



Atalanta

OWNERS ASSOCIATION BULLETIN 1965-66

A message from the President of the Association

Although the weather has not been ideal for cruising, Atalanta owners have made a number of extended trips.

Those owners who like to discuss the performance of Atalantas with owners of other types of boat will probably be interested in the results of the race round the Isle of Wight, organised by the Island Sailing Club, in which Atalantas race as a Class. The total entry was over 300 boats. Set out below are the results for 1963, 1964 and 1965, the interesting years being 1964 and 1965 when the Atalanta on its rating, which is very high for its sail area compared with other boats, succeeded, on corrected time, in beating all comers. These results go to show that an Atalanta can perform with the best.

		<u>Elapsed Time</u>	<u>Corrected Time</u>	<u>Remarks</u>
1963	Overall Winner Cyra FB2	8.29.28	5.06.33	
	1st. Atalanta A52	8.57.15	5.50.04	
1964	Overall Winner Rocquette 2126	10.01.25	8.11.11	
	1st. Atalanta A65 (Masthead Rig)	12.11.51	8.00.32	Light wind
	2nd. (Standard Rig)	12.37.28	8.04.06	
1965	Overall Winner Firebrand 212	7.35.55	6.10.42	
	1st. Atalanta A52 (Standard Rig) "Rambler"	9.35.08	6.07.34	Strong wind
	2nd. Atalanta A46 "Theodora"	9.53.07	6.19.04	

It is also interesting to note that Atalantas have for the third year running won the sail and power race round the Isle of Wight, organised by the Royal Lympington Yacht Club.

Let us hope that next season will bring better weather and a warmer climate.

Alan Vines.

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THE HARRY FITCHELLS' CRUISING
TROPHY WAS PRESENTED TO
MR. I.C. HURPERYS FOR HIS
ARTICLE "SECOND TIME LUCKY".

Race Reports

ROUND THE ISLAND RACE 1965

by Dr. W.R.R. Thursfield - "Rambler" - A52.

This year's Round the Island Race was run in a blustery south-westerly, reported to be between Force 5 and 6, but with bright sunshine to encourage the large entry. The beat to the Needles was closely contested, with "Theodora" and "Rambler" exchanging the lead after Hurst Narrows. "Joann", the winner last year, unfortunately bent her rudder blade and was later forced to retire. From Palm Buoy to St. Catherine's was a reach and we carried our spinnaker most of the way, dropping it to weather St. Catherine's.

The run to Bembridge Ledge was most exhilarating and, although very fast, without incident. We had one crew member sitting on the transom as the bow was inclined to bury and at times the deck descended to sea level. Many other boats had spinnaker trouble with broaches, blow outs, and strings of sausages around the fore stay. However the Atalanta is at its best in these conditions and there was no tendency to broach. After the Forts there was a hard flog back to Cowes, keeping to the Island shore after North Sturbridge, to avoid the strong east going tide.

As usual the Island Sailing Club organized the race with great efficiency and gave the Atalanta class a splendid day's racing.

POWER AND SAIL RACE ROUND THE ISLAND

by Dr. W.R.R. Thursfield - "Rambler" - A52.

The Royal Lympington Yacht Club put on a most interesting event; four Atalantas were entered and two of them were again first and second. The handicapping was different from that of the previous year. In addition to a time allowance, an engine handicap factor was allotted to each boat. In the case of our Atalanta this resulted in each hour under power counting as one hour and forty minutes. There was no limit to the time under power.

On this basis it seemed sensible to use the engine whenever the speed under sails dropped below 4 knots. It is most tempting not to use the engine when gliding along nicely under spinnaker, or when there is a spanking good breeze dead on the bow. However neither pays and we used our bigger banger for a total of 4 hours and 10 minutes.

The final leg from Cowes was dead into the wind, which had risen quite rapidly from Force 2-3 to Force 5. We all stood on the cockpit seats or the stern deck as our big 16-inch propellor with 2 to 1 reduction punched us along so fast that the spray made it hard to see.

This turned out to be our last race in Rambler as we have decided to change to a 7 tonner which will allow us to race more often.

The Atalanta has proved to be a wonderful cruiser, quite without rival as a seaboat, particularly running before a big sea, and we are sorry to be leaving the class.

MEDWAY REGATTA

F. E. Offord "Tadpole III" - A31/4

At the Medway Regatta held in July, my Atalanta 3 1/4 "Tadpole" won the highest aggregate of points for the Medway Handicap Cruiser Class.

The weather pundits were wildly out in their forecasts of strong winds and this, I think, played a part in stopping possible competitors from turning up. I did not happen to listen in, and just carried on in happy ignorance, with my wife and family crewing.

"Peace" in Holland

by Anthony Fraiss - "Peace" - A173

Skipper: Anthony Fraiss
First Mate: Barbara Fraiss

Deck Hands: Robert 15 yrs.
Ian 13 yrs.

In view of the limited time available for our holiday in Holland this year, we decided to ship "Peace" as deck cargo across the North Sea. This account starts from the time we berthed at the Royal Maas Yacht Club in Rotterdam.

We entered the Yachthaven in bright sunshine at 11.30 hrs on 11th August and were welcomed by the harbour-master, who berthed us temporarily alongside a pontoon, so that we could rig the boat in comfort. Thereafter we were shepherded into a very comfortable berth, stern-on to a cat-walk, all warps being provided by the Club. After the necessary formalities were dealt with we were given a card (in English) inviting us to make full use of all the Club's excellent facilities during our stay. The main Club rooms are splendid and the restaurant is of the highest order. We dined there that evening and the food was excellent, and the price quite moderate.

Thursday 12th August. Sunny and very warm. We let go our warps and motored out of the Yachthaven at 10.30 hrs. The moment we left the shelter of the harbour, we were exposed to the turbulence of the Maas, which even in the calmest weather is never less than rough, owing to the continuous interplay of the numerous wakes of barges, cargo ships, pleasure cruisers etc., but within 20 minutes we were lying off the Park-Haven Sluice, waiting for the lock gates to open. The lockmaster was continuously bellowing instructions through his megaphone, but as these were in Dutch we were rather mystified and asked a bargee to tell us when we should enter. We need not have bothered, for soon we heard quite clearly the words "Englischer yaggercht" (which is as near as I can spell his effort at English). These lockmasters are veritable jigsaw wizards. By the time the lock gates had closed there was hardly any water visible between vessels. Soon we were through and on the first leg of our journey.

Our early impression of Dutch canals was by no means very inspiring. After we had passed the first three bridges it was still quite a time before we left the industrial and suburban sections of Rotterdam. This was followed by a stretch of backs of houses and nondescript gardens, but after a few miles the scene became more rural, the houses more interesting and it seemed that we had at last escaped the clutches of the city.

There are many different types of bridges, at which the procedure was nearly always as follows: At about 300 metres distance we blew our horn and slowed down. At 200 metres a bell rang and shortly afterwards down came the red and white road barriers and up went the bridge. At this point we found it courteous to proceed at full speed so as not to delay traffic but care had always to be exercised to make sure that the bridge had been raised high enough for our mast. Some of the bridges, particularly in Friesland, require a small toll and this is collected in a clog, which is swung out at the end of a rod and line as you go through. We all enjoyed catching this and paying our toll and in order to quell any mutinous tendencies on board "Peace" the Skipper organised a strict rota. There are a few railway bridges which only open at specified times and except for these we were hardly ever delayed.

We moored for the night in a stretch called the "Canal" which is past the fifth and last bridge, belaying our warps round a couple of trees on the bank. We ate on board early and took a long stroll in the evening.

Friday 13th August. Sunny and very warm. We spent the morning in the town and slipped quietly away at 14.00 hrs. For the first hour or so the scenery, though not industrial, was certainly still very suburban, but we were impressed by the number of very handsome private houses with beautiful gardens leading right down to the canal and the very clean and fresh appearance of all the buildings.

We passed through Rijswijk and Voorburg and then found ourselves travelling through a long stretch of beautiful pastureland, and reached Leiden at 15.30 hrs. Having examined the charts, we decided to take a canal which coursed towards the centre of the town, with a view to finding a suitable place to lie for the night. We moored just past the foot of a bridge with our warps once again belayed round a couple of trees on a grass verge, where there were several other yachts looking very snug.

Looking for somewhere to eat that evening we found some difficulty in locating a suitable restaurant. We were obviously in the wrong sector so we asked a Dutchman, as he was getting into his car, to advise us. He did more than that! He insisted on taking us to the right place. There were several very good looking restaurants in the area but we ate at Het Verguilden Monk and can recommend it for both quality and price.

Saturday 14th August. Sunny and warm. This was the day we were scheduled to meet our friends from England, who had chartered a Dutch motor cruiser complete with English speaking skipper, and with whom we were going to travel in company for the rest of our stay in Holland. Their boat "Taeping" was lying at Warmond and we had arranged to meet them there at lunch time.

At 10.30 hrs. I walked up cheekily to the bridgekeeper at Leiden and told him we were about to slip and would he please open the bridge so that I did not have to stop. He took this in good part and we moved straight off, completed one circuit and passed under the bridge, and soon we were travelling north in the Schiekanaal, passing through really lovely countryside, bathed in glorious sunshine. Within an hour we reached the Kager Lakes and turned north west and then shortly afterwards south west to Warmond, which is one of the most exclusive centres of Dutch yachting. I think an apt name for this stretch of water between the Kager Lakes and Warmond would be "Millionaires' Row". It is bounded on either bank by exquisite houses, mostly with private yacht basins set back within their own grounds.

We made our rendezvous, ate a quick lunch and lost no time in setting off again. Bound for Haarlem we left Warmond at 14.45 hrs. Our journey took us through a small stretch of the lakes and then almost due north through a fairly wide canal and for the most part through open country.

Our new guide Anna (believe it or not a man's name!) led us to a berth very near the centre of Haarlem but, as he said, far enough out to spend a peaceful night. One of the first things we did when we tied up was to buy a selection of Dutch pickled herrings from a local street vendor, then we sat on the deck eating the flesh and chucking the bones into the canal, Dutch-fashion: and if you haven't done this you haven't lived, unless you don't like pickled herrings!

We ate an excellent meal that night in an open-fronted restaurant in the very centre, called Brinkmans. This was recommended to us and once again we had extremely good food at a moderate price. We were already coming to the conclusion that stories about the cost of food in Holland and the lack of imagination and quality in their cooking, were illfounded.

Sunday 15th August. Cloudy and warm with broken sunshine. We set off for Amsterdam at 11.00 hrs. following a northerly route via Zaandam, because many of the bridges in the centre will not open on Sundays. We were following our friends on "Taeping" when, without warning, they turned to port signalling us to follow, and in a moment or two they were tied up alongside a very small wooden pier by a small cluster of houses. We came alongside them and followed ashore. Anna evidently wanted to show us something of importance and here in a moment or two, in a little village street, was a very fine bronze statue of a boy kneeling down with his finger in a mound of bricks and, underneath, on the plinth, written in both English and Dutch, was the legend of the boy who, long ago, found a hole in a dyke and fearing the consequences to his country, had put his finger in the hole and remained there for ages until help came. This story may not be entirely true but it does very ably epitomise the Dutch sense of dependence on their dykes and their tremendous tenacity of purpose. We were delighted to have made this little detour. The town Spaarndem - the boy Hans Drinken.

Soon we were on our way again, passing under many bridges and seeing much of interest in the approaches to Amsterdam. We berthed in the very centre of the City, opposite the Central Station. Perhaps we had chosen a noisy place to lie for the night, but it had its compensations: it was raining and we were pretty near the centre of things.

In the evening, we toured the illuminated canals in a river bus. The journey took about 50 minutes and the bus ambled through many canals and under numerous bridges, whilst a student gave us a commentary in four languages. (We understood one of them). What a lovely way to view the architectural splendours of Amsterdam!

Monday 16th August. Sunny and warm again. After shopping for our food we let go our warps at 10.45 hrs. and made for the Oranjesluizen Lock which would take us out into the IJsemeer. No complications: and soon we were through. To all intents and purposes this was like putting to sea but of course the IJsemeer is now a lake enclosed by the giant dyke which separates it from the North Sea. There was practically no wind and we motored north, arriving at Maarken at 14.30 hrs.

Maarken was originally an island but now it has been connected with the mainland

by a wide dyke. It reminded us of Southend on a Bank Holiday. The whole place was like a peep show set up for the tourist trade: people walking about in national costumes; ladies offering to show you round their cottages; herring stalls; and souvenirs.

We left Maarken for Volendam at 16.00 hrs. and 45 minutes later berthed stern on to a catwalk in this very interesting and thriving fishing port. There is the usual veneer of tourist material along the main street, which runs the length of the harbour, but behind this the town is full of charm and the whole scene is one of unspoilt domesticity. A large proportion of the people do wear national costumes. There were clogs on the doorsteps of many houses and we saw folk leaving their homes, stepping into the clogs and departing. There are miniature lift bridges over very narrow canals coursing in and out of these lanes, and pretty gardens and unusual shaped houses. This seemed to us to be the Holland of our imagination come to life. That night we ate at the Hotel Spandau, which was the best Volendam could produce.

Tuesday 17th August. Fine, sunny, light winds S.E. Hoorn was next on our list but as we wanted to sail "Peace" we told our friends to go ahead and expect us two or three hours later, as we would probably sail around for awhile. It was a glorious day but the wind slackened and within half an hour we were becalmed. At one stage you could have parted your hair in the reflection from this airless, tideless lake. So we started the engine with the sails still hoisted, still hoping! Everything was going fine when suddenly the boat lurched and came to a dead stop. The engine went mad, revving like an aeroplane. I looked at the keel indicators No bottom! I switched off the engine and took stock of the situation. I lifted up the hatch and it did not take long to discover that the propeller shaft had parted company with the gear box. We were ensnared in a very heavy gauge drifting fishing net which had obviously broken away in a storm. A Dutchman and his wife in a Folkboat came alongside to help us cut the net away but though we got rid of some twenty feet or so, we were still pretty gummed up. There was so little wind that there was not much point in asking these kind people to get a message to Hoorn, so we hailed a passing day sailing boat with a buzzing outboard and they agreed to go back and find our friends and ask them to come along and get us. We sunbathed until they arrived, and then decided to skip Hoorn and proceed to Enkhuizen, where there would be facilities for repair. On arrival we moored alongside "Taeping" at a barge repairing yard. There we were promised by a couple of engineers that they would help us after the work finished for the day (5.30 p.m.) and they did. They soon had our stern up on a sling and freed the prop shaft of bloated dead fish and stiff quarter inch netting. Then they set to work on the coupling. Using "mikes" and calipers most efficiently, they designed and made new spline pieces and drilled and tapped the coupling to take a new bolt. All this was completed in one and a half hours. They asked very little for their labours and after I had considerably increased this I still would have been pleased to have paid three times as much in England.

Wednesday 18th August. Fine, sunny. In the morning we got up early and visited the Maritime and Rijksmuseum. This is a superb museum containing examples of furniture, clothing, glassware, pottery, dolls, arts and crafts, boats, yachts: all of these of many centuries.

We left at 11.15 hrs. and sailed across the Ijslemeer with a light S.E. wind providing ideal conditions for a lazy broad reach, and arrived at Stavoren by 14.30 hrs. We were now in Friesland. We passed through Stavoren and proceeded under motor through the loveliest country we were to encounter during the whole holiday. The canal was narrow and winding and the fields so green and the black and white cattle which abounded so picturesque, the farm houses and the windmills so perfectly sited that all this, bathed in glorious sunshine from a clear blue sky, provided a scene which will long live in our memories. We encountered bridges operated by the farmer's wife, who collected the toll in the traditional clog and we passed through some very pretty hamlets and then, almost without warning, we were battling our way through a jam of sailing dinghies. We had reached Sneek at Regatta time, and just managed to get a berth in this crowded resort. We couldn't really see the town for the revelries, so we took to revelling instead.

Thursday 19th August. A few clouds but sunny and warm. After a look round the town we set off at 11.45 hrs. and reached Bolsward at 13.30. This is a fair sized town, with wide streets and modern shops. It is obviously a prosperous place and there is the very interesting 15th century Gothic church of St. Martini, which is well worth visiting, and which carries scars and evidence to support the fascinating tales we were told of its ancient history.

We left Bolsward at 16.15 hrs. and proceeded through typical Friesland farmland. On

the way we stopped and allowed the wind to take us gently into the reeds and had a very enjoyable bathe in the canal. We reached the 'sea' port of Makkum at 18.30 hrs. By now the weather had deteriorated and a light rain was falling from a very overcast sky.

Friday 20th August. Rainy and not quite so warm. We took stock of the weather situation and decided that we were not going to enjoy a walk around the town or a visit to the Potteries in these conditions so we set off at 10.30 to cross the Ijslemeer to Den Oever. Even under the very difficult weather conditions, for the rain was heavy and not unduly warm, we could not help being impressed by the fantastic achievement of the Dutch in erecting this dyke across the top part of the Zuyder Zee, thus joining Friesland with north Holland and converting the Zuyder Zee into the lake now known as the Ijslemeer. This dyke, which is 20 miles long and 90 yds. wide carries a major motorway and there is a continuous stream of traffic running in both directions.

Just before the lock at Den Oever there is a handsome tower building on the dyke, which was erected at the point where the dyke was finally closed after four years work. It took us about 3½ hours to cross, and at Den Oever we proceeded with very little delay through the lock and out into the North Sea. On the chart it looks a pretty straight run to Den Helder, but owing to the shoaly character of the sea the buoyed route is a very circuitous one. Fortunately the weather had cleared and there was some sunshine and no more rain, and we quite enjoyed this trip. The sea was quite choppy and we saw a familiar friend once again: our foaming white wake had turned up. We had missed this in all our fresh water travels.

We arrived at Den Helder at 15.20 hrs. Entering through the harbour gates, the sight of this naval port is most inspiring. I do not recall ever having seen such a cluster of warships in one port before. There must have been hundreds of naval ships of all sizes in Den Helder. This town suffered very badly during the war. It was severely bombed by the Germans, the Canadians and the English. Consequently the town has been rebuilt and must rank as one of the most modern towns in Holland. It has a very fine water tower dominating the central square and there are many modern shops, but even today much of the centre is still under construction. We ate aboard that night and took a walk round the town.

Saturday 21st August. Rain, winds southerly, light. Today we had a fairly long trip ahead of us to Alkmaar and we set off at 11.00 hrs. The countryside was pleasant enough but the weather was so bad that my crew spent much of their time in the main cabin and I discovered how unwaterproof oilies can be.

At Alkmaar there was a railway bridge which we did not reach until 16.30 hrs. as we had stopped for lunch on the way. We had to wait quite a while for this bridge to open. After passing through it we berthed alongside a barge in the centre of the town. The weather was not all that good but the town was well worth a tour. There is a famous cheese market but our visit did not unfortunately coincide with market day. I would not like to leave Alkmaar without mentioning the very impressive carillon played by the Town Hall clock on the half hour. It is well to remember that the clock was erected in the seventeenth century.

Sunday 22nd August. Very wet. We set off from Alkmaar at 11.00 hrs. for Amsterdam and though we passed some very fine lakes and sailing grounds on the way, the journey was not very pleasant from my point of view. I was at the helm the whole time and arrived at Amsterdam at 16.30 hrs. feeling pretty damp in spite of my oilskins. We decided to tie up this time just before the centre of the town for a quieter night and we berthed near the Dutch training ship "Pollux", which is a very handsome three masted square rigger. I then walked with a suitcase to the Victoria Hotel, took a bath, and emerged fresh and ready for an evening in Amsterdam, which grew finer as the hour grew later.

Monday 23rd August. Warm but very overcast, with light northerly winds. I was thankful for the change in wind direction. The rain was only intermittent and never very heavy and we did have some very pleasant sunny breaks. We lowered our mast and left our berth at 10.00 hrs.

Anna guided us right through the centre of the city, under many low bridges and along some very interesting stretches, many of which we had previously seen at night from the river bus trip. As soon as we had cleared the last bridge we raised our mast and, soon, we were in the Amstel Canal with familiar pastoral scenery on both banks and reached Ouderkerk at 12.30 hrs. Here we stopped for lunch and took a good look around this very fascinating town. It lies on both sides of the canal and there is a hand-operated ferry which is propelled by a man gripping the cable with a wooden bar at one end and walking back to the other end of the platform with the bar in his hand. When he had done this twice we were across. There is no charge for this service as he is employed by the town but it is customary to leave him a little token of your gratitude. Adequate bollards are provided for

tying up here and you can virtually walk off your boat and cross the lane into one of the restaurants which look as though they were expecting you.

We left Oudekerk after lunch and proceeded down the Amstel and then into the Drecht Canal and reached Gouda at 18.20 hrs. There was a little complication on arrival because the place where we wanted to moor was on the far side of two bridges at rightangles, both carrying busy traffic and operated by the one man. He was therefore reluctant to perform too often and there was quite a wait before we found our way eventually into a small stretch of canal and moored in quite the most beautiful setting of any so far. Grassy tree-lined banks on either side and a very handsome row of terraced houses, erected in what must have been the most prosperous era in Dutch history. But I am afraid there was a snag, which was discovered the first time we flushed our toilet. The water had a foul smell and we understood that it had been nearly as bad the previous year. The situation is not improving, due to the fact that the German factories on the Rhine disgorge vast quantities of chemicals which have polluted this stretch of water, thus killing all the small fish which for centuries had served to purify the water. This matter is of great concern to the Dutch and it is quite likely that they will find it necessary to treat this water chemically, to offset any risks to health which might possibly exist. I would therefore recommend anyone visiting Gouda to tie up in the main canal.

Tuesday 24th August. How lovely to wake up and find the sun shining and how grateful we were for the walk we took round the town in the morning. Gouda sports one of the finest central squares we had seen and this is dominated by a magnificent State House. On the side of this building there is a clock which gives a moving puppet show every half hour, when the bells chime. There are a number of open fronted restaurants and some fine shops. The 16th century St. Jan's Kerk, which is the longest church in Holland (390'), is well worth a visit. We were not in a hurry to leave this very beautiful town and we stayed until after lunch and then after another 40 minutes delay, while the bridge-keeper made up his mind to release us, we set off on the last leg of our journey at 14.00 hrs. for Rotterdam. This was only a very short trip down the IJssel and we stopped just before the sluice leading into the Maas to lower our mast, because this would have been a formidable task in the rough waters of the river. By 17.30 hrs. we were motoring down this last stretch of water and we entered the Yachthaven at the Royal Maas Yacht Club at 18.30.

Well, there it is! The next morning we were back on the ferry as planned. On Thursday we arrived home, crowded with memories of one of the most enjoyable holidays we had ever had.

Holiday on the west coast of Scotland

by L. A. Biddle, M. C. - "Epeneta II" - A39.

At 9.30 a.m. on July 31st we dropped our moorings on the Medway and sailed slowly down the river with an ebb tide and a light S.W. breeze. The crew consisted of my two sons, David and Robert. By 6 p.m. the same day we were bowling along at 30 m.p.h., with Luton on the beam. In fact, we were bound for the Clyde and we had only sailed as far as a crane in Gillingham where we loaded the boat for the long road trail.

The three of us spent two nights on the road, sleeping on board, and reaching Ardrossan just under 48 hours after leaving Gillingham. The Ardrossan Harbour Company went out of their way to be helpful and assigned us to a vast crane so that by 5 p.m. we were afloat and had the rigging up. The wind was easterly so we set the spinnaker and made for Lamblash on Arran where we anchored off Holy Island.

August 3rd. When we woke the yacht was surrounded with shoals of small fish and attendant seagulls. We had an easy day and made Tarbert. The following day we sailed to Ardrishaig and locked into the Crinan canal. There are 15 locks and the toll for a single journey is £5.5.0. The lock-keepers were helpful and always expected to take our warps. In ascending locks, care of warps and fenders is important as the water is let in very fast. When descending the whole process is much easier. It took us 5½ hours to reach Crinan and I should think this is about average, although the C. C. C. handbook suggests you can get through in about 4 hours.

August 5th. Gale forecast. Crinan basin is a quiet spot in a gale and we decided to stay put. Even in the shelter of Crinan it blew very hard that night and it was not

until the next afternoon that we locked out and made for Dorus Mor. The neap tide was still against us but with the help of the engine and by making short tacks on the Craignish shore we got through. By the time we had reached the Sound of Luing we had a favourable tide, and with a fresh W.S.W. wind we crossed the Firth of Lorne and anchored in Duart Bay at last light. In Holland I had always used a 15 lb. C.Q.R. but for the West Coast I had bought a 25 lb. C.Q.R. and we were certainly glad to have it that night. Duart Bay is a well sheltered anchorage unless it blows from the north. Needless to say, at 2 a.m. it started to blow from the north, so we had an uncomfortable night. We had already put three rolls in the main and next morning with two more rolls in the main, the small jib, and the help of the motor, we tacked out of Duart Bay.

By contrast, the next night we were at Oronsay in Loch Sunart, a perfect anchorage. A narrow entrance gives access to a landlocked pool about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile across. We landed on Oronsay Island and disturbed one of the seals which I am told breed here. No one sailing in these parts should miss this anchorage.

Next day we sailed and fished in Loch Sunart. After an interesting piece of navigation through the narrows at the western entrance of Loch Teachdais we sailed back to Tobermory for the night.

August 9th. Provisions are difficult in the Western Isles but we found Tobermory first class. The shops are on the quay and if one is making a passage through the Sound of Mull, Tobermory is hardly out of one's way. After provisioning we sailed for Ardnamurchan in a light breeze, and so on to Eigg. This is another lovely anchorage but not well protected in heavy weather.

The following day we sailed up the east coast of Eigg and across to Rhum sailing through a shoal of mackerel on the way. Every time Robert dropped his line he pulled up 3 mackerel, one on each hook, and soon the aft deck was slimy with fish scales. In fact the boat never recovered from this mackerel shoal. Later the wind freshened and we decided to push on for Canna. It is a good, well protected harbour, and we anchored in the position recommended in the C.C.C. handbook, a volume which we found essential. The place is depopulated, and there are only about 20 occupied houses; the Post Office is the only shop.

Next day there was a strong S.S.E. wind, and with three rolls in the main we sailed for Soay. Soay is a small island just off the coast of Skye and we anchored in the northern harbour which is landlocked. At dead low water there is only about one foot of water over the bar but there is plenty of water inside. We lay off the shark factory, now derelict, which features in Gavin Maxwell's "Harpoon to a Venture".

August 12th. Our course was S.E. and so was the wind. At times we were down to 4 rolls in the main and storm jib but at other times the wind was lighter though the rain was almost continuous. At 4 o'clock we were off Arissaig and decided to put in there for the night. The C.C.C. handbook is very discouraging about the entrance but we found it interesting and well worth a visit.

There was a good breeze next day and we had a fast sail to Ardnamurchan close hauled on the port tack enjoying the protection of the land. After passing Ardnamurchan we made for Caliach Point, intending to sail down the west coast of Mull, but we were late on our tide and reluctantly had to put back into Tobermory for the night.

The S.E. wind persisted and the following day we beat to Loch Aline reefed, and in very unpleasant conditions. The following morning the wind had dropped and we sailed to Easdale in lovely weather. Early next day we took the tide through the Sound of Cuan. Perhaps I should say the tide took us, for it runs at 7 knots and the rock at the southern end throws up a bow wave which is impressive. By midday we locked into the canal at Criwan and we reached Ardrishaig that night.

August 17th. A slow morning sailing down Loch Fyne against a light southerly breeze. At 5.15 we were becalmed off Inch Marnoch. There was a gale warning on the wireless and soon we had a fresh southerly breeze which got stronger and we took down three rolls in the main. We decided to push on for Ardrossan and had a very wet passage with the tide running out of the Clyde against a southerly wind. That night we lay in Ardrossan harbour and next day we craned the boat out and began the long trail home.

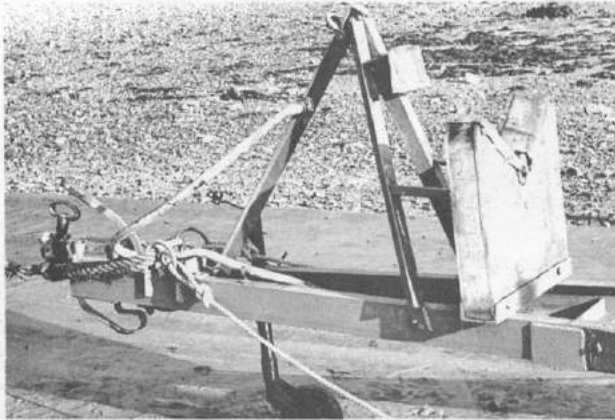
In 16 days on the West Coast we had covered 350 miles. We had been storm-bound on only one day but the weather was mixed and I have never reefed and unreefed a boat so frequently. Fortunately on the Atalanta it can be done from the comfort of the cockpit.

Modifications to a trailer

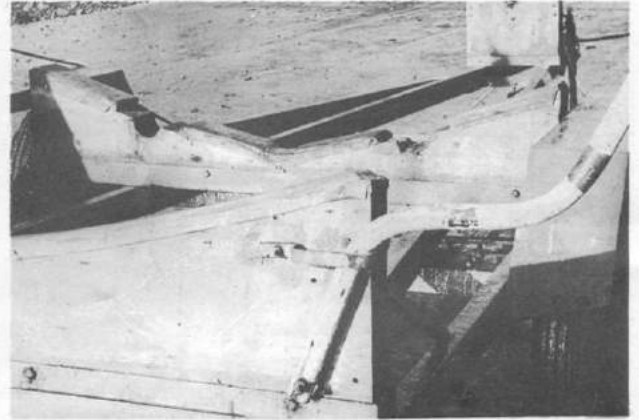
by R.S. Partington - "Lindora" - A159.

Owners who regularly launch and recover their Atalantas from slipways will no doubt have experienced difficulties in accurately positioning the boat both laterally and fore and aft on the chocks, so I decided to try a few modifications. The first was to provide a bow stop which would accurately position the boat fore and aft. This, I decided, should be adequate to ensure that I did not find the boat alongside me in the Land Rover in the event of a crash stop.

The second experiment was to devise a simple means of centralizing the boat over the rear chock. My solution was to provide two rear guide posts which are allowed to pivot - much as a pair of scissors pivots - within limiting stops, giving plenty of clearance whilst moving the boat onto the trailer, but closing against the stops to locate the boat accurately over the centre line once she is in position.



1. Bow-stop with ring for warp



2. Rear view of pivoting guide post.

The remaining problem was to ensure that the boat did not move relative to the trailer whilst drawing out. I found that the angle of the trailer on the slipway results in the boat resting only on the forward chock until the trailer is brought virtually out of water; as the trailer is withdrawn the bow of the boat slips off the front chock. My solution to this is to have a warp fastened to the shackle which can be seen near the top of the bow stop. The warp is passed through a ring bolt fixed in the stem of the boat near to the water line and then taken up over the trailer until the bow registers in the forward chock against the stop. A lashing or shackle is then made fast and, as an additional precaution, a warp from the front of the trailer to each of the winches is used to hold the boat against the forward stop. The two guide posts at the rear are then drawn together and lashed securely. The boat is now accurately positioned and can only move up or down regardless of cross tide effects. It is then a simple matter to pull the trailer out of the water, and the boat will be found to lie accurately at her marks on the chocks.

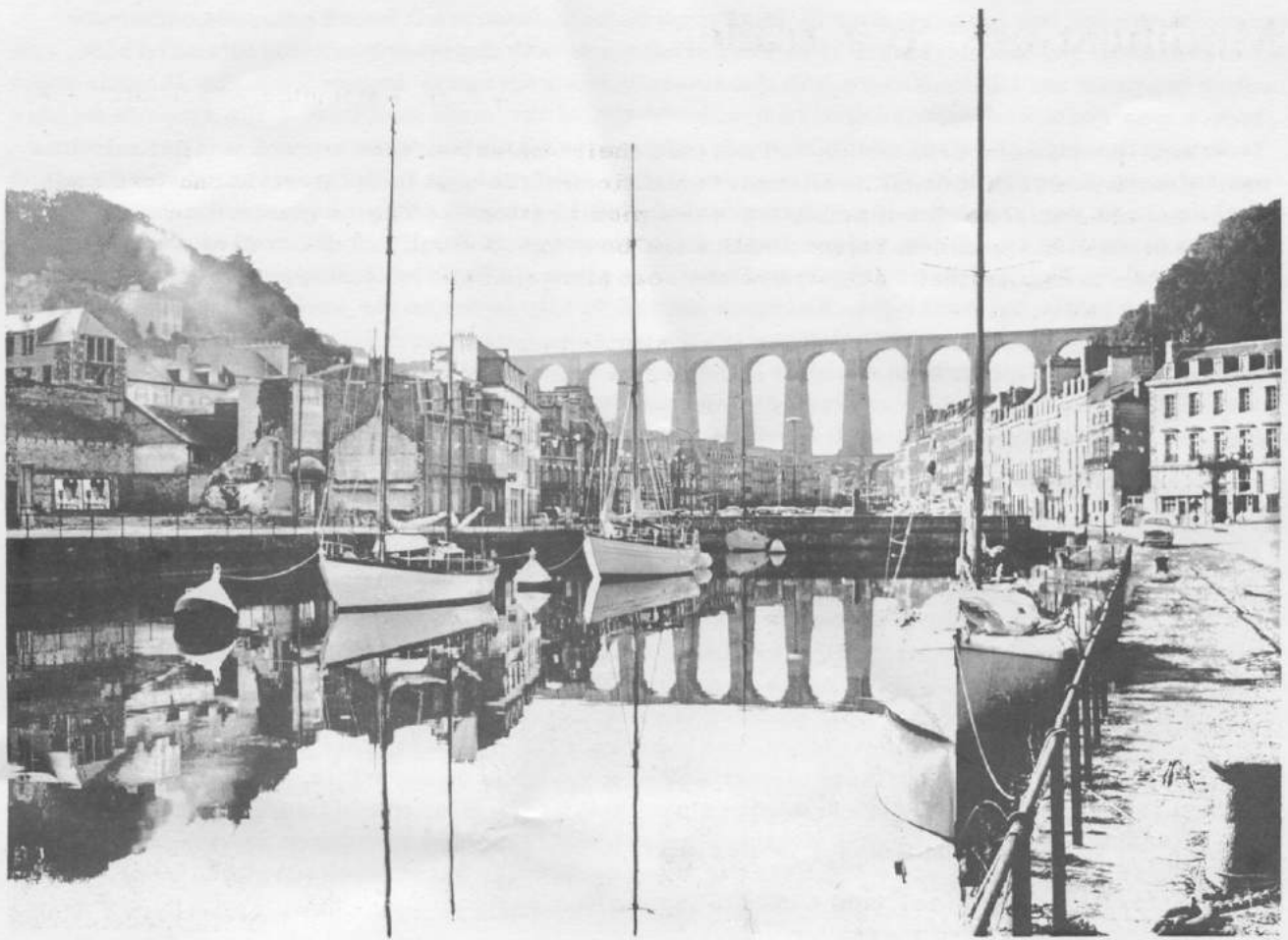
Second time lucky

by I. C. Humphreys - "Achates" - A60.

This year Achates, A60, set off again to get to Roscoff and Morlaix. To shake down the new crew we progressed from Bosham to Bembridge, and then Yarmouth. A foul tide kept us in harbour until 07.30 and with 66 miles to go to Cherbourg and a crew inclined to be sick, we motor-sailed to a light westerly breeze until it freshened too much and we approached the French coast with two rolls in the main. We anchored in the yacht basin just under twelve hours out from Yarmouth.

The following evening, 27th July, Achates just beat the dusk into Omanville harbour, during the early hours the wind changed and at 03.30 we had to lay out a second anchor, in a very cold rain shower.

In Cherbourg, Mary Gay had her first shopping expedition as acting mate, with the skipper as escort. The plan was to buy sausages without seasoning. The nearest thing in the diction-



ary was sage and it took a quarter of an hour's confused bargaining, involving the shop-girl, an elderly customer and ourselves, before we realised that we had been asking for "unwise sausages".

On 30th July the forecast was better, and we partly motored to St. Peter Port in cold and rain without much excitement except for the jib-sheet shackle breaking, and Philip being sick in some overfalls five miles south of Alderney race.

We cleared St. Martin's point on 1st August at 09.35 bound for Ploumanac'h. Again it was wet and cold. We had to pinch for two hours to give the Roches Dœuvres a safe offing. We closed the coast west of Les Heaux, but the tide had turned and after bucking it for an hour we turned back to Treguier River, the scene of last year's calamities, and anchored off Roches Jaunes at 19.30 hours.

Next morning a gale was forecast so we motored further up the river to Treguier to shop, and in the evening the whole crew repaired aboard a British nine tonner.

Oversleeping, we missed the morning forecast and did not learn the details until 11.30, when we immediately made sail. But the promised S.W. 3-4 turned out to be westerly 5, so we had a wet passage to Ploumanac'h, which we entered at 16.15 at the bottom of the tide, sharing the entrance of the landlocked little harbour with a score of paddling children. It is the most sheltered harbour between Lezadrieux and Lannion.

Just after midday on 4th August "Achates" set sail for Morlaix, but a S.W. Force 1-2 breeze changed our mind, and we went to Roscoff instead, attempting the entrance at low-water, which left us stranded slap in the entrance between the moles. So the crew carried the anchor into the harbour and went shopping.

We would have liked to visit the Isle de Batz, but we grudged the time and could only gaze at it beneath a glorious sunset. The promise of the evening was not fulfilled, and after 38 hours in harbour we motored out through a slight drizzle over a flat sea. Timing was easy and we motored straight into the lock at Morlaix at 12.15.

As a concession to Kelvin's birthday, which he wished to celebrate in Guernsey on the 9th, we locked out of Morlaix after only 24 hours. The forecast wind strength of 5-6 turned out to be 0-2, between north west and north. In hot sun we got some sailing. We concluded that there must be a tidal eddy in Morlaix Bay for our progress past the land was surprisingly fast and we motored into Ploumanac'h in time to spend our last few francs on 11 litres of petrol.

On the 8th the forecast was N. W. Force 3, but of course it was N. E., the direction we wanted to go, and force 1. However it was a lovely day, so we motored until 13.30, when we preferred Dick Emery and the Navy Lark to the noisy engine. At 14.30 when the motor was restarted we managed to break the tap of the main fuel tank. To stop the header tank overflowing, the cam which is on our propeller shaft had to be moved. That was how we came to discover that the shaft was too hot to hold, thanks to the gearbox of our Stuart leaking. At one stage the log spinner fouled with sea-weed and we concluded an aggravating day by forgetting to lift the rudder in the inner harbour at St. Peter Port when we went ashore for a meal. There was one misfortune still in store. Whilst the skipper battled to unbolt the rudder pintle by torchlight, Kelvin managed to slip between the boats, blacked his eye and lost one lens of his spectacles.

Uphams of St. Samsons took the bend out of the rudder blade and returned it to us dead flat. They repair the Commodore steamships when required, but the manager confessed that they were happier making low-pressure boilers for green-houses as it is more lucrative.

On the 12th, "Achates" sailed for Braye, with little wind and sailed for too long, with the result that the tide had turned in the Swinge when we got there. It runs much faster than the chart shows so we followed two other boats into the little anchorage on the west side of Burhou and went ashore. The island is a cable wide in places, desolate and quite delightful, but the anchorage is untenable on the flood tide. After some three hours exploring ashore all three of us got under way with an hour of foul tide left, preferring that to a fair tide with the wind against it, on the north coast of Alderney.

We left Braye at 08.35, half an hour after a 5 or 6 tonner, called "Pink Gin", also bound for Yarmouth, and the day developed into a motor race. Apart from the oil leak the Stuart was running well. The customs officer asked if we knew of any boats still to come in as he wanted to go home and we relished telling him that "Pink Gin" would be along presently.

Clearing the Spithead Forts next day we set our masthead spinnaker for the only time this cruise and ghosted up to the Fairway Buoy concluding three weeks that had been half head winds, rain and bitter cold and half hot sun and no wind.

But this year we got there!

A quiet potter around the Island

by J.G. Inglis - "Caper A" - A31/6.

We decided this year to have a quiet potter up the West Coast and accordingly on July 10th we left by car ferry from Wemyss Bay. The pleasant morning deteriorated, and we had just got everything on board "Caper" at Port Bannatyne when down came a cold steady rain. This persisted, and there being very little wind, we set off on the motor. At Ardlamont Point a light favourable breeze sprang up, but with Tarbert only 7-8 miles away, and the wet and cold persisting, we took especial thought for the sails and left them dry, and incidentally ourselves.

Sunday was still raining, with 3-5 E. or N.E. forecast at 6.45 a.m. We sailed off the anchor at 12.40 p.m., and found the rain very heavy at times, but wind light and mostly from S. Ardrishaig was invisible until twenty minutes before we arrived off the harbour, dropped sails, and motored into sea lock at 3.45 p.m. - a ten mile sail.

Monday morning warm and sunny, and a fresh S.E. breeze pushing us into the locks. After acquiring a permit and perishable stores we were ready to start but had to wait till "Lone Fox", which suddenly appeared in the sea lock, was given priority - the due of the White Ensign. By the time we reached Crinan there were doubts about getting through the Fladda race that evening, the lock-keeper estimating we could be in time for the Dorus Mhor, but we might have to 'punch' through Fladda. We decided to motor and cleared the sea lock at 3.25 p.m., and 27° pitch and 2,000 revs. made the passage of 17½ miles to Puilldhorain in 2½ hours, which gave us great confidence in the motor. Next day we motored against the ebb into Oban for stores, including 3½lbs. of live lobster.

The following morning, Wednesday, was fine and sunny, and we sailed out to between Ploughman's Rock and Ardnamurchan lighthouse where the breeze left us, and the three other yachts rounding Ardnamurchan at the same time soon followed us in switching on the motor. They all turned for Mallaig and we felt quite small and lonely as we headed for the West Coast of Rhum, about as forbidding a coastline as can be imagined. The sky greyed and the breeze came away from the N.E., but whilst we could have laid the N. point of Rhum close hauled we decided progress on the 'kicker' was good and carried on to arrive safely in Canna at 5.40 p.m., making about 6 miles under sail and 30 under engine.

Thursday morning found the breeze E. and we motored out hoping to sail when our course was altered at the Northernmost point of Rhum for the Aird of Sleat. However, before we could enjoy this the breeze dropped altogether and there was hardly a breath till we emerged in the evening through the Kyle Rhea.

Rounding the Aird of Sleat we found a yacht becalmed and the crew sunbathing, but we pushed on past the new car ferry pier at Armadale, where the "Clansman" pops across from Mallaig in about twenty minutes and deposits numerous cars on the quiet island roads.

So on to Isle Oronsay where we dropped the hook for a couple of hours and went ashore. As the tide at Kyle Rhea would be right we motored up and through in flat calm, but meeting a good Westerly breeze when we emerged we set plain sail and headed for Totaig. The small black buoy in Loch Duich took a bit of finding even on a brilliant day, so it can't be easy on a dirty one, but leaving it to starboard and keeping clear of the Island and heading for Totaig point avoids the hazards.

Friday, 16th July, showed every promise of another fine summer day, so we headed south to visit anchorages north of Ardnamurchan.

Our neighbours hoisted sail after clearing into Loch Duich, but the wind was very light, and with our later start we motored down through Kyle Rhea on the first of the ebb. The faintest hint of a N. breeze led us to try and sail, and most of the sails in the locker were tried till we reached Sandaig, after which came flat calm and gorgeous sun - "as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean".

We motored to Mallaig, and sailed on leaving, but the Southerly breeze looked like dying and did so after an hour or two when our tacks had not got us much beyond Loch Morar.

The Howorth rocks, an underwater peril, seemed plumb on our course for Loch Moidart, but no doubt our precautions, whilst adequate, were overdone. The C.C.C. sailing instructions got us safely into Loch Moidart on the ebb, but again we were glad of our keels when we encountered a sand shoal on the prescribed course to the anchorage. On 17th July, the glorious weather continued, but only the occasional zephyr meant little sailing at the start, and we motored out by the S. entrance, this time leaving Sgurr na Claidheamh to port. It seemed a good day to explore the haven at Loch Ceantraigh.

The rather small scale Admiralty Chart No. 2507 being the only one available, and plenty of underwater obstacles indicated by it, we chose to go in by passing Sgurr na Eididh fairly close to port and heading for the North side of the inlet. In the clear calm water there seemed to be no hazards this way, and it is a refuge which, with a strong wind astern, is less daunting than Loch Moidart. Most of the Loch inside the narrows appears to dry out, but there is a sheltered spot on the N. side behind a rock guarding a bay with boathouse that looks to be a good refuge in bad weather.

Motoring out, we soon hoisted the spinnaker but the light following breeze failed at Rudha Aird Druimnich and we motored to Ardnamurchan Light, where a soldier's breeze greeted us. In the considerable jabble set up by the ebb we hoisted plain sail and sailed to the Rudha nan Gall lighthouse, after which we needed the motor.

Sunday morning brought a stiff easterly breeze and considerable popple in the anchorage. Rather than submit the cook to the rigours of frying in disturbing conditions we moved to Aros Bay, and it was not long before we were joined by a dozen others, one of which managed to drag twice and finally laid a kedge.

The C.C.C. race from Crinan was due to start at 3.40 a.m. the Monday morning, and we moved over to anchor near the pier and see them come in. "Silja" came storming in about 10.15 a.m. carrying her red spinnaker round the turn at Calve Island, closely followed by another eight-metre which looked like overtaking, but which lost a little ground by changing to a genoa, although this was very smartly done.

The breeze being fitful, we beat, with occasional pushes from the motor, through the passage North of Risga towards Salen, and then back to Loch Drumuie where we anchored at 6.15 p.m. on another glorious evening; 8 p.m. dinner in the open cockpit, and contentment.

Tuesday we left about 10 a.m. to catch the first of the ebb down the Sound of Mull. Glass calm till Auliston Point where we hoisted sail and beat our way towards Oban. Tobermory looked splendid in the sun, and it is always a sad moment to wave it 'good-bye' for another year at least.

We started sailing at a good speed, tacking to-and-fro across the Sound, but once again the wind failed when we got to the Green Isles, and the Mate, with visions of gorgeous baths and dinner in the Caledonian in Oban in danger of fading, ordered the motor into service again. This we held till near Lismore where the breeze improved and sails were hoisted again. The light breeze carried us in, and as the glass was tending to fall we sought out the corner E. of the railway pier and anchored in 6 fathoms in glass calm.

Next day, 21st July, heavy rain and a flat calm meant the motor once more, and all

went well till leaving Easdale Point when thick fog, visibility perhaps 20 yards, descended. We sought to make gentle progress steering by compass, but when we came on a rock that should have been the Dubh Sgeir and found no beacon on it, we turned about and made back up the Luing coast till near Easdale where the fog eased and finally lifted.

As there could be no certainty that it would not again descend on us, we made for the Cuan Sound. By this time the ebb was proceeding briskly, but by heading straight for the post on the hidden Cleit rock, and turning to port very close to it, a speedy passage resulted.

After our visit ashore and farewells, on Thursday, 22nd July, we motored across Loch Melfort but soon hoisted plain sail, being close hauled on our course Craigach Isle to the S. end of Shuna, and easing sheets a little on the course from Shuna Cottage to Ris an Tru beacon. The Skipper did not make sufficient allowance for leeway and we found ourselves close to the red rocks, but it was a grand sail, and we changed course to broad reach through the Dorus Mhor and right up to the Canal entrance where we dropped sails and motored into the basin.

We tied up to the quay below the locks, but it does depend whether the outer gates spend the night shut or open if the peaceful rural night is to be enjoyed or not. When shut the water cascades over them and the rushing noise is not conducive to sleep, despite the exertions of the day.

Friday saw us complete our passage of the Canal and bid farewell to our crew, Tom Millar, who had been such excellent company throughout the cruise, and a great help.

Flat calm persisted, and indeed did so for all that day and the following two. The Mate and I decided to push on the motoring to Colintraive, have a thoroughly lazy time there, next day checking over the log, and doing necessary chores.

On Sunday, the calm still continuing, we motored to Port Bannatyne, the gear was put ashore, and the car loaded and driven by the mate via the ferry to Fairlie. The skipper's hope of a single-handed sail back to the Fairlie moorings was disappointed as the calm lasted all day, and it was a case of the 'kicker' once again.

Our 'potter' ended with this anticlimax, and the log shows we motored 245.5 miles out of the 360 covered. However, the main memory is the gorgeous weather, the magnificent scenery, and the lovely anchorages in which we were able to spend our quiet nights.

First season in New England

by Peter Lombard - "Stormy" - A77.

We are now approaching the end of our first season with "Stormy", formerly "Blue Goose", and it is a pleasure to report our considerable satisfaction with her. We are reaping the benefit of a former owner's change from the Coventry-Victor engine to the Universal Atomic Four, which lets us push through most of the tidal and river currents in these New England waters (about $6\frac{1}{2}$ knots).

There are two other modifications which we are making. Firstly, we are changing from kerosene to bottle-gas (propane) in the galley, the tanks being stored on deck in an unsightly but sturdy locker. And secondly, what we hope will be a satisfactory rig for raising and lowering the mast even while afloat. The trick in this is to provide lateral support for the mast during the entire process, and we have so far seen no suitable arrangement for so doing. In fact, we are very anxious to compare notes with anyone who has a really satisfactory system for raising and lowering the mast while afloat.

We have had three most enjoyable cruises this summer. For the first, we trailed "Stormy" to Narragansett Bay, and developed some improvements in our trailer hitch, notably proper sway-bars-so "the tail doesn't wag the dog" quite so much. Our second cruise, from Gloucester, Mass. to Portsmouth, N.H., and up the Piscataqua River, was entirely a motor trip, with no wind at all most of the time.

We are just back from our third cruise, again with too little wind, in which we went under sail and power combined from Gloucester to Cape Cod and back, taking a week for this most enjoyable cruise. We left Gloucester, my son and I, about 6 p.m., saying "What can we do with three hours of daylight?". Nine hours later, in full moonlight, we pulled into the well-lighted channel and harbour at Plymouth, Mass., anchoring very near "Mayflower II", late of Brixham, and nearby Plymouth Rock. A day later we had a pleasant sail to Cape Cod Canal, which we traversed on a favouring tide; thence to Pocasset, on Buzzards Bay. It was in this area we came across Mr. Parker's "Scylla", A85, and we enjoyed a most hospitable time with him and his

attractive family.

Returning through Cape Cod Canal, we coasted along Cape Cod Bay and entered tricky Barnstable Harbour after dark. This channel is well lighted to a certain point, but from there on, navigation is by unlighted and un-reflectorized "trees", which is a rather desperate situation for the first-time visitor. However, we did have a fine visit with friends who made us welcome. The final leg of this cruise was done overnight, 6 p. m. to 6 a. m., under sail and power combined, with the moon past full, but very helpful just the same. Cape Cod Bay and Massachusetts Bay are seldom less "lumpy" than they were that night; there was no fog; and we did not tangle with lobster-trap lines - a very pleasant run under fortunate circumstances.

In closing, let me express a welcome to any Atalanta owners, either to our historic town of Concord or to our home-port of Gloucester, Massachusetts.

Alterations to an Atalanta

by E. A. Payne - "Hullabaloo" - A166.

To avoid having to disconnect the battery every time the yacht is left, and to prevent lights being left on, or worse still, the starter button inadvertently being operated, a master control may be fitted on the switchboard in the galley. While the cover of the switchboard is removed it is easy to fit a socket for a wander-light, and also another socket connected across the masthead light switch, for a morse key, so that the light can be used for signalling.

It is also useful to have an on/off switch on the aft bulkhead, alongside the throttle, so the single-handed helmsman can immediately cut his engine when taking moorings. As the bowden cables operating the throttle and strangler are nearly 12 feet long, and have many bends, it is essential that they should be well greased. It is also a good plan to protect the levers with a plastic cover, held on with a rubber band, to exclude moisture; if the controls are reluctant to return to the closed position, extra return coil springs may be fitted; it is, of course, essential that the end nipples should be well soldered.

To make it easy to remove the cover of the water filter, and prevent damaging the washer, the cover can be drilled and tapped so that a brass eye or a lug can be fitted. The chain locker can be lined with a rubber mat folded into a "V" to protect the hull and help silence the rattle. To prevent water collecting in the cockpit lockers, the openings can be closed with plywood covers held in place with shockcord stretched inside, and looped over hooks on the covers.

"Ploof" in Provence

by A. W. Wallbank - "Ploof" - A178.

As only our youngest child Robert, aged twelve, wanted to holiday with us this year Mary and I decided that as a relaxing change from the currents and reefs of Brittany, we would explore the warm and tideless seas of Provence. Accordingly, at a horribly early hour on Sunday, 8th August, we drove out of the huge car deck of "Viking III" into the streets of Le Havre and began our long haul southwards. For two and a half days we drove steadily across France and experienced the perils of "priorite a droite" and the speed and elan of the huge French lorries. At last we reached Toulon where our first evening afloat was enlivened by forest fires which burnt brightly on the surrounding hills.

By noon next day we were ready to begin our cruise and, with small jib and main set in anticipation of a force 6 westerly, we sailed across the beautiful outer harbour of Toulon and into the Golfe de Giens. As usual, the forecast was exactly wrong, and with a very light southeasterly dead ahead, we had to change sails and accept the help of our motor in order to reach our destination, the Ile de Porquerolles, in time for aperitifs. Porquerolles is one of the largest of the Illes d'Hyeres and its port became one of our favourite anchorages. It is a three-quarter circle of crystal-clear, deep-blue water, surrounded by luxuriant semi-tropical trees. Just out of sight of the harbour is the village. Its streets, shaded with palms and flowering creepers, surround an open square dominated by a white-washed church. To sit under the trees sipping Pernod and watching Petanque on a summer evening in Porquerolles after a good day's sailing is the height of happiness.

Next morning we sailed out of the harbour and turned westwards into a steady force 4 head-wind. In the hot sunshine and lively sea it was a glorious beat past the saw teeth of the Point des Medes and into the open sea beyond until the islands of Bagaud and Port Cros loomed out of the mist. Our final tack brought us into the port of Port Cros, which is even more luxuriant and more tropical than Porquerolles.

The island of Port Cros is indeed ideal for a sailing holiday except for one unfortunate trick of geography. It has two deep inlets, one at either extremity. The first of these, the port of Port Cros, faces exactly north-west and is violently uncomfortable when the Mistral blows, while the other, Port Man, faces due east and is quite untenable in a strong wind from that direction. Since the only strong winds in summer are either from the north-west or the east, and since they change quite quickly from one to the other, it is necessary, as we soon learnt, to be ready to raise the anchor and fly round the island to the other harbour at very short notice.

Saturday, 14th August, was a typical Port Cros day. We awoke to a flat calm and cloudless skies; suddenly all the boats in harbour put out to sea. We followed them and ran before a fresh north-wester round the island to the complete shelter of Port Man where the same boats were already at anchor. That afternoon we tried to visit the neighbouring island of Levant but on dropping anchor to windward of some fearsome looking rocks (which happened to be graced with beautiful females attired only in sun hats!) we found the swell too great to risk launching the dinghy or leaving "Ploof". It might of course have been interesting to be hauled like Ulysses out of the sea by these sun-hatted damsels, but even that possibility did not justify leaving "Ploof" to the mercy of such a swell.

On returning to Port Man we decided to walk across the island back to Port Cros. But on reaching that village, after a very long, very hot and very dusty walk, we found that the wind had changed and was blowing strongly from the east. The fishermen at Port Cros were horrified to learn that we had left our boat unattended at Port Man in a strong easterly and drew many diagrams in the dust to illustrate the danger. We looked up to see all the pleasure boats once more dropping anchor in Port Cros, and gratefully accepted the offer of a fisherman to take us back to rescue "Ploof" immediately. Off we went in the dusk, in rough seas and a fierce easterly wind, drenched in sea water and covered in fish scales! At Port Man "Ploof" was lifting to the swell but was quite unharmed, and even as we rescued the dinghy and raised anchor the wind began to drop. However, shepherded by our faithful fisherman, we motored round the island in pitch darkness, dropped anchor in Port Cros, and rowed ashore for a late but excellent dinner. On our return, replete with bouillabaisse and Provencal wine, we found the wind had changed to north-west once more and that "Ploof" had swung around on her long rope, to become highly unpopular with the surrounding craft.

After several days of being chased by the winds around Port Cros, we sailed northward to the mainland and spent a day at Le Lavandou, which this year was an island of green in a whole landscape of fire-burnt hillsides. After one night there we set sail for St. Tropez, which was a glorious sail with the wind on the beam around the rocky headlands, and then up the gulf of St. Tropez, where with the wind aft we hoisted our spinnaker.

Of the larger resorts in the South of France, St. Tropez is our favourite. The town itself centres entirely on the harbour and is wholly delightful, while the people in the town seem more exotic both in conduct and in dress than anywhere else.

Our first evening in St. Tropez was typical. We dined in the open air at a restaurant overlooking the fishing port. During the hors d'oeuvre there was a fight between the proprietor of our restaurant and his rival from the adjacent establishment. The chefs and waiters joined in but, before too many tables were broken, a posse of gendarmes appeared and rapidly restored order. During the main course we were entertained by a magnificent trick cyclist, who pirouetted on one wheel amongst the tables brandishing the other wheel of his bike over our heads! We then had coffee at a cafe in the main square where the populace was excitedly assembling for a bull fight. However, we decided that our twelve-year-old son had already had enough excitement for one night and we pushed our way along the crowded quays back to "Ploof" where we tried to sleep amidst the noise of rival night clubs.

The main sailing problem at St. Tropez, at least in August, is the crowded harbour. All the good berths, stern to quay, are occupied by palatial craft which never seem to leave their moorings. Each of these floating hotels has a large professional staff occupied primarily in cleaning brass and brushing carpets, while the family in residence sit on the aft deck around a large vase of enormous gladioli. Cruising craft have to tie up and anchor where they can, often two or three deep, and the harbour is so criss-crossed by anchor chains that it is quite a feat to raise one's own anchor without fouling. Four bearded pirates cruise perpetually around the harbour with diving gear and a strong winch, and they must make a handsome living as there is always at least one boat with anchor trouble. We were forced to hire them one morning to

disentangle us from the mooring chain of the local lifeboat, which stretched diagonally right across the harbour.

After some enjoyable days at St. Tropez in which we visited by sea the magnificent bathing beaches which surround the town, we ran before a light breeze to St. Raphael. Under these conditions it was so hot that we hauled up buckets of sea water at intervals and threw them over one another - an unexpected use of the self-draining cockpit! At St. Raphael, we had one uncomfortable night in too close proximity to a very spiky fishing boat and then sailed eastwards again along the magnificent coastline to Agay Road.

This delightful inlet faces due south and is bordered by sandy beaches. It is sheltered by high hills of red rocks and we spent a lazy day there bathing and sunbathing in the hot sunshine. Towards evening a strong swell began to roll in from the sea and, out of curiosity, we switched on the late weather forecast to hear to our horror that a force 10 "tempete" was anticipated. The swell became more violent, while inky black clouds appeared over the hills. Sleep was impossible. "Ploof" on forty fathoms of chain plus anchor weight pitched and tossed through incredible angles, while the keels banged against their boxes just as if we were in the Alderney Race. The sky was alive with lightning and towards morning the most violent thunderstorm we have ever known broke over our heads. The rain was almost solid and dawn broke to a scene of wild water and tossing boats such as we had never imagined in the Mediterranean. Both the thunderstorm and the swell relaxed their fury but incessant rain fell in torrents the whole day. We learnt afterwards that it had been the worst summer storm since records began in the South of France and that five-and-half inches of rain had fallen in about twelve hours.

On the following morning the sun was shining again but a Mistral forecast caused us to set sail very early and run to Cannes as fast as we could. At Cannes we were proudly approaching the quay stern first in front of a large crowd when the motor suddenly cut out and we had to be ignominiously hauled into our berth. We found that one of the stern warps was round the propeller but fortunately, with the help of Robert's diving mask, we soon untangled the innumerable clove hitches, and neither warp nor propeller shaft seemed any the worse. At Cannes we were Mistral-bound for several days. We made friends with a delightful French family who were our neighbours and, as soon as the wind eased, we sailed with them to the Iles de Lerins and anchored in the incredibly small harbour of Honorat. This tiny island within sight of Cannes is quite unspoiled and contains only a monastery where St. Patrick was educated in the faith before coming to Ireland.

Next morning in Honorat, the forecast for our area was winds force 8-9, but from the top of the castle which protects the monastery we could not see the slightest sign of this, and so we set sail towards Toulon and home. We called again at Agay Road and at St. Tropez where on this occasion we actually found a berth stern to the quay. Then on again to Cavalaire where we enjoyed meeting the Kenyons in "Fille d'Honneur" (A132). Cavalaire is another delightful spot and we understand that the Kenyons use it as their base for sailing every year. We motored eventually from there in a dead calm and dropped anchor for lunch off the beach at Cavaliere. During lunch a strong swell and wind sprang up, our anchor began to drag and we had an exhilarating beat into Le Lavandou with "Ploof" lying right over on each tack.

At Le Lavandou we were storm-bound again for several days. One morning we tried to get across to Porquerolles but, as soon as we passed the shelter of Cap Benat, the waves were frightening and we ran back to the harbour of Lavandou. Next day we successfully sailed to Porquerolles and revisited all the delightful spots in the Iles d'Hyeres but a storm eventually drove us to the Port d'Hyeres for shelter, and there the Mistral blew so incessantly that we had to bring our trailer from Toulon to Hyeres in order to start our return journey across France in time.

So ended our first, but not we hope our last, Mediterranean cruise. There had been much more wind and heavy seas than we had expected and, by Mediterranean standards, the weather was unusually stormy. Compared, however, with a typical English summer, the weather was superb. It was a relief not to worry about tides and tidal currents, and the bathing in the clear, warm water was heavenly. The French yachtsmen, although they do not lend a hand, but on the contrary stand around and glare as one enters harbour, become delightfully friendly once one is safely moored. Best of all were the days when we sailed smoothly along the glorious coastline of Provence, our delight in our surroundings heightened by the sight of endless queues of cars shimmering in the heat.

One of the best features of the Atalanta 26 is that it is just small enough to trail behind a private car and yet large enough for comfort and good sailing. The new cross-channel ferries with their drive-on/drive-off car decks bring the Mediterranean less than three days away, an advantage we intend to exploit again next summer.

"Seamajor" goes Spanish

by John and Ursula Valentine - "Seamajor" - A92.

For our fifth family cruising holiday in distant waters, we chose Northern Spain this year. We crossed the Channel on August 3rd, on the Thoresen ferry from Southampton to Cherbourg. This is a pleasant and easy route from Hamble, but it does waste nearly a whole day. The first night we spent at a camp at Julouville, near Granville, the second night at La Rochelle, and then a 200 mile run via Bordeaux and Les Landes to Bayonne, on the third evening, where we planned to start cruising.

Next morning we found that there were no suitable slipways, but we soon arranged to have "Seamajor" put into the River Adour by one of the 30 ton cranes; by 2 p.m. she was rigged and ready to go. Then we had to make garaging arrangements for the car and trailer, and at last sailed off down the estuary to spend our first night afloat in the little harbour of Boucau, where we managed to tie up between the pilot and the customs launch! The next day a gale was blowing, so we explored Biarritz from the landward, and finally set off for St. Jean de Luz early on 8th August, dropping anchor in Socoa, on the far side of the big sheltered bay from St. Jean de Luz itself.

Our first stop in Spain was San Sebastian where we anchored in front of the Yacht Club. Here we met the only other British boat we saw during the whole three weeks' cruise, with a family from Bristol. We were both flying our 'Q's, and went ashore with passports and ship's papers, but when we eventually tracked down the Customs House, the officials were not at all interested and we never did get a Spanish stamp in our passports.

This northern Spanish coast is very beautiful with high rugged cliffs and frequent small fishing ports; we ourselves put into twelve along the hundred miles between San Sebastian and Santander. Several of the ports, including San Sebastian and Santander, Lequeitio, and Castro Urdiales, have smart, modern yacht clubs, which seem to be used mostly as a base for tuna fishing; others are purely fishing ports, ranging from Bermeo with its ice factories and fish processing plants, down to little harbours like Elanchove, snug at the foot of the 1,000 ft. hills, its steep cobbled streets negotiable only on foot or by donkey.

We had a hard struggle out to Cape Machichaco from Bermeo, against wind and tide, battling with 15 to 20 ft. rollers. We met a number of fishing boats putting back in Bermeo, all of which signalled to us in wild pantomime that we should return, indicating with fearsome gestures the weather to come. It did not look all that bad to us, but eventually we decided that the local fishermen should know better than we did, so we turned and covered in about 20 minutes the ground we had painfully won in 1½ hours. We still think we could have made it - those fishermen don't know the Atalanta.

We reached Santander on 14th August, having by-passed Bilbao, an industrial port, and moored stern on to the harbour wall, close to the Yacht Club, where we were courteously received and formally made temporary members. Here we were joined by our 19 year old son, who only had half as much holiday as the rest of us, and the aft cabin was now very fully occupied by the two 6 ft. young men, with our two daughters sleeping down the quarter berths.

We spent one day ashore visiting the Altamira caves and Santillana del Mar by coach, and then set course eastwards on a leisurely return journey, calling mostly into ports we had missed on the outward journey. The weather was not at all kind. From the 22nd to 24th August it blew a gale, and none of the fishing boats left harbour. We were at Elanchove again, which was perhaps unfortunate, as there is nothing much to do there, the only restaurant's only dish is fried egg and chips, and even the telephone exchange can't get up power enough to reach San Sebastian, let alone France and beyond. However, on the 24th the wind was down a bit though enormous rollers still came crashing shorewards, and we had a glorious fast sail with a following wind to Guetario, where the harbour is formed by a high broad wall joining the island of San Anton to the mainland, which gives good protection from the prevailing westerlies. Next day we returned to San Sebastian, in mist and heavy rain, and the yacht club were very hospitable and allowed us to use their hot showers. The following day we called into Pasajes, which is entered through a narrow, fjord-like channel and then surprisingly opens out into a big harbour busy with ship-building. Now we had not much time left and had to press on to St. Jean de Luz. On 27th August, with a brisk breeze and the tide with us, we had a fast sail northwards up the French coast, past Biarritz to the mouth of the Adour, and so up to our crane at Bayonne.

By the time we reached home we had hauled "Seamajor" 600 miles each way, Chalfont St. Giles to Bayonne, and our sailing distance, from Bayonne to Santander and back was 300 miles (plus of course, about 90 miles each way aboard the ferry Viking!).

List of Owners

No.	Boat	Owner	Tel.	No.	Boat	Owner	Tel.
A1	"Atalanta"			*A51	"Bacardí"		
A2	"Telulub"			A52	"Rambler"		
A3	"Andana"			A54	"Eala"		
A4	"Snuffbox"			A55	"Sue"		
A5	"Diaphony"			A56	"Yambo II"		
T/A6	"Kittiwake"			*A57	"Bluebird"		
(Titania)				A58	"Winterset"		
A7	"Alouette de Mer"			*A59	"Julietta"		
*A8	"Arabesque"			A60	"Achates"		
A9	"Ereina"						
*A10				*A61	"Eliasa"		
A11	"Tomboy of Terhou"			*A62	"Coco"		
A12	"Ione"			A64	"Paradox"		
A13	"Ariel"			A65	"Joann"		
*A14	"Mimet"			A66	"Roamara"		
A15	"Artemis II"			A67	"Bajan"		
*A16	"Dervozguilla"						
				A68	"Curlew"		
A17	"Gambol"			A69	"Laqlaq"		
A18	"Aries"			A70	"Catalina"		
A19	"Valare"			*A71	"Blue Jackaroo"		
A20	"Acantha"						
A21	"Chuff"			*A72			
A22	"Mary Jane of Moreton"			A73	"Lyde"		
				*A74	"Equanil"		
*A23				*A75	"Shang"		
*A24	"Melanion"			A76	"Inshallah"		
A25	"Pindar"			A77	"Stormy"		
				A78	"Marianda"		
*A26	"Meteor"			*A80	"Ario"		
A27	"Sabot"			*A81	"Atalanta"		
*A28							
A29	"Yen Tina"			A82	"Koomela"		
A30	"Trio"			A83	"Flying Fox"		
*A31				*A84	"Desirée"		
A32	"Alchemy"			*A85	"Scylla"		
A33	"Pam"			*A86	"Vendaval"		
*A34	"Syren"			*A87	"Harmony"		
				*A88	"Tenga"		
*A35	"Christian Mary"						
A36	"Aquila"			A89	"Colchide"		
*A37	"Kotick"			A90	"Mourne Goblin"		
*A38	"The Beaver"			*A91	"Yarina"		
A39	"Epeneta II"						
*A40	"Dalziada"			A92	"Seamajor"		
*A41	"Gale"			*A93			
*A42	"Pumula"			A95	"Hiran"		
*A43	"Ponente"						
A44	"Vaga"			*A97	"Seven Up"		
A45	"Marcel"			A98	"Beki"		
				*A99	"Toco"		
A46	"Theodora"			A100	"Jolanta"		
A47	"Big Daddy"			A101	"Amida"		
A48	"Atala"			A102	"Mazy"		
A49	"Terrapina"			*A103	"Tambalu"		
*A50	"Astarie II"			A104	"Arona"		
				A105	"Taka Maru"		

