

From Alan Vines, President of the Atalanta Owners' Association:

Atalanta owners in all parts of the world will be sad to hear of the death of that great sailor Uffa Fox. It was Uffa who designed the hull form of the Atalanta and took a great interest in its early development. He also attended the annual dinners on a number of occasions.

Atalantas have now been sailing for seventeen years and the total miles sailed by all the boats must be approaching two million miles or more, with the majority of those built (about two hundred) still sailing.

As boats change hands the number of Association members tends to decrease until new owners join. Please ask any owners you know who are not members to join, and also support the Honorary Secretary, Ian Parker, by paying your subscription and help Cyril Staal by sending articles for the Bulletin. Unless there is support from the members the life of the Association must be limited.

Good sailing for 1973.



WANTS AND DISPOSALS

Alan S. Perkes (*Sherpa* A146) can supply a set of scale drawings of *Sherpa's* vane steering gear for £5, or can give the name of someone who is prepared to make it. There is an illustration of the gear on page 8 of the 1969/70 Bulletin.

The same owner has just taken delivery of a large genoa which sheets to within a foot of the end of the main boom. He had only used it once at the time of writing but *'it seems to work very well'*. He can supply sizes.

(Alan G. Perkes, 57 Twickenham Road, Teddington, Middlesex).

FOR SALE

Atalanta 26 parts for wooden mast, jumper rig, mostly brass. Second-hand, but undamaged.

Base, bulb socket and washer for masthead light.

Jumper Strut assembly complete.

Masthead light complete.

Jumper strut collar.

One spreader tube and two end fittings – alloy.

Mast stop for boat and socket on mast base – steel and brass.

Link piece for forestay and jib halyard to bridle onto mast – complete with halyard sheave.

One spreader socket – steel.

Strap to link backstay fitting and jumper wire attachment.

Track with slides.

Burgee sheave and plate.

Main halyard sheave and box complete.

Gooseneck – socket on mast only.

Spinnaker track, slider and stops.

2 small cleats.

2 large wooden cleats.

Also

2 sets of baffle board adjustment fittings.

(P. G. Martin, Westwood, 11 Lon y Bryn, Bangor, Caernarvonshire, LL57 2LH. Tel: 0248 3667).

ATALANTA OWNERS' ASSOCIATION

Honorary Secretary:

Ian T. Parker, 24 Riverview Road, Ewell, Surrey.

Tel: 01-330 0342

Honorary Editor:

Cyril Staal, Cotehele House, Saltash, Cornwall. PL12 6TA.

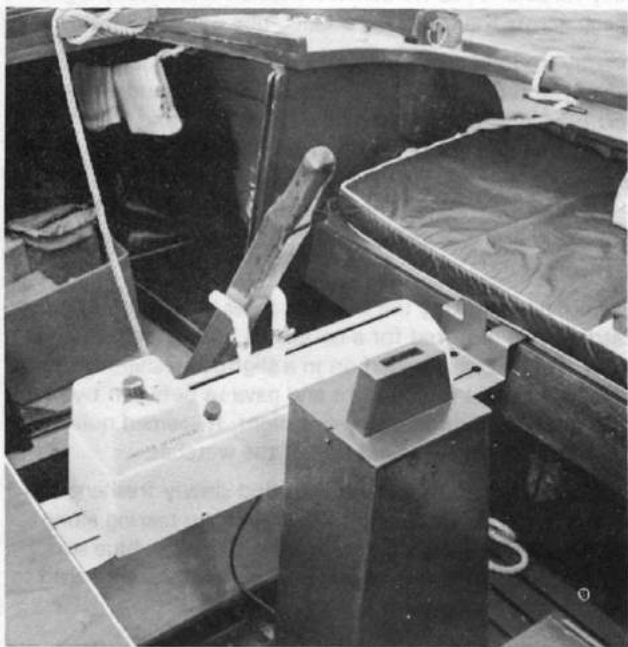
Tel: St. Dominick 415

Contributions for the next issue of the Bulletin should reach the Editor by mid-November.

EDITORIAL

The summer weather is doubtless the reason for owners having sent in so few contributions to this Bulletin. Most of them would, if written, have been on the lines of Alan G. Perkes's 'Wet and Windy', and one saga of that kind in an issue is probably enough. My own ventures on the water have been of the same uncomfortable, although sometimes stimulating, variety, except that when *Ereina* made the passage from Saltash to Cotehele Quay on December 3rd the weather was excellent. That was on a Sunday, and the following morning I telephoned Dingle's of Stoke Climsland to arrange hire of their 5 ton crane for laying up. The crane is a large and rather battered machine that clanks slowly along the narrow Cornish lanes, sometimes touching both sides, and finally reaches the Quay. Arrived there, it has to be assembled in the manner of a giant-sized Meccano set, as the jib takes to pieces for travelling and various other bits and pieces are screwed together before any work starts. Alas, I am faced with defeat: the voice on the other end of the phone told me that the crane was now retired and would not be replaced. I could hire one from Plymouth where at least two firms have them, but I fear the cost of the operation, which would involve a total of about 25-30 miles on the road and about half an hour doing the actual lifting, could only be met by selling *Ereina*. The boat-owner meets many problems, some of which are not concerned with navigation. I am hopeful of finding a solution eventually, but at the moment am not certain where to start looking.

The foregoing remarks about the weather apply to the British Isles, but across the Pond, the summer of 1972 seems to have been a normal one. William B. Coolidge continues to own and enjoy *Tala*, and gives us the benefit of hearing from him once more. A further communication from the United States came from Peter Lombard, of Shirley, Massachusetts. He wrote enclosing two pictures of the auto-pilot on his Atalanta A77, *Stormy*; an instrument marketed by Signet Scientific Company, of Burbank, California.



This auto-pilot (says Lombard) is designed for tiller-steered boats, and as you will see, it is very easily adapted to Atantas or indeed many other tiller-steered boats. It is extraordinarily simple to operate, with extremely low current consumption and great accuracy. It will steer a very much closer course than any helmsman, and continue to do so, either under sail or under power (or both). It is of the greatest help while single-handing, and of course it in no way relieves one of responsibility! We have had the utmost satisfaction and enjoyment from it. Admittedly, the first cost is high, but there is little if any maintenance; it is ruggedly built and amply protected from the elements.

The pictures, one of which is on this page, were taken on the Bras d'Or Lakes, Nova Scotia, during the summer of 1971. The writer adds:

Incidentally, our Bras d'Or cruise is the best one yet and we heartily recommend that area to our fellow yachtsmen.

I replied requesting further details of the auto-pilot, including its price; but, as was found on another occasion by Lewis Carroll's Walrus, 'answer came there none'.

My daughter reported to me on her return from a holiday in Majorca during September that she had noticed an Atalanta named *Trio* in Palma harbour. Scenting a possible story for the Bulletin I wrote to John Dixon, part owner of *Trio* (A30), and duly heard from him with a denial of liability on the part of that particular Atalanta. His letter said:

Our Trio was not in Majorca and has spent most of the Summer in the Essex rivers. Brother Eric took his wife and a mastless Trio up the Grand Union Canal to Bletchley; 75 locks there and 75 back, I'm told.

Some three or four years ago we took her in to the canal at Brentford, went round London via Little Venice and the Islington Tunnel to the Regent's Canal and out at the R.C. Dock at Stepney — a complete circuit of the centre of London by water!

He added a suggestion that there was perhaps an A31 named *Trio*. True enough, there is, but she belongs to an owner living in New York. I could have pursued the matter by writing to him, but I didn't, and I'm wondering whether he may have quietly crossed the Atlantic and I missed a big story.

C.S.

★★★★★

WET & WINDY

Alan G. Perkes — *Sherpa* — A146

Early summer 1972 will be remembered for its bleak windswept unfriendliness. So it was with hope rising in our hearts that we surveyed our prospects one Friday afternoon of bright warm sunlight and gentle breeze, force two to three. With as much haste as could be decently pursued we slipped away from our offices and down to the sea. *Sherpa* was launched from Fairey's at Hamble and we were away.

We had a week and were a strong crew of two, just Chuck and myself. Chuck has been with me many times before and possesses many assets which I lack — ability to cook at sea and to stand long night watches, is not colour blind and can see things about five times further away than I can. Mind you I usually can see things before we hit them. Neither of us is sea sick. My main assets are that I can navigate, after a fashion, can stand a few daylight watches, don't worry about things that I have not seen and I own the boat.

We beat down the Solent enjoying the evening freshness. By the time we were off Newtown a low blanket of cloud was coming up from the west and soon this obscured all the blue sky and that was the sun gone except for one freak day later in the week.

Not having a fair breeze we anchored behind the Hurst for the tide. At one the following morning the prospect looked bleak. We rolled the main down to the first batten and set the No. 2 jib and butted our way down past the Needles, wind against tide. A westerly wind enabled us to lay a course just west of the Casquets which we sighted mid afternoon. The boat was crashing and thumping and one felt that feeling of weightlessness one moment and double G force the next which makes sleeping a difficult and tiring business. It was more restful on watch.

Everything got wet as a lot of water came over the foredeck. My wife has been on at me for years that the forehatch leaks and that the legs of the pulpit are working in the deck. She's right, of course. I'll have to do something about it but in the meantime *Sherpa's* interior was doing a good imitation of a third rate film set. Sea scene; buckets full of water being thrown everywhere. I would not have minded so much but being heeled at a constant 35° and my bunk being to leeward, it came under the vertical drop from the forehatch. Never mind, I'll use Chuck's bunk, it will help trim the boat I told him. I just got off to sleep behind a nice high canvas leeboard, snug in my nice warm down sleeping bag, when I woke up. Wide awake in an instant knowing that I was on my way to the bilges, there might be water there and I might get wet. With the instinct inborn in the true male aware that his comfort is in danger, I levitated myself from the possible dampness with incredible haste; such is the power of mind over matter. The eyelets had pulled right out of the canvas.

Saturday night passed, close-hauled still, somewhere west of Guernsey, heading south west and by Sunday morning a scene of wet misery. Wind still about west force 5—6, visibility three to four miles greeted us outside, and damp squalor inside.

Then the wireless gave up.

We had seen a few lights during the night and were laying odds about our possible position. You need a bigger crew than we had to make much money on navigation betting, so we did not get

down to it too seriously.

Sept 11es loomed out of the murk ahead and slightly downwind so we eased sheets and fairly tore towards it, leaving it to port and on into Ploumanac'h where we had been before. Otherwise we would have been very disconcerted sailing fast at an apparent blank rocky shore with wild breaking waves everywhere.

As with our last visit sheer chance had it that it was high water. So we went right up the harbour to the large pool before the village and anchored, wound up the keels, heaved up the rudder and went to sleep.

We woke at a wild angle and found to our disgust that we had been gently let down onto a reef of rock and were now high and dry. With great skill we had anchored so that the bow rested on a little patch of sand, the stem just touching a rock some feet high and the keel under the cockpit astride a nice flat rock which someone had thoughtfully covered with a thick soft bed of seaweed. Finding that no apparent harm had been done we walked ashore, had a couple of drinks and looked round the village. It was still raining.

It was still Sunday so we had not done badly for a weekend sail. Later the same day we floated off and picked up a buoy in the middle of the pool with soft flat mud around to sit on, and slept the night through.

It was only just raining.

Monday we beat down to Morlaix. It did not rain but it might just as well have as it was grey and cold, visibility about three miles, which is not much for this coast. Up the canal nearing Morlaix we passed under a half-completed concrete box girder bridge, the end cantilevered out over the canal high above our heads with what appeared to be no means of support. It was most impressive.

Tuesday was a rock-hopping day's sail to Roscoff behind the Ile de Batz. The wind was still westerly and the forecast was Westerly force 5—7, so we decided that on Wednesday a good fast reach across the Channel to Salcombe would be rather jolly.

Wednesday dawned grey and chilly the forecast being as before, and when the tide floated us at midday off the mud we sailed. A smart breeze took us clear of the Ile de Batz and then left us wallowing, the tide taking us first east and then west. By nine in the evening we had sailed a good nine miles when we should have been half way there. The sun came down below the low bank of cloud and was visible for about fifteen minutes in a glorious sunset.

As we were now nearing the shipping lanes between Ushant and the Casquets we motored for a couple of hours north to clear the hazards. Then we ghosted on in a slightly freshening breeze which held for most of the night and gave us between two to three knots. In fact quite a pleasant night. It seemed quiet enough so Chuck let me stand one of the watches.

The next day the sun shone and the wind slowly freshened to a West force 5. By mid-afternoon we were fairly tearing along with full main and a reaching spinnaker. Blue sky, blue seas, visibility forever and a French newspaper to pretend to read to impress the crew.

We made Salcombe before the pubs shut and in the morning walked it off up to Bolt Head. The wind was still West force 5-6 so a good run downhill to the Solent seemed to be in order and by midday when the tide favoured us we were away. We set everything with the wind just on the starboard quarter. We had the main to port, the genoa boomed on a long pole to starboard and the reaching spinnaker filling the gap and sheeted to the end of the main boom. The vane steering gear managed that lot well but occasionally on one of the many surges down the faces of the waves, when the Sumlog read nine knots, she took a bit of a sheer which she soon corrected. Better than us poor mortals could have done, I am quite sure. We took it in turns to doze in the cockpit and sleep down below.

Our course took us well south of Portland Bill, which we approached as it was getting dark. We saw no lights as by now the low cloud had come down even lower to form a patchy but sometimes dense fog. As darkness crept upon us we lowered the spinnaker and took in the jib pole in case we had to take any violent evasive action in the dark and fog. We were still doing a steady six knots with surges up to eight, but not quite so wildly. Portland was passed about 23.00 hours with us taking running D.F. fixes every half hour. By now the tide should have been against us for quite a while but we still seemed to be making good progress. Our position was by now somewhat precarious. If we went inshore too far we would be taken back through the Portland Race, if we went too far offshore we would get caught up in the shipping lanes. So we just ploughed straight on until our D.F. bearing showed the Bill well astern, and then gybed and angled-in slightly towards Anvil Point and the Needles.

The fog came and went, ships came and went. Some were well heralded by lights from afar, sometimes thin lights would light up the fog around them in an eerie glow before the lights themselves became visible. Chuck left me to it for a couple of hours and I did not see a thing, either we had cleared the shipping lanes, the fog was too thick or I just didn't see anything.

At 06.00 hours Saturday morning D.F. bearings of St. Catherine's sounded loud and clear, and in fact at 06.30 the lighthouse itself suddenly appeared in the clearing gloom. The cliffs behind were still invisible: we had run faster in the night than we had estimated. As the tide would be flooding for a few more hours we sailed on, and so round the east end of the Isle of Wight. We were becalmed in the lee of the island for a while, but managed to ghost clear. Hamble was reached exactly at midday, 24 hours out from Salcombe. Even though it was only Saturday we went home.

It was still raining.



Failure of the Plate Gear

Laurence Biddle — *Epeneta II* — A39

The year 1972 gave us a trouble free launch using the Corporation crane at Gillingham Pier (hire of crane 50p!), and were we soon sailing the half mile up to the moorings in a light wind. We had put the plates down before launching so that they could be antifouled, and in the light wind I decided to raise the Starboard Plate. It started to move as I turned the lifting gear, but then the handle started to turn easily and I realised that the lifting gear must have broken. A quick examination revealed that the plate was hanging vertically. Luckily I have plenty of water at my moorings and there was therefore no risk in leaving her there until I could plan repairs.

I wrote to Faireys for a plan of the plate gear and for an estimate for new lifting straps, but I was impatient to have the boat sailing again and eventually had to decide to go ahead and do the work myself. *Atalantas* are getting older and for the benefit of other owners who may find themselves in a similar predicament I am setting out an account of the work involved.

Obviously the first thing to do was to gain access to the lower end of the lifting straps so as to find out whether the pin had sheared or whether the straps had failed. Access has always been difficult because though I have had the plates out of her twice in my 12 years of ownership I have never been able to undo the bolt on the forward end of the swashboard. However when I opened up the centreboard case the metal fitting on the forward end of the swashboard was so badly rusted that it was easy to dislodge the board from the fitting and then to remove the board. Once this had been done it was possible to reach down into the C.B. case and find that the pin was still in order but that the strap had torn through on both sides.

I then took off the after side of the lifting gear case, and after removing the pivot pin which supports the lifting gear it was possible to lift the lifting gear upwards and towards the stern and so take it out bodily. With the C.B. hanging vertically the pin is about 2 inches from the bottom of the case. It was stainless steel and using a pair of calipers in the water I found it was $\frac{5}{8}$ " diameter.

The swashboard fittings were rusted solid with the straps of the lifting gear, but after some difficulty they were separated. This left the two straps with a $\frac{1}{2}$ " hole which had held the bolt on which the swashboard pivoted, and 6 inches lower down, right at the end of the straps, two $\frac{5}{8}$ " slots where the pin had torn through the end of the strap.

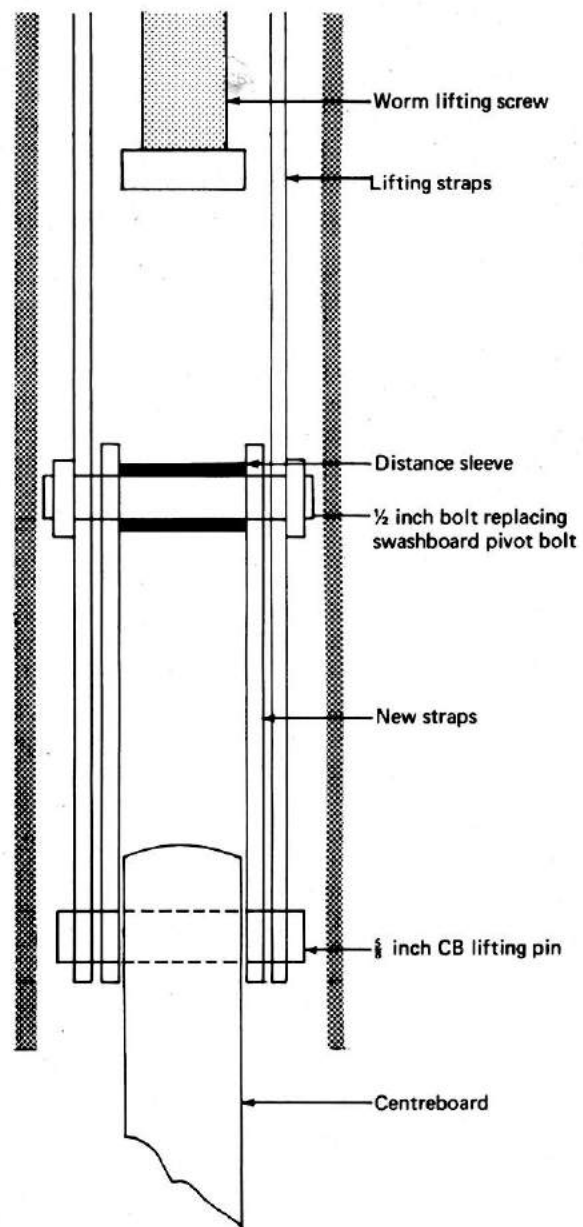
It seemed to me that if I could put two stainless steel plates inside the straps, and then put a bolt with a distance sleeve through the straps and the new straps where the swashboard bolt used to be fitted, it would be possible to fit the other end of the new straps over the C.B. pin so as to carry the weight of the plate as it was lifted.

I bought two stainless steel strips $6'' \times 2'' \times \frac{1}{8}''$ and bored each end for the C.B. pin and for the bolt to replace the old swashboard pivot bolt. I then had a difficult job removing the heads and tails of the split pins in the ends of the C.B. pin working in the C.B. case and under water. After this it was possible to fit the new straps with the old straps outside them over the pin, and then rehang the lifting gear on the bulkhead.

Though this has proved a perfectly serviceable repair for the rest of the season, this winter I shall lower both plates and replace the straps, which have done fifteen years, with new straps. Having regard to the fact that they are working half-in and half-out of the water it seems to me that they should be stainless steel.

I have made a new fitting in the forward end of the swashboard, which fits on to the distance sleeve on the old swashboard pivot bolt and is easily removeable. It is a great advantage to have the swashboards easily removeable as the plates can be kept clean and painted much more easily.

SKETCH PLAN SHOWING LIFTING GEAR INSIDE CENTREBOARD CASE



... Row the boat ashore'

or what to do when wind and engine fail

Frances Martin – *Sea Major* – A92

One of our most interesting cruises this year has been to Llanddwyn and Abermenai. The opening of the railway bridge over the Menai Straits, to shipping as well as to trains, has meant that we have been able to go westwards from Bangor again. The cruise began uneventfully and with an easterly force four and the tide with us, we were soon through the Swellies, past Port Dinorwic and Caernarvon and looking for the buoy after which it is safe to turn in towards the Anglesey shore again. Then we had to do some tacking and noted that the other boats anchoring in the bays all did so under motor. However, we persisted under sail and thinking that our usual anchorage, Pilot's Cove, seemed rather popular, (four or five boats were there) we decided to see if Mermaid's Cove was any quieter. Only one boat was there, so we slid past the end of a rocky island and the other boat, only to discover that we had decided to anchor over some rocks. The shore shelved very gently at this point and there wasn't room to manoeuvre, as we were being taken stern first towards the other boat by wind and tide. We fended off, started the motor and beat a retreat to Pilot's Cove, where we found a perfect anchorage. On the following day we inspected Mermaid's Cove at low water and discovered that the other boat had taken the only good anchorage in the small cove!

As we dropped anchor in Pilot's Cove I noticed that two boys whom we had passed as they were trying to start the outboard on their dinghy had dropped an oar. They were drifting down tide more quickly than the oar was, so our skipper, who was getting our dinghy alongside to row our children ashore, collected the oar and returned it to the boys. He asked them if they would like a tow, but they declined the offer, seeming happy and confident with the recovery of the oar, so he returned to take the children ashore. I remained on *Sea Major* preparing lunch and when the skipper returned and asked about the boys, I told him that I could only just see them: they were being taken towards the extreme point of the island by the tide. The skipper rowed after them and soon came back round the point towing their dinghy. They were very glad of the tow and by the time they reached the shore their mother had appeared and she, too, was very grateful. The boys had an inflatable boat on their dinghy and with this and the refusal of the outboard to start, it appears that they couldn't control the dinghy. In a short time they would have had to abandon the boat and swim to the shore to save themselves from drifting out to sea.

Towards evening, after we had swum and explored the 'island' (really a promontory, since it is only an island at high water springs), the beach gradually became deserted, the other boats one by one raised their anchors and left with the tide. We settled down to a delightfully warm and quiet night.

The next morning being windless, the skipper rowed us to some other islands further up the coast including one which was the home of innumerable birds, after which we returned to *Sea Major*. Then the children decided to learn to row, so the remainder of the day was spent sunbathing, snorkeling, swimming and rowing about in the safety of the bay. Towards evening, when the tide turned, we made our way back towards

Caernarvon and Abermenai in a gentle breeze which had sprung up. We anchored at Abermenai for the night and after a pleasant walk along the dunes, retired to sleep.

The following morning it was misty and dead calm, but we decided to head for home none the less, as if we waited for the evening tide, we would be trying to pick up our mooring in the pitch dark. Watching the point and the sandbanks as closely as we could, we motored towards the main channel and then set a compass course for the next buoy. Eventually it loomed up out of the mist and the next one was duly sighted dead ahead. Then there was an ominous cough and splutter and the engine died. While the skipper tried everything he could think of, we sped on towards Caernarvon on the tide. It was an eerie experience, as we had no idea where we were as we couldn't see either side of the Straits. Suddenly the diving raft off Caernarvon loomed up well to starboard, just where it should have been. Then some curious things happened to the boat: she turned and drifted stern first, then moored boats appeared all round us and I wondered if we would hit any, but after turning round again *Sea Major* floated on. Some time later one of the lookouts at the bows shouted 'Number nine cone ahead'. I couldn't believe my ears; surely we couldn't be at Port Dinorwic already? However, we were and as the mist cleared were able to see the moored boats and, better still, an empty mooring not far to starboard of our present course. With many instructions about being sure to pick up the buoy first time, the skipper stationed himself on the bows with our long boat hook and somehow we managed to pick up the buoy. It took the skipper, Kenneth and me to haul the two buoys on deck; they were heavy with sea-weed but it was mainly because of the pull of the tide. The skipper returned to the motor, which he hadn't left since it first died except to pick up the mooring, while I rowed the children ashore to collect some food supplies and most important of all, some new sparking plugs. The skipper went ashore on various occasions, taking parts of the engine and returning with cleaned pieces and new pieces, all to no avail. Suddenly a large motor boat appeared and I realised that it was the owner of the mooring. I explained our predicament to him while the skipper rowed to another buoy nearby, taking a rope with him. After much heaving and pulling *Sea Major* was transferred to her new mooring and work on the engine continued. At about eighteen hundred hours the engine came to life again and we decided to make for home on the flood tide at 20.30 hours. We occupied the intervening time by having a meal and watching the rescue helicopter which we could see dropping below the trees and then rising again, but hidden from us in between by a bend in the Straits. Then we heard that a small boat had capsized in the Swellies and that four of the five occupants had been rescued. The helicopter was looking for the lost man. Eventually the helicopter disappeared and we left for home. All went well until we were almost out of the Swellies when the engine again spluttered and died. Fortunately we were past the last dangerous rocks and the tide carried us fast towards the road bridge and we were soon under it. Once on the Bangor side of the bridge, the tide began to slacken and the skipper decided to row the two miles to our mooring, towing *Sea Major* from *Sea Minor*. We eventually picked up our mooring in the gathering gloom at about 22.00 hours after about three quarters of an hour's steady rowing. Wind and engine had failed, but not muscle power!

A-149 in America (continued)

William B. Coolidge — *Tala* — A149

What should I write about our second year with *Tala*? What would interest our colleagues across the Atlantic? How much of our experience is sharable, how much purely personal?

To start on the personal note, it seems in retrospect as though *Tala* has been one of the main threads in the skein of our lives. For instance, a year ago in mid-October *Tala* was at her mooring in Galesville, Maryland pausing after a voyage down from Nantucket and ready for fall sailing on Chesapeake Bay. In early December we brought her home to our front yard in suburban Washington DC where during the winter months I pushed ahead on springtime maintenance. At first it seemed a bit strange if not downright sinful to be indulging in such pleasure so much ahead of the game. But adjustment was easy. After all, *Tala* and I were just helping keep each other fit.

This year is different and adjustment isn't easy. *Tala* is wintering on Cape Cod. She leaves a large void where we had anticipated much activity. Sailing with friends in their boats is just not the same as sailing with friends in your own boat. And no other handiwork gives me such satisfaction as does fixing up and fitting out.

But back to happier days. By early last May *Tala* was in the water again at Galesville, and we were resuming our frequent trips over there to putter at the mooring or to take guests out on day sails. Often we wound up with dinner at the mooring. Twice we rendezvoused with friends in short cruises, overnighting in harbour at historic spots like Oxford and St. Michaels.

Over and above the standard pleasures of such expeditions there were the special satisfactions of the *Atalanta*. To fellow-owners I don't need to belabour the point that this is a distinctive craft whose appearance evokes reactions and thus opens opportunities to explain her virtues. On one occasion an observer critical of her lines ended up on the note: "Well, I'll say this. She has integrity." What seems to strike people most is her go-anywhere capability. We're rather accustomed now to people making comments to the effect: "Why, I bet she could cross the Atlantic!" Actually, in the shallow estuaries of the Chesapeake we enjoyed her go-anywhere capability in the opposite way as we followed with impunity courses others dared not, raising the keels when necessary.

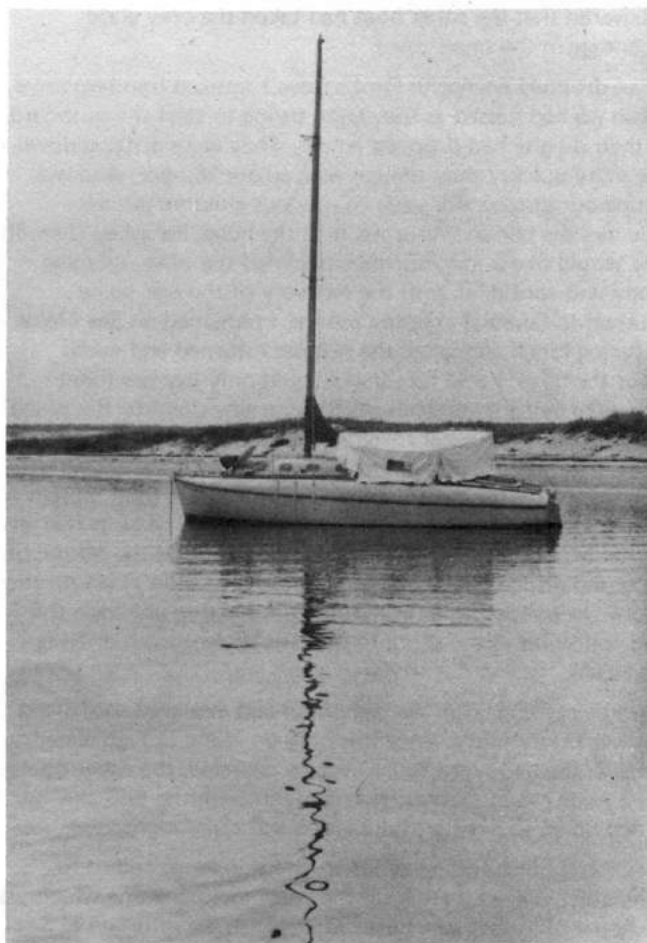
At the end of July *Tala* went back on her trailer for the trip north to New England. This time my wife could not do the journey with me, but I had good company in her young nephew from California — an able sailor trained in the waters of San Francisco Bay now making his initial visit East. Partly for that reason we started early in the morning and so followed routes that circumnavigated Baltimore and New York. We drove in the mid-40 m.p.h. range most of the time but averaged out overall at 30 m.p.h. for the 500-plus-mile trip to Cape Cod. Our only problem en route was getting the trailer tail lights working properly. Again at sundry service stations, stopping for gasoline, the remark: "What a boat! Bet she could cross the Atlantic."

This last summer we used Bradbury Marine in Hyannis for launching. Jim Bradbury had done some work on the Coventry Victor the previous year and is not allergic to unfamiliar motors. Moreover he has the delightful philosophy, so rare in boatyards

in these parts, that the owner should do all the work he can on the boat: Bradbury will help with what the owner can't do. It was right in line with that philosophy that I found myself on the morning after arrival flat on my back under *Tala* painting the bottom again. One way to limber up after a long drive.

Here in Hyannis too we got acquainted with *Ayuthia*. She is a 46' gaff-rigged ketch built in Bangkok in the mid-1930's of Thai teak for a (then) British plantation owner to British designs. I mention this in the thought some Bulletin reader might have known this lovely vessel. Incidentally her present owner, an engineer-inventor, scrutinized *Tala's* features with appreciative eye and pronounced her beautifully engineered.

Once launched and with wife and daughter joining aboard, our major cruise got under way. First, *Ayuthia's* skipper led us to a lovely little gunkhole called Pine Island Narrows just a couple of miles away from Hyannis inner harbour. This is so near and yet so far from the teeming tourist traffic that we felt well into our cruise in half an hour.



A149, cockpit tent up, after a rainy night at anchorage behind Harding Beach Point, near Chatham, Massachusetts. August 1972.

During the following week we prescribed a large circuit: east to Chatham at Cape Cod's elbow, where we first tried out the cockpit tent during a rainy night. Thence a sally down the long finger of Monomoy, a remote and vaguely dangerous sand spit jutting south from the elbow. In some ways it epitomizes the Nantucket Sound area in its natural state, washed by strong tidal currents, its sandy profile blown into dunes inhabited only by birds enjoying the protection of a wildlife sanctuary. We relished our brief expedition ashore.

Thence west to Woods Hole, where we had a tense time entering. Wind and tide opposed each other with the usual results. Pride forbade resorting to power unless necessary; circumstances forbade adding spinnaker. With the jib wung out we triumphantly climbed slowly up the narrow northern channel. Later in the day we went on through the Hole to Hadley Harbor at the northwest end of Nonamesset Island, widely known in these parts as one of the most attractive small-craft anchorages. We looked forward to the quiet isolation of this unspoiled hideaway only to find it chock-a-block with some 70 yachts already there, most of them on a Corinthian Yacht Club cruise. *Tala* had a good looking-over as we wormed our way through searching space. It was here, next morning, that one of our 50-foot neighbours opened a conversation by asking: "Say, what kind of boat is that? I keep seeing heads popping up all over her!" His reference, of course, was to the three hatches which the four of us aboard used as appropriate. Anyway, he too learned something about the *Atalanta* before departure.

Thence across Buzzards Bay to Padanarum, back through Quicks Hole into Vineyard Sound, to Tashmoo (we stopped for tea at Tashmoo) and to Vineyard Haven and Nantucket. Let's leave the cruise at that. Suffice it to say we had no extraordinary adventures. There were good winds and poor; more occasions to use spinnaker than power; new places as well as old. *Tala* likes New England waters. The winds are more to her taste as are the seas.

Tala spent August and most of September at Nantucket, giving daytime outings to friends and relatives and one more long-legged cruise to the family. My son had happily surprised us by coming in from California — and of course his first wish was to sail. With a southwester of Force 5—6, we reached over to Hyannis (some 21 nautical miles) in under four hours. After revisiting Chatham we sailed direct to Nantucket which gave us the new experience of perceiving the island from the north.

At the end of our time in Nantucket, in late September, my wife and I sailed *Tala* back to Hyannis whence we would trail her back to Washington. Then at the last minute two things changed our plans. A check of the engine to see why the ammeter had not been charging (both the dynamo and the control box being in order) showed that the dynamo belt was running in an oil bath. This and other considerations suggested that the engine should be lifted out and serviced. Second, one of the keel lifting stirrups gave way necessitating repair. It was considerate of this to happen at the ultimate moment, just as I was cranking the keels up for the last time, rather than at some critical point out in the Sound. In both respects the best thing to do was to leave her with Bradbury Marine.

However it is pleasant to look forward to a properly working engine to say nothing of a newly painted engine room. I have noted with interest the engine conversions done by other *Atalanta* owners but would prefer to stick with the Coventry Victor Mk III if possible. After all I've gotten somewhat acquainted with it, and it just fits with the boat.

Perhaps I'm a restorer rather than a replacer. One of last winter's jobs was to patch and re-install the partially rusted out original water tanks. The "Taylor's Para-Fin Model No. 029" stove, repaired and converted to alcohol, holds forth faithfully. We have even borrowed it and its burner-top over from the boat to cope with emergencies at home. The previous owner had originally had a locker fitted under the tumble-home at seat level at the starboard forward corner of the cockpit. This was to accommodate two butane tanks for a refrigerator later abandoned. I converted the locker into a small icebox by lining it with styrofoam and fitted tubes through the icebox floor to carry the meltwater out through the outboard vents already in place. While not very commodious, the icebox is convenient and efficient. I have also added two horn cleats on the mahogany strip above the tumblehome aft of the jibsheet track toward the rear of the cockpit. These cleats vastly facilitate single-handling not only of the jib but especially of the spinnaker. A clinometer received for Christmas has been secured on the forward bulkhead under the instrument panel. We find it more fun than functional, but can certify we've heeled often to about 33 degrees, a few times to 40.

There are many things we want to do. We should try out the rest of the awnings. I should like to take the bottom down to wood, for over the years the lifting straps have set up welts in the bottom paint. And I would like to restore the deck and cabin top and hatchcovers to a natural wood finish. Then it would be useful to work out a handy device to peg the tiller on occasion — something less than a self-steerer but more than a stray piece of line. Has anyone done that?

All in all she is as before a most satisfactory boat. Already there has been some hinting that we might set our sights on a larger, faster, more comfortable craft. And someday I won't still be athletic enough to enjoy the bends and lifts an *Atalanta* calls for. But meanwhile I know no boat possessing such a combination of virtues.



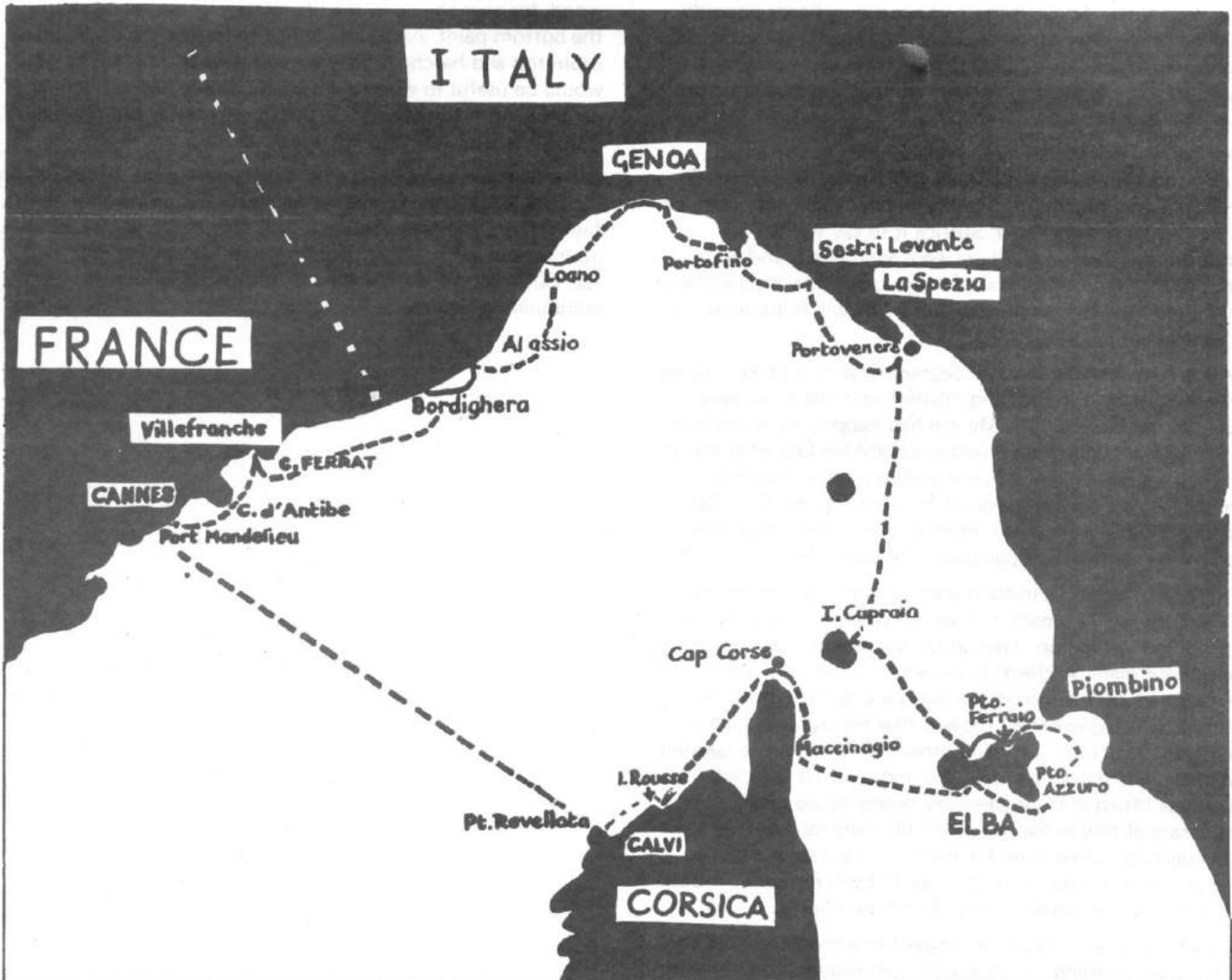
Cruising in the Sun

Philip Walker — *Winterset* — A58

People moved purposefully along the quay, some, checking the Capitain du Port's weather bulletin, others energetically hosing down their sleek white craft. The sun shone brilliantly making harsh reflection on the metal of a thousand masts. Our Atalanta lay still as a rock as one by one the other yachts ghosted from their marina berths towards a hot horizon. Only a week ago, we sailed beneath the Snowdonian hills in a cold sea, our imagination warming to the vision of a cruise in the sun. Now that vision was real.

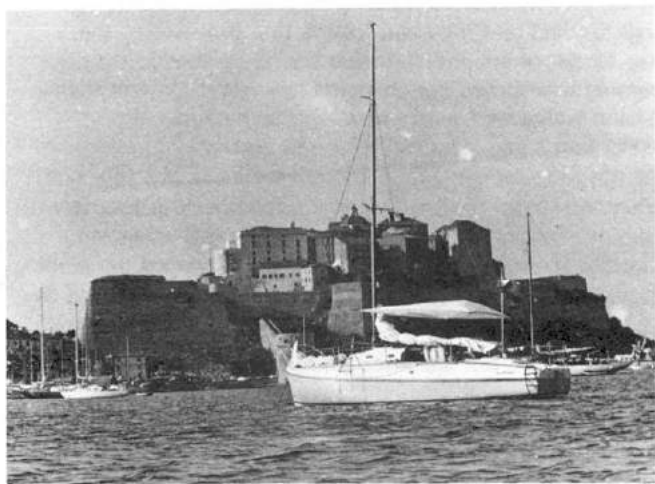
It was four days since we had set out, with Landrover, yacht and trailer along the black tarmac on a steady course southward, weathering a five hour jam at the Dartford tunnel, by-passing Paris on the route peripherique late at night, and, after a very

hot day on the road, we were glad to be clear of Lyon and Vienne. Here, some tricky lane changing increased tension to a degree that made us desperate to reach Cannes on the next day. Alas it was not to be! In the full heat of a Provençal afternoon we arrived at Marseilles due to poor route direction by the R.A.C. or poor signposting by the autoroute authority. Traffic was fast-moving and very dense, so that in an effort to get out of it, our poor Landrover and Atalanta ended up in four wheel drive on a steep and twisting mountain road. When we reached the summit of course, there was the snaking descent to negotiate; although it was all very pretty, it was hardly the place for an Atalanta! Thankfully as darkness fell we rejoined the main road and reached the blue Mediterranean on the next day.



The lifting slings gently slid clear of *Wintersetts* hull leaving her freely floating to her marks. It was 10.30 Wednesday morning. By midday her mast was rigged and we were secured in a berth, though not in Cannes as intended, but in Port Mandelieu some six miles to the west. This was probably due to my beer-drinking arm causing excessive weather helm on the Landrover as we left the Frejus section of the autoroute! For two days we day-sailed from Mandelieu with friends who were camping nearby. It was Saturday July 22nd at 10.30 when we set sail for Corsica, though due to the light headwind, we kept motoring all day averaging 4 knots. It was all very leisurely. During daylight hours we took turns at the helm, in order to store up sleep. As darkness fell, Thelma told me of yachts' lights to starboard. At 22.00 hours I came on deck, and by rounding up slightly, the yacht passed safely ahead. Thelma now turned-in leaving *Wintersetts* foaming along under full sail as the warm night breeze freshened enough for the engine to be stopped, enabling me to enjoy the tranquil harmony of ship and sea.

The dawn came slowly and grey confusion with toppling seas made sail changing in the freshening wind a fearsome task. However, the effort felt well rewarded as easier motion stemmed off my inevitable bout of seasickness for the best part of an hour! Sunday 07.30, no sign of land, though the sun at last shone brightly through the misty sky which made life in the cockpit pleasant were it not for my damned sickness. Thankfully Thelma gamely steered on, I shrank into a huddled green gnome by the main hatch, qualifying for gallantry only when diving to the chart table to check carefully our position. We had now almost run our distance, but alas, no land.



Moored up at Calvi, Corsica.

After twenty three hours at sea Revelatta light showed up a mile ahead, it was a perfect landfall. Once abeam, we soon found smooth water and an hour later our anchor bit into the warm clean sand of Calvi bay. It was our intention now to cruise down the coast to Sardinia, and, a couple of days later when shore delights were waning we got ready for sea once more. Just as we were about to go, a strong wind soon set up a jumpy sea causing massive anchor activity among all the moored craft, ourselves included! More cable was veered and with warm spray flying, it was delightfully cooling rowing out the kedge in the Avon. Soon we were well secured close inshore whilst the gales blew fitfully for the next week. Only the larger yachts moved, and day by day our chances of exploring Sardinia became fainter and fainter.

During a brief lull on Sunday, we sailed northward to the small port of Ile Rousse thus cancelling the Sardinian trip, and

concentrating on the alternative cruise taking in Elba. By this time we were getting the hang of enjoying the gales, which, by the next day were back on the job. *Wintersetts* was moored only yards off the beach where we found absolute shelter with superb swimming and sunbathing. Luckily the wind stayed offshore all week.

Thinking that we were in for a life sentence at Ile Rousse, it seemed unbelievable that *Wintersetts* should ever move again, but we were released on Friday with full sail and joyful wake glistening in the sunshine. As the mountainous coastline passed by, our progress in the following wind saw us rounding Cap Corse in the early afternoon, then once in the lee of the mountains we sailed in calm water arriving at Maccinagio Marina at dusk. It was a wonderful sail. Here we found the village delightful, and drinking wine under a starry sky we talked with friends we met at earlier ports, sorrowfully hearing how they set out in their 13-ton ketch in the gales only to be twice pooped, have their cabin flooded, and their dinghy lost. How right we had been to stay in port.

It took a whole Sunday to motor the thirty-six miles over a calm blue sea to Elba. Apart from a very hot engine, the passage was lazily uneventful. Tiller lashed, we both flaked out sunning ourselves on deck. When that became too strenuous, we re-energized ourselves with cool beer. At 19.30 hours, we anchored off the beach of Marina di Campo (the harbours are often smelly). Our stay at this port followed the energetic pattern of the previous week . . . we swam, we drank, we ate, we lazed, under that hot Mediterranean sun . . . quite a change from watching it rain in Scotland or Ireland! A week was spent cruising this wonderful island, which in retrospect was the highlight of the cruise. After calling at Port Azzuro, Port Ferrario the island's capital, we sailed slowly to Marciana Marina where more lazy days were spent exploring solitary coves, before returning to our anchorage in the bay as daytime heat whetted our appetites for gastronomic delights ashore.

One misty morning the Penta diesel popped away at low revs pushing *Wintersetts* slowly northward, Thelma and I looked astern sadly to see the grey curtain closing on this pleasant island where our times had been so good. Two days' sail lay ahead of us. The small island of Capraia would loom ahead during the afternoon which thankfully it did. At 15.00 hours *Wintersetts* motored into the walled harbour which, being at the foot of a ring of mountains, seemed to have all the characteristics of a desert dust bowl. Gosh, it was hot there! Dusk was especially welcome for seldom have we enjoyed our cockpit dinner more than we did that evening.

By this time in our cruise, my confidence had really grown, so much so that I decided to leave Capraia at 04.00 hours without waking a soul. Being moored stern on, I pulled gently on our anchor warp. Silently we glided into the middle of the harbour. Here I wished to start the engine to motor out, but no, it was lifeless. At this time a wind which had sprung up specially for the occasion blew the Atalanta broadside across the many bow warps of the other yachts. Our neighbour looked round blearily from his hatchway and signalled us to pull ourselves clear on his warp. This we did and the engine at last started, as we motored away I cursed myself for such a silly manoeuvre. Once at sea, Thelma turned-in leaving me on a course due north for La Spezia and given good progress we hoped to make Portovenere before nightfall, since having no large scale charts, entering in daylight would be preferable.

Though the day was fairly calm, there was from time to time a slight breeze which occasionally filled the limp sails. The distance to Portovenere was 60 miles, which meant trying to

keep the four knot average up for the day, so the engine once more popped away helping the progress. By 09.30 hours there was thick fog, somewhere a steamer boomed out her signal whilst we replied with a high pitched squirt from our inadequate aerosol horn. The fog sequence lasted in patches for three hours or so before the greyness turned gradually to blue, and again postcard brilliance made beer and sombreros essential for our comfort. Smoke signals from the engine box set me on the warpath of investigation, it was indeed running far too hot. I discovered that the water pump impeller needed replacing, and when this was done it seemed slightly better. We had tea and pushed on.

As the sun set, a fairy-lit christmas tree began to show in the dark hills ahead and slowly the lights became the small town of Portovenere, and the christmas tree its illuminated hillside church. At 21.00 hours we secured in the harbour.

In the bright sunshine of Monday morning, white clad harbour officials directed us to another berth. After this move we hoped for peace before settling down to breakfast. Portovenere, with its high buildings and narrow streets was picturesquely Italian. We walked the various street levels whilst climbing towards the superb cliff-top church from where a most fantastic view of La Spezia Gulf made our breathless effort worthwhile. However, after three enjoyable days in port, the time had come to move on since it was now mid-August and our sail round the Gulf of Genoa had to be continued.



Winterset at Portofino.

Wednesday, 16th August, 11.00 hours all sail was set for a rolling and crashing ride over high swells to Sestri Levante, a resort town south of Portofino. Again the unpleasant motion brought on my usual seasickness, so it was a relief and a pleasure to anchor next to a small Italian cruiser we were neighbours with at our last port. The swell still persisted even in harbour, making us quick to seek the comforts of the town for the evening. That night there were some slight thunderstorms but these only added freshness to the sunny morning that followed, and by lunchtime when shopping was finished we were ready for casting off for a gentle trip to Portofino some eight miles away. After ghosting along the Ligurian coast, *Winterset* secured bows to a buoy, together with three more yachts and stern to the quay of this small but crowded port. In spite of a slight swell our berth was comfortable. That night when we were about to go ashore we were completely surprised to meet Aubrey Sussens and his charming wife who sail *Pumula* A42 on one of South Africa's huge lakes (Atalanta bulletin '69-70: 'When you sail you must eat'). We invited

them aboard and were interested to hear of their lake cruising but after comparing ideas on Atalantas they had to continue their search for overnight accommodation. It was nice to meet another owner especially when it was so unexpected!

Saturday was our wedding anniversary. Very unromantically, we rolled and pitched viciously, so much so that in a startled sleepy daze I flew on deck to find to my horror a foul wind, force 7 or 8, making this horseshoe harbour a dangerous place. Wave after wave rolled in from the exposed entrance, harbour officials were urging many craft to clear out, big cruisers soon livened with activity, smaller ones summoned helpers both afloat and on land to get away from the quay: a dreadful leeshore. Two of the yachts secured to our buoy moved off smartly leaving only our lighter Atalanta and a G.R.P. speed boat on this thankfully heavy mooring. It was 07.30; we hung on. Some three hours later after an anxious time the severe surging eased, Thelma made coffee and we both looked around at the now half empty harbour . . . what a way to start an anniversary!

By midday we were sailing in the lee of the land to Genoa in a dying breeze. The shabby dockside sprawl of this large port hastened our exit, as did our berth in a high concrete sided basin under a motorway fly-over. Still, it was an interesting experience.

Alas, only a week remained to day-sail coastwise back to Mandelieu and the sailing we had was indeed exhilarating. From Genoa, *Winterset* glided swiftly over smooth water, although the clouds foretold rougher conditions. The calm freshened into a wholesome breeze which gradually began to head us, thus by late afternoon a fresh headwind made us change sail and reef the main for the first time during the cruise. Hopes of a night in Alassio had to be abandoned since increasing seas turned our thoughts towards the nearer shelter of Loano where we found a new marina in course of construction. Palm trees formed a vast and continual archway along the wide promenade. Although the place was alive with tourists, we found the old part of the town very attractive with its quaint little squares and pleasant restaurants where we enjoyed beer and pizzas, whilst musicians enlivened the evening with happy sounds. It was an excellent end to an excellent day.

Sailing-wise, the week took on much the same pattern. Weather warm and sunny, but with freshening headwinds after lunch rousing me into much reefing activity. It was not until we left the Italian border town of Bordighera that fast cruising with following winds began. *Winterset* ghosted along under full sail at 09.30 bound for Villefranche, 25 miles away. Two hours later off Menton the wind freshened quickly, the sky clouded over and soon *Winterset* was surfing fast over glistening crests. By 12.30 there was more sail and more wind than we wanted, our wake just had to be seen to be believed: progress was fantastic! I enjoyed it so much that now it became difficult rounding up to shorten sail. With great care, for the seas were now huge, we picked our patch, and among all the hiss, splash, rattle, and banging, a one man sail change was achieved and progress resumed with four rolls in the main and no jib. By now the cloudy sky supplied an erratic force 7 or more as Menton and Monte Carlo flew past within minutes of each other. The main challenge was the rounding of Cap Jan Ferrat which appeared to be approaching us rather quickly. When we lay abeam of the head seas were even bigger, which made it a difficult task to summon up courage and take in all sail. Once past we started the engine so that we could carefully steer diagonally across the seas to gain calm shelter in the lee of the high cliffs. After an endless half hour *Winterset* crept cove by cove into the Villefranche. It was the first time that I had

sailed an Atalanta in near gale conditions and I was most impressed by her sea-worthiness.



Wintersett at Villefranche

Villefranche was another of those towns which make the cruise so memorable. We dined at the waterfront cafes whilst offbeat and spontaneous cabaret was performed nonchalantly amid traffic in the street. We never expected to see a trick cyclist dressed in paper flowers standing on the crossbar of his bike dodging irate motorists who were forced to a standstill by his comic antics, and we still had half a bottle of wine and two courses to go!

At Villefranche we ended our holiday in our customary way, swimming and sunbathing. The last Saturday of the cruise saw us hoisting sail, our wake quietly bubbling as *Wintersett* made the unhurried passage from Villefranche past the Iles des Lerins and back to Mandelieu. Soon we would be on the black tarmac once more, soon *Wintersett* would sail again the waters beneath the Snowdonian hills, soon we hope we will return and cruise again in the sun.



ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BOAT NAMES

Acantha	A20	Bluebird	A57	Epeneta II	A39	Laqlaq	A69	Quadrille IV	A116	Talanta	A80
Achates	A60	Blue Jackaroo	A71	Equanil	A74	La Toquade II	A149	Quatorze	A157	Tambalu	A103
Aku	A113	Bluster	A183	Ereina	A9	Lindora	A159			Taormina	A142
Alchemy	A32	Boom	A135			Lyde	A73	Rakia	A141	Tenga	A88
Alouette de Mer	A7	Branca	A83	Fille d'Honneur	A132			Rambler	A52	Terrapina	A49
Amida	A101			4 Brothers	A121	Mareel	A45	Roamara	A66	Theodora	A46
Amsara	A136	Caper A	A31/6			Marianda	A78			Toco	A99
Andana	A3	Castanet	A130	Gale	A41	Mary Jane of		Sabot	A27	Tomboy of	
Ann Grey	A133	Catalina	A70	Gambol	A17	Moreton	A22	Sabrina of		Terhou	A11
Apple	A126	Chuff	A21	Globulin	A87	Mavista	A165	Croyde	A115	Tonga	A119
Aquila	A36	Cirdan	A181	Grasshopper	A34	Melanion	A24	Salizanda II	A150	Topper	A128
Aquilo II	A184	Claudia	A114	Gypsy	A23	Merrie-Martin	A139	Sancerre	A31/1	Treenlaur 3	A140
Arabesque	A8	Clymene	A143			Minuet	A14	Scarweather	A164	Trio	A30
Ariel	A13	Cocktail	A123	Hansa	A127	Miranda	A155	Sea Major	A92	Trio	A31/8
Aries	A18	Coco	A62	Helen's Folly	A124	Mistura	A151	Sea Rogue II	A129	Turnstone	A110
Arosa	A104	Colchide	A89	Hiran	A95	Mourne Goblin	A90	Serenity	A153	Turtle	A117
Artemis II	A15	Cordyl	A174	Hullabaloo	A166	Moyra	A160	Seven Up	A97	Twinkee	A31/7
As	A35	Cresta	A118					Shang	A75		
Atala	A48	Curlew	A68	Inshallah	A76	Palaris II	A125	Sherpa	A146	Vaga	A44
Atalanta	A1	Cyn	A144	Inyoniyamanzi	A175	Pam	A33	Shiona	A185	Vahine	A31/2
Atalanta	A81			lone	A12	Paradox	A64	Skimbees II	A148	Valare	A19
Atalanta Mary	A102	Dalriada	A40			Peace	A173	Skimmer	A182	Valonek	A31/3
		Deeanie	A154	Jane Duck	A158	Pegasus of		Snuffbox	A4	Vendaval	A86
Babyseal	A137	Desirée	A84	Jaunty	A100	Trundles	A161	Solvendo	A108	Virgo	A25
Bacardi	A51	Dervorguilla	A16	Jellicle	A122	Persephone	A176	Soonion	A163		
Bajan	A67	Diaphony	A5	Jevi II	A120	Petesark	A31/11	Stormy	A77	Wintersett	A58
Beki	A98	Dinah	A171	Joann	A65	Pigro	A162	Strega	A131		
Beltine	A109			Julietta	A59	Ploof	A178	Stroller	A180	Yambo II	A56
Benedicite	A147	Eala	A54			Ponente	A43	Sue	A55	Yarina	A91
Big Daddy	A47	Elissa	A61	Kalulu	A37	Pumula	A42	Sweet Sue	A138	Yen Tina	A29
Blade	A85	Elpenor II	A31/5	Kerry Piper	A169						
		Emira	A177	Kinky	A31/9						
		Emma Duck	A179	Kookaburra	A168						
				Koomela	A82						
								Tadpole III	A31/4	Xapa	A107
								Taka Maru	A105	Xirt	A156
								Tala	A149		
								The Beaver	A38	Zambra	A31/10

**ATALANTA OWNERS ASSOCIATION
REGISTER OF OWNERS, September 1971**

No.	Boat	Owner	Telephone No.	No.	Boat	Owner	Telephone No.
*A1	ATALANTA			*A36	AQUILA		
A3	ANDANA			A37	KALULU		
*A4	SNUFFBOX			*A38	THE BEAVER		
A5	DIAPHONY			A39	EPENETA II		
A7	ALOUETTE DE MER			*A40	DALRIADA		
*A8	ARABESQUE			*A41	GALE		
A9	EREINA			A42	PUMULA		
*A11	TOMBOY OF TERHOU			A43	PONENTE		
A12	IONE			*A44	VAGA		
A13	ARIEL			A45	MAREEL		
A14	MINUET			A46	THEODORA		
A15	ARTEMIS II			*A47	BIG DADDY		
A16	DERVOR-GUILLA			*A48	ATALA		
A17	GAMBOL			A49	TERRAPINA		
A18	ARIES			*A51	BACARDI		
*A19	VALARE			*A52	RAMBLER		
*A20	ACANTHA			*A54	EALA		
*A21	CHUFF			A55	SUE		
A22	MARY JANE OF MORETON			A56	YAMBO II		
A23	GYPSY			*A57	BLUEBIRD		
*A24	MELANION			*A58	WINTERSETT		
A25	VIRGO			A59	JULIETTA		
A26				*A60	ACHATES		
*A27	SABOT			*A61	ELISSA		
*A28				*A62	COCO		
*A29	YEN TINA			*A64	PARADOX		
A30	TRIO			A65	JOANN		
*A31				A66	ROAMARA		
*A32	ALCHEMY			*A67	BAJAN		
*A33	PAM			*A68	CURLEW		
A34	GRASS-HOPPER			A69	LAQLAQ		
A35	AS			A70	CATALINA		
				*A71	BLUE JACKAROO		
				*A72			
				*A73	LYDE		
				*A74	EQUANIL		

No.	Boat	Owner	Telephone No.	No.	Boat	Owner	Telephone No.
*A75	SHANG			A116	QUADRILLE IV		
*A76	INSHALLAH			*A117	TURTLE		
A77	STORMY			A118	CRESTA		
A78	MARIANDA			*A119	TONGA		
A80	TALANTA			A120	JEVI II		
*A81	ATALANTA			A121	DELFIN VERDE		
*A82	KOOMELA			A122	JELICLE		
A83	BRANCA			*A123	COCKTAIL		
*A84	DESIREE			A124	HELEN'S FOLLY		
A85	BLADE			*A125	PALARIS II		
*A86	VENDAVAL			*A126	APPLE		
A87	GLOBULIN			*A127	HANSA		
*A88	TENGA			*A128	TOPPER		
A89	COLCHIDE			*A129	SEA ROGUE II		
*A90	MOURNE GOBLIN			*A130	CASTANET		
*A91	YARINA			*A131	STREGA		
A92	SEA MAJOR			A132	FILLE D'HONNEUR		
*A93				A133	ANN GREY		
A95	HIRAN			*A134			
*A97	SEVEN UP			*A135	BOOM		
*A98	BEKI			*A136	AMSARA		
*A99	TOCO			A137	BABYSEAL		
A100	JAUNTY			A138	SWEET SUE		
A101	AMIDA			A139	MERRIE-MARTIN		
*A102	ATALANTA MARY			A140	TREEN-LAUR 3		
*A103	TAMBALU			*A141	RAKIA		
*A104	AROSA			A142	TAORMINA		
*A105	TAKA MARU			*A143	CLYMENE		
*A107	XAPA			A144	CYN		
A108	SOLVENDO			A146	SHERPA		
*A109	BELTINE			A147	BENEDICITE		
*A110	TURNSTONE			*A148	SKIMBEES II		
*A113	AKU			*A149	TALA		
A114	CLAUDIA			A150	SALIZANDA II		
*A115	SABRINA OF CROYDE			A151	MISTURA		
				A153	SERENITY		

No.	Boat	Owner	Telephone No.	No.	Boat	Owner	Telephone No.
A154	DEEANIE			A181	CIRDAN		
*A155	MIRANDA			*A182	SKIMMER		
*A156	XIRT			A183	BLUSTER		
A157	QUATORZE			A184	AQUILO II		
A158	JANE DUCK			A185	SHIONA		
*A159	LINDORA			*A192			
*A160	MOYRA			ATALANTA 31 OWNE			
A161	PEGASUS OF TRUNDLES			A31/1	SANCERRE		
*A162	PIGRO			*A31/2	VAHINE		
*A163	SOONION			*A31/3	VALONEK		
*A164	SCAR-WEATHER			*A31/4	TADPOLE III		
A165	MAVISTA			*A31/5	ELPENOR II		
A166	HULLA-BALOO			*A31/6	CAPER A		
*A167				*A31/7	TWINKEE		
A168	KOOKA-BURRA			*A31/8	TRIO		
*A169	KERRY PIPER			*A31/9	KINKY		
*A170				A31/10	ZAMBRA		
A171	DINAH			A31/11	PETESARK		
*A172							
*A173	PEACE						
A174	CORDYL						
*A175	INYONIYA-MANZI						
*A176	PERSEPHONE						
*A177	EMIRA						
A178	PLOOF						
*A179	EMMA DUCK						
A180	STROLLER						

ATALANTA 31 OWNE
A31/1 SANCERRE

- *A31/2 VAHINE
- *A31/3 VALONEK
- *A31/4 TADPOLE III
- *A31/5 ELPENOR II
- *A31/6 CAPER A

- *A31/7 TWINKEE
- *A31/8 TRIO
- *A31/9 KINKY

A31/10 ZAMBRA

A31/11 PETESARK

*Indicates Owners who
Atalanta Owners Assc

ASSOCIATE MEMBER

