps some other bays I do not know of. The distances are about 70 miles to the Tuskar and another 130 miles across the Bristol Channel to the Scillies - 200 miles in all each way, with good food at the "Star" before you turn for home.

Scillies to Dun Laoghaire.

So, at last, a little after lunch on Wednesday, 22nd August we weighed anchor and beat out of St. Mary's Pool in a light westerly with full sail, and ran on down St. Mary's Sound gybed and reached to the North for home. The forecast had, some time before eased from 5/6 and perhaps 7, to 5/6, but once we were well out it changed again to S.W. 6/7 - perhaps local gale force 8! We took the gib off her and turned in nine rolls, and this is all we had until we picked up our moorings off the "Irish" once again, about 220 miles and 43 hours away.

We rigged our faithful friend the cockpit cover and before long had the 7, which did perhaps at times reach 8, but though we never had less than the 7 until we reached Wicklow Head, it was a relatively easy passage with this reaching wind, even though the seas were nasty ones, particularly the open leg up to the Tuskar. What was unpleasant was the fact that for the first 140 miles the visibility was never more than a mile and often less, as the driving mist thickened in around us. In fact, until we were well past the Tuskar - a very powerful beam - we sighted nothing but an odd trawler bucking through the weather. With the log so under reading, I became anxious of our position in this heavy weather and poor visibility, as we wallowed on towards the Tuskar. I tried the Mini-Loop but with uncertain results - our lack of mutual calibration no doubt - so in case of "gripe-up" during the night, I kept well out towards midchannel, for this was no time to risk landing up inside the Tuskar or the arreals. Soon after we got back home a yacht did just this and was a total loss.

Yet once again we had proof of the effectiveness of our radar reflector. On Thursday in early dawn, as thick as it could be, we heard a large steamer fog horn dead astern for over an hour or more. Eventually we could see her - a very large tanker - though she could not see us. At last she did and put on a little spurt and passed within a hundred yards. She obviously had slowed all that time to our speed, apparently getting a "large ship" echo on her screen.

We kept outside the Arklow banks all Thursday night, and from Wicklow on the tide had turned against us and the wind had veered ahead somewhat, so progress was very slow with so little sail on her, but we left well be and finally did make the East Pier of Dun Laoghaire harbour, by pinching from Sorrento Point on a single tack of 200 miles or more, and so at 10.15 on Friday, 24th August, we were home again after almost three weeks out and 937 miles more run up on the log.

<u>From:</u>	<u>To:</u>	<u>Distance:</u>	<u>Time:</u> (days)	<u>Speed:</u>	<u>Nights</u> <u>on</u> <u>Passage.</u>
Dun Laoghaire.	Brest.	365.0	3/9.20	4.5	4.
Brest.	Douarneney.	38.0	7.30	5.2.	
Douarneney.	Guilvinec.	56.5	12.00	4.7.	
Guilvinec.	Concarneau.	21.5	6.00	3.6.	
Concarneau.	Aven River.	14.5	3.30	4.1.	
Aven River.	Benodet.	30.5	7.00	4.4.	
Benodet.	Camaret.	70.0	12.45	5.5	1.
Camaret.	Hughtown.	122.0	1/6.45	4.0	1.
Hughtown.	Dun Laoghaire.	219.0	1/18.45	5.1	2.
		<u>937.0</u>	<u>8 days 11.35.</u>	<u>4.6</u>	<u>8.</u>

Engine:

Hours.

Passage Dun Laoghaire to Brest.

Nil.

On Coast.

5½.

Passage Camaret to Scillies.

3½.

Passage Scillies to Dun Laoghaire.

Nil.

9 hours.

LIST OF CHARTS - ALL ADMIRALTY.

L.2.	British Isles.
1825B.	Irish Sea. Southern Sheet.
1468.	Wicklow -Skerries.
1787.	Wexford-Wicklow.
1772.	Approaches to Rosslare Harbour.
2049.	Kinsale to Wexford.
2738.	Saltee Islands and Fenit.
2046.	Waterford Harbour.
1178.	Approaches to the Bristol Channel.
1179.	Bristol Channel.
2649.	English Channel -Western portion.
2565.	Trevoze Head to Dodman Point including Scilly Isles.
34.	Scilly Isles.
883.	Scilly Isles - St. Mary's Road.
442.	Lizard Point to Straight Point.
2644.	Ushant to Plateau des Roches Douvres.
1432.	The Vierge to Pointe Scouno.
2669.	The Channel Islands and Coast of France.
20.	Ile D'ouessant to St. Nazaire.
2643.	Raz de Sein to Goulven, including Brest and Ushant.
2694.	Channels between Ushant and the Mainland.
2690.	Rade de Brest.
798.	Baie de Douarnenez.
2351.	Anse de Benodet to Chaussee de Sein.
2352.	Presqu'ile de Croisic to Presqu'ile de Quiberon.
2358.	Moibihan.
3215.	Goulet de Fromantine to Pointe de St. Gildas.
2647.	Les Sables d'Olonne to Bourgneuf.
2648.	Pointe de la Coubre to Les Sables d'Olonne.
2641.	Pertuis Breton.
2746.	Pertuis d'Antioche.

BISCAY VOYAGE 1962.

by

H.L. Berridge.

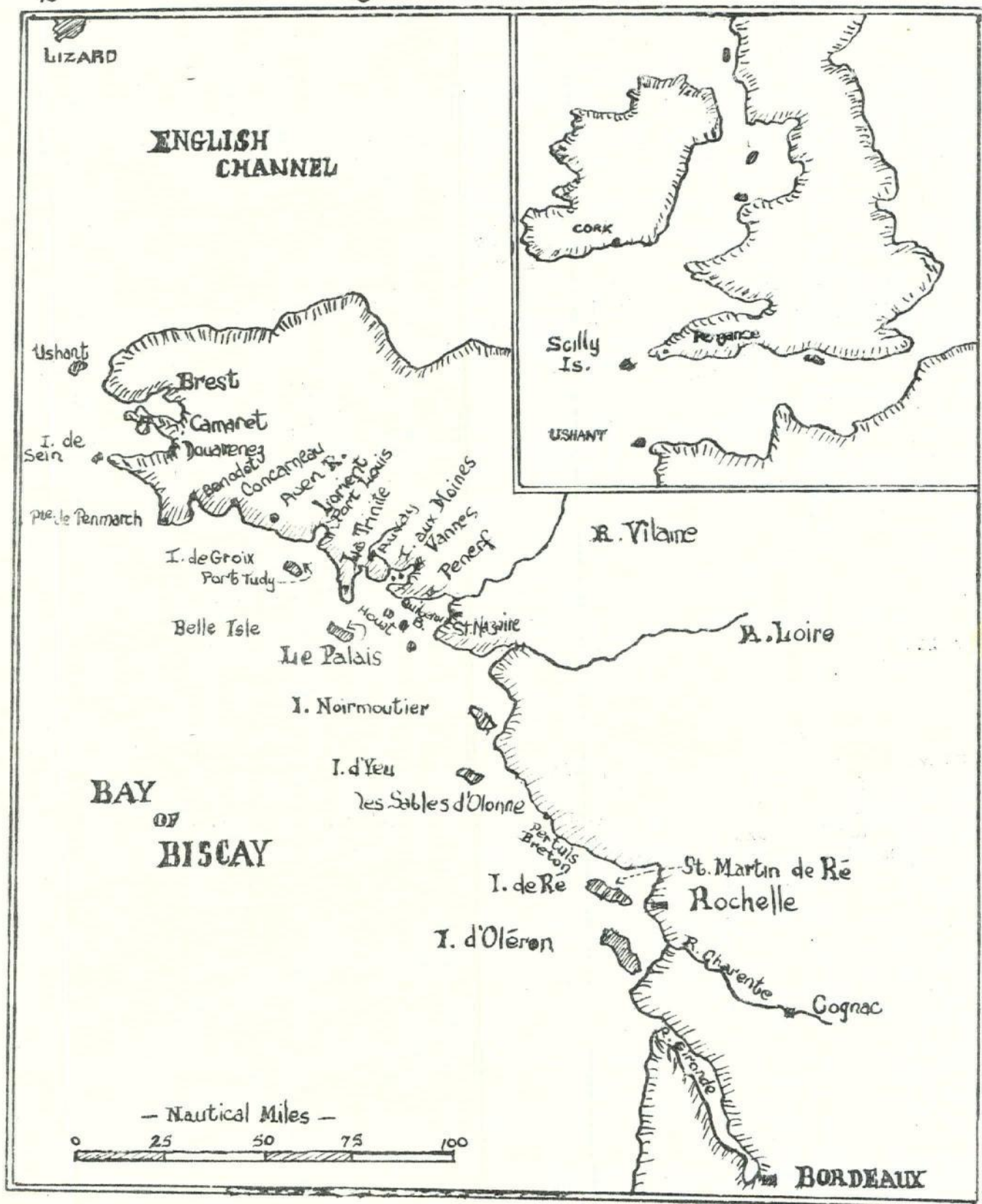
"Shindilla": 13 ton Bmdn. Ketch. L.O.A. 38'
L.W.L. 27'. Beam - 10'10".
Draft - 4'6".
Coventry Victor. 2 cyl. diesel, 20 H.P.
.....

We had been laying south all night from Roches Point in a cold southeaster. There were three of us on board; Cicely, Dr. Gordon Flint and myself and none of us had enjoyed our two hour watch on deck. Swathed in all our clothing, wrapped in a blanket and wearing duffle coats and gloves the helmsman still shivered, thinking ahead to the blissful four hours in a warm, lee bunk when the stint at the wheel was done.

I woke shortly before going on deck at 0600. on Tuesday, June 5th. The motion was wild and the rush of wind and crunch of waves confirmed that a reef would soon be due. Sure enough - Gordon came down the companion way, with the look of one who bore bad tidings. "Ten to six - filthy cold and pretty wet on deck. Freshened up a lot since daylight" - he said. Why, I wondered, does one leave a warm, dry and stationary house to go cruising? It was a cheerless morning with grey white-capped seas and the lee rail down and the spray flying. We handed the mizzen took a reef in the main - blessing the roller gear - and I took over the watch, -66 miles on the log, slow progress. Gordon gave a horrid smug grin from the hatch and ducked below.

We tacked early in the afternoon with the log 90 and the wind keeping up a steady 5 S.E. All rather off our food; a mug of soup, a hunk of bread and a slug of "paddy" - one could do worse. Tacked again to the southard at 2200 with the log 122 and at the midnight change of watch we re-set the mizzen.. It was still bitter but morale was improving and the hot cocoa went down well. Came round to the east again at 0240, Wednesday, June 6th, and began to think of finding Round Island. I played with the R.D.F. and Consol to bring the plot up to date, and at 0600. with the log 157, we tacked once more.

Round Island should be dead ahead, but at 0600. one does not always think too clearly, and suddenly I got the notion it might be right astern, despite a plot which made this impossible.



However, the R.D.F. had a sense finding arrangement which I tried out for the first time and confirmed that all was well. 0920; shook out the reef, sunshine, smashing breakfast and tidied the cabin. 1000; landfall on Round Island, dead ahead, log 186; anchored off Tresco at 1220, a very slow passage of 43 hours and 40 mins. Very pleasant to be in and warm again, and to relax while we awaited the Customs.

Thursday, June 7th. The Tresco gardens were lovely and we all enjoyed Cicely's annual visit. In the evening we motored over to Hugh Town where we provisioned and re-fuelled on Friday morning.

We were under way at 1115. with one reef in the mainsail and streamed the log off the Spanish Lodge buoy and set course for Ushant. Shook out the reef. A smooth sea with everyone in fine fettle - why give up the gentle heave of a yacht and the swish of her bow wave to froust in a warm immobile house? All night we enjoyed light airs or calm with clear skies, and made our landfall on C. Stiff at 0715. on Saturday, June 9th. The Four Tower was close aboard by 1000 and with a fair tide and a pleasant N.E'ly breeze we were making splendid progress with genoa and mizzen staysail drawing. Decided it was too good to waste in port so skipped Camaret and carried on for Douarnenez which was new to us. This was the beginning of many days of the perfect weather we were to enjoy on the French coast. We came to in the new harbour at Douarnenez in the evening, a very commercial anchorage and the Rosmeur anchorage would usually be preferable. Had dinner ashore, but were not attracted to Douarnenez.

Sunday, June 10th. A very long 9 o'clock Mass made us realise that we would miss our tide at the Raz so decided to go through by night. Leaving at 1820. gave plenty of time for a delightful beat out of the bay, a long and a short leg. The Raz was smooth, and beautifully lit, and we were through by 2300. Came in to the St. Evette anchorage off Audierne at 0110. Monday, June 11th.

Cleared at 1115. without going ashore and set genoa and mizzen staysail for a long run with the wind N.W.4. This was what we came for, and Gordon was soon busy with his cine camera. Lunch time brought Penmarch on the beam, as "Shindilla" bustled along before a freshening breeze and we soon had to hand the genoa in a hard puff. The familiar buoys slipped past, Bas Spinec, Karek Griez - till at tea time we were becalmed off the Men Vras beacon, with many French yachts around. 1850; picked up mooring in the Avant Port, Concarneau, in time for dinner.

We spent Tuesday there. Had a welcome and drinks from Fournier Bouchet, whom we visited by dinghy, and in the afternoon met Nancy Minchin off the bus - resplendent in her Paris hat! "Zoom" R.A.F.Y.C., Gp. Captain Haylock came out of the Arriere Port in the evening to pick up the next mooring; a very lovely yacht.

There was the usual morning calm when we motored out at 0925. on Wednesday, June 13th, but the kites were soon going up to catch a light breeze which stayed with us all day, the cliffs of the west coast of Ile de Groix lovely in the sunlight as we passed close outside them. Came to in Le Palais, Belle Isle at 1900. "Northolt" R.C.C., E.L. Wildy was in, and we met some of her crew ashore later in the evening.

The next morning was spent ashore shopping; and with cameras, in this delightful place. It was hard to tear oneself away after lunch, but the sail to La Trinite through the Passage de la Teignouse made up for it and we enjoyed watching clouds of terns diving on the Banc de Quiberon. Arrived at La Trinite, we were intrigued by the action on a neighbouring yacht where a small, but stunning, blonde with a bird's nest hair-do seemed to do everything with élan and efficiency. Dinner at the No. 1 hotel was not quite up to the usual standards; Gordon got into trouble with piles of sea snails and a pin!

Nancy and Gordon made a very early start on Friday morning, in a valiant effort to see the stones at Carnac. Cicely and I had had enough of them last year! However, the buses failed them and they were soon back. Left in a flat calm at noon to catch our tide up the Morbihan, sweeping with the stream past the wooded islands and through the narrow channels to Conleau where we moored in the evening.

In Vannes next day, Georges Pilorget, a friend of the Commodore's, made our way smooth. We were sorry to see Gordon off by taxi to Dinard, complete with the taxi driver's family out for the jaunt! Met Sal, my daughter, and Dr. Jeffrey O'Riordan off the St. Malo train, shopped, saw the sights and returned to "Shindilla" for a swim. Georges came on board for a drink in the evening but wouldn't stay long. "Gale warnings" he said. Perhaps Madame would not let him loose again with any more wild Irish! In the dusk we motored down to anchor in the Anse de Moustrain.

Sunday, June 17th, found us beating the light airs to Houat, and a chilly swim off the lovely strand, the Trench or Gouret, and thence to the Harbour in the evening. Not much room - one anchors and brings a stern warp ashore; we had a lot of chat with our neighbouring lobstermen - their French pretty tricky. Visited the village later. How like it is to what the Claddagh must once have been.

Last year we had missed out the Villaine R. Monday was overcast with poor visibility and everyone felt aggrieved at the lack of sunshine. However, it was a fresh, fair wind and the compass courses were easy to follow. The Villaine ran out dark yellow over its bar; we tried to work up enthusiasm for it, but even Adlard Cole's "cows grazing by the water's edge" were absent. La Roche Bernard, where we anchored below the imposing new bridge, seemed a dull town when we explored it next day. Motored down river in the evening, against a fresh westerly, and found the conditions off Treguhir at the mouth impossible with wind against tide. Ran up a few miles to good shelter at La Vieille Roche for the night.

We had had enough of the Villaine R. when we beat out over the bar against a fresh west wind with reefed main. Glad to be clear of it, though the sea was less than I expected. A grey day again, a lumpy sea in the shallow water and a slow boat to La Turballe where we hove to for an hour to wait for water into La Croisic. The pool there was occupied by a dredger whose dreary wails and clangs persuaded us to try the Pen. Bron anchorage instead; it is further from the town but more preferable if one has an out-board to help cross the strong tide. We just had time to pack Nancy up and send her off for Paris, in the midst of a railway strike - and complete with the hat! Next day we explored Le Croisic, which we liked, colourful and delightfully alive. Met Bob Templer in the afternoon who had flown out to La Baule. The sun shone again.

Friday, June 22nd. Off for the South and La Rochelle. Had been wondering whether this extra distance along a rather harbourless coast would be worth while. The sea was smooth with little or no wind most of the day. There were many sardiniers off Ile d'You and we would have liked to have stopped to visit Port Joinville, but no time - as usual. A lovely breeze in the evening brought us to Les Sables d'Olonne at dusk, with the lights coming on round its attractive bay. Tied up to a vedette in an active fishing harbour.

We spent the next morning ashore there, a pleasant place with a definite southern character. The harbour is crowded and rather shallow but we found a small area reserved for yachts complete with boatman. A good market and fine plage. It was noon when "Shindilla" cleared the pierheads to make all sail to a fine N.W. breeze. There was a long, easy swell and a pleasant coast close aboard to look at. By evening we were running into the Portuis Breton inside Ile de Rhe to tie up in the outer harbour of St. Martin de Rhe, and later lock into the basin when the gates opened, towing in the French yacht "Rhapsodie"! A delightful old town surrounding the harbour with cafes and shops and charming buildings. A number of French yachts were in for the week-end. Visited "Rhapsodie"; M. Godet, a keen ocean racing man, and later one of his crew, M. Dahl came on board us. He was a trawler

owner and most interesting on the scale and methods of fishing. The long, picturesque tunny fishing antennae are going out and the new method is to use short rods and anchovy as bait. The Frenchman beat it up a bit and serenaded us in the small hours with a passable rendering of "Irish Eyes".

Sunday, June 24th. After Mass we were introduced to the Maire of St. Martin and later had the honour of receiving him on board "Shindilla". He was most interesting about the fascinating history of the island and town. It was the first time he had seen an Irish yacht in the harbour. Sal and Jeffrey went off swimming after lunch while the rest of us walked the ramparts. Part of the old fort is still used as a gaol.

The approach to the harbour of La Rochelle made the long trip south well worth while. We had enjoyed a grand morning's sail in a fresh breeze from St. Martin which culminated in a beat up the narrow channel to the entrance between the commanding old towers, Le Tour de St. Nicholas and Le Tour de la Chaine. Inside there was a wide basin, surrounded by the old buildings of the city. We came to alongside to wait for the dock gates to open and were soon ashore to explore. "Northole" was in and we enjoyed visiting her and seeing over this lovely yacht.

Having come so far the least we could do was to spend the day at La Rochelle. Sal and Jeffrey hired buzz bikes, of dubious mechanical soundness, and sallied forth. The rest of us explored the town and saw a rather queer shaped ocean-racer building upside down at a nearby chantier. M. Godet came on board in the evening and arranged to show us his cognac warehouse and bottling plant next day. They were impressive. Mammoth barrels holding thousands of litres of cognac stood on great racks, and plastic pipes with electric pumps ran from one to another for blending. The aroma was superb. Cognac was flowing full bore from 2" pipes and we felt like collecting every jerry-can from the ship. We sampled cognac which had to be sipped to be believed. Bob and I were each presented with a bottle of this nectar in a cardboard carton. The bottom of mine was unfastened and the bottle fell out on to the concrete floor; - the bottling stopped and there was a gasp from all around - but the bottle bounced and remained intact!

It was sad to start homewards at midday - to sail out between the twin towers and wonder when we would be back again in this charming and friendly place. However, the sun shone, the breeze was pleasant and genoa and mizzen staysail were seen pushing us north through the Pertuis Breton. A long, sun-drenched afternoon followed to bring us to an anchorage in the roads outside Les Sables d'Olonne. The light breeze was off-shore and there was little roll; a gentle murmur of surf came from the wide horseshoe

of sands, and the lights of the plage were reflected in the water - we thought how lucky we were.

At 0430. on Thursday, June 28th, we slipped out with a light N.E. breeze, in company with many fishing boats. It was cold enough for the dawn cocoa to be very welcome. Everyone had told us how hard it would be beating north but the day developed into light variable breezes which tended to work round with the sun. We slipped right through a big fleet of sardiniers, colourful and lively - each with her twin dinghies busily plying to and fro and throwing out handfuls of bait.

Clear of Ile d'Yeu stood westward in the hopes of laying up later for Belle Isle. Landfall was made about 1900. and we were treated to a superb sunset rounding La Pointe de Kerdonis. One of the light towers at the entrance to Le Palais was under repair which made identification difficult. Anchored just inside the entrance at 2345. A couple of hours later, the night breeze came in fresh N.E'ly to set us rolling with everything clattering.

Next day was spent at Le Palais; a taxi took us out to the S.W. coast of the island and visits were exchanged with "Chal", R.C.C., Lt.-Cmdr. P.G. Corsar, whom we had met last year at Audierne. Sal and Jeffrey had to return on Saturday, June 30th, so it was an early start for a pleasant sail through the Teignouse and on up the Auray R. to Auray. Found a circus and fair on the quay, with frightful noise and dust, so sadly saw them off and dropped down to Le Rocher for the night, a lovely, peaceful anchorage which we shared with "Delight" R.C.C. Much preferred the Auray to the Vilaine and our early morning beat, down with the tide, tack for tack with "Delight", was thoroughly enjoyed.

Parted company with "Delight" off Port Navalle, as she was bound North while we were making for Penderf. Arrived there to find an outboard-motor championship in full swing with big crowds and a noise like a hive of gargantuan bees. We anchored as far away as possible, at Cadenic, and remained on board. The French Navy (shore-based) visited us and had trouble with the gears of their launch. Rammed us hard, drow back and repeated the process.

Monday, July 2nd, gave us a pleasant sail back to the anchorage off the plage on Ile Aux Moines in the Morbihan, and an excellent farewell dinner ashore with Bob, whom we saw off early next morning. Cicely and I were alone now for the next week. Madame, of the Hotel San Francisco, came on board to see the boat, accompanied by an oyster fisherman, Charlee. As we remarked on the scarcity of foreign yachts this year, we looked out to see "Segura" come into anchorage and find a berth, despite the irrelevant and contrary directions which flowed from Charlee. A very enjoyable encounter, and we had dinner with the Massera and their crew that night.

It was a gusty afternoon when we left and we had to reef off Port Navalle in the full strength of the stream. A weary beat followed us round into La Trinite where we picked up a mooring. Both our halyard winch handles were broken so had to devote a day here to let Constantini fix them. "Mary Deare" R.C.C., Hammond Innes, came in and later "Rhapsodie" with M. Godet from La Rochelle.

Time was flying and we turned north again on Friday morning with the genoa helping through the Teignouse again and on up to Port Tudy, Ile de Groix, where we moored between two buoys alongside a French Sea Scout boat. "Quercy" R.C.C. was in and Col. Stevens gave us a hand with the warps. We had met him here last year - an inveterate single hander. Early on Saturday morning, the wind came in N.E'ly and we rolled fiercely, jerking at our warps. The Sea Scout boat, loosely moored, ranged to and fro, her long bowsprit threatening everything and carrying away one of our life lines. A pyjama clad interlude got her moored tight and fenders adjusted, the sea scouts becoming conscious when the party was over. Sailed across to L'Orient later and picked up a mooring off the submarine pens of Kermoval. Grilling hot and airless, and we wandered into the Admiral's house in mistake for the Yacht Club! A French single-hander came on board in the evening, full of chat, and discussed Irish politics in French - a topic sufficiently difficult in one's own language!

Moved over to Port Louis at 0715. on Sunday morning for early Mass and provisioning. Under way again at 1045. in light airs for a slow sail along the pleasant coast with many French yachts about to the Aven River where we anchored off Rosbras at 1830. "Merlander", W. Mersea Y.C, Mrs. Baldwin, was in and she and her crew came on board in the evening. She knew Sal and Jeffrey sailing at Mersea.

A fast sail next day to Benodet, with heavy showers. Returned late on board after supper to find a message asking us to contact the harbourmaster most urgently. Worried all night as to its reason, and ashore early to find that he only wanted to be paid for the mooring. He told us that the visitors' moorings were to be improved next year. My brother Dick, his wife Virginia, and eldest daughter Mary, joined us that evening, and with their arrival the weather broke with cold wind and rain.

Beat out on Wednesday, July 11th, to see a large open sailing-school ketch capsize outside the river. We gybed round to offer help but they appeared happy with their safety launch on the way. Anchored under Ile Gare off Lectudy. For the next two days it blew hard from the N.W. and we remained at anchor. "Shindilla" dragged unexpectedly and it was eventually found that our anchor buoy

had fouled between the top of the rudder and counter, so neatly tripping the anchor. This, I think, explains an equally inexplicable case in Penryn last year.

An abortive attempt to make Audierne was abandoned in filthy conditions and poor visibility at the Kerek Croiz buoy, and we returned to our anchorage. A dinghy regatta in the afternoon amused us with many capsizes at a mark close aboard. Next afternoon, Virginia and Mary had to leave us after a truly miserable holiday. We got away at 0545, on Monday, July 16th, and had a splendid sail round Penmarch and just saved our tide to the Raz de Sein, the overfalls west of La Platte forming immediately after we had passed. Anchored at Camaret at 2015.

Went up to Brest next day to meet David Bingham and we paddled round in the rain to have a look at the city. Returned to Camaret in the evening to be ready for an early start for the Four Channel, but next morning conditions were hopeless and Dick decided he had to make sure of getting back, so saw him off by bus.

We got away on Friday in the afternoon after a bit of oil-gasket trouble earlier. It made us rather late on the Four tide and the visibility in the Iroise was shocking. I felt very dubious about carrying on but in due course Les Vicux Meines light appeared and from there we could see the Lochrist buoy so things were improving. In the event we soon broke out of the mist into bright sun and had a grand sail with westerly wind and a good tide under us. The forecast at 1758., which we got off the Four Tower, was reasonable, abandoned L'Aberwrach and set course to westward of Lands End to have a bit in hand should the wind veer.

The wind hardened all night and the mizzen had to come in at 0130. on Saturday morning but progress was splendid. At 0545 we reefed the main in a big sea, still sailing fast and dry. At 0915, in my bunk, I could smell coffee and heard sounds of preparation. Cicely called me and I thought that I was to get a cup in my bunk. Not a bit of it..... "Better come up" she said "Very fresh on deck and I think we must reduce the headsail". I took a pretty jaundiced view of the scene - grey, cold and very rough with the wind heading us and all sheets hard in. Dave and I reefed the staysail. we kept fairly dry but it was a horrid locking reef which did not improve our performance. However, 1010 landfall - confirmed at Lands End by a consol count from Pleonis and on the lee bow, thank goodness. It was ease sheets and away with all reefs out and mizzen set again by 1500. Came to alongside at Penzance at 1610, later locking into

Table of Distances.

Date:	From - To.	Distance. N. miles.	Time Total.		Time Engine.	
			Hrs.	Mins.	Hrs.	Mins.
4-6/6.	Crosshaven to Tresco.	136.	43.	40.	36.	-
7/6.	Tresco to Hugh Town.	3.	-	40.	-	40.
8-9/6.	Hugh Town to Douarnenez.	140.	31.	40.	15.	-
10-11/6.	Douarnenez to Audierne.	30.	6.	50.	2.	30.
11/6.	Audierne to Concarneau.	38.	9.	35.	5.	-
13/6.	Concarneau to Le Palais.	48.	9.	35.	5.	-
14/6.	Le Palais to La Trinite.	17.	3.	45.	-	30.
15/6.	La Trinite to Conleau.	16.	2.	30.	2.	30.
16/6.	Conleau to Anse de MoustRAIN.	4.	-	45.	-	45.
17/6.	Anse de M. to Houat.	16.	5.	50.	-	30.
18/6.	Houat to La Roche Bernard.	30.	5.	15.	-	30.
19/6.	La Roche B. to La Vielle Rocoe.	13.	3.	-	2.	30.
20/6.	La Vielle R. - Le Croisic.	25.	7.	30.	3.	30.
22/6.	Le Croisic to Les Sables d'Olonne.	48.	13.	-	8.	-
23/6.	Les Sables d'O.-St. Martin.	28.	7.	-	-	30.
25/6.	St. Martin - La Rochelle.	13.	2.	15.	1.	30.
.....						
27/6.	La Rochelle-Les Sables d'Olonne.	38.	7.	40.	3.	-
28/6.	Les Sables d'O.-Le Palais.	78.	19.	15.	6.	-
30/6.	Le Palais - Auray.	24.	6.	15.	3.	-
1/7.	Auray to Penerf.	23.	7.	30.	-	-
2/7.	Penerf - Ile aux Moines.	21.	5.	40.	1.	-
4/7.	Ile aux M. - La Trinite.	13.	3.	25.	3.	-
6/7.	La Trinite - Port Tudy.	32.	8.	05.	1.	30.
7/7.	Port Tudy - L'Orient.	6.	2.	30.	-	30.
8/7.	L'Orient - Aven River.	20.	8.	-	1.	-
9/7.	Aven River - Benodet.	20.	5.	30.	-	30.
11/7.	Benodet - Loctudy.	5.	1.	-	-	15.
14/7.	Loctudy - Kerek Greiz-- Loctudy.	12.	3.	15.	2.	-
16/7.	Loctudy - Camaret.	55.	14.	30.	6.	-
17/7.	Camaret - Brest - Camaret.	18.	4.	-	3.	-
19-20/7.	Camaret - Penzance.	122.	25.	55.	2.	30.
23-24/7.	Penzance - Crosshaven.	167.	35.	-	7.	-
			1262.	307.	20.	121.
					10.	

Average speed: 4.14 knots.

the basin. The generator had packed up so we decided to stay over till Monday to get this fixed. Visited the Le Grices at Newlyn and Charles came to supper with us on Monday on board.

Locked out at 1030. on Tuesday, July 23rd, to find a nasty lump of sea all the way along the land to the Bunnelstone. The light S.E'ly breeze was hardly enough to keep the sails full so progress was slow. A most unpleasant tidal loup off the Longships - this place must be a shocker in bad weather. The wind backed to East so decided to hold somewhat to windward of Roches Point, in order to have a bit in hand should it go N.E. or N. A very lurid sunset with some rain. Progress was good despite a long swell from the west with a short, steep sea from the east an unpleasant motion.

0830. on Wednesday, July 24th, we reefed the main and at 1030. handed the mizzen, log 93, wind N.E. 6 to 7, sailing fast. Scooped up a wave top over the topsides. The canvas dodger kept most off me at the helm, but a nice, cold mugfull shot down through the open centre hatch to land on Dave in the lee bunk! It brought him on deck faster than I would have thought possible. 1330. re-set the mizzen and 1430. unrolled the reef in the main. Identified Ballycotton Island on the lee bow at 1600 and set the genoa. Picked up our moorings at Crosshaven at 2130 - to get a great welcome from Johnny and Nancy Minchin.

So ended one of our best cruises yet. Most of the time lotus eating in the sunshine and playing with the kites - rather than serious sailing. "Shindilla" ambled along, did what we asked of her, and kept us dry in the process. The company was good, wine and food were not lacking, and the French and their anchorages were as charming as ever.

"UP the CREEK".

A cruise from Dun Laoghaire to the Bay of Brest and up the river to Chateaulin, and back in "Twayblade".

Crew: Patsy Morck, Warren Tayler, Brian Denham, and for the earlier part - Judy Bryan. Skipper: Peter Morck.

The week before our scheduled departure, on June 8th, had been glorious and full of promise, but as the last of the stores were put aboard Twayblade, and her boot-top disappeared further and further beneath the surface, the wind slowly left the North and swung to the South West.

The Irish Cruising Club were racing to Port St. Mary, in the Isle of Man, that Whit weekend, and we felt that we should go along too, and so a grossly overloaded boat was turned, not South towards France, her goal, but to the North, which proved to be a grave mistake. The less said about the ensuing fortnight the better. It consisted of a series of wet, cold and dreary sails, mostly in fog to Crosshaven, via Holyhead, Wicklow, Arklow, Dunmore East and Ballycotton. Our stay in the last of these was interesting as, at the height of the nasty weather then prevailing, the seas actually broke over the harbour wall; an unprecedented occurrence in summer time. A fortnight after leaving home we were still on Irish soil awaiting a change from the persistently Strong Southerly winds which continued to blow day after day. At last, on the morning of June 22nd, the change came. The day

dawned bright and clear with the wind firmly in the Nor' West.

We wasted little time in getting under way, thinking of poor Judy, so looking forward to the French fleshpots she was not destined to enjoy on that trip, who had had to leave us on the previous day. Once outside and away from the coast we could lay our course to the Scilly Isles without trouble. We surged along before a brisk force five on the quarter. The strong Southerly winds had left a long lazy sea running, and across this, in a welter of sparkling foam, we weaved and charged in the sunshine. This was what we had come for, and even Warren and the skipper, who had terrible hangovers from too much Royal Munstering the night before, enjoyed it. We entered New Grimsby harbour early the next morning and dropped the pick just inside the Port.

The Scillies are enchanting and we saw them at their best. It was amaxing to see that they had not had rain for two months. The beaches were bleached almost white, and everywhere the Mesembryanthenums blazed in a riot of colour. This archipelago, with its grim history of wrecks and wreckers, does not receive nearly the attention from Irish yachtsmen that it deserves. The anchorages are secure in most winds and a few days exploring the islands is well worth while. The gardens on Tresco are a delight, and one can wander there undisturbed. Meals ashore are not easy to get, however, but the scenery is superb and the bathing excellent.

Rather regretfully we left the Scillies on the Monday

morning and, once again, enjoyed a brisk sail with a following wind towards Ushant. The spinnaker was set as soon as we cleared the land, but had to be taken in at dusk, and the wind freshened considerably during the night. It was almost dead aft and made steering difficult. In the end we stowed all but a reefed main and still flew on at a smart pace. Dawn found us very close to the French coast in poor visibility, and so we altered course for L'Abervrach. Fortunately our navigation was dead on, and once the Ile Vierge lighthouse was sighted we had little difficulty and were soon anchored off the town. Here we were delighted to see Nigel Warrington Smyth's Restive. He and his charming wife, together with the ever inimitable Major Bullock, had just arrived a few hours before us. This encounter was to influence the whole of our time in French waters. We cruised in company with these delightful people for the next two weeks, and our enjoyment was entirely due to their kindness and forbearance in showing us the waters and places which they knew so well.

L'Abervrach is a difficult place to leave, but the dangers are on shore! The Hotel Baie des Anges, run by Madam Guynomard and her good husband, is undoubtedly one of the finest 'fleshpots' in France. The cuisine is magnificent, and, as a token of respect and gratitude, generations of yachtsmen have left photographs and burgees behind them. The bar looks just as one would imagine Beken's studio would look if they suddenly went into the bunting business.

When returning to the ship late on the second night we were boarded by two hopelessly drunk Breton fishermen who came alongside, apparently standing on the water, a prerogative denied to mortal men. Their waterlogged punt remained level about two feet below the surface for fully two minutes before finally keeling over and depositing them in the sea. The punt drifted away submerged, and the Frenchmen, muttering rather uncomplimentary things about Les Anglais, proceeded to strip completely, and when quite starkers attempted to get below in search of booze and cigarettes, neither of which they got. What was more, they were kept at a workable distance at boat hook point while Brian bagged another punt off a mooring. Our uninvited guests were then cast adrift, still in their pelts, with a few well aimed prods with the boat hook in a suitable place! This pantomime was performed under the glare of the spreader lights throughout, and must have been entertaining in the extreme to the others in the anchorage.

Our next port of call was L'Aberildut. In recent years this little fishing port has been avoided by yachtsmen partly due to the silting of the bar. Happily, sand is now being dredged to rebuild Brest, and the bar is now negotiable after half flood for boats of up to six feet draft. There is little in the way of a restaurant here, but the one we tried produced an excellent meal from their simple resources.

The next day we entered the Bay of Brest, and whilst in the Goulet, with the ebb beginning to run against us, Twayblade's engine began to play up, but once again the ever watchful Restive

stood by, and we entered the commercial Basin in Brest without mishap. In Brest duty free hooch is available from Monsieur Fournier, but not such a varied selection as Monsieur Henry Rhyst offers in Cherbourg. This, largely due to the latter's proximity to the Solent! The finest restaurant is, without doubt, the aptly named Hotel des Voyageurs, whose 'fruit de mer' is a meal by itself. After two consecutive orgies gastronomiques there, only one of the crew fell ill, which was surprising.

The bay of Brest presents a very extensive inland Sea with anchorages on most of the Northern and Eastern shore. The southern side of the bay is rather shoal. We spent a night at L'Auberlach, and then went on up the river towards Chateaulin the next day.

This is a charming river of which there are about fifteen miles before the lock gate is reached, but more of this anon. On the first bend there is the village of Landevennec, the anchorage for this is snugly cradled beneath the steep wooded hillside on the Western shore. The French Navy once used it, and, very thoughtfully, left their mooring floats behind. To reach the village one must climb up the winding path to the top, and down the other side. The view is wonderful and the climb produces a magnificent thirst! We motored slowly up river on the flood, and eventually arrived at the lock gate beyond which there is a tideless reach, two miles in length, past Port Lornay, and

ending below the bridge Chateaulin. This used to carry a considerable volume of barge traffic, and it was possible for a yacht to get right on to Benodet. Unfortunately, the canal is now disused, and the lock keeper in a similar state. Moreover, he intended to remain so, and only after much delay agreed to open up the gate. Nigel, who negotiated the deal, forgot to cross his palm with silver, and we set off up the reach followed by this voluble Breton gesticulating and shouting from the Bank - "à votre peril Messieurs, à votre peril". He, moreover, was right, for the canal only had about seven feet of water in it, and we drew nearly six. Meanwhile the sun shone brilliantly from a cloudless sky; the mosquitoes and other aquatic pests bit persistently, and we proceeded cautiously. At last we rounded the final bend and we were there. The lock keeper, who, meanwhile, had followed on his ancient bicycle at a respectable distance astern, showed up. He was speechless with rage, and his face horribly contorted, he peddled off at a furious pace. Congratulations were handed out all round, and "Gin Stations" sounded, but whilst we sat thus enjoying both the gin and the evening sunshine, we were horrified to see that the level of the water was rapidly falling. It seemed a very strong coincidence that it would be just about then that a well lathered lock keeper would have regained his home ground. Very soon we grounded, heeled slightly, and then all was quiet. We were well and truly "up the Creek".

The immediate problems which faced us in Chateaulin were those of food and drink. The weather was fine and, we were not

unduly worried about the level of the water in the canal. At high water it was bound to rise over the weir and float us again, in spite of the lock keeper. This theory was, of course, quite erroneous as we had to be at the lock before highwater in order to get out and down the upper stretch of the river before the ebb lowered the level too far again. Right enough, the level did rise a little as the tide came in, but not enough to get Twayblade back to the lock. Restive drew six inches less and just made it without touching more than once. On this one occasion we both stuck fast alongside each other in mid stream, much to the apparent enjoyment of the natives, who appeared friendly. Indeed, their co-operation was much appreciated in the ensuing performance by which Twayblade was eventually delivered to safety. Progress was slow, with Erian taking the main halyard from tree to tree as we proceeded slowly on our way, heeled to about 15 degrees. Meanwhile, the skipper made mental notes to the effect that his ship would not be suitable for the Shannon, if driven there by increasingly inclement Irish summers.

With an enormous feeling of satisfaction, and a healthy appetite, we reached Landevennec, climbed the hill and sat down to a first rate repast featuring the local delicacy, Palourdes, amongst other things, washed down with a fair quantity of Muscadet. We remained in Landevennec the next day, doing nothing in particular, and in the evening, fully turned out in reefers and white collars, returned to our newly discovered restaurant. We

had been invited to join in the festivities of a local wedding reception after our dinner. This went on well into the night and was a huge success. Nigel was the first to pluck up courage to dance with the bride, who was still there, incidentally, and who spoke not one word of English. That evening we encountered a simply first rate party game. This consisted of a kind of uninhibited Paul Jones, and required the minimum of equipment. All that one needed was a small mat which, to music of course, one laid at the feet of the damsel of one's choice. Both parties then knelt on it and kissed -- still, of course, to music! Brian proved very good at the game, indeed, when he recovered from his shyness, and, much to the satisfaction of all the bride joined in too.

The next day dawned with a leaden sky and a brisk Nor'west wind into which we beat most of the day. Whilst hove to for lunch, across the buoyed channel, we were very nearly run down by a flotilla of Minesweepers which we never noticed from behind the shelter of the cockpit dodgers. This complete isolation from our surroundings was to make us look very foolish later off the Longships. There, whilst talking to Lands End radio on the R/T, I was asked if we were the yacht with the tanned sails. I replied that we were the only yacht in the area, and our sails were white. Just then one of the crew stood up, and there was the other boat not a quarter of a mile away!

After a brief stop in Brest we pushed on to Camaret on a

fine calm, but hazy, morning. The wind, when it did fill in came from the Nor'east and made us anxious for our shelter anchored in the dredged pool. Camaret is dangerous in strong Easterlies, and there is a heavy chain stretched along the bottom, just outside, for the Langoustiers to hook their picks into when it blows up. An ingenious and effective idea, but what happens if they miss I do not know, as the shore is only yards, or rather metres, away. Considering that this is the premier Langouste port in France these delicious sea beasties are extremely expensive, but this is hardly surprising as the grounds, even as far as Morocco, are fished out. They now work the coast of Brazil in boats the size of the small corvettes of the last war. It is a sad spectacle to see the bones of the now useless smaller fishing boats lying rotting on the beach, although by our standards large, are now too small to accommodate the catch in their viviers on the long journeys which they must undertake.

As the weather continued fair we began to feel that we should make a start for home. The plan was, either to stop the night at Isle de Molene, or go on to L'Aberwrach, but with a good forecast in the Four Channel we felt that we would press on. It seemed very hard not to have a last, farewell, dinner at Madame Guynomard's, but the weather was too good to miss, and with heavy hearts we took our leave of 'Restive' and her merry crew, and squared away for England. I think that we all felt this gloom and the emptiness which ensued, and it was still with us when we reached Newlyn.

In Newlyn, as on previous occasions, the weather turned sour

on us as we waited for a good forecast to get us the 130 miles to the Tuskar. We waited in vain, and set off with the scene very unsettled. The passage across the mouth of the Bristol Channel was unpleasant, with a force five mostly just forward of the beam. After eighteen hours of it we had all, at some time, been sick. Before dawn the following day the wind died and we motored to our landfall in thick mist. Our first sight of things Irish was the Barrels light vessel Broads on the port bow, and we were soon in Rosslare and climbing the hill to get petrol. An irksome task, but terra firma was a welcome change.

As soon as we had taken the petrol aboard the wind filled in again, and we had no need of it, and made a pleasant and rapid passage to Arklow, which we entered to cook our dinner and wait for the tide to serve. This it did, shortly before midnight, and we entered Dun Laoghaire in the early hours of the following morning, just under five weeks out from home.

On reflection, we had had to endure a good deal of weather which can only be described as atrocious, but which, by contrast, served to heighten our enjoyment when we reached the Scillies and the coast of France, where there was an abrupt improvement.

It is interesting to note that, even though the rest of the British Isles may be in the grip of persistently unpleasant weather, the Scillies itself tend to enjoy a totally different weather system. The archipelago is so small that cloud masses do not readily form over it, and when they do they do not produce rain until over the Cornish coast.

"JULIA" 1962: POTTERING WITHOUT HARDSHIP.

by

Cormac O'Ceallaigh.

It was laid down that this year was to be a year of rest and that our plans were to be geared to the pleasures of introducing our youngest daughter to the ways of cruising. Naturally, the exercise had to be carried out in well-sheltered waters, so we decided to re-visit Cork Harbour where we had spent so many pleasant years.

On Saturday evening, July 14th, we hauled down our racing flag and carried out a feverish stow of cruising gear and stores. Next afternoon we took on board the lissom Secretary of the D.B.S.C. for whom a fitting bunk had been constructed in "Julia's" foc'sle. Thus ballasted, we stood out for Wicklow stemming a foul tide, but holding a fair and moderate wind.

Sunday, July 15th. Dun Laoghaire-Wicklow. 21 miles.

After spending 15 mins. beating out of the harbour against a wind N.E., 3-4, we freed sheets for Wicklow town where we arrived at 21.30, stowed our gear, and berthed beside the dredger, poetically named "Sysiphus". His last chore done, off shoots Gerry, like a bat out of hell, in search of his vesper gargle. Soon he was back again, a little crestfallen, having forgotten that it was the Sabbath, and that the houses of refreshment were closed for the night. However, by putting on his "little boy lost" act, the subtle fellow had succeeded in beguiling some soft-hearted "ale wife" and bore back a little keepsake, viz. two tins of Guinness, one of which he made over to the Mate.

Monday, July 16th. Wicklow - Rosslare. 47 miles.

10.00 left Wicklow. Off the Head we were becalmed, so rigged Seagull. 11.45, Mizen Head abeam, a dead run on course for No. 1 Glassforman, keeping Wicklow Head just open of the Mizen. After about an hour, the wind failed, so motored as far as Rusk No. 2, when we got an air, N.E. $1\frac{1}{2}$, and reset spinnaker. 18.00, dined leisurely, sitting becalmed abeam No. 4 Blackwater. Then we rigged the outboard again and chugged our way to Rosslare of the Harbour Dues where we anchored 22.15. Slept well, the night being very still.

Tuesday, July 17th. Rosslare- Dunmore. 33 miles.

Next day dawned fair with a moderate S.E. wind. 09.15: we beat out past the Calmines and at 11.26 rounded Carnsore Point, on an ideal day, sunny and warm, and set recommended course for the Northern tip of the S. Saltee. 11.57; Black Rk. abeam with that hateful Terchoon

marked by a breaker. 13.40; gybed on to Co. 267⁰T - having shot the Sound, a brave sight running down our westing for the Hook before a nice breeze under our red and white spinnaker. 16.00; Hook abeam 1 mile. 16.50; rounded the Puddingstones to be greeted by George Robinson, who swore that he heard the voice of a certain Stenter, as the yellow boat rounded the Hook. Desmond Carroll, Prince of Harbour Masters aboard, sees to our berthing kindly laying out our anchor in his dinghy. Dinner at The Haven. Lulled or stunned to sleep by the incessant squealing of the kittiwakes on the cliff.

It blew hard from the S.E. for the next two days. Went for a little sail in the bay, but on return got our anchor foul of the moorings of Richard Farrell's Folkboat and had to pass our chain to a fishing boat, the crew of which obliged by recovering our anchor. The operation of blasting away the piers on the quay, recently deplored in the press, was in full swing. We were a little startled to see a large rock plummeting into the water at the exact spot we had occupied two minutes before! Rolled a lot in the wind; hemmed in between "Vanja" and "Whimbrel" and had to tend our warps assiduously to keep clear. Each forenoon, Gerry went ashore for his morning Bovril - great for the scurvy! This so sharpened his wits that he obtained a fine salmon from Passage at a very competitive price, on which we supped nobly leaving a portion in "Whimbrel's" cockpit before we set out for Ballycotton under trysail and No. 2 jib.

Friday, July 20th. Dunmore-Ballycotton. 43 miles.

11.35: Left Dunmore in a fresh S.W. breeze, tacking out beyond the line of the heads and, by 13.15, had Brownstown Head abeam. Wind eased during the afternoon, so set main and eventually goncea. 18.45; Mine Head lay abeam Co. 235⁰ in heavy rain squalls. Hard on the wind, and travelling well in very poor visibility, lashed by dreadful thunder showers against which even Gerry's patent off-white woollen anorak was not proof; we had Ram Head abeam by 20.00 hours.

Making for Knockadoon Head, the skipper, in a moment of aberration, mistook Capel Island for Ballycotton Island, but we were soon put right by seeing the lights of Youghal. By midnight we were in the lee of Ballycotton Island, but had some difficulty in picking up the Harbour entrance. Used the echo-sounder to avoid the reefs north of the Small Island - on to which it is very easy to be set down in the dark. We soon picked up the white ice-tower and made the entrance, narrowly avoiding collision with a large yacht which had chosen - just that moment - to set out.

Next day it blew half a gale from the West, with frequent gales and showers forecast, but Ballycotton is perfectly sheltered in such conditions, so we stayed put. On Sunday, Gerry's time was up so we parted from him sadly at the Cork bus. Later a youth appeared with a "message" which proved to be a bottle of liquor Bushmills, a parting gift from our crew - so we drank to his health and the success of his journey.

Sunday, July 22nd. Ballycotton - Crosshaven. 15 miles.

The forecast being North to North-West, 5-6 moderating 3-4, we consulted with Denis O'Sullivan, earlier recommended to us by George Robinson, and decided to sally forth at 14.35 under main 5 rolls and No. 2 jib. This proved to be a mistake, for after beating for a couple of hours into a failing wind, being bucketed about by a short left-over sea, we were forced to unroof. Thereafter, we made slow progress, passing Roches Point at 19.45, and arrived at Crosshaven at 20.30. Here we were kindly directed to "Shindilla's" moorings (a contrivance of the utmost staunchness) by Johnny and Nancy Minchin. Not content with that kind service they brought us home with them for supper. After a most pleasant evening in their seaside bungalow at Currabinny we were ferried back to "Julia" and, feeling secure on a good mooring, passed the night in great comfort.

We spent the next day lazing about Crosshaven, sprucing ourselves up at the Munster and in the evening, having got permission, we moved to "Heber's" moorings - "Shindilla" being expected back. Poured rain during night and morning, so we decided to make a day of it in Cork. Had dinner in Munster in the evening.

The following day was spent sailing up and down and about in perfect weather between Crosshaven and Cobh, anchoring finally for the night at Whitepoint. Had supper with the Radleys, where we heard an account of the doings at the Edinburgh Cup Races at Abersoch. We were also filled with "pity and terror" by a spine-chilling account of a voyage from Cobh to Carnsore some twenty years ago by certain young men, unnamed in this narrative, in an 18' keel boat. Owing to adverse conditions, they never succeeded in rounding the Point and finally selected to make back to Kilmore, across St. Patrick's Bridge, using a road map to show them the way. This proved a fallacious guide, for it would appear they chose the wrong place to cross. Nevertheless, the intrepid men managed to hop across regardless, playing leap-frog over the rocks and clanging their keel on most of them. After this exploit, they found their zest for life afloat somewhat abated - so they decided to beach their boat. This was achieved, without extravagant distress, and they spent several

idyllic days sampling the hospitality of the Barony of Forth. Finally, by superhuman craft, they got their boat afloat again and sailed back undaunted to the Holy Ground.

After a trip to the East Ferry we sailed up to Cork and were given a berth beside the Customs House by the helpful Harbour Master, Capt. Barnes. The trip up the river is most pleasant on a sunny day, and the berths at Cork are safe and comfortable. Nevertheless, we feel bound to record that they are indescribably filthy. To connoisseurs of city berths, it will suffice to say that the Lee has much in common with the river at Wicklow, only it must be remembered that there are twenty times as many people living in Cork!

On Saturday, July 28th, we returned to Crosshaven on the afternoon tide having our small daughter on board, and again lay to "Heber's" moorings.

Sunday, July 29th. Crosshaven Regatta.

A most notable day, the Skipper made the half century! Having taken Joan Denvir on board, we took part in the Crosshaven Regatta. After one false start, following change the officers of the day elected to change course, we were sent to race around the Daunt Rock buoy, a beat out and fine spinnaker run back in glorious conditions. Our performance, however, was inglorious and there was much complaint of undue hardship on the part of the crew. (2 $\frac{1}{4}$ females). The wind being fresh, we would have been better off working jib rather than the genoa, the sheet of which gave difficulty.

After a further couple of days of very fine weather, during which we made another trip to the "back of the Island", we set out for Cobh- where we left our small daughter with friends.

Wednesday, August 1st. Crosshaven-Cobh-Ballycotton. 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

15.00: Set out for Ballycotton, a dead beat against a strong flood and a light southerly breeze. Soon we rigged our Seagull and succeeded in keeping company with IF, although it is only fair to say that she carries no engine. 17.18: Roches Point passed at last! With sighs of relief we squared off for Ballycotton where we arrived at 19.30.

Thursday, August 2nd. Ballycotton Dunmore. 43 miles.

09.15: Left under outboard and genoa, there being only an air from W. 11.05: Capel Island abeam, set main and apinnaker, stowed Seagull. The day was overcast with splendid visibility, giving fine lighting effects on the Comeraghs. The wind was very

variable. 14.35: Helvick Head, 328° C., 4½ miles. Wind calm at first but quickly freshened S.W.5, so that we were running under spinnaker at 5 kts. in a very lumpy sea. 18.14: Brownstown Head abeam. Handed spinnaker near Falskirt Rk. booming out gencea. 19.15: Dunmore East. Here we spent our last 3 lazy days, on one of which we put "Julia" on the hard and cleared the slight slime off her bottom. Had party aboard "Akela". We considered a trip to Waterford and New Ross, but decided to postpone it to another year as the wind hung between North and North West, and the tides were unsuitable.

Monday, August 6th. Dunmore-Poulduff. 52 miles.

07.20: Homeward bound, we left about 2 hours before H.W., the wind being N.3 - the forecast speaking of a possible W.N.W.5-6. (Going East the drill is said to be to leave Dunmore at ½ flood). 08.18: Hook abeam 1 mile. 10.30: Through the Sound of the Saltees, on a beautiful sunny day with the inland mountains all recognisable - a fine sight! 12.30: Rounding Carnsore Point - wind N.E.3. Had a slow beat up the Wexford coast, eventually becoming becalmed off Blackwater Head.

As night fell we were abreast Poulduff, so decided to call it a day and anchored off pier-head at 21.30. The whole population appeared on the quay and obligingly turned on the lights to guide us in! Quite a swell running along the pier. During the night the wind rose and went more into the North so that the Skipper kept anchor-watch as we rolled and pitched miserably and tended to tail on to pier. Set sail, much helped by the lights which the No. 1 man very kindly had left on all night for our convenience.

Tuesday, August 7th. Poulduff-Arklow. 14½ miles.

04.55: Sailed out main 2 rolls and No. 2 jib, the Mate taking the helm while the Skipper caught up on some sleep in the lee bunk. After a wet and miserable beat, we hove-to off Arklow in a nasty short sea, wind N.N.W. 4-5, and at 09.10 motored in to dock, noting a very heavy run along the South pier. Later the rain eased and was succeeded by showers. Visited by Des and Gladys Dobson who kindly invited Mate to lunch - while the Skipper snored off his fatigue in the foc'sle.

Wednesday, August 8th. Arklow-Dun Laoghaire. 33 miles.

09.47: Off on a lovely morning, wind N.W.2-3, carrying the flood. 10.47: Mizen Head abeam, set spinnaker - an act which seems to have affronted the elements as the wind at once fell to zero. Outboard on but not for long as, after a few minutes, it

stopped - with petrol pouring from a crack in the tank where it had work-hardened through vibration. Then followed the most frustrating day with the wind coming in puffs and calms from every direction of the compass in turn. 12.30: Wicklow Head - seem to be in some sort of eddy as it took us quite a while to get past. 15.20: Off Cable Rock, wind South. Exchanged greetings with "Rosalind" Jane Cotton and Bill Begley - looking like Hemingway with his beard. 16.05: Bray Pier abeam, wind N.W. 3-4. 16.24: Wind N.E.3. Presently were becalmed 1 mile south of Dalkoy Island and saw "Teal", carrying a wind, making across for Muglins Sound. Eventually set spinnaker in S. wind and forced our way through Dalkoy Sound against a foul tide. Found the greatest difficulty in entering the Harbour as indeed did "Teal", but made our moorings at last at 19.15. Alas, for our sick Seagull!

So ended a short, lazy undistinguished but thoroughly enjoyable cruise, during which we had more than our share of good weather and, for once, fair winds.

Summary.

<u>Date:</u>	<u>Passage:</u>	<u>Passage.</u>	<u>Cruise.</u>	<u>Time Hours.</u>	<u>Mean Sp. Knots.</u>
15. 7.62.	Dunlaoghaire-Wicklow.	21.	21.	5.50	3.82.
16. 7.62.	Wicklow-Rosslare.	47.	68.	12.25.	3.84.
17. 7.62.	Rosslare-Dunmore E.	33.	101.	7.60	4.34.
20. 7.62.	Dunmore-Ballycotton.	43.	144.	12.66	3.39.
22. 7.62.	Ballycotton-Crosshaven.	15.	159.	5.90	2.54
	Cork Harbour.	79.	238.	-	-
1. 8.62.	Crosshaven-Cobh.				
	Ballycotton.	21.	259.	5.66	3.62
2. 8.62.	Ballycotton-Dunmore E.	43.	302.	10.0	4.30.
6. 8.62.	Dunmore E - Poulduff.	52.	354.	14.17	3.67
7. 8.62.	Poulduff-Arklow.	14.	368.	4.25	3.49.
8. 8.62.	Arklow-Dunlaoghaire.	33.	401.	9.47	3.48.

Away: 25 days. In port: weather bound 3 days. Visited: 9 ports.
Sailed: 17 days. Main speed passage: 3.720.

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"TYRENA" 1962.

by

W.E. Glover.

"Tyrena's" cruise was planned to begin on Monday, 18th June; Lillian and I had completed our preparations on the previous Saturday, and when we met our crew, Rosemary and Peter, on Donaghadee Quay all systems were "go" - except, of course, the weather. We waited, patiently at first, for the wind to die down, but on Tuesday evening, when gales were again forecast for the next day, we decided to postpone the start to the week-end, and we returned to work. Wednesday was, of course, a perfect sailing day! On Thursday it was again blowing hard, but by Friday, the 22nd, prospects were improving and we departed from Donaghadee just before 6.0 p.m. As our crew had no previous cruising experience, our plans were unambitious and we were content to make for Carnlough. The light North-Westerly wind soon freshened and we had a fast close-hauled sail, arriving there soon after 9.0 p.m. Here we found that the engine refused to run for periods longer than 30 seconds, so we were unable to enter the tiny little harbour and lay at anchor just off the entrance.

The sailing instructions for Carnlough claim 6 for low water, but going ashore next morning in the dinghy there was definitely less than 4 in places. Saturday would have been a good day to carry on, but we decided to put the engine right first, so we coaxed her into the harbour, already overcrowded with two Dutch coasters, and set to work. The flow of petrol to the carburettor seemed sufficient, but after a long time the fault was indeed found to be dirt in the petrol tank. This delay proved to be a blessing in disguise, for it meant that we spent the night secure in harbour while a severe gale buffeted the northern half of the British Isles. "Nirvana of Arklow" (Douglas McIlwaine) had arrived on the Saturday afternoon, and the company enlivened our enforced stay on Sunday.

Monday, the 25th, dawned grey and misty, with a moderate westerly wind. The forecast promised force 7-8 later, but discussing it with Douglas, we decided we had a good chance of reaching the shelter of the Mull of Kintyre before that arrived. "Nirvana" was soon under way followed by "Tyrena". We started under full main and genoa, but clearing the shelter of the land the wind freshened and we changed to small jib and rolled the main well down. The expected increase in wind did not materialise at once; the North Channel crossing was uneventful, and we followed "Nirvana" through Sanda Sound. With a good sailing breeze we intended to make East Loch Tarbert, but off Campbelltown the wind increased quite suddenly. How much this was

due to a local funnelling effect I am not sure, but I decided to make do with Campbelltown. The beat into the loch against a force 6-7 breeze and short steep seas was exhilarating and soon we were made fast alongside a new "S" cruiser in the inner harbour.

On Tuesday, we were glad to see the sun for a change; we had a look outside but the wind was still strong and we returned to the harbour. Lillian and I walked across to Davaar Island at low tide and visited the cave with the wall painting of Christ. The combination of an unusual and lovely setting and the three dimensional effect of the rough stone surface is most striking and makes the painting well worth seeing.

The next day we got under way again. The wind was light westerly most of the day, except for one sudden squall just off Tarbert, and we arrived in Ardrishaig about 6.00 p.m. We had dinner at the hotel in Loch Gilphead, where we met the crew of a motor cruiser (Bert, Derrick, Kate and Connie).

Thursday, the 28th, was our first warm and sunny day. Although our time was getting short, we were keen to pay at least a token visit to the waters of the west coast, and thought it worth the effort of a trip along the Crinan Canal. Unfortunately, by the time we arrived at the Crinan Basin we had missed the north going tide, and were forced to spend the night there. As we wanted to be back in Ardrishaig by Saturday night at the latest (the canal is only open one Sunday each year) this also meant our visit to the West coast would be a one day excursion. Fortunately, "the" day was warm and sunny with, at time a pleasant breeze, and with Bert and Derrick on board we enjoyed the sail to Pulldobhrain. After a swim - for some - and lunch we walked over the hill to the Inn where we found the battle over the right of way still in progress. Shortly after 3.0 p.m. we left the anchorage and, rather sadly, were on our way home.

We spent the night once again in the canal basin. We enjoyed our dinner in the Crinan Hotel; under new management every effort is being made to attract yachtsmen and make them feel welcome.

On Saturday we made our return trip along the canal, towing two Dragons from Oban on their way to Clyde week, and continued to Tarbert. Here we lay alongside "Leezie Lindsay", a John Alden designed boat, beautifully built in Hong Kong. One of the Dragons put in to Tarbert and the crew of the three boats had an enjoyable evening together. Our departure on Sunday, 1st July, was delayed by a visit to "Leezie Lindsay" and, of course, we could not depart before noon!

The wind continued to blow until after noon on Tuesday, but the rest of the day was miserable. The wind headed us just after we went about to fetch the Point of Ayre, and fell light when we eventually fetched it; it was 5.00 p.m. before we rounded it. After "Adastra" we were scratch boat and we were not pleased to be sailing alongside "Roma of Rhu". We saw little of the Isle of Man, shrouded as it was in low cloud and the air filled with heavy rain. However, the wind picked up again and we were at least moving.

The easterly wind veered gradually during the night and by morning we were close hauled on the port tack. The sun came through the haze about 11.0 a.m. and soon the deck was covered with wet clothes and oilskins drying out. By noon we were off Lambay and went about on a shift of wind and found we could lay Howth Head comfortably on the starboard tack. We had seen lights of yachts on several occasions during the night but had no idea of our absolute or relative position in the race, but when the wind left us completely off Howth, we felt sure the others were at their moorings in Dun Laoghaire.

We drifted painfully on, trying to catch each zephyr in the ghoster and looking hopefully for signs of wind. Then, through the haze, we saw a sail on our port bow, approaching Dun Laoghaire on the port tack and holding a little air. Very slowly the air filled in towards us, but the other boat, it was "Kormak", was fetching the harbour mouth and we were not. A sudden wind shift nearly changed the situation, but "Kormak" just crossed us outside the harbour mouth. We bore away as she crossed, in the hope that she would overstand the entrance, but she came about quickly and crossed the line a length ahead of us at 8.22 p.m. We were surprised to be told that we were the first boats to finish. "Roma" finished about four hours later and did not save her time, but "Darthula" finishing at 1.00 a.m. on Thursday beat us to second place by ten minutes. At least we were in good time for dinner at the Royal St. George!

We left for home at 5.30 p.m. the next day. The wind was light southerly and we set the spinnaker. By the time we reached Rockabill the spinnaker would no longer fill and we set the iron topsail. Fog was forecast and as we motored through the short night we saw no lights. After dawn a submarine passed close to us heading south; our first landmark: was the South Rock lightvessel emerging out of the mist about half a mile ahead. The sun and a light breeze cleared the mist and we were able to sail again. Off Ballywalter we were joined by friends in a speed boat and we tried our hand at water skiing around "Tyrena" as she sailed gently along.

As we had still a day in hand, we decided we would go home round the north end of Arran, instead of down the Kilbrennan Sound, and spend a night in Lamlash. This was probably the best sailing day of the cruise, with sunshine and fresh westerly breeze, and we averaged 7 knots along the two successive measured miles on Arran. This, however, was not to last and we beat past Holy Isle and came to anchor in the middle of a rain squall.

The wind was strong on Monday and when it was still blowing on Tuesday, Rosemary and Peter, worried by home commitments, left by steamer. Lillian and I were fortunate enough to meet a Dentist from Glasgow, Dan, and his wife Jean, and they accompanied us home on Wednesday, 4th July.

The cruise, and its weather frustrations, was over, but "Tyrena" was soon under way again. On Saturday, 7th July, with a new crew - Hugh Kennedy, Michael McKee, Howard Marshall and Robin Simms - we set out for the Clyde once more and the Kilcreggan-Dun Laoghaire race organised by the R.O.R.C. and the R. Northern Y.C. Dan and Jean accompanied us as far as Lamlash. The day was warm and sunny and we alternately motored and sailed gently along, as we picked up an occasional air. We sunbathed most of the way and swam in the sea off the Ailsa Craig - our backs were red and sore when we reached Lamlash. Here we made the fatal mistake of buying suntan cream! In Lamlash we found Dick and Billy Brown, plus crew, in "Black Sco", also bound for the race.

The next day there was not a breath of wind from dawn until 7.00 p.m. and we motored all the way to Helensburgh, towing "Black Sco". In mid-Clyde "Black Sco" made fast alongside, making us into an ungainly catamaran; we had a swim and a communal lunch. Coming up to the moorings at the R.N.Y.C. we were overtaken by a motor cruiser - it was Bert and his crew, and we were pleased to join them for dinner at the Club.

The next day I was rather disappointed to find only six starters for the race. The other four were "Roma of Rhu", "Kormak", "Darthula" and an 8 metre cruiser-racer "Adastra". We had hoped to see some of the Dublin Bay boats, perhaps returning from Clyde Week which had just ended. The wind at the start (11.00 a.m.) was light north-easterly and spinnakers were carried most of the day. In the evening when we were coming up to the Ailsa Craig, the wind fell very light and then re-appeared in the south east. By midnight, when we were off Corsewall Point, it had increased to force 5-6, and soon became stronger. I was very glad of the chance to see what "Tyrena" could do with a strong crew on board, and we enjoyed the hard sail.

We arrived at Donaghadee about 12.30 p.m. with a thick bank of fog just beating us to it. This was an extension of the fog which descended upon the first Belfast Lough Powerboat Race, causing great havoc, but it soon cleared from Donaghadee and, reluctant to go home, we spent the afternoon sunbathing on the deck.

"Tyrena" remained in Donaghadee until early September. The weather upset many week-end plans and provided strong winds for the R.N.I.Y.C. and C.A.Y.C. Regattas, and the Ailsa Craig Race. We were particularly disappointed when the I.C.C. rally to Carlingford was cancelled. Summer did eventually arrive in October and, fortunately, we were still afloat in Strangford to enjoy it. Last Saturday, October 20th, I even had a swim; I am sure it is just coincidence I am now in bed with a cold!

Anyone feel like a Christmas cruise this year?

A letter from Spain.

Wild Goose,
Rosas Bay,
Catalonia.

20th October, 1962.

Dear John,

As log deadline draws nigh we are spending a fortnight headland hopping on the N.E. coast of Spain, so perhaps some news in letter form may be of interest. It is a pleasant change just once to be writing something for the journal with sun pouring through the doghouse windows in which are framed gaily coloured Spanish fishing boats against the foothills of the Pyrenees, instead of, as usual, by the fireside on a chilly Ulster evening.

We are lying at anchor as I write among a fleet of fan-bowed wooden trawlers moored in rows a quarter of a mile off shore, rather as the I.C.C. fleet ought to look at Carlingford - the only indication of a rough sea kicked up by a Force 6 Tramontana a mile away round Cape Nerfou is a slight swell in the anchorage - we are sheltered from the wind and the scenery is magnificent - a beach lined with drawn up lampro fishing boats, white buildings with small red roofs, remarkably green grass and behind them the peaks of the Pyrenees - covered in olives and vines. This is the holy ground for students of the fictional activities of Hornblower or the real ones of Lord Cochrane. Just here, in 1809, the Imperieuse must have lain at anchor for a long fortnight while her commander defended Fort Trinidad up there in the point above us, against the French, with incredible ingenuity. When the walls were breached he constructed a man trap on the inside with boards greased with slush from the galley and festooned it with rigging chain armed in large fish hooks. For almost every creek on the chart one finds a story in his log of a hair raising cutting out or spiking of guns. (See "Autobiography of a Seaman" by Lord Cochrane - now out of print).

Rosas here is a first class roadstead in a wide sickle bay, sheltered by two piers, with water, petrol, and good shops ashore, as well as an outstanding mechanics shop mainly engaged in maintaining fishing boats. Yesterday, I broke an oil pipe and needed a new olive to repair it - they made two perfect ones on a lathe in 15 minutes and charged 1/3d! There is bull-fighting at Figueras, half an hour in the bus, for those who like it, and several good restaurants. The large fishing fleet seems to work on co-operative lines and is despatched and recalled by hooter - one of enormous power - three times a day.

We came here five days ago - our first Spanish port from Port Vendres, 25 miles north, and found the Customs friendly and undemanding. Incidentally a photograph copy of Wild Goose's Certificate of British Registry has been universally accepted in the Mediterranean - the original remaining at home. Port Vendres, where June and I joined Wild Goose by rail ten days ago, is the most southerly port of any consequence in France, a hole-in-the-cliff type of place with plenty of natural shelter, not unlike Teelin in Donegal. It was a little fuller than usual, due to many refugee Algerian fishing boats now working out of it, but still uncrowded by Riviera standards, but there are good berths alongside if you are living on board and can shift when required.

We preferred the privacy of Wild Goose's permanent mooring off the yacht club, which is beside a small boatyard with a slip and, unusual for the Mediterranean, facilities for laying-up ashore. There were a couple of small bathing beaches within 5 minutes row, room to sail the dinghy in shelter and the unspoiled hills and headlands of Cap Bear for walks - a very pleasant place for a few days stay. Our departure was slightly hastened by our French friend Bernard's energy when landing from the dinghy one night; he jumped off with such vigour, to keep his shoes dry, that his head collided with one of three enormous lamps - which the fishermen mount on the back of their boats to attract the sardines - and shattered it to atoms!

We left next morning at the same time as the "Tarras Boulba", a converted ship's lifeboat, named after a Cossack chief. She flew a Belgian flag and was manned by a White Russian of many years Mediterranean sailing experience and his most attractive young English mate! They had been awaiting weather to get round Cabo Creus and south for the winter and the day before, having asked us on board for a very English cup of tea, gave us a great deal of good advice about the coast. Water and above all bottled gas can be difficult in Spain - top up well before you go there; give Creus a good berth - its the bugbear - the Ardnamurchan or Slyne Head of the coast, and the sea off it is always bad. It is also the southern point of the Gulf of Lyons with its deservedly fierce reputation - after 3 holidays we have yet to see it calm - but beyond it you can expect better weather. The good ports between here and Barcelona are Selva, Rosas, Estartit, San Feliu and Arenys (of "Galcador" fame), but yachts from the Riviera seldom come over to this side as they might at any time be held up for a couple of weeks waiting for weather to get back. Spanish and French charts are much better than Admiralty; "Esso" publish an excellent book of yacht sailing directions with port plans in colour, and also sheet maps showing light sectors in colour, wind roses and weather forecast times. Petrol is much cheaper in Spain than France, and Paella (sea food on rice) much the best dish ashore..... and a lot more hints in the same vein.

We soaked it all in and duly discovered for ourselves -- more by car than boat unfortunately -- that the Costa Brava, though not widely known as a cruising ground, has tremendous charm and infinitely more **oh**character than the French Riviera; it's like Donegal in many ways -- cruising here in October is like Ireland in July but a dashed sight warmer! Bold, rocky headlands, offshore anchorages, plenty of swell, and shelter when you get to know where to look for it; above all the ports are fishing ports first and tourist towns second -- the people resemble West of Ireland people too in their simplicity and friendliness and there is the same air of a country once heavily populated -- abandoned farms and vineyards long uncultivated in many areas.

Port Lligat, beside Cadaques, was our favourite creek; it has two arms giving good shelter to boats up to about 5'0" draft, and an uninhabited grassy island -- familiar as a backcloth to many of Salvador Dali's paintings -- he lives in the port -- guards the mouth.. The voyage here round Cape Creus was warm, sunny and uneventful until we started having dirty petrol trouble in the worst of the ground swell. After half an hours fighting with choked filters and pump, I gave it up and syphoned petrol direct out of a jerrican to the Carburettor which soon had us out of the jumble. Round the head, the north wind freshened and we had a fine run in the lee of the land for the last five miles.

This morning, we made an effort to get back towards Port Vendres but after beating towards the cape for 3 hours and finding "mer fort et agitee" -- as the Met. put it -- gave it up. So we are back at anchor and, if the north wind doesn't pack up, to-morrow we will have to leave Wild Goose here for Bernard to bring back to France later. He has looked after Wild Goose and us most resourcefully, and smoothed every difficulty ever since her arrival hereabouts, 15 months ago. The only deterioration of importance, apart from rather more engine repairs than usual, has been in the fibre glass deck covering. This expanded perhaps a total of an inch in the width of the side deck in the heat, corrugated and, of course, cracked -- they say fibre glass is N.B.G. out here -- we will replace it probably with 5 m.m. ply this winter.

In half an hour, at 6.30, it will be dark and the cabin lights go on. At 9 or 10 the moon will come up from behind the Pyrenees, and we may go ashore to look for dinner in the town where the shops will be open and the streets full of people putting up a buzz of conversation like a good cocktail party at home -- here it seems to happen every fine evening. Meanwhile a bent old fisherman, with a face the colour of hardboard, gives us a smile as he hauls his pots close by; they are 3 ft. long, egg shaped and beautifully made of triangulated bamboo splints. He seems to set them not so much for lobsters as small fish or squids of which he makes a good catch in among the fishing boat moorings. Yesterday, we saw a half loaf literally propelled across the water by the efforts of a dozen wee fish feeding on it underneath!

Boats like his, about 15 ft. long by 5 ft. beam with strongly flared bow and stern and a cambered deck with big hatch covers, can be seen on any beach from here to Monte Carlo. They appear, from a distance, to have quite a lot of freeboard, but close up one sees that a lot of it is bulwarks - these must hold a tremendous weight of water if they ever ship a green 'un, as the wash ports look far too small. Nevertheless, I'm sure Irish fishermen could learn a bit from him - that pair of big iron crutches every boat has sticking a foot above the gunwhale, to hold oars and gaffs when not in use, is a good idea and the high extended stem is very handy for tying up by, though a nuisance when you want to roll her over for painting. The Mediterranean trick of rowing standing up facing forward is useful in a heavy boat. Has anyone ever tried whether the pollock or even coddling will rise to a light at night like the sardines do here?

"Sailing's a tough game" somebody once said to me, "you've always got to be looking out for the compensations" The great thing about spring and autumn cruising is that there's less time for the sailing and more for the compensations!

May I end by expressing my admiration for your courage in taking on the job of Hon. Editor and wishing you a most successful first journal?

Yours sincerely,

Wallace Clark

DON'T KNOCK THE ROCKS.

BY

Wallace Clark.

Good names for rocks and coastal features are rare enough to merit some appreciation. After a day beating along the Down coast from South Rock to North Rock past Grey Point, White Head and Black Head, with a salubrious stop in Drain's Bay, Larne (yes, there really is one!) you almost begin to wish that Ireland had been put on the map by that lusty Spaniard who called his latest discovery at the bottom of South America, the Cape of the Ten Thousand Virgins.

Having a mental collection of the species - good, bad and hackneyed - finding local variations can be one of the minor pleasures of cruising. Things improve rapidly as one sails north and by west; Slough-na-More in Rathlin Sound is a fine name for a tide rip, as is the Rhynns of Islay where you also find An Coire (The Cauldron) in the midst of that terrifying race which can make the Corrievreckan look like a trout stream.

Then there is the Featherbed at Port Ballantrae, McSwynes Gun, and the Limeburners off the Swilly, which throw up wraiths of spray like smoke; the Ballyconnel Blowers, Wild Bellows and Sunk Bellows off Connemara - where even the Irish Coast Pilot grudgingly admits that the sea in a winter gale "borders on the terrific". Stromboli in Blasket Sound, the Washerwoman off the Skelligs, and one of the prettiest - the Cottoner in Kenmare, all create a picture of the days when "roaring breakers boom and blanch" Flughugh, off Mulroy, is an Irish one whose pronunciation always puzzled me until I discovered the locals just call it the Floors! Butter Pladdy is another and this leads to the fact that Strangford seems to be the only place where they call a shoal a "pladdy".

In County Antrim they talk about a "blin" for a blind rock, and in Donegal a bo or boogh - presumably from the Irish for cow. In the West "Turk", meaning pig, is more common for an awkwardly placed sunken rock, just as in Brittany you find them on the chart as Cochon; they also call them putains there - but that's not one of the words you learned at school.

Then there are story rocks like Teague's, inside Aranmore, named after Teague O'Boyle, a coasting skipper of 100 years ago. The story goes that he was bringing a general cargo from Dublin to Sligo but became weatherbound in Skerries. They breached the cargo and "the whole of Skerries was drunk for three weeks now in them days hanging was the penalty for breaching cargo" - so Teague had to lose his ship to save his neck. He picked this rock, near his home port, and after tacking three times to find it, succeeded in his object.

Colonel Berridge has a good story about the Bruiser Rock in Kilkiernan. It is said to have been invented by the Captain of "H.M.S. Bruiser", a surveying ship. He was working in the area, and as he came in one evening, put his ship on the Dinish Shoals, which were already on the chart. To save his reputation he reported the grounding as being on a previously undiscovered shoal, and marked in the Bruiser Rock - of which no trace has since been found!

Two rocks in Mulroy, discovered by that veteran R.C.C. member, Frank Gilliland of Derry, caused an international incident in the 1930s. He suggested that they be called "Gilliland" and "Seagull" after himself and his yacht; the Admiralty agreed and put them on the chart - where they still are - only to get a rap on the knuckles from the Free State Government for naming territory over which they had no sovereignty!

Which are the commonest names? Seal Rock in its varying forms the world over must be near the top of the list. Roaninish, Roancarrick, Carrickaronty, Cowan Rock, in Ireland, Las Lobos in Spain and South America, Les Phoces in France and so on ad infinitum.

Heather Isle must be a close second hereabouts. Inisfree, Frickillaun, Frchill, Freaghillaun in Ireland, or in Scotland - Eilean Fraoich, the war cry of the Campbells. One I like off Jura is given the luxury of an extra syllable and called Heathery Isle.

When it comes to coastal place names Scotsmen throw away their well known economy and cram in all the vowels they can fit, sandwiched between consonants in off-beat groups of twos and threes. Rudha Buidhe (yellow point) would just be Rue Boy or Rinboy in Ireland; Bogha for Bo; Gaisteal for Cashel; Bealach a choinn ghlais for Beala con glass; Beinn for Ben; Mhor for Mor - these are the sort of things one finds on every chart. I wonder why? Probably it was a matter of who had the upper hand - the Gaelic Enthusiasts or the surveyors. Certainly in Ireland there seems to have been some gentle leg-pulling of the Admiralty chart

makers who always employed local fishermen as boatmen e.g. the Cowrakee or Odd Rocks (sic) off High Island which must have been a distortion of couraghy meaning foam - a very common rock name in Connemara. One of my crew got over the pronunciation problem in the case of Chreabach Island, at the east tip of Islay, by calling it "Squarebash" - and that is what it has been ever since.

Most Irish places sound much pleasanter untranslated - Black Isle is a poor substitute for Davillaun, Sheep Island for Innishkeeragh, or Whitestrand for Fintra. But a little knowledge of the commoner words often helps with chartwork. An old fisherman at Culdaff once tried to tell me how to get into Malin Harbour - "Go close west of the surrel" he said, but a search of the chart showed nothing like this; months later I discovered he meant "the saddle" and that there is a twin humped rock there named Lackgolana, which means Saddle Rock in Irish.

!! Come to think of it perhaps that Spanish Captain did visit Ireland after all. How about the Maidens off Larne? But there are only five of them so it must have been in his old age!

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"SEGURA" IN BRITTANY

by

John Masser.

For the past two "summers", "Segura" had taken us north to Scotland. When the mate is on board there always has to be a garden to visit at the end of the cruise. Last year it was Inverewe in Wester Ross; it was wet and cold in the gardens. This year it was to be Tresco in the Scillies, following an invitation from Commander Dorrien-Smith, and then south to West Brittany in search of summer skies and seas.

We left Dun Laoghaire at 15.15 hrs. on Thursday, 21st June, motored to Killiney Bay against a head wind and heavy sea conditions with the mainsail flogging until the discovery of a badly split batten pocket made return imperative. Perry's rose to the occasion in a praiseworthy manner, and by 11.00 on the following day repairs had been effected and we were away once again.

On board were the Skipper and Mate, Desmond and Carol Bradley, with Sean Doyle as hand and Jimmy Miller (by courtesy of Christy Mahony) to keep him company. Wind was South westerly, 14 knots, and we had a pleasant sail to Arklow, mooring in the basin at 18.00 hrs. for a meal. We were visited by Messrs. Denis Doyle, W.J. Collins and P.S. Cagney from "Severn" on their way to the Clyde. We also made a quick external inspection of Jack Tyrrell's newly launched motor-sailer "Cruiskeen".

At 21.30 hrs. that evening we left Arklow; Blackwater was abeam at 03.10, Tuskar at 04.45 and at 07.00, after a most discouraging forecast, we altered course for Dunmore, arriving there at 12.00 hrs. - a most wise decision. What a pity we aren't always as wise!

We found the ubiquitous "Whimbrel" in the harbour - last year we found her in the Kyles of Bute - with Dr. Robinson and Mr. Large on board. After pre-dinner drinks in the Rectory with the Rev. Donald Slater, a former shipmate of mine when racing the "Zaida" with Horace Poole years ago, we dined on board.

Dermot's note in the log that evening was "Weather looks like keeping us here for days". It was certainly unpleasant, and we were glad we were not half way to the Scillies. Church in the morning, pre-lunch drinks with Arthur Pitt, lunch, and we spent the afternoon going over the standing rigging very thoroughly. Time well spent for later, during the cruise, we were thankful we had done this.

Mrs. Pitt entertained us to dinner that evening. It was a truly magnificent spread - roast turkey with all the trimmings followed, after coffee, by slides of their sun-kissed holiday in Madeira, la Palma, and Teneriffe. We were a well-fed contented party when we arrived on board in time to hear a good weather forecast at midnight, and decided to leave in the morning.

We left at 08.00 hrs. sans milk (the cows in Dunmore sleep late) wind W.S.W 3, and carried on through the day with nothing in sight except a trawler at 14.00 hrs. Wind freshened at 16.00 hrs, 52 miles on log, and we changed from genoa to staysail. Later, at 18.00, we rolled in some reefs, and a few more at 20.00 hrs., when wind was W.S.W 3 with long seas, ship quite dry, but an occasional bad roll and motion generally unpleasant. These conditions continued through the night - visibility good and our approach to Round Island was rather like Piccadilly Circus with lights everywhere.

We arrived off New Grimsby Sound at half light, somehow managed to find the entrance (Star Castle and a clump of trees look much the same at that time in the morning and luckily served equally well) dropped anchor behind Hangman's Island - and slept

Quote from the Mate: "I stayed a good deal of the time in my bunk as we made for Tresco, with jagged rocks on either side and the men trying to pick out the marks with "Segura" charging along in a heavy swell. You can imagine I have improved when I just kept quiet but I didn't like it

However once in Tresco, life cheered up. We got a message from Commander Lorrien-Smith that he would like us to go to tea and see the garden, and we had a most interesting time there. His Mother arrived in a little old-fashioned steamer with a smoke stack (modern engines but the outward look of Edwardian times!) and was met by a groom in a hard hat driving a gig. Really - my wildest dreams come true! There are no cars on the island and walking is a joy. There are tractors for the farm work, of course, but one seldom sees them. The Mesembryanthemum were just foaming over all the walks along the roads, and I saw flowers I just couldn't name growing wild. Apart from these, the Tresco gardens are full of treasures, some of which I hope Pop has got to show you on a film"

The weather in Tresco was hot sunshine and clear skies and we were loath to leave. On Wednesday, 27th June, we motored through the Tresco Flats to Hughtown on St. Mary's, bought provisions, had an excellent meal in the hotel and finally left at 21.00 hours for Ushant and Camaret, wind N.W.2. At Spanish Lodge Buoy the wind dropped completely and we handed the sails and started the engine. It was a

gorgeous sunset, the whole sky blazing over the black silhouettes of the Islands, and the mate and I stayed on deck until after midnight. At 4.0 a.m. we went on watch and saw the sunrise - a jet plane streaked in with a long train of silver above the gold.

We passed east of Ushant through the Chenal de la Belle. Le Faix was abeam at 13.10 and Grande Vinotiere at 13.55 hrs. We dipped to three French minclayers on exercises. Dropped anchor in Camaret at 16.00 hrs., log 121 miles.

We stayed in Camaret until 11.10 on the following morning, Friday 29th June, just a week since our effective start from Dun Laoghaire. We had the utmost difficulty in cashing travellers' cheques - in fact this was a general complaint in Brittany where the Banks, except in the larger towns, only open for business for two hours on one day in the week. We were also unable to obtain fuel oil "sans douane".

Our stay overnight in Camaret was interesting. We were free to land without any formalities whatsoever, and neither Police nor Customs were interested in us. In fact, during the whole time we were in France only one official ever asked us for any documents, and that was in the fishing port of Le Guilvinec which is rarely used by yachts.

We were amazed at the development of the local building of fishing boats - excellent materials, first class craftsmanship and many machine tools and mechanical aids. We were impressed by the large mechanical hauling-up equipment for those boats which was being installed by the Government. We inspected the sailors church at the end of the pier; apparently each family make up their own bench and carve their name deeply into the seat.

Dr. & Mrs. Rose from St. Mawes were alongside us in "Siope" on their way home, and gave much useful advice.

The following morning, Friday 29th June, we motored out of Camaret at 10.10, wind W.N.W. 2/3, and set sail at La Louve Tower at the entrance to the Chenal du Toulanguet. At 12.00, "Mary Deare", owned by Hammond Innes and on her way south, was abeam. We sailed in company with her through the Raz de Sein until 16.40 hrs. when she turned away to go into Audierne while we carried on under power with no wind from 17.00 hrs., round the Pointe de Penmarch and into Le Guilvinec.

About 100 fishing boats were tied up, cheek by jowl, and we had a little difficulty in finding a berth. When we did it was alongside a dredger which worked noisily all through the night on the

enlargement of the harbour and construction of the quay. Everyone complained that the dredger kept them awake, and they didn't get a wink of sleep all night - but no one heard any of the fishing fleet of 100 boats leave port in the early hours of the morning. I remember with gratitude the load of fresh fish presented to us by one of the boats.

There was no wind at all for the whole of the following day so, as we were anxious to get south we just plugged along, hour after hour, on a flat sea, sunbathing under hot sun and clear sky.

We streamed the log at 08.35 at the whistle buoy outside Le Guilvinec and dropped anchor in La Trinite, at 18.00 hrs. with 64.2 miles on the log.

July 1st, Sunday, was spent quietly in La Trinite. Sean and Jimmy went to Mass and returned with yards of freshly baked bread. We inspected acres of oyster beds by Ringhy and in the afternoon went by bus to Carnac expecting to find friends from Paris in the Hotel Britannia. They had not arrived, so we bathed and sun-bathed on a beach crowded with joyous holiday folk.

It was now Monday of our second week and Desmond and Carol were due to leave us on the Saturday. That day we sailed to Belle Ile under good conditions, tried to get accustomed to the Cardinal systems of buoyage, and moored in le Palais, stern to quay with "Tai-mo-shan" on one hand and "Northole" on the other. We bathed, mingled with members of a flying club from England rallying at the local airport, dined ashore and slept soundly.

On Tuesday, we hired a car and did a quick tour of the Northern portion of the island, vowing to come back later to see it in more detail. After lunch we sailed through the Rade de Haeidik between Houat and Haedik - a tricky piece which taxed Desmond's navigational ability to the utmost - and across to Port Nevalle at the entrance to Morbihan. After hearing accounts of 8 knot tides we were a little apprehensive, but we soon became accustomed to a much-faster-than-usual approach to buoys, and finally dropped anchor alongside "Shindilla" in a small bay south of the pointe de Rochauds at the north end of the Ile aux Moines.

Desmond is a great trencherman but dinner that night in the Hotel San Francisco, with the Bonridges as our guests, nearly defeated even him - we sat back and admired, with just a touch of envy, his successful attack on an enormous platter of shell fish - of all sizes and descriptions - hoping for the best during the night but anticipating the worst.

"Shindilla" left the following morning for La Trinite, and must have had a rough passage for it was blowing very hard. We went on up to Conleau, mistook our marks at Ile de Boedic and nearly went aground. Thank you, friendly fishermen, for your timely warning!

In the evening we took a bus to Vannes for a short visit to their medieval walled city with its narrow streets and 13th Century Cathedral - it was not long, however, before beer in a pub took precedence over sightseeing.

On the following day, Thursday, we returned through the Morbihan to La Trinite for letters, oil and water. The oil lorry arrived on the quay, and water was available from a hose, and we went alongside. Our "Time and Motion" man thought to do both at the one time, but with the prospect of oil in the water and water in the oil, was persuaded to take a little longer and fill with one at a time. This operation completed successfully, with no admixture, we returned to Port Navallo and the Morbihan, took the western channel up the Auray River and anchored for the night in a pleasant bay at Le Rocher, alongside Mr. R.A. Twist in "Carlotta".

At 6 o'clock on the following morning we caught our tide for Auray and were soon anchored in the river opposite the Hotel Benjamin Franklin so named after the famous American who, in 1776, landed there to conclude a treaty of alliance between the New World and Louis XVI of France. Sean and Jimmy quickly concluded a similar alliance with the bar keeper of the hotel and started taking lessons in French.

Desmond and Carol gave us a farewell dinner that night in Hotel Palais in Auray. We were sorry they had to leave us for they had been a wonderful crew. This was Desmond's first trip to French waters, as it was mine, and we neither of us knew what to expect. His cheerful attitude to life, his drive in getting all chores completed and his knowledge of the sea and seamanship made him an admirable companion and shipmate.

On the Sunday we dressed all over in honour of the Fete des Bigorneaux, for which "compliment" we were thanked by the Committee. We spent the afternoon on the quay watching tableaux and listening to bagpipes and flute bands. This was a festival of history and folklore with participants from local towns and districts dressed in costumes handed down through the generations. Their tunes were reminiscent of home "Will ye no come back again" - "Over the sea to Skye" "Come back to Erin" - and the grande finale, with everyone standing up and singing "Land of our Fathers" in Breton. After dark we had a

wonderful firework display on the Promenade du Loch on the opposite bank of the river. Set tableaux by the light of flares, a firework display, a torchlight procession up the hill and a grand finale of singing by the old bridge. It was all wonderfully effective with the bridge and old quarters of the town lighted up by torches, smoke slowly creeping up through the trees and all the people massed on the banks of the river, singing and talking. A long day for everyone so peace descended at midnight and we were left solitary on our grandstand in the middle of the river.

My daughter Gillian arrived on Tuesday, 10th, but her husband was detained by work in London. The next few days were spent in the Morbihan; Gillian and the skipper rather under the weather and up at nights as a result of too many palourdes fanci at the Hotel San Francisco. Back at Carnac and La Trinite we met our Paris friends who were horrified to see us drink the remedy prescribed by Jimmy, which was a mixture of cognac and port - it worked and is to be recommended.

We drove to Quiberon, to St. Cado on R. Etel, we inspected pre-historic monuments, tumuli, dolmens, menhirs and alignments (3000 alone at Carnac) we sailed out to Belle Ile and berthed at Port Donant. We met Col Stephen sailing "Query" single handed and with him visited Houat, moored in Port Tudy on Ile de Groix and watched a drunken fisherman fall overboard to the amusement of his mates, and finally anchored at Lorient where we were invited by Capt. J.M. Trevilly to use the Yacht Club as we wished. If only we dared adorn the bar of the George with murals from the bar of this happy Club - very French!

Gillian left for home at 5.30 on Saturday morning, and we spent the day in Lorient, now virtually a new city following rebuilding after the extensive bombing during the war. The modern cathedral is exciting architecture and it takes a while to get used to it.

Peter and Una McGloughlin arrived off the train from Rennes at 21.30 hrs. in excellent spirits.

On Sunday we weighed at 15.00 and anchored at Rosbras in the Aven River at 20.15, after a delightful sail.

We rested quietly on Monday, bathing and sleeping until, in the evening, we walked the whole five kilometres to Port-Aven, dined sumptuously at Moulin Rosmadec and returned in a taxi driven by a direct descendant of Jehu!

Probably one particular day always remains in one's memory as the highlight of any holiday. Thursday, 24th July, was such a memorable day for us. We left Rosbras at 10.00, sailed to the Iles de Glenan, bathed in crystal clear water, sunbathed on burning hot sand, were received and shown over the famous Sailing School, and in the evening sailed lazily to Concarneau where we met with Monsieur Pierre Cointreau and his charming daughter. L'entente cordiale demanded an exchange of Irish whiskey for the liqueur of Angers and drinking the latter aboard "Segura" I was reminded of the evening Douglas Heard and I spent in the cockpit of "Huff" in Loch Boisdale with a similar square bottle between us. I wonder what memories the bottle of Gold Label recalled to Monsieur Cointreau?

None of us had previously been in Concarneau, so we spent the morning ashore, enjoyed lunch - served by the nippiest waitress ever - and weighed for Benodet at 16.30, anchoring S.W. of Anse de Kergos at 18.30.

We stayed there until Saturday making an excursion to Quimper, spending some time with the Magdalenats from Bourges, re meeting the Le Corfs, whom we last met in London some years previously, and generally lazing. We admired the local rod fishing for sardines and bought the requisite tackle for ourselves, but we never acquired the knack and hopes of home caught, home grilled sardines were not achieved. Commander Silcock's 19 ton steel ketch "Cool Mara", designed by Buchanan, built in Holland and completed by Stebbings, came alongside and courtesy visits were exchanged.

So came Saturday 29th and in the evening we sailed in company with the Le Corfs in "Reder Mor" to Lochtudy, where they returned to Benodet and we lay for the night, dining ashore. The following day we cruised lazily to Audierne after touching the sand on leaving. The sun was so hot that we were throwing buckets of water on to the cockpit seats to stop the caulking boiling up. We anchored at St. Evette, Audierne at 16.30, and an hour later "Maid Marion" R A F. came in under sail.

Still continuing north we left Audierne at 6.30 on the following day, sailed through the Raz de Sein, with steadily decreasing visibility, and spent a few anxious moments finding our marks in the mist between Le Pohen Rock and La Louve Tower. Luckily the mist cleared at the critical time and we dropped anchor in Camaret at 21.55 when we dashed ashore for letters from home. Collecting Poste Restante letters in France means that everyone must go. It is no use to hand one's passport to one's wife and expect her to bring back your letters

as well as your own. This puzzled us for a while until it was explained that French postmistresses take great care to ensure that your wife does not see letters addressed to you, which it might be better for her not to see, and vice versa. Even letters addressed to both husband and wife require the presence of both before they are handed over.

Our next port of call was Brest and we motored there on the following morning, Tuesday 31st July, mooring alongside in Basin No. 2. A telephone call brought Monsieur Le Monze and Jacques Crouan to the quay to see us, and they later entertained us in the Hotel Continental. They sent greetings to all the friends they made when visiting Dun Laoghaire for the Irish-French Dragon matches and the return matches in Deauville. Before leaving they presented us with "do it yourself" kits of Crepes Suzette, made up in aluminium foil packs and deep frozen. We put them into our refrigerator for use later of which, more anon.

Brest, like Lorient, has been largely re-built since the heavy war bombing. Restaurant des Patrouilleurs, on the quay, provided an excellent though inexpensive lunch and the Hotel Voyageurs a superb though correspondingly expensive dinner.

Peter was anxious to be back in his office on Tuesday, 7th August, so we left for home after one day in Brest at 9.30 on Wednesday, 1st August, oil and water tanks and wine and food lockers all full. It was a hazy morning, with a faint easterly breeze, so we motored out, prepared to stay in Camaret if the visibility was bad, but otherwise ready to go through to Dun Laoghaire. At 11.15 we had Pointe St. Mathieu light abeam, 12.00 Grande Vinotiere abeam, and at 13.50 we took our departure under sail from the Stiff Lights, log 20, course 340 m., wind N.E. 2. It was the Skipper's ambition to sail to Dun Laoghaire - this ambition was not realised.

We sailed through the night, average course 320 m., wind N.E. 3., Bar. 1019, until 04.00, only able to make 275 m., log 74.6, we tacked - wind still N.E. 3. "Land ahoy" from Jimmy at 12.15, course 005 m.

Wolf Rock was abeam, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles W. at 1600 hours, log 130.3, course for Tuskar 350.m. Forecast at 16.00 for Fastnet and Lundy - W.S.# 3/5, good visibility, poor later. 20.15 hours, off the Cornwall Bank, we had no wind and rolled badly in a swell. Vociferous protestations from the crew at the discomfort finally caused a grudging, rather bad-tempered skipper to abandon his cherished ambition of sailing to Dun Laoghaire, hand the sails and start the engine. This was sufficient, an hour later, to bring up a S.W. 2/3 wind, so the engine was stopped and sail set. The mate disliked the look of the sunset

intensely and said so. The skipper ought to have gone into St Mary's for the night but didn't. We missed the midnight forecast.

At 04.00 we were making 6/7 knots in a fairly heavy sea with four rolls in the main, wind S.W.5.

At 12.00 hrs., with wind S.W. 6/7, we dropped jib and had eleven rolls in main; visibility bad. Bar. 995.

At 15.00 hrs. the wind suddenly shifted northerly and increased to force 8, with heavy confused seas. We have never before looked upwards to see porpoises higher than the rail! Jimmy overheard to say "Sail will never stand it".

16.00 hrs. Barometer started to rise, but sea conditions were unpleasant - though ship was dry. Jimmy and Sean were steering, with 30 minute stints, and it was decided to alter course to pass leeward of The Smalls and shelter in the Bristol Channel.

19.00 hrs. Obtained a R.D.F. fix, after some difficulty due to loss of signals when in the troughs. Sky had cleared somewhat, and a little sunshine cheered us considerably. Wind moderated to S.W.5 - heavy confused sea.

20.00 hrs. Sighted Smalls, 12 miles. S.W.4.

20.30 hrs. Unrolled three reefs. Three heavy gybes, due to large seas, goose-neck pin fractured. Port navigation light swept off, stowed boom, set jib, started engine.

22.00. Smalls abeam, S.W.4; wind against tide caused bad seas through race.

22.40 hrs Sighted Skokholm and St. Ann's.

24.00 hrs Skokholm abeam: sea still confused wind moderating.

24.30 hrs. St. Ann's abeam.

00.30 hrs. Dale Roads. Preparing to anchor when pilot vessel flashed us "Come alongside" - "Can we help you?" - "Follow me"

02.30 hrs. Moored at pilots' jetty of Milford Haven Conservancy Board. Mr. Roberts, of M.H.C.B, came on board, said he would arrange for repairs, would tell Customs, and we were to go to bed ... which we did - log. 289.4.

Repairs were started at 04.00 the next morning, (Saturday of August week end) and completed that evening. We left on Sunday morning but immediately on setting the main the new goose-neck bolt fractured with a crack - cast bronze had been used. Widespread telephoning produced a fitter, and by 19.30 that evening a new steel bolt had been made and fitted.

Mr. Knight of the M.H.C.B. loaned us his Morris car and we drove over to thank the Coast guard on St. Ann's Head for having reported us to the Pilot Boat at mid-night on Friday. He was full of appreciation of our visit; he gave us the official recording of the gale on Friday as 44 knots.

It is most pleasing to be able to record that we received the greatest kindness and assistance from everyone connected with the M.H.C.B. They always offered before we had to ask, and nothing was too much trouble. It is a great pity that Milford Haven is just that little too far for the I.C.C. Whit Race, for I am sure we should receive a wonderful welcome and unbounded hospitality from everyone in that friendly Pembrokeshire port.

Bank Holiday Monday - Peter wished to be in his office at nine o'clock the following morning. The midnight forecast gave the Irish Sea ...N.W. 4/5. We slipped at 05.30, wind W.2. Forecast at 06.45, W.N.W. 3/4, becoming S.W. later - showers - good visibility.

We motor sailed all day, with an easterly force 2 wind, and moored alongside "Jean Pat" in Arklow Basin at 19.00 hrs. with 85 miles on the log.

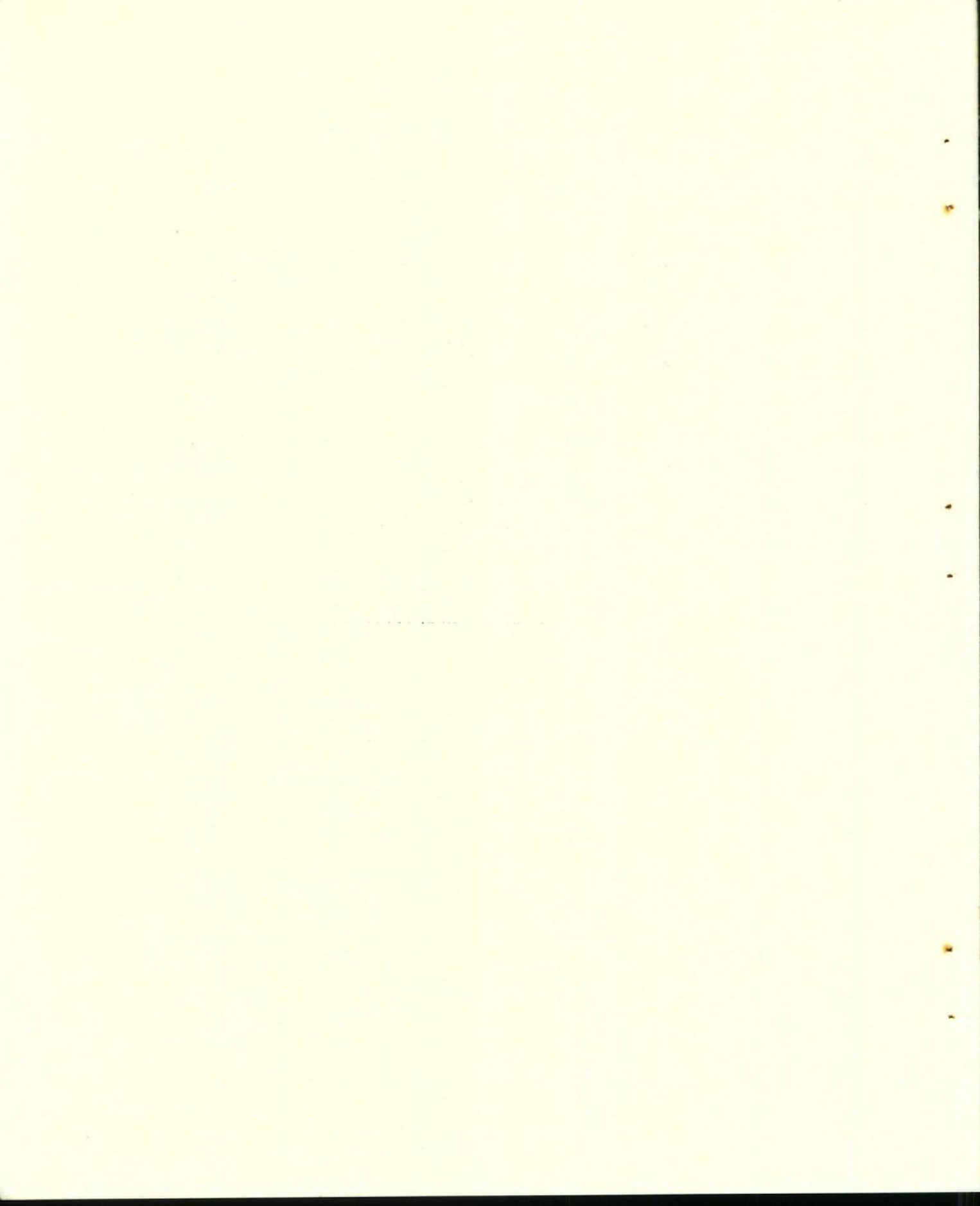
We went into Arklow for two reasons. The first was to clear Customs because we anticipated that Dun Laoghaire Customs would be very busy with holiday traffic and might unduly delay Peter's departure for his office. The second reason was that we wished to give Sean and Jimmy a really good dinner as some token of our appreciation of the way they had looked after us and "Sogura" during the cruise. We laid the table and sat them down as honoured guests, gave them drinks, and served a dinner which they will long remember. The dinner ended with Crepes Suzette a Monsieur le Monze from Brest, with possibly just a little extra flaming cognac for good measure. I wonder if Crepe Suzette have ever before been served to a party of six in Arklow Basin?

A little time to clear away and recover and by 21.45 hrs we were under way with engine in a flat calm. At Wicklow Head, the N.N.W. we had been expecting all day came in at force 2. At Six Mile Point we were pitching in to force 4 - at Moulditch Bank we had a heavy confused sea, and at Bray Head we seemed to be making little progress at all. After that the wind lightened off and the sea became

quieter and we finally picked up "Creylag's" moorings at 03.00, a stranger being on our own. We were soon asleep.

So ended a happy cruise - made all the happier by the companionable crews we had on board. Peter and Una are old friends, they seem to like coming with us, and we certainly like having them.

Finally, the Skipper would like to give full marks to the Mate. She dislikes bad weather intensely. She is never ill, though recumbent, at times, with her knitting. She never fails to prepare delicious meals, which we all appreciate, and she does know a bad sunset when she sees one! May many summers pass before she is at home to pick her own strawberries.



LIST OF MEMBERS.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Address and 'phone number.</u>	<u>Yacht.</u>	<u>Thames Tonnage.</u>
Aldworth: Commdr. R.H.	Island View, Whitehead, Co. Antrim.	Duckling.	9.
Allen: Major. J.F.	c/o, 14 Dundela Park, Sandycove, Co. Dublin.		
Anderson: A.W.	Balmacara, Deanfield, Londonderry.	Lapwing.	3½.
Andrews, David.	Belfast Mills, Belfast.	Ocean Dove.	5½.
Arnold: R.C.	13, Malone Hill Park, Belfast.		
Barnes: D.	53, Sycamore Road, Mount Merrion, Dublin.	Cu-na-Mara.	9.
Barry, P.	11, York Terrace, Summerhill, Cork.		
Berridge: Lt.-Col. E.L.	Ashleam House, Monkstown, Co. Cork. (Monkstown 22).	Shindilla.	13.
Bourke, J.Roger.	Corbiere, Ashbourne Ave. Limerick. (Limerick 1479).	Iduna.	4.
Bradley: Desmond.	Little Fort William, Mount Merrion Ave., Blackrock, Co. Dublin.		
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. (Leap 7).		

Broderick: K.J.	Kilcoran, Knapton Road, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin.		
Begley: W.	87, Tritonville Road, Sandymount, Dublin 4.		
Brown: Colin.	c/o, Spindrift, Baily, Co. Dublin.	Venturer.	92.
Brown: J.F.	151, Seafield Road, Clontarf, Dublin.	Curlew.	
Bunting: P.J.	58, Demesne Road, Holywood, Co. Down.	Wender.	7.
Butler: James C.	Ballyrobert Castle, Castlelyons, Co. Cork.	Happy Morning.	6.
Butler: Sean.	Bonnie Doon, Coliemore Rd., Dalkey, Co. Dublin.		
Campbell: R.P.	The Cotswolds, Foxrock, Co. Dublin. (93242).	Verve.	10.
Chadwick: Terence.	Lissen Hall, Swords, Co. Dublin. (Swords 220).	Huzure P.O.	8.
Charles: R.	28a, Kensington, Church St., London W.8.		
Cobbe: T.L.	Newbridge House, Donabate (Malahide 343).	Charm.	6.
Cooper: Rev. C.W.	Fernardene, Bounnanna Road, Cork.		
Clarke, H.W.S. D.L.	Gortado Cottage, Upperlands, Co. Derry.	Wild Goose.	10.
Clarke: Michael T.	60, Posnett Street, Botanic Ave., Belfast 9.		
Collins: J.B.	Mulberry, Glenamuck Road, Carrickminos, Co. Dublin, (883538).		
Collins: W.J.	Weirview, Sunday's Well, Cork. (Cork 24038).		

Cooke: Kenneth. (R.O.R.C. Measurer).	"Salina" Dublin Road, Sutton, Co. Dublin.	Heron. Class B.	
Coe: R.	Craigie, Monasterevan, Co. Kildare.		
Courtney: Ross.	Rossmore, Claremont Rd., Howth, Co. Dublin.	Brynoth.	11.
Coyne: Thos. P.	c/o, 1, Glenvar Park, Blackrock, Co. Dublin. (Overseas).		
Craig: George D.	Belvedere, Harbour Road, Dalkey, Co. Dublin.	Glenariff.	4.
Crosswell: R. Scymour.	Lynton, Dalkey Avenue, Dalkey, Co. Dublin. (83163).		
Crosbie: Commr.	Garrydale, Tivoli, Cork.		
Crosbie: Thos.	Woodlands, Montenotte Cork. (21116).	If.	12.
Crosbie: E.	ditto.		
Cross: T. Fergus.	Montenotte House, Cork.		
Cudmore: F.	Westcourt, College Road, Cork. (23862).	Setanta.	10.
Cudmore: H.	Roseloigh, Western Road, Cork.	Auretta.	7½
Cudmore: H. Jun.	Roseleigh, western Road, Cork.	Cupid.	Cadet.
D'Alton: H.M.A.	Kilda Cottage, Killiney, Co. Dublin.		
Denvir: Joan (Miss)	Mount Bernard, Cobh. Cork.	Emmy.	12' National
Devereux: A.	10, Fleet St., Dublin.		
Dillon: Anthony.	Kilteragh Lodge, Westminster Rd., Foxrock.		
Donnelly: H.	102, Shandon St., Cork.		

Doyle: Thos.F.	Menloo, Blackrock, Co. Cork.	Elsa.	21.
Doyle: Denis N.	Lauriston, Douglas Road, Cork.	Severn.	12.
Duff: John C.	37, West 75th Street, New York 23, U.S.A. (Overseas).	Naomi (P.O.)	5
Duff: Joseph M.	11, Queen's Park, Monkstown, Co. Dublin,	Naomi (P.O.)	5
Elliot: W. Mayne.	Hillsboro, 59, Cromwell Road, Canterbury, Kent. (5679).	Sheena.	(Heron).
Falkiner: Dr. Ninian.	Hollypark, Newtownpark Ave., Blackrock.	Euphanzel.	8.
Fannin: R.N.	200, St. Assam's Ave., Raheny, Co. Dublin.		
Farrell: Austin R.	Dungarvan, Co. Waterford.	Akela.	12.
Faulkner: J. Denis.	Olinda, Craigavad, Co. Down.	Glen Roy. Mervyna.	4. 18.
Faulkner: J.A.	Doon, Cultra, Hollywood, Co. Down.	Nordene.	154.
Fielding: Dr. Raymond J.	11, Alexandra Drive. Liverpool 17.		
Fitzgerald: Jos.	24, Patrick St., Cork. (Cork 20633).		
Flanagan: R.J.	119, Vernon Ave., Clontarf.		
French: Miss. Daphne A.	Pamir Cottage, Dunmore East, Co. Waterford.	Dara.	4.
Fuller: Thos.	Grianan, Skibbereen, Co. Cork. (Skibbereen 6).		
Glover: Walter Ernest.	"Rosamar" Mile Cross. Newtownards, Co. Down.	Tyrena.	12.

Gogarty: Desmond.	27, Laurence Road, Drogheda, Co. Louth.	Venture.	4.
Goodbody: Harold P.	The Glen, Cobh, Co. Cork.	Christina of Carcais.	12
Groer: P.H.	22, Greenfield Road, Sutton, Co. Dublin.	Helen of Howth.	27
Guinness: John Henry.	Coanchor House, Baily, Co. Dublin.		
Hall: R.C.A.	Lisaniska, Monkstown, Co. Cork.	Herber.	14.
Hall: R.A.	Lauriville, Carrigaline, Co. Cork.	Flica.	33.
Hanan: T.J.	Kenmare, Kill Road, Foxrock. (883486)	Rippon.	8
Healy: A.A.	Newtown, Bantry, Co. Cork.		
Harman: S.T.S.	Lichfield, Ballintemple, Co. Cork.	Carina.	4.
Heard: R.D.	Stone Cottage, Claremont Lane, Killiney Hill Road, Co. Dublin. (83709).	Vanja IV.	
Hennessey: Dr. Synge.	Carna, Connemara, Co. Galway.		
Hogarty: Brian.	2, Killeen Terrace, Malahide. Co. Dublin.	Puffin. (Mermaid).	
Hogarty: Dermot.	2, Killeen Terrace, Malahide.	Silver Moon.	17 foot
Holy: Air Commodore A.R. McM. O.B.E.	Traloo, Alexandra Road, Andover, Hants.	Cygnat	9
Henry: F.J. M.B, F.R.C.S.I.	Match Box, Mount Anville Rd. Dundrum, Co. Dublin. (905956).	Jacqueline.	
Henry: George Ross.	ditto.		

Henry: S. Mervyn.	55, Strand Road, Portstewart, Co. Antrim.		
Hicks: Saville O. O.B.E.	Castle House, Cumber, Co. Down.	Grey Seal.	6.
Hilliard: C.	Carrigart, Ballincurric Estate, Douglas, Co. Cork.		
Hollway: Lt.-Col.	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, Aberdeur, Fife, Scotland.	Shearwater (Dinghy).	12'
Irving: John Faulkner.	The Moorings, Harbour Rd. Sandycove, 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.	Rothosay Hotel, 11 Eden Quay, Dublin. (44885).		
Kearney: J.B.	27, Eaton Square, Monkstown, Co. Dublin. (82329).		
Kelly-Rogers, Captain J.C.	Spindrift, Shore Road, Portmarnock, Co. Dublin. (Portmarnock 28).	Matarda.	15.

Kilkelly: Lt.-Col. R.P.	23, Upper Grosvenor Street, London, W.I.		
Kimber: Gurth.	c/o, Mails Branch, Commonwealth Relations Office, Downing St., London S.W.I.	Astrophel.	10.
Kirkham: T.G.	The Meetings, Avoca, Co. Wicklow.		
Knox-Gore: Col.	Pontoon Lodge, Foxford, Co. Mayo.	Arandora.	8.
Lambert: Harold.	31, Willfield Road, Ballsbridge, Dublin.		
Landon: Capt. E.G.	Crannog, Banagher, Offaly.	Sea Bird. (P.O).	4½.
Large: Rd. T.	Rosehill House, Carysfort Ave. Blackrock.	Reveille.	5.
Lee: R.	Beaumont Cottage, Waltham Terr., Blackrock.		
Love: C.	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.
MoAuley: F.D.	44, Fitzwilliam Square, Dublin.		
McCleery: H.	Island Bane, Killinchy, Co. Down.		

McConnell: J.C.	Moytura, Barnhill Rd., Dalkey, Co. Dublin.	Susanna.	9.
McConnell: Mrs. Mary T.	ditto.		
McCull: Malcolm Jury.	47, Earlswood Rd., Belfast.	Lorelei.	
McCormick: W.H.D.	Greencastle, Co. Donegal.	Diane.	4.
McFerran: Keith.	Dangan, Carrickmines, Co. Dublin. (883153).	Huzure. (P.O).	
McGonagle: Liam.	Fingal, Strand Road, Sutton, Co. Dublin.		
McIllwaine: A. Douglas.	Barra, Crawfordsburn, Co. Down.	Nirvana of Arklow.	9
McKechnie: W.G.B.	Rhubeg, Strone, Argyll, Scotland.	C.B. Dinghy.	12 feet.
McKee: Michael.	2, Sandringham Drive, Bangor, N. Ireland	Ente.	4½.
McKinley: F.	Beechfield, Sydney Ave. Blackrock, Co. Dublin.	Carcelle.	6.
McLaverty: Kevin.	30, Deramore Drive, Belfast 9.	Durward.	2.
McLaverty: Colin.	30, Deramore Drive, Belfast 9.	Dauntless.	2.
McMullen: L.	The Dell, Gordon Ave. Foxrock, Co. Dublin.	Rainbow.	6.
McSweeney: E.J.	Glondhu, Mentee Gardens, Blackrock, Cork.		

Macken: J.J.	White House, Dalkey Avenue, Dalkey, Co. Dublin.	Aileen. (Dragon).	3.
McKeown: J.A.	57, Leeson Park, Dublin.	Antoinette. Huff of Arklow.	5. 14.
Madden: Arthur.	Hazeldeane, Marina, Blackrock, Co. 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.		
Martin, F.D.	2, Eaton Brae, Corbawn Lane, Shankill, Co. Dublin.	Adastral (P.O).	8
Masser: A.H.	Edros, Baily, Co. Dublin.	Segura.	22.
Maxwell: Fawcett.	Frascati House, Blackrock, Co. Dublin. (880042).		
Mellon: Douglas.	Thormanby Lodge, Howth. Co. Dublin. (322093).	Spray.	2.
Mellon: D.E. M.D.	8, Fitzwilliam Square, Dublin.	Janet.	12.

Micks: R.H. 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 1a, Decarie Towers, 5757 Decarie Boulevard, Montreal.		
Mitchell: E. Dunsmuir.	Carrowdore Castle, Millisle, Co. Down.	Appolyn. (Int.Dragon).	
Mooney: A.W.	Ardfern, Breffni Road, Sandycove, Co. Dublin.		
Morck: Dr. Peter. (Hon. Sec).	Frankfort Lodge, Merrion Ave. Blackrock, Co. Dublin. (880852).	Twayblade.	9.
Morck: Mrs. Patricia.	ditto.		
Morris: Arthur.	Clonmore, Glebe, Piltown, Co. Kilkenny.	Evarne.	11
Morrison: I.	Spindrift, Carrickbrack Rd. Baily, Co. Dublin.		
Moore: G.B. (Hon. Treas).	18, St. Catherines Park, Glenageary, Co. Dublin. (83152).		
Morehead: R.	Curabinny, Crosshaven, Cork. (Crosshaven 47)	windward.	1 $\frac{1}{2}$.
Montgomery: A.M.	Brocca, North Avenue, Mount Merrion, Dublin.	Rita.	17 ft.

Montgomery: E.J.	78, Northumberland Rd. Dublin.		
Mulhern: Jas. J.	Little Racefield, Tivoli Road, Dun Laoghaire.		
O'Kelly: W.J.	50, Villerea Park, Glenageary, Co. Dublin.		
O'Brien: Eric.	39, Grafton Street, Dublin.	Thumbalina. (Mermaid).	
O'Byrne: Thomas.	Thorndale, Beaumont Park, Ballintemple, Co. Cork.		
O'Ceallaigh: Cormac.	weatheroak, Killiney Road, Killiney, Co. Dublin.	Julia.	5.
O'Connor: Dan J.	Kotor, Vico Terrace, Dalkey, Co. Dublin.		
O'Connor: Dr. M.	58, Fitzwilliam Square, Dublin.		
Odbert: Arthur. R.M.	8, Trafalgar Terrace, Monkstown, Co. Dublin.		
Odlum: Peter D.	The Cottage, 39 Highfield Rd., Rathgar.	Namhara.	10.
O'Donovan: W.J.	Eldorado, Ballintemple, Co. Cork.		
O'Hanlon: Rory H. M.D.	8, St. James' Terrace, Clonskeagh, Dublin. (62080)	Tjaldur.	12.
O'Hanlon: Barbara. Mrs.	ditto.		
O'Keeffe: P.	Ard-na-Greine, Bantry. Co. Cork. (Bantry 33).		

O'Keefe: Ray.	Landscape, Drinagh. Wexford. (Wexford 280).	Mary C. (Mermaid).	
O'Lochlainn: Colm.	109, Fleet Street, Dublin.		
O'Mara: Stephen.	Pembroke House, Blackrock. Co. Dublin.	Fenestra:	8.
Osterberg: Harold.	1, Wilton Place, Dublin. (66705).		
Osterberg: Paul.	40, Bawnmore Road, Belfast 9.		
Park: Mungo.	Corrig Breac, Baily, Howth, Co. Dublin.	. Mermaid.	
Payne: J. Somers.	4, Camden Terrace, Crosshaven, Co. Cork.	Melody.	Nat 18'
Pearson: J.D.	Craig View, Howth, Co. Dublin.		
Petch: John.	Seaview, Kilbriittain, Co. Cork.	Albacore.	
Pierce: Dermot.	126, Harley Street, London.	Alpha.	2.
Pope: A.E.	Victoria Cross, Cork.	Susette.	6.
Purcell: D.J.	3, Marlborough Road, Glenageary, Co. Dublin.		
Riordan: Cashel.	The Paddock, Templelawn, Blackrock Rd., Cork. Cork: 21554 or 22220.	Tern.	5.
Richardson: H.G.	Ventnor, Vico Rd., Dalkey. Co. Dublin. (86518)		

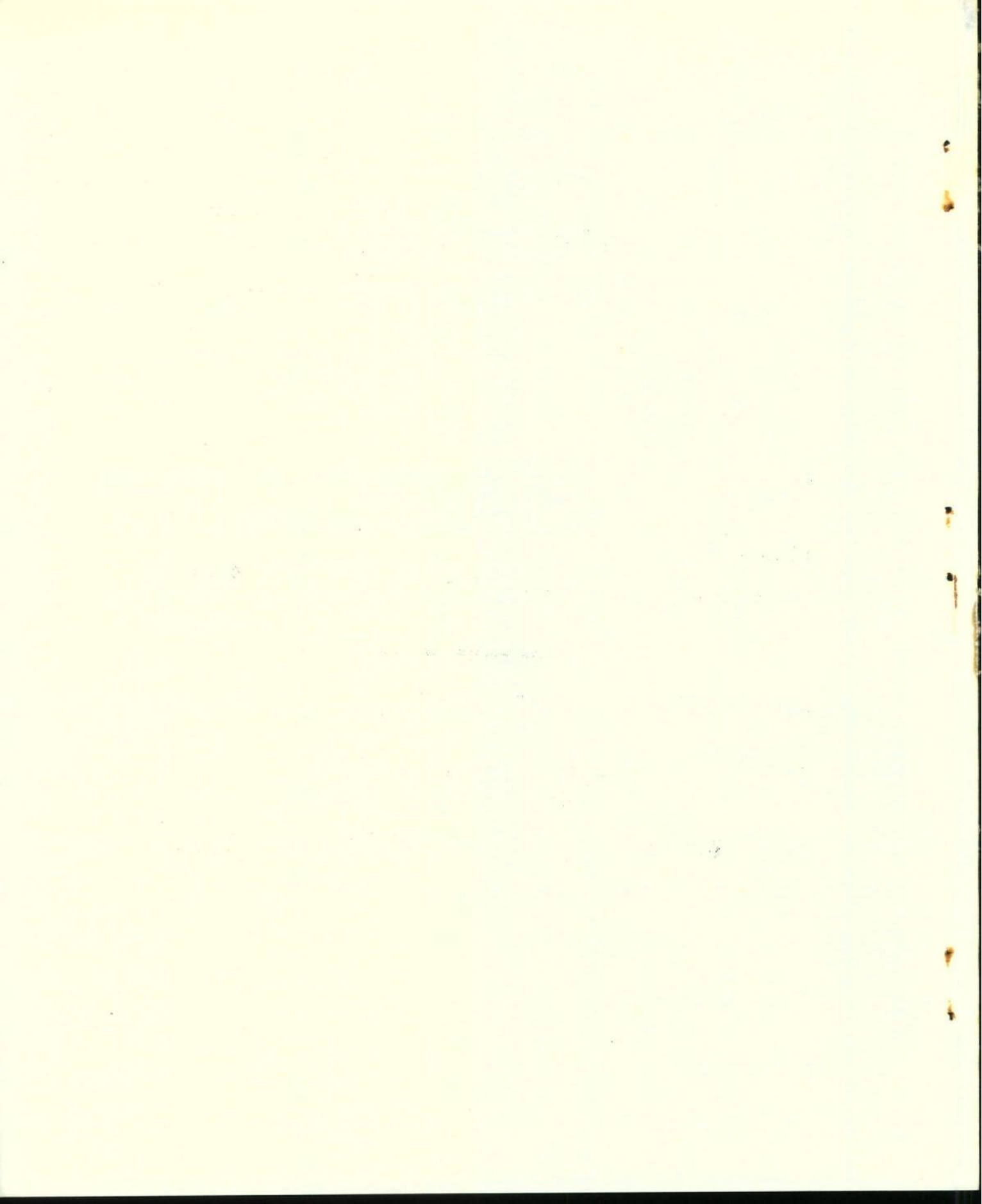
Robinson: Dr. George.	15, Belgrave Square, Monkstown, Co. Dublin.	Whimbrel.	3.
Roche: T.H.	Ros-na-Greine, Avoca Ave., Blackrock, Co. Dublin.	Neon Tetra.	20.
Ronan: J.G.	Cuskinny, Cobh, Co. Cork.		
Rothwell: Richard Myles.	Rosbarnagh, Newport, Co. Mayo.	Foam.	5.
Rowlands: David G.	17, Chlorine Gardens, Belfast.		
Ryan: Eoin.	4, Winton Road, Dublin.		
Ryan: John.	c/o, 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. Liverpool Royal Infirmary, Pembroke Place, Liverpool 3.		
Sheppard: Thos.	8, Sorrento Terrace, Dalkey, Co. Dublin.	Greylag of Arklow.	12
Smiles: Alan.	28, Fifth Ave., Port Washington, New York, U.S.A.		
Smullen: John D.	Glencairn, Charleville Road, Tullamore, Co. Offaly.		
Smyth: Brian T.	117, Malone Ave., Belfast 9.	Wynalda.	10.
Smyth: Lyall G.	Garrynock, Bray Road, Stillorgan, Co. Dublin.	Linte.	6.

Smyth: William A.	117, Malone Ave., Belfast 9.	Wynalda.	10.
Starkey: R.V.	11, Sandford Ave., Marlboro Rd. Donnybrook, Dublin.	Benita.	3.
Stewart: Alan.	14, Rosmeen Gardens, Sandycove.		
Sullivan: C. St.J.	Bellvue, Lr. Mounttown Road, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin.		
Sullivan: D.St.J.	123, Upper Abbey St., Dublin. (44400).	Ada. (S.D). Sprack (S.D). P.O. Capella.	3.
Taylor: W.	20, Norfolk Rd., Edgbaston, Birmingham 15.		
Thompson: C.H.	24, Waltham Terrace, Blackrock, Co. Dublin. (880198).		
Thompson: Samuel F.	Windyridge, Rochestown Rd., Cork.		
Tierney: John.	Amalfi, Eglinton Rd., Donnybrook.		
Tomlinson: Michael.	Elmleigh, Neston, Wirral, Cheshire.	Pellegrina.	12.
Tweedy: Dr. Ernest.	Everton, Strand Road, Sutton. Co. Dublin.	Rosalind.	7.
Tyrrell: John.	56, Ferrybank, Arklow.		
Villiers-Stuart: M.F..	Longside, Greenisland, Co. Antrim.	Winifred.	13.
Villiers-Stuart: J.M.F.I.	Remville Hall, Oranmore, Co. Galway.	Carrigwen.	11.
Wall: R. Morris.	Melbeach, Monkstown, Co. Dublin.	Vandra.	8.
Walsh: R.T.	65, Merrion Road, Dublin.	Firedrake. (Dragon).	3.

Watson: Neil.	Shandon, Crosthwaite Park S., Dun Laoghaire.		505.
Watson: Richard.	Newtownmore, Grove Road, Malahide, Co. Dublin.	Mermaid.	
Wilkinson: J. Norman.	Glenhedr, Howth, Co. Dublin.	Leila. (D.B. 17 ft).	
Wilson: T.G. M.B., F.R.C.S.I.	3, Fitzwilliam Square, Dublin.	Harmony.	8.
Wolfe: John M.	Robs Walls, Malahide, Co. Dublin.	Kyrenia.	5.
Wylde: A.L. Commander.	South Shore, Sheridan Drive, Helen's Bay, Co. Down.	Sula's Wing.	5.
Wood Wolfe: C.F.W.	Bridge House, Skibbereen, Co. Cork.		
Workman: J.R.	53, Malone Park, Belfast.	Ceara.	8.

- Honorary Members -

Cree: Donal C.L.	Pinehurst, Aviary Road, Pyreford, Working.	Gulnare.	9.
Paul: Alan H.	Royal Ocean Racing Club, 20, St. James' s Street, London, S.W.I.		
Barton: Humphrey.	4, Quay Hill, Lymington, Hants.	Rose of York.	12



Port Information Sheet

Members: M.M.A. d'Alton
Yacht: "Euphanzel"
Date: As at June, 1951.

1. Place port or anchorage.
Torshavn.
Latitude: 62-00 N.
Longitude: 06.45 W.
2. Description of Port. (Relevant to Yachtsman).
Main Harbour of the Faeroes a large fine one, with breakwater and quays.
3. Approaches (Directions, dangers, marks, buoys, tides etc.)
Easy approach if shore given fair berth; the tides in Nolso Fjord rather tortuous. See North Sea Pilot Part 1 and charts 117, 3557 and 1344 (tides).
4. Anchorage and berths. (Depths, holding ground, landing facilities.)
Mooring buoys in the harbour low quay on east side of Vertue Vaag, most convenient, almost in centre of town. Little rise and fall max. 2 ft.
5. Local facilities. (Water stores etc.)
Water tap on quay shops Seaman's Institute - very fine - almost beside quay.
6. Local amenities. (Yacht clubs, Port authorities etc.)
No Yacht Club. Ship yard at S.W. of Vertue Vaag. 2 large modern hotels convenient to quay.
7. Description of surroundings. (Places of interest, buses, trains etc.)
Intriguing place built up on a hill around the two arms of the harbour; streets haphazard houses colourful - some with grass roofs.
8. Other Information. (Anything else of interest to Yachtsmen)
No pubs - but locals allowed to import liquor.
No public transport on land, but taxis available.
Famous Bishops' House and Cathedral at Kirkjubous, about 6 miles.
9. Plans, sketches and photographs. (attach on separate sheet)

NOTE.

A small number of these sheets are held by the Hon Librarian. The above is included to illustrate the type of thing we would like the Members to submit.

