

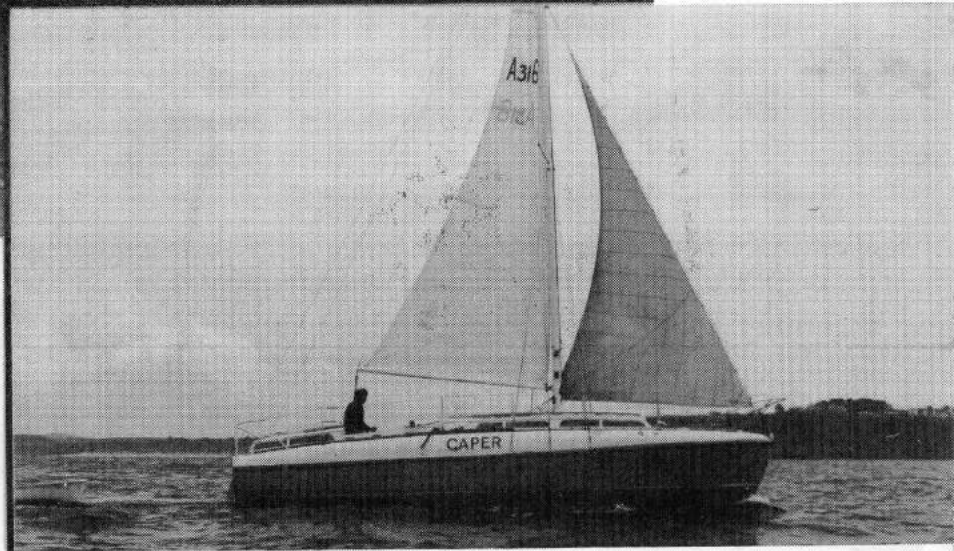
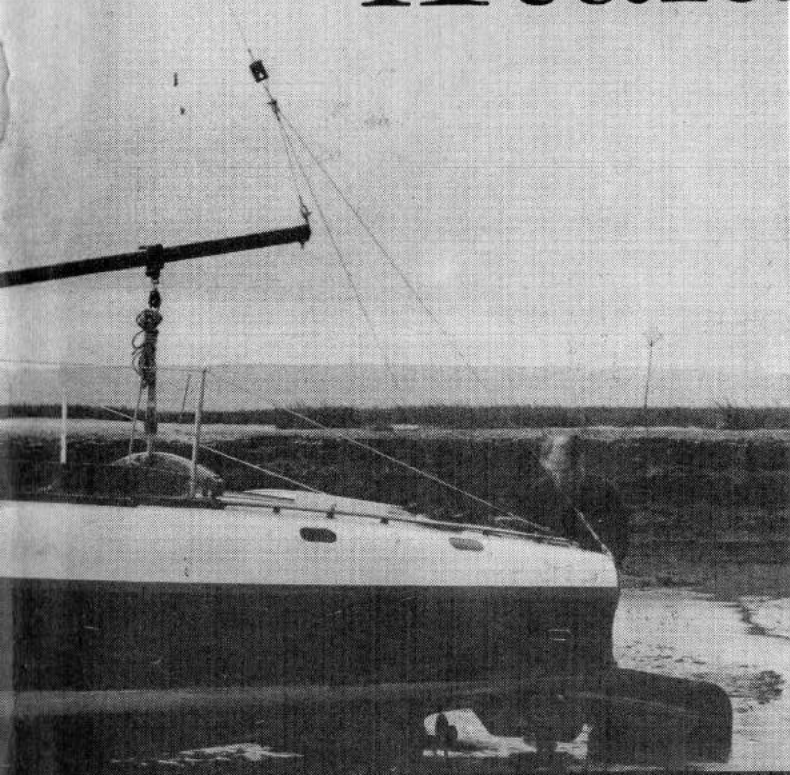
# Atalanta

OWNERS  
ASSOCIATION  
BULLETIN

1982/83

---

25th YEAR



## INDEX - 1982/83 BULLETIN

'JANE DUCK' (A158) at Heswall	Whole Cover
'CAPER' (A31/6)	Front Cover
President's Message	2
Obituaries	2
CAPER to the Canaries—Vicky White	3
Crews upon a Cruise—George Parker	8
Irish Sea Area Rally—S. H. Cubbon	12
Cartoon	13
The Building of A7 'ALOUETTE DE MER' The late J. P. B. Mourant	14
Sunday Sailor—P. G. Martin	15
Refitting 'JANE DUCK' (A158)— R. A. Smith	16
Lament for 'HELEN'S FOLLY' (A124)— G. G. Holter	19
Fulmar F64 'FAERIE QUEEN' Sqn. Ldr. D. M. C. Best	20
Alphabetical List of Fairey Atalantas, Titanias, A31s and Fulmars	21
Register of Boats and Owners	
Atalantas	24
Titanias	36
A31s	36
Fulmars	37
Honorary Members	38
Associate Members	39
Honorary Secretary	Prof. W. S. G. Parker (George)
A87-GLOBULIN	273 Wake Green Road
Tel. 021-777-4514	Mosely, Birmingham 13
Honorary Editor	M. D. Rowe
T11-NYERI	90 Buriton Road
Tel. 0962-880612 (Home)	Harestock
0962-822503 (Office)	Winchester, Hants SO22 6JF

Message from the President, Alan Vines.

A happy Christmas and New Year to all members.

This message is to reiterate my message of last year. There are two pieces of equipment which give the most trouble—the Rudder and the Engine.

For years I sailed and cruised without any sort of engine, but there was one piece of equipment which replaced both engine and rudder—'The Sweep! The Atalanta cockpit is ideal for these uses of the sweep—one without rudder or two without engine.

**Good Sailing!**

**Obituaries.**

We were very sorry to hear of the deaths of J.P.B. Mourant (A7 'ALOUETTE DE MER') and Major M. Whiting B.Sc. R.A.E.C. (A161 'PEGASUS OF TRUNDLES') earlier this year.

J.P.B. Mourant was a founder member of the Association and was known to many members, having attended the Annual Dinner and other events most faithfully. His account of the building of 'A7 is on P.14 of this issue.

Major M. Whiting died in August, following a period of illness. He had been a member since 1977.

**Twenty fifth Year of the A.O.A.**

The A.O.A. was founded at a meeting on 21st May 1958: the first A.G.M. was held on 7th January 1959. We are thus in our 25th year and this is the 24th Bulletin. Alan Vines has been our President for all this time: a superb record.

In order to make the 25th Bulletin the best ever, please send your contributions, especially photos to the Hon. Editor in plenty of time for the next copy!

## CAPER TO THE CANARIES

Vicky White (A31/6)

Owing to work commitments we were unable to leave St. Ives any earlier than October 1981. A spell of gales set us back even longer than we had originally planned and we waited anxiously for a break in the weather to get our cruise to the Canaries under way. We hoped to be there for Christmas, all four of us sharing a common dream of a sunny holiday instead of the usual wet/cold indoors affair.

Hence, on a clammy wet night of the kind well-known to Cornish winterers, we slipped "CAPER'S" moorings and headed out into the night. The boat was under reduced sail even before we reached Pendeen lighthouse as the weather spat and harassed us, and the trailing log disappeared with a mere six miles to its credit. Wolf Rock light was brought abeam in due course and we settled down to regular watches to see us through this first leg of our journey, which was to be a six and a half day passage across Biscay to the North West corner of Spain. Progress throughout the first day and the next night was moderate as the wind had abated somewhat, though the next day, Friday 15th, it gradually reasserted itself. The Easterly wind increased in force and by evening we were again under reduced sail. The wind backed to North East, by now close to gale force, and even under reefed main and storm jib we were over-canvassed and were forced to run off eventually under storm jib alone with a worried crew finding the off-watch more testing than being in the cockpit.

Before the night was out it had blown over, and we continued South West, still on long grey seas, under dark skies and with the barometer falling ominously. Not long after dark, we were again in the throes of a gale, this one of increased ferocity and necessitating the use of trailing warps to hold her true before the seas. More than eight hours of roller-coasting south in hectic pandemonium, water crashing into the cockpit (and once into Alan's bunk due to an untimely opening of the hatch!) but by now we had developed a more workman-like resolve and it was obvious that "Caper" would not fail us.

The following three days were virtual calms, warm sunshine and an opportunity to dry out and restow everything in it's rightful place. We still had an embarrassment of food and ate like lions, presumably to compensate for meals lost in the stormy hours behind us.

Celestial navigation was proving a haphazard affair, more akin to filling in the pools than the precise art it's supposed to be! The RDF seemed to be the safest bet as our valiant cap'n's sunsights could have placed us anywhere from Poland to Peru! And so it proved as the night of the 20th found us optimistically scouring the black night before us in a vain search for the promised land. We spotted a wealth of lights ahead, mainly fixed white with one or two obvious navigation lights of red and green amongst them. Our bafflement was only lifted when we noticed one very close at hand -- they were the lighted buoys of sardine nets and we were right in the thick of the fishery and not fast approaching land as we had thought.

Fortunately we sailed uneventfully through this maze and soon picked out a pair of more credible lights which were duly identified and, with tremendous good fortune, placed us dead on course for our chosen landfall of Cedeira.

As daylight arrived, in squally North-East weather and on short, pasty seas, we lurched tentatively towards Punta Candelaria and sailed in between the knobbly crops of rock to the welcome of Cedeira, a most beautiful place to make land after a maiden ocean voyage.

We stayed ten days in Cedeira, an attractive little town with a large active fishing fleet. Its townsfolk are warm and friendly and we could recommend this as a port of call to anyone, though its facilities are limited.

Our next stop was to be La Coruna. Here we found excellent facilities in the marina of the Real Club Nautico. As we had already discovered in Cedeira, there were no official customs procedures to be dealt with and there were no harbour dues to be found.

On the next leg we were to round Cape Finisterre, which meant spending a night at sea as progress was slow due to lack of wind. Once round the cape next day, we put into Puerto Finisterre, a small, crowded harbour whose busy fishing force doesn't leave much room for yachts! If you don't mind tying alongside a fishing boat there is always room for one more.

On leaving here, we decided to push on for Portugal. Once at sea again, we found ourselves desparately short of wind and drifted gently down the coast for several days, making the most of the sunshine and enjoying the tranquility.

Eventually, we arrived at our destination; Viana Do Castelo, for our first taste of Portugese life. We tied up in the well sheltered inner harbour and were swiftly dealt with by the port officials who inspected our documents, stamped our passports and issued us with a green card within twenty minutes.

Viana, an interesting town steeped in local history and character, has a beautiful old church set high in the hills which dominate the whole area. The town itself has some quite useful shops and there is a magnificent market with an overwhelming range of fresh fruits and vegetables.

By now, the climate was improving greatly, giving us the urge to push on further south. We had intended hitherto to get as far south as possible on the next leg but as there was still not much wind at sea we opted to call in at Aveiro, some seventy miles down the coast.

A shifting sand-bar at the mouth of the river leading inland to Aveiro makes for a difficult entrance, made all the more tricky by the fierce tidal flow, which has been known to run at a staggering twelve knots at springs. If you time your arrival well, on the flood, there shouldn't be much trouble. Unfortunately, we managed to get on the wrong side of the channel once inside the entrance and ran aground! We soon got sorted out selected the correct route and followed the range markers until we reached a fishing quay where we were directed to an olde barge, alongside which we could tie quite safely.

Aveiro lies several miles inland and is built on a network of canals. It is an unusual town, vaguely reminiscent of Venice with its bridges and gondolas. Unfortunately, the canal water is dirty and, being tidal, the whole place gets quite smelly at low water. The gondolas are quite interesting to watch, though. With a very basic rudder and sail, it seemed like hard work poling them to town, against the current, laden down with what they had gathered from the out-lying fields. We stayed just one night in Aveiro and crossed the bar next day to continue south.

Progress was still quite slow and we would be becalmed for hours at a time. It was becoming increasingly difficult to adhere to our pledge of not using the engine on sea passages. Hours of sailing recorded in the log book were being steadily replaced by hours spent under motor as the absence of wind began to take its toll.

Nazaré had been mentioned to us as being worthy of a visit; it certainly looked impressive as we turned into the bay as night fell. A sheer cliff to the north towered above us as we lay moored to a buoy about a hundred yards off a long white sandy beach.

The water in the bay is a hundred fathoms deep due to an under-water canyon and it is strange to imagine so much water beneath you, so close to the shore. Unfortunately, the bay is open to any weather from the west and we were disappointed to awake next morning to see large waves rolling ashore, making it impossible to launch the dinghy.

As stores were running low, we wasted no time in heading for the next suitable port; Peniche, just twenty two miles further down the coast. We were soon entering the large fishing port and after spotting a couple of yachts in a far corner, turned hard to starboard and anchored close to them. We were just fifteen yards off a lovely sandy beach within the harbour, where the fishing boats hauled up for repainting. We took advantage of this quiet spot to pay up ourselves, scrub off, anti-foul and replace a leaking skin-fitting. In all, we spent ten days in Peniche, enjoying the friendship and hospitality of its townsfolk.

On leaving Peniche, we had a brisk three day passage to Villamoura on the Algarve, rounding the imposing Cape St. Vincent en route. This passage included a thrilling run of sixty miles in twelve hours, running goose-winged; a rediscovery of the wind which had been in very short supply since Biscay!

Villamoura is a large, purpose-built marina cum holiday apartment complex, well organised and with all facilities easily at hand. Piped music, spiral staircases, paved walkways, exclusive bars, fountains and cacti all contribute to this yachtsman's Disneyland, all at the inexpensive price of 180 escudos a day. The near-by village of Quateira has an excellent fresh food market.

The plan from here had been to head straight for Gibraltar, a run of about 150 miles. Unfortunately, a stiff easterly blow in the Bay of Cadiz made it impossible to make any headway and we were forced to beat into it, in gross discomfort, for about 24 hours. Eventually, a decrease in the wind gave us the opportunity to put into Cadiz to await a change.

After a most welcome night's sleep in the marina at Cadiz, we had a quick stroll round the city then left for Gibraltar, as the weather had changed for the better overnight.

After a night passage through the Straits, we motored into Sheppards Marina and, after having a flamboyant "Welcome to Gib" stamped into our passports, we went ashore to explore.

It was strange to be so far from home to find everything so familiar. Heinz beans, Kellogg's cornflakes, HP sauce and Mars bars in the shops; Courage, Whitbread, Bass Charrington, Old Holborn and "Pub Grub" in the bars! And, of course, no language problems!

The marina was something of a disappointment. Facilities were limited and we thought £3 a night rather expensive to be tied alongside a rusty old barge. There were some good chandlery shops in town and though most things are readily available, they are expensive.

By now, the wind had turned westerly which would be no good for getting back through the Straits. As Gibraltar was proving an expensive stop over, we decided to cross the Straits and put into the port of Medik on the North East Mediterranean coast of Morocco.

After an initial tangle within the harbour, we were soon tied stern to the quay in the serene tranquility of our new-found continent. Now we were getting somewhere!

We spent ten lovely days in Medik, a quiet little town which does not even boast a bank. We made the most of the abundances of dates, tangerines and lemons which were unbelievably cheap, as were most other things in town. After a week, a quick calculation of food expenditure revealed that we had spent just £11.17p, which included an exchanged gas cylinder!

One afternoon, we ventured up into the foot hills of the Atlas Mountains, from where the views looking back towards Medik and over the plain towards Tetuoan were beautiful.

We had been able to pick up Radio Gibraltar whilst in Medik and, after hearing the first decent forecast for over a week, we left and travelled back through the Straits and in to the Atlantic once more. On this coast of Morocco and into Spanish Sahara, lighthouses are almost non-existent, possibly giving rise to the term "Darkest Africa"! Likewise with other navigational aids such as radio beacons, so your RDF isn't much use either.

After a couple of good days of part sailing part motoring, the wind reasserted itself. At first a moderate breeze, it increased in strength rapidly and the seas began to roll steeply, which, along with a falling barometer, gave us cause for concern. The main was reefed as night fell -- a night that was to prove long and stormy. Handling the tiller became increasingly difficult and tiring; being off watch was not much better and sleep was impossible due to sodden bunks and the continual tossing of "CAPER" as her bows crashed into oncoming seas. Down below was chaos, despite attempts to

retain some sort of order. Water in the bilges was over the cabin soles by now, as waves crashed endlessly over the decks. It began to rain heavily and there seemed to be no end to being wet. Socks, sleeping-bags and spinnakers were soon sloshing about our feet as the wind freshened still further in the night!

Next day, it eased off slightly and, although the swell was still big, the next night was more bearable. A light onshore proved unidentifiable so we continued on as best we could, keeping as far off as possible, though it was not easy in an onshore wind.

The worst of the weather was over as quickly as it had arisen. Using what little available information we had on this area, we decided to put in at Safi, which, from the chart we had, seemed to be a fair sized port. We had no idea what to expect and kept our fingers crossed that the entrance would be easy and that there would be somewhere to tie up once inside the harbour. We approached with caution but found an easily accessible entrance and, not quite sure where to go once inside the huge harbour, we tied alongside a tug and turned relieved and exhausted into our bunks.

Next morning, we were awakened at the ungodly hour of 7.30 by a port official. He said he would have been earlier but he thought we may be tired if we had just come from sea!

The town itself was much more typically Moroccan than Medik with no shortage of beggars and potential "guides". Most people here seem to live in pitiful conditions; even fishermen could be seen curled up asleep in their nets in the morning as we walked down the quay towards town. A crippled man played a strange home-made instrument for money outside a cafe and a tiny child followed us round all day.

By now, December 20th, we were beginning to wonder about our chances of making it to the Canaries in time for Christmas. We had not been having much luck with the weather in the weeks prior to this and we had not left ourselves much time to complete our journey on schedule.

To our good fortune, a North-Easterly wind greeted us once back at sea and continued to blow steadily for three days.

Daybreak, December 23rd. Land ahoy! To our delight, lumps of land sprang up ahead and could only be Lanzarote, volcanoes and all, our chosen landfall. We sailed on in the sunshine amidst flying fish and the occasional whale, hoping that the wind would not fail us, as the battery was flat and motoring would have been out of the question.

One worry had been that we would arrive over Christmas whilst the shops were shut but it now seemed likely that we would make it in time.

As we approached Arrecife harbour that night, we searched carefully for a flashing white light to guide us in. However, we were dazzled by a blaze of white, red and green lights on shore, some flashing, some fixed, until we were close enough in to realise that they were Christmas fairy lights strung up in the streets and trees of the town!



Once safely inside the harbour, we tied alongside a huge British converted trawler whose crew informed us that next day, Christmas Eve, the shops would be open until noon; so we had arrived at our destination with only four shopping hours till Christmas!

Christmas Day was hot: it was strange to be eating our seasonal dinner alfresco, thinking about everybody back home suffering their worst winter for several decades.

We had all worked very hard to get there and gained a wealth of experience on the way, so now we settled down to relax and enjoy the pleasures and sunny climes of this beautiful region; the Canary Islands.

---

## CREWS UPON A CRUISE

George Parker (A87 Globulin)

This year a cruise to S.W. Scotland was to take six weeks finishing with the Atalanta rally in the Isle of Man. An appeal for crews had met with a good response and first aboard were two girl students from Aston University, Carrie and Vicky. We left Barmouth on June 17th just as the fine spell of May and early June ended. Rain started before we got out of the estuary and a gale was forecast for the Irish sea. This was not 'imminent' or 'soon' however and we decided that it was safe to make for Pwllheli only eighteen miles across Cardigan Bay.

After two hours the weather changed ominously and a nasty sea splashed over our port beam. Soon wind force 4 gave way to force 5 and 6 and eventually 7 with poor Vicky dreadfully sick and Carrie too busy on the helm to comfort her. The steep sea and gusting wind reduced our speed and we arrived at Pwllheli too late to enter the harbour. A night outside at anchor was not a pleasant prospect but everyone fell asleep and the dawn greeted us with a gleam of sunshine and sufficient tide to get into harbour.

After this alarming episode the skipper expected a revolt and a request from the crew for train fares back home. Not so however, both girls ate a hearty breakfast and were keen to set off on the next leg round the Lleyn Peninsula to Porth Dinllaen. We sailed in brilliant sunshine past Abersoch, St. Tudwell's Island, Hell's Mouth and Bardsey Sound, all looking so lovely and so peaceful after the storm. The crew had their sea legs by now and were helming quite competently in a nice breeze while the skipper lay on the foredeck listening to the Third Programme and marvelling at the beauty of the Welsh coast.

Porth Dinllaen is a pleasant anchorage for a night provided the weather is calm. A short distance across the bay one can get ashore to shop in Porth Nevin which we did next morning before leaving on a favourable tide for Holyhead. There we found Andy, James and Oliver, one of my sons, waiting for us, and to everyone's regret Carrie and Vicki signed off.

Our next objective was Ayr via Port Erin (Isle of Man) and Port Patrick. The crew were all experienced except James, who narrowly missed being keel hauled after tearing the bottom of the rubber dinghy on some rocks. His remorse, which was not overt, may have been responsible for the corkscrew course which he steered. As a last resort we put him in the galley with wonderful results and over the next two days James produced really splendid meals which earned everyone's praise. The wind fell light after we left Holyhead and we did not reach Chicken Rock off the Calf of Man before the tide had turned and a strong current threatened to carry the boat onto the rocks. Eventually, with the engine's help, we reached Port Erin which proved to be a picturesque harbour dominated by a mediaeval looking tower perched high up on a Bradda Head. Two large mooring buoys in the outer harbour are useful for overnight stops and it is easy to land at a jetty which serves the Marine Research Station run by Liverpool University.

On to Port Patrick next day in poor visibility and little wind, the crew questioning the skipper's course until the boat began to pitch about in the overfalls off the Mull of Galloway and land appeared like a ghost through the mist on the starboard bow. Port Patrick was very crowded and the harbour full of floating debris. However it demands no dues and has petrol, water and good pubs where the crew disappeared for the evening. In the morning we set out for Ayr, which is a long haul and was not reached until evening. The river at Ayr is easy to navigate even at low tide if you have lifting keels, but the harbour is essentially commercial with ships and trawlers lining the quays. We motored on up until a road bridge barred our way and then tied up under Joe's Cafe. This place has a strange clientele who appeared to consume lots of Coca Cola and boot the empty tins over our mast into the river. We decided to stay aboard that evening with Oliver leaving to catch the midnight train back to London and James departing at 6 am next day. Andy and I awaited for Martin who arrived in time to come shopping in Ayr. This town, which I have visited several times, greatly improves on acquaintance. It is famous as the birth place of Robbie Burns.

A strong wind took us out of the harbour on a fast run and once outside we met a force 6 which was on the increase, making the passage to Troon quite hairy especially as we were unable to locate the green starboard buoy marking a shoal near the entrance to the harbour. This buoy is rather small and gets completely hidden in a rough sea. Moreover the entrance to the harbour is at right angles to the coast and cunningly concealed from a newcomer, but the harbour gives excellent shelter in all weathers. Only the shrieking of the wind in the rigging of some three hundred yachts gave any clue to the half gale which blew outside. Troon marina is situated in an inner basin and provides good facilities, including a launderette. By chance we tied up close to LE COCHON NOIR (A185) owned by G.C. Mackie who paid us a hurried visit before returning next day to S. Africa. GLOBULIN didn't go unnoticed and one man has since written for more information about the Atalanta.

From Troon we planned to sail round Arran and do some walking on the island. We had a fine reach to the Coq of Arran and into Loch Ranza where we experienced another gale. Martin was soon to start a new job and with a national train strike threatened became anxious about getting home. So the plan to go around Arran was abandoned and when the weather eased we got him to Brodick and on the ferry to

Ardrossan. Andy, an experienced Laser helmsman, sailed GLOBULIN back to Troon to meet Pip and David. These two arrived laden with health foods and enormous duvets which seemed to fill the cabin like foam in a cavity wall.

The weather was still very unsettled and the new crew were quickly baptised in flying spray as we left for Each Loch Tarbert. Colour drained from their faces when, in a strong head wind, the engine failed and we had to hurriedly alter course under reefed sail for Lamlash. Even in this haven of refuge the wind was so strong that we had difficulty in getting a hold and the anchor dragged. We lost another day waiting for the gale outside to subside and then had a really good sail up Bute Sound and across Inchmarnock Water to East Loch Tarbert. This port charmed us with its friendly atmosphere and we stayed a few hours admiring some beautiful varnished yachts and an old puffer before making a fast passage in the evening to Ardrishaig and into the sea lock of the Crinan Canal. This Canal, which is only about nine miles long, cuts off many sea miles round the Kintyre Peninsula. It contains fifteen locks which are a hard grind for the crew and it is best to go through in company with three other boats to share the work. We were accompanied by a delightful Scottish family whose small children pushed on the massive gate beams with a will but very little effect and we did not complete the journey before 4.30 pm when the canal closes and one either ties up or pays an extra £6. for the late night service. The Scots opted to pay and so did we when we learned that the lock keepers would operate the remaining locks for us. This brought us to the other sea lock and the Crinan Hotel where the crew entertained the skipper to a scrumptious dinner with lobster soup laced with whisky and fresh salmon guaranteed to have been swimming in Lock Crinan at 11 am that morning. What a meal and what a price!

After Crinan one is in the great yachting waters of the Scottish West Coast with deep harbours, swift currents and marvellous scenery. Distances between good harbours are often quite small and shelter can be obtained by the judicious use of a protective shore. Unlike the South Coast of England mooring fees are waived or very modest and everywhere we found the Scots friendly and helpful.

We made our way without haste through Dorus Mor and explored Loch Shuna and Loch Melfort before rounding Torsa and passing through the rather tricky Cuan Sound to reach the Firth of Lorne. The approach of yet another low as we crossed Ardencaple Bay made us turn for shelter to Puillobhain, the pool of the otters, an almost landlocked anchorage. Next day we sailed up Kerrara Sound to Oban which is the acknowledged yachting centre for the area. Here we spent a glorious Sunday on nearby Kerrara Island watching seals and dolphins swimming off shore. On Monday Graham and Steve arrived to take over from Pip and David, who seemed sorry to leave GLOBULIN.

From here we sailed at 6 pm for a quiet anchorage in Loch Aline. A flock of terns were dive bombing fish when we left the loch the next morning and we sailed on up the Sound of Mull getting a wonderful view of Ben More to the South West as we passed Salen. Soon we reached Calve Island and turned into Tobermory Harbour. Even the name of this place is romantic and the waterfront with its brightly coloured buildings is most attractive. Ashore one finds that the reality is not quite so good and many of the shops are rather shabby. Sadly the once prosperous fishing fleet based on Tobermory is no more.

We had hoped to visit Staffa and Iona and go round Mull, but Graham, an architect with considerable business commitments was on a fairly tight time schedule and the weather was still very unsettled. We left the decision till next morning when a sea mist settled the matter and we turned back for Oban. A Scotch mist on the mountain and the changed mood of the sea completely changed the picture of the previous day. Perhaps this is the key to the pleasure of sailing in these waters which produce an infinite variety of scene as the light and visibility produce colour changes and new facets of a beautiful landscape. From Oban to Crinan Globulin sailed along shores now familiar to the skipper but new to the crew and enchanting to all.

The passage back through the Crinan Canal started in a fine rain. The weather improved later however and when we reached the sea lock at Ardrishaig the sun shone and lit up the sails of more than a hundred yachts competing in the annual race from the Clyde to Tobermory. From the Canal back to Troon we called at East Loch Tarbert again and at Millport. The latter is a yachting centre on the island of Gt. Cumbrae and an impressive sight from the water with a Cathedral (no less) and two conspicuous churches. On shore it was crowded with holiday makers from Glasgow.

Back at Troon the only hitch of the cruise occurred with my next crew a victim of the rail strike. A telephone call to a member of the A.O.A. however solved the difficulty and, at very short notice, Alex arrived. As we left Troon and the fenders and warps were quickly stowed I realised that there was something special about Alex and slowly it dawned on me that in addition to owning an Atalanta he was also a sea captain. Progress down the coast was slow in light winds but the time passed quickly amid tales of tankers and foreign ports. We were in no hurry and taking advantage of the calm weather we spent the first night in Lady Bay at the mouth of Loch Ryan and the second in Port Logan, an attractive but open bay on the coast of Galloway. As we left the Mull next morning the air was so clear that the Isle of Man stood out to the South East like a model in relief and the coast of Ireland was just visible on the starboard beam. Late in the afternoon we stopped at Port Erin to await the ebb tide which would take us round the Calf of Man. This last stage was the best sail of the day and we reached Port St. Mary in the evening to moor alongside Achates, fresh in from Holyhead.

Next day Alex returned to the mainland on the ferry which brought Cecile and Bill to join GLOBULIN for the Atalanta rally which is described elsewhere. Sailing in friendly rivalry with other Atalantas proved helpful in assessing one's performance. Cruising home alongside Achates was also an enjoyable experience. Being drawn involuntarily towards the Skerries by a powerful current seemed somehow less disturbing in such good company.

Back in Barmouth after six weeks and more than eight hundred chart miles I felt that it had been a successful trip, though keeping to schedule for crew changes had necessitated more motor-sailing than I would have wished. The crews upon the cruise were all good sports and I am grateful to them. What they thought of the skipper I never found out.

**IRISH SEA AREA RALLY AT  
PORT ST. MARY, ISLE OF MAN, 1982. (July)  
S.H. Cobbon. Miranda (A155)**

Approximately two dozen owners in the Area were circulated information regarding the 1982 Rally. The response was not exactly encouraging. The suggestions put forward at the conclusion of the 1981 Rally to try and make the second attempt more attractive did not, unfortunately, bear fruit.

In the event three boats participated:

A60	ACHATES	Mr. & Mrs. F. Boothman
A87	GLOBULIN	Mr. & Mrs. G. Parker & their son
A155	MIRANDA	Mr. S.H. Cubbon

The other local Manx boat - A24 MELANION - (Clive Bishop) did not put in an appearance, but word filtered through to Port St. Mary of rather serious engine trouble.

P.S. Cotgrove, A107 TAKA MARU, being convalescent and therefore unable to prepare his boat for the season, nevertheless travelled to Port St. Mary and crewed in MIRANDA for the duration of the Rally. On a personal note I found it most relaxing to have someone on board who knew Atalantas and Phil and I really enjoyed ourselves.

I would have liked to have renewed acquaintance with Derek Henderson A148 JOHARA and Finbarr O'Riordain, A31/11 GABSER, who participated in the inaugural Rally but unfortunately Johara was apparently up for sale and Finbarr could not arrange things this year to be on holiday the Rally dates.

On the Friday evening a reception in the Isle of Man Yacht Club started the Rally off. The Commodore of the Club, Ron Hook, made a short speech of welcome extending the full facilities of the Club to the Atalanta people. Refreshments were prepared by Mrs. Norman Quillin, wife of the Club Secretary and helped by her usual band of helpers. Mrs. Quillin's crab sandwiches must be by now a by-word amongst the many Irish Sea sailors who visit Port St. Mary.

On Saturday the boats raced to Port Erin via the Calf Sound, in very light conditions. With the ebb tide running and hardly a breeze there were one or two anxious moments as the narrow passage was approached. I was very relieved to hear ACHATES' engine start as she was very much in the vicinity of the 'Clefs' - rather dangerous rocks on the Eastern side of the Calf which cover at half tide. The final leg into Port Erin Bay was accomplished by all under motor. During a pleasant few hours on moorings, in truly summer conditions, the opportunity was taken of going ashore to have a stroll in Port Erin which is really quite a gem of a place for family holidays. The return to Port St. Mary was enjoyed without incident.

Sunday saw the boats sail off to Derbyhaven, round the notorious Langness Point, under a nice sailing breeze. Moorings were picked up at Derbyhaven. The crew went ashore on Fort Island being advised to inspect the Fort and the ruined Keel. The locals adjourned briefly to the Golfing Hotel and on their return the 'visitors' were still looking for the keel. They were sitting under it! 'Keel' being the Celtic word for Church. The return sail was most pleasant; Langness was at its best behaviour.

The venue for the Monday was the ancient town of Castletown with its well preserved castle, Nautical Museum and interesting harbour.

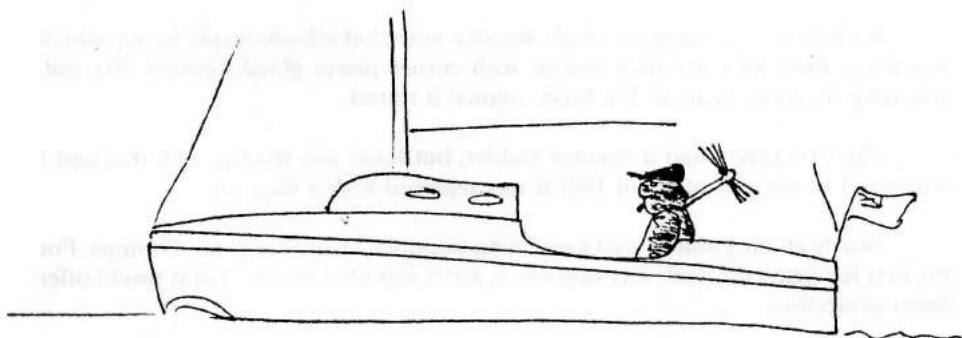
A feature of the return trips from Derbyhaven and Castletown was the very heavy beat back into Port St. Mary. With any wind from N.W. to N.E. the strength of the wind is accentuated in Port St. Mary Bay. A calm day elsewhere can mean extremely strong winds at Port St. Mary.

ACHATES had set the pace from Castletown but as Port St. Mary was approached Fred found that he had too little draught and possibly too much sail. He hung on grimly, however, at a 'Folkboat' angle of heel and finished a well-deserved first.

Monday evening rounded off the Raly in the I.o.M. Yacht Club. Prize tankards were presented by Mrs. Lesley Hook, wife of the Commodore, and a souvenir gift in the form of a Thermos for food and drink to each participating boat. The visiting skippers presented me with a bottle of whisky - a very kind gesture and much appreciated.

The visitors made many new friends in the Isle of Man Yacht Club and were assured that they would always be most welcome at any time.

The Atalanta Class Secretary, George Parker, suitably replied on behalf of the Atalanta Owners Association.



Carrying a SWEEP as recommended by our president 1981-2 Bulletin

## THE BUILDING OF A7 - ALOUETTE DE MER

The late J.P.B. Mourant

As I find myself to be the longest serving member of the Atalanta Association, I think this may be a good time to tell you all how the ALOUETTE DE MER came into being.

I saw articles in a yachting monthly magazine which described how Fairey Marine cut a dinghy in half and lengthened it by putting a piece in the middle. This intrigued me, as I was looking for a boat which I could bring home and maintain in the Midlands during the winter.

At a later stage, when they had built the first Atalanta, I had a trial sail in the Hamble river and learnt that the first twelve boats were to be 26 feet long. Although I was disappointed about the increase in length, I ordered the bare hull and, subsequently, the five deck portions. We went to fetch the parts in September 1956 and I paid £325 for them. I was also given a set of all their drawings, including every detailed part.

I was fortunate in having plenty of space for working. First of all we turned the hull upside down on the lawn (half the Office came to do this), and sanded and primed it, and I screwed and glued on the false keel. Then we turned it over and set up the hull truly level and built a temporary roof over it.

Working both in the evenings and at weekends and with the help of my son and daughter, I succeeded in launching the yacht at Bosham the following August, and we sailed her to Falmouth.

During the winter months much of the work was done in a large loft and in the kitchen, but as the weather improved, more of the work was able to be done outside.

Both to reduce costs and for other reasons, I made a number of modifications: for instance, I have slab reefing instead of roller reefing. The keels were made from 2 inch scrap-iron. Using the same width as the official keels and working out the weight, we arrived at the length which is about the same as that in the other Atalantas.

We have a professionally made wooden mast, but a home-made boom, which was made from four one-inch boards with corner pieces glued together. My son, returning from two years in the Navy, planed it round.

The first year I had a wooden rudder, but there was trouble with this and I reinforced it, but eventually in 1961 it was replaced with a steel one.

Nearly all the painting and varnishing was done by my daughter, Philippa. For the first few years the deck was varnished, but it was obvious that paint would offer better protection.

The after-cabin is 8 feet long and has a double bunk with storage space and shelves either side, outboard of the bunk. In the cockpit, lockers were made at the back of the seats by filling in the curve of the hull. These provide storage space for Gaz, cutlery, crockery and food.

The gas lighting in the cabins adds warmth on typical summer evenings.

I reckoned at the time that the ALOUETTE DE MER cost £640 altogether. At the Boat Show during the early days someone at Fairey's stand said that if I looked after her I should get 10 years of life from her. We have had the ALOUETTE DE MER for 25 years - and she's still going strong.

The yacht has two outboard motors and I have contrived a kind of grasshopper legs so that the engines can be pulled up onto the after-deck and out of the way when sailing.

Her Name? I wanted one beginning with 'A' and I liked the sound of 'Alouette' but, as that was already in use, I found that 'ALOUETTE DE MER' was French for 'sea snipe'. I chose that.

---

## SUNDAY SAILOR

by P.G. Martin (A92) Seamajor

I should like to begin with a quote from p.56 of "Around the world alone" by Alain Colas (Pub. Barrons, New York, 1978). "The world of sailing is so vast that there is room in it for everyone and everything. You have, on the one hand, the pure, austere discipline of the solitary sailor at sea; and, on the other, you have the Sunday sailor, his little craft riding gently at anchor in the snug harbour of a sheltered bay...Who would dare attempt a hierarchy of sailing? Who can say that the man alone in his dinghy on a quiet lake gathers less wealth from his boat?" This year then SEAMAJOR has been a Sunday sailor, literally.

A lot of the difficulty comes from owning other boats as well. Five years ago the boys were teenagers and found Atalanta sailing a bit too tame, and so we bought them an old Fireball for the ultimate thrill in sailing of planing on the trapeze. Now they have gone away to college, we (Mum and Dad) haven't the heart to sell the Fireball. If you keep a boat, you must sail it. I could not bear the reproachful way a boat would look at me from its winter lay-up quarters all summer. Thus the pattern of 1982 has been Club races in the Fireball on Saturdays and Sundays on SEAMAJOR. At least Mum and Dad have won a trophy for a handicap series down at the club. What then have they gained from the Atalanta sailing? Peace and quiet has got to be a lot of the answer. You can't make a cup of tea while you are on a Fireball trapeze, but you can on A 92, because its cooker is in gimbals. Once, the gas connector developed a slight leak so that we could only cook on starboard tack. At least this gave us right of way. You can't take a camera in the racing dinghy but on an Atalanta photography becomes a great hobby. (See "This Photography afloat" by Kampa and Barow, Nautical, 1981). Mum (Mrs. F.M.G. Martin) got one of her maritime photos published by the SEIONT II Maritime Museum, Caernarfon, Gwynedd, the picture in question being one of the aforesaid vessel under steam taken from A92.



We have had a collision or two in dinghy racing; who hasn't? In SEAMAJOR we do our very best to avoid these as the momentum is somewhat greater. Nevertheless there have been some close calls particularly when leaving and picking up the mooring. We always leave and retrieve our mooring under sail, in accordance with the edict of our illustrious namesake, E.G. Martin of JOLIE BRISE (no relation). The following quote is from "Deep Water Cruising" 1928 and 1950 Oxford p. 75: "I found such renewed pleasure in handling the ship without it (a motor) that I lost all desire for a motor. A seaman without a motor continues to gain experience and confidence as a seaman instead of slowly and inevitably deteriorating." As our moorings have become more and more congested, we hope we have gained experience though our confidence has taken a few knocks with some near misses. In the Menai Straits the golden rule is to stem the tide while picking up a mooring and htis we can do to perfection after long experience, BUT trouble arises when a strong tide is opposed by an even stronger wind. Under these conditions (rare for us) we are not so clever and have to do a crabbing reach across tide dodging nearby boats and spilling wind just as we approach the buoy.

There isn't much room in a Fireball for the entertainment of friends but an Atalanta offers plenty of room for guests who can work their passage, but do make sure that they understand who is Skipper. Mutinous friends who do the wrong thing in the delicate situation of picking up the mooring do not get asked along for a second sail. Launching from, and retrieval onto, the trailer can lead to an unwanted epic so that it was a very nice compliment to be told down at the local slipway the other day: "I didn't realise that recovery could be as easy as that." His group were trying to recover a 20 ft. Kingfisher and having a lot of trouble with positioning bilge keels. SEAMAJOR had just gone straight onto the trailer and up the slipway, positioned within a centimetre on the aforesaid trailer. Thus ends another season.

---

## REFITTING 'JANE DUCK' (A158)

R.A. Smith

A158, JANE DUCK, had been laid up ashore for a number of years. A survey found her to be generally sound and, providing that certain repairs and alterations were made, ready for sea. As is often the case, what began as a modest outfitting project became a rather major piece of work, partly because of problems which became evident only after the survey had been made and partly because of the new owner's personal requirements and whims. Sailing and living in her for several months at a mooring in the Dee Estuary seemed sufficient familiarization to allow the work to proceed in earnest prior to her being shipped to Seattle, on the west coast of the U.S.

One of the great advantages of the Atalanta is her ability to be trailed. This feature allowed me to place JANE DUCK in the midst of a lovely Victorian garden next to my house in Liverpool. The pleasures of being in a garden and of messing with boats seemed to merge in a way which causes me to look back upon that time with fondness. Those months of going up and down the ladder may have provided some experiences which can benefit other Atalanta owners and I shall attempt to set down a few of these.

## The use of epoxy adhesives

In several instances, solid wood members, originally glued to the hull using hot moulding techniques had become partially loosened, e.g. the longitudinal deck battens and the rub rail covering the deck to hull joint. If either of these members had been bedded and mechanically joined, replacement would have been routine; or if the glue joint had failed entirely, it could be cleaned and reglued. The problem with A-158 was that these pieces were, in large part, bonded so well to the hull that removal of the whole piece was both unnecessary and difficult without injury to the hull itself.

In the case of the deck battens, loose lengths were cut away and replaced with new lengths set in thickened epoxy. (There are various additives such as microfibres, colloidal silica, microballoons, microspheres, etc., which may be mixed with epoxy resin to form a thicker mixture, which is useful in filling gaps, forming gussets, etc. I would recommend *The Gougeon Brothers on Boat Construction, Wood and WEST System Materials*, Gougeon Bros. Inc., 1979, as a definitive work on the use of epoxy saturation techniques). The epoxy mixture filled gaps between the somewhat irregular hull surface and the curved batten obviating the use of clamps. A few screws secured the battens temporarily and were removed after the epoxy cured. A new strip of 3/16" thick iroko was epoxied full length over the original battens.

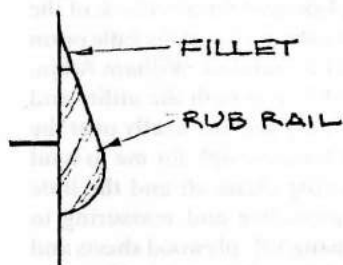
### Filleting

There are several places where the use of epoxy thickened to a putty like consistency can be used to advantage. In the rebuilding of the deck battens, for instance, the new 2 layer lamination was smoothed into the deck with a fillet. (See Drg. No. 1).

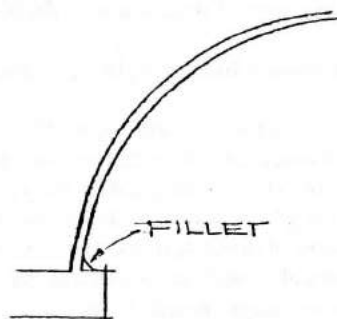
The fillet increased the strength of the connection to the deck whilst shedding and sealing out moisture from the joint. The sharper edges of the top piece improve footing and are supported by the epoxy.



DWG NO 1.



DWG NO 2



DWG. NO. 3

Rub rail repair was similar in that loose sections were removed and re-bedded in epoxy "cream". The top edge was faired into the hull with the epoxy mixture to facilitate drainage. (See Drg. No. 2).

The joint between the cabin top and interior trim is another application of a fillet which increased strength whilst contributing to a more watertight joint. (See Drg. No. 3).

The deck to transom joint was one of the few places wherein rot was evident on A-158. Joint failure had apparently allowed fresh water to penetrate the end grain of the hull laminations, causing deterioration of the wood. Bad wood was cut out and replaced by a piece of plywood which was then set in epoxy resin. All joints were filled with thickened epoxy and sanded smooth.

After almost a year of repairs and renovation in Merseyside, A-158 was shipped to Seattle. Somewhere in the North Atlantic, deck cargo shifted causing JANE DUCK's transom to split in two just below the chain plates. All the careful work done in repairing and refinishing the afterdeck seemed rather superficial in comparison with what heavy seas and an unyielding tie-down had wrought. Lloyd's agent in Seattle, however, was most efficient and, together with the help of good friends, repairs were effected in short order. Marine plywood 1 1/8" thick was carefully fitted to the lower part of the transom and fastened with thickened epoxy resin. New and longer chainplates were also fitted in a way which connected the new piece to the old mechanically. The result was satisfactory in all respects.

These and other epoxy techniques used on A-158 simplified and speeded up the work considerably and after two years of hard use, all the epoxy applications have proved successful. There are also no more leaks above the waterline. Epoxy materials are expensive when compared with other glues and resins and manufacturers' recommendations relating to temperature, humidity control and surface preparations are especially demanding. When working out of doors, suitable weather conditions can be infrequent, causing considerable delays. With care, however, and experience in the use of epoxy and particularly in the use of thickening additives, many of the peculiar maintenance problems of the Atalanta can be simplified. I always carry a container of epoxy resin and microballoons now and find them extremely useful for all manner of maintenance problems.

### **A purpose built dinghy for Jane Duck**

A dinghy is indispensable to the kind of cruising I do and the afterdeck of the Atalanta is ideally suited to carrying a small boat. I chose a stock plan of the little pram "Rinky Dink", designed by the prodigious American naval architect, William Atkin. Having built several Atkin boats, I have complete confidence in both the utility and beauty of these designs. Jane Duck's tender is just 7'-0" long and fits neatly over the after cabin with no overhang. She tows well and is just light enough for me to haul aboard single handed. The sheer allows access to mooring cleats aft and the little dinghy's presence, just abaft the cockpit is, at once, protective and reassuring in following seas. The Rinky Dink is quite simple to build using 1/4" plywood sheets and light mahogany framing members. Plans may be obtained from: John Atkin, Noroton, Connecticut, U.S.A.

LAMENT FOR HELEN'S FOLLY  
(A124)

We used to have an Atalanta,  
Always fun to sail,  
But then we mused on something larger,  
Opined handier in a gale.

We used to have an Atalanta,  
She took us everywhere.  
Across the seas to France and Holland,  
And never mal de mer.

We used to have an Atalanta,  
All rounded, smooth but dumpy.  
Others often sailed past, staring,  
Inside though, all was cumfy.

We used to have an Atalanta,  
With folding keels beneath.  
To help her cut across the Channel,  
Like a penknife in its sheath?

We used to have an Atalanta,  
The jacks did make us grunt.  
But when it came to shallow waters,  
She's glide on like a punt.

We used to have an Atalanta,  
Now ousted for a fin.  
I suppose we can go faster, further,  
But sometimes can't get in!

We used to have an Atalanta,  
Now we just pretend.  
And still they sail past staring,  
Pretty but STUCK - comprehend?

We used to have an Atalanta,  
Those halcyon days flew by.  
Maybe later when much wiser,  
Another we might buy.

Godfrey Holter. (with wistful sighing accompaniment by Joy).

FULMAR F64 – FAERIE QUEEN  
Sqn. Ldr. D.M.C. Best

The following may be of interest to fellow owners:—

(1) Cockpit Lockers

These leaked. SOLUTION. Put aluminium guttering above the hatches and secure covers with magnetic catches. Guttering is available from caravan repairers. Bend at the ends.

(2) Keel

I had trouble with this sticking in the “up” position. SOLUTION. After clearing out obstructions (I had a stone and very large limpet!) pour Texaco “Float Coat”) or similar heavy water repellent oil into the keel box. This floats on the water and, moving up and down with the falling tide when taking the ground, lubricates the keel itself, pressure plate, swivel pin and pressure plate tighteners. (Pretty good anti-fouling also!)

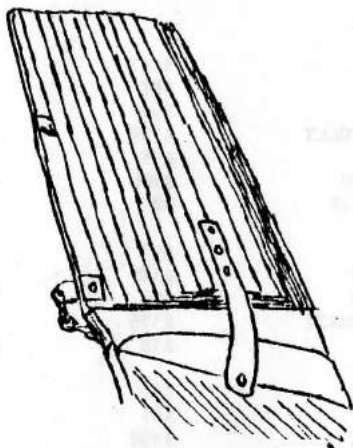
(3) Rudder

This broke in a gusting force 5 with two rolls in the main and No. 1 jib. Replacement by metal was too expensive and would have taken too long. I built a new ply blade, making up with four thicknesses of marine ply ‘Cascamited’ to the same depth but reducing the width to 16” and making the leading and trailing edges parallel to suit the material to hand. This worked well as regards control, but produced bad tremors at the tiller. Subsequent investigation and kind advice from a fellow Member showed that this was probably due to worn pintles and straining of the cheeks when the rudder was broken off.

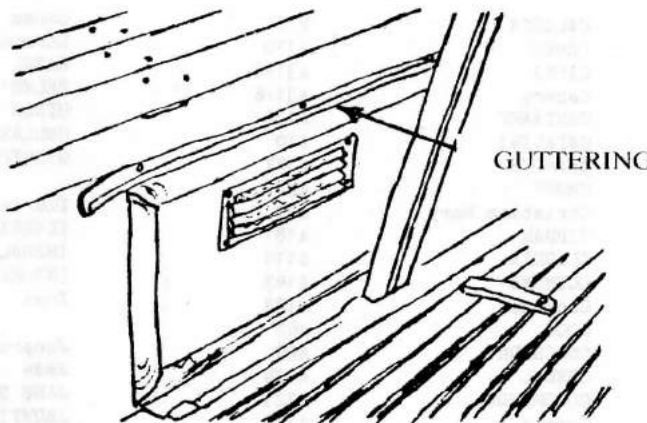
I decided on lay up, to put these matters right and fit two side supports to give strength at the swivel point and top end of the rudder. To fit these new side supports, I decided to reshape the rudder into aerodynamic shape by building up with 9 thicknesses of 4 mm ply of reducing width giving approx 35 mm at the highest point which was 170 mm in from the leading edge tapering down to a sharp trailing edge. These laminations were planed, sanded and finally covered all over with fibre glass before anti-fouling. To reduce weight, a series of holes varying from 150 mm to 50 mm were cut out of the first 5 laminations both sides from bottom to top. The new supporting strips were 32 x 6 mm thick galvanised, bent to produce the correct position 170 mm in.

The blade is now very rigid and should work well. The bottom is rounded off and protected with brass half round capping.

## COCKPIT LOCKER



BUILT UP RUDDER



GUTTERING

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF FAIREY ATALANTAS, TITANIAS,  
A31s and FULMARS INCLUDING FORMER NAMES

(Former names are in lower case)

ACANTHA	A20	ATALA	A48
ACHATES	A60	ATALANTA	A1
AKU	A113	Atalanta II	A81
ALCHEMY	A32	Atalanta III	A77
ALOUETTE DE MER	A7	Atalanta IV	A120
AMBRAS	A31	ATALANTA MARY	A102
Amelia	A9		
Amida	A101	BABY SEAL	A137
AMSARA	A136	BACARDI	A51
ANDANA	A3	Bacchus	A117
ANN GREY	A133	BAJAN	A67
APPLE	A126	Bay Bea	A57
AQUILA	A36	BEAVER, THE	A38
AQUILO II	A184	BEKI	A98
ARABESQUE	A8	BELTINE	A109
Archiv	A122	Benedicite	A147
ARGOSTILIAN	A127	Big Daddy	A47
ARIEL	A13	Blade	A85
ARIEL	F62	Blue Bird	A57
ARIO	A18	Blue Goose	A77
Ario	A80	BLUE JACKAROO	A71
ARK ROYAL	A31/3	BLUFF	A146
AROSA	A104	BLUSTER	A183
ARTEMIS II	A15	BOOM	A135
As	A35	BRANCA	A83
Astarte II	A50	BRIT	A149