

Atalanta

OWNERS ASSOCIATION BULLETIN 1971/72



ZAMBRA at Delft

photo: Anthony Fraiss – Zambra – A31/10

Contents

<i>A149 in America</i> by William Coolidge – <i>Tala</i> – A149	1
<i>Modifications and a Successful Cruise</i> by Richard Gregory – <i>Benedicite</i> – A147	3
<i>And then the wall appeared</i> by Anthony Fraiss – <i>Zambra</i> – A31/10	4
<i>Modifications 1970/71</i> by Dennis Emerson – <i>Diaphony</i> – A5	6
<i>A Voyage on the West Coast of Sweden</i> by Margaret Odling – <i>Salizanda II</i> – A150	7
<i>Ploof en course</i> by A.W. Wallbank – <i>Ploof</i> – A178	8
<i>Island Sailing Club Round-the-Island Race, 1971</i> by A.W. Wallbank – <i>Ploof</i> – A178	10
<i>Round-the-Island Race, Results</i>	10
<i>Apologia – "It's not the boats ..."</i> by Frances Martin – <i>Sea Major</i> – A92	11
<i>Learning the hard way or What NOT to do in an Atalanta!</i> by L.A. Trickey – <i>Atalanta Mary</i> – A102	12

From Alan Vines, President of the Atalanta Owners Association:

Atalanta owners have been sailing in all parts of the world for fifteen years, and will still be sailing in 1986 when the Atalanta will be a 'vintage' boat.

On behalf of all members I should like to thank Bert Wallbank, who has been Honorary Secretary for many years and looked after the interests of members and the association so very well. I should also like to include Cyril Staal for producing this Bulletin.

Good sailing for 1972.



From Cyril Staal, Hon. Editor of this Bulletin:

Like other members I welcome knowing what goes on elsewhere, and it is particularly good to have news of how they manage things in New England. This is in addition to the exploits of those based in the Old Country, who nonetheless have again strayed far and wide.

Contributions for the next issue should be sent to me by **mid-November at:**

Cotehele House, Saltash, Cornwall, PL12 6TA.

From: Major-General W. Odling, Gun House, Fingringhoe, Essex.

Hon. Editor,
Atalanta Bulletin.

Dear Sir,

Why not have a **Wants and Disposals** section? We would all like to dispose of surpluses and get other things. We all have wants and if we can stow them would like to get them cheap, and if they are serviceable it does not matter if they are second-hand. It is tiresome at the moment to mail a whole list, but may I make a start now?

WANTED: use of, or share in, a trailer. Can accommodate here, can acquire Land-Rover.

Yours sincerely,

W. ODLING.

Further letters will be welcomed, the more so if a stamp is sent to cover the cost of replying.

There is nothing to beat action, so here are some more

WANTS AND DISPOSALS

Second-Hand Trailers:

Two members of the Association have asked if there are any second-hand trailers for Atalantas for sale. If you should have one which you wish to sell, please get in touch with the following:

Dr. Jacques Crokaert,
4 rue du Monastère,
1050 BRUSSELS.

B.R. Upton,
11 bis, rue Théodore de Banville,
PARIS 17.

A-149 in America

William B. Coolidge—*Tala*—A149

The Hon. Secretary kindly encouraged me, as a new member of the Association, to write something for the Bulletin from across the Atlantic. At this writing we have had A149 — or she has had us — for fourteen months. She has been everything we hoped and more. I'll try to summarize how we came to join the Atalanta fraternity (sorority?) and what we've done.

I've had a good bit of small-boat experience but relatively little cruising. In our mid-fifties, with no more overseas assignments to interfere, it seemed time to act if we were to get cruising. Our home base is Washington, D.C., an hour's drive from Chesapeake Bay. Our vacation base is Nantucket Island, the outer bastion of Nantucket Sound, south of Cape Cod. The Bay and the Sound are two of the country's finest cruising areas, but they are some 500 miles apart. Hence I had long envisaged a capable cruising boat that was also trailerable, and I was already vulnerable to the Atalanta idea long before I knew there was an Atalanta. Then we lucked out to A149 on the market in Nantucket and bought her as she sat on her trailer in the boat shed.

Our initial sallies in Nantucket Sound, including a brief voyage to Edgartown on Martha's Vineyard Island, confirmed our confidence that she would be able and comfortable. The summer vacation was too soon gone just getting started. It was time to try her on the road. Since the car we had at the time wasn't up to the job, we arranged to have her trailed to Washington. There we found a second-hand car equipped for heavy-duty trailering, and with this we proudly pulled her ourselves the 50 miles to Galesville south of Annapolis on Chesapeake Bay. Here we sailed every week-end through the fall, taking her out of the water in early December. It was a novelty for the friends we invited along, no less for us, to be viewing the autumn foliage from afloat. The winds were too often too light for Atalantan taste. On the other hand they didn't seem quite so chill.

We wintered her on the northwestern periphery of Washington, visiting occasionally to check the cover and regain gear for work at home. The cabin was frigid and dark despite the kerosene lamps lit on such occasions. It all seemed downright wrong for her to have to put up with winter. But with spring we brought her home to our front yard where she dominated the neighborhood, to say nothing of the driveway, during the weeks of fitting out. My wife felt A149 didn't quite go with the garden motif but it was very convenient for me. Many a neighbor climbed aboard to admire and sip a bottle of brew; many a stranger stopped to gawk.

What with my puttering and other events — a daughter's wedding and my own retirement — A149 only briefly tasted the Chesapeake this last spring and we barely got out on the Bay. But by early July the coast was clear, the boat was again put in highway mode, and we hit the road north late one evening. The timing was dictated by traffic. Just as you figure a passage to catch a favorable tide, so you aim to transit New York with such a load between midnight and dawn. All went according to Hoyle, and by next afternoon we were snuggled down for the night aboard ship on the trailer, parked beside the Travelift at the shipyard in Falmouth (Massachusetts) that would launch us next day for the sail across to Nantucket.

Of this last summer the highlight was a 10-day cruise with wife, son and daughter that took us as far as Newport, Rhode Island.

We meandered there via Hyannis on the south shore of Cape Cod, Tashmoo and Menemsha on the northwestern shore of Martha's Vineyard, Padanarum near New Bedford on Buzzards Bay, and Cuttyhunk Island at the mouth of that Bay. An anchorage on the return trip was under the lee of wee Weepecket Island near Woods Hole. I give this itinerary not so much in the expectation that any reader will want to spot the places on their charts, but rather for the pleasure of rattling off a melange of English, American Indian and biblical names that they might savor. Certainly I have enjoyed the place names cited in other contributions to the Bulletin, even when I had no chart with which to pinpoint them.

None of our cruise was deep-sea work, though a sector between the mouth of Buzzards Bay and Newport was open ocean. Most of these waters are relatively protected, with appreciable tidal currents running over shoals and between islands. The waters tend to a short chop, the winds in summer to southwesterlies which may blow 20 mph or more. In August and September an occasional tropical depression will work its way up from the Caribbean, some of them maintaining full storm or even hurricane force in this vicinity. The area in summer is well travelled by yachts under sail and power, anchorages and marinas are plentiful but often crowded, and for those of the yacht club level there are long-established hospitable clubs. The area has also its quota of proud boat-building establishments — Crosby of Osterville, Concordia of Padanarum to name but two — plus any number of other boat sales and servicing establishments.

Even on our brief cruise we sampled a good cross-section of the offerings. During an extra-heavy southwesterly we laid over in Hyannis for engine servicing — the sweet sounds of the Coventry Victor had weakened and then died — and ended up with a rebuilt magneto and new carburetor. It seems fine now, though there were not a few who recommended we junk that 'old foreign motor'. In Padanarum we ordered a new mainsail from a sailmaker who was familiar with the Atalanta, having replaced a main some years ago on another.

We had our share of light winds, as when we barely stemmed the current by l'Hommedieu shoal (but caught a lovely bluefish as recompense) and eventually resorted to power. But there were also roistering breezes like those that took us across Nantucket Sound both ways. Two storms of tropical origin blew by while we waited in safe anchorages.

It was on one of these occasions, in Menemsha, that we found ourselves in company with another Atalanta. This was *Gypsy*, A23, from Marion, Connecticut, whose acquaintance we had first made the summer before in Nantucket. As Captain Snow had said at the time, we had joined 'a very exclusive fraternity' when we bought A149, and his accounts of his own voyages from Long Island Sound to the Maine coast further built our confidence in our craft and whetted our appetite to use her. Snow, incidentally, knows of one other Atalanta, recently down from Canada, and I have seen another on Chesapeake Bay.

We took particular pleasure during our cruise in several of the Atalanta features other colleagues know so well. Quite apart from the things you take for granted like seaworthiness, stiffness and space, we never ceased to marvel at how dry she was in a chop. The retracting keels let us out over the bar of Lake Tashmoo at low tide when others had to wait for the high. They also bounced up smartly on Hawes Shoal when, under spinnaker and main before a brisk southwesterly, we cut corners off the orthodox course between Martha's Vineyard

and Nantucket coming home. For longer passages like this we hunkered the dinghy up on the afterdeck in approved fashion. We used the roller reefing, the foghorn and radar reflector, the cabin table and cockpit table, the spray hood.

During this cruise we finally settled on the name and emblazoned it on the transom. It was a hard decision, for in the course we had researched Greek mythology (*Tethys?*), looked into suitable species of whales and turtles (*Chelonia?*), drawn names out of the air (*Poon?*), played upon her color and quality (*Blue Chip?*), and even bethought how she might reflect our own status (*Second Wind?*). In the end we settled on a name without overtone — **TALA** — so that it would stand for nothing but the boat herself, though with an honorable derivation from her class. In the circumstances we were sure we had an entirely unique name — until that shattering occasion when a Coast Guardsman at Menemsha asked if we were the yacht *Tala* that was reported to have left Gloucester shortly before the last storm. I still think it was a misreading of the other boat's name. As for those we reluctantly discarded, anyone is welcome to them.

It wasn't long after return from this cruise that my son suggested we sail, not trail, *Tala* back to Chesapeake Bay when the time came. The time came at the end of September for my son, a college friend of his from California, and myself. We were quite fortunate with winds and tides. The first leg to Martha's Vineyard was a gorgeous spinnaker run before a fresh easterly. The second, to Newport, suffered from an indifferent southerly most of the way but wound up in a spanking southwester. Once around the rocks off Brenton Point the boys exuberantly set spinnaker again for the few miles up into Newport Harbor. The third, to Stonington in Fisher's Island Sound, was a sensational surfing sail. Winds were generally ENE at 20–25 mph, but great ocean seas came in from the southeast where hurricane Ginger had stirred them up before going ashore in North Carolina. Briefly at the start we had the spinnaker up again and *Tala* practically planed, but the cautious old man suggested more moderate sail and the boys reluctantly assented. In any case it was heavy work at the helm as she surged and surfed around Point Judith and all down the Rhode Island shoreline.



A149 and A23 in Menemsha Pond, Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts. August 1971.

Passage through Long Island Sound took most of three days, each roughly divided into current with and current against. These were mixed days in which at times we added power, at times we reefed.

Sometimes we were working close by the Connecticut shore, at others we could see only the high seas except for an occasional lobster pot buoy. Actually the heaviest blow was during a thunderstorm in Eastchester Bay just at New York's gateway near Throg's Neck Bridge at the western apex of Long Island Sound. If the waters here are polluted, we had been well exposed by the time we made port back at City Island.

The New York passage, through Hell Gate and down the East River, is one you do only with the tide. From Hell Gate to the Battery, past the United Nations and all the other 2 familiar landmarks on Manhattan, took less than an hour. It

sometimes seemed we were beating the traffic on FDR Drive. We powered this stretch, but sailed the balance down to and under the Verrazano Narrows Bridge and on across to Sandy Hook, New Jersey. A strong northwesterly, gusting to 35 mph, plus the ebbing current, boomed us along and eventually led us to shorten sail.

Like Connecticut, New Jersey took three days to traverse. First the outside leg of 27 miles from Sandy Hook to Manasquam Inlet — a pleasant albeit chilly autumn sail along the continuous beach. Then powering, often with sail up too, through the Intracoastal Waterway to Cape May. Despite constantly changing sights this got a bit tiresome. A supreme moment of tension came when we met our first fixed bridge with 35' clearance, not knowing exactly the height above water of the mast-head light. She cleared! Later came one with only 34' (owing to extra high water), but she skimped through that too. Kids on the shore shouted that we had 'one inch' clearance. Can anyone confirm?

At Cape May you're on about the same latitude as Annapolis, but to get there you go northerly up Delaware Bay, across to the top of Chesapeake Bay through a 12-mile canal, and southerly down the Chesapeake. The Delaware Bay passage of 50-plus miles is often regarded as rugged. For us it was one of the most memorable sectors. A westerly blowing 20 to 30 mph set up steep seas off Cape May and made us wonder about trying to punch through. First, a reefed main with power, then the number two jib, then power off, then a smashing port tack all the way up, aided by a strong favoring current. The spray hood never did better service — and we considered *Tala* a particularly dry boat. As it was, we hit the canal at the right moment, powered through with the changing tide, and went on down the Chesapeake as far as Sassafra River by late evening. This was our longest passage and longest day — some 80 miles in under 16 hours. No wonder our final leg down to Galesville was a relaxing climax. Our only problem here was getting home before the wind and the gas (petrol), which we had forgotten to check, utterly failed.

In retrospect, as my son has suggested, we might better have come direct across the high seas from Montauk Point at the eastern tip of Long Island to Cape May. I have no doubt *Tala* could have done it; I just wasn't that ready. On the other hand, as you can see, we're way ahead of where we were when we started with *Tala*. For now we have to drive to New England to fetch the empty trailer home.

From Page 3

At present we are investigating the feasibility of a 15HP B.M.C. diesel conversion. These engines are supplied by Mr. D. Nichols, Engineer, 21, Church Road, Chelmondiston, Ipswich, at £160.

Our partnership is working extremely well. Not only has it cut costs by one-third, but the boat is not left to rot on her moorings, problems are shared and there are more hands to do the work. But then I realise we have been blessed in making such good new friends.

I end with a query. Have any members suggestions for strengthening the skeg? Ours is a bit loose and too much hangs on it for peace of mind.

Modifications and a Successful Cruise

Richard B. Gregory — *Benedicite* — A147

In the spring of 1970 my wife and I with two friends chartered a mature seven-ton cutter from Lymington intending to sail to Brittany. We soon found the boat had a dud engine and defective rigging and that Brittany was out. Instead we had a blissful cruise from the Solent to the Scillies.

One day sailing across from Tresco to Hugh Town, St. Mary, the wind freshened and we lost the Avon I was foolishly towing astern. I am ashamed to confess that despite three attempts, during which we had to reef, we never recovered it. We were soon dodging about among the notorious rocks which make Scilly a graveyard for ships, and became more concerned to get our unhandy vessel to safety than save the dinghy. It was whilst performing these heroics that we saw the *Atalanta*. We were struggling under sail having a wet time of it whilst she bored through the seas under power, right into the eye of the wind, her crew protected by the effective spray hood. The similarity in her looks, even to the blue topsides, to an RNLI life boat inspired confidence.

Later we found ourselves anchored together at Hugh Town for two or three days waiting for a S.E. gale to abate and were invited aboard. It was our very good fortune to have come across Dr. and Mrs. Ritchie Thursfield in *Stroller*. Over a number of convivial exchanges we were won over to these odd-looking craft. Here was a cruising boat sea-worthy and tight; its compartments might well keep it afloat if holed, unlike a conventional vessel. We needed an engine like this which could push against wind and tide when cruising time is limited. The two cabins separated by the length of the cockpit were an advantage for family sailing. Parsons are not exactly in the yacht-owning class financially, but here was a boat big enough for serious sailing which could be trailed home and maintained inexpensively. If my wife and I, and Gill our sailing companion, could find a third partner to share the cost, it would be little more than we paid to charter another man's boat each year.

Within two months we bought A147 from Bembridge and re-named her *Benedicite*. From the first time we looked upon what was to be our ship, and through the coming winter Dr. Ritchie Thursfield was our guide and mentor. I am deeply grateful to him and to Ann for their many kindnesses and hospitality which we may never be able to repay.

Last winter will long stay in my memory. Helped by good friends we pulled the end wall down from a Yorkshire stone building and extended the building to make a boat house. A high-lift hydraulic jack kindly loaned by the garage, two girders and a pile of railway sleepers enabled us to lift the boat clear of the trailer to get out the keels, following Dr. Thursfield's suggestions in an earlier edition of this journal.

It took two months to remove the keels, and then came a search for a latter day King Arthur, not to withdraw the sword from the stone, but to knock two keel pivot bolts 8" long and 1½" thick out of the five inch tubes into which they were firmly rusted. We drilled holes into the tubes, squirted pints of penetrating oil in and fitted greasing nipples. Mighty blows from a sledge hammer even with the additional application of heat from a gas torch were of no avail; neither was an ultra-sonic hammer brought over by a firm of electronic engineers. Finally from a position underneath the boat I inserted an Eclipse (cuts anything) saw up into

the keel slot and in four hours non-stop managed to cut through the remaining offending bolt. The keels were then easily removed, but the internal frame and facing plate also had to come out in order to remove the part of the bolt still fastened in the tube. It was very time-consuming. New owners beware, and keep your bolts working! A good friend made us new bolts in stainless steel.

Our biggest expense was to have a large sprayhood made locally, similar to that on *Stroller*. It cost us £70 but is a thousand times better than a cockpit tent and takes all the misery out of a wet thrash to windward on a cold night. It looks all right, and now we have the pattern I am sure we could produce another one for half the price. We had of course to move the winches to the after end of the cockpit on account of the hood, so rather than spoil the look of the cockpit sides with horn cleats I fitted cam cleats for the jib sheets. These are unobtrusive and efficient. The old cleats have been fixed on that thin mahogany strip on the tumble home either side of the cockpit. They look all right there, provide a good foothold going forward when the spray hood is up, and are valuable points of attachment for fenders or warps alongside the cockpit.

Dr. Thursfield has two other good features in *Stroller* which we incorporated. Bunkboards with lengths of canvas attached to the inboard edge of the bunk, the boards fit into slots 12" above the bunk attached to bulkheads. Rubber-covered roller from an old washing machine (Gas or Electricity Boards supply free) mounted in wooden blocks on the quarter to ease job of getting dinghy aboard.

Our third partner Dennis Hawes was found just before Easter. He brought not only valuable skills and experience but a charming wife and two skilful and hard-working sons. Dennis made some excellent stanchions using "Key Klamps" for deck plates and top fittings and galvanised water pipes for the body. Total cost £3 for four! These are obtainable from Gasoignes (Key Klamps) Ltd, Gascoigne House, Reading. They have the advantage of being rapidly dismantled using only an Allen spanner. Chafe of the guard rails has been reduced by using the copper piping intended for lorry brake fluid. Short lengths were softened by heating and quenching in water, passed through the stanchion holes and then belled over at each end.

We launched *Benedicite* at Whitby with a modest champagne party for assembled friends who had helped us during the winter. The Bishop of Bradford kindly came over with us and blessed the boat.

A few days later we left Whitby at 1800 for a shake-down passage, and first motored and then sailed to our mooring at Pin Mill taking 47 hours for the 230 miles. We had a pleasant sail to Rotterdam in June and cruised through South Holland to Flushing and Zeebrugge. We made the mistake of taking *Benedicite* up the ship canal to Bruges. The canal is lovely, but we were obliged to travel up it in darkness and waited over ten hours to lock in and out at Zeebrugge; since the lock is used almost exclusively as a ferry terminal for Townsend Ferries.

In October we had a hairy passage back from Pin Mill to the Humber and thence locking in at Goole, by canal to Wakefield.

It has been a good season, and the boat has done all that we hoped. I like long fast passages, and our Fairey Ford 1172 petrol engine makes this possible when the wind isn't right. We did however have trouble later in the season with the electrics, and I should like to see us able to replace the petrol engine with a diesel.

(Continued on Page 2)

And then the wall appeared!

Anthony Frais – *Zambra* – A31/10

All we could hear was the now almost deafening blast of the nautophone – four blasts every minute – until suddenly high above us and one boat length away loomed the big harbour wall. Hard-a-starboard! we all shouted (for that is the way it goes sometimes!) and as we came round some murky figures on the top of the wall yelled at us to clear off as the Ferry was on its way in. What a lovely reception party! We moved half a cable into the gloom and dropped our anchor to wait for better times, but that was nearly the end of our holiday and I will tell you about that later.

Accompanied by Derrick Richfield, my son Robert and Freddie Fry, we sailed from Hamble at 16.00 hours on Thursday, 5th August en route for Rotterdam via the Hook with a force 5 to 6 south-westerly breeze on our quarter and with a very modest sea. We made good time to Dungeness, but at this point the next morning with a foul tide and a rapidly decreasing wind we got fed up with the sight of the headland and started motor sailing throughout the day and the ensuing night. The wind gradually disappeared to a whisper and we ended up motoring from Sandettie at a good speed and entered the Hook at 08.00 hours. Although we were faced with the ebbing tide we decided not to put into Bergenhaven but to press on up the Maas. It was quite an eye-opener during that four hour passage to witness the tremendous activity in the ship building yards and also to notice the number of British boats being attended to. It was a relief to pass out of the gaseous atmosphere of the refineries and eventually into the City limits, and at noon we were tied up in the Royal Maas Yacht Club. I should mention here that the actual Club is closed at weekends until 5 o'clock on Sundays but all the facilities of the harbour, showers, changing rooms etc. are constantly available. I would advise other yachtsmen to make sure they have a key to the gate for the evening as they close the entrance at 9.00 p.m. for security reasons and to get back on board other than by the authorised routes requires agility, courage and a good drying cabinet on board!

Derrick and I were not expecting our wives Yvonne and Barbara until the next day (Sunday afternoon) as they were flying in from London, so Freddie, Robert, Derrick and I had just over 24 hours to pass the time and during this period we ate two enormous meals, tasted an adequate amount of the local liquor and investigated some of the sights of Rotterdam which are best left to be discussed in another article in a totally different type of periodical.

With the arrival of Yvonne and Barbara on the Sunday and the departure of Freddie and Robert by air, our main holiday in Holland commenced. We ate at the Club that evening and then had a walk round the town, were suitably impressed by the Lijnbaum shopping centre and the quality of the merchandise and displays and returned to *Zambra* at a reasonably early hour.

On Monday afternoon we set out down the Maas into the Parkhaven sluis and without too much delay we were soon motoring through the suburbs and into the more rural countryside arriving at Delft at 8.30 p.m. Here we tied up alongside the road next to a swing bridge and right opposite the beautiful old lift bridge which stands like a sentinel guarding the main walk into the town (See cover).

It is a very delightful place with good shops, interesting

buildings and of course, at some distance from the centre, the famous potteries. The last time we were in Delft 5 years ago we did not manage to get around to visiting the potteries so I promised Barbara we would this time; but we didn't. Never mind we will be back in 1977.

Going further north from Delft the next day the good weather we had been enjoying had deteriorated and so started the "lock-bridge-rain" – I will explain. Travelling along we didn't suffer too much rain for the next 5 days, but whenever we had to go on deck to go through a bridge or to tie up or untie or go through a lock so the rain came down. Miraculously it would cease once we were snugly down again under our cockpit cover. In fact it reached a stage when we could predict to the minute when a bridge was going to open simply by feeling for the first drops of rain – queer isn't it? I will not mention the weather again in this article until the dramatic change which took place a week later.

We reached the Westender Lakes en route for Amsterdam, but with the high winds and the rather bad visibility caused by the unmentionable, we went back on our tracks into Brassememeer Lake to lie in one of the two fabulous marinas which have been recently built on the lake. When the Dutch get on with things they certainly move and this was more of a complex than a marina. It was like a glossy advert really come true, the only trouble was that in the restaurant the staffing was totally inadequate and the price was very high. Still, as we kept on saying, 'we are on holiday who cares if we do go broke'.

The next day we set off to Amsterdam. At about 3 o'clock in the afternoon we arrived at the bridge near Schipol airport on the Ringvaart. The swing bridge opened to let us through, but immediately beyond this was a motorway bridge and the man operating the swing bridge called us through and told us to go back down the other leg into the canal again. He signalled something like 10 with his hands and we thought he was crazy for we could have easily waited in the little gap between the bridges for 10 minutes, but after going round in circles for 20 minutes a Dutchman on a yacht in a little inlet nearby called us over and told us that this bridge only opened at 10.00 p.m. or 5.00 a.m. Well, we had all been into the IJsemeer and we had done Amsterdam but we hadn't really explored the southern part of Holland and so we decided to make our turn at this point going south by a different route and that evening we took an interesting bus ride into Amsterdam and a taxi ride back. We ate at the Indonesian '*Bali*' reatuarant which seemed to be frequented by Americans with cameras and all forms of tourists but certainly no Dutchmen. The food was complex and not always recognisable. The experience was worth having, but I don't think worth repeating. A comfortable night tied up alongside the Dutch boat and the next morning we were off down south again, this time crossing Brassememeer Lake. The countryside was very lovely and we stopped for lunch beside a little village shop at Rijsenhout then on through a really delightful town called Woubrugge through Alphen and on to Gouda. It is worth mentioning that beside the swing bridge at Alphen there is a man in the little office on the side who calls you in and demands 24 cents (not 25 cents which is a simple piece of silver but 24 cents which is a simple piece of madness) and then on you go. The answer here to all my friends is keep your eyes skinned to port and you won't see this man and he cannot make you stop for that is what happened to the English boat behind us.

At Gouda you have to wait by the railway bridge then you go into a lock out into a basin and through a double bridge system operated by one man (slow but kindly) and then you tie up in what they are pleased to call a yacht-haven but which is in fact a by-water of the canal. Don't miss Gouda! It is a place you must visit if you go to Holland. We missed the cheese market unfortunately. The town is really worth exploring. I kept telling the others of the fascinating clock on the State House which does a sort of royal ballet each hour. At 11.00 a.m. we all stood outside the clock on this Town Hall building and at two minutes past 11 o'clock the bell started and the ballet started. It didn't look as interesting as the last time I saw it and Derrick said "there is a man inside working it". I thought he was joking but he insisted that we went into the Town Hall to ask. What do you think? There was! It had gone wrong and so one of the staff went up whenever he remembered and pushed the figures about to please the local population.

We set off the next day bound for Rotterdam where we intended to spend the night at the Club and then set off to explore the south. On the way down a black Mercedes car followed us for 40 minutes gesticulating and obviously trying to say something to us. We never did get his message and it was only after he had left us that we decided it may have been Mr. Hartog an *Atalanta 31* owner from Rotterdam. If it was, what a pity we didn't meet up at the next lock. Just into the Maas we were advised by the bridge operator not to go through the swing bridge but to stay in the yacht haven just this side of the bridge and how glad we were that we did. What good use the Dutch make of their little inlets. There must have been 150 boats here, a pleasant little Club House and such friendly members one of whom presented us with a canal atlas for the next part of our voyage and fearing we would lose too much time at Doordecht railway bridge they phoned a tug who radioed his firm who got the telephone number of the bridge operator and then arranged for the bridge to open specially for us when we passed the next morning. Which is precisely what happened and we were most grateful, so that we were very soon passed Dordrecht. Into the Hollandish Diep and tied up in Willemstadt. This is a very pretty town with a comfortable marina, helpful and friendly Harbour Master and the cost is F1. 4.20 per day. There is a beautiful windmill which dominates the town and marina and there are beautiful parks and gardens to visit and walk in. It was here that there was a dramatic change in the weather. The sun shone and one quickly forgot the dull and dreary weather we had been experiencing and after two days we enjoyed a very pleasant four hour trip to Goes.

On this passage you have to be most careful to leave at the right time as the tides are very strong but with the tide you can do it in four hours. The entrance to the canal leading to Goes is impossible to see until you are almost in it, but it is marked by black and red buoys and no sooner are you round the bend then you are faced with the lock gates. It was low water at the time and one English yacht aground on the cill, there being only 4 ft. of water at low tide. Passing through this lock there was a delightful canal reminiscent of the French N roads banked by tall poplars on both sides and in the late afternoon sunlight and the completely still waters of the canal the sight was truly wonderful. The yacht-haven at Goes is breathtaking, the most beautiful spot we have ever seen in Holland. The friendly welcome you receive and the little book you are given on the town (in English) the trusting nature of the self-service bar and the facilities they put at your disposal make this a real must for those visiting Holland in yachts. We were greatly amused by the Lighthouse which served a dual purpose of the entrance marker and a toilet. The town is big and gay. There was a Fair on that night and we had a delicious meal at Het Wapen van Zeeland but we understand that many of the restaurants also produce very good meals. From this place we went north again turning into Zandkreek through the lock and into Veere a pretty little town with a Marina that doesn't seem to be going too well and a town quay that is overcrowded with

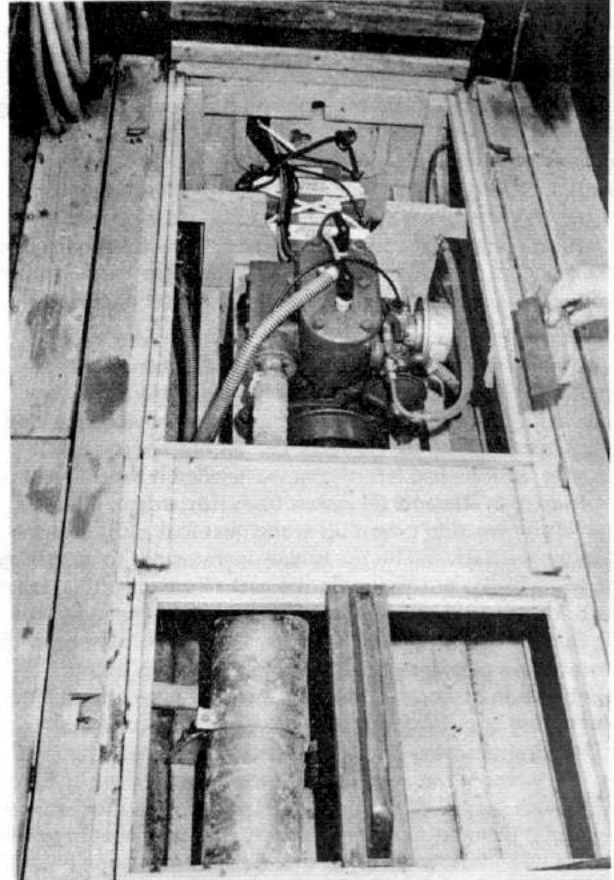
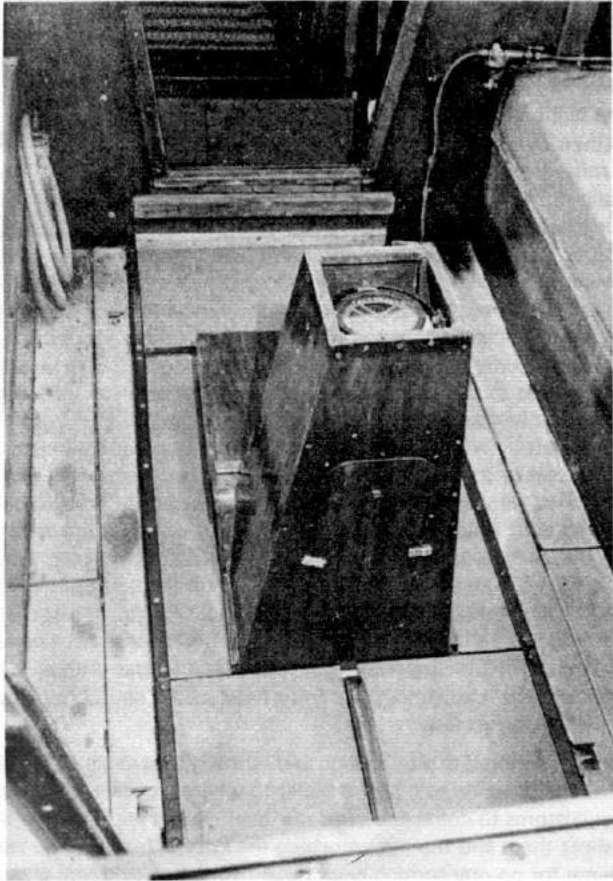
yachts but which looks much prettier. The town goes to bed by about 9.00 p.m. and we really saw Veere at its worst, but had to press on the next day down to Flushing passing Middleberg on the way.

From memory this was a nice town to visit but we had no time. Through the lock of Flushing we tied up alongside a tug whilst we prepared ourselves for sea, pumped our dinghy up etc. and set out without delay for Ostend which we reached in the early afternoon. Here we spent an enjoyable night ashore, had an extremely good meal and set off at 5.00 a.m. next morning hoping to sail through the night straight on to Hamble, but by the time we reached Dunkirk visibility was rapidly deteriorating and by the time we were 4 miles from Varne lightship we were down to less than 50 yards bang in the middle of the shipping lanes and not a little apprehensive for there was no wind and we had to motor and this reduced our ability to hear other ships sirens. We then made what was quite obviously a correct decision which was to ascertain by dead reckoning as accurately as possible, our position then steer a course at right angles to the cliffs between Dover and Folkestone assuming at what time we should be within half a mile of the coast with a view to getting out of the shipping lane as soon as possible. At 18.10 (our E.T.A. at half a mile off coast) we reduced engine speed to tick over and carefully watching the sounder, edged towards the coast. After 5 minutes or so we heard people talking and dogs barking and we reckoned we were no longer in the middle of the Channel! So we turned west following a 10' sounding until we heard breakers fine on the starboard bow. An immediate turn south for a cable or so and then another starboard turn homing on the nautophone at the end of the mole at Folkestone. We did not find much difficulty in homing in on this, but visibility was nil, the fog was swirling all about us, the howling sound got louder and louder until all we could hear was the now almost deafening blast of the nautophone (see introduction above).

Whilst anchored at Folkestone and wishing to arrange for a fill up of diesel, I appealed by loud hailer to where I knew a ferry was for the customs to come and clear our boat. In the end I went ashore to collect them and the next morning the Port Officer said he was to blame for no one coming because someone had told him a yacht was asking for clearance and to use his own words "I said you must be joking".

Visibility was moderate the next morning and we set off in a northerly breeze to Hamble. The wind was fairly light during the day but in the evening the wind freshened and we had a most delightful reach till we got to the Nab. From there head to wind we downed sails and motored on to Hamble which we reached at 10.00 a.m.





MODIFICATIONS 1970/71

Dennis Emerson—*Diaphony*—A5

The main winter work for 70/71 was taking out the old C.V. Midget and installing a R.C.A. 12 BHP Dolphin. This engine, a petrol 2-stroke, weighs but 90 lbs., is clean, uncluttered, quiet and very efficient. It slots into the Atalanta beautifully, so if any owner is thinking of changing engines just contact me and the gen will be available.

I have located the control box just inside the aft cabin which gives the throttle and reversing switch easily to hand. Control is easy, though the 'dead hush' when stopping the engine to reverse it at the critical moment took a number of moorings to get used to! The photographs show the installation, one of the hardest jobs when making the new hatches was incorporating Bill Urry's old binnacle! This incidentally acts as a vent to the engine bay and holds the cockpit table up, apart from housing the compass.

The second mod. came after a rough sail across Poole Bay. With the new flush fitting hatches, the self draining keel boxes became self filling into the engine/battery compartment. The hatches were modified but also I built a baffle attached to the top board of the boxes. A section of this is shown in the photographs and the dinghy centre plate rubber acts as a flap valve. It works!

A Voyage on the West Coast of Sweden

Margaret Odling – *Salizanda II* – A150

Skipper: Bill Odling

Mate/Cook/No. 1 foredeck hand/Author: Margaret Odling

On Sunday June 13th we sailed *Salizanda* from West Mersea to Harwich and on Monday 14th we motored in pouring rain into Felixstowe Harbour, where we were delighted to see the *Brage*, a Dutch container cargo boat, tied up to the quay busy unloading. With the help of some of the crew and a small crane the mast was unshipped in the afternoon and at 7.30 p.m. *Sali* was hoisted aboard. Bill and I, quite exhausted and very wet, were shown to a cabin which had every luxury we wanted at that moment – hot showers and comfortable beds.

The *Brage* sailed via Rotterdam and the Kiel Canal to Helsingborg, Sweden. We were launched there by a vast shore container crane after lunch on Thursday 17th and two hours later we sailed in a Force 5 wind across the channel to Elsinore, Denmark to await our crew of two. They were coming out by the Harwich/Esbjerg packet and thence by train to Copenhagen. Unfortunately one of those muddles occurred which has still not been sorted out, they thought they would find us in Copenhagen, we expected them in Elsinore. After a worrying night and many telephone calls, we connected with each other the next day and they arrived at 5 p.m. We bundled them aboard, dressed them in their oilies and immediately put to sea for a glorious short sparkling sail in a wind gusting Force 6-7 to the Swedish small harbour of Viken.

For the next three days we sailed north as fast as we could up the Swedish coast, but unfortunately there was very little wind and once we motor-sailed the whole day. Exactly the same happened when we came south. The coast is not interesting but some of the harbours are. Torekov was very attractive and we lay alongside a beautiful Danish boat called *Trold*. At Varberg, which has a fine old fort at its entrance, we first met the Svennson family – Mr. and Mrs. and their fifteen-year old daughter Ann, in their fibreglass boat, *Ann II*. They took us in hand and for the next five nights when we arrived at our agreed harbour or bay, they were there waiting to take our lines, and Ann was bursting to borrow our dinghy. She went fishing each evening with little success, but the small results were given to us and provided about one boney mouthful each.

At Varberg we bought Swedish charts. They are so much clearer than the British ones as they are coloured – but double the price.

On Thursday 22nd June we entered the skerries and from there on, the sailing was exciting and the running progressively more beautiful. The next day was a memorable one, sunny; we started in a Force 2-3 wind, crossed the busy shipping channel of Gothenburg, and with the wind freshening to Force 5 we sped across the chart to Marstrand. The approach is dramatic. With no warning one turns to port into a very narrow channel (a country lane) between high rock and then follows a winding course between black and red posts for about a mile. Suddenly Marstrand is there, and it is a most colourful sight, rather like a small Mediterranean port. We passed by it four times and each time we were struck by its brightness. It has a massive fort on top of a hill which one can see from miles away.

Two days later we followed the Svennson family to their holiday island of Karingon (pronounced Sheringham). We left the shelter of the skerries, took to the open rolling sea and it was an uncomfortable sail. We were glad to arrive in the

tiny harbour of this pretty island to tie up to the quay. We had just started lunch when Mr. Svennson came to tell us that as we were the first British ship ever to come there would we please allow our photos to be taken and a short article written about us for the local paper. Then he walked us over the island which has a population of 100 in winter and 600 in summer. There are no cars and no trippery. Water is short and the night soil is collected and sent to the mainland for disposal, as there is nowhere on the island which is entirely rock.

As our crew had to catch a ferry at Gothenburg in two days' time we left Karingon at 3 p.m. and sailed south through the skerries. The wind was Force 4-5 and we had one of our most exciting sails, as the channel was very narrow between the islands the whole way it was imperative to identify the black and red posts marked on the chart. The wrong side of a post means that horrible sickening noise of a keel grinding on a very solid rock.

On June 25th at 7.30 p.m. we sailed into Langedrag Marina near Gothenburg and the next morning our crew departed. We cleaned the ship, had a morning's sight-seeing in Gothenburg and the next evening our new crew, Ted and Pat arrived in torrential rain. It blew and rained all night. The next morning the skipper and Ted spent a happy time taking out the dynamo and putting it back again; an exercise required because the after bearing was running too hot. By lunch time the wind had dropped to Force 4 and we sailed north again to Marstrand. The next day was the beginning of a heatwave which stayed for the rest of our holiday. We got in the habit of picking a spot on the chart where we could nose *Sali* up to a rock, jump ashore with a line to tie her up, eat our lunch and then, unlike the Swedes, retire discreetly behind some rocks to do our nude sun-bathing. Also, our second crew being younger than our first, we were encouraged to bathe (we only got the skipper in once) and to go for a long walk after supper.

For the next nine days we sailed in very light winds, average Force 2 and frequently had to use the engine to carry us through narrow channels where the wind was fluky. The self-starter button broke one day so Ted made himself responsible for mending it, and after a visit to a shop in Lysekil he fitted a smart press-button affair, whereas before it had had a switch.

After Marstrand, we sailed in a dropping wind to Gulhomen, where we met a Norwegian in a Nicholson 32. The Swedes told us we must visit Smogen, so after spending a night in a tiny harbour in the island of Korno we sailed in brilliant sunshine to Smogen, but we did not like it as it was full of tourists and all the things that go with tourists. That afternoon we reached our furthest point north at the entrance to the Sotenkanalen, not far from the Norwegian border. We had to turn back, but there are so many islands that we were able to go south by quite a different route. In fact, each evening there was a good deal of discussion on where the next day's sail should be such was the choice.

We spent one night at Little Korno, a very small island which is only populated in the summer and has about thirty summer chalets. Another night we nosed up against a rock with four other yachts and a motor-boat. We crossed the shipping channel to Gothenburg and spent that night at Vrango, a fishing village. There were seven ocean-going fishing boats tied up for the weekend. Previously we had seen their cod catches hung up to dry on various uninhabited and smelly islands.

The next day was our last in the skerries and we decided to stop for a swim in the afternoon. Whenever we nosed into a rock to tie up, it was Ted's job to squat on the stern and chuck out the anchor. This time he did it again, but alas it was not tied on to its line. We wasted a lot of time in the dinghy, peering through a snorkel goggle trying to find it. I thought I saw it once but it was too deep and we couldn't get it up. Luckily we were able to manage without it from then on.

Sailing down the coast we put in at Bira (a new marina), Falkenberg and Torekov. We met the Danish boat *Trold* again. Between Falkenberg and Torekov we had a Force 4 wind and quite a rough sea and Pat and I felt not too well!

On 7th July we sailed into the marina at Elsinore and the next day our crew left us. In the afternoon we drifted across to Helsingborg in very little wind, rocked violently by the many ferries dashing back and forth, and the topping lift broke. The *Brage* was waiting for us and gave us a great welcome. *Salizanda* was hoisted on board and surrounded by huge containers. On the voyage back to Harwich we mended the topping lift and inspected the hull which miraculously was (almost) unscratched.

We reckon this Baltic business compensates for not having Brittany on the doorstep — and it's Finland next year, we hope. And, believe it or not, *Sali* won (on handicap) an enormous cup in her only race on return.



Ploof EN COURSE

A.W. Wallbank — *Ploof* — A178

This year we decided to re-visit the coast of Provence and to follow *Epinetus* to Corsica. (See *Corsica and Sardinia* by Lawrence Biddle, in 1970-71 Bulletin.) Accordingly with Mary, Robert and Sandy, a school friend of his, as crew we crossed to Le Havre on a very hot day in mid-July. Thanks to the autoroute, which has been considerably extended since our last trip to the South of France, we reached Hyères by lunch time on the second day and *Ploof* was afloat with the mast raised and all ready for sailing in less than 48 hours from leaving the boat park at Fairey's. Is this a record?

Next day, after garaging the car and trailer, we set sail for Port Cros in a very light wind and only about 400 yards visibility at sea level. We began to think we had missed the islands when suddenly the cliffs of Bagaud loomed out of the fog and we were soon picking up a buoy in our old anchorage at Port Cros preparatory to renewing our acquaintance with the woods and walks and restaurants of that most unspoiled of off-shore islands.

After a quiet night, we had an exhilarating beat under too much sail around the south of the island and into the inlet of Port Man, where we had to tuck ourselves as close as we dared to the cliffs to avoid an irritating swell. However, a well in Port Man means calm seas off Levant and so we motored over and improved the education of the boys by sending them ashore shopping.

Next day the wind had changed to the south-west and we hoped for a fast spinnaker run to Cavalaire. However once clear of the islands, the sea was too lumpy for such a sail and so we goose-winged the genoa and surfed through the waves across to the mainland, rounding up into the shelter of Cavalaire. There we dropped anchor unaware — until Gallic curses told us otherwise — that we were exactly on the starting line and exactly at the starting gun of a dinghy race.

At Cavalaire, the wind blew in fierce squalls, one of which upset the dinghy and tipped our old Seagull into the water but, after we had stripped it down, it dried so completely in the hot sunshine that it started first pull. The next morning we were awakened by the roar of wind, and for an hour it blew ferociously. By ten o'clock conditions were so much quieter that we set off across the bay, round the three capes, along the wide beach of Pampelonne and into the gulf of St. Tropez where we dropped anchor for a swim and a snooze before entering the harbour.

The new marina at St. Tropez had no room for visitors but we grabbed a good berth near the entrance to the old harbour and went ashore for a typical evening in this incredible town. We started with dinner out of doors near the Port de Pecheurs, then ate Crêpes Grand Marnier as we walked through the old

town and finished with coffee and cognac on the main quay opposite the sterns of the huge motor cruisers each with its inevitable vase of gladioli on the aft deck.

We spent a second day in the gulf and town before sailing to the inlet of Agay Road where the sea was sufficiently calm for the boys to explore the coves and cliffs of Cap Drammont while Mary and I caught up on our ration of sleep. From Agay, we groped our way through the fog to the island of Honorat and were lucky enough to find room in this most minute of harbours. During our subsequent walk on the island we called at the monastery and bought some of the aromatic liqueur that the monks sell to tourists and which we find excellent for our Honorat speciality of banana flambé.

Next morning, it was so calm and the sea so clear that we could safely manoeuvre *Ploof* amongst the reefs and lagoons on the southern shores and bathe in the rock pools almost under the shadow of the huge castle built to protect the monks from the Saracens. From here we sailed back to the mainland and into the bay of Antibes, to find that the glorious Anse St. Roche in which *Ploof* had anchored in solitary state so often on previous trips is now a colossal and highly organised marina: the Port Vauban which is surely large enough to berth every boat on the Hamble river. However, it formed a very fine mooring for the night and next day we motored across the Baie de Anges past Nice and into Villefranche where, after an afternoon spent cooling off in the sea, we succeeded in mooring with our bows right against the promenade and under the almost vertical walls of the old town.

From Villefranche we motored round the cape for a swim in the Anse de la Scaletta and then on to Monaco where we were met by the harbour-master and conducted to a berth on the eastern side. Here we were lucky enough to coincide with one of the firework displays in which Monte Carlo excels, but there were no exciting and involuntary fires to follow much to the disappointment of the boys. Next day we took Sandy back to the airport at Nice and returned to Monte Carlo to prepare for our big crossing.

Promptly at 10 on the following morning, we cast off and motored out into a calm sea and such poor visibility that within fifteen minutes the hills that surround Monaco had disappeared and we were alone in our own little world of sea and mist. All day we motored and sailed in the hot sunshine and low mist. It was very pleasant and we were frequently surrounded by large schools of porpoises; in fact on one occasion they were so thick ahead of us that we wondered if they would let us pass! Towards evening we took a radio fix on four beacons — two on the mainland and two on Corsica, and plotted their position lines on the chart. Normally, my radio-fixes are a joke and the cocked hat is so large

that all I know for sure is that I am on the right planet. On this occasion, however, all four position lines crossed absolutely exactly on one pin-point; something that I am sure will never happen again to me. This point was about two miles ahead and slightly to the east of my dead-reckoning and so I accepted it without question.

As darkness fell a good breeze came in from the south-west and by midnight when I took over from Mary and Robert, *Ploof* was thrashing along in great style under main and genoa. For the whole of my four-hour watch, this ideal wind continued. It was a lovely night, moonless, but with every star shining brilliantly and for hour after hour I sat watching them circle slowly around while *Ploof* surged forward through the lively sea. About 2.30 the light of Revellata appeared right on the bow and, by the time Robert took over and I went below, the sky was already beginning to turn a pearly grey. I was awakened by exclamations from the crew and went on deck to see a long row of jagged peaks with snow in their gullies looming rose-red above the mists that still shrouded their sides. Never did the lines:

**"Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops."**

fit more aptly. Surely no landfall — not even Tenerife or Tahiti — can be more dramatic than the 8,000 ft. peaks of Corsica on a summer dawn.

As light strengthened, we could see the outline of the lighthouse and beyond it the citadel and beautiful bay of Calvi. In the early morning sunshine we dropped anchor just as the clocks of Calvi were chiming six; our ninety-five mile trip had taken just twenty hours. After a day swimming in the bay and exploring the town of Calvi, we sailed south along the western shores of the island. Here the mountains come down to the sea and the cliffs and rock formations are of every conceivable colour and shape. Eventually a wide bay opened out to port and we sailed in to round up behind the ruined fort of Girolata.

This anchorage is variously stated in the guide books as capable of taking twelve or eighteen yachts and we expected something as small as Honorat, but it is much larger; in fact Charley from Yarmouth would pack in fifty or sixty craft! The only snag is the strange French habit of carrying a very long stern line ashore and, to make matters worse, this line is usually a floating one. However, we found a good spot in this most picturesque of harbours, to which the only land access is by mule track over the mountains.

On again next day we explored the gulf of Porto with its huge perpendicular cliffs inset by calanques and then sailed on to anchor in the bay of Sagone; another glorious spot ringed by mountains of alpine height. From Sagone our southward sailing took us through the pass of Sanguinaires where, after our essential cooling swim in the lee of the peninsula, we crossed to the harbour of Ajaccio. This harbour was very crowded but we found a berth and motored in to the quay dropping our kedge over the stern complete with anchor buoy on a long line. However, the harbour is so deep that the buoy completely disappeared and we had a busy half hour rescuing it and re-setting our anchor with a much longer trip line.

We had three days in Ajaccio, on one of which we went by train into the interior. This Corsican railway is incredible. It consists of a single track which rises 3,000 ft. in a very short distance through superb mountain scenery diving into tunnels and emerging over fantastic bridges flung across deep gorges. The snag is that the diesel coaches travel at great speed around endless curves and — according to Robert — when the railway was laid they had run out of curved rails and only had straight ones! The result is that one lurches from side to side expecting every minute to leave the rails, more like a trip on a badly-maintained switchback at a fair than on a railway. However,

it was an unforgettable experience.

Back on *Ploof* we had intended to continue our trip to Bonifacio and even Sardinia but time was running out, and so we began our return trip on another hot still morning stopping for lunch at Port Provençal. In the afternoon, a swell began to roll in from the west and it rapidly became higher and higher until sailing was impossible, and all we could do was motor slowly while *Ploof* rose and fell and rolled and lurched in a sickening succession of crashes and bangs. Never have I been in such waves in a small boat and there was no wind to account for them. For hours we struggled on soaked to the skin and almost unable to move about the boat.

Our intention of following *Epinetus* and anchoring under Cap Rosso in the Anse de Palo was quite out of the question in such a sea and so we struggled on towards Girolata. As we passed the huge Cap Rosso, the swell was even worse because waves were rebounding from the perpendicular rock walls and racing back to meet the waves rolling in. We were afraid that even Girolata would be impossible but, by some trick of the coastline as we entered the anchorage, the swell died away and we dropped anchor and began to count our bruises.

We needed a day in and around Girolata to recuperate and then returned to Calvi from where we sailed on northward to spend two days in the delightful harbour of Ile Rousse. Here we had another Corsican rail trip and then returned to Calvi where we saw a total eclipse of the moon under idyllic conditions.

Our return trip was less pleasant than the outward crossing. The day was cloudy with light winds and the most notable event was sighting a whale. At dusk a fresh wind on our port bow brought us close hauled and a heavy swell made conditions wet and uncomfortable. Our radio fix was back to normal and told us nothing about our position and, as we neared the mainland coast, fishing boats which shone bright lights at short and random intervals made light identification confusing. However, dawn found us in sight of San Remo but the queer flat light of the dawn, or my fatigue, so distorted the coast that at first it was unrecognizable. Eventually we dropped anchor for a meal and a sleep near Menton and then had a short and very rough crossing of the bay into the old harbour.

From Menton we retraced our outward journey stopping once more at Monte Carlo, Villefranche, Antibes, Honorat, Agay and St. Tropez. Here, strong easterly winds trapped us for three days, two of which we spent in the new town and marina of Port Grimaud at the head of the gulf. This is like a synthetic Venice with water as the main thoroughfares between houses and shops built in the style of Provence. It is, however, a most pleasant and unusual place. When the winds calmed down, we had a superb sail to Cavalaire but then a period of mistrals set in. We avoided them by starting very early each morning and finishing our sail before 11 o'clock usually in a Force 6. In this way we travelled back to Lavandou where we anchored in yet another large and well-equipped new marina, Porquerolles, and then had a final dash across to Port d'Hyères where we had to try to moor with a full gale on our beam. In the middle of this struggle a motor cruiser exploded and burnt out just clear of the harbour forming an exciting finale to a most exciting holiday.



Island Sailing Club Round-the-Island Race 1971

A.W. Wallbank - *Ploof* - A178

The 1971 Round the Island Race was one of the slowest races on record because the winds were light and dead ahead for most of the time. It was also memorable for the bad visibility deteriorating at times to long periods of thick fog, which made blind navigation and sheer luck as important as knowledge of the tides.

Conditions at the start were perfect. The sun was breaking through after a misty morning and, with a light wind blowing down the Solent, spinnakers of every shade and assortment of colours were up within seconds of the start. In *Ploof* we had to gybe two or three times but the spinnaker kept nicely full of wind until we were through the Hurst Narrows when we saw all the yachts ahead of us handing their spinnakers and sailing close hauled.

It was indeed a complete reversal of the wind direction and we had to tack like all the rest up to and around Palm Buoy where there was the usual confusion of masses of boats almost stationary in a choppy sea. The wind, which was still quite light, appeared to be blowing directly from St Catherine's and we tried to tack in shore to avoid the last of the adverse tide. Our progress was so slow in the feeble wind and lumpy sea that, after two attempts to get in shore, we stood out and began to make long tracks on each side of what we believed to be the direct course to St Catherine's.

The coastline was completely invisible in the mist but it was possible to see hundreds of yachts on their different tacks on every side until quite suddenly a thick fog came down and we seemed to be completely alone in an area of little more than fifty yards in diameter. With the crew taking turns at standing in the heads as look-out, we continued tacking half an hour each way and plotting our presumed compass course. At intervals ghostly shapes of other yachts would appear out of the fog and their crews would shout and wave and immediately disappear again. At long last we heard the boom of the typhon at St Catherine's and suddenly and uncomfortably near to us we saw for a few moments the white cap of the lighthouse above the fog layer. Incidentally, we were told after the race that anyone who climbed to the mast-head could see scores of masts protruding above the fog layer in all directions. After a few more tracks we guessed that we were off Ventnor because of the unmistakable sounds of children playing on the beach. Now and then it was possible to see the cliff tops above the fog and, every time that this happened, we took a bearing and read the echo sounder and made a rather indeterminate mark on the chart.

Hereabouts the favourable tide weakened and the light wind had virtually disappeared. Progress was tediously slow and it was obvious that we should not reach Bembridge Ledge before nightfall. In the dusk we tacked very slowly into White Cliff Bay hoping to avoid the tide or at worst drop a kedge and wait for the wind. In the bay progress was so slow and there was such a set to the S.W. that with the Culver Cliffs uncomfortably near under our lee we decided to stand out off-shore while there was still enough wind to move.

Our last sight before nightfall showed that we were nearly two miles farther back than we had been several hours before. We were glad that we were off-shore because suddenly above the fog appeared a red parachute flare from a yacht that had drifted on to the cliffs, and this was followed by maroons appearing from the direction of Bembridge. We did not see the

10 lifeboat, however, although we learnt afterwards that both

boat and crew had been rescued.

The night was very dark and it was difficult in the light wind to keep the sails drawing. At one stage we nearly hit a fishing boat that was anchored without lights. The men on board hearing us tumbled out of the cabin and shouted at us for sailing too near! About two o'clock as the tide slackened and the mist cleared, we began to make better headway and soon saw the flickering light of the Bembridge Ledge Buoy eerily dancing in the waves. Two more tacks cleared the buoy and, for the first time since the Needles Channel, the wind was not dead ahead. At first light, we found ourselves in close company with four or five other yachts on a very slow reach towards the Forts. Slowly we sailed through and into Spithead to meet an adverse tide which was increasing in strength but the breeze was now fair and, with the spinnaker up again, we ran slowly towards Cowes and crossed the finishing line just before seven o'clock.

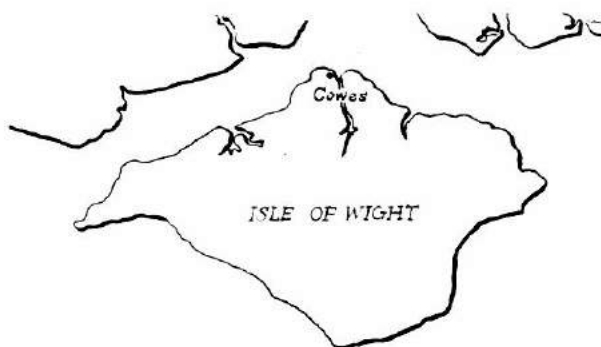
Unlike the last two years, the Atalanta fleet became very scattered and the only Atalantas we had seen since leaving the Solent had been some that had retired and were motoring home. To our surprise and immense gratification, we found on going ashore that the absence of Atalantas was for the best possible reason, namely that we were the first boat home in our division.

Of the fifteen Atalantas that started only five completed the course. The race was indeed more a test of perseverance than of sailing skill. We would like to have had our first victory in a faster race but it was still very nice to win at our seventh attempt.

The Association is very grateful once more to Dick Hornidge for organising our division and for the usual magnificent staffwork at the Island Sailing Club.

RESULTS (Finishers only)

SAIL NO.	NAME	CORRECTED TIME	POSITION
A178	<i>PLOOF</i>	16.18.51	1
A132	<i>FILLE DE L'HONNEUR</i>	17.33. 3	2
A181	<i>CIRDAN</i>	17.40.42	3
A146	<i>SHERPA</i>	18. 1.19	4
A 69	<i>LAQ LAQ</i>	18.14.29	5



Apologia - "It's Not The Boats...."

Frances Martin — *Sea Major* — A92

This has been our least exciting season in six years — and only partly because we are experienced enough to have everything running smoothly. One thing we cannot blame is the boat.

Sea Major has always been ready to go anywhere, and it is entirely our fault that we haven't been out of day-cruising range of our mooring this season.

Many factors have contributed to this restricted sailing. Half of our cruising ground has been cut off for much of the time this year owing to the reconstruction of the Britannia Railway Bridge, which was badly damaged by fire in June 1970. At least two boats have met with disaster by getting entangled with the buoys, cables, barges and tugs used to float the huge steel sections from Port Dinorwic, two miles away. One owner lost his mast and the other his boat, having to be rescued by the Beaumaris Inshore Rescue Boat. Thus our delightful Abermenai weekends have been non-existent this year.

As the children grow up (our eldest is now twelve) their interests develop in various directions and we find ourselves in the situation where a vote has to be taken before the weekend's activities are determined. Since the weekends also have to include rock-climbing, orchestral rehearsals, piano practice, hill walks (in search of wrecked planes !), canoeing and swimming, sailing has to take its turn. A flute lesson after lunch on Saturday has not eased the making of arrangements. Now that the season is nearly over we have managed to change the lesson to a weekday, so we hope for free weekends next season.

The weather is always the deciding factor, again not for the boat but for its human complement. Our youngest is still only six and we have not yet found another adult to share watches with us — not really surprising as we are rather like a floating "old woman who lived in a shoe". This means that we need ideal conditions to make the overnight passage which is necessary if we are to widen our range across the Irish Sea to the Isle of Man or Ireland.

Ideal conditions for us are a force four reaching breeze, bright sunshine and good visibility. This season, as many others perhaps, the weather has alternated between good stiff breezes (too stiff for us) and flat calms — and we certainly don't want to motor sixty miles — one can do this more easily on the roads. Even when the weather has been right, by some unfortunate coincidence, we have not been free to use it. We shall have to retire and have a permanent holiday to take full advantage of our *Atalanta*.

Nevertheless we have had some excellent day-sails in the Menai Straits, a cruising ground with some disadvantages but surely the finest view of any: the mountains of Snowdonia just to the south.

One further advantage of the *Atalanta* has become apparent to the skipper for the first time this year: the aft deck, particularly the aft cabin hatch, makes a wonderful sunbathing area!

The children continue to enjoy helping us to sail and this season Michael (8) has taken his turn at the tiller as well as Sheila (12) and Kenneth (10). Alan (6) makes himself useful when we are rigging the boat, helping with battens and passing us the correct sails etc., but looks forward to the day when he can take the tiller too.



Learning the hard way.... or What NOT to do in an Atalanta!

L.A. Trickey – *Atalanta Mary* – A102

It all began one sunny morning in August 1970 when as proud new owner of Atalanta 102 Mary, accompanied by a trusted friend, I went to take over from the previous owner who met us at Keyhaven jetty with the tender. He was to take us out on his final sail. Stores were carefully loaded - echo sounder, picnic lunches, tools the lot. I boarded and took my place in the bow to balance our revered helmsman and my 14 stone friend (step well into the boat) transferred his weight from jetty to dinghy. Gracefully the dinghy gave under his weight, but consternation it kept on sinking and there and then we went down with all hands! Fortunately some three hours later, having given a fine display of diving, dried out the outboard, dried out the crew and a few other chores, we all reached *Mary* safely, our sole loss being one rowlock, which should have been tied in anyway. This has been the pattern of my experiences to follow.

Soon after our wetting, having wasted many hours in travel to sandpaper, varnish and paint, I became very anxious to get my new treasure back to home waters in Poole Harbour. My own mooring would not be ready for another fortnight but another good friend, experienced and member of a very well known local yacht club, arranged that I could borrow a club mooring temporarily, so with he and his daughter as crew we set off for Poole. "We'll check the compass with a few bearings as we go", I said. Keyhaven river seemed clear enough but on reaching open water the island was shrouded in mist. We did get a bearing on Hurst Castle (very close) but "Not to worry, the old boy has been abroad in her and the compass card is handy. We'll take the inside passage and set course for Poole Bar. We can check the compass when the mist lifts." About three hours later with a good tide under us we had still seen no land so a radical change of course of sixty degrees to starboard was called for, resulting after another twenty minutes with Aldhelm's Head looming in front. No-one had told me that the fire extinguisher has been fitted since the compass card had been made. Turning against the foul tide, the engine which had hitherto always behaved perfectly began to cough. It occurred just as we were on the edge of the race off 'Old Harry', so that we just made our borrowed mooring at dusk. We had to wait for the tide to turn before being able to cross the mud, even with the keels right up.

The mooring chain looked a bit rusty but it seemed man enough for the job and it was only a fortnight anyway. The following Sunday morning, after a strong night's blow, I went down to check all was well, but no *Mary* on the mooring. She was lying a quarter of a mile away tangled with a cutter. On closer inspection the cutter's iron bowsprit had snapped and there was a not-so-neat hole in the curved roof of *Mary* just behind the port side chain plates. It could have been worse, for there was a railway embankment not so far away. Fortunately the mooring chain, complete with a stupid little sawn-off fisherman's anchor, had held at this point causing minor damage to the other boat; had it not held, my *Atalanta* days might have ended most abruptly. So much for borrowing a mooring even from the most respectable of bodies. Some people learn the hard way.

About six months later, having spent a Winter season doing much scraping, painting, taking a second series of navigation classes, professional attention to the engine and professional 12 compass swinging (it needed no adjustment now I had moved

the offending extinguisher) and so on, we made ready for our Whitsun cruise. Our target was 'a spot of duty-free' in Cherbourg. Ship's complement included myself as skipper, two experienced crew (friends), ship's cook (wife) and novice deckhand (daughter). Stores were loaded on Friday afternoon and crew were due aboard at five. The forecast was: wind S.W. 4-5 moderating later, seas moderate, visibility good. Only one nagging doubt: the depth meter had been back to the makers for a thorough overhaul but although pronounced 'working to specification' was somewhat temperamental. Never mind, we have got everything else including R/T and a good supply of flares. No liferaft but we have borrowed a very sound Avon inflatable. Always see that rubber dinghies are well inflated they say, and verily it seemed so, but it's surprising what cold May water will do. After a very wet ride out to *Atalanta Mary* (renamed for registration) in the Avon with my two male crew, one was despatched for the ladies whilst two cast off and motored inshore to save the women so long a wet ride. How gallant! The trouble was that on the only other occasions when I had motored with the keels right up the winds had been light. The combination of force four plus, no keels, engine just ticking over, a lowish tide and an inshore mooring with a long nylon warp you have guessed already we gave it a wide berth sure, but not wide enough! The ignominy of skipper up to his waist astern of his boat and disappearing below from time to time struggling to free the prop, all in front of the family 'send off' party! It didn't take too long but although it's very wise to wear one's camera under a sailing smock for a wet dinghy trip, it doesn't help much if it is still there whilst freeing a prop. All's well, the boat is free but the crew ashore isn't used to the outboard and can't start it. Anyone who has tried to row a somewhat limp Avon across the tide with a wind kicking up white horses will know how my poor crew felt trying to get the women out. Never mind, we picked them up some tow cables down tide (and wind) and after a quick change and a hot cuppa we were under way.

We had a good crossing apart from the fact the skipper was seasick most of the way. The course laid was not bad; perhaps a little more allowance might have been made for leeway and the 'moderate' somewhat lumpy sea tended to hold us back a bit more than anticipated so that our landfall was about four hours behind schedule. We heard later that several boats had turned back but we were never given any serious doubts about the seaworthiness of our *Atalanta*. The trouble was that whenever the skipper went below to look at his charts he had to dash straight up again to feed fishes, so that no true allowance was made for the effect of tide upon our delay. Our first sighting was about eight miles east of Cherbourg, with a foul tide and a dying wind which had gone round to West. All hands felt some relief that we were so close, and with full confidence on went the engine so that Fort de l'Est soon became quite near and close. Then after an hour of running, despite all its winter attention and spring trials the engine began to cough and died. There we were with something just under force two dead on the nose and a strong tide against us. We tacked steadily whilst the engineers worked only to find ourselves rapidly approaching our point of first landfall. Carburettor stripped, a few specks found, reassembled, engine starts, runs 10 minutes then coughs and stops. How many times we went through this rigmarole I'm not quite sure, but eventually the tide turned and we eased our way into le Grand Rade about 10 hours late.

Whilst in Cherbourg the engine was given a good going-over. We had planned going on to the Channel Islands, so on Whit Monday, a glorious sunny day, we waited for the tide and set off. We motored down the cut in fine style and set sail in Petit Rade and were away.

Well, at least we made the Grand Rade, but then the mist first appeared somewhat wispy over the outer breakwater. Halfway across it thickened and then Fort de l'Ouest disappeared from view. Discretion was the better part of valour and we turned towards the wall, making back to the inner entrance. Soon we were completely enveloped. Whilst we were discussing the pros and cons of anchoring or finding the entrance by compass there came the sound of an approaching engine. A blast on our horn was answered and through the murk came a fine yacht with twirling radar, so we tucked in behind a welcome pilot. By the time we had regained our berth all sign of mist had passed, but we took it as an omen and decided against the Channel Islands that trip; a decision for which I have been truly thankful ever since. The bright spot of this little venture seemed to be that the engine behaved perfectly but our homeward trip showed this was not the case. On Tuesday we sailed for home leaving after an early lunch. The winds were light, force 2-3 but died in the afternoon. With full confidence on went the engine, but after an hour it again coughed and stopped. More fiddling, but fortunately back came the wind and we had a glorious night's sail, notable only for the fact that despite good visibility of several miles shipping lights were very clear, yet we did not see a shore light or loom the whole way across: the whole point of sailing at night. Came the dawn, and we knew from the log that we must be close to the coast. The mist bank in front parted and there was the mast on Aldhelm's Head, as good a

landfall as one could hope for, but this mist made the coast-line look different. We all know the Dorset coast well but it didn't seem right. It disappeared again and a quick look at the chart showed a mast on the Isle of Wight; this must be it. Head west of north-west and a good run down to Poole. One lone voice from the cook, "It's not the Isle of Wight", but women do have silly ideas. The mist parted for another moment or two and the voice of experience said "It's not Dorset". It was not until ten minutes later, when the target bouys off Lulworth ranges hove into view; if they had been firing that morning we should have known earlier! Never mind, there was still not far to go. Apart from the fact that the tide was running west, the wind was now due east and you've guessed it, very soon the engine coughed. To cut a long story short, we tied up at Poole quay at 1500 hrs (after Aldhelm's head at dawn) and capped it all by finding a Customs officer who first objected to the size of our Q flag and did everything but summon the rummage crew, though we really didn't have anything to hide anyway.

Eventually after more engine fiddle, tank flushing etc. we traced our engine problems down to two factors (a) the condenser in the magneto worked perfectly when cold but broke down when hot, and (b) there was an airlock in the cooling system so that though the bleed taps showed plenty of water being pumped one cylinder tended to overheat. Some people really do learn the hard way!



ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BOAT NAMES

Acantha	A20	Bluebird	A57	Epeneta II	A39	Laqlaq	A69	Quadrille IV	A116	Talanta	A80
Achates	A60	Blue Jackaroo	A71	Equanil	A74	La Toquade II	A149	Quatorze	A157	Tambalu	A103
Aku	A113	Bluster	A183	Ereina	A9	Lindora	A159	Rakia	A141	Taormina	A142
Alchemy	A32	Boom	A135	Fille d'Honneur	A132	Lyde	A73	Rambler	A52	Tenga	A88
Alouette de Mer	A7	Branca	A83	4 Brothers	A121	Mareel	A45	Roamara	A66	Terrapina	A49
Amida	A101	Caper A	A31/6	Gale	A41	Marianda	A78	Sabot	A27	Theodora	A46
Amsara	A136	Castanet	A130	Gambol	A17	Mary Jane of		Sabrina of		Toco	A99
Andana	A3	Catalina	A70	Globulin	A87	Moreton	A22	Croyde	A115	Tomboy of	
Ann Grey	A133	Chuff	A21	Grasshopper	A34	Melalion	A24	Salizanda II	A150	Tonga	A119
Apple	A126	Cirdan	A181	Gypsy	A23	Merrie-Martin	A139	Sancerre	A31/1	Topper	A128
Aquila	A36	Clymene	A114	Hansa	A127	Minuet	A14	Scarweather	A164	Treenlaur 3	A140
Aquilo II	A184	Cocktail	A143	Helen's Folly	A124	Miranda	A155	Sea Major	A92	Trio	A30
Arabesque	A8	Coco	A123	Hiran	A95	Mistura	A151	Sea Rogue II	A129	Trio	A31/8
Ariel	A13	Colchide	A62	Hullabaloo	A166	Mourne Goblin	A90	Serenity	A153	Turnstone	A110
Aries	A18	Cordyl	A89	Inshallah	A118	Moyra	A160	Seven Up	A97	Turtle	A117
Arosa	A104	Cresta	A174	Inyoniyanzi	A68	Palaris II	A175	Shang	A75	Twinkee	A31/7
Artemis II	A15	Curlew	A118	lone	A144	Pam	A12	Sherpa	A146	Vaga	A44
As	A35	Dalriada	A40	Jane Duck	A4	Paradox	A64	Shiona	A185	Vahine	A31/2
Atala	A48	Deeanie	A154	Jellicle	A158	Peace	A33	Skimbees II	A148	Valare	A19
Atalanta	A1	Desirée	A84	Jevi II	A122	Pegasus of	A173	Skimmer	A182	Valonek	A31/3
Atalanta	A81	Dervorguilla	A16	Joann	A120	Trundles		Snuffbox	A4	Vendaval	A86
Atalanta Mary	A102	Diaphony	A5	Julietta	A59	Persephone	A161	Solvendo	A108	Virgo	A25
Babyseal	A137	Dinah	A171	Kalulu	A54	Petesark	A176	Soonion	A163	Wintersett	A58
Bacardi	A51	Eala	A54	Kerry Piper	A61	Ploof	A162	Strega	A131	Yambo II	A56
Bajan	A67	Elissa	A31/5	Kinky	A177	Ponente	A178	Stroller	A180	Yarina	A91
Beki	A98	Elpenor II	A31/5	Kookaburra	A177	Pumula	A43	Sue	A55	Yen Tina	A29
Beltine	A109	Emira	A177	Koomela	A179		A42	Sweet Sue	A138		
Benedicite	A147	Emma Duck	A179					Tadpole III	A31/4	Xapa	A107
Big Daddy	A47							Taka Maru	A105	Xirt	A156
Blade	A85							Tala	A149	Zambra	A31/10
								The Beaver	A38		

**ATALANTA OWNERS ASSOCIATION
REGISTER OF OWNERS, September 1971**

No.	Boat	Owner	Telephone No.	No.	Boat	Owner	Telephone No.
*A1	ATALANTA			*A36	AQUILA		
A3	ANDANA			A37	KALULU		
*A4	SNUFFBOX			*A38	THE BEAVER		
A5	DIAPHONY			A39	EPENETUS II		
A7	ALOUETTE DE MER			*A40	DALRIADÁ		
*A8	ARABESQUE			*A41	GALE		
A9	EREINA			A42	PUMULA		
*A11	TOMBOY OF TERHOU			A43	PONENTE		
A12	IONE			*A44	VAGA		
A13	ARIEL			A45	MAREEL		
A14	MINUET			A46	THEODORA		
A15	ARTEMIS II			*A47	BIG DADDY		
A16	DERVOR- GUILLA			*A48	ATALA		
A17	GAMBOL			A49	TERRAPINA		
A18	ARIES			*A51	BACARDI		
*A19	VALARE			*A52	RAMBLER		
*A20	ACANTHA			*A54	EALA		
*A21	CHUFF			A55	SUE		
A22	MARY JANE OF MORETON			A56	YAMBO II		
A23	GYPSY			*A57	BLUEBIRD		
*A24	MELANION			*A58	WINTERSETT		
A25	VIRGO			A59	JULIETTA		
A26				*A60	ACHATES		
*A27	SABOT			*A61	ELISSA		
*A28				*A62	COCO		
*A29	YEN TINA			*A64	PARADOX		
A30	TRIO			A65	JOANN		
*A31				A66	ROAMARA		
*A32	ALCHEMY			*A67	BAJAN		
*A33	PAM			*A68	CURLEW		
A34	GRASS- HOPPER			A69	LAQLAQ		
A35	AS			A70	CATALINA		
				*A71	BLUE JACKAROO		
				*A72	LYDE		
				*A73	LYDE		
				*A74	EQUANIL		

No.	Boat	Owner	Telephone No.	No.	Boat	Owner	Telephone No.
*A75	SHANG			*A116	QUADRILLE IV		
*A76	INSHALLAH			*A117	TURTLE		
A77	STORMY			*A118	CRESTA		
A78	MARIANDA			*A119	TONGA		
A80	TALANTA			A120	JEVI II		
*A81	ATALANTA			A121	DELFIN VERDE		
*A82	KOOMELA			A122	JELLCLE		
A83	BRANCA			*A123	COCKTAIL		
*A84	DESIREE			A124	HELEN'S FOLLY		
A85	BLADE			*A125	PALARIS II		
*A86	VENDAVAL			*A126	APPLE		
A87	GLOBULIN			*A127	HANSA		
*A88	TENGA			*A128	TOPPER		
A89	COLCHIDE			*A129	SEA ROGUE II		
*A90	MOURNE GOBLIN			*A130	CASTANET		
*A91	YARINA			*A131	STREGA		
A92	SEA MAJOR			A132	FILLE D'HONNEUR		
*A93				A133	ANN GREY		
A95	HIRAN			*A134			
*A97	SEVEN UP			*A135	BOOM		
*A98	BEKI			*A136	AMSARA		
*A99	TOCO			*A137	BABYSEAL		
A100	JAUNTY			*A138	SWEET SUE		
A101	AMIDA			*A139	MERRIE- MARTIN		
*A102	ATALANTA MARY			*A140	TREEN- LAUR 3		
*A103	TAMBALU			*A141	RAKIA		
*A104	AROSA			A142	TAORMINA		
*A105	TAKA MARU			*A143	CLYMENE		
*A107	XAPA			A144	CYN		
A108	SOLVENDO			A146	SHERPA		
*A109	BELTINE			A147	BENEDICITE		
*A110	TURNSTONE			*A148	SKIMBEES II		
*A113	AKU			*A149	TALA		
A114	CLAUDIA			A150	SALIZANDA II		
*A115	SABRINA OF CROYDE			A151	MISTURA		
				A153	SERENITY		

No.	Boat	Owner	Telephone No.	No.	Boat	Owner	Telephone No.
A154	DEEANIE			A181	CIRDAN		
*A155	MIRANDA			*A182	SKIMMER		
*A156	XIRT			A183	BLUSTER		
A157	QUATORZE			A184	AQUILO II		
A158	JANE DUCK			A185	SHIONA		
*A159	LINDORA			*A192			
*A160	MOYRA			ATALANTA 31 OWNE			
A161	PEGASUS OF TRUNDLES			A31/1	SANCERRE		
*A162	PIGRO			*A31/2	VAHINE		
*A163	SOONION			*A31/3	VALONEK		
*A164	SCAR-WEATHER			*A31/4	TADPOLE III		
A165	MAVISTA			*A31/5	ELPENOR II		
A166	HULLA-BALOO			*A31/6	CAPER A		
*A167				*A31/7	TWINKEE		
A168	KOOKA-BURRA			*A31/8	TRIO		
*A169	KERRY PIPER			*A31/9	KINKY		
*A170				A31/10	ZAMBRA		
A171	DINAH			A31/11	PETESARK		
*A172							
*A173	PEACE						
A174	CORDYL						
*A175	INYONIYA-MANZI						
*A176	PERSEPHONE						
*A177	EMIRA						
A178	PLOOF						
*A179	EMMA DUCK						
A180	STROLLER						

*Indicates Owners who
Atalanta Owners Assoc

ASSOCIATE MEMBER

