



Autumn News 2016

We are now into P2, with cruisers ashore and fewer dinghies in the boat park, but the hardier folk sail on. Reflecting on the season, the latter half has been good to us with few races cancelled, although the first half of the season was not so good.

Those who visit the website frequently will be familiar with the success of CCSC sailors at away events, with major awards in Skiff, I14, Scorpion and Toppers. At home, Castle Cove members won the IRC 2 and IRC 4 classes in the Keelboat Regatta and we hosted 123 dinghies for the Dinghy Regatta with Castle Cove members taking firsts in Slow Handicap, Osprey and Asymmetric classes. We have also hosted open events for Scorpion, Enterprise and held the 2000 Nationals, as well as several small groups coming to us to train. They all love the club with its friendliness and location.

The cruising programme has had an increasingly well supported season with trips away and shared suppers as far away as Beaulieu and Portland Marina!

John Harrington has been driving our social conscience with an environmentally safe slipway cleaner and a recycling system. Please support this by separating your own and club waste into the right category.

20-30 members do a lot of work on your behalf and we have not been good at telling you about it. In the last newsletter, Barry Scutt gave you an overview of the long term investigations into pontoon alternatives. The existing arrangement again involves dismantling and taking ashore the individual pieces which is hard and messy work, but we have not to date found a sensible alternative. This time Barry Grant will give you some background on the dinghy park and railway bank issues.

Neil Stroud has organised a series of talks and socials for Wednesday evenings, on top of those that WPCA arrange on Tuesdays, to which CCSC members are welcome. An opportunity to learn or improve your skills, get to know who needs crew for the coming season and brighten the winter nights.



We will be seeking several new committee members at the AGM. The list will be published with the AGM papers in late October so please contact me if you can help.

Stephen Green
Commodore

Lift out and Dinghy Park Changes

With Richard Paley having done much preparation, the dinghy park changeover was complete by 1030, allowing ample time for cradles to be erected. A huge thanks to all of those who helped with this.

In spite of gradually increasing wind over the three days, all boats are ashore but it proved impossible to complete the pontoon lift in time. Once again Well done to Barry Scutt for the organisation and the lift team and helpers for planning and carrying out the event, which could only succeed with large quantities of tea, coffee and bacon butties, and a big crane.



but.....

Please ensure that halyards are not frapping masts to avoid disturbing our neighbours and that dinghies are securely tied down.

Could we also ask that any items of rubbish that are not general household waste, that you take them home with you (ie toilets/ empty antifoul tins/old brushes/rollers etc.etc.) these can all be dumped at your local waste management tip free of charge.



Check out what's behind this QR code.



Castle Cove Ladies Sailing

We have had a great summer on the water with 51 different club members attending and an average of 15 boats out each time; some new members wanting to get confidence on the water and meet other members, and some seasoned club racers who want an opportunity to practice their skills outside of the race. Many thanks to Sara Lloyd, D Gill, Nick Hollis, Helen Martin and Chris Forrest who drive the rescue boats and so much more for us.

Every year we hold a race in September in memory of Joe Isaacs. Joe was one of the founding members of Ladies Sailing providing patient support from the rescue boat to many of us. He was a regular club racer in his Solo, instructed at Cadets and also taught many club members to drive!

This year was the 7th Isaacs Cup race and took place in exhilarating conditions – average wind speed of 20 knots with gusts of 29 knots! A little bit scary, but very exciting with 16 boats finishing the race; 7 Laser 4.7s, 3 Laser Radials, a Laser 2000, a Laser Pico, a Laser Vago, a Comet, a Wayfarer and a Devon Yawl. Chris Forrest and Alison Stephens finished in first place in their Laser 2000, with Lucy Bishop close behind in her Laser Radial and Ben Wightman and Roger Whiting in third place in the Devon Yawl. We celebrated afterwards with a delicious shared lunch and surprised Diana Gill with a 70th birthday cake! Hope I'm still Laser sailing at 70!



We are hoping for a few more weeks on the water, so please feel free to join us on Fridays at 9.30.



Micky O'Toole



What a Great Sailing Season !!

The weather has been on our side for pretty much all of it, and WOW have we had some great times this year, so I look back at all the cruises this year and I have to say the one that stands out for me has to be



the Bucklers Hard Trip, we had 9 boats go, this was absolute magic, great food, great company , great trip. Its trips like this that makes the whole cruising scene for me worthwhile.

However we have had many a great trip, made new friends, seen new places, eaten and drank far to much, and been sun burnt many times, but that's what summer cruising is about.

So what's up next when you read this the boats will be out of the water and we will be thinking just what winter jobs need to be done and can I wait until next year to start them, but we also are about to embark on this year's Winter Talks and what a line up we have, more fun and frolics with a bit of serious stuff thrown in for good measure.

At this point finally I would like to say thankyou to everyone who has taken part in one of the cruises this year, without you it would be a very different group.



Winter Talks

- Wed 19th October — Look back at 2016 & Setting the Scene**
- Wed 26th October — Knots and Splicing with Bill**
- Wed 9th November — Cruising Social, Song and Laughter**
- Wed 23rd November— Get Ready to Cook**
- Wed 7th December — Cheese, Wine and BINGO**
- Wed 4th January — Weather with Bob**
- Wed 18th January — It's Quiz Night !!**
- Wed 1st February — Rigging with Andy Gordon**
- Wed 15th February — Intro to Cruising Programme 2017**
- Sat 4th March — Cruisers Dinner (dining at its best)**
- Wed 8th March — Diesel Engine Care & Maintenance**
- Wed 22nd March — Sail Trim for Cruisers**
- Sat 8th April — Wine Tasting with a Twist**
- Wed 19th April — Let's go Cruising Social**

During the month of January we will be holding some Basic Navigation Evenings these are designed for the Novice Navigator (Max 8 people) if this is you please get in touch with either Mike Conroy or Neil Stroud.

All Talks are 7.00pm for 7.30pm - Bar Open

Dinghy Dayboat Sailing

We have had a few trips on the go since our last newsletter. The Williams family trailed up to the annual 'Ullswater gathering' of the Wayfarer Association and were rewarded with almost unheard of constant sunshine and near perfect sailing conditions for the week.

Based at the Ullswater Yacht Club we were joined by 20 plus Wayfarers and for the first time a few Wanderers all of whom had some great day sails to every part of the lake.

The evenings were also tremendous fun with home grown entertainment including 'Beer o'clock' 'sing a longs', bbq, quiz night and a talent show!

If you have a Wayfarer or a Wanderer this event is a must, particularly if you have children.

Tim Crisford took his Kittiwake across to Holyhead for their association get to together.



The club Bank holiday day sail went ahead with three Wayfarers and that other well known cruising dinghy a Vago! But well done to all.

The wind was fickle and looked like it just might die, precluding options other than heading for Ringstead. It did however fill in quite quickly and the armada rapidly approached the Lee shore in near perfect formation. Sue deployed her anchor for the first time in anger and had a few subsequent dragging problems that placed her directly offshore of some naturists on the beach!

The Vago did it's best, but did highlight a few problems that a race boat can have when pushed to cruising scenarios and it was a little too choppy to get close to each other for a social, nevertheless we all had lunch, with some choosing to swim ashore.

On departure, Fred and Steve discovered that their anchor was well and truly held in weed and despite their best efforts was not coming free. They let out some warp fired up the out-board and hit it at half throttle, nothing moved. Drifting back they then unleashed all 3.5 hp of snarling Tohatsu, this time she came free. Ian just could not free his anchor and was forced to cut his warp.



The wind increased further and skippers chose different routes home, some staying inshore and others pushing well out into the bay. Steve and Fred stayed with Phil in the Vago as he was single crewed. Sue handled a tiller breakage and sailed on in true Wayfaring style, whilst Ian took the scenic inshore route. Becoming self reliant on trips without safety cover such as this was, is an important skill.

We all made it back safely with a few stories to tell. It was noticeable that we all had smiling faces, it hadn't been an easy sail but it was a really rewarding one, with some lessons learned and comfort zones extended.

Huge thank you to all who attended and look forward to more of you joining us on the next one.

Keep an eye open for the meeting dates of next year's training and day sails.



Tim Crisford took his Kittiwake, Adelie, to the annual Kittiwake Cup event at Holyhead in August.

The aim had been to tie the Kittiwake event into the OGA Holyhead festival, and some good sailing was had in the outer harbour and the bay, but the weather was tricky and it finally deteriorated to the point where sadly the races planned for the weekend had to be cancelled due to high winds.

However, the weather cleared for the festival parade on the Sunday and a fun time was had with many boats dressed overall, some splendid costumes and various boats firing replica cannons.

Steve Williams



Members Stories

Rio 2016

The Olympics is undoubtedly a special event, something which happens every four years and for many people only once in their lives. For me however it is amazing how quickly it creeps up on you: simply you wake up one day and it is the 8th of August 2016 and for this reason I suspect no one ever feels fully prepared. I'm now knocking on 40 and this was certainly a Games of many 1sts for me and definitely a memorable event, but it also re-enforced what a fantastic job the UK did as hosts in 2012.

The Olympics is also not perhaps what you would expect: the atmosphere is of everyone doing everything they can to get the best result. Whilst in normal competition crossing by $\frac{1}{2}$ a boat length may be considered safe (without protest or incident), at the Olympics crosses of anything less than 1 boat length could be considered dangerous and with a 1 discard series, years of work can be put at risk by starting close to someone.

Every point counts with DPI (additional point added to the score) a real worry. We spent days with the American team arguing that you were not allowed to put McLube (a lubricant) on the boom and this is before the competition even started, and perhaps my biggest memory was the huge amount of paperwork and documents to read, with endless requests for information. Even then many sailors ended up with points added to their scores.

It started with the boat draw which ended in confusion when the equipment could not be allocated to the correct boat meaning we had to wait an extra 2 days to get the boat. Evi even took a boat off, washed it and was then told she had to bring it back, and at one point Lijia's sail disappeared and Annalise didn't have a sail at all!

Everything was a piece of paper, every request, and upon returning home I feel relieved that we planted 2000 trees on Imberhorne Farm to mark the Millennium and so I can still consider myself "Green" after all the requests on separate pieces of paper: 1. Use a Zhik Toe strap, 2. Use side cleats, 3. Use a wind indicator, 4. Repair the defected centreboard we were supplied with, and the list goes on....

Once we got the boats, we had to wait for the "stickers" to arrive for the sails and at one



point (when the delay reached over a week) I was wondering if we were all going to be racing with blank sails. I remember at the Team Leaders' meeting when the Hong Kong sailor was given the wrong country letters on his bib and was told there was not time to print a new one. His reply was he would only race if he could represent his country.

Actually for Lijia, these delays made little difference, although of course no one likes to wait around all day and still not have a boat, but with one week to go I was uncertain that she would be able to race the Olympics let alone finish all the races. She sailed perhaps 6 times in the 2 months before the games after tearing the AC joints in both shoulders shortly after the Weymouth World Cup (it was an AC tear which originally forced her to retire after 2012), whilst I was away for meetings with the Chinese Leaders. Every day we sailed resulted in nearly a week off and we are eternally grateful for the help of Dr Simoni (who was the head Doctor for the Brazilian football world cup) who gave Lijia a double cortisone injection (one in each shoulder) 3 days before the competition, meaning she was more or less pain free for the first two days before things started to deteriorate. I am just so happy we managed to finish the regatta as the disappointment of being in Rio and unable to race would have been unbelievable.

I heard some countries which were more culturally similar to Brazil that they had a distinct advantage being used to organised chaos, whereas for northern Europeans it was a pretty frustrating period. For example, Weymouth often gets given a hard time as we are unable to promise racing in 30 degrees any time of year but the simple things we take for granted like being able to park and having a concrete slipway now seem wonderful. A week before the games the temporary launching ramp in Rio fell to pieces, I guess because someone did the maths wrong, and it was rebuilt at the last minute, a little over half the size. Indeed, I got stuck the day before measurement when I went to wash Lijia's boat and then a truck came and parked to lift the new slipway. It put out its stabilisers while lifting the ramp which meant there was no longer room for me to pass with her boat. She did wonder why I took such a long time!



Of course much was made of the problems that Rio faces, I personally know of several people who were held at gun point and after dark I only ever carried my old phone and a single (low limit) credit card but despite this in nearly every class the people who sailed the best were those standing on top of the podium at the end of the competition. Wherever the barriers, the cream always rises to the top.

The thing I liked most about Rio was the races were never boring: some race courses you had to tack up the middle in the cone behind the Island, some hard left or hard right paid for topographical or persistent shift reasons and as you may have guessed from the results the regatta for the Lasers and Radials was far windier than I think anyone could have expected. It was a consistency regatta which is the way it should be and with a few series of races completed there is no doubt that the person standing on the top of podium absolutely belonged to be there.

Of course there were problems. The pollution meant you had to be super safe and after growing up on a farm where a bit of dirt was nothing to worry about, in Rio I now washed about 3 times as much as I used to, better safe than sorry. It is sad to hear that some sailors got sick, a risk we all took. The Chinese were very unhappy at the beginning of the games when the Brazilians flew the wrong National flag, but after the Brazilians were corrected this turned to rage when the wrong flag re-appeared at the end of the games (10 million comments on the Chinese version of facebook and counting).

Everything was an interesting experience: these games were sadly clouded with doping and I actually stayed in the same hotel as the Russian windsurfers shortly before the event... so I can only imagine what they were thinking. At the beginning several were not allowed in the Olympic venue. Plus, the fact the Ukraine windsurfer who won Palma “recently became Russian” and therefore lost her Olympic spot and came as a coach for Israel. To make things even harder with the doping the brand new testing facility in Brazil was found to be flawed so they had to bring in outside people, I believe the Swiss. I even had a call at 22:30 at night to bring Lily for a test, which in my experience is unheard of... the testers usually come to you (and wake you up at 06:00 because you have to tell them exactly where you are the whole time and this is a time they know they are likely to find you at home and therefore the easiest place to locate).

The effort for security was huge and I can understand the Brazilian sensitivity about the issue, as there was little more they could have done. Lijia sailed only once with her Olympic boat before the games, for a little over an hour. We wanted to see if she could race just putting the mainsheet in the cleat and leaving it there all the time upwind, as she couldn't really use her arms. When she finished changing she left her bag in the changing room (there were no lockers) and went sailing, which seemed quite logical to her... after all where else could she put it? After 30 minutes a RIB came and brought me off the water (no phones are allowed on the water and I guess the Brazilians did not have a Radio), I was taken straight to security where they showed me the video of my entering and swiping my Olympic accreditation with the bag (I always had to carry Lijia's bag, put up her mast, wheel her boat to the slipway etc because of her injury). They had the full bomb squad out and the changing rooms were closed, as I was sent in to identify and open the bag in the Ladies' changing room, which probably looked even worse as I had no idea what was in it!

Although sadly some incidents did happen, and to people I personally know. I think it is about being careful. We had a beautiful penthouse at the highest point overlooking Marina Da Gloria. Indeed, when watching the medal races the helicopter filming was often just a hundred metres from us... I doubt anyone got a better view. Each day I walked down the steps and crossed the bridges to the venue but on the way back I made sure to take a taxi straight to my door. Actually we never made it to the Athletes village, which was a long way from the sailing venue and there were more than a few worrying rumours, besides, we weren't that keen on a free McDonalds. It was a long way to go for that anyway.

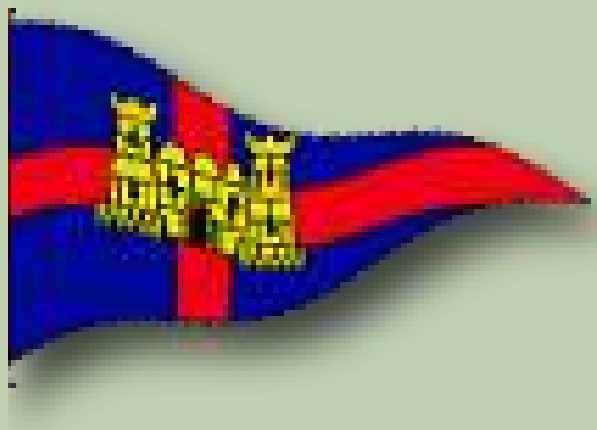
Before the regatta we trained out of Rio De Janerio Yacht Club, where the people couldn't be more helpful. I understand it is the longest sailing club in the World (over 1 km) and I spent quite some time walking up and down looking for Lily (it was like a small village with a gym, swimming pool, multiple restaurants, changing rooms etc. etc), and we trained at a 4 storey body tech gym at the nearby Rio Sul Mall (also with swimming pool, health spa and fitness classes nearly every hour of every day – we are a big fan of the benefit of Pilates). Looking back, Rio felt as much home as anywhere that I had stayed in the past.

The Team GB did a wonderful job, top sailing Nation and finishing 2nd overall. If people find the selection and support policy hard then I think the results absolutely justify the method and for Team GB to enter the Olympics with both the Radial and Laser as current World Champions shows the level of British sailing: Both our sailors showed moments of brilliance with Nick Thompson dominating the racing on Copa with a 1,2 and Ali Young dominating the racing on Sugarloaf with 1,1 including the medal race.

At the time of writing they are preparing for the Para-Olympics and this will be the last para- Olympics for the sailors, at least for 8 years. I wish the British team the best of luck and I am aware there were huge budget issues. For example, we were only allowed to take drinks from the Athlete dining hall between 11:00 – 13:00 and 16:00 – 18:00. We had only one access ramp to the sailors' information desk, not large enough for 2 wheel chairs to pass. My understanding is they will give a red/green flag system to determine who may pass but there could be some extremely tense moments nearly the end of protest time.

So as one campaign ends another begins, I am so grateful to all the people who helped along the way and without mentioning them by name, they know who they are. I also hope that the current generation of sailors can be fully inspired to keep the UK top of the sailing medal table (I know the Australians are arguing differently using a different points scoring system). For Team GB to finish 2nd overall is amazing and long may it continue.

Now looking forward I am planning my visit to Japan soon after the end of the UK domestic season, most likely in December/January, not for sailing (I believe many of the Japanese will be in Melbourne or Perth) but to learn about the venue. It appears that there are at least two training venues which are close to course areas whereas the other will host most of the regattas (much like the decision we had for Rio, where I decided to be based at the Yacht Club not the Marina... decisions, decisions). Every little thing: where best to eat, sleep and train makes a difference and once more the Olympic cycle starts again... knowing the Japanese culture they will take tremendous pride in proving the best event they possible can and I also love Japanese food.



Des Quick's article of Ron Freke in the summer Newsletter has prompted us to recall our memories of him too.

As Des said, Ron was a Major in the commandos during WW2 and 'twas obvious how he proudly treasured his beret. By the time we knew him at CCSC in 1957, he was a Glove manufacturer in Yeovil.

Ron was a truly great person to be with. He really enhanced our teenage years, guiding and sharing so many good times together.

Ron first owned a 14' Lymington pram sailing dinghy called "Falcon" which he sold on to us when he bought a Shearwater cat called "Meow". These boats were in constant use, whether racing, generally messing about in, or rescuing. Life revolved round sailing and getting wet. (no special waterproofs in those days)

The big "Step-up" came when Ron purchased "Daydream" – a keelboat and 8 of us became his regular crew, working on her, sailing on her, swimming from her, each having crew position, marked by a mug with crew-name emblazoned.

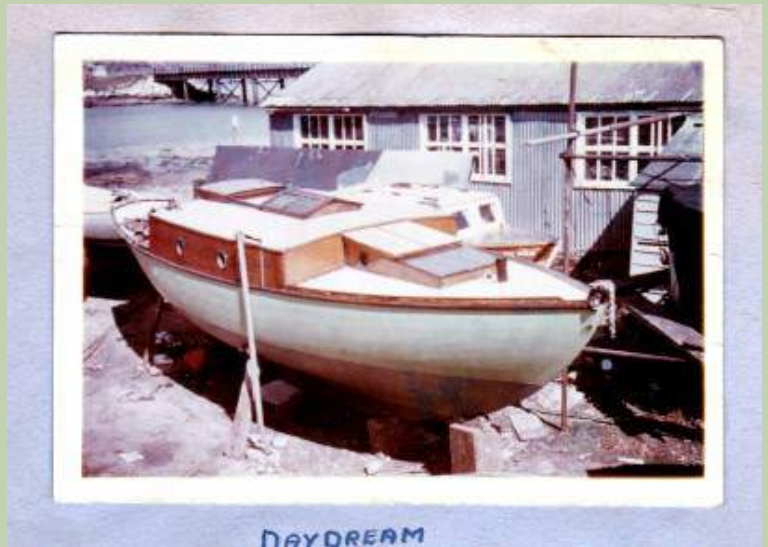
Ron Freke	Skipper
Brian Wilkins	1 st Mate
Mick Venning	Chief Engineer
Malcolm Spicer	Bosun
Rosemary Wilkins (Spicer)	Galley Slave 1
Joan Seymour (Wilkins)	Galley Slave 2
Janet Eldridge	Galley Slave 3
Brian (Weed) Spicer	P.R.O (coz he talked to everyone!)

We were all single then and life was a ball. Sailing, Spur-of-moment BBQ's at Southside cooking over driftwood fires. Should mention here that the Bar system in Clubhouse was crates of pale and brown ale pushed under a sideboard with notebook to write in when you helped yourself to bottle/bottles. When stocks suddenly got low, probably coz of us; Hownam (Club Founder and Secretary) was often heard to drily say " I see Freke's had a party again!".

Then in winter, there were freezing cold weekends working on Daydream at Ferrybridge, thawing out with a lunchtime warm-up across the road at the Victoria pub. (this being an introduction to game of Darts - for the Galley slaves).

After sailing trips E and W along coast, the time came for the adventure of crossing the Channel. (Girls – not allowed ugh!) The crew for this epic voyage in 1959 was Ron, Brian, Malcolm and his younger brother Brian "Weed".

Malcolm recalls: It was a Friday evening after work that we set sail for our initiation of crossing the Channel. Quite an experience watching for ship's lights as we crossed the shipping lanes. As we approached the coast and not quite sure where we were (all dead reckoning then), we saw a flashing light and tried to count the flashes. However, we were going up and down so much in the troughs, the count varied between 1 and 4. Studying the chart it was decided it must be Cap de la Hague as we reasoned it would show higher than Alderney; with consequence that we got caught in the lively Alderney Race. At one





point "Daydream" crashed off a wave, sprung three planks in her bow and cracked some ribs.

"Weed" (aged 15yrs) was below at the time and appeared on deck to say that water was part-way up his bunk. Going below to investigate, I could see daylight between the stem and planks.

We stuffed tea towels into the gap and started pumping. There was a pump between the bunks which you cranked in rotary motion and a small pump in cockpit. Taking it in turns and pumping them continuously the water stayed fairly level. How we ached, but with the tide turning east, after three hours we made Cherbourg, going into the inner harbour (no pontoons or Marina then).

We espied a wall and still madly pumping, laid alongside.

With 21'0 rise and fall, it didn't seem too long before we grounded. Once the tide dropped we found we were resting on a pile of jubilee track which the French workmen were using to build the dry dock. They were not best pleased to see us.

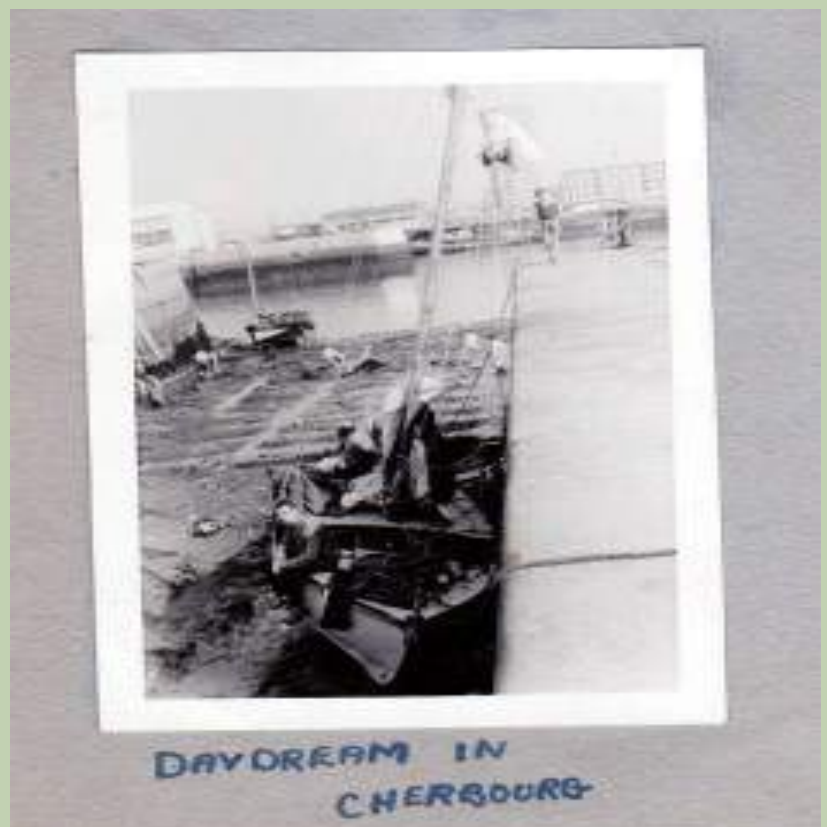
We found our way to the Sailing Club, which at that time was in the inner harbour, and with the aid of a dictionary and schoolboy French we tried to ask how to find a boat builder. They let us struggle a bit and then in better English than ours, they directed us to appropriate builder, who promptly came over and made temporary repair. On the tide "Daydream" was moved to their yard.

We were then free to explore the town, and somehow we ended up at a French family's 21st birthday party. On the Sunday our "Hosts" took us by car to Barfleur and on the way back dropped us off at the airport. After purchasing our ticket to Eastleigh we still had change from £10, and quite a weekend for us.

Back in UK Ron had to organise paying for repair with French francs. At that time there was a limit on one's passport to £20.00 sterling annual allowance, so Ron needed to approach all possible CCSC members to see who still had some allowance left and were willing to let him have some. Ron's own allowance had quickly been used up, especially as repair had entailed a couple of check visits to Cherbourg. Once the French bill was paid, the Insurance Company reimbursed him. I think the bill was in the region of £200.00.

Sadly Ron died in the sixties, but there are still many stories that could be told of those good times spent with him.

Rosemary and Malcolm Spicer



Travels with Ron Freke, the Continuing Story.

Not so much a seafaring tale as a run ashore story. We cruised down the West Country one year with Ron Freke in Daydream, to Brixham and Dartmouth then put in to Salcombe one mid-afternoon and tied up on a fore and aft mooring just off the quay – no marinas in the 60's.

We were in loose travelling company with John and Ruby Tomlinson and their daughter Susan, who owned a converted 6 meter. John was a metallurgist at Westlands in Yeovil, a biggish guy with a very broad north country accent. I can still hear him shouting to poor Susan on the foredeck to 'Pull up t'anchor Susan'. The poor girl was barely into her teens and had to do all the work up forward.


Later that evening we all met up that evening at a local pub in the town, had a few drinks then John Glover, myself and the other of Daydream's crew (a friend of ours Pete Wollage on his first cruise) went on a short pub crawl. When we got back there was a member of the local constabulary on the door and when we identified ourselves he said 'You'd better go in'. The pub was empty except for the remainder of the two crews. It transpired that a gang of the local yokels had come in, including a smallish guy who we would now call gay. According to John, Ruby had asked him across the pub what he wanted to drink and he replied 'A small brown'. Believe that if you will. The guy heard this and started to mouth off, then a couple of his mates started to square up and it looked as if John might be in big trouble. But Ruby pre-empted this and in best north country fashion by throwing her empty wine glass at him. This hit him in the face and unfortunately smashed, resulting in much blood. At this juncture the landlord quickly phoned for 'uniformed assistance'.

So when John, Pete and I got back, the uniforms were 'completing their investigations'. We heard that the gang were well known locally and the small guy was their unofficial leader. All the police wanted was to get statements and get rid of us. We offered to leave but they insisted we waited until they could arrange a police escort back to the boats for our own safety. This was very wise because on the way back there was a gang member with intent on every street corner. Our moorings weren't that far off the quay so we mounted guard all night with boat-hooks and full buckets at the ready.

We left at first light next morning and got to know another bar better than we wanted – this was Salcombe Bar, a well known geographical feature and yet another local hazard. In our haste to leave, Pete Woolage had forgotten to turn on the fuel so halfway down the river on an ebb tide and with little wind, the engine stopped. One feature of Stuart Turner engines was that they would never start on warm plugs. We only had the main up and it looked as if deep misery lay ahead as we floated ever closer to the geographical location.

BUT – as luck would have it. We had arrived earlyish the previous afternoon with time to spare before one of Ron's famous tin stews, of which I will write at a later time. Ron always used any spare time setting us to work on 'chores', so to avoid cleaning the bilges of some-such job, I had volunteered to put the genoa in stoppers. How I convinced Ron that this was a jolly good idea heaven knows, but thank goodness I did, because the genoa was already hoisted and had merely to be broken out. We VERY slowly drifted around the bar whilst Pete was surreptitiously turning the fuel tap on before Ron found out.

We moored up round in Newton Ferrers later that day. It was a much quieter run ashore.

I lost touch with John and Ruby but heard rumours that customs and excise had taken an interest in their numerous channel crossings and co-incidentally they had disappeared off the scene. Pete Woolage later got a job as a Poole Harbour policemen but I doubt that he mentioned this episode at his job interview in response to 'Do you have any experience with boats?'.


Good Sailing

Des Quick

Once upon a time my family went to the Isles of Scilly for holiday.

I thought I would go on my yacht so I sailed down to the Scillys solo and met them down there plus one of my friends who was going to help me sail back.

My first port of call from the club was Dartmouth, I spent the night there and next morning went on to Falmouth. When I was passing Plymouth Sound some way out and watching on my radar some large ships were moving very erratically and one of them disappeared into a large rain squall ahead. I noticed a tiny blip on the radar, heading on my reciprocal course on the port side about the size of a single pixel so I got my binoculars out and searched the area but could see nothing I had my eye on this big ship that was going all over the place and this little blip was moving slowly towards me on port side.

When it was level with me I heard a terrific wooshing and bubbling noise and when I looked around to my alarm I saw a giant nuclear sub coming out of the sea obviously making its way into Plymouth. The radar had picked up the periscope.

I then made my way to Falmouth uneventfully and stayed the night.

The next morning I was motor sailing and working on the bow when I noticed the boat was going all over the place I looked at Auto pilot and noticed an aluminium bracket had broken off I managed to Heath Robinson it with a screw and a bungee. Continuing on also noticed at the top of the mast the VHF aerial had come loose and was swinging wildly from side to side but still in its pocket but getting worse.



It was a nice bright morning and wind from the east at about 9kn, so I thought I'll put the cruising chute up. Whilst on autopilot and motor sailing I went to the front and started to put up the cruising chute I pulled the sock off the sail and it filled nicely, however the boat went all over the place, the auto pilot was not quick enough to keep up with the swinging of the boat and she headed out of control towards a

very small fishing boat. The guy inside that was pulling up the nets looked in horror but didn't know whether to laugh, cry, jump overboard or call Coast Guard, I quickly got the situation under control by dropping the sail but unfortunately at this point its now gone underneath the boat "oh bugger", quickly cut the engine out. Eventually got it all back on board stuffed it down the hatch and continued to motor cruise.

Halfway across between Lands End and the Scilly's I noticed a small vibration in the engine that started to get worse and worse. I did what everyone else does I went down below to look at the engine, yes it was still there!!

At this point there was a very large bang on the bow and I could hear a rumbling underneath the hull and it seemed to go down the keel and then it stopped I rushed up topside and looked astern to see a tree stump complete with root system which I must've hit and run underneath the



boat missing everything important I thought it must have been washed out of the Amazon and left to drift aimlessly across the Atlantic until it met me. So back to the engine, it sounds like a bearing going but on further investigation I thought why don't I take the engine out of gear and see if that makes any difference. It did and obviously something was around the prop. I thought let's quickly put it in reverse and see if anything comes off I whacked it in reverse gently then put it in forward gear and the VHF aerial fell off and smashed against the mast, still never mind I had an emergency one plus hand held VHF. At this point motoring again I noticed there was not as much vibration as there had been so on reduced throttle I limped into St Mary's tied up against the harbour wall and waited for the tide to go down. There it was a fisherman's net stuck round the prop. We had a good holiday and an un eventful trip back home to CCSC.

Gerald Fishenden (Syrenka)

Snow Goose continues her journey East.

To recap - Snow Goose should have spent the summer in Marmaris, SW Turkey but waiting for our 2nd new engine in 15 months held us in Greece. Thus we set out to cross the Aegean on 6th September.

Despite a good dose of anti-bacteria agent, after 3 months inactivity, gunk clogged the filters and fuel inlet pipe on day 2 but, lucky us, the next island (Siros) had an excellent Volvo agent who (for £100), cleared the mess. Then on day 4, the brown Saharan grit and dust, that had coated top sides and penetrated inside (as in Gibraltar and Malta), jammed the genoa Furlex; D came down from aloft smeared all over.

Sadly we missed seeing Rachel and Richard Wood in Ikaria but our early start enabled us to see the Samos Archaeological museum before it closed at 3 pm on Sunday to reopen on Tuesday.

Half a dozen chaps, who might have been refugees, were near the ferry dock; exit bureaucracy from Greece delayed the start of our short crossing to Kusadasi where the harbour master offered chocolate liqueurs when we had finished notifying him of our intended course for the next few weeks and logged Cathie's (Williams) departure from Turkey (having been with us from the start). Customs patrols are much in evidence - large and small boats and circling helicopters around the straights of Samos and Kos but we just received friendly toots and waves, much nicer than Sicilian customs.

We have also seen 9 Greco-Roman theatres in 14 days, 4,000 year old Syrian glass and walked the calcium travertines of Pamukkale.

We are currently (19th Sept) basking in the up-market marina at Bodrum with the 50-hour service completed on the new, new engine and a pampered 40-year-old, dinghy outboard (which did not like old petrol). We move on tomorrow to Knidos anchorage to see more remains of 2,000 year old cities, especially those visited by St Paul.

Diana Gill

Humour Page

Two Hopefuls for the Olympic Rowing Team 2020



Nervous first timer to skipper. "Do yachts like this sink very often?"
"No, usually it's only once!"

An old sea captain was sitting on a bench near the wharf when a young man walked up and sat down.

The young man had spiked hair and each spike was a different color... green, red, orange, blue, and yellow.

After a while the young man noticed that the captain was staring at him.

"What's the matter old timer, never done anything wild in your life?"

The old captain replied, "Got drunk once and married a parrot. I was just wondering if you were my son!"

There are three imperative actions when one finds oneself aground



- 1] Adjust the fenders to hide the boat name**
- 2] Raise the French flag**
- 3] Open a beer**

For Sale

Trapper 300 “Hobnob” for sale £5800

Full Information: <http://www.akweb.org.uk/hobnob/>

Dimensions

LOA 26ft 3inches

Beam 9ft 6inches

Draft 4ft 10inches

“Hobnob” is a 1979 fin keel Trapper 300 Mk2 with a folding prop Yanmar YSM8 inboard diesel engine in excellent condition. The hull is epoxied to the waterline. She has a good racing record and is ready to race or cruise.

The Trapper 300 is popular boat that offers impressive performance. An easy and rewarding vessel to sail, with a deep safe cockpit making it suitable for a family cruiser or club racer.

“Hobnob” is well presented and ready to sail. She can be viewed at Castle Cove Sailing Club, Portland Harbour, Dorset. Contact: Stephen Green 01305 789191 or Ken Reed 01305 772654.

Includes:

5 berths in 2 cabins

Built-inCool Box

Sink

Jabsco Marine Toilet

Wet Locker

Water Tank and sink

Chart Table

DFS Fixed Radio, Microphone and Speaker

Nasa Clipper Duet Echosounder and Log

Plastimo Contest Compass

Anchor Warps and Fenders

Bathing Ladder

Spinnaker Pole

Furling Genoa, Lazy Jacks and Slab Reefing

Sails – 12, sheets and halyards

Lewmar Winches - 8



Marquesa of Mountwise

For Sale at £4500 ono.

The Marquesa is a Trapper 28 built by Ansty Yachts in Poole around 1970.

An ideal budget club racer and cruiser. Recent upgrades include a new mast, rigging, and rails, and a West system epoxy bottom in 2012. The electronics need upgrading.

Details:

- ♦ LOA 8.8m
- ♦ Beam 2.55m
- ♦ Draught 1.5m

Engine: Yanmar 1GM10 with 2 blade folding prop

Full set of sails and a sturdy wooden cradle

Currently moored at Weymouth Sailing Club

Contact

Jon Davey, 07525 128159 for more information



That's it for this Edition of the Newsletter , once again I do hope you have enjoyed its content , please do keep sending me articles as soon as you have them, it is great to hear what people are doing .

It's also what makes Castle Cove Sailing Club a great Club to belong to .

The Next Edition of the Newsletter will be the Winter edition so looking forward to hearing from you.



Neil Stroud

Editor and Cruising Officer