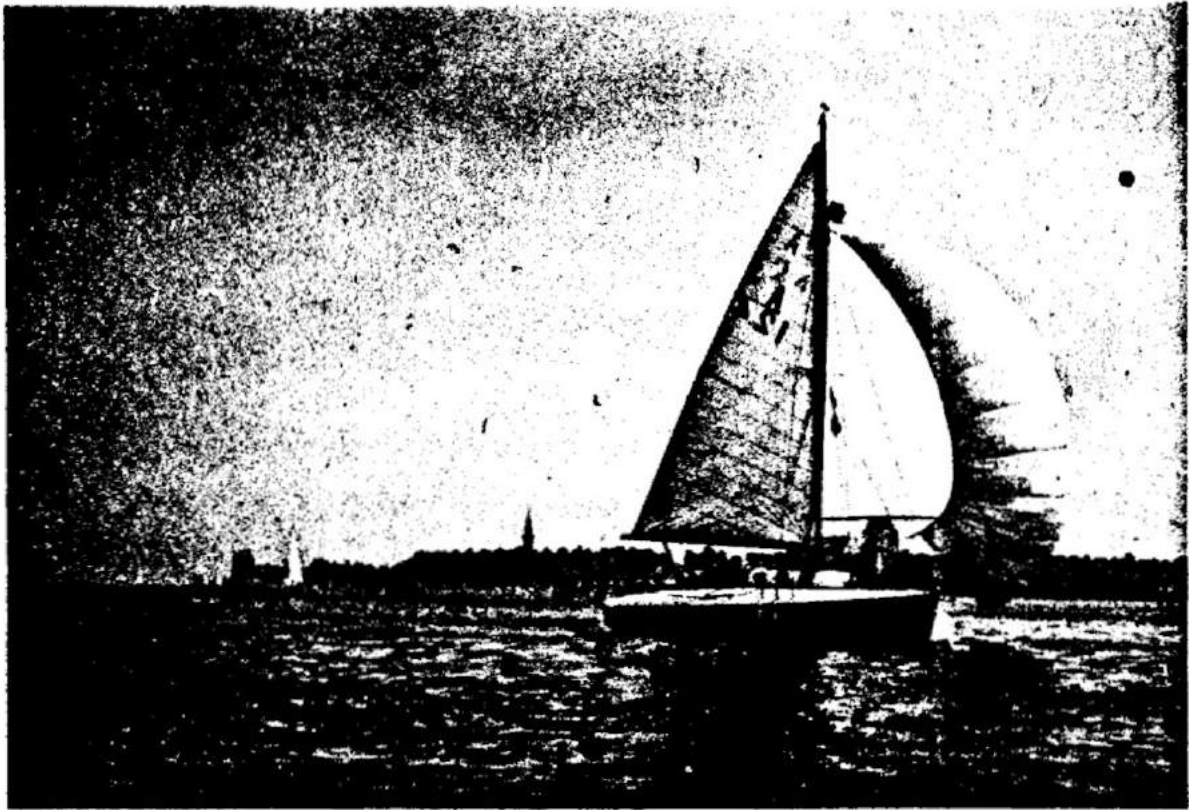
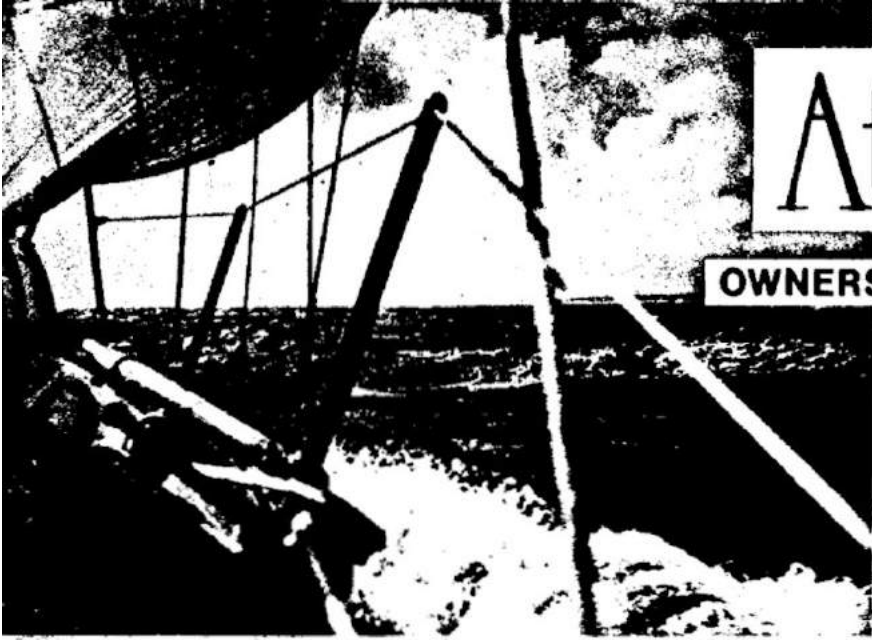


# Atalanta

OWNERS' ASSOCIATION BULLETIN

1979/80



## **MESSAGE FROM THE HON. PRESIDENT, ALAN VINES**

The Atalanta Owners have had a reasonable Summer – and all appreciate the retractable keels when it comes to mooring.

I should like to thank those administering the Association – our Hon. Secretary, Hon. Editor and those who organise the drawings.

There have been some rudder problems. If you are overhauling yours, examine the possibility of fitting the later design with the check extending below the transom, which helps support it while sailing.

Good luck to all and happy sailing!

## **PLEA FROM HON. EDITOR.**

Thanks to all who have contributed, but please send TOP COPIES NOT CARBONS! I will return originals if you so request.

My apologies to those whose contributions have been omitted.

## CONTENTS – 1979/1980

Annual Atalanta Race	E. Stearn	3
Comments on 'Keel Whole'	P.G. Martin	4
Seine Bay Circular	G.G. Holter	5
Rudder Tackle Hints	E. Payne	8
Improving 'MISTURA'	R. Fisher	9
The Eastern Seaboard of America	R. White	12
East Coast Rally	E. Payne	14
Rudder Failure - What to do	Lt. Cdr. Lovelock RN	15
Another Rudder Failure	Lt. Cdr. Lovelock RN	17
Letter from 'AMBRAS' Crew		19
Manx Cruise	Mrs. F. Martin	20
Atalantas in Ireland	G. Parker	23
'Guns to the Right of Us'	J. Saywood	24
Mods. for Extensive Cruising	C. Williamson	25
Mods. to 'HELENS FOLLY'	G.G. Holter	27
Register of Owners		30

Hon. Secretary – Maj. Gen. W. Odling C.B. O.B.E. M.C. D.L.  
Gun House, Fingringhoe  
Colchester CO5 7AL.  
'Phone 020 - 635 - 320

Hon. Editor – M.D. Rowe  
90 Buriton Road, Harestock  
Winchester, Hants SO22 6JF.  
'Phone 0962 - 880612

**ANNUAL ATALANTA RACE - 1979  
WEST MERSEA TOWN REGATTA  
E Stearn - BLUSTER - A183**

**Results**

Sail No.	Yacht	Owner	Handicap	Finish	Corrected
A183	BLUSTER	Stearn	Scratch	17.18.15	17.18.15
A176	PERSEPHONE	Stoner	20 min.	18.20.00	18.00.00
A73	LYDE	Mc Givern	Scratch	18.10.00	18.10.00
A168	KOOKABURRA	Dollington	20 min.	Retired	
A143	CLYMENE	Hensby	Scratch	Retired	
A166	HULLABALLOO	Payne	20 min.	Retired	
A150	SALIZANDA	Odling	20 min.	D.N.S.	
T2	MIDSUMMER	Pia	Scratch	D.N.S.	

Just a glance at the results will be sufficient to see that there must have been some funny goings on in this year's Atalanta race at West Mersea. It all stems from being such a funny shape and suggests to me that Uffa Fox sailed all his trials in half a gale. Whatever the reason there is no denying that those bluff bows would only inch through the shining waters of the Blackwater on August 11th.

The light westerly breeze got us over the start in good order. With a boat with as much character as an Atalanta you expect some pretty individual sort of owners and sure enough, once over that line, the six starters scattered in all directions sporting a variety of sails. This made for much speculation on our boat as to who was actually in the lead and there is no doubt that CLYMENE and PERSEPHONE do show a lovely turn of speed.

All this good order was not to last. As the tide strengthened and the wind lessened the Bench Head buoy became first a stationary, and then a receding object. It was about 1300 by now and it did not appear that the race could ever be finished. If a following wind could not move you, what chance a head wind? One by one, KOOKABURRA, HULLABALLOO, and CLYMENE peeled off. During the morning we had met two more boats coming the other way: MIDSUMMER who arrived for the fun and games but was unable to enter the race for lack of crew, and HELEN'S FOLLY (A124) on the last leg of their return from a cruise in Holland.

There was only one alternative to retirement now, anchoring. The depth was 55 ft. and recovering the anchor and all that chain later was a strenuous combined effort, but the immediate effect was miraculous. The speed shot up to 3 knots and we

forged ahead of those around us! This sneaky move was soon appreciated however, and anchoring became the order of the day. We had lunch and lay about in the sun; LYDE's crew went swimming. The shipping forecast at 1355 gave no hope of improvement but drama was to follow. LYDE pulled up her anchor and simultaneously the wind appeared from the S.E. I shall never know whether they had been about to retire or whether the wind reached them first (they were away to starboard of us), but suddenly there they were, sailing up on us and causing a very unseamanlike pandemonium; sails up then all four of us on to that dead weight of iron. We just managed to get going as LYDE came abreast and then it was something like a race. She went downwind and could not quite make the Bench Head. We held on with baited breath. The tide was weaker now, but still doing its best to drive us into the buoy. It was a close thing but we were round, about 20 minutes ahead of Lyde. On our return from the Inner Bench Head we met PERSEPHONE going well and being a handicapped boat obviously in with a chance.

That is the end of the story really - 7½ hours for a 14 mile race! One thing that had concerned us all through was the absence of SALIZANDA. We could think of no explanation short of disaster that would have kept her away. Luckily she was not holed or sunk, her crew were still hale and hearty, she was merely sitting on the mud. She grounded just before her crew arrived. Very disappointing. However they, and the crews of MIDSUMMER and HELEN'S FOLLY joined the rally at the wonderful party given by General and Mrs Odling in their beautiful barn. This has now become a gathering of old friends and the highlight of the day, and only one of the many things for which the Association thanks its secretary. A splendid day.

#### COMMENTS ON 'KEEL WHOLE' (p.8 1978/79)

P. G. Martin (A92 - *Seamajor*)

Concerning sail and hull balance when running, the answer is very simple. For light weather, up to Force 4 (or more if the crew and helm are good) buy a spinnaker. For heavy weather, double up the forestay and set a second jib on the spinnaker halyard. Take the main down and the quietness and steadiness of the sailing has to be experienced to be believed. The second forestay and its fittings will cost about £15, depending on how much one is capable of improvising with offcuts of stainless steel. A second spinnaker boom for poling out the second jib can be made out of builders' timber 2" x 3" x 8", providing one chooses a straight grained piece. This, with the end fittings, will cost about £8. For Force 6, two genoas are ideal, but a genoa can easily be used with the standard jib and the balance is good, if not as perfect as it is with two equal jibs. This is, of course, the 'Trade Wind Rig' described in earlier Eric Hiscock books, though the idea seems to have gone out of favour recently. The twin forestays are worth it if only for ease of jib changing.

## SEINE BAY CIRCULAR

By: G. G. Holter, HELEN'S FOLLY A124

This year saw probably our most memorable family holiday, being the first spent on our very own yacht. Somehow, the build-up to this had seemed inevitable over the preceding year or so. It began with a casual decision to take evening classes in navigation rather than Spanish, followed by crewing for friends and finally, when the bug really bit, coming across a very sad Atalanta in a front garden. It had been stripped of paint outside and left open for 5 years untouched. I knew the hull didn't leak because she was full of water! Perched on the cockpit framework with feet dangling through rotted sole, something inside me said this challenge should not be missed.

Eight months and 1400 man hours later she left my front garden and slipped quietly off her trailer into Maylandsea creek. After several weekends spent exploring the East Coast and finding out what gybe, ground and broach meant first-hand, we felt confident enough to go foreign for our three-week summer holiday.

We sailed off our Osea Island anchorage at 0330 on Saturday August 13 to catch the tide and groped our way out past Bradwell. With a feeble N.W. breeze we arrived at Ramsgate at 1900 just as A133 arrived from Calais. Moored together we made a fine study.

Next day off again to Boulogne, very little wind or shipping. Fog developed and gave us our first serious navigation test. Much plotting and checking of speed put us one mile off our target, Cap Griz Nez, and we were into Boulogne after 10 hours, meeting friends who were to accompany us in their East Coast Sailer for the next few days. Twelve mackerel caught near Varne light made a welcome supper.

The following day, a Bank Holiday, we rested, watched processions, ate bread, drank wine, smelt drains and generally became acclimatised. Tuesday, we sailed in light airs along the coast to Le Treport, seeing strange men through the morning haze apparently standing in the sea 10 miles from land. Coming closer and swinging our lead revealed shrimpers on the shallows off the Somme estuary.

HELEN settled nicely on the mud in Le Treport harbour and we sat on deck into the early hours, treated to a spectacular lightning storm. The poor forecast and unbelievable stench at low tide prompted us to lock into the commercial basin for the next day. It rained most of the time and since there were few attractions, we were pleased to move on the day after for Dieppe. A Titania - MIDSUMMER - arrived just before we left.

An uncomfortable night was spent in Dieppe tidal harbour, on a trot of five boats in a heavy swell, with frequent bouts of high pitched popping noises through the hull. This was caused by the propellers of Sealink ferries as they manoeuvred within 20 yards of us. The only access to this rather harsh town was up a 30 ft ladder which leaned out 20° at the top: not very inviting.

The weather was again favourable, so on Friday we pressed on and reached Fecamp after a large tack into a head wind. Here, we found our first French Marina, with very good facilities; including the gift of a miniature Benedictine to every person on board as a reminder of the distillery virtually on the doorstep.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of the Benedictine monastery tour was the lingering smell of Angelica, Hysop, Cloves, Vanilla and other dried plants piled high, ready to be turned into liqueur. The atmosphere in the vast old cathedral in the town was transformed for us by an impromptu organ recital. Two days later the next leg brought us to Honfleur, just in time to be let into the basin. What a marvellous old town: moored fore-and-aft to a pontoon the slate-clad, tall, narrow, terraced harbour-front houses seem to lean into the harbour all around. Artists materialised to paint the scene and moved on after an hour or so to be replaced by others. The boats on canvas always appear timeless. This became the turning point of our holiday; partly because our friends had to turn back, partly because we decided to carry on round Seine Bay and also because the sailing style changed dramatically.

We decided to lock out of Honfleur and put in a short evening sail to Trouville ready for an early start the next day. This harbour was really a non-event since we were too late to enter the Marina and could not find a safe mooring amongst the fishing fleet. So we tied up to a builder's pontoon, against a wharf under construction. The 0030 forecast promised SW 3 or 4 increasing 5 or 6 later with locally gale 8. Since the centre of the depression was over Ireland I expected to miss the strongest wind, so we decided to make for Barfleur keeping close inshore.

Averaging 5-6 knots most of the day, we surged past Ouistreham, Courseulles and Arromanche with the Mulberry harbour marching over the horizon. Things started to get exciting as we turned north past Isigny heading for Ile St Marcouf. The sea gradually built up until, even with 9 rolls in the main the helm became too heavy, because the wind was right behind us. I suspected the rudder was partly retracting due to our high speed, over 7 knots when surfing down a wave. Later, with just the working jib the sea was overtaking us too quickly, so the engine was started, after which life became easier. The south-facing harbour on Ile St Marcouf clearly offered no shelter, so on we pressed. Suddenly a sharp thud came up from keels in the trough of a wave. The next trough produced the same result and, through the hatchway,

I could see both keel jacks lifting and falling back. Aground! But impossible here. Are we 'here'? Then sudden relief to realize that the extreme pitching was simply causing the keels to swing, just the law of gravity. Bearing off the waves cured that. The engine did not like this sea either, labouring and vibrating badly at each trough. Reducing throttle eased matters slightly. The sea and wind were making so much noise that the engine note was drowned, making it difficult to judge just how hard it was driving.

The high towers on Cap Barfleur appeared and reappeared through repeated squalls over the next two hours. Unfortunately, I did not recognise the tower four miles south of Barfleur. As we passed it, the towers on St Vaast la Hougue and Ile de Tatiheu showed up. It suddenly seemed much safer to head for St Vaast, as we might not make the tide at Barfleur. We turned back into the wind. Although the tide was with us, our progress was pitifully slow showing a mere knot on the log. It took three hours to flog back, during which time it became obvious that if we had carried on just ten more minutes Barfleur would have appeared. All the time the wind was rising whilst the engine complained increasingly. Ever so slowly, we edged round the rocks and into harbour, what a beautiful wall, with the sudden calm and peace behind it.

The gales blew all the next day, but the day after was gentle so we tiptoed into Barfleur to dry out. The entrance is hazardous with strong cross-currents and suddenly I was very glad we had turned back on the last leg. When the tide receded a solid mat of stringy seaweed round the prop explained our engine trouble. It proved to be a pretty place, but more gales and frequent rain prevented us really enjoying it.

The next lesson learnt was not to expect a smooth Channel crossing with a Northerly force 5. The trip started nicely enough at 0815 with a SW3 breeze and, by 1400 Cap Barfleur was just visible 30 miles behind. A short calm, advancing blackness, drenching rain, a crash of thunder very close, then increasing wind close-hauled. Up came the sea again, breaking waves, weaving around the crests. By 2100 several waves had broken over us so we were all very wet. The boys went to bed somewhat reluctantly and I wondered how to avoid the sea in the dark, in short, one could not, so a lot more waves came on board. After a time the sea felt warm to the face. One wave broke over the bow and rolled inevitably towards us, one foot thick and solid on the chest. Another dropped in over the side with no announcement, filling the cockpit to our knees, but dissolving away in a foam.

Each cupful of hot coffee grabbed through a momentarily opened hatch seemed



never to empty but simply to taste more salty with every gulp. Our eyes smarted from the repeated lashing. Not a single mouthful of food seemed to escape being splashed first.

I expected to see St Katherine's light around midnight, but it did not begin to loom until 0300, then only occasionally when reaching a crest coincided with the flash. Only two other vessels were encountered, a fishing boat and a large tanker which altered course to pass close to us, perhaps to see if help was needed.

The full moon obligingly stayed up till dawn and cast enough light to show the foam of waves breaking ahead. It became very tiring continuously heading into a big sea, particularly when a gust and a wave together would heel her over. We really had too much sail up, but lowering the main would only increase our angle to the wind. The alternative was to spill the wind in the gusts. By doing this I found later that three main track fastenings and two piston hanks had worn through, whilst all the remaining hanks had worn half through their necks. It took till 0700 to beat up to the Nab. Progress could then be seen to be slow, so the engine was started to help us to reach Chichester by 10.00.

The run home was done in four legs via Shoreham, Newhaven and Ramsgate and was largely uneventful. However as we were rounding Dungeness a school of porpoises in formation suddenly appeared alongside, treating us to a splendid display of aquabatics. For just 30 seconds they leaped and dived all round, not quite touching the boat and then were gone.

Well, it was certainly our most exciting holiday so far and definitely the most strenuous. In retrospect, the distance covered, 550 miles, did not allow sufficient time to stop and explore, but nevertheless it was enjoyed by all as a marvellous experience.

*(Held over from 1977/78 Bulletin)*

## **RUDDER TACKLE HINTS**

**E. Payne A166**

It is most important to lubricate the two little fibre rollers over which the uphaul and downhaul cables pass at the top of the rudder stock; if they do not freely rotate on their spindles the cables will wear grooves in the rollers and it will be difficult to haul the rudder up and down; access is easy from the after end of the cabin on the transom.

## **IMPROVING MISTURA - A151**

**Roger Fisher**

Buying MISTURA whilst living on the Mediterranean coast of Spain seemed to spell out months of continual cruising - even extending into our balmy autumn and winter, when even Christmas Day can push the mercury up the tube to a comfortable 70 odd degrees in the sun. But family commitments intervened and instead it was short day trips with more time to sit in the capacious cockpit - vino in hand of course - and plan gadgets and improvements.

### **Stowing**

An important piece of equipment but one that always seemed to be in the way was the wonderfully massive boat-hook. All of seven feet long. Unthinkable to cut it down; but where to stow it?

MISTURA has a pushpit. About eighteen inches above deck level, there is a vertical support bar. Take a stout piece of rubber tube - slightly larger in diameter than the butt of the boat-hook - and cut off a three inch length. This piece of tubing is then lashed, with strong nylon cord, to the vertical bar so that the tube is horizontal. About a foot of the butt end of the boat-hook pokes through the tubing, and the hook end of the pole is lashed to the lifeline that runs forward from the pushpit. The forward lashing comes nicely abreast of the cockpit, is in immediate and easy reach and the 7 foot menace is out of the way.

(NOTE: If no pushpit and staunchions are fitted the same effect could be obtained by lashing the tubing to the extreme aft end of the toe-rail and lashing the hook end to the same rail where handy.)

### **Reefing**

I have never got on very well with roller reefing. It seems to me difficult enough to roll in a tidy - and even more important, efficient - reef in quiet conditions, let alone when the wind pipes up, the boat is bouncing about and it becomes mandatory. So, at the '79 Boat Show, I looked into slab reefing. I found a simple solution and received an unexpected bonus.

There are a number of firms that do a 'slab reefing kit' - I used one by International Yacht Equipment. (The kit comprises - amongst other goodies - two lengths of track each with a 'terminal loop' and sheave, both adjustable for position along the tracks). The standard reefing claw (and main sheet attachment point) of the Atalanta unbolts from the end of the boom and draws off along it. The tracks are then screwed to each side of the boom, the approximate position being dictated by the position of the reef cringles in the mainsail. The reefing pennants run forward along the boom from the sheaves and can be made fast to cleats fitted just aft of the gooseneck. Reefing with this kit is so simple - and quick - and the resulting reef a model of neatness.

And the mainsheet attachment point? At the same time as buying the kit I purchased a three foot length of IYE heavy gauge track, complete with an adjustable slide with loop and clamp. (This is screwed to the under side of the boom and extends to the outer end). The loop receives the shackle of the upper mainsheet block. The bonus? If the adjustable slide is pushed out to the end of the boom, and the lower mainsheet block unshackled from the traveller, an instant lifting purchase is formed. A length of chain between the bow and transom of the dinghy then allows me to hoist a heavy tailor-made dinghy from alongside and deposit it on the aft deck in about four minutes flat - and singlehanded!

(Hon. Eds. Note - This could also be useful for use in 'MAN OVERBOARD' situations, but rig your topping lift! It is as well to be sure of the topping lift sheave as well).

NOTE: Mrs Williams of Hamble, our well recommended and superb sailmaker, fitted me two rows of reef points complete with ties and strengthening points for under £20, Spring '79.

## **Pumping**

Atalantas do not leak - except perhaps a weep or two round the stern gland. So a bilge pump might be expected to be employed when the going was rough and hatches ought to be battened down. When I bought MISTURA, a nice hefty Whale Gusher bilge pump was fitted at the aft end of the starboard cockpit seat - but it was not plumbed in! To use it, you lifted up the cockpit floor and, fitting one end of a long tube to the inlet of the pump, dangled the other end into the flooded nether regions.

The centre engine compartment of an Atalanta is rather like the opening frame of noughts and crosses but, after a little thought a simple solution soon presented itself.

I cut out a very small section of the thwartship after floor – the one that is cut away to give room for the propellor shaft. The two pieces cut out were both OUTBOARD of the two fore and aft engine bearers, making two limber holes, so that bilge water would drain forward to the lowest point on either side of the engine bearers.

Near the bilge pump, on the aft bulkhead and low down I fitted a three-way cock (price £11 from Goads). A couple of holes in the cockpit floor just under the cock and the whole thing was plumbed up so that it is possible to evacuate either port or starboard – as the tack dictates – or one after the other – if on an even keel. A non return valve (Whale at about £3.50 each) at the foot of each bilge tube makes sure of the last drop!

### **Sleeping**

As an impressionable lad in the '40's I was told that ....'immorality was the backbone of yachting..' Unfortunately I gave it up for many years (yachting, that is) to do some work and did not return to the sport until married and with three children, so had no chance to verify the veracity of the statement. However, in hot weather bunks can be cramped and with a seven foot wide berth easily available, who shall say 'no!'.

The space between the main bunks in the saloon is easily bridged and filled in by three pieces of thickish plywood (obviously cut to shape) with rectangular 'finger holes' in their centres. In use, these fill-ins rest on the outside beading along the front of the bunks. These pieces will stow well out of the way on the wooden shelf that runs along the inboard wall of the hanging lockers. Two on one side and one on the other. An 'insert-through-the-finger-hole-and-turn-90-degrees' turnbuckle that is fixed to the locker wall holds them in place in any sea and the resulting bunk is sheer luxury. Also, the extra cushions that you need for the 'in-fill' are useful in the cockpit.

If any member wants fuller details I should be glad to give them on request. Register for address.

**THE EASTERN SEABOARD OF AMERICA  
AND A CALL ON THE AMERICAN ATALANTA AGM  
Roderick White, BLUFF - A146**

My Atalanta had weathered the two years since her Atlantic crossing in 1976 comfortably enough in a Connecticut mudberth, under the benevolent eye of former Atalanta owner Bob Snow. I returned in the 'fall' of '78 with a vague plan of cruising the intracoastal waterway and spending Christmas in Florida. The route was dotted with Atalanta owners with whom I could exchange drinks (without ice) for hot showers and drinks with ice.

The plan was doomed from the first impact of the Connecticut hospitality. By December, I had spent three lazy months achieving little but the knowledge that my engineless craft was not quite the thing for the intracoastal waterway. To my surprise, a friend volunteered his 28' auxiliary sloop for my journey, and, with winter pressing, I slipped down Long Island Sound towards New York.

A flat battery prevented the engine starting as we approached New York at midnight, so I might as well have been in my own BLUFF as we were sucked through Throgs Neck, Hell Gate, and down the east side of Manhattan. We slipped into the South Street Seaport Museum at the end of Wall Street, thankful that we had found enough steerage way to avoid occasional barges and tugs. A week later we had arrived in Norfolk, Virginia (3 days in New York; 3½ days sailing down New Jersey's featureless coast).

Winter was coming and getting south became a higher priority than cruising the Chesapeake Bay. In Norfolk Jim Hardesty (A182) showed me what I should have been doing with my boat. When I'm next over there, I'll bet there isn't an Atalanta to compare with his.

From now I was in the Intracoastal proper and the motor was proving mandatory - no way of sailing down tree lined canals like the Dismal Swamp Canal and the Alligator Canal. The scenery was wild and eerie. The continuous marine weather service on a special VHF channel was most useful as a nasty sea can develop quickly on expanses like Pamlico Sound. Fortunately, I was favoured with a beam reach, and romped across at 8 knots. The nights were usually calm and misty: quiet anchorages were easy to find. By mid-December there were not that many fellow travellers. And so, after three days on my own, I was glad to have friends to call on at Oriental (sic) in North Carolina.

Here I swapped ships, with the prospect of company and the chance of sharing the helm and therefore making better mileage each day. With places like McLennansville and Charleston to visit, the South Carolina section is very pleasant, especially the latter where I enjoyed a day sail in the large natural harbour with a local racing type.

By Christmas Eve, we were spending an extra day in Beaufort (pronounced 'Bewfort') as a tornado warning was in effect for South East Georgia. The Marina Office television was showing a big (American) football match so things weren't so bad. The next day we stopped early so that a serious effort could go into preparing a suitable meal for the occasion. I felt I was by now quite a seasoned campaigner, having bought an oyster knife; not many snacks went by without the odd dozen beauties slipping down. Bought them by the peck, as I recall, although I'm sure they came in a bucket. Anyway not as rewarding as actually raking, or tonging, them up oneself as practiced at my Connecticut 'home'.

After crossing the St John's River we arrived in the beautiful city of St Augustine to find that one of the swing bridges was permanently closed. This meant putting out to sea until the next inlet, or if conditions allowed, carrying on and making better time by sailing throughout the day. Conditions did not allow - the natives were friendly, the weather not good. The beer was good, how good we weren't sure. That night I confused myself by falling out of my bunk a couple of times. But, early the following afternoon while sitting at the Marina bar, we were amused to watch our boat take on quite an angle - she was grounding at low water.

New Year's Eve - an oyster bake party - but no, we felt obliged to press on - a big mistake as we had a very uncomfortable 30 hour sail to Cape Canaveral. From there on civilization begins to impinge on progress with the number of swing bridges increasing dramatically, many with restricted opening times. Planning was paramount. In between the developed stretches of land are mangrove swamps teeming with bird life, especially pelicans, and we saw several ospreys catching fish.

Eventually we arrived in Fort Lauderdale, where we handed over the boat. I found a yacht in need of crew for the race to Key West where all competitors were royally received. Having got as far from the location of the American AGM as it was possible to get on the East Coast, I flew to Washington to Russell and Ellen Coile's house for the get-together. I missed the 'meeting' bit of the meeting, being delayed at Miami Airport for three hours. But I did arrive in time to share a super dinner, and meet our American Atalanta cousins. It won't surprise any readers to be told that Atalanta owners in USA are a very lively and well organised family. Such a shame there are not more Atalantas around, but I suppose that would change the character of the breed. Who knows?

## **EAST COAST RALLY – 11TH AUGUST 1979**

**Eric Payne – HULLABALOO (A166)**

Being duly warned by our very active Hon. Sec. I paid a visit to Mersea and bought a programme of events for their regatta together with an entry form, which I duly completed and sent, together with the fee to our Secretary, who had kindly undertaken to forward it to the West Mersea Sailing Club, the sponsor.

Being short of a crew, the Secretary told me that Susan and Douglas Woodrow of Ilkley moor, owners of an Atalanta not in commission, were anxious to compete. Although I at once wrote to them, I could hardly believe that they would come all that way for the occasion. But sure enough, I had a reply saying that they would be delighted to come. I was even more incredulous when I told them that as my mooring at the Blackwater sailing club dried out it was essential to be on board by 0430, they still agreed to come!

On the morning in question, the moment I switched on the club lights, two figures appeared out of the gloom, duly equipped with oilies and kit bags. After having signed them on as visiting members to the club and given them a few minutes to make themselves comfortable we boarded the dinghy, which I had previously launched and tied up to the pier.

As I am 81 years of age, I gladly accepted Doug's offer to row us out to Hullabaloo, which we boarded just at day-break. Doug seemed to know all about an Atalanta, had no difficulty in lowering the keels and rudder and we were soon on our way down the river.

On the falling tide it was necessary to respect the buoys but by the time we reached Osea pier, we were able to relax and consider whether we should reach the starting line in time. Although there was little wind, with the tide under us, we estimated we should be just in time.

I mentioned something about a hot drink to cheer us on our way and at once Susie went into the galley and produced some lovely coffee, which she did without asking a single question, except how much sugar did I like – evidently she was familiar with an Atalanta galley or was it due to her training as a nurse? or just common sense?

Doug turned out to be an Engineer and, as I am also an engineer even in a branch of the same parent company, we got on famously.

Unfortunately, we were a little late at the start, partly as the line was not clear.

We should have given the engine a little burst but we were afraid of being over the line at the start and being unable to get back over the tide.

With the glasses, we were able to spot 183, 168, 176, 143, 73, but no sign of our Secretary in Salizanda – where was he?

There was very little wind and we did not succeed in overtaking any of the fleet although we were able to keep up with them. We sailed for about two hours and came within sight of the first mark of the course, the Bench Head, but by this time, the tide had turned against us and we made no progress. Two or three of the fleet succeeded in rounding the first mark, I think 183, 176 and possibly 143 but we had to consider returning to the Blackwater Sailing club in time to take our mooring before it dried out.

We therefore reluctantly changed our racing flag for our club burgee, hoisted the ensign and set course up river for home.

As we returned to the starting line at Mersea, we were greeted by our Secretary in Salizanda who had come out to meet us. He explained that he had difficulty in leaving his mooring in the morning – most disappointing and demoralising for us!

During our slow but comfortable progress home we had ample time for refreshment, both hot and cold, and duly reached our mooring, having stowed sails to save time and making the last half mile under engine.

We heard subsequently that the three yachts which succeeded in rounding the first buoy had managed to finish, although much over the time limit. BLUSTER A183, with Mr. Stearn, was first.

Altogether, a most enjoyable day with charming company but disappointing from the sailing point of view.

We are all grateful to our Secretary, Major General Odling, for his organisation and enthusiasm and commiserate with him in not being able to make the starting line to lead us into the fray.

In the evening, after the social events at Mersea, members who were able, were royally entertained to a sumptuous supper by Bill and Margaret Odling at their home, a fitting conclusion to a memorable day.



## **RUDDER FAILURE - WHAT TO DO**

1. Don't panic. Under most conditions you should be able to reach port safely without assistance. Don't use flares or send 'Mayday' messages unless there is IMMEDIATE DANGER TO LIFE.
2. If you still have control and the blade is docile, try to gain sea room (i.e. get clear of a lee shore or shipping).
3. Take way off by heaving to, dropping sail or anchoring. Heaving to is preferred as it minimises motion, but without a rudder, it is only partially successful. Try it first.
4. In congested waters you might consider hoisting flag D or V, or one or two balls (fenders), but don't expect anyone to take any notice.
5. If calm, don lifejacket and harness, clip on and try to get the blade inboard. It has a bit of scrap value and could be a useful pattern for a replacement, or can be cut down as a temporary measure. Up-and-down-hauls must be slackened right off.
6. If rough, sever the up-and-down-hauls and drop the blade. Don't just unshackle the wires from the tackles, the thimbles won't run through the turning blocks.
7. Set the keels at 45° and lay a course for an easily entered port, preferably on a fine reach. There will be limited steerage, but the sails will need continual trimming. Main hard in and jib slack will send the boat upwind, and vice versa.
8. There will be effective steerage under power, but clear away the blade and any dangling lines before starting the engine or the screw may be fouled.
9. If VHF is available, use Ch.67 to inform the coastguard of your intentions. Emphasise whether, having considered the state of the boat, crew and weather, you do or do not require assistance.
10. Let the Hon. Sec. know how you got on!

## ANOTHER RUDDER FAILURE

Lt Cdr D G Lovelock R N - ATALANTA MARY - A102

The failure occurred during my first offshore passage in A102, about 22 miles south of the Needles en route for Cherbourg. The weather was fair - wind on the quarter force 4 and a slight but confused sea - when my crew reported that the helm had 'suddenly gone very light'. I naturally guessed what had happened, although the boat was still sluggishly answering the helm, and looking over the stern the blade just looked bent. We hove to and launched the rubber dinghy to investigate. Sure enough, the blade was snapped clean off in the usual place but jammed in place by the up-and-down-hauls. Our investigation, however, disturbed this delicate equilibrium and even at our much reduced speed the freed blade became an out of control paravane leaping at one moment out of the water and the next into the underside of the hull, and in the process, jamming the downhaul somewhere down under so that the final recovery process involved two of us lying on the aft deck (tied on, of course) fishing with the boathook and inching the blade up, the third hanging on to ankles and fetching tools.

We were delighted to find that, having turned for home, the submerged stock gave us good control on broad and fine reaches, provided the boat was properly trimmed by sail. Of course, full travel of the whipstaff was needed. Later on with the wires triced up out of the water clear of the screw we found motoring little problem, and the 40 or so miles back to Pompey turned out to be quite enjoyable, except that when we handed the log at Bembridge Ledge we were reminded that, had we been pressing on, we would just have been entering Cherbourg! Tant pis!

With the blade on dry land, we weighed up the best courses of action which seemed to be:

1. Have a new blade made. A Gosport firm offered to cut a blade on the spot (more of this anon) but to skimp on the preservation would be a waste of money in the long run, even if it saved some of our precious leave.

2. Cut down and re-hang the old blade. Encouraged by the boat's performance under stock alone we thought this was certainly worth a try. By modern standards the Atalanta 'standard' rudder is not an especially efficient shape anyway and we wouldn't be tampering with critical dimensions.

The latter option was chosen and with jigsaw and tank cutter we soon had our new blade (fig.1). Professional help was sought with the downhaul groove - very expensive, be warned. Rehangng the blade was effected without slipping, so in a few hours we were off again. By then the weather had turned nasty but we were able to try our 30% smaller blade in tough conditions, including a spinnaker run in force 5+ with complete success.

"Allday Aluminium" in Gosport stock NS8 alloy and will cut to shape almost any size with a plasma cutter. Cost of an Atalanta type II rudder is about £40. They will do the other operations at extra cost but, as toolsetting is required, it is obviously cheaper to do a run than one or two now and again. If members definitely interested will drop me a line, I shall be happy to coordinate negotiations - without obligation at this stage.

My own feeling is that one of the contributory causes of failure is the huge underwater area working away even when moored up. A blade on the lines of fig.3 would reduce the wetted area by about 30% and improve the aspect ratio and hence the efficiency - but a trial would be needed to check the balance and stalling performance. An old rudder blade and a volunteer required!

FIGURE 1

----- Line of Fracture  
-.-.-.-.- Blade cut down to this profile

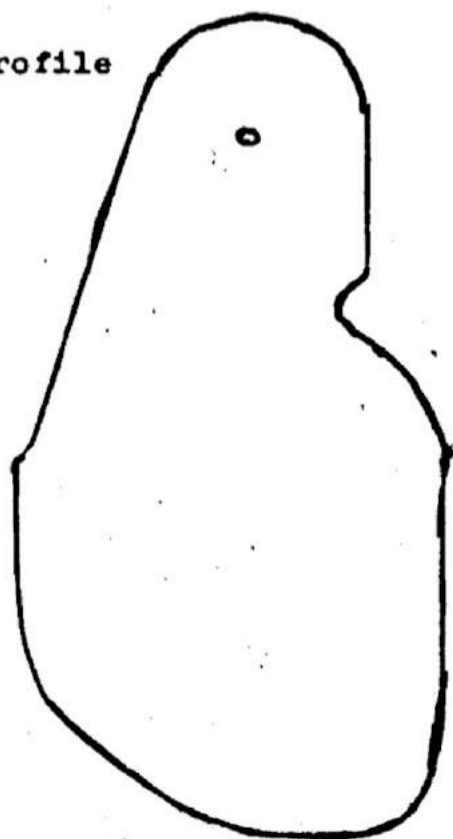
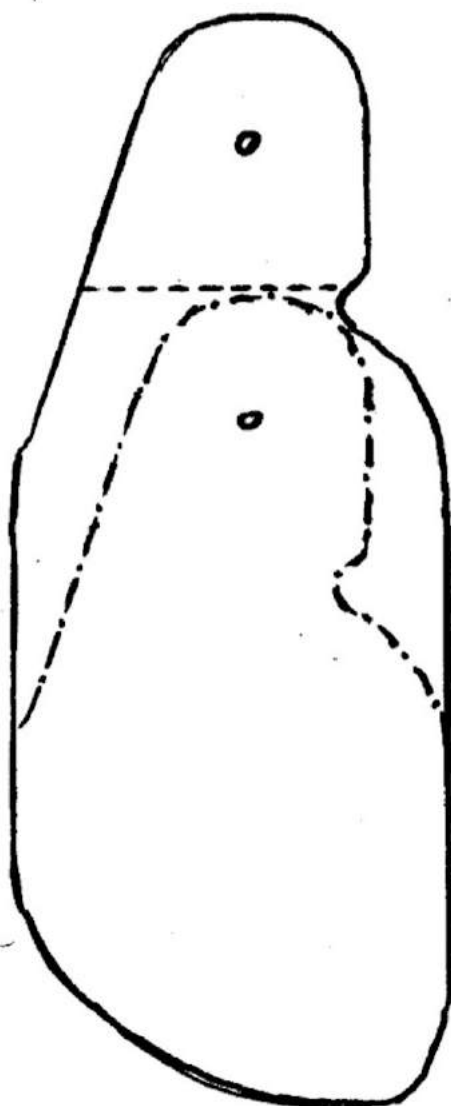
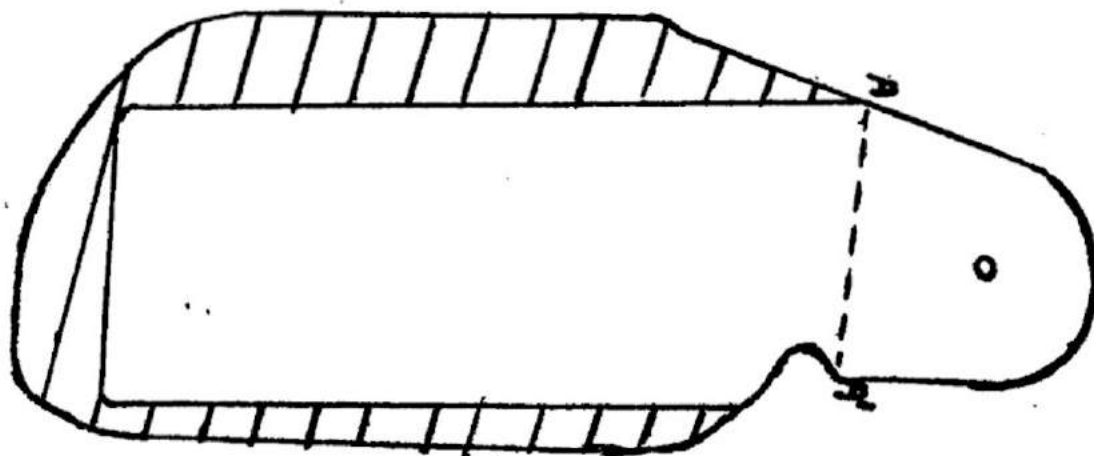


FIGURE 2

The shape of the new blade. Fatigue effects will normally be confined to the vicinity of the fracture and should not weaken the remainder of the blade.

FIGURE 3

The proposed "High efficiency" blade (unshaded). Width at the critical area A - A' is maintained, wetted area and stress reduced, aspect ratio increased. Can anyone supply a cast-off blade for a trial ? (Not too far gone, of course)



Antwerpen, 8 September 1979

Saturday the 8th of September 1979 was a glorious day for us. After staying for 8 years on shore our twenty-two-year-old Atalanta was launched again.

Sixteen months ago we bought the ship and from that moment we were always busy to repair *Ambras* on the club-yard from S.R.N.A. in Antwerpen.

Although we had a very small season (1 month) to test A 31 on the river Schelde now we know what we can do with the ship: it is a fine sailer, a pleasant boat and stable too. By this time we want to thank the A.O.A. for the services they have delivered for the drawings and all the answers on our questions. The drawings were very helpful in restoring A 31.

With much greetings from the *Ambras* crew

Weis & Co.  
Antwerpen  
Belgie

For supply of prints, see 'A.O.A. Issue of Drawings' of 1.1.79.

## MANX CRUISE

Mrs F Martin (A92)

In its millennium year we just had to visit the Isle of Man, but we were sorry that in this dreadful summer of 1979 we could only manage one fine week there. At least this was long enough to visit all the island's ports. We covered 191 miles including the passage to and from our home port of Bangor in North Wales. Only 4 miles were under motor, getting our motoring percentage to an all-time low of 2%. Fortunately we chose the best week of the school holidays, the last week in August.

For anyone contemplating a similar holiday, the requirements are very simple (apart from the boat and a crew!). They are: Stanford's Chart No.17 which not only gives pilotage for the Isle of Man and Harbour Chartlets but also a passage chart with the bearings already given on it. One does not even need a protractor and need not allow for cross tides. It seemed far simpler than the Cherbourg crossing for example. Kemp's Irish Sea Cruising Guide is a waste of money; it does not even have light characteristics. The devotee of Admiralty charts will have to buy two to get the value of the Stanfords, namely 2094 and 1826. I must admit that the Admiralty Manx plans are clearer. The only worthwhile pilot book is the Clyde Cruising Club West Scotland one, which has a Manx chapter. Tidal Atlas NP256 is valuable.

On the Saturday morning we heard the 0755 forecast, which announced the first anticyclone of the school summer holiday, but there was no wind and heavy rain when we looked out. However, by the time we had finished breakfast, the rain had stopped and the wind had picked up. We there and then decided to go. Two hours later, we left our mooring. Other yachts followed us as far as Point Lynas, the N. East tip of Anglesey, but after that we were on our own apart from a couple of cargo ships which both altered course at the last minute to go closely under our stern. It was comforting to know that they did see us and did obey the rule of the road. As dusk fell we picked up two Manx lights exactly where we hoped, Calf of Man and later Langness. The Easterly 4 was still helping us on our way so we sailed on for the light of Douglas. The only frustrating part of an otherwise delightful sail was the last mile, which took an hour of tacking against a light head wind and adverse tide until, shamefully, we turned the motor on for the final 100 yards and woke up all the sleeping members of the crew. We tied up to the nearest visitors' buoy and went to sleep again. A good passage, 14 hours for the 60 miles.

As we ate Sunday breakfast, with Douglas seeming very quiet, we decided to occupy time and wind by sailing on to Ramsey at the Northern tip of the island, passing the spectacular Maughold Head (pronounced Mackold, so they said). Ramsey did not seem very hospitable as we were shunted from berth to berth on the ends of lines of local boats. We did not want to be in a line of fin-keelers.

One of them did later start to fall over and was checked by a line on the mast-head. Eventually, we settled and then discovered what a convenience it was to be able to slip ashore and to be in the main shopping centre in a couple of minutes, with a good bookshop as a bonus.

The forecast of light head winds and the inevitability of bucking the flood race made us forego the doubtful pleasure of sailing round the Northern tip to Peel on the western side. From the map, it looked a dull piece of coast and we could not leave our dried out berth at Ramsey until half flood. Instead we sailed a few miles south again to Laxey, a most attractive mini harbour with, strangely, the only active, not to say officious harbour master we were to meet on the whole trip. After much coming and going, not to say puffing and blowing, he allocated us a berth alongside the harbour wall for the night. This was far more comfortable than Ramsey with pleasant sand to dry out on and only the trouble of rigging up our own harbour wall ladder. The H/M seemed needlessly apologetic for the unavailability of one of his ladders. Highly recommended. A project for the winter of 1978/79 had luckily been the construction of a rope and wood ladder which doubled as a boarding ladder for the boat and a harbour wall ladder. For supper we ate the mackerel and a gurnard which we had caught off Maughold Head, which was also populated with seals. Our sea fish book said that Gurnard were very sweet to eat but so spiky as to be hardly worth the bother. We agreed. While the skipper and Kenneth (18) walked up Snae Fell, the highest point of the island, overcoming the hazards of 100 mph motor cyclists en route, Michael (16) and Alan (14) rigged up the spinnaker boom as a crane so that I could lower cans of water from the quayside at low tide without having to carry them down the ladder.

The following morning we visited the Laxey water wheel, the largest in Britain. Then we awaited the arrival of the tide so that we could leave for Douglas, only 6 miles away, but a beat against a force 5. We preferred to keep the genoa and to reef the main for better balance. The williwaws off the hills laid us over at times. We tied up to the same buoy in Douglas outer harbour again just in time to visit the shops before they closed. A Calor gas cylinder was located at the fifth shop of asking. At least one can stay afloat at Douglas even if the packet boats are a little noisy.

We left at 0600 to get a favourable tide, under sail to leave less active crew members still asleep. After a 3 hour beat we had covered 6 miles to Derby haven where we anchored for the only time in the trip. This was quite the most delightful stop of the holiday. Good shelter, peace and quiet, a sandy beach and water so clear we could see if the anchor was properly bedded in. We took it in turns to visit nearby Castle-town the most historic town on the island apart, perhaps, from Peel. The attractions

were Rushen Castle, which reminded me of Conway Castle in North Wales and the maritime museum with "Peggy" a 200 year old sailing boat. In contrast, infrequent aircraft flew low overhead to and from the nearby Manx airport.

Having now used up the 6 hours of unfavourable tide, we now set off in an almost flat calm for the Langness tide race, which obligingly sucked us along, with only a little bit of bouncing. Around this corner, we soon began to approach Port St. Mary. Here we were very glad of our retractable keels as we were able to investigate berths of all sorts. We eventually spotted a row of yachts at the head of the outer wall, tucked in behind the very busy fishing fleet, with the smell of herring etc, etc. We could only speculate on other origins.

The following day, a quick visit on foot to Port Erin, a most attractive town with a marine science aquarium, preceded our departure for Peel in the afternoon. We passed first the cliffs of the Chasms and Spanish Head, where the skipper and his rock climbing leader (Kenneth) had been disporting themselves an hour or two beforehand on what was later recorded as the hottest August day since 1976. We had plenty of time to admire the rocks, as the tide was doing most of the work. At one time Kenneth was towing SEAMAJOR by rowing in the dinghy when two motor boats came up to ask if we were alright. They seemed amused that we had a Seagull on the stern and were not using it. However, things changed when we reached the Calf of Man, where we were squirted through the Sound and on up the coast past Port Erin. Further north, unfortunately, the wind died again and we drifted to Peel in the dusk with the spinnaker just filling. We eventually entered the harbour under motor to avoid the trawlers. We picked up a visitors' buoy in the outer harbour and, having admired the floodlit castle, retired to bunk.

On Friday morning we shopped and then had a look at Peel castle, (well worth it!). We were disappointed that nearly all the "Viking Longboats" dotted around the inner harbour were obvious fakes but at last we found one a bit more like the real thing. We left at 1150 southbound for the Calf of Man again. We had to be home by Sunday, so we still had a day in hand, and the forecast had mentioned fog. At the Calf, we could decide whether to make for home or to wait in Port St. Mary. At the point of decision, the coast was shrouded in patchy mist and the foghorn sounded exactly like a very loud organ chord. For a change, we went round the outside instead of through the sound. We did not give Chicken Rock a wide enough berth and had a rough passage even on the edge of the race. The skipper coined his 'bon mot' of the trip "Shall we chicken out at Chicken Rock?" So we shut him up with chicken soup. What else? As we left the race behind, a new forecast still talked about fog, but the chatty land forecaster happened to mention that, with the south wind, coasts facing

North would probably be fog-free. And so it proved. We held on close-hauled as darkness fell and, after a while, the wind backed slightly and we could lay a course for Point Lynas. Late in the night we picked up this light and that of the Great Orme, the latter well named as it is high, bright and visible for 25 miles. About breakfast time, we rounded Puffin Island back into the Straits. The wind had varied in strength during the night and the new twin forestays had made jib changing very easy and safe. The dead beat up the straits necessitated a change back to jib for ease of tacking. When we reached Beaumaris, we realised that we would have to wait for water to reach our mooring so picked up a buoy near the pier, and did the weekend shopping. The skipper had his closest shave of the trip in trying to return to the yacht in the dinghy, under oars against wind and tide and only succeeded by starting about a cable to windward. We reached Bangor at 1600, the slow passage being due to being close hauled, average only 3 knots.

We found that five is an excellent number for night watches as the extra person makes it possible to have a slightly longer sleep. Even if one of the crew is seasick, it is still possible to have a pair on duty, which relieves the tedium, and The Helm can then concentrate on steering while the other looks for steamer lights, a thankless task on this crossing as we only saw two ships, both a long way off.

Another sailing season is over and once again without an epic. Unfortunately this trouble-free sailing does make for boring reading. Sorry.

#### **ATALANTAS IN IRELAND - reported by George Parker and the crew of GLOBULIN (A87).**

Cruising on the east coast of Ireland at the end of July, we saw four other Atalantas. The first was PETESARK (A31/11), about to leave the dock as we arrived at Arklow. We were invited aboard for coffee by Mr and Mrs O'Riordan who recently acquired the 31 ft. boat after previously owning CATALINA (A70). They have a large and lively family, so appreciate the extra space in PETESARK.

Next we were tied up in Wicklow when a shout of 'There's Fred' heralded the coming of Fred and Melva Boothman in ACHATES (A60), making a perfect landfall after leaving the Menai Straits and sailing most of the way in visibility so poor that they couldn't see the powerful Codling Bank light at a distance of three miles.

On exploring the river at Wicklow, we found MARIANDA (A78), but before we could reach the owner (John King), the boat was craned out and whisked away on a trailer bound for a cruise off the West coast.



Moving up to Dun Laoghaire, we discovered LOUTRE (A14) on a mooring in the inner harbour. Alas, the pleasures of nearby Dublin left no time to track down the owner (S. Sharpe). In Dun Laoghaire, we berthed alongside a beautiful new teak boat which had been made in Taiwan and sailed all the way from Los Angeles by a Swede and his gorgeous blonde wife. The Swede surprised us with the greeting: " 'allo, I see you have an Atalanta, we also have Atalantas in Sweden", which confirms what we were told at the last Annual Dinner. (A167 - Per-Gosta Rynfeldt).

Hon. Sec.'s Comment - *'How nice it is that the Atalanta can make one so many worthwhile friends.'*

### "GUNS TO THE RIGHT OF US"

John Saywood - MOYRA A160

On a westerly course from Poole to Weymouth with an E.N.E. 3 4 wind behind us, we were running goosewinged, the genoa boomed out with the spinnaker pole to starboard. Near Lulworth, a beautiful launch swooped out from shore and the shouted that we were in a gunnery range and firing was about to start. "Steer 190 four miles, then resume intended course" he bellowed. We made our turn, the main came over and the genoa was left boomed out. We sped along at six plus knots, the relative wind being now abeam with the chord of the genoa making an angle of 15 degrees to it. With the wind blowing about twelve knots, I was surprised by the speed. Later, I referred to a book on the subject and read that this angle was by far the best to give the most driving force and the least heeling. The Atalanta has a very narrow base for sheeting the genoa (better on earlier models) and the angle of incidence to a beam wind must normally be about 60 degrees. The main is obstructed by the shrouds and tends to lift if a vang is not fitted so that its angle is about 45 degrees. Theory gives the following relative forces for these angles.

Angle of incidence	Driving force	Heeling force
15°	100	17
45°	60	53
60°	47	66

An examination of the resistances to forward motion confirms that six plus knots is possible with the genoa boomed out, but the maximum would be about 5.2 knots with normal sheeting. This compares with a previously recorded 5.4 knots with a 13 knot beam wind. This 17½% improvement fits so well with theory and practice that I wouldn't blame the reader if he took these results with a pinch of (seawater) salt!

## MODIFICATIONS FOR EXTENSIVE CRUISING

Cort Williamson - EMMA DUCK - A179

I have found the modifications explained here invaluable in my extensive cruising, for which the standard Atalanta is not really designed.

### 1. Lockers

The standard boat lacks sensible locker arrangements. If one moves the aft cabin bunk cushions up a little under the cockpit seats, as as to sleep with knees downward in the hole, then two useful open shelf cupboards can be built in the aft 'corners' of the boat. Two fitted plywood panels are required, meeting floor, transom and underside of aft deck - which also adds useful hull/deck stiffening. I always sleep aft, except while at sea, so bedding and clothing is stowed there, leaving the fore cabin free for living. In the fore cabin, I have built a small locker system by fixing a ply sheet between the bunk insides and the hull, thus eliminating the hull curvature.

### 2. Tables

A central cabin table is a nuisance to stow, both erect and in use. I have two piano-hinged  $\frac{3}{4}$ " ply tables on the forward side of the main bulkhead, which fold down supported by a loose leg on the bunk and a lip on the previously mentioned cupboard system. See sketch A for both.

The tables are very useful for chartwork, though I retained the original chart table and locker above the galley sink.

### 3. Deck

Deck space is very precious, fore and aft, especially with a rigged dinghy aboard. For all that 'stern to quay' mooring in the Med. plus, fishing, waving goodbye, etc. I built an aft platform with a strong pushpit. This is also added protection for the rudder. If well done, with s/s tubing, mahogany slats etc., it looks part of the boat and makes going aft much safer. (Sketch B for detail).

To save foredeck clutter, I have stowed my anchors in the engine compartment (Ed. Note - *hope they aren't needed quickly!*) and the spinnaker pole up the mast front.

(Held over from 1978/79 Bulletin)

DIAGRAM 'A' - FORE CABIN, PORT SIDE

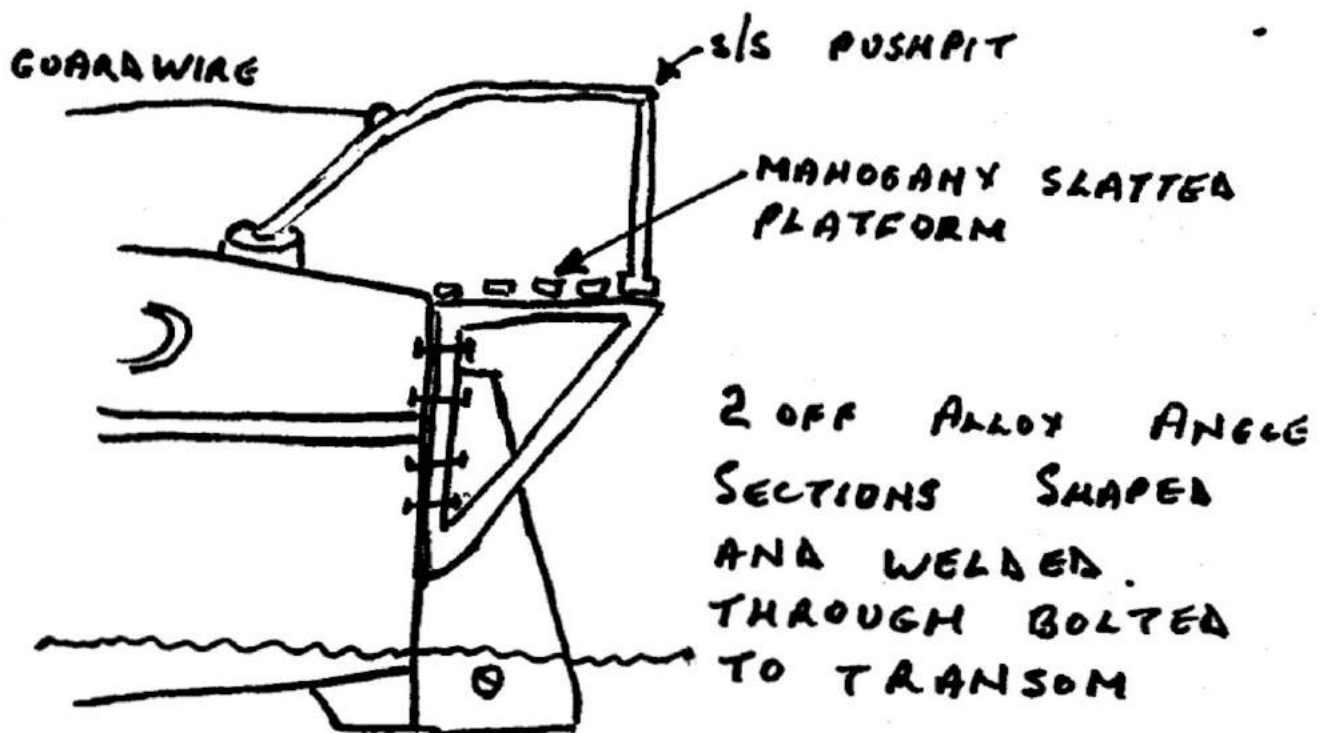
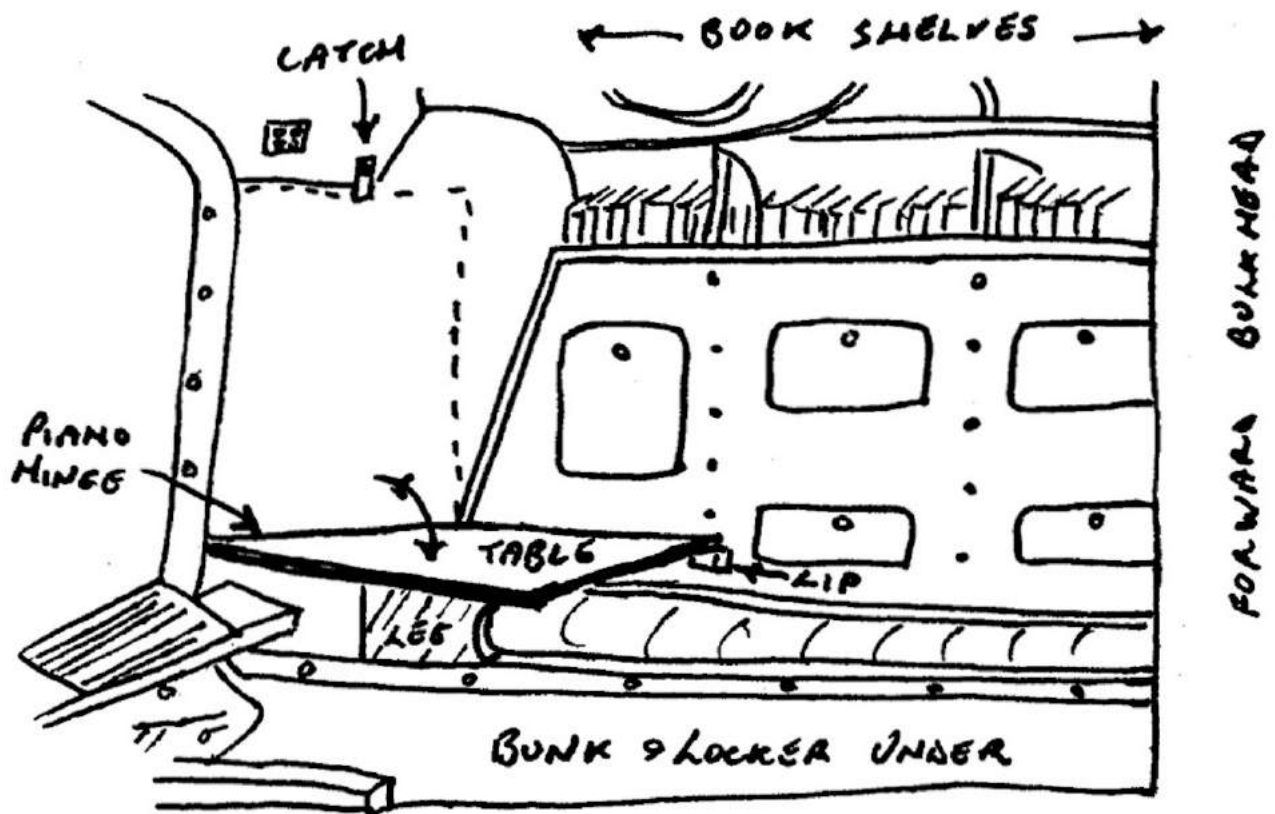


DIAGRAM 'B'

## MANX CRUISE

Mrs F Martin (A92)

In its millennium year we just had to visit the Isle of Man, but we were sorry that in this dreadful summer of 1979 we could only manage one fine week there. At least this was long enough to visit all the island's ports. We covered 191 miles including the passage to and from our home port of Bangor in North Wales. Only 4 miles were under motor, getting our motoring percentage to an all-time low of 2%. Fortunately we chose the best week of the school holidays, the last week in August.

For anyone contemplating a similar holiday, the requirements are very simple (apart from the boat and a crew!). They are: Stanford's Chart No.17 which not only gives pilotage for the Isle of Man and Harbour Chartlets but also a passage chart with the bearings already given on it. One does not even need a protractor and need not allow for cross tides. It seemed far simpler than the Cherbourg crossing for example. Kemp's Irish Sea Cruising Guide is a waste of money; it does not even have light characteristics. The devotee of Admiralty charts will have to buy two to get the value of the Stanfords, namely 2094 and 1826. I must admit that the Admiralty Manx plans are clearer. The only worthwhile pilot book is the Clyde Cruising Club West Scotland one, which has a Manx chapter. Tidal Atlas NP256 is valuable.

On the Saturday morning we heard the 0755 forecast, which announced the first anticyclone of the school summer holiday, but there was no wind and heavy rain when we looked out. However, by the time we had finished breakfast, the rain had stopped and the wind had picked up. We there and then decided to go. Two hours later, we left our mooring. Other yachts followed us as far as Point Lynas, the N. East tip of Anglesey, but after that we were on our own apart from a couple of cargo ships which both altered course at the last minute to go closely under our stern. It was comforting to know that they did see us and did obey the rule of the road. As dusk fell we picked up two Manx lights exactly where we hoped, Calf of Man and later Langness. The Easterly 4 was still helping us on our way so we sailed on for the light of Douglas. The only frustrating part of an otherwise delightful sail was the last mile, which took an hour of tacking against a light head wind and adverse tide until, shamefully, we turned the motor on for the final 100 yards and woke up all the sleeping members of the crew. We tied up to the nearest visitors' buoy and went to sleep again. A good passage, 14 hours for the 60 miles.

As we ate Sunday breakfast, with Douglas seeming very quiet, we decided to occupy time and wind by sailing on to Ramsey at the Northern tip of the island, passing the spectacular Maughold Head (pronounced Mackold, so they said). Ramsey did not seem very hospitable as we were shunted from berth to berth on the ends of lines of local boats. We did not want to be in a line of fin-keelers.

## **MODS TO HELENS FOLLY. A124**

**G.G. Holter**

### **1. Rudder Downhaul**

The simple shockcord downhaul originally fitted was not effective. When slack enough to allow my deck gorilla to manage the uphaul, there was not enough tension to prevent drag from swinging the rudder back slightly, with consequent heavy helm. As it is important to provide some give in the downhaul in the event of grounding, I have fitted a positive downhaul with a 2:1 purchase Doubled 3/8" shockcord 12" long is retained at the low power end. 6mm 8 plait is adequate, brought forward to a jamb cleat alongside the hatch. See fig. 1.

### **2. Lee-boards/Backrests/Double Berth**

Originally seen on A183, the third function as a double berth is believed novel. As a back sufferer, the backrests have transformed the lounging qualities of our main cabin. By careful choice of length and location slots, it is possible to use the stbd. backrest as a port leeboard and vice versa. The two together will just fit alongside the stbd. berth, resting on a removeable cross brace forward and the keel bracket rearward. The step takes a pillow. Fig. 2 shows the general arrangement and the stbd. backrest with leg. The boards are 6 by 1 inch deal with 4 inch foam suitably covered. The slots are made up from 2 by 1 inch and legs 1 inch square hardwood.

### **3. Engine Compartment Bilge Pump.**

Surging in the keel boxes causes water to slop over the cockpit sole in a seaway, in spite of neoprene shields. Over several hours this might cause water ingress to the engine and it would be unseamanlike to lift the sole for bailing purposes. I fitted a plastic Whale Gusher at the forward end of the cockpit seat side. The inlet clear p.v.c. hose feeds through the side of the engine well surround, down to the lowest point in the bilge. the outlet is piped forward and across in the trough between the galley bulkhead and engine well surround. Now we can pump at leisure, even from the helm. It is a great relief. See fig. 3.

### **4. Forehatch Security Latch.**

On my boat, the forehatch is secured by two wing nuts tensioning against the circular hatch seal. When you stood on the hatch, the bolts swung clear. Typically, after a wet foresail change sitting on the forehatch, hours later one would find much water below and bad language. The cure was to drill across in front of the bolt and insert a long split pin turned up at the end to prevent removal. See fig. 4.

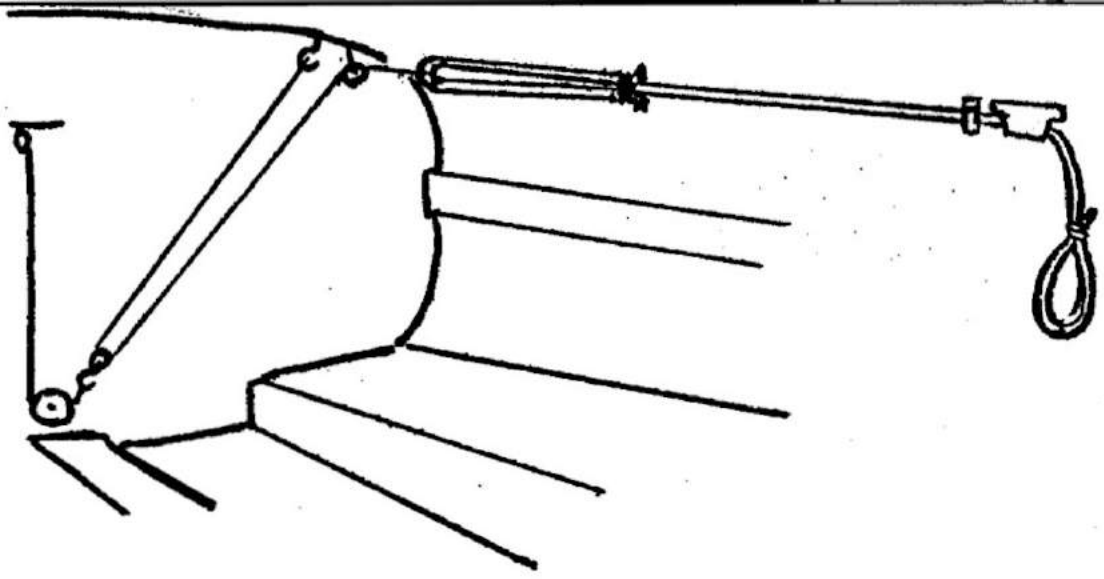


FIGURE 1.

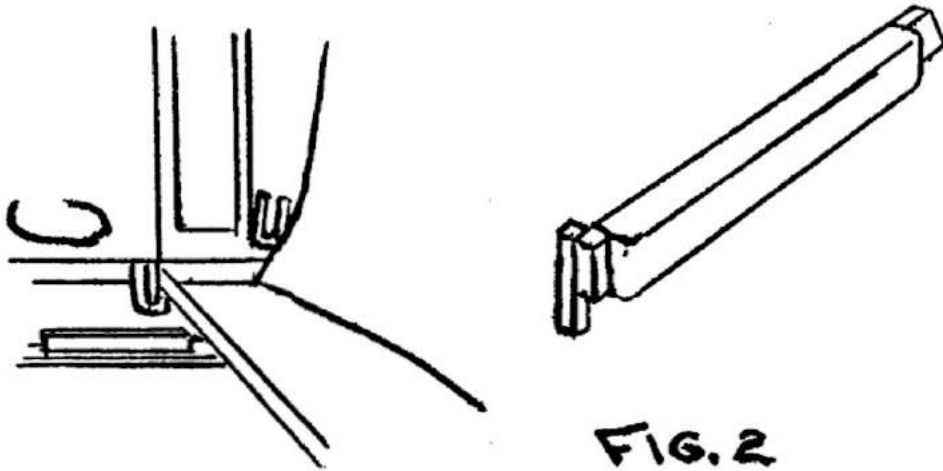


FIG. 2

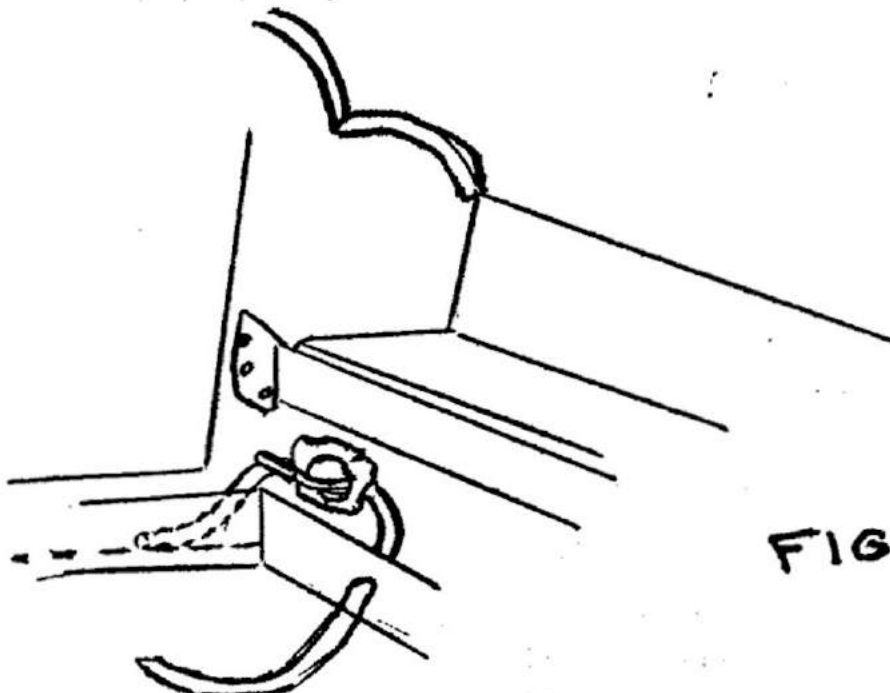


FIG. 3

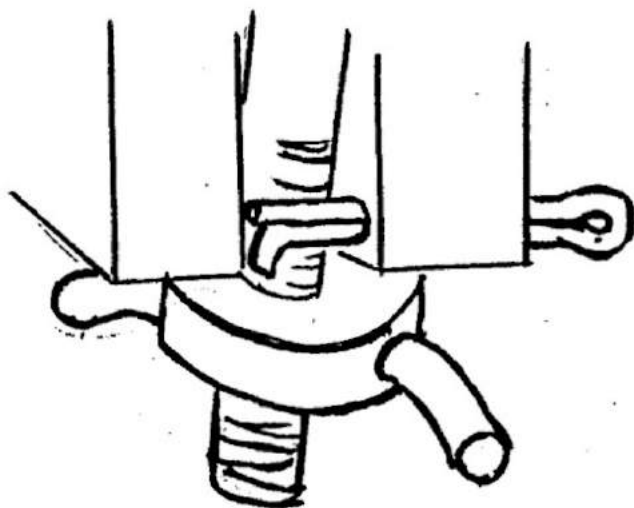


FIG. 4.

#### 5. Big Genny.

This seems like a joke with the  $\frac{3}{4}$  rig, but after three seasons of engine in light breezes it was either more sail or a new boat. My original sails say 'J.R. Williams' faintly, (and are signed A. VINE), so after some research, the outlay of around £120 for a bigger genoa seemed a worthwhile risk. 10 days after ordering from Mrs. Williams, The Sail Loft, Hamble, the beautiful new sail was set. A whole new spectrum of sailing has now opened up. Who would have thought that calm seas, balmy breezes and 5 knots could go together. Here's to next season.

#### 6. Radar Reflector.

How people put up with rattling in the backstays or spinning in the shrouds, I'll never know. The ideal position, to me, is wedged permanently in the diamond out of harm's way. Plenty of height and 'catch rain' position remember!

#### 7. The Log.

On our flat bottoms, a skin fitting log does not seem to be worthwhile. I have tried the Seafarer in two positions now, just aft of the rear engine bearer and 12" aft of the stern cabin bulkhead. Both points emerge from the water when heeling or pitching well. Further forward would be hazardous when drying out. The Simpson Lawrence trailing log is much cheaper and might now be my first choice. Does anyone know how reliable they are?