

‘THE BOAT’

TRURO AND DISTRICT BOATOWNERS’

ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER

2011

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EDITORIAL

Ok the newsletter is a bit later this year, not laziness or to counter any trends to it becoming bi-annual, (sound familiar?) there's a thought, but merely because of lack of articles in the Spring. By the time I had enough articles I thought everyone would be too busy sailing anyway so best to publish at the start of the winter season.

Many thanks to our contributors. Vernon has produced his usual intriguing article; I understand the cat is recovering and has been undergoing therapy.

As a new venture we are attempting to email the newsletter to as many members as possible (Vernon tells me it will be simpler and save me time, at this juncture I remain to be convinced)

If you have received your copy by post it means I've lost or never had an email address for you. Please let me know if you have one and would like to be contacted by email. If you haven't received a copy we'll probably never know, that's what worries me! My email address is markearrow@yahoo.co.uk

Alternatively You can download your own colour copy of the newsletter from the TBOA website:-- www.tboa.org.uk

FROM THE POOP DECK

Just sat here, bobbing about at the anchorage, when one of those pesky jet boats shoots past!

Spilt me gin all over the teak and holly, stripped the varnish and as a glowing ember from me pipe was about to set fire to the boat, Nelson, the Ship's Cat, dived for the alcohol and promptly lapped it up.

He wobbled a bit as he sauntered back to his bunk, but he was smiling as he squinted at the world through his one good, but bloodshot eye. I can tell he's a happy cat – he's flat on his back with his paws straight up in the air and I think he's snoring.

I expect you're all enjoying the wonderful weather, I know we are. Is that the faint trace of a tan on the old Grumbler or has she been sat under that rusting gooseneck again. I've told her about it before, but she insists on sitting there ever since we passed a big gas guzzler with a bevy of beauties on the Bunny Pad. Some people can be ever so cruel when they pass by – a crowd of youngsters even threw pennies on to the foredeck the other morning – they thought I was collecting for Guy Fawkes Night. Which reminds me – even in this electronic age, don't forget to check that your flares are in date because it may be that casual dog walker that sees you in distress, and he probably won't be listening on Channel 16 or have an EPIRB receiver!!

I know there's been some good sailing this year, although it was a shame that the Salcombe trip was cancelled. Perhaps another one later on might be worth doing, but please don't carry out your ablutions on the public slipway as a couple of our (senior?) members did a few years ago. They had no shower on board (they were in a Silhouette!!) and had rowed ashore in their rubber dinghy. Having availed themselves of some local hospitality they were making their way back to the boat when a tap was spotted next to the slipway. Without further ado the dinghy was filled with water and one of our erstwhile sailors proceeded to have a bath!! I think a couple of ladies on their way back from church were a bit confused, but at least the crew went back on board fresh and smelling of new carbolic.

I've just had another look at the cat – he's stopped snoring now and started to shake a bit.

I know how he feels, I'll just pour another gin and put a drop in his saucer for when he wakes up.

Happy sailing!!

The Skipper

In Memoriam Nick Brigg

The Truro Boat Owners Association very much regrets to report and record the passing of Nick Brigg, a member and committee member of T.B.O.A.

Many will remember Nick as a delightful and boundlessly enthusiastic member of the sailing community; he was so much more; and will be greatly missed by all who knew him.

The T.B.O.A. is, and will be, the poorer for his absence.

We send our sincerest condolences to Alli, his family and his many, many friends on their loss.

Keith

The African Queen Revisited

A true story, about real people.

It began with a sort of warning. The English Channel had been crossed, we had whizzed down through the Chenal du Four and now we were in what had become our favourite port of call in Brittany, Camaret sur Mer. Coming down the Chenal we had passed from Cornish summer to quite a hot French one in the space of an hour. But no matter how pleasant a port, an itch to move on will sooner or later make itself felt, as it was doing now. With our preparations to leave well under way a tall, gaunt British yachtsman made his way along the pontoons. He was wearing what had become known to us as 'gaff rigged shorts' and had that far away look, pale blue eyes that seemed not to really look at one but at some distant horizon. His tired voice, with a touch of the upper classes one is always somewhat surprised to find still exists, asked diffidently, 'Making ready for sea, I see', 'Not really', I replied, in my confident and capable voice, 'No, we are going up into the Rade and then up the Chateaulain River'. 'Oh dear, I rather think that would be a strategic error, you and your crew will find it even hotter up there, don't you think.' And with that he leant slightly to his left and strolled on towards his boat. Well what did he know, a bit hotter, what if it was. Our departure from the pontoons was without fuss, there was very little wind. Once through the Goulet de Brest we found a beach near Ile Ronde and dropped anchor for a picnic lunch and swim for the boys while we, parents/owners, skipper and mate, first class, satisfied ourselves with a paddle. Cats paws, and a lovely cool breeze from the West, so up with the Chute to sail all the gentle way to the far end of the Rade and into the River Aulne where we tied up to one of the huge old ex-navy buoys, until the tide could waft us all the way to Chateaulain the next day. Which it duly did, together with just enough revs from the trusty SABB, under the road bridge and on past woods and fields, Herons and Egrets, round bends with the river getting narrower by the yard, 'its a bit like the African Queen isn't it', announced my very best mate. Then it was past an elevated dual carriageway before turning yet another bend and finally reaching the Lock at Guily Glaz, where the gates were closed, we were early. It was hotter than ever, so hot that washing up bowls had been filled with river water to cool our feet. Tied up waiting at the lock gates we hopped ashore and walked across to a bar for shade and drinks, the first slid down non-stop so a second seemed only sensible. Eventually from the goings on outside it sounded as though the gates might be open, so back on board, cast off and into the lock. No charge and the lock keeper refused 'un pourbois' with a smile. Out of the lock and then under a super high stone built viaduct. With that comment about the African Queen something seemed to have come over Best Mate, she and the two boys had gone forward to watch the view, much as Katherine Hepburn might have done, while a grubby, grumpy Humphry Bogart managed the boat. Then as we began passing the houses at Port Launay, she, Katherine Hepburn to a 'T', turned and 'Mr Alnut, which side of that funny little buoy are you going to go?'. He seemed puzzled and scratching at something beneath his filthy singlet replied, with a lopsided grin, 'Well I don't rightly know maam, 'specially seein' as how its all rusty an all, it don't seem to matter which side we go, I shall just keep her goin' as she is.' People walking by the houses stopped to watch, probably admiring the faultless seamanship and the elegant yacht, or so I thought. We passed the buoy, but only just, when with a sickening bang, we rose, boat and all and were stopped, dead. Oh bugger, and Oh Flippin' Eck, thought I. The crew looked expectantly at their skipper, at me. 'We are aground on something.' I brilliantly deduced. 'Well what are we going to do?', voice raised ever so slightly, 'No

problem.’ Said I, ‘I will lay out an anchor and we can winch ourselves off,’ another sweaty half hour later and that certainly wasn’t going to do the trick. This was fast becoming a spectator sport it being a Saturday and le picnic was happening along the banks with loads of waterside wooden benches, all full of course. However. ‘Theres a Gendarme waiving to us over there,’ the boys had noticed him. So ‘over there’ I went, a tall immaculate ‘flic’ said he thought that a rope ashore would help and then he could pull. He got pretty sweaty himself, to no effect and called me over, ‘Pas de problem,’ said he, ‘les Pompiers sont arrive’, Pompiers, of yes thats ‘firemen’ I remembered from schooldays. What on earth can they do. Back to boat and report to assembled crew. ‘Firemen, what can they do?!’, said First Mate. Before any further musing a large RIB full of determined looking French firemen, sorry, Pompiers, came around the bend, at speed. The biggest Pompier, a sort of Human Seal, was easing himself in to a wetsuit and as soon as they reached us he backflipped into the water. Emerging from under the boat he decalred, ‘c’est l’ancien vaucluse’, we were firmly on part of an old lock. After a try with the RIB revving like mad to pull us off they all relaxed. ‘Le camien sont arrive immediatment’. The lorry is arriving immediately? Bloody hell, so it was, bouncing down through the fields on the near side of the river, the fire truck, going at beaucoup de vitesse. All action now as they ran out a wire hawser from the big winch on the truck and passed it to us. I made it fast and they cranked up the tension, first the stern came round then suddenly we were moving, we were off. Fantastic. Handshakes and multiple thanks yous, merci mes amis, all round and they left after I had pushed some Francs or Euros into the paw, or should it be flipper, of the Human Seal. Relief spread through us, we motored up the final stretch and into the basin at Chateaulin to tie up for the night. It never did cool down, Gaff Rigged Shorts was right of course, dammit. We left the next morning, cooler sea breezes beconing. All along the banks of the river people were waving and shouting to us, ‘Zola Zola, (our boat name) we saw you on the TV last night’, and raising their glasses. Back at the lock there’s an excited crowd and a TV camera pointing at us. The keeper, l’eclusier, came over with a big grin on his face, and passed me a piece of paper, a small chart with that buoy clearly marked and why one should leave it to starboard. ‘Why on Earth didn’t you give us that on the way up’, I calmly enquired, after all an Englishman never loses his cool, and the lockkeeper, with that most eloquent of Gallic gestures, ended the story with a shrug.

Kerry & Celia

To the Channel Islands – July 2010.

The long-term weather forecast for the next couple of weeks looked promising, there was just a patch of rain showing for the next day, and then it looked likely to be fairly settled. That was Monday the 19th July. We set off from our mooring at Mylor at about 14:00. We had a plan to work our way up the coast to Salcombe or Dartmouth



and then cross over to Guernsey.

This was the second season with our latest boat “Seaxe”, a Moody 33 and the largest boat we had owned. She was a roomy and stable yacht and we felt that we were sufficiently familiar and confident with her by then to undertake crossing the channel if the conditions were favourable. It was to be a

family holiday as well and we all went – my wife Steph, our son Sam who was 16 then and an excellent crew member and our daughter Emily who was 11. The dog was left with my sister in law and we had up to 3 weeks available to us for the trip.

Fantastic.

We had been recommended Sutton Harbour Marina in the heart of Plymouth’s Barbican area by two fellow club members and that sounded like a good option if it rained the next day as the forecast suggested. We motor sailed all the way, about 37 miles, in light SE winds and when we got to within about 5 miles of Rame Head I phoned Sutton Harbour to reserve a berth giving them an ETA of about 20:00. When we got to the lock the gates were already opened for us to enter, the lock keeper was expecting us and gave directions to our berth. The lock was very easy with floating pontoons each side to moor against while going through, and the berth was near the offices and showers. The marina was first class. As promised by the Met Office it poured with rain the next day so we spent the day in the Barbican and Plymouth town centre.

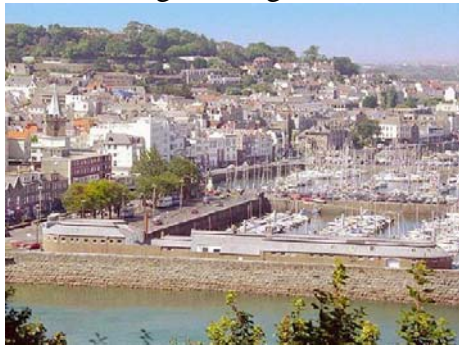
The following day was sunny again with light to moderate SE winds and we left about 10:30 for Salcombe. It was a cracking sail and we went right up past Salcombe town to “The Bag” where we were given a swinging mooring by the Harbour Master on our arrival, by then about 14:30. Once settled Sam inflated the dinghy and we had a pleasant run ashore and walked down to South Sands and then along the cliff path towards Bolt Head and back. An early night was on the cards as the forecast look good for crossing over to Guernsey the next day, which meant a dawn departure in the morning.

Just as we were thinking of turning in who should arrive looking for a mooring but Chris Rowe and Barry on “Malkin”, they had sailed from Falmouth that day in one hit and were pleased to be in.

5:30am next morning saw us motoring down the river, bound for St. Peter Port, with dew on the decks and mist rising from the river. We were soon over The Bar and on our way on a course of 133 deg. magnetic for the top of the “Little Russel”. I had hoped that my passage plan would time our arrival there for a favourable tide down

the “Little Russel” into St. Peter Port. There was little wind that morning and we motored for about 30 miles to mid channel until the wind got up enough to sail the rest of the way. We actually made a faster passage time than I had expected and arrived at the top of Guernsey about 2 hours earlier than the plan so we had a foul tide for the next hour motoring down the “Little Russel” into St. Peter Port. We did over 6.5 knots through the water down the channel but made on average barely 2 knots over the ground according to the GPS. One hell of a tidal stream!

Fortunately even though we arrived earlier than expected there was enough water to float over the sill into St. Peter Port marina and we went straight in and were led by the berthing master in his dory to a berth right up the end of the furthest long visitors pontoon. It was absolutely packed and we squeezed between all the other moored boats to a remaining place at the very end by the ramp. I wondered how on earth we would ever get out again! But for now we were very snug.



Nothing had changed! The last time I was there was back in 1992 in my old trusty Virgo Voyager “Free Again”, I used to be a regular Channel Islands visitor then having less family responsibilities. The visitor’s marina was pretty much the same as was the outer harbour, they had turned the fore and aft moorings out there into pontoons, and buoyed a marina approach channel because there were a few more boats around, but that was about it. The most

noticeable thing in St. Peter port generally, away from the visitors area was the completely new St. Georges Marina for residents only at the northern end of the town but this had a separate approach altogether and was not of concern to casual visiting yachtsmen.

We stayed several days. The local bus network on the island is excellent, with frequent services and fares that don’t empty your pockets! We did a circular bus tour of the island and went for a walk around the southwest corner near Les Hanois. Sam & Emily went swimming one evening in the tidal swimming pools between St. Peter Port and Fermain Bay.

However time was precious and the cruise had to continue. High on the



agenda was Sark. This beautiful island which stands higher than Guernsey and looks bigger from seaward, is actually much smaller and has it’s own government and laws. Cars are not allowed on the island, only tractors, bicycles and horse & carts. Other local laws cover such things as divorce, which is illegal there, and capital punishment is still possible although not practised, as crime is virtually unheard of! Apart from some summer visitors from Guernsey and Jersey it is a very quiet and sleepy place. We left St. Peter Port on a tide high enough to float over the marina sill again and sailed the few miles around the south of Herm, then northwards up the Big Russel and around the northern tip of Sark and into the famous anchorage of “La Greve de La Ville” on the north eastern side of Sark. This is a very dramatic deep anchorage with steep cliffs and we managed to find a vacant visitors mooring, there were about 6

visitors buoys there, which appeared to be for use free of charge. The entrance to the anchorage is a bit tricky as there are numerous rocks to hit on the way in, so careful pilotage is necessary.



We inflated the dinghy and went ashore up the steep cliff path towards the town. Outside the main bank in the “town centre” was the terminus for the horse & cart rides around the town and of course Emily insisted we use one whilst in earshot of one of the drivers. She was a charming French girl called Camille who introduced us to her horse Mary, and took us all round the larger northern part of Sark giving us a running commentary on the way before dropping us off at La Coupe to walk across the knife edge track that joins the northern and southern halves of the island. This is a very spectacular spot with tremendous views towards Guernsey, Jersey and other anchorages hundreds of feet directly below.

That night there was a long shallow swell entering our anchorage that made all the boats roll nicely as it hit them beam on, not good for a peaceful nights sleep and we awoke the next morning feeling a bit tired. Time to set off for Jersey as the next port of call. We motored south out of La Greve de La Ville, past Maselin and Creux harbours and headed south towards Jersey. Once clear



of Sark the wind seemed right for the cruising shute, which Sam expertly set up and hoisted for a while until the wind got up too much and nearly broached us. The only time in that boat when I have had water running along the gunnels!! So down it came and back to normal sails all the way around La Corbiere and into St. Helier.

St. Helier is bigger and busier than St. Peter Port, both the town and the harbour. We went to the marina waiting pontoon, as there was insufficient water to go over the sill to enter the marina. We got there about 14:00 and hadn't had lunch so we did that while waiting for the tide to rise. Traffic lights and a huge digital depth gauge control the sill. When the control lights changed there was a mass exodus of boats from the marina and when they had all left the lights turned in our favour. The marina was packed with boats both residents and visitors. We thought that the isles between the pontoons were far too narrow leaving very little room to turn and manoeuvre a medium sized yacht into the finger berths. It was also a bit of a “free for all” in terms of berth allocation and there was a mad rush of incoming visitors all rushing to try and get the best berths.

It was chaos!! There were yachts everywhere motoring up and down looking for empty berths and whilst trying to get into a finger berth we had another yacht only feet from our stern anxious to get past and on to the next empty berth. Probably within the space of half an hour 50 odd boats had to be accommodated in what seemed like an uncontrolled manner. Completely different to St. Peter Port, which was also crowded, but there the berthing masters in their fleet of dory's led each boat individually to a berth.

Like St. Peter Port, St. Helier marina is a basin right in the centre of town and very



convenient for all the facilities.

Again the local bus services are excellent.

We stayed in St. Helier for several days, partly to enjoy the island and also because it became foggy whilst we were there so we had to wait for it to clear.

We caught a bus to St. Aubin and hired bikes to ride along the old Corbiere railway track, which was very interesting. It takes you from

St. Aubin inland and out to La Corbiere point on the south west corner of the island.

Another day we did a circular bus trip of the entire island stopping off at Gorey for lunch and also St. Catherine's on the east coast which has a large breakwater built during the war providing a good sheltered anchorage in the right conditions.

Eventually the fog cleared and we were able to leave to return to Guernsey. We left at 08:00 on the morning tide and sailed back around La Corbiere towards Guernsey. On route we decided to divert to Herm to anchor for lunch in Shell Bay on the east side of Herm, which was sheltered as the winds were now blowing from the westerly sector. We anchored off the rocks at half tide in Shell Bay and had lunch. It was a grey day without much sunshine so we left there during the afternoon to return to St. Peter Port where we decided to stay in the outer harbour on the waiting pontoons to give us the flexibility of leaving without worrying about the marina sill.

We went ashore in the evening and the following morning to use the facilities where we bumped into Phil & Jan Allen on Bulls Eye who had, by then, been there for several days relaxing and touring the island. TBOA members seem to get everywhere! From St. Peter Port we went up the Little Russel to Beaucette on the north eastern tip of Guernsey.

This is an interesting little place, a small peaceful marina made in an old quarry, the entrance from the sea to the quarry being made by blasting an entrance in the cliffs in the 1970's to allow the sea to flood it. Once inside the marina there is total protection but the tidal entrance that they blasted is only about 18 feet wide with a natural sill built into the rocks.

Quite scary with only a few feet to spare each side of the boat as you pass between the high rock walls of the entrance.

It's so peaceful in there that we decided to stay a couple of days before using this place as a departure point for our return channel crossing. That north east corner of



Guernsey is very peaceful and has a few lovely beaches that we spent a pleasant day on.

Our departure time was dictated by the water level over the sill at Beaucette but fortunately there was enough height of tide by 07:30 the morning we left. We had similar weather going back as on our outward cross channel passage with light airs being the theme until midday with the wind filling in later enabling us to sail the second half of the passage. We returned to Salcombe again in 12 hours total time with a logged distance of 70.5nm. We went back to a similar mooring in "The Bag". We stayed in Salcombe all the next day to recover from the long cross channel passage before returning home to Mylor via an overnight stay in the River Yealm.

It was a great cruise and everyone enjoyed it. We had 15 nights away and were actually very lucky with the weather considering the overall weather conditions in the summer of 2010.

As I write this article the boats have only been in the water a few weeks, but it's wetting my appetite for more cruising this year, I hope the weather in the 2011 season will be kind to us all. Happy sailing!!!



Phil Coltman.

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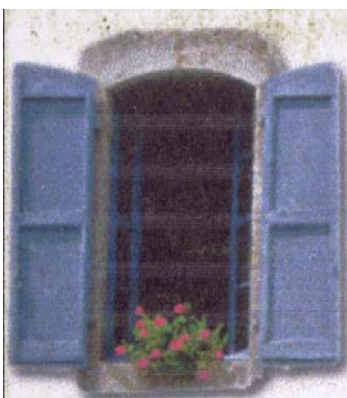
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LOE BEACH BOAT WATCH SCHEME

You will all be aware that we have issued a number of crime alerts recently highlighting the thefts in various locations across our waters. I am pleased to report that we have increased both our water patrols and the usual patrols we conduct.

Having looked at the crimes it would be greatly appreciated if boat owners could be vigilant of their own property and that of any nearby moorings. The main times we need your assistance and vigilance is on a Friday and Saturday night, if you see anything suspicious please call the Police immediately.

Many of you have asked which number should we use, if you suspect that the offenders are nearby or if you feel that immediate action is required then use :

**The Police numbers are 999, 01872326087 (Truro)
08452777444 for non emergency reports.**

PC 5805 Charlie Staines
Devon and Cornwall Constabulary
Falmouth Police Station
Dracaena Avenue
Falmouth, Cornwall TR11 2ES
01326 213455 or 08452 777444

Unfortunately there have been a few reports of fuel being stolen from boats on moorings especially in the Mylor/Flushing area. In particular 2 large red plastic fuel tanks embossed with Honda were stolen sometime in the week commencing the 20th June crime reference number GP/10/1475 refers. Please can all boat owners check their security and not leave fuel on boats where possible, the tanks can be marked traceable devices from the Police.

David

Truro Boat Owners Association

3, Glenside
Perran-ar-Worthal
Truro
TR3 7PA
26th August 2011

Dear Member,

TBOA Annual Dinner Saturday 21st January 2012

As we are now well into August and the nights are starting to draw in it's time to begin thinking about planning the Annual Dinner.

After yet another successful year, the Falmouth Beach Hotel has been booked again for 21st January 2012 for our annual celebration. The Hotel have maintained the same discounted rates as last year for the main meal and entertainment as well as very generous terms for staying the night with breakfast the following morning.

The format will be the same discounted price as 2011 of £32.00 per head; this price includes a live band, disco, roaming balloon sculptor and magician.

Bed and Breakfast accommodation is still £27.00 per person (based on 2 people sharing, also the same as 2011 prices) and we have reserved 20 rooms, if you want to book one of these we also require a deposit of £10 to secure the room. The balance for the room will be payable upon departure. All rooms need to be booked through TBOA to ensure that you get the discounted price.

Numbers are limited so please return the slip below along with the payment for the dinner and room deposit (if required) to my address above as soon as you can as we will be working on a first come first secured basis.

The deadline for payment is 1st December 2011, however as this evening has been extremely popular for the last two years I strongly urge you to respond as soon as you can to secure your place.

Theme: Last Night of the Titanic – Captains Table

Hope to see you there for what promises to be a fantastic night.

Bertie Aiken

bertieandbex@hotmail.co.uk

Tel :01872 870707 Mob : 07917

324869

TBOA Annual Dinner – 21st Jan 2012 – Falmouth Beach Hotel – Falmouth

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		Total

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Address:

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