



East Coast Rally to the Royal Harwich Yacht Club

Our rally took place on the 21st June, the longest day of the year and the sun shone down on us. Earlier in the year, it looked as though there would be no rally on the East Coast but soon after the East Coast Social Martin Hunt kindly agreed to organise one.



Martin Hunt's Frances 26 Cutter, REDWING

If you do not sail regularly on this coast, you may be forgiven for thinking that the Royal Harwich is in Harwich itself. Of course, most of us know that the Royal Harwich Yacht Club is a bit upstream of Pin Mill on the River Orwell, that fine sailing river.

There were just three boats in attendance. JENTER had spent the night in Ipswich Yacht Haven, just a bit further upstream, and was first to arrive. REDWING followed almost immediately and then MARGO made her appearance in the capable hands of Chas Argent.



Chas Argent's Frances 26, MARGO

All three boats were Frances 26 'double-enders' and made a fine sight being moored in close proximity to one another.

Once the boats were secure, we moved away from the pontoons to take a look at the new clubhouse. Since our last visit, the old clubhouse had been demolished and replaced by a modern, state of the art, affair.



Royal Harwich Yacht Club and Lawn

Tea was taken on the lawn, as more members arrived by road. Our Chairman (Yachts) and his good lady, Jon and Lynda Spencer, were early arrivals, as was Anne Grubb, who had organised East Coast affairs for many years. It was a great pleasure to see Peter and Joy Allen. A bit later the 'Burnham contingent' arrived in the form of Arnold Robinson and David McClellan.

REDWING was the host boat and we moved to the pontoons to have some pre-dinner appetizers and a drink, maybe two.



Anne (just), Lynda, Joy, Peter and Martin's left arm!



David, Arnold and Anne, Martin on the right

Welcome new members to the Association

David and Jill Tempest joined the association with their Victoria 34 Sloop, JILLYLIN, on the 26th May, just too late for a mention in the last Newsletter. When not being sailed, JILLYLIN is moored at Felixstowe Ferry on the River Deben.

James Van Alstine and Jill Peacock have a Victoria 30 Sloop, SHEARWATER, which they base in Amble Marina in Northumberland. They joined the association on the 9th June this year.

Doug Odgers still has his Frances 26 Cutter, JENAKA II. We briefly lost track of Doug but are very pleased that he is back with the association now.

On the 15th July, Victor and Amanda Tettmar joined us with their Frances 34 Cutter, HUMMINGBIRD.

We are very pleased to welcome so many new members in such a short time and look forward to hearing reports of their sailing experiences and to meeting them at rallies and socials.

South Coast matters

Nick and Bridget Hillier are organising a Summer Rally to the Hornet Services Sailing Club at Gosport, in Portsmouth Harbour on the 30th/31st August. Once again, this a voluntary effort for which we thank them and wish them every success. At the last count, we believe 14 members had signed up for the rally but it is not too late to join them. Contact Nick at: nicholas.hillier1@btinternet.com of Victoria 30, GRACIOUS LADY, but please do it as soon as possible.

Shadow Rallies on the River Thames

John Walker (Chairman Motor-Cruisers) and Gillian will be there in HEAVENLY DAZE with probably three other Shadow 26's also in attendance. Those present will be dining in the Avanti Restaurant that evening. John stresses that any yachtsmen will be most welcome to come along, see the boats, join in with a pre-dinner drink and the evening meal. Many of our yachting fraternity live close at hand in the Thames valley and would certainly enjoy the occasion.

John Walker can be contacted at: johnwalker@talktalk.net but please do not leave it too late.

Annual Luncheon and General Meeting

This will be held on Sunday, 16th November at Linden House, the home of the London Corinthian *Rowing and Sailing Club*. This is a fine day out with the bar and dining room overlooking the River Thames from the Middlesex shore just west of Hammersmith. After a fine lunch, you will be able to assist with the future direction and running of our association. Further details will follow nearer the date but why not put a note to keep the day clear in your diary.

Round The Island Race

Very light winds on Saturday, 21st June meant that there were 715 finishers and 791 retirees. Over half the fleet could not get out of the western Solent. What a disappointment for the Passmore's on SANTY and possibly more so for Tim Clarke aboard WIDGEON making his first attempt, both of whom had to retire.

Summer Cruise 2014 by Sue Doyle

I thought it was starting well, the weather was good. My friend Christine and I got to Poole for the first night spent on a spare buoy in the Wych Channel and we made Cherbourg by the next day. But I was feeling rough. I decided to stay another day and rest but by the morning I had the Capitainerie book me a doctor's appointment. This cost 50 euros and his prescription another 30. He said I had a fever and prescribed antibiotics in case I developed the chest infection I thought I had. I started taking them two days later. By this time we had got to Guernsey where I had to rest another day.

'Angel Louise' came into the pontoon beside us. She was a Catalina from the U.S. which had just circumnavigated Europe, via the Rhine, Black Sea, Albania etc. There was an article in June's Yachting Monthly written by her crew. I had exchanged hellos with them in Newtown Creek a couple of weeks previously.

I felt well enough then to do the 52 miles to Tréguier. The wind was rather on the nose but an unexpectedly good tide developed and we made reasonable time. However, as we made our landfall we could see low cloud and rain. Thankfully we could just make out each subsequent entrance mark and headed in. This was to be the LAST DAYTIME RAIN for 24 days, until back in Britain! Nothing of the river could be seen in the murk and up at the town we tied up on the waiting pontoon and settled down for the night.



Tréguier Cathedral Spire

It was sunny but blowing old boots in the morning as we gingerly made our way onto the newly configured pontoons near slack water. Everyone had warned me about the tricky strong cross tides in the marina but the Capitain gave us a good slot. We had arrived in France to start the holiday!

Tréguier was duly explored, some old houses and a rather bitty cathedral full of small chapels off. A man in the market was selling cute bunnies, ducks and chicks to fatten; this was France. Going down river later, in lovely sunshine was something else. Little beaches, villages and anchorages, fields, trees and rocks what a difference from the trip in.

Tréburden, 32 miles away was to be our furthest west. We picked up a buoy outside and had dinner, after mostly motor sailing, to wait for the sill to open. I moored on the wrong pontoon by using my pilot which was published in 2008 and not checking the almanacs but we weren't made to move. Opposite us was another British boat. The skipper came over and said hi. He had recognised my Ashlett Sailing Club burgee. He was a son of a long time member of the club. He had had a bit of a hairy time. Near Tréburden he had got his prop caught by a pot buoy. A French man came over to help and they cut him free. The French man kindly towed him into the marina but in trying to change the tow, cut his hand really badly and had to let David's boat go. He was drifting close to the breakwater rocks paddling frantically with a dinghy paddle off the back, when the wind shifted and he managed to make the end berth. A lesson to give me the shivers!

There was also one of our Victoria Association members, another Victoria 30, 'Yunita'. I'd often seen the boat on her Tamar mooring and I popped over to say hello. They kindly offered a glass of wine and we had a good chat on board.

At Tréburden we spent a nice morning walking along the Sentiers de Douane coastal path and back up into the village where we stopped for lunch at what turned out to be a local workman's diner. There was some joshing going on as we sat down but we didn't understand it and just smiled serenely. A three course meal cost 10 euros.

For another 10 euros at Tréburden, we each bought 6 gigs of wifi from netabord which we were then able to use in each Brittany port we entered along the way. It was really handy for a second weather opinion and keeping in touch with home.



A Tréburden Beach, to the east

On to Ploumanac'h and I had a few anxious minutes trying to make out the entrance until a ferry emerged and then I saw a new green buoy had been put outside, lovely, in we went.

There was nowhere obvious to go. The area I thought was visitor's moorings seemed to have only very small

boats. Beside us was a long trot with fishing boats and a very large yacht, so I headed for a set of dumbbells in front of an abandoned looking yacht with its pulpit hanging off. I got along side and one rope on ok but it was blowing hard and with the dinghy still in its bag I think it took about two hours pulling and hanging out and shoving to get tied to the fore and aft buoys. I'll come home with such muscles!

Not long after we had pumped up the dinghy a British Sadler 26 came in with nothing ready. How do you do this then he said? With me taking ropes to the buoys from the dinghy it was all done in 15 minutes, Simps. He insisted on giving me a packet of ginger biscuits in recompense,.. "only Lidl's, he said, I've got loads on board."

Accessing the shore at low water was at times a mucky affair my crew was most unimpressed, but we had to explore. This section of the Sentiers de Douanes, GR34 was a highlight. It passed many of the weird weathered rocks this area of the Rose Granite Coast is famous for, many of them being named '...the elephant' for example. The cliff's wild flowers were lovely too especially the early spotted orchids.



Entrance to Ploumanac'h at low water

Reaching Trestraou Beach after 7.5k we were ready for the bus home. Careful examination of the bus stop time table then hiking up a steep hill to another stop were all to no avail. A kind passerby told us it was a "fetes" bank holiday....no buses. Back down the hill to a Best Western where a kind receptionist ordered a taxi for us. I was so glad to see my little dinghy and engine still intact back in Ploumanac'h. A big Belgian boat had replaced the Sadler on the dumbbells, with a little cat wandering around on board.

Then the crew of the large yacht 'Owl', tied up on the fishing boat line came by for a chat, turned out one of them was Peter Bruce who wrote the *Inshore along the Dorset Coast*, and Solent tidal atlases I used dinghy sailing.

Perros-Guirec was a fast sail under jib only, and we went into the marina through gates which seemed barely wide enough. It was an attractive town. I had

to get yet another hose connector to add to my collection and we had a more successful bus ride into Lannion with its huge market. We rode back through Ploumanac'h and had better views of gardens which were often one enormous boulder and houses which seemed to have one wall entirely of a rock.

Another Sadler, this time French, came in beside us. He was there to be lifted as his lift keel had jammed. There were up on the quay overnight but it was all sorted by the next day. He had just returned from charter sailing in NW Scotland, which he loved, except for the rain. I've just finished reading a trilogy he recommended, set in the Hebrides.

We had to leave earlyish to get out of the gate. We picked up a buoy out in the deep water to wait for the fair tide, but I got impatient, there was a little wind so we left two hours early and had a lovely sail to the Treiux River. I was a bit early for the Moisie passage and concerned at identifying which mark was the start of it. The tide was belting down in, and I was a bit early so no room for error. We started on down, how easy it seems once you have done it. We were going at 8.3kts over the ground, sideways. Shooting out at the end I headed for La Corderie, hoping there would be a free buoy of the three my pilot said were ok at springs. I nearly went the wrong side around a rock and the only buoy we found was too shallow. The range was 11 m with a low at 02:30. I anchored with about 1m spare but after a hour or so at 21:00 we had swung to where I was 0.4 short. I moved out, same thing happened. I re anchored and put out the kedge but at 23:00 I moved out to where we should have 5 m at low water. That meant 16m at HW. I tied on rope to my 30m of chain and got it all ready and at 4am I let out the rest of the rode, till we had 48m out. On the ebb at breakfast time we swung out into the tide rushing out of the Kerpont passage. It was horrible. Despite shortening up again we still bounced around and the "seal" we saw at high water turned out to be a rock the size of a house at low water! Yuk, time to go somewhere else. The other Brehat anchorage of La Chambre where the Belgians with the cat set off for, and that morning suggested we follow, would have the same problem I thought so just after LW we set off for Paimpol. We sailed slowly on just the Jib to give the flood time and we motored into Paimpol just after the lock started operating. My crew was getting really good at spotting cardinals.

We luxuriated in four days in Paimpol while the wind was a bit brisk, and still Northerly and surprisingly chilly. I decided on a vedette ferry trip to visit the Ile de Bréhat as we never had managed to get ashore and explore, and then we took the steam train to Pontrioux. I had taken 'Que Sera' up there soon after I bought her, I remember it being full of flowers. It had pontoons and even a few finger berths now. Good facilities but not quite the simple snug back of beyond it was before.

The forecast then promised an easing wind from the NE so I decided to skip St Quay which would box us into a corner and head the 36 miles straight to St.

Cast, now an all tide marina. I thought we could just lay the course. The tide took us down so we just couldn't, then back up and with a small wind shift we could. So all close hauled on one tack to Cap Fréhel which seemed to take hours to round, then we could free off a bit for the last hour, for a wild reach down to the rock enclosed marina. The marina was pretty full, which was not what we had usually found and there were lots of Brits. I tried one berth where we weren't allowed to stay but thankfully the lass on the VHF found us another which was even easier for me to get out of. The pontoon bridge was "76 paces...almost vertical" puffed Chris.

We were off again the next day for the Iles Chausey at last. This would be a return trip, we enjoyed it so much last time. There I hunted for their green lizards but only saw the smaller wall Lizard, but 37 of those!



Que Sera in Chausey again

It was a long dead beat to Jersey on the Saturday and the marina waiting pontoon was very busy with boats rafted three and four out, we joined them and were told the inside boats were leaving at 05:00 BST. We got up on time and while we were up, went on into the marina. Here Marian was to join us. Having done the chores of food, water, laundry, showers we set off on Tuesday 24th for Carteret. In order to make the best use of the tides we went up to an anchorage in St Catherine's Bay via the Violet channel (escorted by dolphins part of the way) then after lunch headed across to Carteret aided by a fast tide. Carteret marina appeared to be dug out of a field but it was cosy enough and I was thrilled to see my first Lizard Orchid. Standing about three feet high each small flower on the stalk has a long wriggly "tail". Diélette then Alderney followed as amazingly the wind went SW. I couldn't have written it better. After a mix of motoring and sailing we anchored in Newtown Creek just twelve and a bit hours after leaving Alderney.

AND THEN IT RAINED!

Sue Doyle

July 2014