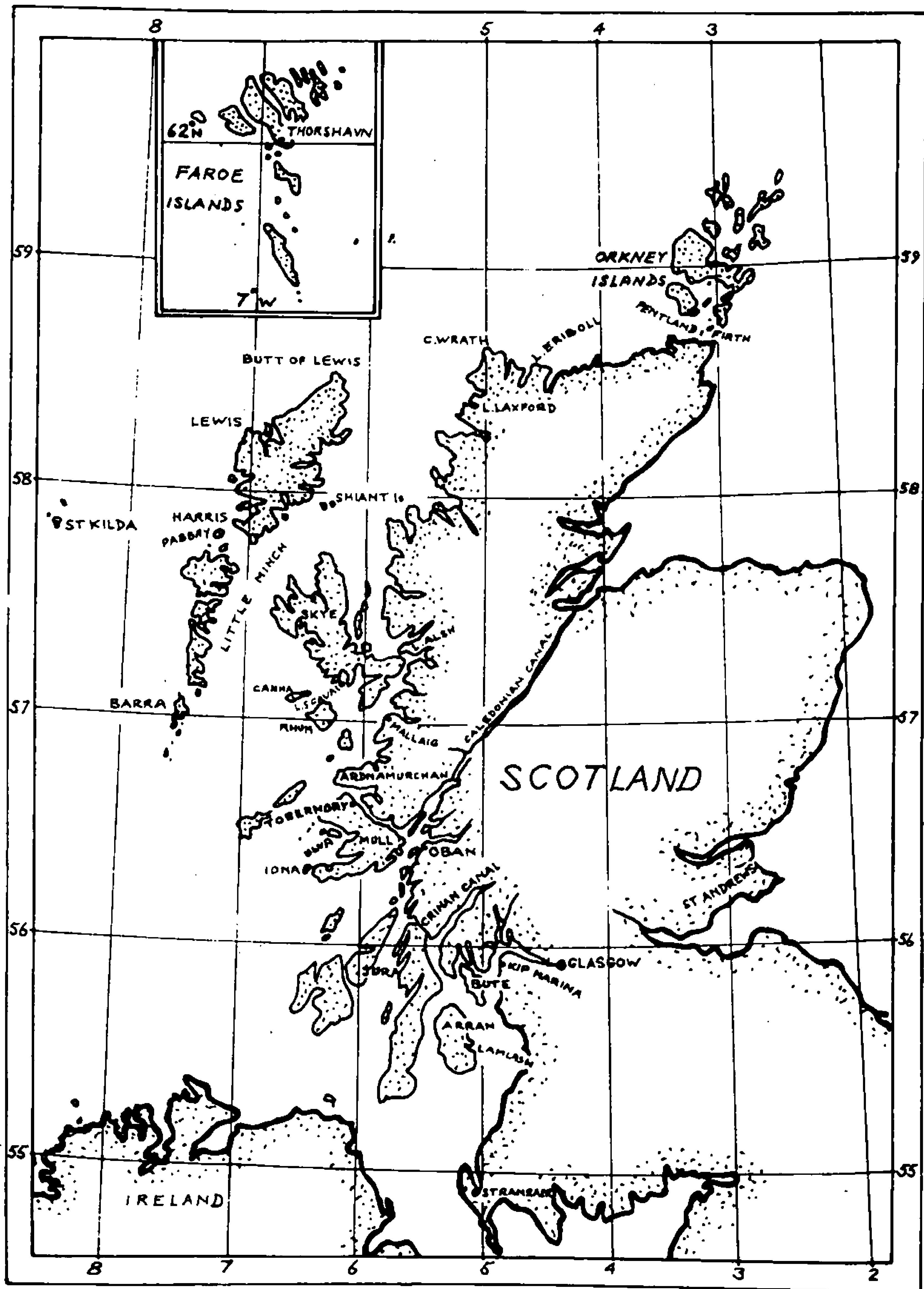


# rival round-up

no 4 1976

JOURNAL OF THE RIVAL OWNERS ASSOCIATION





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## A C K N O W L E D G M E N T S

All Rival owners and other readers will be very grateful to those who have made the many notable cruises - and notable races across the Atlantic - which have been described in this journal. They will admire particularly the great effort which has been put into writing the accounts. Editorial thanks are especially due to those who managed to keep the length of their stories down to the suggested length. Some of the others have had to be shortened considerably. As usual the editor's task has been a very enjoyable one; it becomes more fascinating every year.

## Transatlantic in WILD RIVAL

### Royal Western/Observer Singlehanded Transatlantic Race

by Geoff Hales  
(Chart on front cover)

This story of a sail across the Atlantic may give the impression that it was a pretty dull occupation but I assure you that the passage was great fun to look back upon - some of it great fun at the time - the rest thought-provoking or exciting, depending on one's viewpoint. But all the actual sailing was easy - I was travelling by Rival. In writing the story I have kept in mind the sort of questions Rival owners would like to ask.

Three very important things happened in October 1975. Firstly Mervyn Wheatley, who sailed 'Wild Rival' in AZAB 75, could not get time off from the Royal Marines for OSTAR 76; secondly, Peter Brett bravely offered me the chance to sail her, and, thirdly, Ralph Lee who had equally bravely discussed offering me his Rival 34 'Jorie' for the race, kindly agreed I should change horses before getting into the midstream of preparations and expense.

There can be few greater privileges than being allowed to sail a designer's own boat, nor many greater pleasures than providing him, and all the other owners, with a good result as an appreciation of his trust. It was delightful and easy to recognise Rival owners coming to see 'Wild Rival' at the Southampton Boat Show - their broad grins ("...it was one like ours that did it ...") marked them out as they came up the steps. Please come and enjoy the feeling again at the London Boat Show where she will be on view on the Royal Navy stand.

#### Preparations

It is quite true, as the advertisements have said, that the boat was not modified for the race - in fact most of the gear and rigging was the original, over 4 years old. Nothing was other than Rival 34 standard size. The sail wardrobe was storm jib, 144 sq.ft. working jib, 240 sq.ft. No.2 genoa, standard cruising genoa and No.1, large ghoster and spinnaker - one of each, and all four years old except the No.2, which was much older. There were two mainsails, one brand new and one original which was inevitably rather fragile.

One spinnaker pole was carried (plus the oar which doubles as a jib stick) and one spare halliard was rove. I made a reasonably effective spinnaker squeezer - it pulled down perfectly but was reluctant to go up the first few feet.

'Wild Rival' is fitted with slab reefing, with a winch under the boom for the reef pendant. Although theoretically unnecessary this proved invaluable, although one could I suppose always lead the pendant back to a cockpit winch. It proved easy to reef very quickly and with only a slight easing of the mainsheet. I appreciate that roller reefing can suit many cruisers but a singlehander cannot pull out the leach while rolling the sail, so the eventual set is usually poor.

I had become keen on the use of the spinnaker staysail as a gap filler in 'Temeraire' in AZAB and so I carried one additional sail - a secondhand Flying Dutchman jib. This sail must be unique, having taken part in both the '72 Olympic trials and the '76 OSTAR. It tacked to weather abreast the samson post and the spinnaker topping lift served as a halliard. The sail sheeted to the after lower shroud rigging screw, either inside or outside the guardrails as appropriate. I found I could set it as soon as I came just off the wind, with the No.2 genoa or bigger, and actually on the wind when set inside the ghoster, because of the full foot of that sail. You will see from the sail usage figures (on p. 9) that the 'baby', as inevitably it became called, put in a lot of hours and I estimate it paid up to  $\frac{1}{2}$  knot. It may sound odd to set it with the No.2 genoa but it was a very easy way of increasing/decreasing sail area by 80 sq.ft. and because it was tacked to windward, perhaps it could be set more often than a proper staysail,



despite the unavoidable sagging luff. It also provided a clear demonstration of the slot effect. Changing genoas when close reaching without the 'baby' dropped speed to  $2\frac{1}{2}$  knots, while with the 'baby' it would be four. I am not advocating that Rivals should be cutter rigged, because the inner forestay and extra sheets are a nuisance, but this extra sail did help me to get to Newport as quickly as possible.

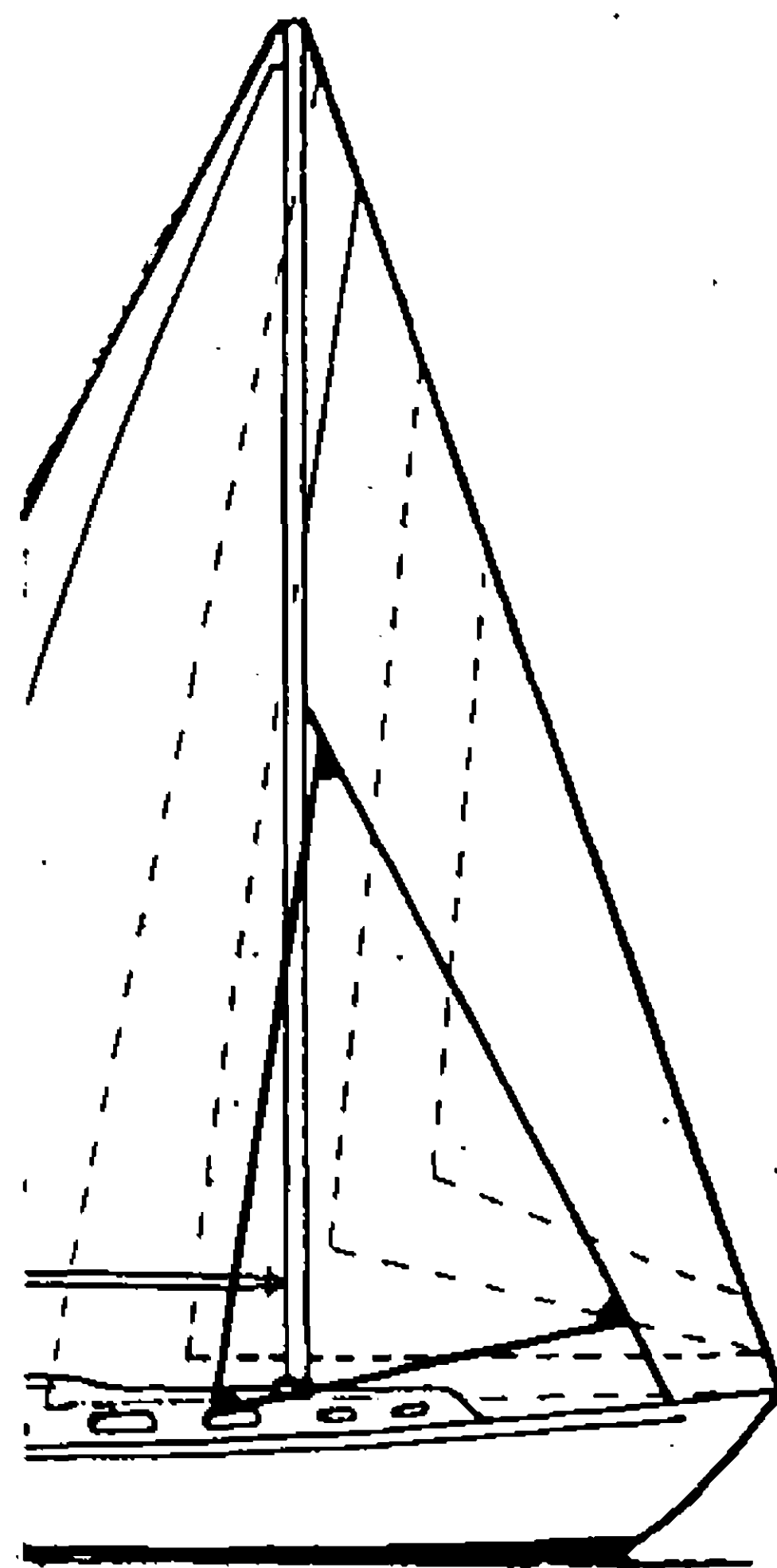
I also carried a potholing ladder, for mast climbing, which proved very satisfactory and a petrol fired Maxicat catalytic heater. This was excellent during the March qualifier and I looked forward to using it in the cold Labrador current. I fitted a Weylite T10D combined tricolour and all round white lamp at the masthead simply because I like the feeling of the extra visibility range in a big sea. This particular lamp is both the cheapest and also the only one I know of that can give one the choice of two different masthead lights but only requires a two-core cable; I therefore wired it in to the masthead steaming light.

The Army kindly loaned me a Clansman SSB radio transmitter and let me join a net they had set up for 3 Army competitors with terminals at Chatham and Larkhill. The Clansman is a unique radio. The transmitter puts out only 40 watts but due to the subtle design, this is sufficient for 2,500 miles even with the poor aerial run that I had. Sadly it is a very expensive piece of equipment and even if it does come on to the commercial market not many owners will wish to afford it. Having a transmitter undoubtedly changed the character of the race by removing the feeling of total isolation and I would not wish to do a race as long as this without one, primarily for the comfort and peace of mind of those ashore. If I could not borrow a conveniently small and powerful set like a Clansman, then I think I would try to qualify as a 'ham' operator, as it seems to me that the amateur band provides excellent communications cheaply. All of us concerned, competitors and supporters ashore alike, have the highest admiration for the professional skill, patience and willingness to work at all hours, of the shore terminal teams who received our calls and passed on the information to our families (and "my owner").

Derek Mauchel (of the Rival 32 'Moneve') kindly loaned me his prototype radar detector for the qualifier and I was most impressed with its usefulness. Sadly, Derek was unable to provide it for the race as he had hoped, and I fear his ears burned very often in late June and early July when the gadget could have been a lifesaver.

I gave some careful thought to the theoretical need for accurate time for astro navigation. An error as large as one minute in time can never produce an error greater than fifteen minutes in the chosen longitude position. I therefore bought, as a chronometer, a battery alarm clock with sweep second hand (from British Home Stores, for £5). There is now a Quartz crystal battery alarm in the colour supplements for £11, which should be even better but mine was perfectly adequate. I modified the alarm circuit to make it switch on a tape recorder for weather forecasts or whatever. On the same day that I purchased the clock I received a paper through the mail giving details of a highly accurate quartz chronometer with lots of desirable extra stopwatch functions for a modest £120, but 10% off for OSTAR competitors. I don't wish to imply that expensive equipment is never necessary, only that it is worth looking very closely at the basic principles involved, to see if there is a hidden simple solution.

So, preparations complete and with only  $2\frac{1}{2}$  weeks sailing experience in the boat, off we went to Plymouth for the scrutineering and the count-down. My experience in 'Wild Rival' may sound very limited and was restricted by circumstances, not lack of desire to sail, but I mention it so that you will appreciate, if you don't



Flying Dutchman Jib



already know, just how easy and delightful the Rival is to sail and to demonstrate just how very much of the result is due to Peter's excellent design which has produced an undemanding boat. I had already learned that she could provide a dry and comfortable ride while maintaining a good average speed, while the very light balance is good for steady courses under self-steering.

One last thought on preparations at Plymouth - if you want to try any of these races which require a scrutineering period, don't leave anything to be done at that time. There is too much lost time waiting for officials and enjoying talking to friends. During the Friday before the start we had so many wellwishers on board that we got through a whole jar of instant coffee. I wouldn't wish it any other way: it is very kind of so many people to come and wish us well and they were very welcome. We could afford the time, but it was evident some boats could not.

#### Race Philosophy, Policy or what you will

I had long ago decided that I had to go by the Great Circle route unless the excellent weather briefing by Plymouth Polytechnic produced any surprises, which it did not, so that was a decision I did not have to make. But while I had a general course in mind, and it was in ink on the chart, as a guide, I was determined that speed was more important than course. By this I mean that I had a nomogram at hand (also on the chart so that I could not miss it) which showed how much extra speed I had to achieve to compensate for various angles off the best course the boat could sail at that time. For example, if the ideal great circle course was 275 and the wind was giving me a choice of tacks on headings of 200 and 300 then clearly I had to be on 300 to be on the economical tack, but if on this tack she was making 5 knots, would she go faster if I let her pay off more? From my nomogram I could see how big the increase in speed had to be to justify aiming off. I have quoted a case when close reaching because that was the usual state, but I used the rule all the time, regardless of heading or relative wind direction. Sometimes one could go faster by sailing closer to the wind and on the odd occasions when I could actually sail the ideal course I still aimed off, high or low, if I could increase speed. Inevitably one drifts well off from the original great circle, so periodically it is necessary to work out the new great circle from present position to Cape Race or Nantucket Shoals and this provides a new ideal course. It is no use trying to work the boat back to the original line; the shortest route from where you are is all that counts. In all I think I redrew the Great Circle 7 times; it is no trouble to do using a gnomonic chart.

I was also determined to stick to Peter's rule that the boat should not be heeled more than 20 degrees. He is of course absolutely right; she is very lightly driven and overpressing her simply causes discomfort, without a compensating speed increase, and eventually a difficult sail change. But stick to Peter's rule and sail changes are easy and, thanks to the high bow, remarkably dry too. One can hardly ask for more. I won't quote windspeeds for sail changes because they obviously depend on relative direction but as a general rule I would suggest it is worth changing down to the No.2 genoa (from the cruising genoa) before you get to 20 degrees heel when on the wind because she seemed happier that way. You will see from the sail usage figures that the cruising genoa figures look very low. This is because I sometimes kept the No.1 on too long, hoping the wind would ease, while on other occasions I kept the No.2 on too long hoping the wind would not ease. Eventually the sail change was made between these two sails leaving the cruising genoa out altogether. I quite often used the ghoster in wind strengths that would horrify the sailmaker; but being made of nylon the sail has remarkable elasticity. It recovers miraculously and is very powerful.

To me, one of the great fascinations of singlehanded racing is that all the pressure to go as hard as possible must come from oneself. There is no crew and rarely a competing boat to act as a prompt. It is very hard to keep the pressure on; while it is easy to reduce sail in miserable weather, because otherwise something will be damaged, it is much harder to increase sail under similar conditions. But one must try all the time for more speed.

The difference in average speed between any two consecutive finishers is only a small fraction of a knot and one must be striving for that fraction all the time if one is to have any hope of doing well.

To ensure that the boat is going as well as possible (and in the shipping areas that one is not being menaced) I work a policy of never sleeping for more than one hour and usually only half-an-hour at a stretch. So the normal routine for any cycle of 1 to 2 hours works out as:- Tweak the sails for maximum speed, try course alterations and more tweaking to try for an improvement, settle on the best course and speed; then any navigation that might be required, though this might sometimes overtake speed considerations as top priority if navigating conditions are difficult; then consider some food, then back to bed for another quick zizz, then start again.

It is not anything like as miserable an existence as I fear it may seem. For one thing I wouldn't try this sort of thing if I was not a happy cat-napper (although some competitors would entirely disagree with the cat-nap policy), for another if there is nothing to be changed the interval can be very short between getting out of one's pit and climbing back in again, and finally I never know which zizz I prefer most, the first one after breakfast or the last before lunch. Working this way means that I am pretty well topped-up with sleep at any time, and can therefore go without sleep for a considerable time with minimum discomfort.

If all this suggests to you that I have reduced the race to a lot of sequential but simple mathematical problems which provide parts of a large and complicated equation, you have probably decided that the race could be sailed at least as well by a small on-board computer. However this is not so, because one could never find a computer stupid enough to go along, but there are ample silly people.

At last, the actual Race. What happened ? When ? Why ?

Pre-start - Towed 'Tumult' out. Peter stayed on board as long as possible, so long in fact that I began to wonder if he had had second thoughts and was going to sail 'Wild Rival' himself. I wouldn't have blamed him at all if he had decided to do so, after all the effort, expense, thought and straightforward work he had put into the project. In the end when he transferred to the Strong's Rival 32 'Sheridan', we could not think of anything to sum up our feelings. I expect Peter was wondering if I was up to the trust he had put in me; that was certainly my thought, plus wonderment at his brave generosity. So I quickly demonstrated my ability by making a complete mess of the start. One could hardly pick a more public arena in which to make a fool of oneself, so I slunk off coastal to hide my embarrassment - and to keep out of the tide. The weather was perfect for competitors and spectators alike. The multihulls could move well enough to be impressive but everything was under easy control. Sadly the wind got lighter.

Sunday, 6th July: Round the Lizard with the last of the fair tide, but failed to catch a mackerel for breakfast (I felt this would be a compensation for such slow sailing). At mid-day, kedged in 30 fathoms just east of the Runnel Stone and watched boats to seaward making slow but worth-while progress to the West. When the light airs got to me I set off full of over-optimism and ended up rowing to avoid the area of the Stone and then to avoid the Longships as I was swept to the North. It was a rather unhappy situation in a lot of shipping. We started to make slow progress in the evening but I kept thinking of all the others who, I was sure, were miles ahead south of the Scillies.

Monday, 7th: Splendid spinnaker run, with ghoster as big boy, though it was a bit difficult with only 2 cockpit winches. Soon surfing at over 9 knots. Aries coping in a perfectly relaxed manner.

Tuesday, 8th: Surprised by an overflying Nimrod in the middle of the washing-up but it could have been more embarrassing. It was soon clear he was homing a French frigate to rescue the crew of 'Kervilor' who had a back injury. Found I was sailing beside Colin Drummond in the slippery 'Sleuth Hound', a Pioneer 10. Knowing how very fast he had been in AZAB I assumed he had had problems to be back with me. Later found I was wrong and that he was very sad to see me.



Then several days of fast close reaching, with plenty of sail changing and reefing. The wind strength was just as I expected it would be though as the direction was more southerly than average, progress was excellent. The water was already very cold. One steering line chafed through at the hole in the servo blade (Aries gears now have plastic inserts to stop this) and I found some of the bolts holding the gear together were vibrating loose. Eventually one came out and one other so loose, presumably due to my over-zealous tightening having ruined the thread, that I had to take it out. A bit of corrosion soon solved all this though and there was no further worry.

Friday, 11th: In company with 'Ackel France', a 38 ft racer which eventually finished one day ahead. Assumed he had had problems.

Saturday, 12th: The anchor got out of its deck locker and hung over the side through the guardrail nets. I should have taken it below earlier and had an awful job getting it back into the locker. It seemed obvious which way round it should go but the lid would not shut. I got very wet and bad tempered until I finally won - by putting the anchor in the right way round.

Sunday, 13th: Woke to sound of flogging sail. Double-reefed main had pulled out at clew and for about 3 feet along reef eyelet line. I couldn't see why but later the sailmakers agreed that reef earrings on a leach need several layers more strengthening than they had. Very difficult area to repair adequately. Very cold on deck while sewing (low 40's). Would have liked to use the heater but decided the limited fuel must be kept for the really cold part of the trip.

Monday, 14th: Depressing special weather forecast offered storm warnings, but I hoped this was usual forecasters' pessimism. Later I learned that at this stage I was 120 miles ahead of 'Sleuth Hound' and on about the same westing as Clare Francis in 'Robertson's Golly'. I shall have to read the book of the race to find out how I could be so lucky! Charged with the engine covers off to try to get some warmth in the boat. By nightfall we were under 3 reef main and storm jib. Just off the wind with speed 5 knots plus; very comfortable. The Weylite lens unit shook itself free from the clamp and vanished. I was very cross because if I had thought, I could have made sure that didn't happen.

Tuesday, 15th: More gloom from the forecasters and, in the forenoon, a knockdown. Happily I was standing by the chart table and simply lent over it with my back to everything that came out of the galley - absolutely everything except the plastic beakers which really wedge into their places! The liqueur glasses broke on the chart table. I don't know how far she went, but it was certainly more than 90 degrees and less than 180. But the mess didn't matter compared with the noise of flogging sail once again. Same routine as before except that the tear was much longer and it wasn't stitching that had failed, the wave had simply burst the fabric. I made a silly mistake and instead of cobbling up the sail somehow to keep her driving, I took it down to preserve it, though what I thought it was going to be useful for I can't think. So I settled under the storm jib while I sorted out the mess. Several of the boats suffered this morning and my damage could have been much more serious. The waves remained very steep and during the forenoon we took some more big lurches, though nothing like the first. What could I have done to have avoided the knock-down? I suspect that nothing I could have done would have guaranteed immunity. Those boats that were knocked down or worse covered a wide area, so the other tack was unlikely to help and in any case it would not have taken me towards the States. I think the only advice I can offer is, 'If you want to have a knock-down, do it in a Rival'. I'm sure Peter Evans would agree after his experience in "Force Ten in Fastnet". A knock-down of this kind is always caused by a large breaking sea; the wind force plays a relatively small part. A large mass of broken water - many tons, perhaps hundreds of tons - which may well be travelling at 15 - 20 knots tries to sweep the boat bodily to leeward. But if the keel of the boat is sticking down into green water which has no horizontal motion there is a large overturning moment. The whole experience was relatively painless and very brief, although luckily I am a slow thinker so did not have time to get worried before it was all over. I never once had any doubt about her ability to recover, and structurally everything was perfect.

But I estimate my stupidity with the mainsail cost two days. With the storm jib alone she is undoubtedly very comfortable, but not as close-winded as with the main as well and so I drifted off to the north for one day. When the visibility improved the next day I had quite a hard battle finding where I was, because all one's teaching is based on working from a reasonably accurate DR and chosen position. I had to try a variety of chosen positions until I could get answers that made sense. It was not a very happy experience, particularly as the results kept proving I was miles from where I wanted to be.

I took the ruined mainsail off and set the old one. I had not bothered before because it had been too fragile for the previous day's weather, even if I had not lost it while trying to make the change and it only had two reefs anyway. I thought I was probably out of the race now, because I obviously could not push as hard with the old sail and I would have to lower it whenever the wind required three reefs and would not then be able to sail as close as I might like. To add to the fun, I found I had a broken strand in the port after lower shroud and the wind went very light from the SW - the direction in which I wanted to go. So I lost my second day getting back to roughly where I had been.

There followed more days of very mixed weather, fog too though it seemed unfair so far from land, or water temperature variations. By the 18th we were on the Ireland/Newfoundland divide, which is nothing like half way, but feels like a milestone. The register of Mr Walker's excellent log finally died; I had been trying to keep the sick bearings happy for some time and even tried making one out of seizing wire, which seemed to help for a time. We did the rest of the trip (there and back) without a log, which must be good for one's mental arithmetic.

The only way I could replace the shroud would have been to use the kedge chain, which was not attractive (one competitor in a similar predicament shortened a shroud with a Norseman terminal and made up the length with chain). Peter's radioed advice was to take up just a little on the cap shroud and on that basis we got there all right, though I took things easy on the port tack. Why didn't I use the Baron log when the Walker died? I was having difficulty charging, or at any rate maintaining satisfactory hydrometer readings, and so used as little battery as possible, virtually none at all in fact. 'Wild Rival' has the early dynastart system and this puts out very little compared with an alternator and I didn't help by letting the distilled water bottle get contaminated with bilge, so I had the friendly smell of chlorine until I took some electrolyte out and replaced it with boiled water. Minor problems of this kind tend to get depressing when one is alone. But I knew that once I could cross 40 West, effectively half way, I would stop worrying and enjoy the downhill slope. I can't offer any logic to support this feeling, but know that is how I felt. The final frustration was that on the day when I hoped I would at last cross the magic meridian, the wind went difficult and I made desperately slow progress, but on Sunday 20th I finally made it.

The third quarter of the trip involved (a) keeping far enough NW to keep out of the Gulf Stream, though it felt so cold I could not believe this was really a problem (now below 40°F), (b) missing the ice and fishing boats on the Newfoundland Banks and (c) getting down to Sable Island. Most of the time it was a slow battle. It was quite an event when the sounder first proved my sights were right and I was on the banks. There were a few occasions when I had to take the mainsail off to preserve it and of course I tore it even so, so much that it took 9 very cold hours to sew it up. I even lay ahull rather than be carried in the wrong direction with just a storm jib. This worked perfectly well, the boat seemed happy enough though the motion was pretty jerky. I think if I ever wanted to heave-to in a Rival I would simply leave her close-hauled on mainsail alone. She always seemed very comfortable and under control when sail changing so I should think it would work very well for a long time and without the strains of having a jib aback.

Monday, 28th: Off Sable Island and comparatively warm, as it had been since about the second day on the banks. So just when I expected it would be colder it was the opposite and I never did use the heater. I won't make that mistake again. By this time there was lots of fog, which I took care not to report on the radio (no point in causing alarm). Oddly enough in the fog one could often see the sun, though not the horizon of course, then rain would clear the fog and give horizon without sun.



I tried taking altitudes knowing the answers would be too big, to give a furthest E, S, or W position, which was slightly better than knowing nothing at all. There were long periods with only poor radio bearings for navigation and I tried using bearings of the Nova Scotian commercial radio stations, but it was very hard to find where they were. They were generous with their call-signs and advertisers' addresses but leaving out the town because all their listeners knew where they lived. One sometimes had to wait a long time for the announcer to both speak slowly enough to be intelligible and also say the magic word. Very frustrating.

Wednesday, 30th: Progress was so slow that all my early hopes (based on the fast initial section of the passage) that I might be in for July 4th, evaporated. It was a real struggle in light and mainly contrary winds, but it must have suited the light boats. In the intervals in the fog I saw Mother Carey's chicken hopping on the water, catching flies, and a shark, which made the water seem much colder than when there were dolphins about. But I saw no icebergs or whales and I would have liked to do so, as long as they were not menacing. 500 miles to go, with Tabarly, Colas and the incredible Mike Birch in 'Third Turtle' having arrived. Thursday was to be Canada Day so I hoped the fishermen would stay at home and leave me the fog to myself.

Sunday, 4th July: The great day - 29 days out. Mixture as before and still 60 miles off Cape Sable (SE tip of Nova Scotia) and 300 to go. Crossed tacks, in one of the spells of good visibility, with a dark blue boat that later turned out to be the Carter 39 'Sirtec'. Couldn't think why he was on the uneconomical tack but as he got in 14 hours ahead of me he must have been right. The wind enforced my earlier desire to skirt the inner side of Georges Shoal, hoping to avoid fishing boats, and then dive across the Boston Shipping lane to the safety(?) of the banks off Nantucket. Easily said but rather exciting to achieve. It was rather like a singlehanded cross-Channel trip in no visibility. Absolute madness, that one would never set out to attempt, but once one is already out there isn't much alternative. Happily I never saw or heard a thing, perhaps because I couldn't, and the wind was good so I got it over in one night. I forgot battery problems and used the bow light and the extra filament. It lit the fog beautifully and made me feel better, although of course it did not help me to see. The radio bearings did not fit the charted depths so I did most of the navigation by inadequate soundings.

Wednesday, 7th: On the NE end of the Nantucket shoals. In the early morning fog I could hear very noisy but small-sounding fishing boats and a buoy siren. I hoped it was Pollock Rip. Sailed further inshore and tacked leaving the buoy to the East.

Saw a few of the fishing boats, which seemed to be going at ridiculous speeds for the visibility. Planned to sail down the edge of the banks until I estimated I was off Round Shoal Channel which led through the banks to the Island, then tack along it, by soundings and luck. But just as I felt it was time to try the first tack in, I suddenly saw a buoy on the visibility limit - 30 yards? - and I was hard put to keep it in sight while I closed to identify it (I have no pride). I found I was a mile from where I hoped and a little way up the channel I wanted. One could hardly be luckier after 3,300 miles, but there was more to come - the tide was with me. So a quick rush up the channel, narrowly missing two buoys and not seeing the others, until I was down to 4 fathoms, by which time I should be a mile off the coast. The visibility suddenly lifted and from then on it was a perfect sail to the finish, through the banks with the sounder getting down to keel depth plus 2 feet at worst. There were plenty of surrounding breakers, but it all saved lots of miles, though at this stage I didn't realise just how important they would be. So, as usual, a finish in the dark, 32½ days out. I managed to find my way into the Marina, despite many unlit lobster pots, berth the boat and get into the Race Organiser's office without being spotted by any of their 4 watchkeepers - a most satisfying conclusion to a great sail.

Repairs All that was done in Newport was to replace the shroud which I now found had two broken wires instead of the one I had previously thought, - but evidently 17 strands are enough, - have both mainsails repaired and the battery electrolyte changed and charged. We were then ready to go again. After the further 34 day passage home (with a mate) all that needed repair was the engine gear selector and one can hardly blame that on the boat. I am glad to say that on arrival in UK the

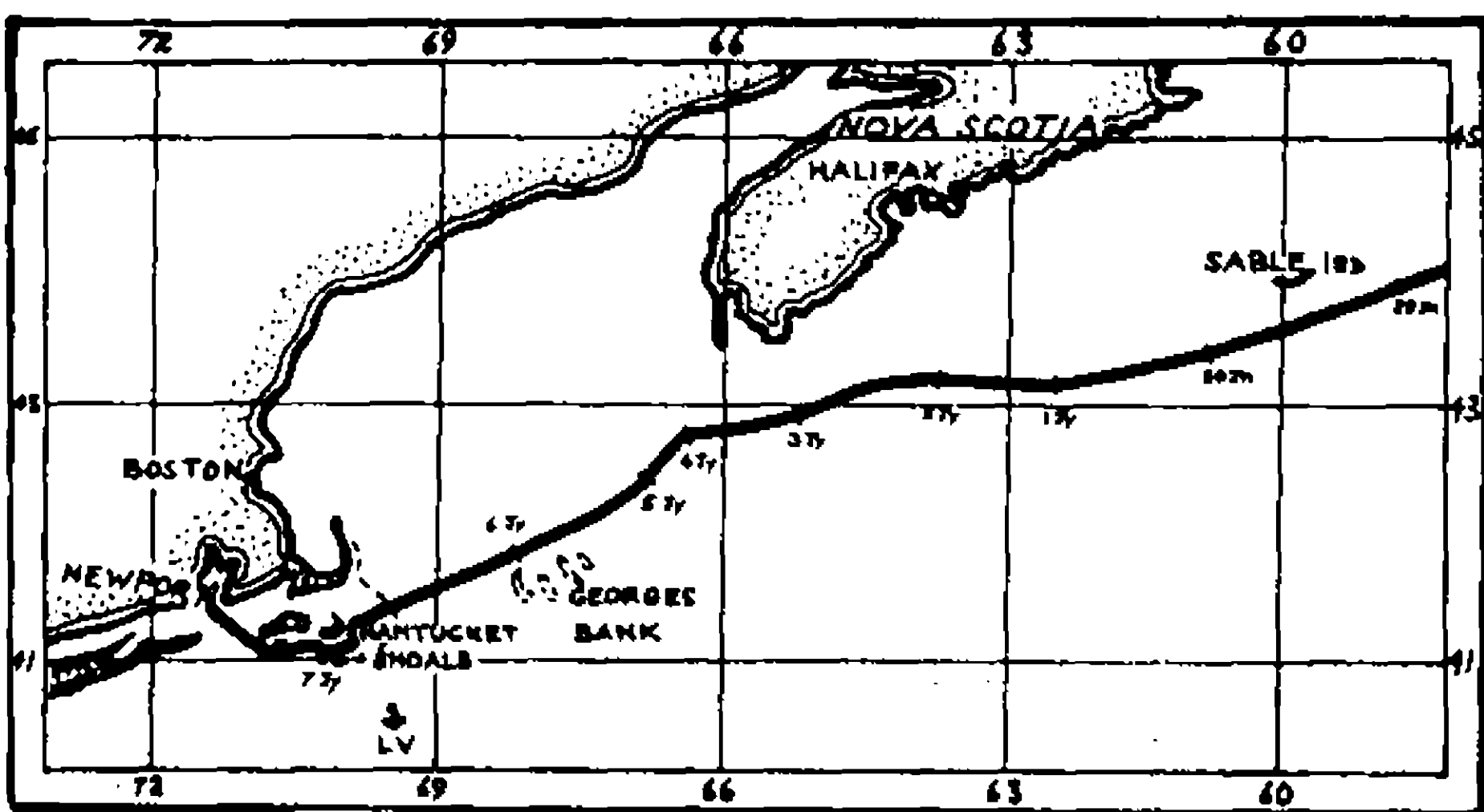
Customs officer looked appreciatively around and, no doubt thinking of VAT, said 'New this year, of course?'. A very satisfying reaction after some 7,000 miles in 2½ months.

Results Before the start, if I dared think about it at all, I suppose I hoped I might come about 2/3 way down the fleet. As the race progressed and people dropped out and those who did arrive seemed to be taking so long about it, I hoped I must just be in the first 50. So to have arrived 23rd overall and 12th out of the 96 in the Jester Class still makes me smile. There were at least 30 and probably 60 Jester boats (of 96 altogether) who were faster (on paper). The only smaller monohulls ahead of me were two French half-tonners. It just proves how easy it is to sail a Rival 34 and how beautifully she went. The only British monohull to beat 'Wild Rival' was Clare's big Ohlson and I can't think of a nicer person to be beaten by; but she was nowhere near as far ahead of me as I had expected from the previous year's AZAB results.

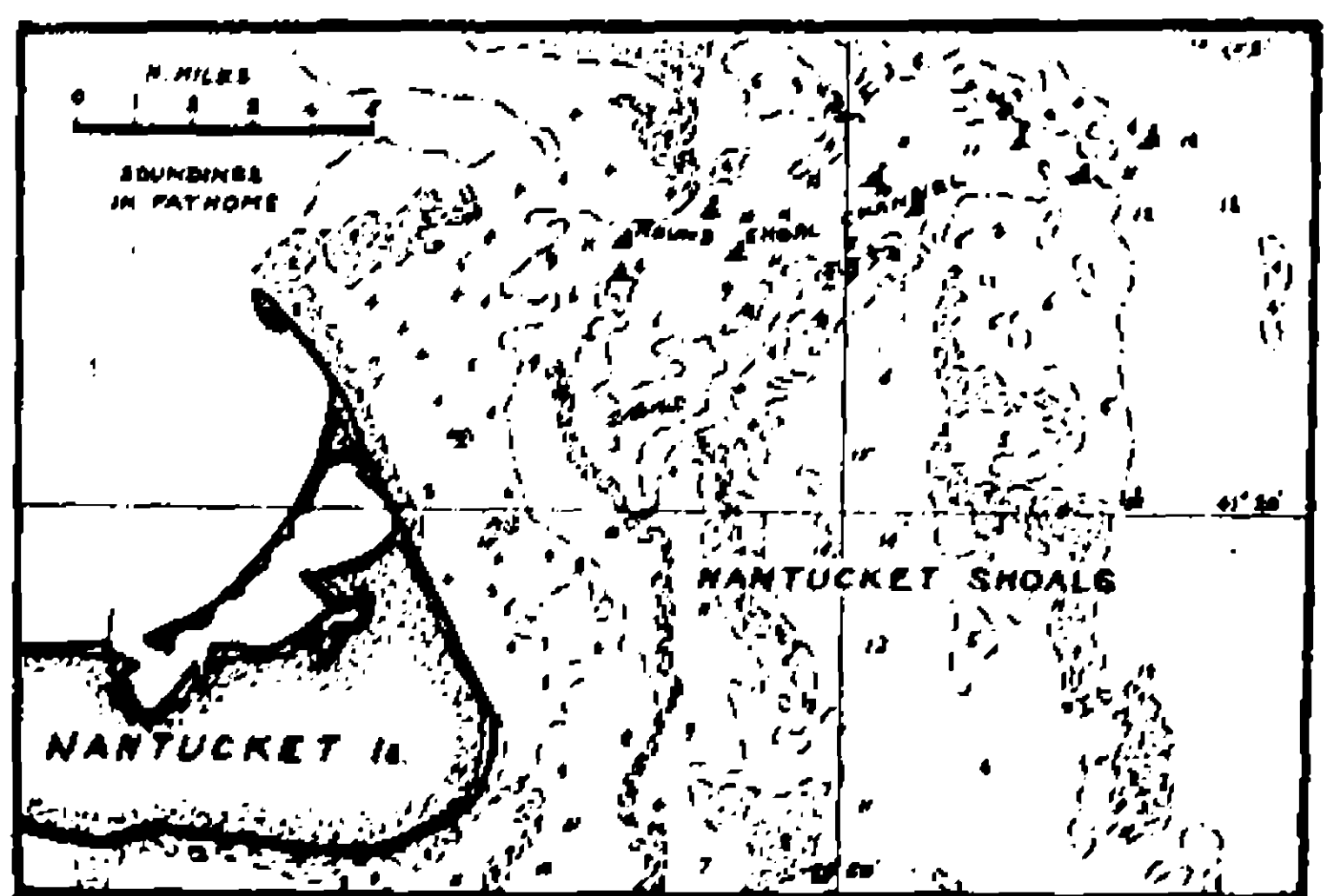
Although I think that Richard Clifford sailed a splendid race in Shamaal II, his souped up Contessa 26, I don't think it is surprising that 'Wild Rival' just managed to win the handicap, simply because she arrived so much further up the fleet than one could ever expect of a stock cruiser. Can there be a better way of thanking a generous owner for the loan of his boat? Richard Konkolski in 'Nike' was second, just over 2 hours behind on corrected time, and I had to wait 6½ days after my arrival to see if he could save his time. Thinking back to my enthusiasm for extra speed rather than the direct course, it is interesting to see that had my average speed for the race been just .015 of a knot slower, then 'Nike' would have won and I would have been the first to congratulate him. But there were several boats in the fleet that I knew I could never beat on handicap, if they stayed the course. Luckily for me they didn't, otherwise I would have expected Chris Smith to win in 'Tumult'. One of the very nice things about single-handed racing is that however hard one tries to beat the others, there is an almost universal goodwill which makes one want everyone else to win too.

If people suggest that a Rival only won because of generous handicapping, draw their attention to the overall and class positions. These are a more significant achievement than the win on handicap.

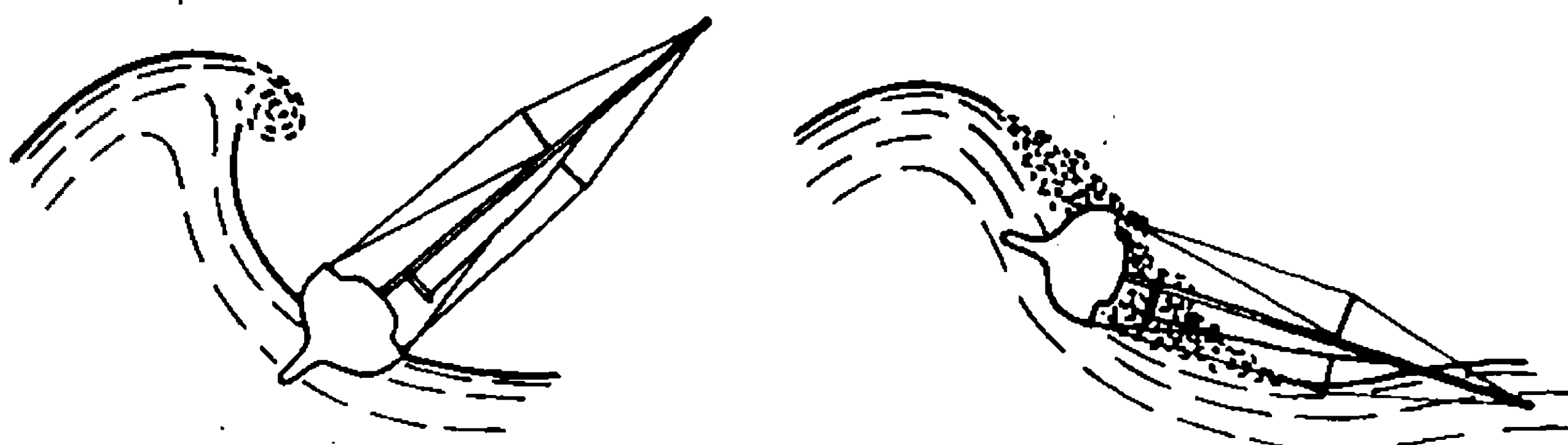
The answers to the obvious questions: Yes, I would like to do it again; Yes, I would be very glad to do it again in a Rival; No, I do not think 'Wild Rival' would be too old or too much used, to make the trip again.



Sable Is. to Newport



Nantucket Shoals



Possible 'knock-down' sequence



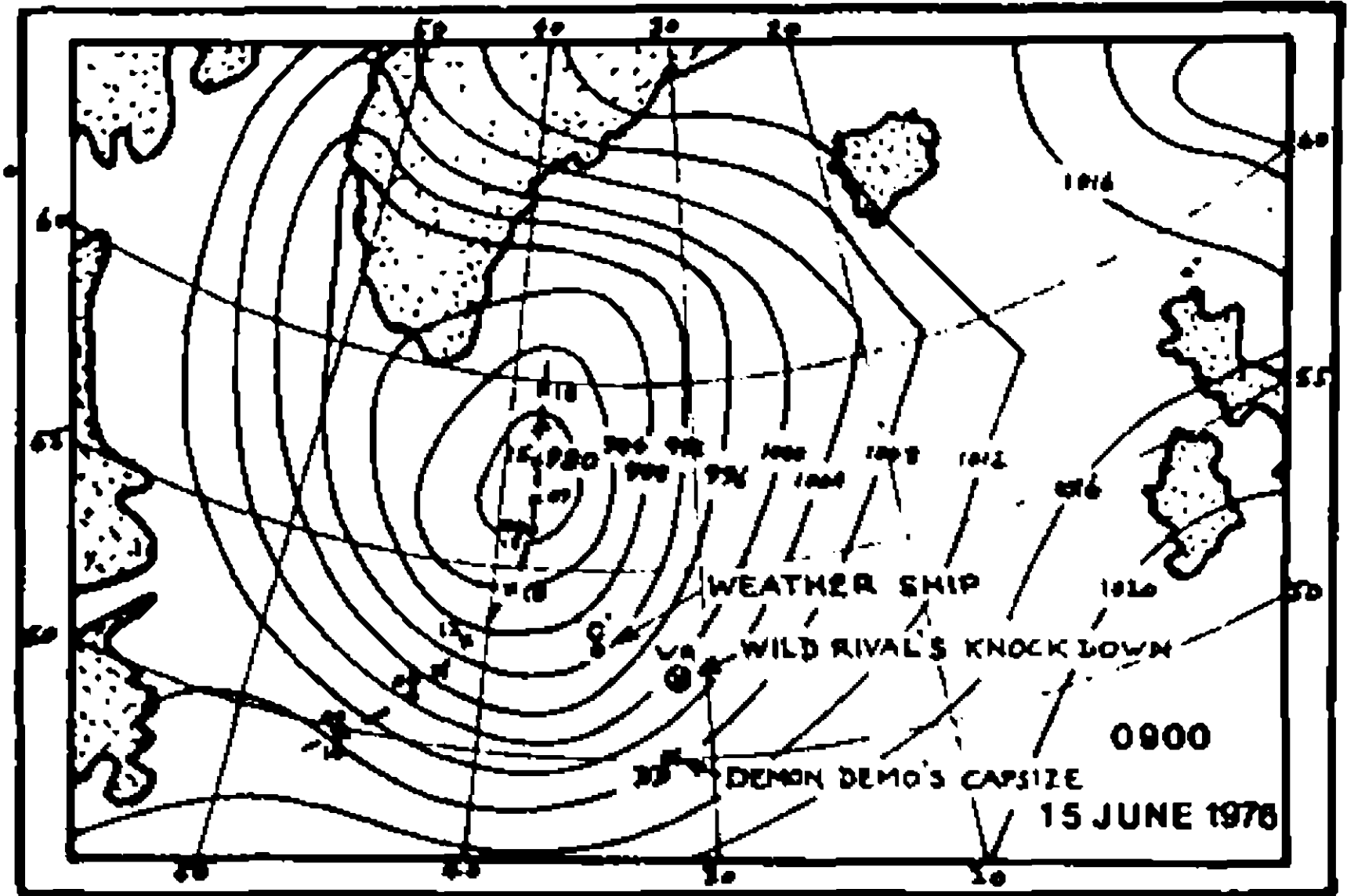
# Analysis - WILD RIVAL in OSTAR 1976

Date	Spin	Ghos	No 1 Gen	Crusg Gen	No 2 Gen	Wkg Jib	Stm Jib	Full Main	1 reef	2 reefs	3 reefs	Flyg Dutch	Sail Chan- ges	Days Run
June														
5			11					11						75
6		13½	10½					21½				2	6	69
7	7½	16	8					24				8	2	148
8			15		9			20	4			15	2	141
9						16½	6		11½	12½			2	94
10			12		4		8	16		8			2	140
11			11		13			17	7				2	139
12					7	2	15	5	4	9	7		5	101
13					7	16	1		4	12½	7½		5	116
14					7	11½	5		7	11½	5		2	105
15							24				9		1	74
16			15		2		7	14					4	96
17			24					24					0	83
18		6½	9½		8			18½	5½				4	117
19					24				24				0	148
20					19	5		10	10	3½			4	125
21			1	2	8½	12½		11½	2½	10			6	103
22					11½	6½		1½	1½	15			4	122
23		15½	1½		5			3½		20		19	3	97
24		11	3		9½	2		20		4		14½	4	80
25		8	3		2	1		13		7		11	4	87
26		13			5	6		18				12	3	100
27		21			3			24				12	1	128
28		21½			3			24				24	2	122
29		16		8				24				13	3	123
30		4		15	2			24				7	4	59
1Jy		18		8				24				24	1	85
2		13½		10½				24				5	4	82
3		4½	10½	9½				24					2	63
4	7	17						24				4½	2	34
5		24						24				24	0	78
6			21	1	2			24					2	129
7		5		8	11			23		1		6	5	65
8		1½						1½				1½	0	
	14½	229½	156	61½	162½	79	66	513	81	113	28½	202½	92	3328
%	1.8	29.4	19.9	7.9	20.8	10.1	8.4	66.0	10.4	14.5	3.6	25.9		

## The worst OSTAR storm

by Peter Brett

There have been many reports of gales by O S T A R competitors, but I think all are agreed that the worst occurred on 15th June. This is when most of the damage to yachts happened. The Meteorological Office at Bracknell prepare Synoptic Charts every 3 hours and receive hourly reports from the Weather Ships. They have been good enough to supply me with a complete set for 15th June. 'Wild Rival's knock-down occurred at 0930 so I have reproduced the appropriate part of the Synoptic Chart for 0900.



Weather Ship 'C' reported Force 9 at 0000, 0100, 0400, 0500, 0600, 0700, 0800, 0900, 1100, 1200, 1300, 1400, 1500, and Force 8 at the intermediate hours not listed.

As far as I know from what has been reported of the tracks of other yachts, 'Wild Rival' was nearer to the centre of the depression than any other competitor but it is clear from the distribution of the isobars that the wind strength was fairly uniform over a very large area. The pattern of the depression remained fairly constant for many hours, but it was moving slowly North as indicated. It seems likely that the conditions experienced by 'Wild Rival' were identical with those at the Weather Ship 'C' and that those felt by Angus Primrose in 'Demon Demo' which was rolled right over 'at first light', were much the same. Clare Francis, in 'Robertson's Golly' was not far from 'Demon Demo' and was lying ahull.

## RUMPUS II in Brittany

by E.W. Somerville

Having left 'Rumpus' in France at the end of last season, this year we were going to try out our new style summer sailing for the first time.

She had wintered in Douarnenez and we found her ready to sail away on 11th June as arranged. This was to be only a brief holiday to take her down to Benodet to stay there until our main holiday in July. We had a pleasant beat to Morgat where we stayed the night and the next day we went to Benodet with virtually no wind. This was the pattern for the next five days until we returned home.

On 8th July we returned to Benodet by car and the following day sailed to Le Palais in a series of quite severe thunder storms.

A detailed description of our travels would be uninteresting. Suffice it to say that we visited 21 ports or anchorages in 28 days. We were able to make use of the cyclical wind which developed after the first week and this gave us some splendid sails; the highlights being the sail from the Raz de Seine to Morgat - 15 miles in two hours in a calm sea - and two days later a sail round the Baie de Douarnenez before laying-up and motoring home.

Whether or not this is the way to sail we do not yet know but it was certainly very successful this time. Perhaps next year will decide.

## MOONFIRE to Wester Ross

by G.P. Gerrard

(See chart inside front cover)

Our first boat was a Kerry which we launched in May 1973 and was probably the last of these fine twenty-seven foot Irish Bermudan sloops. With a grown-up family it had its limitations; nevertheless we were all a little sorry when a willing buyer came along.

After considerable research we chose the Rival 32 as being a cruising boat which could race if winning was not the primary consideration, which could easily accommodate four plus two "friends" and a poodle if necessary, and when the family have gone their own way, a boat which can be handled by two middle-aged parents. Dr Ian McEwan, whose log of an exciting cruise to Brittany appears later in this journal, showed me over his Rival 'Hullabaloo' and, although at that time she was far from completed, we were generally impressed and shortly afterwards purchased 'Moonfire' from the Medway.

It may seem peculiar to enthuse over a cruise to Wester Ross when you can charter a Rival 34 from Ardvassar in Skye and be heading for the Hebrides the next day. But for an inexperienced sailor like myself, who crewed in yachts for the first time five years ago, to venture at all beyond the limits of the Firth of Clyde is an adventure. We were to be joined by 'Coelina of Kyle', a Moody 33 which a friend of mine had purchased earlier in the year. Andrew and Sheona had sailed most types of racing yachts but had done little cruising. As they had two young children it was to our mutual advantage to team up together.

It is my sincere hope that the following account will prove useful to anyone contemplating cruising the West coast of Scotland for the first time.

We left Kip Marina on Thursday, 1st July, about mid-morning, enjoying sunshine and a SW breeze which was constant in direction the whole day and was generally force 3 - 4. In this breeze we maintained an average speed of over 5 knots. Leaving Kip you pass the new power station which adjoins the Marina and head for Toward Lighthouse, which is left to starboard, then hurriedly pass the oil monsters at Ardyne which, although essential for our economy, do little to enhance the scenic beauty of the Cowal Shore. The Kyles of Bute start where the oil platforms finish. There is now virtually no traffic in the Kyles other than pleasure yachts, nevertheless it is better to take the South passage at the narrows as the paddle steamer 'Waverley' has a habit of appearing at the most inopportune time for the yachtsman. From the narrows past Tighnabruich to the Kerry Kyle is an area where the wind can switch to every point on the compass. Spinnakers are noticeably absent until the old pier at Kames is passed. From here to Ardrishaig in Loch Fyne, the start of the Crinan Canal, there are surprisingly few yachts to be seen. Inshore fishing boats leave Tarbert at infrequent intervals and there is the oil platform basin at Portavadie. Portavadie has been anglicised from the Gaelic word meaning "the bay of the dogs". The fishermen of former times coming up the Loch on a stormy winter's night knew their position when they heard the howling of the dogs.

The wind dropped completely off Stonefield Castle and we motored the remaining five miles to the Canal Entrance. The sea lock can be entered at any state of the tide but it is advisable to have fenders out both sides and 15 metres of line at both bow and stern. Except for the sea locks and the road bridges you must operate the locks yourself. We stayed overnight in the basin between the sea lock and lock No.2. All dues are paid at the office in Ardrishaig if the hut at the sea lock is unoccupied.

On Friday, 2nd July, we made our passage through the Canal and arrived at the Crinan Basin in late afternoon. Generally it takes about five hours to cover the nine miles and twelve locks. The basin was reasonably quiet considering that the following day was the climax to 'Seafood' week. The hotel was tastefully decorated both internally and externally. Seafood stalls were being set up. There was also folk singing, dinghy and power racing in the loch, with people and cars everywhere.



It was good therefore when on Saturday, an hour before low water, we were able to leave and make our way out of Loch Crinan and through the Dorus Mhor. The wind dropped completely and we motored up the Sound of Luing, past the Lighthouse on Pladda and on to one of the loveliest and safest anchorages in the West of Scotland. Puilladobhrain is South of Oban, virtually land locked, and is fully described in the Clyde Cruising Club Sailing Directions. The following day, Sunday, we had the company of two American craft, one sailing, the other a large motor cruiser called 'Bird of Passage'. We wished them a happy 4th of July to be met with "I guess we should have been dressed overall" in an accent which can be imagined but never written. The passage to Tobermory was uneventful, the earlier light winds faded off the mouth of Loch Aline and we resisted the temptation to anchor in that lovely harbour. It is fascinating to realise that it is from this small loch that the sand for all the glass manufactured in this country is obtained. Passing Salen under motor, the wind having dropped to virtually nothing, it was remarkable that a Wharram Cat was still under way with jib and main catching the odd breeze from the Mull shore.

We arrived on a fine Sunday evening to find Tobermory as busy as ever. It is, however, a very large anchorage. We stayed over Monday there and replenished all stores and made full use of the laundrette. Tuesday's forecast promised light winds in the morning and we set off for a sail of some 40 miles round Ardnamurchan Point, leaving the islands Eigg and Rum to port and headed for the Sound of Sleat. As forecast, the wind dropped completely in the afternoon and we motored to the Isle Oronsay in Skye. This is an excellent anchorage and has a hotel which provides an excellent meal. The advantages of an outboard are obvious here as it is a long, long row to the village.

On the following morning it was essential to leave not later than 9 o'clock if we were to use the tide through Kyle Rhea and then on to Kyle Akin by slack water at the latest. So much for our plans. Early mist not only covered the Cuillins - it covered the Sound as well. We were anxious to get on and delayed until just before 10 o'clock. The wind was fair and I reckoned that, at the worst, we could anchor in Glenelg Bay just before Kyle Rhea. We managed to get into Loch Alsh when, within a quarter of an hour, a dense sea fog rolled in and just blotted out everything. Fortunately I managed a bearing on Hutchisons monument on the far shore and we were able to motor to the entrance to Loch na Beiste and anchored in 15 metres.

The fog lifted in mid-afternoon and we motored through Kyle Akin. Our intention had been to sail on to Portree but a change of plan took us up Loch Carron to Plockton. This must surely be one of the most picturesque villages in the West of Scotland. The sea was like glass for two days. Even the noise from the oil rig at Loch Kishorn could not detract from the sheer beauty of the countryside. Inner Loch Carron makes a pleasant day's sail and, although we did not sample it, there is a good hotel near the head of the Loch. It was now Saturday, 10th July, and time to sail South again.

We left Plockton that morning sailing past the Crowlin Islands, then past Pabay to Kyle of Loch Alsh. The forecast had not been good and sure enough the wind blew up hard from the South West just as the ebb tide at Kyle Rhea was making its power known. The Admiralty Tidal chart should be carefully studied. Wind against tide in this area can be worrying and when the wind is force 6 and a McBraynes' ferry is pushing along behind you trying to make Mallaig at the earliest, it can become alarming. Eventually we decided that for us Mallaig was out of the question and took shelter in Isle Oronsay. There were about twenty yachts with the same idea and very few crews ventured ashore. The midnight forecast on Saturday night gave gale warnings for the Irish Sea and Mallin and the 6.30 forecast the next morning was far from reassuring.

It was necessary for our friends to be back by the next week-end and we decided to sail on to Tobermory. With a strong SW wind, reefed main and storm jib, the Rival proved herself. We averaged well over 6 knots tacking only four times in five hours until we reached that area off Ardnamurchan Lighthouse when the seas became very troubled and our speed reduced to 2 knots. Seeking a less troubled sea, we made over towards the North of Coll and then tacked for Ardmore Point. Visibility was poor and the passenger ferry to Tiree passed very close to port and, as the wind was almost due East, we thought it prudent to motor-sail, arriving back at

Tobermory about five o'clock in the evening.

After a hot meal we took stock and decided what was essential and what were desirable additions for our future cruising. Desirables were (a) Spray hood, (b) Seavoice, (c) Life Raft and (d) outboard for the inflatable, although not necessarily in that order.

There was so much we wanted to do but little time to do it. Before entering the canal again we spent an afternoon anchored in Oban Bay, which is not recommended, and a night at Ardfarn in Loch Craignish where Mr Steward, the marine engineer, carried out a quick and efficient repair to my engine while we enjoyed a splendid meal at the now famous Galley of Lorne. After sailing through the canal in continuous rain, we were quite happy to make our way back on the Saturday to our base at Kip Marina.

## Chichester to Clyde in FYNE RIVAL

by J.C. Lees

The mental metamorphosis from Mussels and Muscadet to Dublin Bay Prawns and Guinness was virtually complete by the time we sailed. After several years in Chichester and cruising in Brittany, we were returning to the Clyde. As we carefully stored more recent memories, we dredged deep to Scottish West Coast sailing of twenty years ago, and wondered if it would be the same.

'Fyne Rival' is a '31' built in 1969 and owned by us since 1971. She is a beautiful sea boat and has given us 10,000 miles of reliable and enjoyable cruising. Preparation was simple. We renewed the main sheet with 12 mm rope, to give a more reasonable grip, blocks to give a 5:1 purchase, and we also had new guard rails fitted. Our mainsail had split a seam last summer, but the result of several hours stitching on the quay at Roscoff by my wife still looked good. That was one mistake, the second was to joke about head winds all the way - for that is what we had - not a soldiers breeze to be felt!

We allowed a fortnight for the trip and with all the extra miles incurred by head winds, we just made it. As it was our summer cruise and the crew was just the family of Joan my wife, Cameron 14 years and Stuart 11 years, we restricted night passages to the one essential of Land's End to Dunmore in Ireland. We had two non-sailing days, one in Dartmouth and one gale bound in Loch Ryan. The mileage recorded was 765 miles and this meant that the distance to be covered daily was constant, perhaps too constant for any but a completely dedicated family. Ports of call in order were Yarmouth: Dartmouth: The Yealm: Falmouth: Newlyn: Milford Haven: Rosslare: Arklow: Dun Laoghaire: Carlingford Lough: Portavogie: Loch Ryan: Greenock.

All cruises have their moments and this was no exception - the mainsail blowing a seam in Lyme Bay and, as we were handing the sail, Stuart catching 5 mackerel at the one time on his trawl; when we were boarded and searched by armed marines in Carlingford (shades of real live Action Man!); of a most succulent meal of steaks and unlimited helpings of freshly grown and cooked vegetables in Dun Laoghaire.

'Fyne Rival' too, continues to impress us - such as tacking for 12 miles into Dartmouth under No.2 genoa only, yet the boat keeping in perfect balance like the thoroughbred she is, - of driving hard on a wind gusting upwards of 30 knots in the North Channel with a spring tide under us. What a boat she is for inspiring confidence, from a tough hard weather cruiser to the quiet reliable chug of the MD2, as it not only propels us, but apparently makes fuel at the same time; it certainly never seems to use any! The only failure was the mainsail with three seam splits on three separate occasions. Joan now reckons she must hold the stitching record for the Irish Sea!



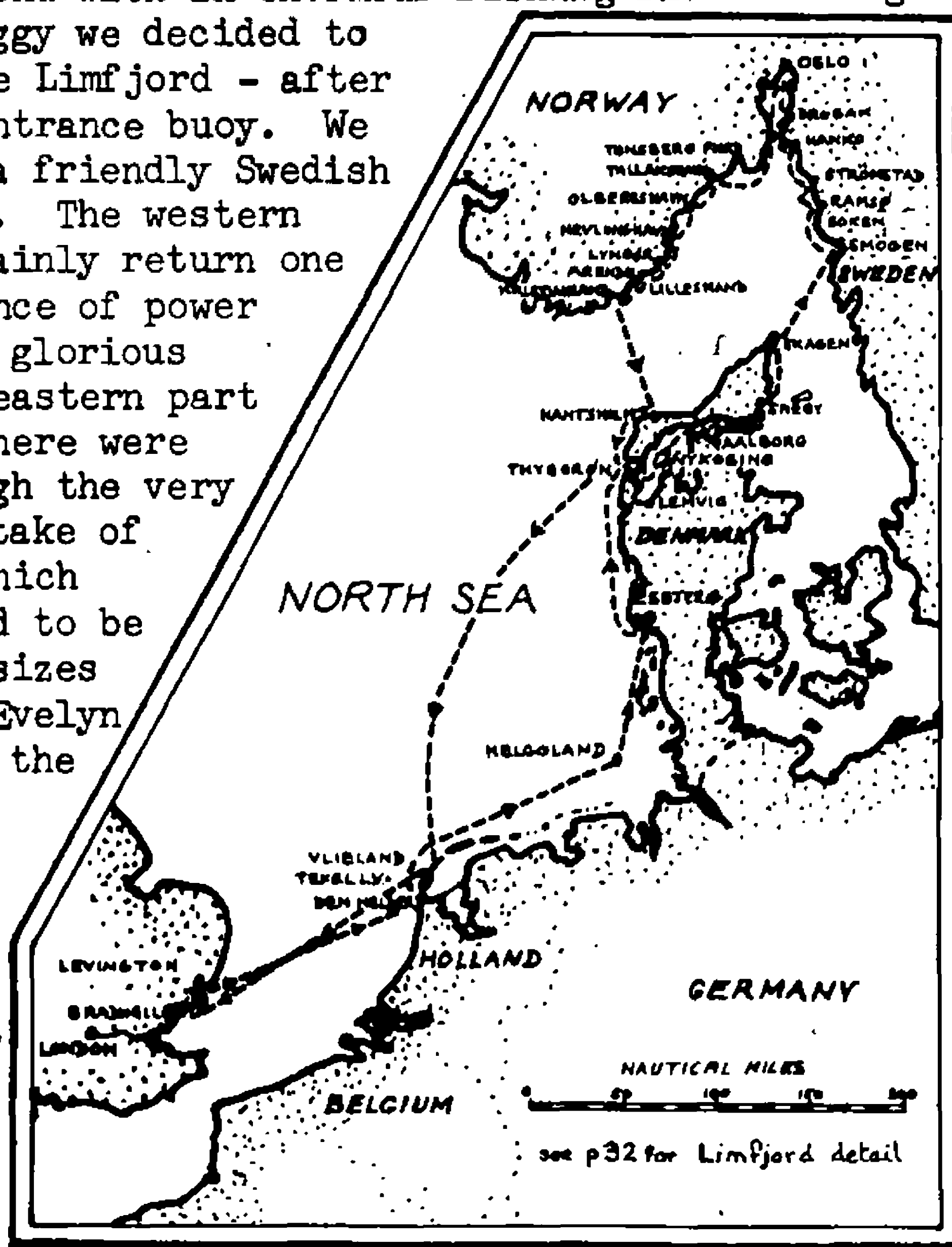
## JAYESS III to Norway and back

by Donald and Evelyn McKendrick

We sail our Rival 34 mainly on our own with occasional help from a friend for the longer haul in congested waters. This year's 2,000 mile cruise from the East Coast to Norway proved enormously successful and of no great difficulty. During our six weeks away we only spent nine nights at sea, the longest haul being just under 300 miles from Thyboron to Vlieland which took us 56 hours. We were lucky with the wind with SE-lies going north, and N-lies most of the time for the trip home. We had been to the Baltic last year and decided we would not willingly enter the Elbe again. Nor were we enamoured of the Kiel Canal though it had points of interest (we entered the Baltic in the dark without charts, but that is another story).

We left Bradwell on Tuesday, 11th May, with a friend, bound for Levington for our bonded stores. The next day we had reached the Shipwash when the forecast of Force 9 - 10 in the German Bight made us return to the Orwell. We finally left England on Friday, 14th May, with a SW-ly 3 - 4 and had an uneventful sail to Den Helder where we tied up 31 hours later. The next day we left at 1100 hours and had another good sail to Helgoland where we moored in the marina at 1800 hours on Monday, 17th May. It was very uncomfortable with the wind from the south causing a considerable swell and a snubbing device was essential. The trip to Esbjerg was punctuated with much reefing and unreefing but took only 15 hours to the Graadyp Buoy from where we made rather slow progress against the tide to leave our crew. Esbjerg has many harbours but very few yachts (as there is 'nowhere to go'). Sailing Danes wisely keep their boats in the Baltic or in the Limfjord. However everyone was most helpful and a major fault in our electrics was put right in a matter of hours.

Evelyn and I, now on our own, left for Kristiansand at 1800 hours on Thursday, 20th May, again with a favourable wind. The passage inside Horns Reef proved straightforward although we had to contend with an enormous fishing fleet during the rest of the night. As it became foggy we decided to change our plans and go east through the Limfjord - after we had managed to locate the Thyboron entrance buoy. We had not yet got our Swedish charts but a friendly Swedish yacht 'Penelope' gave us some of theirs. The western Limfjord is delightful and we will certainly return one day to explore it at leisure. The absence of power boats was striking as we ghosted in the glorious silence and sunshine to Nykobing. The eastern part from Aalborg is dull as far as Hals. There were headwinds 5 - 6 as we motored out through the very narrow channel and I made the great mistake of dipping the ensign to a Danish M.T.B. which passed us at some 30 knots. This proved to be the first of 18 naval boats of varying sizes which kept me busy with the ensign and Evelyn extremely busy trying to keep us within the buoys. It reminded us of the whip at Battersea in days of yore! Skagen we found to be a very safe and sheltered harbour with easy access. We were interested to find the only other four yachts (all Scandinavian) were designed by four different British designers. The Anchor Museum of the Skaw School of Painters was well worth a visit.





with the aid of a block and tackle, using the steelwork of an overhead gantry. From Sète we headed East across the Rhone delta.

It was February by the time we had sailed slowly along this delightful coastline to Toulon, in between the inevitable Mistral and our own exploring. In this colourful market town we spent a few pleasant days stern-on to the quay of the main boulevard which is an excellent place from which to watch the world go by; then we set sail for Corsica. Leaving Toulon harbour we had a NW-ly Force 6 giving us a spanking sail for a few hours. However, this died away during the night, leaving an almost flat calm by dawn, a perfect setting for the magnificent sunrise over the snowy peaks of the Corsican mountains.

After some weeks of exploring this beautiful island we made our way down the West coast to the citadel town of Bonifacio, crossing the Bonifacio Straits to the tiny Sardinian island of La Maddalena, and finally reaching the Sardinian port of Olbia where we were weatherbound for ten days. Sardinia, we found, was also a very beautiful island; the people were all so friendly and hospitable. We visited numerous mountain villages which were full of charm as were many of the older characters who lived there! After another spell of being weatherbound in the harbour of La Calleta, where we waited anxiously for the gale warnings to stop, we were eventually able to set sail for Sicily.

We had a good forecast of a NW that never did materialise! We bashed on with a strong SE on our nose, hoping for a change, but when it came it was SW and increased to Force 7! This, with a fetch all the way from the North African coast, combined to give us our most unpleasant trip to date. It also, of course, had to be the one and only time that 'George', our Automatic Pilot, refused to work! After two-and-a-half days of this treatment we sighted the lights of the island of Ustica and decided to put into this well-sheltered port - both very tired. After 2 days in this delightful little island we made a short trip to Sicily before heading for the volcanic islands of Lipari where we were soon befriended by local fishermen.

From Lipari we made our way across to the Italian mainland and the port of Scilla, - loaded to the gunwhales with fish - to await a favourable tide through the Straits of Messina, only to find ourselves harbour-bound by a Sirocco, that unpleasant hot wind which manages to deposit fine sand everywhere. After 4 days we were able to make our way through the Straits, edging along the Sicilian coast under the shadow of Mount Etna and across to Malta, where we spent 10 days catching up on some maintenance work. By this time it was the middle of June and the weather was only just beginning to be really warm.

Leaving Malta we set sail for Greece and the island of Zachintos. Twentyfour hours later, after almost constant thunderstorms, and very little wind, we decided to put into the pleasant town of Syracuse in Sicily to await brighter weather. Two days later we tried again and had a near-perfect sail for  $4\frac{1}{2}$  days, reaching the Cape of Skinara, on the Northern tip of Zachintos, around 4 a.m. though we had been able to smell the land for some time with its strong scent of pine trees.

From Zachintos we made our way down the picturesque coastline of the Peloponesus peninsular, almost every village seeming to have a castle or some form of fortification built by one or other of their many past conquerors. We were struck by the simplicity of life among these peasants in some of the smaller whitewashed villages where the only way to reach many of them was by boat, as there were no roads, only a few mule tracks. On one particular occasion we were invited to eat by a friendly fisherman, so, with the family of 12, we sat down to lunch, a very tasty 3-course meal, all cooked on 2 rings with bottled gas. Their sparkingly clean home had no electricity, running water or sanitation - in fact no modern amenities whatever.

Leaving the bay of Port Kaio on the Mani peninsular we sailed for Kithera where we experienced our first taste of the Meltemi, which proved to be no real problem though we had to keep a constant watch-out for the violent downdrafts off the mountains once we reached the lee of the island. After 2 days we decided to bash our way northward towards Athens, stopping each night in one or other delightful cove or village. By now we were reaching the more fashionable resorts which were

packed with tourists and chartered sailing boats. We soon reached Athens, and after one week of foot-slogging around the archeological sites, pressed on again, once more northwards.

We took the route inside the island of Evvia, through the large bustling market town of Halkis, where the tide runs at 6 knots through the swing bridge between Evvia and the Greek mainland. From here our next stop was the pretty village of Orei followed by the Sporades islands of Skiathos and Skopelos. After a few days in the Sporades we sailed off to the Sithonia peninsular, a really beautiful coastline where we spent a fabulous 10 days without even seeing a village, just drifting from one lovely bay to the next, swimming, snorkeling, and fishing, before we headed across to the peninsular of the Holy Mountain of Athos, en route for Kavala on the coast of Thrace.

The scenery along this third finger of the Chalkidhiki Peninsular was absolutely fabulous, like stepping back in time to look in on a 'biblical scene'; life around Mt Athos still appears to be similar to those days. Some of the monasteries have been built hundreds of feet up on sheer cliffs, a truly remarkable feat considering their age, whilst others nestle at the base of the mountains, just a few feet from the water's edge. They are all seemingly inaccessible except by boat; visiting men have to have the permission of the Greek Government and women are just not allowed!! Nearing the southernmost point we came to the numerous houses, shacks and caves of the many people in recluse.

That night we pressed on for Kavala where we duly arrived in the afternoon of the following day. We found Kavala a pleasant town that enabled us to fill our shopping needs before leaving for the Northern Aegean islands. First was Thassos, very beautiful and densely wooded in sharp contrast to our next stop, Samothrake. This was very brown and barren, but it proved to be one of our favourite places as the people were so friendly. From here we sailed to Limnos before checking out of Greece, heading for Turkey and Istanbul.

After a good 15 hours of stiff sailing we found ourselves in sight of the massive war memorials in the entrance of the Dardanelles. We motored all the way from here as we found we had quite a strong current against us and the wind was now Force 5 on the nose. After checking customs in Chanakkale we set off once more to punch this current which had lessened considerably by the time we reached Gallipoli. We spent a fascinating day there, as it just happened to be the week of the yearly 'Bazaar', before heading NE for the Sea of Marmara.

We have found ourselves in the company of dolphins many times during our trip and between Sicily and Greece we even had the pleasure of seeing a small whale who was playing with the dolphins! But our most memorable 'sighting' was on our first day in the Sea of Marmara; the sea was an almost mirror calm when we came across two or three large schools of dolphin at play. It would be impossible to say how many there were, but we were so fascinated that we just stopped the boat and watched these graceful silvery creatures for almost an hour.

Two days later we arrived on the outskirts of Istanbul. It was early evening and the skyline was a really splendid sight with numerous mosques each with its huge round dome and tall minarets. One really had the feeling that this was where East meets West. We made our way to the small harbour of Ferner Bache, and within half-an-hour had met a number of local yachtsmen who proved to be very kind and extremely hospitable. We spent two weeks here in Tarabya Bay, half way up the Bosphorus on a safe private mooring which had been given to us by our friends. The historical sites and Ottoman treasures of this city are superb, and we left Istanbul feeling that the journey of 3000 miles had been well worth while.

After a night in the Princess Islands we set sail and headed once more for the Aegean, and the Greek island of Mitilene where we found two charming deserted bays on the Southern tip. They were excellent places for us to drop anchor for a few days of swimming and fishing. Whilst here we were presented with 5 kilos of fresh figs and grapes by a local fisherman and his family!

Two days later found us in Chios, followed by a week on the delightful island of Samos. We had a good fast sail to Patmos with a steady Force 6 from the NW - very



exhilarating. The dolphins seemed to think so too as they amused themselves surfing down the waves by the side of the boat. Patmos was the first island we had visited in the Dodecanese group and we found it to be a very striking place, with a great contrast of colours, every single dwelling being 'brilliant white' set against the brown of the hillside with a fringe of blue sea - quite picturesque. After a long hike to visit the hill-top monastery we left for the islands of Leros and Kalimnos.

Kalimnos, as the main home port of the many sponge divers, is quite a sizeable town, housing more vessels of various types than we have seen in any other Greek port. However it also seemed to hold the largest proportion of cockroaches and rats! We did not stay long in Kalimnos as, apart from the town, the island itself was extremely brown and barren. Leaving around mid-morning we dropped anchor in a small secluded bay for a couple of hours of swimming, snorkeling and fishing, before heading into the harbour of Kos.

Kos, in direct contrast to Kalimnos, was remarkably green and lush with palm trees and succulents in abundance. We spent most of our time here in general sightseeing and in viewing the castle and the many interesting Roman ruins. Some days later, after stocking up the larder with vegetables that had been very hard to come by, we once more checked-out of Greece, sailing for the Turkish port of Bodrum.

We are now hoping, by mid-October, to sail for the Southern Turkish Coast as we believe this to be superb for cruising. From there we propose to make a brief visit to Cyprus before sailing for Israel where we hope to stay for the remainder of the winter months.

## On the South Coast of England in HELZAPOPIN

by Hank Sondag

Like everyone this summer we had a marvellous holiday. We left for the South coast on 29th June in company with a Centurion and a Contest 30, while at Dunkerque a Carena 36 joined us.

I think it would be boring to read how we hopped from one port to another as on a timetable. We had fair winds most of the time, sailing under full main and light weather genoa, or under spinnaker, and several times under power, for instance from Boulogne to Newhaven on a calm day. Nothing special happened as sailing goes, but every day had its highlights. We caught mackerel outside Newhaven and had them on a barbeque that evening at Littlehampton; and had a nice swim off Chichester Bar. On a visit to Rival Yachts at Woolston we were warmly welcomed by Charles Maunder; the day came to an end with a delicious dinner with Charles Maunder and Keith Crossley accompanied by their charming ladies. It was on this day we heard from the proud builders that 'Wild Rival' had finished as 23rd boat in O S T A R and was probably going to win a trophy. CONGRATULATIONS.

We chartered a bus at Yarmouth and had a trip around the Isle of Wight with the crews of the four boats. Another day after an hour's walk from Newtown creek in the pouring rain in search of a pub we finally found Shalfleet. There was another delicious barbeque at Bucklers Hard and we took part in a Cruising Association Meet at Hardway S.C. Last but not least we met a number of our English friends.

The only complaint I heard this trip was from my wife, saying that the days were marvellous but the nights too short. Most of the times when we were under sail she managed to make up for it, as the comfortable Root berth was always at hand.

Altogether, another cruise in our Rival 34 'Helzapopin' to be remembered for years.

## MEINWEN in OSTAR

by Peter Evans  
(Chart on front cover)

"Well we're going back for tea now" -- from Peter Brett. The words took on an increasing poignancy in the next several weeks. He was sailing within shouting distance to leeward, 2 miles W of Rame Head. The tension of the start had relaxed and I was standing in the cockpit feeling bluddy and very very bowed. It was just as well that I didn't know then that I would spend 61 days at sea and cover 5000 nautical miles, mainly to windward, to see my next land two hours before I crossed the finishing line.

After AZAB last year I thought 'Meinwen' needed no more than anti-fouling. I was wrong. A host of small improvements and modifications sprang to mind and became essentials. I fitted more instruments; put a boom winch on the slab reefing system, a big improvement; bought a racing genoa and had reefing points fitted to my cruising genoa to bring it down to intermediate size. If I were starting again I'd buy the racing genoa, the intermediate, the working jib with reef points in to reduce it to storm jib size and I'd have it triple-stitched and fairly heavy. I persisted with a home-made self steering gear which in its modified form was tried out only on the way to Plymouth and then only on the starboard tack. The 350 mile passage from the Ribble took 3 days 5 hours.

The week at Plymouth was very hectic. Finally, after six late nights came the Saturday dawn. The prisoner ate a hearty breakfast, I thought, as I was handed a huge plate of scrambled eggs. Then scrambled goodbyes through stiff upper lips and the little launches were waiting to pluck us from our comfortable berths. A round of clapping greeted each boat as it was towed out of Millbay Dock. This beginning to the realisation of a four-year-old dream was very moving.

After the start everyone was tacking close inshore, the alternative was almost due south. I thought I'd get tide-bound at the Lizard if I continued on a port tack so went off into mid Channel after Peter Brett had left. An uneasy night followed. I had been stretched taut for weeks, months, before and the hasty parting from the family hadn't been easy nor the effort of trying to hide from them how tired I really was. I was nearly run down that night. The wind was light and I had main and genoa hoisted. I saw this fishing boat but couldn't make out her intentions. Then she seemed to get closer suddenly and I was casting off the self steering lines and shining a torch on the sails. They shone a searchlight on me at the last minute and sheered off round my stern. Whew! says the log. The next day the loo was blocked (no connection with the earlier incident) and it took two hours to clear. Whew! says the log. My quartz watch stopped (sometimes I think that time is against me) and a pigeon arrived. Put new batteries in the watch and fed the pigeon, which was a mistake since I do not like our feathered friends at too close quarters. Besides, this venture was supposed to be single-handed.

I overtook 'Galadriel' in the afternoon. She told me that 'Wild Rival' had been reported passing the Runnel Stone at 15:00. I went off at about 270° while she headed south in the faintest breeze. By 22:00 the Lizard was bearing 012° and just dipping. I dropped the main and went on with less flap and more speed under ghoster. The sky was clear and there was half a moon and through the glasses the moonlight looked like pearls on the water. By 04:45 Wolf Rock was bearing 300°. Then there was a small wind that grew and at 08:50 reached out and tore the clew out of the ghoster. I yawed on under genoa and rigged a netting over the companionway to protect me from pigeon. Later in the day I pointed the pigeon at the poop of a passing freighter and cleaned up the cockpit. Alas too soon! An hour-and-a-half later, just when I was thinking of a small preprandial I found two pigeons in the cockpit. Word of my free nosh was obviously getting around. After an hour's sleep I was woken by something very noisy passing very close. I looked out and saw an ocean tug fifty yards away.

The wind went on rising. My Midas instruments were not reliable, the wind speed indicator began to register 5-10 knots in what was a Force 5 by my hand-held anemometer. I deep-reefed the main (50% area) and reefed the genoa, I lost some speed but pointed higher, and then slept for four hours until 13:00, the first decent sleep since leaving. Spent a further two hours that Tuesday afternoon pointing pigeons in the general direction of Ireland. The mess in the cockpit was becoming a hazard. The wind had got up at midnight and stayed at 7 to 8 for most of the day. The log says 'Fatigue peels away in onion skin layers' but there was something wrong with me; I slept for nearly 16 hours in 2-3 hour spells.

By 18:00 on the 10th the boat was getting hard to control under working jib and all three reefs in the main. The starboard rail was under and we were crashing like mad. I dropped all sail and lay ahull, helm lashed down, for 16 hours, during which time I logged 15 miles! I slept through much of this (still dogged by a bug). Next day it was still blowing 7 from the south and by evening the remaining pigeon finally kwit. The fine hate/hate relationship was depressing and made more so by a piece in the Guardian for June 5th saying that pigeons were carriers of some of the worst diseases known to man.

In this Southerly I was holding about 70 or 80 to the wind. Only weeks later did I realise that my self steering was not working properly on the port tack! I had no sights on the 10th or 11th and seemed liable to make a landfall in Greenland the way we were heading, so at dawn on the 12th I put her onto the starboard tack. With the wind still SW 5-6 we could hold about 180 true but finally eased her off 10 making her faster and more comfortable and we pushed on on this tack for two days.

The leach of the cruising genoa had chafed on the cross trees in the light airs of the first few days. The patch I sewed on then had itself chafed through so I sewed on a piece of vinyl material left over from the berth cushions. This proved very tough and lasted the rest of the voyage. I had to pause in this repair job when the fog closed down to 50 yards - the shackles had nearly pulled through the soft aluminium of the radar reflector because they were smaller than the holes. I drilled new holes that were just a clearance fit for the shackle pins and had no more trouble.

It was on Monday 14th when I had cleared the worst storm area that I was coming up for a meridian sight when I heard a loud drumming that I thought came from the leech of the genoa. But it was still. I looked round the sail and there coming straight at me from the starboard bow was a trawler. She was so near I could only see her bows. I thought I'd lost 'Meinwen' then. The trawler was coming from my lee bow - I cast off and luffed. She passed one or two boat widths away and men on the deck threw startled looks at the helmsman, who turned and laughed. He'd obviously been playing - I was shaking so hard I could hardly hold the sextant. If she carried a name or number it was inconspicuous. Ten minutes later she was a dot on the horizon.

"Noon position 14th 47°49'N 10°14'W. No real progress" says the log and by Jove it was right. On the 15th I observed "even the calms here are southwesterly". Next dawn found me reefing again as the wind piped up to 7 then settled to the top of 6 for 8 or 9 hours, but the following day the wind was light and fitful again.

Water supplies were lower than I'd expected so I used sea water for cooking potatoes and onions and for shaving in every 4th day, with some Italian salt water detergent 'Biodegradabile'. On the 21st I collected a bucket of lovely rain water from the boom end. Came a heavier squall and I had a bath in the cockpit. Another heavier squall and I was all soaped up and starkers and we were heeling like mad. I got some clothes on, dropped the genoa and deep-reefed the main, and hoisted the working jib. Things were slippery for a moment there. The wind went on rising and I dropped the jib for a few hours. The next day a calm, and innumerable boat jobs were done. I didn't mind calms that lasted about 12 hours and let me catch up on boat jobs. But calm gave way to near-gale and then to calm again with a heavy swell and the rolling sent me flying across the saloon. On June 24th a small breeze by 18:00 and then at 20:00 I was reduced to working



jib and deep-reefed main and the log says, "this is the first time the wind has been abaft beam since I started". The wind eased and at dawn on 25th I hoisted the ghoster with a rope fisherman's knotted where the clew had been. After a day-and-a-half of gentle S - SW winds they went up to 5 and the first reef in the main gave me an extra knot. On the 30th I again note "self-steering hopeless at pulling helm to port." Suddenly there was a tanker behind me seeming intent on turning 'Meinwen' into a catamaran. However she was only being friendly and I held up my "Please Report me to Lloyds" notice (which she did). Spent a couple of hours trying to make the self-steering work properly. I sat up with it for a further two hours that night - it was so unstable - then I said 'the hell with it', let it cry and went back below. More time with it the next day but a day later she griped right up into the wind as I was lashing the genoa on deck and nearly threw me off. So the following day I spent six hours changing from a vertical vane system to a horizontal vane. When I had finished the sky was piling high with purple black cabbages of cloud and next lunchtime I had a full 8 again and reluctantly reduced sail first to storm jib and full reefed main, and then to storm jib only. (Some of the eyelets in the luffs of the main and jib were tearing out.)

On July 6th I fitted the spare servo-paddle which was longer and I got her steering on the port tack for the first time and in a S-ly 5 to 6. A few minutes later a tremendous squall and heavy rain flattened the waves. I was nearly thrown overboard off the boom. Nasty. I pushed on under storm jib for 3 hours but this was by far the worst gale yet. Finally, at about 14:00 local time (17:00 GMT) I lay ahull. It was very wild. Even on my under-reading wind speed indicator it was gusting to the stop at 60 knots. Nearly over to 90° at one point. I put my hard hat on. Big, beautiful, frightening seas. But as the storm got worse the seas got longer and were easier to take. Suddenly the wind eased and the motion became very confused and we were heading East (the wind had veered from South to North). It was quite dark although only 20:00. I wore ship and headed West again. A huge tanker lay about  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile astern while I was doing this. I put my masthead light on as soon as I saw her (when my saloon light was on I often had no other light showing). A few minutes later she moved off - slowly in those seas. I hoisted some sail to damp the roll in the vicious sea the storm had left.

The storm on the 6th occurred between 41°59'N, 37°47'W and 41°32'N, 39°8'W and by the 8th we had a calm again - just as well because I found a leak in the loo pump and changed the diaphragm. That same day I noticed yellow weed floating by. 'Gulf Stream' I thought. Two days later a detailed DR plot showed that I'd been set back 32 miles in 24 hours and this halved my westing. Next morning I changed tacks and went off NW towards the Grand Banks. It helped. I was only set back 22 miles that day. Then a day of 6's and 7's and the wind finally eased in the South and I was able to head West for the first time in weeks. Then it died for a few hours before going back to 6 and 7. Visibility dropped to 50 - 100 yards and there was a ship hooting. I was within the ice limits. Then it cleared and the wind piped up, and we were heeling 20° - 40° until I replaced the reefed genoa with the working jib. I took a second reef in the main. The wind was 6 - 7 now. I had to come 20° off the wind, ie to 305° in this Sw-ly to ease the stress in this irregular short spiky sea. It was much colder and the water temperature had dropped to about 10°C from 21°C! By morning the wind was gusting to 40 and I was woken up as she griped up to windward - the self-steering still wasn't working properly on the port tack.

Fog came and went, and on the 18th with the sun low in the sky there were two bright glows in the low grey fog on the horizon. Icebergs I suppose. I slept for 7 hours. In the morning a big school of porpoises played around the boat for an hour and then a trawler, the 'Zaragota' out of St Johns, Newfoundland, came alongside about 15 feet to leeward and we had a shouted conversation - my first for 43 days. I asked to be reported, found my voice unsteady and grinned foolishly all the time. That night the dolphins came back and I could hear them squeaking like mad round the boat.

It was on the 20th that I had my most unpleasant experience at sea. A circle of foam 50 yards to port was the first sign and then big black beasts with blunt heads and high narrow curved dorsal fins were surging through the water, more out than in,



like menacing power boats. They came on, three abreast at times, strung out from the port quarter from 20 yards to  $\frac{1}{4}$  or  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile away. I started my engine (in neutral) and they appeared to fall back a little. They seemed about half as long as the boat. My knees felt suddenly weak, my mouth dry and there was a leaden feeling in the pit of my stomach. I said a most fervent "God help me" and set about helping myself by putting the sacks with emergency gear in the cockpit and getting into a life-jacket. Twice I tried sheering off to starboard thinking I might have simply crossed their path of travel, and twice a group of them moved out to the starboard quarter and I moved back on course. Finally a group of three came to within a few feet of the stern, submerged and I waited, rigid with fear and braced for the attack. Seconds went by and nothing happened. After a minute or two there wasn't a whale in sight! On the following day four enormous whales passed 100 yards to port heading in the opposite direction and ignoring me completely.

In the meantime other things had been happening. The aft horizontal pivot pin of the self-steering had worked completely loose and I was lucky to spot it before it fell into the sea. I had no spare. That night I had to sheer off to avoid an ocean tug towing something on a very long line. Ironically I was still able to sail due West but now I had to turn SSW because I didn't want to go inside Sable Island. There was a gap in my detailed charts between 61 W and 69 W. I collected two gallons of lovely rain water - it was nectar after the stuff in the tank which contained brown sediment and had been dosed liberally with sterilising tablets.

On the 23rd another fishing boat made vocal contact and I asked to be reported to U.S.C.G. Later in the day came the haunting sight of my long suffering ghoster, torn right through the material. And then I was overflowed by the Canadian Ice Patrol at about 100'. Either they or the trawler reported me, for that night the Royal Western Y.C. rang my family with the first news of me for three weeks. We were about 100 miles from Sable Island, and there were many more kinds of birds about and even a moth on my forestay.

It was two days later with little squalls and blusterings going on that I got up and found my mainsail split right along a seam. I had no spare and spent all day repairing it, laboriously taking the thread through the original holes to avoid sewing wrinkles into it. I had to break off when fog rolled in and I could scarcely see the length of the boat. I sounded my mouth-blown fog horn in between the blasts of a fishing boat so near I could hear the clank of gear on her decks. Missed me! I hoisted the main about 18:00 hours and then, in clear weather now, was nearly borne down on that same factory ship as she lay hove-to under two reds. A puff of wind at the last moment let me ease round her. Just before dawn I fell asleep on the cabin sole in my oilskins. I was moving down parallel to the continental shelf now, about 200 miles offshore. I made my first bread at this stage; just as well because it was up to 8 again next day with thunder and lightning. Lots of weed about too, kept stopping the log. And, for the first time, a spray of flying fish. I had an east wind for the first time here, I could hardly believe it. We ran on under a black sky all night, thunder and lightning and phosphorescent seas breaking around us. I'd lost one of the log impellers the day before. I'd freed it of weed and as I re-streamed it it unhooked itself at the meter end and disappeared in 2,000 fathoms.

Small fishing boats about on the 2nd. The wind went into the SE in the evening and I crossed the continental shelf next morning. The Nantucket Shoals Light Vessel and Cape Cod beacons were coming in in the right place.

By noon on the 4th I had about 90 miles to go. The wind had backed to north east and was 5 to 6. I had a short morning snooze and overshot the Nantucket Light Vessel but fortunately when I woke I realised I was taking a reciprocal bearing. It was extraordinary to have the wind abaft the beam on those last two days. On the morning of 5th August I had about 40 miles to go. I reluctantly refused a cold beer from a sleek fishing boat with towering superstructure because it was against the rules.

I had no tide tables but a fix from the Buzzard's Bay and Block Island beacons showed me I was being set east; I made allowance and the soundings were a useful check on position. I'd rigged my ground tackle at noon and in mid-afternoon

I hoisted my ensign, and then the Stars and Stripes. At 17:55 local time on August 5th I sighted land for the first time since June 5th. At 20:07 I altered course to avoid hitting Brenton Reef Tower (I was determined to read the name) and crossed the line at 20:10:13. The light was going and I was running under cruising genoa in a freshening wind. I heard the breakers at Kettle Bottom Rock before I heard the gong buoy and just avoided crossing under the bows of a small freighter coming out. Opposite Fort Adams, half a mile from Goat Island, I started the engine and dropped my genoa. The nearness of lights and the shore was confusing. Suddenly I was among moored boats, there was an empty buoy ahead and I picked up the boat hook and went forward and picked up the mooring. It was 21:48 and I couldn't see the Marina. I opened the champagne I'd been saving, had supper and went to bed. About ten next morning after a shave, a leisurely breakfast and a swift tidying of the boat I motored to the Marina. A few minutes later there was Jerry Cartwright (of the same name) waving a bottle of champers. He helped me to take the boat round to join the raft of single-handers who like myself had avoided the vulgar rush, and soon we were all having a second breakfast of whisky and champagne.

## To the Scillies in ALRUNA

by Harry Bishop  
(See chart on p.51)

We left Hardway on Wednesday June 23rd in blazing sun and very little wind, with thick fog in the offing, motored to Newtown for the night, hoping if the fog lifted to get to Studland next day, with a view to making a passage from there to Dartmouth. In the morning visibility was O.K. so we motored on, in blazing sunshine and no wind, to Portland and anchored for the night next to our old boat 'Skarloey'. We were independent of the shore for some days as every tank and bilge compartment and locker was full. This means that there was plenty of Special Brew on board. This is Ale of great strength which revives the weary mariner after a hard day's motoring.

Next day again blazing sun, no wind and a passage to Dartmouth under motor, starting inside Portland Race. Visibility was about 10 miles. The Sharp's Tillermate was set up and took us straight to Dartmouth. We did the whole passage in 9 hours from weighing anchor to making fast in the Dart Marina.

Having heard a few years ago from a Dutch yacht that they always go to Dartmouth for the salmon, we now do the same. The fish shop opposite the Victoria Pub is best and is excellent for crab as well. We bought both. We were in Dartmouth two nights and left for Fowey on Sunday 27th June at 08.45 and motored until 12.10 when a lovely little breeze from the SW made and we were able to sail for the first time. This held for 2 hours and then it was flat calm and back to motor again. We needed 4 mackerel to souse for supper that night, so promptly caught them. We passed a lilac jellyfish nearly as big as a chair, a basking shark and three peculiar creatures which looked at us and dived smartly.

We anchored for the night off Pont Pill, got going next day at 09.15 and again in blazing sunshine and no wind motored to the Helford River and picked up a mooring off the Helford Boat Yard. Next day we spent shopping, watering and swimming, apart from a very nice lunch in the Shipwright's Pub. Next day we left the mooring at 05.20 with the wind NE Force 3, fine and sunny, so set main and genoa and motor-sailed past the Manacles. The 06.30 shipping forecast promised NE 3-4 fair, good, for Plymouth. We were round the Lizard at 08.10 and streamed the log, steering 278°M. for St Mary's and set the Sharps. By 09.20 a stiff NE breeze was blowing so changed genoa for working jib. At 11.10 sighted Wolf Rock Lighthouse, took down and stowed main and changed working jib for genoa. The wind now a good 6 with a lumpy sea. At 13.35 changed genoa for working jib and tried steering by hand but the Sharps was better than we were and was working hard. Started motor to keep it supplied with power. Sighted Scillies at 13.45 and came in well to St Mary's Sound with a Trimaran and 3 other yachts. Once under the lee of St Mary's it blew really hard. We motored into the Harbour, were met by the Harbour Master and anchored at 16.10. Roger Wall, from Hardway S.C. sailed in and also a pale blue Rival 32 was present. (Presumably 'Hulabaloo', see page 47. Ed.)



Next day was spent exploring Hugh Town which we thought lovely, and we had an excellent meal at the Pilot's Gig. On Friday July 2nd at about 19.00 motored in company with a yacht, 'Stormgull', over Tresco Flats to New Grimsby. On the way we watched the 6-oared gigs racing. All of Scilly turned out and accompanied the race in motor boats, yelling their heads off. We had 2 nights here and walked ashore and bathed, and landed on Bryher. The sea was ice cold and quite full of purple jelly fish. The locals told us that the sting put you in hospital but the water was so clear that there was no problem in avoiding them. The weather was hazy and sunny with no wind. On Sunday July 4th we motored back to St. Mary's in calm and sunshine.

Two days later on Tuesday July 6th we came out of St. Mary's and set course from Spanish Ledges Buoy at 09.15 for the Lizard. Forecast N.E 3-4 veering S.E 3, so the wind blew N.W force 1 all day with cloud, rain and haze and in the evening it was W. force 3 - 4.

We sighted the Lizard at about 15.45 and rounded it at 16.15 having been under motor all day with the main and No.2 genoa; No.2 genoa because it is higher cut than No.1 and you can see better. By the Manacles there was a really nice W. wind and we sailed well heeled for the first time close-hauled that holiday. We picked up a mooring in Helford at 19.45.

Next day, Wed. July 7th we motored out of Helford at 13.40. It was nearly flat calm, wind W x S 1 - 2, sunny with high cloud. Motored round to Fowey, catching 7 mackerel, and anchored off Pont Pill at 18.30.

Next day raised anchor and motored out of Fowey at 08.15. Fine and sunny with fog clearing and motored past Udder Rock, Looe Island and the Knight Errant Buoy. The day became clear and sparkling. Rame Head was passed at 11.30 with motor on and only the main set. By 13.20 were able to sail a little with the S.W breeze that had made, on our beam, but it flopped and headed us so we motored on and into Salcombe and picked up a mooring.

Next day, July 9th, was fine and sunny with a N.W breeze about force 5. After shopping and watering in the morning we left Salcombe under motor at about 14.00, set the main with 3 rolls and the working jib and had a spanking sail round Start Point to Dartmouth. Whilst motoring in the Dart we heard a peculiar tapping from the motor and found that the tensioning metal strip on the Dynastart had fractured and that the Dynastart was dancing on the side of the engine. We motored to the Marina and found that the sump was empty and a bolt had dropped out of the Dynastart mounting. Luckily there was just enough oil left to prevent seizing up but not to register on the dipstick. Next day we exchanged a bottle of Special Brew for a spare bolt from a neighbouring Dutchman, tightened all up, filled with oil and all was well, except that my old and much loved leather belt was used to tie the Dynastart down. No proper repair was possible as the Marina had retired for the weekend.

Next day, Sunday 11th, we crossed Lyme Bay, leaving Dartmouth at 08.00, Wind N.E 1 - 2, so we used the motor with mainsail sheeted hard in. Checked oil every hour but no problems. Fine and sunny with excellent visibility but later this deteriorated. Sighted Portland Bill at 15.40 and rounded it 5 miles off at 18.00. Mistook W. Shambles Buoy for the E. Shambles Buoy but recovered in time. Finally motored into Weymouth and tied up in the Cove at 20.20 hrs.

We were out of Weymouth by 06.00 next day with little wind and hazy sunshine with cloud about. We motored all the way to the Needles where a nice breeze made but we kept on to save our tide to Newtown where we picked up a mooring at 12.00 hrs. Here we had two days slacking and swimming and so home via Osborne Bay, for another swim, on Wednesday 14th July.

We had completed just over 500 miles and motored for 89 hours, out of a total time under way of about 100 hours. Let us hope for fair winds next year !

## MALAPROP to the Faroes & St Kilda

by Tony Collingridge

(see chart inside front cover)

It was in March that the decision to undertake the cruise was made. Ian and Leila Reynard, in whose Rival 34, 'Malaprop', we were to go, David Ramsden, my wife Jenny, and myself began serious planning immediately. By late May, 'Malaprop' was ready to begin a series of week-end hops from the Clyde through the Caledonian Canal to Inverness, our chosen departure. Nothing had been left to chance, nothing forgotten (including Customs Authority to ship Duty Free stores) and we were half-way down the "ladder" at Fort Augustus when the news came through that a lock gate had collapsed at Inverness! so we spent the next weekend returning to Dunstaffnage, near Oban. Not only would we now have to miss out the Shetlands, but in all probability the duty-free as well which was critical as you can't buy alcohol in the Faroes at all except by mail order. Fortunately we were wrong about the duty-free anyway - H.M. Customs at Oban most helpfully guided us through the regulations, and in due course the authorised number of liquid assets were properly sealed aboard.

On Saturday 12th June Malaprop sailed for the Faroes at 1801 B.S.T. with a forecast of S. - S.W. 5 or 6, increasing 7, perhaps Gale 8 later. At least the direction was right. After a good reach through the Sound of Mull that first night, a grey windy dawn broke over 'Malaprop' off Ardnamurchan to reveal a sea heaving like some of the crew.. Only 2 answered the call to breakfast. The watchkeepers drove on past the West coast of Skye and across the Little Minch towards Scalpay. Huddled in oil-skinned discomfort, we muttered about flaming June with feeling, and reduced to a well-reefed mainsail, which gave us just over 6 knots from the S.S.W. wind force 6 - 7.

By 1800, just 24 hours from Dunstaffnage, we were running past the Eye Peninsula on Lewis, and the barometer had fallen from 1010 to 1001 since noon. At 1845, off Tiumpnan Head, we met Captain Aspinall's yacht 'Mar Del Norte' beating South under full sail, followed shortly by Sir Peter Johnson's 'Alysina'. Either they were mad, we decided, or in the Round Britain race, which some of us felt amounted to the same thing. We had covered 131 miles in the first 24 hours, which was hardly hanging about, but Ian was moved to shake out our reef and set the working jib - whether in shame or bravado he didn't say. Either way, it was his only 'serious' mistake of the trip. Light flashed briefly over the canvas (which at the time we thought was sunshine but with hindsight was more likely to have been a near miss from a disapproving thunderbolt) and the barometer accelerated its decline to lose a further 12 mb in the next 1½ hrs. At 2135, leaving the Butt of Lewis 3 miles abeam to port, we headed out into the North Atlantic and the rising storm.

Ian and David had the middle watch, and changed to the storm jib balanced by the fully-reefed main. Certainly David would have had a 'hairy' time of it in Force 9 gusting 10 (50 knots apparent from astern), with seas to match. I was later told he declined Ian's offer of my help - whether in hope of reward or in belief that I would be more use in my bunk wasn't altogether clear, but at the time we had other things on our minds!

The barometer fell to 983 by 0645, and hovered no higher than 985 for a further 12 hours. The miles fell behind at over 6 knots, and the wind Force 9 for just over 16 hours. Two trawlers and a large merchantman were sighted hove-to in one watch. Otherwise nothing until early evening. 'Malaprop' handled splendidly, hour after hour climbing the massive seas and surfing to 8 knots on their shoulder, cork-screwing her way through with hardly a drop of 'green' water aboard, though she did lose her anchor-well cover sometime in the night.

Somehow or other, amongst the din and the apprehension and the discomfort, we all found we were enjoying the experience. Yesterday's breakfast eaters had each been briefly sea-sick for the first time in their lives, and we had all been banged and bruised in the process of getting clothes on and off at change of watch. For all that, it was great sailing and down wind all the way. By evening the wind



moderated to a mere Force 7, and during the First Watch veered W.N.W. Force 5 as we picked up Akraborg Aero-beacon again, and altered course a little more East of North to suit the bearing. Somebody reminded me it was my birthday, but by common consent celebrations were deferred until we could keep the whisky in the glass !

It was Leila whose laconic log entry at 0210 noted "Faroes ahead", and it may have been Jenny who later pointed out that they had been ahead all the time ! However in the perpetual twilight of these Northern 'nights', Leila had actually seen them (it's no good looking for Faroese lights between the end of May and early July - they switch them off).

At 0508 Akraborg Lt. was abeam - 182 miles from the Butt of Lewis in  $31\frac{1}{2}$  fully-reefed hours. Leila transferred the helming struggle against a tide sluicing fiercely past the south of Sydero Island, and produced the most utterly delicious, superb, gastronomic feast we'd ever eaten (bacon sandwiches - try them after 24 hot-foodless hours in a gale, and you'll see what I mean).

The morning flashed by faster than the islands against the tide, and it was 1130 before we entered the approaches to Thorshavn, capital of the Faroes. Nevertheless we were alongside a fishing boat by 1235 - 2 days 18 hours and  $3\frac{1}{4}$  minutes from alongside at Dunstaffnage, which gave us a lot of satisfaction at the time, though it might not have won any races.

Ian went ashore to register our arrival and came back with an English speaking fisherman who proved extremely helpful. He told us that we were the first visiting yacht this year, and was the first of many people to be surprised we had arrived under sail through a gale which had brought the whole motorised fishing fleet into harbour. He gave a careful warning about tides in various parts - Thorshavn itself for example has a range of only 40 centimetres, but a rate off the approaches exceeding 6 knots at Springs. Having experienced  $6\frac{1}{2}$  knots further South that morning, we were not too surprised, but resolved to get good local advice if we decided to venture further afield through the islands.

After Customs clearance we were visited by the brother of a Faroese friend of Ian and Leila who lives in Scotland. Thankfully we broached our duty-free at last, and began to relax. Later, Eirikur Hanssen took the girls and David ashore for a sightseeing run while Ian and I moved 'Malaprop' to a quieter part of the harbour. In addition, we were all invited home for a traditional Faroese meal that evening.

After watering ship (we discovered it was a 100 gallon minute delivery by soaking a crowd of spectators who were surprisingly hospitable about it in the circumstances), we moved alongside a laid-up ferry in the inner harbour. Elly, Eirikur's wife had produced a magnificent traditional meal at no notice - herring in a spicy tomato chutney sauce, dried white fish of the kind that used to be the staple diet of whalers and fishermen (it smelt appalling, and looked like a cross between shredded wheat and half a white loaf to which somebody had taken a rasp to make it look older; you peel it off the backing paper which is actually the skin, jam it in your mouth with your fingers, and it tastes delicious - with it we got a square inch of yellowish chewy stuff about  $\frac{1}{8}$ " thick which on enquiry turned out to be salted whale blubber!) Next dried raw leg of lamb - possibly rubbed with salt and herbs before hanging to cure in a barn for the winter; it is sliced like thick rashers of bacon, and also delicious. Then prawns and then an orange-coloured soft paté of fish roe before going round the platters again in whatever order you fancied. Afterwards, coffee, sherry and biscuits, and we were just taking our leave, feeling like 5 of the little puffins we had seen skittering across the sea too heavy with fish to get airborne, when the 'phone went and it was Eirikur's 81 year old mother asking us all round for a drink! Brandy, no less, and 5 pairs of eyes began slowly to glaze over with hospitality and the pleasant struggle with sleep. Finally we wended our way back aboard through the incredible midnight bustle of Thorshavn's waterfront where the world and their friends swirled and divided in the not-quite-daylight.

The following day we sorted ourselves out and in the evening we returned Elly

and Eirikur's hospitality with an excellent meal aboard - out of tins and packets it was true, but by the time the girls had added a touch of their own magic you would never have guessed.

Next morning at 0730, Eirikur arrived with rolls and butter, fresh milk and Danish pastries for our breakfast, and very kindly re-appeared an hour later to lend us his car for a day's sightseeing. We drove on the one road from Thorshavn across a new bridge to the neighbouring island of Eysturoy heading for the unpronounceable village of Gjogv. Here at 62°20'N we had a picnic lunch before retracing our way over the somewhat lunar terrain. Much of the scenery was outer-Hebridean in character on a grander scale, though the villages are a lot more colourful; many of their houses are painted all over in bright self-colours and a number have roofs of growing turf. Even modern buildings may be so "titled" as a new Nato complex bore witness along the road.

As we were preparing to leave that evening two men arrived at the jetty nearby with a "bag" of over 200 guillemots. It was sad to see such pretty birds by the sackful, but if you followed that principle too far, you'd never eat pheasant, so I jumped ashore to bargain for some with a couple of £1 notes. Back on board with 4 as a gift (so far as I could make out, this was not an implied comment on the value of the pound) we motored across the harbour to take on water, and David and I turned our hands to gutting and plucking on the quay. A right mess of it we were making too, when a Faroese printer took pity. Before long the 3 of us were up to our elbows in gore but the birds were pot-ready in no time. Expressing our thanks to him with whisky, 'Malaprop' was duly watered inside and out and at 2250 on June 17th we sailed with the intention of visiting islands to the South of Thorshavn.

The first few hours were spent motoring windlessly in fog. During the morning watch, we set sail to greet some wind which then grew steadily from the S.W. In the process, the jib head parted company from the halyard as I finished the hoist, and Ian managed to confine his remarks to a polite comment that snap shackles need closing positively. In his shoes I doubt whether I'd have been so restrained as there was no question in the prevailing seas of going up the mast to fetch it down.

Thereafter we abandoned thoughts of further visiting in the Faroes, and beat uncomfortably into a wind which remained implacable from the S.W. despite forecasts monotonously prophesying N. or N.E. every 6 hours. The strength varied a little from one reef and working jib to 2 reefs and storm, whilst every now and again it rained. Nearly always it was too rough to cook and often too rough even to make the effort of boiling a kettle, though occasionally we would fight the elements for a Bovril reward.

By noon on the 19th, the Met. Office had abandoned hope of accuracy and was describing the dying wind as cyclonic variable. About 10 miles North of Sule Skerry, Ian decided to start the engine as the wind finally gave up the struggle, and the outcrop itself crept slowly by to Port. Although desolate and bleak in the spray-laden gloom, it was an encouraging signpost to Scotland, and visibility suddenly improved to reveal both Cape Wrath and the Orkneys. By midnight 'Malaprop' was headed purposefully for Loch Eriboll about 10 miles East of Cape Wrath, and we anchored off Port Macon about 6 miles up in the growing dawn. Sleepless for a while, I pottered about as quietly as possible preparing the guillemots for lunch, whilst a cuckoo registered its disapproval ashore.

Next morning, Jenny went up the mast to recover the halyard, reporting from the truck that the snap shackle had broken, so Ian and I congratulated each other briefly on our earlier restraint. We sailed for Cape Wrath in cloudy sunshine and comparative calm. Deck shoes and T shirts were retrieved from forgotten corners and we began to remember what sailing could be like! We motor-sailed round the Cape itself against an awkward swell, setting the genoa again with the favourable tide to its South. In due course, we turned left confidently into Loch Laxford, only to find after a lot of head-scratching and chart poring that the change from small to large scale had confused us. Jenny quietly enjoyed putting the men right, and we anchored in the real Loch Laxford near John Ridgeway's Bowman 51, 'English Rose 6', in time for dinner.



Jenny and Leila goulashed the guillemots to perfection, and at long last, after a small refreshment or two, we polished them off. Like wild duck only richer, all pronounced them delicious - all, that is, except Leila who couldn't bring herself to try.

On Midsummer's day in breathless sunshine we motored our leisurely way to Kinlochbervie flying Flag Q. This was a somewhat empty gesture we knew, as the nearest Customs Office was probably at Stornoway, but we wanted to show willing. On the 'phone Customs were quite rightly not pleased, but accepted that the weather had prevented our arrival at Stornoway and gave us provisional clearance until we reached Oban. We had at least played fair by 'phoning, and we continued to play fair until properly cleared - we had no wish to abuse the duty-free system, and were grateful for the courtesies extended to us by H.M. Customs throughout.

We all made use of the excellent shower facilities available at the Seamen's Mission, and returned aboard for a hilarious lunch during which Ian was reluctantly persuaded that Leila's birthday next day should be celebrated in St Kilda. So at 1515, still in windless sunshine, we left Kinlochbervie under power, which continued until the wind finally got up a couple of hours past the Point of Stoer at 2240. Gradually clouding over from the South, and starting to rain, visibility deteriorated badly across the Minch, and it was with a double sense of relief that the Shiant Islands loomed out of the murk at about 0430 - double, because we evidently were where we thought we were, and because we hadn't run into them in the prevailing gloom. The morning improved as we passed through the Sound of Harris, leaving it with Leila on the helm on a glorious 7 knot reach. At 1417, we sighted the St Kilda group 42 miles away, and it stayed in view at increasing intervals for several more hours. Eventually visibility closed in and we lost sight of it until around 2200 when Leverish (a small stac outrider to the Group) hove in sight about 2 miles from still-invisible Village Bay. The landfall was greeted with premature great joy, and we entered the bay itself running at 6 knots before a strengthening South Easterly. The Clyde Cruising Club Sailing Directions advise clearing out of the bay altogether in such conditions and in principle they are absolutely right! We were greeted by a series of really vicious squalls which hurtled in behind us tearing the whole surface of the water into blinding "fog" and heeling 'Malaprop' to a series of improbable angles. Estimates of their strength started at Force 10, and life on the fore-deck became almost untenable for a few minutes. Essentially unperturbed, Ian abandoned his plan to anchor off the South side of the Bay, and we dropped our 351b CQR and 25 fathoms of chain right off the Army buildings at the head. We then motored out a kedge just in time for the wind to die back to manageable proportions.

Meanwhile a 46' Dutch ketch, 'Lusipara II', had been observing our gyrations with interest, confining their greetings as we plunged past to a brief "Good Evening", which it certainly was not. Later we learned she had crossed the North Sea from Muiden to Stornoway in 4½ days with a lot of motoring at much the same time as we were gale-driven to the Faroes.

At last we could celebrate Leila's birthday appropriately in St Kilda with 40 minutes in hand, so we did!

Next morning, we had a run ashore to see the old village with its "black" houses, and have a pint or two in the Army's most hospitable pub, The Puff Inn (puffins? birds that nest on St Kilda? never mind, forget it). At 1540, off again homeward bound.

The wind was strongly foul all that evening and night, and the deck log entered another of its taciturn phases as a succession of watchkeepers failed to find words to express their feelings. Ian busied himself at the chart table with the unfathomable processes of a captain's mind, but the forenoon found us still heading for Barra in dismal conditions, and it was not until 1420 that we finally battered our way through the Sound of Pabbay under 2 reefs and the working jib. Thereafter it moderated a little to coincide with our course back across the Seas of the Hebrides somewhat freer on the wind, and we passed the Cairns of Coll at 2030 reefless with the cruising genoa back in use. Shortly, the wind died

altogether though not the rain, and we motored into Tobermoray at 2315 - as Leila pointed out, only the 5th anchorage including Thorshavn in the whole cruise; we had actually spent more nights at sea than in harbour.

Next day we sailed for Oban to clear Customs formally, and spent the night back at Dunstaffnage for a last celebration meal - nothing elaborate in view of the limitations of the cooker, but fresh scampi, lobster and crêpes suzettes have never tasted so good! Afterwards, wreathed in brandy and good humour, we worked out that we had covered 952 miles in just over 200 hours under way during the 14 days of our cruise.

Enjoyable, challenging to us at least, but accident-free, the trip had amply repaid all the planning and preparation both of yacht and crew which went into it. We were content with that.

## News in Brief

MICHAEL HALL, in 'Bird' had a "wonderful cruise to the Hebrides, reaching Barra, Skye, Canna, Rhum, Iona, Jura, etc., and covering some 1500 miles".

JOHN and KRYSS HALLAM in 'Samite' cruised from Fowey to Kinsale and back to Penzance between 19th and 30th June, calling at Mevagissey, Falmouth and Penzance on the outward passage and making an unscheduled call at St Ives on the return due to a navigational error! The passage time between Lands End and Kinsale was approximately 36 hours both ways in light airs and mostly calm seas. They recommend Kinsale and nearby coves for delightful and uncrowded holiday cruising and say that "the food in several Bistros in the town cannot be bettered anywhere. The memory of Scallops Meuniere in Breadcrumbs lingers yet".

DAVID HODGE has suggested the inclusion of a note about an unfortunate experience with his MD2B engine; "two new cylinder heads are required as a result of slight sea-water seepage through the head gaskets. There were no spares in this country and I have already had to wait 3 weeks. Owners should check inside valve covers regularly for signs of excess condensation."

Dr WARREN MERRICK in 'Excuse' enjoyed a cruise to the Glenans area, returning slowly along the North coast of Brittany to the Channel Islands.

H F MEYER in 'Xenia' sailed from Breskens to the Channel Islands and back with his family and next season intends to go to the Scilly Isles.

Dr H G SAMMER writes "I spent this summer in Greece and had a fine time with lots of wind and sunshine. My Rival 41 'Boaventura' showed her qualities and both skipper and crew felt enthusiastic about the lovely boat. Everything went well and I noticed that she likes to be driven very hard - beating in Force 8 she did not mind."

ANDY SHRIVER writes "Keeping a Rival 31 in Saudi Arabia presents problems when one wants to make additions and alterations. When I wanted to fit mast steps on 'Tiger Tail II' I ordered them from Proctor (55A8) 20 for each side of the mast. This enabled us to fit a pair of steps opposite one another a few feet under the crosstrees and again a few feet from the masthead, the remainder being staggered. Proctors also supplied the  $\frac{1}{4}$ " pop rivets and the rivetter. Two of us did the job with the mast in place, using a little Honda generator and a  $\frac{1}{4}$ " drill, one on a bo's'ns chair and the other using the new steps, both with safety harnesses. I have since done several jobs up the mast, working alone."

## LONTANA to Limfjord - Denmark

by Christine and Ralph Ashton

This was to be our holiday trip last year - we set off, but some 10 miles off the North Foreland a NE Gale warning recommended a turnabout to Ramsgate. 48 hours later and with a Met.Office 3 day forecast of continuing North Easterlies, we decided we were intended to turn West and thoroughly enjoyed nearly 3 weeks sailing the South Coast as far as Plymouth in 'Medi' weather.

In the re-play which started at 0730 on 19th June this year, and now equipped with Aries Self Steering, we again set off on the 420 mile passage. This time we decided to go via the Suffolk Coast to prevent the temptation to turn West. That evening a gale warning was given for Dover and Thames (accompanied by a fast falling barometer), but Humber/German Bight were 5 - 7 North West so we pressed on and enjoyed those wind strengths during the night and early next day - many sail changes, but as usual 'Lontano' was safe, sure and speedy, covering 118 miles in the first 24 hours.

After the Suffolk Coast we set course for the entrance of the Limfjord. Any shipping there had been disappeared, and the wind backed South Westerly and fell away 3/4. We set our small (Cutlass size) spinnaker and then our Ghoster, and retained this without the mainsail (due to big swell) during darkness and kept up a  $4\frac{1}{2}$  knot average at 110 miles during the second day. When we took sun sights we found that we were very close to our predicted course which continued to surprise us, and with our Aries steering continuously.

At about midday the second day we were boarded by 5 pigeons in an exhausted condition, which we fed and watered. They spent the night aboard and we had great difficulty in getting them to leave their new loft the next day - but we were in sight of a large tanker and a drilling platform so they had alternative resting places if needed. 2 would not leave and in fact stayed 2 days, and only left 2 miles off the Danish coast, with some persuasion!

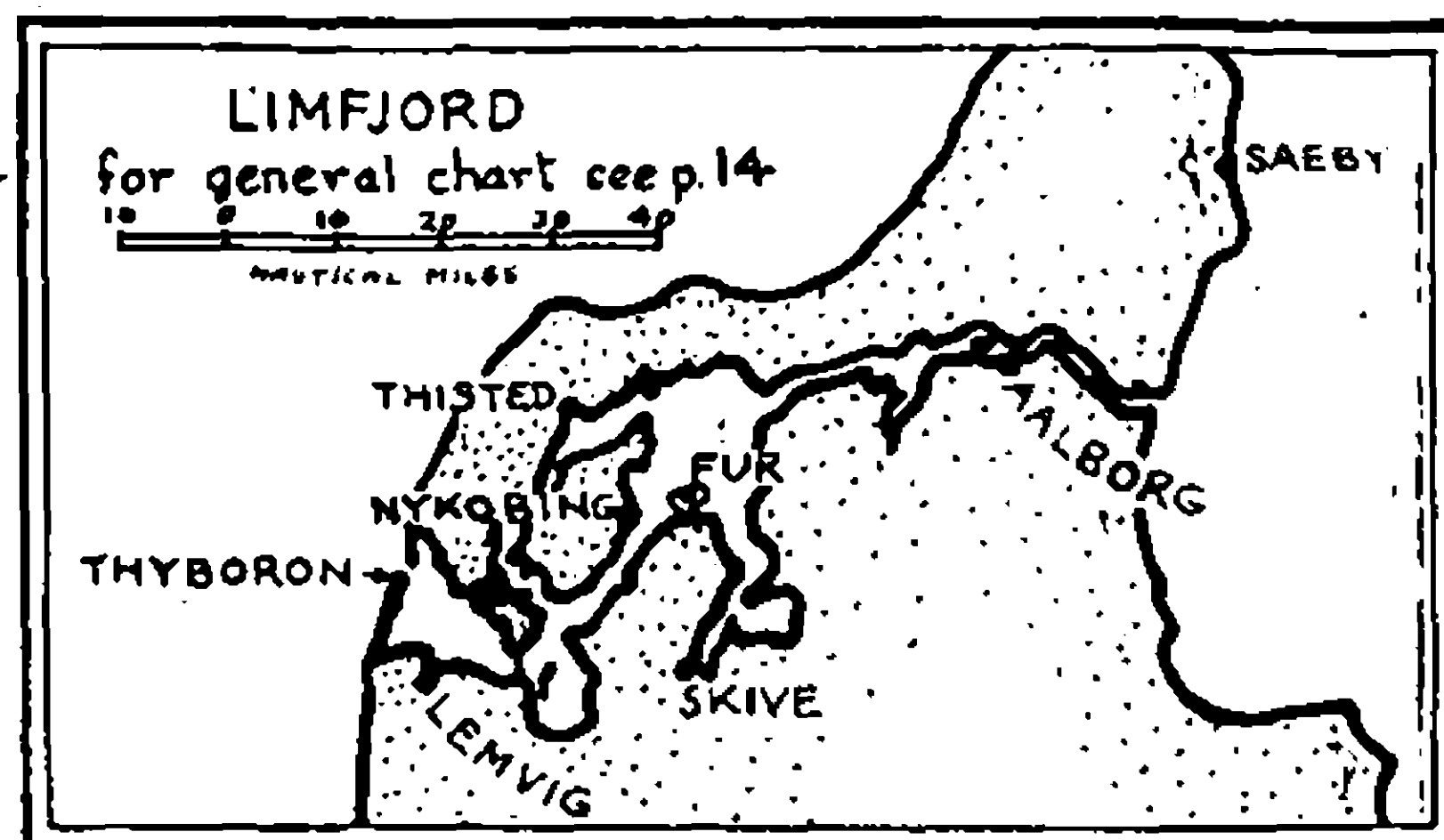
Whilst there were only 2 of us aboard plus Aries, we kept watch at all times and found that we managed quite well with 3-4 hours sleep each during the 'night', between 2200 and 0800, and a further 2-3 hours each during the day. We had meals together and had snacks during the change of watches. At that time we tried to predict wind and correct sails for the next few hours to minimise sail changes during the single-handed periods, which meant we tended to be underpowered. Neither of us was exhausted, and only felt sleepy after a meal. Some pre-prepared food was taken and we ate well, though we tended towards little and often - with lots of coffee - pre-lunch and dinner drinks during which we discussed our plans for watches and sleep allocation, etc.

On the third dawn after a night of little wind but a fair number of fishing boats, our dawn moon and sun fix placed us a few miles North West of the Horns Rev, (north of Esbjerg) with only 80 miles to go. Soon after the wind gave out, so on with the motor and we finished the trip this way. About 30 miles from our destination we altered course to 070° to converge with the coast below Thyboron to enable us to identify our exact position by the beacons provided for this purpose along this low featureless coast. We sighted land at 1725 and identified the Husby Klit beacon, within a mile of our estimated landfall. We then followed the coast up to Thyboron entrance.

We entered Thyboron Fishing Harbour at the mouth of the Limfjord at 2200 to be greeted at the end of the pier by the Duty Harbour Master, who guided us in his car to a comfortable berth in the innermost harbour with several other yachts, and away from the several hundred fishing boats and their continual comings and goings. We had a little celebration drink with him - there were no harbour dues, great courtesy and helpfulness.



The next day after a good night's sleep we went ashore in Denmark to buy bread and milk and see Thyboron, and were struck immediately by the cleanliness and neatness of everything in this fishing town. There was a fresh fishy aroma - nothing unpleasant. As it was misty and the next 5 miles into the Limfjord are through a channel only 100 yards or so wide, which although well buoyed is nevertheless difficult in bad visibility, we decided to remain where we were until 1000 the next morning. We then went to Lemvig in the fjord proper, a really



pleasant little port - non tidal, an interesting modern town, and smiling people. So started our routine of visiting a new place every day, anchoring mostly in attractive bays for the night, and just visiting town harbours for a few hours during the daytime. So enchanted were we with the Limfjord that after the first few days we decided we would spend the next week there and forget the rest of our plans to sail through into the Baltic and back via the Kiel Canal. With the marvellous weather, scenery and swimming and all the little towns and harbours we had a truly magnificent 10 days.

Sailing is similar to the IJsselmeer in Holland, but the scenery is more like the Solent side of the Isle of Wight, as the country around has low hills and woods and harbours like Yarmouth IOW out of season, and of course its non-tidal. We only paid one set of harbour dues in Denmark, but the cost of everything was more than double UK prices - whisky nearly £8 a bottle! Thank goodness we took everything with us except fresh vegetables and bread. It is not practical to give a day-to-day account, but the following was a typical day.

Saturday 26th June - Tacker Vig, Fur Island. Another lovely day. Woke about 0530 and emerged slowly. Rowed ashore for a bathe on the deserted sandy beach. Returned on board for lunch - set sail towards Skive about 1530. A spanking breeze on the beam. Many yachts were out sailing, and all waved to us. Dropped anchor approx. 1830 under a wooded cliff on the north side of Hvalp at Tglo. Dined in the cockpit with purple lights in the sky reflected over the water-- very beautiful.

In June the days are very long and the sky doesn't really become dark at night. During the day there is always a good sailing breeze - on 2 days these were 5/6, and on one we had to tack with working jib and 2 reefs tied in (6 rolls), and even then had lee awash. But there's always a protective shore available, and many places where one can anchor within 50 yards of it. Places visited and all recommended:- Lemvig, Nykobing, Skive, Fur, Thisted.

Friday 2nd July saw us back at Thyboron ready to commence our return journey via Den Helder in Holland, a 260 mile hop. We streamed the log at 0945 with a very light wind, and had to motor with ghoster after 2 hours of almost drifting with the tide. This was the pattern until 0800 the next morning, and we covered just 100 miles in 24 hours. Light winds, force 3 all day, and we had the motor on again at 2330 until 0303, when we set the spinnaker. We held the spinnaker for the rest of the trip, some 71 miles, arriving at Den Helder at 2050 - about 59 hours for the trip. By the kindness and courtesy of the Royal Dutch Navy Yacht Club one lies in a comfortable small harbour with all facilities, but the town is over a mile away, and for exercise the next morning we walked there for supplies and to get some Dutch currency - in a heatwave!

By 1330 we were on our way again, this time down the coast to IJmuiden, and passing the highest dune in the Netherlands, Kamperduin - under spinnaker all the way, taking just under 7 hours for the 30 miles in light winds. We locked into the North Sea Canal and lay against the quay with lots of other yachts for a peaceful night. Next day we locked out about 0800 (the lock opened just as breakfast was put on the table!), and half an hour later set course under spinnaker for Oostende (and then ate a tough re-heated breakfast), some 100 miles down the coast past Europort and then the Schelde - both very busy ports, each with

virtually queues of ships entering and leaving. This is not a pleasant journey for this reason. However, 85 miles of it under spinnaker in light breezes and sunshine made the sailing very comfortable and enjoyable.

The shipping of Europort, Rotterdam, was handled with ease, but off the Scheldt about midnight we encountered a dozen fishing boats, a pilot ship dodging about, plus about 3 dozen ships both entering and leaving almost bow to stern. We had to have the motor ready, and it needed 2 on watch to keep an eye on all their movements and alterations of course - one feels a little like a pedestrian crossing the road at Eros in Piccadilly Circus. It was good to see dawn about 0400, and 3 hours later we entered Oostende harbour - 102 miles in  $22\frac{1}{2}$  hours.

We locked into the Mercator Marina with every facility - £1 return locking fee plus 50p per day. We stayed the remaining 3 days of our holiday there - one day we spent doing some cleaning up and maintenance jobs on 'Lontano', and the next day in that very attractive old town of Brugge with its Venice-like canals - just a 15 minute rail journey, and the last day spent a few hours on the sandy beach swimming at Oostende. The shopping in Oostende is very good, and the town is interesting, and we also very much enjoy the fish bought at the local market. And, the Duty Free of course.

On the 10th July we set sail for home, locking out at low water and streamed the log at 0545. Wind 5/6 North Westerly - course  $270^{\circ}$ !! Gradually it went more northerly and allowed us to steer  $300^{\circ}$ . After a few hours however it died and we motored until about 10 miles off the North Foreland when a South West 4 came up, so we galloped along to the Foreland, arriving abeam at 1900. Gradually as we sailed along the Kent coast towards Herne Bay the wind dropped, so we anchored for the night off Reculver Towers at 2200, and the following day entered Conyer at High Tide.

We had enjoyed one of the loveliest holidays ever - sunshine all the way - winds mixed, but not too much or little of anything. We had lived in bathing gear most of the time, and nearly always got up and went to bed with the sun. How lucky we are to have had such a marvellous trip - courtesy and helpfulness with a smile was everywhere, from people and the weather - Thank you.

We would be most happy to provide what information we have should anyone be interested in doing this trip.

## **JEZEBEL (CS Sundqvist) in the North Sea & Baltic**

by the Editor

Readers may remember that Mr Sundqvist took delivery in 1971 of his Rival 32 'Jezebel' in 'sail-away' form and sailed her immediately to Sweden with a friend in fairly boisterous conditions without any joinery inside her - when he was a long way from being young. He completed her himself and in 1974 set off on a long single-handed trip. A fascinating log of this was included in the 'Rival Round-up, 1974'. After reaching the English Channel he decided he needed some improved equipment for a really long passage so he returned home with the boat. Now his daughter Margaret writes "Last year he sailed down to the English Channel but then his heart began to trouble him so he turned back and he meant to sail round Skagen on his way back home but he stranded on the coast of Jutland and was rescued by a trawler which also saved the yacht. He was taken to a hospital in Thisted where doctors took care of him and his heart was treated. He stayed in hospital for 24 days. This year he has only been sailing in the Baltic Sea and now he has finally realised that there'll be no more sailing for him unfortunately." All those who have met Mr Sundqvist, or read his log, will be sad that he has had to retire from sailing and will, I am sure, wish him many years of happiness remembering his cruises and reading about other peoples.



## VARKOULA to Holland

by Ina and David Hewins

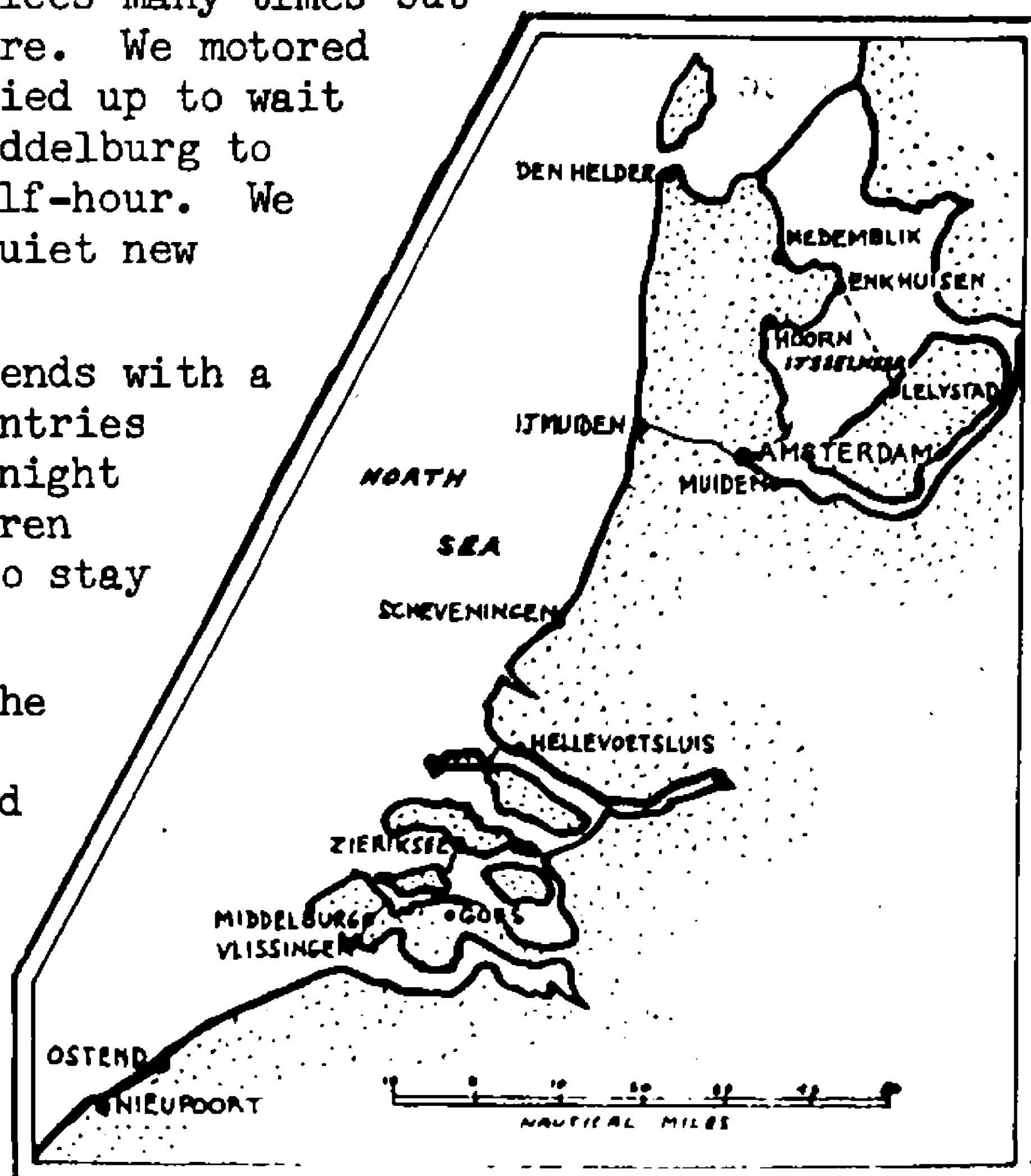
The weather had been glorious for weeks; surely it couldn't last much longer, we thought, as we set off from our home mooring at the Medway Yacht Club at 15.00 on Saturday 3rd July on a cruise to Holland.

After a night at Harty Ferry we were up early next morning to weigh anchor at 05.00 on a dull day with very light wind. We had decided to cross to Nieupoort in Belgium and about half-way there was a bump on the bows and we nearly stopped. We found that a very large rope was trapped between the skeg and propellor; what a good thing we had been sailing and not motoring! Simon, our youngest son, was lowered over the stern and cut it away with the carving knife. The offending piece which we pulled off was 20 feet long, 6" in diameter and covered with filth. We simply could not have it on deck and towing it would have been impossible, so there was no alternative but to let it go. After this bit of excitement the sun came out, the wind blew a little harder, and we had an uneventful sail into Nieupoort, arriving at 20.00 that evening. The next day was pleasantly spent ordering and receiving bonded stores. Although we had prepared a cupboard which could be sealed, this proved not to be necessary.

On Tuesday we sailed up the Belgian coast to Vlissengen. It was a particularly hot day and we were all sailing in swimming costumes, - for the first time in our lives when offshore. We had our second unfortunate incident in the 'kleine sluis' where we were directed to take up a position at the extreme front, with a workboat behind us. After the gates were shut the water came in very fast and the workboat put his engine in reverse to keep himself off our stern. We had not allowed for such a flow of water and Simon was simply holding our stern rope in his hand. He tried his hardest to hold 'Varkoula's' stern in, but it was quite beyond his strength. By the time we reached him there was a long warp out and the boat's stern had just touched the opposite wall of the 'sluis'. David quickly cleated one end of the warp and whipped the other round a winch so that we could pull her back before more damage was done, but by then the pulpit had wedged itself under a horizontal strut on the wall of the 'sluis'. We rushed forward and pushed her out without any damage, but, by the time the 'sluis' gates were opened to admit us to the Middelburg Canal we were feeling very chastened. We have passed through sluices many times but never had an experience like that before. We motored up the canal through the bridges and tied up to wait for the bridge to the new marina at Middelburg to open. This opens every hour on the half-hour. We passed through and found a pleasant, quiet new marina with the usual 'box' berths.

Simon went ashore and quickly made friends with a group of young people from various countries who invited him to join them for a midnight swim and for a cycle ride round Walcheren next day. For us it was no hardship to stay in Middelburg.

Thursday was another superb day with the temperature up to 90° by 08.00. We cleared the bridge by 08.30 and motored up the canal to Veere, cleared the 'sluis' without incident this time, and waited for diesel; then we set sail in light winds up the Veerse Meer. A nice breeze sprang up and - what fun - we saw a Dutch boat





rather like a Dragon, obviously trying to show us his paces. He sailed much closer to the wind than we were able to do, so pulled ahead every time we came about, but we caught him on the straight legs. We were beginning to overhaul him when a large barge sailed alongside leaving the two yachts very little water, the Dutch yacht getting too close for comfort to the withies. We were unable to go about as the barge was hard by us and had taken our wind. Eventually the barge pulled ahead - what a relief - and we were off again. We had pulled well ahead of the Dutch yacht when we saw him take down his sails and enter a haven.

We reached Zandkreek 'sluis' and after we had had a nice cooling swim, we locked through. We went on through to the Oosterschelde and round the corner to 'the sluis for Goes'. The 'sluis' is rather old and antiquated but the water comes in slowly and there seems to be all the time in the world. Halfway along the canal there is a swing bridge at Wilhelminadorp, and at the end of the canal there is a lifting bridge which opens every hour. Goes now has two places for yachts; the original harbour was formed when it was discovered that a certain type of mud existed there which was needed for dyke works. This was excavated, leaving a large hole, so some enterprising businessmen in the town decided they would let it fill with water and use it as a yacht harbour. There is also a fine new marina with excellent facilities. The town of Goes is delightful and offers good shopping facilities. It is not uncommon to see ladies in their national costume which they wear as a matter of course and not just on feastdays.

On Friday 9th July we left, with regret, at 11.00 and had to motor across the estuary to Zierikzee. The opening bascule of the Zeelandbrug has been repaired and now opens on demand during half an hour every 'odd' hour. We timed it perfectly and approached at 13.00, the bridge opened and we passed through without even slowing down. Zierikzee is quite an interesting town but seems to have quite a different character from other places in Zeeland - its quite brash and there is a fishing fleet and trip boats in the harbour. Box berths again but only one set of facilities, very 'council', to serve a large number of moorings.

We had a useful discussion with the people on the next boat about the Oosterschelde as we had wanted to use this opening to the sea for some time. The closing off will be completed in 1978. It was neaps so we fought the current out of the estuary next day but because it has nearly been closed the rate is tremendous at the gap. It took us 2 hours longer than we had anticipated - we therefore arrived off the Dutch coast with only 3 hours of the ebb to help us towards Scheveningen. This was hardly a practical proposition; it really is only sensible to use this route on a falling tide and then take the flood on down the coast. However, we struggled on and found that the flood was weak and we arrived in Scheveningen at 20.00 - not too exhausted after 11 hours sailing.

Scheveningen is the only Dutch coastal port between Breskens and Den Helder which it is not necessary to lock into and so it is expensive. It is a fishing harbour with many boats that take parties of anglers out to the North Sea for a day's sport. There is some ship repairing done too and the harbour is extremely dirty, plastic bags in profusion. However, there are some excellent quayside fish restaurants and after a long day's sail even Scheveningen had its charms. The washing and toilet facilities are excellent and clean and there is a club house. The yacht harbour is the third harbour inside two others.

On Sunday 11 July we sailed for IJmuiden. The SE to S wind that we had been promised didn't materialize and once more we had to beat but we did have wind. By the time we reached Katwyjk ann Zee it was blowing 6 and we put up the working jib in place of the genoa. We reached the Noordzee Kanal 'sluis' together with a ketch from Muiden and another yacht, and the news was passed on to us by the ketch, who had a radio, that if we liked to wait a short time for a coaster, we could enter the middle (large) lock. We passed through and moored at IJmondse WV yacht club, right under the steel works. Fortunately the smoke was not blowing in our direction but out to sea! We had a comfortable night with none of the swell we expected through being close to the 'sluis'. We were made very welcome at the club house and were told that this would be the last year they would be in this position as they will be moving to the Haarlem canal by the ferry crossing

at Kilometer board 10. It looked a lot more attractive than the steelworks to us when we passed next day.

Monday 12 July - another beautiful day and we set off at 08.00 along the Noordzee Kanal bound for Hoorn on the IJsselmeer. We motored along at  $4\frac{1}{2}$  knots (there was a headwind, of course). When the railway swing bridge started to open David opened 'Varkoula' up to nearly full revs and at  $6\frac{1}{2}$  knots we were hotly pursued by 3 other craft. Simon was below when we heard a startled cry: "Dad - there's smoke everywhere", so David immediately throttled back. A glance under the engine cover revealed clouds of thick smoke but there was no fire, so we slowly motored over to a mooring place. David inspected the engine and found the braze had gone on the exhaust and there was a hole which let out a stream of boiling water. The only heatproof material we possessed was an old terylene sail tie. This was carefully bandaged round the break and the whole was then plastered with electrical insulation tape. On starting the engine the bandage pulsated - but it seemed to be holding. The bridge swung open again and we gingerly made our way to Amsterdam,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  klms further along the canal. We tried the haven by the railway station but found the swell very bad - there were no pontoons, there was no one about to give a hand with the warps, and the piles were very far apart. We therefore decided to cross the canal and try the Sixhaven. The whole harbour had been dredged and enlarged since we were there 3 years before, new pontoons with water and rubbish disposal have been installed and the whole was neat and tidy. We were assisted into a mooring box by the Harbour Master, who spoke a little English and who was able to direct David to a garage to obtain two Holt's exhaust bandages which were applied over the previous bandage. We decided we were too comfortable where we were to proceed further - so we had lunch, took the short walk to the ferry, crossed to the railway station, and had a walk round Amsterdam, Simon going his separate way.

Soon after we got back to 'Varkoula', Simon returned with a young American lady who asked if he would like to stay at "The Poor Boy Club". Simon obviously did like, so we said 'yes' on condition that he met us at the Royal Dutch Yacht Club at Muiden the following Friday at 6 pm without fail.

Off again next morning, weather rather dull and not so hot. We found the Oranjesluizen open and went through but had to stop for the bridge (opens every hour, on the hour, day and night). We tied up successfully on our own, although a stiffish breeze was blowing. The bridge opened sharp at 10.00 and through we went into the IJsselmeer. We ran up the buoyed channel and then broad-reached to Hoorn. It was an interesting sail with two Dutch yachts. We reported to the Harbour Master at the entrance and paid our fee and he gave us a plan of the marina, which is vast, with our berth marked on it.

Next day we left Hoorn at 10.00 and sailed for Enkhuizen. The only means of access (or egress) now to or from the IJsselmeer is by way of the sluices at Enkhuizen or Lelystad. Hence we had our answer to the open Oranjesluizen; the water level is now constant in the southern part of the IJsselmeer. It was dull and blowing again and we had a smart sail up to the 'sluis'. We locked in - it was busy - and tied up without mishap - the first 'sluis' on our own. The wind was still blowing pretty hard when we left and we had an exciting beat to Medemblik. We cleared the bridge at Medemblik (opens on demand during the week, on the hour on Sundays) and into the marina. There were no other British yachts so the Union Jack was specially run up for us.

On Thursday 15th July we decided to return to Muiden. The weather was hot and sunny with a SW-ly 4 blowing so, you've guessed it, we beat down to Enkhuizen! We tied up in the 'sluis' which was even more full, and went through into the southern half of the IJsselmeer. The wind died completely and we just drifted along accompanied by clouds of mosquitoes, finally motoring to Muiden. We had another quiet day there and Simon turned up as arranged. The next morning we had a good sail to Buiten IJ, timed it nicely and sailed through the open road bridge, through the open Oranjesluizen and on to Amsterdam. We passed through Amsterdam to the North Sea sluices and had an uneventful sail (the wind was NW, Hurrah) to Scheveningen.



We left next morning and had a sail in glorious sunny but almost windless conditions to Europoort. We reached the Maas Pilots buoy at LW springs and decided, as the conditions were so calm, to try the Gat van de Hawk entrance. This is not recommended as the buoys have been removed and there is considerable silting. However we had used this route before three times and decided to give it another try. We sailed at 2 knots down the Gat but found we were getting extremely short of water. We pressed on until we felt the keel softly 'bump' - and there we sat. We put down the anchor and consulted the Dover Straits Pilot and Reed's, finding that there can be a 'stand' of water at the entrance to the Hook, and that although it was springs the maximum rise was only 2.1 metres. 'Varkoula' just sat like a comfortable matron; she didn't heel but she wouldn't come unstuck either. After  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours it was obvious that the water was coming back, then a breeze sprung up so we were able to hoist sail, heel her well over and sail off, with one or two bumps, into deep water. We settled down and sailed across the Haringvliet to the Slijkgat buoys, turned into the channel, into the Noord Pampus channel and so to the 'sluis' at Stellendam. We sailed across the Deltageul to Hellevoetsluis, picking up and towing another British yacht whose engine was not functioning.

Monday was another perfect day and we stayed at Hellevoetsluis which we like very much. This is an old Naval port which is of no value now as it is cut off from the sea. The village is picturesque and the shopping is good. We decided to pass through the 'sluis' and out into the open sea again rather than go through the canals so we left at 08.00 next day in a brisk breeze. We soon found that the breeze was even brisker than we had allowed, so hanked on the working jib. On reaching Stellendam we had to wait for a Dutch frigate and also a small cargo boat, and we all cleared together. We stayed in the outer harbour to reef the main as we had to beat up the Noord Pampus and Slijkgat in a 5 to 6. As soon as we were able to turn SW the wind fell very light. It was a most trying day from then on in very light airs and we were reluctant to use our engine. Towards evening the breeze sprang up again and we entered Zeebrugge at 21.00, pretty tired and fed-up, to find the harbour very crowded. However, we tied up about seventh-out on a trot, had a bite to eat and settled down for the night.

On Wednesday we left at 13.00 with a Dutch Arpège 30 cruiser/racer, 'Kedoea', to catch the tide to Ostend, and had one of the best sails of the holiday. We reached Ostend in fine style to be held outside by the signals for 15 minutes. Eventually a very small workboat came out, the signals changed and we went in with many yachts and excursion boats. We took the first entrance to starboard but instead of turning right into the North Sea Yacht Club, where we had previously been 12th out on a trot of 13, we turned left to the 'sluis' for the new Mercator dock. This 'sluis' operates non-stop. However, at LW particularly, there is a big range and you should allow one hour to clear. While we were in the 'sluis' a form had been lowered to us which we had completed and returned, together with our berthing instructions. Thus we were directed to the innermost basin, tying up under the shadow of the old training vessel, 'Mercator'. Although a long winded business locking into the dock, it is well worth the trouble. We had a pontoon mooring with very easy access to the main shopping centre. We had a surprisingly quiet night considering the Marina is in the town, and locked out the next day at low water, the level dropping very rapidly in the 'sluis'. We found 'Kedoea' waiting for us having gone through at noon. Another brilliant sunny sail in a good 6. 'Kedoea' very gradually fell behind and we were pleased with 'Varkoula's' performance. A superb sail to Dunkirk, we thought that 'Kedoea' must be our lucky mascot. David saw a Cruising Association burgee and went to call. We found Hank Sondag in his Rival 34 'Helzapopin'. Hank and his wife came along later to say hello and inspect our new 'Varkoula'.

The next day we sailed back to England, in dull, cold and miserable conditions, in company with the de Jongs in 'Kedoea', spent the night comfortably at Ramsgate enjoying the new facilities, and continued to the Medway on 24th July.

It had been a very relaxing holiday, no night sailing, no storms, and plenty of rest days. Nevertheless, we had travelled 563 sea miles. It was all over much too quickly.



## ALIZ MOTTE in Western Mediterranean

By Peter Wilkinson

(The chart on p.16 is relevant in a general way)

For this cruise of over 1000 miles, 'Aliz Motte' had a basic crew of two; Jim Nolan and myself. Jim is an American, resident in England, an enthusiastic and adventurous traveller, fluent in French, German and Italian, a fine raconteur with an uncanny flair for finding old or new friends in different ports; altogether a marvellous sailing companion.

We gave 'Aliz Motte' an extra spruce up, doing our annual refit in St Cyprien because our 3rd crew member for the first week was to be Colin, a retired Captain RN and Jim said it was only fitting that we should pipe him aboard, and put flowers in his cabin etc.. When he arrived Colin never batted an eyelid, though his last ship had been an aircraft carrier in which he was Navigator, and he said he had not sailed in small boats since Dartmouth. So - we piped him aboard with Jim playing the parts of Deck Hand, Steward and Cabin Boy to perfection.

We cast off from our winter mooring at St Cyprien on 14th May, heading south down the French and Spanish coasts. For five days we had kindly off-shore and on-shore breezes, warm sun and idyllic cruising conditions for exploring this beautiful coast, only marred by the innumerable blocks of concrete hotels and flats. During this spell we called in to see Collioure, Port Vendre, Cadaques, Rosas, Palamos, Feliu de Quixols, Tossa, Lloret, and Arenys del Mar, en route to Barcelona. Arenys is a highly organised yacht harbour.

It was soon apparent that, despite the passing years, Colin had lost none of his professional expertise as a Navigator. His chartwork was immaculate, and his judgement of distances at sea or offshore was remarkable. While Aries steered, Colin gave us a crash course in Solar and Astro navigation in such clarity and simplicity that even Jim and Peter understood. Sadly Colin had to leave us at Barcelona to fly home to sing in a choral concert in London.

'Aliz Motte' slipped out of the oily waters of Barcelona at last light on 19th May, southwards for Ibiza. The 170 miles took 36 hours, almost all windless motoring and we navigated into Ibiza to anchor in the outer harbour at 0300 on 20th May. During 4 days' stay in Ibiza, we enjoyed the generous hospitality of some French, Austrian and Spanish friends, among whom was Niki Lauda, the World Championship Racing Driver, resting between Grand Prix races. We took 5 of them out for a day's sail to Formentera. All were suitably impressed with 'Aliz Motte'.

On 24th May, Jim and I got away from Ibiza for a night's sail to Andraix, Majorca, where we anchored for breakfast after a brisk passage in a fresh NE wind. It is a beautiful port and a good place to winter a yacht. We left, reluctantly, early on 26th May, and were rewarded with a fresh SE breeze and a fine close reach from Toro Island across Palma bay to Capo Blanco. At one moment we had all the twenties: 20 K wind, 20 fathoms, 20° angle of heel, and 20° in the cabin. As the Levanter increased to 30 knots and more we anchored for the night off a sandy beach 2 miles NW of Porto Campos, where the inner harbour is too shallow for us.

For two days we explored the E coast of Majorca, including Ports Pedro, Colom, Vey and Retjada, where we tied up and replenished fuel and supplies. After our 4 days at Ibiza, we decided to skip Pollensa and sailed across to Menorca, entering Ciudadela at noon 29th May, tying up opposite a US warship on a courtesy visit. Jim could not resist the Stars and Stripes, went aboard the US ship and returned to 'Aliz Motte' with 2 friends for a drink: Sally Taylor, an ex-school teacher from Oregon and Tony, an Englishman whose holiday was nearly up. Sally, with typical feminine intuition, quickly summed up 'Aliz Motte', Jim and Peter, and said "May I join you for the rest of your voyage?" Some rather stodgy questions by the skipper about experience, sea-sickness, discomfort and cooking proved no deterrent and so 'Aliz Motte' had a crew of 3, at least for a trial sail to Port Mahon. So, after dinner ashore with some charming English friends of Jim,

we restocked ice, took Sally aboard next morning and set off round the S. coast of Menorca. Our luck was in, for we picked up fresh though variable winds for the next two days, and 'Aliz Motte' gave Sally a fine introduction to sailing, running, reaching and beating her way round to Binebecca bay for a night at anchor.

South of Menorca we were pursued by a school of dolphins, some leaping 6 or 7 feet clear of the water. We tacked into the great harbour of Port Mahon, where we anchored near the Club Nautico marina and put Sally ashore in the dinghy to sort out her flat and mail. Jim and Peter spent the evening replenishing stores and preparing for the next leg of our cruise, the 200-mile crossing to Sardinia.

By 1100 on 1st June 'Aliz Motte' was ready to go; the forecasts sounded good, so we said goodbye to Tony who had brought Sally back on board, and sailed off our anchorage. Passing another US Navy ship and a flashy Russian cruise ship anchored in the outer harbour, we set course for Capo Caccia Lighthouse and Alghero, on the W. coast of Sardinia. Our plan was to approach this rugged coast in darkness, to pick up Caccia Light (height 610 ft. range 32 miles) during our 2nd night. Distance 205 miles. In the event we had  $5\frac{1}{2}$  hours of good N wind, then  $7\frac{1}{2}$  hours of motoring, and 22 hours of NW wind which rose from Force 2 to 7 as we closed Sardinia. All this enabled us to steer the direct course, allowing for leeway and surface currents due to prolonged wind.

With the long fetch in a NW wind of this duration, the sea had built up, so we had a boisterous and fast sail, keeping full main, but gradually reducing headsails from cruising Genoa to working jib for the last 15 hours. 'Aliz Motte' was making 7 knots on a broad reach in heavy quartering seas, but gave us all great confidence with her good balance and lightness of helm. During this exciting sail, one incident taught us all a lesson in seamanship. When the wind dropped temporarily, Peter decided to change headsails. While hoisting, a combination of roll, pitch and slip, flipped Peter overboard backwards over the starboard rail. Jim had the lifebuoy out in a flash, but Peter kept hold of the halyard and pulled himself back to deck level where Jim pulled him out, wet, cold and chastened. Thereafter we were somewhat more careful to use safety harness.

Due to our high average speed, we sighted Sardinia dimly before dusk on 2nd June and with some relief Peter, the Navigator, saw the light of Caccia at 2120 hours, fine off the S/B bow, estimated distance 30 miles. We had overestimated our leeway and the surface current, but eventually rounded Caccia at 0200 and nosed our way  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles northward into the shelter of Porto Conte bay to anchor offshore in 3 fathoms at 0300 on a very dark night. The 205 miles from Mahon had taken us 39 hours. Sally, who had already boosted our cuisine, mending and general hygiene, took her full watches at the helm and produced a welcome hot "supper". After checking for anchor drag we slept till 1030 3 June, when we enjoyed a proper English breakfast, and rowed ashore for our first walk in Sardinia, and then sailed the 12 miles into Alghero. This is one of very few ports on the long W. coast of Sardinia, and is an attractive old city with a good sheltered harbour for commerce and fishing, but is not developed as a yacht harbour. Dull weather did not show it to us in its true colours, so after supper on shore, we had an early night and left at 0800, 4th June, heading N. for Porto Torres.

Rounding Capo Caccia again in daylight revealed its true grandeur. The seas were still rough but the wind had dropped, so we motored N. arriving at the W. entrance to the narrow channel between Piana Isle, and Asinara island at 1430. This passage is "not advisable in a swell", but we would save 25 miles if we made it, so we nosed cautiously through, with the echo sounder dipping to 8 ft over the "bar", and found calm water and some wind on the E. side, giving a brisk reach for  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour before dying. The weather then changed abruptly, and within an hour we were surrounded by thunder storms and heavy rain. Passing the large yellow platform and floating pipe line for the oil port of West Torres, we entered the Naval and commercial (East) port, tying up to the East quay to await Customs. At the Capitaineria of Porto Torres we met the Captain himself, a charming Italian ex-Navy officer who spoke English and helpfully 'talked' us up the coast over his superb, large-scale charts, indicating the good anchorages and dangers.



The Customs were courteous and efficient and gave us a ship's passport valid for all Italian ports for 6 months. With a gale warning until noon next day, we walked the Port, supped on board, and then listened through heavy storm static on radio, to Bach's B Minor Mass from Germany until after midnight; then slept fitfully through a night of violent thunderstorms and tropical rain, with all hatches closed.

5th June: Left Torres at 0930 in finer weather and had a long hard beat up the coast NE towards Capo Testa, which has good bay anchorages to N and S of its neck. Wind swung round from N to E, SE and back to ENE, varying from 15 to 30 k, gusting 35k at times. Finally beat into La Corba bay just SE of Testa, late that evening, anchoring in  $2\frac{1}{2}$  fathoms of sandy cove in emerald water before the wind rose to gale force with heavy rain all that night and next morning.

Caught up on our reading and letters until at 1530 the wind moderated, when we set sail again, rounded Capo Testa and had a fast reach past Porto Longosardo towards La Maddalene. In late evening we sailed past the town to the Naval port, and finding the old yacht harbour disused, came back to tie up in the W. port, bow to quay with stern anchor in good shelter, at 2030.

6th June dawned clear, so we walked up through the maquis heading for the Observatory in the old fort atop La Maddalene island, rewarded with panoramic views over the whole archipelago, and the coasts of Sardinia and Corsica. One could see why Nelson chose this as his base, with defended approaches from all directions, and giving his ships mobility whatever the wind.

At 1400 we sailed out of La Maddalene and had a superb beat westwards for 17 miles on the port tack for 3 hours with Sally at the helm. Passing close south of Lavezzi rocks beacon we arrived off Bonifacio at 1700. The sight of this historic citadel commanding the concealed entrance to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles of totally sheltered inner harbour in the evening light was one of the highlights of this voyage for our American crew. No less appreciated were the hot and cold showers at M. Laurent's efficient Centre Nautique, and a superb dinner at restaurant Stella D'Oro, high up in the old city. That night we all felt a sense of achievement having reached Corsica after a week of quite hairy sailing since Menorca. Sally especially had learned much about sailing in a short time and obviously loved it.

With 'Aliz Motte' topped up with water, fuel and ice, and her crew topped up with Corsican wine, we left Bonifacio reluctantly at 1000 on 8th June to round the SE tip of Corsica, making for Porto Vecchio. The W. wind gave us a fast run and some exciting navigation through the Pintarella channel and its numerous rocks and islands, then a broad reach across Manza Bay just north of which is a jewel of an anchorage, Rondinara Bay. In the evening we beat into the broad expanse of Porto Vecchio, up the 3 miles of buoyed channel, into the new yacht harbour in the SW corner. For those unfamiliar with this entrance, it is essential to pass really close to the Red and White 12 ft high buoy, leaving it to port on entering and to S/B when leaving the yacht harbour. Tied up alongside the N quay at 1720.

With  $3\frac{1}{2}$  hours daylight left, and a fine evening, we decided to drive round the famous circuit of the Col de Bavella. Jim went ashore and quickly hired a Renault 5. We locked up the boat and set off along the fast coast road to Solinzara, then inland up the mountain road twisting and climbing through pine forests, over mountain streams, with increasingly dramatic scenery, enjoying the crisp mountain air. Near the top of the col, at a small village inn we stopped for coffee and smoked ham rolls (LOA 10", Beam 4", draft 3").

Jim now navigating, Peter driving amid comments from crew .."thinks he's Niki Lauda", while Sally made nostalgic comparisons with the beauty of Oregon. On through Zonza and back down 4000 ft to Porto Vecchio by 2130; a breathtaking drive.

9th June: Left Porto Vecchio 0940, after breakfast in the sun, and finding no wind we motored N up the E coast of Corsica in a flat calm. Lay a-hull for lunch and a swim, and then on till we anchored 25 miles N, in the lee of the mole of the new Marina of Campoloro. ( We found later in September that its



entrance has silted up alarmingly, so that many larger yachts could not leave port as the depth was only 5 feet). After a calm night, we motored on to Bastia, no wind all day, but compensated by sunbathing, swims off the boat, and the ever-changing panorama of coast and mountains. At last picked up a N. breeze which gave us a beat the final  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours before tying up in Bastia Vieux Port. After lunch in the cabin to keep cool, Jim and Sally went ashore to make travel arrangements, finding it too hot, noisy and crowded to enjoy this historic old city. So we decided to put out to sea and continue. The last 17 miles of our voyage took 4 hours, with a gentle breeze to bring us to our destination, Macinaggio, at the NE corner of Cape Corse. Here a modern marina has been superimposed on an old fishing port with good shelter and facilities. We shackled by the stern to the heavy Port chain, bow to pontoon. We had logged 1056 miles since 14th May.

Once again 'Aliz Motte' had performed fast and safely in conditions varying from flat calm to Force 8. For Jim and Peter it was a memorable cruise, but perhaps even more exciting for Sally because it was her first real taste of sailing.

## A Lesson to be Learned

by Les Tracy

We took delivery of our Rival 34 'Fast Rival' in July and were delighted with her. After sailing trials we left for Salcombe, our home port, with Rita my wife, Andrew and Andrea (aged 19 and 13) on board with me. After stopping for the first night at Weymouth and for the second at Dartmouth we motored out against the flood stream and were just off Kingswear Castle when someone noticed the saloon was full of acrid fumes and smoke. A quick inspection soon revealed an overheated engine and a red water temperature light glaring out its warning. Fortunately the mainsail was already up and hurried instructions to Andrew soon had him hoisting the genoa.

The motor was switched off - with relief - and there was just sufficient wind to enable us to tack clear of the river mouth and out to sea. After we were well clear and on a proper course I went below to sort things out. The first thing I suspected was a blockage at the cooling water inlet cock. So I removed the pipe but found it clear. Concluding that it must have been a temporary blockage I started the motor again. It started and seemingly without problem, with cooling water coming out at the stern. I left the motor running for about 15 minutes, after which time, since there was no overheating, I concluded that whatever had caused the problem had disappeared and all was well. I turned the motor off and we continued to sail our course, following the coast along Start Bay. There was not really enough wind but the sun was shining and we were not in any great hurry.

We arrived off Salcombe just as it was going dark when the wind, like the sunlight, decided to pack up for the night. The motor was started and the genoa dropped as we headed closer towards the West side of the estuary and the white sector of the leading light on Sandhill Point. Once again we had the stream against us and it was about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hours before MLWS.

While crossing through the green sector of our guiding light, a voice from below, far too casually, reported the red warning light 'on' and the motor overheating again. Up went the genoa; we needed every breath of wind we could find. Of course, what wind there was, as one may expect, was being funnelled from the land along the estuary and out to sea. Anyway, there was just enough to enable the crew to tack back and forward across the estuary while I checked the motor again.

This time I went straight to the water pump, removed the cover plate and to my horror discovered a badly chewed up impeller; and no spares on board. I switched the motor off and reported, as calmly as possible, to the others that the motor was useless. The news was received in total silence, and I suspect disbelief, finally broken by Andrew, who added that so was the wind. We could not make up against the stream. 'So near and yet so far' was Andrea's contribution to the discussion.

Rita suggested using the 'Callbuoy' - after all we did require assistance. It was the first constructive suggestion towards getting into Salcombe, so out came the Callbuoy - a quick scan through the instructions, up went the antenna. Name - location - type of assistance - repeated twice and listen for a response - we heard distant voices and static but nothing intelligible. Re-read the instructions - the sinker - I had forgotten to hang it in the sea. Repeated the whole operation again, still no intelligible response. We waited for about 5 minutes. Conscious of wasting valuable time I went below again intent on making that motor serve.

The thought quite suddenly occurred to me that if I could hand-pump water into the engine block, bypassing the water pump, I might just be able to keep the motor running long enough to get to our mooring. I recalled seeing the small hand-pump for changing the engine oil in the tool kit and hurriedly dug it out. Our luck had changed, the pump outlet pipe was the correct size to fit on the engine water inlet spigot. The inlet end of the pump had a smaller polythene pipe long enough to reach the sink - we were in business. The motor was started and run just fast enough to make headway up river and finally on to our mooring. It took us nearly two hours to reach our mooring and during that time I hand-pumped about 20 gal of fresh water through the motor, and the red light did not come on once. It was really damned hard work, but a useful standby to keep in mind for the future.

After thinking a little more about the waterpump failure I finally concluded that a temporary blockage of the cooling water inlet must have occurred for a long enough time to cause overheating and some damage to the impeller; that subsequently the blockage cleared itself and the pump impeller probably functioned intermittently and suffered further deterioration. Finally, when we were just off Salcombe and the motor was started, the pump impeller failed completely.

We lost about three days of sailing until the new parts arrived but all's well that ends well. There have been no further troubles with the motor since I replaced the water pump impeller and associated seals. We also have a spare set on board.

As regards the use of the Callbuoy, I went ashore after reaching our mooring and telephoned the Coastguard, just in case they had reacted to our call. However, they had not received our transmission and the most probable reason for this was due to our being too close inshore. The Coastguard recommended us to test the device a few miles offshore, which is a task for next season.

Finally a few remarks about the boat. We bought her for family sailing and in many cases there will be just Rita and myself on board. Some of the useful extras I had fitted therefore were an Aries self steering gear and slab or jiffy reefing for the mainsail. There is also a windlass, which has proved very helpful since we tend to anchor off, more than tying up in marinas. It is certainly more peaceful and cheaper.

The slab reefing is marvellous, although we have only used it three times, but each time we ended up with a perfectly set mainsail. Each side of the boom is fitted with a hook to take the luff cringle, two cleats, a small winch and two cheek blocks so that it is always possible to reef from the windward side. My best time for reefing was about 3 minutes.

Then there is the boat itself, she is truly magnificent and we are delighted with her - but something will have to be done about that door to the forepeak, there must be a simple way of locking it open? - but that is another task for next season.

## AMAZING GRACE to Spain

by Claude Hosking  
(The chart on page 16 is relevant)

In spite of preparing for this voyage for the past 8 months, the last few hours were the usual panic which always seems to attend leaving the shore for a few days. We were finally on our way at noon on 22 August. Southampton Water was flecked with spray from a SEly force 6 plus, and before we had got this behind us we took on a wave onto the forecastle which even penetrated the closed fore hatch - the largest sea we in fact met in 500 odd miles.

We, in this instance, consisted of my 22 year old son David as Skipper and self relegated to position of crew in view of his superior Astro Nav knowledge acquired in the service of Her Majesty. The plan was to meet the original Grace and remainder of the family in Santander with the car for their holiday while David returned home single handed - at his own request.

After inspecting the line to the rotator (more of this anon) the log was streamed off the Needles at 1620 while running under storm jib and well-reefed main at 6 knots. By 1800 the wind had eased a bit but we kept to reduced canvas for the night, sighting the Devon coast at 0700 on Monday when all plain sail was hoisted. After the exceptional visibility of the previous day when the loom of Portland Bill Light followed us across Lyme Bay virtually to the Dartmouth Shore, it was disappointing to meet thick fog as we were about to take our departure from the Eddystone Light House at 1400. These poor conditions stayed with us (visibility being down to 50 yards and rarely better than  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile) for 22 hours when the log records SUNNY.  $5\frac{1}{2}$  hours later the coast near L'Aberwrach was sighted. By now we had been motoring for several hours as the breeze had died away to nothing, and in view of this we decided to cut the corner and use the Chenal du Four and Raz de Sein passages to save time. We went through the Four on the last of the flood and 6 hours later were clear of La Vieille light, when the motor was switched off after 22 hours of almost continuous running.

Wednesday morning saw us taking our departure from the Pointe du Penmarch in an undistinguished fitful North Easterly. We narrowly avoided being rammed by a French fishing boat intent on murder if not suicide - probably the closest shave in the whole trip - and enjoyed the sun and scenery. This included a school of four dolphins with a very low Portsmouth handicap, a large ray with a wing span of 6 ft and numerous shoals of basking sharks.

By evening the reaching breeze had increased to about force 4 and we were doing over 6 knots. Exact measurement was not possible as the log rotator had disappeared during the afternoon - presumably snapped up by a shark (that's my story and I am sticking to it). Wednesday night was exceptionally clear and the whole of the aft section of the boat was lit up by flashes of light at about 20 second intervals. At first this was assumed to be reflections from the phosphorescence of the bow wave, but on comparing the timing of these flashes, I realized that it was a discharge of static electricity in the air - presumably the famed St Elmo's fire of the old sailing ships. However David is not convinced and stoically records the triple-flash loom of a lighthouse some 80 miles over the horizon.

During the 3 days in the Bay the opportunity was taken to fix our position by astro methods and regular sun sights were taken at meridian passage, morning and afternoon. We were only once successful in obtaining a group of star sights at dawn/dusk, but fixed our latitude by Polaris easily enough. In view of the absence of a log this was just as well, but we found we could estimate our speed to within half a knot and were never more than a couple of miles or so out after 12 hours DR. During Thursday the wind increased to force 5 and the sea got up to a moderate swell after several days of virtual calm, even when we were off NW Brittany. A note in the log reads that the main was reefed to the first batten (under protest) until the evening when the breeze died down.



Friday was distinguished by our first attempt at baking "boat" made bread - wholesome even if a bit burnt on one side - however it had disappeared 2 hours after baking so it must have been appreciated. Seas were slight and winds on the quarter not exceeding force 3. Cabo Mayor light appeared at sunset fine on the port bow and several hours motoring in a near calm brought us safely to a mooring in the Ria at Santander at midnight.

We had covered 545 miles non stop in precisely 5 days 12 hours with the best days run of 112 miles. Apart from the loss of the rotator and sundry garments blown overboard we had no trouble whatever with 'Amazing Grace'. We have nothing but praise for the Aries self-steering gear which is equal to at least 2 extra crew members, does not require feeding, washing up, or a bunk and never questions the skipper's decisions (or lack of them). However it is true to add that David and I were only able to speak to each other on about 4 occasions daily as one was invariably sleeping when the other was on watch.

We spent 4 days in Santander and found it a pleasant change to have the use of a car when in a foreign port. The Cantabrian Coast was green and verdant after the desert-like appearance of England this summer. The Real Club Marítimo de Santander provided excellent if disorganized hospitality and on the first day we moved our mooring no less than 6 times mostly in pouring rain. However as there was no charge for mooring there can be no cause for complaint. During our first day a rowing regatta was in progress, centred on the yacht club. The main contestants were Basque traditional sea pulling boats containing 16 oarsmen and although hardly able to turn on a sixpence they could certainly move when the rowers got into their stride.

Duty-free stores appear to be unheard of in Spain, but the local gin, distilled in Malaga and bottled in imitation Gordon's bottles, was perfectly acceptable and priced at £1.25 which is as cheap as duty free. Although we visited numerous breakers' yards we were not able to find a suitable log rotator. Through the extreme kindness of Senor Jaime Piris, proprietor of a local Yacht Chandler called Yates and Cosas, we were lent a rotator albeit of a different type (Knotmaster instead of Excelsior MK IV) which was returned to him after arrival back in U.K. When I first met the proprietor I asked him whether he was Mr Yates or Mr Cosas. With a grin he explained that his firm's title means Yachts and Things. It may be of interest that the smaller knot-master rotator goes round 3.9 times as fast as the Mark IV-version leading to an indicated 2,548 miles on return to England.

David got away single-handed at 8 am on Wednesday 1st September reaching with a WSWly force 2 which gradually veered so that he was beating. This situation continued for the first day and a half with gradually increasing cloud cover. On the Thursday night the wind increased to force 7 from the North East and within 6 hours there was a heavy sea running although the wind decreased slightly. Lack of sleep for 2 nights and the unaccustomed strain of single-handed sailing took its toll and David confessed that while crashing and pounding into these large seas which he assessed as 15 ft high, he did not expect to see the dawn. The night was spent reefed to below the second batten and with the storm jib set. Early in the morning the wind eased to force 5 but progress was slow due to the seas, averaging about 3 knots 80° off the wind. Further troubles included a partially jammed bilge pump, stern gland leaking, and cooker gimbals adrift.

Friday was spent beating into heavy seas against a NE force 4 which just enabled the Nly course to be laid. By evening the seas had abated to a 6 ft swell and the sunny afternoon gave way to a clear cold night. Winds continued Nly and NEly force 3 and the speed picked up to an average of  $4\frac{1}{2}$  knots on the Saturday; finally at 2100 the loom of Penmarch light was sighted. The seas were calm on Sunday with the breeze gradually dying from the NW and the Raz de Sein was cleared without incident. As soon as the Four was entered the wind piped up several forces and a very rough sea got up instantaneously. David beat through against a Nly force 5 + with 'Amazing Grace' staggering under her genoa - the record reads "Exciting but Scared". The passage across the Channel was made in dead calm conditions under the motor, the sea being glassy. Departure was taken from

Isle Vierge and 24 hours later the Eddystone was sighted early on Tuesday morning. This day was spent beating into Lyme Bay with a gentle breeze on the nose and ideal sunny conditions for not making serious passages. Early Wednesday morning David lowered all sail in a calm and indulged in the luxury of 4 hours uninterrupted sleep - the longest kip of the passage.

Wednesday morning dawned foggy until 11 o'clock when Portland Bill was seen. David decided to call into Weymouth due to lack of wind and continue after several days of sleep - the passage from the Eddystone to Weymouth having taken no less than 30 hours. By scraping the Bill he got round inside the Race and secured alongside in Weymouth at 1530, 7 days 7½ hours non stop from Santander, the corrected log reading being 620 N.M.

I found that passage sailing is much different from normal cruising. After the first day or so you lose all track of time. Nevertheless it is an exciting and rewarding pastime. With regard to the Rival's performance, in the words of her signature tune "she brought us safe that far and led us home" - could we ask for more?

## **An 'Autohelm' in WHIMBREL of HAMBLE**

by F S Barnes

These notes refer to the original Autohelm which has recently been supplemented, or superseded, by the slightly modified 'Autohelm Mk II'.

The apparatus comprises two main sections: the first is a 3 ft stanchion bolted to the pushpit carrying a small compass control and a wind-vane about 6" long. The second is an electric motor (roughly a 6" cube), pivoted on the cockpit coaming, with a push/pull rod extending to a stud let in to the tiller. The two sections are connected by an electric cable and a Terylene cord, guided by a small block, which acts as a negative feed-back, preventing the tiller over-reacting. A 3-way switch on the motor gives a choice of 'compass' or 'vane' control.

With a steady following Force 3 the pilot was set on 'compass' and the gear seemed to have to exert little action to meet the tendency to yaw; it even held 'wing and wing' for an hour without threatening a gibe. Another time, running in Force 4, the vane held a good course. It can be made less sensitive by turning its pivot so<sup>5</sup> that the roll or yaw does not activate the gear unnecessarily. As the push-rod can exert up to 90 lb force on the tiller - more than my wife or daughter can manage - I think the gear could cope with a much stronger following wind.

On the wind the vane is affected more by the wash from the mainsail. My gear is off-centre and there is a difference in control on different tacks. However, with a steady wind and a reasonably balanced sail, setting the vane steers a better course than the family crew and will keep on the wind more effectively without pinching. We have used it on the wind up to Force 6/7.

The battery consumption appears to be as claimed by the makers at less than 1/3 amp. I put in an old car battery as an extra supply for the vane, and it is still driving it without recharge. The motor, when activated, makes a high-pitched noise, not unlike a small electric drill - but quieter - for short bursts of 1/5 to 2 secs and usually from 3 or 4 to a dozen times a minute. One adapts so quickly to the sound that during the trial period I found myself only taking notice when the motor had not run for a minute or so.

There is no doubt that used sensibly a compact compass/vane gear brings added enjoyment and efficiency to short-handed family cruising. The decision for ocean cruising might be different.



## HULLABALOO to Brittany

by J F MacEwan

The blue hull of my Rival 32 arrived in Helensburgh in January 1974 and five months later she was launched. In the summers of '74 and '75 we cruised in Scotland and each winter we continued fitting out. This summer with the fitting out almost completed I planned a trip to North Brittany.

As a young family would much rather be at anchor by a sandy beach than making a long passage, I planned to sail 'Hullabaloo' from the Clyde to Plymouth with friends, where my wife and our three children would join us for a leisurely family sail to Guernsey and then St Malo, locking into a basin for a week's seaside holiday, reversing the procedure for the trip back.

At noon on Friday 25th June we left Inverkip Marina after weeks of feverish activity. My southbound crew were Robin and Eric, who had both sailed with me before and were quite experienced, Eric's son Brian aged 13, who knows his ropes, and two twenty-year old girls, Barbara and Sally who were inexperienced - sailing-wise.

We motored through the misty calm, past Bute and the Cumbraes, but off Arran a light SW wind let us set main and genoa. At 8 p.m. we set four-hour watches. At midnight we passed Ailsa Craig with its colonies of gannets and at dawn caught the beginning of the ebb round the Mull of Galloway. During the night a fleet of yachts passed, probably racing from Belfast to Portpatrick. The wind was still light Sly and we had to motor in the calms, but by noon on Saturday there was 100 miles on the log and as we were only 17 miles NNW of the Calf of Man it was decided to stop at Port Erin for a few hours to miss the foul tide. This is an attractive natural harbour in SW of Isle of Man, sheltered from all but the West. We anchored just too late for the shops, but had a splendid meal ashore, stretched our legs, managed to see a couple of tail-less Manx cats and ended up with a handful of Manx coins to get rid of.

Back on board again we weighed anchor and sailed out just before midnight, taking a fair tide round the Calf of Man and heading for Holyhead 50 miles to the South where we intended to drop Robin. Within an hour the visibility closed in and I had just time to take a back bearing to fix our position when we were enveloped in fog. We sailed on, keeping our ears strained for the sounds of engines, and eyes for a glimpse of navigation lights - with a finger on the foghorn and white flares ready.

When the dawn broke we judged the visibility to be about 500 yards, and although I would have preferred to stand off the land altogether, Robin had to catch his train. By seven in the morning we were halfway and the wind died, so we motored on, navigating by dead reckoning. When I calculated that we were closing with the shore the engine was stopped and, eerily drifting in the mist, we took radio bearings, but the only reliable one was Skerry Rocks and it was almost abeam - but Starboard or Port? We motored slowly South taking soundings with all the crew keeping a sharp lookout, and at 12.30 the cliffs of Anglesey loomed up 100 yards ahead.

We edged along the foot of the cliffs keeping them just in sight. We were attracted by the anchorage in Bull Bay but a Sunday afternoon in Wales is not the best time for public transport and as there was no other way of getting Robin the 15 miles to Holyhead Station, I decided to take the 3 knot ebb tide along the shore and motor round. On shore the sun was shining, but 100 yards out the mist was still thick. With only a small scale chart and motoring as fast as we could, we skirted the shore, losing sight of it as we steered from headland to headland, passing inside the Skerries without seeing them, then by compass to Holyhead. As we entered the harbour the fog cleared and the sun shone. Robin signed off, racing for the train, and we took a mooring off the Yacht Club and rowed ashore. We were made very welcome at the club and made good use of their showers.



Two other Rival 32's and a 34 were moored there too, but there was no sign of any owners for a blether.

After a day soaking up the sun and relaxing, we topped up fuel and water, then took the tide South at noon on the Monday. It was a scorching day with a little wind from the North; we had to motor for a bit, then hoisted the spinnaker. Beautiful downhill sailing, sun shining, wind aft, Brian cooking a huge spaghetti and Nana Mouscouri on the tape recorder. At night passing the Bishop rocks we could see the light of the Tuskar rock on the Irish coast 40 miles away. Passing the Smalls Eric had a pair of underpants drying on the rail and we were desperate to take a photograph but there was not enough light.

05.15 at sunrise the spinnaker was hoisted and apart from setting a genoa under it occasionally, or trying a storm jib up the backstay as a "mule", we changed nothing for the next twelve hours. Another beautiful day - at noon I tried some sun sights but my latitude placed us just South of Isle of Man (only 150 miles out). I think I will keep my sextant for vertical and horizontal angles after this.

At tea-time we picked up the Radio Beacon on Round Island in the Scillies, spot on course, and 0300 on Wednesday morning Round Island light loomed up dead ahead. By nine o'clock we had sailed past the strange outlines of the Eastern Isles, through St Mary's Sound and anchored in St Mary's pool (see bottom of page 24).

Rowing ashore in the blazing sunshine it was like the travel brochures of the West Indies - brilliant white sands, clear blue sea and the land a riot of tropical vegetation. We would have loved to have stayed longer but after exploring some of the beaches we had a swim and a game of beach cricket, a ploughman's lunch then back on board at four to catch the tide out of St Mary's Sound.

It was a long hard slog against a fresh E-ly all the way from there to Plymouth. With wind over tide leaving St Mary's there was a huge sea - it was like the big dipper.

At 1330 on Wednesday we passed the breakwater at Plymouth Harbour and eventually found a spot to anchor up the Cattewater (every spare space seems to have a mooring on it). In the city we were made most welcome at the R.W.Y.C. and they arranged a berth for us in the Mayflower Marina. The club was in the throes of the Trans-Atlantic race which had started the previous week and reports of the yachts' positions were now coming in. Eric headed North, my wife and children arrived and next day was spent seeing Plymouth and re-stocking 'Hullabaloo' while the children lived in the swimming pool.

On Sunday at 1630 we motored out in a heat haze with not a breath of wind. Sails were hoisted a couple of times during the night but we mainly motored over a glassy sea surrounded by mist. Each hour the engine would be stopped for a radio fix, and at eight o'clock in the morning Les Hanois lighthouse loomed out of the mist a mile ahead. Two hours later we were moored in the old harbour of St Peter's Port.

We spent a couple of very pleasant days in Guernsey visiting the beaches and enjoying the continental atmosphere of St Peter's Port. The Channel Islands Yacht Club was very hospitable and it was nice to see a Clyde Cruising Club burgee on their wall. One evening, enjoying a seafood supper in the cockpit, there was a great crash and a 45-ft ketch which had dried out against the harbour wall, keeled over and stove in her side. The harbour authorities were very quick to render assistance, and they managed to crane her up before the tide filled her.

On 6th July at noon we left the Marina, stopping at the fuelling berth to fill our tanks, then sailed down the Little Russel Channel to Petit Port Bay where we anchored for four hours for the crew to have a swim and games on the beach, and the skipper to have a sleep. After a meal the anchor was weighed and we sailed out planning to reach the French coast at dawn. We ran South towards France under main and reaching genoa but as the sun set the wind backed from

NE to SW and freshened. It was soon working sails, and later 3 or 4 rolls in the main. By 4 a.m. we could hear the Cap Frehal siren, and after sighting it we coasted Eastwards past Les Bucharats until we reached the black and white buoy marking the run in to the Chenal de la Petite Port. With the help of Adlard Coles' book we had no difficulty negotiating the passage to St Malo. At 1100 we anchored at the entrance to the sea lock, and motored through the lock as soon as it opened to a berth in the Basin Vauban near the Yacht Club.

At the club we were welcomed and encouraged to use the facilities (no water shortage here), signed the visitors book and were shown Ted Heath's signature. Sally and Barbara headed off to camp, which eased the accommodation a bit, then, clearing Customs, we set out to explore the City of St Malo - Ville de Corsaires.

The glorious weather continued and we spent the days on the beaches which surround the old walls, lunching on long French loaves, paté and wine. Evenings were spent sightseeing and sampling the splendid cuisine.

After a week of lotus-eating we headed back to Guernsey leaving on the 11th at 1900 French time (1700 GMT). With rather an unstable wind - one minute running, the next beating, we sailed out of St Malo and after a slow night and day we made a misty landfall on the South coast of Guernsey - I can understand why so many yachts have radar in this part of the coast as there seems to be less of the clear visibility that we are used to on the West coast of Scotland (between the rain showers).

By 1700 we were in St Peter's Port again, but we had to anchor and moor stern-on to a buoy in the outer harbour as the Marina was full. A day was spent restocking the boat with duty free, and in the evening of the 13th we took the tide through the Little Russel Chanel - although it was SW 3 to 4 and we had main and genoa hoisted, we were swept up the coast as though in a river. Clear of the North of the island I set a course for Plymouth. With the wind freshening to 5 and 6 the main was dropped and 'Hullabaloo' held her course without a finger on the helm reaching with the No 2 genoa.

Sighted Start Point at 6 a.m. which confirmed the radio beam I had been homing in on - and at 1400 we entered Millbay Docks for Customs clearance, then on to Mayflower Marina again - in very good company as there were quite a few yachts which had retired from the Trans-Atlantic race. It was fascinating to see the size of them and the lay-out of their gear. Brian in particular haunted them as he intends to be a naval architect when he grows up. Moira and the children headed North, Sally and Barbara for London, and that left Brian and me to rearrange the stowage, clean the ship and re-provision her for the trip back North. A few days before the trip I had bought an "Autohelm" self steering gear but I had yet to fit it, so with a day in hand I managed to rig it up in a Heath Robinson fashion.

Robin, who had been with us for the first week-end, joined us for the trip back and also Eric. On Saturday morning we set off in a WSW 3-4 intending to make a first stop at Dublin where we would pick up Robin's brother-in-law as extra crew.

Main and genoa were hoisted for a pleasant sail along the Cornish coast. We experimented with the self-steering and it was quite eerie to see it working. At dawn we passed Lands End and started making our Northings. With a SW 4 we boomed out the genoa with the spinnaker pole - I had the spinnaker on deck but decided not to set it as the forecast was a freshening wind and already the sea was beginning to build up.

For the next couple of hours we dodged ships (a very busy part of the sea). Later in the morning with the wind freshening the main was dropped and the working jib hoisted goosewinged with the genoa, and with the 'Hullabaloo' surfing down the rollers and the wind still freshening I was glad that the spinnaker was not up.

I felt that it would be wiser to drop the genoa and deep reef the main (as well as roller reefing I have a set of reef points equivalent to 10 or 12 rolls which sets a small flat sail). While we were engaged in this a homing pigeon mobbed by seagulls took refuge in the lee of the liferaft.



At this point we were 60 miles from Lands End, the same from St David's Head and 100 miles from Ireland. Robin and Eric were on the foredeck rehoisting the working jib on the forestay, when suddenly Robin was overboard - MAN OVERBOARD - we were broad reaching and surfing down the waves at over 7 knots. Robin was hauled along with his harness attached to the deck lifeline. Quickly rounding her up to slow down, Eric and I hauled him on board and brought him back to the cockpit, and after a change into warm clothes he was none the worse for his experience.

My routine is, that in darkness, or when reefed, harness and lifejackets are worn. A crewman can clip on to the deck lifelines before leaving the cockpit - but no matter how you anticipate, the old adage "one hand for the ship and one for yourself" is the best insurance.

We sailed on through the night with rain squalls obscuring the visibility, picking up the Radio Beam of the Tuskar Rock. I decided to shelter in Rosslare as the crew had not eaten much for 24 hours, and we had been on watches, four hours on, four hours off, in rough conditions for two days. At 3 a.m. we saw the first lights of the Irish coast which confirmed our position, and by 7 a.m. we were moored alongside the pier at Rosslare ready for a hearty breakfast. The last 24 hours was our best day's run of 135 miles. The catamaran that we were alongside had registered over 40 knots wind speed on its anemometer on the same passage - so we had had our first gale of the trip.

Customs were a formality in Ireland, so we soon headed off to Wexford to find a laundrette, a bath and a good meal, not to mention a few jars of Guinness. The first pub we passed (The Fisherman's Basket) had a notice outside "open 'til closing time" - it could only happen in Ireland.

On Tuesday 20th having had a day's rest and fed well on huge steaks (every second shop in Wexford was a butcher's shop), we headed North for Dublin. The forecast was NW 5-6 but we had never more than force 4. Leaving at 10-30 to take the tide North we were becalmed six hours later and had to motor as the tide turned against us, but by 2300 the wind had picked up again so we sailed the last 10 miles to Dun Laoghaire and picked up a mooring off the Royal St George Yacht Club.

On the trip up the coast Robin had commented that all the flags in Ireland were flying the wrong way - our courtesy flag was orange at the hoist and all theirs were green. Quickly looking up the book of flags I discovered that we were flying the flag of the Ivory Coast!

On the night passage to Dublin we could not understand why we could not see the Codling Light Vessel. All the other lights were spotted, even the Skerries Lighthouse on the Welsh coast (which we had passed within 100 yards and not seen on our trip South). However in the morning we saw the Lightship - in Dun Laoghaire harbour.

The Royal St George boatman welcomed us and after breakfast he ferried us ashore. Robin headed off to Howth where his relations were staying, and brought back with him his brother-in-law, Leo, who hails from Saskatchewan and who was going to sail with us.

We had a very pleasant but expensive meal (Dublin is as bad as France) and did not return to the Yacht Club until midnight - "borrowed" a dinghy which we left on our mooring, and to the strains of the Mingulay Boat song headed off for Isle of Man in a NW force 3. A pleasant sail all night under main and genoa, but in the morning the reacher was set, and the spinnaker for the last 20 miles.

You are always caught out when you are showing off. At 1500 hours we were approaching Port Erin with only myself, Leo (who reckons that the sea is 2000 miles in one direction and 1500 in the other from his home in Canada) and young Brian. I decided not to waken the off watch, but carefully went over the routine for dropping the spinnaker. Then with Port Erin on our lee and closing fast I hoisted the reacher and Brian eased the guy until I could unclip the tack of the spinney. Going to the halliard with Brian in the hatchway to gather the sail, and Leo at the helm steering straight for the rocky coast, I eased the



halliard - nothing happened - the spinnaker had jammed! Easing it again and gently tugging at the sail had no effect - it had jammed at the mast head. Shouting to Brian to waken the others I shot up the mast in about 10 seconds. Leo felt very lonely, the only one on deck, roaring towards a lee shore with main, reacher and spinnaker, and the skipper at the top of the mast - the prairies were never like this. All ended happily, the splice had jammed in the block, and when I cleared it the spinnaker was lowered and we sailed into Port Erin and anchored off the jetty.

A pleasant afternoon ashore - walked over to Port St Mary's where there is a very attractive harbour and an active Yacht Club.

Next morning we set off in a NW 3-4 on the last leg home. It was a long beat most of the 130 miles - at one point when romping off waves, heeled to 30°, the front of the starboard locker (which I had temporarily attached in the Spring) plus 80 books came crashing down on Leo asleep on the bunk below. He was unhurt but has had a trip that he will never forget.

At breakfast time next morning we were reaching past Arran - and just after 1400 arrived back in Inverkip Marina, where we broached a bottle of Glenmorange (duty free).

In the four week holiday we had fulfilled all our aims. My family had enjoyed the sunshine and sands of the Channel Islands and France with the minimum of sailing, and I had made good long passages, really the kind of sailing that a Rival was designed for. As for changes for next year - perhaps twin forestays and a self-steering gear that is effective in rough conditions - and our plans for next year - perhaps the Clyde Cruising Club Brittany Race now that we know the way.

## Colchester Divisional Scout Sail Training, 1976

by Ken Wright

There has now been a full season's sailing with the Rival 34, amounting to 130 days at sea. 245 Scouts have been carried on cruises lasting from two to fourteen days. The shorter cruises took place along the East Coast, with longer ones to Holland, the Channel Isles and the Brittany coast. With long periods of settled weather and light winds we had few problems in keeping to our strict schedule of crew changeovers.

"Mersea Rival" has again proved her worth as a training vessel for youngsters, being easily handled but giving them a fast exciting sail, holding her own with most boats. She has enabled a number of our Mates from "Ramrod", our larger vessel, to become Skippers and a number of others to become Mates.

We have recently started running training courses for RYA Yachtmaster Practical, using "Mersea Rival", and find she is an ideal boat for this purpose, giving prospective Skippers confidence very quickly.

She has stood up to the wear and tear of a full season, with many different people using her, very well, and will not give us too much work this winter on maintenance.

## In the English Channel in SERENADE of HAMBLE

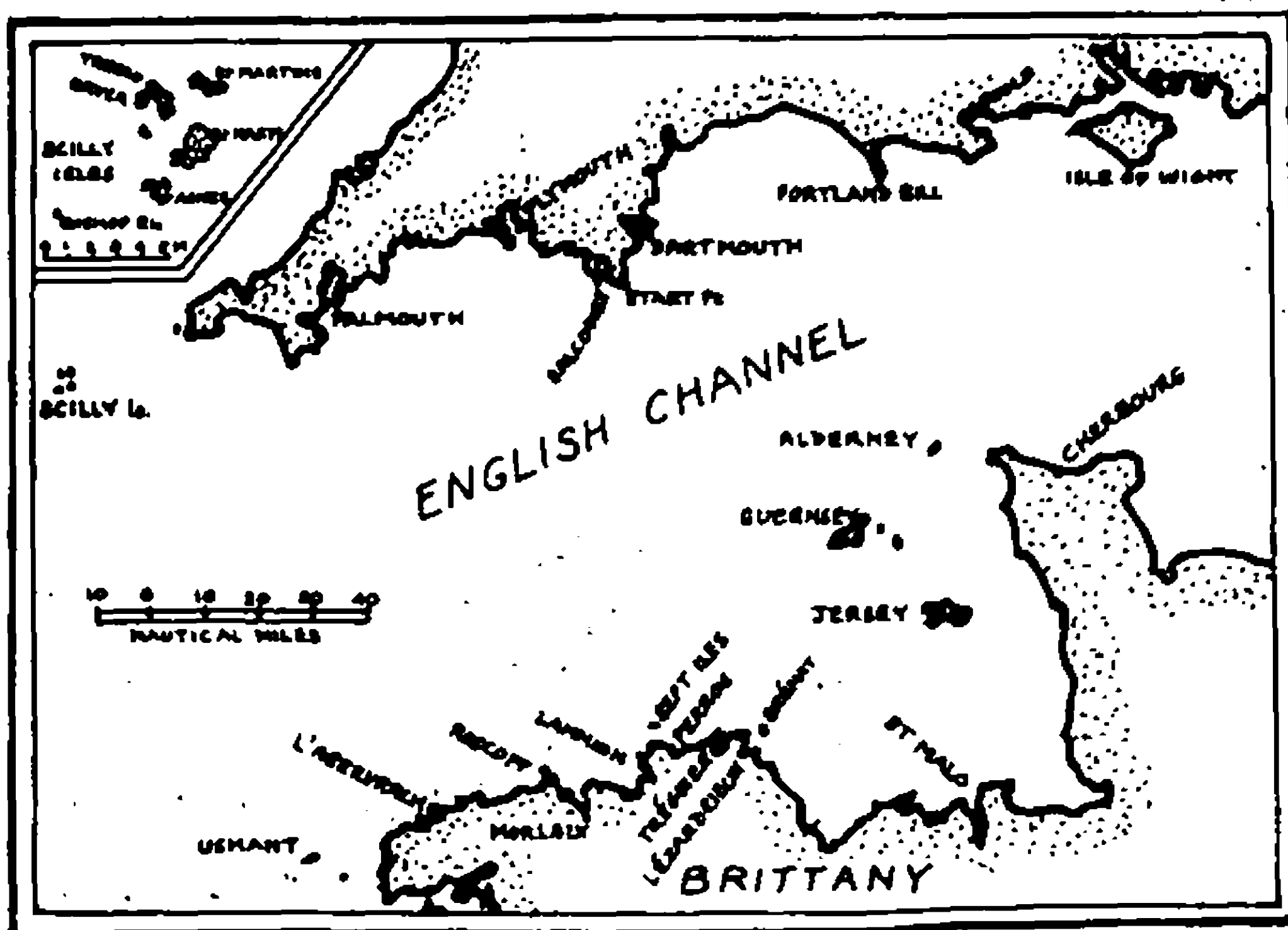
by Peter Bardon

The old folk started the season with a sail from London to Hamble via Calais and Boulogne. After a short break, and with Jas, our elder son on board, shooting some terrible lines about life in the North Atlantic, as he had been sailing in the British Isles Race in 'Nemesis', we went down to Cherbourg, the Channel Islands and thence to Plymouth via Dartmouth. There Jas disembarked, my wife Dorothy joined and the two of us sailed back across the Channel to Roscoff and thence to Lannion, Perros, Brehat (more of that later!), Guernsey, Alderney and then home. Since then we have made one more trip across the Channel to Cherbourg and back, ostensibly as part of a Club race, but as we were the only participants I suppose we were the winners.

Picking out some of the highlights of the eight Channel crossings; the first was off Start Point at midnight after a fairly slow and uncomfortable crossing from St Peter Port. With our distance run, it did not seem unreasonable to me that we should sight the Start Point light, particularly as the RDF indicated strongly that it was on the starboard bow. There did not seem to be any problem with the visibility where we were and the stars were out above. Gradually the penny dropped that the land was completely blotted out by rain (would you believe?) and as we closed Prawle Point hoping to see the Salcombe leading lights, the rain began to fall on us and at the same time, we were enveloped in thick fog. There was no wind but the forecast was for a southerly force 7 and we were not ideally placed should it arrive: (it didn't). We motored up and down the coast for a bit with our minds in neutral and then decided to try for Dartmouth. We edged our way round where we thought Start Point should be, having seen the light earlier for a brief period before the fog arrived. It did make one more brief appearance, much too high up for comfort. We soon lost it again and drifted off into the damp and mist of Start Bay. Working frantically all night on some shaky estimated positions, we dodged about the Bay until dawn. The Autohelm took all the pain out of the steering and buzzed away happily down aft for hours. Come daylight, we set off with determination but little confidence for where we thought the Dartmouth entrance would be, when suddenly the weather cleared and there was the entrance dead ahead. I can only conclude that all the errors had cancelled themselves out.

As it was Jas's birthday, we celebrated expensively but well ashore and the next day in brilliant sunshine, we had a cracking sail down to Plymouth and secured in Sutton Harbour. There we had a curious interlude with the Customs, four of whose officers leapt out of the woodwork from nowhere as we were shipping sundry bottles of wine ashore. All sorts of insinuations were made, and despite our protestations that all had been properly declared at Dartmouth, three of them were ordered by their boss to: 'Do the Serenade', which they promptly did and with much apparent relish. They found nothing because there was nothing to find except a half-used bottle of rum, and they were only doing their duty. However there are more ways than one of killing the cat and one felt that they could have chosen a more pleasant way.

We made the trip to Roscoff the next day, leaving at first light. We could not have done worse because had we



waited a day we would have had a fair wind and fine weather. As it was, we spent all day and most of the night close-hauled into a lumpy sea with four rolls in the main only just laying the course against a damp and misty WSW 5. The Autohelm did all the work so it was just a question of sitting there and waiting upon events. At 1755 hours and with 40 miles still to go, the forecast was for extensive fog banks and what with not knowing the coast ahead and with only an uncorrected chart bearing the legend '11 shillings', the future seemed chilly and uncertain. However with the aid of Reed's, the CA Handbook and the Admiralty List of Lights, the chart was brought rapidly up to date, particularly with regard to the new harbour at Roscoff where was promised a good leading light. When we closed the coast, we found ourselves about 3 a.m. down wind and down tide of the place and we spent a tedious couple of hours regaining track. Happily the fog did not materialise (though it did further east) and despite the drizzle we could see the new Roscoff light winking away in a reassuring manner. After following it in for what seemed like eternity, we anchored inside the new ferry terminal breakwater just before dawn, some 21 hours out of Plymouth. We liked Roscoff, which is a friendly town in a beautiful setting. There were relatively few other boats about and the two days we spent there were very relaxing. The only problem with the new harbour is that getting ashore from the dinghy is a scramble over the rocks and also, if the wind has any East in it, a swell comes in the harbour causing the boat to roll and roll and roll ...

Our next stop was Le Yaudet in the Lannion River and we were the only manned yacht there. It was unbelievably quiet and still. Going eastward from there requires one to leave at or near LW and there is not much depth in the entrance. In fact at springs it dries. The channel is to be found hard up against the rocks on the south side. The best thing to do is to follow the dredger, which is what we did.

A little further along the coast to the east is Perros, due south of Les Sept Isles, and a very pleasant spot it is too. There is a small uncrowded marina there set behind what must be the longest sill in the business. Access is through an alarmingly narrow gate, which shut promptly at HW and in fact we only just made it. At neaps, I suspect that it does not open at all as is the case at Binic further east towards St Brieuc.

The next leg to Bréhat was traumatic as we hit a rock at the top of the Moisie Channel in the Lézardrieux Approaches. At the time we were just left of the line in 13 metres of water moving at about 2 knots with the wind dead aft, when suddenly there was a dreadful crunching crash. The boat lurched and fell off to starboard. I looked over the port quarter and could see an isolated head of rock about 3 feet below the surface. (Yes, it was marked on the chart!) What was more discouraging was the sight of GRP fragments drifting lazily down through the clear water. Dorothy checked below and found that we were not making water, so it was obviously only the keel that had been damaged. The day was quite ruined and it took a glass or two of medicinal rum to restore one's equanimity. Somewhat disconsolately we carried on to Bréhat, only to find when we got there that our usual anchorage in the La Chambre was packed full of local boats. We anchored off in the next bay and I was soon over the side to check the damage. However, without goggles I couldn't see much, but I could see and feel enough to know that we had taken three chunks out of the leading edge of the keel. There was nothing we could do about it at Bréhat, so we decided that the best thing was to get up to St Peter Port as soon as we could and put the boat on the grid.

After a slow trip the next day against a light northerly, we arrived at St Peter Port to find it bursting at the seams with boats and we had to wait a day to get onto the grid. Despite every effort to position her just right, the boat missed at the last moment and finished up unsupported at the front end of the keel. As the water fell she started to nose dive and it was only by frantically transferring all the chain back to the cockpit that we got her onto an even keel.

The damage was not as bad as we had first feared when we came to examine it closely and consisted of three two inch diameter gouges out of the left hand



side of the leading edge of the keel, each to a depth of about  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch. There were no signs of cracking anywhere else on the hull, nor incidentally was there any slack in the rigging or cracking around the chain plates. I had planned on doing a temporary repair just to get us home, but in the event I had time to do more than that. I first cut back each gouge with a sharp chisel to clean dry GRP and notched it. I then washed out the area with acetone and slapped in plastic padding, building it up in layers. When it hardened, I surformed it down, applied a layer of gel coat and gave that a good rub down with wet and dry. A couple of coats of anti-fouling and the job was done. How well it was done, we will not know until we haul out at the end of the season.

Our morale thus much restored, we headed off the next day to Alderney, motoring most of the way in a flat calm. However a sluicing spring tide swept us into the Swinge in great style and we were just coming abeam of Burhou when we noticed a small French yacht to northward of us, being carried down onto the rocks to the west of the island. They were not succeeding in clawing their way out partly because they were continuing to point the boat towards Braye instead of getting out across the tide. When they saw us they started shouting and waving, so with little choice but many misgivings, we went towards them. It was clear that we had to pick up their line without delay and then motor hard if we were not to finish up on the rocks ourselves. Anyway it all went well, and we restored them to the middle of the Swinge, though with not a lot of room to spare.

Alderney was at its best and we had a delightful walk around the west end of the Island and viewed the gannets on Les Étacs. The next day we had the best sail of all; Alderney to the Needles in 9 hours and 40 minutes. It was a close reach all the way with the wind just north of west, starting off at force 3 and later increasing to 5 when the tide turned. Of course we arrived at the Needles earlier than planned and had to push up to Yarmouth against a spring ebb.

And that was the end of yet another enjoyable cruise in 'Serenade', which in the four years we have owned her has taken us practically everywhere on the French coast between Calais and Belle Isle and on the English side between London and Falmouth. If I can keep clear of the rocks in future, we look forward to many more thousands of miles of cruising in her. All being well, that is.

## HENRY MORGAN to Brittany

by David Watts

The following is an extract from a letter:

" After leaving our home port of Barry we visited Camaret, Tréboul, Audierne, Ile Tudy, Benodet, Baie de la Forêt, Concarneau, Iles de Glenan and returned via Brest, L'Aberwrach, Scilly Isles and St Ives. The weather was magnificent, the boat did not give us a moment's trouble and both crossings of the Channel were fast; Southwards before a rising N-ly which settled at Force 6, with exhilarating surfing and the log indicator hard against the stop at 10 knots; Northwards from L'Aberwrach towards St Mary's on a close starboard fetch with the miles passing under the keel at a steady 6 knots with monotonous regularity for the whole of the passage.

Everyone enjoyed themselves immensely, a whole lot of new friends were made, both French and British, and if I could put my mind to it I think I could write a book on our experiences. The cruise was without doubt the most successful and pleasurable undertaken to date."

## Lymington to Skye and back in FUBBS (Rival 41)

by Gabriel Clay

(Chart of W. Coast of Scotland inside front cover)

We started from Lymington on 19th June and had to put into Castle Cove Portland Harbour due to SW 6 - 8 that night. But from there to Crinan there was very light wind and a lot of fog. The trip from Helford to Dunlaoghaire necessitated 174 miles under power but we finished with a nasty beat through a gap in the Irish Bank, South of Kish No. 5 buoy which we were very grateful to find. It was probably less of a hazard going in south of the Kish Bank rather than up round the Kish light float which is on the Irish Mail steamship route. We made Crinan in under a week.

There followed three weeks cruising in the Western Isles in light and at times foggy weather. We went round N tip of Skye without seeing the island. The main steering compass developed severe stiction and had to be replaced by a spare. The pivot and jewel were found to be badly damaged but it is not at all clear how this could have happened. We blew out the clew of the ghoster in a sudden squall in Loch Nevis, this was repaired with the sewing machine we had on board, by Jane Brett and the skipper. We blew it out again doing just the same thing, off Portland!

We had a tough ending to the passage from Stranraer to Dunlaoghaire on our way home. When off Drogheda the wind increased to S.7 and we had a hard beat for 30 miles to get in. The visibility was poor and we kept seeing the Rockabill Lighthouse which made us think that the tide never flows S in this area. 'Fubbs' was sailing very well, even if it was a bumpy ride, with working jib and 10 rolls in the main.

We had to motor from Dunlaoghaire to the Tuskar light off SE corner of Ireland but from there we had a fine fair wind NW 4 - 5 to Lands End, 111 miles in 18 hours with main and boomed out genoa without course or sail adjustment. The fair wind helped us round into Falmouth, Yealm River and home to Lymington. Stranraer to Lymington with three nights at anchor took under a week.

'Fubbs' made  $5\frac{1}{2}$  - 6 knots when on passage in the light conditions of this summer but this necessitated a great deal of help from the engine (35% of the distance). We were exceptionally lucky in having a fair wind down the Irish Sea. I had anticipated that this would be a long hard beat but 1976 season was exceptional in wind strength and direction as well as sunshine.

		Hours under way	Distance	Engine miles	Average speed
19-21 June	Lymington-Helford via Portland	$32\frac{1}{4}$	150	73	4.6
22-23	Helford-Dunlaoghaire	$42\frac{1}{4}$	240	174	5.7
25-26	Dunlaoghaire-Crinan	32	180	72	5.2
27 June- 17 July	Cruising in Western Isles including Ulva Sound, Tobermory, Oban, Ardgour, Canna, N. end of Skye, Tobaig, Mallaig, L. Scavaig, Crinan Canal, Lamlash	$144\frac{1}{4}$	542	164	3.9
17 July	Stranraer-Dunlaoghaire	$31\frac{1}{2}$	114	16	5.6
19 July	Dunlaoghaire-Falmouth	$41\frac{1}{2}$	236	66	5.7
22-23	Helford-Yealm-Lymington	$30\frac{3}{4}$	151		3.5
37 days	Av. distance 43.5 m.p.d.	354.5	1613	565 (35%)	4.55

## Nieuwpoort-London-Lowestoft-Ijmuiden - Nieuwpoort

by Guido Leye

(The chart on p.34 is relevant in part)

In spite of warnings by a local expert about England's dangerous East Coast, this part of England was chosen as our travelling goal. The warnings concerned drift-wood on the Thames, dangerous sand-banks and much more. New on our boat was a No.2 genoa, what the French define as a "intermédiaire". This intermédiaire is a splendid acquisition. No more foresail changes between, let us say, three and six Beaufort and a gain of some degrees to windward, in a fresh breeze.

On Wednesday 30 June we left Nieuwpoort and with a vigorous north-east wind we steered straight for Ramsgate. 'We' means: my wife, my three children and myself. After a day's rest we sailed on a smooth sea from Ramsgate to Queenborough where we moored at a buoy for one night, then "steamed" to London in a leaden heat with St Katherine Yachthaven as our goal. We spent a week in London in such a tropical heat running from Piccadilly Circus, over Madame Tussaud's, Westminster Abbey, 10 Downing Street, to Greenwich with the Cutty Sark and Gipsy Moth IV. But that restlessness comes back, so we sailed again back down the Thames, with Queenborough as our resting place to the river Crouch. Burnham-on-Crouch is fine, quiet, no tourists and typically English.

With a boat you always want to go farther, so we sailed again to Harwich, river Orwell, river Deben to Woodbridge and finally Lowestoft. For a fortnight we enjoyed the sun, the landscape: a very "dolce far niente". In Lowestoft we wanted to cross the briny towards Holland, Den Helder. After several days there was a favourable weather forecast: NNW 4-5 Beaufort, so let's go. It became a 5 Beaufort and with No.2 genoa and a reef in the mainsail, we "splitted" the sea at 1700. And there you are, alone from 2100 to 0800. Your wife and children are sleeping. After all it was you who wanted to sail. You wonder: what am I doing here, why not lying in a berth, why not being in a well protected harbour? When finally after 24 hours sailing and with some navigation mistakes caused by a little seasickness and fatigue, you arrive in ... Ijmuiden, you humbly think of your seamanship by comparison. But 145 miles in 23 h30 is after all your consolation prize. After a few days breathing-spell via Scheveningen, Hellevoetsluis, Volkeraksluis, Oosterschelde en Veerse Meer back to Nieuwpoort, 700 miles had been covered and month spent.

After three seasons and 3500 miles sailing with 'Houtekiet' time has come for some conclusions.

The Aries steering gear fitted on 'Houtekiet' is indispensable for long trips. Just like having an assistant on board, doing his job indefatigably for 24 hours a day without mistakes. A Rival is really as her designer describes: a "Deep Sea cruiser" that takes you from A to B in all circumstances and in all safety. A spray-hood is needed too, because on account of the low superstructure you often get soaking wet.

One con-remark: The bow regularly sinks in a trough with a blow that hurts you, especially when beating in a vigorous breeze, particularly with an east wind (short broken sea). In the long run this might cause material damage. My dear friends, Rival owners, have you the same experience? Is there a solution to this problem? I think maybe some weightspreading so that more weight comes in front of the mast. It would be a great pleasure to me to get some reaction to my problem.

Next year it will be Ireland and in 1978 the Azores .. being alive and in good health.

Designer's note: The degree to which any boat slams depends on the extent to which she is driven hard. The optimum angle of heel of a Rival, when closehauled, is about 20° for best performance; so it is always wise to adjust one's sails so that the angle is not much more than this. I recommend that as much moveable weight as possible should be concentrated amidships; the less it is spread out the better. No Rival has ever suffered structural damage from the sea.



## PICAROON to the West Country

by Lucinda Mann (aged 12 years)

The crew for our cruise on 'Picaroon' was Mummy, Daddy, Sarah (14), Jenny (8) and myself. We towed our Mirror dinghy behind us. !

Saturday 24 July My birthday. We left Lymington and sailed direct to Weymouth with birthday cake on the way. We went to the beach and after supper we went outside the harbour and had a rolley night.

25 July We set off round Portland Bill. The wind was very light and we sunbathed. We saw lots of fishermen picking up lobster pots. We arrived at Dartmouth at 7.40 and picked up a R.N. College buoy. Sarah, Jenny and I went rowing. We were glad to have travelled so far so quickly.

26th July We went to Elender Bay, my favourite place and I swam all day. It has some nice sand and lots of rocks to dive off. You could see all the fishes swimming on the bottom. In the evening we went to Salcombe.

27th July We went to see some friends at Hope Cove. I don't like it there because the beach is all sea-weedy. We went to Burgh Island. At low tide you can walk to it from the mainland but at high tide you have to use a car on stilts to take you across. We spent the night in the River Yealm alongside another Rival.

28th July We went to Silversands Bay, where I dived off the rocks, and we had a barbecue, and went back into the River Yealm for the night.

29th July We sailed to Fowey and had some baths.

30th July We filled up with water and sailed on to Helford River. We looked around the village and came back to the boat and had a Cornish cream tea.

31st July We sailed far up the river in the Mirror. We had lunch with friends nearby and we all had evening drinks on board.

1st August We sailed to St Mawes and visited the castle. A big motor boat gave us some prawns and Jenny had too many and was sick later.

2nd August We went to the Mayflower Marina in Plymouth and played around in the yards.

3rd August We went to the Hoe and the Mayflower Steps. Visited friends for supper.

4th August We went for a sail up the Tamar with our friends, then on to Newton Ferrers. We went alongside an American boat called 'Blue Angel'. They had a porthole in the bottom of their boat for watching fishes.

5th August On the way to Salcombe we stopped in a bay called Pigs Nose Cove. It is really lovely. When we got into the harbour we went alongside some friends and they had supper with us.

6th August We went to Elender Bay again. I went for my first solo sail in the Mirror and nearly crashed into the rocks. Returned to Salcombe for the night.

7th August We went to Mattiscombe Bay for breakfast. When we got to Dittisham we went ashore and Sarah and I camped in our tent for the night.

8th August Stayed at Dittisham. Mirror sailing in the morning. Crab catching in the afternoon.

9th August We set off for Weymouth and had a very hot long day's sail.

10th August We had some showers at the R.D.Y.C. Then we went to Durdle Door where I swam to the shore and back. Spent the night at Castle Cove in Portland Harbour.

11th August In the morning we went to Lulworth Cove for the day. We swam and had sweets and ice creams. We went to Swanage for fish and chips and spent the night at Studland.

12th August We had a barbecue on Studland beach. Then we sailed to Shipsall Point in Poole Harbour nearly going aground.

13th August Went to Shell Bay and met friends. Goathorn Point for the night.

14th August Set off early for Keyhaven. Sailing and swimming.

15th August Returned to Lymington Marina. It had been a very exciting and enjoyable holiday.

## MATADOR - Rival 41 - in 1976

by Paddy Barker

Like most we have had mainly light airs or practically no wind for the majority of our passages, except for an early trip to L'Abervrach. We left on Friday afternoon and sailed until late evening, then we mainly motored to L'Abervrach and after spending a day there found we had a 6-7 NW. We left soon after breakfast on Monday, well reefed down and with storm jib set. Outside the Estuary we shut off the engine and tried to put the brake on the prop. shaft but found the cable had been chewed up so had to keep the engine running to feed oil to the gear box. The trip was a little uncomfortable for a few miles until we were able to ease off from beating, and then proved very enjoyable, arriving in Roscoff late afternoon. We anchored in Port de Bloscon by the new Car Ferry Terminal and found it very sheltered.

The next day we managed to purchase some brake fluid, enjoy a good lunch, find a few bottles of Muscadet for stores and repair the broken cable. On Wednesday we were off to Tréguier with only the big Genoa and still a force 6-7. We had an uneventful trip and took the inside passage by Les Sept Isles. We passed many small fishing boats en route and admired the dedication they give to earning their living in these conditions. We were guided by Adlard Coles book to our anchorage up the river, but we could not find the leading marks either entering or leaving. Has anyone else had this problem?

On Friday we left for St Peter Port in a 3-4 Wly and motored the last few miles when the wind dropped. Saturday we left at 6.00 a.m. in light airs and had freshening wind during the morning from SW. the big Genoa and Main being goose-winged from Cape de la Hague. Half-way across the Channel the wind had increased considerably so we dropped the Genoa and still managed 7 knots on main alone. We arrived at the Needles one hour before the L.W. Springs and had an adventurous sail across the Bridge, wind against tide. We sailed in without using the engine and called in at Lymington for Customs, then on to Hamble next day.

Our trip from Poole, later in the year, was very interesting, to say the least, as official visibility in a dense fog was 20 yards. We left Poole Quay at 8.30 a.m., rather against our plans, but, the boats inside wanted to go, so we decided to carry on. We had great difficulty in finding the Channel where it turns East from the Quay but eventually found the poles after being swept around by the flooding tide. We then went from Buoy to Buoy on compass courses and got outside the harbour, keeping on the western side of the channel, only to be nearly run down by a large launch ploughing along, presumably on radar, at about 10-12 knots in the opposite direction. We found the Poole Bar Buoy and decided to sail in the 2-3 Ely wind across the bay on a N.E. course. It was quite uncanny hearing the voices on the fishing boats long before we saw them. Whilst sailing the wind veered and we gradually came round to a SSEly direction until about mid-day when it dropped altogether.

By then we were over half-way across and heard the Needles foghorn. We set a S.E. course so as to clear the Shingles and then homed to the Needles foghorn, until the depth sounder indicated it was time to set course up the Needles Channel. A little later we heard a ship coming out and used our horn to give our position, we had a friendly wave from the bridge, which we saw in the gloom, as we passed about 100 yards apart. We then navigated by depth sounder, having not seen anything since the Poole Bar Buoy, and eventually saw Sconce Buoy. 200 yards east we ran out of the fog into perfect sunshine. During the whole trip we maintained at least one person and sometimes two on watch at the bows.

It was a pleasure to have a quiet engine which enabled us to hear other boats, also to have the Auto-pilot to maintain a very accurate course as it is very difficult to concentrate on a compass in these conditions.

## A few suggestions

by Graham Mann

### Forehatch chocks

When it is raining one often wants some fresh air through the forehatch. Using the normal "arms" a rather large gap is made which allows the weather to enter the forward cabin. If you cut two blocks of wood ( $\frac{3}{4}$ " x  $3\frac{1}{2}$ " x  $4\frac{1}{2}$ ") and place them near the two after corners in the gap into which the hatch fits, the hatch can be lowered onto these chocks and some ventilation obtained.

### Cable "Scotchman"

When anchored at night with chain in the bow fairlead, the "creaking" can keep one awake, particularly if the boat is yawing hard. Two ideas may help. The first is to use a one-foot length of 1" diameter plastic hose (slit down one side and with some line to tie it to the chain) and place it around the chain in the fairlead. The second is to use a two or three metre length of rope (say, 12 mm.) to take the strain. Put a rolling hitch around the chain about 6" out from the fairlead, take the strain allowing the chain about 1" of slack, and secure the rope to the spare cleat.

### Main Entrance Cover

If moored and the wind is from astern, rain will enter the cabin unless one puts in the entrance boards and closes the sliding hatch. Access to or exit from the cabin is then inconvenient. If one replaces, on these occasions, the entrance boards by a flap of Terylene sailcloth (say, 8 oz.) little problem arises. This flap can be secured at the top corners by shock cord loops and nylon clips to the small handrails and at the bottom by shock cord and two large stainless steel split-pins through the holes in the securing screws on the slides of the mainsheet traveller. To pass through the entrance one merely withdraws the split pins and lifts up the flap.

### Cockpit Locker Lid Retainers

If the boat is heeling and one wishes to get something out of the windward locker in the cockpit, one hand must normally be kept occupied in holding the lid open. However, if one fits a loop of shock cord to the underside of the hinged lid of the locker, this can be hooked over something suitably placed (the eye for the tiller retaining lines) and the lid thus held open, leaving both hands free.

### Topping Lift

Those of us who have a topping lift that needs to be detached from the boom end once the mainsail is hoisted (to prevent chafe) need a convenient method of securing it to somewhere abeam of the mast. A short length of shock cord fixed near the end of the topping lift with a nylon clip at the other end enables one to hook it securely to one of the guardrails well clear of the sails.

### Spinnaker Gear and Handling Methods

Gybing and handing the spinnaker when short of crew (as one so often tends to be) always presents a problem if there is any wind. By fitting two recovery lines and using the "dipping pole" method of gybing, life can be helped enormously.

The lines need to be of 10 mm. rope about 5 or 6 metres long, one end having a nylon hard eye through which the spinnaker sheet/guy will easily pass. It is also necessary to have a light line from the outboard end plunger-fitting on the spinnaker boom to the inboard end.

When rigging the spinnaker gear prior to hoisting, the sheet and guy are fed through the hard eyes and the other ends of the recovery lines are secured, on their respective sides, to the eye on the pulpit just forward of the lower guardrail. The guy is allowed to run freely through the spinnaker boom end-



fitting (i.e. the corner of the sail is never secured to the fitting).

The routine for gybing is then as follows:

- (a) Bear away until wind is nearly astern.
- (b) Slide spinnaker boom up mast track as far as possible.
- (c) Ease off spinnaker boom topping line sufficiently so that boom end will be able to pass under forestay (the rope can be previously marked).
- (d) Release guy from boom by pulling outboard plunger - boom will then drop clear.
- (e) Go forward of forestay, face aft, pulling boom end forward and dip under forestay.
- (f) Use recovery line to pull corner of sail to you so that new guy can be put in spinnaker boom end fitting.
- (g) Retrim everything.

Note that the foreguy (or boom downhaul) is not touched until the final retrim of the spinnaker. This is because it leads through a snatch-block to the underside of the spinnaker boom where it remains all the time the spinnaker is rigged. The snatch-block is secured to soft eyes that are spliced at each end of a 10 mm. rope about 4 m. long. The rope is centred with a clove hitch round the samsonpost and the ends led up through the mooring cleats on the foredeck so that the guard rails are not fouled.

Needless to say much of the success of all this will depend on good sheet trimming and careful steering but it has been found satisfactory with a crew of only two in winds of at least force 4.

When handing the spinnaker, even when fairly shy, the recovery line enables one to get hold of the vital "sheet" corner of the sail before easing out the guy.

A final benefit is that the recovery lines can prevent chaos when the sheet gets above the main boom when reaching.

An alternative is, of course, to have double sheets and guys but this involves additional gear and expense.

## Which Draught ?

by Peter Brett

In 1973 and again in 1974 two Rival 34s cruised in company, one with 4' 8" and the other with 5' 10" draught. John Lummis wrote accounts of the two cruises in the Rival Round-ups and concluded that the difference in performance was small; the boat with deeper draught being slightly better to windward, when well sailed, and the other slightly faster off the wind.

Does this also apply to ocean passage-making?

"Wild Rival", the O S T A R winner, has 5' 10" draught so naturally people have asked how much this may have contributed to her success. Geoff Hales, who sailed her, thinks that it made no overall difference. At times when the boat was hard on the wind there was undoubtedly some advantage in the deeper draught, but for much of the race the winds were quite light and the boat was not really close-hauled; a '34' with the shallower draught would then have gone faster.

What about safety? There is ample evidence from O S T A R that a yacht on an ocean passage must be prepared to face the possibility of a 'knock-down'. This happens when the upper part of the boat is carried side-ways by a large mass of broken water, while the keel is still sticking down into solid water that is not moving horizontally. The deeper the keel the larger the overturning moment.

People who sail - rather than race - across oceans choose routes which give them fair winds most of the time. For them 4' 8" draught is better.

## ALCYONE to the West Country

by Lucy Millar (aged 14)

At 11.30 a.m. on Saturday 24th July, the Millar family felt that their summer holiday had really begun, as we cast off our mooring at Bursledon. We were to be travelling with two families - the Mathers on 'Artemis of Meon', a Bowman 36, and the Atwells on 'Louisa of Lymington', a Freeward 25. My family consisted of Ma, Pa, James (12), Emma (10), Annie (8) and myself (just 14). We were sailing 'Alcyone', our Rival 34. Altogether there were nine children between the three boats. We sailed first, with 'Louisa' to Lymington where we joined the Mathers and left next day for Weymouth. At 16.00 we moored alongside Weymouth Quay, having had to motor most of the way as there was no wind.

The weather forecast the next day was NE  $3/4$  so we left at 09.30 and anchored off Kingswear at 18.30 having motored all the way from Portland Bill as the wind died at about 10.00.

After some shopping the next day we motored up the river to the little village of Dittisham. That evening we had a very nice meal out at a little restaurant by the shore. They made up a long table in their garden for all fifteen of us to eat outside.

The following day (forecast NE  $3/4$  as usual!) we all decided to go to Newton Ferrers on the River Yealm. At 16.10 we moored fore and aft between visitors' buoys, all three boats abreast. That afternoon Caroline, Sarah and I went fishing but caught nothing.

On 29th July we left Newton Ferrers at 10.45 for Mevagissey, having swapped James for Sarah Mather very readily. When we arrived we were amazed at how small the harbour really was. It was difficult to find a free place with enough depth to anchor. Finally we put our anchor near 'Artemis's' and fell back and tied up alongside. We also put out kedges to stop us swinging so much. The water was marvellously clear and that evening some of us had our first swim.

The following day we all decided to remain at Mevagissey. In the afternoon and evening all the children went on mackerel fishing trips and we ate the mackerel for supper.

On 31st July we left Mevagissey at 11.45 bound for Helford River. That day was the first proper sail we'd had all holiday. Pa called it a "nice sailing breeze" (we had our working jib up, seven rolls in the main, and we were still heeling quite a lot!). We picked up a buoy close to Porth Navas Creek at 15.30. The next day we went to have showers at the Sailing Club in the morning and on returning called at the Atwells' boat, to find that Caroline had tonsillitis. At lunchtime the Mathers and we had lunch at the Ferryboat Inn at Helford Passage and then went on the beach. Sarah and I visited Caroline and played cards with her. The day after this we were still in Helford and our family went for a walk to Frenchman's Creek. The others hired two Wayfarers and spent the afternoon sailing them.

On 3rd August we left Helford at 09.25. Our first stop was Falmouth, where we moored alongside the wall at the R.C.Y.C. for water. Then we went over to Flushing for diesel (which is only possible near high water). After this we went back to the R.C.Y.C. and picked up a buoy, while we went ashore for showers, lunch and shopping. Then we left to go up to Restronguet Creek. That evening we all went to the Pandora Inn, a very pretty pub just up the creek but the landing was terribly muddy at low tide.

The following day we went to St Mawes, stopping at St Just for lunch. At St Mawes we picked up a buoy in Porthcuel Creek. In the morning we left at 10.40 for Fowey. We motored all the way through the usual flat calm and arrived at 14.30, before the others, because the Mathers stopped off for lunch somewhere and the Atwells trailed a mackerel line. That night we went ashore for a meal at the Toll Bar.

On 6th August we set off at 07.45 for Salcombe. To begin with, we had our working jib up and the main with four reefs in, but soon we shook out the reefs and then changed the foresail, and by 10.30 the wind had gone completely and we were motoring again. At 15.00 we reached Salcombe and the Harbour Master found us a mooring in the Bag where 'Louisa' could lie alongside us. For the next three days we all went on 'Louisa' and anchored off the beach so that (1) we wouldn't lose our buoy, and (2) we could get further into the beach as 'Louisa' didn't draw so much water as we did. We went swimming and shrimping and after 'Artemis' arrived we played cricket. On the last evening we all had supper at Dusters.

On the 10th we decided to leave Salcombe for Dartmouth, so we all went to the beach on our own boats. We set sail at 16.50 and moored at Dittisham at 20.00.

The next day Pa got up very early and after listening to the 06.30 forecast, he decided we would cross Lyme Bay that day. We left Dittisham at 07.55. It was a flat calm (again) and we motored all across Lyme Bay, in company with four other boats, one of them a Rival. We did one hour watches at the tiller, and when we had all done two watches Portland Bill had been sighted. We motored along, following the shore very closely. We rounded the Bill well inside the Race and finally moored in Weymouth at 19.10.

The following day was spent in Weymouth. On the 13th we left at 06.20 bound for Yarmouth. Again, we took watches, but we didn't even have two each, only Pa and I did. We moored in Yarmouth at 12.30.

The next morning we left Yarmouth at 10.30 to return to the Hamble. It was fairly windy and we had a good sail. At 13.10 we were at the entrance to the river, and at 13.40 we were tied up on our piles. In all our three weeks' holiday the barometer never fell below 1014.5. We motored or motor-sailed about 65 hours and sailed only 10 hours.

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## Rival Yachts Limited

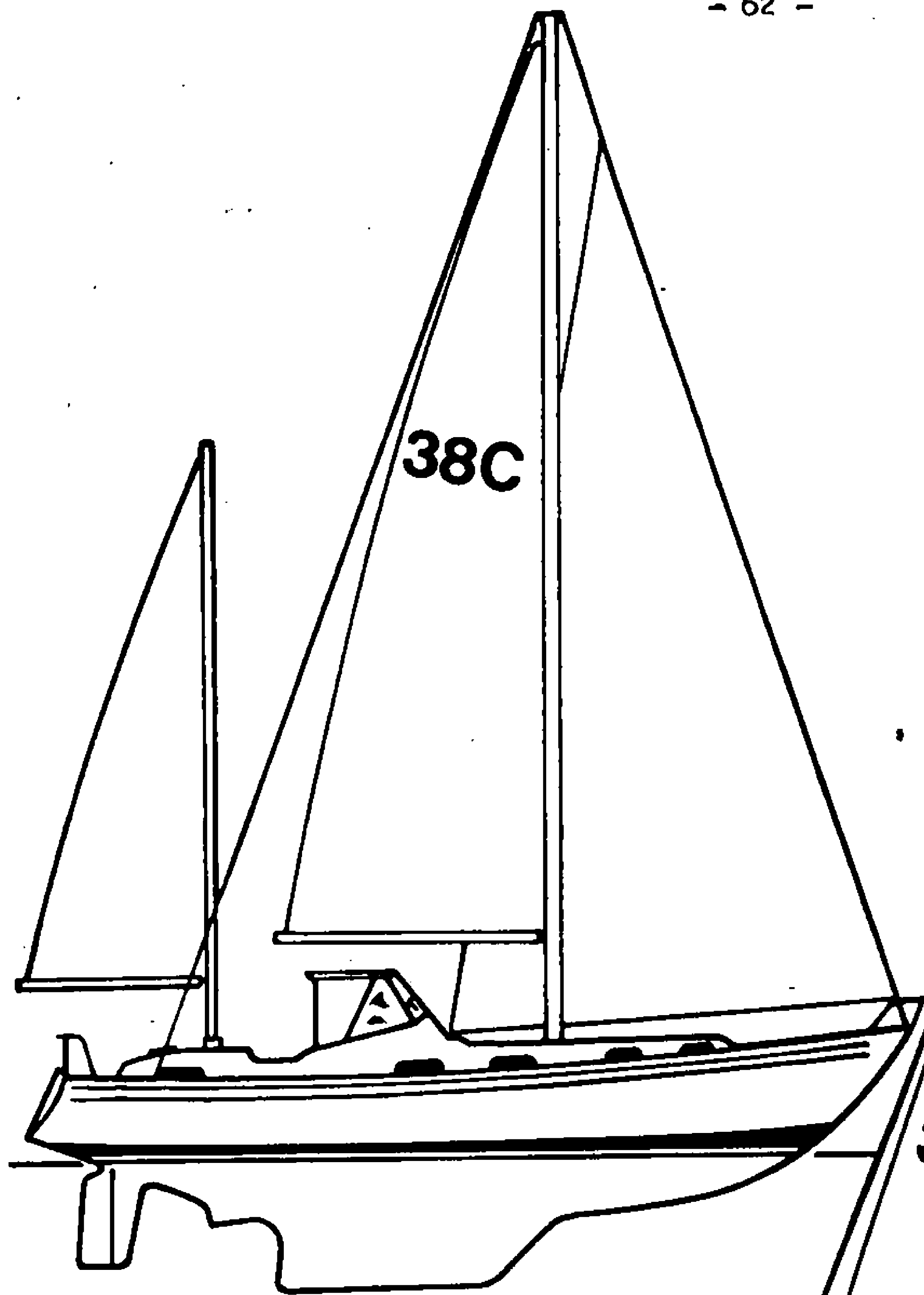
This new company name will be appearing in advertisements and on Boat Show stands in the near future, but it does not indicate any dramatic change.

The company has been formed by Southern Boatbuilding Company Limited to handle and promote all the yachts they build. At the moment these are the Rival 34 and 41, with the 38A and 38C coming into production. (The latter are illustrated on the next page). The new company name is to give the marketing organisation a clearer identity with the products.

Both companies are under the control of Charles Maunder and Keith Crossley who have been directing Southern Boatbuilding Company Limited since its formation.

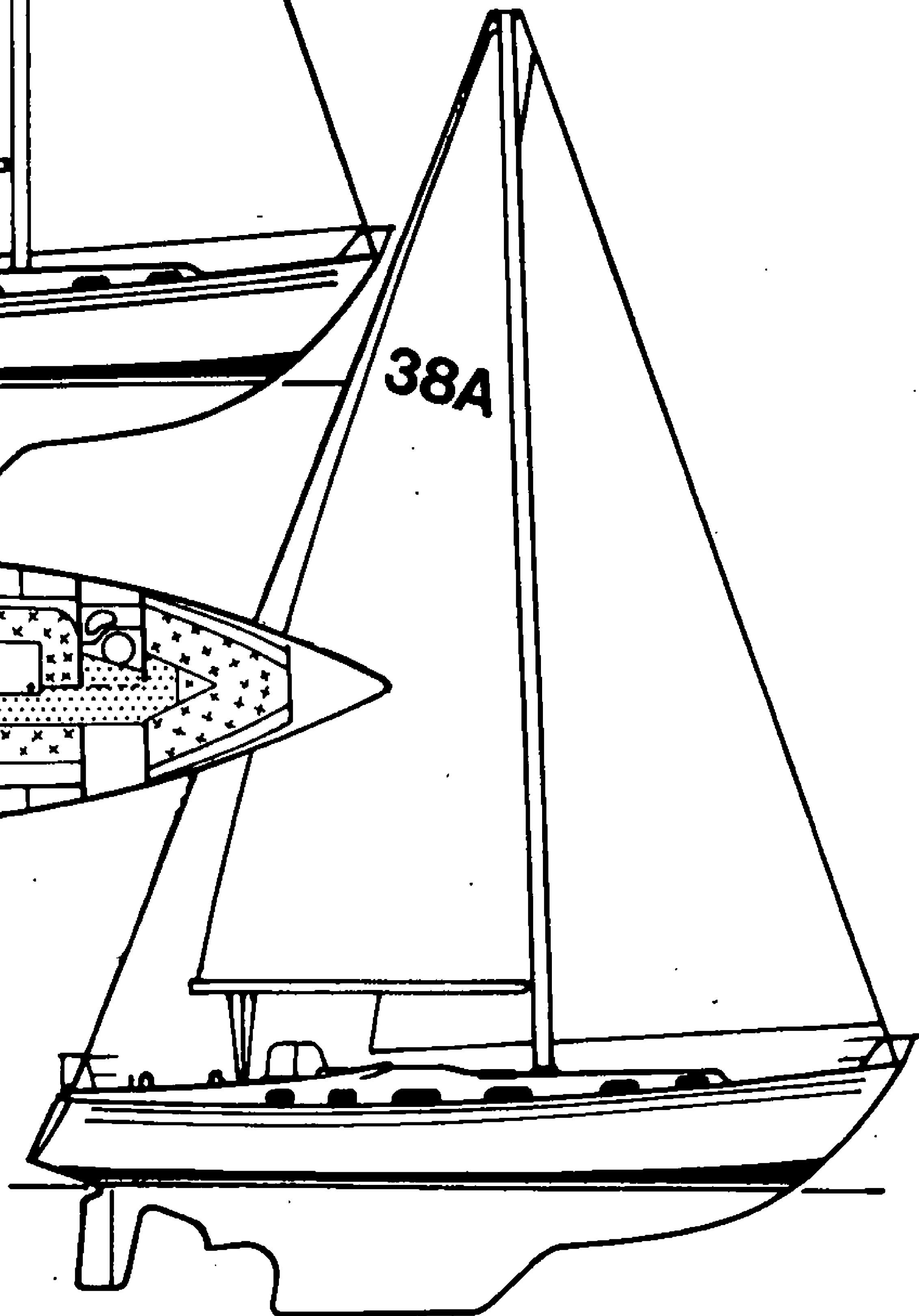
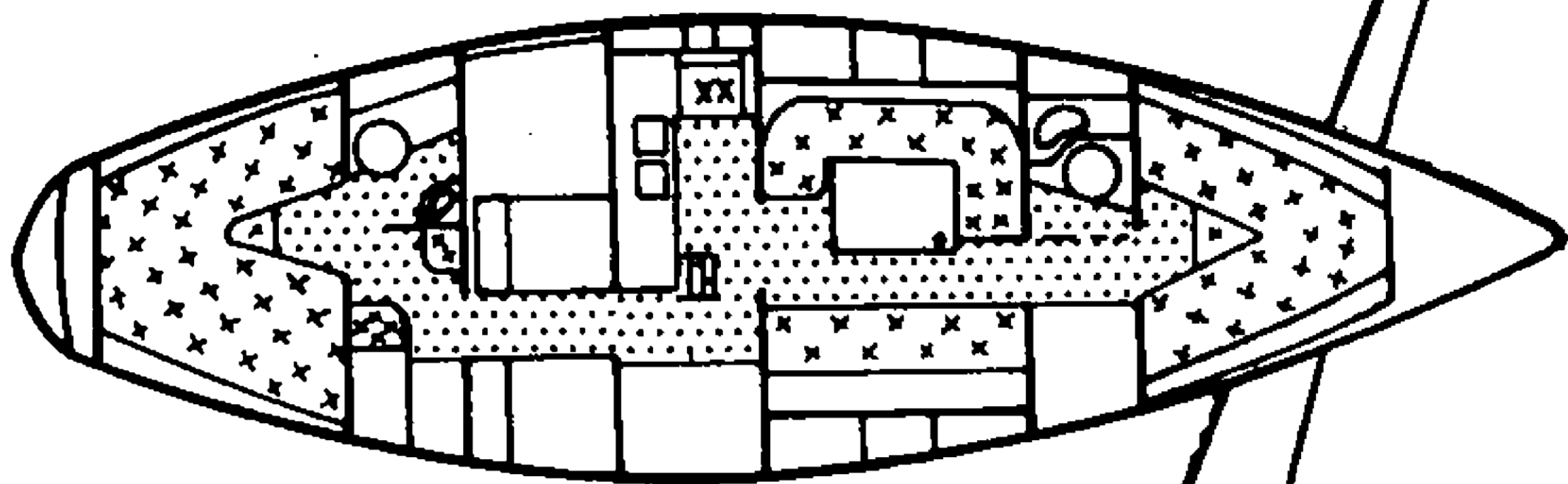
Southern Boatbuilding Company Limited is now producing its own mouldings for the Rival 34 and both versions of the 38.



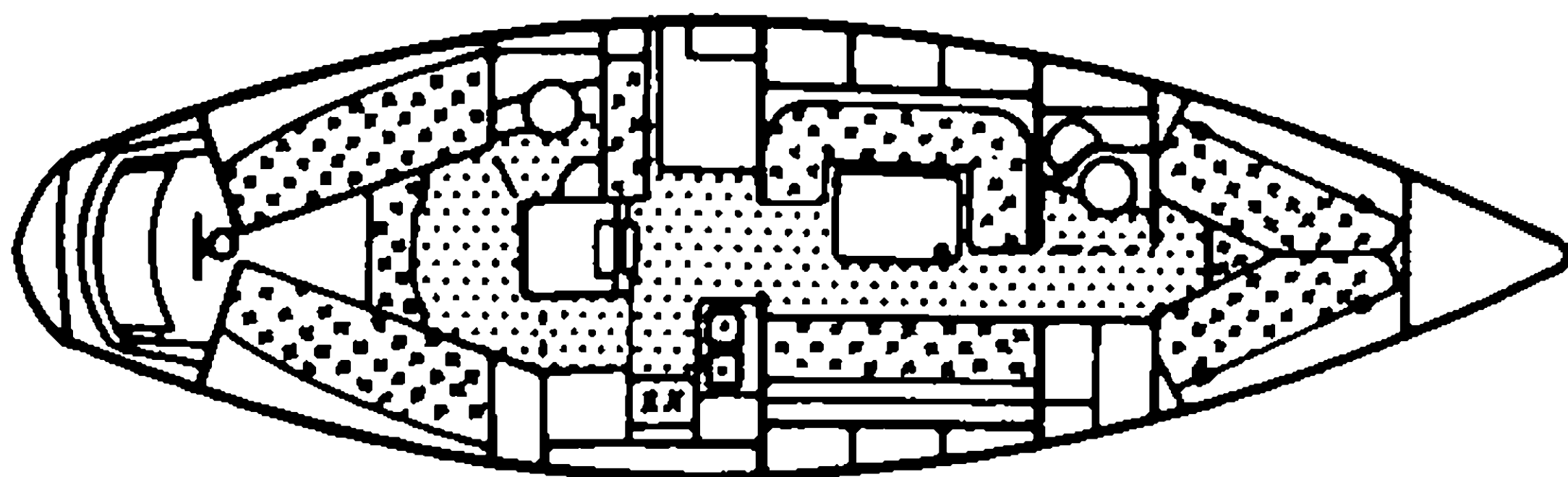


**38C**

Length O A	37'7"	11.45 M
W L	29'6"	9.00
Beam	11'3"	3.43
Draught	5'4"	1.62
Displacement	7.7 T	7800 Kg
Engine	Mercedes Benz 36 HP diesel	



**38A**



## TWO NEW RIVALS

The first 38A will be on the Rival Yachts Limited Stand at Earl's Court and the first 38C will be commissioned about Easter.

## Names and Addresses of Rival Owners

Code under Yacht's name 31, 32, 34, 38A, 38C 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'.

An 'A' before the owner's name indicates that he belongs to the 'Rival Owners Association'.

<u>Owner</u>	<u>Address</u>	<u>Yacht</u>
Agapakis, A.	23 Akti Miaouli, Piraeus, Greece	POLYXENI 34s 9/72 p.74
A Alabaster, R.	Operation Dept. PO Box 5246, Bahrain, Saudi Arabia	41
A Allen, Mr & Mrs M.	35 Harrow Grove, Lyneham, Chippenham, Wilts.	MAWINGO OF MYLOR 31 6/70 p.76
A Anderson, K.	51 Gambier St. St Johns, Newfoundland, Canada	34*d 76
Anvil Yacht Charters Ltd	Harbour View Road, Parkstone, Poole, Dorset	GALLANT RIVAL 34s 5/73
A Arden Yachts Ltd	84 West Clyde Street, Helensburgh, Scotland	38A* RONA 34d 4/72 RAASAY 34d 4/72 RONALDSAY 34d 6/73 RHUM 34d 6/73
Ashmead, D.	Lismore, Dhuhill Drive, Helensburgh, Scotland	CONTENDER OF PORTSEA 32* 12/72 p.76
A Ashton, R.W.	5 Choumert Square, Peckham, London SE15 4RE	LONTANO 32* 1/74
A Ashwin, D.	Scrafton Lodge, Leyburn, Yorks.	RIVALRY 31 4/68 p.70
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 p.70
Bardon, P.J. & D.E.	33 Prospect Avenue, Farnborough, Hants	SERENADE OF HAMBLE 32* 12/70 p.73

<u>Owner</u>	<u>Address</u>	<u>Yacht</u>
Baré Marine	Chaussé de Mons 192, 1070 Brussels, Belgium	32* 8/76
A Barker, W.J.	Riding Court, Datchet, Slough, Bucks. SL3 9TU	MATADOR 41 2/75
A Barnes, F. & S.	56 Woodlands Close, Sarisbury Grn, Southampton, SO3 6AQ.	WHIMBREL OF HAMBLE 32* 5/72
A Barrington, C.H.W.	Seol Alba, Ardvassar, Skye, Scotland	SHIANT OF ARMADALE 34s 8/75 DORRAN 34s 2/76 NEONACH 34s 2/76
A Barrow, J.H.H.	Knoll House, Studham, nr Dunstable, Beds.	34* 2/74
A Barry, Mr & Mrs P.H.	Heathgate, Great Warford, Alderley Edge, Cheshire, SK9 7TP	SCURRIVAL 32 5/71
A Batterley, P.	Seven, The Fairway, Burnham, Bucks.	38C K
A Beecham, M.P.	26 Clifftown Road, Southend- on-Sea, Essex SS1 1AH.	CONFERENCE 34s 5/75 p.12/75
Bell, Dr S.W.	50 Blackacre Road, Theydon Bois, Essex	32* 3/75
Berger	Bermax Eng. Ltd 75 Westbury Av., London N22	ANDY CAPP II 41 7/75
A Bernasconi, Mme.A.	Vermont 48, CH-1202 Geneva, Switzerland	32 3/75
A Berry, H.B.	Tarn Hows, Skippool Creek, Thornton, nr Blackpool, Lancs.	34*s 7/76
Bevis, G. & M.	2 Quay House, Shore Road, Warsash, Southampton	BLUE WATERS 32* 1/75
A Biedendieck, Dr C.H.	4442 Bentheim, Am Berghang 4, Germany	TALITHA 32 10/70 p.72
A Billington, R.	30 Pinewoods, Church Aston, TF10 9LN	38A*
Bird, D.S.	Gravel Hill, Merley, Wimborne, Dorset	WHIMBREL OF CHICHESTER 34s 5/73 p.8/75
A Bird, M.J.	103 Crescent Road, Hadley, Telford, Salop	34*s
A 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.
A Bolton, Capt. & Mrs J.G.	Lantern House, Bosham Lane, Bosham, Chichester, Sussex PO18 8ML	JESSIE MAY 34s 2/74
Booth, B.	3 Elm Close, Telegraph Hill, Higham, Kent	JEKAPA 32* 2/72
Boys, J.A.	Tan-y-Maes, Glyndwr, Mold, Clwyd CH7 5LW	SIKABAU 41*



<u>Owner</u>	<u>Address</u>	<u>Yacht</u>
A Brackstone, A.T.	Hove To, 14 The Knapps, Semington, Trowbridge, Wilts.	QUO VADIS 32* 6/75
Bragg, M.G.	98 Bridge End, Warwick, Warwickshire CV34 6PD	MEREDITH 34s 6/74
A van Breda, R.J.	Donjonweg 6 Oostvoorne, Holland	BLAUWE VINVIS 34s* 6/75
A Brett, P.	Cliff Cottage, The Pitts, Bonchurch, Ventnor, I.W.	WILD RIVAL 34d 1/72
Brickland, D.	Hillcrest, Moston, Chester	NIMBUS 32* 11/73 p. 3/74
Brisley, E.G.	Ridings, Shepherds Hill, Swainby, Northallerton, Yorks.	STROLLA II 34d 3/72 p. 76
A Brown, M.C.	15 Endeavor Cove, Corte Madera, California 94925, USA	PRIMA 32*
A Buckle, P.J.	Sandhall Warren, Hooe, Battle, Sussex	DI LORELEI 41 4/76
Bullimore, S.	The Old Forge, Hertingfordbury, Herts.	TRUFFLER 34s* 12/72 p.o.
A Carrington, D.D.	5 Richmond, Glanmire, Co. Cork, Ireland	TULARE OF BEAULIEU 32 4/71
A Carrington, H.G.	Marijkelaan 5, Nieuwkoop, Holland	TWISTERBEL 32* 5/74 p. 5/75
A Cash, T.W.	7a Victoria Road, Trowbridge, Wiltshire	JEAN MARIE II 32* 10/74
A Cheriton, W.R.	1050 81st Avenue, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada	41
A Clarke, K.D.	8 Anthill Close, Denmead, Portsmouth	34s*
A Clay, G.P.	Lynes Mead, Tyrells Lane, Burley, nr Ringwood, Hants.	FUBBS 41 7/74
A Cleminson, J.A.S.	Spain End, Willingale, Ongar, Essex	WILLIWAW 34d 3/73
A Cochran, A.H.A.	Sheeples, The Ridgeway, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol	RUM-TUM-TUGGER 32* 11/74
Coles, M.J.	54 Dixons Hill Road, North Mymms, Hatfield, Herts.	32* 10/76
Conolly, P.	57 West End Road, Southall, Middlesex	OUTRAGE 32s* 11/72
A Cook, R.R.	Ardeonaig Hotel, North Killin, Perthshire	JOMOLIMI II 41 7/76
A Coup, K.W.	34 York Terrace E, London, NW1 4PT.	RIVAL SPIRIT 34d 6/72
A Coxhead, R.E.	169 Av. Slegers, 1200 Brussels, Belgium	EOWYN 41 5/75
A Crumby, T.L.	75 Abingdon Villas, London, W.8	TITANIA II 32*
A Cunningham, Dr J.	25 Chedoke Ave., Hamilton, Ontario, Canada	TARNIMARA 32 5/71 p. 7/74

<u>Owner</u>	<u>Address</u>	<u>Yacht</u>
A Davies, T.	1 Victoria Terrace, Ealing Green, London	41
A Downe, L.L.	2 Wilderness Rd, Hurstpierpoint, Hassocks, Sussex BN6 9XD	SHINTARO 32 *
Dutton, H.G.G.	9 Soudan Road, London, S W 11	32 * 9/76
A Eastham, R.	Primrose Hill, Skippool Road, Thornton, Blackpool	34s*
Easton, R.J.	Madeley Green, Billesley Lane, Alvechurch, Birmingham B48	SEA THRIFT p.o. 34d 3/74
A Edwards, F.J.	92 Warren Rise, Frimley, Camberley, Surrey	OCEAN SPRAY 32 * 10/73
A Elliker,	97 St Johns Road, Lockheath, Hants.	41 *
A Elliott, J.A. de la C.	12 Cathcart Road, London, S W 10 9NN.	FELBRIDA II 34s 6/74
A Ellis, F.	C/o G. Morris, 606 Longfellow Av. Deerfield, Illinois 60015, USA.	34s*
A Elworthy, D.	49 Link Lane, Wallington, Surrey	34d*
Evans, Dr P.E.	Shudehill House, Hayfield, Stockport, Cheshire	MEINWEN OF IFAN 32 * 2/73
A Evett, J.G.J.	Maison Brelogue, Rue des Bergers, Catel, Guernsey, C.I.	ROULETTE OF EXE 31 5/70
A Fewell, D.J.	Blue Cedar, Drift Lane, Bosham, Chichester	GATA 32 * 3/74
A Fitzpatrick, B.R.	Mariner Boatyard Ltd Bosham, W. Sussex	34s*
Fitzpatrick, D.J.	10 Hunt Place, St Johns, Newfoundland, Canada	HAPPY ADVENTURE 32 * 3/74
A Forlong, M.	Broadbridge Farm, Broadbridge Lane, Burstow, Horley, Surrey RH6 9RF	COLONIAL GOOSE 34s* 12/73
Frederick, N.	81 Belfast Road, Antrim, N. Ireland	32 * 6/76
A Gawler, B.C.F.	6 Fosters Grove, Windlesham, Surrey GU20 6JZ	SARAH GIDDINGS 34 * 9/74
A George, L.	Beech Tree Cottage, Preston Candover, Basingstoke, Hants.	CYMREAGIS 32 * 7/73 p.76
Gerrard, G.P.	Three The Craigs, Greenock, Scotland	MOONFIRE 32 * 2/72 p.76
A Gibson, D.F.	7 Bramcote Lane, Chilwell, Beeston, Notts NG9 5EL.	CARANDY 34s* 11/74
Givons, J.	98A Purley Oaks Road, Sanderstead, Surrey	CHELSEA GIRL 34 s 8/76
A Gilpin, D.J.	116 Princetown Road, Bangor, Co. Down, N. Ireland	REVELLER 34d* 10/72
Glessing, J.	Montague Hankham, Pevensey, Sussex	32 * 9/76
Gould, J.W.	96 Bitham Lane, Stretton, Burton-on-Trent	MODWENA OF BURTON 41* 9/75

Owner	Address	Yacht
Golden, G.R.	19 Sir Arthur Road, Durban, Natal 4001, S.Africa	ZARENE 41 10/74
A Graham, R.F.	6 Summerfield, Ashdell Road, Sheffield S10 3DD	34d* 10/76 p.o.
A Graham-Brown, Dr W.D.	16 The Close, Salisbury, Wiltshire	HIDDEN LIGHT 34s 6/73 p.11/74
A Grant, A.P.H.	Darmsden Hall, Needham Market, Ipswich, Suffolk	CAHUIN 34s* 10/72 p.76
Güttinger, W.	9052 Niederteufen, Switzerland	CARIOCA 31 4/69
A Hall, F.M. & J.F.	26 Hilltop Lane, Chaldon, Caterham, Surrey CR3 5BG	MOLJON III 32* 3/71
A Hall, M.P.	1 Greenside Close, Blaise Dell, Henbury, Bristol	BIRD 32* 3/72
A Hallam, R.J.	11 Newcastle Drive, The Park, Nottingham	SAMITE 34s 8/74
A Hawkins, J.	Hawkins Motors Ltd, St Stephen, St Austell, Cornwall	34s* 10/76
A Heard, Mr & Mrs T.W.	Grove Cottage, Corston, Malmesbury, Wiltshire	38A*
A Hewins, D.J.	12 Mulbarton Court, Kemnal Road, Chislehurst, Kent	VARKOULA OF UPNOR 32 3/76
A Hodge, D.H.	Cockfield Hall, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk	RIVALIS 34s 10/72
A Horton, A.	Little Tudor, 32 St Albans Av., Queens Park, Bournemouth	RESTLESS 31* 2/70 p.9/70
Hosking, C.H.	Long Crespy, 5 Weybridge Park, Weybridge, Surrey	AMAZING GRACE 32* 11/72
A Humphreys, T.A.G.	3 Woodlands, Welshwood Park, Colchester, Essex	34s* 10/76
A I'Anson, B.J.	Orchard Croft, Newbold-on-Stour, Stratford-upon-Avon	PRINCELY RIVAL 32* 10/75
Jefferson, J.B.	Fern Hill, Hollow Meadows, Sheffield	CALLIOPE OF MENAI 34s 6/72
A Jessop, C.F.	6 Summerfield Road, Asdell Road, Sheffield	34d*
A Jones, D.H.	5 Damar Garden, Henley-on-Thames, Oxon.	38 *
Kerr, R.G.O.		LEGACY 32* 11/70 p.o.
A Kimber, P.M.C. & P.R.	9 Guion Road, London, SW6 4OD	STAG 32* 4/72 p.1/73
Knight, J.C.	Cornerstones, Lime Walk, Dibden Purlieu, Southampton	32* 6/76



<u>Owner</u>	<u>Address</u>	<u>Yacht</u>
A Lamarair Ltd	Luther Road, Teddington, Middlesex TW11 8PO	HEATHER OF HAMBLE 34d 4/73 p.11/74
Lamb, G.	121 Westminster Road, Davyhulme, Urmston, Manchester	SAFE ARRIVAL 32* 8/73
A Lamb, Professor J.F.	1 Cairnhill Gardens, St Andrews, Fife KY16 8QY	LARA OF FIFE 32* 11/74
A Larkam, M.J.	Priorsfield, Beoley, nr Redditch, Worcestershire	SEA THRIFT p.o. 34d 3/74
A Lee, D.	Foxbrush Cottage, West Common, Langley, Southampton SO4 1X5	DAYDREAM OF LANGLEY 34s* 11/73
A Lee, R.H.	Dowderry House, 10 Exmouth Rd, Budleigh Salterton, Devon EX9 6AQ	JORIE 34d 5/73
A Lees, I.C.	23 Craigleith View, Edinburgh EH4 3JZ	FYNE RIVAL 31 5/69 p.6/71
A Leeuwis, W.H.M.	Kastanjelaan 5, Heeteren, Belgium	38C
A Leye, Guido	Sperlekestr, 25, 8510 Marke, Belgium	HOUTEKIET II 32* 2/74
A Lindsay, J.S.	Marshland Call, Esplanade, Maylandsea, Chelmsford, Essex	RIVAL CHIEF 32* 7/73 p.74
Longstone Marine	Green Gables, Somersall Lane, Chesterfield S40 3LA	POLYDEUCES 32* 3/74
A Lyons, L.	38 West Brook Crescent, Welling, Kent	32*
MacEwan, J.F.	4 The Craigs, Greenock, Scotland	HULLABALOO 32* 1/74
Macey, L.E.	Stanley Hill Cottage, Freshford, Bath, Somerset	ATALAYA p.o. 32* 12/73
A McCabe, P.J.	42 Alma Road, Birkdale, Southport, Lancs.	CASUJO 32* 11/71
A McKendrick, Dr & Mrs G.D.W.	Goatsmoor, Goatsmoor Lane, Stock, Essex	JAYESS III 34s 4/73
Mann, Cdr G.	31 Napier Avenue, London, SW6	PICAROON OF LYMINGTON 34s 3/73
Manzoni, M.V.	143 Russell Road, Moseley, Birmingham B13 8RS	SEA THRIFT p.o. 34d 3/74
Marsh, R.G.H.	209 Park Road, Cowes, I.W.	CAVALIER 32* 3/72
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
A Matten, J.W.	2 Brighton Road, Shoreham-by-Sea, Sussex	LORD LOUIS 32* 12/72
A Mauchel, D.J.	5 Smithbarn, Horsham, Sussex	MONEVE 32* 7/72

<u>Owner</u>	<u>Address</u>	<u>Yacht</u>
Maurer, C.	37 Route de Loex, 1213 Onex, Geneva	32* 9/76
A Melton, D.A.H.	25 Sandstone Drive, Newton, West Kirby, Cheshire	DEE RIVAL 32* 12/73
A Merrick, Dr A.W.	7 Rosebarn Avenue, Exeter, Devon	EXCUSE 32 3/71
Meyer, H.	2D Terschurenstraat, 1982 Duisberg, Belgium	XENIA 32* 1/72 p.74
A Millar, D.E.	Sandys, West Street, Titchfield, Fareham, Hants.	34 s 3/75
A Mills, J.	49 Kidmore Road, Caversham, Reading	38A*
Minett, B.	Oak Apples, Joiners Lane, Chalfont St Peter, Bucks.	34s* 11/74
A Monie, R.E.	108 Belfast Road, Saintfield, Co.Down, N.Ireland, BT24 7HF	34d 3/73
A Morgan, D.	Courtmacsherry, Granville Road, Cowes, I.W.	34s* 3/76
A O'Farrell, M.	Moorcroft, Rostrevor Road, Warrenpoint, Co.Down, N.Ireland	CUCHULAIN 32 4/71 p.1/73
A Olney, R.P., A.M. & J.C.	Oaklands, New Road, Wootton Bridge, I.W.	FAIR RIVAL 32 8/70 p.11/71
A Orford, K.J.	57 W.St.Helen Street, Abingdon, Oxon.	32*
A Oven, C.R.	Breezes, One Tree Hill Road, Guildford, Surrey	HELEN OF HAMBLE 31 2/70 p.2/75
A Paine, A.C.	Romany Rise, Broadview Road, Oulton Broad, Suffolk	34s*
Parsons, G.T.D.	The Garage House, Hixet Wood, Charlbury, Oxfordshire	RIVULET 34s 8/72
A Parsons, A.J.	Backwater, Upper Court Road, Woldingham, Surrey	SEQUESTER 32* 5/75
A Parsons, J.R.	56 Edendale Road, Barnehurst, Kent DA7 6RN	DECISION 34s 2/75
Patrick, G.A. & Mrs L.	C/o R. Patrick, 127 Exmouth Rd, Ruislip, Middlesex	TOROA 34d 2/73
Platts, G.E.	Derwent Reach, Aston Lane, Oaker, nr Matlock, Derbyshire	38A
A Plummer, R.St J.S.	The Little Red House, Hasketon, Woodbridge, Suffolk	TRUFFLER p.o. 34s* 12/72
A Pols, A.C.	Van Rijslaan 9, Delft 2205, Holland	BONTE PIET 34s 6/76
A Preston, W.	Nestleton, Underbank Road, Thornton, Blackpool	34s*
A Prins, J.	Vosweg 6, <u>Gorssel</u> , Holland	CARANDABEL 34d 4/74 p.9/75
Proctor, Dr H.L.	4 Queens Road, Waterlooville, Portsmouth, Hants PO7 7SB	DEPARTURE 32 5/71 p.12/73

Owner	Address	Yacht
Raeburn, Maj. Gen. W.D.M.	Queen's House, H.M. Tower of London, London EC3N 4AS	SKI WITCH 31 6/70
A Rawlinson, S.	16 Shortheath Road, Farnham, Surrey	34s*
Raymann, K.	Badrain 1, CH6210 Sursee, Switzerland	DIONE 34s* 8/73 p.76
Read, C.E.	3 Heathcote Drive, East Grinstead, Sussex	ADELINE 32* 6/74
A Reading, R.	38 Heaton Road, Elson, Gosport	LINOSA 32* 1/75
A Reynard, Ian N. & Mrs	Hazelwood House, Rhu, Dumbartonshire	MALAPROP 34d 2/72 p.12/72
A Roberts, Mr and Mrs S.B.	Far End, Caene Hill Road, Weybridge, Surrey	ALTINA 32* 9/73
Robertson, J.E.	10 Crossways, Sutton, Surrey	34s* 10/75
A Rogers, J.S.	Kenley, Silkmore Lane, West Horsley, nr Leatherhead	ALVIRA 34s* 3/74
A Rout, R.	Hellington Corner, Bergh Apton, Norwich	34s*
A Russell, J.	Torr na Fhaire, Ardfarn, Lochgilphead, Argyll, Scotland	38A
Sammer, Dr H.G.	Post Box 237, A9010 Klagenfurt, Austria	BOAVENTURA 41 6/75
Scout Association	Colchester Div. Scout Sail-training Scheme, 6 Bramley Close, Colchester, Essex	MERSEA RIVAL 34d 3/75
Sea Ventures Ltd	33 Highfield Road, Lymington, Hants.	EUGE 34s 9/73
A Searle, C.R.	193 Avenue de Brobueville, Brussels 1200, Belgium	34d 6/76
A Sharpe, W.C.	Elfins Wood, Hill Brow, Liss, Hants.	34s*
A Shriver, J.A.	Box 2132, C/o Aramco, Dhahran, Saudi Arabia	TIGER TAIL II 31 12/69 p.8/73
A Shurety, Mr & Mrs J.	119 Heath End Road, Flackwell Heath, High Wycombe, Bucks HP10 9NS	WILD RIH 32* 7/74 p.76
Sidgwick, Capt. J.	Leigh Cottage, Freshford, Bath, Somerset	ATALAYA p.o. 32* 12/73
A Sinclair, S.J.	23 High Kingsdown, St Michael's Hill, Bristol	LOCHEE 31 3/70
A Smith, G.P.	75 Upland Road, Sutton, Surrey	34 *
A Somerville, Mr & Mrs E.W.	Stone House, Garsington, Oxford	RUMPUS II 34s 2/73
A Sondag, H.	(H.L.R. Cruising Ass.) Sonhof, Koudekeksseweg 21, Vlissingen, Holland	HELZAPOPIN 34d 11/72 p.74



<u>Owner</u>	<u>Address</u>	<u>Yacht</u>
Spong		ARRIVAL p.o. 32 7/73 p.76
A Statham, C.	169 Ladywood Rd, Kirkhallam, Ilkeston, Derbyshire	COLLINS FOLLY 32 * 4/74
Stewart, Dr I.H.	The Elms, Larbert; Co. of Stirling, Scotland FK5 3JF	COLYMBUS II 31 * 9/69 p.73
A Strong, R.J.	17 Longfield, Lutton, nr Cornwood, Ivybridge, Devon, PL21 9SN	SHERIDAN 32 * 7/71
A Sullivan, F.	19 Grosvenor Mews, Lymington	34s* 5/76
Sundqvist, C.S.	Bergsradsvagen 34, nb S-121 58 Johanneshov, Sweden	JEZEBEL 32 * 7/71
Sutton, W.	5 Manse Road, Carnon Downs, Truro, Cornwall	TOUCHE 32 * 3/73
A Swindells, Mr & Mrs J.	20a New Quebec Street, London, W.1	34s
A Tench, I.	44 Ferndale, Waterlooville, Hants.	34s* 3/75
A Thompson, C.	Garthland, 38 W. Argyll Street, Helensburgh, Dumbartonshire	ROSANDA 34s* 6/73 p.12/75
A Tracy, J.L.	19 Fairhaven Ave. Rossall, Fleetwood, Lancs.	FAST RIVAL 34d 7/76
Turner, A.G.	6 Oakdene Close, Great Bookham, Surrey	KAZANGULA 32 * 73 p.76
A Turner, C.V.	18 Crows Port, Hamble, Southampton	32 * 75
A Van Essen, Tom	Troelstraweg 93 Vlissingen, Holland	PASSAAT 34s 11/73
A Van Os, R.C.	Ganzanhof 23, Ouderkerk A/D IJssel, Holland	34d
Vig, A.	7 Ave de Lyser, Brussels 1040, Belgium	32 * 8/76
A Vincent, P.J.	9 Nasmyth Street, London, W.6	SKIBBEREEN 32 * 2/72 p.74
Walley, E.A.	41 Browning Avenue, Thornhill, Southampton	WAIMANGU 34d 7/74
Warren, D.		ARRIVAL p.o. 32 7/73 p.76
Watson, F.R.	8 Grimwade Avenue Croydon, Surrey	SOUTHERN RIVAL 34s 9/72
Watt, Mr & Mrs T.I.	2 Corbiehill Road, Edinburgh EH4 5EF	AILONA 32 * 7/74
Watts, D.H.	The Mount, Swanbridge Road, Sully, Penarth, Glamorgan	HENRY MORGAN 34d* 7/73
A Webb, A.E.	11 Heathfield, Chislehurst, Kent	RIVAL LADY 31 2/70 p.9/74
A Wendel, P.	Munich Pasing, August Exter Str 20, West Germany	41 * 9/76

<u>Owner</u>	<u>Address</u>	<u>Yacht</u>
A Weston, P.D.	Furneaux Riddall & Co. Alchorne Place, Portsmouth	34s*
A White, A.G.	Jurgens Allee 68B, 2000 Hamburg 52, W. Germany	32 * 10/76
A White, P.J.	67 Wray Park Road, Reigate, Surrey	MORAWEL 31 * 2/70
Whitmore, J.O.	Neptune Quay, The Docks, Ipswich	32 * 4 & 6 /76
A Widdowson, J.O.	12 Firs Walk, Tewin Wood, Welwyn, Herts.	LEGACY 32 * 11/70 p.o.
A Wilkinson, Col.P.J.	Brookdene House, Graffham, nr Petworth, Sussex	ALIZ MOTTE 34s 7/73 p.75
A Willard, J.H.	1 Osprey Quay, Emsworth, Hants.	34s* 10/75
A Williams, Dr J.F.	62 West Stockwell Street, Colchester, Essex CO1 1HE.	LENESONO 34s* 5/73
A Wilmot, B.P.	38 Grove Crescent Kingston-on-Thames, Surrey	RIVALIS 34d* 12/72
A Woodward, D.A.	Keyhaven, Farlington Avenue, Haywards Heath, Sussex	EUXINE 34d 4/74
Wright, H.	The Anchorage, 23 North Street, Roxby, Scunthorpe, Lincs.	RIVAL OF ROXBY 31* 2/69
Wright, K.W.	Colchester Div.Scout Sail- training Scheme, 6 Bramley Close, Colchester, Essex	MERSEA RIVAL 34d 3/75
A Wynn, D.S.	139 Hertingfordbury Road, Hertford, Herts.	32 * 12/75
A de Zwart	't Kraaienest, Maaslaantje 3, Maasdam, Holland	NONSUCH 34d 9/76

## Yachts' Names, Numbers and Home Ports

	<u>Sail No.</u>	<u>Owner</u>	<u>Home Port</u>
ADELINE	2545Y	C E Read	Portsmouth
AILONA	525C	Mr & Mrs T I Watt	Rhu
ALCYONE		D E Millar	R. Hamble
ALIZ MOTTE	2349Y	Colonel Wilkinson	Macinaggio, Corsica
ALTINA	2391Y	S B Roberts	R. Hamble
ALRUNA	2297Y	Mr & Mrs H B Bishop	Gosport
ALVIRA	2649Y	J S Rogers	Emsworth
AMAZING GRACE		C H Hosking	Hamble

	<u>Sail No.</u>	<u>Owner</u>	<u>Home Port</u>
ANDY CAPP II		Berger	Trieste
ARRIVAL	1660Y	D Warren and M Spong	Medway
ATALAYA		Captain J Sidgwick L E Macey	Poole
BIRD		M P Hall	Bristol
BLAUWE VINVIS		R J van Breda	Hellevoetsluis
BLUE WATERS		G & M Bevis	Hamble
BOAVENTURA		Dr H G Sammer	Trieste
BONTE PIET		A C Pols	Strijensas
CAHUIN	2956Y	H Grant	Levington
CALLIOPE OF MENAI	1896Y	J B Jefferson	Menai
CAMPANERO	2970Y	Dr S W Bell	West Mersea
CARANDABEL	433	J Prins	Ketelhaven, Holland
CARANDY		D F Gibson	Ipswich
CARIOCA		W Güttinger	Menton
CASUJO	42	P F McCabe	Hesketh Bank, Lancs.
CAVALIER		R G H & P Marsh	Cowes
CHELSEA GIRL		J Givons	Medway
COLINS FOLLY		C Statham	Trent Bridge
COLONIAL GOOSE		M Forlong	Beaulieu
COLYMBUS II	2485	I H Stewart	Clyde
CONFERENCE		M P Beecham	Burnham-on-Crouch
CONTENDER	2114Y	D Ashmead	Rhu
CUCHULAIN		M O'Farrell	Greencastle, N.I.
CYMREAGIS	2421Y	L George	
DAYDREAM OF LANGLEY	45	D Lee	Lymington
DECISION		J R Parsons	Rochester
DEE RIVAL	81	D Melton	Holyhead
DEPARTURE	2643Y	H L Proctor	Portsmouth
DIONE		K Raymann	Basle
DI LORELEI		P J Buckle	
DORRAN		Seol Alba	Armadale
EUGE		Sea Ventures Ltd	Lymington
EOWYN		R and M Coxhead	Bruinisse, Holland
EUXINE		D A Woodward	Chichester
EXCUSE	1778Y	A W Merrick	Starcross
FAIR RIVAL	2866	R.P., A.M. & J.C. Olney	Wootton Creek
FAST RIVAL	2992Y	J L Tracy	Salcombe



	<u>Sail No.</u>	<u>Owner</u>	<u>Home Port</u>
FELBRIDA II		J A de la C Elliott	Beaulieu
FUBBS		G P Clay	Lymington
FYNE RIVAL	2467	I C Lees	Greenock
GALLANT RIVAL		Anvil Charters Ltd	Poole
GATA	2787Y	D J Fewell	Thorney Island
HAPPY ADVENTURE		D Fitzpatrick	St John's, Newfoundland
HEATHER OF HAMBLE		Lamarair Ltd	Hamble
HELEN OF HAMBLE		C R Oven	Poole
HELZAPOPIN	3163	H Sondag	Veere
HENRY MORGAN	3438	David Watts	Barry
HIDDEN LIGHT		W D Graham-Brown	
HOUTEKIET		Guido Leye	Nieuwpoort
HULLABALOO	466C	J F MacEwan	Gourock
JAYESS III		Dr & Mrs G D W McKendrick	Bradwell
JESSIE MAY	2476Y	Mr & Mrs J G Bolton	Hamble
JEAN MARIE II		T W Cash	Poole
JEKAPA	R47	B Booth	Upnor
JEZEBEL	OR/S-271	C S Sundqvist	Stockholm
JOMOLINI II		R R Cook	
JORIE	2206Y	Ralph Lee	Dartmouth
KAZANGULA	2336Y	A G Turner	R. Hamble
LARA OF FIFE		Prof. J F Lamb	St Andrews
LEGACY	3028Y	J Widdowson R G O Kerr	Burnham-on-Crouch
LENE SONO	2671Y	Dr J F Williams	West Mersea
LINOSA	2972Y	R E Reading	Gosport
LOCHEE	2552Y	S J Sinclair	Lymington
LONTANO	R	R W Ashton	Conyer
LORD LOUIS	2113	J W Matten	Shoreham
MALAPROP	2965	I N Reynard	Gareloch
MATADOR		W J Barker	Hamble
MAWINGO OF MYLOR	1703Y	Mr & Mrs M Allen	
MEINWEN IFAN		P E Evans	Holyhead
MEREDITH		M G Bragg	Beaulieu
MERSEA RIVAL	2901Y	Scoutsail Training Scheme	West Mersea
MODWENA		J W Gould	Swanwick
MOLJON III	1442Y	F H & J F Hall	Portsmouth

	<u>Sail No.</u>	<u>Owner</u>	<u>Home Port</u>
MONEVE	60	D J Mauchel	Itchenor
MOONFIRE	618C	G P Gerrard	Kip Marina
MORAWEL	1525Y	P J White	Emsworth
NEONACH		Seol Alba	Armadale
NIMBUS		D Brickland	Port Dinorwic
NONSUCH		de Zwart	
OCEAN SPRAY	2383Y	F J Edwards	R. Hamble
OUTRAGE	2162Y	P Connolly	Portsmouth
PASSAAT	H2007	Tom Van Essen	Breskens
PICARON OF LYMINGTON	3106	Comdr & Mrs G Mann	Lymington
POLYDEUCES		Longstone Marine	Cap d'Agde
POLYXENI	1967Y	Alex Agapakis	Piraeus
PRIMA		M C Brown	San Francisco
PRINCELY RIVAL	2643Y	B J I'Anson	Poole
QUEEN'S RANSOM	2413	R C Ayling	Lymington
QUO VADIS		A T Brackstone	Wareham
RAASAY		Arden Yachts Ltd	Kilmelford
RESTLESS	1478Y	A Horton	Poole
REVELLER	K3454	D J Gilpin	Bangor, N.I.
RHUM		Arden Yachts Ltd	Kilmelford
RIVAL CHIEF		J S Lindsay	Maylandsea, Essex
RIVALIS	1932Y	D H Hodge	Levington
RIVALIS	2941Y	B P Wilmot	Lymington
RIVAL LADY	2689Y	A E Webb	Itchenor
RIVAL OF ROXBY	1128Y	H Wright	South Ferriby
RIVAL OF WIGHT	203	J P Martin	Lymington
RIVALRY	4	D Ashwin	Woolverstone
RIVAL SPIRIT	K3030	K W Coup	Chichester
RIVULET	10	G T D Parsons	Poole
RONA		Arden Yachts Ltd	Kilmelford
RONALDSAY		Arden Yachts Ltd	Kilmelford
ROSANDA		C Thompson	
ROULETTE OF EXE	1207Y	J G J Evett	Guernsey
RUMPUS II		E W Somerville	Douarnenez
RUM-TUM-TUGGER	2780Y	A H A Cochran	Poole
SAFE ARRIVAL	78	G Lamb	Holyhead
SAKER		C J Matthews	Wootton Creek

	<u>Sail No.</u>	<u>Owner</u>	<u>Home Port</u>
SAMITE		R J Hallam	Polruan
SARA GIDDINGS	Y2663	B C F Gawler	
SARANGA		M H Attwood	Hamble
SCURRIVAL	1539Y	P H Barry	Rhu
SEATHRIFT	2829Y	M V Manzoni, M J Larkam, R J Easton	Lymington
SERENADE OF HAMBLE		P J & D E Bardon	R. Hamble
SHERIDAN		Ron and Claire Strong	Plymouth
SHIANT OF ARMADALE		Seol Alba	Armadale
SHINTARO		L L Downe	
SIKABAU		J A Boys	Holyhead
SILVER SEQUEL	K3474	R E Monie	Strangford Lough
SKIBBEREEN	2024Y	P J Vincent	Gosport
SKI WITCH	2843	W D M Raeburn	Warsash
SOLENT		A Thiel	Grömitz
SOUTHERN RIVAL	2382Y	F R Watson	Chichester
STAG	Y1911R	P M C and P R Kimber	Lymington
TAGANITA III		T A G and A A Humphreys	Colchester
TALITHA		C H Biedendieck	Malta
TARNIMARA		J P W Cunningham	
TIGER TAIL II		J A Shriver	Ras Tanura, Saudi Arabia
TITANIA II		T L Crumby	London
TOROA		G A Patrick, & Mrs L.	Cruising in Medi- terranean
TOUCHÉ	71	W Sutton	Falmouth
TRUFFLER	K3299	W J Block, S Bullimore, R J S Plummer	Waldringfield
TULARE OF BEAULIEU		D D Carrington	Crosshaven
TWISTERBEL		H G Carrington	Enkhuizen
VARKOULA OF UPNOR		D J and I Hewins	Upnor
WAIMANGU	2841Y	E A and D A Walley	R. Hamble
WHIMBREL OF CHICHESTER		D S Bird	
WHIMBREL OF HAMBLE		F and S Barnes	Gosport
WILD RIH		J and D Shurety	Poole
WILD RIVAL	2976	P Brett	Cowes
WILLIWAW	2136Y	J A S Cleminson	Bradwell
XENIA	1868Y	H Meyer	Breskens
ZARENE		G R Golden	Durban