

# Atalanta

1988/1989



# ATALANTA OWNERS' ASSOCIATION

## 30th Edition Bulletin

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## **COMMODORE'S MESSAGE**

A rotten Season — not to be commented upon — SO —

If you can trust your course when all about you are changing theirs and  
"Cocking Snooks" at you

If you can trust your boat, it's keels and rudder and know the rigging's  
strong and taut and true

If you can "Go About" as Mother taught you and never get yourself in  
"Stays"

You'll proudly own "ATALANTA" shortly and keep her I am sure for all your  
days

( Apologies to Rudyard Kipling )

W.O.

## **HON EDITOR'S MESSAGE**

A novel touch this year is the inclusion of two accounts of the annual West  
Mersea Race / Rally. It's always interesting to see two accounts of the  
same event !

Once again, thanks to all those who submitted articles this year.  
Unfortunately, most of the photographs submitted would not have  
reproduced effectively in black and white.

If you have a sketch accompanying your article, please send the original. I  
will return it if you wish, but it does add substantially to the Editorial  
workload if I have to retrace it.

My apologies to those who did not receive the Bulletin at the Dinner as is  
customary : I'm afraid it was a case of 'Flu all round at the most critical time  
which delayed production just enough to miss the post-Christmas printing  
time-slot.

M.D.R.

## **“LET THEM EAT CAKE” MARIE ANTOINETTE 1789 & SEAMAJOR (A92) 1988 Frances Martin**

Our annual cruise on Seamajor this year was amongst the Inner Hebrides. We trailed to Loch Creran, just north of Oban, where we had heard of a slipway and facilities for leaving the car and trailer. We found more than this! We had a very warm welcome from Jonquil and Jock Slorance who helped us to raise the mast and then launched Seamajor with their tractor. We used one of their moorings overnight and on Wednesday July 27 started our cruise.

Our destination was Dunstaffnage and we had our first state of Hebridean sailing conditions, flat calm one minute, force five a few minutes later — and of course the heavy showers. From Dunstaffnage we cycled to Oban, (as usual we had our Bickerton folding bikes in one of the quarter berths) where we managed to buy two Imray charts. These are highly recommended for the amount of information they pack into a small space. On our return to Dunstaffnage we saw a yacht being raised from the seabed and brought into the shore, just one of the many casualties of the storm of Monday July 27.

The next day we drifted to Salen, taking 6½ hours to cover 19 miles; we would have gone farther but the wind died completely.

From Salen we cycled seven miles, hid our bikes in the bracken of the lower hillsides and walked up An Gearna, 1848 feet, and Ben More, the highest mountain in Mull at 3171 feet. By the time we reached the summit of An Gearna it was pouring with rain, blowing hard and misty, so we stopped in the lee of the cairn to check the compass bearings. These seemed haywire so we moved a few yards away. Fortunately the magnetism in the rocks seems to work over a short distance and the compass returned to normal. On the summit we met a pleasant family with whom we chatted but we saw no views. Back to our bikes by another route and we returned to Salen in yet another heavy shower.

Our next stop with Seamajor was Tobermory where we were very lucky as someone about to leave offered us his visitor's buoy. We went ashore for showers and then rigged the Tinker. Our liferaft having been deemed “No longer servicable” by the firm which inspected it each year, we talked again about a Tinker as an alternative to a replacement. Last year we had seen one being rowed under extremely difficult conditions, in fact the family eventually had to be rescued but this was due to bad seamanship, not to any fault of the Tinker. The skipper was amazed at the way it rowed, having always maintained that inflatables were hopeless in comparison with a rigid dinghy. I just wish the rower and his family could know that their frightening experience sold us a Tinker! Sea Minor, our fibreglass 7 foot

6 inch pram is getting too heavy for us to manhandle, so this seemed a good opportunity to try an inflatable. (Everything is getting heavier year by year — including the anchor!) We had also read an account by someone who had used a Tinker under genuine emergency conditions. (There is an inflatable canopy, sea anchor and inflation bottles for the hull so that it can be carried deflated if required.) One of the delights of a Tinker is that one can buy a sailing version and it really does sail to windward! Both the skipper and I have had hours of fun sailing amongst the islands and around harbours already. Although the skipper still maintains that he can tow Seamajor better with Sea Minor when rowing, the difference is marginal and the Tinker is superior for our purposes in every other way. There is only one snag with the Tinker and that is the ease with which it could be vandalised or stolen while on shore and it is too expensive to lose in this way. Accordingly we have carried two tenders this year but Sea Minor has been used only once or twice; it looks very much as if Sea Minor will be pensioned off after thirty years!

The three days we spent in Loch Sunart after leaving Tobermory had identical wind patterns, flat calm in the mornings and a breeze from 1500 hours. One day was occupied by the ascent of Ben Hiant 1729 ft., necessitating a short bike ride first then hiding the bikes in the bracken again while we walked to the summit. This must be one of the finest viewpoints in Britain. The sun came out and we could see the Skye, Rhum, Eigg and the Outer Hebrides. We even saw land in the direction of Donegal. Surely this can't be possible?

We left Loch Sunart and sailed to Eigg in light winds and made the ascent of the Sgur of Eigg in mist and finally rain, so that we saw nothing of the superb views mentioned in the guidebook. A force 6 during the night and then fog kept us on Eigg for a day. The skipper having heard the forecast "heavy showers easing then heavier rain in the afternoon" waited for the two hours and when the rain eased, set off by bike to visit the rest of the island, and of course got caught in the heaviest prolonged downpour of the day. The view of the Western Escarpment of Eigg near Cleddale, with its waterfall in full spate, reminded him of Drakensberg.

Three boats including us left for Rhum as soon as the mist lifted next day but it was soon down again and we had to steer a compass course. Sail changing went on as usual. We seem doomed to get the spinnaker up for a short while and then have a real struggle to get it down in rising winds. It is then that we miss an extra pair of hands, for despite getting it down behind the mainsail, the jib or any other ruses we know, one pair of hands is often just not enough and the helm cannot be left. However the mist cleared and the sun even came out briefly as we anchored in Loch Scresort. The forecast at 1755 promised us a "fine sunny day tomorrow". What a disappointment! It was pouring with rain at 0400 hours and still pouring at 0830 when we finally started along the Dibidil track for our ascent of Allival

and Askival. Thick mist did not improve conditions and at one point, having lost the path in a boulder strewn area, we had to rely on the compass. The rain stopped as we sat on the summit of Allival and ate some food, but the mist only cleared temporarily as we reached the bealach between it and Askival. Time for one quick photograph and the summit had disappeared again. (We never did see Askival summit until we were back on the boat — when the sun shone and the mist cleared!) We climbed on up to Askival 2659 feet, the highest on Rhum, and then down to a minor peak called Askival Prow. From here we got the best views of the day, between swirls of mist. This was a day when Mummery's of quoted saying "Nothing so much ensures the success of an expedition as an early start" proved wrong. Had we left at 1130 hours we would not have had rain to contend with and we might even have had some sun if we had been late enough!

From Loch Scresort to Isleornsay Harbour in the Sound of Sleat took only five hours for the 22 miles and most of the time we were reefed. An enjoyable sail! The 1400 forecast gave us a gale warning and it was blowing hard by 1730. So hard did it blow during the night that when it came to lifting the anchor we were unable to do it under sail or by human power, even with two of us heaving on the chain. Eventually after twenty minutes, we tried motoring forwards with the Seagull engine at full power in a lull in the wind, and that lifted it by getting on top of it. It had dug itself 6" into the mud and a huge quantity was still sticking to the anchor.

It was at Isleornsay Harbour and at the other islands that we decided on the title for this account. The most difficult thing to procure on the islands was bread but there was always plenty of cake in the island shops.

The sail from Isleornsay to Plockton necessitated much sail trimming and innumerable fixings and removals of the genoa pole as we negotiated Kyle Rhea in a light wind. This turned out to be a much easier narrows than the pilot book led us to believe, as there is nothing to hit except the banks. Once in Loch Alsh the wind died completely as we were in the shadow of the mountains on the southern shore, but then the wind picked up as we passed the Kyle of Lochalsh. We bemoaned the change here from the days when yachts could anchor at Kyle, to the present day when all we saw were fishing boats and Naval Auxiliaries. The sight of this persuaded us to press on to Plockton, a delightful anchorage with a public phone box which worked, a launderette at the campsite and showers — in the Post office, of all places!

A gale warning at 0555 hours had us rigging the Tinker again and while I sailed the skipper did some maintenance on A92. Having sailed across the loch I met a young man with a Fusion, a craft I had not seen before. It could be sailed either as a sailboard or as a dinghy. He had it rigged as a dinghy and we sailed in company; unfortunately I have to admit that he sailed slightly faster than I did! Then it was the skipper's turn to Tinker and he went to visit some of the other yachts; amongst the sailors was Tony who

was sailing round Britain and with whom we spent an interesting evening, and also next morning. The promised gale never reached Plockton. Where did it go — or did it just fizzle out?

August 11th was thoroughly frustrating as we tacked against a gentle southerly, then the wind died completely, then a westerly, and finally the forecast stronger southerly arrived. The strength varied between 0 and 4 and we had the spinnaker up and down three times. After nine hours of sailing and covering only 28 miles, we decided to turn into Loch Torridon and then we still had to tack to reach the small village of Kenmore! Here we anchored behind the fish pens, close to the shore and a natural slipway formed by the bedding of the Torridon sandstone. The tedium of the day was forgotten as we watched three golden eagles tumbling and soaring above the hill in the evening sunlight. The geology and the wildlife have been two of the main features of this cruise.

Another tedious sail, 5½ hours for 13 miles, got us to Badachro, a perfectly sheltered anchorage in Loch Gairloch. The skipper went ashore but the shop here shut last year; all that remains is the Post Office which is open on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday mornings, for the payment of pensions one presumes! There is however a thriving boat hire business, anything from a kayak to a canoe, a sailing dinghy or a fishing trip being available. The Tinker was used to tow Seamajor out of Kenmore in the morning and again to move us from one buoy to another in the evening.

One of the best sails of the cruise took us to Ullapool, 35 miles in 7 hours. With a SW4-5 on the beam we fairly romped along. At times we had to play the main sheet as a dinghy sailor does in the gusts to avoid being overpowered. The only thing which spoilt the day was the heavy showers.

We crossed to Tanera More the next day, with an easterly of all things! Here we found the inevitable fish farm and with difficulty anchored in the position recommended in the pilot book. We were becoming increasingly familiar with these huge salmon farms located in what our pilot book marked as anchorages in quiet lochs. No one ever objected to us anchoring but it does restrict the area somewhat and fish farms are never as rich in wildlife as other places. We went ashore and exchanged information with the young men there; they told us about the problems of fish farming and we told them about the Tinker. (The Tinker was a source of interest to most of the people we met during the cruise.) We also enquired about the empty buoy we had seen and were told we could be welcome to use it and would be safer there than where we were if the wind should change direction. We thanked them and went to the highest point on the island to take some photographs, before returning to move Seamajor. The skipper started the Seagull engine ("Let's give it a run, we might need it one day") but didn't put it into gear. He went forward to take in the anchor and at the judicious moment signalled that it was off the bottom. I put the engine into gear and

returned to the helm. The boat started forwards but then stopped as the engine freewheeled. Not being qualified to attend to the engine, I rushed to the foredeck to hoist the jib as quickly as possible and returned to the helm, whilst the skipper rushed to the stern to see what ailed the engine. A great mass of thong weed, enough to envelop the propeller completely was clogging the engine, so after vainly trying to clear it the skipper abandoned it in favour of raising the mainsail. I was meanwhile painfully trying to claw my way off the rock close on the starboard side. Rarely has Seamajor seemed to take so long to draw ahead but at last we were clear. Thank goodness the rock was steep-to and we never touched anything. Even if we had touched it would only have been very gently but it's the principle of thing! We sailed over to the buoy, only 100 yards away, picked it up and sat down to recover! The skipper says it serves us right for being lazy and using an engine! This was a memorable day, not only for our near-miss but also because I saw my first killer whale. The skipper and I were busy reminiscing as we had both visited the Summer Isles before, he in 1956 in a sailing dinghy and I in a kayak in 1953. Thirty years have produced some changes!

The forecast gale came during the night but there was still a gale warning at 1355 so we rowed ashore and went walking again. For a small island Tanera More has a remarkably long coast line and all three of it's high points have good views. We had been told of a whale skeleton and given rough directions, so we set off to find it. We wandered along the cliffs looking into the bays and eventually spotted the one remaining bone, a huge skull. All the vertebrae and smaller bones which had been described to us had gone so, after photographing the skull as best we could in the gathering gloom, we walked back.

August 16th brought another painfully slow sail with winds W 0-3 and 8½ hours to cover 19 miles. We had to sail close hauled all the way to Greenstone Point (we were on our way south again now,) and then it became flat calm so that for half an hour we wallowed in the long North Atlantic swell left after yesterdays gale. Then the wind returned so we decided to tack into the anchorage behind the Isle of Ewe. There was a tiny fish farm here which turned out to be one involved in researching into the diseases of salmon in fish farms. This had the great advantage of a huge buoy which they readily gave us permission to use. The skipper went ashore in the evening but was severely eaten by midges and also had his most dangerous moment of the trip — up to the waist in a peat bog!

We thought we knew all about calms but the following day was the worst yet! We had a good reach out to Rubha Reidh where the wind died and for four hours we drifted. Each time the skipper tried rowing the wind would increase to faster than his rowing speed only to drop soon after he was on board again. After four hours we were just about where we were when the calm began. A S 2-4 eventually enabled us to tack into Badachro, the stronger winds coming with the heavy showers. We were glad to see Rubha Reidh disappear behind us.



South Rona was to have been our destination next day, but the already light wind died and we were forced to anchor in Red Point Bay at the mouth of Loch Torridon. The skipper went ashore where he met two Liverpoolliuan campers who were so sorry for him that they insisted on giving him a bar of their chocolate! They couldn't understand why he wanted to cruise under sail! (Can anyone else, especially after reading this account?) The wildlife was particularly good in the calm, a school of porpoises playing round the boat, seals, as usual, and mergansers in the bay. We already had a long list of birds, including guillemots "flying" under water, the first time I had been able to see this. The 1755 forecast talked of strengthening and backing winds, so we had to retreat to Badachro, using the remaining gentle southerly. Once into Loch Gairloch we set the spinnaker but it got drenched and refused to lift. (It was raining again by now.) The skipper decided to tow Seamajor with the Tinker. We were offered a tow by a passing yachtsman but the skipper thanked him and said that he really liked rowing. There was nearly a mutiny at this point as the midges were out in full force despite the rain and the helmswoman wondered if she really was a purist sailor after all! 1½ hours later the skipper rowed us to a buoy in the harbour and we tumbled into bed. We had been "sailing" for 6 hours and covered some 10 miles. It really had been a trip to remember!

The following morning with no wind and no prospect of any wind, the skipper biked to Gairloch for the exercise and some shopping. At 1355 we had another gale warning; the gale came but not until the next day. At 1000 hours it was flat calm and by 1015 it was force 6. (It never got above force 7.)

Sunday brought what we badly needed, a reaching wind, NW4-5 and we covered 50 miles in 9½ hours. (The forecast was 6-8 then 5-7.) We retraced our previous course to the Crowlin Islands, passing west of them this time, into Loch Alsh and through Kyle Rhea. Here the wind dropped to force 2 and the spinnaker was hoisted only to be taken down again in a hurry as the force 5 returned. We still had a good wind, so we by-passed Isleornsay, our original target, and just reached Armadale with the last of the wind. All the way from Badachro to Crowlin we had a long, heavy swell left over from the gale but only one wave slopped into the cockpit. Its amazing how dry an Atalanta is. I also blessed our comparatively new mainsail (3 years old now-) which is slightly smaller than our original one. The new sail balances excellently with the genoa, while reefed to the first reef points as it was today, it gives perfect balance with our ordinary jib (slightly larger than our original working jib). A balanced boat is so much easier to helm.

### **Skipper's additions**

Readers will have discovered by now that Seamajor is different from many other boats. The mate (female) does ALL the helming unless, as very rarely happens, she is overtired. This day, August 21 1988 was her finest hour. The boat averaged over five knots from start to finish so the maximum

speed can only be imagined. (We have no speed log). The sea was on the beam to start with and later on the quarter. The corkscrew rolling can only be imagined by those not there. At times we wondered — would the keels bring Seamajor back to level after a series of stupendous lurches off the tops of waves? The surfing off the wave tops excited us, provided that we didn't look back. As off Cape Horn, the helm must not look at the rollers behind. However the crew can testify that they often towered over the dinghy on the aft deck. Seamajor's stern always rose so that everything went harmlessly underneath. The helm was so busy keeping on course that only the crew (the skipper) was free to wonder if anything would break under all this rough treatment; mercifully nothing did and eventually the skipper regained his nerve enough to brew soup, drinks etc., for the helmswoman.

On Monday we set off with high hopes but with a light southerly wind, on the nose again of course, we only just reached Arisaig. The next day there was another southerly gale warning, so we decided to go Tinkering again. We had seen A109 moored in the next bay so we sailed across in the Tinker, despite the fact that there was barely enough wind to drive it through the water. Unfortunately A109's owner was not aboard. While in Arisaig we met Len and his crew on "Lorna Doone", a motor sailor. They were extremely friendly and we exchanged visits. It turned out that Len ran RYA courses, a week at a time, on his solid, traditional boat. We had seen them the previous day, apparently having four masts on their boat! The explanation which we now learnt was that they had rafted up with a boat with a jammed rudder and no engine to get it from Mallaig to Arisaig. As we recorded, the previous day was very calm, otherwise "towing alongside" would not have worked.

Wednesday was spent dodging showers and windy squalls as the wind rose but we did row ashore once during the morning.

It was becoming obvious by now that although an optimist might think four days was enough to sail the 50 or so miles between Arisaig and Creran, a realist familiar with Hebridean conditions would not agree. So the decision was made to fetch the car and trailer from Creran to recover at Arisaig. The logistics of this went like a dream. A steam train to Fort William, ten minutes later a connecting bus towards Oban and less than three hours from the boat at Arisaig to the car and trailer at Creran. After four weeks the car started straight away and it was only a 2½ hour drive back to Arisaig. Recovery started at 0500 hours on the Friday and finished by 1230- and that included washing everything. An uneventful drive home in the rain and another cruise was completed. Seamajor has now undergone 30 sailing seasons, twenty three of them with us.

This years figures are:-

336 miles, 110 hours, rowing distance 3 miles, motoring distance nil, average speed under sail 3 knots — not too bad until we note that out of 30 days on the water only 18 were spent sailing, the other 12 being calms, gales or hill walks.

Frances Martin (mate)

**ATALANTA EAST COAST RALLY/RACE  
— WEST MERSEA, 20.08.88  
R. T. MCGIVERN — A73 LYDE**

The entry list to this years rally was a healthy 8. However, with quite strong westerly winds prevailing (as all season) yachts from the north were unable to make the passage to West Mersea and 'Phyllis May' and my own yacht 'Lyde' are both moored on the river Crouch, and although the wind was gusting F6-7 at least it was from the stern quarter. We therefore made a dash for West Mersea, and successfully moored at approximately 19.00 hours on 19.10.88.

Saturday, 20 was bright and sunny but still gusty. This was evident by the cacophony of rigging slapping against masts and booms etc.

Due to the strong winds forecast 'Clymene' and 'Lydes' crew debated conditions — especially as both yachts were up for sale. It would be a bad time to lose a mainsail or worse. The sight of the other Atalantas putting out made up our minds.

On the start line 5 Atalantas assembled:

BABY SEAL  
CLYMENE  
KOOKLABURRA  
LYDE  
PHYLLIS MAY

The classic course of committee boat to Bench Head Buoy, to committee boat was decided by the race organisers. The wind from the west would mean a run out and beat back. With a fairly strong wind blowing it seemed prudent to reef.

The start gun sounded at 09.50 and away we all dashed. The early pacemakers were 'CLYMENE' and 'BABY SEAL', followed by 'KOOKLABURRA' and 'PHYLLIS MAY', with 'LYDE' the back marker.

After discussions with crew it was decided to shake out the reefs and lift keels and outboard up — having no inboard engine and hence no propeller our underwater profile is quite trim.

This tactic seemed to work and we gradually made ground on the fleet. As we approached the Bench Head Buoy it was a tremendous sight to see 5 Atalantas within a hundred yards of each other all jostling for position.

At this mark 'LYDE' was first with a general melee between 'KOOKABURRA', 'PHYLLIS MAY', 'CLYMENE' and 'BABY SEAL'. The race was now on for the Nass Beacon (finish). This involved tacking up the Blackwater. Our lead was quickly taken by 'BABY SEAL', (how were they able to point so high into the wind?), 'CLYMENE' then came up to challenge 'LYDE' and in spite of reefing we couldn't maintain our downwind performance against the other yachts.

'PHYLLIS MAY' and 'KOOKABURRA' were further south of us so had more sea room, the leeway effect concerned us with the shallow Mersea shore. The ensuing tack lost still more ground on the fleet.

The thought of starting last — then being first at the halfway mark, and on the windward leg back to last, was sobering.

During the last quarter of the race we totally lost sight of 'BABY SEAL' and could only just make out the other competitors.

Race results as follows:

Yacht	Number	Owner	Time of Finish	Elapsed Time	Handicap	Correction Time	Position
LYDE	A73	McGivern	11-59-49	2-09-49	SCR	2-09-49	5
PHYLLIS MAY	A100	Smart	11-55-09	2-05-09	-20m	1-45-09	3
BABY SEAL	A137	Davies	11-44-07	1-54-07	-20m	1-34-07	1
CLYMENE	A143	Hensby	11-51-58	2-01-58	SCR	2-01-58	4
KOOKABURRA	A168	Dorrington	11-50-44	2-00-44	-20m	1-40-44	2
ATALANTA	A1	Slaughter)					
SCARWEATHER	A164	Swanton )	DID NOT START				
BLUSTER	A183	Stearn )					

During the 'Apres Sail', Dr Davies pointed out the higher mast and boom of 'LYDE' against other Atalantas, with the C of G obviously further up from deck level this would benefit downwind but would impair out windward performance — or is this just an excuse?

Following the tradition of these annual rallies we were all given a good supper and enjoyable entertainment at 'Gun House' by Major General and Mrs Odling. Our thanks go to them once again for their superb hospitality.

(Rob McGivern has now sold 'LYDE')

## **THE ANNUAL ATALANTA RACE, WEST MERSEA BABY SEAL A137 — DR. PETER DAVIES**

August 20th was distinctly windy with a fresh SW much in evidence. Only five Atalantas had made it to the meet with BLUSTER being penned in the Deben by a force 7 which would have been on the nose the whole way to Mersea.

Conditions were such that many events for smaller boats were cancelled and the Atalantas given the short course to Bench Head and back. Even so, as Lyde is going up for sale there was doubt about her competing. In the event she did.

I felt rather out of place as I only bought BABY SEAL in May and was really unfamiliar with Atalantas and their ways. In addition I am not the racing type; my only previous experience of racing being one event (for novices) in a Mirror dinghy which was also sailed in fresh conditions. That event I won by merely delaying my capsizing until the finishing line whereas the other competitors were more impatient. Consequently I can honestly claim minimal knowledge of what I was supposed to do.

Having followed the other four boats to the start line it seemed a good idea to keep out of everyone's way so BABY SEAL jilled around the windward end of the start line with six rolls in the main and working jib set. The storm jib was fished out from its hidden recess under the chart table as it seemed more than likely that it would be needed.

At this point it seemed a good idea to refresh very hazy memories of flags; it would be a good idea to start in the right event! Owing to my wife's overgenerosity with invitations to accompany/crew for us there were five people aboard. That gave at least six versions of flag Y before MacMillans settled the debate.

Come the starting gun we pointed in the general direction of Bench Head only to find ourselves either first or second across the line. On the run or broad reach we were soon caught by the other boats, then passed. Having sailed BABY SEAL from Hull in order to participate it didn't seem a good idea to get behind in the first ten minutes. The storm jib was passed back into its gloomy recess and the genoa located. Soon the working jib was replaced by the genoa; lo and behold the boat went better and we stopped losing ground. We weren't gaining any either so out came the rolls from the main.

As Bench Head approached the racing was close. LYDE was clearly first to approach the buoy. Here it made a great tactical decision; to misdirect the nearest boat (KOOKABARRA?) by pointing to a more distant green cone in the vicinity of Colne Bar. The indecision which followed allowed BABY SEAL to round the mark in second place.

On the beat course back to Mersea the surplus crew came in handy as ballast as we were still under full main and genoa. We became grateful for the excellent cockpit drainage as the angle of heel was such that water frequently came over the cockpit side. The traveller was hauled right over and the boom sheeted well to port. The worst gusts were met by luffing and eating into the wind. After some twenty minutes of this there was some frantic rereading of the sailing instructions as BABY SEAL was on a completely different course to everyone else. Had we missed a mark? What did everyone know that we didn't? Not finding any enlightenment to these worrying questions we sailed on well upwind of the rest of the fleet. Two short tacks were required to make the finish. If the first had not been misjudged one medium one would have sufficed. Each tack involved frantic work with a large spanner to adjust the traveller stops. (Has anyone improved the arrangement to allow simple adjustment?).

Having crossed the finishing line we anchored, prematurely whilst still moving, to time the finish.

When we came to weigh anchor it was apparent that BABY SEAL had over run the warp which was firmly wound round the starboard keel. This rounded off the day nicely.

The evening at Major General Odlings' was an experience not to be missed. May the tradition long continue and may I be lucky enough to attend again.

In case anyone wonders what happened during the race I can only suggest they ask someone who knows. From Bench Head to the Nass all I saw was hard pressed sails on an overcanvassed boat and little cascades of water spilling over the starboard cockpit side.

Apart from being a really enjoyable sail this one event gave me enormous confidence in the Atalanta's seaworthiness. It never felt over pressed even though it was often heeling at over 50°. With more appropriate sails it would have no doubt gone even better but the working jib was just too small while the genoa was undoubtedly somewhat too large. Anyone got any suggestions?

Extract from the letter accompanying this article:

"On the way back North, we were caught in the middle of the Wash in a Force 7. We were reefed with the peak below the cross trees, no foresail and towing 350' of warps astern. A very good sea boat is all I can say. She never felt vulnerable and rode, occasionally going clean through, waves of about 10' high with breaking crests. I do not want to repeat the experience but it is reassuring to know that, even when the forecast is out by a few hours, the boat will look after it's crew in an exemplary fashion."

(And how is that for an unsolicited testimonial? Hon. Ed.)

## **MAREEL'S KEELS**

**by Philip Allison (Mareel A45)**

**drawings (except fig 'A') by Alisdair Binning, aged 13, of  
St Mary's Music School, Edinburgh**

It had to be done sooner or later. The boat was built in 1958, and has been looked after since then by Colin Stewart at Forth Yacht Marina in North Queensferry, Fife, who had the keels out in 1962 and found nothing wrong with them, the bolts, clutch plates or lifting gear. So he thoroughly painted them all up and replaced them. In 1979, the owner died and the boat was sold to a man who found that the port keel wouldn't fully lower. In 1981, I bought Mareel and found the same problem. But with a bit of working up and down, I would usually eventually get the keel down. Going through a bumpy patch of sea, like the wake of a passing frigate, helped too. Mark you, the bolts were quite immoveable.

From time to time I suggested to Colin Stewart that we remove the keels; but he was't keen. A 1985 survey could see nothing wrong with the gear. So I left it to its own devices.

By 1987, the whole set-up was getting ludicrously stiff. To lower the port keel fully at the start of the season. I had to resort to girding a rope around below the boat from sheet-winch to sheet-winch, slacking the hoisting mechanism right off, then letting go the rope. This was very effective. It was also noisy, alarming and potentially very destructive (I made sure I was in only 2 metres of water, on a falling tide and with a dinghy alongside when I performed the manoeuvre). And, more to the point, it was a long way from what the keels were designed to do.

So I rang George Parker who sent me a copy of Donovan on Keels (and a solicitous note, asking if everything was all right — which was a very kind thought: Thanks, George). I took a couple of photocopies of this (one for the yard, one for my desk, one for the boat), and armed with the original, went to see Colin Stewart. The job, I said, had to be done.

Well, Colin admitted, it had been a few years, and maybe they should slip the keels out and just check up. So into the shed went Mareel...

Hitting the bolts with a hide hammer didn't work. Gentle heat didn't work. A 2-ton hydraulic jack didn't work.

At this point, I gave Colin a copy of the article "Bolt is a four-letter word" from the 1985 bulletin. He found it very interesting, but the idea of a hydraulic hammer or cutting didn't appeal (and dead right, too, say I).

So the yard started to think. They partially unscrewed the clamping nuts and picked out the (perished) rubber seals around the bolts. Then they puddled up a reservoir of Plastic Padding round the partially-exposed thread with a waterway (oil way) past the seal, into the tubes (fig. 'A'). Into

this reservoir, for several days, they trickled diesel. At the same time, they attacked the built-up rust on the bolts from below and above (the forward ends of the keel boxes had been removed) with a variety of long screwdrivers and cold chisels.

Then they really got to work. They jammed a stick atwartships between the vertical plates holding the tubes on the inner faces of the keel boxes, so that if there was any movement, the stick would fall out. They got in a 12-ton hydraulic ram, positioned it, and started pumping. The keel pivot bolts came free at about 10 tons' pressure, with no movement from the structure. So did the two after clamping bolts. The forward bolts had too much leverage, however, and the structure started to flex. So the yard fitted a piece of steel channel across the cabin between the knees reinforcing the mounting structure, and started pumping again; with success.

What fell, was picked, was forced or guddled out of the keel boxes looked like a series of little heaps of rust. But it wasn't. As cleaning-up of the various parts proceeded, it became obvious that this impressive and voluminous efflorescence of rust which had so very effectively jammed everything up solid, was in fact only on the surface. Beneath the layers of rust, astonishingly, were clear traces of the anti-corrosive paints applied in 1962. More astonishingly, all the metal-work cleaned up beautifully, with minimal pitting and only a few thousandths loss in size due to corrosion. With a very small amount of building-up of the bolts, and none necessary to the clutch plates or the straps of the lifting mechanism, the whole mechanism was fit for re-assembly.

Inside the keel boxes, the wood was also in very decent condition. There was no sign of the back plate that figures so largely in Donovan: the bolts holding the assembly to the sides of the boxes had been fitted with large washers instead. And these bolts appeared to be sound; nor has there ever been any leakage around them, so it was decided to leave them undisturbed.

When everything was out and cleaned-up and inspected, Colin decided that he would try to ensure that this time when it was replaced, it would not need removal again for a very, very long time. To this end, several steps were adopted. First, every steel item was given a couple of coats of zinc-rich paint, followed by a couple of coats of epoxy tar. This should provide effective rust proofing, at least in the items not subject to wear and abrasion, for a number of years at least.

Second, each of the keel bolts was drilled out from the threaded end lengthwise for rather less than the length of the tube then drilled through from side to side, so that grease poured in at the end would flow down the centre of the bolt and out through the cross — drilled hole. At this point, an annular groove was routed around the bolt, to let grease spread right around (see fig B). On the pivot bolts a couple of channels were routed out from this annular groove, running along the bolt towards its head for about the



length of the keel's width, to a second annular groove, so that grease could be forced right through for the whole width of the keel, where it bore on the bolt (see fig C).

A "slice" was cut out of the head of each of the clamping-bolt nuts (except for the forward one on either side — as explained below) and into this "slice" a grease-nipple was fitted, so that grease can be forced through the nipple, into the void between nut and bolt, so down the bolt, out into the annular grooves and onto the keels and clamping plates (see fig D). The nipples were placed in the ends of the nuts in this way so that, on the one hand the nut could be turned without fouling the nipple on the adjacent bulkhead (as would happen with a nipple on the side of the nut), and on the other the nipple should not interfere with the holes for the tommy-bars (as would happen with a nipple mounted in the centre of the nut). On the clamping-nuts of the forward bolts, where there is plenty of clearance, the nipple is placed on the side of the nut (see fig E). The whole idea of this rather complex rig-up is, that grease may be forced in under some pressure, without having to slack the nuts right off, and thus without risking the pressurised grease blowing out the seals, which are maintained in position by the nuts. And hopefully inside the keel-cases will now be absolutely thick with lovely, anti-corrosive grease.

The one thing that had corroded badly was the inspection plates (they had actually corroded into holes: how the sea had failed to notice and take the opportunity of coming aboard, I'm not sure; I suppose the holes were just full of rust). These have now been replaced with larger plates (so the screws are into fresh wood) of stainless steel, which we hope will neither rust nor cause massive galvanic corrosion. Since, apart from the intensive surface rust, there was little corrosion visible after 24 years, we have not fitted zinc anodes in the keel boxes.

The whole job has been long on man-hours, and may therefore be expected to have run up a pretty heavy bill. But it has been done with great professionalism and efficiency, and I dare say that amateurs would have made a more amateurish job of it. I, certainly, would not tackle a job of that size and complexity. I hope and think that Mareel's keels should now be good for another quarter-century.

### **Rudders and bodging**

Once upon a time, Mareel had an aluminium rudder, like every other Atalanta. And, like all other Atalanta rudders, it was UNTRUSTWORTHY: it pitted, etched, bent, did I know not what-all; but I've got plenty of letters in the file, dating from the early 60's, between the then-owner and Fairey Marine, from which it is evident that all was not well.

Eventually, a new blade was ordered, but seems never to have arrived, and ex-owner turned to the yard for help. He got it, and what they rigged up

works efficiently to this day. They remade the cheeks of the rudder stock, the head of the stock and the blade in mild steel. It's heavy, presumably, but it's strong, it's solid, and it hasn't pulled the gudgeons and pintles off the transom and skeg, or the transom and skeg off the boat. I use a five-part tackle to hoist it without too much sweat and tears.

I have made three modifications to the rudder over the past few seasons; and as they seem to have worked, they may be worth recording:

1. There was some slackness at the lower end of the rudder, where the gudgeon-hole in the rudder had worn oval with time (the pintle was in perfectly good order). Repaired effectively with Hard Plastic Padding.
2. The blade was a bit loose between the plates of the stock, and inclined to bend, which was disturbing. Cured most effectively by glueing adhesive vinyl tiles to either side of the blade to take up the slack, and provide a buffer.
3. The downhaul (like many downhauls) was inclined to slip and jam between rudder and cheek. A polythene tube was tried, but first walked up the downhaul, then split, and jammed itself. So I have shackled a small block to the downhaul-hole on the leading edge of the blade. A line runs from one side of the skeg (where it's made fast) through this block, through a block in the other side of the skeg and up the back of the transom, to enter the after cabin through a hole drilled just below the upper rudder fitting. It's protected by little plastic fairleads wherever it goes round a corner; and it works beautifully.

FIGURE "A"

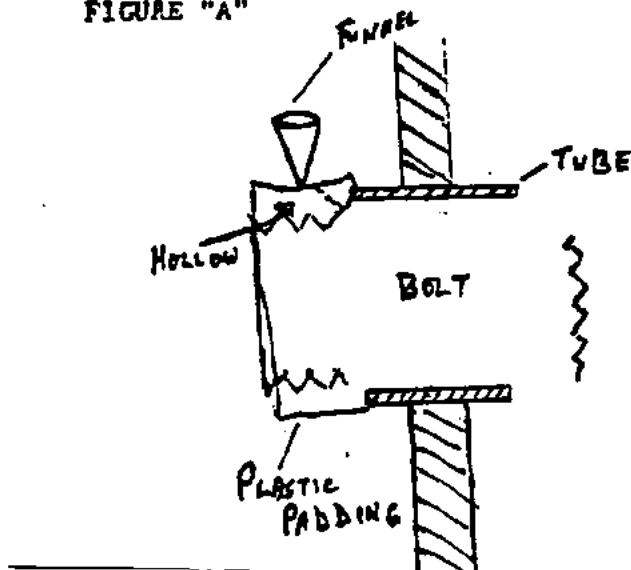


Figure 'B' Clamping Bolts

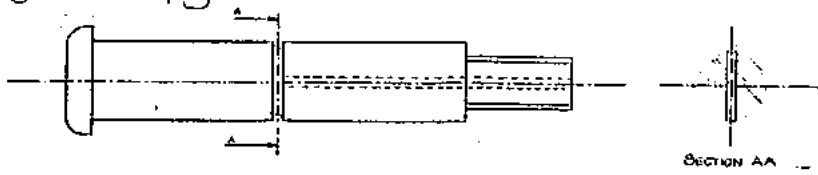


Figure 'C' Pivot Bolts

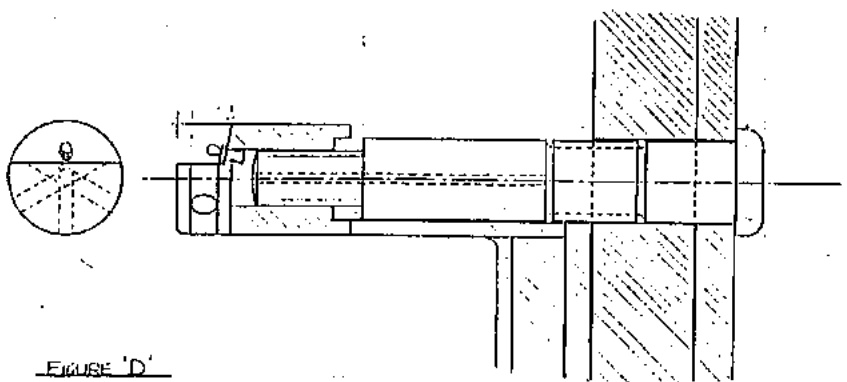
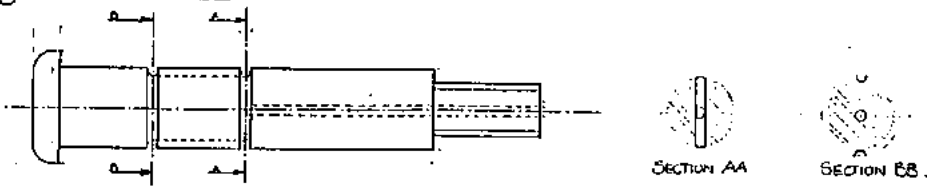


FIGURE 'D'

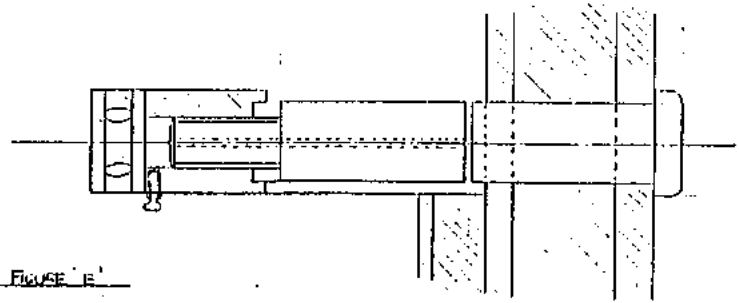


FIGURE 'E'

## **UFFA FOX REMEMBERED AT WHIPPINGHAM**

**by Hon: Sec: (Globulin.A 87)**

During May Cecile and I were cruising in the Solent and entered the Medina at East Cowes intending to sail up to Newtown. We found the lower reaches of the river to be very industrialised and unattractive except for the presence of many interesting vessels including, on the West bank, a large Arab dhow under construction and, on the opposite side, the elegant trimaran named Full Pelt. The latter, commissioned and owned by Stephen Fein, the fur dealer, is a pure racing machine of advanced design. She has a speed in excess of 20 knots. In the 1988 Round the Island Race she beat more than 1200 contestants, winning in near record time with the Minister for Sport clinging on for dear life.

About 2 miles from the mouth of the river the countryside reasserts itself but is flat and not unlike East Anglia. Here we came to a landing stage in front of the Inn at Folly Point. On slightly elevated ground behind this we could see among the trees, the roof and tower of St Mildred's Church, Whippingham. After making Globulin secure we went ashore to investigate and found a footpath leading to the church. This path, through a wood and over fields, offers a charming view of the river.

The church, which was designed by Prince Albert and built by command of Queen Victoria in 1860, is the third to be erected on the site. The first, of which only a single stone remains, was built by 'Fitz-Osborn' a councillor to William the Conqueror, ca 1066. The Prince Consort's design is strikingly successful. It has a square tower placed centrally with a turret rising from each of the four corners. Above these, in the middle of the tower, is a tall lantern and spire. The lantern, being 100ft above the ground, acted as a beacon for travellers at night.

The church's close links with Queen Victoria are obvious in many ways and so also are the Royal Family's links at that time with Germany. There is, for example, a memorial tablet to 90 Hessian soldiers who died of typhus in 1794 while in barracks on the Medina. Also the Lady Chapel, known as the Battenberg Chapel, is a memorial to Prince Henry of Battenberg, husband to Princess Beatrice, the youngest of the Queen's children. Henry and Beatrice were married in Whippingham church and are buried there in a huge marble sarcophagus. Numerous items given to the church by the Queen and Princess Beatrice were shown to us by the members of the friends of the church who guard its treasures. Outside the church we found the graves of Prince Louis of Battenberg and Princess Victoria, grandparents of our present Duke of Edinburgh.

A find of more immediate interest to us, however, was made by Cecile who discovered the grave of Uffa Fox. This has a headstone of mottled green marble with an etching in the left hand corner of a parachuted airborne

lifeboat. It represents the 20ft plywood boat which could be folded and carried in an aircraft. Dropped over the sea it automatically unfolded when the parachutes opened and, on hitting the water, it was self righting, self baling and could be rowed or sailed by those who clambered aboard. It is known that Uffa was very proud of this invention which is claimed to have saved several hundreds of service men shot down into the sea during the Second World War.

In the early 1950's, when Uffa suggested to Alan Vines that Fairey Marine might develop Alan's twin keel 22ft Suejanwiz into something larger as a family cruiser, Uffa designed the hull keeping the bow full for safety when riding down a swell into the wave ahead. This feature of an Atalanta hull somewhat suggests the lifeboat design and may well be the cause of the myth that the Atalanta was once dropped from the skies.

On the marble surround enclosing the grave is an etching depicting the 505, which is another of Uffa's successful designs. As early as the mid 1920's he appreciated the fact that a V shaped hull would allow a boat to ride up its own bow wave and greatly increase its speed. His Avenger incorporating this design won almost all the races for 14ft sailing craft in 1928. It is now recognised as the prototype of the modern dinghy. Uffa's Firefly, National Redwing, Albacore and Flying 15, as well as the 505 and his designs for Ocean Racers were all developed on the same principle.

While Atalanta owners are grateful to him for the seaworthiness of their boats, the sailing world at large owes Uffa an enormous debt for developing an exciting range of boats and bringing the sport within the reach of literally thousands of people.

Uffa Fox was born in Cowes in January 1898 and spent most of his life on the Isle of Wight. He had a long and happy acquaintance with the Royal Family and sailed with the Duke of Edinburgh, Prince Charles and the Princess Royal. Whippingham Church, so close to Cowes and Osborn House, seems a fitting place for the grave of this remarkable man.

## **THE LOSS OF HMS ATALANTA, 1880 — David Lovelock A102**

HMS ATALANTA was laid down in Pembroke in 1844. She was to be a three masted square rigged sloop of 26 guns, 958 tons in displacement, and her dimensions (131' long, 40'3" broad and 10'10" depth of hold) show her to have been a fairly squat and deep vessel. There was evidently little need to press her into service quickly, as it was not until 1847 that she was completed and commissioned at Devonport under the command of a Captain Symonds. For a vessel of her class she was generally ack-

nowledged to be very stable, probably on account of her lines and the fact that she carried about a third less canvas than would a merchantman of similar size.

The second half of the nineteenth century saw the rapid ascendancy of the steam driven warship, and fourth raters like the *Atalanta* were soon recognised to be ineffective fighting ships. Many became store ships or coal hulks, but after about ten years in commission, during which she never ventured very far afield, *Atalanta* seems to have been laid up with no specific role, for her name disappears from the Navy List.

For all their inefficiency, sailing ships were still felt by the Admiralty to offer the best means of training newly recruited seamen, a belief which still exists in many quarters today, and for many years another sloop, the *Euridice*, served as a training vessel for ordinary seamen. In 1878, however, the *Euridice* foundered off the Isle of Wight in a squall with great loss of life. The Admiralty chose the *Atalanta* to take her place. After being forgotten for so many years she needed a great deal of repair. The original survey estimated the cost of refit to be 11,000 pounds, but by the time she was ready for service 28,000 pounds had been spent. As a brand new ship could have been had for 36,000 pounds there were, as there might well be now, "Questions in the House". Nevertheless, rerated as a Training Frigate, 4 Guns, she was recommissioned at Devonport on 17 September 1878 under Captain Francis Stirling. There was some difficulty in finding officers with sailing ship experience and almost incredibly her First Lieutenant had never been in a sailing ship before. Her first two voyages in her new role were apparently successful and uneventful, although her lively motion is known to have caused a great deal of seasickness.

On 7 November 1879 the *Atalanta* left Portsmouth on her third and last voyage. It went badly, with an outbreak of Yellow Fever, presumably contracted in some tropical port, forcing the Captain to alter his plans. Such an outbreak in any ship would be serious, but with a full complement of trainees the little *Atalanta* had no fewer than 277 persons on board and the disease could have spread with horrible rapidity. The voyage, originally planned to last until 4 April, had to be cut short, and the ship ran first to Bermuda to prepare for the passage home. She arrived there on 29 January and two days later sailed for England. Nothing more was ever heard or seen of her. It is known that a storm of unusual ferocity raged in the North Atlantic from 12 to 16 February; presumably, like the ill fated "*Marques*" a hundred years later, she was knocked down by a squall from which she could not recover. The Channel Squadron under Admiral Hood searched over a wide area for wreckage or survivors but in May 1880 the Admiralty concluded that the *Atalanta* had been lost with all hands.

A Memorial in St Ann's Church in Portsmouth Dockyard records the names of the 15 Officers, 246 Men, 14 Marines and 2 Boys who perished.

## **"JOHARA" A148 SUMMER CRUISE 1988**

We were lucky in having our Summer Cruise earlier this year, and we had the fair weather. All the crew this season had sailed on "Johara" before, and were familiar with her "ship's rules" are, "Johara" is dry at sea with the exception of a beer issue at 1200 hrs and 1800 hrs, at 1600 hrs exactly Early Grey tea or possibly Lapsong Suchon should be served, as the lawyer would say "time is of the essence". All the ships crew with the possible exception of the Skipper must have some useful purpose in life and all the crew take it in turns to be Skipper of the day.

### **17th - 18th June**

"Johara" fastest ever night passage.

2130 hrs hitched onto the trailer at Ravenglass.

1200 hrs next morning floated off trailer at Dunstaffnage, Oban. A good nights passage most of the crew spent the passage asleep in thier bunks, due to conditions the heads were unusable, but the crew took care to use the leeward side of the cockpit, and of course at day break the ensign was hoisted.

The crew in this case were, Ranaid Coyne — Skipper, Catriona Coyne — Ships Guirl, Ian Smith — Ships Engineer, Peter Brook — Ships Buoy.

### **18th June**

Having floated "Johara" off and checked all services a light wind and some assistance from the engine took us up to Lochaline in the Sound of Mull where she crew had an early night.

### **18th June 0420 hours**

Blue sky and flat calm, Skipper and Ships Buoy refused to get out of their bunks until past Tobermorey, and by 0800 hours we were motoring along the north side of Mull with the first man over board drill 70 seconds — not bad for that time in the morning. By 1000 hours we were well out in the passage Coll with a light westerly wind, and sailing, making for Hellisay in the Outer Hebrides.

1315 hrs we were accompanied for a short distance by a large whale probably a pilot fish which kept station a few feet off the bow. By 1730 hours the wind had dropped and fog was making visibility quite poor we still hoped to be on course for Hellisay, and started motoring, at 2025 hours the fog cleared we saw we were about one mile off course and at 2335 with what was left of daylight we anchored in Hellisay, two other yachts in there were slightly concerned at our coming in, in what appeared to be darkness.

## 19th June

Beautiful morning with a light wind and forecast of south west 3 to 4, we radioed Coast Guard giving an E.T.A. at St Kilda of 0400 hours the following morning, we were advised that there was no range firing off Benbecula on Sunday so made course west for St Kilda through the Sound of Barra which is rather rock strewn and up the west coast of the Uists. Unfortunately visibility was not very clear, but it was a beautiful day and we were again accompanied this time by a small school of White Beaked Dolphins. The 2 o'clock forecast was not so encouraging talking of sixes, but by this time we were committed to going up the Uists as there is no shelter at all on the west coast at 1600 hrs the wind dropped there was quite a swell and we were motoring. By 1800 hrs the lighthouse on Shillay on the Monach Islands was visible about 8 miles north of us, the wind was freshening to SW 3 and the forecast was getting nastier. Having cleared the Monachs we made course north west there is a large unlit rock north off the Monachs which should be well avoided at night time. Visibility was still poor, but suddenly for half an hour at 2200 hours St Kilda was visible off the port bow. By 2300 hours the wind was getting very fresh and we were fully reefed down, we had also lost all radio contact. By 0025 hours the forecast was now talking of force 7's the weather sounded decidedly unpleasant, but as we were not sure of our position and in view of the large number of rocks off shore we held our course until 0150 hours at which point we estimated we were about 12 miles from St Kilda and well clear of Hegiskeir rock and could safely alter course for the Sound of Harris.

## 20th June

By 0600 hrs it was daylight with no visibility and blowing force 6 south west our D.R. position was about 12 miles west of the Sound of Harris. By 0730 hrs some land was vaguely visible off the starboard bow but still unidentified, echo sounder still showed we were in deep water. By 0830 hrs we finally identified our position just north of the island of Coppay only one mile out from our estimated position which says alot for the auto-pilot. Against wind and tide it took us 4½ hours to get through the Sound of Harris and we finally anchored in Rodel at 1310 hrs.

The Skipper was persuaded to have three large gin and tonics with pickled eggs before breakfast the crew then slept until 0800 hrs the next day when the crew in the after cabin were woken up by water slopping round the floor. During the bad weather the previous day the skeg had come loose and water was coming in through the skeg bolts. We moved into the pier where with the assistance of another boat Chloe we made repairs, celebrated this in the Rodel pub then had a good sail up to Plocrapool.



## **22nd June**

Gales forecast stayed at anchor in Plocrapool, but Skipper managed to get some sea trout for lunch in a nearby loch.

## **23rd June**

Light south west winds, but poor visibility we sailed up the east coast of Harris landed the crew briefly on the Shiant Islands, and finally anchored for the night at the top of Loch Shell.

## **24th June**

A noisy night with the anchor chain having been rattling all night sailed out of Loch Shell and up the Lewis coast, just before lunch the wind was freshening a very large whale well over 30 feet blew about 6 feet off the starboard beam just as the wind freshened and changed direction causing half the galley stores to land on the floor, broken bottles were ditched and we hope the whale did not eat too much of the resulting curry powder mess. Spent the night in Loch Grimshader and the following day in a dead flat calm motored up to Stornaway for crew change. Ships buoy and ships engineer left, and were replaced by Mike Sefton, ships joiner, and John Sibson, ships buoy.

## **Sunday 26th June**

Flat calm at 0510 as we motored out of Stornaway, once in The Minches there was a very slight breeze, but not enough to fill the sails, motored south down the Minches landed again on the Shiant Islands and we lost count of the number of whales seen in the calm weather, four killer whales were seen very close off starboard bow. After lunch weather remained calm, but visibility became poor and we carried on down the Harris coast until we anchored off Hermetray at 2053 hrs.

## **27th June 11.45**

Weigh anchor at Hermetray with fresh north east wind, we sailed down the east coast of the Uists taking care as always to sail inside Madaidh Mhor which is one of the Skippers foibles. We looked at an anchorage in Benbecula, but it was very windswept and bleak so we carried down to South Uist where we anchored at 1915 hrs in Loch Skipport. Skipper and Ships Buoy went ashore to catch trout for supper, but were unsuccessful. Nice day again but fairly fresh northerly wind probably 3 to 4, motored out of Loch Skipport and off Ornish point put reefed mainsail and number 3 jib making course for Canna, by early afternoon wind was dropping and by 1600 hrs about 5 miles off Canna we were becalmed and motoring. At 2000 hrs we entered Canna harbour and found we were not the only Atalanta there. Over the last two years we had spoken VHF to Grace A127

but had never actually met her or her crew, we rafted along side her examined each others boats and had a pleasant evening (I regretted this evening for the rest of the holiday as the whole of my crew particularly Ships Guirl kept on commenting that "Grace" had carpets).

### **29th June**

Left Canna at 1225 hrs with very light southerly wind sailed very slowly along the foot of Rhum picking up a few mackerel on the way and at 1830 hrs anchored in the port at Muick.

### **30th June**

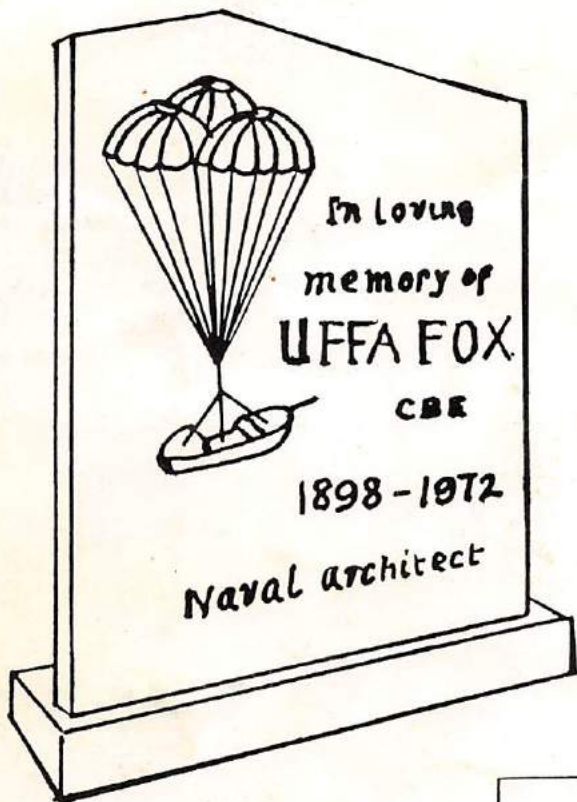
Light wind south east force 2 to 3, but forecast 6 to 7, and good visibility, we thought it time that we got into the Sound of Mull before the bad weather hit us so got going under sail and power, but once clear of Eigg we again felt the skeg was coming loose, while we stopped to investigate this "Johara" managed to run back over the log line which wrapped itself well round the propeller and the keels. Shortly after this the wind freshened and with no engine getting round Ardnamurchan was very hard work and with a loose skeg we were very worried, steering was delegated to Ships Guirl who has quite a light hand on the whip staff. By 1350 hrs wind was blowing force 5 to 6 there were the usual very heavy seas off Ardnamurchan and the skeg appeared to be flopping. It was 1900 hrs before we finally reached Tobermory at which time the wind was very strong, there were about 200 yachts in there and anchoring without an engine was bad enough, it was even worse when I insisted on anchoring somewhere where "Johara" would dry out so we could at least clear the prop, Ships Guirl managed this very competently.

### **1st July**

At 0200 hrs "Johara" finally dried out and even on the beach it took 20 minutes to clear the log line off the prop. The following morning it took another 2 hours to rebolt on the skeg having visited the garage on shore to buy nuts and bolts and get some plates drilled. At 1320 we weighed anchor sailed over to the Morvern shore to call on friends. After a very alcoholic visit we sailed down to Loch Aline where we spent the night.

### **2nd July**

Left Loch Aline at 0815 hrs sailed and motored to Dunstaffnage where at 1630 hrs "Johara" was on the trailer for the journey home.



Church  
of St. Mildred

WHIPPINGHAM  
ISLE OF WIGHT

