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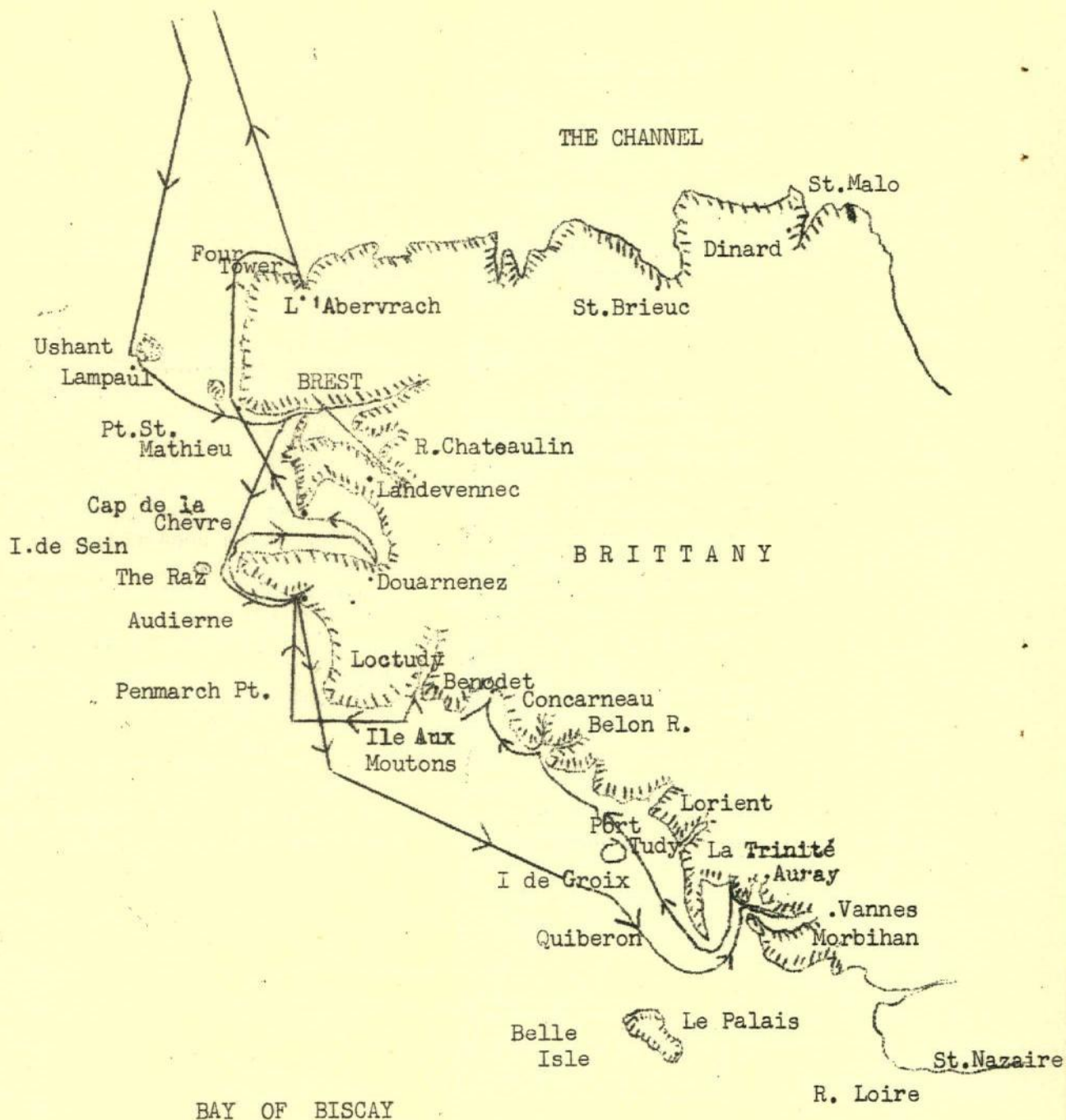


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TO BRITTANY IN CARU. by H.W.S.Clerk.

The cruise really began with a crafty long weekend - one of those yachtsmen's favourites which start after work on Wednesday. Janet Eccles, Mervyn Henry and I took Caru from Portrush down the East Coast to Wexford, which was to be our jumping off place for France two weeks later. It was a gloriously fine weather passage, and just what we needed to shake down in a boat in which none of us had done much cruising.

Caru was built by McGruers to their own design in 1938. She measures 27' 6" x 7' 9" x 4' 6" on a 20' 6" water line. Bermudan sloop rig with a short bowsprit. The auxiliary is a 4 - cyl. 7 H.P. Austin Thetis. I had brought her over from the Clyde at the beginning of May, and a very rushed month's fitting out followed while she lay in Portrush harbour.

Fog introduced us to at least one new navigational aid. We had slipped at 8 p.m. Wednesday, 10th May, and motored all night with no wind, and worsening visibility. About 0400 somewhere off Ballygalley Hd. visibility 50-100 yds., we decided to steer West to close up the coast and to try for a fix. It is quite clean in these parts, and the lead gives good warning of its closeness. However, this time, the first indication that we were getting really 'warm' was when Jan heard what she pronounced without doubt to be a thrush singing, and at no great distance. We could still see nothing, but altered course South on the strength of this, and sure enough a couple of minutes later the Ballygalley Hotel appeared out of the fog on the starboard beam! So remember to put your keen bird-watchers on fog lookout!

Crossing Belfast Lough still in very low visibility, just when the three cross-channel steamers were due, was rather nerve racking, but in the event we neither saw or heard a thing. This experience prompted me to buy a Cat's Eye Radar reflector, and we derived comfort from its presence on several occasions.

About 1200 off the Skulmartin, the fog cleared, and we had a fairly steady N to NE breeze for the next 30 hrs, which took us very comfortably to Arklow where we tied up in the basin at 1630 on Friday. We were delighted to see John Tyrrel come on board during the evening, and also to have a chance to admire 'Rose of York' a fine eleven tonner which he had almost complete in the yard. We left at 0300, Saturday, to catch the S. going tide, and were off the entrance to Wexford at 9.30. Picking out the buoys which mark the Z-bend channel to the town is a severe test of good eyesight. They are single, marking the centre of the channel, mostly made from old mine cases, and being several hundred yards apart, are very hard to see unless you know exactly where to look, which a stranger does not. It is worth noting that the entrance is now marked by a red can shaped buoy, only made conspicuous by the white bird droppings which cover its upper half, and is (July '52) to the North of the Dogger Bank, but quite liable to shift back to the S. of it after a big onshore gale. It is certainly not a place for a stranger to navigate on the ebb in a deep - keeled yacht.

The anchorage below the bridge, which we reached at 1030, is excellent once inside, and we knew Caru was quite safe there for as long as we liked to leave her, particularly when Mr. Ray O'Keeffe had kindly offered to keep an eye on her. Nor was he long introducing us to the Boys ashore where the crack was so good, that we were almost talked into spending the rest of our cruise in Wexford Harbour.

However, when we returned two weeks later we had to harden our hearts, and having completed with stores, sailed at 0930, Saturday, 28th June, 1 hr. before H.W.

We had on board provisions for eight days; the passage ahead of us was about 275 miles, and from what I have read, confirmed by my own small experience, 75 miles a day seems a fair average to work on, plus 100% allowance for contingencies such as very bad weather, or broken gear. The extra allowance is not really essential on this particular passage, as Lands End forms a half way house if required. We were a little lighter on water, having a total of 8 galls. i.e., 5 days at half a gallon per man per day. In practice with no rationing of any sort, but normal economy (such as washing up, and boiling vegetables in salt water) a gallon a day between three of us is generally nearer what we use. We had about 22 galls. of petrol in 4 jerricans plus 4 in the tank, which meant 60 hrs. motoring at cruising throttle, and say 220 miles range at $3\frac{1}{4}$ knots. We wanted to be independent of prolonged calms, and also petrol is very expensive in France (6/- a gallon).

Outside we found the wind S.S.W. fce 4, and could just lay the Tuskar on the starboard tack. Clear of the land, there was a slight sea, but it did not seem to stop us unduly, and at 1400 we handed No.1 jib and set the genoa. Later the wind freshened a little until the rail was awash at times, and we were making just on 4 knots. The motion below was very lively, and when these conditions continued for the next 24 hrs. we all began to feel the strain, as we were far from having acquired any sea-legs. Alan Smiles, Mervyn Henry and myself comprised the crew. We worked 2 hr. watches at sea, which gave us 4 hrs. off and 2 on. Alan did almost all the cooking at sea, and he and Mervyn shared it in Harbour, while the navigation was mainly my pigeon.

At 2215, Log 27 from the Tuskar, we picked up the Smalls Light bearing 070°. The wind freed a point or so before midnight, and we were able to steer 175° Magnetic. The steering compass is an ex R.A.F. luminous 5" grid type, and proved thoroughly satisfactory, mounted in gimkals in a box which clips onto the forward cockpit bulk head. We had no deviation card, but simply checked her head with the hand bearing compass after settling down on each new course - a method which involves more work for the navigator, but is a lot more fool proof in small craft.

Sunday the 29th. 1300 sighted Trevoise Head, about four or five miles off on the port bow. We had had several good position lines from Bushmills Consol Station during the day, and found we were within 2 miles

of our D.R. position. The wireless is an ex R.A.F. 3 valve head phone set, designed, I am told, for airborne lifeboats, and picked up Bushmills quite clearly, though we did not get Ploneis, the French Station, until S. of Lands End.

We now began to work in short tacks towards Lands End, 38 miles S.W. 1730: lost sight of the coast once more in lessening visibility. The fog horns soon started up around us, and with tidal sets difficult to estimate, the navigation became a pressing problem. At 2130 we started the engine, and as the wind continued to drop had it on for the next 14 hrs. Fortunately at 0215 when we were just about to alter course S. we got a bearing on the loom of Pendeen which confirmed that we had made enough Westing. Visibility gradually improved after this, though the coast remained hidden in heavy fog banks.

Monday, 30th June. 0655 Wolf Rock abeam, still flat calm, and the start of a perfect warm sunny day. At mid-day, a moderate N.E. breeze came up, and we were making about $3\frac{1}{4}$ knots with the spinnaker set to port. At 1800 a Consol fix put us 55 miles from the Four Tower, and our E.T.A. there just at the start of the N. going tide, so we decided to bear up for L'Abervrach on the N. Coast. At 2330 sighted the loom of Creach, one of the Ushant Lights over 30 miles away. The wind freshened steadily to fce. 5 with stronger puffs, and by 0130 we decided that as it would be blowing on shore at L'Abervrach, the entrance there would be too difficult, so ran off S.W. to try and wriggle round outside Ushant against the foul tide. Visibility remained good, but a most tremendous thunder storm now commenced, great sheets and forks of lightening illuminating the coast for miles, while the rain fell in torrents. The wind however dropped away at first, and it needed the motor to get us Lampaul Bay on the S.W. side of Ushant, just as the N. going stream was getting into its stride. The tide runs very strongly past the entrance to the Bay, which is narrowed by unmarked sunken rocks on either side, so it would be a difficult place to beat into. We motored in with the sails flapping, keeping right on the leading marks which are very clear, but just at the trickiest part it really started to pipe us, and about 2 ft. of a seam at the head of the mainsail split open, so we had to get it down in a hurry. Anchored at 0730, perfectly sheltered from all except S.W. winds. There is full shelter to be had in the pretty inner harbour, all of which dries.

After 3 hrs. much needed sleep, we had a quick run ashore. Aboard again by 1200, and started to snug down for a rough sail to Brest. The wind still N.E. must have been gusting to near gale at times during the morning, but inside an hour the day changed most wonderfully, and we finished by bending on the new mainsail for a final stretch.

The barometer had remained quite steady throughout this disturbance, and I'm not going to mention it again, for it really never varied during our 3 weeks, except for slow minor fluctuations between 30.1 and 30.4 inches.

The tide was now running S. and we expected a 4 or 5 knot set, as we crossed the Fromveur Channel where the tide runs at 10 knots in the

narrows, but in fact found little or none, and found our buoys most easily by simply steering the direct compass course from one to the other. It was one of the hottest days we had during the cruise, and with a bottle or two of Ushant vin rouge to cheer us the six hour passage to Brest in bright sun and calm blue water was just the sort of thing we had come for. The narrow rocky entrance to the Rade de Brest is most impressive. We had been told that the Port de Commerce is the best yacht berth, but were waved rather brusquely away from here, and wondering where to head for when a young French Yachtsman, Bernard Felix, kindly offered to pilot us round to the yacht moorings outside the E. end of the harbour. The number of sunken wrecks to be dodged en route made us particularly glad of his help. Once anchored, Bernard and Mervyn went ashore in our dinghy (a 7' 6" Prout collapsible), and duly sent a motor boat back for Alan and me. We asked the boatman on board for a drop of Irish 'wine', and when we got on to his boat nothing would start the engine. After several minutes fruitless swinging, he flung the handle overboard with a fine and truly French gesture, and proceeded to scull the boat which must have been quite 30 ft. long back to the shore against quite a stiff wind.

After an excellent but rather expensive dinner at the Conti, we fell in with a pair of French Yachtsmen, also returning on board, who insisted on forcing a window of the Club and starting a very good party in the Bar. This was later continued on board Caru, until not even match sticks would keep our eyes open any longer.

Next morning was spent in clearing the Customs, and cashing our Travellers Cheques. It seems well worth going to a big Port like Brest first to get this done without delay. We were issued with a 'Papier Jaune' which covered us for our stay on the coast, but were only asked for this in two of the dozen Ports which we visited.

Wednesday, 1st July. Sailed at 1600 with Bernard Felix on board. With a fresh N.W. breeze and the flood tide under us, had a fast sail up the Rade to the mouth of the Chateaulin River. The breeze only failed us as we crept round the first lovely bend of the river, just past the village of Landevennec, and we had to 'March sur le moteur' as Bernard put it, the last few yards to the anchorage, close alongside some obsolete warships, which lie there awaiting disposal. Landevennec is the picture of a pretty unspoilt sleepy French village. We had an outstandingly good dinner at the Hotel de Bon Sejour, and paid, I think, 550 francs (about 11/-) a head, which is reasonable enough as prices go in France. Palourdes (small cockles) grille are 'le specialite du maison' and I can taste them still.

Thursday, 2nd July. Away at 0700. Same fresh N. wind as yesterday, so it was a beat to Brest, which we reached at 11 o'clock, just to drop off Bernard, and pick up the old mainsail, which had been completely re-stitched for 3000 francs (£3) in the 'voilerie' close to the Yacht Club. Had a tricky wee job sailing alongside, watched by a critical French crowd, but fortunately all went well. Left at 1330. The breeze had freshened up a bit, and we reached through the Goulet like the proverbial

pip out of an orange, then bore away past Camaret for the Toulinguet Passage, which saves going right out to La Parquette tower which lies at the end of a chain of sunken rocks, almost 7 miles long. We were travelling so fast with a strong favourable tide, that it was necessary to be very much 'on the ball' with the pilotage. French buoys are tall and easy to pick up at a distance (French girls are too says Alan!), but I must admit that in the two weeks, I did not really get on familiar terms with their elaborate system of top marks which indicate the direction they lie from the danger. With the great profusion of stone towers and iron beacons on off lying rocks, the pilotage is nowhere very difficult, but there is a lot of it, and it does require most constant vigilance, a great deal more so than for instance on the Irish coast.

Just South of the Toulinguet and from it to Les Tas de Pois, is some of the finest rocky coastal scenery we saw, but by the end of the cruise we agree that while being all round an entrancing cruising ground, the natural scenery in this part of Brittany does not compare with the Irish or West of Scotland coasts.

The breeze dropped again as we approached the Raz de Sein, and, arriving as we did, exactly on slack water neaps, there was not even a ripple to indicate that there is even a race there at all. Just S. of it, some fishermen in a small motor-boat started waving and soon drew alongside to offer us a pair of enormous spider crabs which almost filled the cockpit. We handed over a large mug full of Irish by way of return, which the Skipper swallowed in about two gulps with evident enjoyment.

Got the hook down about 2100 off the beach at Audierne, partly sheltered by the new break water, and ashore for a langouste dinner at the France. A fisherman showed us how to moor the crabs alongside for the night with cords to their legs.

Friday, 4th July. 0930, Motored up into the river in a prolonged squall, N. Fce. 6, accompanied by blinding rain. A Frenchman waved wildly at us from the Quay, and when we drew alongside leapt on board, said he was the harbour master and directed us mostly in Breton to anchor below the bridge, where there is a hole under the North and South arches, but he put us on a bank well below the N. hole. We soon realized he was in an alcoholic daze and not harbour master at all, so set him ashore and laid out the kedje to warp back into the hole. Got the bower and started to move, but had not realized the terrific strength of the tide where it is constricted by the bridge. The kedje (a 15 lb.C.Q.R.) dragged, the wind which had been helping to hold us against the tide suddenly dropped, and we were carried straight under the bridge. The engine started instantly, but almost too late and the mast seemed doomed. We struck the N. pier very hard, then scraped clear, only to see the port spreader go with a horrid splintering crack, but by this time the engine was going great guns, slowly worked her head round and punched us out. We tied up to a fisherman to survey the damage. The top 6" was cracked off the transom by the backstay having caught under an arch, that and the spreader were fortunately all. Inside an hour we had a French shipwright on board, and with his very skilled help were ready for sea twenty-four hours later. He finished at 10 p.m. and cheerfully started at 0600 in pouring rain which continued all day.

Had to moor under that bridge of sighs again for the night. We unwisely tackled the manoeuvre of getting into position below the S. arch, which has the best pool, during the full strength of the ebb, and even with the help of two fishermen had a very heavy job getting correctly positioned with two warps out astern and two anchors ahead.

We had learnt several lessons in a very short time - among them that before sailing to France, time would be better spent getting familiar with the common nautical terms port, starboard, warp, cleat etc., rather than the "Voulez-vous promèner avec moi ce soir" stuff."

Saturday, 5th July. Sailed at 1400, but Audierne was our unlucky port and had to have a final snatch at us. The wind was blowing straight in the entrance, and just as we approached the pierheads, we noticed clouds of steam emerging from the exhaust, and the engine on the point of seizing, no water circulating at all. Fortunately we were just clear of the narrows and happy under sail. A fine close reach to Penmarch Point, wind S.W. Fce. 4, but there it left us, so that engine just had to be tackled. After much stripping and prodding with wire, we finally had to remove the water inlet seacock complete, and while keeping one finger in the hole poke a large lump of seaweed out of its interior. Moral: fit an outside strainer next year.

By the time this was finished, the breeze had come up N.E. and we headed S. for Quiberon Bay, which kept us comfortably offshore for the night. Tried serving vin rouge with the biscuits in the middle, but found it far too sleepy making, when I had almost dozed off, and only just averted a gybe - a 'panache' in fact as Bernard would have called it.

By 1300 (Sunday, 6th) we were running inside Belle Ile, then turned in through the Teignouse Channel. Warm and sunny once more; passed many French yachts large and small as we ghosted across Quiberon Bay to La Trinité, a great French yachting centre on the Crach river. Anchored by 1700 in 3 fm. opposite the pier.

Mon. 7th. Underway 1100. beat out against the young flood. A 2 hr. sail took us round the rocks to the Morbihan, a French edition of Strangford Lough, and much the most beautiful place we visited. The flood was already running five or six knots in the entrance, and the wind fell very light just at the focal point of the tides as it so often seems to. Past here, it breezed up again, and we had a fine sail on the bluest of water among lovely islets, with sandy beaches and low rocky points, all clad in dark pine and cypress trees. The Chart, a French one, was pinned on top of the main hatch for quick reference, and we had some exciting moments when it blew overboard, as I was turning it over, but it soon dried out again in the sun. Brought up opposite Bourg at the N. end of the Ile aux Moines.

Away at 0600 next morning, Tuesday 8th. This would be a perfect place for a leisurely weeks cruising, but we had to head N. again. Fetched down on the ebb past the Ile Berder marked by its Martello type tower, then

up N. to have a look at the village of Larmor before joining the Auray River, and so out the entrance. Wind due W. Fce. 3, day overcast but warm. Out through the Teignouse, and found we could just lay the Ile de Groix, 20 miles away, on the port tack. Port Tudy on the E. of the islands, where we spent the night, is the home of the last few sailing tunnymen. We were lucky enough to pass one quite close, running very fast with his great red reaching jib boomed out as a spinnaker, and long rods lowered down on either beam. Failed to find a berth in the small harbour, both out of the way and with enough water, and took the ground for about 3 hrs. during the night, but it was worth the discomfort to see this most interesting place.

Wednesday, 9th. Short sail to the Belon River light W. wind, calm sea, sunny. Many small open luggers with multi coloured sails, fishing along the shore. On the way stuck a patch on the dinghy where the canvas had chafed through at the bow. The Belon bar dries, but after half flood the channel seems to present no difficulty. This was our favourite port of all, lovely, peaceful and unspoilt; we were told we were the first yacht there this year. The bistro on the S. Shore is a friendly spot, just a counter and some chairs in the corner of a big old fashioned Cottage kitchen. If space allowed I would like to tell you a bit about Arlette and Jacqueline, two very pretty mam'zelles who were sun bathing on the beach when we arrived.

Thursday, 10th. Sailed at 1430 with many backward glances, for les popies had been pressed to accompany us to Concarneau but somehow never turned up! While checking the course out over the bar, I knocked the handbearer, (ex R.A.F. type 06A), quite lightly on the hatch and the prism fell off. The brass bolts holding it to the body had in 3 years use been corroded to the thickness of pins. Mervyn had brought his as a spare, so were not delayed by this mishap. Slow beat against light headwind and foul tide. The Concarneau entrance is not nearly so complicated as it looks on the chart. The B & W cheq. Tower, Le Cochon is very conspicuous. Leave it close to starboard and you are in. Saw men working at a new tower on La Basse du Chenal. There seemed to be much more water in the outer harbour than the chart indicates. We found a comfortable berth in 5 ft. clear E. of the great bunch of deeper draft boats moored in the centre.

Friday, 11th. Spent the morning shopping and exploring round the town; as well as being a tourist centre it is a big commercial tunny port. The empty bottles a tunny man lands at the end of a cruise is an impressive sight - one lorry for the tunny and another for the bottles. It was market day, and the Breton women's head dresses of most beautiful starched lace, still widely worn, were a lovely sight. Too hot for comfort ashore, and we were glad enough to sail at 1315. A pleasant sailing breeze, about W. had just got up, and although it meant another turn to windward, we were lucky to have sailing breeze at all, combined with such settled weather. Tacked close off the Ile aux Moutons and, working up into Benodet, were beaten in an exciting race by a French cruiser about the same size as ourselves. Benodet lying on a bend of

the lovely tree clad River Odet is a justly popular yachting centre. We saw all too little of it, for, after a short walk and dinner ashore, we sailed again at 2300. Once outside, the array of white, red and green flashing and occulting lights was a little bewildering. The Anse is a very rock strewn area, and as we headed W. there were at least nine Light Houses in sight in a ring round us, but nary a lit buoy to mark the outside of the reefs, extending S. from the coast and N.E. from the Ile aux Moutons. Our course lay in the narrow gap between them, and the hand-bearing compass was in constant use checking and fixing for a couple of hours until we were through. We were close hauled once more, wind W.N.W. Fce. 3, tending to freshen. Tacked about 5 miles S.W. of Penmarch at 0200, and just before this I got the fright of my life. We were well heeled, and having just had a good look round the horizon, I was concentrating on watching the leach of the Genoa on the lee side, when over the angle of the coach roof, high out of the water, and about 20 ft. away I glimpsed a solid looking object on top of a stick, coming straight at us. As I leapt for the weather side, I was quite convinced it was the mast of an unlit fishing boat about to cut us in half, but was just in time to see nothing more deadly than a crab pot buoy sliding past with a tall withy and tattered flag on top of it. No small relief!

Saturday, 12th. 0930 anchored off the beach at Audierne and had a dash ashore for mail. Off again at 1100, bright sun and a light N.W. wind. We were a bit late getting to the Raz de Sein - about an hour after slack. As we approached one solid line of white breakers met the eye from La Veille tower to Tevennec. We were soon carried into the maelstrom, and almost as quickly out of it, decks hardly splashed. There was no anger in it, for the wind was not above Fce. 2, but I can still see those curling white crests close alongside, and feet above our heads, beautiful as ballet dancers in the bright sunlight, and yet a grim reminder of what the Raz would be like in slightly less favourable condition.

From here a 20 mile reach due E. along the rocky shore took us to Douarnenez, gayest of towns. It is an easy harbour to make. We brought up in 5 fm. in the Port De Rosneur close to four other British yachts. We stored up here for the voyage home in a little shop run by Robert Jacq, a stout lad, proud of his service in England during the war. After the order was complete he stood us a large rum all round. His shop is on the right hand side of a little street running steeply up from the Quay, and we can heartily recommend it. It was just perishable food and some vin ordinaire that we bought, for our stock of tins had lasted well, which was a good thing. Because tins like most things in France are expensive. Bread was problem. French loaves are tasteless and, after about twenty-four hours, hard as a brick. You can buy smaller buns made of fine flour, something like our loaves, but they are much dearer. We bought some of these, a couple of loaves, and eked out the supply with lifeboat biscuits. Fortunately we needed no petrol, as two of the jerricans were still full. We left the stores on board, and came back for a glass of wine 'Aux Loups de Mer'. Madame showed us a postcard of Berehaven, just sent by her husband whose trawler was fishing off the Kerry coast. And so to a magnificent Grand Bal where we watched a Jive

competition, and even stole some dances with the very lovely beauty queen.

Sunday, 13th. Away at 1030. The ebb carried us close hauled out past Cap de la Chevre. As we got here the N. going flood was starting, and with sheets well eased we smoked up past Point St. Matthieu. The way the tide was running past La Vinotiere tower was a caution to see. The wreck buoy beside it had a bow wave like a destroyer. It was all helping to carry us nearer our dinner in L'Abervrach, far famed for its langoustes. 1800 Four Tower abeam. Then off the Porsals, the wind fell very light, and we got into a most uncomfortable tumbling uneven swell, which almost put all thoughts of dinner out of our heads. The coast became misty, but with the engine running, a bearing from the Vierge, tallest lighthouse in the world, put us onto the Libenter buoy off L'Abervrach on the very last of the tide. In through the twisting but well marked entrance, and anchored off the town at 2140. We reached the Bellevue at 10 o'clock, but the late hour didn't worry the staff a hair, and our last dinner in France turned out to be also our best, and very nearly our cheapest. We were introduced to Izarra, King of liqueurs, and a Breton speciality.

Tuesday, 14th July. 1130 started to beat out the channel against a light norwester. Slow progress in a jumbled swell, which disappeared a few miles off shore, but at 1800 the wind finally died. The engine ran for a few minutes, then cut out dead - ignition trouble, finally traced to the coil for which we fortunately carried a spare, so were able to proceed. 2400 wind again, light norwest. In these conditions it took us over forty hours to bring the Scillies over the horizon.

Wednesday, 15th July. 0600: Time was beginning to run short, so started the engine: at 0800 the stern gland began to sound as if a woodpecker was hard at it from the outside. This seemed unlikely, but of more importance was a steady trickle of water coming from behind the inner flange. We were about eight miles from St. Margarets, and finding it was high water about midday, decided to dry out alongside the pier there in the afternoon. By 1600 we were sitting on the edge of Hughtown pier watching Caru settle down on the sandy bottom. It was a glorious summer day, and the islands looked most attractive, though very crowded with visitors.

With a line from the mast to the pier and a weight slung on this to keep it tight, she came to rest quite happily with no attention, and the minute the water allowed, Sammy and 'Brother', a most efficient shipwright and mechanic partnership got on the job. The stern tube had fractured in the middle, due to bad fitting of the outer flange, which was now right out and rattling against the propeller - our woodpecker. Brother made an excellent temporary repair by brazing an extra large flange on it, and securing it very strongly to the stern post with coach bolts. This made the shaft quite tight and rigid. We left the inner flange, as it could always be shored into place from a frame a few inches forward of it, if it showed any further inclination to shift, but in fact it never did.

Brother rang up Plymouth met. station, and boldly asked for a forecast for the next three days; to my surprise they gave it, and were dead right what's more! "Winds W. to N.W. Fce. 4; Fce. 5 at times occasional showers, good visibility". We were afloat again by 2300, and set out for New Grimsby Sound. It is narrow, and parts of it dry, but the tide was still flooding, and we felt like having a go. Hughtown Pier Light and the loom of St. Mary's lighthouse in transit put you onto the beacon at the S. end of the sound, but once past the shelter of the pier, it was very difficult to hold onto this line with fresh beam wind and cross tide. Also the night was very dark, and half way across the bay we decided to turn back and anchor till daylight. Under way at 0500. The sound struck me as by no means easy first time through, but perhaps perception is not at its best at this hour!

Once clear of a slight tide rip off the Scillies, we found an even beam sea and low swell with a splendid breeze right abeam, and really started to travel. Steered a point to windward of the course for Carnsore in case the wind should go norwest, and started a hot competition as to who could get the most miles on the log for his watch. Several fierce rainy squalls in which the wind veered three or four points during the morning, but by midday we were able to change No.1 for the Genoa which remained on for the next 56 hrs. We ran $11\frac{1}{4}$ miles in one 2-hour watch, and later $6\frac{1}{4}$ miles in one hour. 1700: a/c direct for Carnsore. 0600 Mervyn sighted land, Forth Mountain, and a fix gave us $11\frac{1}{4}$ miles in 24 hrs. 1330 South Shear buoy abeam. Sheeted Genoa to boom end, which made quite a noticeable improvement. There was some light patched in the wind during the day, and we ran the engine a total of about 4 hrs. By 0100 Saturday, 19th July, Codling L.V. abeam. 0800 Lambay. The breeze did not fail us again, except for an uncomfortable half hour at 1400 off the South end of Dundrum Bay, when we were caught in a vicious tidal jabble, which completely killed the wind. Odd, as this is reputedely an almost tideless area. Started engine which took us clear, when the wind promptly re-appeared.

1800: just caught the start of the flood at Strangford Bar; dropped Mervyn at Strangford village, and by 1945 were anchored close beside Maid of York in Ring Haddy sound, the finest yacht anchorage in the North, if not in the British Isles. We had had a cracking good and most enjoyable passage home of about 300 miles sailed in 62 hrs. It is always a sad moment when the cruise comes to an end, but there is also a great satisfaction, and Strangford Lough yachtsmen don't let you feel sad for long.

A couple of weeks later we brought Caru back to Portrush.

During our three weeks we had covered about 1030 miles, and the round trip amounted to just under 1400. A bit less than a quarter of the total time was spent under engine.

Herewith a list of the individual passages, and also of the charts we used, which might prove of interest to someone planning a similar cruise.

TIMES AND DISTANCES.Sea miles, direct courses, Time under Engine in Brackets.

				Hrs.	Hrs.	Miles.
Portrush	(2000/11/6)	- Arklow	1640/13	44 $\frac{3}{4}$	(28 $\frac{3}{4}$)	
Arklow	0310/14/6	- Wexford	1040/14	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	(3 $\frac{1}{2}$)	226
Wexford	0940/28/6	- Lampaul	0730/1/7	70	(16)	248
Lampaul	1315/1/7	- Brest	2130/1	6 $\frac{1}{4}$	(3 $\frac{1}{2}$)	32
Brest	1540/2	- Landevennec	1850/2	3	(5 mins)	14
Landevennec	0700/3	- Brest	1130/3	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	($\frac{1}{2}$)	14
Brest	1330/3	- Audierne	2100/3	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	(-)	34
Audierne	1430/5	- La Trinité	1715/6	26 $\frac{3}{4}$	($\frac{1}{4}$)	83
La Trinité	1145/7	- Ile aux Moines	1630/7	4 $\frac{1}{4}$	($\frac{1}{2}$)	16
Ile aux Moines	0600/8	- Port Tudy	1730/8	11 $\frac{1}{2}$	(2 $\frac{1}{2}$)	36
Port Tudy	1030/9	- Belon R.	1615/9	5 $\frac{3}{4}$	(-)	15
Belon R.	1515/10	- Concarneau	2150/10	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	(4 $\frac{1}{2}$)	15
Concarneau	1315/11	- Benodet	1930/11	6 $\frac{1}{4}$	(-)	9
Benodet	2230/11	- Douarnenez	2020/12	22	($\frac{1}{2}$)	62
Douarnenez	1030/13	- L'Abervrach	2140/13	11	(1)	59
L'Abervrach	1115/14	- Hughtown	1230/16	49 $\frac{1}{4}$	(10)	106
Hughtown	0430/17	- Strangford	1830/19	62 $\frac{1}{2}$	(4)	280
Strangford	1845/19	- Ring Haddy	1745/19	1	(-)	5
				mins.		
				298 $\frac{1}{2}$	(43 20)	1028
Ring Haddy	2250/26/6	- Larne	1900/27	20	(4)	46
Larne	1430/1/7	- Culdaff	0800/2	17 $\frac{1}{2}$	(8)	62
Culdaff	1800/3	- Portrush	2230/3	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	($\frac{1}{2}$)	18
				42	(12 $\frac{1}{2}$)	126
Total for Cruise.				392 $\frac{3}{4}$	(88)	1380

CHARTS: (BRITISH ADMIRALTY).

IRISH COAST: 2798, 46, 45, 1825A, 1825B, 1468, 1787, 2049.

ENGLISH COAST: 1598, 34, 1179, 1178, 2565.

FRANCE: 2644, 2643, 2694, * 3345, 3424, 2351, 2352, 2646.

No. 3165 French.

Should also have had No.20. * Not really necessary.

Harbour Plans: Cruising Association Hand Book 1952.
Also those in "Ianthé Cruises" by H.J. Hanson.