

# Atlanta

OWNERS ASSOCIATION BULLETIN 1983 — 4

25th EDITION.



ALAN VINES

—

UFFA FOX

**ATALANTA OWNERS' ASSOCIATION**  
**25th EDITION BULLETIN**

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Alan Vines and Uffa Fox, 26th April 1956 (Fairey Delta 2 World Speed Record Luncheon)	Front Cover
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Patron – Alan Vines  
 Commodore – Maj. Gen. W. Odling, C.B., O.B.E., M.C., D.L.  
 Hon. Secretary – Prof. W.S.G. Parker ('George') – see A87  
 Hon. Editor – M. D. Rowe – see T11

## A.O.A. PATRON – ALAN VINES

We are sorry to report that, at the time of writing, Alan Vines is in hospital, and too ill to send a message. His wife, Joan, sends best wishes to all and wishes the Association every success in the future. In our turn, we will think of them and wish Alan an improvement in his health.

### MESSAGE FROM THE COMMODORE – MAJ. GEN. W. ODLING

It must have been twelve or thirteen years ago that I commended in our Magazine the attractions of the East Coast, particularly for Atalantas. I remember so well the visit of the Martins (A92 SEAMAJOR), all the way from Anglesea in a day (by road): so that is not too far. We have some lovely, interesting rivers – the Alde, the Deben, the Orwell, the Stour, Arthur Ransome's 'Secret Waters', the Colne, the mighty Blackwater, the Roach and the Crouch. All lovely with London's great river next on the list and St. Katharine's Dock, in the heart of the City, as a cheap London pad.

I offer again any help I can give in launching, mooring, car parking etc.

And should your holiday cover Saturday 18th August, 1984, there will be the West Mersea Town Regatta with an Atalanta race and the usual Atalanta supper in the evening at Gun House. Let me know.

### MESSAGE FROM THE EDITOR

This 25th Edition of the Bulletin is a landmark in the history of the A.O.A. Our cover has two historic photos. Without Alan Vines, there would be no Atalantas or A.O.A., Uffa Fox provided encouragement and drew the lines which give our boats such exceptional qualities. We owe a large debt of gratitude to both of these. Alan Vines was President from the foundation in 1958 until 1983, when he became our Patron: a remarkable record. The unceasing and untiring activities of successive Hon. Secretaries should not be forgotten: all will remember 'Bill' Odling's unremitting efforts and exhortations. I hope that the A.O.A. will continue to sail on as serenely as A1 on the back cover.

My thanks to our contributors this year.

### OBITUARY

We regret to report the death of Stanley R. Bull, of Thornton Heath, a former owner of Fulmar 'Wild Goose' and an Associate Member, who died in May 1983.

**ATALANTA RACE 1983**  
**WEST MERSEA REGATTA, SATURDAY 13th AUGUST**  
**W.W.A. Hensby, A143 CLYMENE**

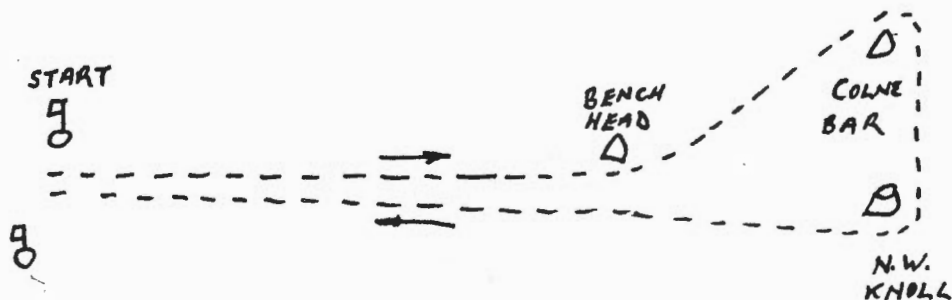
“So the last shall be first, and the first to start shall be last: for many be called, but few arrive.”

Need I say more?

The morning promised ideal sailing conditions, a pleasant North-westerly breeze and a bright sky. Sailing instructions suggested a choice of course depending on the colour of one of the many flags on the Committee Boat. Adding to the interest was the definition of the Starting Line – between a large orange outer limit buoy and the mast of the Committee Boat.

With no sign of a large orange outer limit mark, CLYMENE made an inspired guess and was first across all conceivable start lines, followed by AMSARA, KOOKA-BURRA, and LYDE.

For those unfamiliar with the area, a diagram of the course is given:-



The order at the start was maintained with some brisk sailing until the return past the Bench Head, when AMSARA proved faster than CLYMENE to windward. In fact, if it had not been for some tactical course adjustments approaching the Bench Head and Colne Bar on the outward leg, with AMSARA being baulked by another yacht, CLYMENE might have lost the lead earlier.

On the return home from the Bench Head AMSARA gained about two minutes over CLYMENE and fifteen minutes over LYDE and KOOKABURRA. LYDE overtook KOOKABURRA on the last leg, and sailing wide on the limit mark tacked to get home third across the line.

“So the last shall be first . . . .” Well, the general 20 minute mast-head rig handicap on the first three home ensured first place honours for KOOKABURRA.

“And the first shall be last”.

This was very properly arranged by 10% time bonus on CLYMENE, awarded for the inspired interpretation of Sailing Instructions.

Approximate Race Times.-

Place	Sail No.	Yacht	Owner	Elapsed Time	Corrected Time
1	A 168	KOOKABURRA	Dorrington	2H 17m	2H 17m
2	A 136	AMSARA	May	2H 3m	2H 23m
3	A 73	LYDE	McGivern	2H 15m	2H 35m
4	A 143	CLYMENE	Hensby	2H 5m	2H 37m
	A 166	HULLABALOO	Payne	Non Starter	

After the race DEVORGUILLA with Martin and Janet aboard was seen in the harbour, having just sailed in from the Deben.

All were invited to a most entertaining supper at Gun House – many thanks to our Commodore, Major-General Bill Odling, and his very well organised volunteers.

## **RICH RUNNING OF COVENTRY-VICTOR 16 HP ENGINES**

### **Eric Payne (A166 – HULLABALOO)**

Because the early models with this engine ran rich, Faireys added trunkings from the upper decks, both port and starboard, into the engine compartment to give more air to the engine. By a very clever bit of carpentry, these trunks were so made, presumably by slats, so that any water entering would drain into the scuppers while only air would go to the engine room.

While this considerably improved the running of the engines, it should be stressed how important it is to keep the air filters clean. These consist of two concentric tubes of fine wire mesh which are difficult to keep clean. Brushing with a wire brush is useless as the dirt is merely brushed into the mesh, so the gauze should be tapped with the wire brush so that the wire bristles penetrate the mesh and clear the dirt. Before starting work, it is advisable to soak the filters in paraffine and to boil them in water for a long period. Also, it helps to spray a high-pressure jet of water through the gauze from inside and out, and if compressed air should be available, so much the better. It is most advisable to take the carburettor home during lay-up so that it can be thoroughly overhauled. Both the choke and throttle flaps are inclined to go tight and all the various jets require blowing through. But what a job it is to replace the flange of the carburettor on to the manifold! The ¼” Whitworth nuts have to be started by lying face downwards on the engine and using the tips of the fingers, until a spanner can be used. I wonder how many owners can do the job in less than an hour, but better done while ashore than when at sea. Mr A. N. Weaver, the designer, is still available for consultation and I have found him most helpful, his address is at the back of this issue.

## A SEAGULL STANDING

Michael Roberts (F47 – POPEYE)

You can't get much farther away from the sea than Naini Tal, five thousand feet up in the Himalayas. There was a lake, true, and people rowed on it, but I don't remember a sail. There were some pretty aggressive monkeys in the jungle around too. One lot chased us away from our picnic, and whilst we cowered behind trees at a safe distance, scoffed all the sandwiches and cakes. Not very brave, you might say, but when you are only four and the monkeys are large and not behind bars, discretion pays.

Much better were stately journeys by sea, six thousand miles from Bombay to Tilbury on the majestic black funnelled ships of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company. And a sense of slight superiority derived from being able to tuck in to a hearty breakfast, lunch, and supper, while every one else was groaning in the scuppers. Storms in the Bay of Biscay were better than a roller coaster ride.

So you begin a lifelong love affair with the sea, most of it spent in separation, and in dreams of voyages which might have been in yachts which could never be unless your number came up in the National lottery. And in the end you settle for what you can afford when you can afford it, and for any stretch of water wherever you can find it, and for any hull and sail if you can borrow it or build it, or scrape enough shekels together to buy it.

So, in Bosham fourteen years ago, I found POPEYE, a Fulmar of stout proportions and, as I discovered in time, an even stouter heart. It began to look as if some of those dreams, at least, might come true.

The reality was rather different, and I didn't reckon on the spells.

One of the essentials for peace of mind when you own a boat is a permanent and safe mooring that doesn't cost the earth. It took me twelve years to find one. We wandered, POPEYE and I, from Marchwood to Hamble back to Marchwood to Netley and then to Hamble and each in turn failed for reasons which were mostly beyond anyone's control, leaving us, as it were, homeless.

Then, one weekend, I sailed from Netley down to Keyhaven with a friend who used to pilot me round the New Territories of Hong Kong in his Auster, and who was now my pilot through the rather tricky entrance to the Keyhaven River, and its even trickier mudbanks (well known now to POPEYE's lifting keel!).

That was the second of the spells, not the first. The moment we arrived there, I knew that this place was for us. For POPEYE a safe mooring, and a boatyard for winter storage. For me and my crew pleasant surroundings, a friendly Yacht Club, walks over the marshes encompassing a huge bird sanctuary, access to the open sea just round Hurst Point, and a river unspoiled by the attentions of the Developers, and what was more; a river where anyone could come and launch a boat of any size at any time – for nothing. And never a cross word in the very limited space available for launching.

With a little bit of luck, it looked as if the wandering days were over. And a little bit of luck was on the way.

It's amazing what you can achieve by leaning on a bar. Well, there I was, you see, leaning on this bar in the Keyhaven Yacht Club, bemoaning the fact that I had a yacht in the boatyard and no mooring to keep it on and wondering what on earth I was going to do next summer, when this chap comes over from the far corner of the clubhouse and says look, I've got a mooring that I'm not using next season would you like to borrow it. Now that's magic. Pure magic. I said 'Yes' very quickly before anyone else could get a word in edgeways, and there I was, a Man with a Mooring by the kindness of a stranger whose shadow, I pray, will never grow less. And the magic continued for six long years while my name inched slowly to the top of the District Council waiting list, friends, God bless them, lent me a mooring until that great day when the River Warden, on whom may good fortune smile for ever, told me to take up mooring number so and so, in such and such a location. Confirmation followed, in writing, and a bill, not too painful. And there we are, moored alongside a huge piece of Tupperware which calls itself a Fulmar. But we know better. Anyway, we're senior by a good twenty years.

All this time, of course, the other spell was at work. The first one. Two years after I bought POPEYE a nephew sailed with me from Marchwood to Newtown Creek for the weekend. That was it. I met an Australian there who told me he'd sailed the seven seas and this was his favourite Haven. Now I wouldn't have to bother. I'd found it first time. In those days Newtown was 20p and stay as long as you like, and there were very few yachts there. It's a bit different now, but the place has never lost its charm. I've been there every year ever since. I did, once, try to sail by on the other side, but was drawn in, and there stayed until it was time to go home.

Now not only do I have the comfort of knowing that there is shelter here from adverse winds and cares, but also endless delight in the wild flowers, the butterflies and birds, the walks along the shore line and in the fields and woods, the infinite

variety of subjects for the touch of my brush, and encounters with strangers who like me have found peace in this place. And above all memories of some of the happiest days of my life spent here with family and friends.

Mind you, I have tried other places. There was this time when I, veteran of three wars and twenty three years service with the Gurkhas, the Captain, Royal Navy, who had fought at the battle of the River Plate, and my son, struggling with his 'O' levels, Three Men in a Boat, set sail for Poole, and ultimately Wareham. We arrived, in time, at the entrance to that reedy river which leads up to the town, and not having been there before, were uncertain which way to turn.

The Gurkhas were in full cry after the fleeing Japanese, and the Germans were just about to scuttle when there was a cry from my son on the fore deck.

"I can see a seagull standing!"

It was — up to its knees in water.

We slid to a muddy halt.

Thank God for lifting keels.

## **RUDDER, KEELS and COCKPIT DRAINS**

### **John Jeffers (A161 — PEGASUS OF TRUNDLES)**

Whilst awaiting the arrival of PEGASUS OF TRUNDLES from the Medway in January this year, I got into correspondence with the A.O.A. Hon. Secretary who kindly sent me much advice and, on my request, a lot of the Association back numbers. From these I learned of keels and rudders. I didn't know how old the rudder was and made a thorough check of it when the boat arrived. It was corroded and, though I buffed the corrosion out of it, I wasn't entirely satisfied with the result and thought it would be best to fit a new one.

I had read that the marine aluminium required for the rudder cost about £20, but reckoned without inflation. After many phone calls I found that the lowest price was £60 unshaped but cut to the nearest rectangular size. Using the old rudder as a pattern and, with the aid of a 3/8" Black and Decker drill and jigsaw attachment, the outside shape took about two hours to cut. Filing the leading and trailing edges to a streamline shape took another couple of hours. But how to cut the groove around which the down haul cable lays: that was the problem. I didn't fancy filing it and I didn't have a metal milling machine but I did have a De Walt carpenters overarm saw and a tungsten carbide tipped circular saw blade. I tried it out on the aluminium and found that it cut it quite easily. I drilled an 1/8" diameter hole where the rudder attachment bolt was to be and hammered a nail through it into the bench, using this as the point about which the rounded part of the rudder would revolve. The De Walt was turned to the horizontal plane and used to mill out a regular groove around the edge of the metal — this was surprisingly easy. The hole to contain the stainless steel bearing for the attachment bolt was cut with a trepanning cutter (normally used



for cutting GRP and wood) and the bearing pressed into place, liberally coated with Araldite as an additional retainer. The whole rudder was then coated and finished with antifouling. Incidentally the circular saw blade will still cut timber without having been reground!

Enough has been written about removing keels to scare me into not touching them this year although they were scrubbed, undercoated and antifouled with the aid of a thin, long handled brush. But I did check the straps which lift the keel and are alongside the screwjack. They looked about 5/16" thick but, after chipping the rust off, the true metal was about 3/16" thick. This was thought to be adequate, but not much else. After receiving anti rust treatment followed by two coats of red lead primer and undercoat, the whole was given a thick coat of marine grease which has lasted the season. Those who are new to Atalantas (like me) be warned, keel boxes really **do** have to be waterproof at the joints and require more than the normal attention all around when sealing and screwing. The pressure in these boxes when sailing is quite high and leads me to my next bit of 'quicklearn' – the holes for draining the cockpit. I would be interested in all ideas of how to cope with the water that pours through these huge orifices. On my first sail, I soon realised that water rushed up through these holes drenching to above the knee anyone in the near vicinity. I hadn't noticed any mention of this in previous literature and thought it might help to give it an airing.

There had been no way of telling whether or not the rubber seals below the keels were efficient when the boat was on the trailer, they obviously weren't **but** what to do about it? As a warning to others, I will explain what I did. First of all, being used to GRP self draining cockpits having one or two 1½" diameter holes I could not (and cannot) understand the need for these immense holes so I thought I would fit plywood planks over them securing these with tapered chocks wedged into the duck board supports and leaving an inch or so at the forward end for draining purposes.

We sailed in a 3 to 4 wind and the cockpit remained dry for about five minutes; after that it was awash again. On returning to the mooring, the chocks could not be found and the 34" long ply planks had also disappeared! I couldn't believe it until I found that they had worked free and had been sucked through the drain holes into the keel boxes. The planks were easily recovered but the chocks could only be removed after the keel box tops had been unscrewed. Of course, this had to be done in quick time because the keels could not be lifted and the tide was going out!

My next attempt (using the same planks) was more successful but I used two wedges per side and, as a precaution, secured both wedges and plank to a fitting with twine in case they worked loose again and wanted to move into the boxes. In fact they didn't work loose, but it's surprising how much splash came through the less than 1" aperture.

I had avoided using screws or bolts because that gave me the option of just knocking the wedges out any time I chose – perhaps when I got a bit more experience in or met an old and knowledgeable Atalantean.

I wonder why the original keel box seal was discarded? Can anyone enlighten me? Perhaps someone might also put their ideas forward on how they have coped with the jib sheet ends which, on my boat, are bent around a wooden cleat either side of the cabin roof. In our estuary, one has to be pretty nippy when tacking and the substitution of jamb cleats for the wooden ones would be a great help. The point is, how to do it? Finally, if I did replace the faithful Coventry Victor with a diesel, which engine is suitable and how does it fit?

## **FASTNET FORCE 4!**

### **K. Martin (A92 SEAMAJOR)**

“Get the spinni down”, he screamed above the roar of wind and wave. 17 years of joy and happiness ruined in the careless folly of minutes, he thought. Still the crew stood on the surging deck, temporarily transfixed by those beautiful breakers ahead whilst their beautiful boat hurtled heedlessly onwards, keels eagerly searching for the sand. At last that great red, maddened ball of air slumped and was smothered on the deck. “Which jib would you like?” “Anything, but quickly”, the reply came. Soon she was close hauled, the wind and rain blasting through their hair, numbing their senses. Still they watched those taunting, haunting crests, foaming to leeward, over her stern now. Should they run their deadly race across the tide, reaching clear of the shoal or should they continue battling under disaster’s very nose? Indecision reigned supremely once more. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, she drew them clear, out over the comforting depths to seaward.

The compass couldn’t be wrong; Rusk No.2 can must have been marking the Sluice.

(Apologies to Jack Higgins, whose thrillers we can, incidentally, recommend to yachtsmen as requiring minimal concentration.)

“One of the very best of cruising grounds” was Eric Hiscock’s comment in ‘Wandering Under Sail’ (a useful pilot) which inspired our visit to La Cote Sud d’Ile Emeraud, as the local French would call it. To explore Ireland’s South Coast in 3 weeks would require more sailing than was our custom, but this year we had only our 3 keenest sailors. Dad, Mum and 22-year old son. In the space previously occupied by the other 2 sons we took some new cruising luxuries for trial, folding Bickerton bikes (in a “bogey hole”) and a windsurfer (lashed against the foredeck rail). Our cruise plan was simple – a warm anti-cyclonic NE breeze to take us as far W as possible (as AQUILIO II had done in 1970), then the prevailing westerlies would allow us to potter slowly back along the coast before jumping back to Wales, filling in any spare time in Cardigan Bay. “The best laid plans . . .”!

From Bangor we ghosted through the Straits on the sea breeze, first

running (accompanied by our windsurfer), then tacking – when the board, now on tow, proved too much for its old painter, so we stowed it aboard. We reached the idyllic but crowded Llanddwyn, our Greece with its crystal clear Snowdonia backdrop, before the evening lull. The morrow dawned hot and windless allowing morning basking til a SSW blew in from seawards (a headwind of course). After lunch A92 was hard on the wind and we noted this course. Darkness brought the bright Codling's light, followed by another, matching our 1972 Arklow Bank buoy description. It eventually dawned on us (at around sun-up!) that it was the Wicklow Head light – at least we hadn't yet tried to round it! (Why do they keep changing the characteristics of lights?). A South-going tide favoured Arklow and, 20 hours out, it provided a comfortable dockside berth, even if it's only 4' deep nearby. This simple typically Irish, town provided its few amenities on an annoyingly linear layout and with an abundance of flies.

On Monday very super saturated Irish Mist delayed departure till a feigned clearance tempted us out into a N3–4. Precipitation became incessant before we reached Rusk No.2 (we usually get within reading distance), but A92 eventually slid through the Rusk Channel without spinnaker. With little visibility daylight, tide, dry clothing or enthusiasm remaining we felt we'd had enough excitement for the day. 'Seamajor' closed the coast to anchor for a rather slurry but safe night. Soon after the 06.30 forecast (early starts soon became habitual) we tacked – yes tacked – to Rosslare, a convenient if open and bustling ferry port. Lack of time and discouragement from our I.C.C. Cruising Guide (though the next edition and locals will give directions) persuaded us to cycle rather than sail, to Wexford that sunny afternoon.

Having thus made rather leisurely progress to the SE corner of Eire, the weather became hazy and the wind first E then N. This allowed us to reach the Fastnet in 4 days' and one night's sailing. A92 started by tacking S, within sight of the Kerrygold cows, but off Carnsore Point we could hoist our multi-coloured downwind supercharger. The anticipated tide rips never materialised, probably because the skipper had removed his socks (and put the cabin doors on)! Saltee Sound was unspectacularly wide and a straight line takes one safely through, despite the meanderings suggested in the Guide – it must have been written for yachts of 12' draft sailing on Chart Datum. The movement of both air and boat became distinctly more sluggish as we neared Hook Point, so we pulled into Dunmore East. The attractive harbour was, sadly, crowded with boats and the water poisoned by the usual fisherman's pollutants (oil and putrefying fish) but the showers were great. The yachts inside rafted together, which provided some entertainment: 14 boats with no shore lines must be a record! Unfortunately, the air stirred and this raft blew into a semi-circle, outer (?) vessels almost touching the quay.

Despite our usual urge to 'do' the local rivers, we pressed on past some spectacular cliff scenery of the North Pembroke variety. This, the best day of the cruise (averaging a mere 4 knots), ended at Ballycotton where both the breeze and our patience dwindled. The water here was again filthy, but was at least only cluttered with fishing boats. Tides now appeared to be weak (one of the joys of this coast is sailing for as long as one wants, whenever one wants),

so we left at 06.30, drifting through the Sound – frightening with a swell and no wind. Mist and rain reduced visibility to ½ mile as we groped our way westwards beneath apparently awesome cliffs near the start of “one of the finest cruising grounds in Europe” – W of Cork (I.C.C.). (It’s odd that a force 0–1 onshore breeze can push a yacht towards the rocks without moving her forward). The wafting zephyrs finally deserted A92 near the Sovereigns (to use their polite title), but the Seagull – our only motor – allowed us to chase a basking shark for photos. Oysterhaven was a pleasantly unspoilt ‘flooded river valley’ type estuary, typical of our British west coast. Here we first saw the quality of the environment to become commonplace further west: wildlife even more diverse than the Irish Sea’s and a clear view of the fascinating sealife 20’ below our keels.

Both we and the wind rose too late for the tide on the Old Head, so we indulged in our old style of hopping to the next harbour. Kinsale again reminded us of the West Country – in fact Oysterhaven, Kinsale and Cobh correspond roughly with Salcombe, Dartmouth and Plymouth without their crowds. In the town (somewhat akin to Bideford) we further over-indulged in what must be the largest “whale and chips” in the UK. The skipper was so ashamed of our lazy “Sunday Sailor’s” day that he determined to use the favourable northerly that night to reach the Fastnet – this coastal cruising by moonlight, fully appreciating the scenery, was a new experiment of his. Anticipating a pleasant run seawards, sparring with the local weekenders and racers from Nantes, we were rather taken aback as the wind was taken from our sails 10 minutes later. The subsequent sea breeze gave us another beat, so we began sizing up Sandycove at the mouth of the haven (Plan B). However the wind returned on SEAMAJOR’s stern and she sped off, relatively speaking, on Plan A again. The wind gradually headed us during the night, but we rounded the Rock (3 weeks late?) at dawn, sadly turning homewards.

With the ‘passage’ to our cruising ground now over, we stopped for breakfast and birdwatching at S Harbour on Cape Clear Island, which was unfortunately littered with holiday homes. Lunch was at Baltimore, sporting the usual dejected Irish monuments, before continuing eastwards with brief glimpses of porpoises. In the very depths of his filing system the skipper had just discovered our only large scale chart, dated 1890, marking the 60 yard gap inshore of the Kedges as “Passage used by Coasters”. The helmsman had already insisted on using this passage “because it’s there”, so the discovery of this superb chart rendered any further whimpering useless. We all first uttered disbelief, then stood very silently and finally sighed relief as we squeezed through. Supper was in the delightfully romantic fjord-like Barloge, recommended by Hiscock. Inland was a fascinating tree-shrouded lost lake of salt-water. This fed, through a rapids (containing a kingfisher and our first otters), our serenely tranquil pool with its starfish, sea urchins and herons. Once the only French yacht had finished juggling a 2’ dogfish onboard in a bucket, she left and we were on our own in this marvellous garden of wildlife. Next morning we continued touring this “very jolly cruising ground with a great many more natural harbours than one could make use of” (Hiscock) starting at Castletownshend, a sleepy Anglican hamlet (even at 10.30). At first we pulled up a really Irish mooring – string tied to a 10 lb building

block – but we soon rowed to another. Later A92 crawled into picturesque Glandore, again uncrowded and unspoilt by English standards. All the rocks were meticulously signposted, as in Brittany, but in complete contrast to the rest of this rock-strewn coast. The day's last daysail took us past Galley Head to an unexpected mooring in Dunnycove, our Guide is rather short of 'waiting' anchorages in bays and coves.

During our next 4 days the sea breeze (magnified by the hot weather) opposed the forecast northerly, resulting in a nett near-calm. Initially the land breeze piped up enough, however, to sneak us around Seven Heads against the first of the tide. Mind you, it then headed us to Courtmacsherry, the only almost-drying harbour we attempted (though it is the home of a lifeboat). The channel was poorly marked and the wind always seems to blow onshore when A92's aground (e.g. Minehead '81). We "Seagulled" out and headed ('sailed' or 'drifted' implies too dynamic a state) eastwards once more. Watchleader, navigator, strategist, tactician, helmsman, winchman, deckhand and sailtrimmer continued the perplexing business of trying to impart forward motion on SEAMAJOR from her limp or slatting areas of terylene the other two crew read thrillers and photographed more sharks – easily spotted in glassy waters. We eventually tired of the unchanging view at 8 pm and "Seagulled" into Oysterhaven, finding it as weed-covered as ever (they could do with a good cleansing gale here). August 25th added a haze to the doldrums, but at least this section of coast was visible this time, as we slipped stealthily homewards. The tide (there isn't very much, but we can't think what else it could have been) took us to Crosshaven, Eire's Cowes – showers £1! 12 hours later A92 was motoring again, under the deafening grunts of Roche Point's half-submerged prehistoric monster, frightening off predators from its terrestrial territory. We came upon a lobster potter with one of his lines around his prop shaft and occupied an hour hacking, in so much as one can hack underwater, at this indestructible, compressed polypropylene His pals on the radio promised to come, as we disappeared into the all-engulfing pea soup, navigating by ½" map and echo sounder. It cleared near the Smiths buoy ("Keep up with the Smiths", the skipper said) and a breeze consequently (?) appeared as we reached Ballycotton, again crowded with tourists, swimming kids, fisherpersons and fishes. At 06.30 A92 continued her sedate progress – unlimited time, and the patience to use it, would be a great asset to a yachtsman. We anchored off the busy beach at Youghal (pron. Yole it seems), dashed around its sights and weighed anchor before too much water had gone – drying harbours and bars (the undersea variety) are such an inconvenience, forcing one to rush everywhere! Through a painted sea at Ardmore we watched the anchor and chain land in a heap, before part of our complement visited the ruined church (excellent carvings) and the tall Round Tower. The glorious sunshine became veiled, but we still took the NE3/4 forecast at 6 pm with a large pinch of salt – the shipping forecasts are consistently over-estimated by one force. Half an hour later the black clouds loomed large, with an E4/5 and the consequent choppy water. Being only 100 yards upwind of the rocks we lost no time in clearing out to sea, just as our only neighbours returned from the local. We had been considering a

night sail to Dunmore but now the decision was taken by Hobson (except for Youghal, unthinkable!). The night breeze apparently reinforced the easterly, giving us a typical force 5 beat for 16½ hours – rising, falling, slithering down one wave and bludgeoning into the next but at least we weren't blundering blindly through fog. Hats were very useful and the comfort of a bucket very preferable to balancing in that bouncy black hole at the head. It was a Sunday, of course, now we were within range of a town (as at Kinsale), but two of us cycled to Waterford anyway, whilst the Dunmore antics resumed.

A92 was now placed for her crossing back to Wales, but we had a long wait for the forecast return to SW, depression-type winds. Meanwhile an E3/4 provided a delightful sail past intriguingly varied countryside all the way back to Waterford – it's much more relaxing than cycling and Reginald's Tower was very worthwhile. The Suir's turbulent ebb returned us to Dunmore (a buoy this time) and our first lobster pot tangle, going dead slow ahead fortunately. One has to use one's skill and judgement, because one's always too close, whether the floating line is upwind, uptide or upwhatever of the cleverly camouflaged buoy. We attempted to leave via Coningbeg that evening, but before long the wind proved to be a sea breeze (the elements were kind to us, we could have been becalmed when we were far enough out to be committed). Dusk saw A92 in Slade bay, near Hook Point, where we anchored off the drying harbour (only mentioned in our historic monuments book) in a maze of lobster pots, and visited the local castle. Tuesday 30th brought a gentle southerly as forecast (or was it just another sea breeze?) which wafted us through and over lobster pots and porpoises to Rosslare: as expected, it's much easier to carry a tide northwards. Alongside in this recommendable yacht-free harbour we divided between windsurfing, cycling and reading.

We grew tired of waiting for a solid SW and left next morning for Britain. As we passed Wexford we were thrilled to watch an exhausted little migrating bird have a brief rest on A92's spinni pole – naturally enough it flew on before we could capture it on film. Our passage was very comfortable, if a little frustrating, on the flat sea due to the leisurely SW wind, but our wet Welsh welcome prevented the Bardsey light from winking at us till later than we would have cued it. The weathermen were now talking of a "vigorous" Atlantic depression heralding the end of summer and the tide was S-going, so A92 headed along the S coast of the Llyn (our quickest route home, making use of her trailability). Passing Aberdaron, the wind veered from SSW2 to NW5 in the space of 5 hectic minutes, forcing us to drop our toast and tea to dowse the spinni. We had an exciting reach, attaining 5 knots at last, in bright sunshine past the exposed Abersoch moorings to Pwllheli. We recovered that Thursday afternoon, September 1st, finding it hard to believe that the cloudless sky proclaimed the first autumn storm.

Next day, confounding the cynics and sceptics, was a S gale with torrential showers – a dozen boats blew ashore from their Abersoch moorings. The long range warning given by the shipping forecast, suitably moderated, and the timing provided by the land forecasters had proved correct once again. What a timely homecoming!

Only twice during our 19 day cruise had it been too windy for our genoa and we were surprised to be able to clock up 565 miles (made good 3% under motor). Two night coastal sails helped our progress, but A92 did average 3 knots for 10 hours every day. Drifting through the numerous doldrums resulted in this rather lengthy account before you. Unfortunately our bikes and windsurfer were therefore under utilised, but they should prove useful in more 'normal' British summers. Returning by our outward route did also slightly mar our otherwise corking cruise (excuse the pun!) so perhaps next time it'll be round Ireland, slowly enough to appreciate it.

### ON HANDOVER – W. Odling

To everything there is a Season and a time to every purpose under the Heaven.

*(Ecc. Ch 3 v.2)*

A time to buy and a time to sell.

A time to scrape and a time to paint.

A time to overhaul keels and a time to change rudder blades.

A time to start up and a time to break down.

A time to motor, A time to sail.

A time to reef, A time to run.

A Tide to make and a time to lose.

A time to keep silent and a time to shout.

A time to cross the Bar and a time to open it.

A time to anchor and a time to cast off.

A time to lay up and a time to launch.

A time for me and my mate to retire and you George to take over.

(This was mislaid by the printer last year! My apologies to the Commodore. Hon. Ed.)

## SAILING IN THE ISLES OF SCILLY

### Monica Mourant

Just before leaving for the 1983 dinner, I snatched up my transparencies of my holiday in the Isles of Scilly on ALOUETTE DE MER (A7).

There are generally several sets of films to be seen after dinner and I did not expect to show mine. As it happened, only one other set appeared and so we looked at mine. I had not prepared my 'Brief' and, when I returned to our table, another member was asking John Mourant whether there was enough to do for two weeks or so if one sailed to the Isles of Scilly, and I realised that I had not said anything useful.

Yes, it is a wonderful place for sailing and there is plenty to do for two or three weeks – or more.

The ALOUETTE DE MER used to spend the winter months under her 'Boatport' at Swinford in Leicestershire. That summer my husband and his son, John, towed her to Exeter and launched her into the river at Topsham. He then sailed her to Dartmouth where he was joined by his crew, Howard Hill, who had often sailed with him before. They sailed from Dartmouth to Newton Ferrers where they moored for the night in the mouth of the river Yam, and then on to Fowey, a lovely place.

The next day they set sail for Penzance. At about midday, they were off Falmouth and went to the aid of some fishermen who were waving their shirts and shouting as their engine had failed. Having sailed over to another fishing boat and informed the occupants of their friend's plight, the ALOUETTE and her crew sailed on. Rounding the Lizard at about 5 pm the wind was right, the tides were right, the weather was fine and the forecast was good, so they decided to make for the Scillies. At about 6 pm after having had supper, the Skipper said, 'Go and get some rest.'

When he emerged from the cabin at about 9.30 pm the crew was told that there was a slight problem. Absolutely smack on course was the Wolf Rock Lighthouse, so he was told to sail away for half an hour and 'Tack Close' past the Wolf. He followed the instructions but felt uncomfortably close to the Wolf just the same. However, all was well.

In the early hours of the morning Howard became aware of red lights in the sky which he found difficult to understand and also lighthouse beams coming from different points from time to time. He had been told that they could not possibly reach land before 8 am, so he sailed on with a calm sea and a fair wind under a most beautiful starry sky. At about 4 am Howard had a feeling that there was land close by so he summoned the Skipper. They had made such good time that they had indeed arrived; the red lights in the sky were from the wireless station on St. Mary's – the lights from Round Island were shining between the outer islands. As dawn broke they got back on course and sailed up St. Mary's sound to Hugh Town.



For a time Mrs Nita Buckley was lost from the Atalanta scene. Letters were returned by the Post Office . . . Even the General was unable to help . . .

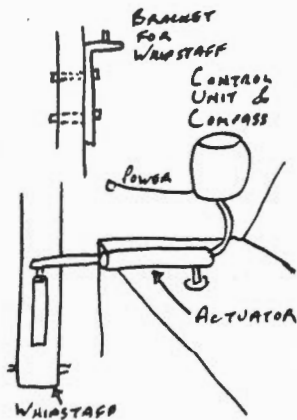
Early last season from out of the blue, Nita rang me. After several years she and her husband had returned to the Fairey Fold and bought a Titania. Re-joining the Association, she found that I was the present owner of MISTURA, found my number and we had what I hope to be the first of many conversations which I hope will result in her sailing MISTURA again.

MISTURA brought some problems with her. The biggest is a Coventry Victor W.N.4. I gave much money to so-called engineers to identify the trouble. Only when a real engineer, 70 years old, came down to me from Coventry did my Cov. Vic. show her splendid performance. He righted her timing, fitted a new magneto, and for a time all was well.

The magneto failed as we arrived in Ostende. Amazingly not only was the Atalanta a familiar figure, but my 21 year old Coventry Victor was identical to the one my new found Belgian mechanic was working on. As part of a very expensive deal he allowed me to take the magneto from the Belgian Atalanta. Once again I thought this the end of my troubles but we had only left the Harbour when the mag. showed temperamental qualities which remained with it to the end of the season. She simply refused to work for more than an hour at a time. Often she demanded a rest before half that time. My real engineer from Coventry came again and replaced the magneto with a coil ignition system. In the last season this proved vastly superior.

Another problem which has caused many wasted hours on a beach is the rudder downhaul system. The gap between plate and stock, when opened by excessive pressures, entices the downhaul wire to leave its slot and this jams the whole system. I have experimented with thicker wire but find this jams the blade even more fiercely. Looking through past numbers of our Bulletin, I saw a suggestion that plastic tubing was the answer to this wire-jumping situation. I must look this up again because I need to know how to keep the tubing in situ. I find the tubing edges out of the stock by the friction of the moving blade. This causes even worse problems. The joy of steering when the downhaul is working properly is unbelievable. Let that blade lift only an inch and our whipstaff becomes a monster so hard to master.

Steering can become a tiring occupation even in ideal conditions. One of our first additions to MISTURA's equipment was an Autohelm 2000. With the boat when we bought it was a mass of vane steering gear. Although I have kept it I have never been able to piece it together profitably. It is indeed a cumbersome offering in comparison with an electronic model. Nautech had never thought of linking the arm of the 'helm with a whipstaff. In fact the whipstaff seemed unknown as a steering device by their staff. However, whipstaff or tiller, the Auto-helm has much to offer.



I made a stainless steel L shaped plate which I bolted on to our whipstaff. Through the extended lip, I drilled a hole and fitted the pin supplied with the Autohelm. The arm of the 'helm' was supported from the port bench seat in the cockpit. I drilled a hole in this through a stiffener (a wooden plate) and inserted the liner also provided by the firm. From its central position the telescopic arm, which is very strongly powered, can move the whipstaff some 9 inches to port or starboard. I have the usual line which keeps the whipstaff upright. This

movement is more than adequate for the helm under power and equally good under sail when the winds are steady and the sails well balanced. Only when the boat is running under lumpy conditions have I found the Autohelm beaten.

A source of power is needed and a series of switch positions control the telescopic arm for various sea conditions. An adjustable compass controls the direction to be steered, and once set no man can steer a better course. There is a small control switch which will allow a change of course up to 20° in order to avoid obstructions and return to the set course. In the early days we tested our 'Tilly' for eight continuous hours when we motor-sailed back from the Deben under nasty conditions. We were amazed and delighted by its efficiency. Use of electricity is minimal.

This year I am removing the Brooks and Gatehouse Hecta Echo Sounder. Sadly the transducer was found to be faulty and the cost of replacing it would be £100. The V.D.O. Mechanical Sum Log also fitted many years ago suffered very badly from the mud etc. she rests in for half the tide. At no time since I had it did it give good service. Like the Echo Sounder it will be removed and put aside as a visual aid for my next navigation class.

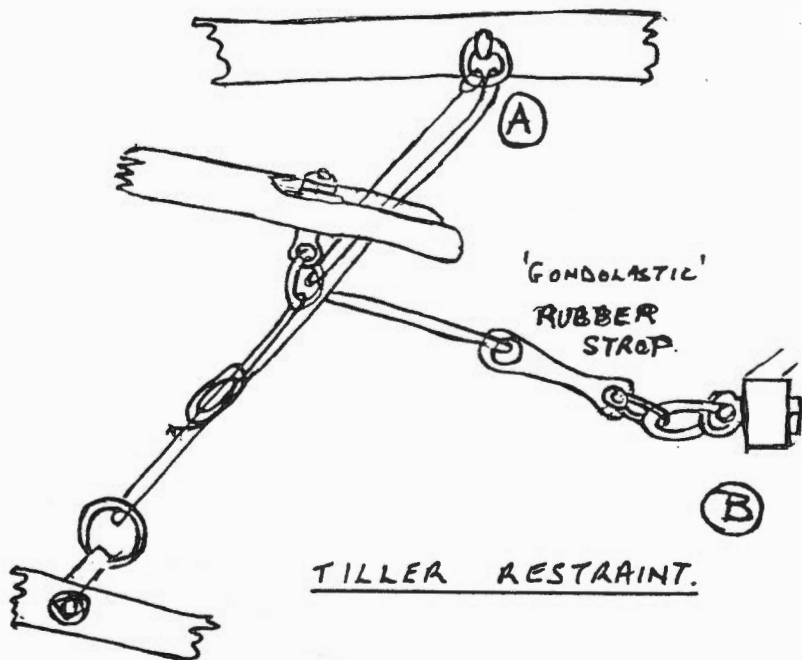
Awaiting to be fitted are:

1. A brand new Seafarer 700 Echo Sounder with two warning systems, one for shallow and one for deep water. Will this save me from winding up those magnificent keels . . .
2. A Stowe Navigator 2 which has so many functions that I look forward to using. Perhaps I may be allowed a few comments on these two items in our next issue.

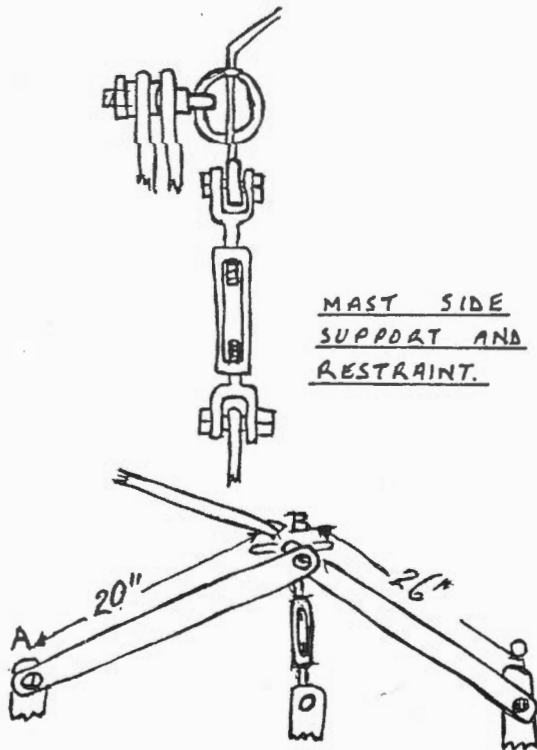
## FULMAR F64 – FAERIE QUEEN

Sqn. Ldr. D.M.C. Best

1. Reference 82/83 Bulletin (page 20), I am able to report that the rudder worked very well. To render the up and down haul easier, I fitted the control cables with 2 to 1 reduction tackle between the wire ends and the tubular type cleats on each side of the tiller.
2. My mooring being very exposed, I found it necessary to lash the tiller securely. To do this, a ring bolt was fitted to both sides of the coaming and, with another one through the tiller itself, a heavy nylon line provided a non slip lock-up as per drawing (A). Now that I have a pontoon mooring, this was altered to method (B). The ring bolt is fitted at the foot of the cabin entrance and the rubber strop and line permanently secured. The line (of appropriate length) is fitted with a spring clip for securing to the tiller ring bolt when required. This method allows a simple means of centring the rudder during reefing or even self steering to some degree, if the sail balance is right.



3. The side support of the mast during raising or lowering has always worried me. There is, I assume, a regular system but the following layout works very well and allows for single handed work. Two steel strips (1" x 1/4") of the lengths indicated are joined together by a ring bolt as shown and the other ends are secured to the shroud chain plates. When the mast base is fitted to its hinge piece the centre shroud with bottle screw is threaded through the ring and secured to its chain plate. This ring is in line with the mast hinge and the centre shroud maintains its tension and support throughout the movement up or down. To check the strip lengths for your boat, run a 6' length of wooden dowling through the mast hinge and take off the measurements.
4. The 'A' frame used to provide the angle of lift for mast movement is, on my boat, made of 1" water piping. This is OK and is tied to the trailer when not in use, but it is rather heavy and needs rubber end caps to prevent damage to cabin top when being handled. I shall try to design and make a lighter unit of wood, probably laminated and with cut-out ply strengthening and metal plated to take the pivots top and bottom. Has anyone such a device already in use?



## ROUTINE CARE OF ATALANTA KEEL MECHANISM

J. S. and E.F.R. Stearn (A183 – BLUSTER)

### Removing the keels

1. Remove plates on outside of keel boxes, covering the bolt heads. These plates originally had white lead impregnated sealing washers. When replacing them, if you have no new washers, use plenty of mastic – the sea is on the other side!
2. Lower keels until they touch a board on the ground, taking the strain off the pivot bolt.
3. Lock the two upper nuts.
4. Remove the pivot bolt, (the lowest). If it is difficult to shift, hit a punch placed in the central hole provided to prevent damaging the thread. They are easy enough if you do them regularly.
5. Remove clamp bolts.
6. Continue to lower the keels, moving aft along the ground as you go, until they will lower no further. Chock them up securely so they will not fall when disconnected from their gear. At this point you will not be able to reach the nut near the bottom of the stirrup as it will be still inside the keel box.
7. Disconnect the stirrup from the jackscrew by removing pin and stop nut.
8. The keels are now free. Lower carefully to the ground and remove the stirrups. **NB** The stainless steel pin that passes through the keel and each side of the stirrup is **not** removeable, being a tight interference fit.
9. At some stage, the triangular locking plates will have fallen out.

### Check Points

1. Keel Bolts  
If there is much corrosion, they may need replacing. Cleaning and a good coating of underwater grease is usually sufficient.
2. Stirrups  
The galvanising gradually wears away and corrosion sets in especially at the bottom which is most often in contact with sea water. These may be strengthened by welding, the doubler being welded on as high up as necessary. Then the whole stirrup should be re-galvanised.