



Atalanta

OWNERS ASSOCIATION BULLETIN 1967-68

A Message from the President of the Association

One of the few sports, if not the only one, free of petty restrictions is cruising; especially sailing as the price of wind is not affected by devaluation.

Once clear of land you have the freedom of the high seas and can drink and sail to your heart's content.

Good sailing for 1968.

Alan Vines

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Front Cover, A 65 Joann dried out at Caernarvon.
(See "Nine Days Before the Mast" page 7)

Oyster River and Quiberon Bay

by A. W. Wallbank - "Ploof" - A178

The Gulf of Morbihan stretches twin tentacles to the north which terminate at the quays of the age-old cities of Auray and Vannes. On a hot afternoon in July, "Ploof" lowered her keels at Vannes and motored down stream to the beautiful anchorage at Conleau at the mouth of the narrows beyond which lay the waters of the inland sea so well described by George Millar. Next morning, with a light southwesterly in her sails and an ebb tide under her, she sailed through these narrows to see islands everywhere. Islands of every shape, size and colour - islands with rocky cliffs and sandy beaches - islands like Pacific atolls - islands with trees to the water's edge and islands of bare rock all set in a blue sea sparkling in the sunshine.

Entranced with this vista, we turned "Ploof" to starboard and sailed gently eastwards along the main buoyed channel until we suddenly realised that our pace was rapidly accelerating as we neared the northern tip of the Ile aux Moines. From that moment we were in the grip of one of the strongest tides in France. With Mary at the tiller, the boys on the jib sheets and charts all over the cockpit, we were swept rapidly down the western side of the island and into the famous Gut where the smooth tide became a foaming torrent. Heeling over in the fresh head wind generated by the current, "Ploof" tacked from side to side of the narrow channel but with a ten-knot tide under her lee such tacks as she had never imagined. She checked and swung in whirlpools, she plunged and cavorted like a maverick as buoys and islands flashed by on either side. The lighthouse of Navallo came abeam and then astern and suddenly we were out in the open sea with all the Bay of Quiberon glistening around us. Our holiday had started!

For the next month we explored the Gulf and the Bay from end to end - surely one of the most varied and interesting areas for sailing in Europe. The peninsula of Quiberon ends in a long curving chain of rocks, shoals and islets over twenty miles in length forming a natural breakwater to the Atlantic swells. Westward of this barrier is the bastion of Belle Ile, while to the east and north lie the sheltered mainland shores of Quiberon and southern Brittany, the mouths of the Vilaine and the Loire, and of course the inland sea of Morbihan. For an Atalanta there are harbours and sheltered anchorages innumerable. There are sophisticated yachting centres like La Trinite and Le Pouligen - crowded resorts like La Baule and Carnac Plage - tiny fishing villages on the islands where dogs sleep and hens scratch in the dust of streets which never see a motor vehicle, prehistoric menhirs and tumuli at Carnac and on the islands in the gulf, and so many sandy beaches and rocky coves that it is easily possible to choose at any time between strands inhabited only by sea birds or plages replete with bikinis and sun-oil.

Navigation, especially among the off-shore islands and in the Gulf is sufficiently exciting to be interesting. On most days there is a good sailing breeze but only twice were we storm-bound in harbour. The seas are lively and on one occasion we were turned back by breaking waves but always and in virtually any direction there is safe shelter within easy reach. In fact the greatest hazards we encountered were the boathooks and unprotected hulls of other yachts. Most French yachtsmen handle a boat under sail superbly well. Where an Englishman would approach a mooring quietly up-tide under engine a French yacht would sweep in under full sail and come alongside with much shouting, considerable panache and (usually) great skill. Unfortunately at times less able yachtsmen tried to do the same and in the strong currents they would bear down on us bristling with boathooks, and literally cannon from boat to boat until being brought to rest by sheer brute force. Only then with the whole anchorage in turmoil would warps and fend-offs appear.

THE OFF-SHORE ISLANDS

Here our favourite was Houat which is an irregularly shaped island with glorious beaches and rocks, no cars, a tiny village and millions of wild flowers. The harbour is excellent but largely occupied by the fishing fleet. However, the fisherman of Houat are the kindest, friendliest and quietest of neighbours. On the other side of the island are the magnificent sands of Treach er Gouet where there is a good off-shore anchorage and a tiny ruined harbour just large enough for one Atalanta.

The island of Hoedic is smaller and if possible even more unspoilt than Houat but the much larger island of Belle Ile is on the main tourist tracks. The principal harbour of Le Palais is busy and crowded but a few miles to the westward is the perfect Atalanta harbour of Sauzon where a creek runs to the sea between wooded hills. More exciting is the anchorage of Ster Wen. This miniature fiord is a cleft in the sheer black cliffs which form the Atlantic coast of Belle Ile. One sails right into the shadow of these cliffs and into an inlet full of fearsome rocks until suddenly the cliffs to starboard open to disclose the narrow entrance to the haven of Ster Wen.

THE MAINLAND

To us the most interesting mainland port was La Roche Bernard eight miles up the River Vilaine. We moored against the ancient quay in St. Antoine Creek where old cottages sleep in the sunshine while high overhead the traffic roars across the suspension bridge and through the streets of the upper town. Port Haliguen on the eastern side of Quiberon is another Atalanta anchorage like Sauzon. To the north near the stones of Carnac is the yachting centre of La Trinite where one is met by the Yacht Club motor boat and conducted to excellent moorings. Le Pouliguen is the yachting port of La Baule but its moorings are in a narrow channel along which the tide sluices with formidable strength.

THE GULF

Time after time we returned to the Gulf at Morbihan and experienced the exhilaration of riding the Gut in both directions. Exploration of the islands and mainland shores fulfilled the promise of the first morning. Poole and Chichester are muddy creeks compared with Morbihan. The shores of the islands are so indented

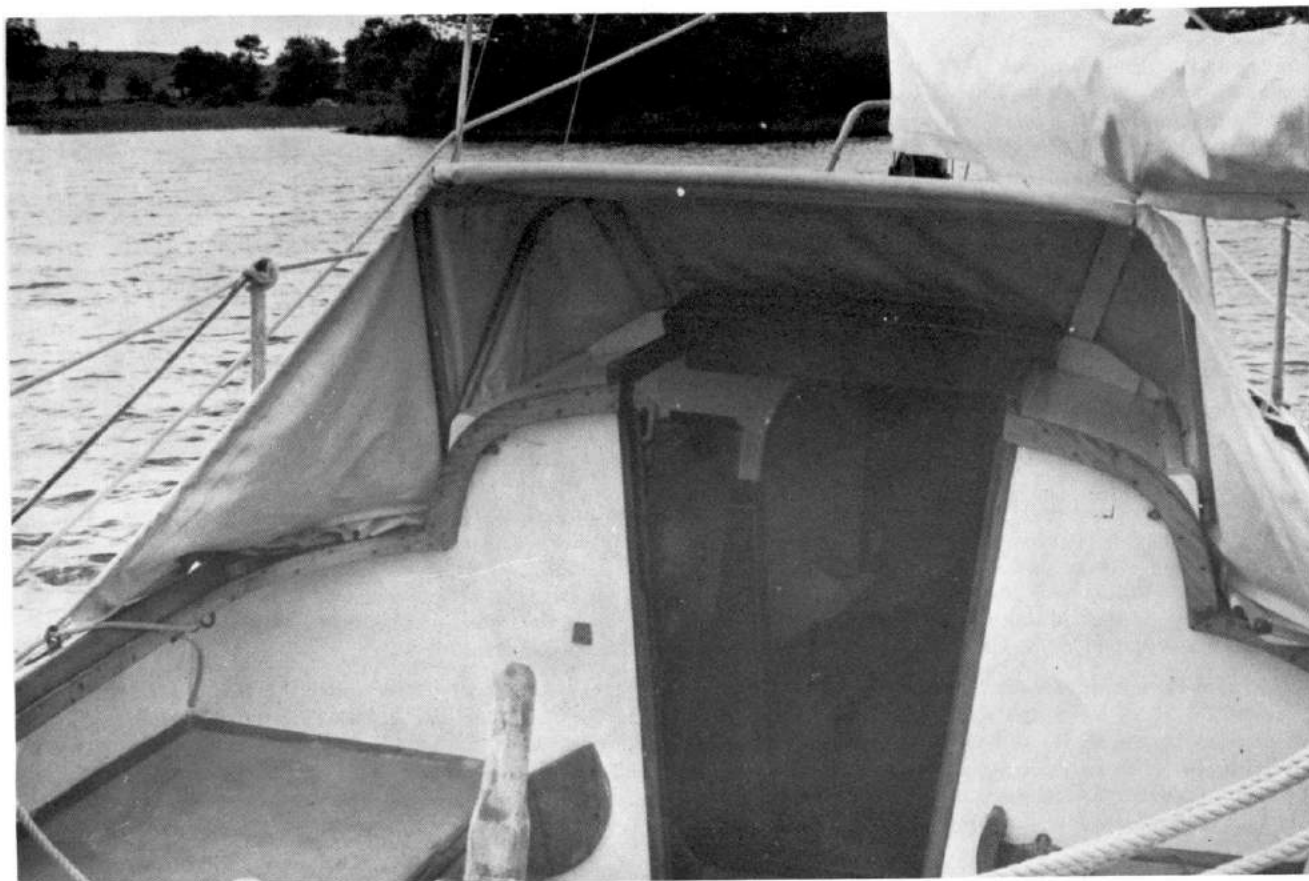
that anchorages sheltered from wind and tide are everywhere and it would take months to savour them all. Perhaps best of all was the incredibly beautiful anchorage of Le Rocher on the Auray River in a small bay under high trees within easy reach of the town of Auray and the village of Le Bono. Eventually the day came when we were swept up the Gut by the flood-tide for the last time and sailed through the narrows of Conleau to the rickety crane on the quay at Vannes.

Cockpit "Dodger"

by Denis B. Johnston - "Marianda" - A. 78

A "pram hood" or "dodger" for the forward end of the cockpit has proved a tremendous advantage in convenience and comfort. It enables the hatch to be kept fully open in all conditions except heavy rain from astern so that access to the cabin is easy and the galley and chart space are dry and well ventilated.

There is dry shelter for two of the watch on deck or for seasick types who would rather have fresh air and it is possible to get out of wet oilskins in the shelter of the dodger before going below. At anchor it provides a ready draught screen for meals or sun-bathing in the cockpit and you can work at the front end of the engine without getting rain on the engine or on yourself. There is a fairly secure ledge on each side of the cabin hatch for temporary storage for charts, binoculars etc.



Marianda's "pram hood" or "dodger"

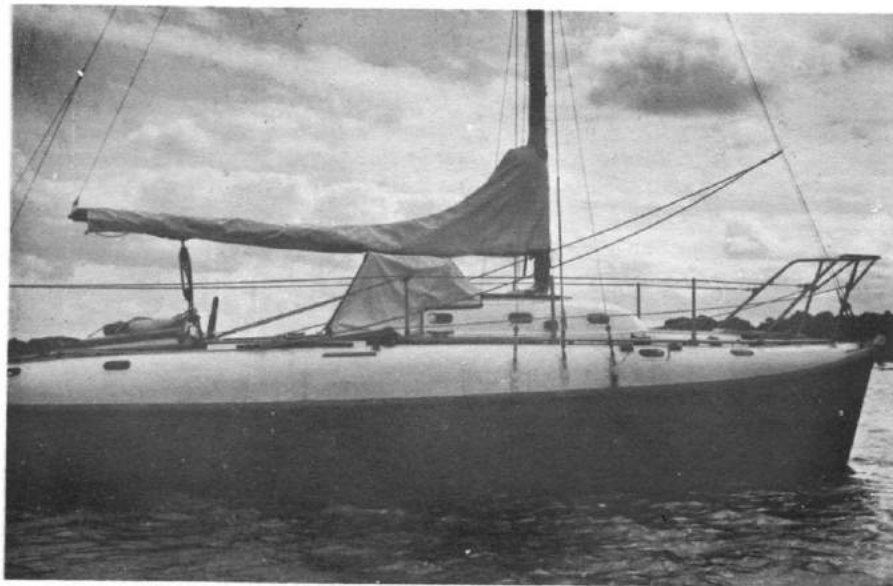
Disadvantages are a slight impediment to vision in crowded anchorages or at the start of a race when it is best left flat. For ordinary conditions the helmsmen has good view forward along each side deck. It is a slight hindrance to getting in and out of the cockpit but even in heavy weather this is not at all difficult. Lowering or raising the hood takes about a minute. Construction is simple: a block on each side of the after end of the cabin top provides a vertical surface for the two supporting hoops. The blocks and the cabin top are drilled outside the cabin bulkhead to take two $\frac{3}{8}$ in. bolts as pivots for the hoops. The lower bolt should be 6 in. above deck level and the upper one 2 in. above and astern of it. The spacing is important to prevent the hoops jamming against each other. The height off the deck together with a narrowing of the hoops at the top keeps the folded hood off the side decks. The hoops are $\frac{7}{8}$ in. gas piping which bends cold in a vise but

non-ferrous metal would avoid interference with compasses. The hoops must be strong enough to take the weight of a person thrown against them or clutching for support in a heavy sea. The hoops have legs of 20 in. on the after one and 18 in. on the forward one and narrow about 6 in. between the base and the top. It is best to make patterns in a light flexible material first and drape an old sheet over it to judge the effect.

About 22 in. from the after end of the cabin top two blocks come up to the height of the top of the hatch cover. A shaped metal tube connects these and the hatch slides underneath this. These forward blocks and the after ones are joined by a 1 in. x 1 in. batten fixed to the cabin top to which the sides of the hood are fixed by a light outer batten. The two straps of heavy terylene webbing connect the forward blocks on each side of the hatch and the two hoops and take the strain off the actual covering. Guy ropes run in hems in the cover from the top corners of the after hoop to eyebolts in the gunwale about 18 in. aft of the winch and thence to jamb-cleats for quick erection and lowering. There are brass turnbuckle fastners halfway between the eyebolts and the winches and at the outer edge of the small breakwater on deck just forward of the winches.

The covering is neoprene-covered terylene in five parts. The centre one has two hems forward; the tube across the hatch goes through the inner of these and the outer helps seal up the crack under the tube. A strip of wood across the after end of the hatch-cover helps to deflect any water that comes underneath. There are two small triangular pieces at each forward corner and two large side pieces fixed with battens along the cabin top battens and down behind the after port hole. They must be big enough to reach out to the edge of the side deck and cockpit where they are held by the brass turnbuckles but not loose enough to catch in the winches whose handles project underneath the outer edges of the hood. Two large Tufnol jamb-cleats are provided for the jib sheets as the side deck cleats are awkward to reach with the hood raised.

Total cost was well under £10 including £4 worth of terylene and £2 for Tufnol cleats. If anyone is interested in making a similar dodger I will be pleased to try to answer questions.



Marianda's "pram hood" or "dodger"

Always a little further!

by Frances Martin - "Sea Major" - A. 92.

This year we were determined to spend at least one night on our boat - quite an experience with our four children between the ages of eight and two.

Our first venture was to Conway, stopping en route at Puffin Island for me to indulge in some bird photography and for the children to play on the beach. The trip was uneventful until we entered the river channel into Conway; from then on it was my constant job to raise and lower the keels - the channel is very narrow and shallow at low tide, so we grazed our keels on the sandy bottom more than once. We had cause to bless the day we didn't buy a fixed keel boat. At last we were safely tied up and after some supper we tried to get the children to sleep, without success until about 10 p.m. At last! I thought I would get some sleep, but I had no idea what a lot of noise there is on a moored boat; with the off-shore breeze blowing the dinghy against the stern, the incoming tide rushing past the bows and the youngest child deciding to share my berth, I didn't get more than three hours sleep before we were up again at 4 a.m. to catch the tide. The sunrise made it worth while!



A. 92 "Sea Major"

We sailed off the mooring, thus letting the children have another couple of hours sleep before the breeze dropped and we had to start the motor.

The rest of the sail went according to plan, and so did our next, to the Western end of the Menai Straits, Abermenai. The weather was lovely and it was very pleasant to be able to swim round our boat and the other fourteen moored in the bay.

Our third night out was when we decided to try to sail round Anglesey or at least part of it. We spent the night at Red Wharf Bay, on the eastern Anglesey coast, a most attractive and safe anchorage. Again we had difficulty in persuading the children to sleep and I discovered the discomfort of sleeping on a berth sloping towards the middle of the cabin, - sloping because the anchorage dried out. I resolved then to fit boards, such as we are already on our cockpit seats, to the edge of the two front cabin bunks.

The children remember this place vividly because, as our eight-year old put it, "A man came motoring in and tried to catch his mooring but missed it and fell in. Fortunately it was shallow and he only got the inside of his wellingtons wet." The crowning glory of her account was, "and he hung them on the steering wheel to dry!".

We slipped out to sea at about 4.45 a.m. when it was just light enough to discern the outline of the other boats and we were well under way before the children woke and we had the usual requests for food.

We sailed northwards with a steadily increasing wind and we didn't need the 7.55 forecast to tell us that the fine spell had broken and we could expect westerly gale-force winds. We had reached the N.E. point of Anglesey and so decided to abandon our plan and return to the shelter of the straits.

We headed south again, having a wonderful view of gannets diving and flying over Sea Major, and were safely back on our mooring at Bangor before the gale-force winds arrived.

I have learned one thing this Summer. You can do anything in the name of pleasure! I who am notorious for staying in bed until the last possible moment, have been up twice, voluntarily, at 4 a.m!

To Biscay the Smooth Way

by J. P. B. Mourant - "Alouette de Mer" - A7.

With Braye harbour Alderney as our intended first port of call, we started down Beaulieu River at 5 a.m. on Saturday, 15th July. We went through the swatchway and with the tide under us soon passed the Needles. As my proposed journey included a fifth visit to the Channel Isles I had definite ideas concerning the best route.

As usual the wind was S.W. which meant that the best course we could lay would take us to the East of our destination. However, as the evening light failed the lighthouses on Alderney and the French coast winked their welcome. As usual we had missed our tide. With both wind and tide urging us eastward to the east we went, until the tide turned during the early hours of next morning.

As dawn broke the lights disappeared and the coast became invisible due to a mist. So we sailed north until the French coast appeared about a mile off. As we crossed towards Alderney with both coasts invisible I failed to make sufficient allowance for the south going tide and when Alderney appeared we were in the grip of the race. We turned north, but though we had a good southerly breeze and the engine at full speed

we still made negative progress. So we turned and went with the tide along the south coast of the island until we were out of the tide. We anchored in a pleasant bay till it was slack water in the Swinge then sailed into Braye harbour in time for lunch.

Next morning (Monday) at 6 a.m. when it was still slack water in the Swinge we set out for Jersey. By passing to the east of Sark and along the north of Jersey one can carry a fair tide for 8 hours. This was the fourth time I had made this particular trip and as usual it was a very pleasant sail during which all the mackerel we needed were caught in a short time. Unfortunately the wind was from the south so we did not reach Gorey till evening.

After making our presence known at the harbour master's office we went round into St. Catherine's Bay to spend the night.

Gorey harbour is a good one for an Atalanta; it dries out but the sand is not too muddy to walk ashore. Unfortunately it is very crowded, but it is usually possible to find a few square feet to anchor in, right inside, provided one picks a spot beforehand in the dinghy.

In this instance we wished to leave before low water, so St. Catherine's Bay it had to be. It is open to easterly winds but with almost any other wind the shelter is good and there are good deep water moorings. There is usually a bit of a swell, but not too much for comfort.

We left at 8 next morning (Tuesday) bound for St. Malo via Isle Chausey. This is an interesting route, the rocks of the Minquiers provide appreciable shelter so that the sea is comparatively calm. We left on the transit St. Catherine's lighthouse in line with "the sentry box" on a bearing 315° true. This leads between La Grande Arconie and B. Nord Ouest des Boeufs but by the time one reaches their vicinity the original marks are rather distant. There is however a transit Seymour Tower - Grande Anquette 108° T which leads north of Grande Arconie and south of B. des Boeufs. We used this transit until we were sure we were clear of Arconie and then continued south. We reached Isle Chausey at mid-day and accordingly pushed on for St. Malo still with a mostly favourable tide.

We entered St. Malo by an eastern channel, north of Rochefort beacon tower but to the east and south of St. Servantine bell buoy. A thunderstorm blew up just at this time which made conditions a bit exciting.

Next morning (Wednesday) having cleared Customs, we passed through the dam, shortly after half tide (rising), into what is now a most delightful yachting area.

With a gentle tide to help us we reached Chatelaine lock at the top of the tide. We lowered our mast and passed into the canalised Rance.

We had brought two "scissors" with us, so we were able to carry the mast horizontally 6'2" above the cockpit sole. This left sufficient clearance under the lowest bridges. This arrangement was a great success as besides being out of the way the mast was used as a ridge pole to provide shade when the sun became too hot.

Next day (Thursday) we continued along the canal as far as Tinteniac. Here there is a pleasant camp site whose facilities are offered to yachtsmen. There are showers with hot and cold taps, unfortunately only the cold ones have been connected! However the weather was hot.

Due to difficulties with weekend bookings my crew had to leave early next morning (Friday) so I had to continue solo.

I had arranged to meet my wife (Hilda) and our friend (Monica) at Rennes at midday on Saturday. Rennes was still 34 locks distant so I got under way at 7:30 and only had 4 locks ahead of me by the evening.

Fortunately I had by then perfected my technique for passing through locks. I had no reverse gear on my outboard engine, so it was necessary for me to gain immediate access to the top of the lock in order to bring my boat to rest by holding her with a stern warp. Unlike English locks, French ones have no steps. I found the only reasonable way was to climb up the face of the open lock gate as my boat passed slowly into the lock. I tied both fore and stern warps together so as to have only one rope in my hand as I climbed up. After bringing her to rest I secured the stern warp, then took a half turn round a bollard with the forward warp and kept it taut by leaning my weight against it. This held the bow firmly against the side of the lock; an absolute necessity when ascending.

Descending is much simpler; all is quiet. It is unnecessary to secure, a hand resting on the lock wall is all that is necessary to prevent the boat drifting.

Rather to my surprise I passed through all 34 locks without any snags. I had provided myself with French cigarettes and offered a couple to each lock keeper, this was all that was expected; in fact some said one was enough.

I found the lock keepers most co-operative, many ran as they prepared the locks on my approach.

The locks are free and they are worked for you, wonderful'.

On Saturday with only 4 locks to negotiate I was able to reach Rennes, complete my shopping and meet the train with time to spare.

During the next few days we pressed on down the river Vilaine. The locks were now much more widely spaced.

The official literature says the depth is 1.25 metres, I've no doubt this is true; the difficulty is to miss the shallower portions. On the whole the deeper parts appeared to nearer the tow path, though occasionally the outside of the bend was the deeper side. However, an Atalanta is an ideal craft for this type of navigation, and kept my plates at about 3'6" so as to have an adequate margin to raise them and find deeper water; not forgetting to lower them afterwards.

On Monday in the late afternoon we reached Bellions Locks, the last set. Immediately before the lock is a pleasant spot where we raised our mast and got ready for a 7 o'clock start

Next morning (Tuesday) we sailed down the river with the tide and reached the mouth soon after lunch time. Outside both wind and tide were against us so we made slow progress and decided to go into Penefr for the night. This is a pleasant little estuary with good shelter but one does need the French chart No. 5418 as there are plenty of rocks to be avoided on the way in.

Next day (Wednesday) the wind was light and fair so we had a very pleasant sail along the coast to the Morbihan.

The Gulf of Morbihan is a wonderful place for sailing. It is like Poole in that it has a narrow entrance. But there the resemblance ends. It is much larger and deeper and has more islands with sandy or stony shores and lovely warm sun. We should have liked to spend a couple of weeks exploring it. The tides near the entrance run at 10 knots, but elsewhere they are quite moderate.

That evening we went up the western arm, the Auray river and found a very pleasant anchorage near Le Rocher.

Next morning (Thursday) we went further up to Auray itself where we shopped. Then we came down with the tide nearly to the entrance and turned to pass south and then east of Isle Longue. But we were now early on our tide, it was still ebbing and although we had a strong wind behind us and were making 6 knots through the water we made no progress till the tide eased. That night the wind was fresh from the south so we anchored outside Anse de Pencastel where we were very comfortable.

Next day (Saturday) we waited for the tide and then made our way towards Vannes. In the evening we found a snug anchorage near Ile de Conleau.

Next day (Saturday) we went with the tide up to Vannes where we met my daughter, Philippa, and her friend (Sylvia). For the next week we were five on board but managed very well. In the afternoon we dropped down with the ebb until the turn of tide stopped us and we spent the night under the shelter of Braunec Island.

On Sunday we started our return journey passing out through the Morbihan entrance about mid-day. We had a fair wind and easily reached the Vilaine by evening, we anchored near La Roche Bernard at dusk.

By taking things gently and only being under way about 12 hours per day we reached St. Malo in six days from Roche Bernard. Apart from a mile or two through Rennes the river and canal are very pleasant, really beautiful in places. There is no doubt that inland navigation has its fascination.

At Dinan early on Saturday morning Hilda and Monica left us and we were down to three again. We reached the splendid St. Malo yacht basin that evening.

On Sunday morning at high tide we left St. Malo bound for Isles Chausey. Due to light adverse winds we did not reach them till late afternoon, but it was pleasant sailing.

We found Isles Chausey a fascinating place. We were surprised to see so many yachts, there must have been well over 50 all on good deep water moorings, all moorings free.

We landed on the main island which supports a herd of cows, and we also landed and climbed about on one of the major rocks.

In spite of a rising wind from the south east it remained comfortable in our anchorage due no doubt to the vast number of rocks that sheltered us.

In the morning (Monday) the wind was force 6 but as it was a fair wind we decided to go. Having reefed and made sure that I knew all the marks we set off at 8 hrs., high tide. We found the marks easy to pick out and were soon clear. Then the wind eased and we shook out our reefs.

As the wind was south east I decided not to go into Gorey but to enter St. Helier which we reached at 1300 hrs.

In St. Helier one moors to a pontoon in three rows, often with more than 12 boats to a row. The coming and going across one's deck is inevitably considerable. When an inner yacht wants to go, all those outside have to let go their forward lines and chaos ensues.

However, we got away next morning at high tide without any damage; it's all free so one can't complain.

We sailed along the south of the island bound for Guernsey.

Normally I leave from Gorey via the east and north coasts which gives a much smoother passage.

The tide along the south coast runs hard and it is nearly always rough off Noirmont. However after we got clear of the island we had a fair wind and made good progress. We called at La Grande Grève on the west coast of Sark and had a bathe in wonderful surroundings.

Wednesday we spent in St. Peter Port shopping etc.

On Thursday morning it was raining. However the 6:40 weather report mentioned no gales in our area and the wind was still south so we got away at 7:30 a couple of hours after low water. With a strong tide under us we were through Alderney race by 12:30. From then on the weather cleared and we had a beam wind of the right strength; by 1:30 next morning we were at anchor in Studland Bay outside Poole Harbour, a record passage for us.

On Saturday we sailed back to Beaulieu river.

So ended a most enjoyable month's holiday. I would recommend the trip to anyone with six weeks or two months to spare.

I shall be pleased to give further information to anyone contemplating this holiday. I could lend charts.

Nine Days Before the Mast

By S. Boss - "Joann" - A65

North Wales was the destination of our Summer cruise this year, and at 16.30 hrs on 30th June "Joann" slipped her mooring and set off down the narrow Fleetwood channel. Rounding the Wyre Light we set course for Conway, at first under sail, but as darkness fell and the wind dropped, relying on our outboard, an 8 h.p. Crescent (unfortunately we have not had an inboard engine this season). The lights of Liverpool ships were noticed during the night, and in the misty morning we sighted the Great Orme beacon.

Some hours later, after negotiating the shallow entrance of the Conway estuary we moored in the attractive harbour. Our Skeeter inflatable soon took us ashore and we had a pleasant stroll across the bridge, before obtaining fresh plaice from the quayside and returning aboard for a delicious supper. On Sunday morning the two crew (my wife and brother) bathed at the local club and shopped for Welsh rock to take home, while the skipper busied himself with minor repairs on board, and admired the boats moored nearby! At 14.00 hrs we set sail again, touching the bottom a couple of times before passing the fairway buoy at 16.45 hrs. A pleasant sail to Puffin Island was followed by a very brisk beat up the Menai Straits, past Beaumaris and Bangor to a mooring at Menai.

We chose High Water at 7.0 a.m. on Monday to pass through the Swellies, and were half way through when we spotted another Atalanta astern, the only other boat in sight! This was A105, "Taku Maru" from Connahs Quay. Caernarvon was soon reached, on a falling tide, with sandbanks showing, but after some blasts on our hunting horn the swing bridge was opened for us. We dried out shortly after in the shadow of the famous castle and spent the afternoon ashore.

Another early morning. We left Caernarvon before the bridge closed at 7.0 a.m., and were soon crossing the bar, in company with A105 again. A pleasant sail took us down the coast to Porth Dinlleyn, an attractive isolated haven inside a rocky headland, and with a modern lifeboat station. The forecast was poor so we stayed the night, alongside a Medusa from Conway, and next morning continued to Bardsey Island. There was little tidal race in the Sound, and in the light wind we sailed clockwise round the island, noting the sandy landing bay and avoiding numerous fishing nets. At 14.30 hrs we passed close to the rocky South tip and then goosewinded back to Porth Dinlleyn for another peaceful night.

On Thursday we motored in the Skeeter across the bay to Nevin for the morning, then set sail at 15.45 hrs for Holyhead, passing two seals on the beacon at the entrance to Porth Dinlleyn. In a crisp breeze we were soon near South Stack where we saw strong tidal races and overfalls, and noticed a destroyer travelling fast close inshore. The wind increased, the sea became lumpy and it was dusk before we reached Holyhead. This is a spacious yachting centre and we moored among a fleet of cruising boats.

We spent a lazy morning before departing from Soldier's Point, Holyhead at 16.00 hrs, and on course 013T made rapid progress through the Skerries channel at Low Water, when the overfalls had subsided. Penbrynyreglwy, Carmel Head and West Mouse were soon passed in a Southerly wind of Force 5-6 and we saw the nuclear power station at Wylfa Head. At 18.45 hrs we reached Amlwch, a distance of 17 miles in $2\frac{3}{4}$ hours. The mouth of Amlwch harbour is a rock bordered pool and we anchored there for supper before entering the inner harbour. This was very narrow, and the nature of the bottom so uncertain (we had thoughts of old bicycles etc) that we decided to return to the outer pool rather than risk drying out inside. We carefully positioned our two anchors in poor holding ground, and spent a rather anxious night.

Saturday dawned breezy and rough, forecast Force 5-6. We were away early, with Lynas Point abeam at 7.45 a.m. The waves were big, and the wind increased in gusts to Force 7. We reduced canvas until we were under trysail only, with a bight of rope astern. Our speed was reduced to miss the strongest of the weather tide in Morecambe Bay. Eventually Blackpool tower was sighted and at 14.45 hrs we passed the Morecambe Bay lightship, which pinpointed our position. As we neared Fleetwood we encountered breaking seas, caused by the flood tide against an unfinished late ebb. The sky blackened as we plunged on by Lune Pillar, Danger Patch and King Scar, but the worst of the storm passed over to fall inland.

We reached our mooring at 21.15 hrs, much readier for a hearty meal that we had been before. And after all, we couldn't complain of one stormy day out of nine!

Gadgetry

by Colonel O. M. Roome - "Tomboy" - All

Some people fill their boats with gadgets while others abjure them. We have made three fittings for "Tomboy" which may be of interest to some owners.

COCKPIT CANOPY

Figures 1 to 3 show this item. It consists of a canvas hood which, when erected, covers the forward half of the cockpit (with side dodgers stretching further aft) with sitting headroom. It takes about five minutes to put up or take down. The forward end makes a reasonably tight fit over the main hatch, the coach roof and the deck by means of turnbuckles and hooks.

The 1 inch dia. light alloy tubes supporting the canopy are in sections - two sets of four - so that they can stow away under a bunk in the after cabin. The fitting on the gunwale, which can be seen in Figure 7, allows the entire canopy to fold forward when not required (Figure 3). In this way we have found it convenient to leave it fitted for days at a time when cruising, merely pulling it up into position when we needed it.

As a result of this fitting our sailing has become much more comfortable and this has effectively increased our range and endurance. Although we had some quite rugged sails during our summer cruise to the Channel Islands and North Brittany, the ladies of the crew never once had to put on their oilskins - and we were all much fresher on arrival than we should have been after a long wet passage with the open cockpit. We fitted the windows as a refinement this season, and they have proved well worth the effort.

FOREHATCH TENT

Figures 4 and 5 show this item, and its construction, purpose and value are perhaps self evident. It is anchored to the deck by four eyelets in the canvas, which slip over Nylon lacing hooks on the deck, and the top is secured to the jib halliard.

The tent can be pitched so that the doorway faces whichever way is desired. The door flaps are held closed, or open, by Velcro strips. The whole thing takes about a minute to set up.

KICKING STRAP

We have fitted a kicking strap to "Tomboy" for the past two seasons and it has given us good service, in terms of better performance and less wear on the mainsail.

The main problem was how to fix it to our wooden boom. The system we adopted will be seen in Figures 6 and 7. The Tufnol claw is a M.S. Gibb product, which we made to hinge open and shut by means of a piece of alloy backing plate, securing it in the closed position with a bolt and wing nut. The fitting can thus be removed from the boom and stowed away when not in use.

The other end of the tackle is clipped to a short Terylene strop. This can be taken round a cleat (as in Figure 7) or, when the boom is further forward, round the handrail on deck. We replaced some of the screws in the handrail with bolts and nuts.

As we rather feared might happen, the claw bruised and marked the relatively soft boom. We have overcome this problem by shaving about $\frac{1}{8}$ inch off the part of the boom affected, building up again with an epoxy resin and varnishing for finish. This epoxy resin is an incredibly hard material, and the kicking strap has barely marked it in the course of a season. The make that we used came as a two part product under the name of Mendex, produced by Alfred Jeffery & Co. It can be bought in tins with blue markings (slow drying) or red markings (fast drying). We have found the fast drying type more satisfactory.

I must confess that there is a limit to the stress that can be put on the claw. We have broken one in an involuntary gybe, and on another occasion it twisted and slipped out when the strain was too great. It is satisfactory if used with moderation, but at the end of the season we put on a stronger non-opening one. Its disadvantage is of course that it has to remain on the boom when not in use, but if it is slipped well forward it does not get in the way.

Photo Captions

Fig. 1 - Cockpit canopy from ahead.

Fig. 2 - Cockpit canopy from aft.

Fig. 3 - Cockpit canopy folded forward.

Fig. 4 - Forehatch tent.

Fig. 5 - Forehatch tent, flaps open.

Fig. 6 - Kicking strap - the claw open.

Fig. 7 - Kicking strap in use.



Fig. 1



Fig. 2

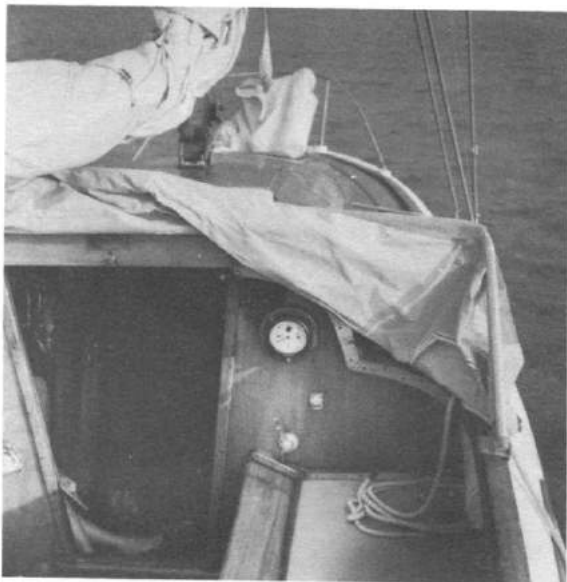


Fig. 3



Fig. 4



Fig. 5

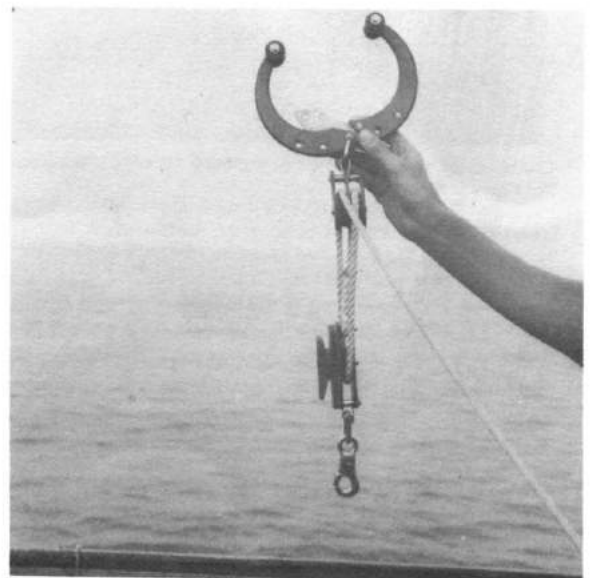


Fig. 6

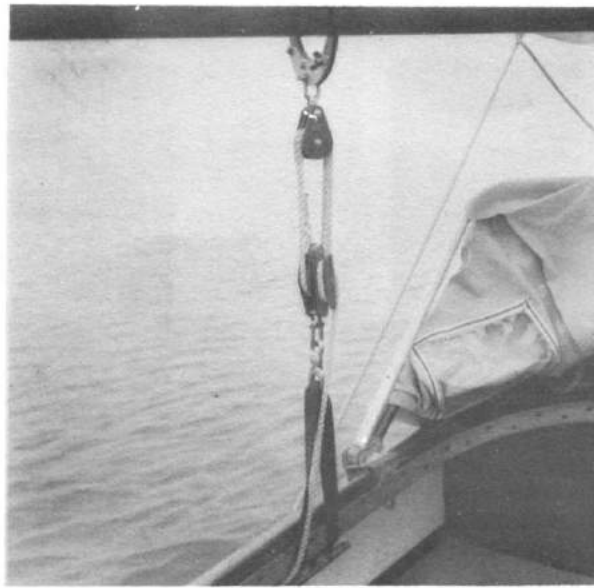


Fig. 7

It Couldn't Happen Twice – Or Could It?

by I. C. Humphreys - "Achates" - A60

We were able to take our cruise early this year and set off from Chichester Harbour on the morning of the 1st July. As the children weren't available, two old friends joined us, Dr. R. Bird who could only manage four days and Mr. R. Cox, who thought he might be able to put up with us for three weeks. Dr. Bird's secretary had provided him with a list of all trains back to Town, starting from Portsmouth and ending at Plymouth, so we were determined to confound her lack of faith.

The tide saw us to Yarmouth by 1310 where we tied up alongside "Peace" and tried to get rid of excess feathers. Dicky had run over a pheasant, on the way down, and this morning had sat in the forehatch plucking it until it became like a snowstorm and we had had to banish him to the upturned dinghy, but somehow the stuff had still blown into the cabin.

At 16.50, the tide having eased, we pressed on and made Studland just before dark, where the bird was fried and consumed.

Leaving at 07.15, we had an uneventful motor against a light wind, apart from letting the Stuart run dry and the wretch refusing to restart for half an hour. As a result, we were lucky to get into Dartmouth at 2330, half an hour before the street lights were turned off.

We put to sea with a sailing breeze at 1500 next day, but it left us and we entered Salcombe under power and, for a time, on fire. The Primus burst into flames just as we reached the bar. The helmsman motored round in circles, the mate admitted that the conflagration was too large for her usual remedy of a wet cloth, so I was allowed to use the tetrachloride extinguisher. I nearly extinguished Coxy as well, as he chose that moment to put his head down the forehatch to see what all the fuss was about. This was 2045 so instead of going ashore we had to overhaul the Primus.

Between Bolt head and Bolt Tail, next morning, we landed twelve mackerel. Sadly we put Dr. Bird ashore at the Barbican, with half catch in case he got hungry before he got home. The night was spent quietly in Cawsand Bay.

On July 5th, 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ hours took us to Falmouth, where we just had time for a hasty shop before going on to Helford River for the night. Here we saw the oil booms that were prepared for the Torrey Canyon menace, but not used.

Leaving at 0830 on the 6th, we again had to motor and it was so calm that we were able to give the Lizard under a mile berth which enabled us to be in Penzance for lunch after which we walked to Newlyn and Mousehole. We hoped to visit St. Michel's on the way back.

The forecast for the 7th was fair and it turned out to be a useful wind, close hauled, and by 1330 we were 13.3 miles beyond the Runnelstone in about force 6, rain and lamentable visibility. With five rolls down we were doing about six knots and wanting another reef, but Joan couldn't get the batten out and Coxy, for the only time on the trip, was leaning over the side. I postponed reefing for a more convenient moment and there came a violent jar and the whipstaff went loose. I said "Damn, we've lost the rudder again."

Seventeen miles out from the Runnelstone put us four from the Scillies, with visibility varying from a cable to a mile, light rain and a sea large enough to be a nuisance. On the other hand we had plenty of daylight and tide left. The crew got the sails down whilst I lay over the dinghy trying to get the wrecked rudder aboard without loosing it in the attempt. After half an hour I gave up.

First we tried the engine. To steer we tied two fenders to each end of a warp and streamed them at either side. Though the pull was terrific, the effect was negligible. However, Achates tended to charge straight ahead most of the time and after an hour we brought the outlying rocks in sight. Now the trouble started! We would point to where we thought the entrance through the rocks towards Old Grimsby to be and get into gear. Off she went for a hundred yards and then began to circle, do what we would. Letting her stop altogether was the only remedy. After several tries we got a warp wrapped round the propeller whilst reversing and lost the use of the engine. I remember experiencing a feeling of immense relief as I can't think in the noise of the engine and I had sailed without a rudder before.

It was still gusty and we would have to tack, so I had the genoa handed and the working jib set. I think this may have been mistake, but I'm still not sure. We might have torn the genoa to shreds. By now, the tide was beginning to flow Northwards and our intended course West and the jib was too small to balance the reefed main so that our speed through the water wasn't sufficient to balance the pull of the tide. Several times we found ourselves being set onto broken water or the windward shore of St. Martins, which was rocky down to the water's edge. It was late afternoon by now and I had visions of drifting about in the Atlantic with a cold and hungry ship's company and not knowing where we were in the morning!



Achates and the Scillonian

St. Martin's Bay is rock-strewn, but it has two beaches and in this wind was sheltered water. Two miles of open water took us to a point where we could hope to approach the shelter from what looked like the safest direction. At this moment we saw people walking on the headland and it seemed only prudent to ask for help. We shot off three red cartridges and they waved back appreciatively! For myself, I wasn't disappointed as I'd never have lived down calling out the lifeboat, but I couldn't risk other people's lives. Actually I never believed that we were in that sort of danger, but I was worried about the prospects of damaging the boat. Joan was sure she wasn't going to live to see another dawn, but she got on with the job quietly. Coxy had got over his mal-de-mer and was beginning to enjoy life again. I can think of less drastic remedies!

So Coxy read the large-scale chart, I steered with the mainsheet and the two of them looked after the jib when we had to go about. I found that the mainsheet was extremely critical. Any sudden movement put the boat in stays and keeping a windward course meant movement of an inch on the sheet, once we had gathered way. We must have had to make about thirty tacks before we were satisfied with our position close to the shore, in sheltered water of about two fathoms. I put Joan ashore to telephone the Harbourmaster at Hugh Town and we dismantled the rudder. The top weld of the stock had parted so I guessed that we had lost the lower pintle.

It seemed that we should run out of water under us, so at eleven o'clock I pulled Achates up the beach and tied a warp to the kedge ashore and the spinnaker halyard to hold us upright and we had four hours sleep before she lifted again. The wind turned a bit and we began to pound on some stones so I drew the warp down to deck level and pulled out into deeper water. At 0730 I went ashore in the dinghy, pulling along the kedge and again phoned the Harbourmaster. He had alerted the lifeboat crew the night before and said he had been watching the wind and had decided to send a motor boat to pull us out if I hadn't rung. The tow arrived at 0840 and handled the confused seas off the headland with great skill and sensitivity. Once in the shelter of the islands it was plain sailing and we bowled along at nine knots. When we got to Hugh Town Harbour we had to bring Achates alongside the launch and poor Joan succumbed at last. The only side available to be sick over was towards the jetty lined with visitors.

In the afternoon we beached at the root of the jetty and the Island Steamship Company's shipwrights had a look at the damage. Monday morning I phoned Fairey's, but there were delays getting through and I was lucky enough to catch Charles Currey before he went to lunch. Though they had to make a new skeg Fairey Marine got the replacements onto the train on Tuesday. The original skeg had been smashed in half. We learnt that a French crabber had hit floating timber earlier in the year and had sunk. Logs two feet in diameter and thirty-five feet long have been seen. By now they are waterlogged and largely submerged. We must have hit sideways, for the rudder was a little bent before the skeg broke.

We did not let our anxiety over the spares spoil our stay and visited the six main islands. There is little entertainment, but it would be difficult to do justice to the pleasure to be found on the Scillies by a short description. For 10/-, for example, you can accompany the boat that takes the mail to the Bishop Rock lighthouse. On the way a detour is made to show sea-birds sanctuaries, alive with cormorants, shags, puffins, kittiwakes and numerous gulls and, even more interesting to us, colonies of seals.

If you are interested in archaeology, tumuli are to be found on many of the islands. There are Elizabethan fortifications on St. Mary's and Tresco and semi-tropical gardens on Tresco. The Assistant Harbourmaster has an intriguing side-line of pushing abandoned cars over a cliff into deep water and has just completed his century. Not bad for an island two miles by three!

There is a certain air of decadence. The Dutch flower-growers are adopting more modern methods, but the islanders won't copy, though there are people who have studied the Dutch methods. Most of the food is imported, which is probably as well as a local physician had had island vegetables analysed and they were found to be deficient of vitamin C, apparently because of excess ultra-violet.



Damage to the Achates

Though three quarters of the population of the Islands is to be found on St. Mary's, Bryher seemed to us to be the most go-ahead island. An unexpected industry is a boatyard building catamarans, many for export.

We were lucky enough to be in at the start of the treasure-hunt which started when the Putnam brought in Admiral Cloudsley Shovel's bronze cannon, one morning.

The Chaplain of the Islands is an energetic man and during the season he holds two slide shows a week for the visitors. One shows places of interest and the other the wild life. They were well patronised.

Our spares reached Penzance after the Scillonian had sailed. A helpful storeman in the Steamship Company phoned a friend at B. R. and the parcel was put on the helicopter, piloted by a member of a Bosham

family, but the parcel got stuck at the airport and we didn't get it until Saturday. Mid-day we dried out on the beach and I helped the shipwright all the afternoon and at 1800 the job was done and he went home, leaving me to reassemble the steering. It was then that I discovered that the rudder blade was out of true.

Keeping our fingers crossed we sailed at 0900 next morning and had a brisk passage to Penzance, reefing in good time out of regard for our repairs. The U. S. Warship "John Willis" was showing the flag and we thought of going aboard, but couldn't be bothered and in the morning we motored around her, before setting off for the Lizard. We rounded the latter in patchy fog, though there was enough wind and we encountered a school of basking sharks.

The trip had two surprises left for us. Half way to Plymouth from Falmouth, we started the engine in order to get in before the shops shut and, with three hours to go, the exhaust pipe parted from the silencer. The exhaust from a two-stroke discharged inside a boat has to be seen to be believed. Mashfords at the Barbican sent us to Mashfords on the Tamar, but backing out of the Barbican we picked up an enormous wodge of polythene on our prop and had to grab a mooring. In the morning I rowed the silencer and rudder ashore and Mashfords fixed both whilst I went shopping.

We wanted to go to Newton Ferrers for the night, but it was blowing a bit so we decided against it.

On the 21st July we left Dartmouth at 0745 which seemed about right for a fair tide round Portland, but we arrived early. At 1130 the heights above Castletown were visible and by 1400 we could see as far as Anvil Point. A fix put us $13\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the Bill, bearing 67° Mag. It was not until 1715 that we reached a point due South of the Bill with two miles offing. With a fair tide ahead, Studland seemed a piece of cake, but the 1800 forecast was Easterly 3 - 4, with N. W. 5 - 7 tomorrow. If it turned out to be Easterly 5 - 7, Studland was no place to be. Poole wastes so much time, so I decided to press on for Yarmouth. The 1830 fix gave us 29 miles to the Needles and perhaps five hours fair tide. So we started the motor and at 1900 opened the throttle wider. At 1955 we had 18 miles to the Needles and three hours to slack water in the Needles channel, which we entered at 2208 and 2300 saw us thankfully tied up in Yarmouth. For $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours we had averaged $8\frac{1}{2}$ knots over the ground.

There remained an easy sail home.

More Thoughts on Self - Steering Gears

by Colonel O. M. Roome - "Tomboy" - A 11 and
I. C. Humphreys - "Achates" - A 60

TOMBOY

Emboldened by a successful season in 1966 with our new vane steering gear, which was reported in last year's bulletin, we set out last winter to see how we could improve it. We hoped that, by fitting a rigid linkage system in place of blocks and lines, the gear would be more sensitive and steer more accurately, and at the same time look rather neater.

Figure 1 shows the general arrangement, and comparison with the illustrations in the last bulletin will show that the vane with its mounting is unchanged, as also is the trim tab and its mounting, except that a small tiller has been fitted to the top of the tab in place of the yoke.

Figure 2 shows the new linkage arrangement. When the vane turns, the trim tab must turn in the same direction, and this necessitates the double action of the linkage, with the intermediate bearing at the after end of the bumkin. The very fine line at the forward end of the tiller prevents the tiller and connecting rod going past top dead centre when the rudder and trim tab are both hard over. All the rods, and the intermediate shaft and bearings, are made of Tufnol, and to our pleasure and surprise the linkage is practically frictionless.

The new arrangement has proved very satisfactory. It is not too happy in very light airs but it steered us successfully across the Channel and back on our summer cruise, in winds varying from Force 3 to Force 6, and from close hauled to a broad reach. Incidentally, when not in use it all stows away unobtrusively below.

ACHATES

One very cold day, last Spring, we visited Colonel Roome, who very kindly assembled his vane steering gear for my edification. We discussed a Mk II version at some length, using rigid linkages in place of last year's cords. The simplest arrangements calls for mounting the vane assembly eleven inches aft of the transom, and as Achates has an unused outboard bracket I adopted this arrangement. Except in constructional detail my vane and trim tab are identical to Tomboy's. The trim tab has a tiller $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches between centres, and this mounts an aluminium tube link arm driven from an arm on the steering vane clutch.

Mounted vertically on the outboard bracket is a nine-inch length of one inch dia. stainless steel tube. In this sits, free to move if it likes, a seven-eighths dia. tube, plugged at its upper end and recessed to mount a ball bearing as a thrust bearing. Later this tube was strengthened by bonding inside it a three quarter inch mild steel rod. The steering vane is mounted on a length of one inch stainless tubing with a plug two feet from the bottom to form the other half of the thrust bearing. At the bottom of the tube is mounted one half of a disc clutch and above this, free to rotate, is the other half which mounts the steering arm and manual steering lines.

I found that the turbulence from the propeller created havoc with the trim tab stability and as I also have reverse drive I have a long brass pin to lock the trim tab tiller to the rudder stock, when motoring.

Leaving Cherbourg with our masthead spinnaker set it steered excellently down to two knots, when we had to give up and use the engine for reasons of time.

On another occasion, beating round Start point in quite a nasty sea, it again behaved very well. Later on, close hauled in a blow, I had one side of the whipstaff connected so that I could luff up in squalls and had an easy passage in conditions that would have been back-breaking without the vane. Later Atalantas have a lot more deadwood than the early ones so that steering is probably easier. I am thinking of modifying Achates in this respect.

Another innovation this year is a whipstaff extension for the smaller crew members. Made out of scraps of wood it proved quite a boon to us all. As the whipstaff is tapered slightly the extension knocks on and off in seconds.

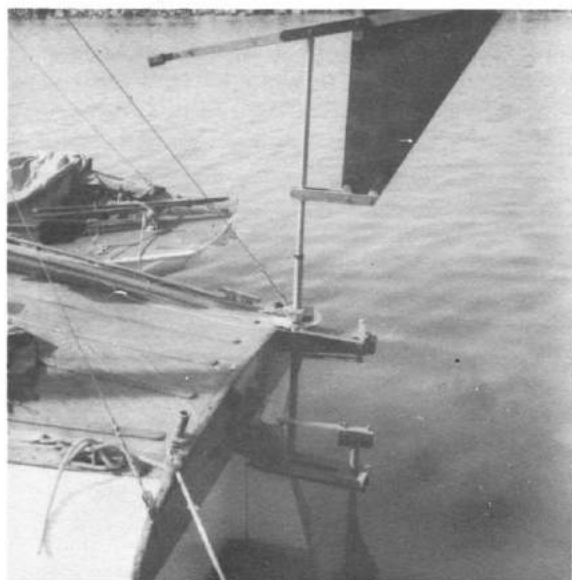


Fig. 1
Tomboy. General arrangement of the steering gear.



Fig. 2
Tomboy. The rod linkage system.

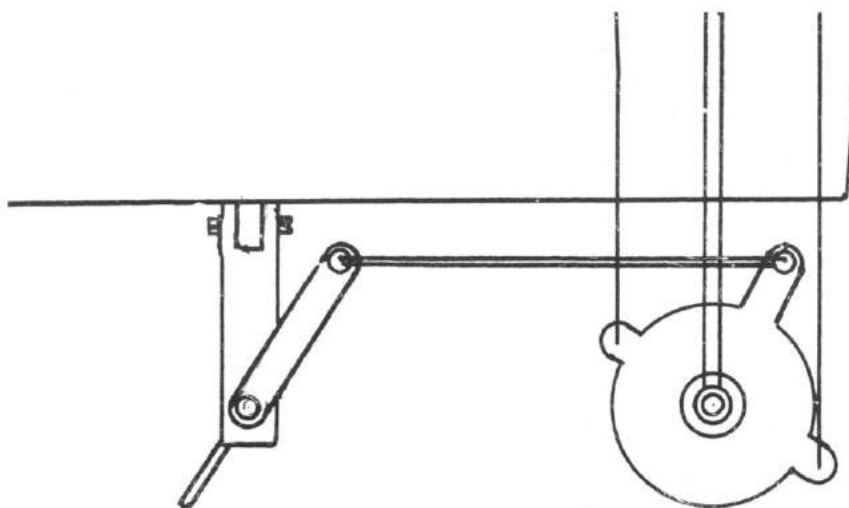


Fig 3. Achates. Self steering arrangement.

13 inches overall. Hand grips, 11 inches between centres.

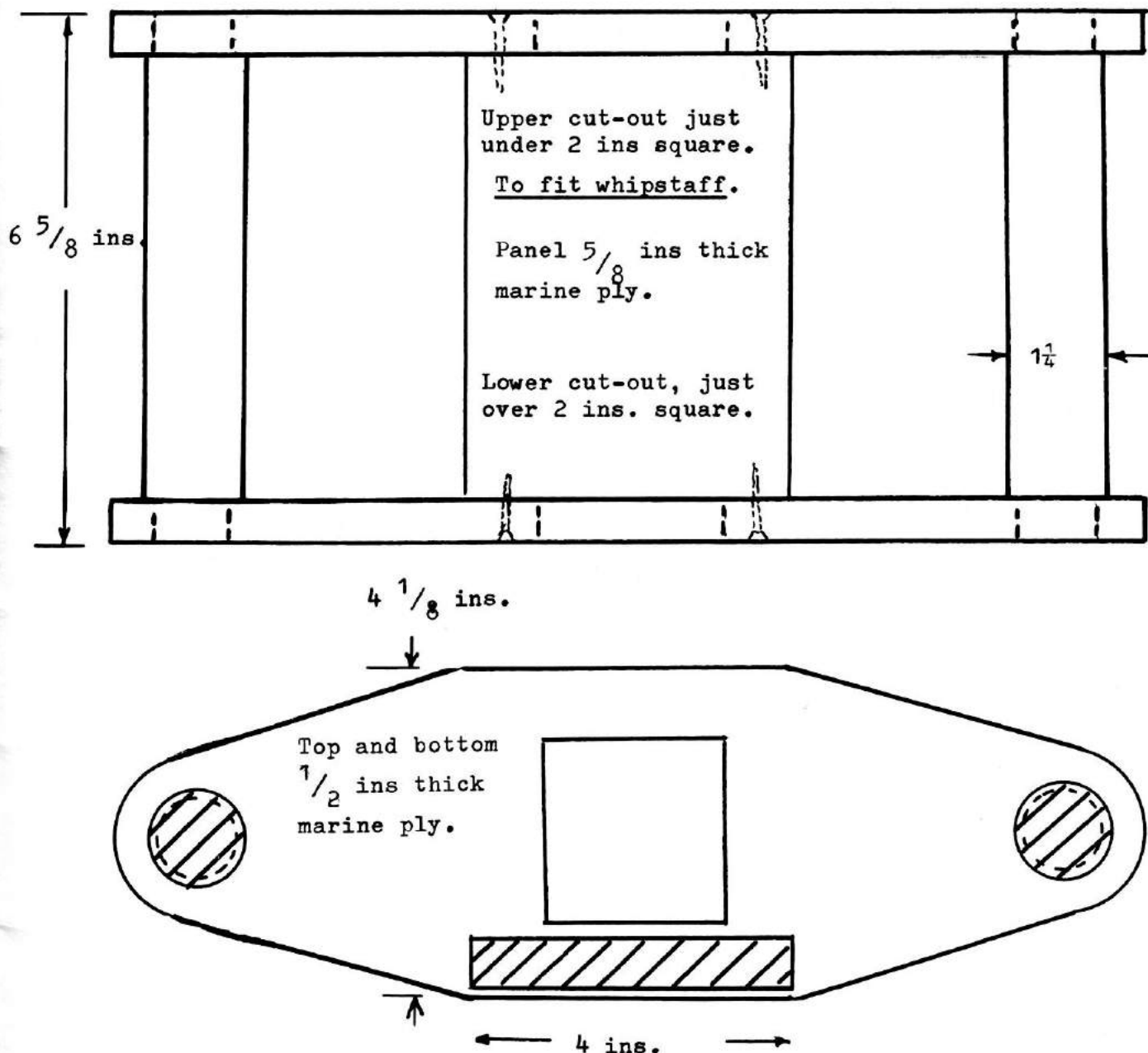


Fig 4. Achates. Steering Aid.

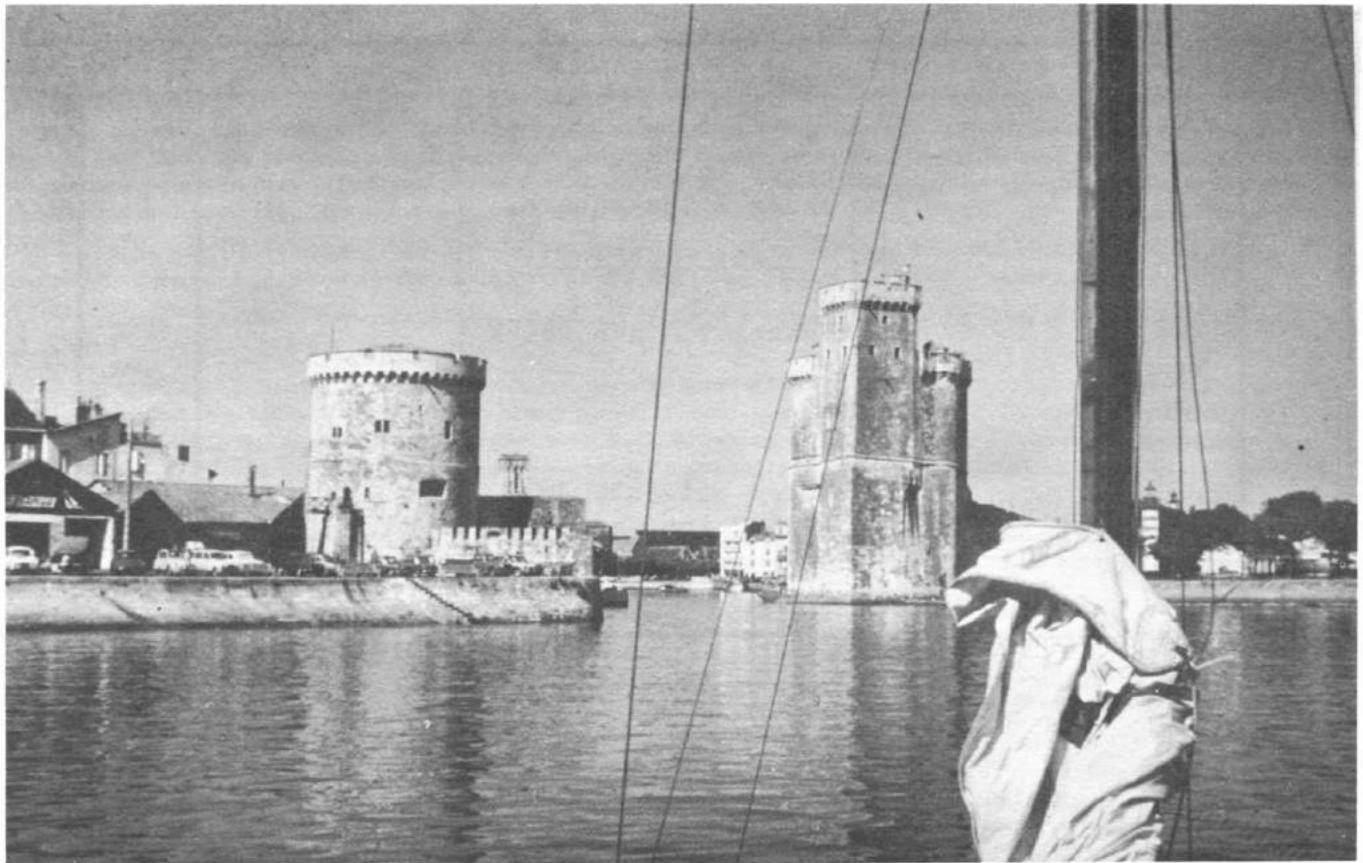
Six Islands on the Biscay Coast

L. A. Biddle - "Epenetus" - A. 39

We started the cruise with two advantages. For the first time for many years I was no longer restricted by school holidays so we could start our holiday in June and the second advantage was that the boat was already in the Morbihan where we had laid her up after last year's cruise on the west coast of France.

A yacht becomes liable to customs duty if left in France for more than six months. We played it strictly according to rule and with the help of the R. A. C. and of the Automobile Club de France we had the boat immobilised by the Douanes in Vannes so that the six month period did not run. To do this required a lot of correspondence and about £20 in tees.

Epenetus had been laid up at the yard of Yves Tattevin about 5 miles out of Vannes and we arrived there on 25th June in time to make arrangements to see the Douanes next day to get the immobilisation seals taken off the boat. Fortunately Madame Tattevin was able to come with me to the Douanes because on arrival we only found two clerks who told us that the Douane was "malade" and not likely to be back for a week. They seemed quite unable to do anything on their own initiative.



La Rochelle, Harbour Entrance.

However Madame Tattevin set about them in fine style and after searching through most of the office we located the file about the immobilisation of Epenetus nine months earlier. After that Madam^e Tattevin arranged for the clerk to go and see the "malade" Douane and made an appointment for the seals to be taken off the boat at 1 o'clock so that we should have a good chance of getting her ready to launch at the high tide at about 4 o'clock.

The seals were taken off, the boat was launched and by 6 p.m. she was ready to sail. We said good-bye to Monsieur Tattevin and started to motor the short distance across to a favourite anchorage at the north end of the Ile Aux Moines. This anchorage apart from being secure and unfrequented has the additional advantage of a tap on shore where we could fill our water tank. Half way over to the island the starboard cylinder started to overheat so we sailed the rest of the way.

Much of the next day was spent in clearing a blockage in the cooling system but we also had a good walk on the island and provisioned the boat in Bourg.

After a dinghy trip to Holavre island we decide to spend a second night at this anchorage which we had first heard of from reading George Millar's "Oyster River", a piece of fiction which is essential reading for anyone who wishes to sail in the Morbihan.

The following morning we had a light south west wind and perfect weather for the Morbihan. We sailed down the narrow channel between Ile Berder and Ile ar Gazek where the tide at springs runs at more than $7\frac{1}{2}$ knots, we watched the tide piling up against the Gd Mouton rock and sailed out through the entrance into Quiberon Bay. We had a good sail over to the Island of Houat and we went round into the large sandy bay on the East side of the Island to the anchorage recommended by Adlard Coles just off the old harbour. We had the place to ourselves and we walked over to the village photographing the wild carnations which grow in the sand here.

We had a quiet night and the following day decided that Hoedic would be worth a visit and in a light northerly wind we sailed over to the little sandy bay by the lifeboat house. Hoedic is like Houat, only more remote, and we walked through the village down to the harbour on the south shore which must be quite impossible in a southerly gale. After a bathe and lunch we decided to sail for Le Croisic. The usual afternoon westerly wind had set in and with the big jib set we made Le Croisic soon after 7 in the evening. Epenetus has the standard rig but to improve her light weather performance we can hoist a big light roller jib from the masthead. Of course she is not properly stayed for a masthead jib but with the roller we can shorten sail so quickly that there is no real risk.

Just astern of us in Le Croisic was an ex Sapper officer cruising alone in a Cornish built $3\frac{1}{2}$ tonner. In a few minutes alongside he had told us all there was to know about Le Croisic and most of his personal tax problems as well. Acting on his directions we had a very good dinner ashore for 7 francs.

After provisioning the boat next day we beat round the Pt de Croisic and then had another perfect sail with a quartering wind to reach Bois de la Chaise on the East Coast of Ile de Noirmoutier at last light. We

anchored off the little pier though I imagine we could have picked up one of the line of empty moorings. This was an unpopular place with the crew, it was too sophisticated, it was impossible to obtain milk or for that matter water and at night we slammed in an open roadstead until the tide turned and conditions improved.

Next day was a scorcher, we beat out round the northern end of the island. The wind freshened and we reached out to Le Bavard which marks the outer end of the offshore rocks and from here we could set a course for Ile di Yeu. When we were out of sight of land we had a visit from a pigeon which settled on the after deck and stayed with us until we were only a few miles from Ile di Yeu. It seemed uninterested in food and when it left us it flew straight for the island.

We had hoped to have time to sail round the south side of the island and make the attractive rock bound Port de la Meule but it was getting late and we decided to put into Port Joinville as the wind seemed to be failing. Here we found great changes from Adlard Coles harbour plan. Just inside on the port side a section of the harbour wall has been breached to give access to a deepwater extension of the harbour and it is in this extension that most of the fishing boats now lie. Between the old and the new harbour a big fish store has been built and on the outside wall is a useful water tap and hose. Water is said to be difficult on the offshore islands but here it is both plentiful and "potable".

We lay in the old harbour alongside the wall and at neaps just managed to stay afloat at low water. We sailed from Port Joinville at 1230 on a south easterly course with a following wind. The wind freshened and with the spinnaker set she was going very fast on the tops of the waves and we were doing 6 miles on the log in each hour.

At 4.30 with the mainland shore in sight we decided it was blowing too hard to carry the spinnaker any longer so we handed it and set the genoa. The wind got stronger and we had no difficulty in continuing to do 6 knots. We picked up Baleines on D.F. at 125° and altered course to sail in on the Eastern side of Ile de Re. Off Pte du Lizay we took down the genoa and decided to make the Fiers D'Ars entrance. By this time it was nearly dark but there were two good leading lights which took us up the channel and we bore away into the entrance when we could just see the trees and the sand on our starboard bow. We anchored in the pool recommended by Adlard Coles south of the Pte du Fier.

We had heard about Fiers D'Ars as a place we should not miss and we found it lived up to expectations and we spent two nights here. We had a trip up to D'Ars on the tide and spent the rest of the time walking and bathing. There was a lot of small boat sailing going on on the land locked tidal estuary and the whole place was rather reminiscent of Chichester harbour. We were now well south of Brittany and the rocks had given place to sand and mud.

Midday on the second day we decided to cross over to the mainland and to sail up the Lay to L'Aigullion which the crew had visited when staying with a French family some years ago. If Fiers D'Ars is like Chichester Harbour the river Lay is more like the East Coast rivers which are Epenetus home waters. The difference is that the mud flats here are used for the cultivation of moulles. It was low water when we got into the river and after grounding twice we decided to stop for the night and sail up to L'Aigullion in the morning.

L'Aigullion was full of the boats used for cultivating moulles and after picking up a mooring just below the bridge we went into the village for provisions. Later that day we sailed out of the river and down to La Rochelle.

The entrance to La Rochelle harbour between the twin towers is well known but nevertheless is quite sensational. We had imagined that we should have to lock into the wet dock but once we had passed between the twin towers we realised that the inner harbour had been dredged since Adlard Coles wrote his sailing instructions and that one can now lie to a pontoon without the necessity of locking in.

After a day in La Rochelle we sailed for Ile D'Oleron where we went into Pte de Perrotine for lunch and returned to La Rochelle the same afternoon as we had to load the boat on the following day.

The Yacht Club has a small modern electric crane which might have been built for an Atalanta. For a very small fee the club just handed over the keys to us. We lifted the boat out with the mast up, put her on the trailer, dropped the mast and made her ready for the long trail home.

Round the Island Race

by A. W. Wallbank - 'Ploof' - A178

The Round the Island Race on 1st July was held in glorious summer weather but in winds so light that it became a problem in coaxing one's boat against adverse tides rather than the customary hectic close-quarter competition with other yachts. Choice of course was all-important and the race was won or lost by the Needles because the earlier one could squeeze round the Palm Buoy the less the period of foul tides for the remainder of the circuit. During the day, the wind, when perceptible, blew from the south-west but at times the only wind at all was that generated in the sails by the movement of the boat in the tides.

There was an excellent entry of 425 boats to which the Atalanta Division contributed 18. Our start was at 8.00 hours and, by the time the first divisions were clear of the line, "Ploof" found herself creeping slowly down the Solent in company with "Theodora", "Boom" and "Scarweather". A long, slow starboard tack brought us off Newtown but the wind - if any - drew more ahead and the tide began to change so that we were lucky to drift through the Hurst Narrows before the adverse tide gathered strength. As it was, we were virtually stationary for what seemed like hours in Totland Bay. Yachts were creeping slowly right inshore and making short tacks in such shallow water that every now and then shouts and expletives, unusual even for a yacht race, signified that someone had grounded on a shoal. Behind us the Hurst Narrows appeared choked with sails as the main body of the fleet met the stronger tides off the point. From this mass, a long line of yachts were making slow progress along the north channel in an effort to round the Shambles from the west. "Ploof" slowly worked her way into Alum Bay and short tacked almost within reach of the Needles rocks. At last we had to tack out into the full tide to reach Palm Buoy, and every slow yard made good became a great achievement.

Even when "Ploof" reached the buoy, she did so as an uncomfortable sandwich between a J. O. G. under her lee and a large catamaran which had cut in at the last moment. The cat. fouled the buoy horribly and, in the resulting confusion, "Ploof" fell away and had to fight back a second time before she could leave the buoy astern and relax on a broad reach towards St. Catherine's. Here we relaxed too much and enjoyed an enormous tea in the warm sunshine before we raised our spinnaker, but once it was set "Ploof" made progress and reached the lighthouse by 5.30 p. m. Here the tide began to run against us and the wind lessened and became so variable that at one moment we would be on the point of gybing and the next carrying the headsail more shy than any self-respecting spinnaker will support. On this run we temporarily overhauled "Boom" who was sailing under main and Genoa. Every time our spinnaker collapsed, the young crew of "Boom" cheered lustily, and by the time we reached Bembridge Ledge we were only fractionally ahead. On the reach to the Fort she passed us and easily beat us to take third place.

On this reach the wind disappeared altogether and, as darkness gathered, Bembridge looked most inviting. However, we held on through the Forts and slowly crept towards the mainland shore. The night was spent tacking slowly more backwards than than forwards across Spithead, but if one has to be benighted it could not have been under more pleasant conditions. The night was warm, the sky was clear, the sea placid and the shoreline a mass of coloured lights. Our crew consumed enormous quantities of various liquids and bars of chocolate. We chatted quietly in the cockpit in the warm darkness almost forgetting that we were racing. Buoys loomed up and disappeared in the darkness - usually the same buoys that we had passed hours before and as each new helmsman took the tiller he invariably claimed "Ploof" was more distant from Cowes than on his previous spell.

On one occasion the lights failed and, while we were trying to replace the fuses, a yacht with racing flag and under engine (not of course an Atalanta!) suddenly loomed out of the darkness. When she saw our torchlight on the sails, she cut the engine, went about and disappeared.

Quite soon the sky lightened in the north-east and we found ourselves alone east of the Brambles and, as the light strengthened, we saw all the other competitors creeping slowly along the Island shore. We tacked across to join them and went about for the last time to cross the finishing line in brilliant sunshine at 5.30 a. m.

"Theodora" and "Scarweather" had soundly beaten all of us, and Sir Arthur deserves not only our thanks for organising our division but our congratulations for winning it by such a large margin.

RESULTS

1.	A 46	"THEODORA"
2.	A164	"SCARWEATHER"
3.	A135	"BOOM"
4.	A178	"PLOOF"
5.	A 48	"ATALA"
6.	A 9	"EREINA"
7.	A122	"JELLCLE"
8.	A176	"PERSEPHONE"
9.	A179	"EMMA DUCK"
10.	A132	"FILLE D'HONNEUR"
11.	A169	"KERRY PIPER"
12.	A160	"MOYRA"
	(A147	"CHAMOIS"
	(A120	"JEVI II"
Retired	(A 11	"TOMBOY OF TERHOU"
	(A101	"AMIDA"
	(A 54	"EALA"
Scratched	A174	"CORDYL"

No.	Boat	Owners	Telephone No.	No.	Boat	Owner	Telephone No.
A 1	"Atalanta"			A 48	"Atala"		
* A 2	"Tellulah"			A 49	"Terrapina"		
A 3	"Andana"			A 50	"Astarte II"		
* A 4	"Snuffbox"			A 51	"Bacardi"		
A 5	"Diaphony"			A 52	"Rambler"		
* T/A6	"Kittiwake"			A 54	"Eala"		
A 7	"Alouette De Mer"			A 55	"Sue"		
* A 8	"Arabesque"			A 56	"Yambo II"		
A 9	"Ereina"			A 57	"Bluebird"		
* A 10				A 58	"Winterset"		
A 11	"Tomboy of Terhou"			A 59	"Julietta"		
A 12	"Ione"			A 60	"Achates"		
A 13	"Ariel"			A 61	"Elissa"		
* A 14	"Minuet"			A 62	"Coco"		
A 15	"Artemis II"			A 64	"Paradox"		
* A 16	"Dervorguilla"			A 65	"Joann"		
A 17	"Gambol"			A 66	"Roamara"		
A 18	"Aries"			A 67	"Bajan"		
A 19	"Valare"			A 68	"Curlew"		
A 20	"Acantha"			A 69	"Laqlaq"		
A 21	"Chuff"			A 70	"Catalina"		
A 22	"Mary Jane of Moreton"			A 71	"Blue Jackaroo"		
A 23	"Gypsy"			A 72			
* A 24	"Melanion"			A 73	"Lyde"		
A25	"Pindar"			A 74	"Equanil"		
* A 26				A 75	"Shang"		
A 27	"Sabot"			A 76	"Inshallah"		
* A 28				A 77	"Stormy"		
A 29	"Yen Tina"			A 78	"Marianda"		
A 30	"Trio"			A 80	"Talanta"		
* A 31				A 81	"Atalanta"		
A 32	"Alchemy"			A 82	"Koomela"		
* A 33	"Pam"			A 83	"Branca"		
* A 34	"Siren"			A 84	"Desiree"		
A 35	"Christian Mary"			A 85	"Scylla"		
* A 36	"Aquila"			A 86	"Vendaval"		
* A 37	"Kotick"			A 87	"Harmony"		
* A 38	"The Beaver"			A 88	"Tenga"		
A 39	"Epeneta II"			A 89	"Colchide"		
* A 40	"Dalriada"			A 90	"Mourne Goblin"		
* A 41	"Gale"			A 91	"Yarina"		
* A 42	"Pamula"			A 92	"Seamajor"		
A 43	"Ponente"			A 93			
A 44	"Vaga"			A 95	"Hiran"		
A 45	"Marcel"			A 97	"Seven up"		
A 46	"Theodora"			A 98	"Beki"		
* A 47	"Big Daddy"			A 99	"Toco"		
				A 100	"Jolanta"		
				A 101	"Amida"		

No.	Boat	Owner	Telephone No.	No.	Boat	Owner	Telephone No.
A102	"Mary"			A151	"Mistura"		
A103	"Tambalu"			A153	"Serenity"		
A104	"Arosa"						
A105	"Taka Maru"			A154	"Deeanie"		
A107	"Kapa"			A155	"Miranda"		
A108	"Solvendo"			A156	"Xirt"		
A109	"Beltine"			A157	"Quatorze"		
A110	"Turnstone"			A158	"Jane Duck"		
A113	"Aku"			A159	"Lindora"		
A114	"Waterwitch"			A160	"Moyra"		
A115	"Sabrina of Croyde"			A161	"Pegasus of Trundles"		
A116				A162	"Pigro"		
A117	"Turtle"			A163	"Soonion"		
A118	"Cresta"			A164	"Scarweather"		
A119	"Tonga"			A165	"Maviata"		
A120	"Jevi II"			A166	"Hullabaloo"		
A121	"4 Brothers"			A167			
A122	"Jellicle"			A168	"Kookaburra"		
A123	"Cocktail"			A169	"Kerry Piper"		
A124	"Helen's Folly"			A170			
A125	"Polaris II"			A171	"Dinah"		
A126	"Apple"			A172			
A127	"Hansa"			A173	"Peace"		
A128	"Topper"			A174	"Cordyl"		
A129	"Sea Rogue II"			A175	"Inyoniva manzi"		
A130	"Castanet"			A176	"Persephone"		
A131	"Strega"			A177	"Emira"		
A132	"Fille d'Honneur"			A178	"Ploof"		
A133	"Ann Grey"			A179	"Emma Duck"		
A134				A180	"Evadne II"		
A135	"Boom"			A183	"Bluster"		
A136	"AMSARA"						
A137	"Babyseal"			Atalanta 31 Owners			
A138	"Sweet Sue"			A/31 1	"Sancerre"		
A139	"Marrie-Martin"			A/31 2	"Elissa II"		
A140	"Treenaur 3"				(1944)		
A141	"Rakia"			A/31 3	"Valonek"		
A142	"Taormina"			A/31 4	"Tadpole III"		
A143	"Clymene"			A/31 5	"Elpenor II"		
A144	"Cyn"			A/31 6	"Caper A"		
A146	"Sherpa"			A/31 7	"Twinkie"		
A147	"Chamois"				(1987)		
A148	"Caprice"			A/31 8	"Trio"		
A149	"La Toquade II"			A/31 9	"Zambra"		
A150	"Salizanda II"			A/31	"Kinky"		
				A/31	"Petesark"		
				<u>Associate Members</u>			

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

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