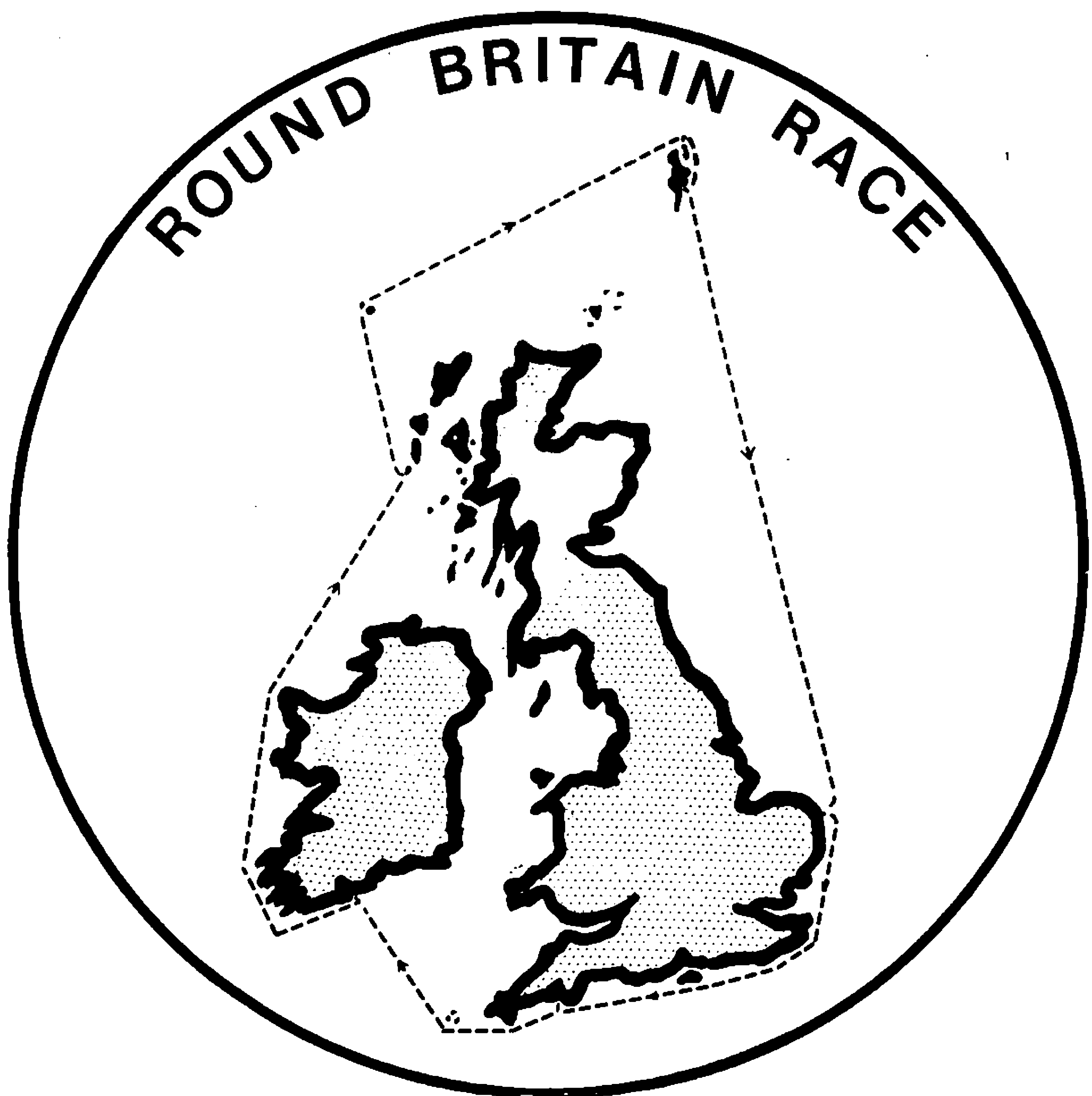


rival round-up

no 6 1978

JOURNAL OF THE RIVAL OWNERS ASSOCIATION



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JOURNAL OF THE RIVAL OWNERS ASSOCIATION

Edited by

PETER BRETT

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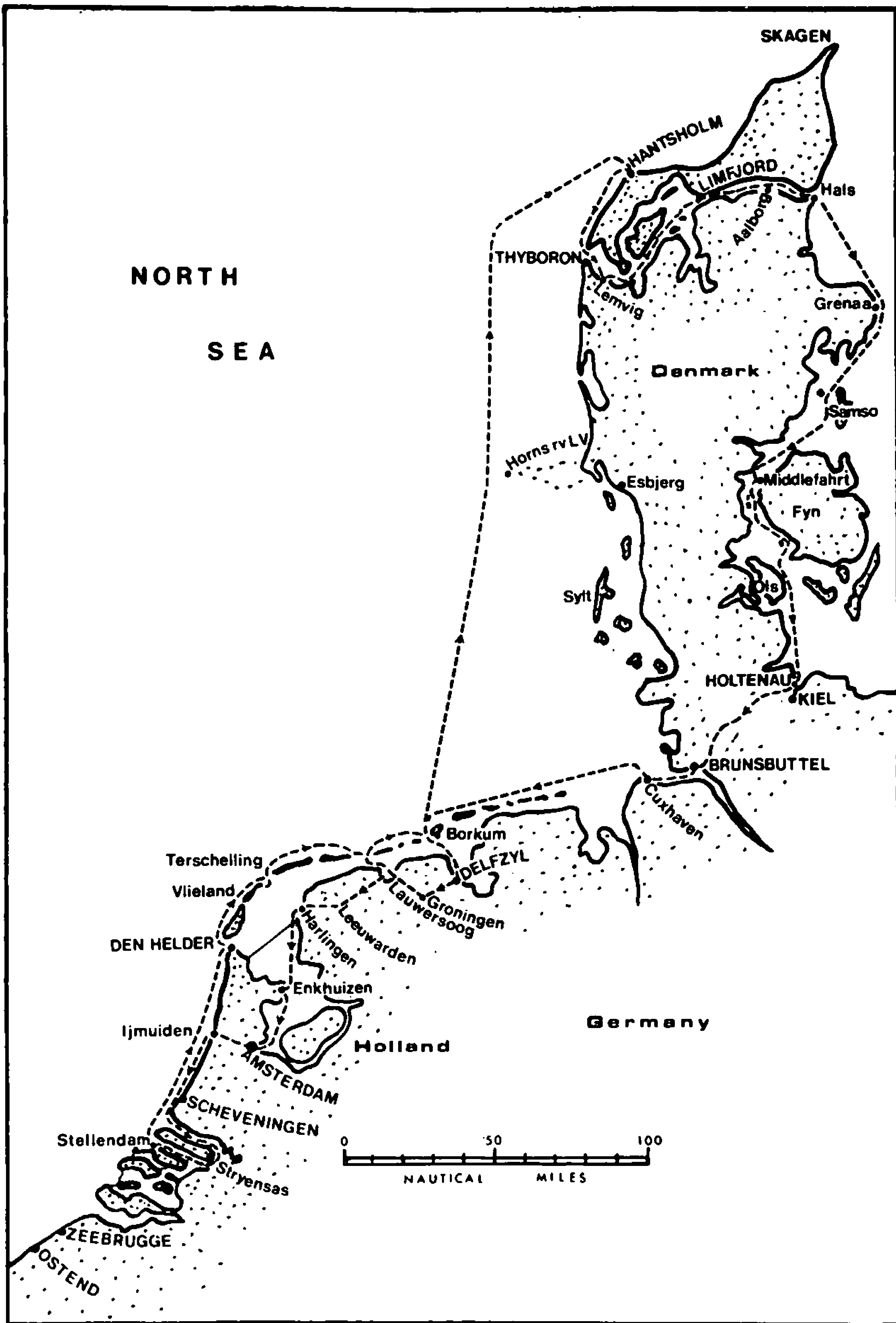
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NORTHWARD BOUND

BY BETTY POLS

The holiday began the first week in June with a dilemma: preparations had been made for both going to the Channel Islands and to Denmark, with the final choice to be made on the day of departure, depending on the direction of the wind. However, there was no wind at all. Denmark was then chosen for the change, as we have never sailed there before.

'Bonte Piet', crewed by my husband and me, set course from Stellendam to Den Helder, and the intention was to sail from there to Thyborøn. Lack of wind discouraged us from doing this and instead the slow coastal route was chosen via Vlieland, Lauwersoog, and Delfzijl. The trip from Lauwersoog to Delfzijl was a beautiful light-air spinnaker run with Aries steering perfectly.

In Borkum (near Delfzijl) the forecast became SW 2-3 and so we left for Thyborøn on Wednesday at 3 pm, not without scepticism. Indeed, we had to use the engine for the first three hours, but then came the forecast wind and it increased during the uneventful night. When twilight came, Genoa 2 was hanked on, and soon thereafter the first reef was put in the mainsail, followed by the second one. The sea became gradually very choppy with the increasing wind as we approached the Horns Rev L V. An RDF fix indicated a comfortable position at a safe distance SW of the light-vessel and a N-ly course was steered. On Thursday afternoon the third reef was put in the mainsail, because it was blowing a near gale from the WNW by now. Progress was very good, doing 6.75 knots.

Shipping was busy near the Horns Rev, because this is the northern limit of the approaches to Esbjerg. By Thursday night it was blowing force 6-7. Sail had been reduced to Working Jib and Mainsail with three slab reefs, but the waves were longer now which was more comfortable. During the whole trip we had only two green waves in the cockpit. Our confidence in the boat was growing and we did two-hour watches; this may seem too short for a proper rest, but it was cold and wet and we felt pretty tired after two hours. There was always a thermos-flask available with hot tea, and biscuits and chocolate.

Early on Friday morning we were at the latitude of Thyborøn, but it was unthinkable to enter the Thyborøn channel so we headed for Hirtshals or Skagen. The wind was backing and sometimes there were gusts of about force 8 or 9. Suddenly we remembered an article in which the McKendricks report about entering Hantsholm safely in similar conditions. Although our German pilot was a bit vague about it, we felt confident that it would be easy to go in, for the water at the entrance is pretty deep, the landmarks are clear and there is a strong radio-beacon. So we entered Hantsholm on Friday at 8 am with only the jib and the engine stand-by, without any problem.

The same day a severe gale developed and the following day a storm, so it was good to be in port. The following day the sea had calmed down to some extent and a breeze brought us back to Thyborøn. The entrance is very difficult to see, for the land is low and the marks are not very clear. The seas were still pretty high and steep and so we surfed in. We nearly had a collision with a local fisherman who broached just ahead of us while going out. Although the BA pilot suggests that the Thyborøn channel is safe, our experience is more in line with the German pilot, which states that it may be dangerous to approach in an on-shore gale. The situation is comparable to that in the Slikgat, the approach to Stellendam, in a strong W wind.

The Limfjord is fantastic; it was a pity we were pressed for time, so we could only make three stops. No time is lost waiting for the bridges as they open remarkably quickly at the right moment when approaching at constant speed.

The trip from Hals to Holtenau at the entrance to the Kiel Canal had to be done in a hurry, sailing a hundred miles on some days. The northern Danish islands were very beautiful and quiet, but the southern ones were overcrowded with German yachts. The Kiel Canal was a bit monotonous, taking nine hours. From Brunsbüttel we made a twelve knots run down the Elbe and had to motor to Borkum for lack of wind. The rest of the homeward trip had to be done in some weekends, for we had to leave the boat in Lauwersoog at the end of our three weeks holiday.

The story of this holiday illustrates the usefulness of 'Rival Round-up'. The idea of going to the Limfjord was conceived after reading the Ashtons' story in 'Rival Round-up' No 4, and when we could not approach Thyborøn the solution to that problem was presented by the McKendricks in the same issue.

"JAYESS III"

DONALD AND EVELYN MCKENDRICK

We wanted to go to Norway again but it turned out to be one of those years when the gremlins have other ideas. Sailing from Levington so down by the stern with our bonded stores that we were embarrassed, we were not sorry to be enveloped in fog. But when we groped our way back to Harwich and were lucky enough to find a channel buoy to anchor by, it too disappeared into the murk, leaving me blowing short-long-short for a couple of hours.

We had intended to sail straight to Stavanger. Head winds which ever way we turned made us end up near the Lauwersmeer where we suffered yet another failure of our Volvo - this time a broken pushrod on the inlet side which nearly led to our demise. A week later and many pounds poorer the strong north-easterlies were still blowing so it became clear that the gods intended us to go south, not north. We had some great sailing enhanced by the lack of suitable charts which clears the mind wonderfully and really does add to the excitement. (In fact the IALA system has made this much easier and safer). We ran into the Zeegat van Terschelling with a NE 7, - easy enough without a proper chart except that the buoys were so small that we had to heave-to a couple of times to try to decide where to go next.

Later, for technical reasons, we had to leave Holland in a hurry. Scheveningen must be the dirtiest town in Europe and we were in the dirtiest corner of their very friendly and welcoming - but scruffy - marina. This meant arriving in Zeebrugge, where we had never been before, on a moonless night. What with all the earthworks and so little information, we had a bit of a problem. Even after rounding the mole we spent two hours motoring up and down the harbour dodging the ferries and trying to find somewhere to rest. Finally a workboat took pity on us and led us with a searchlight flashing to the yacht harbour. In Ostend they dropped a bridge on us; could really have been nasty. The engine failed in the Downs so we had to sail with little wind into Ramsgate. From there we had an uneventful trip home, rounding off a modest cruise - but one we will long remember as being not without incident.

"HAIGRI" GOES ROUND BRITAIN

FLYING IN EVER DECREASING CIRCLES

BY JOHN RUSSELL

Where do you see an elderly cruising type, accustomed to keeping his feet dry, sitting in harbour while a good breeze blows to waste and then putting to sea in a flat calm at the beginning of a foul tide and with a gale warning in force? Where do you catch him running hell-for-leather down onto a group of totally unmarked and unlit islands in bad visibility, gathering darkness and a rising gale? When do you find one of his opponents devoting a whole afternoon to repairing the greybeard's damaged sail? I could go on in this vein, but already the questions are being drowned by the chorus of answers from those fortunate enough to have taken part in the RWYC/Observer Round Britain Race.

My son Dan and I decided to sail 'Haigri' in the race as a straight cruising boat, that is to say without the refinements of equipment and extensive sail wardrobe that enable the racer to maintain near-maximum speed under all conditions. We acquired a lightweight reaching spinnaker that was almost the right size; a Speed-Squeezer, a gadget of marvellous ingenuity that creates almost as many problems as it solves but undeniably emboldens the cautious; and - as arbiter of possible disagreements about trim - a Stowe log and speed indicator. Our object in entering the race was to broaden experience, particularly necessary in my case as a writer getting out of touch with modern developments and totally ignorant of the growing sport of short-handed long-distance racing.

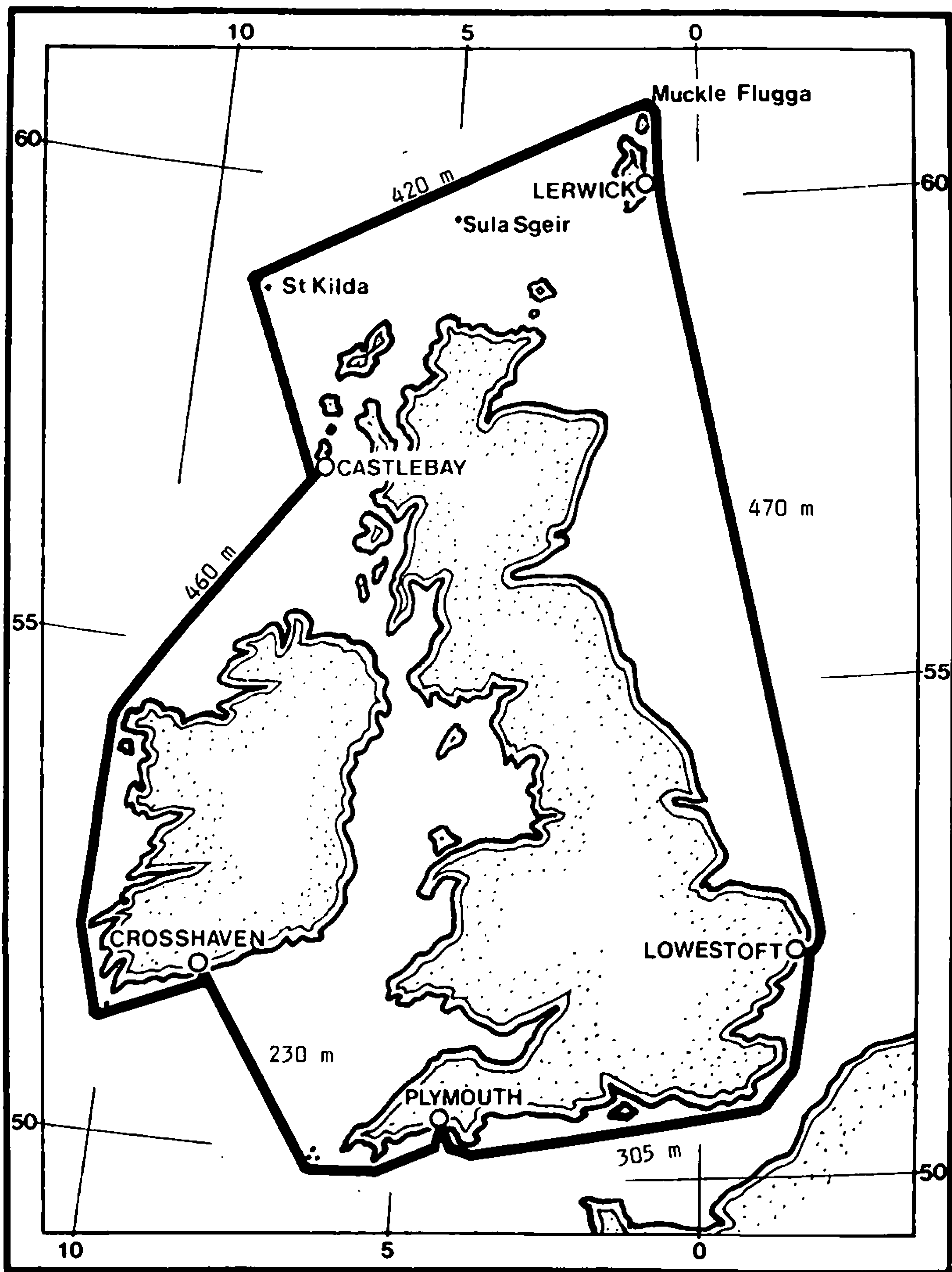
When we arrived at Plymouth the claustrophobic squalor of Millbay Dock was soon forgotten in the warmth of the welcome we received from the Brett family and the crews of the other Rivals. Looking at some of the flimsier entrants in the cold strong northwesterly breeze we gained confidence. 'But finish the course in one piece' we said, 'and Nature herself will eliminate a quarter of this lot'.

Such arrogance deserved a sharp rebuke and got it on the first leg of the race when we were 57th to arrive in Crosshaven and found the despised plywood bathing rafts already there.

That we sailed badly on the beat to the Bishop is confirmed by our much improved performance on the final leg from Lowestoft which was also a beat all the way, but our worst mistake occurred when the wind fell light and headed us again as soon as we had passed the Scillies. We responded by hoisting the ghoster, but being unable to get it to set, and watching our opponents sail out-of-sight close-hauled under light genoas while we drifted sideways in the direction of the Tuskar, we struck it too hastily and went back to the yankee and staysail under which we made little better progress. Our failure to persevere with the ghoster undoubtedly let us in for the prolonged calm in which we wallowed with sails lowered to avoid chafe. Before restarting from Crosshaven we got this sail sorted out (it took about 20 minutes) and then slowly proceeded to overhaul the next 5 boats ahead. That the wind then switched round to reverse the order was typical of this year's race.

The second leg was again dominated by calms and light headwinds in which we worked out beyond 12° W, seeing petrels and sharks, schools of whales and dolphins, and even the distant lights of a drilling rig, before picking up a westerly breeze which gave us a much-needed lift with a long spinnaker reach.

Barra is, of course, home ground for us and it was restful to be able to swing peacefully at anchor instead of scrubbing uneasily alongside, to climb the slopes of Heaval among the bright faces of the moorland flowers, every upward step widening the panorama of the Sea of the Hebrides from Skye to Mull.



In the first eleven hours of the third leg we covered the twelve miles to Barra Head. Eleven hours after that we had rounded St Kilda and were going like a scalded cat for Sula Sgeir with three reefs in the main and the working jib. The wind had come, slowly at first, from the South East, bringing out the spinnakers which we later watched disintegrate all round us. Ours went too. Emptied by a massive roll to windward it filled explosively and tore along the foot and across one clew. The boomed-out yankee with which we replaced it continued to hold the pointer of the Stowe hard against its stop. If the going was grand the weather was dismal and we saw neither land nor sun all next day, and precious little of the sea either, come to that, so we rounded Sula Sgeir on soundings (luckily distinctive) and it was not until the third morning, 250 miles past St Kilda, that the sun reappeared approximately on the beam, offering the chance of a good track check. As the sea was still rough I took six sights and averaged them; when plotted, the azimuth turned out to have been precisely at right angles to our DR track with which the position line exactly coincided. This coincidence was soon confirmed when we sighted Foula and at the same time found ourselves to be no less than 25 miles ahead of our reckoning. The moral of this incident is always to allow a little something for surface drift in strong winds. Going to windward it is easy to remember and one bumps up the leeway allowance to take care of it, but it is easily overlooked when broad-reaching or running, and the consequences could be more serious.

That afternoon we ran in sunshine past the incomparable cliff scenery of Shetland's west coast, casting anxious glances astern for the hordes of spinnakers that we felt must be catching us up now that our own was out of action. From Out Stack to Lerwick we had calms and intermittent light headwinds which made us more tired and irritable than any heavy weather could have done, and it was with relief that we finally secured alongside 'Lone Rival'.

Having visited Shetland regularly over the past 27 years I was well used to the islanders' famous hospitality and unfailing helpfulness which has survived the growth of affluence and the unimaginable material impact of oil developments which have inevitably diluted this ancient and hardy culture. Typically the Lerwick Boating Club set themselves to see to it that no competitor should lack any conceivable assistance, and it was through one of their members that I was able to arrange the loan of a sewing machine and the use of a farmhouse kitchen, but it was Robin Lloyd-Williams, skipper of Westwind, who spent four hours stitching our spinnaker together. His sporting action would have been worthy of a Shetlander; I can think of no higher commendation. In contrast, a major prizewinner crashed alongside us without fenders and with several snapshackles hanging over his rail which inflicted some nasty dents in our topsides.

True to form the wind which had been blowing hard during our stay went broody soon after we restarted and gave us a day of calms and light headwinds followed by a blast on the nose together with a hammering head sea. Further south visibility deteriorated until we were groping through a thick fog. Focussing the sextant telescope one morning on what I hoped to be the horizon, I found myself looking at a sail. Later, searching for any clue to our position, I stumbled on a fortuitous pinpoint in the only 90 metre sounding in that part of the North Sea, and was able to set an accurate course for the Dudgeon where visibility was perhaps 50 yards.

The end of that leg became a struggle when the tide turned foul and stopped us less than half-a-mile from the finishing line. Dan toiled nobly at the sheets as we short-tacked along the beach, but we began to lose ground and were on the point of anchoring when the wind freshened, and in minutes we were over.

I will pass quickly over Lowestoft, - the horror of the oil, the well-meant absurdity of the nanny-boats, the noise, the crowds, and the mockery of the onshore wind that blew ferociously all the time we were in port and packed up the moment we put to sea. The one bright event in this hell-hole was a kind gesture by another Rival (not competing in the race). 'Fubbs' came in from

Norway and was peremptorily chucked out of the yacht basin, (luckily for her since it saved her from the oil). Since our RCC burgee was by this time shredded from being so much wound round the masthead in calms, I asked Gabriel Clay if he had a spare one on board that I might borrow, and he sent one over to us wrapped round a bottle of rum.

The final leg began as inauspiciously as the others, in hardly any wind, and at the beginning of a foul stream; indeed we had not gone far before we were compelled to anchor for 2½ hours; but it turned out to be the most satisfying of the whole race. It was a beat the whole way. Dungeness proved a stopper; it seemed to take us all day to get past it and we had much trouble avoiding the many ships using the Inshore Traffic Zone, most of whom ploughed on their way either oblivious of our existence or expecting us to keep out of their way. A tiny minority made the small alteration of course that showed us that they had seen and would avoid us but most could not have averted a collision had we failed to take the initiative. It was a relief to escape from this busy bottleneck. After a few hours drifting in circles off Beachy Head we had a working breeze all the way to the finish and 'Haigri' strode away down Channel with the Aries on top form. We had a great stroke of luck when punching a foul tide 12 miles south of Start Point; the wind veered enough to enable us to head directly into the tide and then, when it was time to tack inshore, backed again and gave us a fetch right to Plymouth.

Dan and I entered this race in order to learn and we were not disappointed. As a dyed-in-the-wool cruising man it was difficult for me to remember that we were supposed to be racing, and I am grateful for Dan's combative spirit, but I dare say that when the results of this race have long been forgotten we shall all of us remember a Cruise in Company. Such a Cruise! And, Ah, my friends, SUCH COMPANY! You should have been there!

"WILD RIVAL" ROUND BRITAIN

BY KITTY HAMPTON

As you all know, we bought 'Wild Rival' only last October from Peter. His parting shot, after a splendid lunch provided by Joan (and much cheque-signing interspersed with champagne), was " Of course you do realise that she's entered for the Round Britain Race next year? " Having never raced seriously before, this presented a tremendous challenge, and challenges have a curious way of getting accepted. We thought it would be great fun to have a go at something new, and if we got round and survived the race we would feel very satisfied.

Preparation Not only were we lucky enough to buy such a well-equipped boat, but all her gear was in good order as well, so the only extras we had to get were a Callbuoy emergency radio, extra flares, charts and pilots. The race rules called for an emergency tiller, but Peter quite rightly said that the tiller itself was unlikely to break, but if anything went wrong with the rudder it would be far more serious. So, through Desmond's connection with the London Rowing Club, we acquired two splendid rowing oars, with which we could, if necessary, rig a jury rudder. We didn't appreciate at the time how important they would become as a means of propulsion! As we did the qualifier at Easter, when it was very cold, we invested in a catalytic heater which we used, although rumour has it that some herces have them and dont! We found it invaluable for warmth and comfort as well as drying out soggy socks.

Derek Mauchel very kindly made us one of his Radar Detectors which worked extremely well, and gave great reassurance, especially during the rather foggy bits. Before we left Lympington we made a point of storing up with tinned food, fuel, water and most of our gear, so when we were in Plymouth for the week before the start we had little to do except sort ourselves out and look at charts.

We took enough tins to last us for 1 month, and having, over the years, tested just about every tinned meat, we have come to the conclusion that Marks and Spencer, although expensive, are by far the best (Fortnums excepted!). We also took a truckle Cheddar which was excellent. As it turned out we were able to get fresh food at the stops and so had quite a few tins left over.

So there we were sitting in Millbay docks surrounded by the famous and the experienced feeling rather small and 'What were we doing amongst this crowd?'. The only sensible thing to do was to enjoy ourselves - which we did.

The Race

The start was most exciting with helicopters buzzing overhead, but at least when the guns went we were facing the right way, and we weren't quite last over the line either!

We did manage to catch a glimpse of the Bretts in the Strongs' boat madly trying to catch us up to take photographs.

After we rounded the Eddystone we went straight into our watch-keeping system of:-

K		D	
00.00 - 02.00		02.00 - 04.00	
04.00 - 06.00		06.00 - 08.00	
	08.00 - 09.00		
09.00 - 13.30		13.30 - 18.00	
	18.00 - 20.00		
20.00 - 22.00		22.00 - 00.00	

We didn't change watches at every stop. We found it was easier to keep a rythm going this way, and neither of us found it dull always doing the same hours. Neither of us really got tired, and having a 2 hour cocktail period every evening meant that if either of us had had a disturbed watch we could catch up on sleep in that period in theory, but more often we would have a drink, eat smoked oysters and listen to some nice music together!

During the first night at sea we tacked in towards the Lizard and crossed tacks with Gypsy Moth V. At about 17.00 on Sunday we were very fortunate in being able to catch the tide right and the last of the wind round the Bishop Rock LH. We gathered later that a lot of the boats were becalmed there but fortunately luck was on our side. When we were very close to the Irish Coast we had to row for about two hours before a breeze came and we were able to sail into Crosshaven.

The start from there was very frustrating. The tide was against us and there was no wind at all so we kedged under the lighthouse at the harbour entrance and were joined at intervals by 'Demon' who had reached Crosshaven half-an-hour after us, and 'Yacht and Boat Owner' who had been one hour behind us. Eventually we all drifted off together when the tide turned.

We had expected to have rough weather and poor visibility up the West coast of Ireland, but we never imagined we'd have to row past the Fastnet Rock. We would loosely lash one oar to the guardrail stanchion next to the jib sheet winch, and with one rowing and one steering we could "motor sail" at 1½ knots; it was rather hard on the cockpit coaming as well as the hands. I don't know if it made any real difference, but it certainly got rid of a lot of frustrations.

We did have a beautiful 24 hours from the NW corner of Ireland to just south of Barra Head, with the No.1 genoa and the 'baby' set inside it creaming along at 6 knots, and no sail shifting, which made a change.

After rowing over the start at Barra we had our first rough weather. Tarnimara was just ahead of us on the way to St Kilda and she lost her spinnaker. Ten minutes later ours took itself down, luckily no tears, it was the tape holding the swivel on the head that had burst. It saved us wondering how on earth we were going to get it down, at any rate!

As we gybed round St Kilda the second reefing block on the boom pulled out. We were silly enough not to rig a temporary one, because on the rough beat into Lerwick we needed it, so we had to mess about off Noss Head whilst we re-rigged it which lost us two hours and a lot of places - however one learns from one's mistakes.

The hospitality was tremendous at Lerwick and it was especially nice to see Peter and Joan there too who very kindly entertained us at their hotel. We had the block screwed back there, but unfortunately they used non-stainless screws.

We had yet another flat calm at the start, and just to be different thick fog as well, in fact it was very difficult to know exactly where the start was, so we rowed yet again. Eventually the wind increased, and this time the first reefing block and plate on the boom sheared off - (metal fatigue possibly) but we were moving quite fast, although with a fair amount of 'slap and rattle'. It was when the wind eventually dropped, with a large sea still running, that Desmond, whilst changing headsails, was catapulted into the air and down on to his ankle (he was wearing his life harness). Suffice to say it took a lot of coaxing plus liquid tranquilisers to remove his boot, and for two days he was practically immobile, but it did get better, and by the time we got to Lowestoft he could get around quite well.

The last leg was the most frustrating one as we had very light head winds all the way, but at least we did not have to row over the start - for a change! And it was wonderful to cross the line at Plymouth even if we did find ourselves involved with a large fleet of Lasers racing.

Reflections

A husband and wife team? Well, you do start with the advantage of knowing each other. In any partnership rows tend to be started by trivia; perhaps husbands and wives are better at recognising the signs of this. Although I don't have Desmond's strength I do have stamina. In this kind of race perhaps that is more important than sheer 'beef'.

Deckwork. We each did our own sail changes during our watches, unless it happened to be rough - or it involved the spinnaker - then we did them together because it was quicker that way.

Navigation. Desmond made the major navigational decisions, such as 'after Muckle Flugga you turn right', but we both kept the plot going, using DR, astro, and RDF in that order. The RDF was not too helpful down the East Coast as the stations there are not very well tuned.

Cuisine. We each cooked our own breakfast (fearful competition as to who could have the most courses over the longest period of time!). Lunch was usually cheese and fruit cake, then I cooked the supper which we ate together.

We both enjoyed the race tremendously. It's the other 'characters' you meet and the friends you make on the way round which make it such fun. Also the battles with the boats in your group - a race within a race, really. We had a terrific battle with 'Tarnimara' and only just beat them into Plymouth. I think we both discovered that we have competitive natures after all!

We were - needless to say - doing this race in unrivalled comfort, and have come to the conclusion that long distance races are tremendous - Roll on A Z A B .

ROUND BRITAIN IN "BIRD"

BY MICHAEL HALL

I should have realised, when we took over five days on the first leg, that our Round Britain was going to be different from our expectations. We arrived at Crosshaven at 1430 on a Thursday afternoon with 36 hours of flat calm, three days of a crew seriously incapacitated with an abcess on his tooth and 5½ hours of furious sculling to cross the finishing line, behind us. Ahead lay over 2000 miles of sailing and almost all the fleet. As we had raced in under oar-power, at all of one knot, we had waved hello-goodbye to "Lone Rival", "Haigri", and "Wild Rival" as they drifted out on the start of the second leg, whilst "Tarnimara" and "Hajji Baba" only had time for a quick welcoming beer before they too left us to the hospitality of the Royal Cork YC, the soft seduction of Irish Guinness and the company of "Galway Blazer" and "Melmore". So it came to be that "Bird" sailed around the British Isles in company with Frank Esson's fifty-year old gaff ketch and Peter Crowther's cunningly disguised submarine.

In fact the first leg was not typical of all our race; from Crosshaven to Barra we had more favourable conditions than others and reduced their lead by several hours, being in fact the fastest of all the Rivals on this leg. This was a performance we were to repeat on the next section from Barra to Lerwick when, assisted by a favourable gale, we made that Shetland port in three days 7½ hours, having logged two consecutive 24-hour runs of 143.6 miles and 143.4 miles, whilst maintaining an average speed of 5.6 knots for 444 miles - and in one glorious hour clocking 6.8 miles - not bad figures for a 24 foot LWL comfortable cruising boat! However, that was where our illusions of grandeur came to an end; the next 1000 miles were bedevilled with fog and light headwinds, so that we never entirely made up our earlier deficit. However we took some consolation in that, if the first leg were ignored, a time difference of only nineteen hours separated us from "Lone Rival" at the finish.

But figures like these, although interesting, do not really describe what it is like to do the Round Britain. Nor does a blow-by-blow account of the entries in the log give any true feeling of what seem the important things in the tranquillity of recollection. Rather I am left with a pot-pourri of memories, often vividly visual, not ordered in time but contained in an experience that was two thousand three hundred and fifty-six miles under sail around the British Isles in the summer of '78.

Above all there was a very strong feeling of comradeship with the others who shared this adventure; a very old-fashioned restatement of the qualities of life not easily found in the routines of daily living within the confines of what is perhaps an over-protective society. Then there were those moments of pure exhilaration running before a gale in bright sunshine; the main reefed down to 75 square feet, the working jib boomed out, and the self-steering gear keeping everything under control. We ran like that all the way from St Kilda to Muckle Flugga in winds which were surprisingly warm, with "Bird" rising to each following sea and, as we approached the Shetlands, large schools of porpoises playing in and out of our bow wave. As I stood in the main companionway, watching that northern headland come closer and closer, the moment assumed a special significance. Almost 61° North and soon we would be turning the corner and beginning our downhill journey back towards home. Muckle Flugga fulfilled all expectations; a threatening, off-shore sloping rock of immense proportions, with only the lighthouse on its peak to indicate the scale of its size. We were lucky in passing by at slack water; not a place to be when the tide turned. That night we were approaching Lerwick and, for us, the one truly frightening moment of our trip. Just outside the sound leading to that hospitable Shetland town is the Isle of Noss with sheer cliffs falling 450 feet into the sea. As midnight approached we were swept by

the tide to within 150 yards of those cliffs and for a while it felt as though we must be carried on. Then a breeze picked up and we slid past, much to our relief. We had come very close to turning on the engine and accepting the inevitable disqualification.

Lerwick must have been one of the highspots for everyone. The islanders' hospitality is legendary and we were all to have ample proof. Each boat acquired a family who fed, laundered, bathed and generally welcomed every entrant. Their streets are paved, there are no pavements; cars mingle with pedestrians and the yacht club bar closes when no one wants to continue drinking. Norse influences are everywhere from the patterned sweaters to the sixteen-foot Shetland Maid sailing boats that are raced in friendly rivalry in regattas held all around the islands. As part of her dowry when Princess Margaret of Norway married James II, the Shetlands are currently aligned with Scotland, but oil-wealth and a strong sense of traditional loyalty across the North Sea give concern to those who could see UDI as a reality if political mismanagement should occur. Certainly Lerwick was the one port of call where a 48-hour stop-over did not seem nearly long enough.

Not like the leg down the North Sea where nearly everyone felt that it all went on far too long and far too unpleasantly at that. Running at six knots, with a spinnaker up and visibility at less than 100 yards is neither nice nor seamanlike. Nor was leaving Lerwick at half-past-one in the morning with a force nine gale forecast. Instead it only blew force six, and that with thick fog.

At one stage we were somewhat lost. Trying to find the Dowsing Light Vessel we had run our distance and, seeing nothing, not even the slightest loom of a light, we wondered what to do. Suddenly, less than 800 yards off appeared a small coaster from out of the fog and there followed an R.T. conversation which somehow I do not feel would have met with the approval of a certain yacht magazine editor:

"Small grey-hulled coaster, somewhere in the vicinity of the Dowsing Light Vessel, I am the small white yacht with tan sails on your port beam. Do you read me? Over."

"Small white yacht with tan sails, this is your grey-hulled coaster. What can I do for you? Over."

"Grey-hulled coaster, could you tell me my position relative to the Dowsing Light Vessel? Over."

"Small white yacht, you are three and a half miles off the Light Vessel, bearing 180° magnetic."

I thank the skipper and go below to plot our position only to realise that I have forgotten to check whether the bearing was to or from the Light Vessel, and so:

"Small grey-hulled coaster. This is your small white yacht again. Are we north or south of the Light Vessel?"

Thank God for VHF radio telephone, and sincerely thank God for professional skippers with a sense of humour. In fact we had several conversations with merchant ships and with oil rigs, and on every occasion were treated with courtesy and consideration.

Having not sailed with VHF facilities before the Race, I found on our way around that what I had dismissed as an expensive toy was in fact a useful aid to navigation and weather forecasting. The psychological advantages of being able to make link calls home and wish daughters "Happy Birthday" from the middle of the North Sea, more than justified the expense of the installation.

The North Sea was not, however, content to leave us only troubled by fog and vague navigation. The fourth day out we sailed into a severe electrical storm which left me wondering the best course of action. The books all say take a turn of chain around a cap shroud and trail a length into the sea, thus providing an attractive path for any stray lightning bolt with malicious intentions. But on reflection this seemed to make it all the more likely we would be struck. At a loss as to the best thing to do I took the path of least resistance and came off watch hoping that the crew, being a man of more technical nature than myself, might come up with the correct conclusion. Three hours later he woke me for my stint on deck and went through exactly the same pros and cons of the chain-over-the-side argument and arrived at exactly the same inconclusive position. So we did nothing. Later, in Lowestoft, we spoke to a more decisive entrant than ourselves who had trailed his anchor chain. He was awoken by a very large bang and went on deck to discover his anchor chain gone. So we still do not know.

Technical advice is all very well, but the writers often overlook the irrational nature of perception. As we tracked southwards through Yarmouth Roads towards Lowestoft we were both very tired. It was one o'clock in the morning, we were tacking at five knots into the teeth of a two-and-a-half knot adverse tide and making nothing. Suddenly my crew called out: "I can see rocks on both sides." This was impossible. The chart showed a sandy beach on one side and sandy shoals on the other. I came up and, sure enough, we were running inshore to what was clearly a rock-lined bay. At a loss to understand our predicament we anchored to await daylight. As dawn came, three hours later, we were moored four hundred yards off a sand-duned coastline on which lay a broad black band of crude oil deposited at the high-water mark. Our rocks resolved, we set sail in embarrassed silence.

And it is lessons like that which have to be, I feel, all the justification one needs for taking part in the Round Britain. I have sailed for twentyfour years, owned nine boats, covered many thousands of cruising miles. Yet never have I learned so much in such a short period of time. Not being allowed to use an engine has to be one of the best ways of improving one's skills in boat handling and management. It also makes one reconsider the best kinds of rig for cruising. The race seemed to prove that whatever the aerodynamical inefficiencies of roller-reefing headsails might be, the time saved in sail changes more than compensates for other losses. But more than any other advantage gained from taking part has been the people I have met. Friendships have been made which will not pass.

THE RIVALS AND THEIR CREWS

<u>Yacht</u>	<u>Class</u>	<u>Sailed by</u>
Haigri	38A	John and Dan Russell
Lone Rival	38A	Geoff Hales and Chris Smith
Hajji Baba	34	Tassilo Metternich & Mark Kemmis Betty
Wild Rival	34	Desmond and Kitty Hampton
Bird	32	Michael Hall and Ronald Baker
Tarnimera	32	John Cunningham and Bob Lush

"LONE RIVAL" AND ROUND BRITAIN

BY GEOFF HALES

Preparations. We learned plenty of interesting things as the trials of the new boat progressed during April, May and June. Peter became a cutter enthusiast as a result of analysing performance up-wind in the Solent with alternative rigs. I was already a theoretical cutter enthusiast so was very pleased with the results of Peter's tests; however, I have to admit that I have revoked somewhat because I suspect that 'Lone Rival' is faster upwind as a sloop if the relative wind is only a bit over 10 knots. John Russell, of course, had already had satisfactory experience with his cutter rig on 'Haigri' in 1977, and we had learned from that.

We became anti folding propellers and foot-reefing yankees, and the staysail proved it needed a stay for guidance, if not for support. We also found that all the electronic aids bar the Stowe log, Seafarer sounder, and clock had to have some form of guarantee work done on them, the Homer/Heron went back to Brookes and Gatehouse four times.

The hours spent planning and trying the deck layout, particularly the genoa winches, proved time very well spent and it all worked as hoped - proved perhaps by the fact that it is hard to employ more than two people until the spinnaker goes up. Newcomers to the boat find things odd for a while but they have all been very patient. The companionway entrance became known as the 'gorilla pit' being the most convenient place from which the winch man or winch wench could operate.

But there is the world of difference between a newly launched boat and the same boat ready for a long race; fortunately, I was able to keep the boat at the Elephant yard on the Hamble where I could work on her or take her for a quick sail in the evenings. Even so we still had a frantic amount to do at Plymouth, a situation I had desperately hoped to avoid.

The Race. I don't think I shall ever regard this year's event as a race in the accepted sense - i.e. a race against all other competitors. However, it certainly provided fascinating private races (where else, for example, would you find a 38ft monohull racing in close company for 2-3 days with a 35ft tri, a 26ft tri, a 25ft monohull and a 35ft proa?) and an enjoyable cruise in company. The latter aspect was not perhaps in the Rivals' best interests because the stops allowed the fragile, damaged or tired, time to recover. By definition, Rivals and their sailors do not require this service and I am sure we would all have moved up several places had it been a non-stop event. The calms and light weather which bedevilled the race must have suited as many as it disappointed, as most of the fragile boats finished well up the fleet and arguably it was one of these that was first home. Racing and gambling have a lot in common. The Table overleaf illustrates some of the salient points of the race.

As far as the overall result is concerned we beat one boat we should not have beaten ('Gypsy Moth V') and one I very much wanted to beat but doubted we would (the Ohlson 38 'Robertson's Golly') and lost to two we should have beaten, (Excalibur 'Sherpa Bill' and Contessa 32 'Assent'). While I was delighted to beat 'Robertson's Golly' I believe a contributory factor was an alleged navigation error by Richard and Guy when approaching Muckle Flugga. Although navigation is certainly a large part of the race I would have liked to beat them by simple sailing. In fact, despite the error, it seemed we were much faster than them on the windy reaching leg from St Kilda to Muckle Flugga, while she regained most of the lost time during the almost constant beat from Lerwick to Plymouth.

I believe the key to the whole race was the first leg getting into Crosshaven before the wind died which we failed to do by perhaps 5 miles which equalled 5-6 hours rowing. As a result we emerged 48 hours later (after 2 days of adequate breeze) into the next calm which persisted, on and off, for a few days.

LEG	START TIME	DAY OF LEG	MILES RUN	MILES SAILED/ (THEORETICAL MINIMUM)	SPEED knots
1	1100	*1	118		
		*2	130		
		*3 to 0110	48 R (= 83 per day)	297/(230)	4.8
2	0110	1	43 R		
		2	41 R		
		3	99		
		4	97		
		5	122		
		*6 to 2109	134 (= 164 per day)	536/(460)	3.8
3	2109	1	119		
		*2	172 (but best 24hrs = 183, the best I've ever achieved)		
		*3	139		
		4 to 0534	21 R (= 61 per day)	457/(420)	5.8
4	0534	*1	103		
		*2	129		
		*3	110		
		*4	128		
		*5	80		
		6 to 1250	30 (= 120 per day)	580/(470)	4.6
5	1250	*1	135		
		*2	135		
		*3	130		
		4 to 0454	90 (= 135 per day)	490/(305)	5.5

* beating " reaching R at least 5 hours rowing

Peter never intended the Rival 38 to be a fast boat under oars and she certainly gives one a lot of exercise in return for perhaps $\frac{3}{4}$ knot and slow moving scenery. We had the 12-ft oar from 'Wild Rival' but this looked like a dinghy paddle on 'Lone Rival' and hardly touched the water, so I got a 16ft oar as well and we used the 12-footer as a salmon net deflector (a clear case of somebody's law played to advantage, as we never caught a net) and Chris would have liked to use it as a salmon net layer deflector on some heroes who solemnly laid a net right across our bows and then expected us to follow them miles until we could clear the end - once they had finally laid it! Personally, I would be very glad if rowing were banned (I should not be if I were sailing a very light boat, of course). Rowing became a depressingly important topic in Round Britain, 1978.

Perhaps the most important lesson relearned from the various post-mortems was how much weather conditions can vary over small distances. I still find it hard to believe that the wind strength can be surprisingly different only ten miles away.

The race leaves lots of happy memories; 'Haigri's' immaculate appearance and Dan Russell's hilarious stories; the wonderful Irish coastline whether in full daylight, or at dusk or dawn; the spinnaker reach approaching Barra, complete with genoa and staysail and getting more than 8.5 miles into the hour; the sight of a frantic Bob Lush rowing at great speed, trying to get a cigarette the moment 'Tarnimara' arrived in Barra; the sight of St Kilda 40 miles off in perfect visibility and the more impressive sight of it when a mile away in strong wind and rain; the splendid reach from there to Muckle Flugga and making a landfall in very little visibility, partly on sounder, but mainly on the gannet colony's smell of dead fish; arriving in Lerwick and finding the 'Golly' not there; the apparently effortless organisation, generosity and assistance by the Boating Club and shopkeepers of Lerwick; enjoying Tass and Mark's hilarious stories of life in 'Hajji Baba'; the Bretts' kindness to all the Rival sailors as they arrived; gaining the 'Golly's' mascot in return for a sheep's skull; Bob Lush's ability never to let go of his never empty beer can; the helpful efficiency of the Race

Offices in Lerwick and Lowestoft; making landfall off North Norfolk by sounder in thick fog; the constant 'Wild Rival' hospitality in every port, and finally, Peter having more boats finish than any other designer.

Of course there were some less happy ones too:- rounding Bishop Rock in company with an elderly Nic 32; the hours of rowing into Crosshaven and finding how far ahead 'Robertson's Golly' already was; rowing out of Crosshaven and on-and-off for the next few days; finding 'Robertson's Golly' was even further ahead at Barra; rowing most of the night into Lerwick; the seemingly interminable headsail changing on the long, almost constant, beat from Lerwick to Plymouth; the oil and the power-boat handling in Lowestoft; losing the 'Golly's' mascot to a pro-'Golly' supporter; leaving Lowestoft into 4 hours of full spring tide and a strong headwind and knowing that 'Robertson's Golly' would leave as the tide turned favourable; failing to persuade Chris that if we got the tide right we could actually save time by nipping into Cherbourg for duty-free; failing to cross the finishing line with 'Q' flag hoisted which I feel would surely have been the cruising crew's proper response to a race of this type; and being unable to remain in Plymouth long enough to help 'Wild Rival' enjoy their arrival champagne.

But along with the good and the less good was the constant amusement whether ashore in groups or just Chris and I at sea. Every page of the log has some light-hearted remark among the narrative and navigation. For example, very early one cold bumpy morning, at the change of watch, Chris started a discussion on where he should take his ever-patient wife, Dorothy, for an autumn holiday. Chris even broke into poetry once - based on my normal bad-weather sail-changing chant. I find most people have something they sing to themselves, the waves and the seabirds on these occasions, - Chris used to be on 'Eternal Father' but has changed now to his new masterpiece which goes:-

'When howling the wind and raging the seas,
When up on the foredeck, jumping like fleas,
This haunting refrain you might well catch,
(Its metre and content hard to match)
From two struggling figures in oilskin rig:-
"Dont go to sea on the old Black Pig".

Even if I didn't enjoy all of it at the time, it was all great fun in retrospect (like so much sailing) and I shall hope to try again in '82 if I can borrow a boat and once again find someone mad enough to come with me. Thank you Peter and Chris for making it all possible this time.

Footnote. Just as the motor companies used to claim, this racing business does have a useful spin-off. John Russell's experience with 'Haigri' has been confirmed and three Rival 38 cutters are being built, using Round Britain experience. The roller-furling yankee on the cutter rig on 'Adfin's Rival' shows great promise and longer spinnaker-boom tracks are being fitted on the masts to make gybing easier. Maybe we shall soon be bringing mainsail halliard and slab-reefing controls aft too. A combination of these features and Peter's excellent watchkeeping companionway and we could be beating junk sailors at dry easy sail reduction, while retaining an efficient rig. We already hold the lead in comfort below, particularly as the aft cabin is perfect for the off-watch partner when two-handed racing. This, I believe, is what efficient comfortable cruising is all about.

"HAJJI BABA" ROUND BRITAIN

BY TASSILO METTERNICH

The decision to take part in the Round Britain Race was taken after I had sailed to the Frisian Islands and the Baltic in 1977. This spring I met David Ashwin in Ostend and his son came with me in a qualifying cruise for the Round Britain, around the North Sea and back to Harwich. The crew who was to come with me in the race was not, in the end, able to take the time off, but fortunately Geoff Hales put me in touch with Mark Kemmis Betty, who took his place. He joined me at Poole for the passage to Plymouth.

There was a hectic week in Plymouth before the start, with many parties and some small repairs. Inspection was passed with no trouble. After the start I was sick on the first night but only felt ill for a short time, fortunately. We had a pigeon in the cockpit for the night and he did not like it when we tacked! At 1600 on the day after the start we sighted the Scilly Isles. The wind disappeared and we drifted around the Bishop Rock LV for most of the evening. On the talk amongst competitors on VHF at 1700 we heard that Bird's crew had toothache and had had to take to his bunk - not very pleasant. At 2230 we saw a yacht in the distance flashing all his lights and when we got up to him he said he was lost! We pointed East and off he went to England.

The next day at 1100 Mark took the first sight with the new sextant and worked it out very quickly on his new calculator. We reached Crosshaven on the evening of 11th July after a spinnaker run. Some of the Rivals were already there, but not too far ahead, and there was much drinking and many stories. Many people rushing about doing something. When Mark tried to telephone home he heard the disturbing news that his wife was ill in hospital but he was willing to continue, which was very noble.

When we left in the evening two days later the wind was very light and we could barely stem the tide, but it was a clear and marvellously starlit night. We only covered 49.5 miles in the 24 hours from leaving Crosshaven. We did not have a large ghoster of our own, but we made do with the ghoster from Mark's Folkboat together with a Flying Dutchman jib inside it. The Fastnet Rock was bearing 292° M at 1755 on 14th July and at midnight we got a spinnaker-wrap - it was to be the first of many. We had been told of fishing nets off the W coast of Ireland - sometimes up to 10 miles long - but they did not give us any trouble. We got a Force 6/7 NW-ly wind and were off Loop Hd at 21 20 on 16th July, and Eagle Is. at 1110 on 17th, and Tory Is. at 0350 on 18th with the wind still NW 3-4. We now moved to the chart which included Barra! Its Radio-beacon was coming through, and we were able to lay our course. We approached in the early hours of the 19th with the hills and the islands only appearing through the rain and clouds for short periods. We anchored in Castlebay at 0550 on 18th July. Views from the boat were desolate but with marvellous colours in the landscape. Saw a seal as we rowed ashore with just a little head appearing out of the sea. After baths in hot brown water we had a soporific afternoon sitting outside the hotel on the hill, and next morning we were woken up by bagpipes playing in the castle. I want to go back there; I should like more time to visit the little sandy beaches around the rocky islands.

But the anchor was up once more at 0500 on 21st July and we rounded Barra Hd at 1400 under spinnaker. When we can get that spinnaker up properly it really does push us along! We gave St Kilda a berth of about 7 miles because of poor visibility, heavy rain and a SW-ly gale. We had the spinnaker up again at 1150 on 22nd but kept it up too long and ended with a nasty wrap around the forestay. The wind was down to about 20 knots by this time. After sighting Sula Sgeir briefly at 2130 on 22nd we continued for Muckle Flugga on the N end of the Shetlands.

The heater helped to dry things out a bit. Our run from 0001 to 2359 on 22nd was 140.5 miles. Next day there was more rain and the log reads "Outside cold, inside warm". Shortly after midnight on 22nd we spoke with a Faroes trawler. They gave us a position from their Decca navigator. I was woken up in the middle of the morning of the 23rd, just before Muckle Flugga, to see a large flock of birds wheeling around in the sky and diving headlong for fish. As we came round the headland at 1230 on 24th the spinnaker came down and the genoa went up; at last we were half way round Britain! As we approached the finish the miserable wind blew straight out of Bressay Sound at Force 7, but we crossed the line at 0624 on 25th July.

In Lerwick we were adopted by a local family who gave us a shower and lunch, and washed our clothes. Then we had dinner with Joan and Peter Brett and others from Rivals - all very civilised. Next day we got the RDF and a sail repaired, and also visited the model of the Viking ship which is burnt every year at the 'Up Hella' festival in mid-winter. They have a large bonfire and a parade with much singing and dressing up.

We left at 0630 on 27th July. On the previous day some yachts had returned because of too much wind, but our problem was fog. As we tacked out of Bressay Sound we had to tell when to go about by the sound of the breakers and the decreasing reading on the echo-sounder. One tack took us behind a large Russian cargo ship. Eventually we got out, only to drift back along the shore south of Bressay Sound when the tide turned. Terrible stuff this sailing about in fog! "1905 30 knots SE" reads the log "2300 Fair Isle LH bearing 320°M. 28th July 0320 N.Ronaldsay in the Orkneys bearing 302°M." At 1400 the rudder of the self-steering gear fell off because a wing nut had fallen out. I managed to get it working again by wiring in the pin of a shackle. It was calmer now, after last night's wind. Later I heard a strange squeaking and thought something was wrong with the rigging. However it came from about five dolphins which were swimming under the hull.

On 29th July we had Kinnaird's Head bearing 260°M at 1033. Most days at 1700 we had been speaking with 'Tarnimara' on VHF and they always seemed to be about 20 or 30 miles ahead. Every other day we charged the batteries for a few hours. The 0630 news on 30th July told us that Great Britain IV had finished first at Plymouth. We hoped we would make it within the time limit! May Is. off Edinburgh was bearing 260°M at 1045 and at 1720 on 31st Flamborough Hd was bearing 240°M. There was thick fog in the evening and after midnight much lightning which put the radio out of action. This was worrying as we wanted to get an RDF fix to work out our approach to the sandbanks and oil rigs off the Norfolk coast.

On 1st August at 0147 the depth suddenly changed from 20 to 84 metres - must have been the Silver Pit. Soon afterwards I saw a row of lighted windows; I thought it was a block of flats, but perhaps it was an oil rig! It was calmer now; land was sighted and at 1300 Cromer was bearing 120°M. After tacking along the shore against a strong tide we arrived at Lowestoft at 2230 and the club launch came out to meet us.

We tried to dry out our clothes, but there was much rain. Oil was getting all over some boats' fenders and we had to clean our warps.

On the evening of 3rd August we started on the last leg, just managing to hold our course across the Thames Estuary. The Kentish Knock By was abeam at 0830 on 4th August and North Foreland at 1158. We made our way close inshore past the Goodwins to Dover with a SW 6-7, avoiding the Channel ferries. On 5th August we were south of Dungeness LH at 0300, with the wind still ahead, and Beachy Hd was bearing 326° at 1215, St Catherine's 009° at 0540 on 6th August. It was always difficult getting round the headlands, and there was much shipping. In Lowestoft we had been warned of the heavy fines that could be imposed on yachts going the wrong way in the shipping lanes. Portland Bill was due North at 1740. We spent most of the next morning drifting around Start Pt. We made some calls on VHF and crossed the finishing line at 1855 with 2265.75 miles on the log.

My family soon came to Plymouth and we went off to London by car, while Mark's wife came and spent a night on the boat, having recovered from her operation.

ROUND BRITAIN RACE, STATISTICS & NOTES, BY P.B.

	LONE RIVAL	HAIGHT	WILD RIVAL	TARNIMARA	HAJJI BABA	BIRD
<u>Elapsed Times</u>	d h m	d h m	d h m	d h m	d h m	d h m
Plymouth - Crosshaven	2.14.10	3. 1.21	2.20.33	3. 6.15	3. 9.45	5. 3.40
Crosshaven-Castlebay	5.19.59	5.12. 7	5.18. 9	5. 9.46	5. 8.26	5. 3.28
Castlebay - Lerwick	3. 8.25	3.18.45	4. 2.55	4. 1. 0	4. 1.14	3. 7.25
Lerwick-Lowestoft	5. 7.16	5.17.36	5.14.34	5.14.44	5.16. 3	6. 5.53
Lowestoft-Plymouth	3.16. 4	3.15.50	3.22.38	3.23.15	3.20.28	4. 5.59
PLYMOUTH -PLYMOUTH	20.17.54	21.17.39	22. 6.49	22. 7. 0	22. 7.56	24. 2.25
<u>Finishing Position</u>						
Crosshaven	42	57	51	61	63	69
Castlebay	43	53	57	59	63	67
Lerwick	33	43	56	55	57	66
Lowestoft	31	42	45	44	50	64
PLYMOUTH	30	39	46	47	50	61
<u>Handicap Position</u>	46	52	41	39	42	53
<u>Miles md good/day</u>	91	87	85	85	85	78

Note: The times given in the table EXCLUDE the 48 hours spent compulsorily in each of the four stopping ports

There were 74 starters, and 57 finishers, plus 5 who finished outside the Time Limit

Readers of the accounts of the race on the preceding pages will be quite clear that the Round Britain was an affair of flukes and contrasts. On the first leg one might have expected the boats to be close enough together all to have roughly similar conditions; but the leading yacht, the 60 foot trimaran Rogue Wave, had a W-ly Force 5 all the way to Crosshaven. Compare this with 'Bird's' experience! On the leg from Castlebay to Lerwick the leaders had variable winds or calms throughout while the Rivals had fast reaching conditions to Muckle Flugga.

At Crosshaven 'Tarnimara' was nearly 10 hours behind 'Wild Rival' but by Castlebay she had caught her up and was well ahead of her. At Lerwick I asked Bob Lush where 'Tarnimara' had done her catching up. The reply was frank and memorable: "Mainly in the bar at the Royal Cork Y C". While John Cunningham and Bob were waiting their time to go out to the start, "Wild Rival" was struggling across the starting line under oars.

'Tarnimara's' fine performance stands out amongst the Rival results. John Cunningham modestly gives most of the credit for this to his crew, Bob Lush, who had brought her across from Canada and is a man of vast experience. There is no doubt that Bob put an enormous amount of energy and skill into making the boat go as fast as possible at all times. He was due to write an account of the race for this journal, but circumstances prevented him finishing it in time. It will come in due course, and I will find some way of circulating it to members of the Association.

One cannot reach firm conclusions about the relative speeds of the different Rival classes from the results of such a flukey race. The broad effect of the calms was to close the boats up more than would have happened under steadier conditions. If one averages the miles made good per day for the two boats in each class one arrives at 89 for the '38's, 85 for the '34's, and 81 for the '32's, - for what the figures are worth.

A LAZY HOLIDAY IN ST MALO

BY JAMES MILLAR (aged 14½)

I feel it only fair to warn would-be readers of this passage, that it is no enthralling tale of horrific seas, ten foot waves, gale warnings and shredded storm jibs, it is simply a short account of a very uneventful holiday, with a distinct absence of sailing.

Due to the fact that the large majority of our family is simply "off" sailing, and my mother will avoid long passages whenever possible, it was finally decided that my father and I and a couple of friends would take the boat down to St Malo, in two days if possible, while the less nautical members of the family, my three sisters and my mother, would follow us down by ferry. We have had many sailing holidays with the idea being that we just kept sailing in short hops, but none with the idea being that those who did not want to sail, need not. Really the main idea of having the boat down there, was to use it as a caravan.

Going aboard Alcyone, our Rival 34, on the evening of 28th July we found, taped to the life-rail, a dirty postcard from a friend who had departed for France that night, that read "Bon Voyage and Good Luck". A rather nice touch, I felt. We rose the next morning to find one of the most perfect sunrises that I can remember. It was everything: picturesque, photogenic, serene and with a low haze over the water. Not a cloud was in sight but there was one thing missing: there was not a breath of wind!

An extra member of the crew was an auto-pilot nobly lent by another friend who had to back out at the last moment. I have a feeling that my heart was not the only one on board that missed a beat as we narrowly missed several boats in succession as we neared the Hamble entrance. The reason for our zig-zag course was that we were dying to try out the auto-pilot, but the confined space was not ideal for the exercise!

Even when we had rounded the Needles, the wind was entirely non-existent, and though the idea of motoring every inch of the way filled us with dismay, there was nothing to do but sit back and let the cross-Channel nausea set in. At 17.45 a landfall was made dead over the bow, which at 18.00 was identified as Alderney. Once into Braye harbour, we went ashore to find the harbour master. No luck, so we settled for a pub instead! We phoned home to announce our arrival by a reverse charge call and the operator asked my mother if she would accept one from Guernsey. It was perhaps a pity that she hastily corrected herself as we might have had more praise than we deserved.

The following morning we left at the slightly later hour of 6.15 and were slightly dubious about going, as visibility was very poor. Nevertheless, we went ahead, with the wind more of a draught than a breeze! We all decided that without my father's complicated watch system, the trip would have been deadly dull. As it was, it was a constant quiz, to work out who was to be next on watch and when! We got to St Malo without sighting any of the Minquiers buoys or any rocks themselves, so there was a feeling of mystery about the word "Minquiers". At one time Dudley announced that he had spotted a "Minkey", and when asked what it looked like he said "It's got green hair and long purple ears!" So from then on a Minkey became a sort of swear-word-cum-bogey man... if anything went wrong, it was the Minkey's fault! We arrived at St Malo very conveniently just as the lock gates were opening. Once through, it was a mad rush across the basin to the marina: we were doing 6½ knots and boats were still overtaking us. We then went ashore and had a very good but expensive meal.

The next day, Dudley and Brian caught a Brittany ferry home to Portsmouth and in the evening, my mother and sisters arrived. It rained incessantly for the

next 48 hours, and one could not even go ashore to use the marina loos without having to dress up in full oilskins and sea boots, such was the force of the rain. In fact we decided that all the postcards of St Malo with blue sky and the sun shining, must have been produced with the help of some sort of trick photography! However, after this we had three weeks of blissful sunshine during which we explored St Malo and its beaches and the little islands, and once hired a wind-surfer, which proved to be very much harder to sail than it looked.

We also made a short "sortie" up the Rance. After passing through the barrage lock we went up to St Suliac to spend the night. The next morning we could not go ashore in the inflatable without taking a compass with us, as the fog was thick and freaky, and could rise and then fall again very quickly. When it eventually did disperse we continued up the Rance, enjoying the extremely pleasant change of scenery, until just short of Le Chatelier lock the echo-sounder was reading 5 feet and as we drew 4'8" we decided that was quite far enough on a falling tide. Back at the barrage they shut the lock gates in our faces and a quarter of an hour early. It didn't matter to us that we had to wait another hour, but it certainly seemed to matter to some irate fishermen who had arrived at the same time. Once through at about 1800, we had to find somewhere to stay till 2300, so we tried the St Servan marina. They were going to charge 52 francs with no reduction as we were only staying 5 hours, as opposed to the St Malo marina which was 11 francs for 24 hours. So we left smartly and went aground trying to pick up a buoy to wait for the lock to open. We were soon off though, and on to a deeper one by the harbour wall. At midnight we all left our buoys and manoeuvred around. Amongst those manoeuvring was Great Britain II, who swore at us for passing a bit too closely.

On the 18th August we had planned to go out by the 0900 lock opening, but this had been cancelled. So we had an extra day in the St Malo sun after seeing off the rest of the family and greeting Jim Mather, the extra crew for the return journey. Our last afternoon was spent stocking up with duty-free, and we were all ship-shape to leave the lock at 1830. The evening was glorious: a settled 3-4 wind, not a cloud in sight and a beautiful setting sun. It was the sort of evening that the cruising yachtsman dreams about. We set Mr Parkinson (the auto-pilot) to take us past the Grand Jardin lighthouse, and lay back to soak up the joys of that perfect evening. We planned a non-stop voyage straight back to the Hamble. We were a little apprehensive about the idea at first, but by the time we had identified Alderney at sunrise after passing within a stone's throw, literally, of both Minquiers' buoys, seeing Sark lighthouse close by and spotting Jersey through the moonlight, all worries were put out of our heads.

On the way back, we motor-sailed some of the way, but sailed mostly, only putting on the motor when our speed dropped below 5 knots. We crossed the Channel in superb sailing weather and rounded the Needles at 1703, a much faster time than we had estimated. Just at that time, the wind got up a force or two and gave us a superb force 4 to take us straight up Southampton Water, entering the Hamble just a few minutes over 24 hours after we had left St Malo. We had done the whole journey on the starboard tack. What an achievement! We cleared Customs at Port Hamble and continued up the river to Bursledon where we rowed ashore to ring up home. My mother was there within minutes.

It certainly felt good to be home, but it had been an equally good and lazy holiday in St Malo.

ARIEL ADVERBIALLY

BY LIZ MACE
(BBC Yacht Club)

"Ariel of Hamble" has been as busy as ever this year, sailing every weekend and many mid-weeks from mid-April to the end of October. Her longest cruise was a fortnight in July. This purports to be an account of that cruise.

* * * *

"We'll never eat all that," said the Skipper disbelievingly.

"Oh yes we will," said the Mate positively.

"You mean we've got to carry them?" said the Paid Hands despairingly.

"Its not far," said the Skipper encouragingly.

"We know," said the Paid Hands unhappily, "but its almost straight down."

"There's a wheelbarrow," said the Mate obligingly, "and mind that one - it's
bottles."

"Ah!" said the Skipper cheerfully.

"Ah-ha!" said the Paid Hands happily.

The stores were loaded and the company retired to the Jolly Sailor.

* * * *

"Where's the Purser and the First Class Passenger?" asked the Paid Hands
curiously.

"Late," said the Skipper impassively.

"As usual," said the Mate philosophically.

"How about another round then?" said the Paid Hands expansively.

"Yes, please," said the Mate enthusiastically.

"As usual," said the Skipper uncharitably.

The Purser and the First Class Passenger finally arrived and the crew rowed a somewhat zig-zag course back to the boat.

* * * *

"Permission to come aboard?" asked the Commodore politely.

"Indeed," said the Skipper cordially, "have some cornflakes."

"Aren't you ready to go yet?" said the Commodore sternly.

"Er .. well ... " said the Skipper evasively.

"You'll miss the tide," said the Commodore knowingly.

"See you in Yarmouth," said the Skipper optimistically.

"Bambi" left for Yarmouth. Some time later "Ariel of Hamble" also left for
Yarmouth.

* * * *

"Have you heard the one about the parrot?" said the Paid Hands gleefully.

(The rest of this paragraph is deleted for reasons of taste. - Ed.)

* * * *

"Damn!" said the Skipper suddenly.

"Steady on," said the Mate disapprovingly, "we're only just past Hamble Spit."

"We're not past it," said the Skipper thickly, "we're on it - everybody forward."

"Including the parrot?" said the Paid Hands amazedly.

"Including the parrot," said the Skipper firmly.

"Start as you mean to go on," said the Mate resignedly.

With hindsight, that could be classed as tempting providence.

* * * *

"The kitty starts here," said the Purser hopefully.

"The parrot wants to know, what was that about a cat?" said the Paid Hands threateningly.

"Kitty," said the Purser loudly, "twenty pounds each, please."

"But I've already spent eighty pounds," wailed the Mate tearfully.

"Don't worry," said the Purser soothingly, "if they all pay up, you'll get it back."

"My friend wants twenty pounds from each of you," said the Mate promptly.

The crew and their money were prised apart, honour was satisfied (well, the Mate was satisfied anyway) and "Ariel" sailed on towards Yarmouth.

* * * *

"I wonder where the wind's gone," said the Purser idly.

"Get the parrot to whistle for it," said the First Class Passenger acidly.

"We know where the tide is," said the Paid Hands smugly.

"Who wants to practice going in on the leading marks at Newtown Creek?" enquired the Skipper blithely.

Clamakin Lake was peaceful, though crowded. After a tasty meal and copious draughts of wine, the snoring began in earnest.

* * * *

"Good morning, "Plover", sorry about that," said the Paid Hands apologetically.

"Somebody shorten the scope a bit," mumbled the Skipper blearily.

"Do you suppose he'd like his bit of black paint back?" asked the First Class Passenger innocently.

"Shut up!" said the Mate icily.

The rest of the morning passed without incident and "Ariel" set off across the Channel.

* * * *

"What do you think of the vis?" enquired the Paid Hands doubtfully.

"Not a lot," replied the Mate miserably.

"What do you think of the speed?" continued the Paid Hands persistently.

"Even less," said the Mate wretchedly, "engine on."

"Not again!" complained the Windy Watch collectively.

When the Windy Watch came topside a pleasant NE 3/4 greeted them.

* * * *

"Compass light's a bit dim," said the Purser gloomily.

"Nav. lights aren't much better," said the First Class Passenger ominously.

"What's "dit-da-da-dit"?" said the Purser perplexedly.

"My nets are fast to an obstruction' - except he's doing 15 knots," said the First Class Passenger mordantly.

"It used to mean "Your lights are out or burning badly", said the Skipper morosely.

"What's the morse for "We know, you silly old -----"?" enquired the First Class Passenger tersely.

Trying to change over the batteries with an incumbent in the quarter-berth is guaranteed to cause maximum discomfort all round.

* * * *

"I can see a light!" said the First Class Passenger excitedly.

"Yes," said the Skipper dolefully, "and it's not where it ought to be."

"And there are lights over there - and there - and there - and there," said
the Purser helpfully.

"Thank you," said the Skipper testily.

"What's 'dit-dit-da'?" said the Purser uncertainly.

"This is a fine time to start going-about practice," muttered the Off-Watch
darkly.

Bangers and beans at 0530hrs in Braye Harbour were followed by a decision to
sail on to the more promising purlieus of St Peter Port.

* * * *

"The kitty's broke," announced the Purser expectantly.

"The parrot says he'll do for that cat," said the Paid Hands belligerently.

"If the parrot didn't drink so much, the kitty wouldn't be broke," said
the Purser resolutely.

"It's not the parrot that's spending the money, it's the kitty!" chorused
the Paid Hands triumphantly.

"There's no answer to that," said the First Class Passenger unhelpfully.

However, it was deemed more desirable to pay up in sterling and leave the Purser
to cope with the conversion rate later.

* * * *

"We're not going round the Minquiers until the vis improves," said the Skipper
decisively.

"Terrible Bay sounds a good place for a swim," said the First Class Passenger
drily.

"Any more for the Skylark? Trips around the bay!" cried the Paid Hands
jovially.

"Yaroo!! It's f-f-f-freezing!" shrieked the First Class Passenger bitterly.

"Tea's up," said the Paid Hands opportunely.

"It's going to be a hefty beat back," said the Skipper authoritatively.

The crew was soaked, the genny was split, the supper was late and Havelet Bay
was distinctly lumpy.

* * * *

"Make-do-and-mend day," said the Skipper briskly.

"We'll track down a battery," volunteered the Paid Hands keenly.

"We'll sew up the genny," offered the Mate and the Purser readily.

"We'll do the shopping," contributed the Skipper and the First Class Passenger
generously.

"Do you think that's wise?" asked the Purser anxiously.

"Wiser than letting them sew up the genny," replied the Mate prudently.

Repairs were effected, stores replenished and a decision made for a 1000hrs
departure for St Malo.

* * * *

"What the expletive deleted's happening?" bellowed the Mate indelicately.

"It seems we've fallen over," grunted the Skipper horizontally.

"I only sneezed," said the Purser plaintively.

"Bonsoir messieurs," said the Skipper abjectly, "et vous aussi?"

"Tea again?" said the Paid Hands laconically.

The thought of St Malo was becoming more attractive by the minute.

* * * *

"Have you found the first leading marks?" enquired the Skipper nonchalantly.

"Bang on," said the First Class Passenger emphatically.

"Have you found the next leading marks?" asked the Skipper studiously.

"Umm..." said the First Class Passenger forlornly.

"There!" said the Purser brightly, "or maybe there - or there."

Either they were the correct marks or the gods were smiling. Two rolls of film were used as "Ariel" left for Binic, photographing everything that might conceivably be a mark.

* * * *

"There's a nasty noise," said the First Class Passenger worriedly, "and a distinct lack of progress."
"Engine off," said the Skipper swiftly, "try hand-cranking in reverse."
"Oooh! Aargh! Umph!" said the Paid Hands unavailingly.
"Who's for a swim then?" said the Skipper pragmatically.
"It's c-c-c-colder than S-S-S-Sark," said the First Class Passenger desperately.
"People who use bouyant line on their lobster pots don't deserve to have it spliced," said the Mate malevolently.

No damage was apparent and they came well up the field in the race for pontoon places.

* * * *

"I can't remember what Lézardrieux is like," said the Skipper ruminatively, "let's go and find out."
"Pas de places - we 'ave no places," yelled the harbourmaster unaccommodatingly.
"I'm beginning to wish we hadn't bothered," said the Skipper balefully, "stand by to drop."
"You know those transits we took," said the Paid Hands pensively, "well, they aren't any more."
"All hands!" shouted the Skipper peremptorily, "now I know I wish we hadn't bothered."

Having found out what Lézardrieux was like, it was decided to try Tréguier next time.

* * * *

"The kitty's broke again," said the Purser predictably.
"The parrot says it's time that cat was quarantined," said the Paid Hands vindictively.
"If you want bird-seed for your supper ..." said the Purser beadily.
"All right, all right," said the Paid Hands hastily.

The Purser didn't have too much trouble disposing of all the French small change.

* * * *

"Hello, the RAF's here," said the Mate languidly.
"Coastal Command Nimrod," said the Paid Hands definitively.
"He's coming back," said the First Class Passenger indolently.
"Nice to know they care," said the Mate comfortably.
"He's coming back again," said the Paid Hands incredulously.
"Do you think he's trying to tell us something?" said the Mate cautiously.

But there was no further evidence that they were being used as target practice in a NATO exercise, so "Ariel" sailed calmly on across the Channel.

* * * *

"Your watch - there won't be any ships," said the Skipper confidently.
"Take a bearing on that one for me please," said the Mate vigilantly.
"080°" said the Paid Hands dutifully.
"And that one?" asked the Mate warily.
"035°" said the Paid Hands carefully.
"What are the bearings now?" asked the Mate gingerly.
"080° and 035°," said the Paid Hands constantly.
"'Won't be any ships' indeed," muttered the Mate caustically.

Collision was avoided and Start Point raised on cue.

* * * *

"Anything to declare?" asked the Customs Officer genially.

"Only the usual," said the Skipper honestly.

"And one bloody-minded parrot," said the Purser venomously.

"Beg pardon?" said the Customs Officer dubiously.

"Oh - nothing," said the Purser wearily.

After a day's R. and R. "Ariel" set off on the last leg home.

* * * *

"Is that still Anvil?" enquired the Mate pointedly.

"Yes," replied the Skipper defensively.

"How many times have you been up and down the measured mile?" asked the Mate
maliciously.

"Almost once," said the Purser glumly.

"Oh well, Yarmouth by midnight," said the Mate stoically.

The tide changed at last, and "Ariel" reached gently up the Needles Channel.

* * * *

"Two red lights vertical and here comes the rain," announced the Paid Hands
damply.

"On to Cowes?" enquired the First Class Passenger delicately.

"Beaulieu," said the Skipper eventually.

"But it's blacker than black," said the Mate mutinously.

"Beaulieu," repeated the Skipper obstinately.

0330hrs is about the only time baked beans and champagne can be consumed together
with impunity.

* * * *

"It's a beautiful day for a sail," said the Paid Hands cheerily.

"Well of course the weather would improve right at the very end," said the
Purser petulantly.

"Won't it seem tame," said the Skipper absently.

"What, the parrot?" said the Paid Hands bemusedly.

"No, going back to work," said the Skipper meditatively.

"We're going back to work for a rest," replied the Crew unanimously.

But they'd do it again next year - gladly.

* * * *

Crew: Patrick Dowling, Liz Mace, Peter and Judith Riding, Bill Hanford, John Roshier.
There wasn't really a parrot - but there might as well have been!

"BOAVENTURA" IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

BY H G SAMMER

My boat once again showed all qualities when cruising in Greek and Turkish waters.
This summer the famous Greek northerly "Meltemi" was sometimes very strong, Force
7 for days and gusting to 8 - 9. The Rival 41 did extremely well and we could
still sail in very rough conditions, mostly the only boat offshore.

In Bodrum, a very nice Turkish harbour, I met "Zarene", the Rival 41 belonging to
Mr & Mrs Golden, the South African couple. I was very pleased to see that they
were still enjoying their boat and we had a nice time together. It is now about
four years since I made my first acquaintance with the Goldenes and their boat in
Moody's marina.

A RIVAL IN YOUR LAWN?

BY DEREK J JULIER

Faced with a delivery date of March 1978 and with no means of access to my rear garden I hit upon the idea of burying, up to the water-line, my Rival 32, 'Roving Rival', in the lawn of my front garden. This I thought would have the dual advantage of making the boat less conspicuous, as I live on an open-plan housing estate, and also I would be able to hop on board during the fitting-out operations without having to resort to the use of a long ladder.

After checking that there were no services beneath the ground I took levels and drew up the excavation plans with the aid of scale cross-sections supplied by Marcon. A friend's Rival was used to supplement the information as the lawn sloped over 0.5 metres, which made the excavated profile unsymmetrical.

I persuaded my closest neighbours that a Rival in the garden would do a lot for the area and could in fact increase rather than reduce property values, and with their comments taken into account I then proceeded to approach the next and most vital step with as much care and preparation as possible. A boat in a hole, whether in the front or rear of one's property, is classed as a structure and as such needs planning permission just as though it were a building. I took my neighbours' favourable comments, my plans, sections and elevations to the Local Authority and after promising faithfully that the fitting out operation would be completed in 12 to 15 months I persuaded them to write to me to confirm that I would not need planning permission in this situation.

The boat now ordered, I set to work digging the hole. Pegs were driven into the ground just outside my intended excavation profile, the top of the pegs coinciding with the water-level usually scribed on the hull at the works. A timber was laid transversely to the fore-and-aft line of the boat on top of the pegs and the vertical offsets necessary were taken off the scale cross sections. The top soil was removed and placed on the low side of the hole and the remaining sub-soil was loaded into a 6 cubic metre skip hired for the purpose. The aides were shaped to allow 10 centimetres clearance all round and the deeper sections for the keel and rudder stock were strutted with old plywood and softwood. The keel hole was 'bottomed up' with a railway sleeper which had to be accurately levelled-in on a lean-concrete bedding to prevent displacement.

The Rival in place, I used the level pegs to set the hull level with the scribed water-line, and used folding wedges against the earth-sides to keep the boat steady. I fabricated frames from 50 x 50 mm. softwood to go from toe-rail to toe-rail in a Dutch barn profile and the tarpaulin which measures 11 metres x 5.5 metres was wrapped snugly around the whole boat and anchored to the level pegs.

After a period of three weeks the Local Authority wrote to say that they had received one objection and that I would have to apply for planning permission. I declined their request as I considered that their earlier letter had amounted to a determination under the Planning Act and effectively was a permission. Faced with this they decided not to pursue the matter and I heard later that the objector had been advised to apply for a rateable value reduction.

The extra work involved in preparing the hole has been more than offset by the reduced work in clambering in and out of the boat. The boat cover cost about £100 and was custom-made locally.

I think my story shows that faced with a difficult situation, with forethought, liaison and a bit of hard work you can fit out your Rival almost anywhere. The bad weather hasn't stopped me working at all and after six months I have the engine installed and 90 per cent of the basic joinery in place with a launching date about six months away.

"ENDYMION" TO SOUTH PORTUGAL

BY JOHN GLESSING

Starting sailing late in life it is hard to dispose of the accumulated illusions, - white sails scudding over sparkling blue seas, anchoring in deserted sandy coves in crystal clear water, velvet starry nights, - all that sort of thing. The English Channel in a 23-footer did not quite match up, so that is why I bought a dark blue Rival 32 hull and found out the hard way just how much work goes into the fitting out. Eleven months after delivery "Endymion" was launched at Newhaven, giving my wife the rating of "one millihelen". There was just time in 1977 for a cruise to the Channel Isles before winter and preparations to turn illusions into reality by aiming South.

The arrangement was to meet our son-in-law at Falmouth on Friday 18th August so we left Itchenor on the Tuesday. To forecast tomorrow's wind direction I plot the desired course and know that the wind will be the reciprocal! This worked infallibly all that week and so we thought we had done well to meet him at Plymouth. The Epic voyage began next morning with the wind still SW. Thirty miles later towards Brittany mal-de-mer and fatigue made me decide to return to Plymouth where we slept it off before going on to Falmouth. By now we had decided the fates were against us, and if the following morning showed no improvement we would go South to Brittany instead, and eat for a week.

On 22nd August we drifted to the Manacles Buoy and then a breeze from the West arrived. By mid-day on 23rd we had covered 88 miles and were entering the Bay of Biscay; the wind had veered to NE 3 and we were making good progress. After making good 110 miles in the next 24 hours the wind was still NE, but now 4 from a stationary high over Shannon and a low over Spain. This increased in strength the further South we went until by 26th it was a steady Force 6, and for an hour or two in the afternoon, Force 7, the seas by that time being very impressive by our standards. The occasional breaking crest that hit the hull felt and sounded like concrete hitting us, but by midnight it had all gone away, and from storm jib alone we were up to full main and genoa in a thick fog 10 miles off Finisterre. For the first time in five days the engine was started and we motored on to Vigo which fortunately is well served with radio-beacons, a directional one for the last seven miles. We tied up at the yacht club at 10 p.m. on the 27th with 556 miles on the log in 5 days 11½ hours.

Christopher had to leave us there and the two of us set out on the 29th for the easy part of the cruise, - just pick up the Portuguese Trades, etc etc. But it was not like that at all! We had practically no wind and every degree of bad visibility from pea soup to just mist, and Not One Portuguese radio beacon could we receive, although the Spanish ones were all easy to obtain, Cabo Finisterre up to 300 miles away. By the DR and soundings we dropped anchor in the fog where Leixoes should be and found, when it cleared a bit in the morning, that we were in the harbour entrance but the light was white - not red as said in the Admiralty list of lights. As conditions stayed the same we went outside the Isles Belengas and when we were off Cabo Roca we at last got a SW 3 which cleared the air, and enabled us to have a fast beat up to Cascais, where we picked up a yacht club buoy. We rolled in the greatest discomfort until Monday when we were able to get fuel in cans, ferried in the dinghy. At last, on 4th September, with the wind NW, we were able to reach in glorious warm sunshine, and then followed a velvet starry night to Cabo St Vincent whence we had a magnificent run to Vilamoura in a freshening breeze. After tidying up "Endymion" we had her laid up ashore.

We have learned a lot. First, self-steering is essential, and our Autohelm behaved perfectly, although in the latter stages we had to run the engine at night to keep it and the navigation lights going, as the Portuguese fishing boats are packed tighter than their own sardines. Fatigue is a problem, with only two unbroken nights in two weeks. The boat is superb, is most forgiving of all my bad handling, and is so attractive to look at. The quarter-berth is the best place when it is rough.

Formalities are not nearly as bad as I had anticipated. At Vigo one reports to the Yacht Club for clearance, and we were treated with great kindness and courtesy. In Portugal one has to obtain a Transit Card for foreign boats, which is stamped at each port of call, but everywhere the officials were most helpful and kind. Fuel can be a problem, as they are not geared for small tanks, so the odd gusher can result. We found it worth while to have plenty of spare cans.

So next year - with luck - it is on to the Med!

THE ARRIVAL

CLAIRE CLARKE

The marina lies quiet all through the week,
The only sound being an occasional creak
Of the wooden pontoons, as they move with the tide,
Hundreds of boats moored side-by-side,
The forest of masts swaying, just slightly.
A few pennants flutter as the breeze blows lightly.
These boats lie waiting, our pride and our joy,
But most of them are just our weekend toy.
Only the lucky ones are sailed every day,
And all of the others in the marina must stay,
Waiting patiently for their owners arriving!
But listen! There's a sound. Someone is driving.
The first car appears, and then many more,
Trolleys are loaded with baked beans galore.
A hive of activity is suddenly created.
Our boats wake up. Life's reinstated!
Hatches are opened, fresh air let in.
Everyone's happy; "Oh! Do have a gin!"
A transformation has happened; is this a rare sight?
No, perfectly normal; it's Friday night.

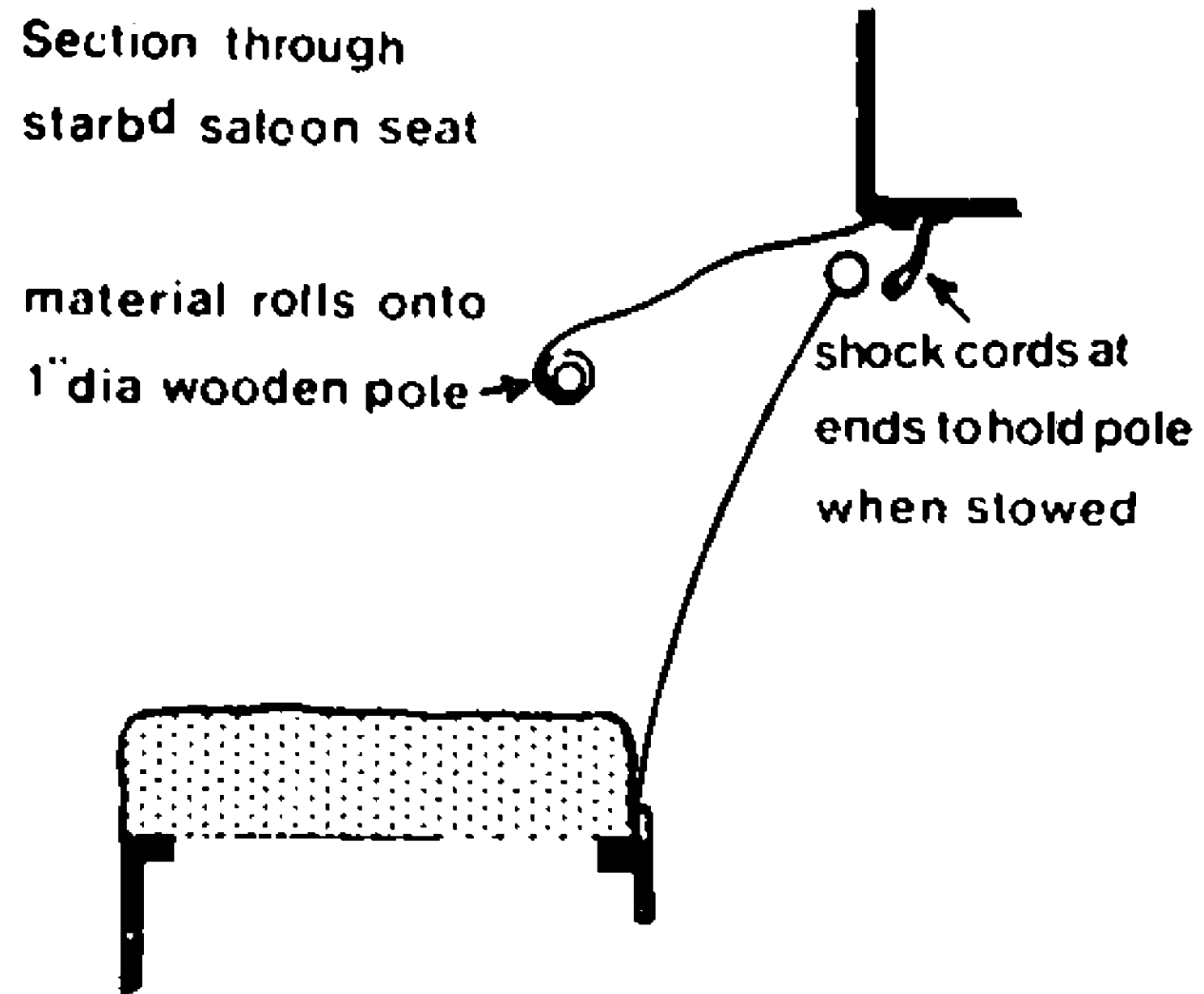
THREE NEW (AR)RIVALS

CHARLES BARRINGTON (SEOL ALBA)

The Rival 34 that many will have seen at Earls Court has now been chartered for a full 25-week season and has performed excellently. The Bukh engine has needed no more than fuel, oil and a feather duster and (in case anyone still thinks there is any doubt) the soft upholstery has proved excellent through a long and slightly wetter than average Hebridean charter season. We are converting our other three yachts at once although their vinyl is still in good shape. The soft upholstery is much nicer.

If you want to be sure of keeping it dry, then we have been pleased with our removable 'apron' for the starboard side of the saloon which is where damp, weary people sit when dragging off their oilies.

The material we used was 54" wide (just right) "Blaxlite" (actually groundsheeting for small tents) available from Blacks of Greenock.



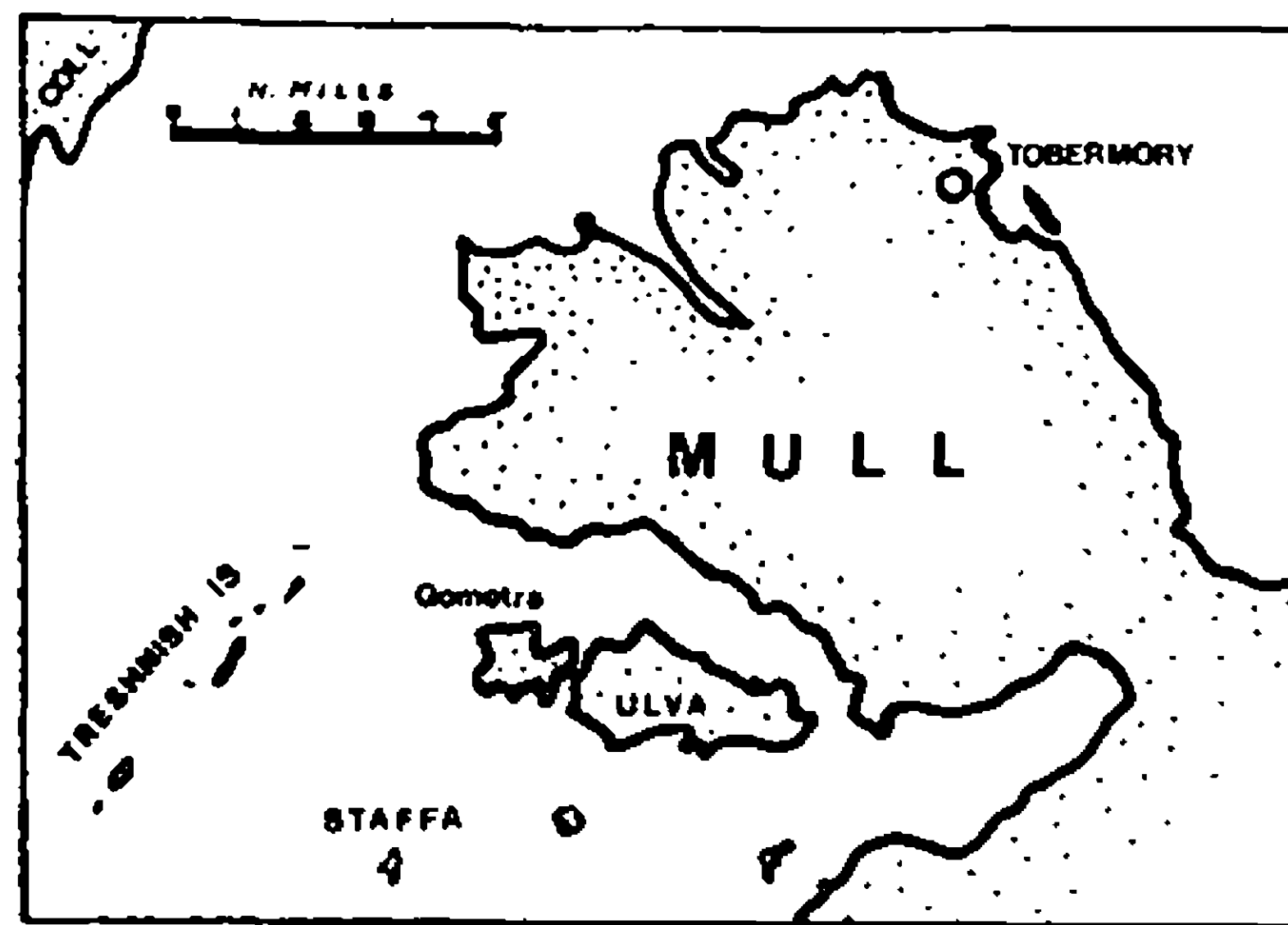
The Rival 38 which you may have seen on the same stand also lives here now for private use only by its owner Christian Engel from Switzerland. She is superbly finished with every mod. con. and in the very wet cruise described below the central heating proved outstandingly successful. The only trouble was that, rowing over for dinner one relatively quiet night, we were worried that our dinghy was deflating rapidly, but after a prolonged inspection discovered that it was the hiss of the central heating from our host's yacht. Christian has many associations with Arabia so has called the yacht "Malish" which means, we gather, 'dont bother', 'forget it', or, 'it can wait'. However it causes some amusement here in Gaeldom where it means 'suitcase'!

"Suire" (Sea-nymph) is our own Rival 38A for charter next year and we are looking forward to her arrival very soon.

SUTHERLAND'S LAW AND SEALS

With great intelligence (and hardyness) the grey seal chooses the time of the autumn equinox to breed on deserted islands in the Hebrides - just when no man would be foolish enough to disturb them. We have been foolish enough to visit them three years running, and each time had violent weather at and just after the spring tides. This year we thought we'd be clever and go at Neaps even though it meant being a little earlier. We had storm-force winds the week before, so confidently expected calm weather. In the event it was all force 5-7 and the rain never stopped. However, two features made the cruise very enjoyable indeed. We had a party of thirty in four 34s and Christian Engel's 38 so this gave great scope for competition both sailing and culinary. The second feature was rather unexpected.

It all came out at the dinner we all thirty attended at the Ardvassar Hotel in Skye. We had wine and dined exceptionally well and I was talking over a cup of coffee to John Lister-Kaye who is the professional naturalist and author who has come with us three times now. He had been atrociously seasick and had left a day or two early, so missing all but the briefest view of the seals. However by chance he had fallen into conversation with the Ulva ferryman who had told him, as though it were quite unremarkable, that a hundred or so seals were being killed every year, and



taken to a remote spot on Ulva where they were skinned. Then the bodies would be disposed of and the skins taken to a relatively quiet mainland harbour for collection by a furrier, who would pay a considerable sum for a good pelt. I thought at once of the curious behaviour of an MFV which had come fast into Treshnish but then apparently headed off on seeing our yachts there only two days before. Then John Barker, skipper of 'Dorran' (Rival 34), who had tried to get ashore in the Treshnish when the other yachts called it off, described what was obviously the same vessel acting in just the same way on seeing 'Dorran'. He had not hauled any lobster creels or set any nets - just come in and done a smart about-turn. . . .

Each year we attempt to do some sort of count to send off for official filing and to begin to build up a picture of the "population dynamics" of the Treshnish colony. This year I had been amazed to find quite a few more cows and the pups were not only more numerous but in several cases twice the size of any I had seen before - and previous visits had been a little later in the year. Of course! It all fitted. In previous years we had arrived after a slaughter. This year the weather had been worse and had delayed the attackers until we had come. What we were looking at was a colony that would be vigorously expanding were it not for the illicit killing for gain (to be continued)

"FUBBS" TO NORWAY

BY G P CLAY

Starting from Lymington on 26th May, we had a lot of fog from Helford to Dun Laoghaire. We made Oban in the week where a crew change brought Peggie and two old friends of mine. We circumnavigated Mull in mainly fine but cold weather. The Caledonian Canal has beautiful scenery, particularly the part SW of Fort Augustus. "Fubbs" was looked after well by Loch Ness Marine at Inverness for a month.

On 16th July with a different crew, "Fubbs" made a quiet passage of 5½ hours under 3 days to Bergen: 332 miles (engine 122 miles), average 4.92 knots. We had a maximum of NNW 5 (4 rolls and working jib) for about 12 hours. Cruising between Bergen and Stavanger was very interesting and scenically very beautiful, particularly the top of Hardanger Fjord. The whole scale and height of the fjords was truly majestic. It was cold but dry; we had 40 knots on the wind gauge entering Lyse Fjord and the next moment flat calm.

The passage back from Stavanger started on 29th July with nearly 24 hours of fog. Then we had E 5 and later SE 5-6 (5 rolls and working jib). After some motoring we ended with a long beat from the Haisborough LV into Lowestoft; total passage time of 3½ days (30 hours on engine), distance 444 miles, average 5.3 knots. From Lowestoft, like the Rivals in the Round Britain Race, we had a slow beat home. We varied the beating by going to Le Havre and Honfleur. The roughest part of the trip was beating against the tide in Rye Bay and off Hastings.

"LADY DONA" IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL

BY P. TER LAAG

I took delivery of my boat at Moody's in April of this year. With the help of Mike Atkin who took care of numerous small details, I left Moody's on the 8th April. I motored out of the Solent on the ebb. Later that day a nice NEly sent me flying along the coast towards Falmouth. There followed a cold and windy night with the Hood furling genoa to starboard on the extra long pole and the Aries keeping the boat on a perfect course past Start Point.

For a first sail everything on the boat behaved as if the boat had been sailed for many years, no problems whatsoever, except that the bilge pump seemed to suck air into the bilge instead of pumping water out of it. So I dismantled the pump and turned it 180°. The next day the wind died and I motored into Falmouth in the afternoon. After two days of glorious sailing in very cold weather with hail and sleet off Falmouth, I put the boat on legs in front of the house in Mylor Creek and left for Holland. After a few short trips at the beginning of May and the beginning of June, I started sailing again in July with the preparations for the qualifying cruise for AZAB.

I started on the 30th July from the Lizard with a light NWly wind, passing Round Island and sailing between the Scillies and the Seven Stones LV in the evening. The BBC forecast was NW 4-5 increasing later. I had a beautiful sail out into the Atlantic with the boat under full canvas doing a steady 6 knots. There was almost no shipping since my course took me free from the land right out into the Atlantic. The next day the wind increased to force 6 and a few rolls in the furling genoa and later one reef in the main took care of that. Life on board was very comfortable and I was amazed how easily the boat moved in the sea and wind conditions of the moment. The two British balloonists came down that day off the French coast.

The second night at sea was less comfortable since the wind increased to a steady force 7 during the night and sea and swell became very confused that night. In the morning I discovered that quite a lot of water was leaking through the forehatch, so I put the boat down wind and taped all the seams of the forehatch with waterproof tape. Work on the deck was difficult, but crawling forward with a safety harness I managed to get the hatch watertight. I was now almost 200 miles west of Land's End, so I put the boat on the port tack and headed back for the Scillies.

Sleep had been difficult during the night due to the movement of the boat slamming into the head seas. Now with the wind on the quarter everything changed and I had some rest. The forecast was 6 to 7 NW, and most of the day the weather did not change much. Big seas were running now since it had been blowing from the NW for 48 hours. The third night I was approaching the Scillies when I heard on the BBC a gale warning: force 8 imminent. During the evening the wind had been increasing steadily and I had put three reefs in the main and reefed the genoa to a very small storm jib. At about two in the morning it really started to blow, I changed course and put the boat on a down wind course with the wind on the port quarter. With the Aries gear the boat held course surfing down the big Atlantic rollers as if a magic hand steered the boat through the stormy night. A few breakers came on deck with the only damage of a bent spray hood. Inside the boat was completely dry. Early in the morning a big ship passed me to starboard and hooted. Visibility was very poor and I wonder if it had seen my radar reflector because it passed my bows with only 200 yards to spare. Later that day the wind decreased a bit and I started to sail up channel between France and England.

The fourth night was uneventful. I made as many miles as possible on the most favourable course between France and England to get to the magic 500 miles. The next day I sailed into Falmouth with a little over 500 miles on the log, with an average of 5.8 knots perhaps due to the strong winds.

It was a very satisfying trip without any mishaps or problems, and I would like to compliment the builders and the designer for a really beautiful fine yacht.

Comments on the gear:

Hood sea-furl: The best there is; the only disadvantage is that the genoa is too baggy for proper reefing. Perhaps a Hood genoa would be better if specially made for this job.

Aries windvane: Would be hard to beat or find a better one.

Bukh diesel: Very quiet and smooth.

Forehatch: Not watertight in very rough conditions.

Gas locker: Was half full of water after gale.

Cockpit hatches: Leaked all during gale.

Interior: Very comfortable even during very bad weather, and completely dry.

Self-stowing anchor chain: Modification, thanks to Mike Atkin, works perfectly.

Mast steps: Ideal for changing bulbs and a hundred other jobs.

I had some trouble with the rudder due to the two halves delaminating in the middle and coming adrift from the rudderstock, but Keith Crossley sent me a new rudder within two days.

If everything goes according to plan, I will sail in AZAB, since I have just received a letter from the Royal Cornwall YC that I have been accepted.

"CHRISTMAS ROSE" - RIVAL 34

BY IAIN LEES

Having had so much pleasure from "Fyne Rival", a Rival 31, I decided to sell her this year and purchase a Rival 34. I was very fortunate to meet up with Alan Paine who had just launched a new boat, "Christmas Rose", completed at Trueman's yard, Oulton Broad, to a very high standard. Owing to a change of plan he decided to sell her.

There were delays, frustrations and adverse weather during the delivery trip, but the boat now lies at Oban having sailed up the East Coast and through the Caledonian Canal.

The new owner of my old boat has allowed me to keep the name, so next year will see another "Fyne Rival" on the West Coast of Scotland. Needless to say, I am delighted with her. Having called the '31' a 'thoroughbred', I have run out of description for '34'. She is beautifully balanced and behaves well under any conditions. I look forward to some even more enjoyable sails in the future.

A CRUISE TO THE AZORES

GUIDO LEYE TELLS A COLLEAGUE HIS EXPERIENCES

Dolphins! In no time they re-emerged again and again as if they wanted to keep us company. They swim, jump before the bow and swing from one side to the other. Suddenly they appear behind us with an ever more fascinating gracefulness. Dolphins complete the image of the blue, immense ocean: a huge mass of water together with an endless firmament, the sun, an impressive silence and tranquillity. This image we will remember like a jewel.

All started two years ago. Again and again we are intrigued by the question why people give up their conveniences and domesticated security to splash over the ocean in a tiny boat!? There is but one solution: to do it yourself. With their sailing-yacht, a Rival 32, they sailed to the Azores, a group of islands hidden somewhere in the Atlantic. What about the crew? Guido Leye and his two sons: Jan, seventeen, and Kris, fifteen years old. The preparation takes two years: they have to make the boat more seaworthy, to learn astronomical navigation by self-study, to study reports on sea voyages, to list stores, medicines, clothes, nautical charts, etc. They study routes, weather-charts, ocean currents, storm technique, learn cooking and baking bread.

Finally they stow their goods on board: hundreds of tins and bottles of water and beer, thirty kilograms of flour, eggs, butter and margarine, sweaters, trousers, towels and a hundred other things.

At last the great day has come: on Saturday, July 1st, 1978, at about noon they cast off in the full glare of the sun.

Now we call on the skipper to tell us about his trip. Everything goes smoothly as far as Dunkirk, where a south-wester springs up, that goes on increasing and obliges us to put into Calais. On July 4th the wind weakens and the cloud-cover is less terrifying. We sail for 28 hours without interruption to Yarmouth on the Isle of Wight, some 145 miles away. After a day of rest the trip goes on or should have gone on, but that eternal south-wester with force 6 to 7 compels "Houtekiet" to stop in Poole. The next day we clench our teeth and beat against the wind as far as Portland.

And what about the next day? Unbelievable, the wind has turned north-east. It rains, but we think ourselves fortunate. In a day-and-a-half we get to Penzance, but we have to spend a long night unhappy and tired in freezing and swirling rain. At last we get to the starting point.

As if to urge us on we get splendid summer weather with a gentle north-easter. We take the last stores on board; we refuel and fill our water tanks. On Friday, July 14th, at 10 o'clock a.m. we hoist the mainsail. Jan says: I hope for a fortnight. Course 240 degrees, direction San Miguel, distance about 1200 miles.

Lands End, then the lighthouse on the Wolf Rock are passing to starboard and then suddenly you are alone. The psychological shock is enormous! The first days you always think of all sorts of accidents. You would like to return home but you also know you wouldn't do that. You must force back a creeping feeling of unrest. After three days the Spanish coast is within your reach, you would like to go there but there would be little sense in it. After five days we have accommodated, we have come to rest and a new world lies open. Life is becoming simple. Indeed our problems are limited to eating, taking a rest, navigating and keeping the boat moving. You can look at the waves for hours without being taken for a madman and sink in an atmosphere of rest, happiness and timelessness. The sea gives you power, strength and combines everything beautiful.

After six days with ample winds it gets calm. The sun is shining and the ocean is breathing slowly like a sleeping giant. SILENCE ... only disturbed by the diesel engine. "Houtekiet" is floating over the ocean for twentyfour hours.

Suddenly the wind is rising but from the wrong angle. Two more days struggling against a force 4 south-wester until a new calm brings some relief.

During the last days we had to fight against a south-wester again, force 6, for 60 miles. Only slowly we get forward and even the time has to come to a standstill.

Our cabin looks like the Augean stables: a confusion worse confounded of clothes, sea-boots, yachting utensils and dinner things. The skipper has a sleepless night behind him and the morale is on ice. No land in sight. The hours drag on until we finally notice an oblique line on the horizon: LAND!

On Wednesday, July 26th, at 1 o'clock in the morning we cast anchor in the 14 meters deep water of a bay, named "Porto de Capelas". Only when day breaks we realise we are at anchor in paradise. First you are so impressed by the sight of the mountains, houses and meadows and by the fact your boat is lying upright and quietly, that you must force yourself to go ashore.

The following days we explore the island. What strikes you most is the roughness of an impressive landscape, the omnipresent influence of the ocean, the kindness and eagerness of the local population, seeking independence from Portugal. On the beautiful white walls you can read: "Açores livres".

On Tuesday, August 1st, we weigh anchor: half an ocean ahead and homewards. The first days are a disappointment again, specially when the skipper and his elder son get seasick. Boredom and a tedious voyage put us to a severe test. We must adapt again and this takes some days but afterwards we feel again that same rest. Time doesn't matter any more, life is slowing down and all troubles are gone. We cut down again to a minimum and enjoy the ocean, the waves, the wind, the clouds, the sun, the stars; an infinity that makes you think.

During a whole week we do not meet any human being, any ship, any light by night: not anything. This experience changes your views and makes you see that all things are comparative. Suddenly loneliness comes over you: you miss your wife. What a pity she isn't there.

The days go, and the miles pile up. "Houtekiet" proves herself seaworthy as an ocean boat. The crew is satisfied. We already regret it will all be over soon. The treadmill ashore will start again with its daily troubles, and monotonous professional life.

Some passing steamers remind us that we are sailing towards the Channel. On Friday, August 11th, land is in sight. Some hours later we are at a mooring buoy in Falmouth.

Suddenly our ship lies there immobile with an Olympian indifference after eleven days of rolling and moving of the seawater along the hull of our boat. We fall silent and an exultant feeling overmasters us. We made it, we sailed across half an ocean.

The next day you are already planning your next trip.

WESTWARD HO! IN "FAST RIVAL"

BY LES TRACY

Delays, delays, rain, rain! What a start to a family cruise! Put a family of four plus one girlfriend into a boat, even a Rival, and located at that in one of the most beautiful natural harbours in all England, Salcombe, and then add a couple of extras like immobility and continuous rain, and you have a perfect recipe for - dare I say it - mutiny.

All started well enough, my wife, Rita, daughter Andrea and I arrived late on a Friday evening; on Saturday we stocked up with food and beverages in glorious sunshine, and Andrew, my son, and his girl friend Monica joined us late that evening. I planned to leave Salcombe on Monday morning, which left Sunday to make sure all was ready on board. I relate now the problem I had with the motor, only to save fellow Rival owners perhaps unnecessary anxiety if faced with the same experiences.

It was Sunday afternoon when I started to check the motor, a Bukh 20 hp diesel. No problems on starting and at normal idling speed, but shortly after increasing the engine speed a most hideous noise was heard coming from the stern of the boat, similar in fact to a jet engine. The noise disappeared on returning to idling speed. I quickly checked that the cooling water was being injected with the exhaust gases, and then the motor - it was still cold. The only certain thing I could tell the sea of enquiring faces below was that we would not be leaving Salcombe the following morning, and to top it all it had started raining.

I checked as much as I could myself, and early on Monday supplied South Western Marine Factors, Bukh agents, with all relevant information. The manager, Al Pearson, admitted that it was a new problem for them, and implemented a plan of action that has left me with lasting admiration for him and his company. The valves and cylinder head were checked and found to be OK. Finally the trouble was tracked down to the rubber exhaust piping: the section between the water lock and the exhaust outlet had become partially blocked by a collapse of the inner wall surfaces. The piping was replaced and the problem solved. So, should one day your engine exhaust sound like that of a jet engine, first check the exhaust piping.

We finally got away, one week behind schedule, under blue skies, - no more rain but alas no wind either. But at last we were on our way, albeit motoring, westward and to Ireland, or so I hoped. I planned easy day-sails as far as the Scilly Isles to help the crew get its sea legs, so we made for the Helford River. The weather was beautiful, and having motored for the first four hours we were able to sail with main and ghofter, and later with the spinnaker, although we had to motor the last five or six miles to the delightful anchorage.

The following day we explored the fascinating Frenchman's Creek, and late that evening we were pleasantly surprised by the arrival of some friends in their Ohlson 29. They decided to leave with us for the Scilly Isles the following morning. For most of the morning it was necessary to motor-sail, but after clearing the Lizard the wind picked up and we were able to reach under main and ghofter (the foot of which has an irritating flutter which we amused ourselves trying to eliminate), and we had a really pleasant sail. During the whole passage the Ohlson kept doggedly on our heels half a mile astern, and later passed us - rather puzzling, but the skipper later confessed that he had motor-sailed all the way!

We decided to stay two nights in Hugh Town, St Mary's, and leave together for Ireland on the evening of the third day. By then it was clear that the light wind was over; the message was in the sky and the wind was freshening, but the

forecast was not too unfavourable (N to NW 6) so we confirmed our intention of leaving as planned. Our friends were having a problem with mild food-poisoning and decided to postpone departure.

Our anchor weighed, 'Fast Rival' thrashed her way towards the North Channel under main and working jib, short-tacking in ever increasing seas out of proportion to the wind strength. That boat is a marvel, she was really enjoying it, and so was I - we were away again. I took the first watch with Andrea who is 15 and has been sailing since she was 5. I put her on the tiller so I could devote time to pilotage. When we were just clear of the North Channel, an urgent call summoned me below to look at Monica who was feeling very unwell. She looked poorly but was not sick, and I began to worry that she might have something more serious than seasickness, perhaps food poisoning. The only sensible decision was to return to Hugh Town, which we did. I retired to my bunk after anchoring in the uncomfortably bumpy harbour, where the wind was now Force 7, disappointed but thankful that we were not in the gale outside.

There are large areas of seaweed around the Scillies and in such conditions it was not too long before the CQRs started to drag - a good old fisherman anchor is probably better in these circumstances. We were lucky that we did not drag ourselves and that nobody dragged down onto us. A neighbouring ketch had a close call: her crew was finally roused by the desperate flashing of my signal lamp to find themselves less than 20 metres from the lee shore.

At breakfast I announced that the Irish cruise was cancelled and that we could spend the remaining week exploring the Scillies further and returning to Salcombe in a leisurely fashion. So, the patient having recovered, we had a spectacular sail round to New Grimsby, where we spent three days exploring Tresco and Bryher, two beautiful islands, our pleasure only marred by the uncomfortable westerly swell in the anchorage. After returning to Hugh Town to fill up with water, we had another good sail to Falmouth where we enjoyed the hospitality of the Royal Cornwall Yacht Club, and we felt that our good sailing had entirely dissipated our earlier frustrations. From Falmouth we successfully raced a Nicholson 35 on the way to Fowey, and thence returned to Salcombe via Newton Ferrers on the Yealm, where we saw another Rival, 'Sheridan'.

I will conclude with three tips which I hope may prove useful:

1. If you cannot find a mooring in the usually crowded Fowey harbour, motor on up the river to Wisemans Pool where you will probably find a vacant buoy.
2. Yachtsmen may obtain a bath at the Yealm Hotel, Newton Ferrers, free if you have a meal there; and the Atlantic Hotel in Hugh Town is a sailor's friend where the lunches are superb and a bath may be had for a nominal charge.
3. The best time to visit the Scilly Isles is when there is an easterly component in the prevailing wind; you should then be able to find a comfortable anchorage. Last year we sailed to the Scillies in May; there was lots of room and the winds were in the east - it was perfect. This year in July the anchorages were full, mainly with French yachts, and when the wind goes round to the west then it is the time to leave.

"LONE RIVAL"s FAMILY CRUISE

BY JOHN PALMER

This cruise in "Lone Rival" started as soon as the Round Britain race was over. The Brett family was there in strength, Joan, Jane and Peter. Födlä and I were grateful refugees from our own families. We sailed from Plymouth on Wednesday, 9th August, for the Rade de Brest, but our real destination was the Chateaulin River, which Peter had visited in "Merry Conceit" in 1930.

With full mainsail, foresail and yankee, wind W, 13-18 knots, course 201⁰M, we logged 70 miles in the first 10 hours with warm sunshine and dry decks; we had picked up the Ile Vierge light and the looms of Le Four and Ushant by the time it was dark. Then the wind dropped light and we made slower progress, especially as we were early on our fair tide through the Chenal du Four. We ended up becalmed at 0300, and having to start the engine; and it was still flat calm when we motored into Camaret in time for breakfast.

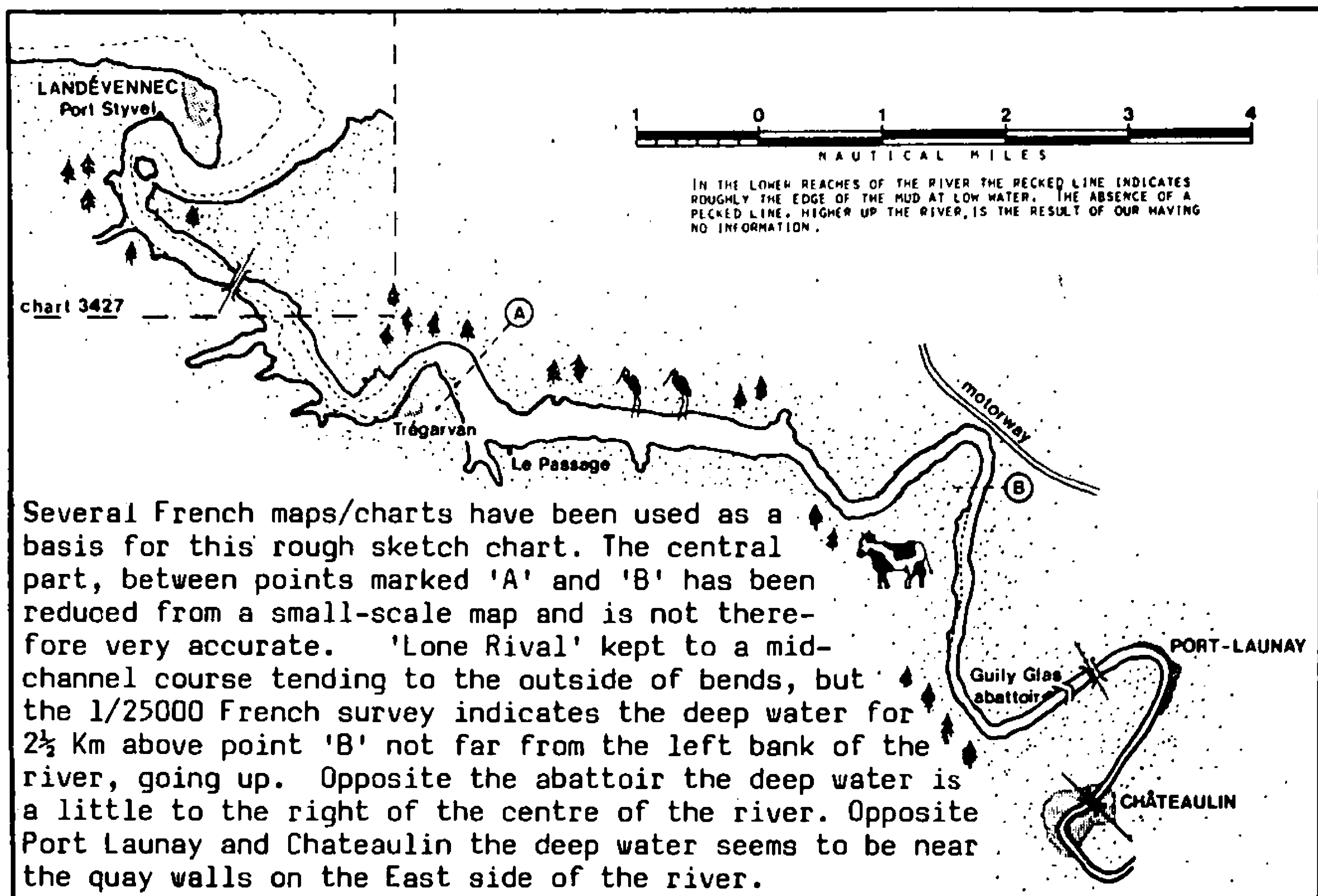
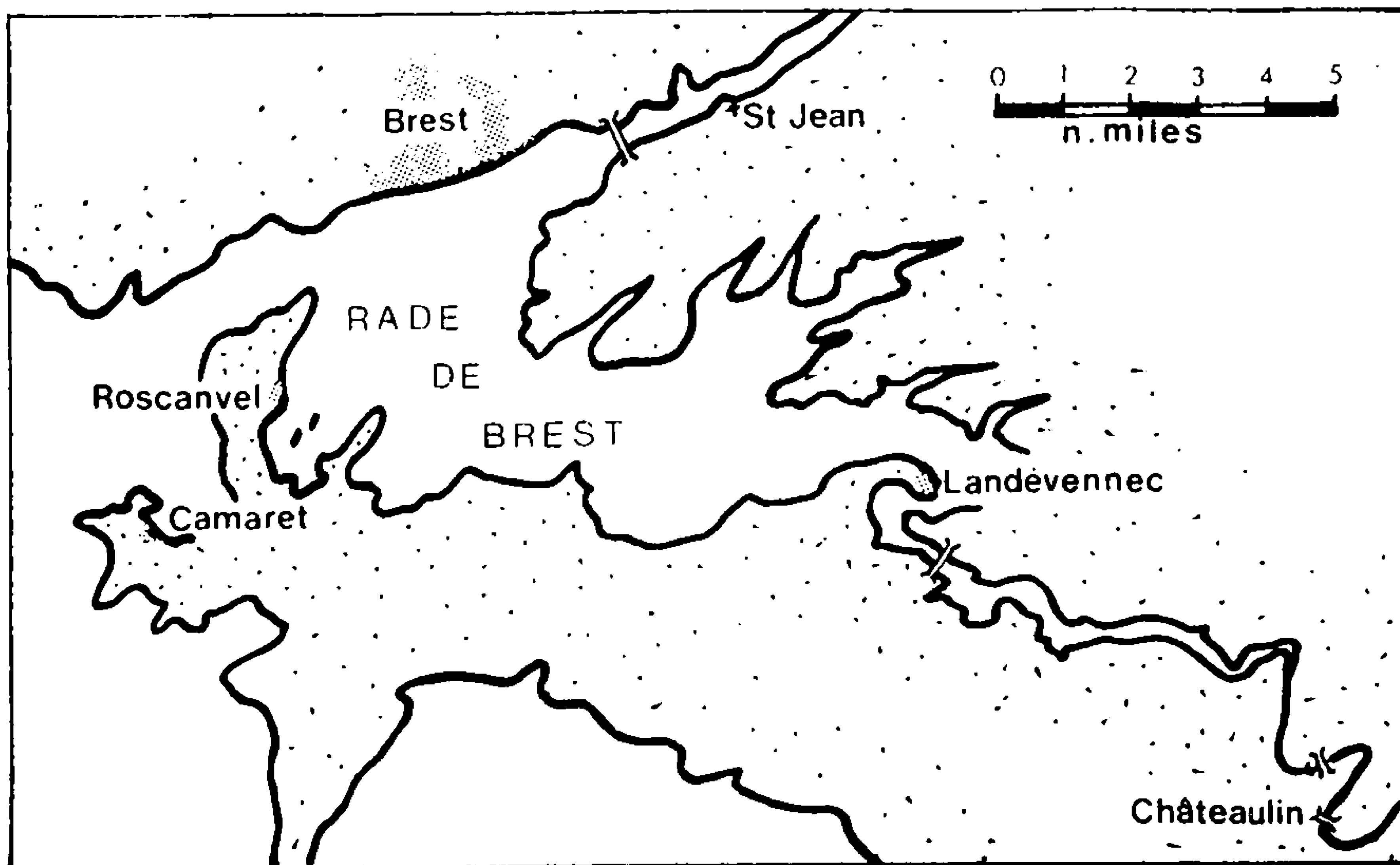
The next day we sailed through the Goulet de Brest and for 12 miles eastwards to the mouth of the Chateaulin River at Landévennec. At this point the course of the river describes almost a complete circle, and then disappears into the border of the chart. It was a solemn moment when we lowered the sails, started the engine, brought out the Michelin map and Guide-book, and put away the charts and sailing directions. Three hours and about 24 kilometres later we had survived overhead cables, high bridges, innumerable herons, and a low bridge carrying a motorway which suddenly appeared dead ahead, concealing the fact that the main river made a right-angle turn just before it reached it. We had gone through the lock at Guily Glas, with one other yacht, and had moored for the night to stone bollards alongside the main village street of Port Launay, with no other yachts in sight; all this in the most beautiful country scenery imaginable. Even there we were a few miles short of Chateaulin, and there was supposed to be a low cable barring the way.

On leaving Port Launay the following day we noted two small buoys in the middle of the river, but did not know what they meant. We soon found out when we were brought to an abrupt halt by a sunken obstruction - presumably a wreck. So we know now that the buoys need to be left to starboard! There were, however no cables. We duly reached Chateaulin, without further adventures, and moored beside the river-bank in the heart of the town. We had found some reference to there being 3M of water in this part of the river but next morning when we started to leave we went hard aground about 10 yards out from the river-bank, and we only got off by taking a halliard from the masthead to a tree ashore, and heeling her over with the halliard winch.

After Chateaulin our next night's stopping place was at St Jean on the Landerneau River, to my mind the most attractive of all our anchorages in the Rade de Brest, probably because it was so quiet and unspoilt. From there we had a splendid sail with a fresh head wind and brilliant sun to Roscanvel, a well sheltered anchorage with a great variety of moored boats and with Windsurfers and Optimists sailing about, but with plenty of room to anchor within an easy row of the slipway.

It was now Tuesday 15th August and time to start the return journey. Our first stop was at L'Aberwrach where we picked up a visitor's mooring for the night. There was no trace of oil pollution, though we had passed not far from the awesome looking wreck of the "Amoco Cadiz" on the Portsal rocks outside. Wednesday was as sunny as ever, but with less wind. There was a very big swell from some faraway gale and we contrived to get a monumental 'wrap' round the forestay when we tried to set the spinnaker. We anchored in Port Blocon and had to ascend the mast to clear it. Thursday was sunny but mostly calm; we sailed and motored inside the Sept Iles and into Perros yacht basin to top up with fuel and water.

On Friday the wind was light SE and the sun hotter than ever. We set course from Perros to Alderney, lost the wind off Guernsey, and spent the night anchored in an unnamed bay on its north coast, under a brilliant full moon and guarded by two Martello towers. Saturday, our last day, was hazy and hot, with a light SE wind. We motored intermittently, when progress under sail alone was too slow. The distinctive outline of the white cliffs at the western tip of the Isle of Wight duly appeared through the haze at the right place and we passed the Needles at 1930. We ate fresh-caught mackerel as we sailed up the Solent to "Lone Rival's" home berth at Cowes, to round off an enjoyable cruise.



THE COMPLETION OF "WANDERING DREAM"

BY DAVID LEE

Our Rival 34, 'Daydream', seemed ideal for family cruising, but when the Rival 38 appeared we began thinking about a larger boat which, once more, we could complete ourselves. The extra facility of the stern cabin was most attractive, particularly to mum. We were worried, at first, about the entrance to the cabin, down through the coachroof, but after seeing the first boat in the shop at Woolston we confirmed our order for the sixth hull to be moulded. For a long time my wife and I have wanted to take three years or so off to go globe-trotting, and we felt that the 38 would be the ideal boat in which to do this. In the meantime we needed a boat that could be sailed with our two girls and/or guests, so with this in view we made various alterations to the layout used in the original 'two-toilet' version.

In order to get two 6'3" berths in the forecabin we decided to do away with the bulkhead between the forward loo space and the forecabin and to bring the saloon forward by 9". This also allowed an enlarged chain locker, to take 100 metres of chain, full sail stowage below the berths, and a hanging locker both sides of the boat together with a washbasin which drains into the bilge, and other cupboard space. Across the fore part of the cabin we were able to put a bookshelf and two further lockers under the deckhead. We glassed-in a pipe from the chainlocker, through the bilge, to take the mucky water that goes down the chain-pipe. In the saloon the settee on the starboard side has rounded corners to match the port settee and there are two pipe-cots built-in underneath the lockers.

The bulkhead behind the chart area we only moved forward 6" to give more room between the seat and the table. The chart-table slopes instead of being flat, as I feel it is easier to work on when being thrown about at sea. The cooker is close to the after bulkhead, with a single large sink next to it and then, athwartships, a large deepfreeze and refrigerator, the deepfreeze part being where the ice-box would be in the standard boat. We required a double berth in the after cabin, so we put this on the port side. It is about 4'0" wide at the head coming down to about 2' 6" at the foot. The loo, which is aft of the galley to starboard, is also the walkway to the stern cabin. This meant that we could put in a loo the same size as the after one in the 'two-toilet' boat, without wasting space for a walkway. As this was slightly further aft than standard we lost a bit of space owing to the turn of the bilge and the narrowing of the boat, but the loo is just right in practice for its normal purpose. Aft of the loo there is a large hanging locker which projects about 18" under the starboard cockpit seat, together with two large lockers inboard of that, running past the side of the cockpit down to stop just on top of the seacocks to the cockpit drains. By cutting out the gas-bottle stowage in the cockpit lockers we have the most magnificent cockpit lockers that I have seen on any cruising boat. Thus we have given ourselves a boat with seven extremely comfortable berths, with room for another two using the upper berths in the saloon.

The yard fitted the bearers for the Mercedes OM 636 engine, with the 24-volt trim which we required. There are separate 128 amp.hr. batteries, for engine and domestic use. We had to fit two electronic transformers to provide 12-volts for the navigation instruments and stereo system. We have one PAR 5 water pump for the cold water and another on the hot system. There is a hot supply through a gas heater and, alternatively, through the engine cooling system. The latter is so efficient that after running for about 40 minutes we have water hotter than you can put your hands in, with the engine temperature never rising above 70°C. An electrical bilge pump has been fitted, with a float switch. This is one item about which we are not very happy, since it gets gunged up with bilge water. The duplicate pump is a sea-water pump which supplies the galley and also a deck-washing outlet in the after locker. The freezer and refrigerator are served by a Simpson refrigeration compressor driven by a one-third HP motor. This system, although taking slightly longer than the manufacturers state to freeze adequately, is the most efficient we have seen. In order to keep the freezer working when

the boat is left at the marina there is a shore-power charger.

In the loo we have fitted hot and cold water to a basin which drains overboard, together with a hot-and-cold shower which is fed by either hot water system. There is a sump glassed-in to the base of the loo which drains into the bilge and is pumped out as and when necessary either automatically or by hand with the spare hand bilge-pump in the cockpit. A double bulkhead behind the chart-table allows a space for all the electrical gear as well as a gas heater with balanced flue which heats the boat by a fan blowing over the heating unit. Marine instruments are fitted at the fore end of the cockpit, under the mainsheet track, and also a Neco repeater compass with a repeater over the chart-table.

An Aries self-steering gear is fitted, operating through the after face of the cockpit coaming, around two pairs of blocks, to a tiller which is bolted to the top of the rudder stock, pointing aft under a false floor in the stern locker. This saves having a drum on the wheel with ropes running round the cockpit, and is most efficient.

On deck we have an SL 555 hand winch which was the second thing which did not work properly, as it required the main shaft turning down to enable it to rotate freely in the housing. We also bolted a roller under the fore part of the locker opening, to feed the chain up through the slot in the bow, so that we could keep the lid closed when at anchor. This was made of 1" stainless steel rod, with appropriate fittings, and bolted underneath the forward pair of pulpit feet. Coming aft along the deck we have fitted two 12" cleats served by two fairleads on top of the rails and also two bullseye fairleads through the bulwarks and cleats by the shrouds as on the standard boat. We added fairleads on top of the rail to save varnish work as we have a teak toe-rail. All the rigging is fitted with swaged upper terminals including the extra forestay, and the bottom ends are made off to length with Stay-lok or Norseman terminals, with a triangular plate at the top and bottom of the twin forestays. We also have twin backstays.

Standard Lewmar winches are fitted and the rest of the deck layout is similar to the standard boat, but we moved the boom up 7" to give better clearance over the canopy. As on the previous '34' we had steps on the mast; although these create a certain amount of extra windage they have been more than worthwhile for attending to broken bulbs or sticky anemometers. When we go off, we hope they will make conning from half-way up the mast very much easier, in coral waters.

The sails were all made by Williams at Hamble and we are very pleased with them, except that on one side of the bolt-rope on the foot of the main there was only one layer of Terylene. This wore against the hard 3-strand prestretched Terylene bolt-rope and had to be covered by two or three extra thicknesses.

One of the items which we felt was a luxury was a teak deck. Having had it we realise that not only is it much more comfortable to work on but it sets off the boat nicely and makes living inside much more comfortable. The only major difference in the hull from standard is that we had two extra layers of mat put in to give a little bit more strength (not that there was any evidence that this was necessary). Together with the extra equipment which we have on board this means that she floats about 2" lower in the water than the standard boat. We don't feel that this is a drawback, and we are so pleased with her performance under sail that we can only think that the extra waterline length has increased her speed!!

Overall we are extremely pleased with the boat and think that Southern Boatbuilding have got the best of the Rival range in the aft-cockpit '38'. We are looking forward to sailing many miles in her.

The boat took something over 3000 hours to complete between June 1977 and July 1978 when she was launched. She cost us a great deal less than the yard-finished product and we feel is a credit to the designer, the yard and ourselves.

REGISTER OF MEMBERS

This register includes the names and addresses of all paid-up members of the Rival Owners' Association, together with those of people who have boats on order from Rival Yachts Limited but have not yet taken delivery. It does not include Rival owners who are not members of the Association or who are more than nine months in arrears with their subscriptions. The Register is copied exactly from that kept by the Secretary; any corrections or queries should be sent to her, - not to the Editor.

The Code under the Yacht's Name, 31, 32, 34, 38A, 38CK or 41, indicates the type of Rival: after 34, suffix 'd' indicates 5'10" draught, 's' 4'8". The next two figures, e.g. 9/72, indicate the month and year in which the yacht was delivered by the builders, either complete or part-complete: * indicates supplied part-complete. If there is a second date this indicates a change of ownership; 'p' stands for purchased.

<u>Owner</u>	<u>Address</u>	<u>Yacht</u>
Adams, G.D.	Adams House, Dickerage Lane, New Malden, Surrey	ADFIN'S RIVAL 38A 10/78
Adams, J.W.	Woodriffe, Newburgh, Fife, Scotland	PENTLAND RIVAL 34s* 7/77
Alabaster, R.	'Sumac', Pilgrims Way, Guildford, Surrey	CASUARINA 41 7/77
Anvil Yacht Charters Ltd	13 Harbour View Rd., Parkstone, Poole, Dorset	GALLANT RIVAL 34s* 5/73 RIVAL SPIRIT 38A* 77
Ashmead, D.	Lismore, Dhuhill Drive, Helensburgh, Scotland	CONTENDER OF PORTSEA 32* 12/72 p.76
Ashton, R.W.	20 Leylands, Viewfield Road, London, SW18	LONTANO 32* 1/74
Ashwin, David H.	Scrafton Lodge, Leyburn, North Yorkshire	MANDOLA 34s
Ayling, R.C. See p 50		
Bailey, K.C.	Battle Moor, Forest Hill, Oxford OX9 1DX	ALTINA 32* 9/73 p.77
Barker, W.J.	Riding Court, Datchet, Slough, Bucks SL3 9TU	MATADOR 41
Barlow, A.D.M.	Brownhill, Forest Hill Road, Stansted, Essex	34 * 8/78
Barrington, C.H.W.	Seol Alba, Ardvasar, Skye, Scotland	SHIANT OF ARMADALE 34s 8/75 NEONACH 34s 2/76 DORRAN 34s 2/76 TEINE SIONNACHAN 34s 2/78 SUIRE 38A

<u>Owner</u>	<u>Address</u>	<u>Yacht</u>		
Barrow, J.H.H.	Knoll House, Studham, near Dunstable, Beds.	JOHN LASHAM 34 *	2/74	
Barry, P.H. Mr and Mrs.	Heathgate, Great Warford, Alderley Edge, Cheshire SK9 7TP	SCURRIVAL 32	5/71	
Basson, P.R.	Oak Dell, Manor Road, Penn, Bucks.	34 d		
Batterley, P.	Seven, The Fairway, Burnham, Bucks.	SINDUR 38CK	7/77	
B.B.C. Yacht Club	Room 6047, BBC Television Centre, Wood Lane, London W 12	ARIEL OF HAMBLE 34s*	9/72	p.77
Bell, Dr S.W.	50 Blackacre Road, Theydon Bois, Essex	CAMPANERO 32 *	3/75	
Bernasconi, Mme.A.	Vermont 48, CH-1202 Geneva, Switzerland	32	3/75	
Berry, H.B.	Tarn Hows, Skippool Creek, Thornton, nr Blackpool, Lancs.	34s*	7/76	
Bird, M.J.	Brownlow, Muckley, nr Bridgnorth, Salop	34s*	4/77	
Bishop, Mr & Mrs H.B.	1 Tower Street, Old Portsmouth, Hants.	ALRUNA 32 *	6/72	
Blackledge, T.B.	Waller Ltd, 74-76 Aigburth Rd, Liverpool, L17 7BN	ROSANNA 34s*	2/77	p.3/78
Bolton, Capt. & Mrs J.G.	Polsue Farmhouse, Tregony, Truro, Cornwall TR 2 5SW	JESSIE MAY 34s	2/74	
Bonsor, D.V.	Little Stocks, Aldbury, Tring, Herts. HP23 5RX	VALSHIDAR, 38A	4/78	
Boyd, J.	Salterns, Old Barnstaple Road, Bideford.	34s		
Brackstone, A.T.	Hove To, 14 The Knapps, Semington, Trowbridge, Wilts.	QUO VADIS 32 *	6/75	
Breda, R.J. Van	Donjonweg 6, 3233 AK Oostvoorne, Holland	BLAUWE VINVIS 34s*	6/75	
Brett, P.	Cliff Cottage, The Pitts, Bonchurch, Ventnor, I.W. PO38 INT	LONE RIVAL 38A	4/78	p.o.
Brisley, E.G.	Ridings, Shepherds Hill, Swainby, Northallerton, Yorks.	STROLLA II 34d	3/72	p.76
Broekhoven-Cottenie van. Mrs	63 Thibautstraat, 2100 Deurne, Belgium	34d		
Brown, M.C.	15 Endeavor Cove, Corte Madera, California 94925, USA.	PRIMA 32 *	4/76	
Brown, R.J.	6 Chemin de Tavernay, 1218 Grand Saconnex, Geneva, Switzerland	32		
Buckle, Mrs R.	9 Harbour View Close, Brixham, Devon	38A *	9/77	
		DIE LORELEI 41	4/76	
Bultsma, Dr T.	Rooseveltlaan 107, 1079 AH Amsterdam, Holland	JANNIE 34s*	6/78	

<u>Owner</u>	<u>Address</u>	<u>Yacht</u>		
Carrington, H.G.	Marijkelaan 5, 2421 CR Nieuwkoop, Holland	TWISTERBEL 32 *	5/74	p.5/75
Cash, T.W.	7a Victoria Road, Trowbridge, Wilts.	SANDPIPER 34 *	2/77	
Cavanagh, B.L.	30 Fore Street, Budleigh Salterton, Devon	38 CK *	1/78	
Chamberlayne, M.T.	Lower Hearn, Headley, Hants.	TREFUSIS 38A	5/78	
Chaundy, J.L. A.R.I.C.S.	Maws Barn, Church Hanborough, Oxford	32	4/78	
Cheriton, W.R.	10509 81st Av.,Edmonton, Alberta, Canada T6E 1X7	SUNDANCE VI 41	3/77	
Clarke, Mr and Mrs G.	13 Greenhill Close,Copped Hall, Camberley,Surrey GU15 1PQ	DRUNKEN MOON II 32 *	5/72	p.73
Clarke, K.D.	8 Anthill Close, Denmead, Portsmouth	BLUE TALISMAN 34s*	3/77	
Clay, G.P.	Lynes Mead, Tyrells Lane, Burley, nr Ringwood, Hants.	FUBBS 41	7/74	
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
Cochran, A.H.A.	Sheeples, The Ridgeway, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol	RUM-TUM-TUGGER 32 *	11/74	
Coles, M.J.	54 Dixons Hill Rd,North Mymms, Hatfield, Herts.	32 *	10/76	
Cook, R.	Portnellan, Criannlarich, Perthshire	38A *	2/79	
Cook, R.R.	Portnellan, Criannlarich, Perthshire	JOMOLINI II 41	7/76	
Corey, Brian	56 Dover Road, Walmer, Deal, Kent CT14 1JN	32	3/78	
Cotton, D.	15 Church Street, Wing, Beds. LU7 0NY	34s*	9/78	
Coup, K.W.	34 York Terrace East, Regents Park,London NW1 4PT	RIVAL SPIRIT 34d	6/72	
Coxhead, R.E.	Paul Klee Str.26, 8 Munich 71, Germany	EOWYN 41	5/75	
Crumby, T.L.	75 Abingdon Villas, London, W.8	TITANIA II 32 *		
Dahinden, W.	Yachting Suisse, Idyllweg 12, 6052 Hergiswil, Switzerland	MAI MANJANA 38A*	7/77	
Davies, T.R.	Gilbury, Gilbury Lane, Exbury, Southampton, SO4 1AG	COMMUNICATIONS 41	4/77	
Deakin, P.	Quarry House, Corston, Malmesbury, Wilts.	38A *		

<u>Owner</u>	<u>Address</u>	<u>Yacht</u>	
Dijk, R.W.H.H. Van	Sperwerhorst 16, 2771 KH Boskoop, Holland	38C *	5/78
Diolaiti, C.	Boekenburglaan 159, 2215 AC Voorhout, Holland	38A *	
Downe, L.L.	2 Wilderness Road, Hurstpierpoint, Hassocks, Sussex BN6 9XD	SHINTARO 32 *	
Eastham, R.J.	Primrose Hill, Skippool Road, Thornton, Blackpool, Lancs.	PAULA JANE 34s *	4/77
Edwards, F.J.	Coachmans Cottage, 9 Prior Road, Camberley, Surrey	OCEAN SPRAY 34s *	11/77
Elliker, R.	97 St John's Road, Locks Heath, Southampton, Hants.	TIAS 41 *	11/76
Elliott, J.A. de la C.	12 Cathcart Road, London SW10 9NN.	FELBRIDA II 34s	6/74
Ellis, F.P.	C/o 75 Broomfield, Hadleigh, Benfleet, Essex	REVIVAL 34s *	2/77
Engel, Dr C.	Bosenhaldweg 36, 4125 Riehen, Switzerland	MALISH 38C	7/78
Essen, Ir.T.Van	Ottersveen 175, 3205 VB Spijkenisse, Holland	PASSAAT 34s	11/73
Evelt, J.G.J.	Maison Brelogue, Rue des Bergers, Catel, Guernsey, C.I.	ROULETTE OF EXE 31	5/70
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 *	11/77
Fitzpatrick, B.R.	Mariner Boatyard Ltd Bosham, Chichester, W.Sussex	CIRRIPEDE 38A *	8/78
Floer, R.	Sandstr.37, 4223 Voerde 2, Germany	KORKEN 34d	4/75 p.77
Forlong, M.	Broadbridge Farm, Broadbridge Lane, Burstow, Horley, Surrey RH6 9RF	COLONIAL GOOSE 34s *	12/73
Frank Halls & Sons	Mill Lane, Walton on Naze, Essex	32	3/78
Franklin, N.	Marine Vane Gears, Northwood, Cowes, I.W.	VANE JANE 34d	9/77
Frederick, N.	18 Howard Street, Belfast BT1 6GE, N.Ireland	COMUS 32 *	6/76
Gaughan, G.	49A High Street, Lymington, Hants.		
Gawler, B.C.F.	6 Fosters Grove, Windlesham, Surrey GU20 6JZ	SARAH GIDDINGS 32 *	9/74

<u>Owner</u>	<u>Address</u>	<u>Yacht</u>		
Gerrard, G.P.	Three The Craigs, Greenock, PA16 7UU, Scotland.	MOONFIRE 32 *	2/72	p.76
Gilpin, D.J.	116 Princetown Road, Bangor, Co. Down, N.Ireland	REVELLER 34d *	10/72	
Glessing, J.	Montague, Hankham, Pevensey, Sussex BN24 5BB	ENDYMION 32 *	9/76	
Godwin, S.R.	133 Hammersmith Grove, London, W.6	41 *	9/78	
Grant, A.P.H.	Darmsden Hall, Needham Market, Ipswich, Suffolk	CAHUIN 34s *	10/72	p.76
Haldyn Clamp, G.	2 Alder End Lane, Harpenden, Herts.	41 *	1/78	
Hales, Lt.Cmmdr.G.A.	The Coach House, New Brighton Rd, Emsworth, Hants.	LONE RIVAL 38A	4/78	p.o.
Hall, F.H. & J.F.	26 Hilltop Lane, Chaldon, Caterham, Surrey CR3 5BG	MOLJON III 32 *	3/71	
Hallam, R.J.	11 Newcastle Drive, The Park, Nottingham	SAMITE 34s	8/74	
Hampton, D.M.S. & Mrs K.M.	20 Kensington Park Road, London, W 11 3BU	WILD RIVAL 34d	1/72	p.9/77
Hargreaves, Dr Jane	Eastern House, Beechen Cliff, Bath BA2 4QS	34 *		
Harrington, M.B.	Yaldhurst Farm, Yaldhurst Lane Pennington, Lymington, Hants.	38A	3/78	
Heard, T. Mr. & Mrs	Grove House, Corston, Malmesbury, Wilts.	RESOLUTION 38A	4/77	
Heugen, E.H.	Verdilaan 48, Vlissingen, Holland	SANS RIVAL 34d	11/72	p.78
Hewins, D.J. & Mrs I.	12 Mulbarton Court, Kemnal Rd, Chislehurst, Kent BR7 6NE	VARKOULA OF UPNOR 32	3/76	
Hill, J.	Hafod Wen, Whitland, Dyfed, South Wales	FORGE RIVAL 41 *	11/77	
Hobbs, R.M.	Lurbans, Burrington, nr Bristol	34s *	11/77	
Hodge, D.H.	Cockfield Hall, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk IP30 QHU	RIVALIS 34s	1/72	
Homan, B.C.	The Bench House, Troutstream Way, Loudwater, Rickmansworth, Herts.	RIVAL ROSE 34s *	4/73	p.76
Horton, A.	Little Tudor, 32 St Albans Av., Queens Park, Bournemouth	RESTLESS 31 *	2/70	p.9/70
Hume, E.W.	Glenmane, Callander, Perthshire	41 *	4/78	
Humphreys, T.A.G.	3 Woodlands, Welshwood Park, Colchester, Essex	34s *	10/76	

<u>Owner</u>	<u>Address</u>	<u>Yacht</u>		
I'Anson, B.J. & Mrs A.	Orchard Croft, Newbold-on- Stour, Stratford-on-Avon, Warwickshire	PRINCELY RIVAL 32 *	10/75	
James, J.R.	38 Badger Road, Macclesfield, Cheshire	ERIVAL 32	11/76	
Johnson, H.I.D.	Mulberry Farm, Lower Failand, Bristol BS8 3SQ	38C *	5/78	
Jones, D.H.	5 Damar Garden Henley-on-Thames, Oxon.	38 *	8/77	
Jong, B. de	Herman Heijermanshof 96, 2273 TK Voorburg, Holland	34d *	3/78	
Julier, D.J. & L.B.	16 Long Crescent, Eaton, Norwich NR4 7NX	ROVING RIVAL 32 *	4/78	
Kimber, P.M.C. & P.R.	34 Holmbush Road, Putney, London SW15 3LE	STAG 32 *	4/72	p.1/73
Knight, J.C.	Cornerstones, Lime Walk, Dibden Purlieu, Southampton SO4 5RB	32 *	6/76	
Kok, J. de	W.b.'Lambik', Moerweg t/o 312, Den Haag, Netherlands	VRIJHEID 38C *	3/78	
Laag, P. ter	The Haven, 30 Church Road, Mylor Bridge, nr Falmouth, Cornwall	LADY DONA 34s	3/78	
Ladislao Co. Lichtenstein	C/o Banque of Credit, Plecement B.P.18, Monte Carlo, Monaco	WE TWO 38c	9/77	
Lamarair Ltd	Craigs Works, Luther Road, Teddington, Middlesex TW11 8PU	HEATHER OF HAMBLE 34d	4/73	p.11/74
Lamb, Prof.J.F.	1 Cairnhill Gardens, St Andrews, Fife KY16 8QY	LARA OF FIFE 32 *	11/74	
Lee, D.	Foxbrush Cottage, West Common, Langley, Southampton, SO4 1X5	WANDERING DREAM 38A *	6/77	
Lees, I.C.	22 Craigleith View, Edinburgh EH4 3JZ	FYNE RIVAL 34s *	5/77	p.5/78
Leeuwis, W.H.M.	Kastanjelaan 5, 6666 AB Hateren, Holland	LEEVWERIK 38C	7/77	
Leye, Guido	Sperlekestr.25, 8510 Marke, Belgium	HOUTEKIET II 32 *	2/74	
Lindsay, J.S.	Marshland Call, Esplanade, Maylandsea, Chelmsford, Essex	RIVAL CHIEF 32 *	7/73	p.74
Littlejohns, P.S.G. and A.	26 Lockstile Way, Goring-on-Thames, Oxon.	MASKED RIVAL 34s *	9/77.	
Lunn, R.N.	Trinity College, Glenalmond, Perth PH1 3RY	38A *	6/78	
Mann, Cdr & Mrs G.	31 Napier Avenue, London, SW6	PICARON OF LYMINGTON 34s	3/73	

<u>Owner</u>	<u>Address</u>	<u>Yacht</u>		
Matten, J.W.	2 Brighton Road, Shoreham-by-Sea, Sussex	LORD LOUIS 32 *	12/72	
Matthews, Drummond H.	33 Otter Close, Bar Hill, Cambridge	SOUTHERN RIVAL 34s	9/72	p.12/77
Mauchel, D.J.	5 Smithbarn, Horsham, Sussex	MONEVE 32 *	7/72	
Merrick, Dr A.W.	7 Rosebarn Avenue, Exeter, Devon	EXCUSE 32	3/71	
Metternich, T.Wolff-	59 Deodar Road, Putney, London, SW15 2NU	HAJJI BABA 34s	5/75	p. 6/76
Millar, D.E.	Sandys, 10 West Street, Titchfield, Fareham, Hants.	ALCYONE 34s	3/75	
Mills, J.R.	Emsworth Yacht Harbour, Thorney Rd, Emsworth, Hants.	38A *	4/77	
Monie, R.F.	108 Belfast Road, Saintfield, Co.Down, N.Ireland BT24 7HF	SILVER SEQUEL 34d	3/73	
Monroy, J.F.	Nieuwe Keizersgracht 63, 1018 VD Amsterdam, Holland	34s	3/78	
Morgan, D.R.	Courtmacsherry, Granville Road, Cowes, I.W.	FREHEL 34s *	3/76	
Mouret, J.	Rue des Délices 2, CH-1203 Geneva, Switzerland	34s *		
Muiswinkel, M. van	Oud Over 118, 3632 VG Loenen, a/d Vecht, Holland	34s		ø
McKendrick, Dr & Mrs G.D.W.	Goatsmoor Hall, Goatsmoor Lane, Stock, Essex	JAYESS III 34s	4/73	
MacDonald, A.	Lyndhurst, Main Street, Gullane, East Lothian	32 *		
Nisbet, M.R.	32 Aspin Park Road, Knaresborough, North Yorkshire HG5 8HF	WELLIX 32	1/78	
Nixon, F.	Meadowcroft, Steam Mill Road, Bradfield, nr Manningtree, Essex	38A *		
Oliver, A.W.A.	Macol Marketing(Derbyshire)Ltd Dale Road, Matlock, Derbyshire	38A *	9/77	
Orford, K.J.	57 West Street, Helen Street, Abingdon, Oxon.	ENCORE 32 *	11/74	
Os, R.C. Van	Ganzan Hof 23. 2935 VD Ouderkerk, A/D Ijssel, Holland	34d	3/77	
Oven, C.R.	Breezes, One Tree Hill Road, Guildford, Surrey	HELEN OF HAMBLE 31	2/70	p.2/75
Parsons, G.T.D.	The Garage House, Hixet Wood, Charlbury, Oxfordshire	VILLAGER 34s	3/77	
Parsons, J.R.	56 Edendale Road, Barnehurst, Kent DA7 6RN	DECISION 34s	.2/75	
Platts, G.E.	Derwent Reach, Aston Lane, Oaker, nr Matlock, Derbyshire	KIKI 38A	4/77	

<u>Owner</u>	<u>Address</u>	<u>Yacht</u>		
Pols, Ir.A.C.	Die Vossenbeit, Van Rijslaan 9, 2625 KW Delft, Netherlands	BONTE PIET 34s	6/76	
Preston, W.	Nestleton, Underbank Road, Thornton, Blackpool	34s *	12/76	
Prins, J.	de Vossenbelt, Vosweg 6, 7213 LG Gorssel, Holland	CARANDABEL 34d	4/74	p.9/75
Proctor, Dr H.L.	Rosecroft, Furzeley Corner, Denmead, Portsmouth PO7 6TS	DEPARTURE 32	5/71	p.12/73
Quarles Van Ufford Jhr. H.P.	Karmeltrap 2, 2016 AT Bloemendaal, Holland	TINKERBELLE 34	8/78	
Rawlinson, S.	16 Shortheath Road, Farnham, Surrey	34s *	5/77	
Read, C.E.	3 Heathcote Drive, East Grinstead, W.Sussex RH19 1LZ	ADELINE 32 *	6/74	
Reading, R.	38 Heaton Road, Elson, Gosport	LINOSA 32 *	1/75	
Rebai, Mr and Mrs L.	8 Rue 33, La Marsa Corniche, Tunisia	WHIMBREL OF CHICHESTER 34s	5/73	p.6/78
Regter, J.	Pieter Calandlaan 73 Amsterdam Slotervaart, Holland	34d *	4/78	
Reynard, Ian N. and Mrs	Hazelwood House, Rhu, Dumbartonshire	MALAPROP 34d	2/72	p.12/72
Roberts, S.B. Mr and Mrs	Far End, Caene Hill Road, Weybridge, Surrey	BLUENOSE 34s *	11/77	
Rogers, J.S.	Kenley, Silkmore Lane, West Horsley, nr Leatherhead, Surrey	ALVIRA 34s *	3/74	
Roon, C.A.	Langeweg 27, Oolt Gensplaat, Holland	CHELSEA GIRL 34s	8/76	p. 77
Rose, S.M.	17 Church Street, Goldhanger, Essex	32	2/78	
Ross, A.F.	4 Brook Way, Romsey, Hants	38A *	3/78	
Rout, R.	Hellington Corner, Bergh Apton, Norwich	34s *	12/76	
Rowe, G	96 Carmel Road, Winch Wen, Swansea, Glam.	34s *	4/77	
Runciman, Viscount of Doxford	52 Leadenhall St, London, EC3A 2BN	BONDICAR II 38C	8/78	
Russell, Mr & Mrs J.	Torr na Fhaire, Ardfarn, Lochgilthead, Argyll, Scotland PA31 8QN	HAIGRI 38A	5/77	
Schaefer, Ir.H.G.	Van Goltsteinstraat 6, 3862 AX Nijkerk, Holland	34d	3/79	
Searle, C.R.	Barcladeb, 194 Avenue de Broqueville, Brussels, 1200, Belgium	34d	6/76	

<u>Owner</u>	<u>Address</u>	<u>Yacht</u>		
Secuianu, J.	Van Praetlei 36, 2060 Merksem, Belgium	DIONA 34d *	5/78	
Sharp, G.H. and J.E.	33 Wall Park Close, Brixham, S.Devon	RIVELLA 32 34s		
Shaw, C.W.	Starfitts House, Kirbymoorside, North Yorkshire, YO6 6JF	TARNIMARA 32	5/71	p.8/78
Shippam, J.H.S.	St Stephen's House, Hunters Way, Chichester, Sussex	RED RIVAL 32		p.76
Shriver, J.A.	Box 2132, C/o Aramco, Dhahran, Saudi Arabia	TIGER TAIL II 31	12/69	p.8/73
Shurety, Mr & Mrs J.W.	119 Heath End Road, Flackwell Heath, High Wycombe, Bucks. HP10 9NS	WILD RIH 32 *	7/74	p.76
Sinclair, S.J.	2 Thorndale Court, Thorndale Mews, Almavale Road, Clifton, Bristol	LOCHEE 31	3/70	
Somerville, Mr & Mrs E.W.	Stone House, Garsington, Oxford	RUMPUS II 34s	2/73	
Sondag, H.	(H.L.R. Cruising Ass.) Sonhof, Koudekerkseweg 21, 4382 EA Vlissingen, Holland	HELZAPOPIN 34d	8/78	
Statham, C.	169 Ladywood Road, Kirk Hallam, Ilkeston, Derbyshire	OGGINOSS 32 *	4/74	
Steels, I.H.	52 Bath Road, Emsworth, Hants.	CARIBLUE 32 *	10/75	
Stelpstra, Drs.J.	J. Haydnlaan 99, 2324 AR Leiden, Holland	34s		
Stopani, J.S.	63 Harkwood Drive, Hamworthy, Poole, Dorset BH15 4PG	BOLD RIVAL 34s *	5/78	
Strong, Mr & Mrs R.J.	17 Longfield, Lutton, nr Corn- wood, Ivybridge, Devon PL21 9SN	SHERIDAN 32 *	7/71	
Swindells, Mr & Mrs J.	20a New Quebec Street, London, W.1	LORNA GRACE 34s	3/77	
Tedd, J.F.	48 Bowfield Road, West Kilbride, Ayrshire, Scotland	34s *	7/78	
Tench, I.	44 Ferndale, Waterlooville, Hants.	34s *	3/75	
Thornton, B.R.F.	43 Hillsbrough Park, Camberley, Surrey	34 *	5/78	
Tracy, J.L.	Dr Schaepmanlaan 35, 2211 AS Noordwijkerhout, Holland	FAST RIVAL 34d	7/76	
Turner, A.G.	6 Oakdene Close, Great Bookham, Surrey	SUNDANCER 32 *	/73	p.76
Turner, C.V.	Monterey, School Lane, Bursledon, nr Southampton	32 *	/75	
Townshend, J.H.	see p. 50			

<u>Owner</u>	<u>Address</u>	<u>Yacht</u>		
Valentijn, W.A.	Woudsedijk 18, 2461 CR Langeraar, Holland			
Verdoes, D.	Vestaplantsoen 1, 1131 NR Volendam, Holland	34d *	11/77	
Viergutz, E.	Flat 1, Villa Pionsietta, New St., off Sliema Road, Kappasa, Malta	34d	5/78	
Vlugt, W.P.L.G.	Emmalaan 89, 3051 JE Rotterdam, Holland	REVIVAL 34d	6/77	
Wade, H. and Wade, P.J.	25 Park Place, Cardiff, CF1 3BA	41A		
Walker, H.	Tree Tops, 11 Georges Road Sale, Cheshire			
Wass, G.	117 Queens Park Avenue, Bournemouth	38A *	7/78	
Webb, A.E.	Woodpeckers, Spinney Lane, Itchenor, Chichester, W. Sussex, PO20 7DJ	RIVAL LADY 31	2/70	p.9/74
West, B.	68 Barclay Road, Leytonstone, London, E.11	32	1/78	
Weston, P.D.	Furneaux Riddall & Co., Alchorne Place, Portsmouth	NORIVAL 34s *	11/76	
White, A.G.	Jurgens Allee 68B, 2000 Hamburg 52, West Germany	32 *	10/76	
White, P.J.	67 Wray Park Road, Reigate, Surrey	MORAWEL 31 *	2/70	
Whitson, Mr & Mrs D.H.	42 Barnfield Road, Ealing, London W5 1QT	34s *	4/78	
Whyld, D.F. and Lt. Duncan, J.S.	11 Harvester Drive, Catfield, Fareham, Hants.	34s	5/78	
Widdowson, J.O.	12 Firs Walk, Tewin Wood, Welwyn, Herts.	LEGACY 32 *	11/70	
Wilkinson, Col. P.J.	Brookdene House, Graffham, nr Petworth, Sussex	ALIZ MOTTE 34s	7/73	p.75
Williams, Mr & Mrs D.	4 Silvretta Court, New Street, Lymington, Hants. SO4 9EQ	DAYDREAM OF LANGLEY 34s *	11/73	p.7/77
Williams, Dr J.F.	62 West Stockwell Street, Colchester, Essex CO1 1HE	LENESONO 34s *	5/73	
Wilmot, B.P.	38 Grove Crescent, Kingston- upon-Thames, Surrey, KT1 2DG	RIVALIS OF LYMINGTON 34d *	12/72	
Wilson, D.C.	21 Cavendish Road, Henleaze, Bristol	38A *	11/77	
Woodward, D.A.	Keyhaven, Farlington Avenue, Haywards Heath, Sussex	EUXINE 34d	4/74	
Wright, J.L.W. FRCS.	234 Kew Road, Richmond, Surrey	34s		

<u>Owner</u>	<u>Address</u>	<u>Yacht</u>
Wynn, D.S.	139 Hertingfordbury Road, Hertford, Herts.	BECKET II 32 * 12/75
Zwart, J. de	't Kraaienest, Maaslaantje 3, 3299 AM Maasdam, Holland	NONSUCH 34d 9/76

SUPPLEMENTARY LIST

Ayling, R.C. Air Vice Marshal	Buckler's Spring, Buckler's Hard, Beaulieu, Brockenhurst, Hants. SO4 7XA	QUEEN'S RANSOM 31 1/69 p.70
Townshend, Lt Cmmdr J.H.	Corner Cottage, Trewartha, Veryan, Truro, Cornwall	38A

YACHTS' NAMES, NUMBERS AND HOME PORTS

	<u>Sail No.</u>	<u>Owner</u>	<u>Home Port</u>
ADELINE	2545Y	C.E.Read	Portsmouth
ADFIN'S RIVAL		G.D.Adams	Fairey's, Hamble
ALCYONE		D.E.Millar	Hamble River
ALIZ MOTTE	2349Y	Col P.J.Wilkinson	St Cyprien, France
ARIEL OF HAMBLE		B.B.C. Yacht Club	Hamble River
ALRUNA	2297Y	Mr & Mrs H.B.Bishop	Hamble River
ALTINA		K.C.Bailey	Hamble River
ALVIRA	2649Y	J.S.Rogers	Emsworth
BECKET II		D.S.Wynn	
BLAUWE VINVIS		R.J.van Breda	Hellevoetsluis
BLUENOSE	3366Y	Mr & Mrs S.B.Roberts	Hamble River
BLUE TALISMAN		K.D.Clarke	
BOLD RIVAL		J.S.Stopani	
BONDICAR II		Viscount Runciman	Cowes
BONTE PIET		Ir.A.C.Pols	Strijensas
CAHUIN	2956Y	A.P.H.Grant	Levington
CAMPANERO	2970Y	Dr S.W.Bell	West Mersea
CARANDABEL	433	J.Prins	Ketelhaven, Holland
CARIBLUE		I.H.Steels	
CASUARINA		R.Alabaster	Alderney
CHELSEA GIRL		C.A.Roon	Holland
CIRRIPEDE		B.R.Fitzpatrick	
COLONIAL GOOSE		M.Forlong	Beaulieu

	<u>Sail no.</u>	<u>Owner</u>	<u>Home port</u>
COMMUNICATIONS		T.R.Davies	Beaulieu River
COMUS		N.Frederick	Larne, N.Ireland
CONTENDER OF PORTSEA	2114Y	D.Ashmead	Helensburgh
DAYDREAM OF LANGLEY	45	Mr & Mrs D.Williams	Lymington
DECISION		J.R.Parsons	Rochester
DEPARTURE	2643Y	Dr H.L.Proctor	Portsmouth
DIONA		J.Secuianu	Antwerp
DORRAN		C.H.W.Barrington	Armadales
DRUNKEN MOON II	R52	Mr & Mrs G.Clarke	Lymington
ENCORE		K.J.Orford	Emsworth
ENDYMION		J.Glessing	Chichester
EDWYN		R.E.Coxhead	Canaries
ERIVAL		J.R.James	Port Dinorwic, Menai Straits
EUXINE		D.A.Woodward	Chichester
EXCUSE	1778Y	Dr A.W.Merrick	Starcross, R. Exe
FAST RIVAL	2992Y	J.L.Tracy	Salcombe
FELBRIDA II		J.A.de la C.Elliott	Beaulieu
FORGE RIVAL	18	J.Hill	Pembroke Haven
FRÉHEL		D.R.Morgan	Cowes
FUBBS		G.P.Clay	Lymington
FYNE RIVAL		I.C.Lees	Greenock
GALLANT RIVAL		Anvil Yacht Charters Ltd	Poole
GATA	2787Y	D.J.Fewell	Thorney Island
HAIGRI	25	Mr & Mrs J.Russell	Ardfern
HAJJI BABA		T.Wolff-Metternich	Woolverstone
HEATHER OF HAMBLE		Lamarair Ltd	Hamble
HELEN OF HAMBLE		C.R.Oven	Poole
HELZAPOPIN		H.Sondag	Veere, Holland
HOUTEKIET II		Guido Leye	Nieuwpoort
JANNIE		Dr T.Bultsma	Amsterdam
JAYESS III		Dr & Mrs G.D.W. McKendrick	Bradwell
JESSIE MAY	2476Y	Capt. & Mrs J.G.Bolton	Hamble
JOHN LASHAM		J.H.H.Barrow	St Maves, Cornwall

	<u>Sail No.</u>	<u>Owner</u>	<u>Home Port</u>
JOMOLINI II		R.R. Cook	
KIKI		G.E. Platts	
KORKEN		R. Floer	
LADY DONA		P. ter Laag	Mylor Creek
LARA OF FIFE		Prof. J.F. Lamb	St Andrews
LEEVWERIK		W.H.M. Leeuwis	Flushing
LEGACY	3028Y	J.O. Widdowson	Burnham-on-Crouch
LENESONO	2671Y	Dr J.F. Williams	West Mersea
LINOSA	2972Y	R. Reading	Gosport
LOCHEE	2552Y	S.J. Sinclair	Lymington
LONE RIVAL	38	P. Brett G.A. Hales	Cowes
LONTANO	R	R.W. Ashton	Hayling Island
LORD LOUIS	2113	J.W. Matten	Shoreham
LORNA GRACE		Mr & Mrs J. Swindells	
MAI MANJANA		W. Dahinden	Port Grimaud
MALAPROP	2965	Mr & Mrs I.N. Reynard	Gareloch
MALISH		Dr C. Engel	Ardvasar
MANDOLA	4	David H. Ashwin	Woolverstone
MASKED RIVAL	3322Y	P.S.G. & A. Littlejohns	
MATADOR		W.J. Barker	Hamble
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	Armadale
NONSUCH		J. de Zwart	
NORIVAL		P.D. Weston	
OCEAN SPRAY	3399Y	F.J. Edwards	Hamble
OGGINOSS		C. Statham	Chichester Yacht Basin
PASSAAT	H2007	Ir.T. van Essen	Breskens
PAULA JANE		R.J. Eastham	Skippool
PENTLAND RIVAL		J.W. Adams	Royal Tay Yacht Club
PICARON OF LYMINGTON	3106	Comdr & Mrs G. Mann	Lymington

	<u>Sail No.</u>	<u>Owner</u>	<u>Home Port</u>
PRIMA		M.C. Brown	San Francisco
PRINCELY RIVAL	2643Y	B.J. I'Anson	Poole
QUO VADIS		A.T. Brackstone	Wareham
RAASAY OF MELFORT	IR38	B.P. Coad	Dunmore East, Co. Waterford
RED RIVAL		J.H.S. Shippam	Chichester
RESOLUTION	3355	Mr & Mrs T. Heard	Lymington
RESTLESS	1478Y	A. Horton	Poole
REVELLER	K3454	D.J. Gilpin	Bangor, N. Ireland
REVIVAL	3124Y	F.P. Ellis	
REVIVAL		W.P.L.C. Vlugt	
RIVAL CHIEF		J.S. Lindsay	Maylandsea, Essex
RIVAL LADY	2689Y	A.E. Webb	Itchenor
RIVAL ROSE		B.C. Homan	
RIVAL SPIRIT		Anvil Yacht Charters Ltd	Poole
RIVAL SPIRIT	K3030	K.W. Coup	Chichester
RIVALIS	1932Y	D.H. Hodge	Levington
RIVALIS OF LYMINGTON	2941Y	B.P. Wilmot	Lymington
RIVELLA		G.H. & J.E. Sharp	Brixham
ROSANNA		T.B. Blackledge	Liverpool (Port Dinorwic)
ROULETTE OF EXE	1207Y	J.G.J. Evett	St Peter Port, Guernsey
ROVING RIVAL		D.J. & L.B. Julier	Harwich
RUMPUS II		Mr & Mrs E.W. Somerville	Douarnenez
RUM-TUM-TUGGER	2780Y	A.H.A. Cochran	Poole
SAMITE		R.J. Hallam	Polruan
SANDPIPER		T.W. Cash	Poole
SANS RIVAL	3163	E.H. Heugen	Vlissingen
SARAH GIDDINGS	Y2663	B.C.F. Gawler	Tollesbury
SCURRIVAL	1539Y	Mr & Mrs P.H. Barry	Rhu
SHERIDAN		Mr & Mrs R.J. Strong	Saltash, Plymouth
SHIANT OF ARMADALE		C.H.W. Barrington	Armadale
SHINTARO		L.L. Downe	
SILVER SEQUEL	K3474	R.F. Monie	Strangford Lough
SINDUR		P. Batterley	Bursledon
SOUTHERN RIVAL	2382Y	Drummond H. Matthews	West Mersea
STAG	Y1911R	P.M.C. & P.R. Kimber	Lymington
STROLLA II		E.G. Brisley	Inverkip

	<u>Sail No.</u>	<u>Owner</u>	<u>Home Port</u>
SUIRE		C.H.W. Barrington	Armadale
SUNDANCE VI		W.R. Cheriton	Grenada, W.I.
SUNDANCER	2336Y	A.G. Turner	Hamble River
TARNIMARA	14	C.W. Shaw	Oban
TEINE SIONNACHAN		C.H.W. Barrington	Armadale
TIAS		R. Elliker	Cherbourg
TIGER TAIL II		J.A. Shriver	Ras Tanura, Saudi Arabia
TINKERBELLE		Jhr.H.P.Quarles van Ufford	Holland
TITANIA II		T.L. Crumby	London
TREFUSIS		M.T. Chamberlayne	Bembridge, I.W.
TWISTERBEL		H.G. Carrington	Enkhuizen
VALSHIDAR		D.V. Bonsor	Lymington
VANE JANE		N. Franklin	Coves
VARKOULA OF UPNOR		Mr & Mrs D.J. Hewins	Upnor
VILLAGER		G.T.D. Parsons	Poole
VRIJHEID		J. de Kok	Moerweg
WANDERING DREAM		D.Lee	Lymington
WELLIX	175	M.R. Nisbet	Hull
WE TWO		Ladislao Co.Lichtenstein	
WHIMBREL OF CHICHESTER		Mr & Mrs L. Rebai	La Goletta, Tunisia
WILD RIH		Mr & Mrs J.W. Shurety	Poole
WILD RIVAL	2976	Mr & Mrs D.M.S. Hampton	Lymington
WILLIWAW	2136Y	J.A.S. Cleminson	Bradwell

INDEX OF CRUISES - 1969 TO 1978

Compiled by Jane Brett

The index includes all cruises with a destination, but not those made 'out-and-back' for qualification purposes. The figures in brackets after each title indicate the number of pages in the article; those in the right hand column indicate the year of the Rival Round-up, and the page number in it.

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