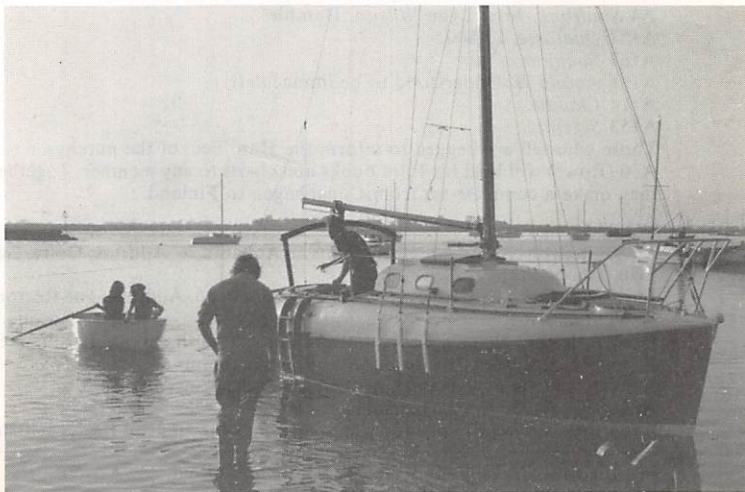


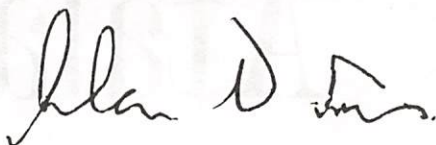
Atalanta

OWNERS' ASSOCIATION BULLETIN 1977/78



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

Atalanta owners now have more news and information than ever before thanks to the efforts of General Odling and Cyril Staal. They also have a boat which, apart from family cruising, can sail round the world as well as across the Atlantic. I wish everyone 'Good Sailing' in 1978.



EDITORIAL

I hope readers agree with me that this issue contains a first-class mixed bag. There are two welcome contributions from across the Atlantic, and a résumé of reports on rudders that should answer many queries on the subject. Also, some interesting and useful records of voyages to and from various places, and a memory of the Jubilee. It may be thought by many that the adventure suffered by *Achates* (A60) is better read than experienced.

C.S.

SALES AND WANTS

For Sale (Further details available in most cases from Hon. Sec.)

T12 *Harriet*, with trailer. O. Venmore-Rowland, see also Wants.

A151 *Mistura*, Mrs. Nita Bickley.

A140 *Treenlaur*, with trailer. 'Has been meticulously maintained by one owner for last 15 years', Brigadier C. R. Templer.

A73 *Lyde*, Exors. of R. McGivern. Dan Webb & Feary's Yard, Maldon, Essex.

A31/11 *Petesark*, M. Beales, Perthshire, was lying at Fairey's.

A4 *Snuffbox*, Mrs. Lynn Wilson, Hamble.

A157 *Quatorze*, £3,500.

A163 *Soonion*.

A184 *Aquilo II*. Understood to be immaculate.

A114 *Claudia*.

A153 *Serenity*.

Those who sell are begged to inform the Hon. Sec. of the purchaser.

A30 (Rowe) will lend his Pilot books and charts to any member. Together with A150 (Odling's) charts, they make a complete set from Copenhagen to Finland.

Wanted

M. Wattenson (Assoc. Member) wants an Atalanta 26. Address: Doire, Garth Avenue, Ballafesson, Port Erin, Isle of Man.

The Revd. C. W. T. Chalcraft wants an Atalanta 26. Address: The Rectory, Ashby-St.-Mary, Norwich. O. Venmore-Rowland wants an A/31. See T12 above, which he wants to dispose of first.

Peter Trelease, 2 Douglas Grove, Lower Bourne, Frensham Vale, Farnham, Surrey, wants a cheap Atalanta.

B. Austen, Hardwick House, Southwell, Notts., wants an A26.

J. Wild, Swan & Royal Hotel, Clitheroe, Lancs., wants an A26.

Anderson, A102, wants a launching trailer.

A56, Nierynck, wants light and heavy Genoa, No. 2 Jib, and Hasler self-steering gear for his Atalanta 26.

Front Cover: *Helen's Folly* (A124) ashore and afloat.

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ATALANTA OWNERS' ASSOCIATION

Hon. Secretary: Major-General W. Odling,

Gun House, Fingringhoe,

Hon. Editor: Cyril Staal,

'Happy Return' Reviews the Fleet at Spithead

June Moon — *Happy Return* — A120

As our home port is on the River Crouch and we only had limited time off work and school to sail round to Spithead and back, it was decided that it would have to be done all in one 'hop'. My brother-in-law had volunteered to be crew and he and my husband planned to make the passage by themselves taking alternate watches. We had written in advance to several Solent-based marinas searching for a berth overnight where we could all rendezvous on their safe arrival. Fairey's was the only one who answered hopefully and even then it was just to say we would have to take pot luck.

Since we were not really sure how long it would take to reach there, *Happy Return* set sail at 7 a.m. on Saturday, 25th June, with a promise from the crew that they would phone on arrival to let us know where we might all meet. The phone call actually came late on Sunday evening from Worthing. They had launched the dinghy and rowed ashore whilst becalmed to say they were confident of making the Hamble by the following lunchtime and to meet them there. I drove down with the children to find two exhausted men with very sunburnt noses. The rest of their bodies had been swathed in all the clothes they could muster as they had been so cold at night. They had arrived at 10.30 on Monday morning having motored the last bit through the Solent in time for a review rehearsal. Rows of sailors, standing with hands crossed, waved their hats in unison to practise their three cheers as they passed.

We all met up at 2 o'clock to find Fairey's Marina fantastically full and well organised. They gave us a berth for the week. We felt very favoured as we saw other yachts far more splendid than ours being turned away. It was fun spotting other *Atalantas* there both out of the water and on the marina. However, only two other *Atalantas* were actually out sailing, one from the Isle of Wight and the other from Dorset.

Tuesday, the morning of the Review, we awoke to a feeling of bustle at the marina. Everyone who could was dressing their boat overall and a steady stream of yachts was making its way out into the Solent. Spirits were high, although the day was gloomy and overcast. We put up the three flags we own to look as festive as possible and set out in full waterproofs. The Solent was quite choppy and uncomfortable, not helped by the constant wash from large power boats and launches zooming past. Our youngest was sea sick, but cheered up as we approached the waiting fleet.

First we passed all the merchant ships, fleet auxiliary ships and the sail training ships, then the mine sweepers, all sporting huge sets of flags. We decided to sail through the fleet and try to anchor on Ryde Sand where we thought we would dry out and the boys could run around if they wanted. Also, it was as near to *Britannia* and *Ark Royal* as we were allowed to be during the actual Review. We could get a lot closer beforehand and afterwards. Thousands of people walked out from Ryde to join us for the brief half hour the low tide would allow; all of them wrapped up in winter coats with trousers rolled up!

Just as we passed the big American cruiser *California* her guns started firing the Royal Salute. We also saw a party of men boarding the U.S. nuclear submarine

which sat ominously black in spite of its flags. It had twenty-seven feet below the water which made us realise its true size. A helicopter took off from the deck of aircraft carrier *Hermes* when we were conveniently close.

As *Britannia* steamed past the Review Lines, all the small yachts hooted their fog horns enthusiastically. We listened at the same time to the running commentary on Radio Solent. The weather deteriorated as the day progressed and the final fly past of naval planes had to be cancelled. However, the helicopters still made a most exciting spectacle as they droned overhead in wave after wave with headlights shining. Later in the week we were to see a lot more of these flying, often in groups, and sometimes carrying things like Land Rovers precariously above us.

The day had grown so gloomy by early evening that we decided it would be too uncomfortable to wait for the fireworks, especially since our youngest had already fallen asleep. Visibility by this time was so limited we had to use our compass to help us find our way back to Hamble. We left the fleet, now floodlit for the night, looming dramatically in the darkness and arrived safely at our marina berth at about 10 p.m.

The next few days were gloriously warm and sunny and we had a marvellous time exploring Cowes and Beaulieu and Hamble rivers. We were staggered at the number of yachts moored on every available square foot of water. It now seems so quiet back on the Crouch and we look on home waters in a very favourable light.

The Atalanta Self-righting Test

F. J. Boothman — *Achates* — A60

A combination of the approaching winter nights and a surprising photograph we happened to see of an *Atalanta* laid over on her beam ends as a stability test for Fairey Marine had us reaching for the log of *Achates* to recall how, on our first extended cruise to Scotland, we had repeated that very same test. Just to run through the log of that day, even now, makes us draw thankfully to the warmth of the fire and as a January gale blows around the house imagine what the seas must now be like 'up there'.

It was Wednesday the 6th August, 1975, and we had been off Holy Island on the east coast of Arran for two days, sheltering from uncomfortable westerlies just as the Clyde Cruising Club advises. Since there is neither food nor water to be had in this anchorage we were glad to be away when the tide turned at 11 o'clock in the morning.

Things looked good from the outset, the anchor broke out nice and clean, unlike everyone else's we had seen; they had hauled mightily at their cables to bring up a massive head of kelp, which had taken ages to cut away. So, too, the weather forecast was right for a change and we were soon beating nicely into a southerly 3—4 across Whiting Bay en route for Campbeltown, in Kintyre. The day was typical of the late summer of 1975, warm and sunny and we were enjoying ourselves after the inactivity of Lamlash Bay.

We were slowly making on Pladda light in a series of one-mile runs, *Achates* going

crisply about for each tack. Then things began to go astray: on the very tack I had calculated would take us around Pladda for the westerly run round the bottom of Arran, the wind veered to S.E. and piped up to 5—6. So instead of the run setting us beyond the light, *Achates* finished up far too near the headland trying to beat away with too much sail for the changed conditions. We struggled to get the genoa off and the main reefed in the very middle of the over-falls the Clyde Cruising Club warns of. In the end, the engine was brought into operation to give some comforting offing, for we were mighty near the lighthouse.

We overcame it all and by 2 o'clock Pladda light was to our stern. We were coming to terms with the 5—6 on a reasonably comfortable reach under reefed main, only waiting for the weather to settle before deciding what size jib to bend on. My wife, Melva, felt confident that the worst was now over and briskly served coffee and hot soup, which my son Stephen and I thankfully consumed in the cockpit. But the worst was still to come. The sky darkened very quickly, Pladda and the Arran coastline quickly disappeared, though I managed a rough position which gave us lee room of about 4 miles.

At the same time, but unbeknown to us, an 'imminent gale' warning was issued for area Malin. By 2.30 the nice warm and sunny day had completely disappeared and it was beginning to rain heavily; with so little visibility and a lee shore it became essential to keep to a strict compass course. Periodic lightning now began to light up the inky sky and the wind rose considerably, kicking up an enervating shrieking in the rigging. The sound disturbed us considerably as we'd experienced nothing of that magnitude before. Not surprisingly, we were glad that we had held back from bending on the jib, for *Achates* had quite enough in coping with the reefed main, although she was unbalanced and the helm was becoming something of a handful. By now the sea had really got itself into a state and we were getting consistently doused with breaking waves along the whole of the port beam, which sent frothing spray right across the boat to land with an aerated 'swish' in the sea on the starboard side. Each time, *Achates* rolled as if riding a punch.

After about an hour we seemed to be managing well, though it was unpleasant to say the least. The wind had not lessened, judging from the sustained howling from the rigging, but it was not getting any worse either. The tension began to subside a little, and while I took time to admire how the round deck lines of an *Atalanta* sheds the water so quickly, Melva and Stephen huddled against the port side of the cockpit with their backs to the weather trying to catnap. After a while I joined them in that position and gave up looking at the sea, indeed the driving spray was beginning to sting my face and eyes. So we all sat there in silence, the rain driving itself against us with *Achates* laying herself over as each wave dashed its white top over our heads. It was relatively comfortable, but foolish. As a result I did not notice the waves so quickly steepening behind me, and the first I knew was when everything went black . . . well, dark green actually. A rogue wave just reared itself up and bore down on us high enough to hit the sail and press *Achates* right over. The helm was snatched from my grasp after tugging me clean off the cockpit bench, but instead of falling across, I fell downwards into the starboard tumblehome and into the water collected there: *Achates* had been knocked down and the boom was in the water. I found myself looking skywards at Melva and Stephen clawing at the cockpit coaming trying to stop themselves from joining me.

Then *Achates* began to get herself back. Instinctively, I struggled to join the crew on the port side as *Achates* gathered righting momentum. I made the cockpit bench and turned to sit just as the boom came briskly across to douse us all with a pouchful of sea water. There followed a mad rush to get the sail off her and start the engine so that we could take these waves on the bow, but the engine cover, a raised affair on *Achates*, had been knocked off by scuffling feet. The cockpit had drained amazingly quickly with obviously some water getting down into the engine hold. Melva looked shaken as I pushed the button, remembering the petrol-driven engine on our first boat, which wouldn't start if you as much as sneezed at it. Thank God we had the Volvo diesel; it cracked up at once giving us vital steerage. Without a word, Stephen took the helm and got *Achates* up into the weather, while Melva and I struggled in roller-coaster conditions to get down the madly flogging main. Mercifully, there was no jib to hand, for *Achates* has no pulpit. Giving *Achates* enough way to keep her head into the seas, but sufficient to drive her through them, we began to get control of ourselves. There was quite a lot to be done. The Avon, normally lashed inverted and inflated on the rear cabin was hanging off the starboard side, and Melva was already busy clawing it back before it broke free. She admitted that she thought we were going to have to take to it, though we all realised that it would have flipped over in the steep seas. After a struggle we got it back aboard and lashed down, but Melva continued to lurch around with feverish haste; this time she was trying to push back the rear hatch to get at the life-jackets and flares. Clearly her instincts for the artifacts of survival are stronger than mine.

All this time *Achates* was riding herself up the waves like a lifeboat, breaking the crests right over the bow then pitching down into the dark green of the troughs. Each time a rogue wave appeared there would be shouts of 'hold on' and *Achates* would be stopped in her tracks. The size and steepness of the waves worried me, they were like surfers, as if the shore was only a couple of hundred yards away. I looked to see if I could make out the Arran coastline, but visibility was still bad; nor could I hear breakers, especially above the shrieking rigging. Anyway, I reasoned the engine would be giving us sea-room. I checked the depth sounder for final reassurance: there was more than enough to drown in.

I was drawn by Melva shouting above the wind, after she had got the rear hatch opened. The cabin was completely awash, the little butterfly ventilator in the hatch door had seemingly converted itself into a shower head when we were engulfed and had consequently sprayed sea water all around the cabin. Bedding, sleeping bags, clothing and other gear we believed to be secure were all saturated. We dashed forward to see what the front cabin had to offer and what a mess greeted us. In the galley the pots, pans, crockery, charts, pilot books and navigation equipment were washing around the bilge in about six inches of water, and on top of them all, acting like a paperweight, was the upturned Primus. We both looked for the large pan of rice and chicken curry prepared for our Campbeltown landfall; Melva found it right way up amongst the debris. The curry sauce itself was spattered on the cabin roof, some of it dripping down onto the mess below. Obviously there were no volunteers to go down and sort that out so we closed the hatch and sat down in the cockpit feeling rather glum.

I can't remember now whether we saw or heard the Air Sea Rescue helicopter first, but there it was hovering about 50 feet above us. We were immensely pleased for we

had been unable to inform anyone of our departure from the deserted Holy Island, so no-one knew we were out. We looked up in sheer elation at the underside of the Sea-King and there looking down at us was, we presumed, the winch man. But what function were we expected to perform now? For quite some time we just seemed to look at each other, until I guessed that he was probably trying to raise us by radio . . . which we don't have. We discussed how best we could communicate that we were all right. There were problems; how could we, in this combination of howling wind and rattling helicopter, shout 'We are O.K., thank-you', without it appearing to the winch man as a pitifully mouthed 'Help us, for God's sake'. We could signal, but my morse is weak, and maybe the winch man's too. How about the old R.A.F. double thumbs-up signal? But then we reasoned that could be seen as a mute and helpless arms-open appeal . . . 'Save us'. In the end we did nothing but smile stupidly upwards. After a while the helicopter broke away in the direction of another yacht that we had seen earlier that morning heading for the Clyde. they probably thought we were quite mad, but after about half an hour they came back to give us another check before heading off for Campbeltown.

We certainly felt better for his visit and that we were through the worst. As Melva wrote grimly in the log 'conditions still very bad until about 4.30 p.m., then we either got used to them or they improved'. Stephen had worked out that the rogue waves were in a rhythm of one in ten, and since we had to take the lesser ones right on the beam if we wanted to make Campbeltown, so we proceeded. With our backs pressed against the weather side and our feet braced across the cockpit, *Achates* rolled on and on like a drunk, giving us a view of the sea down below our feet as she took each wave, then a view of the clearing sky as she swung off the crest. Every tenth wave was greeted with a shout of 'here she comes' and *Achates* was rounded up to take it on the bow, then as the wave passed, swung back on her course for Campbeltown, which was not visible.

So we crabbed our way along, arriving in the inner harbour at 6 o'clock, spending a restful night and thankful to be in shelter. Nevertheless, Melva entered in the log, indignantly, 'that the harbour duty was 30p'; such are the powers of recovery.

Epilogue One . . . Us

As a family we have marvelled at the exploits of more experienced yachtsmen in grappling with heavy weather. During our particular ordeal none of us felt the urge to go calmly below and listen to a tape of Beethoven's 9th while the 'gale blew itself out', or curl up in the bunk with a good mystery story 'whilst the storm passed over', or break out a favourite bottle of claret 'as the boat looked after herself'. We were simply very very frightened. On the other hand, none of us broke down into that 'blubbing stoker' rôle so extensively played by Richard Attenbrough in old British war films.

Epilogue Two . . . *Achates*

We were all immensely pleased how *Achates* had out-toughed the weather. I can still remember shouting encouragingly that if anything would let us down it would be us rather than the boat. Melva's confidence in the stability of an *Atalanta* changed her into a sailor no longer haunted by the fear that we would have to climb out on the keel if *Achates* went over. Now, her main complaint about excessive heeling is when she is hampered putting out a meal.

But the squall had damaged *Achates*. For one, the rudder blade had a banana-like curve, no doubt due to the savage sheer of the knockdown. Also, we discovered that although the keel bolts bolted up solid they were in fact seized, leaving the keels hanging unclined below like the clappers of a bell. But more seriously, for the rest of the journey back to Glasson Dock, *Achates* was making water, and we couldn't tell why. It turned out to be the engine bearer bolts. The diesel is a very heavy cast-iron affair not intended to be bolted to a vertical plane; when *Achates* had been laid over the front two bolts had been pulled right through the skin of the hull. Mercifully, the normal position of *Achates* is upright and it was the weight of the engine pressing downwards that was keeping us from going down. No wonder that whenever we heeled afterwards we made water, although we didn't work out why until we had reached Glasson Dock. The final aftermath came that winter when, after a heavy Christmas lunch, with probably too much brandy on the pudding, I drummed up enough courage to carry out a simple test that had been haunting me ever since that summer. Out in the garden I pulled back the tarpaulin covering *Achates* and found I could press an ordinary butter knife right through the foot of the mast. Clearly we had been very lucky!



Early Days with 'Puffin'

Bruce Bauer — *Puffin* — A103

Having purchased the boat from Jim Smith in July of the Bicentennial Year as a sort of a tip of the hat to Christopher Morley and taunt to the U.S. sailboat manufacturers and their soapdish philosophy, we sailed it only on day trips for the rest of the season trying to get used to whipstuffs, cranks, etc., and wondering about the mysterious, intermittent thumping sound from the port keelbox. Hauling out in October proved wise; the hardest winter this area has felt in our times came on early. There was ice over a foot thick in the little Chesapeake Beach Harbour, and pack-ice piled by the wind over ten feet high on the Eastern Shore across from the Naval Research Station. Meanwhile, indoors fortunately, we undertook the job of removing and refurbishing the keels, which is every bit as troublesome as Donovan leads one to believe. The foredeck and coachroof being paintsick, I lightheartedly undertook to sand them down to bare wood. After only a couple of hundred hours I was ready to fibreglass the weak spots, where water had got under the stringers on deck, and epoxy the whole thing. The result looks like varnish work and should hold up better. The tapping in the keelbox turned out to be a dangling remnant of an old keel slat preserved there by a former owner, apparently for sentimental reasons. I replaced those keel slats with neoprene flaps—which haven't worked out well at all—I think because they are not stiff enough. Water geysered up through the aft ends of the keelboxes into the cockpit until I capped them with plywood leaving only small drain holes.

Anyway, after some day sailing for shakedown purposes, Nancy, my wife, and I set out in August for a cruise up the historic Choptank River to Oxford—a charming little English-looking (for Maryland) town, favourite of yachtsmen and famous for

the Robert Morris Inn. The first day being almost windless, we motored over in about 6 hours with what seemed to be flawless engine performance. After fueling at Town Creek, Oxford, however, when I opened the engine compartment to check for fumes I discovered that the tiny copper tube to the oil pressure gauge had broken off and all (every bit) of the crankcase oil had been sprayed out into the engine compartment. Wonder the engine didn't stall. I was able to get the fitting I needed next morning (for 15 cents!) but cleaning up the mess was another matter and I doubt it will ever look the same again. The bilge sniffer is still in an overwhelmed condition and it may be some time before it can react to anything as delicate as a gasoline fume again.

On the way back to Chesapeake Beach via Tilghman Island the next day, we decided to moor at the oysterhouse dock at Avalon on the eastern side of the island for the night. In a snug berth on the lee side of the dock, out of the small sea running in the river we slumbered secure in the knowledge that all prudent precautions had been taken. At 04.30, self and wife were thrown violently out of our berths amidst roars of powerful engines nearby. On deck, in pitch blackness, I could see only the disappearing stern light of the crab boat (about 40 feet or so) that had gone by us so fast and close that the wake rolled poor *Puffin* on her (figurative) beam ends, catching the backstay on a cranehead on the dock and very un-neatly, but authoritatively, breaking the top ten feet off of the mast—which crashed to the deck at my feet. Breakfast by dawn's early light surrounded by tangled wire stays and scraps of straight-grained spruce was not especially merry. Lessons learned by a new owner: keep keels down at dockside when depth permits, go elsewhere otherwise; do not moor adjacent to hoists or cranes or other landmens' impedimenta, even when they are ten feet inland; *Atalanta* masts are really quite hollow and splinter very well when over-stressed. Fortunately I found most of the pieces. After pricing a new mast I decided to repair the old one and did so putting it together with epoxy resin and fibreglass and low moans, in about a month. For better luck next time I sealed in a 1939 King George VI penny and a black duck feather, there being no puffins handy at that stage (or ever). On the test sail, in a brisk if not quite spanking breeze which was all I wanted, the old stick did fine and I think the overall effect is even more distinctive with a moderately doglegged mast.



Rudders

The following are abbreviated extracts of reports about rudders, which was the subject for study in 1977:

A15 Dakers. The only trouble noted is that the rivets need renewing every few years. T.B.T. anti-fouling seems to be inert on any surface. If the down-haul wire becomes broken, a terrific strain is felt on the tiller with the blade right up. This results in very heavy steering and, in one case, the blade subsequently fractured.

A45 Inkster. Got a new rudder plate, not for the first time!

A92 Martin. Takes blade off for trailing and laying-up. Blade wobbles about too much when trailing. Up-haul and down-haul sheaves and rollers can seize, leading

to chafe of wires.

Supports the blade in the up position with two lines from each of the quarters attached to a stainless steel shackle on the trailing edge of the plate, having once had it drop on him into the mud.

Jaws of the stock tend to open even with new rivets. Fairey made a new, expensive stock, welded and stronger. All the same, it still tends to gape at the aft lower point. Says Fairey's have no real cure for this, but see A150 below.

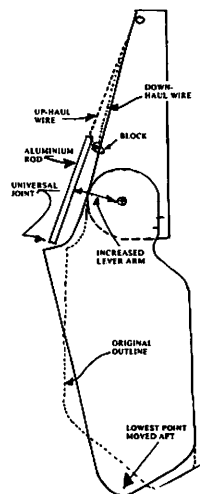
Lower pintle can wear down into its gudgeon (part of skeg). This can be cured by cutting an appropriate washer from a stainless steel plate.

A120 Moon. Has had trouble with blisters of corrosion on the blade in the narrowest part just below the pivot where maximum stress occurs. Thinks the problem solved by stripping off all the old paint with paint stripper and wire brush mounted on an electric drill. Then painting with one coat of International Self-etch Primer, four coats of Metallic Primocon Undercoat and Anti-fouling.

A140 Templer. Found rudder had stuck down, the mud was luckily soft. After endless diving, trouble and expense with all sorts of tools and assistance it was found that the up-haul wire was jammed and the bolts holding the pintle wire corroded. It was apparent that the transom pulley was seized and, likewise, the roller at the transom aperture and the roller at the bottom of the rudder stock. The up-haul was free to jump out of its groove. It was also found later, when the rudder sandwich was taken apart, that there was considerable corrosion which had eaten away both the inner slice and one of the outer cheeks. This was altogether an expensive operation and one to be avoided.

A148 Millington. Lost his plate when aluminium bolt was broken fouling a mooring chain, so gave thought to improving the pattern. He had had trouble before with the down-haul wire breaking through being nipped on hitting an obstruction, breaking the shackle. He found the shackle could not be replaced without beaching the boat and therefore considered the following modifications. Did not dare to make the rudder smaller. Realised that on grounding the deepest part was directly below the pintle and this would not allow the blade to fold itself due to sideways force. Reshaped blade is shown in the sketch; it moves the centre closer to the pintle and makes the helm lighter. Believed that the leverage of the lifting wire could be improved by changing the shape at the attachment point. This has improved lifting.

Was anxious to modify the down-haul wire so that it could be replaced with the boat in the water. He replaced a section of the lifting wire with aluminium rod and put a block where the stainless steel wheel turned into the casing. The down-haul wire is held to the rod by a short length of light nylon line which breaks if the blade hits the bottom. Shock cord keeps both the up-haul and down-haul wires slightly taut at all times.



The sketch on the previous page shows modification, but for further details of this brief report, please contact Millington himself.

A146 White. Rudder gave trouble in the 500-mile single-handed cruise qualifying for the Trans-Atlantic Single-handed Race. He had little time to get it repaired and was worried as it had given trouble to Perkes in the Round Britain race the year before. Faireys did the best they could in the time available, but the rudder snapped off in a storm in the northern part of the Bay of Biscay. Continued the race using his self-steering and succeeded in crossing the Atlantic—single-handed!

A166 Payne. Has fitted a shackle to the trailing edge of his rudder blade with lines to each quarter so as to make sure of keeping the blade up on a very shallow mooring!

A150 Odling. Has drilled a largish hole in the trailing edge of the blade so that when it is stuck in the mud with sideways pressure, it is possible to insert a boat hook from the after-deck, or possibly a rope, to pull it up. Finds that driving the engine full speed ahead will often square up the blade so that it can be pulled up. Has had constant trouble with the alloy rivets and with the wires coming off the pulley blocks and jamming inside the sandwich, necessitating slinging or beaching. This has been cured by replacing the rivets with little stainless steel bolts, which are most strongly recommended. The blade has become twisted once in 10 years, although the boat must go aground at least ten times a year. This was cured by a chum putting it under a 500-ton press and squeezing it flat. There is absolutely no doubt that it is vitally important to keep the various pulleys, etc., clean and well greased every year, replacing any part that is worn or damaged. It is clear that if the rudder blade is not right down the steering is heavy and at speed it will not be held right down if one depends on shock cord. A proper down-haul is necessary, but it should include a breakable element for safety.



Learning to Sail with A1

Robin Davies — *Atalanta* — A1

Mike and I were saving some cash to buy ourselves a kit for a racing dinghy, both having crewed on the dinghy scene for a few years. We now wanted our own boat. A contractor working at Mike's place announced that he had a cruiser for sale for less than the price of our proposed dinghy.

We met the owner and went for a short sail and discovered that this cruiser was called *Atalanta* and when the main sail went up it had A1 on it. It seemed a funny boat, what with the odd steering mechanism, the drop keels and the running back stays. We didn't know anything else about cruisers, but we bought it anyway. It was only later that we found out about surveys, insurance and moorings, etc.

We spent that summer sailing up and down the Swale finding out about how it wallows about on a run; how it won't tack into big waves without backing the jib; how the two-stroke Stuart-Turner has a mind of its own; and how about the loo? Winter saw us at evening classes learning all things nautical. The following summer

we put it all into practice by venturing further out into the Thames estuary. Our first trip to the north side was also our first trip at night. The weather turned against us and we had to reef the main, the rain reduced visibility for a time and our oil navigation lights needed refilling en route. After all that we arrived at Brightlingsea and dropped anchor, all still in the dark. We went to bed wondering why we hadn't bought a racing dinghy instead. But after a couple more trips like that we realised that these events, and others like them, are the norm on sailing trips and form part of the challenge.

Eventually our confidence grew sufficiently for us to plan a trip to France, during which we came across a new experience: fog. The trip from the Swale to Ramsgate and then the following day to Dover was no problem, but we stayed in Dover for an extra day because of a foggy forecast. It didn't happen, so the next day we set off for Calais in quite a strong breeze. This soon stopped and the sun came out overhead, but we suddenly realised that we could no longer see the White Cliffs and we certainly couldn't see France. A military-looking craft flying the tricolour loomed out of the fog, circled us, stopped and the crew began fishing. Presumably they had seen us on their radar, ignoring the one-way systems and had come to investigate. We assumed from this that we must now be over half way there, but we couldn't see France yet.

Confirmation came in the form of large ships crossing our bows in the opposite direction to that which we'd seen so far. By now the wind had dropped further and when eventually the Redens de Calais buoy came in sight we had to start our engine and fight the tide up to the entrance to the harbour. The inevitable happened here of course; while we were in the narrow bit, a ferry decided to come in as well. We found a spare mooring buoy in the outer harbour and bobbed around in the dark while we cooked and waited for the tide and the inner basin lock to open. All the other boats in the outer harbour which we thought were unoccupied (they were so quiet) suddenly sprang to action stations. We discovered why in a few minutes: a shortage of empty pontoon space inside. However, A1 was small enough to fit in one of the smaller pontoons at the far end.

The following day saw us walking round Calais looking for the Customs House, where we obtained the distinct impression that we needn't have bothered. However, we needed proof that we'd been there, as we have very cynical friends who claimed we were just going to anchor for two weeks in close proximity to a pub in the Thames estuary.

The following day we spent sailing down to Boulogne. A beautifully sunny day, but by mid-morning the wind dropped and we started the motor to help us get to Boulogne before the tide turned against us. We failed of course and although the wind picked up to a good Force 3 we still went backwards for a while, not making the harbour entrance until it was time for another ferry.

We were amazed at the range of the tide here. At low water it is hard work walking up the steep gangway from the pontoon and positively dangerous coming down after a glass (or two) of plonk. We stayed here for two nights and were up at 5 a.m. next day to sail for Le Touquet. A good wind and tide helped us arrive off the entrance to the channel by 10.30, so while waiting for the tide we dropped anchor and breakfasted in brilliant sunshine.

Le Touquet is very friendly, we had hardly finished tying to an empty buoy to remove sails when we were invited to use the visitors' buoy nearer the club house. Having moored here we were immediately invited to drinks in the bar. Fortunately the tide went out leaving A1 aground and we could walk(?) back to her.

We stayed here for a couple of days, but when we decided to leave a gale forecast forced us to stay longer. The remains of the gale still left enormous waves which were breaking over the bar (of the channel entrance, not the club house), but we decided we had to go because neap tides were approaching and we were warned that we would not then get afloat at all. We managed with sail and motor to steer our way through the breakers, but two followed in quick succession and the second broke over us while we were in the dip from the first. Aren't self-draining cockpits a good idea? The rest of the trip to Boulogne was boring by comparison, especially since there was hardly enough wind now to cope with the swell remaining from the storm. Halfway there we noticed we no longer had a pram dinghy. We had forgotten to pull it on board and the breakers must have been too much for the painter. From Boulogne we phoned the club house at Le Touquet to let them know we were O.K., just in case they found our dinghy. We decided to sail direct to Dover from Boulogne. The forecast at 06.30 was good, but to use the tides we did not leave until 12.30. It was another fine day with brilliant sunshine and a Force 3 wind. The 13.55 forecast however showed rising winds with gales 'later', but an hour and twenty minutes later the BBC issued a gale warning. We didn't know whether to believe it or not. The sun was still shining and we could see the White Cliffs, although it was true that the wind had shifted. We discovered later that the gale was caused by two high pressure areas moving together and not by the traditional deep depression. However, we took all the precautions of life-jackets, waterproofs, storm jib and reef and waited. But not for long; we were soon bobbing about quite violently and getting quite wet since our course took us almost across the waves, which plopped against the quarter on occasions and showered the whole boat.

The traffic signals were against us as we approached Dover Harbour, but we were not stopping for them. we had had enough trouble keeping up to the course I had set to counteract wind and tide and any messing about would have meant being drifted bye and having to tack back. So at the last minute the control tower realised we weren't stopping and changed the signal. It was quite a relief to see the bow wave from a ferry following us in disappear and we had a quiet chuckle when we realised we had a hovercraft waiting for us too.

Isn't it embarrassing when you pop through a harbour entrance, get into the lee of the harbour wall and stop in the middle of the fairway? Especially when you can see the ferry heading out to sea again in order to turn round and have another try.

Apart from more foul weather getting back to the Swale, so ended our first foreign trip. Unfortunately, it has also been our last as the hot summer of 1976 was spent mostly working on the paintwork of A1 and 1977 has seen Mike and I working on our respective new properties. Hopefully 1978 will see us back on the water.



'Nuru's' 1977 Cruise: To the Outer Hebrides

J. Clearkin — *Nuru* — Titania 1

On Friday, 8th July, we prepared *Nuru* for our annual cruise, this year northwards to the Outer Hebrides. The crew, as usual, being myself, Dan and John, but this year Cecil was unable to join us because of a back injury, and his place was taken by Joe, who, being a navigation instructor, was appointed navigator for the trip.

We planned first to call at Barra, 120 miles to the north, and then sail as far up the Hebridean islands as possible in the ten days available. The weather forecast was for a North-east Force 3—4 wind which promised a long beat for the first leg of our journey up the North Channel.

At 19.00 hours we left our mooring in Cushendall and close-hauled under main and genoa in a rather lumpy sea with an overcast thundery sky, occasional rain squalls and visibility about five miles. At 22.00 hours we had entered the separation zone off the Mull of Kintyre, the wind had freshened and we were beating under No. 2 jib and reefed mainsail. Hot coffee and sandwiches were taken and the first off-duty watch went below to sleep as best they could. At the change of watch at 02.00 hours on Saturday, visibility had improved and Orsay light at the NW. tip of Islay was visible to starboard. The wind was failing and full sail was set. Dawn came with a clear sky, morning mist and no wind; we continued by motor. The day cleared and we sailed to windward in a light breeze under a clear sun, often having to motor-sail. At 15.20 hours we sighted Skerryvoule light and, considering the distance still to be covered to Barra in the light head wind, we decided to make for an overnight stop at Tiree, which we reached at 22.10 hours and dropped anchor in the pleasant sandy Gott Bay. Our log read 111 miles since leaving Cushendall. After a short walk ashore to stretch our legs, we had a good night's sleep.

Sunday, 10th July:

After a good breakfast, we again went ashore to get petrol at the self-service pump at Scarinish about two miles from Gott Bay. The weather forecast was again for NE. 3—4 wind, the sun was shining brightly and we left Tiree at 11.45 hours with full main and genoa. We sailed through Gunna sound in a calm sea and turned north for Barra. The day passed pleasantly heading into a light northerly wind on a calm blue sea, occasionally motor-sailing when the breeze dropped. Towards evening the wind increased and we had a hard beat into Castlebay in Barra; after an unexpectedly stiff squall as we approached the castle in the middle of the bay, we decided it would be prudent to motor to our anchorage; we lowered sail and motored close inshore beneath the Barra Hotel, where we dropped anchor at 21.00 hours, having covered 36 miles that day. After a meal on board under the clear twilight sky we went to an early bed.

Monday, 11th July:

We went ashore after breakfast to replenish stores. Castlebay was once a busy fishing centre in the days of sail, but there is little fishing from there now and the village has a quiet peaceful charm for the visitor. Set on a hill sloping to the waterfront, the shops are easily reached and were able to supply most of our needs. This was our second visit to Castlebay and it still retained its appeal.

At 12.00 hours we raised anchor and set off under the main and No. 2 jib heading into a stiff northerly wind. By 15.30 though the sun was shining through a broken

sky, the wind had increased to Force 5—6 and we were beating northwards well reefed down and clad in oilskins. Another sail was visible in the distance obviously heading, like us, in long tacks to windward for Loch Boisdale in South Uist. It was a hard, wet sail and we were glad to get into the shelter of the hills bordering Loch Boisdale. As we sailed on a reach down the loch in the dusk, well reefed, approaching the harbour mouth, a sudden gust funnelled between the hills caught *Nuru* and in spite of the helmsman's efforts swung her round towards the rocky shore. We escaped damage only by dropping the sails at a run and entered the harbour under motor in some disarray, where we anchored behind the boat we had sighted earlier. Holding ground is not good in places in the harbour and after a short time we were obviously dragging and had to raise anchor, move and drop a heavier anchor nearer the shore. After a late dinner we slept without going ashore.

Tuesday, 12th July:

We were tired after yesterday's hard sail in which we logged 32 miles to cover the 22 miles between Castlebay and Loch Boisdale, so we decided to remain there for the day. A climb to the top of the hills surrounding the village gave a splendid view of the islands stretching northwards, for though the wind was still blowing strongly, the sky was clear and visibility excellent. That night in the local pub we met the crew of the other boat in the harbour, a 30-foot Carter, who told us that they had had a similar experience to us when approaching the harbour and reckoned they had been knocked flat, even though reefed.

Wednesday, 13th July:

The forecast was again for wind NE. 3—4, though it seemed much stronger at anchor in Loch Boisdale. A phone call to the Met. station in Benbecula gave the wind there as NE. 15 knots. We decided to go no further north. We left Loch Boisdale at 08.30, taking no chances we went under motor, heading east for Canna Island. Outside the lock we set the No. 2 jib and a reef in the main and had a fast reach in a choppy sea and overcast sky. By midday the sun was shining, the wind had eased and we sailed on a reach with full mainsail and genoa. As we approached Canna the wind dropped and we motored through the narrow entrance between Sanday and Canna Islands, anchoring at 15.30 hours amongst the other yachts. We had logged 22 miles today. This must be one of the loveliest anchorages in the islands; almost land-locked and well wooded. The island appears fertile but sadly it's population has dropped to 21 people, mostly elderly. We walked round the bay to the impressive church on Sanday only to find it derelict. An old man working at his cottage nearby told us he remembered it packed with a congregation of upwards of 300 people. There are no shops, hotels or other amenities on the island, so after our walk we returned for a leisurely dinner and evening drink on board before turning in.

Thursday, 14th July:

The weather forecast this morning promised us a change of wind to SW. 3—4, not too welcome as we now intended turning south, but we left Canna at 09.25 on a bright sunny morning with a following wind. Before long we set the spinnaker and were joined for a short time by two whales. By 11.00 the wind had died, so we motored towards Arinagour on the island of Coll where we hoped to get stores. We secured alongside Arinagour jetty shortly before 5 o'clock only to be told it was

early closing day for the shops on the island. However, McLaren's grocery obligingly opened shop for us and we were able to re-stock before motoring again the 11 miles to Gott Bay in Tiree. There we anchored at 20.10 hours on a beautiful calm evening. One other boat, *Wild Goose*, an old ketch, was moored alongside the jetty. We had covered 40 miles by the log that day. After dinner we went ashore to take part in an enjoyable Ceilidh in the hotel at Scarinish.

Friday, 15th July:

We were awakened early by the heavy rolling of *Nuru*; the weather had changed dramatically. The wind was blowing strongly from the south-west, the sky was overcast and a big sea was running into the bay. *Wild Goose* called out that they were going to Gunna Sound for shelter and wished us luck for our passage to Colonsay. After breakfast we set out under a well-reefed main and No. 1 jib, but after an hour beating into the heavy seas, lowered sail and motored for the shelter of Iona Sound which we reached at 13.30 hours. The weather was beginning to moderate so we decided to anchor awhile to allow Joe, who had not been there before, to go ashore to see the Abbey. At 15.00 hours we left Iona under full sail in a moderate head-wind. The wind died away shortly after and we finished the passage to Colonsay on the motor, securing alongside the jetty at Scalascaig at 19.00 hours, after a passage of 36 miles. After dinner aboard we had a quiet and pleasant evening meeting old acquaintances from the island in the hotel bar.

Saturday, 16th July:

The early morning forecast gave a southerly 3—4 wind, but we left at 08.30 in a fresh westerly breeze in bright sunshine and had a good reach to Islay Sound down which we travelled at an estimated 8 knots with the favourable tide. Outside the Sound we turned east for Gigha and made good speed under full main and genoa in a Force 5 wind astern. The heavy following sea made steering tricky and at midday an accidental gybe tore out the mainsheet traveller stop, requiring us to heave-to in order to make a temporary repair. We were fortunate to escape without worse damage. We dropped anchor in Ardminish Bay in Gigha at 17.50 hours having logged 30 miles during the day. After an early meal on board we went ashore to see the gardens of the Horlick estate and, after a visit to the newly decorated hotel bar, returned aboard to get the late night weather forecast which gave warning of SW. gale 7—8 winds in Irish Sea and Malin; not cheerful news as we were to return home across the North Channel on the following morning.

Sunday, 17th July:

An early start would be necessary to take the flood tide down the channel, so we were up at 04.45 hours. The barometer had dropped 8 points overnight, the wind was blowing strongly from the south-west, and the sky was grey and heavy. It was decided to go ahead and make the crossing by motor as beating into the expected wind and seas would be long and tiring. We left immediately, preparing breakfast as we motored down Gigha Sound, with some shelter from the Mull of Kintyre. Off Macrihanish Bay we got the morning forecast of imminent gales. At 09.30 we were off the lighthouse at the point of the Mull heading into heavy breaking seas with spray flying and a Force 6—7 head-wind. *Nuru* motored as comfortably as was possible in such conditions. Approaching the shelter of the Irish Coast the seas moderated and we were able to pick up our moorings without difficulty in Cushendall at 13.15 hours. The log gave a reading of 37 miles.

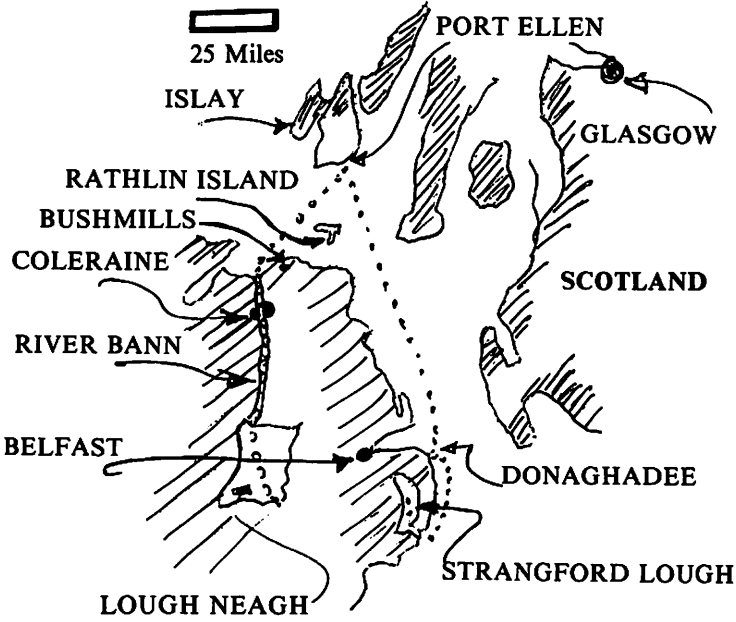
So ended this year's cruise. We were unfortunate in having head-winds at the start of the voyage for southerly winds usually occur here at this time of the year and we were not able to go as far north as we would have liked. Again, with the change of wind as we turned for home, with more beating, we motored more than we normally would on our summer cruises. But in spite of the hard work we had an enjoyable cruise and glimpsed far-off islands to be visited on future occasions.



A Peaceful Interlude in Northern Ireland

G. S. Millington — *Johara* — A148

Last year I had an interesting four-day mini-cruise, making a journey which on the trailer is about 35 miles, but by sea is 200. I left my mooring at Whiterock in Strangford Lough on Monday, 20th August, on a very calm day bound for Lough Neagh, the large inland lake in Northern Ireland. My route was south down Strangford Lough through the narrows, 6-knot tide into the Irish Sea and then north. It was motoring the whole way, after a brief stop at Donaghadee to get more petrol and crew at about 6 in the evening we motored all night up St. George's Channel into the north-west approaches and made for Port Ellen. All that night I cursed the white paint on the shroud supports; the navigation lights glare on them and do not help your night sight. Several times during the night the naval gun-running patrols inspected us with searchlights but did not board us. We arrived at Port Ellen at about 11 a.m. after 23 hours continuous motoring and about no fuel left.



JOHARA 'LONG WEEKEND' 1976

On Islay petrol is difficult to get, the only source being the airport, a 6-mile walk or a coin machine and we had to carry that about a mile. Having filled the tanks we were pleased to find an R.N.R. minesweeper had arrived and as one of my crew was a member we spent a very pleasant evening sampling the contents of their wardroom. At 3 a.m. next morning we were sailing in a strong beam wind south-west to Coleraine, at the mouth of the River Bann, and early in the morning we had a glorious sail under the cliffs of the Giants Causeway, arriving at Coleraine Marina about midday. Next morning at 9.00 we moved out of the tidal stretch of the Bann and through the excellent locks to rise the eighty or so feet up to Lough Neagh, about 30 miles to the south. This trip against the river flow takes most of the day and on reaching the lock gate at Toome, the entrance to Lough Neagh, we had only to move south about 15 miles to my mooring at Oxford Island, Lough Neagh Sailing Club H.Q. It was my first trip on the Lower Bann river and I was very impressed with the scenery and peacefulness of the river. We had covered 200 miles in the four days and although we only had about eight hours' sailing it was a most pleasant long weekend.



Atalanta Race 1977 at West Mersea

M. H. Stearn — *Bluster* — A183

Out of nine entries, seven Atalantas turned out for the Annual Atalanta Race at West Mersea, which took place in an ESE Force 3 wind with sunshine and moderate visibility. The start was at 1000 hrs. with *Bluster* first over the line and *Salizanda*, *Happy Return*, and *Epenetus* close behind but to windward. *Epenetus* tacked straight away, soon followed by *Happy Return* who was luffed up by *Salizanda*. *Bluster* also tacked off to the middle of the tide which was ebbing until 1030. *Epenetus* and *Kookaburra* tacked inshore, keeping close to the north shore up the first beat to keep out of the spring flood. *Epenetus* and *Clymene* both started with a small jib but soon changed to a larger one. *Bluster*, *Happy Return*, *Kookaburra*, *Epenetus* and *Persephone* kept close to the north shore, with *Salizanda* and *Clymene* on the south shore near St. Peter's.

Positions changed slightly up the first leg. The Bench Head buoy was difficult to round as the tide was getting strong and it was hard to judge how much you would get swept by the tide. *Bluster*, *Happy Return*, *Epenetus*, *Salizanda*, and *Persephone* rounded the windward mark in that order, all evenly spaced from each other. Positions stayed the same for the rest of the race with *Bluster* and *Clymene* using masthead spinnakers and *Epenetus* using a $\frac{3}{4}$ -rig spinnaker.

Bluster was first over the line 19 minutes ahead of *Happy Return*, who was 4 minutes ahead of *Epenetus*. *Bluster* and *Clymene* had a 15-minute handicap over the other competitors as they were masthead-rigged. *Happy Return*, with smart new blue sails, would have beaten *Bluster* but forgot their spinnaker.

Results

<i>Boat</i>	<i>Owner</i>	<i>Corrected Time</i>
<i>Bluster</i>	E. F. R. Stearn	4.06.29
<i>Happy Return</i>	P. Y. S. Moon	4.10.29
<i>Epenetus</i>	L. A. Biddle	4.14.08
<i>Salizanda</i>	Maj.-Gen. W. Odling	4.33.09
<i>Kookaburra</i>	N. D. Dorrington	
<i>Persephone</i>	B. Stoner	
<i>Clymene</i>	W. W. S. Hensby	

During the afternoon, the crews watched the town water sports based on the Thames barge, *Edith May*, with such events as a shovel race, swimming race, and a greasy pole.

After the prize-giving the crews were taken to General Odling's house, where he kindly gave a very good party and an excellent time was had by all.

Footnote by W.O.

There were about thirty-six present, including the seven racing skippers (except for Moon, who stayed aboard to daughter-watch). Payne (A166) had entered, did not start but was at the supper. Pia (T2) had entered but got no further than Ramsgate. Lerner (A31/1) also failed to turn up. Davies (A1) had been crewing and was there, but alas the President, Alan Vines, moved house on that day and could not come.



Letter from America

Russell C. Coile — *Patience IV* — A101

The American Branch of the Atalanta Owners' Association had its 1977 Annual Dinner again in Bethesda, Maryland, on the same night, naturally, as the dinner in London. Bob Snow (*Gypsy* A23) could not come down from Connecticut this year, but his daughter Carol came from Sheperdstown, West Virginia, to show colour slides of the previous summer's episode of *Gypsy's* progress in circumnavigating Newfoundland. Linda and Bob Margolin (*Kicky-Wicky* A85) of Stony Brook, Long Island, New York, also showed some pictures and won the mythical prize for coming from the greatest distance (about 250 miles) to the annual dinner. Nancy and Bruce Bauer (*Puffin* A103) came from Cdr. Bauer's Naval Research Laboratory Annexe at Chesapeake Beach, Maryland.

Now that Freddie Laker has started his Skytrain transatlantic service to New York, the American Atalanta owners invite British owners to attend the American Branch's Annual Dinner. Seriously, if any of you are on this side of the pond, we would like to see you and we will also try to arrange some Atalanta sailing for you. For example, the Chesapeake Bay has been popular with English yachtsmen since Captain John Smith cruised around in the Bay in 1607 when he founded Jamestown, the first permanent English colony in the 'New World'. The Chesapeake Bay is the largest bay in the United States, being about 170 miles in length from south to north and 3 to 25 miles wide. There are about 40 rivers which feed into the Bay and the shoreline is about 6,000 miles long. And to make you English feel at home, towns on Maryland's eastern shore have names like 'Cambridge' and 'Oxford'. Our Oxford is even located on the Tred Avon River.

Let me describe a typical weekend cruise on the Bay. The first Monday in September is a national holiday called 'Labor Day'. It is the unofficial end of summer since most schools and universities finish their summer vacation at this time. My Atalanta — *Patience* A101 — is now at a mooring in Whitehall Creek, a few miles from Annapolis. The crew for our Labor Day weekend consisted of my son, Jonathan, 20, a junior (3rd year) at our University of Maryland at College Park, near Washington. Jonathan has been sailing since he was two years old, has cruised in Ocean Youth Club's 72-foot ketches, such as *Sir Thomas Sopwith* and the old gaff-rigged 52-foot cutter *Equinox*, and really is a better sailor than I am. It's galling when one's children grow up. My nephew, Nessly Coile Craig, an Assistant Professor of Biology at the University of Maryland, Baltimore County, my niece, Sue, who is an Assistant Professor of Biology teaching at Johns Hopkins University Medical School took over the after cabin. An old family friend, Thomas Black, made up the rest of the crew. Thomas was in Nigeria for the Peace Corps and now has his own nursery business in Georgia. Since Jimmy Carter has brought so many Georgians to Washington to run the government, we felt moved to import our own Georgian to keep up with the current trend.

We all assembled for dinner on Friday evening (September 2) in Bethesda. After one of Ellen's customary banquet-like feasts, we loaded oars for the dinghy, food and clothes into our VW camper to drive to the Bay. Whitehall Creek is about 45 miles from our home in Bethesda and we arrived about 11 p.m. It was rather warm, perhaps 80 °F. We met a retired couple from Sandusky, Ohio, sleeping in the cockpit of a 40-foot ketch that was tied up at the refuelling pier of our Marina. They were on their way south to Florida since the Chesapeake Bay is part of the Intercoastal Waterway.

We loaded everything aboard *Patience* and stowed the food. It was a tight fit for the five of us. Jonathan has made himself a quarterberth under the chart table on the starboard side of our galley-navigation compartment. We had to sacrifice our hanging locker and the space under the seat where we formerly stored the dinghy's Seagull 40-plus outboard motor. It was after midnight before we got everything organised and were under way. As a matter of fact, according to the log which Sue kept, it was 0100 hours. Some typical log entries were:

Saturday, 3rd September

0140 Engine off in Whitehall Bay.

0300 Abeam Thomas Point Lighthouse. Russell on watch.

0520 Jonathan and Nessly on deck to start engine and manoeuvre out of way of tug towing barge.

0800 Breakfast for Sue, Thomas, Nessly and Russell. Jonathan asleep.

1200 Roast Beef for lunch—yum!

1600 High tea.

1720 Docked at Oxford for fuel after exploring Town Creek. Beautiful quarter-ton racing machine, *Orange Blossom Special*, entertained us with a demonstration of cramped space manoeuvring as she sailed into dock. There are three marine gas stations, a carry-out food waterfront restaurant, and a place to take showers where we bought our gas.



N
↑
CHESAPEAKE BAY
(Northern Portion)

William T. Stone and Fessenden S. Blanchard in their *Cruising Guide to the Chesapeake*, call Oxford their favourite port on the eastern shore. They describe it as follows:

'For yacht facilities, as well as a snug harbor, Oxford is unsurpassed on the Eastern Shore. But it has more than these; it has charm and "atmosphere". You can tie up at the 110-foot dock on the Oxford Carry-out Service, at the foot of Tilghman Street on Town Creek, and have a fine meal piped aboard.'

We anchored in the bight just north of the town and rowed ashore in our dinghy after dinner to walk around the town. Oxford is remarkably free of commercialisation and gave the impression of not much change since the days when it was a colonial seaport.

Sunday

- 1000 Late breakfast since everyone slept in after round-the-clock sailing the day before. Granola, cream of wheat, fruit and juices. Jonathan insisted on sailing out of the anchorage to demonstrate that the younger generation was not dependent on motors.
- 1105 Wind died shortly after setting sail—under motor now. '1' at entrance to Tred Avon River abeam.
- 1135 '12A' abeam. Still no wind, but tide is going out and now in our favour.
- 1300 Under sail again; light breeze.
- 1700 Moored next to *Puffin* A103 at Chesapeake Beach. Telephoned Bruce Bauer who immediately drove from his Naval Research Laboratory to bring us to his quarters. Enjoyed locally smoked bluefish—a delicacy—sitting on top of a 100-foot cliff overlooking the Bay. Saw several humming birds.
- 1900 Dinner aboard *Patience* — Southern-style ham, yams, green beans, rum cake and oaten short-bread.

Monday

- 0705 Under way. Most of the charter fishing boats have already left.
- 0804 Bill Perkes's self-steering rig from *Sherpa* A146 steering *Patience*.
- 0854 Man-overboard drill—rescue of the plastic bucket.
- 1100 Thomas Point Lighthouse abeam.
- 1250 Picked up mooring at Whitehall Creek. Cleaned up *Patience*.

