

Dauntless News

The Journal of the Dauntless Association

Issue 10 – March 2001

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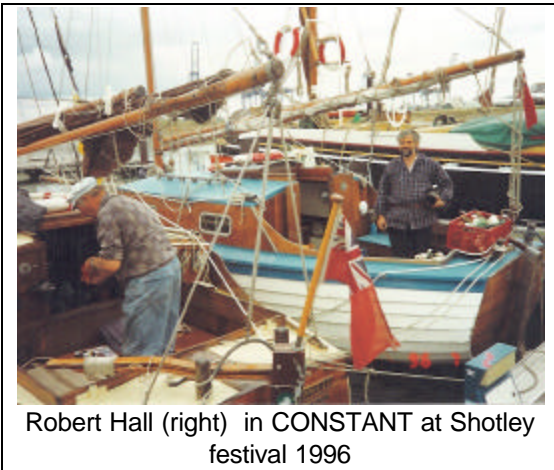
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Introduction

Welcome to the first newsletter of 2001. Again my apologies for the late arrival of the newsletter. My excuse is that I was made redundant and took early retirement at the end of last year only to start a new job immediately. The pressure still remains and I now have 2 weeks less holidays a year! Please see new e-mail address above.

My personal celebration on 'retirement' was to treat SWANTI to a new engine. I have been spending many a cold, wet and windy weekend fumbling in the bilges, but now all installed.

Usual story, the old engine had exhaust on the right, the new is on the left, the old bore was 1.5", the new bore is 2", the water cock is on the right on the old engine, on the left with the new etc, etc. The engine I have fitted is a Beta



Marine 13.5hp, and I have some great service and advice from Beta themselves who took me round their works at Stroud. I will write an account of the 'fitting' for a later newsletter.

A big thanks yet again to our members for some splendid articles. Please do keep them coming in. In this issue Paul Bishop has written the story of restoring Eva Annie and we have another epic voyage of CONSTANT, Robert Hall's Dauntless 24, based in Cornwall. She is our pinup this month above.

Welcome New Members

We welcome aboard the following new member:

No	Name	Boat	Home Port
85	John Zalucki	King's Falcon	Stour

2001 Subs

The 2001 subs are now due, please send them to Alan Holland and please make cheques payable to 'The Dauntless Association'. The subs remain at £3 per year. And what about a burgee at £15 each including postage, again from Alan Holland.

Event Calendar for 2001

AGM

We have a new location for the AGM this year, which will be held at the George and Dragon on Foulness Island on Friday May 25th 2001 at 7:30pm. Our meeting will be in the 'Conservation room'.

The choice of venue has been chosen to coincide with the Old Gaffers Association Crouch Rally, which will be held on the rest of the weekend and will make it easier for attendees by boat who will be joining the OGA on the Saturday.

For those attending by sea, there is ideal anchorage in the Roach off the Foulness steps and will need to make your way ashore about 6:30pm on the Friday. It is about 30 minutes walk from the landing to the pub. I will have a suitable dinghy ready if required, you will need wellies and a torch.

If you intend to travel by car, please note that Foulness Island is MOD property and visitors must let the pub know by calling them on 01702 219460. Otherwise please call me and I will let them know (01702 588199)

Rally to Benfleet Creek

This year we will be back at the Benfleet Yacht Club on 25th August as our annual pilgrimage to the home of Dauntless Craft.

For those travelling by sea, remember that there really is very little water! I will be stopping on a visitors mooring at the Thorpe Bay Yacht Club on the Friday night, and will meet as usual at Southend Pier on the Saturday for a cruise in company to the Yacht club where we will have a meal.

High tide will be at 17:59, so I suggest meeting at 15:00 by Southend Pier, to start travelling up Benfleet creek at 16:00. We will need to be away from Benfleet at 5:00.. How we love these early starts!

Overnight accommodation is available at the Oyster Fleet Hotel, which is on Knightswick Rd Canvey tel 01268 510111.

Please let me know if you will be attending as I have to let the yacht club know numbers and I also need to reserve berths if you are joining us by sea.

Paglesham Weekend

The Paglesham weekend will be on 8th September. We rally at Paglesham on the Saturday and have a meal in the pub on the evening. Please let me know if you are attending, as the pub gets very busy on the Saturday night. I can arrange dinghy transport, but bring your own wellies. On the Sunday you are invited to participate in one of the Roach Sailing Association races, the Roach Plate.

I will be attending the OGA East Coast Classics this year, all being well, so perhaps will be able to meet up with any other members for a beer and natter.

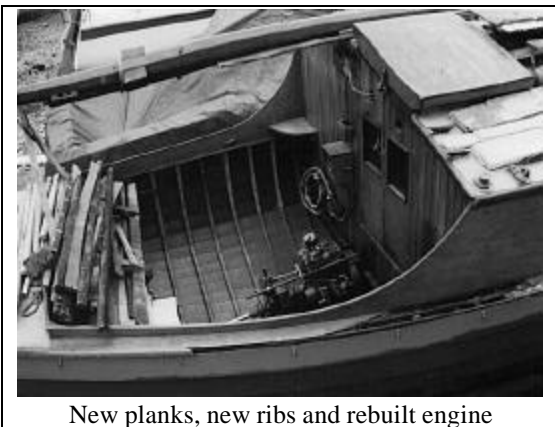
Restoration News

The Restoration of Eva Annie

- An abbreviated story by Paul Bishop

I was walking down the hard at Paglesham with the intention of walking the mud off my wellies when I was accosted by two grinning gentlemen who were busy drinking tea in the cockpit of Dauntless RUTH.

“We’ve got just the boat for you Paul” said RUTH’s skipper. “Yes it’s going cheap and needs a good home, you ought to think about it you know”, rejoined the other tea drinker. Foolishly I asked for more details and was told that the Dauntless gunter sloop ‘CHUNKA’ had been rescued and was laying at Benfleet and pining for an understanding owner. Which is how Messrs Holland and Langrick tempted an innocent winkle-brig owner into taking on bigger and better things.



New planks, new ribs and rebuilt engine

A visit to Benfleet was organised and CHUNKA was given the ‘once over’. Impressions were favourable and my wife was told all about the boat. She too paid a visit and agreed that we should take her on. A meeting was arranged with the owner and a price agreed.

Ten days later we descended on CHUNKA with tools, fuel, bosun’s stores and crossed fingers. The Stuart Turner 8hp started without any trouble and we bent on SWANTI’s spare mainsail and a large, but ancient dinghy foresail.

John was the pilot and brother Nigel and I were acting as crew as we cast off and chugged slowly out of our rill and into Benfleet Creek. The clouds

of exhaust smoke gradually diminished and the sun came out to brighten our day.

Sails were hoisted and we were on our way with a mild air from the North. Big grins were the order of the day. We may not have smiled quite so much if we had heard the comments being passed by the folk in the Benfleet Yacht Club, who were watching our departure with interest tinged with a certain amount of doubt. “That engine hasn’t been run for four years”. “Do you reckon she is sound enough to be going round to Paglesham at this time of year?” and so on and so on.

On board “CHUNKA”, beer and sandwiches were offered round as we headed for our first port of call, Thorpe Bay yacht club, which we reached about 1 ½ hours later where we picked up the visitors mooring and headed for home after ‘snugging’ her down for the night.

Next day we arrived on the beach to find a force 5-6 North wind blowing. We filled in the time waiting for the tide by scrubbing CHUNKA off and checking the ground tackle. It wasn’t long before the water reached us and we were soon afloat and rearing to go. I announced that CHUNKA was to be renamed “EVA ANNIE” after the old barge hulked off Leigh, which was the last tiller steered sailorman in commission.

We were soon logging 5 knots in about four feet of water and I had visions of the seabed littered with wrecks just waiting to rip the bottom out of us. Great confidence was placed in our pilot at this stage who then jovially told us that the sands were as flat as a billiard table and there was nothing to worry about, - really?

By the time we reached the submarine boom, I had put two reefs in the main sail, which cured the weather helm somewhat. Then it was ‘Gybe ho’ and we went routing off towards the man-made island in fine style.

I soon had to call for a third reef as the wind was fair humming out of the north and we were travelling at 5 ½ knots which is rapid for a Dauntless, so I am told. Eventually we reached the old wreck on the sands to the South of the Havengore and cranked up the engine as we turned into the wind and lowered our sails.

The passage over the sands was uneventful until we were well in towards the Broomway where a quick sounding showed we were floating in less than two feet of water. John took the helm and I went forwards to con her through the shallows. Eventually we were ploughing sand in twelve inches of water over the Broomway before gently coming to stop.

A bit of 'tooting and froing' got us into deeper water and we soon had the bridge in sight. John called the bridge keeper using the new name 'EVA ANNIE' as our call sign. That was a small, but special moment for me. The bridge swung open and we were soon on our way down the Narrow Cuts heading for the Roach and our new mooring at Paglesham, which we reached by 4:30PM.

Our day was far from over as we became involved with the Quilliams 'TRIUMPHANT' and helped her take another ketch with engine failure up to Stambridge. It was 7:30 when we stepped ashore.

Eight days later Mary and I motored down river to meet other members of the Dauntless Association who were coming to Paglesham for the Paglesham Weekend. On our return, we motored up to our mooring and the mate missed the buoy so I nipped swiftly aft and grabbed it from the cockpit. While I was making fast, a voice of doom shouted, "there's water coming off the fly-wheel". I turned round to see spray being flung into the air. The water was pouring in somewhere beneath the cockpit sole. There was only one thing to do, so we cast off and headed for the mud at full speed. About 30 feet from the pier, the engine went under and stopped, but we carried way into the shallows and I was able to leap overboard with a rope and tow Eva Annie close in to the sea wall where she sat on the bottom.

When the tide dropped, I found a hole about 4 1/2 long by 1" wide in one of the Port planks, well below the water line. It was apparent that a support in the middle of the side bench in the cockpit had punched its way through the plank when I had rushed aft to grab the mooring buoy. We were very lucky this disaster hadn't occurred out in the Thames as the three of us were stepping on and off that bench frequently during the day.

A patch was hastily applied to the hole and we waited for the next tide to see if she leaked. This meant turning out at 2:00am with torches and pumps. In the end all was well and we made very little water.

The boatyard was contacted and a date agreed to haul 'EVA ANNIE' out for the winter. Nigel and I laid out anchors and warps and hauled her off into deeper water. Naturally it blew a gale from the East, which stopped any progress towards the slip. We were very glad when John came along and towed us with his 'mighty' little outboard. That was to be the last salt water for EVA ANNIE for two years.

Once she was sitting comfortably in the yard, the work began in earnest. After several inquiries, I managed to locate a shipwright who must take credit for the repair work. He is Paul Gray who has a yard at Maylansea. Paul undertook to replace the damaged plank and over 30 timbers. Also replaced were the centre plate box, starboard deck, cockpit sole and bearers, engine bearers and all the keel bolts.



More ribs in the cabin and new centre case

In addition he made a splendid Sampson post from a piece of green oak which replaced a rather feeble cleat on the foredeck. All this work was carried out when he could fit it in, which left Mary and I free to strip the hull inside and out, down to the bare wood. We had some fun times laying under the boat with blowlamps and scrapers, watching snowflakes falling from the skies. It also seemed to rain a lot, to say nothing for the fog which bedevilled us from time to time.

At last we removed the last of the paint and slogged on Paul's magic mixture. In total we applied 3 coats of 'jollop' to everything and let

each coat soak well in. For those who may wish to try it, mix 50% Cuprinol with 50% boiled linseed oil and 'tosh it on' liberally. Once this had dried off we applied three coats of International Pink Primer inside and out. Then we concentrated on the bilges and used a very heavy floor paint, which is almost indestructible; again 3 coats.

It became necessary to remove all the bunks, cupboards, toilet etc, to remove the ribs from the cabin. That was the easy part of the job; putting it all back a year later took much longer. Once this was done, we painted and varnished the cabin and fore peak and things began to look more ship-shape.

The Stuart Turner was rebuilt, tested and re-installed. Meanwhile the sailmaker and his boss arrived from Valiant Sails to measure EVA ANNIE for her new suite of sails, cover and settee squabs. They also took all her rigging away for renewal as the old gear was well past its best.

More painting and rubbing down took place until the hull was resplendent in her Norfolk Green and many coats of varnish. She was beginning to look like a proper Dauntless at last.

Next on the list were the spars, which were stripped and sanded down to the bare wood. After 3 coats of 'jollop', four coats of varnish were applied with careful rubbing down between each coat.

Meanwhile I had re-caulked her garboards, having spent two days raking out the old cotton, putty and filler. I treated myself to a new set of caulking irons, together with cotton and red lead powder and putty. It's a great job for a rainy day.

Valiant Sails delivered the new boat cover and rigging so I was able to dress the mast in readiness for installing in the tabernacle. A new four-fold purchase on the forestay will make hauling up and lowering away easier than it was. The cockpit was rubbed down and received the obligatory four coats of varnish, and the foredeck, cabin top and after deck were given two coats of non-slip paint.

As we were re-rigging EVA ANNIE to her original specifications, which is an inboard gunter sloop, with Wyckham-Martin furling gear on the foresail, I felt a boarding ladder on the transom

was an essential safety requirement and one that was easily fitted. Dauntlesses are fairly high sided craft and I don't fancy the idea of trying to climb up the rudder after falling in the 'oggin'. The last painting job was non-slip paint on the cockpit sole and the re-painted cabin sole. The Stuart was given a test run and the launch date arranged with the yard.



Down the slipway

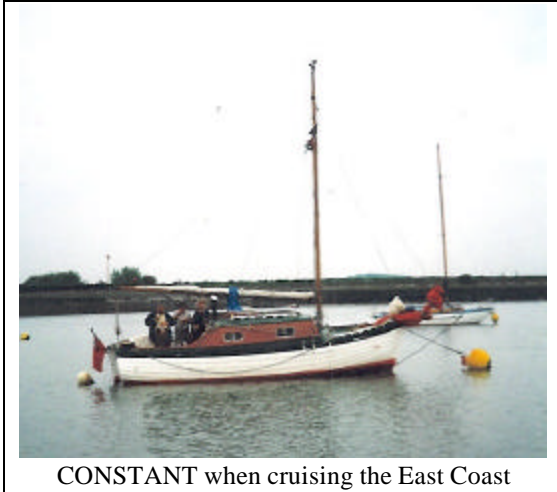
I arrived on the day before to find David and James Barke had already craned EVA ANNIE onto the launching trolley in readiness for her meeting with her natural element the next day.

At 10:00am on Saturday 30th September 2000, EVA ANNIE was launched into the river Roach with flags flying. John Langrick renamed her and christened her with Best Bitter before we went for a trip down the river to try the engine. All went well despite one or two 'Niagara Falls' style leaks, which failed to beat the pumps. I had tipped over 300 gallons of salt water into her in the weeks leading up to the launch so she didn't make too much water as she might have.

A force 10 gale was predicted for that afternoon so we motored her into our oyster pit on the marshes and picked up our moorings for the winter. The mast came down the next day and the cover was fitted snugly in place. There are a few jobs still to do, roll on the spring and some good sailing.

To Douarnenez by Dauntless.

Robert Hall



CONSTANT when cruising the East Coast

Having decided to give it a go, I set into motion the obvious things one needs to do before starting such a trip, so set off for the slipway on the spring tide to clean her bottom and get some antifouling on her.

Sat 18th March

1400 lock open – 14:30 on slipway – blocks under -, 16:30 tide ebbing 19:00 settled on blocks.

Sun 19th March

Long day, up at 03:30 –n HW – settled onto blocks by 0500 – started scraping 0600 – HW 1630 back on blocks at 18:00

My blocks were in fact the two halves of a railway sleeper – with a large breezeblock under a bilge keel I could tip her over enough to get right underneath her for scraping and painting.

Tue 21st March

Finished antifouling – 2 coats – Finished painting the rest of the hull as well – lifted off, recovered blocks, back in dock by 1800. Pumped out.

Wed 22nd March

18:00 pumped out – we’ve got a leak!

Each time the tide came in she bounced a bit, somewhere along the line one of the blocks had shifted and the bouncing was causing damage. I was having to pump out serious amounts of water (6 – 9”) every day. Meanwhile the starter motor packed up – the manifold shattered (£126 for a new one!!), and I discovered rot in the stern – not a happy bunny. I found what seemed to be a major cause of the leak, a persistent and very

heavy weeping both sides of the centre board casing – but felt it necessary to investigate thoroughly right the way through her, from forward to aft.

This being so meant dismantling bunk sides, galley cupboards etc., so decided to do the internal re-fit that I had been putting off at the same time. I also had to haul her out so as to remove ¼ ton of sash-weight ballast to get at the CB case, and to investigate the rest of the planks under the ballast. Thank god for an understanding and sympathetic wife as I was now working on the boat every day. I hauled her out into the local compound (a fenced off section of the town car park) on June 6th. Ashore for 10 days, removed cleaned and re-painted the ballast – putty and paint compound around the CB case, also the garboard strake outside, 3 coats of linseed oil on the planks inside (in the area of the ballast), more paint, re-building inside – etc.



The re-launch

Friday 16th June

Re-Launch – started her up, cabin filled with dense noxious white smoke – a wire from the ignition panel to the back of the alternator had melted. Had a long lunch and decided to ignore it. Back into the dock.

Various investigations, by passing operations, praying and cussing, have narrowed the problem down to a mysterious ‘going to ground’. Even though the wire seems to serve no purpose, I have left it off and not felt the lack – work continues apace – my third crew man was tracked down – I was now about 2 weeks behind

schedule and not coping very well – decided more than once to forget the whole idea – but my wife made damn sure that we continued.



One day to go – Robert and Margie

Mon 26th June

Darren (3rd crewman) can't make it 'til Thursday so arranged to pick him up in Salcombe – gives us the chance to pick up Brittany charts in Falmouth – All last minute water, stores, fuel, done – on-board 22:30 – lock opens 2300 – went home 0030 – engine wouldn't start!

Tues 27th June

Looked + cleaned + stripped + greased + got nowhere. 2100, Wayne, engineer from the LAMU came over + diagnosed dirty fuel – got her started.

Wed 28th June

Took 9 gallons of diesel out – replaced fuel filter – 10 gallons of new diesel in – she works – Thank God. Ran her up several times for various lengths of time – all seems well.

Thur 29th June

HW 0320 – sails up 0400 – Helford Passage 1400 – picked up 3rd crewman.

Fri 30th June

Up anchor at 0230 – calm with mist course 083 for Salcombe.

Sat 1st July

HW 0815 – Boisterous in the entrance, 3 dolphins, calmer outside, 1000 SW 3. We motor sailed until 19:00, a reasonable day, lumpy at times. My original plan had been to cross the channel from Portland to Alderney (54nm) on a neap tide and cruise the coast from there. These plans had obviously gone out of the window, so I chose Salcombe to Les Sept Iles, with the option of Guernsey as a safe haven. By about 0300 I had the loom of Guernsey reassuringly to port, followed soon after by the lights of the French coast. I hung offshore throughout the early morning, as it is notoriously rock-strewn. Eventually made Peros-Guirec at 1300.

Spent the next few days' motor sailing, working our way down the coast. All the anchorages mentioned in my pilot books are now full of moorings, so mostly had an easy time of it. Stopped off at Tregastel, Penlan, Pennpaul, Pontusval, and then L' Aber Wrach for the first of the festivals.



Low water in France

Fairly fearsome seas off the entrance, quieting down as we went further up-river. Moorings had been provided for boats taking part in the three-day festival, which was a feeder for Brest 2000. Unfortunately the weather deteriorated, SW 7/8, so the next three days were pretty tedious and uncomfortable. We watched lots of nautical films

in French, and listened to lots of Breton pipers (which I happen to enjoy, so it wasn't a lost cause), but mostly watched the weather forecast.



Skipper 'strapped into' a bowl lo porridge

12th July

The Arrangement with Brest was that all the L'Aber Wrach boats would travel on the 12th July, for the start of Brest on the 13th. The weather died down to W 3/4, so at 4:30 we all set off, square riggers, smacks, biscaynes, MFV's and two leather currachs! The wind was against us all the way going SW and then S as we rounded Le Fair into the Chenel du Four. At this point I lost the dinghy, the shackle pulled out of the stem, so I hove-to whilst adding an extra rope or two. We seemed to be making very slow progress, which I later found to be due to kelp around the propeller. The weather was deteriorating and when we reached Pointe St Mathieu, we copped it.

Cross tides and contrary winds, squeezed between the off-shore islands and the mainland created a savage roller coaster ride, not unlike the race of Portland Bill.

However, half an hour later saw us clear of that, and we turned East to head up for Brest. The sun came out, the wind turned East, I put the sail up, the wind died and I eventually dropped the sail,

the wind picked up again and the tide was still against us

And then the dinghy overtook us! The main towrope had parted, so the back up, which was secured mid ships was now towing the dinghy backwards, which is actually the better way of towing it! After much experimentation, we got it back the right way around and staying behind us. Not before she had gouged some chunks out of the transom each time she surged forward,

We finally made Brest at 2100. My poor wife, who had hitch hiked round from L'Aber Wracht (having flown from Dinard and hitched to L'Aber Wracht) had been waiting on the end of a jetty for 3 hours, and had not 10 minutes before gone to the crew tent to find out if anyone had seen us. Unfortunately, a crewmember from an East Coast smack had said "I wouldn't have brought a Dauntless round in that weather! so she was at the point of calling the Coastguard. Much relief all round when I staggered in!

So, the next three days were overwhelming. 2,000 boats, from the SEDOV down to dinghies. Music, film shows, exhibitions, racing in the bay, rafts of 15 to 20 deep, fireworks, thousands on thousands of visitors, so much, too much. Festival fatigue set in, so it was with much relief that we set off on Mon 17th July bound for Douarnenez, and the final festival. This was truly incredible. Though the wind was slight, we had our sails up.

Mon 17th July

2,000 boats sailing through the Goulet de Brest, in front a mass of sails, and behind all round. A Yemeni dhow, Portugese lateen rig fishing boats, a 14th century cog, an Irish leather sailing curragh, a 16th century Russian pirate galley, Polynesian proa's, and the general mass of square-sail, gaffers, luggers, smacks, ketches, yawls, steam launches and so on. At one stage we had rocks, not unlike the needles, ahead of us. One would usually go outside, but the weather was so fine that, like sheep, one boat went through so everybody else did. It was a most profound experience, great jagged rocks wither side of us, 100' or more, no more than a cable wide, jam packed with boats, streaming out ahead and behind us. Helicopters flying overhead, press boats weaving in among us, 1000s of people on the headland – stunning. My third crew had

jumped ship the day before, so I was able to bring my wife with us. She was amazed and overjoyed, and went berserk with the camera. The procession carried on all day and finally we made Douarnenez at 1725, finding a quiet mooring up the river above the maritime museum in the Port du Rhu.



A 'Brest 2000' celebratory dish by the 'headless chef'.

Mon 17th July

Douarnenez is a centre of excellence for maritime heritage, a cross between the old Exeter Maritime Museum and the Greenwich Wooden Boat festival. There are four harbours, Treboul, Port du Rhu, Rosmeur and the fish dock, so the festival is spread out, though centred around Rosmeur. Where L'Aber Wrach was too small (you could do the whole site in 15 minutes) and Brest was huge, Douarnenez is just right. Quiet corners, a walk through the charming town for 10 mins brings one into the main arena, hectic, noisy, back to the Port du Rhu for the Dutch smokers, (not the herb kind!) who did not only fish, but T shirts, socks, trousers, rope garlic! In fact anything not nailed down. Or watch a man making a spar, or a team restoring an old tug from Southampton, then back to the town for an art gallery and so on.

My wife had to return to England on Thurs 16th, for our son's graduation, so she hitched back to Dinard, flew to Stansted, drove down to Bath, then caught the train to Plymouth for the ferry to Rosoff, thence hitching again, arriving back at Douarnenez on Thursday 20th. Friday 21st was the last day of the festival, so we left our peaceful mooring in the river and sailed to Rosmeur, to join the main fleet and the big party. Wonderful! (Nb., Met a Dauntless owner, a Dutch man, I left his card on board, in Treboul)

Sat 22nd July

0930 Rosmeur to Treboul for fuel – under way 1155 – E5/6 occ 7 – sailed to Pointe de Toulinguet, then motored to Camaret-Sur-Mer. Mooring Buoys 1720. WFX E6-8, so decided to move on, as we were wide open to the East and it was uncomfortable. Motored around to AUSE de Dellec, moored 2115 – sloppy, but out of the wind.

Sun 23rd July

UW 1000, dropped Margie (my wife) off (hitching to Roscoff for ferry), then UW 1200 for Chenal du Four. Pt St Mathieu was a doddle, weather fine so motor sailed to L'Aber Ildut – Fog – abeam Corsen, soon thinned out but vis reduced. Moored Labor Ildut 1815. Beautiful evening.

Mon 24th

Resting and maintenance, and shipping forecasts.

Tues 25th

0534 shipping forecast var to NE or less. Under way 0600, le four 0730 cleared TSS Ouessant without incident. Gosh, there's a lot of water out here. 1100, 42nm to Lizard. Refuelled, checked all round, got ready for night watch, all well.

Wed 26th July

0300 Naval exercise all around us, mixed in with fishing boats. Some action necessary, including a 360. 1000 arrived Penzance, waiting for the lock gates at 1130. Margie at end of jetty with a crowd of friends, banging drums, blowing bugles, letting off a huge rocket, we made it!

So for three months of hectic, hair-tearing anxiety to get ready, and four weeks of bouncing around the French coast, was it worth it? Absolutely. My personal sea-monsters retired once we had made it across the channel and I got back into the swing of things. Twenty years in the Merchant Navy stood me in good stead, my greatest fear being that my repair work was not good enough. But it was, she didn't leak at all! I still find that hard to believe, but it's true.

I am now thinking of changing the rig as she doesn't sail all that well. Goose winged is great; the best sail we had though was with the Easterly 6/8 when we left Douarnenez heading north – that was great. So dead astern or on the beam

and the sails go up, the rest of the time we need the motor. As ever, weather sailing or

motoring, she took whatever the weather was most commendably, constant by name and Dauntless by nature. If anyone feels like shaking off that East Coast mud, rest assured, A Dauntless can make it!

PS My eldest son has a girlfriend in Denmark, so next year I am planning a 'Riddle of the Sands' type voyage, with that as my ultimate destination – Dauntless in Denmark (Dublin, Danzig, Dundee, Dubai, Dar-es-Salaam, Whoa boy!!)

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Photo Gallery



Dauntless dinghy LUCY, owned by Colin Lockett

LUCY is 12' Dauntless Clinker sailing dinghy, built for Colin in 1976. Her build number is 1733. She is in exactly the same condition as she was when she was built. She is garaged, other than for the occasional sailing event. It is a coincidence that she was built the same year as CONSTANT, featured in the article above. The build number of CONSTANT is 1731.

The picture to the left was taken at the 2000 Paglesham rally where she took part in a local race with the Roach Sailing Association in which she was placed third in a field of seven. Dauntless LINNEA came second and SWANTI fourth.

The lower picture is taken at the launch of EVA ANNIE on the day before, see earlier article, to coin a phrase, 'waiting for the tide'.

