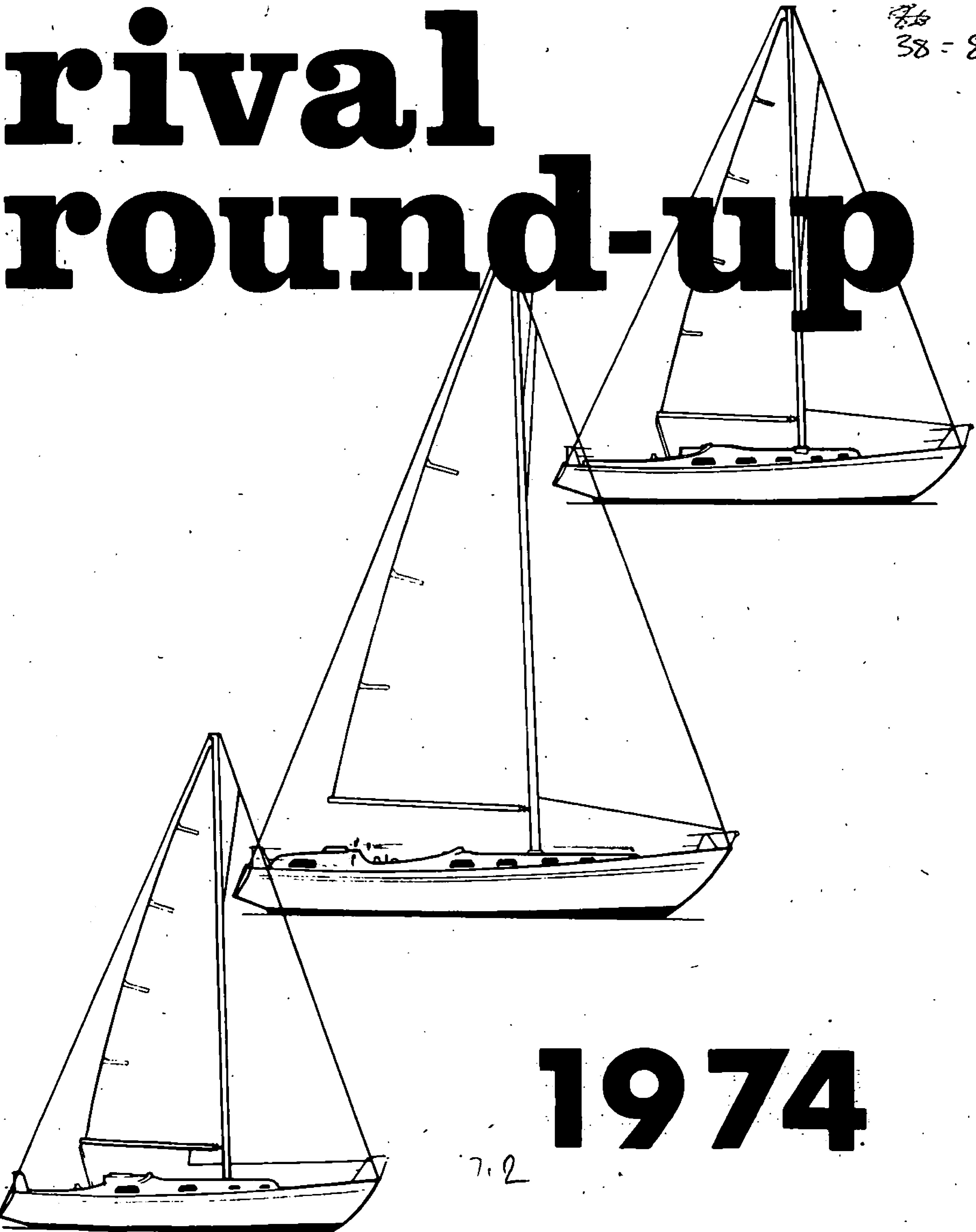


rival round-up

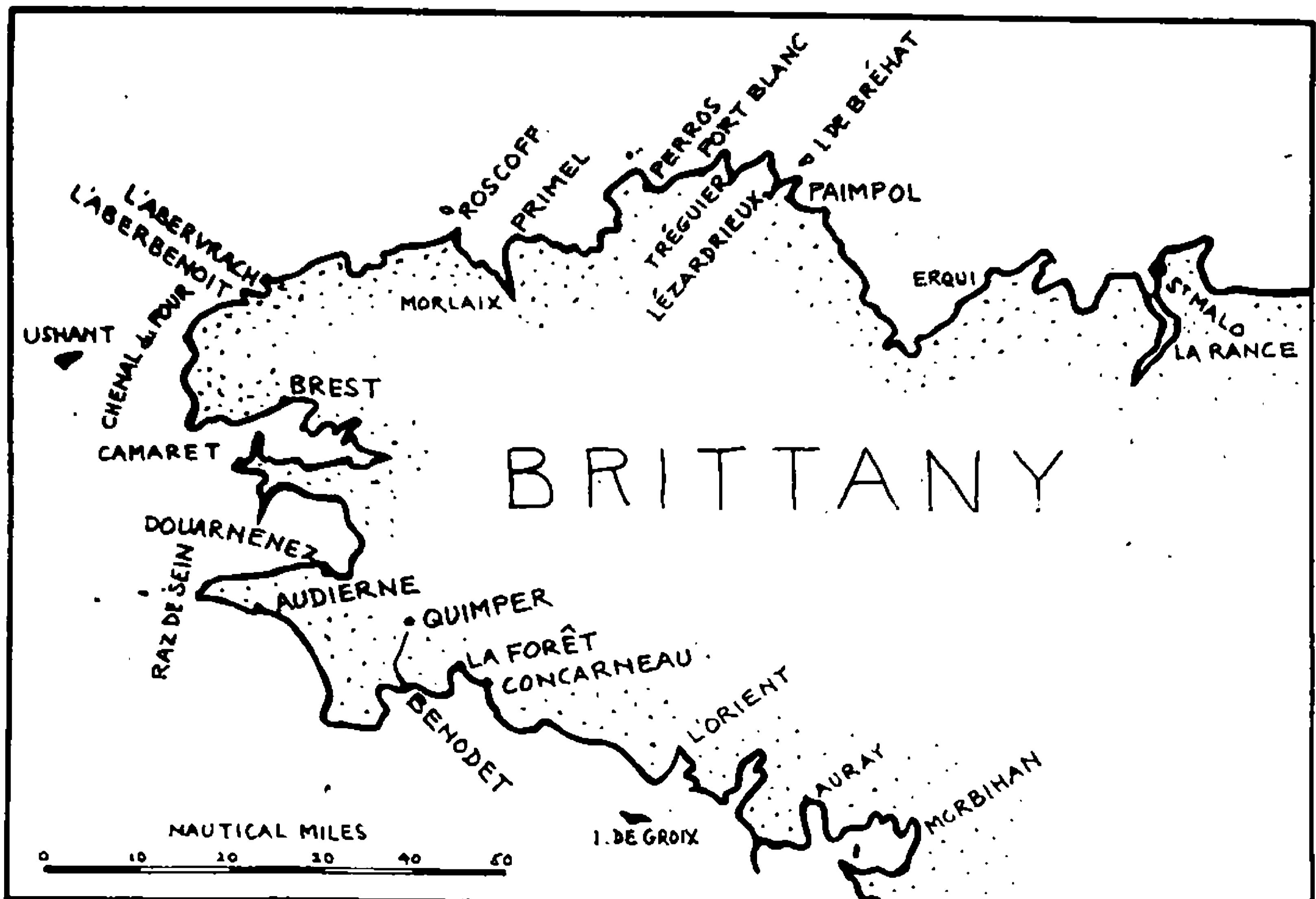
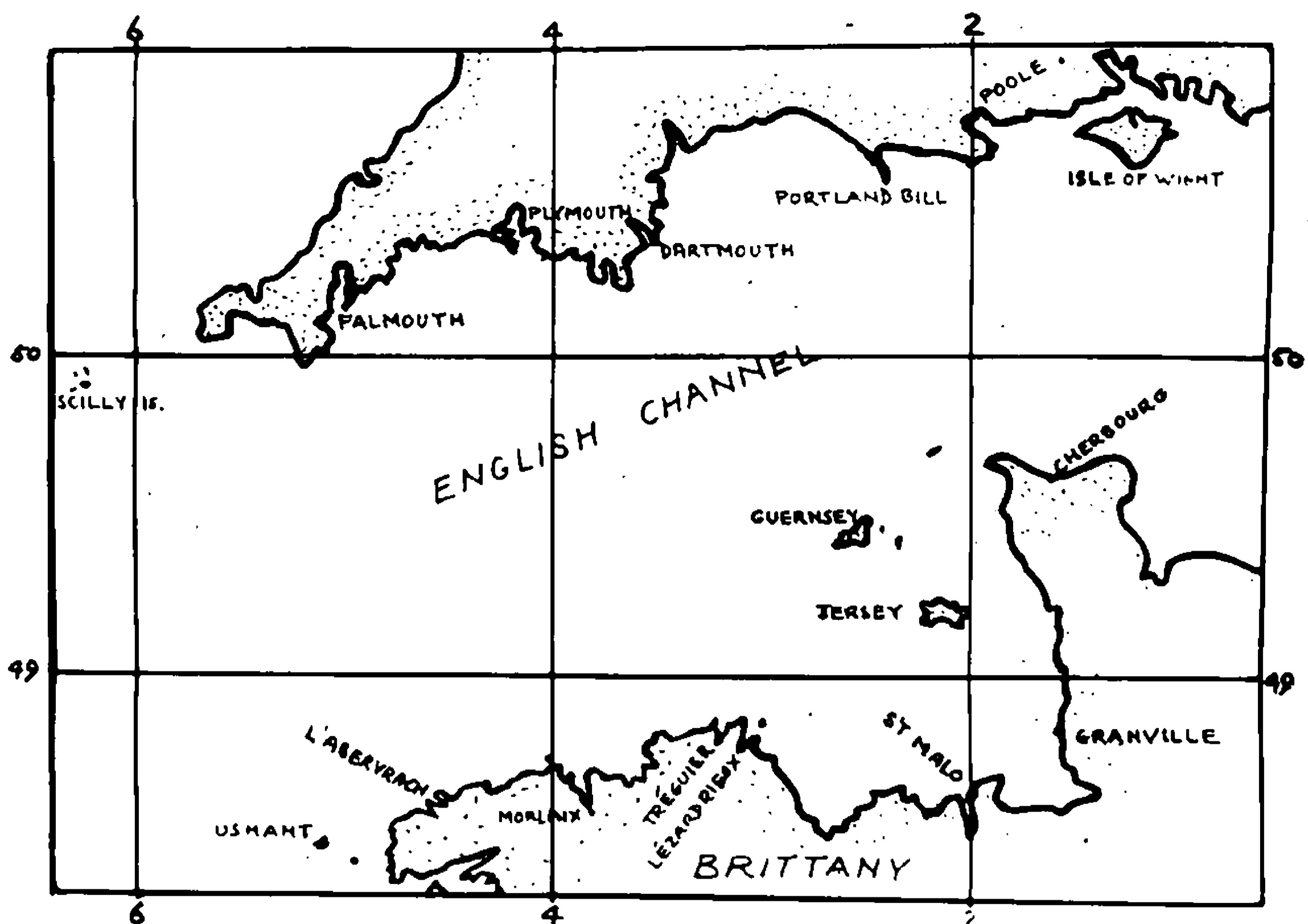
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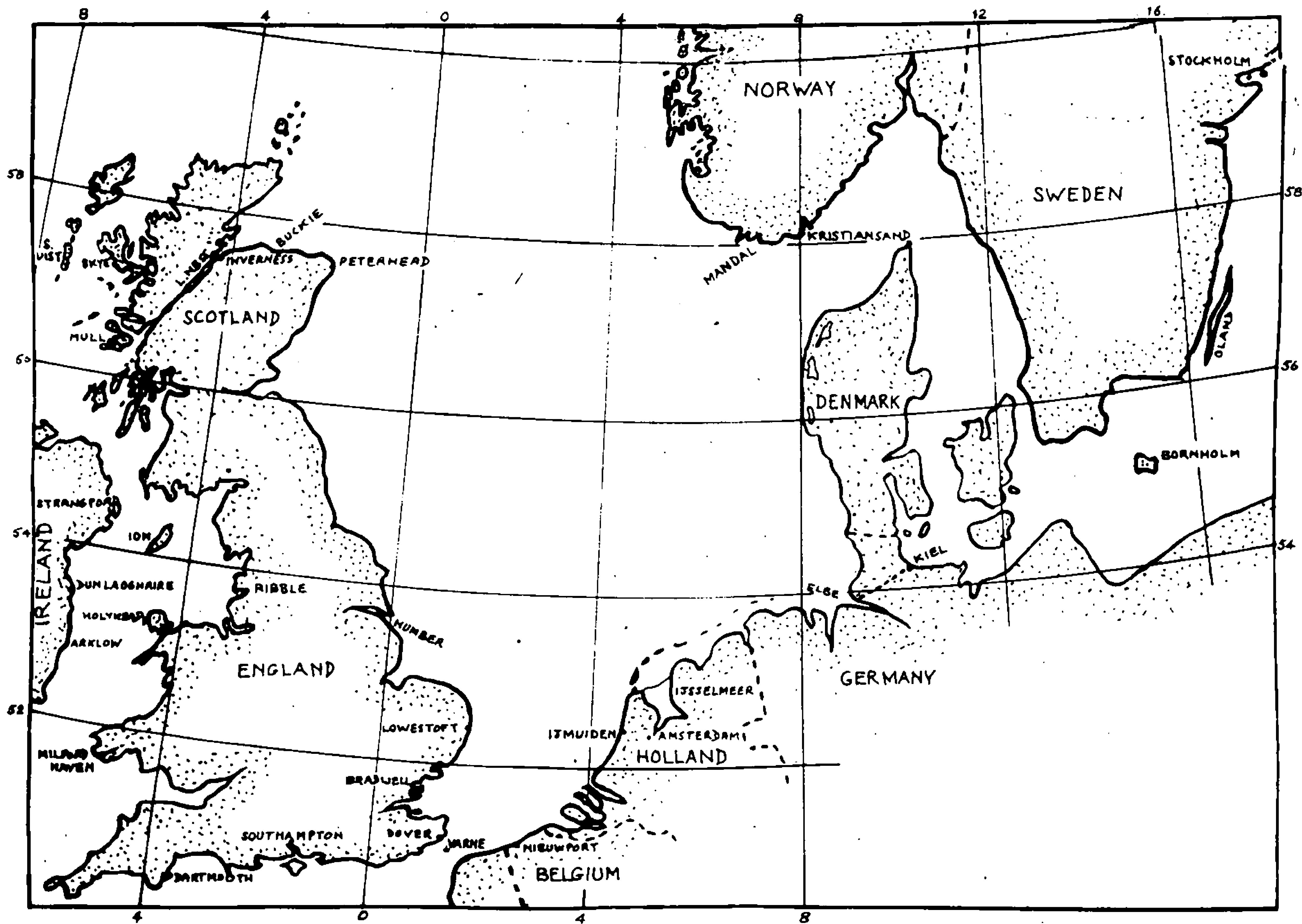
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FOR E W O R D

Last year's issue of "Rival Round-up" covered a period of 6 seasons. A few of the most adventurous cruises undertaken during this period were included, selected from those about which I happened to know. This time all 'Rival' owners were invited to send in accounts of their recent activities. The response has been very good and all those submitted have been included. I am most grateful to all those who have taken so much time and trouble to write up their logs for the benefit of other 'Rival' owners.

As one would expect there is a different character about this year's contributions, many of which could be described, perhaps, as 'family cruises'. Most of us are very limited in the time that we can spend cruising so these voyages are particularly interesting because they are of the kind which we ourselves can undertake. On the other hand the number of single-handed cruises that have been undertaken in 1974 is very striking and I am sure readers will enjoy the accounts written by these bold and exceptional mariners.

As before, the booklet is being issued, free-of-charge, to every 'Rival' owner while there will be other copies available for purchase.

The formation of a 'Rival Association' is under discussion, as all owners will know. This will give them the opportunity to say what they want in the way of regular publications about their activities, and to decide how these are to be provided. I shall be very happy to continue to play my part.

Production of the 'Rival 32' and 'Rival 34' has continued with only a small effect so far from the economic situation. The orders for the '32' mouldings are up to 108 (in early November) and for the '34' up to 63. The first two 'Rival 41's have been commissioned; three more are on order and there is a very promising amount of further interest

Peter Brett.

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November 1974.

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"TRUFFLER" to Brittany
by S Bullimore

Despite our determined attempts to leave all the charts on the train from ~~London~~, we managed to sail from Falmouth on time, on Saturday, 3rd August, under perfect conditions with a full complement of four adults and three children. Our plan was to leave in mid-afternoon, arrive at the Chenal du Four the next morning and decide after passing through the Chenal du Four whether to press on or stop for the night at Camaret. We started with too little wind and ended up with too much during a torrential downpour which lasted all night, but at least we had a fair wind driving us through the thick mist the following morning. Just as we were becoming apprehensive about our landfall, we saw the outline of the Four lighthouse a little more than a mile away and decided to make for L'Aberv'rach as visibility was not promising. Twenty minutes later we changed our minds as the sun began to break through the mist, but by this time we were rather late on the tide and the last mile or two of the Chenal du Four gave us an exhilarating ride in brilliant sunshine which drove away lingering memories of the beastly night.

The crew welcomed the decision to spend the night at Camaret and make an early start the next morning to catch the first of the tide through the Raz du Sein. We waited for half an hour or so for the fog to lift at the entrance to the Chenal du Toulinguet and motored towards the Raz in thick mist which had almost cleared by the time we had passed through in a flat calm. No sooner were we through than the fog closed in, the log and the echo sounder went on strike, and we fouled the propeller on a piece of fishing net which fortunately cleared itself while the skipper was donning his goggles. However, luck was with us again and just as we started to hear the fog signal at the Pointe de Penmarch the fog lifted and the sun shone, giving us a marvellous sail to Benodet.

After another largely misty day with light variable wind Jeremy, Jackie and Bee left us at Lorient and the crew was reduced to Juliet, Jemma (6), Becky (5) and me. The stiff breeze that met us on leaving harbour the next morning made us wonder how we would manage after the departure of so many good hands, but all was well although once again the early morning mist did not clear until well into the afternoon.

A day at Port Haliguen on the Quiberon peninsula was spent shopping for langoustines, mussels, shrimps and a new fan belt, the former being more easily dealt with by the voracious appetites of the crew than the latter by my unmechanical hands. After stocking up with more seafood the next morning we made a short passage to the Morbihan, an inland sea with sixty or more islands mostly uninhabited, some of which we hoped to explore in the days that followed. Unfortunately it blew a gale for two days and we spent most of the time rather uncomfortably at anchor. When we did sail we managed to catch a lobster pot round the propeller which gave me an opportunity of telling the crew how good one feels after an early morning swim, and we were thrown into a panic by a Frenchman who insisted in typically Gallic manner that we were

about to hit a rock which was just covered even though it was about a cable away. Despite the fierce tides which provide some very interesting back eddies in the narrowest passages between the islands, the Morbihan provides a fascinating cruising ground with a wide variety of anchorages where one could happily spend a week.

After leaving the Morbihan we had 11 days in which to get to Guernsey where Robin would join us for the last leg home. We decided to make one further hop south to La Villaine before returning north and visiting the islands of Houat and Groix. La Villaine we remember for its sandy bar, crossed at low water, the magnificent reach above the Arzal Dam where the water level is maintained at its former level of MHWS, the beautiful town of La Roche Bernard with its mediaeval houses and cobbled alleyways and a magnificent meal at Les Deux Magots. Despite a fairly early start the next morning we made slow progress against a light headwind and as we thought that the tiny harbour of Houat would be very crowded by the time we arrived we decided to spend the night at La Trinite and sail to Houat the next day. When we arrived at Houat at 1400 we found the last stern-to berth in the harbour which we entered in an effective, if unconventional, manner. We explored the island, noted for its wild flowers, swam and returned to see every available space inside and outside the harbour (where the holding ground is said to be poor) filled with late arrivals. The French have very different ideas about mooring and the next day at Port Tudy on the Ile de Groix it would have been possible without much difficulty to walk across the harbour from any point on the harbour wall. If we had arrived during the evening I suspect that we would have left immediately to find a less crowded anchorage, but nothing deterred late arrivals. As "Truffler" lay right in the middle we decided not to leave too early the next morning!

The light winds continued from the NW until we reached the Raz de Sein (which we were again lucky enough to pass in a flat calm) when it became N-ly for the passage across the Iroise and through the Chenal du Four; predictably, I suppose, it then veered to the NE to give a beat along the North Brittany coast. We despaired of ever flying the spinnaker. Overnight stops at L'Aberv'rach, on the highest tide for 100 years, Morlaix where we found it difficult to identify the entrance in the thick mist, and Port Blanc, a charming natural harbour which we were pleased to leave at 0530 after a sleepless night caused by swell from the NNW wind entering the harbour, led to a marvellous day sailing to Guernsey - sun perfect visibility, Force 4, E-ly. All the headwinds, fog and mist of the preceding days were forgotten.

St Peter Port has been improved beyond recognition since we were last there by the conversion of the inner harbour to a marina which has proved so popular that a second is now planned. It seemed a favourite port of call for other 'Rivals' and we spent three days there, on one of which we celebrated Becky's fifth birthday by icing a cake, before making a very fast passage to Cherbourg to initiate Robin, who had joined us in Guernsey, into the delights of "Truffler" downwind in Force 5-6 and Fruits de Mer. We left after an early lunch the next day to sail to Dieppe and off Barfleur the wind shifted to SW allowing us to set the spinnaker for the first time for three weeks.

We ran on under perfect conditions for more than 10 hours before the wind dropped an hour before dawn just as we found ourselves surrounded by shipping off Cap d'Antifer. The plethora of lights on one fishing boat seemingly intent on ramming us caused some worry but we managed to miss him and arrived at Dieppe just too late to enter the inner basin.

After an uneventful stop in Boulogne and a very fast passage to the Deben we arrived off the river at midnight and rather than spend an inevitably uncomfortable night waiting for light and tide to enter we anchored in Harwich harbour and cleared customs there early the next morning. Just as at the beginning of our cruise, it poured with rain but cleared later as we sailed up to Waldringfield on the flood, on the last day of August. The distance we had covered during the cruise was 1135 miles.

Force Ten in Fastnet

by Peter Evans

The trouble with us belt-and-braces men is that it takes us a long time to fit out. So it was with my 'Rival 32'. I probably put in far more reinforcing than was necessary - extra mast support pillar, extra GRP and wooden bulkheads under the forward bunks, heavy polycarbonate overlapped an inch on the outside and through-bolted for the windows, heavy back-up pieces of marine ply or aluminium for all the deck fittings, and like that. If the Round-Britain Race had been an annual event I would have delayed entering until 1975 but the next one isn't until 1978. I tried therefore to be ready for this year's race; but last minute failure of ancillary gear delayed our departure from the Ribble and gale force headwinds in the Irish Sea prevented us, after sailing over 400 miles, from getting to Plymouth in time. We went back North to Milford Haven.

I decided this would be a better starting point for single-handed sailing than my home base of Holyhead because you can (in theory) get away from land and shipping lanes sooner. I spent a few weekends there, put some interior lights in, and remembered to put lashings on the gas bottles and batteries. I got healthy exercise rowing the inflatable to the local, (it likes an evening drink). Even with a thirst this could take 20 minutes! I decided that beating into a SW-ly even a six, was not the way to start a spell alone at sea; so I spent a long time in Manchester looking at weather maps. Finally, in mid-September, I saw a 'high' in the North Atlantic and took train (and a length of plastic pipe) for Pembroke Dock.

The rigid plastic pipe was to lash under the boom to make the sail reef to a better shape.

Two days later, Thursday 19th September, provisioned and prepared for sea I filled in a CG66 giving an ETA two days later than I secretly hoped for, to avoid any premature panic and search, and set off with the intention of doing a few hundred miles single-handed. This is a curious pastime but should not be dismissed out-of-hand as complete masochism. It has other, rewarding, aspects. Like it is the fastest way to get to know your boat and yourself.

It was a good day; I was able to lay 220° - 230° true, and there was enough wind, 3 to 4, to make my home-made self-steering work. Come to think of it, it should have been self-generating windwise, since with the vane demounted it looked like a seagoing bidet. From the shipping forecast I recorded, but ignored, mention of a deepening 'low' in the Atlantic. I made good progress. At dusk I gave way at the last moment, when I saw the trawl wires, to what turned out to be a Russian trawler, flying neither signal nor flag.

I set my kitchen timer for 30 minute intervals day and night and scanned the horizon for shipping every time the bell went. The first gale warning came at 0630 on the Friday, - 6 to 8, perhaps 9 later. I wasn't too worried at that stage; "Meinwen Ifan" (Evan's Girl) had behaved well in the gales in the Irish Sea and with luck it would soon blow over. I put extra lashings on the deck gear and decided that the life-raft was handier at the stern than on the coachroof, so I put the deflatable on the coachroof, the liferaft on the stern, four half-gallon water carriers handy in the cockpit, and a large plastic sack, containing emergency transmitter, flares, extra clothes and sweets, on the quarter-berth.

I spent a lot of time going over the various possibilities and my best course of action in response to situations that might arise. I was too tense to eat as much as I should have and this was a mistake. I had fitted a small Perspex doghouse that slid into place behind the hatch-cover so that I could sit in the companionway and be shielded by it from rain and spray. It was open at the back and I was a bit uneasy about this. The wind had started rising in mid-afternoon and about 1800 I changed down to storm jib and put 6 rolls in the main. I hove-to for the night, doing about $2\frac{1}{2}$ knots, to see how the weather was going to develop. I don't think it did get above 8 that night and by 1000 next morning it had eased to 6 or 7 and I shaved and changed. I was getting near the shipping lane round southern Ireland so headed off more to the south. I was making about 5 - $5\frac{1}{2}$ knots under storm jib and deepreefed main. By mid-day on Saturday I was doing $6\frac{1}{2}$ knots and holding a pot of curry on the stove hoping I would be able to eat it - I did. The seas were getting uncomfortable and I tried reducing the main further, but it was still too much and I dropped it completely and hove-to under storm jib alone, fore-reaching at about $2\frac{1}{2}$ knots again. This was relatively comfortable. The early and late afternoon forecasts gave the 'low' as 968 and winds '6-8, increasing to 9'.

One of those inexplicable things happened that afternoon; I had got up between alarms for no reason other than a sense of uneasiness and a minute later saw my radar reflector fall into the sea. I rushed on deck without oilskins or safety line and grabbed the end of the line that was still attached to it. I dropped it into the cockpit and went below, shaking slightly. Some considerable time later I had it hauled up to the other crosstree via the line that normally takes my courtesy ensigns. It took a long time with the sea as it was and I was panting exhausted in the cockpit when I saw a large freighter crossing fairly close ahead and rolling alarmingly. It looked distinctly uncomfortable.

The ~~mid~~night and early Sunday morning forecasts had been Force 7-9. I forced down some crisp-bread and Bovril and had a cup of black tea very sweet. I had been going since Thursday and was feeling very depressed. A beacon fix put me uncomfortably close to the Scillies so I headed north. Cork was up-wind and meant closing the shipping lanes and also giving up. Late afternoon I came across a fleet of Russian trawlers. The forecasts were getting worse and they were now saying 9 - 10. I rechecked the lashings on deck and held on to my sail, - I had the main up again with 8 rolls in to get further away from the Scillies and the trawlers. About 2000 I had a wave full in the cockpit. I took the hint and dropped the main completely and hove-to under backed storm jib and tiller lashed hard down. It was really surprisingly comfortable for what I thought was a genuine 9. But it seemed time to take off the Perspex glass house so that I could close up completely; the chances of a capsize seemed greater than the chances of being run down and the whole exercise was reduced to balancing probabilities. Half-an-hour into Monday morning and they still said Force 10. There were some heavy thumps on the hull that night, but the major knock-down came about 0430 on Monday morning. I think we went over though at least 100°, with a tremendous roar of water pouring over us. It seemed to be happening in slow motion, like the time I fell off a rock climb. I hoped we weren't going to be rolled completely. I didn't think it very likely because of the way "Meinwen" had responded to beam seas coming down the Irish Sea. I got the impression that the relatively shallow draught and wide beam stopped her tripping over her keel.

I took aboard just enough water to fill the well nearly up to the floorboards in the galley area. I would not have taken any on if I'd fixed my cockpit locker lids more securely - they sprang open just enough for some loose nylon warp to get trapped under and wedge them open. I got into oilskins, cleared the floating debris so as not to block the bilge pump, went into the cockpit (remembering to clip my harness to the mainsheet traveller first), closed up in case we were hit again, and pumped 100 strokes on the Henderson. A look round on deck (one bent stanchion), and then below to clear the worst of the mess. Everything from the galley was on the chart-table (which runs fore-and-aft over the quarter-berth) and a lot of it, including the kettle, under the books on the shelf beyond. I cleared the worst of the mess and then flopped onto my bunk. In an odd way I felt relieved. I thought the worst that might happen now would be a roll through 360° and I was pretty sure she would survive it. Anyway, I couldn't get off. But I'd have given a lot for some sleep. Forecast, 0630 Monday; '7 - 9, locally 10° veering NW and decreasing 6 to 8. The thought of the cross-sea that would

occur when the wind veered was worrying. Everything was worrying! We rode up-and-down on big seas and what I took to be the centre of the depression passed over with a brief glimpse of blue sky. By 1400 the wind had veered, the forecast was '8-9, locally 10' nothing about decreasing. There had been a second, less severe, knock-down earlier. At 1755 it was 'NW, 9 or 10 decreasing to 8 later'. It seemed like Force 10 at that point and there was a nasty cross-sea. I wondered about lying a-hull but I didn't know how she'd behave. Eventually, sluggish though my thinking was, I realised it would be better to drop the jib then than after dark. I crawled forward and released the jib, then hauled it down while lying on the fore-deck clipped on to the sagging lifelines and one arm entwined round a makeshift nylon jackstay and feet braced against the lee toe-rail. The whole experience was frightening yet magnificent because one was closer to, almost a part of, the wind and sea and it was marginally less frightening than being down below.

I got very worried again about midnight when I saw the loom of the Smalls LH. I could see no way of avoiding being forced down on the rocks lying to the east of it. My mental processes were so slow that it took a long time, maybe half-an-hour, to realise that all I had to do was to go onto the other tack. I clipped on, got into the cockpit, unashed the tiller, waited until the crests looked average, wore ship under bare pole. lashed the tiller down and went back below. We were fore-reaching at about 1 knot. What I didn't know until later was that we were being driven to leeward at nearly 2 knots although we were pointing at almost exactly 90° to the wind.

The 0030 Tuesday forecast was still 'NW 8-10' but 'decreasing 5 to 6'. I decided that if it did ease to 8 or less I had to make an all-out effort to reach shelter. It was extremely difficult to stay awake and for the first time I had been falling asleep in between my 30 min lookouts. At 0630 the forecast was 'NW 6-8, decreasing 5, backing SW 7, perhaps 8 later' It was good enough. The seas were high but easing, and I got a rough beacon fix and made off at about 70° or 80° to the wind under storm jib. Some of the biggest waves disappeared quietly under the hull, other small ones would rear up suddenly and hit at the last minute or drop 6 inches of water in the cockpit. By 1300 the wind was down to about 5. I had some mainsail up by then. I hove-to and got a better fix in calmer conditions and a couple of hours later saw the top of the enormously high chimney at Milford. When I reached the entrance the swell was big and green. I took it at an angle, half surfing, and picked up a mooring in Dale just in time to hear the late afternoon forecast of another Force 9. I had seen it building up in the SW in the previous 2 or 3 hours and it was a great relief to be out of it.

Lessons? Look to all your deck and hull openings and she'll stand up to very heavy weather. I should like a spitfire jib of say 30 sq.ft. - mine was 60. She seems to heave-to under bare poles, with helm lashed down, remarkably well. I kept warm with lots of woollen clothes, including long johns. Morale and resistance go very fast when you're cold. I wore a climbing helmet (any hard hat would do) during the roughest spells. I should have had more to eat.

Watch and Pray !

"SILVER SEQUEL" from Strangford to Benodet and back

by R E Monie

Besides myself the crew consisted of Eric Whiteside and Trevor Hamilton, one a physician and the other an engineer, so I was provided for in most emergencies. Our wives were to join us at Brest after crossing with a car on the Rosslare - Le Havre ferry.

We slipped moorings off Island Taggart at 21.30 on Friday, 14th June, and left under engine. There had been severe weather at the beginning of the week with S-ly gales so a weather forecast of moderate N-lies was a good omen. After half-an-hour the engine was put to sleep and under cruising genoa and main, with the wind first on our beam and then behind us, we passed through Strangford Narrows on the last of the ebb, finding the bar which is often beastly placated by wind over tide. We set a course right down the middle of the Irish Sea. The wind was N-ly, as predicted, varying between Force 2 and 4. With only one man on watch at night the spinnaker was not hoisted. In any case it was lost under a mass of wives' effects stored in the fore cabin. The genoa was boomed out and a preventer rigged on the main. The engine was switched on whenever the speed dropped below $3\frac{1}{2}$ knots. The boat rolled uncomfortably.

The Codling LV came abeam to starboard at noon next day, just at the limit of visibility, which meant that we were a little further West than expected. On Sunday the S.Bishop Lt was abeam, 6 - 8 miles to port at 01.15 and course was altered 5° to the West. Almost simultaneously the Smalls light appeared and it was abeam at 03.00 with the Seven Stones at 20.40. Visibility deteriorated and we did not pick up the light on the Scillies at all, but did get a bearing from the Round Is. radio beacon. At this point, for the first time we picked up the radio beacon on Ushant.

Here we made our first change of plan. So far we had made better time than budgeted for and wished to make use of this. Moreover it was apparent that we would arrive at the Northern end of the Chenal du Four with a foul tide, so we decided to go to L'Abervrach. No sooner were we clear on this than the weather also cleared and the lights on the SW corner of England sparkled while the large red baleful eye of the Wolf Rock both beckoned us on and warned us off. This came abeam at 23.50.

The clearing visibility was accompanied by the wind veering from North a little to the East and freshening. This combined with the change of course brought the wind just abaft the beam and we fairly bounded across the Channel. We picked up the Ile Vierge LH dead ahead about four miles distant at 08.15 and hoisted the French tricolour, making our way into L'Abervrach by way of the Grand Chenal and mooring at La Palue about 10.00.

After the customs formality M. le Douanier was so amiable as to direct us soi-même to the duty-free wine store. I fear he took us for thirsty yachtsmen escaping from the rigours of English keg beer. Helas! the store was closed. 'Zut alors' or words to that effect.

The next day, Tuesday, slack water at the Chenal du Four being at 15.17 GMT we left L'Abervrach at noon with the wind N'ly Force 4. We needed the engine with the sails to help us overcome the heavy swell. Rocher du Port Salle whistle buoy came abeam at 13.05 and in clear visibility we passed through the Chenal du Four slavishly following the North Biscay Pilot. Entering the roads of Brest I made a second change of plan and since the female crew members were not expected until Friday we diverted to Camaret, where we tied up in the early afternoon, at the floating pontoon.

On Wednesday morning we left to catch the S-going tide at the Raz de Sein, bound for Audierne, intending to go through the Chenal du Toulinguet. The lighthouse keepers on the Pte de Toulinguet must have had question marks sprouting out of their heads as they saw a red ensign tied in knots round its staff three times, the number of 360° turns we made ensuring we had identified the right pile of rocks. Yes, engine on again as "Silver Sequel" went through snorting and eyes rolling from side-to-side, then past the Tas de Pois (a most unsuitable name for a pile of grisly rocks - possibly a French corruption of a Breton name). Then off with the engine, for we had a beautiful beam wind, and on with the Soleil brille, Ombre Solaire, Chateau Plonque, sunglasses, etc., the crew stripped to shorts.

The passage through the Raz de Sein was without incident except that we all noticed an optical illusion, viz La Plate tower, which was nearer to us on our approach in fact looked further away than La Vieille LH. The sun went in; away with the Ombre Solaire; out came the goose pimples, sweaters, trousers, hats; sky overcast, light rain, no wind; oilies. Right again! Harness up 'les chevaux de Volvo'. (I should have called this cruise-letter 'Hommes trois, Chevaux vingt cinq').

We arrived at Audierne in the evening, and tied up at one of the buoys provided in the outer harbour at Ste Evette. Anyone using these buoys should handle with care. The wire cable is unravelling and shed blood all over the foredeck. The leading line into Ste Evette is the lighthouses Kerdagec and Trescadec in line. It might be possible to mistake the beacon on La Petite Gamelle for the nearer of these.

On Thursday we returned on the N-going tide through the Raz de Sein to Brest with an adequate on-shore wind, and tied up to the pontoon in the yacht berth in the Port de Commerce about 17.30. We expected to tie up with stern lines but were instructed to lie broadside-to. In a couple of hours we found ourselves the inside boat of several and spent two uncomfortable nights bouncing and rattling against the pontoon. It is a surprisingly restless place. Our spouses joined the crew on Friday in time to be fed with lunch.

Next day we left Brest with few regrets, and sailed across the Rade and tied up in Camaret for the second time. This time we explored the area a little more, visiting the tower built by Vauban and which is now a (mainly) nautical museum and well worth a visit. We walked to the Pointe de Penhir on which rugged headland stands a large granite cross in memory of the Bretons who fought with the Free French. By chance the annual service of Commemoration was in progress and several interesting conversations took place with

people there, most of whom had served in the Navy. This date in June is chosen, not because it is the anniversary of any event but because there is a reasonable chance that the congregation will be able to stand upright in the wind. From the Pointe de Penhir one has magnificent views across the roads of Brest and up the Chenal du Four and across to the Cap de la Chèvre and down to the Raz de Sein. Nearer at hand can be seen the Lion de Toulinguet at one side of the passage of the same name, and also the aforementioned Tas de Pois.

On Monday we left Camaret at 12.00 for Douarnenez. This time "Silver Sequel" went through without a thought at the grim Lion and his talons guarding the Chenal. We took a course between the Tas de Pois Ouest and the one next inshore, and sailed on a gentle breeze down the Baie de Douarnenez arriving there at 18.50. At Douarnenez we entered the Riviere de Pouldavid and finally tied up bows-in at the floating pontoon. This was the first port at which we stayed where French yachts predominated. Indeed "Silver Sequel" wore the only red ensign; all others were French except for one Norwegian. We spent a pleasant evening aboard a Frenchman who was outward bound on his first trip abroad, bound for the Scillies. Although this Port de Plaisance can only take a limited number of boats, if one can be squeezed in it is a better place than the Port de Rosmeur recommended by the North Biscay Pilot.

Two days later we left Douarnenez at 09.45 for Audierne in time to catch the S-going tide at the Raz again. One will look in vain for a specimen of the magnificent French lighthouses on the Pointe du Millier - in fact this light is shown from the upper window of a private dwelling. On arrival at the anchorage of Ste Evette at Audierne for the second time we found all the buoys but one occupied by fishing boats. No sooner had we tied up (with no bloodshed this time) than the wind shifted to ESE and freshened with an ugly swell. The sky too was lowering and the eddy kept "Silver Sequel" up on the buoy. The passage into the inner harbour was not inviting, but anything was better than where we were; no sooner had we dropped our mooring than, to our surprise, two of the fishing boats did the same, and belted across the bay to the river. We found later that it is their usual practice to tie up at one of the buoys until the tide is right for them to go up the river. We thought to follow close enough to see the passage they took, but they were much too fast. So with great caution we went up-stream with the echo-sounder down to under five feet. We did touch opposite Poulgoazec but came off and finally moored to the sand quay, made her ready for drying out, went ashore and dined at an hotel near-by where she was under surveillance. In fact she never took the bottom but the warps required adjustment several times.

Next day we left Audierne for Benodet going down-river with more confidence on engine and with more tide. La Gamelle buoy came abeam at 10.00, the visibility being poor and the wind shifting S-ly; the engine was started. Eckmühl radio beacon came abeam at 11.15 and Menhir Tr at 12.20. Visibility improved which was fortunate as we subsequently lost our way. Sailing directions from Menhir are to make 135° for $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles to pick up Basse Spinec buoy; then 081° towards Ile aux Moutons LH which was not visible. However we sailed the prescribed course, picking up Rostolou and Duchenal buoys; but it became

sadly apparent that we had mislaid the Roche Malvic and could not identify at the distance we were off-shore the leading line of the Benodet LH in transit with the Pte de Combrit LH. Great caution once more as under engine we found ourselves trying to make Concarneau by way of some rocks later identified as Les Roches de Mousterlin. With ears laid back "Silver Sequel" backed out of this impasse into which I had led her and we attempted to retrace our hoofsteps hoping to find where we had been foxed. Fortunately, being a little more inshore we picked up the Benodet - Pte de Combrit transit so I never found where I had gone wrong. The basic error was in using a chart with too small a scale - No 20, Ile d'Ouessant to St Nazaire. In Benodet I bought a French Blondel chart No 543 Audierne to Trevignac; this made all clear. We pulled in at the floating pontoon in the Anse de Kergos until the Chef du Port de Plaisance allocated us a buoy. Two days were spent visiting Quimper and Concarneau.

On Saturday we started the return trip, leaving Benodet for Camaret at 10.10 under power, wind NE Force 5, Meteo report 'Agitee'. La Putain Bn came abeam at 12.50 and Menhir at 14.40 when we altered course for Le Chat, Raz de Sein. La Vieille was abeam at 18.45 and we arrived at Camaret at 21.30. Our wives left us there. Leaving Camaret on Monday the wind was SW, Force 3 - 4 but it went W-ly in the Chenal du Four. At 13.55 Le Four was abeam and the course to Newlyn 350°M, 100 miles. The Lizard LH was picked up at 03.00 and we duly entered Newlyn where we lay snugly until Wednesday with gales forecast round the South of England.

On Wednesday 3rd July we left Newlyn at 12.30, the wind coming S-ly as we rounded Lands End. The Longships was abeam to starboard at 16.00 and we streamed the Walker log to compare with the Baron which is permanently installed. We arrived off the Pembrokeshire coast at 07.00 in poor visibility. Occasionally we could see through the murk unsavoury cliffs contesting with unsavoury breakers about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles away. The Baron log read 87 miles and the Walker 107.9. Eric called me and said that before visibility closed in he had seen two headlands an uncertain distance off to port. If this were the entrance to Milford Haven well and good, but if it were the passage between the mainland and Skokholm or Skomer we were in dead trouble in the very rough conditions prevailing. Owing to the motion of the boat we were unable to get a radio bearing of any accuracy but eventually we did get a position line from the South Bishop. This, with the knowledge that a course had been steered to put us a little East of Milford Haven, made us turn to the West with the engine idling, ready to shy at anything unusual. They buoys started to sprout up all around us and we were off the entrance to Milford. The wind and waves seemed determined to pursue us so that we could not find a comfortable anchorage until 8 miles up the Cleddau River at Lawrenny, using the Cruising Association Handbook, where we picked up a mooring at 14.20. After a delayed lunch a Board of Enquiry sat on the discrepancy between the two logs; it transpired that the crew member unfamiliar with the Baron log had pushed the transducer down back-to-front. The wind was still howling about our ears. We had ~~never~~ before heard of the R. Cleddau or that there was a river navigable so far up for sizeable craft, in this area.

On Friday we motored down the Cleddau and found it very rough outside. We passed $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles West of Skokholm and the seas moderated as the overfalls were left behind. The Bishop Rock came abeam at 16.48. There were numerous shearwaters about and some puffins, and we were followed by a shark apparently attracted by the spinner of the Walker log. To my surprise he pulled the vanes off; I had thought that the basking shark was a harmless plankton feeder. I'll be more careful in future. That was the end of the Walker log for this trip, it having performed its one and only duty off Milford Haven. The weather improved overnight and we came home on a close reach, bringing Strangford Bar buoy abeam at 18.50. It was 22 days since we had taken our departure. It was a further 9 miles to our mooring at Island Taggart; then hot baths and back to work on Monday.

"AQUARELLE II" in the Mediterranean

by Peter Wilkinson

Two cruises: Malta - Corfu and Ionian Islands, May - June
Paxos - Gulf of Corinth and back, August - September.

We bought our 'Rival 34', formerly "Norma M", in Malta in September 1973. Last winter we added some extras to the standard specification, including a cruising genoa, spray hood, an awning, a small Italian motor-compressor to refrigerate the ice-box, an alternator, and a Canpa tinted reversible hatch to the cabin roof.

First Cruise

We left Malta May 15th, crew of four, making Corfu in three hops each of 24 hours sailing with night stops at Syracuse, Capo Rizzuto and Orthonoi Island. This part of our first cruise in a 'Rival 34' soon confirmed the excellent performance to windward, good balance and lightness of helm.

An uneventful sail, except for a moment when the Baron Squire instruments showed Force 10 wind speed and zero knots water speed! (a fault soon rectified by cleaning weed from the impellor and remaking all connections to the log distance unit). From Capo Rizzuto to Orthonoi a North wind Force 5 - 6 gave us a beat for over 20 hours on one tack at 5 to $5\frac{1}{2}$ knots against a steep little sea; good progress in such conditions.

After Corfu Customs issued our Transit Log permitting free use of Greek ports and waters for up to one year free of tax, and of diesel at a small discount, we stocked up with fresh provisions and started our cruise of the Ionian Islands, visiting the following places chosen for their beauty,

history or sailing interest:-

in Paxos, - Lakka and Port Gayo; Antipaxos Island:

in Cephalonia, - Argostoli and Pronos:

in Ithaka, - Sarakaniko Bay, Ports Vathi, Kioni and Frikes:

Port Atheni in Meganisi Island; in Levkas Island, - Sivota Bay and Port Vliko; then north through the Levkas Canal to Parga on the mainland of W.Greece, back to Paxos, where "Aquarelle" was left riding to her anchor chain shackled to a seabed block and chain in a sheltered bay for two months, under the watch of English and Greek friends.

During the four weeks of this cruise we met mostly head winds, varying Force 1 - 5, including three days of abnormal southerlies.

Second Cruise

We returned to Paxos on 20th August, and in the three weeks to 7th September visited Preveza, Patras', Navpaktos Trizonia and Galaxidhion and Delphi on the North shore of the Gulf of Corinth, returning via Patras to Kioni in Ithaka, then to Ruda Bay in Levkas, Scropio Isle, home of Onassis, Scropidi Isle, Dessimo Bay and Vliko, where we watched two golden eagles soaring high over the mountains. Back northwards through the Levkas Canal, entering the inland sea of Amvrakia to Vonetza on its southern shore; thence to Antipaxos island, round the west coast of Paxos to Lakka and finally to Corfu to hand over "Aquarelle II" to younger members of the family and friends. At this point the average crew age dropped from 59.25 to 27!

Space prevents me describing the attractions of every place we saw on these two cruises, but this area is certainly one of the most beautiful, exciting and idyllic sailing areas imaginable.

Over seven weeks, during May, June, August and early September, we had only five hours of rain, at night on each occasion; and about 40% calm weather when we had to motor.

Of the 60% sailing weather, winds varied from Force 1 - 5 normally, with only two occasions when apparent wind speeds reached 30 and 35 knots, both in the narrows of the Gulf of Corinth.

The sea was completely unpolluted, except within commercial ports such as Preveza and Patras. Sea temperatures rose from 65°F in May to 78°F in September.

The most used headsail was the cruising genoa; the storm jib was not used.

Provisions

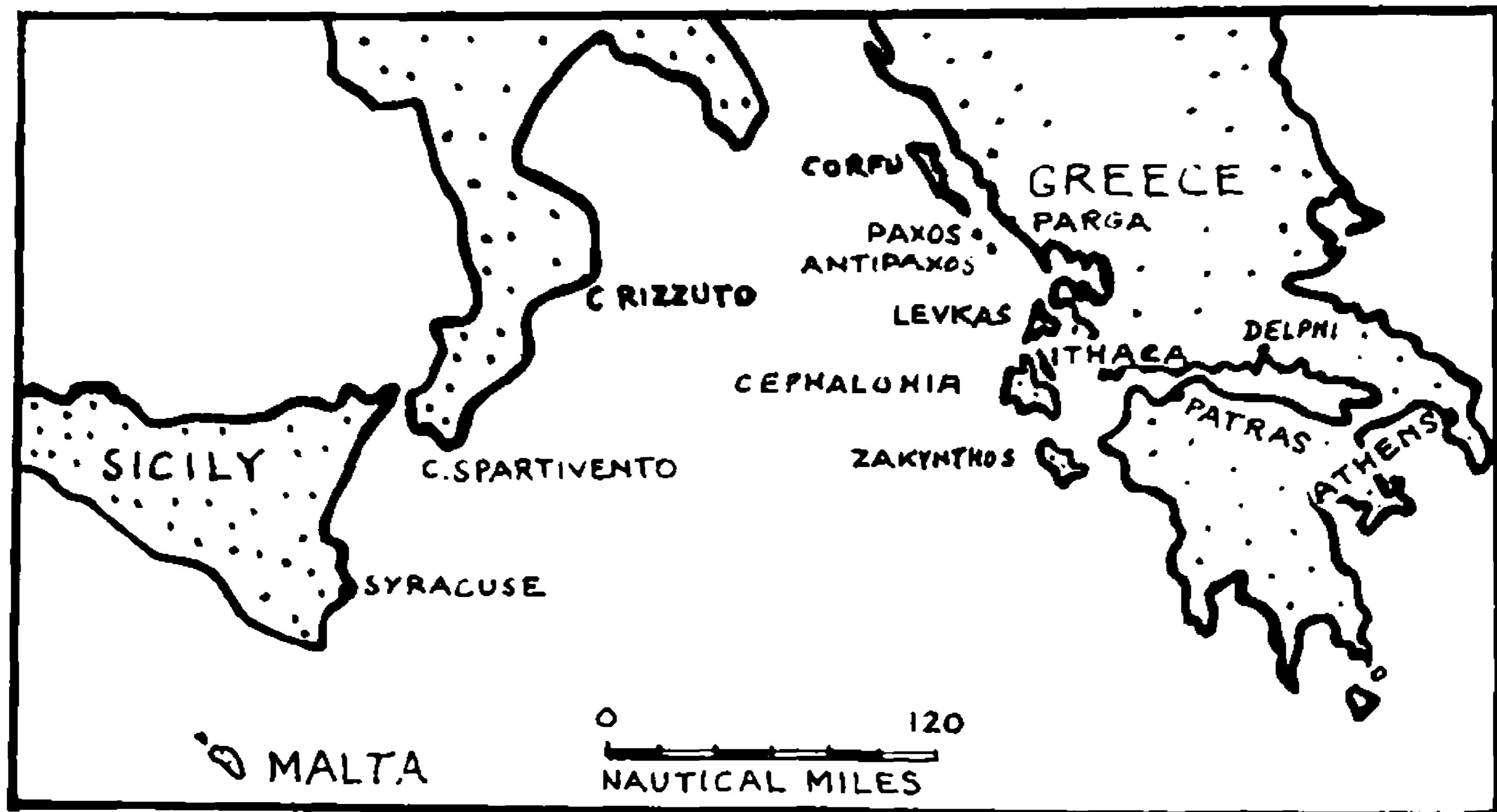
Fresh fruit, vegetables and water were obtainable at almost every island and mainland port. Diesel, ice in 1-metre long blocks and gas were obtainable only at Corfu, Preveza, Port Vathi, Argostoli and Patras, and gas also at Parga.

Facilities

We found only one snag to wintering a yacht in Greek waters. When it comes to lifting her for the annual cleaning and painting below the waterline, Greek shipyards are very expensive. The lowest quotation we got for hauling out, shoring up and slipping back into the water was 10,000 drachma which is roughly £145. This cost is only marginally affected by whether the yard do the cleaning and antifouling, or whether you do it yourself.

There are slipways at Corfu, Preveza, Vliko and Patras, which is by far the most costly.

Lastly, the boat. After these, our first cruises in a 'Rival 34', living aboard for a total of eight weeks, all the ten people who sailed in "Aquarelle II" were unanimous in their praise of her performance under sail and motor, her ease of handling, comfort, good berths and stowage facilities, while her looks drew admiration wherever we went.



"SPINDRIFT OF HAMBLE" to the Channel Islands and St Malo

by Roy Fawcett

The following is submitted with due deference to the many other 'Rival' owners whose cruises have been far more adventurous and ambitious than ours. We offer the excuse that we get as far as we can in the two weeks we have available, but it is interesting to imagine how we might react if faced with the often dreamed of year or more of freedom and the open sea before us.

We left Yarmouth at 0615 on 15th June, and for the first hour of the passage enjoyed the best sailing we have experienced in "Spindrift" which is a 'Rival 32'. She forged through the moderately rough sea South of the Needles under spinnaker and main at her maximum speed, and proved to us once more what a very good sea boat she is. Unfortunately the gusts soon became strong enough to lay her hard over and make steering difficult, causing us to replace the spinnaker with the genoa. For a time the sailing was still very fast, but all too soon the wind fell light and shifted until we were close-hauled, putting an end to our hopes of a fast crossing.

Visibility had been poor throughout the day, and we could hear the fog signals on Alderney and the Casquets for an hour or two before the latter were sighted at 2045 about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles off the port bow. We had planned to make direct for St Peter Port passing West of the Casquets, so our landfall confirmed that we were on course. As we passed down-wind of the craggy mass of rock the fog horn's sound suddenly became very loud, and the drop to a lower note at the end of each blast seemed to add emphasis to the warning it was giving. We agreed with Adlard Coles' comment that in poor visibility the area is a disagreeable one, and carefully followed his advice to give the off-lying rocks a wide berth. When all this unpleasantness was safely astern one of the crew went below to lay the course for the Little Russel channel we intended to take between Guernsey and Herm and to check what the tidal conditions would be for the remainder of the passage. Navigation on "Spindrift" is by way of being a committee function, and since the navigator of the moment was certainly as expert as any of us and the course he announced approximately what we expected, no-one questioned it.

The wind had now become NE Force 3, and as we expected an adverse tide in the Little Russel after 0100 the engine was started and we motor-sailed into the murky darkness at $6\frac{1}{2}$ knots, keeping a sharp lookout for the single flash of Platte Fougere lighthouse which is situated off the North-east point of Guernsey, and which we hoped would appear off the starboard bow. Offset had been allowed for the expected West-going tide when laying the course, and we congratulated ourselves on our navigation for the second time that day when the light was seen through the thick mist, though it was more directly ahead than we had expected. We altered course to correct this and pressed on, looking now for Roustel Tower, the first lit port hand mark in the Little Russel, from which a course of 232° magnetic should take us to St Peter Port entrance. We felt we were almost in port when a flashing light appeared right on the bow, but everyone's hair stood on end when someone remarked that there had been a lack of accuracy on the chart in describing a light as "quick flashing" when in fact it was "group flashing four". When approached a little closer our "tower" was heard to be

making the mournful noise characteristic of the whistle buoys on the French coasts, and since it was obviously unlikely that Roustel was floating up and down in the manner necessary to make such a sound the only explanation seemed to be that we were well off course.

We immediately put the boat through a 180° turn and sailed back the way we had come, hoping very fervently that we had not just passed close to any of the numerous rocks in the area. Our erstwhile navigator meanwhile disappeared below to try to sort out where we were, making some very strong remarks about tides and fog. It took him less than two minutes to establish that the buoy now whistling astern of us was in fact Blanchard which is positioned off the East coast of Sark, and that the lighthouse we had carelessly assumed to be Platte Fougere off Guernsey was actually the lighthouse on Pointe Robert on the North-east coast of Sark. The former is clearly marked on the chart as flashing once every ten seconds, while the Sark light has a frequency of one flash every fifteen seconds, and our failure to check the timing of the light when it was first sighted could very easily have had the most serious consequences. Clearly the tidal set had been much weaker than we had allowed for, and we were now far off course to the Eastward and on the wrong side of Sark. The only sensible thing to do now to avoid battling with an adverse tide was to continue down the East coast of Sark and then turn Westward to enter the Little Russel from the South. This we managed to do without losing ourselves again, and it was a very chastened crew which finally took "Spindrift" into St Peter Port at 0500 the following morning instead of the midnight entry we had expected to make. A couple of days spent re-visiting our favourite spots in the charming little town did much to restore our ego however, and we finally left bound for St Helier in a SW Force 3 - 4, determined to make a better job of our navigation in the future.

The boat which had been alongside us in the marina had left about 45 minutes before us heading in the same direction. She was a 32 footer of a famous marque, and as the course we were both steering put us close on the wind we should have been well satisfied to keep her in sight. We were pleasantly surprised therefore to find that we were not only making up wind of her but also overtaking her and she was in fact some 3 miles astern of us when we changed course to round La Corbiere on the Southwest point of Jersey. Soon after this the wind which had remained steady all day dropped completely, but the sun was warm and we were in no hurry, so we sunbathed our way along the South coast of the island propelled mainly by the tide, finally motoring into St Helier harbour in the early evening. The facilities here for visiting yachts are very limited at present but work is going ahead on enclosing the new harbour area and when this is completed it will undoubtedly improve the situation considerably.

After spending a day anchored in one of the attractive bays near St Helier, sunbathing and swimming from the sandy beach, we left early the following morning for St Malo, carrying the West-going ebb to the NW and SW Minquiers buoys and then the making tide to our destination. The old walled city was as interesting and attractive to us as it had been on our previous visits, and we spent several pleasant days wandering through the narrow cobbled streets and swimming from the long sandy beach.

The day before we were due to begin our homeward sail we saw the sail training ship "Winston Churchill" entering the locked basin, and walked along the quay to which she was mooring to take a closer look at her. As we reached her we were delighted to recognise an old sailing friend, Clem Challoner, in the small crowd watching her. Clem is a native of Jersey and the owner of a beautiful Buchanan designed forty footer named "Kalina", and his extensive knowledge of the seas of the Britanny area is a result of many years spent racing and cruising in all weathers. It seemed that he and his sailing companion also planned to return to Jersey the next day, but unlike us they intended to take the passage across the middle of the Minquiers plateau instead of rounding it to the Westward as we proposed to do. We had no large scale chart of the Minquiers on "Spindrift", and this we felt was a pretty reasonable excuse for taking the longer route, especially after looking at "Kalina's" chart, which left us with the impression they would have to walk most of the way across a vast amount of rock and dry land. Our friends would have none of this faint-hearted stuff however, and offered to lead us across, insisting that provided we left the lock basin on the first lock of the rising tide we should find there was nothing to it. After sharing a couple of bottles of wine with them while taking notes of the course to steer we had managed to muster a surprising amount of enthusiasm for the idea, especially after someone pointed out that so long as we brought up the rear "Kalina" with her six foot draught ahead of us stood a better than even chance of finding the bottom before we did.

So it was that 0900 the next morning found us cruising round the lock basin in company with "Kalina", the "Winston Churchill" and a Nicholson 26, waiting for the first lock opening. While we were in the lock one of our crew chatted with the skipper of the Nicholson who said he was also making for St Helier, but no mention was made of our intended course which was beginning to seem much less of a good idea as the time to start approached. When the lock opened and the other boats headed down the main channel "Kalina" turned hard to starboard almost immediately after clearing the outer harbour wall and set off between the rocks, with "Spindrift" close astern. The visibility was again poor and in the light winds "Kalina" with her greater water line length and sail area soon began to draw away from us. We felt that if we lost sight of her the chances of finding someone else from whom to ask the way were pretty slim, so we swallowed our pride and gave a push with the engine from time to time to keep her well in sight. With the notes we had taken we checked off the buoys as we passed them and soon found ourselves at the SE Minquiers buoy. Our friends had warned us that from this point careful steering was necessary as the channel is fairly narrow in places and has submerged rocks close alongside. We took several back bearings on the NE Minquiers as it disappeared into the mist astern and found that we were making the correct allowance to keep us on the course in the quite strong cross tide. After a few miles we were able to pick out a flimsy iron structure in the mist ahead which proved to be the Coq beacon, and on leaving this fairly close to port we could just make out in the mist the large group of rocks it marks, which are about in the centre of the Minquiers. A slight alteration of course at this point took us quite quickly to the NE Minquiers buoy, passing through the narrow channel between two submerged peaks of rock. When this was all safely

astern we altered course to take us to a point off the Demi de Pas tower on the South of Jersey. After some time we were able to hear its fog horn and when we could finally see the tower abeam we altered for St Helier harbour entrance, still in foggy conditions and with a freshening breeze giving us over six knots.

We entered the harbour at 1520 hard on "Kalina's" heels having covered only about 25 miles instead of nearly 40 which we had logged on the trip down. At about 2000 that evening the Nicholson 26 we had spoken to in St Malo motored into the harbour and tied up next to us. Her skipper on recognising us asked at what time we had arrived, and on being told 1520 looked at us rather doubtfully for a moment before replying with a polite smile "Well, you couldn't have had a very good lunch". He then disappeared into his cabin before we could say what route we had taken, and still probably has doubts about our honesty. We often try to work out how even a very good lunch could have extended the passage by about $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

The remainder of our return passage to the Hamble via Guernsey and Cherbourg was uneventful, and we are now looking forward to our next opportunity to cruise the waters of Britanny.

Essex to the Outer Hebrides and back

by G Donald W McKendrick

My wife and I love the Western Isles and decided to sail there yet again for our summer holiday - but for the first time in our 'Rival 34' "JAYESS III". We had the most marvellous weather while we were in Scotland, over twenty hours sunshine in twentyfour for nearly three weeks while we were on our own. We left Bradwell (at the mouth of the Blackwater) at 1430 on Friday June 7th. With a south-westerly of 20 knots we ran goose-winged with genoa and main till off the Sizewell Bank logging 45 miles in the first eight hours. For the trip north we had two crew, one experienced (John) and one keen to learn (Ronald). With the watch-keeping system I have for a crew of four of three hours on and nine off (last three hours on call) we did not see much of our crew till we were north of the Farne Islands on Monday evening when we had a gale warning. In the event it was never more than Force 7 but we were very snug with the storm jib and the main down to our reef points which are equivalent to 8 rolls. We increased sail in the morning when the wind eased and were enjoying a mammoth 5-course breakfast when the mainsail tore, luckily below the reef points. Down to storm canvas again with the wind now NW35 knots we beat our way to Peterhead where we tied up 4 days 2 hours out of Bradwell with 482 miles logged. There was no sailmaker available, but a bus journey to Fraserborough soon had the

main and our chafed jibs repaired. We locked in at Clachnaharry - the eastern entrance of the Caledonian Canal - on Thursday just under 24 hours after leaving Peterhead. We changed our engine oil in Muirtown Basin on a quiet sunny evening which led to great troubles as the pump subsequently failed to pick up. At nine sharp next morning we rang Bolinders who were very helpful but in my view are at fault in making light of this very serious defect in an otherwise excellent engine (the Volvo MD2B). The same thing had happened to us on our maiden voyage and we know of other yachts who have had similar trouble. The lift from the sump is too high if a fractional air-leak is so critical. Luckily one of my crew - John - is a genious engineer, and with advice from Bolinders, a trip into Inverness to get a special spanner, and much awkward work, the pump was removed without taking off the flywheel, filled with grease, and all was O.K. But I would not dare change the oil in future unless I am at my berth in Essex.

We had a free sail through most of the canal, Ronald leaving us at Laggan Bridge and John at the top of the Banavie Bank on Saturday 15th. For the next 17 days Evelyn and I were on our own. We had a wonderfully relaxing holiday, anchoring each night in such beautiful places as Loch Corrie, Tobermory, Canna (after a difficult hour competing with the scend off Rhum), Skye, Drumbuy and best of all - Little Kettle Pool in South Uist where we were weather-bound for a couple of days with an onshore Force 6. It was on this trip that the marvellous Tillermate, which had done nearly all the steering since we were off Harwich, packed up, so now we had to have someone on the helm as well as being on watch. During this time we had some excellent sails but on a number of occasions we noticed a very great increase in the wind in the late afternoon without any of the usual warnings. On one well-remembered trip across the Sea of the Hebrides, sails were reduced from Ghoster + genoa + main to storm canvas within the programme of the Archers!

Our son and his wife joined us in Tobermory for a week on July 1st. We had a very successful and happy cruise round Mull - to Staffa, Bunessan, Iona, Tinker's Hole (one of the most attractive anchorages in this area), Puilldorhrain and Loch Aline, where the much sort-after mackerel was finally caught! They left us in Carsaig Bay where Tony and (another) John joined us for the sail home. It was foggy and wet for the first two days but in spite of this we made good progress and entered Loch Ness at 1330 on Tuesday 9th July in company with two other boats - one of them a Nicholson 32. We had a most exciting sail with a following wind of 20-25 knots and with the ghoster, genoa and main we left the others far behind averaging 7.1 knots for the 25 miles of Loch Ness! We locked out of the canal at 1700 on Wednesday 10th although all other eastbound yachts decided to stay. The wind piped up to a following Force 7 and we ran on the storm jib at 5 to 6 knots. The early morning forecast was for increasing gales so we ran into Buckie - a safe entrance which I know well but even so fairly tricky (and jolly narrow) at night with a leading wind. John was a great help (as always) with his excellent eyesight and calm appraisal of the various hazards.

We left early on Friday and anchored the following Wednesday off Walton Pier in the Wallet having spent a delightful afternoon in the charming St Abb's harbour (28 hours from Buckie) and a rather less attractive 20 hours storm bound in Grimsby. The yacht club there was most helpful and we had superb

baths in the Norwegian Seamen's Mission but we were glad to leave in spite of a persistent gale warning. We crossed the Wash at night with no trouble and made a good 155 miles in under thirty hours just under the working jib. Visibility was good for this part of the trip although I had been very glad of a sunsight to get a position line in poor visibility before closing the Yorkshire coast on the previous Sunday, especially as the log had gone on the blink for a few hours for no particular reason. We were home in Bradwell on Thursday 18th after a most pleasant cruise of just over 1800 miles. Never did we have a moment's doubt about our 'Rival' and it was intriguing to meet up with no less than three other 'Rivals' in Scotland; she is an ideal boat for a husband and wife and although my family laugh when I say this really is my last boat - I think this time they are wrong. After 2½ years we have absolutely no desire to change.

Cruise of "JORIE" from Dartmouth
by Bill Robinson

Having chartered "Jorie", a 'Rival 34', on two previous occasions we were acquainted with her virtues; all the vices seeming to be ours!

We took her over on Saturday, 24th August 1974. After a work-up in Start Bay to check all the gear and collect our sea legs, we visited Salcombe the next day and returned to Dartmouth on Monday.

Tuesday 27th August: Left Dartmouth at 12.05 for Cherbourg. Wind 3/4 from West. Ideal sailing conditions and a blue sky gave us an enjoyable sail under Main and Genoa. Dusk came with clear skies and at 21.25 we were able to check our D.R. plot by the loom of the Casquets and Portland Bill lights.

Wednesday 28th August: Found us abreast of the large 'Usine' between Cherbourg and Cap de la Hague with the wind falling off. We remained on station with the 'Usine' for some hours! By mid-morning the crew were becoming restless as the Skipper had rashly promised lunch in Cherbourg and was unwilling to resort to the engine, maintaining it was a sailing holiday. He was saved by a sudden freshening of the wind which backed Easterly and soon had "Jorie" down to working jib and logging 5-6 knots, arriving at Cherbourg pontoon at 16.05.

Thursday 29th August: The plan was to make Guernsey in one hop; but late arrival of bonded stores delayed departure which meant a slight change of plan. In the meantime, the crew had visited the Royal Navy's Yacht "Adventure" and arranged to make a rendezvous with her on passage to Alderney. With an easterly wind Alderney was a fast down-hill sail with "Adventure" keeping her promise to take a leg out to sea and then come across our stern so that we could film her in full sail. Conditions in Alderney harbour were a bit choppy

with the Easterly wind driving small waves right into the anchorage. After an excellent supper neighbours were invited aboard for a night-cap and singsong.

Friday 30th August: Our start was delayed by a temporarily fouled anchorage so that whilst we could clear Alderney Race we should meet a foul tide in the Great Russel Channel. It was, therefore, decided that we would make passage East of Sark and then turn West to St Peter Port. Wind was fresh, Force 4/5 from the SW giving ideal sailing conditions with good visibility, making St Peter Port at exactly 20.00.

Saturday 31st August: Left St Peter Port with wind Force 4/5 from SW and a fair sea running; visibility good; but poor correlation between DR position and fixes gave us concern until it was discovered that the Walker Log was towing a large bundle of seaweed. Off Les Hanois Light we were suddenly caught in a dense rain storm which literally flattened the tops of the waves. We had all read about this; but it was the first time any of us had actually experienced it. As darkness came the wind dropped but just after midnight on Sunday 1st September it veered NW increasing to Force 5/6. Start Point came up right on the nose and at 01.20 we sighted the green sector light of Dartmouth. An exhilarating beat in freshening wind soon took us into the white sector and we picked up moorings at 06.15.

Monday 2nd September was, of course, the day of storm Force 10 and we were also kept in harbour on the Tuesday and Wednesday; but on Thursday 5th September we ventured forth into Start Bay with 8 rolls in the Main and Storm Jib. Winds Force 7/8 from NW. It was a magnificent sail with "Jorie" exhibiting all the marvellous sea-keeping qualities of her class and comfortably making good ground to windward. We returned that evening exhilarated but exhausted and glad we had a safe mooring for the night.

Friday 6th September: This was the last day of our holiday so once more we ventured into Start Bay. This time with 10 rolls in the Main and Storm Jib. We soon cleared Start Point and felt the full effect of the blow which had now increased to Force 8 gusting 9. Again "Jorie" exhibited her fine sea-keeping qualities and we experimented handling her under these conditions. Our run back to Dartmouth was fantastic, logging 8.6 knots and practically surfing down the bigger waves, which made a memorable end to a very enjoyable holiday.

Eight in an Eight

"JAMES BAINES" - 31 Ft 'Rival'

by Gwendoline Jane Baines (aged 13)

We arrived at Lytham docks at eleven o'clock Sunday 11th August. It was the beginning of our annual holidays. The tide was just coming in, as we arrived at the slip. Everyone got out and James, Liz, Sal and Chris immediately rushed off to play in the long grass, leaving Alwena and myself to carry the luggage on to the boat. To make it easier I carried the luggage to the boat stage, Alwena carried it to the boat and Mum and Dad stowed it away. Lunch

over we decided to spend the afternoon in Blackpool. We had tea out and returned to the boat at about 10 o'clock, calling to see my grandparents who live in Lytham. We had intended to sail the next morning but the weather forecast was as it was last Saturday when Dad and his crew should have sailed to the Isle of Man.

On the Monday we went to Blackpool Zoo and Stanley Park, and on the Tuesday we went to Pontin's for the day. The weather on the Tuesday was just right but we gave it another day to settle down. We decided to go the next day, Wednesday 14th August after we had got the weather forecast. We all retired early to bed that night, as we intended an early start in the morning. We all got up about six o'clock. Daddy went to telephone Barton Hall weather station for the forecast which was SW 3 to 4, visibility 5 miles.

We left the River Ribble at approximately eight o'clock and set our course for the North West and then had our breakfast. We were making good time. Towards lunchtime it became a little choppy so we had sweets and biscuits because Mummy didn't feel like cooking. My younger sisters, Alwena, Liz, Sal and I went below to sleep, we put up our lee boards and put sleeping bags over us, while my brother James did his cornet practice up forward. At 1400 hours I heard a gale warning for the Irish Sea on the radio, then I got the forecast which was SW, gale 8 imminent. So we prepared for it by taking the Genoa down and by reefing the mainsail, and Dad took a Directional fix on Creignash. As it was getting rougher Mum, Dad, James and Christopher put on harnesses and oilskins.

At 1500 hours the gale hit us with a vengeance. The cor plug on the engine had been corroded away by the salt sea water, so the bilge had to be pumped out every few hours, but when the gale hit us we found it very hard to pump out so water was awash on the floor. Chris's twin sister Sarah aged seven lifted her sleeping bag to find water beneath her bunk and through the window so she pulled it back over her head. My twelve-year-old sister Alwena and nine-year old sister Elizabeth were sick, then my two brothers Christopher and James age eleven came down below because it was too rough and visibility was very bad because of the rain and was down to half a mile. By this time we could just see Chicken Rock light off the Isle of Man, but not the Isle of Man itself, but we were glad to see the light.

During the sail Dad lost his pipe overboard, and the key to open the fuel tank. My brother Chris said very precisely that the waves were as big as the cross-trees. As we closed Chicken Rock a coaster hove-to as Daddy wore the boat round on a dead run to Port St Mary. As we wore into the harbour Dad called us up on deck to stow the sails. As we motored into the inner harbour, the harbour master found us a berth beside the wall next to "Joan of Arc". We tied up, then we went ashore to get some chips. A very friendly man from the Port St Mary Yacht Club took our wet clothes, anoraks, home and brought them back dry the next day. We found out that it had been blowing forty knots and gusts up to fortyfive knots for the last few hours of our passage.

The holiday made up for this incident. I went fishing with some friends, had a few Chinese lunches, watched Danny Osmond's television programme, and met

some really nice friends. We finished our exciting holiday by sailing back to Holyhead with a friend who has a Shipman 28 called "Nimon 2nd" in the most ideal conditions.

My voyage with "JEZEBEL" in the summer 1974

by C S Sundqvist

Editor's note: Mr Sundqvist, who is now in his late fifties, took delivery of his 'Rival 32' in July 1971, without any of the internal joinery, and sailed her like that back to Sweden where he finished her himself. This log of his 3,000 mile single-handed cruise this year was translated by his daughter Margaret.

With fresh water and a supply of provisions on board to last for 150 days I set out from Bullandö Marina in the archipelago of Stockholm on Saturday 20th July at 1100. The weather was foul with rain and mist. I passed Sandhamn to reach Almagrundet's lighthouse at 1510 and then I was out in open waters. With the course set for St Karlsö, between Gotland and Öland and the wind Force 2, I could take it easy, change clothes and have some dinner and rest. Towards the evening the wind ceases and then the sea is calm and the boat rolling in the backwash.

Sunday 0100 wind 2. 0700 the wind increases to 3, but there is a bank of mist. 0900 wind 4, good visibility and the sun is shining through. 1200 sun and the sea is glittering and I find that life is really good.

22/7 0200 Abeam Visby. Good visibility. Wind Force 5. The Wallas-heater has been on during the night, so it is nice and warm under deck. The wind increases during the morning to 6 but later on towards the evening ceases and there is calm.

23/7 0230 Wind again increasing to 5. Sunny and clear. Chilly nights so the heater really has to do its best. 2300 the wind ceasing.

24/7 Passed Ölands Södra Grund. 0200. Calm. Went down to get me some sleep. 0700 woke up. The wind is beginning to ripple the sea. 1200 wind 3, sunny and bright. In the afternoon the wind ceases to calm but later on towards the evening it increases to 3.

25/7 0500 Passing between Sandhammaren and Bornholm, and now the course is set for the lightship Gedser Rev. But the wind is increasing to 7 and it is SW, so it is right against me. I begin to take in sail and start to beat. 2100 The heater's fuel pump is not working any longer, the log (Baron) is also out of order.

26/7 The wind is still SW 7, but the weather is clear and the sight is good, and that is necessary as the traffic is congested. During the past 24 hours I have had 2 hours sleep.

27/7 0200 Can see Gedser's lightship, but I consider it not wise to go through Fehmarn Belt with all its traffic in my overtired condition. I

therefore turned round and set my course on Rönne in Bornholm. I set the out-of-course alarm and went to bed. 1100 Stern wind and wonderful sailing. 1500 Bornholm in sight. 1930 Moored in the fishing harbour.

28/7 Rönne: Rang my home and asked for a new fuel pump for the Wallas-heater to be sent to Kiel. Gave all the wet clothes etc an airing. Did some mending.

29/7 Rönne: Still hard SW wind.

30/7 Rönne: Same wind. The fishing fleet is staying in the harbour.

31/7 Rönne: The weather is getting better.

1/8 Rönne: Bad weather with rain. Had enough of sleep.

2/8 0630 The weather report sounds good, but the fog is thick here in the harbour. 0800 The sun is shining through and the sea-cow has stopped. 0830 Left Rönne. Wind SW 3. 1300 Sunshine, good sight, good weather reports. 2340 Starlit and SW 4.

3/8 Slept 4 hours. Good breeze, but from the wrong direction. 1900 Sailed round Gedser's lightship and gone in into Fehmern Belt. Been going with the engine on for a while as it is almost calm. Night with moonshine and good sight. Just drifting.

4/8 0200 Started the engine to get somewhere. 0530 Fehmern Belt's lightship. The wind is coming. I am sailing with the course set on Kiel. Stern wind 6. The traffic is intense. 1430 moored in Sportshafen. Had dinner ashore. Went to bed early.

5/8 Kiel: Charged the batteries with the Honda-generator. I installed the new fuel pump in the Wallas-heater, so now it is working again. Good! Raining. Met some fellow-countrymen from another yacht. We had a nice time together with coffee and brandy.

6/8 Kiel: Washing day. Had my bonded stores sent on board. Been ashore to shop for some fresh provisions. Nice weather.

7/8 Kiel: Still nice weather. Been doing some small shopping. Been eating my dinner ashore. Been lazy.

8/8 0900 Left Sportshafen. Engine on. Passed a lock. 1800 Moored in Rendsburg for the night.

9/8 0700 Left Rendsburg. 1500 Left the canal-lock in Brunnsbuttelkoog. 23~~15~~["] The lightship Elbe 1.

10/8 Fresh breeze. Force 5. 1900 Borkumriff.

11/8 0530 Abeam Terschellingerbank. Good weather. Good breeze. Had some sleep.

12/8 1630 Noord Hinder. 2115 West Hinder.

13/8 0230 Sandeltié. Lots of traffic. 0515 Varne lightship. Set course for Casquet. Fresh breeze. Have to sleep with one eye at a time.

14/8 The generator on my MD2B is broken or it might be the relay. Thank God I have the Honda.

15/8 The wind has increased to 7. Now the set-backs really seem to be piling up. One of the paraffin tanks (for the Wallas heater) stupidly enough stowed in the fore-cabin, has sprung a leak and ruined all the stores that did not consist of tins. In the heavy sea the chronometer has fallen on to the cabin floor and it is totally wrecked. There is also a leak through the deck where one of the stays is fastened. As I am also rather tired I decide not to go on but to turn round and try again next year. I will then be wiser from the experience I have had this voyage.

16/8 At dinnertime when I was at $48^{\circ} 32'N$ and $6^{\circ} 24'W$ I turned and sailed for home. As I was dead-beat after all the watching out, I rang my son-in-law after the arrival at Brunnsbüttelkoog and asked him to come down to Kiel, so I wouldn't have to sail home through Fehmern Belt alone, as it has a heavy traffic.

21/8 Arrived in Kiel-Sportshafen in the afternoon. Hafenmeister Mr Kurr (who for many years sailed in the Swedish Merchant Navy, for instance, m/s 'Stockholm' when she collided with 'Andrea Doria'), spoke perfect Swedish. He arranged for the repair of the chronometer. It was totally renewed for $\frac{1}{4}$ of the price I paid at Earls Court. My son-in-law arrived punctually. We stayed in Kiel for three days and visited the Olympiaharbour and some other things worth seeing.

25/8 Left Kiel 1000. Now it turned into a holiday sailing when there were two of us and we could keep watch in turns. After 1 days stop in Rønne in Bornholm, we arrived at Bullandö Marina 31st August at 0800.

Summing up:

For my next try to reach Melbourne, which will be next year, the following things have to be altered or completed:

Starting-generator charging the starting battery
AC-generator charging the lighting-batteries (Done)
Shutting off scuttle between sink and self-drain
Sprayhood and Dodgers to keep the pantry and navigation quarters dry
No paraffin or any other oil-products should be stored forward the pantry
Paraffin and extra diesel in s/s tanks
The Wallas-heater's chimney has to be lengthened so it is 25 cm (ap 10 inches)
over deck level
Paraffin lanterns

With the yacht as a whole I am more than satisfied.
She is good in all kinds of weather.
The Aries Vane Gear has functioned perfectly.

I lost 15 lbs which was a good thing as I have a heart condition.

"RUMPUS II"

A short family cruise to North Brittany
without alarms or excitements but dogged by head winds

by Edgar Somerville

The crew consisted of my wife and myself together with our daughter and son-in-law.

On 19.7.74 at 1115 we dropped our mooring at Gin's Farm in the Beaulieu River. The wind forecast was 4-5 NW. This suited our intention well because we wanted to go down west in one hop and then cross to L'Abervrach. At Hurst Castle the wind failed and after trying to make up its mind what to do settled on WSW and increased to Force 4 or 5. This hardly seemed ideal for going west so we changed course for Cherbourg, entering the west entrance at 2250, and were tied up by midnight.

A day was spent in getting the necessary stores and then we sailed for St Peter Port. The wind was NW and slowly backed so we beat all the way. Because of this we took the Great Russel arriving at 1910 having been helped by an exceptionally big tide.

After two days of strong SW winds we sailed to Treguier. We were just able to pinch past the Roches D'Ouvres and make the Basse Crublent buoy, sailing from there up the Treguier River to Douane de Roche Jaune when a combination of the wind failing and a demand for dinner ashore caused the engine to be started.

On 27.7.74 at 0545 we weighed anchor and motored out. The sail to Perros Guirec was very slow but had the compensation that we caught an excellent breakfast on the way.

On leaving Perros we stuck our nose into Ploumanach to see the queer rocks and old harbour. The sail to Pointe de Primel was frustrating with a steep short sea which stopped us all the time. At the point the sea was choppy and with the wind WNW Primel looked uninviting so we went on to Pen Lann by the Chenal de Treguier and picked up one of the mooring buoys which are now there.

We left Pen Lann by the Grand Chenal and passed through the Chenal de Batez at low water. It looked extremely shallow and it seemed prudent to motor and we continued to motor for half the way to L'Abervrach which we entered by the Passe Malouine and moored in the Marina.

Our son-in-law had to return to England so we sailed back to Roscoff to put him on the ferry, but finding it booked up for three weeks we spent the night at Pen Lann and when the tide was suitable went up to Morlaix and put him on an aeroplane.

We spent two days in Morlaix while the wind went round to the NE. We passed through Morlaix lock at 0700 and because there was no wind motored to Primel where we anchored for a few hours but finding it an uninteresting place left and sailed against wind and tide. The wind increased to 4 - 5 from the NE which involved

another beat.

We spent a night in Perros Guirec and another in Port Blanc. We left Port Blanc with the wind SE Force 4 as forecast and rather poor visibility, but the wind soon backed to the east. The Roches D'Ouvres was visible for a few minutes about three miles off. When St Martins was distant about ten miles a violent thunderstorm developed and the wind came up from between N and E at Force 6. Because of the rapidly changing wind and the adverse tide we handed the staysail and started the engine and motor-sailed to St Peter Port.

A series of gales kept us in port for three days but a forecast suggesting a lull for twentyfour hours enabled us to leave at 0800 on 12.8.74 one hour before the north going tide. The wind was NW 4 - 5 the race was moderate but a considerable sea left over from the gales was running in the channel. At 1635 the wind increased and backed to WSW and we took down four rolls which made us go more easily and no slower. We passed the Needles light at 2100. The tide was still strongly westerly which caused a considerable sea. By 2215 we were tied up in Yarmouth having forgotten to signal to the customs by light that we had come from abroad. We were penalised for this oversight by their waking us up at eight o'clock to tell us so.

We then returned to our mooring in pouring rain but the wind dead astern.

The Summer Cruise of "PICAROON" OF LYMINGTON to the West Country

by Carol Mann

"Picaroon", ('Rival 34') was commissioned last year and we had spent a relatively unadventurous season getting used to her and exploring the Solent. Our furthest voyage was to Weymouth. This year we planned to cruise to Devon. Our crew was Graham and myself, and our three daughters, Sarah, 12, Lucinda, 10, and Jenny, 6. We towed behind us our Mirror dinghy, Tiggywinkle, who behaved beautifully even in rough seas. The only time we had any trouble was when we had the mast and boom up. She was caught by a Force 5 cross wind and turned turtle, fortunately righting herself in the next puff. We learnt our lesson and always unrig her if there is any chance of a breeze.

We left Lymington with the tide at mid-day on 21st July and had a fine sail to Studland, arriving at teatime. On the way, we were thrilled to catch our first mackerel. Last year we had no luck in fishing but now we think we have the secret of success which is to have plenty of weight on the line - about 5 lbs at 6 knots. We went ashore at Studland and met an enterprising little boy who showed us how to scratch for cockles with a rake, gave us some fresh ragworms for bait, and then to our amazement, caught a young herring gull and walked around with it under his arm!

Later on we sailed into Poole Harbour and spent the night anchored at Goathorn Point which we find a quiet and attractive spot. We could see a Boy Scouts Jamboree on Brownsea Island.

For the next week the weather was too windy for comfort and we were unable to push on Westwards. However we enjoyed exploring in Poole Harbour. We spent several nights at Cleavel Point - a really beautiful and peaceful anchorage. Once, we had a barbecue lunch on the dunes at Studland Bay. Then, we had a visit to Brownsea Island on Lucinda's birthday and were able to do the tour of the Nature Reserve on the Northern part of the Island (these take place daily at 2-30 p.m.), which was conducted by an enthusiastic and knowledgeable naturalist. It was interesting to hear how Brownsea has changed over the years, how part of it was cultivated for agriculture one hundred years ago and how the rhododendrons have nearly smothered the Island. We saw the heron colony and lots of waders and heard how the tern colony this year had been decimated by two pairs of sparrow hawks.

Another day we went to the Studland Heath Nature Reserve. The H.Q. is reached by crossing over the chain ferry, and walking towards Studland until you reach the bus stop. There is a narrow path up to the left and after about 150 yards you find a small cabin where there was a very kind and interesting warden who showed us examples of the six British reptiles, all of whom can be found there, and to Graham's horror, we were able to handle the slow worm, the smooth snake, the grass snake and the lizard, but not the adder. There are also powerful glasses available for viewing the birds and wildlife.

At last, on the 29th, the weather improved and we had a good sail to Weymouth. We had our multi-feathered mackerel line out this time and the excitement of getting three fishes hooked led us to dropping all the tackle overboard - after the mackerel were safely in the bucket, fortunately. We've lost more weight of fishing tackle overboard than we have picked up fish. It would be a lot cheaper to buy smoked salmon - but not such fun.

We moored up in Weymouth harbour alongside the American yacht "Sesame" and the children spent the afternoon enjoying the excitements of Weymouth beach with donkey rides, trampolines, punch and judy's and ice creams. Graham and I had our treat when we purchased a fine lobster from the Crab and Lobster merchants along the quay. We also bought an enormous block of ice there for the ice box and were able to offer some to the American boat in return for the raw kippers on biscuit they offered us!

That night we decided to spend in Portland Harbour at Castle Cove thinking it would be quieter - but alas, we had not bargained on the noise from the Asdic sets from the warships across the harbour which sent waves of high-pitched vibrations through our hull for much of the night.

We spent another three days in Weymouth waiting for suitable weather for rounding Portland Bill. We explored Portland Castle (a well-preserved Tudor castle) and we visited the Dorset County Museum at Dorchester. We sailed in Tiggewinkle up the Fleet, the long lake of water behind the Chesil Beach. It used to be a favourite haunt of smugglers. The scenery there is very wild

and beautiful. At Sandsfoot Castle, we revisited a white goat who we had met the previous year, and who proceeded to butt Lucinda.

At last, on the 2nd August, we set off to cross West Bay, taking the passage inside the race at Portland Bill. It was a marvellous sail, about Force 3 South-Westerly and sunny all the way. Eleven hours later we arrived at Paignton in the dusk and anchored off Roundham Point where there is a pixie village with fairy lights which delighted the children.

Unfortunately, during the night the wind went round to the East so we nearly rolled out of our bunks with the swell. We decided to set off early the next morning and sailed round to Dartmouth arriving for breakfast at 9 o'clock. The scenery was lovely all the way with rugged red cliffs and rocks, quite different from the chalky downs of Dorset. We were able to pick up an RN College buoy off Sandquay, and as Graham is an old boy of the College we all did a tour round. Later we explored Dartmouth Castle and did some shopping.

That evening the wind blew and it started to rain and continued without a break for the next 24 hours. We got out the games and cards and didn't venture out until the following evening when we went ashore by dinghy and climbed up Beacon Hill in a drizzly mist.

Fortunately, the next day was beautiful. We motored up to Dittisham for breakfast and the children went ashore for fresh provisions. Then we returned down the Dart and sailed on towards Salcombe. On the way we stopped for swimming and exploring at Hall Sands and in the afternoon at Pigs Nose Cove, near Salcombe, which was especially nice. We all went swimming in the crystal-clear water. I climbed up the cliff and had a walk along part of the South Devon Coast walk. The cliffs were smothered with an enormous variety of wild flowers and butterflies and the views were glorious.

We arrived in Salcombe at 18.45 to find great activity as it was Regatta Week. We shared the RNSA buoy with two other boats. We were very grateful to "Sea Rush", who was alongside us, as our gas inconveniently gave out in the midst of cooking an enormous omelette and they kindly finished it off for us!

The following morning we replaced the gas cylinder and set off to Hope Cove where we met some friends who were holidaying there. Unfortunately the shipping forecast at 13.55 was bad so we decided to make a quick dash back to Dartmouth. Jenny caught her first mackerel and although she didn't like it much, she determinedly ate every bit for her tea.

Now it was 7th August and we had to be back by the 12th. The forecast was very windy so we spent the 7th at Dittisham, a very pretty village with a small pottery and a church which is well worth a visit. On the 8th we decided to make for Weymouth and we had our roughest passage in "Picaroon". We were at sea for 10 hours, the wind increased up to Force 5/6 by the time we were off Portland, also there was a heavy swell and in the latter part the waves were some 16 feet high. Unfortunately, I gave Jenny and Lucy sea-sick pills too late and they are now happy to relate that they were sick eight times - each! Needless to say we took the passage round the outside of the race, and we were pleased to arrive in Weymouth Harbour.

The next day we sailed on to Poole and although the wind was still strong, we remembered the sea-sick pills well in advance and everyone was much happier.

Another gale the following day kept us in Poole Harbour, but on the 11th we had a pleasant sail, Force 3/4 Westerly, back into Lymington.

Next year we plan to go further down the coast and hope the weather will be a little less windy.

Cruise of "AMAZING GRACE" to Brittany

by Claude Hosking

We took our 'Rival 32' from our home port of Mill Rythe, Emsworth, down to Dartmouth in July so that we could expect to be reaching or running for most of our holiday in Brittany.

Three weeks later we arrived in pouring rain to be greeted with gale warnings, the 'Rival 32' by now being berthed at the Dart Marina. The crew for the cruise was to consist of most of the family, the sailing experience of the two female members being fairly limited, but I could completely rely on David as mate as he had been getting in a lot of sea time in the preceding nine months both in the "Captain Scott" topgallant schooner and as a 'middie' at Dartmouth. My wife Grace having had her passage booked with car on the cross channel ferry, decided that if we were to perish we had better all go down together and decided to travel with us.

After a more favourable forecast a day later, we left Dartmouth at 15.30 hours in fog and drizzle and took our departure from the Skerries buoy. The wind was NW Force 5 quickly dropping to Force 2, but visibility continued poor leading to anxious moments in the coastal shipping lanes south of Start Point when thumping engines and thrashing propellers approached us on constant bearings; going by invisibly at what seemed to be the last moment. The wind was slight although there was a big long swell left from the earlier gales and the next day dawned clear in mid channel, later becoming sunny and warm. This was Richard's seventh birthday and the saloon floor and bunks were strewn with Action Man, power drill kits, Lego, etc. Unfortunately Richard was sick mid-morning, the only time anyone was a casualty to mal de mer. Queasy members of the crew used Avomine tablets which had a very quick effect but virtually put them out like a light.

Soon after lunch we sighted a lighthouse about ten miles off on the port bow and an hour later four flat topped islands appeared prominently ahead. These were identified as Sept Isles (don't ask what happened to the other three) and we altered course to port to find the entrance to Tréguier. A strong westerly going tide and lack of prominent off shore landmarks kept us at sea most of the afternoon but by 5.00 p.m. we were passing Crublent buoy, the outermost mark

of the entrance. I had been so conditioned by reading Adlard Coles' book on the dangers of the North Brittany coastline, that we stayed too far off shore to be able to recognise any of the buoys. Once we came in however it all became extremely clear and we were most impressed by the excellent marks, leading lights and buoys, etc., on the Brittany coast. We sailed up the river to Tréguier and anchored on the Cathedral/Customs house transit as instructed by the "maestro". The passage of approximately 100 miles had taken twentysix hours albeit with the help of our trusty iron top sail in the shape of a Volvo Penta MD2 diesel.

We were in Tréguier at the height of the August spring tides where the range was nearly 40 feet.. However, we were never seriously inconvenienced although we sometimes had to do a bit of mud wading in bare feet at 11.00 p.m. after a good dinner ashore. One night we stuck aground near low water as the boat was turning round on the anchor chain leading to a rapid wake-up at a 45-degree inclination - O.K. for those on the port side bunks and root berths.

Tréguier is a pleasant picturesque small town built of granite houses with a fine old Cathedral at the top of the town in a cobbled square. It contains half a dozen restaurants which specialize in sea food, a customs office closed on Saturdays and Sundays; and a very attractive river running through hills and woods about five miles to the sea.

The family were impatient for the shops and facilities of a larger town and so we left Treguier in the evening after three days, clearing the entrance as darkness fell at 20.45. A ghostly gaff schooner - believed to be "Hoshi" - passed us in the entrance with all lights dimmed and making no sound under sail - a real Flying Dutchman. Although the wind was favourable for an easterly passage being NNE about Force 3 - 4 there was a strong tidal set to the west and we only finally cleared the transit of the leading lights for the entrance, at an offing of about five miles, by 01.00. Our course lay outside the lighthouses of Les Haux and La Horaine which mark the mainland edge of the Channel between the shore and the off-lying dangers of the Plateau de Barnouic, which is in-shore of the Roches Douvres. This channel is some seven miles wide but due to the absence of anything other than a dull fixed white light on La Horaine lighthouse and a set inshore towards the entrance to Lézardrieux, we found ourselves "embayed" inshore of the Horaine light and well into the red sector of the La Paon light on shore. The engine was started with alacrity and we motored around clear of La Horaine setting course then for St Malo which is about 40 miles from this point.

Of the lights on the Plateau de Barnouic there was no sign whatever all night although the visibility was clear. Likewise the extremely powerful light of Roches Douvres was invisible.

Early morning saw us on a course of 135° M breasting a tide of around 1 - 3 knots more or less on the nose. The lighthouse of Le Grand Lejon was spotted about 6 miles off on the starboard beam rather closer than we had expected although this light stands some 10 miles offshore at the seaward end of a reef. The sight of land ahead of us confirmed my suspicion that the tide was setting us Eastwards into the bay between Cape Frehel and the Tréguier peninsular. We accordingly hardened sheets and later went about to clear

Cape Frehel, which is a high cliff headland very prominent. The wind was now more E-ly Force 4 with a bright sun, clear sky and blue sea. At noon we were skirting the Vieu Banc shallows, well marked by two buoys, and soon after altered course for the reach into St Malo which was entered at 14.30 through the Chenal de Petite Porte under ideal conditions, though with a strong cross stream. As it was just after low water, we anchored off the beach to catch up on sleep before the lock gates opened at 19.30 hours.

We secured in the marina at about 20.00 hours. The passage from Treguier had taken seventeen and one-third hours for 89 miles although we covered a few miles more than strictly necessary around La Horaine light.

St Malo is an extremely interesting town, built of granite within an encircling rampart around which one can walk. An old pirate fortress in the middle ages it must have been just about impregnable from the land or sea. The town was damaged in the war and has been rebuilt exactly as it used to be. The marina offers membership of the Yacht Club, the usual amenities and extremely convenient access to the town, within about three minutes walking distance. Duty free stores are available and the mooring fees for a 32 footer were precisely £1 per day. Gas oil does not appear to be readily available in France for yachts and it is necessary to buy Derv for which the price is almost 50 pence per gallon.

We left St Malo on the Friday morning clearing the lock at 10.00 hours. The weather was exceptionally clear and sunny the high pressure having persisted during our stay in Brittany. Wind was N-ly Force 2 but this soon died to leave an oily calm with a heat haze. Using the motor we made an uneventful passage of $12\frac{1}{2}$ hours to St Peter Port, a bit of wind from the NW making the last 2 hours more interesting.

The surprising thing about this area is the sight of Jersey, like a desert island, shimmering in the heat and appearing like a mirage over the Minquiers. It also takes the devil of a long time to pass, in fact we had Jersey on our beam for elevenses, lunch, tea and supper. Being circular or square in plan it is not appreciated that you are in fact looking at different aspects of Jersey as the time goes by.

The entrance to St Peter Port is extremely easy from the South where the light at St Martins is very visible and the change of colour sector on its north-east side a useful guide up to the end of the mole. We were impressed by the power of the Roches Douvres light which at a range of probably 15-20 miles looked almost like the flash of an atomic explosion over the horizon; likewise its radio transmitter is very easy to pick up even at a range of 100 miles - the less said about the other radio stations in this west channel group - the better.

The berthing arrangements for yachts in the outer harbour at St Peter Port were not too secure and as is well known the system is pretty nerve wracking in bad weather. I was unsure whether we were holding our neighbours in position or vice versa. Anyway we put down an anchor and had a comfortable night.

The morning dawned misty and rainy with winds forecast of 3-5 possibly 6-7 (the forecaster was pretty well covered by this!). In fact it never blew

stronger than Force 4 from the NW and later West and the weather cleared up to a beautiful sunny afternoon after we had been projected through the Alderney race at 8 knots in excess of our water speed.

Of the French shore there was no sign until we were 15 - 20 miles north of Cherbourg - Alderney was dimly seen but a radio fix put us near the rocks off the west side of the Cherbourg peninsula. I formed the strong impression that D.R. is infinitely more reliable than D.F. In fact we were never closer than $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles to the coast of the mainland.

In the afternoon we put up the spinnaker and kept it there for about 8 hours until fog came down at nightfall. Around midnight we entered the coastal shipping lanes south of the Isle of Wight and had some hairy moments there although we never saw a ship. The technique we adopted was to steer a constant course, keep the engine off but instantly ready to start and answer the ship's fog horn with our own, after an interval of 30 seconds. During this procedure the radar reflector must of course be hoisted (and the dinghy should preferably be pumped up!). On more than one occasion the sounds of a ship which had previously maintained a constant bearing, altered course and went around our stern - completely invisible. I believe the worst thing to do is to try and get away from the approaching vessel because you are just as likely to steer into its path and will confuse the ship if they have seen you on their radar.

At 3-15 a.m. the fog lifted and St Catherine's light became plainly visible on the port bow about 4 miles away. With a strong tidal stream under us we passed the Nab soon after 5 a.m. and $1\frac{1}{4}$ hours later we had once again returned to our mooring buoy at Mill Rythe. The passage of 105 miles had taken $21\frac{3}{4}$ hours and the log showed only 92 miles, proving that it is possible to get a substantial help from the tides even on a cross channel passage.

Calculations made after the end of our holiday showed we had covered 335 miles in 78 hours, an average speed of just on $4\frac{1}{4}$ knots, which included a certain amount of low speed running of the engine to keep us moving in light winds. Consumption of diesel averaged 1/6th gallon per hour. We have all been very pleased with the performance of the 'Rival', in particular the confidence she inspires at sea. After completion of the interior fitting out this winter we are looking forward to more adventurous cruises in the future..

"RIVAL OF ROXBY" to Amsterdam

by Harry and Phyl Wright

Our first two seasons were spent in the Humber Estuary, where the tidal range is 27 feet at Springs and the currents run swiftly, so that the 31 ft 'Rival' was well tested.

In 1973 I was anxious to 'go foreign' and enlisted the help of 'Mo' Codd, a strong crew. My wife, Phyl, and Lew, a cheerful novice, completed the crew. We made our first long passage to Ijmuiden, in a mixture of light winds, fog, and rain, taking 59 hours, but during the next two weeks had an enjoyable time seeing the sights of Amsterdam and cruising the Ijsselmeer with its delightful

cosy harbours, ending up with a downwind sail in Force 8 from Medemblik to Amsterdam. For the return trip we had a steady Force 4 NW-ly making the passage to Grimsby in 33 hours. An additional crew member was our good friend Broeder de Montfort, a Dutch monk, who was somewhat disappointed that we had sailed too fast to catch mackerel.

In 1974 we decided to 'do 'er agin' determined to show our yachting cronies that we could make a fast passage both ways, so on July 28th with a fresh SSW wind we sailed down river without recourse to the motor, covering the 28 miles from South Ferriby to Spurn Point in $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours, carrying the ebb. Spurn LV was abeam at 1800. This fast time augured well for the trip and in bright evening sunshine we settled down to a long starboard reach on 115° M.

At this point something of a race developed as "Gay Virtue", a fine example of that illustrious breed of sloops, had followed us down river bound for the same port, and was now about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile astern and closing. With the approach of night I had changed down to working jib and now cursed my cautious nature as I saw she was carrying her genoa. However, with a little more attention to sail trimming we kept her a respectable distance astern until darkness fell. Passed Dudgeon LV on port beam at 01.10. All through the night the wind blew steadily and I observed "Gay Virtue" up to windward and slightly ahead, her sternlight twinkling; when I handed over to "Mo" at 04.00 this was still the situation but when I next came up at 08.00 she was again well astern and "Mo" lost no time in pointing this out, muttering something about leaving it to an Enterprise man to sort it out!

As we forged on, the seas began to rise as we moved out of the lee of the Norfolk coast, the waves now coming all the way from the Straits of Dover. At 18.00 we got the forecast of SE Force 7 winds in Humber and German Bight, so promptly put four rolls in the mainsail and sure enough, by 20.00 the wind had increased and the seas had developed a nasty look. We swept along at 8 - 9 knots, the spray flying, but very little reached the cockpit, thanks to 'Rival's' high bows. At about 21.00 I was able to receive Ijmuiden beacon and jubilantly announced that it was 'dead ahead' and within 20 miles (its range), whereupon a look of disbelief appeared on Mo's face as he had been working out how long we had been on passage and could not credit we had covered that much distance.

At this time I started wondering what the entrance to Ijmuiden harbour would be like in this weight of wind, having read of its hazards in a westerly gale, but of course right now the wind was South and not yet of gale force. All the same I was worried.

During the next $1\frac{3}{4}$ hours as we closed the coast we were subjected to bigger and bigger seas breaking on our starboard bow and "Rival of Roxby" was many times knocked completely out of her stride by the sheer weight of water, but she stuck to her task and slowly but surely made for the now visible lights of the harbour entrance. As we closed I could see the waves crashing on the southern arm of the harbour mole and the red light at its end flickering as the occasional sheet of spray reached it. Now, as we had taken good care to get to weather of the south arm, we could run off a little with eased sheets

and enter the harbour with ease, the peace and lack of motion coming like balm to our tired spirits! We tied up in Ijmuiden 22.45 Sunday 29th having left South Ferriby Sluice at 13.15 Saturday 28th. Total time on passage $33\frac{1}{2}$ hours - Great Elation! "Gay Virtue" came alongside 30 minutes later, just as we were beginning to worry about her because we had lost sight of her lights in the deep troughs offshore some $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours earlier.

We cruised the IJselmeer again, this time in delightful weather, but I did not make the return trip to England due to illness and had to come back on the Tor Lines ferry with my wife. A 'phone call brought my son David over on the Friday night ferry to join Mo and Lew and we had to leave them at Jachthaven Six, Amsterdam, with the wind already gusting up to Force 6 and gales forecast for the next day.

After 24 hours waiting the gales appeared to be over and "Rival of Roxby" left Ijmuiden at 08.15 Monday 12th August in a SW Force 4-5 wind and a still lumpy sea - Course 295° M; a few hours out the gales returned and six rolls were put in the mainsail. Sometime later the jib sheet parted at the block and David had the unenviable task of going forward to sort it out, being forced to work on hands and knees by the violent motion. However by exchanging the broken lee side sheet for the undamaged windward side one, the jib was brought under control fairly rapidly, and no damage was done.

In the 12 hours during which the gale continued to blow, the boat gave her crew no cause for alarm whatever, everyone later expressing the view that she would stand anything the elements could dish up!

The gale having abated by nightfall, the next 27 hours were marked by periods of flat calm and light breezes, much of the day being spent trying to leave the area of the extensive oil field off Cromer, which just would not go away, or so it seemed.

It was Tuesday evening (36 hours out of Ijmuiden) before a real sailing breeze sprang up and this, fortunately, lasted through the night; shortly after dawn the flat, featureless Lincolnshire coastline was sighted. At this point it became apparent that the navigation had gone awry as an RDF fix at 08.15 put the boat 20 miles south of the Humber estuary and about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles offshore. This was due partly to tidal drift and partly, as Mo told me later, because he had made an extra allowance for leeway, influenced by a weather forecast of strengthening SW winds which did not in fact materialise. However, now the current was helping her on her way and Grimsby Royal Dock basin was entered shortly after noon and the Customs Officer sought out. This worthy official being most co-operative, she was soon away on the remainder of the flood tide up to our mooring at South Ferriby, this last being a most exhilarating sail in wind over tide conditions.

Penning in at 17.15 Wednesday made a total time on passage of $56\frac{1}{2}$ hours, a quite creditable performance considering the 27 hours of calms and the fact that no motoring was done (we have perhaps only 10 hours fuel capacity anyway). However, a diesel is now being considered for future cruises.

With the experience of these cruises under our belt, we are hoping to cruise

to Denmark in the future, probably to the port of Esbjerg, a distance of about 400 miles ENE of Grimsby, but I think we shall have to fit self-steering gear, as fatigue is a very real problem, which apart from being dangerous on our busy sea lanes, can completely spoil what is, after all, supposed to be enjoyed. Of course self-steering gear does not relieve one of the responsibility of "keeping a good look-out" at all times but we may be able to develop the habit of cat-napping used by many off-shore crews.

Channel Islands and France in "SHERIDAN"

by Ron and Claire Strong

We planned a three week cruise to the Channel Islands taking with us two friends (temporarily without a boat) and their 2½ year old daughter. When everything was on board and stowed and our log reading "Sunday 7th July left Saltash on main and genoa at 17.30 wind SW2 to 3", we set course for Alderney but found a blanket of fog waiting for us at the Plymouth breakwater. Visibility had dropped to 20 yards so we felt our way gently into Cawsand Bay and dropped anchor for the night.

As we wanted to cross the main shipping lanes at dawn and have an early morning landfall at Alderney, we set off at 14.15 the following day in good visibility and in light airs doing about 2 knots. By about 20.00 hours the wind increased and we held our course with a beam reach. Bolt Head and Bolt Tail soon passed on our port side and Start Point became a useful stern bearing for crossing the first part of the Channel. Around midnight the wind veered westerly which put us on a run. For comfortable sailing, we voted to alter our destination to Guernsey and in good time we crossed the lanes as moonlight gave way to dawn.

At 04.20 we picked up the Les Hanois light on the starboard bow and at 12.20 entered the busy harbour of St Peter Port with instructions from the pier head where to go. We found such a wealth of detail on the Admiralty chart (3400) it was difficult to pick out some of the rocks!

The following day, Thursday, 11th July, was not particularly pleasant - little or no wind, poor visibility and we had to watch the tidal charts like hawks. We motored all the way to Jersey through constant drizzle, passing the coast line about a mile off and reading the eloquent descriptions in the pilot to make up for what we couldn't see. We even had a shark for company swimming astern but the welcoming arm of St Catherine's Pier soon loomed up and we dropped anchor at 19.00. It was a delightful spot with an excellent restaurant but no available water, the latter requiring a bus ride to a water tank some 3 miles away. From then on we always carried plenty of water around the islands.

Sunday 14th July at 07.00 we set course for Granville on the French coast - a cracking sail at 6 knots plus on main and working jib - via the Le Boeuf Tower.

Four and a half hours later we hove-to outside Granville waiting for high tide to get into the inner harbour. We tied up alongside the excellent pontoon and after paying our respects at the Yacht Club on the quay we hurried to explore the ancient French buildings overlooking the harbour. We noticed only one other foreign yacht there and none of the usual tourist gimmickery. Yacht space, however, is short but a new harbour is being built.

The Isles of Chausey are not far away; pictures show a scene which could well have been taken on the moon and we hoped to visit them but the Force 5 - 6 which blew constantly put this out of the question. We were snug in the inner harbour at Granville and completely protected from the howling gale which blew all the following day. On Wednesday 18th July at 16.10 we left Granville for St Catherine's again (with full water tanks) and enjoyed a beat up the French coast altering course for Jersey with Le Senequet Lt. astern and the brilliant light of Cap de Carteret providing a useful bearing. The wind dropped and we were only managing 3 knots under main and genoa but reached our familiar spot at 01.30. Careful navigation was a pleasant discipline in these waters and there was no room for cocked hats!

That elusive island, Alderney, now beckoned to us and on Friday 19th July at 06.40 we set sail on the first leg to St Peter Port. Another early start the following day and a moderate breeze gave us an excellent sail through the disturbed waters of the Little Russel Channel with flying spray everywhere - another yacht ploughed through with us with everyone taking photographs: wonderful effects. Later, with poor visibility, we began to wonder where Alderney was. Our navigation had so far proved good but first it was three miles away with nothing to see, then two miles, then one mile and still nothing. Suddenly the mist swirled away and the island reared almost above us on the port beam. With main and No.1 jib (a hasty change as the wind suddenly increased) we beat round the Quennard Light with great respect and dropped anchor at 10.50 in Braye Harbour. A quiet and friendly spot regardless of the wrecks on the off-lying rocks. Here we let the sun catch up with us with sunbathing on the beach and bar-b-ques in the sand dunes. Time was running away, so on 22nd July at 18.30 we left Braye and set the genoa alone with the wind on the starboard quarter doing 5.5 knots for Cherbourg keeping clear of the overfalls off Cape de la Hague. Visibility was poor and obtaining fixes was almost impossible. At 21.00 we picked up a light on our starboard bow which appeared to be two flashes with another dimmer light further away showing a couple of seconds later. For 20 minutes we pored over the charts without finding a light or lights with this characteristic. We kept well to sea until identification could be achieved in the improving visibility. They had been partly obscured lights of Cherbourg. By the time visibility had improved and the clearer lights identified, we had gone past the breakwater's western entrance and had to turn and beat against wind and tide to make it. That mile or so took us as long as the whole trip from Alderney and, very disgusted with ourselves, we tied up in the yacht section at 23.45 log 1914. With two Ocean and one Coastal certified crew we had made the biggest blunder of all - the assumption that it was so near and so big we couldn't miss it! How ashamed we all were - no one even thought of switching on the direction finding equipment (probably because we've always felt that it was a cheating method of navigation). It was indeed a lesson learnt!

Cherbourg was full of foreign yachts; there must have been as many English, Dutch, German and Belgian yachts as there were French and everyone seems to enjoy the excellent facilities. Food and wine were savoured to the full. An excellent shop which did a roaring trade near the centre of the town had the most mouthwatering pates and other delicacies and we rarely passed without sampling and drooling.

However, all good things come to an end and on Thursday July 25th at 14.30 we left under sail and started the long beat back to Plymouth. During the night there were several changes from genoa to working jib and back again trying to make the most of whatever was blowing. At 09.25 the following morning we had sighted Start Point and Berry Head but were only registering 3 knots and sometimes 2 in next to no wind. At 15.30 after a lot of slow tacking, we unanimously decided to call it a day and put the engine on at 6 knots. We cleared Customs at Plymouth then continued on up the Tamar to Saltash where we picked up our mooring at 21.15. A finish of 3 weeks excellent sailing, although on the whole the weather had been pretty poor.

First Summer Cruise in "SAFE ARRIVAL"

by Graham and Elizabeth Lamb

Deganwy - Holyhead-Dun Laoghaire - Arklow - Pwllheli -
Porth Dinllaen - Holyhead - Douglas - Derby Haven -
Holyhead.

"Safe Arrival", our 'Rival 32', was launched at Deganwy on August 2nd 1974, the week-end prior to our summer holidays, after twelve months of fitting out in the front garden at home. Unfortunately the cap shrouds proved to be nine inches too long and so we lashed them as tightly as possible for the trip round to Holyhead which of course was made under power due to the temporary staying of the mast. However the $5\frac{1}{4}$ hours run was most enjoyable and we were pleased with the performance under power. At 1650 r.p.m. our speed was $6\frac{1}{2}$ knots, this being around the most economical for fuel consumption (another cause for satisfaction). DAYS RUN: 34.6 nm.

Our first week-end was spent doing the many jobs necessary to put the boat in good order. The following Saturday, armed with Norseman terminals for the cap shrouds and the just completed berth cushions which had cost my wife much of her sleep for the past week, we again set to making all ship-shape. The weather was none too good, with the possibility of gales, so it was not until Monday that we had our first sail in westerly 4 - 5's. This enabled us to ensure all was in order and to find out just how she handled. Extremely happy, we returned to our mooring and on Tuesday at 1230 sailed for Dun Laoghaire. The wind was SW3 and we were soon making a very satisfactory speed through the water. However by 1400 the wind had

disappeared completely and on went the engine. The wind stayed away so the trip was uneventful. The Kish Light was abeam at 2055 and we entered Dun Laoghaire at 2210 after having been a bit startled a few cables out by a racing mark which, in the dark and whilst unidentified, gave me kittens. Just inside the harbour we picked up a mooring from among an orderly line of yachts.

DAYS RUN: 61.5 nm.

The following day, Sean Doyle, boatman to the Royal St George Yacht Club, whose mooring we were using, offered us the facilities available at the Club and in all ways made us most welcome and indeed showed a great deal of interest in the 'Rival'.

The Irish Sea forecast for Wednesday was S6-7, perhaps Gale 8, so we stayed put. This weather pattern continued through Thursday but on Friday at 0750 with SW6 to Gale 8 moderating to 4-5 and veering NW, we set off for Arklow with five rolls in the main and with working jib. With no fetch to build up the seas conditions were not too bad at all, though on occasions we luffed up when the gusts touched the top end of Force 7.

This was an exhilarating sail and as at this stage we were still finding out how "Safe Arrival" handled we kept as much sail up as possible. Some of the gusts may well have been in the Force 8 range and with a bigger sea we would have needed a few more rolls in the main, and perhaps moved down to the storm jib but we were still finding out.

At 1430 we were safely moored alongside in Arklow harbour having averaged around 5 knots to windward. Passing through the narrow entrance to this snug little harbour I thanked a chap on the swing bridge for, as I thought, opening it for us. However later when ashore it was obvious the bridge had not moved for years.

DAYS RUN: 31.6 nm.

Saturday 17th August we left Arklow in a flat calm (amazing isn't it) and motored back across the Irish Sea making for Pwllheli. At least we were keeping the battery well charged! A breeze sprang up just before we entered Bardsey Sound and so we were able to give the engine a rest and sail the remainder of the way, passing outside St Tudwal's Islands and eventually mooring up alongside a 'Rival 31', "Junchas", at 1910.

DAYS RUN: 71.0 nm.

At 1145 Sunday 18th we left Pwllheli intending to sail to Caernarvon. The reason for this was that we had been charged 54p for our one night stay, and we thought this very reasonable, but a two nights stay would cost us £3.00 (the weekly rate) and so on principle we decided to leave. Our timing for Bardsey Sound Race was therefore not the best and it took us a couple of hours to get round with the wind on our nose where it decided to stay. Rain and spray made this a wet ride in Force 4 so when passing Porth Dinllaen at 2005 the temptation was too great and we put in, mooring at 2035 where locals and echo sounder assured us we had enough water at Low Water Springs.

DAYS RUN: 55 nm.

On most Low Water Springs they were probably right but this was a real low 'low'; but more of that later. The swell was most uncomfortable and "Safe Arrival" wanted to lie beam on which she might like but we do not.

After almost getting a ducking a couple of times whilst stowing sails, I ran the storm jib, upside down, up the backstay, as far as the radar reflector, sheeting it amidships to the mainsheet traveller with the main sheet. The wind being onshore this quietened things down quite a bit as "Safe Arrival" took the swell more on the bow. At around 0530 we touched bottom and though we tried to get off it soon became obvious we were not going anywhere just then. This was the first time this had happened to us so perhaps we were more nervous than most. A good poke round with the boat hook found nothing but sand and weed on the starboard side so we listed her that way. Having now been 'streaking' for a quarter of an hour I went below to get warm, brew up and calm down! The inclinometer gradually reached 30° and we waited for the sound of rock on g.r.p. but it never came and all was still at about 0615. Then at 0630 movement started again. Liz thought 'up' - I was sure it would be 'down', after all it had been that sort of a night. However, it was 'up' and so the nerves relaxed and all was well again. By now the swell had died down and the wind gone again so when we left at 0715 Monday 19th we were motoring and heading for Holyhead in bright sunshine. Even in these conditions the overfalls off North and South Stacks were lively. Holyhead breakwater was rounded at 1047.

DAYS RUN: 24 nm.

Tuesday was spent resting, changing engine oil and filter, etc., but next morning we set sail for Derby Haven I.O.M. The course was downwind - SSW $\frac{1}{4}$ - but without a boom for the headsail it kept spilling the wind as we rolled so we altered course to reach. Visibility was very poor and there was no sight of land until we were about 6 miles off at 1655. I was certain I could recognise our position which was a little to the west about $\frac{1}{4}$ miles lower down the coast than intended, so 'clever clogs' altered course a few degrees to starboard. Some little time later Derby Haven began to look more and more like Douglas, my course change almost certainly having taken us away from a perfect landfall. However Douglas suited us so we anchored in the harbour, stern warp to one of the mooring buoys at 1900 hours.

DAYS RUN: 52 nm.

Thursday at 1530 in SSW 3 we had a short, pleasant sail to Derby Haven, catching a couple of mackerel on the way for a very tasty meal in the harbour where we picked up a mooring at 1805 just inside the entrance. DAYS RUN: 8 nm.

A ramble ashore ended a pleasant lazy day.

On Friday 23rd the 0630 forecast gave SW 4-5 locally 6 and rain at times so we decided to return to Holyhead. The wind came on our nose and freshened until we were down to working jib and 5 rolls in the main for Force 5-6. The waves started to build up and became quite impressive with breaking crests as the wind increased to Force 7 by late afternoon. It was a race to get round the Skerries before the tide turned against us and a race which it became obvious we were not going to win. The course to stem the tide whilst edging into the sheltered waters of Holyhead Bay was dead to windward so we put the motor on and punched into the waves getting a good soaking. The main steadied us a bit but the jib was not helping any so it had to come down. To run off whilst this was being done would have lost hard won yards (we were measuring in yards by now). After a half hour fight the jib was down, the pulpit was slightly bent and the lifelines slack due to my having been thrown from port to starboard against them. The safety harness paid for itself twice in the process. Patience was finally rewarded when we picked up a mooring at 0020 Saturday 24th having run 71.1 miles

to cover the 47 miles from Derby Haven.

In all, since launching, "Safe Arrival" had covered some 420 miles and with every mile our confidence in her ability and sea-worthiness increased. Since our holidays we have fitted an Aries Vane Gear and it really is as good as we have read and been told it is. Now we wait impatiently for our next cruise to see places further afield for certainly we have the boat to take us and ensure our 'safe arrival'.

A Trip to Cherbourg Singlehanded

by Derek Mauchel

I have always wanted to sail "MONEVE", my 'Rival 32', single handed and after fitting my Aries self steering gear and carrying out a few short trips around the Solent I decided to attempt the cross channel voyage to Cherbourg.

As I crossed the Chichester bar at 1315 on 26th August and streamed the log, the wind was from WSW and about 4-5 with moderate visibility. I had two rolls in the main and a working jib but there was quite a sea running and we made good about 5 knots almost due south.

The Owers LV was passed at about 1500 and the wind was getting a little stronger, I estimate a full Force 5, and the bows were lifting and dropping into the troughs with two fountains either side of the bows, but very little water came aboard.

The wind veered and I was able to steer a course of 205° M. I was very thankful for the sandwiches my wife made for me, and drank some hot soup. Chartwork was very difficult but I found she held a steady course and had no fears about navigation. I did a check on Consol at about 1700 BST and found that I was making some leeway and still unable to make good a direct course for Cherbourg!

Fortunately at about 1830 the wind veered further and I was able to make a course of 215° M so I thought I would have a cat nap. On returning some thirty minutes later I found a medium-sized tanker about 4 miles dead ahead but crossing. I had taken the precaution of fitting a small radar detector to the inside of the roof of the cabin but either she was not using radar or the range was restricted due to the wave height. The unit had given very good indications in calmer weather, no doubt it would be more satisfactory mounted up the mast.

I checked my position again at 1900 and found as I suspected that I was due north of Barfleur and with the wind up to Force 6 but still veering slowly I expected to make Cherbourg without a tack but I knew I was going to miss the tide. I was still making a steady 5 knots in spite of the sea state and although it was uncomfortable I felt I must press on.

As the light began to fade the moment of truth hit me that I was going to be approaching that rocky coast early in the morning, feeling very tired!

With nothing in sight I retired to the starboard bunk so that I could see the heading indicator on the forward bulkhead. The table was still up, with my Consol chart clipped to its surface, and the large scale chart of the coast on the chart table.

The night wore on with a good deal of spray, and occasionally more, coming over the cabin hatchway. I took one straight in the face as I came up to have a look around, and made a note to fit a spray hood at some time in the future.

At 2145 I came up from another nap, these being usually quite short due to the noise when "Moneve" came down heavily. I thought about more reefs but decided against it as conditions seemed steady. The sky was clear except for a certain amount of low cloud scudding across a brilliant moon which was almost due south. This had the effect of blotting out the loom of any lights, and it was not until 2230 that I sighted a flash when perched on the crest of a wave. This proved to be Barfleur and it was fine on the port bow!

The wind had gone round to NW and so I altered course to WSW and settled down to a long flog against wind and tide into Cherbourg, I was getting used to the bows moving around like a dinghy; the spray was warm and the moon made it more friendly. I noticed for the first time, whilst standing near the mast, the phosphorescence on the lee bow wave, my first experience of this sight. Cooking was not possible so I ate snacks of nuts and raisins, biscuits or anything else that was to hand. Motto - TWO flasks of soup next time. I was now taking regular short naps and found the Neco heading indicator very easy to see in the cabin. With the self steering working well I had no fears but was feeling very tired.

Periodic checks on Barfleur light confirmed the foul tide and I estimated that I was still about 10 miles off shore. Clouds obscured the moon for most of the time and I could see the loom of Cherbourg and the Cap de la Hague.

At 0400 on Tuesday 27th August I sighted Cap Levi and knew I had not far to go. With the tide and wind against me I decided to make for the east entrance to the harbour of Cherbourg although on every other trip I had gone in by the west. The chart showed occulting red and white lights but these proved very difficult to pick out against the lights of Cherbourg town. However I noticed two lights fitting the pattern and altered course towards them just as the dawn was beginning to break. After about 15 minutes I realised that I was coming in towards a beach although I was still about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles off and suddenly realised that this was not the east entrance but another pair of occulting lights right on the beach but east of the rocks at the entrance. A quick tack out to sea wasted more time until I finally came abeam of the rocks and altered course for the entrance which was now clearly visible. I came into the inner harbour just as the overnight ferry entered.

After making everything tidy and cooking a good breakfast I cleaned up and put out things to dry. Another short nap and then a trip ashore to arrange the duty free and a walk up to see the weather map at the lock, but alas it

was over a day old.

The rest of the day was spent sleeping, enjoying cups of coffee in the sun and regaining my strength for the return journey. Whilst chatting in the harbour I heard that a Frenchman had struck a rock inside the east entrance as one of the lights was not working properly. Perhaps if I had not gone inshore earlier I too might have been entering in the dark. The log for this half of the journey read 87 miles against a charted distance of 74 miles, but fighting the tide was no doubt responsible for most of the difference.

The return journey on the Wednesday was started by rising at 0500, preparing plenty of food for the trip, breakfast and slipping moorings at 0615. I managed to drop the vane of the self-steering into the harbour but recovered it in time to hear the shipping forecast - Southerly 2/3 - so that should be good for a gentle run home.

However the wind died away as I was leaving Cherbourg and I only covered 4.7 miles in the first 1 hour 25 minutes, so I put on the engine to get well offshore before the tide changed and steered 030°M. At 1010 the log read 14m so I was making 5 knots and it was sunny and very pleasant except that there was just enough wind to blow the exhaust fumes aboard at times. I counted 8 ships of varying tonnages in sight at the same time, and was glad it was not like that on Monday night!

The forecast Force 3 soon appeared and I thought I would launch my spinnaker which set quite nicely and I kept going with it close-hauled as the wind slowly backed, however it did allow me to use the self steering and to relax. At 1345 I was up on the coach roof and suddenly realised that I could see the cliffs at St Catherine's and the Needles in the haze although the log only read 31.4m and it was 1345 BST.

At 1510 I was forced to drop the spinnaker as it was collapsing and then filling with quite a tug, my first experience of doing this single handed. I hauled up the 'deck scraper' and let go the spinnaker from the boom and it flew round to the lee. However when I came to pull it in the wind speed in the slot was quite high and it took all my weight so with one foot on the halyard and the other on the deck and sitting on the coach roof I got it inboard without getting it wet which pleased me.

I passed the Nab Tower at 1900 and set course for the Chichester bar which I reached at 2000, not nearly as tired as on the outward journey, and very satisfied with the seagoing qualities of my 'Rival 32'. My first single-handed crossing to France was complete.

"WHIMBREL of Chichester" and "SEATHRIFT"

to Channel Islands and Lezardrieux

by John Lummis

Last year (as appeared in the last "Rival round-up") "Whimbrel" with 4'8" draught had an interesting cruise in which her performance could be compared with that of "Jorie" with 5'10" draught. This year a similar cruise was again enjoyed by the Lummis family in "Whimbrel", with Michael and Julie Manzoni and their family, this time on their new deep keeled 'Rival 34' - "Seathrift", which is shared with two other families.

While the cruise started from Lymington on 11th August we only reached Weymouth on the afternoon of the 13th, as the weather had been very unsuitable for the cruise which included four children on "Whimbrel" and three on "Seathrift". We had two enjoyable days, although frustrating, in Weymouth Harbour waiting for the Force 6/7 South Westerly to abate and we were able to leave there for Alderney on the 16th leaving at 05.00 in light airs and poor visibility. After passing the Shambles Lightship "Seathrift" hoisted the spinnaker of which her crew were very proud but was unable to hold the course and reluctantly had to lower it after a short time. "Whimbrel" had two secret weapons - a new ghoster which Southern Boat Building with their usual efficiency had managed to obtain in one week and a new Sharp's "Tillermate". The ghoster was hoisted at this point for the first time but unfortunately proved to be the smaller sail and was too long in the luff and was reluctantly abandoned (and subsequently returned to Lucas). However, the "Tillermate" proved of great assistance.

The wind remained variable and very light until noon when it went North Westerly Force 2/3 and the two 'Rivals' were able to sail side by side into Alderney Harbour arriving at 14.30.

The following day we sailed to Guernsey and spent a pleasant day at Herm on the 18th. After some alarm in the night we woke to find the "Seathrift" leaning on "Whimbrel" with her mainstay making a most unpleasant noise rubbing up and down the backstay, hard aground. No damage resulted however and at noon on the 19th we left St Peter Port for Lezardrieux in a N-ly, 1 to 3. The two boats started with boomed out genoas and mains when "Whimbrel", as expected, drew ahead until, of course, "Seathrift" set her spinnaker and easily came past and very generously handled the spinnaker in such a way as to keep station. The wind increased steadily during the night. After passing the Roches Douvres Lighthouse an interesting quirk of the tide pushed us well to the east and after the wind changed to the north east we reached the red and white striped pillar buoy at 08.00 on the 20th and made difficult and slow progress up the river against the tide, tying up in the Marina at noon.

After a pleasant day in Paimpol (reached on foot and on hired bicycles, two of which broke down) we left for St Peter Port on the 21st at 08.40 and after motoring until 15.00 into the wind in fine weather the wind went round to the NW Force 3 and we had a most interesting close reach sail with "Seathrift" at first a little behind and then drawing ahead and we again moored in St Peter Port at 20.45. After an interesting trip to Sark on the 23rd when we anchored in

Dix Cart Bay for the night and walked up to see a most impressive view in the setting sun at La Coupée, we returned to Guernsey more particularly as "Whimbrel" had a split bottle-screw fitting which we were able to replace in St Peter Port. We left on the 25th for Cherbourg in a South Westerly Force 2/3 when "Seathrift", of course, set her spinnaker and disappeared into the distance! "Whimbrel" was able to catch her up motoring and after passing through the Race without difficulty (as this year we got the tides right!) the two boats again had a very pleasant sail in a Force 4, more or less side by side into Cherbourg. As the Marina was very crowded we moored up opposite with the commercial boats.

In many ways the most interesting and exciting part of the cruise was the return to Lymington the following day when we started in a Force 4 WSW-ly which became a W-ly Force 5/6 during the day. For the first two hours (11.00 to 13.00) in a Force 4 to 5 NW-ly the two boats sailed side-by-side, the logs reading six to seven knots, without altering their position by more than a foot or two. The sea became rougher and the wind increased and at 14.30 "Whimbrel" changed to a working jib and shortly after "Seathrift" did the same, although she has the larger, later, working jib. While both boats should probably have reefed (there was no doubt the wind was gusty Force 6) both were unwilling to do so and "Seathrift" forged ahead steadily, although "Whimbrel's" (probably optimistic) log reading was 8 to $8\frac{1}{2}$ knots at times. We sighted St Catherine's Point at 17.00 and passed the Needles at 20.30 after a most exhilarating sail and tied up at Lymington Marina at 22.45 to end the cruise.

The conclusion as to the difference between the standard and deep keeled 'Rivals' was much the same as last year although we were again surprised at the slight difference in performance except when hard on the wind, and we had in fact very little beating. "Whimbrel's" crew would have appreciated a spinnaker after the disappointment with the ghoster but again the ability for the boats to remain together under a variety of conditions, which were considerably different this year from last year, made the cruise that much more enjoyable.

A 'RIVAL' in Spain

by A J Martin

"RIVAL OF WIGHT" is a 'Rival 31', the second to be built, and was the designer's demonstration boat for two years until she was bought by my father in 1970. In her we have cruised the Channel Islands and Brittany, and last year made a longer trip to Denmark, which was very successful and proved her ability as a fast, comfortable and sea-kindly boat. We had also done a certain amount of racing with the West Solent Cruiser Racer Association, and although our results were not exceptional we learned a great deal more about how to get the best out of her than we would have done from merely cruising.

The crew was to consist of myself, 20, as skipper, Dave Baker, 18, who had

crewed for us on the Danish trip and many other occasions as mate, and our girl friends Avril, 19, and Lesley 17. Avril had met us in Denmark and returned with us last year, but Lesley had only been on board for a few week-end sails.

The aim was to leave Lymington on July 20th and sail direct to El Ferrol, then cruise along the Spanish coast towards the Portuguese border as far as time and inclination would permit. We then intended to sail to La Trinité in Brittany where we had arranged to meet my father on August 23rd and then cruise along the Brittany coast on the way home. Owing to some compass trouble we actually left a day late.

July 21st was fine and sunny with little wind, but during breakfast a SW breeze sprang up. We left at 1130 under main and staysail, having to beat down the Solent. (I should explain here that the staysail is not a genuine cutter's staysail since Rival is a sloop, but a sail made for us by Banks this year for windward sailing in 18-24 knots of wind which has vastly improved 'Rival's' performance under these conditions. It is called a staysail to avoid confusion with the smaller working jib which was formerly used at the upper end of this wind range.) The forecast spoke of SW 3 increasing 5 and at the Needles six rolls were taken in the main as the wind was already Force 5. We held the starboard tack for an hour, then tacked WNW which enabled us to almost lay St Albans after a beat across a sparkling blue and white sea, with a fair spring tide. The wind moderated and we had supper in Worbarrow Bay, almost becalmed with the Hood (RORC) genoa and full main set. Here we distinguished ourselves by catching four mackerel in as many minutes, but unfortunately stomachs were not yet up to gutting and cooking them, so fishing was abandoned. On the many occasions when our mouths watered for some fresh fish we caught none!

At 0100 the wind arrived with thick fog, and in 25 knots of it we sailed close-hauled with working jib and six rolls in the main, in visibility down to 100 yards at times. Flares and Aldis were in the cockpit, the radar reflector was up and the watch had harnesses on, as usual at night and in rough weather. Unfortunately the bow light, which had been checked before departure, was defunct again, and under the conditions repair was impossible, so an extra careful watch was kept.

In the early morning the wind dropped, visibility improved and a couple of short tacks fetched Les Hanois, the SW tip of Guernsey at 1420. It was a grey, listless day, with the uneasy, tide-wrecked and rock-encumbered swell which is peculiar to this region creating an awkward motion though the wind was only Force 4. The forecast was bad, W 6, and St Peter Port beckoned, but we resolved to push on at least to the Brittany coast which could not be reached until 5 am at the earliest because of the tides.

When the Spring tide turned East we could not lay the Roches Douvres and had to tack WNW, making little ground but intending to tack South for Perros when the tide slackened. A rough night followed, torrential rain, wind up to Force 5-6 and the heavy, tumbling sea so often met with here. Visibility was often bad, but it lifted before dawn and we fixed our position from the lights of Tréguier, Les Heaux and Les Sept Iles. We beat along the rocky coast in the sombre grey

light, with rain squalls frequently reducing visibility to a quarter of a mile and the tide now foul again, finally reaching Perros at 0926 229 miles on the log, about 140 made good, glad to be in and hoping for better luck on the next stage.

The forecast the next day, the 24th, was not promising, W 6-8, but Biscay had Northerlies so we decided to go and look and try at least to reach Roscoff on the tide. We left at 1000 and had a rough time with the wind W 6, working jib and six rolls in the main. Once past the Plateau de Triagoz the sun came out and the wind dropped to Force 5 so we set the staysail and shook out three rolls. We had a superb beat to the Ile de Batz in sunshine, with a large, blue, white-crested swell, the largest we had seen at that time. We arrived at the entrance to the Canal d'Ile de Batz at slack water and motored through against the headwind in 56 minutes to avoid the detour involved in going outside. It was low water springs and Adlard Coles' Pilot gave at least depth of 5 feet, so with our 4'8" draft we stuck religiously to the leading lines!

Once outside we beat against a wind which was slowly veering and moderating, and 0245 found us at the entrance to the Four Channel, with an hour of fair tide left to run. We eased sheets for the first time since Lymington, but the wind was now so light and the swell so large that we had to motor-sail through the channel to avoid the foul tide. By 0600 we entered the Bay of Biscay to be greeted by a sunny day, a Force 2 SW wind and a large, easy swell from the west. It took seven hours to sail the 14 miles to the Chaussee de Sein buoy, the outpost of the Saints, a ten mile ledge of rocks reaching out from the Raz de Sein to beyond the Ar Men tower on which the swell was breaking with majestic fury.

We set course for Cabo Prior, and spent the next five and a quarter hours doing the first mile, after which the engine was started by common consent! The passage across Biscay was generally quiet, with light free winds and patches of calm, so the motor was used quite a bit. Despite this it was an immensely exciting experience for all of us, having never ventured into the ocean before and every event which is commonplace to the voyager, such as the visits of dolphins and a few sharks, was a source of fascination to us.

We nominally kept to the four-on four-off watch system with two on watch, but in quiet weather, away from shipping lanes and land, only one was needed on deck. This meant two hours on and six off, which was much better, and no-one went short of sleep. About half-way across the Bay the cable of the Sumlog speedo/log broke so we had no means of measuring distance run. At first we made a Dutchman's log out of 76 feet (1/80 of a nautical mile) of fishing line with a scrubbing brush on the end and timed the run out, but this was later abandoned as we found that estimating the speed was more accurate and we used this method for the rest of the trip.

About 100 miles from Spain the NE breeze hardened and we had an exciting run-in to close with the coast. DF bearings earlier had shown us to be some 30 miles East of DR due to the Easterly set which is often found in the Bay, so we decided to make for Cedeira which could be reached in daylight. Our first sight of Spain did not disappoint us, rugged hills dropping into the sea, a hot sun and a fresh following wind which hurried us into Cedeira with spinnaker set, to anchor at 1640 on 27th July, 435 miles from Perros.

We spent two days in Cedeira, a small fishing town in a beautiful ria, spoilt somewhat by the noise of construction of a new jetty. One day some blasting caused a shower of rocks and stones to fall into the sea where we had first thought of anchoring; presumably we would have been warned.

A light wind sail to El Ferrol followed and we again stayed two days in this naval town, set in another lovely ria guarded by forts on either side of the narrow entrance. This was the only place where we were charged mooring fees and we dutifully paid over 45p for two nights. The young Finnish crew of a Swan 44 which came alongside bound for the Mediterranean from Helsinki told us that they had almost run down a whale in the Bay of Biscay which was as long as the boat! This sort of incident seems to be quite common now - we were glad that it did not happen to us.

A short sail in a light NW wind brought us to Ares, a small village of little interest where we stayed overnight, just touching the sandy bottom at low water due to anchoring too close in. Our next destination was Corme and a fair wind took us the first ten miles, then we were becalmed and I went below. I was woken half an hour later by the advance of a line squall. Within 5 minutes the wind was 40 knots from the WNW and we were hove-to on the offshore tack whilst great rain squalls obliterated the land and a rolling, twisting line of black cloud raced overhead.

We called it a day and ran back to the Ensa de Mera in the Ria de la Coruna where we anchored on a quiet, still evening, having learned a little more about the sea. Unfortunately an onshore breeze got up and we had to keep an anchor watch during part of the night though we did not in fact drag.

The next day we motored through a blue sea without a breath of wind and reached the delightful village of Corme at 1830. This was a truly magnificent place, superb mountain scenery, beautiful silver beaches, clear blue water and the people the friendliest and most helpful we had yet come across. We were amused to be presented with the usual little form to fill in; this one enquired as to the number of torpedo tubes on board and to the nature of our main armament.

We would have liked to stay longer, but during the afternoon a fair NE breeze got up so we had a good spinnaker run along the coast to Camarinas, rounding the impressive and imposing Cabo Villano and keeping up with a fishing boat, her enthusiastic crew waving at us as we hove into the ria at full speed. Camarinas was not as pleasant as Corme, the smell from a fish factory pervaded the air for much of the time, but we were stuck there for three days with bad weather.

Though the weather was still bad on August 9th we decided to leave and after a rare struggle with the anchor and buoy line which were fouled with great masses of weed we finally got away at 1230. The wind was SSW 5-6 with low cloud, rain and bad visibility. We tacked south-east for Cabo Torinana as the visibility closed in to a quarter of a mile and just glimpsed the lines of grey rocks rimmed with white surf as we quickly stood offshore again.

The wind slowly moderated and visibility improved as the day wore on and 2000 found us off Cabo Finisterre under full sail. The tops of the cliffs were covered in a roll of dense cloud down to 200 feet and we were deafened by the

roar of the diaphone from the lighthouse at 453 feet, seemingly immediately overhead. A short run brought us to anchor in the attractive little Puerto de Finisterre, dismissed in a couple of lines by the Admiralty Pilot.

Next day we were all in favour of pushing on to Bayona, only 50 miles away but seeming much further after the generally unfavourable sailing conditions we had experienced in Spain. The morning forecast was good, light W-NW winds, but we did not relish starting then (0730) so slept on and actually left at 1520. We sailed quietly down the beautiful coast in sunshine, with a light WNW breeze just filling the spinnaker in the swells and enjoyed a swim in the cool, clean water. At sunset we passed a couple of small sharks nosing and butting at a piece of floating jetsam, we were glad they had not been around earlier! After nightfall the breeze hardened a little from the North and we had a fine spinnaker run to the entrance of the Ria de Vigo.

Here we made a navigational error which was not serious, but rubbed in the lesson about complacency. There were two sets of leading lights in the ria, one for Vigo and one for Bayona. Both were very similar in characteristic: (Occ.4 sec, Occ.2 sec) and (Occ.4 sec, Occ.1½ sec) and both passed very close to our position. I need hardly spell out what the mistake was, but it was soon rectified and when we were on the correct leading line the rear light turned out to be red, not white as shown on the chart. The error cost us no time, and we picked up a mooring buoy in Bayona at 0330.

Having reached the objective of our cruise we spent six lazy days there enjoying the beaches, the mountainous backdrop to the bay and having a rest from the sea. Bayona boasted a palatial yacht club with uniformed guards on the gates, but everyone was very friendly. Diesel could only be obtained in cans from a garage two miles away across the bay, but here a kind Spaniard came to our rescue and fetched the diesel in his speedboat with the girls' help. There were many incidents of this kind which were greatly appreciated.

During most of our stay there were SW winds and we hoped for an easy fast passage to La Trinite. Even so we allowed six days for the 450 miles, or an average speed of three knots, for safety, but it was not to be. The day before we left a High was approaching from the West and Northerly winds were forecast for Biscay and Finisterre.

The 17th August was a beautiful morning with a fresh North wind sending white horses across the bay. Shopping was completed, everything was stowed for a rough trip and we left at 1200, one of us at least wondering what we were in for. Once clear of the land the wind freshened to 25 knots and as we changed down to the working jib the tack pulled out where the luff wire had rusted through. Under storm jib and seven rolls in the main we took a long tack offshore and began the beat north to Cabo Finisterre. In the late afternoon the wind increased to 30 knots out of a clear blue sky, with plenty of breaking crests and spray coming over. That night was as foul as any we have spent out in 'Rival', with gusts up to 35 knots and a nasty sea. Progress into a dead head wind was very poor, because a strong North wind off this coast produces a South-going current of about a knot, so that only about 1½-2 knots was made good throughout the night. Dawn brought Cabo Finisterre in sight still many miles to windward. The wind lessened during the day but remained

dead ahead and by the afternoon Cabo Finisterre was abeam. 50 miles made good in 28 hours.

At sunset the wind rapidly increased again, with a rough sea off Cabo Tonnana and heavy shipping, most of which seemed to see our radar reflector and altered course for us. Nightfall found us under storm jib and seven rolls in the main again, wind up to 35 knots with the prospect of a very daunting 390 mile sail dead to windward. Camarinas was only a few miles away and the 0030 forecast clinched the matter. A Low had formed over Central Spain and Northerly winds Force 6-8 were forecast for Finisterre. We brought up to anchor at 0300, having recorded several 40 knot gusts in the approach. We had sailed 160 miles to make good 70 in 39 hours!

Next day it blew so hard that we dragged our anchor and re-moored alongside a Spanish yacht against the harbour wall. She had been racing from Bayona to La Coruna but had retired, as had eleven out of the fourteen starters, including one dismasted. After an entire day of phoning we got a message to my father to wait in La Trinité until 26th August and then give up. It was now the 19th.

The Spanish yachtsmen were great fun and we had a wonderful three days with them waiting for the NE wind to slacken. They insisted on taking us out everywhere and one night invited us to partake of their local drink, Galician firewater. This was made from an extremely strong spirit poured on to sugar and lemons in a pan. The spirit was then lit and allowed to burn whilst they sang their patriotic Galician songs. The flames were then blown out and the drink served hot. It had a peculiar, scented taste but I was wary of drinking too much in case it should poison our unaccustomed English stomachs!

Finally on the 21st the wind moderated to about Force 6 and the forecast was better so we decided to leave on the following day. At the time there was a ridge of High Pressure from the Azores to the Baltic but troughs were crossing Northern sea areas. Our plan was to sail NW, making a reach of it so that we crossed the ridge as quickly as possible, then strike NE again when we met the Westerlies. In this way we hoped to avoid the kind of beat which we had had on the way to Camarinas.

The ria was a mass of white horses as we left but the wind was a little less outside and we reached away quickly NW, making good progress but unfortunately 90° from where we wanted to go! After about 100 miles the NE wind slackened and before long we were becalmed, so we began motoring NNE, hoping to meet the Westerlies soon. Even so our rendezvous in La Trinité was already beginning to look doubtful as our track had taken us so far out into the Atlantic ($10^{\circ}42'W$).

Eventually a light Westerly did set in, but it was not until we had motored 103 miles that it strengthened to Force 2 and allowed us to sail. A beautiful sailing day followed, with Force 3 SW winds with sunshine, and we made good progress with spinnaker up. However, by evening it had become obvious that we could not make La Trinité by the 26th. The forecast for Biscay was variable 1-3 and at that time we had 265 miles to go. Since we had only two days left a speed of $5\frac{1}{2}$ knots would be needed which would be impossible in those

conditions and it was way out of motoring range. The Lizard, however, was only 240 miles away and with the forecast for Sole S-SW 5 increasing 6-7 we regretfully decided to press on.

At nightfall the wind freshened and a school of dolphins gambolled around us, making weaving phosphorescent trails as they played. When I relieved Dave at 0400 I found "Rival" hurtling along at maximum speed, the spinnaker straining and the apparent wind up to 20 knots at times. The wake stretched out like a luminous comet hundreds of yards astern and the downwind rolling was beginning to show. The 0030 forecast for Sole which we were just entering was SW 4-6 increasing 7-8 so we were anticipating a sail change quite shortly.

Daybreak revealed a big swell and low, racing clouds. The spinnaker was handed at 0800, the crew managing smartly despite the wind, for this was a much practised drill. Two genoas were poled out with little loss of speed as the course was dead downwind.

In the afternoon a good RDF cocked hat was obtained from Ploneis, Round Island and Ushant, which was convincingly small and only 13 miles away from DR. Despite the continued gale warnings we experienced a period of calm in the afternoon and had to motor for five hours. The Westerly breeze filled in again and gradually freshened through the night, giving a wonderful twisting ride along the Atlantic seas. At daybreak course was altered for Start Point, still 130 miles away and the wind was brought further aft, allowing the spinnaker to be set.

It was a superb experience tearing down the waves which looked long and powerful as in all the books, great blue rollers with flashing white crests. Eventually the breeze freshened and we had to drop the spinnaker to avoid broaching. A good RDF fix SSE of the Lizard showed the DR to be only 10 miles out after 500 miles sailing which was pleasing, and we continued racing up Channel with the wind now WNW 6.

We were lucky with our wind as it didn't fail us all the way home, although it lessened somewhat. After a flat patch under Start Point we had a spinnaker run across Lyme Bay, past Portland, where we were lucky enough to catch our tide, along the Dorset coast and entered the Solent through the North Channel to tie up at Lymington at 2015 on the 27th August. It had been a wonderful passage, 665 miles sailed in 5 days 5 hours, an average speed of $5\frac{1}{3}$ knots, with a best 24 hour run of 147 miles (6.1k). I need hardly add that the whole holiday was experience which none of "Rival's" young crew are ever likely to forget.

A CHARTER SEASON

by Don Howard of Sea Ventures Limited

Summary

	<u>Long Week- ends</u>	<u>Week</u>	<u>Two Weeks</u>	<u>Three Weeks</u>	<u>Total Weeks</u>	<u>Year</u>
'Vis-a-Tergo'	8	7	5	1	24½	1971
	2	9	3	1	19	1972
	9	13	3	0	23½	1973
	1	12	2	0	16½	1974
"Drunken Moon"	11	11	1	0	18½	1974
'Rival 32'						
"Enge"	5	13	5	0	25½	1974
'Rival 34'						

"Vis-a-Tergo" This 'Rival 32' was built for us by Southern Boatbuilding Co. Ltd., and in four seasons achieved 83½ weeks sailing. She would be sailing now were it not for someone omitting to leave an anchor watch when they went ashore at Les Sept Iles, off the N. Brittany coast. She dragged ashore and received a small hole by the chain locker which would have been easily repairable, but unfortunately the French fishermen who rescued her laid her against a low wall where she was covered by the tide twice, had lumps pounded out of her gel coat, and had deck fittings knocked off. So our season with her ended sadly on 10th August whereas it would normally have gone on until the end of October. So for the remainder of the season there was no money, no boat and no 'Loss of profits' insurance - as that does not exist for charter companies. But we have the great headache of having the boat repaired in France. It is now October and it seems they have not even started work.

"Drunken Moon" We were fortunate in some respects in acquiring the agency for this 'Rival 32' so that customers who were disappointed in not being able to take "Vis-a-Tergo" because of the accident were able to have her instead for their charters. She was finished by an amateur, however, and, unfortunately, not to a high standard. We are stripping her completely this winter for the owner, and rebuilding internally. However, even a badly finished 'Rival' sails well.

"Enge", our 'Rival 34', was completed by our own staff with the usual good advice from Charles Mauder and Peter Brett. She is a delight and 150 people in one season cannot be wrong.

For the future - we intend to buy a 'Rival 41' to finish for ourselves - we know

the product is excellent. Alan Buchanan, who surveyed our 'dragged anchor', said that most other G R P boats would have broken up under these conditions. Certainly charter is demanding; our skippers are experienced and the vessels sail far wide and often - France every week and they always come back on time except for our allowed exception which like spring (and summer) in 1974 "may be a little late this year".

A Film-Producer's Problems on a 'RIVAL 34'

by Michael Forlong

A 34 foot 'Rival' is a splendid cruising boat but is a bit on the small side as a film set. For five weeks in August approximately thirteen actors and technicians set off from Lymington each day to film a story about three children who are hi-jacked on their father's yacht by a desperate young man wishing to skip the country. As he is armed with a flick knife and a hand grenade they are more or less powerless to resist but nevertheless by trickery and skill manage to hand him over to the law in Swanage. Not before, however, they have been almost to Cherbourg, have been transhipped to a power boat and then transferred back to the 'Rival' and have survived a near gale.

All good exciting stuff to watch but much more exciting to shoot. As skipper of the boat and director of the film I sometimes suffered divided loyalties. To get the light in the right direction or the horizon clear of shipping or to find sufficiently large and unpleasant seas often meant doing things that, as a sailing man, I would wish to avoid, whilst having to push bodies aside and stumble over microphone cables in order to go about or change headsails added a certain tension and spice that I could have done without.

Badly overloaded and either down at the bows with technicians crowded on the foredeck keeping out of the way or down at the stern with them hanging over the pushpit, the 'Rival' sailed like a pregnant goose. It was reassuring to be able to slip off on a Sunday with only four on board and to find out how beautifully she really handled.

When we were shooting forward and including the cockpit, the cameraman and his assistant, the boom operator, the continuity girl and the director had to hang on outside the pushpit. When your only foothold is the outside of the toe rail a life harness is most reassuring. As the cameraman needed both hands for the job he had to be tied on. There was no doubt that at sea the human body is by far the best gimballed tripod but as the camera weighed at least 70 pounds he had a tough task, particularly in heavy seas. The sound recordist wasn't very happy either. Confined to the fo'csle to be out of the way he had to stand whilst recording and had to use both hands. After one session in rough seas we found him knocked out on the floor. After that he took to using a construction worker's steel helmet!

Some of the technicians became good deckhands whilst the principal actor Richard Morant (you may remember him as the unpleasant Flashman in T.V.'s Tom Brown's Schooldays) took to sailing like a duck and was a first class shipmate. Of course some of them hated it and were sick most of the time. Even after five weeks they still referred to sails as sheets. The position of the boom was a constant worry to the continuity girl as, of course, it was often difficult to play a whole scene on one tack. The boom was also a worry to me. With all those bodies on board I was sure someone was going to be clobbered.

As we ploughed backwards and forwards through the considerable race opposite the Needles the Coastguards must have thought we were mad. Alum Bay became a sort of refuge for us except in a North Westerly when it became hell. The race off Peverell Point helped with the Lifeboat sequence and the Royal Navy air sea rescue service provided a splendid sequence.

Altogether it was a tough trial for the 'Rival'. Every day we had to go out and film virtually irrespective of the weather. She was always overloaded and we could not afford to pay attention to the tides. The MD2B coped with that problem and the hull saw us magnificently through the other two. In fact the boat never gave us a moment's anxiety. That is, not until after the filming was finished. Then a gearbox connection came adrift as we headed for the Marina at about 3 knots! Volvo now have a modification to the linkage. I strongly commend it to all 'Rival' owners.

"TALITHA's" Ionian and Aegean Cruise

by C H Biedendieck

From his base at Malta, Dr Biedendieck had a six months' cruise, during which he visited Zakynthos, then Salonika and then the Turkish coast. After calling at Crete he returned to Malta. He reports that "the weather has always been sunny and the ship and crew lucky".

OTHER 'RIVAL' NEWS

DAVID ASHWIN, who owns "Rivalry", the first 'Rival' to be built, sailed about 1300 miles this summer from the East Coast, including a qualifying cruise for the Azores-and-back Singlehanded Race in 1975. This cruise took $3\frac{1}{2}$ days including 16 hours anchored on the Galloper shoal in no wind and thick fog. The rest of the time the wind was NE, 4-6. He writes "The boat looked after me beautifully, and after I had finished being seasick I really enjoyed the ride". He only had 6 hours sleep in 3 days with a maximum of 2 hours on end.

PADDY BARKER who was the owner of "Rival Lady", one of the early 'Rivals' has sold her and is taking delivery of the third 'Rival 41'. She will be on exhibition at the Boat Show at Earl's Court in January 1975.

PAT BARRY and his wife cruised on the West Coast of Scotland, covering Staffa, Iona, Vatersay, Barra, Eriskay, Boisdale, Eynort, Skiport, Maddy and Canna, and "all stations back to Crinan".

HARRY BISHOP in "Alruna" cruised from Portsmouth to Studland, Portland, Weymouth, Guernsey, Dartmouth, Salcombe, Portland, Weymouth, Lymington and home. He would have liked to go further afield but was limited by back trouble.

PETER BRETT and family sailed early in July to St Malo from Cowes, stopping for the night at La Grève de la Ville, Sark; spent a few days pleasantly up the Rance above the barrage, then moved west, stopping at Lézardrieux, Sept Iles, Perros, Morlaix, L'Aberbenoit and L'Abervrach, whence a pleasant fair wind passage was made back to Cowes in 36 hours. In Morlaix there were six British yachts, three of them being 'Rivals'. The cruise lasted three weeks.

DAVID CARRINGTON: Many readers will have seen the account in the July 'Yachting Monthly' by Michael Carrington (David's 18 year old son) of a stormy crossing from L'Abervrach to Beaulieu in 29 hours in "Tulare of Beaulieu".

GABRIEL CLAY took delivery of the first 'Rival 41' in mid-July and set out immediately on a four-week cruise to Norway and back. After calling at the Orwell and Lowestoft they made a passage to Mandal, meeting strong winds and down at times to close-reefed main and storm jib. They were very pleased with the performance of the yacht. After cruising in the Christiansand area they returned to Lymington via Dover, Cherbourg and Alderney, again meeting with very strong winds. His log is being submitted to the Royal Cruising Club for publication.

RON COXHEAD: Readers who enjoyed the delightful account in the last 'Round-up' of Ron and Maria's cruising in "Talitha" to the Greek Islands will be interested to know that he has on order a 'Rival 41' to be delivered, partly completed.

R C GRIMES and his wife in "Taganita II" are on their way out to the Mediterranean, in easy stages. They were reported in Brest in August.

RALPH LEE: "Jorie" has been chartered for much of the season. During these charters she covered almost 3000 miles, 500 hours under sail and 250 under power. The longest cruise was of 692 miles and included visits to Falmouth, Channel Islands and Scillies during 2 weeks. She seems to have given great satisfaction to her charterers.

GUIDO LEYE took delivery of his part-complete 'Rival 32' at Dover in February and motored her over to Nieupoort under her own power. Sailing started, with minimum accommodation, in April and in July she made a cruise to the Ysselmeer and back calling at Blankenberg, Middleburg, Kortgeng, Tholen, Willemstad, Middelharnis, Scheveningen, IJmuiden, Amsterdam, Edam, Enkhuisen and Stavoren. Later she made two trips to England (to Dover and Ramsgate respectively) and returned from the last in a Force 8 gale.

G A PATRICK and his wife have taken their 'Rival 34' "Toroa" out to the Mediterranean and are believed to be in Gibraltar (in early November).

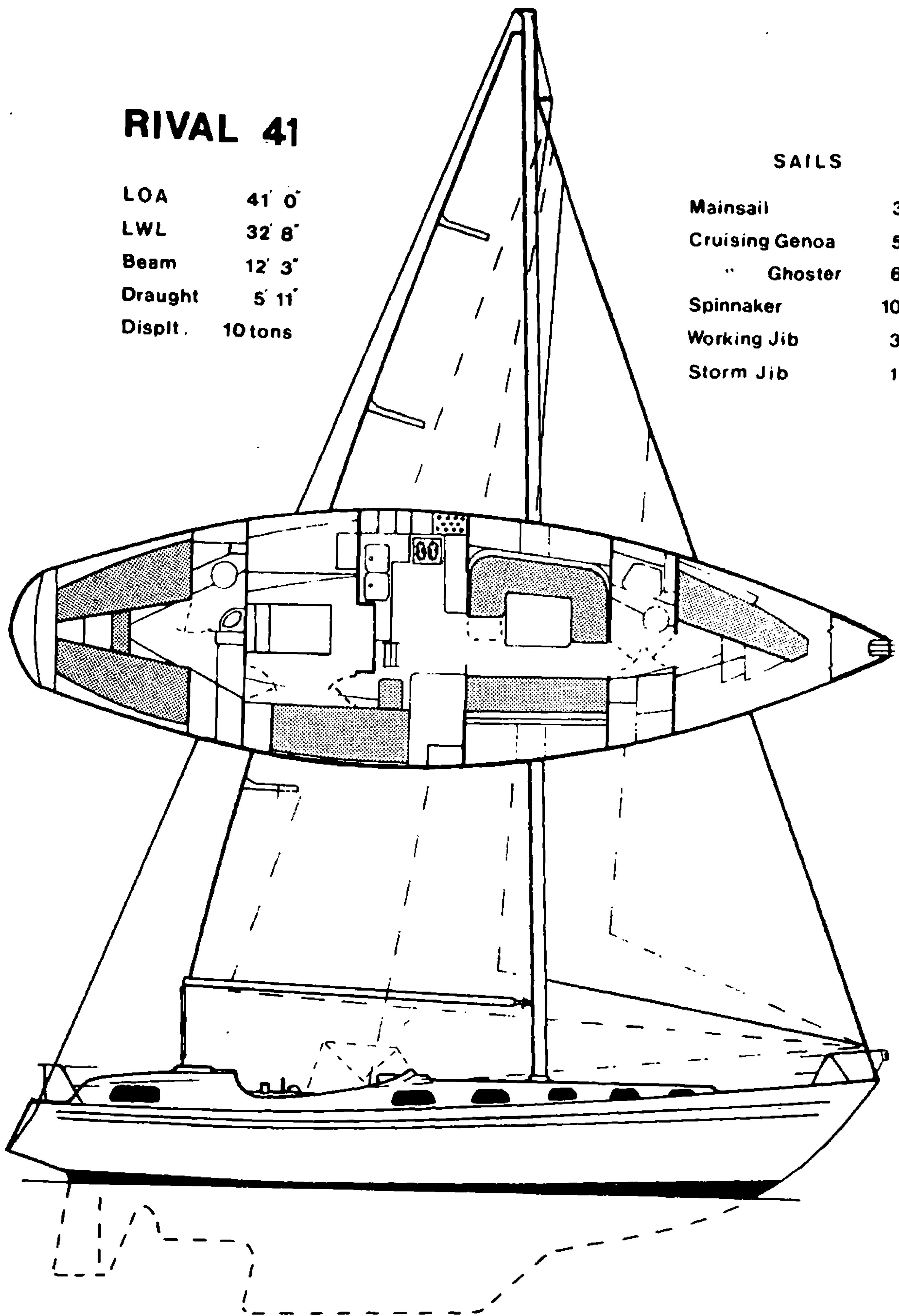
G NETOLITZKI took delivery of his part-completed 'Rival 34' "Gelidonya" at the yard in April. The yard had installed the engine and bolted down the deck fittings. The owner and his friends spent 16 days installing the essential amount of accommodation, electrical work, etc., to enable them to go cruising, and then four of them set off down-Channel. They called at the Scilly Isles and went thence to Cork and then back to Pembroke. The owner had had little previous experience and had to struggle during these first weeks, "not only with the sea but with sea-sickness and cold". After a few days they set off for Spain but strong contrary winds forced them to shelter in the lee of Lundy Island for three days. They had a splendid passage across the Bay of Biscay. They called at Vigo and Gibraltar, and after that had the owner, his wife and three daughters (10, 8, and 5 years old) as crew. They had four "real holiday weeks on the Moroccan Mediterranean coast, diving, fishing and being lazy". Early in August they sailed via the island of Alboran to Motril. They had an alarming experience here when a fire started during the night in the quarter-berth as a result of a short circuit in the wiring of the lighting system. Fortunately they were able to switch off the battery and put out the fire before the GRP was set alight. In Malta they handed the boat over to some friends who left her at Menorca at the end of the season.

IAN REYNARD, with his 'Rival 34' "Malaprop", took part in the race for the Clyde Cruising Club's 'Blue Water Trophy', 380 miles from Dun Laoghaire to La Foret, in Britanny. She finished first in the Cruiser Division and also won on handicap. The 'Rival 32' "Cuchulain" (Michael O'Farrell) was second.

S TILSON in his 'Rival 32' "Dalsamb" set off on a cruise southwards from Port Dinorwic and ran into very bad weather in the southern Irish Sea. He reports: "My 'Mariner 5' was off-the-clock for some few hours while attempting to round Lands End. Despite this the boat behaved extremely well and at no time gave cause for concern, the return sail from Milford Haven to Caernarvon Bar, 100 miles, taking 19 hours, with working jib and 2 rolls in the main, with a shock-cord as helmsman - very pleasant indeed". He has fitted a Yanmar 12 diesel engine with a 13" x 8", 2-blade propellor and 2:1 reduction. He says: "This gives around 5 knots; the fuel consumption is such that I feel I may have omitted to connect it up."

WALTER WEBSTER in his 'Rival 32' "Sans Souci" has been reported in Spain, after calling at Dartmouth on his extended cruise from the Humber.

RIVAL 41



'R I V A L' OWNERS

Code under Yacht's name 31, 32, 34 or 41, signifies the type of 'Rival': after 34, suffix 'd' indicates 5'10" draught, 's' indicates 4'8" draught.

The next two figures, e.g. 9/72, give the month and year in which the yacht was delivered from the builders, either complete or part-complete; * indicates supplied part-complete.

If there is a second date given this indicates a change of ownership; 'p' stands for 'purchased'; 'S' for 'sold'.

<u>Owner</u>	<u>Address</u>	<u>Yacht</u>
Abbey, P.	1 Dorset Road, Windsor, Berks.	'St BRIGID' 32 7/70 p 3/73
Allen, Dr J.	5 Linden Avenue, Crosby, Liverpool 23.	'ROVELLA' p.o. 32* 12/71
Anvil Yacht Charters Ltd	Harbour View Road, Parkstone, Poole, Dorset.	'GALLANT RIVAL' 34s 5/73
Arden Yachts Ltd	27 E. King Street Helensburgh Scotland.	'RONA' 34d 4/72
		'RAASAY' 34d 4/72
		'RONALDSAY' 34d 6/73
		'RHUM' 34d 6/73
Arnall, E.	The Moorings, Eveley Close, Whitehill, Hants GU35 9EE.	'RIVAL ROSE' 34s* 4/73
Arthur, B.E.	Rockedge, Hook Heath Road, Hook Heath, Woking, Surrey.	'ROSANDA' 34s* 6/73
Ashton, R.W.	5 Choumert Square, Peckham, London, SE15 4RE.	'LONTANA' 32*
Ashwin, D.	Srafton Lodge, Leyburn, Yorks.	'RIVALRY' 31 4/68 p70
Attwood, M.H.	16 Garston's Close, Coach Hill, Titchfield, Hants.	'SARANGA' 34s* 9/72
Ayling, R.C. Air Vice-Marshal	Bucklers Spring, Bucklers Hard, Beaulieu, Brockenhurst, Hants.	'QUEEN'S RANSOM' 31 1/69 p70
Baines, F.	Old Shrubbery, Pepper Street, Lymm, Cheshire.	'JAMES BAINES' 31* 12/67
Baldwin, I.	Oakley, Mill Lane, Blue Bell Hill, Rochester, Kent.	'GAY RIVAL' 32* 1/72

<u>Owner</u>	<u>Address</u>	<u>Yacht</u>
Banfield, Cdr E.H.	Eastcliffe, 42 Marine Parade E, Lee-on-Solent, Hants.	'CONTENDER' 32* 12/72
Bardon, P.J. & D.E.	33 Prospect Avenue, Farnborough, Hants.	'SERENADE' 32* 12/70 p 73
Barker, W.J.	Riding Court, Datchet, Slough, Bucks.	'RIVAL LADY' 31 2/70 s 9/74
Barnes, F. and S.	56 Woodlands Close, Sarisbury Grn, Southampton.	'WHIMBREL OF HAMBLE' 32* 5/72
Barrow, J.H.H.	Knoll House, Studham, nr Dunstable, Beds.	34*
Barry, P.H.	Heathgate, Great Warford, Alderley Edge, Cheshire.	'SCURRIVAL' 32 5/71
Bartholini, C.	CH 1195 Dully, Switzerland.	32*
Bevis, G.	237 Brook Lane, Park Gate, Southampton.	32*
Bezalel	8 Peterson, Yad-Eliyhu, Tel-Aviv, Israel.	32*
Biedendieck, Dr C.H.	4442 Bentheim, Am Berghang 4, Germany.	'TALITHA' 32 10/70 p 72
Birkin, Grp Capt. J.M.	Little Brimleston, Ashlake Copse, Fishbourne, I.W.	'ALIZ MOTTE' 34s 7/73
Bishop, Mr & Mrs H.B.	1 Tower Street, Old Portsmouth, Hants.	'ALRUNA' 32* 6/72
Block, W.J.	The Rise, Hasketon, Woodbridge, Suffolk.	'TRUFFLER' 34s* 12/72 p.o.
Bolton, Cdr & Mrs J.G.	Lantern House, Bosham Lane, Bosham, Chichester.	'JESSIE MAY' 34s 2/74
Booth, B.	3 Elm Close, Telegraph Hill, Higham, Kent.	'JEKAPA' 32* 2/72
Bragg, M.G.	Mistletoe Farm, Five Ways, Wroxall, near Warwick, Warwickshire.	'MEREDITH' 34s 6/74
Brandligt, T.	Nassaulaan 18, Bussum, Holland.	32* 5/74
Brett, P.	Cliff Cottage, The Pitts, Bonchurch, Ventnor, I.W.	'WILD RIVAL' 34d 1/72
Brewer, C.	C/o Foot Marine Services, 84 Rosemary Road, Poole, Dorset BH12 3HB.	32* 9/74
Brimelow, R.G.	23 Ash Close, Gosport, Hants.	'TRYFAN' 34d* 7/72

<u>Owner</u>	<u>Address</u>	<u>Yacht</u>
British Kiel Y C	British Forces PO 27 Kiel Civil 392744	'TERN' 32 9/70
Brockway, J.B.S.	23 Coulson Street, London, SW3.	'RIVAL SPIRIT' p.o. 34d 6/72
Bullimore, S.	The Old Forge, Hertingfordbury, Herts.	'TRUFFLER' p.o. 34s* 12/72
Carrington, D.D.	Orchard House, Woodrow, Chaddesley Corbett, Worcs.	'TULARE OF BEAULIEU' 32 4/71
Cash, T.W.	7a Victoria Road, Trowbridge, Wiltshire.	32* 10/74
Cheeseman, P.L.	Thornbridge Hall, Ashford-in-the-Water, Bakewell, Derbyshire.	'TAWNY PIPIT III' 32* 5/73
Childs, J.	17 Gloucester Road, Waterloo Village, Hants.	'JONSUE OF LANGSTONE' 32 3/71
Clay, G.P.	West Hayes, Grange Road, Horsell, Woking, Surrey.	'FUBBS' 41 7/74
Cleminson, J.A.S.	Spain End, Willingale, Ongar, Essex.	'WILLIWAW' 34d 3/73
Cochrane, A.H.A.	15 Cedarhurst Road, Portishead, Bristol.	32*
Conolly, P.	57 West End Road, Southall, Middlesex.	'OUTRAGE' 32* 11/72
Coup, K.W.	34 York Terrace E, London, N W 1.	'RIVAL SPIRIT' p.o. 34d. 6/72
Coxhead, R.E.	169 Av. Slegers, 1200 Brussels, Belgium.	'EOWYN' ? 41*
Dahinden, W.	Yachting Suisse, Idyllweg 12, CH-6052 Hergiswil, Switzerland.	'MOYANA' 34s* 8/73
Dunn, E.	36 Beach Road, Hayling Island, Hants.	34*d 1/74
Easton, R.J.	Priorsfield, Beoley, nr Redditch, Worcestershire.	'SEA THRIFT' p.o. 34d 3/74
Edwards, F.J.	92 Warren Rise, Frimley, Camberley, Surrey.	'OCEAN SPRAY' 32* 10/73
Elliott, J.	12 Cathcart Road, London, SW10 9NN.	'FELBRIDA II' 34s 6/74
Evans, Dr P.E.	Shudehill House, Hayfield, Stockport, Cheshire.	'MEINWEN OF IFAN' 32* 2/73
Evett, J.G.J.	Maison Brelogue, Rue des Bergers, Catel, Guernsey, C.I.	'ROULETTE OF EXE' 31 5/70

<u>Owner</u>	<u>Address</u>	<u>Yacht</u>
Eyre, P.B.	3 Elms Avenue, Lytham, Lancs.	'MAGI' 32* 6/72
Fawcett, R.W.	65 Springfield Road, Windsor, Berks	'SPINDRIFT OF HAMBLE' 32* 2/73
Fenn, A.A.	Inan, Lisbellaw, Co.Fermanagh, N. Ireland	'JOHN SILVER' 31* 5/70 p2/73
Fewell, D.J.	Blue Cedar, Drift Lane, Bosham, Chichester.	32* 3/74
Fitzpatrick, D.J.	P.O. Box 14 Matlock, Derbyshire	32* 3/74
Forlong, M.	29A Matham Road East Molesey, Surrey.	34*s 12/73
Gawler, B.C.F.	32 Gravenhurst Road, Campton, Shefford, Bedfordshire.	34* 9/74
Givons, J.	98A Purley Oaks Road, Sanderstead, Surrey.	'ARRIVAL' 32* 7/73
Giddings, J.F.	29 D'Abernon Drive, Stoke D'Abernon, Surrey.	32* 7/73
Gilpin, D.J.	116 Princetown Road, Bangor, Co. Down, N. Ireland.	'REVELLER' 34d* 10/72
Golden, G.R.	19 Sir Arthur Road, Durban, Natal 4001, South Africa.	'ZARENE' 41 10/74
Grimes, R.C.	c/o National Westminster Bk, 71 Bishops Bridge Road, Bayswater, London W2 6BQ	'TAGANITA II' 32* 10/71 p12/72
Güttinger, W.	9052 Niederteufen, Switzerland.	'CARIOCA' 31 4/69
Hall, J.F. & F.M.	26 Hilltop Lane, Chaldon, Caterham, Surrey.	'MOLJON III' 32* 3/71
Hall, M.P.	1 Greenside Close, Blaise Dell, Henbury, Bristol.	'BIRD' 32* 3/72
Hallam, R.J.	11, Newcastle Drive, The Park, Nottingham.	'SAMITE' 34s 8/74
Harvey, J.R.	55, Wilsden Avenue, Luton, Beds	'TROIKA OF BURNHAM' 32* 6/73
Hodges, T.W.	66, Seaward Towers, Trinity Green, Gosport, Hants.	32* 7/74
Hodge, D.H.	Cockfield Hall, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk.	'RIVALIS' 34s 10/72

<u>Owner</u>	<u>Address</u>	<u>Yacht</u>
Hosking, C H	Long Crespy, Weybridge Park, Weybridge, Surrey	32* 11/72
Houghton		'RESTLESS' 31* 2/70 p 9/70
Ianson, B J	Orchard Croft, Newbold-on-Stour, Stratford-upon-Avon.	32*
Ingall, Major R W	Doughton Manor, Tetbury, Gloucestershire	'QUEST OF CORIANO' 31 3/70
Jefferson, J B	Fern Hill, Hollow Meadows, Sheffield.	'CALLIOPE OF MENAI' 34s 6/72
Jones, A Estate Committee, Padi	5 Ashfield Rd, Captain's Cottage Estate, Compton Road, Wolverhampton, Staffs.	'JUNCHAS' p.o. 31 4/70 p 72
Jones Dr E	35 Dowhills Road, Liverpool 23	'ROVELLA' p.o. 32* 12/71
Kerr, R G O		'LEGACY' p.o. 32* 11/70
Kimber, P M	3 Temple Gardens, Middle Temple Lane, London, EC 4	'STAG' 32* 4/72 p 1/73
Knutti, R	57 Route de Frontenex, Geneva, Switzerland.	32* 11/72
Lamarair Ltd	Luther Road, Teddington, Middlesex.	'HELEN OF HAMBLE' 31 2/70 'KITBIRD' 34d 4/73 p 11/74
Lamb, G	121 Westminster Rd, Davyhulme, Urmston, Manchester.	'SAFE ARRIVAL' 32* 8/73
Lamb, Prof. J F	1 Cairnhill Gardens, St Andrews. Fife, KY16 8QY	32*
Lane, E	Bramble Farm, Steeple, Southminster, Essex.	31* 12/70
Larkham, M J	Madeley Green, Billesley Lane, Alvechurch, Birmingham B 48	'SEA THRIFT' p.o. 34d 3/74
Lee, D	Foxbrush Cottage, West Common, Langley, Hants.	'DAYDREAM OF LANGLEY' 34s* 11/73
Lee, R H	Downderry House, 10 Exmouth Road, Budleigh Salterton, Devon, EX9 6AQ	'JORIE' 34d 5/73
Lee, W W A	15 The Crescent, Felpham, Bognor Regis, Sussex.	'LARA OF CHICHESTER' 31 3/69
Lees, I C	3 The Chenies, Petts Wood, Orpington, Kent BR6 0ED	'FYNE RIVAL' 31 5/69 p 6/71

<u>Owner</u>	<u>Address</u>	<u>Yacht</u>
Leye, Guido	Sperlekestraat, 25, 8510 Marke, Belgium.	'HOUTEKIET II' 32* 2/74
Lindsay, J.S.	Marshland Call, Esplanade, Maylandsea, Chelmsford, Essex.	'RIVAL CHIEF' 32* 7/73 p.74
Longstaffe, D.J.C.	Whitehall House, Hoo, Rochester, Kent.	'MOONFIRE II' 32* 2/72
Lummis, C.J.	Yew Tree Farmhouse, Albourne, Hassocks, Sussex.	'WHIMBREL OF CHICHESTER' 34s 5/73
Lyraud, M.	48 Rue Thyrian, 92220 Bagneux, France.	32*
MacAlster, P.	2 Willowbank, Finchfield, Wolverhampton, Staffs.	'JUNCHAS' 31 4/70 p.72
MacEwan, J.F.	Fairhaven, 137 South Street, Greenock, Scotland, PA168 TD.	'HULLABALOO' 32*
Macey, L.E.	Stanley Hill Cottage, Freshford, Bath, Somerset.	'ATALAYA' 32* 12/73 p.o.
McCabe, P.J.	42 Alma Road, Birkdale, Southport, Lancs.	'CASUJO' 32* 11/71
McKendrick, Dr G.D.W.	Goatsmoor, Goatsmoor Lane, Stock, Essex.	'JAYESS III' 34s 4/73
Mann, Cdr G.	31 Napier Avenue, London, S W 6.	'PICAROON OF LYMINGTON' 34s 3/73
Manzoni, M.V.	143 Russets Road, Moseley, Birmingham, B13 8RS.	'SEA THRIFT' 34d 3/74 p.o.
Marsh, R.G.H.	209 Park Road, Cowes, I.W.	'CAVALIER' 32* 3/72
Marsh, J.R.	Setsail, 6 Cumberland Close, Aylesbury, Bucks.	32*
Martin, Prof. J.P.	46 Thornbury Avenue, Southampton, SO1 5DA.	'RIVAL OF WIGHT' 31 10/68 p.7/70
Mathews, C.J.	The Keel, Fishbourne, I.W.	'SAKER' 32* 8/72
Matten, J.W.	2 Brighton Road, Shoreham-by-Sea, Sussex.	'LORD LOUIS' 32* 12/72
Mauchel, D.J.	5 Smithbarn, Horsham, Sussex.	'MONEVE' 32* 7/72
Melton, D.A.M.	25 Sandstone Drive, Newton, West Kirby, Cheshire.	32* 12/73
Merrick, Dr A.W.	7 Rosebarn Avenue, Exeter, Devon.	'EXCUSE' 32* 3/71

<u>Owner</u>	<u>Address</u>	<u>Yacht</u>
Miller, D.E.	4 Sandys West Street, Titchfield, Fareham, Hants.	34
Minett, B.	Oak Apples, Joiners Lane, Chalfont St Peter, Bucks.	34s* 11/74
Monie, R.E.	Lisdoonan, Saintfield, Co.Down, N.Ireland.	34d 3/73
Netolitzki, Dr G.	6020 Innsbruck, Tiergartenstr.37a. Austria.	'GELIDONYA' 34s* 4/74
O'Farrell, M.	Morrcroft, Rostrevor Road, Warrenpoint, Co.Down, N.Ireland.	'UCHULAIN' 32 4/71 p.1/73
Olney, R.P., A.M. & C.J.C.	Oaklands, New Road, Wootton Bridge, I.W.	'FAIR RIVAL' 32 8/70 p.11/71
Orris, E.	40 Avondale Road, South Benfleet, Essex.	'RESTLESS II' 32* 3/71
Parsons, G.T.D.	The Garage House, Hixet Wood, Charlbury, Oxfordshire.	'RIVULET' 34s 8/72
Parsons, J.R.	56 Edendale Road, Barnehurst, Kent, DA7 6RN.	34s*
Patrick, G.A.		'TOROA' 34d 2/73
Phipps, K.G.A.	Ramblers, 257 Passage Road, Brenttry, Bristol.	'SUNDOWNER' 32* 9/72
Platts, G.E.	Derwent Reach, Aston Lane, Oaker, nr. Matlock, Derbyshire.	'STROLLA II' 34d 3/72
Plummer, R. St J.S.	The Little Red House, Hasketon, Woodbridge, Suffolk.	'TRUFFLER' 34s* 12/72 p.o.
Powter, P.G.	40 Kings Walk, Shoreham Beach, Sussex.	'OVERTURE' 32* 12/72
Price, A.C.H.	44 Norfolk Road, Brighton BN1 3AB.	'CARANOABEL' 34d 4/74
Proctor, Dr M.L.	Forest End, Waterlooville, Hants.	'EARLY DEPARTURE' 32 5/71 p.12/73
Quantrill, E.A.	Northwood Farm, Corton Long Lane Lowestoft, Suffolk.	'NESS POINT' 34s* 10/72
Raeburn, Maj. Gen. W.D.M.	Queen's House, H.M. Tower of London, London EC3.	'SKI WITCH' 32 6/70
Read, C.E.	3 Heathcote Drive, East Grinstead, Sussex.	'ADELINE' 32* 6/74
Reay, W.	95 High Street, Sandown, I.W.	'WANDOROBO' 31 3/69 p.9/71

<u>Owner</u>	<u>Address</u>	<u>Yacht</u>
Reynard, Ian N.	Hazelwood House, Rhu, Dumbartonshire.	'MALAPROP' 34d 2/72 p.12/72
Rithner, G.	Le Poyet, 1170 Aubonne, Switzerland.	32* 3/74
Roberts, S.B.	Far End, Caene Hill Road, Weybridge, Surrey.	32* 9/73
Robinson, J.B.	Green Gables, Somersall Lane, Chesterfield.	32* 3/74
Robson, J.E.	Axborough Lodge, Axborough, Kidderminster.	'MAWINGO OF MYLOR' 31 6/70 p.7/74
Rogers, J.S.	Kenley, Silkmore Lane, West Horsley, nr. Leatherhead.	34s* 3/74
Sea Ventures Ltd	33 Highfield Road, Lymington, Hants.	'VIS-A-TERGO' 32 10/70
		'ENGE' 34s 9/73
		'DRUNKEN MOON' 32* 5/72 (as agent)
Sharpe, G.H.	33 Wall Park Close, Brixham, Devon.	32* 11/74
Shaw, F.K.	8c The Grange, Lindsay Road, Poole, Dorset.	'GAY RIVAL' 34s 7/72
Shriver, J.A.	Box 2132, C/o Aramco, Dhahran, Saudi Arabia.	'TIGER TAIL II' 31 12/69 p.8/73
Sidgwick, Capt. J.	Leigh Cottage, Freshford, Bath, Somerset.	'ATALAYA' p.o. 32* 12/73
Sinclair, S.J.	23 High Kingsdown, St Michael's Hill, Bristol BS2 8EN.	'LOCHEE' 31 3/70
Snelling, P.C.	Windward Mark, Eaton, Taporley, Cheshire.	32* 11/73
Somerville, Mr and Mrs E.W.	Stone House, Garsington, Oxford.	'RUMPUS II' 34s 2/73
Statham,	169 Ladywood Rd, Kirkhallam, Ilkeston, Derbyshire.	32*
Stewart, Dr I.H.	The Elms, Larbert, Co. of Stirling, Scotland, FK5 3JF.	'COLYMBUS II' 31* 9/69 p.73.
Strong, R.	17 Longfield, Lutton, nr Cornwood, Ivybridge, Devon, PL21 95N.	'SHERIDAN' 32* 7/71
Sundqvist, C.S.	Bergsradsvagen 34, S-121 58 Johanneshov, Sweden.	'JEZEBEL' 32* 7/71

<u>Owner</u>	<u>Address</u>	<u>Yacht</u>
Sutton, W.	5 Manse Road, Carnon Downs, Truro, Cornwall.	'TOUCHE' 32* 3/73
Taylor, I.J.C.	Blyth Hall, Blyth, Worksop, Notts.	'ANTAR' 32 8/71
Tench, I.	44 Ferndale, Waterlooville, Hants.	34s*
Thiel, A.	Yachthandelsgesellschaft, 2000 Hamburg, 76 Grillparzerstrasse.	'SOLENT' 34d 7/73
Tilson, S.	13 Hale View Road, Helsby, via Warrington, Lancs.	'DALSAM'! 32* 73
Thomke, D.E.	Schul St 42, CH2572 Moerigen, Switzerland.	'THE GO BETWEEN' 34s* 9/73
Townsend, A.R.	3 Hillview Road, Chislehurst, Kent.	'DRUNKEN MOON II' 32* 5/72
Van Essen, Tom.	Troelstraweg 93, Vlissingen, Holland.	'PASSAAT' 34s 11/73
Vincent, P.J.	9 Nasmyth Street, London, W.6.	'ALBORADO' 32* 2/72 p.74
Walley, E.A.	41 Browning Avenue, Thornhill, Southampton.	'WAIMANGU' 34d 7/74
Watkins, L.	6 Insley Crescent, Broadstone, Dorset.	'CYMREIGES' p.o. 32* 7/73
Watson, F.R.	8 Grimwade Avenue, Croydon, Surrey.	'SOUTHERN RIVAL' 34s 9/72
Watts, D.H.	The Mount, Swanbridge Road, Sully, Penarth, Glamorgan.	'SIR HENRY MORGAN' 34d* 7/73
Watts, E.	25 Shooters Hill Road, Blackheath, London, SE3.	'HELZAPOPIN' 34d 11/72 s.11/74
Watt, T.I.	2 Corbiehill Road, Edinburgh, EH4 5EF.	32* 7/74
Webb, A.G.	11 Heathfield, Chislehurst, Kent.	'RIVAL LADY' 31 2/70 p.9/74
Webster, W.J.	3 Church Street, Elloughton, Brough, Yorks.	'SANS SOUCI OF BROUGH' 32* 7/72
Whigham, D.	Aquarius, Blackburn Old Road, Great Harwood, Lancs.	'JETSUE' 32* 10/71

<u>Owner</u>	<u>Address</u>	<u>Yacht</u>
White, P.J.	67 Wray Park Road, Reigate, Surrey.	'MORAWEL' 31* 2/70
Widdowson, J.	12 Firs Walk, Tewin Wood, Welwyn, Herts.	'LEGACY' 32* 11/70 p.o.
Wilkinson, Col. P.J.	Brookdene House, Graffham, nr. Petworth, Sussex.	'AQUARELLE II' 34s 9/72 p.9/73
Williams, Dr J.F.	62 West Stockwell Street, Colchester, Essex.	'LENESONE' 34s* 5/73
Wilmot, B.P.	1 Parkside Avenue, Bickley, Kent.	'RIVALIS' 34d* 12/72
Woodward, D.A.	Keyhaven, Harlington Avenue, Haywards Heath, Sussex.	'EUXINE' 34d
Wright, H.	The Anchorage, 23 North Street, Roxby, Scunthorpe, Lincs.	'RIVAL OF ROXBY' 31* 2/69

Received too late for inclusion in the correct place:

Cunnington, Dr J.	510 Ogden Avenue, Swarthmore, Pennsylvania, 19081, USA.	'TARNIMARA' 32 5/71 p.7/74
Graham-Brown, Dr W D	16 The Close, Salisbury, Wilts.	'HIDDEN LIGHT' 34s 6/73 p.11/74
Sondag, Hank	'Sonhof', Koudekerkseweg 21, Vlissingen, Flushing, Holland	'HELZAPOPPIN' 34d 11/72 p.11/74

Y A C H T S' N A M E S

	<u>Sail No.</u>	<u>Owner</u>	<u>Home Port</u>
ADELINE	2545Y	C E Read	Portsmouth
ALBORADO	2024Y	P J Vincent	
ALIZ MOTTE	2349Y	J M Birkin	Cowes
ALTINA	2391Y	S B Roberts	Hamble
ALRUNA	2297Y	Mr & Mrs H B Bishop	Portsmouth
AMAZING GRACE		C H Hosking	Emsworth
ANTAR		I J C Taylor	Oban
ARRIVAL	1660Y	J Givons	Medway
ATALAYA		Capt J Sidgwick L E Macey	Poole
BIRD		M P Hall	Bristol
CALLIOPE OF MENAI	1896Y	J B Jefferson	Menai
CARIOCA		W Güttinger	Menton
CASUJO	42	P F McCabe	
CAVALIER		R G H Marsh	Cowes
COLYMBUS II	2485	I H Stewart	Rhu
CONTENDER OF PORTSEA	2114Y	Cmdr E H Banfield	Portsmouth
CUCHULAIN		M. O'Farrell	Greencastle, N.I.
CYMREIGES	2421Y	L Watkins Russel Read	Poole
DALSAMB	70	S Tilson	Port Dinorwic
DAYDREAM OF LANGLEY	45	D Lee	Southampton
DRUNKEN MOON II		A R Townsend	Lymington
EARLY DEPARTURE		H L Proctor	Portsmouth
ENGE		Sea Ventures Ltd	Lymington
EUXINE		D A Woodward	Chichester
EXCUSE	1778Y	A W Merrick	Exeter
FAIR RIVAL	2866	R.P., A.M. & J.C. Olney	Wootton Creek
FELBRIDA II		J A Elliott	Beaulieu
FUBBS		G P Clay	Lymington
FYNE RIVAL	2467	I C Lees	Chichester
GALLANT RIVAL		Anvil Charters Ltd	Poole

	<u>Sail No.</u>	<u>Owner</u>	<u>Home Port</u>
GAY RIVAL	1868Y	I Baldwin	
GAY RIVAL	3103	F K Shaw	Poole
GELIDONYA		Dr G Netolitzki	Menorca
THE GO-BETWEEN		E Thomke	Chevroux
HELZAPOPPIN		H Sondag	
HELEN OF HAMBLE		Lamarair Ltd	Hamble
HIDDEN LIGHT		W D Graham-Brown	
HULLABALOO	466C	J F MacEwan	Inverkip
JAMES BAINES	1128Y	F Baines	Lytham
JAYESS III		G D W McKendrick	Bradwell
JESSIE MAY		Mr & Mrs J G Bolton	Bosham
JETSUE		D Whigam	Fleetwood
JEKAPA	R47	B Booth	Upnor
JEZEBEL	OR/S-271	C S Sundqvist	Stockholm
JOHN SILVER	R21	A A Fenn	
JONSUE OF LANGSTONE		J Childs	Langstone
JORIE	2206Y	Ralph Lee	Dartmouth
JUNCHAS		A Jones P McAlster	Pwllheli
KITBIRD		Lamarair Ltd	Hamble
LARA OF CHICHESTER	2414	W W A Lee	Birdham
LEGACY		J Widdowson R G O Kerr	Burnham-on-Crouch
LENE SONE		Dr J F Williams	
LOCHEE		S J Sinclair	Lymington
LONTANA		R W Ashton	
LORD LOUIS	2113	J W Matten	Shoreham
MAGI	3258	P B Eyre	Lytham
MALAPROP	2965	I N Reynard	Gareloch
MAWINGO OF MYLOR	1703Y	J E Robson	Bucklers Hard
MEINWEN IFAN		P E Evans	Holyhead
MEREDITH		M G Bragg	Beaulieu
MOLJON III	1442Y	J F & F H Hall	Portsmouth
MONEVE	60	D J Mauchel	Itchenor
MOONFIRE II		D J C Longstaffe	Medway

	<u>Sail No.</u>	<u>Owner</u>	<u>Home Port</u>
MORAWEL	1525Y	P J White	
MOYANA		W Dahinden	Basel
NESS POINT		E A Quantrill	
OCEAN SPRAY	2383Y	F J Edwards	Hamble
OUTRAGE		P Connolly	Portsmouth
OVERTURE	2531Y	P G Powter	Shoreham
PASSAAT	H2007	Tom Van Essen	Vinkeveen
PICAROON OF LYMINGTOM	3106	Comdr & Mrs G. Mann	Lymington
QUEEN'S RANSOM	2413	R C Ayling	Lymington
QUEST OF CORIANO		R W Ingall	
RAASAY		Arden Yachts Ltd	Kilmelford
RESTLESS		Houghton	Poole
RESTLESS II		E Orris	Burnham-on-Crouch
REVELLER	K3454	D J Gilpin	Bangor, N.I.
RHUM		Arden Yachts Ltd	Kilmelford
RIVAL CHIEF		J S Lindsay	
RIVALIS	1932Y	D H Hodge	Deben
RIVALIS		B P Wilmot	Lymington
RIVAL LADY		A G Webb	
RIVAL OF ROXBY	1128Y	H Wright	South Ferriby
RIVAL OF WIGHT	203	J P Martin	Lymington
RIVAL ROSE	2395Y	E Arnall	
RIVALRY	2396	D Ashwin	Woolverston
RIVAL SPIRIT	K3030	J B S Brockway K W Coup	Chichester
RIVULET		G T D Parsons	Poole
RONA		Arden Yachts Ltd	Kilmelford
RONALDSAY		Arden Yachts Ltd	Kilmelford
ROSANDA		B E Arthur	Lymington
ROULETTE OF EXE	1207Y	J G J Evett	
ROVELLA	3108	J Allen and E Jones	
RUMPUS II		E W Somerville	Beaulieu
SAFE ARRIVAL	78	G Lamb	Holyhead
SAKER		C J Mathews	
SAMITE		R J Hallam	
SANS SOUCI OF BROUH		W J Webster	Brough

	<u>Sail No.</u>	<u>Owner</u>	<u>Home Port</u>
SARANGA		M H Attwood	Portsmouth
SCURRIVAL	1539Y	P H Barry	Rhu
SEATHRIFT		M V Manzoni, M J Larkam, R J Easton	Lymington
SERENADE OF HAMBLE		P J & D E Bardon	Hamble
SHERIDAN		Ron and Claire Strong	Plymouth
SILVER SEQUEL	K3474	R E Monie	Strangford Lough
SIR HENRY MORGAN	3438	D H Watts	Barry
SKI WITCH	2843	W D M Raeburn	Warsash
SOLENT		A Thiel	Gromitz
SOUTHERN RIVAL		F R Watson	
SPINDRIFT OF HAMBLE		R W Fawcett	Hamble
ST BRIGID	2859	P Abbey	
STAG		P M Kimber	
STROLLA II		G E Platts	Hamble
SUNDOWNER		K G A Phipps	Poole
TAGANITA II		R C Grimes	
TALITHA		C H Biedendieck	Malta
TARNIMARA		Cunnington, J.	U S A
TAWNY PIPIT III		P Cheesman	
TERN		Br.Kiel Y.C.	Kiel
TIGER TAIL II		J A Shriver	Ras Tanura
TOROA		G A Patrick	
TOUCHE	71	W Sutton	Falmouth
TROIKA OF BURNHAM		J R Harvey	Burnham-on-Crouch
TRUFFLER	K3299	W.J.Block, S.Bullimore, R J S Plummer	Waldringfield
TRYFAN		R G Brimelow	
TULARE OF BEAULIEU		D D Carrington	Beaulieu
VIS-A-TERGO		Sea Ventures Ltd	Lymington
WAIMANGU		E A Walley	Hamble
WANDOROBO		W Reay	Majorca
WHIMBREL OF CHICHESTER		C J Lummis	Chichester
WHIMBREL OF HAMBLE		F S Barnes	Gosport
WILD RIVAL	2976	P Brett	Cowes
WILLIWAW	2136Y	J A S Cleminson	
ZARENE		G R Golden	Durban