

'The Boat'



**TRURO AND DISTRICT BOATING
ASSOCIATION TBOA NEWSLETTER
AUTUMN 2017**

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A sunny day
at Mylor
during the
Summer 2017.

Editorial

Welcome to the 2017 edition of the TBOA Newsletter.

I expect most of us are feeling secure now in the knowledge that our boats are laid up safely for the winter, snug under their covers with engines safely winterised in preparation for the particularly cold winter that the weathermen are predicting! As I sit writing this it's mid-November with cold and drizzly weather outside, so the picture above is a reminder of one of the sunny days we had in the summer, on the 24th of July according to my camera.

I hope you all made the most of the good days that we had this year. There was a spell of fabulous sunny settled weather in June when Chris & I managed to get a week away in Seaxe for a coastal cruise up to Dartmouth and back and as I remember there was unusually good weather over the August Bank Holiday too, but apart from that any other prolonged spells of nice settled weather for cruising seemed to be absent from the log book this year leaving only the odd nice day here and there for day sailing or overnights. That's the English climate, I guess!

I would like to take this opportunity to thank the Club Officers and Committee for all the hard work that is put into running our club. Their considerable time and effort is given freely and without their efforts we wouldn't have a club at all!! Steve Foot is now retiring from the post of Club Moorings Officer after more than 10 years of providing the members with a truly excellent service. We all thank him for this!! Andrew Nancarrow has kindly agreed to take over the role starting next year in a phased handover from Steve.

This Newsletter and the previous ones are available to download and view in PDF format from the TBOA website in the Newsletter section. Don't forget to write some good articles for next years edition!! I hope you enjoy reading this edition.

Phil Coltman.

A Message from the Commodore.

Dear Members,

It has been a funny year. The weather has been mixed and I have spent less time on the water that I wished. Many of you have I gather had good seasons although the consensus seems to be that the weather pattern is becoming more volatile.

I made my biennial trip to Dartmouth for the Classic Channel Regatta and had a great time which was (or was not depending on your interpretation!) reflected in our poor results on the racing front. The fast group ranges from a 60ft S&S down to Sundance. With any handicap system there are downsides and for this Regatta it is the Brittany Tides. Our race to Guernsey (via Torquay and Les Roches Douvres - look it up!), meant that I had to average 6kts all night just to get around before the tide changed. It was predictably impossible - we missed the tidal gate by 7 miles. had to retire and got into St Peter Port wet, tired and fed-up. A good lunch in my favourite restaurant went a fair way to restoring morale however and overall we enjoyed the week and the return trip via N Brittany and Roscoff.



For anyone who has not visited Roscoff (not counting the mass migration to and from the Ferry with Car) I can seriously recommend it as a place to call. Not only can you still lie against the wall in the old harbour and or get away from it all up the Penze river or Rade de Morlaix, there is now a posh marina (it even boasts a disabled lift to the pontoons). Best of all is the free circular bus which runs every 15 minutes or so during July and August stopping at the Supermarket, port, town etc.



Our other major sail was to bring Kiruna back from the Morbihan for a re-engine. It took 4 days and was a great sail. After that other commitments meant that Sundance was little used although we did celebrate her 50th Birthday in August. I find it incredible to think with her design and construction she is so old.

The club prospers with the yard full and all moorings taken up. Long may this continue. New members are regularly joining. They are indeed very welcome. We are now associate members of POFSA (the Port of Falmouth Sailing Association). While POFSA has traditionally existed to coordinate racing in the harbour (along with the Village Regattas) it has for far too long been an association of every local sailing club but ours, which I have sought to change. There will be no commitment for us to stage or manage races but our status is that little bit higher through membership and there may come a day when a single voice is needed to support or fight for sailing interests within the port and its 5 Harbour Authorities.

As always as a Club we rely on and benefit from our many volunteers. Theirs can be a thankless task. The Club operates not only via the main and two sub committees but also we are represented on the Harbour Forum and in other relevant areas. This entails a great deal of effort by a great many and my thanks to all who help is recorded with great pleasure. On that subject your Committee has decided to award life membership to our secretary Stefan Szoka who has undertaken this task for so many years that no-one - not even Stefan is sure when he became our Secretary.

Fair winds and calm seas for 2018.

Geoff Trebilcock.

Commodore TBOA.

Chairman's Report.

As Chairman of TBOA I must confess to a certain amount of 'Dereliction of Duty', or as my school report often said "Must try harder!" and next year, if elected, I will try harder, I might even reply to most emails!

As a member I was signed up in the late 70's by my then Father-in-Law - Leonard Powell, one of the earliest members of TBOA and as such I have been witness to subtle changes in members requirements for getting on the water. Some enjoying the 'All Inclusive' aspect, others just the need to get moorings and winter lay-up on a budget and making their own plans. For me the all inclusivity is what attracts me to TBOA and one of the 'meet ups' that optimises that spirit occurred on Towan Beach, this summers BBQ 6 boats, 11 people, a calm sunny day and some wine! OK up to that point but an 'off the cuff' remark to Irene had her charging down the beach to challenge a large family holidaying in Cornwall to a rounders match brilliant! I'll carry an image of Ann Szoka scampering around the bases to home forever!

Thanks to Irene for that challenge – a new Social Committee Member I think

If anything positive can be gleaned from what has effectively been a miserable summers weather pattern it was my decision to live aboard my boat from early June to the actual day of lift out at the end of September. It's not that we didn't have any warmth or sunshine, it was in fact, that as sailors, it seemed you couldn't count on any more than a few consecutive days to plan a cruise. Not withstanding the less than perfect summer weather it was none the less a glorious way to live 'off grid' seeing the early morning Cormorants air drying their wings, the beautiful dawns rowing ashore to make the drive to work and the reciprocal trip that evening back to your peaceful world, i.e. the cosy confines of your cabin leading to a glass of wine watching the billions of stars above! This is boating, this is why we choose to spend our spare cash on this lifestyle choice. I say lifestyle because it is a lifestyle and a commitment to certain mandatory patterns of behaviour that require you to acknowledge others in your manners, seamanship, yacht/motorboat integrity and mechanical reliability.

So to that end TBOA play an important role in promoting a more pro-active attitude to 'boating'. By putting together an informative and sometimes technical lecture program to help us achieve those aims so long live TBOA and the people who put it all together for us!

Thank You.

Paul Thomas.

Chairman TBOA.

Social Secretary's Report.

I have three events to mention for January, firstly the Boxing Day walk:- a handful of members turned up to meet our Chairman Paul at Trelassick who supplied mince pies and mulled wine to all before we took a leisurely stroll, a pleasant morning had by all. Our first social club meeting for the New Year at the Rugby club was a talk by Nick Healey who is a boat surveyor; we had a slight melt down on equipment which meant Nick had to 'Wing It' but he did a brilliant talk and gave us lots of information on what to look for, he gave complimentary mugs to members and agreed a discount for a group wanting surveys.

44 members attended the Christmas Party at The St .Michael's Hotel Falmouth, it was a really good weekend with plenty to eat and drink and a good raffle once again with plenty of prizes. The hotel very kindly gave us the first prize this year of bed and breakfast accommodation and use of the facilities which was won by Ben and Rachel Ellis. Russell and Karen Mitchell also celebrated Karen's birthday on the Saturday and their 40th Ruby Wedding Anniversary on the Sunday so big celebrations all weekend. I reported back to the hotel a couple of issues about slow service of the food and the main meal not being very hot, for which the hotel apologised and for our inconvenience gave us 15 bottles of wine for our tables this year.

In February we were entertained by Julia Scantlebury and her husband from BBC Radio Cornwall talking of their voyages around the world, the boats they have built and sailed far and wide, their favourite places to visit and why. This was a lovely evening ending up with a pasty supper for all.

March was a social evening, Meet, Greet and Eat at the Rugby Club, the Social Club supplied a buffet for the evening with scones jam and cream kindly supplied by David and Iris Laycock. Our Commodore Geoff Trebilcock did the introduction, then our Vice Chairman Phil Allen updated us on what's happening up and down the river. We stopped for a short break enjoying the buffet, and proceeded to take questions from the members on what they would like to see TBOA doing for future programmes and what improvements could be done, all comments were passed to the committee for discussion.

We also had the quiz night at Flushing, for which just 3 of our members turned up, Tony Stephens and Joseph Hill played for our team and one other member played for the other side, leaving our two TBOA members to bring home the trophy, plus a bottle of wine. Well done to those members!

April brought the launch weekend and the weather was nice and dry, It's always an extremely busy weekend but I would like to thank everyone for their kindness with assisting with the teas and coffee, to Vanessa, Olga, Wendy, Maggie, Dawn and Val and to everyone who brought cakes, quiches, sausage rolls, biscuits and much more. April also brought the boat jumble at Newham, Paul took charge as John and I were away, it was a successful event with 15 sellers each paying £5 for a plot, which gave another £75 to the Social Fund, it was well advertised in the local papers before the event and Paul was very happy with the response, and is looking forward to another event next year.

In May we decided to have a 'dry' shakedown cruise as the weather on previous years has been windy with rain, so we booked Castaways East at Mylor, 40 members attended and we had a choice of food which was great, everyone really enjoyed the evening.

The weather certainly improved towards the end of May - beginning of June but clouds and rain arrived for the BBQ, however Paul turned up with Peter, Keith, Joseph, Bryan and Irene but everyone had breakfast together the next day and went their separate ways.

July was the Chairman's Magical Mystery Tour, but was changed to the BBQ as it had been missed the previous month. It was held on Towan Beach. 6 boats turned up and joined in with others on the beach for a good old game of rounders, the weather stayed fair and the water calm so a good day was had by all. We also asked for volunteers to take a Buddie cruise up the coast to Plymouth and another to the Isles of Scilly. 7 boats showed interest in both trips, both Jim Edwards and Jon Neighbour spent time liaising with them, and some members did seem very keen, however by the time the trips came around all of them had dropped out for various reasons which was a great shame. However I would like to thank both Jim and Jon for giving their time. Sept 16th & 17th was the late cruise to Fowey; 11 boats joined Paul on the pontoon with a few members driving, making 24 members altogether who met up in the King of Prussia for a meal and a lovely evening was had by all.

30th Sept 1st & 2nd was October Lift out, well the Saturday it couldn't have rained any heavier, the heavens opened all day, we kept the tea and coffee going but the men were soaked to the skin, it was so bad at one stage poor Chris was drinking his cup of tea and the water was running off his hard hat back into his tea. Sunday wasn't so bad just misty, cloudy with a breeze. On Monday with just the last few boats to bring in was probably the best day for the weather,

The cooks amongst us Olga, Vanessa, Maggie, Dawn, Sue and Charlotte supplied such a wonderful selection of, lemon drizzle cake, banana cake, blueberry and sultana cake, trays of butterfly cakes, sausage rolls, quiches and much more, and to top it all a wonderful black forest gateaux made by Maggie for John's 70th birthday all lit up with candles. Picture below

October was our first meeting at the Rugby Club and our speaker for this month was Mike Treglown who always gives our members a very informative talk complete with



a slide presentation " Diesel Engine Maintenance" and what all members should do when laying up their boats for the Winter period.

November we had Malcolm Craven from the National Coast Watch Institution. When he first started his talk about bird poo on top of rocks I thought to myself oh no we got the wrong man , but as things moved on he was so very funny and gave an excellent talk. John offered to help as a volunteer but was told he had to pay for his uniform, so he kept quiet after that. A really entertaining evening had by everyone, finishing up with the raffle and a pasty supper.

I would like to end this report by personally thanking all the members that have assisted me throughout the

year your help is warmly welcomed.

Many thanks.

Lynn Butler.

Social Secretary TBOA.

Truro Boating Association - Health & Safety Report 2017

I would firstly like to thank you all for the formal nomination as Health and Safety Officer for the Club last year and I appreciate the support and assistance given to me in the new role.

I have no Health & Safety incidents or accidents to report for 2017 and I do feel this is down to the generally excellent safety culture of the club and members.

We cannot however be complacent, the craning and propping of our boats is a high risk activity with lots of hazards and serious consequences – please ensure you have attended the safety brief at the start of the lift and read the Risk Assessments found on our website and at the yard and comply with the instruction and guidance. Hi vis tabards, safety helmets and lifejackets will be issued as appropriate to all involved with the lift – please bring along suitable safety shoes to protect your feet.

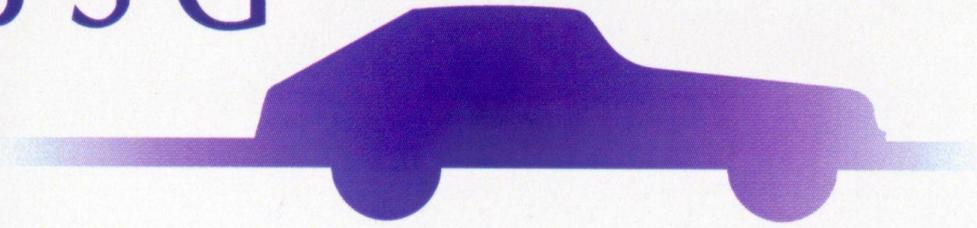
Finally I think the Club demonstrates a positive approach to safety and in particular I would like to thank Lynn for suggesting and buying the new weather proof notice board, Chris and Simon Scholes for arranging and installing the new yard power points and Andrew for replacing the old lifejackets.

Fair winds and a safe new year.

Rob Coombe.



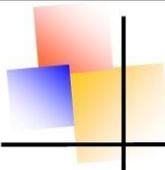
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The Newham Layup 2017.

The Saturday Teams



In the yard (From left top: Dominic (Mac salvors), Roger Maker, Tommy (Mac salvors), John Butler, Sid Capper, Joseph Hill, Dr Charles Sellick, Ian Bell, Rob Coombe, Nick Robinson, Ross Trebilcock, Martin Heason, Tony Trolley, Front: Chris Rowe, Paul Thomas, Andrew Nancarrow, David (Lofty) Nancarrow, and Brian Morris. Missing from here and Photo-shy on the day was Richard Griffin.

The general synopsis for the weekend of 1st October was not good, with low pressure to the west of us threatening Ireland with gales. The forecast for Saturday was alright, with westerly winds, thankfully, but a spell of wet weather was scheduled for the afternoon. This did materialise, and we finished the day around 4.30 wet through, but satisfied at having brought 21 boats safely home for the winter. The lift is front-end loaded to make the last day in particular easier when we are all tired and wet. We ended up moving 21 boats on Saturday, 16 on Sunday and 10 on Monday.

The crew from Mac salvors were, as always, professional, very competent and helpful. Tommy is a star and we owe him a big thank you. The problems we had on the day revolved around the weather of course, but the forecasters were wrong again as far as the winds were concerned. The start time this year was later as we decided to use the early afternoon tides which coincided with a convenient lift date, meaning no one was asked to be up before daybreak.



The Lovely Ladies That Do Tea and Cakes !!!



From the left Dame Olga Foot, Her Ladyship Lynn Butler, and Princess Vanessa Boucher.

Our other usual attendee, Anne Webb was unavailable unfortunately.
Our sincere thanks to the girls for keeping us all watered and fed. Their baking is epic.
Eat your heart out Paul Hollywood.

The Pontoon Team:



From left: Geoff Trebilcock, Mike Treglown, Steve Foot, Steve Boucher and Phil Allen.

With Mark Arrow's vast knowledge of stropping, the pontoon teams were absolutely fantastic. I can't remember a year when all the boats came out so level! Do we look professional or not? Mark was guilty of testing one of the gas cylinders in his life jacket again, bill on the way Mark. We don't recognise the importance of the quayside crews, their presence on the quay to take our warps is reassuring and welcome, so a big thank you gentlemen.

Slinging up



Martin Heason's 'Andante' ready to go.

Along the quay



Roger Webb in 'Satin Doll', Roger Bromley and David Watkins in front of Mike Martin's 'Bandit'

A few well known characters looking serious ...



John Butler, and champion slinger Mark Arrow.

And not so serious (just as well Paul is wearing his hard hat)



Thanks also to those who did not appear in the photos, (which were taken on Saturday the first day) namely, Ben Brigg, Mike Biglin, Frank Perry, Peter and Maggie Ward, Keith Harris, Paul Harris, Peter Ellis, Ray Sinclair, Russell Mitchell, Mike Martin, Fraser Currie, Maurice Pettifer, Chris Veal, John Neighbour, Iain Bones, James Wickett, Roger Webb and Robin Spencer-Smith.

My apologies if your name has been overlooked.

The number of names here indicate just how much of a team effort this is, and as yard manager, and I know Andrew Nancarrow and Mark Arrow will agree, everyone's good humour, understanding and commitment has made this year's layup so smooth and safe.

Rob Coombe oversees the Health and Safety aspects, and our special thanks to him. Personally in addition to thanking all our members for their efforts our thanks go to the Truro Harbour staff for their understanding and help this year, particularly Stevie Rowe and Mark Killingback for helping us overcome a little issue with the scrap yard. And finally, even the weather was kind to us in the end, and maybe we can thank past members of the layup teams who sadly are no longer with us for putting a word in for us with the weather Gods.

Bill Ivey and Peter Thomas we miss you.



Chris Rowe.

Titanic Lifeboat Replica.

A replica of Lifeboat 13 from the Titanic is currently being built at the National Maritime Museum in Falmouth by Andrew Nancarrow. As most of you will know Andrew is one of the TBOA Committee members and is also a local boat builder specialising in the build and maintenance of Cornish Pilot Gigs.



The 30 foot lifeboat build is to be part of a Titanic exhibition being run by the National Maritime Museum from next spring. The lifeboat is being built in wood in the Museum workshops using traditional methods as far as possible and is a true full size replica of the original.



Last year Andrew directed the build of the Cornish Gig ‘H4H Valiant’ at the Museum for the ‘Great Big Gig Project’ which helps wounded service men and ex service men learn new skills and introduces them to the sport of gig rowing. The gig has now been handed over to the charity ‘Help for Heroes’.

Andrew will be giving a talk at the January 2018 club meeting about his gig and boatbuilding experiences in general, and this promises to be a very interesting evening.

“Doing A Bit On The Boat.”

It's no great secret that I, and I suspect one or two others, almost get as much pleasure and enjoyment out of our boats during the period that they are laid up at Newham, or wherever, as we do when the boats are back on their moorings.

However, as much as I enjoy the tinkering, making stuff, maintaining my boat and the general craic of the yard, I have come to realise that compared to boat owners of only a couple of generations ago my annual maintenance programme, rather than sometimes feeling an arduous chore, is in fact a complete doddle!

I don't think we realise or fully appreciate how different and very easy living in the “plastic age” has made almost every aspect of our everyday and boating lives.

Before the discovery that it was possible to make anything out of plastic, and that these oil based synthetics, once made, would last for ever and ever *Amen*, all STUFF, and particularly boats and boat stuff was made from materials that either rotted, decayed, perished, rusted, corroded or became blighted with mould and mildew. This process of degradation didn't happen in some kind of “Life on Earth” slow frame slo-mo process, it was continually stalking you, turn your back for a moment and your boat went from pride and joy to a musty smelling heap of putrefaction in the blink of an eye.

In the years leading up to the 2nd World War the height of technology was a thermos flask. Even state of the art battle ships of the Royal Navy were being dispatched across and around the world using instruments that would have been instantly recognisable and useable by officers at the Battle of Trafalgar. It would be no understatement at all to say the average 30 foot yacht of today has a greater range and more sophisticated array of navigation instrumentation at its disposal than any Naval vessel on any side of the 2nd World War!

I recently acquired (for the princely sum of £2) a lovely little book entitled “Fitting Out” by Percy Woodcock printed in 1937. In this small tome Mr. Woodcock goes through the process of getting a small yacht ready for re-launching. This book even gives the recipes and proportions for making your own paint!

Paint it would appear was only available in marine grades in 5 gallon or 50 gallon drums as supplied to ships and shipping companies. So if you wanted paint for your boat that wouldn't dissolve in the first shower of rain, you had to make your own and tell the kids not to lick it or they would go barmy!

Mr. Woodcock then goes on to list some of the ingredients you may require:-

Oxides of zinc, ochre's of red and yellow, terebine, turpentine, linseed oils boiled and raw, oxide of iron, white and red lead patent dryers, Japan size, lamp black, whiting, naphtha, shellac, beeswax, spirits of wine, gum sandarach etc. etc. to create all the paint, varnish, and stains that you may need to keep your boat looking shipshape and Bristol fashion.

Until the advent of GRP and the dawn of production glass fibre boats, boats were made from wood and each part of the boat, ideally, was made from different species of wood that had been found to be best suited to the purpose it was put to, e.g.:- oak for the ribs and knees etc., elm for keels, yellow pine or teak for decking, mahogany for bright work, spruce for masts, larch or teak for planking, etc. etc. Prices dictated which timbers would be used as would the fastenings; bronze or copper, galvanised, iron etc.

When laying your boat up one had to realise that whatever the quality of materials your boat was made from, in the final analysis, it was just a collection of bits of wood that had been nailed, screwed, bolted and riveted together and if you didn't look after it, it wouldn't look after you! So all the internal ballast had to come out (it would all need to be painted when it went back in and numbered to make sure it went back in the right place). Anchor and chain would be taken out to remove potentially straining weight from the bow. In the cabin, the exposed surfaces may have taken on an oily discolouration from the use of paraffin lamps. This would need to be removed by scrubbing the whole interior using Vim or something similar before repainting or varnishing. On deck any leaks would need to be attended to; many decks were covered in painted canvas which was prone to leaks, splits, tears and abrasions and if laid wooden decks were the order of the day they would need to be re-caulked if leaks were present.

Before the advent of aluminium masts, wooden masts also required regular attention, every fitting on the mast was a potential source of water ingress and eventual rot! Once a spar was deemed "sound" it would also require several coats of varnish, as would all the blocks, the shells re-varnished and the pin and sheave checked for wear before being carefully lubricated and re-assembled. The hull outside may need burning off with a blow lamp before scraping, sanding by hand and then receiving several coats of primer, undercoats and gloss, all sanded by hand between coats. The bottom - the dreaded bottom! On a pre-plastic boat the preparation of the bottom was similar to the preparation of the topsides, either burnt off or dry scraped, re-caulked where necessary, they then had to be primed and antifouled with the only antifouling available at the time - Kobe Green made by the fledging International Paint Co. (red, blue and other colours came later). Rather than the "paint it when you can and launch 'drekkly' or when you want to" approach of modern paint finishes, Kobe paint needed very careful considerations. You could only apply the antifoul 12-24 hours after applying the primer - no later! And furthermore you then had to launch the boat within 24 hours of applying the antifouling. To add to the fun, the paint was sold in Kilner style glass jars; you drop 'em - you smash 'em!

Before stainless steel, rigging and almost everything else of a metal nature was either bronze or steel or iron. The latter two, even if galvanised, were susceptible to rust. Rigging especially needed constant attention. The usual method of protecting stays was to coat them with varnish applied by dipping a rag into a varnish and paraffin mix and applying to the wire being treated. Wire stays were spliced not clamped and the splices also needed regular inspections which entailed cutting all the marline covering, the parcelling etc. off and after checking the splice re-parcelling, worming and serving them again.

Running gear and warps were of natural fibres; hemp, sisal, manila and cotton and again were liable to rot and needed constant attention as did the sails and other canvas work. Sails, whether cotton or flax, were often dressed or treated to make them less absorbent and prone to rot. This meant either having the sails preserved in cutch which gave them the red/brown colour emulated by gaffers today built at Rock or by dressing them with a mixture of:-

4 gallons of paraffin
1 gallon of raw linseed oil
1 gallon of boiled linseed oil
9 lbs of ochre. (6lbs of red ochre & 3 lbs of yellow ochre).

My original source printed in 1937 says once this mix has been well scrubbed into the sail it should, if the weather remains fine, be dry in a week. It adds a cautionary note - never attempt to dress the sails in winter as they take too long to dry; in fact they may not dry until the spring!

So when we begin to moan about all the work we have to do in order to maintain our boats ready for launching, spare a thought for our forefathers and the trials and tribulations they went through!

Keith Harris.

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Trip of a Lifetime.

Back in 1999 I was running a low key charter yacht doing just enough to pay the running costs and a few pints. One day my annual copy of the RNSA (Royal Naval Sailing Assoc) magazine dropped on the mat. Right at the back there was a small advert for "one crew wanted to sail a 36' timber sloop from the Falkland Islands to Falmouth. Something clicked in my brain but I could not find the courage to ask my wife! After having delayed for a month I popped the question after a pint or two. To my surprise I got a very positive reaction. I immediately phoned the number and a very military type voice invited me to come down and meet him.

Ben was one of the old school having arrived from New Zealand and wanting to sail on a square rigger round the Horn. He served in the RN during the war and took unpaid leave to sail to New Zealand with a friend. He was owner and skipper of Marelle a varnished 36' McGruer sloop. He explained he wanted to sail from Falmouth to Cape Horn, rounding the Cape on the millennium, and then back to the UK.

There was to be one other crew whose name was Jeremy, another of the old school who had driven tanks, traded tea up the Limpopo river and owned a chandlery. Ben was 75 at the time, Jeremy 65, and I was a mere "sprog" at 54. Ben later joked that because of my age it would bring the insurance down.

It was arranged that Sue, my wife, and I should meet up for a meal with them and their wives at Falmouth Marina. During this meal Ben suddenly asked me if I could join them earlier - I looked at Sue who said "in for a penny....." As I had commitments it was arranged I would fly out and meet them in Argentina. They would sail to Cape Verde and then on to Mar del Plata in Argentina.

It seemed I had been accepted because there was a tremendous amount of anchoring to do in Patagonia and they wanted a youngster!

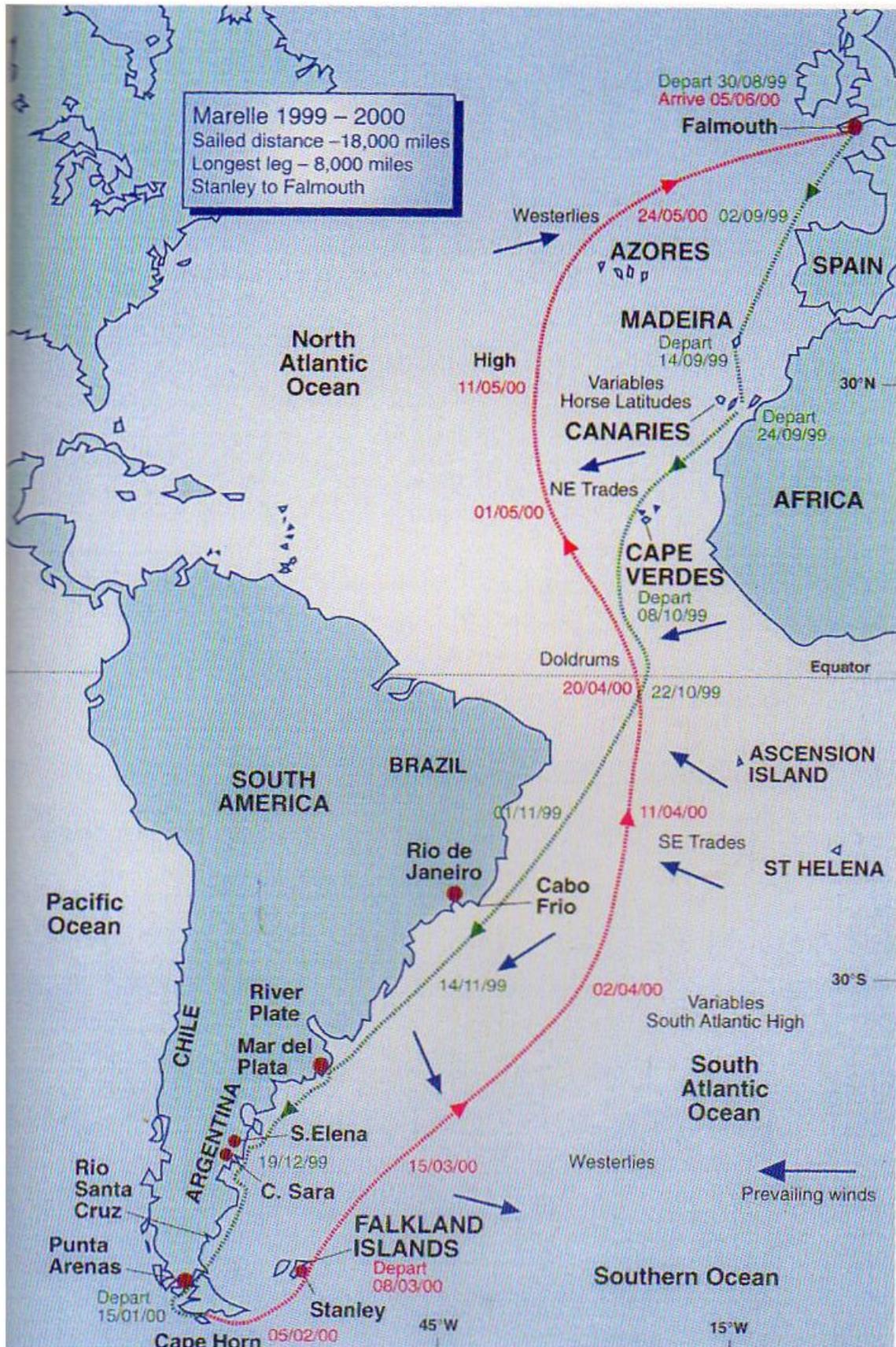
During the early part of the summer they were preparing everything and finally departure day came in August 1999. I escorted them on my yacht to Manacle buoy and waved goodbye.

All this was before mobiles and satellite phones so Ben's wife phoned me when she reached Cape Verde. I then had to work out their arrival date in Mar del Plata.

I flew via Amsterdam to Sao Paulo (where I nearly got arrested for only having a one way ticket), then on to Mar del Plata where I found a little hotel by the harbour for £3 a night! Luckily Daniel the owner spoke English! I had a message from the small marina a week later that they had arrived and had been arrested! Eventually this was all sorted out but this is Argentina!

After checking everything is ready as can be we are off! It is drizzling with wind increasing and sea building. Two days later the barograph is falling through the floor, the sea is now 20 - 30ft and breaking. Ben orders us to turn round. Gradually reduce sail down to storm jib and eventually down bare poles as we thought we were going pitch pole. Taking that storm jib down was something else! Two days later back to Mar de Plata only to find the harbour had been closed for three days due to an 80 knot "Pampero" (this is caused by very strong winds blowing off the pampas on to the shallow coastal water off Argentina). The noise of the wind and sea is like being chased by several steam trains. Now we spend three days repairing sails and straitening stanchions. The harbour officials estimated the wind strength to be storm 10.

The Full Route.



We leave again heading for the Magellan Straits about 1,200 miles to the south. Because of the shallow seas and the wind off the pampas the sea is rough a lot of the time. After a series of gales and sightings of whales and penguins we round the high cliffs of Punto Dungeness and into the Straits just after Christmas Day.

With everyone else I so looked forward to leaving the Atlantic and finding some shelter in the Magellan Straits. That was a big mistake - we underestimated the conditions to be found there. Wrongly we thought that once we were in the comparatively enclosed channel we would be protected from the sea if not the wind. The first 40 miles from Punto Dungeness was gale after gale and very large seas because it is 30 miles wide. There are lots of oil rigs and it is not easy when you are under storm jib and trisail trying to dodge them. The land is brown/grey, about 30 ft high with continuous screeching winds.

40 miles from P. Dungeness are the Primera Angusturas which are just 2 miles wide. They are the first narrows and are 8 miles long with a 9 knot tide ripping through. You might have to wait for days for the right conditions.

Then into Bahia San Felipe with more mountainous seas trying to make headway for 25 miles both night and day under storm conditions. There is no sign of life - why am I not surprised! We managed to stay at the west side of B San Felipe ready for the tide ripping through the Segunda Angusturas. We anchored in the lee of some low land with seas rolling down the side decks. I cannot understand how the Chileans have brown skin - if this is summer what the hell is winter like! We have run out of most of our staple food and have to rig lee cloths to stay in our bunks at anchor. Even Ben agrees that these are the worst sailing conditions he has ever experienced. It is certainly the harshest of conditions testing your seamanship and stamina to the limit. The wind is seldom under force 8.

At midnight on New Year's Eve I am bending on the storm jib as the barograph is rising. Early morning there is suddenly no wind. So on with the engine and we motor for 10 hours to Punta Arenas at the beginning of Tierra del Fuego.

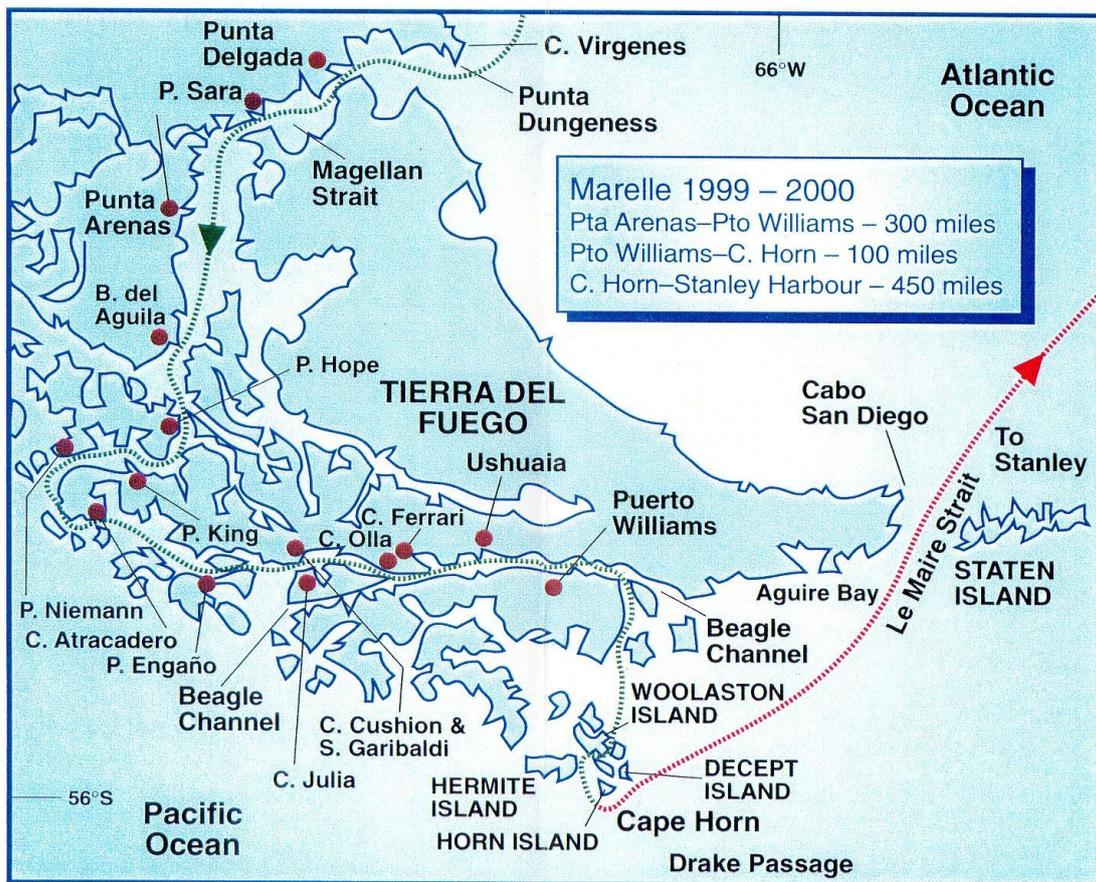
In Punta Arenas much to the annoyance of Ben the local press came wanting photos and stories - we are front page news. For those unacquainted with this area the main feature is the wind which comes in varying degrees of gales. Punta Arenas actually has safety lines in some streets for pedestrians. But our first stop was for food and a laundrette!

Punta Arenas has no yachts or marinas - the only berth alongside is against the largest digger tyres I have ever seen, chained to a concrete jetty and swept by gales and large swells. You go alongside, get what you need and clear off to a massive tug mooring. While going out to this mooring late one night while I was securing Marelle there was a crash and the genoa and furling gear came down beside me. The stainless steel tang had broken. We eventually got it down, repaired it and put it back thanking our lucky stars that it had not happened in the South Atlantic! While we were here we also experimented with tandem anchoring which we were to use in the Patagonian Channels. Before we left I managed to phone Mike Martin on New Years Day but he had only just got home!

Finally we were all stored up and ready to leave - no more civilisation for the next two weeks. This was the next part of our adventure where the scenery was becoming much more mountainous. We experienced our first Willy Waws (Rachas) - tops of waves blown off in screeching winds. We anchor every night in little inlets while heading towards Cabo Froward, a massive headland like the Dodman only bigger. We reach the Magdalena Channel and I cannot adequately describe how spectacular it was

with great snow covered mountains. We now headed down the Cockburn Channel and into the Beagle Channel. We still had to get round the corner so we anchored in the last inlet before the Pacific which was called Puerto Niemen. This is where we came within 20ft of losing Marelle. Hurricane force Rachas continued to knock us down with white walls of water a metre high - we were virtually hanging onto a vertical decks, anchors dragging and the engine flat out to stop us from crashing into the rock face. After re-anchoring we had to keep repeating the whole process day and night (the winds were estimated up to 100 mph). After four days we eventually escaped out into the Pacific, round the corner and head west. No more head winds.

I have to explain that because of the obvious dangers there is no navigation at night so we find an inlet and put out tandem anchors and ropes ashore around rocks to guard against Rachas. We would then light the Taylor heater, eat and plan the next day. The discrepancy between GPS and charts down here is up to two miles. Going ashore here to secure ropes gives you a very eerie feeling. The vegetation is thousands of years old and you feel as though you are the first to walk there, as well you might be! Very prehistoric!



The South Atlantic Pilot says 'this is no place for the inexperienced or faint hearted' and I wonder when I read this where we stand as I know I have felt fainthearted more than once!!

We motored out of Puerto Nieman into the Brecknock Channel round rocks and islets past Channel Occasions with a good view of the Pacific. Then suddenly we are away with the wind aft for the first time in weeks heading east.

Into Channel Brecknock now doing 7 knots, bitterly cold with driving sleet and wearing snow goggles. Jeremy is down below cooking a fry up - fantastic! We sail

across Bahia Desolate, past Bahia Fiasco into Seno Ballineros for the night, then Caleta Silver and on to the majestic Darwin Cordillero mountains. We carry on into the Canal O'Brian along to Isla Chair, round the corner to Caleta Cushion (their real names!) to anchor for the night. Next stop is Seno Garibaldi. We motor up a short inlet through lots of 'bergy' bits to the glacier - mind blowing! We then head off for Caleta Julia for the night. In Caleta Olla I watch a fox trying to chew through our shore lines.



We head off into the Beagle Channel into Caleta Ferrari where we go past five large glaciers, then Ushuaia to Puerto Williams which is the most southerly settlement in the world before Antarctica. It was also a Chilean Naval Base. We tied up next to a large charter yacht that did trips for wealthy youngsters to Antarctica. Ahead of us was Wanderer III of Eric and Sue Hiscock fame. We are almost next to the most amazing yacht club in the world. It is a sunken cargo ship called the Macalvi Yacht Club. It has a big log burner and serves massive spider crab salads with Pisco (the local spirit). There are a few real characters here of various nationalities that seem to have spent most of their lives just roaming around the Southern Ocean on their own - strange! They tell fantastic stories of their experiences.

Caleta Olla.

We spend the next few days storing up and getting ready for the big one - round the Horn and up to the Falkland Islands. Every time we are ready to leave, the finger of doom (barograph) plummets with large depressions one after the other. The Chilean Navy (Armada) won't let us go until they are happy there is a big enough window in the weather to get down and sail around the Horn before the next low comes steaming in. They have a saying down here that "if you have one full good day you are having all the summer at once, if you have two good days nature is recharging the gales, Ready to leave again but another three large depressions just south west of the Horn scupper that. Then an immigration officer comes on board and stamps our passports and says we can go as there is a short weather window. At last we are off! There is a lot of nervous tension as none of us knows what to expect! We get back into sea watches for the first time in over a month. Down the Beagle Channel and we set a course for the Woolaston Islands just north of The Horn. Bitterly cold, black and wind increasing again, driving rain and sleet and then the compass light packed up! It called for a torch in the mouth job! We spot the dark shadow of the Woolaston Islands which give us some shelter from the Pacific. This was one of my worst nights at sea.



The Beagle Channel

Finally it starts getting light and then there it is - Cape Horn!! I have to pinch myself - after a lifetime of hearing about it there it is about two miles away - all myth, legend and stories - what a sight!



At Cape Horn.

Well that is what we came for and now all we have to do is get home!
We set a course for the Le Maire Straits where the Pacific meets the Atlantic - massive tides and massive standing water. The South American Pilot says if conditions are right there can be standing waves between 10-14 metres. Timing is imperative. We are just "toasting" rounding the Horn and reaching the Le Maire

Straits. Ben is down below cooking up Skipper's supper. I am on the wheel and all hell breaks loose - bloody great seas and no wind! It took us thirty six hours to eventually get out the other side. All of us having nightmares about Le Maire. Suddenly blue skies and 200 miles to Stanley on a heading of 055 degrees at 7 knots. Unfortunately this didn't last long and we had to start putting reefs in until we were fully reefed as we were back to big winds and big seas! We were being blown all over the place in awful conditions. Eventually at night I sail through a fleet of enormous trawlers. We are worried that we could get carried out into the South Atlantic because of the Falklands current.

After five days of hard work I spot Cape Pembroke in the morning murk. We lash all sails and gear away and motor into Stanley Harbour. We tied up to the public jetty - the ropes were taken by Richard, a local doctor from Penryn! He had set off with his wife to sail from Falmouth to circumnavigate but decided procreate instead. Two children later they are firmly ensconced in the Falklands. We tied up alongside his steel yacht in the Canache which is an inlet at one end of Stanley Harbour, and is considered by some to be sheltered. Down here there is no shelter! The wind is always constant.

After a good rest we venture ashore on a two mile walk to the nearest building which is the Seamen's' Mission. This is an amazing place, run by a Danish girl, her Kiwi husband and local volunteers. They cook vast meals at cost price, provide hot showers and warm surroundings, TV, laundrette, haircuts, and books all for just a donation. These people got the place built originally to rescue the poor Koreans who were working on the squid boats and trawlers consequently there is no alcohol served. We eventually we get to Stanley which is like England in the 60s, English voices, food and beer, and Union Jacks everywhere.

We spend the next days and weeks preparing for the next 8000-9000 mile battle up the Atlantic. By now the varnished hull is looking a bit worse for wear so I give it a coat of boiled oil to try and protect it for the next long journey. We spent some time loading the boat up with provisions - we have managed to scrounge extra cans from the army for fuel and water.

Then ahead of us in the Canache two more yachts arrive, both English. One is Express Crusader (Naomi James' old round the world yacht just come from Antarctica). The other is called Joshua with a retired Canadian fisherman and his partner Fraser, a girl from Redruth!! They were heading for South Georgia. Then another steel yacht arrived called Iron Bark, singled handed he had wintered on the ice in Antarctica and gave us sad news that a boat we had met in Punta Arenas had gone missing around the Horn so we all went to drown our sorrows together.

We went on an expedition to the summit of Mount Tumbledown and saw the Argentinian soup kitchen, and the SAS and Paras berets in a Perspex cabinet on top - very moving.

We have been raring to leave for two weeks but the weather was atrocious and getting to the end of the Southern Hemisphere summer. Finally just short of one month we get away. It is the 8th of March, 2000, and the clock is ticking. Everyone has come down to wave us goodbye - quite emotional.

The wind is in the north west - great sailing. By evening we are clear of the Falklands and back to big seas and big reefs. The enormity of the journey ahead has dawned on us all, elation is giving way to concern and after a few days of northerly gales and massive seas, depression sets in. We spend days on one tack making 20 miles north, then take all the sails down in a storm and find ourselves 30 miles to the south. We have occasions when we take all sails off, lash the wheel and washboards and hope

for the best. The noise is horrendous! Forget prevailing south westerlies we have north easterlies - 14 days to get 1000 miles from Stanley!
By the 27th we are on the same latitude as Cape Town and the cabin temperature is up to 25 degrees. We finally start reducing oilskins and I treat myself to a change of underwear!! (Don't comment!!). All clothes, shoes, and boots are impregnated with salt. We have finished all our bread, fruit and veg. We have seen our last albatross. There is absolutely no shipping down here so if something goes wrong we really are in the poo!
We have been at sea for 4 weeks with continuous gales and driving rain. We have had to block all vents because of the amount of sea coming over the decks. Hatches are still closed and the temperature rising.
I have been elected fishing officer because we are getting short of food but it is still pretty perilous in the cockpit (always hooked on). We are now into the same latitude as Rio and Tropic of Capricorn. Our staple diet consists of porridge, ryvita biscuits and tins of chilli con carne with a few variations. We are limited to 2 mugs of fresh water per day each which you can drink, clean teeth, make tea or coffee with. All cooking was done with seawater.
Suddenly at 20 degrees latitude we leave the awful dark grey South Atlantic behind and we are in the beautiful deep blue of the South East Trades. The seas are still very big and we need the hatches closed so below it is baking and stinking. Hooray, 40 days at sea and we can open the hatches and the cockpit is dry for the first time.
We now had lots of dolphins and sharks which were not good for my fishing line. We are in the doldrums and make it across the equator three minutes before my watch ends - at 23.57 on 20/4/00 which is where we start adding the degrees instead of subtracting them. We see our first lights which were Spanish fishing boats. We ask a Mexican Reefer to call up Falmouth MRCC to report that we are alive and well and our position and hopefully this will be passed on to our wives.



6 degs 22 min North, 27 degs 30 mins West.

There is a lot of lightening and static and I catch my first Dorado - in the pan and eaten in ten minutes! Celebrations with more clean underwear (second change in 52 days - maybe too much information!). By now we have left the doldrums behind and are back to strong winds and big seas, making good speed but not in the direction we want to go, too much west as we are heading for the Azores. I caught another three Dorados at night, there are lots of flying fish around.

The porridge is now finished so it is tins of rice pudding for breakfast. I am rain collection officer which means when the torrential downpours arrive I harden the topping lift, slack the main halyard and put a bucket under the gooseneck - works a treat!

The temperature starts dropping and after ten weeks at sea we have to sail 270 miles to reach the Azores - I can almost hear the bubbles in the beer! Problem - the Azores high is very high and has moved west giving us north east instead of west. The decision is made to press on home but we are very short of food, diesel, water and gas, and still 1,290 miles to Black Rock. We are back in thermals again with the colder climate. A large container ship passed and when Ben told the skipper that we had been at sea for 75 days he just said "Oh my God"! We are now on the same latitude as La Coruna and are heavily reefed in 'don't look behind you' seas. The weather is really against us and all of us feel depressed. We are bartering our food, Ben swaps his rice for my ryvita, choices - curried carrots and tinned ratatouille - yuk! On top of a wave I spot a large ship. Ben calls it up and he changes course. When we are almost under his prop he sends down a heaving line with joy oh joy sacks of bread, cabbage, fruit, cheese and a case of beer!! The ship called Teval sent a message back to MRCC saying we were going to be late due to adverse weather conditions. The next day we got our first weather forecast for three months on channel 4. Sole, Irish Sea, Plymouth etc. gales to severe gales. 500 miles to St Antony. We still have cold, wet drizzle and everything is soaking above and below decks. The gas has run out so we lash the primus above the cooker. Finally the sun comes out for the first time in three weeks. All our gear is wet - clothes, sleeping bags and pillows. We are 33 miles south west of Bishop Rock and for the first time hear the good old Cornish voice of Falmouth Coastguard on VHF welcoming us home. Brilliant! We put our last 2 gallons of diesel in abeam of the Bishop. We are getting swept backwards and forwards with the spring tides, eventually sweeping past Wolf Rock, then down to 2 knots with the tide against us. Then finally we get round the Lizard with a real blast to the Manacles and Falmouth.

The Coastguards have been in contact so they could lay on a reception. We picked up a mooring off RCYC and get ashore with very wobbly legs! The total time at sea from the Falklands to Falmouth was 90 days (three months). We have sailed through the Roaring Forties, the Furious Fifties, into the Southern Ocean, then back into the South Atlantic and heading north for home! What a trip!





Marelle.

FACTS:

Marelle was a 36', 12 ton traditional long keel Bermudan sloop built of teak in 1965. Navigational aids were VHF radio, Furuno GPS, original wind speed and echo sounder. Also fitted was an Aries windvane called Franklin and an oar for emergency steering.

Two sextants. Weather forecasting when at sea was by barograph, looking at the sky and sea conditions, and wet finger!

Tandem anchoring offers more secure holding than 2 anchors on separate cables. With the traditional method, because of the boat's swing, one anchor at a time is taking more than its fair share of the load thus increasing the risk of drag. Very seldom is the load equal. One anchor in line with the other should mean both anchors are working at the same time. First down was a 45lb Bruce on 10 metres of chain, shackled on to 55lb CQR which was then shackled to the main chain. If possible long ropes were run out ashore from both quarters and bows to rocks or trees to make it bullet proof in the Rachas.

Rachas or Williwaws can be hurricane force winds generated mostly near cliffs and deep hills originating in the Andes. The names here say it all, describing the area

pretty accurately : Point Zigzag, Point Anxious, Mount Hurt, Baia Desolate, Isla Furious, Cape Desolation, Bahia Fiasco, Misery Bay, Escape Bay, Puerto Mercy, Islas Vertigo. You get the picture!

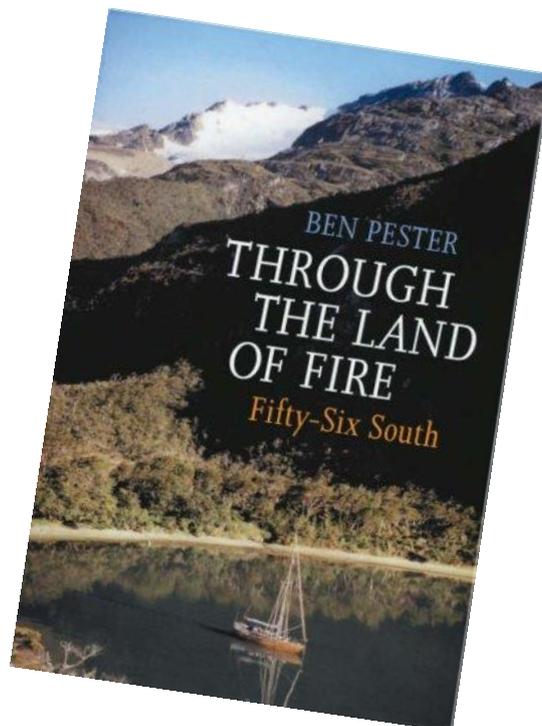
Food on board consisted of porridge, soup, tinned food, and our imagination in creating an evening meal depending on the weather, plus more porridge and ryvita. I lost three and a half stone - should do it again! Hygiene was always a cold shower ashore and at sea it was the saltwater tap and wet wipes. We had no fridge so food kept in the bilges was fine until we got to the SE Trades when it started going off.

Finally to finish with a piece from Ben's journal: Conditions were steadily deteriorating until we had a storm force 10 on our hands. The seas by now were alarmingly high, steep fronted and irregular with foaming crests. They had a viciousness about them worse than anything I could recall having seen from a small vessel. Rapidly advancing crests would start to curl out carrying with it a crown of boiling white broken water towering over us until poised to smash down and bury us.

All of this area of Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego is extremely wild, desolate and isolated. Gales are virtually a daily event. It also has probably the most spectacular and beautiful scenery on the planet.

Sorry if I have bored you but trying to condense a lifetime's experience into a few pages is not simple. Ben Pester's book entitled 'Through the Land of Fire 56 South' published by Seafarer Books is an excellent read.

Fraser Currie.



Working Sail & Falmouth Pilot Cutter CIC.

Background (from the Editor - Phil Coltman)

Members with boats in our Newham Yard cannot have failed to notice a lot of activity at the other end of the quay. A large wooden vessel is being built in the Rhoda Mary Heritage Boatyard. This is a new venture by boat builder Luke Powell and his wife Joanna who are well known for building pilot cutters with their local company Working Sail. They have built quite a number of these beautiful classic boats; the most familiar sailing around this area are Agnes and Eve of St. Mawes.

Luke is passionate about his craft and is keen to make sure that traditional boatbuilding continues for generations to come. Their aim is to resurrect Cornish Maritime Heritage by training a new generation of young people in the art of wooden shipbuilding. They have set up in the Rhoda Mary Heritage Boatyard and are building a 68 foot Falmouth pilot cutter as a community interest project. Over the three-year build, the project will develop as a vocational training platform for maritime skills. The apprentices will not only build the vessel but also maintain and sail her once she is launched. For this project Luke has chosen one of the most famous and long-lived of Falmouth cutters, the Vincent. Built originally in 1852 for the Vincent family of St. Mawes, she had a long career lasting until 1922 before finishing her life as a houseboat up the Percuil River. The new vessel, a faithful copy of Vincent, will be called Pellew in honour of a local hero, the greatest British frigate captain of the Napoleonic wars.

Hopefully this project will train some of our local people in these traditional skills, raise awareness and provide purpose, employment and business for the future.

The following article has been kindly put together for us by Joanna Powell which I'm sure all of us will find extremely interesting



Falmouth Pilot Cutter - Pellew

Cornwall has always had a very close relationship with the sea mainly because the land is stony, windswept and difficult to work. Cornish people turned to the sea for their livelihood. Fishing and trading carried them far and wide and as Britain's gateway to the world most maritime traffic arrived at its shores.

Since ancient times ships crossed oceans from distant lands seeking Cornish tin- a key resource of the bronze age. As new worlds were discovered, Cornwall was one of the first to build ships for exploration. The thriving industry of wooden shipbuilding has survived almost into modern times.

The Cornish Cutter Legacy.

Ships sailing in from the Atlantic heading towards the rocky coasts of Cornwall had rudimentary navigation, giving them only a rough idea of their position. Seeking a safe haven, they eagerly sought local maritime knowledge. In all weathers Cornish folk would put to sea in their cutters, heading west to find incoming ships to put a man aboard - for a good fee - to guide them in. The harder the winds blew, the faster the ships were driven towards the rocks and the more the pilots were needed. Over the centuries Cornish cutters were made to perfection, developed to survive and sail in some of the wildest conditions in the seafaring world.

To enable the Cornish pilots to develop their profession to a high standard they needed fast, fit for purpose, seaworthy vessels to compete with the other cutters. The cutters would sail west into the Atlantic beyond the Isles of Scilly in search of ships. Each carried eight pilots and would only return to port after all pilots were placed on incoming ships. At times, if a further sail was sighted, the skipper of the cutter would also ship off as a pilot leaving just the boy to sail the large pilot cutter home.

For many years there has been a desire to resurrect a legendary Falmouth Pilot Cutter and rekindle wooden shipbuilding in Cornwall. This includes teaching a new generation the art of the shipwright before these skills are lost forever.

We have chosen to faithfully build one of the longest surviving and best documented of the cutters, the *Vincent*, a vessel built in 1852 for the Vincent family of St Mawes. She worked successfully for 70 years until retirement in 1922, ending her days as a houseboat at Freshwater on the Percuil River.

The new cutter will be called *Pellew* in honour of the great Cornish maritime hero Captain Edward Pellew. Edward Pellew was the son of a Cornish packet boat captain who died when Edward was young, leaving the family impoverished. Edward, aged 14, ran away to sea from Truro Grammar School. Showing great daring and ability in the American War of Independence, he rose through the ranks. In the Napoleonic wars he became the greatest frigate captain of all time. Based at Flushing across the waters from Falmouth he would sail out to attack the French, capturing and bringing home enemy frigates as prizes. He showed great humanity to both his crew and the enemy, becoming good friends with the French captains he fought.

Based at the Rhoda Mary Shipyard on the bank of the Truro River where so many fine wooden sailing ships were built, we are recreating a traditional environment where we hope many projects of historic maritime importance will take place. At present we have a team of five plus Luke Powell at the yard. Two shipwrights and three trainees. Planking is progressing and after Christmas it will be time to begin on the deck.

Launch is due in late spring 2019 with sail training and chartering beginning in 2020 after sea trials. She will be equipped to go off-shore for long distances, as well as sailing the Cornish Coast, her home waters.



Joanna and Luke Powell.

Working Sail Ltd.,
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01326 376316

Flying the Flag for Code 'R'

For no good reason that I can think of, I have always fancied owning a set of International Code Flags; and now after 50+ years and 19 boats, I have not one but two sets! My cup runneth over. Being a practical sort of chap, I decided to construct a traditional pigeonhole receptacle to house my 80 flags, as pictured – along with a rough guide as to how I made it.

Anyway, when I was ferrying the finished article out to my boat, a Barbican 30, my handiwork attracted attention and comment from other passengers on the water taxi, and the boatman jokingly quipped “What flag will you be flying when you want the water taxi to get back ashore?”

That got me thinking, All the alphabetical flags in the International Code have individual and specific meanings, i.e. :

A = I have a diver down, keep well clear at slow speed.

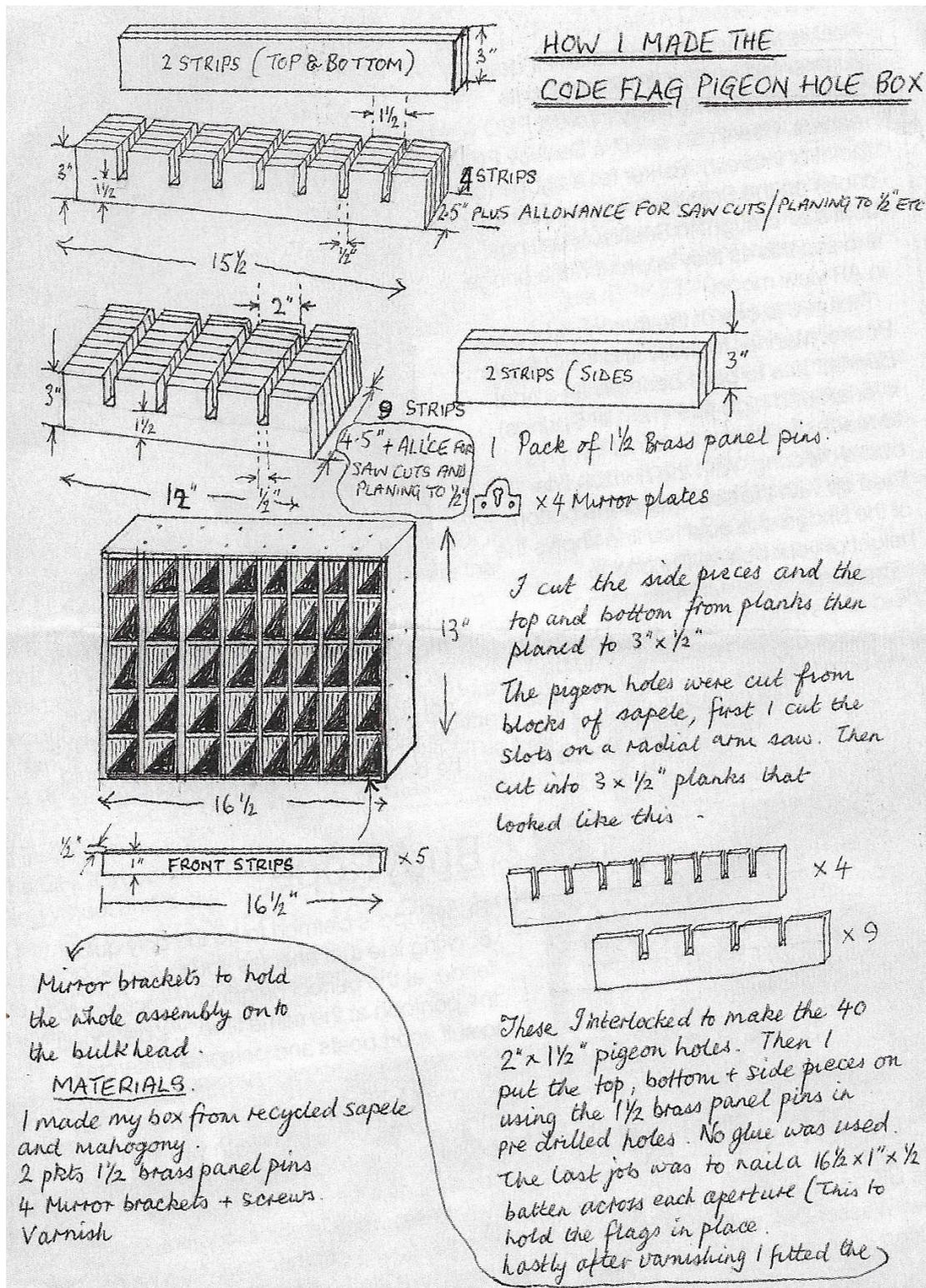
O = Man overboard.

Q = My vessel is ‘healthy’ and I request free pratique, etc.

However, no such information or request tag has ever been attached to code flag ‘R’; it and it alone, is minus a meaning! Perhaps now its time has come, and sailors arriving back on their moorings and finding the radio to be non-functioning could hoist a big code ‘R’ flag to attract attention of the water taxi? (R = I require a water taxi.)

I realise it would take a lot of campaigning for this to be accepted and recognised by water taxis; but what fun! It would be the nautical equivalent of placing a statue on the empty plinth in Trafalgar Square, it wouldn’t cost much to put into effect and would give the ‘R’ flag a job.





Keith Harris.

(Based on an article Keith wrote for Practical Boat Owner September 2017)

The End of an Era.

‘If you like someone give them a boat’

‘If you really don’t like someone give or sell them a wooden boat’

I am not sure who said either quote but after 17 years owning a 1966 wooden boat ‘Ikaya’, a Storboro Royal Cruiser, I have only myself to blame. The boat was owned by a 125 train driver who unfortunately died about 6 weeks within retiring from the railways after 40 years service. I purchased it from his executor; the boat’s cabin had many of the hallmarks of a British Rail first class dining car!! My family and friends enjoyed many years of socialising aboard. She never went very far but we did make Fowey regatta one year. It is a great shame that one of her favourite stopping points, Smuggler’s, is now closed. The Malpas terrace was a great spot to sample Peter Newman’s famous ales etc.

My final year of ownership started off with loosing a trim tab on the first voyage from the boatyard. Much to my surprise it was found the next morning and refitted at the end of the day with the help of Tony and Roger and with a lot of help from many other members in a scene like a formula one pit stop except in the TBOA yard. Unfortunately on one of my very few trips out in the boat the other trim tab fell off and was lost!! Although the number of times Ikaya left the mooring in Malpas was far too few each trip was worthwhile.

Now we come to the fateful voyage as I approached the landing stage at Malpas Marine I tried to engage reverse with the starboard engine to bring the stern in to the pontoon stemming the tide. Unknown to me the starboard gearbox had jammed in forward and the combined gear change/accelerator lever despite being in the reverse position resulted in Ikaya accelerating forward ploughing into the only part of the pontoon not protected by balloon fenders and also a mooring block. As a result of the collision a large hole had appeared in the bow, fortunately, above the waterline. It was almost low tide so I had to risk it and put the boat back on the mooring and go ashore to contact Macsalvors to crane the boat out at Newham Quay. The harbour master was also informed as the scrap boat was loading next to boatyard.

The boat was successfully lifted out and propped. Just to complete my day I had a dinghy to get back to Malpas and unnoticed by me the harbour authority had closed the lock gates to try and float the scrap boat so I then had to man-handle the dinghy around the lock gate on the Boscowen Park side. I struggled on my own but a walker helped me with the last few feet and the launching.

I had to wait a few weeks before the insurance company surveyor came to assess my claim. In the meantime I managed to get 3 quotes for the potential repair of the damaged bow. Amazing the difference between the highest and lowest almost ten thousand pounds. I finally got the report and to my amazement the insurance company would only pay for the damage as if the boat had shown no evidence of rot in the damaged area. Unfortunately unknown to me the inside of the stem looked like a Cadbury’s Flake bar although prior to the accident it was not noticeable from the

exterior. A settlement figure was agreed for the repair but this was a lot less than the top estimate and also lower than the lowest quote. It was a salutary lesson that the insurance company was willing to continue the insurance for the 17th year of a fifty one year old wooden boat but requesting a survey in 2019. I wonder how much more hidden rot would have been evident by then.

On the day of the annual lift out at Newham Yard - Ikaya with bow damage covered up with duck tape and a wood filler on the outside and a can of expanding foam on the inside made her final voyage with me down to an anchorage near Ruan Creek. Jimmy Williams in attendance in his boat in case I needed rescuing. To my amazement she didn't leak. Ownership was transferred before I left her and she was still afloat three days later!

A further examination of the boat revealed other problems which made it, in my opinion, financially impractical to repair so I said goodbye to my 51 year old boat. If I buy another boat it will be plastic with only a small amount of varnishing !!! Many thanks to TBOA members for their kind support at this difficult time!!!

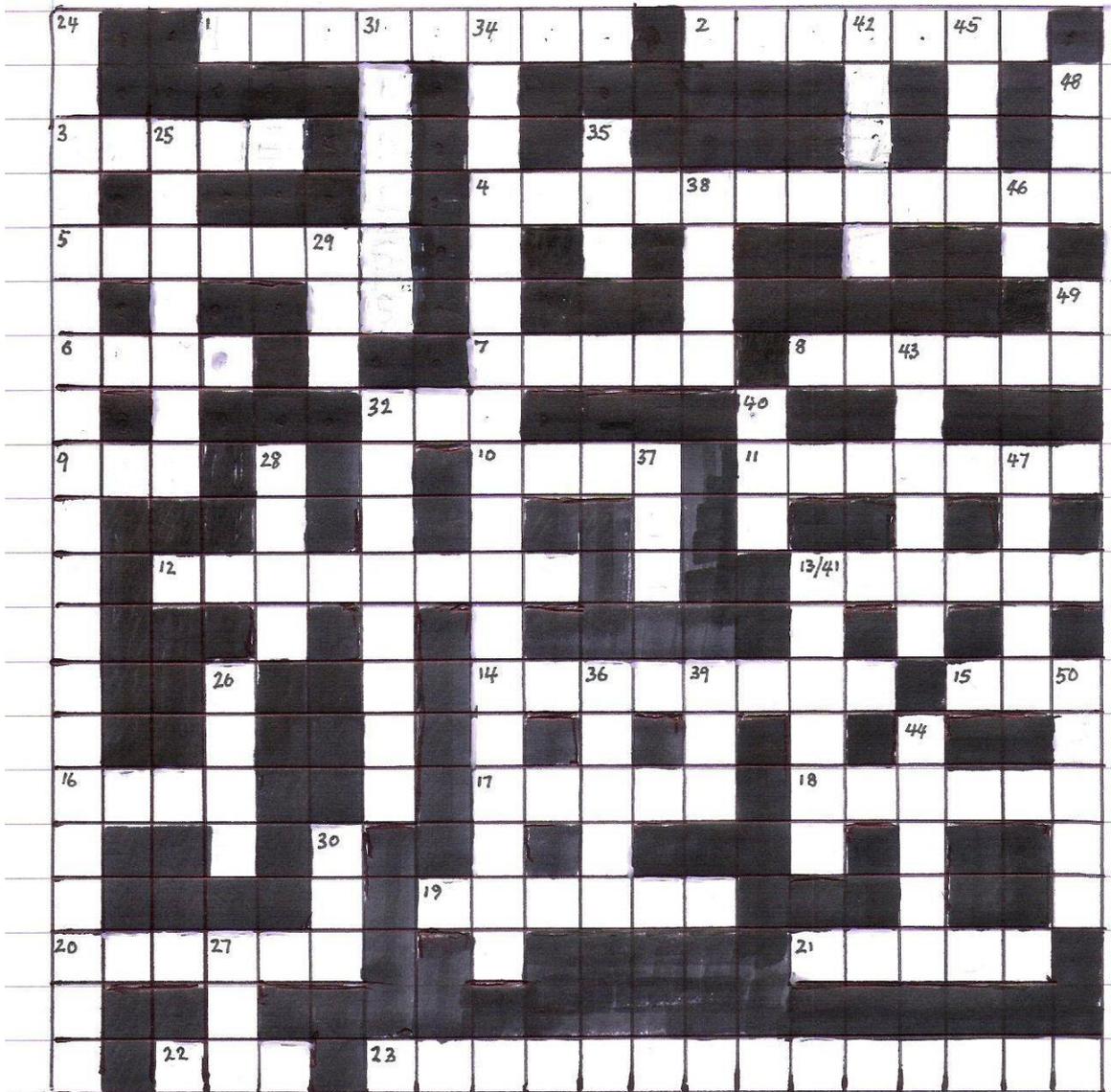


Ikaya in her prime.

Charles Sellick.

Keith's Crossword.

THE CROSSWORD



Across

1. To do with the sea
2. They keep the compass and cooker level
3. A new crew member hand or horn
4. A meteorite
5. National flags
6. To haul on a sheet
7. Not daytime
8. The act of seeing external objects
9. An ancient sailing wheel
10. As 6
11. Rope rungs in the stays of a sailing ship
12. How the anchor is attached to the anchor chain
13. A portion of victuals
14. The steering bar on a rudder
15. What floats your boat
16. An Arab boat
17. Behind you
18. The lump of metal that gives you a temporary mooring
19. What you fire when you are in distress
20. A fishing bank in the north sea
21. A sloop or cutter with a small mizzen lug sail set on a small jigger mast
22. A soft or hard rope terminal
23. A junior rating

Down

24. A celebrated race for Thames watermen apprentices
25. The course made good or gained to the eastward
26. The act of lowering a sail
27. A steadying or stay rope to prevent a spar from swing out of control
28. The lowest tides
29. A wooden stake or treenail driven through the heel of a shore (the supporting timbers used to hold a ship upright) to prevent it from slipping out
30. A sand ridge that builds up outside a river mouth
31. The movement of the seas and oceans under the moons influence
32. The mast stays that go from the masthead to the stern
33. There is no 33
34. The act of crossing the line
35. The foremost part of the boat
36. Used to describe a sail when it is filled from ahead
37. What the old time sailors put their faith in (like 3 R's reading writing & arithmetic)

38. A temporary canvas cover
39. They leave a sinking ship
40. The sailing ship the period before the advent of steamships
41. 2 paddles and a pair of oars
42. A cargo carrying vessel seen on rivers and canals
43. In the Royal Navy these are made by the firing of a canon
44. The traditional fitting at the very top of a wooden mast
45. A lean to one side
46. A qualified and physically fit sailor
47. A running knot handy for hanging from the yard arm
48. What you row with
49. Not off!
50. When your anchor has just broken free and is just touching the seabed



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Keith's Quiz Time

1. What's the name of the instrument used for measuring wind speed?
2. The substance old ropes were reduced to when unpicked and used for caulking
3. Which fishing ports have the following Port Registration letters: RX, SU, OB?
4. A luminous vapour like mass sometimes seen at mastheads in electrical storms
5. Old bits of worn out rope ends left hanging about a boat especially in the rigging.
6. How many feet in a nautical mile?
7. What happened on 21st October 1805?
8. You are in a fresh breeze, wind speed 17-21 knots. What force is it?
9. A ship sounds 2 long and 2 short blasts, what is he telling you?
10. The Star, Tornado and the Laser are all what?
11. The watches from 16:00 - 18:00 and 18:00 - 22:00 are given what name?
12. What is marked by a brass plate at the end of Newlyn's south pier?
13. Naval boardrooms have traditional toasts for each day. What is Saturday?
14. On a traditional lead line what depth of water is indicated by two knots?
15. What did the National Institute for the Preservation of Life from Shipwreck become?
16. Bellatrix, Spica, and Procyon are all what?
17. What phobias are these (a) THALASSOPHOBIA (b) ANCRAOPHOBIA?
18. What flares must be carried onboard to comply with RORC rules?
19. Where and what is Hunky Dory?
20. What is the deepest point in the Atlantic Ocean called?
21. What gives a pink gin its colour?
22. How many feet in a cable and how many cables in a nautical mile?
23. Which of these is NOT a type of dugout - Kaep, Popo, Pungy, Tsukpin, WaLap?
24. What yacht was designed by committee after a Scandinavian competition failed to find a winner?
25. Name the seven seas (perhaps it should be oceans)
26. What is the traditional Naval nickname for Devonport Naval Base & Plymouth?
27. What's the difference between FLOTSAM, JETSAM and LIGAN?
28. What terrible event occurred on 31st July 1970 - remembered as "The Black Day"?
29. What were the names of Germany's 3 pocket battleships (Panzerschiffs)?
30. Where is the largest marina in the world?
31. Inver Gordon, Nore and Spithead were all famous for what?
32. Which battleship was fitted with the largest calibre guns ever 9x18 canon?
33. What was called Cape Stiff by sailors and named after the home town of William Schouten?

Quiz answers.

Quiz Time – Answers

1. Anemometer
2. Oakum
3. RX - Rye, SU - Southampton, OB - Oban, Scotland
4. St. Elmo's Fire or Corposants
5. Irish pennants
6. 6080
7. The Battle of Trafalgar - Death of Nelson
8. Force 5
9. "I wish to overtake you on your port side"
10. Olympic sailing boats
11. Dog watches (first and last)
12. Mean sea level
13. To sweetheart and wives - (may they never meet)
14. 20 fathoms
15. RNLI
16. Stars used for astro navigation in the northern hemisphere
17. (a) fear of the sea (b) fear of the wind
18. 4 x red parachute, 2 x orange floating, 4 x red pinpoint, 4 x white collision
19. Hunky Dory was the street where the brothels were located in the red light district of Yokohama Japan
20. The Puerto Rico Trench at 8648 metres deep
21. Angostura Bitters (some, heaven forbid, also say Grenadine)
22. 608 feet - 1 cable. 10 cables - 1 nautical mile
23. A Pungy is a Chesapeake Bay Schooner, the others are dugout canoes
24. The Folk boat in 1941
25. Artic, Antarctic, North Atlantic, South Atlantic, Indian, North Pacific, South Pacific
26. Guzz. The Portsmouth nickname is Pompey
27. Flotsam - goods that arise from a shipwreck, Jetsam - stuff that has been deliberately thrown overboard, Ligan - stuff sunk and marked for later retrieval
28. This was the last day that the Naval Rum Ration was issued
29. "Deutschland", "Admiral Graf Spee", and "Admiral Scheer"
30. Dubai
31. Mutinies
32. The Japanese battleship "Yamato"
33. Cape Horn

