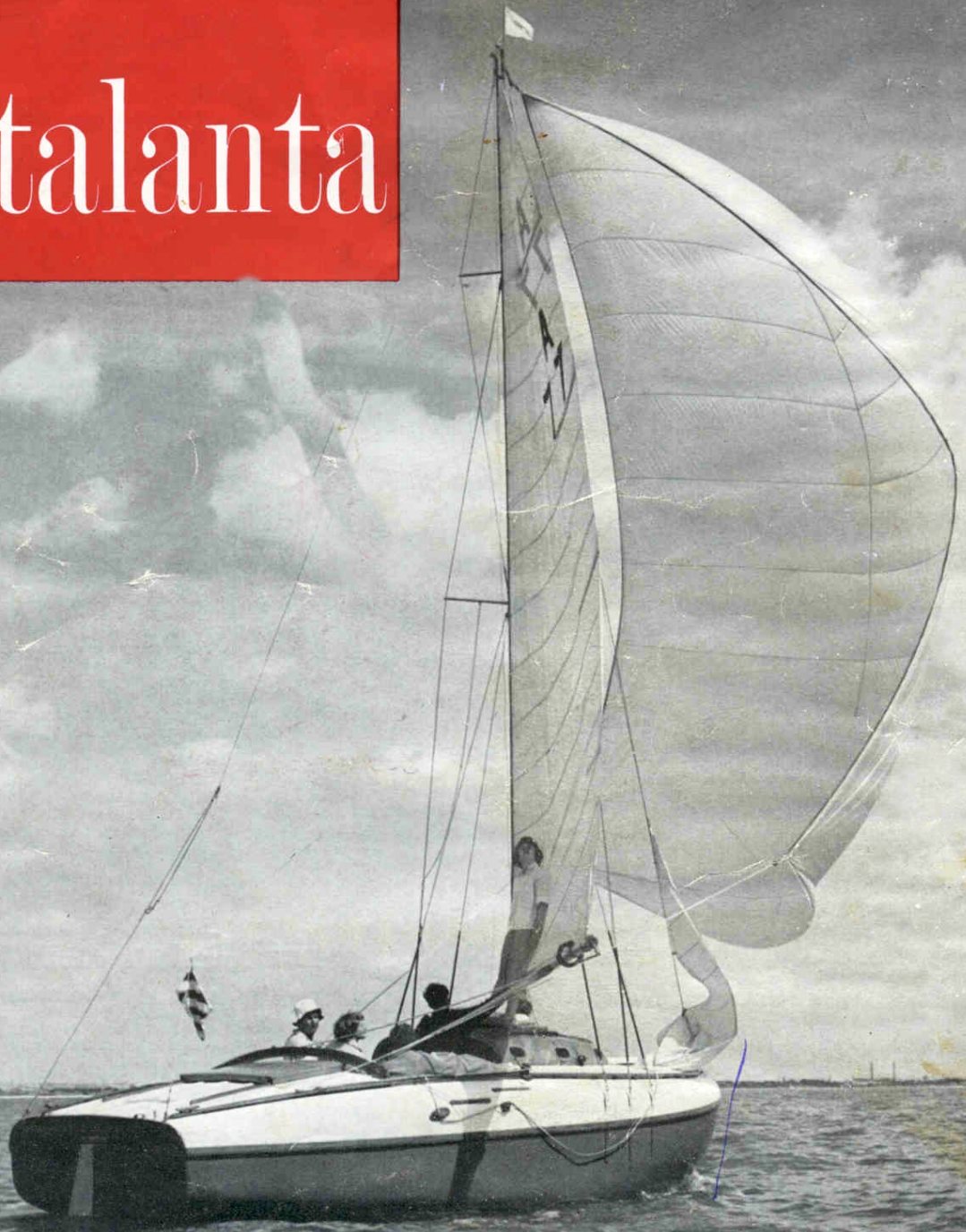


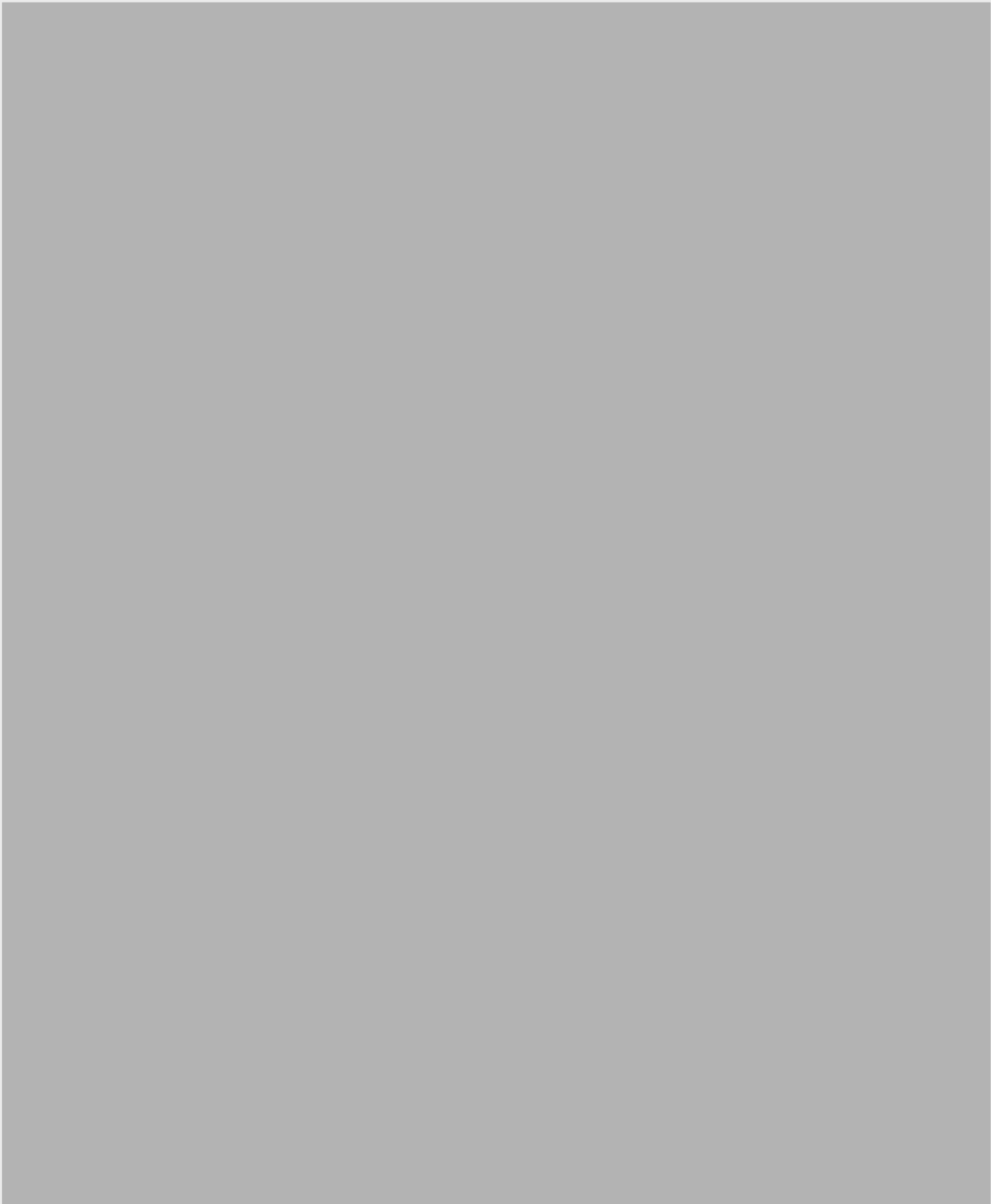
# Atalanta



OWNERS ASSOCIATION BULLETIN 1959-60

# LIST OF MEMBERS

\* Indicates Owners who have NOT registered their Boat with the Atalanta Owners Association.



*Continued on back cover*

# THE ATALANTA OWNERS ASSOCIATION

THE ASSOCIATION exists to keep a register of all Atalanta owners and to further the interests of all owners in cruising and racing. Full membership is open to the owners of Atalantas and associate membership to those who crew or are otherwise interested. In both cases the subscription is ten shillings a year, payable on January 1st.

The Hon. Secretary and Treasurer is H. F. Etchells, Bull Piece Works, Darlaston, Staffs., and all applications for membership should be sent to him.

The rules of the Association were published in full in the first issue of the Bulletin in 1959.

A.G.M. 1960

The Annual Dinner and the Annual General Meeting were held at the R.N.V.R. Club on January 6th. Twenty-four owners were present. Alan Vines was in the chair and we were glad to have Mr. and Mrs. Uffa Fox as guests. A good evening was had by all, enlivened by sea chanties from Uffa.

The Atalanta Trophy for the winner of the 'Round the Island' race was presented to Alan Vines by Mrs. Fox.

After dinner Eric Dixon showed a most interesting colour film, lasting about fifteen minutes, of Atalantas sailing. A number of members then showed colour photographs.

## A Note from Alan Vines PRESIDENT OF THE ASSOCIATION

WITH THE publication of a second Bulletin we find the owners number well over a hundred. The Secretary, who has done so much work for the Association, touring the North American Continent and visiting owners when and where he can, has an invitation from owners to sail to Belgium. Several boats are now in the Mediterranean and one is off to New Zealand. There will be at least one at

Naples for the Olympic Games.

I am always pleased to read of owners enjoying their boats. Let us hope the weather is kind and everyone has good sailing this summer.

Will owners please tell the Secretary of their adventures, with photographs if possible, for the next issue of the Bulletin? We will publish as much as possible.

## Round the Island Race 1959

BY CAPT. S. R. B. URRY

IN A LIGHT easterly about 170 boats, including eight Atalantas, crossed the line this year. Due to the fact that the tide was flooding, the first boats, although they started earlier, were still very near the line when the smaller classes crossed. What a picture they made, all together with spinners of every hue billowing out in the brilliant morning sunshine!

Alan Vines in Atalanta III was the first over the line in our class, and was closely followed by ourselves in A1. The others crossed further off-shore on the extended line.

A large part of the main fleet clung to the Island shore, trying to dodge the flood. The others, including most of the Atalantas, decided to run down the Forest shore, making the most of the following breeze. We were constantly changing positions due to the fickle wind.

As we got down to Hamstead the wind hauled round ahead and the tide turned in our favour. We all beat out through Hurst in close company; too close in fact, as at the Bridge Buoy there was quite a lash-up as the first boats round were swept broadside to the West. The wind having now backed to South-East they came about as soon as possible on the starboard tack and had the right of way over the boats still coming round.

We saw some amusing 'fend off' incidents here as the faster boats could not pass the slower ones, due to lack of sea-room. One crew member was seen to be sitting on the stern-head with his feet outboard, pushing the next boat ahead on her way.

Velma stood rather a long way over towards the shingle bank and looked uncomfortably close to the breakers—looking for some excitement, no doubt!

The majority of the skippers, including those of the Atalantas, tacked into Freshwater, up across Brook and Atherfield to St. Catherine's, to keep out of the main ebb. The others went well off-shore. Valma was well off, also Atala, but Alchemy and Elissa were crossing tacks constantly. Alan Vines, with masthead rig, was in his usual position well ahead and frantically hull down.

Alchemy, also with masthead rig, had a foul up aloft, and being robbed of her 'genny' soon dropped astern. At St. Catherine's we were lying round to Atalanta III when our genoa burst down a seam. Reduced to our working jib we had to watch Elissa and Velma walk past us, their receding transoms mocking our misfortune.

Later a large number of us were becalmed in Sandown Bay. The water here was like a mirror broken by shoals and

schools of mackerel dashing between the boats. It was a good day for fishing if not for exhilarating racing.

As darkness fell, all the crews became noisy—possibly as a result of 'sundowners'. They called from boat to boat, sang, shouted and blared away on anything that made a noise from fog-horns to frying-pans. A good time was had by all!

After rounding Bembridge Buoy most boats carried their spinnakers again. At least we were not last. Concentration was renewed and silence fell once more. As we crept up to the line in the early hours of Sunday morning, flashing torches on sail numbers illuminated the end of a very long and tedious race (the third longest in twenty-three years).

After a brief spell in their bunks, a well scorched band of yachtsmen staggered up to the Island Sailing Club to collect their mugs.

Finishing times for the winning Atalantas:

1st Atalanta III (A. Vines) ...	9—47—22 Corr.
2nd Velma (J. Ledwith) ...	10—05—20 Corr.
3rd Elissa (D. V. S. Cottrell)	10—10—10 Corr.

## RACE ROUND THE ISLE OF WIGHT

July 2nd 1960

### ATALANTA CLASS

Start 0745 hours (B.S.T.)

Prizes: £7, £4, £2. Entrance Fee 30/-

Class Ratings. All entries to be made through

the Hon. Secretary, Atalanta Class

(Mr. H. F. Etchells), 1 Richmond Drive,

Wolverhampton, Staffs.

NOT LATER THAN JUNE 18TH

## Cruise to the Brittany Coast

By Martin Booth

FOUR YOUNG MEN set sail for Brittany from the Hamble in Taka Maru (A.105) — Charles, Hugh, Peter and I. Cherbourg was the first port of call.

We secured alongside another yacht in the inner basin and after a large and much needed breakfast we lazed the day away, summoning energy that evening to go ashore for showers and drinks at the yacht club (a most attractive modern building) and dinner at one of the restaurants on the front.

We had originally planned to go on to Alderney but our next door neighbour warned us that we would find the harbour uncomfortable in a N.E. wind and advised us to make straight for Guernsey. We set sail early the next morning to catch the inshore eddy which turns an hour or so before the main stream: and with the favourable tide and the brisk N.E. wind, we were off Cap de la Hague lighthouse by 10.00.

We stood well across before altering course for Guernsey, a fix was taken, the course laid off and, checking the sheets, Taka Maru was brought round to the S.W. Shortly afterwards Guernsey was sighted and in the hot sunshine we sat in the cockpit eating lunch—French bread, cheese, fruit and a litre of wine—while Taka Maru was swept along by wind and tide.

By 14.00 we were off the Little Russell channel and with the aid of Adlard Coles' invaluable book we experienced no difficulty in navigating down the channel and making the harbour entrance. We went straight into the inner harbour,

being able to take the ground with our keels and rudder up.

St. Peter Port is an attractive harbour. The town which crowds down the side of a steep hill is colourful and gay, and with its narrow, winding streets and brightly painted houses it gives the appearance of a Continental rather than British seaport. The R.C.I.Y.C. which is situated on the harbour front is a delightful place and commands a magnificent view of the harbour and sea.

The strong North Easterlies were still holding and even with three rolls of reefing and the small jib we made over five knots according to our Walker log. By 13.15 LaCorbière lighthouse was abeam, and shortly afterwards we altered course on to the port tack to make the Western passage.

Adlard Coles' chapter on Jersey had warned us that the approach to St. Helier was not easy; but at first with the aid of a large scale Admiralty chart and Coles' excellent diagram we found no difficulty. The channel very rapidly narrows to a few cables and our tacks became shorter and shorter. The strong tide against the wind was kicking up an unpleasant short sea, but was carrying us rapidly in the direction we wanted to go. Too rapidly, in fact.

Once past Noirmont point there is only a short distance before the turning into the harbour entrance should be made, and though I had identified the Dog's Nest rock beacon which marks the starboard side of the entrance, I could see no sign of the port landmark. We were getting close to the Dog's Nest beacon and I decided that we must go about and stand in.

Hardly had we got on to the starboard tack when a loud clang shook the boat. One of our keels had hit a submerged rock! Immediately someone went below and hoisted the keels. The engine was started and the foresail lowered: and at that moment I saw the port mark and the entrance to the harbour. We motored slowly in and secured outboard of a motor yacht which was lying alongside the wall in the outer harbour. We had had a severe shock. If it had been a fixed

keel yacht we had been in this afternoon where would we be now, I thought, as I drank my tea. But we had been in an Atalanta and so . . . all had been well.

St. Helier harbour is not really very suitable for yachts. One can only lie alongside in the outer harbour for one night and after that must take the ground in one of the inner harbours. The terrific rise and fall of the tide (over 40 feet at springs) complicates matters and would tend to make things inconvenient for anyone contemplating a prolonged stay.

With our tank topped up with cheap petrol, we left St. Helier at 10.00 the next morning. Giving the Dog's Nest a wide berth ('Stick close to the port handmark', a yachtsman at St. Helier had advised us) we made off down the Western channel again and once clear of this, altered course for St. Malo. Using Hasler's pilotage directions, we experienced no difficulty making this passage—the French system of buoyage is remarkably clear.

The gates to the locked basin were open and so we went straight through and secured on the West side of the Bassin Vaubin.

St. Malo was, perhaps, the place we enjoyed most on our cruise. Not only is the basin a delightfully convenient and, of course, completely sheltered berth for a yacht, but the town itself, rebuilt so magnificently after the war, is a charming place and the bathing from the beach, a magnificent sweep of yellow sand, superb.

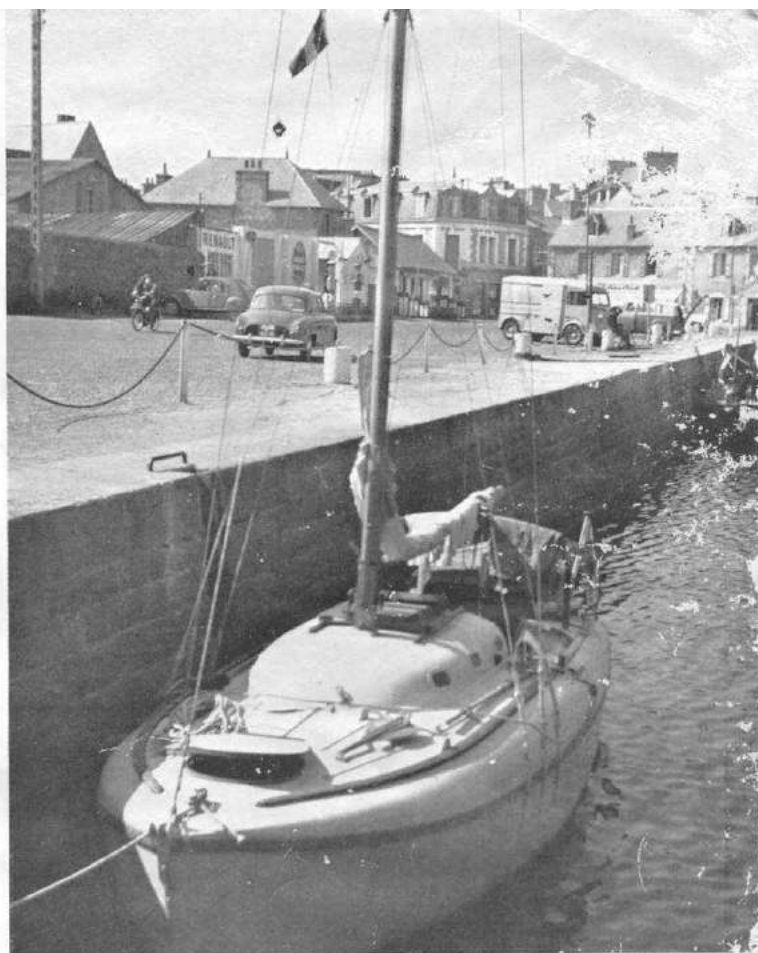
Our kind neighbours, alongside whose motor yacht we had secured, recommended Paimpol as a pleasant town and harbour. I shall never forget making our landfall. It was about quarter to six and the sun was low over the land. Everything appeared to be a uniform grey against the bright sky and the slight haze which had been hanging about all day tended to confuse me even more.

Ahead all I could see was line upon line of sharp, jagged rocks, looking as unreal as stage scenery against the glare of the sinking sun. A few beacon towers jutted up amongst the maze of rocks but for the life of me I couldn't identify any of them so dazzling was the glare. We got down the genoa, started the engine and altered course for the nearest of the towers. As soon as we were close enough to see the top mark and colour of the tower I was able to fix our position and so follow the channel in.

Paimpol lies at the head of a large drying bay and when we made our landfall it was only one hour or so after low water. We proceeded up the bay as far as we could and anchored just ahead of a dredger which was also waiting for the tide. We had been slightly put out by an obstruction—it looked like a long line of short stakes—which stretches from a point about five cables West of the Arzel red beacon to within one cable of the Ile Blanche: Hasler in his 1951 edition makes no mention of it. But later we discovered from a local that it had been laid down as recently as 1958. It would constitute a real danger when just covered.

With our keels right up and drawing only 18 inches we were able to weigh anchor at 19.05—four hours or so before high water—and proceed right up to the lock, where we waited for the opening and went through.

Paimpol is unspoilt and charming—well worth a visit.



*Alongside : Paimpol*

It has a pretty square and some delightful, half-timbered houses and there are a number of good restaurants along the front.

We spent only a day at Paimpol and at 12 o'clock the next morning, after topping up our water tank from a hydrant on the quay (beware of the water pressure—I got soaked!), we motored out through the lock with the intention of going round the headland to Lézardrieux on the Pontrieux river. It was a fine, calm day and with the sun behind us this time we had no difficulty in navigating down the narrow channel which winds its way among the black, spiky rocks. By 15.30 we had cleared Le Ferlas channel which runs between the Ile Brehat and the mainland and were in the Pontrieux river, running up between the steep, wooden banks which hem the estuary in on either side.

We anchored in  $4\frac{1}{2}$  fathoms just upstream of the jetty at Lézardrieux—a landing place which has been considerably enlarged since 1951—feeling delightfully private with the whole of this beautiful estuary with its enchanting scenery—its tree-covered banks, its bays and rockpools—to enjoy by ourselves.

Lézardrieux is about a quarter of a mile from the jetty and is a typical Breton market town with one wide main street (where the market is set up once a week) and an interesting 18th century church at the end. The Hotel de France

at the far end as one comes up from the estuary serves an excellent dinner for 700 francs and there are a number of well stocked shops. Crêpes Breagnes sold at a shop on the left just past the hotel should not be missed!

Two days later saw us weighing anchor and making out down the estuary. Tréguier, at the head of a long, narrow estuary a few miles further West was to be our destination.

We took the Moisie passage out—easy enough to follow on the transits given by Hasler: but I decided not to risk La Passe de la Gaine into the Tréguier river and went right the way round to the Grande Passe. We had some difficulty in identifying Crublent buoy—the first of the port hand-marks, for its double cross top mark, which Hasler describes, was missing. However, once we had got over this difficulty the way in was straight-forward. We had made a slow passage, partly because of the light wind and partly because of our long detour, and it was not until 20.05 that we dropped our hook off the quay at Tréguier. It was nearly dark.

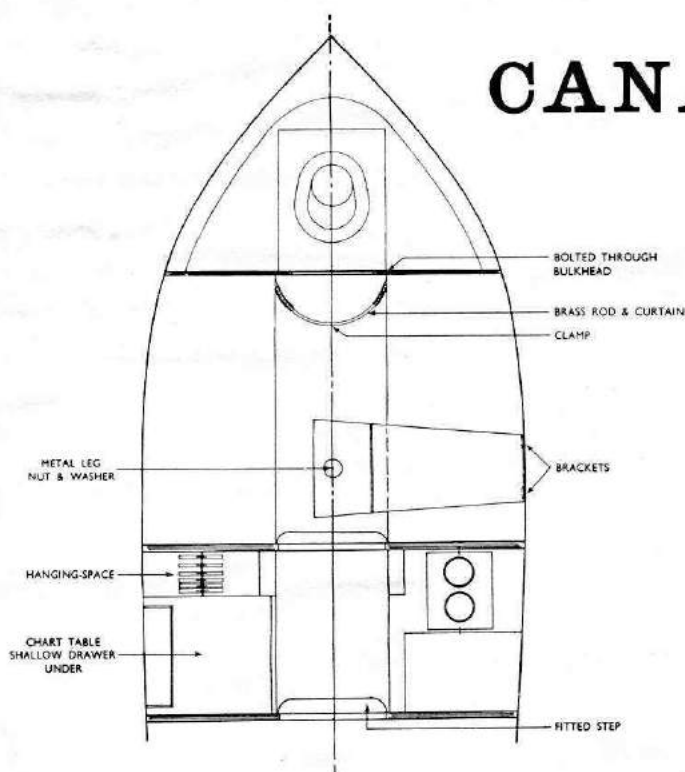
On the top of the hill on which the town stands we could see the great spire of the cathedral floodlit against the night sky, and impatient to get ashore, we hurriedly squared off the boat. As it was low tide we had to wade through soft black mud to get to the steps of the quay—we blessed our sea boots.

The expanse of mud at low water and the rather unpleasant landing steps just takes the edge off what would otherwise be a delightful anchorage. The town itself is beautiful—there are some magnificent half-timbered houses: while the cathedral which dominates the square is the most superb building.

It was on our second day at Tréguier that we found we were short of francs—we would have to leave for home the next day.

After a wet and windy passage (up to force 6) we arrived at Salcombe. We were tired, cold, damp and very hungry, but we had scarcely secured the cable when a boatload of Customs officers descended on us and proceeded to search the ship from stem to stern. The final straw was when they wanted to unpick our fenders! To give them their due they were pleasant enough about it, but it was with a sigh of relief that we saw their launch leaving and were able to turn to cooking lunch and cleaning the boat.

We were back in home waters and the remainder of our cruise would be spent visiting harbours and estuaries which I knew well. The Brittany coast with its excessive tides and numerous dangers had been successfully explored and now lay the long stretch back to the Solent.



## CANADIAN MODS.

I HAVE REPLACED the jib sheets with nylon. It is much easier to handle than the hemp, and doesn't foul the shrouds when going about. I replaced all the shackles with sturdy snap hooks (tested to 1,500 lbs.) which makes changing sails or taking them off much easier. Down below I installed a chart table (which doubles as a work table when cooking) opposite the galley. We left about one foot clear at the forward end for a hanging locker. The table comes out when we use the space below as a berth for our three-year-old.

We solved the table problem by using the main cabin door. It is fitted with two small blocks at the wide end. These hook over the battens over the bunks. A metal leg, fitted to go through the ventilator, with a wing nut, provides the outer support. Although one sits sideways to the table, it is quite comfortable, and can be reached from the opposite bunk, and also the step into the cabin. It allows room to pass, when in place, and if we wish it further out of the way, just fold the flap down, and it rests on the edge of the bunk leaving the passage quite clear.

# ATALANTAS on the St. Lawrence

THIS YEAR we started off on July 1st for South Dartmouth, a few miles from New Bedford, where we launched last year. I had tyre trouble on the way down, but managed to get there. I have since got two new tyres from Avon Rubber. According to Avon Rubber one should have about 70 lbs. of pressure in these tyres to tow an Atalanta. So I believe my trouble was that I did not have nearly enough air in them.

I decided that we would begin and end our cruise at the same place, South Dartmouth, and thereby avoid having to make a long trip to fetch the trailer, as last year. We had a lot of foggy weather, but in spite of it managed to keep moving. We made an Eastern circuit to Vineyard Haven, Nantucket, Hyannis (Cape Cod), Edgartown (Martha's Vineyard), and back to South Dartmouth. Then a Western circuit to Newport, Block Island, Stonington (Conn.), Fisher's Island (N.Y.), Newport, Cuttyhunk, South Dartmouth, Marion and back to South Dartmouth.

It was at Marion that I met Warren Dellenbaugh, and he and I inspected each other's Atalantas. As noted in your Bulletin he has a 22 h.p. Palmer engine in his. I have felt, on my two cruises, that I needed a bit more power than provided by the small Coventry Victor.

After canvassing the field of U.K. and U.S.A. engines, I decided on a Palmer too, and it is now more or less installed in my boat. The Palmer weighs about 350 lbs., while the various U.K. marine versions of the Ford 10 weigh about 100 lbs. less. If only someone would modify the Ford, so that the distributor did not stick up several inches above the sparkplugs, it would be better than the Palmer. The same may be said about the Vedette.

You will note that nearly all the U.S.A. engines are designed for compactness, and the distributors are somewhere down on the sides. Dellenbaugh has his Palmer installed so that the standard hatch, flush with the cockpit floor, as supplied with an unengined Atalanta, covers it. My mechanic did not advise, or said that he couldn't, rebore to put the shaft lower in my boat. So I am going to have to continue to use the same hatch as provided by Fairey with the small Coventry Victor; in fact it will have to be raised about one inch.

Dellenbaugh, Knox and Austin all have had iceboxes built in under cockpit seat. I find a portable large-size Coleman icebox quite adequate. It is much easier to clean than a built-in box, is lighter, and I am afraid that a built-in box might start rot. My Coleman box sits on the starboard side, opposite the galley, with its back against the bulkhead between there and the forward cabin. It fits exactly for width between the board-box and the outer skin, so does not have to be fixed in place.

On the day of the official opening of the St. Lawrence Seaway, my Atalanta and Reg Stevenson's (with Bluebottle in close attendance), suitably dressed for the occasion, were amongst the hundreds of yachts from our club and the others on Lake St. Louis on hand for the 'fleet review'.

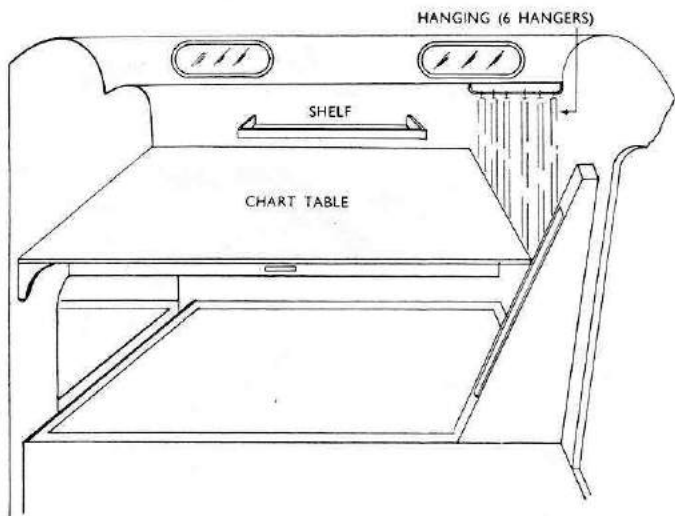
Britannia with the Queen, Prince Philip, and President and Mrs. Eisenhower aboard, steamed slowly past, followed by U.S.S. Dupont and H.M.C.S. Kootenay.

Robin Austin and Jim Knox both own islands in the Thousand Islands, near Gananoque, and kept their boats in that area all summer. In September I and two others helped Robin bring his boat back to Lake St. Louis by water. It was my first trip down the new Seaway.

Between Lake Ontario and Lake St. Louis there are five locks. The first is the Iroquois Lock, where the drop is only about one foot. Then come the Eisenhower and Snell Locks, close together, and with drops of about 40 feet each. Then the two Beauharnois Locks, just above Lake St. Louis where the drops are about 45 feet each. There are two more locks between Lake St. Louis and the Montreal harbour.

Regarding the hanging of clothes, again acting on the advice of Dellenbaugh, I took a hacksaw and sawed a piece shaped like a long narrow D out of the starboard edge of the plywood covering the head, where it meets the outer skin. Now from a hook on the beam above I can hang one of these plastic fabric things like the Jekmoth Motorobe, with the foot of it going down where the piece was sawed out.

N. C. D. MacTaggart (A40), Montreal.



We installed a circular brass rod in front of the heads with a curtain. When drawn, it gives reasonable privacy and room to move. But I would like to know how the clothes lockers with the sliding doors for privacy in the heads are fitted, as mentioned in the Bulletin.

Roy C. Denny, (A88) Victoria, B.C., Canada.

# Salvage on Saanich Inlet

MY ATALANTA (A88) was shipped by freighter to Vancouver via the Panama Canal, and arrived here in May 1959. It was a pleasure to see the way the boat was crated, and how complete the equipment and assembly instructions were. I sailed her the 80 miles back to Victoria without trouble, and everything worked perfectly.

I am very impressed with the amount of room, and also the feeling of safety. Several times this year we have been out in heavy weather and have gained great confidence in her seagoing abilities.

One such occasion occurred when I had her on a mooring off my summer camp at Ardmore in the Saanich Inlet. A strong wind of 30 knots had kicked up such a sea, that it was throwing spray over the boat, even in the sheltered waters off the camp.

We noticed a small power boat drifting about three miles out in the Inlet, and through the glasses we could see she was taking quite a beating, and also was in danger of going ashore on some outlying rocks. We managed to row out to our boat (getting pretty wet in the process), started the engine, and headed out after the cruiser. The way our boat rode the steep, high seas was wonderful.

We soon had a line aboard the cruiser, which was about 30 feet and towed her into shelter. We then had to fight our way back against the wind and sea for five miles. It was wet, but Tenga handled it very well.

During our summer vacation, we cruised about 400 miles in company with a 25 feet 5 inch Folkboat. We had some interesting racing. The Folkboat proved faster in light winds but in anything of 15 knots or better, we could certainly hold our own and often outsailed her. And down wind, I was able to keep up with her even in light winds, with the boards up using the genoa as a spinnaker as I have not a proper one as yet.

We had a wonderful sail across the Gulf of Georgia, which is 21 miles wide. It was blowing hard for this time of the year and I was able to get the Department of Transport forecast, which said 'Wind, 32 knots and rough'. And they were right! We carried the working jib and rolled the main to the first batten. The wind was on the quarter so you can imagine the sleigh ride we had. The motion was quite comfortable and we even cooked a hot lunch on our Taylor stove.

All in all we have had a wonderful summer and the boat has created a great deal of interest wherever she went. I had her fitted with the 16 h.p. Victor and she cruises comfortably at six knots, and up to seven and a half when full open.

Roy C. Denny, Victoria, B.C., Canada.

## LETTERS

*A.59 has proved most satisfactory throughout her two seasons and I am very happy with my boat, especially after some modifications including masthead rig. What we most need, I think, is a small light diesel engine of 8-10 h.p. to get away from petrol and to give something better than 4 knots which, of course, becomes a minus quantity in bad conditions.*

C. Aschan, (A.59).

1. Where can one launch near Dover?
2. Can one moor or tie up for the night in any Channel ports —(France, Belgium)?
3. Is it worth spending time exploring the South Holland waterways?

T. Coates, (A.99).

## SUGGESTIONS

### BY OWNERS

#### Pulpits and Pulleys

Fairey Marine say we must not paint the rudder blade with copper anti-fouling, but I have done so with impunity by giving first a couple of coats of Zinc Chromate primer.

I have fitted my boat with a pulpit (Simpson Lawrence) and polythene-covered double guard lines. This has made a world of difference to the safety and the appearance. If anybody is interested they should write to me and I will give them details of how to get the stanchions and fix them. I did the job myself.

I have installed the large Coventry Victor, having also done all the shipwright work myself. I rebuilt the cockpit hatch, making it watertight, or rather, watertighter. I have covered it and the seats with Trakmark.

These engines are given to flooding when the engine is running and the boat heeled over on the port tack. This is due to the axis of the float chamber/jet being at 45° to the centre line of the boat. I am now in correspondence with the manufacturers who say they are doing all they can to see whether the carburettor suppliers can supply one with the axis in line.

I found that the pulleys fitted for the foresheet were really maddening. Not only did they fray the sheet, but they obstructed the paying out of the sheet when going about—especially trying when sailing single handed, as I do so often.

I got over the trouble by fitting proper becketed Tufnol blocks to ring bolts through the hull. They are a vast improvement. From the becketts I have lengths of shockcord to half-way up the mid-stanchion. These keep the block straight (right for paying out), prevent it slamming, yet allow it to take up the natural alignment.

The inside of Robbie has also been improved by the fitting of a drink locker in one forward bulkhead and a bookshelf in the other. There is a good size chart table attached to the forward side of the starboard sloping bulkhead. The feet of the sleeper go under it.

W. M. Mitchell, (A86).



### Method for Lowering Mast

Members might be interested in our method of handling Achates mast.

When lowering, we unhitch the boom, and attach it by its gooseneck to the fixed spinnaker boom ring, where it is quite slack but this doesn't matter.

Near the end of the boom we lash a double pulley block and the ring of the jib sheets, carrying the sheets outside the shrouds and hitching to the hand rail abaft the mast.

A second double pulley block we shackle to the stem plate and reeve the two blocks with a warp. The main sheet tackle complete would do no doubt.

Then we transfer the foreguy to the lashing on the boom, with a turn over the end of the boom to be on the safe side. We undo the strainers on all shrouds, except the rear pair, and pull on the backstay, thus raising the boom.

The tackle is eased out by one member of the crew and the other watches the shrouds to see that the mast goes down straight and that sheets and shrouds get neither too tight nor too loose.

The mast is eased into the boom support on the raised horse and the job is done, except for tidying up and moving the mast forward into trailing position. The reverse process raises the mast at launching and very little effort is required.

H. I. C. Humphreys, (A.60).

### The Pelorus (A Useful Gadget)

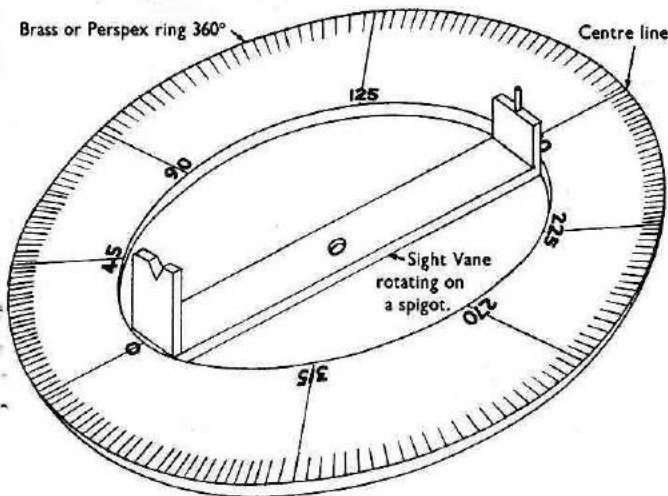
The cockpit of the Atalanta is fine in many respects but it has one disadvantage. The compass, to be easily read by the helmsman, is normally mounted where it is not suitable for taking bearings.

As snap bearings are essential when working inshore with fast tidal currents, I am surprised that more owners have not fitted a simple little practical solution to this, namely a home-made Pelorus.

This consists of a circular ring or plate made of brass or perspex graduated to 360°, a circular protractor would do. Mounted on the hatch top, with a simple sighting vane made of strip brass, bearings can be taken by just taking the angle between the bow (or lubber line) and the object, and applying it to compass course.

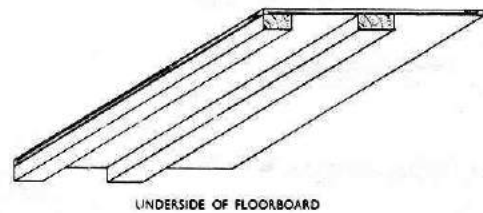
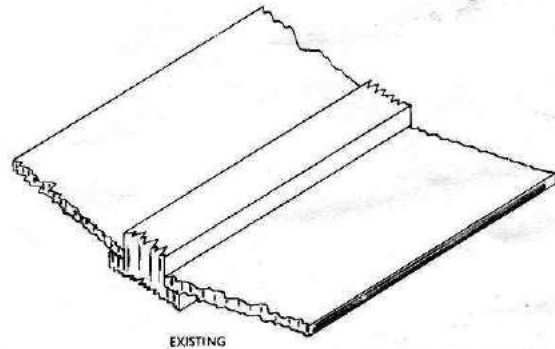
I use one in A.1 and find it invaluable for bearings and horizontal angles. It has an advantage over the hand bearings compass which usually has a second deviation to contend with anyway.

Capt. Bill Urry, (A.1).



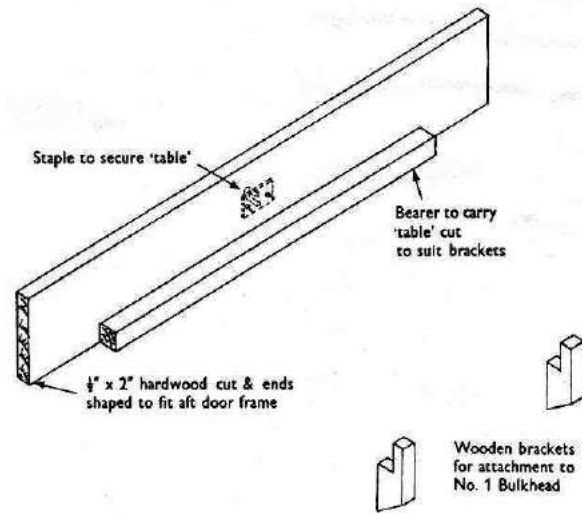
### Flush Floor

The floor boards in the galley are set below the hog plate and form an uncomfortable stand. By screwing two barmens to each floorboard, a flush floor is obtained.



### Door into Table

A modification of the table from the cockpit door, as described in the 'Atalanta Bulletin', is to make a separate support which will fit either in the *after* cockpit doorway, or will fit in the for'd cabin on supports fastened to No. 1 bulkhead.



The for'd cockpit door is used as the table (hinge side under). A formica lining improves it. I use a folding leg for support in place of the compass pedestal.

This is perfectly secure; can be used on deck or below; and the advantage of keeping it aft is that the cook doesn't have to crawl under it.

T. Coates, (A.99).



*Entrance to the river Dives at Cabourg  
(William the Conqueror sailed from here)*



*The ladder obligingly supplied by the Deauville  
Yacht Club is convenient but sometimes precarious*

## NORTH FRENCH PORTS By Teddy & Wyn Thatcher

FROM A cruising point of view ANDANA (A3) suffers from the fact that our family can only manage a fortnight's holiday at a time, which restricts the possible distance. In 1959 we solved this problem by splitting up into two parts. Teddy and Wyn sailed her from the Medway to Dover, where their son, Dick, and his friend Lewis, took over for a fortnight, getting as far as Deauville. Teddy and Wyn then flew from Southampton by Silver City Airways. The two boys returned home next day by plane, leaving the parents to sail Andana back to Dover and the Medway. This was a most satisfactory plan.

The north French coast from Boulogne westwards is an attractive cruising ground which is comparatively little known, so we thought that members would be more interested in a series of notes on the various ports than in a detailed story of the cruise.

**BOULOGNE.**—The entrance to the outer harbour is wide and easy, and the remarkably frequent cross-channel steamers can easily be seen. They turn in the outer harbour and back in. These vessels appear to proceed like express trains, and should be treated as such!

The only satisfactory place to lie is alongside a steel barge at the head of the inner harbour. Bear to port where the harbour forks and the barge will be found with a number of yachts moored to it. The walls are impossible, owing to the rapid movement of a great number of very large fishing boats.

**LE TREPORT.**—From Boulogne to Le Treport the course is across a number of estuaries, including the Somme, and it is best to keep well out to sea. The tides close in are strong and unpredictable, except to locals.

Le Treport can be entered about three hours either side of high tide. There are two painted patches on the pier walls and if the level of the sea is about as far below as the depth of the patch there is plenty of water. The outer harbour dries out and is exposed to westerly winds. The inner harbour is good. This is a pleasant seaside town with good bathing and a sandy beach.

**DIEPPE.**—A good entrance with plenty of water at all stages of the tide. A very large red flag is flown when a cross-channel steamer is coming out. There is nowhere to lie in the outer harbour, except alongside a fishing boat. The 'Promenade de Mer' usually settles in the early evening, and does not leave until after nine in the morning so you can generally make fast to it.

The inner harbour is good, and the bridge opens most obligingly around the top of the tide. There are restaurants and good shops very handy.

**ST. VALERY EN CAUX.**—Entry would be difficult if there were much sea running. There is water about three hours either side of high tide. There is a pool where some buoys are laid at the head of the harbour, and this part does not dry out. The wall ladders, which are very high, fail to reach low water by five or six feet. We had to do some acrobatics to get back into our Prout canvas dinghy after shopping! The mud is soft. The inner harbour is very attractive and little used. We did not go in but friends who have stayed there like it very much.

**FECAMP.**—A fair entrance with water at all stages of the tide for an Atalanta. There are two harbours on entering, the one to the right being preferable. A place can be found against the wall to port, but swell can come in here.

The inner harbour is good, the gates opening about two hours before high tide. There is a convenient shop just across the road which produces fresh milk and bread in time for breakfast. Bathing is from a pebble beach. If it rains you can go over the Benedictine factory and Museum.

LE HAVRE.—We did not go into Le Havre, but it has been strongly recommended to us by a number of French friends. There is water at all stages of the tide, and they said that the yacht club was friendly.

HONFLEUR.—A very old and picturesque town which does not appear to have been modernised in any way and mostly drinks from standpipes.

Strong tides off harbour entrance, and entry should only be made an hour either side of high water. Under these circumstances you lock straight in. The harbour master will provide water and is one of the most obliging persons that we met on this coast.

DEAUVILLE.—A fair entry with water three to four hours either side of high water. The outer harbour is only a temporary resting place while the inner harbour is excellent. The gates are open for nearly two hours either side of high water, as there are a number of Dragons and other craft which sail from the inner harbour in the sea.

A berth is usually available near the Deauville Yacht Club alongside the wall. The Club obligingly supplies ladders to visiting yachts, which is a great convenience. This ladder climbing is mildly exciting, as the yacht is pushed out from the wall by the weight of the person on the ladder and the top nearly, but not quite, comes off the top of the wall!

The Yacht Club is most hospitable and welcomes visitors. There are two casinos, lovely sands and the lot. We like it.

CABOURG.—A difficult entry, almost impossible to see from the sea. We were led in by members of the local Yacht Club, one of whom laid alongside us at Deauville. This is a winding river which nearly dries out. The Cabourg Yacht Club is small but very friendly indeed. The Club comes to life at the weekend and in the season.

Its members are enthusiastic sailors and at a weekend on top of the tide you would be certain to find a boat to pilot you in. You lie alongside a little jetty, which just dries out at low water. This is a wonderful spot for an Atalanta.

Cabourg is a nice little place, not too large, with excellent sands and bathing.

On the way back from Boulogne to Dover we had a strong blow, 6-7 with considerable sea. We hit one wave wrongly and flooded the cockpit as full as it would go at the angle at which we were sailing. We luffed a little and the water got away in under half a minute. No more than a bucketful got down below during the whole very rough crossing.

We found the entry to Dover most unpleasant with big seas bouncing off the wall and a strong cross tide. Entry should be made from the east, but this may be impossible in a westerly blow.

We were told that we made a 'spectacular entrance' into Dover Harbour, having taken four hours from Boulogne, reefed to the lower batten with the storm jib.

# NEWS FROM AMERICA

## PLASTIC PAINT

For the past several months I have been strenuously engaged in stripping the Bay Bea down to the bare wood and then repainting with an acrylic-based plastic coating. I noted a few places under the varnished areas of my Atalanta where the surface ply of mahogany had checked and at least one place near the fore hatch where the adhesive had not bonded properly. As a result, I decided to do away with most of the bright work and cover nearly the entire boat with the plastic paint. It is very difficult to apply and get a smooth coat without runs, but it certainly looks as though it puts a good protective coating on the boat. Juscalon is the trade name of the paint and it is put together up in New England.

P. E. Haggerty, (A57) *Texas, U.S.A.*

## HIGH SPEED TRAILING

Last summer my family, including wife, children of 10, 3, and 2, plus dachshund, spent two weeks in Cape Cod waters in July and later 10 days of September in Maine. In bad weather we found the boat to be very comfortable and dry with the cockpit tent in place. We must have just missed A40 on Cape Cod as we heard that a Canadian Atalanta was just a few miles away in Martha's Vineyard.

In towing my boat, I use an axle hitch in which the tow bar is connected directly to the rear axle and does not touch the car frame at all. The ball joint is held off the ground by two powerful springs which can be adjusted. A light chain sling is used to hold up the rear end of the draw bar while the trailer is not being pulled. This hitch eliminates bobbing and swaying in speeds up to 45 miles per hour without the use of air booster springs in the rear of the car.

John H. Bloombergh, M.D., *Astarte II (A50), Rockport, Mass., U.S.A.*



*Fishing cockpit of A8 when unhatched  
-- Arabesque is the only Atalanta in Kenya*

## LETTER FROM KENYA

Being the only Atalanta owner in these parts I am very interested in the Bulletin.

I am still trying to have some good pictures taken of various modifications I have made to ARABESQUE to suit local conditions. The after cabin has been replaced by a large cockpit, suitable for deep-sea fishing. I have an in-board installation of an 18 h.p. Evinrude outboard, in a well at the stern. The central cockpit seats open from the top to increase stowage efficiency and ease of access. A large folding table in the cockpit is for use at moorings. It makes use of the tiller as a prop.

Peter Bentley, (A8) Gede, P.O., Malindi, Kenya.

---

### LIST OF MEMBERS *(continued from inside front cover)*



Produced for the **ATALANTA OWNERS ASSOCIATION**

by **FAIREY MARINE LTD** HAMBLE · HANTS