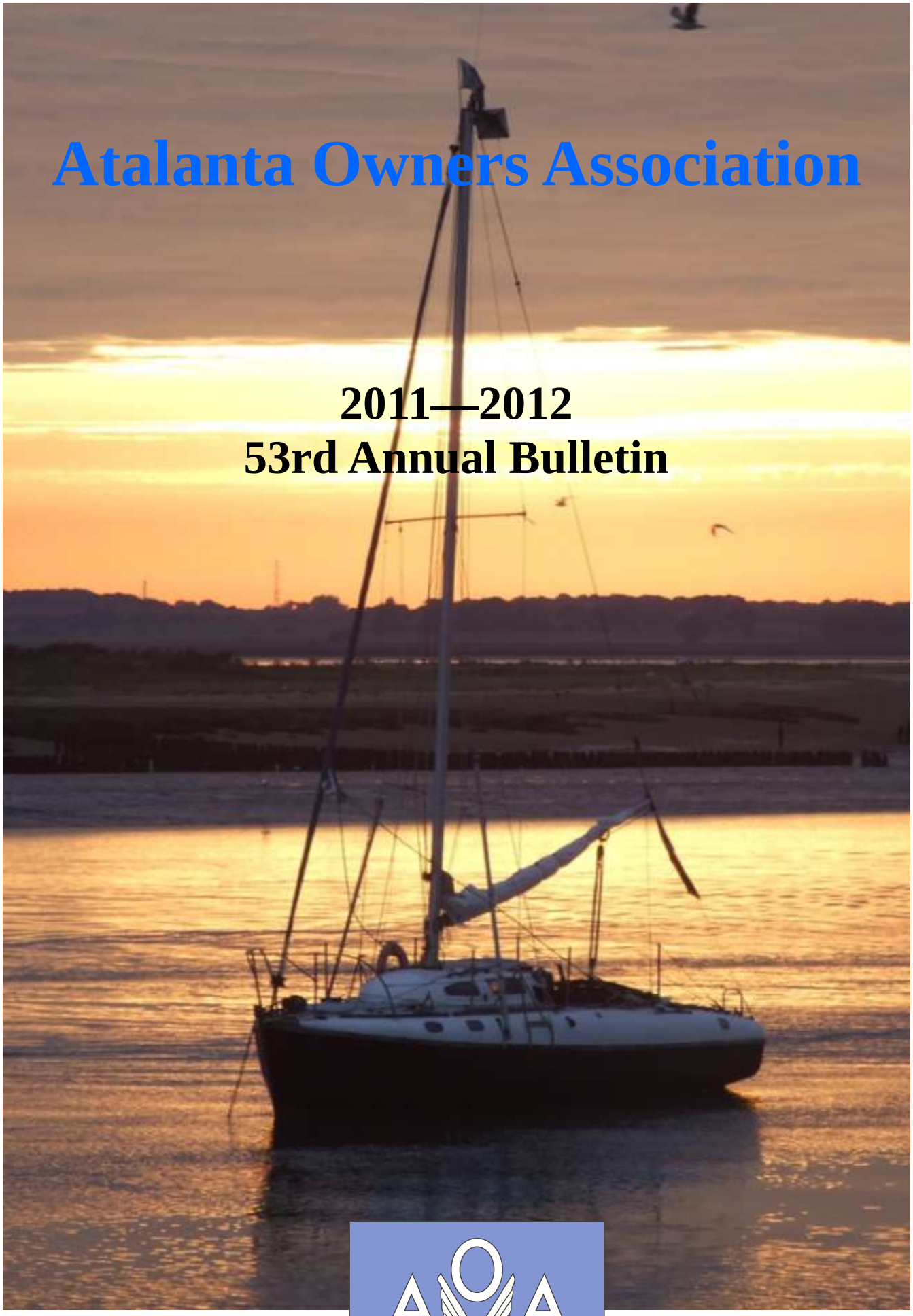
Atalanta Owners Association



2011—2012
53rd Annual Bulletin

Atalanta Owners Association
2011 – 2012 Bulletin

53rd Edition
Contents

Front cover photograph: © Jane Stearn

Message from the Commodore

By now I expect all our boats have been tucked up for the winter, with plans for all the problems or ideas that have been discovered or formulated during 2011. Don't forget to lower your keels to take the stress off the hull and drain the water from the engine as well as all the other jobs to keep us occupied until the weather allows us to use the paint brush. Update your charts, something I did not do in 2011, which means a bigger job now.

Start the season with the thought of submitting an article or Log for the next Annual Bulletin, these writings help to keep the Association's members together.

In the South East our Laying Up luncheon had to be cancelled, but we managed to have a hastily organised get-together at Erith Yacht Club in November. It was good to see some of our members and next autumn I will attempt organise things earlier. I can also record that 11 members met for the South West laying up lunch last weekend and had an enjoyable time.

I always look forward to meeting those who attend the AGM/Dinner in January, it's good to see and hear the enjoyment as members meet old friends.

Colin Twyford A95

Message from the Editor

Many thanks to those of you who have provided articles and photographs for this our 53rd annual Bulletin. Our members have sailed the coasts of the UK and Europe again, despite the doom and gloom which constantly fills the "news". Of course most of our boats are over 40 years old now, and it is no surprise that there are also articles describing repairs in this Bulletin.

I hope you enjoy reading this Bulletin, even if it is the "thinnest" you have received since I started to edit it. However you should have a calendar as a new addition to the bulletin.

PLEASE remember that that these Bulletins rely on input from you the members. There are of course a small group of members who consistently send me articles (and I am grateful to them), but we would all welcome hearing about YOUR exploits and Atalanta related activities. If you have never written anything before, give it a try, the editor can always edit your text. Of course if you send some colour photographs to go with it, they can really make an impression.

I am also looking for you to provide me with stunning photos which I can use in the calendar. Keep me supplied and we can keep producing a calendar!

Fair winds, flat seas and lots of time afloat in 2012!

Trevor Thompson

Cruising the Golfe du Morbihan

By Chas Hammond

Day 1

After the short drive to Portsmouth we were safely on board the 20:00hrs sailing Brittany ferries Bretagne ready for the night crossing to St Malo on the North Brittany Coast of France.

Day 2

Arrive St Malo breakfast time, 3 and a half hours and 120miles later we arrived at the South Brittany Port du Crouesty. The road is good making trailing easy. WALRUS A199 is craned in by the port services. (130 Euro including parking for the vehicle and trailer for a month). Crew of Walrus steps the mast to save money and prepares her for sea. Shopping by dinghy to the nearby INTERMARCHE. Provisions, fuel and water easily accessible at the port.

Day 3

Forecast from the port office; good for the next five days. Passage planned for destination Ile Houat – pronounced "What". The island is 12miles south west of Port du Crouesty, an island in the Quiberon bay. Easy passage. Anchored in Treac'h er Gourhed. Beware of the Brise de Terre; the night wind from the North East. Houat is a real gem, about 2 miles long with spectacular beaches and fantastic walking with wild flowers in profusion. Good shop and boulangerie and crystal clear water for swimming and snorkelling. Ideal for walking, swimming, eating, drinking, dreaming and relaxing in the warm micro climate these islands attract.

Day 6

After three days lazing around time to move on. Settled weather with the forecast remaining good so passage planned to Belle

Treac'h er Gourhed, Ile Houat

“There is money in shells” Beach combing rewards

Ster Wenn, Belle Ile (The lobster pot)

Ile. 12 miles west of Houat, 10 miles long and approximatively 5 miles wide. The north coast anchorages are well protected from the south west but again watch out for the breeze de Terre. The south coast is rugged and exposed but there are a few anchorages which can be used in settled weather. As the weather was settled and from the north we headed for Ster-Wenn; a beautiful field a mile south of Point de Poulains. Probably in our opinion one of the most beautiful natural harbours in this area. It has been likened to a Lobster pot; easy to get in but hard to get out! The two headlands guarding this fjord are known unofficially but appropriately as "Pointe Dangereuse" and "Pointe Verticale". Fantastic coastal walking and wildlife. The nearest provisions and water are 3 miles away at Sauzon. Well worth a visit is the Grotte de L'Apothicairerie; a fine cave. There is also a nature reserve and information centre.

Day 9

After three days a change in weather with a swell from the Atlantic prompted a quick exit from the "Lobster Pot" to the more sheltered port of Sauzon. Sauzon is an attractive harbour on the north coast with good access to water and provisions including restaurants and bars. Although a drying harbour visitors buoys are available outside.

Day 11

North west 4-5, passage planned for Ile Hoedic 16 miles ESE of Sauzon. Fast passage, spinnaker reach and a favourable tide; 2hrs 30mins that's quick! Careful navigation and attention to detail required around the south shore of Hoedic headed in to Port de la Croix. The Walrus has landed. Check the ground first for rocks and obstructions then carefully take the ground with the dropping tide. We love it here! Anchor fore and aft, fenders underneath the hull to even out the list. Keep an eye out on the weather; anything form the south is dodgy. This island is our favourite. Only a mile long and half a mile wide. Adequate shops and provisions and an interesting museum giving an insight into village life in the past.

Day twelve to sixteen spent beach combing, walking, bird watching and exploring this beautiful island.

Day 17

Wind north-ish and light. Next destination Ile Dunnet 11miles north east of Hoedic for a lunch stop. This island is an uninhabited bird reserve so remember your binoculars and enjoy some bird watching with your baguette. Wind arrived in the afternoon, a

Port de la Croix, Ile Hoedic

River Vilaine, Roche Bernard

brisk sail into the River Vilaine and then motored up the river to the barrage at Port de Arzal 6miles away. Went through the lock into the river and found an unused buoy just off the bank 1mile west of La Roche Bernard. Swimming in the warm fresh water makes a pleasant change. Roche Bernard is a medieval town with quaint streets and houses, good mariner facilities, shops, cafés and restaurants.

Day 18

Leisurely sail up the River Vilaine towards Foleux 5miles north. So different from the wild coast of Belle Ile and the sandy islands of Hoedic and Houat. Total contrast, no need to worry about tide, wind, rocks, tidal races, navigation in fact quite boring at first until we relaxed into surroundings.

Day 19

Foleux to Redon 26miles from the sea with direct to the Nantes to Brest canal. The town is full of history and fine buildings and played an important role in Breton history. The yacht basin is in the middle of the town with easy access to everything you need including trains to St Malo. Visitors from the home can travel here using the excellent high speed train transport links. It would be very easy to get into this canal life but for now we still yearn for the sea. A trip to plan in our retirement maybe!? Taking the canal to St Malo is a definite option to save sailing around the Brittany coast.

Day 21

Redon to Arzal Barrage, leisurely soaking up the atmosphere of the river and psyching ourselves up for the 30mile passage into the Golf de Morbhian.

Day 22

Arzal to the Golfe du Morbihan. Brisk south westerly definite change in the weather, a very challenging sail. Wet and windy

Taking the sand, Ile Hoedic

Life's a beach but you still need water, Ile Hoedic

but exhilarating. Walrus is glad to be back on the sea although I am not so sure this can be said for her crew!

Day 23 to 27

The next week is spent sailing in and around the Golfe du Morbihan with all the fun of the fair; strong tidal races between the islands especially on springs and 60 islands to explore. We know this area very well from previous dinghy sailing adventures. It is a jewel and highly recommended, ideal for shallow draught Atalanta's. A trip to Vannes where the visitors moorings are right in the centre. Like Redon Vannes benefits from excellent transport links including ferry links to all of the outlying islands of Belle Ile, Houat and Hoedic.

Day 28

Bastille Day was spent in the Port of Auray 12miles from the Golfe opening. We were treated to a fantastic firework display and carnival atmosphere in this historic town in the north west corner of the Morbihan.

Day 29

Return to Port du Crouesty to be craned out. Mast is lowered and prepared for the short journey back to St Malo and the safety of the ferry. Slept on the boat on the trailer at the port of St Malo and took in the views of the old walled city. Fantastic trip.

Some final thoughts; "Trailer Sailing" – the way to go?

By Chas Hammond

Ferry costs £800 Portsmouth St Malo including cabin both ways (essential on the night crossing but not so crucial for the day return). Cheaper fares can be found Dover/ Calais and the tunnel but these are less convenient as there is more driving and fuel costs. With the Portsmouth/St Malo crossing the holiday starts as soon as you get on board.
Craning costs - £200 in and out including secure parking for your car and trailer. Mast stepping can be done yourself to save money.
Marina and mooring costs – During our months holiday we only stayed in a marina for five nights; between 10 and 25 Euros a night.
Insurance cover – Check that your insurance covers this cruising area. European breakdown cover for car and trailer is essential. It is also important to have a good, well maintained and road worthy trailer and spare kit as we learnt from experience when we blew a tyre on a granite curb 150m from our final destination (Port du Crouesty).

A friend did the same journey by sea in his 40ft yacht, a nearly 500mile passage back to Shoreham-by-Sea Sussex and it took him 7 days which works out at 70miles a day at 5 knots, 12hrs a day! He sailed by day and was in harbours by night and he didn't much enjoy it. More to the point he had to wait in the Vilaine River for 5 days for a weather opportunity incurring costs and difficult conversations with his boss about his over running holiday!

Bits and Pieces

By Colin Twyford

When we purchased ”Hiran” in February 1984 there was a large area of delaminating below the rubbing strake on the Starboard bow, I was advised to use Cascamite for the repair which was about 24”x18” and went right through the four laminates in a couple of areas. During the last 27 years the repair has not given any problems, then in March of this year I noticed that the Cascamite was failing and realised that the small amount of water in the forpeak was probably not coming through the hatch as I had thought. Once the weather allowed I removed (too easily) the outer layers and proceeded through all four layers. I was informed at this point that Cascamite only has a life of 10 years, so I had done quite well with this repair. In the past I have always used small cuttings of card to place under the outer staples to avoid staple marks on the finish. This time I decided to use strips cut from plastic milk bottles (as illustration) and found it was much quicker, cleaner and the stapler did not get covered with the West resin. Once the job was finished and the protecting cover was removed I returned after a couple of days of rain to find that there was more water in the forepeak.

Investigation revealed that the leak appeared to come from the forward end of the Starboard toerail, where someone in the past had put filler in the solid end of the rail that fits flush with the deck and the water had rotted the inside wood. On “Hiran” the rail has been cut into sections to fit the stanchions in line with the rail, so I fabricated the forward sec-

The repair stapled up

Whilst laid up last winter unbeknown to me a visitor had leant on one of the standard shelves fitted to the rear bulkhead and it was hanging off. I have always meant to support those in both rear and forecabins, it did not take much time to do the job I should have done years ago, so thank you unknown visitor for raising awareness, or was it lowered? (see illustration).

The kneeling pad

tion, about 18" and glued and screwed it to the deck.

A week of rain later there was still water in the forepeak, so further inspection revealed that the anchor Hawse Pipe was just screwed to the deck with no backing pad, this was easily remedied and the access is now firmly bolted onto a ½" pad. So far the forepeak has remained dry.

One other addition was added to the forepeak, use of the toilet by us fellows sometimes means that we must open the hatch and in cases of sea sickness it would add to the discomfort if we had to kneel on th bulkhead, so a simple kneeling pad has been installed that folds down (see illustration), it is not intrusive and I can now keep the forehatch closed if I wish.

Support for the shelf

Comfort Food

By Dinah Thompson

We've all been there. It's blowing a gale outside, the rain is torrential, but fortunately you are tucked up safely in harbour or in an anchorage. However, you've finished reading, have completed all the little cabin jobs, don't feel like playing cards, and are starting to feel at a loose end. Going ashore is not tempting, so what can you do to productively while away the time and improve crew morale?

Often the answer on *Calista* is to rustle up a teatime treat. *Calista's* stores always include basics such as flour, sugar, dried fruit, eggs, baking powder, yeast, and butter or margarine. We also have a few jars of cinnamon, mixed spice, honey and jam kicking around. I suppose it all stems from the time when we lived onboard *Joleta*, our previous boat, whilst on an extended cruise through Europe and around the Mediterranean. Food from the galley was just like food produced in the house kitchen, although, because we didn't have a fridge, fresh meat only made an appearance when we were in port. We even made jam, bread, pizza and cakes, using not just the Taylor's oven but also a heavy duty pressure cooker (minus all the rubber parts). Magnus' birthday is in August, and as we were often sailing on his birthday, the cake was made onboard as well.

Calista doesn't have an oven (yet) but, amongst other things, we make drop scones, soda bread, and Welsh cakes on a regular basis using a heavy frying pan. In fact Trevor has become particularly proficient at making soda bread and drop scones. You don't need much equipment, just a bowl, a couple of spoons (preferably a teaspoon and a tablespoon), knife, and a cup or measuring jug, heavy pan, and of course a cooker. We manage without weighing scales, pastry board and rolling pin, and improvise where necessary. It does help to have a rough idea of what 1 ounce of flour or 4 ounces of butter looks like. More important however is the willingness to have a go. Even if the result is not perfect the crew is unlikely to complain!

Drop scones

Drop scones not only make an appearance at tea time, but Trevor often rustles these up for breakfast if we have run out of bread.

Ingredients:

- 8 heaped tablespoons flour (plus 1 teaspoon of baking powder if using plain flour)
- 2 heaped tablespoons sugar
- Roughly 2 tablespoons dried fruit, such as currants, sultana, or mixed dried fruit
- 1 tablespoon butter, melted, plus a little bit more
- 1 egg, beaten
- Milk to mix (about a mug's worth)

Method:

First of all gently melt the butter (or margarine) in a heavy frying pan. Whilst it is melting, put the flour (with baking powder) and sugar in a bowl, mix them together, and make a crater in the middle. Crack the egg into a cup or mug (to ensure that it hasn't gone off) and beat the egg with a fork. Cast an eye over the butter to make sure that it is not getting too hot and going brown. If it has melted take the pan off the heat. Pour the beaten egg into the crater in the flour and sugar mixture, and start to mix in the egg, adding some milk (perhaps half a mug's worth to start off with) and the butter (don't wash or wipe out the frying pan). Mix it all together making sure that there are no lumps. Add extra milk until you have the consistency of porridge or very thick paint. Add the dried fruit if you have some, alternatively you can do without.

Put the frying pan back on a medium heat and when you judge that it is hot enough (but not so hot that black smoke is coming off the pan), put in a tablespoons worth of mixture. The mixture should not be too runny, nor so stiff that it won't drop off the spoon. If it is too runny add more flour, if

Dinah making Welsh cakes in Calista's Galley

it is too stiff add more milk. This first drop scone is experimental to check that it will cook properly without burning! It should only take a couple of minutes on one side before you need to turn it over to cook it on the other side. It will be ready to turn over when bubbles have appeared on the top surface, and it is a light brown on the under side. Turn it over using a fish slice (or knife), and cook the other side to a light brown. When it is ready put it on a plate and cover with a clean tea towel (to keep it warm) – or taste it to check that it is OK.

Having made the first drop scone you repeat it with the rest of the mixture. You should be able to cook several together, the number will depend on the size of your pan. You may also need to add a little more butter or oil to stop the drop scones sticking to the pan, but the pan only needs to be lightly greased. You are not making deep fried doughnuts.

Drop scones are best eaten warm with butter or jam!

Welsh cakes

These are my favourite tea time treat on *Calista* but require a little planning to ensure that you don't end up spreading flour everywhere. In other words, you don't want to be called away from the galley when you are in the middle of rolling out the dough.

Ingredients:

- 8 ounces of flour (self raising, or plain with a heaped teaspoon of baking powder) – this equates to 8 to 10 generously heaped tablespoons of flour)
- 4 ounces butter or margarine (i.e half a normal pack of butter) at room temperature
- 4 ounces caster (for preference) sugar – i.e. 4 heaped tablespoons

- 3 ounces dried fruit (roughly 3 table-spoons)
- 1 egg, beaten

Method:
Before you start, make sure that you have a clear and clean area, such as on a table, or a large bread or chopping board, where you can roll out your mixture and cut it into shapes. Sprinkle the area generously with flour. Get out a knife, or mug.

Put the flour and butter into a bowl, and using a fork squash the butter into the flour, or alternatively rub the butter into the flour. If using your hand to rub in the butter, use just one. There's no point in getting flour on both hands at this stage! The result you want is something that looks like breadcrumbs. Mix in the sugar and dried fruit, and then bind the mixture together with the beaten egg. You should end up with a mixture that will stick together as a ball. It certainly shouldn't be too dry, but if it is too sticky you can add more flour to the mixture.

Put the ball of mixture onto the floured board. At home I would use a rolling pin to roll out the ball until it was just under ½ inch thick, and then use a pastry cutter to cut out rounds. On the boat I just flatten the mixture with my hand until it is roughly the right thickness, and then either cut it out into squares about 2" x 2" with a knife, or use an inverted cup or mug to stamp out rounds. It makes life easier to have dipped the rim of the mug in flour beforehand.

This quantity makes about 12-15 Welsh cakes. To cook them you need to lightly grease a heavy frying pan (or bakestone if you happen to have one onboard!) and heat it on the cooker to a moderate heat. You should be able to cook about 5 or 6 Welsh cakes at a time. The Welsh cakes are cooked for about 3 minutes each side until they are lightly browned and cooked through. When they have cooked put them on a clean tea towel to keep warm until all have been cooked.

Welsh cakes can be eaten warm as they are, sprinkled with sugar, or buttered.

Soda bread
Ingredients:
- 1 lb flour (plain flour, or strong white or brown bread flour)
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda
- ½ pint buttermilk or a mixture of plain yoghurt and milk

Method:
As before, make sure that you have a cleared and clean area, sprinkled with flour where you can knead your soda bread.

Put the flour in a bowl and mix in the salt. Mix the bicarbonate of soda in the buttermilk or yoghurt and milk mixture, and then gradually add the liquid to the flour. Using one hand mix it into the flour until you have a soft dough, which will hold together in a ball. Put it on to your floured area and gently knead it and then shape it into a flattened circle, about an inch thick. If that is too big for your pan, divide it into two rounds.

To cook your soda bread grease your heavy frying pan well, and heat it up gently. You don't want it to be too hot or you will burn your loaf. Put your round of dough into the pan and cook it until the bottom is a golden brown. If you have a lid for your frying pan you can use it to help keep the heat in. Once the bottom is golden brown turn your loaf over and cook the other side. When it is ready it will sound hollow if you tap it on the bottom.

Soda bread is best eaten the same day you cook it, with lashings of salty butter. It goes well with soup.

These are just three treats which can be cooked on the top of any cooker. Other possibilities include tortillas and muffins. With an oven the range of options increases dramatically. Enjoy!

Keel Bolts - Again

By Richard Hall

For the last two years I have been working on the keel bolts.

My system is, I believe, a bit unusual in that the protective coating is not zinc (galvanising), but aluminium. This brings it's own benefits and problems. The protective quality is excellent, and the state of all the keel supporting steel is still excellent with virtually no rust. I don't know how long it has been since they were refurbished, but to my knowledge, no work has been done on them for over ten years. However the downside is that any aluminium oxide formed by the action of the seawater has a huge volume compared to the base aluminium it replaced. I first found this on the rudder. The bottom pintle where it was attached to the rudder skeg had corroded and the force of the expanding aluminium oxide had split the skeg. The split was packed tight with the oxide. It took a lot of effort to remove it all and re-glue the split with epoxy.

Of course, when it comes to the keel bolts any aluminium oxide would have filled the bolt tubes and packed in tightly. This proved to be the case, as my bolts were firmly locked in place. Indeed, thinking about it, they were always locked, and tightening the nuts did absolutely nothing. I could still wind the keels up or down. The bolts were, of course, completely watertight in their tubes, and no water ever came in.

However, in the winter of 2010 I decided that I ought to get them out and check they were still sound.

Easier said than done. I had a copy of the "Service Manual for the Keel Assembly and Mounting Structure" by M Donovan. As it was written about Aquilo, it should be totally relevant to the job in hand! It rapidly became obvious that tapping and gentle heating were not going to shift the bolts. Gentle heating was not enough. I had to use an oxy-acetylene torch to rapidly heat the tubes till they were red hot. Simultaneously I had to jack them out with a FIVE ton hydraulic jack placed between the port and starboard nuts. This is considerably more heat and pressure than Maurice ever envisaged.

A friend was doing the heating and I was doing the jacking. The bolts fought every inch, with me putting my full weight into the jack. It must have taken the full five tons to shift them. I also put wood around the frame to shield any flame from the wooden keel case. Even so some burning of the frame was unavoidable. I was able to shift both of the upper bolts on both sides. Unfortunately I was not able to get the jack into the two lower bolts, as the space was too tight.

To avoid the pressure plates falling out or revolving around the the one remaining bolt I always made sure that there were two bolts in position. This ensured that everything lined up whenever I replaced a bolt.

Of course the bolts would be totally corroded and need replacing. Surprisingly the weren't. They were nearly perfect, not even needing a further coating of aluminium. The tubes were in a similar condition. The aluminium oxide took some shifting both from the bolts and the inside of the tubes. It's amazing what strength a little bit of powder has as long as its in the right place! However, once cleaned up and re-greased, the bolts could just about be replaced by hand. I resolved to never let them get that bad again. I obtained some 3mm plastazote and replaced the seals before screwing on the cover plates (which also were in good condition). The screw holes were rather worn and with only ¾ inch thick wooden sides to the keel boxes, it was difficult to ensure that the screws held. If I took them off again I would need to sort out the wooden side or I would be in danger of having a cover pushed off by the water pressure. This would mean a two inch hole letting in water. Didn't bear thinking about!

I repainted the area just enough to protect it as I would be having a go at the lower bolts the coming winter.

Sure enough in October 2011, there we were again, grovelling on our hands and

knees in the bottom of Aquilo. While we were in that position we should have prayed to the god of stubborn bolts to be kind and help us to release them. But we didn't.

The keels were supported at the rear with blocks and by screw car jacks at the front. This time we had a two inch diameter ram with a separate hydraulic pump. The ram fitted perfectly between the lower two bolts, port and starboard. This gave a strong position for applying the maximum force without distorting any part of Aquilo. What I didn't want to do was to have the five ton force working against anything wood as it would just break or split. I had a nightmare of seeing Aquilo totally split in two along the keel, with the extended ram lying there, as if innocent, between the two halves!

Again my friend applied the torch and I set to on the hydraulic pump. There was no way these bolts could resist the red heat and, this time, the EIGHT ton push of the ram. I felt that if I kept an eye on the metal keel structure and their joining bolts I would see them giving before any damage could be done to the wooden structure. The great thing with an hydraulic ram is that if something suddenly gave, the force would also dramatically drop. As long as I was aware of this and stopped pumping all would be well. I wasn't too happy about the eight tons, but this would be the limit, I wouldn't risk any more.

THEY WOULDN'T BUDGE!

I still cannot really understand how the bolts and the tubes could withstand the onslaught of eight tons applied directly to the ends and pushing exactly in the right direction. Imagine the same bolt in the same tube but fixed vertically, with four Atalanta's strung up underneath and then removing the nut so that all that held the four Atalanta's up was the powder between the bolts. And then heat the tubes to red heat with an oxy-acetylene torch!

I was not prepared to increase the force any more or indeed increase the heat. We were beaten.

When all else fails read the instructions. I was able to get a copy of an extract from an old bulletin entitled “Bolt is a four letter word” by Colin Twyford. This described my exact situation and details several possible ways to overcome the little “B”s. Well Colin's advice was to cut through the bolt from underneath the boat with a hacksaw blade. A job which could take up to three hours per bolt! This, of course, would necessitate removing the keels and then the whole of the keel brackets in order to remove the remainder of the bolt from the tube. In his article, Colin suggests that removing the keel brackets will cause further damage to the keel boxes as the tubes are withdrawn. So, I'm stuck with a problem. Do I go down this route and take out everything and then do a repair job on all the damage that this will inevitably cause, or do I leave well alone?

The condition of the other bolts indicate that the lower bolts should also be in good condition. I could not detect any play between the keels and their respective pivot

Access holes with cover plates removed

The annuli with their captive bolts from each side

bolts, when I was jacking them up. On one side I was jacking up the boat itself before I realised I was lifting too high! So there is nothing to indicate that the bolts have corroded.

When raising or lowering the keels, the force on the pivot bolts are, rather surprisingly, upwards, not downwards. In fact, upwards and slightly forwards due to the closeness of the jacking points to the pivot point (the jacking point lies between the centre of gravity and the pivot). If the pivot bolt broke the upper two bolts would handle this without any trouble. Also there is a huge amount of meat in a two inch diameter bolt, which would take a long time to either corrode or wear away. After a lot of thought I opted to leave well alone.

However I still wanted to be able to remove the upper bolts on a regular basis to avoid them jamming again. This would require attention to the cover plate screws.

I was invited by Geoff Brookes to have a look at his Atalanta "Atalanta Mary" after the SW Laying Up Lunch last year. She was laid up in his back garden and in very good condition. She has, of course, twin rudders that are sufficiently shallow not to need to be raised when going aground. No rudder blade problems for her.

While looking at her keel bolts I noticed a different way of holding on the cover plates. Geoff explained that he had used set screws as studs through another sheet of ply attached to the keel box. He again referred me to another of Colin Twyford's articles. Here Colin was also using screws as studs, but with a sandwich construction. I decided to use a similar system.

The starting point for me was that the keel boxes were in good condition with only the screw holes worn through over use. I used 11mm ply and cut out annuli using two hole cutters, the first 4 ¼ inches dia. (127 mm), the second 2 ¼ inches(60 mm). These annuli could then be fixed to the keel box side concentric with the holes for the bolts.

I found the centre of a cover plate and drew a 2 ¼ inch circle. This enabled me to place it centrally on one of the annuli. I then marked the position of the screw holes. I also marked the the highest screw hole both on the cover plate and the annulus so I could replace the cover plate in the same position on the annulus as the screw holes were not quite equally spaced. Now the difficult bit. I had to drill the screw holes in the annulus at exactly the right places and upright. If I didn't the cover plate would not fit. I carefully centre popped the centre of each hole and using a pillar drill drilled screw tight holes in the annulus. However I was still not quite right as after screwing the screws into the annulus the cover plate would not quite align with the screws. Careful use of a round file on the appropriate side of the offending hole enabled the cover plate to fit. The screw holes were counter sunk on the underside so that once fitted the screw heads were just recessed below the surface. I used silicon bronze screws with silicon bronze washers and nuts. The screws were then glued into the annulus

with epoxy resin, care being taken to ensure no resin got onto the thread where it was visible on the top of the annulus. However plenty of resin was worked into the wood and the thread where the screws were tightened down. Once the resin had cured the screws were held securely. Again the cover plate was checked to ensure it would slip over the screw studs down to the annulus, see photo 1 and 2.

Captive bolts permanently installed

All that was now required was to glue the prepared annuli onto the keel box side concentric with the bolt hole. This meant that the lower ones had to have the keel box bottom support cut away in an arc to accept the annulus, see photo 3. The front edge of the annulus also required to be trimmed to allow space for the bulkhead. Once all was ready the annulus was glued to the keel box using resin. The original holes in the box were filled with resin first, then the back of the annulus was coated with resin, care being taken to ensure the slots in the screws were well filled. The annuli were held in place by bending wood lathes against the side of Aquilo. Surplus resin was removed from the inner circle and it was checked to ensure it was concentric with the bolt hole. A fillet of resin was allowed to remain around the outer circle of the annulus for added strength. When hard the annuli and the side of the keel box were primed and painted ensuring no paint got onto the threads of the studs by using small pieces of masking tape, see photo 4.

When all was dry the tape was removed and the cover plate along with its seal of 3mm plastazote were fitted and the washers and nuts tightened down. The maximum force used to tighten the nuts was by hand using just a socket without a wrench. I have not added annuli for the top bolts as these are above the bunk supports and the ends of the screws jut out and are a hazard both to us and the cushion covers and bed clothes. I think I will have to sort out some form of cap to put over either the individual screws or over the lot in one go. A bit more thought required.

I have now used the replaced bolts and their covers for all of this season. No leaks were in evidence. Also tightening and slackening the keel bolt nuts now did have the required effect, allowing the keels to be held up even though the keel mechanism was being lowered. I had to wind the keel mechanism back up again as I didn't want the keels to crash down when I released the keel nuts.

My feeling is that these keel bolts should be removed every season without fail so that they can be cleaned and re-greased, preferably including the bottom ones. Then they'll always be easy to remove and probably deteriorate very much more slowly. The keels and associated structure could be removed and refurbished at much greater intervals. Also clean and well greased bolts will function correctly without the need for grease nipples in the bolt tubes. I'm a great believer in the fewer holes below the waterline the better.

Editors Note: The association publishes a detailed keel servicing manual (totally revised and re-written in 2010). You really should read this article in the context of the information in this manual.

Calista's Easter Cruise

By Trevor Thompson and John Ingleby

The crew - Trevor, Peter Crane (A9) , Donminic Dobson (A90) and John Ingleby (A105) - joined Calista (T10) at her mooring in Milford Haven on Sunday afternoon. During the whole week we enjoyed remarkable weather. The best of the whole summer. Gentle warm winds, and clear sunny days.

After settling in we motored up the river to Blackpool Mill. This involves crossing two sets of "rapids" (well they are when the tide is out), past two islands, and into a wooded river. We spent the night anchored there in 1 metre in a pool of water retained by the shallows down stream of us. It really is the limit of navigation—and even an Atalanta can only get there on spring tides!

Anchored Near Blackpool Mill — the limit of navigation

18/04/2011

We left our overnight berth just before high water and carefully worked our way past the islands and shallows to get back down river, borrowing a mooring on our way for a bacon and egg breakfast. We then sailed on down to the open sea, and headed out to try for Skomer Island. The wind was fairly strong, and with tidal and wind constraints we felt it prudent to postpone the planned visit to Skomer until another day.

We anchored for a while near South Hook Point to wait for the tide to rise, and entered Sandyhaven at 1800. We anchored well inside the Pill for the night. Sandyhaven (as its name implies) is a shallow tidal side

Calm evening on the Eastern Cleddau on our way to Blackpool Mill

estuary which dries out completely. We walked to a local hostelry later in the evening—quite a walk. We passed interesting remains of lime-kilns, which include a rare lime workers hut.

19/04/2011

We departed from Sandyhaven on the top of the morning tide, crossing what is a foot bridge at low water, passed the moorings and tied up alongside the isolated pontoon at Dale. We took a trip ashore to explore Dale. Pete (the local archaeologist) gave us a guided tour of Dale fort, which had housed a novel pneumatic gun in the 1850's.

Returning to the pontoon we had a barbeque lunch, after watching the seals. Approach to Skomer is via the rock girt Jack Sound, which has up to 6 knots running through it at spring tides. At Skomer we picked up a mooring in the North Haven, and again went ashore to explore. Unfortunately landing on the slippery rocks was not without its eventful moments, and John ended up with a boot ful, and narrowly avoided immersing his iphone! This is a renowned wild-life sanctuary, which you might have seen on "Springwatch", and sure enough there were my favourite seabirds, the Pufins, getting their bur-rows ready for their mates.

Aground in Sandyhaven Pill. We rowed ashore but had to carry the dinghy back after dark.

Unfortunately the wind had completely died and we had to motor the rest of the way to Sol-va, where we picked up Pete's mooring. A difficult pickup in the middle of a bank of for and aft moorings, with lots of loose lines in shallow water. Pete had already cleared the loose stones, so we knew Calista would be safe here. We were entertained to a superb evening meal and welcome showers at Pete's house (and John's trousers thankfully dried out).

20/04/2011

Leaving Solva at high water we sailed in a NE 3 under full sail for Jack Sound, and carried a fair tide all the way to Ten-

Approaching Jack Sound

The Tenby Harbourmaster's Base above Calista has really nice toilets and a shower.

by which we reached 10 hours later. The wind was light for much of the day, and we were sometimes able to sail, and sometimes forced to motor. We were able to find a vacant mooring right inside the harbour, alongside the wall, with water and electricity laid on. We managed a short trip ashore, enough to con-

Calista flying back from Tenby, 6 knots all the way!

vince the crew that a day in harbour was called for!

21/04/2011

After one of the splendid breakfasts that we produced for ourselves, and showers all round, we set off to spend the day exploring Tenby. Tenby is a medieval town, with half of its walls still standing, and a fine restored Tudor Merchants House. It also has superb beaches and an interesting town centre, although much of it is now home to pubs and bars. Of course we did sample the fare of a select few of these.

22/04/2011

We left Tenby at 0830, in a flat calm and were surprised to find wind out beyond the first headland. We soon had the main and spinnaker pulling well. The perfect run lasted all the way back into the Haven, with everyone enjoying a turn on the helm, as Calista tore west at over 6 knots all the way. Of course the spinnaker had to come down eventually! We borrowed a vacant mooring at Angle, which we reached just before low water. Afternoon and evening were spent ashore exploring again. This included more history with a visit to a rare tower house (rare around here anyway), as well as the "Old Point House"

The spinnaker flew beautifully

14th century Tower House at Angle

23/04/2011

The last leg back to the mooring was completed entirely under sail in light and variable winds. Pete cooked Bacon Butties en route, and the crew were all on their way home by lunchtime.

We were very fortunate to have had beautiful weather almost to the very end, although the wind became quite cold out at sea. We managed to mix some serious sailing with plenty of time spent exploring ashore. Altogether a trip we will all remember!

Four Canals and a Classic Boat Festival

By Bill Kennaway

A31/6 Caperdonich's summer cruise took in a circumnavigation of Scotland via all four Scottish canals and participation in the Crinan Classic Boat Festival on the west coast, a total of 460Nm

We departed St Monans in Fife on 11 June, stopping overnight at Port Edgar marina, directly under the Forth Road Bridge, where we dropped the mast

The sail from Port Edgar to Falkirk was actually the trickiest part of the cruise. The Carron River entrance to the canal is tidal and has only 5m between the bottom of the riverbed and the underside of an overbridge – meaning that if you have enough tide height you're short of airspace.

We made it with about two inches clearance !

Canal number two en route was the Union Canal, which branches off the Forth-Clyde at Falkirk to Edinburgh. The main feature

At Falkirk on canal number one, the Forth-Clyde canal

of the Union Canal is the Falkirk Wheel, which has replaced the flight of locks that used to connect it to the Forth-Clyde,

We had our first crew change at Falkirk Wheel basin over two days, so on consecutive days we had trips up and back down the Wheel with each crew.

An unexpected bonus was that there was no charge for yachts or their crew using the Wheel, whereas visitors using the bus-like gondolas in the photo are charged £8 a head.

The Mid-Argyll Pipe Board on the "Puffer" Vic32

Our trip along the Union Canal was shorter than planned – we had hoped to make the 30 miles to Edinburgh, but because of BWB crew shortages, we had to make do with the 500 yards to the turning basin at the top of the Wheel.

Caperdonich crossing a canal basin

Passage along the Forth-Clyde canal took 3 days, with the mast being raised at Bowling near Helensburgh on the River Clyde. We then had two days of good wind and sailing down the Clyde Estuary to Tarbert on Loch Fyne, where we left Caperdonich for a week, for the small matter of my 40th wedding anniversary celebrations back in Fife.

Canal number three was the 10 mile long Crinan canal which cuts across the Mull of Kintyre from Ardrishaig on Loch Fyne to Crinan on the Sound of Jura, Crinan canal is the hardest work of the Scottish canals, as its heavy locks sized for sea-going vessels have to be worked by boat crews, whereas the other canals have the luxury of lock-keepers

Crinan is home to the Crinan Classic Boat Festival at the beginning of July. The Festival is a 3 day informal celebration of wooden boats, with races each day for yachts, dinghies and motor boats. The Festival's opening ceremony has the Mid-Argyll Pipe Board on board Vic32 a steam-powered Clyde Puffer sailing into Crinan sea lock, as photo above.

After Crinan, we had another crew change and sailed up the Firth of Lorne to Corpach near Fort William, stopping overnight at Dunstaffnage near Oban. Corpach is the entrance to canal number four – the Caledonian canal.

Caperdonich on the start line, with Ted Heath's old boat crossing ahead of us

The Festival has a great atmosphere, with about 30 boats rafted up inside the small canal basin at Crinan, with ceilidhs, whisky tastings, and a funky Highland games, as well as the excellent bar and restaurant at the Art Deco Crinan Hotel. We had a visit from George Ward on A147 Chamois, who economically anchored outside the basin

The races for yachts were organised in two classes, and by some freak of the handicapping system Caperdonich was included in class 1, with a lot of 40+ footers including "Opposition" formerly Ted Heath's Morning Cloud. In total 27 yachts took part, including several Clyde-built William Fife and McGruer yachts. Almost all the yachts raft up inside the canal basin each night, leading to some frantic locking in and out before and after the races. Needless to say we ended up right at the back of the fleet in all 3 races. But mysteriously we were retrospectively re-allocated to class 2 in the Festival's website, which means we should stand a better chance in 2012

William Fife gaff cutter dating from 1887

The transit of the 60 mile Caledonian canal took 3 days, and we encountered several more classic boats en-route to the Tall Shjps Race at Greenock. We changed crew yet again at Inverness canal basin for the 220 Nm return leg down the east coast of Scotland back to Fife.

Our passage plan had allowed a conservative 8 days, but in the event, favourable wind and weather enabled us to do it in 5 days, stopping overnight at Lossiemouth, Fraserburgh, Peterhead and Stonehaven, and doing the final 70 Nm from Stonehaven to Anstruther in Fife in one day, arriving on 14 July. Over the last two days we also managed some successful mackerel fishing – landing over 30 in a couple of hours.

Anstruther is only and two miles from Caperdonich's home berth at St Monans, but we went in there because it's harbour entrance is just deep enough to let Caperdonich in at LW with the keels up, whereas St Monans is HW+/-3. Anstruther is also only one mile from my house in Pittenweem, so I was able to spend that night in my own bed after 16 consecutive nights on board Caperdonich – we moved her to St Monans the next day.

Caperdonich at Fort Augustus at the head of Loch Ness on the Caledonian canal.

To Lulworth

By Carol and Richard Hall

Fig 2: The racing fleet practicing for next year

The day was cloudy with occasional bright sunny spells, the forecast SW 3 to 4 gusting 5. We were at Portland Marina preparing Aquilo for a sail. It was 09:55 GMT (I always keep ship's time at GMT so there's no confusion when sorting out tide tables and tidal currents) and I was trying to sort out where we should sail and what sails I should use. It would be a dead run to the East Ship Channel, might be nicer to go out the North Ship Channel on a broad reach and gybe in the lee of the harbour wall before heading off down wind to White Nothe or maybe Durdle Door on the Dorset coast. I would check the conditions again once out of the harbour. It can get very lumpy in Weymouth bay with the wind from the south, better with a bit of west in it as it was today, as the bay is then protected by Portland.

SW 3 to 4 gusting 5, I think I will put up the number one jib, and try the full main initially. We leave the berth and exit the marina at 10:35. As normal I motored NW to clear the marina entrance and the boats moored just outside, before handing over the helm to Carol, who then turned Aquilo head to wind so I could raise the mainsail. We've got this off to a fine art. Carol keeps the boat heading so that the mainsail swings over Aquilo's starboard quarter.

Fig 1: Racing dinghy capsize within the harbour

Aquilo has a non standard metal mast with rope halyards with a single winch on the port side. This heading gives me a clear space standing in the hatchway at the front of the cockpit, to raise the mainsail and winch it up tight without having to leave the cockpit and without the boom clouting me on the head. Sure enough it went like clockwork and bearing away allowed us to head towards the North Ship Channel.

Now, there is a lot of racing and training being done at the Weymouth and Portland Sailing Academy adjacent to the marina (getting ready for next year's Olympics), so Carol grabs the camera and looks for some good shots and she wasn't disappointed. Within seconds some dinghy had capsized just to windward of us (fig 1). This is fairly unusual because the level of skill of all the crews in the various dinghies was very high, again probably due to the Olympics. Imagine my surprise when two or three boats capsized. There must a bit more of a clout in the squalls than normal. Anyway they were all being well looked after by the support boats, so we continued on towards the harbour exit. Carol again helmed while I nipped below and then reappeared at the bow hatch. Standing here on the loo cover I was well in the boat so could use both hands to raise the jib. I had organised it so that it could be raised from this position, cleated off and then tightened using the jib Cunningham. I

Fig 3: White Nothe

then retreated back down the hatch locking it after me in case we took any water over the bows once we were in the open sea. This technique had been sorted out over the winter as I wanted to be able to handle all aspects of the sails without the need to go on deck. Carol feels much safer that way, and so do I!

We cleared the harbour entrance at 11:08 eased round into the lee of the harbour wall, gybed and headed off on a very broad reach towards White Nothe. We could see the racing fleet was out again and there must have been about a hundred RS200 dinghies racing right in the centre of Weymouth bay (fig 2). We could work out which mark they were making for so we could keep out of the way. But when they reached that mark they would started to go in a different direction and at a different speed, possibly very fast with spinnakers flying. Where to go to get out of the way? Although we were at least half a mile away some of them could cover that distance very quickly. Luckily the support boats helped us to go in the right direction. And we did see some very good racing at fairly close quarters. Even a capsize! This was very rare in the race fleet who could handle all the conditions we'd seen over the summer with apparent ease and enjoyment.

Leaving them behind, well they weren't going our way! We sailed on. Carol suggested going down the coast as far as Lulworth Cove. Aquilo was comfortable, it wasn't too lumpy and we had plenty of time. So we set a course to take us along the coast to Lulworth. Still well out to sea we passed White Nothe (fig 3) and sailed on towards Durdle Door. This is all part of the Jurassic Coast. Half of it lies to the west of Portland while the other half is to the east. So here we were sailing along the eastern half of the Jurassic Coast. Once past White Nothe the cliffs are all chalk all the way to Durdle Door. Half way along is Bat Head, a very white promontory, with a small east west hole through it known as Bat Hole or The Eye of The Monster.

Durdle Door is of harder rock (Portland stone) and is part of a rock formation which runs almost parallel to the coast about 100yds out. Most of it is underwater, but at Durdle Door it rises up above the water and forms a dragon like image with the door being an arch under the creature's neck, with the head dipped into the water, drinking (fig 4). As a youth I have swum through the door, and later with our children. It is possible to cross over this reef at selected places but it was far too rough today to attempt it. Better when it is very calm with any wind coming from the north.

Fig 4: Durdle Door

By now the waves were considerably larger, probably because we were out of Portland's lee. The wind seemed stronger. Hard to tell on a very broad reach, but at times the wind and waves were threatening to make Aquilo broach, but a bit more effort on the helm kept her on course and surging down the front of the now quite large waves. I think we're going to have to put a very large reef in the mainsail before we turn round and head home.

Fig 5: Lulworth Cove

Passing Durdle Door we can see into Man o' War cove nestling in behind the tail of the dragon which forms a much more visible reef on this eastern side. The cliffs are now lower and of hard rock with no sign of chalk. On past Dungy Head towards Stairhole which is just before Lulworth Cove and is formed of crumpled Purbeck stone. We could clearly see the hole in the Stairhole, but again it is too rough to get too close. And then suddenly there is the entrance to Lulworth Cove. The cliffs on either side are fairly low and unremarkable, so we were on top of it before we saw it. A boat was coming out and confirmed our conclusion (fig 5). With the wind from the south west and increasing, it was probably beginning to get uncomfortable in the cove itself, and so someone had decided to get out while they still could. Further on we could clearly see where the coast dips in to Worbarrow Bay with its distinctive jutting cliff above Mupe Rocks, (fig 6)
Time for us to consider going back as well. I'd have to bite the bullet and see if I could put this large reef in the main. I got Carol to set Aquilo close hauled on the starboard tack, with the jib pulled right in. The mainsail I left flogging, as I needed it slack so I could wind the sail round the boom. This had been easy when doing it in sheltered waters like Portland Harbour. Here it was different, Aquilo was bucking up and down over each wave as it raced past towards the coast. Even under jib and a flogging main she was still heeling, but with more than sufficient speed to enable Carol to maintain her course. I wedged myself in the forward cockpit hatchway, so I could use both hands for the reefing. On this tack the reefing handle is clear of the sail while the main halyard was behind the sail. But I only had to slacken the halyard a bit, using the mast winch to taken the main strain. Once I had a bit of slack I wound the sail round the boom using the reefing handle, two or three inches at a time. Slacken the halyard a bit, and wind the sail round the boom, slacken again and wind it round. It was slow but the sail was being wound smoothly round the entire length of the boom. So far so good, the next point to watch out for was as the leech of the sail passed the main sheet claw. I got Carol to watch that as I slowly winched in the reef. As I thought, the leech had got tangled in the claw. I quickly nipped aft and sorted it. Back to the hatchway and continue the reefing. By now the bolt rope was tending to move forward off the forward end of the boom and had to be held back while contin-

Fig 6: Worbarrow Bay and Mupe Rocks

uing the reef. I knew this meant we were almost there. Carol watched as the lower batten got close to the boom. I stopped just before to avoid it being wound round the boom and broken. This was as big a reef as was easily possible. I checked the ratchet on the reefing handle was fully engaged and then dived under the mainsail and winched the main up tight, cleated off and tidied away the halyard.

Right lets see how she likes this. I tacked, heaved the jib and the main in tight and waited to see what happened. Over she went, but luckily for me only to about 30 degrees. Carol starts to get worried if she goes further over than 35 degrees and off scale.

Now Aquilo was really driving into the sea, rearing up over the crests and plunging into hollows, just lifting before her bows scooped water back towards us. Well almost, every now and then, when I misjudged a wave, she dipped her bows and threw the sea straight back at us. Not spray but green sea! Unfortunately Carol could not take any more photographs as there was too much spray and water for the camera.

We were able to make a long tack back towards Weymouth but not all the way. We would probably make White Nothe before we got too close in and would have to tack out again. This seemed the best idea as the closer to Weymouth we got the more likely we would be shielded from the worst of the waves by Portland. So we steadied into our chosen course. By pinching up in the worst squalls I could keep the heel below 35 degrees, and Aquilo was really going for it. She'd got the bit in her teeth and was stonking along. I really think she was revelling in the conditions. There were a few sailing craft out and they were all well reefed down. We stomped past one small cruiser of about 20ft in length with a very baggy furled jib so that she sagged badly to leeward in the squalls. I think the squalls were a good force six, we were going like a train and Aquilo was humming. It felt incredibly safe sitting in Aquilo. Carol was opposite me on the leeward side at the aft end of the cockpit. Although bows were crashing up and down in the swell, where we were had far less motion and we felt very comfortable.

I cast my gaze over the sails. The No. 1 jib was taught, not baggy and the luff was tight, due to the Cunningham, and not sagging to leeward. The main was setting very well considering the size of the reef. About five feet of the bottom of the sail was wrapped around the boom. But there was very few creases and the leach only flogged when I pinched up in the squalls. In fact I could sail Aquilo like a dinghy, letting her slowly turn into the wind as she healed in the gusts, and

then giving her a quick flick on the helm to bear her away as the squall passed. It was like stepping to windward. Fully close hauled in the lulls, pinching to windward with the jib luff lifting when the squall was too strong and back on course again as the wind eased.
Up ahead was another small boat that seemed to be making more leeway than we were. Initially it was difficult to make out what class she was, but as we got nearer it turned out to be a Hawk 20, an inshore waters day boat, that was supposed to be good in a blow. The helmsman did not like the squalls and was pinching her so tight that her jib rattled like a burst of machine-gun fire before he eased her off a bit. Every time he did that she would slow slightly and move to leeward. Eventually he had to tack and she just crossed our bows. In due course she tacked and then we had to because we were now close inshore. When we crossed she was just in front again. By now the swell had eased and we tacked again to take us closer to Weymouth. But we were still stonking along. There were more boats here. One was a decent sized cruiser with just a reefed main up. We were obviously catching her. By the time we tacked again, this time to lay a tack towards the North Ship Channel we sailed past her. The Hawk was now on the same course as us but about 50 yds on our beam to windward. She was slowly pulling ahead, but every time there was a squall we pulled back again. As we neared the breakwater wall, she bore away a bit to make for the same channel. In the lee of the wall the swell was a thing of the past and the squalls didn't have the same bite. That was it, she pulled rapidly ahead and by the time we passed through the channel she was 100 yards ahead. Although we followed the same course, tacking across Portland Harbour she pulled further ahead, and then downed her sails and motored into the marina. Fifteen to twenty minutes later we did the same and finally berthed at 15:05 GMT, just over five hours from when we left the berth, 4 hrs. 20 mins. from Marina entrance to Marina entrance. We saw two Hawks berthed in the marina, but both were tidied away and we never found which was the one we had sailed back with. A great pity as it would have been nice to compare notes and have a good chin-wag. We tidied up Aquilo, had a cuppa and drove back home. What a cracking good sail. Lulworth and back in a tad under 4 ½ hours. Not bad as the total distance is about 20miles as sailed. I thought I would add a final picture to show what it is like in Aquilo when it's not quite so windy and there's more time to relax (fig 7), and this time we had the company of our two sons (as normal Carol is taking the picture).

 Fig 7: Aquilo and crew

Sailing with Bernard Upton

By John Ingleby

When a gap appeared between various family commitments this summer, I was very pleased to accept an invitation to sail with Bernard Upton on Lake Geneva between 14-18 August. Many of you know that Bernard is our longest serving member, having bought A89 Colchide in kit form in 1958, built her in UK and then shipped her out to Italy where he lived for many years before retiring to a beautiful home in the foothills of the Jura mountains, overlooking Lake Geneva with the French Alps beyond. On clear days Bernard can see the snow-covered peak of Mont Blanc from his dining room, 100km away to the South. I live 20 mins from Luton airport, so Easyjet to Geneva on Sunday morning was, well, easy, followed by a short train journey along the Swiss lakeside to Nyon, where Bernard met me and drove the 10km or so to his home and lunch. In the afternoon we had time to visit A89 Colchide at her mooring in the little marina at Founex.

Colchide is in really excellent condition, and draws many favourable looks and comments from passersby. Also like other Atalantas, she has her own unique and interesting features: the single cylinder Faryman diesel drives an hydraulic transmission with folding propellor. Hydraulics are also used to lift the keels, and her rudder lifts vertically in a satinless steel box, like T4 Brother Jack and A87 Methuselah.

Over the years, Bernard has incorporated many more useful features, such as a neat little pulley to tighten the backstay and trim the mainsail. There are no rubber strips to seal the keel boxes, instead Bernard

has filled some supermarket bags with foam rubber and squeezed them down from the cockpit, and they work very effectively to stop water sloshing and gurgling about. Of course, the rudder and the supermarket bags require attention in the shallows, although the keels lift surprisingly far before touching the bags. (I should mention that Bernard's nephew gave us an excellent presentation about Colchide at the 2009 Annual Dinner with many photographs, which you can view here:

https://pcasaweb.google.com/103720080770975036982/A89_Colchide)

So on the first afternoon, after bending on the sails we had time for a short spin on the lake, and I must say the steering seems light and precise and it also works very well with the engine in reverse. Back at home we prepared a splendid evening meal and Bernard very kindly put me up in his spare room. Over the next few days it became clear how his diet has undoubtedly contributed to his excellent health. Bernard has undertaken a major project to digitise his photo collection, which includes many celluloid negatives, and we explored various approaches to converting these during the following mornings, visiting Colchide for sailing in

the afternoons. After a dull start, the weather turned warm and sunny, so shorts and t-shirt made comfortable sailing gear. With steady winds, first from the West and later from East, all our trips started out across the lake, and then we followed the wind to admire the many palatial homes along the shores. On our last trip we tacked back across to Nyon to get a good view of the chateau and the paddle steamers which ply the lake. We kept a reef in the mainsail throughout, but even in lighter winds Colchide moves along well, no doubt helped by reduced drag from her folding prop.

On two occasions we returned to Founex to find the local sailing boats busily taking part in a regatta.

On the final morning Bernard very kindly drove me back to Geneva Airport, an easy journey of about 30 minutes along the motorway. I am very grateful for Bernard's hospitality, and for this wonderful opportunity to sail with our longest serving member in such a splendid setting.

Walrus A119 50 year re-fit

By Chas Hammond

I realise as I write this that I am not a descriptive person but I should emphasise that the purpose of this entry is designed to serve more as a warning to those neglecting their maintenance duties (like me) than as a step by step guide. I wish to prevent others like me from ending up in some potentially sticky situations (the kind you read about in Practical Boat Owner magazine!). I am sure that the AOA forum can provide you with the detail you need to complete these tasks!

The stirrup with the end rusted away

Mast foot re-build

Walrus' original wooden mast was soft and rotten at the bottom so immediate action was required without the expense of new. The repair was carried out (details below) and in my opinion is now stronger than before.

Stage 1

Dug out all of the rot and prepared the mast foot.

Stage 2

Applied epoxy resin and acetone thinners (20%) soaked into pre-drilled holes. Over half a litre of resin acetone mix was used.

Stage 3

Stainless steel plates to the side of the mast foot secured with stainless steel bolts

Keel lifting mechanisms

The engine as it was

Stage 2

Rather than replace the whole stirrup there is enough room in the keel box to weld galvanised plates to the existing stirrups and weld the nut and spacer as per the drawings.

Stage 3

Spring the stirrups over the stainless steel locating pin on the keels and tighten the clamping bolt

Stage 4

Filled cavities with epoxy filler, primed, undercoat and top coat. Good as new!

Lifting keel mechanism

Replacement of lifting stirrups. Both failed whilst sailing in the Morbihaan within 2 days of each other. Talk about built in obsolescence even in the 1950s!!

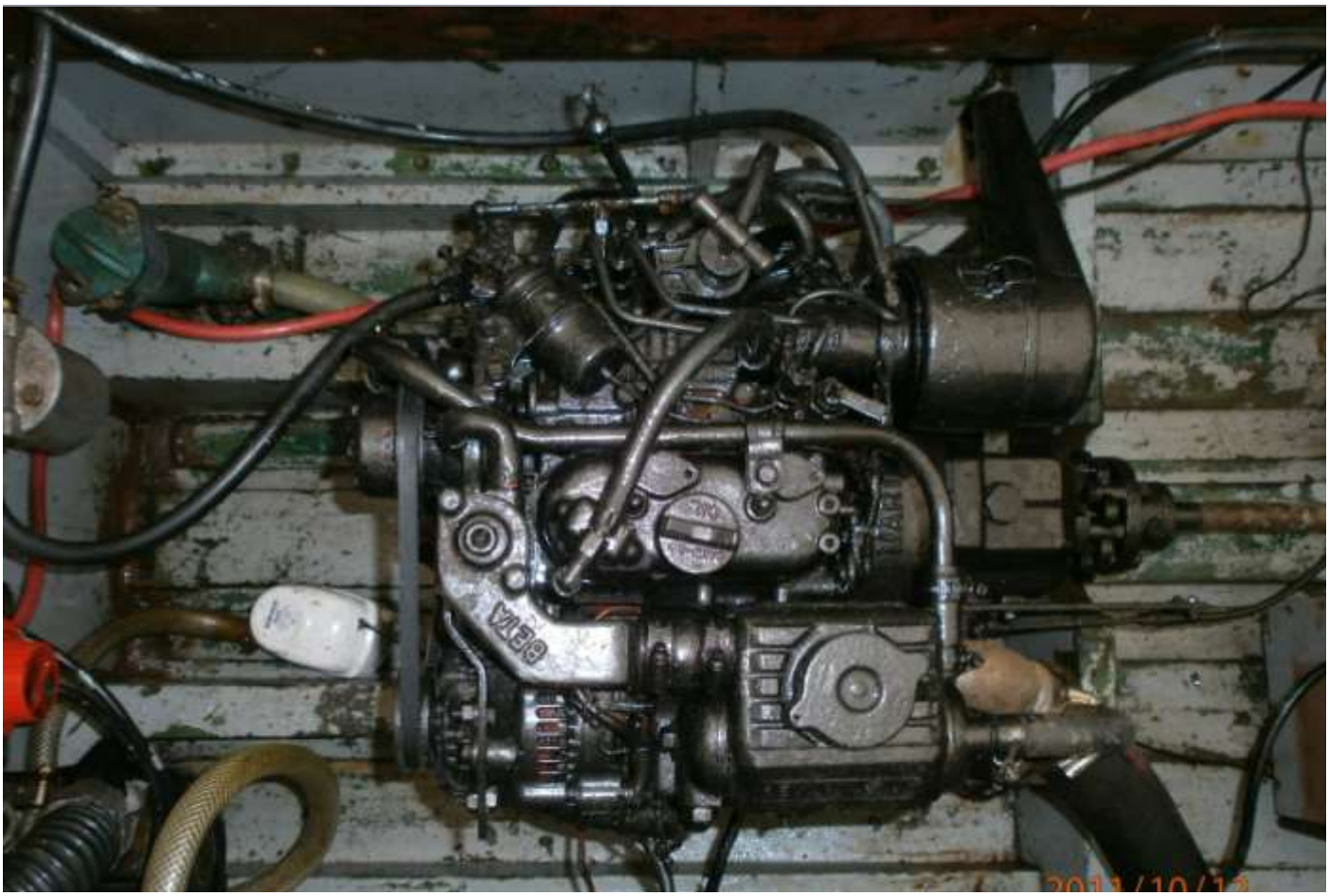
Drawing numbers B24238 and A24418 were used. Luckily I had copies but these are available from the AOA.

Stage 1

Removal is an easy task. Undo the 4 fixings and lift out.

The reinforced skeg

The mast repaired and reinforced



The engine cleaned and painted

into the pre-welded nut. Job done and good for another 50 years!

Rudder stock strengthening

We all know the forces acting applied to the rudder stock and blade especially when over canvassed so I decided to strengthen the rudder stock where it attaches to the transom and also the bottom pintal where its attaches to the skeg. Aluminium angle was screwed with stainless steel fixings to strengthen this area. All other screws and fixings were also replaced. Finally the rudder blade was looked at very thoroughly looking for stress signs and weaknesses just below the stock.

Engine Maintenance BETA 13.5

As we are aware conditions within the engine box are not good for anything metallic. i.e. An engine. Its a breeding ground for rust and corrosion. Walrus' engine was fitted in 1998 and was showing signs of neglect!

Stage 1

Knock off all rust with a hammer and chisel, wire brush, scrape and prepare surface for paint.

Stage 2

Paint the engine with Hammerite. Looks like new!

Stage 3

Yearly replace oil filter, fuel filter, anodes, V belt and check fuel tanks for diesel bug and contaminated fuel.

“There was a red Admiral who flew,

From Spain to my garden, 'tis true.

I'd like to presenta,

Another Atalanta.

Vanessa Atalanta that’s who!”

Limerick courtesy of Richard Hall

Washed on the Shore.

By Keith and Frouwke Viewing

When our courageous and steadfast friends were sailing the baton around Britain last year, Solone was safe in the wonderful harbours of Christchurch and Poole, breathtaking for their beauty and convenient too. Were we indolent, or lazy, or was there something else?

There was a coincidence of names and origins that seemed beyond reason. For example, the emblem of our ancient village is a sow, a 'scrofa' in the dialect. She faces to the left, but in Etruscan times, say 700 BC, prayers were offered to the sun in his zenith. Thus our friendly emblem really faces to the east and the rising sun, symbol of the good weather and good news! The residents here take some pride in this association, and are known collectively as the Scrofanese, the people of the pig!

By chance (perhaps), the chart of the River Frome above Poole had revealed our favourite mooring as opposite to Swine-ham Farm. Coincidence of course, but we remembered a previous owner in the fifty-year history of A 162, who had named her 'Pigro'. This was too much; polite conversation might lead to a profound silence as other links were made. 'Pigro' was adopted in 1968, by Dr J.J. Stevenson of London, accepted by T. A. G. Humphries for a full 8 years; and by M. Tullis of Windermere for a year, who re-named A 162 as 'Solone' in 1978.

Bravo for Mr Tullis! The boat was no longer associated with pigs of any association!
At first we thought 'Solone' was in error for 'Salone'; something to do with a saloon, although the saloon is only 3.9 m in length, including chart-table and galley. But now, fifty years after the launch, the truth is revealed; 'Pigro' in the language of Italy means someone who does little or nothing, is always late, has always to be chivvied-on, and in a word is simply 'Lazy', (a pig, perhaps?).

The explanation of Solone is even more apt for it is accepted in the Roman dialect, as 'bankrupt', but not of the ordinary sort, rather a 'Mega-bankrupt', the mother of all bankrupts! We had arrived on these shores as the international financial crisis broke in 2008. And, it is a comfort of a sort, that Citizens of Rome on the South Coast of England in contact with A 162, had been warned for thirty years, of the coming of Solone! All credit therefore to Mark Tullis of Windermere and two other owners, knowing or un-knowing, who had retained the name.

But wait! Surely our previous owners were never influenced by the idiom of foreign bankers? Rather, they would favour a classic name for our classic craft and be concerned with the legacy of Atalanta, and apples when in season. The key to this mystery lies in a note on Aristotle that mentions "Solone" or "Solon" in English. Our man was born in 638BC, about 150 years before Aristotle, but in his prime had given the laws of modern democracy. Strong economic and constitutional reforms were needed in the Athenian State to "readjust the economic balance against the evil of aristocratic and capitalistic dominance". They record that Solone had devalued the coinage and reduced the rate of interest; Debtors employed as slaves were made free, and power was transferred to the people. The concept of "fairness" was established!

Brave for Solone! Bravo for Pigro and bravo for Atalantas' everywhere.

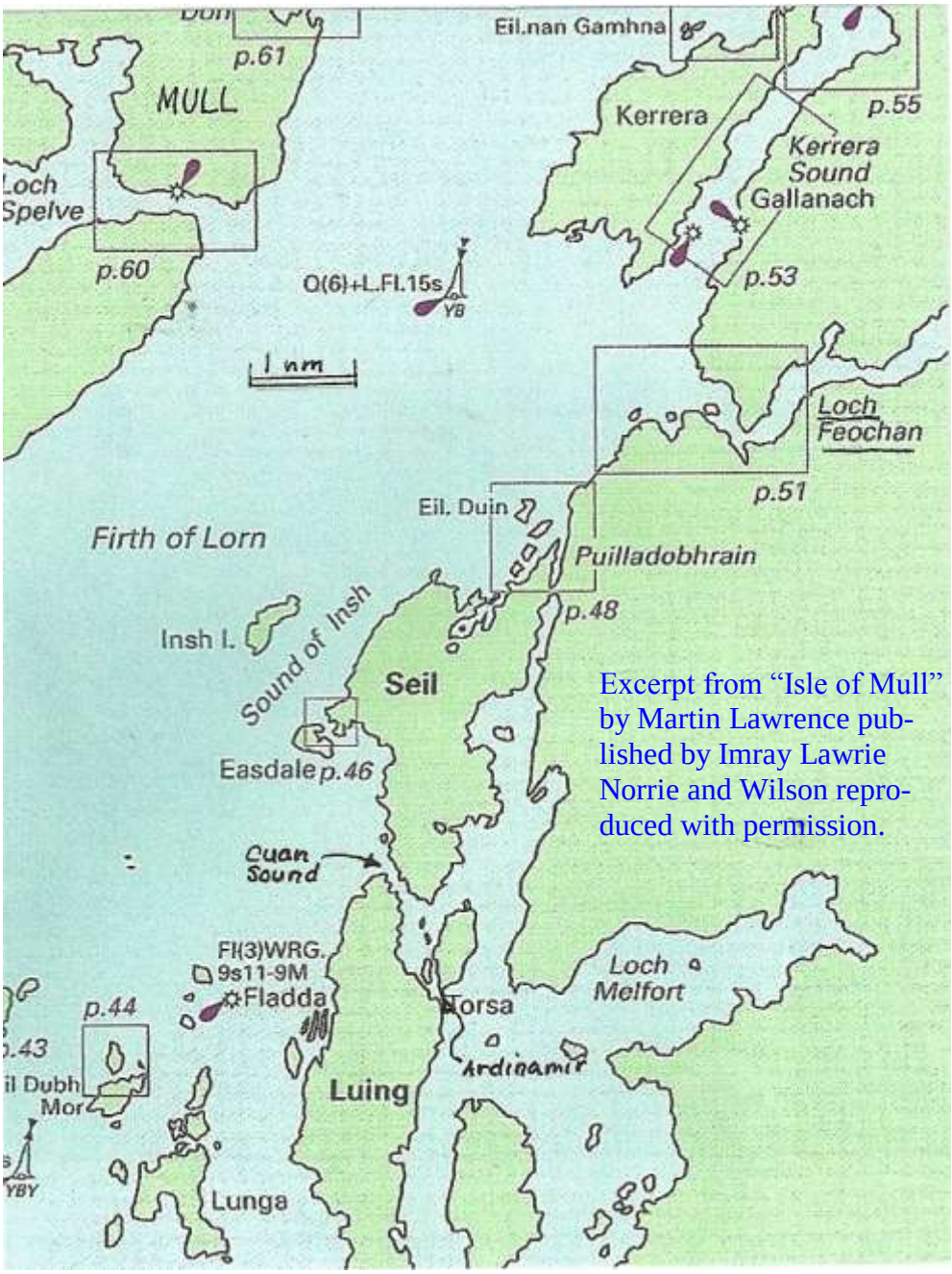
A Short Scottish Cruise

By Simon Cooper

The ebb tide sucks *Arosa* out through the entrance of Loch Feochan, south of Oban, and into the Firth of Lorn. The sun is shining but there's no wind. This is the third week of a holiday on Scotland's West Coast; friends had joined *Arosa* for the first two weeks and the weather had been pretty uncooperative, one week of rain and no wind and a second week of rain and too much wind. Now I'm on my own for the final week and the weather is a little better.

I'm on my way to Ardinamir anchorage on the north-east side of the island of Luing. I motor south for an hour and a half, and between Seil Island and the small Inish Island a gentle wind from the south arrives so it's up sails and off engine. I sail on past Easdale planning to take Cuan Sound between the south end of Seil Island and the north end of Luing. South of Easdale I spot the two high level electricity pylons taking the cables across Cuan Sound but have difficulty in locating the entrance to the Sound itself: fortunately a small boat appears which pinpoints the way into the sound.

The directions in the pilot book for passing through the Sound seem pretty complicated until one has identified the various land- and sea-marks when all becomes clear and simple. In the Sound I meet a boat on a sightseeing tour of marine wildlife, and right on cue a porpoise pops up. Through the Sound I turn south for Ardinamir anchorage which is formed between the south tip of another island, Torsa, and Luing. With the binoculars I spot the port and starboard beacons (placed by the Clyde Cruising Club) marking the narrow entrance. As it's low tide I crank up the keels and pass into the anchorage, dropping the pick at the southern, shallower, end. Despite the pilot book's description as one of the most popular anchorages on the west



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coast, there is only one other anchored boat, at the northern end.

I brew up and sit in the cockpit with my tea and cake, watching cattle roaming the muddy foreshore (these are Luing's own breed – a shorthorn-Highland cattle cross). Then I paddle ashore in the dinghy and walk a mile and a half across the island to Cuillipool on the west side to buy bread at the only shop, but alas, they have none until tomorrow. On the way back I climb up to Ballycastle hillfort, overlooking Ardinamir anchorage: this is an impressive stone circle some 30 yards in diameter.

The following morning, after a peaceful night, I pop my head out through the hatch to see a swirl of water beside the boat from something that had just dived, a seal I think. After a few seconds a small head emerges – no seal but an otter! I watched spellbound as it repeatedly dives close to the boat. After one of the dives it has a fish in its mouth which it noisily crunches. It slowly works its way away from the boat as it fishes and climbs on to a seaweed-covered rock which it thoroughly explores before diving back into the water. I go below for a spot of breakfast. A little later I look out again and there is the otter drifting past on his back, replete after his breakfast.

After breakfast I go ashore and walk to the shop for bread. Back at the boat it's time to weigh anchor and, with no wind, I motor back through Cuan Sound and out into the Firth of Lorn where a gently southerly breeze stirs to waft *Arosa* back towards Loch Feochan.

Arosa sailing in Scottish waters