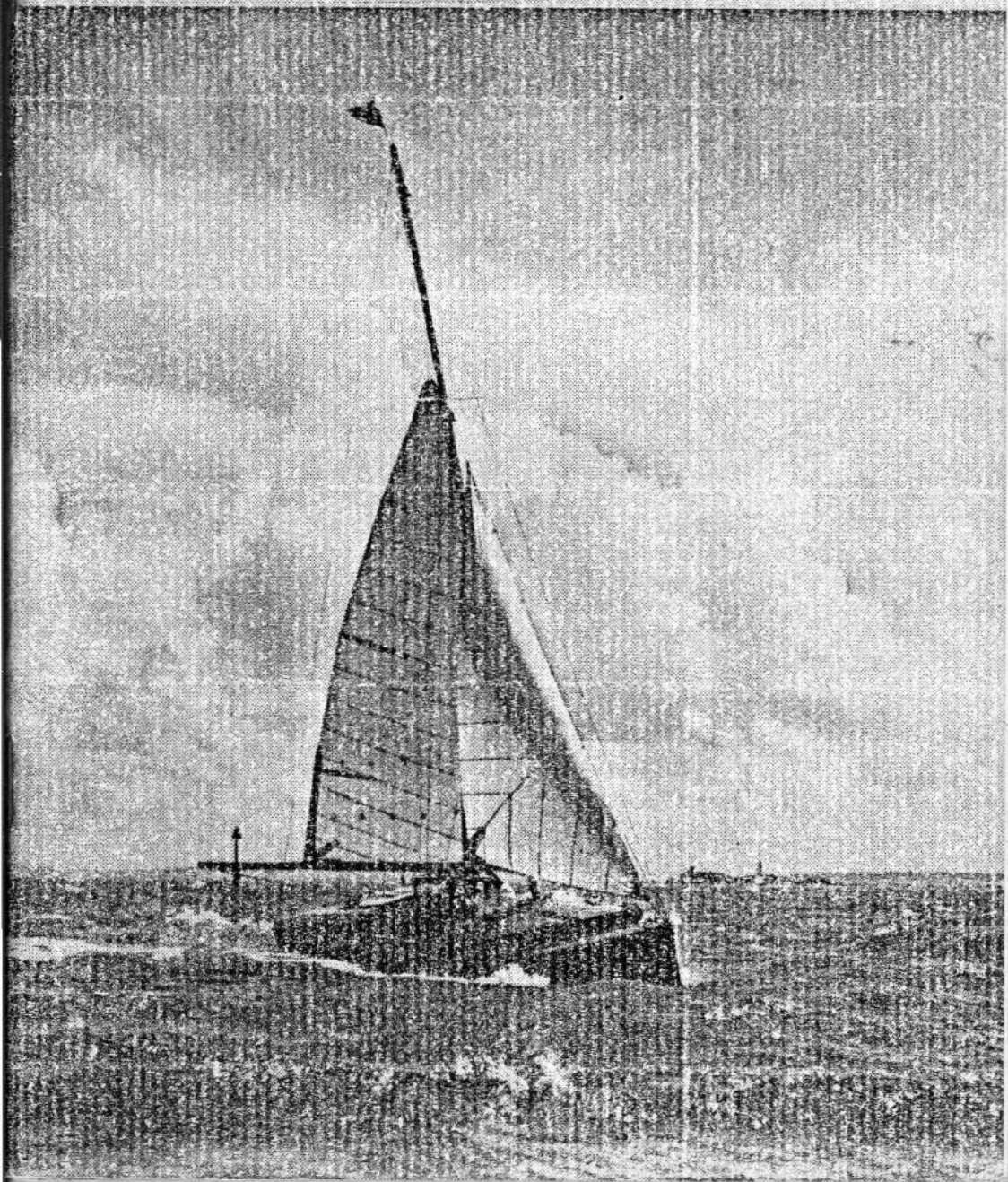


Atalanta

OWNERS ASSOCIATION BULLETIN 1981-2



Message from the President, Alan Vines.

A very happy New Year to all members. I would like personally to thank General Odling for the noble work he has done for the Association and welcome our new Secretary Mr. Parker and wish him every success.

I should also like to thank our Editor Mr. Rowe for the difficult work he has done.

I should like to recommend all boats to carry a sweep as a safety precaution.

Good sailing.

Message from the Hon. Editor.

Once again, a 'thank you' to all who have contributed and apologies to those whose contributions have had to be shortened or held over. I have had problems with photographs again and would welcome assistance from anyone able to produce a properly 'screened' cover artwork. Unfortunately, I have been unable to use any photographs submitted this year as none would have shown up well in print.

Cover Picture:
The First Atalanta
(Eileen Ramsey)

INDEX

Handover Notes	Maj. Gen. W. Odling	3
Tachograph Letter		6
“ACHATES” versus Fano Island	F. J. Boothman	7
Irish Sea Area Rally	S. H. Cubbon	11
Lundy, Bloody Lundy	K. Martin	12
Atalanta Meet, East Coast	J. Holter	18
Atalanta Race	J. Holter	19
How Not to Start the Season	G. Holter	20
Friesian Frieze 1981	G. Holter	21
Atalanta	S. Stearn	24
Rudder Note	E. A. Payne	25
Norwegian Sailing	P. Hodgson	26
Owners Register – A26		27
Owners Register – A31		39
Owners Register – Titania		39
Owners Register – Fulmar		40
Honorary Members		41
Associate Members – Late Owners		42
Associate Members – Partners		43
Associate Members – Prospective Buyers		43
Useful Addresses		43
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HANDOVER NOTES

Maj. Gen. W. Odling

On handing over the appointment of Hon. Secretary after seven years in the post, I must introduce my successor who is Professor W.S.G. Parker. He owns GLOBULIN A87 and keeps her at Barmouth, North Wales at the Merioneth Y.C. He wishes to be addressed as "George". He has been the acting Vice Chancellor of Birmingham University and has recently retired from the University.

The Association was originally sponsored by Fairey Marine. The subscription was 10 shillings (50p). Almost all the U.K. boats were in the Solent. The highlight of the year was the Round the Island race, so often won by Dr. Thursfield in A52 RAMBLER OF SEAVIEW who is still an active member now owning A180 STROLLER. His paper on "Sailing to Advantage" in the AOA library is a "must".

Harry Etchells was one of the early Hon. Secs. He owned SNUFFBOX A4 but sadly died in December 1963 and the lovely silver trophy was given in his memory.

Bert Wallbank was Hon. Sec. when I became a member. He owned PLOOF A178 (later called ATLANTIS). I met him in Denmark sailing with his wife and son; the latter had to use the quarter berth under the chart table as the after-berth was full of luggage. Wallbank died in harness.

Ian Parker A181 CIRDAN then took over. I took over from him in January 1975 and now we have another Parker.

During all these 23 years we have enjoyed the quiet and steady patronage of our President, the father of the fleet, Alan Vines from Fairey Marine who knows so much more about Atalantas than any of us but only speaks up when a heresy is propounded.

In the last seven years we have achieved a bit. Faireys went broke and the Government Bailiffs ordered the destruction of anything to do with sail. Ron Young of the Fairey Marine Drawing Office (now a Hon. Member) promptly marked all the old drawings with "Property of Gen. Odling" and so we got the original drawings which have been microfilmed, photocopies being readily available to members. The originals are lodged with the National Maritime Museum.

We have built up a library available to members at cost. Perhaps the most valuable document is a "Handbook on Keels" which even I can understand. Maurice Donavan, who owned AQUILLO II A184 and is now an Honorary Member, is to be thanked for both these enterprises.

Our membership has increased to 155 (31/12/80) and we now have members with boats in the following countries; New Zealand, South Africa, Malta, France, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, USA, Canada, Kenya, Ecuador, the Channel Islands, the Isle of Man, Scotland, Northern Ireland, Eire, England and Wales. A big scatter.

Apart from Owner Members we have the important support of a score of Associate Members. Some are partners or crews, some are prospective buyers and some are loyal former owners who continue to support the Association. Long may they all continue. We are most grateful to them, for their support enables us to keep down the subscription of owners not so well endowed.

In the early days the O'Day Corporation bought about 20 boats for sale in North America. As a result we still have a flourishing section in the USA in the charge of Colonel Russell Coile (now a Doctor of the University of the City of London) who has had his boat both in the UK and America (A101 PATIENCE) and frequently attended the dinner. His son J.R.H. Coile has now bought an English boat BLUFF A146 which Rod White sailed single handed across the Atlantic.

In Canada we have no section of the Association but we have members from Nova Scotia to Vancouver and their letters are most welcome. Most were imported by the O'Day Corporation. Also in the early days, Fairey Marine showed boats at the Boat Shows in Paris and Brussels. The European agent was Bernard Argod and his "Coupe" is still in our possession. Given first for a race to Cherbourg at Whitsun, it is now the South Coast Trophy. We treasure our remaining French and Belgian connections.

On the financial side, estimating is always chancey. Our financial year ends in mid January when our major expenditure, the bulletin and its postage, fall due. Seven years ago we met these expenses by calling on next years subs., since then we have lowered the subscription from £3.50 to £3.00 and built up a credit balance of £800 by mid January 1981. This year has seen a vast increase in postage, particularly overseas, and we shall be lucky if we still have a balance of £800 in mid January 1982 at the time of the dinner. It will be up to George Parker, my successor, to recommend the balance which we should aim for in future. One notable contribution comes from Deanna Bowie (lately A185, then SHIONA now renamed LE COCHON NOIR). For some years she has typed our newsletters and minutes and accounts, all free, and saved the Association a packet.

I must mention our Hon. Editor Mike Rowe (T11 NYERI). He is equipped and would like to produce a gorgeous magazine each year, but I sit on his back and impose rigorous financial limitations. He must be a frustrated man but one volunteer worker to whom we owe our thanks.

We have now developed a pattern in that we issue a Spring and an Autumn Newsletter with the bulletin in January.

Subscriptions for the following year in advance are asked for in the Autumn Newsletter and demanded (in arrears) in the Spring Newsletter. The following Autumn the demand is more strident.

Some members fine themselves for late payment, some send donations, and we make a very little on the sale of publications and the sale of boats through our introduction (brokerage). However our best money raiser is the fantastic deposit account interest (although we are taxed on it).

Our trophies for award each year are:

- a) The Etchells which is a marvellous silver model of the A26. To the best article in the Bulletin.
- b) The wooden model (which I prefer) for the winner of the East Coast Race.
- c) The Coupe Bernard Argod, to the best entry for the South Coast Race.
- d) A picture of an Atalanta — promised.

Although there are very few Atalantas 26 and 31 who still might be picked up as members, and only two Titanias, we have not done so well with the Fulmars. Sixty-eight were built in 1959 and 1960 and we have records of only nine. Most are in the U.K. we can be of use to them, we have their drawings and their single retractable keel is identical to that of the A26 (Port side). Nothing could be better for the viability of the Association than the recruitment of thirty more Fulmar owners. Each member should set himself the target of somehow finding out the ownership of every Fulmar seen next summer and reporting it at once to the Hon. Sec.

I have made so many friends since I bought A150 SALIZANDA fifteen years ago and especially in my years as Hon. Sec. I remember a guest at the dinner one year writing and saying what nice people he had met, without exception. What of course we have in common is this old fashioned and wooden but classic boat which we all love even when scraping and painting and adjusting the keels. Alan Vine's brainchild, let it never be forgotten.

I have had the experience in recent years of three cruises in modern and reputable craft, size about 26 ft. Accommodation and household amenities have developed, but one hesitates to sail in Force 4, one is terrified at Force 6. They will not sail to windward but they can slip sideways like water-beetles. One would be lost without an engine. Tupperware — ugh!

So I advise you to stick to your Atalanta and stick to the Association, and please support George Parker as you have supported me.

P.S. EUREKA. Since writing this, I have received this very satisfactory letter from the European Commission, which allows the private towing of our boats without a Tachograph. If a member wants a copy, the Hon. Sec. will send "one for 25p (in stamps)".

FROM GEORGE CONTOGEOGIS

Member of the Commission of the European Communities

Ref. No. 21932

Major General W. Odling's letter to the U.K. Department of Transport poses an interesting question which can, however, be easily answered.

First and foremost we should bear in mind that the problem dealt with in the letter, although limited by the letter to Regulation No. 1463/70 in reality is not a problem of the tachograph. What the Atalanta Owners Association should really have asked themselves is whether the drivers' hours regulation i.e. Regulation No. 543/69 is applicable to the transport by road of their yachts or not. If yes, a tachograph which is only the recording equipment necessary to check that the regulation is being respected, must be installed. If not, of course, there is no necessity for such equipment.

Viewed in this light, Regulation No. 543/69 is not applicable to the transport by road of yachts which, in my opinion, belongs to what is called individual transport for pleasure reasons. As far as the spirit of regulation No. 543/69 is concerned, the Council certainly never intended the regulation to cover private transport of goods but only transport for hire and reward and own account transport for commercial purposes.

As far as the wording of the regulation is concerned, it follows from Article 4 that the regulation applies to vehicles used for the carriage of goods, the permissible maximum weight of which, including any trailer or semi-trailer, exceeds 3.5 tonnes. Transport by road of a yacht exclusively for pleasure purposes as executed according to the letter by the members of the association, cannot be considered as "carriage of goods", because this term must be interpreted as having a commercial connotation. This means that Regulations No. 543/69 and No. 1463/70 are not applicable. Of course, if the maker of the yachts would use similar road transport for delivery purposes, the regulation would apply, and a tachograph should have to be installed, but that goes beyond the subject dealt with in the letter.

I trust that this general reply covers the various individual questions in General Odling's letter as well.

"ACHATES" VERSUS FANO ISLAND

A60 F.J. Boothman

Fano Island lies some way off the rocky north west coast of Corfu. The island is "Fano" according to British Admiralty charts but the Greeks know it as Othonoi, experience would lead us to award it a more accurate but less printable name. Its lighthouse sequence is one flash every ten seconds. We had been observing its action for some time now and it was getting nearer. The island was seemingly drawing us on, the same bearing taken regularly confirmed it.

It was the 14th April, we were 70 miles out of the Italian port of Brindisi. The wind was blowing a steady six, the time; 3.30 a.m. One hour earlier the rudder blade had broken off.

Broken off!? therein lay a problem, Atalanta rudder blades are known to break, but seldom do they break off. The up and down hauls make sure that, like bumping weights, they remain to bedevil. Ours did just that. The problem was to be compounded by my own earlier mistakes. Mistake number one; the previous winter I had sheathed the whole of the blade in fibre-glass (to increase its strength!), and whilst at it had given the blade a built up aerodynamic profile. The result, not foreseen; the broken blade floated! Mistake number two; to end the ugly "graunching" sound emanating aft, I let go both tackles securing both up and down cables. That cured the noise alright, but a bouyant rudder blade began to dive at the stern of the boat. In panic I committed and found mistake number three; I freed completely the stainless steel cables from the respective tackles. They ran quickly around the aft cabin up to the rudder points; and jammed. I had put the hard eyes; at the end of each cable, on the inside of the cabin and threaded the soft eyes outwards through the head of the rudder stock. The result; the blade could not be freed. Now enjoying the freedom of a longer lead the broken blade, able to ride the waves, began to dive at us like a demon surf-board. Expletives (deleted) hurled at this accursed blade were simply answered by the sickening thuds from the underside of the hull. Obviously these visits of the wayward blade could not be ignored, we were in real danger of being holed.

The cables could not be drawn back, so it was over the stern clutching a "Jubilee" hacksaw reaching down into watery blackness for swirling stainless steel cables. It took a full hour, grabbing a tugging line, slashing at it with the Hacksaw, the only guide distinguishing wire from finger being the pain factor. But at last it was done, blade and boat went their different ways.

We looked once more in the direction of Fano, the bearing had remained constant, but we were much nearer. It was "big decision" time.

A glance at the chart confirmed the inhospitability of the north side of the island. Just a small steep beach among the cliffs guarded by numerous

offshore rocks, none lit. The small village being on the southern coast. We could not risk closing the shore, the outcome would be far too hazardous. We would have to summon assistance, either for a tow, or if it came to it, to be taken off. We did not savour the idea of losing "ACHATES".

I put out a Pan-Pan on the ship's radio. About four hours earlier we had contacted, some 50 miles to our rear, a group of flotilla yachts being delivered to Corfu. In good reception they had informed us of the deteriorating weather coming down from the north. But, surprisingly, this time there was no reply from them. Nor indeed from anyone else. In disbelief I tried again. Inexplicably the radio had chosen to pack up. The temptation to invite the radio to meet the rudder blade was just about resisted.

We broke out the flares. Using up old flares on bonfire night gave invaluable experience here, you just can't read detailed instructions in a panic or in the dark. The parachute flare attained its specified 1500 feet and broke out. We were bathed in a falsely cheering ruddy glow as it slowly descended. Enough light to get the ships papers, passports and other essentials into a polythene bag, but apparently not enough to attract other shipping. We waited: Fano looked nearer. Maybe help was bearing down on us? We lit a white hand held flare which seemed to burn for ages, merely heightening our anxiety as we strained to stop it from burning the sail. It produced nothing else. In disgust we threw the spluttering stub well clear of the boat.

Fear as much as necessity became the mother of invention. It was all too obvious that any attempt to steer the vessel either by towing fenders or using the Avon off one side of the bow would be impossible in the current conditions. But we do have jib reefing gear! If we were to? would it? and could we? steer! We re-set and reefed the main. Gingerly we drew out the genoa. Too much, ACHATES bore off down wind before slewing round into an involuntary jibe. We tried again, too little held for too long, she luffed up all sails flapping. We struggled to get her out of irons. We used the engine to free us. Gradually we got the hang of it and slowly we began to move the boat away from Fano Island by this constant sawing/trimming action with jib-sheet and reefing line. We polished these skills so much that in the end, given a thankfully steady wind, we could start to relax and think of a future, such as where were we heading?

Down again to the chart-table Albania! So that was our next problem, out of the frying pan alright, but straight into a ten year slimming course on some Albanian gulag. That is if we get safely through the minefields. As if to build us both up beforehand, Melva made some hot soup.

The sun rises late off Albania because of the high mountain range guarding the coastline. The country seems designed to keep people out. In the poor light of early morning we could make out the dark outline of Mt. Maje Cikes

dominating the immediate skyline. The wind was dying away. There were no mines, no unfriendly gun-boats (after all those stories overheard in Brindisi.) indeed no boats of any kind just us.

All movement ceased, the wind, the boat, the sea; calmed. The sails hung as if exhausted. The shore, we guessed was somewhere between 2 to 4 miles away. Now what do we do? I started up the engine, the boat moved off again, I tried the rudder the boat answered, amazingly, we could steer!

Late that afternoon we arrived in Corfu old town harbour, looking just like any other yacht on the move. "Brindisi" a wholly disinterested Customs official, irritated by our untimely arrival in the middle of his siesta, entered it into his papers. It was the ultimate put down, we had just covered over 150 rather perilous miles, and here we were being treated as if we just come round from the local sailing club.

But we were not finished with Fano island, or rather, it with us. With the summer virtually over and a further 1,600 miles under the keel, Achates lay at anchor in the north bay of the island. There was no particular attraction here, it merely indicates that a southerly wind was blowing, and according to Denham's guide to the Ionian, yachts must go to the northern side of the island whenever the wind becomes southerly. This time we were in company with several other yachts, mainly German and Italian (we rarely saw British yachts on passage) who like us were island hopping to Italy. The anchorage, again according to Denham, is untenable in northerlies. Need I say it? The wind freshened and swung northerly, straight into the bay. The timing was particularly impeccable. Too early and we would all have had enough daylight to "con" our way around the skirting rocks to the southern anchorage, too late and we would all at least had a good night's sleep. But 12 midnight is getting it perfect. Unable to move off, other than to put to sea, all boats, inspired by an ugly lee shore and roller coaster waves, stood a vigilant anchor watch. It proved impossible to sleep and by the early hours it became apparent that some crews were beginning to threaten mutiny. We could just about hear their engines start up, and see their navigation light rolling around as they drove their boats out to sea. The rest of us waited miserably for the first glimmer of light. When it came we peeled off either side of the island towards the shelter of the south. The rest of the following day was spent on sleep.

Listening to weather forecasts delivered in rapid Italian (expresso?) was never easy for us, but catching the word Sud for north Ionian sea area was enough to warn us of further comic capers a la Fano if we remained.

Never before have we set off on passage so unready. Our heads were heavy from the lack of sleep and too much wine stemming from the party the yacht crews had joined into on the island's only taverna the night before. All of us thinking we'd seen the worst of it. In addition I like to pre-plan a journey,

listen to more than one forecast, and the cloud formation wasn't right, and southerly winds are extremely unreliable in the Ionian But there was no shelter here. We upped anchor, and in company with two German yachts headed out away from Fano to Otranto on the south eastern tip of Italy.

Lightning never strikes twice etc. We felt assured. But we were goose-winging again in sight of Fano island. We couldn't be so unlucky again, the odds would be phenomenal, we must be due for a straightforward uneventful run. Within two hours, the weather had closed out the sun, the skies darkened and it rained. Heavy, drenching rain, the first for over 5 months. The wind shifted round to the north west and began to increase. Right on the nose, the worst possible outcome, although those yachts who'd opted for the north side of Fano would have to be getting out of there once more, no joke itself. We began to reef, the wind got stronger. Should we turn and run before? We looked back at Fano island its mountains black and sombre, surely the model for Conan Doyle's Lost World; and decided to press on.

We didn't make Otranto, though we tried; driving Achates into the weather with a main sail reduced to the size of a pocket handkerchief. The rest of the "fleet" was scattered. As if to prove that we had indeed shaken free the influence of Fano, good fortune at last prevailed. The only indentation in the cliffy coast south of Capo D'Otranto, as identified on the chart, proved to be a tiny but secure place to anchor. Although the cliffs were too high to get ashore. We eased our way in carefully looking out for underwater rocks before waving in a lone German yacht which had hung off.

We anchored and tied up double, the German yacht alongside. The storm itself continued unabated as we wined (sic) down the accumulated adrenalin. The electric blue lightning pierced the cabin lights accompanied outside by deep reverberating basso thunder, and so it continued until first light, like a re-run of the Somme offensive.

Next day we got up to Otranto and met up with some of the others, we exchanged stories and addresses and expressed a vague desire to get together again, sometime, somewhere but not on Fano.

Footnote – rudder blades.

- (i) I had closely checked the blade that winter and had had it "normalised" and crack tested. Clearly the time to change old rudder blades (Paper E News Letter of 1979) is now!
- (ii) Atalanta rudder blades are dreadfully exposed things and in my view not particularly well engineered. Surely marine technology has progressed somewhat from that of the 1950's to be able to suggest modifications, especially in relation to blade size?

- (iii) To those who may be wondering how we proceeded from Corfu to complete the rest of our journey, the answer is we were the grateful recipients of the Association's new "lend a spare rudder blade" scheme, a kind of hands across the water service. (Actually courtesy of our new Hon. Sec.)

ATALANTA OWNERS ASSOCIATION
IRISH SEA AREA RALLY AT PORT ST. MARY, ISLE OF MAN.

S. H. Cubbon – MIRANDA (A155)

With the possibility of five boats attending the first Area Rally it was thought that for an inaugural event this was quite a satisfactory response. Unfortunately the weather immediately preceding the appointed weekend was not too favourable.

GLOBULIN A87, George Parker and Cecile, were weatherbound in Holyhead and very thoughtfully kept Port St. Mary informed of their predicament by telephoning the Harbour Master and the Yacht Club.

The Manx boat, MEILANION A24, Clive Bishop and family, also found difficulty in making Port St. Mary; not so much because of the weather but because Clive happens to be the resident Government Computer Mechanic and I understand that our Income Tax Assessments were in grave danger of being erased and lost for ever if Clive did not put in the vital overtime.

So on the eve of the Rally we had JOHARA A148 – Derek Henderson and family from Strangford Lough, GABSER A31/11, Finbar O'Riordain and family from Dublin Bay, and MIRANDA A155 – Steve Cubbon from Port St. Mary – all ready for the fray.

The Isle of Man Yacht Club very kindly provided refreshments on the Friday evening and the Commodore, Ron Hook, who had given his full support to the Rally from the time it was originally suggested, extended a very warm welcome to our visitors.

Saturday turned out to be a very pleasant sailing day and the three Atalantas set forth in company with the I.O.M.Y.C. Cruisers for a race to Derbyhaven. With the unsuspected half flood reverse eddy out of Derbyhaven Bay and offshore along the length of the Langness Peninsula, the visiting Atalantas found themselves at some disadvantage over Miranda who gradually crept up close inshore. Local knowledge was not sufficient, however, as Miranda overstayed for the finishing line and Johara and Gabser recovered their earlier positions.

Moorings were picked up at Derbyhaven and it was noticed that there was some rafting up and fraternisation going on with the local boats. At the turn of the tide we had a gentle sail back to Port St. Mary. The Saturday evening was spent in the Yacht Club and we were joined there by Clive Bishop and family who had travelled by car to Port St. Mary, Clive having successfully sorted out his computer.

For Sunday a cruise to Castletown to give the visitors an opportunity to inspect Castle Rushen — a limestone Castle in a splendid state of preservation — and the local Nautical Museum was planned. All went well and we safely moored in Castletown Harbour. Then it rained. The return to Port St. Mary, after the sightseeing, was under motor in pouring rain.

Sunday evening was spent in the Yacht Club where the visiting Atalanta sailors were by now part of the scene. The Commodore of the Club then presented each skipper with an Isle of Man Yacht Club tie and the wives with a china plate with a map of the Isle of Man thereon. We hope these will serve to remind them of a very enjoyable Rally.

At an informal discussion it was decided that we should try again next year to promote a Rally for the Area. It was felt that we should extend the meeting over four days so that if a boat should be delayed by bad weather for a day or so it would still be worthwhile making the passage for the final days.

PLACE: PORT ST. MARY, ISLE OF MAN.

DATE: Saturday 24th July — Tuesday 27th July, 1982.

I would like to thank the various owners who sent their good wishes and offers of help for this our first attempt at a get-together for this Area. Being a recent convert to Atalantas, I found such friendliness very rewarding.

LUNDY, BLOODY LUNDY

by K. Martin, sailing adviser to the skipper of SEAMAJOR, A92.

A long and gloriously sunny cruise: Bangor — Severn Bridge — Lundy — Milford Haven, 4 weeks and 5 days for 580 miles (averaging 17 miles per day). We motored only 12 miles (2%), amazing considering the light winds. I thought we might add one more significant statistic this year — 174 miles under spinnaker (33%); as soon as the wind comes abaft the beam we put our balloon up and seldom drop it before force 5. I don't know why it has such a fierce reputation with cruisers — it's very docile if dropped in the lee of the main whilst on a dead run and can be used singlehandedly in lightish winds. During our trip it rained only 3 times and the wind was above F5 for only 2 days, quite a record for the UK!

Harbour fees paid were 75p at Aberystwyth (but heard of £3.50 at Aberdovey!), £1.29 at Minehead and £1.50 at Lundy – a good enough recommendation for the cruise. Charts were also pretty cheap: Admiralty 368 and 1410 (as far as St. David's), Imray C60 Bristol Channel Approaches and Stanfords No 14 Bristol Channel, although a large scale one of Jack Sound would have been advisable!! For Pilots we used 'Irish Sea Cruising Guide' (Kemp), pleasant reading but very uninformative, and 'Bristol Channel Yachting Conference Handbook' (5th Ed, May '70), better but long since out of print. O.S. one inch maps more than proved their worth again – not only do they mark rocks more accurately than many charts, but they also allow one to identify the land features much more easily (most important and interesting on a coastal cruise). The only snag is that they don't have any soundings on rocks, which might allow one to pass over them at high tide. Two tidal atlases are obligatory; Irish Sea (NP 256) and English And Bristol Channels (NP 250), though sketches on the charts cover the latter area.

The trip was also successful from the rock climbing point of view. Many crags can be visited easily from harbours – Abersoch Quarries, Fishguard rocks, Tenby traverses, Avon Gorge, Brean Down and Lundy. Others need settled offshore winds – N & S Pembrokeshire, Gower, Ogmoré (?) and Baggy Pt.

Surprisingly enough, we knew 2 days beforehand when we were going to leave Bangor (Menai Straits), but, of course, few of the family believed that we really would (see last year's account). We'd also decided upon the direction: having been N to Ireland & the Clyde (and frozen to death!) and the Isle of Man, that left Liverpool & the NW of England, SW Ireland and Mid Wales. No-one (whom you will be introduced to later!) could muster any enthusiasm over the former so SEAMAJOR plumped for one of the latter – we'd decide at Bardsey.

Consequently, although the skipper (Dad) fondly believes that the wind direction decides his cruise for him, we left our mooring, hurriedly of course, tacking for Caernarfon. We found the dock in the dark, but not before thanking Atalantas for their lifting keels – the first of several encounters with the seabed. If we ever get a fixed-keeler (we won't, I'm assured) we'll have to be a lot more cautious.

However, there was plenty of deep water to Bardsey, by which time the boys had made it clear that they didn't want to go to Eire, which left us with a Cambrian cruise. This first week the coast and ports seemed rather dull so we sailed every day, rowing/towing A92 through the calms into the next patch of ruffled water. By the end of this week it was obvious that we had just been making a "passage" to the start of our Bristol Channel Cruise, which "had" to include Lundy (as camping there requires booking 1 - 2 years ahead! Goodness knows what will happen now the 'Prince Ivanhoe' has gone). Port

Dinllaen was hot but crowded and a long way for supplies. We didn't see much of Bardsey due to fog (mostly on W headlands throughout the holiday) and were much disappointed by the imperceptible tidal "squirts" and rips. Abersoch provided a cheerful mooring place – showers, boats and a few shops, unfortunately a long row. The wind was so favourable that we got to Aberystwyth next day. Even so, downwind (with spinnaker, naturally) we could sunbathe, in shorts only, whilst making 5 knots – obviously the warmest point of sailing provided the spinnaker doesn't obscure the sun!! After preliminary searching for the fairway, Aber was great, mainly due to soft mud and 2nd hand bookshops. We had to motor (Seagull!) the last 3 miles to Newquay the following afternoon, but did see the Aberayron aquarium en route (a very foul place the beach, – both the holding and the sewage). A permanent tidal swirl at Newquay created a chop off the harbour mouth, slopping all the boats within, so we left as soon as possible.

Going to Fishguard the weather changed dramatically to a F4; and no sunbathing was possible. However we covered 28 miles in 5¼ hours, with some thrilling surfing in Sealink wash. The town was rather uninspiring, though convenient, so we got off through our best tide rip of the year – Strumble Hd. An oar almost jumped out of the dinghy – we always mean to stow it on the aft cabin, but seldom do (we would then have to remove it to row through the calm inevitably caused by stowing it). Nevertheless, we made Ramsey Sound in 2 hrs., so rapidly that we needed to lower the spinni to navigate more slowly and carefully! Dad had done some research in Fishguard (sketching charts from other yachtsmen's) which compensated for our lack of a large chart of the Sound (marvellous scenery). SEAMAJOR then turned E-wards and, the breeze now being offshore, we decided to anchor in Caerfai Bay to see St. David's Cathedral. Our chart hardly showed the bay but it looked clean on the O.S. and it proved very hospitable. The LSO in the Cathedral was a bonus and Solva provided a peaceful mooring overnight.

Another sunbathing day to Dale, most of the wind being tide-generated. Tacking through Jack Sound gave good views, but didn't live up to our Menai Straits Swellies for narrowness.

Appreciating the Haven occupied our "rest" day – finding a comfortable mooring just below the Cleddau Bridge (Pembroke Dock). Even with its modern encumbrances, the Haven impressed us as a varied sailing ground.

Here we had a chance to engage in a challenge first kindled on our S. Devon hol. ('75 but not printed in the mag.) – sailing (not motoring) up the longest, narrowest creek! This time it was the W Cleddau, but we only managed to get just within sight of Haverfordwest before the tide turned. Lawrenny wasn't the sailing mecca/marina we'd expected so we returned to the bridge.

The length of the Haven River amazed us (about 20 miles), as did the enormous variety of scenery therein.

Reluctantly we left the Haven for Tenby via the Castlemartin tank ranges – rather impressive but totally harmless. With an offshore breeze we had one of our most idyllic sails; SEAMAJOR ran at 3 knots under spinnies whilst members of the crew swam to cool off – real Med yachting, but with a Bristol Channel tide helping us along. The skipper even took off his vest!!!! (To be fair he did take it off at other times on the holiday, more than ever before!) Tenby harbour was like a sardine tin and by the time we realised this we were doomed to a sloppy night on the moorings outside.

We found the sheltered anchorage next day behind (S of) St. Catherine's Is. (narrow cave to row through and photo). Saundersfoot proved to be only slightly less packed (both the harbour and the town) than Tenby so, after an hour-long thunderstorm, we raced on to Burry. By judicious use of our keels, we discovered that the Burry channel was not where our chart suggested it had been – "had" being the operative word. It wasn't buoyed either, so we reached in along a line of fishing boats and it worked!! No chart or map showed the harbour at all the way it was (though dated '75), but we had a very quiet night on a buoy outside. We heard that even the Admiralty had given up the battle to sound the shifting sands of Burry Port.

The zest for another river sail and some good shopping prospects took us up to Llanelli, but due to problems finding the channel we anchored short of the port. The shops were excellent but short-lived as we had to leave before the water disappeared! Later, just about to round Worms Hd, we decided to return to Rhossili because the wind was becoming NE – the usual decision-making. Half the crew "did" Worms Hd on foot; fatiguing but very rewarding. The 6 pm forecast suggested it would turn NW (wrongly in retrospect), hastening us to Port Eynon for the Night.

There we saw beached the week-old "wreck" we'd heard of – 'Prince Ivanhoe', a Bristol Channel tripper and Lundy ferry. We spent a morning looking at that sad spectacle of incompetence before moving to Oxwich. Unfortunately the castle was never open, nor was the church, so on to Mumbles on the tide. Here Dad spied A80 'Philcris II', with whom we chatted for the remainder of the evening. They sailed home to Ilfracombe, but, regrettably, we had to stay on the Welsh side to drop my brother. However SEAMAJOR enjoyed the delights of sandy Swansea Bay: Mumbles, Port Talbot (somewhat different from our chart), Monkstone and Swansea harbours – surely the best daysailing/bathing area on any city's doorstep.

Subsequent to a day in Swansea shops and museums, Mumbles was left under "oars-power", until a westerly sprang up to take us swiftly, but still sunbathing, to Barry. The Y.C. is very convenient and our mooring only dried for 4 hrs. or so. Cardiff had some interesting shops, but was a disappointment — partly due to the one poor 2nd hand bookshop. Moving on to Portishead the tide provided most of the wind and the miles. We could probably have got to the Wye on that tide but continued in the early morning fog instead, after a most amusing incident in Portishead:—

Whilst 2 of the crew shopped (15 mins away) our observant skipper, on SEAMAJOR, noticed that the tender, 'Seaminor', had gone from the position he'd seen the crew leave it, not 10 mins. since. When he discovered it, thankfully on a nearby beach, the navigator (Mum) was sent ashore to salvage it. Imagine her embarrassment when, on swimming ashore at 7 pm and watched by a pair of elderly walkers, she found the tender moored to a stone! She, the dinghy, Dad and A92 returned, relieved and annoyed, to their anchorage. Upon our return, an old man told my brother and I, apparently jokingly, something about our dinghy and a woman swimmer having taken it. Only when we reached the stone we'd tied the tender to did we realise the sincerity of the old man. Following some questioning of my ability to tie knots, probably only comparable to the skipper's comments, Alan and I discovered our 2 craft together again. The moral of the saga — Don't move 'Seaminor' out of the skipper's sight without informing him.

The following morn The Shoots was quite imposing, as we were nowhere near the leading line!! We (except for sleeping Alan) witnessed the turning of the tide just under the Severn Bridge — at 7.20 flooding at 3 knots, by 7.30 an eddy was ebbing at 1 knot — which defies any concept of slack water. Well, we got ALMOST ROUND WALES A92 whizzed back through the Shoots on line to do some shopping in Portishead. We'd have sailed (?) to Bristol but all the family had driven there recently, so we continued through clearing mist to Weston Woodspring was the intended stop, but the shops and tide exerted their attractions. Besides, we couldn't understand why the pilot didn't mention the convenient cove N. of the pier. We soon found out — tide against wind, a rip, a couple of revolutions around the anchor, water jumping into the cockpit and a wet row made us leave for the R. Axe pretty hurriedly, but against the tide unfortunately.

This was a recurrent mistake — we didn't realise that after sailing down channel on the ebb, one must wait down tide from any headlands (where the flood subsequently runs in adversity strongly enough to hinder progress) for water in the harbour. The Axe buoy was very pleasant if one could confine shore activities to 1 hr. either side of HW, hence avoiding knee-deep mud! With a rather late start, wind and tide causing us to exit sideways, SEAMAJOR

found herself tacking close inshore (against the tide) between Watchet and Minehead. This innocent situation somehow developed into our worst epic in 16 years. The failure of a jib lead prompted us to anchor in 6' (for more shelter!) on foul ground on what suddenly seemed to be a lee shore. The anchor dragged, the keels clonked so we gybed to clear the shore, but the anchor suddenly held. We now had the chain hopelessly wound round the keels, which were juddering constantly on the hard bottom despite frantic winding. Just as someone prepared to go swimming, Dad let out some chain — freeing the chain from the keels —, the Seagull started first time mercifully and we made out to sea, thankful to have A92 in one piece. The irony was that we gained equally well by tacking further from the shore. Anyway, we found Minehead harbour picturesque but rather impractical — typical N. Devon (drying, crowded and not completely sheltered). SEAMAJOR started with a F5 for Ilfracombe, but it slowly died until we met A184 AQUILLO II. We chatted (whilst hove to!) and admired Donovan's impeccable old boat — the new owners were keeping her up to scratch. Together with A148 JOHARA, seen earlier in the Menai Straits, we'd now seen 3 Atalantas sailing in our company — quite a record for the W coast. We saw PHILCRIS again in the evening, having spent the afternoon swimming and wandering round Ilfracombe.

The penultimate week was dominated by Lundy, though the skipper insists that there are no fixed objectives in our cruises (to ensure that no-one is disappointed!). Initially it was too calm to get there so we drifted to Woolacombe, had a swim, then on to Instow. Barnstaple's shops deservedly absorbed another day, then we had our only winds above F5 (7 forecast), but enjoyed good sailing to Bideford and up the Torridge. These rivers would be even better if they contained water for a higher proportion of the tide. Eventually, though 6 was mentioned in the forecast, we tacked to Lundy — where the 2 climbers had a superb time. During our stay we discovered 2 stowaways; Somebody and Nobody. The former shirked all his duties, whilst the latter tried hard but never succeeded!!!! As the non-climbers tired of Lundy (even with an unlimited supply of cakes!) Dad proposed a new hypothesis — sailing the obviously calm passage to Wales during the night. This was immediately tested and spiced up a very boring trip — passing numerous unseen unlit buoys. Personally, I believe that the skipper just "had" make a night passage during the cruise.

The final week we revelled in a "potter", a complete contrast to our outward journey. SEAMAJOR spent 3 days from Tenby to Milford, calling at Caldy (where we witnessed a fine demonstration of the sport of queuing), Lydstep and Broadhaven, all interesting (and good climbing!). The wind was hardly more than a sea-breeze on the nose and we tacked within 100 yards of the cliffs, close to the guiding lobster-pot buoys, appreciating the scenery far more than previously. A really spectacular section of coast by any standard —

Huntsman's Leap, the Green Bridge of Wales, the Elugug Stacks, arches, caves, zawns, cauldrons and blowholes – much better than N Devon. Unfortunately, we had to leave for the Haven, where we punched the ebb (which had carried us along the coast) to Angle – very serene and peaceful for a village near to a refinery.

SEAMAJOR daysailed in the Haven, whilst Dad journeyed home for the trailer, confirming our previous impressions. Mind you, although we saw several seals, the water was filthy enough to blacken the waterline considerably. We managed to get into just one more aquatic cock-up; somehow wrapping around our keels a floating mooring line and buoy which we'd left floating alongside after mooring. It defied all efforts from the boat but 5 seconds underwater with a mask cleared it. After recovering A92, we wandered back to Bangor, visiting Haverfordwest (very worthwhile) and the mid-Wales hills to fill in the remaining 3 days of the school hols.

The summer of 81 was the best since 1976, at least as far as the school holidays were concerned. The final memory was listening to the top of the pops: Hooked on Classics and what could be more classic than an Atalanta 26? Surely no member of the Association will disagree.

ATALANTA MEET

AUGUST 15 1981

Joy Holter A124 HELEN'S FOLLY

The second of our "East Coast Meets" was held on August 15 1981, again in Kirby Creek in the Walton Backwaters, when five Atalantas took part. Two boats came from the North, which was the easiest way as far as tides were concerned that weekend - CLYMENE A143 and DEVORGUILLA A16. DEV-ORGUILLA was quite a surprise as she was one of the lost Atalantas until recently.

Three boats came from the South – KOOKA BURRA A168, from Tollesbury, admirably assisted when both wind and engine failed, by LYDE A73 from Hullbridge on the River Crouch; and host boat HELEN'S FOLLY who decided to make sure of being on time and sailed over Friday night.

Everyone enjoyed themselves, inspecting the modifications of other Atalantas and generally picking other owner's brains, to the accompanying slurp of sangria.

A151 MISTURA, A164 SCARWEATHER, A166 HULLBALLOO and A183 BLUSTER all sent their regrets at not being able to attend.

Perhaps there will be even more Atalantas next year!!!

ATALANTA RACE 1981

WEST MERSEA REGATTA, SATURDAY 22 AUGUST

Joy Holter, A124 HELEN'S FOLLY

Results

Sail No.	Yacht	Owner	Handicap	Time Elapsed H.M.S.	Corrected Place Time H.M.S.	
A166	HULLABALOO	Payne	Scratch	Did not start		
A143	CLYMENE	Hensby	20 mins	3 27 24	3 47 24	4
A124	HELEN'S FOLLY	Holter	10 mins	2 15 20	2 25 20	1
A183	BLUSTER	Stearn	20 mins	2 19 16	2 39 16	2
A151	MISTURA	Brady	20 mins	Did not start		
A 73	LYDE	McGivern	20 mins	2 53 22	3 13 22	3

We are not quite sure whether it is a tradition that winners of the above race have the dubious honour of writing an account for the bulletin or whether other factors play a more major part. However it is, we have been requested to 'write a piece' again.

Saturday 22nd August dawned bright and clear and a forecast of moderate winds suited us fine for our intended passage to Holland on Sunday; but first we had to sail from Maylandsea to West Mersea to pick up Major General Odling and Mrs Odling. We thought in the early hours of the morning that we would have light winds for the race, yet again, but no sooner had we rigged the boat for flying the spinnaker than the wind became much stronger, and we had to take everything in.

Into the Mersea Quarters to have breakfast and wait for the arrival of our crew; moored between two rivals — BLUSTER and LYDE, but where were all the other Atalantas?

Just in time the launch arrives bearing our crew with the race instructions. A quick consultation of tactics and we were ready to go. BLUSTER had already gone, but we thought that in such a strong wind they would be up to the line too soon! But, Oh dear, we did not hear the gun, failed to notice the flags, BLUSTER is ahead of us and we are two minutes late crossing the line.

No matter, trim the sheets just so, wind the keels right up and tensely watch as we slowly but surely manage to leave CLYMENE and LYDE behind. Even more amazing, we seemed to be catching BLUSTER. At this point it must be noted that BLUSTER's skipper and navigator have only just arrived after a

gruelling sail from the Channel Islands and have had very little sleep.

BLUSTER rounded Bench Head Buoy just ahead of HELEN'S FOLLY, BLUSTER having changed their headsail just before. Both boats fought their way through another race rounding the mark in the opposite direction, then HELEN'S FOLLY had to reef their mainsail.

Meanwhile, LYDE and CLYMENE (single handed) were putting up a very good show, though, as CLYMENE rounded the mark and heeled over, the anchor, put in readiness for failing wind, decided to take the plunge, causing a few heart stopping moments.

The wind stayed true, necessitating a hard beat back, often over-canvassed, and so to the finish and the afternoon water sports.

Later we all gathered at Gun House for another really enjoyable supper. Many thanks from us all for a grand evening.

HOW NOT TO START THE SEASON Godfrey Holter, A124 HELEN'S FOLLY

Date. 16th May 1981.

Time. Noon — high water.

Place. Maldon.

Weather. Dry, Sunny, Westerly force 5.

1. Craned from trailer to water after ritual 80 mile tow from Dunstable. Stepped mast, started engine, checked water flow. Cast off and proceeded down river. Then things started to go wrong.
2. Smell of burning, lifted engine cover releasing clouds of smoke, obviously overheating.
3. Decided to make for nearest mooring, too crowded to anchor.
4. Left engine off for twenty minutes to cool. Found that water was not in fact circulating due to airlock. Evidently had mistaken exhaust blown sea surface for true water ejection. Why didn't I notice the noisy exhaust note?
5. Could not restart engine. Cleaned out carb. and plugs, then apparently OK.

6. Set off down river again, under sail this time.
7. Tacked at first narrow bend, fluffed it and payed off on same tack again.
8. Get a grip — must not lose it next time. Helm down, come up, come round, NO! In irons then back on same tack. Bank now very close, prodded the starter and again no good. Throw the anchor over QUICKLY!
9. The anchor is lashed down well in three places, fumble, curse, fumble — CRUMP! The stern rides up the steep shingle, stuck fast.
10. Off with the carb. and plugs again. Started but stalled. Clean plugs again, there she goes. Right, full astern nothing. Rock the boat solid as a rock. Ah well, prepare to wait the next tide.
11. Why would she not go about? Of course, the keels were nearly right up. I had forgotten the extra headway necessary.
12. Half the crew were waiting in vain at Maylandsea. We tramped miles to Heybridge to phone. After much more tramping, driving and plug screwing we finally floated off in the small hours.
13. It took a lot more fiddling over the next fortnight before the engine could be relied on. The idle mixture must be set very critically on the Victor with Zenith carb. to avoid sooting up at low revs. This was the first winter it had not been stripped and cleaned.
14. How many morals can you find in this sorry tale?

FRIESIAN FRIEZE 1981

Godfrey Holter A124 HELEN'S FOLLY

Sunday 23rd August dawned fine and sunny after the Mersea Regatta and Gun House supper. The forecast was settled with light and variable winds, so with the approval of the crew members Joy and Clive, we decided to head directly for Ijmuiden on the afternoon ebb.

A light westerly took us to Clacton, but then the engine was needed to maintain our planned minimum of 3½ knots. In fact it remained on for most of the trip.

2300 hours. Closing Sunk L.V., threading through small ship anchorage. Fine sunset earlier, sea smooth.

0430 hours. Cleared top of Inner Gabbard shoal.

0630 hours.

Outer Gabbard L.V. abeam.

Later I took a sunsight but could not master the working with Macmillans. Back to Reed's next year. The only other navigation marks seen were the looms of Goeree L.V. and Hook lighthouses, 30 miles off. 2nd night out. Soon after, a tug showing 3 vertical whites and a green, closed up with us from the starboard quarter. At the instant I decided to steer round to go behind, the tug altered course straight for me! I immediately reverted to the original course, then waited somewhat tensely for her red and green to go to red only. A few minutes later she forged 2 cables astern pulling a large dark hulk. I thought my alteration had been too late for the other's comfort, but then she held her new course, so who knows?

A radio bearing on IJmuiden at 0700 hrs confirmed our position and a 10 degree correction saw us into the North Sea Canal by 1000 hrs on Tuesday. Total time 43 hrs for 146 NM with 2 gallons to spare.

After refuelling in the Visserhaven we locked in, arriving at Sixhaven, Amsterdam, in the late afternoon.

The next day was spent exploring the city, achieved very cheaply with our go-anywhere, tram, bus, and train day tickets. For Clive the highlight was 'For Your Eyes Only' (in English) in a vast and really splendid cinema. We walked miles inside the Maritime Museum (not very interesting, mainly models) and visited the house of Anne Frank.

Sadly we had to move on with much left unseen, to the lure of the islands. On Thursday, into the IJsselmeer and a fresh beat up to Hoorn. There was time for a look round the museum Friday morning, then off again for Enkhuisen. We tried to follow a local into the cosy inner harbour but after being asked by a stiff-starched harbourmaster 'What do you think you are doing in here?' finished up in the large main harbour on a trot of ten.

Continuing northerly winds were slowing our progress, we really had to keep going now to make those islands. So to a background of mutinous mutterings an early start was made across the north IJsselmeer. Although no longer tidal, there are still channels with shallows to be avoided. A fresh breeze on the nose and a short chop slowed our progress so that by evening the little hamlet of Hindelopen and its heavily leaning churchtower, enticed us in. SOLJE of Southwold was there before us as she had been at all previous stops. I felt obliged to enjoy their beer whilst exchanging coincidences. It took literally 15 minutes to walk right round the place next morning, pausing at the little row of allied war graves, seen in all the places we visited.

By this time we were all looking forward to being in the real sea again with tides and sand. So off at 8 a.m. to take the ebb out to Vlieland, first clearing the locks near Makkum. The tortuous 20 mile channel is very well buoyed, with rows of precisely aligned stakes disappearing across the sands abeam each pair. These are presumably as a double check in case a buoy shifts. Texel and Terschelling showed up first, as mirages through the sunny haze, but with a 4 knot ebb we were soon whisked out, then a short plug back into Ooste Vlieland marina.

Only certain residents are allowed cars on this island, but cycles may be hired quite cheaply. At peak periods the main street resembles a cross between the Tour de France and It's A Knockout. All the islands are just giant sand dunes, Vlieland is quite unspoilt, offering miles of empty coastline and inland walks. A day spent cycling round the island on purpose made tracks of crushed shell dressing, was rounded off by a splendid meal of duitshe beefstuk in one of the several good eating houses.

Here we met PLUTO, an Ohlsen 35 from Harwich, built entirely by hand over 5 years, enjoying her first cruise, with very young children. The forecasts on Monday were beginning to talk of southwesterlies in Shannon, so we felt a start should be made towards home. PLUTO was of like mind so we arranged to meet again in Oudeschide on Texel.

At last a free wind. Up spinnaker, all day on a fine sunny run down the outside of the islands, giving Engels Gat a wide berth. As we turned east into the passage between Texel and Den Helder, things began to liven up. The wind had been working up slowly and was now about force 4/5 easterly, but the flood was also a good 4 knots against it. PLUTO had overtaken us earlier (under engine) and after crashing into the sudden seas in the entrance, we simultaneously decided to run for Den Helder. By the time we were snugly tied up a good force 7 was whistling overhead. This must have been a local funnel effect since the forecast only mentioned 4.

Den Helder is a military harbour, but visiting yachts may stay for up to 4 days. Facilities in the Royal Naval Yacht Club are very good but it is a long walk to the shops and petrol. With a northeast 3/4 still forecast there was no decision to make, so at noon on Wednesday we cast off from Holland setting a direct course for the Outer Gabbard. The buoyed channel was soon cleared, exhilarating progress being made with No.2 genoa poled out and main vanged. By evening the wind had freshened. Occasionally a wave would broach us round, making Henry groan a bit, so the main was handed for the night. Henry is the Autohelm 1000 fitted specially for this holiday. He proved to be a very dependable crew member.

By early morning, wind and sea had dropped and the spinnaker could be set, all the while the sun did shine and the sea did sparkle. Outer Gabbard did not show quite when expected, so out came the Seafix. Sure enough a speck appeared on the horizon, over the null. Out with the binoculars, that's it, 15⁰ on our port bow, the tide setting us down nicely. At 5 p.m. Sunk visible, the mackerel line went over the side and within 5 minutes we had enough for our supper. Another 20 minutes and they were eaten — marvellous.

As daylight faded, Felixstowe lights bobbed over the horizon. The sea was now smooth and HELEN going so well we decided to leave the spinnaker up, light from the masthead being quite sufficient to check sail trim. The forecasts were talking increasingly of NE backing SW and as we came round into the Blackwater so the wind followed dead aft, enabling the spinnaker to be held right to Mersea. (15 hours!) We had just decided to anchor in the quarters at 0100 hours Friday, when thick fog descended and settled the matter. So a grand holiday ended with a memorable passage, giving us many new little experiences to mull over during the dark months.

ATALANTA

S. Stearn A183

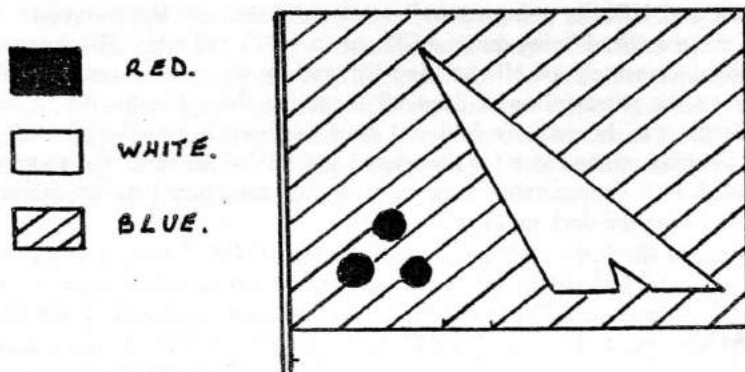
Being a bit on the slow side, it has taken us eight years of Atalanta ownership to realise that we knew precious little about the lady herself. Surely, we thought, she must have been beautiful, well mannered, and what she lacked in dash she would make up for with a loving nature towards those in her care. I am afraid that now we know more we can only assume that Uffa Fox and Fairey Marine shared our former ignorance.

She was cruel, self opinionated, greedy, a little stupid, given to profanity, and altogether no advertisement for the feminine sex. She was also renowned for being very fleet of foot, and without meaning to be disloyal to the best of all possible boats, it does seem rather a strange namesake to have chosen. I suppose we all have our dreams. In this day and age we would probably blame it all on the fact that she had a bad start in life.

At birth she was rejected by her father for being a mere girl. He thought for some strange reason that boys were superior. She was suckled by a she-bear, which I suppose gives her a reasonable excuse for being somewhat abnormal. She grew up into a fast young lady, and in order to decide the question of which suitor to settle for, and having decided, to make sure there was no trouble in the future with the also-rans, she offered to marry anyone who could outrun her, the losers to be killed. One Hippomenes enlisted the help of Aphrodite. She apparently approved of him and gave him three apples. During the race he dropped them, Atalanta stopped to pick them up, and she was his. Married

bliss followed, but unwisely they forgot to be grateful to Aphrodite, and even 'profaned her shrine' and ended their lives turned into lions.

Now we rather like flying flags. It is one of those nonsensical adjuncts to cruising that appeals to us, and we had always meant to design ourselves a house flag. Better still, the bit now well between the teeth, why not an Atalanta Owner's Association Flag? We offer you this for your consideration:-



Notes on the flag

This is a flag for flying at the crossrees. It is simple to make — ours is in wool bunting. The design is symbolic. The dark blue and white are for the original Atalanta colours; apples are red traditionally. The white shape symbolises a white sail on a blue sea, also Atalanta speeding towards her apples, and also the letter A for Atalanta. If anyone would like to make one I will gladly supply the templates for a flag 11 ins by 16½ ins, normal courtesy ensign size. SAE please.

RUDDER NOTE — E.A. Payne (A166)

Later models of the Atalanta 26 have long rectangular rudders which, in the UP position while the yacht is at her moorings, protrude several feet beyond the stern. These are liable to be hit by passing boats, especially dinghies while jockeying for position at the start of a race. To make these rudders more conspicuous, the white boot-topping could be extended along the top of the rudder to a depth of a few inches. As the rudders are made of alloy, they should be given several coats of undercoat before applying the white anti-fouling paint.

NORWEGIAN SAILING

Pauline Hodgson – AMSARA (A136)

We have had a wonderful stay in Norway, with sailing as much as possible on the Oslo Fjord, with natural beauty at its best.

My husband John purchased AMSARA around 1975 in a bit of a state and, after spending a two week holiday in her on the Solent, decided a complete overhaul was a necessity. He begged a life long friend to let us use their garden for a maximum period of three months to do all that was necessary. Two years later AMSARA was taken to Norway where a further six weeks was spent finishing her off. I will not go into all the trials and tribulations which affected us, for I'm sure you've heard it all before, but for one I hadn't the slightest idea what owning a boat meant in any way at all but I've certainly learnt a few things.

The Oslo Fjord must be one of the most beautiful places in the World for sailing, skiing, swimming etc., and how lucky we've been. Mid Summer night surely equal to none when the whole of the fjord is full of every kind of water craft, so many in fact that you need not get your feet wet if you wanted to go from island to island, each boat with bunches of birch twigs tied to the masts etc., (not sure of the reason for this). Around 9 o'clock a signal goes up for all flags to come down and that seemed to be a signal also for the bar-b-ques to be lit and feasting to start, sitting around enormous bonfires. Even though the sun had gone down, the evening continued to be very light right through till the sun rose in the morning. An experience we shall never forget.

Many people whom I've spoken to since returning home have shivered and said 'Norway? its cold there isn't it?'. Well, of course it is in the Winter, sometimes getting to -28 F, but the Summers are super. From Easter onwards temperatures haven't been as good as usual, but certainly in the high 80's and low 90's right up till my return here, and what a joy it's been for my husband John, coming home from the office around 4.30 p.m. and going sailing for the complete evening returning at 12 o'clock or even 1 o'clock in the morning. That's what I call getting rid of the cobwebs.

During the Winter the northern part of the fjord is frozen and most boats, except the Colin Archer types, are taken out and stored at the numerous marinas, also back gardens or even front gardens. But there is a frantic atmosphere when the temperatures go up, just after Easter, to get all the boats in the water again. Because of the enforced lay-up boats tend to be well looked after.

I hate to tell you that I don't enjoy sailing much at all, but I do enjoy the 'sailing scene' all tied up safely, bar-b-que going well, gin and tonic in one hand and a cigarette in a slightly shaking other hand and laughing about situations a few hours previously I had been in tears about.

AMSARA is now back on her trailer in the United Kingdom, because John has been transferred to Cairo!