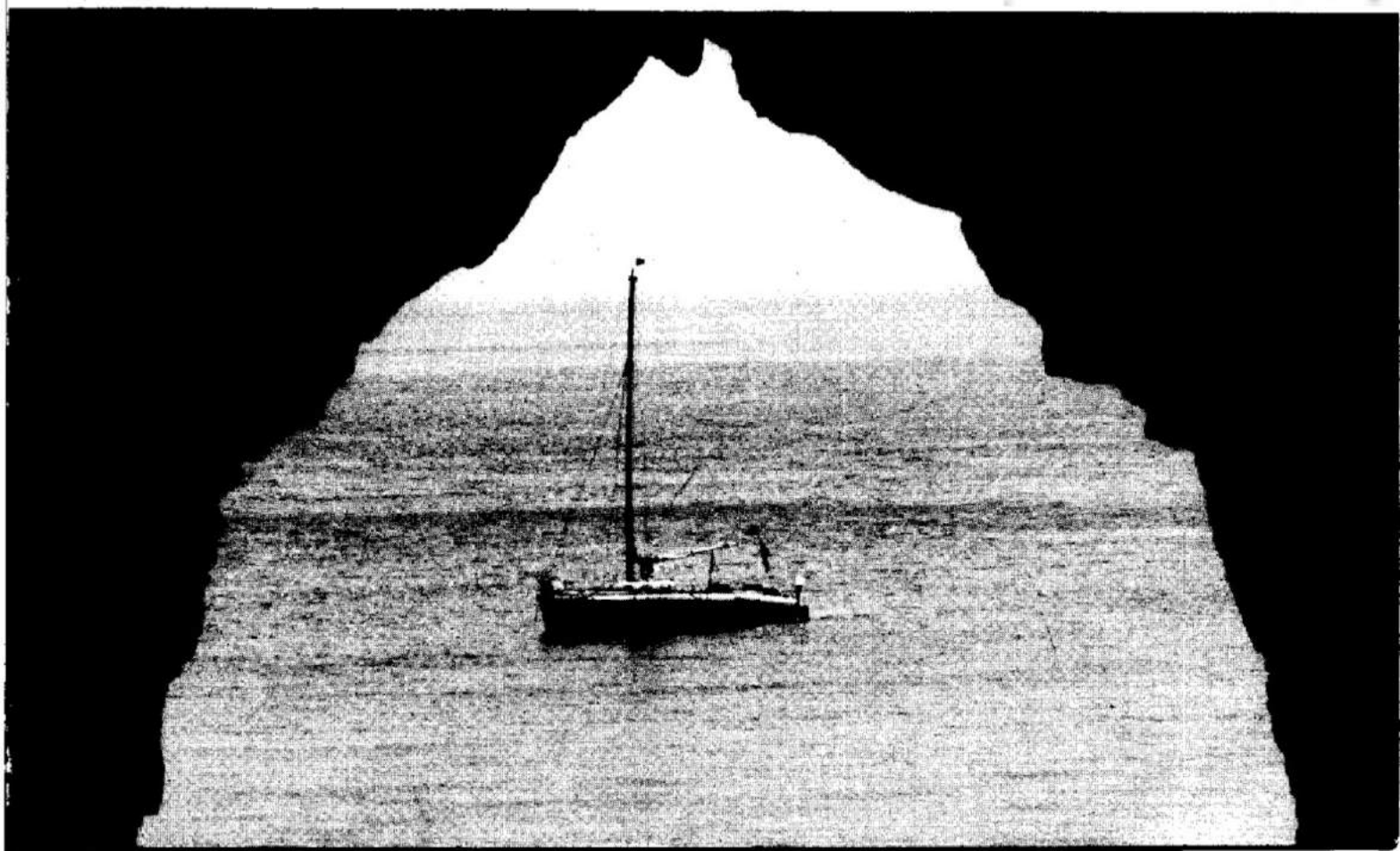


Atalanta

OWNERS ASSOCIATION BULLETIN 1975/76



From Alan Vines, President of the Atalanta Owners' Association:

Three things have happened since last Christmas: an Atalanta has crossed the Atlantic; the weather has been wonderful; and owners subscribing to the Association have almost doubled in number. Congratulations to General Odling (Hon. Sec.), and a vote of thanks for Cyril Staal for producing the Bulletin.



MEMBERS' ADVERTISEMENTS

- A110 **TURNSTONE.** Coventry Victor engine. WN4. 12 H.P. petrol engine, fully overhauled 1975. For sale, owner converting to diesel.
Also cockpit tent.
P.A.H. Salter, Ardlui, Broadcarr Road, Macclesfield, Cheshire SK11 0AG
- A147 **CHAMOIS.** Would hire 4-wheeled and rather old trailer and thirsty Range-Rover for local journeys.
G.A. Ward, Bruce-field Fews, Woodmill Road, Dunfermline, Fife.
- A22 **MARY JANE OF MORETON.** Ex-owner has lightweight nylon spinnaker, nearly new, suitable masthead or normal rig. About £30.
Dr. J.A. Rigby, 60 Wellington Road, Bromsgrove, Worcs. Tel: 05-277 5755
- OFFER.** N.W. Venturers Y.C. at Beaumaris, Anglesey, say they will always welcome visiting Atalantas.
- A141 **FOR SALE.** See members list.
FOR SALE. 'Seafix' R.D.F., as new, £31 post free; craning tackle for Atalanta, £7 delivered Plymouth.
C. Staal, Cotehele House, Saltash, Cornwall. Tel: 05795 415
- A18 **ARIES.** Available for charter in South of France, lying Hyères and convenient for cruising in Porquerolles isles.
W.P. Whitaker, 26 Chalcot Crescent, London, N.W.1. Tel: 01-722 7160

EDITORIAL

Nothing gives more satisfaction to an Editor (Hon. or otherwise) than having plenty to edit, and this has been the case on the present occasion. Due to the diligence of the Hon. Secretary, members have been so liberal with their contributions that several have had to be put aside for the future. As it is, this issue of the *Bulletin* has two pieces from far-distant members: from William Coolidge on his season off Massachusetts, and from Robert Snow on his voyage in Newfoundland. Michael Roberts writes about the *Atalanta's* little sister, the *Fulmar* and, not least, there is the story of Eric Stallard's Atlantic voyage. A welcome is extended to another member of the Martin family, Kenneth, whose age will not be revealed but it is certainly under 21. Alas, his sister's account of their West-country cruise has had to be omitted, but their boat *Sea Major* is on the cover as a consolation.

It will be seen that illustrations are reduced in number and are confined to the cover; a smaller size of type has been employed for the text so as to compensate for slightly fewer pages; the cover is no longer of thin card but of paper. All this has been done to contain costs and keep going. On behalf of members I add a word of thanks to our printer (a sailing man, but not yet an *Atalanta* owner) for his ingenuity and co-operation.

Cyril Staal.

Contributions for the next issue of the *Bulletin* should reach the Editor by mid-October at the latest.

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ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

Eric Stallard — *Sabrina of Croyde* — A115

The complete log of the three-man adventure is overlong to reprint in full, but the following narrative contains verbatim extracts that convey some of the terrors — and some of the joys. (Ed.).

Tuesday, 27th May, 1975. 10 o'clock left Appledore, wind 4-5, visibility very bad over Bideford Bar. ...Radio-telephone not working, a good start to the voyage!

First stop was at St. Mary's, Scilly Isles, where the radio was quickly repaired by an electrician who detected some incorrect wiring. As the Bay of Biscay was approached the weather deteriorated.

Saturday, 31st May. 47° 05'N. 8° 20'W. Seas started to get very choppy and wind began to pick up. Changed from genoa to jib, by 10 o'clock had put a reef in the main, by midday seas getting very rough and hard job cooking. ... We spent all night up and down from our bunks trying to keep her bows into the seas.

The following day drew forth the remark 'the Bay is living up to its name'. Later, a Portuguese trawler was sighted, and language problems overcome when one of the fishermen called out 'No problems?' and gave a thumbs-up sign.

Tuesday, 3rd June (first week at sea). 45° 03'N. 9° 12'W. Dawn. No wind, hardly moving, plenty of stormy petrels about. We are very disappointed in our progress, having covered only 500 miles with 1,000 to go. Wind starting to pick up, I think we are in for a blow. By nightfall we were under bare poles, seas breaking over the stern and water pouring in under the hatch. Decided to put up the storm jib and engaged steering vane, which seemed to make it a bit more comfortable.

Then followed three days of more or less straightforward steady sailing, but during the night of June 6th the wind dropped.

Saturday, 7th June. 44° 10'N. 150° 33'W. We were becalmed all night, the rudder and vane banging kept me awake. Becalmed all morning, very warm all day. Spent morning fooling around trying to catch jellyfish. Wind started to pick up about noon, hoisted genoa, started to move again. ... Out of range of DF fixes, position 300 miles W of Finisterre. Winds got stronger during night, vane not holding on course, kept going north.

Sunday, 8th June. 44° 00'N. 17° 20'W. Dawn. What a night! she kept going north, vane just would not hold on course. Strong winds still with us, main reefed down. Adrian and Bob both sick, no breakfast or dinner wanted. Sighted a Greek ship, he came very close and slowed down staying abeam of us. We had a good chat over the radio and asked him to report our position to Lloyds. He was most interested in knowing if we had any females on board. (On arrival at the Azores found that this ship had failed to report us to Lloyds).

Varied weather followed, with the first rain on 11th June. On the next day it was noted that only 8 gallons of water had been used: 'It has been good sailing all day, hope we can keep it up, we are averaging 70 miles a day'.

Sunday, 15th June. Dawn. Watches all last night. Still overcast, it has been like this for ten days. We should be sighting the islands today or tomorrow. No sun-sight today, the aero-beacons can't be relied on. At about 13,00 hrs.

Bob gives me a shout to grab a camera: there were hundreds of dolphins, a fantastic sight, the sea was full of them but they didn't stay with us for long. At 15.00 hrs. I sighted land. We are guessing what island it is. We started up the engine so as to get in before nightfall. We had made it! The island turned out to be Terceira. Total miles sailed: 1,500.

Three days were spent on the island, fresh vegetables and fruit were loaded and the water-tanks filled to their 65-gallon capacity. Plans were changed, and instead of sailing direct to Rhode Island, a halt would be made at Bermuda. A start was made on June 18th, and on the 19th the log recorded:

Watches again tonight. Wish the wind would blow, having the islands in sight gets you down. Most yachts leaving the Azores go down to the Canaries to pick up the trade winds, a journey of about 600 miles. I have decided to sail direct across the Sargasso winds in the horse latitude... .

Sunday, 22nd June. 36° 56'N. 30° 59'W. Wind came up during the night. Hoisted the spinnaker this morning, at last we are moving. Sighted a couple of ships on the horizon but no answer from them. We saw our first flying fish today. It has been very hot all day. I don't mind the heat if we are moving, its when we are becalmed that drives us mad.

The next day an attempt was made to hoist the spinnaker, but it had been stowed badly and twisted itself round the mainmast. Luckily the latter had had steps screwed to it, and these proved a godsend whenever anything was wrong aloft. In the night there was a close shave with a ship that did not respond to radio or flares, and only turned away at the last minute when a torch was shone on *Sabrina's* sails.

Then followed a couple of days with little wind, and a worry as to whether water supplies would last out if progress continued to be so slow.

Saturday, 28th June. 34° 48'N. 39° 10'W. By 09.30 the wind picked up again, very overcast, I think we are in for a blow. After breakfast I got the tools and plywood out and boxed in the self-drainer sides, as when the boat is heeled over water comes into the cockpit. I drilled two 1" holes in the top and put in bungs, so that if the need arose the bungs are pulled out and we have a self-draining cockpit again. By mid-afternoon the sky had cleared and the wind dropped, so it's back to 2 knots once more.

On the following day it was noted that the sea temperature was 80°F.

Wednesday, 2nd July. 34° 15'N. 44° 15'W. Second week out from the Azores, half way to Bermuda. It is going to take at least two more weeks, but we are still becalmed. Steering the boat is getting hard, the bearing to which the whipstaff is fixed is seizing up. This happened last year and I had to cut it out and make a new one. To cure it this time, I took out all the bolts that go through the bulkhead so that the whole lot moved.

Then came a series of days with little excitement to report. An insect, perhaps brought aboard with potatoes bought in the Azores, was found in the saloon, so it was washed down with Dettol. Tropical birds were seen and a turtle photographed. In conversation with a passing ship 'they asked if we had had the hurricane warning', but on plotting it on the chart it was found to be some 800 miles away. Day runs were varying in total from 40 to 70 miles, the water in the tanks began to smell foul and the fresh fruit had all been eaten. Conditions eventually improved. On 13th July, 113 miles were logged.

Monday, 14th July. 32° 48'N. 60° 06'W. Dawn. Very overcast, still going like an express train under twin jibs. Ran into a squall, dropped all sail and we stripped off and washed ourselves down with washing-up liquid. The waves

were 6-8 feet and the rain just flattened the sea. This was the first good wash we had had since we left the Azores. We picked up Bermuda radio today, but were upset to hear that two yachts were missing, thought to have been hit by Hurricane Amy. One was a 22-ft, and the other a trimaran. Noon to noon 119 miles, not bad!

Tuesday, 15th July. 31° 56'N. 62° 07'W. Stinking hot again today. The decks are burning our feet, bombing along like this is what sailing is all about; it certainly makes up for being becalmed. Noon to noon 100 miles.

On the 16th. a U.S. Navy plane circled overhead, came in at wave height and dropped a distress radio: 'we wondered if he thought we were one of the missing yachts'. The radio was hoisted in, but as the instructions on it proved to be unintelligible and it was dripping red dye everywhere, it was thrown back overboard. Undaunted, the pilot dropped another set, and this time contact was made with the plane. After that, the radio was put aside to be returned when Bermuda was reached.

Bermuda was sighted on the 17th, and not having a chart the Harbour radio talked the boat in through the reefs. After a rest, visiting the island's beauty spots on hired motor-bikes and chatting with the other yachtsmen in the vicinity, a move was made on the 21st. Little headway was possible until the weather changed.

Friday, 25th July. Very overcast, the wind is starting to get quite strong, the seas are quite large and some of them have been breaking over the boat. I think we are in for a blow; reefed the main down, there will be no sun-sights today. This is Bay of Biscay weather. We have lost Bermuda Radio now. Still no need for watches.

Saturday, 26th July. I am writing this on Sunday, as yesterday was a day I would never like to go through again. Dawn. Wind force 4-5, barometer started to drop very fast, seas starting to get very rough, wind getting stronger. Put two reefs in mainsail. By 10.00 hrs. reefed mainsail right down, took number 1 jib down and hoisted storm jib. Seas still increasing. Wind speed 40-45 m.p.h.

Mid-day: Storm jib starting to tear away, seas breaking over the stern. Decided to put hawsers over the stern to slow us up as we are now under bare poles and moving too fast for the seas. Put out 60 fathoms of 1½" spun nylon and two 20-fathom coils of 1½" hemp. Bob and myself were in the cockpit trying to steer the boat to run with the seas. Estimated height of the waves 30-40 feet, and they are breaking over the boat. I prayed that it would not last but it got worse, with the waves smashing the boat down time and time again, washing our spinnaker pole, boat hook and anything else on deck overboard. We took turns on the helm with one man inside on the pumps. Everything inside the boat was smashed from one side of the boat to the other. Outside the spray dodgers were the first to be torn away, bending the stanchions and ripping one out of the deck. Radar reflector was lost overboard, breaking away from the mast. One wave breaking over us tore loose two 5-gallon drums that were lashed to the deck, breaking one which was filled with diesel and spraying Adrian and Bob. Our anemometer stopped recording the wind speed as it only goes up to 55 m.p.h. The waves were a most terrifying but awesome sight to see roaring along like an express train, and we prayed they would break before reaching us.

By nightfall we were exhausted and decided to give up trying to steer the boat. We pulled in the hawsers and then paid them out over the bows using the storm jib as a sea anchor, but she would not lie bows on to the seas; she just lay beam on. We were smashed down again, rolling us over inside the boat. We just lay there soaking wet, but as the night wore on the seas and wind gradually dropped and by dawn it was over — we had made it.

Sunday, 27th July. Seas very bad after yesterday's storm. We have no electrics, radio is soaking wet, D.F. set and V.H.F. radio not working. On

going out on deck we found the main bulkhead to the stern cabin had been stove in with about 12" of water inside the stern cabin. The red dye had come out of the distress radio, which spoilt everything. After pumping out the stern cabin we dumped everything overboard, including the camera. I have kept the films in case they do come out. Later on during the day we managed to dry out the radio, and picked up the warning 'Hurricane Blanche moving N.NE at 15 knots, latitude 34, longitude 70'.

The following days enabled a further re-assessment to be made, and it was noted that 'our dead reckoning position puts us blown back about 60 miles'. On the 29th a Greek ship was stopped with the aid of flares, and in exchange for tins of tobacco some water and provisions were obtained. In addition it was learned that land was 120 miles away. After a becalmed day on the 30th, the wind came up and good progress was made.

Friday, 1st August. Oregon Inlet, N. Carolina. Dawn. Still raining. We have sighted land and are running up the coast. We are hoping to get in today, but are having to tack our way as we are not very sure of our position. In the end, decided to start up the engine so we could get in as quickly as possible. We finally got close enough in, hailed a sports fishing boat and asked him if he would take us in and call up the coastguard to ask if it was all right to come in. They acknowledged that there was no customs office there but we could stay the night. The coastguards gave us a great welcome, being the first foreign yacht ever to go in; we had arrived at a place called Oregon Inlet, N. Carolina. They gave us showers, steaks, and a very warm welcome. I was able to telephone my wife in England and tell her of our safe arrival in America.

Finally, the chosen destination was reached, the party motored by way of inland waters to Norfolk, Virginia and received a further welcome on arrival. Thus ended an epic voyage.

MODIFICATIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS

M.A. Payne — *Hullabaloo* — A166

Rudder — The elastic-loaded downhaul wire is liable to jump out of the groove in the top of the rudder blade unless constant tension is maintained whilst raising or lowering it; this can be avoided by simply slipping a polythene tube over the wire to locate it snugly between the rudder cheeks (about 1 ft. required). The strain on the uphaul wire is considerable, especially when bathers catch hold of the rudder when it is in the 'up' position; a small shackle fitted mid-way along the rudder blade gives an emergency lifting point in the event of failure of the wire.

The Bowden cable operating the throttle is long and has many bends and the inner wire should be removed and oiled to enable it to operate easily; it helps to fit an additional return spring on the carburetor. The choke wire can be eliminated by working the choke directly

by hand; the return spring on the choke flap can be removed and by standing in the galley, the choke can be operated with the left hand while the right hand presses the starter switch; the choke must be opened the moment the engine starts otherwise the mixture will be so rich that the engine will stall, after which, it is difficult to restart. The engine water cock must be closed if there is the possibility of the yacht taking the mud, otherwise a plug of mud enters the filter and overheating occurs.

A small hole can be made in the shelf behind the cockpit seat to prevent water accumulating there and rusting the steel petrol tank; any water collecting there would then drain through to the lower deck where it

can be seen and mopped up. To keep the burgee upright, the halyard should be secured to an elastic strop which can be conveniently attached to the after shroud rigging screw.

A seat 6 to 8 inches high in the cockpit enables the helmsman to have a superb view over the top of the cabin, which is an enormous advantage when sailing in congested waters or when taking a mooring; all too often the helmsman is seen standing at the helm, which is tiring and looks badly too.

To eliminate the use of a boat hook, which has the habit of rolling overboard, a small auxiliary buoy can be used when fitted with a stick of pulpit height; buoys can be obtained with holes through the centre, through which the stick can be passed and if suitably weighted, will float upright. The stick is then grabbed and the main mooring buoy pulled in — invaluable for the single-handed sailor!

For signal halyards on the crosstrees, small wireless egg-shaped insulators are a great improvement over pulleys; they do not jam, do not require oiling and are lighter in weight, while their holes are large enough to pass knots in the halyards.

The starter motor should be removed each winter as the mechanism is liable to rust, probably due to condensation; the starter simply slides out after the locating set screw has been slackened.

When leaving the main cabin in a seaway, people are liable to grab the shelves on the bulkheads, which are not strong enough; it is a good plan to fit strong grabs on both sides of the door; incidentally, these form useful supports for a privacy curtain to the cabin, which is really a necessity.

The dynamo driving belt is continuous and can only be replaced by separating the gearbox from the engine, which usually means removing the entire power unit from the cockpit. The answer is to use a link belt, which can be threaded through the crankcase over the pulley on the main shaft and then over the dynamo pulley, adjusting the number of links to suit the length. I found that about 26 inches is the required length, but it is easy to add or remove or link. The cost was £2.

Incidentally, spares for the Coventry Victor engine are held by A.N. Weaver (Coventry Victor), Ltd., Smith's Industrial Estate, Humber Avenue,

Coventry CV3 1AY.
Tel: 0203 452625

THE SUMMER OF '75

Hazel M. Perkes — *Sherpa* — A146

It will always be THE Summer of '75 to me. One of those wonderful summers that one had as a child and never again. The sun always shone, the sea was always calm and the wind ever warm: heaven on earth.

We have had *Sherpa* eight years and every winter has been the same. "Where shall we go this year Hazel?" At the beginning I used to fall for this innocent question and rack my brains for somewhere different, somewhere far enough away to give Bill a good sail, and with good beaches for the children to play on. Somewhere with the shops not too distant and not up too high a mountain. But every summer was the same too. I would spend several months looking forward to going to the Isles of Scilly only to get down to the boat at Hamble on the first day of the holiday to hear Bill say that as there was a westerly blowing there was no sense flogging away to windward, and why don't we go to the Channel Isles instead.

So I gave up making winter plans and just said we would go which way the wind blew us. I must say it blew us to some pretty wonderful places and we have always had great fun, but Bill is a sailor and this means sailing. Sailing all day and all night, so that we never got more than twenty-four hours at any one place.

Alderney is my idea of Paradise, but it always had to be pushed into the one day: the shopping, the visiting friends, the laze on the beach and the walks round the cliffs to see the birds. One was usually so tired on leaving the island that the time at sea was spent catching up on one's sleep.

Well of course 1974 was different as Bill did the 'Round Britain Race' and we got no holiday at all. This year it was suggested that three weeks would do mother and the children good and Bill took us down to Weymouth and left us there for a

week. It was most pleasant just sitting in the harbour and watching the boats, talking to friends, shopping and generally relaxing after the busy last few months. Bill arrived down from London on the Friday night and not giving himself time to catch his breath we set off into the sunset.

It was a beautiful night, and we hoisted the spinnaker and sailed gently across the Channel to Alderney. There the days were so hot, with not a cloud in the sky that we spent the time on the beach getting brown and the evenings quenching our thirst in the 'Divers'.

It was after lunch on Tuesday I remember that I came to and realised that something was wrong. You see it was Tuesday and we had arrived on Saturday. That made three and a half days in one spot and not a word from Bill (no Gale warnings in the area either). No sliding out of port in the middle of the night as happened once before; that was the year that I had said, when pushed by my loving spouse to make a suggestion, that I would like to visit Guernsey. We got there. At 7.0 p.m. into St. Peter Port and at 2.0 a.m. Bill was up, dressed and getting ready to sail before I came to. On asking him what was the matter he said that we had visited the Channel Islands as requested and were now off to France.

Well here we were and as I said it was Tuesday. I suppose it was the lunch, the bottle of wine and the sun that did it, but I got sorry for the man and put it to him that if he really would like to move on I thought it would be O.K. with the crew. So that was decided upon.

We drifted down to Sark in the afternoon sunshine. The sea flat, the sails just full and everything in the garden just dandy. It did not take long and we arrived having sailed through the rocks, under some gentleman's telephone line which stretched from one island to another, and put the anchor down in blue, blue water.

The walk to the nearest shop was actually straight up the side of a mountain, but I could not really complain could I? Who ever heard of a 'Complaints Department' in Paradise? The children took charge of Mother and with masses of encouragement from one and all I got up and down again with only a twisted ankle to prove it!

A few glorious days in St. Peter Port came next, meeting delightful friends

and being made so welcome that to leave was really hard, but Richard wanted to go to France so of course that is where we had to go. We got to Herm that night. We meant to go to France, but the wind sent us to Herm and we try not to quarrel with the wind.

We arrived at Granville the following day. I have never known weather like it. Several miles off land the warm current of air came out to sea and hit us hard. It was evening but instead of getting cooler it got hotter and hotter. We were made welcome in the new Marina and set off to explore the town in the twilight. The following morning we filled up with supplies and by mid-day we were forced to leave to seek cool breezes out to sea. We went over to the Iles Chausey and I cannot recommend them highly enough to anyone who likes islands.

I think it was around this time that I began to wonder how it was that we were having such a restful holiday. No rushing, no hurrying, no going out to sea if the shipping forecast was at all doubtful. It was so grand I decided to accept gratefully my good fortune and not look for reasons of why and how.

We came home via Jersey and Sark, rushing up through the Alderney Race and ending up with the most spectacular thunderstorm imaginable from the Needles to Yarmouth. Blow me down if, once we had tied up in Yarmouth, settled the children for the night and got to bed ourselves, the storm did not come back for a second time round just in case any one had missed it.

We saw the start of the Fastnet race while we were having lunch anchored outside Newtown Creek. How quickly the conditions change. There were all the crews setting out, getting wet and cold but they look magnificent, gaily coloured boats lying over on their sides storming down the Solent. Very impressive. I had enjoyed my slow and elegant holiday.

Well next thing there I was back at Hamble, up to my eyes in holiday washing, oilies, boots, food and all the paraphernalia left after a family cruise. Then I looked up and saw shoes on feet that I did not recognise, and a strange voice up there somewhere saying that he had come to see the boat.

Daylight dawned. The rumours of

new boats, larger boats, boats suitable for 'Round Britain' in four years time and maybe the Trans-atlantic etc. had turned into something more substantial. Of course I knew that we had all grown up (and out?) and that there was just not room for us all any more to live in comfort on *Sherpa* but it was sad to clear all our things out and leave her with a note saying 'For Sale'. As I told the children, somewhere there is another family just waiting for a boat like *Sherpa* to love and sail and we will always have 'The Summer of '75' to look back on with wonderment..... did it really happen like that or was it all a dream that I had around December when it was snowing?

NOTES FOR 1975

William B. Coolidge — *Tala* — A149

We had a good season with *Tala* though not nearly as much cruising as we wanted. Various commitments and impediments prevented launching her in Chesapeake Bay for spring sailing as we have done in previous years. However in early June we got away from Washington and trailed through to Hyannis on Cape Cod in one 17-hour marathon. Here there was some delay before sailing over to Nantucket Island, our summer headquarters.

The delay was partly finishing up pre-lunch tasks, partly sitting out bad weather, and partly trying to bring the Coventry Victor back to its usual happy disposition. This is the original motor and I couldn't blame it too much for turning balky. To my knowledge it has received only a new dynamo belt, carburetor and magneto in 15 years. But we couldn't seem to get at the root of the trouble until the end of the season, as you will see.

Our one real cruise was from Nantucket via Marthas Vineyard to a port in southern Massachusetts we had long wanted to visit — Westport. The entrance is a rather dramatic passage over a bar between a huge rock hard to starboard and a shallow ledge hard to port. When we went in great swells were rolling up from the south and some of them breaking at the bar. We got by without trouble, the engine sustaining us through the critical point and carrying us up the winding Westport River to a mooring at a friendly boatyard.

But after a pleasant weekend there it refused to start, and without it I refused to go. So we spent a quiet few days having a valve and decarbonizing job done. That improved matters but still the motor wouldn't start as well as it should. However the solution was nearer at hand than we realized at the time.

For just before leaving Westport we found ourselves in dockside company with an elegant large sailing yacht whose skipper and lady turned out to be British. Moreover it developed that their previous boat had had a Stuart Turner engine for which they had a spare magneto, now surplus at their home up near Boston. A spare magneto is good insurance: would we like to have it?

Needless to say we would indeed like to have it, but no hurry about mailing it, perhaps we could arrange to have it picked up and save you the trouble etc... In due course the "spare" magneto arrived and we tried it on to see if it would fit. With it the Coventry Victor started at once and ran like new. Evidently the old magneto had been the guilty party, even though it had been checked out and given a new condenser. Imagine our mixed feelings of relief and regret. Well, I have always wanted to know more about engines and now I do.

Though our cruising was rather truncated we had some excellent day sailing in Nantucket waters and in fact lived aboard in Nantucket Harbour for some time. The harbour is five miles long with delightful nooks to overnight in and we enjoyed several of them for a night or two each. Our return to Hyannis was one of our best sails of the summer. We had the double satisfaction of a brisk northeaster for crossing Nantucket Sound and of a smoothly working motor for pattering the final mile into the inner harbour of Hyannis.

Having trailed back to Washington again I find it rather startling to realize that since purchasing A-149 at Nantucket in 1970 she has made the trip eleven times. The first time I hired a boat mover to bring her down, and in 1971 I sailed her down with my son and a friend of his. But that leaves nine times I have trailed her to and fro, a distance of 500-plus miles each time. When local trailering between home

here in Washington and Chesapeake Bay is added (about 50 miles each way) it appears that to date I've trailered *Tala* more than 5,000 miles. And all on the original tires!

Ford 10 h.p. engine

C.R. Templer — *Treenlaur* — A140

For several years I had great trouble with this engine; the exhaust valves were continually sticking-up and had to be hammered down via the sparking plug holes. As a result of simple treatment on laying up I have had no trouble for several years. The method might be suitable for other engines as well, since it keeps damp winter air out of the working parts.

1. Put 2 tablespoonfuls of engine oil into each of the sparking plug holes.
2. Make 3 corks to fit the holes which admit air into the engine: i.e. carburettor intake, engine oil filler tube, and exhaust silencer exit. Put 4 old plugs into sparking plug holes.
3. Turn the engine over every 6 weeks or so. Don't forget to release the sparking plugs or the corks will blow out!

A WINTER'S TALE

Philip Salter — *Turnstone* — A110

Today *Turnstone* lies at her moorings in a creek near Falmouth, after a busy and active summer; soon she will be on the way home to Cheshire, and the list of items awaiting improvement will be embarked upon.

This is our first season as *Atalanta* owners, but we were already familiar with the concept, having completed a 20 ft. *Fairey Fulmar* from a bare hull some 15 years ago, and cruised in her very satisfactorily since. There came a time when the secondhand price of an *Atalanta* and the cash available at last approached nearly enough for the change to be made.

We found *Turnstone* awaiting a new owner, and our winter's task lay before us.

We were able to choose a boat which needed a great deal of attention, since we have covered facilities at home, and also, between us the family can provide experience in both engineering and woodworking. It seems obvious that extensive repairs, modifications or even simple maintenance become impossibly burdensome financially if they have to suffer professional labour charges. Therefore we tackled everything ourselves, leaving only basic components to be bought new as necessary.

At first sight, *Turnstone* looked decidedly sad, with silver-grey mahogany woodwork, a black rotten hole in the stern cabin roof, another in the bows near the pulpit, rusty and inoperative fittings, and almost all fastenings loose or missing. The interior obviously lacked proper ventilation, the keels were suspect, and almost everything we looked at was incomplete.

However, a professionally qualified friend of our Naval Officer son confirmed that the hull itself was sound, and that time and trouble, allied with our useful resources, could solve all our problems.

We towed the boat from Hamble to Cheshire — a hair-raising trip. The trailer, though basically sound, badly needed an overhaul; the brakes were inoperative and the attachment was for a 2" ball; our Landrover of course had 50 mm. Upon inspection, the over-run damper proved to be broken and a new one was obtained from the coupling manufacturers. The chassis was found to be bent, presumably through being jacked up at some time when loaded, so our heavy engineering team (sons David and Richard) went to work with welding torch, levers and much gusto.

It took some weeks to strip the boat, but we felt that everything possible had to come off for inspection, drying out, protection against further deterioration, and to enable the necessary repairs to the deck to be carried out with thoroughness and ease. We learned early on that it was no use trying to take short

cuts. We were also reminded by Richard, who has dismantled and rebuilt old MGs, to mark, label and if necessary make sketches of everything which we removed. This proved to be invaluable.

The deck was of first importance. After removing all fittings, we cut back to sound wood in all directions. Several of the fore-and-aft deck stringers were missing or rotten. On lifting those remaining it was found that the bedding compound was inadequately spread out, allowing pockets of damp to accumulate, which in turn had set up rot in the top ply of the deck. All the rot was scraped out (we used a spoon!) back to sound wood, and allowed to dry out, before filling with fibreglass filler. The hole in the stern cabin roof was fortunately confined to the flat section behind the hatch, and was replaced by a flat sheet of plywood. That in the bows, caused no doubt by a collision, had to be built up with fibreglass after backing with wood inside. The whole deck was taken down to bare wood with a belt sander hired from a 'rentequip' firm and fibreglassed over with woven glass cloth, before new stringers were fitted. The cabin top had been painted white, but we wanted to preserve a pleasing contrast, so took it down to bare wood, using the belt sander where possible, and varnished it. The toe rails and rubbing strake were changed from a uniform grey to the original rich mahogany after scraping down with an old sharpened table knife, and finishing with several coats of varnish. The mast and boom were given similar treatment. Most of the black marks disappeared in the process, after drying out.

The hull we decided had to be stripped to bare wood, to remove the excessive layers of paint and to check and refill the skin fastenings. The underwater section was very tedious since antifouling does not peel off as normal paint, and has to be dealt with inch by inch and layer by layer. Everyone was pressed into service to do short stints on this uncomfortable task. When all paint was finally removed we could see how well the admirable Fairey hull had withstood the ravages of its 16 years, some of them obviously full of neglect.

Almost from the beginning, the keels had given us some anxiety and we had been attempting to remove the keel-bolts every time we thought of it. The port keel had obviously been recently overhauled, and the bolts came out easily. But the starboard set were a

different matter — all three were rock solid. We had read Richard Gregory's account of his tussle with *Benedicite's* keels (1971/72 Bulletin), and went through the same drill, trying grease nipples, heat, penetrating fluid and hydraulic jacks, all to no avail. Eventually we took to the sledge hammer. Two bolts came out after much sweat, but the pivot bolt was immovable. We were just facing up to the prospect of hacksawing through 1½" of steel when a friend, a near-professional welder of sledge hammers, demanded to have a go. For a solid five minutes he kept at it, and this finally did the trick. We had replacement bolts turned up in a local engineering works. Faireys no longer carry spares; only the rubber sealing rings are available.

We slung the boat from two beams in our mechanic's workshop, normally used for lorry engines. This facility is of course an advantage which I have through my job, and I am not so sure that I would have been so ready to undertake a big overhaul without it. As a safety factor we blocked up the boat at each end, and then lowered the keels on to a small two-wheeled trolley, which we made up to simplify the moving of these weighty objects. The half-round keel strips were rusted away, and new strips in mild steel were cut to length and counter-sunk before being sent for galvanising, along with all the other removable steel fittings, and extra anchor chain.

The Coventry Victor engine was lifted out and given a complete overhaul, spare parts being readily available from the manufacturers. The controls and electrics were in a deplorable state, and were completely renewed.

We made no changes in the interior layout, leaving this for the coming winter when we had had a chance to find out if any modifications were desirable. We did however fit ventilators in the roof of the stern cabin; and in the bows. This now keeps everything dry and fresh.

We have not mentioned rigging, sails, Trakmark, hatch covers, water and petrol tanks and the loo, but all these, together with many other smaller items, took up many hours, and towards the end of the work, much midnight oil was burned. We finally launched *Turnstone* in May, nine months after we bought her,

and we have been delighted to find that she has lived up to all our expectations.

A highly successful cruise from Falmouth to the Channel Islands and the Solent by various members of the family was only slightly marred by the worry of a bad leak when on starboard tack. This turned out to be a wide crack at the top of the keel case, where a 'professional' repair of the cockpit bench before it came into our ownership, had not been joined on to the case below. Once found, it was soon sealed, and the boat dried out.

A big overhaul such as we have completed can be very daunting, but providing the facilities are available, it can be well within a handyman's ability. It certainly offers tremendous satisfaction to see a good boat returned to its original condition. Properly cared for, it would seem that *Turnstone* should last for a further 16 years.

KEEL REMOVAL

W.W.A. Hensby, M.I.E.E., C.Eng.
— *Clymene* — A143

1. Support the hull well clear of the keel boxes and fairings, allowing a ground clearance of about 2 ft 6ins. under the midships sections.
2. Remove fairings.
3. Slacken clamps, lower keel until it just touches the ground, then support the keel well forward.
4. Remove pivot bolt cover plates.
5. Remove keel bolt. This required driving out using a 3lb. hammer on a soft iron drift.
6. Ease away the forward keel support, and hope that the lifting pins don't shear!
7. Lower the keel a few inches at a time, gradually levering the keel back at the point of contact with the ground. A suitable lever is a 7ft. length of 1in. galvanized water pipe.
8. Carry on the process of lowering and levering back until the stainless steel lifting pin comes into sight. Fairey Marine say that this pin was driven into the keel under pressure and should

not be removed.

9. Now support the forward end of the keel again and use the 7ft. lever through the keel pivot hole to give additional support and balance. Check that the weight of the keel is off the lifting mechanism, which should now move sideways with reasonable freedom.
10. Now comes the difficult part. Normally the lifting strap is prevented from spreading beyond the lifting pin by a half-inch steel bolt screwed into a nut welded to the far side of the lifting strap.

This bolt is about 6ins. above the lifting pin, and of course at this stage inside the keel box. The advice from Fairey Marine was "If you can't undo the bolt, you will have to cut it with a hacksaw". Despite liberal application of WD40 and 3 in 1 oil, my early attempts to remove the bolt failed, and I could see no way of getting a hacksaw to it.

Eventually brute force did the trick in the shape of a King Dick open-ended flat spanner with 3ft. 6ins. of 2ins. diameter steel pipe to improve leverage.

The pipe and spanner had to be manipulated inside the keel box whilst lying flat on the ground alongside the keel — remember point 9.

11. The bolt can be unscrewed from the welded nut, but there is not much clearance on the keel box. The lifting strap now has to be levered away from the keel on both sides by wedges until it clears the lifting pin. Stand well clear while driving in the wedges — you will now find out if your system of keel supports is strong enough! Raise the lifting strap clear of the keel.
12. Assuming that the keel is now supported at the forward end on a chock, and is clear of both sides of the lifting strap, you should now think of a way to lower the keel gently to the ground.

The method I employed is not safe. This was to place three rollers alongside the keel under

the hull, then using the 7ft. lever projecting 6ft. to one side, the keel was allowed to tilt over on to the rollers, hopefully under control of the lever.

In fact at this stage things got somewhat out of control, with the keel sliding around and colliding with the hull supports.

What I have described here is a one-man operation, but it would seem that the final lowering really needs two or three men for safety.

THE FAIREY FULMAR

Michael Roberts — *Popeye* — F47

Vital statistics:-

LOA	20 ft
Beam	7 ft 9 ins
Draught-keel down	5 ft 9 ins
Draught-keel up	12 ins
Sail Area	204 sq ft
Displacement	1 ton plus — all up
Berths	4 — well, just; three is more comfortable, and two very comfortable. It really depends on what you are doing. If you intend to spend every night in port at anchor, then three is enough with one sleeping in the cockpit. But sailing with one — or two — at the helm on watch all the time, four would be reasonable

As I am a ditchcrawler, I bought a shallow draught boat, and I usually reckon to spend nights at anchor in some secluded creek, if I can find one. Secluded creeks abound in wildfowl and wild flowers, which is why I am there. I have not been out of the Solent yet. I seem to get as

far as Newtown or Keyhaven, where the salt marshes (not to mention the bar of the Keyhaven Club) attract my attention.

In places like these (not the bar) Fulmar has few equals. I have even slipped away from the Keyhaven jetty at near low tide, motoring gingerly with everything retracted. I have never had to wait for the tide to rise to get in either Keyhaven or Newtown, and if I cut a corner too fine — up keel a bit and on we go. There is only one keel and a 12 year-old can manage the winding handle easily.

My base is at Hamble in Fairey's yard, where I currently find myself alongside *Sherpa*, *Quatorze*, *Cordyl* and *Cirdan* on the dry park. Hamble is crowded, noisy, and expensive and I doubt if I shall be able to stay there much longer although I shall miss the efficiency of the Boat Park arrangements.

I had a mooring with the Army Sailing Centre at Netley for three years, but it was very exposed to the wash of every ship going by and eventually a shackle parted at the sinker end. The Chief Sailing Instructor of the Centre fortunately happened to be sailing nearby, noticed *Popeye* adrift, and boarding, dropped the anchor. I took her back to Fairey's next day, thanking the Chief Sailing Instructor and my lucky stars. I live in Oxford, and this all happened on a Friday in fair weather, which held till the next day. If it had occurred last year, in those September storms.....

Nobly supported by my children, (my wife is not a keen sailor, but very tolerant!) I do nearly all my own maintenance, and shop around for equipment. My speedometer, for instance, is an instrument made by Smiths, cost £3.50, was designed for dinghies, and works, as far as I can see, on the same principle as the Pitot head on an aeroplane, only in this case the head protrudes below the centre-board slot. It is accurate enough for my purposes and it tells me that in very light winds it cannot register at all; in a force 2 we drift along at 1-2 knots; force 3, 2-3 knots; force 4, 3-4 knots, force 5, 4-5 knots. The most it has ever registered is 7 knots in a force 6-7 wind on the starboard quarter. We had too much sail up and it needed two of us on the tiller to prevent her

from broaching. One learns, slowly.

Up to force 3, I have found, I can have the spinnaker up and full sail; force 4, main-sail and big jib only; force 5, reef main 2 or 3 rolls; force 6, reef more and change to small jib; force 7, storm jib and main reefed right down, and it is not easy to get her to go about. Force 8, stay at home.

I can never afford to ignore the tides, especially motoring. The Stuart Turner 4 HP (electric start, a great luxury) does not seem to give me more than 3½ knots, and that is not enough for the Solent. I have once or twice with a very favourable wind ignored a neap tide, but springs, never.

The QME self steering is effective so long as the wind is on the beam or forward of it. I have to be careful to balance the sails, as Fulmar carries a fair amount of weather helm. This usually means losing a little speed, but it's worth it on a long beat or reach. Down wind I have never had any success — yet.

Provided the sails are properly balanced Fulmar is light on the helm, and also provided the rudder blade is hard down. She responds very rapidly to the tiller, and goes about like a dinghy. She also heels rather alarmingly until you get used to it, and realise that the heel is up to a point only, at which point she seems to stabilise.

Steering with the rudder blade up is another matter. The pressure on the tiller is very heavy indeed. For many years I used to leave *Popeye* on moorings with the tiller lashed and rudder blade up. At first I used to think that some careless oaf had driven full tilt into the upraised blade. How else could one explain the torn and twisted metal straps which reinforce the tiller arm where it fits on to the rudder stock? It took me rather a long time, and several disappointments, it is a long trip from Oxford only to find you have no steering gear, to realise that the culprit was not some careless oaf but bad weather on open moorings, and the lashed tiller. Now I do not lash the tiller any more, but secure the blade with rigging lines to the stern pulpit. I have also replaced the metal parts with good English oak. This trouble with the tiller is the only weakness I have discovered in the otherwise very robust little boat.

Below decks the electric lights are a great boon, though it is not easy to

read by them. The navigation lights are also electric, but I have never discovered what the all-round white light at the top of the mast is for. It is in the wrong place for an anchor light, and nothing in the rules about lights seems to cover its existence.

For comfort below decks I have not yet seen anything better in 20 feet. Two quarter berths leave a great deal of space forward, the forward compartment being divided off by self-made fitted PVC curtains which roll up when not needed. Sails, sleeping bags, life-jackets, oil-skins etc. are all tucked away port and starboard in a cat's cradle of rope in the bows. The loo, an Elsan at the moment, as I spend so much time in very shallow water in other people's rivers, is also tucked away under cover in this compartment.

The galley is on the port side above the port quarter berth. A two-burner meths stove swings there in home-made gimbals, and the crockery stacks behind in a home-made locker. Stores, tools etc. all go into the lockers under the berths which are always dry and cool. The engine compartment under the cockpit deck takes in a little water through a weeping stern gland, but otherwise Fulmar is a dry boat below decks, as indeed she is above with her high freeboard and cockpit coamings.

The other day I tried to do a sum to average out how much she has cost me over the six years I have owned her. I have had three major jobs done by yards. I had the keel out, checked and re-painted, which cost £80. I had a skeg fitted and a new keelband, which cost £138. One year on the Boat Park at Fairey's £113, a mooring at Netley averaging about £18 for three years. Add to this, winter storage at 5p per foot per week (not over the full period of 6 years though), the cost of travelling to and from Oxford on average once a month, paint, timber for repairs, insurance etc., etc., and I reckon she has cost me about £200 a year. I do not know how you adjust this rather idle sum for inflation and I am not even sure whether such sums are worth doing. If your boat is costing you too much, the strain will begin to show somewhere soon enough.

Well, I don't know how all this

compares with an Atalanta, but you will know and perhaps you'll be glad you've got one!

I had hoped to come and join in the meet at Newtown this year, but guess what? Yes, the tiller was broken and this time it was entirely my own fault.

NOTE FROM NEWFOUNDLAND

Robert B. Snow, Jr. — *Gypsy* — A23

Gypsy is spending this winter in Port-aux-Basques, Newfoundland, the third stop on a continuing cruise every August. In 1973 we went from Madison, Conn., to Liverpool, Nova Scotia; in 1974, from Liverpool to Baddeck, Nova Scotia; in 1975 from Baddeck to Port-aux-Basques. In 1976, we hope to do the south-east coasts of Newfoundland. In subsequent years, Labrador, St. Lawrence River, Lake Champlain, Hudson River, Manhattan and home. *Gypsy* has behaved very well. In '74 the lower rudder fitting broke 7 m. off Larry's River, N.S. in a 30-knot wind. We reached in, steering with sails alone, with no real problem once we came about on the right tack. A local welder designed a new fitting at one low tide and installed it at the next low tide, and we were under way again. We find shelter every night, no great task with an Atalanta!

A WINDLESS SUMMER

Kenneth Martin — *Sea Major* — A92

We were all surprised to be able to have any sort of trip we could call a holiday in North Wales, but as it turned out I think it was really more successful than the one we plotted. It was all the more exciting because none of it was planned and yet we managed to get half way round the Isle of Anglesey before being left becalmed around Holyhead.

We decided to go out for a sail westwards from Bangor after lunch on the 31st July. The wind was NE-3 which pushed us on steadily past Caernarfon, at the western end of the Menai Straits, and 'round the corner' to Llanddwyn island in three hours. As this was the furthest we'd got (15 miles) locally for three years we were very pleased, but rather scathing after Dad had thought we might try to get around the island.

Next day the wind was a light NE so we decided to keep moving north-westwards. I could still not accept the fact that five days before our holiday in SW England, we were

trying to get around the island in such an average wind. The wind remained very light until after dinner, so Mum and Dad spent the morning removing the broken luff wire of the genoa, while we viewed the coast quite happily. Around Holy Island the wind freshened to about 4 and we enjoyed the view of the rugged coast, North and South Stocks, a good distance from the inshore tide rip. It was here that I managed to spot our first Common Porpoise, which jumped a few times and proved they aren't very big, about 6 ft. long. (*Beast Book for the Pocket* is the best reference.) As we frequently found, the wind only freshened when the cook (Mum) went below to make dinner. The ferries had no trouble keeping clear of our majestic arrival at Holyhead, after having done the 20 miles in about 5½ hours. That evening we talked to Ken Cave from A26 *Yentina* also in Holyhead, from Liverpool. We were also able to get a new luff wire made up for the genoa, which Mum and Dad spent the rest of this short holiday sewing into the sail.

After shopping in thick fog next morning we set off at 11.00 to get around the northern and eastern half of Anglesey. We progressed slowly and at Carmel Head met a solid wall of fog reminiscent of the one in harbour, which only allowed us to see fifty yards. As it was a narrow passage between islands and rocks, and we were already in choppy overfalls, we decided to return along the steep coast towards Holyhead. We ended up spending the afternoon swimming in the brilliantly clear waters of Church Bay, after looking at the very narrow Fyndyn Cove. The fog bank at Carmel Head persisted, so we drifted with the spinnaker back to Holyhead.

Next day we set off even later, again drifting. We gave up our plans for a round-the-island trip and rowed, towing *Sea Major*, into Porth Wen. We swam here until we were so fed up we motored and drifted back to Holyhead. We had engine trouble that evening but Dad cured it, at least for the time being, after 2½ hours work.

We knew that now we could only sail back home around Anglesey in a strong westerly, and next morning this seemed so unlikely that we went home by bus and returned with the trailer. We recovered *Sea Major* before lunch and were soon back home, after what we hoped would be a great tonic for our holiday due to start the day after next.

PEANUT, an Atalanta with a difference

Wendy and Brian Burnett — *Peanut* —
A31 Special

After a three-month honeymoon cruise in a 21-footer, of 3'6" headroom and dubious sea-worthiness, we decided that before tying ourselves up with a mortgage we should get fixed up with a boat which could take us anywhere in safety and comfort. I was already an *Atalanta* fan, having crewed in *Atalanta* (A1) and *Diaphony* (A5) while my father owned them. Brian had seen *Atalanta* at Rye and was interested, so when *Cyn* came on the market we went to see her and were impressed. Alas, we could not afford her.

However, my father, Capt. Bill Urry, now learned that two 31' *Atalanta* hulls were lying unfinished and for sale at Fairey Marine, so we decided to go and investigate. After a good deal of discussion and consideration we paid a cheque for one of these hulls and went off to arrange transport.

At this time we were living in a flat in an old country house in Somerset. A few of the garages let out with the flats were unused, and we were given permission to have one as a boatshed. Only one end of the boat would go in, so we planned to build a polythene 'greenhouse' over the other end. When the hull arrived, trailed behind a Land Rover, it looked like an enormous peanut and was so christened immediately. The hull only weighed about 15cwt. so getting it into the garage was no problem.

The hull and deck were not bonded together, only the minimum of framing was installed, no coachroof, bunks, cockpit, steering gear or keels in place, so we were not tied to following the standard plan. We took full advantage of this opportunity to suit our personal requirements, so our *Atalanta* varies quite considerably from the standard version.

The standard keels and lifting gear were not available, so we decided to fit bilge keels. We had these made up from ½" mild steel plate, welded into an aerofoil shape, and we cast lead shoes to bring the weight up to half a ton each. Although we've lost the very shallow draught, we've been quite satisfied with this arrangement as we have to dry out on our own mooring and can take the ground in the many shallow harbours which we visit without worrying

too much about the nature of the bottom. Also, no lifting gear means one less thing to go wrong!

The idea of a ketch rig attracted us, so when we had the offer of two new Proctor masts at half-price we stopped wondering and bought them. The main, stepped just forward of the main bulkhead, is almost 30', and the mizzen, stepped just abaft the after hatch, is 24', giving us a sail area slightly smaller than the standard version. As yet the sailing ability of *Peanut* is not impressive, but until we have a more comprehensive suit of sails it's difficult to assess. We could certainly carry a taller mainmast and might consider changing it in time.

The rudder post is forward of the transom, the control running through the after cabin to a wheel mounted on a binnacle in the cockpit. Originally the rudder was controlled by wires, but this year we invested in a Teleflex system which seems successful so far; it certainly ensures an easy life for the helmsman. Several features will have to be changed like this, as we did things very much on the cheap at first. All the original standing rigging was machine wire (a gift) but has now been replaced with stainless.

Being fairly short, 5'2" and 5'8", we decided to reduce the height of the main coachroof by a few inches and to do without the after coachroof. Originally we built a wooden forehatch close to the designed position, but, due to our interior layout, found this inconvenient and have now blocked it off, making room for an anchor winch and putting a Houdini hatch in the forward end of the coachroof.

The interior layout differs considerably from standard and is best illustrated by a plan. We reduced the size of the cockpit a little, giving a slightly larger main cabin, and our only regret is that we didn't make even more room there by moving the cockpit further aft and taking the after cabin berths under the cockpit seats. However, after three seasons afloat, we're pleased with the other alterations. Full headroom in the toilet compartment is a great asset, and I prefer its position below the mast to the forepeak position which I hated in *Diaphony* and *Atalanta*. We haven't missed the second toilet which is included on the plans for the standard *Atalanta* 31. Since we regard the boat as a second home I'm very pleased with the large galley and capacious lockers. The sixth berth hasn't been sacrificed,

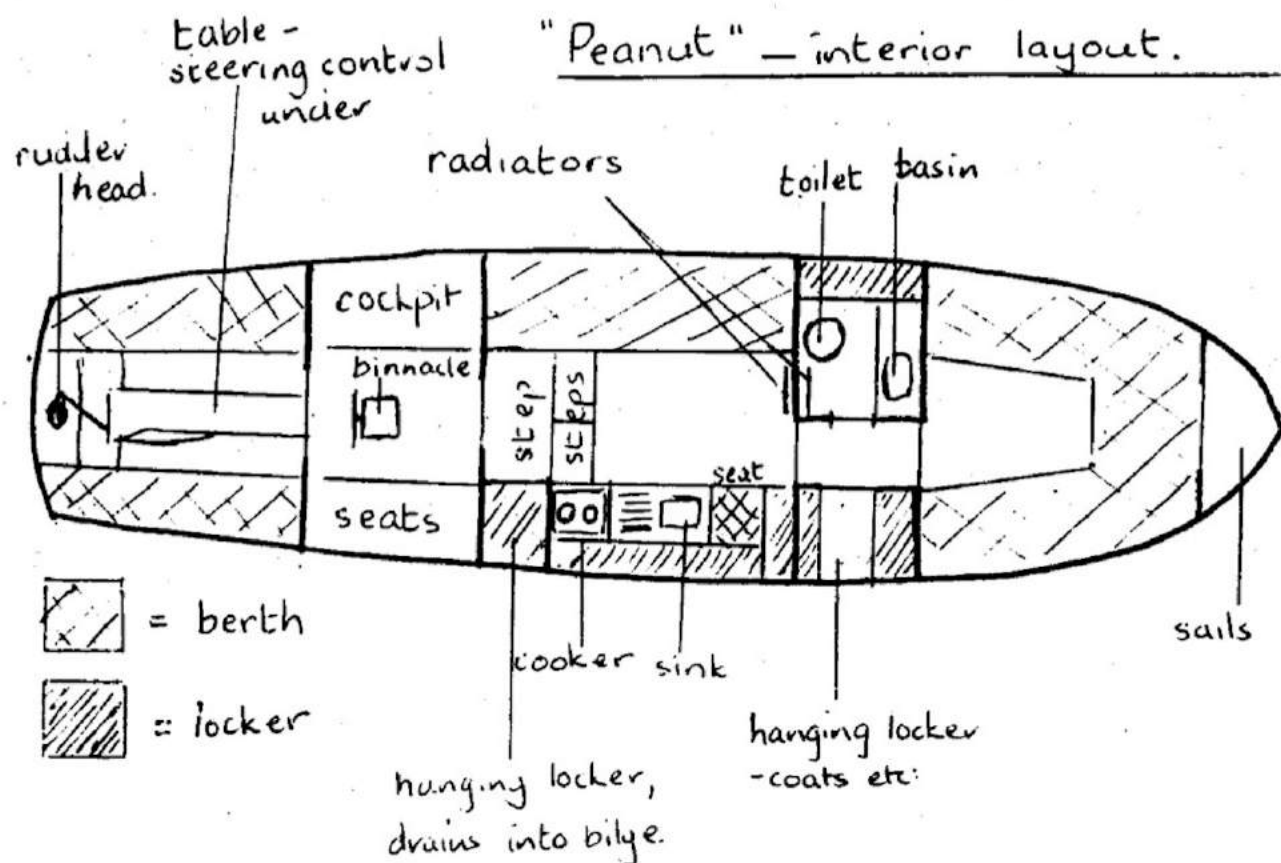
as we have a pipe cot over the settee. This doubles as a chart table when we're at sea, with the table top on it to provide a firm, flat surface.

Cost of fuel, reliability and low fire risk made us decide on a diesel engine. We'd had good reports of Sabb, and the price seemed reasonable, so we settled on a Sabb 18 with variable pitch propellor. The engine is cooled with fresh water running through two radiators, one in the toilet compartment, the other in the main cabin, and then through the keels. This has not proved sufficient as the keels are too thick to lose heat fast enough, so we intend to supplement this with a heat exchanger next year.

Halfway through the boat-building project we moved to Buckley in North Wales and brought the boat into the back garden. We could only keep her here for a limited time as the land behind us was due to be built on, so we decided to get *Peanut* afloat, although unfinished, and arranged a launching date in July 1973. The North Welsh coast was new to us, so we spent two or three weeks exploring our future home ground and making a circumnavigation of Anglesey, before laying up at Rhyl for the winter.

Last year we managed to get up to the Isle of Man, and, between gales, right around it. On the return trip we were particularly glad of the cheap-to-run motor. We were heading S.E. in a S.E. force 6, with no pulpit and safety rails and no extra crew, so we motored all the way — about sixty miles — were cosy, comfortable and not too tired.

There's still a great deal of work to do — fitting pulpit and rails, sheet leads for main and fore-sails, the cooling to sort out, interior painting to finish, locker and cabin doors to be made, sails to alter and acquire, but we've achieved our comfortable and seaworthy boat and feel that we can take our time over finishing these other jobs.



For members planning their holidays, there are accounts of cruises in back numbers of the magazine from which copies can be made on application to the Hon. Sec.

Western Isles of Scotland.

Coast of England and Wales from Rhyl via S. Coast to the Blackwater, E. Coast.

N. French ports.

Amsterdam, via the Grand Union Canal.

Belgian ports.

Holland.

Denmark.

West and East Coast of Sweden.

Baltic to Finland.

S. Norway.

Ireland.

Channel Isles.

Brittany.

Bay of Biscay.

N. Spain.

Majorca.

S. of France.

Gulf of Genoa.

Elba, N. Corsica and Sardinia.

Mondragon to Marseilles via the Rhone.

N. Yugoslavian Coast.

Canada - St. Lawrence.

America.

New Zealand.

Also, many articles containing hints and suggestions on the technical side of which copies can also be made.

STOP PRESS

Note from Hon. Sec: Will members please send me a note of their home port and cruising ground if they have not already done so?

The following brief paragraph appeared in the Plymouth-published daily, **The Western Morning News** for 29th August, 1975.

When a large motor cruiser, being towed by a car on the Torbay ring road at Kings Ash, broke from its coupling it rolled backwards down a one-in six gradient, colliding with two cars and a lorry. No one was injured.

It was headed MYSTERY CRUISE.

COVER PICTURES

Top row, left to right: *Sea Major* (A92) and *Winterset* (A58) anchored at Salcombe, Devon; Eric Stallard, 'somewhere in the Atlantic', with U.S. Navy distress radio; *Popeye*, *Fairey Fulmar*, F47.

Bottom: *Sherpa* (A146) in Terrible Bay, Sark.