

Atalanta Owners Association



2008—2009 50th Anniversary Bulletin



Atalanta Owners Association 2008 – 2009 Bulletin

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Message from the Commodore

2008 seems to have repeated the unpredictable weather of 2007 and I hope that you have all managed some enjoyable sailing. But the year has not been all doom and gloom; the AOA has gathered together the beginnings of a crew who are really making things happen.

John Ingleby's website has now created a flourishing "FORUM". You can log in each day and see the interesting data that is being posted, make comments or add new subjects for discussion at the click of a few buttons - even I have managed to contribute.

Our Editor/Drawing Master, amongst his many other volunteered duties, has produced another stunning Bulletin to add to your collection.

In the background members are planning to salvage Atalanta parts, store them for the use of members who need them, and possibly place boats that are in danger of being scrapped into a safe environment until a restorer can be found.

We thank all those who give so much of their time to the AOA and whose ideas are invigorating the membership on the 50th anniversary of this Association. May I remind you all that the January 17th AGM/Dinner will be celebrating this milestone and hope that you will all join us at St. Ermins' and assist in organising the coming season with your ideas. **It's not too late to book.**



Colin Twyford, Commodore

Message from the Editor

Welcome to the 50th Bulletin of the Atalanta Owners Association. To mark this anniversary you will find not only this year's Bulletin, but a reprint of the very first Bulletin published by Fairey Marine on behalf of the Association.

You will notice a number of features that are common to both bulletins. Both contain suggestions for improving Atalantas, and both contain advice on trailing. Both have articles describing cruises and both include reports on races. Both bemoan the weather!

Of course there are differences, in format and size, black and white photos in contrast to colour photos, and it is inevitable that the current issue contains more information on restoring and repairing our now elderly boats. However considering the sort of weather that we had during the summer of 2008, it is wonderful that we have so many cruises reported in this issue!

So you will find information on trailing, getting the mast up and down when you get there, replacing windows, repairing decks, as well as a number of small improvements.

You will find reports on cruises to the Western Isles, Ireland, the English Channel, inland up the Thames and the East Coast Rally. As usual there is a report on the only race in which our Atalantas were represented this year, the West Mersea Regatta. There is also the tale of a rescued pony.

I hope you enjoy reading this issue as much as I have enjoyed preparing it! A huge thank you to all who have contributed articles. Without your input this Bulletin would not exist.

Good sailing in 2009.

Trevor Thompson



A windy week in *Arosa* by Simon Cooper

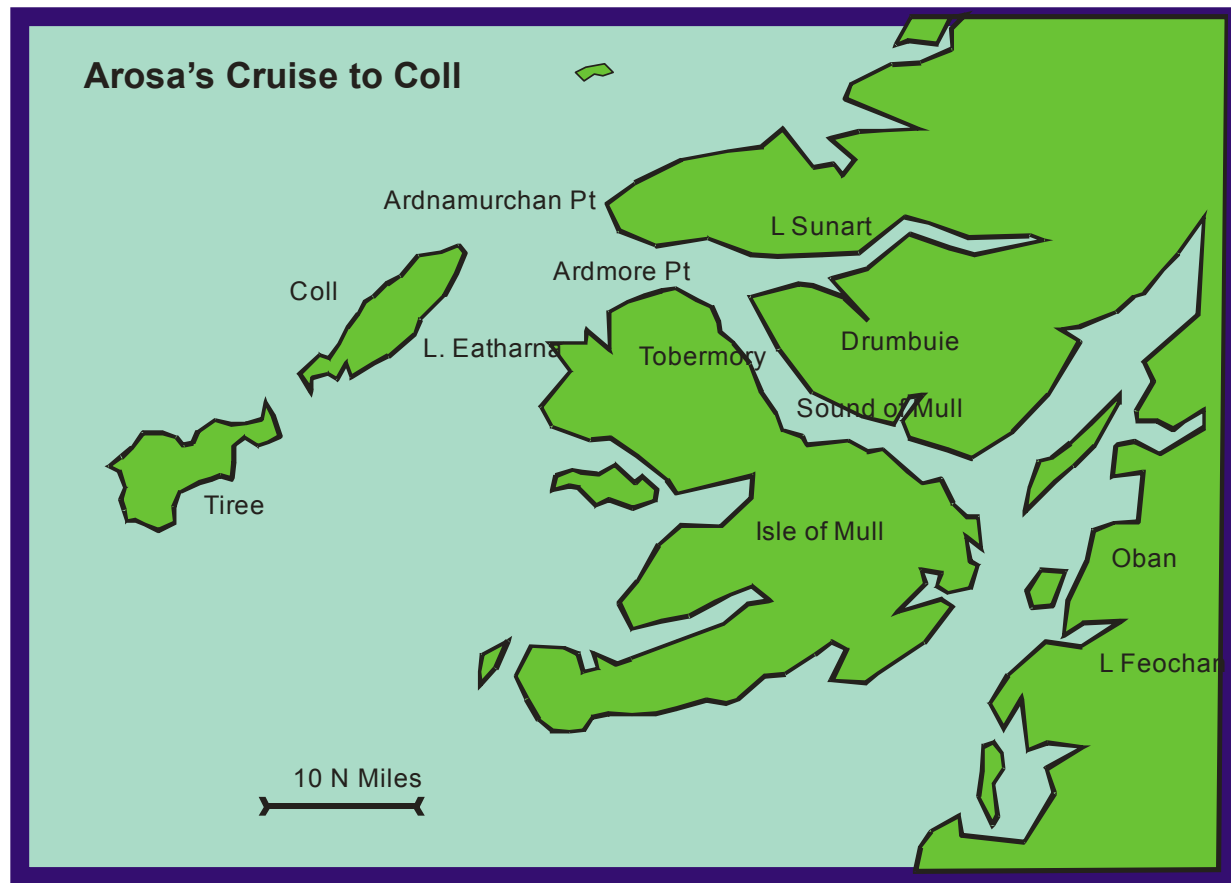
As I headed across the Firth of Lorne the weather was anything but windy. Having a few days to spare and with *Arosa* moored in Loch Feochan, just south of Oban, I had left home the previous day, boarded the train at York and enjoyed the journey to Oban, admiring the scenery from the East Coast mainline as it runs along the Northumberland coast, and later the Highland splendour between Glasgow and Oban.

I had boarded *Arosa* in the late afternoon intending to make for Eigg, the only one of the ‘small islands’ I hadn’t visited. Having arrived by train I had not been able to carry much in the way of supplies but planned to visit the shop on Eigg. Now, the following morning, I was on my way at ten o’clock motoring in windless conditions. Having crossed the Firth of Lorne I continued north-west through the

Sound of Mull seeing porpoises and a seal on the way. It wasn’t until late afternoon, off Tobermory, that a breeze sprang up and I could turn off the engine. I soon rounded Auliston Point into Loch Sunart and entered Drumbuie anchorage, a large natural harbour formed between the mainland and Oronsay Island. Motoring into the anchorage I gave the engine a touch of astern as I reached the selected anchoring point – but *Arosa* kept moving ahead. A quick squint below the cockpit floorboards revealed a broken gear-change cable, so on my second anchoring attempt I had to control the engine using the lever on the gearbox. I was grateful the cable had broken in the middle of an expanse of water rather than when undertaking some tricky close-quarters manoeuvring!

This was my first visit to Drumbuie, a stunning anchorage, quiet and secluded, well protected and with glorious scenery.

The next morning, with the weather forecast predicting strong southerly winds, I



changed my plans. Instead of going north to Eigg and having to struggle back against a head-wind, I would head west to the island of Coll. Sailing out of Drumbuie the weather soon started to deteriorate, first starting to rain followed by rising wind. I lowered the main-sail and continued at a good pace under jib alone. Shortly after this I



En route for Rum



Moored in Loch Feochan

spotted, perhaps 30 yards away, two fins: this looked like the dorsal fin and tail fin of a basking shark, but I was puzzled because, although I had seen one off Lands End a few years previously, I did not think that they got as far north as this. With some satisfaction I noticed the 'whale watching' boat, based at Tobermory, several miles away near Ardnamurchan Point.

The main settlement on Coll is Arinagour, on the west side of Loch Eatharna. I arrived at the entrance to the Loch at mid-afternoon, motoring in past the visitors' moorings to anchor at the north end near Arinagour and close to a small stone pier, convenient for landing. The only other visiting vessel was a yacht on the moorings.

Later on I paddled ashore in the rubber dinghy and made for the Coll Hotel, passing the shop which was closed until 10am the following morning. I dined well at the hotel. A



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A visitor at Coll

couple there confirmed that I had indeed seen a basking shark as there had been several recent sightings. I also met the crew of the other visiting yacht – a husband and wife with two young daughters, based on the Clyde. In the bar was an interesting man: he was a school teacher who came to Coll for two days a week to teach at the primary school. During the holidays he acted as a guide on the local up-market cruise ship *Hebridian Princess* and was a mine of information on all the Hebridian islands.

Back at the boat the weather forecast threatened a gale the following day.

The other visiting yacht left at breakfast time the next day, hoping to beat the gale to sheltered waters, followed by the owner of the moorings who had neglected to collect his dues the previous evening. His dinghy was rather inadequately powered and he gave up the chase as the yacht left the loch entrance.

I laid a second anchor and the gale arrived mid-morning. The wind and the sea which had now got up made it impossible to get ashore to buy food. Bread was the main shortage although I was able to make do with a few part-baked rolls that I had. The one thing I wasn't short of was

wine!

The gale continued for the rest of the day and throughout the night. I turned in fully dressed and left the top half of the companion-way door open. In fact I slept very soundly and by the morning the gale was abating. It was time to head back to Loch Feochan so I weighed anchor after breakfast and motored down the loch, hoisting sail in a very lumpy loch entrance. As I was putting up the jib the halyard jammed – fortunately while the head of the jib was still within reach of the deck – so I stowed the jib

and continued under a well-reefed mainsail. As I left the entrance to the loch there beside me once more was my friendly basking shark.

At one o'clock I was rounding Ardmore point into the Sound of Mull. The wind dropped somewhat and passing Tobermory I was able to shake out the reefs. Helped by the tide I made good progress through the Sound and by eight that evening I was preparing to motor through the entrance of Loch Feochan, which provided the final excitement.

Loch Feochan has a narrow entrance with a twisting buoyed channel and during spring tides (as it was now) the difference in water level between the inside and the outside of the loch can be several feet. I was entering at half flood and it was a pretty exciting ride, something like slaloming down rapids in a canoe! Negotiating the bends in the channel needed full power and full rudder. After thirty seconds of madness we were through and all was calm as I continued gently on to the mooring. Supper that evening was less than gourmet, a tin of sausage and baked beans, the last of my food.



Beale Park 2008



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Our stand was well attended by members and visitors over the three days of the Beale Park Boat Show in June 2008.

Quite a few members and friends of the Association camped in the field adjacent to the show.

A barbeque held on the Saturday night was also popular.



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The East Coast cruise in company and race

By Jane Stearn

An experimental idea and perhaps a bit of a damp squib, but what there was of it was great and perhaps more people might wish to participate another time.

Originally *Calista*, *Kookaburra*, *Taka Maru* and *Hiran* hoped to join *Bluster* for a week of East Coast sailing. But then fate intervened. *Calista's* crew broke his wrist, *Kookaburra's* skipper had a heart attack, *Taka Maru's* restoration was not yet complete and *Hiran* was to join half way through. You win some, you lose some.

Bluster started as scheduled on the Sunday. The weather was unfriendly, resulting in a very wet beat down the Wallet to Brightlingsea in SW force 5-6. It's amazing what the old *Atalanta* will still do. It rained too! A recuperative day on the river Colne followed, with a good lunch at "The Anchor" at Rowhedge for which the sun deigned to shine. The strong winds continued so more wet beating, loads of reefs, but an enjoyable trip up to Maldon to spend a night on the mud on their new visitors' pontoon. There is a lovely atmosphere at Maldon. The Water Bailiff brought down a key to the facilities although it was his day off (no stand-in provided!), said there would be no fee as it was too much trouble and would we return the key, marked "Master Key", through the letter box before we left. Bureaucracy evidently has not yet arrived in Maldon.

Wednesday was the day to meet some other participants at Bradwell. *Bluster* sped down the R.Blackwater with the continuing strong wind to meet with *Kookaburra*, whose recovering skip-



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Entering Haybridge Basin

per, determined not to miss out, bravely came, crewed by his son and *Taka Maru's* owner. *Hiran*, sailed by our Commodore and a friend, had a blowy sail up from Queenborough with a following wind but arrived in the dark and ended up on the mud in West Mersea. They did consider joining the rest of the fleet at Bradwell but were still in recovery mode from their ordeal so we missed the pleasure of their company. Thursday the weather improved and both boats made Heybridge Basin, the sun shone, and a good time was had by all. We dined together in the pub with a superb view of the river.

Friday was the day to assemble for the race in the West Mersea Town Regatta. *Hiran*



© 2008 Norman Dorrington

A183 *Bluster*



Relaxing in Haybridge Basin on *Kookaboro* and *Bluster*

and *Bluster* joined each other on the piles and *Kookaburra* stayed in Bradwell to come the next day. *Blue Belle*, a Fulmar, had been intending to come too but the skipper dislocated his shoulder. Rather a high percentage of troubles this year.

So three boats started at 0920, for a really good sail in sunny weather in a Force 4, occasionally 5. Having such good conditions the race committee gave us a longer course than usual so we made up river to round the Thirslet Spit buoy, then down via several other buoys nearly to the Bench head and back to the Nass Beacon. *Bluster* had a good start and set off with a commanding lead but that was not going to be allowed to continue. *Hiran* and *Kookaburra* crept up until *Hiran* finally overtook. It was anybody's race. It became a matter of who could hold their whisker pole out the furthest. OK, we know that is not how it should be done! At this exciting moment disaster struck. *Hiran's* jib got in a bit of a muddle as the pole came in and

there was a collision. Being *Atalantas* there was no protesting or strong language, but sorrow that such a thing should have happened. The race continued and *Bluster* took off like a train and *Hiran* could no longer get in contention. *Kookaburra* finished a little way behind having had a spot of both-er finding the course, but wherever we came we all enjoyed it and voted it the best sailing the race had yet provided.

Mike and Sarah Thorley did us more than proud as usual with supper in the Scout hut. There was no hanging about this year - we just set off walking to the hut which meant we had longer to enjoy each other's company. Grahame and a friend joined us so thirteen sat down to fish and chips, puddings, and cheese and biscuits, and BYO drink. We just managed to stagger back to a crowded waterfront and amazing display of fireworks to end a memorable week. Next year *Taka Maru* and *Rakia* have promised to race too, and I would encourage more of you not to miss the occasion.

Trapped pony sparks bizarre double rescue

by Charles Hammond

Beaver (Fairey Dinky dinghy) is tender to A119 *Walrus*, whose home port for the last two years has been St Just in Roseland, Cornwall. Anyone who knows the beautiful St Just Creek can vouch for it being very exposed to weather from the SE, S, SW and west, so a good seaworthy tender is essential.



Miffy the sailor dog

May 2008: *Beaver* escapes from *Walrus* (up the creek without a tender).

We have all done it I am sure, the classic tender painter tied with too much slack, *Walrus*' engine into reverse. Engine stopped abruptly, painter well and truly wrapped around the prop shaft. The painter pulled out of the tender's bow. "I'm free," cried *Beaver*, and aided by a strong westerly wind and an incoming tide, shot off up the creek (Percuil).

Decision time for skipper. *Walrus* adrift, no engine, tender off up the creek:-

1. Secured *Walrus* to passing yacht on a mooring.
2. Called out to *Beaver* to "STOP!", but *Beaver* just kept on laughing.

A plan was needed. "Get your kit off, Chas, or we will miss last orders at the pub." Helpful constructive advice from my unable crew. "Its ----- freezing and the water's ----- freezing as well." *Beaver*



***Beaver* at work**

now enjoying her newfound freedom. Nothing else for it. Skipper (Jacques Cousteau) dived into the water and chased after the laughing duck. A mixture of swimming and mud skimming eventually caught up with the tiny smirking fairey (*Beaver Las Vagas*) Jacques (Chas) heaved into tender without tipping it over (difficult when covered in mud up to the thighs - alright then knees), rowed back to *Walrus*. Now to deal with the main problem: THE ROPE.

Jacques Cousteau (skip) applauded by the crew, promptly handed a diving knife and a pair of swimming goggles and instructed to "Get it sorted quickly 'cause we can still make the pub if you pull your finger out". 5 minutes later a wrinkled, crinkled and cold Jacques Cousteau emerged from the water to a hero's welcome and hot coffee with brandy. "Bet you won't do that again skip!"

October 2008: Somewhere in Cornwall Fishermans Blues.

Well, you might not be surprised to hear that in fact we did something very similar in the October of the same year, I am embarrassed to say. *Beaver* wasn't actually involved this time, but the skipper and *Walrus* were. This was just a case of an over confident Atalanta owner relying on those lifting keels taking his boat where it shouldn't be: SHALLOWS. On this occasion we managed to get a lobster pot line wrapped tightly around the prop shaft. Needless to

say we pretended to be at anchor whilst I (Jacques Cousteau) prepared for another swim under the boat to yet again free a tangled prop shaft.. We still have the pretty green buoys as a memento, but alas the pot remains on the seabed! Sorry Mr Fisherman.

Later that week: *Beaver's* finest hour. *Walrus, Beaver, Mandy, Chas, Timmy, Bells, and Miffy the Collie, on a trip up the Fal River past the King Harry Ferry turned right after the Tolverne cottage up towards Philligh.*

“A couple had to be saved from their boat after the pony they were trying to rescue caused it to sink. Emergency services were deployed from across Cornwall to attend the dramatic rescue operation in the river Fal. The boat owners, a man and a woman in their early fifties, were staying at St Just in Roseland on holiday. They were on a trip up river near Philleigh when they spotted a scared pony stranded on a bank. The fire brigade was called but before they arrived the couple tried to coax it onto their boat. Falmouth firefighter Frank Gendall said: “The couple had seen the little pony on the bank and managed to coax it onto their nine foot boat. They transported it across the river but as soon as it saw the shore it bolted and as it leapt from the boat, punched two holes in the bottom. The boat began to sink and luckily the water was quite shallow – about one meter deep, so they could clamber onto the little cliff edge. The three of them were then stranded on this ledge which is when we arrived.” Three firefighters from Falmouth crossed the river in the lifeboat. They were also working with firefighters from St Mawes, St Austell and Cambourne. “We used ropes to bind the pony to the lifeboat, and took it back across the river to safety – but it was so weak we didn’t think it was going to make it,” he said. “The couple boarded a nearby friend’s yacht and were taken back to St Just – they were fit and healthy but a bit wet,” he



Walrus and Beaver plus crew

*said. “We gave the pony oxygen on the other bank and he seemed to feel better. The vet arrived and sedated him before it was taken to a nearby farm.” “If it wasn’t for that very caring couple, who were more worried about the pony’s safety than themselves, it would have drowned.” “But I wouldn’t recommend to anyone that they attempt to rescue a pony in a nine foot boat.”**

The Final Outcome

Yes the pony did survive. Involved in the rescue were a total of 28 firefighters, 2 RNLI crew, 1 vet, and 4 outboard motors (400hp) to rescue a pony (1/2hp). The report is almost correct apart from my wife Mandys’ age, and crucial to the rescue we did **not** invite the pony into *Beaver* the tender. He decided it was a better bet than swimming.





Colin and *Hiran*

West Mersea and all that jazz

by Colin Twyford

We had a lousy start to our visit to the East Coast Race at West Mersea. A rope round our prop on Monday PM whilst loading *Hiran* alongside our Erith Yacht Clubship, when we were due to set sail 0400 hrs Tuesday. We had to stay till the next high tide, rising at 0500 hrs to take *Hiran* across by rope haul through three trots, so we could beach for the following low tide. Once the rope was removed from the prop, we punched the flood down to Queenborough (Medway) and arrived quite late. We were late leaving Queenborough on Wednesday, but had a good motor sail SE up to the entrance to West Mersea, with SW winds at 5 - 6 gusting about 40 knots. You have to turn to the NW to enter West Mersea and with a switch in wind direction to the W and a falling tide, we were only travelling across the ground at about 1/2 knot and at 6 knots through the water. It took a couple of hours to get into the Mersea bay against the ebb and the light had gone. We decided to go into W Mersea and moor on the piles, but got stuck on the mud in Mersea Quarters at

about 2300 hrs. We laid an anchor till 0500 hrs and entered West Mersea to moor up. A quiet day on Thursday with a visit to our Mersea member Mike Thorley A141 helped us to recover. Friday we shopped a little and prepared to receive our Vice Commodore, Jane Stearn, A183 alongside us on the piles. On Saturday the wind abated a little and the Race was a pleasure to sail. John Ingleby A105 slept aboard *Hiran* after the supper as he was leaving to crew with Jane back N to the Deben and Jane

had a full boat of four. We saw them off at 0600 hrs on Sunday and departed at 1100 hrs ourselves, aware that we would be heading straight into the SW wind as always. Sadly when we arrived at the Whittaker Buoy to turn into the SW, our engine decided to take a rest. We later found out that it was fuel starvation with a blocked filter. When we arrived at the Medway entrance, it was almost impossible to sail into the SW wind and without an engine, I was not happy to enter the moorings. A passing motor boat kindly towed us onto the pier, where I was able to contact my brother-in law and his son, who live locally and they are geniuses with all sorts of boat problems. They arrived and after the fuel tank was taken off, emptied, cleaned and the filter was cleared, the engine was in business again. We left about 1100 hrs on Monday into the Thames, punched the tide and a force 5 wind till about 1400 hrs, when the tide turned and we could relax till we arrived at EYC about 1700 hrs. *Hiran* had taken a bit of punishment and there appears to be some ingress of water in the forward cabin, so she will come out when I have a moment. Maybe I will leave her on shore and get her ready for an early start next year. All I can hope is that the weather will improve for 2009, as it has been pretty awful for the last two years.



Replacing Atalanta windows

by Mike Rowe - with additional comments from the Editor

The original glazing was in Perspex. This has the advantage of being totally clear and more readily bent but crazes under the effect of sunlight after some years - normally quite a few! It also can shatter under impact. The alternative is polycarbonate

(under various trade names) which is more difficult to bend and has a bluey or yellowy tint but does not craze or shatter. It is used for riot shields, bullet-proof glazing etc. Polycarbonate is more expensive.

Editor's note: We replaced *Calista's* windows some 6 or 7 years ago with a non UV resistant polycarbonate and it is now beginning to craze. I recommend that anyone replacing windows makes sure that they are supplied with UV resistant material - there is a lot of work in replacing the windows - so you won't want to do it again if you can help it. Also remember to buy enough so that you have a couple of spare window blanks - you will mess up the first couple that you try to bend! It is worth having the outer frames re-chromium plated while you are doing this. I also replaced all the screws (should be chromium plated brass - but I used stainless because they were all I could find in the correct size - with no obvious corrosion problems after 6 years) - and re-tapped the holes in the inner frames to a slightly larger metric size. I have had some window leaks at various times and recommend using the self adhesive foam rubber tape sold in chandleries to bed the windows down. It can cope with changes in temperature and humidity much better



A plaster mould made from an old window

than mastic. I couldn't get it the right width so used two strips side by side.

The original glazing was formed over the "plugs" cut out to form the ports (hence was bent to exact curvature and was easy to cut to exact size) by heating in an oven on top of the plug and was then removed after the appropriate time and covered with cheesecloth which was then pulled down to bend the sheet to shape and left to cool.

Editor's note: I made a wooden pattern to follow the curve of the cabin and sandwiched the softened plastic between the wood and the old window while it cooled. You have to be quick - it cools and stiffens very quickly when removed from the oven. Some of the windows have curves in two dimensions and I made a mould for them by pouring plaster inside the old (well greased) window. A ply panel was used as a backing for the mould. When the plaster had set I prized it off the window. The new window was again formed between the mould and the old window.

If you are trying to fit new windows where none have been before, and the area you want to fit them to has double curvature, I would suggest that making a plaster mould would still be feasible. If the plaster is stiff,

and the area of deck covered in polythene then I would “plaster” the plaster onto a slightly oversize plywood panel and lay it onto the deck. I would use small pieces of ply and tape to try to hold the plaster in place until it has set. Of course a second mould can be made from the first - so that the heated Perspex can be sandwiched between the two half moulds.

Cooking details - mixed units I know - but that is how I was given them!

Perspex ideal moulding temperature 145degC, practical 160degC, cooking time 2sec/thou i.e. 400sec/6 1/2 - 7 min for 5mm.

Polycarbonate ideal moulding temperature 180degC, cooking time 2sec/thou i.e. 316 secs. 5 - 5 1/2 mins for 4mm.

Editor’s note: You have to be very careful in heating up the plastic – leave it in the oven slightly too long and it bubbles up and ruins the blank. You will also have to remove the protective covering from both sides of the window blanks. It is easier if you place the blank on something flat – the wire oven shelves will leave marks in the final window. If it is a bit smaller than the blank then you will see when the plastic starts to “flop” and can take it out at that point (as long as there is a window in the oven door so you can see what is happening inside). Cut the bent blank to size after it has cooled. A jig saw with the speed set low, and lubricated with paraffin, is the easiest way to cut the Perspex. It is important to protect the polished surface from tool marks - I coated both sides of the Perspex with masking tape before cutting it. Note that care is needed when using power tools and a lubricant, particularly a flammable lubricant. It would be safer to use an air driven saw. Note that paraffin is the correct lubricant to use on these plastics.



An Atalanta enthusiast by proxy

by Peter Bensley

As a teenager some 50 years ago, my friend Alan Staley invited me to cruise the East Coast with him in his 18-foot boat. On one of these cruises we picked up company with a lovely looking boat just off the Swinn. Unusual in her lines, she was a fine and pretty craft with a varnished finish throughout and looking very new. We kept her company into Brightlingsea and requested permission to tie up alongside her, as the anchorage was rather full. Alan and I were both taken by her lines and we were invited aboard. It was here that I found a new love, which almost came up to the standard of my dear old GP14 No. 279 *Chikadee*. What a difference to Alan’s boat where everything was cramped and basic. We asked what class she was and were told that she was a Fairey Atalanta. There was another reason that made her so pleasing; she had a crew of father, mother, son and a very attractive daughter, over whom Alan and I nearly came to blows. It was their first trip in her and they had travelled down the Thames, stopping at a most uncomfortable mooring at Southend-on-Sea, before we met them.

We asked where they were bound and discovered that they were headed in the same direction as we were, or had the daughter determined our passage? Alan and I left early next morning to make our way to Woodbridge, moored up and went ashore for the afternoon. On our return our new found friends were lying just astern, arriving on the last of the flood. On returning to our boat the Atalanta’s skipper told us off for not wearing buoyancy aids when at sea. Being young and macho, we said that if we went overboard it would be better to get it over quickly if we were too far from the shore. We discovered that the skipper was a doctor or surgeon. He told us that the will

to live would far outlast the cold and discomfort and it was sensible to wear one just in case. After an evening in company, both boats set off next day to Orford, where we had another day together. Later that evening I spent some time with my sketchbook and found how different it was to draw an Atalanta. They appear to be almost free of any hard lines, apart from the mast and rigging and I have remained enchanted with them after my chance encounter with this lovely boat they call the Atalanta. We saw her a couple of times during the remainder of the holidays, but we had failed to make a note of her name or number. Shortly after that I left Whitstable and took up a land based job and eventually family commitments.

Gardening became a passion and when I took over an allotment plot in Sidcup many years after, I found myself opposite Janet and Colin Twyford. We soon found a joint interest in sailing and I was invited aboard *Hiran* A95 in the Spring of 1994. As soon as I saw her lying bobbing at her mooring just off the causeway near the club ship *Folgefonn* at Erith Yacht Club, my memories came flooding back and it was time to realise my dream to sail in an Atalanta. Sails were soon aloft and when the engine was cut *Hiran* slipped through the water with just a gentle gurgle. Later that year I was invited to crew with Colin in the last race of the season, 10 miles down river to the "Ovens Buoy" just past Gravesend and back. Colin had entered on many occasions, but had always been beaten by the tide before reaching the Buoy. This time the conditions were almost perfect for an Atalanta, with a steady force 4-5 and *Hiran* rounded the mark for the first time. We were delighted and arrived back at *Folgefonn* to be greeted by a blast from the horn and the news that although early arrivals had been back some 40 minutes, we had won on handicap by a couple of minutes. In 1996 we repeated our success and our handicap was altered radically. The follow-

ing seasons our attempts were often defeated by the tides and the times we completed the course we were well down the field. Roller furling was installed and we experimented with taking the fore sheet inside the stays, which assisted us to reach higher, but still no success until 2005. When the race started with virtually no wind, just a breath or so down river, hoisting our oversized spinnaker we drifted down river on the tide, holding position with the leading much faster boats till we reached the "Ovens". As we turned into the wind we were left behind, but maintained contact with the fleet just in sight. Our handicap had all been saved for the return trip and we were winners again. *Hiran* is the only boat with the same crew to ever win the race three times and she is of course an Atalanta.

One point of sadness is that recently I have been involved with Colin in the breaking up of A160 *Moira*, which I understand has had a chequered career. Having sustained severe damage the owner had not been able to repair her in time to stop her from disintegrating still further. However this old lady will be able to donate her parts to other boats in the fleet and her spirit will continue to sail on. It is with this thought in mind I like to think that the Atalanta Owners Association will continue for many years to sail these lovely Old Ladies and give pleasure to all those who sail and see them.

Thank you for my fond memories and thank you Uffa Fox for producing these wonderful Old Ladies of the sea and long may they continue to sail the seven seas in the hands of those who really know what sailing is all about.



Repairing laminates. How we do it on A142

by Greg Manning

Every Fairey boat owner must at some time have to carry out repairs to laminates that have been damaged either by water ingress or impacts. This article shows in picture form how we have devised and refined the technique we use to repair A142.

The repair shown is where there has been impact damage in the area of the rubbing strake. This has then sprung away from the hull allowing water ingress and delaminating..



The layers of laminate need to be cut back until the damage to the lower layers is exposed. This may require repeated enlargement of the area.



Mark the area to be removed. A piece of flexible plastic with a right angle corner is ideal. Ensure that the cross grain cut on the laminate to be removed is displaced from the edge joins of the lower laminates, and that there is a good overlap on all the joins in each direction.



Cut along the marked line. Yes, use a sharp knife.



Chisel a "V" from the waste side to the cut.



Repeat the cut, this should now be nearly all the way through the laminate.



Once again chisel out on the waste side to deepen the "V".



Clean out and deepen the "V" and now,



remove all the laminate. Be careful not to cut through the original adhesive between the laminates. Doing so will blunt the chisel very quickly. A final knife cut at the edge will be needed at this stage.



Use a disc sander to remove any wood that could not be chiselled away, together with the original adhesive. Great care is required not to cut into the next laminate.



Work out how best to fit new wood into the repair so that it conforms to the curvature of the hull, and so that new joints are well displaced from those of all the underlying layers. It is impractical and difficult to make new pieces to the same width as the original "planks". Cut new wood to fit. The easiest way to trim new pieces to size is on a fixed belt sander.



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Liberalily apply epoxy thickened with colloidal silica to avoid droop. Note in this picture the underlying laminates have been replaced. The vertical line is not a join but is the edge of the two new outer layers. When replacing other than the outer laminate they may be thicker than the original and will require sanding down to the original thickness. Use a disc or belt sander. Great care is needed so as not to flatten the profile of the boat.



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Align the new wood and staple in place using 10mm staples. Staple through plastic strips so as not to get epoxy on the stapler and so that the staples can be prised out without bruising the wood. Whilst stapling, use as much pressure as possible to squeeze the new wood tight, and exclude any surplus epoxy. Having located the new wood in place, work across it to allow excess epoxy to escape. Check it is secure all over by applying pressure with a thumb.



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We cut the plastic stripes from margarine containers and considered renaming A142 “Utterly Butterly”! The strips can be reused a number of times.



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Having removed the staples use a belt sander to level and smooth the joins. Once again great care is needed to follow the correct profile of the boat.



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The finished job ready to paint. Note that we have also repaired above the rubbing

strake and behind the new stem in the same way.

The repair finished. Do not ask how the reindeer got in there as the quality control officer.

Smaller repairs can either be required as a result of a gouge or a hole right through the hull, for example blocking up a redundant skin-fitting hole. In both cases a technique that causes the minimum disruption to the original laminates will be the strongest.

For a gouge that goes no deeper than the second laminate, remove the outer laminate over the area, fill the underlying laminate with the appropriate filler and then replace the outer laminate.

For a hole, remove the outer laminates from both sides taking care that the edges are not coincidental. Replace one of the laminates and then resin in a hardwood plug to make up the two inner laminates, and then replace the outer surface laminate.

Major repairs where all four laminates are damaged are not too much of a problem if approached logically and with care. Sorry no photos as when we had to do a job of this type all our brainpower was on the task in hand!

Support the damaged area on one side by taping on strips of thin ply or by whatever means is suitable for the location. On the other side remove two laminates as explained at the beginning of this article. If the area is too springy to work on support the area from the other side by bracing, with an assistant holding a dolly (a 14lb post hammer is ideal) or a sand bag held against the hull. From the side where the laminates have been removed fill any damaged area of the third and fourth laminate with polyfiller. When this has set sand it to the correct profile and paint it and the third laminate with two coats of gloss paint.

Replace the two laminates that have been prepared, and then remove the two laminates and the polyfiller from the other side which will not have stuck to the new work due to being against the gloss paint.

Make good the laminates on this side as previously explained.

It is easier done than said.



A trip up the Thames River by Janet and Colin Twyford A95

When the AOA members at the AGM voted to repeat our 2007 attendance at the Beale Park Boat Show in 2008, Janet and I decided to take *Hiran* to the Show as an exhibit and by motoring up the Thames demonstrate the versatility of our Fairey Atalantas. This would also be a much-promised visit to the upper reaches ever since we had purchased *Hiran* 25 years ago. We have many memories of Sonning, where we fished for many years, a week spent on a hired launch in our first year of marriage, during which a Kingfisher perched on my rod early one morning. We also lived in Twyford (near Reading) for three years in our first house, where our eldest daughter was born, and some years later took our three children on a weeks cruise on the river. Dinah and Trevor Thompson, who do so much for the AOA, were organising the AOA's attendance at the Show again alongside their many other responsibilities and they booked us a berth in the Beale Park Marina on the Lake alongside the river. There we would be close enough to the Stand to allow visitors onboard and be part of the show. The riv-



***Hiran* arrives at Boveney Lock**

er books we had were all well out of date, so we purchased an up-to-date version of "The River Thames Book" by Chris Cove-Smith to swot up on the latest information.

The mast was already down for the winter refit and we did not feel that it would be comfortable to carry it on a journey that would take us 98 miles up river to Beale Park. A short mast was made to carry our lights and flags and much painting and preparation was carried out in the weeks leading up to our journey. I decided to carry my old Seagull 40 plus long-shaft in case of an emergency. Janet provisioned the boat and we left our moorings at Erith Yacht Club at 1800 Sunday 1st June, to take up a mooring at Greenwich YC at 1945. This would give us a couple of hours start on Monday with the rising tide to travel through London to the first Lock. We had not moored at Greenwich for many years and found the bridle moorings in a poor state, covered in slime and very tangled. It took us quite a time to clean the boat after mooring before bunking down.

Casting off at 0715 on Monday we travelled under Tower Bridge at 0822. The city was well and truly alive with workers streaming over the bridges and the catamarans whipping past us making considerable turbulence. As this was the first time we had passed through London by water, it was a fascinating journey and a completely new experience. I am a Londoner by birth and worked in the West End for many years, travelling in by car and making many journeys along the Embankment to the Western Counties. Reaching Richmond Lock at 1130 we telephoned the lock keeper to gain admittance as it was not near enough to High Water and the bridge is only



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Mother duck arrives for breakfast

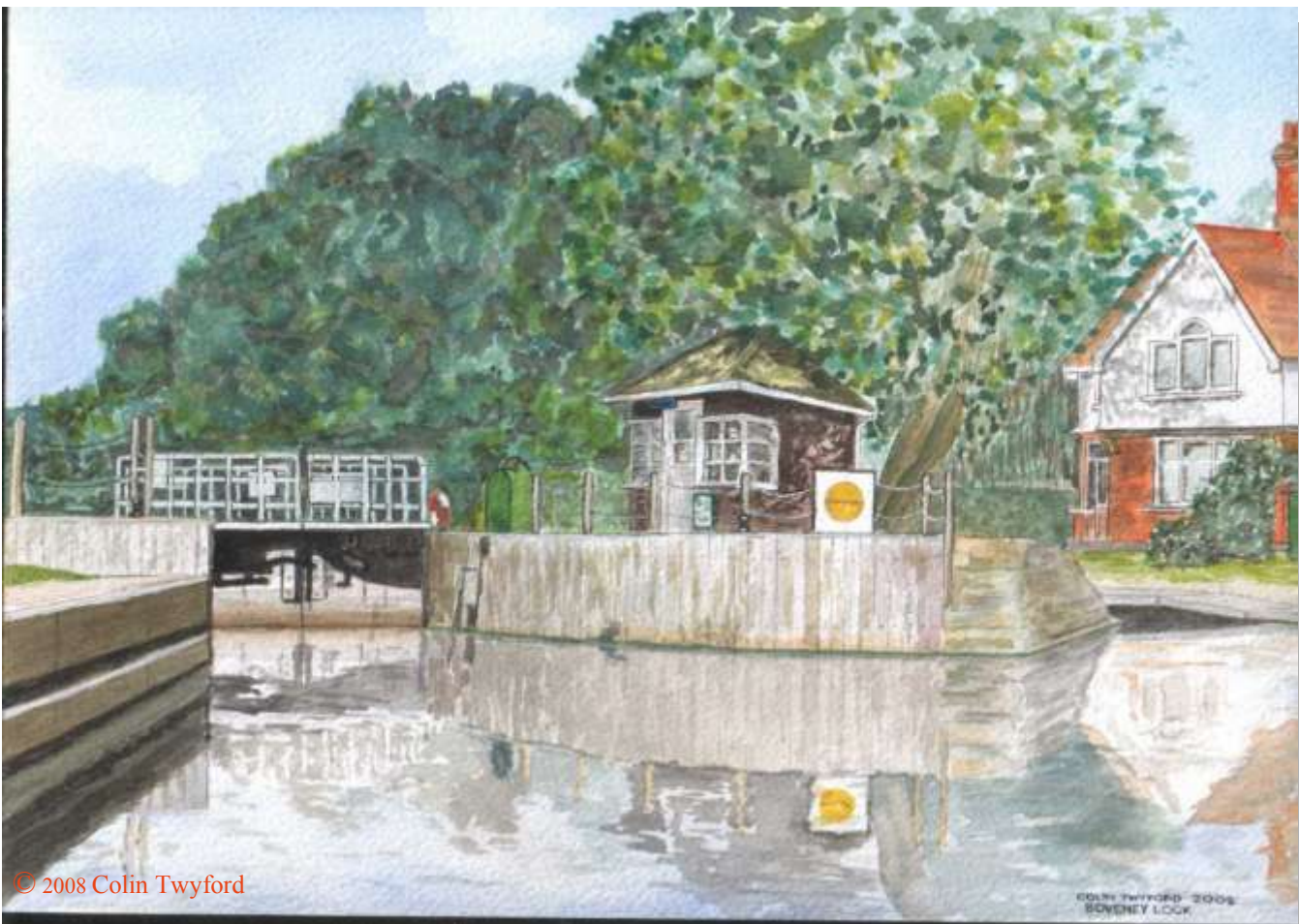
open for travelling through +/- 2hrs of HW. There was no response to our call. We hovered around until someone appeared and asked why we had not called. It then appeared that the number in Mr Cove-Smith's book was incorrect. Once through we carried on to Teddington Lock where we left the Tidal Thames and motored into the River Thames at 1240. There were scattered showers during the afternoon and we saw our first (and only) Kingfisher. After passing through Molesley Lock at 1350, we decided to tie up at an inviting bank at 1603. We were satisfied that we were ahead of schedule though the river was flowing at about 3 knots, which was faster than I recalled from past experience. *Little did we know what awaited us!*

We awoke on Tuesday 3rd June to steady

rain and left our mooring to travel about one mile to Sunbury Lock. Passing through we took advantage of their toilet disposal and water services. Whilst there a passer-by stopped and informed us that his father had owned an Atalanta and he had purchased another one later, but had sold it some time ago. We left at 1140 and it carried on raining all day. We passed an assortment of craft, houseboats with real tiled roofs, Thames barges of all sizes, some fully rigged, huge motor launches and many smaller boats, with the occasional neglected past prized possession. Wonderful houses with sweeping lawns and beautiful gardens alongside smaller houses and cabins, most of them well kept and desirable, it made us quite envious. We proceeded upriver through Shepperton, Chertsey, Penton Hook, Bell Weir, and Old Windsor. Entertained by the scenery, we were thoroughly

soaked in our open cockpit, so once we had passed through Romney Lock we phoned ahead to Boveney Lock to request the use of their moorings. The lock keeper informed us that he would be opening the weir shortly and his moorings would be very uncomfortable. He advised us to tie up on the open field opposite the Windsor Race Course (there is no mooring allowed along the race course). There was only one suitable spot about ½ mile from Bo-

barded with all the surface muck that was of course sweeping down the outside curve of the bend, just where we were situated. The river had risen about 2 feet and was flowing very fast. Janet and I sat on the bows fending off all that we could, but the logs etc. were trying to force their way between the bank and us, the water had risen above the concrete edging and we were in danger of being forced onto it, possibly causing damage. When daylight arrived it



Boveney lock from an original watercolour painted by Colin Twyford

veney Lock on the outer bend. We were wet and tired so we took our stakes ashore and tied up at 1550. The rain stopped but we put up a cover over the cockpit just in case of further rain, ate a very welcome meal and retired fairly early. At about 0400 we were awakened by the sound of debris hitting the side of the boat. Going on deck we saw that we were being bom-

was obvious that we had to move, but the problem was we did not want to loose our metal stakes. I went ashore and managed to cut a branch to serve us as a sacrificial stake and at that moment a lady walking her dog offered assistance and with her help we were able to slip the mooring rope. It was only ½ mile to the lock, but at 6 knots through the water, it took us half an hour to

arrive. We found that some of the waiting moorings were under water. Mooring up I approached the lock and the keeper informed me that the Red Boards were up and that he was advising us not to proceed on the river. If we did he would hand us a (red) card, which would mean that we were not insured against damage etc. I could see the weir and the turbulent water that was flowing past his moorings, but of course in the lock entrance and exit it was like a millpond. We were offered the use of the facilities, which included toilet, hot shower, water, toilet disposal and he promised to leave all these available during the night. We were relieved to be in calm waters and spent a comfortable night. I contacted Trevor Thompson and informed him of our predicament, the lock keeper had reckoned that we would be lucky if the red boards came down before the weekend. It appeared that red boards had been up the previous week and only taken down the previ-

ous Saturday, allowing all the hire boats to be taken out, but I do not think those who started their holiday aboard that Saturday would have proceeded very far before they had to moor up. The radio informed us that there had been a month's rainfall in 6 hours during Tuesday. No wonder that the river had been faster than normal the day before. We still had over 40 miles and 13 Locks to go and that must take the best part of a day and a half. The show was opening on Friday, so it appeared unlikely that we would arrive in time to exhibit, but we were trying to be optimistic. We were the only boat stranded at the lock, though during the time we were there several large cruisers went through the lock. They were all handed a red card and the keeper was most scathing to those who did not wear buoyancy aids. On the Thursday morning the lock keeper moved us through the lock to the up-river waiting moorings. This was a very peaceful position and we had the opportunity to see the boats approaching the lock with the



© 2008 Trevor Thompson

Off to Beale Park by road

weir on their starboard side. Many of them were dragged by their stern towards the weir and the keeper would shout for them to rev up their engine. Thankfully they were all able to avoid further trouble. Janet and I walked over to the island and viewed the weir, which was very turbulent and the



moorings on the downstream side

Drying out at Putney to clear the propeller

would not have been comfortable, as the keeper had warned us on Tuesday. We walked downstream to Windsor, collecting the sacrificial stake used to escape from our mooring position on the Wednesday morning. Arriving back at the lock I was able to chat to the crew of an Environment Agency boat that we had seen during our walk downriver. We had seen them advise a small launch to return to the bank, when they were exposed to the full flow of the river. They informed me it was unlikely that the red boards would be lifted before Monday. Trevor phoned and offered to collect us by car on Saturday to take us to Beale Park and we relaxed realising that we had no chance of reaching the exhibition in time to be part of it.

We were very fortunate to be stranded in such pleasant surroundings, with the use of hot water showers and the other facilities; our stay was made enjoyable by the kindness and assistance of the lock keepers. We had the occasional visitor, some local and some from other stranded boats.

The weather was most pleasant and time was spent with reading and some sketching and painting. We were able to visit the nearby village of Eton Wick for provisions etc., which was only about a 20-minute walk. We made acquaintance with a duck, who would fly up onto the rear deck to be fed and her 6 chicks would wait patiently below. As the days passed we watched as sadly the chicks numbers were reduced (maybe the resident pike or the visiting heron was the culprit), till there were only 3 remaining by the time we left.

On Saturday Trevor collected us and we were able to visit Beale Park, minus *Hiran*. Whilst at Beale Park we walked to the riverside and noted that all the river moorings were empty. The many individual name boards looked most forlorn. It appeared that none of the river-born visitors had managed the passage and we felt some satisfaction that we were not alone in our failure to arrive. The bridge that is raised to allow passage into the lake was partially under water. If we had managed to arrive we would not have been able to enter, moor

up in the marina and be part of the show. There was a good gathering of AOA members present and the stand looked brilliant. Trevor returned us to the lock after a most enjoyable visit.

On Monday afternoon the red boards were replaced by the yellow boards, which warn of a fast flow. On Tuesday morning we were able to set off downstream at 0920. We now had a fast river assisting our passage and were able to enjoy the scenery without the rainfall of the previous Tuesday. We passed one island near Sunbury that was obviously a heronry, with many of the occupants roosting in the lower branches looking rather like a group of grey vultures.

We moored at Teddington at 1500 to wait for the ebb the following day. The distance from Boveney was just over 21 miles and the average speed was approximately 3.75 knots, with 9 Locks traversed. On Wednesday we went through Teddington Lock at 0855 passing under Richmond Sluice Bridge at 0925, leaving the entrance to the Grand Union Canal on our port side a short time later. We were on our way to Erith, a meal and sleep at home.

Unfortunately when we were a mile from Putney Bridge there was a thump under the boat and our speed dropped from 5 knots through the water to barely 1 knot. We had picked up something on our prop. We were almost abreast of a line of buoys with one vacancy. I turned *Hiran* to starboard and just managed to stem the tide and drift towards the vacant buoy, Janet hooked the mooring at the first attempt (there would not have been another chance) and we were safe to contemplate our next move. It was 1030 with a falling tide and we were a short distance from a steeply sloping concrete shore, with many dinghy and rowing clubs lining the bank side. We understand that the Boat Race boats are launched from this site. There was a marine shop, "Chas

Newnes", nearly opposite, so our position was not disastrous. At 1100 we phoned the PLA to inform them of our dilemma and they sent their workboat which arrived about 40 minutes later. They informed us that we could use the mooring for no charge and we would be safe to beach on the adjacent slope. We could not motor across, so we phoned "Chas Newnes" and he offered his workboat to assist us (£30). They were unable to clear the prop, deciding to return later and tow us to the beach. An hour or so later we were beached with anchors secured. Once the tide had fallen sufficiently I was able to clear a black plastic culprit from the prop and shaft. It had welded itself very firmly and it took a lot of effort. The static blade on our "Spurs" cutter had sheared off, so I removed all the rest of the cutter. When the tide had re-floated us we were able to motor back to our borrowed buoy with some relief. Janet produced a welcome meal which we consumed in the cockpit with a bottle of wine. All the local dinghies performed a mass race, the oarsmen/women came out in force to add to the entertainment and the evening was completed with a lovely sunset. On the Thursday morning we set off at 0930 with the ebb, thinking of all the plastic bags below as we passed through a bustling London. Under Tower Bridge at 1050 we were greeted with an Easterly wind over tide of Force 5/6. We went through the Barrier at 1152, and picked up our Erith mooring at 1305. We had travelled a total of 126 miles. It should have been another 80 miles, but we had enjoyed some lovely weather and each time that misfortune had occurred, good fortune had stood us in good stead.



Repairs to *Kookaburra* A168. by Norman Dorrington

At the end of the 2006 season I decided it was time that *Kookaburra* had a new engine and I placed an order with the boatyard to install a Beta 13.5 h.p. diesel.

I was apprehensive about what I might find when the old Coventry Victor petrol engine was taken out. The floor was very black and oily, but after washing out with paraffin and then detergent I found it was in excellent condition and the paint that Fairey Marine put on forty three years earlier was as good as new.

Whilst the engine was being installed I decided to scrape and repaint the rear cabin. After only a few scrapes of the ceiling I found that I could see the sky and the more I scraped the larger the hole became. Eventually I had removed half the hatch, the deck behind it, a long strip down the



Back to sound wood

centre and a large area by the transom that included some of the curved deck down to the rubbing strake. Then to my horror I discovered that the transom was also badly infected.

The boat now looked an absolute wreck and I was very surprised that the engineer

carrying out the new installation never commented on it. He must have wondered why anyone would spend thousands of pounds on installing a new engine in a boat that was full of holes. It may be that he was worried that I would cancel the order.



The easy bits repaired

I cut back the remaining deck with a saw to leave straight lines to make it easier to fit new sheets of quarter inch plywood. I'm afraid that I did not do the correct thing by replacing it in layers of veneer. A number of the bearers had also been lost and I replaced these with mahogany battens. I put a batten under every joint and screwed both edges with plenty of Evostick waterproof glue in between.

It was difficult to bend even three ply to the shape of the curved deck but I over-



Repairs complete



Half way through painting

came this by removing one layer of ply with an electric plane. The two-ply bent very easily in one direction. By fitting one layer of two-ply at a time, with plenty of glue in between, I was able to build up a four-ply section that was about the same thickness as the rest of the deck.

I had some mahogany that was about one and a quarter inches thick and I used this to repair the transom and make a laminated replacement for part of the toe-rail. A vertical sheet of ply was then fastened to both faces of the transom to give it extra strength. This means that there is a horizontal ridge across the transom but by smoothing it down it is not very noticeable.

All the bits and pieces on top of the deck were then replaced and the whole thing sanded down and given plenty of paint. The engineer made a very good job of the engine and the boat was launched in time to get some sailing in during the 2007 season.

Unfortunately in July 2008 I had a heart attack and had a stent fitted. I was in

doubts about making the East Coast rally but was very fortunate to have the assistance of John Ingleby who is repairing A105 *Taka Maru*. He kindly offered to come with me and slept three nights in the back cabin without making any comment on the number of odd battens in the ceiling. We had some fairly heavy weather but there were no leaks and none of

the gear gave way.

If any new members, who are repairing their boats, come across some rot, do not despair. With modern tools, glues and epoxy resin a very good repair can be made and once it is all rubbed down and painted it is very hard to spot the difference.





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Calista en route for Beale Park on her new trailer

Some notes on trailing the Atalanta by Trevor Thompson

You will see in the enclosed copy of the first AOA Bulletin that trailing the Atalanta was being discussed even in 1958. So how difficult is it to actually trail an Atalanta, and how do you go about it?

The starting point has to be that the Fulmar, Atalanta and Titania were designed to be trailed, and the Association has plans for three different trailers, the support chocks, and launching and recovery systems. There are a small group of owners who trail regularly to new cruising grounds, including *Gambol A17* and *Arosa A104*. *Calista T10* has made four round trips from the UK to the Mediterranean on the four wheel trailer which now supports *Taka Maru A105*, and will hopefully make the trip again next year on her purpose built six wheel trailer. Many years ago *Rakia A141* made the trip to Yugoslavia (as it was then) behind a Series 1 Land Rover. That would have been a slow trip, which included sitting in the cockpit while crossing the Alps! Of course cars and their specifications have moved on, so what do we need to tow with today? Atalanta's seem to weigh 2700 kg on their

trailers, and our Titania weighs 3200 kg on the old trailer. In neither case does that allow for full tanks, or much in the way of kit onboard. The maximum that can be towed (legally) in this country behind a heavy motor car, like a 4x4, is 3500kg. It is possible to tow up to 4000kg by fitting dual circuit power brakes to the trailer and car – but that would cost as much as the boat and trailer again just for the brakes – so forget 4000kg. *Calista* on her new trailer is just under 3500kg! While we are discussing weights it is worth mentioning that our boats are legal for trailing on the continent (except in Switzerland).

Back in 1958, when the towing speed limit was 35mph, the preferred tow car was the Series Land Rover, slow, noisy and lacking in power, but all Land Rovers are capable of towing an Atalanta – it's the sort of thing they were designed for. The early ones do not state the manufacturers maximum permitted trailer weight, but later ones do - and it will be 3500kg. Our Series 1 (1955 2 litre petrol) has towed *Calista* up a 1 in 6 incline in low ratio second gear, but slowly.

Most owners use Land Rover Discoveries, of various ages, to tow, although Jeeps, Mitsubishi Shoguns and the like are also being used. Before buying it is worth



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A "Shock-link" towing damper reduces pitching



Mont Blanc, en route to the Mediterranean

checking the weight you propose to tow, since not all of these are rated to tow the full legal maximum by their manufacturers. For example Jeeps tow 3300kg, and the Shogun 2700kg. A word on fuel. Petrol is now a most expensive commodity, and diesel is the most popular choice. However some owners of these heavy 4x4's (like us) use LPG, which is slightly cheaper than diesel, and certainly provides a more powerful tow car.

Of course towing a big boat like this takes care. It is almost as long as an articulated lorry, and that is part of the problem. They have always had a tendency to “snake”. We have experienced very frightening snaking where I was convinced that the whole lot was going to end up on its side.



A front towing ball (on the winch bracket) makes manoeuvring in the boat yard easier

This has actually happened to one member, whose car was written off, and the boat damaged. I am not telling you who – he would be most embarrassed!

So why do they snake and what can be done to prevent it? The problem is mentioned in that first Bulletin under “News from America”, and the solution offered there has some merit. The balance of the boat on its trailer is critical. Most 4x4s can take 175kg to 200kg “nose-weight” on the towing ball. The position of the boat compared to the axles should be arranged to put the centre of the boat sufficiently far forward of the axles’ centre line to generate this nose-weight. It also pays to remove as much heavy kit, such as dinghies, from the aft deck (and cabin) as well. With this correctly set up it should be possible to tow at up to 50mph (the current legal limit for such heavy trailers) safely. However the dangerous part of towing is going down hills – not getting up them – where the trailer is tending to push the boat. It may be better to drop down to 45 or even 40mph in these situations. This is where the snaking is most likely, and most difficult to control. The other thing that sets it off is being overtaken by a fast moving lorry or coach. When an HGV or coach passes on the motorway it sucks the aft end of the boat out and then sucks the front end out, and if it is likely to snake - this will set it off. At least when the lorry has passed the tow will settle down relatively easily, so I haven’t found that dangerous – just disconcerting! Note that the standard advice for dealing with snaking is, not to apply the brakes, but to let go of the throttle, and allow the speed to drop slowly. This is difficult to achieve going down hill, which is why the downhill snake is dangerous. You have to slow down to recover, but braking makes things worse in the short run! Steering into it is also not advised, but sometimes you can’t help it. Do not believe the often repeated advice that many drivers give me, to accel-



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Pneumatic spring assistors fitted into the rear springs (in pink). Switches and gauge in the car allow the stiffness to be adjusted while on the move.

erate out of the snaking. You will end up going far too fast for safety.

So what else can you do to help avoid snaking? Caravan stabilizers can help. There is a version intended for horse boxes, which involves two stabilizers one each side of the drawbar. These devices will not stop snaking, but will absorb the energy when it happens, thus helping to control and minimize it. They are not a substitute for the correct balance.

The four wheel trailer can also make the back of the car rise and fall as the trailer goes over bumps, depending on how the two axles are interconnected. It will happen if the axles are independent, and be more noticeable on a 6 wheel trailer. The solution is to fit a “shock-link” towing bracket damper made by Dixon Bate. This allows the tow hitch to rise and fall with the trailer, leaving the car to stay still. It is even better if the car is fitted with air assisted suspension, which can stiffen up the rear suspension and encourage the tow hitch damper to move.

Lastly what about getting the boat on and off the trailer. “Off” is easy. It just takes a long length of rope between car and trailer, and a slip with a slope sufficient for the “lifeboat launch” to take the trailer in far enough to float the boat. Insufficient slope and it all stops short and you have to start again. It is fairly frightening to be in the cockpit when this is going on. Note that this

is hard on the jockey wheel, which takes a lot of weight as the stern floats up. The original trailer design specified a skid at the front of the trailer for use when launching like this.

Getting it back on while in the water is tricky, even with bars to direct the boat onto the trailer, and something to stop it going on too far. It is all so much more difficult when everything is under water! A cross wind or tide can make it impossible. You have then to haul it all up a (probably slippery) slip.

We have found it far easier to have *Calista* recovered by travel hoist. In fact we have deliberately decided not to immerse our new trailer in the water at all, so it is a travel hoist each time for us now. It might cost a bit more, but it is so much easier and predictable. *Calista* always ends up in exactly the correct place, and there is no worry about wheel bearings or brakes. By reducing trailer damage and maintenance, it may actually end up being no more expensive.

So is it time that you thought about trailing? It can make maintenance easier and cheaper if you can keep an *Atalanta* in the garden. It can also widen your cruising grounds, and after last summer who wouldn't be attracted to trailing south to seek out some sunshine, and to sail in warm, gentle breezes!



***Ereina* at Seafair 2008**

by Peter Crane

Ereina finally headed off a day late for her second visit to the Seafair traditional boat week in Milford Haven. There was a near gale blowing right on the nose, accompanied by big seas. My son, Ciaran (aged 14), was given the option of going back to school for another day or heading off in lumpy conditions. With a retort of “I don’t do seasick”, we set off under No 3 jib and a well reefed main, heading south across the bay, to Jack Sound about 8 miles away. The Jack is a potentially nasty bit of water with strong tidal flow and a change of course within it. Although the passage was uncomfortable there were no problems. As we headed onto a reach down to St Ann’s Head, we changed up to a No 1 Jib and unrolled most of the main.

Off St Ann’s things became more interesting as we turned onto a run into Milford Haven. This area is known locally as “the washing machine”, and this time it certainly lived up to its reputation with big confused seas. Ciaran was on the phone to his mother giving an

update on our progress, when the call was abruptly cut short due to the end of his non-seasick record. A few minutes after this event a wave lipped over the side, the only occasion in the whole journey, completely covering him from head to foot, putting nearly 6 inches of water into the cockpit floor and consigning the mobile phone to history. As we entered the Haven, on the run up to Milford Dock, the waves immediately abated, the sun came out and we had a grand sail.



© 2008 Peter Crane

***Ereina* under full sail off Solva in calmer conditions**

After registering we had to wait to meet the rest of the Bermudan fleet before going up to Pembroke Castle, so we tidied the boat and showered.

The route to Pembroke is along a meandering, muddy, narrow channel. The Hillyard ahead of us went aground and trying to avoid it put us out of the deeper water, but all we had to do was pull up the rudder a bit more and we were off. We finally locked into the pool just below the castle. It had taken twelve hours to do a journey of less than 45 minutes by car. Our reward was free food and drink, always very popular with sailors. This was also the scene of our triumph in Seafair 2006 when we were given first prize in the second Bermudan fleet race. On that occasion, we had actually come in second, a long way behind a 35 foot cruiser/racer. However, her skipper decided that as we had given him such a chase for the first bit of the race and we would have won under a handicap system, the mayor should present us with the trophy. Atalantas are not half bad in light winds with the breeze aft and the undercarriage up!

The following day was an early start to go up river, where we moored at Lawrenny and then did a long walk with a couple of the crews we had met in Pembroke, to the pub at Cresswell Quay. In my opinion this is one of the best pubs in Pembrokeshire (but there is no food). The walk took us longer than expected and we could not arrange for a taxi to take us back. The landlord, hearing this and that we were part of the Seafair event, took us all back in his 4x4, refusing any remuneration.

The next morning the weather was pretty uninviting so we left the rest of the fleet to do their own thing while we caught up on some rest and reading. In the afternoon we

travelled back to Hobbs Point, home of the Pembroke Yacht Club, in driving drizzle, tying up to a temporary pontoon. That evening there was a barbeque and a ceilidh. The deteriorating weather meant some boats were now stuck in Milford Dock and the event organisers arranged buses to bring their crews over for the evening. Racing for the next day had already been cancelled, due to the poor forecast.

That night the wind absolutely howled. In the daylight next morning, conditions were not of the type that you would want to move in. Several people, including Sam Llewellyn, the nautical novelist and column writer for Practical Boat Owner, came over to look at our little boat. By late morning it was still blowing a force 8, but worse was to come as the tide turned to ebb against the wind. The pontoon started to ripple, just like the infamous American suspension bridge at Tacoma Narrows. The fenders were either trying to go on or under the pontoon – it was time to leave or sink. We cast off into the teeth of the wind. There could be no second attempt as we would either be thrown back onto the pontoon or down onto the quay wall behind. All went well and we crawled round the end of the pontoon before heading up river for more sheltered conditions. That afternoon the wind was forecast to continue and veer more to the north making our new location a potentially dangerous one. The choice was either going further up river or battle down into the dock at Milford. We chose the latter, with hindsight probably not the right decision. The first hour under engine against wind and tide was quite fun with spray going right over the boat; the second hour the novelty had definitely worn off. We arrived in the dock at Milford like drowned rats, having covered only about four miles, but it was so calm and snug inside the dock gates that we didn't care.



Ciaran at the helm, motor sailing from Dale to Milford Haven .

In the morning the wind had dropped and the river was almost like a mill pond. The Bermudan race down the Haven was on. Unfortunately I blew the start by getting involved with a large Lowestoft sailing lugger, very attractive, but in the middle of the start line just as the gun went. By the time we were in open water we were near the back of the fleet and the faster boats were well ahead. Never mind, we pressed on to windward overtaking a few boats on the way, but the more racy boats had the legs on us and had split the fleet into two. On the first downwind leg we were the only boat to put our spinnaker up. This took a long time as there were only the two of us and it had to be reset as the skipper clearly hadn't packed it very well.

During our next leg, we encountered the Round Britain Power Boat Race charging down the Haven on their way to Bangor, NI. They were a spectacular sight but the camera was forgotten as the power boats found a 3 knot sailing fleet in their path. One boat had no room to turn fore or aft of us and we braced for impact, before he managed to throttle back and avoid the collision.

On the second downwind leg most of the leading boats also had their spinnakers up so we didn't improve our position. We were never going to win the race but we had a great time. The post-race reception was at the Dale Sailing Club with food again provided. That evening we had a lot of visitors on the boat, although the wine and nibbles probably had a lot to do with our popularity.

The last day of the event we motor-sailed in light winds back to Milford Dock and spent a pleasant day promenading around and visiting other boats. In the evening there was entertainment, mostly traditional folk and sea shanties, more free food and drink and prize giving. We were incredibly surprised to be called up to the stage to receive a trophy, an enamel medallion set on a slate background, for “Spirit of the Event, Classic Bermudan”, evidently voted for by the rest of the fleet. The evening finished in our cabin drinking with two crew from *Shellduck*, a clinker, sixteen footer, cabined sail boat, who had become great friends.

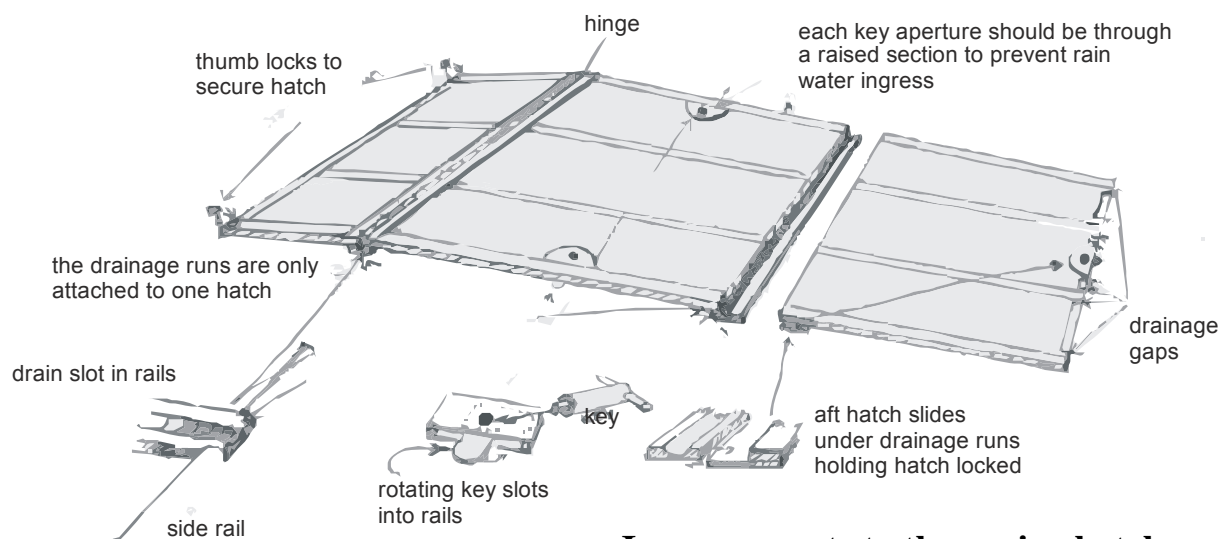
We left our boat in the marina for a few days as the weather had turned

“inclement” (again), while we went back to school and work. We finally departed the following weekend, in far from ideal conditions, when we were probably the only yacht to bash our way out of the Haven. This was followed by hard beating up to Jack Sound, and then Ciaran took over the helm while I unrolled some of the main. He then refused to let me take over again, the sun came out and we had a cracking sail back to Solva.

The hospitality shown to the participants at Seafair by the local communities was fantastic and the organisation was good, but let down by the weather. The event is planned again for June 2010 (hopefully the weather will be better!) and it would be great to see other Atlantas there.



A method of splitting the engine hatch on an Atalanta into separate sections to make it easier to lift and move around.



**Improvements to the engine hatches
by Colin Twyford**

***Calista's* Cruise to ~~Holland~~ Ireland**

By Trevor Thompson

You will see from the East Coast report earlier in this bulletin, that *Calista* was supposed to join Jane on her cruise, and that our plans were changed by the injury to a key member of the crew. Sailing single handed I can do, launching, recovering and sorting out masts requires assistance. So instead of unrigging and trailing *Calista*, I went the other way.

Well I didn't plan to do that, nor did I plan to stay away for a month!

Of course we knew that the long term forecast was grim, and that it might not really be worth going far at all!

23rd July Mooring to Dale

Alex had a few days off work to join me for a couple of days sailing and we decided to try for Solva, a favourite destination for a calm weekend. The weather looked like it would settle at last as we motored down with the evening tide to anchor in Dale Roads for the night, ready for the trip through Jack Sound.

24th July Dale to Solva

The weather on the day seemed just feasible with a Southerly wind forecast. We



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Solva harbour with the tide just returning



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Calista well reefed

reached to Jack Sound, enduring some fairly large

seas, in a Force 5/ 6, with a deep reef in both main and genoa. Our timing for Jack Sound allowed us to get through the tidal races at slack water and we were then able to run



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across St Brides bay at

over 5 knots. Alex was delighted to see dolphins playing alongside, and we tried to take photos, but with limited success.

Our arrival at Solva just before low tide was welcome, and we allowed *Calista* to dry in the entrance. As the tide made we were able to pick up a visitors' mooring, and take the inflatable ashore. The harbourmaster phoned Peter Crane (A9 is moored here) for us and we met him and his family in the local for a much enjoyed reunion.

Alex is not bothered by the motion



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Kilmore Quay Harbour, Eire

25th July Solva to Kilmore Quay

The morning was wet and drizzly with little wind (typical Celtic weather), so we set off to at least have a look outside, on the basis that it is never as bad when you get out there as you think it will be! So we motored west towards Ramsey Sound with the bimini rigged as a spray hood, to keep us dry. There was no wind and we were making good progress so we just kept going, past the South Bishop Light, only to find that the mist lifted, the sky cleared, and a gentle SSW force 3 enabled us to reach at up to 4 knots across the first shipping lane. Once clear of the lane we stopped the engine, accepting the reduced speed for the silence. The breeze slackened a touch, so the motor went back on to pass the second shipping lane. During the crossing we were approached by three groups of dolphins (or porpoises – I never know the difference), and again great excitement and much messing with cameras without a great deal of success.

Our first sight of Ireland

was the wind farms at the SE corner of the Island. Alex was greatly thrilled by the sight of land, perhaps reassured to see a new country rising from the mist, just where and when it was meant to be!

We aimed through the marked gap in the causeway inside the Saltee Islands and into Kilmore Quay harbour well before dusk. We both went ashore to sort out the paperwork and book a taxi to take Alex to the ferry back to

Pembroke Dock at 0630 the next day. Then we went for a pint of Guinness and a wander, before returning aboard for food and bed.

Alex left at 0630 by taxi to catch that ferry, and I spent the day catching up on work (as in earning money).

27th July Kilmore Quay to Dunmore East

Kilmore Quay is a fairly expensive place to stay, although it provides a sheltered marina berth, with laundry and wireless internet. So I set off, sailing slowly west in an Easterly Force 2. Perfect spinnaker weather and most frustrating because I didn't have the confidence to set it when single handed, although I kept trying to work out how I



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Royal Cork Yacht Club Marina



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Dungarvan outer harbour - you can see what the weather was like!

might try it. I left it in the locker in the end.

Late afternoon I anchored off the beach at Dunmore East, clear of the moorings, as the Sunday afternoon locals were upping their anchors to go home for tea. The beach was still crowded so I settled for the cockpit and a book.

28th July Dunmore East to Dungarvan

Of course cash in the local Euros was in short supply – all I had went on that taxi, so I was keen to find a cash machine. The dinghy was inflated, and I was ashore at 0800 to get cash and food. The local shop, open from early to late stocked everything I needed, and had a cash machine. I am usually keen to avoid this type of cash machine because they usually make a stiff charge for the privilege, but in Eire they all seem to be free of charge. Very welcome!



© 2008 Cathy & Tony Brown

Tony enjoying a dry spell!

By 0930 I was underway and motor sailing west into a rising swell, with little wind initially, but eventually force 4 from the SW. It started dry, but then drizzle set in, and then rain of a more solid nature. I don't know whether my oilskins leaked, or



© 2008 Cathy & Tony Brown

Sheltering from the rain

whether it was condensation, but I was most uncomfortable by the time I started to make my way up the winding channel to Dungarvan Harbour, and anchored above the moorings.

The next day was spent at anchor waiting for the weather to improve - low cloud continuous rain and strong westerlies. I spent another day working, and waiting for an improvement in the weather. During the second night at anchor the wind became very strong, and lying in the tide was uncomfortable with wind against incoming tide. By 0300 I was up and looking around

– you know what it is like. I knew I wasn't going to drag but couldn't help checking. I used the GPS to set an alarm and warn me if we moved.

30th July Dungarvan to Royal Cork Yacht Club

At least the wind had moderated by the morning and I spent time rowing around in the dinghy to explore the rest of the harbour. As the tide rose I wound my way back out to sea, just to have a look, with a Force 5 from the WSW. Dungarvan Bay is well sheltered from westerlies, so I raised the reefed main and full genoa, and tacked to the west, to look around the corner and see what it was really like. I tried sailing without the engine for a while but progress was slow in the swell, so I motor-sailed on along the coast arriving at the entrance to Cork harbour in the dark. At least a major port is well lit and buoyed, so it was straightforward arriving in the dark. I anchored for the night on the west side of the main harbour north of the channel leading up to Crosshaven, in 1 meter at low water and the keels raised most of the way. Little swell penetrated into the harbour, so I had a good nights sleep.



I'd rather be in the garden!

31st July to 3rd Aug

After a lazy start I motored up to the Royal Cork Yacht Club Marina in Crosshaven, where the visitor moorings are marked with green tags to show they are vacant. The day was spent stocking up on food and water, laundry, and trying to get gas. Calor gas is sold in Eire but the bottles are taller – so you can swap them for full ones, but can't get them into the locker! Rumour has it that UK bottles can be refilled, but at the expense of a long taxi ride. I never did manage to do that. In the end I bought a Camping Gaz cylinder and regulator. At least it can be used in Europe next year when we plan to return to the Adriatic. I spent the next few days exploring Cork harbour, Pas-



On our way up river to the city of Cork



A trip ashore at Passage East

sage East, into the creeks behind Cobh, and up the river to the City of Cork itself. There was a lot of wind and rain during those days but inside a secure harbour I was not concerned.

4th Aug Royal Cork to Oysterhaven

It was debatable whether I was likely to get much further west, although local descriptions of Baltimore and the west coast of Ireland were intriguing. However I was advised by locals that I must look into Oysterhaven, so I left for a short trip west into a Force 5 again. Relaxing more now it was clear that I was not going much further west I tried the mackerel line on its paravane. Two fish were caught in quick succession.

I motored into the western arm of Oysterhaven and anchored, well above the moorings, in just enough depth to stay out of the sand at low water.

It was disappointing to find that there was no mobile phone signal here, particularly as Dinah was due to join me the next day.

5th Aug Oysterhaven to Kinsale

Largely to make phone contact I moved on again the short distance around the headland and into

Kinsale Harbour, into a Force 5. Again a mackerel was caught as soon as the hook went into the water. I initially picked up a mooring well up the harbour near the bridge, but after almost hitting the stern of another boat as they all danced about with the wind against the tide, I crossed to the east side of the river and anchored near the bridge, well clear of everything else. The next few days were spent cleaning the boat, stocking up on food, and generally getting ready for Dinah's arrival, culminating in meeting the bus and ferrying her out to *Calista*.

8th Aug Kinsale to Oysterhaven

Dinah's first day on board marked the best weather of the trip so far, with clear skies and light westerlies, so a gentle spinnaker run back down to Oysterhaven took up the morning. Again the fishing gear performed its magic, even with an audience, so tea consisted of filleted mackerel, fried in the new rectangular boat frying pan. It is a brilliant frying pan, by the way! A magical night in a superb anchorage, and we didn't even notice the gale which blew up overnight.

9th Oysterhaven to Royal Cork

We had visitors due the next day, and alt-



Mackerel for tea!

though they were arriving by car, we needed to be where they could get to us, so we set off out to sea in a Southerly Force 5/6 with rain. Dinah didn't really want to go out into it, but of course after sailing in poor conditions for the last couple of weeks it seemed quite normal to me! We were soon inside Cork harbour and tied up in the Royal Cork Yacht Club again. More mackerel for tea!

10th to 15th August cruising in Cork harbour

Cathy and Tony, friends of long standing, joined us for a few days, and we spent some days pottering around the harbour, revisiting all of the places I had looked into in the previous week. The weather was mixed, with lots of wind and rain. One memorable morning saw us sailing lazily along, only to be struck by a line squall of incredible strength with torrential rain. By the time we had the reefs in and oilskins on the sun was out again! To finish off this section of the holiday we had a bar meal in the Royal Cork. Cathy, Tony and Dinah all left the next day to return to the UK. The mackerel were beginning to become a normal event – out with the line and in with the fish – then stow the line away again.

16th Aug Royal Cork to Dungarvan

It was an anticlimax to be alone again and I was eager to get *Calista* home to rejoin the family. Enough is enough! So even though the forecast was a bit grim, I was off through a SW5/6 with a 2m swell. In other words, when I was in the trough, I couldn't see the horizon. It was a long 12 hour day at sea, constantly being thrown around. It was a relief to round the headlands and make my way back into the sheltered estuary and up into Dungarvan harbour. This time I tied up to the club pontoon because I knew it was going to blow a gale, and the wind against tide conditions out in the anchorage were worth avoiding. It was to be two days before I could move again.

19th and 20th Aug Dungarvan to Kilmore Quay via Dunmore East

Naturally it was rough with a Westerly force 5 most of the way, but at least the wind was with me. The over-falls by the river entrance at Waterford took me by surprise – they had been flat on my outward passage. However it was a pleasure to return to Kilmore Quay, for a last Guinness in the pub, and to revisit a marvellous chandlery, where I had seen some wonderful spinners for the mackerel line. Discussions with the harbour master and consultations with a number of internet based weather sites in the harbour office led to the considered opinion that the best chance of making the Welsh coast were on the next day, before the next depression arrived. The suggestion was that the wind would not exceed force 4, but that subsequent days would involve 6's and 7s – and that would go on for at least a week!



I am enjoying it - honest.

21st Aug Kilmore Quay to Dale

So it was an early start, off at dawn, fenders and lines stowed in the harbour, and sails set on the way out to the fairway buoy. I went through the gap in the reef again, and onto a course for Wales. Due to the time of high water the strong tides would be encountered at each end of the trip, so I motor

-sailed to clear coast and overfalls. I was able to sail most of day, and avoided 3 ships in the shipping lanes. By early afternoon the South Bishop light was in sight, and I toyed with the idea of another visit to Solva. That didn't last long as the south going stream strengthened, until I was being taken south east at 7 or 8 knots whether I liked it or not! So I passed through Broad Sound and on to the Haven. Two miles short of St Anne's Head the North West going stream set in and I had to motor hard to actually get into the Haven. It was at this point that the port fuel tank ran dry, and due to a temperamental fuel gauge an unknown quantity left in the starboard tank, led to worries over running right out. There was more than enough as it turned out and I was able to anchor in Dale at dusk

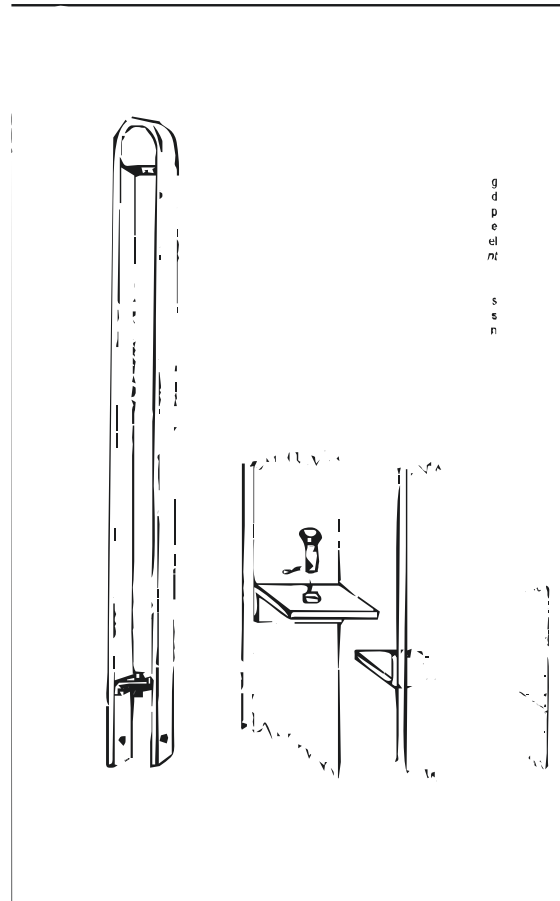
22nd Aug Dale to mooring

I spent a final few hours sailing up and down fishing (successfully in the end, but not with the ease that Irish waters had given). So with some reluctance, and some pleasurable anticipation, the afternoon tide took *Calista* back to meet the family at the mooring. Only to find that the dinghy had gone - but that's another story!



**Keel lifting stirrup alteration
by Colin Twyford A95**

The lifting stirrup that rides the traveller on the worm drive of the keel lifting mechanism is attached to the keel by slipping the arms over the pins attached to the top of the keel. To prevent the pins coming out of the holes the stirrup is kept together by a nut and bolt. As the keel is lowered and lifted the protruding head of the bolt and the nut frequently score the



inside of the keelbox. Provided that the wooden plank sometimes fitted to this bolt to prevent water surging is not present, the following suggestion is made:

A spacer bar is welded to each side of the stirrups in the same location as the holding bolt. A hole is drilled through both of them to receive the stainless bolt or pin. When the stirrup has been located on the keel pins, the bolt or pin is dropped through them and a split pin will secure it in position.

This method has been fitted to *Hiran* for the past ten years and it has proved much easier to remove the pin, than undoing the nut in its fairly inaccessible position when taking the keels out for inspection or renovation. There has not been any damage to the inside of the keelbox since I fitted these spacing bars. Previously the damage had been considerable.

I hope the illustration is self explanatory.



Christchurch Revisited

by Keith Veiwing

The town is isolated from the main stream of traffic bound west to Bournemouth and Poole. Pity, or is it, that time stands still? By sea from the Needles or the inside passage from Hurst narrows, you are bound to shape-up for the long and flat-topped Hengistbury Head that tilts gently in the same direction. The course takes you well out to sea as you avoid the shallow and nasty ledge that extends southeast and abounds in lobster pots, nets, and in a wind, an impressive swell from the very rocks beneath.

The Head and the sheltered waters on the landward side are seldom visited. The shallow waters of what they call the 'harbour' mirror some huge lagoon on the coast of Mocambique, much admired by Bartholomeo Diaz. Here, the sand and shingle and reef limestone too, accumulate on the seaward flank to protect a tidal lagoon fed by a stream or two (or three), from the mainland.

Christchurch is focused upon the Priory, a huge and ancient pile high between two of three rivers that merge into the lagoon. High-water seems forever in command with gentle flows favoured by ducks and swans galore. By some chance the muddy bottom is scoured to a shingle trough that meanders through to the sea. The muddy flanks seem always to be knee-deep to swans that outline the navigable channel. But navigable to what?

Sixty years ago the rivers were lined by rakish Service launches of WW1, but the beauties by Fairmile Marine of WW II seem never to have made the passage. Not surprising as you

look down on the RUN, that narrow pass between the curved tail of the spit and the mainland. Shallow and say 50 m wide, and skirted by boulder and cobble-sized flint and shingle and a substantial sea wall convenient to the ever-present watchers. No more than a dinghy can sail in a generally fierce current that sweeps you through for about 250 m, and then down helm for a sharp turn to the south with nasty flanks that extend the channel to sea. Attractive yellow cones inshore offer temptations of a sort, but these mark a closed channel between the gravel banks favoured by sail boards.

Elkin's Yard built the Vertue in those days and their neighbour, Charles Purbrook, built



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Solone raising her anchor in Newtown Creek

his own designs favoured by the Club. The lovely 14.5 ft Coot for day racing, the very seaworthy half-decked 16 ft Shearwater and three-quarter decked Shelduck of 18 ft. Tame goats were ferried by pram each morning to water-side pastures, otters fed on salmon-trout, and a lucky few lived on converted life-boats on the river bank. All was peace and prosperity, and from occasional visits has remained so.

Rossiter's, the spiritual home is the only active yard, still famous for the Pintail and Curlew moored to the bank of the eastern stream, a stately row of magnificent sea-boats and a delight to the eye. Others are safe from winter gales in a huge hangar and a peep within may reveal in the gloom an Atalanta, all navy blue with white rounded-topsides and anti-fouling to match, an individual if ever there was. A162 sits easily on a 4-wheel trailer with her twin ballast keels visible, but is distinguished from the others by a thick hawser at the gunwhale that extends from the near vertical stem to a vertical transom, all 26 feet of real boat.

Others giggle as they turn away and refer to the well-placed engine air-intakes in the name of Tin-Tin, unaware of the strategic design and the huge cockpit drains on the sole. But *Solone* is well-protected from those on the raft and from the turbulence of rivers and canals, especially in locks. One of the six previous owners since completion in 1962, was RN, and would know about boats. The registry was Faversham in the Thames Estuary where the learning curve is of shifting sands, narrow channels between the banks and steep swells of wind over tide.



***Solone* off Beachy Head**

That boat, and her predecessor, an 18 ft Jollyboat also by Uffa Fox, was the link to paradise when the going was rough in the wilds or when holed-up with some crazy enthusiast underground in search of gold at the rainbow's end.

The Jollyboat was interesting, narrow of beam, fast, and a rather hard turn to the bilge with a flat run aft that was designed to plane, and did. It was a big 'Avenger' all over again. You could sleep two in the bottom, provided there was no objection to the centreboard case and a Firefly jib would do in a wind. You could reef by winch at the

thwart for a wire led to a spool on the roller-boom, no problem. She would sail on a reach completely flooded for the boat was designed from real experience, and unlike any high performance dinghy since, had a stout Samson Post too.

And then the Atalanta was found, just a big Jollyboat elegant upon the trailer in the morning sun. The Priory bells pealed, the twin-rivers on either flank glistened, the fishermen wound-in with splashes all, and there was a delight and a destiny! A vision beyond belief as you wandered down through well kept grounds, grassed and lined by beautiful shady trees. And at the confluence a bench in memory of Hugh Rossiter provides a glorious view of the Needles. In the foreground, ponies at rest, frisky or grazing, gather on the saltings.

Over the years you learn to distinguish the hall-mark of best efforts within the technology of the time. There is a quality of design and finish, and *Solone* made the grade. Centre-cockpit with a whip-staff of

substance, engine out of sight, but complete access below the sole, and the hatch to the aft cabin sealed on deck. A solid fore-hatch, tool box under the step, half sized chart-table to starb'd, charts beneath, book case, all well lit by a port. Amazing! A place for everything, and everything in its place.

To port, a double primus in gimbals, secure cupboards for this and that, fids where needed, a small sink, and below that level to port and starb'd a huge volume for stores and warps of immediate access. Then a gently inclined bulk-head, neatly laminated and framed to separate the fore-cabin and to take the thrust of the mast and to hang the pair of ballast plates, each of 500 lbs. The bunks have lee-cloths that work, a demountable table is between, and a screen to the loo and fore-peak. The anchor and chain is to starb'd and the hanging locker to port. Bins for soft stuff cover the tail of the bunks with radios to starb'd and a nest of drawers to port, and well lit from two ports.



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Keith and Ian at sea in *Solone*

Was there ever a real problem? The mast has steps, the roller genoa is fitted with wire on a winch of substance; the main is fully battened but the reef points are really too deep, and a kicking-strap is needed, but how to secure? The inflatable is carried on the aft-deck and is a little too small; oh dear!

But the real problem is solved at last. Contrary to the original design, the keels on *Solone* are raised by a pair of hydraulic rams operated by a hand-pump in the cockpit. Accepted practice on land is to use rams of mild steel, chromium plated, and good for tractors, JCBs, hydraulic excavators and other paraphernalia. Splashes of salt-laden water within the centre-plate boxes soon result in small pits, regular and irregular in shape that engage the hydraulic seals. As a result the plates are difficult to lower-until you know HOW. Apply within! Those who recover marine diamonds are reluctant to reveal their secrets of trouble-free hydraulics, but the solution to *Solone* is 'best quality used stainless propeller shaft' polished to a fine mirror finish! Bravo for Charles R. and the tradition of excellence!

Does she sail, then? Well enough amongst the class and a few boats, maintained as-designed, are fast. An engine too large has proved the gift of exceptional life and, in times of unexpected warnings of strong winds in the Channel, a blessing. The drop rudder needs to be vertical, and the keels at about 70% to sweep away the abundant strings of seaweed after a storm on the Brittany coast. On the wind in a swell, you duck as the crest rears up and a flood is anticipated that will sweep aft, soak you to the skin, and the rest is misery on a cold night. But that does not happen! The flood eases over the rounded topsides and some may reach the rounded cabin top, and that too is dissipated over the side. A couple of stout lines in the cockpit rigged fore and aft for the harness, and

another rigged endless through pulleys to the whip-staff and you are comfortable and protected at the hatch. Alternatively, simply push the whip-staff down (it is hinged), and sit on a stout folding cockpit bench and sight along the side-deck.

What a pleasure to drift up one of those drowned river valleys, deep water under the keel, cruising chute pulling gently forward, and then to raise the keels and sit level upon some sandy spit for the night, or the next tide. Take a run ashore with, perhaps, an endless line for the dinghy. Alternatively, select that convenient berth in the Marina, too shallow at most states of the tide for fixed keel boats, but closest to the ramp and showers! 'What do you draw?' Knee deep is the answer!

Where shall we sail this year? To Alderney, Jersey and St Malo, and then by the beautiful Brittany Canal. Avoid the Raz de Sein and other horrors, and cruise the Morbihan; magnificent. But to Christchurch, turn north for the shore inside Hengistbury, and find the marker buoys or you are lost. Hard a' port for the RUN, engine on, raise keels and keep them raised as you follow the channel north and then west, and acknowledge the swans on either hand.

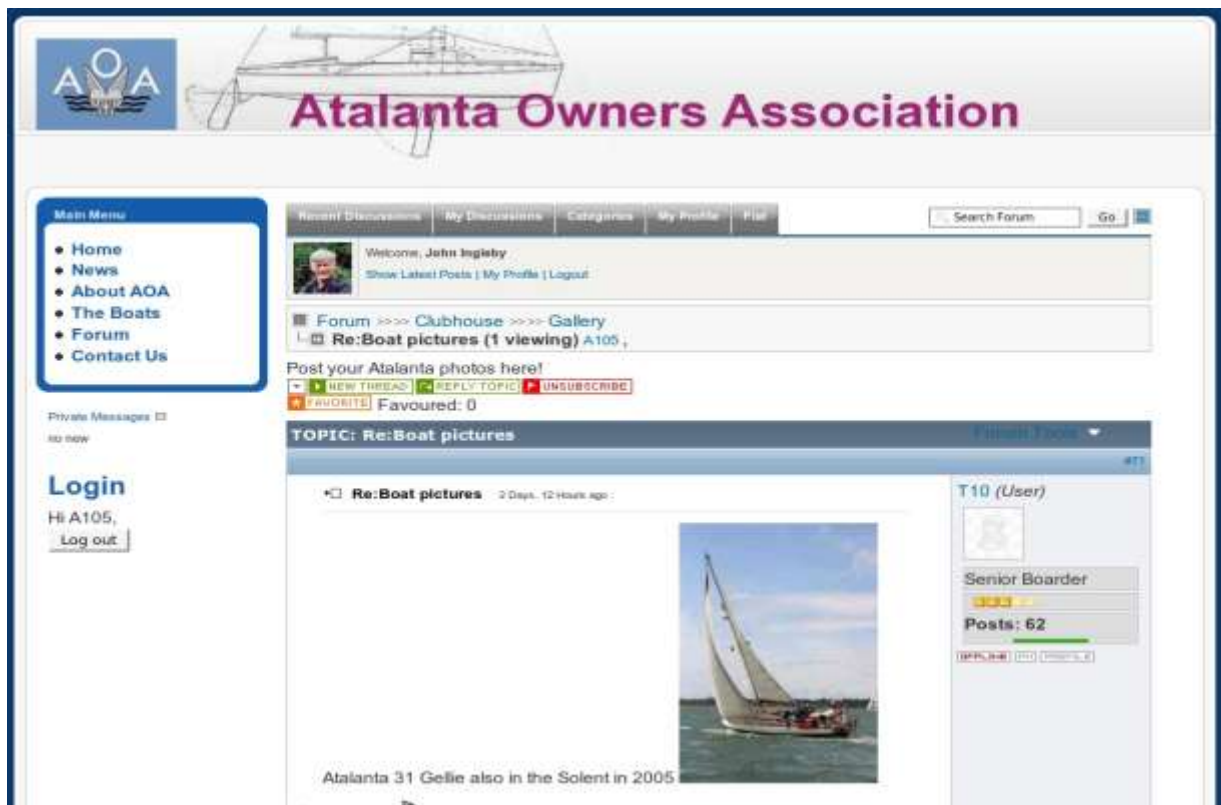
Close to the Priory, and then the Club and the old water-mill close-by, take the opening to the east, and then choose between the next streams, either east or west. Watch out for the secret back-water on the west tributary, and then try the east tributary. Caps off as you pass Hugh Rossiter on his bench at the waters-meet, and wonder at his craft and at the beauty of the place.



The AOA Website

by John Ingleby Hon Web Master

I am writing this just one week after bringing the new website online, and what a week it has been! The response of members to the Forum has been truly fantastic: already 30% of our membership are registered, and between us we have added 141 messages covering 26 different subjects (too many for me to keep up!) along with many beautiful and informative Atlanta photos.

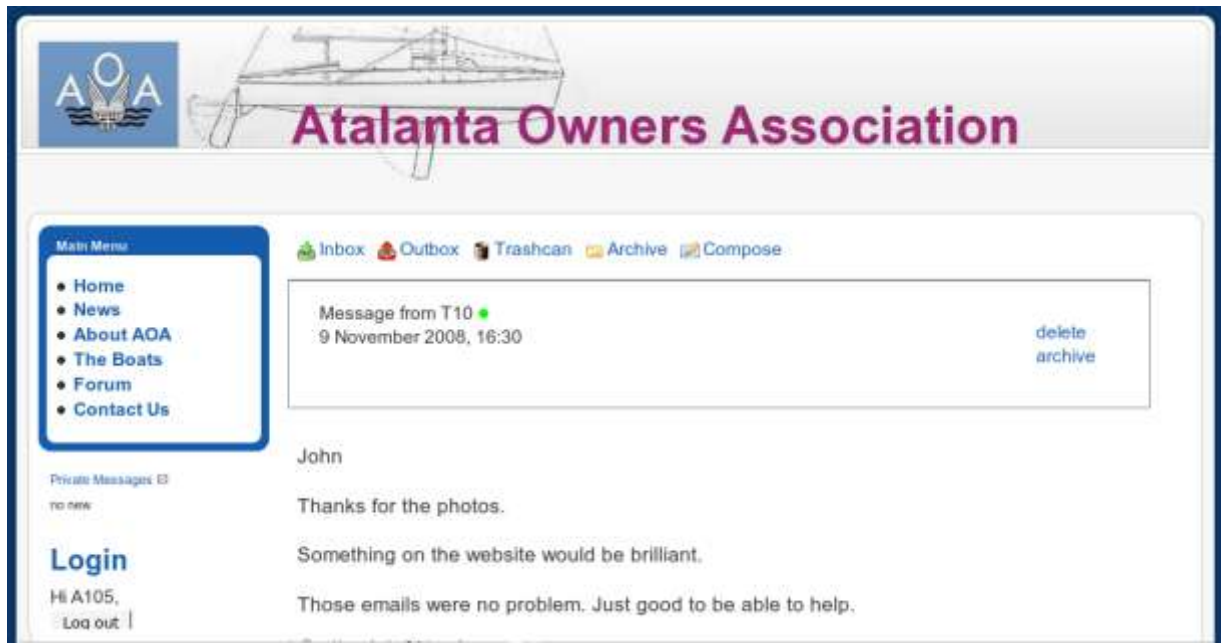


The Forum - great photos and plenty of help

At the time when our boats were conceived, only a handful of people had the slightest inkling of the enormous changes that would follow after Sir Tim Berners-Lee brought the World Wide Web into being in 1990. Today, when I log into the AOA website I can see other members who are logged in at the same time, and use the “private messages” to start a one-to-one conversation with someone in a distant part of the globe:

Unfortunately, the web has also become like the Wild West, with all kinds of ingenious scams created by people for purely personal gain. For this reason registering on the AOA site involves typing the characters in a “captcha” image, to make certain you are a real person seeking to register, rather than a piece of automated software trying to use the site for some other nefarious purpose.

There are several ways I would like to see the AOA website develop. Firstly, I am not a graphic designer, so if anyone has ideas to improve the look of the Home Page, please do let me know. Also, when opening this page it would be interesting to include a slide show displaying a different picture every minute or so.



The Private Messages area - a great place to contact members

The section “About AOA” needs to include much more information on the technical publications, drawings, burgees, keel rubbers, copies of past Bulletins, and other items that can be purchased from the Association. In time this area should become an on-line shop, to simplify paying for, accounting and delivery of purchases. However, I am a part time teacher, and have a boat to put on the water, so I can't say exactly when that time might be! For the technically minded, the site is built with a Content Management System (CMS) so it should be possible to improve the look of the site and add new features without discarding all the work that has gone before.

The work done by the Association's few Honorary Secretaries over 50 years is of inestimable value in keeping the details of our membership up to date, so that we are all informed about Association events, technical information, changes of ownership, and so-on. During all this time the original Register of Boats has been carefully maintained by the Hon. Secs. and these individual records of each boat have recently been digitally scanned. It would be wonderful if owners could not only see the record for their boat, but also have the means to keep it up to date with a summary of voyages and photographs, so that this information could be made available to prospective owners when the time comes to hand the boat on to someone else.

This is a road map (not a time-line!) of how I would like to see the website develop. If any members are interested in helping with the website I would love to hear from you, because these days we have the means to collaborate on a project like this. In fact, if anyone has ideas and suggestions for the website, please do get in touch via private messaging or my email address and let me know.

I would like to think the AOA website can play a part in preventing the sad fate of A12 (recorded in the Forum) from befalling any more of our splendid, durable and highly repairable boats.



Mast raising on *Aquilo* is a doddle

by Richard Hall

When I first launched *Aquilo*, it required two of us to get the mast from its position when being trailed to the raising position with the mast foot located in the mast support. Now whilst the mast is aluminium and lighter than the wooden ones, it still weighs quite a bit, especially with all the standing and running rigging.

David, a very good friend of mine, is on the foredeck, carrying the mast near its foot and moving it from the pulpit to the mast step, while I, on the afterdeck, support the upper end of the mast as it's moved aft.

Not at all easy as there are spreaders which jut out and have to be side stepped. This requires a nifty bit of foot work. Carol, my wife, thought it all looked very dangerous as the deck is about 6 ft up when *Aquilo* is on her trailer and, of course, with the *Atlanta* the decks are well rounded at the edges.

My thought was that if we could use the boom horse in its raised position with some form of roller then this dangerous aft deck dance would not be required.

I toyed with all sorts of rollers in my mind, but could not find anything which was readily available that would come close to doing what I wanted.

One day David appeared with a bright yellow

low plastic wheelbarrow wheel. "Do you think this would be any good as a mast roller" he asked. I was somewhat taken aback as that bright yellow wheel did not fit in with any of my ideas. I think I lamely muttered something like "Leave it with me, I might be able to do something with it." However, the more I thought about it the better it seemed. The mast would fit in the wheel, and it was big enough to roll and let the mast move without causing too much resistance. Thank you, David.

In due course I had sorted out a simple support for the wheel. Two 3 by 3 ins. posts could hold the axle and with slots in the bottom would enable it to be slipped onto the boom horse. A side support of ply would hold it all together. Additional cut outs enabled it to fit round the existing fitting for holding the boom crutch (see drawing in last year's Bulletin, page 26), and this stopped it sliding sideways along the horse. The drawing and photographs probably give enough detail. If not, I'm always happy to talk about it, give me a ring or drop me an e-mail. In any case the dimensions of your horse, main sheet track etc. may well vary from mine so the cut outs need to be made to fit your boat.

So, once stopped at the launching site, my preferred method of raising the mast now goes like this: -

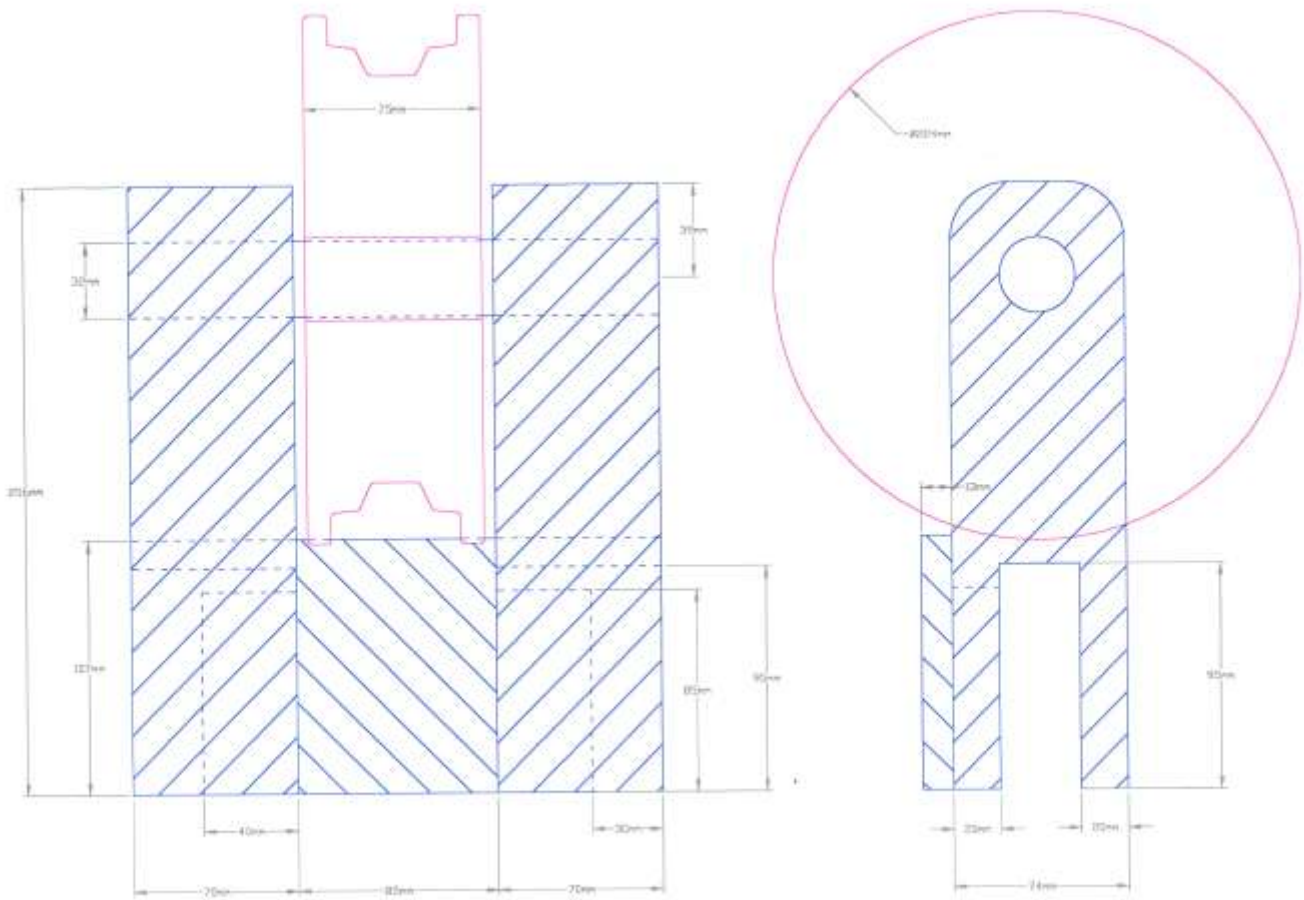
I undo all the ties on the mast and on the standing rigging. I leave the back stay, the



View A showing the roller from aft



View B showing the under side



Drawing of the roller and its supports

cap shrouds and the aft lower shrouds all connected and set to their final lengths and locked (i.e. they do not require tightening after the mast is up).

I place the mast roller on the raised horse, and the mast on the roller. I should note here that I have replaced the bottom two pins on the horse supports with 12 mm bolts and wing nuts. This means that the horse does not wobble around once the bolts have been hand tightened.

Now I can go onto the foredeck, hold the mast and, with the spreaders horizontal, move slowly aft. The mast roller supports the rest of the mast. Eventually the centre of gravity of the mast passes over the roller. This means that I have to hold the mast

foot down as I move further aft.

Carol now has the end of a jib sheet ready. It has been made fast round the jib sheet winch and made off. The loose end is passed through an eyelet on the foot of the mast. It's on the front of the mast so it is now on the top face of the mast. So having gone over the top of the mast, through the eyelet it now goes down to the other sheet winch. Carol can now slowly winch in the sheet and the mast foot is drawn slowly back and down whilst being supported and guided by me. It all feels very safe and secure because most of the weight is being taken by the jib sheet and the winches. Once the mast foot enters the mast support it is only a matter of pulling it in until the

holes in the mast step line up with the holes in the support. Again, by having this under the control of the jib sheet winch it is easy to align the holes against the tension of the tightening cap shrouds. I can now slip the bolt in to complete the job. I use an agricultural bolt, not threaded but with a bullet nose and a spring clip connected to the bolt head which passes over the bolt end to ensure the bolt does not slip out. Once I have removed the jib sheet from the mast I am ready for assembling the mast raising equipment.

I use the forestay to pull the mast up, but to improve the angle I use a jib stick which is just over 6 ft long and has catches on both ends. The bottom is clipped to the same eyelet on the mast that was used before and the forestay is passed through the top catch and hooked onto the winch strap. At this point I should mention that I have modified the trailer and added a 5 ft tower just forward of the bows, with a winch on the top. This is part of the modifications necessary, in my view, to enable *Aquila* to be safely launched and retrieved.

To stop the jib stick from falling over sideways I have made a strop with spring clips on each end and with a centre loop. This loop also clips into the top of the jib stick and the ends are clipped into the raised cap shroud fittings.

OK, so now the jib stick will not fall over sideways, but it can and does, slip along the forestay. I stop this happening with a short strop made to length which is clipped into the winch hook at one end, and the top of the jib stick at the other. Finally, the spinnaker halyard is attached to the strop at the top of the jib stick and the slack taken up and then cleated off. This stops any slipping of the jib stick and by making the strop to the right length I ensure that the stick is always perpendicular to the mast. It also provides a secondary support via the spinnaker halyard in case anything on the forestay breaks. Not much chance really.

Carol then winds in on the winch and the mast rises out of the roller. This is incredibly easy. The only point to watch is that all the mast clutter (rigging, halyards etc.) doesn't get caught on something. The great thing with the winch is that if something does catch you can relax as the winch holds the mast where it is while the item caught can be suitably released.

At some point when the mast is nearly up, the jib stick is too short and needs to be unclipped from the forestay and the halyard. Eventually the mast is fully raised and held from coming too far forwards by the back stay.

Leaving the forestay clipped to the winch, the forward lower shrouds can be attached to their fittings and hand tightened. The forestay can now be released from the winch and attached to the stem head. This can then be fully tightened and locked. When fully tightened, it also means that the lower aft shrouds and the back stay are fully tightened. All that is left to do is correctly tighten and lock the lower forward shrouds. The mast is now up and ready to go.

Lowering the mast is exactly the opposite procedure. One slightly odd experience is that the mast does not want to tip backwards, so the winch strap is slackened and the mast physically pushed until the slack is taken up and the lowering can be done by the winch.

The following sequence of photographs, taken by Carol's son Dan, shows us lowering the mast.



1. This shows the forestay and the spinnaker halyard connected to the winch strap, but with slack. Carol is sitting on the Discovery's spare wheel with her feet on a cross member on the winch tower. This puts her in a perfect position for manning the winch. If you look hard you can see me on the deck undoing the starboard side lower fore shroud! The mast just stays



there even after releasing the port shroud. 2. This shows me pushing the mast over so that the strain is being taken by the forestay and the winch. Carol is winding the winch handle. She acts as the brake as the ratchet can only be used while raising the mast. If she lets go, the winch handle rotates rapidly and the mast descends rather quickly. Not good for Carol or the mast! The winch has two gears, but we find the higher gear more than adequate for raising or lowering the mast. It's also quicker.



3. Carol has stopped unwinding and put the ratchet in place holding the mast at this jaunty angle while I fiddle and faff preparing the jib stick so it can be attached to the forestay.



4. Carol is now unwinding a bit as the forestay is just a bit too high to attach the jib stick.

The keen eyed observer may already have spotted my mistake! If nothing is done damage will result!



5. I am clipping the jib stick onto the forestay where the strop and the halyard meet. This ensures the jib stick is at right angles to the mast. The yellow mast roller can clearly be seen on top of the raised horse right in line with the descending mast. Damage is now fairly close!



6. At last I've seen it and I'm waving Carol to stop! The main hatch is open and the front of it is about to be crushed by the bottom of the mast. Big lesson learnt. ALWAYS CLOSE THE MAIN HATCH. Again, because the mast is in total control Carol can clip in the ratchet and relax till I close the hatch.



7. That's better. It's always a relief to see that I did remember to close the hatch. Here the mast is almost down with me reaching up to guide it towards the mast roller. Carol is still in control and if necessary could stop and hold the mast even in this well angled position. Note the jib stick still at right angles to the mast.



8. The mast is now down and resting on the roller. Just to show that the mast is being supported by the roller you can see I'm dismantling the jib stick from the forestay.

That whole sequence from the first picture to the last, took 3 minutes 28 seconds (according to the camera) and that includes the time taken while I connected the jib stick and the time to stop and close the main hatch. So you can see raising and lowering the mast really is a doddle.



Atalanta

No	Name	Home Port
A1	Atalanta	
A2	Tellula	Lost at sea 1981
A3	Andana	Destroyed 1990
A4	Snuffbox	Destroyed
A5	Diaphony	M
A6	Unknown	USA
A7	Alouette de	MerAnglesey
A8	Arabesque	East Africa
A9	Ereina	M
A10	Unknown	USA
A11	Tomboy of	Terhou Destroyed
A12	Ione	Landshipping
A13	Rollin' Home	Broken up 2006
A14	Loutre	Wrecked on mooring
A15	Artemis II	M Chichester
A16	Dervorguill	M Derbyshire,
A17	Gambol	M Sandbach
A18	Aries	
A19	Valare	Destroyed 1995
A20	Acantha	West Kirby
A21	Chuff	Denmark
A22	Mary Jane of	Moreton
A23	Gypsy	USA
A24	Melanium	Anglesea
A25	Virgo	USA
A26	Detour	M Yorkshire
A27	Sabot	USA
A28	Unknown	USA
A29	Meteor	USA
A30	Trio	destroyed 2004
A31	Dolfijn	Belgium
A32	Alchemy	destroyed
A33	Pam	Canada,
A34	Cricket	USA
A35	Scerzo	France
A36	Aquila	broken up in 1990
A37	Pegasus	Boston
A38	The Beaver	M Ontario
A39		M Seaton
A40	Dalriada	Canada
A41	Gale	USA
A42	Pumula	South Africa
A43	Ponente	USA
A44	Vaga	Ireland
A45	Tammy Norry	M
A46	Theodora	Hull
A47	Walrus	USA.
A48	Feli	M Orkney
A49	Terrapina	M Glasgow
A50	Escape	USA
A51	Bacardi	M Canada.
A52	Ecco I	Belgium.
A53		Shell sold
A54	Eala	Owner unknown 1986
A55	Sue	Monmouth
A56	Yambo II	Lost at Sea 1982
A57	Odyssey	USA
A58	Winterset	France
A59	Julietta	M Cardiff
A60	Achates	M Honiton,
A61	Elissa	France
A62	Coco	Canada
A63		Sold as a shell
A64	Paradox	USA
A65	Joann	M Wivenhoe
A66	Roamara	M Faversham
A67	Bajan	Canada
A68	Curlew	M Manchester
A69	Laq Laq	M Caterham
A70	Catalina	M Eire.
A71	Blue Jackaroo	owner not known.
A72	Rondar	Suffolk
A73	Lyde	Fishguard
A74	Equanil	USA
A75	Shang	USA
A76	Inshallah	Owner unknown
A77	Blue Goose	Owner unknown
A78	Marianda	Ireland
A79	Frisk	M Somerset.
A80	Talanta	M Usk
A81	Windjammer	Holland
A82	Jacaranda	Co. Durham
A83	Flying Fox	Bridgewater
A84	Desiree	Motorboat
A85	Kicky-Wicky	USA
A86	Sassi	M Staffordshire
A87	Methuselah	M New Zealand
A88	Tenga	Canada
A89	Colchide	M Switzerland.
A90	Moume Goblin	M Bradford

A91	Yarina	USA
A92	Sea Major	M Bangor
A93		Portugal
A94	Hazel G	Owner unknown
A95	Hiran	M Sidcup
A96	Destroyed	Shell sold 1958
A97	Joanne	Ross-shire
A99	Toko	Cobham
A100	Jaunty	M Hastings
A101	Patience	USA
A102	Atalanta	Mary M Queen Camel
A103	Puffin	USA
A104	Arosa	M York,
A105	Taka Maru	M Kings Langley
A106		Owner unknown
A107	Xapu	USA.
A108	Solvendo	Melton Mowbray
A109	Beltine	Broken up
A110	Trienyje P	M Germany.
A111		Titania kit 1959
A112		Titania kit 1959
A113	Aku	Wrecked in the Galapagos
A114	Claudia	In France
A115	Sabrina of	Croyde Lymm
A116	Quadrille	Switzerland
A117	Turtle	M Helston
A118	Sunstream	Broken up
A119	Walrus	M Steyning
A120	Cameo	Owner unknown
A121	Kotora	M Belgium
A122	Jellicle	Owner unknown
A123	Coramanda	New Zealand.
A124	Helene	M Norfolk
A125	Polaris II	Mexico
A126	Apple	Wrecked 1997
A127	Grace	M Lochgilphead
A128	Echo	Tintem
A129	Sea Rouge II	USA
A130	Castanet	Retired Glasgow
A131	Strega	Lost at sea.
A132	Aeglin	Leeds
A133	Scallywag	Glenrothes
A134		USA
A135	Bloom	M Faversham
A136	Amsara	Owner unknown
A137	Baby Seal	M Ashbourne
A138	Sweet Sue	M Guemsey
A139	Delia Ann	Broken up 2007.
A140	Kate	London,
A141	Rakia	M E Mersea
A142	Taor Mina	M Aberdeenshire
A143	Clymene	Guildford
A144	Cyn	M Eire
A145	Rollin Home	Bo'Ness,
A146	Le Bateau	Ivres USA
A147	Chamois	M Perthshire,
A148	Johara	Whixall, Salop
A149	Britt	USA
A150	Salizanda II	M Austria.
A151	Mistura	M Fintry
A152		Shell sold in 1961
A153	Serenity	Destroyed 1981
A154	Deannie	M Cumbria
A155	Miranda	Peel, IOM,
A156	Xirt	London
A157	Quatorze	Broken up
A158	Jane Duck	USA
A159	Lindora	M Cornwall,
A160	Moyra	Broken up?
A161	Amber Ellen	Rosshire,
A162	Solone	M Italy.
A163	Sounion	Children's playground
A164	Scarweather	Croydon,
A165	Sloeberry	M Horsted Keynes,
A166	Hullballo	M Dorchester
A167	Mathilda	Sweden
A168	Kookaburra	M Woodford Green,
A169	Mateva	M Belgium.
A170	Tilacious	Norway
A171	Touch	M London,
A172		Switzerland
A173	Peace	Destroyed by fire
A174	Cordy	In Isle of Wight
A175	Inyoniya Manzi	Switzerland
A176	Persephone	Owner unknown
A177	Quinteffence	Somerset
A178	Endeavour	Destroyed
A179	Emma Duck	Surrey
A180	Cascade	Owner unknown
A181	Cirdan	Destroyed
A182	Skimmer	USA
A183	Bluster	M Woodbridge,
A184	Aquilo II	M Bridport,

A185	Petrel	Tynemouth,
A186	Ilversden	Destroyed

Atalanta 31 Owners

No	Name	Home Port
31/1	Sancerre	M Owslebury,
31/2	Freedom II	Australia
31/3	Balloo	Germany
31/4	Gellie	Stonehaven,
31/5	Elpenor II	France
31/6	Caperdonich	M Pitenweem,
31/7	Moby Dick	M Chichester
31/8	Trio of Playford	USA
31/9	Destiny	Netherlands.
31/10	Zambra	Needingworth,
31/11	Petesark	M Falmouth
31/12	Peanut	Beaumaris

Titania Owners

No	Name	Home Port	M	Name
T1	Nuru Albahar	M	Eire.	
T2	Hyskier III	Helston,		
T3	Midsummer	M London		
T4	Kytra	Isle of Man		
T5	Solway Tide	Wrecked 1988		
T6	Kittiwake	USA		
T7	Missey Mouse	Owner unknown		
T8	Fringilla	Owner unknown		
T9	Tarquilla of Aune	Owner unknown		
T10	Calista	M Swansea		
T11	Nyeri	Manchester,		
T12	Tily-Ho	M Templecombe,		

Fulmar Owners

No	Name	Home Port
F1	Tangaroo Tu	Peterhead
F2	Steel Deal	USA
F3	Dunsheen	M Bridport
F9	Petronella	Owner unknown
F13	Lucky	M Inverness,
F14	Noggin	M France.
F19	Valis	M Preston
F23	Dodo	M Hamble
F26	Driftwood	Lincs
F27	Stormbird	Owner unknown
F31	Frodo	Dorset
F37	Gabiotta	Eire
F47	Sherpa	M
F48	Vanity III	Owner unknown
F49	Merlin Ann	Wooton Bridge
F52	Banshee	Swanage
F53	Pilgrim	M Pembroke
F54	Blue Bell	M
F62	Ariel	M
F64	Faerie Queen	owner unknown
F?	Wild Goose	Gairloch

