

‘The Boat’

TRURO AND DISTRICT BOATOWNERS’

ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER

AUTUMN 2012

Contents

Editorial -----	Phil Coltman
From The Poop Deck -----	Vernon Keen
Boat Porn -----	Keith Harris
An Irish Odyssey -----	Kerry & Celia Glasier
Fully Loaded -----	Keith Harris
Only Just Off The Beaten Track -----	Phil Coltman & Chris Rowe
My Boat -----	Anon
Size Matters -----	Phil Coltman
Word Quiz -----	Keith Harris

Editorial

It's with much pleasure indeed that I have become editor of the TBOA newsletter. Taking over from Mark Arrow I'd like to say many thanks to Mark for the excellent job that he has done with the newsletter in past years, for me it's a tough act to follow, so I hope you continue to enjoy its pages as much as you have in the past!!

There have been several significant changes on the TBOA committee since the last newsletter.

Our chairman Vernon Keen has decided to retire from the post following many years in the role, too many to mention he says! He has been a very well liked and respected chairman for the Association and I'm sure we all thank him for the enormous contribution in time and effort that he has given to the club. His note that follows conveys his thoughts to us all. At the AGM this year Keith Harris was voted in as our new chairman and I'm sure that we all warmly welcome him into the position, Keith is also a very long standing and well respected member of the club and is ideally suited to the role.

At the end of last year Chris Rowe stepped down from his position as Treasurer for the Association after many many years, and has handed over the role to Bertie Aitken. Chris will continue as the TBOA Yard Manager as his main role for the club. Many thanks also go to Chris for all his efforts and financial expertise over the years and we all appreciate how he built up and kept the club in such an excellent financial position. Bertie appears to have taken up the role really well and we all thank him for his efforts so far.

Paul Thomas will continue as Vice Chairman and Social & Sailing Secretary and in this role he is joined by Vanessa Boucher and John Butler to help organise our busy social calendar.

We mustn't overlook the huge amount of work that goes on behind the scenes by the committee and other members, as unpaid volunteers they ensure the smooth running of the club, and as Vernon has often said, it is this spirit that makes TBOA the success that it is today.

We look forward to an exciting 2013 and if all goes to plan the new membership Card and Programme will be enclosed with this newsletter. Let's hope the weather is a bit better next year than it has been this summer!

The continued success of the newsletter depends entirely on contributions from our members. Thanks go to everyone who has contributed articles and material to this newsletter. As editor I am happy to accept articles or pictures on any subject related to sailing, boating or the club in general and I am also happy to take material in any format, be it hand written or electronic.

This newsletter has been sent out by normal snail mail, rather than some by email and some by post, following a Committee vote that most members prefer a paper copy. In following years I shall endeavour to publish the newsletter after the AGM thereby incorporating any significant news from the meeting and also enclosing the following years Membership Card and Programme.

I hope you enjoy this newsletter.

Phil Coltman.

From the Poop Deck – for the last time!!

It's surprising what one sees from up here, dirty old boats, abandoned or on the way, ragged material hanging limply from the tired fencing and so much clutter and grease on the ground – who would want to turn that in to a boat yard??!!

Only TBOA – and you did!! Its what TBOA has always done – it makes things better.

I suppose people looking at us from the outside wonder what we're all about – we manage moorings, we keep an eye out for our neighbours through Boat Watch and organise one of the slickest boat lifts around and yet still find time to sail and enjoy ourselves.

One could call the TBOA 'professional amateurs', a group comprising so many skills and all working for one another.

For the past 12 years it's been a pleasure to Chair the Committee meetings and the rumour is true – although we only need a small quorum, over 20 members turn up!! That's what gets things done, a good crew and so many willing helpers and long may it last.

Thanks to everyone from myself and Anita for their kind words at the AGM and the engraved Tankard and flowers which were such a picture.

Over the past 40 or more years of sailing, Anita and I have enjoyed such good times on various club cruises – some of them more adventurous than others, but all adding to a great experience.

Some members will remember 'the Mutiny' in Le Foret when 3 of us made a dash for freedom and your Commodore uttered those immortal words “I've never seen a yachtie hanged from the yardarm!”

Subsequently one of us tried to outrun a French Harbour Master chasing for his fees whilst the rest of the TBOA team shouted encouragement until the offender was caught.

On that same trip, one of the member's wives, who was pregnant, became quite seasick as we crossed the Channel and when someone enquired about her wellbeing the reply came over the VHF “ She's feeling a bit better – she's in her favourite position – FLAT ON HER BACK ON THE DINING TABLE!!!”

In earlier years, some of us kept our boats on drying moorings up the Tresillian River.

Always impatient to get to sea we could often be seen up to our knees in mud wading out to our boats – what luxury it is to have a Water Taxi.

After the infamous Morlaix Trip (God rest you Bill Ivey!) some members developed a love of the Channel Islands and France and made several visits over succeeding years. I think the cheap draft brandy and gin in St Peter Port had something to do with it. I know that the Customs officers couldn't always match up the items on the declaration with the bottles on board. On one trip a crew member absorbed more than a pint or two of brandy on passage to combat the pain of a wrenched shoulder and was sleeping on the cabin roof under a fine Cornish morning drizzle as the Customs Officer finished his inspection. He asked where the missing brandy was and as one voice the rest of the crew replied “It's in him!!!” as they pointed to their prostrate shipmate who just laid there with that little grin we all know!! And then we had the St Matthew Shipwreck!! Whilst checking in with the St Peter Port Harbour Master alongside we heard “Mayday! Mayday!” on the radio and informed the harbour master of what we'd heard. One of our boats had hit St Matthews Point and the crew thought they were sinking.

“I didn't hear that” he replied “There was nothing on Channel 16”.

“No” we replied”**TBOA only use Channel 8!!!!**”

Luckily there was no lasting damage and half an hour later the shipwrecked crew sailed in to port with another tale to add to the collection.

Everyone has their own stories of foggy nights, Greek skippers shouting something about “Where's your lights??” when your batteries gone flat mid channel, the famous trip to Paris in a Silhouette which finished at Salcombe, Cat Weasle who used to moor up the Fowey River with a beer keg as a pick up buoy, VHF radios that only worked when they were upside down (great if you capsized, but no good for anything else!), misty mornings off the Brittany coast with a lighthouse behind you (yes, we passed it in the fog and didn't notice it!!), trying to sleep in a 22 ft. fin keel boat that has dried out up the Helford and all three of you roll in to a heap as it rests on its side in the mud waiting for the tide.

The tales go on and get better with time, that's what makes sailing with friends such a joy. Keep safe, keep sailing and keep smiling.

Worse things happen at sea.

Thanks to you all.

Vernon.



Guess Who



Is this one of our long standing TBOA members from his youth?

Clue.....It's not Vernon!

Answers to Keith.

Boat Porn

It's not simply explained or deduced, how easily or often I'm seduced
By glossy covers touting endless dreams, of yachts and other boating themes
Not for me, one only on subscription, this addiction needs a big prescription
I need to sample all the drugs, I've got a bad case of Boat Mag bugs
I'll buy a magazine on anything afloat, from Yachting World to hardcore
.....such as Wooden Boat.

I devour the lot, read every line, feast on the detail of products so fine
The latest gem from Le Jeaneau, looks just like that from Beneteau
The usual story terror laced and filled with doom, regales a tale of watery gloom
The knock downs, recriminations and pain, but yes, they all get home again
On lighter note the helpful tip, tells how to stop that constant drip.

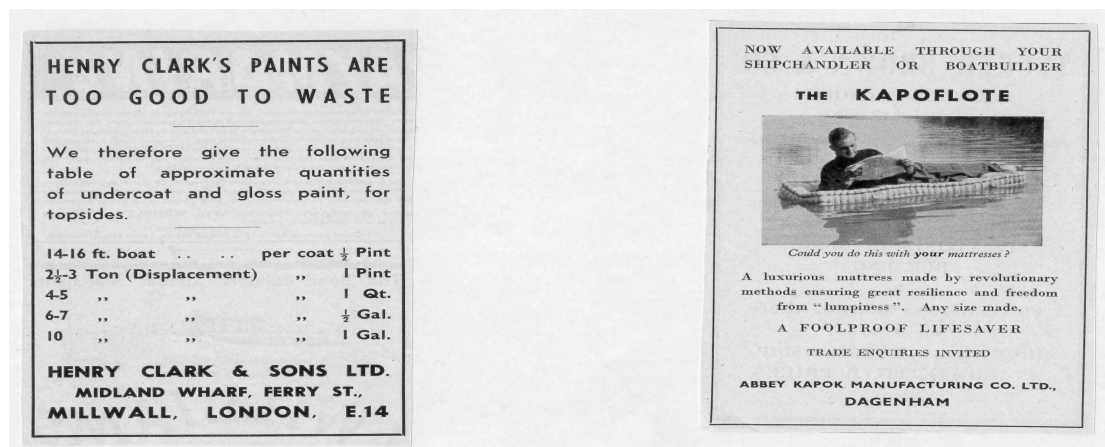
Ageing Sinbad, 60's and a decent bloke, desires a mermaid who doesn't smoke
Long boring tomes on this and that – instructions for the total prat
The classifieds grow monthly less, down to the Internet I guess
Then there's 'we test' this month, 6 bits of string, which is longer, that sort of thing
From household junk comes sound advice, how to construct a great device.

What new gizmo with bleeping light, will keep you safe and see you right
Here's an anchor, designed to float! Must get one on my next boat
A buyers guide to all that's shiny, boats and bits both big and tiny
Experts advise, and others joke, about bits that fail and engines smoke
Then there's how to fix most anything, from masthead light to piston ring

I must do something to break this curse, this monthly drain upon my purse
But in reality I know I can't resist, I near the mag rack, down comes the mist
Off I totter, 'Boat Porn' in hand, a few quid lighter, expense not planned
Monthly I await the latest tome, just can't wait to get it home
Turn the pages, on details pore, then realise I've read this junk ten times before!!

Keith Harris

Editors Note. Just to show that Keith really has liked his magazines for years,
included are some vintage cuttings from his exhaustive collection to make you smile!!



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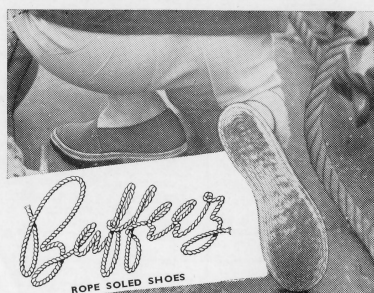
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An Irish Odyssey

The anchor was, without doubt, well and truly stuck. Stuck fast under the Telegraph cable, fourteen feet down in the gin clear water of The Cove, in Scilly. I could see it, but that did me no good. All those little puzzles the yachting mags love to set came to mind, you know the ones, 'how to free an anchor', answer on page 63. After initially winding the windlass until the bows started downwards, the answer I had the most faith in was dropping a loop down the chain, under the shank and then towing the anchor out with the tender. No good, not even after three goes. I felt grumpyness coming on, we were all ready to sail serenely north west to Baltimore and the west coast of Ireland and this had been sent to try me. Back on deck and I was slipping quickly past grumpy and heading for worse. It was Celia and the little Frenchman who rescued me, and us. Her face radiating soothing stuff and a book in her hand she said 'let me read you something from Louise Hay's book,' it goes 'what sort of person are you, are you the sort of person that thinks the world is completely against you? or are you the sort of person that thinks the world is with you?' As she finished we looked up to see an inflatable being rowed quickly towards us, it was the Frenchman from the small sloop anchored near by, coming alongside he looked up, 'must I 'elp you' he said. Wow, the world is with me, 'yes you must' I said. Away he went, even quicker this time and back on board his boat we could see his wife bringing gear up from below. It was his wet suit, weight belt, face mask etc, which he shrugged into before making back to 'Zola', looking up he asked me if the anchor had picked up the telegraph cable and that he was worried about electricity. I grabbed the anchor chain and made 'I'm being electrocuted' noises, the grumpiness receding. This raised a grin and he slipped over the back of his tender and was easily visible on the bottom, tugging at our reluctant Danforth, once it was free he placed it clear of the cable and came back up, all on the one breath, received a big thank you from us and made off. Celia went below and passed me up a couple of bottles of wine, hopping into the tender I slipped over to the sloop and passed them up to Madam with more thanks and that we were off straight away to Ireland. Which we were, the sun shone, a wry smile played about the lips of Zola's skipper, what me grumpy? Never, well almost never. Out of the Cove, then up between Annet and St Agnes before clearing the Island group and shaping a course for Baltimore. The light westerly wind giving us about five knots over a calm sea. The really nice thing about the Celtic Sea is, no shipping compared to the English Channel. Another pleasant thing came in the guise of a close encounter with Dolphins, they came across to Zola when we were maybe three hours out, half a dozen or more of them.

All of us, Celia, our two boys Bruno and Hugo, and myself, hanging over the guard rails. Hugo, Hugsy to us, was blowing kisses every time a dolphin blew close to him. Twenty minutes to half an hour of undiluted joy and if one believed in omens, here was one not to be ignored. And so on we went, meals were easy to produce and easier to consume, all of us in the cockpit most of the day. A lookout was kept of course but there was reading or drawing and most important, Leggo. 'Asterix' the autopilot having no trouble maintaining control. As night came on the wind continued to drop right away, the sky deliciously clear, full of stars, planets and satellites. An easy night, with Celia and I doing our usual watch system of four hours on and four hours off, the boys still too young for that duty. By dawn the wind had backed and filled in and the sky had now clouded over but vis was good, very unlike the usual approach to the Chenal du Four. We had passed the night without the playful approach of sundry fishing boats and hadn't had to cross the 'motorway' on the French side and dodge across the conveyor belt of the larger and much faster merchant ships. Tantalising views of hazy hilltops in the distance were our first sight of Ireland around mid-morning. Sea birds of every family seemed to have selected this part of the watery world to gather and feed, Gannets, Shearwaters, Petrels, Skuas, Fulmars, Gulls, Guillemots, Black Guillemots and Razorbills came and went about us as we got closer in. The hilltops were now a complete coastline and away to Port we made out the Fastnet Rock while ahead the entrance to Baltimore became clear with Lots Wife the distinguishing mark. It's a stunning landfall, as good as the north coast of Spain. There was plenty of room inside and the anchor went down at 1925hrs after thirty three and a half hours at sea, the log showing 159nm. A small flock of Choughs crossed the harbour calling as they went, welcoming us in. We had learned that clearing in was a matter of going to the nearest Garda station and registering. Going ashore next morning and landing on the quay coincided with a Garda car rolling to a stop nearby and the windows coming down to allow a cloud of cigarette smoke to escape. Walking over I spoke to the bulky sergeant at the wheel saying, 'we've just come up from Cornwall and need to register our arrival, could you tell us where the nearest Garda office is?'. A long, obviously deeply satisfying drag was taken, then, 'Oh, you've just arrived have you sor, well now, did you have a good crossing?'. 'Well yes as a matter of fact we had an excellent crossing thank you.' 'Oh that's great, we hope you have a really lovely visit now.' 'Thank you, but what about our arrival, registering it and so on?' Another, much needed, drag on the remains of the cigarette held delicately in fingers not unlike leather bananas. 'Well sor, I don't think we will be troubling you with any of that, we hope you have a pleasant time here wit your family. You will find your needs attended to up dere in Bushe's Bar, cool beer, a beaureau de change and he keeps plenty of

taters by the way, Everything you could want sor.' And that was that, we had 'cleared in', Irish fashion. It was to set the tone of our holiday for the next three weeks. In the fine weather we had rambles up on the cliffs, tendered over to Sherkin Island and walked to the west side from where we could see Clear Island. Schull was our next port and we took the exit from Baltimore that winds out between yet more islands and rocks, shallow in places we needed to time it with the rise of tide. At anchor not far from us was 'Grace O'Malley', Libby Purvis's Cornish Crabber. There is a curiosity in Schull, a real surprise. a Planetarium. It would make a nice change from rambles we thought. There was a short queue when we arrived. It transpired that the place was owned and run by an Austrian, or German and his daughter. She was in charge of the box office and was rather imposing. Tallish with a long dress and hair done Wagnerian fashion, long plaits coiled either side of the head. As we stepped up to get our tickets she cast her steely eye over us, and came to fix upon Bruno, 'I hope he vill behave!' came from her lips. How she knew that Bru' was passionately addicted to pushing the envelope we never knew, it must have come as quite a surprise to him to be pre-empted in such fashion. Once inside her father took over with her assisting. It's a super little place, the best planetarium we had seen, with a super involving talk about the summer night sky. Wagnerian lady aside, or even because of Wagnerian lady it was fun and interesting. Schull also gave us a first class family supper out at 'The Courtyard', no problem with the boys sir. Great food and attentive friendly service. Just inland from the town lies the large hill of Mount Gabriel, looking like a great hike to what ought to be some excellent views. Once out of town and onto the hill itself Hugo took the bit between his teeth and left us puffing along behind. All the way there and back wild flowers galore, including stands of Purple Loosetrife and Royal Ferns, both on the endangered list. From Schull we sailed west to Crookhaven, another lovely short run, its only seven miles or so, we went between the original Long Island and the mainland on a bit of a grey day. The entrance to Crookhaven is looked over by two of the imposing old watchtowers. The wind was getting up as we anchored, over twenty knots, but no swell got in where we were. Wind was the feature of Crookhaven, strong winds at first and then a real gale. One of the local boats, a 23ft sloop, was coming down the long arm, running with a spinnaker up, rolling further and further until water poured over into the cockpit and she started to go under. Together with several other tenders from other boats we converged on the sinking yacht, which by then was showing only the stern bobbing about, only just buoyant, with the five crew in the water. All of us got them ashore and with a combined effort towed the sloop until she touched bottom by the small quay, where she was made fast. At low water she was righted and pumped out, then put out on a mooring inshore of us. It was still

blowing a 7 or 8 down the long arm of Crookhaven as night came on and as I was enjoying a coffee in the shelter of the cockpit, I glanced across to see the sloop blow beam on to the wind and then gently drift away towards the entrance in the dark. Quite rightly Celia was against me or us trying a rescue, no one else had seen what had happened, quite dark by then with the wind blowing hard over the inky water. Next day we all went for a mooch along the east side of the harbour towards the old watch towers. What did we see but the little sloop, she had put herself into a sheltered cleft and looked undamaged, obviously a lucky boat. With the strong winds set to continue, any plans we had of getting further up the west coast were put aside. The swell now running out side was far more impressive than anything we usually see in the English Channel. So it was back to Schull, in sparkling sunshine, the rocks and castles without menace in the mellow light. A couple of days later, with a promising forecast, we put out, intending to make a course for Scilly after passing through Gascanane Sound, between Sherkin and Cape Clear Islands. Only half a mile or so outside the islands and Bru', ever sharp eyed, shouted, pointing and there was a Leatherback Turtle only feet away to starboard, the way the huge animal splashed along on the surface looked as if it wouldn't get it anywhere in a hurry. But here it was hundreds, if not thousands of miles from what was presumably home waters. The richness of these waters was a revelation to us and a constant delight. However that day the swell was quite something, a forty foot fishing boat only two or three hundred yards away was lost in the troughs. Asterix the autopilot couldn't do any better than about thirty degrees either side of our course, and when I took over I could only improve on that by ten degrees or so and quickly made up my mind to have a day back in Baltimore with hopes of better conditions to come. It was now into the last week in August and my thoughts were turning to the likelihood of increasing incidence of strong winds. We had our day off and put out again the day after that, things were a lot better, although the wind had veered and was giving us a dead run on our track for the Scillies. Gently motor sailing away from the land suddenly the engine started slowing, no one had touched the throttle lever and I jumped below and lifted the engine cover to see, with horror, black oil spraying out of a broken pipe, the one to the oil warning light. I barked up into the cockpit, 'stop the engine', and it either died or stopped at the same time as Celia pushed the throttle lever over to stop. The poor old SAAB was far, far too hot and I was afraid it had seized. Back up on deck and we got the genoa up and poled out to port with the main on the other side, we picked up a bit of speed and rolled gently on our way. A cuppa was in order after all the excitement, and the engine needed to cool quite a bit before I could have a go at getting it useable. When it had cooled I was able to get the union off the block, extract the broken pipe end and with some Araldite and a

half penny piece, seal it and put it back in place. There was enough spare oil on board to bring the level back to normal. By then the SAAB was quite cool and I was relieved to be able to easily turn it over with the starting handle. Fingers crossed I lowered the valves and it thudded into life under a turn of the key, we all breathed out. As we were making a reasonable speed, enough to get us into Scilly in daylight the next day, I decided to save any motoring until going into St Agnes or wherever was right for us in case of any serious damage. We were soon out in the sea bird food market, every half mile or so was dominated by one species or another plus there were more Dolphin visits to enjoy. Another easy night with no shipping then much sooner than expected the Islands came up over the horizon. We passed west of The Bishop and motored gingerly, but without missing a beat, into the Cove and out of the swell. With only 134nm on the log and 30 hours or so from Baltimore quite a few miles had apparently disappeared. I guess with every passing of the still quite large swell we had gained a few free yards. Keen to get home we pushed on next day for Mylor, the wind following us round so that after several sail changes the cruising chute and mainsl worked best and the mooring was picked up after less than eleven hours. An odyssey remembered with huge satisfaction and pleasure .

Kerry and Celia.



“Fully Loaded”

I have been contemplating buying a chart plotter for ‘Spangler’ but am now hopelessly confused as to what I (a) want and (b) need. I also now realise, that I am totally out of touch with new technology and that the intricacies of modern electronics have not just passed me by but bulldozed me.

I can’t get my head around NMEA interface systems and the jargon of....everything!

Time was, you had a boat, a compass, a chart, (probably surveyed by Captain Cook, and not updated in at least 50 years), a clock of some kind, a tide table and off you went.

Nowadays it seems to be de-rigour to have a chart plotter, radar, AIS (whatever that is), a full bank of wind instruments, GPS, electronic log, cell phone, EPIRB and a liferaft capable of independent entry in the Fastnet race.

Your clothing has to be state of the art Gortex lined and part of a system, base layer, fleece shell, etc. Rubber boots are no longer adequate and simply must be, above all else, chic, and with a designer label!

This, for a bunch of people who in all probability never, ever venture further than 20 miles from their mooring and in many cases 20 meters would be a closer approximation, and only the in very fine weather.

It is a fact, that the average 30 ft yacht in 2012 has more sophisticated technology aboard than a 2nd world war battleship; and that betwixt and between yacht owners a new form of arms race is in full swing. It works like this; owner (a) has got a few quid to spend on his/her boat; and decides to buy, say an anchor winch – electric of course; owners (b), (c), (d), and (e), see the installation of said winch – or whatever, and immediately NEED one. Owner (a) now has no option, he now has to up the ante and decides on the latest info giving flashing light thingy with, of course, full NMEA interfacing only to find owners (b), (c), (d), and (e) also NEED one of those.

This can be rapidly accelerated by any one of the other owners going bandit and independently purchasing a whizzing gizmo of their own, without any consultation to the others.

I’m all in favour of upgrading the essentials but I fear we are all being duped by the media magazines and ourselves into believing that we actually need all this kit. We live in an age that is constantly over shadowed by Health & Safety, which is really only a huge lump hammer of legislation designed to protect morons and idiots from their own stupidity, and there is, more than ever I believe, a great need for everyone to step back a bit and contemplate the difference between want and need.

I would like to establish that I’m not a complete ludite regarding technology and I do recognise the immense benefits that have spun off all kinds of developments for the average boat owner. I also have no regrets regarding the obsolesce of things like Radio Direction Finding, Decca Navigators, Walker Logs, Sextants, manilla rope, cotton sails, or button-up-the-front bright yellow plastic oilskins with matching ‘boil in the bag’ trousers. What I do find disconcerting is the fact that with all the modern kit and safety enhancing equipment there is a danger of people becoming paralysed with irrational fear about imagined dangers; and not being able to go near a boat that is not, like the most expensive burger on the menu, FULLY LOADED!!

Oh, and by the way, I have bought a chartplotter and a solar panel.... and new sails.... bugger!! I’ve joined the arms race!!!

Keith Harris.



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Only Just Off The Beaten Track

We were sat on a mooring in the lovely Wisemans Pool up the Fowey River wondering where to go next.....

Despite the efforts of the seagulls to keep us awake we did have a quiet at relaxing evening.

We applied our factor 40 as we were both feeling a little sensitive as Phil was recovering from a minor op and Chris from back ache. We were out to support one another if necessary as we were feeling, to say the least, a little fragile. It's strange how men of a certain age behave when they are without the protection of their other halves, like losing the ability to read, but a little more of this at the end.

Chris and I were out for a long weekend of easy sailing as the weather forecast promised a spell of sunny high pressure weather, the first one during our rainy summer of 2012. We didn't want to trek all the way up to Plymouth and back but we were already in Fowey and fancied a change of scenery fairly close by. "What about a short hop along to Polperro for the day one of us suggested, the weather is settled enough to go in there and have a run ashore for some fish and chips".

Neither of us had done that before, like most yachtsmen on their way along the coast, Polperro is given just a fleeting glimpse through the binoculars from a mile or two offshore.

So, as there was little wind, we motored out past Lantic Bay, around Lantivet Buoy and along to Polperro a total of about 5 miles. Polperro is hard to spot coming from the west fairly close inshore and the first sign is a large white house high up the cliffs with a tiny white speck below it, which is in fact the little sector light on the eastern side of the entrance.

There are lots of rocks which can only be seen at low water close in on either side of the entrance so the approach should be made from several hundred yards offshore lining up the entrance from the SE looking NW into the harbour from where the village can be seen. Polperro is a quaint old Cornish fishing village with most of its harbour drying out completely at low tide. We were in Seaxe, my Moody 33, which is about 4.5 feet draft and fin keel, so drying out in there would have been difficult.... especially as we were approaching near low water!! However the entrance channel is quite deep with at least 2m LAT or more in most parts. There are 6 mooring buoys in this channel which we later found out are for visitors. These buoys are intended to be fore and aft moorings and should not be used as swinging moorings as they are too close to the rocks near the edge of the channel.



We were fortunate when we went in as there was a local yacht tied up fore and aft already with the owners on board who kindly took our lines and explained the scenario there. We were on the inshore moorings and at LW springs we did have almost 2m of water.



There was a yacht tied to one of the outer moorings, the skipper must have thought it was a swinging mooring and not tied fore and aft. The occupants had gone ashore while the tide was high and as the level fell the boat swung into the rocks on the edge. It was very calm weather and his hull only nudged the hard grey stuff with no more damage than a minor scratch. Fortunately the local boatmen have a strong presence in Polperro, running trips for holiday makers, and being extremely friendly and generous fellows, they moved the yacht to a safer place for the owners as there was no sign of them returning.

We blew up our dinghy and rowed ashore for a walk around the village where the temptation for fish and chips was just too strong to resist. It wasn't very crowded ashore, we had expected to find more tourists, probably the rainy weather of the past months had kept them away. We walked up the cliffs on either side of the entrance and took in the views.



As the tide rose we could see the rocks out near the entrance covering and as a result the protection in the outer harbour reduced a little. There was a slight “slop” coming in from out at sea, only a little bit of movement but we felt less comfortable than before back on board and decided to return to Fowey that evening.

Back in Wisemans Pool again, another bottle of red was opened and we reflected on a “cracking day” just off the beaten track! Well for yachtsmen anyway!



Polperro inner harbour just above half tide. The light blue Hurley 22 on the far side is in the visitors drying berth.

Postscript.

Factor 40 is supposed to be strong protection for you face, so when I applied the oily substance marked "for kids", I really believed that I was doing the best for my skin. This factor 40 was one of a number of products Phil had in his medicine cabinet, and as I had forgotten to bring along not only a warm coat for the evening chill, but also any kind of sun cream, I was glad to borrow Phil's high protection formula.

Next day the same stuff was applied, but when we got back to Mylor my face was a little sore, but that's to be expected as it had been so warm.

Next day a text from Phil. "You know that Factor 40 that you applied yesterday? I'm in St Mawes with Emily and she said why is it that men can't read labels because the label on the bottle clearly says "Kids Shampoo". Phil said that he thought this was a sign that we have at last joined the ranks of the "Old Gits". Can't argue with that!

Give Polperro a go, but please read the label on the sun cream.

Phil Coltman & Chris Rowe

Mid July 2012.



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**Is it wood or is it plastic
The sad old thing's all covered in mastic
Whether ashore, or alive and afloat
It's the love of my life
It's ahead of my wife
It's my boat.**

**For my budget boating
Means a little time floating
And a lot of time sat at the bar
And there's no better feeling
Than rocking and reeling
And taking your line from a star.**

**The bones are now creaking
The old girl is leaking
So I don't bring her sailing no more
I just get on a ferry
Flushed and quite merry
As I wave to my wife on the shore.**

**So the time is here
To say "Sorry Old Dear"
But it looks like my sailing is over
So just pour me a beer
Put my dinner down here
And lets take a booze cruise from Dover!!**

Truro Boat Owners Association 2006 Newsletter.

Anon.

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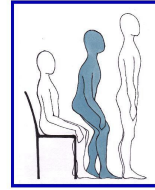


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Size Matters – some rambling thoughts....

Size matters, especially in the world of boats, but not always in the way we think!

Most yachtsmen aspire to owning a larger boat feeling that a larger boat is better, giving them more speed and comfort and thus widening their cruising ground and so they will, of course, get more enjoyment and pleasure from it..... perhaps. Boats do seem to be growing as the years pass, not so many years ago a starter boat would have been 18 – 20 foot, but nowadays along the South Coast of England a typical starter boat is often 30 foot or more and 40 foot yachts are commonplace!!

I am no saint in this respect and started my sailing with a Mirror Miracle dinghy followed by a 19' foot cruiser, then a 23 footer, then a 26 footer closely followed by my current boat which is a roomy 33 footer. It's true that the larger boat is more comfortable when the going gets rough and it does get you there a little bit quicker.

However there is a factor not yet mentioned and that is cost. There's an unwritten law of diminishing returns when it comes to the size of boats, the cost goes up as a square law with waterline length, just a bit extra costs a lot more...in plain English that means that a larger boat will normally get you there a bit quicker and in more comfort but you may find yourself in the poor-house when you arrive!!

Confucius he say...."Man who buys boat that is too big and expensive buys a treadmill"...

I can actually illustrate from personal experience that the amount of enjoyment and pleasure gained from owning a boat has very little to do with its size!! Two of the very best years of my life, certainly in the world of sailing and cruising, were spent on a small 23 foot cruiser. I had decided to go off long distance cruising on an open ended plan but

thought at the time that my 23 foot Virgo Voyager was far too small. The alternatives were to wait until I had saved up enough money to buy and run a larger boat or go in the one I had.... it would have taken me quite a few more years to save up enough for something bigger so I decided that as the Virgo was just about big enough and sea worthy enough I would go then rather than waiting. I went and it turned out to be the right decision as I had the time of my life at relatively low cost. Running costs were extremely low, the Bukh 10 diesel sipped less than a litre of fuel an hour and mooring and maintenance costs were at a minimum. However enjoyment was at a maximum, I had more spending money, less stress and my budget went further as a result. The boat was just as seaworthy as something larger and certainly plenty good enough for the Mediterranean cruising I ended up doing. The big thing was that the size of the boat had nothing to do with the people I met, the fun that I had or the places I went to either!!!

Ok I was a few years younger then. I got a lot of my inspiration from reading books like *The Dove* by Robin Lee Graham, a teenager who sailed alone around the world in a 23 foot boat and the famous Lin & Larry Pardey who have spent most of their lives wandering the oceans in small wooden boats. Their first boat was *Seraffyn* a superbly built wooden 24 foot Lyle Hess cutter modelled on the Falmouth Working Boats. I also read *Shrimpy* by Shane Acton who sailed around the world in an 18 foot plywood *Caprice* designed by Robert Tucker.

Also we mustn't forget the late, great, Blondie Hasler either, the inventor of the Hasler Vane Gear, who spent many years ocean racing and cruising in a modified 26 foot Folkboat right into his later life. All these people had more fun times with their boats than most of us care to imagine.

There are other factors I have become aware of with larger boats, both positive and negative. Handling difficulties in close quarters, places like a cramped marina; if you're short handed and it's windy getting into a tight berth is much easier in a smaller boat than a larger one, fending off a smaller boat can be done with a good push with your leg or a boat hook, not always possible when it's windy with a vessel that displaces perhaps 10 tons!! Things like anchoring and sail handling can also be heavier work.

Maintenance time and effort also increase as a square law with waterline length. My 33 foot boat uses more than twice as much antifoul as my 23 foot boat did and it takes twice as long to paint it on! The engine uses three times as much fuel and has more parts to service...the list goes on.

Larger boats are however fabulously comfortable down below and at sea especially in rougher conditions and if you have enough time and money to go cruising longer distances and actually make use of the investment that you have made, they are well worth while. And of course the older we get the more comfort we like.....

"You pay your money and take your choice" as they say. There's a compromise somewhere in between. In my humble opinion a 30 foot boat is ideal for a crew of two for most coastal cruising, something slightly smaller perhaps if single-handed.

Does the chap with a large well equipped yacht actually get any more pleasure from his boat than the modest sailor with a 25 footer that he loves and takes pride in?.... I doubt it in most cases!

Phil Coltman.

Wordsearch T.B.O.A. Quiz

D	G	B	I	T	S	A	T	M	A	N	O	V	E	R	B	O	A	R	D	R
D	O	U	B	L	E	T	R	O	U	B	L	E	O	F	O	E	A	I	A	A
S	O	L	A	R	I	O	A	C	A	T	L	A	S	L	O	T	E	G	T	T
V	S	L	P	O	W	D	E	R	M	O	N	K	E	Y	E	H	O	T	E	L
F	E	S	E	H	N	O	C	A	T	C	H	A	F	I	S	H	E	R	L	A
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I	I	Y	R	Y	C	N	A	L	R	U	A	O	S	G	U	D	G	E	O	N
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W	G	U	N	D	E	C	K	T	G	G	I	L	I	L	E	P	E	O	G	
S	E	A	L	E	G	C	P	U	I	A	I	A	O	B	L	O	E	L	O	K
S	D	H	O	S	O	I	L	P	S	K	N	R	N	O	O	P	D	C	S	
E	S	O	L	D	H	G	R	G	O	O	A	D	P	H	S	A	S	A	P	U
A	A	T	L	S	N	E	N	E	T	L	R	R	C	E	S	E	B	O	W	L
L	I	S	T	I	L	I	E	T	A	I	E	T	S	N	P	E	O	E	L	E
F	L	Y	P	T	Y	A	U	P	P	K	A	R	R	O	L	L	E	D	G	E
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O	N	E	W	A	C	O	O	T	R	U	S	S	K	O	T	H	A	E	G	G
G	L	O	O	K	C	K	S	E	A	C	O	C	K	G	S	H	E	L	L	S

Sheepshank, Cap	Powder Monkey Rea	Worm, Cat, Hog	Dog Watch, Gull,
Whiskerpole, Blog	Flying Jib, Ship, Arc	Catch-a-Fish, Sold	Staghorns, Bowl,
Diamondline, Rig	Spider Band, Cod	Bollard, Beetle	Whaleback, Hoop,
Dolphin Striker, Lid	Rail, Lock, Solar	Gudgeon, Truss	Turtle, Sailor, Rate
Pigs, Dock, Taps	Manropes, List, Rag	Tail, Leach, Star	Dipping-Lug, Brits
Rat lines, Drip	Goosewinged sail	Shell Bark Rat	Man Overboard
Bullseye, log, Wood	Polar Seacock, Jute	Flying-Sails, Worm	Ledge Weed Atlas
Leg of Mutton	Crab, Dog Data	Gundeck Newt	Speed Pack Engine
Fish, Cannon	Dragon Halo Grab	Shells, Sealeg, Lee	Date Rotor Rule
Horse, Fashion	Fly, Docker Surf	Log Frail, Spool	Bits Grand Views
	Flog, Sole Eel	Double Trouble, Veer	Hotel Loll Coot