

Atalanta



OWNERS ASSOCIATION BULLETIN 1963-64

A note from Alan Vines . . .

PRESIDENT OF THE ASSOCIATION

Despite the dismal weather last season a considerable number of Atalanta owners managed to get in some serious—and enjoyable—sailing. In fact, it is in just the sort of conditions that we had to face last summer that the Atalanta comes into her own.

As I write this—some time before going to press—the acceptances for the annual Association Dinner are nearing a hundred. I look forward to another enjoyable evening at St. Ermine's Hotel when Members get together and exchange details of their year's sailing experiences. The showing of films and slides is also a pleasant part of the evening's entertainment.

Once again Dr. Thursfield led everyone home in the Race Round the Island! Congratulations to "Rambler", her skipper and crew.

More and more owners made use of the Boat Park at Hamble this year, and we hope that by next season the facilities will be improved still further, notably by the addition of a Club House.

I should like to wish everyone a good season's sailing—with the addition of some sunshine in 1964.

ROUND-THE-ISLAND RACE

29th June 1963

THE FOURTEEN entries in the Atalanta Class crossed the line at the unearthly hour of 6.30 a.m. The wind at first was light S.W. and "Joann" (Mr. Glithero), after a perfect start, led the fleet on the beat to the Needles. We then had a close reach to St. Catherines, mostly against the tide, and we ourselves were just able to carry our spinnaker round the point though too close to the rocks for comfort.

The Class then freed their sheets and had a glorious run to Bembridge Ledge, with a freshening wind, followed by a fast reach to No Man's Fort and North Sturbridge buoy. At the Fort came the usual difficult

decision—take it close or keep well clear. The race finished with a close fetch to Cowes in Force 5 to 6. Here the Standard rig boats seemed to hold an advantage over the Masthead boats carrying their genoas. After a remarkably fast race all the Atalantas were home and on their moorings by tea time.

Next day the prizes were presented by Mrs. Owen Aisher at the I.S.C. followed by a Cocktail Party at the Gloster Hotel. This was a most enjoyable party and we do hope that in future all Atalanta owners and crew will come to meet old friends and make new ones.

HANDICAPS

<i>Sail No.</i>	<i>Name</i>	<i>Owner's Name</i>	<i>Rating</i>	<i>T.C.F.</i>	<i>Corrected Time</i>	<i>Position</i>
48	Atala	J. A. Strubbe	21.15	.6602		
52	Rambler	Dr. R. Thursfield	20.39	.6516	5.50.04	1st
*65	Joann	S. Glithero	20.85	.6566	5.59.29	2nd
70	Catalina	D. Hibberd	19.69	.6437	6.05.03	4th
108	Solvendo	J. A. Davison	20.86	.6569		
119	Tonga	R. W. Lawes	19.69	.6437	6.03.07	3rd
120	Jevi II	A. Sibley	19.69	.6437	6.08.33	5th
*126	Apple	B. Westwood	21.27	.6612		
136	Amsara	J. Bowdage	19.69	.6437		
144	Cyn	L. B. Escolani	19.69	.6437		
155	Miranda	Grp. Capt. J. Ellis	19.29	.6397		
157	Quatorze	R. J. F. Howard	21.25	.6609		
169	Kerry Piper	D. R. Horridge	20.86	.6569		
174	Cordyl	Mr. & Mrs. Camp	19.69	.6437	6.10.53	6th

* Official R.O.R.C. Rating valid certificate held.



Round the Danish Islands . . .

by JOHN and URSULA VALENTINE

"SEAMAJOR" CALLED a different tune this year. After two trips to the Mediterranean we decided to try the Baltic and set off gaily into one of the wettest and windiest Augusts for years. We towed her behind our 3-8 Jaguar to Dover, crossed by ferry to Ostende overnight and set off through a very wet Belgium at 7 a.m. via Bruges, Ghent, Antwerp, across Holland and into Germany, where we found a good camp site at Lingen, on the Ems and spent the night on board, using the boat as a caravan. On next day, in pouring rain past Bremen and Hamburg on the autobahn to Kiel, where we reached the British Kiel Yacht Club at about 6 p.m. and were very kindly received by this outpost of Empire. We found that their launching ramp, with its winch and steel hawser, was unfortunately too narrow for our Atalanta trailer, but at the nearby seaplane base there was a very long, wide slip, so we set to work at once to prepare "Seamajor" for the water, and lowered her gently at the end of our longest warp, though even so the Jaguar was half way down the slope before "Seamajor"

floated free. This was the first time we had actually launched her ourselves—in the Mediterranean we had hired cranes—and we were very glad to find we could cope. We rigged her next morning, with a helping hand from the British Army and German Navy and spent the rest of the day cleaning up, stowing gear, shopping and so on, and set sail the following morning for Sonderborg in Denmark.

We had three weeks' sailing ahead of us, so we decided to try to sail north through the Little Belt, round to Copenhagen and back a different way. For the first week we had stiff westerlies, and spent an exciting hour one afternoon hauling off a German yacht which had run aground. We made good time across the southern Kattegat from Fredericia to Bogense, Ballen on Samso Island, Hundestedt—over 50 miles that day—and so to Helsingor, when the wind slackened and we sailed gently down the Sound under the spinnaker. We spent the weekend in Copenhagen, in the very attractive little yacht harbour,

and then battled our way across to Sweden for one night, just to give the Swedish courtesy ensign an airing. It was at this point that the boat started leaking in real earnest and for the rest of the holiday we were constantly bailing and mopping up. The wind backed southerly and freshened still more and we had a long hard day beating back to the Danish coast, to Rodvig. We consoled ourselves with the thought that we were to be in more sheltered waters from now on, but the weather still had some nasty tricks, varying from dead calms when even the engine failed and we had to lash the dinghy alongside with the outboard going, to Force 7 winds when those crew members who were below and had leisure to observe assured us that the angle of dangle was over 50°. It was after one such blow that the crew, aged 17, 15 and 12, soaked by torrential rain, seas breaking over the boat and incessant leaks, resorted to burning joss sticks in the after cabin to overcome the smell of wet clothing! It was such a pity that the weather was not kinder, for this is a most attractive area for cruising, with fjords sometimes quite narrow, at others many miles across, set with islands large and small covered with farmlands and woods and charming little villages. At Svendborg there were gale warnings again, but the day we made the crossing back to Kiel the wind dropped and it took us 12 hours before we tied up snugly in the British Kiel Yacht Club again, after

a final drenching by two spectacular thunderstorms.

Hauling out was exciting, and we thought that we had lost both skipper and trailer when the slope proved too steep for him to hold it and both gradually disappeared from view under the water. In the nick of time the youngest swimmer got the rope to him and all was well. It was a great relief when the Jaguar triumphantly hauled boat and trailer up to the top of the ramp.

We drove home on a more southerly route, following the autobahn, which is ideal for towing Atalantas, as far as Duisburg, and camped for the night at Aldekerk. Vain attempts to repair the faulty brake on the trailer delayed us the following morning but we set off at 1 p.m. with 170 miles to drive through Holland and Belgium (again very wet) via Brussels to Ostende on roads which were not so good for hauling our heavy load. We made it by 8 p.m. and were thankful not to be among those held up at the Channel ferry.

It was altogether a very exciting holiday; we sailed about 500 miles through Danish waters with countless small pleasant harbours to choose from, and were everywhere most hospitably received by the Danes who seemed to welcome a British boat among so many German visiting yachts, and we warmly recommend the Baltic as a cruising ground to other Atalanta owners.



CORRESPONDENCE . . .

The Hon. Secretary has received these letters from Atalanta owners:

Schoharie, New York.
Nov. 11th, 1963.

Our activities this past season were confined to Lake Ontario and the Thousand Islands. Weather was generally cold and windy. The wind was acceptable in the A41 but combined with the cold it limited our enthusiasm at times. The longer I sail the A41, the more confidence I have in her ability in the rough stuff. Next Spring I anticipate trailing to Norfolk, Va. and ditch crawling inside the Atlantic beaches above Cape Charles for about 100 miles—returning south to Norfolk via the ocean outside. After which we will trail back to our beloved fresh water (no barnacles). I have noticed two Atalantas for sale this Fall. One is A77 of Boston and another from Long Beach, Long Island.

I often wish we could have some kind of a get together on this side of the Atlantic but we are so few and so far separated that it would be very difficult I suppose. Last year I met Robin Austin at Oswego and later called at his Pine Island (in the Thousand Islands) and had a very enjoyable visit.

Sincerely,
Robert Furman.

11 Russellcroft Road,
Welwyn Garden,
Hertfordshire.
8th November, 1963.

You might be interested to know that I tried out an alteration in the lead of the foresail halyard. I stiffened the foredeck and mounted a drum winch horizontally in a convenient position to be worked from the hatch. A single sheathed block was fitted in the tack strop and the halyard brought down parallel with the forestay to the block and then to the winch. The sail is hanked on to the halyard and the forestay together in the same way as in a Firefly.

By this means all head sail changing can be done without going on deck at all. We had a certain amount of trouble getting the lead right from the block to the winch and also from the friction adjustment on the winch itself.

On balance we found this a considerable improvement, particularly when sailing with only two people in fairly rough weather.

Yours sincerely,
Reuben Reynolds.

The Hon. Secretary has also received this description of modifications carried out on 'Marcel' A45.

"Greenend,"
21 Marmion Road,
North Berwick,
East Lothian.

1. The old heavy brass filter for the water intake to the engine has been removed:
 - (a) because it was bouncing on the end of a lever formed by the copper tubing leading to it.
 - (b) because every time the boat sat on the mud of Granton harbour a fresh plug of this mud was forced into the intake through the bottom of the boat—and so to the engine in spite of the filter.

The intake hole has been used to fit a retractable pitot tube forming part of a Smiths' speedometer. A lighter, more efficient filter has been fitted on to the bottom of the boat, and the intake now gets clean water through the "centre board" casing.

2. The old mechanically inefficient method of raising the mainsheet horse to form a boom crutch has been discarded. A semi-circular "crutch", made of strips of mahogany, bent and glued together with araldite, has been fitted instead. It is shaped to fit in place of the mainsheet horse or, with the horse left in position, to fit just aft of the lugs holding the horse on two bolts passing back through them all—one bolt through each end. The old version needed diagonal wires to steady it.

R. G. Inkster.

We know that everyone in the Association will be sorry to learn of the death of Harry Etchells on December 9th, 1963. He was one of the original Atalanta owners and his enthusiasm and interest in both the administration of the Association and the technical development of the class will always be remembered with gratitude and affection.

On behalf of all Atalanta owners we would like to extend our deepest sympathy to Mrs. Etchells and family.



"Solvendo" at the Royal Maas Yacht Club, Rotterdam

ROTTERDAM and back, on "Solvendo"

THE IDEA arose from the fact that my brother was working in Rotterdam. I had been toying with the idea since purchasing "Solvendo" the previous year, but a letter from Tony in February saying that he was returning to this country shortly after Easter settled the matter.

Though based at Portsmouth, I had sailed the boat round to Teddington at the end of the season to do my own fitting out, and so hoped to return to Portsmouth after visiting Rotterdam.

We took the boat down to Gravesend on the Wednesday before Easter and stepped the mast just below Tower Bridge, using the boom, forestay, and a tackle. It was the first time I stepped the mast, and

I omitted to check the position of the reefing gear handle, which consequently punched a neat hole in the coach roof as the mast was being raised. The engine was running rough and only giving half its full power, which was particularly annoying as it had been serviced by Coventry Victor before laying up.

On arrival at Gravesend, we were allocated a berth alongside a wreck vessel by the P.L.A., and advised to leave someone aboard. Robin, who had just finished three years as a cadet in the Merchant Navy, and was on leave, volunteered to stay on board as I had to go back to work for a day.

The full crew assembled at Gravesend on Thursday evening. Pat was a Met. type in the R.A.F. during

the War, and had successfully taken the first of the new Yachtmaster examinations in January. Roy is an engineer and was of great value in diagnosing the trouble with the engine. Graham is a dinghy sailor, and had done sterling work on the boat's first open water passage the previous year, during the Cherbourg Rally. In mid-channel the split pin securing the main halyard winch to its spindle had sheared, and with the boat rolling all over the place he had drilled out the old pin and fitted a replacement. Finally, there were my two eldest sons, Peter who was just thirteen, and Nicholas aged eleven. The boys kept the same watches as the rest of the crew, three hours on, and six off, and also did their fair share of the chores.

It was a good thing Robin had stayed aboard, as it had been blowing hard during the night, and he had had to double up on several of the warps. Though I returned to find the boat festooned with fenders, a brand new Rubberzote fender advertised as the correct size for a 25-tonner had burst under the strain.

The forecast was Force 6 westerly, and the duty P.L.A. Officer was pessimistic. He urged us to keep close to the Kent shore of the Estuary, as he was of the opinion that we would have to put into Sheerness or Whitstable, and gave the impression that he disapproved of small boats venturing out into open water anyway.

Apart from the fact that a strong favourable wind could not be wasted, the Kent coast of the Estuary is no place to be on a falling tide in the event of bad weather. As it happened the wind dropped within an hour.

We sailed at midnight, an hour and a half before high water, and kept to the edge of the deep water channel. The wind, now Force 4 remained westerly all night, but later dropped to Force 3.

I had the first watch with the boys. It was a dark night and there was a good deal of traffic in the main channel, but visibility was good, and it was most enjoyable sailing. During the watch we were hailed from the bridge of a passing ship which took the trouble to warn me that a 30,000 tonner was following her. As I was right over on the edge of the buoyed channel, the voice must have been thinking of the wash, as it turned out to be a fast liner. I was puzzled by another ship which after overtaking us stopped, displayed 'Not under command' lights, and remained stationary for half an hour before getting under way again.

During my watch below I felt the keels touch as we passed the Long Sand, but they only required raising a little, and a slight alteration of course.

Daylight came an hour before low water, with our first objective, the Kentish Knock lightship in sight. It was a bright sunny morning as the lightship came abeam at 0915, and we altered course for the Noord Hinder lightship 60 miles away.

The fine morning gave way to a dull overcast afternoon. The temperature dropped, the wind increased to Force 5, and with the wind on the quarter the boat developed a corkscrew motion which commended itself to no one. Roy and Graham were the only ones who could face the galley, and it was quickly discovered that marmalade rolls were the most attractive form of solid food.

Two of the crew produced fur-lined leather gloves which though soon saturated were in demand by whoever was at the helm, and were quickly voted one of the two most useful articles on board. The other was on board by accident, having been provided for convenience of the four-year-old member of the family during the previous season's sailing. Its secondary use was often in demand as Graham was the only one who did not succumb, though it was the boys who were afflicted most. It was then that Pat really rose to the occasion and started the boys on a sophisticated version of 'Pat-a-Cake', which besides requiring concentration and warming their hands resulted in each bout ending in fits of laughter.

The Noord Hinder light vessel was reached at 1800, and we were now approaching the Belgian coast. Our next objective, the Goeree light vessel, lay 35 miles to the N.E. Shortly before midnight it became necessary to reef the main and hand the working jib, but by 0300 on Saturday we had reached the Goeree, and began the last leg to the Hook. Daylight conveniently arrived as we approached the moles and entered the New Waterway leading to Rotterdam which lies 18 miles inland. Not so convenient however, was that we had arrived four hours after high water at springs and the ebb here runs for eight hours.

With the wind on the quarter and Force 4, together with half an engine, we managed to make some headway however. As there was usually some ship or other in sight, we kept well over to the starboard side of the waterway, where moles project some way out from the bank, causing strong eddies and whirlpools. When two ocean-going German tugs approached from astern, steaming fast and in line abreast, I edged still further over to starboard until we began to feel the effect of the eddies. At the time the tugs overtook us we were inside a line joining the moles ahead and astern, but the tugs passed very close, and on either side. Their combined wash succeeded in stopping the engine altogether, and with the ebb at its height, had the wind been any less than it was we would have quickly been swept on to the stone base of one of the moles. As it was we had an anxious few minutes extricating ourselves from the eddies, during which the minutes seemed hours. I can only think it was done as a joke judging from the faces of the tug crews as they passed.

After checking everything we could think of on the engine without results, Roy traced the trouble to the ignition switch, which was leaking to earth. With the

lead pulled off, the engine started instantly and was back in full commission.

We reached the yacht basin and Royal Maas Club at 1100, having covered over 150 miles in thirty-five hours.

We berthed stern on to a floating pontoon, with head ropes out to a pair of piles. The berth was within 12 feet of a street, and as there were few craft in the basin, we were the subject of a certain amount of curiosity from passers by. Sometimes children stopped to practise their English, and usually opened with "Good morning, how are you?" irrespective of the time of day. English is very widely spoken, and many Dutch people speak it fluently.

Though I saw quite a number of yachts in Rotterdam, almost all were still laid up and there was very little fitting out in evidence, as apparently the sailing season does not start until Whitsun. We found that we were the first British yacht to visit Rotterdam this year though another arrived a few hours later.

We spent two nights in Rotterdam, and the boys were packed off each evening to Tony's flat to get a good night's sleep and provide more room in the boat for the rest of us. On Sunday the boys and I went to Amsterdam by train, whilst the rest of the crew visited the Kerckenhof, which is the bulb growing showpiece of Holland. They returned with a garland of daffodil heads which are a common sight on the bonnets of tourists' cars in Holland at this time of the year. The garland was hoisted to the crosstrees for the remainder of our stay.

Sunday was a dull drizzling day, so we toured the canals of Amsterdam in the morning. The launches used for this purpose are covered over in transparent plastic material, and carry an interpreter who gives a commentary in several different languages. When circling the harbour, it was strange to be told "Over there you will see the base of the Royal Navy." There was a pause and then in a voice full of indignant suspicion, Nicholas said in considerably more than a whisper, "I didn't know we had a base here, and anyway, where is the White Ensign?" Fortunately the Guide thought this a huge joke and said that in future her English commentary would refer to the Royal Dutch Navy.

At lunchtime I ordered a ham omelet each to start with. The waitress smiled and returned with two. We were really hungry after a spartan diet on passage but could only eat one between the three of us. It was enormous and really delicious yet cost only 8/-.

I wanted to show the boys the stern cabin of the Royal Charles taken as a prize by the Dutch when they burned the British Fleet in the Medway three hundred years ago. The stern cabin is preserved in an Amsterdam Museum. On enquiring at the Tourist Office we found that no one had heard of it, so we were directed to the Ship Museum. Arriving there

we discovered that we had to go to the State Museum where we learnt that the section of the Museum we wanted was closed for re-decoration.

On the last evening some of the crew went to a night club where they discovered all the cabaret turns to be by British artistes.

Easter Monday was fine and sunny and we all ascended the Euromast, a 365ft. concrete tower providing a panoramic view of Rotterdam.

At 12.15 we sailed for home. At 13.45 the log recorded "Skipper flooded through fore hatch." Whilst proceeding down the Waterway, Robin, Pat and I were seated round the chart table in the main cabin working out courses for the return trip. The anchor was shackled on and cleared away on deck ready for letting go until we had cleared the Waterway. The cable led through the fore hatch which was open only to the extent of the thickness of the links. The wash from a passing large ship swamped the fore deck and came through the fore hatch. The boat was heeled towards the side on which I was sitting and I received the lot in my lap whilst Robin and Pat didn't get a drop. I solemnly swear that never before has so much water passed through so small a space in so short a time. I was soaked from the waist down and literally "filled my boots", but it was my pride that suffered most as we had not even reached open water.

At 15.15 we passed between the seaward end of the moles at the Hook. The garland of daffodils was cast overboard with due ceremony by the youngest member of the crew and we headed for the Goeree light vessel again.

The wind remained light and variable all day and we were glad to have the engine back in full commission. During the night we ran parallel with the Belgian coast and passed many fishing vessels. Soon after daybreak we sighted the West Hinder light vessel. The wind at last strengthened to Force 3 on the port quarter and we were able to dispense with the engine.

At 17.00 we reached the Dover Straits and anchored in St. Margaret's Bay for a meal. We were behind schedule, the tide was turning foul and the wind was S.S.W. Force 2-3 so Pat and Roy were despatched in the dinghy to obtain petrol. The log records "Roy swimming in boots when he mistook half a fathom for half a foot."

At 18.30 we were under way again and three hours later the wind was Force 5 from the south west. During the night a warm front passed over us and we awaited the cold front with reefed main and No. 2 jib.

At 09.00 next morning we caught a glimpse of Beachy Head—5 miles on the starboard beam before visibility shut down again to about 2 miles.

The shipping forecast predicted Force 7 from the

south west and it was obvious that we could not make Portsmouth in time for the crew to get back to work on the following morning. Visibility continued to deteriorate so a course was laid off for Newhaven and I hoped fervently for improved visibility. Half an hour later the sun came out, the mist disappeared as if by magic and the Seven Sisters lay bathed in brilliant sunshine on the starboard beam. There followed a really exhilarating sail under reefed main and No. 2 jib. We were reaching at maximum speed with 12-15ft. beam seas which "Solvendo" rode magnificently. Though safety belts were worn in the cockpit, there was no sudden flick at the crest of the seas. It was wonderful sailing and a grand finish to the trip. At 12.30 the log recorded "Arrived

Newhaven. Crew drying out vessel and gear, tired but happy."

When planning the trip, I had not intended to take the boys but they so much wanted to come that I gave in with some misgivings for I knew that a North Sea passage at Easter would probably make or break them as sailors. I warned them without effect that they would possibly be cold and wet and seasick, and so they were, being prostrate with sea sickness for six hours at a time. Hence it was with some apprehension that I asked them a week later if they wanted to take the boat round to Portsmouth from Newhaven with me. "Yes please" they chorused, and their eyes lit up in a way that left no doubt as to the answer I was seeking.

LOOKING ASTERN

by Captain S. R. URRY

. . . *after 40 years of sailing*

I HAD intended writing up our Summer Cruise in "Diaphony" A.5 for the Bulletin this year. Instead I thought after six or seven years of sailing Atalantas, it would be interesting to look at them in retrospect.

In the past I have always sailed in what are generally called "traditional types", whether they happen to be eight metre class yachts, cruisers, converted lifeboats or fishing boats. Yes! I had them all, from lead mines to 10ft. 6in. beam on 26ft. overall and then up to a 23 ton Loch Fyne Skiff.

My cruises have extended from the West Coast of Scotland around the British Isles to Scotland on the East Coast, many to France and Holland, and the longest to the Baltic. As many passages were made during the winter I have been caught out in some really stiff blows.

Looking back over these cruises my most vivid recollections are of water (salt variety) water and more water. Water is all right in the right place, but not coming through hatch-coamings, skylights, ventilators and swilling from bilges up the ship's side and back across the bunks and into the drawers below. Wet gear, wet bedding, wet bread, pumping and more pumping!

When ports were finally made, there was not a dry or comfortable place to rest one's tired and aching bones. These past few years I have still experienced many blows at sea, still plenty of water coming aboard and into the cockpit but there the likeness ends.

As soon as port is made there are lovely dry bunks and bedding. I might ache a little from the buffeting

but certainly not from pumping! I survey the other boats that have arrived in with us—yes, we still see them—their rigging festooned with blankets, clothes and mattresses! Then I decide, "Atalantas for me."

A saloon with six foot plus headroom, large enough to walk around the cabin table is very nice but it has its price. I feel now that I can safely say the Atalanta is the most perfectly functional boat I have ever sailed in, and yes! the look of the boat grows on you eventually! When someone makes an adverse comment I now ask, "Have you sailed in one?" The answer is of course in the negative!

I was very sorry to part with A.1. but the extra headroom in the galley, and having a big chart-table handy to the cockpit is a great asset. I find with the wind on the quarter the whipstaff is hard work and I often use a tackle or preventer on it. "Not as well balanced as the long keeled traditional type" quoth he.

Last year I sailed a friend's boat, a nice seven ton cruiser, from Poole to the Solent in a Force six south-westerly. Under all plain sail we made a fast passage to Hurst. My arm ached for a week after; another point verified. My helm is now quite good in a quartering wind and sea.

This year we sailed on our main cruise from Poole to Cherbourg, Omanville, St. Peter Port, Lezardrieux, Pontrieux, Isle de Brehat, Erquy, St. Malo, St. Helier, St. Peter Port, Bray, Cherbourg, (for another Bond) Yarmouth, Newtown and back to Poole. My family said it was the best cruise they had ever had. This in spite of the fact that in all our later passages the

wind was generally up to Force 6 in the afternoons. The weather forecast on the day we came back to the Wight, Sunday 25th August, was up to Force 7 in Wight area. Our weather, ever true to form, exceeded this and when we crossed the Bridge at 20.45 the seas were quite something. A vessel ahead of us (possibly 10 tons) broached to and really got into a lash up. We ran one long coamer and then broached. The next sea, like an overhanging cliff washed right over us, but we were under control and on our way in a matter of seconds. Later my wife said that when she saw the water up round my shoulders she wondered if the cockpit would come up to its reputation—it did!

The only water that got inside was from my oilskin when I went in to check on the chart. In the forecabin

Mark said he changed bunks without touching the sole in between. It did wake him though! We used trysail and genoa till half-way across the Channel and when the wind really began to pipe up we changed to spitfire jib. The fact that we averaged six and a half knots from Cherbourg breakwater to Yarmouth, gives in indication of the wind strength.

In the eighties of the last century, a particularly lovely clipper was sailing the seas, called "Atalanta". She was known in most of the sailing ports for her beauty and good passages. Since then the sea has seen many changes in the craft that invade her domain but I feel that the name "Atalanta" is still carried to the various ports where sailing craft congregate, with the same distinction.

LIST OF MEMBERS

No.	BOAT	OWNER	Telephone No.	No.	BOAT	OWNER	Telephone No.
A1	'Atalanta'			*A36	'Aquila'		
A2	'Tellulah'			A37	'Kotick'		
A3	'Andana'			A38	'The Beaver'		
A4	'Snuffbox'			A39	'Epeneta II'		
A5	'Diaphony'			A40	'Dalriada'		
T/A6	'Kittiwake' (Titania)			A41	'Gale'		
A7	'Alouette de Mer'			A42	'Pumula'		
A8	'Arabesque'			A43	'Ponente'		
A9	'Amelia'			A44	'Vaga'		
*A10				A45	'Marcel'		
A11	'Tomboy of Terhou'			A46	'Theodora'		
A13	'Ariel'			A47	'Big Daddy'		
A14	'Minuet'			A48	'Atala'		
A15	'Artemis II'			A49	'Terrapina'		
A16	'Dervorguilla'			A50	'Astarte II'		
A17	'Gambol'			A51	'Bacardi'		
A18	'Aries'			A52	'Rambler'		
A19	'Valare'			A54	'Eala'		
A20	'Acantha'			A55	'Sue'		
A21	'Chuff'			A56	'Yambo II'		
A22	'Mary Jane of Moreton'			A57	'Bluebird'		
*A23				A58	'Winterset'		
A24	'Melanion'			A59	'Julietta'		
A25	'Pindar'			A60	'Achates'		
A26	'Meteor'			A61	'Elissa'		
A27	'Sabot'			A62	'Coco'		
*A28				A64	'Paradox'		
A29	'Yen Tina'			A65	'Joann'		
A30	'Trio'			A66	'Roamara'		
*A31				A67	'Bajan'		
A32	'Alchemy'			A68	'Curlew'		
A33	'Pam'			A69	'Laqlaq'		
A34	'Syrén'			A70	'Catalina'		
A35	'Christian Mary'			A71	'Blue Jackaroo'		

No.	BOAT	OWNER	Telephone No.	No.	BOAT	OWNER	Telephone No.
A72				A113	'Aku'		
A73	'Lyde'			*A114	'Waterwitch'		
A74	'Equanil'			*A115	'Sabrina of Croyde'		
A75	'Shang'			*A116			
A76	'Inshallah'			A117	'Turtle'		
A77	'Blue Goose'			*A118	'Cresta'		
A78	'Marinanda'			A119	'Tonga'		
A80	'Ario'			A120	'Jevi II'		
A81	'Atalanta'			A121	'4 Brothers'		
A82	'Koomela'			A122	'Archiv'		
A83	'Flying Fox'			*A123	'Cocktail'		
A84	'Desiree'			A124	'Helen's Folly'		
A85	'Scylla'			*A125	'Palaris II'		
A86	'Vendaval'			A126	'Apple'		
A87	'Harmony'			A127	'Hansa'		
A88	'Tenga'			*A128	'Topper'		
A89				A129	'Sea Rogue II'		
A90	'Mourne Goblin'			A130	'Castanet'		
A91	'Yarina'			A131	'Strega'		
A92	'Seamajor'			*A132			
A93				A133	'Ann Grey'		
A95	'Hiran'			*A134			
A97	'Seven Up'			A135	'Mic-Mac'		
A98	'Italia'			A136	'Amsara'		
A99	'Toco'			A137	'Babyseal'		
A100	'Jolanta'			A138	'Sweet Sue'		
A101	'Amida'			A139	'Merri-Martin'		
A102	'Mary'			A140	'Treenlaur 3'		
A103	'Tambalu'			A141	'Rakia'		
A104	'Arosa'			A142	'Taormina'		
A105	'Taka Maru'			A143	'Clymene'		
A107	'Xapa'			A144	'Cyn' For Sale		
A108	'Solvendo'			A146	'Sherpa'		
A109	'Sirena'			*A147	'Chamois'		
A110	'Turnstone'						

No.	BOAT	OWNER	Telephone No.	No.	BOAT	OWNER	Telephone No.
A148	'Caprice'			*A161	'Pesasus of Trundles'		
A149	'La Toquade II'			A162	'Popette'		
A150	'Salizanda II'			*A163	'Sounion'		
A151	'Mistura'			A164	'Scarweather'		
A153	'Serenity'			A165	'Mavista'		
A154	'Deeanie' For Sale			A166	'Hullabaloo' For Sale		
A155	'Miranda'			A168	'Kookaburra'		
A156	'Xirt'			*A169	'Kerry Piper'		
A157	'Quatorze'			*A170			
A158	'Jane Duck'			*A172			
A159	'Lindora'			A173	'Peace'		
*A160				*A174	'Cordyl'		
				*A175	'Inyoniyamanzi'		

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

ATALANTA 31 OWNERS

No.	NAME	OWNER	ADDRESS	No.	NAME	OWNER	ADDRESS
A/31 1	'Lulu' (1894)	Mr. Buttegieg		A/31 6	'Caper A' (1959)	J. Inglis	
A/31 2	'Elissa II' (1944)	D. Cottrell		A/31 7	'Twinkee' (1987)	A. Vines	
A/31 3	'Kalonek'	J. Le Meliner		A/31 8	Kit Set not yet complete.	G. F. Stennett	
A/31 4	'Jandavina'	R. G. Moody		A/31 9	'Zanbra'	K. R. Cork	
A/31 5	'Elpenor II'	A. Huret					

Numbers in brackets are the R.O.R.C. Numbers.

Produced for the
ATALANTA OWNERS ASSOCIATION
by FAIREY MARINE LTD

HAMBLE . HANTS

Tel: Hamble 2135