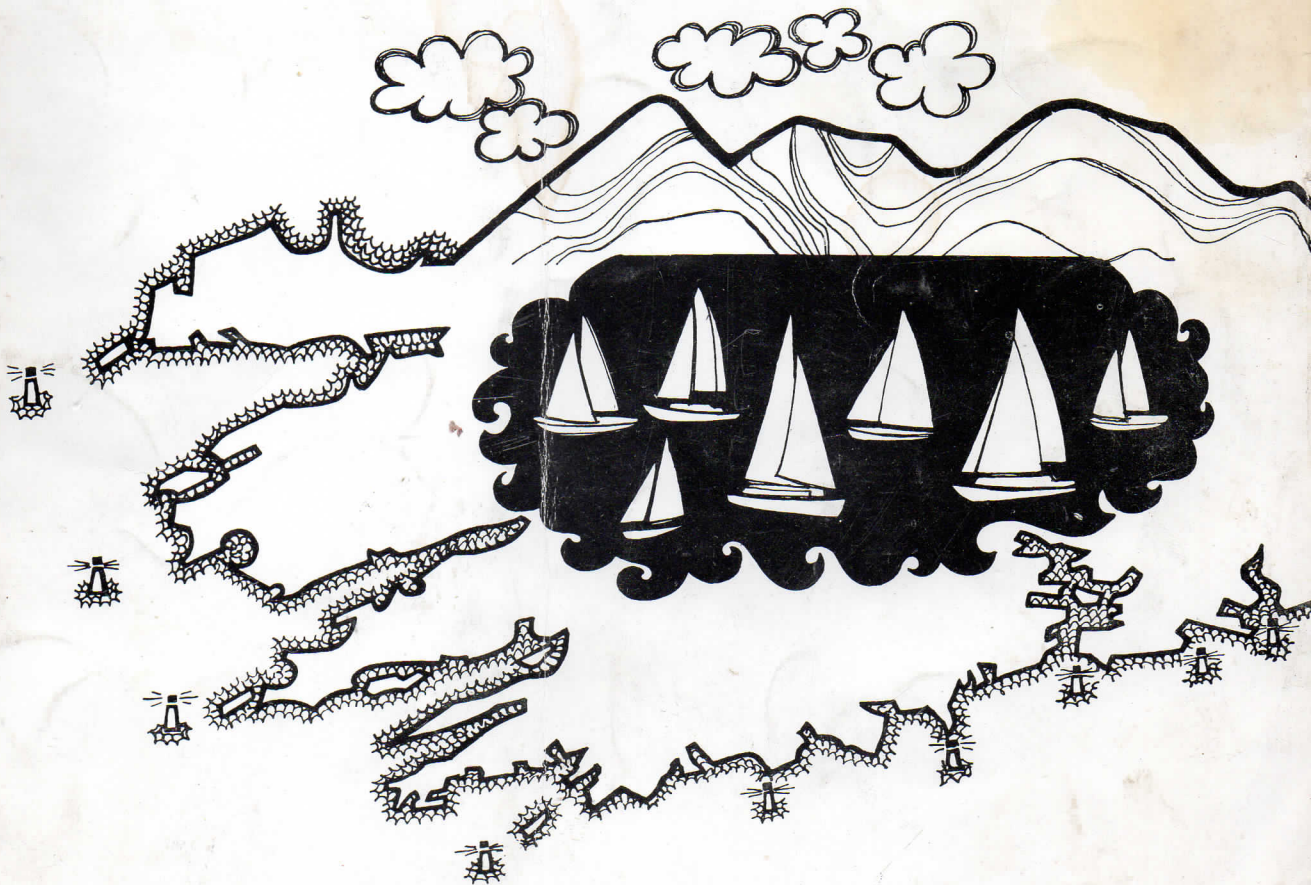




IRISH CRUISING CLUB

Souvenir of the 1969 joint cruise
RCYC · CCA · RCC · ICC



THE WEEK AT CROSSHAVEN

R. L. Berridge

Many members could not take part in the cruise or only joined in after we had left Crosshaven so a few words on the scene there may be welcome since it was quite a unique occasion. By the Saturday evening, July 5th, the new pontoon at the R.C.Y.C. was finished, almost, and the launches, speedboat ferries, moorings and services organised and a practice run was planned for that evening with dinner and dancing in the marquee. Then word came from Valentia Radio that *Ondine* had passed the Fastnet and was expected to finish that afternoon. Yachts put out to meet her and in a light, following breeze and brilliant sunshine she crossed the line at the Daunt L.V. to average 9.1 knots for the race. She was escorted into the river by a big fleet, after a short period aground it being dead low water, and the practice became reality and we were off. Later that evening *Kiaola II* finished to save her time by 40 odd minutes, followed in the small hours of the night by *American Eagle* in third place.

The wind dropped and there was a long gap till the next batch of Class A boats came in on Tuesday. From then on the moorings filled up, racers and cruisers came in, visitors from the R.C.C. and I.C.C., for the cruise and just visitors. Somehow, best known to himself, the berthing master Johnny Minchin and Tom O'Byrne fitted them all in and attended to all their wants. The club was a hive of activity, the sun shone and the winds were light. The pontoon proved its worth as ferries shot up and down the river and punts came in alongside and yachts to complete with stores and water. The speedboat ferries weaved in and out incredibly avoiding disaster. The travel agents did a roaring trade and the telephones were never out of action. The Americans discovered "Paddy".

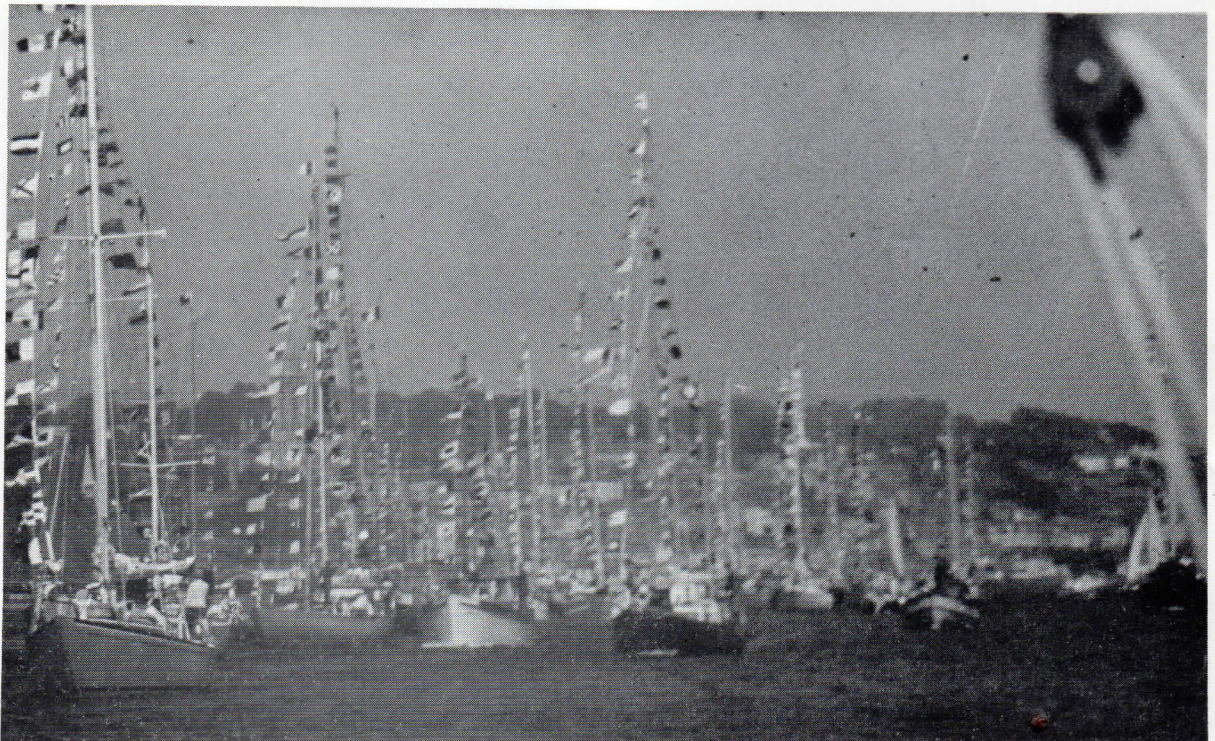
As the week passed and more yachts finished the pattern of results in the race became clearer. With anticyclonic winds reaching far out into the Atlantic the first boats home easily retained their lead. At one time we even wondered would they all be in before the prizegiving on Saturday evening July 12th. As things turned out *Agisymba*, the limit boat from California, made it on Saturday morning and saved her time to gain third place in Class C. Prominent among all these fine yachts was the green hull of *Helen of Howth* the only Irish entry and we must congratulate Perry and his crew on the very stout effort they made.

Warning was given to the club from the Daunt L.V. by radio through the Air Sea Rescue Coordination centre at Haulbowline as each yacht finished, thus enabling her to be met, day or night, and piloted into the river and to her berth and her wants immediately attended to. In one case something slipped up and of course it had to be *Dyna*, Commodore Clayton Ewing, C.C.A. who slipped into the river unheralded on Tuesday evening. Luckily we were able to catch up fast. The cruising yachts arrived in the river with no prior notice but were soon spotted and brought to their moorings. The I.C.C. members made it their special job to look after them.

By the week-end Crosshaven had never seen such a brave sight. From Drake's Pool to the river mouth every mooring was occupied and some yachts were rafted up. The continual movement of ferries, dinghies, Cadets racing, yachts underway under power and sail, and the crowded yacht club, lawn and pontoon gave the scene life and colour. On the Sunday



Cork Harbour Cruise as seen by participants.





Above. Clayton Love, (R) Admiral R.C.Y.C. in *Killala*. Cork Harbour Cruise.
Below. *Sonata*, *Integrity* and *Sule Skerry*. (Photo. *Cork Examiner*)



the flags went up as yachts dressed overall and in the afternoon the wonderful review of 100 yachts all around Cork Harbour took place, a sight we shall probably never see again. For months we had planned for this and it proved indeed worth while.

* * *

A DIARY OF THE 1969 CRUISE IN COMPANY

by a Member

Saturday, July 12th, 1969.

We arrived at Cork harbour in thick fog. We had been sunbathing all the way from Kinsale and thought this a poor welcome until a highly efficient and speedy launch contacted us and guided us safely into the Crosshaven river, where the fog cleared. What a sight met us! A staggering collection of yachts – American, Italian, Argentine, British, Irish, Canadian, Finnish, South African, moored bow and stern all the way up the river. Just as we had tied up in one of the few vacant spaces, an American voice ‘Say, kind sir, we seem to be in a spot of trouble here – you are in the place we were put yesterday.’ But when there were four boats rafted alongside us half an hour later, two Irish, one British and the American, we realised this was what we came for and the party was about to begin. No trouble.

In the evening we went to the prizegiving ceremony in the City Hall in Cork, and began to meet the Americans who had raced across the Atlantic, the R.C.C. contingent who were collecting and a wide assortment of I.C.C. and Royal Cork members. The programme for the evening was prizegiving followed by eating and drinking followed by dancing. It was the end of the Transatlantic Race and the beginning of the Cruise in Company, Clayton Love, as Admiral of the Royal Cork Yacht Club was in command and it was quite a night. The Taoiseach honoured the occasion with his presence and seemed to be enjoying himself tremendously. The band was terrific (provided you didn’t want to talk), the variety of dress of the American girls was very exciting, and by midnight the Town Hall was rocking to its roots to the Holy Ground. Other memories of that evening were: travelling back to Crosshaven sharing the boot of a car with Ann Worth; later on listening to an Admiral (a real one) singing some extremely nautical ditties under the cabin lamp; and nearer dawn than midnight, as we turned in, a continuous whistling and hollering by crew members trying to get a ferry to their boats.

Sunday, July 13th. The Inaugural Ceremony

Sailing instructions were as follows:-

CORK HARBOUR CRUISE

To mark the start of our celebrations the R.C.Y.C. accompanied by yachts of the combined club fleets assembled at Crosshaven will re-enact some of the original fleet exercises as carried out in 1720 and subsequent years. In these days the fleet was limited to 25 yachts and drill was carried out under sail. With a possible fleet of 60 or 70 yachts and the immense difference in size and speed, it is feared that chaos would ensue if the cruise was carried out under sail. So, sad to say, yachts

will proceed under power.

Morning. Crosshaven. Yachts will dress overall where possible.

1430 hours.

Crosshaven. The Admiral on board *Killala* will slip moorings, hoist foresail and fire one gun. The fleet will prepare to get underway.

1435 hours.

The Admiral will proceed down the river and will strike his ensign and hoist a red flag to starboard crosstrees and fire one gun from each quarter. The fleet will get underway and proceed independently to a rendezvous off Dognose Buoy.

Dognose Buoy.

The Admiral will strike his red flag, hoist his ensign and fire one gun. The fleet will take station in two lines astern. The following order will be observed.

Killala — Admiral R.C.Y.C.

Port Quarter

Black Cygnet. Commodore R.C.C.

Antilles. Commodore N.Y.Y.C.

Visiting Commodore

Starboard Quarter

Dyna, Commodore C.C.A.

Zest. Commodore I.C.C.

Arvor III. M. F. Ouvre, Y.C. de France.

remainder of the fleet—

Auretta, Vice-Admiral R.C.Y.C. will bring up the rear. *Moonduster.* Rear Admiral R.C.Y.C. will accompany the fleet under sail. If he should get ahead of the Admiral he will be fined a bumper. The Admiral will lead the fleet under power up the main channel to the Spit Light.

Spit Light.

The admiral will hoist Dutch Colours to his starboard spreader and fire one gun from each quarter. The fleet will give chase, e.g., form single line astern, and will cruise past Haulbowline Island and into Monkstown Bay.

Haulbowline Island.

On passing the Battery on Haulbowline, the original site of the battery and clubhouse of the R.C.Y.C. the fleet will dip ensigns. The battery will reply by hoisting a signal to wish long life and success to the R.C.Y.C. On receipt of this all yachts will drink a toast to the R.C.Y.C. In the event of an Irish Naval Vessel being lying alongside, yachts will dip ensigns to her.

Monkstown Bay.

The Admiral will haul down his Dutch Colours and fire one gun. The fleet will reform in two lines astern and the Admiral will lead the fleet abreast Cork Verolme Dockyard and turn to port past Monkstown Pier, round Monkstown Bay and return down the main channel.

The Admiral will hoist the following signals at this stage—

Red Flag at Starboard Crosstrees. Yachts may toast their own clubs.

Dutch Colours and Red Flag at Starboard crosstrees. The members of the R.C.Y.C.



Above. The old club-house of the R.C.Y.C. at Cobh.
Below. Cork Harbour Cruise, passing Haulbowline. The Hon. Secretary's *Shortwave*.





Above. Part of the fleet in Castlehaven.
Below. Dr. Clowes at the helm of *Shearwater*, arriving in Adrigole.



will toast their honoured and distinguished guests for their part in assisting the R.C.Y.C. to commence their 1970 celebrations.

One Gun and Red Flag at Starboard crosstrees. Skippers will toast their crews and crews their skippers, if still on speaking terms after the North Atlantic. Yachts will lower their dressed overall flags.

Two Guns and Lower Red Flag. Yachts will make sail and proceed to Crosshaven independently.

Early morning fog in the river cleared by midday. Much effort and ingenuity went into dressing yachts overall and we got under way at 1430. Crept down the crowded river dead slow and formed a long column astern of *Killala*, *Zest* and *Dyna*. The sight of about a hundred yachts, fully dressed, motoring slowly across the harbour is never to be forgotten. The magnificent schooner *Integrity* was the showpiece and everyone made sure to keep clear of her bowsprit. At the Dognose as we gathered confidence and speed, helmsmen began to get a little harassed by the rush of bow waves all around. The Finnish boat *Runn* hoisted a huge blue-crossed spinnaker, presumably giving her right of way over the rest of the fleet?

Around the Spit Bank buoy and up the Cobh Road the formalities of the occasion commenced. The battery beside the old premises of the Royal Cork Yacht Club fired salutes, the bells of the Cathedral played Auld Lang Syne and the yachts replied with every sort of audible and visible signal to hand. Parachute flares, whistles, sirens, guns, hooters – the lot.

The sailing instructions were very explicit on the recommended procedure, at this point, of drinking toasts. They were not quite so explicit about what to do when the whole fleet wheeled to port off Monkstown in the middle of Monkstown regatta. Some of the hard racing crews looked a bit disconsolate as they picked their way through the melee, but it seemed to be quite accepted that the procession had absolute right of way over everyone. It was a tribute to the concentration and seamanship of all helmsmen that such an unpractised and unusual manoeuvre was carried out with only one contretemps, but a pity that the one damaged was the naval yacht from Italy, *Stella Polare*.

The old Royal Cork Yacht Club building looked deserted and sad as we went back past it, undressing ship and hoisting sails. The fog came down again just as we got into the Crosshaven river. We could have saved our breath apologising to the East Coast Americans about such unusual and inclement weather – they seem to be well acclimatized to fog.

Monday, July 14th

The Commodore's *Zest* was one of the casualties evident this morning. She broke her propellor shaft while towing *Moonduster* and was dried out alongside the pier for repair. It turned out nothing could be done, and she completed the cruise without a motor. There was a steady stream of yachts heading for Kinsale from Crosshaven and they had a warm day with a gentle breeze. Life was good on our boat after a magnificent lunch, coffee and brandy until the owner's wife discovered that the 'little black boat' overtaking us so fast was *not* using her engine. Suddenly the poor crew were rushing about the foredeck changing this and adjusting that. Cruise in company, my foot! It turned out that the 'little black boat' was *Blithe Spirit*, a new 45-ft. Sparkman and Stephens glass fibre creation in Class 1. Appearances can be deceptive at sea.

Although no formal party had been arranged for the evening, the Kinsale Yacht Club was 'At Home' to visitors, and a lot of the fleet came into Kinsale. The Club was well patron-

ized and many crews tried the cuisine of the Kinsale hotels as a change from galley grub. A calm foggy evening. Masthead lights on yachts all around looked like weird heavenly bodies. *Adele*, C.C.A., was alongside us and crewman Jock Kiley had a chat on the radio with someone in his home town 2,700 miles away. It all seemed rather strange.

Tuesday, July 15th.

'Rebuilt the engine twice on the way down and it still won't go' was Rynn Stewart's explanation as *Harmony* sailed into Kinsale just as we were leaving.

It was a grand sailing day and although many of the boats went around to Castletownshend to be there for the party on Wednesday, we were one of twenty-six moored off the pier at Unionhall this evening.

As we sailed in at 1330 we admired *Phalarope* going out under shortened sail and bouncing gracefully on the mud as she tacked.

It was as well that the wind dropped in the evening, because this fleet of yachts moored haphazard at Unionhall could become a glorious tangle in a blow. As it was, the boats ranged about quietly with the tide and faint breeze and there was a lot of coming and going of crews between boats for eats and drinks – just what a cruise in company should be.

Wednesday, July 16th. The Day of the Cocktail Party at Castletownshend.

We had all day to get from Unionhall to Castletownshend by sea, and several shore parties set off from the yachts to make the journey overland on foot, but first we had to get the boat spic and span for a visit by Ralph Swann, R.C.C. Commodore. After a short, sharp sail we got into Castletownshend and found an unbelievable number of yachts already there. We anchored well clear, and from accounts we heard later, were fortunate to have done so.

This cocktail party was given in the beautiful grounds of Brigadier Desmond Somerville's house overlooking the harbour. A more perfect setting for such a party would be difficult to find and it was a calm sunny evening. How do you describe a really wonderful cocktail party? There seemed to be endless supplies of drinks and delicious eats in a marquee at one end of the lawn. At the other end of the lawn a low wall over which you looked out to sea and in the foreground the expanse of Castletownshend harbour with ninety-two yachts lying at anchor. All over the large lawn, the entire assembly of the Cruise in Company gathered, for the first time in their full shore-going rig. It was a memorable occasion indeed.

Thursday, July 17th.

There were fourteen yachts moored in Barloge at lunch time this day! Two rafts of five each and the others lying separately. We might have fitted a few more, but you normally think that Barloge is crowded if there are more than two boats in it, so it was as well that more of the fleet in Castletownshend didn't sail around, as we did, in the morning.

Hot, sunbathing weather and we felt quite proud to be showing our visitors this lovely spot. Various trips up to Lough Hyne in dinghies and a good deal of visiting between boats. A happy gathering. In the evening the whole fleet had scattered to various anchorages all around Roaringwater Bay.

Friday, July 18th. The Day of the C.C.A. Cocktail Party at Schull.

A fresh blow from the south this morning and anyone who was not already at Schull had a lively sail around. Eric Healy had heard that several of the visitors were interested to see over *Asgard* and he had a tea party thirty strong, mostly Americans.



Above. Party afloat.

Below. On Castle I., Long Island Sound: Nick Frederickson C.C.A., John Power R.C.C. Elizabeth Sandford, Mungo Park, Jock Kiley C.C.A, Bunny Burnes C.C.A. Sitting: Anthony and John Guinness.





Part of the fleet - above at Schull, below at Glengariff.



Rain all day and the wind stayed fresh in the south. But the weather did nothing to damp the spirits of the C.C.A. cocktail party held in the garden at the back of Barnett's Hotel. The Americans had brought over two small barrells of best Barbados Rum, one for I.C.C. and one for R.C.C., and these were immediately broached, adding immense impetus to the party. The barrells were beautifully bound with brass and carried an inscription commemorating the occasion. After the cocktail party, a really excellent buffet supper in an adjoining tent. The Americans were acting host with great vigour and this was the evening that many of us became acquainted with the visitors in whose company we had been sailing all week. It was astonishing for example, to find that John Hutchinson and his wife and daughter had sailed *Agisymba* from California through the Panama Canal and up the East coast to the start of the Transatlantic Race.

Later on this evening O'Keefe's pub seemed to be the centre of the action with a lot of staunch cruising people chatting and drinking in the courtyard (still raining) simply because it was physically impossible to get inside. Later still, the weekly Friday night dance in the Schull town hall was invaded. Whether the locals appreciated us or not may never be known but they made us welcome and we had a mad musical scrummage. It was great to get out again and let the rain cool you off!

Saturday, July 19th

Some of the boats went around the Mizen into Bantry Bay this day and got a bumping on the way but there was a good gathering at Crookhaven in the evening.

At lunchtime there was a small fleet lying off Mungo Park's Castle Island – *Rob Roy*, *Adele*, *Pennyroyal*, *Sule Skerry* and, of course, *Kitugani*. One picture that very few people saw was the Admiral of the Royal Cork sailing his 505 dinghy across Roaringwater Bay away from the cruising festivities and towards the Dinghy Championships at Baltimore.

It was nearly dark when we reached Crookhaven but we had time to join the crowd in the pub before a young Garda rather nervously took it on himself to call a halt. But it had obviously been a good evening and it was not without reason that a good luck telegram to one of the Fastnet Race competitors included the advice.....“don't stop at O'Sullivan's”.

Sunday, July 20th

Admiral Fisher in *Fresh Breeze* was feeling his way towards the Mizen in thick fog this morning having sailed from Coruna to join the cruise in company. Suddenly the fog lifted and he found himself just off the Mizen in the middle of thirty yachts. He told us afterwards what a moving experience it was for him.

There was a large gathering in Bearhaven this evening and Humphrey Simpson gave a 17th birthday party for his daughter on *Kittiwake*. During the party the news of a successful touch-down on the moon by Apollo 11 came through and caused great excitement and hooting of sirens.

There was also a memorable impromptu party in Adrigole. The mist was down on Hungry Hill and the five rafted yachts were deep in the water, laden with the crews of some twenty others. As if it had been stage-managed, at the height of the party, into the harbour sailed *Shearwater* straight from America. What excitement! She is a regular sparring partner of *Adele's* in home waters and had been dismasted shortly after the start of the Transatlantic Race. Back for a new mast and straight across to Adrigole. How did he know we were in Adrigole?

Monday, July 21st. The day of the I.C.C. party.

At 0800 we got the exciting news that the Apollo men had been out for a walk on the moon and were back resting in their capsule. Stimulating, frightening, and a long way from Adrigole harbour.

The fleet at Glengarriff was dressed overall in honour of the moon men, as we sailed in this afternoon, and made a wonderful picture, tucked in against the wooded shores. Mist and drizzle all evening, but everyone in good spirits on account of the party on beautiful Garnish Island. Sad though, in retrospect, that the weather did not permit us to sit around the formal pool or loiter on the well-tended paths of this unique botanic garden, instead of shuttling between the bar in the Italian pavilion and the supper tent on the lawn. But the private setting, good company and good victuals easily made up for the steady precipitation and persistent midges. Our Commodore in making a presentation to Clayton Ewing referred to the coincidence of two unprecedented landings by his compatriots - two space-men on the moon and two hundred yachtsmen on Garnish - on that unique, happy and ever-memorable day.

Tuesday, July 22nd

There were not many early risers but sooner or later we all had to face a slightly damp thrash out of Bantry Bay. Some went on to foregather in Derrynane but many settled for Castletownbere or Dunboy Here there was much visiting between yachts, the evening being calm and dry.

Wednesday, July 23rd

The day dawned clear and still. The boats in Dunboy harbour made a wonderful picture. Some of the crew men had been sleeping in the open by a fire at the ruins of the old Dunboy Castle. Fifty yachts (and six trawlers) were counted going through Dursey Sound this day and most of them bore away for a glorious run up the Kenmare River to Parknasilla. We did this, but went instead to Kilmakilloge where we were quite alone in the evening. Some reached across to join the party at Derrynane where many pounds of lobster were washed down by many bottles of wine.

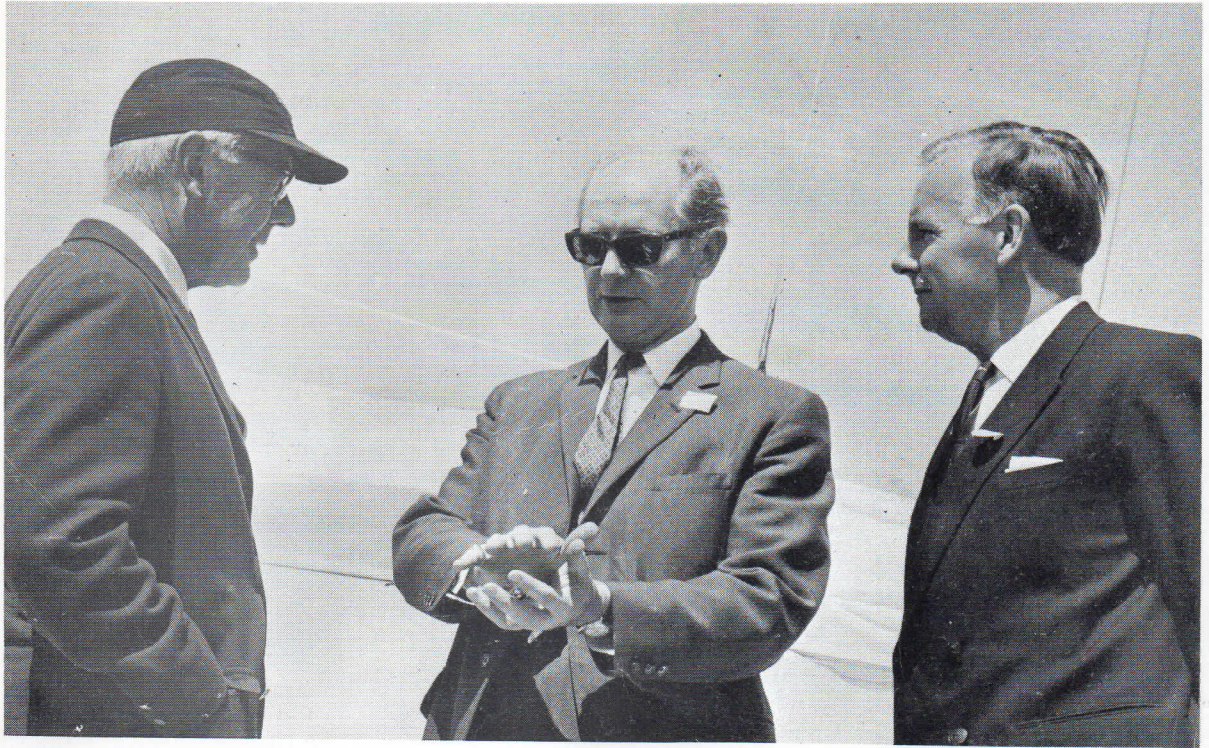
Admiral Morrice McMullen took a number of American skippers to fish at his old home at Waterville during the day and they were entertained royally by Jack Mulcahy in the evening. A giant lobster had been bought and cooked as a present for *Adele*, and Bunny Burns returning to his boat from Waterville in good form let out a fearful roar at finding such a terrible beast in his ice box.

Thursday, July 24th

The Last Party

We had gone mountain climbing in the morning to condition ourselves for the R.C.C. party, but our mountain looked puny when we saw it beside its brothers having sailed across the Kenmare River. The whole fleet was anchored close together in the 'bag' at Sneem when we arrived. *Helen of Howth* had been deserted by her racing crew at this stage, but was ably manned by Dick Watson, wife Pat and daughter (in pram on foredeck).

The R.C.C. party was an outstanding success. It was held on the sunken lawn beside the Parknasilla Hotel, a marquee at each end and between them a huge table burdened with a really impressive display of food. The approach was down a flight of stone steps at the foot of which the R.C.C. flag officers greeted each guest. Expert organisation, born of years and



Above. Clayton Ewing - Commodore C.C.A., Jack Lynch Taoiseach and Dennis Faulkner, Commodore I.C.C. (*Photo. Cork Examiner*)

Below. John Guinness, Rear-Commodore I.C.C. carving the joint.





Two views of the impromptu party at Adrigole.



years of practice was combined with generous co-operation by the Parknasilla Hotel (thanks to Frank Lemass and Tommy Hogan) to give everyone a wonderful time. For a start it was blessed with a beautiful evening. We all realised that this was the scattering. We were making the most of it, confirming friendships and making tentative plans for cruises in future years. We broke up at a late hour wishing one another "fair wind home", "Good luck in the Fastnet" or "Come again soon".

After Parknasilla, the yachts went their various ways. A hard southerly blow on Friday forced several back into Sneem but Pierre du Pont bashed through Dursey Sound in his chartered *Christmas Rose*. John Guinness headed north, sailing virtually non-stop to Howth, and Peter Odlum in *Rinamara* followed him up the west coast at a more leisurely pace.

During the following week almost every south coast anchorage contained remnants of the Cruise, quietly recuperating and heading for home. It had been a great success. A nice balance of activity ashore and afloat, a healthy mixture of good and bad weather and a magnificent cruising ground.

List of yachts participating in the Cruise in Company, giving overall length, rig and name of owner (or charterer).

IRISH CRUISING CLUB

| | | |
|------------------------|------------|--------------------------|
| Acari | 37' sloop | W. P. Mosse |
| Aisling of Arklow | 36' ketch | J. Tyrrell |
| Anne Again | 29' sloop | R. B. Cudmore |
| Auretta | 33' sloop | H. Cudmore |
| Casquet | 36' yawl | P. Donegan |
| China Bird | 38' cutter | H. P. Beck |
| Diane II | 22' sloop | W. H. D. McCormick |
| Emanuel | 27' sloop | D. Luke |
| Finola | 36' sloop | B. Dalton |
| Fionnuala | 42' sloop | R. Courtney |
| Gay Gannet | 28' sloop | J. M. Wolfe |
| Gigha | 28' sloop | Dr. R. J. Fielding |
| Helen of Howth R.C.C. | 53' yawl | Mr. & Mrs. R. Watson |
| Huntress | 25' sloop | P. A. Dineen |
| Jaynor | 42' sloop | I. Selig |
| Killala R.C.C. | 41' ketch | Col. R. L. Berridge |
| Kitugani | 35' sloop | M. Park |
| Laputa R.C.C. | 43' cutter | G. Kimber |
| Marie Victoire | 40' cutter | E. P. Sutton |
| Marula | 36' sloop | J. C. McConnell |
| Namhara | 41' sloop | M. O'Flaherty |
| Phalarope (see C.C.A.) | 40' yawl | Prof. J. Kinmonth (P.O.) |
| Rinamara | 48' yawl | P. D. Odlum |
| Segura | 43' sloop | A. H. Masser |
| Shortwave | 32' sloop | A. Dunn |

| | | |
|----------------------------|------------|-----------------------------------|
| Silver Wing | 34' sloop | A. Daly |
| Sinloo of Arklow | 31' sloop | R. de Quincey |
| Sonata | 52' sloop | C. Doyle |
| Sula's Wing | 25' sloop | Cdr. A. Wyld |
| Sule Skerry R.C.C. | 43' yawl | J.H. Guinness (Rear-Commodore) |
| Tjaldur R.C.C. | 39' sloop | Dr. R. H. O'Hanlon |
| Tumbelina | 38' sloop | D. Daly |
| Vandara of Arklow | 36' ketch | P. Clark |
| Whill | 31' power | H. P. Goodbody |
| Wild Goose of Moyle R.C.C. | 36' cutter | H. W. S. Clark |
| Wynalda | 33' sloop | B. T. Smyth |
| Zest | 50' sloop | J. D. Faulkner (Commodore) |

CRUISING CLUB OF AMERICA

| | | |
|------------------------|--------------|-------------------------------|
| Adele | 45' yawl | Capt. R. M. Burnes |
| Agisymba | 35' sloop | Capt. J. M. Hutchinson |
| Antilles | 50' ketch | Capt. P. Chubb II |
| Blithe Spirit | 45' sloop | Capt. F. Morse |
| Carina | 48' sloop | Capt. Richard S. Nye |
| Christmas Rose I | 38' sloop | Capt. Pierre S. du Pont II |
| Christmas Rose II | 30' sloop | Capt. W. P. Carl |
| Dyna | 52' sloop | Commodore Clayton Ewing |
| Elske | 47' yawl | Capt. A. J. Wullscheger |
| Evian | 45' sloop | Capt. Charles Ullman |
| Foolscap | 47' yawl | Capt. Arthur E. Hanson |
| Integrity | 60' schooner | Capt. Arthur W. Herrington |
| Jacques Coer | 30' sloop | Capt. William Brewer Jnr. |
| Katama | 42' sloop | Capt. Fred Adams |
| Katrina | 35' yawl | Dr. Hans Rozendaal |
| Kialoa II | 73' yawl | Capt. John B. Kilroy |
| Kishiya | | Capt. W. Mason Smith |
| Kittiwake | 47' yawl | Capt. Humphrey B. Simson |
| Kytea II | | Capt. Guy U. Goodbody |
| Maureen Mhor | power | Capt. E. C. Endt |
| Phalarope (see I.C.C.) | 40' yawl | Dr. Richard Warren (P.O.) |
| Premise | 35' yawl | Capt. Robert Ager |

| | | |
|------------|-----------|--------------------------|
| Runn | 43' sloop | Capt. Michael Berner |
| Shearwater | 47' yawl | Dr. George H. Clowes Jr. |
| Stormy | 57' ketch | Capt. C. Bruynzeel |
| Tavit | 80' power | Capt. C. P. Shutt |
| Xanadu II | 47' yawl | Capt. E. Bates McKee |

ROYAL CRUISING CLUB

| | | |
|--------------------|------------|---------------------------------------|
| Alexa | 30' cutter | Capt. C. McMullen (Vice-Commodore) |
| Amadea II | 42' yawl | N. Brown |
| Ar-Men | 29' sloop | A. Garrett |
| Betty | 26' yawl | M. Richardson |
| Black Cygnet | 30' sloop | F.R.H. Swann (Commodore) |
| Caromy | 35' sloop | P.C. Kennerly |
| Chal | 31' cutter | P. McG. Corsar |
| Easter | 35' sloop | Dr. J. Ives |
| Fifer Filly | 33' ketch | J.E.M. Ayoub |
| Fresh Breeze | 48' ketch | Admiral R.L. Fisher |
| Ismana | | J. Russell |
| Margaret Catchpole | 31' ketch | C.Pritchard-Barrett (P.O.) |
| Marinda | 35' yawl | Air Vice-Marshal J. Marson |
| Monica | 38' sloop | N.R. Bailhache |
| Morva | 56' sloop | Col. L. H. Landon |
| Nausikaa | 32' sloop | Dr. P.E.G. Burnett |
| Pennyroyal | 35' sloop | J. D. Power |
| Pym | 37' sloop | Dr. J.C.S. Holmes |
| Ramrod | 45' cutter | U. Stephenson |
| Raumati | 25' sloop | D. Beswick |
| Rob Roy MacGregor | 33' cutter | C. Power |
| Sally Forth | 46' sloop | Dr. Gould |
| September Song | 40' sloop | D. P. Kayll |
| Star Gazer | 36' sloop | C.R.N. Bishop |
| Swanilda | 42' sloop | J. H. Trafford |
| Wei-Hai | 28' cutter | Air Com. B.R. Macnamara |
| Wimbo | 43' sloop | G. P. Clay |

ROYAL CORK YACHT CLUB

| | | |
|----------------------|-------|--------------------------------------|
| Asgard (Guest yacht) | ketch | Coiste an Asgard (Capt. G. Healy) |
|----------------------|-------|--------------------------------------|

| | | |
|---------------|-----------|-------------|
| Happy Morning | 30' sloop | D. O'Hanlon |
| Martell | 36' sloop | J. Goor |
| Sarnia | 36' sloop | J. Sisk |
| Vivi | sloop | B. Murphy |
| Whooper | 40' sloop | C. Fox |

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CRUISE IN COMPANY

by R. L. Berridge

How it all started and those who made it work.

A cruise in company was a new concept in Ireland which made one wonder how acceptable it would be to our members. It originated in a roundabout way. The R.C.Y.C. had a Trans-Atlantic race as top priority in their 250th anniversary celebrations. Translating this into practice proved more difficult than expected owing to the two-year cycle of Fastnet and Bermuda races, 1970 was the wrong year. It was not till the C.C.A. suggested jumping the gun by one year and also took the unusual step of agreeing to sponsor the race themselves (they normally only sponsor the Bermuda Race) that the project got underway.

It was my good fortune to be detailed by the R.C.Y.C. to make the first personal contacts and to be given a very free and elastic brief. We had already heard that the C.C.A. did not wish to have another race on to Cowes from Cork so, at the back of my mind was the idea of a cruise in company on the Irish coast. We met in a blizzard early in March 1968 at Commodore Clayton Ewing's lovely house on the Chesapeake. Four of us sat around a log fire and made our plans, Clayton, Bunny Rigg, Richard Nye Jr. and myself.

Almost immediately Clayton came out with the idea of a cruise after the race and I at once assure him that the I.C.C. would jump at the opportunity to participate. We then agreed to invite the R.C.C. as well thus planning the first ever meeting afloat of the three clubs.

The I.C.C. were asked to prepare a provisional programme. We wondered about numbers. The C.C.A. were sure of a good response and I considered that each of the clubs over here would have some 15 or so yachts attending. How wrong can one be.

On my return to Cork, Clayton Love Jr., Admiral R.C.Y.C. proposed that they make all the plans for the race and asked the I.C.C. to be responsible for organising the cruise. It would be tedious to detail the many plans which had to be made. Bunny Rigg and Porter Schutt of the C.C.A. cruise committee paid us a visit in August 1968; I am sure they wanted to find out what they had let themselves in for. I feel that we satisfied them and planning had reached a stage where their advice was most helpful. Then last Spring we had the pleasure of entertaining the Commodore and Mrs. Ewing and Porter and introduced them to Cork. Their enthusiasm and that of the R.C.C. gave us great encouragement.

As usual in the I.C.C. plenty of help was forthcoming. Denis Doyle, Raymond Fielding

and I formed a small executive committee and I could not have had more energetic and capable colleagues. The Admiral of the R.C.Y.C. gave us every assistance from his able race organisation. The first essential was the printing of the cruise programme and Tom Barker came in on that. Bord Failte covered the printing of it and Aer Lingus delivered it to New York. John Guinness had the idea of using Garnish Island for the I.C.C. party and he and Liam McGonagle obtained the necessary permission, the first time the island had ever been used for a gathering of this size and type. We are very grateful to Piaras F. MacLochlainn, Parks Officer of the Office of Public Works for his help and to Mr. Murdo McKenzie and his staff on the island who so willingly put up with the major disruption of their lovely gardens and assisted in every way. Paddy O'Keefe helped with transport arrangements and Perry Goodbody with sale of tickets. The Commodores of the Kinsale Yacht Club and the Baltimore Sailing Club gave invaluable assistance in arranging the rendezvous in their home ports. Admiral Morrice McMullen joined our committee on behalf of the R.C.C. and he and Peter Guinness did endless work. Captain Paul Chavasse R.N., Brigadier D. Somerville and Charles Bartlett C.C.A. were entirely responsible for the splendid reception and rendezvous at Castlehaven, where 90 yachts attended. As at all I.C.C. functions, Aidan Dunn and his crew on board *Shortwave* rallied round and carried out the most difficult task of manning the landing pier at Garnish island. Our Commodore had the misfortune to break his propellor shaft on *Zest* during the Cork harbour parade but nothing daunted he went alongside, removed the propellor and worthily represented the Club both afloat and ashore throughout the entire Cruise.

Cruising in Company in Retrospect

Looking back there are things which we might have done differently or more effectively. If it should ever be repeated we will know better next time. Possibly there were too many big parties and rendezvous. With the number of clubs taking part and each giving a party the cost to skippers mounts up. With the first estimate of numbers we thought it might be possible to carry a large proportion of the cost from club funds, but this soon proved impossible and the only alternative was sponsoring which somehow did not fit in with the spirit of the cruise. In fact the idea proved so popular that numbers attending became almost unmanageable but we felt that it was only right that no limit should be set. There was room for all everywhere.

The evenings between major rendezvous when 15 to 20 yachts got together in Derrynane or Adrigole or elsewhere and an impromptu raft and party assembled were memorable occasions, giving more opportunity to get to know people and their yachts away from the formality of the bigger occasions.

It is something which surely ought to be repeated, perhaps not on quite the same scale. What about the 50th anniversary of the I.C.C. in July 1979?

A Brass Plaque to commemorate the cruise will be available from the Hon. Secretary, cost 30/-. It is 2" x 3" with the three burgees and space for yacht's name. Owners should order from the Hon. Secretary not later than February.

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