

Spring / Summer 2014

# BROAD REACH

The Magazine of New Parks Cruising Association



Front Cover: Helen and Ralph Geiranger fjord in Norway 8 June 2006

Back Cover Outside: "Kedging out at Ponza" by Monica Matterson

Back Cover Inside: Photo Competition Winner 1st Prize – Early Morning Start in the Chesapeake taken by Mike and Anne Hartshorn

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## NPCA FLAG OFFICERS AND COMMITTEE MEMBERS 2013/14

<b>FLAG OFFICERS &amp; COMMITTEE MEMBERS</b>	
Commodore	Richard Malthouse
Vice Commodore	Bill Hudson (Founding Member)
Rear Commodore	Eric McDowall
Chairman	John Green
Vice Chairman	Peter Thorne (Editor, Broad Reach)
Honorary Secretary	Yvonne Margerison
Honorary Treasurer	Mike McQuade
Committee	Mike Flint Pauline Green (Membership Secretary) Jonathan Herbert (Events) Stuart Rowland (Co-opted – Website) Hilary Holmes

**NPCA PROGRAMME 2014**

<b>Date</b>	<b>Event Type</b>	<b>Subject / Info</b>
18th March	Talk Night	Talk by Richard Matthews "The sinking of the Titanic"
15th April	Talk Night - "Songs of the Sea"	This musical evening will be in aid of the RNLI.
17 & 17th May	Spring Rally	Organiser Jonathan Herbert
21st June	Round the Island Race	Island Sailing Club
16th September	Talk Night	Chris Tarratt "Mutiny on the Bounty"
3,4,5 October	Autumn Rally	Organiser Mike & Yvonne
21st October	Talk Night	Admiral Sir James Perowne KBE "Submarine Peace time Accidents"
18th November	Talk Night and AGM	John Green "The Life of Lord Nelson"
29, 30 November	Christmas Rally	Organiser John & Polly Green
October/ November	Broads Rally	Organiser Required
16th December	Talk Night & Cheese Buffet	Mike Gillingham "Solent and the South Coast"

Please always check the website for latest details.

**Round the Island Race:** Would Skippers please contact the Secretary if entering under the NPCA flag so that we can take all entries into account when awarding the club trophy.

**Note:** Talks are held at the Royal Oak Kirby Muxloe (01162393166), on the 3<sup>rd</sup> Tuesday of the winter months (September to April), commencing 7.30 pm  
 NPCA email: [mailto: secretary@sailnpca.org](mailto:secretary@sailnpca.org)  
 Web: <http://www.sailnpca.org/>

## NOTES FROM THE EDITOR

Welcome to this, my 7<sup>th</sup>, edition of *Broad Reach*; as always production dates are very dependent on the number and timing of the valuable contributions sent to me. A very big: “**Thank you**” once again to all those who took the trouble of producing something for this edition. I have had a very good response to my request for articles so if you sent me a contribution and it doesn't appear here then it will be in the next edition.

I have included 2 atmospheric and nostalgic articles one from Bill Hudson and the other from Hugh Butler which will bring back memories to many. I have also sent Bill's articles to Tom Cunliffe as a precursor to him possibly giving us a talk later in the year.

We are again most grateful for another superb and colourful contribution from Monica.

Remember *Broad Reach* is available on line at our website; if you don't know the address just put the club name into Google and it will find our page for you.

All contributions are welcome, short articles or advertisements are very welcome, please contact me at my email address: [peter@thornes.f9.co.uk](mailto:peter@thornes.f9.co.uk) .

Finally, you may have noticed a handful of new members at club nights; please welcome and talk with them as they are so very important to the club. Remember our club nights not only need to break-even but also make a valuable contribution to club funds.

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Peter Thorne" followed by a period. The signature is written in a cursive, slightly slanted style.

Peter Thorne

## JOTTINGS FROM THE COMMODORE

I was surprised and honoured to be asked to become Commodore of the New Parks Cruising Association; surprised because I wasn't entirely sure that I met the criteria for the post. I no longer live near Leicester so I probably won't be known to that many members now. I'm not a Yachtmaster – and as many will attest my sailing skills are nowhere near the standard of many of my illustrious predecessors. I just about scraped through my Competent Crew certificate in 1984 – having been told by the examining skipper that I probably wasn't cut out for sailing. And to this day my attempts at knots and chart work leave much to be desired. But I do love sailing, boats, the sea, the sky and that unique fellowship that sailing usually engenders and honoured because I believe that the Association stands for everything that I value in sailing – making sailing fun, safe and affordable.

I started night classes in 1983 when I moved to Nottinghamshire to work at Fisons Pharmaceuticals' Loughborough Head Quarters. I had been a dinghy sailor from an early age – racing an Enterprise with my father at the Pennine Sailing Club in Sheffield. Later a brief cruise on an uncle's Nicholson 32 in convinced me that I wanted to learn more about sailing larger craft at sea – and New Parks came highly recommended. So I signed up. The College was a hive of activity – and I was fortunate to have excellent tutors – although I was a bit of a “duffer” to use Arthur Ransome parlance. I was especially horrified at how badly I coped with Morse code; I couldn't always distinguish between dots & dashes – which seemed pretty essential. And the rest of the class seemed to be going at supersonic speed. I subsequently discovered that the class included RAF radio operators!

I looked forward immensely to the annual practical cruise weeks. I had wonderful skippers – some sadly no longer with us – from whom I learned many different things – some of which will not be repeated. These weeks were a highlight of my year.

I've been fortunate enough to have my own boat for many years – starting with a Topper dinghy and now Providence, a 40' cruiser. I will shortly retire from corporate life in a public company (I have been based in London) and hope to increase my annual sea miles. Most years my family (now including grandchildren) “bare boat” charter a catamaran for an overseas sailing holiday. I cannot think of a better vacation.

I much look forward to serving my term as Commodore and trust that I can continue to uphold the high standards set by my predecessors.

I very much enjoyed seeing so many members and friends of the Association at the Commodore's Lunch on 2 March.

*Richard Malthouse*

NPCA Commodore

## MORE NEW PARKS PHILOSOPHY

***YES I WAS HALF ASLEEP AT THE HELM, BUT I WAS LISTENING.***

These are the wise words I heard from the crew on night watch:



If you can't be kind, at least be vague

You have got to look on the bright side, even if there is not one

**Sometimes a lie makes life more bearable**

**Like people and let them know it**

If you are squeamish don't prod the beach rubble

Hide your good deeds as well as your evil ones

**Friends and good manners will carry you where money won't go**

*If you can't convince them, confuse them*

To survive you often have to fight and to fight you have to dirty yourself

**You will never find a rainbow looking down**

*It is always a good move to listen to that inner voice if it does not lead to crime*

**Enjoy every sandwich**

Mike Flint



## SAILING ON "ISLIP" 1949 to 1952

### ISLIP ON THE RIVER NENE AT OUNDLE

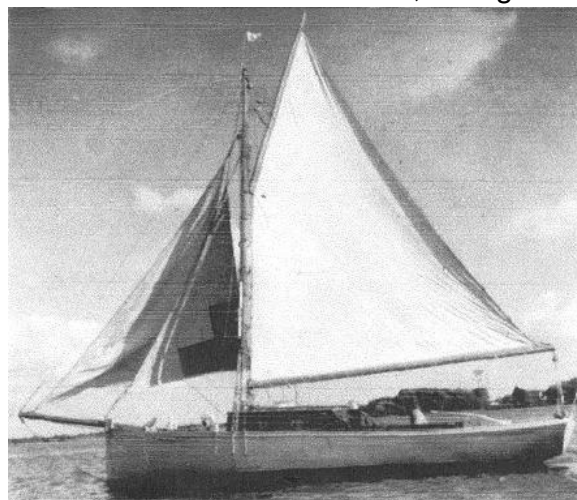
Dad bought "ISLIP" at Bosham in Chichester Harbour. She was 21feet long and had a



single cabin, large cockpit, and a mast which could be lowered. We brought her overland to the newly formed Middle Nene Cruising Club at Thrapston where we rebuilt the rotten aft end

of the hull and transom, and refitted the engine, a single cylinder (with 9inch diameter piston) petrol/paraffin Kelvin. Then, our first sea trip, down the Nene, out to the Wash, and round the coast to Blakeney. We spent the next two years pottering around the North Norfolk coast; she was ideally suited to our shallow 2ft. draft, lack of experience, and basic navigational equipment, just a few charts and the ship's compass. I remember one exciting night going out with a local fisherman in his boat, in a gale to

pick up a tow from the Cromer lifeboat which could not find its way across the unmarked bar in the dark, into Blakeney harbour. Our next longer trip was down to Great Yarmouth, uneventful apart from finding, on the way, several inches of water over the floorboards. The problem, a leaky stem gland, was fixed, and we finally reached our berth at Homing on the River Bure. We spent a year on the Broads, where lowering our mast enabled us to explore the furthest reaches of the rivers Bure, Ant, and Thume including "shooting" the notorious bridge at Potter Heigham. Dad and a friend then sailed "ISLIP" back to Chichester. Over the next two years I got to know most of the moorings and anchorages from Chichester to Poole Harbour, and learned the uses of Tide Tables and Collision Regulations, needed much more frequently than on the East Coast. My work and Dad's illness then stopped our sailing until, for me, twenty years later with New Parks.



Potter Heigham. Dad and a friend then sailed "ISLIP" back to Chichester. Over the next two years I got to know most of the moorings and anchorages from Chichester to Poole Harbour, and learned the uses of Tide Tables and Collision Regulations, needed much more frequently than on the East Coast. My work and Dad's illness then stopped our sailing until, for me, twenty years later with New Parks.

Hugh Butler

## SAPCOTE SAILOR HONOURED BY HRH THE PRINCESS ROYAL



### **Derek Bunting receives his RYA Lifetime Commitment Award from HRH The Princess Royal**

Sapcote sailor and long standing member of New Parks Cruising Association, Derek Bunting, was presented with one of the RYA's (Royal Yachting Association) most prestigious awards - an RYA Lifetime Commitment Award - by HRH the Princess Royal, President of the RYA, on Thursday 21 November.

Derek, recognised for work with Hollowell Sailing Club and formerly Naseby Sailing Club, was one of 43 award winners, hailing from as far afield as Cornwall to Argyll, honoured at the annual RYA Volunteer Awards ceremony at London's One Great George Street. The Leicestershire man first learnt to sail on a camping holiday on Scotland's North West coast in 1964, and he joined Naseby SC the following year. Having obtained his Yachtmaster Offshore qualification in 1975 he taught the Yachtmaster syllabus for some 20 years at New Parks and was also as a Cruising Instructor for 30 years.

Although Derek rarely sails now he continues to provide much valued advice and guidance with respect to club management, previously acquired as Naseby SC club commodore. His expert knowledge and practical construction skills have greatly benefited Hollowell SC and he is a wonderful example of how personal commitment and effort can make a difference and have such a positive impact on people's lives.

Derek admits he was humbled when he discovered he had won the award. He said: "It is not something you seek or even think about. I have had a long and happy life associated with sailing, and in my eyes, you put back in what you have got out, so that others hopefully can reap the same rewards.

"At Hollowell I am one of the 'Wrinkly' team that tries to keep on top of the maintenance of the club, as well as undertaking various improvement projects. It is very satisfying to see the continued improvement of the club over the years, both on and off the water, and feel that I have played a little part in that.

"I take part as an 'Assistant Dinghy Instructor' in our annual Junior Week. It is so satisfying to see all the youngsters enjoying themselves on and off the water in such a friendly and safe environment. Seeing youngsters that have never been in a boat before suddenly realising they can sail by themselves makes all the efforts worthwhile.

"Sailing has allowed me to have a healthy outdoor activity that, whilst being competitive, is also a good social event at the club. The offshore aspect also allowed me to be undertaking passages to different ports in various areas of this country and overseas. These places you visit this way always appear different, when you come in from sea, rather than when they are approached from the land."

Derek was nominated for the award by Hollowell SC and selected as a winner by the Awards panel. He and his fellow RYA Award winners enjoyed a celebratory lunch in the presence of HRH the Princess Royal, and were presented with a commemorative medallion and certificate.

Sarah Treseder, RYA Chief Executive says: "The RYA is delighted to make this award in recognition of Derek's enthusiasm."

## TURTLE TAGGING IN THE BAHAMAS BY ANNE & MICHAEL HARTSHORN

As we began cruising around The Bahamas in February 2013, the very thought of “turtle tagging” had not even entered our minds. So when we were invited to join a group of volunteers doing just that, we jumped at the opportunity. Turtles are an endangered species. However, the University of Florida is undertaking research by means of tagging the turtles, which provides more information about the turtles’ life, so helping to stop their demise!

First stop: Conception Island, where green turtles shelter in a lagoon just a couple of miles ride away in the dinghy from the anchorage. Once inside the lagoon, Barbara off *Foxy Lady*, the lead boat, handed us a large net and sent us on our way.....!!! This isn’t as easy as one may think and after many failed attempts and experiencing twisted wrists each time the net went underneath the dinghy, we took a different approach. .... Every once in a while, the turtles would come up to the surface for air and the more we chased them, the more frequently they would come up for air. It was an hilarious sight; as once the turtles had come up for air, they would have a split second look around and immediately shoot off in the opposite direction; so at one stage Michael was driving the dinghy round and round in circles in a real ‘cat and mouse’ chase! Eventually the time came when our plan came to fruition..... Anne dropped the net into the water.....the turtle came up for air..... got it.....and then came the most enormous grin on our faces!



**Gently does it.....Motoring towards the turtle in the water and hey presto it’s in the net!**



**Looking very pleased with ourselves as we took the turtle over to *Foxy Lady*’s tender, where each captured turtle was carefully laid on its back on the cockpit sole.**

So off to catch another and another and another.....and eventually we managed to catch 9 turtles and in total the group caught 16! It was quite a sight to see *Foxy Lady*’s tender completely covered in a carpet of upside-down turtles?

The lagoon had a very shallow reef opening, so we had to leave before the tide went out, otherwise we would be left” high and dry” in the lagoon for further 6 hours! So we managed to anchor at a nearby beach and the process of tagging the turtles commenced.

Each turtle was measured, weighed and a blue plastic tag, clipped through its front leg. To save the same turtle being re-caught, a red degradable ribbon was also tied to the two front

legs! Once the turtles had been weighed and tagged, they were put back into the dinghies and taken over to the beach near the lagoon where they had been caught. It was then a matter of carrying them up over the ridge back to the lagoon (easy with the small ones, but needed two men to carry the larger ones).

**Aren't they cute.....**



**Tagging the turtle- apparently it doesn't hurt!**

Once back at the lagoon, the turtles were all eager to make a quick getaway, although it took a few of them a while to get their bearings!

On completing our 'turtle tagging stint' at Conception Island, we headed out towards San Salvador, the most easterly of the Bahamas Islands. San Salvador is not the most frequent destination for cruisers to take from Conception Island, as it involves a sail against the trade winds and the anchorage can be lumpy. As we headed round the bottom of Conception Island, we could see why this fact was true and we were soon bashing into a 2 metre swell. We managed to get Nimue comfortable for the 60nm passage, by motor sailing at 6 knots with a single reef in the main and headsail. The books say San Salvador is beautiful, as you arrive from 4 to 3 to 2 thousand metres, into just 2 metres, with a distinct blue line between the two! This was most definitely the case. We found a suitable spot in the anticipated lumpy anchorage, but it was such a beautiful setting!



**Nimue at anchor in San Salvador**

The following day we all jumped into *Foxy Lady's* tender and went south of San Salvador and between the reefs. We all took turns in standing on the bow of the tender and pointing to the turtles as Steve followed our gestures. It was then a matter of balancing on the foredeck with holding a line in one hand and a large net in the other and then when the turtle came up for air, trying to place the net over the turtle! This was most certainly an art, but nevertheless, we felt up to the challenge! Anne managed two first time catches and by mid-day we had caught 10 turtles. This time we took all the turtles ashore and got a production line going, so all were weighed, measured and tagged within an hour.



**Tagging on San Salvador**

What a pleasure and very informative and a great experience.

Anne & Michael Hartshorn

## **SPECIFYING A NEW BOAT**

**Hornpipe**, our boat for 10 years, is a Freedom rig schooner, length 11.9m with a beam just under 4 metres. With a semi-long keel, the foremast in the bow, and no bow thruster she was an easy boat to sail but awkward to handle in close quarters, and a lot of work to maintain. As Richard was approaching 70, and Helen 65, we decided in 2012 to downsize to a smaller boat.

In June 2013 we had no buyer yet for Hornpipe, but with Hornpipe 2 due to be completed in late August, owning 2 boats was a very scary prospect! We then received an email from a man we had met on the Hook to Harwich ferry the previous September – we had discussed Hornpipe and he had studied her on our website and wanted to come and see her. With his current job as skipper of a 300-ton ferry in New Zealand, and a past as a charter skipper and engineer in the Caribbean, we knew that Mike might just be the perfect owner for Hornpipe. He arrived in the early hours of June 11 (we had offered him the aft cabin to stay in). After a good look through the boat and a trial sail he agreed to buy her and asked us to sail her back to the UK with him. Hornpipe excelled herself sailing back with a F5/F6 quartering wind, and we completed the sale in Lowestoft on 20<sup>th</sup> June. Hornpipe chose well ..... in early July we received the following text from Mike **“Just arrived Ijmuiden single-handed crossing from Lowestoft 20 hours. What a fantastic sailing boat! ☺”**

We started specifying **Hornpipe 2** in May 2012, after we had visited the Sirius yard in Germany. We had seen a Sirius 310 at the Southampton boat show and she gave us the same immediate response as Hornpipe 1 “we could live on this boat” – which is what we do for the summer 6 months. The specification



process was ongoing with many revisions to balance our requirements with our budget! Firstly we defined our objective:

- A boat for a couple, no longer in the first flush of youth, to sail for months at a time, mostly in coastal waters, in the face of reducing physical capability

And the basic requirements:

- Convenient to live aboard
- Easy to sail – uncomplicated rig
- Easy to raise or stow sail
- Easy to manoeuvre and moor
- Minimal work required at beginning and end of season
- A deck saloon (we loved this aspect of Hornpipe)



We chose a Sirius 310DS which is 9.3m LOA, beam 3.38, displacement about 6300 kg. It is a well-designed deck saloon with 360° vision from inside, allowing her to be steered indoors in wet or cold weather. With 6 keel options to choose from (at very different costs) we specified the 1.35m ballasted keel: shallower than our

previous 1.7m to allow us into smaller harbours and anchorages. We ordered “Coppercoat” for the hull. Applied to a new hull under controlled conditions, we hope this will give us 10 years free of antifouling!

We wanted a solid well-built boat, and the Sirius is “A” rated for use in any waters. The stability curve shows maximum righting at 60° of heel, and a positive righting moment at all angles of heel (with the companionway closed). She is effectively self-righting.

There is a sealed “crash” compartment below the anchor locker, with heavily reinforced hull and bulkhead structure, designed to absorb the impact from a collision with a submerged object without breaching the watertight integrity of the hull. If the bow is breached, there is a watertight bulkhead at the aft end of the forepeak berth which will prevent flow of water further aft, and preserve buoyancy of the bow of the boat



Sailing in the Baltic (as in the Mediterranean), mooring is frequently bows-to, so we chose the optional bowsprit. This has an opening gate in the pulpit to walk through, and for low level pontoons, a ladder (stowed in the anchor locker) fixes to the bow. The other advantage of the bowsprit was that the jib furler can be located further forward giving approximately 10% greater sail area.



We opted for a labour saving rig of in-mast furling mainsail, self-tacking roller furling jib and no genoa. In-mast furling has improved dramatically over the past 15 years and means



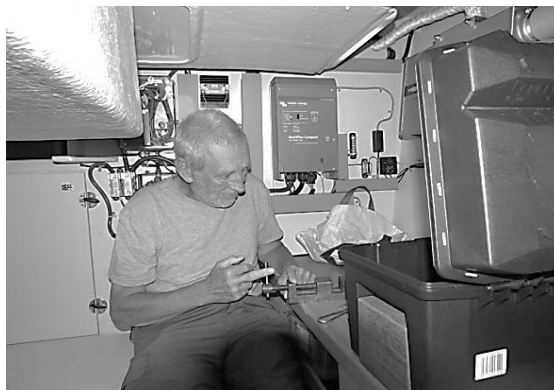
there is no sail hoisting/dropping and no sail covers to take off / put on/maintain. We were used to a self-tacking foresail on the freedom rig, so decided against a genoa. Our old-persons' luxury was a variable speed electric winch on top of the deckhouse which handles all the lines from the cockpit. There is normally no need to go forward whilst sailing. We chose a high spec fabric and radial cut for the sails, and the mainsail has four vertical battens to allow a decent roach.

Since we are not yet geriatric, we also gave ourselves the treat of a Code 0 (or drifter), which is a lovely light wind foresail. It can be used up to the top of a F4, will sail as close as 50° to the wind, and will even sail dead downwind with the mainsail furled. It must be taken down daily, or if the wind is strengthening – it is the only reason we need to leave the cockpit when sailing. It sets on a continuous-rope furling drum ahead of the self-tacking jib and furls around its own carbon-Kevlar luff. It also utilises the two cockpit-coaming winches, that otherwise would be used only for mooring.

Other refinements were to have 4 large cleats each side – bow, centre and stern cleats with an additional cleat just aft of the bow. We had a stainless steel tubular top rail instead of guard wires, with an opening gate each side.



The boat has a lot of freeboard and a high sided deck saloon, so with this additional windage we opted for a bow thruster. We chose a 15kg Rocna anchor with 45m chain. The anchor stows neatly under the bowsprit, so we had an anchor/deck wash pump fitted: this allows the anchor and chain to be cleaned with seawater as it is wound up, using the bi-directional power windlass. It is also useful for keeping deck and cockpit clean.



One major decision was whether to go for wheel or tiller steering. We loved wheel steering on Hornpipe, but with the smaller width of the Sirius cockpit it is necessary to climb over the



side bench to get behind the wheel. This was not a good choice for our “geriatric” specification so we opted for a tiller with a variable length tiller extension. This makes the cockpit far more spacious, and in port we park the mainsheet to one side and lift the tiller vertically out of the way. We had a choice of 16 variants of internal layout, but we devised a 17<sup>th</sup>! Because Sirius is a small yard producing 13 boats a year, the boats really are custom built to the owner’s specification (all at a cost, of course!). Inside the companionway door, we have a u-shaped seating area and table to port – seats 6 comfortably - and the navigation station to starboard. The galley is along the starboard side with a good sized heads to port beyond the saloon. We have a single cabin in the forepeak, which has a separate shower room with a thermostatically controlled shower. The saloon table lowers to convert to a guest bed. The aft third of the boat is not used internally – it is totally taken up by engine and steering gear, and two massive cockpit lockers.

The area under the saloon, which is the master cabin in the 2-cabin layout, is our “Technical room”. This contains a workbench with a toolbox, storage underneath, and easy access to electrical and water systems. It also contains the laundry – a washing machine and a condensing tumble dryer. Laundry is the bane of long term cruisers and it is brilliant to have it on board under our own control! Access to the technical room is very straightforward – lift a hinged section of the saloon seating, remove a small floor panel and climb down two steps. The Sirius is frequently described as a Tardis!

The instrumentation fit is Raymarine - a 12” MFD (chart plotter!), Class B AIS transmitter/receiver and full function autopilot. The chart and numerical data on the MFD can be seen from the cockpit, so we have just one multi-display instrument and a compass in the cockpit, plus the autopilot controller. We have a second autopilot controller inside at the navigation station, which can be used to steer from indoors, with an indoor engine control as well. We have a Standard Horizon DSC radio with an additional speaker in the cockpit.

We decided against fitting radar, as most of our use of it has been for training! AIS warns of large vessels, and closing speed on smaller vessels is usually low enough to allow ample time for avoiding action. We will not transmit on AIS except in busy shipping lanes or fog, and better weather forecasting means that we mostly avoid being out in poor visibility. We have fitted a dual band Echomax active radar transponder to ensure that we are seen by vessels with radar. The savings in not fitting radar were spent on the better sails – sailing is what we want to do!

With so much glass in the deck saloon, we specified double glazing to retain heat and reduce condensation in poor weather, and two opening windows for a through draft in hot weather. We also have opening windows in the forepeak next to our pillows.

One has so many modern gadgets which need charging, (phones, camera batteries, hand held radio, torches, tablet etc.) that we specified a purpose built “Gadget cupboard” which has twin power sockets and space for all the chargers. This has been a great addition!

The galley has twin sinks, a two burner cooker with oven, and a cool box and a fridge. Many of the lockers are drawers, which are much easier to get into and find things in. There are cavernous lockers under the sole which are great for storing vegetables, fruit, and drinks as they are below the water line.

The two cockpit lockers are also huge and have 2 steps to climb down into the bottom! The port locker contains the gas storage locker, a shelf with boxes for storing spares, cleaners, oils, lashings etc., and a hanging bar for all the warps. It also contains the spare anchor,

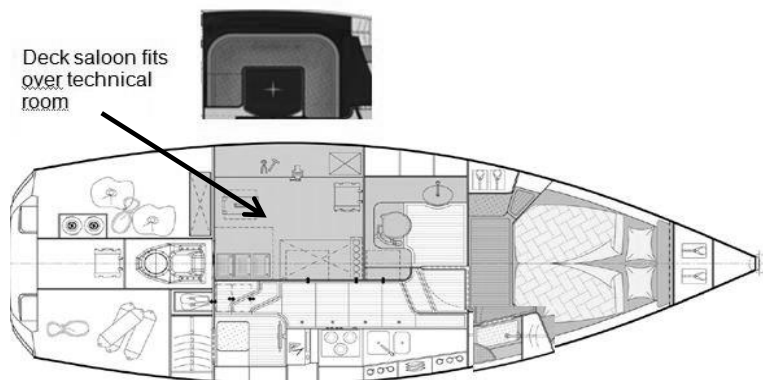
and all 11 of our fenders including a big balloon fender. The starboard locker takes all 3 sails, dinghy, outboard, cockpit table, davits and our two folding bikes – which can be easily lifted out with the mainsheet. And space to spare.... The engine can be accessed by a removable panel from either cockpit locker, or by a panel from the technical room. The engine is a Volvo D1-30 29hp coupled to a sail drive with two-blade folding propeller.

To run all these complex features, we have 372 amp of house battery, and will by the end of this winter have 4 solar panels to assist with charging. We have 300 litre fresh water, 150 litre fuel and 100 litre holding tank, so we can be self-sufficient at anchor for a considerable period.

Did we get it right?

- Absolutely delighted with Hornpipe 2
- Really, really like having a tiller again
  - can helm from side decks or quarter seats with tiller extension
- Love her sailing quality – she sails like a big dinghy, but still feels safe in winds gusting over 40 knots with her deep cockpit. (We hadn't intended to test that out just yet.....)
- We think that we got our specification just about spot on
- Especially pleased with the top-of-the range sails and her sailing performance

We have now lived on her for over a month, and sailed her for over 100 hours. We were so immersed in all aspects of her design that she felt “familiar” from the first day! (Except for where we have put things in her cavernous storage – there are over 60 separately



identifiable storage “spaces”)! We hope to keep sailing her for at least another ten years, health permitting. Watch this space....



*Pictured enjoying sun over the yardarm at anchor*

Helen & Richard Blackmore

## **SIMPLE RECIPES ON BOARD**

### **2 recipes only using 2 rings**

#### *1. Chilli - boat recipe for 4 people*

1 onion chopped  
2 garlic cloves crushed  
4 bacon slices chopped  
0.5 kg/ 1 lb. minced beef approx.  
Large jar tomato based sauce with herbs  
400g/14oz can red kidney based beans  
1-2 teaspoons chilli powder  
Salt to flavour

Fry mince, onion and bacon together- there should be enough fat in the mince so you do not need to add any extra to aid frying add the rest of the ingredients. For individual choice add the chilli powder a little at a time until you have the correct amount for your crew. Just remember the flavour will increase as the dish cooks. Leave to simmer for 20 minutes approx. serve with rice or jacket potatoes. (I know Bill can cook jacket potatoes on a ring using a skillet)

This is a very simple recipe which takes 10 minutes to prepare and 30 minutes to cook This recipe, like stews and soups is best made the day before in order to allow the flavours to mingle Once made, if you cannot store in a fridge don't panic - I never store any of these in a fridge! As long as it's in a covered dish overnight you can store it outside in the cockpit and during the day in the kitchen sink ( as long as it's in a sealed container).If the weather really is that hot that you are concerned about bacterial growth, you should not be having chilli!

#### *2. Boat Cake recipe*

1 egg  
1/5th of a 250g tub of margarine  
3/4 cup of sugar  
1 cup of SR flour  
Water

Heat the oven to approx. gas mark 5. If using skillets warm them up to quite hot. Grease oven proof dish Cream the sugar and margarine together- I was brought up to use a heavy fork; it's much easier than using a wooden spoon Add the egg and beat until mixture is smooth Add enough water until the mixture looks right- generally this is when you lift the fork/spoon up and the cake mixture just falls off. Quickly transfer mixture to greased oven proof dish and bake for 20-30 minutes

Any oven proof dish will do as long as it will fit in your oven. When cooking do not keep opening the door as this will cause the cake to fail. If you've never made a cake before, try practicing at home first before you impress your crew mates

I look forward to trying your results as long as the cake is not sad and you have not used cheese.

Final point to remember- I understand all the best chefs have a glass of wine whilst cooking. I prefer dry...

Hilary Holmes

## A DAY IN THE WESTERN ISLES

A warm July evening found us sitting leisurely taking a sundowner when Eric walked passed. It was an ill-considered question to enquire what he was doing there as we were looking out over Tobermory harbour towards the Ardnamurchan Peninsular with a comprehensive gathering of boats before us. A brief conversation confirmed that we were bound for the same destination, Dunstaffanage Marina near Oban, on the following day.

I was reminded of the story of The Terror of Tobermory. Vice Admiral Sir Gilbert Stevenson came out of retirement at the beginning of the Second World War to run HMS Western Isles In Tobermory. He was responsible for training the crews of newly commissioned escort vessels before they faced the challenges of the North Atlantic and Russian convoys. His rigorous training would be reinforced with surprise scenarios just when a crew had dropped their guard. He was always held in high regard and affection by those who he trained when they used the skills learned there during their ensuing active service.

Sandpiper motored off at mid-morning the following day north eastwards up the Sound of Mull as there was little breeze to help our passage. After several hours, as we kept off the northern shore, we suddenly saw a pair of White Tailed Sea Eagles pursuing a gannet with a mackerel in its beak. They were mobbing the bird in an attempt to make it drop the catch and thus provide their lunch. Contemplate who is nobler. The swift diving gannet with folded wing as it plunges into the sea after quarry it espied from a hundred feet above the surface of the sea only to be pursued and threatened as it re-emerges from the depths by the beak and talon of that magnificent broad winged raptor. The eagles were unsuccessful in their bullying tactics and returned to the shore to perch on a vantage point ready to ambush the next unwary fish harvester.

We decided to enter Loch Alainn for lunch. This loch branches northward off the Sound of Mull into the Morvern Peninsular. A small car ferry runs from the mouth at a place called Lochallen over to Mull. As we approached the entrance we noticed that the ferry was departing out of the mouth of the loch, at least the bottom half was leaving. The top half including the bridge was invisible in a bank of mist floating about eight feet above the surface of the sea. We entered the loch and picked up a mooring opposite a jetty where a small coaster was loading some type of aggregate from a conveyer belt; a few days after I revisited the loch and read the history of the loading jetty. During World War 2 the British war effort was running short of imported high grade sand used in the production of high quality glass used for optics in range finders, submarine periscopes and field glasses. The sand discovered and mined from under the nearby hills still continues to be used in the manufacture of quality glass.

Our lunch now completed we continued our passage towards Oban. Sufficient breeze had picked up to continue under sail only. I had tried to give Eric a call on the vhf with a view to some DSC practice but his yacht was having some electrical problems and a little adverse weather which we were about to enter. As we left the Sound of Mull to cross the northern end of the Firth of Lorne we entered a dense belt of mist. I switched on the radar and AIS and kept a good listening watch on the VHF radio. I thought it was appropriate to have the crew don life jackets. While Mark, our helmsman momentarily took his eye off the compass while donning his jacket Sandpiper turned off to port and a small lighthouse appeared out of the mist quite rapidly. This was most momentarily disconcerting and demonstrated the concentration required in these circumstances. The lighthouse marked Eilean Musdile off the

southern end of Lismore Island. About a cable to our starboard was Lady's Rock, where reputedly a highland chief had shackled his wife at low water when he became bored with her and left the rising tide to do its work.

The Calmac Ferries leaving Oban warned of their departure and it was reassuring to match their AIS co-ordinates, speed and direction with radar information overlaid on the chart plotter; their radar image matching the AIS information. We were in quite a tight pilotage situation and felt most reassured with the electrical gismos aboard. However I thought it a good idea to use the fog horn in case any vessels nearby did not have the same equipment as us and they too were sailing noiselessly through the fog. It was a new and strange sensation for me to be sailing in such reduced visibility and in such a confined stretch of water. After about half an hour had passed the sun burnt the mist off and we continued in sunny weather towards Dunstaffanage.

As we approached the entrance to Loch Etive we saw yet another fish farm, one of the many we had seen on our travels in Scotland. I told Mark and Fiona, crew on this leg our circumnavigation of the UK, about the strange ship we had seen in Campbelltown some weeks earlier. As we had left Campbelltown we had seen an unusual ship moored alongside in the harbour. Several hours later it passed us as we travelled north passed the Isle of Arran. John Mitchell, on board for this part of the trip and forever the investigative journalist, radioed up the vessel and enquired the purpose of the ship. The man on the bridge proved eager to tell us all about what they did. They were on passage to a fish farm where they would pump aboard the live fish and then transport them to the processing plant some distance away. This was the ships continuous task.

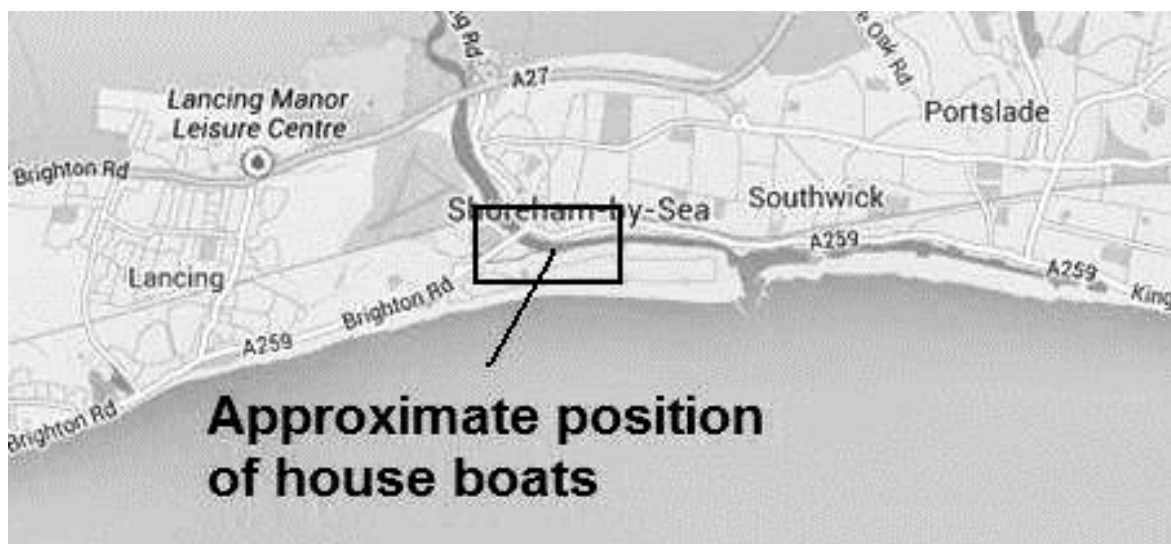
We arrived in Dunstaffanage at 17.45 which concluded this leg of our trip. Several days later new crew members arrived to continue onwards up Loch Linnhe into the Caledonian Canal and onwards to Inverness.



John Allsop

## DAWN RUN HEADS EAST

Max, my eighty two years young, friend lived and worked in Shoreham for a short time, about forty years ago. He was a senior lecturer in mechanical engineering and was carrying out some research work with Ricardos, the famous internal combustion engineers. I had sailed to Shoreham about four years ago and found many things to interest me either directly in Shoreham or just a ride away. We decided that if the weather was favourable we would sail there and then continue eastwards to Eastbourne or even may be Rye. We left Ashlett on the end of the tide and anchored in Ower Lake overnight. We set of motor sailing at 0800hrs and passed through the submerged barrier of Southsea at 1000hrs. We passed through the Looe channel of Selsey Bill at 1200hrs and arrived at Sussex Yacht Club, Shoreham at 1640hrs. The sun had shone all the time and as the day progressed so did the wind. I would suggest that to get the best picture and understanding about our travels, readers are encouraged to look at both Google Earth and a road atlas or suitable map. We referred to my on-board road atlas when planning our bus excursions. After a snack we caught the free bus to the beach. This was provided because a new footbridge was being constructed. Our aim was to visit the area where Max had lived and to see how things had changed. Shoreham spit was once England's equivalent of Hollywood. This was in the days



of the silent movies. Actors lived in converted railway carriages and the area around the old fort developed a very bohemian atmosphere. Now the spit has been redeveloped with some very large and expensive houses, many with swimming pools. It is rumoured that Chris Evan's owns a house here. What particularly interests me are the many houseboats that line the bank of the River Adur. Google Earth gives a very good idea of the number of houseboats and their relative positions. Last time I visited Shoreham I carried out a good deal of research about the various craft. These ranged from old ferries, a hovercraft, an ex-German mine-sweeper to Thames lighters, British Power Boat World War Two gun boats, landing craft and even a concrete petrol tanker. On Friday morning before we set sail at noon, I returned to photograph the houseboats while Max explored his old haunts. The owners of the boats actually own the river bed and because in law they are deemed to be "chattels" the owners are at liberty to develop them without needing planning permission. Each is very unique and some exceedingly creative. One which belongs to a person with very artistic talents has incorporated parts of a coach, fire engine, Reliant Robin, Sprite caravan, and a washing machine. I spoke to one lady to ask if she would allow me to photograph the hull

structure at her front door. She apparently rented half the hull which had been made into a



flat, while the owners lived in a bungalow which was constructed on the deck and made from rendered thermal blocks.



Her flat was in a concrete hull that had been built originally as a petrol tanker! This was one of a few barges of this type that were constructed during The Second World War. Many were built as water tankers and one of these can be seen at Bursledon where it was used as the original Aladdin's Cave. The hull is 50mm thick and the reinforcing rods and concrete look to be in excellent condition.



We had not sailed very far east before I decided that the wind and following sea conditions were not ideal for a pleasant sail, so we diverted into Brighton Marina. We then caught the bus into Brighton and spent a very pleasant afternoon and early evening exploring the delights of Brighton Pier. We had our evening meal at Wetherspoon's, overlooking the marina. On Saturday we used our bus passes to take us back to Shoreham, where we walked along the river bank on the bed of the old railway. We had a fantastic view of the air show while we enjoyed our picnic lunch and only headed home in the late afternoon. Apparently the Shoreham Air show co-ordinates its programme with that of Bournemouth and we really felt very privileged to see so many brilliant aerobatic displays.

On Sunday we caught the bus to Eastbourne, where we enjoyed our visit to the largest of the three, Napoleonic, circular land forts that were built along the south east coast. The fort contains a number of very interesting military museums. Our bus back to Brighton went via Beachy Head.

On Monday we set off westwards, with the aim of anchoring off East Head, in Chichester Harbour. Unfortunately the wind was absolutely dead on the nose so we had to motor most of the way. During our voyage both to and from Shoreham and Brighton we only saw one yacht on the horizon. The Solent might be the home to thousands of yachts but yet again Max and I seemed to be the only boat on the sea, once we had left The Solent. We left our anchorage at 0800hrs and once again had to rely on the engine to take us across to Ryde. We caught the bus to Bembridge, where Max wished to visit an old friend that he had not seem for many years. We walked along the beach from the village and then around the harbour, noting that many of the old house boats were gradually being replaced with larger and smarter ones. Before returning to Ryde, for a meal at Wetherspoon's, we got off the bus



at Seaview, to explore how this village had developed during the last forty years. It was a favourite holiday destination for Max's family holidays. On Wednesday we headed for Ashlett calling in at Port Hamble to refuel en-route.

When we were nearing the Hamble Spit cardinal mark, I was able very hurriedly to take a photo of Dave Young's boat sailing close hauled. I also took a photograph of a ketch. On our trip up river I was able to contact the skipper of the boat by radio and said that I would email him an excellent shot of his boat, that evening and in return I suggested that he may wish to send a donation to the RNLI as a thank you for the photograph. He gave me his details and I sent the photograph. He replied saying how pleased he was to receive the only picture he had of his boat under sail and to also let me know that he was a governor of the RNLI and that he would be sending an additional donation to them. May I suggest that we all could do this for one another, especially if we make arrangements beforehand and communicate by mobile or radio? We moored at the club, feeling very satisfied with our foray to the east and thankful for the sunshine we had enjoyed.

Mike Gillingham "Dawn Run"

## SAILING TRIP TO CROATIA

Mark Thompson organized a sailing trip to Croatia from 8th to 15th June 2013. The crew included Alan Hardwicke, Peter Hunt and Stuart Rowland. We flew from Stansted at 6.30am on Saturday 8th June and arrived at Split airport at 9.55am (local time). A taxi transfer to the marina at Trogir got us there for 12 noon.

Scheduled to take over the boat, ARKA, a 40 ft. Bavaria by 3pm, we were delayed due to the number of customers starting their charters that afternoon.



Cathedral in Trogir

The marina is in the old town of Trogir, which is a UNESCO World Heritage site and has a city wall, a cathedral and charming shops and streets. We took a walk around the city in the afternoon following which; we shopped for provisions and then went through the boat handover process.

A decision was made to stay in Trogir overnight and leave the next morning. (This was partly affected by the presence of a 50ft yacht berthed beside us) and gusty wind conditions.

We visited the town again in the evening and enjoyed a beer on the waterfront – whilst watching the world go by! Looking for an ethnic restaurant, we found the Tragos Restaurant which was offering an inclusive menu of local Dalmatian cuisine accompanied by local wines all for

210KN (approx. £26 each).

The Menu at the Tragos Restaurant:

<p>Starters: Bruschetta with anchovies and olives. Grilled shrimps on spit with home-made tomato sauce. Homemade butter with dried figs and prosciutto served on toast.</p>	<p>Main Course: Shark fillet served with vegetables or Trogirda pasticada – marinated beef stewed in wine and Mediterranean spices</p>	<p>Desserts: Traditional cake rafijoli, candied almonds &amp; sweet fritters</p>
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We enjoyed a really excellent meal!

On Sunday 9th June we awoke to a fine, sunny day. Winds were light NE and forecast to freshen later.

Our overall plan was to sail east around Brač island then head south east across the Hvar channel with the intention of getting to Korcula by Tuesday. Korcula is famous as a place to visit as it is an unspoilt compact medieval city with a wall around it.

We decided to head for Pučišća on the east side of Brač Island – a distance of approx. 33 miles.

We set off just after 9am and immediately had problems getting the in-mast furler mainsail out. It had been stowed the previous day by the marina staff in breezy weather and was obviously stuck two thirds up. We returned to the marina and a member of staff in a bosun’s chair went up to free it!



We eventually set off and headed for Solta Island for a lunch stop in Necujam bay. From there we headed for Point Gonilica on Brač Island for the sail down to Pučišća – approx. 19 miles. Midway the winds died and we completed the trip under power.

As you approach the inlet to Pučišća there are signs of extensive quarrying of stone. When Dubrovnik was badly damaged during the Serb atrocities the stone to repair the houses came from Pučišća. There is a long channel leading to the town with a sharp right hand bend to the town centre where there are stern-on moorings right outside the church.

Pučišća

The town is constructed from the stone quarried locally and has a very substantial appearance. We dined at a quayside restaurant and the food was excellent – with wine the total bill for four was 515 KN (approx. £65). Attempts to find a weather forecast were fruitless. The best advice we had was that it could be sunny, but it could rain and winds may strengthen!

Despite being tied up in the middle of a town, the night was very quiet, but we were awoken at 6.30 by the church bells! There were no public toilets or showers – as they were all being rebuilt (in magnificent stone)

Our plan for the day was to head south east down the Brač channel and cross the Hvar channel with lunch at Sumartin on Brač and an overnight stop at Sucaraj on Hvar island from where we would be in a good position to head for Korcula on Tuesday.

Having cast off we headed for the Brač channel and found that the wind was coming off the mountains from the north-east and it was impossible to make any serious headway. A decision was taken to execute a 180° turn and sail with following wind up the Brač channel and then turns for Korcula via the Korkulanski channel on the south side of Hvar Island.

Rounding Point Gonilica we headed for Milna bay for lunch. Our new overnight destination was an anchorage to the west of Hvar town. Over lunch the winds and sea state had worsened as we set off for Splitska Varta and Point Rasangi.

Due to conditions it was apparent that getting to Hvar would be difficult – so we looked for a safe anchorage on the north side of Hvar Island with protection in all winds – we chose Duga bay, close to Point Pelegrini.



After a day of strong winds and rough sea conditions the evening cleared and there was a glorious sunset.

As we were at anchor we prepared our stand-by meal of pasta with a Bolognese sauce and tomatoes. The night at anchor was very comfortable.

Tuesday dawned sunny and calm. The wind was north-westerly. Our plan was to round Point Pelegrini and sail past Hvar town and call in for

lunch at an anchorage on the island of Šćedro before heading for Korcula.



We rounded Point Pelegrini and set a course of 116° and with the wind directly behind us goose-winged down the Hvar channel with a gybe preventer set. We had to execute a controlled gybe at one stage when the only isolated marked rock in the channel was getting too close! The passage was now going well and we decided to lunch “en passage” and not anchor on Šćedro. We arrived off Korcula at 16.00 hrs. after an excellent day’s sail of nearly 8 hours.

*Korcula – a walled medieval town*

We radioed the marina but it was full. We headed for an anchorage about 1 mile away and dropped anchor, launched the dinghy and attached the outboard motor – which started first pull! Having witnessed the attempts at anchoring by other arrivals and being satisfied that our vessel was safe, we went to the town, which radiates from the central cathedral and is surrounded by a city wall. We dined at a charming, family owned restaurant facing the Korcula channel in the evening sunset. We got back to the boat and settled for the night –

but the wind freshened considerably and we had to get up in the night to re-secure the dinghy and remove the outboard motor.

The following morning we needed to start our return journey to Split. However the winds were still very gusty and the main channel looked very rough with visible “white horses”. Attempts to find a reliable weather forecast were difficult.

We eventually contacted the marina in Trogir who told us it was forecast to be calm with north winds of 10-15mph veering west later. This did not quite tie up with what we could see!

We decided to head for Vela Luka, at the other end of Korcula island – which would put us in a good position to head back via Milna (on Brač island) to arrive in Split on Friday. Going via the island of Vis, as originally planned, was out of the question due to distance and the likely wind direction.



The sailing up the Korcula channel was mixed – with the wind dying a couple of times. We anchored in Maju bay, near Point Proizd where we lunched and swam in the crystal clear sea.

Vela Luka was only a few miles away and having arrived early, we picked up a mooring buoy in the inner harbour – about 40 metres off the jetty. We launched the dinghy and got ashore (albeit getting wet shorts in the process!). Our intention was to get supplies and find the Harbourmaster to pay the mooring fee.

Vela Luka was one of the prettiest places we visited. It is relatively unspoilt and is not overwhelmed by a marina.



**Fish for two!**

Having enjoyed a beer at a harbour side bar we found a hotel with an outside room facing the bay which offered a very good seafood menu. The seafood platter was outstanding!

We spent some evening's playing cards or dominoes, often very competitively! During the night a stiff breeze sprang up and we were disturbed by the mooring rope noisily chafing on the mooring buoy.

Our plan, for Thursday, was to head up the Hvar channel past Hvar town and spend the night at the marina in Milna on Brač Island.

Having stowed the dinghy we were departing from Vela Luka when we were hailed by the Harbourmaster as we had failed to pay our mooring fee! We had tried to find him at his office the previous evening, but he was not in. We then forgot about it!

We sailed past Hvar town (another very pretty place) and anchored in LV Garske bay. Here we lunched and had a swim.

Weighing anchor we headed across the Hvar channel to Milna on the island of Brač. Just short of the town is a marina on the port side. We found that this was cheaper and less congested than in the town centre.



It was only a short walk to the town which is famous for wine. We visited a wine shop for a tasting of the local wines.

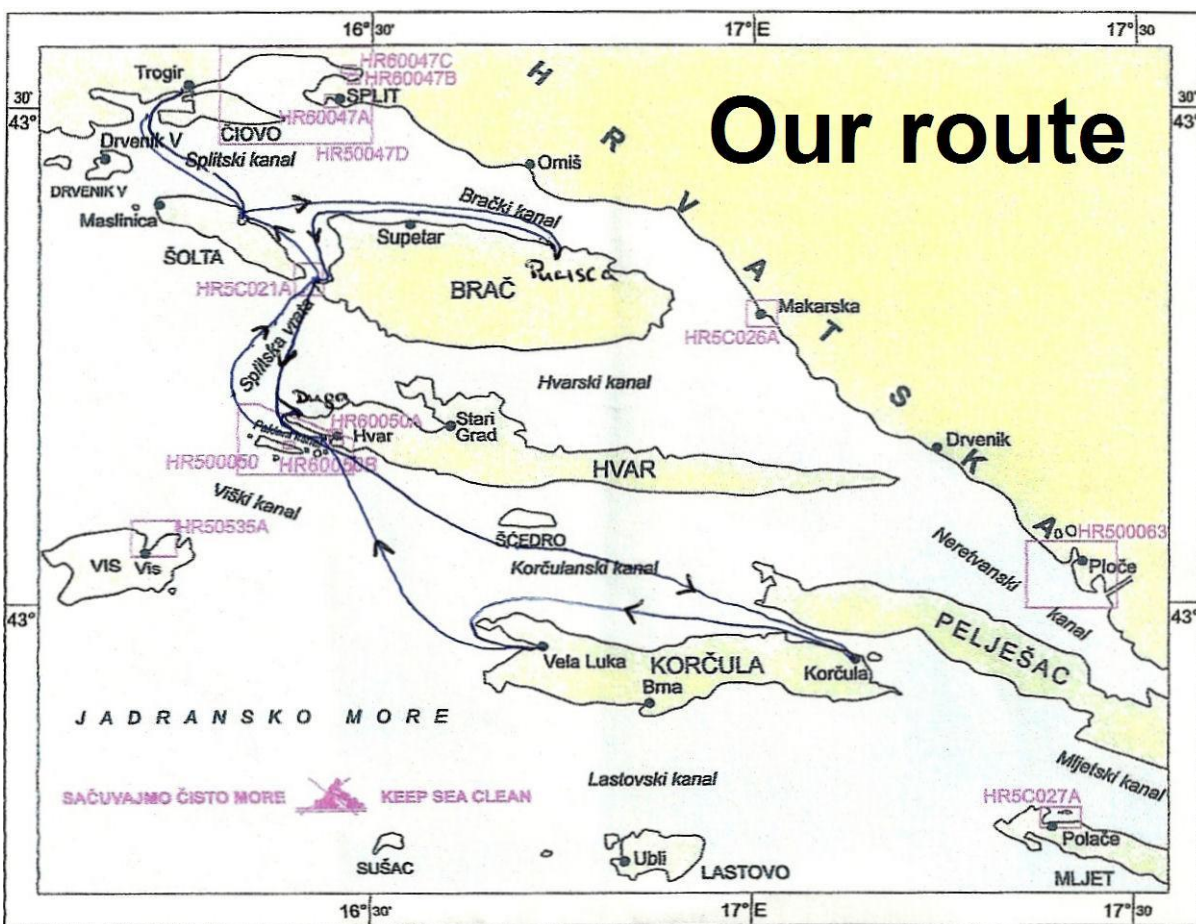
After another excellent and affordable meal we returned to the marina which was well sheltered and quiet.

Being, now, Friday it was time to return to the marina at Trogir. We planned a lunch stop on the island of Šolta. It was sunny and cloudless day with light winds. We decided to refuel at Milna as we expected it to be very busy back at

Trogir (which proved to be the case!) As we got out into the main Splitski channel there was enough breeze to sail comfortably (and also put on a CD of Dvorak's Slavonic Dances – very much the place to catch the mood!)

For lunch we anchored in Necujam bay and took a last opportunity for a swim!

The breeze had freshened up from the west and we had a good run back to Trogir. On the way we had to tack to avoid other boats (notably Gulets), on one tack a spare halliard got caught up with the Genoa sheets and was put in the water – all captured by Peter on his movie camera (including the expletives) !



We got back to Trogir where there was a lot of congestion with boats wanting to refuel and others heading for different parts of the marina for hand-back. Several attempts were made to come alongside the jetty to enable a member of staff to jump on board – which was finally achieved without a collision! It was an eye-opener to watch the member of staff berth the boat in a very confined space - as they say, practice makes perfect!

We spent the evening in Trogir town and then had our last evening on board. On Saturday 15th June we took the taxi to Split airport for our return journey to Stansted. We enjoyed an excellent week's sailing – covering 183 miles and visiting many charming places. The weather was excellent with good winds every day.

Only one criticism of the boat was that the SatNav was not by the chart table but almost at floor level below the instruments on deck. This made route planning very difficult especially if there were bright sunshine or bumpy sailing conditions!

Report produced by: STUART ROWLAND

## **YACHTMASTER PRACTICAL ASSESSMENT FOR INSTRUCTION**

### **Prologue - New Parks Sailing Classes**

As most of you know, New Parks became well known for its sailing classes although this was only one activity of many. It so happened that when I was accidentally appointed in 1964 as head of New Parks Further Education Centre, one of my own personal interests was sailing. We first introduced dinghy and day boat courses that quickly became popular. Within the first few years we had courses at all levels beginners to advanced and included courses for potential instructors. Classroom courses were followed by practical's at various clubs. I worked very closely with the RYA and had great support from Bob Bond the first National Coach.

He drew up new training techniques and we were among the first to implement them. For 20 years I was the East Midlands Coach and had the difficult job of trying to get waters open to sailing in Leicestershire.

The numbers of students for all our courses gradually increased and at some time in the early 70's I decided to try and run a cruising course which seemed strange to some people being so far from the sea and in the middle of a large housing estate. I had experience of sailing large yachts on the Norfolk Broads because I had continued to run both a camp during the August fortnight holiday and two weeks at Easter on 40 yachts both for boys and girls from various city and county schools. I managed to get an ex naval officer who lived locally and we enrolled 10 students. We really needed 15 to be successful but as it was a first try we were allowed to run it.

This was the beginning and the following year we had 20 students. We also chartered three boats or a week's practical course. I skippered one of the boats. I knew how to sail but my other knowledge was very limited. Fortunately I was a quick learner but at this stage we remained in the confines of the Solent. Numbers then grew very quickly and it was a matter of getting qualified tutors to take the classes. I again became closely involved with the RYA and did various courses myself and was amongst the first yacht masters to be appointed within the new scheme in May 1976.

Numbers were growing all the while. At one point we had 25 cruising courses to all levels with 500 students attending such classes. Our next problem was having enough practical skippers who were qualified to teach the various levels. With this in mind I encouraged selected people to become qualified yacht master Instructors. Five of us went on such a course under the direction of Tom Cunliffe in 1981 which is the subject of the next article I was asked to write up.

Sailing was important to New Parks and our very successful cruising association. It was however only a part of our success as we had over 2000 other students attending annually our other courses.

### **The Assessment**

Our first assessment for potential Yacht master Instructors was in May 1981. This was the first time we met Tom Cunliffe who the RYA chose to assess us. Taking part other than me was Hugh Butler, who kindly loaned us his Yacht Min, a "Moodie 36" for four days, Dennis

Belton; Peter Dawkins and Bill York. We later found out that when Tom was asked who he was assessing he answered by saying we were a bunch of farmers from land locked Leicestershire.

We gathered on Hugh's boat at the National Sailing Centre in Cowes. Tom quickly put us in our place with a short introductory talk. He stated he would be sleeping in the large aft cabin and that Hugh would be told he could, as the owner, object to anything Tom wanted to do with his yacht but if he did the assessment would end immediately in failure for us all.

As owner Hugh was the first to be assessed, this took place mainly in the Solent and I can't remember much about it only to think he seemed to have a very easy ride and it may not be so bad when it came to my turn. How wrong can you be?

I was next as the instigator of the set up. We were now on the town Quay at Lymington. He told me to take the yacht out and head for the Needles. At this point I was told I had a wall tight off the bow and yachts tight on the stem. Fortunately we managed to spring off without too much trouble. We motored to the mouth and he wanted us to run down to the Needles under spinnaker. Again we managed this but the visibility was not too good. On reaching the Needles we were told to head round the Island to Portsmouth. The visibility closed in further and I was asked if I would recommend returning to the Solent. I did say I probably would and he seemed to agree this was sensible but then said in this case we would continue to St Catherine.

Visibility did improve along with the wind which remained easterly. At some point we got a jam on the winch and were able to show off my recently learnt skill with a rolling hitch. I was then asked to calculate the state of the tide. Fortunately Dennis was below and with his help we managed to show there was no tide run at all.

When we reached St Catherine the over falls was the place he decided to test my man overboard skills; considering the state of the sea this went very well. On reaching Bembridge Ledge I was told to go below and close all the curtains and navigate blind but remember getting one buoy wrong. I was then told to alter course for Chichester and dry the yacht out at Bosham. As we were about to enter Chichester into a head wind I suggested we now take our sails down and motor in. At this point I was told the engine had failed so we had to tack in. I told the crew to call out the depth so that we would know when to tack. I was then told this had also failed. I then decided he was after a bearings entry with the hand compass. This was done by using the piles and buoys as the visibility was now good.

Once through we were allowed to take the sails down and head for Bosham. Again Dennis helped me calculate if we had sufficient depth to dry out. It looked very tight and came down to inches. We did manage to moor against the wall and I did my first dry out and with a finn keel. When I asked Tom if he knew we could dry out he replied he had no idea!

Here ended my very full day and I got the feeling he was going to throw the lot at me as head farmer. I still didn't know if I had passed.

Next came Dennis and he had to make for Poole through the Solent. He had to find a gap through the barrier to the north of the Forte and skirt Ryde Sands. Dennis was very good technically but lacked boat handling under sail inside Poole Harbour. Peter was a bit similar. I remember he failed to moor the boat stern to in Cowes. I also remember I had a very long stint helming the yacht with the spinnaker up while Pete was skipper. Tom was noting the interaction between skipper and crew and how the different strengths of each crew member were used.

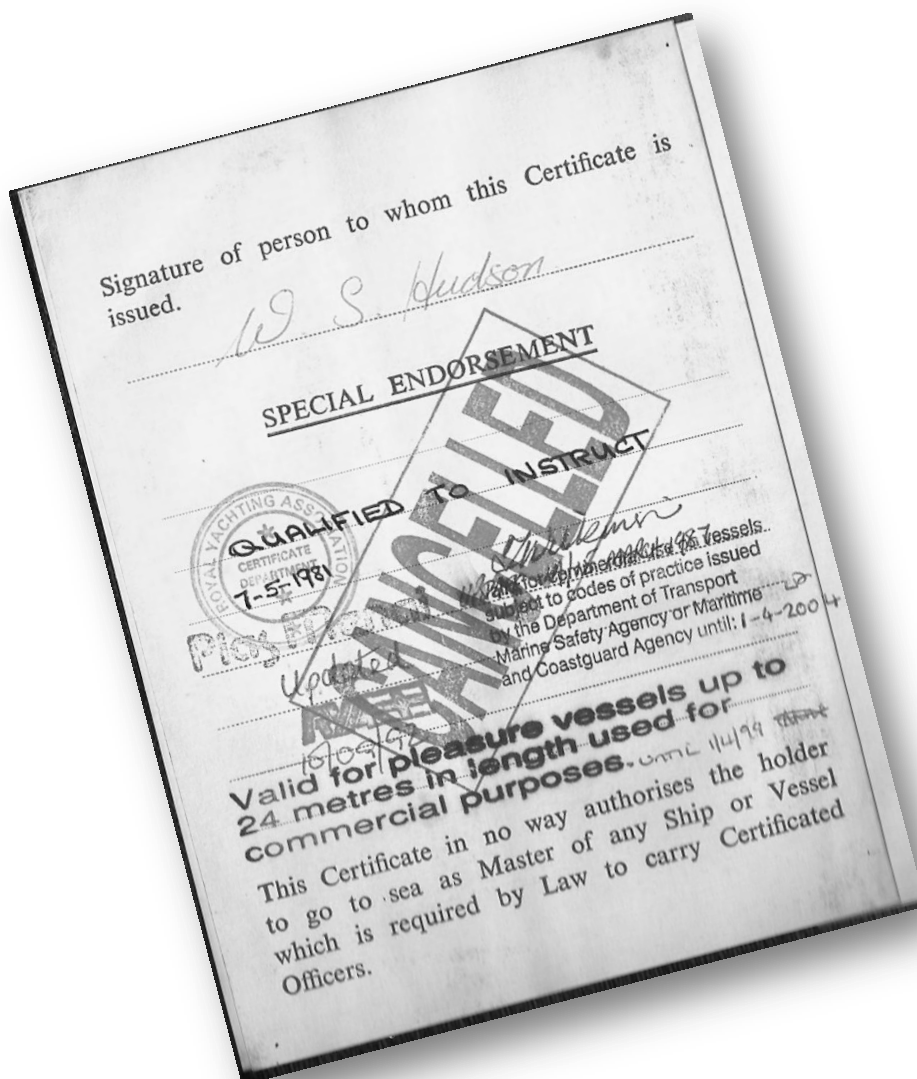


I can't remember why Bill didn't pass but he did pass as did Dennis and Peter at a later date. We were the first and at the end I will list the names of those who followed to make New Parks one of the largest Nautical Schools in the world. According to the RYA we were the 4th largest.

We had at last shown we weren't just farmers and in the end had over 20 Yachtmaster Instructors teaching at Easter and spring weeks.

Tom Cunliffe became a very good friend and I was able to find him some crew for his winter trip from England to the Eastern side of Canada and America and his return. He became a regular visitor to New Parks. We hope to have a talk from Tom at one of our Club Nights very soon.

**Note From the editor:** all good things must come to an end. Bill gave me this copy of his YMI certificate accompanied with a wry smile.



## COMMODORE'S LUNCH ON 2 MARCH - PHOTOGRAPHS

With thanks to Stuart for these pictures – Richard Malthouse presenting:



Round the  
Island Race /  
Gurnee Crew  
From the left:  
Dave Pickett;  
Tony Flint; Mike  
& Yvonne;  
Cathy & Ian  
Brett



Spring Rally – David Richardson



Log prize – Mick McQuade

## SEA FEVER IN FETHYIE BAY 20 – 27 SEPTEMBER 2013

### *20 September 2014 – From the comfort of home*

8.30 am Richard and Jane Oakes had already picked up Trevor and Carole Riley when they arrive at my house to pick me up. No delay, it's off to Birmingham Airport for our Monarch flight to Dalaman departing 14.45 and arriving Dalaman 20.55. Technology is quite brilliant at Birmingham and it is very polite. As we approached the entrance to the car park, a camera read the car number plate and recognised prepaid parking reservation, it then displayed the greeting, "Good morning Jane Oakes", how about that for being polite?

After enjoying a Weatherspoon's breakfast we boarded our flight. Monarch were very helpful and accommodating, I emailed a few days before departure asking if I could pack my life jacket in my luggage. Yes they said one life jacket per bag and detach the air cylinder.

Arriving at Dalaman we were met by our pre-booked taxi driver, he was a most helpful chap stopping off at a supermarket on the way to Gocek so that we could get a few essential supplies, bread, butter, one bottle of milk and 42 bottles of beer (well even The Good Book says that man cannot live by bread alone!). After patiently waiting for 20 minutes at the supermarket, at no extra charge, the taxi driver dropped us at the end of the right pontoon. We had arrived!



### ***Friday 20 September 2014 D-Marina Gocek – 36 44'.98N, 028 56'.35E***

Gocek has grown from a ramshackle little fishing village into a bustling Charter Boat base. Its proximity to Dalaman airport, less than half an hour away (15minutes by Kamikaze taxi drivers) makes it an ideal place for charter. It is a pleasant spot catering for the needs of the local farming community alongside those of holidaymakers and yachtsmen.

On arrival we were told that engine, fuel and water had all been checked and for the innocent that might mean that all was well and tanks topped up. Actually, that's not what it

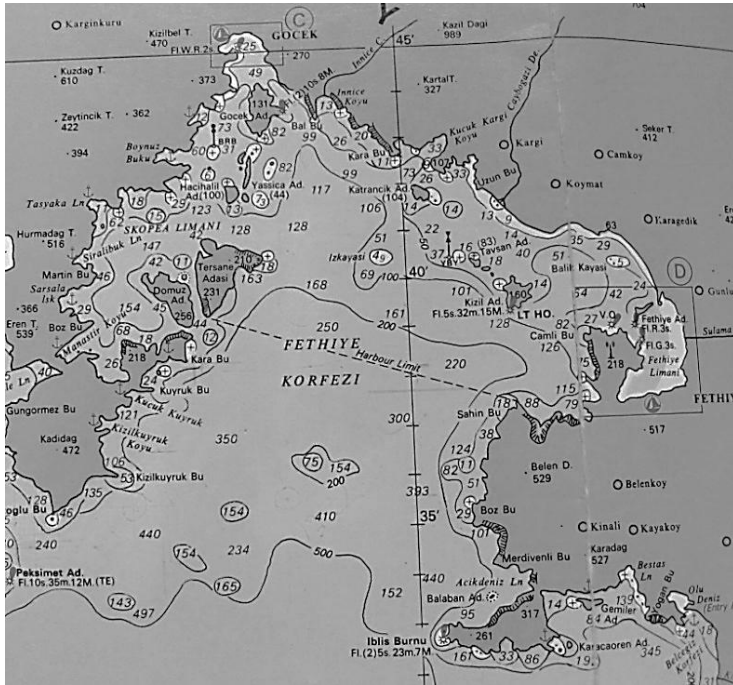


meant. What was actually meant was, "don't listen to me check it yourself!" We filled the water tanks ourselves then, fortunately, carried out an engine check. There was no need to wipe the dip stick because there was no oil in the engine! Literally, the oil just touched the very end of the dip stick but after pouring in about 2 litres of oil the dip stick showed a safe and satisfactory level.

There was a rather attractive restaurant (see left) on the hill side overlooking our pontoon issuing a subliminal message to the psyche, "come and feast on our magnificent pizzas and

drink our ice cold beer!" We gave in simply because our beer was nowhere near cold enough to drink and washing up did not look attractive. The pizzas were superb and not too expensive.

**Saturday 21 September 2014**



Next morning, woken before dawn by the wailing from the minarets all around we set off early to the marina stores go vittle the boat. 2 shopping trollies later and a shed load of dosh, the very nice man volunteers to bring our goodies to our boat at no extra charge. After loading on board we cast off to explore Fethiye Bay.

For those less seasoned travellers, Fethiye Bay is on the Lycian Coast of Turkey. **Lycia** (Turkish: *Likya*) was a geopolitical region in Anatolia in what are now the provinces of Antalya and Muğla on the southern coast of Turkey, and Burdur Province

inland.

Lycia fought for the Persians in the Persian Wars, but on the defeat of the Achaemenid Empire by the Greeks, it became intermittently a free agent. After a brief membership in the Athenian Empire, it seceded and became independent (its treaty with Athens had omitted the usual non-secession clause), was under the Persians again, revolted again, was conquered by Mausolus of Caria, returned to the Persians, and went under Macedonian hegemony at the defeat of the Persians by Alexander the Great. Due to the influx of Greek speakers and the sparsity of the remaining Lycian speakers, Lycia was totally Hellenized under the Macedonians. The Lycian language disappeared from inscriptions and coinage.

Despite home rule under republican principles Lycia was not a sovereign state and had not been since its defeat by the Carians. In 43 AD the Roman emperor, Claudius, dissolved the league. Lycia was incorporated into the Roman Empire with a provincial status. It became an eparchy of the Eastern, or Byzantine Empire, continuing to speak Greek even after being joined by communities of Turkish language speakers in the early 2nd millennium. After the fall of the Byzantine Empire in the 15th century, Lycia was under the Ottoman Empire, and was inherited by the Turkish Republic on the fall of that empire. The Greeks were withdrawn when the border between Greece and Turkey was negotiated in 1923.

Lycia today is a substantial component of the Turquoise Coast. It is of interest not only for recreation and sport, but as a location of antiquities going back as early as the Bronze Age. The ruins of ancient Lycia are seemingly everywhere. For reasons unknown, perhaps isolation, recycling of the building stone was minimal compared to other regions.

We put to sea just after noon and hove to for lunch in Krizil bay just outside Goccek while we decided where to anchor for the night. Tersane Creek looked worth exploring so off we went

and 18.1 miles later we arrived. Winds were NW9 and barometer steady at 995. We were moored by 1700 and enjoying a well-deserved beer by 1702!

***Saturday evening 21 September – Tersane Creek 36 40'.71N, 028 54'.70E***

What a beautiful spot!!!! Previously a deserted island with a few Byzantine ruins dotted around the head of the creek. A family of Turks had colonised the shore building a pontoon, a shaded dining area, wooden canvas sided 'tents' for sleeping and rebuilding a clay oven and cooking range in one of the ruins. Visiting yachts were welcome to moor stern too on the pontoon provided that the crew ate in the restaurant. If crews did not wish to eat on the restaurant they were invited to drop anchor in the bay. We had food on board but how could we reject such a warm invitation!



Having agreed to eat ashore, the younger ladies of the family explained the menu of the day and all diners were required to pre-order so that the kitchen would cook just that food that was ordered thereby avoiding waste. Eating ashore left sufficient time in the late afternoon to explore and photograph the creek from land.

I took numerous photos from the pontoon but struggled to take even one photograph from one end. At the far end of the pontoon was a motor boat crewed by an affluent looking young Turk and his young, attractive lady friend with the figure of a catwalk model and wearing a very, very brief brown bikini! (Not that I noticed much about her!) I found it difficult to take a photograph at their end of the pontoon without getting the young lady in my field of view I feared that the young man might get the wrong impression if I snapped away! Eventually they went ashore and I took the long awaited shot!

We were greatly impressed by the initiative, hard work and tenacity of the restaurateur and his family; they literally carved a business out of a wilderness, no sitting on their backsides waiting for state handouts and benefits.

Tersane means 'dockyard', so it is quite likely that boats were built or repaired in this creek. If you plan to visit, arrive early as it is a very popular place among local yachtsmen.

***Sunday 22 September 2014***

Leaving Tersane and after clearing the creek we turned south and sailed through the narrow channel between Tersane and Domuz island heading out of Fethiye Bay to Gemiler Adasi and nearby anchorages.

Winds were variable 7 - 2.3 knots and completely reversed coming from the SW but this did not stop us enjoying our 26.7 miles sail. The barometer dropped a point to 995.

***Sunday Evening 22 September – Unnamed bay near Gemiler Adasi  
36 32'39N, 029 03'.00E***

Another beautiful overnight anchorage, this sheltered bay presented an excellent opportunity for Trevor Riley to practice his sail making skills. With Richard to help and me to supervise we soon had the Genoa down and spread over the coach roof. Trevor spent a happy couple of hours stitching away while Richard and I took comfort in drinking the cold beers. Meanwhile Carol had taken Jane under her motherly wing and was explaining nautical terms to improve Jane's seamanship. Jane meanwhile had her book and was content to read.



The peace and tranquility of our unknown anchorage was shattered shortly after dark. Our unknown secret anchorage was not exactly unknown and secret, a Turkish Gullet overladen with noisy happy holidaymakers dropped anchor and unloaded the passengers onto the beach for a very boozy barbecue. Fortunately they either ran out of energy or ran out of booze because by midnight they had packed up and left.

***Monday 23 September 2014***

Next morning we were woken by the silence and took breakfast on deck. As the sun rose over the land so the wasps started their day's buzzing - mainly around us. They either liked us, and were simply saying hello, or else they had taken exception to our anchoring in their back yard. Either way we beat a hasty retreat and set sail for the famous Olu Deniz. (It might not be famous to you but it is to the folks who live there). I am never bored of looking at the hills on the horizon, the classic triangular shapes in varying shades of grey and blue are just exquisite; photographs do not do the view justice.

Olu Deniz in behind a beautiful land locked bay is now a prohibited area, and yachts cannot anchor in the lagoon. Being a landlocked bay connected to the sea by a narrow shallow channel, it was being suffocated by oil and sewage left by the numerous yachts that visited here, and so was closed in 1983. We needed to restock the pantry so Jane and I went ashore in the dinghy while Sea Fever stood off. Olu Deniz is a lovely village nothing remarkable but pretty in its own way. There was no supermarket or even a mini market where we could buy supplies, but a kindly restaurateur came to the rescue and generously filled our shopping list for literally a few pennies.

Back on board we decided to return to Fethiye Bay sooner than sail further south, a decision based upon the length of the return sail the next day. No point in being a hero when you can enjoy yourself!

Lunch was prepared and eaten underway as we enjoyed our afternoon sail to Tomb Bay. Light winds gusting occasionally SW 5 – 14 zipped us along quite nicely and the 25 miles back to the east side of the bay passed with ease. The barometer was rock solid at 995, the good weather was continuing!

**Monday Evening 23 September - Tomb Bay 36° 41.74N, 028° 51'.85E**

Tomb Bay is delightful for dining, swimming, or even for a Turkish shave and massage below Carian and Lycian rock tombs (porticoed temple tombs). The ancient Lycian city of



Crya is still evident among the olive trees and oleander. Lycians, Herodotus noted, were Cretans driven from Crete by Minos of Knossos. Carians, he believed, were native to Asia Minor. Richard Jane and I were dropped ashore by Trevor by dinghy so that we could climb the cliffs and see the ancient tombs. Trevor promised to return and collect us later in the early evening. The clearly marked gentle path soon gave way to the odd blob of paint on the trunk of a tree. The path had disappeared and the gentle slope

turned into a near vertical grunt. Almost as soon as we left the shore we were joined by whole families of mosquitos and their friends, I can now authoritatively inform you that you can get mosquito bites on existing mosquito bites irrespective of how much blood you actually have left after their feast!

The tombs were amazing and well worth our bravery, the ancient Lycians were skilled masons and cleverly artistic but despite our thirst for art we were glad to return to the shore where we waited and waited and waited for Trevor. Unbeknown to us Trevor and Carol had found a bar and felt that it would be rude and a snub toward their host to leave and rescue us so they stayed in comfort and enjoyed another beer. Meanwhile I negotiated with a young boy (18 ish) to give us a lift to Sea Fever clearly riding at anchor 200 yards away. He may have been an illiterate Turkish peasant but he could count! 100 Lira (£27.00!!!!!!)He said, “Never on



your life” said I, 90 said he. “Do I look like an American” said I, 80 said he “Bu\*\*\*\* off!” said I and we settled on 20 Lira (£5.50) and he beamed like he had won the lottery!

The Turkish people are nothing if not resourceful, creative and opportunistic. Here we were miles from anywhere when along comes the market boat. We were used to seeing small dinghies come alongside selling bread or ice creams but this one must have been 30 feet long

carrying more stock than Sainsbury's!

**Tuesday 24 September 2014**

After a leisurely breakfast we set sail back to Gocek old town to buy provisions. We only wanted to stay on the old town quay for a couple of hours but as soon as a rope came ashore up popped a Harbour Master's minion demanding a king's ransom. (I'm sure that the bollard is some sort of genie's lamp, one rub and there he was!). Anyway, a pleasant smile and cheerful negotiation in the Harbour Master's office had the price drastically reduced and with water and showers included!

The old town is quite pretty; shopping was easy (particularly for Trevor who supervised from the forecourt of a bar with beer in hand). Lunch on board feasting on the fresh bread and fruit was excellent and it was almost a shame to leave to sail to Kapi Creek. The winds had begun to strengthen and we flew along under 23 knots of wind from SW. We dropped anchor at 1740 having logged another 15.4 miles during the day. A rise in the barometer, now 998, would the weather change?

**Tuesday Evening 24 September - Kapi Creek 36° 38'.87N, 028° 53'.67E**

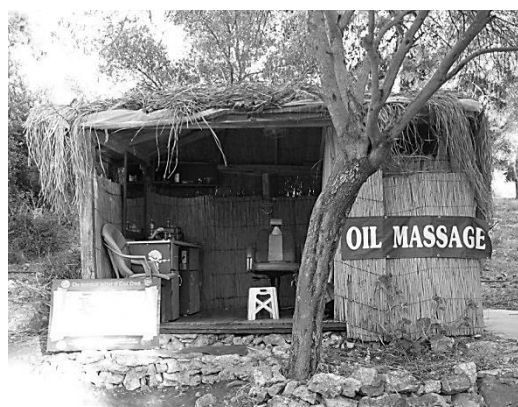


Like Tersane, a family of Turks have colonised the creek, built a pontoon, restaurant, barbers shop and massage parlour. Mooring on the pontoon books a table for dinner, don't want dinner then anchor off!

On the west side of the creek there are ruins of two old dwellings with vaulted roofs, they look like small chapels but the pilot says that they were definitely dwellings. The one with the triple-vaulted roof is particularly intriguing; I wonder why it was built that way?

Again the only masonry built building is the kitchen cum bake house. The cook had a baby in arms and without a crèche to look after the baby; she was strapped to mothers back while she worked. Jane took a gamble and submitted herself to a 'facial'. Not a good idea because half an hour after returning her skin turned bright red with a rash that looked like a bad dose of psoriasis, fortunately it lasted less than 3 months and she is now fully recovered from her experience.

Part of colonisation of the island was the introduction of goats. Goats are not stupid, why grub about for food when sailors have plenty on board? They congregate around the waste bins and attack sailors disposing of their rubbish. They chase the unsuspecting down the pontoon and try to get on board boats that they suspect have rich pickings. Carol saw them off, I couldn't see too much from my hidey hole!



**Wednesday 25 September 2014**

Jane's Birthday! To celebrate we bought fresh bread from the bake house and put to sea. We had been told about a popular atoll that was worth a visit and indeed the picture in the pilot taken from the air firmed up our mid-day anchorage. Yassica Adalari, 36° 42'.36N, 028°



56'.0E is a group of 5 small islands and several islets, a beautiful place but too many people know about it. Every Gullet in the bay dropped anchor for lunch and discharged copious volumes of grockles ashore!



Like all of the bays and anchorages that we visited on this trip I concluded that when the Good Lord created Fethiye Bay, He forgot to put the sand on the beaches. The area is clearly volcanic as all the beaches are rocks and stones which makes swimming ashore somewhat problematic. We did not stay too long because we wanted to get to Fethiye reasonably early to celebrate Jane's birthday in a posh restaurant ashore. The variable

winds strengthened in the afternoon with gusts of up to 30 knots. Being so close to land the direction changed as it bounced from land mass to land mass. We covered 12.8 miles and arrived at Fethiye very happy. Barometer now 1004, but no change in the weather.

***Wednesday Evening 25 September - Fethiye Marina 36° 37'.48N, 029° 05'.97E***

Our happiness dissipated when we paid the mooring charge, mega dosh and a bit more! But the marina was posh! Huge doors that had spindle hinges one third of the door width. No bother about trapping fingers in doors here! Marble facias, floors and counters no expense spared, yachties will pay!

Anyway, a walk through the souk to the fish market found us buying fish from the fish monger, giving it to a restaurateur, then seeing it on our plates cooked, presented with salad and bread for just £2.00 each! Bargain! And a feast fit for a king.

Fethiye was flattened by the same earthquake that destroyed Marmaris and the post-quake town is mostly composed of concrete buildings with little charm. Nonetheless the town is quite likeable, its market area is a warren of shops and stalls



selling things, fixing things and making things from copper plates for tourists to agricultural implements for the farmers. However we could not find a hardware shop that could provide us with a small cabinet bolt to keep a door shut!

***Thursday 26 September 2014***

After breakfast ashore and a few deals on the market we slipped our moorings and put to sea heading back across the bay to Boynuz Buku some 13 miles away. Again the winds were variable strengthening in the afternoon which meant peaceful slumbering on deck before noon and constant activity after noon. Barometer rose to 1011 but with beer in hand, who cares!

***Thursday Evening 26 September - Boynuz Buku 36° 42'.58N, 028° 54'.59E***

Boynuz Buku is a large bay that, fortunately, is difficult to find. This keeps the crowds away and make it nice and peaceful, we thought. Unlike any other bay that we anchored in, this

one had conspicuous red bollards mounted at the water's edge. The authorities clearly prefer yachts to moor to the bollards than moor to the trees!



Peace reigned supreme until Selman the Selfish floated in. He had bought his mega-watt sound system and his one CD with a heavy bass which he promptly shared with all the other boats moored for the night.

**Friday 27 September 2014**

Our last day, Jane Richard and I, were leaving the boat that night and flying home. Henry and Liz

Long together with Trevor and Carol's daughter and friend we joining for the boat to take it back to its home berth at Didim, so we made best of the day sailing around the islands and adding another 18 miles to the log making a total of 129 miles overall.

**Friday Evening 27 September - Gocek – 36 44'.98N, 028 56'.35E**

We moored back on our temporary berth at Gocek at 1600 in time to welcome the new crew and share a very pleasant meal ashore before climbing aboard the taxi back to Dalaman.



**Reflection**

As a general feeling, I don't like Turkey, having been cheated on my first trip many years ago; I am careful who I trust. I always add up the restaurant bill if the list is hand written and I don't like being hassled every step to eat in a restaurant or buy from a shop.

This trip, however, was different. The people were helpful and happy and I was not hassled. I would definitely go back to Fethiye Bay; it's a good place to visit and a good place to sail.

**Grid References for overnight moorings and anchorages**

Gocek D-Marina	36° 44'.98N, 028° 56'.35E
Tersane Creek	36° 40'.71N, 028° 54'.70E
Gemiler Adasi	36° 32'39N, 029° 03'.00E
Tomb Bay	36° 41,74N, 028° 51'.85E
Kapi Creek	36° 38'.87N, 028° 53'.67E
Fethiye ECE Marina	36° 37'.48N, 029° 05'.97E
Boynuz Buku	36° 42'.58N, 028° 54'.59E

Mick McQuade  
Cabin Boy  
Sea Fever September 2013  
Gocek, Turkey.



## Photo Competition Winner

1st Prize – Early Morning Start in the Chesapeake.

*taken by Mike and Anne Hartshorn*





M.M.

KEDGING OUT AT PONZA. - - "A BIT WOUND UP."