

# wave length

csc magazine

+

ROUND THE ISLAND  
RACE 1993 STYLE

WATCH OUT FOR  
DEZINKIFICATION!

SINGLEHANDED  
SAILING TO JERSEY

*Flotilla*

SAILING IN  
CROATIA





Wavelength  
Marion  
Tempest

# WELCOME

Hopefully lots of you are getting out and about on the water both here and abroad, This issue Robin James tells us of sailing single-handed to Jersey and of the post Covid regulations. We also have a report of the Navigators race, maintenance tips from

Dick Beddoe, a gorgeous anchorage from Nigel Barraclough and some fab art sent in by John Faulkner. Don't forget to share your summer adventures with us and send in your words and pics, happy sailing!

*Marion*

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## wavelength THE CHANNEL SAILING CLUB MAGAZINE

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PLEASE SEND ANY LETTERS AND PICTURES TO  
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CLUB NIGHT  
Channel Sailing Club meets every Wednesday at Ashtead Cricket Club, Woodfield Lane, Ashtead, 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  
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Cover photo: Marion Tempest

# BACK TO THE FUTURE..



Since my last commodore's column in the spring edition of Wavelength, I have felt a new optimism in the club with racing and cruising returning in earnest.

The racing fraternity are back in swing with exciting competition in the long race in April, the Lymington race in early May, the navigators' race in late May and the regatta races on June 18 and 19.

I was fortunate to join Jeremy John and crew on Polly Agatha for the navigators' race and it was wonderful to see seven boats out and then everybody enjoying the evening social event at Brading Haven Yacht Club in Bembridge Harbour.

I was repeatedly told that evening by members that the club was enjoying a new lease of life post Covid with sailors keen to get back on the water as soon as possible.

While cruising has had a slower start, there was a great turnout to the Northney rally in June, brilliantly organised by Nick Harman. I'm told everyone had a great time, negotiating the tricky channel to the marina and then later enjoying drinks and a meal at The Ship Inn.

Successful social events in the past few months

have included an evening to raise funds for Ukraine and another to celebrate the Queen's Platinum Jubilee. It is always great to see so many people turn up for these events. Of course they could not take place without brilliant organisers and volunteers, so many thanks to all involved.

As an RYA instructor, I know sailing schools not only in Britain, but also abroad, have been extremely busy teaching people courses from Start Yachting to Yachtmaster, so it seems that our sport really is enjoying a well deserved revival.

I am told the price of second-hand boats, like cars, is rising as more people consider leisure pursuits in this country and staycations rather than risk the vagaries of foreign travel.

For those that do venture abroad, there are some lovely areas to visit by boat,

as I have recently done on a flotilla holiday in Croatia. See my article inside on the joy of sailing in the Adriatic in June.

While boat ownership is not trouble free, I am pleased that Alick Fraser and Tom Ainsworth have managed to replace the engine on Eagle successfully and she is now back in the water in time for summer.

Another trend I have noticed at the club on Wednesday evenings recently is a steady trickle of new people popping in for a chat in the hope of join the CSC. A few have been boat owners while others are looking to broaden their experience of sailing and gain qualifications.

I have been fortunate to meet many of them and keen to see them on the water in the coming months.

Among events in the planning for the rest of 2022 include another splendid evening with Tom Cunliffe at Leatherhead Theatre in the autumn and the return of the Icicle rally to Cowes in December.

So with all that positive news, I look forward to the club getting back to the future of successful sailing once again.

*Simon*

I am not going to say “the best” because there will be quite a few nominations for that but the Kyle of Lochalsh on one side and Kyleakin on the other will always be a favourite.

A long time ago a good friend did me a favour – he introduced me to the Isle of Skye by suggesting we walk around the coast of it. The coast path would be easy to follow (he said and how wrong he was) and only covers two OS maps – all 300 miles + of it.

We arrived by the overnight train from Kings Cross via Inverness and took the ferry across and did the first 10 miles that afternoon. What followed has passed into folk lore including the time we acted as Best Man and Bride’s Maid to two complete strangers who 30 years later I still keep in touch with.

But back to the anchorage.

A quiet and peaceful spot. If you get bored with the weather – don’t worry it will change soon but enjoy it in all its moods because in the sun, the clouds, the wind or the rain there will be a different beauty in the landscape around you.

On the Kyle side there are heavy buoys to tie up to and should you wish to use the anchor the holding is good – but I hope you have strong arms because you are liable to harvest a good crop of seaweed when you pull the anchor up!

On the Kyleakin side there is a pontoon with water and access to the shops and railhead.

Mostly the tide is relatively weak, a couple of knots at its fastest but for swimming you may find it a tad cold. If you do swim then don’t be surprised if a seal pops and says “hello”.

You never know who you might meet there, one boat had come from Faeroes – single-handed.

If you like a walk the Skye has lots to

offer - so get out your dinghy and go ashore.

I fell in love with Skye all those years ago and sadly the bridge has changed it forever and it will never be quite the same again. The bridge spoils the view (hence no picture here) but if you look the other way you can pretend it is not there.

But whatever you think – go there yourself because it is still a special place to drop your hook and just enjoy it.

# A best anchorage

Nigel Barraclough tells us of a peaceful and beautiful spot



Pulling up the anchor covered in seaweed

# Back to basics...

Simon Worthington on an exciting Navigators' race

**S**even boats and more than 30 club members joined in the Navigators' Race held in the Solent on May 21.

Organiser Paul Airey gave skippers a list of 11 race marks, from which they could discard two and sail round nine.

With tide against the boats at the 11.30am start and a fresh breeze blowing, some boats chose to sail south towards the Isle of Wight, while others went west towards the Hamble.

Then they had to make their way east towards the finish line off Portsmouth harbour.

The idea behind the Navigators' race is that boats should not use chartplotters and other electronic means of navigating, but instead plot their course using traditional charts. So it was back to basics for everyone on board.

I joined Jeremy John on Polly Agatha, with fellow crew being the Ainsworth trio of Tom, James and Charlotte, plus Bonny Brown. I offered to do the navigating after the Wednesday briefing, but after a discussion on board Saturday morning a couple of course alterations were made.

We had a good start, but the wind died off during the middle of the race, leaving the heavy 48ft pilot cutter not as nimble in the water as some boats.

However, the breeze picked up again towards the end of the race and we had a cracking sail to the finish mark between

Portsmouth and the east side of the Isle of Wight.

Participants then made their way into Bembridge Harbour where drinks and a great meal were enjoyed at the local yacht club.

Penny and Brian Mills managed to cruise over and join the race teams for the evening function. Bill and Pat Rawle had intended to cruise over, but didn't make it in the end.

Boats had a crack of the dawn start to get out of tidally-restricted Bembridge harbour on Sunday morning, so rafted up together in Priory Bay for breakfast and even a spot of cold water swimming.

Crewmate Clare Davies, on Frank Gibson's boat Sapphire, said: "We had a brilliant day racing on the Saturday, dinner was delicious in the clubhouse and we woke to a very atmospheric misty marina on the Sunday.

"Leaving at 6.30am was quite a trial, but we rafted up with Polly Agatha and Myst and had breakfast.

"Obviously, Nick Harman and I had to swim - I was doing a Solent Swim on July 9 and Nick was feeling left out!

"It was like being on yachts in the Mediterranean - glassy sea, not a breath of wind and we lazed around enjoying the moment.

"Thank you all for a lovely weekend spent splashing about with mates."



## RACE RESULTS:

- 1 Caressa
- 2 Lady of Hamford
- 3 Papillon
- 4 Myst
- 5 Indigo Sky
- 6 Polly Agatha (Sapphire TLE)



# OUT OF LOCKDOWN



As soon as the Channel Islands opened to visitors in early July last year, I planned a passage to Jersey in my Dufour Classic 32 Champasak, to stay with friends who live on the island. After filing appropriate advance visitor forms with the Bailiwick of Guernsey and the Alderney harbour master I set out single handed on a bright sunny morning 17th July at 06.00hrs from Lymington making course for the Needles in a strong Ebb tide. The forecast was a NW3 so at the mouth of the Lymington river I raised my spinnaker and passed the Needles Lighthouse abeam at 07.00 making good speed of 6.5knots. I adjusted my course to 205 degrees for Braye harbour which did not allow or compensate for any cross tidal currents or leeway. I told Alderney harbour mas-

ter that I would arrive about 19.00 so I needed to maintain an average speed of 5 knots. My SOG of 6.5 knots was a very good start but when the Ebb turned to Flood about 09.30 boat speed dropped as the tidal stream carried me away from the wind.

## Prince of Wales

The new aircraft carrier 'Prince of Wales' crossed ahead of me, a fine-looking vessel undergoing sea trials but without any aircraft or armament that I could see. By 11.30 my speed had further reduced so I dropped the spinnaker, motor sailed for an hour until the wind filled from the west and I could sail on a close reach for Braye. When the flood tide finally turned to ebb again, the apparent wind and boat speed increased, so for a time it was a perfect sailing day

in a soldier's wind! Sadly, this perfect state of sailing did not last and when the wind dropped, I motor sailed to maintain speed for my arrival at Braye by 19.00. When Alderney appeared fine on my starboard bow, I altered course to 210 degrees which brought me on the strong westerly ebb tide to the entrance of Braye at 18.45. Navigation on this passage was made easy by good visibility, favourable winds and a calm sea state. However, the tides off Alderney are strong and always need attention as the ebb can suck you down the Alderney Race or even the appropriately named Swinge if you are not careful!

About 1 mile from Braye I identified myself to the harbour master who gave instructions for my overnight quarantine on a buoy in the south side of the harbour. A

yacht following me was not so fortunate as it had not completed any advance notice forms and was denied access to the harbour. I have no idea where it went and in bad weather this refusal might have placed it in jeopardy. I followed the harbour taxi launch to the assigned buoy and after a friendly chat with the lady driver, I cooked supper and slept soundly in my bunk. I was taken ashore the next morning to be processed with proof of vaccination etc. after which I would be allowed free passage and anchorage anywhere in the Bailiwick of Guernsey. This does not include Jersey which is a separate jurisdiction and had its own Covid rules. After moving the boat to the main harbour, Alderney discovered its first case of Covid so when I approached the harbour master's office, the doors were closed to me and I had to get

a passing local to telephone the office for my 'clearance' badge. I then enjoyed some fine food and hospitality but on discovery of a leaking seal in the engine water-cooling system I was advised to make my way gently back to Lymington for repair. So two days later at 09.00 I cast off and motored into the Channel with a forecast of a NE2/3. I was unable to pay for my mooring and hope that when I return, I will not find myself incarcerated in their tiny jail.

## Heading for home

In a NE3 flat sea and a strong flood tide pushing me East, I was able to steer due north at 5.5knots heading for Weymouth/Portland. The visibility was extremely good so I could see the rise of Portland Island from the middle of the channel. I maintained this speed close hauled in a calm sea until the tide turned

to an ebb pushing me West. From this point 35 miles out from Alderney, I had to motor gently 25 miles to Portland harbour where I anchored at 21.25 in the NW corner overnight, before moving the next day into the Portland marina. I was lucky on this crossing to be able to head for Warbarrow bay, so for the final 3 hours I used the west flowing ebb tide along the south coast to help me into Portland harbour. The new Brexit rules require a yacht returning from foreign waters to telephone Border force at Dover for clearance, but it was three days before I could raise an answer from their office! After a short sojourn in Portland I made passage under spinnaker to anchor in Studland Bay overnight and then a fast passage to Lymington taking the North channel to Hurst castle.

Robin James

## CONGRATULATIONS ARE IN ORDER, WELL DONE ROBIN!

● On another note, news has reached us from the Royal Solent Yacht club re their Prince Consort Charity Race: "Of 28 boats who started the course of Quinell buoy via H buoy, the tide changed too soon for everyone, except Champasak. Robin was the only competitor to finish and sailed his Dufour 32 to win his third victory in this race."

RCS Tom Symes presenting the prizes to Robin James, winner of the Prince Consort Charity Race on *Champasak*.



Keeper Prize



The Neptune Trophy for 1st RSYC boat home



The Yeoman Trophy for Overall Winner

Well it was a while ago but that doesn't stop it from being a good yarn!, I thought you might like to read about a rollicking Round the Island Race,

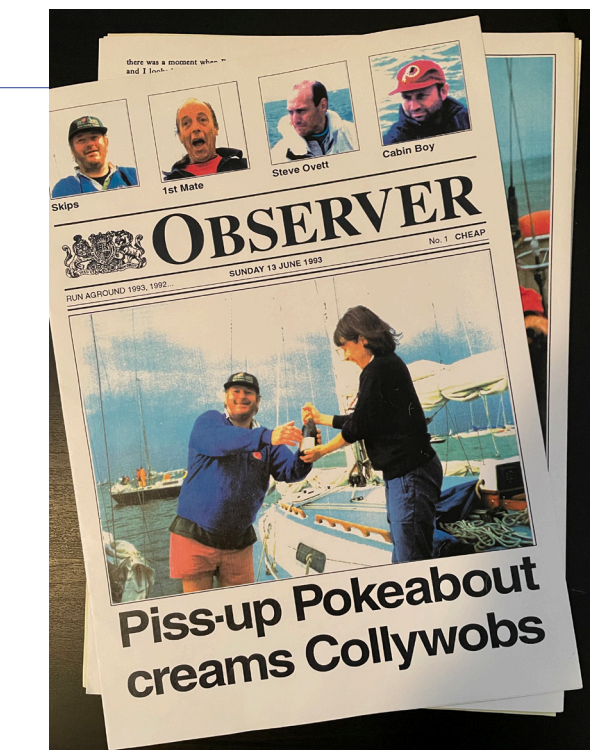
So here we go:

### Friday 11 June 1993

The mood for this years Round The Island race was set when our jolly crew departed this afternoon from chez Thomas. As a virgin sailor (as against soldier) I stupidly expected the trip to be fuelled by pretty meagre rations— week old pork pies, ships biscuits, you know the sort of thing. It was only when I was trying to somehow cram the final bottle of Champagne in between the fresh lemon sole and the mobile herb and spice cupboard in the boot of Pete's car that I realised I was about to confront *The Pokeabout Experience*. Forget all the horror stories about pumping the bog, this was *the real thing*.

### Enough supplies?

After a speedy drive down to Gosport, the first obstacle seemed to be loading all the supplies onto the boat without getting the French bread wet. However, all were soon on-board to find Alan desperately trying to find the safe place where Peter keeps the starter key. The approaching weather meant we had to



## Peter's been up in the loft again!

Peter Thomas finds a tale of ROI 1993

try to get across to Cowes as quickly as possible. Oilskins proved to be more than just a good idea, but there was a moment when Pete, Gerry and I looked at each other to check whether we were mad: and then when we looked at Alan standing in the galley, dry and drinking a coffee, we knew we were. We were half-way across when the fuel supply started playing up – 'Just normal, no problems...' Said Pete. He seems to know what

he's doing thought I. "Steer over there Shiny" was my next command from skips. And then a nasty bumping and grinding noise – a bit like being married – meant that I'd qualified for an I've run aground on Pokeabout T-shirt at the first attempt. Smart bloke old Tug Thomas. Now he'll try and charge me for it.

Nevertheless we arrived safely and got down to some serious business. Alan cob-

bled together some fine nosh before heads went down for the night.

### Saturday 12 June 1993

Yawn. Well, we knew it was an early start, but we didn't expect to be woken up by being cast adrift, tied to another boat, by some prat next to the pontoon who was so keen to get away early he thought it best not to wake us. That little panic over, we managed to get our act together enough to make the 6.55am start. After a clean start, it was quite hard work getting down to the Needles, with winds gusting up to 25knots.

### Tell it like it is

Peter and Alan seemed to be having some kind of technical discussion about sail configurations. All I heard was "Why d'ya let go the f\*\*\*ing rope Al? Must read that one up in the manual... I'd assumed we would round the Needles – avoiding the Narvassi wreck – in the style of Bob Fisher, (i.e. Accurately, slick, professional, fast) As you have to add aground, holed and rudderless to that list as we found out afterwards when we read his race report, I think we got round just fine.

Rounding the Needles was also the cue for breakfast – fried egg rolls and bucks fizz from the intrepid chef Pierre Thomas. Fitting into that galley space being bounced

10ft in the air by some rather large waves and cooking fried eggs without breaking the yoke must nearly be an art form

### Sail right?

Sail choice on the spinnaker run down to St. Catherine's Point was a little suspect. I think we all felt like we could have done a little better, as changing to the no.1 sail may have gained us about 10 minutes, but the weather was unpredictable, and its easy to be wise after the event. We were moving steadily through the white and blue flags and the beers were flowing so we were doing OK. Regarding the fort, we nearly collided with Calypso who apologised loads and then nearly hit us again but we were getting used to it. Conditions back towards the finishing line from the fort proved tricky, and a crowd of boats suddenly appeared, but careful tracking meant we still put in a good time, finishing at 16.49 Overall position was 9th in class (Non rated Yachts class H) and 90th of the 318 non-rated Yachts that started.

### Saturday 12 June 1993

Involves an unfeasibly large fry up and lots of gloating. Thanks to Peter Thomas, Gerry Roper and Alan Pryce for a bloody good weekend. Taken from an Article supplied by Peter Thomas

## YOUR HEALTH



by JANET SAINSBURY

WHEN did you last up-date your medical supplies on board? Do you actually know the range of goods you should be carrying, even if you are out for only a couple of hours?

I have prepared the following lists which are not exhaustive but should be the very minimum your on-board First Aid box should contain:

[a] Inshore, within range of medical assistance:

sun cream, stugeron (*sea sickness*), paracetamol (*headaches*), piriton (*allergies*), container or cold water (*burns*), stentrisrips (*to close wounds*), plasters, bandages, cotton swabs, micropore tape, an 'airway' (*for unconscious patient*), arnica cream or tablets (*for bruises and healing*) and aspirin (*1st line emergency treatment for heart attack*).

[b] Offshore out of range of radio and medical assistance:

all the above, plus:

holiday diarrhoea pack, emergency dental repair pack, strong painkillers e.g. codeine, morphine etc., broad spectrum antibiotics (*two types*), urinary catheters, suppositories, scalpels and stitch cutters, needles and thread, sterile saline solution spray, more bandages, swabs, larger plasters and non-stick dressings, eye ointment, aloe vera plant (*juice can also be used on burns, wounds, rashes or taken internally for gastro intestinal problems*) large enough quantity to last for at least two weeks.

Do you have any questions for Janet?

Would you like advice on basic medical treatment?

ASK JANET at

wavelength@channelsailingclub.org

Another article from the Wavelength archives 2004: Late Janet Sainsbury's health tips supplied by Tony Sparling

# A TRUE GENTLEMAN

Nigel Barraclough looks back on the life of his friend Colin Jackson

It was through an Email chat line that Colin first heard of the CSC. However CSC definitely was not his first introduction to the water.

His first experience was a punt on the Thames at Kingston with his parents. One thing rapidly became obvious - there must be more to it than this! But despite knowing nothing about sailing he decided to take it up so went to a company advertising sailing. By this time he was in his early 20s but not knowing anyone who had a boat the only way to really go sailing was to buy one. The first boat was a 21' bilge keeler called "The Debutante" which was purchased in Farnborough ie. Some distance from the sea. The problem of transportation was solved by a farmer friend and the yacht was duly taken to Langstone.

## A very practical person

Colin must be one of those rare people who actually made and laid his own mooring. A relatively simple process: take 16 bags of Readymix concrete, a bit of fresh water and some chain, put the together in about the

right way and there you have it - one mooring!

The Debutante took him to the West Country and the Channel Islands but she was a slow boat and one could not help but be aware of the limitations imposed by a 4 Knot boat speed in some of the faster currents. So they parted company.

That however was not the end of sailing. The Inter Varsity Club (IVC) followed and with a membership of over 3000 meant there were some sailors there. Sailing meant chartering boats for a weekend or a week from private individuals. Some interesting times followed. Boats included a Thames sailing barge and a 30' yawl but typically they were 25-30' and organised on a not too dissimilar way to CSC. The number of weekends were about 35, mainly May - September with a number of boats going out from various places, east and south coast to almost any where. It is with a touch of irony that Colin recalls that: they used to take boats they didn't know, with crews they didn't know, out of places they didn't know to destinations they didn't know! It must be recorded that while

there were some "moments" disasters were rare but there were some "odd balls" they only saw once!

The 30' yawl provided some of the more exciting moments. This wooden boat had a stove which could be fed with charcoal and on one occasion happily when there were number of people on deck a burning, smoking smell was noticed by one crew and then another until there could be no mistake. The engine on this boat had an unlagged exhaust pipe up against which was a bag of charcoal which happened to be not far from the fuel tank. One crew member opened the locker where the charcoal was and by now the paper bag it was in was alight and threw the whole lot over the side before real and true disaster struck. But it is a sobering thought that had it happened at night with only the helmsman on deck things could have been very different!

It is also worth remembering that these were pre Decca (never mind GPS) days. Such things as a liferaft (use the dingy), flares, VHF were not carried - how times change! The navigation instruments



were some times of doubtful value; on one occasion a while using the Radio Direction Finding a Null point of 40 degrees was obtained (2 or 3 is normal). The RDF was opened up and the aerial was cracked in 2 and held together with selotape!

Fun times!

The IVC had a significant impact on Colin's life in another way - he met a girl called Diane and they were been married for over 40 years and have 3 children. Diane is also a sailor and actually became a "full" member of the CSC before Colin. After leaving the IVC ,with Colin having reached the dizzy heights of Commo-

dore, sailing was revived with the purchase of a Drascombe Lugger - 17' with bow sprit and trailer sailed. The Lugger has been take far and wide: Salcombe, Dartmouth, Ireland (within sight of the Fastnet Rock); there great advantage of this form of sailing being the ease which you can get to places a bigger boat never would.

One thing Colin was very aware of was the balance that needed to be struck - this is particularly important in sailing but also in life generally. In sailing he also met the late Donald Crowhurst who it is thought committed suicide on the first non-stop single hand- ed around the world yacht

race; this was someone for whom the balance was lost and tragically so. But in life generally he was not upset or bothered by limitations imposed by not having for example vast amount money.

## Not just a sailor

Sailing was not his only pleasure. An interest in Industrial Archaeology and Social History and of being interested in how people lived and did things. He used his excellent IT skills and was the Club's webmaster for a while. Also he was very active in his local U3A group - particularly creating his own guided walks around London. Other places like Ironbridge were of great interest and more than one holiday was spent "ruin bashing".

Family, cycling, walking, the garden and working around the house are all things that he enjoyed.

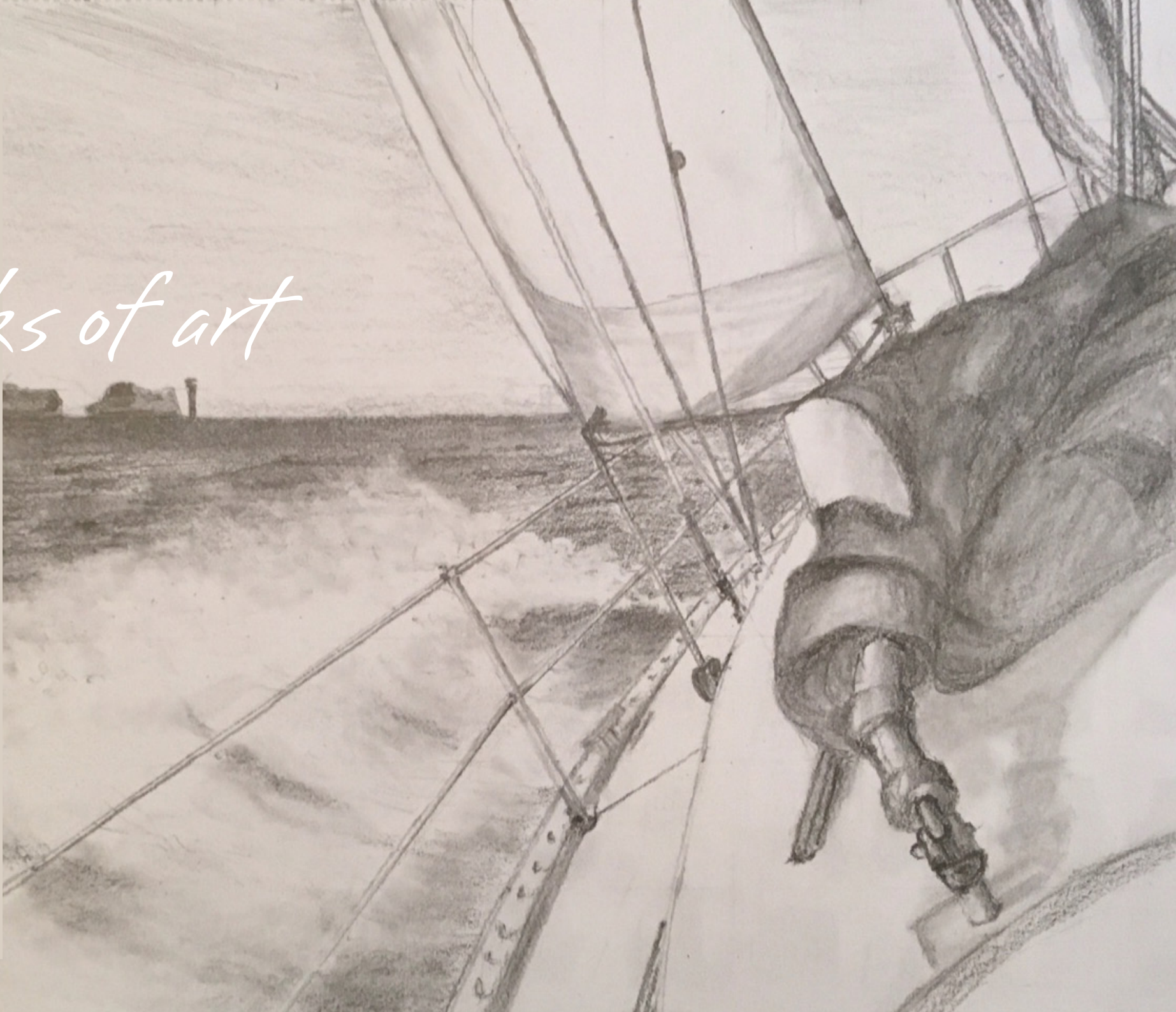
6 foot 2 inches tall with a quiet but warm sense of humour - someone to whom nature particularly the sea provided a calming and very satisfying influence on life.

**Colin Jackson**  
26th November 1937 -  
1st June 2022.



# Works of art

Club member John Faulkner sent Wavelength these drawings he said, "I've never really stopped making art but have some intense periods like in lock-down. My medias are pencil, pastel and oil pastel. Usually I am inspired by something and then work to get the idea down on paper. I have attended a few classes but am mainly self taught, picking up tips from artists as I go. I've used sailing as inspiration and other subjects such as this pastel: one for Jazz fans..."







# Summer sailing in Croatia

Because of its crystal clear waters and beautiful islands Croatia is fast becoming the ideal sailing destination. So it is no wonder that 70 per cent of the world's charter boats are now based on the Dalmatian coast.

Add in hours of summer sunshine and reasonable winds and this makes for some glorious if at times rather busy sailing spots.

My wife Marion and I were joined by fellow club

members Rich and Zoe Murfitt on a Beneteau Oceanis 41 called Beneatha, which I thought sounded like a depth gauge, but I was just pronouncing it wrong!

We booked with Nautilus sailing holidays and joined the boat on June 4 at Seget Donji marina, near the beautiful town of Trogir, where superyachts mingle with humble harbour ferries on the glamorous quayside.

Seget Donji marina is one of two at Trogir (the other is

the ACI), meaning there are hundreds of cruising boats in the locality.

After arriving at the marina in the late afternoon, we met our friendly flotilla leaders Beth and Becky who were embarking on their first season in the area.

Our week was the southern flotilla, but on alternate weeks they sail a northern route too.

On our first night aboard (when we were still in the marina) a young American

crew on a large catamaran opposite caroused till the early hours, forcing Rich to head out in his PJs at 3.30am and ask them politely to pipe down. It turns out that the offending party was just one of about 25 boats taking part in a weekly 'floating festival' run by a company called The Yacht Week, which hosts about 300 people on each trip. Basically the clients (not crew) party all night, sleep all day and rarely get involved in the any of the sailing, leaving that to the young skippers and hostesses on board.

Marion and I groaned loudly when a large group of

boats from The Yacht Week moored in Bol harbour on Brac right in front of the hotel we had just booked into after the sailing holiday. But back to our sailing week.

After a full briefing by Beth and Becky to the crew of the five flotilla boats, we set sail for Sesula bay on the island of Solta, a distance of about 12NM from Trogir and a nice way of easing ourselves in the sailing routine. We rafted in a lovely bay with stern lines ashore to enjoy a welcome punch party on board the lead boat before heading ashore to a taverna.

The next day was a longer

trip of about 24NM to Komiza town on Vis island, where we picked up mooring buoys in the harbour, got a water taxi ashore for a meal, but had an uncomfortable night on board in the rolling swell.

Day three was a free sailing day and we chose to do a trip of about 15NM round to Vis town, staying in the village of Kut on the quieter side of the harbour where there was a great beach for swimming.

On the next day the flotilla re-grouped in a little bay called Vela Garska on the island of Hvar. We rafted up together and enjoyed a



cocktail in the single beach bar before heading to the only restaurant.

Unfortunately it was very busy and we took a long time to get served.

It was at this point we learned that crew on one of the flotilla boats felt unwell and had tested positive for Covid 19. They had to quarantine and couldn't go ashore. By the morning briefing another of the five boats had gone down with Covid, making everyone very nervous indeed.

The outbreak of Covid on a small flotilla brought back home a warning that the pandemic had far from gone away.

With thunderstorms approaching and two boats struck by Covid, the flotilla decided to stay an extra night in Vela Garska and get a water taxi into buzzing Hvar town.

It's a tourist hot spot with bars and restaurants lining the quayside, but we found a lovely little tapas bar in a quiet side street on the way back down from the imposing hill top castle.

Croatian cuisine is definitely Italian and Greek influenced with a mixture of tasty (often grilled) meat and fish, and lots of pizza and pasta dishes, it may not all be gourmet standard but prices are certainly rising

as the area becomes more popular with tourists.

The last day of sailing was a challenging 25NM trip back to Trogir in winds gusting 30kts.

We filled up with diesel at the fuel pontoon at Seget Donji marina and surprised the fuel attendant by needing only 20 litres to fill our tank, a testament to the amount of sailing and non-motoring we had done during the week.

It was a highly enjoyable week and while challenging at times, one that I would readily repeat as Croatia is a beautiful and interesting area to sail around

*Simon Worthington*



“The best welcome we could wish for”.

We had left Troon in reasonable weather – i.e. overcast and bit damp but otherwise OK and I was looking forward to seeing the Isle of Aran, Campbeltown and the Mull of Kintyre.

Well, what happened? We could only see the bottom half of Aran – the cloud saw to that and the rain slowly but slowly along with the damp crept in and the wind gently grew stronger.

By the time we arrived in Campbeltown it was thoroughly wet and miserable and any thoughts of singing “The Mull of Kintyre” in the sunshine had long since gone – it was plain horrible!

So, it came to mooring – no spare pontoons, no berthing master – all gone home, we were on our own.

The first boat we tried to get alongside took one look at us and asked “are you a steel boat?” – “yes” we replied thinking we had found a new friend...”the go away, I don't want you alongside me – you will make my boat dissolve!”. I wondered about explaining the chemistry of different metals in seawater to him but this did not seem the time or place.

So we tried another boat, couldn't make it, bear off, have another go, still couldn't make it in the wind and tide, right go back out and start again from scratch. 3rd time it worked beautifully absolutely perfect! The other boat

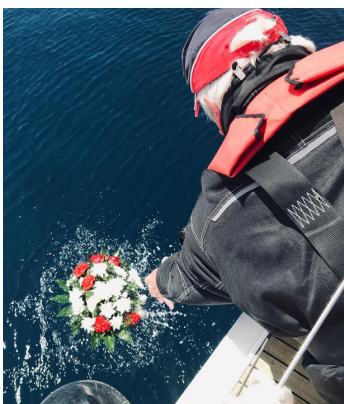
took our lines, helped us tie up and complemented us on some difficult boat handling. Apparently, they were just off so couldn't spend time chatting but they did delay leaving so they could boil a kettle of hot water for us so we could have a very welcome coffee.

We never saw them again and could do no more than leave a “thank you” note in the kettle. All I can say “Worthy Friend” – for that was the yacht's name, you lived up to you name and if by some fluke you happen to read this, remember a steel yacht called Ragga-muffin because we have not forgotten you! After all, you gave use the best welcome we could wish for!

*Nigel Barraclough*



# Gone but not forgotten



Martin Thomas still misses his 'Easter bunny' pal Gerry Roper

It was on Friday 1st April 2022 that I heard of the peaceful passing away of my friend Gerry. What news to receive on April Fools Day. Gerry passed away peacefully in hospital, with Jen by his side, after a few days of treatment.

I first met Gerry at the CSC way back in the early 1990's, do any of you remember that far back! I, with my brother Pokabout Pete, had already formed the Easter Bunnies sailing group in 1980. The idea being to charter

different yachts, in different locations with friends both experienced and beginners who wished to learn of the love of sailing.

It all started by sailing in British waters, with Gerry's first trip with us in 1992. We sailed from Falmouth to Kinsale in Southern Ireland and back via the Scilly Isles. It soon became apparent that it would be cheaper to charter in the Mediterranean. Gerry really got into the swing of things and attended our monthly meetings to discuss future sailing

and enjoyed all the pre-departure planning as much as the sailing itself. He loved to design the merchandise, he had wonderful ideas and made each design different. Passage planning he also loved, looking at places we could sail too, organizing bolt holes should the weather suddenly turn. But his greatest love was to barter with the charter company to reduce their costs. He never came away disappointed. We still do not spend more than £500 on flights and charter for 10 days sailing.

What has been interesting through the years is that we have been down to 4 sailors and have had as many as 12 on some trips. For next year we maybe up to 13.

## 27 years a bunny

Once Gerry was on board he really came alive with his love of sailing. He went to the extra knot to explain how things worked, how to set sails, navigate with bits of string and a fag packet, or use the latest techno gizmo's. He also showed tremendous patience with some of us. His best advice to new sailors was to always think 3 steps ahead, and just think things through before a bad situation arose.

The only thing Gerry seemed reluctant to do was get involved in cooking and washing up. So it was a good job we stopped having a full English breakfasts and lived on cereals with coffee instead.

Once back home for the de-brief Gerry was at it again, This time organizing everyone to send their photos to him so he could put them onto a CD, remember those! And issue to the crews. Then we would have a photo show in the pub which always drew attention from the regulars.

Gerry came on every trip until 2019, a total of 27 years. He came to one of our final meetings prior to our trip to Trogir this year and wanted to be assured that we had a good deal from the charter company. Again he was not disappointed. He also enjoyed meeting the new crew members, Patrick, Trevor, and

John, whom he had not sailed with before.

One of his last comments to me was his desire that the Bunnies keep sailing, so we are already planning our 2023 trip, not a holiday.

On our last trip this year to Croatia, on the Sunday (when we always have a toast to absent friends at midday) anchored in a small bay, south of the island of Otok Scedro, on the southern side of Hvar, and had a wreath laying ceremony, for Gerry, and also for our friend Trevor Barker. I, Jimmy and Stuart said a few words in memory of both fantastic Easter Bunnies.

## Gerry also loved his Jazz

But for me Gerry was far more than just a sailing friend. He had an old VW T 20 camper van, older but similar to mine, We would head with the girls to various jazz festivals around the UK. Every year we always went to Keswick, Upton and Bude, Sometimes we would go to one off festivals in places like Staithes and Bute. He loved getting the jazz programmes and looking through to see which bands he wanted to see and hear. Always a difficult decision between bands he had seen previously and new bands that took his fancy. Gerry's fondness for jazz was passionate. Not always the same as mine. He was much more musically astute than me. I liked the beer swilling, foot tapping traditional jazz, while Gerry preferred the more melodic tuneful style. After the jazz we would head back to the camp site for a BBQ. Many a happy evening spent sitting in the cold, damp evenings of the English summer enjoying the food, and then back for a late jazz session and a warm up.

We would spend hours just chatting about the jazz, our worldly travels and plans for the future, but we always seemed to end up talking about sailing trips past and future.

So Gerry fond farewell and thanks for your friendship over the years.

**Gerald Ernest Roper 'Gerry'**  
25th February 1941 – 1st April 2022

# Are you rotten?

Dick Beddoe is suspicious about dezincification

**S**ingapore Sling is finally back in the water after a two-and-a-half-year spell ashore in a shed. During that time various jobs have been completed, some myself and some by a local Estonian guy call Siim! One of the last jobs came about because as I was inspecting the stopcocks on the yacht, I found that two of the head outlets were very stiff, and the skin fittings looked slightly pink rather than a good healthy bronze colour. (See Fig 1)

So, I took the decision to have them replaced, and to be sure that they would last I asked for super quality Vetus bronze fittings. The good news is that I did not actually do the job as removing the old ones was a complete bi\_\_ch of a job. It ended up with cutting the stopcock off from the skin fitting and then extracting the skin fitting from the hull as best as possible.

My suspicions about the dezincification were well justified. What is particularly interesting is that the rot is highly localised and had penetrated right into the thread. If you look at the

picture right you can see the pink hue of rotten bronze right through the cross section whilst other areas where I have ground the surface, expose sound bronze. (See Fig 2) In other words, the rot penetrates the body of the fitting in fissures rather than rotting the whole lot. But this weakens the whole fitting. It is very deceptive just how bad it had become. From the outside you couldn't really see anything. (See Fig 3)

Someone would try to close a very stiff valve and just tear the whole fitting off. A 1½ inch hole in the hull will let an awful lot of water in!

However, if left I can see that one day someone would try to close a very stiff valve and just tear the whole fitting off. A 1 ½ inch hole in the hull will let an awful lot of water in!

The moral of the tale is not to wait, change them before a disaster happens. I have now scheduled all the others to be done next winter.

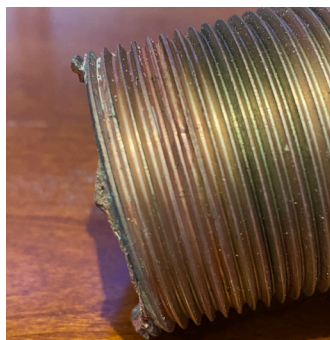


Fig 1 The copper colour is clear on the threads



Fig 2 Note the coppery flecks through the body



Fig 3 The outside doesn't reveal a lot

## Inflatable boats

Do we ever give them a second thought?

**I**nflatable boats! They come in all sorts of shapes, sizes, colours, some are rowed (often in circles) others have outboard motors, bashed and abused but whatever you think of them they have become integral to our sailing lives. We even gave them a ridged hull and called them "RIBs". But have you ever given any thought to their origins?

I give you the "Halkett Boat". Peter Halkett a Lieutenant in the Royal Navy in the 1840s and the son of John Halkett, a director of the Hudson's Bay Company who for many years had lived in Canada before returning to England. He had a long time interest in the Arctic and in the expeditions of John Franklin.

One of the difficulties in travelling in the Arctic was designing boats robust enough to

cope with the conditions but light enough to be carried.

### Multitway design

His first design was a collapsible and inflatable boat made of rubber-impregnated cloth – an early form of Mackintosh cloth. The design had the advantage of being able to be used as cloak (and if necessary, part of rudimentary shelter). The oar formed a walking stick and the sail an umbrella.

This was followed by a larger 2-man design which was still small enough to fit into a rucksack.

In 1844 Halkett tested his craft by paddling 10 miles down the river Thames – attracting many strange looks from other craft and various on-lookers on the shore, but the boat stayed afloat and took

on very little water.

He tried to interest the Admiralty in his design but they saw little use for and turned him away, nor was he able to market them to fishermen or duck shooters.

He had more success with Arctic explorers, notably John Franklin and John Rea – both of who had experience of Arctic travel.

John Rea took one of Halkett's boats with him in his surveys of the Canadian Arctic (Rupert's Land) and in his subsequent search for John Franklin. John Rea returned home to Orkney and the Halkett boat he used is on display in the museum in Stromness.

### Designs were sadly abandoned

The boat was exhibited in the Great Exhibition of 1851, but sadly Halkett's boat designs were not commercially successful and never entered general use outside the specialised field of Canadian exploration. Later promoted to Captain, Halkett died on 23 March 1885, aged 65, and the manufacture of his boat designs was abandoned.

Since then, others have picked up the design and it has become a ubiquitous part of sailing lives so next time you get your dinghy out just give Peter Halkett a thought – it was, after all, him who invented it.

*Nigel Barraclough*





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