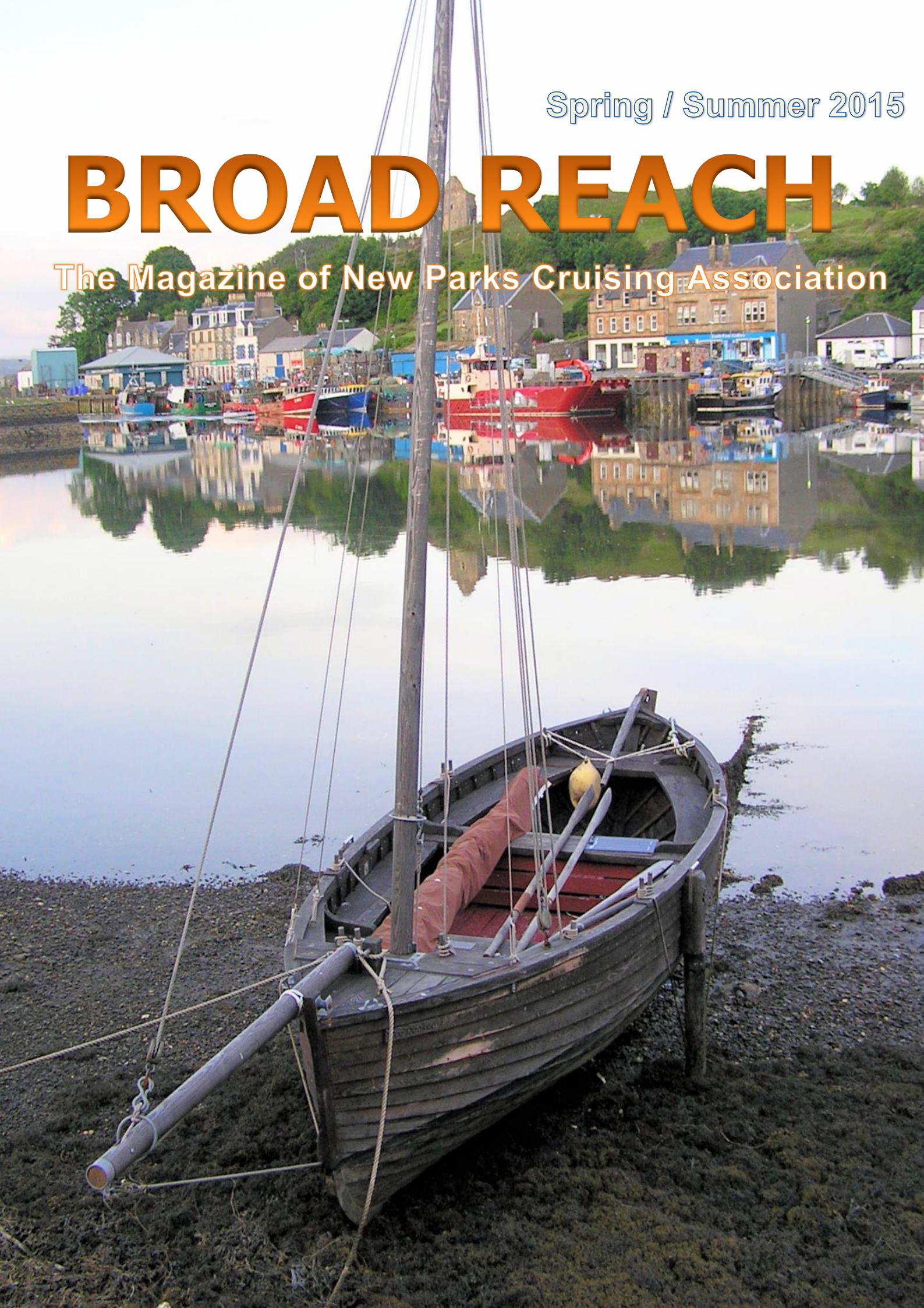


Spring / Summer 2015

BROAD REACH

The Magazine of New Parks Cruising Association



Front Cover: Tarbet Harbour

Back Cover Outside: Fracas in St Tropez by Monica Matterson

Back Cover Inside: A Limerick from the Autumn Rally of 1983



Commodore's Lunch Photo competition winner

Taken by: Richard Malthouse on his Round Britain Journey – Summer 2014

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NPCA FLAG OFFICERS AND COMMITTEE MEMBERS 2014/15

FLAG OFFICERS & COMMITTEE MEMBERS	
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 (Talks Organiser) Pauline Green (Membership Secretary) Jonathan Herbert (Events & Webmaster) Hilary Holmes

NPCA PROGRAMME 2015

Date	Event Type
20th January	Talk by Helen and Richard Blackmore The Baltic In the wake of the British Navy
17th February	Talk by Eric McDowall (Changes in RYA Training)
8th March	Commodores Lunch
17th March	Talk by Tom Cunliffe (Ice with everything)
21st April	Talk by Sian Brown (I did not mean to do it?) Cheese Buffet
26th / 27th April	Spring Rally (Organiser Mike Philips)
14th September	Talk to be arranged
3th / 4th October	Autumn Rally (Organiser Jonathan Herbert)
20th October	Talk to be arranged
17th November	Talk to be arranged and AGM
28th / 29th November	Christmas Rally (Organisers Mike and Yvonne)
15th December	Talk by Mike Gillingham Cheese buffet

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 3rd 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 7th, 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 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 smaller articles this edition in light of comments that some were too long.

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, including short articles or advertisements, please contact me at my email address: 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, flowing style.

Peter Thorne

JOTTINGS FROM THE COMMODORE

From the Commodore

2014 was another active year for the Association. We had three excellent Rallies in the Solent ably organised by members. These are always tremendous fun for participants, whatever the weather. And 2014 was pretty kind to us in this respect. I know that on *Providence* we always remark at just how good the Rallies turn out to be. Last November, for example, we finished the Christmas (comes early at New Parks) Rally competition at anchor in Southampton Water enjoying lemon tart and clotted cream in winter sunshine. Blissful!

Pleasingly, the numbers of yachts taking part increased. And the excellent post Rally (never a Race of course!) dinners and prize-givings maintained the usual high standards. Rally dinners were held in Yarmouth, Gosport and the Hamble. It was also good to be able to meet up with non-sailing members at Rally dinners. If you haven't taken part in one of the Rallies before – or perhaps for some years – I'd urge you to consider joining in. There are many ways to do so.

Of course the usual shore based programme of activities continued, centred on the excellent series of talks at the Royal Oak, Kirby Muxloe. A big "Thank You" is due to both organisers and speakers. And *Broad Reach* continued to provide "must read" material for all members.

New Parks is a voluntary organisation; it relies on modest donations and the tireless work of its members, and not least the Committee. On your behalf I would like to express our appreciation to members of the Committee and indeed to everyone in whatever capacity who has contributed to the Association in whatever way. Thank you.

2014 was also an active year for me personally. I retired in March and freed from the constraints of annual leave allowances I managed a couple of week's sailing in the Gulf of Thailand (bare boat catamaran) with my family, (gentle) trekking in Nepal, and then motor biking in Spain. And this January my wife Sue & I went up to the Arctic Circle and saw the Northern Lights. Magnificent! After much consideration I've concluded that being retired just about beats being in the office. The sailing highlight had to be *Providence's* circumnavigation around the British Isles last summer, with many *New Parkers* joining me. Good luck - and good sailing - in 2015.

Richard Malthouse

NPCA Commodore

Tidelines.

I love to watch, and ponder, the moods of the ocean.

On Summer occasions it offers a placid façade
as it gently rolls in and then out twice a day
clearing the strand of castles of sand
making way for new creations.

Autumn comes and blue turns grey
reflecting the mood as it seeks stronger prey
with crash and roar of waves on the shore
as they batter down cliff-sides and ramparts.

In Winter its spray is a flagellant rain,
wind whips white horses to gallop and strain
as iron shod hooves pound an echoing sound
of power that comes from the depths.

When Spring comes once more all life is reborn
the tideline shows pebbles fresh polished and worn
by forces of nature that they have withstood
in one more eye-blink of existence.

I love to watch, and ponder, the moods of the ocean.

TRUE STORY

In Holland on the Island of Schiermonnikoog I went into the Tourist Information and asked for a map of the Island so I could find my way around, the woman listened very carefully and started to speak to me in German! I stopped her and told her I was English; she replied that she thought I was a German struggling with my English!!!!!!

Thinking about it,

I should have advised her not to go anywhere near the North East of England "Sha waddint hav a cluu what wa gannin on a bout"



Speaking of the North East earlier this year we took this Picture of the Redcar Lifeboat we all help fund.

The volunteers think it is marvellous that people so far from the sea are supporting the RNLI.

John Mc Donald

RIP VAN WINKLE AND SON (attend the 2014 NPCA Spring Rally)

We found much more than we bargained for!

Our son Martin recently bought a Moody 31 and decided to look out his Yachtmaster certificate gained about 20 years ago at New Parks, but without success. Bill Hudson and his team worked hard tracing its issue, but the RYA claimed his stated claim was impossible. I intervened and explained to them how defective their knowledge was of the early years of the RYA and Yachtmaster Certificate, when Martin played the ace of trumps and found his certificate countersigned by Bill Anderson and John Durie. Immediately the RYA conceded and requested a photograph and issued a new Certificate. Martin can now justly claim to be a Yachtmaster Coastal, ancient and modern!

I was delighted to learn the NPCA had refused to die, and was holding a Spring Rally. After years I had spent at Whitby motor-boating and fishing, and narrow boat holidays on canals, Martin and I determined to make an appearance at the Rally after 25 years of dormancy. I had been the first New Parks student to obtain Yachtmaster Coastal forty years ago, guided by Captain Sutherland, and two years later, added the Yachtmaster Ocean under the Department of Trade Regime. It was the start of fifteen wonderful years with Bill Hudson at New Parks until we left Leicester. Like Rip van Winkle, the mythical Dutchman who slept for twenty-five years, we set out to return to the fold.

Ron Lampard

WORDS OF WISDOM

"Your problems never cease. They just change"

"The best ideas come as jokes. Make your thinking as funny as possible"

"Always look out for Number One and be careful not to step on Number Two"

"Nothing in life is fun for the whole family"

"If you don't know what it is don't mess with it"

"Deplore your mistakes. Regret them as much as you like. But don't really expect to learn by them"

"Try to avoid falling out with people. The world is a very small place"

"Don't Compromise yourself. You are all you've got"

"Be optimistic. Always put on clean underwear if you are going on a date"

"The secret of business is to know something that nobody else knows"

Mike Flint

CROATIA TRIP – 31st May to 7th June 2014



SUMMARY OF THE WEEK

Sat	31 st May	Arrived at Split Airport & taxi to Trogir Marina
Sun	1 st June	Lunch Rogoznica Evening Primosten
Mon	2 nd June	Lunch Sibenik Channel P.M Visit Krka Nat Park Evening Skradin Marina
Tues	3 rd June	Lunch Luka Tijascica, Tijat Evening Stupika Vela, Zirge
Wed	4 th June	Lunch Uvala Kosirina, Murter Evening Prvic Luka
Thurs	5 th June	Lunch Uvala Krknjas, Drvenik Evening Milna
Fri	6 th June	Lunch Uvala Necujam, Solta Evening Trogir Marina

Total Distance: 148 N Miles

Following the very successful cruise made in 2013, Mark Thompson and his crew, Alan Hardwicke, Peter Hunt, Peter Hubner and Stuart Rowland, made a second sailing trip in Croatia from 31st May to 6th June 2014.

This time the intention was to sail amongst the islands north of Trogir and visit the Krka National Park which, apparently, is very impressive.

We decided to charter a yacht from Trogir Marina and fly from Stansted to Split as the taxi transfer distance is short.

We arrived at the Marina at noon on Saturday 31st May and took over the boat, a 41 ft. Oceanis 411, named "Dora".

Our plan was to set off early the following morning, so the afternoon was spent exploring the beautiful UNESCO World Heritage city of Trogir.



A stroll round Trogir

In the evening we re-visited the ethnic "Tragos" restaurant (where we had had such a good meal last year). We were not disappointed!

Sunday 1st June 2014

On Sunday morning, the weather was fine and sunny, but the winds were light. We set off under sail heading for Rogoznica for lunch and then to Primosten overnight.

It was necessary to motor for part of the morning due to lack of winds. After lunch at anchor in Rogoznica bay we headed for Primosten. Winds increased during the afternoon to 20 kn and we halved the sails. As we approached Primosten it was obvious a thunder storm was brewing from NE – so we anchored early and got out the drinks and nibbles.



Primosten Town

By 18.00 the storm had cleared and we went ashore with the harbourmaster for an evening in Primosten. He recommended the Babylon restaurant near the church. We took his advice and having walked round the centre of Primosten, which was charming, we found the restaurant – which overlooked the bay. We got there just as the sun was setting! We were impressed by the welcome we were given, starting with a glass of local raki and nibbles.



The menu was good and we chose Dalmatian smoked ham (no, not the dog!) and melons to start followed by a mixed fish dish (see photo!) All of which was really excellent and good value. The meal was topped off with (free) pancakes.



Our fish dish!

Monday 2nd June 2014

Our plan for today is to sail to the Krka National Park passing the large town of Sibenik and heading up the Krka River gorge, probably having lunch on the move - a distance of approximately 20 nm.



Navigation exercises!

The winds were quite light as we left Primosten and we motored part of the way, but winds gained strength as we neared the Sibenik Channel and it proved very difficult to make the turn and after several attempts at tacking, we eventually started the motor to get us into the channel.

From Sibenik it is a very pretty run up to the Krka National Park. There are fascinating geological structures of folded limestone.

At Skradin there is a gullet which ferries visitors up to the park and terminates at the Skradinski Buk (as the falls are called).



These are very impressive and the wetlands cover a huge area which can be walked through on boardwalks. The area is much wooded with many

varieties of trees. There is an abundance of wildlife – including wolves, wild boar, turtles and snakes (fortunately we saw none!)

In the past visitors could swim in the lakes below the falls but this is not now possible (due to EU H&S regulations)



Skradinski Falls



The Krka Park extends over a wide area and there is evidence of ancient civilisation, chapels and ruins of water mills which made use of the water supply from the falls.



he kept asking where Maid Marion was. Despite my assurances that I was happily married to her and she was at home – he kept referring to it each time he came to the table!



Skradin



Hoisting the New Parks pennant in Skradin Marina

Tuesday 3rd June 2014

In the evening we went to the Zadar Restaurant in Skradin. In contrast to the previous evening, the level of service at the restaurant was poor, although the food was good. The manager seemed to have a stereotype for each nationality that came in. Ours was “Robin Hood” –

We had a discussion about next destination and overnight stop. The wind direction favoured considering the island of Zirge rather than Kaprije, which would also give an opportunity for a long sail to Murter tomorrow.

We decided to head for Tijat Island for lunch and a swim.

In the afternoon, again, the winds freshened and we needed to make a number of tacks to round the end of Cape Rasohe to get us into Uvala Stupika Vela Bay.

The bay is very quiet – the only habitation is the restaurant at the end. There is a harbourmaster who, when collecting the mooring fee, offered to pick us up and take us to the restaurant.

It is very rural and charming. Geraniums were planted in old olive oil tins in the very rustic outside dining area. We selected a main course of dorada which was really excellent.



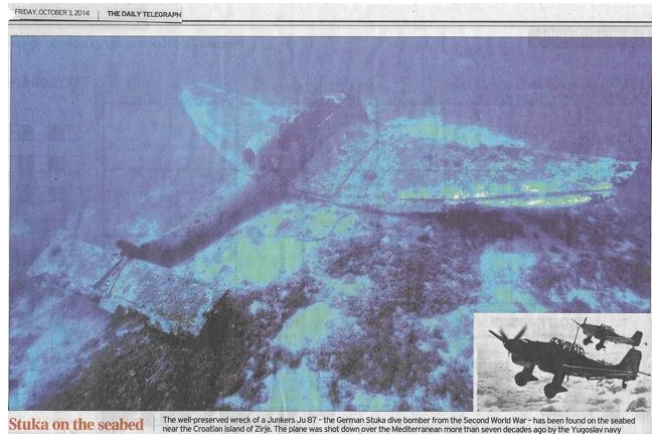
When we wanted to return to the boat, the harbourmaster was no-where to be found! We enquired with the restaurant who (jokingly) said that he had gone home. Shortly later he appeared – smiling, and took us back to the boat.

The following morning, Peter showed us some photos of what appeared to be the setting sun. We asked him how he had done this as we were not on board at that time! He told us they were in fact the rising sun! He had got up early to have a pee over the side and noted the rising sun – so he dashed down & got his camera!



Peter's Sunrise Photo!

Interestingly, in the news in 2014 there was a report that the wreck of a WW2 Junkers Stuka fighter bomber had been found on the seabed at Zirge Island. Apparently there are only 2 other surviving models both being in museums.



Wreck of Stuka off Zirge Island

A trawl of the internet shows there is a wealth of wrecks on the seabed around Croatia, which is a popular area for divers because of the very clear water and the fact that wrecks are in relatively shallow waters. There are Roman galleys with amphora, Greek and Turkish wrecks, as well as more modern wrecks – Liberator bombers etc.

Wednesday 4th June 2014

We plan to have a long sail to Murter Island amongst the Kornati Islands – apparently there are over 1000 islands, of which less than 100 have any inhabitants. Makes for fascinating navigation!



Kornati Islands

We plan to stop for lunch at Uvala Kosirina, on Murter then head for Prvic Island for our evening stop. This will give us a good heading for the long trip back towards Trogir.

The location we had chosen for lunch, Uvala Kosirina is a bay with several campsites. It became obvious quite soon that there were a number of nudist beaches close by! The only problem (as usual) was that those who chose to walk around with nothing on were generally folk who really ought not to!!

The beautifully clear sea was an invitation for a swim (in our case – with cozzies on!) It was very relaxing!



After lunch we set off for our evening destination on Prvic Island. We have had an excellent day's sailing and arrived at Prvic Luca which is a very pretty village in a lovely bay. Looking at the beginnings of housing developments around the perimeter, it seemed to us that now was a good time to come here as the likelihood is that in a few years it will be spoilt by the commercialisation and the development of holiday homes.



After mooring, we had the usual drinks and nibbles on board then unshipped the dinghy and went ashore in 2 trips.



Prvic Luka

Maestral because it was by the waterside and looked very well presented. We had an excellent meal, which was good value - an added bonus was the setting sun!



We explored the village but did not call at the Massage parlour!!

Thursday 5th June 2014

Today we plan to make an early start for a long sail to Milna on Brac Island which will give us an easy sail back to Trogir on Friday – just in case the winds should strengthen and make sailing difficult. Some debate about where to stop for lunch – depending on how the winds are & how far we get. Possibilities are the bays - U Sicenica, U Necujam or U Krknjas on Drvenik Veli in the “Blue Lagoon”



Massage Parlour – door on right!

We had noted that there were 4 restaurants. We chose the Hotel

Departed under motor with mainsail out. We had breakfast on the move whilst heading for the Zlarinski Channel.

Decision to head for Drvenik Island for lunch – it will then be about 20nm to Milna.



Stuart on the helm succeeded in approaching from the wrong direction where the water is extremely shallow! Fortunately, we made the anchorage without grounding.

We had a good sail covering 21 nm in the morning. The Blue Lagoon is a beautiful place and the water is crystal clear.

After lunch we set sail for our evening stop at Milna a sail of about 20 Nm.



Cap'n at the helm!

The marina is less busy than the town centre moorings and it is a pleasant walk from the marina to Milna town centre. The town is famous for wine and we visited a wine shop to sample the products! Our evening meal in Milna was by the harbour at the Fortuna Restaurant.



Friday 6th June 2014

Our Planned Course was: Necujam Bay on Solta Island for lunch then run back to the Trogir Marina. First of all we will visited the refuelling jetty in Milna as it is always busy back in Trogir in the late afternoon! It was full of gulleets getting refuelled!



Lunch break at Necujam Bay

After lunch, raise sails and head for Trogir. Wind freshening quite considerably. Peter had problems holding the helm on course so we took in a reef to make things easier to get through the gap between the islands of Zaporinovac and Kraljevac. (It would have been easier to let the island of Kraljevac go by on the port side – but there are dangerous shallows – not the best idea when heading back to the marina on our last day!!)



Approaching Trogir Marina; sails down, motor on and fenders out. It was very congested with all the charter boats returning. The member of the Marina staff jumped on board and propelled Dora into a tiny vacant spot with great dexterity (and speed!).



Peter Hubner really enjoyed his chocolate pancakes!

Saturday 6th June 2014

Dora back in her berth

In the evening we walked into Trogir and had a meal at the Mirakul Restaurant, where they have live music. The lamb menu was excellent.

On Saturday morning we made for the airport and our return to Stansted - the completion of another interesting and excellent week's sailing in Croatia!



Trogir

PLANS FOR 2015

We have enjoyed sailing in Croatia in the last 2 years so much that we are planning to explore the area further north in 2015 – based on Zadar, another World Heritage City. From a sailing point of view, the winds are so dependable and the sheer number of islands, to navigate through, makes for a very interesting sailing experience.

CHART OF OUR TRAVELS IN 2014



DISCOVERING DESOLATION SOUND

6 -13th September 2014

In 2003 my wife, Maria, and I visited my sister, Jane, in Victoria, Vancouver Island, British Columbia, where she had recently moved with her husband Edward. Whilst there we chartered a yacht for a week and sailed around the Gulf Islands just off the east coast of Vancouver Island. During this trip we heard about Desolation Sound and decided we must go there during our next visit. This we did in September 2014.

We arrived in Victoria on Thursday and on Saturday set off for the 200mile drive north to Comox (which adjoins Courtenay) on the East coast of Vancouver Island. My youngest sister Linda also decided this was a trip not to be missed so she also joined us.

We originally chartered, from Desolation Sound Yacht Charters, an 8 year old Beneteau 39 but a month after this the charter company advised us that the boat had been sold!! However, not to worry they had replaced it with a brand new Beneteau Oceanis 45 named Hartaro and they would honour the original contract price. Approaching down the pontoon she looked fantastic but incredibly wide in the beam.

When we had completed all the preliminaries and purchased supplies etcetera, we went ashore for a meal as we could not leave until 9.00am Sunday morning. I was slightly apprehensive as my wife considered yachts to be vehicles for sunbathing and sightseeing, my sisters had sailed dinghies as youngsters and my brother in law is well in his seventies and has balance problems. However, I need not have worried as everything worked extremely well with the exception of the outboard motor for the dinghy which we discovered was too heavy to be safely deployed – so we rowed!

SUNDAY

Sunday morning 9.30, almost ready to leave but found the boat's water tasted awful so needed more bottled water. The three ladies offered to get this while Edward and I finished off preparations. At 11.30 they returned!! Apparently Maria had forgotten her swimming costume so they went shopping.

Eventually we cast off and headed out of Comox marina passing green buoys to starboard and red ones to port – very confusing. They are opposite to us. We set our course across the Georgia Strait; the weather was beautiful, blue skies but no wind. Heading across the Strait we spotted some strange vessels which we eventually identified as tugs pulling very large barges, which dwarfed the tugs, on a long tow line of about 3-400m most of which was under water. I discovered later that these were supplies for Alaska that go regularly from Seattle, which is almost opposite Victoria across the Georgia Strait.

It is about 20 miles across the Strait from Comox to the other side. We then motored past the settlement of Lund which is the end of the road, literally, going north along this coast. If you can afford it Float Planes are the quickest way to travel, and there are plenty for hire, otherwise it's by boat.

We then passed between the mainland and a small group of islands called the Copeland Islands which are a national park, as is Desolation Sound. We carried on to Cortes Island going up the east side to Squirrel Cove having covered 35 miles. A narrow entrance opens out to a cove which can accommodate more than 60 boats at anchor but we shared it with about 6. The surrounding shore was thick with conifers as indeed is the majority of this area. There was no apparent habitation around us, but in the morning and evening a couple of people appeared from the shore with two very large dogs, boarded an open boat, and took them to an island within the cove which was about 100m x 30m. They only stayed for about 20 minutes and we presumed they did this as they dare not let them loose anywhere else! In the evening we had a splendid meal of salmon, cooked on the barbecue which was attached to the stern rail.

MONDAY

After a very quiet night we set off up the east coast of Cortes Island and after half an hour the wind picked up, we can sail! We have a roller reefing main which behaved well, and we tack up the Lewis Channel and then turn to starboard into Teakerne Arm a dead end channel about 8 miles long. Both sides are covered in evergreen trees except where the mountain sides are too steep and it is rock. At the end is supposed to be a spectacular water fall, but as the last rain they had was probably 2-3 months ago it wasn't quite so good but it was about 100ft high with water coming over.

Most of this area is very steep sided and so is the seabed so we dropped our anchor in 14m and tied our stern to the shore 20m away. We deployed the dinghy and, except for Edward, set off for the shore. We knew there was a lake, from which the water flowed over the waterfall, about a fifteen minute walk away. We set off with swimming gear, we had been promised that the water was heated all summer and was the warmest in Canada! The walk turned into an assault course with ropes that had been put up to traverse rocks etc.



Entrance to squirrel cove

After about 20 minutes we found our spot, a nice smooth rock to swim from, for September the water was not too bad! Whilst there had been another yacht at anchor we hadn't seen another soul and didn't see anyone else whilst there. Having enjoyed our swim we returned to the boat for lunch and decided to return to Squirrel Cove for the night, as it was such a beautiful quiet spot. We motored off as the wind was very light but soon it picked up and we sailed the rest of the way back and dropped the hook again. Later we witnessed a fabulous sunset. We covered 32 miles to-day.

TUESDAY

After a leisurely breakfast we set off south around the bottom of Cortes Island on our way to Gorge Harbour. We managed a sail of about an hour but otherwise there was insufficient wind so we motored. We stopped for an hour for lunch in Manson Bay where there are a few houses mostly hidden amongst the trees. As we approached Gorge Harbour we were faced with the entrance which is a narrow gorge!! It is only about 100m wide between sheer rock faces 60-80m high. The Harbour is about 2 miles long by ½ mile wide so a lot of water passes through this gorge when the tides run. When we traversed it, the eddies pushed the boat all ways, however we popped out the other side ok.

There is a small marina here with a restaurant above it, so we were alongside with mostly motor yachts but they were a friendly bunch. Mooring up being greatly eased by the bow thruster! There was also a swimming pool which we took advantage of; the sun was still shining brightly. We had done about 36 miles and arrived at 3.00 pm.



The Hartaro anchored at Squirrel cove

Quite a lot of privately owned Motor Yachts cruise this area and in the high season (July & August) there can be friction between the yachties and them. Partly because the Motor boys often keep generators going all night

and disturb the wonderful peace and quiet. I think there are some bays that yachts do not use in high season due to this.

We booked a table at the restaurant and enjoyed a lovely meal on the open air decking watching the sun set.

WEDNESDAY

Leave Gorge Harbour assisted by the ebbing tide we surge through the gorge at 10 knots. Turning west we negotiate the narrow “Z” of Uganda Passage and then turn north up Sutil Channel still alongside Cortes Island.

Cortes is a large island about 25 x 25 miles and has quite a lot of holiday homes many of which are quite substantial but most are hardly noticeable as they are hidden by the trees. However, as we go further north there are fewer.

At the top of Cortes we turn right into Deer Passage and then into Pryce Channel, the area is now much more remote with only the odd remains of logging machinery to be seen. Logging is still carried on up here but mainly in areas not visible from the channels. The mountains are getting higher and the sides steeper but still mostly covered in evergreens.

We pass the end of Toba Inlet which is 25 miles long but with few places to anchor due to the steep sides. The mountains bordering this channel go up to 6,000 ft. Homfray Channel, which is not far away, has a depth of 2,400ft, the deepest channel in North America, and is bordered by peaks of 5 – 8,000 ft.

We turn right into Waddington Channel and stopped at Walsh Cove for lunch. This is a delightful spot, with just one other boat there, surrounded by majestic scenery. With the sun beating down, but unfortunately no wind, we set off down the channel and reached Desolation Sound. Captain Vancouver called it “this desolate place”, when exploring and mapping the area, which is reputedly why it was so named. Crossing the Sound we actually sail for ½ hour and arrive at Tenedos Bay and anchor in the north of this bay with just two other boats. This is another beautiful quiet place with seals popping up to check us out now and again, but no habitation at all. We have travelled 36 miles but mostly by motor and have hardly seen another boat.



THURSDAY

We know there is path to a Unwin Lake on the east side of the bay but we arrived too late to explore yesterday. A couple of boats that occupied the only anchoring spots on that side of the bay moved off so we motored over and anchored there. Then with only a short row to the landing spot we went to explore with our "bear bells" ringing (little bells we had been given to avoid surprising them). This turned out to be a much easier path than the last one but having walked for ½ hour we still had not found a suitable place to swim.

We retraced our steps and tried the other side of the lake and after 10 minutes a spot was located. Again the water was "refreshing" but quite pleasant after the first few minutes. We also had the lake to ourselves again and with only my wife and sisters about I went "skinny dipping". The lake would probably be about 2m x ½ a mile and not another soul around, the sun was in evidence again as it had been since we arrived in Canada. After returning to the boat and having lunch we decided to stay for the rest of the day and overnight. We explored a little more in the dinghy. We then watched another fabulous sunset after supper.

FRIDAY

Between about 7.30 and 8.30 we enjoyed watching seals chasing shoals of fish around our boat. At times these fish would burst out of the water, they were only about 3-4ins long but there were hundreds of them. An American Barred Kingfisher arrived along with some gulls for any easy pickings.

After this entertainment we raised the anchor and took in the shore line and departed, heading back towards the Strait. Going south past the Copeland Islands again we called in at Lund, the "end of the road" for a short stop. It is a delightful little place with a small hotel, general store, recycling and garbage area, for which there is the usual fee, and a couple of clothes shops which my sisters visited. The lady harbour master was very kind and let us off the fee, we were there for nearly 1½ hours and it is only no charge for an hour.

We set off across the Georgia Strait towards Comox, see more tugs with tows and ferries but fairly uneventful otherwise. We head into Henry Bay at the northern end of Denman Island which is about a mile off Vancouver Island and 5 miles south of Comox. Another deserted place with 5 boats well spread out in this large bay. The weather has again been warm and sunny but rather windless. Eat aboard and watch the best sunset of the week. Our trip today was 42 miles.

SATURDAY

Up early quick breakfast and away as we have to fill up with diesel and then get the boat in by 9.00am. We enjoyed another beautiful but windless morning.

We all enjoyed the week immensely the views were spectacular and the weather excellent, apart from lack of wind. I understand that during the high season some places can be a little busy with boats but being there early September we had plenty of space and could appreciate the remoteness, peace and quiet.

The boat was very roomy, ideal for cruising but I wouldn't like to be out in a rough sea in her, there are large gaps between handholds. She had one novelty I had never seen, the stern was sheer but the central 2/3rds electronically lowered out to form a bathing/access platform. Having to do a lot of motoring the engine thankfully was reasonably quiet and cruised at 6-7 knots comfortably. With the Skipper and crew not being in the first flush of youth and a relatively inexperienced crew the roller reefing main was very welcome, we also had powered winches!



Toba inlet

Mark Thompson

PROPELLER LOSS

Sandpiper, a Westerly Ocean 33, was approaching the completion of the seventh leg of a circumnavigation of Britain, via the Caledonian Canal. Ian had joined me at Inverness for a ten day trip finishing at Edinburgh.



The two of us left the mooring off the sociable Royal Tay Yacht Club under engine on the ebb tide on day eighth of the voyage. Approaching the mouth of the Tay Estuary we stopped the engine temporarily to listen to cacophonous voices of a dense colony of seals hauled out on the exposed sandbanks nearby.

Continuing our passage around Fife Ness, we headed across the mouth of the Firth of Forth to the Isle of May. We anchored in a small bay on the east side, had lunch, and went ashore for a walk on the nature reserve and to look at the various light houses and redundant fog horns installed there. In the late afternoon we weighed anchor but suddenly realised that we had lost drive from the engine. Our initial thoughts were that we may have fouled the propeller or the folding blades had failed to extend. We considered options and decided to sail south across the Forth to Dunbar where we might be able to ascertain the cause of our problem.

As we reached along late on a sunny Saturday afternoon we phoned the Dunbar harbourmaster to try and arrange a tow through the very confined harbour entrance. He responded that he thought it unlikely that he could raise someone to help, bearing in mind the time, and suggested speaking to the coastguard to arrange a tow via the RNLI. We pondered this and concluded that we would carry on to a small bay north of Dunbar as we



felt calling out the lifeboat to help a sailing yacht on a beautiful evening did not suit our predicament. As the weather forecast was favourable we would anchor overnight and make a plan for the following day. We radioed the coastguard to confirm these intentions.

Having anchored we attempted to find the cause of the problem, without success. At around 19.30 the evening breeze fell

away to a flat calm. Suddenly a flash of inspiration struck. Why not mount the three horsepower outboard on the already inflated tender and carry out an alongside tow into Dunbar. Ian expressed his doubts but after lashing the dinghy, via the outboard clamp screws as there were no other securing points, to the stern cleat of Sandpiper we were happy to find we could make three knots towards the harbour.

Entry into Dunbar is a little tricky as there are a number of rocks awash marked by posts and a final entry through a deep gorge blasted through rocks in the 19th century. We turned into Dunbar drying harbour with little clearance under our fin keel on a falling tide but were fortunate enough to find one remaining alongside berth where we could dry out. Later a torchlight examination of the sail drive revealed we had completely lost the propeller due to the failure of the locking system on the securing nut.

We again considered options and as a strong breeze was forecast for the following morning, albeit from the west, we would sail to Port Edgar. The marina lies at the foot of the Forth Road Bridge immediately west and on the south bank of the Fourth. In the morning the harbourmaster told us, that unbeknown to him, the Dunbar lifeboat had been out on exercise the previous evening. However the experience of the alongside tow of yesterday gave us the confidence to leave Dunbar that Sunday morning using the same technique as the previous evening.

The first part of the trip took us passed Bass Rock, a towering island surmounted with a white cap of gannet guano formed by the one hundred and fifty thousand birds which nest there at peak breeding season. The downwind odour is almost overpowering. The surrounding seas were seething with swimming gannets as they did not seem to want to venture far in the stiff wind that day.

Ian and I now became very apprehensive as we realised that the dinghy we were towing would inevitably capsize in the boisterous sea state. We knew we must retrieve the dinghy and so we sailed into the lee of Fidra Island, dropped anchor and furled the already reefed genoa, the only sail we had set that morning. Unfortunately the anchor did not bite and we narrowly avoided fouling a lobster pot float as we drifted downwind. However, we managed to get dinghy and engine on board before continuing.

A spirited beat ten miles directly to windward followed, crossing the Firth to either shore. I developed a technique of projecting the ground track, after tacking, establishing a safe course and depth and placing a 'go to' on the chart plotter to establish the next point to tack. This eliminated the concerns of the helmsman as he followed the repeater information in the cockpit.

Our final challenge was entry into Port Edgar Marina. There is a tidal pinch point at the Forth crossing at South Queensferry with strong tidal currents established half an hour either side of slack water. We were aware that our eta was just after high water at 18.30. It was an awe inspiring moment for us newcomers to beat under the Forth Rail Bridge followed by the rattling and pounding of traffic crossing the Forth Road Bridge overhead as the welcome sight of the marina entrance came into view on our port side. We now had to cross through that entrance with a strong ebb tide gathering increasing momentum. Our first effort, complicated by having to tack just off the caissons under construction for the new road bridge, pushed us passed the entrance as we misjudged the strength of the current. At the second attempt the wind lulled just at the crucial moment and we failed again. Ian correctly suggested completely unfurling the reefed genoa to power us through and so it was a case of third time lucky.

We repeated our dinghy alongside technique after a very rapid deployment, as our anchor yet again did not hold on the muddy bottom, to get alongside a pontoon. To try to do this under sail in a strong gusting breeze could have resulted in an expensive finale. Ian, probably with great relief, left for home the following morning. I managed, with the prompt help of the propeller supplier and the obliging and helpful Kenny, marina manager, to dry Sandpiper out and fit a replacement ready for the next leg of the trip.

Footnote. On the quayside at Dunbar is a large monument consisting of a shaft and propeller. This is to commemorate the birthplace of one Robert Wilson, the inventor of the modern screw propeller in 1827.

John Allsop

PROVIDENCE'S (WONDERFUL) SUMMER CRUISE part one

2014 was a pretty good year. In January we chartered a bareboat catamaran in the Gulf of Thailand for a family holiday – our grandson Blake celebrated his third birthday on the cruise. One sailing incident took place on Blake's birthday. We had anchored the catamaran off the beach at Koh Lanta Yai in 7 metres of crystal clear water. There was little wind and we were at about half-tide coming up to High Water. After an afternoon of swimming we headed ashore in the RIB for dinner at the excellent "Same Same But Different" restaurant. We had just settled down to order when my son Stephen said that he thought that the catamaran had moved. I didn't believe him – I suspected the usual familial "wind-up" seeking to cause me to miss a much anticipated meal. I looked out past the lanterns on the beach and was sure that the *Solmax's* position had not changed. However when it was pointed out that I was looking at the wrong boat I agreed that the catamaran was indeed drifting away from the island and at some speed. The offshore wind had by this time reached 30 knots. Stephen & I chased after the elusive cat in a very bouncy & wet RIB, boarded her and re-anchored in 7 metres once again. Needless to say I was assigned to anchor watch whilst the rest of the crew partied....

After our fortnight aboard we flew to Nepal with our youngest daughter and her husband (it had been his first time sailing) to see some of the charity projects they are involved in. And also for my wife Sue and I to take part in some "light" (!) trekking in the foothills of the Annapurna Mountain range.

In March I retired from work – thereby being relieved of 4 hours of commuting each day or endless hassle at airports. And at the same time no doubt relieving my colleagues!



September I pulled the cover off my motorbike for the second time in the year and headed off to Spain & France for our annual ride-out with former work colleagues.

Thankfully, I didn't fall off this had to be judged a successful trip. We stayed with another ex-colleague who had recently purchased a Chateau near the Pyrenees.

Remarkably enough

right now a very large chateau in France with substantial grounds costs about the same as a detached house in the south of England. But the big event for me in 2014 was undoubtedly circumnavigating the British Isles in the summer in *Providence*, a Hanse 400e. She often takes part on New Parks Rallies in the Solent. Her specifications are listed later on. Rather

than attempt to reproduce the entire log I'll try and describe a few highlights. First, planning. I met up with one of the crew members – Ralph Walrond. Perhaps inevitably we used an old road atlas to plan the legs. In fact on the passage I found the second most useful chart to be the wrapping paper my son used on my birthday present. It is entitled the “School Room Map of the British Isles” and was originally published sometime between 1922 & 1939 as it refers to the Irish Free State. I met up with fellow New Parker John Alsop prior to the voyage who had successfully circumnavigated the British Isles in 2013 in his yacht *Sandpiper*. John told me that probably the most useful chart that he had was a similar Admiralty Chart of the UK. Hailing from Yorkshire I preferred discarded wrapping paper to that sort of expense. John also said that he didn't think that Pilot Books or detailed charts were strictly necessary given the amount of information contained in the Almanacs (I had both Reeds and the Cruising Association) and in the electronic chart plotter. I realise that not everyone will agree but in hindsight John's advice was sound – for pretty much every passage we could have managed with just the chart plotter & the Almanacs. But having larger scale charts for passage planning was better than using the chart plotter and of course there is always the risk of electronic malfunction. However I purchased mainly Imray charts for every area we were likely to visit. And Pilot books for what I thought were going to be the trickiest legs. Again we could probably have managed without the Pilot books with one or two exceptions. John said to regard the circumnavigation as in effect a series of day sails – again good advice and generally we wouldn't sail for much more than 10 – 15 hours – with just a handful of passages over 24 hours. I had to arrange crew. Ralph Walrond – a friend from business – would be with me most of the time. Ralph had been a yacht owner and had considerable sailing experience. We had sailed together several times so we knew each other's capabilities. I issued an invite to sailing friends and an open –“word of mouth” - one to New Parks. I was very happy with the response. I tried to ensure that there would be likely compatibility with the crew – and that all times there would be at least one other crew member who could sail *Providence* on his or her own. Most legs had a full complement of 4 crew (inc. me). As some of the crew were travelling from the USA I had to fix crew change points for them quite early in the process. This was difficult as I didn't decide whether to go clockwise or anti-clockwise until quite late in the process. In the end it was to be anti-clockwise (or “widdershins” according to Tom Cunliffe). The two key factors were the prevailing wind and the prospect of a fair weather window for at least most of the East Coast legs. I probably over planned but it did no harm. I produced a spreadsheet which included likely ports and facilities, contact names, VHF channels, email & telephone numbers and back up ports, distances, and tidal constraints. I emailed harbour masters to enquire about berthing facilities and any special navigation issues. I hadn't for example realised the likely impact of the Commonwealth Games on berths on the West Coast of Scotland. I assumed an average of 7 knots underway – which proved realistic. And on the circumnavigation plan I included “rest” days every so often. Contrary to expectations the crew changes worked very well. I kept emailing the yet to join crew members with updates. And in addition I created a link on www.boatlogger.com. This took a feed from my mobile phone and updated *Providence's* position on the website. However the first “update” was rather alarming – putting us in the middle of the Malaccan Straits and presumably at risk of piracy when in fact the greatest risk we had was the meal ashore in Eastbourne. The system seemed to settle down eventually – and we were no longer sailing at allegedly supersonic speeds. We cast off from Haslar Marina on 2 June, returning to *Providence's* berth on 22 August. We had not experienced any real danger on the trip – some discomfort yes in the North Sea – and the ignominy of going aground (gently, three times) and hitting a pontoon (no damage). But no

Man Overboard incidents or not at least until I returned home. Sue had accompanied me to Haslar Marina where I had promised to be quick in turning on the dehumidifier before we drove to Southampton. “You always take longer than you say....”. Very true on this occasion. On stepping off *Providence’s* stern I misjudged the distance to the pontoon and in slow, somewhat balletic slow-motion slipped into the sea. I managed to throw some of the items I was carrying on to the decking – but my pockets were stuffed with items such as a new iPhone and my wallet. Apart from thinking how stupid I was, I was pleasantly surprised at the warmth of the water. It wasn’t cold. But my problems had just started. I couldn’t pull myself on to the pontoon (too high, too unfit, wet clothes too heavy); I’d stowed *Providence’s* boarding ladder; and there was no one around to respond to my calls for help. Not for the first time I felt incredibly foolish. Eventually I managed to get sufficient purchase on a mooring line (spring) to get high enough to reach the pontoon. I knew that if necessary I could swim across to a safety ladder but didn’t want to risk losing items from my pockets in doing so. Not much sympathy from Sue!

Back to the circumnavigation. After a very pleasant “last supper” with the initial crew – Alastair Bennett, Mark Brody and Ralph Walrond – in Gosport with their partners we departed Haslar Marina. It felt quite strange for me – I had a palpable sense of excitement to come. This really was a dream about to come true. Our first port of call was Eastbourne



Marina. We took the inshore passage through “The Owers”. One of Ralph’s friends flew overhead in his private plane - G-EWAN - and took photos of us. As we sailed past Beachy Head I kept thinking of a friend’s son who had jumped to his death from there. It couldn’t have been a cry for help. I didn’t find Eastbourne Marina to be terribly uplifting either – it was all rather soulless but undeniably efficient. However I was excited to see *WideAwake II*, an Etap 30 that I’d owned in the 90’s. She looked very well cared for. (2 June distance logged 58.8nm; 11h 20m)

After locking out of Eastbourne we set sail for Ramsgate. We made radio contact with Lydd Range Control and established that we were not in the danger zone. *Providence* was really flying on a broad reach – max boat speed of 9.7kts, SOG 12.1kts. Ramsgate, its harbour and the Royal Temple Yacht Club suited us just fine and we stayed an extra day. (3 June 60.42nm; 8h 15m)

The Thames crossing had been one of my “areas of concern” on the circumnavigation. I’d heard tales about how busy it could be – particularly with fast catamaran work boats - and how treacherous the waters were to navigate. It turned out to be another wholly unchallenging and fast passage – but in the wrong conditions I’m sure it could be very different. We entered Lowestoft in the early evening after another cracking sail (average boat

speed 8 kts) and stayed at the splendidly friendly Royal Norfolk & Suffolk Yacht Club, as recommended by John Alsop. (5 June 89.9nm; 11h 15m)

Alastair & Mark left us in Lowestoft, being replaced by Hilary Holmes & Paul Wilson. We spent another “rest day” in Lowestoft. *Providence* departed Lowestoft on a gloriously warm and sunny evening. Grimsby (or Spurn Point) had been the original destination – but as we were making steady - and just as importantly comfortable - progress we headed for Scarborough. Behind us to the south there was a spectacular electric storm. Paul proved to be a most able member of crew – but I was slightly surprised when I found that he was on his very first night sail and usually sailed dinghies. But once again we were blessed with balmy conditions – and settling into watches made for an easy passage. We arrived in Scarborough Bay in the evening and were asked to wait about 3 hours before we attempted to enter the marina. We since learned that dredging had missed the harbour entrance – but the berths had plenty of water! This was to occur elsewhere. (7/8 June 147.1nm; 24h 30m)

I spent 5 years at a boarding school in Scarborough from 1964 to 1969. I’d never sailed into the harbour before and it felt like an emotional homecoming for me. There had been no marina when I was there; just the harbour with Russian freighters bringing timber and rust streaked fishing vessels. Swimming in the harbour in winter was part of the somewhat Spartan fitness regime at the School. I’m not convinced that it worked though – given my predilection for a daily *hot* shower wherever I am.

I had forgotten about the fog horn in the lighthouse; and indeed the frequency of summer fog on that coast until around midnight when it erupted – and just as the syncopated snoring had started. We were on a pontoon just below the lighthouse. Fortunately we had another “rest day” in Scarborough as we were ahead of schedule. I revisited old haunts and was rather saddened to see that old (& admittedly under age) drinking haunts were now “dark”.

Fog embraced us as we left Scarborough. Visibility was no more than 100 metres. I was constantly grateful for *Providence’s* radar & AIS capability. The next leg to Hartlepool, again a rather soulless, locked in destination, was mainly motor sailing. (10 June 48.05nm; 8h 30m).

After Hartlepool came Amble. A very pretty spot, populated by people who spoke in strange ways. Ralph overheard a conversation between 2 men in the street in which the only word he recognised was “totty”. Pity he couldn’t follow the rest of the discourse. (11 June 49.5nm; 8h 20m)

We took the decision to add an extra overnight stop - The Farne Islands. This was a magical



place – of course there were many puffins (although not as many as previous years) and “barking” seals. Fortunately we were the only vessel at anchor in The Kettle when the last tourist trip boat had departed; although there was little or no wind there was a strong tide under our keel. The anchor seemed to hold us well enough – but I was uneasy given that the least depth was 3.5 metres and *Providence* draws 2.0 metres and there was little room to swing. In the end we didn’t touch anything. The smell of guano

was initially overpowering – but we became accustomed to it. (12 June 23.3nm; 4 hrs)

After taking in the views of Bamburgh Castle we crossed the border into a referendum obsessed Scotland. I'd been trying to contact Edinburgh's Port Edgar Marina by email for months but without success. On our approach in the Firth of Forth I tried phoning and by VHF – all without success. No matter – the pilotage seemed pretty straightforward and as we went under the iconic road & rail bridges the wind eased. The chart showed a minimum of 2.5 metres above CD in the approach to the marina. 45 minutes before LW and went aground. All the usual tactics to get free failed. The echo sounder showed a depth of just 0.9 metres. We were in soft mud – and we later learned that this was spoil that had been swept down river from the construction work on the nearby new road bridge. Fortunately the Firth Ports workboat *St Martin* recognised our plight and towed us off and onto a nearby pontoon. Just like Scarborough there was plenty of water by the pontoons but not enough in the entrance. We were only stuck for about 30 minutes; the next evening another entering yacht was aground for 4 hours. (13 June 80.3nm; 13h 45m)

Port Edgar used to be a Navy Minesweeper Base; it had recently been sold off by Edinburgh Council to new owners and I think this may have been one of the reasons we had difficulty making contact. PE was a changeover point – with Hilary, Paul and Ralph departing to be replaced by the female dynamo Pippa Alcock (pictured in hammock) and true Scot Rod Williamson. We met up with friends from Haslar – Brian & Ali Wallis – with whom I'd sailed in the US and who are very competent sailors but sadly have had to give up life at sea as Ali has Lupus, an incurable autoimmune disease. Whilst Rod, Brian and I were out shopping Ali & Pippa decided that provisions had not been properly stored on *Providence* and decided to restow everything. What a liberty!

We made the jump across the Firth of Forth heading for Arbroath. The place had changed a great deal since I was last there in (1974 on honeymoon) with financial services offices vying for space alongside the traditional Arbroath smokehouses. Entering the harbour meant going round blind corners with no way of knowing whether a fishing or other vessel might be charging out. I found the novelty & uncertainty of entering harbours to be quite addictive. It had turned hot & sunny so the crew were treated to ice creams. (15 June 56.1nm; 9h 30m)

We had to wait for the lock gates to open before we could depart Arbroath. The timing of this procedure was not governed by the height of tide – but rather by the harbour master's hours of work.



Our next stop was Peterhead, a base for North Sea oil service vessels. We motored in through thick fog, navigating by radar and following fishing vessels through the harbour entrance. There was evidence of much reduced commercial activity in the port. Once again we were asked to wait before entering the marina as dredging had not yet been completed. We had a pleasant “rest day” in Peterhead, and met

up with Martin Read (ex RN, Gosport based) who was single handedly sailing *Moby J*, a 30' J boat. (16 June 90nm; 15h)

We discussed the sailing plan for Wick with the Peterhead harbour master who advised sailing offshore – a minimum of 4 nm east of Rattray Head - until we could head for Wick. This turned out to be a bad mistake; we should have followed the coast into the Moray Firth rather than going so far offshore into the North Sea. (*The chart plotter was showing Norwegian territory; we were entering the Ross oil field*). It was the worst passage of the entire trip; what should have taken perhaps 9 hours ended up as 26. The sea state, wind strength (30+kts) and wind direction prevented us from laying a course for Wick. In the end we motor sailed but with the tide we were only making about 1.5 to 2.0kts SOG. And the motion through the sea was deeply unpleasant – with much banging and crashing. Yet it wasn't all bad. It was close to the longest day and we were in northern latitudes. Fulmars were putting on a stunning aerobatic display for us. But I hated the slow & difficult progress. At daybreak Pippa lifted our spirits and got *Providence* sailing fast once more – and even better in the right direction. We arrived in Wick in the morning rather more tired than we should have been. (18/19 June 135.8nm; 26h)

The harbour master at Wick – Malcolm Bremner – was not only the honorary Danish Consul but a fount of maritime knowledge, having been a trawler skipper. Rod, Pippa & I discussed sailing to the Orkney Islands with him and developed a detailed plan. And we followed it to the letter when we were crossing the Moray Firth - “.the most treacherous stretch of water...” – to Scapa. The plan specified the precise departure time, when to check the engine (again precise time) and course directions to sail. And it all worked beautifully. We did not have to encounter the Merry Men of Mey (a dangerous race). It was hard not to recall the naval history beneath us as we sailed into and across Scapa at around 2200 hrs. We agreed it was the most memorable passage any of had made – *anywhere*. (19 June 50.7 nm; 7h 15m)

We stayed several days in the Orkneys. The island had a very special appeal. All the Orkadians we met were kind and courteous. (*for example: Pippa was given eggs on one of her cycle trips; the head of the local college gave up his Saturday evening to help us repair the genoa*). We visited the remarkable Italian Chapel built by WWII Italian POWs using just scrap items. But it did feel cold! *Providence's* central heating went on for the first time– and



we broke out the extra blankets and hot water bottles. In addition to the locals we also met some interesting visiting sailors in Stromness. Charles Warlow, a retired neurologist very kindly gave us a set of pilot books. He created the excellent website www.scottishanchorages.co.uk. Well worth a look. Charles had just returned from the Faeroes on his 36' Rustler *Pickle*. He asked what we were doing and told us that we wouldn't have completed a proper navigation if we omitted

the Faeroes! Later Mark Brody flew into Stromness to join the crew.

Our next stop was Loch Eriboll. There are no marinas on the north coast of Scotland and before we set off I had been concerned at the possible lack of shelter in this area. I needn't have worried. We were enjoying glorious – if sometimes cooler weather – and the coast is littered with delightful and generally safe anchorages. Loch Eriboll is one such. We sighted 2 adult dolphins on the way. Although anchoring was straightforward and we were the only boat we had to take care setting the anchor as there was a great deal of kelp on the sea bed. Kelp was to be something of a problem on several occasions. Perhaps a Rocna anchor next time. (24 June 58.84nm; 10h 45m)

We were still heading west. We would turn the corner to head south at Cape Wrath. Ostensibly a name that conjures up frightening images it was in fact an easy passage around the headland. Its name is derived from Old Norse and means “turning point” and at this point we will pause this account of the voyage.

Appendix 1

Crew & legs (NPCA members in italics):

- Ralph Walrond – all of passage save 2 weeks
- *Pippa Alcock – Edinburgh to Oban (2 weeks)*
- *Alastair Bennett – Gosport to Lowestoft (1 week)*
- Mark Brody - Gosport to Lowestoft (1 week) & Stromness to Troon (2 weeks)
- Mark Denehy – Swansea to Plymouth (2 weeks)
- *Chris Geere – Liverpool to Swansea (1 week)*
- *Hilary Holmes – Lowestoft to Edinburgh (1 week)*
- *David Richardson – Swansea to Plymouth (2 weeks)*
- Steve Schroeder - Troon to Liverpool (2 weeks)
- Mary Shaughnessy (Schroeder) - Troon to Liverpool (2 weeks)
- *Colin Thompson – Plymouth to Gosport (1 week)*
- Rod Williamson – Edinburgh to Oban (2 weeks)
- Paul Wilson - Lowestoft to Edinburgh (1 week)

Appendix 2

Log

- Total distance: 2,382 nm
- Days underway: 47
- Sailing hours: 426
- Engine hours: 207 hours (48% of sail time, but inc. engine charging when at anchor)
- Fuel consumed: 470 litres

Appendix 3

S/Y Providence

- Hanse 400e purchased new 2007
- Epoxy hull; displacement 8.5tonnes
- LOA 11.99m; Beam 4.08m; Draught 1.98m; Air draught 21m
- Mainsail 52.2m²; self-tacking jib 36.2m²; 135% genoa 50m²; cruising chute @ 120m²
- Fresh water 300l; fuel 140l (approx. range 300nm)
- 29kw Yanmar sail drive – Kiwi feathering prop; bow thruster
- Raymarine E series chart plotter; radar; AIS; all instrumentation repeated below on TV & on handheld control
- 3 cabins/2 heads/3 showers – 1 shower on deck!

Richard Malthouse

STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT

The brain is odd in the way in which thoughts and images will suddenly connect a long time after incidents have taken place.

I had failed my GCSE 'O' level examination in English Language. The ensuing article may shed some light on why that happened. In mitigation I did pass lots of other ones. I have the accolade of an 'O' level in Greek Literature in Translation and you do not get many of them to the pound! If you need an explanation of how Odysseus got his point over to the Cyclops then I am your man, alternatively Google it.

An enthusiastic master at school took me in hand to study for the re-sit on the examination. "You have practiced the essay part of the paper?" he said. " I beg your pardon" I replied. He then told me to concoct an essay story which he would peruse and comment on; I would then rewrite and hone it until he was satisfied. Hey presto, when the alternative title choice appeared on the examination paper I would just adapt my well-practiced story accordingly. Thus the day came and one of the essay titles was: ' Strangers in the Night'.

My story that followed was the tale of a yacht journeying westward across the Atlantic just south of the Irish coast, dark and stormy night, then lights all around, the fishing fleet was out. Suddenly, low in the water very close by a dim flashing light was visible. (Shades of 'The Cruel Sea', Jack Hawkins, Donald Sinden and crew mates treading water with the flashing lamps on their lifejackets in the cold Atlantic sea after the sinking of the Compass Rose) The person wearing the lifejacket was hauled aboard. He was a fisherman who had fallen into the sea. Hypothermia etc. caused the yacht to divert to a southern Irish port in order that the crewman could receive urgent medical attention.

That was my essay and I have only just remembered it fifty years on, all that practicing must have lodged in the memory.

Forty five years had elapsed and I had joined Vince Magrath and his friend Rob in Punta Delgada on the Island of Sao Miguel in the Azores. We are to take Vince's Rustler 36 yacht 'Janet Patricia' back to Falmouth in the UK. We estimated an eleven day passage to cover the approximate thirteen hundred mile passage but provisioned for fourteen days. On a Saturday we moved to the fuel berth prior to departure and Vince went to clear customs for departure. Meanwhile Rob and I were looking at a yacht moored astern of us similar to the one we are about to set sail in. A guy walked down to the other boat but before boarding came across to us and enquired where we were bound. Falmouth we replied and enquired of his destination. Scilly's he replied and a conversation ensued. He was on the final long leg of a circumnavigation which had taken nine years, with frequent returns and long stays back home in the UK. He noted our insulated back stay as we have noted his and he suggested keeping in contact by HF radio as a weather and safety check. We arranged a six o'clock net although our new acquaintance stated he did not normally do this type of radio contact. I told him I was hoping to get some sextant practice in and he replied that on a small yacht it was difficult, he found it challenging on the bridge wing of a large cargo vessel he served on as a deck apprentice at the beginning of his nautical career.

Thus both vessels set sail rounding Sao Miguel in opposite directions. We missed our co-voyager's first six o'clock contact but every day after that it became a part of the pre-dinner drink to talk to him. We had to run our engine to provide the high power consumption of the HF radio but both crews enjoyed the company of discussing the day's events. Our friend had shipped a large quantity of extra fuel stored on his deck and was determined to keep the pace up so he finished a day ahead of us but a little more of that later.

Regarding sextant use I had previously shipped with Vince on a trip from Majorca to Corfu which is almost a due West to East trip. Taking mid-day sextant shots were relatively easy as one could hook on arm round the shrouds amidships where there is minimum movement and take sights on the beam, due south. Azores to UK is a virtually South to North direction so noon sights had to be taken straight over the stern of the yacht. This was not an easy position as the boat was riding up and down in the ocean swells and there was a large Hydrovane self-steering sail tucked over the stern of the yacht to obstruct the view. However after several days persistent practice it was possible to get the golden orb or sometimes misty orb of the sun kissing the horizon through the mirrors of the sextant, kindly loaned to me by a friend. Eventually I got the time taken from commencement of sight to reduction of position by scientific calculator down to about eight or ten minutes and they corresponded quite well with the GPS record.

We were having a good passage with only one day of close hauled sailing which we all agreed was not very pleasant. The evening of day nine found us two hundred miles west of France, south of Ireland and approximately the same distance from Falmouth, we were just approaching the edge of the continental shelf. After dinner and our usual radio chat Rob went to his bunk as he was on the four till seven watch. Vince stayed up until twilight; I recollect it was late July, chatting until he turned in prior to me shaking him up at 00.45hrs prior to his graveyard one to four o'clock watch. I settled down to the next three hours. I noted a white light directly on the bow dipping below the horizon in accordance with the gentle pitching motion of the yacht. Time passed as we headed north west and the light grew constant and brighter as we plodded on at five knots. The light did not move and the gradual gentle curves and turns of the Hydrovane positioned the light to both port and starboard of the forestay. What could this now bright light, stationary, be? Some sort of stationary buoy or

vessel in a thousand metres of depth. Certainly if there was someone on watch on it and they could see our tricolour light altering from red to green and back they would be growing apprehensive that a collision could eventually happen. I adjusted the controls on the Hydrovane so that the eastward curve still left the bright light to starboard of our forestay. I continued to observe the bright light when suddenly I saw another light directly to starboard regularly disappearing below the tops of the waves. There seemed to be reasonable star and moonlight about so I fetched some binoculars and peered intently in the direction of the new light. It revealed itself as a small open boat with a short centre mast capped with a fixed white light and a single person sitting in the stern in front of an outboard motor. What was going on! Then it all fell into place. The big stationary bright light was the mother ship to small dories engaged in long line fishing on the edge of the Continental shelf. As time passed several other small bright lights popped up. Our course took us within a cable of the mother ship. She was bathed in an eerie illumination provided from her bright marker light, her decks empty and the noise of her engine running reaching across the water to us. Very much A Stranger in the Night.

The radio net on the tenth evening of our trip found our fellow travelling sailor moored off St Agnes in the Scilly's. He said how beautiful he found it, equal to any of the many places he had journeyed to on his circumnavigation; in fact he really wondered why he journeyed so far when such places were close at hand. Some two years after this trip I happened to be reading 'Nautilus', the Merchant Navy officers union paper in which appeared an article about our fellow navigator. He had spent the latter part of his career as a cross channel ferry master and was an RYA Ocean Yachtmaster Examiner. He certainly never mentioned that in any of our conversations.

The morning of day eleven found us in heavy mist off the Lizard under engine, the first time we had used the iron topsail for propulsion since leaving the Azores. We had to use radar for some time before the mist cleared and we entered Falmouth eleven days to the hour since our departure from the Azores. Was Vince's timing skill or luck? Greatly the former and a little the latter, as we had very favourable weather for the trip. He had certainly judged the water consumption to perfection as there was just sufficient in the main tank for the skipper to shower and present himself spick and span to customs and immigration leaving his frowsy crew to use the onshore facilities after tying up.

Well finally dear reader I will leave it to you to decide if I should have been given an 'O' level pass on that English Language re-sit all those years ago!

John Allsop

LOST TROPHY - PLEASE HELP FIND OSCAR!

We used to have a silver trophy that was presented for photography. It is shaped in the form of an "Oscar" statue.

Unfortunately "Oscar" seems to have disappeared. Can you please check and see if he is gathering dust on a shelf somewhere? Trophies are presented on a year by year basis so we'd like him back if possible. Please contact the Hon Secretary (secretary@sainpca.org) if you know of his whereabouts. There may even be a small reward!"



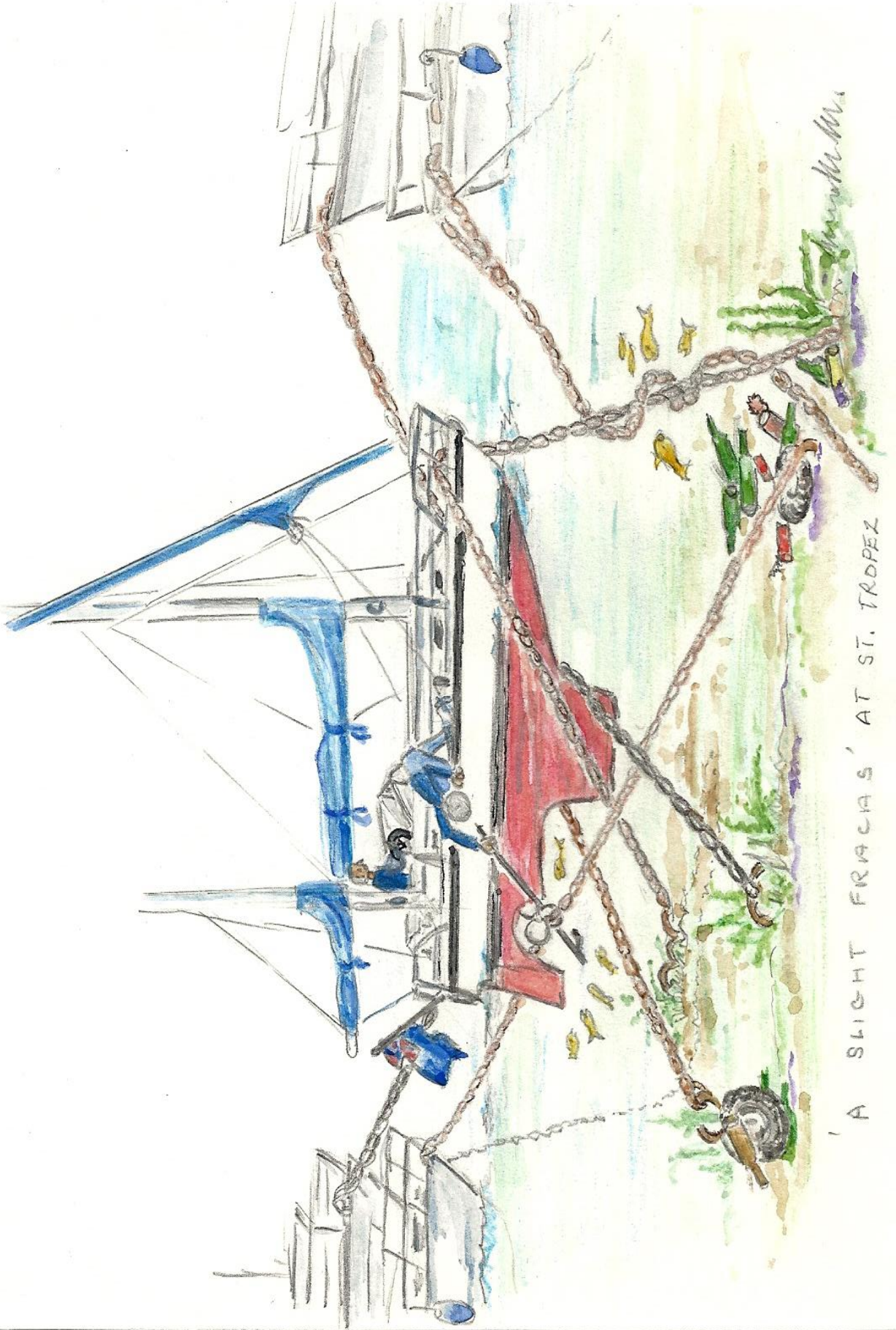
Limerick Competition Winner

From the Limerick Competition at the Autumn Rally of 1983:

*The was a young skipper from New Parks
Whose physical prowess caused remarks
The size of his fender
Caused his crew to change gender
And now he gets changed in the dark!*

By David Swift

UNDER-WATER HAZARDS IN THE FRENCH HARBOURS.



'A SLIGHT FRACAS' AT ST. TROPEZ