

Atalanta

OWNERS ASSOCIATION BULLETIN 1974/75



Rounding Muckle Flugga, North Shetlands – *Sherpa* – A146 – Round Britain Race
JULY 1974.

Photo: Alan G. Perkes

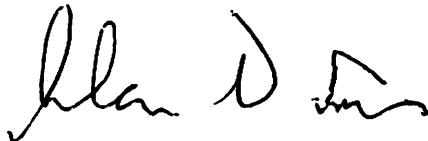
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From Alan Vines, President of the Atalanta Owners' Association:

All owners must have had some hard sailing during the season, especially Alan Perkes and his crew in *Sherpa A146* who took part in and completed the course in the Round Britain race when approximately half the sixty-seven boats retired. His log is included in this Bulletin.

On behalf of all members I should like to thank the Hon. Editor and the Hon. Secretary for all their hard work on behalf of the Association.



From Major-General W. Odling, C.B., O.B.E., M.C.

Dear Sir,

It is very nice to see so many Atalantas now based on the East Coast between Norfolk and the mouth of the Thames. Alas, the owners of some of them do not seem to belong to the Association.

However great the attractions of being near Hamble, the fact is that the Atalanta is ideally suited for East Coast waters with its ability to visit our beautiful little shallow creeks as well as to cross the sand bars in the Thames Estuary with little fear of going aground. We are close to Holland with its marvellous sailing waters and not all that far from the Baltic.

I see, perhaps because of the drift towards the East Coast, that entries for the Round-the-Isle-of-Wight Race are falling off and I believe that we on the East Coast should organize something to replace it. I should be happy to co-ordinate suggestions. I suggest we might start with a day race from and to West Mersea, as the various yacht clubs and the town now have a full week of racing early in August and could probably fit us in.

Yours faithfully,

W. Odling. (*Salizanda II -A150*)

Gun House, [redacted]
29th October, 1974.

ATALANTA OWNERS' ASSOCIATION

Honorary Secretary:
Ian T. Parker [redacted]

Honorary Editor:
Cyril Staal, [redacted]

[redacted]

EDITORIAL

Contributions have come from far and wide this year. Bruce Davidson keeps us in the picture regarding New Zealand, and there is a 'newsy' bulletin from William B. Coolidge who is based at Washington D.C. Nearer home, Lawrence Biddle makes the Baltic sound very tempting for a cruise.

In case anyone should doubt the capabilities of an Atalanta, they have only to read Alan Perkes's account of his summery trip in the Round Britain race.

Readers may have missed Frances Martin's contribution last year. In fact, it came too late for inclusion, but such accounts don't date and it is printed now. Like mother, like daughter: Sheila Martin is welcomed with the story of the family's first venture across the Channel.

Finally, use has to be made of that much over-worked phrase, 'Due to conditions beyond our control . . .'. Due to conditions beyond mine there is no report of the Round the Island race, and the lists of owners and boats are not fully up to date.

Cyril Staal.

Epenetus in the Baltic

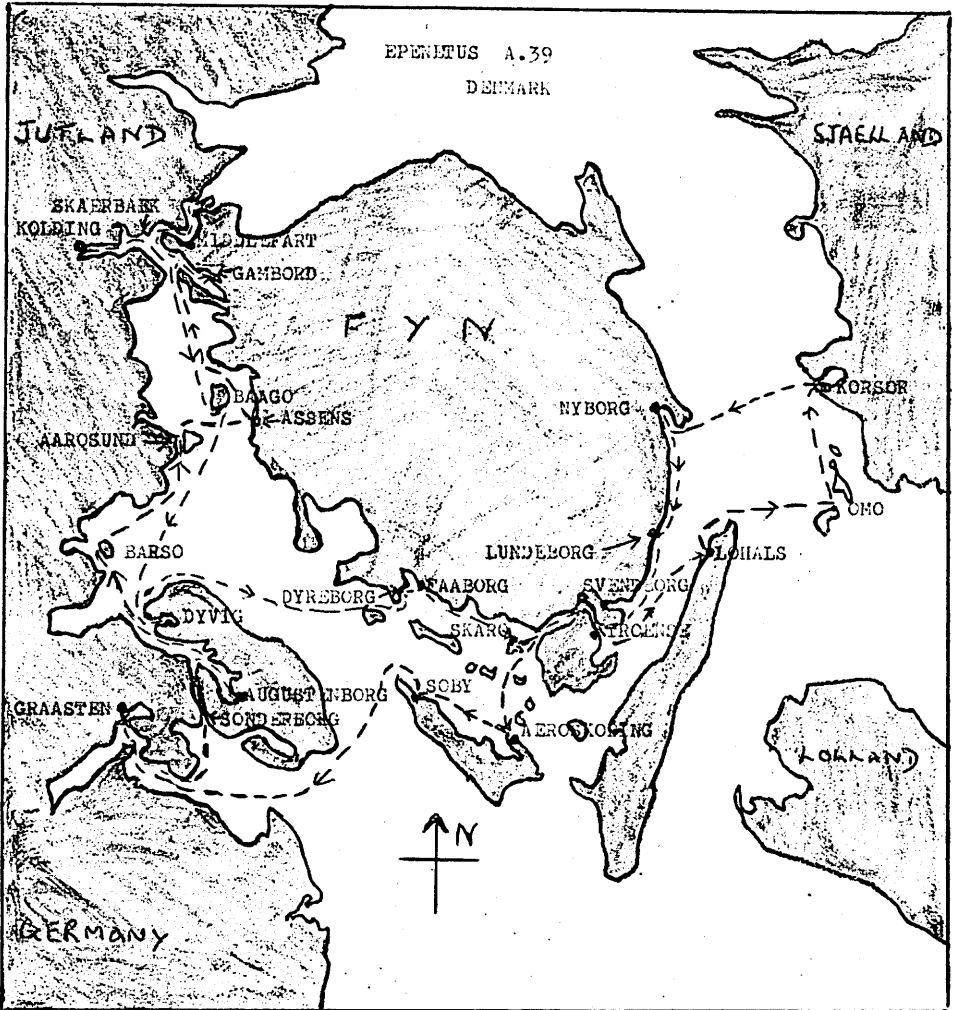
Lawrence Biddle — *Epenetus* — A39

During winter 1972 we decided to cruise in Danish waters during 1973 and in order to give as much time in the Baltic as possible we arranged to take the boat across on the Harwich — Esbjerg ferry.

Epenetus was built in 1957 and, though she has spent every winter under cover, the 15 years of salt water have rusted the plate lifting gear so badly that a temporary repair had to be made to the Starboard lifting gear in 1972 (see 1972/73 **Bulletin**). It was quite obvious that she was unfit for a foreign cruise unless all the plate gear could be completely renewed. This work was carried out during the winter, the two plates were lowered right out of the casing, the lifting gear was replaced with stainless steel straps made by Tylers of Tonbridge. The six C.B. bolts were replaced with stainless steel bolts made by the same company. As the underwater parts of the lifting gear are now stainless steel it should be much easier to maintain the gear in the future. Partly to improve the accessibility of the C.B. plate and partly to improve performance we replaced the old swashboards with rubber (neoprene) flaps fixed at the bottom of the C.B. case.

The engine was also reconditioned. As many of you know, Coventry Victor has been liquidated but the repair side of the business has been taken over by A.N. Weaver (Coventry Victor) Ltd. of Smiths Industrial Estate, Humber Avenue, Coventry CV3 1AY. (Tel: 0203 452625). They collected the engine from London, reconditioned it and returned it to London. The original drip tray had also rusted through. It was taken out, fibreglassed and replaced.

On 2nd June my daughter, my son and I left Leigh for Harwich and after an uneventful journey we loaded on the *Winston Churchill* and went on deck to find the boat only half full and extremely comfortable. She sailed at 6 p.m. and berthed at Esbjerg at noon next day. Off-loading and customs presented no difficulty and we were on the road for Kolding by about 12.30. As a result of correspondence with the Harbour Master we knew that we should have to wait till the following morning for a crane, so we parked at the Yacht Club after looking round the Yacht Harbour which is one of the largest in Denmark. We dined in the club and then slept on board in the car park. Early next morning after contacting the Harbour Master a mobile crane came round and put us in the water. After some trouble with the cooling system we did not get away until about 4 o'clock. However there was a good wind and we sailed down Kolding Fiord and into the Little Belt. With a following wind we made good progress and reached Baago at about 8.30. Baago is a small island with a clean harbour. It was still very early in the season and we were able to lie alongside. Later on, Baago gets so full that one may have to anchor outside or in unsettled weather cross over to Assens on Fynn where there is plenty of room. We had a drink on board a Danish yacht whose owner spoke good English, and his advice to us was to stay in the Little Belt as he found it the loveliest part of Denmark and never wanted to go elsewhere. Anyway,



he told us not to miss Dyvig and Dyreborg.

The following day we walked about a mile into the village and sailed after lunch for Als Fiord. The wind got lighter and we contemplated changed to a large jib when, quite suddenly, it started to blow and we were soon sailing with the smallest jib, two rolls in the main and getting wet into the bargain. We sailed into Als Fiord, then turned into Stegsvig through the Steg narrows, which are only about 50 yards wide, and into the lagoon which is Dyvig. We tied up at the Quay on the north shore. Later in the season this gets very crowded, and I should be tempted to try the lagoon which leads off on the starboard hand shortly after passing through the Steg narrows and is only accessible for Atalantas or other shallow draught boats.

Next day we had lovely weather but light winds and we drifted slowly across the Little Belt into Dyreborg, which is a fishing village only a short distance from Faaborg on

Fynn. It is a picture village with black-and-white houses and a forest which is reputed to contain wild boar. We made an abortive attempt to see the wild boar next morning and then sailed over to Faaborg, a good harbour with plenty of room and an attractive old town with a museum which we visited. During the afternoon in fairly light winds we reached Skaro, a small island which does not boast a harbour but has a pier well protected by the curve of the sands lying to the west and north. We lay alongside a little wooden quay which gave access to the main pier, but the water is shallow and not surprisingly we were the only yacht there that night. The island, like many others, has a small village in the centre and a regular ferry service to the main land, or rather to the island of Fynn.

There was fog when we woke, but it cleared about 9.0 and we sailed through Svendborg Sound to Svendborg which is a considerable yachting centre. However, we did not go into the circular yacht harbour, but went on to the commercial harbour much nearer the centre of the town. After provisioning we sailed on through the sound to Troense which is really a suburb of Svendborg and is on the island of Taasinge. There is a yacht club with good wooden quays and we thought it much cleaner and pleasanter than Svendborg. That afternoon we sailed in a wind that slowly sailed us to Lohals, a fishing village at the northern end of the island of Langeland. Like so many harbours there was little room, but we were given a berth where we could lie bows on to the southern quay. It was Friday evening and the incoming ferry boats were crowded with the locals coming over to the island for the week-end.

We intended to cross the Great Belt and sail down to Fejo or Gemo next day, but after rounding the northern end of the island of Langeland the wind fell light so we crossed to Omo. Sailing inside the line of nets which runs northwards from a point just west of the harbour entrance we found, with some difficulty, a berth in this very small harbour. Omo, despite, its name is well worth a visit; we had a good walk to the village and then across to the other side of the island.

The calm was the precursor of a gale which started during the night and blew all the following day. We stayed in harbour and amused ourselves by watching the ferry, which arrived about every two hours and went through the alarming process of berthing in very difficult conditions. She had to put her bows into the harbour, get a warp ashore and going astern swing round on the warp and back into a berth which was just outside the harbour entrance. It was part of the performance that in going backwards she should hit an enormous post that was obscured by a tower of car tyres. With the help of the post and the warp ashore she always succeeded in making her berth successfully.

There was less wind next day and with four rolls in the main and a small jib we sailed for Korsor, a commercial harbour serving the eastern end of the ferry across the Great Belt. There is however, a clean yacht harbour with good berths right away from the commercial traffic. The town is disappointing, but it forms a convenient place for a quick journey to Copenhagen which we enjoyed on the following day.

The barometer was falling next morning and few boats were sailing, but we put 4 rolls in the main, set the small jib and sailed for Nyborg. Outside, the wind was not as strong as we thought it would be and we were able to take out the reefs. However, it steadily increased as we beat against a westerly wind and we were soon sailing with 6 rolls down in conditions which were as wet as I ever remember in the Atalanta. It was a terrific sail, and we finished with a close fetch up the Fiord to Nyborg with a Great Dane

following us but not making anything on us. We berthed in the yacht harbour and found the town including Nyborg Slot (the castle) fascinating.

The wind was still strong from the west next day, but we decided to sail southwards to Lundeberg so that we should have the wind off the land and reasonably smooth water. We had a very fast sail indeed and put into Lundeberg for lunch. It was a small fishing harbour full of yachts waiting for the weather to improve. Fortunately one yacht decided to leave just as we came into the harbour so we took up her berth. We had intended to sail on to Rudkobing that afternoon, but it was on a leeward shore with a lot of shallow water and we decided it was better to beat up into Svendborg Sound and spend the night at Troense. With comparatively shallow water, that is much less salt than ordinary sea water, you get very steep short seas and again it was a wet sail.

The pilot book states that in Svendborg Sound the current can in normal conditions run at 2–3 knots and we were fortunate next day that we had it with us. We beat through the sound and as we reached open water at the western end we had three rolls in the main. We reached through Hogestene Lob, an artificial channel in the shallow water between Drejo and Hjorto, under full sail and as it is marked with buoys we timed ourselves and covered 1.2 sea miles in 11½ minutes. This works out at 7½ knots so I think we must have had a favourable stream as well as a reaching wind. We berthed in Aeroskobing just as the day steamers from Kiel were leaving, so when we came to look round the town it was not unduly crowded. This is one of the show-pieces of Denmark with little one-storey houses and stone-cobbled streets.

The weather had clearly changed for the better next morning, as very early all the motor boats, which I suspect had been harbour-bound for most of the past five or six days were on the move. It was a better day for motor boats than for us, and in bright sun but very little wind we sailed NW up the coast of Aero to Soby, a port we found dirty and not particularly attractive. However we had a good walk across to the other side of the island.

There was a better wind next day and we crossed the Little Belt, sailed right up the Flensborg Fiord and through the bridge at Egersund to Graasten. There is a small yacht club at Graasten in comparatively shallow water but quite sufficient for an Atalanta. It is well protected, as the fiord is small and landlocked except for the narrow entrance by the bridge (which opens). At Graasten the Danish royal family have a summer residence with an English garden, which was attractive but not noticeably English.

We had a long beat down Flensborg Fiord next day and then sailed into Sonderborg, where we lay at the town quay and walked round the castle. We found that the bridge only opened at 5.35 so we had quite a wait, and by the time we were through the bridge there was little wind left. However, we pushed on under motor as we wanted to reach Augustenborg before dark, which we just managed. Augustenborg is right at the top of the Als fiord and, though the last mile is a comparatively narrow channel, it is well worth a visit. It has good wooden quays on the port side, before you reach the main town quay which is used for commercial vessels. It has good shops and a bank all conveniently close.

The following day we sailed down Als Fiord and north to the little island of Barso, which has a pier in a protected bay but no harbour. We lunched here, walked ashore and left later for Aarosund Havn. This we found overcrowded and not particularly attractive, possibly we should have moored at the little harbour on the island of Aaro but it was blowing and this did not seem to be too well protected. We were glad next

morning to sail to Assens, a large town with a good clean harbour where we provisioned the boat and had lunch. There was a strong SE wind, and in the afternoon with a reefed main and small jib we sailed north in the Little Belt, passing south of Faeno we turned to starboard and beat up Gambord Fiord. The creek behind the Svino peninsular looked as if it ought to provide a quiet mooring for the night. We sailed in to find a narrow dredged channel right up to the top of the creek, and a timber quay with small local yachts moored bows-on to it and space for one or two visiting yachts at the outer end. Of course, it was shallow but it formed a perfect Atalanta mooring; clean, quiet, well-sheltered and an attractive village just at the top of a hill a quarter-of-a-mile away.

We left with real regrets and sailed round to Middelfaart on the following morning. We moored in the town harbour, but there is also a yacht harbour nearer the railway bridge which is not so convenient. After provisioning we sailed in a failing breeze under the new road-bridge which joins the island of Fynn to the mainland of Jutland, and then out beyond Frederica before sailing back to the fishing village of Skaerbaek at the northern side of the entrance of Kolding Fiord. This was an attractive village but a very poor harbour and we were not sorry to leave it early next day and sail up the fiord to berth in the yacht harbour at Kolding. Here we handed the boat over to my son David who, with a friend, cruised for another three weeks in Danish waters before bringing the boat back on a container ship to Hull and thence by road to Kent.

Denmark must rank very high as an area for cruising in an Atalanta. It has better winds than the Mediterranean, better weather than Scotland and better protection than the Biscay coast. Like the Mediterranean, it is tideless, but it also has a profusion of small harbours and small islands so that during 19 days of cruising we visited twenty-three ports on ten different islands. We never launched the dinghy and only once dropped the anchor. We had six days of strong west winds in the middle of the cruise when we were nearly always reefed, but the Atalanta's performance shows up well in these conditions though when sailed hard in short seas she was at times very wet.

If I went there later in the season I would want to lie wherever possible in locations not accessible to orthodox yachts and therefore not subject to over-crowding. There must be many places like Skaro or Gamborg where an Atalanta can lie and avoid the over-crowding which occurs in the more popular harbours.



The Round Britain Race

Alan G. Perkes — *Sherpa* — A146

The following is a Port to Port or should I say blow by blow account which I sent home to my wife Hazel during the Round Britain Race, 1974. During the Round the Island Race (Isle of Wight) I was accompanied by my wife, Peter Hunter, John Bevan and Martin Hutchinson. Hazel and John sailed with me to the start of the R.B.R. at Plymouth where Charles Gautier joined me and the two of us sailed Round Britain. Jack Barker sailed with us on the return leg from the finish to Hamble. To them all and those others who helped, my most sincere thanks.

SUNDAY, 7 JULY 1974

09.00 Hours. Position approximately 10 miles south of the Lizard. Wind West, Force 1. Course North West, speed 2 knots. Fog 200 yards.

So there you are. Not going fast enough or in the right direction. The average speed required to finish the Royal Western/Observer Round Britian Race is 3—4 knots. But with a bit of luck when we round the Scillies things should improve.

The idea came a few years ago but most of the effort has centred around the last six months or so, getting the life raft, distress radio beacon, flashing floating light for the horseshoe lifebuoy and so on.

SHERPA — 'ROUND THE ISLAND'

The real sailing began on June 29th when we entered the Island Sailing Club's 'Round the Island Race'. Up and away by 05.30 we sailed and motored to the start off Cowes at 08.15. In our class there were only four other boats, *Sovendo*, *Cirdan*, *Jellicoe* and *Quartorze*. The wind was light westerly, variable then non-existent. We got away fairly well but lost out trying to keep in the tide off Hamstead Ledge and thereby losing the wind which pushed the others up and passed us.

However by the Palm Buoy off the Needles we were within insulting distance of *Cirdan* and *Quartorze*. *Sovendo* and *Jellicoe* a short way behind. We got our spinnaker up first, but when *Quartorze* got her lovely big blue and white masthead one up she slowly overhauled us and after a run to St. Catherines, *Quartorze* with the wind now on the starboard quarter and quite fresh, she was a fair way in front. At this point we lowered our reaching spinnaker and hoisted the bigger running sail. Although this was not the masthead as on *Quartorze* we managed to catch up lost ground by Bembridge Ledge, where we rounded slightly after having taken our spinnaker down a bit earlier to avoid foul ups. The wind now quite fresh W.N.W. gave us a fast reach to the fort during which we passed and repassed *Quartorze* in a fine old game. *Cirdan* was nowhere to be seen as she had no spinnaker.

Rounding close to the Fort we just maintained our lead and then off Wooton for no reason we seemed to get ahead, now close-hauled on the starboard tack. We had to put in a few tacks at the finish by which time we had a 20 minute lead over *Quar torze*.

Cirdan, *Sovendo* and *Jellicoe* being a bit behind us had more favourable tide and all came in of a bunch, having a good race between themselves. *Cirdan* won the race on handicap and we came second.

We picked up a mooring buoy near the entrance to Cowes to see the others come in and also to ensure that when we found a mooring for the night we would not get too pinned in as we wished to be away early to catch the west-going tide in the morning; Having had dinner it was suggested by Peter, a keen rowing man that we should try out the oars and row up to a mooring. Half-way down the harbour it was agreed to adjust the stops on the oars, and this we did. The Harbour Master thinking we were in trouble came to give us a tow and offered us a swinging mooring for the night. The tow we declined, the mooring we accepted.

At the crack of dawn Sunday morning John Bevan rowed Martin and Peter to *Cirdan* as Ian had kindly offered to take them back to Hamble. John had said he would like to come with us and by 08.15 we had cleared Cowes. A grey day, very little wind, first from the south then east, but oh so light. We ghosted down the Solent coaxing the large spinnaker to fill and down past the Needles and stopped our way through overfalls to the Fairway Buoy.

The wind, as predicted by the shipping forecast then went round to the west and increased. We sailed on the S.W. tack as the forecast was for the wind to go S.W. which of course it did not. The wind increased all day and by nightfall it was blowing a Force 6. By now we had a deep reef in the main and the No. 1 jib. A very well balanced and controllable rig.

It blew hard all night and during that time we tacked to the N.W. and sailed right into Lyme Bay. The morning forecast offered no cheer, Force 6–7 locally Gale 8. In preparation I changed the No. 1 for No. 2 and put the storm jib on the other stay. Then, of course, the wind dropped to about Force 4 and shortly we reverted to full main and No. 1 then the genoa. The day was bright and sunny and the afternoon forecast gave hope of lighter winds so I decided to beat into Dartmouth and continue to Plymouth in the morning.

We motored the last bit and as we were going to pick up a mooring the motor stopped. Faulty magneto. We quickly hoisted sail and picked up the mooring buoy.

John went ashore for a quick look round while I had a couple of hours sleep and Hazel prepared a meal. When John came back we decided that as the engine was suspect it would be as well if we left straight-away, and so by 20.00 hours we left Dartmouth and sailed gently to Start Point, a beautiful evening with just enough wind. Off Salcombe the wind went altogether and we motored slowly for a few hours. It's only when it gets hot that the engine cuts out. Then the wind returned and this time from the South East, then South which took us quickly and comfortably into Plymouth Sound. I called up the other two as we entered Millbay outer dock and we tied up to some floating pontoons, found a most splendid café where we had an excellent breakfast and went to bed.

When we awoke the scene had changed considerably. Now the wind was blowing hard S.S.W., rain with visibility about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile which made us pleased we had made the effort last night. Later in the afternoon we moved into the inner non-tidal basin, not without a little drama, for having got the engine going we cast off, at which point the engine promptly stopped. I just managed to get it going in time to prevent us driving

into the dock wall. In the inner dock we joined the vast and various fleet also entered for Royal Western/Observer Round Britain Race 1974.

After Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, when we were checked over, given our handicap (which was a joke), parties, visiting all the boats and more parties, we arrived at the great day: July 6th 1974.

The start was across the harbour inside the breakwater. We had moved out of the inner dock at 06.00 when the lock gates opened and picked up a buoy off the Royal Western Yacht Club. *Three Cheers* tied up to us astern. *Triple Arrow* and *Gulf Streamer* tied up to another buoy and so on. This race looks like a multi-hull benefit. I expect this is the last time we shall see them.

SHERPA – 'ROUND BRITAIN'

We were reasonably positioned at the start. The wind being very light we made good use of an oar to maintain steerage way out west of the breakwater. All a bit crowded, it sorted itself out. A westerly Force 3 gives us a close reach to the Eddystone which we round and then stay close hauled on the starboard tack out to sea. We have kept company with *Galway Blazer* and *Fidget*. I think there are a few behind us. The sky clouds over and the wind eases and we put in one or two tacks towards the Lizard. In the evening, just before it got dark we saw *Gancia Girl*, the record holding trimaran, not her conditions, and the 30ft. Wanderer class yacht *Airedale*.

During the night the wind slowly died and visibility deteriorated and by 09.00 Sunday when I started writing things were a bit slow. I caught four mackerel and we took turns in using an oar to boost our speed by a knot. The wind never quite died and during the day we worked our way past the Lizard without seeing it, although from time to time we heard the fog signal.

During the afternoon we spied a sail to windward astern and this proved to be *Tane Nui*, the smaller of the two Warham cats. She closed with us but passed astern, as she could not point as high as we could. The wind practically went so after a while we thought we would row over to them and have a chat. Just when we got within range the wind came up from the S.W. and away she went and within an hour she was out of sight – most impressive. Then the wind came about Force 2, freshening through the night to Force 3–4, the sky cleared and we had a fine evening. It took us down to the Bishop Rock Light which we rounded at 03.00 hours, still 9 hours behind our schedule. The wind now being astern and the moon full we hoisted the large spinnaker and set off N.N.W. for Ireland. Now we are getting somewhere.

As it got light the wind freshened and we saw *Galway Blazer* coming up astern. We held her for several hours and then we were forced to change to the smaller spinnaker. *Galway Blazer* then slowly overtook us and by midday she was out of sight. The wind increased apace and just before 13.00 hours when we were debating whether to take down the small spinnaker it made up its own mind by breaking the guy with a bang. So down it came; up went the genoa. Still doing six knots at times. Overcast now and still freshening so lower the main for lunch and then rehoist with a deep reef. At 15.00 the wind went round abeam to west and the sky cleared. Now on a reach. As I write, 19.00 hours, the wind has eased and I have just taken out the reef. A trawler came to have a look, not too close thank goodness. A big sea running but only the occasional splash of spray comes aboard. I have not had to put on oilskins YET. Sky alternately banks of low, almost fog

type clouds and belts of deep blue sky.

We sailed on all day and night at a good rate. The night was fine and moonlit. The wind fairly fresh and steady. Towards morning we got a sight of Old Kinsale Head Light but not the Daunt Light Vessel off the entrance to Cork. Fortunately the Light Vessel has a radio beacon and we homed in on this. Our dead reckoning position had been accurate but it would have been difficult to find the exact entrance after 130 miles from the Bishop Rock, without the help of the radio Direction Finder.

We sighted the Light Vessel shortly after it got light. The wind lessened as we closed the shore so we hoisted the small spinnaker and crossed the finishing line of the first leg at 08. 18min. 40 sec. This meant that we had picked up eight hours 40 minutes of lost time from the Bishop and were in fact only 20 minutes behind our schedule. After three goes we managed to find a mooring without being moved on by our Irish friends.

A couple of great days in Crosshaven and here we go again. 0600 hours on the 11th July. We listen to the shipping forecast. South to South West, Force 4—5 Locally 6. Right on the nose. We roll down a reef, hank on the No. 1 and No. 2 on our twin forestays, put up the No. 1 and sail down to the start.

We start at 08.30 as there is a terrific flood tide which we had not allowed for. The wind is not so strong, so first we shake out the reef and then put up the genoa. An overcast day breaking later into glorious sunshine.

We beat down to Old Kinsale Head and just beyond we tack downwind of our old friend *Galway Blazer*. The wind has freshened to about Force 6 and we are back to No. 1 and one reef in the main. 16.00 hours, *Galway Blazer* goes about and heads inshore, passing just ahead of us. We have made up over an hour on her. We are continuing out to sea to dodge the foul tide which will start in an hour or so. A rough sea but she is not throwing as much water about as she would in the Solent.

18.00 hours, 12 July.

We stayed on the offshore tack most of the night and are about 25 miles south of Mizen Head, the wind a bit on the light and variable side. The morning cold, overcast and great banks of dark clouds can be seen with the rain just falling out of them. We don't catch much of it and by midday it thins out and then clears, except over the land. We clear Mizen Head and open up the deep bays which run north east into Ireland. It looks a fabulous cruising ground. The wind which was west, dead ahead from Crosshaven now decides to head us again and go N.W. as we want to go N.W. We are now beating up to the Bull Rock (about 6 miles), very light wind, about Force 3 with full main and genoa. A bright afternoon, but the wind is cold.

16.00 hours, 13 July.

We beat slowly on all night until early morning when we were about 6 miles west of Great Skellig (The Ocean Mountain). The forecast was still N.W. — N, but it was blowing slightly east of north, so at 11.00 we set out N.W. for America or is it Greenland, in search of better breezes from the right direction. The wind freshened and we took in the genoa in favour of the No. 1 jib. Great Skellig looked magnificent with great bushy cumulus clouds almost to the sea, the sun's rays shining through and white patches of sunlit haze, which is in fact rain. The day followed the same pattern as yesterday, slowly becoming brighter with belts of cloud. The seas are quite big but only the odd patch of water comes aboard. It is now 16.00 and the wind has gone round slightly to the N.W. and I have tacked to the N.W., almost the way we want to go. Sun quite warm

as I sit here at the chart table out of the wind.

0.930 hours, 14 July.

It's all changed now. For the first time we are pointing the way we want to go. A depression has moved in and we are now in the warm sector or humid sector as it should be called. The wind is W, force 5, on the beam and NOT ahead. We are going a good 5—5½ knots, quite good for little *Sherpa*. The sky is fully cloud covered and there are showers around the horizon. The sea has gone down from yesterday and scarcely any spray coming aboard. The only snag is that they say it will become South (that's O.K.) but force 6—8 later. O well, back to bed. I reckon we are about twenty hours behind but we should be making up some of that now.

09.00 hours, 15 July.

Gale warnings from all directions. A deepening depression is moving West to East right over us. The west wind went S.S.W. and freshened until at 18.00 hours yesterday when we were reduced by the following sequence:

1. full main and genoa
2. Large reaching genoa and genoa goose winged
3. Genoa
4. No. 1 jib
5. Bare poles for ½ hour, Force 8
6. No. 2 jib
7. No. 2 and No. 1 goose winged
8. No. 1 and genoa
9. Deep reefed main and old genoa

03.00 hours, 15 July

It has rained for twenty-four hours and stopped about an hour ago. A patch of vivid blue sky has just passed overhead. The sea is a bit confused, to say the least, with all these wind directions around.

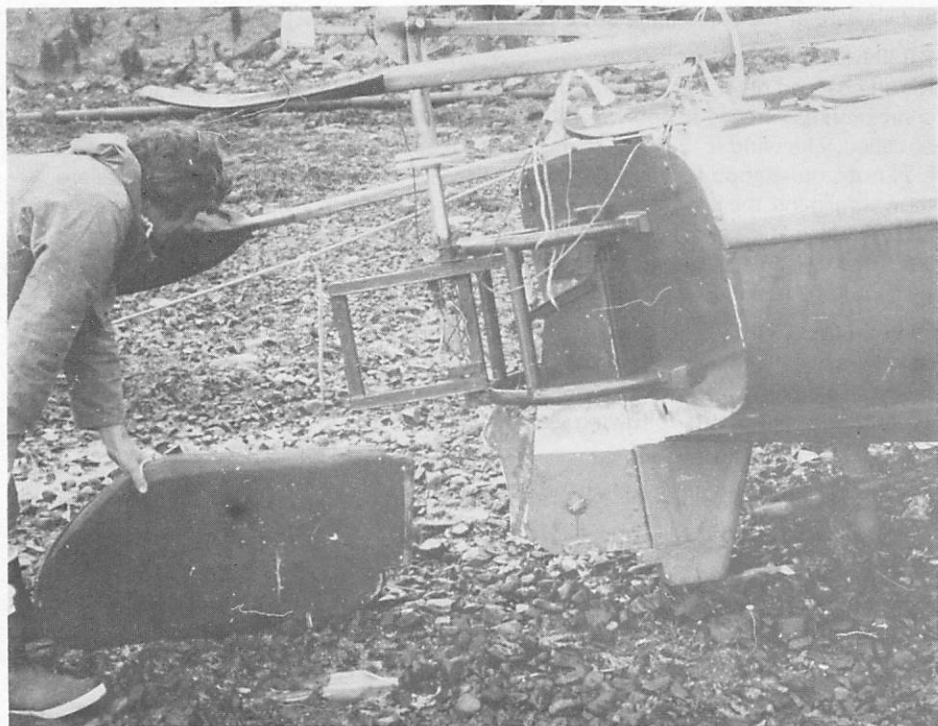
We are off the North West coast of Ireland and about 30—40 miles off-shore. We kept well out to get plenty of sea room in case the wind turned nasty. About 130 miles to go to Barra Head. Doing 5—6 knots in little bursts downhill. Catching up a bit on time.

The sea birds are giving a fine display of what flying is really about. Just skimming the wave tops. Fulmars, a few puffins, gulls and gannets. You would not think a gannet could look so disgusted as one did when we nearly ran him down while he was having a little paddle on the surface.

12.40 hours, 16 July.

Times have changed. When they told me that this was a tough race I could not see it. But now!!

It all began when the wind went light. I shook the reefs but then laced the slides back onto the NEW mainsail. By the time this was complete we had come out through the other side of the centre of the depression and the wind started this time in the opposite direction: N.E., where we wanted to go and it blew. Deep reefed, main and No. 1 then treble reefed main and No. 2. First East then North. Then the trouble started: the rudder fell off.



Sherpa at Bana: (outer Hebrides) The rudder that fell off.

It sheered off just below the stock. Chuck managed to retrieve it as it was still retained by the downhaul. In coming off it had knocked the tab rudder up and the bottom pintle sheered off. We hove-to with jib aback and then took all sail off and lay-a-hull all night. Lying abeam to the wind and sea. The wind increased to a good gale Force 8 and the sea built up. She lay very comfortably and down below one was only aware of the state outside when a wave broke on us or just below us with a roar. Not only that but I could not get the engine going to charge the batteries.

Came the dawn. After a tiring night I re-rigged the tab rubber, fortunately having spare parts aboard and together with the stub of the main rudder we got some sort of control. As it was still blowing hard I first tried the storm jib and then the No. 2. At this point (Please Mr. Custer can I change my library book?) a wave broke over the boat and the Hitachi D.F. set got a bit damp and that does not work any more. Thank goodness we still have the Seafix.

07.00 hours, 16 July.

Under weigh again, steering more or less 080 degrees, almost where we wanted to go, at something between 2 and 4 knots, depending on whether we are going up or downhill. So there we are — tough. A wave just broke over the boat laying her over until her cabin side went under. She staggers on gamely crashing down on some waves and being crashed on by others. When will this ever end one asks. ENORMOUS seas, but the sun is shining and visibility is good. We have not ventured on the deck since we set off this morning.

08.00 hours, 17 July.

Things a lot better this morning. Yesterday afternoon and evening we continued under storm reefed main and No. 2 jib. In the evening the wind dropped a bit but we left the sails as they were all night. The forecast is only Force 5-6.

We have developed a slight leak under one of the bearers beneath the starboard bunk. Must be all that pounding. We rigged the pump from the galley into a hole in the floor-board. It just required a few strokes every half hour or so but always left a bit swirling around. We tried the engine again last night. Cleaned the plugs and it nearly went, but I think the impulse maybe does not work well at the angle we are at. It should go alright. We were close-hauled, port tack until this morning when the wind went round to N,W, and we are on a reach for Barra Head. I unreefed the main to the deep reef points and set the genoa to balance it. Steering not too bad but she wanders a bit in the waves.

Nice sunny morning, a few clouds, should be a reasonable day. I am feeling tired, exhausted is nearer the mark. Sleep is not easy with all the crashing about, although it is a bit better now.

08.00 hours, 19 July.

We sailed on all day and as the wind went more round to the west we lowered the main to leave the genoa and then changed to the big reaching genoa. Hours after we expected we sighted Barra Head, fine on the port bow. Although we had been in brilliant sunshine with a few clouds, mist had formed over the islands and we could not see it until we were about 10 miles off, when in fact we had thought that with the prevailing conditions we should have seen it a good 30 miles away. To celebrate we tried the reefed main again which seemed to work as well as without it, only faster.

As we closed Barra Head we sighted a sail astern coming up over the horizon. This demanded that we made an effort, so we had full main up and Chuck and I took it in turns steering by sitting on the afterdeck holding and moving the wind vane. We had a good race, with them catching us fast all the time. However we held them off and finished six to seven minutes in front. She was in fact, *Contessa Caroline*. We managed to luff over the finishing line without the problem of tacking and started the engine. The fault had been corrected, found by Chuck earlier in the afternoon when spray was no longer coming aboard. Water in the fuel filter, which I suppose is not surprising. We finished at 21. 05, which is 22 hours behind schedule but not too bad in the circumstances.

We were met by John Allen who showed us where to anchor and advised us that he would help with our problems in the morning and told us what beach to go up on.

In the morning of 18th July we got the rudder blade off and inspected the bottom, to find three screws sticking out about an inch where obviously the water had been coming in.

John Allen looked doubtfully at the rudder and after much deliberation contacted Norman Johnston at the shell factory, where they grind sea shells to powder for various applications. I got a lift over to what proved to be Compton MacKenzie's old house and was received with much kindness. A new blade was made up out of an old sheet of mild steel, strengthened and cut, holes drilled and old holes filled. It took all of six hours and then the man would not take anything for all his trouble or for the magnificent tea provided by his charming wife. The man who gave me the lift came back and collected me at about 22.00 and upon return to *Sherpa* I was taken to a party proceeding apace on the now mastless *Croda Way*. No comment.

16.00 hours, 20 July.

Well we are off again, I hope. I say this because we started on time at 2105 last night in pretty poor conditions. Wind West, Force 6–7, visibility about one mile and murky with it. About an hour out, close reaching down to Barra Head we heard a gale warning 'Possibly Force 10' so we returned to Barra and had a night's sleep. The morning of 20th July, and it looks brighter but still blowing and the forecast said 6–8 locally 9 at first. We weigh anchor and restart at 12.18 with the intention of listening to the 14.00 forecast in time to return if thought prudent. The forecast said W. Force 6–8, but I think this has gone. We are now south east of Barra Head about six miles out and preparing to tack to St. Kilda. Wind about 5–6 from the west. Sea big from last night's blow.

On our way out last night we saw *Eclipse of Mylor* a gaff ketch coming in looking very snug. *Contessa Caroline* and the Folkboat *Skol* also left yesterday and returned. They were still in Barra when we left. However, *Heavenly Twins* and *Airdale* have left this morning. The Tankard, *Windsor Life* arrived late last night in a Force 9. *Black Velvet* has not come in yet.

12.30 hours, 21 July.

We tacked passed Barra Head and close-reached towards St. Kilda. First under full main and No. 1 then we slowly reefed the main until in the end, we took it down as the wind freshened to Force 8 at times.

At 11.00 hours Chuck sighted St. Kilda and we passed it at 11.30. We are now sailing E.N.E. for Flannan Island, 42 miles off with the old genoa boomed out to starboard and the wind dead astern. The sun showed through for a while, but now low clouds have brought the wind about Force 7. We are roaring along in massive seas doing 6–7 knots at times. One blow, the starboard bunk pounded its stringer loose again last night but at the moment it is not leaking much as we are running. Keeping our fingers crossed for a following wind to Muckle Flugga.

21.00 hours, 22nd July.

St. Kilda looked fabulous, much higher than I expected, great mountains of rock, straight out of the sea with the mist and clouds forming a crown.

We continued on with the old genoa for a while but by 16.40 21st July the wind came up and the sky clouded over. We were in for a blow. Down to storm jib, running with the wind on our port quarter. Then followed a pretty miserable night, Wind up to Force 8 most of the time. Doing 3–4 knots with storm jib only. Continuous heavy rain. Everything is sodden or at least damp. The Hitachi got another wave over it. The Auto twin has decided to reduce itself to a whisper. The Seafix won't pick up 1500 m. Oh well, shipping forecasts are played to the same old record these days anyway: W–N.W. Force 6–8, rain, visibility poor. They occasionally put in a Force 9–10, I believe.

We plodded on all feeling very depressed until 10.30 on 22nd July when we appeared to sail through the cold front. The cloud began to break up and the wind eased, so to No. 1 jib and deep reefed main. By 13.30 we got to full main and at 14.15 we got a good D.F. fix putting us 195 miles 080 degrees from Muckle Flugga, North Shetland, so we altered course towards it. At 16.00 the wind increased so that we were surfing up to 8 knots. A bit dodgy out here so we took off everything and set the reaching genoa, the wind being aft of abeam, port side. Then a few hours later we got the reefed main up again as well. Been doing quite well lately, averaging 5 knots plus. All

a lot more cheerful with the brighter weather, although it's a bit cold. Had a good night's sleep and a clear up, and ran the engine for half an hour to charge the batteries. It is now evening. A rain shower just passed and the sky is half covered by a whole mixture of clouds with the sun shining through. Just hope it holds for a couple of days and hope we can get the stringer repaired by a yard or someone in Lerwick, for I fear that a flog to windward would do us no good at all. At the moment not much water is coming in thanks to Chuck's anti-leak mixture — flour, cooking oil, butter and I dread to think what else. I did see him eyeing a 7lb. tin of jam!!

Chuck saw a sail this afternoon — job on a bronze mast, could be *Croda Way*.

10.30 hours, 23 July.

A fairly quiet night, first under the old genoa and then reaching genoa. Wind got up to about Force 4 and we took down the reaching genoa, still doing a respectable 5 knots. One cheerful event which made the evening. I found a bag of dry clothes, the luxury of a dry pair of socks you would never believe. I also found the red balaclava helmet which I had for my birthday, as a joke I believe. Now it is my prize of arctic wear, highly-recommended fashion.

After the gale, the sea went down surprisingly quickly but it has now built up again so we have to watch our speed. If we push on too much she surfs and tries to broach. We now have the old genoa to port on the light pole and the No. 1 to starboard, doing 5 knots and 6 knots downhill. The sun is shining although there are a few scattered clouds, the wind is almost astern and must be Force 5 gusting 6. A few nosy fishing boats come to have a look. Well, I suppose they do not see many yachts up here. It feels rather like being on the top of the world. The top end of Scotland is over there a hundred miles south. The sun set last night, then there was a long twilight and the sun rose again. I tested it and could just read a book at midnight. It is colder though, about late March temperature down south.

We hope to reach Muckle Flugga early tomorrow morning and Lerwick later in the day, which should catch up some of back log of time.

21.00 hours, 23 July.

We have just passed Foula Island, 10–15 miles off, looking very interesting. One day, when there is time!

We seem to have been a bit farther south than reckoned by D.F. but then we have not been checking the compass or the D.F. very much. We are now steering up the west coast of the Shetlands and are about 60 miles off Muckle Flugga. The wind is west about Force 5 and on the port beam. We are making good progress at the moment. Sky really something with giant rain clouds climbing up into a clear blue sky. Tonight should be the furthest north so it should not get too dark. After we round Muckle Flugga it is all downhill, at least on the chart. Great news, our Auto-twins radio has stuttered back to life so we can now listen once more to Jimmy Young and Rick O'Shea!!

07.00 hours, 24 July.

Well, Muckle Flugga is just a few miles off, in sight, fine on the starboard bow. It looks as if we will make it after all. We got the small spinnaker up for the first time since the other corner — the Bishop Rock. A flock of terns have just come out to greet us with their little squeaky chat; they sound as if they have a bearing that needs oiling. The land of the Shetlands stretches away to starboard in a dark silhouette of hills, and a big swell keeps jumping up to hide it.

I think I will broach Hazel's bottle of Martini to celebrate as we go round. Then right hand down and 'Home, James'.

15.00 hours, 24 July.

As we approached Muckle Flugga the wind fell away, and we ran into a patch of overfalls which made life a bit bumpy. Then the wind came back and with it the rain, although we missed most of it astern. Off the Muckle Flugga Light the wind again fell away, and as Chuck was sleeping I selfishly let him sleep. I had a private moment of satisfaction at having got this far, with a toast to Muckle Flugga, *Sherpa*, Hazel and a libation to the gods of the sea or to whichever one helped us. A rather emotional moment, for I suppose this is the Cape Horn of the British Isles.

The wind gently came back astern and we picked up speed once more. The sea has gone right down, quieter than the Solent on a moderate day. We are now off the Out Skerries and can see the approach to Lerwick. The sun is shining and the sea and sky are rich blue. The last few days are what it is all supposed to have been like, but I expect the rest was all due to the Bomb, Harold Wilson or something!

09.45 hours, 27 July.

We had a lovely sail into Lerwick, having lowered the spinnaker off Bressay Island and hoisted the genoa. The wind first fell light so we did a bit of rowing and then as we rounded the corner into Lerwick it freshened, and we had a fresh beat to the finish line by 20. 43 on 25th July. We tied up alongside *Tower Caspar*, outside of *Airdale* and *Boule d'Ecume*. In front of us *Pula Tiga* outside of *Gancia Girl* and behind *Galway Blazer*.

An unfortunate incident occurred on the following morning. We were both in our bunks when the M.F.V.'s *Harold* and *Ambassador* came up the harbour with full loads at full speed creating such a wash that our mast swung behind the backstay of *Tower Caspar* and snapped in half. What promised to be 48 hours rest became a nightmare.

Phone calls, getting statements, arranging repairs, more phone calls. The people of Lerwick were most helpful and did everything possible to put things right. Friends arrived to invite us home for baths, meals and drinks. Our washing was whisked away and done, returned dry and aired. It is only regrettable that the uniformed part of the Harbour Organisation was as solid as the stonework of its quay, but I suppose they are scared of the fishermen.

Anyway we got the mast repaired. The boatbuilders put a wooden block inside and six layers of fibreglass outside, and reckoned it would get us home. We had a wooden stringer put on the outside of the hull and bolted through to the inside of the starboard bunk hoping it will cure that particular problem.

The weather in Lerwick was first class and Peter Hunter gave us a quick tour in his hired car.

20.43 hours, 26 July.

We left on time, bound for Lowestoft. The wind very light from the East and we made good use of an oar to clear the harbour. Outside there was enough breeze to sail at about 2½ knots so we changed to the reaching genoa and full main and had a quiet night easing south. In the morning the wind, the old faithful, went round to head us and we are now laying 210 degrees, in other words 30 degrees off course to starboard

still with full main and reaching genoa, close hauled on port tack, speed 3½–4 knots. Fair Isle is visible to starboard about 12 miles away. Someday!

20.00 hours, 27 July.

Plodding slowly S.S.W., wind still heading and light. Hove to for 15 minutes to try and find further seepage under starboard bunk. It appears to be near the water line forward. Overcast and quiet. Nice bit of sleep.

16.30 hours, 28 July.

About 23.00 the cloud covered over and the wind freshened, then eased round to the west and it rained hard. Off we went the right way for a change, and so it continued all night and the next morning when clouds cleared and it became a summers day. The wind gradually eased down and at 14.00 we tried the spinnaker for an hour, but the wind headed again and now is light southerly and we are only making S.E. at 2 knots. Still the sun is shining and we are dry, so why complain?

17.30 hours, 29 July.

The wind went completely for about three hours leaving us banging around in the swell. Great rain clouds all around, some with rain visibly falling from them. Then the wind came back from the west fairly fresh and off we go south once more. The sky is still light at night. There was an arch of twilight to the north all night from the sun shining across from the other side of the Arctic. Today had been a mixture: bright, bright morning with everything a-sparkle and the boat plunging and jumping. At mid-day it clouded over and rained a bit. It freshened so we had to lower the reaching genoa and hoist the No. 1, then double reef the main. We have now taken out the reef and just hoisted the genoa, as the wind has eased from the south west to west doing a fairly regular 4 knots all day. The sky overcast but appears to be clearing from the north west. Chuck is going to make some pancakes. I am sitting out of the way down in the after cabin. Not a bad spot as it seems the easiest motion in the boat. We have been trying to ease slowly west of south all day in the hope of picking up some lights tonight. We shall see.

16.30 hours, 30 July.

We had a lovely sunset, flaming red and all the coloured clouds you could think of. We did not see any lights, although we thought we could make out the coast before it got dark. We made good progress south all night and in the morning the wind freed to aft of abeam and we had the spinnaker up for a few hours. Then it fell light. Then it headed us and now having closed the shore near Whitby we think, we are wallowing about. All our plans for getting into Lowestoft tomorrow are fading, still 115 miles to go. Chuck is asleep and I have left *Sherpa* to it in disgust.

The pintle track on the steering gear broke this morning, but fortunately I managed a repair using a spare slide further up the track. The clicking of the speedo tells me we are moving again. Just as well: a ship was converging, although he was altering course and I tacked to clear him. The wind, predictably, what there is of it, is right on the nose. Where is the West Force 5–7 they promised us?

21.00 hours, 31 July.

A pretty miserable day. It has been raining off and on all day. To start with we spent most of the night beating down to and past Flamborough Head – getting nowhere fast. A lot of shipping about on this inshore route so at midnight we took a long board out to sea. Noel Bevan's radar detector proved its worth now, although I think its use will

improve with practice. We should get plenty.

Visibility dropped to about a mile. Mid-morning the wind went round to S.W. Force 4 and we are more or less heading the right way. A couple of gas production platforms is all we see, until 16.00 we sight the Dowsing Light vessel to starboard. We are keeping well up to windward of our track to get the lee of Norfolk from Cromer, as a South west Force 7 perhaps Gale 8 is forecast. We just had a big rain squall and reefed the main. Of course, as soon as we had finished the wind dropped so we took it out again and replaced the No. 1 for the genoa. We are actually not quite close-hauled, but don't tell anyone, just in case. Sky still completely overcast and so are we. But we are looking forward hopefully to Lowestoft tomorrow. We were thinking yesterday it could take a week!!

12.00 hours, 1 August.

Having seen the Dowsing Light vessel and later the Dudgeon Light vessel things improved considerably. A favourable tide took us quickly down to Cromer where we were under the lee of the land. Here we had a foul tide but as visibility was good we could check exactly where we were. When the tide turned in the early morning we fairly rushed down the coast to Lowestoft, doing about seven knots over the ground. We crossed the finish line at 08.48. Everyone of our little bunch was in before us, but they all started earlier from Lerwick and we have more or less held our own. *Croda Way* has picked up a couple of days – not surprising. We are lying alongside *Heavenly Twins*, next to *Airdale*, *Galway Blazer* with *Paper Tiger* across the way and *Peter Peter* down the harbour mastless.

Let us see if we can have a holiday here as the next leg could be hard to windward. Anita, Chuck's wife and their children welcomed us into Lowestoft.

17.00 hours, 3 August.

I awoke at 06.30 for the shipping forecast. *Sherpa* is lying moored between the dolphins in the Harbour. Not a whisper of a breeze and I could hardly see the Yacht Club, a mere 100 feet away. The forecast however was just what the doctor ordered. Variable 2–3 then EAST, yes East, Force 3, 4–5 later. A high forming over Wales should give us E. or N.E. winds for a few days. Let's hope for once they are right. After all we have had unexpected winds almost all the way round.

When we set off at 08.49 across the start line, there was practically no wind at all. A light N.E. prompted us to cheekily hoist the big spinnaker but we could not carry it for long as the breeze went all over the place.

A favourable tide took us south for three or four hours, and by midday the easterly onshore breeze caused by the land warming the air inland had arrived. We dropped the large genoa and once more tried the large spinnaker, which pulled well in the steadily increasing wind; just as well as by now we were sailing against the tide, making good over the land about 2½ knots. Off Aldeburgh we had to point up a bit towards the Shipwash Light vessel, and so after three-and-a-half hours we once more lowered the spinnaker and hoisted the large genoa. We are now about four miles north of the Shipwash, the wind is on the beam about Force 4. The main is out at 45° and pulling well, held down by the kicking strap. The large genoa is sheeted via the end of the boom and pulling like a horse. I have just changed the light vane for the heavy one and we are fairly tearing along doing 5–6 knots in a smooth sea, the colour of which is tainted by the sand. The Orfordness shore is visible on the starboard beam. The sky is overcast

and the wind tells me it is time the 'Smelly Hellies' were donned. I had better see if I can spot the Shipwash.

16.30 hours, 4 August.

We tore across the Thames Estuary with a freshening N.E. right behind us, increasing at times to Force 6—7, at which time we reduced to the No. 1 only. Quite a rough short sea developed and by midnight we were off the Goodwins Sands and the visibility had been reduced to about half-a-mile. Then it rained and we had a thunderstorm. The 06.30 forecast said N.E. Gale Force all down the Channel, but of course by mid morning the wind had dropped and gone round to the S.W. The visibility still being poor we layed a board out to sea heading south doing 3 knots and not really getting anywhere. The rain has stopped by the fog and low cloud is still with us.

17.00 hours. We have just tacked to W.N.W. and the Royal Sovereign Light Tower — we hope.

15.00 hours, 5 August.

We tack inshore to the lighthouse off Beachy Head and there the wind left us. After half an hour wallowing in the greyness of coming night and low cloud the wind returned as hoped from the north. At first it was slow going against the tide, but at midnight it turned and we made good progress until midmorning when we again had a foul tide off St. Catherine's to the south of the Isle of Wight. The dawn had cleared the sky and we now have a perfect summer's day, warm, sunny and a gentle breeze.

We just stemmed the tide off St. Catherine's with the wind first North then giving East to let us set the spinnaker. We sat there for about three hours doing 3½ knots and not moving an inch over the ground. Of course, when the tide turned the wind dropped and then came back from the west; dead on the nose..Never mind, it's a lovely day and all very pleasant. The wind has now picked up and we are doing 4 knots N.W. along the S.W. shore of the Isle of Wight towards the Needles and the tide is helping us along nicely. I must now return to the serious business of sitting in the sun and doing absolutely nothing.

15.45 hours, 6 August.

We beat with the tide under us and towards evening were off Swanage. We made an attempt to round Anvil Point, but as by now the tide was once more against us we were swept back to the east as soon as we poked our bows round. We beat back and anchored just east of the point in 30 feet of water. This was at 21.30, and at 23.30 we tried again. The wind had gone to practically nothing and at first we made no progress. Then after a while we got the full effect of the tide which runs up to three knots, and were swept westwards through the tide race off St. Alban's Head. The lights of the Shambles and Portland Bill came up, I rowed gently to ease us south to be in a line to clear them, and then just as it got light a gentle southerly arrived. In a smooth sea we picked up speed and just cleared Portland Bill before the tide once again turned against us. It was a beautiful night with a full moon, quiet and gentle with no ships or alarms to disturb us. To-day the wind has stayed with us so far, although it has eased slowly. We first had the genoa up, then the reaching genoa to round Portland, then the small spinnaker and now the large one, which we will drop if it freshens as, like sailors of old, I fear for my spars. We are laying a course direct to clear Start Point, but I don't think we will make it before the tide once more turns. This is what it is all about: blue sky, blue sea, a gentle breeze, real sunbathing weather and we are making the most of it.

10.00 hours, 7 August.

We sailed on all afternoon in very pleasant conditions and the wind gradually increased. We made out Start Point after checking the D.F. and then saw it faintly through the coastal fog. At 19.00 hours the tide turned against us, but as by now the wind had increased considerably we managed to sail over it using two genoas gossewinged on our double forestays together with the mainsail. Fortunately by the time we neared Plymouth the fog had cleared, and we were able to make out the lights to find our way in and across the finishing line at 01.50 on the 7th August. All we have to do now is sort ourselves out and sail a mere 120 miles back to Hamble.



An Atalanta in the Antipodes

Bruce Davidson — *Coromanda*, formerly *Cocktail* — A123

Reading the Owners Association Bulletin it appeared that some notes on A123 *Coromanda* (formerly *Cocktail*) might be of interest; she appears to be the only Atalanta in the South Pacific.

A123 *Coromanda* under her then name of *Cocktail* came into the ownership and possession of Garth Powell and myself shortly before Easter, 1973 and we initiated ourselves to her sailing characteristics with various day trips to bays and islands in the Auckland Harbour and nearby Hauraki Gulf until late June, 1973 when we hauled out at Westhaven, — a large pleasure boat marina, hauling and storage area operated by the Harbour Board — for winter refit and overhaul.

Cocktail had come out to New Zealand in the early 1960's, and since then has been owned by a succession of medicos. Most of the time she has been based at Auckland, and has been sailed extensively in the Harbour and Gulf.

In spite of all she is in good shape, with many years left in her, and we still use the original sails — all seven of them — made by J.C. Payne in 1960.

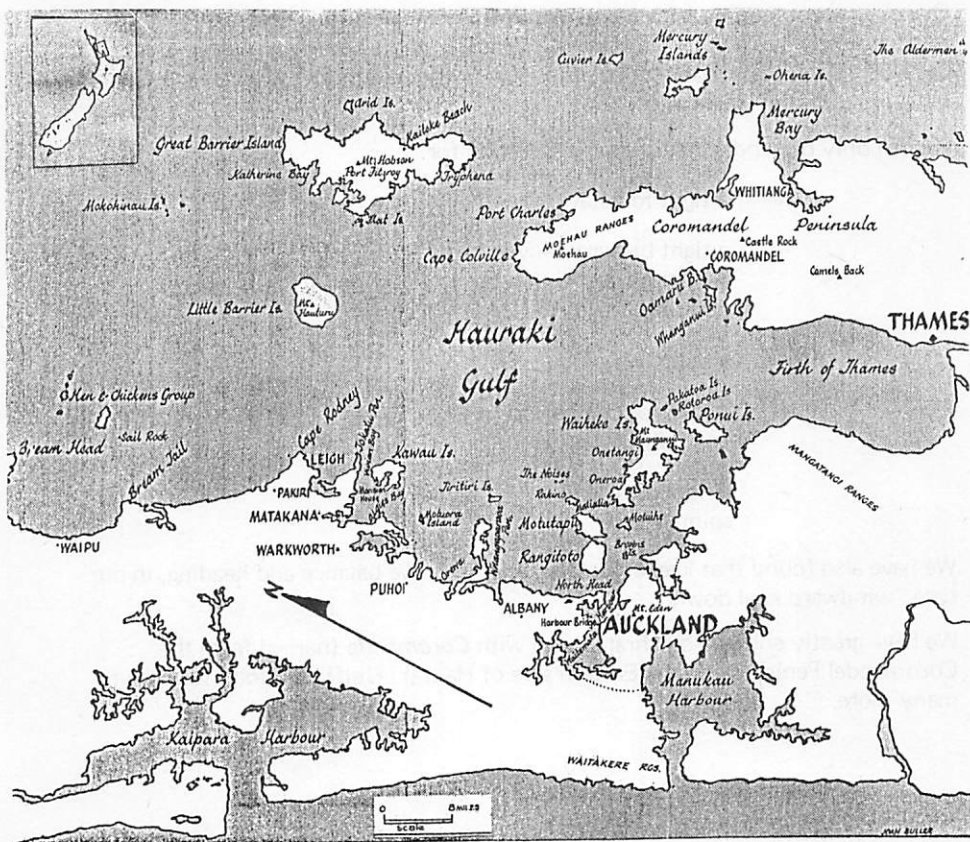
Photographs from the early Bulletins, and helpful notes and plans sent out from Fairey Marine — including a full set of blue prints, and instructions on keel and engine maintenance — made our refit more straightforward.

Several months later — (and behind schedule!) in early November *Cocktail* re-entered the water in her new colours for the 1973–74 summer season under the name *Coromanda*.

Whilst on her cradle on the land she had attracted a great deal of interest and comment — especially the shallow draft, keel arrangements and centre cockpit.

This summer — one of the best on record for fine weather and kindly breezes from Christmas until Easter — has been a continuation of our learning process. at the same time exploring further afield in Harbour and Gulf. This area is indeed a yachtsman's

paradise. There are a large number of places of interest for day or weekend sailing, and opportunities for coastal cruising of extended duration to isolated bays, coves and harbours, on islands and the mainland around the Gulf, and we are fortunate in never being far from a sheltered anchorage (as the map below shows).



Main cruising waters for *Coromanda* are inside the line Cape Rodney – Cape Colville, at the mouth of Hauraki Gulf.

On more than one occasion we have cruised up the harbour to the end of the navigation at Riverhead – head of the Waitemata River; to Islington Bay, bounded on one side by Rangitoto – which is a bushcovered cone of volcanic rock believed to have erupted last about 700 years ago – and on the other by Motutapu, given over to pastoral farming; Rakino, Motuihe, Waiheke (North End), and overnight to Waiheke (South End) and Ponui and nearby anchorages.

Many of the islands in the Gulf are now part of a Maritime Park, and posterity will enjoy their tranquility and freedom from development.

The good facilities and proximity of our mooring to the “Downtown” area of Auckland have enabled us to go aboard after work in the office and sail for two to three hours before nightfall in high summer, a real pleasure.

Although we have not raced — being an “odd-ball” in the local fleet — we have had a lot of pleasure and a good deal of exciting sailing. One of our most exhilarating periods of sailing was on a run back from Ponui on a Sunday afternoon in January — over two hours at maximum hull speed on a spinnaker reach!!

Our experience taught us several of the finer points of tuning before we had the opportunity of reading Dr. Thursfield’s article in the 1973–74 Bulletin. (Thanks to Dr. R.C. Nainby-Luxmoore (*Globulin* A87) whom Garth met over the operating table at Auckland Hospital!)

We can only but endorse his recommendation for:

- a tight forestay
- a tight backstay — we use a similar device to that he describes
- a boom vang
- tracks for Genoa and Leadsail blocks
- a flat-cut reaching spinnaker.

We have also found that keel adjustment can improve balance and heading, in our case “windward keel down”.

We have greatly enjoyed our first season with *Coromanda* (named from the Coromandel Peninsula on the Eastern side of Hauraki Gulf), and look forward to many more.



' a Large Bathing Machine '

Frances Martin — *Sea Major* — A92

Having at last purchased a vehicle capable of towing *Sea Major*, we decided to trail her to the south of England and spend our holiday there, or perhaps in France if all the conditions were favourable. One Monday in early August found us driving around the coast of Hampshire trying unsuccessfully to find a suitable launching site for the boat. All those mentioned in our book appeared to be for dinghies only, but at least the skipper had plenty of practise of manoeuvring *Sea Major* with the Range Rover.

We pulled into a lay-by in Hamble village and someone promptly asked if we were looking for a launching site and suggested Fairey Marine. He turned out to be an Atalanta owner! So we launched the boat and having left the Range Rover under the watchful eye of the Fairey Marine security guards, we slept on board moored to a pontoon opposite *Sherpa* A146.

The following morning we set sail for Cowes, but as the wind fell light we decided to go to Newtown instead. This was our first acquaintance with the maritime activity of Southampton water and I wished that I had eyes in the back of my head! I had left my camera in the cabin, but even had I had it, I would have been unable to use it as found I needed to concentrate on the sailing. There seemed to be boats everywhere, sailing dinghies, ocean racers, ferries, S.S. *France*, not to mention the hovercraft and hydrofoils which I had never seen before.

Newtown proved to be a delightful anchorage and while the children rowed, the skipper and I went birdwatching on the nature reserve. The sun was incredibly hot and we were all glad to have a swim and delighted to find the water so warm.

We reached Cowes the following day (although we had to motor the last two or three hundred yards) and spent a few happy hours wandering amongst the boats, sometimes on foot, sometimes in the water and sometimes rowing. Thursday dawned fine and hot, so we decided to visit Carisbrooke. We took the bus to Newport and then walked to Carisbrooke Castle, with its Norman Keep, Elizabethan Governor's lodgings, museum and well from which the water was raised by a donkey working a treadmill, which was voted extremely interesting. Our way home took us by way of St. Mary's Church and an engineering exhibition with models of engines, aeroplanes (which flew), boats, train engines and yachts. We caught the bus from Newport to Cowes and on returning to the boat thankfully dived into the sea to refresh ourselves.

The boys wanted to see *Victory*, so we sailed to Gosport in our first south coast mist, visibility being only about half-a-mile. Having left *Sea Major* in the marina we took the ferry to Portsmouth and spent a most enjoyable afternoon seeing *Victory*, the museum and by way of contrast, a Royal Navy demonstration of a mock modern sea-battle which was conducted without visual contact with the outside world, everything being indicated by radar. The visit to H.M.S. *Victory* was voted the best part of the holiday.

The other great attraction of Portsmouth was its naval ships, which we visited the next

day, tacking backwards and forwards alongside them, while each one was identified, photographed and added to the list, which totalled about fifty before we left for Portchester. Here we were directed to a mooring and invited by a club committee member to attend the sailing club barbeque in the evening. Our main object in visiting Portchester was to see its castle, probably the best preserved Roman fort in Britain, with a medieval castle in one corner and a Norman Church in another. There was a cricket match in progress within the Roman walls, a picturesque setting, especially as the weather was perfect.

We returned to Gosport, intending to sail to Chichester, but the wind fell light, so leaving the boat at the Gosport marina, we walked to Southsea to see the castle, part of Henry VIII's coastal fortifications. Later in the holiday we saw more of them at Yarmouth and Hurst. Returning to Portsmouth we visited the Square Tower and the Round Tower at the entrance to the harbour.

We had an uneventful sail to Chichester from Gosport with a light wind and the tide to help us. Entering Chichester marina was a new experience for us as we had to lock in and we spent some time in the evening watching other boats coming in. The marina was our base for another expedition, this time to the City of Chichester. Having timed our walk to reach the bus route in time to catch a bus, we were disappointed when it passed us apparently already full. So as cheerfully as we could, we set out to walk the three miles to the town. Here we visited the Cathedral, St. Mary's Hospital, the city museum and finally Fishbourne Roman Palace. This last we found fascinating, in spite of our tiredness. Fortunately we were able to catch a bus back to Chichester and another to the marina, or I fear the skipper would have had a mutiny on his hands! For the first time on this holiday we had our evening meal in the cabin, as the wind was rising.

Next day the forecast was good as we locked out of the marina and sailed steadily to the bar buoy. When we turned west for the Solent the full force of the easterly hit us. Fortunately we had brought the dinghy on board (usually we towed it) but it started to slide about in spite of the shock cords holding it down, so Kenneth (aged 12) and I donned our home-made safety harnesses and lashed it down with ropes as well. The seas seemed mountainous to us, towering over the dinghy on the after deck and roaring down either astern or on the port quarter. I was glad to relinquish the tiller to the skipper who helmed all the way to Yarmouth. We decided that everyone should wear a safety harness, so I duly clipped everyone onto a rope secured to the boat, this was the only time during the holiday that we used them. (The harness consisted of a screw-gate alloy carabiner and about six feet of climbing tape which we used in the orthodox manner and clipped to a loop on the rope). We passed some ocean-racers scudding over from France and were overtaken by one with a spinnaker up, but the boats following us out of Chichester had reached the bar buoy and then turned tail for home. The boat sailed well under ordinary jib and mainsail and rode the seas beautifully. Sheila and I having been into the cabin to fetch cameras felt decidedly queasy, so we didn't have much to eat until we were tied up safely to the piles of Yarmouth harbour six hours after we left Chichester. We visited the castle in the afternoon and watched some water sports taking place in the harbour entrance.

The next day was misty but with the wind and tide to help us, we set sail for Alum Bay, with its beautiful coloured cliffs, where we anchored for lunch and the children visited the top of the cliffs via the cable car. We decided not to circumnavigate the island but to go to Lymington instead, so passing Hurst castle on the way we tied up

at Lymington marina after an uneventful sail.

The following day dawned with a clear sky and we soon set sail for Poole. We managed to sail nearly all the way, using the motor only for the last few yards despite the winds which became very light at times during the morning. During this holiday we discovered the fun to be derived from diving from the pulpit of *Sea Major* and then picking up a floating rope which we trailed from the stern, pulling ourselves on board and repeating the performance. I had no idea how good a sea-anchor a swimmer towed behind the boat could be; at times the wind was so light that one could feel the boat slow down as a swimmer grasped the rope. At other times the wind increased and we all hastily donned our clothes again.

From Poole we sailed gently up the Frome to Wareham, between reed beds which reminded me of Norfolk, and as usual took advantage of the light winds to swim from *Sea Major* as we sailed along. Finally the wind headed us and with the channel becoming narrower and a motor boat approaching we had no choice but to motor the last stretch up to the quay where we tied up. We had a quick lunch and left to catch the train to Wool, after which we had a two mile walk to Bovington to see the Tank Museum. This proved to be a most interesting museum, especially to the male members of the party. On the return journey we visited the churches in Wareham. When we had finished supper the harbour mistress came to collect our dues and as an ex-Atalanta owner exchanged news with us. We had already purchased a post card of the quay with her Atalanta moored alongside. Alas! she said that she had since sold A115.

The next morning we again made use of public transport to take us to Corfe to see the ruined Norman and Edwardian Castle and also its model in the model village. We returned to *Sea Major* and made our way back towards Poole Harbour and finally borrowed a mooring from the Royal Motor Yacht Club for two nights.

Brownsea Island and Compton Acres were on the programme for the following day and as there was a guided tour of the nature trail on Brownsea Island in the afternoon, we spent a most enjoyable morning in the delightful Compton Acres Gardens. Rowing from our mooring across the fairway to Brownsea proved to be a hazardous affair as motor boats seemed to zoom up and down the fairway at incredible speed. However we survived the crossing and enjoyed our afternoon on the island.

Steering by compass was the order of the day for our return to Newtown and we discovered that Kenneth made a good helmsman for short periods. We were delighted to find that after three helmsmen had taken turns at steering the Christchurch Ledge buoy appeared when and where it should! We were surprised at the distance from which we could hear the Needles fog horn, which was hooting throughout our passage. It was an eerie feeling, knowing that we were quite close to land, but being unable to see anything. We made our way into Newtown harbour and those of us who had missed seeing the old town hall on our previous visit, rectified the omission and found it well worth while. After a swim and a visit to A20 which was also moored in the harbour the skipper and I went birdwatching while the children rowed about. A young local enthusiast exchanged bird news with us and with darkness approaching we returned to *Sea Major*.

There was a general request for a visit to Buckler's Hard so that we could visit Beaulieu Palace, the Motor Museum and the Abbey, so accordingly we took the morning tide and what wind there was, across the Solent once more. Leaving *Sea Major* at Buckler's Hard we walked to Beaulieu and thoroughly enjoyed our visit to the three sights. We returned

to Buckler's Hard and found the Maritime Museum well worth a visit. For the first time on the holiday, it rained while we were having tea, but we erected the cockpit tent and ignored the rain.

Our final sail took us from Buckler's Hard back to Hamble with a freshening breeze, which necessitated a change from genoa to working jib to enable me to sail the boat without having to haul too hard on the tiller. We passed a number of other boats which were reefed or sailing under genoa alone but although we got caught by one or two waves, everyone enjoyed the final sail.

The holiday was voted the best we have ever had on the boat. Not surprising, as it was our first venture into the realms of an extended family holiday afloat and we learnt a great deal from it. Marinas are a great blessing, with plenty of hot water and showers and often shopping facilities too. Swimming from the boat while sailing was a new experience which we enjoyed on a number of occasions and I think on only two days did we not have a swim at all. With everyone being able to row it was easy to go to and from land when we were not tied up to a pontoon. Sheila proved to be a capable cook, and all the children took the tiller at some stage during the holiday, even if only for a brief period.

We are already planning next year's holiday on the south coast, always assuming that petrol rationing will allow us to get there. Perhaps **next** year we might get to France!



'Aboard, Abroad'

Sheila Martin — *Sea Major* — A92

We suffered a comparatively disappointing start to our annual cruise this year. Although we arrived at our temporary base, Folkestone Harbour, on Wednesday 7th August, it was not until exactly a week later that we were able to accomplish the vital Channel-crossing. Being deprived of suitable weather in which to traverse the English channel, we spent this first week collecting and receiving dismal and despondent weather forecasts. Inappropriate weather conditions continued to prevail, so, having launched *Sea Major* at Folkestone Public Slipway, (where we incidentally attracted a considerable number of interested tourists), we proceeded to use our yacht as what the Skipper refers to as a "floating caravan". (To be completely accurate, the tides only allowed us to be afloat for six hours out of twelve). We refused to be idle, and spent an active week exhausting ourselves by visiting various famous places of historical repute, including Canterbury.

Friday, 9 August proved a memorable day for us all: we audaciously attempted to cross the Channel in a rough sea and a violent Force 6 wind. I was pre-occupied in being desperately seasick, whilst Dad (Skipper) clung to the tiller and the crew complained of feeling anxious and inexperienced. Although clad in the essential waterproof clothing, wearing lifejackets and attached to the boat by life-lines, Alan and Michael (nine and eleven, respectively), particularly felt inconfident. *Sea Major* tossed amongst threatening 10-foot high waves that appeared capable of almost engulfing us. The sea proved too much for a discontented crew as we admitted defeat and, four miles nearer France, retreated to the refuge of protective Folkestone harbour.

Two days later it was, regarding the weather situation, a complete contrast to that which we had recently been experiencing: the light breeze which gently disturbed our burgee was inadequate to allow us to attempt the crossing. The tides were gradually altering and we realised that unless we accepted the English Channel challenge before long we would be forced to leave during the night — an unpleasant prospect as we prefer, at least, to be able to see what we are about to crash into!

However, our prayers were answered and immortal aid rescued us from our plight; the weather resolved itself into ideal conditions for us. The forecast, issued by the nearby Harbour Office, informed us that the wind would increase from Force 1 to 4, and that visibility would improve and become good. Cautiously swelling our bulging water-cans with a lavish supply of British water, we departed from Folkestone at 09.00 on Wednesday, 14 August. As we had anticipated, the sea was extremely calm, especially compared to our previous encounter with it. We arrived at our destination, Calais, at 16.00 after an oddly uneventful sail.

To avoid repetition, I state here that throughout the time we were abroad, the weather was astonishingly hot — and we all acquired sun-tans to prove it!

According to our vague plans, we proceeded east along the northern coast of France next day. (The Skipper persistently maintains that no plans — or almost none — are necessary for a holiday similar to ours. Our plans consisted of merely continuing along

the coast to Holland, stopping at convenient ports when either the wind failed or the tide impeded rather than aided our progress).

Calais Marina provided reasonably clean facilities, and my mother and I gladly accepted the opportunity of a shower at the clubhouse. We left the friendly atmosphere of the Marina early, despite the crew's protests, and ran to Nieuwpoort in Belgium. We arrived there at 16.45 after an abnormally simple, lazy sail. The yacht basin itself was fairly comfortable, but it lacked the casually amiable quality of Calais Marina — the supple brown sailors apparently too busy to stop for an idle chat concerning the weather, or even to give a brief, reassuring nod. After a peaceful night, we left at a bright 08.30 next morning. The wind being non-existent, we virtually drifted to Ostend, assisted by a (fortunately!) beneficial tide. We spent an incredibly drowsy afternoon in the massive Marina, where we were enclosed amongst literally hundred of other boats.

Having survived a violent thunderstorm during the night at Ostend, we ate a hastily prepared breakfast and paid the Belgian school-ship *Mercator* a quick visit. (A small fee allowed entrance, which was extremely interesting — the comparative luxury made me slightly envious!) We left Ostend at 10.00 and again ran, this time to Flushing, in Holland. (The wind was obligingly directly behind us for these four active days). We arrived at Flushing at 17.45. The miniature Marina, comprising three short pontoons, was extraordinarily tranquil, and Kenneth (13) was pleased to discover a colour-TV in the clubhouse. I personally felt that the Marina was strangely remote, even though it was located only half a mile from the actual town.

The following day (Sunday) we made a leisurely exploration of ancient Flushing town. We observed a typically Dutch windmill, the brick roads, sex shops and the specially-constructed cycle-paths. My mother had mis-calculated the food requirements of an incessantly ravenous crew, and supplies alarmingly diminished, rations of sugar, milk, break, biscuits and strawberry jam were introduced, and our complaints increased. However, this problem was solved at a Belgian **supermarkt** on Monday, 19 August. Having departed from Flushing at a satisfying 08.40, we completed the twenty-mile journey to Blankenberge (Belgium) in a brief three-hour sail. We had created a new record for ourselves — we had managed an average speed of almost seven knots! We proudly celebrated our new accomplishment with a drink at the clubhouse, an extravagance which Dad is rarely — and then only reluctantly — persuaded to indulge in. We purposely remained at the spacious Marina for an extra day, in order to visit Bruges. I have never seen a more delicately enchanting city, and I eagerly recommend it to all other Atlanta owners. In all directions lie murky canals, leaning spires and beautiful examples of medieval architecture. All these admirable qualities combine to represent the purely quaint, old-fashioned community of the traditional Belgium.

Regretfully, we left Blankenberge at 08.15 'slowly but surely' ran to Nieuwpoort on an advantageous tide. We arrived At Nieuwpoort at 13.00 before doing some difficult shopping in the town. A few irate shopkeepers insisted on charging a large, extra fee for accepting foreign money.

The next day, 22 August, we sailed remarkably easily to Dunkirk, which, sadly, was disappointingly industrialized. Relics of the war, (for example, tank traps, strewn near the harbour entrance), had not been removed; busy cargo boats were constantly either arriving or leaving; and a large sign aptly informed us that this was the third largest port in France.

On Friday we left Dunkirk at precisely 09.00 in an unsteady, gusty breeze. Tacking all the way, we began to experience difficulties when the tide turned against us, and our speed was reduced to a slow 1 knot. We were using our Fairly/reliable, if occasionally temperamental, auxiliary engine as it was now impossible to sail properly. After an absolutely exhausting day, *Sea Major*, controlled by an irritable crew, finally entered, Calais Harbour in the late evening.

After a miserably disturbed night spent attached to a small English yacht, we departed from Calais at 08.20 on Saturday, 24 August. We were favoured with moderate winds and good visibility, and the crossing was perfect. We had finished the whole operation by 13.00. There, though, our good luck also terminated: thereafter we seemed doomed to inevitable failure. After receiving customs clearance, Michael was immediately despatched with instructions to purchase six large portions of fish and chips, (which had been sorely missed abroad). These had only just been rapidly consumed with the usual relish when our anchor dragged. We commenced a dramatic afternoon. After a terrifying episode attempting to avoid the closely-moored fishing-boats, a ghastly three hours on the slipway followed. A large part of this precious time was spent in arguing with (—and swearing at!) selfish, persistent, arrogant and inexperienced speed-boat owners who refused to move their trailers and impatiently demanded that we should 'get out of it!' In trying to comply, a harassed Dad drove the car up one slipway and the mast promptly came in contact with overhead telephone wires, which luckily caused no harm. The eventful afternoon finished with a nasty incident, involving a stubborn van-driver who refused to move his van to allow us to leave Folkestone Harbour. The holiday ended thus.

This holiday was undoubtedly a valid experience for us all: basically, it defined the extent to which we could safely advance. It also improved our self-confidence in our general seamanship, and loosened our raw foreign tongues. Even Alan (9) has now learnt the French for 'help!' which is the only essential foreign term aboard abroad in *Sea Major*.



'Letter from America'

William B. Coolidge — *Tala* — A149

We had two very good cruises in 1974. Last Spring we got down to Tangier Island, a favourite cruising goal in lower Chesapeake Bay. The island was discovered and named by Capt. John Smith in 1608 and it was headquarters of the British fleet in 1814. While still relatively untrammelled and remote, it is no longer isolated or unchanged. The tourist business has discovered Tangier and several boatloads a day come in, at least in summer.

Some people speak of "cruising downhill" in Chesapeake Bay: you never have to beat to get to a good anchorage. But our eight-day cruise from Annapolis to Tangier and back was all uphill. Besides consistently heading us, the wind more or less alternated heavy and light, so both reefing gear and the Coventry Victor got workouts.

The other good cruise was in New England waters during the summer. Having trailered from Washington DC to Hyannis on Cape Cod, we worked our way slowly westward as far as Mystic Seaport in Mystic Connecticut. En route we visited new ports in Narragansett Bay such as Tiverton, Bristol and East Greenwich and spent a long weekend in Newport watching the 12-meters practice. What flawless boat-handling! Thence we revisited Block Island. At Mystic we of course boarded the recently re-floated Charles W. Morgan, a whaler built in 1820 and the pride of the famous maritime museum.

While we spent two weeks going westward to Mystic, our return to Hyannis was scarcely two days. One of these was a magnificent run of some 50 miles from near Mystic to Cuttyhunk, most of it boiling along under spinnaker before a fine southwester.

After some weeks on Nantucket Island, our usual summer destination, I trailered *Tala* back to her present front-yard berth at our home in Washington DC.

During the year the following scraps of information about other Atalantas over here came to my attention:

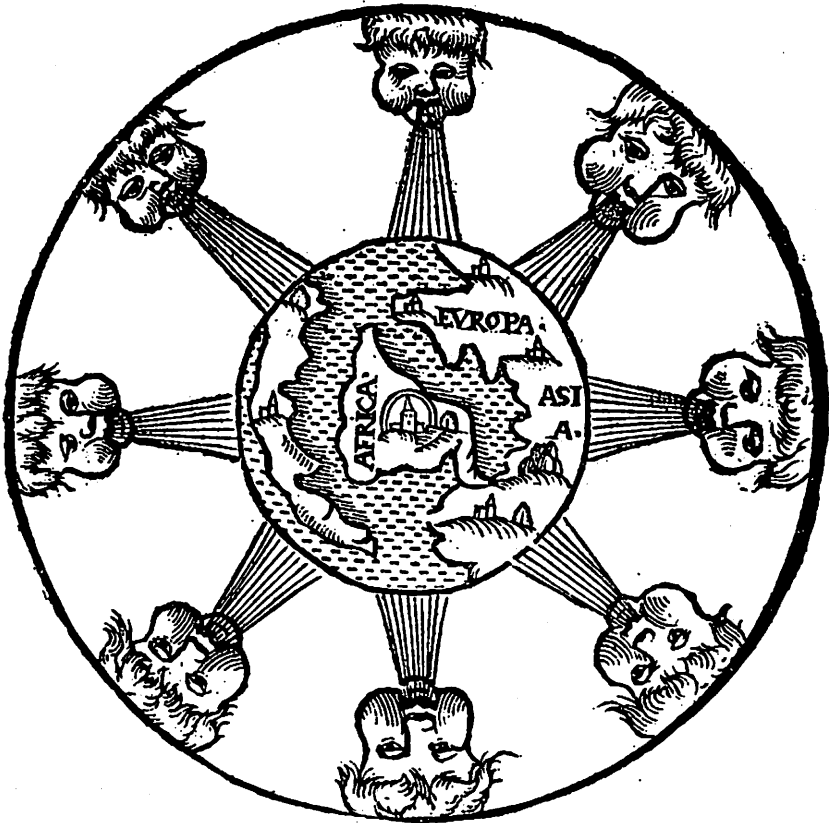
A77 was for sale up in Massachusetts. Among her more venturesome travels, she had once been trailered to Nova Scotia where she sailed the Bras d'Or Lakes. In 1967 she was trailered to Lake Champlain and sailed thence to EXPO 67 in Montreal. She had frequently sailed the Maine coast.

Another Atalanta, possibly A57, was on the market in the Washington area during the spring. Apparently two young men had bought her up north and sailed her this far south before giving up their plans to go to the Caribbean in favour of jobs in Alaska!

A103 has been advertised this fall. Her present owner is very fond of her but his wife is not a sailing enthusiast.

A182, I learned indirectly, has continued very active. Her owner has trailered her to Florida and thence sailed her to the Bahamas and returned the same way.

Finally, A31/8 has been sold and at last word her whereabouts were unknown. Her last owner had taken a year off to sail her in European waters before he brought her to America.



ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BOAT NAMES

Acantha	A20	Fille d'Honneur	A132	Rakia	A141
Achates	A60	4 Brothers	A121	Rambler	A52
Aku	A113			Roamara	A66
Alchemy	A32	Gale	A41	Sabot	A27
Alouette de Mer	A7	Gambol	A17	Sabrina of	
Amida	A101	Globulin	A87	Croyde	A115
Amsara	A136	Grasshopper	A34	Salizanda II	A150
Andana	A3	Gypsy	A23	Sancerre	A31/1
Ann Grey	A133			Scarweather	A164
Apple	A126	Hansa	A127	Sea Major	A92
Aquila	A36	Helen's Folly	A124	Sea Rogue II	A129
Aquilo II	A184	Hiran	A95	Serenity	A153
Arabesque	A8	Hullabaloo	A166	Seven Up	A97
Ariel	A13			Shang	A75
Aries	A18	Inshallah	A76	Sherpa	A146
Arosa	A104	Inyoniyamanzi	A175	Shiona	A185
Artemis II	A15	Jone	A12	Skimbees II	A148
As	A35			Skimmer	A182
Atala	A48	Jane Duck	A158	Snuffbox	A4
Atalanta	A1	Jaunty	A100	Solvendo	A108
Atalanta	A81	Jellicle	A122	Soonion	A163
Atalanta Mary	A102	Jevi II	A120	Stormy	A77
		Joann	A65	Strega	A131
		Julietta	A59	Stroller	A180
				Sue	A55
Babyseal	A137			Sweet Sue	A138
Bacardi	A51	Kalulu	A37		
Bajan	A67	Kerry Piper	A169	Tadpole III	A31/4
Beki	A98	Kinky	A31/9	Taka Maru	A105
Beltine	A109	Kookaburra	A168	Tala	A149
Benedicite	A147	Koomela	A82	The Beaver	A38
Big Daddy	A47			Talanta	A80
Blade	A85	Laqlaq	A69	Tambalu	A103
Bluebird	A57	Laloessa	A16	Taormina	A142
Blue Jackaroo	A71	La Toquade II	A149	Tenga	A88
Bluster	A183	Lindora	A159	Terrapina	A49
Boom	A135	Lyde	A73	Theodora	A46
Branca	A83			Toco	A99
		Mareel	A45	Tomboy of	
Caper A	A31/6	Marianda	A78	Terhou	A11
Castanet	A130	Mary Jane of		Tonga	A119
Catalina	A70	Moreton	A22	Topper	A128
Chuff	A21	Mavista	A165	Treenlaur.3	A140
Cirdan	A181	Melanion	A24	Trio	A30
Claudia	A114	Merrie-Martin	A139	Trio	A31/8
Clymene	A143	Minuet	A14	Turnstone	A110
Coco	A62	Miranda	A155	Turtle	A117
Colchide	A89	Mistura	A151	Twinkee	A31/7
Cordyl	A174	Mourne Goblin	A90		
Coromanda	A123	Moyra	A160	Vaga	A44
Cresta	A118			Vahine	A31/2
Curlew	A68	Palaris II	A125	Valare	A19
Cyn	A144	Pam	A33	Valonek	A31/3
		Paradox	A64	Vendaval	A86
Dalriada	A40	Peace	A173	Virgo	A25
Deeanie	A154	Pegasus of			
Desirée	A84	Trundles	A161	Wintersett	A58
Diaphony	A5	Persephone	A176		
Dinah	A171	Petesark	A31/11	Yambo II	A56
		Pigro	A162	Yarina	A91
Eala	A54	Ploof	A178	Yen Tina	A29
Elissa	A61	Ponente	A43		
Elpenor II	A31/5	Pumuls	A42	Xapa	A107
Emira	A177			Xirt	A156
Emma Duck	A179	Quadrille IV	A116		
Epeneta II	A39	Quatorze	A157	Zambra	A31/10
Equanil	A74				
Ereina	A9				