



# Atalanta

OWNERS ASSOCIATION BULLETIN .1966-67

# A Message from the President of the Association

The Bulletin this year is full of interesting articles.

Atalantas have cruised on land and sea over a wide field, in sun and gales, and now constitute an insurance for foreign travel for next year in spite of the 'freeze'.

The performance of Atalantas as a Class in the Island Sailing Club Race around the Isle of Wight was again extremely good compared with the rest of the fleet and an Atalanta came second to 'Roundabout' on corrected time. The winning boat was A 11—'Tomboy of Terhou'—owned by Colonel O. M. Roome which averaged approximately seven knots from the Needles to Bembridge.

Next summer on average must be hot and sunny. Let us hope so!

Alan Vines

## CONTENTS

	Page
'Emira to Majorca' by J. G. Thynne — 'Emira' — A177	1
'Look, No Hands' by Colonel O. M. Roome — 'Tomboy' — A11	2
'Beginners' Luck?' by Frances Martin — 'Sea Major' — A92	4
'Ploof goes to Italy — Just!' by A. W. Wallbank — 'Ploof' — A178	5
'To Friesland in Tomboy' by Colonel O. M. Roome — 'Tomboy' — A11	7
Engine Problem — Help Wanted by C. R. Templer — 'Treenlaur 3' — A140	8
'400 Miles to Chelsea' by Anthony Frais — 'Peace' — A173	9
'A Twelve Day Cruise' by G. W. Stennett — 'Trio' — A31/8	14
'Quiet Weekend' by T. W. Stanier — 'Atalanta' — A1	15
'Eight Days to Appledore' by S. Boss — 'Clymene' — A143	16
'A Disappointing Season for Achates' by I. C. Humphreys — 'Achates' — A60	17
'Epenetus on the West Coast of France' by L. A. Biddle — 'Epenetus' — A39	18
'Round the Island Race' by A. W. Wallbank — 'Ploof' — A178	19
List of Owners	

# 'Emira' to Majorca

by J. G. Thynne — 'Emira' — A177

'Emira' left Hamble on the 3rd July and crossed the channel via the Thoresen ferry arriving at Port Vendres, the nearest port to Spain, on 6th July. Port Vendres, an attractive little place, was full with boats. No suitable slipway could be found so a crane was used and the brand new sling christened. After someone had suggested that the rudder blade would look better the other way round, 'Emira' was rigged correctly and once more looked like a fully fledged Atalanta.

An inquiry at the Yacht Club, which in reality turned out to be part of the hotel, elicited the instruction to tie up to a very dirty wall, on top of which ran a slightly less dirty street. The only consolation was that shops were close by and two 'boozers' within spitting distance.

The next morning the engine was started and my only crew, an ageing but young hearted ex R.N. officer and engineer, suggested the usual test be made concerning water circulation. Water appeared to be coming out of the exhaust so we cast off and motor-sailed out.

Just before clearing the entrance to the harbour the temperature gauge registered maximum, the engine started to knock and steam billowed out from the engine compartment. Switching off the engine we sailed back and came alongside the same berth which we had just left—a good example of the fine handling qualities of an Atalanta.

The immediate task was to ascertain what damage the engine had suffered through lack of cooling. This was not easy in a temperature of well over 80 deg F., with holiday traffic roaring past above one, handicapped by lack of sufficient tools and no mechanic available.

The Royal Navy, however, was not to be defeated. After a kind American had lent his tools and a Frenchman his workshop, the engine was induced to start and with some apprehension we listened for the knocking which would spell disaster for us. All was well and she settled down to run as smoothly as ever. The thermostat had had to be thrown away, a new impeller fitted, new contact points and a new condenser, all of which were luckily on board. The crew had excelled himself under very trying conditions and watching Frenchmen may have learnt some novel English phrases!

Quite correctly the water circulating cock had been turned off, but several experienced yachtsmen have since ventured the opinion that when this is done a label to this effect should always be tied to the ignition switch or starter.

After an early morning shop on the following day resulting in the boat giving forth the most delicious smell of French bread mixed with peaches and melons, we left Port Vendres and headed down the Spanish coast in the direction of Barcelona. The wind started light and N'yly but soon backed S.W. and increased to such an extent that course was altered for La Escala instead of the anchorage at Meda Island.

La Escala is a charming and sheltered place—ideal in a blow. After dropping the hook a policeman on the breakwater made signs for us to land. Not wishing to become involved in paper work before reaching Majorca, we refused in what it was hope sounded like Lingaphone Spanish with best Castillian accent. Anyway he must have understood, for he then settled down and watched us for the rest of the night.

Six hours motoring on the next day with no wind but quite a swell brought us to San Feliu de Guixols, where we tied up astern of another British yacht. Her occupants told of a not very pleasant trip through the French Canals. Here the authorities were courteous and helpful as indeed we found them to be at every port of call in Spain.

It had been decided not to go as far as Barcelona before taking off from the Balearics as this great port is crowded and inclined to be very dirty. Instead the yachting centre of Arenys de Mar was to be our jumping off place.

Three hours motoring brought us to Arenys on the one big regatta day of the year. In desperation for want of space, we went alongside the pontoon in front of the Club House where a charming Spaniard told us that on any other day of the year we should have been most welcome, but not today! However he found us a hole next to a large British Motor Yacht whose sole occupant was snoring on the after deck beside a case of empties. We put 'Emira' stern on to the wall and used the M/Y for landing

There was, of course, a fiesta in town and consequently no petrol to be had, so the only answer was to find a taxi and drive down the road until it could be found.

This turned out to be easier said than done. For two hours we sat in the main street nursing fuel cans and consuming an indecent number of ice creams. There wasn't a cab to be seen. Finally our luck changed and we set off down the coast road. It was five miles before the first filling station loomed up and the cans duly filled. This had to be repeated on a second trip in order to start with both the tank and cans full.

The crossing from Arenys to Puerto Soller in Majorca is 107 miles. With no tides or currents to worry about this did not present a great problem in laying a course.

Part of the planning had included a good sleep before leaving the mainland, especially as my crew, having passed the age of three score years and ten, needed not only a siesta but was in the habit of turning in early. However it was so hot against the wall at Arenys that we decided to leave immediately.

At 17.30 we cleared the entrance, set main and working jib and streamed the log. In less than an hour the burgee gave a final wave and sank exhausted on to the mast. As so often happens in the Mediterranean, the wind had suddenly disappeared. From then until 05.00 the engine drove us steadily on at 5 knots. Three hour watches had been catered for but quite a bit of latitude was surreptitiously allowed to my crew.

The early morning produced a nice breeze and the motor was given a well earned rest. Only two ships were sighted during the night, one a trawler and the other a passenger liner.

At 11.00 landfall was made on Majorca's highest peak, Puig Major. Luckily we both confirmed the sight of land because almost immediately the mountain was swallowed up in the mist, and only after a further five hours, when only two miles off the coast, did we pick it up again. Moments like this make one suspect that either an error has crept in to the navigation or that one's imagination has run riot.

And so, exactly 24 hours after leaving the Spanish mainland, 'Emira' entered the port and naval base of Puerto Soller—an average speed of about  $4\frac{1}{2}$  knots. Having no stern plank we were allowed to tie up alongside. That night we celebrated in the town with an excellent dinner consisting mainly of 'gambas', those delicious huge prawns which most restaurants in Majorca seem to be able to produce.

Our destination was not to be the rather hot crowded port of Palma but the charming fishing village and yachting centre of Puerto Andraitx (the pronouncing of this is similar to a well known brand of toilet paper). This lay just round the S.W. tip of the island and was a run of about 5 to 6 hours along what must be one of the most beautiful coast lines in the world. This coast is sheer and offers no shelter to the yachtsman and is therefore largely avoided except by those on passage.

The next morning, therefore, we sailed for Puerto Andraitx. After rounding the corner between the main island and the island of Dragonera whose lighthouses are supposed to be visible for 30 miles, we dropped the anchor off the small resort of San Telmo for lunch and a swim.

Wishing to reduce criticism to a minimum on arrival, it was decided to get the galley into some semblance of order which, it was hoped, would prove acceptable to the usual 'galley slave' who could be expected to await our arrival.

The fickle Mediterranean winds were again to let us down and entry under full sail had to be abandoned in favour of the engine. However, having received our telephone message, the wives were on the quayside, and as soon as was reasonably decent, dived below to inspect ship. I was glad that time had been taken off for a clean up!

After choosing a convenient spot in the harbour, I let go both anchors. Puerto Andraitx is notable for bad holding ground which I was to learn, albeit without cost, within a very short time.

The Danforth is inclined to slip on weed and the 'Emira' dragged twice until I purchased a local four pronged anchor to take the place of the kedge and veered 9 times the depth on the Danforth.

It is said in Majorca, and possibly throughout the Mediterranean, that a good engine is essential. In spite of having enjoyed magnificent sailing while there, I would agree, since the winds are truly unpredictable.

However the climate, the colours, the swimming and all the enchanting coves and creeks which lie open to the fortunate owner of a boat, add up to make Marjorca a paradise island.

If you should find yourself in Marjorca this winter, motor out from Palma on the Andraitx road to the Puerto and take a look at the yachts lying stern on to the breakwater. Look hard, you can't miss her because, after all, 'Emira' is a pedigree Atalanta.

## Look, No Hands

### A SELF-STEERING GEAR FOR AN ATALANTA

by Colonel O. M. Roome — 'Tomboy' — A 11

As the crew of 'Tomboy' grow up our plans become a little more ambitious year by year. We decided last winter that a self-steering gear would assist us on the North Sea passage from the Medway to Ijmuiden for our summer cruise, and on other passages.

We developed ideas on the kind of gear that we wanted, using a trim tab, but we felt the need for expert advice on some aspects of the design, so we consulted H.G. Hasler and his partner Jock McLeod (whose designs of standardised Vane Gears are marketed by M.S. Gibb Ltd.) A trim tab is a form of servo mechanism which, in this instance, takes the hard work out of turning the rudder. And in the way that a relatively small rudder can turn a large ship, so an even smaller one can apply great power to turn the ship's rudder, with very little effort. The trim tab is connected to the wind vane at the yacht's stern by a system of rods or lines. Insert some sort of clutch between the vane and the trim tab to permit engagement on different points of sailing and you have, in essence, your steering gear.



Fig. 1. No Hands

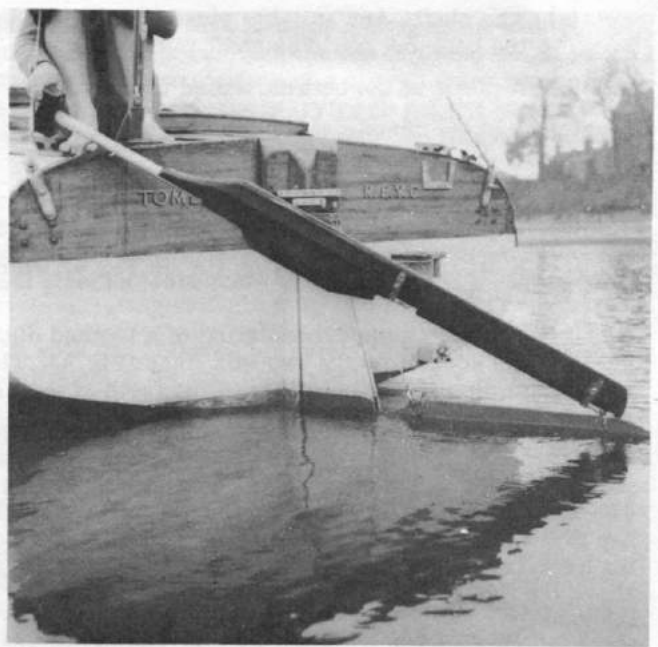


Fig. 2. Shipping the trim tab

Two main factors affected our design. Since our dinghy, when carried on deck in the approved Atalanta style, projects over the transom it was necessary to place the vane well to one side, and not centrally over the rudder. This led us to adopt a block and line system rather than a rod linkage one to connect the vane to the tab. And secondly, in the hands of a do-it-yourself woodworker rather than a metal worker, most of the parts were made of wood—mainly marine ply.

The illustrations show the various parts, and all the materials are normal items of yacht chandlery or of easily obtainable metals. The trim tab, made of ply with a strengthening alloy tube at the upper end, is fitted with two pintles. These engage in gudgeons bolted onto the after end of the rudder blade. The tab is shipped by engaging the lower pintle (Fig. 2), the rudder blade is then lowered and the upper pintle can then be engaged. The top of the tab is held in a Tufnol bearing (with a gate) on a bracket of alloy angle bolted to the rudder head (Fig. 3). The trim tab is controlled by a yoke to which the steering lines are secured.

The vane assembly (Figs. 3 and 4) consists of: (continued overleaf)

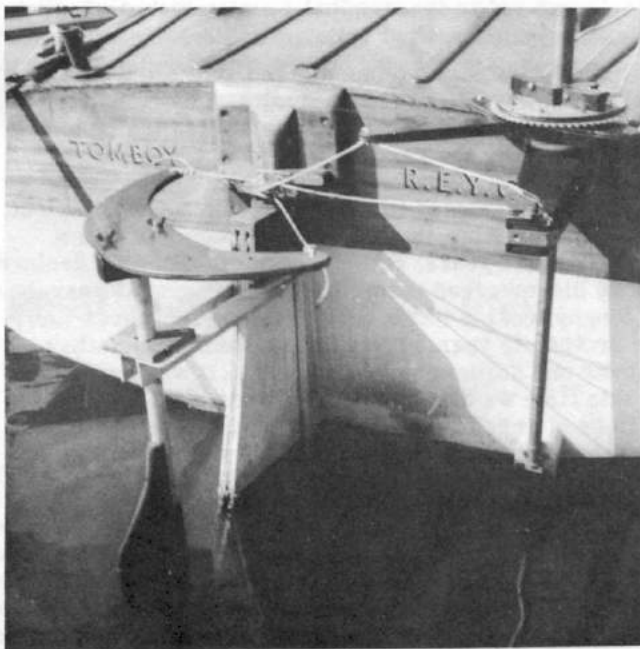


Fig. 3. General view of the gear fitted

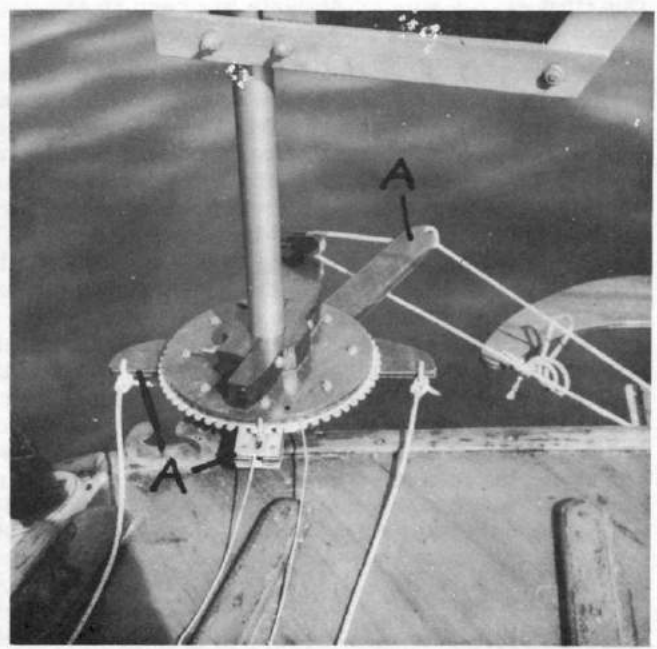


Fig. 4. The steering and clutch fittings

- (a) The shaft. Any suitable piece of tube will do for this, but we used a Whale telescopic boathook, with the hook cut off. The shaft is mounted on
- (b) A pintle at the bottom, bolted to the yacht's transom, and
- (c) A short bumkin at the top of the transom.

On the shaft are mounted

- (e) The vane, built of ply and spruce
- (f) A steering/clutch fitting ('A' in Fig. 4), which rotates on the shaft separately from and immediately below
- (g) The clutch plate, consisting of a toothed disc clamped to the vane shaft. The clutch is engaged from the cockpit by the two thin lines (Fig. 4). The mechanism consists of a 2 BA stainless steel bolt sliding in and out between the teeth of the clutch plate.

There are one or two refinements. There is a good deal of friction in the Atalanta steering system, and we disconnect the tiller before engaging the vane gear, by letting go a slip hook incorporated in one of the steering wires in the after cabin. To compensate for this apparent abandonment of control a pair of reins (the thick lines in Fig. 4) lead to the cockpit and enable the boat to be steered by hand on the trim tab. This has proved perfectly effective for tacking, altering course and even for more prolonged periods of sailing. We have incorporated a bit of 'balance' in the trim tab, by means of a small area of tab forward of the axis, above the top pintle (Fig. 2). This, we hope, makes it easier to turn and may enable us to reduce the size of the vane.

The key to success lies in two points. First, the steering lines from the trim tab yoke must cross over, or preferably just abaft, the axis of the rudder stock. The effect of this is that when the rudder turns, the trim tab remains in the same relative plane to it. And secondly the relative power between the vane, the trim tab and the rudder must be balanced. Our trim tab measures some 4 in. x 35 in. underwater, and the vane 850 sq. in., although we have since found that a smaller vane of about 600 sq. in. is effective.

What has astonished us is that the gadget really does work. It took us accurately 100 miles across the North Sea in a wind rising to Force 6 and almost dead aft. It never gybed us, and when we dropped the main in a heavy squall, or changed jibs or rigged twin jibs it just went on holding us steadily on course. We have also used it on many other occasions and it is noticeable how much smoother a ride it gives us than a human hand on the helm. This is most evident to the cook at the galley. It has greatly increased our freedom and capability and, undoubtedly, our range. The first season has been one of experiment and next year it may look rather different after a winter of modification, aimed at reducing size and weight.

## Beginners' Luck?

by Frances Martin — 'Sea Major' — A92

Our first season with an Atalanta has been an exciting one, though not in the way that we anticipated when we bought her!

We decided to launch her before we went away for our Easter holiday, so one day in early April we arranged for a land-rover to tow us to our nearest sheltered slipway on the Menai Straits. Unfortunately, when we got there a car was parked so that we couldn't back the trailer down. The time wasted trying to find the owner was a foretaste of a most frustrating afternoon. Eventually the car was moved and 'Sea Major' entered the water and floated off the trailer exactly according to plan. What we hadn't planned was for the wind-force to increase slightly—we were on a leeshore. The motor refused to start so an anchor was put out, but this wouldn't hold. The children (we had three on board with us, Alan, the baby having been left with a friend) were by this time feeling very bored and Sheila, the eldest (7 years) rather sea-sick. They all declared that they would prefer to go with a friend to his house, so we disembarked them all. The youngest (3 years) was crying that he wanted to go home, but one look at the dinghy tossing like a cockleshell in the waves terrified him, and he refused to venture into it. With his elder brother (5 years) trying to reassure him, father in the dinghy trying to grab him and me in the boat handing over one screaming, kicking child, it was surprising that the dinghy ever got them all safely to shore. During this time we had been fending 'Sea Major' off with feet and hands and eventually we managed to get various lines attached to her to keep her head on to the wind while we hoisted the sails. The tide had now turned, so with an eight knot current and tide against us, we abandoned the idea of reaching our own mooring and ran before the wind to another club. Here we moored for the night, after checking that we could use the buoy we had chosen. A friend drove us home and we congratulated ourselves that we had got off the slipway at all!

Unfortunately the mooring was a bad choice, and during the following night and day a gale sprang up, and 'Sea Major' complete with the mooring, drifted down to Caernarvon, where she was salvaged unscathed by the harbour authorities. The sail back to Bangor ranks amongst the most enjoyable of the season. The two elder children with their father and a friend sailed the ten miles in two hours. Having taken them all to Caernarvon in the car, the other two boys and I drove back, stopping at every convenient spot to wave and take photographs.

'Sea Major' remained on our mooring at Bangor for just forty-eight hours, after which, again with mooring intact, she dragged under Bangor Pier which is some six feet lower than the top of the mast. It is a tribute to Atalantas that she sustained so little damage—smashed jumper struts and a scored mast head. The next few weekends were spent mending and replacing the rigging and incidentally trying to get the engine to work. Thus our early start to the season was of no avail and some of the best weather of the year was spent high and dry, with the boat unusable!

Our next expedition was on Whit Sunday when eleven of us, four adults and seven children, set sail from our now much strengthened mooring. Unfortunately one of the visiting children hated water, so that every time we went about she screamed, which after five hours got us all down! Once we started to run with the wind, however, all was serene and we had some very amused glances from other boats, as seven small heads popped up to see them!

My husband and I had some very pleasant evening sails, with the children all safely in bed at home with a baby-sitter, but the children are now so keen on sailing that I doubt if we shall be able to do this next year.

Once we set out using the motor, which decided to fail, leaving us being taken rapidly back towards our mooring by wind and tide. We managed to get the jib up to give us steerage, but by now we were amongst moored boats. I tried to lend a hand to raise the mainsail, as well as steer in the light wind. Unfortunately I forgot my main job until too late and as we went about our stern touched the bows of one of the moored boats. No damage was done to the boats, except for a tiny mark on our paintwork, but Kenneth lost his model yacht which he had been towing alongside—the string was neatly cut. We went about again to pick it up and Father lent out of the cockpit to get it. At this point I realised that we were getting very close to another boat, and as I glanced up to see how close, I heard a loud splash. The toy boat was flung into 'Sea Major' and then I realised that contrary to my expectations, Father was still alongside. He had found the cockpit too high out of the water to reach the boat, so he had jumped overboard, having first grabbed a jib sheet, and was being pulled along by it. I tried to hold the tiller with one hand and help him aboard with the other, then he took the tiller while I dashed forward just in time to push our bows clear of a second moored boat. This time we passed with inches to spare!

Now that our one year old has become mobile, getting the sails up is a problem, as I have to be with him constantly. On one occasion we couldn't get the sails up at all, but had an enjoyable run under the motor to Puffin Island to look at the birds. Kenneth (5 years) was very disappointed that we couldn't actually sail and I can see that in a few years time I shan't get a chance to crew, he will be doing it all!

Our next piece of bad luck was a broken rudder uphaul, and again Atalantas must be very strong, for although the rudder was well bedded into the mud, no damage was done to the boat or rudder (our mooring dries out).

Our final sail this season was really a grand finale. We tacked down the Menai Straits to Menai Bridge, with our one year old asleep and lashed onto one of the front bunks, and turned to run up again. We set the spinnaker, the first time I've used it this season, and had a lovely sail on past our mooring until Alan woke up. Then we decided to head for home, so as we had to make a number of short tacks, I steered with one hand, holding Alan with the other, while my husband crewed for me. Other yachtsmen thought this a curious arrangement, judging by the looks we got, but Alan thoroughly approved and I think this is probably the best solution, provided that the wind isn't too strong.

All that remains now is laying 'Sea Major' up. After our adventures with launching, I wonder what is in store for us?

From our point of view, the season has been a successful one because the children, who started by being very dubious about sailing after the launching, are as keen and enthusiastic about sailing now as we are. As they grow older, so we will be able to extend our scope, and make full use of our family boat.

## 'Ploof' goes to Italy — Just!

by A. W. Wallbank — 'Ploof' — A178

This year Mary and I trailed 'Ploof' again to the Mediterranean with two thirteen-year-old boys as crew, namely Robert our youngest and Christopher a friend of his. By noon on the third day from the Hamble we were afloat at Cannes with mast up, rigging tuned and ready for a trial sail to the Îles de Lérins and back. Next day, after failing to convince the Douane that we needed masses of duty-free drinks to sustain us, we hoisted main and genoa and sailed past St. Marguerite, across Golfe Juan, round Cap d'Antibes and into the Anse St. Roch in time for lunch. Then after a perfect afternoon swimming and sunbathing, we explored Antibes, found the inevitable cheap and excellent café with tables under the trees; had a superb dinner and returned to 'Ploof'.

This day indeed set the pattern for our holiday. Our two thirteen-year-olds were so full of energy and of interest in swimming (with all the paraphernalia that now seems to be so essential), in fishing, and in whatever other activity was the hobby of the moment, that we rarely sailed more than four hours at a time. Even these short trips were broken by a stop for swimming either close inshore where we could anchor, or out at sea with sails down and a plastic bucket on the end of our longest warp.

In this lazy and wholly delightful way we sailed eastward stopping two nights at Villefranche, which is superb, one at St. Jean Cap Ferrat, which is equally good, two at Monaco which was fun with an incredible firework display, three at Menton and finally, with the Italian flag at the crosstrees, we sailed into San Remo. It had been our intention to continue around the Gulf of Genoa to Portofino but the further eastward we sailed the less the wind and the hotter the sun—and so we decided to turn back and seek the fresher breezes and cooler seas to the west of the Esterel.

On our way westward we called again at Monaco where the centenary celebrations were still in full swing with another and even more fantastic display of fireworks which seemed to have 'Ploof' as its focal point and which this time quite literally set the town alight, much to the delight of the boys. Next night found us at Antibes again, then Golfe Juan and on once more to Agay Road, the scene of our adventures in the 1965 'tempête'. Another morning's sail brought us to St. Maxime for lunch and across the gulf to St. Tropez for tea.

Here we found again the harbour more crowded, the town more gay, the street shows more bizarre and the natives more exotic than anywhere else. The mini skirt is now added to the bikini as the two basic garments on which the Tropeziennes ring the changes and delight the masculine eye. Night clubs pound out Beatle music till dawn and a new day starts with the typical St. Tropez amusement of watching very irate yachtsmen of every nationality untangling skeins of anchor warps and chains with the help of quite piratical local divers.

Eventually we sailed on around the three capes and into Cavalaire where our arrival off the harbour mole exactly coincided with the start of a dinghy race from the same spot! Here the weather suddenly broke and we had a night and day at anchor in extraordinarily severe wind squalls, in one of which not only 'Ploof's' anchor chain but also her kedge warp complete with heavy weight stood out almost horizontally as tight as bow strings. When the weather had returned to normal, we sailed out from the coast and across to the Îles de Porquerolles coming to anchor in the beautiful inlet of Port Man.

After some days exploring the coasts of these unique islands, the weather again deteriorated and we had a hectic run in confused seas across to the shelter of Cap Bénat. On this trip, for the first time on record, the crew mutinied and forced me to take off the main and run under jib alone which, in fairness to 'Ploof', was the only sensible thing to do.

Now we turned finally eastward and, after a night at Le Lavandou, sailed back, calling again at Cavalaire, St. Tropez, where a friendly Frenchman insisted on giving us twenty-four bottles of local wine, Agay Road and, for our final harbour before Cannes, the tiny Port des Moines on the Île St. Honorat. Here we were stormbound for one complete day of grey skies and strong easterly winds as a foretaste of England, which we finally reached three days later.

From the point of view of mishaps, the trip was uneventful. 'Ploof' and her gear, the car and the trailer all functioned perfectly. The sun shone for at least eighty-five per cent of its possible number of hours and only on two days were we stormbound, and then more from caution than from extremes of weather. We can now understand the French weather forecasts, but this does not help because these forecasts are invariably wholly wrong. Winds were light for the first two weeks and we motored at times, but there was enough to make 'Ploof' quite lively later. Our two most exciting sails were from Port Cros to Lavandou, mentioned above, and from Cavalaire to St. Tropez. On this particular day we set out from Cavalaire with a Force 4 wind on the starboard quarter. This increased as we crossed the bay and we ran round the capes and across the Bay of Pampelonne under No. 2 jib and storm main. As we turned into the Gulf of St. Tropez, the hot, dry wind, which by now was a full Mistral, met us like the blast from a furnace. The spray which came aboard on either tack was welcome in its coolness but evaporated on impact leaving our persons, our sails and every inch of 'Ploof' encrusted with salt.

Twice we experienced the peculiar phenomenon of this coast called, we believe, 'Vent renversé'. On the first occasion we were lazily running under a spinnaker with a Force 2 wind dead astern when Mary noticed white water ahead and coming nearer. I handed the spinnaker just in time to meet a strong wind right on our bows, although behind us we could still see yachts running as we had been a few moments earlier. The very next day, while we were exploring a rocky cove near Cap Drammont with 'Ploof' at anchor under the lee of some high rocks, we again saw broken water to leeward approaching against the wind. We rushed back to 'Ploof', raised anchor and motored further offshore to have more water under our lee before the new wind hit us.

The only other Atalantas that we met during our holiday were A31/4 'Tadpole' at St. Remo and A132 'Fille d'Honneur' at Cavalaire, which the Kenyons were using as a base for skin-diving and under-water photography off the Porquerolles.

Although the Callaghan squeeze will probably prevent us from visiting the Mediterranean next year, we hope it is not long before 'Ploof' will again lower her keels in its warm, blue waters.



# To Friesland in 'Tomboy'

by Colonel O. M. Roome - 'Tomboy' - All

The Crew:	Oliver Roome	Peter 15	Melanie 5
	Isobel Roome	Harry 11	

For our third cruise to Holland we decided this year to visit Friesland and return by the tidal waters of South Holland and the coasts of North Belgium and NE France.

We had brought 'Tomboy' round from the Solent to the Medway in July and on the 28th of that month the three male members of the crew set out on the North Sea passage to IJmuiden. Leaving Sheerness on the ebb we had a gentle shake-down sail out of the Estuary in lovely weather, but with a poor forecast ahead. (The beginning of 2½ weeks of bad weather). In view of the weather report we put into Harwich for the night and at 05.15 we set off again on the 126 mile leg to IJmuiden, the forecast depression having gone through during the night. We had a wonderful sail with blue sky and a following wind, Force 4 rising to 6, our vane steering gear, mentioned elsewhere in this bulletin, steering us steadily along. In a heavy thunder-squall before dark we dropped the main and changed down to No. 1 jib, averaging 4.4 knots under this rig for the remaining 15 hours.

We entered IJmuiden at 09.00 next morning, 26 hours out from Harwich. After clearing Customs (the custom house incidentally is not where it is shown on the chart) we sailed up the Noordzee Canal to the uncomfortable yacht harbour by the Central railway station in Amsterdam. There we were joined that evening by the ladies of the crew. We paid a concession to youth next day in a visit to Amsterdam's excellent zoo, and on Monday, 1st August we made the short passage to Volendam, on the West side of the IJsselmeer, through the huge Oranje lock and bridge. The wind was strong and we had a wet beat in for the last mile or two. Just before this, as we approached Volendam, we crossed tracks with a German sloop of about our size, who hailed us and asked 'if this was Hoorn'. They did not believe us when we replied 'Volendam' but eventually followed us in. The young couple in her had chartered the yacht locally but had not been supplied with a compass. Being used only to the Mohn See they were daunted by the size of the IJsselmeer. We lent them a compass, but they clung to us like limpets for the next few days.

A quiet sail next day took us the 15 miles to Enkhuizen, one of the old deep water Dutch ports before the Zuider Zee was dammed. A gale kept us in port a day, but we were snug in the new individual pontoon berths in this sheltered harbour. While here we visited the excellent Zuider Zee museum in the town, with its portrayal of the lives of the communities of that area.

A good breeze on the 4th took us the 12 miles to Staveren on the N.E. shore, and we locked through into the rural canals and lakes of Friesland with its flat green fields, its famous black and white cattle and the farm buildings with their tall red roofs coming almost to ground level. Two very windy days with countless short tacks brought us out into the IJsselmeer again at Makkum late on Saturday evening, the 6th, just before the lock closed till Monday morning. There is an old tile and china factory in Makkum, which was closed on Saturday afternoon, but many of its products can be seen in the shops and on the walls of the older buildings of this small and attractive town.

On Sunday we beat over from the fishing harbour at Makkum to Medemblik on the West shore, with our centre-boards right down for the first time in the cruise. We had been declaring, hopefully, that the wind must soon go round to the North, but in the event the south-westerly—a dead header—lasted almost to Flushing, 180 miles away. We arrived at Medemblik in torrential rain, which continued all evening, but nevertheless we found it a most attractive town and harbour, with a vast number of yachts there in individual berths.

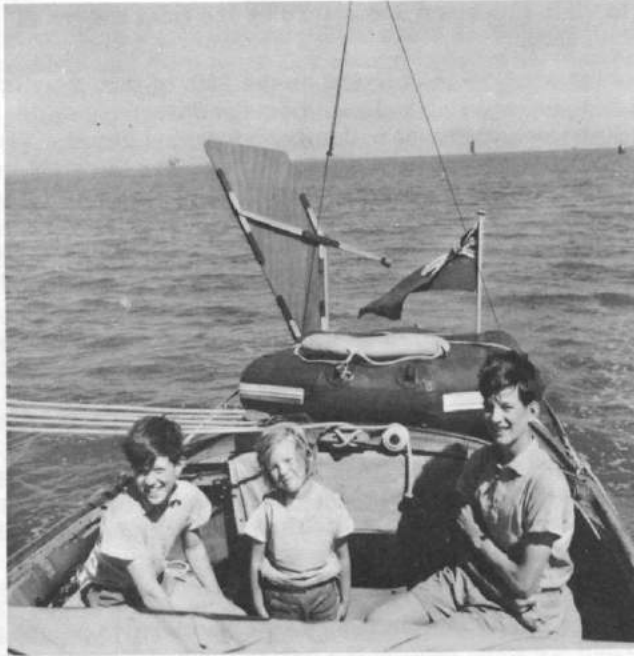
Next morning we fetched to Enkhuizen in a freshening south-westerly, taking in 8 rolls and changing to the No. 2 jib as the wind freshened to about Force 7, and then beat on down to Hoorn. This is another of the delightful old Dutch deep water ports, and it was from here that the Schouten brothers sailed in 1614 to discover Cape Horn (hence the name) and that hard way round into the Pacific. A run ashore in Hoorn is well worth while, for the historic buildings in the town as well as the modern shops.

The foghorn was wailing at the harbour mouth as we left next morning, but the day cleared later and we had a quiet beat out of the IJsselmeer. We passed close to the huge dyke that encloses the future South Flevoland polder. The dyke was due for closure this summer, but this had been delayed and it was still possible to sail inside it. The new polder will bite off the bottom 1/5th or so of the IJsselmeer and convert it to farmland, many feet below sea level. We reached the central Amsterdam yacht harbour again in mid-afternoon and lowered the mast in preparation for the stretch of canal to Gouda, with its 24 bridges and three locks. We have found from experience that the hour spent on this task at each end is more than repaid at the bridges, prompt though they usually are to open. We set off again and reached the southern outskirts of Amsterdam soon after dark, where we found a quiet berth for the night at one of the many yacht harbours.

Away at 06.00 we motored into a strong head wind to Gouda. Our progress was painfully slow, no doubt partly due to the large sheet of polythene we unwound from the propeller a few days later. At Gouda we raised the mast and locked through the large Juliana lock into tidal waters beyond. The engine rather sensibly chose this moment to pack up beyond our repair capability, and we sailed to a berth alongside a large barge off Gouda's shopping area. Our guardian angel was watching over us and we were introduced to a one-man garage,

whose owner spent six hours next day wrestling with the engine, and then asked for a pound in payment. 'You must tell me if this is too much' he said, as he made out the bill. We found this unusual, even for Holland.

A day and a half of light winds (from ahead of course) brought us to Willemstad, a picturesque old walled town with a snug harbour, at the West end of the Hollandsch Diep. Saturday, 13th August was warm enough for a bathe in the morning, while we waited for our tide, and in the afternoon we moved slowly on till a heavy thundersquall hit us and, after shortening down drastically, we had a grand beat down to St. Annaland, on the North side of the island of Tholen—a harbour with 100 individual berths between piles. We had noticed some good sandbanks bordering the channel, coming into St. Annaland, and at 06.00 next morning we went out and careened 'Tomboy' on one of them for a scrub. We were gratified to find her as clean after three months afloat as the day we had launched.



The foredeck hands

We had pushed along for some days rather more than our wont on a cruising holiday, but we were a bit behind schedule, and so 06.00 next morning saw us locking through into the Walcheren Canal, whence we emerged at Flushing, after a windless passage under power, at 09.30. Outside, in the West Scheldt, we got the first of the N.E. wind we had waited so long for, and made an easy passage to Zeebrugge. We asked the harbour-master if we could clear customs, only to be told to 'take that flag down—they don't work today, it's Sunday'. (Actually it was Monday in England). We have yet to meet a Belgian douanier, after three cruises down that coast, and not for lack of trying. We found time for a run into the beautiful old city of Bruges, and to see Michelangelo's Madonna in the church of Notre Dame—one of the firm dates in our original plan.

A poor wind took us no further than Ostend next day before the tide turned foul. Here we found ourselves lying almost alongside 'Peace' A173 for a short time. A barely better breeze took us the 24 miles on to Dunkirk next day, assisted in part by the engine. We do not care overmuch for motoring and our little 8 Coventry Victor, with its limited power and speed, does not tempt us too sorely in this respect.

Two more early starts and two lovely days' sailing took us on the 45 odd mile passages first to Ramsgate and then to our mooring at Upnor, on the Medway.

We had, for us, had an energetic cruise. We sailed for all but two days in 23 and covered 570 miles. We had not had it all our own way, but that surely is one of the pleasures of going to sea under sail.

## Engine Problem—Help Wanted

by C. R. Templer — 'Treenlaur 3' — A140

The Ford 10 engine in my Atalanta has given trouble due to the exhaust valves sticking up. I have tried stronger (racing) valve springs, top cylinder lubricant and graphite additive in the oil, all without much success.

I wonder if any owner who has experienced similar trouble would let me know how he cured it.

I would also like to hear experience of anyone who has scrapped the 'clap boards' and substituted rubber strips along the bottom of the keel shots.

If anyone wants to cruise in the Gulf of Morbihan and Quiberon Bay, both ideal for Atalantas, and does not want to 'dunk' their trailer, there is now a good crane at Auray.

## 400 Miles to Chelsea

by Anthony Fraiss — 'Peace' — A173

It seemed to me that the most suitable place to start our holiday cruise would be Ramsgate, so a trip round the coast from Hamble was indicated.

I decided, in view of the unsettled weather we had been experiencing, that I would not take the family on this journey, so I asked a friend, Douglas Harmer, to join me as this arrangement seemed to promise a better chance of getting there on the weekend I had planned for the passage.

On Saturday, 6th August, we arrived at Hamble and, without any delay, crossed to Cowes, as Douglas wanted to pay a fleeting visit to his family who lived there. The 5.55 shipping forecast was a shocker! Wight West to South West 6-7, and Thames/Dover South/East 4 to 6 gusting gale 8. Very reluctantly we abandoned the proposed night start.

I set the alarm for 6.30, and eagerly awaited the 6.40 forecast. Much better. No gales and principally South/West to West with North/West the next morning at Dover (if you can believe them).

So we slipped out of Cowes at 07.45, and had a fantastic passage! The weather held and we had no rain, and occasionally, we even saw the sun. The wind held between South/West to West, and, with the genoa whisker-poled, we passed the Sovereign just before dark, and between the Owers and Sovereign light, I took a log/time check, and found that over three miles we were making 6.6 knots through the water, so that with 1.4 knots of fair tide, we were then passing the land at 8 knots. The sea had now become very lumpy indeed, and with our keels up to 3 ft., we found ourselves planing down the waves. The risk of a gybe was constant and, when it got dark, we decided to douse the genoa and run on the main alone for a while, but then the wind dropped to a whisper, and we motored for an hour or so.

Soon after midnight, we had the wind again and, as it was now quartering, up when the genoa again. It was a good night's sail, and we saw the Varne light at 03.00 hours. By now, the wind was fresh from the North/West and, after a stiff battle to beat the easterly set of the tide, we reached the coast to take advantage of a very fair tide to Ramsgate. We entered Ramsgate Harbour at exactly 07.45.

The whole passage of 135 miles took 24 hours, an average speed over the land of 5.625 knots. We were very successful with the tides, as we had a nett gain of 18 miles. I believe that this time from Cowes to Ramsgate must be high on the lists. It was a memorable trip for another reason. I hooked two Mackerel. Admittedly one got away as I was landing it, but the other joined us on board, and I have a photograph to prove it!

I then returned to London for the rest of the week.

### FRIDAY, 12th AUGUST

We set off from London in typical English weather, rather discouraged by the prospect of loading the boat in the rain, particularly as the berth at Ramsgate was a long way from the nearest access. However, the weather brightened as we drew nearer the coast, and, by the time we had reached Ramsgate, it was a clear, blue sky, warm and cheerful. To save repeating myself in this article, I will now mention that for the next seventeen days we enjoyed almost unbroken sunshine, and warm weather. We found it amusing to listen to the English weather reports and hear all about the storms and unsettled weather while we were only 70 or 80 miles away enjoying warm, dry conditions. Except where it is relevant, I do not intend to load this account with time references.

### SATURDAY, 13th AUGUST WE'RE OFF

08.30 hours. We left the inner harbour and tied alongside another yacht on the South wall to await a fair tide for the North Goodwin Light.

10.05 hours. We left the harbour and set sail with a good forecast giving us a northerly breeze, 3-4, with a fair outlook. We made good time to the lightship, and then the visibility started to shorten, but we did not suspect anything worse. Half an hour later, however, we were in thick fog and, for the next three and a half hours, were nosing our way under power, with no wind at all, and visibility down to about 200 yards. I was, of

course, worried about the landfall at the other end, but, eventually, our horizon lengthened and, by 3.00 p.m., we were sailing with a useful quartering wind of about force 4. It was with a great relief that we passed the Sandettie Buoy, which was right on our course, though there was no sight nor sound of the lightship.

By 1600 hours, the wind had freshened considerably, the sea was lumpy, and I decided that it would be best to make the French coast upwind from Dunkirk rather than uptide. This appeared to have been the correct decision, for, when we finally arrived at Dunkirk at 1805 hours, we heard stories of other boats who had been caught out and had a tremendous battle to get in upwind. It was an unpredictable piece of weather, for the sun continued to shine brilliantly all the afternoon, and once in Dunkirk, although it was windy, it was, nevertheless, a lovely evening, and we ate ashore that night at a hotel in the market square. When we were walking toward the town we crossed a stretch of canal where, to our surprise, we saw not only the Sandettie lightship, but the relief one further up the canal, so at last we knew where we were!!

The Club, which is a fair distance from the town centre, sports a hot shower, which is cold (apparently permanently) and a bar. Petrol and water are available, and there is a Workshop for minor repairs. We stayed there for the Sunday and explored the town.



Dunkirk with the Yacht Club in the background

#### MONDAY, 15th AUGUST

We left Dunkirk bound for Ostend still with a Northerly wind, but now it had lightened, the sea was calm, the weather was beautiful, and we made Ostend in good time. Here, we lay on a trot below the Yacht Club. It was sheltered, and pleasant. The Club has excellent facilities. We liked the modern town. There was plenty of night life in Ostend. When you get back on board, if there is a swell running outside, and if you are a light sleeper, you might as well stay up and enjoy yourself in the town, for the pontoons clatter and bang all night long as they rise and fall on their iron piles. One would think they would try and do something about this, but, perhaps, it was just Barbara and myself, because the boys never complained at all about it.

#### TUESDAY, 16th AUGUST

We left our berth and motored to the lock through which we had to go to get to the Ostend-Gand Canal. No problems with the lock, and it all seemed to go well for our canal trip but, having had experience the previous year of 280 miles of Dutch Canals, I now say that any similarity between Belgian and Dutch Canals lies only in the fact that they are both made of water. It is all new experience however, and I would not say that it spoiled our holiday in any way, but, except for the prize at the other end, namely, Bruges, I would not have wanted to

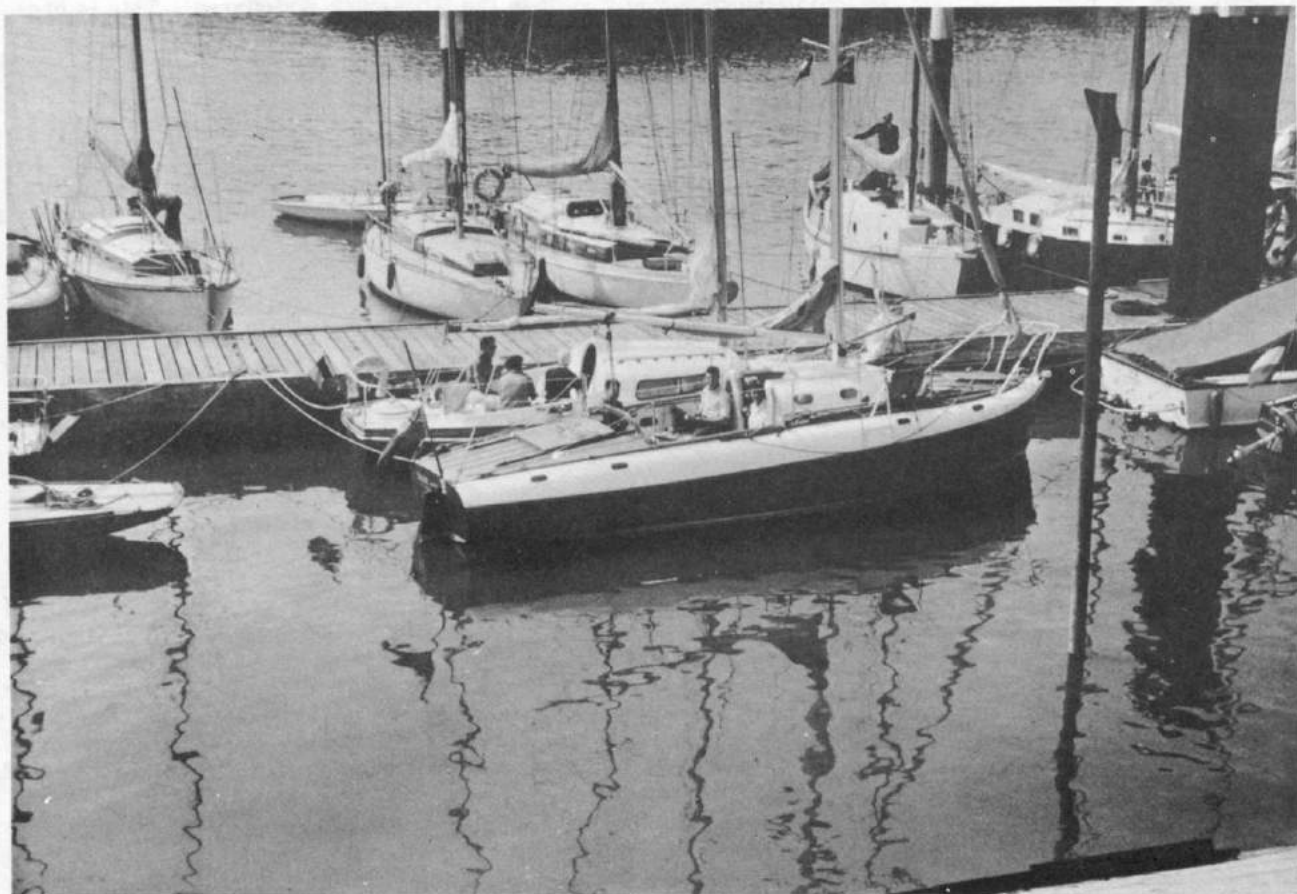
navigate this canal. When we entered the lock at Ostend we paid our dues, and were issued an official form confirming this. Bearing in mind that the canal has no tributaries until you reach Bruges, it seemed to us strange that a mile further on, at the first bridge, I had to leave the boat and go to the office and show this form. Presumably, this was to prove that I was on the canal!

We had not left Ostend more than a mile or so when the stench, which we were later told to be due to rotting flax which is used in some process or other, but which we believe was caused by some other agent, which I prefer not to mention, manifested itself, and to a greater or lesser degree, remained with us until just outside Bruges. Every now and then we were motoring through thick patches of duckweed which covered the canal from bank to bank for a distance of one to two hundred yards at a time. One patch was so thick that it nearly stalled our engine, and I had to throw her into reverse to clear the prop. Bridges were slow to open and just before Bruges there was a large lock worked by two men in spite of the amount of traffic it carried. I would say that the opening process of this lock was never on average less than an hour and a half. As you will see later in this article, the return process took us three and a half hours. Once through this lock, however, things were different, and we were in Bruges, where we lay on the outer canal just by the 'Ghent-Porte'.

I do not think we have ever found a more interesting town to visit. It was just like fairyland. Every building seemed to be more interesting than the next and, somehow, this made up for everything we suffered on the canal. The next day we looked around the town and, among many other things we climbed to the top of the tower to see the bells which gave the magnificent carillon each morning, and on the hour. Four hundred and fifty steps up it was, and only a handful of people up there. Then you meet a man who, when he gets you alone, makes a very big show of winding the clock about one and a half turns, and insists that you have now seen the clock of the city being wound, and he puffs and pants and expects. The mechanism is like a giant Swiss musical box, and the setting up of the stops on the drum must take an enormous time. The tune of the month was an excerpt from Mozart's *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik*, and was really wonderful to hear. That night we took a motor-boat trip of the illuminated canals.

We were fortunate that, on our second night at Bruges, they had their 'Feast of the Canals'. Part of the town is cordoned off, and the canals and buildings are illuminated, and musical pageants take place in rooms open to the canal, and on the banks and balconies. Fifteenth century weddings, mediaeval processions, folk dancing and singing etc. It really was most fascinating, and quite a treat for us. But we had to move on, and so we decided to go to Zeebrugge, as it was the shortest distance to the coast, and the quickest way, we thought (!) out of the canals. So, into the basin again we went at 10.00 the next morning, and out just before 14.00!

Great stuff! Only a little way along, and we had to turn into the Zeebrugge Canal lock. This we managed in an hour and a half. I must admit it was quick, but there was a considerably wait outside. Then, there was a very straight five-mile canal, which should have presented no problem but, unfortunately, we experienced engine trouble on the way. It started coughing and spluttering, and starting and stopping and, finally, we came to



Lying in Zeebrugge

rest right outside the Evinrude Works. I asked if I could lie on one of their pontoons for a few moments, but all the white-coated mechanics just shrugged their shoulders, so I went in in spite of them and, while I worked on the engine, they stood and watched. My problem was a minor one, and was cured by a heavy blow along the fuel pipe in the direction of the petrol tank. I never had any further trouble for the rest of the holiday. We soon reached the Zeebrugge lock where, at first, we were told we would have to wait until the next day but, eventually, I persuaded the lock master to let us in. And did he get his own back? We entered the lock at 8.00 and then they announced that the outgoing gate was broken, and they hoped they would be able to fix it soon. However, all efforts failed. They were bringing into play an electric motor, but this would not shift it. Had it not been for the fact that Townsend Ferry was coming in at 4.00 a.m., I don't suppose we would have got out until the next day. However, eventually, they got a diesel engine and, with wires and blocks, hauled the gate open, releasing us at 1.30 in the morning. With a grateful vote of thanks, we emerged into the harbour, and soon tied alongside a Dutchman, who, fortunately, was still up, and who came out and took our lines, and we had a chat and, eventually, went to bed after a very tiring day doing nothing most of the time. The Zeebrugge Yacht Haven Club is one of the most welcoming places in this part of the world. The harbour master, Theo, is most helpful and co-operative. The Club makes you feel at home and, incidentally, provides an excellent meal, simple and well cooked, at half the price you would have to pay at any of the fashionable restaurants, which abound a long the quay front.

There was no town at Zeebrugge within miles of the harbour, so, if you arrive there by yacht, you may as well make use of the Club. A boy comes along twice a day to take orders, and he delivers fresh milk, bread and other produce to your boat. We stayed the next day and visited Blankenburgh.

#### SATURDAY, 20th AUGUST

We set sail once again with a favourable quartering breeze to Flushing. This was a fast crossing, and there were no problems at all and, once again in Holland we noticed immediately the speed and efficiency with which everything worked. Straight through the lock, and into the canal. A straight stretch with grassy banks and several swimming lids.

#### SUNDAY, 21st AUGUST

We set off for Middleburgh on the most glorious sunny day with a light wind dead on our stern. We raised our genoa and drifted down the canal at about 2-2½ knots. The boys soon were in the water, swimming astern of us, climbing the bank, running ahead and diving in again. Once we became becalmed and drifted right onto the bank, and the boys pushed us off again. And so, in this delightful way we made our way to Middleburgh.

I would advise anybody arriving at Middleburgh to pay a visit to the 'Miniature Walcheren'. This is probably the finest model town of its type in the whole world.

#### MONDAY, 22nd AUGUST (A LITTLE TROUBLE IN STORE)

The winds were light, the day was fairly dull, and it was drizzling, and we started off on our journey back to Ostende at 12.00 p.m., and here, I might say, that practically the only official notice that had been taken of us on all our holiday, was when the Lock Master at Flushing asked the name of the Captain as we passed through the gates.

Flushing Roads were as calm as the Regents Park canal, and the Scheldt Estuary, being very much in the lee of Walcheren in a northerly wind, was smooth, and we had no reason to suspect that the short 12 miles to Zeebrugge was going to present any difficulty. At least, that is the way it looked, but it is certainly not the way it turned out! The sky clouded over, and the winds were freshening a little, but, in view of the calm sea, I saw no reason to change my sails, as I was being pushed along by a north wind very much on my starboard quarter. Almost without any warning, however, as we passed the lee of the island, the sea became lumpy, the wind fresher, and, altogether, sailing became uncomfortable. Within a quarter of an hour, I estimated that the wind was not less than 5-6, and the sea was now very rough. I was amazed at this fantastic transformation. Within a short while my crew were seasick. Though Robert managed to stay on deck with me—he was not at that moment a gallant member of my crew! I wished dearly to reef down and to douse the genoa but, singlehanded, I found this was impracticable. The heavy sea was now rolling straight across my beam. I, therefore, decided that the best thing was to make a run for Zeebrugge, and get my sails down by going up into the wind once I got into calmer water in the harbour. Naturally, I made good time but, outside the harbour, the real trouble started. At my first attempt to run in, the strong westerly set of the tide got the better of me, and I had to go round as quickly as possible to avoid the west wall. The wind was running dead into the harbour, so that the risk of gybing was great with the heavy rollers that were coming in, and I decided to go round through the wind. I sailed towards the east wall as far as I thought safe, but there were some rocks there, and I didn't chance it past the buoy. My second attempt to enter failed, for the same reason, and round I came again. On my third attempt, I managed to get past the wall, but the water was still very rough in the harbour, so I decided to go a good way up before attending to my sails, but now, my next trouble had started. A big trawler, with its nets boomed out on both sides as a steady device, forced me almost to the top of the harbour, right past the entrance to the Yacht Haven before I found room to come about. I know I should have reefed much earlier, or doused my head sail, but this is being wise after the event. I certainly regard this as my worst moment in command of 'Peace'. When we got into the Yacht Haven, we tied alongside a fairly large motor sailer called Valcon, and while a be-

dragged Robert and I were attending our warps etc., the wheel house door opened and out popped a lady with a teapot and two mugs. 'I am sure you can do with these' she said. I was overcome with her kindness, and I called down to Barbara to tell her what had happened. 'Oh!' the lady said, 'are there some more below', and immediately went down to get two more mugs. This started a friendship which lasted the rest of our holiday. We ate at the Club again that night, and the next day set sail for Ostend at about 10.00 a.m.

#### TUESDAY, 23rd AUGUST

Wind North/East, sea calm, weather perfect. It was a beautiful sail, and when we got to Ostend, we decided not to enter but to go on to Nieuweport, as an insurance in case the weather should break for our homeward trip.

#### WEDNESDAY, 24th AUGUST (MORE TROUBLE)

10.00 a.m. We motored out of the river, and once again, with a breeze of 3-4, we almost ran to Dunkirk. On the way we saw storm clouds and, on several occasions I seriously considered trimming my sails, but the harbour drew nearer, and it did not seem necessary. We got in without any rain. Once we were in the harbour and tied up, someone switched the tap on! Have you ever sat in an Atalanta in a hail storm? If you have not, imagine that you are a little mouse living inside Ringo Starr's drum. The hail stones were enormous but, strangely enough, they did not scratch or do any apparent damage to the coach work at all. There was no room on the inner pontoon so that several other yachts were lying on the outer side of the Yacht Haven. That night the wind freshened in the north, and it got very rough. We hardly slept a wink, as the weather got worse the boat bounded and reeled and, at 5.30 in the morning it happened!! An enormous wave, caused by some fishing boat hit the trots, and caused a tremendous amount of damage. The trot behind us had five boats and lost their bow line and nearly went out to sea! and 'Peace' went right into the air and almost landed on a steel Dutchman next door. My 'A Frame' made him a present of quite a lot of paint. My stern fairlead parted company with the boat, and my bow fairlead twisted very badly. I was amazed that the ropes themselves did not break. At 6.00 o'clock that morning the harbour looked like a chorus from the Pyjama Game. Mooring ropes were being handed everywhere. As soon as it was practicable, being the outside boat, I motored inside the harbour prepared to do battle with the Harbour Master if he tried to throw me out. I was able to fix by fairleads completely without any difficulty, and without any trace of damage being evident, and the only paint I lost was on the 'A Frame', which was soon put right. I considered myself very lucky not to have holed the boat. The next day the storm was over, and the weather was once again splendid.



At the Festival Pier in London

FRIDAY, 26th AUGUST

Another beautiful day—the wind now steady North/East, 2-3, the forecast promising us a bit of '4' on the way later on. Our friends on the Valcon which, of course, was much faster than us, suggested that we had a rendezvous to take photographs of one another, so we decided to take off at 11.30 a.m., and they at 12.30 p.m., and we expected to rendezvous near Dyck Light vessel, some 20 miles out. We made fantastic time with the keels at 3 ft. and the genoa whisker poled. They did not catch up until four miles past the lightship. Here, we had a bit of fun taking photographs, and it was lovely and warm and sunny throughout the whole procedure. We reached South Goodwin too early, and had to battle against the tide all the way to Ramsgate. We took 'Peace' into the inner harbour, as the gates were still open, and we decided that the next day we would spend in Ramsgate.

SUNDAY, 28th AUGUST

Having slipped into the outer harbour the night before, we were able to leave Ramsgate before the inner gate opened and made very good time indeed round the Foreland, and actually reached Queenborough on the tide. This was better than we expected, but then, all this holiday we had been sailing rather better than we thought we could.

We spent the night moored in Queenborough, and the next morning we left at 6.00 a.m. to make the tide to London. I did this trip all under power, and at Woolwich launched the Avon, lowered our mast, and got to Festival Pier still with one and a half hours in hand. Barbara and Ian went ashore and took the gear home in a taxi, and Robert and I then took the boat up to our pre-arranged mooring at Chelsea Reach, where we once again raised the mast. Here we were very fortunate in receiving a visit from the River Police. After a chat on board, they not only took us ashore, but arranged for the dinghy to lie on Cadogan Pier, and promised that they would visit the boat regularly each day to make sure that everything was well.

And so our summer cruise ended on the day and time as planned. Throughout the whole holiday it seemed that Gabriel was working for me. I am wondering when I am going to receive her bill!

## A Twelve-Day Cruise

by G. W. Stennett — 'Trio' — A/318

I decided for this season's cruise with Clifford and Ray as crew, I would sail my Atalanta to Denmark. So it was at 16.00 hrs. on 10th June we set out from Waldringfield bound for Sønderborg. Having hoisted sail as Trio left the river Deben we settled down to a very pleasant crossing of the North Sea. The Hook of Holland was sighted at 13.15 hrs. on the 11th, with the Log reading 118 miles. At this point we changed course to follow the Dutch Coast northwards, passing the Hague and numerous villages which could clearly be seen through binoculars.

By 19.45 hrs. visibility had decreased to five cables and as the wind had died we handed sails and continued under motor. After some 45 minutes we passed through this fog bank to find IJmuiden abeam.

We proceeded in a flat calm at 6 knots (the most economical speed). By 23.00 hrs. it had become evident that a thunderstorm was to be expected. Little did we know then that we were soon to experience a fierce electrical disturbance, with squalls reaching Force 9 and with St. Elmo's fire seeming to be constantly playing around the vessel, the sea appeared to be a surging mass of foam. Trio's motion was so violent and erratic it was almost impossible to move. After two hours the storm subsided and to our relief we were able to continue on our way in a more normal manner.

The morning of the 12th was fine and sunny and we proceeded all that day in perfect weather. It was not until 21.50 hrs. on the 13th that we again encountered an electrical storm similar to the one previously described, but on a much reduced scale.

At 03.45 hrs. we ran into dense fog and with visibility nil, we had to stop at 05.40 hrs. in order to obtain radio bearings, as being in the vicinity of a minefield it was necessary to know our exact position.

Conditions improved during the morning and we were able to find the Elbe I, II and III L.V.'s without difficulty. By mid-day it had become clear and sunny. At 13.50 hrs. Cuxhaven was abeam, but with a 4 knot ebb tide to stem, progress up Die Elbe was slow. It was not until 17.30 hrs. that we arrived off Brunsbüttel-koog into the Kiel Canal.

The passage through the Kiel was most interesting. A constant stream of ships passed to and fro, and with the exception of the Russians everyone was very friendly. Due to our seamen being on strike we were the object of a good deal of 'leg-pulling' by foreign crews, as we seemed to be the only British ship in that area. At Control Point Oldenbüttel we were forced to steer close to the bank to allow two large cargo vessels to pass. Our starboard keel hit some object which lifted it over two feet. As we were travelling at 7 knots, I am sure that had Trio been a traditional yacht, quite serious damage would have occurred to her underwater body. The advantages of drop keels as safety factors, are seldom appreciated sufficiently.



The surrounding countryside ranges from flat grassland to wooded slopes with villages every few miles. Upon entering the canal instructions are given to yachts on the conditions of passage, one of which is, 'it is forbidden to travel after sunset or before sunrise'. We were thus unable to reach Kiel Holtenau before noon on the 14th. At 12.30 hrs. the lock opened and Trio was in the Baltic. Main and genoa were set and for the next 7 hours we had the most enjoyable sail of the whole voyage. We secured alongside the jetty at Sønderborg at 19.00 hrs.

We dined at an hotel overlooking the Harbour, then returned to Trio to find some German yachtsmen had berthed astern. They were most interested in the Atalanta, and on being invited aboard, were very impressed with the spaciousness of the accommodation and showed great interest in the keel lifting mechanism. It was past midnight before we retired to bed. The next morning we visited the shopping centre of the town to purchase fresh stores.

At 14.30 hrs. on 15th June we set sail on the return journey to Kiel Holtenau. After some 3 hours it was noticed that the Compass had developed an easterly deviation of up to 20 deg. The reason for this error could not be explained then, nor has any explanation presented itself since, as the instrument regained its accuracy about two hours later. This incident showed the need for vigilance to ensure safety even on a small yacht.

The journey from Kiel Holtenau to Brunsbüttelkoog took 9 hours, which gives an average speed of 7 knots. We locked out into the Elbe at 17.35 hrs. 16th June, this time with the Ebb under us, we covered the ground at over 10 miles an hour. At dawn on the 17th, we ran into fog and a swarm of flies settled on Trio covering her from stem to stern. Life aboard became very uncomfortable but at 15.35 hrs. a vicious squall came from the south west, followed immediately by heavy rain. This ended the fog and the flies. The weather soon cleared and we had an excellent sail until we put into Ijmuiden at 16.00 hrs. on the 18th June.

The weather forecast for Sunday 19th was not good, so we decided to wait until Monday 20th before attempting the crossing.

At 06.30 hrs. with the conditions, although rough, showing some improvement, we left Ijmuiden determined our next stop would be Felixstowe Ferry. Main and No. 1 jib were set but being close hauled with high seas running our speed over the ground was too slow. The engine was started but the pitching and the angle of heel caused propeller cavitation. Sails were therefore handed and we proceeded under power. Wind strength was about Force 7 at this time. After a few hours the wind moderated to Force 6 and headed us completely, causing considerable quantities of spray to find its way into the cockpit. As I was steering and do not care to be drenched every few seconds speed was reduced to about 4 knots. This had the desired effect of stopping the spray and of course making the motion much easier.

At 10.30 hrs. on the 21st we entered the River Deben at Felixstowe and after being cleared by Customs sailed the remaining 7 miles to Trio's mooring at Waldringfield, having covered just over 1,000 nautical miles in twelve days.

## Quiet Weekend

by T. W. Stanier - 'Atalanta' - A. 1

Saturday, October 1st was the day of our last cruiser race at Rye. There was not a breath of wind at dawn, just a quiet persistent drizzle, and we thought the race might have to be cancelled. However, the forecast for Wight was SW3 later, and sure enough, when we got down to Rye the wind was rising. The club rescue boat had broken down, and so eventually we had to lay the buoys and act as starter in A. 1.

It was a long chug round the triangular course on the engine, with a storm jib to steady her, but eventually we were on station at the starting line, and dropped anchor. Just before doing so, the engine had faltered, and we found to our horror that a jib sheet was trailing, and had wrapped itself round the prop. By now the wind had pipped up and there was quite a sea running in the shallow water of the bay. One boat had gone in, but five cruisers came to the line, and the race was on.

Fortunately, we freed the jib sheet quite easily, by turning the engine by hand in reverse, and then settled down to watch the race with envy, for it was the kind of weather that suits Atalanta, and one of our few chances in the season to beat our great rivals, the three local Folkboats. Two boats gave up, being unable to find the buoys in the driving rain and squalls, but two Folkboats completed the course in fine style, followed by a Vertue.

We got our anchor, motored off to collect the buoys, and returned up river to our moorings. At least we had had plenty of fresh air and exercise.

Next day it was the turn of the dinghies, in the shape of the 'Conqueror's Pint' in the Silver Tiller Merlin series. The cruisers always help on this big occasion, and we were scheduled as committee boat, the club rescue boat laying the buoys and looking after casualties. We thought we would have an easy day, for the race is sailed in the river if the sea conditions are too bad, and it was blowing force 4-5. Not a bit of it, the sea

race was on, and off we set once more for an afternoon of tossing at anchor. The start line was a transit from the committee boat through a buoy, and we had a strenuous period with the anchor chain, getting our position dead right. It was an Olympic course, so after we had got the 26 Merlins away to an excellent start, up came the anchor, and off we chugged to the windward mark, to anchor again for the finishing line.

The Merlins were a magnificent sight, swooping over the steep seas, and it was fortunate the wind eased, instead of increasing as forecast, for conditions were marginal. Only two boats went over, the first being taken in tow by the rescue boat, and the second, which we went across to help when the race was over, was being towed home by a catamaran. So we went round the course to pick up the buoys, and returned up river.

Rye's new clubhouse was in use for the first time, for teas and prize-giving, but by the time we had moored up *Atalanta* on the catwalk, snugged everything down, brewed a welcome cup of tea and motored round to the other side of the river, our visitors had gone, and another Silver Tiller day was over. For us it had been an interesting and strenuous weekend—perhaps this little tale should have been called 'They also serve who only lie at anchor'!

## Eight Days to Appledore

by S. Boss — 'Clymene' — A 143

Three men in a boat filled up with water and petrol at Fairey's on the Hamble and *Clymene* set sail across the choppy Solent. Coming upon a ketch considerably larger than our *Atalanta*, we sailed under her stern and then provocatively tacked across her bows. Crew came leaping out of hatches to redress this ignominy and the big boat began to sail efficiently, finally retiring for the evening to the lights of Yarmouth.

Darkness thickened and the sea rose as we struggled past the Needles, waves slapping *Clymene's* hull. In the distance Bournemouth lights beckoned but we stood on to Swanage for an uneasy night's rest.

Morning dawned calm and clear. We motored for many hours, then the wind rose steadily to gale force in Lyme Bay. Breaking seas dissuaded us from running into Exmouth so we turned and beat South out into the English Channel, black and stormy. We passed close to a tossing trawler, but could not easily manoeuvre with mainsail reefed down so that the boom rested on the after deck. Suddenly something dark and small struck our white mainsail and tumbled down it into the cockpit. We had neither time nor inclination to seek it out, but thrashed on through the stormy night keeping our 4-hour solo watches.

In the grey morning, our second, a liner circled us and departed. We altered our Channel Isle course back towards England, and breakfasted. Behind the petrol cans our night visitor came to light, a Mother Carey's chicken. He or she stayed with us until we anchored off Start Point, where we launched it airborne towards the shore.

A calm evening saw us motoring past Eddystone lighthouse, and after a morning fix on Dodman Point we closed with Falmouth, now in a fresh breeze. However we decided to press on towards the Lizard and were investigated by a Coastal Command Shackleton, soon disinterested. We anchored briefly close to a holiday camp at Kennack and had a good meal despite rolling in the swell. Then on again round flashing Lizard, across Mount's Bay dark and shallow, and into Newlyn for a sleep.

Our fourth morning was wild so we left *Clymene* aground and walked ashore to shop and telephone, oilskin clad. We heard it was bad round Longships and were glad to be in, not out.

Next day was sunny, with a reasonable weather forecast, so we set sail for Land's End. The wind steadily freshened and buffeted us out to Seven Stones lightship, with Round Island in the distance coming through on the radio. Northwards we sailed, intent on clearing St. David's Head after keeping well off the dangerous Cornish lee-shore. As evening fell we reduced to storm canvas and ploughed on through the night, steering by the Pole Star.

The morning seas looked mountainous, as high as our 26 ft. boat was long, and the forecast was bad. We lowered the reefed mainsail and ran eastwards before the wind under storm jib alone, trailing ropes astern to slow our speed and improve control. That day *Complan* alone sustained us as we homed in on Lundy Island radio beacon. It was night again when we saw the lights, but the chart showed treacherous seas and shoals. We tried to go north-about but were being set on shallows by the tide sluicing out of Bristol Channel. So south we turned, then east and finally north, battling under sails and engine to reach the shelter of the island cliffs. We had to anchor in 60 ft. of water but were glad to do it. We slept like logs, oblivious to the rolling swell.

The seventh day was a day of rest, tidying up and re-stowing the distress rockets opened the previous night and almost used. That evening we hoisted our 300 ft. of chain and rope and moved to a more sheltered anchorage.

Next morning we set out for Appledore in Barnstaple Bay, enjoying the sailing once again. Time was now short so we carefully crossed the bar at low water and were kindly shown to a mooring by Ferryman Johns of Instow. Almost immediately Excise Men boarded us to search for contraband, unpacking as fast as we packed. They were polite and quick, and soon we were hurrying ashore to catch our overnight train back to the North and work again. Weeks later we returned with Land Rover and trailer for *Clymene*, but that's another story..

# A Disappointing Season for Achates

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

On 25th July, after waiting a day at Bembridge for the weather, we had a good passage to Cherbourg, starting at 06.12 and anchoring in the yacht basin at 19.10. We started with a N.W. breeze, but were close hauled by 17.00. Our destination was the Scillies, once stocked up.

On the 27th, with the same forecast, N.W. 4 backing S.W. 5-6, we got under way at 08.25 and got mixed up with the Queen Elizabeth coming in. The mate seemed a little concerned lest we damage her. By 13.00 we were at anchor in the old harbour at Braye and spent the afternoon filling up with petrol. The next passage, Alderney to Salcombe, was a new one for us, so there were navigational notes to be made.

We were at sea by 06.10 and 06.40 were treated to a real dog's dinner of a forecast. In the event it was coldish with a N.W. variable 1-2 until 11.15 when we were able to make sail and were close-hauled until 18.30. In the meantime we lost the land at 10.05 and made out the English coastline at 13.27, but not very clearly. As we closed the coast visibility deteriorated and it was five hours before, with 56 miles on the log, we were able to identify Start Point with certainty, by which time we were too far East. The tide was turning and the wind freshening and dead on the nose, so that Dartmouth beckoned, but we had a long way to go and decided to press on for Salcombe, under power. 20.00 hours saw Start Point two miles due North and the rain was getting mixed with the plentiful spray. At 21.10 we were thankful to pick up a mooring opposite the Hotel.

Salcombe was so uncomfortable that next evening we motored up into the Bag at last light, leaving one of the crew A.W.O.L. Next morning, the absentee having returned to duty, we sailed up to New Bridge and lay with a few dinghies until the gale which was blowing outside, had given up. An attractive and very sheltered spot.

31st July with a promised W.N.W. 3-5, we put to sea again, clearing Bolt Head at 09.00. It was dull and wet, but we landed eight mackerel. We put into Looe, for the first time, and were tied up by 15.30. We had to motor the last half mile, but in a couple of hours the wind was back with a vengeance from the south east.

Next day, with a gale forecast from the N.W. we got out of Looe by the skin of our teeth, as the receding tide nearly got out first! The shark fisherman had gone an hour since, remarking that we had had our gale. Such wind as there was, was westerly and we motored all but two hours of the passage to Falmouth. The day was rainy and cold but we had a sunny evening. At 13.50 we had cleared Dodman Point where, the evening before, the Darlwen had gone down. It is history that no wreckage was seen that day, but we did see the RAF searching. Sailing along near the coast it was obvious that nothing would have been seen from the shore on a dirty evening as there are no habitations on the cliff tops.

1630 saw Achates tied up in the little motor-boat harbour at Falmouth, to the consternation of the Quay-master. But he let us lie there whilst I reported to the harbour-master, a most august gentleman.

Not fancying the anchorage allotted to us, we crossed over to St. Mawes, where we found a vacant mooring. On the 2nd, with 6-8 forecast, we moved deeper into St. Mawes and next day, with locally 9 promised, we moved up river to Porthcuel where we lay once more in complete shelter. During our stay at St. Mawes, we poked our noses out into the estuary once, hoping to make Penzance, but the seas were wild, even there, so we turned back and took the ferry to Falmouth to shop. It rained ceaselessly. We were still in our oilskins and the mate of the ferry said we had guessed the weather correctly. So my wife told him we had started out for Penzance an hour before. He remarked, candidly, 'You must be mad. The seas will be like Everest round the Lizard'. A happy thought.

By 4th August, with the general forecast still unsettled it was too late to round the Lizard, so we decided to have a look at Mevagissey and, if time and the weather permitted, we might take in the Lyme Bay harbours we had never visited, such as Teignmouth and Exmouth.

As we sailed out of Falmouth Estuary, the Royal Yacht Britannia was dressed over all in honour of the Queen Mother's birthday, but later that day the bunting was hauled down as the lifeboat brought in four bodies.

With a forecast S.W. 4-6, veering N.W. we rounded St. Anthony's Head at 09.03 and found the wind already N.W. 3-4. With three rolls in the main we had an exhilarating sail in mainly sunny weather and at 12.15 tied up in the inner harbour at Mevagissey and dried out.

By 1630 we were afloat again, had bathed, shopped and seen what little there was to see. It was unbearably crowded and as it was a fine evening with a fair wind we put out again at 17.10

Fowey was the nearest convenient harbour, but the anchorage is on the Polruan side, where we were unlikely to find a doctor for Kelvin who had injured his hand. Rather cheating I suggested that we leave it to Kelvin to decide whether to go to Fowey or our original goal, Looe, knowing he liked the place and had joined a dance club there the week before. Approaching Looe I wished I knew the passage inside Green Island. At 19.55 we tied up.

We lay over a day for recuperation and made use of the time to get an ex-pilot to show us the way between the mainland and the island.

On the 7th we left at 8.15 and even had two hours with the spinnaker set and at 14.25 gave Start Point two cables berth entering the Dart at 16.00, having logged 6.75 miles during our best hours.

The weather deteriorated, so we got in some visiting. On the 9th the forecast was 6-8 and even Dartmouth was no longer comfortable, so we moved up river to Dittisham, where we had a choice of a dozen vacant moor-

ings and complete protection. On the evening of the 11th, the forecast was milder, S.W. 4-5 with poor visibility and rain. Getting anxious about time, we returned to Dartmouth for an early start and got going at 06.12 on the 12th. Passing the Mewstone we listened to the morning forecast, which was unchanged, but it was actually South, 3-4. Visibility was at least four miles, so we set main and genoa and stopped the engine. At 08.45, with 12.7 miles behind us we had to take two rolls in the main and by 10.45 had six. The seas were getting awkward and steering difficult, so that the poor visibility was something of a worry. At 11.45 with nearly 40 miles on the log I altered course 10 deg. North because coasters were passing inshore of us and at 13.15, following another freighter, I took off another 10 deg. Ten minutes later land was vaguely visible and it had to be Portland. At 14.00, through the binoculars, the lighthouse could just be distinguished through the fog, but I could not guess the offing. At 15.30 we shook out the reefs and breeze having dropped to 2-3 from S.W. and fifteen minutes later the coastline was distinct as far as Anvil Point. I would have liked to have carried on to the Solent, but the fair tide was coming to an end and the idea of fog and darkness at the Needles was not attractive. So we dropped our hook at 18.05 in Studland Bay with about 66 miles behind us.

For those who do not know it, I would like to say what a wonderful anchorage this is, from South, through West to N.E. In the morning I felt a little disappointed in it, for Achates and all the other boats were gently rocking. At 11.45 we raised the anchor and set the genoa only as I decided to sample the wind outside the bay, before carrying more. Again it was foggy and windy. For the last mile before the Needles the sea was quite rough and we estimated one wave to be twelve feet from crest to trough, but they were harmless enough. For all that I tied myself in to ease the strain of steering in a big sea. The tide turned fair as we approached the Needles. Five sailing craft converged, one on its way out over which a helicopter circled very low and later we were to learn that the owner had somehow been knocked overboard and drowned. It was a day when we would not have dreamt of putting out into the channel, but this was a new owner whose enthusiasm had overcome his discretion. At 15.05 we cleared Hurst narrows and at 16.30, off Egypt Point we set the main for the first time. The lull was temporary and at 17.30, as we were entering Wooton creek it blew up, perhaps force 7 and we went in like a scalded cat with no time to reef. The night was spent well up the river.

## Epenetus on the West Coast of France

by L. A. Biddle - 'Epenetus' - A39

One of the chief attractions of an Atalanta is its mobility. Last year we launched in the Clyde and cruised to Eigg, Canna and Skye. This year we thought we would look for somewhere warmer and we chose the west coast of France.

With my two sons as crew, I left home in Kent on the evening of 20th July and spent the night on board in the outskirts of Southampton. Next day we loaded on to a Thoresen Ferry and sailed at 10.30 for Cherbourg. The whole process was very easy as we drove on in the stern and out of the bows so that there is no turning. That night we stopped at Granville and next day we reached Vannes our destination at about 3.0 p.m. We found a crane quite quickly but the operator only works on orders from the Chambre de Commerce and we only just managed to obtain the necessary order and get back to the crane before the crane driver knocked off work. We launched, filled up with water and by last light we had sailed down through the Conleau Narrows and anchored for the night just north of the Ile de Boedic in the Morbihan.

Next morning, after a short stop at Aradon for provisions, we took the ebb tide and experienced the thrill of going through the narrows at the entrance of the Morbihan with a 7 knot tide under us. Once outside the wind fell light and the visibility became poor.

Ten days before we left, my brother had sailed from Lymington in his Pioneer 'Winkle' and though we had vaguely suggested that we should meet in the Quiberon area, we had made no arrangements as to time and place. However, that afternoon off the island of Meaban we saw the familiar outline of a Pioneer and it turned out to be 'Winkle'. Never has a complete lack of any plan been more successful.

We soon got a better wind and decided to sail with 'Winkle' up to Auray where we lay just below the bridge in plenty of water. Next day we cruised in company to La Roche Bernard, a long sail mostly under spinnaker, ending up with a run up the Vilaine river. The following day the wind was still in the west and we had a long beat back in poor conditions carrying storm jib and three rolls in the main. We had intended to go to Houat but the conditions were unsuitable so we beat back to the Morbihan and anchored in lee of Ile Gavrinis. The next two nights were spent at La Trinite and at Le Palais which is the main town in Belle Isle, an island about 14 miles offshore but rather closer to the Quiberon Peninsular.

Next day we sailed round the Northern end of Belle Isle in order to reach Ster Wenn which is certainly one of the most interesting anchorages I have ever visited. Once we got on to the western coast of the island we had an onshore breeze and to reach Ster Wenn we stood straight in for what appeared to be a small bay on a rocky and inhospitable shore. Following Adlard Coles's directions we kept close to the cliffs on the southern side of the bay and to all appearances we were going to run ashore. Quite suddenly a gap opened in the cliff, we gybed and turned into the little creek and we were very soon out of the swell and out of the wind as well.

There is room for three or four boats to lie at anchor and according to Adlard Coles it is safe in any weather. The only real risk is that it may be full and it is best to arrive early so that one can go elsewhere if necessary.

We had a light wind on the following day and we sailed slowly round to Sauzon on the north coast of the island. This really is an Atalanta harbour. Well protected but too shallow for deep keel yachts so it is not overcrowded and the village is quite unspoilt. There is sufficient water at L.W. Neaps for an Atalanta but it is probably not possible at Springs. After lunch at Sauzon we had a spinnaker run to the Passage de Beniguet and then we brought up in the harbour at Houat. This was crowded and we rather wished we had tried the bay at the eastern end of the island where there were a few yachts anchored near the old harbour.

We had to be up early next day to catch the tide through the Passage de Beniguet as we intended to go for the Ile de Groix. We sailed close hauled against a steadily rising westerly wind. By the time we were off the Quiberon Peninsula the visibility was poor and the sea rough. We had seven rolls in the main and the storm jib set and both the crew were ill. However in due course we got rain and the wind dropped so that we could shake out the reefs and we made Port Tudy in the Ile de Groix in the early afternoon.

A day ashore on the following day enabled us to visit Loc Maria on the southern shore of the island. This is quite a possible harbour for a shallow draft yacht in reasonable weather.

Once again we had westerly winds on the next day for our sail to Port Manec and the river Aven. At Port Manec we picked up the crew of 'Winkle' and sailed right up the river on the flood tide to Port Aven. The river is shallow and not well marked so the trip would be quite impossible in a keel yacht. Next day we sailed in company with 'Winkle' to Concarneau once again against a strong westerly wind and we brought up lying to one of the buoys in the outer harbour. We visited the Citadel and the Fish Market; there are no longer any sailing tinnymen and all the fishing boats are power driven now. We stayed at Concarneau a second day on account of rain and gale warnings.

There were still gale warnings the following day but conditions had improved and we thought we would look outside. Once outside we thought we could make Port Manec before the forecasted depression reached us. Off Port Manec it seemed a pity to go down so far to leeward and we pushed on for Ile de Groix in a sea which was getting very confused as we approached the west end of the island. Once in lee of the island it seemed a pity to stop with such a good wind and we had some lunch and decided to sail on for Quiberon. Quiberon was a lee shore and the prospect of making an unknown harbour on a lee shore was not inviting. We decided to see if we could get through the Teighouse passage before the tide turned too strongly against us. We just managed this and then had an easy sail for 7 miles in the smooth water of Quiberon Bay to reach La Trinite at dusk. We had covered 55 miles in just on 12 hours.

La Trinite is a yachting port but there usually seem to be an adequate supply of mooring for visiting yachts. We decided to spend the next day exploring some of the islands in the Gulf of Morbihan. We sailed through the narrows and then round the south end of Ile de Moines and along the eastern shore of Ile D'Ars and landed at the quay off the village. There is infinite variety in the Morbihan and with an Atalanta one could easily spend a week exploring it. However our time was up and we sailed round the northern coast of Ile D'Ars and so back into the main channel and took the last of the flood up to Vannes.

We craned out next day. We had cruised for 15 days and had good winds all the time. As a result the lovely blue masthead genoa which we had bought this year was only set once.

## Round the Island Race

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

Cowes in the early morning of 25th June was a scene of activity as yacht after yacht slipped down the Medina and joined the cloud of sails already filling the Roads. Horribly late, as usual, 'Ploof' joined the milling throng and, after some hair-raising near-misses and an involuntary gybe, in which one of the crew lost his much-prized Cherbouge cap, we disengaged ourselves from the fleet and started at 6.15 a.m. A fresh S.W. wind and favourable tide were ideal for a fast and exhilarating beat down the Solent as we crossed tacks with the other Atalantas and J.O.G. boats, but we did not have the water to ourselves for long as, quite soon, a wall of sails astern heralded the approach of the main divisions, and the bigger and faster yachts were already threading their way past us by the time we were off Yarmouth. The Needles Channel was as full of tacking boats as the upwing leg of a dinghy race and, to avoid them, we sailed near the Island shore only to find that we were losing the advantage of the tide thereby. However, a favourable lift brought us up to the Needles buoy and, after a few hectic minutes, we settled down to the long run around the south of the Island.

The scene was unforgettable: a bright sun lit up the white cliffs and the green fields of the Island while ahead of us the sea was dotted with sail as far as the eye could reach. Astern, as each yacht rounded the Needles and a new spinnaker blossomed out to catch the sun, an endless kaleidoscope of colour took shape and broke up into individual yachts which surged past us in somewhat disheartening succession. However, 'Ploof', under a boomed-out genoa, sailed on quite happily in the lively sea at I suppose something near her maximum

down-wind speed, and it was not long before we gybed at St. Catherine's and sailed on past Ventnor and Shanklin with the Bembridge Ledge buoy in sight ahead.

Here the scene at the Needles was reversed as each yacht handed her spinnaker and came on the wind to form a long line of white sails pointed like an arrow at the Forts. This leg was a fast, close reach but, in our anxiety to gain the inside position at the Fort, we had some exasperating moments of flapping sails in its wind shadow. In Spithead the ebb tide was still running strongly and this, combined with a head wind, made the last leg seem the hardest and the longest. At the North Sturbridge we tacked inshore to avoid the tide, but anything we might have gained thereby we completely lost as the wind headed us near Castle Point. Eventually a final tack took us across the line to hear our gun and to return in time for Saturday tea instead of Sunday breakfast, as we had prophesied beforehand. Unfortunately, for the first and only time in 1966, 'Ploof's' motor refused to start, and we had a tense climax to the race in coming alongside the crowded trots under sail.

Both as a sail and as a race it was wholly delightful and the organisation of the Island Sailing Club is surely quite unparalleled in handling such a huge fleet. We Atalanta Owners should also be very grateful to Bill Urry who has organised this class so well for so many years, and we must congratulate Oliver Roome who with 'Tomboy of Terhou' came first in the Atalanta Owners and second only to 'Roundabout' on corrected time overall.

In a letter to me, Colonel Roome agreed that it was a wonderful race in perfect Atalanta weather. He covered the distance from the Needles to Bembridge Ledge in four hours with a foul tide most of the way. One of the other points in his letter is the extreme ease of gybing the spinnaker in an Atalanta, which enabled 'Tomboy' to gybe at the right moment off Shanklin while others carried on too far to seaward on starboard. He considered that with the amount of sea that was running it paid to tack the leeward rather than have the wind from dead astern.

Full results for our Class are as follows:

1. A 11 'TOMBOY OF TERHOU'
2. A 9 'EREINA'
3. A178 'PLOOF'
4. A 95 'HIRAN'
5. A 80 'TALANTA'
6. A101 'AMIDA'
7. A169 'KERRY PIPER'
8. A117 'TURTLE'
9. A174 'CORDYL'
10. A163 'SOONION'
11. A 4 'SNUFFBOX'
12. A120 'JEVI II'
13. A 48 'ATALA'
14. A108 'SOLVENDO'
15. A147 'CHAMOIS'
- Retired A 164 'SCARWEATHER'

ATLANTA OWNERS ASSOCIATION

LIST OF OWNERS

No.	Boat	Owner	Telephone No.	No.	Boat	Owner	Telephone No.
A1	'Atalanta'			A58	'Winterset'		
*A2	'Tellulah'			*A59	'Julietta'		
A3	'Andana'			A60	'Achates'		
*A4	'Snuffbox'			*A61	'Elissa'		
A5	'Daiphony'			*A62	'Coco'		
T/A6	'Kittiwake'			A64	'Paradox'		
(Titania)				A65	'Joann'		
A7	'Alouette de mer'			A66	'Roamara'		
*A8	'Arabeaque'			*A67	'Bajan'		
A9	'Ereina'			*A68	'Curlew'		
*A10				*A69	'Laqlaq'		
A11	'Tomboy of Terhou'			A70	'Catalina'		
A12	'Ione'			*A71	'Blue Jackaroo'		
A13	'Ariel'			*A72			
*A14	'Mimnet'			A73	'Lyde'		
A15	'Artemis II'			*A74	'Equanil'		
*A16	'Dervorguilla'			*A75	'Shang'		
A17	'Gambol'			A76	'Inshallah'		
A18	'Aries'			A77	'Stormy'		
A19	'Valare'			A78	'Marlanda'		
A20	'Acantha'			A80	'Talanta'		
A21	'Chuff'			*A81	'Atalanta'		
A22	'Mary Jane of Moreton'			A82	'Koomela'		
*A23				A83	'Flying Fox'		
*A24	'Melanton'			*A84	'Desirée'		
A25	'Pindar'			*A85	'Scylla'		
*A26	'Meteor'			*A86	'Vendaval'		
A27	'Sabot'			*A87	'Harmony'		
*A28				*A88	'Tenga'		
A29	'Yen Tina'			A89	'Colchide'		
A30	'Trio'			A90	'Mourne Goblin'		
*A31				*A91	'Yarina'		
A32	'Alchemy'			A92	'Seamajor'		
*A33	'Pam'			*A93			
*A34	'Syren'			A95	'Hiran'		
*A35	'Christian Mary'			*A97	'Seven Up'		
A36	'Aquila'			A98	'Beki'		
*A37	'Kotick'			*A99	'Toco'		
*A38	'The Beaver'			A100	'Jolanta'		
A39	'Epeneta II'			A101	'Amida'		
*A40	'Dalriada'			A102	'Mary'		
*A41	'Gale'			*A103	'Tambalu'		
*A42	'Pumula'			A104	'Arosa'		
*A43	'Ponente'			A105	'Taka Maru'		
A44	'Vaga'			A107	'Xapa'		
A45	'Mareel'			A108	'Solvendo'		
A46	'Theodora'			A109	'Beltine'		
A47	'Big Daddy'			*A110	'Turnstone'		
A48	'Atala'			*A113	'Aku'		
A49	'Terrapina'			*A114	'Waterwitch'		
*A50	'Astarte II'			A115	'Sabrina of Croyde'		
*A51	'Bacardi'			*A116			
*A52	'Rambler'			A117	'Turtle'		
A54	'Eala'			A118	'Cresta'		
A55	'Sue'			*A119	'Tonga'		
A56	'Yambo II'						
*A57	'Bluebird'						

No.	Boat	Owner	Telephone No.	No.	Boat	Owner	Telephone No.
*A120	'Jevi II'			A161	'Pegasus of Trundles'		
*A121	'4 Brothers'			A162	'Pigro'		
A122	'Jellicle'			A163	'Soonion'		
A123	'Cocktail'			A164	'Scarweather'		
*A124	'Helen's Folly'			A165	'Mavista'		
*A125	'Palaris II'			A166	'Hullabaloo'		
A126	'Apple'			*A167			
A127	'Haasa'			A168	'Kockaburra'		
*A128	'Topper'			A169	'Kerry Piper'		
*A129	'Sea Rogue II'			*A170			
*A130	'Castanet'			A171	'Dinah'		
*A131	'Strega'			*A172			
A132	'Fille d'Honneur'			A173	'Peace'		
A133	'Ann Grey'			A174	'Cordyl'		
*A134				*A175	'Inyoniyamanzi'		
*A135	'Boom'			*A176	'Persephone'		
A136	'Amsara'			A177	'Emira'		
*A137	'Babyseal'			A178	'Ploof'		
*A138	'Sweet Sue'			A179	'Emma Duck'		
A139	'Merrie-Martin'			A180	'Evaadne II'		
A140	'Treenlaur 3'			A183	'Thursdays Child'		
A141	'Rakia'						
A142	'Taormina'						
A143	'Clymene'						
A144	'Cyn'						
A146	'Sherpa'						
A147	'Chamois'						
A148	'Caprice'						
*A149	'La Toquade II'						
A150	'Salizanda II'						
A151	'Mistura'						
A153	'Serenity'						
*A154	'Deeanie'						
A155	'Miranda'						
A156	'Xirt'						
A157	'Quatorze'						
A158	'Jane Duck'						
A159	'Lindora'						
*A160							

\*Indicates Owners who have N

Atalanta 31 Owners

No.	Boat
*A/31 1	'Lulu' (1994)
A/31 2	'Elissa II' (1944)
*A/31 3	'Valonek'
A/31 4	'Tadpole III'
*A/31 5	'Elpenor II'
A/31 6	'Caper A'
A/31 7	'Twinkee' (1987)
A/31 8	'Trio'
A/31 9	'Zanbra'
A/31	'Kinky'
A/31	'Petesark'

Produced for the  
**ATALANTA OWNERS ASSOCIATION**  
 by FAIREY MARINE LTD  
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 Tel: Hamble 2135