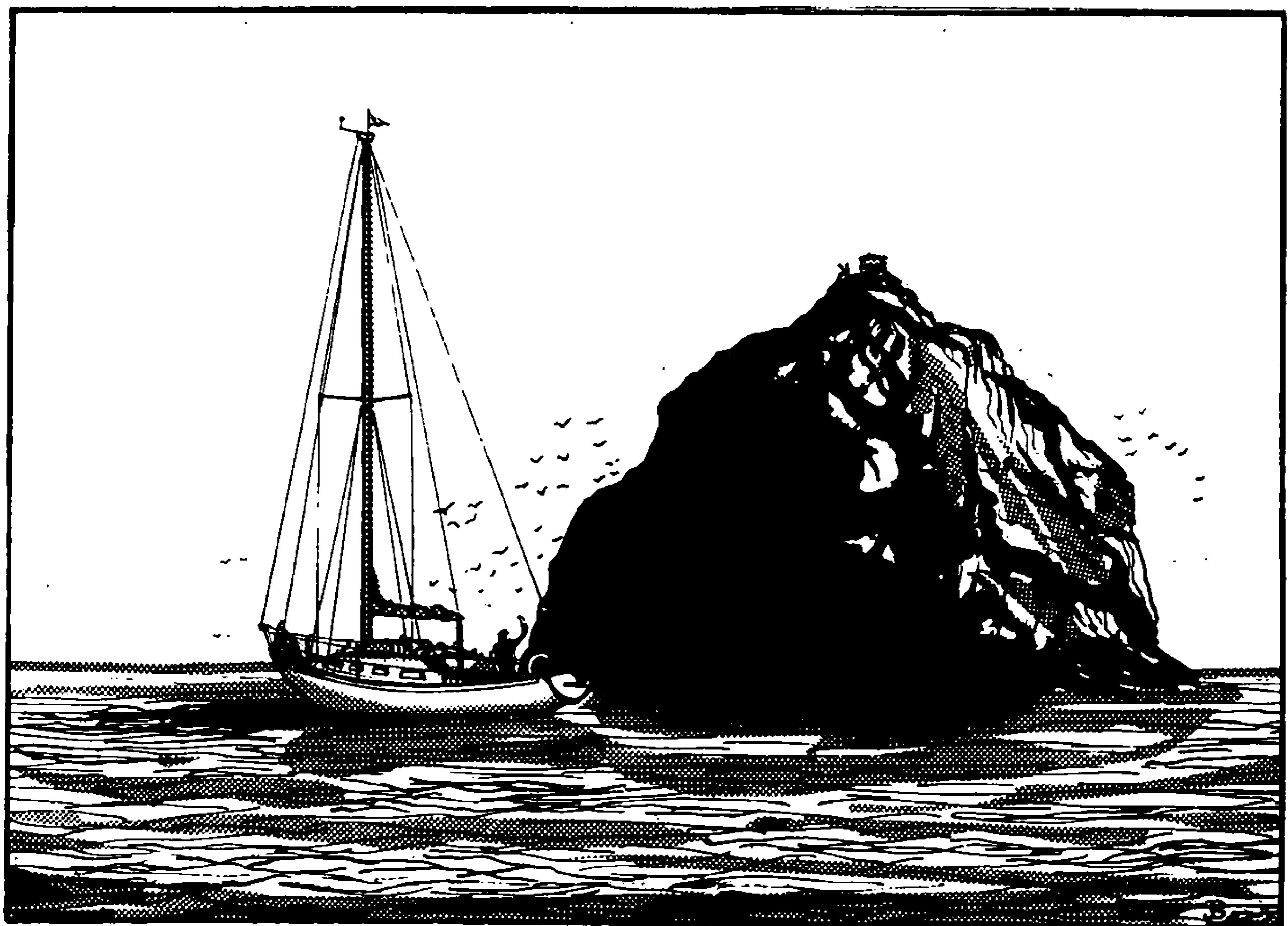


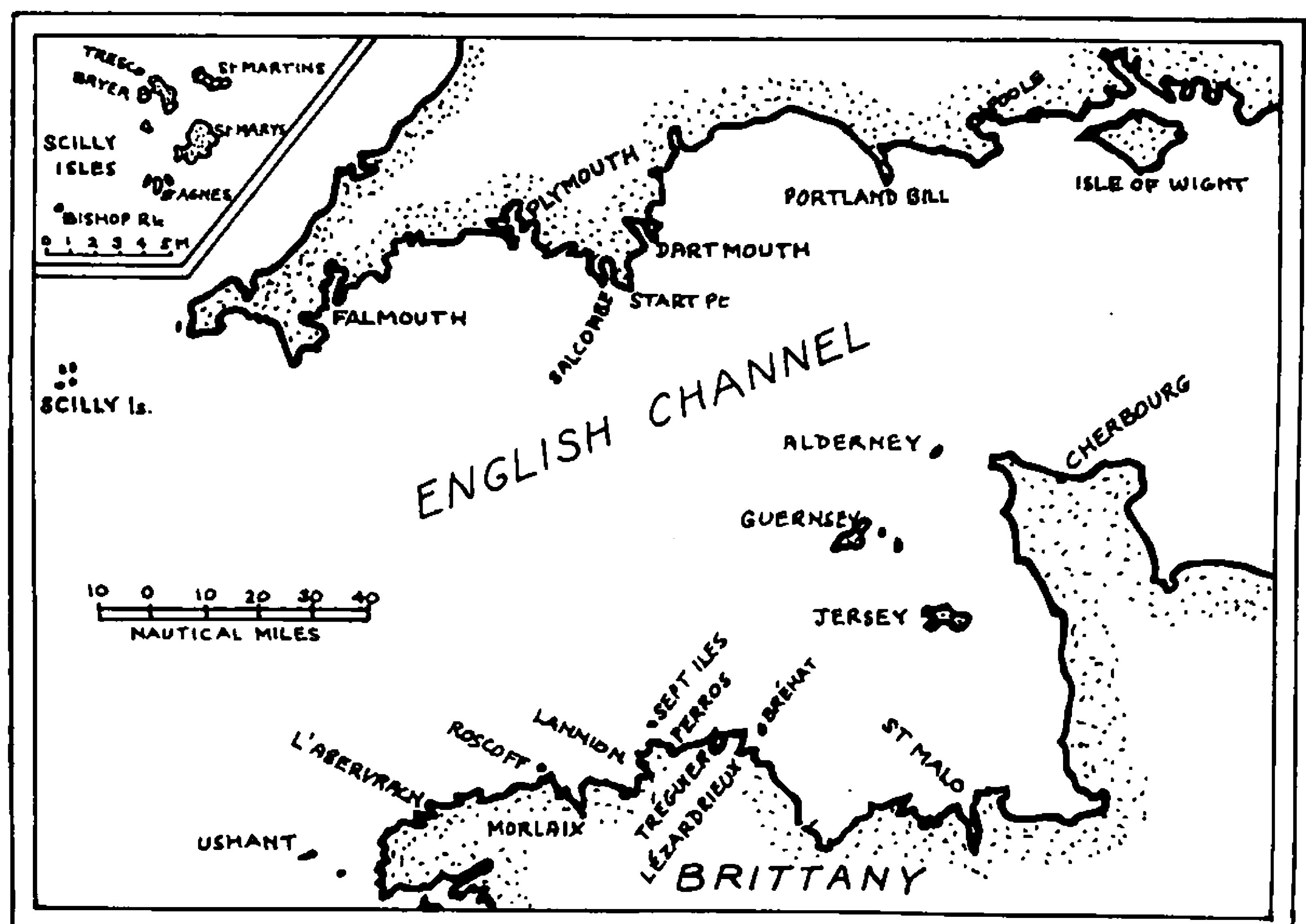
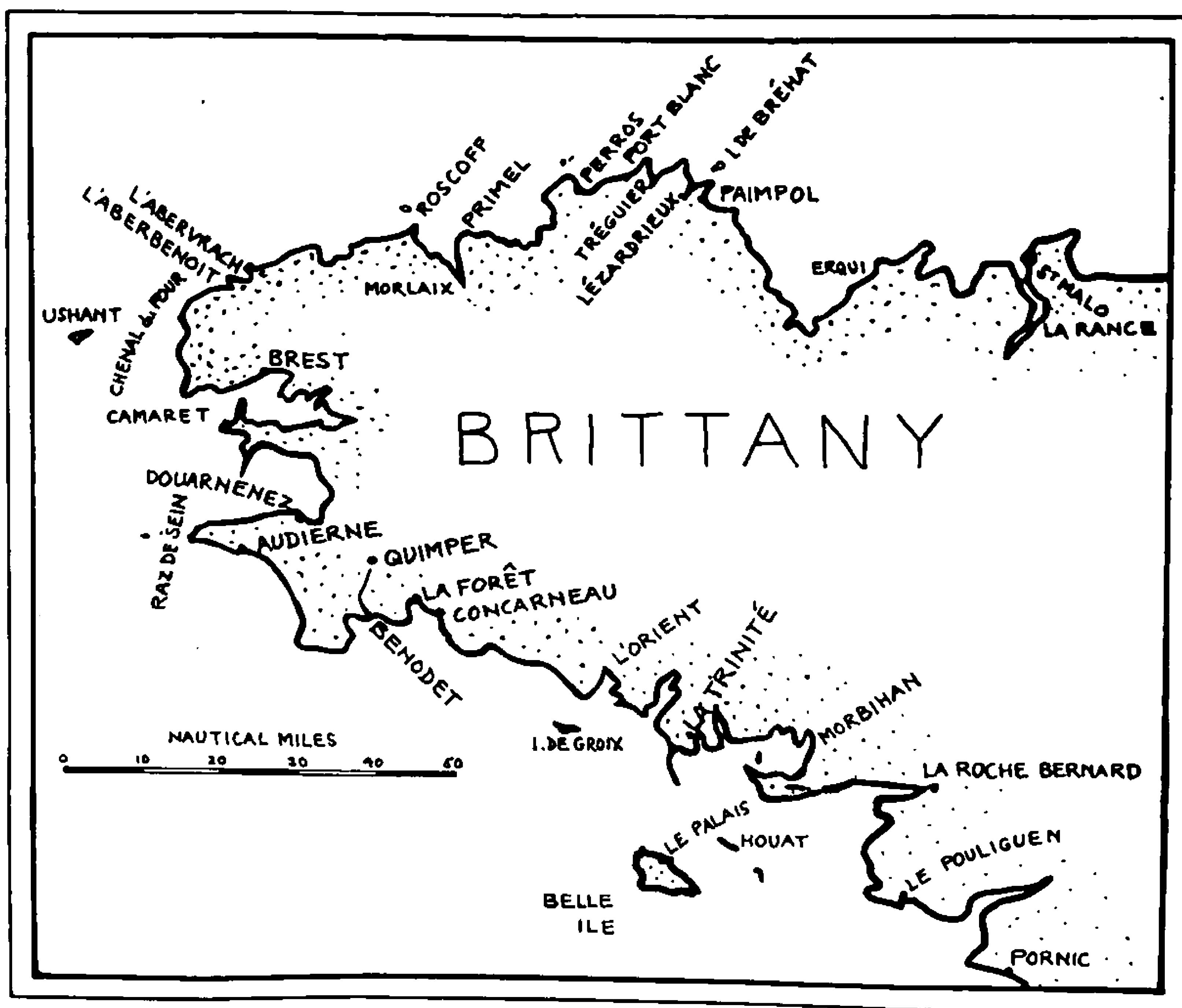
rival round-up

no 5 1977

JOURNAL OF THE RIVAL OWNERS ASSOCIATION



MALAPROP · RIVAL 34 · AT ROCKALL



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C H A R T S & D I A G R A M S

- - o - -

Brittany	inside front cover
English Channel	ditto
Atlantic Ocean	page 4
Orkneys to Outer Hebrides	9
Engine oil draining	10
N.Ireland to Skye	41
Jib Sheet Attachment	51
Grab Poles	59
RIVAL SPIRIT (38A) Plan	62
LONE RIVAL - Singlehander	63
HAIGRI - 38A Cutter	64

C O N T E N T S

- - 0 - -

	Page
MALAPROP'S Cruise Round Rockall	1
Transatlantic in SUNDANCE VI	3
Brief Rival Notes	6
RUMPUS II - W.Coast of France	7
Seol Alba - Orkney to Armadale	8
To the Canaries in EOWYN - Rival 41	12
ALIZ MOTTE in the Central Mediterranean	14
Goodwin Sands - Force Seven	19
RESOLUTION - Rival 38A	21
Skye & Outer Hebrides in DORRAN	22
FUBBS to the Azores and back	24
ARIEL to the Scillies	27
The Ocean Wanderings of SKIBBEREEN	29
RIVALRY - 1977	34
MERSEA RIVAL - 1977	36
HELZAPOPIN 1977 & Delivery of a Rival 38	38
SILVER SEQUEL goes North	40
QUO VADIS qualifies for AZAB 79	43
QUO VADIS to Corunna and back	45
ALRUNA to the Channel Isles & N.Brittany	47
Jib Sheet Bend	51
MEINWEN'S Return, or Cold Comfort Foam	52
EXEAT - Rival 32 - in N.Germany	56
Holiday 1977	58
Grab Poles	59
JAYESS III - Rival 34	59
RIVAL SPIRIT - Rival 38A	62
LONE RIVAL - Singlehander 38A	63
Reorganisation at Marcon	63
HAIGRI - Rival 38A Cutter	64
Names and addresses of Rival Owners	66
Yachts' Names, Numbers and Home Ports	77

F O R E W O R D

Thanks are due - from all Rival owners - to those who have made such notable contributions to this year's journal; and congratulations on their exploits. The editor's thanks go especially to the contributors for taking so much trouble to keep their articles down to the prescribed length, or less. This has eased his task and made it more than usually enjoyable.

1977 has been an outstanding year, not only for cruises but also for the production of Rivals. In the twelve months from the end of October, 1976, no less than 75 Rivals, complete and part-complete, were handed over to their owners.

The journal is by no means the unaided work of the authors and the editor. Credit is due - indeed overdue - to the regular team which includes Marion Cubin who does the typing and much patient work on the register; my wife who helps with the checking; and David Lee, the Rival owner whose firm is so helpful with the printing. This year special thanks are due to Joe Beetham who drew the picture of Malaprop at Rockall, for the cover, based on photographs taken by Ian Reynard.

MALAPROP'S Cruise Round Rockall

by Brian Cunningham

It is a seafaring variation of Murphy's Law which says that the more difficult a rock is to find, the easier it is to hit by accident. So it is with Rockall. In the mid-nineteenth century a heavily laden immigrant ship bound for the New World had the incredible misfortune to founder on it. It's position had been well known for many years and the Royal Navy landed a party on it as long ago as 1811. Being only 60' high and about the same in diameter Rockall appears on the chart only as a tiny speck over 200 miles west of the Outer Hebrides. Presumably the unfortunate captain had failed to notice it.

It is the very remoteness of Rockall that is its only attraction. To find it is no mean feat, and a passage out to Rockall and back requires a combination of skilful navigation, good seamanship and luck.

Ian Reynard's boat, 'Malaprop', is a Rival 34 which is ideal for cruising offshore. She is based at Rhu Marina at the entrance to the Gareloch on the Clyde. His crew for Rockall consisted of Tony and Dave, both of whom had often cruised with Ian; and between them they had all the necessary navigation and seamanship skills. I was brought along to provide the luck. The plan was for Ian, Tony and Dave to pick me up at Portrush in Northern Ireland and take our departure from there. This duly happened and near midnight on Sunday, 3rd July, we set sail from Portrush for Rockall.

Already we had experienced some of the political controversy which currently surrounds Rockall when one of the local lads challenged my loyalty to Northern Ireland and suggested I - "paint the effer orange and settle who owns it for once and for all".

The wind was south and 'Malaprop' swept out past Innistrathull into a lumpy sea. Progress was good, if a little jerky, and soon the harmony of the night was being rudely marred by the sound of last night's dinner being chucked overboard.

'Malaprop' crashed on and breakfast relentlessly followed. Towards evening on Monday things began to settle down somewhat. The wind eased, the sea calmed and the pattern of life on board began to stabilise.

Ian and I shared one watch whilst Tony and Dave took the other. It was a good arrangement. Both Ian and Tony were master navigators and spent the major part of each watch navigating. In this way 'Malaprop's' position was being checked and rechecked practically every hour. Day and night it continued, with a constant succession of sun, moon and star sights, consol, DF and DR positions. By contrast Dave and I enjoyed a relaxing sail happy in the knowledge that if Rockall were to evade such intense navigators there was little we could do to help matters.

Tuesday brought some fog which added to the tension of it all but the fog cleared early on Wednesday morning, unable to match the will of the demon navigators. Meanwhile 'Malaprop' reached happily onwards.

The southerly, which had blown so steadily for the past 3 days, finally left us and, on a smooth sea, beneath a clearing sky we motored steadily towards Rockall. Luck was indeed with us and at 10.06 Dave sighted it dead ahead. In fact he could have seen it earlier but apparently it had been hidden by the mast! Quite a tribute to the navigation.

The tension which had been gradually mounting during the past 3 days suddenly vanished like a stale smell in a fresh breeze. Congratulations flowed freely, cameras clicked and preparations for landing were begun. The already good conditions improved and, by the time we reached Rockall, the day was perfect. The sea was flat and the sun shone. The air was full of buzzing puffins and soaring fulmars, everywhere there was life and noise. Although Rockall is, for the most part, sheer, it is pitted with curious fist-sized holes in the rock

and these serve as perfect handholds for the climber. They also provide sheltered roosts for the seabirds and they are, consequently, mostly filled with droppings.

Our flat calm turned out to be a lazy 6' swell which was sufficient to deter the skipper from attempting a landing. It was therefore left to Dave and myself to scramble ashore first. Once safely established on the rock Dave began patiently to chip off a few highly-prized pieces of the crystalline rock whilst I set off for the top. The climb to the summit is straightforward but requires care as it is steep and slippery on account of the bird droppings. On top, apart from the light, there is a spacious platform of rock just about big enough to take a deck chair. The last 10' of the Rock were, in fact, dynamited off in 1972 when the light was erected. This light was only serviced until it was either no longer required or, more likely, the political end had been met, and it was then stripped. All that remains now is the light casing and, surprisingly, some odd pieces of wood which have been trapped inside. The casing is substantially constructed of bronze and will undoubtedly last for many a long year.

There are three bronze plaques inset into the rock near the summit, each recording a different event in the recent history. One tells of the first helicopter landing in 1952, when in a moment of inspired foresight it was formally claimed for Great Britain. Another records the building of the platform whilst the third records the commissioning of the light in 1972.

From the summit the nearby Hasselwood Rock was clearly visible as a brown smudge beneath the surface 50 yards to the north. Oddly enough there was nearly a knot of tide as the Atlantic drift spilled over the Rockall Bank which is a mere 30 fathoms deep as compared to the 1000 fathoms which surrounds it. In a strange way the stillness of the sea and the bright sunshine accentuated the vulnerability of the Rock and although the view was serene the mind's eye saw the ferocity of a winter's gale with great Atlantic waves crashing over this impudent and stubborn challenge to the sea's dominance.

Sometime soon, we are told, there will be an oil rig on the Rockall Bank, a fact that clearly reflects our thirst for oil and reminds us just how extreme our energy position must be.

Having savoured a few timeless minutes on the summit I scrambled down to a handy promontory and rejoined the dinghy by leaping the last 30' into the Atlantic. Dave then jumped off from his stance at the water's edge having previously lobbed the precious rock samples into the dinghy.

It was Tony's turn now, and, clad only in an oversize pair of purple y-fronts and an inflated life jacket he swarmed inelegantly but effectively up the Rock. Pausing at the summit only long enough to re-hoist his drooping y-fronts he then swarmed back down again. Having not really considered a summit attempt as a possibility he was euphoric and I will long remember the sparkle in his eye as I helped him into the dinghy.

A few moments later we were all safely back on board 'Malaprop'. We motored slowly around the Rock carefully avoiding Hasselwood Rock and then, in the style to which we had become accustomed, the Skipper produced a bottle of vintage champagne and we all drank a toast.

By 15.05 hours Rockall had vanished once again beneath the horizon and it was all just a memory.

It remained calm for the next few hours and we motored gently over glassy seas under a sombre sky, then a friendly NW wind appeared and blew us home.

Transatlantic in SUNDANCE VI - RIVAL 41

by Ross Cheriton

The original plan was to sail the boat from Southampton to Vancouver, Canada; however I decided to moor the boat in the West Indies for a period of time before proceeding with an extended Pacific cruise, or possibly around the world through the Panama. The boat presently lies at St Georges, Grenada with a skipper aboard and is engaged in a limited amount of chartering work.

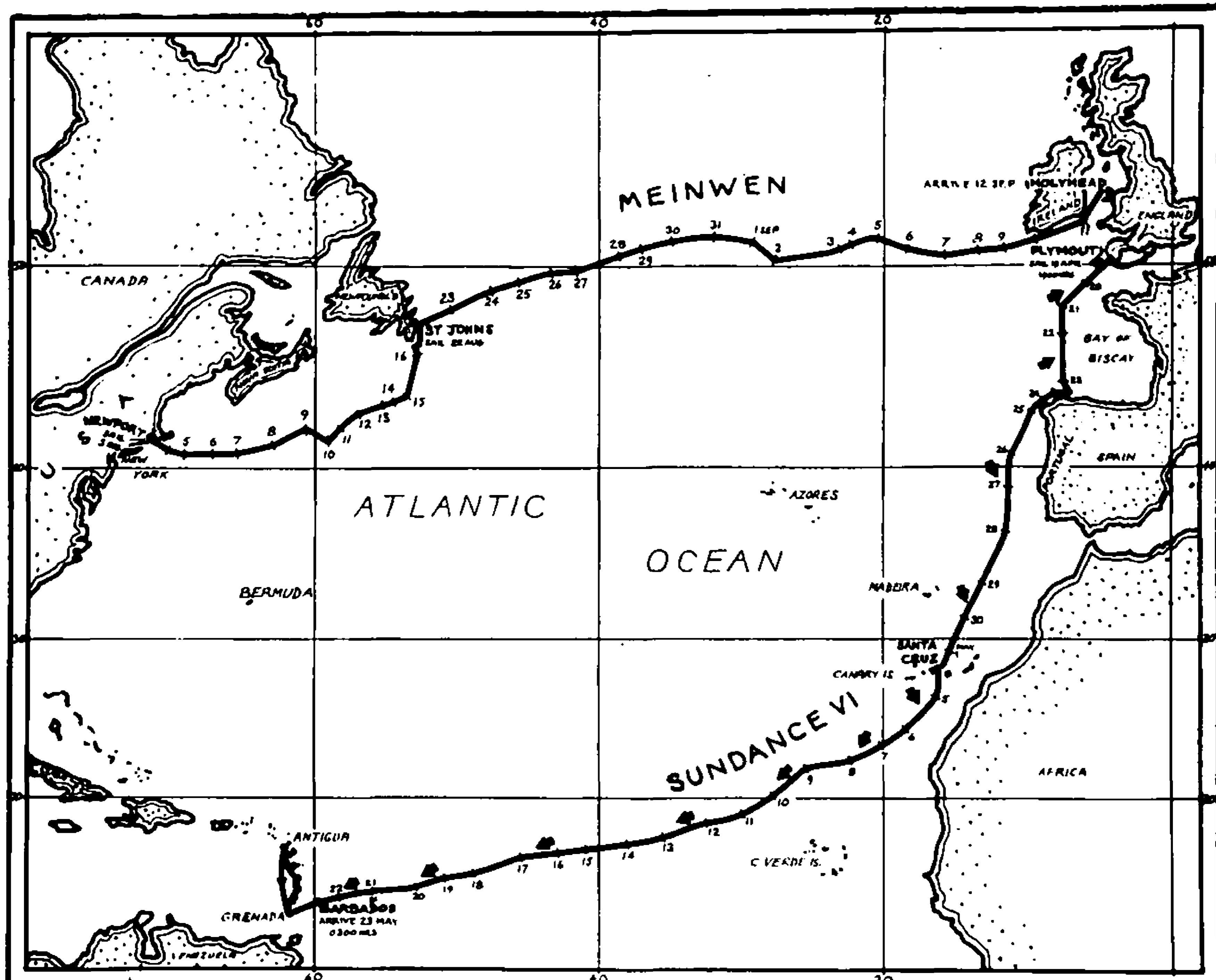
My crew and I arrived in Southampton on March 8th and 13th, all from Edmonton, Canada, which is east of the Rocky Mountains and approximately 600 miles from the ocean. While I had experience in the North Atlantic during the war as a naval officer, our crew of four including myself, had no ocean sailing experience, the other three had absolutely no experience on salt water. Three of us were experienced fresh water dinghy sailors and the fourth man had never done any sailing. We conducted our sea trials, fitted out the boat, and provisioned in a period of five weeks; however we actually lost two weeks during this time through influenza and colds (apparently English spring weather (??) does not agree with Canadian Prairie sailors).

We carried out most of our training exercises in the Solent, plus one trip to Weymouth and one trip around the Isle of Wight. The ten hour voyage around the Isle of Wight in force eight gales impressed us with the sea worthiness of 'Sundance VI' and we were all convinced that she would handle any sea condition if we as a crew could measure up to the obvious requirements. The builder, Charles Mauder, provided us with invaluable assistance in equipping the boat, contributing special attention out of consideration to the long ocean passage contemplated. We are most thankful for the advice and assistance given to us by Gabriel Clay, owner of 'Fubbs', the first Rival 41.

Just before leaving I decided to add an Englishman to our crew, Michael Bailey of Weymouth; I considered him our insurance in the event of extreme weather conditions in the North Atlantic. He proved to be an excellent shipmate and a good companion all the way to the West Indies. We left Hamble River on April 14th, stopping briefly in Weymouth Harbour and arriving in Plymouth on April 17th. While most provisioning and fueling was done at Southampton there were many last minute items for attention in Plymouth, all completed on April 18th and 19th and we slipped at 1900 hours April 19th for the Canary Islands. I cannot say that we were "in all respects ready for sea" since we were determined to recover lost time and to avoid the beginning of the hurricane season in the West Indies. We had equipped the boat with ample cordage, rope, spare parts, tools, work bench etc., so as to finish many items while en route, and this we did.

We of course checked the weather reports and outlook with the R.A.F. before leaving on April 19th. Initial winds were westerly and light, and by motoring and sailing we were able to reach $7-1/2^{\circ}$ West longitude by April 21st. The wind backed so as to head us and we had winds force 4 to 6 for a period of 2-1/2 days. We elected to stay on starboard tack hoping for a wind shift. Since visibility was excellent on April 23rd we continued with the starboard tack until making landfall on the north coast of Spain. On April 22nd we received a radio warning of "gales imminent in the Finisterre area". We expected the full treatment. However, the gale did not catch us, possibly because we were already to the south side of this ocean area. We rounded Finisterre with difficulty due to light and adverse winds, on April 26th, picking up the Portuguese trades and proceeding southward in easy and helpful winds of force 2 - 4 while thoroughly enjoying the warm sun and ever improving weather conditions. On May 1 we arrived at Santa Cruz de Tenerife, a passage of 12 days 12 hours from Plymouth.

We left Tenerife on May 4th and made a successful effort to gain maximum southing so as to pick up the trade winds at approximately 25° west longitude, 22° north latitude.



We were favoured with generally steady and consistent trade winds, of force 3 - 5 with the wind slowly veering to the east as we proceeded across the Atlantic. The weather was most exhilarating and pleasurable for the crew after leaving a Canadian winter and the March weather of the English Channel. We arrived in Barbados May 23rd, the passage time 18 days 10 hours from the Canary Islands. In that time our engine was run solely for the purpose of battery charging.

After two days in Barbados we sailed to St Georges Harbour, Grenada, where my wife Muriel and daughter Lorna met us for two weeks of relaxed sailing including the passage from Grenada to Antigua and returning to Grenada.

Although we considered ourselves rather roughly treated in the Bay of Biscay, in retrospect I have to conclude that we were most fortunate with our weather in the entire voyage and this would include our experience with the North Atlantic in April. Our most severe weather was undoubtedly in the English Channel while making the trip around the Isle of Wight. 'Sundance VI' did not experience any squalls until sailing off the coast of Grenada. Our most serious hazard was striking a log in the ocean approximately 200 miles north of the Canary Islands.

As a matter of interest, we maintained continuous and regular watch-keeping throughout the entire voyage. Cooking duties on board were rotated on a regular basis through the crew (including the skipper) and the timing was tied to the watchkeeping duties. This system worked quite well.

Equipment

'Sundance VI' carried a minimum sail inventory of three head sails and one mainsail. The working jib was used in the Biscay area and the 150% Genoa jib was used continuously in the trade wind regions. The storm jib was never used. The mainsail

and boom were fitted for quick slab reefing which we in North America call "Jiffy Reefing": I chose Jiffy Reefing in preference to roller reefing and we found this highly satisfactory; my experience in the past with roller reefing was quite limited and not encouraging.

The boat was fitted with a Hood "Sea Furl" Reefer for reefing and furling the head-sails. The working jib and Genoa jib were both fitted with luff tapes for use on the Sea Furl while the storm jib was fitted to be set flying. We found this head-sail reefing arrangement highly satisfactory in every respect and I would like to list a few of the benefits which we experienced:

- (a) Permits convenient safe adjustment of head sails under any weather condition and this is particularly appreciated at night.
- (b) Head sails seemed to set properly even when 75% reefed and therefore minimum of sail change was necessary. There is a minimum of wear on sails both because of minimum change and the protection and support provided for the taped luff edge.
- (c) The partially reefed working jib was used in force 8 winds around the Isle of Wight, the 150% Genoa jib was used under all conditions in the trade winds.
- (d) Due to the convenience, the adjustment and trim of head-sails is made more frequently to maintain optimum sailing conditions.

The Sea Furl reefer permitted us to set double head-sails in the Trades for a very successful six days run. The working jib was rigged to leeward with jib sheet through a block fitted in the bail on the end of the main boom: the Genoa jib plus headsail boom was run to windward, and of course the mainsail was down and lashed. This arrangement was only slightly faster than full mainsail plus Genoa jib, but the boat motion was quieter and steering was much easier.

We made up and rigged various preventers, downhauls etc., whenever the need became apparent throughout the voyage. When off the wind, we usually transferred the Boom Vang to the base of a life-line stanchion thereby reducing the twist in the mainsail and obtaining noticeably better boat performance.

'Sundance VI' was fitted with a Neco automatic pilot. This we found to be a great convenience although it does put a substantial drain on the battery bank. We had a general rule that manual steering should be used for 50% of the time; however, hand steering dropped to a bare minimum in the trade winds after the crew became thoroughly relaxed with the good weather.

After hearing reports on the problems of replenishing propane supplies in foreign ports, we installed three tanks in the stern compartment so as to carry approximately 90 lbs of propane; this was sufficient to leave us 30 lbs reserve on arrival in Grenada.

Comments on Performance

With my limited experience, I certainly don't feel qualified to make an expert assessment of performance but perhaps the following impressions would be informative:

1. 'Sundance VI' has excellent passage-making abilities, we repeatedly overestimated the time required for various trips. Our best two days were each 180 miles in 24 hours and we had many days over 120 miles, these were all in the trade winds, with winds force 2 - 5 and seldom over force 4. In Barbados, a French sailboat of similar lines and length arrived two days prior to us taking 31 days compared to our 18-1/2 days for the same voyage.
2. The Rival 41 generates confidence in any type of sea. Beating to windward in the Biscay area was rough, relatively dry and demonstrated good windward progress. Throughout the whole episode we found that we could effectively beat to windward at 50° off the wind under almost any sea conditions.

3. It is my impression that the Rival 41 is designed and fitted more for windward work than running conditions as needed in the trade winds; however her performance in the Trades requires no apology.
4. Our speed through water was in the order of 4-1/2 to 5-1/2 knots through heavy seas in the Biscay area. In reasonable trade winds our speed was 5 to 8 knots, exceeding 8 knots with a surfing action at various times ... steerage control was not a problem although more vigilance and effort was required.
5. 'Sundance VI' is a restless boat when anchored in a wind. I noted in the West Indies that she would run up on each side of her anchor while all the other boats in the harbour remained relatively quiet. If anyone has any suggestions other than the use of a stern kedge line then I would certainly like to hear from them.
6. Our electronic log with through-the-hull sensor began to give trouble two days out of Plymouth and plagued us with uncertainties throughout the rest of the voyage. To my mind this demonstrates the necessity of carrying a second piece of equipment and this should be a trailing log.
7. We found our refrigeration equipment disappointingly ineffective or inefficient and I regretted not having followed my original plan to import North American equipment.
8. 'Sundance VI' certainly has adequate capacities for provisions as demonstrated by our reserves on arrival at Barbados:
 - consumed 14 gallons of diesel fuel out of 120 gallons (fuel topped up in the Canary Islands).
 - 30 gallons of drinking water
 - 30 pounds of liquified petroleum gas
 - sufficient stable food provisions to take us to Vancouver, Canada.

Brief Rival Notes

R Alabaster sailed his Rival 41, CASUARINA, to Alderney, part-completed. She is being fitted out by the Alderney Boat Repair Co Ltd.

Mr & Mrs Ralph Ashton cruised to Brittany in LONTANO in July, visiting L'Abervrach, Brest and the Chateaulin River, returning by the Channel Islands.

Mr & Mrs Hewins cruised to the Channel Islands and Brittany in VARKOULA, meeting three gales and much fog.

J A Boys had a good season in SIKABAU and logged well over 1000 miles, including a trip round the Isle of Skye calling at N.Ireland, the Isle of Man and the Clyde.

Dr & Mrs Cunnington cruised in the St Lawrence estuary in TARNIMARA. The boat is now based on Halifax N S .

Norman Frederick cruised from N. Ireland around Scotland for 14 days in COMUS and has spent several weekends in Scotland very enjoyably.

Michael Hall and family had a good 1400 mile cruise in BIRD from the Bristol Channel, visiting Normandy, Brittany, the West Country and Scillies.

Dr Sammer has had a very good season again in Greece in BOAVENTURA, exploring the Cyclades and ports around the Peloponese.

RUMPUS II - W. Coast of France

(See chart inside front cover)

by E.W. Somerville

We once more started our summer sailing from Douarnenez where we had wintered 'Rumpus' for a second year. The holiday again had to be divided into two because of stopping to do some work in the middle.

We arrived at the little harbour in Trèboul on June 4th at about midday, the first day of a short spell of bad weather. However we were able to make good use of the time by fitting an Aries wind-vane which we had brought with us. This took only very slightly more than the six-and-a-half hours quoted by Nick Franklin and throughout our holiday it proved to be a tremendous success.

On June 6th we cast off and with very little wind we motored to the Raz de Sein and then round to Benodet where we remained for two days because of the weather. On June 9th we sailed in a splendid SW force 5 to Port Tudy (I de Groix) completing the distance from casting off to mooring in five hours. Port Tudy is a very different place in early June when we found only about ten boats there, from the total chaos which we were to encounter in the latter part of July. We then sailed to Concarneau, Loc Tudy and back to Benodet where we left the boat on a mooring above the bridge and returned home.

Two weeks later my wife and I returned and at once set off. The first two weeks of our holiday were characterised by heat, no wind, terrible visibility and at times torrential rain. We visited such places as Houat which was as beautiful as ever, the Auray river (in Quiberon Bay) and then arrived in Pornic on the day of an all time record flood in Nantes. We had intended to go to La Rochelle but the absence of wind and the very poor visibility persuaded us to stay at l'Haubaudiere.

From within a few hours of turning north the wind came up from the north-west and continued blowing hard from that direction almost for the next two weeks. This gave us some exhilarating sailing but, with the exception of a visit to La Roche Bernard up the Villaine, all to windward. In the course of this we had a hard beat to the Ile de Groix and on arriving off Port Tudy we found that the motor starter was dead. As the fresh wind was blowing straight out of the harbour we decided on the lesser of two evils of starting the motor by hand; looking back on it I am not certain that it was the lesser of two evils. We found that the cause of the failure was that the lead from the battery which is a good half inch thick had sheered inside the insulation.

We had a hard beat to La Forêt which we found to be a delightful place and much nicer than going to Concarneau. After a brief visit to Loc Tudy with a day to spare we sailed back to Trèboul. The forecast said NW 5 to 6, gusting 7, but I do not think this ever materialised, though there was enough wind to necessitate six rolls down in the main and off Pen'marche we encountered very big seas indeed. Oddly enough the calmest place turned out to be the Raz de Sein which we managed to reach at exactly slack water. Perverse as ever, when the wind should have been free in the Baie de Douarnenez, it dropped and we did the last ten miles under motor!

We have found this way of getting our summer holiday so successful that we decided to leave 'Rumpus II' in France for a further winter.

Seol Alba - Orkney to Armadale

by Charles Barrington

Some well-established clients having chartered all our three Rival 34's 9th-23rd July, they readily accepted our idea that they finish their cruise in Kirkwall instead of our base at Armadale. We would persuade various friends to come as paying guests to sail the fleet back to Skye.

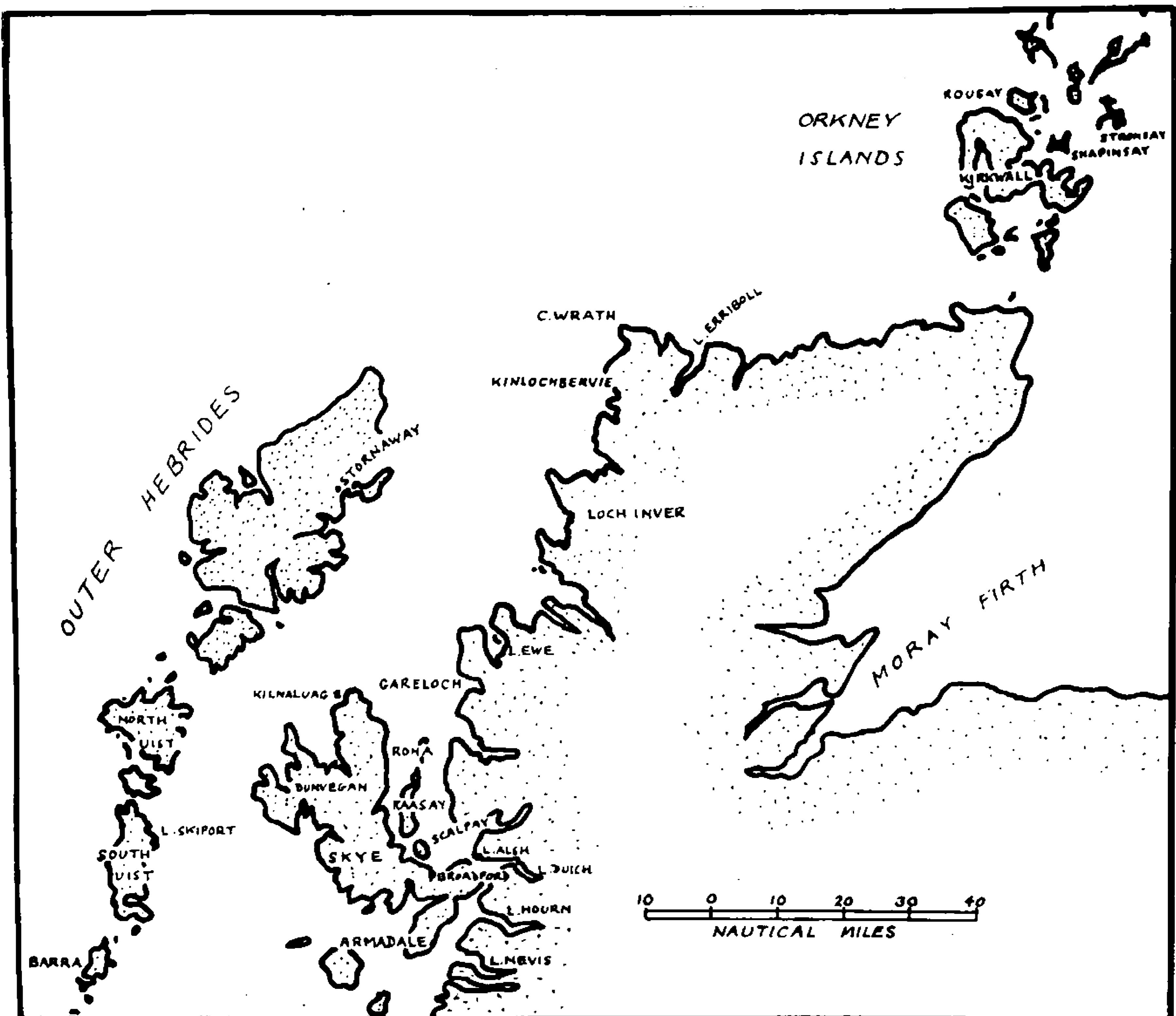
We found the boats alongside in Kirkwall's picturesque little harbour in good shape, their three crews all very tired after a hard but exciting cruise up against north-easterlies. But the yachts were soon cleaned out and the new crews went on board that afternoon. The next day being Sunday, we all went to morning service in the magnificent St Magnus' Cathedral, built c.1137 by the same masons as Durham. (Those who have a picture of Scottish islands inhabited by backward people spinning wool in lonely croft houses would be rudely awakened by a visit to Orkney. The blood, the soil, the whole outlook is different. There is a long history of prosperity stretching back to Viking times and beyond, for their stone age remains are more impressive than anywhere else - even Stonehenge. They do not need tourism, and oil does not dazzle them. Nor do Trades Unions or many of our modern innovations. A paradise indeed!) Anyway, the service was most appropriate. The Commissioners for Northern Lights (Scottish equivalent of Trinity House) were in the row in front of us in their smart uniforms for the inaugural service before their annual tour of inspection in the 'PHAROS'. The service was distinctly nautical and when we finished with "Eternal Father strong to save..." some of our less hardened guests listened apprehensively to the sound of a rising wind in the cathedral rafters.

With the tides right we sailed that afternoon for the island of Shapinsay - just able to hold our genoas on a fast invigorating beat. Anchoring off the neat well-kept village, we wandered off to look at Balfour Castle - a sort of grey St Pancras Station on a small almost treeless island! One of us knew all about the architect, and we felt this adequate excuse to knock at the door. The delightful Polish couple who now own Balfour asked us in at once and showed us around. If you dreamt of finding the V & A on a deserted island, you might wonder what you'd had for dinner! Well, until Col. Balfour died a few years ago, this military family had built up a remarkable collection of objets d'art from many parts of the world. Slightly stunned, we returned to the more modest dimensions of our Rivals relieved that the gales were no longer forecast.

Next morning I peered out of the hatch from my quarterberth to see a large bullock hovering about five feet from the masthead. What indeed had we had for dinner? In fact it was a large crane loading cattle onto a ship bound for "Mainland", the biggest island.

The Orkneys have tides (the horizontal kind), and they are very strong, so you have to fit in when planning your route. We decided to go to Rousay in the forenoon, and on to Stronsay later. Sailing in company with identical yachts is great fun, and never more so than on a fine day with complex tidal effects and alternative routes round islands and rocks. Where would the tides be most favourable, and which channel dare we take? Three different solutions gave very different answers in the long run, but not before some keen sailing contests had been fought among islets and buoys and beating up narrow channels. Comments over our walkie-talkies were intended to demoralise the opposition but actually had an alarming tendency to make the senders boat miss leading lines, marks, etc. Of course we stayed in Rousay the whole day. It was hard to avoid, what with a lecture on horticulture from an islander whose greenhouses were old shooting brakes and finding a clam factory as well as the main attraction - very fine chambered cairns and an excellent broch.

Next day (Tuesday) we had to sail for Loch Erriboll - a 70 mile stint - for the NW winds seemed likely to give us a fine reach. We would leave through Eynhallow Sound before the great "rost" had built up. Unfortunately 'Dorran' fouled her



anchor and we were over an hour late. Flagrantly disobeying all printed instructions about walls of water in the race which should never be attempted with wind against tide etc., we set off supremely confident in our Rivals. Each yacht has the picture of 'Wild Rival' in the Atlantic mounted in the saloon, so many were lightheartedly comparing the situations. Well, it was not quite as bad, but for fifteen minutes we leapt about in the most acrobatic manner, frequently able to see almost vertically down the mast of 'Neonach' ahead of us. If the photos come out they'll be quite something, but it was difficult to capture, and one fine camera was damaged.

Perhaps it was partly due to the clams, but the sea was very lumpy, and the next 60 miles would be more appropriately recorded in The British Medical Journal than here.

Arriving very ill in Rispond Bay, we went ashore to steady up, and immediately found a fine house, once that of the Duke of Sutherland's tacksman. The occupants asked us in with great friendliness, and, profusely apologetic, could only offer us Rémy Martin brandy. They really were most generous...

Despite, or because of, the brandy, nobody was for repeating the previous day's experience with a voyage round Cape Wrath. Instead, after a visit to Smoo cave, we gave a display of fast calm water sailing up and down this lovely and remote loch - in Scotch mist, so only to be appreciated by crofters with infra-red equipment.

Thursday we rounded Cape Wrath. (Wrath is a fair description, but actually derives from Vrath, old Norse for turning-point). A fine sail. Big seas, but all the crews had found their sea legs by now and were only exhilarated by fast sailing round some of the biggest cliffs and stacks in Britain. Giant skuas and a few Artic skuas were very active, and we saw on frequent occasions how aggressive and persistent they can be when harrassing other birds. In Kinlochbervie we went alongside at the fish pier and bought plentiful haddock, but avoided the hideous monk fish which are "scampi" at most not quite top hotels.

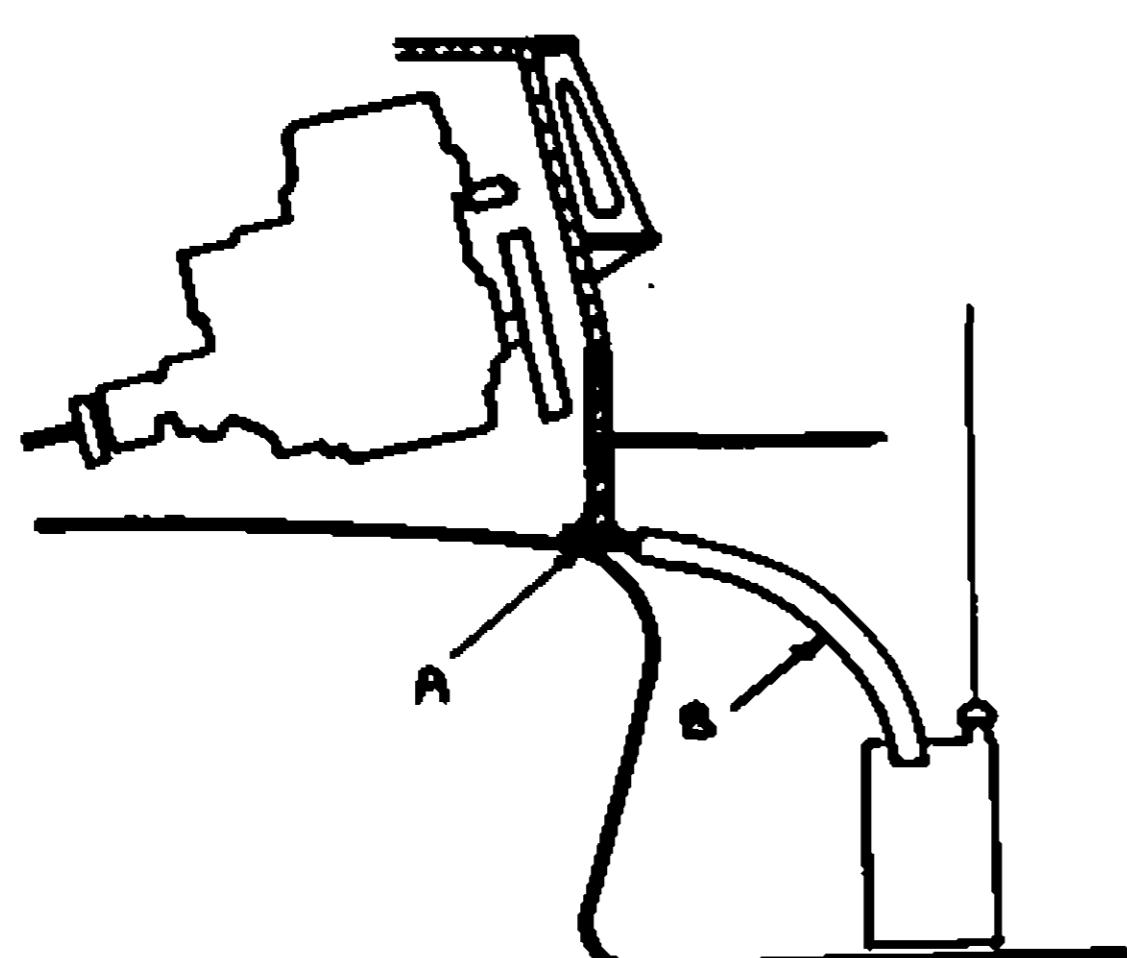
An affliction of nautical sloth overcame us on Friday morning until we realised that there was no water under our keels, and we left hurriedly for Handa - a famous island bird sanctuary. Here on the west-facing cliffs we found literally millions of sea birds, and watching them from the cliff tops around a great curve was a fascinating experience. Some puffins had nested so close to the cliff edge that we could have reached over and touched them. Reluctantly leaving this beautiful island we sailed in company and at great speed between various small islands to Kylesku. (Incidentally, 'Neonach' had temporarily damaged her genoa and reduced to working jib reluctantly. She kept up remarkably well. We have often observed this, and yet it is so easy to think that a boat which is heeling and driving hard must be going fast.)

The next day we headed inland up one of the loveliest series of lochs in Scotland, with no roads built to their shores, but several small cottages built when our forebears did not rely on cars and shops. We explored the highest waterfall in Britain, gathered buckets of mussels and even caught several trout. That night we anchored a few miles to seaward of Kylesku. 'Dorran', however, had found something ominously wrong with her engine (MD2B). On inspection, it was quite clear that a gasket had blown.

On Sunday we had a magnificent sail to Lochinver ('Shiant' dropping in at Drumbeg to summon the Seol Alba van to meet us there). The Sutherland mountains have a quality of dramatic loneliness that is hard to describe, and they never fail to thrill yatchsmen who pass this coast.

Lochinver is an interesting and beautiful place - even in rain as we had that day, so it proved ideal for the crews waiting while my assistant and I mended the engine. It was indeed a gasket and we noticed the sinister fact that some scouring had begun of the head and block surfaces, which may well mean machining, shims and expense. When we got back to base the next Friday there were two other boats with MD2B engines with similar or worse trouble! Personally I'm doubtful whether the new Volvo gaskets are as good as the old type, and they make it quite hard to clean the head and block surfaces nicely. Although as a charterer my Volvos have done 1,800 hours between them, my experience is not such that I can offer sage advice here, for apart from a guarantee job at the very start, this is our only breakdown so far. Of course, if you have the head taken off by anyone but yourself, check the torques after some hours of running. Otherwise I just change oil and perform lay-up routines fairly religiously.

In chartering, oil has to be changed fast, so if you get bored and messy using the funny little syringe for changing oil, perhaps this is a good time to mention a method that serves me well:-



Just glass in a 6" length of copper pipe (A). Add plastic tube (B). Then when changing, lower a 1-gall can down the bilge with the pipe (B) draining into it, remove sump plug, and wait. It gets a small area under the engine dirty, but saves time and drains the oil more completely.

Anyway, 'Dorran' mended, we sailed down to Loch Ewe with an unforgettable backdrop of Suilven, Stack Polly, Ben More Coigach, an Teallach and many names to make the mountaineer's mouth water. Again, the sail separated these identical yachts by quite a margin. It is a pity that the Admiral's cup can not be sailed here! We all arrived in Loch Ewe very very late, but of course we don't have much night in these parts in summer.

In the morning we made an early start and had to motor up the loch to look at the famous gardens created by Sir Osgood McKenzie and described by him in "A hundred years in the Highlands". These gardens would be remarkable by any standards, but set amidst the remote barren scenery of Gareloch, they are amazing, and having seen them, no highlander has any excuse if his garden is less productive than it would be in Kent. It was now a superb sunny day, and the gardens looked wonderful for the Director of the National Trust for Scotland who was inspecting that day. He is a great friend of my wife and me, so he laughingly suggested that we put on a sailing display in front of the gardens for several hundred visitors there. We said we would, of course, but I think they must all have been very disappointed with our efforts, for when we read the charts we saw that we could only sail into the very corner of their view for fear of going aground!

That afternoon and evening the three yachts went their separate ways to visit places that they fancied. 'Shiant' sailed off into a glorious sunset to make what looked on the chart to be a good anchorage in South Rona. Not mentioned in any books, but being used for the Navy's new submarine evaluation test range, Loch a'Bhraige was an unknown quantity, but it turned out to have good deep anchorage, well sheltered except from the north west in which direction we had a clear view of the magnificent colours of the evening sky over Harris. The air was superbly clear - a pointer to the following morning's weather.

How quickly the weather can change in Scotland! The next morning was foul, with rain blown by a smart northerly wind. Two sodden figures in oilskins got the boat underway and running south to meet the others anchored off Flodday, we expected, at the north end of Raasay. The rest sensibly slept on. There are two anchorages at Flodday with a reef between them which (I had been told) could be crossed at high water. The plan was to anchor in one for breakfast and surprise the others by joining them when the tide rose. Luckily my cautious streak deemed it worth lead-lining the reef from the dinghy, for some enterprising sheep farmer had built a concrete causeway across the reef which would have possibly proved even stronger than a Rival keel!

After a visit to the now ruinous, but until recently, very lovely Raasay House, we sailed off for Kyle of Lochalsh on a fast reach, and anchored that night in Loch na Beiste. Anyone sailing up here is likely to anchor in this well-placed loch, so may I add something to the Sailing Directions: use a tripping line! Minelayers used it in the war, and I have been called out to recover anchors from its murky depths with some difficulty.

Next day marked another abrupt change of weather - bright and sunny with a cheerful breeze driving us happily off to Loch Duich to look at Eilean Donan from the sea before turning down Kylerhea in almost slack waters for once. For lunch we had mussels and wild mushrooms all three anchored alongside each other at Sandaig (Gavin Maxwell's "Ring of Bright Water"), but now we could actually see Armadale, and an excellent holiday was nearly over. We made the moorings on a single fast beat in brilliant sunshine. A change into best clothes, a fine dinner at the hotel, and then reels until 2 a.m. completed a varied and interesting cruise.

To the Canaries in EOWYN - RIVAL 41

by Ron Coxhead

Sitting in the cockpit in the shade of the port awning, 'Eowyn' moving slightly to a harbour echo of the Atlantic swell, the sea breeze just picking up to cool the heat of the sun here in the Canaries; this must be one of the gentler moments of cruising. The self-important buzz of a tourist voice out for the day from Maspalomas explains to his group and my back the wonderful functions of the self-steering which he sees as some form of outboard motor. He too is part of a scenery of date palms, volcanic rock and earth moving equipment at Pasito Blanco, which, together with the rather more spartan Puerto Rico, offer good harbour facilities on the south side of the island of Gran Canaria to the many yachts bound for the trade winds. A clean berth in a pleasant harbour with fresh water and electricity for the energy hungry fridge laid on, and the shops of Maspalomas just a short bus ride away, makes a good last port before the long curve away south and west.

Cruising in the Canaries also has its negative side. September, with its hurricanes in the West Indies which we are all waiting to abate, brings its occasional gale. On this clean, clear morning it is easy to remember the easterly direct from the Sahara choking the sky with what Darwin on the "Beagle" called "impalpably fine dust" making breathing difficult and unpleasant with the heat and dryness of the air. A night on deck reducing windage and trying to keep the stern off the wall to which we are moored was an ordinary affair; the monumental dedusting inside and out was a much more unpleasant aftermath. During those dusty days it was doubly refreshing to dive over the side into the clean, warm water, and, if one got tired of cleaning the boat above water, one could always take a brush to the antifouling.

During the winter of endless rain in Seville it had been hard to believe that the southern climate had not approached that of the north and swimming was something of another age. We had gone to Seville at the end of the previous summer's passage from Holland intending a brief visit to friends made when we stayed there with our Rival 32 'Talitha'. Those obligations which wait patiently on shore took hold and kept us there until April of this year. Apart from rain it was a pleasant time and Seville, 56 miles up the Rio Guadalquivir, remains one of the most interesting places we have visited. It was tempting to set out from there and sail direct to the West Indies as Columbus did, but 'Eowyn' wanted slipping and the new marina at Vilamoura near Faro on the Portuguese Algarve coast offered the best facilities.

It seems a pity to us that most yachts heading for the Mediterranean either bypass the southern coast of Portugal and the south west coast of Spain or make but a brief stop on the Algarve and perhaps Cadiz. These coasts offer an ideal summer cruising ground with less expense and crowding and better winds than the Mediterranean Spanish coast. Thus it was no bad thing that, when 'Eowyn' put her bow out into the Atlantic again, there was a rudely healthy west wind blowing over the bar of the Guadalquivir and we took the easy course of coasting to Vilamoura via Huelva and Vila Real de San Antonio.

The Ria de Huelva is the estuary of two rivers one of which is the Rio Tinto of mining fame and runs a coppery red colour as a result. The passage between the sandbanks up to Huelva is rather tedious, being nearly 10 miles which has to be made again before gaining the open sea when leaving. The town itself is a poor attraction compared to Seville, but the anchorages in the estuary away from the industrial area near the oil refinery are entirely sheltered and completely natural with many possibilities for exploration with the dinghy. There is a yacht club near the holiday town at Punta Umbria, but we chose the isolation of an anchorage in the main part of the estuary with a view across to the large statue of Columbus. The west wind blew all it could that afternoon, but 'Eowyn' was safely in sight as we wandered over a deserted island and Aksana, our 4 year old daughter, lost to sight in the long grass as she picked flowers.

It was fortunate that the westerly Force 6 predicted when we sailed on to Vila Real de San Antonio on the Rio Guadiana turned into a sunny calm. New works on training walls and an industrious winter gale or two had invalidated the chart and we crept cautiously and anxiously around for an hour or so before finding a couple of buoys marking the bar. Once within the river mouth there was no problem except as to which courtesy flag to fly, for one bank of the river is Spanish and the other Portuguese. This we solved by hoisting both, each on the side of its appropriate bank, only taking down the Spanish flag when we had located a berth in the sleepy hollow of a tidal basin on the Portuguese side. Vila Real is a pleasant town with the wide sandy beaches of Monte Gordo at no distance. The Rio Guadiana is more beautiful than the Guadaluquivir and is navigable between rolling green hills for 20 miles. It is this river navigation which adds a special quality to cruising along this coast.

The marina at Vilamoura, just around Cabo de Santa Maria on which Faro is situated, was a splendid place to get hauled out. So quiet was the pace there that we lay in the slings of the Travellift for a week whilst painting and checking underwater fittings. Apartment blocks, hotels, shops, casinos and nightclubs were planned and under construction and will inject the usual haste and expense, but during our stay the marina lay isolated and the little community of yachts had the peace of their own company.

Marina living is no preparation for the sea, so before heading south we went a little further west and anchored for a few days in the outer harbour at Portimao. The town lies a short distance upriver, but there is such crowding, bustle and pollution from the numerous large fishing boats that it is unwise to anchor there. When the harbour swell had rolled everything into place we got in the anchor and stood away south with a strong feeling of leaving Europe behind.

The passage to the Canaries was a boisterous affair. Force 5 from the west soon became 6, 7 and finally 8 all from northerly quarters. We ran with the wind over our quarter, our best days sailing being 165 miles of which little or nothing was current. The weather was too cloudy and windy for porpoises or other marine life diversions for the watch and even the shipping gave few signs of its presence. Our Aries self-steering revelled in the conditions and kept the DR and celestial navigation positions comfortingly together. We received no free miles from the Canary Current until we were close to Lanzarote, and it was as well that I took Polaris sights throughout that night approach despite the difficulty of getting an horizon and a star to it in the rough conditions. We were reducing our latitude so rapidly we could have sailed straight past if we had relied on the log.

Lanzarote with its dust-brown colouring and undulating lunar hills made quite a contrast with the blue and white of the sea as we coasted down into the lee of the island to an anchorage in Bocayna Strait. There off a sandy beach we let the anchor look after 'Eowyn' whilst we slept.

The remaining 120 miles to Gran Canaria were made interesting by a Force 9 blow as we approached the gap between Fuerteventura and the 6000 feet high mountains of Gran Canaria. Night, a lot of shipping and a tearing current added to the fun. It was wet, wild sailing, but apart from a reef pennant cheek block disintegrating, it posed no problems to 'Eowyn'. Once in the lee of the island the wind dropped to faint airs and we flopped around till dawn permitted a search for Puerto Rico. The empty, desolate basin for visiting yachts had no appeal, and before breakfast we had run back to Pasito Blanco and a comfortable berth. After that night a shot of rum was allowed all hands, and, since there are just two of us, a second shot did little damage to the supplies.

There is no question that a Rival 41 is as easy to handle as our previous Rival 32. The big bonus with the larger boat is the more comfortable movement and the sense of security when working the sails. For short-handed passage making she is excellent, capable of making good speed under modest sail areas, and with space enough to stow the thousand and one items necessary when chandlers and other shops are far away. As a home for two adults and one very active small child she has the advantage of truly separate cabins and a degree of privacy. If Aladdin gave me his lamp I would wish for a fridge unit with a water cooled condenser but rest otherwise satisfied.

ALIZ MOTTE in the Central Mediterranean

By Peter Wilkinson

This cruise took us from Corsica to Elba, along the Western and Southern coasts of Italy, across the Adriatic to the Ionian Islands of western Greece, back to Sicily and finally to Malta. Our crew were two Americans and two Englishmen.

The Americans were Jim Nolan, doing his second voyage of over 1000 miles in Aliz Motte, and his former school buddy, Dan Henry, who flew from California to join us at Fiumicino. The Englishmen were Tony Wessley, son-in-law of Sir Alec Rose, and myself.

30 April

Leaving our winter lay-up port Macinaggio in N. Corsica, we sailed to Elba, spending our first night in Portoferraio, after 45 miles in $8\frac{1}{2}$ hours. The quartering swell failed to upset Jim and Tony fortified by seasick pills. Anchored near a large RN submarine, we went ashore and met a friendly policeman who guided us to a good restaurant in the main square. After supper we joined a large crowd to hear an Italian tenor singing local and patriotic songs. His appearance and voice resembled the great Pavarotti, and he drew loud applause. It was the May Day fiesta being celebrated this Saturday night because May 1st was a Sunday. We walked up to Napoleon's house, had a fine view of this beautiful old port and slept well back on board.

1 May

Heard the Italian Radio weather forecast at 0625 and sailed at 0830 enjoying a rapid reach along the N. coast of Elba. The wind quickly increased to force 8 even under the lee shore. Thinking it might be stronger in the open sea E of Elba, we returned to shelter in Portoferraio. Off again at noon, we sailed briskly round to Porto Azzuro for a quiet night at anchor in this pretty and uncrowded little port.

2 May

Leaving at 0700, we sailed SE in calm overcast weather. A merchant ship "Janine" crossed our bow at 1045 and her officers waved as we passed astern of her to resume our course. At 1330 we sighted Argentario point, got a fix on N and S Grosetti rocks; finally entering Porto Santa Stefano at 1700. This small Naval and Commercial port has a useful boatyard, run by partners, Signor Gabrielle and Mr Stickley, an American friend of Jim's. Sr Gabrielle arranged for an ex-RN friend, John House to replace our broken Baron wind-vane. John arrived from Porto Ercole that evening and fitted the new vane to the masthead before settling down to some gin.

3 May

On this day the navigational conditions were perhaps uniquely easy:- MV nil, Deviation nil, leeway nil, tide nil, current nil!! Cabin temp. was 70°F at noon. Leaving S. Stefano 1140, we got a fix in transit between Argentario Point and Gianutri Isle. At 1830 we brought up Civita Vecchia harbour entrance dead ahead. Following 3 returning trawlers into Port, we crossed Michelangelo's basin, passed his Fort, crept through the narrow channel into the Darsena Romana yacht basin, and tied up astern of the 5th row of yachts from the quay. It began to rain, we felt no urge to go ashore so supped on board and went early to bed.

4 May

Thinking Dan Henry might be awaiting us at Fiumicino, we left Civita Vecchia at 0445 as the full moon set. Tacked for 3 hours in light southerlies before the offshore breeze gave us a beat on S/B tack right down to the entrance to Fiumicino just S of Rome airport.

Motored in over the bar to find Dan Henry waving from the P/S harbour light. The filthiest of yacht basins was full and being dredged, so we tied up alongside the S wall of the river port, where the pollution at least flowed by.

Dan came aboard for a great reunion with Jim (they had not met for over 30 years) and then kindly invited us all to lunch at his Pensione. A walk to the mole-end showed the wind was now strong from the west, kicking up a dangerous sea against the current over the bar. 27 trawlers stayed in port and one freighter attempted to leave with the help of a tug. We decided to stay the night, which gave Dan time to settle in and get to know Aliz Motte. Tony cooked a good supper and we planned over the charts to arrive for a dawn view of Ischia and the Bay of Naples if possible.

5 May

By morning the W wind moderated, so we motored out of Fiumicino, bucked over the rough sea at the bar and beat 2 miles seaward to clear the pollution and avoid the shallows near the mouth of the Fiume Grande. By 1130 we could lay the course for Cap d'Anzio 25 miles down the coast. This was our best day's sailing so far; warm, sunny and a steady W/SW breeze giving us a reach to Porto Circe by 1800 hours, where we anchored in 10 ft of clean water. After supper aboard, we set off at 2130 for a night sail towards Ischia. At 0200 we sighted the light of Punta Imperatore at about 30 miles, and at 0255 the light of Ventotene at 9 miles.

6 May

Dawned fine and clear. Ischia looked as beautiful as expected and we celebrated our first view of the Bay of Naples with a cockpit breakfast in the sun, of scrambled eggs cooked by Tony, feeling that this was the Mediterranean as it should be. We tied up the N side of the ancient circular port of Ischia and watched the ferries and hydrofoils increase through the morning. Went ashore for a walk and were impressed with this pretty island, aglow with flowers and blossom and not yet too crowded. We felt we should spend a week here to see it properly, but decided to take advantage of the sun and breeze to sail into the Bay of Naples. So we headed inshore, passing the islands Pochida and Nisidi enjoying the fantastic variety of scenery, eating our lunch in the cockpit. About 8 miles offshore from Naples, our illusions of beauty were somewhat shattered by the pollution of the water. There was a clear line across the Bay, inside which the sea was brown, yellow and grey with large "pools" of plastic gash; outside the line, the sea was clean and cobalt blue. Perhaps hardly surprising because the shore line of Naples and its suburbs is one huge industrial complex of factories and shipyards.

Having no wish to go closer, we turned for Capri and had a fast reach for 15 miles right into the small yacht harbour, which faces East. Spent that evening visiting neighbouring boats for drink and chat.

7 May

We walked for 3 hours round the attractive NE part of the island on a perfect day, which brought out all the colours for which Capri is famed - pine woods, rocky cliffs and emerald bays. We could happily have spent a week exploring the whole island, but not in July or August which are too hot and crowded.

Tony left us after lunch, by hydrofoil to Naples; his short holiday was ending. His 9 days with us had covered all points of sailing, including a night sail, and he enjoyed the experience. We would miss his company and his cuisine. Left Capri that afternoon, sailing round Sorrento peninsular and entered Amalfi at 1930 after a fast run. As we berthed the weather changed to heavy rain and thunderstorms all night and early morning. We were glad to be in port that night but sad that this most spectacular mountainous resort was shrouded in cloud.

8 May

Next morning we topped up provisions and had a helpful briefing on some improved ports on the long coast down to Messina from a delightful old mariner who came aboard. We were now impatient to get into the Ionian Islands, so when the weather improved, set sail for Santa Marco where we tied up between fishing boats after a fast reach of over 3 hours. Jim and Dan went ashore to shop, and I was hailed by a voice from the quay "You English? I am poet and I give you book of my works - gratis"! He was Michele Fortunato. Who but an Italian could be so charmingly uninhibited?

9 May

Heavy rain squalls cleared by 0900, so we sailed and for 20 hours had good SW winds. Local thunderstorms and strong squalls caused us some difficulty rounding Cap Vaticano, but the weather improved as we headed south, entering Scilla at noon next day (10 May). Finding the current through the Straits of Messina was south going, with light airs, we motored through the Straits busy with shipping, ferries and hydrofoils, passing under the power cables which span a stretch of $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles across from mainland to Sicily, and entered Reggio Di Calabria at 1430. We were directed into the sheltered yacht basin east of the main port, having logged 160 miles from San Marco in 29 hours, and 512 miles from Corsica in 11 days.

At Reggio, a port official checked our ship's documents and passports for the first time since Elba, and Jim brought a Calabrian, Philippo, aboard for a drink with his girl friend, Gabrielle. He later took us to a restaurant in Gallico where the pizza was especially good and prices moderate. He drove us back in his Fiat 126 at fantastic speed. We slept well this quiet night in port.

11 May

Left Reggio in light N wind. With the current setting south, we made good speed past the large oil refineries and a stack 350 ft high, ringed red and white (not marked on our charts). Rounding Cap Spartivento we set course for Cap Rizzuto, and with the offshore wind freshening to 25/30 knots we reefed main, set working jib, spray hood, donned oilskins and prepared for the ill-famed Gulf of Squalls (Il Golfo di Squillace). But it did not come up to its reputation, and we sailed on through the night till $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles off Cap Rizzuto when we unreefed, set No.2 genoa and rounded Cap Calunne and entered Crotone at 0945, having logged 126 miles from Reggio in exactly 24 hours.

12 May

Crotone is the only port of any size on the S coast of Italy when approaching Taranto from the West. It is a large, sheltered and busy commercial port, but of no attraction for yachtsmen. The diesel pump was under repair, so we took on 50 litres from an old drum wheeled up on a porter's trolley after a long and noisy discussion with local officials who made us change our berth three times. It was very hot, so we sailed that night across the great bay of Taranto, running goose-winged for 10 hours before the wind died and we motored on.

13 May

A blood red sun rose at 0440 and we entered port Santa Maria di Leuca, on the pin-heel of Italy at 0730. The inner harbour was too shallow so we anchored in 12 ft in the outer harbour for breakfast and sleep, disturbed only by the swell. The sun and a good SSE wind persuaded us to sail on across the Adriatic aiming for Fano Island. Friday the 13th proved our lucky day, giving us a fine reach of 52 miles in 8 hours, to anchor in a sheltered bay on the N side of Fano that night.

Crossing the Adriatic our navigation had been complicated by conflicting currents - S-going near the Italian side, N-going on the Albanian side, plus N-going surface current from the wind. In fact these neutralised out, so we steered at Fano which came up about 2 miles S of our track.

14 May

After a comfortable night at anchor we motored slowly along the N shore of Fano, while Jim stitched a small tear in the mainsail. A Greek fisherman waved us out to sea. We obeyed him but our keel touched a rock. Turned quickly into deeper water and luckily were not damaged. We should have had a lookout in the bow for this stretch of coast with only a small-scale chart. The error was entirely mine as navigator.

Some wind came from the East, with rain, so we beat up the Corfu channel in weather more like the English channel, taking spray and unable to see the anticipated view of Corfu and the Albanian mountains.

Tied up at the Customs quay in Corfu at 1530, right alongside a fine wooden ketch, from which my old friend, Drew Bethel appeared, took our lines and then passed us a loaf of new-baked bread. We had logged 812 miles in 15 days including 4 nights sailing, since Corsica, and were ready for a rest of 3 days in Corfu.

14 - 16 May in Corfu

We had now completed nearly 2/3 of our voyage and reached Corfu exactly on the date forecast back in February when Jim and I first planned this cruise. Since Capri we had not dawdled, wanting to have enough time in the attractive Ionian Islands off Western Greece, and the warmer weather there.

The Greek Customs in Corfu, our port of entry, were courteous and efficient, issuing our Transit log without delay. We replenished provisions, explored the town, and cleaned up Aliz Motte. We were ready to receive Jim's Greek friends who arrived on 15th May. John and Miranda Vassilopoulos had ferried their car from Patras, to see Corfu and to meet us. He was an artist specialising in church Byzantine work, spoke some English, and was very outgoing and good company. She was an Athenian who spoke French and her looks caused heads to turn wherever she went. Together they were marvellous hosts, guides and interpreters, with whom we spent two enjoyable days and evenings touring Corfu in their car, and sampling Greek food and wine. We visited Kouloura, a pretty circular fishing port, facing Albania, and Paleokastritsa on the W. coast, for a swim and lunch. We tried to return some of their hospitality by taking them to dinner at the Acteon Restaurant overlooking the citadel our last evening.

17 May

Left Corfu at 1030 and sailed through the south Corfu channel for Paxos island, calling in at Lakka, a small village port in beautiful wooded country on the N tip of Paxos, before tying up in Port Gayo for the night. A safe and sheltered port where yachts lay up for winter, though space is limited by the daily ferry service from Corfu. It is safer to use the N entrance as the small S entrance has less than 6 ft of water.

Dan and Jim explored the old town while I took a taxi to Nausia Bay to see Patrick May - an old friend who lives there.

18 May

Sailed to Anti Paxos, a small island just S of Paxos, and had a good swim in beautiful uninhabited sandy bays, before sailing across the 12 miles to Parga, a lively mainland town with a good anchorage, though we rolled much of the night in a swell.

19 May

Sailed 30 miles south to Preveza, a commercial port at the entrance to the inland sea of Amvrakia. The approach up $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles of narrow buoys channel with rocky shallows threatening both sides, is the most interesting part of Preveza, which is a good place to replenish supplies, but otherwise not attractive. We left at 1830 and sailed south to the entrance of the Levkas Canal at Maura Fort, and tied up alongside Levkas for the night. Went ashore for a meal and spent the evening walking the streets of this gay and colourful town with seemingly its whole population, resembling an impromptu film set atmosphere.

20 May

Motored south through the 3 miles of Levkas canal, then sailed into the "enclosed" Ionian sea between the islands of Levkas, Ithaca and Cefalonia to the W. and Greek mainland to the E - a perfect sailing area. This was a full day's cruising, visiting Port Vliko and the Islands of Sparti, Skropidi, Skropio and Meganisi, where we anchored for swim and lunch in Port Atheni. En route we saw Onassis' yacht, like a small white liner, at anchor in his island of Skropio. In the afternoon, we tacked in variable winds down the Meganisi channel, past Akhudi island when the wind freshened to 20 k, giving us a fast reach into Kione in Cefalonia, tying up alongside the small quay near the only restaurant. This picture port and hillside village, destroyed in the 1953 earthquake, welcomes visitors. After a superb supper of fresh mullet, the proprietor introduced his 14 year old grand-daughter from Australia, who looked pure Konian, but spoke pure Aussie. That night at 0500 the wind suddenly blew hard from the west, causing a sudden surge, necessitating springers and extra tyres outboard of our fenders for protection.

21 May

The day of our film debut! We sailed from Kione through the breathtaking

scenery of the approach to Port Vathi, where as we berthed, a long column of school children in bright uniforms paraded through the streets led by a brass band, celebrating the anniversary of Ithaca becoming Greek. A film crew soon appeared and asked us to feature in a film they were shooting. They wanted Aliz Motte to be the getaway boat, with us as accomplices to the gorgeous girl who had stolen a priceless ikon from the local church Directed by the male star in faultless English, we had one rehearsal and one "take", then all adjourned to a cafe for ouzo and snacks, with the cast.

Leaving Vathi, we picked up a good SE breeze, heading for Port Samos, Cefalonia. During a calm we lay ahull in Santa Andrea cove for a swim, when suddenly a N wind blew up from nil to 30 k in about 5 minutes. We reached under reduced sail westwards into Port Pilaros (alias Euphemia) rather than risking a run into Samos, a strange port on a lee shore in this wind. Anchored in $2\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms, veering 15 fathoms chain, and did not drag all night though the gusts were strong.

The ports of Pilaros, Samos and Anti Samos bay provide 3 good shelters from winds of almost any direction in this area.

22 May

The 43 miles from Pilaros to Argostoli, capital of Cefalonia, took us 10 hours in variable winds, ending with a good beat up the tortuous approaches. Tied up to the Customs quay in Argostoli, handed in our Transit log, topped up with all provisions and prepared for the 250 mile trip to Syracuse, Sicily. Argostoli is a most efficient port, where all services worked well, even on Sunday evening. The Dutch skipper of a neighbouring boat invited me aboard to mark his charts with good anchorages and places to visit in the Ionian; his young wife acting as interpreter. Jim came and dug me out on the excuse that our supper was ready! After supper, the American skipper of a new British motor sailor came aboard and obviously enjoyed talking to his fellow countrymen. He had a rough crossing from Syracuse, motoring all the way, and was returning to the Aegean, where he was based.

23 May

Moderate weather forecast encouraged us to leave Argostoli at 1000 for Syracuse, distance 250 miles, course 255° . Good sailing all day, bang on course, till wind dropped so motored all night.

24 May

Next morning NNE breeze got up giving us a superb broad reach for 24 hours; Aries working very well.

25 May

At 0450 Dan spotted Murro Porco light fine off Port bow, and altered course a shade to S/B. At 0730 we picked up Syracuse entrance, and tied up in the main harbour to Ortygia quay at 0800. We had logged the 250 miles in 46 hours, averaging 5.5 knots.

After checking in with Customs we went sightseeing by taxi and bus to Greek Amphitheatre, Roman cathedral and walked much of Ortygia, returning for an early lunch on board as Dan was leaving to seek a flight back from Catania to California. He had done nearly 1000 miles with us in the 3 weeks since Fiumicino. Considering he was an experienced Naval Engineer and former captain of a U S Destroyer through the Pacific War, he had fitted in easily to our small boat and was a model crew, taking long watches at the helm, keeping things always shipshape, helping with good advice, but never criticizing. A marvellous chap to have around when sailing.

After Dan had gone and we had slept, Jim and I said almost simultaneously "Let's go for Malta". After getting the 1900 weather forecast from the obliging Naval Capitaineria, we left Syracuse at 1930 for a night sail to Malta. Jim took the first night watch, steering through a fishing fleet off Cap Passaro, until we picked up a good following breeze and ran goosewinged at more than 6 knots most of the night.

26 May

Sighted Malta in the early morning mist and had difficulty identifying the entrance to Valetta harbour until quite close.

Entered Lazaretto creek at 1030. After circling around, tied up in berth No.86 on the southern quay of Manoel Island, tired but content.

Aliz Motte had brought Jim and me 1356 miles from Corsica in 27 days with Tony for 9 and Dan for 21 days. Once again she had proved what an efficient, seaworthy, comfortable and easily-handled boat the Rival 34 is, and had given us all a lot of fun, excitement and satisfaction.

In retrospect

Pollution We found bad pollution only in the Bay of Naples and Fiumicino, and some in Corfu due to an oil spillage. Everywhere else was remarkably clean.

Berthing Fees We were charged no berthing fees at any port in Elba, Italy, Western Greece or Sicily, for one night's stop.

Documents Only at Reggio and at official ports of entry or departure were we asked to show ship's documents and passports.

Modifications The only non-standard modification made to Aliz Motte is the fitting of a Canpa tinted reversible hatch to the cabin top, about midway between the foot of the mast and the main hatch. It is a worth while addition for hot climates.

Goodwin Sands - Force Seven

by Guido Leye

The annual voyage with 'Houtekiet' from Nieuwpoort towards Scilly started with bad luck on 15th July. The shipping forecast spoke about SW wind while it had been blowing uninterruptedly from the East. That SW wind finally came and this in a hard way, so that we got to Littlehampton with an eight days delay. From Littlehampton we were able to cruise as far as Yarmouth but then there was no more wind during three weeks. But as a compensation we got splendid summer weather that shoved us to Scilly, helped by our engine.

We stayed there for four days in a marvellous calm spell with only the sun, tranquillity and liberty as an unforgettable environment.

On 10th August our return. Wind? Not much ... as far as Yarmouth. After a day's "warning of gale" we ran with a good five as far as Newhaven and then there was no more wind as far as Nieuwpoort, our home port.

To get as much as possible out of our holidays, we came back sailing single-handed during the last week.

23rd August:

Nieuwpoort to Dunkirk, wind abeam four to five, splendid.

24th August:

I sailed in the direction of Ramsgate with a weather forecast SW wind 3, increasing 5 - 6.

1100 : departure from Dunkirk, SSW 3.

1330 : log 16 miles, SSW 4, first reef.

1450 : log 24 miles, near Sandettie W buoy, SSW force 5, second reef.

1533 : log 29 miles, Falls lightvessel, approximately two miles to starboard.
1645 : SSW force 6. North Goodwin lightvessel comes into sight just on starboard. While thinking the genoa No.2 should be taken down by now, I see a small ship with something like a blue sail and two men eagerly busy. Intuitively I change my course in their direction. Somebody makes a sign to come near. In no time the genoa is down and the engine is running. It seems to be a small catamaran.

Within hearing:

"Do you speak English?"
"Yes!"
"Where is Ramsgate?"
"This way. Can I help you?"
"Yes."
"Give me a line and I will tow you."

First we have no luck in bringing over a line. Another try. Bang ... my main-sail is torn at an involuntary gybe. A bit later, the vane of my Aries is broken. Finally I get the line and make it fast. When I ask to stand by, the answer is "no rudder, no petrol". Foam trails on the water surface in the direction of the wind suggest wind force seven. Suddenly a crack, I look back, the mast of the 'Swallow' is overboard and I am trailing along the catamaran backwards first. A sign is given to continue. The crew succeeds in turning their ship, the tow line is fixed now on the starboard float and what remains from the catamaran is oblique from me. I steer approximately North towards the North Goodwin light-vessel. Near the Goodwin sands the sea is like a witch-kettle. 'Houtekiet' can still sail rather comfortably with the waves just astern and the catamaran acting as a sort of sea-anchor. But on the 'Swallow' it must be hell. She surfs up close on each wave to fall back with a snatch from the backwash.

Altering course at the North Goodwin lightvessel I get the waves abeam. My ship is rolling violently but the tow goes on. Quernbuoy is in sight. A last problem, entering Ramsgate. The towline must be shortened. I succeed in passing the harbour entrance without damage ... 'Houtekiet' near the East pier, 'Swallow' just along the West pier. Success. Towline away. Now we wait some time until the dock gates open. About 2000 I moor in the inner harbour. Nobody shows up so finally I looked for the crew of the 'Swallow' myself.

"Thank you, mister, thank you very much."
"I have saved you, you know."
"Yes, I know it."
"Perhaps, I have saved your life."
"Yes."

His story? Rudder lost, practically no more petrol for the outboard. Leaving Dunkirk at 0600 "on a flat sea".

My balance? A torn mainsail, a broken steering gear, two hands hurt, a chest out of order, that makes itself be felt even three weeks later and ... a tremendous disappointment. But the great seaworthiness of my Rival 32 is once more proven.

Editor's note: We understand that Guido negotiated a payment of £20 by the people whose lives he saved. This was to pay for part of the damage he sustained to his own boat. What a shocking end to a valiant act!

RESOLUTION - Rival 38A

by T W Heard

When one decides to purchase a new boat a few difficulties are always to be expected. When the boat is a new design and the second out of the mould it might be expected that those difficulties would be increased, and so we faced the construction of our Rival 38 with as much resolution as we could. It was not for that reason we called her 'Resolution' neither was it to commemorate the name of the boat in which Cook sailed the South Seas, but rather because the hull was due to arrive in the New Year (1977) and we were resolved to have her sailing by Easter. In the end we missed our deadline by four days all because the riggers' machinery went wrong at a critical moment, but we have made up for it since.

As Judy and I normally sail either by ourselves or with our five children we equipped the boat for ease of handling. Large self-tailing Lewmars (at exorbitant cost), roller-reefing foresail and slab-reefing main have helped to facilitate our passages, and there have been no gear failures.

Our usual sailing habit is to leave Wiltshire on a Friday evening, motor through the ponies, pigs, donkeys and cattle of the New Forest, stagger through the grinding traffic of Lyndhurst, wait patiently for the level crossing gates to open at Brockenhurst, and rush our kit bags aboard at Lymington. We have managed to get our time from arrival to a sailing departure down to twenty minutes, which is quite a credit to the design of the boat. Our tasks are to turn on the electrics (one engine battery and two domestic batteries), top up the pressure on the paraffin cooking and heating system, check the bilges (always dry), check the engine, remove the sail cover, hoist the ensign, stow the food and belongings, change into sailing gear (stored dry on board), bring handbearing compass and winch handles into the cockpit, release halyard shock-cords, check tides, and we're off.

'Resolution' motors effortlessly, powered by her Mercedes 36 HP diesel, and she soon has her sails set and drawing freely. She seems to move through the water at 5 knots whatever the weather, and keeps ploughing on even in the rough water.

Although sailing only on alternate week-ends in four months we have "notched up" some 1,000 sea miles and have cruised from Le Havre to the Channel Islands and from Portsmouth to Weymouth. Not startling stuff, we know, but with restricted cruising time we feel she has done rather well.

The capacity of the 38 to carry a lot of gear is very helpful. We keep the life-raft stowed on the floor of the cockpit with a platform built above it. The aft locker has rather restricted access but holds a Dunlop Maxi inflatable, an outboard motor, five large fenders, spare sheets and warps, a boarding ladder, and the storm jib. The two cockpit lockers, designed to hold gas cylinders, are filled with outboard motor fuel, spare paraffin, engine oil, bosun's chair, deck bucket and other bits and pieces. We have four large cockpit coaming lockers which hold winch handles, binoculars, hand-bearing compass, spare ends of sheets, fishing lines, sailing gloves, leadline, books, children's toys, etc.

Our three girls sleep in the forward cabin, it being designed with a high double berth to port and a single berth with the foot underneath it to starboard. The two boys sleep in "our cabin" aft under the bridge deck, and Judy and I have to move into the main saloon when the whole family is aboard.

The 100 gallon water tanks last us comfortably for a month, and we have only topped up the 40 gallon diesel tank once during the season. To cater for seven hungry crew the galley has been designed to give a large working surface and an accessible refrigerator/ice box which has preserved purchased ice from St Peter Port (cheaper than in Lymington) all the way back to the U.K. with several stops en route.

The furling jib system is a Rotospar, and the line to operate it is led right back to the cockpit. The mainsail has three reefing lines permanently roved, and the system has proved to be perfectly satisfactory. The original sail battens broke very early on but the replacement ones which we have made have given no further trouble. In fact, it can be happily stated that the boat has been a great success, and has provided us with precisely what we wanted - a cruising home for the whole family that would carry us in comfort and safety wherever we wanted to go.

We have been helped enormously throughout by the builders who, unlike many others we have known, have maintained their enthusiasm and helpfulness during the whole period of construction and ownership, and we are very grateful for their care.

Thus we have discovered that our boat has been aptly named, for with the resolution of all who have helped design, build and sail her we are sure she will continue to be cruised with much enjoyment for many years to come.

Skye and Outer Hebrides in DORRAN

(for chart see page 9)

by C. Van Vrede

We used one day of our Easter holidays for making a trial trip with the Rival 38A, which was so successful that we decided to order such a yacht for delivery early in 1978. We chartered this summer a Rival 34 on the Isle of Skye from Seol Alba, owner Mr Barrington, and my report deals with this trip.

We travelled via the Hook of Holland day ferry from the neighbourhood of Amsterdam to Harwich. From there we drove to London, took a sleeper to Edinburgh and then car to Mallaig, taking twentyeight hours travelling time - most comfortable.

In Armadale Bay Mr Barrington introduced us to the Yachting Club and the following morning, 26th June, we explored the neighbourhood and sailed away with a west wind force four. We proceeded somewhat carefully, for the yacht 'Dorran' was strange for us. It was advisable to reef the mainsail and with jib 1 we reached Rhum. The following day we walked to Harris on the other side of the island. There we saw deer, Highland cattle, eagles and fortunately hardly any people. How the midges did bite! We intended to sail in the direction of Canna, but the wind N-W 4-5 was so favourable and the yacht proved to be so comfortable that we crossed the Sea of the Hebrides to Barra, covering 40 miles in 7 hours. We anchored in North Harbour, a very sheltered bay. For us, who come from a country of sand and mud, it was a marvellous experience to lie between such impressive rocks. Not being used to anchoring under such circumstances, we distrusted the reliability of one anchor and decided to use two, one 35 lbs CQR with 20 fathoms of chain in the direction of the S-W wind, and one of 25 lbs with 5 fathoms of chain and 25 fathoms of rope to the N-W. The following day we could explore Barra with an easy conscience. With the Post Office bus we travelled to Castle Bay, going round the island, and visited the small airport. This comprised a landing strip on the sandy beach that can only be used at low tide! A most unusual airport. During the evening the weather became worse, a S-W gale 8 blew up and continued during the night and the following morning. In the afternoon it changed to N-W and decreased and this proved a good opportunity to test how the yacht had behaved with the chain and a rope. I ascertained that rope was preferable in gusty conditions and chain with a constant wind.

July 1 heralded the calm before the following storm. The forecast was variable wind force 3 and appeared to be S-E so we tried to sail along the eastern side of the Islands of the Outer Hebrides as quickly as possible to the North. Later we had to use the motor and with 1800 rpm we travelled at about 6 knots because

the wind had dropped. We saw lots of unknown - at least for us - fish and birds, as well as dolphins of about 3 metres in length. These sprang up completely out of the water and landed on their sides. Magnificent whales (?) of 6 metre length, and a number of porpoises, gannets, guillemots, puffins, etc. Shortly after noon we anchored again with two anchors in Loch Skiport on South Uist, also a well sheltered bay but ominously deserted. The nearest road was $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours walk away and there were no signs of human life.

During the evening an easterly storm gale 8 started blowing. The squalls thundered down from the mountains: an unforgettable experience and totally alone. Until darkness fell after 11 p.m. we kept anchor watch but during the night in the bad weather conditions we could see no fixpoints and tried to sleep. My wife had little success but on the other hand my two daughters of 18 and 16 years and the skipper having trust in the boat and equipment slept a little. Awaking the following morning we found that the Avon dinghy had capsized behind the stern but before we could take any measures it capsized back into its normal position. At the same time it appeared that the 35 lbs anchor on chain had dragged but the 25 lbs CQR with rope had held. It was remarkable because it appeared that the anchor lay in clay and after hauling it out no waterplants were found. We dropped it again and this time it held. It must be said that the storm had decreased in force but remained so strong that we didn't dare to go ashore with the dinghy.

The forecast on 3 July was S 5-6 locally 8 and we decided to leave under a well-reefed main and stormjib to sail to North Uist or if possible to Skye depending on the sea conditions. We succeeded in reaching Skye, the crossing of the Sea of the Hebrides being a splendid sail. Before anchoring in front of Dunvegan Castle we had to sail the last few miles against the wind and this entailed the use of the motor in the very bad conditions. The yacht behaved herself exceedingly well but the crew were tired and somewhat wet.

The next morning we left with a following wind S 6 under surfing conditions through Loch Dunvegan and further along the coast of Skye to its most northerly point. The wind had dropped in the meantime and with full main and genoa we rounded the enormous cliffs. In Kilmaluag Bay with its numerous birds, nature at its best, we found a calm anchorage; with the sun beating down upon the scene, stillness reigned, far from the madding crowd. The truly exciting sailing was now over. During the last week there was a great deal of sun but the wind was less than force 3 so that we had to use the motor daily for several hours in order to keep our schedule. We sailed round Scalpay to Broadford and landed in the midst of Nato exercises with helicopters and the supply vessel 'Poolster' belonging to the Royal Dutch Navy. The crew of this vessel we met on shore. We chose Ornsay Isle Bay to spend the night. We sailed into Loch Hourn and Loch Nevis after which we again reached our mooring in Armadale on Friday afternoon.

We have learned to love and respect 'Dorran', she is safe and a well maintained yacht. Because of Mr Barrington's kind and thoughtful assistance we found her a joy to sail and spent a most happy time aboard her.

We admire the Scottish people, they are so friendly, hospitable and helpful. There is never the feeling that one is being treated as a foreigner or a tourist.

FUBBS to the Azores and back

by Jane Brett

Gabriel Clay, the owner and skipper of 'Fubbs', the first Rival 41', has cruised her to Norway, northern Spain, and the west coast of Scotland in the past three years, in the last of which I was also a member of the crew. The helmsman's seat and a few extra handholds were welcome additions since then. She has an Aries vane gear (affectionately known as the Aardvark) and a small but substantial added doghouse which one can stand on, see over and sit under in great comfort; both these fittings were invaluable. She was also equipped for this cruise with a trusty old Singer sewing machine and enormous quantities of tinned stew/curry/chicken supreme/fruit.

The crew, apart from the aforementioned skipper and Aardvark, consisted of Yvonne, Bob, Denis, Colin and myself. Yvonne, highly experienced and competent and with the necessary sense of humour, was the official navigator, although there was a certain amount of competition over this task and over the two sextants; and of course the skipper kept a check on proceedings. The rest of us were relatively inexperienced in ocean passage-making but all at home on a boat and eager for adventure.

We departed from Plymouth at 1456 on 10th July, with a light breeze on the quarter and a large "Azores high" promising to keep it that way. However, that first night was our roughest of the entire trip and, having blown out the ghoster in the evening, by 0400 we had 11 rolls in the main and no foresail. The force 7 was from behind us, however, and we made good progress, but as it dropped throughout the following day it left a grey, wet and bumpy sea which helped no-one's desire for food. For the next four days the weather gave us fairly continuous NW beam winds of varying strength, so that we were able to make 3-6 knots along the rhumline to the Azores. Meanwhile, the crew settled into a routine and acclimatised itself to the watch system, in which there were three people nominally on watch at a time : 2 x 6 hour watches in daytime, 3 x 4 hour watches at night. The services of Aardvark were much appreciated; being feminine in temperament, she required the minimum of attention when conditions were strong and steady, being a little more demanding of coaxing and tweaks in fluke and light winds.

Cooking was done at change of watch by the off-going watch, washing-up by the on-coming watch, duties being shared more or less equally between the watch members. Women in a mixed crew are always wary of being tied to the stove, but our firm intentions in that direction were less than necessary because the other crew members were only too eager to try their hands. On our simple diet of stew and curry, with salads for lunch until the lettuce ran out, we fared well, and Yvonne was able to make some delicious brown bread and rolls when our fresh supply ran out.

The routine for navigation was an ideal of three sunsights, morning, noon, and afternoon (not often fully realised, as much of the weather was cloudy, grey and wet), supplemented by as many sights of the moon, Venus and the sun at odd moments as the crew could muster. Of course, these were not always in mutual agreement, so that the total man-hours spent working and reworking sights must have been quite enormous!

By July 15th we thought we had really reached the "Azores high", and there was an obvious link between the line at the edge of the grey murk of the previous four days, with turquoise skies beyond, and the midway crease of the chart which we were crossing. Unfortunately, there was also an uncomfortable bumpy sea associated with this too, in only 12 knots of wind, but the 16th was a superb sunny drying-out day, although we were now sailing close-hauled and off-course. However, the course improved over the next couple of days and we had some beautiful sparkling sailing in noticeably warmer climates.

Not only was the climate changing, but I was amazed at how dramatically our progress (only, after all, 5 knots over 1200 miles) caused the latitudes, and the times of sunrise and sunset, to change. It was good to have a frame of reference in the apparently infinite stretches of deserted ocean. We did see a few other boats, on average one every two days; they were mostly fishing boats or container-ships, and we actually had to take avoiding action when a tunny boat appeared behind the genoa on the fifth day out.

We also had the company of several schools of porpoises throughout the trip, and their natural joy and obvious sense of humour as they played round, under and in front of 'Fubbs' was always friendly and uplifting. The only birds we saw were lonely little stormy petrels and elegant brown shearwaters; gannets sighted on the return trip were hailed as a sign of land. As we neared the Azores, we encountered some whales, the first of which was the source of some horror as I identified "a rock" 100 yards away dead ahead, while we were motoring in a flat calm and still two days away from the archipelago! We motored round him with a wide berth and watched him join two friends to surface in mechanical black arcs and blow lazily. I could never help wondering what would have happened if it had been dark.

Some of the most magical moments of the passage for me were during night watches, when, freed from the distractions of cooking, eating and conversation, the infinite peace and meaning of the universe seemed to lie open for the reading. We had several very clear nights with a million stars, shooting stars, and even satellites among which to lose our souls; the moon was not in evidence on the outward passage, but gave a full and bright spotlight for our return. Sometimes the phosphorescence was intense, and on one of these occasions two porpoises played around 'Fubbs' for a while in long sparkling streams which encircled us, trapped in their spell.

The persistent "Azores high" forced us to motor more or less continuously for the last two days, but we were at least grateful for the longed-for sun, and had salt-water deck baths for refreshment. Our arrival at Horta, Fayal Island, was as dramatic as a $10\frac{1}{2}$ -day passage deserves; we arrived in the dark (predictably) and were suddenly surrounded by huge black lumps (land?) covered with hundreds of twinkling lights around the spotlit facades of churches over which a delicate new moon was suspended. The harbour was surprisingly full of yachts, but we eventually realised that a small rubber dinghy, which kept rowing around in our way, was in fact trying to direct us to a mooring. This was just the beginning of the warm and friendly attentions paid to visiting yachts by the local yacht club.

The next morning we accomplished such tasks as seeing customs and port officials, having the leaking paraffin tank repaired by a local tinsmith, and making our first attempt at shopping in Portuguese. Everywhere we met with hospitality and friendly helpfulness, and the shopping expedition discovered plentiful fresh vegetables, fruit and milk - all very welcome.

There was great social intercourse between the visiting yachtsmen of all nationalities, predominantly American, focussed on both the busy and unpretentious yacht club and the Café Sport, a great meeting-place for the world in Horta. The world-girdling or Atlantic-circuiting crews, with all the time in the world, found our "Short round trip and home next week" expedition rather incomprehensible, and their attitude was infectious with our crew, but the skipper had firmly fixed the programme and any changes were certainly not for delaying it. However, the atmosphere at Horta was pleasantly soporific, and we basked and bathed lazily under its influence.

The harbour, sheltered from most winds by a long mole along its SE side (where yachts are invited to leave mural mementos of their visits), is overlooked by the 7000 ft peak of Pico, the nearest island. The peak is usually only clear in the early morning, and becomes surrounded by a Japanese ring of cloud during the day. Small open fishing boats go out at night with powerful lamps to attract the fish into their large nets; larger boats bring back tuna and bream, and there are two long narrow traditional rowing whaleboats, which are part of quite

an active industry in the islands, where up to 200 whales are caught a year. When we were there, the whaling boats were lying damaged on the slip, and a yacht had recently been in the harbour crippled by the flick of a whale's tail - it's really no game.

We were taken on a guided car trip round the island by friends of the yacht club and were fascinated. The island is very fertile and green, a patchwork of small fields divided by hedges of blue hydrangeas, which also line the roads. Much of the land is devoted to pasture for beef cattle, the rest used for growing vegetables and vines. The local wines provide a good conversation topic with their characteristic flavour, and are highly thought of by the natives. Being an island people, they are desperately proud of Fayal and its produce, and very thoughtful about possible future development. There are optimistic plans for developing yachting facilities there in the next few years, but they are a far from commercial people and the financial basis seems rather vague. However, they are keen to offer the very best service to everyone.

The mooring facilities at present offer a choice between going alongside at the mole or anchoring in the harbour, the majority of yachts choosing the latter. (The tidal range is about 6 ft.) We were lucky enough to pick up one of several moorings laid temporarily for the awaited arrival of a yacht race from Plymouth, and there is talk of laying permanent moorings. There are as yet no mooring charges. We went alongside the fish quay to fill up with diesel and water, having obtained the requisite form from the club, and found this a very painless process, given that we were by that time accustomed to an easy pace of life.

We were also taken to the two volcanic craters in Fayal, one long dormant, verdant and floral, the other a bleak waste of hills of black ash: the result of eruptions in '56/58, and a weird and sobering sight which reminded us of our feelings on first seeing these extraordinary islands rising up in the middle of the deserted Atlantic.

The only other island we visited was Sao Jorge; we sailed the 25 miles to Velas, a small village scattered up a steep hillside, as the first leg of our homeward voyage. It was a simple, beautiful and friendly place, apart from the policeman who was much worried by our not having produced passports on arrival from Horta. The archipelago has very strict divisions of territory, one of which we had innocently crossed. Having complied with this unexpected bureaucracy, we decided not to stay the night as there was an uncomfortable swell in the harbour, and we sadly made our departure that night, only six days after arriving at Horta.

The return voyage was fairly uneventful, mostly distinguished by its lack of wind. The first five days gave variable, light headwinds or nothing at all, but eventually we found some, and had three days of rather bumpy close-hauled sailing in force 4-6, and finally one marvellous day of a spinnaker run: sun, surfing and every sailor's dream. The next day, however, the wind died and we were motoring again, making for Camaret, where we arrived early on Saturday 6th August. From Camaret, it was merely a few days' sails (or drives) which we made in a relaxed fashion via L'Aberwrach and Guernsey, home to Lymington, arriving four and a half weeks after leaving Plymouth.

Each major passage had taken $10\frac{1}{2}$ days, although the homeward one was over a slightly shorter distance, and the total distance sailed was 2700 miles. We never encountered any really bad weather or real problems; even so, occasionally we longed to be on dry land. I suppose this was only the effect of the loneliness of days of grey ocean, or the fatigue of continuous motion, or living in isolated close quarters with five others. The lack of both reception and relevance of British weather forecasts caused some uncertainties; the sewing machine came in useful for a large repair to the ghoster; a leak in the anchor-well drain was discovered and repaired; we were disappointed by the total lack of success of our fishing; the engine has never been used so much before in its life.

The Azores is a place to which one would always want to return, and of which I am sure I could never see enough. There could be no more welcome nor hospitable destination for such a trip. I find it rather difficult to comment on the performance of 'Fubbs', because I have been brought up sailing on my father's boats, and that experience combined with a natural optimism leads me simply to expect a boat to be easy to sail well, comfortable to live on board, and to look after and inspire confidence in her crew. I can only say I was not disappointed.

ARIEL to the Scillies

(See chart inside front cover)

In early 1977 the BBC Yacht Club replaced their dearly loved but ageing 'Lion' with a Rival 34, ex-'Saranga'. By the end of the year, 95 members had sailed her up and down the Solent, across to Cherbourg and south to Camaret, west to Scilly - a total of 111 days - raced her, cruised her, and used her as a training ship, and concluded that the new 'Ariel of Hamble' was as fine a yacht as her predecessor.

One crew in particular was more than happy to find that she liked heavy weather better than they did:

Scillies and back

Strange lights appearing off Portland Bill at a height which is alarming if they're attached to a ship. Later discover more likely to be the Navy playing NATO exercises than UFO's. Mate will have to dream up a better excuse for seeing little green men after closing time.

Sleeping on the shaded side deck - too hot below and already too burnt to stay in the sun. Blessings on an engine that doesn't mind how long it runs. Peace in a quiet anchorage when it stops.

They say the Lizard is a busy spot, they're not wrong. That ship altering across our stern and showing red-and-green straight up our transom - does he really know we're here? Playing in-reef, out-reef with the other watch. Look, it's the Wolf! Look, no Scillies. 5 miles off on the EP, some yachts and a helicopter heading East, must be there somewhere. In for another mile on a converging course (thinks: how do you tell them? - Well, folks, we came to see the Scillies and they weren't there, so it's the Wolf again and next stop Falmouth) - LAND HO! just in time. Easy once you can see it. Clear for the run down to St Mary's Sound, then vis down to $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles again, no leading marks visible, but pilotage no problem. We made it! What's all these wrecks, then? - Sir Cloudesley Shovell said "Follow me, chaps, I know the way".

Time to start back already? On our way then. Forecast E or NE 3/4, vis mod or good - on the nose, but nothing naughty. Tuck some in for the night in case.

Some dawns are better than others. This one is cold and grey, a seam in the mainsail has split, the sea is rather bigger than one might expect, the vis is distinctly poor, some of us don't care for the motion, and it's the Wolf again. Forecast is E or NE 3/4, increasing 5/6, occasionally 7. Funny word to use. I suppose if you were only here once in a while, then it would be only occasionally 7. But us, we're here all the time just now. Lay off on the other tack on the storm jib. Tuck in the points reef so that we've got a main to use the next time we want it. (Thank goodness that seam is below the points - and thank goodness we had those points put in). Check the nav - from Ushant to Scilly 'tis 35 leagues, that should be enough searoom.

Sir Cloudesley, r.i.p., we'll never make jokes like that again.

The gannets are all around us, clearly enjoying it. The heads of the waves are translucent, topped off with brilliant foaming white. She's riding like a lady. If it weren't for thoughts of endurance and how long it will take to make Falmouth, it would be beautiful. It is beautiful. But a high-pressure wind like this could blow for some time. Get the main on her as soon as possible and make some progress. A suddenly more purposeful feel about her movement. And it's the Wolf again! Other people pay for trips round the lighthouse.

Late afternoon, the wind dropping away till we are under-canvassed on storm reef. Sea still big enough to make motoring into it unattractive. We are not going to make the lee of the Lizard before nightfall - and we're not closing that coast in the dark. This is beginning to feel like a Board of Trade examination exercise. Except wetter. On we go - at least we've got a fix off a lighthouse that isn't the Wolf.

The forecast speaks of occasional thundery showers. That word again. We can see a great blackness between us and the Lizard - and there's only one way we can go. As darkness falls the lightning becomes more vivid. There's no way out of it - and it's a big one, with at least four centres viewed from where we are. Drop jib and motor-sail now. We can't see the height of the waves, but they feel big and steep. The phosphorescence is so bright a breaking wave crest looks like a ship's lights. Into the centre - visibility nil, noise unbelievable, rain solid with the nav lights reflecting in it. How long can it go on? How can we not be hit? Then suddenly, through into the squall behind it. Great pools of light where the wind and rain lash the surface of the sea. Our bow wave looks as though Walt Disney's good fairy is waving her wand - a band of light strewn with twinkling stars. And the lightning is still continuous. What can Neptune have in store for us next? - Icebergs? Ten minutes later, a storm of hailstones. Please Neptune, we won't make jokes like that again.

Another dawn. The lightning fades. We've got the Lizard - now it's straight up to it, round the corner, into Falmouth, the end is in sight. Only trouble is - it isn't. No Falmouth round the corner. Wind is still strong easterly - got to give the Manacles a decent offing, can't see the coast from a safe distance off. Got to do it the proper way - back bearings, log reading, echo soundings. It had better be where it's supposed to be, we're doing 6 knots on the storm reefed main! And it is, and we get into harbour safely and put the anchor where we mean to and the off watch suddenly feels much better.

Port after stormy seas. Happiness is Horizontal.

The morning after. Four cram-a-jam loads in the launderette. Bruises in mind-boggling places. Food in large quantities. Hot showers.

For those of a statistical turn of mind, from Falmouth to St Mary's took 16 hours to cover 55.9 miles : the way back took 41 hours and 141.8 miles. Mathematical genii will observe that our average speed varied by 0.03 of a knot between the two passages. Must mean something, Fred.

Crew: Rosanne Leigh, Chris Wickham, Yvonne Homan,
Liz Cooke, John Roshier, Diana Barkham.

The Ocean Wanderings of SKIBBEREEN

by Peter Vincent

A sailing sabbatical, most yachtsmen's dream. For years I bored friends with the details until they were convinced that I was "all mouth" so to speak. With my credibility at stake, I just had to go out and do it. So I resigned my job in March 1976 and spent two months preparing my Rival 32 'Skibbereen' ready to follow the sun.

I left my wife behind to sort out the mess - she to join me later in Greece - and got myself a crew of two guys, Digby and Geoff. On May 18th we dropped the mooring at Gosport and headed down channel - destination Gibraltar. As usual a good stiff Southwesterly Force 5/6 was blowing - oh dear what had I let myself in for! - wet, cold, miserable and chaos below decks, so at 1700 the following day, with the weather thickening and gales forecast, we put into Dartmouth to sort ourselves out.

The next day saw us underway again with the wind veered to a more comfortable Westerly. Force 3/4. Winds headed us for the next few days, so we stood out into the Atlantic to 10° West to try for more favourable winds. After 4 days this was achieved and we headed South with fresh Northwesterly winds giving exhilarating reaching conditions. Two major problems were experienced at this stage - the failure of both batteries (one I suspected of being faulty) and the slab-reefing system getting into an almighty tangle. Seven days from leaving Dartmouth, we picked up the Berlinge light north of Lisbon, spot on course so the astro-navigation was working fine. We were still managing 100 a day although winds started to get lighter down the Portuguese coast.

28th May : 22.35 Wind dies away for the first time since leaving Gosport. Successfully started engine by hand. Weather getting warmer at last.

29th May : 17.45 Abeam St Vincent. Turn left for Gibraltar. Life feels glorious, but wind light. 170 miles to go.

At 4 a.m. wind died completely so we motored. 30 miles from Cape Trafalgar, a vicious Easterly gale springs up from nowhere, - the dreaded Levante which can funnel out of the Straits at hurricane force. Panic above decks during night - mainsail pocket ripped while reefing. I decide not to attempt the Straits that night, so we head for Cadiz. No detailed charts of the harbour, so we hove-to till dawn on 31st May when we finally went into the Marina. 1200 miles in just under 11 days, not bad going.

We waited at Cadiz for two days while the Easterly gales lasted, putting the time to good use handstitching the mainsail. The trip to Gibraltar was a mixture of light Southerly winds, poor visibility off Cape Trafalgar and strong favourable currents, so we roared through the Straits. Wind picked up Southwest fresh at Tarifa and we ran into Gibraltar doing 7½ knots with just the jib up.

3rd June, 01.00, alongside Sheppards Marina; Cadiz to Gibraltar 65 miles in 12 hours.

Two days later we headed out of Gibraltar - our gentle cruising begins. We stopped off at Marbella, Malaga (the finest fresh food market on the coast), Cartegena (the filthiest harbour in the world!) and Alicante. We arrived Ibiza town on 16th June and spent an enjoyable week on the Island. Weather was hot and the setting perfect. At Ibiza, the yacht club marina is in the heart of town and costs the equivalent of just under £1 per day, so a few days later we sailed round to San Antonio on the West side of the Island, which was more informal and infinitely less expensive. From here we sailed North to Port Andraitx, a small natural harbour on the Northwest coast of Majorca, clean and lacking the tourist influx which bedevils so much of Majorca. We then motored along to Pollensa on the East Coast with its friendly yacht club and many ex-patriate British residents.

Most of the sailing from Gibraltar had been to windward with mainly Northeast winds, but in good Mediterranean style, there was also plenty of engine needed in the calms. Next stop Ciudadela in Minorca, a very quaint harbour which had become the "in place" for young French tourists, but the continual Disco music brought our visit to a quick end and we departed for Port Mahon, the capital and one of the finest natural harbours in the Mediterranean. It was a great favourite of Lord Nelson during the Napoleonic wars, and one can still see the stone bollards where the old sailing ships were warped in and out of harbour.

Digby departed here and Geoff and I continued on our way. The unspoiled fishing village of Cala Forte, Sardinia, was our next stop. On leaving there, we enjoyed our first genuine run since arriving in the Med. We set twin foresails, dropped the main, adjusted "George", the faithful Aries, and went downwind to Malta. The wind remained West/Northwest 3/5 for over 320 of the 350 mile leg. This must be what Trade Wind sailing is all about, but unfortunately it happened very rarely in the Med.

Gozo came out of the early morning mist dead ahead on 11th July and we finally moored stern-to the Marina at Marsamxett Harbour. Many boats now visit Malta and it is the favourite winter lay-up port of the entire Med. Hired a motor scooter and spent 10 days exploring Malta and replenishing booze stocks. This hard sailing was thirsty business! Headed Northeast for Corfu; both of us excited at the prospect of cruising the Greek Islands. We were not disappointed; the next two months were idyllic.

We explored Corfu, travelling down through the Ionian islands to Paxos, Levkas, Ithaka and Zakynthos. We then headed right round the Peloponnisos stopping at Katakolon to visit nearby Olympia, Pilos and the remote fishing village of Gerolimena near Cape Matapan in the South. From there we visited Spetsai, Hydra, Poros and Aegina before arriving in Piraeus in the middle of September to end two months of absorbing sailing - too detailed to describe in an article of this nature.

So came the end of the first part of the voyage, and my bachelor days! Joan, my wife, joined me in Athens and we laid plans for the long haul back through the Med, the Atlantic and the Caribbean hopefully by Christmas, although this did look a bit optimistic. Geoff stayed in Athens while Joan and I began a very belated honeymoon down to the Cyclades for 10 days. It was a delightful cruise, of some 230 miles which took in Sounion (site of Posiedon's temple), Kea, Siros, Tinos, Mikanos, Delos, Paros, Serifos and back to Piraeus. This would be a beautiful route for anyone thinking of taking a two weeks charter out of Athens.

We prepared for sea again. Geoff would remain with Joan and I until Gibraltar where he hoped to get on a charter yacht. We loaded 'Skibbereen', did a few minor repairs, and left Piraeus on October 8th 1976. Had an interesting but expensive trip through the Corinth Canal, £15 for a 32 ft boat and distance through only 2 miles. Stopped at Galaxidhion to visit ancient Delphi and from there to the old walled port of Navpaktos before finally clearing Greece at Zante.

Now the weather started to deteriorate, cold, wet and strong Northwest to Westerly winds set in. The Italian forecasts were giving very bad conditions around Sicily but nevertheless we left Zante on 15th October, flogging to windward with the short steep seas of the Med making life very uncomfortable down below. 3 days saw us off the heel of Italy and that evening as we approached the Straits of Messina, the wind died and the sun appeared just in time to produce a spectacular sunset behind the volcanic Mount Etna, the reflecting sun rays on the gases around the summit giving the effect of an eruption. All night we tacked through the Straits with quite a fierce current to contend with. Next day we arrived in Milazzo on the North coast of Sicily where we were glad to take a few days rest.

4 hours after leaving Milazzo, a Northwest gale was forecast, so we tucked ourselves into the pretty harbour of Lipari, just south of Stromboli until it blew itself out, and once more beat into a fresh Northwest wind towards Cagliari in Sardinia, where we arrived 3 days later. Now it was very cold

with low pressure fronts continually being sucked across our path into the Eastern Mediterranean, but we had to move on. We were in a hurry, and besides we did not like the cold weather.

27th October, left Cagliari, but could not round Cape Spartivento on the South of Sardinia due to strong Westerly winds and confused sea, so we gave up and dropped anchor under the lee of Cape Palo and collapsed exhausted. Next day was better and we successfully rounded the notorious Cape. By the evening the wind was Easterly Force 5 to Gale 8, so we "twinned" - working jib and storm jib with the main down which saw us scorching along at $7\frac{1}{2}$ knots. Cold and wet according to the log, but exhilarating sailing and in the right direction. However by morning we were beating again and spent the most miserable four days of the whole trip clawing our way towards Ibiza.

Cagliari to Ibiza is a distance of 350 miles, but the log showed 660. 'Skibbereen' was making a lot of leeway, approximately 20° due to the short steep seas and strong headwinds. She just would not drive well in those conditions. The trip took us six days and we were very despondent when we reached Ibiza town. But the boat was standing up well to the rough treatment even if we were not! We spent five enjoyable days recovering in Ibiza although it was very cold. From Ibiza we called at the Spanish mainland ports of Aguilas and Motril where we hired a car to visit the ancient Moorish citadel town of Grenada in the Sierra Nevada; a high spot of the trip.

We finally arrived in Gibraltar very exhausted on November 18th. We had gone to windward for most of the trip from Athens since October 8th and obviously now there was no possibility of reaching the Caribbean by Christmas. Geoff Simcox left and Joan and I prepared for the long haul ahead. We spent two weeks storing up and undertaking a lot of running repairs, but none of these were major. Quite a few boats were gathering for the Atlantic trip, but most of the smaller ones had left earlier. Finally December 1st saw us ready for the next stage to Canary Islands. A Westerly Gale 8 funnelled through the Straits for a week, so we holed out at Ceuta 15 miles from Gibraltar on the African side. This was the second time I had experienced the violence of contrary winds and strong currents running in the Straits, making it one of the most difficult places to sail through.

On 7th December during a slight lull, favourable current and under the lee of the Moroccan coast, we engined the 30 plus miles to Tangier, but there was very little compression from the engine; obviously due for an overhaul. The trip took 9 hours. We stopped in Tangier to visit the Kasbah (an experience not to be missed!), the weather broke and we slowly drifted around Cape Espartel on our way towards Santa Cruz la Palma and hopefully the sun again. We had four days of light winds followed by seven days of head winds which included one night hove-to after we shipped a "big one". The wind was no more than Southwest 6 but the sea was very confused. With 100 miles to go to La Palma, we decided on Tenerife. Always the same when you get near land. The desire is to go for it even though it may not be the destination. With two miles to harbour, a violent gust from the high mountain blowing vertically downwards split the mainsail right across, so we engined into Tenerife tired and miserable at 15.30 on 19th December. Tenerife harbour was dirty with a constant swell making conditions very uncomfortable. However, the yacht club was magnificent with hot showers which were most welcome and two swimming pools, but it was too cool for swimming.

The British ketch 'Dawn Treader' had a sewing machine on board so we followed them to La Palma where they were Christmas-ing and they undertook the sail repairs for us (no sailmaker in Tenerife). With no engine or mainsail, we spinnakered the 100 miles to Santa Cruz la Palma where we spent an uncomfortable Christmas with two anchors out and ropes from the stern ashore as Northwest gales continued for three days.

On January 1st we left the Canaries bound for Barbados, a distance of 2,800 miles, just my wife and I. We headed Southwest. The object was to pass close Westward of Cape Verde Islands until the Trade Winds were picked up. The first week was fast 840 miles with the wind Northeast 3/6. The rig was twin jibs, a combination of nos. 1 and 2 genoas, working jib and storm jib depending on the

wind strength. The main was down most of the time making it easier for the Aries to handle, but causing quite a roll on the Rival. This was somewhat dampened by using an old storm jib as a loosefooted trisail on the main halyard and sheeted to the end of the boom. Joan at this stage announced she was pregnant and consequently was sick most days, but the sailing was exciting.

We appeared to be experiencing constant Trade winds, but during the second week the wind veered to East then Southeast and finally after an all-night thunderstorm in 17° North the wind headed us. Unbelievable; two days of Westerly winds in the middle of the Trade wind belt. This was followed by a whole day becalmed before the Northeast 2/5 came back again for the rest of the trip and we arrived in Bridgetown Barbados 26 days 4 hours after leaving Canaries.

We spent two very happy weeks in Barbados, swimming, snorkeling and making gluttons of ourselves on the local icecream and enjoying long cool sundowners at the Barbados Cruising Club. I stripped the Volvo engine and discovered the valves were badly pitted. However, two days sitting on the beach hand-grinding the valves and drinking cold beer made an otherwise tedious job quite pleasant. Several of the boats anchored at Carlisle Bay we had already met before, so we happily renewed acquaintances.

February 10th, we commenced our Caribbean cruise. We headed South to Tobago, an infrequent stop off for the Caribbean cruising boat as it is upwind and current from the rest of the islands. From Barbados it is a relatively easy reach, but the Equatorial current runs against you at about 3 knots. The result was the 140 mile trip became 220 before we moored stern-to at Scarborough. Tobago was beautiful and so unspoiled and we spent much time on the South side of the Island exploring the magnificent reefs. However it was here that I fouled the propeller with the anchor trip-line whilst going astern over the famous Bucco reef in a rising wind. The result was all four rubbers on the coupling linking the prop shaft with the engine ripped clean off. We cancelled going to Trinidad for carnival time and instead sailed for St Georges, Grenada, where I felt I might get spare parts. No such luck. But a telephone call to Barbados confirmed that all was not lost and within a week they had been despatched to Grenada.

We spent three weeks at St Georges and used the time to good avail to slip the boat at Grenada Yacht Club. This was the first time 'Skibbereen' had been out of the water for twelve months. Surprisingly she was not too fouled - (I had dived regularly to scrub in warm waters) - and antifouling under the shade of palms was almost a pleasure. We continued our idyllic cruising Northwards to Carricaou, Union Island, the beautiful Palm and Petit St Vincent Islands (these are privately owned Hotel islands with about the most expensive rates in the Caribbean). Then we visited Tobago Cays where the snorkeling is out of this world. Bequia was now our next port which became a great gathering place for both charter and cruising yachts. From Bequia we visited Mustique, the very British island owned by Colin Tennant.

Our next port of call was Young Island, St Vincent. Proceeding North we spent an uncomfortable night anchored in the surf at Wallibu before visiting Castries, St Lucia. We did not like St Lucia so much and found the locals quite hostile to visiting yachtsmen, but there were some lovely bays to visit, the Pitons, and Marigot Bay (where Admiral Rodney concealed his fleet prior to the defeat of the French invasion of St Lucia). Our next port was Fort de France, Martinique, which is really like a suburb of Metropolitan France and it was refreshing to see the abundance and variety of consumer goods even though we could not afford them. We visited St Pierre, 20 miles North of Fort de France, site of a volcanic eruption in 1908 which wiped out the entire population of 30,000. Back to the British influence again when we visited Dominica, the most thickly vegetated and unspoiled island of the Caribbean. It was delightful to find very few tourists here and to buy the cheapest grapefruit in the world, 60 for £1.

One of the high spots of the visit to Dominica was taking Avon and outboard up the Indian River at Prince Rupert Bay. Real heavy jungle and still water reminded us so much of the Tarzan films.

Our next stop was the beautiful Isle de Saintes situated between Guadalupe and Dominica, a cluster of small islands, French owned with lots of secluded bays and spectacular snorkeling. After the Saintes, we stopped briefly at Deshayes in Guadalupe before reaching our objective - English Harbour, Antigua, at the beginning of May in time for Race week. This is a superb natural harbour on the site of the old British Naval dockyard which was closed down in 1890. The "Friends of English Harbour" have reconstructed it to the old plan and it is now justifiably the centre of the Caribbean yachting scene and no fewer than 300 boats gathered to witness or partake in the race week events. Most of the yachts we had met during the past few months were here and considerable drinking took place at Admirals Inn. We spent three weeks in Antigua relaxing and enjoying our last Caribbean stop.

The sailing conditions in the Caribbean were perfect for us. The wind blew every day East Southeast Force 3/6 giving close reaching conditions for the entire four months. It is difficult to describe just how beautiful the sailing was and it was worth every bit of the months of planning and the difficult conditions we experienced at times to get there.

It was now time to leave. My wife was six months pregnant so she flew home to London on 9th May. I picked up a crew and proceeded to St Thomas, Virgin Islands via St Barts. My crew left me here and I decided to realise a long-time ambition to sail single-handed, and so from St Thomas I headed for Bermuda, a distance of almost 900 miles. Most of the trip was on a lovely beam reach, but the last 24 hours saw Southwest 6/7 winds, and English Channel type murky conditions made it very difficult trying to pick up a low lying island 12 miles long at dusk, but I finally staggered into St Georges during a violent thunderstorm at midnight, very tired but pleased with my achievement. The total length of the trip was $7\frac{1}{2}$ days.

I hung around Bermuda for a couple of weeks and picked up another crew for the trip to Azores. This time we had a lot of calms, 6 days in all with plenty of drifting and engine but we still did the 1,900 miles to Horta, Faial in 18 days, 18 hours. Horta was so friendly and I thoroughly enjoyed the two weeks I spent here, but the baby was due the middle of August, so it was time to be on my way again. My crew left here, so I was single-handed again. Two days out of Azores the main split just below the deep reef. I decided to push on rather than go back and so for the rest of the trip, I had a deep reefed main only, but managed to fly a small jib as a topsail on the spare main halyard which helped, particularly when I was close hauled or fine reaching. Still it was difficult as the wind for most of the trip was light Northwesterly. It blew up whilst off Lands End and I hove-to for a wild night before arriving in Falmouth on 25th July. 1,387 miles in 13 days.

Finally from Falmouth, I went back to the mooring at Gosport via Salcombe.

Conclusions

I totalled over 15,000 miles in $14\frac{1}{2}$ months and visited 90 foreign ports.

We appeared to have spent less than £2,000 during the period and that was the total cost including my wife's flight home from Antigua.

Our entire fuel consumption was 170 gallons at a cost of only £66. It is interesting to note that our bonded booze bill on leaving U.K. was £80 and that was gone before we had reached Malta. There must be a moral to the story somewhere!

'SKIBBEREEN' is a standard Rival 32, home-completed by the previous owner. The additions I made were as follows:-

1. Double forestay.
2. Elimination of through mast reefing for the slab system.
3. Purchase of 4 man Avon liferaft and Aries windvane.
4. Purchase of sprayhood and sun awning.

Navigation Equipment

1. Sailor 46T Marine receiver linked to Brooks and Gatehouse Heron d/f receiver (with hindsight, the Seafix would have been perfectly adequate for the amount of d/f bearings I took).

2. Heath Hezzanith Sextant which cost me £70 secondhand plus Ebcō backup at £11, which turned out to be just as accurate as the Heath and was used extensively in bad weather conditions where its lightness was an advantage.
3. Space Age Echo Sounder which was very rarely used. In clear water conditions, one becomes quite expert at judging depths by eye.

Would I do it all again? A definite yes, but next time through the Pacific to Australia with something just a bit bigger. Maybe a Rival 38? But this is no criticism of the 32. She is an ideal two person extensive cruising boat and did everything expected of her.

RIVALRY 1977

by David Ashwin

For her tenth season 'Rivalry' has become a sailing school boat. Since April this year I have been recognised by the RYA as a school to conduct Coastal Cruising and Yachtmaster Practical courses, and have spent the summer taking people to sea, both on these courses and on introductory week-ends and cruising weeks. Mileage to date is just short of 3,000 and we have visited ports from Lowestoft to Weymouth, and from Flushing to Guernsey, though naturally most of our activity has been in the Thames Estuary as the boat is based at Woolverstone, on the River Orwell.

It would be tedious to give a blow-by-blow account of every trip, but there are some outstanding memories of this rather strange summer. It seems that we have either been motoring or reefed.

There was a day in April when we left Bradwell in a gentle breeze and, one and a half hours later, were rushing down the Wallet under working jib and 8 rolls in the mainsail, being carried by a spring ebb into a Force 7 that just blew up without warning. Single-handed, I cowered under the spray hood and watched heaps of snow build up in the corners of the cockpit. They were still there next morning, when I couldn't cook breakfast as the gas had frozen in the reducer valve.

The Royal Yacht 'Britannia' left Felixstowe one evening in June after the Queen had spent the day touring East Anglia. She slipped at dusk and was escorted out of Harwich harbour by some 400 boats of all shapes and sizes. The ships in the docks blew their sirens, all the yachts were making as much noise as possible on foghorns, saucepans and the odd trumpet, while their helmsmen battled to avoid collision. The water was very chopped up, and at times I had the tiller over the cockpit coaming just to keep straight. I am told that Her Majesty was waving, but was far too busy to look. It was an exciting and moving occasion.

The Coastal Cruising syllabus includes night sailing, and this is done towards the end of a five day course. One week we had very gentle weather, and had

only reefed and changed headsails for exercise. The night sail started and so, at last, did the wind. The two pupils were sent forard to reef and change down to the working jib. This they did very briskly, though at intervals shouts of glee came from the foredeck as the boat bounced out past the Sunk lightship. These noises were produced by the sheer exhilaration of working on a heaving foredeck on a bright moonlit night.

I fitted a Seavoice this year, and made an experimental link call home one morning when some 30 miles off the North Foreland. My wife said later that it all sounded rather confused. This was not surprising, as one of the party was catching his first mackerel in the cockpit while I was below with the microphone in one hand and a bucket in the other, nurturing a seasickness sufferer. The Seavoice has proved useful, not only for talking to harbour controllers at such places as Lowestoft, Ramsgate and Dover, but also for talking to shipping. You cannot dodge a hovercraft, but you can ring him up to make sure he has seen you.

One of the season's more satisfying moments was seeing the look of horrified amazement on the face of the owner of a go-fast 32 footer, all winches and grooved forestays, as he berthed astern of us in Ramsgate as we were having tea after a brisk passage from Calais. He was the first of the 16 other yachts who had left the Calais yacht basin on the morning lock, and was rather put out at finding himself an hour slower than us. The weather had been thick that day, and I think he had got the wrong side of the Goodwins. It was very good for our morale, though.

We enjoyed a week in the Channel Islands, rounded off by a passage from Alderney to the Needles in 9 hours 40 minutes in a good Force 6 from the East. The wind had been Easterly for 10 days and the weather going tide on top of the Easterly swell produced some very odd shaped seas with which the boat coped beautifully. Once again the moon was shining and it was a wild and exhilarating ride. On arrival at Lymington, we were put into what might almost be called Rival Corner. We were rubbing noses with two other 31s, with a couple of 34s close by and a 41 just along the way.

The Rival owners meet at Ostend was fun. The approach was enlivened by a spectacular display of lightning, both over the land and to seaward, though luckily the rain held off. I was very grateful to Dr McKendrick for his advice and spare parts for my electrical system, which had ceased to charge the batteries. It was particularly nice to see Peter Brett and Jane, and I hope that we can arrange a similar rally next year.

The season is now nearly over, and I have thoroughly enjoyed it. Many of my customers have never sailed before, and it is remarkable how quickly they learn the basic skills. They have also been a very nice lot of people. 'Rivalry' has a very functional interior, and many of them are surprised that she is so comfortable to live in without the benefit of so many of the gadgets that look so good at boat shows. I think the answer to that must be; this boat was designed to go to sea, and that is just what she does, superbly well.

MERSEA RIVAL - 1977

by J. Gray, 9th Stafford Sea Scouts

The name 'Mersea Rival' has appeared before in these pages - she is a Rival 34 and the smaller of two cruising boats operated by the West Mersea based Colchester Scout Sail Training Scheme. I have sailed in her with a Sea Scout crew three or four times, including a fortnight cruise from Gosport to Jersey and then back to Mersea in 1976, and this year from Mersea to Holland for two weeks.

Having sailed with Scout crews in several other boats of similar size, the Rival does seem to have a lot to commend it for such sail training activity - the goodish size cockpit is a boon, especially as 'Mersea Rival' has an extra berth fitted over the starboard saloon berth. Eight people aboard might seem to be rather packing 'em in, but Sea Scouts fold up quite small, and there have been times when I have had to search the boat counting heads to convince myself that at least three or four hadn't fallen overboard.

Talking of falling overboard, the two deck wires for safety harnesses are excellent, the only boat I know where it really is very easy to clip on whilst still in the hatchway, walk right round the deck and back into the cockpit, and into the hatchway again, and only have to transfer clips once on the way.

Good sized saloon too - everyone can sit down in comfort, and even invite one or two visitors aboard - as I have said Sea Scouts are quite compact.

It is easy enough to extol the virtues of the boat - accommodation, appearance, handling qualities, seakindliness - but why waste space preaching to the converted. Of course there are snags and room for improvements, so why not elaborate on those for a change.

Three spring to mind - and all could, I feel sure, be overcome quite easily at the building stage.

Lack of good handholds below - I have always been taught that in a cruising boat which can be expected to find itself in a blow from time to time, it should be possible - indeed easy - to get from the cockpit into the saloon and forward to the forepeak, and all the while be able to work one's way from one good solid handhold to the next - in the Rival you just can't - you take a flying leap from one end of the saloon to the other and hope for the best - or the more cautious can, of course, wriggle along the cabin sole, and in a really good chop it would I think come to that.

The next criticism is a marked lack of berths which are tenable at sea - again in anything like bad weather. With a crew of 8 you need at least four such, and the only two which do not invite the possibility of being suddenly deposited bodily on the cabin sole are the two forward and the quarter berth. Dismiss the quarter berth - its occupant doesn't want "Reed's" or a pair of chart dividers placed on his face every few minutes, or even a few gallons of water poured over it. Lee sheets for the starboard settee berth and also for the port settee before it is converted into a double would be of real value.

Third - I have never had a sea aboard which filled the cockpit, but I am fairly sure that the small drains would not allow it to empty anything like quickly enough.

Other likes and dislikes tend to be of a fairly minor nature - the neat anchor stowage, the saloon table which doubles as a finger trap when assembling, the balance which allows one finger steering, the quarter berth piping which doubles as a right hip bruiser for the navigator, the remarkably good manoeuvrability under power, the flip top locker abaft the galley sink which has always got utensils on top of it when you need some of its contents, the reliable engine, the inadequate bookshelf, and so on.

But for sail training she is a good boat, plenty to interest and occupy a lively crew, but in the last resort quite easily handled by one or two people - we hope to enter next year's S.T.A. race in 'Mersea Rival'.

Comments by Geoff Hales

As another RIVAL sailor, who is also very keen on safety and comfort at sea, may I try to reassure Mr Gray on his constructive criticisms.

Handholds I entirely agree with your requirements. I am glad to say I found the standard arrangements as fitted in 'Wild Rival' entirely satisfactory. The continuous rail below the cabin ports is just as strong and well placed as it is intended to be. Owners of later Rivals fitted with the now standard individual handholds often say they prefer the original so presumably they were satisfied too. If 'Mersea Rival' was one of those completed without a handhold in the 'key hole' bulkhead then the basic inserts can be obtained from the builders. This handhold is not feasible in the newer boats with the wider ellipse (but posts can be fitted as shown on page 51. Ed.). Perhaps the capping of the ellipse could be widened low down where one might grab it, though I have yet to find it a worry. In summary I didn't find any problems with the standard arrangements and I am glad to say I took no leaps, nor had to wriggle along the sole.

Sea Berths: I agree you need plenty and here they are:

Quarter Berth: Please don't dismiss it; my middle son, bigger than me, loves it because he says he feels he can join in on things without getting up. Agreed he is woken from time to time but joins in the discussion and then goes to sleep again - makes me very envious. The wettest he ever gets is from an oilskin elbow. I admit I am very particular to put away dividers and Reeds - not for his comfort, but so that I can find them again.

Starboard lower Root Berth: I'd defy anyone to be tipped out of this one, you must always have been kind and given it to someone else. I think it is the most comfortable berth in the boat.

Starboard upper Root Berth: This is obviously a private 'add-on' but as long as the chocks allow the same angles as the lower one I can't see why it should not be perfectly OK.

Port Upper: The earlier boats only had two chocks instead of three, the latter no doubt being an improvement. But I would agree that for both upper berths lee cloths, which could easily be fitted, would give a better feeling of security. Perhaps one of your lads, qualifying for his Sailmaker's badge

Port Lower: Dr McKendrick of 'Jayess III' places a sheet of plywood between table and bunk as a leeboard and finds this ideal. Well now that gives 5, without going for'd of the main bulkhead, I think you wanted 4? ..

Cockpit drains The drains are actually bigger than the RORC and ORC require, and they set high safety standards. Rivals are pretty good at keeping seas out of the cockpit, as Mr Gray has found. Nevertheless the many Rival owners who have made ocean passages in Rivals must have had water in the cockpit from time to time and I gather there have been no reports from them of inadequate drains.

I must have had a lot of water in the cockpit after the OSTAR knockdown, but I don't recall it causing me any concern about either quantity or time to drain. Apart from that occasion I have only had odd little wave tops which flipped over the deckedge (I didn't have dodgers) or spray. I don't suppose any of these occasions produced more than a bucketful and I doubt you would ever get a cockpitful. If it did happen the worst it might do would be to come over your wellies. The only other place it can go is down the drains.

Other thoughts:

Table I think you have been unlucky, but there is now an adjustable height tubular arrangement.

Quarterberth pipe I entirely agree. I built a plastic foam 'siderest' to hook on to it. Upholstery in the newer boats is carried round the pipe.

Flip Top Locker Agreed, until you remember not to put things on it and then one appreciates how useful the locker is. However the galley layout has been changed so both the locker and the problem have gone.

The Bookshelf All boat bookcases became obsolete once Hydrographic pubs started coming out in A4 size. Suggest you use the locker below the chart table for the big ones, or put a cardboard-boxful on top of the battery locker, when it will double as a backrest.

I doubt if any boat is 100 per cent perfect for everyone but I reckon the RIVAL gets pretty close.

HELZAPOPIN 1977 & Delivery of a RIVAL 38

by Henk Sondag

When I received Peter Brett's letter asking for contributions for the 1977 Rival Round-Up the family just said: "It will be the same as last year, as we sailed the Solent waters again". Indeed it was about the same trip as last summer apart from the fact that this time we had more wind and most of the time headwinds outward bound as well as homeward bound.

Originally we planned a cruise to the East coast as we would have liked to see more of this lovely part than two years ago. The change was caused by the fact that I had made a promise to assist in delivering a sail-away version of a Rival 38CK to Vlissingen. A couple of weeks before our holiday started the owner phoned me that the launching would be on the 29 June. As our holiday started on the 25th my wife did not agree with the fact that I had to leave the family during our holiday until I promised to put 'Helzapopin' in a marina and to be back in two days.

We managed to be in Newhaven on Monday the 28th June hopping via Ostende, Dunkerk and Boulogne. Tuesday morning a phone call to Rival Yachts confirmed that the '38' would be launched that morning and have her trials.

Wednesday morning I left for Swanwick as she was at Moodys Marina. She really looked a big boat. After sorting out the Export documents and fuelling we motored down the Hamble River at 16.00 and soon had the sails up at the Hook buoy. Under main, mizzen and genoa we had a nice sail down to Looe channel. Off Littlehampton the wind left us and we started the engine. At 02.00 we motorsailed past Newhaven where my wife and youngest son were sound asleep. Here I asked my oldest son, who had asked to come with me, if he preferred to be put on board 'Helzapopin' instead of going on to Vlissingen, but he really enjoyed being at the Wheel. Off Beachy Head the wind freshened and we stopped the engine. From then on we really sailed fast downwind with a

force 6 off Dover which freshened to a good 7. Goosewinged and actually over-canvassed we surfed towards Vlissingen. As quick as the wind had sprung up so all of a sudden it eased off and we had to start the engine off Knokke. We motorsailed the last 12 miles to arrive at Vlissingen locks Friday morning at 01.00 just 33 hours after we left the Hamble River. We took a berth at Vlissingen yacht club, had a few drinks and chatted about the fast crossing. We slept a couple of hours to rise again for the first ferry from Vlissingen to Breskens, then to Oostende, ferry to Dover, to arrive back on board at 16.00 so I had been able to keep my promise.

From there we continued our cruise, having marvellous weather all the time. We visited Chichester harbour, Hamble River, Beaulieu River, had a marvellous afternoon at Alum Bay, then to Lymington for the night where we saw another Dutch Rival, 'Prinses'. Stayed an extra day at Newtown creek and visited the pub at Shalfleet again, which we did last year in a pooring rain. From there a nice sail to Folly Inn. Next day a lovely sail around the Isle of Wight ending up at Gosport. Saturday we attended a C.A. meet at Hardway S.C. as we did last year which was very pleasant.

Next morning we left for home again via Newhaven, Boulogne, Dunkerk, and Blankenberge. Again a fine holiday in a good seaboat.

I missed the East coast this year but an opportunity to go there arose as we heard that our friend Geoffrey was going to be married on 10th September which was also the date for a C.A. meet at Pin Mill. So two friends and I left Vlissingen at Friday noon. There was a good breeze force 5 from the N.W. and we made good progress until the Thornton bank buoy when the wind dropped and started to back. We had to start the engine to keep going but within 40 minutes we had a nice breeze from the S.W. We stopped the engine and were able to steer our course but now on the port tack. At 5 o'clock we picked up a mooring off the Butt and Oyster. Then we slept for a couple of hours and dressed for the wedding. Apparently were a bit slow as we had to take a taxi to Norwich - to arrive just in time for the wedding. Late in the afternoon we were driven back to Pin Mill to arrive just in time for drinks at the cottage of the organizer of the meet. Then we all gathered in the clubhouse of the Pin Mill S.C. where a very nice supper was served. We did not stay long after the meal although it was very tempting to join in the lively chatting and dance. I must admit we were a bit tired and spent the rest of the evening with a couple of friends on board 'Helzapopin' with a few drinks until the 00.30 weather forecast which gave gale warnings for a lot of areas including Humber, Thames and Dover.

After a good sleep we woke for the 06.30 forecast which was the same. We left immediately, motorsailing down river to find a S.W.5 at Cork Sand buoy, and put up the Spi. We made 7+ on the log until at the Galloper bank when the wind already had freshened and the shackle at the guy parted. We handed the Spi. and put up Genoa No.1.

After we had repaired the sheet we decided to have lunch first but when we had finished we decided to go on without the Spi. as we were now making a good seven knots with this rig. Two of us went down to take a nap, to wake up again off North Hinder as we had to put a reef in. Off Steenbank buoy the wind eased off and we shook the reef out, having a fast sail in with a fair tide.

At 23.30 we were in Vlissingen locks, after a nice week-end's sail with 206 miles on the log.

There was only one snag in this very good season, being unable to join the Rival meet at Ostende to which we had looked forward as we talked about it at the A.G.M. in London. We hope to be there if another meet is organized on the Continent. Lets hope sometime next Season.

SILVER SEQUEL goes North

by R E Monie

Cape Wrath, like the Slough of Despond, is well named. The sort of place where sinners get their comeuppance and are shunned by Christian on his way to the Eternal City. Out of a sea it makes turbulent it heaves itself desolate black and savage. Three-quarters of a mile offshore flat topped rocks lie in wait awash and impossible to see in the broken waters. 'Silver Sequel' on her way home from Norway in 1976 weathered this unlikely cape to the crash of falling crockery and the imprecations of my crew below. With a final quite unnecessary shrug of her shapely quarters 'Silver Sequel' said in a pettish voice unlike her usual husky film star accents,

"I suppose we are heading straight home",

"If the wind holds",

"I notice we never seem to stay in any Scottish ports yet you're forever gabbling about 'Silverfin' and her beastly Scottish cruises".

('Silverfin' was 'Silver Sequel's immediate predecessor. Ed.)

It seemed better to ignore these two offensively expressed untruths in one sentence but the coup de grace was delivered anyway.

"You're like a man who still keeps a picture of his first on the piano", she announced triumphantly.

A non-sequitur argument like this with the distaff side could have but one result. The end of May this year saw us whirling down the Strangford narrows with a six knot tide under the keel past the Routen wheel, a whirlpool which is said at times to grind the stones so ferociously in its depths that at times the noise can be heard half a mile inland, past the white tower on the reef curiously named "Rockin' Goose" but which owing to the inability of the skipper of the survey vessel to understand the local dialect appears on the chart as Rock Angus. On board were Eric, the chief engineer, and self. Trevor, the medico, was to be picked up at Donaghadee twenty miles up the Down coast. After Donaghadee the Copeland Isles were left to port accepting an adverse tide in the expectation of a favourable tide later without which it is impossible to cross the North channel. With a favourable tide here we would have gone through Donaghadee sound. Off Larne we crossed the track of the Stranraer ferry bearing our wives and car to rendezvous at Crinan. The triple plumes of the Ballylumford power station were drifting southerly as the ebb tide bore us north in the general direction of Islay exactly as it had done for mesolithic man who colonized the empty Hebrides from Larne and later again for the Scots who also set out from here not only to take over the western non-Pictish half of Scotland but also to give their name to the whole country.

The north wind continued to rise and presently Crinan was obviously not on. With no heartburnings at all I diverted to Gigha, a delightful island populated by a friendly and helpful people with a hotel and pub run by the Roebucks as a home-from-home for yachtsmen. This island, till recently owned by the Horlick family, has a prosperity unmatched by any other Hebridean island, and not a distillery in smell, unlike Islay which has eleven. Our wives were telephoned to Crinan and down they came to Tayinloan and crossed to Ardmish Bay where we lay at anchor, leaving the car in the car park on the mainland. Over two days were spent here. I think the Roebucks have lotuses in some of their dishes. Rival owners who are also gardeners can visit the famous rhododendron and azalea grounds laid out by the late Sir Frederick Horlick. Perhaps it wasn't lotuses - night starvation perhaps. To celebrate Jubilee Day 'Silver Sequel' had laid in fairy lights and bunting a-plenty.

Alas! as the school magazine might say, Boreas had displaced the gentle Zephyrus and certainly he blew and blew and blew so no fairy lights, no bunting. At nightfall, through the driving rain and low scudding cloud we could just descry

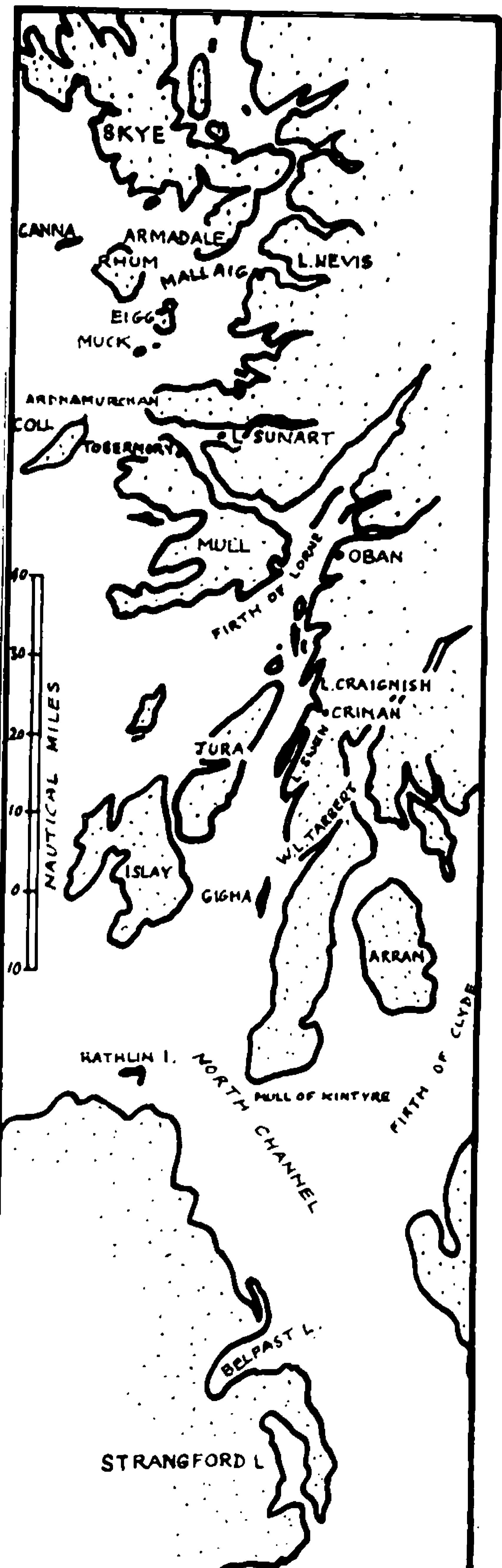
the tiny figures of a few hardy islanders lighting the huge bonfire on Cnoc coille barre, the hill behind the hotel. The fire caught and for an hour or more defied the other elements. To the south on the Mull of Kintyre another spark appeared and yet another in the direction of west Loch Tarbert.

From Gigha with the wind still on the fore-quarter it was a short hop to and up Loch Swen to Tayvallich, a little village with some claim to be picturesque, but not I imagine as sheltered an anchorage as its landlocked appearance on the chart would suggest.

There is a dip in the hill fronting the anchorage through which a nasty draught from the west would penetrate. There is a hostelry here selling a large number of the two hundred or so straight rum malt whiskies. I wish to say I am glad he did not have them all. The concensus of opinion was that Glen Morangie and Glen Grant were hard to beat. Myself I am of the opinion that whiskies are the better for the art of a good blender.

Back down Loch Swen which incidentally is one of the SW-NE orientated valleys imposed on this region by the Caledonian orogeny 500 million years ago and northwards along the Sound of Jura past Crinan, once the capital of the Dalriadian kingdom which included most of Ulster and the west of Scotland straight up to the top of Loch Craignish. Here is a calm and sheltered anchorage with moorings for visitors and a rather ramshackle pontoon to take on diesel and water. Since this part of Scotland is not unfamiliar to my wife and me we packed the other four off by car to examine the hinterland while we went walking along the road bordering the west side of the loch. We trudged along with only the occasional remark enjoying the sounds, sights and smells of this lovely countryside and then came upon the works of man. Some miscreant had sprayed both road verges with a herbicide leaving two long scars of brown and withered vegetation stretching into the distance.

Down Loch Craignish to the Dorus Mhor to gain a N. going tide up the sound of Luing. I was below sharpening a pencil when Eric at the helm said, "For Pete's sake, never mind your sanguinary charts. Take a look at this." I poked a head up and it was almost unbelievable, - certainly highly undesirable. The northerly winds against the tide had beaten the sea into a froth so that a heavy pearly mist curtained the entrance to the sound fifteen feet high. The Dorus Mhor can boil but I have never seen it furious like this and I was uncomfortably aware that an arm of the tidal stream sets straight across into the Gulf of Corrievreckan of ill-fame, but



there was now no turning back so close hauled and with engine, lurching and twisting through this up-pour 'Silver Sequel' eventually emerged shaking herself into daylight. For five minutes it was not unlike a trip in the 'Maid of the Mist' under the Niagara Falls. With hearts and engine thumping we hastened away from this unchancy spot and then tacking up the Sound of Luing, past Pladda into the opener waters of the Firth of Lorne.

In beautiful cold front weather 'Silver Sequel' attempted to reach Oban against a wind straight from the ice cap which invited us to Iona or Colonsay but forbade Oban. The tops of the waves were being whipped over from starboard as the first tack was made in the direction of Loch Buie. Time and again this familiar 'scape became blurred as my eyes filled with tears, no, not nostalgia - ocular spindrift. Making little headway after a couple of hours the journey was continued under sail and engine as far as the south end of Kerrera Sound where I had hoped to find some shelter. In vain, Kerrera Sound was a windtunnel down which the blast came whooping. No tacking here, it was a straight slugging match between the Swedish giant below and the Scottish ogre above. Finally Sweden won and 'Silver Sequel' berthed rather uneasily at the fishermen's quay. It had taken ten hours to do twenty miles. From an open window somebody was playing an organ and the precisely defined notes of Handel's Nightingale and Cuckoo movement were accompanied by the screeching gulls.

From Oban the following morning westward along the Sound of Mull and then turn right opposite Tobermorey along Loch Sunart. This loch with wooded hills to north and a rocky shore opposite gets four stars. About eleven miles on is the tiny but comfortable Port Salen, not to be confused with Salen on the north of Mull.

A one night stand here and then we retraced course down Sunart, round Ardnamurchan Point past Muck, Eigg with its cockscomb appearance and Rhum to Mallaig. This is a lively fishing port and one must always be prepared to shift berth. On this occasion 'Silver Sequel' lay comfortably to anchor and the following day was spent exploring Loch Nevis to the north of Mallaig and in this wild and, in its upper reaches, deserted valley it seemed a genuine exploration indeed except that the C.C.C. pilot and chartlets were to hand. The peak of Ben Nevis towers over the last stretch but to reach there one passes on both hands between high precipitous mountains impossible to sail through. Round each curve and bend yet more mountains dominated the loch. If Dr Johnson had included Loch Nevis in his 'Tour of the Highlands' he would have voiced his disapproval with one of his favourite adjectives. It was too Gothick for me too. There are shallow rapids near the loch head and it is vital to follow directions precisely. At one point the indicator registered five feet.

Loch Nevis was the starting point of the return trip. By-passing Mallaig with a northerly breeze now favourable 'Silver Sequel' turned into the anchorage at Saanen just east of Ardnamurchan Point. The silver strand here had beckoned me often when passing on other trips. This time in we went although it is much exposed to northerlies, but the shelter of Ardnamurchan was not far away. In the event the breeze died and the anchor could be seen through the limpid water lying twenty feet down attached to a vertical chain. Then a rapid journey down the Sound of Mull, the Firth of Lorne, Luing Sound and the Sound of Jura to West Loch Tarbert, aided, of course, by our friendly north wind. This is a pleasant and undramatic loch easy of navigation as far as the anchorage on the west side near the top. Regrettably, in spite of several efforts both here and on the other side the anchor simply would not hold at all, so rather reluctantly we took the buoyed channel farther up to where the McBrayne steamer jetty is situated. I advertise this as a mistake. Crawling cautiously up the channel with Trevor calling the depths we still went aground. Fortunately a few moments violent swinging on the boom by the more athletic (not me) brought her off, and 'Silver Sequel' swung round bows downstream plainly indicating her preference. Scarcely had we cleared the channel when McBraynes steamer charged up battering her way through the mud. Finally we tied up at the red ferry terminal a mile downstream.

The following morning the wives left us bag-and-baggage and from the exit to

Loch Tarbert I set course for Port Ellen on Islay going through the Sound of Gigha. Actually I prefer the passage outside Gigha which is free from dangers whereas the Sound is bestrewn with rocks and chart 2037 is a must. This chart has also an inset of Port Ellen and thither 'Silver Sequel' bore us, creaming along with a delightful north wind about force six. The approach to Port Ellen is easier coming from the south when the approach buoy may be picked up. In the westerly sun it was difficult to distinguish the land marks and here again one must take careful account of the directions as Port Ellen is guarded by a long reef almost completely across the bay, covered by an innocent looking stretch of water. Port Ellen is a useful point of departure to cross the North channel and at 0600 next day 'Silver Sequel' put out into the flood tide spreading sail for the Antrim coast and home, having been away sixteen days.

QUO VADIS qualifies for AZAB 79

by Tony Brackstone

'Quo Vadis' sailed out from Poole Harbour at 04.00 hours on Saturday, 4th June 1977. The dawn sky was gloriously reflected in the calm sheltered water, and our immediate worry was that we needed a strong breeze to help us on our 500 mile qualifying cruise! My wife Di (nicknamed Rusty) and I both suffered 'pre-trip' nerves, the result of a hectic rush to complete preparations, followed by a nerve-racking trip out of the river on a fast receding tide, and a bare 3 hour doze for what remained of the night. As 'Quo Vadis' slipped past the Bar buoy and kicked up her heels in open water we wondered if we would manage to qualify "this time" - whether the winds would be kind - how 'Quo Vadis' would handle in a gale (IF we had one?) - would Di be dogged by seasickness as usual?

By 08.00 hours the wind was freshening Force 5, and although the seas were not large they were uncomfortably lumpy. At 09.00 hours we knew the answer to our last question - Di fed the fishes! She noticed the dismay on my face, and shrugged it off with nonchalance, muttering something to the effect that "Nelson suffered with the same problem every voyage, and HE took to his bed completely incapacitated.." We soon settled down to our agreed watches - 2 hours on, 2 hours off. Every time I came on watch we still seemed to be abeam of Portland, punching a strong tide. The day wore on and Di had still not found her sea legs - she was being ill every 10-20 minutes. Late evening brought ever freshening winds and torrential rain. By 01.00 hours Sunday 5th the log read 120 miles and we were 20 miles approx. south of Start Point. Di's seasickness had continued relentlessly for 16 hours but she still stood all her watches. The seas had built up considerably and the wind force had increased to Force 7. 'Quo Vadis' was down to 7 rolls in the main, and at this point I decided that discretion was the better part of valour and a return to quieter waters was indicated. Approaching the entrance to the Dart a few hours later, with tears welling in her eyes Di pleaded with me to continue the qualifier, pointing out that if we went into harbour disqualification would be automatic. But I decided she must get some rest, so we went into Dartmouth, arriving at 08.00 hours, where we enjoyed a blissful 10 hours exhausted sleep. The following morning the Forecast was storm force 9 off Start Point, and I thought it was "providence that seasickness had laid low my crew".

We decided we now had to abandon any idea of qualifying, and we might as well enjoy what was left of our holiday in Cherbourg so we set off on Wednesday morning,

8th June, at 05.00 hours, goose-winging towards the anticipated "Duty Free". 16 miles from Casquets Di informed me (yet again) that as she felt fit couldn't we have another attempt at the qualifier? Now fellow skippers will know that a chap can stand just so much pressure, and I changed course with alacrity and headed towards Eddystone. The brief spell of good weather deteriorated around 22.00 hours that evening, and once more we suffered from freezing hands and soggy clothes. How we longed for a good vane self-steering gear, but boats and money don't often go hand in hand! We passed Eddystone at 10.00 hours on Thursday, 9th June, and throughout the day we had torrential rain with accompanying rising winds, building seas and appalling visibility. Night watches were the worst, with gritty eyes constantly watching the compass and anxiously scanning all points of the horizon for oncoming ships. And oncoming they were! Fishing boats, tankers, Channel Ferries, Cargo boats, all seemingly intent on running 'Q.V.' down! We were abeam Lizard at 19.00 hours, wind NW Force 7. 'Quo Vadis' soldiered on with Di and I still taking our 2 hourly watches on the tiller, eyes blinded by sleeplessness and lashing rain, wet to the skin under our oilskins and numb with cold. Just clear of the last "separation zone", the cross seas from the Bristol Channel/Irish Sea/English Channel made tiller work a nightmare, with contrary steep waves slamming 'Quo Vadis' off course, or stopping her dead. By 22.00 hours the wind was Gale Force 8 and the wind continuously shrieked in the rigging. 'Quo Vadis' was not making any appreciable headway, and with darkness approaching I decided to lie a' hull and get some rest. With some difficulty we downed all sail and lashed the tiller amidships, so that 'Quo Vadis' lay beam on to the wind and made about $1\frac{1}{2}$ knots in a SW direction. Once down below all was cosy and familiar, except that standing up was impossible; and the noise of the heavy seas battering the hull was appalling, while every article on the boat set up an ear-shattering clatter! 'Quo Vadis' was rolling in a 60° arc - 20° into the wind to 40° away. Di was ill just once before we propped up bunk cushions and wedged ourselves securely into our bunks. The fear in us was a knot deep inside but not discussed. It sent us into a fitful slumber for the next ten hours.

08.00 hours on Friday 10th found 'Quo Vadis' still gallantly holding her self-chosen SW course; the wind having dropped to Force 7. Now safely out of the cross seas she was exposed to a long 'fetch' unhindered by land, and the seas had become awesome! Waves towered up to 40 ft in height with seemingly bottomless valleys, and crests broke with a thunderous roar! We hoisted the storm jib and with 7 rolls in the main 'Quo Vadis' was under way again. She would point her bows up, up and up till she rode the foaming crests, and then surfed down into the valleys with a loud hissing. As she surfed along, the speedometer registered 10 knots and stuck! But for all their mighty size these waves were mercifully regular and 'Quo Vadis' handled them effortlessly. Occasionally she 'fell' off a wave with a heart-stopping shudder, similar I imagine to being dropped on to a solid concrete slab! The rain was still falling ceaselessly, whipped by the wind into our eyes, and we continued onward all that morning. Meals were sketchy - eaten in bowls with one arm around the tiller and the other desperately trying to get a spoon into the bowl held in our knees. When we were about 80 miles S/SW of Lands End we put about and headed for the homeward leg. The wind eased to Force 6 later that afternoon.

As Di took over her watch from me I looked at her handling the tiller and marvelled at the change in her these past two seasons. For 18 years she had crewed ('passenger' fashion) on first my father's and then our own various boats. All through those years she had suffered from nausea and a great fear of the sea, which made her a 'reluctant' sailor. I recalled vividly how she wept bitter tears on one occasion in our 19'6" Panther 'Sirikit' as she heeled alarmingly when hit by sudden gusts on a very windy day on the Tamar a few years ago. Then nearly 3 years ago after she underwent 3 major operations in a period of 10 months, she changed. She felt she had been 'reprieved' and made up her mind to enjoy everything to the full in the future. Our sailing lives changed; she attended navigation classes, and courageously ignored sea-sickness in conditions which would have laid low 90% of hardened sailors! She only stands $5'0\frac{1}{4}"$ and has the build of a 13 year-old. So fellow lady sufferers - take heart! The wind stayed at Force 6 for the rest of Friday 10th and Saturday 11th as we neared home waters, and then suddenly died on us in the early hours of Sunday 12th as we crept past Portland, and we were grateful for 3 whole hours without rain! We finally arrived back at Poole Bar Buoy, and

down came torrents of rain. Customs formalities over, 17.45 hours saw two very weary but elated crew heading up river to Wareham. With oilskin hoods pulled protectively over our heads and boathooks ready as we approached our moorings, we became aware of subdued cheering, shouting and car honks? As we rounded the last bend in the river, the noise became deafening. A Club colleague had picked up our last call to St Albans as we approached Poole Bar Buoy, and that afternoon Club member friends had waited in pouring rain to welcome back 'Quo Vadis' and her crew. We swallowed the painful lumps in our throats at this unexpected welcome, and Di said no one would notice the tears streaming down her face in all that rain! We were literally lifted off the deck by eager hands, ushered into warm dry surroundings, where endless drinks were put into our hands by our relieved friends who had worried for our safety. We were then whisked away by our Commodore and his wife, Ben and Jean Best, to their home, where Jean had prepared a wonderful meal for us.

We had covered a total distance of 649 miles and qualified for the Azores and Back Race in June, 1979.

QUO VADIS to Corunna and back

by Tony Brackstone

On Wednesday evening, 10th August, 'Quo Vadis' set off from Poole Harbour with myself as Skipper/Navigator, Di as 2nd Navigator, our 15 year old son Mark, and my Cousin Steve, 22 years. We had invested in an Aries Self Steering Gear since our AZAB qualifier in June 77, and christened it 'McMillan'. Throughout the voyage, 'Mac' did all the tiller work without a word of protest.

The trip down was superb - 2 days of calm but otherwise fair winds and constant visits from the dolphins. Those wonderful creatures put on some fantastic displays of acrobatics, and luckily we managed to take some good cine film of them. We kept well offshore, and after leaving Poole we sighted no land whatsoever until La Corunna. We split up watches into 6 hourly periods, Mark and I taking the 20.00 to 02.00 hours and 08.00 to 14.00 hours watches, and Di and Steve the 02.00 to 08.00 hours and 14.00 to 20.00 hours watches. The daytime watches were very relaxed, with sharing of small duties, most of the time being spent either sunbathing or catching up on lost sleep. Di and I got some practice in with the Sextant, and Steve kept happy endlessly filming any moving object. By the 3rd day anything from a quite ordinary seagull to a ship on the horizon caused excitement, and made a change from looking at miles and miles of sea! So our outward trip was quite uneventful, and lasted 6 days. Late in the evening of Monday 15th, Steve spotted La Corunna and the surrounding landmass appearing out of the murky horizon, but a landfall with night approaching was out of the question, and we ran down the coastline towards Finisterre until the early hours, in (yes! you've guessed!) torrents of heavy rain and squalls. We headed up towards La Corunna on Tuesday 16th in bright sunshine, drinking in the wonderful sight of land with our eyes, and longing for hot showers, and a good night's sleep. The white towering flats of La Corunna amid the green hills were a pretty sight, with the Torres del Hercules (Tower of Hercules) standing in proud isolation on a hillside to Starboard. We punched a very strong tide as we crept in slowly over long swells, to a sheltered anchorage immediately to the right of the entrance. The previously oil-contaminated harbour is now much improved, and oil does not present a problem. The Yacht Harbour is now just inside the harbour wall on the Starboard side, and NOT where it is indicated in the Pilot Books, i.e., in an inner harbour. (The inner Harbour is used by a large number of fishing boats, coming and going in endless procession.) There is a small Marina with a limited number of berths, boats tied stern to the jetty. There is plenty of

room to anchor just inside the Harbour Wall, where the water is deep but holding ground not too good. Trip lines are indicated when anchoring. We found it necessary to put out 2 anchors each on 20 fathoms to ride out a gale. We dragged when only lying to one 35 lb C.Q.R.

There are two Clubs and both are quite luxurious, but showers unfortunately are invariably ice cold. It rained non-stop for the three days we were in La Corunna, but in spite of the weather we enjoyed our visit tremendously and were well looked after by a Spanish family whom we met through an introduction from a friend. They showed us the sights, took us shopping and gave us a fabulous Spanish meal after which we all went to a local Fiesta where we joined in the dancing in the streets, followed at 02.00 BST by a visit to the Quay to watch the boats unloading their catches.

We departed La Corunna on Saturday 20th August and motored out through a very large swell with virtually no wind. This situation changed 6 hours later when we had a beautiful sail with wind force 3-4, until Sunday, 21st p.m. when the wind gradually started to increase. It became evident that the Bay of Biscay was going to live up to its reputation as "The Bay of Storms" and not let us off lightly. By 02.00 Monday 22nd the wind had reached Force 7 NW and at 03.00 we handed the storm jib and were under deep reefed main only. 'Quo Vadis' was holding a course some 60° off the wind. The weather continued to deteriorate and by 10.00 hours with the wind now Force 9 we were taking some punishing crashes from the breaking rollers. I decided that the best plan of action was to have one person on lookout for shipping, and let the rest of the crew get some rest. By this time the cockpit was not a hospitable place, so watch was kept by an occasional look-out through the hatch, with one's head kept well under the spray hood. The wash-boards were kept in place and I rigged up lines from Mac to the saloon, so that minor course adjustments could be made without entering the cockpit. It is interesting to note that although seas were shipped into the cockpit on numerous occasions, 'Quo Vadis' stayed perfectly dry down below, and sailed the tempest rocked sea "like a good 'un"! The wind blew gale force all day and did not abate until 01.00 hours on Tuesday 23rd, when we were able to set full sail again on a course for Ushant, which we rounded at 21.00 that night.

We had recovered nicely from the gale, but the 00.30 forecast on Wednesday, 24th, informed us that a Force 8 gale was imminent, and by 06.00 it was blowing Force 7 from the South. I was very tempted to head for a harbour on the Brittany coast which was still quite close, but as we had arranged to meet 5 Club boats in Cherbourg decided that we would press on. The Force 8 arrived at noon and we had a very exciting passage around Casquets and Alderney, finally making Cherbourg at 03.00 hours on Thursday 25th morning, very tired and happy to be in a nice safe Marina while the wind continued to blow hard outside.

We immediately set off to find our friends, to discover that we were the only boat to make the rendezvous - 2 were waiting for weather in Guernsey - 2 were still at Poole and one had stayed in St Malo! There must be a moral to this somewhere? Thursday and Friday, 25th and 26th, were thoroughly enjoyable in Cherbourg, and we crossed to Weymouth on Friday 26th night to join another Redcliffe YC Rally.

On Sunday we returned to Wareham and so ended a wonderful cruise with the log reading 1199 miles.

For the record, unfortunately Di continued to be seasick once or twice every day of the trip. For the first 24 hours she took tablets in an effort to alleviate the nausea, but gave this up in disgust when she continued to be ill. She then decided to do without any medication, and let nature take its course for the rest of the trip. On one occasion she suddenly felt ill while working out a noon sun sight at the Chart table below, excused herself to go topside to feed the fishes, and coolly returned to complete her navigation, her face all the while the colour of old parchment! She stood her full watches even when the weather was doing its darndest and conditions were diabolical.

In spite of the poor weather conditions this summer, we have had some excellent and very exciting sailing, and when it comes to gale force conditions the Rival is a great boat. Even when the sea reaches frightening proportions she inspires confidence.

ALRUNA to the Channel Isles & N.Brittany

(See chart inside front cover)

by H. B. Bishop

My wife and I, who are both in our 60s, had a successful cruise this year in our Rival 32 'Alruna' to the Channel Islands and the North coast of Britanny.

We left Hardway at 1425 hours on Thursday 23rd June to pick up our Bonded Stores in Portsmouth Camber Dock, outside the Bridge Tavern, at 15.00 hours. For the previous fortnight our imaginations had been playing over a dozen bottles of Black Label, minerals to match and strong ale in proportion, so it was with a sense of pleasurable anticipation that we motored into the Camber and made fast at 14.55 hours. After a wait of 40 minutes with nothing happening I phoned the suppliers who informed me that as I had filled in no papers, so the Customs Office said, they had gone back to Southampton. I had of course filled in the necessary forms two weeks before and had the counterfoils with me, so I spoke my mind. The phone then went dead (it was a Customs phone) and I could get no re-connection.

Tide to the Westward was running out so we both decided to scrub the whole thing and motored out of Portsmouth Harbour and made sail in a mood like a Football Hooligan whose team had lost at home. I was pleased to hear, a month later, that the suppliers had got on to the Customs Office again, who then found the papers, loaded their vehicle again and drove to Portsmouth again, to find that we had been gone for over an hour. They had qualified for an award of the M.H.D.O.I.F. "Mit Brillianten" as the Germans would say.

We rounded Gilkicker trying to sail with main and genoa set to a fitful SE Force 1 breeze when a really nice NW Force 3 plus came up and we beat to Newtown in 7 tacks and picked up a mooring.

Next day Friday we left the mooring at 07.45, the wind was about 215° m Force 2 so we motor sailed with main set to the Needles, set the genoa, streamed the log at 08.50 hours and set 272° m on the Tillermate. It was a grey cheerless day with about 3 miles vis. Things cleared and improved during the morning. We came into Studland and were anchored and stowed by 11.30 on quite a nice sunny day.

Saturday 25th saw another early rise to a windy wet grey day, wind about SW, 4 plus, visibility barely a mile, but the Shipping Forecast telling about veering NW 3-4, vis. poor, becoming good during the period. We decided to beat to the West and duck into Weymouth if things weren't too good, or if we could make the Shambles by the time the tide turned against us at 11.00 and it had veered and cleared, to try for Alderney. In the event the sun came out at 10.30, the sky cleared, the wind went round and we sighted the E. Shambles Buoy at 10.45, so Alderney it was. We set course steering 190° m with main and No.1 genoa and a touch of engine but after an hour with a nice breeze we changed to No.2 genoa, stopped the motor and got into our stride, logging between $5\frac{3}{4}$ and $6\frac{1}{4}$ miles in each hour with the Tillermate doing the hard work. Visibility was about 10 miles until about 14.00 hours when it started to deteriorate, high cloud came over from the West and Alderney refused to reveal itself. Radio bearings on the Casquets and Guernsey showed them to be where they should have been but I was unable to pick up Alderney Air Radio Beacon. However at 19.00 hours a nice looking Lighthouse came up out of the murk, clear of a bold Headland, in other words, Cap La Hague clear of Nez de Jobourg which meant that we were 5 miles N of La Hague and 8 miles NE of Braye, which we couldn't see. I downed the genoa, started the motor, steered 240° m and bashed into it, Alderney coming into sight in about 15 minutes. We put in 8 motor tacks and were anchored in Braye by about 20.30 hours, very tired and wet. Checking leeway by the hand bearing compass about three days later, I find that we make about 6 degrees leeway when on a close reach. On that day I had not allowed any, being content to arrive at the up-tide side of Alderney at about the right time.

We spent 3 nights in Alderney, had a nice meal ashore, visited other ships and the Sailing Club and shopped, and left on Tuesday morning 28th at 08.00 hours

via the Swinge, wind about 235° m Force 4, overcast with good vis. We stood to the South towards Sark which was visible by the time we were level with the Noires Putes, sailing under working jib and full main. After an hour on this tack we came about and stood over to the West until we could sail into the Little Russell. We passed Platte Fougere at 11.30 with $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles on the log. From there we motored into St Peter Port arriving at exactly 12.00 hours when the locals let fly with a large cannon every day. We nearly died. We made fast alongside a French yacht between two buoys to await enough water to go inside. Another English yacht then came along the other side of the French yacht. The owner was passing warps to the buoy standing in his Avon when he got himself into the unhappy position of legs in the Avon, bottom in the sea and hands on warp overhead. He must have had what Para Handy would have called "the Achility" because he recovered himself before we could assist and took his crew's acid comments with equanimity. A Hillyard 9 tonner then made fast on our other side and we all had lunch, and motored into the Marina about an hour later.

That evening saw a very nice meal ashore in the Steak and Stilton and the next night on board saw a crab for four people eaten by two people and washed down by a bottle of Sichel's Forellenwein. Next year I think it would be wiser to cut out one person. It was a bit much.

Thursday saw us in a slow and thoughtful mood as we motored out of St Peter Port at 08.30 on a fine sunny day, bound for Lezardriax, wind W 3-4, vis. about 8 miles but promise of more wind. We set course from St Martin's Point at 09.10 hours, steering 227° m and streamed the log. The wind breezed up during the morning and we had to change down from full main and working jib to No.4 jib and 6 rolls in the main in a lumpy sea. We were able to spot Roche Douvres L.H. by 10.15 and to pass to the windward of it before tide turn to the East, which was at about 14.15 hours. Les Heaux L.H. was visible at about this time, the wind eased so we shook out our reefs and changed to the working jib again. We made out Le Paon and La Horaine in due course and came in past Les Sirlots Buoy and motored up the river, making fast in the Marina at 17.00 hours.

Two nights were spent here, ship visiting with the Hillyard we had met in Guernsey, swimming and visiting market day in the town. The weather now was hot and fine, just like 1976.

Saturday 2nd July: We motored down river from Lezardriax, following a French M.T.B. on a hot sunny day with a NE wind Force 2 or less. Set main and genoa and sailed with the tide for a little but outside the coastal tide was with the wind so we had to drop the genoa and motor in company with several other yachts past Les Heaux L.H. and the buoys La Jument, Basse Crublent, Basse Guazer off Port Blanc, until as we were nearing Ile Tome a nice breeze made from the NW and we were able to sail in to the anchorage outside Perros and pick up a visitor's buoy to have lunch and wait the necessary three hours or so before we could go into the harbour. We then made fast to a pontoon right in the town.

On Sunday we motored out of Perros at 08.00 and picked up a visitor's buoy to have breakfast. Set off again at 09.00 hours, fine and sunny, good visibility, wind N, Force 1, motoring with main set and the Tillermate doing the work. We steered due W until past Sept Iles and then 235° m to come down to Boué Blanche, past Grand Ile at the mouth of the Lannion River. Here with a light breeze we were able to sail on 262° m, passing south of Plateau de la Meloine and Les Trepieds Buoy across the Morlaix Estuary. Here, near the Pot de Fer buoy, our first yacht from the 1950s, Spear Maiden, passed to the south of us under a Magnificent Red Genoa, which made us happy. We carried on and anchored off Roscoff for lunch and a sunbathe and during the afternoon motored round into Port Bloscon, where the Plymouth Ferries berth, and anchored for the night in about 26 ft at L.W. Springs, thick smelly mud. Next day, Monday July 4th, we motored round into Roscoff in about 25 minutes and went alongside the Inner Harbour Wall for shopping. We could only stay an hour as we wanted to get on to L'Aberwrac'h but we found Roscoff to be beautiful and fascinating and agreed that we must stay for a day or so on another occasion.

After shopping and some discussion as to whether to go or not as there was a flat calm and thick haze, we motored out and round the Ile de Batz and set course

steering 263° when level with the L.H. Visibility about 2 miles. We streamed the log and tried to keep a tight hand on our position. Here we were passed close by a large French trawler, 'Thalassa' out of Nantes, which had been alongside the Quay in Bloscon. They gave us a friendly wave. Although there was a glass smooth sea she was lifting her forefoot clear in the long swell.

The Tillermate was doing the work and at 12.55 up came Aman ar Ross buoy dead ahead. Here we altered course to pick up the two buoys on the Lizen Ven off Ile Vierge. The L.H. came out of the mist within a few minutes and at 13.25 we passed the Lizen Ven buoys, altering course here for Le Libenter buoy at the entrance to L'Aberwrac'h which in fact came up quite soon and we rounded it at 14.20 hours to steer on a close reach up the river. The back leading marks were not visible but the channel is so wide and well marked that we had no difficulty in finding our way up. We picked up a visitor's mooring off the Sailing Club at 15.20 hours with $24\frac{1}{2}$ miles on the log. The club boatman appeared at once and collected 24 Francs and gave us a one day card for the sailing club. This happened every day.

Our plan had been to make Camaret but the visibility over the next few days was poor with thick haze and much static on the radio from a shallow thundery Low over France. I had no wish to try the Chenal du Four for the first time under such conditions, so we shopped, walked ashore, ship visited with a Twister called 'Moonspinner' and had two excellent meals ashore. One of these feasts reminded me of Laurel and Hardy eating thick soup with their fingers. We were in a mess! We did very well, too, with Bonded Stores through the willing help of the local Customs Office. In fact most British yacht crews were to be seen staggering back to their craft in the evenings carrying cartons. Those Black Labels of the imagination became good solid fact.

On Thursday July 7th we made an effort to go on and got out to Le Libenter but could see neither land nor leading marks so sailed back up river to the sailing club again in a Force 5 NE wind, took off sail and motored up to Paluden, where, that evening, we were royally entertained on board 'Moonspinner' to dinner and a singsong.

Needless to say, next day was the one with good visibility when we could have gone on but we were a little under the weather and up too late.

Time was running out, so on Saturday July 9th we motored out at 08.00 hours and set course at 08.55 hours at Le Libenter for the Lizen Ven buoys, on a thick grey miserable day, wind NE Force 1 or less, motoring with main set. Lizen Ven at 09.42 hours, Aman ar Ross at 10.15 hours and spotted Ile de Batz L.H. at 12.15 hours. Funked going through Chenal de L'Ile de Batz, so went round and anchored in Port Bloscon again. The wind now piped up to Force 5 plus from 050° m but although the sea wall is only about 200 yards long, we were adequately sheltered and had a fair night, the rolling being bearable.

We had planned next day, Sunday July 10th, to get back to Tréguier but the forecast gave NE 5-6 with poor visibility so, having had a look at it with 4 rolls in the main and the working jib hanked on but not set, we chickened out by the Pot de Fer and ran off up to Morlaix, taking off sail by Dourduff and motoring up from there. We came across 'Moonspinner' at the lock who kindly took our lines and we went up into the Marina with them later. Next day brought thunder and very heavy rain. We shopped, watered and fuelled and had the best meal of the holiday ashore that evening at the Auberge des Gourmets up by the railway station which is at the west end of the large viaduct that crosses the town. Reasonable price and marvellous food with a nice long walk uphill on the way there and a nice long trundle down hill on the way back.

Next day being Monday July 11th, with 'Moonspinner', we motored out of the Marina at 13.10 hours, and were anchored off Dourduff at 15.10 hours. The weather was sunny with thunder about but we and the 'Moonspinner' bathed and had drinks on our vessel this time. An interesting point was that range at Dover that day was 3.8 metres and at H.W. where we were we had 22 Ft on the Echo Sounder and 8 Ft at dead low. This was the spot off the Shingle bank where 'Moonspinner' had been on the night we were at Bloscon. They had had a most comfortable night.

Tuesday dawned fine and clear with a forecast of 2-3 NE, fair, good. We got the anchor in at 08.50 and followed 'Moonspinner' out through the Chenal du Tréguier and set course at Pierre Noire at 09.45 hours steering 073°m and streamed the log. We could see the radio mast on Grand Ile at once, passed close across the entrance to Primel and south of Trépieds and Meloine to Bouée Blanche where at 11.27 we altered to NE to pick up Sept Iles, altering on to 090°m at 12.35 to pass Mean Ruz, Perros and Ile Tome. We motored on in deteriorating visibility past Basse Guazer at 14.05 and tried to make sure of Basse Crublent to find our way into Tréguier. It came on really thick with a making NE wind.

By a stroke of luck I spotted the sun shining on La Corne light tower, across the top of Ile d'Er and then saw Basse Crublent well away to port, so we closed it and then came in to the Tréguier river with no further problems, with visibility less than a mile and were tied up on the visitor's trots off the town by 17.00 hours.

We tried a meal ashore that evening that was a disaster and as next day was market day, tried to recoup our losses by buying something nice in the market. Market day in Tréguier is fun and not to be missed.

Thursday, July 14th being 'Quatorze' and having had some before, we decided to make certain we were out of France, so slipped moorings at 07.20 hours. Hearing the Jersey Forecast by Roche Jaune saying NE 5-6 fair, good, we decided we must go because of time and that we must bash our way to Guernsey under motor and main with 5 rolls in it. We streamed the log at Basse Crublent at 08.55 hours, steering 040°m. Sea rough, every wave over the cockpit and in the face if you looked. The Tillermate had his hat on and didn't mind. We were passed here by two other British yachts doing the same thing only faster and much wetter. Twice we fell off crests in to deep holes with a resounding crash but Rivals seem quite unconcerned by such mundane matters. We were making good about 30 degrees on either side of the wind, so, in about 4 tacks, we picked up Roche Douvres and then the S coast of Guernsey and came up under its lee and so along the S coast to St Martins Point, rounded at 18.20. We were anchored in the outer harbour at St Peter Port with stern line to a buoy, in a vast concourse of other yachts, mostly French, some of whom were impossible to believe, to say the least, by 19.20 hours.

On this passage the engine had been leaking oil quite seriously from its port side, which meant that we had to stop it and read the dipstick every two hours. The leak was from the hexagon nut which houses the oil pressure switch. Tightening helped but fitting a new nut and switch cured it when we were home. We lost about 1 pint of oil in 12 hours.

Next morning early we were lucky enough to be ushered into the Marina at about 08.00 hours.

We had heard that there was a good restaurant to the north of the sea front so we tried it that night. Unfortunately we did not see eye to eye with the management and mourned for the 'Steak and Stilton'. As the weather stayed foul for our trek back across the Channel we were able to go there on another evening, so all was well.

On Tuesday the 19th we motored out of St Peter Port at 07.15 hours, wind SW 3, grey sky, good visibility, the forecast saying the wind would increase 4-5, veering NW. We set course at Platte Fougere at 08.20 and streamed the log, steering due N. Mag to go to weather of the Casquets, under full main and No.2 genoa. The Casquets were abeam at 10.05 hours where we altered to 017°m, the Tillermate steering.

Between 13.40 and 13.55 I spotted a periscope crossing us from E to W about 600 yards ahead, so altered to go behind it. It then came on to a parallel course with us but a quarter of a mile to windward and then up came a radar scanner and had a look at us, so I raised my hat. Two frigates and a helicopter were around with the sub. and we dipped and got an answer from both the frigates as they passed close by.

Land was in sight at 15.05 hours, the high ground near Lulworth Cove and here we decided to change our destination from Weymouth to Studland Bay for the night. We bore off on to 045°m at 17.00 hours and poled out the No.2 genoa. The wind began to breeze up to a good Force 6 with no sign of any NW in it as forecast and a little later the whisker pole I had made for this job snapped in two, the ends flailing around like mad. In the excitement that followed I got a nice tight wrap of the genoa round the forestay, but managed to drag it down and lash it to the pulpit, so we carried on under full main alone with a foreguy on it. We came over to St Alban's Race and sat there just to seaward of it for about 2 hours until the tide turned at 19.00 hours, when we proceeded in fine style past Anvil Point and across Swanage Bay and in to Studland to anchor at 20.50 hours with 69½ miles on the log.

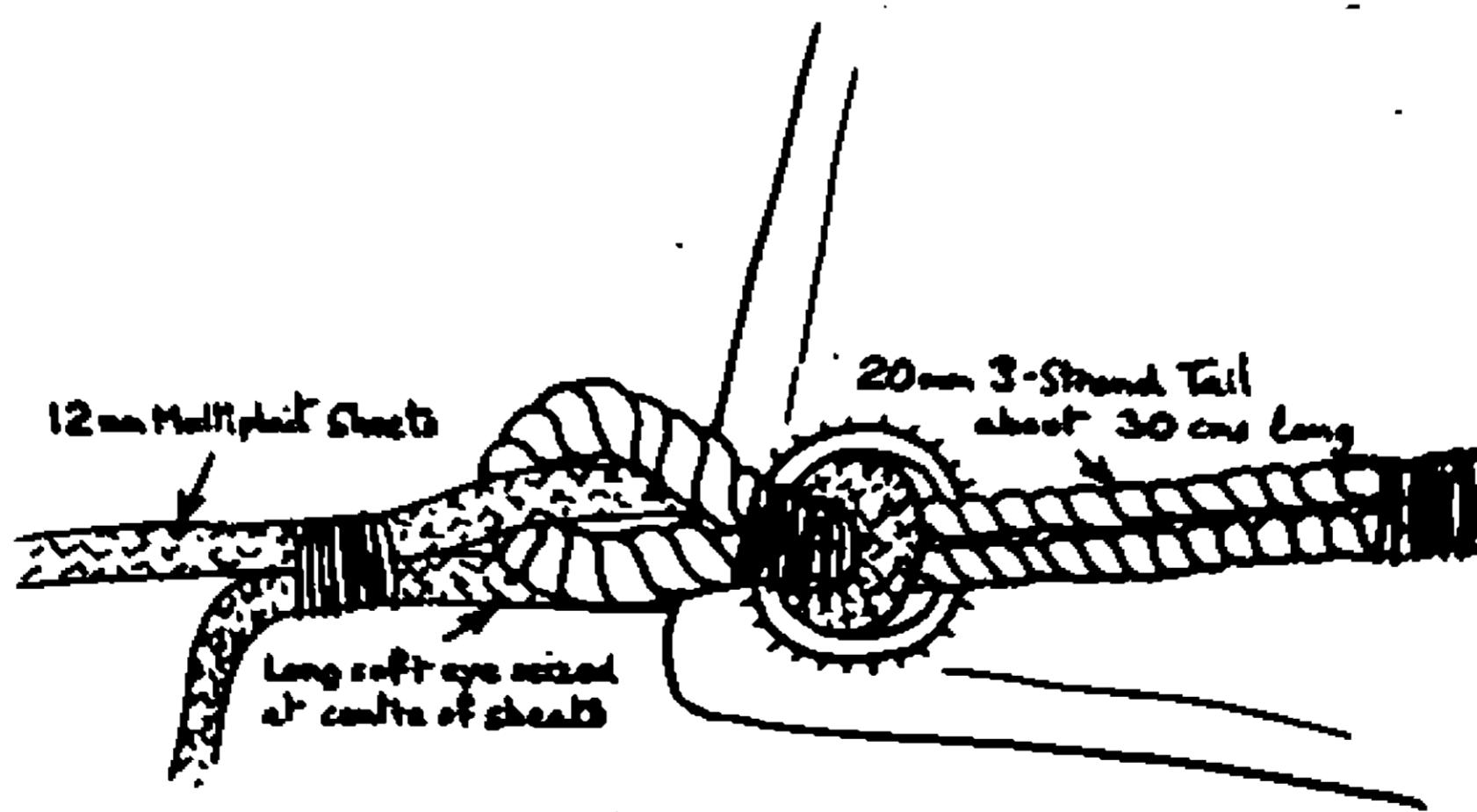
Next day Wednesday July 20th saw us weighing anchor at 10.15 and on a sunny day with wind SW-W 4-5, we had a good run to the Needles under full main and working jib. We were in Yarmouth by 13.30 hours, cleared Customs, shopped and telephoned and were on the way to the Newtown River by 15.30 under main and engine, against the tide.

Next day we were due home so came out of Newtown after breakfast and had a nice reach to Cowes and a run to Fishbourne where we had drinks in the R.V.Y.C. and more telephone calls, lunch aboard and sailed over to Portsmouth Camber, where we made fast by the Bridge Tavern to unload, at about 17.00 hours.

This was where we came in, of course. We had to watch two yachts loading Bonded Stores with a smiling Customs officer in attendance. It is difficult to describe our feelings but we did get a nice apology from them later in the month.

It had been a good cruise, new places visited, interesting people encountered. 'Alruna' had behaved as well as ever and was very sea kindly. Needless to say, as soon as we were home we both felt just ready for and in need of a nice cruise.

Jib Sheet Bend



In "Wild Rival" we have been using this system of attaching jib-sheets for four seasons and would not return to any of the more conventional systems. There is nothing new about it, but the details are worthy of note. It is essential that the 'tail' should not be too flexible or a bight can be pulled back through the clew cringle. On the other hand if it is too stiff it is awkward to bend onto the sail and the main advantage of the system is lost. With the sizes indicated in the sketch, and any normal size of clew cringle, you will find that it is the quickest possible way of bending on the sheet and the least potentially dangerous to get hit by. P B

MEINWEN'S Return or Cold Comfort Foam

(See chart on p. 4)

by Peter E Evans

After the 1976 OSTAR (see blow-by-blow account in Rival Round-up 1976) 'Meinwen' wintered in Stonington, Connecticut, in a small yard that has only recently started building in fibreglass instead of wood, in this small town whose cannon drove off a British frigate in 1812.

When I returned to her (by way of Newport) there was a whole winter's maintenance to do and I worked all the daylight long, at first not very efficiently because there was a heatwave and it was 96° in the cabin by early afternoon. The maintenance, however, was pure pleasure, particularly that last tired walk of the day, across the dark empty boatyard to the shower and feeling cool and fresh after it - all the way to the foot of the ladder that leant against the hull. What a relief it was to work on the self-steering from the ground and in the workshop instead of hanging over the stern in a heaving sea. I incorporated all the improvements I had thought of the year before in the hope that I could make it work on a port tack as well as a starboard. It was done at last - the yard put the slings under her (with polythene sheet between slings and hull; Yes, that impressed me), I cleaned and antifouled where the blocks had been and in she went. My crew had arrived the day after launching. Although a long-term acquaintance he had only sailed with me once before.

Everyone from the yard assembled to shake our hands and see us off. They could not have been more helpful, even getting my ghoster repaired for a (wind) song - no, he's a cruising man, not a yachtsman, said the yard owner on the 'phone to the sailmaker. High praise coming from him.

We left and put into Newport on August 1st. I got both 10 lb gas bottles filled with propane by a shrewd operator (the Newport Bottled Gas Co. for anyone else who may be going that way). He has provided an AID service for many a visiting European yacht.

We left on August 3rd, after several re-unions with old friends. No wind, and under engine we crossed the Whistle Buoy - Brenton Reef line that marks the finish of the OSTAR course. Could see the Buoy but Brenton Reef Tower was just a faint shape in the murk. So too were the 12 metres practising their bumps and grinds or tacks and counter attacks or whatever it is that 12 metres do. But they are graceful things and I should like to have had a clearer view of them. I had had to turn down the chance of going out in the Press boat because time was passing and one never knows what the weather may do at this time of year. What it did for the next two days was to come and go as fog and fitful light winds. There were lots of sharks about, brought north perhaps by the very warm weather of the previous weeks.

By the Friday afternoon we were doing six knots on the starboard tack in a S x E breeze of fifteen knots. The boat felt completely different from last year. She was not trimmed by the stern so much and the hull was clean whereas I must have collected a lot of roughage last year between antifouling and the start of the race. By Sunday afternoon the wind had crept up to Force 5 from SW x W and we rolled downwind under cruising genoa, the atmosphere sticky and lightning around that night. It was Force 6 by midnight and I had been lazy and changed down to working jib since the crew had not had any practice in night sail changes (he coped with them perfectly well a few nights later, but I felt that I ought to standby while he did it the first time).

Monday was washing day. By 09.00 hours we had violent squalls and heavy rain. I put two reefs in the main. Then we bathed and I did our washing in the cockpit while the thunder rolled right over us with no pause between flash and clap (if you see what I mean). Interesting. I had never been right in the middle of a thunderstorm at sea before and my only lightning conductors are the mast and

shrouds. I tried to give the impression that this was pretty everyday stuff. There was a small flying fish (dead) in the fore cabin but I took heart from the old Puerto-Rican proverb "One Flying Fish Does Not Make a Doldrum".

On Tuesday I got my first decent sights and they put us at 41 59 N 60 35 W. My plan was to shape a great circle route from the Nantucket Light Vessel to the southern end of the Grand Banks and then a great circle to Falmouth - wind permitting. I should have liked to put in at the Azores and had brought the chart of the whole group, but decided it was too late in the year and I was too short of time. By the following midnight we lay in a dead calm, all sail dropped, the sky full of shooting stars and the Milky Way reflected in the sea. The wind slowly climbed to force 6 over the next 24 hours but it veered from SW to E x N in the process. Then very light winds again for several days. I tore the tail off an old terylene shirt to glue a patch over a small tear in the ghoster. I was getting worried about our slow progress. So was my crew, who had left a young family and a half-built house in London. At our present rate supplies of food would run short. The morning of the 14th brought thick fog and everything dripped and clammed, but it cleared by mid-day when the wind backed to the west. During the following night I made the decision to put into St John's and at 13.25 with the windshift I altered course due north.

I managed to get a couple of sun shots, the second later in the afternoon than I would normally take one, then worked out the position and made a slight course change to make a landfall on the southern coast of Newfoundland to the west of Cape Race. The trouble was that I had not brought along my chart of the Grand Banks. However, I did have a chart of the North Atlantic. This is very good value for not only does it show Newfoundland, but also the Faroes and parts of Morocco and Georgia. It does mean, though, that the 80 miles of the Avalon peninsula, on which St John's lies, is compressed to 5/8ths of an inch. I also had a description of the entrance to St John's in David Lewis's account of the first OSTAR, "The Ship Would Not Travel Due West". Fog is common over the Banks, indeed I was told later that Cape Race is only clear on 50 days of the year. There was my small RDF set for these conditions. It seemed enough. By 14.30 on the 15th we were in soundings, a few hours earlier than I expected, and were entertained by the small whales whose sudden purposeful black presence had filled me with such alarm last year in almost the same spot. Now, knowing that they weren't the savage beasties I had formerly thought, I could properly enjoy their company. We were getting a SW 7 at the time and it was all very exhilarating. Early in the day we had had 20 yard visibility, but it was clear now.

Having made my decision to put into St John's I felt not only relaxed but that we could afford to be more indulgent with food than we had been (I still lost 20 lbs over the summer, though). My midnight I was receiving the Cape Race Beacon. The next morning was clear and crisp "like autumn at home or winter in Canberra" according to my log.

We sighted Newfoundland at 16.25 on 16th August. As we got closer and the lighthouses beamed at us I reached for my list of lights, only to drop it a moment later "with a muttered oath" (which is simply a lisped version of "buttered toast"), - it only gave the lights from Maine down to the Caribbean. I stood on towards the shore in the gathering dark until a dull booming, more felt than heard, underlay the rattle and splash of ship noises. Breakers. I turned east and slightly offshore and took a running fix on Cape Race Light (checked against the radio beacon). I gave the coast a 3 mile offing before turning parallel to it. The next morning couldn't have been better - sun, clear sky, light wind. Cape Spear was abeam soon after lunch and we entered St John's Narrows at 15.35, politely flying a Canadian courtesy ensign that we had cobbled together during the previous hour with string and glue from the red and white sections of the No.3 pennant left over from OSTAR. I couldn't remember the fine detail of the maple leaf and if our version looked more like the footprint of a Rhode Island Red it was perhaps not inappropriate. The lighthouse to port, the fort high on the red sandstone cliffs to starboard had been mentioned by Lewis. What probably didn't exist in 1960 was a picture postcard, that I found later, having a couple of stranded bergs and bearing the words "Ice in the Narrows". This was not a complaint I'd heard of before, but it sounded dreadfully painful.

We tied up by the Pilot Station and waited for Customs while a local resident nodded at our red ensign and said, "That's the right flag you've got there." Even Cap'n Bill at the boatyard in Connecticut, who, though American born and bred, is a confessed anglophile and subscribes to "Punch" and said we should never have given away the Empire, was hardly more pro-British than the Newfoundlanders I met. When they finally became a Canadian province less than 30 years ago they retained the Union flag for their province. All the boats in the harbour flew it. These attitudes are a welcome change.

After quizzing the Customs man as to why he had an Irish accent my crew went ashore and returned an hour later with much local information and the news that he had to fly back to London to sort out his builders. I wasn't surprised because we had discussed the possibility a few days earlier. I knew he was disappointed, but the situation left him with no choice.

I rang up an acquaintance, Angus Bruneau, at the Memorial University of Newfoundland who despatched a couple of research students to us next morning with a car and instructions to ferry us to a supermarket. He turned up himself the next evening and whisked us off to his place. He was no longer the humble Dean of Engineering I had had correspondence with but a Vice Principal. Meanwhile my crew had booked on to the next flight from Gander, leaving the following day, and tracked down sources of water and fuel for me. The government make a charge of 30 dollars for water but we "stole" some from a local quayside firm who had left a hose running. We emptied the tank and all the containers and refilled some of the sweetest water in the world.

Someone from the Royal Newfoundland Yacht Club had been and left an invitation to visit them. Unfortunately I only had time for a very short visit after spending some time at the University where they have, among other things, a fine new school of Engineering and a thriving Cold Ocean Research group. I discovered a Rival 32 at the RNYC and phoned the owner, Don Fitzpatrick, and invited him down to 'Meinwen'. He arrived with a psychologist friend and Ken Anderson who is completing a Rival 34 in between being a plastic surgeon. They thoughtfully brought a large bottle of whisky and a small bottle of water, too, so as not to use up mine. The questions and comparing of notes kept us talking late that night and I was glad of still, foggy weather the next day to delay my departure. Don came down with a friend, Ivor, in the morning and we talked boats and drove up to the Battery. Then we moved over to Ken's place to look at the 34 and eat a protracted and delicious lunch and talk boats. Then they got me back to 'Meinwen' because the forecast was good for the following day. Don and his wife appeared at dusk with a huge hot steak and salad and sweet. Next morning Don and Ivor saw me off, Ivor bringing fresh fruit and bread for me.

Two figures appeared high up on the Battery as I motored through the narrows, Don and Ivor. I find the friendship and support I've received from casual acquaintances very moving. I don't quite understand it, but I'm damned glad of it. It was 11.15. I was happy to be on the last leg of the voyage in a good breeze under a clear sky. There was a Goon Show on CBC radio that night. What more could one want.

The wind eased, came back again and settled in the SE next day. I laid off a great circle route towards Fastnet. This had two advantages. It took me over the Banks at their narrowest point and at their northern end, so fewer trawlers; and if the winds set in from the north towards the end of the passage, as the Pilot chart for August suggested they did, I would have less beating to do. The cabin temperature was down to 52° F and the water to 46°, a change from the 96° F and 81° F of a few weeks earlier. I was wearing furry nylon over layers of under-garments. Going to the loo was like peeling an onion. The wind stayed light on the 24th and there was thick fog. That night dolphins accompanied us on the starboard, windward, moonlit side, exploding in soft splashing sighs from the water. The next day was my birthday, the wind settled in the SE again and rose steadily until by 22.00 we had a gale. However I celebrated my coming of age with a tin of chilli and beans and the first of the Claret Canadien followed by an orange and coffee. Such occasions call for these elaborate feasts.

By next morning the wind had eased and veered to the SW leaving a most uncomfortable sea so that the boat became a giant cocktail shaker and the noise as though one were in a violin that someone was kicking to pieces. Later on the wind rose again so fast that I changed straight from ghoster to storm jib and as I sat in the cockpit checking things over and taking the log in because it was being thrown about, a crest reared up alongside the cockpit and broke over me as I held my breath and threw both arms round the winch (WINCH) - I was tied on as well. The storm jib looked very taut in the light from the spreaders. I dropped it at 21.00 hours and we lay ahull all night. There was a full moon making a dramatic black and silver and grey cloud and seascape.

Winds came and went. A self-steering line broke on the 28th (but at 04.15, naturally) and we gripped into wind; then early that evening, just as I was thinking of olives and whisky, there was an 8+ squall and in my hurry to get the main down I broke the top batten. I had a spare set and replaced it next morning. A couple of days later I was woken by a sudden flurry of rain. "Rain before wind.." I thought and scrambled into my skins and laid the ghoster. On instinct I hoisted a treble reefed main and working jib. This was about right and we logged 15.5 n.m. in the next $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours. The barometer stayed down but the sail stayed up. Again in the small hours a self-steering line broke and the rattling headsail woke me. I repaired it and went back below for cocoa and kip. Again, the following morning, at 02.15, the wind got up and I had to get the main down in a hurry but did it without breaking a batten this time. I changed from working jib to storm jib and went back below as dawn was breaking only to be woken by the crash of a wave breaking over us at 07.00. By mid-day we were surfing under storm jib. The wind went on rising and that afternoon we were running before at 4 knots under bare pole. The top three to four feet of some waves were breaking and we were getting hit by them every few minutes. I stowed the log line and sealed off the forward vent.

At 02.30 on September 1st we had a knockdown. I was standing in the saloon with the light on at the time and stepped from the sole onto the side of the starboard bunk. The mattress shot off the port berth and a couple of dozen tins flew from the lockers across the saloon, a few things from the galley ending up under the books behind the chart table. However, apart from the untidiness no harm was done. I hadn't rigged my cockpit dodgers this year; I prefer to be without them in bad weather. I cursed heartily, cleared up the mess and turned in. There was another minor knock down about six hours later. It was then that I saw the wind vane of the self-steering gear hanging by one bolt, a steering line broken, and the port locker lid open - I had forgotten to fasten it! The sump was only half full of water. I pumped it out, fastened the locker lid, found another bolt for the vane and fixed it (this time with lock nuts), replaced the broken steering line and then lowered the radar reflector whose steadyng lines had chafed through so that it swung wildly from the backstay. This took some time to refurbish and set up again; I had two spares with me but there was a lot of life in this one. Altogether it was a busy morning. Just as well, I was overawed and apprehensive at the unending roll of waves. The wind didn't ease except for a few hours in the afternoon. I managed to get some sights on the 2nd September but on the 3rd we were running under bare pole again and I felt depressed, homesick and sorry for myself and toothache hovered in the wings (gums, actually). However, after lunch at 17.00 I spent a couple of hours on deck doing things and felt better.

September 6th was the first clear gentle sunny day since the start of the weather on the 25th. Lots of navigation, but I was still 300 miles from Fastnet. Heigh-ho, it felt like summer not having to climb into 'skins to go on deck and having the hatch open all the time. I diagnosed, as I should have done earlier, the cause of the breaking steering lines, and eliminated it. I had been receiving BBC 2 and 4 since the 4th and altogether felt nearer home. I had fair weather for two and a half days, though I finished the wine on the 7th ("Chateau Gai" yet, "This premium varietal dry red wine has been carefully vinted ..." (the phrasing reminded me of a certain sauce)). I advanced ship's time to BST. Wind began picking up on the 9th and it was 5-6 when I discovered that one of the horizontal pivot pins had dropped off the self-steering paddle. Fortunately one of the

winch handles was just about the right diameter and I lashed it to the frame to act as a pivot, though not before nearly crushing the top of a finger between pivot box and frame as we heaved about in a wind now force 6-7. Early that evening a container ship passed very close, the first I'd seen at close quarters since the 23rd August.

There was a brief glimpse of a light on the port bow at 04.45 on Saturday 10th - it could have been a ship I thought. A little later I was fairly sure of Mizzen Head light abeam, but there was a lot of sea about and low scudding cloud. If that's Mizzen I should be able to see Fastnet. Then at 05.45 as the bows lifted and then yawed the Fastnet light appeared from behind the mast (yes, I couldn't believe it either). At 08.00 I finally had to alter course to round it. It was very quickly swallowed up in the murk and too dim to photograph. I had caught a glimpse of land under low cloud an hour earlier but the weather closed in. There was a steep little sea running and I measured the wind as force 6-7.

There followed a day of running up the coast. I had to decide to Cork or not to Cork. It was a lee shore, the wind was rising from the south, visibility was poor and I could see no Ireland. I set course for the middle of St George's Channel and snatched short spells of sleep on Saturday night. I had expected to go to Falmouth with a crew and had brought charts of the approaches to the Channel and as far east as Plymouth. I had also taken the Cork Lower Harbour and the Approaches and an old, instructional chart ("not to be used for navigation") of the East Coast of Ireland, as insurance. I decided that, alone, and in that visibility, it would be best to lay course for Holyhead. The wind eased and the sky cleared on Sunday and I got a fix. That night the loom of the Strumble light lay to the SE. Then I picked up the loom of Bardsey to the NE. As the visibility improved I could see the loom of lights on the Irish coast and then faint faint to the north the loom of S. Stack and, later, the loom of the Skerries. I was sleeping in very short snatches now. Bardsey came abeam after daylight and at 11.05 I sighted Holyhead mountain. But it was 17.55 before I picked up a mooring in that familiar harbour and 19.55 before I was drinking my first beer in the Club bar and somebody said "Down for a long week-end?"

EXEAT-Rival 32,in N.Germany

by Tony White

The yacht was purchased in 'motor away' condition with the 'packages' of fittings necessary to complete the boat and was delivered by road to Hamburg in October 1976.

The building berth was in the grounds of a nearby horse jumping stadium where many boats are laid up for the winter. Intensive work throughout the winter months enabled the launching to take place in May 1977.

A convenient public slipway to the Elbe can only be used at H.W. which meant that the launching and christening ceremony took place at the unsocial hour of 05.30.

From the outside the only clue to the uncompleted construction was the missing teak capping to the hull-deck joint which could not be fitted as the cold weather did not permit outside glueing of the highly stressed scarph joints.

Immediately following launching 'Exeat' was motored along to the local marina to step the mast and subsequently we headed for Brunsbuttel at the mouth of the Elbe. Due to the mast-stepping we found ourselves plugging into the flood for the last part of the journey so that we entered the lock for the Kiel Canal at 6 p.m.

Flag 'N' at half height on the side nearest to the canal is the prescribed signal for yachts wishing to use the canal. Instructions to enter are given by loud-speaker after commercial traffic has entered the lock first.

Yachts may only transit the Kiel Canal during daylight hours so we put into the small yacht harbour adjacent to the westernmost lock ready for an early start.

Since the passage of commercial vessels through the locks goes on through the night and produces an intermittent swell this cannot be recommended as a quiet berth.

A charge of DM 15 is levied on yachts up to 14 metres. A ticket must be bought from the shop on the lock and presented to the lockmaster who tears off a part, the ticket is given up at the other end.

The journey through the Canal poses no particular problem and takes about 8 hours for the 96 km trip to Kiel Holtenau.

Sailing in the Canal is not permitted but one may motor sail provided the prescribed black cone is hoisted. Flag 'N' should be flown by vessels without a pilot.

Yachting in German waters is subject to considerable regulation and the entrance to and exit from the Canal are favourite places for a check of the 'sport boat driving licence' which is required by anyone in charge of boats with an engine of more than 5 h.p. Lights are also checked for compliance with the latest I.M.C.O. regulations.

I understand that the Elbe authorities have introduced a special certificate of competence for the water under their jurisdiction. British yachtsmen should perhaps reflect upon the freedom from officialdom that they enjoy.

While recently returning to Hamburg for winter storage and carrying on with the building of 'Exeat' I was checked 3 times! - By the Bundesgrenzschutz - Border control authority, Zoll - Customs, and Wasserschutzpolizei - River police.

No doubt attracted by the Red Ensign but there was possibly also a connection with Germany's terrorist problems.

From the Kiel lock of the canal it is only a short distance to the Army Kiel Yacht Club where a welcome is extended to British Yachts heading for the Baltic.

Our 'delivery' trip was continued in a Northerly direction where we were able to blow the creases out of the sails. It is an easy run from the Kiel Fjord to Schleimunde which is the mouth of the river Schlei where 'Exeat' is berthed in the summer.

Although a 2 hour drive from home, the base at Kappeln/Schlei is considered well worth while as it provides an excellent jumping off point for Denmark. Depending upon the wind direction there is a choice of several Danish islands which can be visited in a week-end, while in the holiday period Norway or Sweden are well in reach.

Mine seems to be one of the first Rivals in North German waters and has attracted a good deal of comment. The Danes in particular extend a cordial welcome to the Red Ensign as they are otherwise in danger of being overrun by the many German yachts which use their small harbours at week-ends.

Holiday 1977

by Claire Clarke

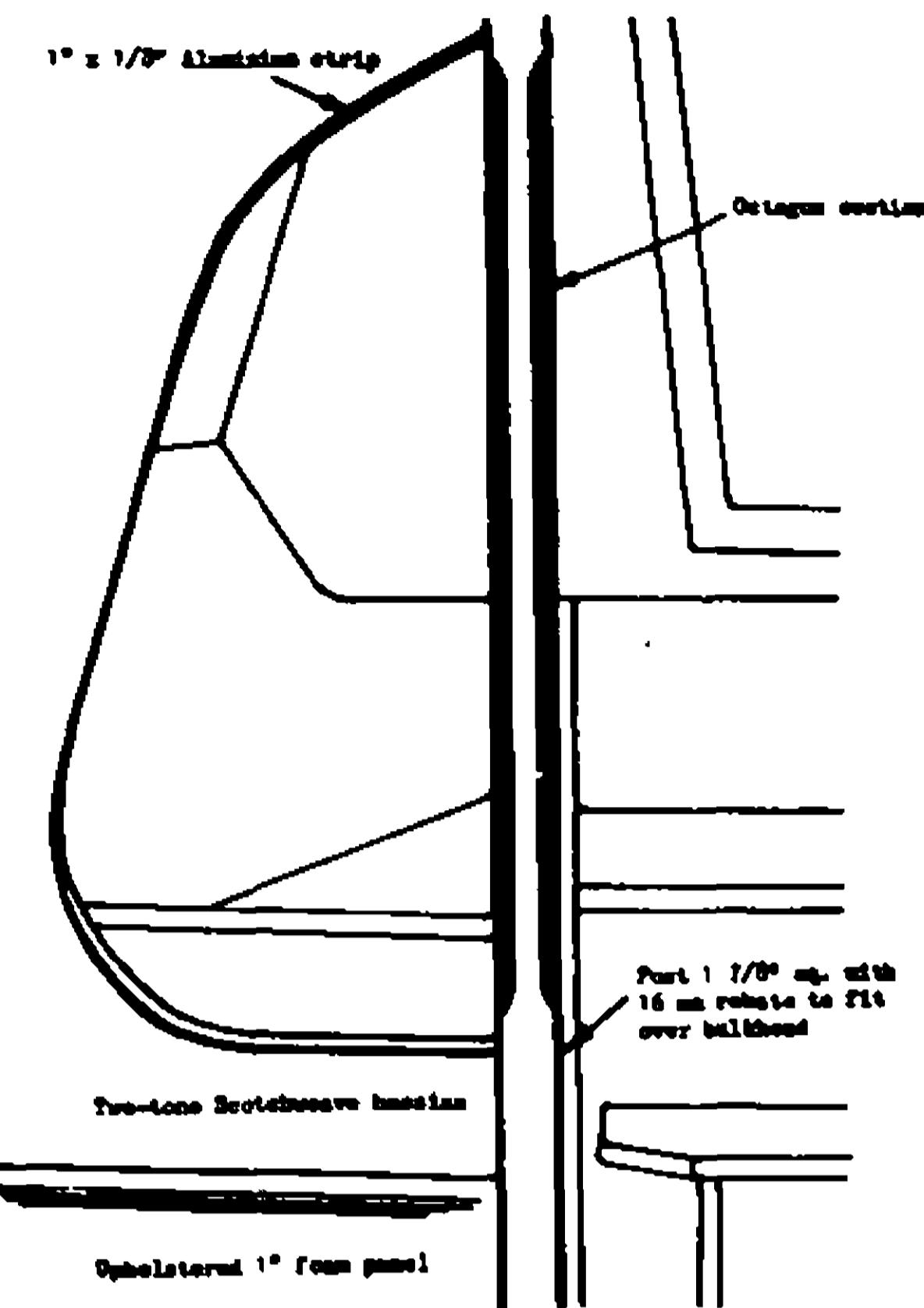
When the nights were dark and it was raining outside
Longing for summer, indoors we would hide.
Sitting in front of the fire each night,
Counting the days 'til the evenings are light.
In order to make the summer seem near,
We planned where to go for our hols this year.
The north coast of France and Channel Isles too;
Cruising in our boat, a Rival 32.
It seemed ages, but at last the holiday came,
Down to the boat, Drunken Moon is her name.
Berthed in Lymington; prepared in advance,
Soon we set sail for Cherbourg in France.
So light was the wind, we motored all night,
And soon after dawn the coast was in sight.
Vivre la France ! It was good to be there,
The Marina was quiet; such lovely sea air.
French food is excellent, their wine very cheap,
But we set sail for Alderney while still we had neaps.
What a peaceful place is the harbour of Braye.
So pretty is it for days I could stay.
The pace of life there is delightfully slow,
It's like stepping backwards in time, you know.
Goods in the shops are as cheap as can be,
They don't have that dreaded disease ..V.A.T.!
Fair winds carried us to St Peter Port,
Lunch was assured by fresh mackerel caught.
We hired a scooter there for a day,
Beautiful scenery we saw on our way.
We bought perfume, cigars and new yachting shoes,
And loaded the boat with duty free booze.
With this precious cargo safely aboard,
In a moderate sea we sailed toward
Jersey. We tied the boat up against a wall
For the harbour dries out when the tide doth fall.
After sightseeing there we left for St Malo,
Completely forgetting Bastille Day the morrow.
The ancient walled town came alive that day,
People danced through the streets, and I really must say,
The atmosphere proved to be quite contagious
For soon we joined in things not too outrageous.
St Malo ! So beautiful ! I fell in love with that town.
Regrettably though, it was time to turn round
And begin to head back the way that we came,
Banking on Monday, that's the name of the game.
What a wonderful holiday we have had,
Three weeks in all, and I felt quite sad
To come back home. I can now understand
Why people prefer the sea to the land.
In previous years I had not been willing
To cross the Channel, the thought was spine chilling !
Now I am eager to do it again,
And encourage others to do just the same.

Grab Poles

Ken Orford ("Encore" - Rival 32) has sent details of the grab poles which he has incorporated on the after saloon bulkhead.

Similar poles, but with the upper part of circular section, have been used in John Russell's Rival 38A "Haigri", and are being used in "Lone Rival" (see p.63)

Some people argue that they detract from the appearance of space in the boat, but functionally they are excellent.



JAYESS III - Rival 34

by Donald and Evelyn McKendrick

Not having had a major trip this year we thought we would submit a list of the additions we have made over the years, rather than an account of our limited voyaging. (Although our brief September cruise did have its moments - the most notable being engine failure in Amsterdam, necessitating an hour's beating backwards and forwards amongst the barge traffic in the North Sea Canal while I sorted out the problem). The improvements have all been designed to make life more comfortable and sailing easier for a couple of grandparents normally on their own. Many are minor and we make no claims to originality for any. However, when we had the pleasure of Peter and Jane Brett's company over to Ostend for the Rival Meet, Peter seemed to think they would be of interest to other '34' owners so here they are.

Deck

1. Four extra cleats on mast
2. Two Whisker Pole Halyards (which we rarely use)
3. Slab reefing on main; no winch; shock cord and hooks make tidying sail quick and easy
4. Reefing genoa with reef points to give No.1 genoa, No.2 genoa and working jib sizes. This is strictly a 'reacher' but takes us well to windward - certainly 35° apparent under most conditions
5. Snap shackles where pulpit meets deck for tack of storm jib - set flying with No.1 genoa when appropriate. (This was Geoff Hales' idea which we have discussed with Peter Brett and since found to be very helpful.)
6. Shock cord with fixed tiers for genoa, left attached to stanchions when sailing.
7. Similar for main, though removed when sailing.
8. Quick release safety shackle between mainsheet block and traveller with sling

immediately available inside cabin. (For lifting husband/wife on board from water.)

9. Two sets of blocks on tracks.
10. Three sets of sheets, permanently rove, the forward block dealing with No.2 genoa, working jib and storm jib.
11. Running topping lift.
12. Central cleat aft - invaluable in locks.
13. Sheet pockets on lifeline dodgers - 3 each side.
14. One piece light plywood to replace washboards when wind aft.

Galley

1. Fluorescent light.
2. Shelf with fiddle on aft bulkhead some 10" below deckhead.
3. Binocular box above.
4. Cook's belt.

Navigation Area

1. Binocular box on deckhead.
2. Small shelf for Sea-Fix, pencils, etc., above chart table facing navigator.
3. Canvas hammock-type shelf above quarter berth for cushions, trays, boat-hooks, etc.
4. Sextant shelf under chart table.
5. Sling to hold quarter berth against bulkhead - for engine and locker access.

Saloon

1. Bookcase on aft side of forward port bulkhead.
2. Three foot shelf on port bulkhead above sea berth.
3. Ply leeboard between table and port seating to convert to sea berth. This wedges easily and stows when not in use under a forward berth cushion.

Heads

1. Handle on port forward bulkhead.
2. Hanging locker converted for storage with two shelves, four bins and adequate space below for all beer stowage and spare gas bottle.
3. Magnetic catch on the fore-head door to hold it open. This needs a triangular purpose-built bit of wood attached to the fibreglass base on which the Lavac sits : not adequate in a sea-way (when one has to bend down and use the hook) - but a great joy at other times.

Forepeak

1. Shock cord six inches above shelves gives stowage for bulky articles such as sleeping bags, sweaters, etc., in addition to personal items.
2. Lee cloths for both berths.

Of all the above, the shock cord forward, the book case and the ply leeboard in the saloon, the high shelf over the galley and the ply 'washboard' are the additions we have found to be most valuable below.

On deck, the reefing headsail together with slab reefing for the main have made sail reduction much easier and hence less likely to be too long delayed.

SAILING PERFORMANCE DETAILS - 'JAYESS III'

Sails Main	Heads 'l	App't Wind Force	Wind Dirn	Water Speed	Heel °	Helm	Sea	Remarks
Full	C.Gen	10	35° p	4.5	10	Light	Calm	
Full	Ghost	16	90° p	7.0	19	Mod.	Mod	
Full	Ghost	12	70° p	5.2	15	None	Calm	
Full	No.1	14	40° p	5.0	14	Mod.	Calm	
Full	No.1	18	90° p	5.8	3	Light	Calm	
Full	No.1	10	35° p	4.2	8	Light	Calm	
Full	No.1	12	35° p	5.0	10	Light	Calm	
Full	No.1	15	85° s	5.5	12	Slight	Calm	
Full	No.1	13	35° p	4.2	15	None	Calm	
Full	No.1	14	40° p	5.4	16	None	Calm	
Full	No.2	14	120° s	6.0	4	Light	Rolling	On Tillermate
Full	No.2	22	100° s	6.5	12			ditto
Full	No.2	18	90° p	6.7	15	Mod	Slight	
1st Rf	No.3	30	90° p	6.4	11	Sl.Wr	Calm	
1st Rf	No.3	36	90° p	6.8	15	Weath.	Calm	
1st Rf	No.3	30	90° s	7.0	15+	Weath.	Calm	
1st Rf	No.3	30	35° s	6.0	20+	Weath.	Choppy+	Overcanvassed
2nd Rf	No.1	19	60° s	6.2	17	Light	5' waves	
2nd Rf	No.2	23	90° p	6.7	12	Mod.	6' waves	
2nd Rf	No.2	20	60° s	5.2	15	Light	5' waves	
2nd Rf	No.3	17	160° s	6.5	3	Light	Mod	Comfortable
None	Ghost	12	60° s	4.0	2	Sl.Lee		
None	No.1	13	35° p	5.0	8	Light	Calm	
None	No.1	13	50° p	4.8	8		Balanced & sailing herself	
None	No.2	26	90° p	7.0	10	Mod.	7' waves	
None	No.2	22	80° p	6.0	15	None	Rising	
None	No.3	30	90° p	6.2	8	Light	Choppy	V.comfortable
None	No.3	35	100° p	6.8	10	Light	Choppy	V.comfortable
None	No.3	25	130° p	6.0			Sl.roll	
None	No.3	18	120° s	5.5		Light	Rolling	Needs No.2
None	No.3	18	180°	5.0			Calm	Needs No.2

NOTES: 1st Rf. Slab reef about 6'0" deep (= approx 6 rolls)
2nd Rf. ditto 4'0" (10)

No.1 . 8 oz High Clew genoa, - full sail - 290 sq.ft.

No.2 . ditto 1 reef 205

No.3 . ditto 2 reefs 158

C.Gen Cruising genoa 312

Ghost Large ghoster 414

Windspeed meter, though overhauled by Baron last winter, seems to us sometimes too gloomy and sometimes to over-read. The Doppler log is in general pretty accurate, agreeing with our Walker towed log, and our D R.

RIVAL SPIRIT - Rival 38A

by Anvil Charters

The layout of our Rival 38, which we finished ourselves and which we are going to copy for our second one, is illustrated below. It is designed to give the best use of available space, for chartering purposes.

Starting from forward there is a sail-locker under the berths, with hinged lift-up top, the chain being kept in the small forepeak. There are ply berth-tops with leeboards and personal stowage under. The toilet compartment, with Lavac, is to port, with hanging locker behind, while the domestic-size basin is to starboard. Sliding doors are used at both openings.

The saloon has fixed pilot berths both sides (3" of the upper shroud chainplate being removed) with personal stowage under and 4" padded shoulder rests for comfortable sitting. To starboard there is a 24" settee berth with stowage under while to port there is a dinette. The table has a single lifting flap and can be arranged to make a double berth. Aft of this the centre bulkhead is squared off to increase the 'open-plan' appearance, and to port there is a galley area with cooker and sink. There is a berth for the navigator to starboard which extends under the flat, fixed, chart-table.

The after cabin is smaller than in the standard design as the main entry hatch size has been increased, thus moving the main after bulkhead rather more than 6" aft. We feel this was a worthwhile exercise as it is a sleeping compartment only and removal of the engine is easier. The larger entry is an advantage for the home boatbuilder. The after toilet follows the standard design, with Lavac and hanging locker behind. There are two quarter-berths with a locker over the port one and a Root type berth over the starboard. There is slight congestion, but this allows 10 berths without converting the table.

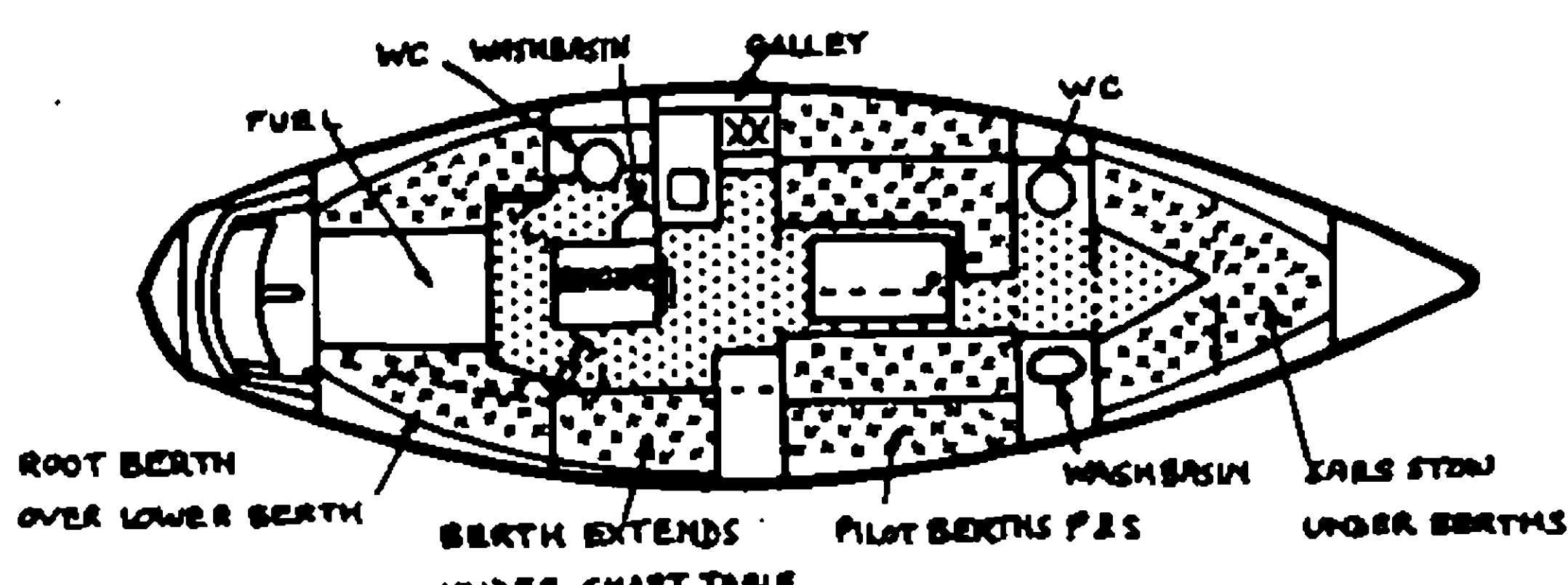
There are fixed steps up to the main hatch, rather than a removable companionway ladder, and cuddy lockers are used rather than hinged doors. We find these essential if we are to avoid a major refit each week. The water tank is a Crewsaver flexible, well supported, and has given no trouble. The fuel tank came from a dump and we glassed it over. (In both cases the cost of stainless ones frightened us) Our routine finish is Super-grade Formica with teak grain and solid teak trim. This is both durable and economical as any mis-cuts in the underlying ply are covered by the Formica.

As far as performance is concerned we have found tiller steering satisfactory and it allows three to seat at the stern. The standard sail plan is right for the boat and our own suit of Team sails have been good. The modest angle of heel and good freeboard allow the crew to spread themselves without congesting the cockpit.

We have found the restricted size of the main cockpit locker openings impose some limitation on what one can put in them. The two side-lockers, which were designed as gas lockers, drain into the cockpit when the boat is level but collect some water when heeled. The sail-bin we have provided forward really only holds one bag so more of the focsle tends to be devoted to sail stowage. To ease this situation we are experimenting next season with a reefing high-clewed genoa to replace the No.2 .

The boat has been well received and we see it heading our charter list for many years to come.

(Owners who wish to follow Anvil's example putting in pilot berths should discuss this with the builders so that they can make sure that adequate stiffening is included for the hull and chainplates in way of the mast. Ed.)



LONE RIVAL-Singlehander 38A

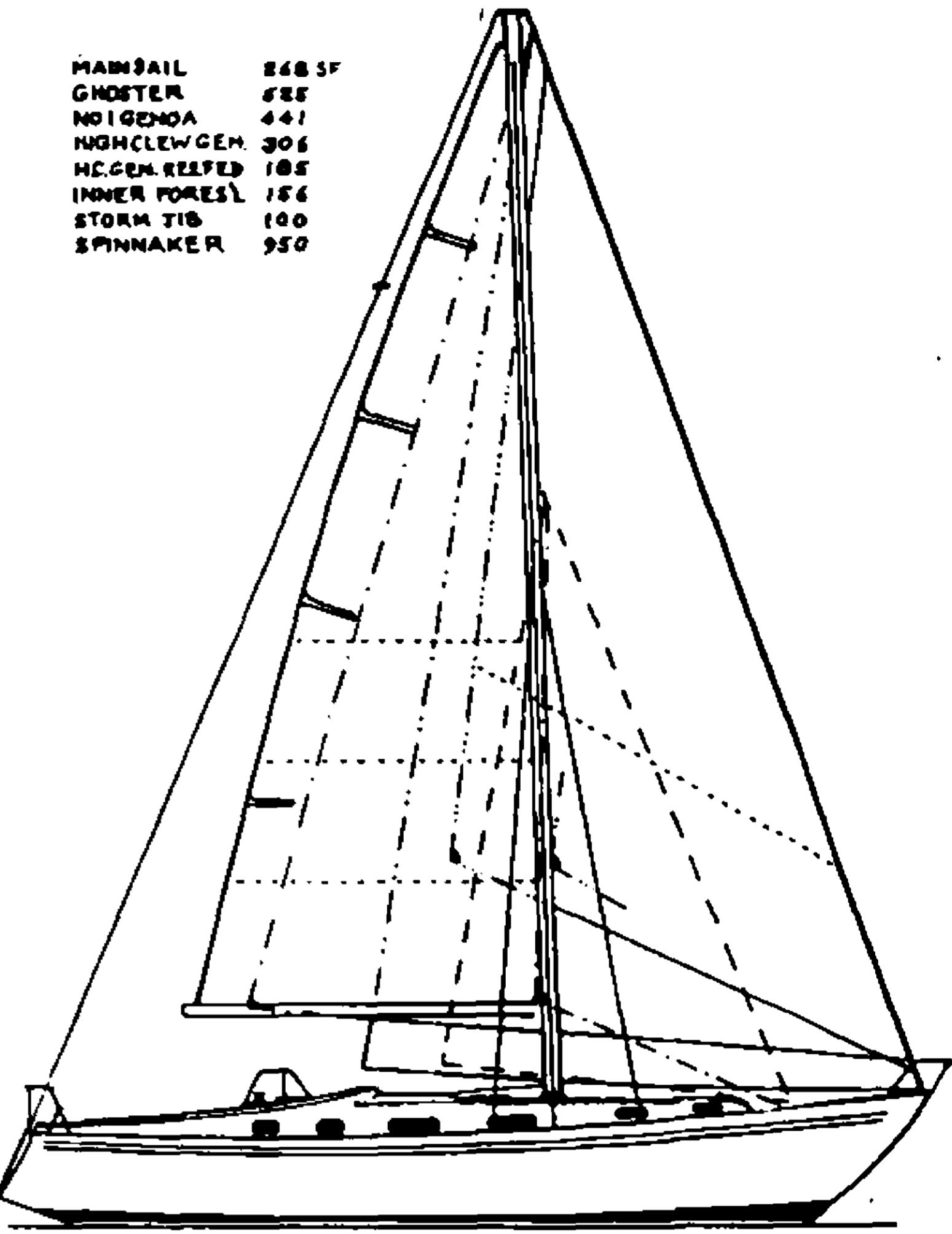
by Peter Brett

The abolition of handicaps in AZAB and OSTAR probably puts the prizes beyond the reach of production boats. Perhaps that is not very important as there will still be plenty of healthy competition between boats not specially designed for the races; so all contenders will be trying as hard as possible to get the best out of their boats. The 38A that Geoff Hales and I are having built will be raced by Geoff (with Chris Smith in the Round-Britain 78) but at other times will go family cruising.

She will have the standard mast-height, and the only change to the standard mainsail will be Cunninghams at leach and luff for flow-control. In the fore-triangle there will be a low-cut racing genoa (which will probably be left ashore when family cruising) and provision will also be made for setting an inner jib. This will have a wire luff and will be set flying on a wire halliard with a 25:1 winch. This sail is unlikely to be used much when close-hauled, but it will be particularly useful with the wind free. The storm jib will also probably be set at the inner position. A High Clew genoa has been designed to team up with the inner jib - or to be set on its own in stronger winds. It can be reefed to working-jib-size. The forward lower shrouds are being replaced by a 'baby-stay' to facilitate close-sheeting of the inner jib.

In order to reduce the number of times the singlehander has to get right out into the cockpit, the sheet winches are being arranged across the after end of the coachroof, so that they can be reached from the companionway. Control of the Aries vane steering will be from here. Tiller steering will be fitted.

A Brunton folding propellor will be fitted. Below she will have the Single-Toilet layout which has recently been introduced by the builders as a normal option. In all 38As the forecastle is mainly a place to stow sails, though two pipe-cots are usually provided for occasional use. In 'Lone Rival' we shall not need more than six berths so there will be no pretence that the forecastle is a sleeping cabin; there will be no lining there or teak-facing. When racing, no windlass will be fitted and the anchors and chain will be carried low down at the after end of the forecastle. To compensate for the reduced crew weight and less weight forward, there will be some lead ballast carried in the neighbourhood of the mast pillar.



Reorganisation at Marcon

Marcon, - who are, of course, the builders of the Rival 32, amongst other craft - recently became part of the fast-growing Intep (UK) Ltd engineering group, who specialise in oil rig technology, port terminal expansion, etc.

John Belcher has joined the company as Chief Executive. He came into the firm from Baron Instruments which he founded in 1969, remaining its Managing Director for eight years. He has wide sailing and yacht-racing experience.

HAIGRI - Rival 38A Cutter

by John Russell

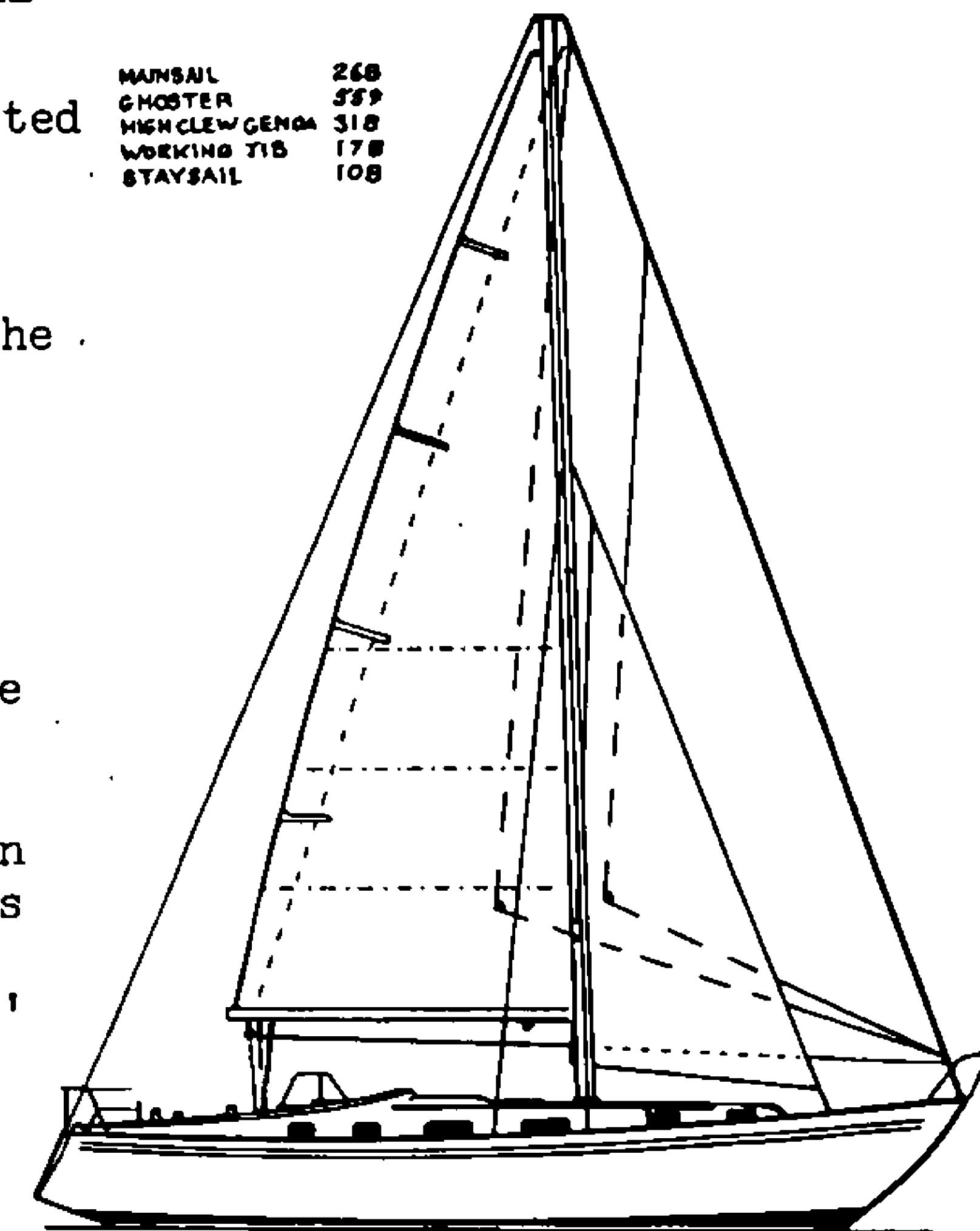
'Haigri' was the second Rival 38 to be completed at Woolston. The name means 'Heron' in the Shetland dialect, and while she has so far avoided the reputation of her namesake for frequently being seen standing motionless in the shallows, her owners gain some encouragement from the heron's endless patience and unshakable independence.

She differs in some respects from the standard aft-cockpit version, most notably in being cutter rigged. The reason for this lies in the nature of her work and the waters in which she principally sails. We use the boat to take people on active cruising holidays in Hebridean waters, with occasional more adventurous cruises to more distant parts, and courses of formal instruction. In the course of a season 'Haigri' may be crewed by a full complement of total novices under the guidance of my wife and myself, by just the two of us alone, or by a bunch of aspiring Yachtmaster Examiners. The cutter rig allows us to achieve all the necessary sail reductions in winds of force 4 upwards by various combinations of the working sail plan without the need to substitute one sail for another, or to carry special storm sails. The key to this technique lies in the three deep slab reefs in the mainsail, and in having a working staysail rather smaller than normal, equal in area to the sloop's storm jib. Below force 4 we set a big Yankee jib which is easy to set and hand single-handed. In Northern waters and close to mountainous coasts variations in wind strength can be frequent, sudden and marked. Large genoas take heavy punishment from the sheer manhandling of frequent sail changes, and are exposed to risk from a want of vigilance or alacrity when the thing has to be lowered yet again. A further advantage is that no sails need to be stowed in the accommodation since the jib that is not hanked to the stay is lashed in its bag alongside the main hatch grab-rails, while the ghoster, which is strictly a fair weather sail anyway, is small enough when bagged to go in the after cockpit locker.

After taking delivery, three of us set out on 21st May to sail from the Solent to our home in Loch Craignish which is 553 miles from the Needles. The weather was fine throughout the passage, the wind being NE force 4 to 6 for the first 48 hours but lightening after we passed the Tuskar and becoming interrupted by spells of calm through most of which we motored (at $2\frac{3}{4}$ k. because of a faulty gearbox) for a total of $13\frac{1}{4}$ hours. The strongest breeze experienced was a couple of hours of force 7 as we approached the Mull of Kintyre, but this cut off abruptly and left us with light variables for the final 50 miles.

The run to Land's End was followed by long and short tacks for the remaining 380 miles so that we logged 634 miles in all. The time of $120\frac{1}{4}$ hours gives a mean speed made good of 4.6 knots and 5.27 knots through the water. We calculated the leeway on the leg from the Longships to the Tuskar at 10° . During most of this leg we were reefed and sometimes under a single headsail in winds of force 5 and 6 and punching a steep head sea.

With a watch roster that gave us 3 hours on and 6 off, the Rival's ability to sail herself on almost any point of sailing, and the versatility of the cutter rig, we found the 5 day trip a picnic and arrived quite fresh and rested. If we had any reservations at all about 'Haigri' it was over her light weather performance to windward; she never really seemed happy until there was enough wind for us to reef



the mainsail. This was largely due to her sails; the mainsail set impeccably when reefed but had a defect in the cut of the foot which caused a hard band to appear over the full height of the sail just forward of the line of the battens. Towards the end of the season we took the foot of the sail out of the boom groove and set it loose-footed; this gave a marked increase in drive and a noticeable reduction in heel. Similarly the Yankee is not recognizably a product of the same loft as the beautifully constructed working headsails; its leach and foot sag away from the tight mitre seam and rob the long luff of its effectiveness when on the wind. Cranfields are rectifying these defects.

A leak in the deck above the after toilet compartment was traced to a fastening in the jibsheet track. Lack of a bit of packing to allow a nut to bed level had resulted in a bolt bending with consequent enlargement of its hole through the deck. This was soon repaired, and with the defective gearbox replaced 'Haigri' was once more ready for sea.

During the rest of the season we made good well over 4000 miles in the Hebrides, Orkney, Shetland and Faeroe Islands. Persistent NE winds caused us to beat all the way to Orkney where 5 of our crew were lucky to escape serious injury in a road accident, and lucky again to have a quiet spell of idyllic weather while they recovered from their bruising and wrenchings in a peaceful progress to Shetland which included a whole sun-drenched flower-scented day on Fair Isle.

The passage from Shetland to Faeroe and back to the Hebrides was chiefly notable for light following winds and fog. We wallowed with boomed-out ghoster before SE force 2 for 36 hours until it petered out and we had to motor, entered fog 20 miles from our landfall and saw nothing until the hilltops on both sides of Nolso Sound appeared to port and starboard. After a day in Thorshavn we had a 'sight-seeing' sail around the western islands before creeping in dense fog into Midvaag. From here we had northerly winds of force 2 or less, and fog for 200 of the 214 miles to the Butt of Lewis. We had earlier discovered that we were getting huge errors in DF using the Sailor aerial under the deckhead above the chart-table. Lowering the aerial onto the chart-table seemed to improve matters but as this was much too low for reliability in anything but a flat calm sea I borrowed a portable set and searched for a better location for the aerial. The only place where I got consistently good results was on the foredeck - so the problem remains unresolved. I suspect reflection off the mass of electrical cable which runs along the deck above the chart-table and down the bulkhead abaft the navigator's seat, but this is not the only source of error. I am beginning to think that I must either do without, or save up for a fixed masthead goniometer.

We find 'Haigri's combination of stiffness, dryness and seakindliness particularly impressive when the going gets tough. The last really stiff boat we had was very wet and hard to work, so bad weather was punishing to her crew; while the last dry one was incredibly lively and a roller downwind so that although one eventually got used to it, the uninitiated felt they were going to be dismembered by the accelerations. In 'Haigri' we have always made harbour feeling fresh, and never crawled in feeling thankful to be out of it.

This winter we shall be fitting an Aries vane gear, grab rails in the after cabin and heads compartment, and - if Peter approves - we want to put a permanent ventilator in the forehatch. That is a pretty short list of improvements to a new boat and a good measure of our satisfaction with her.

Names and Addresses of Rival Owners

Code under Yacht's Name 31, 32, 34, 38A, 38CK 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>
A Adams, J.W.	Woodriffe, Newburgh, Fife, Scotland	34s* 7/77
A Alabaster, R.	Operations Dept., PO Box 5246, Bahrain	CASUARINA 41 7/77
A Allen, Dr J.D.T.	5 Linden Avenue, Crosby, Liverpool L23 8UL.	ROVELLA p.o. 32* 12/71
A Allen, Mr & Mrs M.	35 Harrow Grove, Lyneham, Chippenham, Wilts.	MAWINGO OF MYLOR 31 6/70 p.76
A Anderson, Dr K.	51 Gambier St. St Johns, Newfoundland, Canada A1B 3G2	34d* 1/77
A Anvil Yacht Charters Ltd	Harbour View Road, Parkstone, Poole, Dorset	GALLANT RIVAL 34s 5/73 RIVAL SPIRIT 38A* /77
A Arden Yachts Ltd	84 West Clyde Street, Helensburgh, Scotland	RONALDSAY OF MELFORT 34d 6/73 RHUM OF MELFORT 34d 6/73
Ashmead, D.	Lismore, Dhuhill Drive, Helensburgh, Scotland	CONTENDER OF PORTSEA 32 * 12/72 p.76
A Ashton, R.W.	20 Leylands, Viewfield Road, London, SW18.	IONTANO 32 * 1/74
A Ashwin, D.	Srafton Lodge, Leyburn, Yorks.	RIVALRY 31 4/68 p.70
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
A Barker, W.J.	Riding Court, Datchet, Slough, Bucks. SL3 9TU	MATADOR 41 2/75
A Barlow, A.D.M.	Brownhill, Forest Hill Road, Stansted, Essex	34 *

<u>Owner</u>	<u>Address</u>	<u>Yacht</u>
A Barnes, F. & S.	56 Woodlands Close, Sarisbury Green, Southampton SO3 6AQ	WHIMBREL OF HAMBLE 32 * 5/72
A Barrington, C.H.W.	Seol Alba, Ardvasar, 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.	JOHN LASHAM 34 * 2/74
A Barry, Mr & Mrs P.H.	Heathgate, Great Warford, Alderley Edge, Cheshire SK9 7.TP	SCURRIVAL 32 5/71
A Batterley, P.	Seven, The Fairway, Burnham, Bucks.	SINDUR 38C K 7/77
A B.B.C. Yacht Club (Sec. Rosanne Leigh)	Room 6047, BBC Television Centre, Wood Lane, London W 12	ARIEL OF HAMBLE 34s* 9/72 p.77
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	CAMPANERO 32 * 3/75
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.	34s* 7/76
A Biedendieck, Dr C.H.	4442 Bentheim, Am Berghang 4, Germany	TALITHA 32 10/70 p.72
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	34s* 4/77
A Bishop, Mr & Mrs H.B.	1 Tower Street, Old Portsmouth, Hants.	ALRUNA 32 * 6/72
A Bolton, Capt. & Mrs J.G.	Lantern House, Bosham Lane, Bosham, Chichester, Sussex PO18 8ML.	JESSIE MAY 34s 2/74
A Bonsor, D.V.	Little Stocks, Aldbury, Tring, Herts.	38A
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 * 75
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 Brett, P.	Cliff Cottage, The Pitts, Bonchurch, Ventnor, I.W.	LONE RIVAL p.0. 38A
Brickland, D.	Hillcrest, Moston, Chester	NIMBUS 32 * 11/73 p.3/74

<u>Owner</u>	<u>Address</u>	<u>Yacht</u>
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 *
Brown, R.J.	6 Chemin de Tavernay, 1218 Grand Saconnex, Geneva, Switzerland	32
A Buckle, P.J.	Sandhall Warren, Hooe, Battle, Sussex	DI LORELEI 41 4/76
A Bultsma, T.	Rooseveltlaan 107, Amsterdam, Holland	34 *
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	34 * 2/77
A Cavanagh, B.L.	30 Fore Street, Budleigh Salterton, Devon	38 CK *
A Chamberlayne, M.T.	Lower Hearn, Headley, Hants.	38 A
A Cheriton, W.R.	10509, 81st Av., Edmonton, Alberta, Canada T6E 1X7	SUNDANCE VI 41 3/77
A Clarke, K.D.	8 Anthill Close, Denmead, Portsmouth	34s* 3/77
Clarke, Mr & Mrs	13 Greenhill Close, Copped Hall Camberley, Surrey	DRUNKEN MOON II 32 * 5/72 p.73
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
Coad, B.P.	Noreville, Inistioge, Co. Kilkenny, Ireland	RAASAY OF MELFORT 34d 4/72 p.77
A Cochran, A.H.A.	Sheeplees, The Ridgeway, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol	RUM-TUM-TUGGER 32 * 11/74
A 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 *

<u>Owner</u>	<u>Address</u>	<u>Yacht</u>
A Cunningham, Dr J.	25 Chedoke Ave., Hamilton, Ontario, Canada	TARNIMARA 32 5/71 p.7/74
A Dahinden, W.	Yachting Suisse, Idyllweg 12 6052 Hergiswil, Switzerland	MAI MA JOANA 38A* 7/77
A Davies, T.	1 Victoria Terrace, Ealing Green, London	COMMUNICATIONS 41 4/77
A Deakin, P.	Quarry House, Corston, Malmesbury, Wiltshire	38A *
A Downe, L.L.	2 Wilderness Road, Hurstpierpoint, Hassocks, Sussex BN6 9XD	SHINTARO 32 *
Dutton, H.G.G.	9 Soudan Road, London SW11	HALLOWEEN II 32 * 9/76
A Eastham, R.	Primrose Hill, Skippool Road, Thornton, Blackpool.	34s* 4/77
A Edwards, F.J.	Coachmans Cottage, 9 Prior Road, Camberley, Surrey	34s*
A Elliker,	97 St Johns Road, Lockheath, Hants.	41 * 11/76
A Elliott, J.A. de la C.	12 Cathcart Road, London, S W 10 9NN.	FELBRIDA II 34s 6/74
A Ellis, F.P.	75 Broomfield, Hadleigh, Benfleet, Essex	34s* 2/77
Evans, Dr P.E.	Shudehill House, Hayfield, Stockport, Cheshire	MEINWEN OF IFAN 32 * 2/73
A Evett, J.G.J.	Maison Brelogue, Rue des Berger, Catel, Guernsey, C.I.	ROULETTE OF EXE 31 5/70
A Fewell, D.J.	Blue Cedar, Drift Lane, Bosham, Chichester	GATA 32 * 3/74
Fitchett, R.	Dolphin Sailing School Ltd The Foreshore, Woodside, Wootton, I.W.	34s*
A Fitzpatrick, B.R.	Mariner Boatyard Ltd Bosham, W.Sussex	34s* 2/77
Fitzpatrick, D.J.	10 Hunt Place, St Johns, Newfoundland, Canada	HAPPY ADVENTURE 32 * 3/74
A Floer, R.	4223 Voerde 2, Sandstr.37, Germany	34d 4/75 p.77
Foreman, Mr & Mrs G.W.	22 Gordon Drive, Chertsey, Surrey	SEPTET 32 * 75 p.o.
A Forlong, M.	Broadbridge Farm, Broadbridge Lane, Burstow, Horley, Surrey RH6	COLONIAL GOOSE 34s* 12/73
A Franklin, N.	Marine Vane Gears, Northwood, Cowes, I.W.	VANE JANE 34d 9/77

<u>Owner</u>	<u>Address</u>	<u>Yacht</u>	
A Frederick, N.	18 Howard Street, Belfast 1 BT1 6GE, N.Ireland	COMUS 32 *	6/76
A Gaughan, G.	26 Montague Road, Highcliffe-on-Sea, Dorset		
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
A 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
A Glessing, J.	Montague, Hankham, Pevensey, Sussex BN 24 5BB	ENDYMION 32 *	9/76
Gould, J.W.	96 Bitham Lane, Stretton, Burton-on-Trent	MODWENA OF BURTON 41 *	9/75
Golden, G.R.	19 Sir Arthur Road, Durban, Natal 40001, 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
Haldyn Clamp,	2 Alder End Lane, Harpenden, Herts.	41 *	
A Hales, Lt Cmmdr G.A.	The Coach House, New Brighton Road, Emsworth, Hants.	LONE RIVAL 38A	p.o.
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 Hampton, Mr & Mrs D.	20 Kensington Park Road, London, W 11.	WILD RIVAL 34d	1/72 p.9/77
A Harrington, M.B.	Yaldhurst Farm, Pennington, Lymington	38A *	
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 *	1/77

<u>Owner</u>	<u>Address</u>	<u>Yacht</u>
A Hewins, D.J.	12 Mulbarton Court, Kemnal Rd Chislehurst, Kent	VARKOULA OF UPNOR 32 3/76
A Hill, J.	Hafod Wen, Whitland, Dyfed, South Wales	41 *
A Hobbs, R.M.	Lurbans, Burrington, nr Bristol	34s*
A Hodge, D.H.	Cockfield Hall, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk	RIVALIS 34s 10/72
A Homan, Brian C.	The Bench House, Troutstream Way, Loudwater, Rickmansworth, Herts.	RIVAL ROSE 34s* 4/73 p.76
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-on-Avon	PRINCELY RIVAL 32 * 10/75
James, J.R.	38 Badger Road, Macclesfield, Cheshire	
Jefferson, J.B.	Fern Hill, Hollow Meadows, Sheffield	CALLIOPE OF MENAI 34s 6/72
A Jessop, C.F.	5b Summerfield, Ashdell Road, Sheffield S10 3DD	34d* 10 /76 p.o.
A Johnson, H.	Mulberry Farm, Lower Failand, Bristol	38 CK*
A Jones, D.H.	5 Damar Garden, Henley-on-Thames, Oxon.	38 * 8/77
A de Jong, B.	Herman Heyermanshof 96, Voutburg, Holland	34d *
A Kimber, P.M.C. & P.R.	9 Guion Road, London, SW6 4OD	STAG 32 * 4/72 p.1/73
Kirby, Mr & Mrs P.T.	58 Lennard Road, London, S E 20 7LX	SEPTET 32 * /75 p.o.
Knight, J.C.	Cornerstones, Lime Walk, Dibden Purlieu, Southampton	32 * 6/76
A de Kok, J.	a/b W.S. Lambik, Muerweg t.o.312, Den Haag, Holland	38CK *
A Ladislao Co. Lichtenstein	C/o Banque of Credit, Placement B.P.18, Monte Carlo, Monaco	WE TWO 38c 9/77
A Lamarair Ltd	Craigs Works, Luther Road, Teddington, Middlesex TW11 8PU	HEATHER OF HAMBLE 34d 4/73 p.11/74
A Lamb, Professor J.F.	1 Cairnhill Gardens, St Andrews, Fife KY16 8QY.	LARA OF FIFE 32 * 11/74

<u>Owner</u>	<u>Address</u>	<u>Yacht</u>	
A Larkham, M.J.	Priorsfield, Beoley, nr Redditch, Worcestershire	SEA THRIFT 34d	p.o. 3/74
A Lee, D.	Foxbrush Cottage, West Common, Langley, Southampton SO4 1X5	WANDERING DREAM 38A *	6/77
A Lee, R.H.	Downderry House, 10 Exmouth Rd, Budleigh Salterton, Devon EX9 6AQ	JORIE 34d	5/72
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, Eeteren, Holland	38C	7/77
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
A Littlejohn, P.	26 Lockstile Way, Goring-on-Thames, Oxon.	34s *	9/77
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 32 *	p.o. 12/73
Maley, A.W.	4 Lodge Park, Claverley, Wolverhampton	MAGI OF LLEYN 32 *	6/72
Mann, Cdr G.	31 Napier Avenue, London, SW6	PICAROON OF LYMINGTON 34s	3/73
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
Matthews, 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
A McKendrick, Dr & Mrs G.D.W.	Goatsmoor, Goatsmoor Lane, Stock, Essex	JAYESS III 34s	4/73
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, B-1982 Duisberg, Belgium	XENIA 32 *	1/72 p.74
A Millar, D.E.	Sandys, West Street, Titchfield, Fareham, Hants.	ALCYONE 34s	3/75

<u>Owner</u>	<u>Address</u>	<u>Yacht</u>
A Mills, J.K.	Emsworth Yacht Haven Thorney Road, Emsworth	38A * 4/77
A Monie, R.E.	108 Belfast Road, Saintfield, Co.Down, N.Ireland BT24 7HF	SILVER SEQUEL 34d 3/73
A Monroy, J.F.	Nieuwe Keizersgracht 63, Amsterdam, Holland	34s
A Morgan, D.	Courtmacsherry, Granville Road, Cowes, I.W.	34s * 3/76
A Mouret, J.	Rue des Délices 2 CH - 1203, Geneva, Switzerland	34s *
A Nixon, F.	Steam Mill Road, Bradfield, nr Manningtree	38A *
A O'Farrell, M.	Moorcroft, Rostrevor Road, Warrenpoint, Co.Down, N.Ireland	UCHULAIN 32 4/71 p.1/73
A Oliver, A.W.A.	Macol Marketing(Derbyshire) Ltd Dale Road, Matlock, Derbyshire	38A * 9/77
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.	ENCORE 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 * 5/77
A Parsons, A.J.	Backwater, Upper Court Road, Woldingham, Surrey	38A *
A Parsons, G.T.D.	The Garage House, Hixet Wood, Charlbury, Oxfordshire	VILLAGER 34s 3/77
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
A Platts, G.E.	Derwent Reach, Aston Lane, Oaker, nr Matlock, Derbyshire	KIKI 38A 4/77
A Pols, A.C.	Die Vossenbeit, Van Rijslaan 9, Delft 2205, Holland.	BONTE PIET 34s 6/76
A Preston, W.	Nestleton, Underbank Road, Thornton, Blackpool	34s * 12/76
A Prins, J.	Vosweg 6, <u>Gorssel</u> , Holland	CARANDABEL 34d 4/74 p.9/75
A Proctor, Dr H.L.	4 Queens Road, Waterlooville, Portsmouth, Hants. PO7 7SB	DEPARTURE 32 5/71 p.12/73

<u>Owner</u>	<u>Address</u>	<u>Yacht</u>
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 * 5/77
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 Regter, J.	Pieter Calandlaan 73, Amsterdam, Holland	34d *
A Reynard, Ian N. & Mrs.	Hazelwood House, Rhu, Dumbartonshire	MALAPROP 34d 2/72 p.12/72
Rithner, G.	La Charmille, 1170 Aubonne, Switzerland	TANGARA 32 * 3/74
A Roberts, S.B. Mr & Mrs.	Far End, Caene Hill Road, Weybridge, Surrey	34s *
A Rogers, J.S.	Kenley, Silkmore Lane, West Horsley, nr Leatherhead	ALVIRA 34s * 3/74
A Ross, A.F.	4 Brook Way, Romsey, Hants.	38A *
A Rout, R.	Hellington Corner, Bergh Apton, Norwich	34s * 12/76
A Rowe, G.	96 Carmel Road, Winch Wen, Swansea, Glam.	34s * 7/77
A Russell, J.	Torr na Fhaire, Ardfern, Lochgilphead, Argyll, Scotland	MAIGRI 38A 5/77
Sammer, Dr H.G.	Post Box 237, A9010 Klagenfurt, Austria	BOAVENTURA 41 6/75
A Secuiianu, J.	Van Praetlei 36, 2060 Merksem, Belgium	34 *
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.	Barcladeb, 194 Av.de Broque- ville, Brussels 1200, Belgium	34d 6/76
A Sharpe, W.C.	Elfins Wood, Hill Brow, Liss, Hants.	34s * 11/76
A Shippam, J.H.S.	St Stephens House, Hunters Way, Chichester, Sussex	RED RIVAL 32 p.76
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 32 * 12/73 p.0.

<u>Owner</u>	<u>Address</u>	<u>Yacht</u>
A Sinclair, S.J.	23 High Kingsdown, St Michael's Hill, Bristol	LOCHEE 31 3/70
A Smith, G.P.	Levanto, Seymour Road, Carshalton, Surrey.	34 * 6/77
A Somerville, Mr & Mrs E.W.	Stone House, Garsington, Oxford	RUMPUS II 34s 2/73
A Sondag, H.	(H.L.R.Cruising Ass.) "Sonhof", Koudekerkseweg 21, Vlissingen, Holland.	HELZAPOPIN 34d 11/72 p.74
A Statham, C.	169 Ladywood Road, Kirk Hallam, Ilkeston, Derbyshire.	COLLINS FOLLY 32 * 4/74
A Steels, Ian	3 Greatfield Way, Rowlands Castle, Hants. PO9 6AG	CARIBLUE 32 * 10/75
Stewart, Dr I.H.	The Elms, Larbert, Co. of Stirling, Scotland FK5 3JF.	COLYMBUS 31 * 9/69 p.73
A Stopani, J.	63 Harkwood Drive, Hamworthy, Poole, Dorset BH15 4PG.	BOLD RIVAL 34s *
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
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	LORNA GRACE 34s 3/77
A Tench, I.	44 Ferndale, Waterlooville, Hants.	34s * 3/75
A Ter Laag, P.	Zwarteweg 88, Naarden, Holland.	34s
A Thompson, C.	Garthland, 38 W.Argyll Street, Helensburgh, Dumbartonshire	ROSANDA 34s * 6/73 p.12/75
A Thornton, B.	52 Ravenstone Road, The Maultway, Camberley, Surrey	34 *
A Tracy, J.L.	C/o Estec, Noordwijk, Holland	FAST RIVAL 34d 7/76
Turner, A.G.	6 Oakdene Close, Great Bookham, Surrey	SUNDANCER 32 * /73 p.76
A Van Breda, R.J.	Donjonweg 6, Oostvoorne, Holland	BLAUWE VINVIS 34s * 6/75

<u>Owner</u>	<u>Address</u>	<u>Yacht</u>
A Van Dijk, R.W.H.H.	Sperwerhorst 16, Boskvop, Holland	38 CK *
A Van Essen, Tom	Troelstraweg 93 Vlissingen, Holland	PASSAAT 34s 11/73
A Van Hulst, A.T.N.	Karekietstraat 4 Hank N.B. Holland	34d *
A Van Os, R.C.	Ganzanhof 23, Ouderkerk A/D Ijssel, Holland	34d 3/77
A Van Ufford, Quarles	Karmeltrap 2, Bloemendaal, Holland	34
A Verdoes, D.	Vestapplantsoem 1, Volendam, Holland	34d *
A Viergutz, E.	10 Hampton Court, Erba Mwiezeb Bugibba, St Paul's Bay, Malta	34d
A Vincent, P.J.	86 Cardross Street, London, W.6	SKIBBEREEN 32 * 2/72 p. 74
A Vlugt, W.	Emmalaan, Rotterdam, Holland	REVIVAL 34d 6/77
Watson, F.R.	8 Grimwade Avenue, Croydon, Surrey	SOUTHERN RIVAL 34s 9/72
A 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.	Woodpeckers, Spinney Lane, Itchenor, Chichester, W. Sussex PO20 7DJ.	RIVAL LADY 31 2/70 p. 9/74
A Wendel, P.	Munich Pasing, August Exter Str 20, West Germany	41 * 9/76
West, Jeffrey	Birkenhead	CASUJO 32 * 11/71 p.
A Weston, P.D.	Furneaux Riddall & Co. Alchorne Place, Portsmouth	NORIVAL 34s * 11/76
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
A Whitson, Mrs L.	42 Barnfield Road, Ealing, London	34s *
A Widdowson, J.O.	12 Firs Walk, Tewin Wood, Welwyn, Herts.	LEGACY 32 * 11/70
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
Williams, Mr & Mrs D.	Lymington Yacht Haven, Lymington, Hants.	DAYDREAM OF LANGLEY 34s * 11/73 p. 7/77

<u>Owner</u>	<u>Address</u>	<u>Yacht</u>
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 KT1 2DG	RIVALIS OF LYMEPORT 34d * 12/72
A Wilson, D.C.	21 Cavendish Road, Henleaze, Bristol	38A *
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	5250	Mr & Mrs T.I. Watt	Rhu
ALCYONE		D.E. Millar	R. Hamble
ALIZ MOTTE	2349Y	Colonel Wilkinson	
ALRUNA	2297Y	Mr & Mrs H.B. Bishop	Portsmouth
ALVIRA	2649Y	J.S. Rogers	Emsworth
AMAZING GRACE		C.H. Hosking	Hamble
ARIEL OF HAMBLE		B.B.C. Yacht Club	
ATALAYA		Captain J. Sidgwick L.E. Macey	Poole
BIRD		M.P. Hall	Bristol
BLAUWE VINVIS		R.J. van Breda	Hellevoetsluis
BOAVENTURA		Dr H.G. Sammer	Trieste
BOLD RIVAL		R. & J. Stopani	
BONTE PIET		A.C. Pols	Strijensas

	<u>Sail No.</u>	<u>Owner</u>	<u>Home Port</u>
CAHUIIN	2956Y	H. Grant	Levington
CALLIOPE OF MENAI	1896Y	J.B. Jefferson	Plymouth
CAMPANERO	2970Y	Dr S.W. Bell	West Mersea
CARANDABEL	433	J. Prins	Ketelhaven, Holland
CARANDY		D.F. Gibson	Ipswich
CARIBLUE		Ian Steels	
CASUARINA		Alabaster, R.C.	
CASUJO	42	West, Jeffrey	
CAVALIER		R.G.H. & P. Marsh	Cowes
CHELSEA GIRL		J. Givons	Medway
COLLINS FOLLY		C. Statham	Trent Bridge
COLONIAL GOOSE		M. Forlong	Beaulieu
COLYMBUS II	2485	I.H. Stewart	Clyde
COMMUNICATIONS		T. Davies	
COMUS		N. Frederick	Larne, N.Ireland
CONFERENCE		M.P. Beecham	Burnham-on-Crouch
CONTENDER OF PORTSEA	2114Y	D. Ashmead	Helensburgh
CUCHULAIN		M. O'Farrell	Greencastle, N.Ireland
CYMREAGIS	2421Y	L. George	
DAYDREAM OF LANGLEY	45	Mr & Mrs D. Williams	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
DRUNKEN MOON II	R32	Mr & Mrs Clarke	Lymington
ENCORE		K.J. Orford	
ENDYMION		J. Glessing	Chichester
EOWYN		R. and M. Coxhead	
EUGE		Sea Ventures Ltd	Lymington
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
FELBRIDA II		J.A. de la C. Elliott	Beaulieu
FUBBS		G.P. Clay	Lymington
FYNE RIVAL	2467	I.C. Lees	Greenock

	<u>Sail No.</u>	<u>Owner</u>	<u>Home Port</u>
GALLANT RIVAL		Anvil Charters Ltd	Poole
GATA	2787Y	D.J. Fewell	Thorney Island
HALLOWEEN II		Mr & Mrs H.C.G. Dutton	Portsmouth
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	
HOUTEKIE		Guido Leye	Nieuwpoort
HULLABALOO	466C	J.F. MacEwan	Greenock
JAYESS III		Dr & Mrs G.D.W. McKendrick	Bradwell
JEKAPA	R47	B. Booth	Upnor
JESSIE MAY	2476Y	Mr & Mrs J.G. Bolton	Hamble
JOHN LASHAM		J.H.H. Barrow	St Mawes, Cornwall
JOMOLIMI II		R.R. Cook	
JORIE	2206Y	Ralph Lee	Dartmouth
KIKI		G.E. Platts	
LARA OF FIFE		Prof. J.F. Lamb	St Andrews
LEGACY	3028Y	J. Widdowson	Burnham-on-Crouch
LENESONO	2671Y	Dr J.F. Williams	West Mersea
LINOSA	2972Y	R.E. Reading	Gosport
LOCHEE	2552Y	S.J. Sinclair	Lymington
LONE RIVAL		P. Brett G.A. Hales	Cowes
LONTANO	R	R.W. Ashton	Conyer
LORD LOUIS	2113	J.W. Matten	Shoreham
LORNA GRACE		Mr & Mrs J. Swindells	
MAGI OF LLEYN		A.W. Maley	
MAIGRI		J. Russell	
MAI MA JOANA		W. Dahinden	
MALAPROP	2965	I.N. Reynard	Gareloch
MATADOR		W.J. Barker	Hamble
MAWINGO OF MYLOR	1703Y	Mr & Mrs M. Allen	
MEINWEN OF IFAN	73	P.E. Evans	Holyhead

	<u>Sail No.</u>	<u>Owner</u>	<u>Home Port</u>
MEREDITH		M.G. Bragg	Beaulieu
MERSEA RIVAL	2901Y	Scout Sail Training	West Mersea
MODWENA OF BURTON		J.W. Gould	Swanwick
MOLJON III	1442Y	F.H. & J.F. Hall	Portsmouth
MONEVE	60	D.J. Mauchel	Itchenor
MOONFIRE	618C	G.P. Gerrard	Greenock
MORAWEL	1525Y	P.J. White	Emsworth
NEONACH		C.H.W. Barrington, Seol Alba	Armadale
NIMBUS		D. Brickland	Port Dinorwic
NONSUCH		de Zwart	
NORIVAL		Peter Weston	
OUTRAGE	2162Y	P. Connolly	Portsmouth
PASSAAT	H2007	Tom Van Essen	Breskens
PICAROON OF LYMINGT	3106	Commdr & Mrs G. Mann	Lymington
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 OF MELFORT		B.P. Coad	
RED RIVAL		J.H.S. Shippam	
RESTLESS	1478Y	A. Horton	Poole
REVELLER	K3454	D.J. Gilpin	Bangor, N.I.
REVIVAL		W. Vlugt	
RHUM OF MELFORT		Arden Yachts Ltd	Kilmelford
RIVAL CHIEF		J.S. Lindsay	Maylandsea, Essex
RIVAL LADY	2689Y	A.E. Webb	Itchenor
RIVAL ROSE		Brian C. Homan	
RIVAL SPIRIT	K3030	K.W. Coup	Chichester
RIVAL SPIRIT		Anvil Yacht Charters	Poole
RIVAL OF ROXB	1128Y	H. Wright Ltd	South Ferriby
RIVAL OF WIGHT	203	J.P. Martin	Lymington
RIVALIS	1932Y	D.H. Hodge	Levington
RIVALIS OF LYMINGT	2941Y	B.P. Wilmot	Lymington
RIVALRY	4	D. Ashwin	Woolverstone
RONALDSAY OF MELFORT		Arden Yachts Ltd	Kilmelford
ROSANDA		C. Thompson	
ROULETTE OF EXE	1207Y	J.G.J. Evett	Guernsey

	<u>Sail No.</u>	<u>Owner</u>	<u>Home Port</u>
ROVELLA		Dr J.D.T. Allen	
RUMPUS II		E.W. Somerville	Douarnenez
RUM-TUM-TUGGER	2780Y	A.H.A. Cochran	Poole
SAKER		C.J. Matthews	Wootton Creek
SAMITE		R.J. Hallam	Polruan
SARA GIDDINGS	Y2663	B.C.F. Gawler	
SCURRIVAL	1539Y	P.H. Barry	Rhu
SEA THRIFT	2829Y	M.V. Manzoni, M.J. Larkham, R.J. Easton	Lymington
SEPTET		Mr & Mrs G.W. Foreman Mr & Mrs P.T. Kirby	
SERANADE 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
SINDUR		P. Batterley	
SKIBBEREEN	2024Y	P.J. Vincent	Gosport
SKI WITCH	2843	W.D.M. Raeburn	Warsash
SOUTHERN RIVAL	2382Y	F.R. Watson	Chichester
STAG	Y1911R	P.M.C. & P.R. Kimber	Lymington
STROLLA II		E.G. Brisley	
SUNDANCER	2336Y	A.G. Turner	R. Hamble
SUNDANCER VI		W.R. Cheriton	
TAGANITA III		T.A.G. & A.A. Humphreys	Colchester
TALITHA		C.H. Biedendieck	Malta
TANGARA		G. Rithner	Aubonne
TARNIMARA		J.P.W. Cunningham	Halifax, Nova Scotia.
TIGER TAIL II		J.A. Shriver	Ras Tanura, Saudi Arabia.
TITANIA II		T.L. Crumby	London
TOROA		G.A. Patrick & Mrs L.	
TOUCHE	71	W. Sutton	Falmouth
TULARE OF BEAULIEU		D.D. Carrington	Crosshaven
TWISTERBEL		H.G. Carrington	Enkhuisen
VANE JANE		N. Franklin	
VARKOULA OF UPNOR		D.J. AND I. Hewins	Upnor
VILLAGER		G.T.D. Parsons	

	<u>Sail No.</u>	<u>Owner</u>	<u>Home Port</u>
WANDERING DREAM		D. Lee	
WE TWO		Ladislao Co. Lichtenstein	
WHIMBREL OF CHICHESTER		D.S. Bird	
WHIMBREL OF HAMBLE		F. and S. Barnes	Gosport
WILD RIH		J. and D. Shurety	Poole
WILD RIVAL	2976	Desmond and Katharine Hampton	Lymington
WILLIWAW	2136Y	J.A.S. Cleminson	Bradwell
XENIA	1868	H. Meyer	Breskens
ZARENE		G.R. Golden	Durban