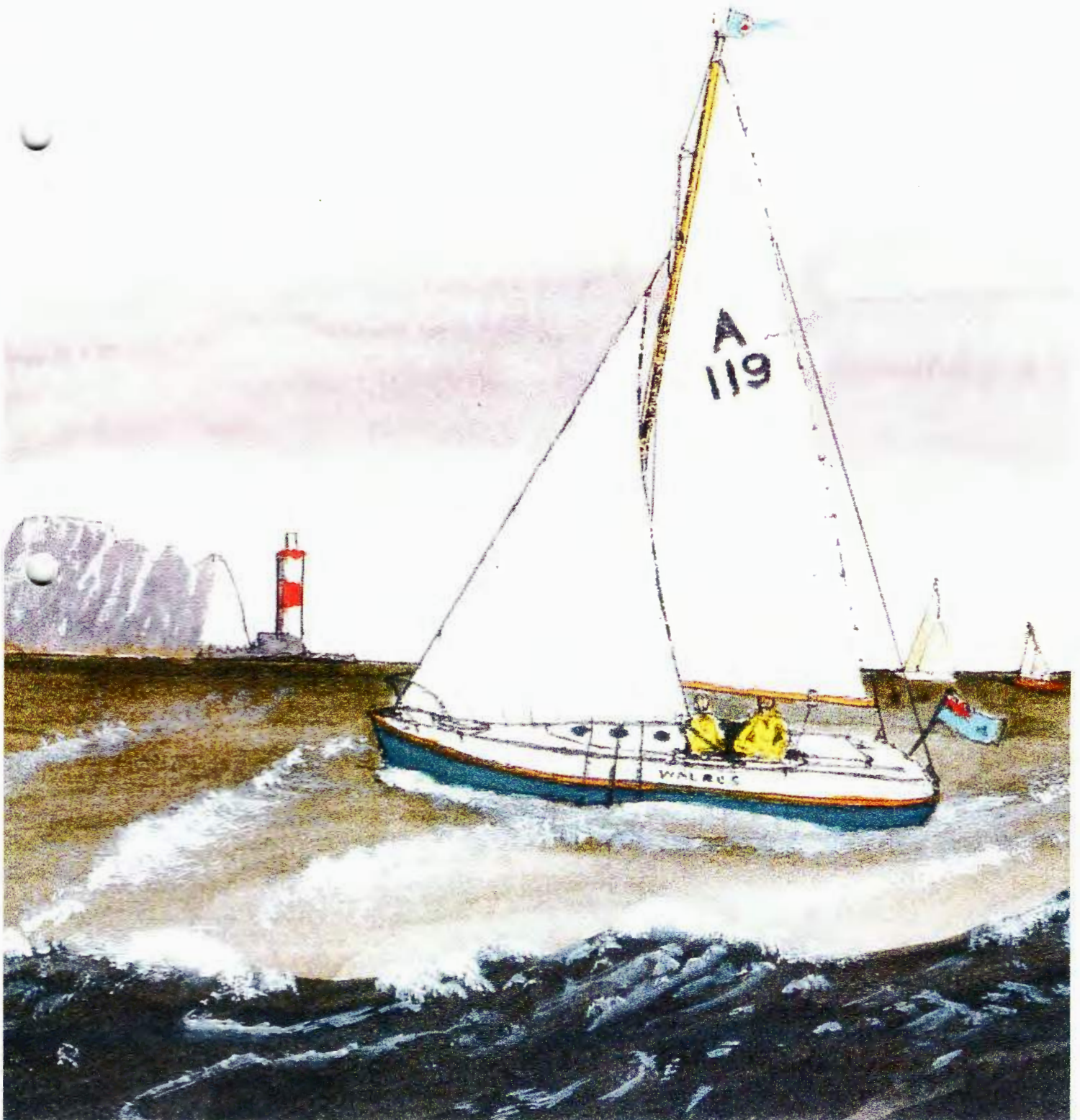
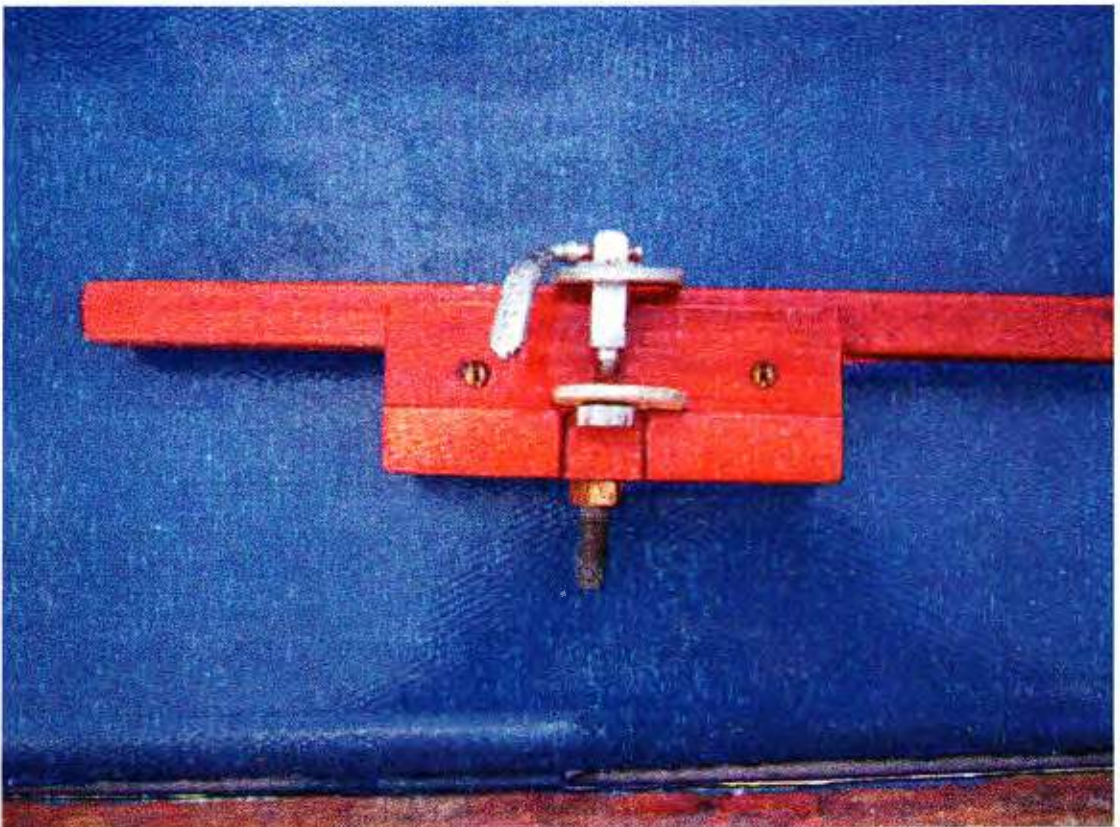


**ATALANTA  
OWNERS'  
ASSOCIATION**

**2004 - 2005  
BULLETIN**





# ATALANTA OWNERS' ASSOCIATION

## 2004 – 2005 BULLETIN

### 46<sup>th</sup> Edition

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Inside front cover – Tiller lashing – see article by Norman Dorrington on page 10

Inside back cover – Mast raising – see article by Simon Cooper on page 14

Back cover – top, “Walrus” en route to Plymouth, and bottom, “Walrus” crew – see article by Chas Hammond on page 11

**COMMITTEE 2003 – 2004  
(Standing until AGM August 2005)**

**Patron** Charles Currey

**Commodore** Fred Boothman

**Hon. Secretary** Colin Twyford

**Hon Editor** Mike Dixon

**Hon Auditor** Janet Bennett

**Committee** Simon Cooper

Peter Davies

Maurice Donovan  
Drawings Master

Norman Dorrington

Charles Hammond

Adrian Rivett  
Engines

Jane Stearn

## From the Commodore

Whatever happened to the annual Dinner and AGM some of you may be asking? The answer is that at a committee meeting held last year, hosted by the Hon Sec Colin Twyford and his wife Janet, it was decided to plan something a bit more exciting for this, the 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary year of the building of the first Atalanta.

So please put the date 13<sup>th</sup> and 14<sup>th</sup> of August in your diaries. The details are being finalised and information will be the subject of a newsletter, but to whet your appetite, it is planned to hold a gathering of members, their families and, of course, boats at Hamble Point. The event will be informal (other than the AGM!) and we hope to have a cruise in company as well as the South Coast Race. An al-fresco meal will be laid on and there will be plenty of opportunity to reminisce, chat and generally have a good time.

I look forward to seeing you at this event. Have an excellent season.

Fred Boothman  
Commodore

## Editorial

My thanks to everyone for this year's contributions. The result is a good mix of the technical, the historical and the accounts of cruises and races. I hope I've managed to transcribe your efforts without making too many significant errors. With this in mind, it's always better, wherever possible, to send me contributions electronically, though please don't do anything too high tech – and pictures are best sent as separate files rather than embedded in text!

Echoing our Commodore's message, I'm looking forward to meeting up with other members at Hamble, and provided the rest of my trip goes to plan, I'll be there with "Gellie".

Colin Twyford insists that I include a comment of "Gellie's" exploits during last summer's (2004) trip, when the plans went just a tad awry.

Without dwelling on the circumstances leading up to the incident, the result was that "Gellie" ended up being caught out in sustained storm force ten weather from the NNE in mid channel, whilst on passage from the Channel Islands towards to the Scillies. We were in no immediate danger, but in view of the conditions, I thought it prudent, with a routine radio call, to advise Falmouth Coastguard of our situation.

The Coastguard requested Lizard Lifeboat to launch and stand by us. This they did and we rendezvoused four hours later at midnight, some 30 miles south of the Lizard. After discussing options, including abandoning "Gellie", we decided to attempt a tow to Falmouth with us remaining on board. The Coxswain expressed doubt that the boat would survive the experience, given that it would be dead to windward in extreme conditions.

The ten-and-a-half hour tow, to windward, in gale force conditions was an experience not to be repeated. We were towed at about four knots, literally being pulled from the top of each wave as it passed beneath us, only to have the bow buried as we were pulled into the face of the next wave. It is difficult to gauge objectively just how big the seas were, but six or seven metres (and at times more) was probably the case. "Gellie" (and the skipper) suffered superficial damage – in the boat's case all due to ingress of water. What I can report on is that structurally, "Gellie" suffered no damage whatsoever – a tribute to her design and construction. The one gear failure was that the rudder stock fractured across its width horizontally about three inches above the pivot hole, resulting in the loss of the bottom portion of the stock and the entire blade. Inspection revealed that on one cheek plate, two pieces of aluminium had been welded together at the fracture point. I don't believe this is standard practice and may be a feature of the 31's design.

Here's to a stress free season for all!  
Mike Dixon

## The day the wheels came off

Alan Kenworthy

### A48 "Lidia"

Si hoc legere potes, traheam meam amisi, as any Latin lover will know, means, "If you can read this, I have lost my trailer." When spring comes at last, I intend to pull my newly acquired Atalanta No 48 "Lidia" on her trailer, from our stable yard where I have been lovingly painting it, up to Barrow in Cumbria, and I am tempted to write these words on the bumper of my towing vehicle. Though the journey is not nearly as daunting as the one I made in November from Manchester to Walton-on-the-Naze to collect "Lidia" from previous owner John Paterson, I am now very nervous about towing a two-ton yacht on a trailer, an activity only for those with nerves of steel, a meticulous approach to journey planning, and a detailed knowledge of engineering, traffic law, and guided missile systems.

I've had long experience of towing and maintaining Janet's horsebox, and now have a near-disaster, to prove that a trailer can be a treacherous thing. A year ago I had towed my Telstar to Cumbria and back, without any serious mishaps on a trailer I had restored to legality, spending quite a lot of money on two new wheels and indispension units, then fitting new brake cables. The Telstar and trailer weighed just under 2.5 tons. I knew about maximum train weights - they are written on a little plate on most vehicles - so I had to tow that with our Renault 4-ton horse box, the only problem being that the mast had to overhang at the back not the front.

The Atalanta presented a similar challenge, in terms of weight and bulk. Last November, after doing some eager research, and getting expert enthusiastic advice from Colin Twyford, I started to look for one as my next boat, even though I had only just said goodbye to "Trifling" and had planned to have an easy time, free of yacht ownership.

The more I learned about the Fairey Marine Company, Uffa Fox, and the durability and clever design of the Atalanta, the more it appealed to me. As a child at the end of the war, I was fascinated by the fighting aircraft, including the Mosquito and the other plywood planes. The Atalanta is a tangible link to that era of British design and craftsmanship. It

looked a beautiful yacht, too, and without the problems you usually find with wooden boats. It seemed to have that special indefinable thing we always unconsciously seek: quality.

That infernal machine, the internet, is a great way to look for a boat, and I had spent a few happy hours looking at boats for sale all over Europe, but my interest in the Atalanta had begun when I found one languishing in a boatyard and offered for £1000. But when I rang the yard I was told it not only needed work but also its mast and rig and its sails had been removed. Surely someone had pronounced a death sentence on it, I said, and the broker replied, "What do you expect for £1000?"

After selling "Trifling" I had tidied up my dwindling savings, paid off my credit card debt, and had the vague idea that I could find an old boat cheap and work on it during the winter. But I did not want to feel overwhelmed by the work of restoration.

In the event I had the most amazing good luck. Colin Twyford guided me with the list of Atalantas for sale, and I tried to contact two or three owners before I found John Paterson selling "Lidia" from its resting place at Walton-on-the-Naze. John told me he had been troubled for the past few years with worsening arthritis, and felt very guilty about neglecting "Lidia". Paint was peeling off the cockpit surfaces, and there were two places on the deck where water had got through and some repair to the ply might be necessary. He said he didn't want much for her, finding her a good home was more important. I offered him what I thought was a project yacht price, and we agreed on the phone that I could pick up the boat as soon as I found a trailer. A few days later John telephoned me and said he would be quite content with half the agreed price! This was hardly the way to do business if you want to make money, but that was the last thing on John's mind.

I still hadn't seen "Lidia", and I started to wonder whether the work of restoration would prove too much for my limited skills. My knowledge of carpentry consists of woodwork lessons at school from a teacher who complained, when my chiselling was going a bit awry, "Wood doesn't grow on trees, y'know!" I've done years of nailing rather than screwing bits of fencing for Janet's horses. And as for joinery, well, I would not know where to find my chisel.

When I made the long drive down to Walton, with my chosen trailer, John met me at the Titchmarsh boatyard, and was still apologising for the condition of "Lidia" while I was admiring its overall serenity and good state of preservation! I have had my share of bad luck and disasters in life, but meeting such a genuine and kindly man went a long way to tipping the scales in the right direction.

Finding a trailer for a yacht you have never seen is a bit daunting, but times have changed. The net is replacing the second-hand boat magazines; even Loot is now in decline and is charging £10 for any advert in the boating section. I searched on Ebay, Boats and outboards, and MTM for a few days, and although the larger trailers seemed to have all gone by November, I found a fully restored one for £800. It had four large wheels, new brakes, and new tyres, and had been given a new jockey wheel and emergency brake. It also had two adjustable wooden planks on each side about 12 ft long, and there were new rubber runners in the middle so that the boat could be launched easily.

Having established that it was just long enough for a 26ft yacht, I went to see it at Selby, Yorkshire and was impressed with its presentation, so I bought it but left it there for a couple of days, so that I could pick it up early on the day of the big journey, then proceed down the A1 in Janet's Renault Dodge horsebox, which weighed 4 tonnes and had a diesel engine of 4 litres which would pull for ever.

The vendor of this excellent-looking trailer was a big noise in Norwich Union, a legal trouble shooter. I made the mistake of placing great confidence in his workmanship.

All went well on the big day, I spent two hours in the boatyard after the yacht had been lifted onto the trailer, just tying it on securely and checking everything, including tyre pressures. As darkness fell, I moved slowly out of Titchmarsh and gingerly along the minor main roads to the A120, stopping a couple of times, once to get fuel, and then to check trailer and load were sitting OK, and my tyres were still up. Then I gradually gained speed on the A120 up to 48 m.p.h.

I had been cruising along patiently for over an hour, when it happened. I came slowly round a big roundabout just before the M11, and then a three-lane stretch led to the Birchanger roundabout, where I was braking for the traffic

lights in the middle lane, at about 10 mph when I heard a horrible bang, then a short grinding noise as I stopped. I got out fearing the worst, then saw enough in the neon lighting to know that "Lidia" was reclining on her port beam like a classical beauty in a Beardsley drawing. Not just one, but both of the wheels under her on the left hand side had left the trailer. One of them had tried to roll to Stanstead Airport but ran out of steam on the rise of the grass verge. But where was the other? Traffic was hurtling down the hill to the lights, and here I was, stuck in the middle lane at the stop line, unable to move or do anything. Except perhaps try to protect the boat by waving a torch at drivers who thought they were in Formula One, but really were in danger of becoming stock car owners.

The police could not attend for well over half an hour, but came with sympathy rather than pen and notebook, and - how embarrassing! - with my first lost wheel, from half a mile back on the other roundabout. They scratched their heads, wondering what sort of breakdown vehicle could take the boat and trailer away, but the answer came from the surly duty mechanic who attended in his white van. I produced a spare wheel, and he took a stud or two from the wheels on the other side, doctored one of the recovered wheels, inserting washers between the studs and the enlarged holes, and was able to tighten up the wheels sufficiently for me to limp over the roundabout at walking speed, with police cars ahead and behind me. I crawled into Birchanger Services, where I was shown mercy by the night staff at the petrol pumps. They let me park boat and horsebox in the end bay of their parking area. This meant that I avoided the lorry park at £12 a night.

The next day it rained all day and was so cold that I had to be content with finding two spare wheels at a scrapyards four miles away. I was getting cold and demoralised after a night sleeping in the horsebox, and the task of restoring the wheels did not appeal, especially with my left arm still virtually useless after an operation a month earlier on a deep cut in my left forearm. My friend Will Poulsen came to the rescue. He drove up from Canvey Island where he is working on a houseboat, and took me back there for the second night. We had a woodburning stove to warm us, and some good French red helped to make light of the situation.

The next morning was bright and sunny, and we arrived at Birchanger about 10.30. An hour

later, thanks largely to Will, we were pulling out of the services with wheels all fastened on tight, and good tyre pressures, for the slow slog up to Manchester. Will was co-pilot in case of further problems, but we were back in Manchester after seven hours, having cruised at 48 mph all the way.

My bill for extras, such as wheels, mechanic, compensation to a motorist (£205) who had run over my first wheel and, according to the police, had damaged a front wheel on his Peugeot 404 (£205?), Will's fare back to Canvey Island, then further work on the trailer, came to £491. I was lucky no one was hurt. It could have been far more expensive and traumatic.

Why did I not check the wheel studs on the trailer when I picked it up from Selby?  
Answer: Trailervendorman from the Quotemehappy Company impressed me with the quality of his restoration. And when I sold my Telstar a month or two earlier, on its trailer, I had personally made sure the wheels were tight and secure. I could not resist emailing the vendor and complaining that he had not tightened the wheels. Predictably, he assumed that I was trying to fasten liability on him. He expressed crocodile tears and then said he could not accept any liability, saying that he had tightened up the wheels, so they must have worked loose because of the weight of the boat. I did not push my complaint beyond his insincere expressions of sympathy. I felt foolish to be caught out on such a simple

omission, but I still wonder whether in the event of a fatality my insurers would have been content to admit all liability. If you buy a secondhand vehicle of any kind, do you check that all the wheelnuts are tight and unlikely to work loose?

Was it worth all the trouble? Undoubtedly, yes. I have had a most enjoyable winter, giving "Lidia" a facelift, for she needed little more than that. I found no delamination of the ply in the foredeck; I only had to use a layer or two of fibreglass on the top layer of ply where it had gone dark brown and a bit hairy, and this was only in a few square inches in all. I used filler, and then sanded it for a good base before giving it undercoats then white gloss. Elsewhere there was some flaking of the paint, around which I found that it was brittle and ready to leap off the wood. It all took some time and care, but once it was repainted, the boat looked surprisingly pristine.

And I have repaired my rare trailer wheels, in order to preserve its brand new tyres. They are steel reinforced, 185-60SR14s, made in Argentina, and I hope they will last for five years or so, after which I am told tyre walls dry and crack whether they are used or not.

We live and learn, as they say. Acquiring "Lydia" was a pleasure and getting to know the Atalanta is an education, but my mishap with the trailer reminded me of what I already knew: he who neglects his nuts will be proved nuts!



## **Memories of first cruise in A2 "Tellulah"**

**Ken Boswell**

### **A108 "Solvendo"**

In 1959, when I was in Indonesia sailing in the Java Sea in my spare time, I was attracted by advertisements for the new Atalantas. After enquires at long distance I settled on a second-hand one advertised by a firm of brokers on Hayling Island for £2,000. In 1960 I arrived back in the UK to find "Tellulah" sitting on a mud berth. The owner of the firm had taken his Land Rover up to Scotland where she had been put on sale by a Sergeant in the Air Force

and had trailed her to the South Coast in one day.

A2 - "Tellulah" was a little different from later editions with a small compartment between the cockpit and the forward cabin just large enough to hang oilskins and a cockpit that was considerably longer. This enabled one to operate the halyard winches on the mast from the cockpit easily and there was little need ever to go on deck. The Coventry Victor engine was 6hp and the petrol tank a tiny drum under the forward end of the starboard side of the cockpit. The engine seemed to work on air rather than petrol anyway. The propeller was a little two bladed folding one. All I added to her was an Air Force excess compass which had a moveable grid which one could fix on the required course and very useful at night



because it had an illuminated arrow, a towed log and eventually a Brookes and Gatehouse depth sounder. The mast was of course wooden and light enough to be raised and lowered by hand. I created a galley consisting of a small paraffin stove and a plastic basin in the forward cabin. It had to be removed at night to use the bunk. On a fine spring day as I sailed over to the Isle of Wight, where I had arranged a drying mooring in Bembridge harbour, I was in my seventh heaven.

I had nearly three months leave and with a friend from Indonesia called Tom trailed "Tellulah" up to the West Coast of Scotland. I had purchased an ancient short wheel based Land Rover which just managed the mountains we had to cross. We seldom exceeded 20 mph and slept in lay-bys. In the mountainous border country she looked like a whale attached to our stern and created a deal of astonishment by the locals. We finally launched her at a convenient slip at Saltcoats in Ayrshire and sailed over to Lamlash on the Isle of Arran where we anchored behind Holy Island and had an unpleasant night rolling like mad. In the morning Tom had to go back to meet his wife who was on the way from Indonesia so we sailed to the mainland at Largs (where of course there was only an open beach in those days). It was a fine sunny day but the wind as is quite usual in Scotland was rolling down the mountains sweeping out to sea at near gale force. However I managed to put him ashore in the Fairey Duckling which I had parked on the stern deck and fortunately the 25 lb CQR held in the sand offshore. I went on single handed past Rothesay and anchored up the beautiful and peaceful Kyles of Bute. On the next day I sailed on up Loch Fyne. The sun was out but there was a force six head wind (the wind always seems to blow straight up or down the lochs). We were heeling right over and I suddenly became aware that we were taking a lot of water. I later discovered that the covers to the keel cases had not been screwed right down when she had been inspected before purchase. I spent the rest of the day bailing out the engine compartment before we arrived at Lochgilphead and the Crinan Canal.

I was a bit apprehensive about negotiating the canal without a reverse gear and on my own. In fact it could not have been easier. The country through which we passed was spectacular and the small round basin at the end of the canal pleasant and welcoming. Leaving the Corryvreckan Whirlpool off the Isle of Scarba well alone I sailed north past

Luing and found a delightful anchorage to the west of the Clachan Bridge. At a pub nearby a merry crowd of locals and sailors drank into the night. There was no question of closing hours they said in this part of Scotland. I think a Chief Constable on holiday helped break the law. Off Oban I anchored in the shelter of Kerrera island.

Next I went up the Sound of Mull and stopped the night in Lochaline which was not all that pleasant because some industrial process was creating clouds of white dust. But the castle at the head of the Loch was picturesque. Then on to Tobermory. As I sailed into the wide harbour I was reading James Boswell's *Tour to the Hebrides* and his description of the 'twelve or fourteen vessels anchored there'. He and Dr Johnson entered on 14 October 1773 after a trip from the Isle of Col. Sometimes, he wrote, there were as many as sixty to seventy sail in the harbour. This time there were one or two yachts including a Dragon belonging to the owner of the hotel. During the days I stayed there a small boy took over my dinghy to play with and ferried me ashore when I whistled for him. A large Scot who was a teacher in the local school had drinks with me and explained that the boy was the relic of one of the many temporary liaisons that beset the more remote parts of Scotland. He introduced me to a student from Edinburgh University who agreed to crew me for a couple of weeks.

After reclaiming my dinghy, we sailed round Ardnurchan Point (the westernmost part of the British Isles) past Muck and Eigg and Rum to the Isle of Canna. The weather was fine and we found a well-protected anchorage on the south of the island. The total population only amounted to about 24 of whom only two youths fishing for lobsters were under 50 years of age. They told us that throughout the islands children went off to the mainland for schooling and fostering and seldom returned. The two came aboard and explained had they had worked with Gavin Maxwell when he had been involved in shark fishing based on the island of Soay. Maxwell subsequently had a house on the Sound of Sleat where he wrote his book about Otters, *Ring of Bright Water*. In exchange for a cup of tea the two boys gave us their whole day's catch of lobsters. At this time of the year there was virtually no night with only an hour's twilight. In the Minch a lovely anchorage was available within a day's sail in most directions. The West Coast of Scotland is much more attractive from the sea than the land which always seems boggy under

foot. The sea north of the Clyde was also empty of other boats, unlike the Solent.

From Canna we sailed over to Loch Boisdale in South Uist but made a mistake in travelling on a Sunday. The locals seemed very religious and did not approve of any activity on the holy day. When we went ashore they seemed unfriendly and almost hostile. After a short stay we up anchored and sailed back east where we stopped off a small croft in Loch Bracadale on Skye. There the crofter, who was most friendly, insisted that we borrow his fishing net which we laid over night (probably entirely illegally) in the hope of catching a salmon or two. However all we caught were a few rock salmon that looked like ugly little sharks.

I had heard that the island of Soay just south of the Cuillan hills on the south of Skye was up for sale. Since I knew that Tom was interested in buying a Scottish island I thought we should visit it. The entrance on the north side is full of nasty rocks and dries out at low tide, but has six feet of water or so at high. Inside is a lovely completely protected harbour with the rusting remains of the plant on the side used to render down the sharks caught by Gavin Maxwell and his company. Apparently the enterprise foundered when the price of shark oil plummeted. Maxwell later wrote the book 'Sharkho'. Half of the island was in the possession of a bearded Scot by the name of Geddes who lived with his wife and small son. He had had superior rights over the whole island, but the group of crofters who lived there had decided to quit and go to the mainland. They claimed the value of improvements to their crofts (mainly the houses) and sued Geddes for about £2,000. So he went bankrupt but claimed crofters rights over the island. He then sold the crofters rights on half of the island to a retired Major and his wife who bred dogs. Subsequently he fell out with the Major and they were not on speaking terms. We had a delicious toddy with his family and he explained that he had thought we were Norwegians (I had grown a bushy beard on our journey). He said we were welcome to buy the superior rights to the island for £2,000 but we would have no legal right to land since his crofters rights forbade this. (I will not go into the details of the Scottish law on land tenure which are intricate).

On the way south we dropped in on Rum where there were restrictions of entry and

movement because of its status as a wild life reserve. At Tobermory I left my young student and went on to the anchorage near Oban where I had arranged to meet Tom again and his wife. As I walked down the road to the town centre I came across them but it took some time to convince them that the face behind so much hair was me. They both occupied the stern cabin, but when the wife, Rene, wanted to use the loo she insisted that Tom and I cleared out of the fore cabin and shut the door. Anyway we set off up Mull Sound again to Tobermory. Then we sailed round the north of Mull and stopped up the little loch of Dervaig where there was a farmer who had put his farm up for sale. Tom thought that a farm might suit him as much as an island! However the farmer told us that we would be quite mad to invest in his farm since it only lost money. He explained that the transportation of produce to where there were consumers usually exceeded its value.

From Dervaig we sailed south past the Treshnish Isles and Fingal's cave on Staffa. It was too rough to land in the cave but we had a good look at it before going on the Iona and the impressive monastery there. The island was full of volunteers and others who were helping with restoration and building works and there was a general atmosphere of holiness. As everyone knows it is the place where St Columba came from Ireland and brought Christianity with him. The west coast of the island is flat and full of white sandy beaches open to the Atlantic gales. As the wind got up we found a secure little anchorage in an inlet on Mull opposite Iona.

Avoiding the islands to the south of Mull, we sailed back the way I had come to the Crinan Canal, the Kyles of Bute and finally to Saltcoats where the trailer and my old Land Rover remained. With the help of a kindly lorry driver we hauled "Tellulah" up the slip and I slowly trailed her south to Wimbledon where I parked her outside my sister's house to the amazement of her neighbours. And then back to the Isle of Wight. The whole trip took up most of my leave and in April the next year I sailed off the Scillies, but that is another story.

It was sad to hear that twenty years later in 1981 "Tellulah" disappeared on a stormy passage back across the Channel from Cherbourg with the loss of all hands



## Read the Small Print!

**Simon Cooper**

### A104 "Arosa"

Arosa was based for a couple of months during the summer in Loch Feochan, on the West Coast of Scotland, just south of Oban. Des and I had spent a pleasant week island hopping, and now I was back for a couple of days. The light wind was in the south and forecast to stay there, so a little upwind cruise to the south with an easy return was indicated.

The Pilot Book described Ardinamar, on the NE of the Isle of Luing, as one of the most popular anchorages on the West Coast, so I decided to make it my destination. The Pilot Book also gave some information about navigating the Sound of Luing which I did not take too much notice of as all looked pretty straightforward on the chart.

I set off around 11.30 am and had a gentle beat south past Seil Island and on to the northern entrance to the Sound of Luing, between the island of Fladda and Dubh Sgeir rock. We slipped through the entrance into the Sound and then ground to a halt as we met the full force of a powerful north-going flood tide together with swirls and overfalls. It was at this point that I realised that I ought to have paid more attention to the small print of the pilot book and would have noticed vital information about the tides ('Both flood and ebb are very strong, their rates increasing progressively from S to N. From 3kn springs at Ardluing, they reach a maximum of 7kn springs, 5kn neaps, between and among the islands around Fladda'). And the fact that the infamous Gulf of Corryvreckan is only 5 miles away at the southern end of the Sound should have alerted me to the fact that tides are an important consideration in that part of the world.

I soon noticed that not only was I not going forward, the boat was travelling rapidly sideways as the current spilled out westwards round the north end of Rubha Fiola, the northernmost island on the west side of the Sound. (The pilot book: 'On the flood a tide race develops N of Rubha Fiola...'.) Not wishing to be peremptorily ejected from the Sound I decided to admit defeat and turn on the engine. Even then I had a considerable struggle to make positive progress, nervously approaching the Luing shore to try and avoid the worst of the tide despite the chart being of too small scale for reliable rock dodging. Eddies and upwellings added to the excitement, and being in close proximity to the shore I could mark each foot won or lost.

Eventually we reached the half-way point of the Sound where it widens out, and started to make better progress, arriving at the south end of Luing, having taken 3 hours to travel the 4 mile length of the Sound. It was then a pleasant run up the east side of Luing to the little anchorage of Ardimar, entry to which has been made easy by two beacons placed on the rocks in the entrance by the Clyde Cruising Club.

Next morning I walked across the very lush and beautiful island to the village of Cullipool for an ice cream at the only shop, seeing a buzzard circling overhead and a deer unconcernedly breakfasting not far from the road.

Departing at low tide, at midday, with the keels just kissing the bottom on leaving the anchorage, we had a speedy to return to Loch Feochan, whizzing through the Sound with wind and tide behind us.

And the moral is, of course, that before undertaking any new passage, plan ahead (and particularly read the small print).



## Tiller Lashing

**Norman Dorrington**

### A168 "Kookaburra"

I use this device for lashing the tiller. It uses the same anchor point as my Navico Tillerpilot. The arm is a mahogany stick which slides along an "L" shaped block. The stick is held in position by an alloy metal strip, bent to form three sides of a square, with a bolt forming the fourth side.

A brass bolt protrudes from the base of the block and drops into the hole in the seat. The tiller end of the arm is lined underneath with a six inch strip of metal. This has three holes spaced along it which fit over the pin at the back of the tiller.

The bolt, which is tightened by a lever, clamps the stick to the block, holding the tiller firmly in place.

To set the device, one chooses the appropriate hole at the end of the stick, places the tiller in the desired position before tightening the bolt using the lever. Choosing the left, right or centre hole, to suit the position of the tiller, means that the stick never has to move more than a few inches through the block. In emergencies, one simply lifts the stick off the tiller knob.

The brass bolt in the base is loosely fitted and this allows sufficient vertical movement of the arm to compensate for the arc described by the pin on the tiller.

I have found it works very well and because it has infinite settings it is more accurate than using pegs etc. It is impossible to cost as the wood and metal were from scrap, the screws and brass bolt from the bosun's stores, and the lever came off an old bicycle.



## Further endorsement in praise of the Atalanta

**P.G. Martin**

### A92 "Sea Major"

*Reading the Commodore's note in the 2003/2004 Bulletin reminded me how I (and my family) came to buy a second hand Atalanta 26 in 1966 – and we still own it.*

*I heartily endorse everything the Commodore wrote and like him, I have seen or heard anything since then, to change my opinion.*

*I enclose a copy of Desoutter's article from his book. This article inspired me to look for a second-hand Atalanta 26, because, as Desoutter said, the price was "outside his price limit".*

*The article from DM Desoutter's book Small Boat Cruising (Faber and Faber 1964) is reproduced below.*

Although the Atalanta 26 is really beyond the price limit originally adopted for these pages

she has been included because of her novel design, some features of which may be more widely adopted in the future. Most other cruising boats which have drop plates either have their ballast as pigs in the bilges (e.g. Finesse) or they have a ballast keel with the centreplate working through it (e.g. Kestrel). But the Atalanta has all her ballast in her twin drop keels, two malleable iron castings of aerofoil shape, each of which weighs nearly 500 lbs. With the keels down the boat is self-righting, even if she were to be knocked flat.

Drop plates as heavy of these need properly engineered lifting apparatus, and this the Atalanta has. Each keel also has clamps which prevent the heavy mass slopping about at sea. The whole construction of the keels is very strong, and they can be used as "brakes" if the boat is run into shoal until they strike bottom.

As a result of the unusual design the Atalanta combines her self-righting ability, with extremely shallow draft (when wanted), and a bottom which allows her to take the ground level. She is neither too heavy nor too wide to be towed behind a car, though one would need a two-litre engine to tackle the job comfortably.

Another special feature of the Atalanta (and other Fairey boats) is the hot moulded wood hull. As has been mentioned elsewhere in this book, this produces a hull which is light, strong and completely leak proof. It is one of the features which has allowed Faireys to introduce their bright idea of storing boats ashore *during the season*, a dinghy-type approach to the shortage of moorings. Down at Hamble, Faireys are so well organised that they can launch an Atalanta within minutes of the owner's arrival. And can repeat the process just as swiftly when his cruise is over. Only with an integral hull is it possible to store boats ashore without fear of leaks developing.

Below decks the Atalanta provides a great deal of accommodation over her 26 ft. of length. Right forward is a forepeak which houses the w.c. and ground tackle, and this has a hatch where one can bend on headsails. The forepeak is divided from the forward cabin by sliding doors. After the fore cabin with its two berths comes a strong bulkhead which carries the keel apparatus and aft of that comes the galley to port, with chart table and sink to starboard. These two items can be hinged out of the way to reveal a quarter berth running under the cockpit seat. A similar quarter berth is available on the other side.

Aft of the cockpit is a second cabin, with two berths – this is ideal for children. The cockpit

itself is self-draining, with stowage and the engine installation under the floor. It is a very comfortable and secure cockpit with a good view for the helmsman.

Although not a particularly fast boat, the Atalanta should be fast enough to satisfy most tastes, and she is a pleasure to sail with a buoyant confident feeling in heavy seas. In short, she is the sort of boat one would be happy to take anywhere.

The standard boat, with a full inventory of equipment costs just over £3,200. The inventory at that price includes a 10 h.p. Fairey – Ford engine, with 12 volt electrics, full lighting equipment, Simpson Lawrence w.c., all mattresses, water tank, sink, gas cooker, two gas bottles, crockery and many interior fittings. Above decks the price includes ground tackle, fenders, halyard and sheet winches, a suit of three sails, stainless steel standing rigging, shroud rollers, ensign, and so on. In fact this is the case where the buyer gets a packaged deal, and has nothing to bring on board but his charts, his nourishment and bedding.

There is now also a larger version of the Atalanta, a 31 footer, which is similar in general design, more roomy, faster and more costly.



## **Are there Faireys up the Helford River?**

**Chas Hammond**

### **A119 "Walrus"**

Ever since 1959, aged four, I have been sailing Fairey boats. RAF Akrotirri, Cyprus was where my father took me for my first sail in a Fairey Albacore, number 145.

Between 1964 and 1968 my father was stationed at RAF Tengah, Singapore during which time I crewed in another Albacore.

On returning to England my father bought me my first dinghy, Firefly number 2144, and ex-RAF boat called "North Weald". I raced her

with some success at the Sussex Yacht Club on the River Adur. At this time there were two Atalanta 26's moored close to the clubhouse. Little did I know that I would become the proud owner of one similar.

After ten years of racing Hornets and Lasers, children appeared and so a change of boat was required. Only one dinghy came to mind, so in 1984 I bought Albacore number 2025, a Fairey hull. Youngs of the IOW fitted her out.

In 1998 I was offered Atalanta A119 "Walrus" as a restoration project. Two years later she was re-launched in Chichester Harbour and has given us hours of fun since.

In 2002, thanks to the Currey family I acquired a Firefly, my third Fairey boat, and in 2003 a beautiful Fairey Duckling dinghy found its

way into my fleet. I just require a Fairey Duckling, for which I already have sails, spars and rigging, to complete my full set.

Our ambition for 2004 was to have all of them on the water at the same time, in the same place, all sailed by my family – consisting of my wife Mandy and three daughters Anna, Amy and Jen. The venue was to be our favourite place the Helford River Cornwall, to coincide with the South Coast Rally which I organise.

#### **“Walrus” West Country Cruise 2004**

The date for the Atalanta South Coast Rally was set for the 23<sup>rd</sup> August at Falmouth. Early interest was encouraging with discussions of a feeder cruise from Dartmouth the week before, with “Sweet Sue” joining from Guernsey.

We had decided not to take up our mooring in Bosham Creek for the summer. “Sloeberry” made sure that Atalantas were represented in the creek by taking over our mooring. Instead, we would cruise the West Country the whole of the summer.

#### **Monday 5<sup>th</sup> July**

“Walrus” was trailed to Plymouth with “Beaver Las Vegas” (the Dinky dinghy) on the roof rack. “Walrus” was lifted into the water and mast stepped without any problems at the Plymouth Yacht Haven.

#### **Tuesday 6<sup>th</sup> July to Friday 16<sup>th</sup> July**

On the first day the weather was glorious with a light north east wind. We had a slow and relaxing sail along the coast to Salcombe and after six hours, motored into the estuary to anchor in Sunny Cove, just inside on the eastern side. We rowed ashore and walked along the coastal path. Miff, our 15 month old Border collie, needed to get ashore as often as we did. We spent the afternoon swimming and diving off the boat – a fantastic spot. Then on to Frogmore Creek at the extreme north easterly arm of the estuary – very quiet and beautiful.

For the next ten days we explored the whole of the Salcombe estuary and cruised along the coast as far as Dartmouth to the east, stopping at a wonderful secluded sandy cove just to the west of Prawle Point, where we swam and relaxed. Westward, we sailed past Bolthead, Bolberry Down and around Boltail to Hope Cave and on to Bigbury Bay.

When the weather didn’t allow us to go sailing, we took our folding bikes and explored the south Devon lanes and tracks – and a great many pubs. Throughout the week we were entertained by the Merlin Rockets competing in Salcombe Week with over 100 dinghies jostling over the best wind and tide advantage.

Salcombe Harbour Board made us very welcome all week and made sure we were tucked out of the way of the full gale which hit us half way through the week (winds in excess of 50 knots and rain to match).

On the 16<sup>th</sup> July we left “Walrus” on a resident’s mooring in the Bag opposite Ox Point, having had a brilliant time sailing, swimming, walking, drinking, eating and cycling in this beautiful part of Devon. We turned heads wherever we stopped. Everybody it seems, knows somebody or something about Atalanta’s, these fantastic and incredibly versatile boats.

#### **Salcombe to Falmouth July 29<sup>th</sup> to 31<sup>st</sup>.**

We arrived back in Salcombe by car and got a water taxi out to “Walrus”. Departure was delayed due to a faulty alternator but the problem was eventually sorted out with the help of Dave Penhill, the local Beta engineer.

We set off for Newton Ferrers on the River Yealm and had a lively sail – north westerly 4 to 5 – superb! The River Yealm is an extremely beautiful estuary, we loved it there and stayed an extra day. The entrance is exciting and attention to the pilot is to be advised. The river divides into two arms, the Yealm and Newton Creek. Newton Creek dries, whereas the Yealm is navigable for a further two miles. Added attractions of Newton Creek are the three excellent pubs and a friendly hospitable sailing club with showers. A lasting memory was the night time light show caused by the phosphorescence in the clear water lit up by the moon.

Up early next morning to make the best of the west going tide, we motored out into Wembury Bay, escorted by five dolphins who gave us a spectacular display. The passage to Falmouth was uneventful, just a pleasant seven hours motoring as the wind was calm with a perfectly flat sea. We have been sailing in the Falmouth estuary for nearly twenty years in an assortment of dinghies and a long time ambition of mine to get “Walrus” there had now been achieved. Our pre-arranged mooring

in St Just Creek was perfect and we celebrated with a couple of beers. St Just in Roseland is one of my favourite west country spots, the church and gardens are magical and Pascoe's boatyard is like stepping back in time. "Walrus" spent the next three weeks here enjoying the view.

### **The South Coast Rally 23<sup>rd</sup> to 25<sup>th</sup> August**

The rally that never was! For all sorts of reasons, nobody could make the journey to Falmouth and there was no interest in the starter cruise. Next year will be different – the location is to be the Solent – Southampton.

The race was close. Unfortunately "Walrus" was over the start line and thus disqualified. As the only entry, there were consequently no finishers.

### **"Walrus" Falmouth Estuary Experience – 22<sup>nd</sup> to 29<sup>th</sup> August**

The pilot states that the River Fal is a string of hurricane holes where all manner of ghastly gales can be ridden out in peace and tranquillity. It needed to be this week.

St Just is not protected from anything from the west and as a gale was blowing from that direction, we headed up the Percuil River for shelter and found it up Froe Creek. It rained and blew all night.

23<sup>rd</sup>. Woke up to a perfect blue sky with a very strong breeze from the north west. Rowed ashore to walk the dog and stretch our legs. We swam in the cold cold Cornish water at beautiful Towan beach. The rest of the day we sailed in Falmouth Bay, no reef, number one jib, flat sea...perfection. Somebody knew something about yacht designs when they created the Atalantas – so balanced and responsive. What would she sail like with new sails and spars? Wow!! The evening was spent sailing up the river to Malpas. The final part of the river up to Truro we walked and watched an incredible sunset from the Heron pub, listening to the chorus of roosting birds.

24<sup>th</sup> Very windy and wet. Disgusting. Motored back to St Just and took to the car for a Roseland peninsular tour, ending up at St Mawes, where we showered in the yacht club and filled up with HSD (St Austel brewery in the Victory). Met some of the colourful locals Kernow rules. The phosphorescence was especially spectacular or could it have been the HSB's influence?

25<sup>th</sup> We woke to more rain and wind, sailed around and about the harbour before having an early lunch at Looe beach. The rain cleared but strong winds stayed so again we had a fantastic afternoon's sailing, finally ending up the Helford river at Gillan creek. On the way we cracked 10 knots with the spinnaker up – really on the limit. Our anchorage for the night was in the pool at the mouth of Gillan creek – the rest of the creek dries except for this pool. This pool and creek is probably my all time favourite anchorage and it was a dream come true having been coming here for fifteen years. If anyone is interested I can give you information required to find the pool at high water. The bird life and nature is truly incredible and the sound of the bells ringing out from the parish church of St Anthony will be with us forever. Pub and shop at Manacan, half an hour's brisk walk to the top of the creek.

26<sup>th</sup> A beautiful day, good strong breeze, so set sail for Porthscatho eight miles to the east, spinnaker run, anchored in Gerran's bay for lunch and a swim. Great sail back to Falmouth on the nose, flat sea. Very quick. Our anchorage for the night was up the Percuil river. Walked across the fields to the Feathers at Porthscatho for more HSD.

27<sup>th</sup> Without the mechanical aids used to lift the Albacore onto the Atalanta trailer at our friend's farm, we resorted to strength and ingenuity. Mandy, not only a beautiful woman, great sailor, brilliant cook and mother of three, she also has muscles most men would be proud of! With the Firefly on the roof rack and the Albacore trailing behind, she drove to Flushing Cove on the Lizard peninsular via the King Harry ferry, while I sailed "Walrus" straight onto her mooring to Flushing Cove at Gillan which was situated just a few hundred yards from the holiday cottage. I had no choice as the engine coughed when required – dirty fuel. Mr Anthony Jenkin was his usual helpful self, nothing is too much bother (it's just the way we do it here – no problem).

### **28<sup>th</sup> Are there Faireys in the Helford river?**

The rest of the party arrived in the morning – twelve of us all told. Four slept on "walrus", the rest in the cottage. With all the dinghies rigged and waiting just 25 yards from the cottage, the holiday – the rest of the week – was about to begin. It was the usual holiday STUFF – non-stop fun, laughter, action, exploration, crabbing, talking, skimming

stones, over eating, over drinking, sailing and generally mucking about on the water. Highlights of the week included evening cruises on "Walrus" to Gweek, Frenchman's Creek, Port Navas. The shopping trip to Falmouth visiting the seals on Black Rock. Night passages returning from the Shipwrights in Helford. Watching and enjoying the local regattas at Helford village and Durgan. Picnics and BBQ's, sailing and swimming at secluded coves with international cliff jumping and diving and swimming from "Walrus". Evening walks being entertained by local buzzards, herons, egrets and other birds.

### The big day

Breakfast briefing to all skippers, crew and film crew. Chief boat boy Jim and myself were set adrift in "Beaver Las Vegas" (the Dinky dinghy) in the middle of Helford Bay and we filmed a spectacular sight of the Faireys in the Helford. I had achieved my ambition and fulfilled my dream. Only one problem, I forgot my camera so we'll have to do it all again – maybe with a sailing Duckling to complete my set. Luckily the event was recorded on video – so all was not lost.



### Putting the mast up alone without assistance

**Simon Cooper**

**A104 "Arosa"**

In last year's bulletin Peter Davies wrote a useful article describing a method of raising and lowering the Atalanta mast single-handed. I have used more or less the same method that Peter describes for many years. Briefly the method for raising the mast is, with the mast foot on its pivot, attaching the jib or spinnaker boom to its normal mast attachment pointing vertically upwards with the jib or spinnaker halyard fastened to its outer end, and taking a purchase also from the outer end of the jib boom to the forestay attachment point on the bow. Heaving on the purchase raises the mast.

I would add three points which may be of help.

- 1 When the mast is in its lowered position, Peter advocates a crutch about three feet forward of the transom to support the mast instead of using the sheet horse; this is because the sheet horse is forward of the mast's point of balance. In fact, I find it is useful to use the sheet horse as a support for the mast. Because the mast centre of gravity is aft of the sheet horse, the mast pivots on the horse with its foot tending to rise, and to prevent this I attach a line passing over the mast towards its foot which restricts the foot from lifting more than about 12 inches. On "Arosa" we

have harness attachment points on either side of the companionway which are ideal for securing the line.

The advantage of this is that one person can manoeuvre the mast without the foot thumping the deck or cabin top, and when the foot is hovering roughly over the tabernacle he can sit on the foot to lower it on to the tabernacle and insert the pivot bolt. Because the sheet horse has a fair amount of fore and aft play it is not necessary to get the foot precisely aligned before lowering it into position.

- 2 One does not have to extend the cap shroud chain plates to use this method of raising the mast. I use a light A-frame (constructed from 2"x 3/4" timber) attached to the lower shroud chain plates on each side; these support the cap shrouds and also provide attachment points for light lines to the jib boom end which keep it central. Each A-frame is braced athwartships by a strut which clips over the main hatch slide. For stowage the A-frames fold flat and fit under the aft cabin bunks. (See photograph.)



- 3 As a purchase between the end of the jib boom and the forestay attachment point on the bow, I find that the main sheet works well with the boom end block attached to the jib boom, and the horse block to the bow fitting. The main sheet has to be extended by attaching a line to its end. On "Arosa" the main sheet has a fair lead to the jib sheet winches without the need for turning blocks.

Photograph showing the port A-frame in position for raising the mast with the cap shroud in place, and the port jib boom stabilising line attached to the top of the A-frame. The starboard A-frame is also shown folded for stowing.



## The story of A113 "Aku"

Colin Twyford

### A95 "Hiran"

*One of the pleasures (and frustrations!) of being Hon Sec is keeping in touch with members and keeping track of the whereabouts of boats. What follows is an example of what I mean.*

*In the 1960-61 Bulletin, a short article appeared, accompanied by a photograph from the Daily Express.*

At 0830 on November 15<sup>th</sup>, Mr. John Peck is his "Aku" (A113) left Hamble on the longest Atalanta cruise yet. He plans to sail westward round the world – a two-year, 31,000-mile journey. Mr Peck, an ex-racing motorcyclist, is 49. He is accompanied by 21 year old Mr John Riding, of Southport. Their supplies include 800 meals of dehydrated meat, vegetables and milk – and a crossbow for harpooning fish.

Their route will take them to the Canary Islands, the West Indies, then through the Panama Canal and across the Pacific to Tahiti, Tonga, Port Moresby, the Cocos Islands in the Indian Ocean, Mauritius and down to South America. On the return crossing of the Atlantic they hope to visit St. Helena.

John Tunstall, Mr Peck's godson, is waving goodbye to "Aku" as she motors down Hamble River at the outset of her voyage.

*The following year the Bulletin included an account of "Aku's" trip from the UK to the Canaries.*

### "Aku" and adversity

Mr. J.A. (Tony) Peck, "Aku" (A113), is now wintering at Las Palmas in the Gran Canarias Islands before setting out across the Atlantic on the next stage of his round-the-world cruise.

Mr Peck, accompanied by Mr John Riding, set out from Hamble on November 15<sup>th</sup> 1960. They finished fitting out at Weymouth and then sat in Salcombe for several days faced by headwinds of force 7 to 8. On the morning of November 28<sup>th</sup> they set course for Ushant, off the north-west corner of Brittany, with a westerly force 4 to 5.

During the next week they drew level with Ushant twice but the weather and tides were against them and they put into St Peter Port, Guernsey, on December 5<sup>th</sup>, after riding out force 10 gales in the channel for days at a time. During the storm they were several times flipped right on to beam ends by sudden breaking seas. On one occasion they shipped such a huge sea that the cockpit became self-filling but Mr. Peck restored the situation by stuffing two loaves of bread in plastic bags into the keel drains and then pumped her out. He was carrying about a ton of stores

They dries out in Guernsey and raised the cockpit floor by three inches, then left on December 15<sup>th</sup> arriving at Morgat, Brittany, in the early hours of the following morning "after a quite exciting passage through the Chenal du Four in pitch darkness, and then through the rocky bits round Brest – all without a chart; mine had been wrecked by water in the storm and I was unable to get another. I had reason to bless the sudden turns the Atalanta is capable of when under power and I can also tell other members that she is happy if very

uncomfortable when lying ahull in force 10 conditions for 48 hours.”

Christmas day found them several days out of Morgat and making poor progress across the Bay of Biscay. At mid-day (nearly turkey time at home), when they were about 80 miles NNE of Finisterre, the wind increased to force 9 and slowly veered to the west. Despite all their efforts they were forced back into Biscay, so eventually they put into Gijon, Spain. There they were told by the local Port Captain that a Gijon boat had been lost in the self-same storm together with thirty sailors from the port registry.

Mr. Peck found that “Aku” was quite comfortable in force 9 winds, with a storm jib, normal sheet arrangements and main down to about half boom length. She stayed dead on her own selected course 50 degrees off the wind with the tiller lashed centrally with a few inches play each way to relieve the kick in breaking seas. She did this for nearly thirty hours, while they kept watch and three times put her on to the other tack to keep out of the way of land. There were no other ships in their part of the sea during the Christmas holiday.

Tiring of the continual rain in Gijon they decided to port-hop and set off for Aviles, running into a very heavy swell from the north west as they neared the headland of the Cabo de Penas. Rounding the cape, they turned into a near gale force wind which soon raised a steep chop at right angles to the existing swell. This was very unpleasant. As “Aku” rose towards the crest of each wave she received a sharp flick up in the bow from the breaking crest and no matter what Tony Peck did the keels would swing back a shade. Then as she topped the crest they swung forward again with a violent thump, sometimes accompanied by a sideways lurch from the swell. Conditions began to ease as they neared land but suddenly there was a nasty noise, a loose feeling and the port keel had broken just below the pivot. They managed to get a rope round the two keels, as the broken one, held by the hoisting lug, was thumping the keelbox, and this partly steadied it. They reached the little harbour of San Juan de Nieva, at the entrance to Aviles, with some relief.

Fairey Marine sent out a new keel; “Aku” was swung up by a crane and the actual break was found to be a tangent to the lower edge of the pivot hole. The pieces fitted together perfectly and there was no sign of any flaw. Tony Peck

thought that it could have been caused by cooling the casting too quickly.

*Comment by Charles Currey:*  
*This is the only keel failure we've ever had. As a precaution, Tony Peck now has a hardwood chock which fits over the hoisting gear port and starboard, preventing the keels from lifting at all. Only for deep water use, of course!*

“Aku” was soon back in the water again, and after four days of fog, Tony Peck and John Riding left to creep along the coast again – first to Lueca, the next day to Foz, then Santa Marta. The following day, bound for Corunna and in an uneasy sea, the rudder blade snapped off flush with the lower edge of the stock. Rounding the Cabo Prior into slightly smoother water, they managed to get the broken blade half on the stern, drill a hole in it about a foot from the lower end and bolt it alongside the stock. Steering was not very certain but the broken blade upside down against the stock gave very much better results than the stock by itself.

So into Corunna and another wait while a new blade was sent out from Hamble.

They finally left on May 19<sup>th</sup> – lost the wind and motored to Caminares. Next day to Puerto Muros, a most delightful place with a beautiful sheltered bay. The Chief of Police told Tony Peck that the port once had a large sardine trade with sailing vessels calling from all the north European countries. This trade ceased and most of the fishermen went to work on merchant ships, consequently a large number of them speak English.

“Aku’s” next port of call was Vigo which has a very good club with a tiny separate harbour. After two days in Vigo they left on the afternoon of May 26<sup>th</sup>. The weather was fair, little wind and a shallow depression stationary and slowly filling, 1006 mbs., off central Portugal. They started off due west to go round the depression and get the right wind, but it started to move north and they met force 8 winds first on the port beam, then on the stern. Soon they were in the middle of the depression, 994 mbs., and a very messy sea. As they swung slowly towards the south they met the other side and had 8 again on the stern. This was followed by two days of no wind at all, when they ghosted only 11 miles in forty-eight hours, although all through the trip the Canaries current was adding 12 due south miles a day.

At dawn on the thirteenth day out of Vigo, Alegranza showed up only three miles west of where it should have been and they passed between it and Lanzarote to Fuerte Ventura, then headed for Las Palmas and sighted land in very good visibility at 2 p.m. on June 10<sup>th</sup>.

Tony Peck's troubles were not quite over. He had missed a check sight for drift at noon, so he took a radio bearing on Las Palmas air beacon and it showed that they were making a landfall 10 miles north of the beacon. Thinking that the freshening wind had led them north, and without looking at his chartbook, he headed for the beacon. When he did look at his book he found that the aerodrome is 12 miles south, and the port three miles north, of Las Palmas.

The wind was now nearly force 7 and the sea fiercely choppy, so they set No. 2 jib, four turns on the main and tacked north. The sea eased as they entered Las Palmas bay to drop the hook off the Club at about 10 p.m. G.M.T. They were very wet and covered with salt, like snowmen, after five hours of constant sousing by water so warm that it dried as it landed. Part of the time they had been circled by a Spanish destroyer, which eventually decided that they were coping and went off. Tony Peck hoped to meet its Commander in Las Palmas to thank him for his concern for their welfare but he was told that the destroyer had probably gone to Tenerife.

At the Club they collected a pile of mail that had been accumulating for them since before Christmas. Now they are waiting for the end of the hurricane season before setting out across the Atlantic to the West Indies. They have some engine spares to fit and a new propeller to replace one damaged on driftwood off Ushant. Spare time will be spent replying to letters, writing articles for papers (and for cash) and eating magnificent tomatoes at fivepence-halfpenny a kilo.

*The Association benefits in having ledgers recording details of change of ownership, happenings and other "gossip" about the boats. The following details were recorded in the ledger by Major General W Odling during his time as Hon. Sec.*

1/12/59 J.A.Peck of the Hamble.

It is understood that J.A.Peck had a wooden leg and set out to sail round the world westward. He arrived in the Galapagos Islands

where his health (may be his leg) broke down. "Aku" was sold to the owner of the Hotel Galapagos, maybe in payment of his bill before he returned to the UK. The hotel owner Mr Nelson put her in a mud berth for several years, then gave the boat to his son Jack R. Nelson. Jack was refitting her to sail to Australia in 1973 and had contact with the Association, but did not join the AOA. The owner of A101, Col. Coile who served in S America, paid his subscription for 1980.

*In 1996 I decided to send Jack Nelson a copy of the Autumn newsletter, with a note requesting any news of "Aku". Some time passed and I sent another newsletter in Spring 2004. To my delight, I received the following email on 29<sup>th</sup> April 2004. This response makes all the effort worthwhile.*

Dear Mr Twyford,

Some years ago I received a newsletter from the AOA which I answered by post but evidently the information has gone astray.

Poor "Aku" is no more. Tony.....whose last name I cannot remember just now left the boat here at Hotel Galapagos when he was too sick with a kidney infection. He was evacuated emergency to England and never made it back for the boat. He eventually signed it over to me. I put it back into shape at least well enough to float, eliminating the entire twin keel structure which was rotten. I replaced or rebuilt the bulkheads, engine bed, put a new false keel on her, built a new cockpit, and fibreglassed the bottom. Then things changed in my life and I left the islands for several years. My family sold "Aku" to a fellow who wanted to use her for charter work. But of course the boat was not large enough for his purposes, so he had a very rough carpenter saw the boat in half to add eight feet. That is when I returned. To see his handiwork was truly a marvel. The carpenter had simply sawed the boat in two pieces in the middle of the cockpit, moved the two pieces apart and nailed in some stringers which of course twisted the hull skin locally where attached. Then he went to plank it with 4 x 8 sheets of plywood running fore and aft. I suggested he might have happier results using the sheets on the diagonal, but that would have used more material and fitting. "Lumpy" does not carry the full impact of the final effect. It was fibreglassed with no effort to fill and fair. The next step was a

huge timber keel made of matazarno wood, one of those absurdly resistant tropical hardwoods, impervious to teredo, too heavy to float. But that was not enough to balance the 40+ wood mast she received. So a big concrete fin thing was cast underneath. She was still quite tender, but nonetheless received approval from the pedestrian bureaucracy called "Navy" here. One charter voyage was

enough, neither the boat nor the owner competent for the challenge. "Aku" finally put herself out of everybody's misery soon after, casting herself up on the rocks in front of the Capitania, where she was soon reduced to shreds. In the brief time of "Aku's" reawakening when I rebuilt her, I was impressed by the very positive qualities of the design.  
Regards, Jack Nelson.



## **I've been shafted**

**Grahame Hill**

### **A65 "Joann"**

When I bought "Joann" A65 she was fitted with a twin blade PNP Duerre coaster variable pitch propeller. This appears to have been installed prior to 1965 when the boat was fitted with a Ford 100e side valve engine, it could even be original. The bronze prop shaft was hollow with an inner shaft passing down its length. The inner shaft pushes against a cam to vary the pitch. A hydraulic pump and ram were used to move the inner shaft, together with a lot of angle iron. The previous owner installed a Beta 13hp diesel and the resulting combination was not successful. At the end of the 2003 season the two shafts had seized together with the propeller stuck in fine pitch. The initial enquiries concentrated on repair which appeared to be the cheapest solution. Parts were not available and the cost was prohibitive. The only solution was to replace the lot.

The first task was to remove the old system. This propeller was held on to the end of the shaft by a pin which was driven out and the boss was then driven off the end of the shaft with a bronze drift. The coupling was investigated and despite removing the pin refused to separate. At this point given the lack of space, an angle grinder was the tool of choice. Once the shaft was cut I was able to put the existing coupling on an anvil and removed the shaft using a 10 pound persuader. This left seven feet of shaft to be removed, good practice for replacing it. The skeg was in the way, plan B. The engine was lifted and the shaft easily went forward until it hit the bulkhead. Much measuring and marking took

place before a hole was drilled in to allow it to pass through. The shaft then hit the main bulkhead and I realised why the steel plates had notches in the middle. A little reaming and the shaft entered the fore cabin. It was still not possible to remove it. It reached the forward bulkhead. The small wooden chamfered plate was removed and a hole was discovered underneath, at last the existing shaft was lying on the ground.

The shaft was carefully measured as the intention was to replace as little as possible. All the other components were in remarkably good order. The existing shaft was 1 1/8 inches in diameter. I ordered an 8'6" length of close tolerance 316 stainless shafting, with the intention of getting it machined locally. After much calculation, discussion and debate I ordered a 3 bladed 12" x 9" right handed Vetus propeller which arrived pre-bored with a standard metric taper. The coupling, shaft, propeller and my father's drawing and dimensions were delivered to the machine shop. A fortnight later all the components were returned, machined and tested for fit. Reassembly, as they say in the manuals, was the reverse of dismantling. Careful alignment of the P bracket and engine were the main worries but lots of care and feeler gauges at the coupling end seem to have done the trick. New gland packing and a shaft anode was fitted as a precaution.

At the end of the season maximum speed through the water is now over 6 knots, engine revs within 200 of maximum and no soot on the transom. The shaft anode is obviously essential as it is half corroded. The handling has improved although more revs are required at first. Sailing performance does not seem to have suffered for adding an extra blade, the old ones were like paddles.

Actual Costs:  
Shaft - £79 delivered  
Machining (Prop end-Metric taper & keyway,  
threading, drilling, chamfering, Coupling end -

keyway and chamfering , supply keys, nut,  
washer and split pin) - £150  
Propeller - £116 delivered.  
Total £345  
Blood, sweat & bruised knuckles - priceless!



## **Cruise to the Channel Islands and Brittany**

### **Keith Viewing**

#### **A162 "Solone"**

The aim last year was to arrive in the Morbihan before 26th May, for "Solone", A162, was accepted in one of the five flotillas of mainly ancient boats in the festival. We wished to be afloat in Christchurch during the first week of May and four months on board would give plenty of time to go south, to see that frigate being built somewhere beyond La Rochelle, and then another hop to the Gironde and the Canal du Midi. The currents on the Rhone in summer could be a problem, but we need not have worried.

We thought that the Morbihan would be about four days sail in easy stages south from Brest, but the weather in mid-May, according to the log, was 'simply dreadful'. Anybody with any sense could have told you/us that the weather early in May is always uncertain, and so, like St Agnes Eve, it were! For two weeks we sheltered in Poole, and almost always the only sail in sight. There were occasional hardy racing fleets that took to the water in cold and breezy evenings, but shelter for the night would be anchored in the shallows to take the ground at mid-ebb, more or less in the lee of Brownsea Island. The rhododendrons were in bloom and a wonderful sight from a vacant mooring nearby.

The worst of the weather was sampled miles up river at the ever-hospitable Redclyffe Yacht Club where the clubhouse was built on stilts above the bank and could provide a lee. Furious gusts of wind would whistle over the roof and sent us heeling, even at low water with little of the mast to show above that roof. "Atalanta Mary", with her famous twin rudders, was on the hard.

There were moments of course; we remembered the good days on the moors in the mist, for friend Ian was a Scot, and that country was perfect to learn the imaginative mysteries of geology. We said how wonderful it was to leave that everlasting sun to those at home for we loved the change, and found pleasure in the warm and comfortable public library in Wareham where access to the Internet was free, with a smile!

The Channel beyond Old Harry and Standfast Point was sampled in four attempts to reach Alderney or to Dartmouth, but the boat was headed on each attempt, and so a pleasant 12-hour sail would be 24 hours to windward in uncertain weather. But on one superb day there was a forecast of gentle breezes between the strong winds at Dover and the next depression from the west and the course was for Alderney, or bust.

Progress was good by motor sailing on a fine reach (known to us as 'perkinisation'), and all went well as our progress over the tides was plotted and the boat was carried this way and that, but always more or less on course. And then we had the outward-bound shipping lane in sight; a great parade of ships large and small, all well spaced over a broad strip of sea and many in line ahead with a few wide gaps between. We knew that 15 minutes sail from first sight would take us to any ship and knew also that decisions were needed within say the first 10 minutes.

At first it was the lazy man's view in lining up a stay with a monster to see whether she would pass clear ahead, and then as the traffic became dense, it was prudent to take bearings and to note these in the log as the intervals reduced from five minutes to two and the uncertainty remained. Some expression about "honing one's skills", came to mind. One ship, of all of them, was of concern for at first the bearings indicated we would pass clear ahead, according to the rule, and cross her bows at right angles whilst maintaining our course and speed. Then as that ship closed and began to

be very big indeed, the bearings seemed to be constant. However, she was still to port and so would almost certainly pass and we would cross her wake. No problem.

That ship became huge remarkably quickly. You could see the surge of the bow wave and the cascade of water from it and you could feel, through our old wooden hull, the great power of the beast. This was no time to ponder on whether she had increased her speed and the only sensible action was to put the helm down hard, and to stop where we were and let her slide past. There were vague memories of the "Torrey Canyon" disaster and how it took miles (was it four?) near the Bishop Rock to alter course, and even more miles (was it eleven or fourteen?), to stop that ship. So we had done the sensible thing and would be safe. Not so!

Fools paradise; she altered course and the great bows swung towards us, now towering overhead, the surge of the wash greater than before, and was this the moment when the light of Paradise would shine? But now the bows swung even more, and she would pass around our stern. The very detailed view of the welding along her port side was instructive. That ship had swung on a sixpence, and at speed, and soon enough she was the M.V. "Arctic", registry not recorded, and on her way to terrorise another.

Next time we would steer for the stern of any ship, and keep on pointing that way until she had passed ahead. 'So sorry', we would say, 'not to maintain our course and speed'. That rule was a nice idea, but as Mr O'Day had thought (but had no time to record in the log during his last moments upon the sea), it was just not practical!

Alderney was a soft day of brilliant weather with the hedgerows in bloom and the easy, friendly, and welcoming manner of the islanders at every turn. A school fete gave the opportunity for tea and a bun and a display of interest and standard of up-keep long forgotten; a one-man pottery was producing work at studio level of wonderful design, glaze, and finish. The museum in the village, was again to a memorable standard and the design of ladies fashion shoes from ancient times would sweep the board in the West End. All of this was too much for folk used to foreign parts and the occupants of an idle RIB ferry were asked if 'it was not Paradise?' There was an embarrassed silence, but

eventually a dour fellow, after due consideration, said 'he didn't think so!'

So we worked through the Swinge down to St Peter Port, busy even then, and on to St Hellier with the ever-helpful Jersey Radio. Calm seas and a prosperous voyage! Another superb lunch in Yacht Club led to an exchange of notes with another old fellow building an Ian Oughtred double-ender in the museum. This was magic, and the disappointment of failing the Morbihan festival was gone. But in this pleasant environment thoughts turned to St Malo and the Brittany Canal, a very satisfactory solution to the coast route via Raz de Sein.

A light wind from the north wafted "Solone" towards the Brittany coast in a fine mist with poor visibility. Plotting the position each half hour kept tabs on the set of the tide and as we closed the coast the beacons loomed out of the mist exactly where and when required. The flood tide carried us around Ile Brehat and then easily into the east channel into a sunlit wonderland. Yachts of all shapes and sizes moved quietly over the waters, simply out for a sail on a day of peace and of rest. Others at anchor filled secluded coves, and others ashore were all neat and tidy. We drifted up river with an ancient St Brieuc lugger, all tanned sails and tar sided hull. That boat moved amazingly fast, aided by a young daughter adept with a huge sweep, as her father worked swift currents past rocks where we kept well clear.

And so to Lezardrieux with only the cruising chute set in the evening light on the river, and long shadows cast over the water from the west. This was a time of infinite peace, perhaps because the weather had turned, perhaps because there was no tension in the air, or again for that special contentment of those in small boats who are safe from the terrors, real and imagined, of the rocks of the Granite Rose.

The Paimpol Festival is concerned mainly with the music of the sea, and old photographs of the port and the shallow approaches seemed incongruous. We thought of sailing quietly down that coast to St Malo, and leaving the boat for a while, so Paimpol needed to be seen. The entrance from the north in a wind would be avoided by the prudent, but on another day of infinite peace we found our way into the estuary and searched for the channel amongst the mussel beds.

The Almanac was clear, no navigation plus or minus three and a half hours from high water. That turned out to be correct for we sailed in very shallow waters, Thames Estuary style, until the long entrance channel was found and a succession of shell-fish barges swept past. These grounded at intervals, lifting off with the flood, and then raced one another for home.

Home turned out to be protected also by a reef in which a narrow cut was excavated as the channel. This is well marked, but the rock-walls are covered after an hour of low water, and so we anchored assuming that there might be more of the same perils. The town, described by friend Anne 'as a small place' was hidden by breakwater, and then at our low level, by a lock of generous proportions. We floated in to a huge basin, in part converted to an excellent marina, and there, in an even larger basin, was "La Belle Poule", one of two sister ships of the Naval Academy of France. These 227 t schooners were built in 1932 on the lines of the Icelandic Fishing fleet, many of which were based at Paimpol in the late 1800's. It seems that the three masted vessels, whether top sail schooners or barquentines (remember the Frenchman in Captains Courageous?), worked the Grand Banks and St Pierre et Miquelon.

We left Paimpol on the first tide urged on by bad news from home, but amidst an interesting fleet of assorted super-yachts that were to race around Iceland and return in a celebration of the old cod-fishing industry. There was even a young mother with babe in arms waving farewell from the quay. She was no actress kitted out for the occasion and made more of a statement than we wished to imagine. "La Belle Poule" was the starter, but the wind was light and the last we saw as we went to sea was the fleet idle on the line.

Our course was for Jersey, with the temptation of another lunch in that superb Yacht Club. The tidal streams were studied again and again, but would not do for the set was invariably on the bow and the range, and current, was working up to Springs. We would never reach St Peter Port and about mid-morning we altered course to the NW for Guernsey and passed through the gap between the Plateau de Barnouic and the Roches d'Ouvres, marked by that gigantic lighthouse visible at 7.5 nm at the time. Less impressive beacons were seen at a mile. This was no

place for a strong wind or a mechanical failure in a calm. In the future we would approach Jersey only from much farther south and east and better to take the ebb from St Malo and then the flood east around the Minquiers.

Back in Alderney after an exciting ride through the overfalls at Berhou, we moored close to three ancients in an unlikely looking craft that had been the pilot boat for Caen. They had returned from the Morbihan and told tales of the superb arrangements. The skipper was very old, they said, and had just celebrated his 70th year. Ian and I felt better-much better!

The return to England was in good weather so we worked the tide to be placed exactly between Poole and Christchurch, but as we neared the coast the ebb set in and Poole was the sensible option for that night. The early morning was cold and grey with driving rain in the mist and despite a reef, so unpleasant that the entrance to Christchurch as a dead lee shore might be dangerous. So it was back to Poole for tea and reflection!

Later that morning the wind backed to SSW so that Hengistbury Head would provide a lee, and we could take a chance on the rest of the flood. Navigation across Bournemouth Bay was interesting for you kept the line of cliffs barely visible until it was necessary to edge out in the mist and cross the Ledge well away from the headland. The swell over the Ledge in that private world was the best indication and where the lobster pots were not, we turned north for the shore. That stiff breeze and the reefed main carried us far too fast to the surf, but when too close for comfort, the entrance marker buoy was seen and a sharp turn to the west took us up that narrow channel between the sand spit and the shore. Home for the boat, and dry!

The next leg of the journey home was by Condor ferry from Poole to St Malo. Now we travelled in style reading the GPS in the lee of a deckhouse to avoid the wind on a calm day. The catamaran was built in Tasmania, from aluminium, and surged along 75 km/hour to weave past Alderney and Berhou, and then between the Ortac rock and the Casquets to St Peter Port. Not for me on a dark night or a misty day, and we have the co-ordinates for those interested!



## East Coast Rally 2004

### Grahame Hill

#### A65 "Joann"

Preparation for this year's rally started early, day off organised in advance. I was determined to plan for a sensible arrival time, sort out a mooring, blow up the dinghy and get a beer. I had learnt my lesson about early starts. My crew does not do early. Friday morning arrived and the tide was mid afternoon, wind SW 3 to 4, weather fair, sea state slight. Leaving the Colne means SW is on the nose as usual. In order to take some of the flood into Mersea it also means punching the flood out of the river. Thumper was woken and the mooring dropped as soon as I had enough water.

As I left the creek and turned into the Colne it became clear that the conditions were a bit more gusty than forecast. Motoring out past Brightlingsea the waves started to build. Most peculiar slop, very short steep waves some could only be described as pyramids, rising to a point. A significant percentage of each wave wanted to join me in the cockpit. Having listened to the Thames MSI and conditions off Walton-on-the-Naze in the morning and again at lunchtime I am now fully convinced their wind indicator is kept in a bucket in the back yard. I spent more time looking aft as the waves broke on the back of my hood. Crew was sensibly below playing music, every now and again looking up and enquiring what the fuss was about.

Taking the short cut past the Mollette, East cardinal mark, I turned into the Blackwater, hoisted a well reefed set of sails and charged off, occasionally picking seaweed out of the moustache when I forgot to turn away from the spray. The wind eventually peaked having recorded gusts of 30mph and we motored into Mersea to tie up to the piles. This is an occupation I tackle with trepidation; the theory is easy. Head up to the upstream pile, secure the bow on a long line, drop back with the tide and secure the stern. This was one of those days, bow secure, wind equals tide, and we sit there at 90 degrees to the trot. Even longer line from the locker, motor back helm over, motor forward etc etc etc. eventually secured to two piles in a Y bridle before much heaving and tugging brings her into line. Time for that well earned beer whilst watching others getting various items in a twist. One yachtsperson

tried emulating the English longbow men at Agincourt. The boathook was drawn back on the mooring line until it seemed to sing. The pointed half was then fired into oblivion in preference to a much bigger splash.

"Pandemonium" was already on the piles and bless him he never said a word about our antics. We subsequently found out that Rick in "Blue Belle" had tried to come across about an hour after us and had been beaten back more than once. Things were not looking good. There was no sign of Jane on "Bluster". I thought of my recent experience leaving the Deben in marginal conditions and wondered if she was on her way. I hoped Norman on "Kookaburra" was safely in Bradwell as planned. I called up each in turn on 16 more in hope then certainty but the silence was deafening.

The regatta programme was clear. This year numbers must be used. "They are available in the WMYC on Friday night or Saturday morning before 07:30." A quick call on 16 still no reply. I went into the club at 07:00 to pick up the boards for everyone in case they were at the start line but none were there. Panic, much questioning revealed they were already on the committee boat. The old seagull roared as only seagulls can, back to the mooring. I could now be sure that everyone else was awake! Let slip the lines, trying not to moor up again via the propeller as I did last year. I did not fancy a swim quite that early.

As we motored out of the quarters there was "Bluster" anchored, apparently after a rough passage down the Wallet the engine had taken umbrage refusing to make the trip into Mersea through the tightly packed moorings. "Blue Belle" had had an early start and scurried past to pick up crew. "Kookaburra" was visible in the distance. A quick check boards in place, I collected my race board and "Blue Belle's" before hurrying back to pass it over.

Fifteen minutes to the start, I was motor sailing in the wrong direction trying to hand over the board. Getting further away from the start line I made holes in the board to tie it to the rail, or anything I could find. Like medieval jousts we passed, the token handed over and I accomplished a power turn before heading to the start. Watching the clock, 13minutes, three minutes of engine left, put the hammer down 10-4. Genoa out, main sheeted in. 11minutes will we make the start under sail? 10minutes all has to go quiet and it did. A very tense sail to the start and we crossed the line about a



minute after the gun. The others had a good start spread out along the line. "Blue Belle" was still astern, making for the line. The weather had been kind after the wind and tides the day before it was a pleasant relief.

There was then a minor problem, which course are we sailing? I remembered course one was on the board when we picked up the boards. We were heading for Thirslet that fits. Wait they have missed it, now what, I looked for boats that started with us. This strategy worked at this stage, "Bluster" and "Kookaburra" were close and it looked like a good move. I narrowed down the options. It was course 1, or 3 or one of the others. I started to think, a dangerous concept. Thirslet is high and dry at this state of the tide and I suppose rounding it would have been difficult. So it might still be course 1, keep on following. The Atalantas were close, this was going to be interesting, no slacking and the autohelm went back into the box. The boats headed out of the Blackwater. I settled in to follow a Blackwater sloop, she was smaller so I must be able to keep up. "Bluster" and "Kookaburra" were close astern. The wind was fair but not too shifty. More discussion about the course, the strain of thinking had been too much keep with the sloop. This strategy worked for most of the race, distances between the Atalantas varied but the general positions remained the same. "Bluster" and "Kookaburra" jostled for position behind me. Horror, the sloop hoisted a spinnaker and hurtled away, my course was now more hope than directed, I had sort of worked out it was course 3 plus a few buoys that I was determined not to miss in case they

were part of the course. Both Atalantas got closer then dropped back until the final lap. Having got so far I was determined not to miss out today, penultimate buoy number one. I was going to miss it then I realised we had gone round it twice before. Sudden course change needed in order to leave it to port, even if it did mean stemming the tide. "Bluster" stayed out and did not try to round the mark. "Kookaburra" also changed course and followed me round the mark. Finally we made a straight course for the finish. The gun heralded the fleet's return "Joann", "Bluster", "Kookaburra" and "Blue Belle" all finished in turn.

The post race discussion followed, it was course 3! The last buoy was meant to be ignored on the final lap. Well done Jane for knowing the course. The racing was so close that final mark was the decider in second and third places. On return I spent some time wandering around Mersea trying to get hold of the commemorative plates and the results. Eventually I tracked down the results and the plates were eventually claimed in the evening.

Mike Thorley and his family did us proud by booking the village hall and setting out a super supper which was enjoyed by all. We returned fulfilled by a delicious meal and convivial company to the end of regatta fireworks which were up to the usual high standard. I hope to see you again next year, if you have not done the Mersea regatta yet come and join us next year. The competition is friendly and the Blackwater and Colne are worth a visit in their own right.



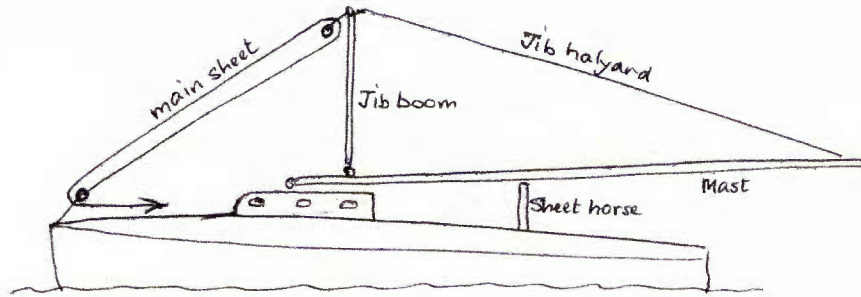
**ALPHABETICAL LIST  
OF BOAT NAMES**

A20	ACANTHA
A60	ACHATES
A132	A EGLIN
A113	AKU
A32	ALCHEMY
A7	ALOUETTE DE MER
A161	AMBER ELLEN
A136	AMSARA
A3	ANDANA
A126	APPLE
A36	AQUILA
A184	AQUILO II
A8	ARABESQUE
F62	ARIEL
A18	ARIES
A104	AROSA
A15	ARTEMISII
A1	ATALANTA
A102	ATALANTA MARY
A137	BABY SEAL
A51	BACARDI
A67	BAJAN
A31/3	BALLOO
F52	BANSHEE
A98	BEKI
A109	BELTINE
F54	BLUE BELL
A77	BLUE GOOSE
A71	BLUE JACKAROO
A183	BLUSTER
A135	BOOM
A149	BRITT
A128	CADNO GWYN
T10	CALISTA
A120	CAMEO
A31/6	CAPERDONICH
A180	CASCADE
A130	CASTANET
A70	CATALINA
A147	CHAMOIS
A21	CHUFF
A181	CIRDAN
A114	CLAUDIA
A143	CLYMENE
A62	COCO
A89	COLCHIDE
A174	CORDYL
A123	COROMANDA
A34	CRICKET
A68	CURLEW
A144	CYN
A40	DALRIADA
A154	DEANNIE

A139	DELIA ANN
A84	DESIREE
A31/9	DESTINY
A26	DETOUR
A16	DEVORQUILLA
A5	DIAPHONY
F23	DODO
A31	DOLFIJN
F26	DRIFTWOOD
F3	DUNSHEEN
A54	EALA
A52	ECCO 1
A61	ELISSA
A31/5	ELPENOR II
A179	EMMA DUCK
A178	ENDEAVOUR
A39	EPENETUS
A74	EQUANIL
A9	EREINA
A50	ESCAPE
F64	FAERIE QUEEN
A83	FLYING FOX
A31/2	FREEDOM II
T8	FRINGILLA
A79	FRISK
F31	FRODO
F37	GABIOTTA
A41	GALE
A17	GAMBOL
A31/4	GELLIE
A127	GRACE
A23	GYPSY
A94	HAZEL G
A124	HELENE
A95	HIRAN
A166	HULLABALLO
T2	HYSKIER III
A186	ILVERSDEN
A76	INSHALLAH
A175	INYONIYA MANZI
A82	JACARANDA
A158	JANE DUCK
A100	JAUNTY
A122	JELLCLE
A65	JOANN
A97	JOANNE
A148	JOHARA
A59	JULIETTA
A145	JULLIANA IIII
A140	KATE
A85	KICKY-WICKY
T6	KITTIWAKE
A168	KOOKABURRA
A121	KOTORA
T4	KYTRA
A12	LALOESSA
A69	LAQ LAQ
A146	LE BATEAU IVRE

A48	LIDIA
A159	LINDORA
A14	LOUTRE
F13	LUCKY
A73	LYDE
A78	MARIANDA
A22	MARY JANE OF MORETON
A169	MATEVA
A167	MATHILDA
A24	MELANIEN
F49	MERLIN ANN
A29	METEOR
A87	METHUSELAH
T3	MIDSUMMER
A155	MIRANDA
T7	MISSEY MOUSE
A151	MISTURA
A31/7	MOBY DICK
A90	MOURNE GOBLIN
A160	MOYRA
A103	NANCY B
F14	NOGGIN
T1	NURU ALBAHAR
T11	NYERI
A57	ODYSEY
A33	PAM
A64	PARADOX
A101	PATIENCE IV
A173	PEACE
A31/12	PEANUT
A37	PEGASUS
A176	PERSEPHONE
A31/11	PETESARK
A185	PETREL
F9	PETRONELLA
F53	PILGRIM
A125	POLARIS II
A43	PONENTE
A42	PUMULA
A116	QUADRILLE
A157	QUATORZE
A177	QUINTEFFENCE
A141	RAKIA
A66	ROAMARA
A13	ROLLIN' HOME
A72	RONDOR
A27	SABOT
A115	SABRINA OF CROYDE
A150	SALIZANDA II
A31/1	SANCERRE
A86	SASSI
A133	SCALLYWAG
A164	SCARWEATHER
A35	SCHERZO
A92	SEA MAJOR
A129	SEA ROUGE II

F?	SELENE
A153	SERENITY
A75	SHANG
F47	SHERPA
A182	SKIMMER
A165	SLOEBERRY
A4	SNUFFBOX
A162	SOLONE
A108	SOLVENDO
T5	SOLWAY TIDE
A163	SOUNION
F2	STEEL DEAL
F27	STORMBIRD
A131	STREGA
A55	SUE
A118	SUNSTREAM
A138	SWEET SUE
A105	TAKA MARU
A80	TALANTA
A45	TAMMY NORRY
F1	TANGAROA TU
A142	TAOR MINA
T9	TARQUILLA OF AUNE
A2	TELLULA
A88	TENGA
A49	TERRAPINA
A38	THE BEAVER
A46	THEODORA
A170	TILACIOUS
T12	TILY-HO
A99	TOKO
A11	TOMBOY OF TERHOU
A171	TOUCH
A30	TRIO
A31/8	TRIO OF PLAYFORD
A110	TURNSTONE
A117	TURTLE
A44	VAGA
A19	VALARE
F19	VALIS
F48	VANITY III
A25	VIRGO
A47	WALRUS
A119	WALRUS
F?	WILD GOOSE
A81	WINDJAMMER
A58	WINTERSET
A107	XAPU
A156	XIRT
A56	YAMBO II
A91	YARINA
A31/10	ZAMBRA



Method of raising the mast

