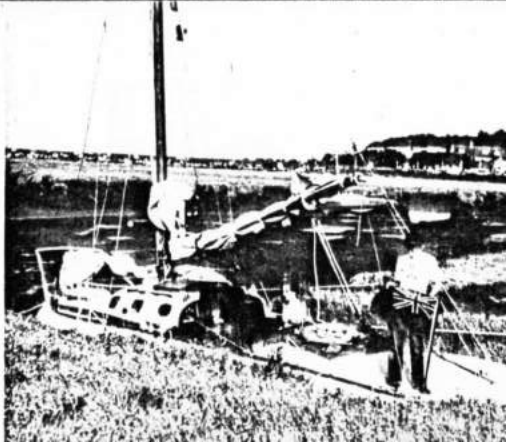
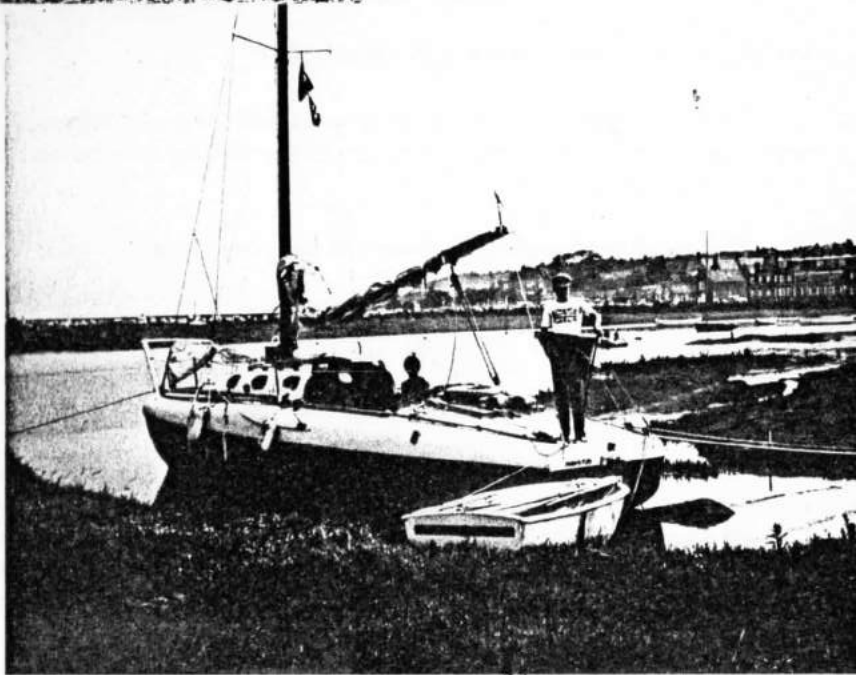


Atalanta

OWNERS' ASSOCIATION BULLETIN

1980/81



As Members will be aware, Major General Odling has sold **SALIZANDA** and at last year's dinner expressed his desire to resign as Honorary Secretary of the A.O.A. He has put in an enormous amount of work during the years that he has been Hon. Secretary and is largely responsible for the present healthy state of the Association. Having agreed to serve one more year, the problem of a successor was postponed for a year. That year is now up. Please, therefore, read the President's Message and give very careful consideration to it.

M.D.R.

MESSAGE FROM THE HONORARY PRESIDENT

All Members are involved in the appointment of a new Secretary. So anyone who is interested should write to General Odling offering their services. This would be much appreciated by all.

Wishing all Members a happy New Year and good sailing!

ALAN VINES

MESSAGE FROM THE HONORARY EDITOR

My thanks to those who have contributed this year. Please continue, (sending top copies) as without you, there will be no Bulletin! Sketches are always welcome: I would appreciate more photos. At present, I am completing compilation of a comprehensive Index for past Bulletins, but including references to articles, books, etc., referring to Atalantas. If you come across any such references, would you please let me know. Cuttings or photocopies would be much appreciated.

Front Cover Pictures By G.G. Holter — Helens' Folly (A124)

1. Seal Island Landing at low tide — Blakeney.
2. High tide at Blakeney.
3. Low tide at Blakeney.

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CLYMENE (A143) TO VEERSE MEER

W.W.S. Hensby

With all sea stories there must be a gale, the doldrums, and a mysterious object.

My trip this summer from Maldon to the Dutch canals had all these elements, so perhaps it deserves a few words in print.

Just how the Greek river goddess, CLYMENE, would take to the crossing from Harwich to Vlissingen was something I had wondered about over the the past few years while making preparations, including that most undignified operation of keel removal. Looking back I should perhaps have spent more effort on personal toughening-up: it seems that a river goddess can look after herself very well in the North Sea.

In August CLYMENE was undoubtedly ready to go foreign. Much paint, new sails, an AVON dingy on deck, three Nicad batteries to turn over McGonagal, our engine, and a copy of Deel 1 of "Almanak voor Watertoemisme" in the navigation locker. A quick phone call to the Watertoerisme Board in Amsterdam convinced me that even if I could not understand a word, it was essential to have a copy of Deel 1 on board.

A glance through this fascinating book revealed lists of most impressive Vaareglements, e.g. No. 4 "Goede Zeemanshap" – that seems reasonable, or No. 24d "Gebruik van het radiotelephonie – Kanaal" – no problem here, we don't have a radiotelephone, and so on to Artikel 50, which appears to tell us that these regulations are to be known as Vaareglements.

In case this isn't enough, we then have 100 "Reglement Van Politie" for our entertainment.

Two of these seemed significant, Artikel 77 "Het is verboden de jaaglijnen te spannen" – Does this mean no banging of spanners after midnight? And Artikel 88 "Het is verboden to draaien, te openen of te sluiten, sluisdeuren to openen ofte sluiten" etc.

Not knowing what all this means, I prepare for the worst and purchase four very large fenders, 30 metres of heaving line, and a Portapotti – that must be the end of the preparations.

More usefully I had on board "Inland Waterways of the Netherlands" by Benest,

which let me know that "sleepboots" are more likely to be found towing a barge than quietly at anchor, and has English translations for many of the regulations.

The plan for the trip was to leave Maldon at 18.00 BST on Monday 18th August, spend a few hours rest near West Mersea before catching the tide up to Harwich, then wait again at Walton while feeding, resting and checking on weather forecasts. The start across to Vlissingen would be about 16.00 on the 19th, anticipating a 24 hour crossing to catch the tide along the coast into the Westerschelde late on Wednesday.

From the log I note the weather forecasts:

Midnight Monday, "Inshore waters to 18.00 hours, Wash to Lands End, NW4, backing to Westerly later".

13.55 Tuesday, "Humber, Thames, Dover, NW4, backing W later, locally F5 in the north later".

A very pleasant trip up to Walton, well fed, rested, a good forecast, this was it!

Up anchor from the No. 6 Channel buoy at 16.00 hours, PYE END, CORK SAND, OUTER RIDGE, all with full main and Genoa at 4 to 5 knots, what could be better?

Roughs Tower abeam at 18.30 – time for Mike to get some sleep so that I can take us through the shipping lanes around dawn. At 22.30 the GALLOPER was sighted, but not much else, and there was some hint of a sea with a little more wind. By 01.15 the speed was up to 6 knots – faster than I wanted at night, so down Genoa, and carry on under full Main only. Within an hour we were back to 6 knots again, and the seas were distinctly uncomfortable.

Mike held us on a fast reach from the GALLOPER on a heading of 130⁰, but from the motion down below it was obviously difficult to hold that course, and bodies were occasionally thrown into the space between bunks – must fit leeboards!

On taking over the watch at 03.00 I could see that we were already in the main West-bound shipping lane, but at the rate we were travelling there seemed little difficulty in crossing astern of the ships – or were they all being most considerate in adjusting speed for this speck of a yacht?

The first realisation of something being wrong should have come to me earlier,

but it was not until 07.00 when I handed over to Mike again that I was certain we had crossed not one, but two sets of shipping lanes – how near the coast were we, and how far along? By this time the wind could reasonably be described as strong, speed was registering over 7 knots with the main only, and reefed to the upper cross-trees. The motion of the boat and my own condition (seasick despite STUGERON) ensured that navigation could be no more than rudimentary. The best plan seemed to be to head direct for the coast and hope that sea conditions inside the sand banks would be easier.

The morning was bright, but the wind continued to increase in strength (more reefing), now from the West. By mid-day we found ourselves running along the coast against the tide, having arrived earlier and further West than we wanted. This produced a rather exciting afternoon with waves coming up from behind, lifting CLYMENE like a fast elevator perhaps 20 ft., then leaving us on top for a few glorious seconds surfing along, then down again until the roar, hiss and sizzle of the next wave lifted us up for another look around. So much for the theory about easier conditions inside the sand banks.

Despite speed and log readings, progress along the coast was disappointingly slow, and by 14.30 when we saw a larger Dutch yacht making into Zeebrugge (strange that, we thought we had identified the harbour an hour earlier) we were thankful to follow in.

The Royal Belgian Sailing Club were most helpful and offered a free berth for the night – the harbour and facilities are much to be recommended.

At the club it was reckoned that wind strength off the coast was F8, and likely to stay that way for a while.

Certainly that morning it seemed no easier, so we spent a pleasant day sight-seeing and eating (about 700 Bf for an excellent meal at a harbour restaurant).

Later that afternoon the wind was down to about F6, and so together with one or two other small craft we left the harbour for the Westerschelde. At times the seas were almost as heavy as on the run up to Zeebrugge, but we were obviously in better shape after our rest, and thoroughly enjoyed the sail into Breskens. This harbour we had been advised would be easier to enter at night than Vlissingen. However, with the tide sweeping us up-river at a few knots the entrance looked remarkably narrow from two cables off. It was a case of on engine, plunge towards the gap in the lights, and hope for the best.

The next day we were again more in a mood for sight seeing than sailing, so we left the crossing to Flushing until the evening. My first experience of a Dutch lock presented few problems, except that of waiting outside for the right moment to enter.

Out of the lock, around the wrong corner into "2nd Binnenhaven" where there was plenty of room, then out again and around the curve into the Yachthaven.

This was packed with craft including a Titania (waiting for a change in the weather perhaps – very sensible!) and so down the canal to tie up by the jetty at Oost Souberg for the night – the large fenders really paid for themselves here.

There was a pleasant surprise in store, since only a short distance away was a close approximation to an English public house – at least the friendly atmosphere was there, if not the Real Ale.

On Saturday, after provisioning in Oost Souberg, we carried on to Middleburg, mooring under direction of the Harbour-master right at the landing-stage and steps leading up into the town.

For anyone planning a trip it is worth noting that progress along the canals may be governed by bridges, especially near a town in the rush-hour! We soon became expert at maintaining a strategic position at minimum speed, sometimes for periods of 20/30 mins. while waiting for a bridge to open.

Middleburg really deserves an article to itself. Suffice to say that many photographs were taken of the fine buildings and canal scenes before we moved on to Veerse Meer.

It was about this time that the weather gods decided to smile on CLYMENE, and for a day or two we just lazed around in the sun, mooring off the islands and contemplating the idea of never going back home. However I had promised the crew that we would be back in Maldon by Friday at the latest, so reluctantly we turned back to Vlissingen, clearing the lock by 16.10 on the 26th.

Once again the weather forecast was F4/5, this time from the East – but where was the wind?

With the tide under us and McGonagal doing his work down below we made good progress along the Wielingen channel, expecting to pick up our F4 at any time. At 21.00 hrs. we saw the NE Akkaert about ½ mile to port through a developing mist, still no wind.

Here we changed course slightly for the SW Thornton and NOORD HINDER, and by midnight with a calm sea I turned in for a few hours rest.

It seemed only moments later, and I was awake wondering what was wrong, although there was nothing obvious to indicate what had woken me.

Looking out to port I could see what appeared to be a row of bright sodium street lamps – where were we?

The log indicated we were about 4 miles from Vlissingen, the NOORD HINDER was ahead, and Mike had a somewhat strained look – hardly surprising this. Apparently we had for some time been on a slowly converging course with THE OBJECT, which when viewed through the mist assumed a variety of indeterminate shapes, none of which should have been floating around in the North Sea. Examples which came to mind were, one or two miles of the Edgeware Road, or perhaps the Wembley Stadium.

Eventually in addition to the blaze of street lights we could see a gap (say ½ mile), then some more bright lights which resolved themselves into “Vessel under way but not under command”.

Positive action was called for here – a change of course from North to East, full throttle for a mile or two, then stop and look back. I can only assume it was an oil rig or similar structure being towed NE at a slightly slower rate than ourselves : almost getting tangled up with that on a misty night gave us quite a scare. We carried on in thickening fog, with NOORD HINDER to port at 04.15 and a log reading of 45.

A somewhat fatalistic crossing of the shipping lanes with occasional sounds but no sight of ships – they do slow down in fog – and morning found us with a log reading of 65, where we changed to a new course of due West for the SUNK.

Quotes from log. –

10.00	GALLOPER horn ahead?	67
11.30	GALLOPER horn somewhere?	69
12.30	Radio bearing on SUNK 310	
13.00	SUNK Diaphone to Port	76
	SHIPWASH Diaphone to Starboard	
	Gunfire from Foulness all around!	
14.15	Thick fog, no sound of Diaphones, Radio bearing on SUNK now 290 – good.	80
16.25	Passing through large ship anchorage – which one?	85
18.45	SUNK L.V. visible at last (suddenly realised that the last sighting of anything other than seagulls was the NOORD HINDER)	94

Wind now F3, so we can give McGonagal a well deserved rest.

19.40	Passing NE Gunfleet, still foggy.	99
20.55	Thick fog, getting dark – where has the MEDUSA gone?	104

We soon realised we had passed close by the Medusa without seeing it, because we found ourselves sailing full tilt into the lights at Walton.

Has anyone attempted to find the PYE END Buoy in thick fog at night? After about two hours in which navigation was reduced to "turn right along the promenade at Walton, carry on for a couple of miles, turn left and" we admitted defeat and dropped anchor for a cup of coffee.

As we drifted back on the 60 ft kedge warp, coffee in hand, we had the ghostly sight of the No. 6 channel buoy bobbing up and down about 20 ft away from the cockpit to port!

Anybody on shore hearing the howls of laughter (no doubt relief at finding ourselves in the right place) might have had good reason to assume there were madmen abroad in the fog.

A good many lessons were learned on our first North Sea crossing in CLYMENE, of which perhaps the most important is this:— An Atalanta can be knocked down flat in a gale, even with the main reefed almost to the lower crosstrees. So despite the wonderful efficiency of the self draining system, keep the washboards in and have some means of fixing them.

(Note, both keels were fully down and clamped — we took about ten seconds to pull up, during which time quite a lot of North Sea passed through the cockpit).

Local CUSTOMS.

Zeebrugge : "Attention-soliciting verboten!"
We didn't, they didn't.

Breskens : "It's a long long walk from shore to the visitors berths, and cycling along those pontoons is too risky". Or words to that effect.

Vlissingen : 1. Wave to the nice man with peaked cap and smile back.
2. Carry on out of lock at full throttle.
3. Haul down the yellow duster, and put it to proper use.

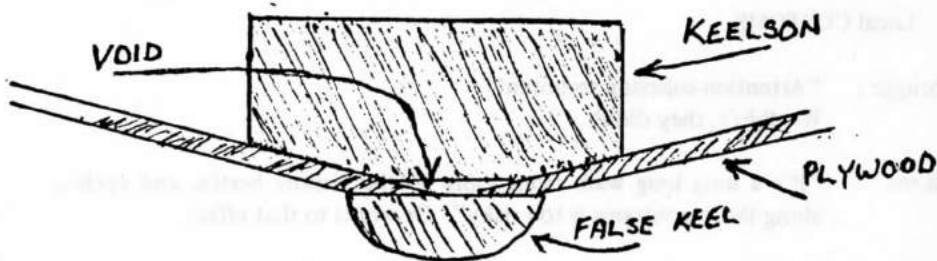
Walton : 1. Wave to the nice man with peaked cap — notice he isn't smiling.
2. Attempt to come alongside the landing stage on an ebb tide and fail, ripping a hole in topsides with a thoughtfully positioned half inch bolt. (This manoeuvre is designed to put the customs man at a disadvantage, and thinking you are about to sink, he will be unwilling to come aboard).
3. Retire to a safe distance, repair the hole with quick-setting goo, and drink up!

Finally, a word in appreciation of the crew, Ruth and Mike, who accepted everything that happened with good humour, and even want to make the voyage again next year.

SAVING 'AKU' (A113)

Jack R Nelson

The previous owner, J Anthony Peck, who was too ill to continue his voyage and went to England, signed 'AKU' over to my father, who signed it over to me. 'AKU' had sat on our beach for a dozen years: that the boat could be saved at all after so many years in a mangrove swamp is testimonial to the excellence of the basic structure. The lichen was 3 inches thick on the topsides and a hole in the bottom admitted high tides and small crabs. Based on the decay I found, I make the following recommendations to Atalanta owners: Most important, if your boat is fibreglas sheathed, make as few holes in the GRP as possible. Each little screwhole is inviting rot or worm. Especially important on a GRP sheathed boat is not to put any kind of metal skid strips screwed onto the false keel. Far better to make sure the fibreglas is extra thick there. 'AKU' had iron strips along the keel and I had to chop off the whole false keel and stem and rebuild with lots of fibreglas I found that the edges of the plywood hull pieces were neither butted on the centerline of a v bottomed keelson, nor planed flush with the bottom of the keelson. They were left projecting and the false keel screwed on to cover the fair-planed edges, leaving a void. If one was built that way, at least a few others must have been.



But how to put toe strips on the whale-backed darling without screws? Well, if you can't give up the aesthetics of a varnished submarine, that's that. But if your Atalanta is fibreglassed or painted, I can think of several solutions to the slippery deck problem. I don't like sand or ground walnut shells in the paint as they are both very abrasive to clothing and knees. On other boats I have used fine sawdust patted into the first coat of paint, then swept and vacuumed before subsequent coats. The same treatment might work in the last finish coat of resin in a 'glas job. Or you could stick a synthetic rope or cord in glass mat with plenty of resin to make a toe rail or anti-skid batten. My solution is Arabol. That is probably the best known tradename for a thick white latex based paint-type stickum. Mine was manufactured by Borden's and is very good. It will not stick to greasy or oily surfaces and will soften and come

off if left in standing water too long. Here's the whole procedure. Brush on a prime coat thinned with a little water. Let it cure a few days. Wash the sizing out of enough burlap to cover the deck. The dry burlap should then be **thoroughly** saturated in a pail of Arabol, then squeezed out and applied wet on top of a fresh wet coat of Arabol. Your burlap should be precut a little larger than necessary so that you can work quickly and get it all stuck down before it goes tacky. Make sure to get all bubbles out Paint on more Arabol on top of the burlap as you work. Judicious stretching and slitting of the burlap will allow you to fit almost any corner or compound curve. The thoroughly saturated burlap becomes very flexible. Do not use canvas or anything like it as it is not flexible enough and too hard to saturate. If the burlap goes too tacky before you get it stuck down, re-saturate it with the brush. After you have it all in place, go over everything again and prod the hardening fabric into the corners again to force out any excess Arabol. Any areas that don't look thoroughly saturated should have more Arabol brushed in. The idea is to have the fabric completely filled with Arabol, but without any thick puddles between the deck and the fabric. It is easiest to cut off excess fabric with a very sharp knife after it hardens up some, but sometimes while applying it you need to cut the burlap just so for a good fit in a tight spot. Use scissors kept in a pot of water. Let the Arabol-burlap cure for a day or two, then put on two more daily coats. Let it cure four more days before painting.

I covered the deck, cockpit, and hatches this way and 5 years of equatorial weather have not affected it at all. (We are 45' south.) I removed all fittings from the deck and gouged out all the rot then plugged all the holes before starting with the Arabol. It goes right down to the rubbing strake. It looks sort of tweedy close up, but it's a great nonskid nonglare surface and very easy to maintain or patch. Cleanup of tools, brushes, and yourself is with hot water and detergent. One boat came through here that had had Arabol on deck and cabin for 15 years of cruising. The skipper (a real old shellback singlehander) said he had never seen anything better for decks. Just remembered I think Arabol is a type of airconditioning duct lagging cement.

(Burlap is the New World version of hessian or sackcloth)

AN INVITATION FROM Eric Payne – HULLABALOO (A166)

"Hullabaloo" is laid up in the car park at The Blackwater Sailing Club, Basin Road, Heybridge, CM9 7SD, Maldon Essex. Telephone - Maldon 53923. I should be pleased to meet any Atalanta owners there, by arrangement, and to have a talk about Atalantas and show them the various improvements which I have made. Choose a fine day when the tide is high and bring your sandwiches, so we can have a picnic!

Eric Payne, Robins, Little Baddow, Chelmsford, CM3 4SY, Essex. Telephone - Danbury 3191 (024-541 3191).

THE DEATH OF 'LOUTRE' – A14

Stratton Sharpe

A boat may have a soul. I'll swear I started up as she went down.

To founder at sea has dignity: to be battered to death, held fast by a chain is torture.

The inner harbour at Dunlaoghaire is a calm haven, 200 ft from side to side, but a ten foot swell and a new moon turned four feet under her keel, to jagged nothing, at a low tide lonely hour of 4 a m.

In the space of a single night, from painted, pampered, shipshapely beauty, to a splintered wreck, skin torn, ribs rent to the port keelhousing heart.

Instruments, sheets, warps, rudder, all drowned in the mud:- nothing of value left. Three wine glasses and two mirrors, unbroken for luck?

When the storm died, we picked amongst the flotsam, wetting the waterlogged pieces with our tears, and carried them home in a wheelbarrow. The salvaged fittings, now dried and cleaned, are laid out lovingly on a tray.

We have our memories – running under storm jib up Lough Derg, drifting with the tide past Wicklow Head, terrified night tacking round the Tuscar – but we are numbed.

Too soon to plan, we can but dream thro' the damp winter with the east wind fluttering the slates, of a sister to take her place.

20th November 1980

GROWN UP: A REVIEW OF 15 YEARS WITH A92

P G Martin

Although SEAMAJOR has always been a family boat in that the skipper has never gone off without his encumbrances, things are beginning to look a little different now. Our youngest had his first sail at the age of 6 months, when he was no trouble if safely lashed in his carricot. Later he had to be tied into the cockpit on not too long a line. He was still in nappies on our first weekend trips and it was with great trepidation that we took him on our first three week yachting holiday when he was just 8. He was envious of the rest of the family diving into the Solent but in later years he took his full part in water activities. His finest hour was in 1978 when he took charge of the

Seagull powered tender and hammered it almost to death around various marinas at home and abroad. Meanwhile, the older ones took a greater and greater share in the helming and sail setting and the climax was our 1978 cruise when all the skipper had to do was plan, direct and take responsibility though sometimes his directions were ignored. The three boys grew so tall that one of the quarter berths had to be extended by cutting an 18" square hole in the bulkhead and constructing a platform for the feet in the galley stowage space.

In retrospect this seems to have been the zenith of our family boating and regretfully we have to assume that family sailing is now sadly on the downward path. Our daughter is married and quite independent; our eldest son is at University and his holidays are divided between climbing and work experience; our other two sons have developed their own interests in canoeing, scouting and an independent social life. And why not indeed?

We are now therefore in a rather awkward transitional phase. Our sons are at home a lot of the time and need their parents' support which ties us down quite considerably. Thus family commitments have restricted us to day sailing this year. In view of the 1980 weather this has not been such a tragedy. In our seven week school holiday we have had two very brief anticyclonic spells: long enough only for pleasant windless weekends. At least the boys have helped with launching and recovery, which could be difficult with just two of us. Other than that we have been accompanied by one of our sons on two day-sails only this year. Both of these were in strong winds: force 5 tearing along under spinnaker and force 6 a very hairy beat. There is little to relate about the sails that 'Derby and Joan' have had together, though we did manage to prove the truth about booming out the genoa to increase speed on a reach thanks to A160 last year.

What happens next? We have to adjust to running the boat with only two of us and will have to devise some crafty dodges to cope with mast raising and lowering, and launch and recovery in general. Three is a good number for these jobs but two will need some thinking about. At least winter can be devoted to working on those two vital adjuncts to married couple sailing described in previous bulletins: self steering and the double bed.

SAIL SALE

One standard Atalanta mainsail by Williams of Hamble, soiled and reinforced in places but not torn, with sailbag. Perfectly suitable for cruising or as a spare. Postage likely to be about £1.50. No reasonable offer refused. Ex Hullabaloo. For address see bulletin.

Eric Payne

A RUDDER FOR 'POPEYE' (F47)

Major C.M.A.R. Roberts.

After reading and hearing what can become of your rudder blade after 15 years or so of continuous use, I did a bit of adding up and soon realised that POPEYE'S rudder was existing on borrowed time.

I do, actually, carry a spare (wooden) blade, cut down to fit in the space under the port quarter berth, but I've never much relished the thought of having to use it, particularly in adverse conditions.

So I took action exactly on the lines set out by Commander Lovelock in his article in last year's Bulletin.

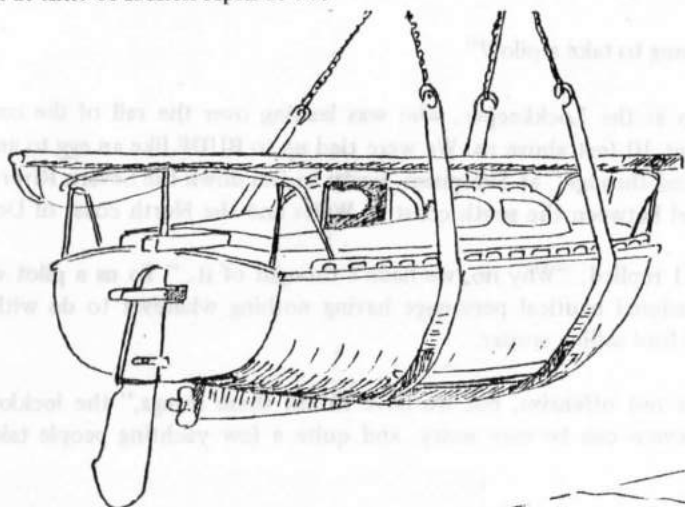
The work cost me £10, done by a local man who has turned out all sorts of bits and pieces for me, (and for POPEYE) to a very high standard.

The work, I might add, included cutting the groove for the downhaul. The rest, i.e. the fitting of the plywood cheeks etc. I did myself, and the cut down rudder has now been in use for one not very good season. This has had some advantages, as I have been able to test it out in conditions varying from the very lightest winds to a near gale, with everything in between, and quite a lot of motoring. I have also sailed it on all points of sailing, and used spinnaker, genoa, No. 1 jib, No. 2 jib, and the main reefed down to three rolls.

The result, so far has been very satisfactory, and I have never had a moment's concern. My son, who is 18, and has been sailing with me since he was 8, is not yet convinced that there is no difference whatever. He is probably right, but I have found it very difficult to detect any difference at all. Perhaps I should add here that I did have a skeg fitted by Fairey's about 5 years ago. I shall continue testing next year.

Finally, for me, the reduced rudder has turned in one very important benefit. Because I am on a double ended mooring, I have endless trouble with the after mooring chain fouling the lifted blade. The only solution I have found that really works is to remove the rudder and stow it inboard. The old rudder was only just within my capacity to lift singlehanded. With the new one it is easy. I should add here that I re-designed the tiller some years ago to make the rudder easily removable!

The sketch shows POPEYE in the slings at Keyhaven. New rudder blade (i.e. old one cut down) fitted and about 2/3rds size of old blade. Sketch's from a photo taken at time of launch April 1980.



**AN ENGINE OVERHAUL (908cc Coventry Victor)
(HELEN'S FOLLY A124)**

Godfrey Holter

When we bought HELEN the engine had been left exposed to the elements for five years, but since she seemed to run well, was used for three seasons without major attention. Last winter I decided to strip her right down for a thorough inspection. Amazingly, very little needed doing. The crankshaft big-ends were reground with new shells throughout and new rings fitted. Otherwise the main task was cleaning out the sump and de-rusting. The copper water feed and water cooled exhaust were in perfect condition. The cast iron cylinder jackets were almost completely blocked with iron corrosion debris, which explained previous overheating. (Hon. Eds. Note - This happens to Ford 102E's as well!)

Wear of components was only very slight and all parts were completely serviceable.

Weavers at Coventry were very helpful and supplied all the necessary replacement parts and gaskets.

Our confidence in the engine was this year greatly increased. The only time we have been let down was after a long, hot run, when evaporation in the feed line caused fuel starvation. I suppose there might be a more scientific cure but a good blow down the filler cap always seems to do the trick.

AMERICANS IN THE SEVERN

Robert L Chapman

"Are you going to take a pilot?"

I blinked up at the Lockkeeper, who was leaning over the rail of the coastal tanker **BUDE** about 10 feet above us. We were tied up to **BUDE** like an egg to an elephant as we "locked through" at Sharpness, ready to run down the Severn River into the Bristol Channel between the south coast of Wales and the North coast of Devon.

"A pilot?" I replied. "Why no, we hadn't thought of it." To us a pilot was a profoundly professional nautical personage having nothing whatever to do with the navigation of a 26-foot sailing cruiser.

"I hope it's not offensive, but we have to ask these things," the lockkeeper went on. "The Severn can be very nasty, and quite a few yachting people take on pilots here".

"Thank you very much for your concern," I said, "but we are fairly well experienced, and we have been very carefully briefed on the river by the people who own this boat."

He had seen our United States flag at the stern, and we had previously spoken to him in our unmistakable accents while arranging to lock through. He quite properly judged that few Americans had ever been through anything like the Severn, with its narrow tortuous channel, its 30-to-40 foot tidal range and its spectacular 12-knot currents. He was delicately giving us fair warning.

That was one of the times, quite early in our three-week cruise, when the difference between yachting in the west of England and Wales and yachting in the north-eastern United States became sharp and interesting. The adventure began when my wife suggested that we attempt to combine our taste for England and our love of cruising by exchanging the use of our boat for use of an equivalent one over there in the summer of 1978. I put a classified ad in the October issue of the English publication *Yachting Monthly*. The ad cost about \$14, and brought six responses.

Of these, four were almost equally inviting: a boat in the Western Isles of Scotland; one on the Thames estuary in Kent; one in Chichester Harbor handy to Cowes

and the Solent, and one at Bredon in Gloucestershire, moored in the Avon and handy to the Bristol Channel. All four boats were roughly equivalent to our Ericson 26, **THE SAURUS**, which we keep at Olsen's Boat Works in Keyport, N J.

For several reasons, perhaps chiefly because we had a hankering to sail to Ireland, we picked the Gloucestershire boat, **Talanta**. She is a sturdy 26-foot wooden vessel designed by the great Uffa Fox during World War II as a rescue craft for airmen, and converted later for use as a small yacht. Her owner is Al Jackson (A L S Jackson, J P, Deputy Lord Mayor and former Lord Mayor of Birmingham).

Late in June we had met Al and his wife, Gladys, at Kennedy Airport and introduced them to our house, car and boat. We were then met ourselves at Heathrow by the Jacksons' son, Robert, and carried to Bredon, where **Talanta** is tethered to a dock at the bottom of the meadow below their house. Robert's role as host was matched by our son Geoffrey, back in Madison, so the exchange was remarkably equal.

Now at Sharpness the nervous time had come. When we were ejected from the inner lock we tied up for a few minutes in the outer lock to let **BUDE** steam past, and to gather up our spirits for the Severn passage. Forcing ourselves a bit, because our United States cruising minds are not accustomed to the strict reckoning of tides, we recalled that wherever we might end up, we had to get there in the next six hours, before the tide turned against us. Over there you go nowhere against the tide, and tide becomes a measure of distance: 'Oh, that's one tide from here'; 'That'll be about three tides away.' At home we have to calculate fairly carefully for certain passages, for example Hell Gate and the East River or Woods Hole, Mass., but we generally can go against the currents if we wish, and we do not think of tide as the imperative limit to a passage.

Now the Severn from Sharpness to Avonmouth (the port of Bristol) is not as frothy and fierce as the wild rivers of the American West, but it is about as much like them as any place you would want to venture in a sailboat. Going under the Severn motorway bridge in seething turbulence, you are making about 18 knots over the ground, hanging on to the tiller and holding your breath. Just beyond is a channel called the Shoots, and the name says it.

That day we went right past Portishead, where we had thought to anchor, and on to the South Wales town of Barry, a busy local yachting centre and a thriving port for the Latin American trade. Having been briefed by Al Jackson on another difference between United States and British yachting custom, we motored in and tied up bold as brass to a handsome 30-foot sloop at her mooring. I even put my foot aboard her while making my lines fast. At home this would be unthinkable.

you do not set foot on anyone else's boat without a formal invitation. It is a curious reversal of the stereotype: the British are free and easy, the Americans offish and punctilious.

The reasons for the difference are obvious once you see a British port: they are tiny and extremely crowded, and if everyone swung on the mooring or anchor as we do, a harbor would have room for about one-tenth of the boats they now accommodate. Moreover, the weather is so vile and the sense of imminent danger so much stronger than it is in our warm and calm summers that British yachtsmen have, over the centuries, come to take this use of another's property as a right, not privilege. Their house is their castle; their boat is partly my castle as well.

Barry is a fairly typical port for the western waters we were sailing. It has a lifeboat station with a long ramp for launching. It has 50-foot gray stone walls, not being a natural harbor. It "dries out" on every ebb tide, leaving most of the boats setting in the mud — a lugubrious sight to American eyes, but perfectly normal. Most boats have twin keels or flattish bottoms, and roost more or less upright.

Next day we encountered another important difference between British and United States yachting: the weather. We sailed from Barry for Ilfracombe in North Devon, about 25 miles away and negotiable on one tide with any sort of fair wind. Well, even though the BBC shipping forecast (you get in the habit of listening to these religiously) had not spoken of gales in the Bristol Channel, it blew up very hard. I reefed down considerably and slogged along into the wind. The seas built up, short, steep and nasty. Who needs this for a vacation, we said; we were both soaked in spite of our oilskins, the spray sluicing over us like an Arctic firehose blast, in July. So we turned back to Barry. Of course we were now against the current, and it was a long, long, five-mile creep right inshore.

Tied up again alongside the sloop, we wondered whether those had been just usual conditions, and whether we were craven, spoiled Americans who turned back where the natives would have carried on. We watched three yachts struggle into port out of the fearful wrack. One we had seen leave just as we did, so he obviously had turned back. Another, which tied up beside us, was skippered by Clive Spierling, a Barry dock pilot and a thoroughly experienced sailor. He had turned back. The third flew desperately in and tied onto Clive — who was tied onto us who were tied onto the yacht that lived there. The third was a lone Welshman from Penarth, totally exhausted. We were not chicken Yankees after all, just prudent sailors. (The British, in fact, use safety harnesses and life preservers much more routinely than we do; under more rigorous conditions, their sense of self-preservation is proportionally stronger.)

Next day, on Clive's advice, we headed for Porlock Weir, a scant 17 miles southwest of Barry. The weather was nearly as bad as it had been, but we were more or less acclimated, and knew the passage would be short. Not quite short enough, though — for the first time we had the common experience of missing our tide and anchoring outside to wait for the flood so that we could get into the protected harbor. This meant about four hours of pitching and tossing as we watched the water creep up in the entrance, and then a parade with eight other boats.

Once inside we enjoyed the chummy confusion of high water in a wee British port: sailors, tourists, children, harbormasters, beachcombers all shouting and signaling, tossing and catching lines, tying and untying, a scene much like that Mark Twain described when the steamboat wakes up a sleepy Mississippi village. It was very jolly, very communal and agreeably sloppy.

Later on we ourselves came to enjoy catching lines and shouting instructions to other entering boats in other harbors. I cannot think of anything quite like it in American yachting, where we tend to be much more isolated from one another in the usual cruising scheme. In Saundersfoot harbor, for example, we became part of an impromptu symposium on the problem of getting a 75-foot ketch tied up to a wall 75 feet 2 inches long, with no room to swing and barely enough to maneuver, in a strong current.

To return to Porlock Weir. It is probably the tiniest harbor in the world, and the friendliest. We met several boats that had been weathered in for days, unable to continue their cruises because of the atrocious winds and seas. Most of the sailors had only short vacations, two weeks at the most, and had already spent a good portion of them on the beach at Porlock Weir.

This is another aspect of the difference between British and American yachting. Over there you must have the patience of a very Job. You are subject to the tides for all movement, you must often anchor outside for hours, then make very elaborate and tiresome maneuvers with mooring chains and long warps to get yourself moored when the water comes. The weather often stops you cold (literally). Moreover, you seldom have the amenities we are accustomed to. nearby shopping, water and gas at water-side. You must carry such vital liquids in cans, often for impossible distances (at Barry the nearest fuel was a mile and a half off, and we had to hitch a ride). An American thinking of cruising the Bristol Channel and Irish Sea must therefore be prepared for what will seem primitive conditions where provisions are concerned, and stern ruling constraints of tide and weather that will slow him down considerably if he tries to plan his cruise by our own standards. To the British all this is perfectly normal and they accept it as the useful rigors of the sport. They do, that is, in the Bristol Channel.

We found we were among, and finally members of, an elite. Our comrades spoke of the yachtsmen of the popular South Coast as a variety of sybarites enjoying warm and clement weather, luxuries laid on, a life of languid ease. If we heard it once we heard it 10 times: "If you can sail the Bristol Channel you can sail anywhere!" We heard about the man from Australia who had quite enjoyed his long voyage until he came into the channel, which nearly destroyed him. One man delicately asked my wife, as if asking why she insisted on wearing a straitjacket lined with wasps, why we picked the Bristol Channel. At the end of our cruise we found we had acquired a good name among the yachtsmen of Bredon and thereabouts, who, when they first heard we were coming, were sure we would stay in the Avon. Well, we made it to Ireland, and back, and they were just as impressed as we were tired.

The yacht clubs we discovered, like their American counterparts, to be hospitable to visiting sailors. Their facilities are not so grand (on the channel, that is), and they have the feeling of being more seriously nautical than social. They all have convenient bars, and the atmosphere is that of a pub with a specialized clientele. We had several pleasant hours over a pint, yarning and bragging with other half-drowned sailors. One bunch had just sailed 60 miles jury-rigged after losing their mast in the Irish Sea. We had been out there the same day, but south of them, and the weather was fairly mild. Americans, I think, would positively enjoy the club-pub times.

Sailors cruising in the British Isles and from the British Isles to Europe are fortunate to have the Cruising Association as a resource for every sort of relevant information. The association has headquarters in Ivory House on the quay at St Katherine's Dock by the Tower of London, London E1 9AT. The association welcomes foreign members for fees of \$25 a year. Members can get aid from designated "local representatives" and official "boatmen", who do repairs or provide custodial services in British ports.

Writing about the sea, and this is true of official "coast pilots" as well as of personal accounts, tends to stress difficulties and dangers. It is a matter of vanity and of prudence. I may have stressed the difficult here, but a full account would also tell of easy passages, pleasant sails (or motor-sails, actually), hours of coasting along awesome cliffs topped with green sheep-flecked fields. Of rambles in castellated ports like Tenby, of walking along the front at Mumbles soaking up a Dylan Thomas feeling. Of holy isles with hermit cells, of round little storybook puffins that really fly, after their fashion. Of hiking to Culbone church and having tea with the potter and his mystical American wife. Such are the joys one could not find here at home, and sufficient cause, if one is so inclined, to undertake our sort of exchange.

To end with advice:-

1. Take more warm clothing than you can possibly imagine you would need in midsummer.
2. Have good foul-weather gear.
3. Nevertheless, look forward to being cold and wet.
4. Train your mind to the resigned passivity of old-time sailors, strictly subject to tide and weather.
5. Be ready to work perhaps twice as hard provisioning and getting things done as in our more convenient venues.
6. As to arranging an exchange, begin months ahead so that you can get to know the people and the boat, and make a point of exchanging charts and cruising guides early, so as to begin familiarizing yourself with the strange coast. If you have friends in Britain, it would be taken in good part if they were to "vet" the people and boat before you make a final agreement.

Depending on your personal susceptibility to Murphy's Law, a thousand things can go wrong with such a swap. In our case nearly everything went right, and we do not hesitate to recommend that others try it, open-eyed.

ROBERT L CHAPMAN, a professor of English at Drew University, was editor-reviser of Roget's International Thesaurus.

This article is reprinted, with full acknowledgments, from the 'New York Times' travel section 10 of Sunday April 1st, 1979. It is half of the complete article, entitled 'Swopping Yachts across the Atlantic', the other half of which described Albert Jackson's experiences in the U S A sailing R Chapman's yacht.

Talanta (A80) is no more a converted lifeboat than any other *Atalanta*! She was sold by Mr Jackson in 1979: he remains an Associate Member. **Talanta** is now named **Phileris II**.

Hon Editor

THINGS ABOUT 'CLYMENE' A143

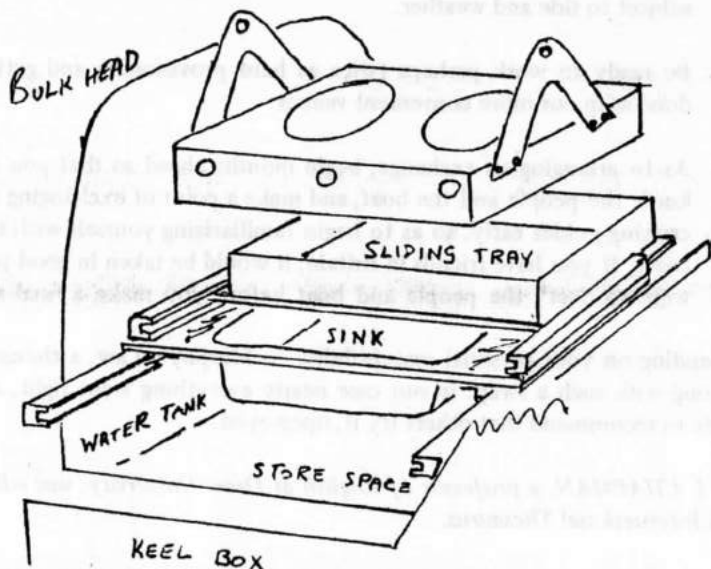
W W S Hensby

1. The Galley

The problem was to gimbal the 2 burner cooker, provide a working surface and sink, and to retain access to storage space over the water tank and under the sink.

The answer was to fit a sliding tray (working surface) on top of a sliding sink. The options available are:-

- i Push both tray and sink back for access to storage space under sink and over water tank.
- ii Pull both tray and sink forward for easy use of working surface.
- iii Push back tray only for access to sink.

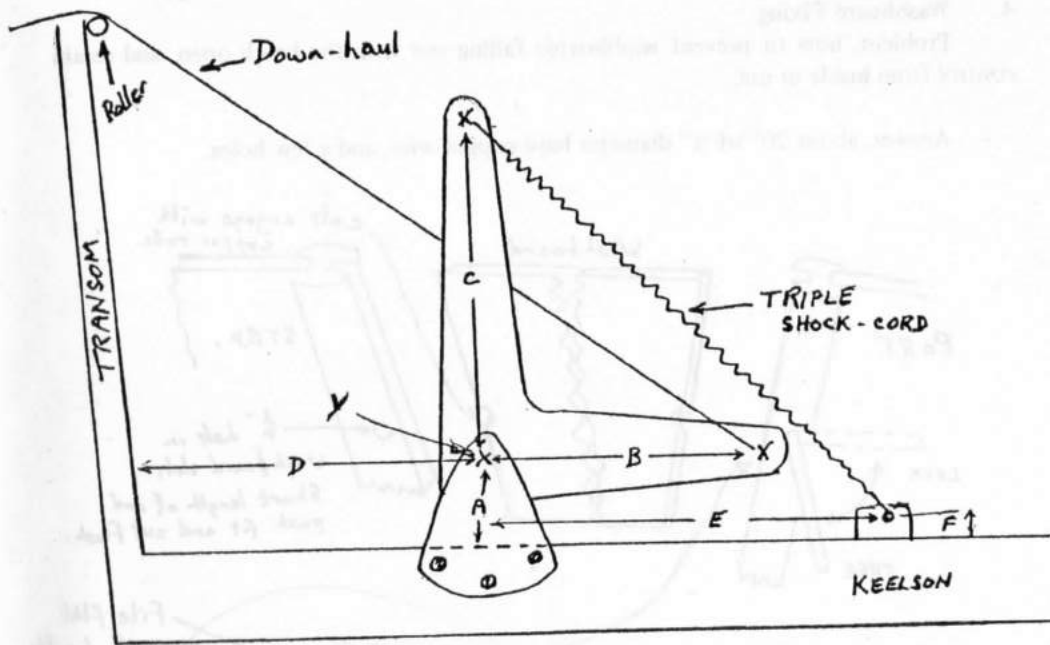


2. **Rudder Down-haul**
Usual problem, different answer.

As shown the rudder is down, and shock-cord tension is at a minimum. However the L-shaped lever B-C gives a mechanical advantage (a good long bearing is needed at Y).

When the rudder is up, shock-cord tension is at a maximum, but there is a mechanical reduction of pull on the down-hand. Careful adjustment of dimension A in relation to dimension F can reduce the down-hand tension (rudder up) practically to zero.

Fit this modification and exchange your pet gorilla for a marmoset!

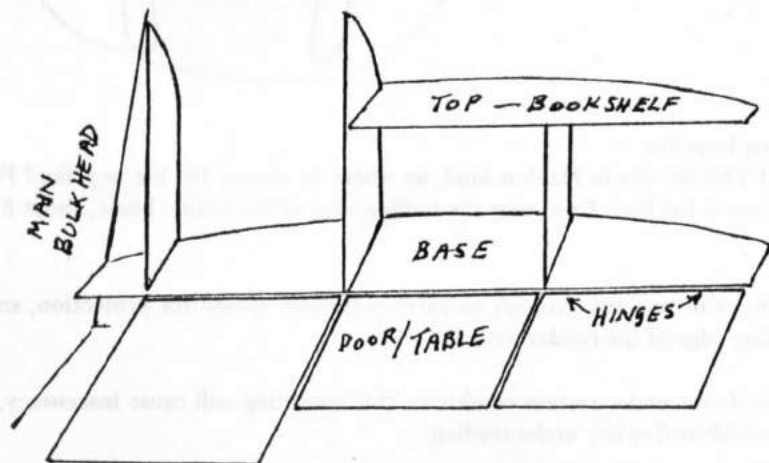


$$A = 3'' , B = 9'' , C = 11'' , D = 11'' , E = 13'' , F = 1\frac{1}{2}''$$

3. Cupboards in Main Cabin

These run on both sides of the cabin, full length. Maximum depth 10". This allows one to sit using the cupboards as a back rest.

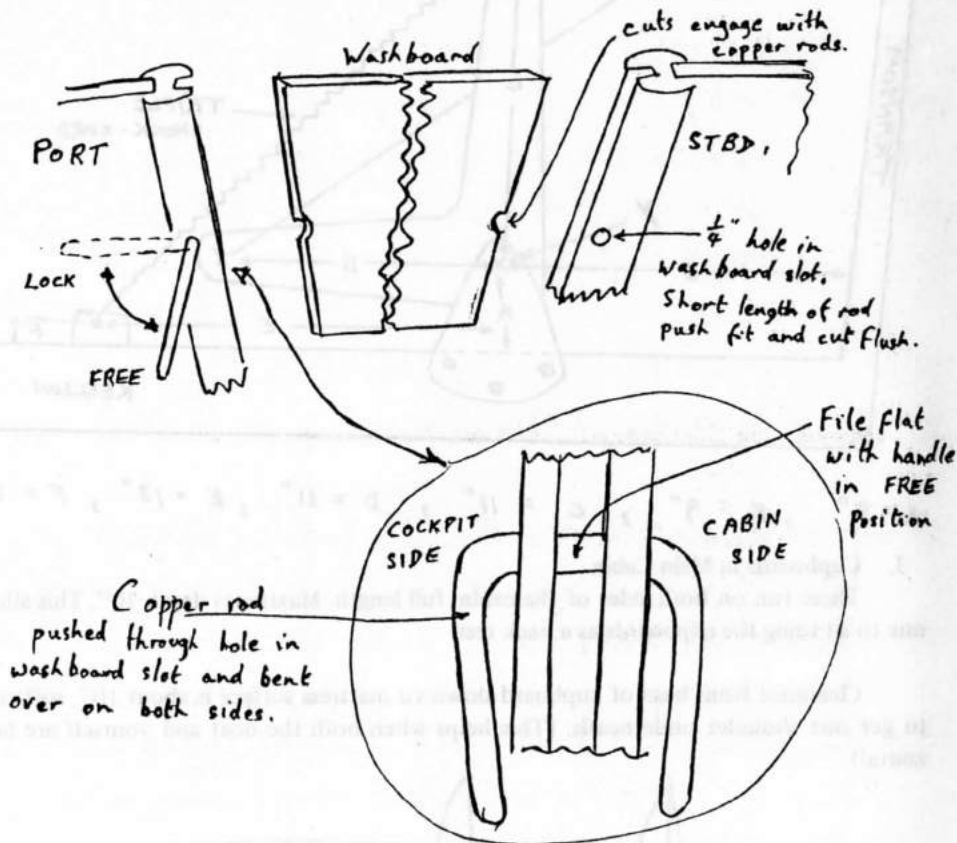
Clearance from base of cupboard down to mattress surface is about 10", sufficient to get one shoulder underneath. (This helps when both the boat and yourself are horizontal).



4. Washboard Fixing

Problem, how to prevent washboards falling out with the hatch open, and retain control from inside or out.

Answer, about 20" of $\frac{1}{4}$ " diameter hard copper wire, and a few holes.



5. Log Impellor

CLYMENE sits in Maldon Mud, so where to mount the log impellor? For the past three years it has been fixed near the trailing edge of the rudder blade, about 8" from the tip.

The wire was run through an extra polythene sheath for protection, and fixed to the trailing edge of the rudder with S/S wire.

No doubt under certain conditions this mounting will cause inaccuracy, but so far I have not identified any under-reading.

ANNUAL ATALANTA RACE 1980

WEST MERSEA TOWN REGATTA JOY HOLTER 'HELEN'S FOLLY A124

Results

Sail No.	Yacht	Owner	Yardstick	Finish	Corrected Time Elapsed
A124	HELEN'S FOLLY	Holter	$\frac{3}{4}$ rig	14 42 36	4 52 36
A 73	LYDE	McGivern	full rig	15 58 23	6 20 53
A151	MISTURA	Brady	full rig	16 43 21	7 01 51
A143	CLYMENE	Hensby	full rig	Retired	
A168	KOOKA BURRA	Dorrington	$\frac{3}{4}$ rig	Retired	
A118	SUN STREAM	Hayes	full rig	D. N. S.	
A133	ANN GREY	Norfolk	$\frac{3}{4}$ rig	D. N. S.	

We awoke on Saturday 16th August to a very light westerly breeze, which persisted during the warm up before the start, and for about the first hour of the race, bringing out an assortment of spinnakers and ways of flying them. 'HELEN'S FOLLY' had her's aloft first which gained an early lead, closely followed by 'LYDE' and 'CLYMENE'. In fact, all competing boats were within hailing distance at this stage of the race.

Just as the tide turned against us, the wind died – which meant kedge anchors on silent warps, as in previous years; – no point in letting the opposition know what one is up to! This was a very good time to sunbathe and have a spot of lunch.

'HELEN'S FOLLY' lost track of 'CLYMENE', 'MISTURA' and 'KOOKA BURRA' as they appeared to recede stern first towards Mersea Island. Three times the wind seemed to be sufficient ... and three times the anchor had to be brought out again. It finally returned from dead ahead and so we had to tack, trying to keep out of the main tidal stream, to Bench Head. Thank goodness it was the shortened course!

Round the mark at last. Up spinnaker again; up keels again; up rudder again, moving down wind and tide. Could it be that no other Atalanta had passed us on the southern side of the Blackwater? We hoped so. The wind died again, what hope now had the other boats of stemming the tide round Bench? We drifted with the tide, the youngest member of the crew hopping from foot to foot – he wanted to be back at West Mersea in time for the under 15 rowing race.

Wind once more, from the west again, tacking as usual. So, down spinnaker, keels and rudder, then to the finish line. A quick word to the officials to assure them that Atalanta Owners nearly always fly their ensigns when racing, and all was well.

There were one or two well known faces missing from the race line-up this year, but our Secretary, though he no longer owns SALIZANDA invited all those who entered the race to a very enjoyable supper at Gun House. And so the high point of the season finished in the now almost traditional splendid manner.

MODIFICATIONS TO A-129

"Sea Rogue 2" – Charles W. Moore

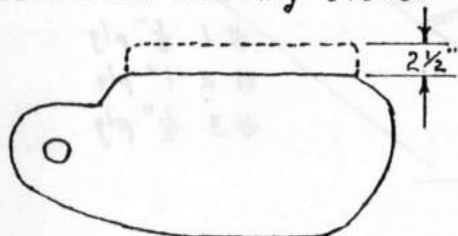
Rudder: When we first sailed A-129 in 1978, we noticed a considerable degree of weather helm, especially on a beam or broad reach. Adjusting sail trim helped somewhat but oftentimes the "two handed brace your feet" method of helmsmanship was necessary which proved very tiring on long sails. I resolved to try and cure this problem before the 1979 sailing season commenced.

As has been noted in past editions of the Bulletin, part of the difficulty was likely due to the downhaul shock-cord stretching and allowing the rudder plate to lift slightly. I decided that for deep water sailing, the best alternative would be a three part tackle which I installed on the inside of the transom in place of the shock cord. A four inch horn cleat was fastened to the keelson to secure the tackle. It is imperative to un-cleat the tackle whenever venturing into waters where grounding is likely.

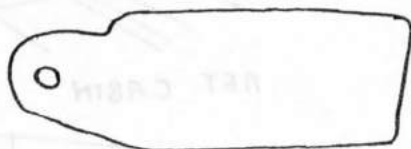
I also suspected that adding a bit of balance to the profile of the rudder blade would serve to lighten the helm. To this end I had a local shipyard weld a 2 ½" wide strip of marine grade aluminium plate to the leading edge of the rudder blade, thereby increasing the percentage of rudder area forward of the pintles. This has been an unqualified success in my opinion as the helm now seems completely neutral on all points of sail and in all winds encountered so far. Steering response also seem slightly improved as well. Some people prefer a trace of weather helm and would perhaps be well advised to add a shorter section, 1 ¾" or 2". Also, the long term effects of the added area are now known in relation to metal fatigue. Lt. Cdr. Lovelock, in his article on rudders in the 1979-80 Bulletin, set forth the theory that the rudder plate failures are aggravated by the relatively large lateral area of the rudder plate. Obviously, my modification adds even more area, however, I think that the advantages of lighter helm, increased control and directional stability outweigh this negative aspect.

I have also had a new rudder plate cut with a modified profile, which I hope will retain the advantages of my altered standard rudder while reducing the area a little. I have not been able to try it out yet and am so pleased with the performance of my modified standard rudder that I am reluctant to go to the bother of hauling the boat to install it this year but I will probably try it out next year.

Modified Existing Blade



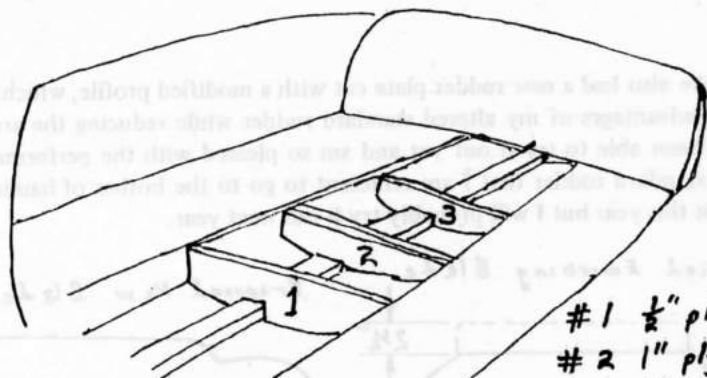
Proposed New Blade



Aft Cabin Double Berth: One thing we missed on our Atalanta the summer we lived aboard was a double berth. Over the winter of 1978-79, we pondered upon the best way to incorporate one into the aft cabin. We had considered widening one of the existing bunks but eventually settled upon an athwartships double for use while anchored or in port, while retaining the original fore and aft bunks as sea berths. We have found this a very successful modification. Construction was as follows; Three bulkheads were installed as shown in the illustration with longitudinal stringers to brace them and help support the bunk boards. The centre one is 1" thick made from two sections of $\frac{1}{2}$ " ply glued together. The two outer bulkheads are $\frac{1}{2}$ " ply and all are glued in place with epoxy glue. The bunk boards themselves are also $\frac{1}{2}$ " ply in two sections which butt at the 1" thick centre bulkhead. The original cushion retaining rails were cut into three pieces each, the corners mitred, and installed at the indentations of the "H" shaped berth area. Finally, my wife, Helen, made cushions to fit the new section which completed the job.

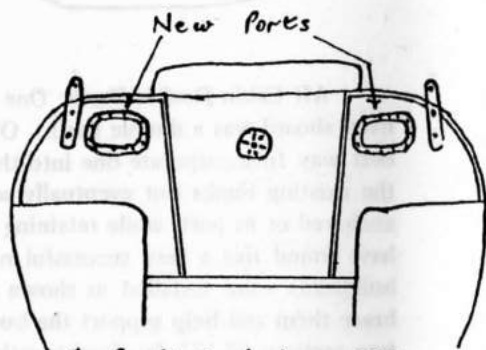
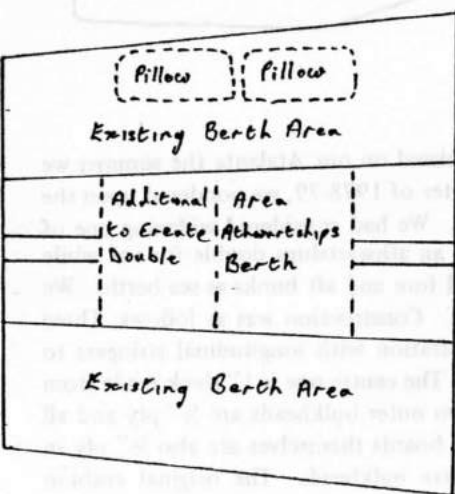
It will be noted that A-129 has an outboard auxiliary and we have removed the exhaust system which formerly was routed through the aft cabin. On boats which still have the original system intact, the double berth installation would be slightly more complicated but still feasible. There is an added bonus of more storage space beneath the new berth area which we use as a rope locker.

Another thing we missed in the aft cabin was light. A-129 had no windows in her aft cabin. We preferred opening ports for ventilation and as these would be difficult to fit to the curved topsides, we installed two aluminium oval shaped ports in the after cockpit bulkhead, flanking the companionway. These ports let in plenty of light and are not vulnerable to damage from minor collisions, breaking seas, etc. The extra ventilation is much appreciated in the summer.



AFT CABIN

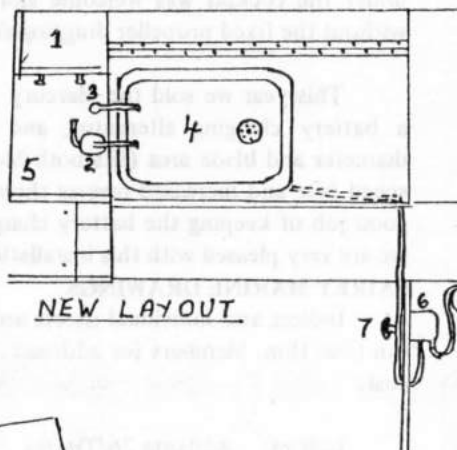
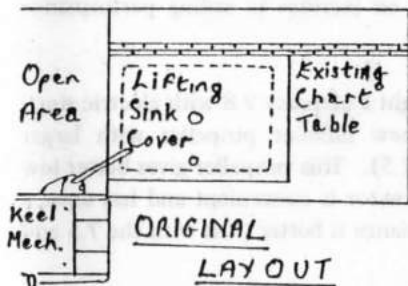
- #1 ½" ply
- #2 1" ply
- #3 ½" ply



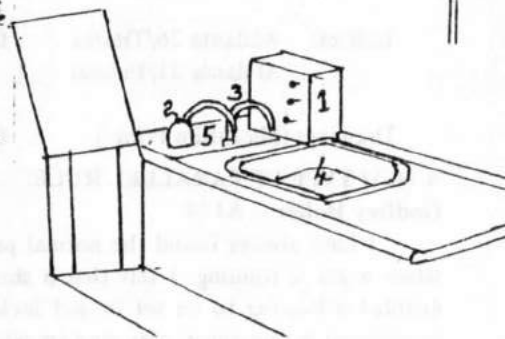
In Cockpit looking AFT

Galley Modifications: I found that I did not use the chart table for its' intended function, preferring to perform navigational chores whilst seated at the main cabin table forward. We also felt that we would like a slightly larger sink. On A-129 there was an open area between the chart table and the diagonal midships bulkhead. This we filled in using ½" ply, thereby extending the chart table to the bulkhead. We then installed our larger sink omitting the lifting cover feature. A freshwater hand pump was mounted on the new extended part of the table with a spigot for the saltwater pump beside it. This is a foot pump located in the former engine room under the cockpit sole. The operating pedal extends through the bulkhead into the galley. The intake for this pump is the former engine cooling water intake, retaining the filter. We find that having a saltwater pump cuts down the drain on our freshwater supply appreciably. We have increased our freshwater capacity by installing a 25 gallon flexible water tank in the bilge directly below the chart table. This tank is secured with polyester braid lanyards.

At the rear of the chart table extension (extreme starboard), we installed a switch/fuse box made of plywood. This box contains a fuse panel, a ground (earth) bar, and switches for various lights etc.



1. New Switch and Fuse Box in Plywood.
2. Hand Pump for Fresh Water.
3. Spigot for Salt Water Foot Pump.
4. New, Larger Stainless Steel Sink.
5. Extension to Former Chart Table
6. Whale Foot Pump.
7. Pedal for Foot Pump through Bulk head into Galley
8. Former Engine Cooling Water Filter now Supplies Salt Water Pump.



Outboard Auxiliary: When we purchased A-129, the Coventry-Victor engine was not functioning and had several missing parts. I checked out the price for a diesel replacement and did not feel that the outlay was justified for the amount of use that the motor would get. During our first season we still had the C.V. insitu including the propeller. For auxiliary power we purchased a Seagull Silver Century Plus which was mounted on a bracket on the transom. This was only moderately successful as we were berthed in a marina and the lack of a reverse gear on the Seagull was a bother. Also, with the Seagull's 4:1 reduction gear we could only power at 3-4 knots. On the plus side, we found that the Seagull with its' large propeller gave us excellent control when maneuvering at low speeds.

By the next season we had removed the Coventry-Victor and its' propeller and converted the engine room to storage space for anchors, fenders, etc. We sold the Seagull and bought a Mercury 7.5 longshaft and a Taylor bracket with 14" of vertical travel. This bracket is very satisfactory having two down positions, a shallow one for calm water and a deep one for bouncier stuff. The Merc 7.5 would push us along at 4 knots, was quiet, smooth, and quite economical in fuel consumption, but we lost a measure of low speed control due to the smaller propeller. The extra storage space under the cockpit was welcome and we noticed an increase in sailing performance without the fixed propeller dragging along.

This year we sold the Mercury 7.5 and bought a Mercury 9.8 with electric start, a battery charging alternator, and Mercury's new sailboat propeller with larger diameter and blade area (fits both Merc 9.8 and 7.5). This propeller gives better low speed bite and increased reverse thrust. The alternator is convenient and has done a good job of keeping the battery charged. Performance is better than with the 7.5 and we are very pleased with this installation.

FAIREY MARINE DRAWINGS

Indices and individual sheets are available to A.O.A. Members from M.D. Donovan (See Hon. Members for address). Please send cash with order: postage included in cost.

	U.K.	Europe	Elsewhere
Indices: Atalanta 26/Titania	£1.50	£1.80	£2.30
Atalanta 31/Fulmar	80	80	£1.00
Drawings (Microfilm Prints)	£1.22	£1.22	£1.40

A NEW TYPE OF PARALLEL RULE

Godfrey Holter - A124

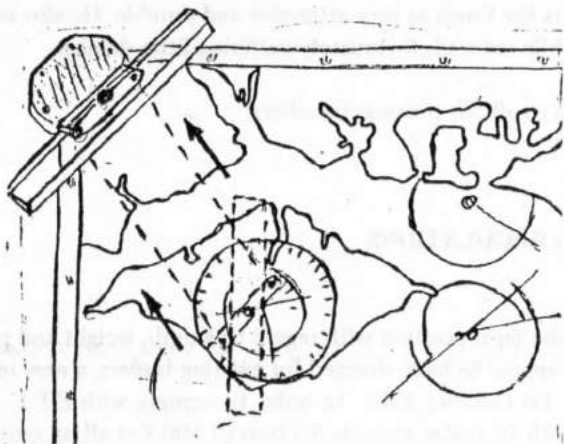
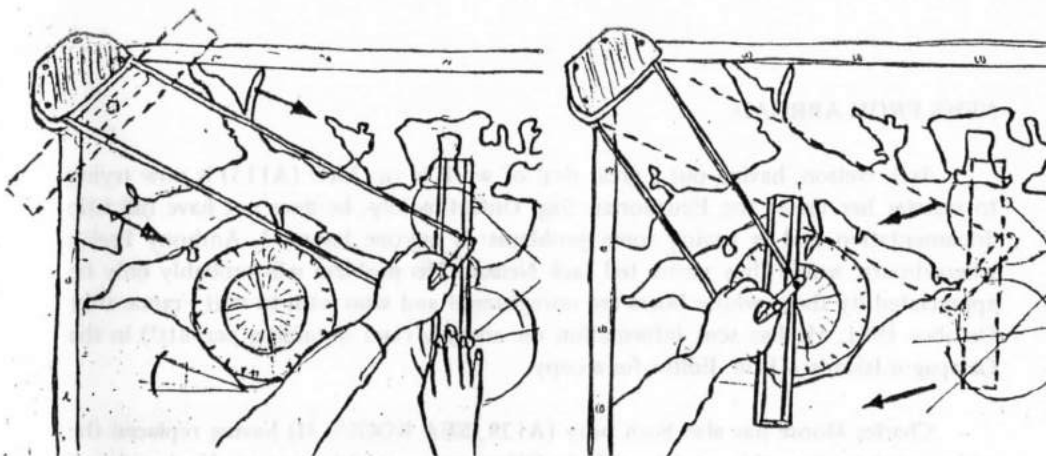
I have always found the normal parallel rule a frustrating implement especially when a sea is running. I felt that it should be possible to design an instrument that enabled a bearing to be set in and locked on a rule, then allow this bearing to be transferred in one quick, easy step anywhere on the chart.

The Extending Parallel Rule has been developed, which uses two parallel tapes unwinding equally from a sprung drum. These tapes are attached to an arm which pivots on a locking rule. A prototype has been exercised this season on a number of trips including a storm tossed Biscay crossing and a number of Channel crossings by several navigators.

All have found the Rule a great improvement and more convenient than a pantograph or Stanford type plotter.

I am now manufacturing these ready for product launch in December. The Extending Parallel Rule will be available, made order only, from:

Reefers Ltd., 35, Watford Road, Kings Langley, Herts. WD4 8DY. The initial offer price is £19.55, including £1 p & p.



MAST HEAD SPINNAKER

Godfrey Holter – A124

We have always been exasperated when flying the spinnaker by the almost total loss of forward visibility. The sail had wire luffs and was gathered so that it hung rather like a chrysalis (see cover picture 1979 Bulletin). It seemed to be intended for a higher mast, so this year I moved the halyard block from just above the forestay ($\frac{3}{4}$ rig) to the top of the mast. This enabled the luff wires to be changed for 4mm polyester and extended. Now the sail has significantly increased area and we can see under it. It is not flown in strong winds unless right aft, since the top section of the mast is not stayed against side loads.

NEWS FROM ABROAD

Jack Nelson, having put a great deal of work in on **AKU (A113)** is now trying to register her under the Ecuadorian flag. Unfortunately, he does not have full title documentation and is having some problems: if anyone knows J. Anthony Peek's whereabouts, would they please tell Jack Nelson! His problem will probably only be appreciated by those whose boats are unregistered and who wish to visit France after October 1981. He has sent information on cruising (and obtaining permits!) in the Galapagos Islands – Hon. Editor for a copy.

Charles Moore has also been busy (**A129, SEA ROGUE II**) having replaced the white paint on the cabin roof by a Deks Olijje treatment (30 coats of No.1 and 6 of No.2!). He reports the finish as very attractive and durable. He also suffered a ramming by a 30 footer while moored, fortunately suffering little damage.

Best wishes to all our overseas members!

NEW TRAILING REGULATIONS

M. D. Rowe

Although the legal position with regard to length, weight and permitted speed of towing does not appear to have changed for existing trailers, a new requirement will be in force as from 1st October 1981. In order to comply with E.E.C. requirements, if a towing vehicle with its trailer exceeds 3½ tons (3 500 Kg) all up gross weight, then the vehicle will need to be fitted with a Tachograph. Thus the allowable trailer weight without the Tachograph is 3 500 Kgs less the gross towing vehicle weight. This applies for private or commercial use. I feel it to be unlikely that an Atalanta, trailer and vehicle capable of towing it will have a total gross weight of under 3½ tons. Further information from the M.O.T.!

A useful poster was published with the January 1981 Practical Boat Owner.