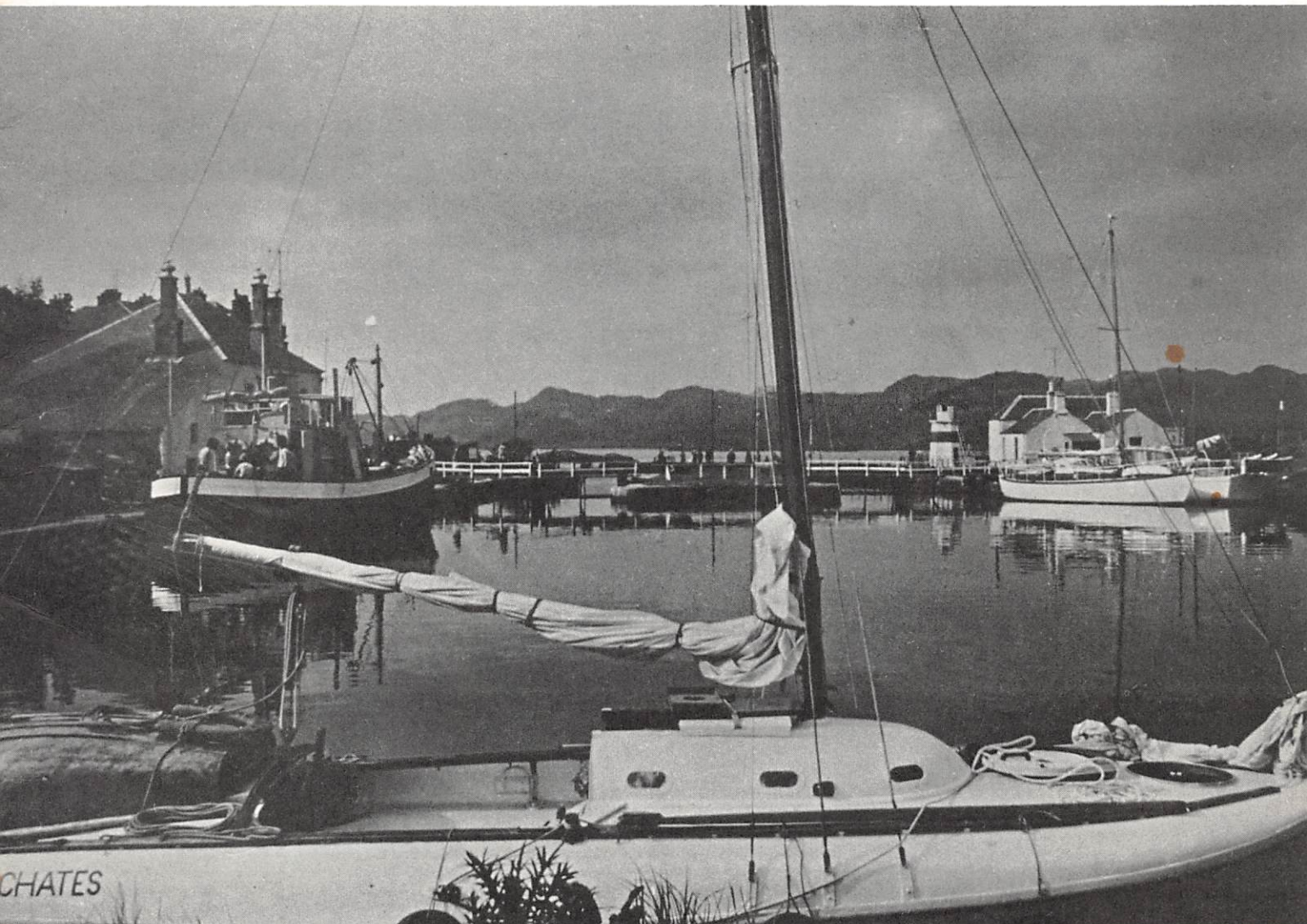


Atalanta

OWNERS ASSOCIATION BULLETIN 1970-71



CRINAN, Argyllshire

photo: I.C. Humphreys — *Achates* — A60

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From Alan Vines, President of the Atalanta Owners Association:

After a real summer of good sailing, I hope everyone will attend the Dinner at St. Ermin's. Please bring your slides as we all enjoy them, even a few are well worth showing.

Good sailing for 1971, and thanks to Cyril Staal for producing the Bulletin and to the Secretary for keeping the Association alive and healthy.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Alan Vines".

*Atalanta Owners Association
Honorary Secretary:*

A.W. Wallbank,
Oakdene,
Fiery Hill Road,
Barnt Green,
Worcestershire.

“The Happiest Boats....”

Frances Martin – *Sea Major* – A 92

“The Happiest Boats have no history” (to misquote George Eliot) – but this does make for dull reading! A well-planned, successful expedition goes so smoothly that the reader finds the account very boring. Not that we have had any expeditions anyway, just our usual family pottering around the coast of Anglesey, looking for the yatchman’s mirage – the *perfect* anchorage.

Traeth Bycham (near Moelfre on the east coast), which we visited for the first time by sea, although interesting, was anything but calm. An easterly swell was running straight into the bay which made our one night stay an uncomfortable one. The following morning the children went with their father to explore the shore while I tidied up after breakfast. I watched them row to the shore and then went below to wash up. When I reappeared, I found to my horror that I was blanketed in mist, which was so dense that it was impossible to see the shore. I could just discern the dim outline of the boat lying between us and the shore, some few yards away. I was beginning to wonder how the others would get back when my neighbour brought out his clarinet and proceeded to render some cheerful airs. Knowing the penetrating tone of the instrument, I relaxed and sure enough I soon heard the sound of voices. They had merely followed the sound of the clarinet to the other boat and then they were able to see *Sea Major*. Our next problem was that of getting home. Should we follow a compass bearing to Puffin Island, the most easterly point of Anglesey, or try to follow the coast? I didn’t like the idea of the latter alternative, as the breeze, slight as it was, was easterly and the sound of the swell pounding at the foot of the cliffs was quite frightening under these eerie mist-shrouded conditions. A lee-shore with cliffs did not attract me. The alternative was not very inviting either – Puffin Island is a comparatively small island, suppose we missed it, where would we end up? Our imaginations ran riot, but fortunately the mist lifted as quickly as it had come, so no epic account follows! Instead, after lunch, we sailed home with a freshening easterly, taking only an hour to cover the six nautical miles from Puffin Island to our mooring. We enjoyed this part of our journey particularly, as we encountered a race progressing in the same direction. Even towing the dinghy we managed to keep up well, with our big spinnaker pulling hard.

On another occasion we covered the same ground in the same time, but with a force 4/5 westerly forcing us to make 24 tacks in the trip.

The event of the year on the Straits is the race through from Beaumaris to Caernarfon during the Straits Regatta. We started from Bangor and slipped in between two classes so that we were able to photograph a number of different boats especially in the Swillies, the area between the road bridge and the (now famous) railway bridge, where the wind is always flukey. The leading dinghies of the following class gradually caught us up, so there were more photographic opportunities. At Caernarfon we carried on, while those racing went into Caernarfon itself. We continued our sail to Abermanai, the almost perfect anchorage. We anchored fairly close in, but in a deep channel which shelved quickly to the shore. The wind died away after we had our tea, so we all decided to have a swim. It was unbelievably warm and we took it in turns to dive from the boat and swim to the shore in pairs, while the others took cine films of us. It was the first time that Sheila (11) and Kenneth (9) had dived from the boat and I had never thought of doing so from the pulpit until my husband did, when I followed suit. Michael (7) swam with much more

confidence than usual, so we all felt pleased, except Alan (5) who refused to join us because of the enormous jellyfish (one was at least two feet in diameter) we had seen on our way down the Straits. Fortunately we did not encounter any when we were in the water. It was so warm that when we eventually grew tired of swimming and diving, we wandered along the shore and amongst the dunes for about an hour, listening to the curlews and oystercatchers, without feeling at all chilled. It couldn’t have been more pleasant anywhere. There was one other sailing boat there – and a speed boat got stranded by the tide and had to wait until after dark to refloat, but these did not spoil the feeling of spaciousness, peace and quiet which surrounded us. The fact that the headland is two miles from the nearest road and the anchorage safe in all winds makes it a delightful spot, the one our children prefer to all others.

We tacked back the following morning under genoa, but by the time we reached the Swillies we were making little headway, so we cheated and motored through. It is much easier to tack through when going west, as there is plenty of water; lying east there is much less because the tide turns to the west in the Swillies two and a half hours before high water – a curious phenomenon. About two miles from the mooring the wind suddenly increased to about force 5 for an hour or two, so with the wind and tide in opposition and still carrying the genoa, we had a wet but exhilarating sail home. We blessed the day when we had outfitted the entire family with oilskins, for although we were drenched, no one was wet, cold, or miserable.

Thus, our floating weekend cottage continues to give us a great deal of fun, with many quiet breaks “far from the madding crowd”, and Mum and Dad can enjoy an interesting sail en route, instead of being caught up in the snarl of traffic on our busy coastal roads.



On Zambra to Brittany

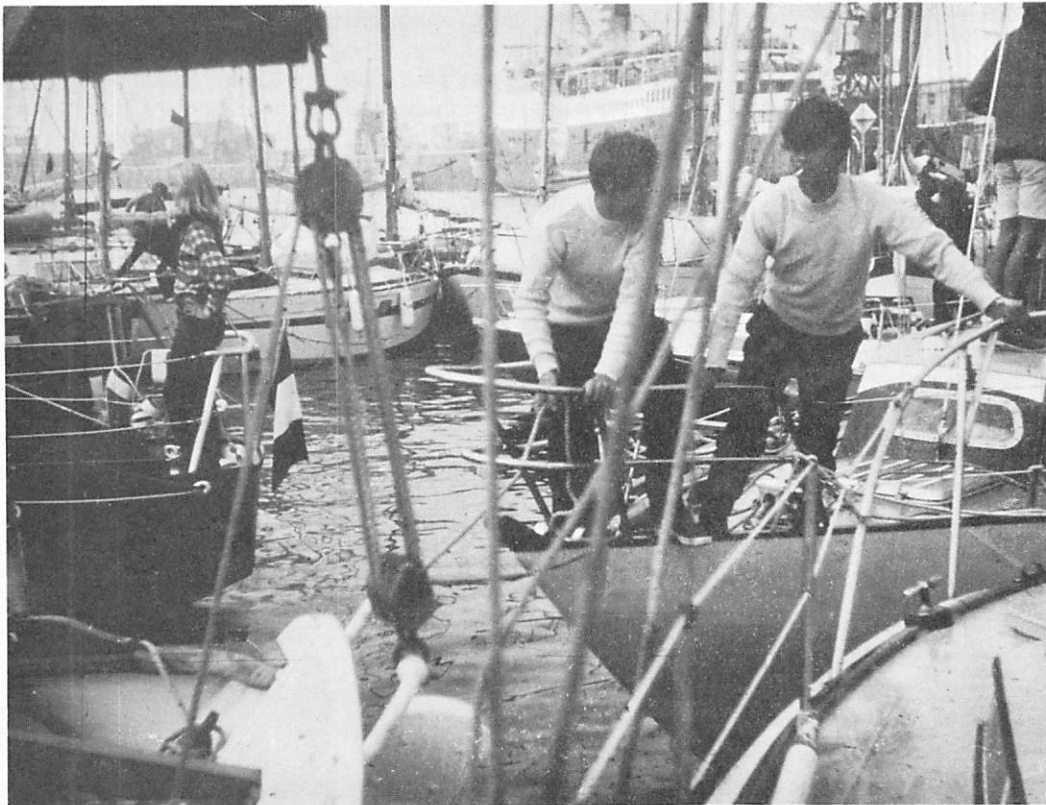
Anthony Fraiss – *Zambra* – A31/10.

Skipper – Anthony Fraiss. First Mate – Barbara Fraiss.
Crew – Ian Fraiss & Christopher Tatton-Brown.

This year we had planned a holiday in company with three other boats, one of which didn't make the rendezvous and trailed us until the last five days always one port behind, one of the boats belonging to friends of ours who have only recently joined the fraternity, David and Iris Freeman, now the proud possessors of a 37 ft. motor cruiser, a combination of luxury and pace but lacking only one thing – experience. We therefore decided that he should have a skipper to the new Marina at Guernsey and then follow us for the rest of the holiday picking up his skipper at Guernsey for the home trip. This worked out pretty well and was epitomised by the entry in my visitors' book over David Freeman's signature, which I quote, "You are so beautiful I couldn't bear to let you out of my sight". I would like to mention in this article some details about the new Marina north of St. Samsons, Guernsey.

will repeatedly happen in rough weather, and the leading marks are fine in certain conditions but in the evening you are heading straight into the westering sunset and you cannot see a thing. Under these conditions it is almost impossible to find the narrow channel in. You can however approach with complete safety from the north of the island heading for Fort Doyie, leaving a visible shoal of rocks one cable to port. You can then hug the coast within a cable or less right down to the entrance, and turn sharply to starboard. When you can see the Club House, however, give good clearance to the green buoy leaving it well to starboard once inside, and remember that there is no water, or no safe water, until two hours after low at the entrance. I would however advise yachtsmen for the first time to enter by main channel in favourable conditions and leave by the north passage in order to familiarise themselves with this manoeuvre.

So far as berthing arrangements are concerned, at the moment it is very complicated. You have to pick up a lazy line as you stern on to the pontoons, grab two lines on to the pontoon when you get in and at the same time make sure you don't get a host of other pieces round your prop. This is because the marina is



St. Helier Harbour,
Jersey.

Without a doubt this Marina provides a shelter free from worry in calm surroundings and probably, by now, a very complete service. When we arrived the restaurant wasn't open, but the bar was. The chandlery wasn't opened, but the shop fitters were! The toilets were just opened and were very good. The marine services were first class and reliable and reasonable, and fuel and water etc. were available. There were two points however that yachtsmen will want to know about: the first is the approach and the second is the berthing arrangements. Don't be fooled by their glossy brochure describing the buoyage system and the leading marks etc. The buoys had all been washed away when we arrived and I think this

so deep that the pontoons and buoys etc. tie to cross wires which stretch across the rocks, and this means a lot of gubbins under the water. With sensible care there is no real problem, and once in the harbour there is real comfort and none of the St. Peter Port worries. Marine staff are always on hand to help yachts berthing.

From Guernsey we paid a brief visit to St. Helier and then went on to Lezardrieux. A very pleasant trip up the river and a very comfortable lie. Fortunately there are plenty of mooring buoys to pick up, because the current is very strong. Ashore we found good food and pleasant walks.

The next episode which is worth reporting happened when we were anchored off the Ile de Brehat. We went ashore on our first day here and were most impressed with the island. I should mention that up to now we had been enjoying beautiful weather and a severe lack of wind. We found a most attractive restaurant and decided that the next night we would eat ashore there, and so we booked a table. After spending one night at the anchorage, the next morning the other two skippers and myself had a conference and decided that we would go our own ways in the afternoon and meet at the restaurant in the evening. At noon Derek Richfield *Samarai* started waving his semaphore arms, and I read his message as follows: "Look at the glass". I noticed that mine was empty and in any case I wasn't feeling thirsty, so I thought he must be referring to the barometer and by Jove he was; it had dropped 10 points in the morning and there was still a beautiful blue sky with just a few wispy clouds. We had a hasty conference and decided that something must be on the way, we changed our plans and decided to go to Paimpol for shelter. By the tides we knew that we would be able to enter the harbour at 6.00 p.m.: This was one of the wisest decisions in my yachting career. Readers will remember last season how the Channel was swept with gales some reaching force 10 and life boats out at every station and all hell let loose around the Channel.

There we were snugly in Paimpol, still sunny and still no rain, listening to all the happenings outside. I doubt whether we could have held our anchorage off the Island. Three most enjoyable days were spent in Paimpol after which we returned to Guernsey, this being the only rough trip of the holiday but still no rain until we reached Guernsey. Here we had dull weather for two days and then another windless trip home. For the record it is worth mentioning that we left Guernsey at 9. 40 a.m. and picked up a buoy at Fairey Marine at 5 minutes past midnight. We had a motor-sail as far as the Caskets with a rapidly declining wind, and then it went north down to about two gusting one and there was nothing for it but to start up the Perkins and motor home. The only difficulty we were faced with was in the last stretch trying to find the unlit marine buoys and keep them off my prop. However with my searchlight up forward and an arrangement of torch signals from my crew we eased our way on to the buoy, had a cup of cocoa and turned in.

To sum up, three weeks of very pleasant and sociable yachting in good weather, but regrettably not enough real sailing. At least we had good visibility, calm seas and a very happy holiday.



Achates takes the Road to the Isles

I.C. Humphreys. — *Achates* — A60.

For us it was the M1 and we left Esher at 0730 on the Friday before the Spring holiday, Joan and myself, that is. Crossing the Pennines, later that day, gave a few moments of anxiety as the new engine in our old Westminster was scarcely run in. We found ourselves a parking spot on Bowes Common, within sight of Hadrian's Wall, with some 270 miles behind us.

In the morning we were off by seven and through Carlisle before the shops were open. We had a picnic lunch in Ayr and went to look for a slipway. We found that this belonged to the Ayr Sailing Club, and the Yard Convenor is the member to write to. Our turn was number four to launch and we were rigged and ready to go by the time the rest of the crew arrived, Mary Gay and Tony Winterfeld.

The members of the Sailing Club were most kind and even allowed us to park the trailer and two cars within their compound, which is kept locked. They also lent us a mooring which we occupied for two nights as the forecast next day was fog. So we had a drive round Ayrshire.

Monday we motored in *Achates* out of Ayr at 1015 bound for Loch Tarbert. By 1140 the breeze had freshened and gone ahead so we started the engine and for the rest of the passage used engine and main, and it was cold and wet. The blondes of the crew thought little of this and went to bed and there they remained until we motored into East Loch Tarbert at 1945, with 32.2 miles logged.

A charming spot even in the rain. Wild flowers were already in profusion, foremost amongst them being bluebells and primroses. Having to fuel anyway we went ashore and walked to West Loch Tarbert, two miles away, the two Lochs between them almost cutting the Peninsula of Kintyre in half.

To digress for a moment. Fourteen years ago when we registered *Achates* we were told that there was a fishing boat of that name registered in Tarbert, but that as they hadn't heard of her for seven years they thought she had probably sunk and let us have it. So here we were at the jetty taking on 11 gallons of diesel oil when in comes the original *Achates* with a cargo of scampi.

Next day, May 27th, we had a forecast W.N.W. 4 – 6. Actually it was calm and foggy. We motored to Ardrishaig and locked into the Crinan Canal, which rises 65 feet in all and contains sixteen locks. We had borrowed a 1947 Clyde Cruising Association guide which told us where to hire horses. I don't know whether horse-drawn boats still have right of way, but fortunately we didn't meet any. In fact, thus early in the season we only encountered three other boats on passage through the canal. We reached Crinan at 1700 after a mixed day's weather but a most interesting time. The evening was fine so we were able to take our usual constitutional. In the basin at Crinan there was a boat that had been salvaging old telephone cables. They were so noisy during the night that next day the lock-keeper turned them out. I expect it is quite peaceful, normally.

Leaving Crinan you don't have to go through the Dorus Mhor, which is just a passage between two islands, but with a name like that who could resist it? Keeping at least five miles from the dreaded Corryvreckan we motor-sailed northwards up the sound of Luing, past Jura and Scarba rising majestically out of the sea and Luing on the other hand, rather flatter, against a light cold wind. In these waters large-scale charts are a must.

Then out into the open sea, clear to America, with the high gaunt shape of Mull eight miles away through the slight mist. We closed the island and sailed along its south Eastern shore, past the entrance to Loch Spelve under sail and took the end of the fair tide to the entrance to the Sound of Mull where

lies Duart Bay. This was noon, so we anchored beneath the castle for lunch and to await the tide. Having eaten I studied the tidal information, and it seemed that if we went at once we would never have more than a knot against us. There was a fair wind, so we fetched the anchor and pressed on under full sail, reaching Tobermory at 1830 and anchored near the town in three fathoms. This left time for a quick walk for us and beer for the crew.

In the morning we got milk and cleared the harbour at 1020 to be by Ardnamurchan point when the north-going tide got under way, making it by 1145, for once down hill, with the genoa boomed out. We now needed fresh food and had chosen Arisaig which Tony, an expert on railways, assured us was a thriving town. A fix at 1230 gave us 8½ miles to go.



Yacht Club and fuel jetty, Oban.

We crossed Ailort Bay, but even with a bearing on Eigg seven miles distant we were unable to recognise the entrance to Arisaig harbour. By now it was raining heavily and there was low cloud hiding the outline of the mountains. In the end we motored up Loch Ailort, right to the head, hoping to find shops, but there is nothing there except a hush-hush experimental fish farm where we found the occupants as communicative as Trappist monks. We anchored in sand and mud at 1645 and at least were able to get water from the burn. Thanks to the mud, I also had to wash my socks and seaboots at the burn. In the meantime, the wind was howling down the mountainsides and raising little water spouts all over the Loch.

By now we really had to shop, so next morning we despatched the Mate to Arisaig, nominally by train. However, owing to a slight misunderstanding, the train had gone, so she got a lift on a lorry. It took us an hour to get ship-shape and we motored out cautiously, with six feet less water than we had had when we had come in. The sea was moderate and the visibility poor, but we kept one hand on the land and felt our way into Arisaig Harbour some four hours later. Half in, we encountered an Atalanta coming out. At 1645 we ran nearly ashore to pick up the Mate, who had had a rather confusing time with reports of Atalantas going in all directions. Here we were joined by the Atalanta *Beltane* and Johnny and Barbara Sterling escorted us a mile across the harbour to an unoccupied mooring. In fact we were the only two boats in the harbour and we had a pleasant evening with the Sterlings aboard their boat, out of the rain.

Next day was thundery, but we walked to the hotel and had baths, and Mr. and Mrs. Grant, who own the hotel, invited us back to their very comfortable caravan for the evening. Both the Sterlings and the Grants told us hair-raising tales of what it is like in the winter. As evidence

of this our chart, bought a month before, showed five beacons, where there are now only three. There were once twenty three, we were told, so most of the rocks are now unmarked. In fact in Scottish waters you shouldn't trust chart details or compass readings, which makes navigation a bit hairy at times.

On the 1st of June we were clear of the land by 1100 and were soon goosewinged, and thus we passed Mallaig and on up the Sound of Sleat with the fascinating island of Skye close to port. There was snow on the tops of the mountains in places rising sheer out of the sea. The forecast was 5 – 7 but by now we had lost faith in the B.B.C. At 1500 we rounded up into Oronsay Harbour, a quite enchanting anchorage without another boat in sight. We had wanted to go to Harris but had lost too much time, so we got onto the telephone and hired a car for the following day and in this we did a frantic tour of Skye. It deserved better of us. There are one or two good sections of road on the island, but mostly they are single track with passing spaces marked with posts every quarter mile about. It abounds with delightful anchorages we would have loved to have had time to visit in the boat. Our day touring we had cloudy sun, and wasted a lot of time waiting for bright patches in which to take photographs.

So to the 3rd June. Forecast 5 – 7, perhaps 8 later. At 1000 we were bound southwards down the Sound of Sleat with a Southerly breeze, 2 – 3. We motored at half throttle until we cleared the point of Sleat at 1345, when we were able to lay Rhum, under main and genoa. The wind died away at 1400 just long enough for us to start the engine. So we put it off again. The entrance to Loch Scresort isn't too obvious from the North East and here we found the compass in error as much as thirty degrees, so we had to make do with transits and intelligent guesses! Fortunately there is a large ornate red-brick mansion at the head of the bay, so at least you know where you are there. We anchored at 1515.

Ashore there was no mist and the sun was warm. Rhum has been a nature reserve for some years now and the Nature Conservancy Board are slowly restoring the island's ecology, worked out by primitive cropping and the ravages of red deer. A delightful stream runs out into the Bay and, surprisingly, provides electric power. The red deer are now penned and the new plantations of trees fenced from them. The house is full of curiosities from the East, we gathered, but if you want to go over it you have to start at Edinburgh. This was not for us, but by the jetty was a box with give-away instruction sheets telling visitors where they may go and what to look for.

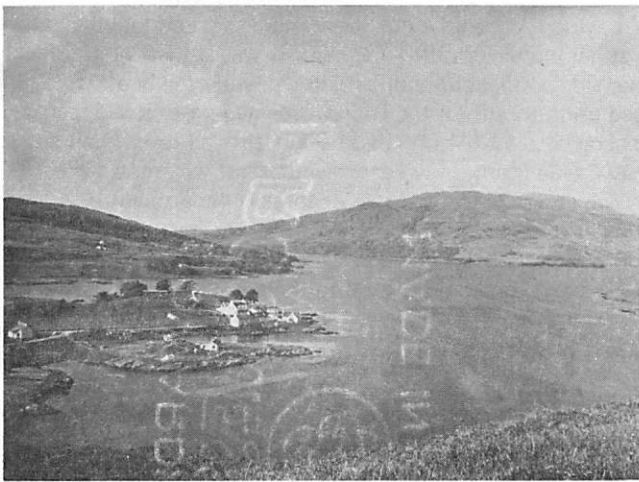
The 4th started with a blue sky, wind S.E. 1 – 2. We passed between Rhum and Eigg and closed Muck, which was heavily shrouded in mist. The compass was playing up still so we plotted our course with care, uneasy about what the weather might do. The sun persisted, but so did the mist over the sea and the wind was on the nose most of the day, even after rounding Ardnamurchan at 1210. By 1545 we were once more in Tobermory Bay, with over 20 miles logged.

During the evening, the wind went round completely, leaving the town exposed, so we moved to the south end of the bay and spent half an hour trying to find bottom in less than twenty fathoms. Eventually we anchored in seven fathoms near the jetty, a stone's throw from the shore. We had a peaceful night in a charming spot. The young people walked back to Tobermory for a drink and we took the dingy to Calve island that shelters the Bay. There is a back-entrance and we were wondering about this when a large fishing boat came through at about eight knots, so we decided that it should be safe for us. The passage is called the Doirlinn and at eight thirty next morning we tried it for ourselves. At 1347 we sailed peacefully between the two beacons into Oban. These beacons are wrongly coloured, considering that we were going in, not out. We shopped a bit and then moved over to Kerrera Island for a walk and to sleep out of the traffic.

In the morning we bathed, fuelled and changed crews. The fuel jetty is the railway siding, so Mary Gay and Tony had to step onto the train after Dr. R. Bird, a friend of many passages, stepped off. With 8 more gallons of fuel we moved away from the jetty to make way for the next customer, a frigate wanting 13,000.

The first hotel I tried for a bath said no-one in Oban gave baths to non-residents. The hotel next door not only gave both of us baths but refused to charge. We have memories of great kindness and wonderful scenery wherever we went.

With some hours of the northern daylight left, we sailed down the sound of Kerrera and crossed over to Mull and into Loch Spelve where we anchored at the north end in five fathoms. It is completely landlocked. I wanted to photograph seals that were bobbing about in the water, so took the dinghy, powered by Dicky. Seals are inquisitive as well as a bit timid and we discovered that making strange noises attracted them; it was as well that the anchorage was deserted. After supper we went for a walk and saw more red deer, wild this time, and a fresh water loch.



Oronsay, Isle of Skye: the white spot in the centre is *Achates* at anchor.

We had a long day on the seventh. Leaving Spelve at 0900 we motored over a glassy sea and made good time so that when we were abeam of the South Luing cone buoy it seemed a pity not to step ashore on Jura. The chart offered us Kinachdrach Harbour which proved to be a tiny indent with a concrete jetty shorter than *Achates*. Bog irises were coming into bloom nearby. We tied up at 1245 and after lunch climbed the six hundred feet over the island and had a look at Corryvreckan. It was like a mill-pond! But we were rewarded for our efforts by getting close to a small herd of deer.

We put to sea at 1745, with a strong North-going tide. We were bound due East, the tide was stronger than I thought and we bounced our plates for a moment on the South end of one of the islands. Apart from that the passage was uneventful and we anchored in a little spot in Loch Graignish sheltered by Eileen nan Gabbar and Eileen Righ. Delightfully peaceful, though we felt rather crowded when another yacht anchored a hundred yards away.

On the 8th, another gloriously sunny day, we returned through the canal and back to Tarbert. By now the Clyde yachts were waking from their hibernation and we passed a number going north, through the canal.

At nine thirty next morning we left harbour and entered the West Kyle at 1147. Tighnabruaich seemed to be the place to shop, but ashore it was dreadfully hot in the afternoon. We sailed on up to Loch Riondon and eventually anchored inshore of Eileen Dearn, one tree island. This is a nesting place for gulls, terns and oyster catchers in real

congestion. At the meeting place of the West Kyle and Loch Riondon there is a tiny rocky island covered with rhododendrons of all shades. Exploring this we came across an egg four inches from end to end we thought must belong to a greater black backed gull, some of which we had seen. We were disappointed in the Burnt Isles and I think we should have done the Kyles of Bute before the Western Isles, for by now we were spoiled for lesser things. In the afternoon we had a siesta as it was too hot for anything else. We slipped back down the Kyle at 1700 and for 1¾ hours it was quite calm; then little squalls appeared under a darkening sky and we had a real thunder storm before getting into the shelter of St. Ninian's Bay in Inchmarnock sound. At ten that evening a friendly Scot brought us some salmon and stayed reminiscing until midnight.

We motored through warm mist to Lamlash on Arran and had a rough night tied to one of the big mooring buoys. Next day we had a bus ride to see something of Arran. It was supposed to be a conducted tour, but was inadequately marked up and we got on the wrong bus! In the evening we climbed to the top of Holy Island and spent the night anchored close in shore, which was a great improvement.

That left a short sail back to Ayr, where we arrived at 1400 and were pulled out by 2030. We saw our guest depart to the railway station and at 2200 we went to bed, in the car park, ready for an early start. By the time we got home we had covered 840 miles by road and 400 by sea. A leisurely cruise with time for a walk nearly every day and our best cruise ever.



Portree, Isle of Skye.

It had cost £18 in petrol, 30/- in diesel oil, £15 worth of charts and 10 gns. for the canal. I used £10 worth of film. The CCA sailing directions are out of print, so they have to be borrowed, pending a re-issue.

We had a rather cold five days, followed by two weeks of glorious weather, so perhaps we were lucky, but by going early the bracken was at a manageable height and walking must be harder later in the summer.

This was our farewell cruise in *Achates* as we are starting a third generation and after 14 wonderful years she just isn't big enough.



Island Sailing Club Round-the-Island Race 1970

27 June 1970

A.W. Wallbank — *Ploof* — A178

The sky was overcast and visibility poor for the start of the Round the Island Race on Saturday, 27 June, but conditions were very much better than had seemed likely from the forecasts of the previous two days. With a light north-easterly breeze and a strong west-going tide, it was difficult to judge the start correctly, particularly when manoeuvring amongst the press of boats already collecting for the start of the main fleet.

In *Ploof* we chose the West Bramble end of the line in the hope of a clearer wind and crossed about a minute late with most of the Atalanta fleet sailing nearer to the Island shore. Under spinnaker, *Ploof* sailed sedately in the light breeze until off the West Lepe where the wind failed completely and she lost all steerage way. It was exasperating to see the boats to the south of us with their spinnakers still full, but eventually they too were becalmed.

However, it was not long before a breeze came in from the south-west and there was frantic activity on every boat as spinnakers were handed and replaced by genoas. There followed a pleasant beat against a variable wind with hundreds of boats crossing tacks through the Hurst Narrows and up the Channel to the Needles. Here we held on to the starboard tack and let the tide sweep us up to and around Palm buoy where an enormous mass of yachts of all sizes were blanketing one another and being carried to the westward by the last of the ebb tide.

Slowly we luffed up through this tight mass of boats until, with a clearer wind, we could rehoist the spinnaker and set course for St. Catherine's. Progress at first was slow. In fact it was quite a time before Palm buoy came abeam once more but, with Mary at the tiller and my New Zealand friend, Bert Christensen, on the spinnaker sheets, we made better and better progress until the cliffs by the lighthouse appeared out of the mist. There was the usual popple of water off St. Catherine's causing all the yachts to dance but, with the wind strengthening and drawing more astern, *Ploof* now really came to life.

As we neared Bembridge Ledge, sailing became quite hectic. The spinnaker was like a drum, its sheets like violin strings, while *Ploof* throbbed and vibrated on every wave front like a planing dinghy. Ahead of us boats were rolling and in one case broaching in an alarming fashion, while one large sloop was carrying a torn spinnaker like an enormous burgee from its masthead.

Eventually we had to gybe, which we achieved quite safely except that a triangular tear appeared high in the spinnaker. Bembridge Ledge buoy came towards us at great speed and, with some trepidation, we handed the spinnaker, hoisted the genoa and came on to a close reach for the Forts to find ourselves well to the front of the Atalanta fleet.

Here, as last year, things began to go wrong. With an adverse tide, a wind hard on the port bow and a short choppy sea, *Ploof* was at her worst (or rather her skipper was at his worst). She lay on her side and laboured up and down while the boats we had passed on the south of the Island streamed past us. We reefed, we changed to a No 1 jib - and back again - all to no avail but slowly Castle Point drew nearer, and at last we crossed the finishing line close behind two or three other Atalantas. Having dropped sails, our engine would not start and we had to tie up to a buoy off the Island Sailing Club until I could change the plugs and thread our way into the crowded trots.

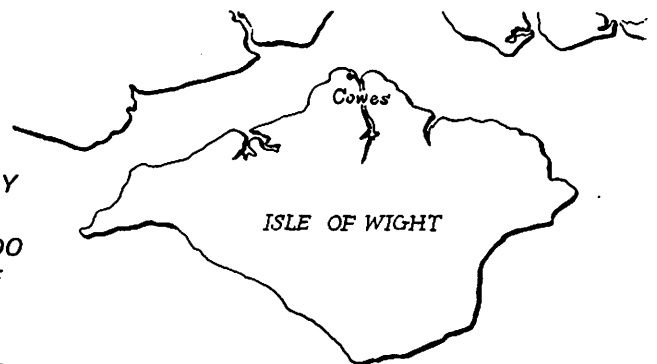
Although there was not the usual Round the Island Race sunshine, it was a most interesting and at times exciting race. Dr. Thursfield once more demonstrated his mastery of the art of sailing an Atalanta by finishing a clear half hour ahead of the second boat *Theodora* - but the next seventeen Atalantas finished within a further thirty minutes. As for me, under family pressure, I have promised that next year I will go below at Bembridge Ledge and leave the rest of the race to my crew!

On behalf of the Association I must thank Dick Hornidge for organising the Atalanta Division and our thanks are due also to the Island Sailing Club for yet another superb day of sailing.

ROUND THE ISLAND RACE 1970

RESULTS

1	A180	<i>STROLLER</i>	12	A133	<i>ANN GREY</i>
2	A46	<i>THEODORA</i>	13	A95	<i>HIRAN</i>
3	A5	<i>DIAPHONY</i>	14	A108	<i>SOLVENDO</i>
4	A138	<i>SWEET SUE</i>	15	A122	<i>JELLCLE</i>
5	A178	<i>PLOOF</i>	16	A161	<i>PEGASUS</i>
6	A181	<i>CIRDAN</i>	17	A48	<i>ATALA</i>
7	A169	<i>KERRY PIPER</i>	18	A147	<i>CHAMOIR</i>
8	A146	<i>SHERPA</i>	19	A124	<i>HELEN'S FOLLY</i>
9	A174	<i>CORDYL</i>		A179	<i>EMMA DUCK</i> (Retired)
10	A11	<i>TOMBOY</i>		A157	<i>QUATORZE</i> (Retired)
11	A132	<i>FILLE D'HONNEUR</i>		A120	<i>JEVI II</i> (No time received)



There were 22 starters.

Biscay and back via the Brittany Canals

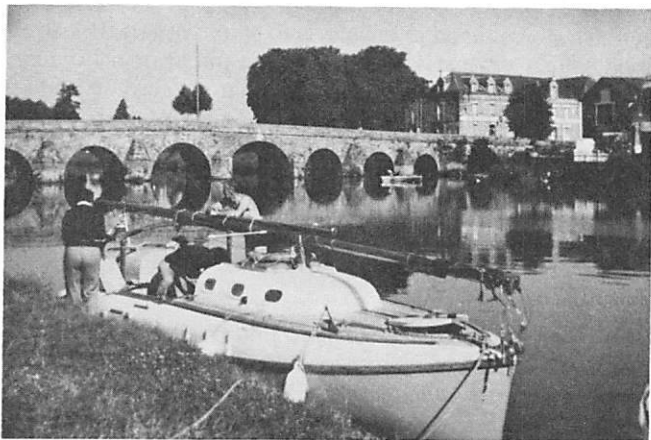
J.A. Davison — *Solvendo* — A.108

We arrived at St. Malo on a wet, dark, windy night in July having crossed the Channel via Alderney and Jersey, passing through the Minquiers.

Entry to the Yacht Basin is gained by passing through a lock. We were outside ten minutes before it was due to close and sounded the fog-horn several times to no avail. Ten minutes later the lights in the lock offices went out so we picked up a vacant mooring in the anchorage outside.

Next morning we were ready to be under way as soon as the lock was due to open. Seeing a green 'Arpege' heading for the gates we were about to slip our mooring when whistles started blowing. French voices started shouting and vigorous gesticulations went on causing the 'Arpege' to sheer away from the gates. Round the end of the breakwater appeared a German frigate which soon disappeared from sight into the lock followed by two German minesweepers which were equally swallowed up into the mouth of the lock gates. Several large fishing vessels followed and we joined the small fry in their wake. The reason why the lock had not been opened the previous night was obviously that it was too large to be economical to operate for one small yacht. Once inside we found ourselves packed in tight disorder, having to make fast as best we could to neighbouring craft. The 'Arpege' had got herself wedged broadside onto the stern of the frigate, pinned there by the bows of a large fishing vessel. We did not know then that *Phryne* as she was named, meaning 'The Bad Woman' was to haunt us in the future.

It was not long before we came to the Barrage and once through, the River Rance became very beautiful and it gradually narrowed up to the first lock 'Le Chatelier', where we lowered the mast. For this we anchored in slack water to one side of the lock, using the boom as a derrick with the gooseneck attached to an eye at the foot of the mast. The forestay was made fast to the other end with a tackle from the same end of the book led through the stem headroller and back to a sheet winch.



Pont Réan: very shallow here, but one of the widest sections of the Rance-Villaine canal.

The locks and the keepers' houses were sometimes exceedingly picturesque, some with beautiful window boxes and flower displays in model windmills and wheelbarrows. Sometimes we would spend the night on the banks of a cornfield watching a farmer load his horse-drawn cart with hay whilst the smell of an evening meal wafted from the galley into the still air. The peace was uncanny. We would have crisp French

bread, local vin ordinaire, and Camembert cheese with almost every meal. The peace of every morning was shattered for those still asleep by the engine starting. Then we would be underway down the Canal, our wake creaming astern, usually about 6 a.m., with dew on the decks which soon evaporated with the glorious sun, and would continue through beautiful countryside.

On approaching a lock, our 13 year-old son Neil would apply himself lustily to our Typhon plunger-operated fog-horn, which made full allowance for any possible defect in the lock-keeper's hearing. On entering the lock our 20 year-old son Nicholas, with a winter's dinghy racing training behind him, scrambled up the lock gate, made fast bow and stern lines and applied himself to closing one side of the lock whilst the keeper (usually Madame) closed the other; the locks are mostly operated by women whose husbands have other employment. The usual rise of water is about 8 feet and as the water pours in through the two sluices at the upstream end in two tumultuous cascades, the water level adjustment is obtained within a few minutes. Neil would then proffer two English cigarettes to Madame who would smile and nod towards the boat. There is no charge for using the locks but a permit is required, obtained in advance through the French Tourist office in Piccadilly, London.

The average time between locks was about 20 minutes to half an hour with ever-changing scenery between them. Sometimes there was a straight line of poplars on either side of an artificial section of canal, at others a winding stretch of river lined by clusters of white and yellow waterlilies, whilst at other times we were in open agricultural countryside with cornfields reaching to the towing path in an authentic Constable setting.

Eventually we reached a straight section little more than a mile long containing eleven locks, which seemed never-ending, but once at the top we no longer had the current against us and were now in central Brittany. We soon reached the capital, Rennes, where we spent a night in a scene which was literally going from the sublime to the ridiculous, at the foot of a very contemporary 14-storey block of flats. For the first time we met another craft — *Phryne* again. Next morning was Sunday and we had to wait two hours for passage through the lock in the middle of Rennes.



One of the 'Eleven Locks', with another just visible.

The Frenchman led the way from here and we sailed in company, but progress that day was short as on reaching the next lock on the far side of the city, we found the lock-keeper on strike. A long and heated argument ensued between the French yachtsman and the lock-keeper, at the end of which we asked the French yachtsman

why the lock-keeper was on strike. Shrugging his shoulders and spreading his hands he replied 'Why are the London dockers on strike?'. Having supplied us with water and invited us to sample the fruits of his cherry orchard, the lock-keeper disappeared on his Moped in a cloud of dust, leaving us wondering whether he was bound for his favourite bistro or a local branch of the C.G.T.

It was a stifling hot day and we took the opportunity to put the spars ashore and apply a coat of varnish. Soon the lock was strewn with boat gear with a backcloth of washing on an improvised line. *Phryne's* crew looked on with puzzled incredulity, but at lunch time invited us aboard for a drink and we returned their hospitality at the end of the day's work.

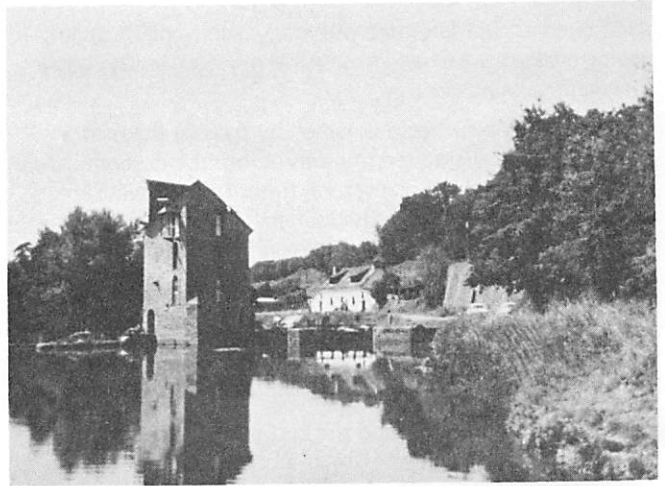
We were under way again at 6.30 a.m. next day, during which the 'Arpege' provided some amusement. She would go chugging along at a fair rate and then go aground, burying her bows in an elegant pirouette, throwing her crew everywhere! This was repeated many times in our progress through the Canals, sometimes necessitating our towing them in to deeper water. We then reached Redon, a large town at the junction of two canals. Here we suffered another day's delay due to it being July 14th, Bastille Day. Here also, Neil made friends with a French boy, Jean-Pierre, on holiday with his grandparents. He was very useful in many ways, and took Neil for a cycle tour of the area and they are now writing to each other regularly. That night there were fireworks and public dancing in the open square which served as a cattle market, music was provided by a Pop group which included a piano accordion and was complete with coloured strobe lights. Many local girls wore Breton costume with a red, white and blue roundel in their hair.

The following day we set off for Bellions Lock with Jean-Pierre and his folding bicycle aboard. This lock discharges into the tidal Villaine river, and whilst waiting for high water we raised the mast following a two generation 'dialogue' amongst the family as to how it should be done. It ended in compromise. Once in the Villaine, we couldn't hoist sail quick enough and when the full ebb was running, we were making 8 knots over the ground under sail only. The 'Arpege' continued under power however and soon disappeared, so we did not expect to see it again. At one point we had to pass through a swing bridge which with the wind and a full ebb behind us, raised the problem of whether we could stop in time if the bridge failed to open as we arrived. Fortunately it did, just! At the end of the day we reached the nearly-completed Arzal Dam, which will soon make the river non-tidal.

We arrived not long before low water and were completely awed by the massive great cavern. Our fog-horn sounded pathetic and puny and we thought of St. Malo, as we waited hopefully but with some apprehension for it to open. Traffic continued to pour over the road bridge across the lock and with no other vessels in sight it seemed that the night would be spent in the menacing shadow of the towering concrete walls. Suddenly however, bells clanged, traffic barriers came down and the road bridge split into two, massive halves rising silently into the air followed by the enormous lock gate swinging noiselessly to one side to admit one small boat. People got out of their cars to wave and watch us. A tiny figure waved from the control tower, descended down a spiral staircase and took our lines which required maximum effort to hurl them high enough to reach the edge of the lock. The upraised arms of the bridge, the waving spectators, and the friendly efficiency of the lock keeper made us feel we were really welcome in the south coast of Brittany and we suddenly felt rather proud of the British Ensign which indentified us.

We spent the night at Vieille Roche, a quiet anchorage in a tree-lined bay, and after being treated to a glorious sunset turned in with a happy anticipation of the fact that next day we would be sailing in Biscay Waters.

In the morning there was hardly any wind and no engine power at all. We drifted down the river with the tide, whilst our engineer member of the crew proved his worth when faced with the formidable task of re-setting the timing of the magnet whilst under way.



La Bouxière lock at the southern end of the canal.

At one bend in the river the dinghy was required to maintain steerage way. Out in the estuary we made better progress, though the wind was still light and moving past a low wooded coast line, past the almost complete ruin of an imposing chateau enjoying the warm clear sunshine, it soon became obvious that we would not make our objective; the Morbihan. The tide would turn against us, so we made for the oyster-fishing village of Peneff. At the precise moment that we turned into the wind to enter the fairway and began to feel the first of the foul tide, the calm peace of the day was broken by the welcome sound of power beneath the cockpit – some engineers have a fine sense of timing! All the male population of Peneff are employed in oyster-fishing, and their curious flat boats with very low freeboard are to be seen everywhere piled high with mounds of oysters; the present day equivalent of the old Thames sailing barges loaded with bales of hay. Next day we reached our principal destination, entering the Morbihan in brilliant sunshine with a good breeze on our beam.

Our arrival was timed to enable us to carry with us the early flood, which was just as well. Once past the white lighthouse at Point Navalle we were in the grip of strong currents and vicious-looking swirling eddies, with the sight of beacons throwing plumes of spray into the air as they appeared to race through the water like the periscope of a submarine at speed. Pilotage became a demanding exercise requiring sudden decisions as to which channel to take between the numerous islands before the boat was swept past the point of no return.

We reached Vannes that evening to find *Phryne* stuck on the mud in the middle of the channel. We spent the night at Vannes and took the mud. When Adlard Coles says the mud smells, this is an understatement. During the evening a local inhabitant stood on the quay looking at the boat for a while then said 'Atalanta Fox'? We had to spend the night there in order to bid a reluctant farewell to Roy, our engineer, who had an early train to catch next morning and later that day our eldest son Peter rejoined us, having left the boat at St. Malo. Leaving Vannes in haste in the early evening we anchored off the small island of Logoden for the night. As it is privately owned we went ashore on the adjoining islet of Le Petit Logoden. Later that evening, the owner of Lanquedoc came off in a dinghy to advise us to anchor

closer to his own motor cruiser because of lack of water at low tide. We felt it best to accept his considerate invitation rather than explain that an Atalanta needed less water than he realised.

Next day it poured with rain, one of the only two such days in the whole five weeks, but this did not matter as Nicholas was laid up with stomach trouble. We all suffered it in turn with waves of griping stomach pains, but he was worst affected. Later we deduced that it was caused by domestic tap water obtained in Redon. Over the next few days we made our leisurely way through the lovely wooded, rock-fringed islands of the Morbihan, anchoring where fancy took us, in glorious sunshine and good sailing weather. Eventually we reached Auray, which would have been a far better place for crew changes. The old part of the town, St. Gouston, is a paradise for photographers and the high ground on the opposite side of the river is surmounted by a 60 foot stone tower rising above the trees to give a panoramic view of the surrounding countryside. At Auray you anchor in mid-stream because of mud banks alongside the quay at low water, but here the mud does not smell.

From Auray we set off out of the Morbihan and across to Belle Isle, a high island reminiscent of Alderney from the sea, but larger. We made for Sauzan, the smaller of the two ports, which was a truly picturesque fishing village whose harbour dries out but has a clean flat bottom. Here we met *Phryne* again. We used one of the visitors' moorings laid outside the harbour in the rocky inlet leading to the port, and spent three wonderful days there. On one of these days we walked across the northern end of the island to the imposing rocky coast which faces the open Atlantic, and visited the little fiord of Stern Wenn which Adlard Coles describes as his favourite anchorage in the whole of Western France.

We took with us wine, French bread and local cheese but forgot a corkscrew. The first car we saw gladly loaned us one, so were not denied quenching our considerable thirst. On another day we walked the 6 kilometres to Le Palais, the main port dominated by an imposing massive stone fort surmounted by a large Tricolour and housing a museum. Unfortunately it is also dominated by tourists who arrive in a massive ferry, which from its bulbous appearance seems to be bulging with passengers, but which manoeuvres deftly in a confined space with the aid of a bow propeller. The harbour abounds with brightly coloured fishing vessels and teems with yachts. Once again we sighted *Phryne*, moored in a circle of boats berthed bows-on to a circular mooring buoy away from the quay.

From Belle Isle we sailed back to the Villaine river with a good force 5 on the quarter, and covered 35 miles in six hours; an exhilarating passage which was the more satisfying for dropping the mooring at Sauzon under sail, and never touching the engine until approaching the Arzal Dam. After passing through the lock we continued upstream until darkness, river mist and the swing bridge which remains closed after dark, plus a foul tide, indicated that it was time to anchor.

At Redon, Dad left the boat to return to work for a week leaving Peter as Skipper and Nicholas as amateur engineer. During the return passage through the canals many more craft were encountered than previously, mainly motor barges. Back in Rennes, *Solvendo* made a public spectacle of herself and of course had to choose the lock in the centre of the capital of Brittany to do it. The lock was approached in the normal way with Peter at the helm, Mum at the engine controls, Nicholas preparing to climb the lock gates, and Neil standing-by in the fore-hatch. With the current behind us and a following wind funnelled by the high buildings, we

approached the lock at a moderate speed, but when Peter moved the engine control lever to reverse, nothing happened and the boat bore down relentlessly on the lock gates. Nicholas jumped for the gates to get a line ashore, Neil grabbed a boat hook to fend off in the bows, Peter rushed forward to join him whilst Mum switched off the engine. We struck the lock gates with an awful crash and for one moment everyone thought that the boat must have suffered irreparable damage, but in fact the only damage was slight buckling of the stemhead roller fitting which was not enough to stop its normal functioning. The full force of the impact had been taken by the metal-shod heel of the mast projecting forward of the bows and the lashings of the mast had given enough to absorb most of the momentum.

Mum made a cup of tea whilst the crew recovered their shattered nerves. Before recovery was complete, however, a photographer from a local newspaper appeared wanting to photograph the English boat with its crew drinking tea. Apparently the request was not due to the boat having hit the lock but merely that English boats rarely use these canals.

Progress was resumed after Nicholas had made the necessary adjustment to the gear box of the engine. The following day the engine began to overheat and had to be shut down and towing became necessary. We all took it in turns, two on the towing warps, tow in the boat. Towing proceeded for several hours until it was time to berth for the night.

Next morning the grim prospect was faced of towing for the remaining 40 miles of the canals, but four hours later Nicholas won his personal battle with the engine. A twig had lodged in an inlet pipe on the *inboard* side of the water filter: how it came to pass the intact filter remains a mystery. Dad returned to St. Malo to find the boat already arrived, cleaned up with mast up and sails bent on and stores aboard. That *Solvendo* was 'ready in all aspects for sea' on schedule was a commendable achievement by the crew in view of their various trials and tribulations.

During the return sea passage we entered St. Helier, Jersey, for the first time, in fog, an experience not to be recommended. The approach to Alderney was even worse however, with a dark threatening night added to poor visibility. When we had run our distance and should have had Telegraph Bay in sight on the starboard bow there was nothing to be seen. It was decided to maintain our course for half an hour but shorten sail. At the very moment when Dad reluctantly decided that there was no longer any justification for not returning to Guernsey, Telegraph Bay was sighted.

We moved up the Swinge in the strange condition of trying to slow down our speed as much as possible, a necessary precaution as when the breakwater appeared it loomed right across our path requiring a sharp turn to port. As we rounded the breakwater and relaxed in familiar surroundings lightning lit up the sky. If only it had started half an hour earlier it would have made all the difference to our passage up the Swinge.

We arrived back at Hamble after covering 650 miles, having found that the Morbihan lived up to our expectations and impressed with the friendliness of the people of Brittany. No Breton fisherman ever passed by without a wave or a smile. Peter and Nicholas who both now live away from home would have made their own holiday arrangements but for the boat and Brittany, but were glad to have come with us. When children have grown up, a good family holiday together which everyone enjoys becomes a treasured experience, and a sailing family gains this bonus from life.



Cruise in South Norway

Margaret Odling — *Salizanda* — A.150

Going to sail in Norway? My dear fellow, you're far too old. It's too deep to anchor there and you have to shin up wet rocks and tie your line to a ring." So said a friend (who had never been to Norway) to Bill, my husband. This was rather frightening but the charts were worse; studying them it didn't look possible to steer a safe course between the rocks. However we determined to persevere, and on Saturday 20th June 1970 we motored *Salizanda* into Felixstowe docks at 10 a.m.. Her mast was down and firmly lashed on deck. We tied up to the quay alongside the cargo boat *Ariosto* (about 1000 tons) which was unloading timber. By 3 p.m. it was finished and *Sali* was hoisted on deck and beautifully chocked up on a bed of straw bags. This is the third cargo boat she has travelled on and we always find the dockers and ship's crew so helpful and interested.



Salizanda aboard cargo boat

Having seen her securely stowed, we caught the ferry to Harwich harbour and thence to Parkeston Quay where we boarded the *Winston Churchill* for Esbjerg. There we entrained to Copenhagen and flew into Oslo airport at 11.30 p.m. on Sunday 21st June. The temperature was 84°. The next morning we visited the shipping agency and heard that the *Ariosto* would not dock until 6 p.m. and that *Sali* could not be unloaded until the following morning. This is the snag of this method of travelling. Cargo boats always seem to be delayed.

So we spent the day sightseeing in Oslo and were particularly thrilled to see the Viking ships. The temperature was well into the 80s. It was the hottest day of the holiday. We met our crew who had made their own way to Oslo: Estelle had sailed with us the previous year in Denmark, Eva was the 'young one', but a grandmother all the same.

At 6 p.m. we were in the docks watching the *Ariosto* tie up. We none of us wanted the expense (and Oslo is expensive) of a night in an hotel, so Bill asked the mate if we might sleep on board *Sali*. He consented at once, so after dining ashore, we had the rather amusing experience of going to bed in a yacht on a cargo boat and being very careful not to throw anything overboard.

We were up at 6.30 a.m. next day Tuesday 23rd June, *Sali* was launched and the mast shipped by the ship's derrick in no time. We motored to a nearby petrol raft and there cooked breakfast.

At 10.30 a.m. we cast off under power as there was no wind and our cruise really began. Our plan was to sail south down the Oslo Fjord and then turn into the leads or skerries continuing along the coast southwest towards Kristiansand. From the first day the scenery was beautiful, but each day outdid the last. To begin with the rocks were not much trouble to navigate. At the head of the fjord we were sailing in the shipping channel which was well marked and wide, but later on, when we turned into the leads, they became a real worry. One of us had to read the chart the whole time and know exactly where we were. Of course we had studied the Norwegian Pilot before we started but even so we found the method of marking rocks and shoals and channels very confusing.

Our first day was very hot with little wind. We stopped for lunch and a swim at a small jetty. We were still rather nervous about how we were to tie up for the night, but that evening we found a jetty at a small village called Saetra Pollen. The next night we tied alongside a short quay at Soon, and the third night entered a mole at Aasgaardstrand where we had a line to a post at the stem and a kedge out at the stern. So it wasn't difficult after all. It was quite a long time before we discovered the rings in the rocks. One day we noticed a large white circle painted rather high up on a rock. In the middle of the circle was a big iron ring and we realised that this was for the use of ships very much larger than ourselves.

On our third morning, June 25th, we had our first strong wind. We wanted to cross from Soon, on the east side of Oslo Fjord, over to the west coast. It was raining and the visibility very poor, and when we left the shelter of the coast the wind rose to Force 6-7. We were heavily reefed with No; 2 jib. We mounted the compass and the crew kept a good watch for the islands we had to pass. The rain stopped about 11 a.m. and from then it was an exhilarating sail as the sea was not unreasonable. In the afternoon the wind dropped and the sun came out and we sailed into Aasgaardstrand. That evening a Norwegian man came aboard and worked our chart for us, showing the channels we should take down the coast. Later we found his route needed checking. Most Norwegians living near the coast own motor boats, there are not many sailing yachts and consequently in their eagerness to help they sometimes forget that masted boats won't go under low bridges and cables. This particular Norwegian recommended that we spend the following night at an island which was so small it was only marked as a dot on the chart.

June 26th was brilliantly clear and we sailed at 9.30 a.m. (no tides so one starts when one's ready) with wind Force 3, down the west coast. At 11.30 a.m. we left the Oslo Fjord and turned in through the Torgersogabet into the skerries, the channels that weave in and out of the rocks and islands that lie off the Norwegian coast. The scenery is always enchanting. Many of the islands have a cabin or chalet built on them as a holiday home, their only means of access is by boat and all fuel and food has to be taken to them. They may not have mod. cons. but the Norwegians love them — and what a marvellous holiday for children.

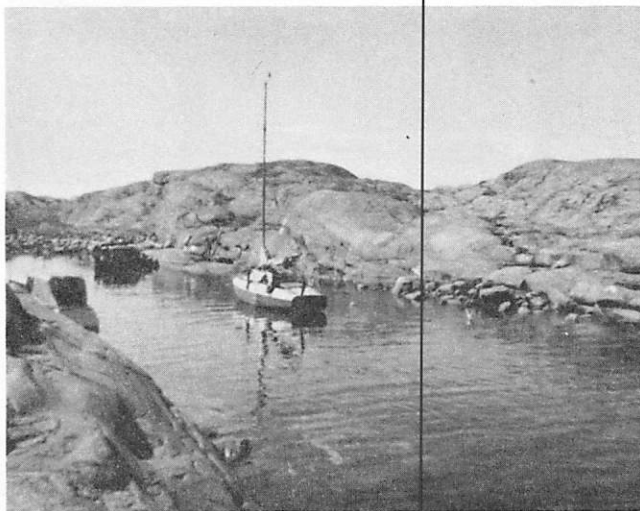
In the skerries the wind is very flukey as sailing inland (as it seems sometimes) one is sheltered from winds in the fjord or open sea.

Having passed through the Gap we motored along a narrow channel to Torisberg where we watered, bought petrol and did a little sightseeing. It is an old town. At 5 p.m. we returned down the channel and branched off to find the tiny island recommended as a lovely haven for the night. It was our first attempt at picking a course on a chart pitted with rocks and islands. I had

the chart and was giving directions. It was all right to begin with as we threaded our way between islands and spotted the red and black posts where they should be, but then the wind freshened to Force 6 and it got colder. Cosy islands covered with trees were left behind and we were amongst bare rocks. We seemed to see waves breaking over submerged rocks all round us, and I lost my place on the chart. We got cross with the Norwegian: 'Fancy sending us to an area like this. Let's go back.' At last we spotted the island — a bare lump; it looked very inhospitable. We lowered the main and decided to have a glance at the other side before turning back. As we rounded the tip we saw the tiniest bay between one barren rock and another, completely sheltered. Two small cabin motor boats were there and there was just room for us. We edged in on the motor, dropped the anchor in 5 feet of water and then happily spent a busy time taking lines to the rocks to secure *Sali* fore and aft. On the starboard side there was a convenient big boulder to tie to, but the port rock was smooth. We noticed that the skipper of one of the boats, had hammered some pitons into a crack in the rock and secured his line to them. He kindly let us use them too. At the next opportunity Bill bought some outsize nails for future use.

The next morning 27th June, in glorious sun we walked over the little island in our swim suits. One rock had painted on it: 'Port Ami 1902', and we were told some Frenchman had landed there in that year. We had a lovely sail that day and spent the night in a cove near a holiday camp.

The weather broke the next day and it started to rain after lunch; it poured in torrents. We found a jetty, tied up to it, put the polythene cover over the cockpit, went below and played bridge.



Rocky island. 'Port Ami.'

June 29th it was still raining, but it was warm with no wind. We motored to Sandefjord where we found a smart marina. Sandefjord used to be the biggest whaling harbour in the world and is now a prosperous small town. It has an impressive bronze sculpture showing a sailor poised to harpoon a whale which is upending his small boat and crew. We said goodbye to Estelle and Eira here as they had to return home. It rained on and off all day. Whenever the rain stopped people came to talk to us.

We woke next morning June 30th to a sunny windy day. At 1.30 p.m. we set sail for Starven where we were to pick up our next crew. At the mouth of the fjord I played out a fishing line we had bought in the town. It had 8 hooks on it. We are not fishermen, but in two minutes there were SEVEN enormous mackerel on that line, although we never had any success again. With a wind Force 2 — 3 we sailed

gently to Starven and tied up in a half-finished marina sited, as we found later, the wrong way. Next to us was a Swedish yacht. We plied the skipper with questions about sailing in Sweden.

After supper the wind began to rise and it started to rain. It turned out to be a very rough night with the wind blowing Force 6 on our quarter. Bill dozed in his clothes and kept putting out more lines to hold us to the jetty. The Swedish yacht came adrift and had to move. A helpful thing about nightwork in Norway is that it is light; it was only dark for 1½ hours each night while we were there.

The 1st July was alternately quiet and great gusts of wind and rain. Our new crew Smij and Helen arrived in a rainstorm just before lunch when we had expected them just after. They sat in the cabin, steaming, gladly sharing our small meal. When they were in their sailing clothes they helped move *Sali* to a mole where she was head to wind. Then we walked to see the impressive Naval War Memorial and the old Naval buildings. At 10 p.m. the wind was Force 6 — 7. The next day we wanted to make a long sail out to sea to avoid a bad rocky stretch of the coast. We had trouble getting weather forecasts. Our little wireless told us nothing we could understand and the Norwegians seemed not to bother with them. However the next morning the Swedish skipper told us the forecast was Force 5 dropping to Force 4. So at 10.30 a.m. we set sail and we made a very good passage. Although there are no tides there are currents along the coast, and this day we were swept along by one. After lunch we turned into the leads and were again in beautiful scenery. We had to start the motor rather quickly at one point as we entered a very narrow gorge between two islands with steep high sides which blanketed the wind completely.

That evening we arrived at Kragero, the first of the 'white' towns. The houses are mostly white, of clapboard construction and the towns are a tourist attraction. But even so, to us, they were not overcrowded. Kragero had a very good fish shop near the quay where we could buy fresh salmon, smoked eel and, of course, mackerel.

On 3rd July we spent the morning on make-do-and-mend. After lunch we made a short sail up a steep-sided-bay for 1½ hours to a small village called Kil at the head of the narrow gorge. It was idyllic. A gang of children, obviously on holiday with nothing to do, helped us with our mooring lines, practised their English on us and told us the best path to take for an evening walk.

The next day we had an easy sail to Risør, a beautiful town. Next to us in the town harbour was a motor boat called *Druen*. We passed the time of day with the owner and his wife and young son, Thomas.

The 5th July was sunny and windy. After launching in a very pretty inlet near Risør we made passage for Lyngør. We had to go out to the open sea again and were surprised to find the wind Force 5 — 7 and the sea tremendous. We had the sun in our eyes and found it very difficult to sight the particular beacons and markings we needed for our entry into the leads again. When we were sure we had the right ones we entered the leads and immediately were in calm waters and an archipelago. Approaching Lyngør was like motoring up a high street. The channel was straight and the two or three tiny narrow islands either side were crowded with houses. We anchored off Udden Island and our next door neighbours were *Druen* and a sea plane. We invited the skipper and crew of *Druen* aboard.

The next day was grey with some rain. It improved by the evening when after some sailing and some motoring we arrived at Tuedstrand. There was a long quay and who should be waiting to catch our line but the skipper of *Druen*. That evening they gave us coffee.

We had a very pleasant sail on 7th July entering a big bay in the evening. At the far end was a very small village called Naresto with a very small quay. Half of it was owned by a retired sea captain who made us very welcome. He showed us his boathouse and his house and we sat on the quayside listening to his war stories. We were joined by our friends from *Druen* who had walked from a nearby fjord to join us. It was a particularly happy evening. 11

The next day there was very little wind so we motored most of the way to Arendal. There we heard we were "wanted", by the Customs Office. The mate of the *Ariosto* had told us he would clear *Sali* through customs but apparently had never done so. So Bill went cap in hand to the Customs office only to be received with much charm and no fuss. Arendal was the

end of our holiday and we handed over to our daughter and son-in-law who sailed *Salizanda* onto Kristiansand and saw her on to another cargo boat.

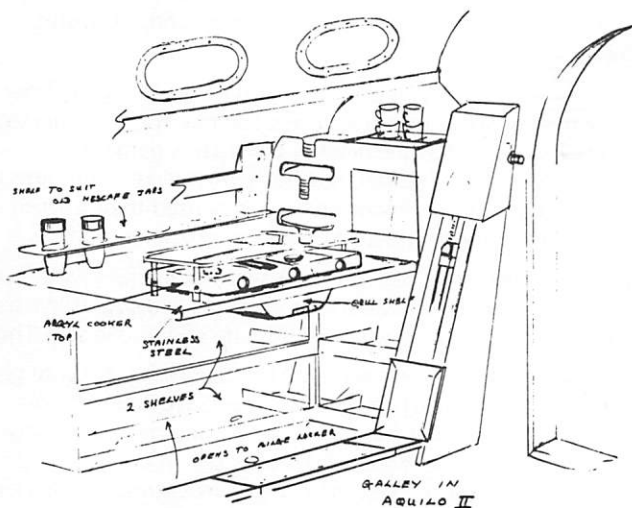


Aguilo II's maiden Irish Cruise

Maurice Donovan — *Aguilo II* — A184

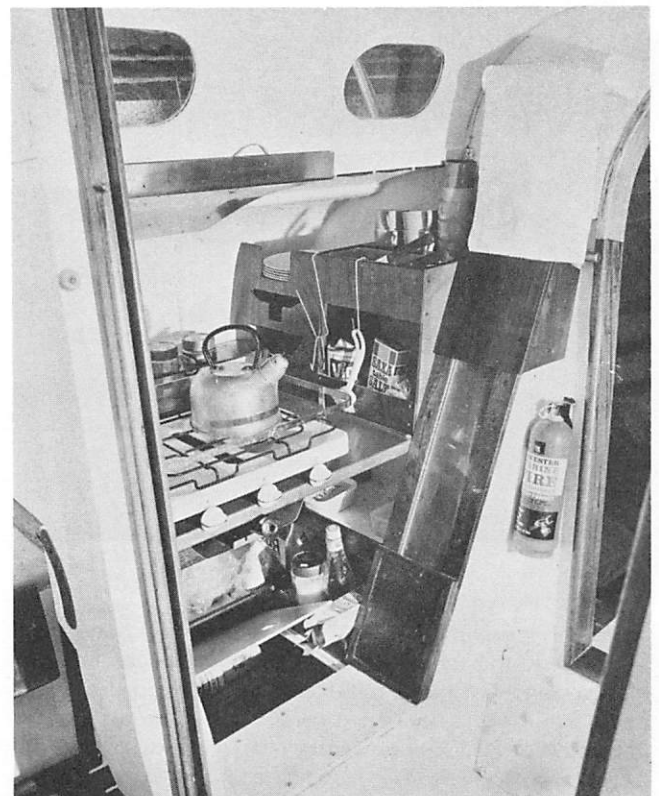
Aguilo II was launched in July 1969 at Uphill on the River Axe, after 2½ years building from a nearly bare hull in our garage. Only partly fitted out that year, she was used for the family holiday at Ilfracombe, and sailing in Weston Bay, until brought home in December for further fitting out.

By May 1970, an Argyl cooker had been fitted to a special stainless steel shelf in the galley, with racks and shelves for jars, pans and bowls beneath. A hanging cupboard is at the head of the starboard quarter berth, and drop-down basin on the cockpit bulkhead. A loose shelf fits where *Atalantas* usually have a chart table, and is used for serving and preparing meals. The chart table folds against the diagonal bulkhead at the head of the starboard main cabin berth. Outside, pulpit and lifelines were added, and with the help of small fore and aft awning, the dodgers and cockpit cover, we have a cosy cockpit tent. Curtains give privacy to the all-girl crew in their bunks, and one on the main bulkhead saves using the "heads" doors in rough weather.



along the N.E. side of the Island, past cormorants, puffins and many grey seals. As we left Lundy behind us the wind disappeared and we motored for Milford Haven, to spend our third night at Dale, on the west end of the Haven.

Next morning there was dense fog, but the crew insisted we left so we crept out past the foghorns of St. Ann's Head, between Skomer and Grassholm, and Theme towards the South Bishop rock and its foghorn. The fog persisted until nearly 4 p.m. when our reckoning put us near the Tuskar rock. Shortly after the fog lifted, and there to my amazement was the Tuskar. We decided to try and get into Wexford but the approaches proved too shallow even for an *Atalanta*, so we turned back and anchored in Rosslare for the night. There was great consternation amongst the local 'Garda' the next morning, when they heard that the owner's name was Donovan — was it 'Mike' the gun runner? Fortunately our Somerset addresses calmed them down, and we were allowed to leave.



The crew for the cruise to Ireland consisted of two friends who had many years cruising experience, myself, and a doctor, who were novices wanting experience and confidence to cruise with our families. After a busy weekend of compass swinging and loading our gear, we were ready to set out at 4 p.m. on 29th May for a wet and windy crossing to Barry Harbour, where we spent the night.

Rising at 4 a.m. we left Barry with the genoa set and re-crossed the Bristol channel to Foreland Point, N. Devon, where the wind dropped, so we motored down to Ilfracombe, arriving for lunch, and leaving with the first of the ebb and very light wind, for Lundy, It was 10 p.m. before we had anchored near Rat Island, under the south lighthouse. In the morning we went ashore and climbed to the lighthouse, before setting sail

A fresh S.E. wind gave us excellent sailing out of Rosslare, back past the Tuskar rock and on round the south east corner of Ireland to pass the Coningbeg lightship where we met the Trinity House vessel *Atalanta* and hoped she noticed us! By 3 p.m. the wind had gone again, and it was 2 a.m. before we were tied up beside a shark fishing boat in Ballycotton harbour. We left for Kinsale shortly after midday in a Force 5, through an obstacle course of fishing nets outside Ballycotton harbour.

We set No. 2 jib and three rolls in the main and had a marvellous sail racing over big seas with the wind behind us in hot sunshine. We arrived in Kinsale at 7 p.m. and tied up at the quay opposite the Yacht Club, where we were made most welcome and had dinner.

There followed two days of visiting relatives and touring Kerry by car; all very exhausting, and I was glad to be setting sail quietly out to sea again. We sailed gently up this beautiful unspoiled coast, spinning for mackerel, which we ate at Oysterhaven, a lovely quiet spot. Then we motor-sailed on to visit Robert's cove, startling the many picnickers with a blast on our foghorn as we appeared through the narrow entrance of the cove. We only stayed there a short while and pushed on to Crosshave, and the Royal Cork Yacht Club for the night, where we were treated to drinks on the house and invited to make use of their excellent facilities. This we did the following morning before leaving the mooring at 11.30. More mackerel were caught and served for lunch off Roche's Point. By then the wind had freshened so we decided to anchor in Power Bay to wash up before pressing on. Passing Ballycotton the visibility worsened and by Capel Island it had become so bad that we had all hands on deck keeping a look out for the entrance to Youghal, taking soundings with the lead-line until safely over the bar. After refreshing ourselves at a pub called the *Moby Dick* we explored the fine main street and old waterfront where much of the film of 'Moby Dick' was made. There are very strong currents at Youghal, and we had to paddle furiously — in the dark to reach the boat moored in midstream.

Next morning, still in thick fog, we woke to hear an engine revving. Suddenly there was a tremendous crash. It was us — we literally shot into the cockpit to find a trawler being borne away in the tide. The doctor, showing great presence of mind, was already in the dinghy before we realised that the boat had not been split in half or was not sinking. The stemhead fitting had been hit a glancing blow by the trawler's aft quarter and was twisted, otherwise there appeared to be no damage. Ashore we were told that the trawler skipper was mad; he must be, a local said, as nobody knew who his father was. It was a most frightening experience, we had had a lucky escape indeed.

After the excitement we forgot to post our cards before leaving, and so later in the morning we put into Ardmore, where there is a small jetty, to find a post box. It seemed a popular holiday spot, but no boating facilities, so we pushed on motoring all the way in a flat calm and brilliant sun past Hook Head to Dunmore East harbour for the night. There is an excellent Yacht Club here, and we spent a pleasant day at local beaches before the long haul home. There were several yachts from N. Wales in the harbour.

At 9.45 p.m. we hoisted the genoa and radar reflector and sailed out into the mist, which had rolled in from the sea earlier. Happily this cleared about 5 miles out and we sailed on until lunch time next day, clocking 56 miles before the wind dropped away completely and the motor was started once more. By 8 p.m. we were becoming concerned as there was still no sign of St. Ann's Head or the St. Gowan lightship, which we should have seen, as we planned to spend a night at Tenby. Then at 9.40 p.m. a 5 sec. flashing light was sighted, we assumed that this was St. Ann's, which flashes every 5 secs, but the shape of the land was wrong. After a frantic rechecking of the charts we found we were back at S. Lundy, twenty miles off course! It took some energetic motoring to get round Bull point and up against an ebb tide to Ilfracombe, the entrance of which is poorly lit and very difficult to find in the dark, as the town lights disappear behind Lantern Hill. It was a great relief to drop anchor in the outer harbour and roll into our bunks after a tot of 'medicinal' brandy.

We woke to find the usual dense fog next morning, so the ship's doctor who had an appointment next day, arranged to go the rest of the way home by car. However, it began to clear by the afternoon, so the rest of us left for Barry, on the motor of course, and arrived there at midnight. Next day we motored the final 11 miles back across the Bristol Channel to the Axe, arriving as predicted at 11 a.m., to be met by our families. A most successful and enjoyable cruise, apart from all the motoring, after which the doctor took his family from Salcombe to the Scillies, and my girls went back to Milford Haven in *Aguilo II*.

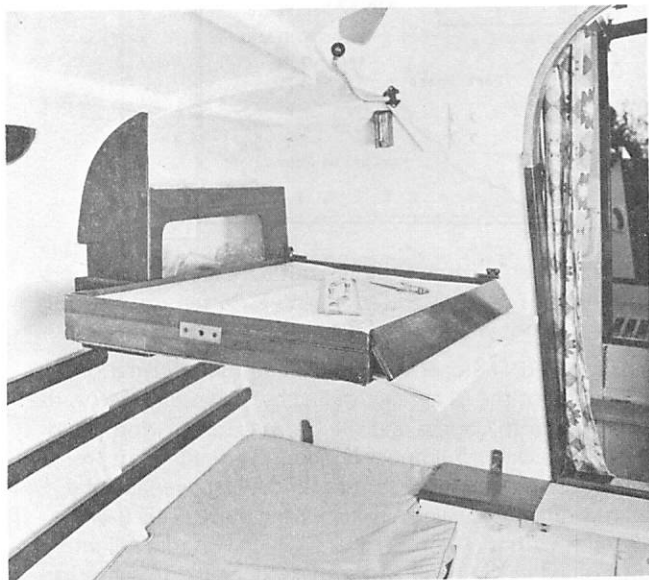
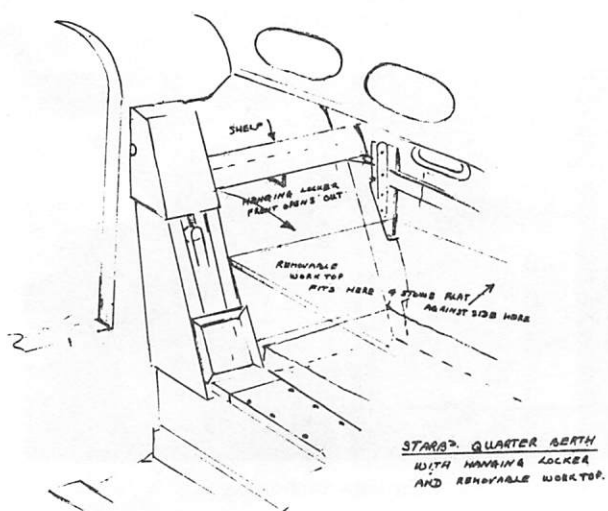


Chart table: the table unhooks and stows flat against the bulkhead.



To reduce swinging when moored, the stock is drilled-out for about 6 inches and the rudder supported by two guys.

Corsica and Sardinia

Lawrence Biddle — *Epenetus* — A39



Judging by the Atalanta Bulletin, quite a number of owners seem to return to the Mediterranean year after year and this year we thought we ought to have a look at it.

Thanks to Ted Thatcher we obtained all the information we required about the Channel crossing by Townsend Ferry, the journey down to Cannes and the Garage Romeo who could put us in the water in Cannes Harbour. We had learnt from our trip to Scotland in 1965 that for towing overland the Atalanta dinghy is weight in the wrong place. This year we replaced it with an Avon Redstart, which was much lighter and travelled in the Land Rover making a big difference in towing balance. Crossing France my son, Robert and I slept on board and made Cannes in two and a half days. Paris on the circular route was all right but Lyons was a bit of a worry and the tunnel came as a complete surprise. Next year I believe that the Autoroute may be completed and the journey south greatly improved.

In Cannes the mistral was blowing but we got the mast up with a little difficulty and arranged for Garage Romeo to garage the car and the trailer some two miles outside Cannes where they had a depot.

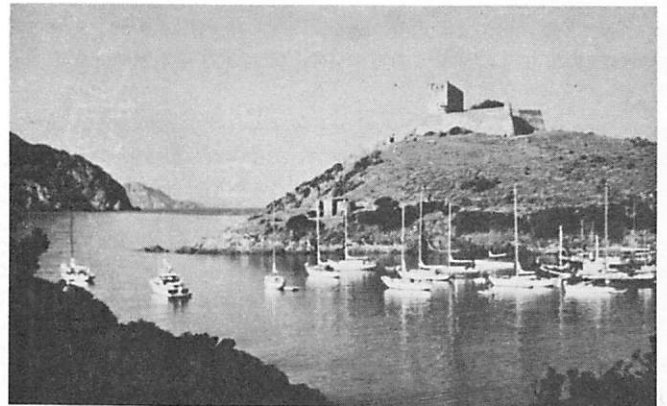
That evening we watched them jousting in Cannes Harbour from two specially constructed boats. Each boat had a platform erected high up over the stern on which the combatant stood armed with a long pole. As the boats, which were motor-driven, approached each other the combatant tried to knock the other off his platform with the pole. If successful there was a drop of about 8 feet into the sea.

Next day, July 1st, the mistral had gone and we had a quiet sail along the coast to Villefranche where we lay in the old

naval harbour. We liked Villefranche and stayed there for two days. The direct distance from Villefranche to Calvi in Corsica is about 90 miles so we were bound to spend a night at sea. We planned to make our landfall before dawn so that we could identify our position by the lights and then close the coast in daylight. There was therefore no reason for an early start and we left Villefranche at about 10 a.m. with a light southerly wind.

Once we were a few miles off shore the wind came out of the east and then went back to the south and we had to use the motor. Just before last light we were excited by seeing the Corsican mountains ahead. They are over 8,000 ft high and in good visibility can be seen for 60 miles.

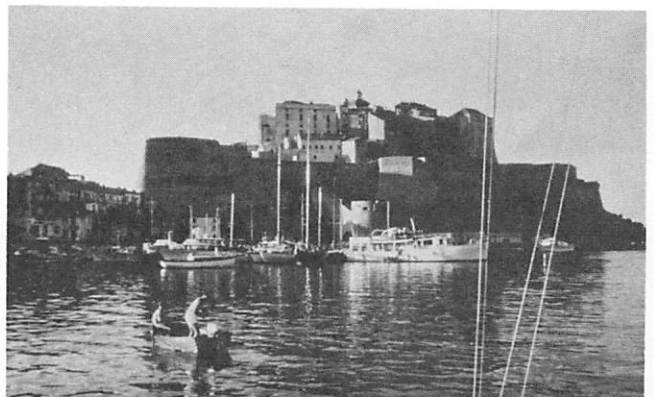
Before dawn we picked up the light of Pte Revellata and by 1030 we had sailed into Calvi and anchored off the town. Above us was the Citadel and to the south was the long sandy beach which forms the bay.



Calvi harbour and the Citadel.

Next day my son and I decided on a "Tour du Golfe" on skis and chose a water ski school from the many on the beach which seemed most likely to get two completely inexperienced skiers up. This was successful but exhausting.

In light winds the next day we sailed south along the coast and by the evening reached the Girolata anchorage. This was very full but one of the advantages of an Atalanta is that its shallow draft allows one to anchor in positions not open to orthodox craft and we lay moored bow and stern in the N.W. corner of the harbour. Girolata is one of the few protected harbours on this coast but there is no road to it so the shore facilities are very limited.



Girolata anchorage.

Next day by the time we had reached Cap Rosso the wind was so light that we decided to put into Anse de Pajo, an isolated cove just S.E. of Cap Rosso. Here there was one Golif which had spent the last night lying to an anchor with a line ashore. The owner who kept his boat in Ajaccio clearly had our taste in anchorages, so we asked him aboard and as he spoke good English we picked his brains about the other anchorages on the Corsican and Sardinian coast. The pilot book we were using was *The Tyrrhenian Sea* by H.M. Denham, but the Golif owner gave us a lot of information about small harbours which were 'not in Denham'.

After a night in Sagone we took the Passe de Sanguinaires through the line of rocks which runs out to the Iles des Sanguinaires and reached Ajaccio by the evening, where we moored to the outer mole; a mistake because we were among much bigger yachts. Ajaccio has all the facilities of a large town but we were not sorry to leave it and push on south. At last light on the next day we were off the Tizzano river, which was a small estuary recommended to us by the owner of the Golif. We anchored in about 6 feet and had some of the best bathing of the cruise. There are a couple of small fisherman's houses one of which is now a café and a few villas are being built, but it is still singularly unspoilt and we thought it the most attractive anchorage we had visited on the Corsican coast.

We spent a morning bathing and then ashore and left mid-day for Bonifacio with a N.W. wind behind us which steadily strengthened until it was blowing quite hard as we gybed to enter Bonifacio harbour. The rocks here change to sandstone and Bonifacio harbour is a narrow crack in the sandstone rock which opens out into a well-protected harbour dominated by the Citadel and the main part of the town which stands on the cliffs above the harbour. There was a strong cross wind and though we got a line ashore we had difficulty in backing into the narrow space available. In the course of this manoeuvre the owner of an adjoining boat, anxious to help, did a neat somersault off the bows of his boat into the drink.

We went to the Customs for a clearance so that we could go to Sardinia on the following day. There is, however, only one rubber stamp in Bonifacio and every time the packet boat arrives from Sardinia the rubber stamp is taken down to the other end of the harbour to meet the packet boat and no work can be done in the office of the Douane until it is brought back.

The following day we had an uneventful sail across the Straights and we went into Maddelena, a naval town on one of the off lying islands to get Customs clearance. This had to be typed out by an official who worked with one finger slowly. There was also some language difficulty as we knew no Italian. It was all very hot and exhausting and as soon as we had our clearance our main object was to get away from the town to somewhere where we could bathe. Denham provided no suitable anchorages but the chart showed Stagnali Bay on the west side of Carrera Island. It was a shallow bay, protected by a rock at the entrance, and seemed to have the makings of an Atalanta harbour. However, we found a buoy marking the entrance and leading marks on the land so there were no problems. It was well protected and very warm bathing as it was so shallow.

Next day we sailed through the islands to Port Cervo meeting en route Atalanta 31 No. 2. This was the only other Atalanta we met on the cruise and we waved but they were engaged in putting up their sails and ignored us completely.

Port Cervo was well worth a visit, partly for the opportunity of seeing so many expensive yachts in such a small space but also because the Aga Khan's syndicate has really produced a first-class shopping centre and a number of villas all of interesting design.

We spent a night lying at anchor in the middle of the inlet and on the next morning left with a light northerly wind through the Galeria passage inside the Nibani Islands. Many yachts and motor cruisers from Port Cervo did the same and we were continually being passed by high speed craft steered by supermen up in parrot perches made of piping fixed on top of the cabins.

As we approached Volpe Bay we found 4 or 5 small French sailing yachts huddled with a larger French yacht and drifting off the coast and we realised that it was 14th July and they were starting their celebrations early. After lunch and a bathe at Volpe we sailed across the Gulf of Congianus to a little unfrequented inlet called Marinella Nuova. There were no boats, it was quite unspoilt and in the middle of the inlet there was an island behind which we reckoned we should get shelter in any weather. There was one house on the island cleverly camouflaged so that it looked like the rocks which surrounded it.

The barometer had been dropping but there were no other signs of a deterioration of the weather. It was, however, blowing hard next day from the N.W. and we sailed with a reefed main and the smallest jib. As soon as we were clear of the inlet we found that there was a lot of weight in the wind, and off Volpe point the Avon capsized and had to be put on deck. It was a close fetch across the Gulf of Congianus into Volpe Bay; it was a very wet sail and my son was white with salt. No one else was sailing and it was clearly not a day to beat up the coast so we put into Volpe till the weather improved.

The mistral was still blowing next day but it seemed less hard so we put five rolls in the main and sailed for Port Cervo. We reckoned the wind would be off the land for most of the way so conditions should not be too bad. Anyway we had to go as we had not succeeded in finding anywhere else where we could buy provisions. When we reached the Nibani Islands we thought that the Galeria Passage through the rocks was too risky and decided to sail outside the islands. Initially we were in the lee of the islands but once clear of them, we had a very rough sea and lots of water in the cockpit before we went about and could make the entrance. Once inside we anchored in our old position and re-provisioned at the Aga's supermarket. The small French yachts were also back, but by about 6 p.m. the wind had lightened and first one and then another had a look outside and then came back and collected the others and sailed for Maddelena.

We left the next morning and soon found that we could shake out our reefs as we beat inside Biscie Island. We fetched up with about six small cruising boats belonging to a local sailing school and with them we beat up towards St. Stefano Island. The wind was steadily increasing and in lee of the island we put in three rolls while the sailing school boats attempted to beat through the channel between the island and the mainland without reefing. One by one they decided that they would get on better with less sail and we watched them reef in difficult conditions. Finally off Maddelena we carried on towards Port Pozzo while they bore away between Spargi and Maddelena. The conditions were extremely unpleasant but we reckoned that if we could reach Port Pozzo we should be in a good position to get across to Bonifacio where we had to pick up my son on the following day.

In Port Pozzo we anchored off a slip from which about three centre-board boats were sailing. All of them capsized, one several times, and we spent a lazy afternoon watching them. Outside, the conditions did not seem to improve and we decided to wait for better weather on the following day.

We were up early intending to get over to Corsica before the wind repeated its display of the last three days, particularly as the Straights have an unsavoury reputation in bad weather. In fact the mistral was over and we had an easy sail across and into Paragnana Bay about a mile west of Bonifacio and recommended to us by the owner of the Golif. Here again we were not disappointed and we spent a lazy afternoon bathing before going round to Bonifacio and mooring in our old berth on the town quay.

That evening my elder son David arrived by air to Ajaccio followed by a wild 5½ hours' ride by bus to Bonifacio, and the next morning I returned to London by the same route. My sons sailed *Epenetus* up the Corsican coast to Calvi for more ski-ing. They crossed in light weather to Villefranche and then along the coast to Cannes where they loaded her on the trailer. They reached Dover in the early hours of Saturday morning exactly 5 weeks after we had left and by mid-day that day *Epenetus* had been launched at the Corporation crane at Gillingham (now 10/-, it used to be 5/-) and sailed up to her moorings at Upnor.



Morning at Aldeburgh

W.S.S. Evans – *Dervorguilla* – A16

The morning is breathlessly still. No rural dawn chorus breaks the magic of utter quietude as the sun creeps up like some matutinal cauldron ablaze far out to sea.

Against the irregular skyline the homes of Aldeburgh folk, fast asleep, are silhouetted; silent and motionless, glowing in their golden halo. Here and there the rising sun sparkles its reflection from angled windows.

The orange rays glisten across the placid, still water like a bronze road leading to Slaughen Quay, over the sea wall and on and on.

Yachts lie all round without a ripple or quiver, held in a vast sheet of burnished steel, shining smooth like shimmering beauties to meet the day.

The enormous wings of a reticent heron flap from shore to shore splendidly illuminated in the silence. Down river an early tern makes a quick grab for its piscatorial breakfast.

The boats gently turn with the tide. A lark begins its peculiar song and soars heavenwards, while the reserved antiphony of shore life lazily awakes. Out in the main stream a fish jumps and the ripples feel their way in ever-expanding circles dancing lightly across a burning mirror. This is the idyllic bliss of estuarine tranquillity before the world becomes alive – ethereal.

The tide has gone but the voyage remains – past the Quay, along Home, Blackstakes and Piggail Reaches with the King's Marshes to port: on down to Orford – and the Sea!



Six holidays in Rakia on the North Yugoslavian Coast

C.L. Chatwin – *Rakia* – A141

The idea behind it all goes back a very long way, probably into George's Quaker upbringing and his family's practical experience in sharing things which are nice to have but which may prove rather expensive if only used by one family. Anyhow, in 1934 George Barrow and I, solicitors with adjoining offices, decided to buy a boat together and we have had one ever since. It was not long before we found it vastly inconvenient merely to be neighbours so we knocked a hole

through the wall and went into partnership, not only in boats but in our profession as well.

We have shared our boats with many people, sometimes as full partners, sometimes as half partners and sometimes on a basis which defies definition, but for three simple reasons: first, a boat is better in use than swinging around a mooring at home or tied to a wall abroad, secondly, of course, the more the cheaper, and finally, a shared boat can travel further. George and I were clear from the start that it was not our intention to sail together and thus in limited holidays we have been able to cover much more ground.

In the mid-fifties we had a powerful Robert Clark boat of some 18 tons T.M. She was ideal for cracking about the Channel and for trips further down the Bay, but, of course, needing a fairly strong crew.

At the beginning of 1960 things had changed. George had acquired a young family and whilst my wife, Margharita, had always been prepared to come with us she contended that she was not a very good sailor and generally asked to be labelled "Not wanted on Voyage". My boys had grown up and wanted their own holidays. I did not wish to be dependent upon an outside crew, and further, I had a hankering for a small boat which, while perfectly safe if properly handled, would give me the excuse for saying, "Not quite our weather for a cross-Channel passage, I think". This all pointed to an Atalanta and we have had nine years of enjoyable co-operative cruising, including the Seine to Paris and beyond, the Brittany Canals, the Loire and Quiberon Bay, Scotland, Holland and a two-year trip to the Mediterranean going out via the Canal de Bourgogne and the Rhone, wintering in Toulon and returning through the Canal de Midi and the West Coast.

The Scottish trip had given us a taste of trailing and so, when I acquired a long-wheel-base diesel-engined Land Rover camping car, it seemed a grand opportunity to do something a little more enterprising. We settled for the Kvarner Gulf and the principal islands of Krk, Cres, Josinj, Rab and Pag all lying between the Istria Peninsular and the Velebit coast.

My son, Hugh, had organised the fitting-out, but when I took over from him on Bank Holiday Monday, 25th May, there was the inevitable two days of hard work – matching the carburettor with a reconditioned engine, getting a tear in the spinnaker mended, storing ship and the one-hundred-and-one other things – before we were ready for the road. Our pride and joy was a new Sea-farer Echo Sounder given to us by Ben Barman (Cruise No. 6) which we just got fitted in time.

At tea time on Wednesday, the 27th, we were joined by our third partner, David Liddell and his wife, Abi, and by 22.30 we were safely on board the Le Havre Ferry and on our way. The tow across Europe was intended to be enjoyed as part of the holiday, and so we took a full week for about 1,200 miles, going via the Mont Blanc Tunnel and sticking as far as possible to motorways. Where practicable we diverted if necessary to find good camping sites for the night and included trips (without the boat) to Vezelay, which I was very anxious to see, and into Venice. The highlight for wives was the view of the Alps from a cockpit seat when approaching and leaving the tunnel.

Perhaps I should here give some idea of our general plan. It had been worked out over the Winter and Spring at innumerable meetings with innumerable pints of beer in the bar of the Union Club, Birmingham. The available time was divided into six separate sailing periods. As usual first choice went to those who had children of school age. George and Sheila (Cruise No. 4) were to travel as soon as their children left school and take the boat over on the 18th July. They were to be followed by Pat and Peggy Lawrence and their two children (Cruise No. 5) and then by Ben and Candia Barman and three children (Cruise No. 6). It was part of Ben's job to drive out to Yugoslavia in the Land Rover and after his cruise to re-load *Rakia* on the trailer. Then tow her back as far as Milan from where they would fly home just in time for school, being relieved by a Land Rover trailer-towing crew for

the rest of the trip home. This left the earlier part of the season apportioned roughly as follows: (Cruise No. 1) David and I and our wives, one week of towing to Kraljevica (20 kilometres beyond Rijeka) and two weeks sailing from there to finish at Pula; and (Cruise No. 2) our friend John Watherston and his crew, a fortnight's cruise from Pula and back starting the 20th June and handing over to my son, Hugh (Cruise No. 3) and his crew on the 4th July.

This all sounds very complicated but in fact it was carried out almost without hitch and there is no doubt that six enjoyable holidays followed. As to transport to Yugoslavia, some flew (the younger ones finding a cheap night flight direct to Pula arriving very early on Sunday morning), some drove throughout and others made use of the car/train service to Munich, Villach or Ljubljana. No real difficulty with the Yugoslavian officials was experienced in spite of a complete absence of the language and a very limited knowledge only of German in all crews, but it is important to follow carefully their requirements and, of course, no 'plane-spotting'!

One pays a not very exorbitant sum for a piece of paper called a Permit of Navigation which is produced and stamped at each port of call and must be formally changed, with a new crew list, under the name of the new 'captain' at each handover. The Permit gives full particulars of all prohibited areas, and incidentally is written in both Yugoslav and English. In fact the officials were helpful and the people quite charming.

There is no doubt that the success of our trip owes much to Captain Tripo Belan of Kraljevica, the father of a friend of the Barrows. It was he who met us on arrival, organised our crane, cared for our trailer and housed its loose parts, found a private garage for our cars, introduced us to the most charming of all our port officials, fed us on *sljivovica*, and, with his wife, gave the warmest welcome to all members of the various parties who were fortunate enough to turn up at Kraljevica.

Cruise No. 1.

— David Liddell's Log —

On Board: Margarita and Charles Chatwin, Abi and David Liddell

Friday, 5th June

11.00 Arrived Kraljevica after 70 miles tow from Muggia. Captain Belan had organised an enormous '*Schwim Kran*' and we were in the water with the mast up by 16.00. Somewhat open to the West so moved round to more sheltered side of harbour for the night. Harbour master and all officials most helpful.

Saturday, 6th June

Woke to dull skies, bad visibility and some rain. Shopped and disposed of Land Rover. Sea mist cleared 13.30 and motored out to Omisal on the N.W. tip of island. Quiet protected small harbour. Explored the village on the cliff over the harbour. Strange dirge-like singing from the hotel at the harbour continued until 4 a.m.!

Sunday, 7th June

Heavy rain until 10.00. Left to grey skies under motor — some sailing and arrived Runat (just beyond the town of Krk) at 15.30. Boatyard with some yachts and small ship repairs. Anchored off north end of Monastery Island. Storm in the night with lightning, rain and some wind.

Monday, 8th June

09.00. Sailed out for Krk and motored in. Shopping and lunch at Quayside restaurant. Warm sunshine and little wind. Sailed back to Punat and anchored again in complete solitude north of the island. Bathed. Very clear night.

Tuesday, 9th June

Bathed and sailed at 08.30 for Rab. Poor visibility — thunderstorm — porpoises. Arrived 12.30 warm sunshine. Car ferries and pleasure boats. Visited old town, cathedral

walls and churches — lovely town garden overlooking the fiord. At the clock shop we found ourselves one hour out as we had been for the last week! Comings and goings all night on the quayside.

Wednesday, 10th June

Sailed out after breakfast down the Bazbatski Channel to Jablanc on the mainland. Hot sunshine. Fine little harbour — car ferry for Rab. After lunch motored round to Zavratica Fiord. Zavratica is described by Denham as "steep-to-spectacular and well worth a visit". We agreed. Sailed back to Rab. Anchored off convent. Very peaceful, convent bell and nightingales.

Thursday, 11th June

06.00. Bathed in sunshine and motored out in soft misty light at 07.30. Glassy sea past the north tip of Pag Island. 10.30 Sailed past south tip of Cres Island and 12.30 through the swing bridge canal into Mali Losinj (canal identified from E by Cannery buildings). P.M. hot walk over to Veli Losinj and back. Bathing difficult from shore because of access and oursines. Dinner ashore at Four Palmtrees near the Quayside. Italian spoken in these Islands.

Friday, 12th June

Up at 05.30 to warm sunshine. Sailed out to W and N past Uni and Levra Islands (Lussino Channel) then at Parunto Point altered course due E for Cres harbour. Arrived at 14.30. Some good sailing but later thunder in the hills to the North. Fine little harbour. Car ferry from mainland. Charming little town quite isolated except from sea. Sardine cannery. Joined the evening promenade of all the townspeople on the quay.

Saturday, 13th June

05.30. Bathed in warm sun E of harbour, motored out 09.30 in flat calm past fleet of small fishing boats. 11.00 set sail E for Istrian coast and entered Rasa inlet about 14.00. Bathe and rest! 17.00. Sailed up the inlet to Tunarica. Two or three houses only. Rowed ashore — ruined gateway and cottages. Nightingales, and perhaps deer barking, in the night.

Sunday, 14th June

More exploration on shore. Inscription on ruined gateway indicated a Monastery and reference to D'Annunzio. 0.900 Motored out in calm. 11.00. Under sail into Medvlinski Bay. Camp sites. Anchored 14.15 behind small island, then alongside small quay near Pomer. New tourist restaurant with good mussels. Thunderstorm and heavy rain in the night.

Monday, 15th June

Explored island. 09.00. Sailed out past islands and round S tip of Istria and into the more eastern of the two bays at Veruda.

Tuesday, 16th June

09.00. Left under sail for Pula. Good sail up the coast and alongside at Pula about 13.00. Noisy and dusty quayside. Visited Amphitheatre and Cathedral. Dined at Zadar restaurant.

D.L.

Wednesday, 17th June (continued by C.L. Chatwin)

07.00. It was with regret that we saw David and Abi depart by bus for Trieste to be ready for an early flight home the next day. We soon left for our previous night's anchorage to the east of Veruda Island, which proved a very popular place for some of those who followed us. Indeed the Northern arm of the bay with its modest 'yachthaven' restaurant and not too bad bus service into the town really makes this the yacht harbour for Pula residents. After spending the rest of the day swimming and sun-bathing, and a quiet night we were away early on....

Thursday, 18th June for Pula where the flags were out to welcome the Sudanese President who was to be met on Friday by President Tito. Caught the 10.30 bus to fetch the Land Rover from Kraljevica.

Friday, 19th June

The Yugoslav Navy put up a jolly good show for the two Presidents; streets lined, strings of Mercedes and plenty of out-riders. Very envious of Tito's state yacht — varnished teak — neat but not gaudy. Ate that night at Roving about 15 miles up the coast. A nice harbour and extremely interesting town both old and new.

Saturday, 20th June

Cleaned up, et cetera, and at about 01.30 on Sunday 21st June met John Watherston and his crew at the airport. They finished the night on board, we in the Land Rover at Verula camp site. After a good 'turnover' lunch we were off on the rest of our holiday, which was a quick left hook round eastern Europe and home, with Istanbul as our furthest East – but that, being a land trip – is another story.

C.L.C.

Cruise No. 2.

on *Rakia* 21st June to 4th July, 1970 –
John Watherston

Having arrived at Pula at one o'clock on Sunday morning, 21st June, we set out in *Rakia* late that afternoon with the intention of making our way to Mali Losinj by easy stages. Our first impressions of the coast were extremely favourable since the anchorage that night in the southern arm of Veruda Bay was very attractive. On Tuesday night we were off the eastern side of Unije, which showed the ravages of the Bora in the sparseness of its vegetation. By lunchtime on Wednesday, 24th June, we had reached Mali. The harbour-master there was not able to give us a suitable place to moor so we went through the canal on the eastern side of the lagoon, and, going south, found a tiny fishing port called St. Martin. It had the double advantage of having a restaurant, which was good but not particularly cheap, and it was only a mile overland from Mali.

Two days later we moved on to Veli Losinj, certainly the most attractive port we visited, but unprotected from the north-east. Inevitably, therefore, a Bora blew up that evening, although, being summer, it was not too strong, and we managed to squeeze *Rakia* into the inner harbour. The weather during this first week had been extremely hot and, except this one night, there had been very little wind. It was difficult, therefore, to get any satisfactory sailing, and in addition the engine had been tending to overheat. Although we had originally intended to go east to Rab, in the event Veli represented the furthest point of our trip, and on Sunday began the return journey via the Osor canal between Losinj and Cres. The Bora returned and we had an excellent sail from Osor to the mainland and one or two good days from Veruda, which we used as our base for the rest of the time. The only problem with the people was one of language; a knowledge of German or Italian helps to some extent. Roman Catholicism is obviously strong and many of the churches are worth a visit; they are chiefly Renaissance or early Baroque in the Venetian style. Both the coast and the country are typically Mediterranean in the best sense. The latter is in many ways like Italy, but with less singing and fewer tourists and motor cars.

J.W.

Cruise No. 3

– H.P. Chatwin

There were four of us; Anthea, Sally, Anthony and myself. We took over from John Watherston at Pula on the 4th July and were due back there a fortnight later. After our night flight, a short trip 'round the corner' to the quiet well-sheltered twin bays of Veruda settled us in well. We had taken as our first objective the Novigrad Sea, an extraordinary landlocked basin lying east of Zadar behind a succession of islands and fiords. So we started off in a general S.E. direction for a three days sail with fair winds.

Our first night was spent at Cikat in Losinj Island, a harbour very well recommended by Henry Denham in his invaluable sea guide *'The Adriatic'* and within walking distance of Mali Losinj. From there to the south of Molat Island passing on the way through the sound between Ilovik and St. Peter, which is one of the most attractive anchorages we saw.

We had, perhaps, our best day's sail of the trip from Molat, between Vir and the mainland, south of Pag and through the Velebitski Kanal to Novigrad, passing under a bridge many times the height of our mast. A trip from Novigrad through the steep gorges of the Zrmanja River to Obrovac proved well worth while. From Novigrad we made our way north west along its mainland shore to Karlobag.

Until now the weather had on the whole been good, but at 6 a.m. we had to clear out of Karlobag in a hurry with a strong N.E. Borina. We made the 15 miles N.W. to Jablanc in 2½ hours dead under No. 2 jib alone, the wind coming down off the mountains to starboard in hard squalls and a line of foam, but there was no sea as we were close under the land. It was time to get home and so we turned West for Losinj Island. The Borina appeared to have left us so we made for the attractive harbour and town of Veli Losinj on the West side; but after a short time it started to breeze up again and so, following Denham's advice, we cleared out to pick up one of the few remaining berths in the small, but better sheltered, Port Rovensca, a mile or two to the south. Nevertheless, it was an anchor watch for 24 hours and a re-dislocation of a shoulder for the skipper before we could leave.

Our timetable was now rather out of gear and the weather still unsettled. The ferries between Pula and Losinj are good so we decided to play for safety. We slipped through the short canal, cut through a narrow neck in the island (20 Dinars to swing the bridge) and tied up alongside that night at Mali Losinj just astern of Peter Sellers and a party including the lady who is now his wife. His is a fine big motor yacht.

The next day we despatched Anthony ahead to Pula to tell the Barrows the position. We followed later passing the Barrows on the way – we in our hydrofoil ferry, they in their more conventional ferry boat – and (just!) caught our evening plane home. It had been a grand sailing holiday with more wind throughout than on most of the others.

H.P.C.

Cruise No. 4

– G.C. Barrow

The Barrow Party consisted of Mum, Dad and three children aged 12, 10 and 8. The plan was to meet Hugh Chatwin at Pula, but on arrival there we found a representative of his crew who told us that owing to getting involved with a Borina they had not been able to make Pula and that *Rakia* was at Mali Losinj about 35 miles to the south east, to which we went by ferry boat. We sailed from Mali Losinj to Rab, Krk and then to Kraljevica from where we collected our car at Pula, made contact with our friends and spent 2 or 3 days with them.

Our cruise then really began. Our general plan was that we anchored at mid-day in some attractive cove where a sounding was marked on the chart of 7 fathoms or less. If soundings shown were greater than this it was difficult to anchor in reasonable depth without bumping into the shore. We then swam, ate, sunbathed, slept and explored in the dinghy until we felt it was time to go, often rather late so that we had some rather hair-raising entries into ill-lit harbours in the dark.

The winds on the whole were meagre but we spent some two-thirds of our time under sail making slow but pleasant progress and probably covered two-thirds of the distance under engine.

We returned to Kraljevica by the Velebitski Kanal and handed over to the Lawrences. Motored to Villach to put our car on the train and found we had arrived a day too late, hence there followed a rather mad dash across Europe by car to get home in time.

Some interesting places visited:

BAKAR. At the top of the inlet north of Kraljevica, a very unspoilt village cut off by the main coast road which is just above it, and the oil refinery and mineral loading place to seaward. An Atalanta can tie up in the entrance to the small boat harbour to the west of the village. Small hotel nearby some shops and the best lavoir in Yugoslavia.

SIMUNI. Pag Island. A land-locked inlet with perfectly secure anchorage in one corner or another. A few houses but not facilities. Rather gloomy.

PRIVLACKI. At entrance of channel between Pag and mainland. Not mentioned in either Pilot or Denham. A number of gravel dredging boats, reasonable shelter in one place or another depending on direction of wind. Small un-touristy and primitive village. Good bathing beach.

PRIVLACKI CHANNEL. Denham and Pilot both rather gloomy about it. Quite suitable for an Atalanta and if the Channel is kept can be passed through with plates down. When going from west to east all marks should be passed close to Port though it looks as if the taller ones should be passed to starboard. It is used by gravel boats which when loaded must have a draught of about 6 feet.

PAG. At the southern end of the lagoon in the middle of the Island. Tie up alongside quay just before fixed bridge into Salt Lagoon. Rather exposed from the north but it would be possible to get up to the north end of the Lagoon. In the past a seldom-visited town and not very touristy. It will probably change as there is now a bridge between Pag and the mainland. There are some very fine 16th and 17th century houses with old ladies making lace in the doorways.

G.C.B.

Cruise No. 5

— Lawrence Family Holiday in Yugoslavia

Since the fourteen days we spent on *Rakia* were attended by near perfect weather — hot sun by day and warm but not uncomfortable nights — one's chief recollections are of motoring from bathing place to bathing place on the islands of Krk, Rab, Pag, Losinj and Cres. On only one day — the last of our holiday — were we able to obtain proper steerageway under sail but the surroundings were so idyllic no one was inclined to mourn the loss of sailing in the Channel tradition.

With her shallow 'plates up' draught, *Rakia* is, of course, ideal as a travelling bathing machine. There are very few sandy beaches on the northern Yugoslavian islands but local informants reported the occasional presence of hungry sharks, so one wanted to get pretty close to the rocky shoreline in the many beautiful creeks and inlets before actually taking to the water. On the occasion that my carelessness and a temperamental reverse gear allowed the stern warp and the propeller to become too adjacent, I was glad of the lack of pollution and the resultant clarity of the water which makes swimming such a delight.

Yugoslavia is no place for the gourmet although we never had any difficulty in eating adequately and tolerably well.

Our experience was that in general the more one paid, the worse the result, a fact which provided much relief to the parental pocket. Communication can be a problem — though never unpleasantly so — unless one had a working command of German or Italian. Even then, amusing things could happen. The dismay of the German yachtsman who in trying to buy a piece of harness for a donkey found that he had bought the animal springs to mind. He eventually swapped the donkey for the harness but not until the donkey had received from its former owner the best meal of his life in anticipation of a long cruise to Germany!

All in all the holiday was a fascinating experience and remains a very happy memory.

P.G.L.

Cruise No. 6

— Candia Barman

We were the last family to live on board *Rakia*, and, like our predecessors, the holiday proved almost flawless. Our first impressions of Yugoslavia, however, were a little unexpected as they had a solid base of concrete and raw onions. Nearly all the buildings, both ancient and modern, seemed to be made from varying shades of the former, even the bare, Bora-swept sides of the islands presented a similar grey colour to us as we either motored or sailed past them. And as for the raw onions, they were served as part of nearly every meal we had ashore, so that we became almost addicted to them by the time our fortnight was up.

We followed much the same route as the others, visiting the islands of Krk, Rab, Cres, and also Rabac on the mainland. But our favourite places were Rab (you can't help falling for Rab), also Baska on Krk Island, which has an immediate, rather mediaeval charm, and Osor, a tiny village by the Osor canal on Cres Island, which is surrounded by masses of very crumbly and unrecognisable Roman ruins, and has an unexpectedly beautiful cathedral.

Being the last occupants of *Rakia*, we had what turned out to be the simple task of getting her lifted out of the water by a *Schwim Kran* at Kraljevica. The splendid Belans, father and son, in conjunction with the crew of the *Schwim Kran* were so helpful and efficient that we were practically superfluous.

We all stoked up so well on *sljivovica* afterwards, that Herr Belan felt moved to announce that he was now ready to lift *Rakia* back into the water single-handed. We only wished he could, as it would have been marvellous to prolong the holiday just that little bit longer.

C.B.

Postscript:

When parking *Rakia* and trailer at Fairey Marine we found that one of the main trailer springs had broken — after 2,400 miles — somewhere between Southampton Docks and Hamble!

G.C.B.