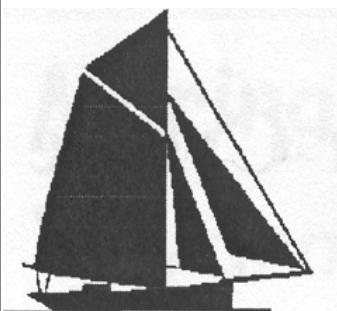


Volume 14, no. 2, Summer 2009



Up the Creek...

New Web Page Photo Gallery

Keen readers of Tollesbury Cruising Club's Web page will have noted the new photo gallery. This page will feature the best pictures of the sailing season that have been submitted by TCC members. Photos can be of yachts sailing, TCC events, East Coast harbours and locations, or anything else that might be of interest to fellow members. A few words explaining the

photograph and why it was taken would be most helpful.

All photographs submitted to the web page will also be entered for the annual TCC photography competition, the prizes for which are awarded at the annual laying-up supper in October.

Photographs should be submitted in digital form at the maximum available resolution—in JPG or

JPEG format. Emailed photographs of up to 10MB can be accepted.

Submissions should be sent to the webmaster of the TCC web page, whose address can be obtained from the TCC web page contacts page.

Still Searching

The search is still on for a new editor for *Up the Creek*. The new editor will be elected at the October AGM of the Tollesbury Cruising Club. It is my intention to edit the last (autumn) edition of the newsletter and then hand over to my successor. This will allow the new edi-

tor to sit in on some of the editing of the autumn edition (which will be undertaken shortly after the AGM) if he/she feels that it would be helpful.

Both my predecessor and I have edited *Up the Creek* with Microsoft's *Publisher* software. This cer-

tainly makes things relatively easy, but I believe that it could be edited using Microsoft *Word* or similar word processing software, if preferred.

Barry Jones
Zevkim

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Racing Roundup from David Knight

Racing this season has not been particularly good, with events cancelled due to poor weather and/or poor entries.

In Pursuit of a Good Result

Sunday 17th May was supposed to be the **Pursuit Race**, but we had high winds on our way up to Shotley on the Saturday; so much so that I did slight damage to the gel coat of *Dionysus* within Shotley Marina when a large gust blew us sideways onto the davits of a motor boat. As it turned out we only had 4 boats entered and, with the blow continuing on Sunday, we decided it was prudent to cancel.

The Wallet Shield Race

was organised by Tollesbury Sailing Club this year and finally, a week before the event, we got all the information we needed and had confirmation that the event was on. The course designed by Andy Hobden was challenging with cross tidal/downwind and reaching/beating legs. To say there was something for every one was an understatement. For us on

board *Dionysus*, it felt like every 20-30 minutes were either snuffing, tacking or re-launching the cruising chute, which was essential for us to be competitive in those light conditions.

As the race was a team/club event we sadly did not do very well and came last overall. We only had three boats entered - the minimum for a team - *Ostara*, *Speedwell* and myself; our respective positions being 11th, 10th and 6th. The light conditions of the day favoured the smaller boats.

The Wallet Long Race

was planned to be the following weekend which was a shame, but that's how these events happen when they are planned months ahead and then co-ordinated with other clubs. So, sadly, we did not have any expressions of interest and therefore cancelled the event.

Hanging the Teddy Bears

Sunday the 12th of July we were supposed to run the **Teddy Bear Children's Race**, but we only had two entries and only one for the **Howlett Trophy**. So both

events were non-starters. In the end the weather was not kind and we had a healthy F5 on the Sunday, which would have caused a cancellation. As Ryan, my 8 year old son, steered *Dionysus* in towards Tollesbury we were surprised and delighted to see *Grey Goose*, with Rob Perrin and family trying hard to rescue their aborted attempt to join us. They had Teddy's galore in the rigging and seemed to be tacking forward and back to the **Nass**, putting all of us to shame.

Further Delights

Forthcoming events will be the **Goldie Challenge to Burnham** on the 15th August, an attempt to reorganise the **Pursuit Race** on Sunday 23rd August and the **Teapot Trophy** and **Boudica Race** on the weekend of 19th/20th September. Also on the 3rd October I will be organising a short 'round the cans' event to try and re-establish the **Wallet Long Race**.

David Knight

Dionysus

Marina News

New Buoys

New marina waiting buoys have now been installed in the South Channel of the approaches to Tollesbury Fleet and Woodrolfe Creek. These all have new warps, chains and 400kg 'deadmen' (anchors). Each is clearly marked 'Tollesbury Marina'.

Special offer lift-out and scrub

The boatyard has, this year, introduced a special offer for a haul-out,

power wash-off and re-launch on the same day, at a charge of £10.50 per meter, length overall. This offer has been available during the months of July and August.

Tollesbury on BBC Radio Essex

Tollesbury Cruising Club and Tollesbury Marina featured in a BBC Radio Essex report on Saturday the 11th of July at 2.00pm (repeated at 6pm on Sunday the 12th of July).

Expanding new boat range

Tollesbury Marina and Woodrolfe Brokerage have recently expanded the range of boats for which they are agents. To the long-term agency for the **Etap** range have now been added, **Elan**, **Island Packet**, the Hanse built **Moody** range and the pocket cruiser the **Tamarisk 19**.

Tollesbury Cruising Club - *Navicula Cruising Log Competition*



Two **sailing trophies** will be awarded for the best logs of cruises completed in the current year: one for boats up to 10m & the other for over 10m (LOA). The log duration should be up to two weeks but may form part of a longer cruise that should be included in a short summary whether in local, UK or foreign waters.

'Log' means a report of the cruise presented in such a way as to be original, interesting and readable as well as providing a useful and accurate record to others planning or engaged in a similar cruise.

The log entry should be printed double line spaced on A4 single

side plain paper and should be accompanied by relevant illustrations, plans, route sketches etc. The title page should give details of the route, duration and dates, vessel including LOA and crew. It is advised that copies, one electronic be kept.

Emphasis will be given by the judges on the cruising achievement, considering route, weather, etc, readability and presentation, navigation, pilotage and other cruising information and seamanship under all conditions.

The trophies are perpetual challenge trophies being inscribed with the year and name of the winning boat and remain property of the Tollesbury Cruising Club.

Each of these boats will also receive a personal memento.

Entries for the **Navicula Cruising Log Trophies** should be submitted to the TCC office by the 1st October. The winners will be announced and trophies presented at the Laying Up Supper.

All entries remain property of the authors but unless refused in writing at submission, it is understood that the TCC has the appropriate rights to publish the logs in the Club journal, *Up the Creek*.

Bernard Meggitt
Navicula Star

Spring Cruise 2009 Charlotte Perrin

Saturday 23rd May 2009

The flotilla gracefully set sail on that golden Saturday. Unable to believe our luck we unfurled the sails, switched off the engine and were soon engulfed by the peace of the Blackwater. In the distance we heard Peter giving orders to First Mate Glenn as he stood proudly at the tiller of *Codan* surveying his fleet. With a swish Jean and Robin on *Polo IV* glided past, leaving us in the wake of their years of sailing experience. In the distance, *Dualin*, *Solent Vagabond*, *Rose Tyler* and *Iceni II* stormed ahead.

Rob reflected on why *Grey Goose* was lagging behind the others. He noticed she had been lying low in the water before we left. Was it the fact that the entire contents of our local supermarket was packed into storage or was it the fact that the girls vast teddy bear collection had been stowed away on board? As he pondered we were joined by *Phaedra* from Bradwell who had been given permission to tag along.

Soon the fleet was anchored up in Pyefleet Creek and invitations to cocktails on *Rose Tyler* and *Iceni II* were delivered in person by Glenn, Peter's dingy bound messenger. Sue, Dave, Betty and Keith were very generous hosts to us all and to Gordon, our neighbours' kidnapped gnome whom we (Rob) had decided to take for a sail.



Peter and Gordon bonding

The hospitality received was so good that I vaguely remember getting back

to *Grey Goose* before collapsing in a haze of Merlot.



Polo IV at 4.30am

Sunday 24th May

Pyefleet Creek on a magically still morning at sunrise; a moment to savour.

The eerie silence was shattered only by the odd curlew, the sound of anchors being hauled and the gentle sound of captains calmly giving instructions to their crew in an ordered manner (!) Leaving *Rose Tyler* and *Phaedra* behind the remaining boats slipped out of the creek. We watched the sunrise over Brightlingsea as we headed out into the Blackwater. Sails were hoisted immediately as the wind gently nudged us along. The sailing was fabulous. Even *Grey Goose* was zipping along, although the girls seemed more interested in their computers and keeping in touch with land lubber friends by e mail.

It was a long but enjoyable journey and we could not believe the wonderful weather. Andy on *Dualin* gracefully erected his shute – a glorious flash of colour setting its mark in the water.

Obviously the sailing was making Andy hungry as he was soon on the

radio trying to find the source of the



Dualin making a dash

wonderful aroma of cooking bacon. It turned out to be Rose on *Solent Vagabond* making breakfast for Colin. Short of doing a Captain Jack Sparrow and boarding their boat, Andy decided just to dream of breakfast.



Solent Vagabond sailing with bacon sandwiches.....Yumm.....!

The Medway welcomed us and we motored to Gillingham and negotiated the lock in groups. The berths in the marina were as tricky as ever and, with some rather interesting manoeuvres from *Codan's* captain and crew,

(Continued on page 5)

(Continued from page 4)

(Spring Cruise, continued)

we were soon in place. There followed a frenzy of cleaning and organ-



Gordon at Gillingham

ising before we staggered up to the bar for a late lunch. As we were going up for lunch the Harbourmaster approached us looking flustered. He wanted to know where the owner of *Codan* was as he had put her in a berth required that night by the regular incumbent! Peter had already taken his place in the bar and we provided a description of our leader. At that moment Liz and Alex produced *Gordon the Gnome* from my handbag and said "He looks like this". Easily identified, Peter was on hand to move *Codan* with the help of a good team. A fantastic roast dinner was followed in our case by an early night.

Monday 25th May

Robin correctly summarised the position in which we found ourselves on a wet, blowy Bank Holiday Monday morning when he said "You have a couple of lovely days and then you pay for it all week". How prophetic those words were. We were all anxious to be in the best position possible for our trip to London the next day. After a democratic vote over a few coffees it was agreed that we would move our flotilla to Queenborough and anchor up there for the night. In that way we would cut our journey time down and be right at the mouth of the Medway ready for the off.

Grey Goose was heading to

Southend Pier for the afternoon anyway to see the Air show. The Red Arrows buzzed us as we sailed across the river and the views were spectacular. We anchored up for a picnic on deck, much enjoyed by *Gordon the Gnome* who had never been to the Air Show, unless you can count the bees and butterflies that swoop past him every day

The spectacle had about an hour to go when Rob noticed the blackest clouds imaginable heading towards us. We quickly left for Queenborough, heading into the perfect storm on the way. The forks of lightning certainly got the girls attention as they were momentarily drawn from their Nintendo games. We battled into the Swale where we found all the buoys had been taken. *Polo IV* kindly agreed to have us join them on their buoy and to watch Robin use his 'duck' to hook us up was like watch-



Captain Rob....sponsored by Gill

ing a magician. With sleight of hand he had us secure in no time. The rain lashed us for most of the evening before stopping for an hour or so at sunset. We decided on a quiet night on the boat with Rob and Alex playing battleships until the early hours.

Tuesday 26th May

The day had come – at last *Grey Goose's* first trip up the Thames. The crashing together of *Polo IV* and *Grey Goose* woke us up as did the sound of wind lashing through the sheets. It did not bode well. Keeping in touch (at this stage by mobile phone as our radio had broken) the team felt that we would wait a little to see if the weather died down. *Weekend* however snuck away early, leaving us waverers in their wake. Eventually Peter decided it was time to go. *Polo IV* decided that the sea was too rough for her little engine and Jean had already made shopping plans in Chat-



Iceni II's smallest crew member

ham where they were headed instead. Robin wished us well as we bravely set off.

The sea was heavy and the oilskins were on. If the sea is a cruel mistress, this time she did the equivalent of slapping our faces and pouring cold water over our heads.

After an hour of getting nowhere I saw *Iceni II* turn. I felt my heart break. We were going to give up and all our dreams of sailing the Thames were shattered. We texted Robin and Jean to put the kettle on as we were on our way back. An hour or two later we convened at Chatham after a very breezy trip back along the Medway. Little did we know that the lock was controlled by a man who would feel much more comfortable teaching applied quantum physics at Cambridge! He caused near chaos as we crowded into the capacious lock but being T.C.C. we made light of it all. Soon we were moored up on the 'events pontoon' and happy to be so after a difficult day full of disappointment. That sadness was soon lost when we made plans to visit London over the next few days and to keep our date with Betty McInnes at the Houses of Parliament. The only boat which made it to Limehouse was *Weekend*, whose crew had defied convention and bravely fought the elements. We were in awe and we all raised a glass to toast their success, with a small amount of jealousy.

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(Spring Cruise, continued)

Wednesday 27th and Thursday 28th May

For the junior crew of *Grey Goose* it was a whirlwind of the London Eye, Tower of London, National Gallery, Horseguards Parade, Convent Garden, food fun and frolicks. This was interspersed with Rob trying to buy a new radio for *Grey Goose*. The highlight



T.C.C. at Chatham—safe at last!

was the visit Betty organised to the Houses of Parliament where we met most of the other members of the fleet. With no jokes whatsoever re-



Young guns out on the town

garding MPs' expenses we all enjoyed our visit and are indebted to Betty for her organisational skills. What a place to work! Colin and Rose on *Solent Vagabond* decided to leave London to the rest of us and departed for a romantic trip on the Swale. *Iceni II* had decided to make a head start by getting to Queenborough ready for the off the next day. By the end of Thursday we were just four boats enjoying the wonderful weather and the delights of Chatham harbour and the European Cup Final.

Friday 29th May

After a final shower in the luxury

bathrooms at Chatham, it was an early departure from the lock. Our eldest Liz as usual slept until late morning.



Codan in full sail

Luckily the lock keeper was completely in control and saw us out. *Dualin* was off to Belgium so just three of us left that morning. Again the magic of an early morning start was not lost on us. The water was so still and the rising sun painted the Medway in gold. Even the container port looked beautiful.

We were just reaching Garrison Point when we were engulfed by the thickest fog I had seen since the last Harry Potter film. We lost sight of each other and the air was suddenly filled with the terrifying sound of fog horns. We were heading into the shipping channel and it felt like stepping into the traffic at Piccadilly Circus wearing a blindfold. Peter's foresight

and experience came into play as he radioed the Coast Guard to see what was about. Robin suggested we three survivors huddle together to "make a bigger blob on the radar"...a sensible but scary suggestion. The fog soon began to lift and we looked across to the *Montgomery* to see *Codan* heading straight for it. We could only assume that Glenn and Peter wanted to do some close hand research on sunken WW2 vessels!! Peter soon guided her back on track and we were bathed in sunshine once more.

The sail back was just as glorious as our sail there. We were speeding through the **Wallet Spitway** before we knew it and *Polo IV* did some excellent manoeuvres to show us how it is done. Poetry in Motion! We bade *Codan* and *Polo IV* a fond farewell as we were heading to Bradwell for a couple of nights. The others were off to Brightlingsea where we hear they enjoyed Fish and Chips and the satisfaction of having organised and been part of a great cruise.

We reflected on our journey. We may not have sailed to London but we had made new friends and learned so much from the experienced members of our club. More importantly we could claim to be the first members of TCC to take a Gnome sailing! Gordon is now back under his bush but boy, does he have a few yarns to tell.

Charlotte Perrin (edited by Liz Perrin)
Grey Goose



Pure ElegancePolo IV

Magpie in the Baltic, with Barrett and Joyce Hart

We left our berth at Tollesbury on Monday 19th May for a journey into the unknown with my crew Joyce and a friend to help us across the North Sea. We felt that we were leaving behind so many good friends and acquaintances, which we have made in the short time we have been at the Marina. However, nothing stands still and who knows when we may return should we find sailing in the Baltic not quite as we imagined.

The day started well with a steady F4 from the south west to take us up the **Wallet**. This dream was not to last, for, two hours out from the Naze heading for **Long Sand Head**, the wind got up to a steady F5 with gusts to F6 and, with the tide having just turned, the seas were becoming quite uncomfortable. This was made worse when we had to change our course to a southerly direction to run parallel to the shipping lane for about an hour to get away from the magic roundabout which lies just north east of Long Sand Head. With a reefed main and genoa we were doing a steady but uncomfortable 5 to 5 1/2 knots over the ground. This was certainly the worst hour or so of the journey for when we turned south east the wind was on our quarter and with a F7 we were romping along at 6 to 6 1/2 knots speed over the ground. The wind did abate a little through the night and when morning arrived and dawn broke over the Dutch coast the wind was down to F2 and we motored into **Vlissingen** at 0700hrs. A journey time of 18hrs out from the Naze.

Dutch treats

Travelling through the Dutch canals is a joy and we only wished

that time would allow for further sightseeing of the many delightful towns and villages we passed by and left for another day, but we had been late starting and we were anxious to press on in order to book our slot for winter berthing. We enjoyed this part of our journey probably because the boat was in an upright position and we could enjoy a cup of tea in comfort despite the fact that we were motor-ing. We can highly recommend this area and will certainly spend a season or two here in the future.

Black is not (necessarily) Black.

A point here regarding holding tanks; most Dutch boats are not fitted with them and of those that are, very few use the pump out facilities, mainly because they are few in number and hard to find. I have asked many times about holding tanks and have always been given the same reply.

Also, there is no need to bother about changing your VHF radios to ATIS. Many Dutch skippers have not heard of it.

To Amsterdam and beyond

To get through **Amsterdam** you have to go through at midnight, in a convoy, as they won't open the bridges during the day. This is great fun and colorful seeing the night lights of this great city, (not the red variety). We enjoyed eating hot Lidl frankfurters with mustard wrapped in slices of bread as we went along.

We took the mast-up route through to **Groningen**, where our crew departed, and then we pressed on to **Delfzijl**. We were held up for four days because of strong winds blowing in from the east but when the weather allowed,

took the inside routes between the **Frisian Isles** and motored to **Greetsiel**, **Norderney** and **Langeoog** before heading for **Cuxhaven**. On our way to **Langeoog** sailing in about 1.8 meters of water we were followed and eventually hailed by customs (Zoll) where they wanted to inspect our passports which were duly transferred via a fishing net on a long pole. Having told them our last port and destination they were satisfied and roared off at high speed. This is a little nerve racking when you are not expecting it. I don't know if it was because I hadn't shaved that day but soon after on arrival at **Langeoog** we were again seen by the Customs who asked similar questions and in Cuxhaven we were yet again inspected by the officialdom. Was this because we were British?

For the technical the 55M to Cuxhaven was done with reefed main only in a SSW F6/7 and averaged 7Kts speed over the ground. The tide at the entrance to the **Elbe** is very strong so it's important to have it in your favor - this necessitated a 4am start! Again it was not supposed to be F6/7 - our weather man said F4/5 occasionally 6.

A further three days in **Cuxhaven** to visit the town, at 13 Euros/night, including bicycles, gave rise to calmer seas and sunshine and we made our way into the **Nord-Ostsee-Kanal** at **Brunsbüttel**. You can only move on the canal between sunrise and sunset. So there are five 'sidings' provided where you can stop along the canal and we pulled into a little bay 25 kilometers along where we tied up to piles. The following day took us to

(Continued on page 8)

Candid Confessions - Chris Edwards

In the Summer of 2006 we were in the marina at **Ouistreham** in **Normandy** when a yacht came in with a horizontal gash in the bow about ½ metre long and 30 cms wide and some 12 cms below deck level, looking as though it had been attacked by a large chain saw. I asked the skipper 'what happened' and he replied that they had been coming down the canal from **Caen** in auto-helm and that as they passed through the open Pegasus bridge the boat turned violently into the bridge structure resulting in the damage. I told him that it was being in 'auto' that was the cause as the fluxgate compass, which is the sensor for the system, would have been strongly magnetically attracted by to the steel of the bridge thus generating a signal to the helm to go towards the structure.

So much for prior analysis!

Things to come.

On Thursday 4th June 2009 we were motoring from the **Pyefleet**

back to **Maldon** after a 10 day cruise to the Orwell and Deben. We had had some engine cooling problems which we felt were fixed after work by a very helpful French Marine team at Suffolk Yacht Harbour and an uneventful run down the Wallet on the previous day. We were motoring on auto-helm and my Skipper, Joyce, commented that our course was running too close to the baffle at the now silent **Bradwell Nuclear Power Station**. I punched in to the controller a small alteration to starboard to give more clearance. We then came up to the baffle wall and were passing it by some 8 metres when suddenly the auto-helm sent *Calidris* hard'a'port and we hit the steel baffle at 45° at 6 knots! I switched to manual, slammed the engine into reverse and struggled to remove 40° of port wheel against the water pressure. As we curved stern first towards the baffle again I shifted back to ahead, regained control of the steering and we limped away.

Because of the slope of the steel shuttering away from the horizontal the resultant damage was confined to the rubbing strake, the anchor (one fluke broken off), the stemhead and a protecting stainless plate which failed the 'float test'.

Sad reflections.

My mortification was and is overwhelming, particularly as I had so readily diagnosed the Pegasus Bridge incident.

Lessons learned

Moral: The fluxgate compass is much more strongly attracted to adjacent steel or iron than to the Earth's magnetic field, so always pass steel shuttered jetties, under steel or iron bridges and steel ships, in **hand**.

Comments about Electrical Engineers and Naval Officers in boats, are not well received!

Chris Edwards

Calidris

(Continued from page 7)

(Dutch Treats, continued)

Rendsburg, 10 euros a night, including electric, where we had to have the UVstrip on the genoa replaced - it couldn't take the pasting we had from the North Sea and the trip to Cuxhaven. However, whilst this was an enforced stop, it did give us the opportunity to look around Rendsburg and to get to know the area. It is a nice place to visit and gave us a welcomed rest.

Into the Kiel Canal

A five hour motoring trip took us through to **Holtenu Lock**, (Kiel) 18 euros, and to **Moltenort Marina**. This is a small but up-market town built on the side of a hill, very busy with tourists.

The following day's forecast was further winds in the F5/6 area from the SW but even much stronger in the days ahead. So we decided to go for it since these winds would be from astern or on the quarter. Joyce was not a happy bunny but braved it out. We made our destination, **Fehmarn**, all in pretty

good shape, despite a couple of enforced diversions requested by a German patrol boat, which indicated that we were not far enough away from the firing practice range, and might get hit by a stray shell. We are now holed up at the **Stettiner YC, Lubeck**, in sweltering hot sunshine where we are leaving Magpie whilst we fly home for a couple of weeks.

Barrett & Joyce Hart

Magpie