

wave length

csc magazine

PATRICK REGNAULT
dives in

CLIVE HALL
makes a splash

NICKY PAINTER
takes a tumble



Looking forward to

Spring sailing





Wavelength
Marion
Tempest

Welcome

WE MIGHT ACTUALLY MAKE IT out on the water this summer, though sailing in the Med looks a long way off. We have a few memories in this issue from members to remind us of what we are missing: Nicky

Painter recalls a trip to Corfu, the Harmans headed north and some CSC members on the Bastille Day cruise made it to France. Keep on sending me your stories and pictures as I can't do it without them Marion

PS I'm pleased to say that after years of writing articles Nigel Barraclough has officially joined Wavelength as a contributor.

CHANNEL SAILING CLUB COMMITTEE MEMBERS 2021



Commodore
Dick
Beddoe



Vice-commodore
Simon
Worthington



Treasurer and
racing
Simon Davey



RYA
Training
Ken Fifield



Talks
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Bill Rawle



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David Surman



IT and web
Teresa
Hemingway



Bosun
Rich
Murfitt



Bookkeeper
Jane
Beddoe



Cruising
secretary
Leon Barbour

We have a couple of vacancies, which at present are being covered by other committee members. If you would like to be part of the committee and are interested in any vacancy please contact Dick or any other committee member

Vacancies:
Membership secretary
Company secretary

wavelength THE CHANNEL SAILING CLUB MAGAZINE

EDITOR
Marion Tempest
Deputy editor
Simon Worthington
Contributor
Nigel Barraclough

PLEASE SEND ANY LETTERS
AND PICTURES TO
[wavelengtheditor@
channelsailingclub.org](mailto:wavelengtheditor@channelsailingclub.org)

CLUB NIGHT
Channel Sailing Club meets
every Wednesday at Ashted
Cricket Club, Woodfield Lane,
Ashted, Surrey KT21 2BJ.
Doors open at 8pm. Prospective
members welcome.

THE CLUB SENDS OUT
EMAILS
on a regular basis to remind
members of upcoming events.
Don't forget that if your
personal information changes
you can go into your personal
account on the website and
update it online. Check out the
club's website for news and
information
www.channelsailingclub.org

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of contributors are not neces-
sarily those of Channel Sailing
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responsibility for such views and
opinions.

Cover photo: Oleg can't remember who took it but it's bound to be a club member

Before we head back out there are lots of questions to be answered

IT'S APRIL, and on a personal level I haven't seen Singapore Sling since last August, and we haven't sailed her for the past 18 months. She is tucked away in a warm shed in Tallinn, Estonia and well looked after by a marina crew. Your story may be something similar, but possibly more local. Who would have believed a year ago that this pandemic would still be with us today? However there truly is light at the end of the tunnel. I suspect that most of our membership have now been "jabbed" and for my own part feeling more confident about getting a life back. So,

come that fateful day when we jump aboard the question is, or rather the questions are: Will the engine start? (I hope so) Has the fuel tank gained a colony of diesel bug? (I hope not) Are the seacocks all ceased up? (Of course the head stopcock is seized – It always has been!) Do the heads now pong to high heaven? (Yes... Silly question) Does the gas tank still have propane or butane? (With luck yes) Are the head linings covered in black mould? (Oh yes, out with the Anti Mould spray) Do the sails need cleaning? (Yes but it'll have to wait) Are all the lines completely caked with salt? (No, I rinsed them 18 months ago) Is the deck green with



I'm still stuck in the
garage making lots of
pots, but dreaming of
sailing soon

algae? (Yes, but surprisingly not too bad) Do the instruments still work? (No, but the log never did work properly) Do the batteries need distilled water? (No, silly, they are sealed) Does the bilge pump and level switch still work? (Of course it does – otherwise it wouldn't be safe) It does make me laugh when the popular press talk of yachts in terms of the wealthy but the reality is most yacht owners are superbly skilled DIY'ers and will always try to squeeze the last bit of life out of a knackered piece of equipment in order to put the saved cash towards the criminally expensive marina

fees. For most of us owning a yacht is more "The Art of Coarse Sailing" than "Summer on board in Monte Carlo". The reality is we will all need at least a couple of days "down on the boat" getting ready for the season. For my own part, I enjoy this aspect of the sport almost as much as the sailing. It is a fundamental part of the package, so whilst I will always hanker for "that bigger, newer, and more expensive yacht" I actually get great enjoyment out of maintaining my precious "Singapore Sling". I hope you all get to your own second "love of your life" soon, as I do.

All the best, Dick



Coral Moon in Cherbourg

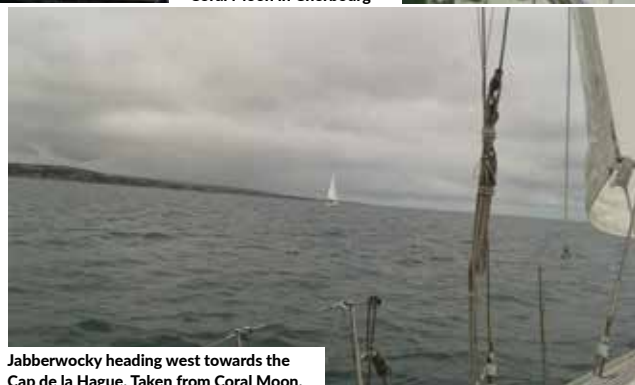
Cockpit sociabilité as the night progressed in Port Chantereyne, Cherbourg. Crews of Jabberwocky and Eagle enjoy glasses of Bourgogne Aligoté. Silver hair was part of the personal specification to join Richard Brodie's crew.



Jabberwocky having rounded the Cap de la Hague towards Carteret.



Life Boat alongside Coral Moon The SNSM rescue crew complete with a young provincial notary already sporting round glasses. Even worse, and contrary to dearly held beliefs, they were efficient.



Jabberwocky heading west towards the Cap de la Hague. Taken from Coral Moon.



Mon dieu! lunch is rudely interrupted

Patrick Regnault is heading to France when things come to a halt.

I AM IN THE GALLEY, preparing lunch with last night's leftovers. The noise of the engine stops, at last. What a relief. Now we're sailing again.

Then a call from on deck, with historical resonance: "we have a problem!" A lobster pot had crossed the path of Coral Moon without indicating and

we were stuck. We had all been keeping a look out and still ploughed straight into this one. It had been lying in wait for days

Now we're really stuck. I tied up climbing style and in the water to have a look before making the inevitable distress call.

I went in to the water

with a knife just in case, but immediately saw that it was a bl****y long way to the middle of the hull. And a perfectly good knife plunged into the abyss! (Bill I still owe you a replacement). It was now also evident we were justified in calling for the cavalry. "Pan-pan, pan-pan, pan-pan. All station, all stations, all stations. This is sailing boat Coral Moon, Coral Moon, Coral Moon. We have been caught in a fishing pot line at the level of

the propshaft. We shall need a diver. Over."

This turned out to be a very sedate emergency. We had a long and lovely lunch under the sun in the cockpit awaiting rescue.

Jabberwocky came around to offer assistance.

There was not an awful lot else they could do. They circled us as long as they could but had to leave reluctantly to make it to St Malo before dark.

How times have changed!

After being rescued Coral Moon finally made it to the Basin Vauban in St Malo.

In the olden days, sailors rushed ashore with rum and pillage in mind. The Channel Sailing Club, when they reached St Malo? A stroll to the nearest Carrefour supermarket, a few sedate glasses of Bourgogne Aligoté and... ice creams!

On the day of departure, the prop shaft came

uncoupled from the engine, just as we had slipped the lines. She lost power and drifted towards a ketch nearby. We were rafted up there and waited for days. French contractors wouldn't touch it unless Bill agreed to have the boat lifted out of the water, pay for all sorts of surveys, they just knew the company, and hoped we would fork out a heap load of money etc...

It was Morgan, the lowly trainee mechanic who finally

saved the day. He appeared on the quayside and hopped onboard with his tool box. I am not sure his boss even knew or approved of this "house call". After many poetic expletives I hadn't heard for a long time, about the confined space of the engine room, he managed to thread and re screw the four bolts on to the engine shaft plates.

Bill made the call to skip the haul out. And we were off, back home



Looking out to the three masted ship from Cartagena del India Columbia, on ceremonial visit to St. Malo.

OVER 300 MILLION TONNES OF PLASTIC are produced each year, 10 million of which enters the ocean. Whilst we know a lot about this plastic there are still key questions we still do not fully understand about where this plastic goes, and the impact it has on people and marine life.

Microplastics in the deep-sea eventually accumulate toxins on their surface, this toxin covered plastic is then eaten by the smallest marine life which causes it to enter the food chain, becoming consumed by larger marine animals and people.

However, research has taught us a great deal already, we now understand how plastics first enter the ocean, and what happens to the plastics once it is in our ocean.

How does plastic enter the ocean?

There are many sources of marine plastics that we know of, some of the biggest polluters are: shipping waste,

PLASTICS IN THE OCEAN

Nigel Barraclough has been inspired by the National Oceanography Centre website to focus on an issue which slowly but surely getting worse, as they say “if we were to give our current geological time a name then “Plasticine” would probably be a good one!”

tyres degraded and broken down, plastic products which we dispose of in our homes, plastics from industrial waste and the litter we see on our beaches.

What happens to plastic once it is in the ocean?

Once plastic litter enters the ocean we know that some of it breaks up into smaller fragments. Plastic fragments that are between 1mm and 0.001mm are then classified as microplastics. In fact, the plastic litter you

can see on the surface of the ocean, the whole bottles and plastic bags for example, only represent 1% of the total plastic in the ocean. The other 99% are the microplastic fragments we find far below the surface.

Pricked your conscience or grabbed your curiosity?

Go and look at the National Oceanography Centre website: Plastics in the Ocean | National Oceanography Centre (noc.ac.uk)

IT IS PREDICTED that by 2050 there will be more plastic in our oceans in weight than there will be fish.

It is also estimated that more than a million birds and mammals die every year from entanglement or ingestion or plastics such as balloons and plastic bags.

While on board a boat it is easy to accumulate a fair amount of refuse and unlike at home where there is a wheelie bin outside, there is very little space to store it.

Plastic litter can persist in the marine environment indefinitely, says The Green Blue organisation.

A small fraction of the four to 13 million tonnes of annual marine litter comes from recreational boating, but every sector has a responsibility to follow best practice.

Refuse means all food, domestic and operational wastes produced on board, except sewage. This includes food waste, paper products, rags, glass metal, bottles and crockery.

MAKE YOUR SAILING GREENER

Simon Worthington has been looking at ways to make more environmentally friendly choices when sailing with the refuse, reuse, recycle mantra

WHAT CAN I DO?

- **REFUSE:** Avoid buying products with single use packaging.
- Don't forget your carrier bags on supermarket trips and invest in some re-usable vegetable and fruit bags.
- Avoid products that may contain micro-plastics, such as face/body scrubs, cosmetics, some toothpastes and other cleaning products. Look out the ingredient 'polyethylene'.
- Don't throw anything over the side, include food and fruit peels.
- Secure items on board

to prevent them falling overboard.

- **REUSE:** items by donating your boat, equipment and clothing to other boaters, clubs or centres.
- Have a separate recycling bin on board.
- **RECYCLE:** Companies like Boat Breakers in Gosport will salvage or collect your boat or dinghy to recycle any usable parts.
- Donate unwanted sail cloth and rope to those who are making alternative products, such as reuseable bags, deck chairs, awnings, waterproof coats etc.



Gentle cruise from Argyll to Ireland and back

WITH 'THE GERMANS' ABOARD

Nick and Jessica Harman head north, as told by Boyd Holmes of the Clyde Cruising Club

FRIDAY 17TH JULY was my shopping day: stocking a boat for five people for a week takes a little thought and many carrier bags. The cashier in the Oban supermarket was surprised by the mountain of food in my trolley. She was even more surprised when, 20 minutes later, I again presented at her till with a trolley full of bottled water, wine, and beer, including six bottles of German Pinot Noir. The wine seemed to be a bargain at only £7 a bottle, but later, on the boat, it was found to be undrinkable and was soon known as "The World's Worst Wine".

Fully crewed

The next day the crew, including my co-owner and wife, Kitty, arrived at Ardferris Yacht Centre. Paul Glass, the

leader of a team working on the warfare side of nuclear submarines, was to be both first mate and ship's engineer. Nick Harman, self-confessed dodgy antique dealer, along with Nick's student daughter, Jessica, comprised the rest of the ship's complement. I had agreed that if Nick brought his burgee then, for part of the cruise, he could be appointed honorary skipper and fly the colours of the Channel Sailing Club. Proud of his German heritage, Nick was surprised, but pleased, to see a German courtesy ensign flying from Blue Damsel's spreaders. From then on Nick and Jessica were known as 'the Germans'.

I always set to sea on the first day of a cruise, however late; it prevents

an undisciplined rolling procession ashore in the morning for showers, newspapers etc. which inevitably delays our sailing.

We motored down Loch Craignish on our way to our anchorage in the Sound of Shuna and after a pleasant sail from the Dorus Mòr, our first night was spent at anchor in Kilchattan Bay off Toberonochy. The choice of Kilchattan had been influenced by the tide running north and west through the Dorus Mòr until mid-afternoon. Whilst



Nick Harman and daughter Jessica on onboard Blue Damsel as they cruised the Scottish Isles

not the most picturesque of views it was still a good anchorage for our purpose.

Feeling fruity

To make the most of Sunday morning's south-going tide we woke at 0600 and were away by 0720. We then enjoyed a brisk sail down the Sound of Jura in a westerly wind touching Force 5. The wind left us shortly after the Ardmere Islands, we arrived

at Port Ellen exactly five hours after saying goodbye to Toberonochy. As with the supermarket trolley, the fruit bowl in the saloon was overloaded and when the boat was well-heeled, with speed over the ground reaching 13.1 knots in the strong tide, the co-owner down below was fighting off a bombardment of apples and pears.

Shut out

The pontoons in Port Ellen were open for business, but the shoreside facilities were not. With the pubs firmly locked down by the pandemic, Paul and the Germans decided to walk to a distillery which, according to the infallible internet, was open. Sadly, that information proved to be wrong and the crew endured a dry run ashore, whilst I phoned the pontoon manager in the harbour on Rathlin Island who told me that the pontoons and shoreside facilities there were open, as was the pub.

Alongside us at Port Ellen was a Bavaria 32 flying a flag which the crew decided was the French tricolour, but the Bavaria's skipper kindly confirmed my identification of him, or his wife, as a past commodore of the Fairlie Yacht Club. Enough of the Channel Sailing Club colours: from now on *Blue Damsel* was going to wear her true

skipper's colours. Later Nick, who on his path to the antiques business had trained as a chef, produced an excellent spaghetti bolognese for supper that night in readiness for our crossing to Northern Ireland next day.

Another early start on Monday saw us untidily, away from Port Ellen just before 0730. I had briefed the crew on my plan for leaving the pontoon whilst avoiding grounding in the shallow water behind us, but the plan fell apart when the bow, unexpectedly sprang towards the adjoining boat as I engaged power astern. The sail was raised in the outer harbour before setting off in a stiff breeze. It reached 22 knots at one point but the joy of sailing in a constant westerly wind in the sunshine was moderated as we encountered swell rolling in from the Atlantic in the second hour of the passage. With no respite from the constant swell, one of the Germans offered her modest first breakfast to the waves.

The last couple of miles to Rathlin Island were less bumpy than I remembered from previous passages and, once inside the bight of the island, the sting had largely gone out of the sea state, but I still decided to stow the sail at the forward end of the boom stackpack, and secure

it to the boom with a lanyard before entering the recently dredged harbour. I later discovered that the dredging had removed the notorious shallow patch between the harbour entrance and the long pontoon and opened up berths that had previously been too shallow for our 2.3 mtr draft. Safely alongside with the warps secured and shorepower connected, the big question was whether we had Guinness before or after a second breakfast. As it was after 1200, we opted for a full breakfast, before walking to the pub to consume our pints of Guinness in the sunshine on the pub forecourt - with compulsory anti-Covid table service. Later followed by supper on the boat.

Lazy start

The tide was kind to us the following day, Tuesday 21st July. After a lazy start with showers ashore, breakfast and postcards dispatched we were away at 1102. I opted to go round the south of the island after leaving the harbour.

With the wind never getting above Force 2 we had a sunny passage under engine to Gigha, whilst being careful to cross the traffic separation scheme in the approved manner.

We anchored in Ardminish Bay, the Germans



launched the dinghy whilst Paul drained water from the fuel system in the outboard motor for its first engagement of the season. The facilities in the village were slowly emerging from lockdown, but the shop was shut, and the acclaimed Boathouse restaurant offered limited fare. As the forecast was for a windy night, I felt we would be more comfortable anchored in Druimyeon Bay just to the north of Ardminish Bay.

The wind overnight came up and the position of the anchor buoy relative to a fisherman's buoy suggested that we might have dragged a bit. The passage plan for Wednesday allowed for a gentle start at 1000 and so we were able to enjoy yet another cooked breakfast, with the bacon and sausages benefitting from additional seasoning after Paul dropped them on the galley floor.

The plan was to catch the flood tide in the Sound

of Islay, and arrive at the Gulf of Corryvreckan with the ebb tide, to overnight in Bàgh Gleann nam Muc, better known as Pig Bay (or to those of us old enough to remember US Presidents Eisenhower and Kennedy, the Bay of Pigs). The wind rose steadily as we crossed to the Sound of Islay and we were able to sail up the sound and across to Loch Staosnaig, Colonsay, for a lunchtime stop, being careful to avoid the underwater cable when anchoring. I had never visited Loch Staosnaig before and we discovered that the swell came into the anchorage even with a Force 5 south westerly wind. After lunch we sailed to Pig Bay in drizzle before anchoring in the west part of the bay in 8.7 metres of water with 30 metres of chain.

Six green bottles

Whilst we had tried, and failed, to drink The World's Worst Wine, the problem of

having bought six bottles was not going to go away. Nick blended a bottle with some Frank Cooper's Oxford Marmalade and poached a few pears to produce a passable dessert which success owed more to the marmalade than the wine.

By Thursday morning the boat was taking on an end of term feeling. As the following day would require an early start, which would preclude any cooking, we opted for bacon and egg butties to make some impression on the mountain of bread in the locker. Weighing anchor at 0950, we left Pig Bay by the eastern entrance into a strong spring tide ebbing in the Corryvreckan. Whilst the sailing directions recommend entering and leaving the bay only at slack water, I had previously made a similar exit when driven out by swell in an unexpectedly strong north



westerly wind. On the helm, Paul held close to the Jura shore to avoid the rocks, the exact location of which had been identified by Bob Bradfield when surveying for his Antares charts. This adventurous

exit from the bay was rewarded by Jessica sighting a whale and then a pod of dolphins.

Strong smell

We had sandwiches for lunch in the sunny cockpit, followed a gentle sail up the east side of Shuna to the Cuan Sound anchorage, accompanied part of the way by a dolphin and her calf. On going below deck we all detected the smell of petrol in the saloon.

With the flood tide running strongly in the Cuan Sound, we turned south just before the Cleit rock and headed for the anchorage. I was concerned that Paul on the helm had not appreciated that the strong north west-going tide, accompanied by some impressive whirlpools, was carrying us towards the rock where the sea was passing though some submerged

channels. Displaying more sangfroid than his skipper, Paul steered us safely into the anchorage.

Once anchored we traced the smell of petrol below decks to the Honda generator stored in the cockpit locker. The smell in the locker was strong and led us to the generator's open petrol tap.

After our last supper of cottage pie and rather limp week old broccoli we were treated to the sight of three golden eagles soaring high in the sky above Luing.

On the final morning the Germans raised the anchor after spending a good ten minutes removing weed before Paul, displaying his customary sangfroid, steered us towards an unexplored channel, having mistaken the vector line produced by Memory-Map on his phone for the previous day's track, which used a line of the same thickness and red colour.

After an uneventful passage back to Ardfarn, we soon topped up with diesel and cleaned the boat before Paul and the Germans set off back to the deep south of England and Kitty and I headed for the butty van.

We would like to thank Boyd Holmes from the Clyde Cruising Club for permission to reprint this feature.

CHANNEL SAILING CLUB, SAILING AND SOCIAL EVENTS CALENDAR 2021

This calendar is designed as guide only. Events may be subject to alteration. For full details of events and latest information see channelsailingclub.org

MARCH	APRIL	MAY	JUNE	JULY	AUGUST	SEPTEMBER	OCTOBER	NOVEMBER	DECEMBER
1	1	1 Race 2	1	1	1	1 Briefing	1	1	1
2	2 Good Fri	2 Sparkes Marina HISC	2	2	2	2	2 Pursuit race 14	2	2
3	3	3 Bank hol	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
4	4 Easter Mon	4	4	4	4 Briefing	4 Races 11-12	4	4	4
5	5	5	5	5	5	5 Rally Marchwood,	5	5	5
6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6 Briefing	6	6
7	7	7	7	7 Summer BBQ	7 Rally Bealieu BBQ/MB	7	7	7	7
8	8	8 Briefing	8	8	8	8 Briefing	8	8	8
9	9	9	9 Briefing	9	9	9	9 Rally Southsea	9	9
10	10	10	10	10 Race	10	10	10 Bombay Bay	10	10
11	11	11	11	11 10	11	11 Race Rally	11	11	11
12	12	12 Briefing	12 Races	12 Bastille day cruise	12	12 13 Littleton	12	12	12
13	13	13	13 4-7	13	13	13	13	13	13
14	14 Briefing	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14
15	15	15 Race 3: River	15 Summer cruise,	15	15	15	15	15	15 Mulled wine
16	16	16 Medina, Folly inn	16 West Country	16	16	16	16	16	16
17	17 Race 1 West Cowes	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	17
18	18 ISC/RLYC	18	18	18	18 Briefing	18	18	18	18
19	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	19
20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20 Briefing	20	20
21	21	21	21	21	21 Rally Port Hamble	21	21	21	21
22	22	22	22	22	22 RSnYC	22 Briefing	22	22	22
23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23 Rally Is Harbour	23	23
24 CSC AGM	24	24	24	24	24	24	24 The Breeze	24	24
25	25	25	25	25	25 Briefing	25 Rally East Cowes,	25	25	25 Christmas
26	26	26 Briefing	26 Races	26	26	26 Lifeboat	26	26	26 Boxing Day
27	27	27	27 8-9	27	27	27	27 Halloween event	27	27
28	28 Briefing	28	28	28	28 Rally Cherbourg,	28	28	28	28
29	29	29 Rally	29	29	29 L'Equipage	29 Late summer event	29	29	29
30	30	30 Bembridge,	30	30	30 Bank hol	30	30	30	30
31		31 Bank hol		31	31		31		31

IS TIME UP FOR CHARTS?



Are paper charts coming to the end of the road? As more boaters come to rely on electronic navigation, it seems that paper charts are gradually being phased out by some organisations.

NOW COMES THE NEWS

that the US National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration has begun a four-year transition to halt the printing of paper charts.

Two years after announcing its intent to begin the phaseout of paper nautical charts, the U.S. NOAA has officially begun the effort to sunset one of the most basic of tools for all mariners ranging from captains of giant ocean-going vessels to the recreational boaters.

It says that by 2025 it will concentrate exclusively on electronic navigation charts, according to The Maritime Executive.

Dating back to the 13th century and the invention of the magnetic compass, chart-making evolved into an art.

Original maps were drawn on a flat plane not taking into account the curvature of the earth, but by the 17th century the modern concept of Mercator projection charts was developed to adjust for the shape of the earth.

A failure to keep charts updated and obstacles that led to groundings or collisions, however, was frequently cited by mariners as the causes of accidents.

Citing the benefits of quicker and easier updates

to increase marine safety, the NOAA announced in late 2019 the start of a five-year process to end traditional paper nautical chart production.

2025 deadline

The process for selecting the individual charts to be phased out will initially be based on the volume of sales or downloads, and in regions with improved NOAA electronic navigational chart coverage. Notification will be included with each chart as the final version is released and the cancellation of all traditional paper and associated raster chart products is expected to be completed by January 2025.

The chart selected to kick off the transition is for Lake Tahoe, which straddles the California and Nevada border and is popular with recreation-

al boaters.

Officially, it is chart 18665 and the latest iteration includes a note in the lower left corner of the chart which says that it is the last paper edition and it will be cancelled six months later on August 26.

While NOAA is getting rid of its traditional nautical chart products, it is undertaking a major effort to improve the data consistency and provide larger scale coverage within its electronic navigational chart product suite.

Over the next four years, NOAA says it will work to ease the transition to electronic products by providing access to paper chart products based on electronic data.

The online NOAA Custom Chart tool also enables users to create their own paper and PDF charts from the latest NOAA ENC data.



Old school: charts and a pencil

A note in the lower left corner of the chart says that it is the last paper edition and will be cancelled six months later on August 26.

AWFUL AUTHORS

More funny stuff from John Horne

Even further reading.....

Acute Bursitis by Elbo, Denis

An Unwelcome Medical Procedure

by Ostomy, Michael

Authoritarian Rule by Tater, Dick

Back Door to the Castle by Port, Sally

Bell, Stick and Handkerchief

by Dancer, Maurice

But Wipe Your Feet by Dors, Carmen

Fiery Circles by Weal, Katherine

Full of Charm and Personality

by Smatick, Carrie

Gift from the Gods by Cent, Evan

In a Cultural Vacuum by Stein, Phyllis

Like the Tower of Pisa by Sideways, Eileen

Make No Progress by Thyme, Mark

Malice Aforethought by Tent, Evelyn

My Dear Watson by Menter, Ella

Not Just an Ordinary Seaman by Boddid, Abel

Painful Joints by Itis, Arthur

Pound Foolish by Wise, Penny

Regulated Society by Norder, Laura

Repent at Leisure by Haste, Marion

Resurrected by Gane, Rosa

Roadworks in Progress by Closure, Elaine

Suck, Squeeze, Bang, Blow by Sykal, Otto T

That Should Cure It by Sillen, Penny

That's It, I'm Finished! by Ine, Iris

To Break a Window by Brick, Eva

Two Miles Off Cherbourg by Close, Francis

Unreliable Witness by Lott, Eliza

Well Behaved by Biden, Laura

Women 'n' Children First by Lifebote, Mandy

Won't Be Long by Minnit, Chester

Fishing for pies!

Nigel Barraclough plumbs new depths

I DON'T KNOW if it was the effect of the sun or the fact that we had had a particularly good sail that day but on the way to our home berth we started thinking about supper.

Someone mentioned that earlier that season when loading the boat a carrier bag split and the contents fell out. Crew grabbed what they could but we learnt something that day: tinned Fray Bentos steak and kidney do not float.

Anyway, there followed a huge debate and bets were laid and taken as to whether it was still there and if so, would it be edible?

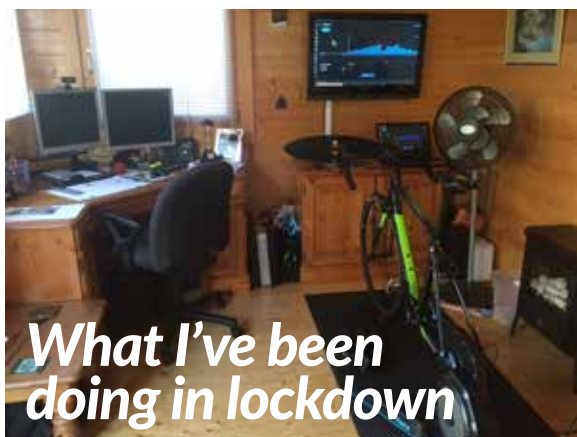
There was only one way

to settle this and that was to get out the giant magnet (still in its wrapper) from the depths of the cockpit locker and go fishing.

While some of the crew made derisory comments and the owners of the boat opposite looked puzzled the magnet was dangled from the pontoon. By way of explanation, I turned to the other boat and said "you never know what you might find" – at that exact moment there was a noticeable "clunk" and the line was hauled in.

To cheers all round up came an intact and totally unblemished tin – even the cooking instructions were readable!

Dinner was served!



What I've been doing in lockdown



CHRIS STEIERT:

I've been a member of the club since 2016 and have enjoyed participating mainly on the club races each

year. I enjoy active pursuits, such as cycling, sailing, swimming and walking. My main activity during the COVID lockdown is cycling on my turbo trainer in the log cabin at the end of the garden. I'm hopefully cycling again in Majorca late September so aiming to get my performance up between now and then.

Corfu Capers

Nicky Painter was looking for love in Greece

I MET ANGUS during my career in MOD. He was a retired RAF Test Pilot then working as skipper of the RAF Adventurous Training Yachts (Nic 55s then). I managed to wangle an invitation to a 'Senior Officers' Weekend' The aim was to demonstrate the excellent value for money which the yachts provided. There I met Angus. We started going out and I returned as cook on several such weekends after that.

Then Angus retired (again) and bought a lovely Moody 41 called Chrysolite and sailed off to spend summers in various European countries, eventually arriving in Greece – a wonderful place with so much to explore. I used to join him during his leisurely journey for a couple of my leave periods each year.

Oops!

On one such occasion I joined him in Corfu with a friend of mine. We were mooring 'stern-to' in a small harbour and I was sent to deal with the stern line (I should mention that I am an extremely clumsy person with a poor sense of balance....). The boat had no backstay to hang onto before leaping ashore.... and at the stern was self-steer-

ing gear – a Meccano-like structure over which I had to leap....

As we reversed in (with great precision and appropriate speed) a 'local' stepped forward to take our line. Gratefully I threw it to him, dramatically hurling myself off the stern of the boat as I did so.... Instinctively I made a grab for the Ensign pole – a beautiful piece of wood perfectly crafted by Angus (whose hobby was cabinet-making). It snapped in half with a bullet-like report... Everyone in the vicinity turned to look.

Left hanging

By now I was somehow hanging by my knees from the self-steering gear still holding the Ensign on the top-half of its pole... There followed a lengthy intermission while the stern line was recovered from the water and further manoeuvres were undertaken by the skipper.

I hung there quietly with flag in hand, watched by an astonished (and growing) crowd. After what seemed like an age, I lost my cool and shouted something like 'For f**k sake Angus come and get me BACK ON THE BOAT!'. Which he eventually did very



Chrysolite a Moody 41

slowly and with poor grace...

His main concern, of course, was for his ensign pole, of which he was very proud, having fashioned it quite beautifully, adding (at a guess!!) at least 10 coats of varnish...

Fortunately, my friend (who was very skilled at everything that required precision) repaired the pole by accurately matching the two splintered ends, gluing them together and finally whipping them with cord. It saved the day and as a result the crew enjoyed a jolly evening in a nearby taverna!

The repair lasted until the boat was sold several years later!

Readers... I didn't marry him.



Dolphin 20 in 1972.

A LONG LONG TIME AGO... I kept a 20 ft plywood motorboat in Whitby for sea fishing, and one summer I decided to tow it down to Falmouth to use on holiday.

Due to the Friday evening rush hour traffic, I was going quite slowly around the single carriageway Derby ring road when the car ground to a sudden halt.

Looking out of my window I saw a large lorry size wheel bounce off and over the 1 week old VW coming in the other direction (in those days we only had one number plate change each year). The wheel kept going with surprising energy and as nearby pedestrians threw themselves to the ground, it bounced off the pavement, over the churchyard wall finally coming to rest among the gravestones.

POTENTIAL ENERGY VECTORS!

My car had stopped of its own accord; the red-faced driver of the new but now dented VW was glaring directly at me; and as I got out of the car the sight of the listing trailer confirmed that unfortunately, it was indeed my wheel. What could I say? I apologised and gave him my card. It did take him a little while to realise that he was no longer my immediate problem and eventually he drove away.

This had been an interesting demonstration of potential energy being converted to vectors resulting from applied forces. In this case, the wheel bearing had failed meaning the

wheel was no longer attached to the axle. The irresistible weight of the boat and trailer pushing down on the immovable object of the road had spat the heavy wheel out at right angles with huge force. It was lucky the VW (being an easily repairable object) was there to deflect it, although I did not try to explain that to its owner at the time.

HAVE YOU GOT A CRANE?

The traffic jam meant that it took a long time for the police to arrive but eventually five squad cars turned up and some of their occupants began to assess the situation while others directed vehicles around us. Their original solution was to call for another trailer as mine was obviously out of action. Had they called for a crane also, I wondered aloud, or how would they draw the boat back off one trailer and forward on to the other? Ah. No crane. An engineer was called to replace the broken wheel bearing.

When he arrived he confirmed that the wheel bearing had been properly greased, so he was satisfied it had not failed due to lack of maintenance on my part. Finally, we got a temporary bearing fitted, enough to get to a local garage. The next morning they sourced and fitted the correct bearing and we went on our way. We had a great holiday.

One thing I learned was this – after any journey let your hot trailer bearings slowly cool right down before you immerse them in water to launch your boat.

PART 2. Having now towed the boat back to Whitby without further incident, I was getting ready to relaunch it down the marina slipway. After the failed trailer wheel bearing drama I did not want that nasty salt water anywhere near the back wheels of my car, so I tied a

short rope between the car and trailer.

That didn't work – no control over where the trailer went and there is a sheer drop to the beach each side of the slipway so must keep in the centre. I thought again. The trailer has brakes. I'll just wind the front jockey wheel right up to raise the bow as much as possible and walk the boat on its trailer down the slipway slope. The boat and trailer are heavy but I will control it with the trailer handbrake.

All went well at first. Everything was under complete control, until...you know when you drive your car through a ford you see that sign "now test your brakes"? There is a reason for that.

I saw that my efforts had gathered a sizeable audience, sadly including one or two people I knew quite well

I HADN'T PLANNED A SWIM

As the trailer wheels sank beneath the water, the whole rig started to accelerate. Of course, I am fully clothed as I hadn't planned on going any deeper than my knees. I am frantically pulling up on the handbrake lever – to no avail. She is still gathering speed. I cannot let go as I remember the sheer drop each side – now underwater.

I am now in up to my shoulders, bent over with my face a bare couple of inches above the water, still pulling up on the handbrake but getting closer to making a decision, when the trailer stops. At last. The brake has finally worked, I think, still being completely oblivious as to what is really going on. The boat is floating but the bow is still tightly attached to the trailer post and winch cable drum, which is the only part of the trailer still visible above

Clive Hall recalls a few problems with a motor boat and trailer

the muddy brown water of the River Esk estuary. There is also a long shore line from the bow.

Now I just need to undo the trailer winch cable to free the bow, pull the boat alongside the quay then come back to retrieve the trailer, I think. The cable is way too tight to release the shackle; I need some slack so I reach in to let off the catch on the drum to free the winch gear.

To my astonishment, several things instantly start happening: the winch cable unwinds; the permanently fixed crank handle on the winch drum starts whizzing round beating the sea into a froth as it sinks (luckily missing me); the boat floats clear of the trailer; the trailer bow post sinks completely underwater and as the front of the trailer sinks so the back end rises up off the slipway where it had fortunately jammed so the trailer, now being again free, continues its roll down the slipway.

Unknown to me the jockey wheel being fully raised had lifted off its thread so it had dropped out when the buoyancy of the boat pulled up the front of the trailer (we found the wheel at low tide). This was lucky because now the trailer tow hitch sinks right down to dig into the slipway and stops the trailer moving. Panic over.

It was at that moment I became aware of loud whoops, applause, laughter and cheering and as I turned around, I saw that my efforts had gathered a sizeable audience, sadly including one or two people I knew quite well.

LESSONS LEARNED?

- Breakback trailers are a good idea.
- Your perception may not be the reality.
- Sometimes it's simply good to be lucky.
- If you can't take a joke you shouldn't have joined. Oh, and brakes don't work under water.

IT'S SPRING and shortly everyone will be able to visit their yacht. (Yes, its true, the government have said so!) So firstly, when was the last time you changed the engine oil? What about the oil filter? Has your diesel fuel had anti-bug treatment or are you going to find a load of black gunge in the tank, and maybe in the fuel filter? Have you checked and changed the raw water impellor? Have you checked the gearbox oil? What about the anodes on the propellor? So let's go through what we all have to do before venturing out onto the water.

1 First off, the most important task, change the engine oil. Hopefully, you have already done this last year as dirty engine oil gets slightly acidic over time. If left it will eat into the engine bearing and bore surfaces, so it really should be changed at the end of the season. To make life easy its best to run the engine for a few minutes to warm the oil which makes it thinner and easier to pump out. I have used a "Pela" oil extractor very successfully but there are plenty of others in the marketplace.



HOW DIRTY IS YOUR DIESEL?

Dick Beddoe is in spring cleaning mode

2 Now it would be crazy to replace the oil and not the oil filter.

Most modern engines have screw on cartridge filters. I usually buy four or five at a time so that there is always at least one on the boat. When you screw the new one on do not over tighten. They just need a smearing of oil on the rubber seal and then screwing on hand tight. Its surprizing how they tighten up over the year, making it tricky to remove the old one. In the past I have resorted to driving a

big screwdriver right through the casing to undo the filter. Make sure you have some sort of container underneath to catch the old oil as you unscrew the cartridge.

3 Is your fuel clean? Diesel bug is a right PITA!

Hopefully, you put some biocide in the fuel tank last autumn. Remove the old fuel

filter and check for black slime or gunge (a technical term!). If you are blighted by this, depending on the severity, a dose of biocide may break it down, or at worst you may have to empty the fuel tank and get it steam cleaned. Personally I have never suffered this but I know several folk who have had an infection and then had to go through a right palaver to get it cleared. Prevention is truly better than cure.

4 The raw water impellor needs checking and maybe replacing.

The failure of the impellor is bad news. If the rubber blades fail, bits of rubber can be swept along the waterways and clog the raw water heat exchanger. With a failing impellor the flow of raw water is lessened resulting in less cooling effect. This may be seen by white "smoke" appearing out of the exhaust. This is not "smoke" but steam. The restricted flow of sea water



is turned to steam by the hot exhaust gases. So in short, make sure the impellor is in good shape. A good, "knackered" indicator are small cracks at the base of the rubber blades. Replace it! Remember, always keep a spare on board and the tools to replace it.

5 Have you checked the gearbox oil level?

In a sail-drive the gearbox oil lubricates the entire leg as well as the reverse gear. The drive shaft at the bottom typically has a double "oil to sea water" seal, but a failure will cause emulsified oil with the ingress of water (it looks

Singapore Sling is still languishing in a shed in Estonia at the moment but I'm certainly counting down the days until I will be able to get back out on the water

like off white oily cream). This is definitely worth checking.

6 Change the anode.

Anodes are incredibly important, and a failure of a propellor or shaft anode will result in erosion of the more "noble" bronze, aluminium or stainless steel. In bronze you can see a copper hue as the zinc in the prop is eroded. Aluminium shows pitting and on stainless steel the surface seems to shed layers like peeled skin or gain some

crevis corrosion. These are all bad! Change the anode. The cost is peanuts compared to replacing a prop!

So once these little tasks are complete, go forth and sail, confident that the old iron sail will perform perfectly when called upon. If you need a hand with any of these tasks, I am more than happy to help given that life is not too busy at the moment. Just drop me an email at dick.beddoe@gmail.com. Good luck.

WORD SEARCH

Peter Denning has cleverly hidden nautical words in these two grids

Galley	Sheet
Sole	Engine
Deckhead	Spinnaker
Winch	Luff
Mast	Leach
Genoa	Reef
Batten	Fid
Main	Fuel

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

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

Viking
Forth
Dogger
Humber
German
Bight
Rockall
Portland
Malin

Thames
Dover
Lundy
Forties
Tyne
Sole
Biscay
Utsire
Fitzroy

MANY PEOPLE may feel that organising the provisions for a boat is a little tricky with the lack of decent refrigeration and galley space but looking back to the 1800s at what was considered reasonable then and it's easy to see why Captain Cook was so worried about scurvy.

Sailing was the only way to export cargo and travel the world and the facilities used to maintain fresh food were non-existent. Obviously, communication was not as advanced as it is today meaning that crews could not organise fresh food deliveries at ports of call. Another factor is speed, as sailing ships would once travel the seas three to four months without entering a single port.

Taking all of this into account, it's possible to imagine the conditions on board for sailors and how difficult it was to maintain a nutritious diet. In the book *Through Mighty Seas*, Henry Hughes describes an encounter with maggots: "Breaking the biscuit into convenient portions for eating, these brown-headed little devils met one's gaze. To the first voyager it was a revolting sight. They were not a bit shy; they would just remain there and squirm. The old salt would take little heed – he would dislodge



It turns out that hard-tack, is not a sharp turn but an ancient seafaring biscuit

VICTUALLING

the tenants by gently tapping the biscuit on the table, and then go on with the meal."

Take the biscuit

Biscuits played a large part in a sailor's diet and a menu from the 1790s would look something like this:

BREAKFAST: Coffee,

biscuits, butter or marmalade.

DINNER: Pea soup, boiled salt pork, biscuits.

or boiled salt beef, dough-boys, plum-duff, biscuits.

TEA: Milkless tea and biscuits.

The food quite often consisted of heavily salted meat of very low quality, which had been stored in barrels.

Biscuits were not sweet as they are today, but instead consisted of flour, salt and water, and called hardtack. Before eating the hardtack was dunked in brine, coffee, or some other liquid.

Hardtack recipe

(makes 9/12 inedible biscuits)
360 grams of plain white flour.
10 grams of salt
1 cup of water.

Preheat oven to 375°F/ 190°C

Mix the flour and the salt in the bowl. Slowly add the water, a few drops at a time,

continuously mixing, until you form a dough that does not stick to your hands. Roll out into a square, about a ¼ inch thick.

Cut the dough into squares. Using a chopstick or similar, make evenly spaced holes in the dough squares. Place onto grease proof paper on a baking tray. Bake for half an hour, turn over and bake for another half an hour. Further rebaking will increase longevity. Place finished biscuits in an air tight tin in a cool, dry environment, these should last for years (between 2 and 20+).

Marion Tempest



Bembridge Harbour Isle of Wight



**looks forward to welcoming a Rally from
Channel Sailing Club
on Saturday 29th May 2021**

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