

wave length

csc magazine



The gorgeous
**BLUE
BAL TIC**



- DAVID'S GRILLED
- TONY GETS KOOL
- CLIVE IS WRAPPED
- TERESA PLAYS POOL
- SIMON GOES WEST
- MARK RACES HARD



channelsailingclub.org



Wavelength
Marion
Tempest

WELCOME

to this bumper Summer edition of Wavelength. We have had lots of fantastic input from you the lovely members. We start with the first race, then the non-Northney rally which ended up in Newtown creek. Clive's boat gets a fresh new coat and Dick has been buying tech-toys again this time

a fab drone that he used for the cover shot. All stories, tall tales, memories and anything else you can think of are always warmly received I can't make wavelength without your help so when you're out and about do take a pic or two and drop me a line, thanks and happy sailing *Marion*

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wavelength THE CHANNEL SAILING CLUB MAGAZINE

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PLEASE SEND ANY LETTERS
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CLUB NIGHT
Channel Sailing Club meets
every Wednesday at Ashtead
Cricket Club, Woodfield Lane,
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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
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Cover photo: Dick Beddoe

THANKS TO ALL!

It's the middle of summer all ready and how time has flown. The sailing season is well underway now and the club has enjoyed several very successful and enjoyable race weekends to date.

Race events started with the long race in mid April which was organised by Jeremy John. The course took in the Nab Tower, but had to be shortened because of light winds. Seven boats took part with about 30 crew and berthed overnight in Bembridge harbour. You can read about the event and the lovely evening and super at Brading Haven YC in this edition of Wavelength..

Races two and three were on May 20 & 21 and the weekend was organised by Simon Davey. It was a passage race through the Solent from off Ryde to Lymington. About eight boats took part (including Peter Denning cruising on Redouble to join us) and all made it in good time for supper at Lymington Yacht Haven. On Sunday another race took place with just a few marks back to mid Solent to finish at Hill Head.

Race four on June 10 was kindly organised by David



Butcher. We had 6 boats out with 26 crew.

Despite the race being abandoned because of lack of wind, CSC members enjoyed supper and a great evening at Itchenor SC.

Race five took place on June 24 and was organised by Frank Gibson and Simon Davey. It was a Navigators race so no electronic instruments are allowed, apart from depth. It started in the Eastern Solent and boats were required to round 7 out of 8 marks in any order before finishing near the Beaulieu River entrance. We had five boats with 21 crew participating. Boats berthed at RSYC Gins Farm in the Beaulieu River and enjoyed

a barbecue supper ashore.

I've heard that the location and supper was spot on.

Events like these are brilliantly organised by members and I would like to thank them all for the hard work they put in.

While the committee put in work for the club behind the scenes, it is volunteers who step forward to run racing and cruising events who are at the heart of the club and they do a great job.

If you feel like organising an event, make yourself known to the racing and cruising secretaries. There's plenty of help available from other members and it will be a highly rewarding task.

I've just enjoyed a week of sailing in the west country on my shared boat Zhivili. We had brilliant weather, visiting picturesque locations like the Helford and Yealm rivers. But the experience taught us how to be more safety conscious when using a dinghy to get three grown men to and from a moored yacht. You can read about our adventures in this edition.

I wish you all a great rest of the sailing season.

Simon



Race 1 2023 -

Bembridge or bust

I set the alarm looking forward to getting back on the water after the winter hibernation. Due to circumstances- (more of later) this was for collection by Alick at the relatively civilised time of 08:00hrs for the trip to Haslar, reuniting with Eagle and The Ainsworth's pere et fils.

The first race of the 2023 season saw seven boats eagerly lined up at the start keen to see the rewards of the winter work on the keels come good.

The forecast ahead of the day was for light winds in the morning possibly petering out as the day went on. The good news was the lack of rain. As things turned out this was not the case and a good enough wind

blowing from the north west was sustained for the race allowing all to compete! With neap tidal conditions and an expected flow out of the eastern Solent for the duration the addition of unexpected winds only improved the chances for a decent race.

With high water at 20.26hrs it was a later start at 13:00hrs as access to Bembridge would be limited until 17:00hrs

The start was across a line between two markers in Stokes Bay then headed out into the eastern Solent.

After skirmishing up and down the line to ensure the best possible starting point we were off swiftly with the whites out. By the time we were ready for a first spinnaker





run we were in the lead on the water and even managed to successfully gybe the sail around a mark. We stayed at the front of the fleet but, were not confident it was going to be enough to win the race on handicap. This was further reinforced when Jeremy (race organiser) decided to shorten the race in order to get everyone into Bembridge promptly. First on the water but what would be the outcome?

Into Bembridge

We were welcomed into Bembridge Harbour by the marina team and all boats moored up safely ready for the evenings activities. Dinner was at Brading Haven Yacht Club who made us feel very welcome. The club is delightful with beautiful views over the harbour through which to watch the fabulous sunset.

As per tradition the results were

announced in reverse order our worst fears were founded Eagle were in 5th place.

Then, the entertainment turned to the pool table. Coats were quickly taken from the top and teams of two queued up to display their prowess 'off the water'. I foolishly agreed to partner Alick only to realise that my skills had not improved with age and firmly remained in the 'lucky to send the ball in the right direction'. This proved not to be the case for some who claimed not to have played and yet could pull off most shots. You know who you are! The evening finished with a pleasant walk back over the causeway to the boat.

An early start and an uneventful trip back completed what had been a fine weekend at sea. The first race of the season over with more to look forward to in the rest of the season.

Teresa Hemingway



Tales of the unexpected

By Alick Faser

Last year's Northney rally had been a great success and the formula was sure to be repeated – or was it? With a few weeks to go, no-one had registered, and the organiser reluctantly cancelled the bookings as mumblings started about possibly heading westwards. This would at least guarantee that we would be fighting for unreserved berths and be foul tided the whole weekend. It all seemed so simple – or was it?

As a precaution, Eagle offered the organiser (also in a previous life a professional chef) a berth with the further offer that he should do all the shopping and cooking. At least we had a sumptuous dinner on board to look forward to – or did we?

Four boats put themselves forward for the mystery tour, with Polly Agatha volunteering

to set a “no stress” course for a casual race into the western Solent. Cheviot and Eagle dutifully appeared on the start line at the appointed hour to hear a disembodied voice announce the starting sequence. At least we all knew where we were supposed to be going – or did we?

Redouble had spent the previous night anchored somewhere only Redouble can get to in the inner reaches of Newtown River, and spoke enthusiastically about the experience. The organiser had tried repeatedly to secure some berths in the lovely Beaulieu River without success. Now it emerged that Polly knew someone who knew someone else and was able to get herself a berth at Buckler's Hard. No-one else, just Polly. Perhaps we would all go to Lynton.

Since no-one could remember how to do a height of tide calculation for a secondary port, three crews set off upriver in two dinghies



Polly appears

As the first boat approached the designated finish line, Polly appeared over the horizon, flying at least five separate pieces of canvas and clearly more focussed on maximising speed than on rounding the buoys she had prescribed. And so it was that four boats converged at Hamstead Ledge, where with impeccable timing, the wind died completely, meaning that no-one could finish the “no stress” race and leaving us all near the entrance to the Newtown River. Surely there was no chance of finding a free mooring on a sunny Bank Holiday weekend – or was there?

Two vacant buoys

Eagle negotiated the entrance and found not one but two vacant buoys, communicating this by VHF. There then followed an unseemly dash by the other three boats, Redouble taking advantage of her shallow draught to overtake in the narrow channel, while Polly bumped her way in. Once the mud and excitement had settled again and the wildfowl had regathered their scattered offspring, Cheviot was lashed to Eagle on one buoy, while Redouble tied to Polly on the other, thus forming an impressive expanse of deckage, some of which was to remain afloat all night.

The key question on everyone’s mind was when would there be sufficient water to allow a dinghy approach to Shalfleet Quay for the short stroll to the New Inn. After some frenzied head scratching, since no-one could remember how to do a height of tide calculation for a secondary port, three crews set off upriver in two dinghies, while the crew of Polly went the other way to look for dolphins, or was it seals? Opinions differed.

After only a short wait outside the pub, a landlady arrived and pints of beer were quickly sunk. Revelries were interrupted by a call from the crew of Polly lost in the woods somewhere west of the river. Expressions of



surprise were muted, but soon the missing crew arrived and the cruise was united for the first time. At this point that the landlady made a telling intervention, conjuring up a “free” dish of cheesy chips from the kitchen. Within minutes, all four boats had ordered dinner and settled down to more beers, Eagle duly apologising to the organiser for his wasted shopping and now unwanted dinner on board.

A quiet night in the mud

By not too long after nightfall, the crews were safely back on their boats ready for a quiet night in the mud. It had been a day of surprises and the organiser deserves full credit for the terrific success of the event. The Northney rally had come up trumps once more. Well done Nick!



This weekend wasn't looking good, forecast was very light, only 3 to 4 knots, not a great prospect for Caressa, and we didn't want another abandonment! But we had the dream team onboard, Danny, John, and Mac. And despite the weather it would be a great weekend regardless.

Back to basics

Due to a neaps weekend we had to meet at Gosport Boat Yard for the ferry to take us out to Caressa, the ferry cannot reach Sultans Jetty due to lack of water! This was the navigator's race, no electronic charting, so only paper and a Portland plotter! We had a start line and a finish buoy, and 8 buoys of choice to round, we only needed to round 7, skippers' choice, you choose the order in which you do them, first boat to finish is the winner... With handicaps attached! Which are all a bit mad at this current time.

I did my studying and course on Thursday, after trawling through many forecasts I arrived at 7 knots from SSW, I cleverly created a course with no tacking, we're a bit slow at that on Caressa, so I thought that'd be an edge worth considering, I wrote it up, I had distances, leg times, angles the lot, I considered myself well prepared. Everything was going according to plan, all on time, ferry took us out to Caressa, we got going quickly, I wanted time on the start line to improvise some courses, but by this time I had realised all my hard work had gone to shit, wind was from the West and a little more than 7 knots.

No time!

I had no time to make any changes but couldn't use anything previously created. We had to basically wing it, first mark was obvious, had enough time to work that out, I wanted to come down on the northernmost starting buoy on port, then flick over to starboard for the first leg, but we hadn't managed to get enough north in to create the run required, so we



didn't cross the line at the top, more midway, and what was supposed to be a close reach, but was in fact close hauled, my mistake and we had to tack again to get around the mark.

At least it's not raining

It's always difficult after a bad start, you basically give time away, I was gutted and it puts you at a disadvantage before you even start, but we got on with it and worked our way around, we made good choices from there on. The wind was weaker than Caressa can settle into, and we were struggling with speed, but it wasn't raining! Quite the opposite in fact! The course took us up into the higher end of Southampton Water, never ideal, you get all the entitled 'hoorah Henry's' up there racing their purpose made craft, expecting you to move for them, as we approached our northernmost mark we could see that we were about to cross a course, was marked with a special purpose racing buoy and a committee boat, several boats were approaching it and getting a sound signal as they crossed the line, clearly the finish, we opted to dip around as weaving through would have been

ungentlemanly! But it didn't stop the skipper of "Defiance" shouting "we are racing".... Hmm, obviously windward boat rule wasn't a rule that day! Maybe an email to RYS maybe in order, as I think this kind of behaviour tars us all, as a side note, we were not displaying our ensign and were flying a club racing burgee from the back stay!

Different approaches

The course setup is an interesting format, but you don't seem to sail a common course, everybody going in different directions, our last mark was Elephant Boatyard, there was a mark further to the East, but this was the mark I had omitted. As we approached the finish mark from the south, we could see Lady of Hamford converging from the East, oh my! It seemed very slow and seemed to take forever, nail biting to say the least, we squeezed every bit of speed we could, but unfortunately not quite enough! Lady of Hamford beat us to the mark by the smallest of margins.

Frank/Simon had us booked into the Royal Southampton Yacht Club at Ginns Farm, not many places come prettier than this for a

social! We enjoyed a BBQ at the club, endless wit from the organiser and great banter, we all enjoyed the evening, stunning venue and great fun, I cannot remember the results but Frank probably won with Sapphire, Eagle, although first on the water came last as they struggle with an impossible to change handicap, with Caressa 3rd and Lady of Hamford someplace ahead of us. Sunday... Danny started it by cooking an absolute banger of a breakfast! Despite almost fainting in the heat of Caressa's galley, the day just got better and better.

Crisps lead to crunch

The Beaulieu River does somewhat meander, but it's well marked by the posts, but you do have to be aware of the occasional dogleg. Tom Cunliffe made a good YouTube video of navigation within this river, unfortunately David Butcher on Lady of Hamford, was eating a bag of crisps at the time the video instructed that it was not a good idea to pass between the posts As you can see here, he did just that and was hard aground. Once we'd had enough fun and taken plenty of pictures, we got on our way, (and asked if any assistance was needed) the wind had moved into the south and was quite strong, we had a fantastic sail, a club boat leaving earlier (Cheviot) captured by our race radar seemed fair game, a big boat by Caressa's standard and faster by design, we took it on anyway, and loved the challenge, we even had a reef in the Genoa at one point, was great fun, and got him in the end If sailing had "hole in one's" this weekend would have been Caressa's, and we didn't even win, was a lovely weekend with John, Mac and Danny, everybody all did so well (apart from me) looking forward to next time.

Many thanks to Simon for organising and Frank for taking on the Baton in his absence, was a fabulous event!

Mark Hawkins

Where are we going?

Strong tides around Alderney have Rob McCaffrey in a spin

As previously reported in Wavelength, (and colourfully recounted by Frank Gibson at the AGM), two yachts left the Solent at the start of September, in order to take part in the Alderney Half Marathon, with myself as one skipper and James Glasspool as the other. We had previously had a confab as to the correct course to steer to arrive just up-tide to dodge in to Alderney harbour at the end of the day's sail, approaching from the east. The two yachts were in close contact through the day, and as we arrived at Alderney, we were only around 500m apart, with James' yacht in front. Conditions were clear, with good visibility and a moderate breeze, perhaps 10kts. Despite that we were motoring, needing to make our way in in good time.

The final mile into Alderney

Having been looking after charts and making cups of tea on the way over, I took the helm for the last mile or so going into Alderney. Almost immediately, I noticed that James had made a starboard turn, heading

north. I thought 'interesting' and continued forward, heading for the lighthouse at the east end of the island.

After a few more minutes, perhaps five, still heading for the lighthouse, I glanced to my left to see a series of skerries, and sighting to the further land, I discerned that we were going backwards. The sea was boiling with turbulence and it was obvious that we were already within the Alderney Race.

We're going nowhere fast!

We increased our revs and found that we were not making any headway. We increased them again, and discovered that we could just about stay in the same place. One of the crew suggested putting up the sails, which we did with alacrity, and we discovered that with engine power and sail combined, we could nudge away from the fastest parts of the race and head into calmer water, at perhaps 0.5-1knts. It took a tense ten minutes to feel that we were fully out of the southward-flowing part of the race and into the west-going current. We arrived a full hour behind James. They raised a

toast to us as we arrived.

I have thought long and hard about the possible learning points in this episode.

Perhaps the first is that with a west-going tide, there is a point at the eastern end of the island where the tide parts - one part going to the north of the island, and one to the south - and at that point there is a strong flow more or less directly south.

My first mistake was to arrive to the south of this point, and to find myself in

a south-going tide (which finally turns westward). James' turn to the north put him in the northerly west-going tide, still in a fast current, but going around the north of the island. I should have turned when he did.

Secondly, although I was heading for the lighthouse I did not take a bearing on it. Finding that its bearing was changing would have alerted me to something amiss. I did not realise until too late that we were being swept off course.

Upon realising that we were in the race, we had two options - fight on or turn and go with the flow. If we had turned, we would have been

The sea was boiling with turbulence and it was obvious that we were already within the Alderney Race

in Guernsey before too long, having been through the race (which, having seen it from the island, I am glad to have missed). If our engine had not been up to the task, then we would have had to sail through the race, but fortunately, the engine was a good one.

Finally, I should have prepared better for the approach to the island from the east, taking a much more northerly track to avoid the

possibility of being sucked into the race. In my defence, one does not want to arrive too far west, and miss the entrance to the harbour. Perhaps I should not have been on the helm either - a keen eye on the charts, compass binnacle and plotter may also have saved us from this episode. Still, we survived, and hopefully have learned a few lessons.

See map below

Here's the track of our course - and it is instructive to note that we were always pointed westwards - we did not turn significantly at any point, and the track is a reflection of the battle between engine, sail and tidal currents.





Pictures from the
AGM: 2023





CHANNEL SAILING CLUB CALENDAR 2023



Up and coming rallies, races, cruises and social events are marked here but maybe subject to change or alteration, please see channelsailingclub.org for more details

JANUARY	FEBRUARY	MARCH	APRIL	MAY	JUNE	JULY	AUGUST	SEPTEMBER	OCTOBER	NOVEMBER	DECEMBER
1	1	1 Weather talk	1	1 Bank hol	1	1 RTI race	1	1	1 Cowes #15	1	1
2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2 Briefing	2 Nav race #12	2	2	2 Icicle cruise
3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
5	5	5	5	5	5	5 Briefing	5 West country	5	5	5	5
6	6	6	6	6 King's coronation	6	6	6 cruise	6	6	6	6
7	7	7	7 Good Friday	7	7 Briefing	7	7	7	7	7	7
8	8	8 EPIRB talk	8 Easter	8 Bank hol	8	8 Races #6,7	8	8	8	8	8
9	9	9	9	9	9	9 Chichester	9	9	9	9	9
10	10	10	10 Easter Mon	10	10 Passage race 4	10 Bastille cruise	10	10	10	10	10
11 Rope work	11	11	11	11	11 Littlehampton	11	11	11	11 Briefing	11	11
12	12	12	12 Briefing	12	12	12 Greek night	12	12	12	12	12
13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13 Briefing	13	13	13 Mulled wine
14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14 Pursuit race	14	14
15	15	15 Quiz night	15 Long race #1	15	15	15	15	15	15 #16	15	15
16	16	16	16 Bembridge	16	16	16	16 Briefing	16 Passage races	16	16	16
17	17	17	17	17 Briefing	17	17	17	17 Lymington 13,14	17	17	17
18 CSC AGM	18	18	18	18	18	18	18	18	18	18 Comm dinner	18
19	19	19	19	19	19	19 Briefing	19 West Country	19	19	19	19
20	20	20	20	20 Passage races	20	20	20 cruise	20 cheese & wine	20	20	20
21	21	21	21	21 Poole #2,3	21 Briefing	21	21	21	21	21	21
22	22 Mary Rose	22	22	22	22	22 Regatta	22	22	22	22	22
23	23	23	23	23	23	23 #8 -11 Cowes	23	23	23	23	23
24	24	24	24	24 Briefing	24 Nav Race #5	24	24	24	24	24	24
25 Burns night	25	25	25	25	25 Beaulieu	25	25	25	25 Halloween	25	25 Xmas day
26	26	26 BST starts	26 St George	26	26	26 Briefing	26	26	26	26	26 Boxing day
27	27	27	27	27 Spring bank	27	27	27	27 Briefing	27	27	27
28	28	28	28	28 hol cruise	28	28	28 Bank hol	28	28	28	28
29		29	29 Early Bank	29 Beaulieu	29	29	29	29	29 BST ends	29 Briefing	29
30		30	30 hol cruise	30	30	30	30 Briefing	30 2 handed race	30	30	30
31		31		31		31 Cowes week	31		31		31



Into the blue

Singapore Sling shakes out her sails for another year of sailing in the Baltic

We are currently (as of 27th May) moored up in the marina at Nynäshamn, about eighty miles south of Stockholm waiting out a strong wind—35kts—on our 2023 summer cruise in the Baltic. It is cold, maybe 13 deg but sunny. Sweden does not start its summer holiday until late June and it finishes in mid August so it's a short season. But we sail from late May to early September, but the price is a chilly ride.

LIFT THE DUST SHEETS

So, let's take a look at our launch. To start with, we arrive at the storage yard

at Gryt Varv, about 180 km south of Stockholm and miles from anywhere. The day starts by going to the cold storage shed and taking the dust sheets off Singapore Sling, our Oyster 485.

We start with the annual pilgrimage of polishing the hull and a quick coat of anti-foul. Instead of wax polish, this year I am trying out a ceramic coat. It is supposed to last longer and gives a better sheen. We shall see. Next are the anodes, one big sucker on the bottom, plus shaft, propeller, bow thruster, fridge and freezer keel coolers. It all takes time!

TABLE TOP

The launch is a very civilised affair as this yard has a "table". Imagine three tennis courts placed side by side, made of 2-inch steel and mounted on a huge "inclined plane" trolley. SS (Singapore Sling) is taken from the shed by tractor and trailer, set down on her keel between large hydraulically operated vertical steel posts, two on each side holding her upright. SS balances well but a couple of lines fore and aft are attached to the top of the steel posts in case she tilts forwards or backwards. I am on board whilst the



whole table slowly slides down the rails submerging and eventually floating SS. Quite extraordinary.

CAUTION AREA

After two days of commissioning we are ready to go. Jane and I are more confident in the archipelago now. The risk of hitting a rock is still there but we trust the charts and the recommended routes. In a nutshell, the recommended routes guarantee a depth and provide navigation in the form of red and green channel markers. These are often just large sticks in the water and are not always easy to see, but the location is pretty accurate. In addition to this, many routes have leading lines mounted on small islands which allow safe passage.

NAME THAT ROCK!

What is slightly more worrisome is the chart that has large areas marked "Caution Area". These areas do have the rocks and depths

Singapore Sling is taken from the shed by tractor and trailer, set down on her keel between large hydraulically operated vertical steel posts

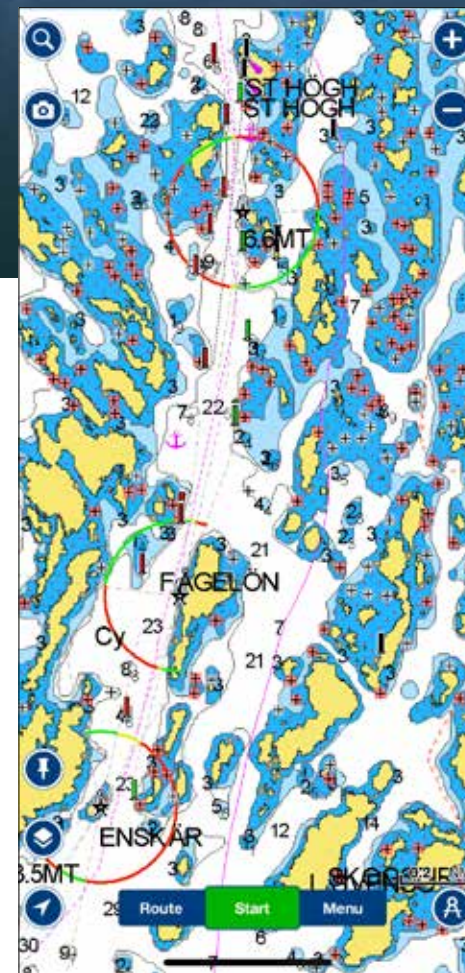
marked but they are NOT guaranteed. One very small consolation is that if you hit an undocumented rock, you are allowed to name it! However, we have not yet found our rock and long may that continue.

TINY ISLAND

Our first anchorage is Harstena. A small island, twenty miles from the winter storage and in the outer archipelago. It is quite stunning. The entrance is about fifty foot wide, with sloping edges your eye interpolates the depth at maybe two feet? In fact, it has a mid-depth of over two and a half metres. Nerve

racking to enter. At this time of year there were just three yachts here but in July it gets packed. From here we move on up the coast sometimes staying in a (deserted) marina and sometimes anchoring. Our final destination of this first sail is Nynashamn. A delightful port town south of Stockholm where our first visiting crew arrive. The boat is in great shape but as always there are jobs to do. A faulty shower mixer, a burnt-out USB charger, but a really annoying gen set that won't gen! At least the level gauge in the holding tank is now working. Phor!!!

Dick & Jane Beddoe



It's all wrapped up!

Clive's yacht
Orcella is in need
of some TLC

"The time has come, the Walrus said...". And he was quite right, certainly as far as Orcella's topsides were concerned. 40 years of fender scrub plus nearly 30 years of Mediterranean UV had left their marks, and no amount of T Cut and polish was going to make them disappear. After years of dithering it was finally, unavoidably, decision time. Paint it, or wrap it?

I had a good laugh at the quote for a pro spray job, what with masts off so it could be done indoors, scaffolding for better access, complete tenting to protect other boats and workers, and full Haz Mat kit to keep the sprayers alive... Nope!

There was the DIY option – roll the paint on and tip it off with a brush. We previously used 2 pack International Perfection Pro (designed for roller and brush) on all the GRP above the rubbing strake and it came up lovely – still looks great 5 years later. I seriously considered that but my lazy gene kept me looking for another option, and eventually I found vinyl



wrapping.

All the best boats use it these days, including for the fantastic graphics on all the big racers. Some production boats are wrapped from new to protect the gel coat underneath. Also many fancy cars and even aircraft are wrapped; sticky back plastic has come a long way since Blue Peter.

HARD GRAFT!

I had a quote for the job of around £6000 including full preparation but then I asked for referrals on the CSC Social WhatsApp group and Oleg kindly pointed me towards Andy Yeomans

of Grapefruit Graphics Ltd (www.grapefruitgraphics.com) in the Portsmouth / Southampton area.

They agreed a price of about £2300 providing I did absolutely all the hull preparation work myself. That seemed a reasonable compromise, but it did take me five full days of pretty hard work.

You do exactly the same preparation as if you were painting the hull. Strip off old cove stripes and thoroughly clean everything including the deck and rubbing strake to avoid any dirt getting under the vinyl as it is applied. Sand the topsides,



fill all the scratches, dings, and damage (there will probably be more than you think), sand it all again and repeat until you have as near a perfect finish as you can. Any imperfections will show through the finished vinyl. Finally another thorough wash to leave the hull pristine for the wrappers next day.

Wrapping the boat is a two man job and you want still conditions, not too cold. I wanted to replicate the original appearance so they applied white vinyl from the



painted boot top up to the rubbing strake, a blue stripe over that with a gold coving line, the model lettering at each quarter and the name on the transom.

It took them two days and I am very pleased. I

have previously had a lot of interior refurbishment work done and now the boat exterior looks every bit as good – finally. Look out for me this season, but be sure to wear your sunglasses...

Clive Hall

Did Get Kool get a Red Arrows fly past?



Memories of a great boat share

A SUNNY MORNING IN JUNE 1999...Three Channel Sailing Club members had decided to take that step into the unknown and buy a yacht together! Christine Shelton Smith, Terry Bower and myself were presented with the opportunity of owning a Westerly GK29 called Get Kool that was in excellent condition on the hard at Gosport Boat Yard. Always a popular boatyard run by the appropriately named Mr Haddock and it still is, I believe.



accomplished in professional style – see photos. Our intrepid trio climbed aboard to take control. Terry (ex Royal Navy on nuclear subs) had been sailing and racing in the Solent since he was a lad. Christine and Tony had done quite a bit of racing around the cans in the eastern Solent in the race series run by The Royal Albert and Royal Naval Yacht Club. This racing was accomplished (with Janet Sainsbury) in the GK24 Gengis Kant.

Something's overhead

The first berth we had arranged for Get Kool was in Haslar Marina just "a few cables" away from

Gosport Boat Yard. Well, the point of this little story is that when we "parked" in Haslar Marina in a berth close to Mary Mouse the old lightship, there was the sound of many jet engines in the sky. What's going on we thought and, there they were, the Red Arrows practising directly above us over Portsmouth Harbour! (see photos). We laughed and laughed and joked about who had told the RAF that we were launching Get Kool that day. It was memorable



and splendid and typifies the luck and adventures of sailing and yachting. I remember that we three won a yacht race to Littlehampton and were awarded a very attractive silver cup. (See photo). Yes, we were a little younger then, and the sailing has always been brilliant apart from the odd moments of terror....

We went on to have a successful joint boat ownership for a number years and then Terry and Chris took the boat over to France, Bay of Biscay and northern Spain for quite

a few more years. They had lots of adventure over there with Terry as highly experienced skipper and Christine as navigator and "the boss" behind the throne!! Get Kool proved to be a sound sailing boat for many years and was in the ownership of Chris and Terry until sold just a few years ago.

Footnote: Whist writing this note at 1300 on 17 June 2023 I see on TV that the Red Arrows are performing over the Mall and Buckingham Palace. Wish they would leave me in peace to write my little memoir... Can't get away from them it seems!
Tony Sparling





GRILL!

David Surman on the sometimes tough passage to Coastal Skipper. (Names have been changed to protect the innocent!)

Grill – not the instructions from a celebrity chef on the steak, but probably the order to our instructor and examiner in the office at The Hamble.

So it begins

Bags and supplies all loaded up, we sat in the Westerly cockpit. The large instructor stared in complete silence at the cockpit floor for an inordinate period. Without looking up he started...."John, tell us about yourself." John embarked on a lengthy account of his Royal Navy experience

and qualifications ..The instructor cut right across him..."David"... so I kept it brief! And we moved on and to intense questioning over safety and the instructor made closely guarded notes. At this early stage, I could tell it would be a testing five days.

In cloud and brisk wind, the first day included getting onto buoys under sail and power at the entrance to Southampton Water. Late afternoon, we moved to a Sigma 38. Before a late dinner, homework was set. New Zealander Bruce

was told to prepare a full passage plan west to Poole, John and I were told to do the same for Chichester. the instructor retired early, possibly to listen in. At 8am, the odds-on option of Chichester was confirmed and I was appointed skipper. I guided us to the final approach to the Marina and was about to request a berth on the radio...."Dave... Stand down... John take over, turn around, you are now taking us to Osborne Bay." The first of many surprises. John set us on a course over the submarine barrier. "Go



down and take another look", which he should have translated as a warning! He persisted on the same course and that sadly on top of disputes with the instructor, blew away his Coastal Skipper Certificate.

Summoned!

At anchor in Osborne Bay in early evening, we were summoned to our progress reports in the cockpit. The substantial black book re-emerged. Up in turn for "a chat." For me notes were carefully consulted, more questions and advice given... it was on track at present. Star candidate Bruce was told it was all very good. We ate and had a rest, as a night of exercises lay ahead. Later, out in the inky black Solent in turn, we were first given 2 transits and had to locate a specific point in The Solent. The catch was mine only had 1 transit. The straight forward theory morphs into a bewildering array of lights around your quarry...I

couldn't blame a fine night. It ended with tying up at 4am in Haslar. On returning from the bathrooms, we found a question paper out for us; diagrams, it was Rule 19 Col.Reg (Conduct of vessels in restricted visibility). A full explanation required at 8.30am.

Mid-week it was really good summer weather, and the Sigma moved through the water beautifully day and night, so it allowed the instructor to closely monitor every action on deck and grill and drive into the tricky nooks and crannies of Yachtmaster/Coastal Skipper Theory. A slight feeling of dread came as you heard, "Dave, come up/over here and tell me about... What about... Take me through... What 5 factors... That vessel's lights over there... Correct him..." When you started to relax the next trap was set. Even when we finally tied up with a tea in Shepards marina, Cowes in the beautiful evening sun, the all

seeing eye spotted a distant towed barge and it sparked full inquest into day shapes.

Thursday morning fenders were suddenly thrown over, a MOB (man overboard) ambushed us, before we repeated the drill many times, each taking directed to monitor Bruce..." He is Yachtmaster standard... Give me three positives and three criticisms". Bruce was very good, having chartered numerous times in Croatia with only a young family for crew and he had honed boat handling skills, and being CEO of a large company, taking charge of the crew seemed natural.

Summoned again!

Thursday 6pm and tied up in Hythe Marina, I was summoned for a surprise in the cockpit. Everyone else made themselves scarce. "Dave, I don't see you on track, I want to really see you skipper and fully take charge of this crew and boat... I'm



going home tonight, 8.30am, when I step on, you and crew will be absolutely ready to go, you are Skipper and taking us out.” Certainly a wake-up call and I thought of Keith’s good Yachtmaster advice issued from his chart table seat... As Skipper you have to command, and manage the crew and vessel.

Finally Friday, in glorious weather, Bruce had the Certificate virtually in the bag. Poor John was despondent and close to rebellion and striking at times. So all focus was on me, I received a good grilling. Apart from John trying to locate his special organic breakfast oats 15 minutes before departure,

“Right Dave, stay down there, imagine we are in thick fog and have no visibility. Instruct the helm”, the instructor shouted

my crew were all really perfect, and helped me helm out through the lock and into Southampton Water. I handed over and started to relax, when I was ordered to immediately get a fix on the chart using two transits. “Right Dave, stay down there, imagine we are in thick fog and have no visibility. Instruct the helm”. the instructor

shouted down various horn signals from large vessels in every direction. A delay prompted “Dave, tell us what’s happening.” Pressure was applied. I shouted up instructions to the helm. No indication was given as to the level of competence. This went on for too long! Then I used depth contours to guide us into The Hamble. I was shocked with, “That was really excellent.” It was sheer relief to have got through. After lunch, in a chaotic Hamble, with numerous boats jockeying in a bun fight for fuel, I took us on and off the pontoon, but frustratingly sowed some assessment doubts. Another teaching Sigma 38 with

youngsters had lost their engine and in breathless air was stuck in Southampton water bordering the main channel. We went straight out, located and secured them alongside, and then drove the Sigma 38s straight up The Hamble and into adjoining berths.

We tied up, and Bruce immediately shot off to his waiting taxi and London, we started the lengthy clear and clean up. In the Office, and I was greeted with instructor and The Boss... They weighed my reaction as they told me they would sign off 90% but I would be required to do a two day boat handling course. Within a week it was booked.

The silver lining and a French balls up!

A few weeks later I returned. A whole new crew and great French instructor and engineer with years of teaching experience in Brittany and Ireland and a fascinating knowledge of cruise ship engines. It was a really good friendly group, including an interesting diplomat. With two days of constant manoeuvres to the point you felt you could do almost anything with a Sigma 38. As we approached an enormous Guernsey registered motor cruiser for the seventh time, the multi-millionaire couple enjoying a sedate stern deck brunch gave up and

packed it all up and closed the French windows. The budget extended to an M&S Saturday night dinner with wine and great conversation. French gallantry allowed female crew to take the skipper’s cabin, I drew the short straw and ended up in the forepeak with the instructor, who with the balmy night opted to sleep naked. 4am, I was awoken by great commotion, he was clambering up through the foredeck hatch for a pee. Some things you really wish you hadn’t seen! Late Sunday afternoon, after a chat with The Big Boss at HQ, my coastal ticket was issued, and I drove the three hours home for a well earned beer.

Three men in a...tender (And one fell out)

My shared boat Zhivili sailed from Port Solent with partner Bob and crew in June for an extended stay in the west country and a planned trip to the Isles of Scilly.

I joined the boat in Falmouth, but we never made the Scillies because of rudder issues, instead enjoying a great sailing holiday visiting Falmouth, the Helford River, Mevagissey, Fowey, the River Yealm and Plymouth.

Bob suggested we shun pricey marinas, instead opting for anchorages and mooring buoys, which meant blowing up the inflatable dinghy and either rowing or using the outboard to get ashore.

The experience brought home the precarious nature of getting three men into a small tender, together with rubbish or provisions, and on one of our trips ashore Bob fell into the water trying to position himself in the dinghy.

As a sailing instructor, I teach competent crew how to use a dinghy and the RYA practical course notes inform us that "every year more accidents happen to crews going ashore by dinghy than at any other time". How true!

A plunge in the river

In the tender we followed good practice by wearing lifejackets and when Bob accidentally plunged into the Helford River his lifejacket failed to inflate, reminding us that we were wearing manual inflation lifejackets rather than automatic ones.

Fortunately Bob was able to haul himself on to Zhivili's stern with the aid of the bathing ladder, but he did bump his head on

the underside of the boat.

It was a salutary lesson in safety concerning getting into dinghies and it made us be especially careful from then on.

As I said, I met the boat in Falmouth, having got the train from Woking. Zhivili was anchored 50m off the town quay and Bob was waiting for me in the Chain Locker pub with a welcome pint.

After a drink we manhandled my kit and ourselves into the dinghy tied up in Falmouth Yacht Haven and got on board the boat before returning to the Chain Locker later for a lovely evening meal.

Malpas to St. Mawes

Our fellow crew member Lionel was delayed and would not be arriving till the following evening, so Bob and I took the opportunity to motor up the harbour to Carrick Roads, a long and winding channel prompting us to stay near the green lateral buoys and stay out of shallows.

The channel split between the Falmouth and Truro rivers just beyond Tolverne and we chose the Truro to pick up a mooring buoy at the pretty village of Malpas. We had lunch on board before sailing back down the harbour and into St Mawes to anchor for a quick trip ashore to wet our whistles.

That evening Lionel arrived in Falmouth by train from Worthing and after getting him settled on board, we went ashore for a pub meal - the first time we used the dinghy for three grown men.

After a leisurely start next morning with quick showers at the marina and a provisions top-up, we set off for the picturesque Helford River. After Bob's inadvertent dip,

we went ashore to visit the pretty village of Helford and its welcoming sailing club with fantastic balcony views over the river, before returning to the boat and enjoying a lovely meal made by Lionel.

Day four saw us tack out of the Helford River under sail and plan our passage to Mevagissey. On route off Dodman Point we were joined by a pod of about 20 dolphins who swam and jumped round the boat for a good half an hour, a time scale we reckoned was quite unusual. It was fantastic to see these marvellous and social creatures enjoying themselves in the water round us.

That afternoon we entered Mevagissey, after telephoning the harbour master who told us to pick up fore and aft mooring buoys in the outer harbour. Two other yachts were in there, but mostly the harbour was full of fishing boats and trawlers.

Thats torn it!

Mevagissey is a pretty fishing port and tourist destination and we enjoyed a pint and takeaway fish and chips at the 15th-century Fountain Inn, where Bob gave fellow pub-goers an eyeful thanks to a large rip in the rear of his shorts.



The next day Bob's mobile phone had died thanks to its dip in the Helford River and he decided to get the bus to St Austell to get it fixed and meet us at our next destination Fowey.

Lionel and I felt in need of a shower, so we located Mevagissey Activity Centre on the outskirts of town and enquired at reception about getting a hot shower as visiting yachtsmen. "Of course, you can have a shower," said the friendly receptionist, "the only trouble is our boiler is broken, so it will be a cold shower. And the showers are communal."

We endured a chilling, but refreshing wash down, and returned to the harbour quayside, spotting the friendly local seal in the harbour.

Hanging by a thread

One thing we hadn't reckoned on was the big fall of tide on our two-hour trip ashore which meant our dinghy was left hanging by its painter from the harbour wall, much to the amusement of passing tourists.

Lionel and I sailed the six miles to Fowey, passing a large area of mussel lines and entered Fowey river to fill up with diesel at the self-service fuel pontoon and top up our water too.

We tied up on a mid-stream pontoon opposite Fowey Gallants SC and went ashore for a potter round town and met up with Bob who had managed to get his waterlogged phoned fixed. That evening we enjoyed a lovely meal at a tapas restaurant called Pintxo on the Esplanade - a real find.

We were hoping to do a victualling top-up at Fowey, but could only find a small Spar shop with little stock. Fortunately Lionel found a good butchers where he managed to buy some fresh chicken for curry on board the next night and Cornish pasties for lunch.

Day six saw us leave Fowey for the River Yealm, a distance of about 20 miles which we mainly had to do under motor due to wind -



direction and lack of.

The Yealm has a seriously tricky entrance involving a church on the hillside, a sand bar which nearly crosses the whole bay, and two sets of transits in trees above the river. A couple of lobster pots right on the first transit didn't help our pilotage plan!

Once inside it opened up to a beautiful yachting paradise with midstream moorings and visitor pontoons allowing rafting.

The picturesque villages of Newton Ferrers and Noss Mayo rise from either side of the river and we enjoyed a drink in The Dolphin pub, meeting the local yacht club commodore along the way.

My final day aboard involved an early start and motor round the Great Mewstone rock into Plymouth harbour where I jumped ship to get a train home.

It was a thoroughly enjoyable week and even though we didn't make the Isles of Scilly, was well worth it.

Simon Worthington





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