

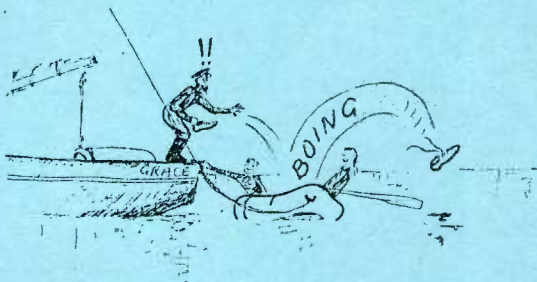
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# Atalanta

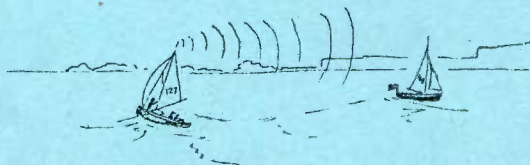
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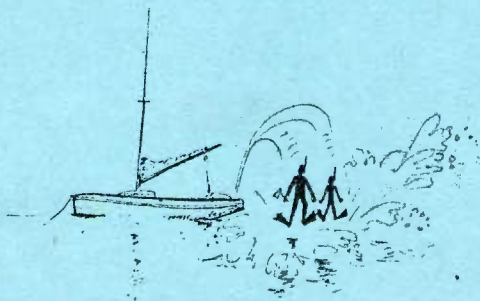
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# ATALANTA OWNERS' ASSOCIATION

## 28th EDITION BULLETIN

Index 1986 — 1987

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*Commodore* — *Maj Gen W Odling*  
                    *CB OBE MC DL* — *See Hon Mem*

*Honorary Secretary* — *Prof W S G Parker (George)* — *See A87*

*Honorary Editor* — *M D Rowe* — *See T11*

## COMMODORES' MESSAGE

I am sure that in this non-sailing season our thoughts have been directed towards the "Great Australian Boat Race" in Perth. With mixed feelings !

"You see", the White Knight went on, "that it is as well to be provided for EVERYTHING and it is tiresome that things fall down — overboard in fact — and never upwards". "I was wondering what the mousetrap was for" said Alice. "It is not very likely that there would be any mice on board". "Not VERY likely perhaps" said the Knight "but if they do come, I don't choose to have them running all about. Have you seen", he said, "the spiked anklets around my feet ?". "What are they for ?" said Alice. "To guard against the bites of sharks !"

I should like to have the opportunity to race home in SALIZANDA (A150) against all those Tupperware jobs. I bet I should be the only one to finish, but after a time. So do look to YOUR gear this Winter, get Alice to help you ! With apologies to Lewis Carroll for releasing her.

W O

## HONORARY EDITORS' MESSAGE

Once again a previously hidden talent of an Owner has been revealed. I'm sure that all will be charmed and amused by the cartoons illustrating Odet Beauvoisins' article and I am most grateful to her for resolving that most difficult job for me — what to put on the cover ! The articles again show the remarkable tenacity and persistence of Members in using their boats under what has again been a poor season.

My thanks to all those who have contributed this year. A word to those who have not previously written, why not try something for next year ? It doesn't have to be long : just a few words about your cruise or some gadget or modification which may be helpful to others.

Once again this year, there was a lack of a suitable cover photo : understandable I appreciate, but please try and do better for next year !

M D R

## EAST COAST RALLY

One of the nicest things about the Atalanta rallies is that in the world of nautical plastic we can, for a short while, cease to 'stand amid the alien corn' and be at one with our own kind.

It was a proud moment to be one of seven Atalantas sweeping down on the starting line of the West Mersea Regatta on the 9th August 1986.

In the bright sunlight they were a credit to their owners as well as to the Association. The pristine whiteness of 'LYDE' with its dancing figures painted at the bow. The unusual, but very pleasing, contrast of light hull and dark topsides of 'MISTURA'. The traditional solid Oxford blue and white of 'ATALANTA', 'CLYMENE', 'HULLABALOO' and 'KOOKABURRA' and the original mahogany varnish of 'DEVORQUILLA', including their upturned dinghy on the afterdeck.

It was 9.50 a.m., light winds from the West and the flood tide just starting. Soon spinakers were adding to the colourfulness of the scene.

Gradually the fleet split. 'HULLABALOO', 'MISTURA' and 'LYDE' in line astern in the centre of the stream. 'CLYMENE' leading 'KOOKABURRA' in the shallows to the South. 'DEVORQUILLA' and 'ATALANTA' in line abreast bringing up the rear.

In the light winds it was a frustrating task to keep the spinaker filled, until just before the Bench Head Buoy the wind died completely and we were forced to anchor.

'HULLABALOO' (who had not registered for the race and was there just for fun) and 'CLYMENE' (who had to be back in Maldon on the tide) decided to call it a day and retired by drifting back to Mersea.

The boats in the stream had anchored in some 40 feet of water. (Deep water for this coast where the cry of "Is it damp?" is heard more often than "Is it deep?") Spinakers had been lowered but mainsails were kept flapping. It was suddenly noticed that boats in the mouth of the Colne were not only sailing but heeling!

Then it was upon us too. No longer light from the West, but strong from the South East. The mainsails being up and the Skippers keen to be off, the boats were soon sailing over their anchors and the crews were having a hard time



getting them in. 'LYDE' caught their anchor round the keels and had visions of sailing the rest of the course dragging their anchor and chain. Fortunately they managed to shake it loose and get going again.

We were now closehauled to the Bench Head, with 'LYDE' and 'MISTURA' passing close to starboard of the buoy, and 'KOOKABURRA' slightly behind, keeping further to the South.

The course was now East, to pass North of the Colne Bar buoy, then a half mile run South to the N.W. Knoll.

In spite of the bitter experience of previous years 'LYDE' was too attracted by the lure of a quick leg South to maintain her Easting sufficiently to overcome the Western set of the wind and tide. This meant an additional tack to pass East of the N.W. Knoll, thus giving the lead to 'MISTURA' and 'KOOKABURRA'.

It was now a six mile run home with the wind and the tide pushing us on. 'KOOKABURRA' hung on doggedly to 'MISTURA' whilst 'LYDE' set the unusual rig of main, spinnaker, jib, and a small sail stretched between the backstays. However, it paid off, because just before the line she drew in front of 'KOOKABURRA' and crossed the line second to 'MISTURA'. The time between the three boats, after over four hours of sailing, was only four minutes. 'LYDE' and 'KOOKABURRA' being so close that they were awarded the same time.

Meanwhile 'ATALANTA' and 'DEVORQUILLA' had fallen foul of the bogey of this course, which can be expressed in the unscientific formula, that for every minute you are behind the leader in arriving at the Bench Head Buoy, the increasing tide rip doubles it. What was hailing distance of the boat ahead West of the buoy becomes binocular distance East of it.

'ATALANTA' managed to get the better of 'DEVORQUILLA' and arrived a creditable half hour after the first boat home, and 'DEVORQUILLA' some twenty minutes after this. 'DEVORQUILLA' had the deflating experience, common to a number of us in this annual race, of seeing the Committee Boat waiting to cast off and go home as soon as their Atalanta had crossed the line.

It must be said in mitigation that as well as a Skipper, three crew, and a solid wooden dinghy, they were carrying six weeks supplies! Their progress up this ancient waterway, like a Roman grain ship come to relieve the beleaguered garrison, contrasted with the Corsair appearance of the multi sailed, and

beaded crewed, 'LYDE'. ATALANTAS can be all things to all men. (And women.)

Obviously the supply ships had got through to Gun House because the General and Mrs. Odling had laid on their usual lavish hospitality. We all sat down to hot pie and veg., ice cream with delicious jammy sauce, cheese and biscuits, and coffee.

In expressing our thanks, Brady of 'MISTURA' said he hoped that the General and Mrs. Odling would long remain as our Commodore and his Lady. A sentiment echoed by every member of the Atalanta Owners Association, but doubly so by those of us privileged to sail in the East Coast Fleet.

N.D.D.

#### OFFICIAL TIMES

		ARRIVED	CORRECTED	POSITION
A1	ATALANTA/ HAMMOND	14.42	4.22	3
A16	DEVORGUILLA/ BENNETT	15.03	4.53	5
A73	LYDE/MCGIVERN	14.13	4.23	4
A151	MISTURA/BRADY	14.09	4.19	2
A168	KOOKABURRA/ DORRINGTON	14.13	4.03	1

# LOCHALINE TO RAVENGLASS — AUGUST 1986

Ranald A.M. Coyne

'JOHARA' a Fairey Atalanta 26' A148 is based at Ravensglass. In June we sailed her up North. Adverse winds made us take eight days to Oban, and after a cruise we left her anchored in Loch Aline 20 miles North of Oban under the watchful eye of friends. We had an enjoyable weekend cruise in July but we had to fetch her home so, in mid August, Su was prevailed on to drive us North. We left Windermere mid afternoon with one crew member, picked up a second in Carlisle and split-second timing got us to Bridge of Orchy station (near Glencoe) as the third crew member got out of the station. The wind had been blowing hard all day but with a decreasing forecast, we reached Lochaline about 2130 with no wind at all and doubtful looking weather.

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## 15th August

- 2200 Self and Ian rowed out and brought JOHARA in to the pier. David and Barry boarded, ship was victualled, fuel water etc. checked. Forecast NW 6-7 decreasing, visibility good, scattered showers.  
Actual: Calm, visibility good.
- 2330 Radio Oban Coast Guard with E.T.A. at Crinan 0800. Motor out of loch into Sound of Mull, wind now evident.
- 2340 Wind W5 hoist main with 2 reefs, off engine. I am now in waters I know very well, forecast is reasonable for our trip so we have high hopes of a good sail. Our plan is to sail down the Mull shore until opposite Loch Spelve and then across to Pladds; the tide will change in our favour about 0200 and it should be daylight before we reach Pladda. Skipper and crew are still confident but it has been a busy week at work and we have had a long drive.

## 16th August

- 0030 Grey Isles abeam, make course for Duart Point.
- 0211 Pass between Blacks Tower and Lady Rock, visibility is not nearly so good now, tide should just be starting to push us South.
- 0250 Heavy rain, wind SW6 (not on forecast) visibility nil. We are motor sailing now under fully reefed main and with engine on slow.

- 0350 Nothing in sight anywhere, for 20 minutes we sail on 300° M to keep us close to the Mull shore and away from all hazards, keeping a good eye on the echo sounder.
- 0410 Back onto our original course of 200° M still motorsailing close hauled. Visibility is still absolutely nil with driving rain, our course should be keeping us West of Insh Island and day must break fairly soon. Wind is getting stronger.
- 0440 V.H.F. Sécurité Warning: Gale SW8 imminent, we could have told them that ! Still driving rain but some sign of dawn when Ian sights rocks dead ahead. Where the Hell are we?
- ?? As day breaks we identify our position, South of Kerrera but well to the North of our E.P. Weather is still absolutely foul. In view of conditions we decide to make in to Oban and advise Oban Coast Guard of new E.T.A. Oban 0700.
- 0700 Anchor off Kerrera.
- POST MORTEM between 0250 and 0440 under reefed main and power, and with a favourable tide we made virtually no headway and about 2 miles leeway, visibility during this period was nil so we could not even check our position against known lights. I know these waters well having lived there for 15 years and have sailed them day and night for 10 years. Crew were all tired.
- 1130 Weather much brighter, 3 hours sleep and breakfast have worked wonders for the crew (and the skipper).
- Forecast: NW 5-6 decreasing 4 overnight. Actual: W 3-4 sunny.
- Radio Coast Guard new E.T.A. Crinan 1900. Weigh anchor and motor down Sound of Kerrera.
- 1140 Hoist mainsail with 1 reef and No. 2 Genoa, stop engine. Several other yachts all heading in same direction.
- 1200 Beer issue.
- 1515 Sailing beautifully down Sound of Luing, wind steady WNW 4, much more confident about our passage.
- Radio Coast Guard new E.T.A. off Mull of Kintyre 0600.
- As we pass the Dhorus Mhore all the other yachts make in towards Crinan and we have the Sound of Jura to ourselves.



- 1600 Earl Grey tea with lemon to prevent scurvy.
- 1800 Beer issue.
- 1810 Pass inside Skerry Vole lighthouse. We are keeping well over to the West side of the sound with prevailing Westerly winds forecast.
- 1955 Nearly dusk, 55 44.5N 5 55.W. Wind W3. Course 210C.
- 2050 Mull of Kintyre light visible. Course 195C.
- 2145 Very little wind but leave reefs in Course 180C.
- 2220 Flashing light fine on Stbd bow Rathlin Island. This was seen earlier than expected but fixes us spot on our estimated position. Visibility very good with lights visible on all sides but well away.
- 2355 We are not doing so well now with a foul tide, but this was expected. Still on course steering to pass about 2 miles off the Mull of Kintyre between the tide rips and the separation lanes. A few large vessels in sight and the lights of one yacht visible. Wind is freshening so take second reef in main and change to No. 3 Jib.
- Slight relaxation of ships rules to allow Bovril lightly laced with sherry.

#### 17th August

- 0400 Off Mull of Kintyre and still sailing well. Radio to Clyde Coast Guard with E.T.A. Port Patrick 1200. Immediately we are called up by another yacht on V.H.F. who is a few miles ahead of us. He is very pleased that he is making better speed than us, but is motorsailing in a Fisher 47.
- 0630 Wind NW 3-4 lovely morning. Irish coast is very clear but Scotland out of sight except for a glimpse of Ailsa Craig. Shake out reefs and set Genoa on goosewing, some sea running but all astern.
- 0930 Still no sign of Scottish coast but position confirmed by Sealink ferries to port and stbd so this confirms we are between Stranraer and Larne.
- Radio Ramsey Coast Guard E.T.A. Ramsey 2200.
- The day just gets better and better as we surf down the North Channel with everything in sight, we briefly try the spinnaker but that is asking a bit too much so rehoist the Genoa still on a pole.

- 1200 Beer issue.
  - 1600 Earl Grey tea with lemon.
  - 1930 Approaching Point of Ayre take down goosewing after covering 70 miles in 13 hours.
  - 2030 Round Point of Ayre and sail down coast of Isle of Man.
  - 2200 Start engine, down sails, motor into Ramsey harbour. Radio safe arrival to Ramsey Coast Guard. Sailing time for passage 34 hours 20 minutes, 160 miles.
  - 2220 Secure alongside. Whisky issue.
- A fantastic sail followed by a very good night's sleep.

### 18th August

- 1120 Lovely morning, wind NW 2-3 clear visibility. Radio Ramsey Coast Guard E.T.A. Ravenglass 2230. Motor out of Ramsey harbour.
- 1130 Hoist mainsail and Genoa, off motor.
- 1200 Beer issue. Making course for Drigg rocks.
- 1430 Very little wind, lower sails and start motor. Engage 'Seamus' (Auto pilot, JOHARA was bought in Ireland). Sellafield cooling towers just visible ahead.
- 1600 Earl Grey tea with lemon.
- 1800 Beer issue.
- 1930 Off Drigg rocks, course and 'Seamus' have put us in just the right place but a bit early for the tide to enter Ravenglass. Disengage 'Seamus', off motor, fish for 50 minutes — 4 whiting.
- 2020 Motor in to estuary.
- 2040 Radio Ramsey Coast Guard safe arrival.
- 2115 Secure to mooring.

A memorable weekend.

In 'JOHARA's' absence a visiting catamaran has used her mooring and we all appreciate the 'levy' left attached to the mooring which the crew help me to dispose of.

# ENGINES AND ATALANTAS

By Ranald A.M. Coyne A148

The questionnaire in last year's bulletin has resulted in forty one replies, including two from Titanias and two from Fulmars. Not enough for a statistician but enough to provide some interesting information for anyone considering a change of engine and to make interesting reading. I would like to thank all those who replied many from the far flung corners of the world and several with photos of Atalantas.

It appears that the average owner (I would hardly call him/her the man/woman in the street) has had his boat for ten years, uses it almost only for cruising, mainly in salt water; of boats based in U.K. about  $\frac{1}{3}$  regularly cruise foreign waters. The average annual use is 518 miles under sail, 89 under power, and 80 motorsailing.

From the replies, 25 boats were originally fitted with Coventry Victor engines, 5 were fitted with Ford, remainder were various, unknown, and outboard. 10 boats still have Coventry Victors (not all original) of these 4 are satisfied, 2 are specifically not satisfied and 5 would prefer another engine. 3 boats still have the Ford engine 1 is satisfied, 2 are not.

I have split the types of the other engines into 6 different categories, petrol, diesel, and outboard all split into large and small. I have defined large as these engines capable of propelling an Atalanta at speeds in excess of 6 knots.

No. of Engines	Engine & H.P.	No. of Satisfied Owners	No. of Owners who Recommend This Engine	Owners who would Prefer Another Engine
<b>LARGE PETROL</b>				
4	Dolphin 12	2	3	2 would prefer diesel
2	Stuart 10	1	2	2 would prefer diesel
2	Albin		2	1 would prefer diesel
2	Vedette 19		2	1 would prefer diesel
1	Fairey Ford 20	1	1	

LARGE PETROL (Cont'd)						
1	Universal Atomic			1	1 would prefer diesel	
1	Volvo 10/15			1	1 would prefer diesel	
SMALL PETROL						
2	Stuart	4	½	1	1 would prefer diesel	
LARGE DIESEL						
1	Perkins	33		1	1 would prefer quieter engine	
1	Kubota	12		1		
1	Watermota	19		1		
SMALL DIESEL						
1	Volvo	7			1 would prefer another engine	
1	Yanmar	8	1	1		
1	Yanmar	9	1	1	1 would prefer larger engine	
1	Dolphin	6		1		
1	Renault	6	1	1		
LARGE OUTBOARD						
1	Mariner	10	1	1	1 would prefer Honda	
2	Evinrude	10		2	2 would prefer diesel	
SMALL OUTBOARD						
3	Seagull		½	1	1½ would prefer another engine	

Comments from the questionnaires :—

With the one exception mentioned in the table there were no serious complaints of noise. There were no serious complaints of vibration and no major problems in fitting or aligning new/replacement engines.

Very little information was obtained on the costs of various installations.

All respondents are willing to discuss their installations so, if any members wish further information on any of the engines mentioned, I will be very pleased to put them in touch.

I get the impression that few members are willing to pay about £1500 for a new professional installation (or possibly a lot more) although more than 50 per cent of those with petrol engines would prefer diesel; so much depends on what engines can be obtained for a reasonable secondhand price.

If anyone wishes any further information on the replies please do not hesitate to get in touch, best time to phone is late evening Windermere 2945.

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For information I replaced my Coventry Victor last year with a Renault 6 h.p. diesel secondhand. I have had A148 for 3 years; in spite of my address I cruise on the sea. My approximate annual mileage is 800 miles under sail, 100 under power and 100 motorsailing. The new engine starts every time first time and has run for over 12 hours at a stretch without faltering. Maximum speed is about 5 knots; I do not have the power to punch into a heavy headwind and sea and reverse is not very powerful. Fuel consumption is over four hours per gallon. To fit the engine I had to raise the engine bearers, fit a differently angled drive shaft and thrust bearing and a new propellor (opposite rotation). I have still to fit a new control system. The whole lot fits easily under the floor. I am very pleased with the change.

Cost for the engine	£ 470.00
parts, propellor, etc.	£ 200.00
less sale of old engine	£ 114.00
Net cost	<u>£ 556.00</u>

Apart from the reliability and safety of the new engine there is a real annual saving in fuel bills; 10 gallons of diesel per year costs less than £10, compared with 40 gallons of petrol at £66.



## SOUTH COAST RALLY 1986

### David & Anthea Lovelock — A102

For the first time in several years a rally afloat on the South Coast was held on the weekend of 6-7 September in Poole Harbour. Alas, only one other boat joined us in ATALANTA MARY and that was CIRDAN (A181), ably managed single handed by Tony Graham.

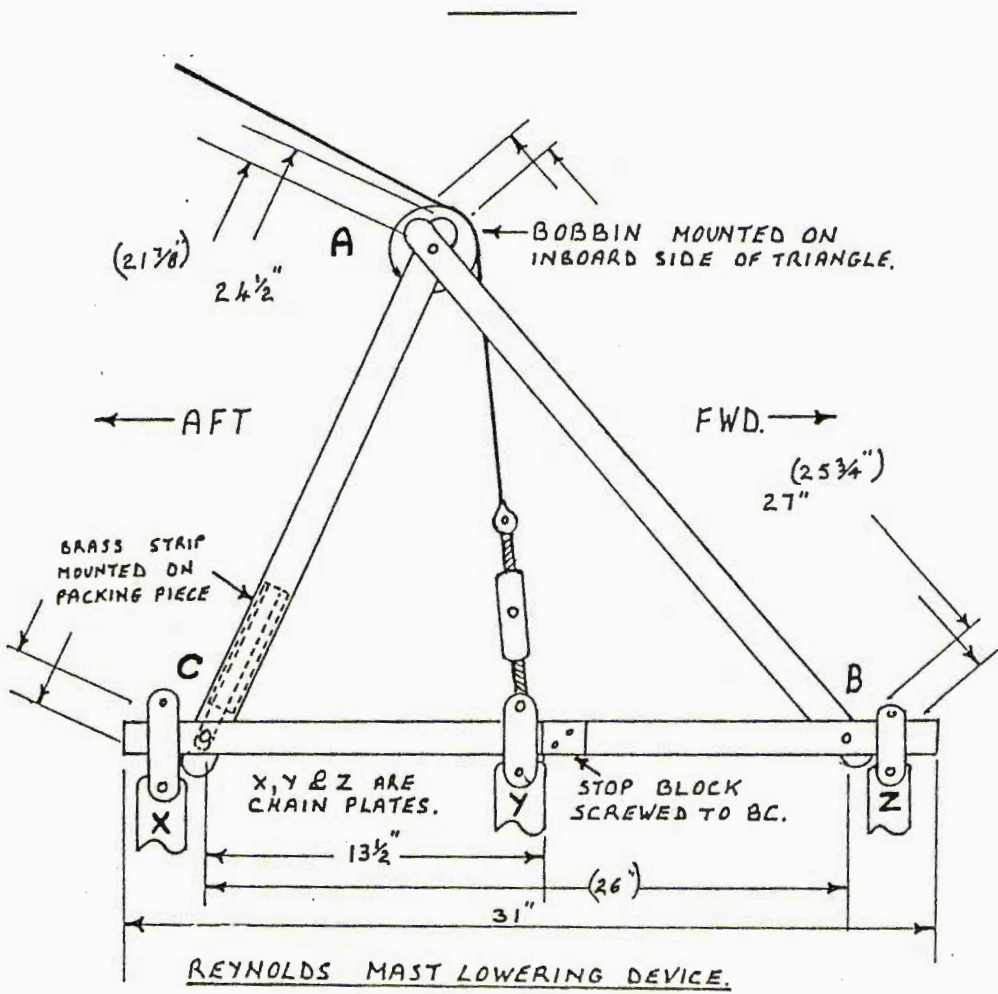
The Saturday before the rally we had taken ATALANTA MARY up to Wareham to remind ourselves of the lie of the land at our chosen rendezvous. The only real hazards in the tortuous lower reaches of the river Frome are the flanking mudflats and rafts of floating weed; neither seemed to have changed in nature since our previous visit. We avoided the bottom but picked up some weed on the propellor which was easily cleared later with the boathook. On arrival at Wareham we were surprised to see so many yachts alongside relatively late in the season. The reason soon became clear: a colourful and noisy folk festival was in full swing on the quayside. In order to assure ourselves of a quiet night we slipped downstream a few cables to lie on a vacant mooring, but later we rowed up to enjoy the unusual spectacle of massed Morris dancing by torchlight! We returned to the quay on Sunday after a short sail and on a beautiful late summer's evening joined in with a service of hymn singing on the site of the previous day's pagan rites. Wareham is certainly a town of contrasts: dainty tea rooms nestle alongside take-away fast-food shops and fishermen sit quietly on the river bank a few yards from the queues of holiday traffic en route to Studland and Swanage.

During the ensuing week we explored some of the other corners of Poole Harbour, confirming our anticipation that it was an ideal stretch of water for introducing young children to the delights of life afloat. There are craft of all shapes and sizes to watch, islands to sail round or land on for walks or barbecues, beaches to play on, places to catch crabs, secluded anchorages and much more. We were glad of our lifting keels which enabled us to risk venturing into spots inaccessible to most other cruising boats.

When we returned to Wareham the following Saturday we were not sure how many Atalantas or Fulmars would be joining us, having had several tentative applications and half expecting one or two arrivals 'on spec'. In the event only CIRDAN arrived, a couple of hours after us, but we were visited by a number of crews who had either made a special journey or arranged their holiday perambulations to tie in with the rally. As usual there was much discussion of Atalanta business, inspection of boats and exchange of ideas. Your Hon. Editor even managed to dispose of the quantity of chandlery that he "just happened to have in the van"! The Concours d'Elegance was abandoned in view of the number of participants, as was the following day's race, but

on Sunday morning the two boats cruised in company down to Brownsea Island, in an almost total absence of wind, and anchored together for lunch before dispersing. Soon after CIRDAN slipped away a brisk afternoon breeze sprang up and we followed her out to sea for a couple of hours of the 'real thing' before returning to search out a comfortable anchorage for the night.

Although we were of course disappointed that only two boats got together on this occasion we were heartened to see that there is still a nucleus of interest on the South Coast which may develop in the years to come. CIRDAN was certainly an example to those of us who spend far more time 'adding value' to our boats instead of using them: she is a rugged and well equipped craft that clearly spends a great deal of time at sea. We hope to see a few more like her on the Cross Channel race in 1987!



# THE REYNOLDS MAST LOWERING DEVICE

By Lawrence Biddle

Reuben Reynolds, who owned WINTERSETT A58 from 1958 to 1965, gave me this idea for a device to keep the main shrouds taut while the mast is being lowered. This avoids the risk of the mast moving athwartship when half lowered and damaging the foot of the mast fittings or breaking the pin.

The idea is to locate two bobbins in line with the pin so that the main shrouds pass over the bobbins and remain taut during the lowering process.

The Plan is to make two triangles constructed so that the base fits into the S/S links which connect the rigging screws with the shroud plates on each side. The triangles are so designed that the vertex which carries the bobbins is in line with the pin. The following sketch plan shows the dimensions. The plain figures on sides AB, AC and BC show the overall lengths and the figures in brackets show the pin to pin measurements.

1. The triangle is made of  $\frac{3}{8}$ " oak and AB and AC are  $1\frac{1}{2}$ " wide while BC is  $1\frac{3}{8}$ " wide and is thinned at each end to  $\frac{3}{16}$ " (in place of  $\frac{3}{8}$ "") to enable it to pass easily into the spaces between the S/S links. A 2" length of  $\frac{3}{8}$ " x  $1\frac{3}{8}$ " oak is screwed to BC with its aft edge  $13\frac{1}{2}$ " from pin C so as to prevent BC sliding aft as the mast is lowered.
2. BC projects substantially beyond the pins at each end and so as to enable it to fit into the S/S links.
3. Bolts made of  $\frac{1}{4}$ " brass at A and C are never undone. AC is made with a  $\frac{1}{4}$ " packing piece and a 6" brass strip on the inboard side. The brass strip has a  $\frac{1}{4}$ " threaded hole so that the  $\frac{1}{4}$ " screw at C can pass through AC and BC at C and into the threaded strip.
4. The bolt at A also passes through a bobbin on the inboard side of the struts AC and AB and when lowering you have to make sure that the main shroud passes over this bobbin.
5. To erect the triangles, the bolt at C is unscrewed and BC is threaded from forward through the main shroud and aft shroud S/S links until it comes against stop. The forward S/S link is then pushed over the end of BC.
6. The two triangles are not interchangeable and are therefore marked red and green to avoid confusion.
7. In raising or lowering the mast the spinnaker boom is hooked into the eye at the bottom of the mast. The jib halyard is shackled to the main sheet block at the forward end of the spinnaker boom and the main sheet tackle provides the necessary purchase for the lift. One of the crew must see that the spinnaker boom does not move out of the centreline of the boat.



# A76 'INSHALLAH'

## C Wood

We bought this craft in April 5 years ago. She was far from watertight and, so after sailing her reasonably hard until December, we carried out the following works during the winter :—

Replaced all 6 Keel Bolts with S/S ones.

Fitted grease nipples on the keel bolt brackets.

Renewed rubber seals to keel bolts.

Renewed the two steel clamp plates. (These cost £30 cut to shape.)

Replaced each backing plate with  $\frac{1}{8}$ " thick 'NATURAL DELRIN' plastic sheet. (2 sq. ft. cost £9.52.)

Renewed two of the keel bolt access plates and watersealed all six of them with expanded polystyrene foam in place of the canvas and white lead method. (1 kg. cannister of 'HANDY FOAM' cost £7.50.)

Cut out and renewed the inboard section of both keel boxes in the main cabin, using  $\frac{3}{4}$ " Marine ply for the part covering the worn out backing plate.

Renewed the keelhole rubber water seals. The old ones were worn and flabby and did not keep water out of the cockpit. We fitted  $\frac{3}{8}$ " Neoprene, doubled over. All as described by Donovan. A great success.

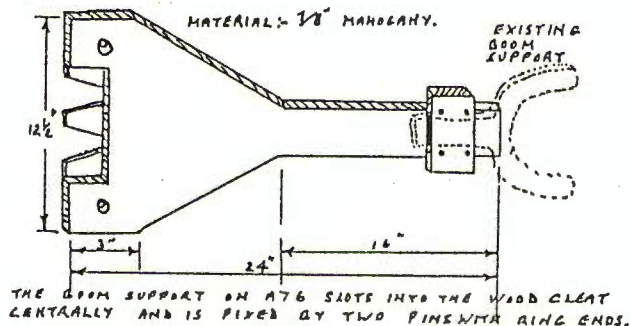
Welded doubling plates on the lifting stirrups and renewed the spacer bolts.

Bought and fitted new silencer for the Coventry Victor engine exhaust system. 'ELASTOMUFFLE' Mark 0, cost about £30.

It was all necessary and worthwhile as they are really good sailing boats. Last year I made the boom support as attached sketch, in case anyone is interested.

Finally, congratulations to David and Anthea Lovelock for organizing such a successful and very enjoyable A O A weekend in the delightful countryside on the Dorset/Somerset border.

*(Submitted for 1985/86, but held over due to lack of space. Charles Wood died in July 1986.)*



## CHARLES WOOD, A76 INSHALLAH

Charles Wood died in July of this year. He was one of the most enthusiastic of our South Coast members and sailed as frequently as he could manage. His favourite waters were the Solent, rarely sailing further afield. When not sailing, his favoured occupation was pottering on board INSHALLAH, which he kept at Kemps' Yard in Southampton, incorporating many modifications.

He was born and grew up in St Ives, Cornwall, with the sea in his blood. For many years, he sailed dinghys very competitively, building his own GP14 then some years later a Wayfarer and was heavily involved with the Wayfarer Open Championships in America and Canada. His war years were spent as Captain of an RAF Air/Sea Rescue Launch, recently being reunited with his old Radio Op. After the war, he crewed with a friend from Hamble. Then in about 1961 he chartered a Titania from Faireys' for a C I and Brittany cruise with his family. The bug then bit, for he considered her to be floating caravan giving comfortable cruising, good headroom for his 6'5" and moreover handled like a dinghy! One of his ambitions was always to own an old boat but the closest to this was his Atalanta, bought on his retirement, which he considered a brilliant design and the only cruiser for him.

We offer our sympathy to his wife and family : we have lost a valued member.

M D R

## NEWS FROM OVERSEAS

David Walworth bought A146, BLUFF in September 1984 when she was lying in a boatyard on the Chesapeake Bay in Maryland, USA. She had been in the States since Rod White sailed her across during the 1976 OSTAR, an account of which is in the 1976/77 Bulletin, later selling her to J Coile. Although neglected, the hull was sound and she was soon refloated with her name changed to LE BATEAU IVRE. The reason for that particular name has not yet been explained! Much work has since gone into her, with much assistance from friends, an account of which should appear next year. This included the inevitable battle with the keels and their marvellously accessible clamp bolts as well as deck rot problems and some modifications.

David and his friend Libby Twyford sailed in August from Smith Creek, on the Potomac River, to Long Island, New York via the Chesapeake Bay, Chesapeake & Delaware Canal, the Delaware Bay and New Jersey coast. An uneventful trip, apart from an encounter with a tug at 0300 while becalmed. They were close to his path but had R/T contact and managed to keep apart. In his letter he says "In one of the Bulletins, someone advised to always carry a sweep as a safety measure. I second that. Our sweep is an old racing shell sweep which lashes very nicely along the port side toe rail."

Thank you, David : we'll look forward to hearing more from you and our other overseas owners. He also says that A85 has changed hands.

M D R



## TWO WEST COUNTRY CRUISES

### A92, Seamajor

The years roll by and families change. Seamajor has done two west country cruises and the account of the earlier one never saw the light of day, so it seemed a good idea to put the two together to show the similarities and contrasts, to use the examiner's time-worn expression.

### DEVONSHIRE CREAM 1975

by Sheila Martin then aged 16 (Abridged by PGM)

There were three main reasons for choosing Plymouth as our temporary base: Firstly, we were not well acquainted with the region; secondly the climatic data suggested favourable weather; and lastly Kenneth was interested in the Royal Navy. Thus on 7 August we arrived at Saltash, a quaint old Cornish town. Thanks to the instructions previously issued by Mr. Staal, then editor of the Atalanta Bulletin, we found our way to the old ferry slipway without difficulty. Mr. and Mrs. Staal very kindly came to assist us with the launching. We moved to a nearby mooring in the evening and we enjoyed an excellent view of the magnificent Tamar bridges.

We left Saltash at 0950 next day, sailing down the Tamar, Kenneth busily noting the numbers of the naval vessels at Devonport. The wind began to strengthen as we passed the breakwater by the eastern exit and by 1300 we had anchored in Cellar Bay at the mouth of the Yealm for a swim. Later we proceeded to Newton Ferrers but it was so crowded that we resorted to engine power. No sooner had we reached the most congested part than the motor ceased to function and refused to re-start. A strong tidal current pulled us with alarming rapidity towards several moored boats. We missed the first two mooring buoys, collided with a rowing dinghy and finally secured the third mooring. A raging thunderstorm that evening prevented us from seeing much of Newton Ferrers.

We left on Saturday at 0820 under motor. Fortunately the engine obliged us with its services when it was most critical, leaving us to our own resources of sail and wind after 15 valuable minutes. Opposite the Mewstone was a small brightly coloured lobster pot buoy, with which we managed to get the keels

entangled. Thanks to Dad's efficiency in issuing a volley of instructions we escaped unscathed. At 1030 the tide turned against us and despite the Force 4 wind progress was slow. We anchored at 1350 near a sandy beach in Salcombe and spent the afternoon shopping.

What a terrible night! We were summoned on deck at 2200 to place the dinghy on the aft deck to stop it banging the transom and shouts awoke us again at 2330. A man had fallen off a nearby trimaran, and was yelling desperately for help as he was swept along by the tidal current. An Atlantic Clipper (NOT the Cutty Sark) hauled up her anchor and left immediately to rescue the almost drowning person. For an hour we fended off other boats also at anchor but variously dragging or swinging or lying differently in the tide and wind from us. Shortly after midnight I heard a voice hailing us, and saw a man in a dinghy. He asked whether or not we'd caused the hundred pounds worth of damage done to his Buccaneer during his absence. He soon disappeared in search of the culprit. We heard later that it was the Atlantic Clipper.

The wind being too strong to sail to Dartmouth we spent a leisurely day in Salcombe, attending an outdoor church service in the evening with an appropriate theme of sea rescues. We had another frantic night, once again due to the trimaran dragging her anchor. Eager to leave Salcombe as soon as possible we got away at 1000 on Monday the 11th. This attempt was futile as the breeze was far too light, and the motor proved to be in an uncooperative mood. We returned and re-anchored in the treacherous haven.

We now developed a friendship with an amiable young man called Andrew alone on a 20 foot boat and we cruised together for the following week. Another hazard presented itself during the course of the day. The annual regatta had begun and we were surrounded by sailing dinghies of every description. One unfortunate couple crashed into us but no harm was done. Meanwhile Dad worked constantly on the engine, strewing the cockpit with vital and important nuts, bolts, pliers, screws and spanners.

Early on the 12th August, Dad rowed off to fetch a mechanic who repaired the engine by completing the magneto change. At lunchtime a heavy dinghy containing three teenage boys rowed directly into our hull. The metal bar on the prow made a resounding crash echo in the forecabin, where I had been reading. The result was a gaping hole in the bows just above water level and its size was 5 x 8 cm. Dad called after the casual trio who had nonchalantly rowed

away. It transpired that they'd hired the boat. "The tide did it" feebly explained the talented oarsman. Dad departed with them to consult the boat's owner, the local boatyard, and they arranged for the hole to be professionally and invisibly mended that afternoon. The oarsman feeling a little guilty by now gave ten pounds towards the cost. As Dad commented "That's the first hole we've ever had". (We got the second the following year in Orford and the score is still only two in 21 years. Touch wood!) It is ironic to think that this damage was done in harbour where one is supposedly safe.

Guess what? Right! We had another adventurous night. A large Elizabethan ketch dragged her plough anchor and entwined her chain with that of the unpopular trimaran, both becoming twisted round our chain. However our substantial 30 lb. Danforth held all three of us firmly. We spent the hour from 0100 to 0200 fending off. The skipper of the ketch, an elderly bespectacled gentleman who alternately pulled up his pyjama trousers and ran his hands through his hair, organised all the men into a team for sorting things out. Then Kenneth kept a lonely vigil for 2 hours, and Mum did a further stint. What a price to pay for preventing further collisions.

We left for Kingsbridge at 0900 on Wednesday, and the wind being almost non-existent, we were forced to use the engine, combined with "oars or 'orse power", consisting of towing Seamajor by rowing with the dinghy, Seaminor. At Kingsbridge we did some shopping, in company with Andrew. Later back to Salcombe. I woke amazed on the 14th as the night had been quiet. Andrew temporarily borrowed Kenneth and we began the very, very leisurely sail to Dartmouth. It took 7½ hours, the breeze being from 0 to 2. During the evening Andrew took us all for a tour of the anchorage in his inflatable and we saw "Galway Blazer" (Bill King, Adventure in Depth).

The following day was spent visiting Dartmouth castle and Museum. We returned to Seamajor amid torrential rain, which continued through the night.

The next day we decided to sail upriver 10 miles to Totnes to see the castle. We left at 1005 against a Force 1 headwind. It was difficult tacking up the River Dart, with the fitful breeze at all points of the compass. Occasionally our keels touched bottom, but were soon wound up a little. Yet again sightseeing around Castle and Museum was terminated by pouring rain. Back to Dartmouth next day, tacking against a light breeze. There were 2 interesting sights this time: 'British Steel' (Chay Blyth) and H.M.S. Ocelot, the latter



open to visitors, so the boys availed themselves of this opportunity.

I was awakened on the 18th by an excited Michael, who was proudly displaying the first fish that he had caught, a mackerel. Three more later gave themselves up and were delicious when gutted and fried by Kenneth. We continued sailing until we were opposite Teignmouth, and then the wind vanished and the tide turned against us. We therefore returned to Torquay and moored alongside the quay (where else?) by 1430. Then we went shopping. Next day a long lost cousin living in the area invited us to spend a day in the family's home. We gladly accepted since the weather was not suitable for sailing.

We left at 1115 next day bound south on the first part of our homeward run and off Berry Head as soon as Mum went below to prepare a meal the wind strengthened and we enjoyed a refreshingly fast sail to Dartmouth. On the 21st the wind was a tempting and encouraging Force 5 so we had one of our best sails of the trip past Start point with its tide rips and Atlantic swell to Salcombe by 1415. Scarcely had we renewed our acquaintance with Andrew, when another Atalanta 'Winterset' arrived and drew alongside for a friendly chat. (The owners Phil and Thelma Walker live in North Wales and subsequently we moored alongside them again in the Menai Straits.)

The following morning we left at 0920 saying goodbye to Andrew for the last time, and encountering some large waves off Bolt Head. Michael got some more mackerel and we ate them in Sutton Marina, Plymouth after a wearisome 6½ hour sail. Many of the boats moored here were fishing boats, so there was plenty to watch and to learn from the amiable anglers. On Saturday we left the Marina early on foot intending to visit the famous Navy Days. These were well up to expectation and amongst others we boarded Hermes, Jupiter and Lyness. As a bonus the old sailing ship 'Kathleen and May' was moored close to the Barbican an exciting area of Plymouth. On Sunday 24th it was calm and foggy so we had another day sightseeing and shopping in Plymouth, this time the Zoo, Museum and Citadel. The same again I'm afraid on the Monday Bank Holiday: Aquarium, old houses and churches. By the Tuesday we had exhausted Plymouth so Dad fetched the car from Saltash and we did a car tour of Buckland Abbey, Dartmoor, Launceston, Tintagel and Restormel. By the Wednesday we had had enough of the calms and we recovered the boat onto its trailer in 1½ hours (a record). Many hands make light work. The Queen Anne's Battery slipway a few yards from Sutton Harbour was (and still is) one of the best we have ever used.

All in all a disappointing cruise with light winds, dull and rainy days and the famous Salcombe night 'dodgems'. We only covered 145 miles in 19 days, with 5 miles under motor, 4%. We could have of course done a lot more with the motor after we got it mended, but somehow this just isn't cricket (or sailing). One thing though we had certainly done a lot of the Devonshire sights, the cream in fact.

## CORNISH PASTY 1986

by Frances Martin (Age is classified information)

Why Cornish Pasty? Well, the cruise was in Cornwall like a pasty, it had a mixed filling. Re-reading Sheila's account, we were surprised by the number of similarities; the weather was poor with many days of rain or heavy showers and we only had three sunny days in four weeks. The wind was fickle; the weather forecast's force three turned out to be force one and of course we had gales as well. We spent a lot of time sightseeing but this time by bicycle. Lastly, by a strange coincidence, in 1975 we launched in Cornwall and cruised in Devon, and this year it was vice-versa!

We launched at Queen Anne's Battery: the slipway was superb as there are no pontoons to tie alongside as soon as you have launched and the marina charges are very reasonable. We spent the first week within the Plymouth rivers, kept there by pouring rain with no wind, then a gale warning followed by the gale itself. However we were able to sail each day and visited all the rivers and most anchorages, as well as sightseeing by car.

When we eventually left Plymouth, it was a dead beat into a light wind until we passed Rame Head, after which with the wind somewhat freer, we made better speed until a squall hit us off Looe. The torrential rain flattened the water completely and killed the wind too. So we abandoned the idea of going to Fowey and drifted in towards Looe. We anchored just outside the harbour, as we didn't want to go aground, and went ashore in the dinghy. It had taken us five hours to cover seventeen miles.

Hearing on the 0555 forecast that there was a southwesterly gale coming, we decided that this was no place to be and up-anchored. Unfortunately the wind was non-existent so the skipper had to use the Seagull motor to get us clear of St George's Island. Once clear of this we tried to sail again but progress was



negligible and we couldn't afford to wait too long because of the tide, so the Seagull was once again used for an hour and a quarter this time. Finally we were able to sail and we reached Polruan, ten miles having taken us five hours. The skipper was furious that no gale had arrived, especially after he had used the Seagull. (Readers of previous bulletins will have realised that motors are an anathema to him and he feels it a personal failure if he has to use one! We both much prefer to sail, even in and out of harbours which very few people seem to do.) However the land forecast told us that the gale was merely delayed and it was quite right, — it arrived about midnight and lasted half the next day. So we spent another night on the same mooring, with the lifeboat moored further upstream going past us on both evenings in answer to distress calls. The Battle of Britain Memorial Flight of two Spitfires and a Lancaster came over and aroused our interest but I was too late with my camera.

We left Polruan the next day with very light winds and drifted towards St Mawes. Throughout the day we saw innumerable yachts motoring with their mainsails up. It took us ages to get into the harbour, tacking right out to sea to avoid being set down on the lighthouse rocks, after seeing others in the same predicament. Their solution was to take down their sails and motor out of trouble. A thoroughly frustrating day, twelve hours to cover twenty miles!

The following day is a treasured memory for this summer. After leaving St Mawes in a light wind, we were later able to set the spinnaker when we passed The Menacles and keep it flying until we had to take it down to enter Penzance harbour. The sail from The Lizard to Penzance is particularly memorable as the skipper reckoned we were doing seven knots across the bay. The day was only spoiled by several heavy showers, almost constant drizzle and poor visibility. So we gave up the idea of carrying on to The Scilly Isles and after waiting in the outer harbour for enough water, we sailed into the locked basin.

We sailed out as soon as the gates opened the next morning and had a quiet sail across to St Michael's Mount, where we anchored and rowed ashore. As soon as the causeway was uncovered the procession of tourists walking to the island started and it was a continuous stream until after the tide covered the causeway again: the last tourists were wading shorewards, despite notices saying that this was dangerous! We wondered how many hundreds visited the island on that day alone. It was cloudy and misty and not many other places were open as it was a Sunday. We visited the house/castle and attended a memorable service in the small chapel, which was packed.

Having sailed back to Penzance the following morning in time to enter the locked basin, we assembled our bikes. (We carry two Bickerton bikes stowed down one of the quarter berths, now that they are no longer in use.) With visibility at sea down to one mile, we thought we would try the land but this was little better. However we did visit Chysauster, an iron age village, in which the ruined roofless ancient huts were surprisingly warm despite the mist. We returned via some interestingly named but more modern remains, those of the Ding Dong Mine. We did not repack our bikes when we got back to Seamajor, we merely folded them in half and put them in the back cabin. (One advantage of having only the two of us on Seamajor is that we are never short of space!)

Another windless day followed, so out came the Bickerton's again. This time we went along the coast to Newlyn. Here we discovered that it no longer dries out; (our pilot book is fifteen years old and says that it dries). On to Mousehole (how aptly named!), then by way of the Merry Maidens, a circle of standing stones, the Tregiffian Barrow burial chamber and innumerable Celtic crosses and other standing stones, to Gwennap Head. We visited the coastguard station and had a chat with the young lady manning it; from it we could see the Scilly Isles, the Wolf Rock and Longships lighthouses. It was now beautifully sunny and hot, so we thoroughly enjoyed our rock climb from sea level up the Chair Ladder cliff; it had been worth bringing our climbing gear after all! Back to the road and on to Land's End where we enjoyed the view out to sea and the rock formations but there were an incredible number of tourists. A puncture on the return journey was tiresome, but worse still was the bee sting which the skipper got when a bee flew into his face and stung him just above and between his eyes. This swelled up first on his forehead and then down into his eyes, and for three days he looked like a beaten-up boxer, except that his eyes were not black! This did not make seeing out of almost shut eyes any easier, however. On our return to Seamajor we moved to Newlyn, sailing half way, and then lack of wind forced us to use the Seagull again. The advantage of Newlyn was that we did not have to wait for the lock gates to open, so that we would have an extra two hours of tide to help us on our way eastwards. (We had by now abandoned the idea of going to the Scilly Isles.)

Another day of fog and heavy drizzle sent us out on bikes again; this time to Hayle and St Ives. The former would make a useful refuge for a boat cruising on the north coast, so the skipper made a sketch of the entrance after watching

a local boat owner thread his way in. He confirmed his theories by chatting to him. St Ives we found packed with tourists and, with prices to match, it didn't detain us for long.

Back at Newlyn we talked to our neighbour, a Belgian, and ended up by spending the evening on his boat. As he lived on it permanently it was interesting to see how he had arranged things on it.

With the skipper rowing Seaminor and towing Seamajor and then drifting, it took us seven hours to cover the first ten miles, after we left Newlyn the next morning. Then there was a slight improvement in the wind and we eventually anchored at Coverack, but the twenty six miles had taken us twelve and a half hours.

We rolled constantly during the night despite the light wind and we were glad to up-anchor in the morning and sail to Falmouth. We wanted to visit Falmouth, which in a way was a pity as the wind for once was W5 and we could easily have gone much further along the coast. As it was we sailed into the marina beside the harbour master's office and then went shopping.

We sailed up the Truro River as far as Malpas, if sailing it could be called, as we frantically tacked against (what else?) a light head wind both going up the river and coming down again, in order to avoid the huge, anchored, rusting hulks which obstructed the river. We cycled into Truro and visited the Cathedral, a truly magnificent building in which I found it hard to remember that I was in a Victorian building and not a genuine Gothic one. We found the modern city disappointingly un-Cornish. On our way past Pill Creek another yacht motored up and told us that he was a previous owner of Turnstone, Mr. Salter. We tied the two boats together and talked about Atalantas for about half an hour. He still thought affectionately of Turnstone but now has an Anderson 22 instead. We picked up a buoy in St Mawes for the night.

A light head wind decreasing to flat calm persuaded us to stay at St Mawes, so as it was Sunday we attended a service in the Church and went to see the castle in the morning and watched the locals racing round us in the afternoon. It was a very colourful sight as the fleet, dressed in their spinnakers, strove to gain ground in the fickle breeze. There were occasional showers but the torrential rain held off until Monday, when it poured continuously for six hours. By the time it stopped we were so fed up with reading in the cabin, that we felt that we had to have a sail somewhere, so we went to Falmouth. It was a fast sail with a N5 and we found a conveniently placed mooring from which to row ashore

and see Pendennis Castle. It was disappointing after St. Mawes, which is a perfect example of Henry the Eighth clover leaf castle in excellent repair. Back on Seamajor, we sailed across to a mooring off Flushing, where we enjoyed a glorious sunset with dramatic cloud effects.

Having heard so many people talk enthusiastically about the Helford River, of course we had to visit it. Another disappointment; it was so choked with moorings that tacking was almost impossible. Thus the afternoon found us sailing east again to Mevagissey, where we tied alongside a Fairey Fisherman, so again we discussed Fairey boats.

Another calm morning, so we cycled to St. Austell. There we admired a huge old building now used as a covered market, and the interesting Parish Church. We hastened back to Seamajor as there was now the faintest of breezes. However we had to use the Seagull to clear the harbour but then we drifted in glorious sunshine to Polruan, the wind being too light to push us over the tide to Plymouth once the tide turned. We found our favourite buoy unoccupied and tied on to it.

The next day was windless, wet and foggy, so that at times we were unable to see the daymark or Fowey, so we spent the day reading. The one disadvantage of our mooring was that at high tide the swell entering the harbour made us roll unpleasantly.

On what turned out to be our final sailing day of the holiday, we left as soon as it was light and sailed to Queen Anne's Battery, where we berthed in the marina and spent the afternoon visiting friends.

We listened eagerly to the 0555 forecast, but as all that we were promised was another low and as there was no wind at the moment, we decided it was time to pack up and go home. It was a wise decision as this was a particularly vicious low, in fact the tail-end of hurricane Charlie. It was as well that we started to prepare at 0600 for the recovery, as it was a Saturday and we had barely got Seamajor safely on to the trailer when the locals started a constant procession, one might almost say a queue, to use the slipway. With only the two of us, it took us six hours to complete the operation, but this did include washing Seamajor and the trailer thoroughly with a hose thoughtfully provided at a convenient spot close to the slipway.

One disappointment of the holiday is to see the decline in sailing (as opposed to motoring). Years ago we used to see other boats of our size and larger ones



too, actually sailing, not motoring with their sail or sails up. Once it was only when beating into a headwind that people motored but this year they were even doing it downwind and on a reach! If you don't want to sail why buy a boat with sails? And what has happened to the cone pointing downwards in the rigging? We never saw a single one!

One of the many delights of owning an Atalanta is that so many people recognise them and refer to them like vintage cars. Another is the way ex-Atalanta owners refer to their boats and the obvious affection they still have for them. We met one other Atalanta owner this year, Bob Platt, who had recently bought Lindora A159 and with whom we spent some time while waiting in Plymouth for the gale to blow over. He promised to join the association! We also talked to the previous owners of Lindora and Turnstone A110, and moored alongside a friendly Belgian from Antwerp, whose friends own Ambras A31. He told us that Ambras means 'trouble'!

This year we had a new, stiff material, battenless mainsail and are delighted with the improvement it has made. Despite this, it took us eighty one and a half hours to cover two hundred and twenty-three miles. It sounds even worse if you say two hundred and twenty-three miles in twenty-four days! Of this, one and a half hours were under motor.

## SWEEPS

The subject of Sweeps has been mentioned many times in the past, principally by our late Patron and only President, Alan Vines, who we have to thank for our much loved Atalantas etc. It has always attracted a certain amount of mirth and doubt as very few have actually admitted to their use. However, this year we have an account of use and also a request for any specific information on size, methods and location for mounting and most effective mode of use from a member. If anyone has any information or suitable references, please let me know. It does not have to be in the form of an article: I will work up any information into one myself if necessary.

As well as sweeps in the conventionally understood sense of rather overgrown oars used in pairs, I am also interested in the YULOH, which is an oriental form of sculling. Any other manual forms of propulsion, including that device having two leaves that alternately open and close when thrust away from or pulled towards the stern, are also of interest.

M D R

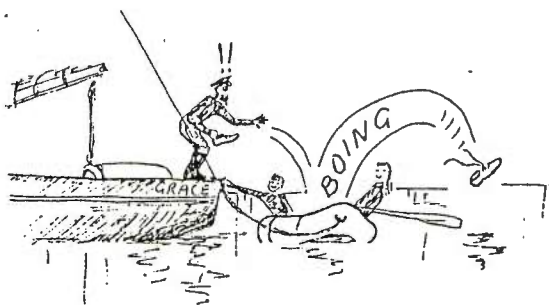


# HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE LOG OF GRACE (A127) 1986

Odet C. Beauvoisin

1. Mid June :— Anchored at Sanda Isle off the Mull of Kintyre and took a moonlight walk ashore. It had been a long day's sail. Skip was tired, the Mate was tired, but the 12 year old Able Seaman was bounding with energy. The call of cocoa in the cosy confines of the cockpit persuaded Skip to hurry back to GRACE. We trotted down the old jetty, balancing the rubber dinghy between us. The crew at the front noticed that the tide had dropped to the exact edge of the jetty, and stepped aside. Skip must have been thinking of other things; pushed forward to shove out the dinghy and plopped straight off the end of the jetty.

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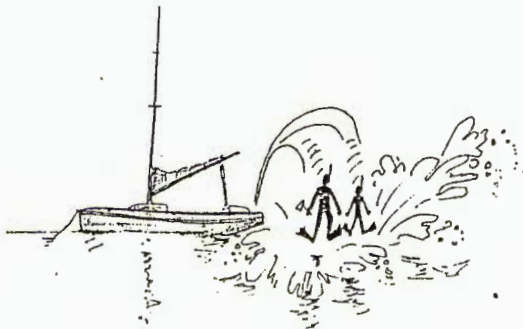
2. Two days later :— Skip decided to pull rank and took his shoes ashore for a walk by Loch Sween. The crew had remained in wellies.
3. 19th June :— A distant Atalanta was sighted off the South Coast of Mull and radio contact was established. For a short while comparisons of engine performance filled the airwaves, together with a certain amount of envy from us over JOHARA'S economical diesel. It seemed a shame that Ronald Coyne was sailing in the opposite direction to our route, and already near the end of his cruise.
4. 22nd June :— Hiding in Arisaig from storm forecasts, Skip and A.B. invented a new method of removing barnacles from the keels.
5. 23rd June :— End of gale warnings. Sailed for South Neist. Foggy calms ensued bringing out first encounter with Neist Point Fog Horn.



FIRST SIGHTING OF ST. KILDA AT 04.30 HRS

6. 1st July :— Skip and the A.B. showed signs of incubating a tummy bug, so to cheer us up we set out on an overnight sail to round Saint Kilda. The forecast was settled and favourable. The wind began as a ghostly SE but rose to force 7 during the night, blowing straight into the only good anchorage on St. Kilda. So, 10 miles short, we tacked GRACE round and headed for the Sound of Harris. By then the Skip and A.B. had fully developed the bug, and spent much of the return voyage sharing a bucket below.

Nonetheless, navigation was perfect. Passage time  $27\frac{1}{2}$  hours. Distance run 78 miles. We discovered later that other yachts at St. Kilda had



needed an anchor watch that night and had bailed out at first light. The Mate succumbed to the bug 24 hours later in the placid security of Loch Maddy.

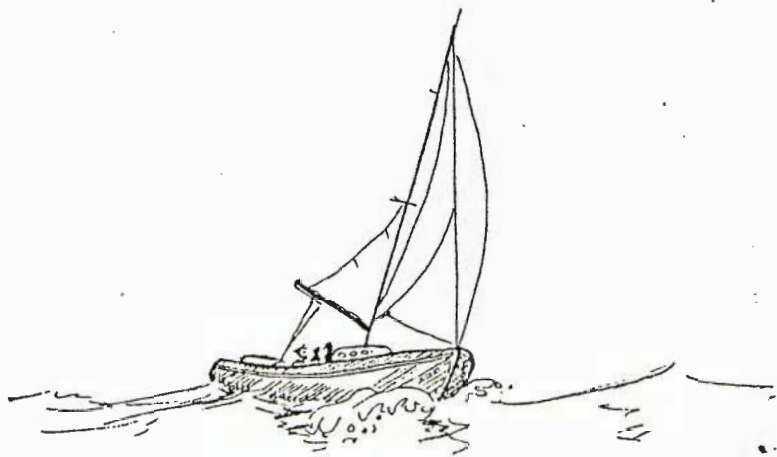
There was a unanimous decision to sail only short distances for the rest of 1986.

7. 7th July :— time to head for the mainland. GRACE sailed from the Hebridean Isle of Harris (a cosy wee anchorage named Plocropool), intending to anchor at Portree, Skye, overnight.

We had a glorious reach across the Minch, rounded the north of Skye, and creamed past Portree at top hull speed before half the day was gone. None of us wanted to stop. Tide and wind favoured us. GRACE cruised into Kyle Akin and squirted south down Kyle Rhea in exhilarating leaps and bounds over the overfalls. McPhail, our trusty, dipsomaniacal, Coventry Victor engine assisted us over the last hour or so until we reached Isle Ornsay, on the east coast of Skye and dropped anchor.

Passage time 13 hours. Distance run 78 miles. What was that about short hops ?

8. GRACE was later anchored at Arisaig until August, then sailed back to the Clyde for wintering.

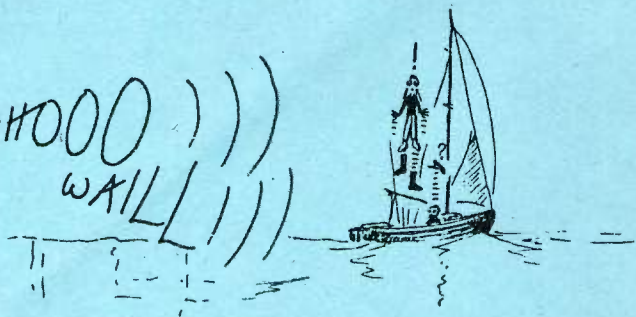


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FIRST SIGHTING OF ST. KILDA AT 0430 HRS

