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HORIZONS

THE COBB'S QUAY BERTH HOLDERS ASSOCIATION
MAGAZINE

2010

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plus

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Things to be Learnt

Dredging Cobb's Quay

Book Review

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Back Cover: CQBHA Leaving for Guernsey
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EDITORIAL



Well, is this the year the sun is going to blaze down on us and turn us into cooked lobsters?

Last year, again, was definitely not the best year for the boating fraternity. But we certainly had an uplift with the diesel prices not going up as much as we all thought. Indeed if you had a heater fitted it certainly made a difference. I heard the marine heating fitters were kept quite busy in 2009!!

One of the things that was highlighted to me in 2009 was how vulnerable we can sometimes be at sea. There are one or two stories in this issue of Horizons that really show this, but there is also comfort in the knowledge that cruising in company really makes a difference.

Roger & Marjorie Squires had a great year with the cruising - as you will see from Roger's in depth 2009 cruising report and it was very obvious that lots of new members benefitted from the experiences. This is what the "cruising in company" is all about, and fortunately, with nearly a 1,000 boats at Cobb's Quay, longer standing members step aside and make room for the newer members.

Organizing a cruise is a big responsibility for the cruise leaders and it is important that the new members thinking of going on our cruises take a look at the articles on page 12 & 40. Boat skippers are solely responsible for the safety of their vessel and crew when at sea or on a rally and should take every opportunity to learn about the safety aspects of boating. CQBHA organise training for boat handling, engine maintenance and navigation and have various aids to help members. There is an amazing camaraderie that we all enjoy in the marina and on our cruises and it is down to you and the hard work of your CQBHA cruising secretaries and committee. Make the most of it and have a wonderful boating experience.

I was beginning to worry in December 2009, that there were not going to be enough articles to make this magazine a full one but you all came up trumps with some brilliant tales and nautical bits and pieces. The recipes and book report went down well last year and we have come up with some new ones for you in this edition. The one article that did it for me was the heart rending account of "The Wave to Rozel". It takes guts to write an article like that and the emotion running through it really makes you appreciate the feelings of the writer and the power of the sea.

Having fun and laughing is the best tonic we can have in our busy lives and we certainly had that at our Summer Party and ABBA night in 2009. We had a superb band, all the way from Plymouth, to entertain us midsummer and there were some stunning costumes at the ABBA night. Well done to all the people that made such a great effort, Cobb's Quay berth holders certainly know how to party!!

One last thing.....I would like to thank all the Advertisers in this magazine, for their contributions that allow us to produce it. Please use them if you need a craftsman or specialist.

Please, also, send me any articles and photographs, that you think will bring a smile or help fellow members. Next year we will have a prize for the best contribution.

Many thanks, and have a wonderful, safe boating season in 2010.

Pete Hayton

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E-Mail: editor@cqbha.org

CHAIRMAN'S REPORT

BY JONATHAN SAUNDERS



Chairman's Review 2009 - 2010

I begin with a look back on the last year of the Association. Our successes were:

Member Events 2009

We succeeded in a number of events put on by a very keen committee with other helpers and these included :-

Cruises — which are still the core of what we do. Some were more 'exciting' than others, but everybody arrived and returned safely. Some key lessons from our cruises this year appeared in the April edition of Motor Boat & Yachting.

Social events included the Summer Party, which was a huge success in a marquee and outside in lovely balmy weather. The Autumn Abba Night in the boat shed, which saw many people enter in to the spirit and dressed up like it was the Eurovision song contest all over again. Other events spread throughout the year included the Spring Boat Jumble, the Weymouth Summer Bank Holiday cruise with the Annual Dinner Dance and Autumn Fish & Chip Cruise.

This year we have increased the availability of training which the Association supports financially. This included a diesel engine course, the Ladies Training Day and bespoke courses with PBT. This we believe is a key part of what CQBHA does – help people get more from our hobby – safely.

Visits have been organised to Poole Harbour Control – 3 visits/40 people with active support from Brad Bradshaw.

Membership has increased by over 40 this year – we now number almost 750.

Communication with members has also improved. We have maintained the website as the key medium. This has been a challenge for our webmaster and we could really do with help to maintain the website and its content in a variety of ways. If this is your area and you have a few hours to spare, please contact me?

We have also enhanced the monthly member News Mail. Together these are our main communication channels with members.

We have actively consulted with you over your views about the marina – and the feedback from Dave Wilson appears on our web site. Also about lights and signals at the bridge (s).

“The Autumn Abba Night in the boat shed, which saw many people enter in to the spirit and dressed up like it was the Eurovision song contest all over again“

Through prudent management of the finances, we have a 'war chest' for bridge issues in need. We also plan to continue with the subsidising of PBT courses, some other training and resources, another Ladies Training Day and also sponsorship of the MDL fishing competition! The aims and objectives of the Association for 2010 are:-

Purpose

To bring people together to have a better experience cruising from Cobb's Quay and Davis'.

Vision

Enabling members to 'Go Further'

Key Strategies

Develop members' experience of cruising from Cobb's Quay
Continue to enhance communication with members
Promote safety and skills
Continue to be seen by MDL as a valuable partner

2010 Activities

Positively influence the functionality of the second bridge
Have a positive impact on the use of the Backwater Channel and the Harbour
Continue to develop communication with members
Continue to develop website content and functionality
Ensure the website remains self financing
Liaise with MDL to give value add to members enhancing our joint working
Continue to develop the financial input from revenue generating activities
Use finances prudently for the benefit of all members
Drive up membership numbers by 50 during the year
Continue to develop a relationship with Davis' Boatyard - office and members
Establish and run at least 3 non cruising events to include social and training activities.

Plans for this year

2010 **Cruise programme** is an exciting programme, visiting the Isle of Wight, Solent, Channel Islands, France and the West Country. We have made revisions to the organisation of cruises with new Secretary and Cruise Leaders. We are also offering more written guidance and are asking that people commit to always attending the pre-cruise briefing and actually reading the skipper guidance – preparing boat, passage plans and crew for the trip.

Training will continue to grow with another diesel engine course, a First Aid course, member resources available for free hire, specific CQBHA designed 'new' boater training – which are sponsored and another Ladies Training day. If you want more please tell us what else you would like

Other events planned are the Boat Jumble – (there will be a CQBHA table), a Summer Party with food provided by MDL, a themed end of season party. Do you have any more ideas?

Bridge/Bridges. At this point it is looking like the new bridge may well be happening. If so, development seems to be going ahead this year. We plan to continue to lobby the Bridges Operating Board. We will be lobbying for a very simple solution – a 'double lift for safety'.

CHAIRMAN'S REPORT CONTINUED

“Our concern is for potential safety issues when the basin is at capacity. Among the risks we see are racing to get in, crowding with varied seamanship capabilities”

Our concern is for potential safety issues when the basin is at capacity. Among the risks we see are racing to get in, crowding with varied seamanship capabilities, close quarters issues with high density e.g. falling off and recovery. This could occur on the Backwater Channel approach but would potentially be much worse approaching through the Quay. This list is not exhaustive.

We therefore propose that the bridge operator counts the boats in (via camera or from on site observation). When the numbers coming through the open bridge look like reaching the capacity set by the Harbour Master for the prevailing conditions, the second bridge would be automatically lifted allowing free flow. We believe this will negate all of the risks indicated above.

Unfortunately we have not been able to gain agreement to what we believe is a reasonable and rare (according to the Council's own boat counts) occurrence.

I hope this enables you to see our stance. I wonder if you have a view? In any event we plan to continue to try to positively influence the protocols and use of the bridges.

We will continue to seek to maintain and improve communication through this magazine. Give us your views. As ever we need articles, so please put pen to paper. Hard copies are available to purchase. We will maintain the monthly e newsletter. Make sure we have your **up to date** e-mail details.

Summary

During 2009 your Committee has continued to take the Association forward – a tribute to their talent and commitment.

Cruising is still at the heart of the Association – this will not change for 2010 - but will happen with an eye on cost and an improved – and safer experience?

Maintain the link with Bridge Operating Board but must be strengthened to make a difference in order to :-

Positively influence the safety and use of the bridges during construction and beyond.

Jonathan Saunders
Chair

CQBHA
“Enabling members to go further”

TWIN SAILS BRIDGE UPDATE— FROM THE BOROUGH OF POOLE WEBSITE



Work on Poole's £37 million Twin Sails Bridge project could start in the spring of 2010.

Borough of Poole has received tenders from six shortlisted contractors to build the town's much-needed second harbour crossing.

Tenders for the project were submitted at the end of October 2009 and the council is now assessing the cost and quality of each bid. At the same time, the council is seeking final approval from the Department for Transport for a £14.1million grant to help fund the project. Similar approval is also being sought for a £9.96 million loan from the South West Regional Development Agency.

An announcement on the award of the contract for the construction of Twin Sails Bridge is expected in early 2010, following a special meeting of the full council.

Subject to councillors' approval, the 20-month construction project will start in the spring of 2010, with the Twin Sails Bridge scheduled to open to the public before the end of 2011.

Photos of the Twin Sails Bridge illustrate how the bridge will look and operate once it opens. The images show the lifting bridge in various stages of its iconic 'Twin Sails' position.

Councillor Ron Parker Cabinet Portfolio Holder for the Local Economy, Borough of Poole, said: "The high quality of the submissions received by the council demonstrates the high degree of interest from some of the UK and Europe's leading construction companies in such an exciting and iconic project.

"The Twin Sails Bridge will give Poole the much-needed second harbour crossing that residents and businesses have called for over many years. We are also confident it will prove to be the catalyst for other regeneration projects that will create jobs and transform our town centre in the years ahead."

Councillor Brian Leverett Leader of the Council, said: "The Twin Sails Bridge is a special bridge for a special town and I am sure that in years to come it will be viewed as symbol of Poole's ambition. It will unlock the huge potential of the brownfield sites at the heart of our community and help the council address the important issues of employment and affordable housing for the town."

The Twin Sails Bridge project could create up to 5,000 jobs and will allow the development of 26 hectares of brownfield land for new homes, offices, shops, community and leisure facilities.



2010 MARINA REPORT

FROM MARINA MANAGER DAVE WILSON CMM



Well here we go again, I just cannot believe it is the start of the 2010 season already. At the end of last year and the beginning of this year the team have worked their socks off getting pontoons and boats moved for the dredging, see full report in this magazine.

I will start with a big thank you to all of you who have again selected Cobb's Quay Marina to berth your boat. I would also like to welcome all our new berth holders to the marina, you have made a great choice. Don't take my word for it, just ask the 980 berth holders who keep their boats with us.

What have we got planned for this year? Some of you may recall that the CQBHA, working with myself, asked for feedback regarding the marina. The response was great and has helped me with targeting areas that need action.

Car Parking - The biggest concern by a long way was car parking, so this year you will all be receiving two car parking window stickers to display. We will also have in the office passes for your guests to display. This on its own will not stop cars parking that have no business on the site – without some form of car parking control. To get over this problem, in May you will see a car parking machine at the entrance that will issue a 4 hour day ticket. You don't need to pay for this ticket, but non pass holders will need to display it whilst they are parked on site and will need to renew it every 4 hours. I am confident that these controls will help but not necessarily resolve the issue fully, so we will keep on looking at ways to improve it.

Ladies Showers - After Easter we will be replacing the tiles and internal walls in the ladies shower cubicles. This work will take about 10 days, so I apologise for any inconvenience this may cause. The ladies will need to use the family rooms during this period.

Fuel Berth - In November this year we will be replacing the quay wall in front of the fuel berth. At the same time we will be replacing the petrol fuel pump. During these works we will not be able to dispense any petrol. I apologise in advance for any inconvenience this may cause. This is essential work that could take up to 10 weeks weather permitting.



“some of you may recall that the CQBHA, working with myself, asked for feedback regarding the marina”

Cobb's Quay from the Air October 2009...Prints available from the Marina Office



Cobbs Quay

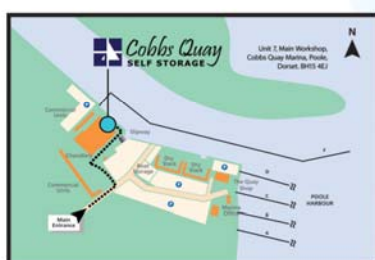
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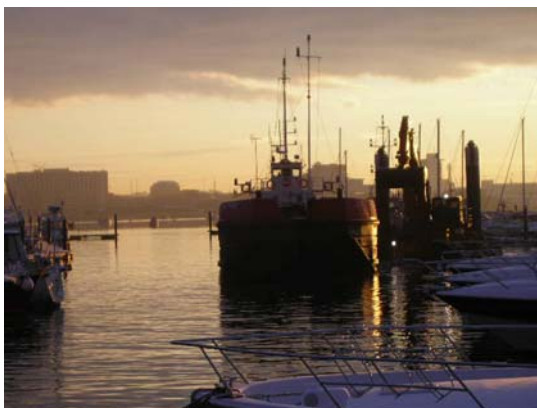
Dave Wilson
Marina Manager
Cobb's Quay

"...the team removed 59 fingers, 124 boats were repositioned in the marina or stored ashore."

WHERE DOES ALL THE MUD GO?

It is very rare that the marina does not need to be dredged. We will always need to keep the fairways and berths clear of silt (mud). Believe it or not we do have a plan of attack for this annual event, all be it subject to change.

The survey work actually starts about three to four months before we see the dredger and barge. Lymington Technical Services arrive on site by boat and do a survey of the whole marina. They provide the marina with a chart of soundings taken every couple of metres. All areas that are below the chart datum of 1.5m will be looked at. It is from this chart that the marina manager and MDL's project manager make the decision on what areas we will dredge. They will decide how many cubic metres of silt will be removed, taking into account the dredging license which only allows for the marina to dredge down to 1.5m.



The next step is down to the marina staff. Three to four weeks before the dredger is due to start, the marina team draft the plan of attack on how many boats will need to be moved and how many pontoon fingers will have to be removed. This year the dredging was always going to be a difficult job, as the dredging was going to

be on C and D pontoon and of course the larger boats and longer pontoons are in this area. In total the team removed 59 fingers, 124 boats were repositioned in the marina or stored ashore prior to the dredger arriving bang on schedule on the 5th January. To have the marina ready for the dredger by the start date was a huge effort by all, as the snow and ice made this task more difficult than normal.



The dredger owned by ML (UK) Ltd started work on the 6th of January. In total 6,600 cubic metres of silt were removed and dropped in the spoil grounds, some 3 miles off Old Harry. This silt was transported by the barge Split 3, which is 53m long and later Split 2 was used, slightly smaller at 42m long. A total of 24 full loads were dropped. The dredging finished one day ahead of schedule on the 20th January. Of course once the dredger had departed, the marina team had to put it all back again.

Whilst writing can I thank all the berth holders who helped us immensely by moving their own boats or who changed their plans and came out of the water early.

Dave Wilson.



*Squeezed in,
and digging deep
between
D pontoon
walkway and the
marina wall.*



HERE COMES SUMMER.....

As the weather improves, our minds turn to summer days at Studland and cruises to the Solent or perhaps to the Channel Islands or France. If you are thinking about venturing further afield this summer, then there are a few things that you need to consider.

Whether you are going to Studland, Arne, Weymouth or St Malo, you need to ensure that you carry the right kit on board. Aside from the kit/provisions for the people on board with you, have you got the right safety kit? Flares need to be in date, stored appropriately and you would do well to read the instructions on how to use them – before you ever need to. Your VHF needs to work, charts need updating and lifejackets need a good going over each year. There are plenty of other things to consider and a good way to get your mind round things is to chat to a RNLI Sea Safety Advisor. You can book (for free!) an informal chat with an Advisor by completing a card and posting it in the RNLI SEACheck box in the main toilet block – it's well worth doing! Give it a try.

Plenty of people navigate the coast without any form of planning, but they often don't realize it is actually a legal requirement to plan a coastal passage. What level of detail you go to and how you record it very much depends on where you are going though. Relying on your chart plotter for entry to an unfamiliar port or harbour seems okay until life becomes a bit more difficult, perhaps due to poor weather or a dodgy engine. At times like these the extra forethought and planning you've put into things in advance really does pay dividends. Even looking at Poole, a relatively simple entrance could be easy to get wrong and you don't need to be far outside the main channel to hit the Training Bank or Hook Sands. Remember too that, like any electronic gizmo, GPS/chart plotter units always go wrong at the worst moment. So whilst electronic navigation is undoubtedly most people's preferred choice, back it up with charts and a good plan. Don't forget too that the error in a GPS unit could easily place you sometimes 20-30m off course. In open seas this is not an issue, navigating a narrow channel it could be.

Also, when planning a passage as a Skipper you need to decide are you, your boat and crew really up to it? Everything you do needs to be fun and safe and really stretching things will inevitably lead to problems. Chat to experienced boaters or training organizations and see what they say. If they are sceptical and uneasy about what you plan on doing, then listen to them – they're probably right.

Do feel free to contact us for impartial advice and the regular FREE training for CQBHA members that we conduct.

Paul Glatzel runs Powerboat Training UK at Cobbs Quay and is the author of the RYA Powerboat Handbook.




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Please feel free to pop in, email or call us to discuss your training needs.
 We look forward to meeting you.

Paul, Viv, Esther & the team.

Authors of the RYA Powerboat Handbook



POSH - PORT OUT, STARBOARD HOME....BY GARY MARTIN

The Meaning Elegant, swanky, rich.

Origin

'Port out, starboard home' might be rather a strange inclusion on a website about phrases, for, as we shall see, it isn't much of a phrase at all. The much-repeated tale is that 'Posh' derives from the 'port out, starboard home' legend supposedly printed on tickets of passengers on P&O (Peninsula and Orient) passenger vessels that travelled between UK and India in the days of the Raj. Another version has it that PO and SH were scrawled on the steamer trunks used on the voyages, by seamen when allocating cabins.

Britain and India are both in the northern hemisphere so the port (left-hand side) berths were mostly in the shade when travelling out (easterly) and the starboard ones when coming back. So the best and most expensive berths were POSH, hence the term. A very plausible and attractive explanation and it would be nice to be able to confirm it. The belief was widespread enough in 1968 for it to have been included in the lyrics of the song 'Posh' in the film *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang*:

*"O the posh posh travelling life, the travelling life for me
First cabin and captain's table regal company
Pardon the dust of the upper crust - fetch us a cup of tea
Port out, starboard home, posh with a capital P-O-S-H, posh"*

There is no evidence to confirm this story though and it appears to have been dreamed up retrospectively to match an existing meaning. Whoever thought it up must have been quite pleased with it, and it appeals to enough people to get repeated endlessly. It also panders to the popular craving for the employment of acronyms as the explanation of common phrases - golf ('gentlemen only, ladies forbidden'), cop ('constable on patrol') etc. These are nonsense but they keep cropping up. It's worth remembering that acronyms are a 20th century phenomenon and researchers are hard pressed to find any examples before the 1920s. The word acronym itself wasn't coined until the 1940s. Any such explanation of older words, like 'golf', or indeed 'posh', is sure to be false.

P&O say they have never issued such tickets and, although many tickets from that era still exist, no 'POSH' ones have been found. These have the status of an etymological Holy Grail and occasionally someone claims to have seen one. Needless to say that hasn't yet been backed up with any evidence. Mind you, even if this mode of travel were the source of the phrase, there's no particular reason that tickets would have been stamped with POSH, so the absence of such tickets doesn't prove anything. The same goes for the alleged chalking of POSH on steamer trunks. The evidence for this is even less likely ever to come to light. The finding of luggage from that period with the appropriate chalkmarks is hardly evidence, as the marks could have been added ten minutes previous to the find. We would need photographic evidence that could be dated to the period of the Raj - needless to say, no such photos have come to light. The lack of any citation of 'port out, starboard home' in any of the numerous letters and literary works that remain from the British Raj is a more convincing argument against that origin.

An extract taken from Gary Martin's 'Meanings and Origins' section of the Phrasefinder website.



"Gibbs buck the trend"

Our "New" office in Poole, is located right on the waterfront at the head of "A" pontoon at Cobb's Quay Marina. Poole is such a "key" boating area boasting the world's second largest natural Harbour.

This move has proved to be hugely beneficial in gaining new business and servicing our existing customer network.

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**Roger & Marjorie
Squires**

"We had a pontoon party where everyone could join in, bring a bottle and nibbles and enjoy the weather and company"



CRUISING IN 2009 WITH CQBHA

My aim for the 2009 season was to foster a 'Club' spirit for our Cruises and get as many new members as possible to join in. As I said in the 2009 Horizons Magazine, I was disappointed with the lack of member response when I had asked for suggestions as to where we should go, but that initial disappointment was soon overcome once the trips got underway.

Our season of Cruises kicked off with an **April Bank Holiday** trip to the Isle of Wight. 16 boats originally signed up for the trip, but by the time we left we were unfortunately down to 11. No matter the weather was reasonable and off we set.

20 – 22 knots was our target speed and we were soon achieving this in comfort. All was going very well for us until Alan Daniel 'called in' to say that LADY ELENA had started to overheat. This was just after we had passed through Hurst Point and directly on the course of the Lymington – Yarmouth ferry. It quickly transpired that there was no 'quick fix' possible, so a call to Sea Start was made and prompt attention promised.

This was an interesting and testing time for both Alan and I. He, because it was his first outing with us and he was in strange waters. For me, because I was in contact with Solent Coastguard on Channel 16 then 67, the rest of the Cruise group on Ch 6, the Ferry on Ch 16, Sea Start on a mobile phone and Alan shouting across the water, all wanting to speak at the same time! Thanks to my crew, who used the VHF for the very first time and Adrian from PRINCESS ADRIANNE, all was resolved and Sea Start kindly guided LADY ELENA in the direction of Cowes, as Alan realised he would not now make the tidal entry time for Bembridge.

Our arrival at Bembridge was only about 30mins delayed and we undertook a very well executed entry and mooring manoeuvre, most impressive for a first outing.

Most of our members had elected to join me for dinner at the excellent Brading Haven Yacht Club, prior to our arrival, and after mooring at Bembridge the rest decided to also. A quick 'phone call to Ros, the catering manager, ensured we would all be able to dine together, if not all being able to have a full menu choice. We had a room to ourselves and I felt the atmosphere at the dinner was great. Alan & Shelly from LADY ELENA even took a taxi from their temporary berth in East Cowes to come and join us, excellent !

The following morning was quite leisurely, as we did not have to leave until around lunchtime, for the short run back to Cowes, then up the Medina River to Island Harbour Marina. This was an uneventful journey, as we like them to be, picking up LADY ELENA as we passed East Cowes Marina. Once 'locked' into the Marina, the sound of opening bottles erupted and a very sociable afternoon was had by all.

A dinner had been pre-arranged at the local Folly Inn and this again proved to be very successful, with some members staying on for a spot of 'Table Dancing'. You may have seen some of the pictures in the toilet block cabinets at Cobbs.

Unfortunately, despite being told it would be, the Bistro at the Marina was not open, so plan B came into operation, when the crews of NAIVASHA & TWISTER suggested we had a BBQ the following evening. Great idea and a willing volunteer and all that, but no food and no BBQ. Henry to the rescue. The Marina manager was 1st class, he lent us his keys to find a BBQ he knew was somewhere and then his car to enable us to drive into Newport to find food. Not as easy as it sounds, as this was a Bank Holiday and the I o W closes on such days. However they bought up what they could and Findlay, Ann, Steve and Susie did us proud. A superb BBQ, thoroughly enjoyed by all, we even had some relatives come over from the mainland to join us. Thanks very much to all for making it such an enjoyable last evening.

The lunchtime trip home was largely uneventful again, with all boats arriving home safely

CRUISING IN 2009 WITH CQBHA

CONTINUED

*“...later met up in a
local Pub for as glass or
two of wine and a bit
of foot tapping to the
live entertainment”*

and the temporary repair made by Sea Start to LADY ELENA holding up.

From my point of view a very pleasant trip, meeting lots of new members who really seemed to get on well together.

The **early May Bank Holiday** gave me an opportunity to expand the usual ‘new members’ Cruise to the Hamble to two days. 16 boats were booked for this cruise, but again other commitments/boat problems meant that we left with 12 on the Saturday morning. Again we cruised to the Solent but thankfully this time nobody experienced any problems.

The extra day was, I think, a good move as it allowed us time to organise a meal at the nearby RAF Club. This proved to be quite popular although internal problems at the Club caused us some late catering changes, along with a number of late bookings as a result of the success of the I o W trip. A good time appeared to be had by all and perhaps this relationship with the RAF Club could be built upon.

After a lazy day and a very relaxed Pontoon Party in the late afternoon, the second night at Port Hamble also provided a pleasant evening — where crews ‘did their own thing’ for food, but later met up in a local Pub for a glass or two of wine and a bit of foot tapping to the live entertainment.

Unfortunately departure the following day was spoilt by one boat failing to start (battery switch failure). But such is the advantage of cruising in company, that Steve & his crew were able to hitch a lift back on LADY ELENA with Alan & Shelly, leaving their boat to be fixed locally. They may have regretted that decision an hour later when we rounded Hurst Point — to be faced with not a large but an awkward, choppy sea. Most boats shipped a bit of water, but LADY ELENA with her covers down seemed to suffer most and all aboard were very wet on safe arrival at Poole. The return trip was a shame really as it spoilt what had otherwise been a most enjoyable trip.

The **late May Bank Holiday** saw the start of a slightly more adventurous trip planned for nine days to Carteret, Jersey and either Beaucette (Guernsey) or Braye (Alderney) dependant on the weather. As it turned out we did neither, as a poor long term forecast whilst in Jersey meant we came home early.

11 boats were booked for the trip and 9 set off. Poor Neil and Sandra from WIGHT MAGIC only made it as far as the end of their pontoon before a gear cable broke, so were unable to join us. The story you may have read in various publications about a boat going aground at Studland that weekend is wholly untrue. I was in constant contact with Neil over his situation and being the excellent engineer that he is, he had told me that he was going to ‘beach’ his boat and effect the repair himself, as he could not get a Bank Holiday crane lift at Cobbs. Remember this when you read other articles in so called specialist publications.

Again we picked up some late members to join us, perhaps word was getting round that we were not a lot of ‘stiffies’. Apart from one boat SILVER, having to slow to clear weed from his prop, the run to Carteret was a delight and all boats arrived safely, if not all together. Our safety boat GIRL FISHER had gone off to catch us some fish for supper, but arrived later, very much later and empty handed. Rumour has it they went to Cherbourg for a drink, but there is no evidence !

An informal meal had been pre-arranged with the local Yacht Club, which was just what we needed after a 4 ½ hour crossing. Within an hour of arrival, we were all sat eating and drinking in the Club, a most hospitable place and definitely on my list for a visit next year. I think we did leave the odd pork chop and bit of bread for the crew of GIRL FISHER on their arrival.

The evening was somewhat spoilt though when Pete & Libby on CIRO announced that they were leaving early the following day, as they had discovered a fuel leak in one of their fuel tanks. This was resulting in a build up of diesel in the bilge, which would sooner or later have to be expelled and Pete, quite rightly, thought it unfair to do it in enclosed water. Sadly he left us but did arrive safely back in Poole after a slightly problematical voyage.

Due to repairs to the retaining gate at the Marina and a dubious forecast, it was decided to leave Carteret a day early and head for Jersey. A great shame, as it is a lovely place and despite the caution you will read in some publications, if you arrive at the right time, it is very easy to enter.

A quick refuel on the way into Jersey Marina and some good berths helped perk up the spirits, but I'm afraid the weather was not being kind to us. Herb Lindlahr, in **HOLY MACKEREL**, who had set out with us from Poole a few days earlier but decided not to go the Carteret due to Passport problems, tried to join us from Guernsey. But that is another story, well worth a read for several reasons, not least the lessons he learned. He ended up in Rozel.

Captain Clive from **GIRL FISHER** hired a mini bus and took us on a mystery tour of Jersey. We ended up meeting with Herb, Janice and his saviour Ken, having a little refreshment with them, before being whisked off by Captain Clive to a very interesting vehicle Museum and then the Zoo. The weather was not good and this tour was just the ticket.

Unfortunately the weather did not pick up and with the longer 5 day forecast not looking good, it was decided that we would have to cut our cruise short on the Thursday and return to Poole. We 'scooped up' **HOLY MACKEREL**, passing Rozel to the east on the way back and enjoyed a very pleasant return journey with Herb getting Janice's confidence back after their "not so good" Guernsey-Jersey trip.

Mid June brought the **Cherbourg Channel crossing Cruise** led by Andy 'BONGO' Woodhouse. 15 boats booked, but again we suffered from a few cancellations but, fortunately, we picked up a couple of late bookings from earlier Cruises, so Andy had his hands full, especially as there were a number of smaller boats on their first Channel crossing.

The trip over was something of a test for boat and crews. Un-forecasted winds brought up quite a swell, which meant a bit of moisture being taken onboard by most boats. I know Fran on **OUT OF THE BLUE** changed clothes three times on the trip and Dave Balmer, from **SEA BREEZE**, has told me that Pauline was cursing me for getting them involved in the trip. (She has since forgiven me she says). However, all crews arrived safely if a little jaded. I understand the trip back was pretty uneventful and a good time was had by all in Cherbourg. Thanks very much to Andy Bongo for his offer to lead this Cruise, which may not have taken place had he not done so.



Four trips planned, four trips completed in some guise, dare I push our luck? Let's try I thought. A slightly hastily arranged additional trip was organised to **Island Harbour** at the beginning of July, leaving on the Friday afternoon. This suddenly became the most popular trip of the year and we left with a convoy of 12 boats and apart from a phantom temperature alarm warning on my boat, we all arrived without incident. **SHAMMI Bob** arrived with a further 6 boats the following morning in time for 'elevenses'.

It was very much a 'put up with what I can arrange' do and the first evening there saw us having a torchlight BBQ, as most of us had a delayed start and only arrived at about 9.0pm. Neil Pamment, from **WIGHT MAGIC**, was starting up his coals as we arrived and a good evening was had by all, thanks Neil.

The following evening Andy at the Folly again did us proud, by reserving almost all of his patio seating area for our group of about 40 at the last minute, not bad for a pub that normally will not let you reserve places! Some of course stayed on for another bout of 'table dancing', but the more reserved of us slipped back to the Marina for a glass of Port or cup of Horlicks.

Again the trip back from the Island was a little choppy, but although some got a bit wet no casualties were experienced. 18 boats to get messages to and 'nudge' along is too much for one person, so many thanks to Gayna and **SHAMMI Bob** for helping me on this Cruise,

Brittany Bash was the name I gave to our main two week Cruise beginning late July. 8 boats departed Poole but within an hour we were down to 7. A very awkward sea forced a decision for our smallest, lightest boat not to continue. A decision I fully understand, as I know there were a number of other bigger boats in considerable discomfort and had also considered turning round.

The journey progressed at half our planned speed, but things gradually improved and we went through the Alderney Race just in time to avoid a possible further uncomfortable wind over tide situation. It was still a little choppy in the southern end of the Race, but all boats ploughed on and we arrived in Guernsey in flat calm seas & beautiful sunshine.

Although the weather was not bad, the wind never gave up and after a couple of days it was apparent that we would have to abandon either our planned trip to St Quay Portrieux or St Malo. Having been to the latter and appreciated what a superb place it is to take a boat, St Quay was abandoned and we set off for St Malo to arrive a day early and take advantage of the lull in the wind. The voyage was a real pleasure, only spoilt when Carl from **SANDRA JANE** called to say he had an

CRUISING IN 2009 WITH CQBHA.....CONTINUED



In the St. Malo lock

was a pleasure to see and quite impressed the locals to see a number of boats untie, manoeuvre and then reverse down a fairly narrow channel to re-berth together, without any shouting, panic or mishap — well done crews. Only one skipper messed up, me!

Carl's problem was easily diagnosed and we all settled down for a few days in such a lovely setting. It seemed there was always some sort of social function to attend if you wanted to and the time just flew by.

We moved to Jersey for our cheap fuel stop on schedule but arrival there did not go particularly to plan, at least not my plan. After refuelling, the leading boats entered the Marina to find, as Nina on WILDEST DREAM described it, "pandemonium." Boats all over the place, no Marina staff to guide us and when one was found the advice was "berth where you can find a space!" When I made the booking I was told that this was their busiest weekend of the year but that they would fit us in, well I suppose it was more a case of us fitting ourselves in.

However, the following morning, after some negotiations with boat owners and Marina staff, we were able to reposition ourselves so that we were all together, not in an ideal location, but at least all in one place.

Our themed 'Charity Bash' party was due to take place in Jersey but events transpired against us, so we decided to delay that until our next stop, Dielette. The 'theme' being that members had to buy the most outrageous item they could from a charity shop whilst on the trip and be prepared to wear it in public for the evening of the party. We stayed a day longer in Jersey than was originally planned, because it was a new venue for some members and the weather was beginning to improve. This offered us the chance to stay in Dielette until the last day of the trip.

Our Cruise to Dielette was something of a surprise to most of us. Despite a favourable forecast and not too much wind, the water was very awkward and in 5 years ownership of a flybridge boat I have never taken on so much water up there. In fact I was so wet that despite, the sunshine, I had to go and change clothes as we entered the approach channel, I was getting very cold. Dielette is one of those places that, if you read the publications you may be put off, but again get the tide right, read the notes and entry to this delightful little Marina is not a problem. There is not much there but the setting is beautiful, the Café/Restaurant at the end of the pontoon is excellent and on Sunday mornings they hold a small local produce Market within the Marina — not cheap but first class produce. A reasonable Supermarket, Bakery and an 'interesting' I think is the best word to describe it, bar is about a 10 minute walk away. (Rob Miller from MILLERS FOLLY can tell you a four or forty minute story about its staff and clientele.)



The Charity Revellers

The Charity Bash went ahead on the last night of the trip in bright sunshine and much to the amusement of the locals and other visitors. We held it in a lovely little secluded garden, with everyone bringing some treats to eat, whilst we laughed at each other. The adjudged joint winners were young Sam Burton, from SANDRA JANE, who was wearing a sort of Fairy outfit and Findlay Caldwell, from TWISTER, who wore a 'Dance of the seven veils' outfit. (Anne insists they bought it in Guernsey, but I think it's one of his regular Friday night dresses).

The prize of a £25.00 cheque from CQBHA will be donated to their elected charity, the RNLI. A special mention here for Rob Miller, from

engine alarm, indicating an overheating problem. Fortunately, or perhaps good planning meant that our faithful safety boat GIRL FISHER, with Captain Clive and crew Jeff and Gill aboard, were alongside within minutes to tow them through the somewhat difficult approaches to St Malo and directly into the huge lock. Perfect timing and then straight into Vaubain Marina. Our early arrival, although authorised, seemed to catch the duty staff off guard and our first night there was not as comfortable as it might have been, due to hull 'slapping'. However the following morning we slipped our lines and

moved to berths alongside the City wall, a perfect location. It



**I'm singing in the rain
In St. Malo**



Rafted in Jersey at last

MILLERS FOLLY as well. He was the only person to submit a completed Nautical Quiz word, given to all crews at the start of the holiday – well done Rob.

The following morning most of us had a quick look around the market. It didn't take long and then we left for a very pleasant calm trip back across the Channel, some arriving in time for the 14.30 bridge.

We left with some sadness, at having to leave our safety boat GIRL FISHER behind. One of Clive's crew, 'Taffy' Jeff, had been taken into Hospital there, suffering from a heart problem. Rightly so, the Captain stayed with his crew, who was allowed home 5 days later and at the time of writing this, is still undergoing treatment. I hope you are well by now Jeff.

Due to a longstanding commitment, I was unable to attend the **Annual Dinner Cruise to Weymouth**, but I know it went ahead and I am sure you will read about that elsewhere.

So that's it. My year 'in office' has come to an end, some parts of it I have thoroughly enjoyed, particularly the trips themselves. There is a lot of work involved, especially in the autumn of 2008, when the passage planning etc. had to be done and checked several times, to see if what you want to do is feasible in terms of tides and times, but overall it has been an interesting time for me. I have learnt a lot and it has given me the chance to go to places I may never have otherwise visited. Certainly Carteret and Dielette are on my list for visits in 2010.

Did I succeed in my initial aim of the 'Club' spirit and getting new members involved?

Best the members who came on the trips tell you that, but witnessing the way members were mixing and going to and from each others' boats and, as total of 45 members came on at least one Cruise, I think I did.

My thanks.

Firstly to Andy 'Bongo', sorry Andy I seem to have got you stuck with this name.

Throughout this year I have been sending my 'Briefing Notes' and waypoint lists to Andy for checking. No matter how many times I read and amend them Andy has always been able to spot another error, so that by the time they are available for Cruise members they are as near correct as they could be. Also, of course, his checking gave me confidence that I was not going to take you all aground in some far flung place with an incorrect waypoint.

Secondly, Captain Clive, the long suffering Gill and his crew Jeff. GIRL FISHER has undertaken three cross Channel trips on behalf of CQBHA, at a not inconsiderable cost, especially when you see those huge engines. He is a very valuable resource, not just as a confidence booster or rescue boat when needed, but also as font of knowledge, who can fix a problem over the radio without ever stepping aboard. So thank you Clive, I'm sure some of the trips would not take place without you.

Thirdly, my wife Marjorie, often called a Saint by those who know me! Numerous times over the past year she has put up with me disappearing into my little office at home of an evening, only hearing from me when I shout at the computer or need a cup of tea. I have been heard to describe her as the 'Catering and Cleaning Dept' of CLEARWATER but she does far more than that. Often I go off to sort out some problem or help another boat with its lines, leaving her to get CLEARWATER ready for departure. I can't promise that won't happen next year but it will not be as regular an occurrence.

Lastly, CQBHA members who have made each and every trip a pleasure for me. I hope I have not upset any of you. I know I can get a little focused on something sometimes and perhaps appear to not be paying attention or forgetting something you have said, but I am a man and as all you ladies know, we can only do one thing at a time!

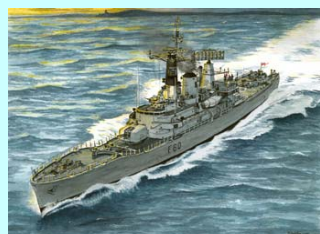
Thanks for your support and I hope to see you, if not before, on next year's Cruises. In the meantime CLEARWATER is usually open for a cuppa every weekend.

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BOATING.....CARAVANNING ON WATER? CARAVANNING.....BOATING ON LAND?



As many of you will know, I am having a little sabbatical from boating and am using a touring caravan in the interim. It set me thinking; what are the differences – or similarities - between the two. My thoughts are below. What do you think?

Boating	Caravanning
Watching the weather in case it's too windy	Watching the weather in case it's too wet
Search for a suitable place to berth	Search for a suitable place to camp
Do a passage plan so you don't hit anything	Do a route plan so you don't hit anything
Approach the harbour slowly as it is unfamiliar	Drive slowly in the camp site as it is unfamiliar
Search for the best place to berth	Look for the best place to pitch
Secure the lines	Wind the legs down
Set out your 'knick knacks'	Set out your 'knick knacks'
Get the kettle on	Get the kettle on
Go out or stay in for a nice meal	Go out or stay in for a nice meal

So, I was beginning to conclude that the only difference between caravanning and boating is that one you do on the water and the other you do on the land.

It's not as clear cut as that though is it? A bigger boat is like a small house with all mod cons such as running water, central heating, sinks and fixed beds, TV and video, fridges and drinks cupboards etc. But then a caravan has all these things too.

Now you all know what it's like to take your boat away so I thought I would describe what it is like to take a caravan away and then you could draw your own conclusions about the similarities or differences.

I am thinking back to my summer holiday in the caravan. We went to a site near St Gilles Croix de Vie in the Vendee in mid Western France. We booked a crossing from Poole to Cherbourg – a crossing we have done several times before in our own boats, so it brings back a number of memories. We watched on deck as the Barfleur moved off from the mooring and through the harbour and reminisced about taking one of the 'Castaways' along a similar route and looking up at the people on her. This time we are the people being looked at!

Past Poole Boat Haven – not as close as usual – Salterns and then the Ferry. Past Old Harry and then out to sea and the middle bit (as tedious on your own boat as on the Barfleur) but you are not the one looking at the engines and water and listening for that 'wrong' sound.



The start of the Rally

Eventually France and Cherbourg come into view, but it takes an age to get there – just like when you are on your own!



Training the Crew

Pretty soon the call comes to go down and get the car. Plug in the electric leads (taken out to make sure the battery doesn't go flat) and we're ready to go. Soon it is our turn to leave the ferry. Usual French customs check – 'What's that, it an 'van'. A waived finger and we're off.

Out through Cherbourg and up the hill and we're on our way to night one. We had opted to stay not far from Pontorson. We tried a first site. Now, remember, we have an X5 and a 25 foot caravan – 40 or so feet all in. The

“The advantage you have over taking your boat to a port, is that you have your car with you – unless you are Roman Abramovich”

site said it had 2 ‘emplacements’. Well, having driven round the site – needing people to move cars simply to drive round the perimeter – I couldn’t see those emplacements. I went back to the bureaux (not capitainerie!!). She walked with me (I wasn’t going to drive round again!) and she pointed to a small area of grass between the table tennis and a Peugeot 206 and a pup tent. I said maybe – for a 10 foot ‘van and not at 40 euros a night – we moved on!!



The Marina

A brief try at Camping Haliotis – yes really – ‘desole pas des emplacements pour ce nuit’ – we set off on the road to Mont St Michel. Martin went ahead into the next site with Liz and the manager said OK – ‘but don’t tell anybody’. (In France the local mayor/site owners often ban 4 wheel ‘vans [travellers in France use 4 wheel ‘vans]).

Still 40 euros a night and very small but we had a place to stay. Down with the legs. Locate and fill the water – crikey I could have spat in the Aquaroll (water carrier) faster. Food on, beer opened, sit down aaaaaaaah!

Up in the morning, shower (yes in the ‘van) and on our way. On our way to a site near St Gilles Croix de Vie (60 miles N of La Rochelle and 30 N of Les Sables D’Onne).

Nice site, well run, majorly big emplacements (pitches) – biggest I have ever experienced in France. ‘Approved’ by the Caravan Club, so should be OK.

Well, it was time to set it all out. We were not moving for 15 nights, so it all came out – barbeques, awnings, coolboxes, collapsible chairs, big loungers, Chloe’s chair, satellite dish and lead, water bottle, waste bottle, electric lead, rotary washing line – Liz can I have a beer? – No! – Wheel lock on, hitch lock on, handbrake off –sssssssssssssh the beer is opened.



Moored together

We had chosen this site as it had internet access, so I could get my work and also speak to our son, Matthew, who was in Los Angeles. It had, but you either bought it by the hour (5 euros), but use 5 mins and you still used the hour or you could pay 90 euros for the week. Good job I didn’t, as when we tried on our later nights, the reception on our pitches was very weak.



The Clubhouse

Well, I need to work, so what could I do? Well, in France McDonald’s and other locations offer free WiFi (or wee-fee as the locals call it) and a combination of my computer and Liz’s ipod sorted it. ‘I’m loving it’!

The advantage you have over taking your boat to a port, is that you have your car with you – unless you are Roman

BOATING..CARAVANNING. CARAVANNING..BOATING?.....CONTINUED

Abramovich. Usually on the first day we look to have a bit of a 'chill'. Visit the local supermarket, stock up on provisions, suss out the local area – then back to the site for a barbeque and a few drinks.

Next day to the swimming pool and now it's make like it's Spain. 'Starfish in the sun'. half hour on the front, half hour on the back. Not for me though. Sometimes I can last 15, 20 or even 30 seconds lying in the sun before I have to have a walk round, so that was it for me. Standing up, having a walk, watching Chloe go down the slides – or play in the kids area.



La Rochelle Marina

We managed to visit a few of the local sights. Sable D'Onne, Roche sur Yonne and La Rochelle – boy would I like to have sailed into there! What a lovely place. We went there for the day and what a lovely port and town it was. It would just be a bit of a challenge to sail there from Poole – especially in a 2 week holiday!!

Well pretty soon the time had come to go home – but I have to say that 15 days does make you feel you have had a good long time away. Early start and if we get on with it we can make Cherbourg in the one day. So, it's up at 7.30 and on our way for 9.00 a.m. Crikey, it's like making a tide.

Moving on fairly quickly and we are soon confident that we will make Cherbourg in time for the 7.00 p.m. local Barfleur ferry and so we give ourselves a leisurely lunch. Not bobbing around at Studland, but in a service station near Fougères. Nice chunk of fresh baguette, some cheese and a wine – great, does it get any better?

Still a long way to go though and we get on our way and made good time with a stop off at Auchan outside of Cherbourg and that's when it started to feel like being in Poole. Walking down the aisles in the supermarket, we spot Liz's Mum and Dad over on a day trip.



Either side of the pontoon finger for lunch

Getting on the ferry – and I stopped to let a Galaxy go in front of me (see later) – and Liz said 'I'm sure I saw Taff'. Time we were on we saw Ian and Jude (from the Cobb's Quay shop) and their tribe and then we did see Taff and Gill Snow. Coincidence or what?

Looking to get off we went to the car deck and got in – but the people in the Galaxy in front didn't. The deck cleared leaving the Galaxy and me!! They got back and got in – not a word – and shot off. They then had the audacity to push in front of me in the customs queue!!

There's something special about sailing through Poole harbour, whether on your own boat or on Barfleur. We had a close up view of the pilot boarding, saw the lights of the Haven Hotel and the Quay as we came up and docked.

Brings back a lot of memories

Jonathan Saunders

Chair

Cobb's Quay Berth Holder's Associations



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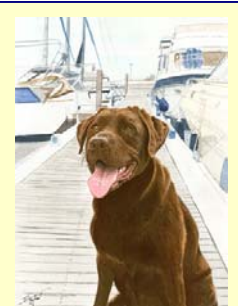
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By
John & Eileen
Ridgeway



Our Nautical Career

Our nautical career began when John crashed our aeroplane. Now with nothing to do at weekends, a boat jumble on the River Thames beckoned and we became the owners of a red inflatable rib – with no engine! Engine (ex RNLI) and trailer soon followed. Having survived Rockley's slipway and being swamped by speedboats in the Rockley Channel,

the girls soon got fed up with wet knickers. Goodbye red rib. Hello distressed Sealine 218 with very sick engine firing on 5 cylinders. It spent one whole winter in our garden being given lots of TLC – and LOTS of expensive Volvo spares. Spring came and this marked the start of 17 happy years at Cobbs Quay.

Like all things to do with boating and marriages, you soon want a younger and newer model. As Eileen wasn't ready to be part exchanged, John began to look at new boats and fell in love with a new Sealine 240. At this juncture we discovered that, when you purchase the boat, it comes as a bare bones package. By the time we had fitted radar, radios and bought a life raft etc, the boat was taking over our lives. The new boat was delivered on the Thames, so we decided that our maiden voyage should be to the first lock and back. The river was running fast (December). No need to worry with our new, powerful diesel engine, we could push back upstream. As we turned close to the weir, the gear linkage fell to pieces. We were drifting towards the weir, with a gearbox full of neutral. The lock keeper knew just what to do. He put his life jacket on and shouted "Have you got a licence?!" To add to our indignity, a 70 foot narrow boat with a single cylinder diesel engine (beating its heart out) came and pulled us clear. Goodbye Thames with its submerged shopping trolleys, we then became annual berth holders and stopped blocking the A34 and risking divorce towing the boat to and fro. This annual berth was our first stroke of luck, as we were moored next to Spire and Shakira, who were then part of the team of the CQBHA.

A wealth of experience was passed on to us. Good advice aplenty from berth holders who have forgotten more than we would ever know. The best pieces of advice we ever had were – beware an easterly more than F3 at The Haven and in the Channel and – in the harbour, when the mists descend, get out of the main channel into the shallower bits because the big commercial vessels can't get at

*"Our nautical career
began when John
crashed our aeroplane"*



Tyrone Venturer travelling back from Weymouth along the Jurassic Coast



John, Eileen & Family in Guernsey with their Mascot

"We had an engine to limp back to base when halfway across Holes Bay, the other engine started playing Jingle Bells "

you.

But, of course, children grow legs; want to venture further and we were not prepared to cross the Channel on a single engine unaccompanied. Goodbye 240. Hello F33 – more space for the children and the safety of 2 engines. What we didn't think of was our son forgetting which boat he was on, grabbing hold of a rail that was no longer there and going into the water in the middle of the departing traffic under the lifting bridge. His new automatic life jacket failed to inflate, but to the rescue came Clive in the recovery rib, doing a wonderful SeaStart rescue, which later featured on South Today.

Sealine managed to do it to us again. 3 weeks old, queuing for the Bridge we thought a raucous speedboat was about to overtake us. But no, our outdrive gearbox had stripped. We had an engine to limp back to base when, halfway across Holes Bay, the other engine started playing Jingle Bells – and it wasn't Christmas!! The boat had to come out of the water. Both engines had to be removed and the problem turned out to be Mark 2 outdrives fitted into Mark 1 flywheels. In the ensuing blame game, we were eternally grateful to the RYA and Chris (now Holes Bay Marine) for sorting out liability and problems.

After 3 great years and a wonderful learning experience from CQBHA, we decided it was time to get shafted – and along came our F36.

Where do we start with memories/experiences? Returning from Torbay and hitting unforecast Force 5/6 Easterly and mountainous seas, we limped into Weymouth, where 4 lovely lads from a speedboat rushed to help. We thought how friendly and helpful they were and then discovered it had a lot to do with the presence of our 17 year old daughter! The joy of passing under Pegasus Bridge, liberated by John's old regiment (Oxford and Bucks) – and being given a Civic Reception in Caen after the mayor mixed up the RYA with the Royal Naval Yachting Association. Enjoying John's birthday, when he got on the wrong boat, clutching some French red wine and taking 3 hours to disembark! The wonderful graduation party CQBHA put on for Leah's graduation with Peter's great photos – still a family treasure. The wonder of Kevin navigating us into Bembridge in thick fog. (We often wondered what happened to the



Leah's Graduation Party in Guernsey

taggers-on, who thought we were heading for Cowes). Being mistaken for tramps on rescuing Ken's shopping from the bin in Bembridge – John holding Kevin's legs whilst he was upside down – at which point a woman in the BBQ area said "what poor men" and tried to give us a burger. The fact that John had accidentally binned Ken's shopping in the first place was not admitted! The Bank Holidays in Weymouth, Guernsey, the social events, the friendship and support – none of which will ever be forgotten.

This friendship and support really shone through when the big C had a go at John. Barbara and Dave looked after the boat, got it serviced – Dave even pretended he enjoyed anti – fouling in the freezing cold! Thanks to CQBHA members looking after us, the road to recovery was far less rocky and we managed another wonderful 2 years on the sea amongst some wonderful friends.

Kids grew even bigger and the inevitable happened, we lost them to their own lives and careers.

Crew gone, it was only a matter of time before we had to be realistic and accept our limitations. Boating has been a major part of our lives for 17 years. If we had the chance to do it all over again, we certainly would, and we are really going to miss it.

Many, many thanks to CQBHA.

John and Eileen Ridgeway, Tyrone Venturer



John tells one of his famous stories in Weymouth



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The Ever Changing Sea

From the camera of Anne Hayton,
Work of Art Marine Images



The changing seas of the English Channel and coastal waters off the South Coast have been captured by Anne Hayton on the various CQBHA Rallies over the years.

Crossing the Channel to St. Vaast in 50 miles of fog was a memorable trip in 2007, as was the trip from Plymouth to Torquay in 2008, with its

large seas and swells. But there are just as many flat calm crossings over the Channel to Guernsey, Cherbourg and Caen and down the coast to Falmouth, Plymouth, Brixham and Dartmouth. The joy of cruising in company is all the better knowing that someone is close at hand, even if they have got a camera pointing at you!!



CQBHA crossing the Channel to St. Vaast in dense fog



Wildest Dream returning
from Guernsey



Clearwater heading for Start Point



Distraction ploughing through the
fog and seas off Barfleur



Reality crossing the Channel



Bongo crossing Christchurch Bay



Wonderful Life heading for France



Bongo bouncing across the Channel



Reality returning from Plymouth



Reality ploughing Christchurch
Bay



Miller's Folly wave jumping



"R" Plaice battling big seas on its
return to Plymouth



Calico going to Weymouth

See more of Anne's photos at www.workofart-marine.co.uk

THE POSEIDON ADVENTURE

THE NON-HOLLYWOOD VERSION

By Mike Brine
Captain of Poseidon

"Within minutes of Poseidon being disabled by a discarded section of trawler net, both Jennie and I were quickly incapacitated by sea sickness"

Jennie & I looked anxiously at each other "What's happened?" she said. "The engines have stopped and I can't select neutral to restart" I replied in a disbelieving, panicky voice. Jennie reached for the radio, "CQ vessels, this is Poseidon we are stationary in the water — we think we have hit something". Jennie retreated to the transom and looked out into the gloomy grey and confused sea behind and returned to the helm and again picked up the radio,

"CQ vessels, this is Poseidon. We have picked up a net".



Mike & Jennie in Guernsey

Our holiday had started a week earlier with Reality leading a flotilla of eight vessels for a week's cruise to Guernsey. Good friends with a common passion to enjoy each other's company and the fun and exhilaration of power boating.

With a short lunch break interlude en-route to explore the tiny island of Alderney, we continued onto to the

beautiful island of Guernsey for a week's holiday, where we would sample the hospitality and mild climate that the Island is renowned for.

The weather was generally dry and mild. However high winds had blown through the islands during midweek and were forecasted to return again over the weekend of our intended return voyage. But reasonable conditions were predicted for Thursday, for a dash back to Poole, two days earlier than planned.



Leaving the Little Russell Channel, Guernsey

All vessels cast off at 07.30 hrs on the rising tide. That would give a four knot advantage as we negotiated through the Little Russell Channel, prior to entering the sometimes ferocious Alderney race. With the wind still blowing force four and with a swell of at

least one metre, maintaining a planing attitude was difficult and as a result, fourteen knots was the best speed achievable. Most vessels followed line astern to gain some protection from the unpleasant swell, that was also accompanied by light sea mist which reduced visibility to a few hundred metres.

At a point near the North East corner of Alderney, one of our group Tyrone Venture, with John and Eileen Ridgeway perched bravely on the fly bridge waved "Bon voyage", as they broke away from the group and plotted their course for Torquay. It was soon after Tyrone Venture had disappeared into the mist that things started to get very unpleasant for us on Poseidon. We were following Work of Art, about 9 miles north of the Alderney race, when we suddenly stopped dead in the water.

The Poseidon Adventure Continued

"You can imagine the relief as the silhouette shape of the Lifeboat emerged from the now thinning fog and came alongside!!"



Kevin swims to Poseidon

and protection from unsighted vessels, by producing a larger blip on the radar.

Work of Art came in close and looked at the damage and tried to release the net with a boathook, but it was soon obvious that the net was not going to

budge by this method. So Peter talked about cutting the net free to Kevin, who, like superman, quickly donned a black and yellow dry suit, left his wife Linda at the helm of Reality and dived into the troubled waters and swam the twenty metres to our stricken Poseidon. Kevin boarded through the transom door, after Jennie had lowered the dingy. Kevin made

several valiant attempts to cut away the offending trawler net with a ferocious looking diver's knife, but had to admit defeat, due to the large volume of net that had engulfed both our outdrives, and the serious pitching of our boat. It was decided to attempt a tow for Poseidon using a line fixed to the transom of Work of Art. The aim was to help steady our boat, and make it a little more comfortable for us. But it was obvious that there could be a risk of damage to both vessels, due to the violent pitching and rolling of the vessels in the rough seas.

Work of Art got under way towards Cherbourg at five to six knots. Kevin returned to the cockpit of Poseidon and made radio contact with Jon and Nina Dunne, the crew of Wildest Dream, one of the larger vessels in the group, who have vast experience of sailing in the French coastal waters. After a short discussion between Peter, Kevin and Nina, it was decided that Wildest Dream would make a Pan Pan call for assistance. Cherbourg Coastguards responded to the Pan Pan and immediately despatched the Cap de la Hague lifeboat to our assistance.



The French Lifeboat arrives

Within minutes of Poseidon being disabled by a large discarded section of offshore trawler net, both Jennie and I were quickly incapacitated by sea sickness, caused by the relentless pitching and rolling of Poseidon, due to the confused seas associated with this particular area, close to the French coast. The other vessels gathered around, offering assistance



Kevin attempting to remove the net

You can imagine the relief as the silhouette shape of the Lifeboat emerged from the now thinning fog and came alongside. Work of Art released the tow rope as the part time crew member, who we later discovered was an architect, boarded Poseidon from our tender and attached a tow rope to our anchor

“once removed it was obvious that severe damage had occurred to the propulsion unit and steering gear and Poseidon would not be returning to Poole that day”



Poseidon under tow from the French Lifeboat

moored with Poseidon and Work of Art on a pontoon away from the main marina, to allow an under water inspection of the outdrives. Two members of the Lifeboat crew donned wet suits and scuba gear, to remove the large entanglement of trawler net that had incapacitated Poseidon. Once removed, it was obvious that severe damage had occurred to the propulsion unit and steering gear and Poseidon would not be returning to Poole that day. All the time the divers were clearing the net, Anne, from Work of Art, was taking photos of the net and damage, which we would later use to help with our insurance claim. Once we had visited the Lifeboat to complete the necessary documentation and pass over a post dated cheque for £1.5k for the tow, we thanked the crew profusely and Poseidon was transferred by the marina staff, in their launch, to a



Lifeboat Divers remove 7 mtrs of off-shore trawler net

visitor's pontoon for us to contemplate on the day's events.



Chantereyne Marina staff show the off-shore trawler net

After contacting our insurance company and leaving the repair work in the hands of local marine engineer, Jean Pierre, we enjoyed a meal, warm sunshine and a well deserved rest. Early the next day, we set off for Poole and had a calm, uneventful trip back with Peter & Anne on Work of Art, in the company of Wildest Dream and Taffy.

Ten weeks later, after completion of the repair work to the starboard leg and steering gear, we set off at 07.15 hrs. from Poole and crossed the Channel in Work of Art, with two extra crew members, Peter Marshall and Robin Webster, to bring back Poseidon. After checking all was working well, having a great lunch, prepared by Jennie, and paying Jean Pierre, we left Cherbourg at 13.00 hrs and set off back across the Channel, with Work of Art as our escort vessel. We came through the 17.30 hrs bridge and Poseidon was, once again, safely back on C pontoon in Cobbs Quay.

Jennie and I would like to express our deepest thanks to the crews of the following vessels, that helped and supported us in our hour of need and with the recovery of Poseidon to Cherbourg and later to Poole:-

Reality, Work of Art, Wildest Dream, Taffy, Princess Adrienne, Bo Regard and the extra crew Peter Marshall and Robin Webster.



Nina Dunne

AN EMERGENCY THAT GIVES YOU GREAT COMFORT

The decision had been made to up sticks and leave Guernsey at 8 a.m. The previous day it had been blowing a good Force 5-6, but during the night it had subsided to a Force 4. However, as we left Guernsey and started our northerly journey towards Alderney, the conditions became quite lumpy and the decision was taken to follow us in the hope that we could flatten out the sea for the rest of the fleet. We were making good progress and had just gone through the race and were beginning to head across the Channel, when Jennie off Poseidon reported that they had lost power. We all stopped to see what had happened and if any one could be of assistance. It turned out that Mike had got a fishing



Boats standing by with Poseidon

net around his props. The sea was a very uncomfortable swell and people were starting to be sea sick. Attempts were made to free the net, but to no avail, so I got asked by Peter to call for a lifeboat. I initially tried Portland coastguard but was out of range, so realised that I would have to make a pan pan. I initially had a response from a 40 foot yacht who was in the area,

prepared to give a tow. I explained that the conditions were such that it would do damage to boats, but thanked him for his offer. I then had Cherbourg emergency respond and wanting me to repeat my pan pan. The lady I spoke to spoke sufficient English so that we could understand each other, but you had to remember to speak slowly and clearly. All the time I was on the radio I had to ask Jon to put the engines into idle, so that I could hear what she was saying – not good for my poor sea sick passenger!



The French Lifeboat coming out of the mist

I explained to her that we were a group of 7 motor yachts and one of our 7 had a net around its props and was basically disabled. She wanted to know how many were on

board and I informed her that there were two and that they were badly sea sick. She immediately came back and asked if they were wearing lifejackets. I confirmed that everyone in our group was wearing them. She asked if we were able to do a tow and I informed her that the sea was too big and we would damage boats. The lady told me she would come back to me. It seemed ages, but she came back and informed me that the 'liferaft' from Cap de la Hague was going to be called out to take Poseidon in tow. She then wanted to know where we were going to take Poseidon. I explained that we were going to take

"Attempts were made to free the net, but to no avail, so I got asked to call for a lifeboat"

“They discovered that the steering had been damaged so it would not be possible for Poseidon to make the trip back to England”

her to Cherbourg. She asked how big Poseidon was – I knew roughly how large she was in feet, but I am afraid my conversion to metres was somewhat dodgy! A few minutes respite and then it was ‘Cherbourg Emergency – Wildest Dream – please ring me’. The lady had another question — could I spell out Poseidon and the name of our boat? My mind went blank on P, but once Jon reminded me that it was Papa, I was okay and managed to give out both boat names. The radio was quiet then another question – who was going to go with Poseidon to Cherbourg? I asked the lady to wait whilst I found out – back onto the handheld – who was accompanying Poseidon – Work of Art was. Informed the lady that this was the boat and needless to say, it had to be spelt out phonically. She then wanted to know if I was the leader of the group. For ease, I said that I was, sorry Kevin! I could not cope having to spell out another boat. Back again – where had we come from and what was our destination – that was easy. She then informed me that the lifeboat had launched and I was now in contact with Cherbourg and the lifeboat – thank heavens the lifeboat coxswain spoke fairly good English. He informed me he would be with us in approximately 25 minutes. Onto the handheld and inform the group that the lifeboat was launched and his estimated ETA..

I thought I had time to make coffee, but no, Cherbourg was back on again with another question – what was the call sign for Poseidon? Onto the handheld and ask Mike. Back to Cherbourg with the response. One more question - how many people in the group and are we all going back into Cherbourg. I then had the lifeboat informing me that they were approximately 15 minutes away. I gave them our latest position and it was at this time that the fog decided to come down, so we were all like Indians circling Poseidon and Work of Art, who had got a line onto her and was towing her to stop her from wallowing in the swell. There was no way we could have towed her the 16 miles to Cherbourg. The lifeboat then wanted to know how many were in our group and the colour of Poseidon. I informed him that we were 7 and we were all white hulled and 5 of us had blue covers and 2 had green. I looked at our radar as the ETA approached and I could see a boat circling around us but the visibility was very poor. I put the EBL onto what I thought was the lifeboat and informed the lifeboat that I thought I had him on my radar and gave him a bearing to us. He came back to me and said that he thought he had us on his radar. A few minutes later he asked if we could see him and it was a huge relief to see the lifeboat appearing out of the fog.

As he approached he informed me that they were putting a lifeboat man onto Poseidon and could we loose the tow line. I went back onto the handheld, only to find that our handheld was majorly playing up – I could hear, but obviously could not transmit. I then had to use the boat radio to go from the channel I was using for



The Life boatman attaching a line to Poseidon's bow

the lifeboat/Cherbourg to the rest of the rally and ask Work of Art to lose the tow. It was very impressive watching the lifeboat put a man onto Poseidon and pick up a tow. Before you could say boo they were off and being towed. The lifeboat then went to Cherbourg emergency and informed them that they had Poseidon in tow. In my limited understanding of French, Cherbourg emergency

An Emergency that gives you Great Comfort Continued

*“The French lifeboat
was fantastic
throughout, especially
putting down divers
once we arrived in
Cherbourg to see if
Mike and Jenny could
continue their journey. “*

informed the lifeboat that Chantereyne marina were expecting them.

As Poseidon was being towed away, Taffy decided to stay with Work of Art and Poseidon and go to Cherbourg. The others were going back to Poole – we started to head that way and then remembered that Work of Art’s radar had packed up. So we opted to go to Cherbourg as well, so that if the crossing back was foggy, there was one boat with radar. We went on ahead of the group and organised marina berths for us all and were ready to catch any warps if necessary. As it transpired, the lifeboat brought Poseidon onto ‘A’ pontoon in the middle of the marina. They then sent down two divers to free the net and check out the boat for Mike and Jenny. They discovered that the steering had been damaged, so it would not be possible for Poseidon to make the trip back to England. The marina then arranged for Poseidon to be taken off ‘A’ pontoon and put onto ‘P’ with us. They even got the Volvo Penta engineer to come and have a look and also to translate for Jenny and Mike.



Poseidon under Tow

The net was taken away by the marina staff and we went to look at it and it was huge – there was no way anyone could have cut this away unless it was flat calm. As it was, it took the lifeboat men 20 minutes to do it.

This is only my side to the story and I know there are others but from my perspective I would comment as follows:

It gives me great comfort that having issued a pan pan, a lifeboat was called and Poseidon was taken to Cherbourg.

The French lifeboat was fantastic throughout, especially putting down divers once we arrived in Cherbourg to see if Mike and Jenny could continue their journey. They do, however, charge for non-lifesaving shouts and relieved Poseidon of a hefty amount – they can reclaim this on their insurance, thank heavens.

Cherbourg marina were amazing – they knew that Poseidon was coming in, arranged tows, sorted out the engineer.

My thoughts if we ever have this happen to us again would be:

We all have each other’s radio call signs and length of each others boats in metric!

All radio traffic between the boats is kept to an absolute minimum and if a transmission is necessary, it is kept to the briefest message possible. There were several times when I needed information and there were long, rambling messages going on channel 72 and I had to wait for this to cease, before I could get through.

For me it was a mentally tiring journey, but a very thought provoking and comforting one.

Nina Dunne
Wildest Dream

Photo Competition "Captures" MDL Marinas Through Customer's Eyes

This summer, MDL Marinas ran its first customer photo competition which invited berth holders and visitors to capture the best of their boating experiences at MDL's 19 UK marinas and within the local cruising grounds. Customers competed for the chance to win a top prize and have their photo featured on MDL's all-new stand at this year's PSP Southampton Boat Show. Jon Eads, Managing Director of MDL's Marina Division and internationally-known marine photographer Mike Jones LBIPP presented the overall winner, Mr Peter Hayton from Dorset, with a new waterproof camera, accessories and bottle of bubbly.

"We invited our berth holders and visitors to take photos of our sites so that we could see our marinas through the eyes of our customers. We received some fantastic photos, which were given to Mike Jones to cast his professional eyes over. Peter Hayton's winning photo of 'Queen Anne's Battery at Night' was truly stunning," commented Jon Eads.



Winning Photo - 'Queen Anne's Battery at Night'

Photos entered into the competition included sunset images, tranquil riverside shots, aerial, panoramic and atmospheric landscapes taken at dawn and dusk, as well as stunning views across the marinas. In addition to the overall winner, which was selected by Mike Jones, each marina also awarded a winner for the photo that they felt best represented their site. These individual marina category winners were given tickets to the Show and will receive a subscription to 'Outdoor Photography' magazine.

Peter Hayton, the overall winner and a long-term berth holder from Cobb's Quay Marina, took full advantage of his visitor berthing benefit and entered a selection of photos he had taken of several other MDL marinas. On top of being announced overall winner, he was also the winner of several individual marina categories; Hythe Marina Village, Ocean Village Marina and Torquay Marina. Peter said: "I was gobsmacked when I got a phone call to say I had won. I'd like to say what a brilliant idea it is to get berth holders involved. MDL try very hard to make it a wonderful experience and this is another example of how they work with customers."

Berth holders can look forward to an exciting new competition this year with more categories and more prizes, so make sure to have your camera with you this coming season.

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It's all in a day's sail

Four old boys are out on their yacht and the first old chap says, "It's muggy today" and the second one replied "No it's windy, isn't it?". The third old boy says, "No, it's Thursday!" And the fourth one says, "So am I. Let's have a beer."

Hear....what was that?

A man was telling his neighbour, "I just bought a new hearing aid. It cost me two thousand pounds, but it's state of the art. It's perfect."....."Really," answered the neighbour. "What kind is it?"

"Twelve thirty."

Passport Monsieur

Robert Whiting, an elderly gentleman of 83, arrived in Paris by plane. At French Customs, he took a few minutes to locate his passport in his carry on.

"You have been to France before, monsieur?" the customs officer asked sarcastically.

Mr. Whiting admitted that he had been to France previously.

"Then you should know enough to have your passport ready."

The American said, "The last time I was here, I didn't have to show it."

"Impossible. Americans always have to show your passports on arrival in France!"

The American senior gave the Frenchman a long, hard look. Then he quietly explained, "Well, when I came ashore at Omaha Beach on D-Day in 1944, to help liberate this country, I couldn't find a single Frenchmen to show a passport to."

You could have heard a pin drop.



THE WAVE TO ROZEL

23rd May 2009

What a glorious day...the sun was shining, blue sky, blue water and just a very gentle breeze. It couldn't be a better day to start our holiday. It all started off so well and we were very much looking forward to the trip to the Channel Islands.

We have been taking "Holy Mackerel" (our 32' Bayliner) out to sea a lot, went to Cherbourg, Southampton, the Isle of Wight, etc, but never took her further afield, so it was a new experience for us. We were comfortable in doing such a long journey, because we were in good company with the CQBHA. After having done the briefing in the morning of the 23rd we had to decide in which group of boaters we would like to be in, as our cruising speed lies at around 15-17knots. There were two types of groups: the crawlers doing around 12 knots and the Speedy Gonzales doing 20+knots. We had to make up our mind which group we wanted to be in and decided to go with the crawlers, as 20knots would be pushing Holy Mackerel for too long at the upper limit of her rev counter.

The plan was for the crawlers to have a 1:30hours head start over the others, but that everybody would meet up at around the same time at the Alderney Race which is when the race should have changed in our favour. 3 boats were in our group, "R-Plaice", "Girl Fisher" and us, but when we left we found that Girl Fisher had a 30mins head start to, apparently, go "fishing at the rips". So there we were...just the two of us. Overall it was a pretty smooth journey to the Alderney Race and apart from big tankers crossing our path it was nice, calm and relaxing. Having passed the shipping channel, we eventually arrived at the Alderney Race (still no sign of Girl Fisher) and after having deciphered R-Plaice's scrambled VHF signal, our conjoined paths ended and we set a new course to Guernsey. The Race was definitely in our favour and we had a very smooth run all the way to Guernsey.



Leaving St. Peter Port

We had spent about 3 days in Guernsey, but were eager to meet up with the rest of the berth holders at Jersey. Being a "responsible skipper", I carefully monitored the weather every day and there appeared to be a window of opportunity for us to attempt going to Jersey in the afternoon of the 27th. The wind was expected to die down to force 4 and coming from the southwest, so were the tides, which from a logical perspective (feel free to shout and tell me off!) meant that the sea should have offered a "good" passage.

27th May 2009

In the morning of the 27th I had another look at the weather and the same scenario was confirmed. I checked with the marina at Guernsey who confirmed the same: force 4. The same day we took the bikes around to Guernsey museum and we were stunned by the beauty the island had to offer. The view from top of the hill was just breathtaking and looking down at the Bay of St Peter Port made us feel we should not go or leave Guernsey. Looking back we should have listened to our gut feeling, as we both felt the same. But logic told me, as skipper, that the voyage, which we were about to do, was safe.

Well, how wrong I was! When the tides came in at St Peter Port and we had just enough high water, we left save haven. At first I tapped myself on the shoulder to congratulate myself as in the back of my mind I had some doubts re weather and wind, but thankfully my calculations with respect to the weather, wind and tides were indeed correct...or were they? What I didn't realise was that the winds were coming from the southwest, which meant that for about 20mins we were just embraced by the "good" and sheltered sea conditions of Guernsey and we didn't realise that we were travelling in some kind of shadow, as behind Guernsey (to the west) the sea was at a different state.

*"Being a
"responsible
skipper" I carefully
monitored the
weather every day
and there appeared
to be a window of
opportunity for us
to attempt going to
Jersey "*

Wave to Rozel Continued

After approximately 20mins, we were on good course to Jersey, when everything went horribly wrong. At this stage I wished I hadn't congratulate myself, as we started to experience some pretty strong waves shaking and stirring Holy Mackerel around like an olive in a vodka martini. We could have turned around (and in hindsight we should have!) but, in my defence, one at this stage always thinks (at least I did!) that "it's just a glitch in the matrix and we are just encountering a temporary rough patch, which should improve in a few minutes". This is what I at least told my "starting to get frightened" partner in crime.



Taken at about 30 minutes after
leaving Guernsey

A few minutes passed and the waves have become bigger and stronger. At this stage I started to hate myself and regretted very much not having gone back, as I realised we were half way between Guernsey and Jersey and there was no way back. Had we at this stage gone back, we would have had the pleasure of facing the real unfriendliness of King Neptune, as we would have had to face strong winds powering strong waves. At least we were "propelled", to say the least, by wind and current which made it (I think!) a little more "pleasant". Plan B, to go back, had therefore become obsolete. Unfortunately I did not have a plan C, so we were left with no other alternative than to keep aiming for Jersey.

At this stage everything has become a little bit of a blur. I remember that I tried to stay calm, in order not to additionally scare my very beautiful, but very petrified, Brazilian girlfriend who, so she told me afterwards, also tried to remain calm, in order not to antagonise me to provoke a mistake, which may have caused the boat to tip over in the waves. Three quarters there and what turned out to be a rough sea went even worse. At this stage it felt I had little control over the direction we were going and we were just pushed northeast, despite my best efforts trying to head southeast to St Helier. Somehow I still managed to think with a bit of logic (just!) and knew that if the winds were coming from the southwest and so were the currents, then there is no way we would have gotten to St Helier (at least not with these strong winds). From a logical perspective therefore (so I thought) the closer we could get to the north side of Jersey, the more sheltered it should get.

To this day we do not know whether it was indeed the right decision, as we don't know how the sea conditions were to the south of Jersey. All I know is that the sea to the north was very rough. The waves had become monstrous, lifting Holy Mackerel and us up and throwing us around in any direction it wanted. It felt like we were just a giant football being hit — King Neptune's foot forcing the boat to take a direction we did not want to take. I remember that the acceleration sometimes was just phenomenal, as the boat at times was taken by a wave, which launched us onto the plane doing 10 to 20 knots and beyond in just seconds. Those were nail biting experiences, which I am hardly able to describe, but if someone has ever been in a similar situation, then I am sure you know what I mean, when I refer to "surfing" with a 32' boat. Not sure whether one can even refer to a "perfect wave" in boating terms. All I can say is "don't care; don't wanna know and NEVER wanna do again!"

With every huge wave, my girlfriend started praying. The bigger the waves the louder her prayers became. At one stage, she prayed in all languages she knew! The temperatures were 10degrees (I checked!) so the wind-chill factor must have been worse. Spray frequently went over the bridge in to our faces, but thanks to Ian's offshore jackets and trousers (I'm so glad we invested in them!) we weren't soaked, nor were we cold either. Probably also due to the fact that we were so pumped full with adrenalin, that we just didn't feel pain, low temperatures or anything else anymore. We were just fighting for survival. At one stage Holy Mackerel's anchor and nose completely disappeared into the sea and the props were sucking in air. She was thrown around, up and down, starboard and port, but she wouldn't go down.



Half way between Guernsey & Jersey

*"With every huge wave
my girlfriend started
praying. The bigger the
waves the louder her
prayers became"*



Heavy side seas.... Weather worsening

(and I am not religious!). In a desperate attempt to save us from toppling over, I pushed the throttle up as much as it would go with full steering to starboard, desperately trying to get the boat straight and back with the flow of the wave. The revs whizzed up to the limit and the turbo was screaming for its life. It felt like a music concerto of who could play the loudest instrument: the turbo screaming its guts out, my girlfriend praying for our lives and the waves and the wind trying to be composers and organisers of a music festival. It felt like this wave was endless, but then when I thought it was almost over, Holy Mackerel lifted herself back up and into the wave, like phoenix from the ashes. And then it all stopped... It was the last wave that hit us. Not knowing, the wave we were so desperately trying to fight, actually pushed us into a sheltered bay. It was the Bay of Rozel.

At this stage my other half was crying and begged me not to continue. I had no intention to continue anymore, as I too, had reached the end of my strength and capabilities. It was a wonderful feeling finally being able to have full control again of your own boat and being able to dictate in which direction I wanted her to go. As we just couldn't continue anymore, we were looking for a safe place to stop. We drove around the breakwater wall desperately trying to look for shelter. We saw some people angling from the end of the wall. For some reason I thought to myself: how stupid – why would anybody go out in this hellish weather to fish. I guess they probably thought the same about us going out on a suicide mission!

We slowly came around the breakwater wall and there he was. A man gracefully walking towards the end of the wall, continually looking at us as if he knew something was not quite right. Or he probably thought the same as the fisherman people did, but there you go! Anyway, I didn't know what else to do so I shouted across: "Is there a harbour master around?!" to which he replied "No". What is it we wanted he asked to which I replied "blablabla help blablabla help". I honestly cannot remember what I asked, but it all evolved from there. He asked us to come alongside the wall where a rubber ladder was. Somehow, I managed to turn the boat around 180degrees perfectly and put her starboard side to the wall and ladder. Now, I still today have difficulties getting into those narrow berths at Cobbs Quay, in particular on a windy day, but for some reason, on a stormy day, it happened to be a piece of cake. We tied the boat with ropes to the wall and my girlfriend was first to leave the boat. I finally knew we were safe.

After the boat was berthed Ken, the gentleman who gracefully walked down the pier, informed us he would need to go home quickly to report back to his wife. He said he would be back in 15mins to assist us further. When he left, one of the scruffy looking fishermen approached us. Clearly, judging by his appearance and by the lack of teeth, one is probably safe to assume that he is not well off and that he was probably even fishing for his dinner. Clearly someone who had very little. I need to confess I was not in the mood for a conversation and to explain what had happened to us. My adrenalin was wearing off and as a result I had the shakes. However, when he approached us and opened his toothless mouth his words were surprisingly calming and without asking any questions or wanting anything in return, he simply offered us some coffee from his thermos can and half a bar of chocolate.

"The fridge door must have opened at one stage during the voyage and all of its content was now nicely displayed throughout the boat"



Trying to ride the waves

Wave to Rozel Continued

*"Ken and I jumped
into the dingy,
paddled around the
breakwater wall and
there was our poor,
lonely, cold, wet, dirty
and abandoned
"ship"*

We were quite clearly taken by this generosity but kindly declined. We could not eat or drink as we were still shaken and stirred. However, his gesture was something which even now makes me think about the world we're living in.

I decided to go back to the boat to pack some bags, as we wanted to find a B&B. I opened the door and I couldn't believe my eyes. There was food, such as salad and cucumbers, all over the carpets. The fridge door must have opened at one stage during the voyage and all of its content was now nicely displayed throughout the boat. In addition, all safely stowed away items had become mobile during the voyage and equally were distributed throughout the cabin. To make things worse, we had two wooden pots, each filled with coffee and sugar. They too had become loose and cultivated the carpets. The worst, however, was the fact that we took in lots of water. Somehow, somewhere water came in and it wasn't a little water. Our bed was soaked, including the pillow and duvet. The second bed under the lounge was a swimming pool and the carpets...well...just try and picture a pot of coffee, mixed with a pot of sugar, mixed with Guernsey/Jersey sea water. Do I need to say more? It was a disaster and we were shocked. Maybe at this stage I finally realized how irresponsible it was for me to put in danger the life of the person most important to me. While writing these lines, remembering the boat, the state of carpets and thinking about what could have happened to my girlfriend, makes me sick and if something had happened to her, I probably would have never forgiven myself...

But there he was again...Ken our saviour...he said that he had a proposition for us. He went home and talked to his wife Carol and they agreed for us to stay at their place if we wanted. We looked around and we couldn't really identify any B&B from where we were and looking at state of the boat there was no way we could have stayed either. Janice and I looked at each other and we gratefully accepted.

Everything went pretty fast from here. Ken had everything sorted out and took over control and the decision making process. He owned a buoy out at sea and suggested Holy Mackerel stay at sea, as the Bay of Rozel completely dries out at low tide. We just agreed...I think we would have agreed to everything he said. We packed our stuff (whatever was still dry!), Ken jumped on board, Janice jumped on land, guarding the very little items we had left and I started up Holy Mackerel's engine once again. We went out to sea, attached Holy Mackerel to Ken's buoy, jumped into the dingy and went back to shore. Ken did all the paddling, while I was a passenger this time and put my life in someone else's hands. I remember I



Holy Mackerel back out at sea!

looked back to Holy Mackerel and I started to feel a bit emotional. (I know it sounds crazy but I did!). I really did not want to leave her there on her own, back out at sea. Not after what she'd been through...not after she carried our lives through a force 7!

Ken told me that he had a brief conversation with his mate Andy who is a life boatman. (In fact Andy went up to Poole Harbour to pick up a brand new lifeboat for Jersey). Andy was very surprised by us having made the decision to cross the seas from Guernsey to Jersey and confirmed to Ken it was a force 7. I was almost sick...how could this have happened? How could the weather have changed so quickly from force 4 to force 7? How was it possible that all the sources I had tapped into, confirming it was force 4, were wrong?

Back at shore, Ken drove us back to his place and we were greeted by his wonderful and very kind wife, Carol. She took us in with open arms, made us dinner, cared for us and almost tucked us in to bed. It was just wonderful and after what I'd put us through, this was exactly what Janice needed. I think people can understand when I say that, despite me having been exhausted, I still could not sleep and was awake most of the night. I had so many guilt trips and secretly I had a tear in my eye.

We spent two wonderful days with Ken and Carol and made two truly wonderful friends. We did not want to leave anymore and just stay with them longer, but unfortunately time goes so quickly, when you're enjoying yourself and the day had come to go our separate way

*“If the boat had
toppled over we
would have been
alone with no life
raft!”*

again. The day of departure was very sad and all of us felt not quite right...it was as if we were meant to meet Ken and Carol. In fact, Ken told me that the day we arrived at Rozel, he was not meant to go down to the bay. When he left home to procure something (which I cannot remember what) his wife Carol apparently said: "You're not going down to Rozel are you?" Ken owns one of the boats at Rozel and checks up on her from time to time...so, on that day Ken confirmed to his wife that he would not go down to Rozel and would be back home very soon. He told me that something dragged him down to Rozel and he just had to go...Fate?

The time had come and we just had to go. We felt like two young birds flying away from our parents nest. Ken drove me down to Rozel, while Janice was driving to Gorey with Carol, to get some food for the voyage. Ken and I jumped into the dinghy, paddled around the break-water wall and there was our poor, lonely, cold, wet, dirty and abandoned "ship". We climbed onboard, started her engine, detached the ropes from the buoy, went back to Rozel for a quick Hoover and cosmetic clean up and then drove to Gorey, to fill her up with diesel where Janice and Carol were waiting.



**Carol, Janice, Ken, Herb and of course
Holy Mackerel at Gorey**

We filled up Holy Mackerel, had our last coffee and breakfast with Ken and Carol, took some pictures and said farewell. What a sad moment, which we'll never forget. It is difficult to explain why we felt so sad and why we did not want to leave, but we basically left behind our saviours, Samaritans, good friends and simply a couple hearts of gold.

As I did not want to put Janice through any rough waters again we agreed with CQBHA to meet up with them, when they came around the east side of Jersey and follow them home. In fact, we agreed to follow the biggest (or fattest!) boat in the fleet, "Girl Fisher". We departed from Gorey and headed towards the open sea and to the point we agreed to meet up. It took us some time to catch up with them and unfortunately became a bit bumpy on the way, which was however nothing compared to what we'd been through, but it was still enough to make Janice get flashbacks. As she fell down from a horse and she needed to get on it again slowly, so the slightly bumpy ride did not help us. Nevertheless, when we caught up with Girl Fisher and R-Plaice, it became smoother again — Reason being was that Girl Fisher is more like a destroyer, smashing all waves in her path. It was like running behind a huge rugby player, breaking through and destroying all defence. R'Plaice and Holy Mackerel tucked in nicely behind his wake and we followed him all the way to the Alderney Race, where we met up with the rest of the berth holders including Andy Bongo and Roger.

The journey back after the Alderney race was just perfect. Once we had passed the rough waters, the rest of the journey was pretty smooth and we decided to leave our rugby player and follow the rest of the boaters back home. It was interesting, as on the way to Guernsey I did not want to exceed 15knots, as I did not want to put Holy Mackerel through too much stress i.e. cruising at the upper limit. But after what we've been through, after we were surfing with a 32' boat, after we almost toppled over and looked down into King Neptune's throat, I knew what our little boat was capable of and we decided to exceed the 15 knots and boy did she like it! We comfortably followed everybody back home and it was a beautiful, relaxing, eventless voyage home.

When Roger asked me to write a few lines about our experience I wasn't too keen, as I am not a writer or story teller, but having carefully thought about it, it occurred to me that there were too many lessons to be learned, which I thought could be beneficial to others. It is therefore our hope that people reading this do not go through the same ordeal as we had to go through.



Travelling behind Girlfisher and R-Plaice

Wave to Rozel

Continued

"We were alone in what had become a very dangerous environment. Force 7! Although all systems on Holy Mackerel were still running, if

Lessons Learnt

Lesson 1: Despite my best efforts to minimise the risk for the journey from Guernsey to Jersey, I clearly failed miserably and I have endangered the life of the person most important to me. Still today I have many guilt trips and many flash backs, in particular when writing the above. It all showed me, yet again, how irresponsible I was and that I should have never put us into such a dangerous situation. The lesson I clearly learned was to listen more to my gut feeling and if there is even the slightest risk involved, then next time I will decide to stay nicely tucked into a warm and dry berth. Sometimes the slightest risk can suddenly develop into a life threatening situation, which at the end of the day is just not worth taking.

Lesson 2: We had no life raft on board. In my defence we were supposed to travel with other boaters, but we had to amend our plans, slightly meaning that on some journeys we were travelling alone. As it happened we ended up in force 7 ALONE! If the boat had toppled over we would have been alone with no life raft! On our next journey, whether we travel alone or with other boaters, we will organise a life raft.

Lesson 3: We were fully equipped with offshore flares/rockets etc. BUT these were nicely tucked away downstairs in the cabin. What use are they when we topple over? These should be close to you and in our case should have been on the fly bridge.

Lesson 4: Holy Mackerel is a 32' boat and we have always been taking her out in calm waters. I have therefore never attached the killcord to my life vest. ...I started to become of the opinion that killcords are really only beneficial for RIBS and not for a 32' flybridge. How wrong I was...had the boat toppled over or tipped to a degree where we would have fallen overboard, the engine would have continued running and I leave it to your imagination what could have happened then.

Lesson 5: We were alone in what had become a very dangerous environment. Force 7! Although all systems on Holy Mackerel were still running, if something had gone wrong, then it would have been too late to call out the coastguard. Having spoken to Ken, who has been working with the coastguard, he confirmed that they would have been more than happy to come out, even if it was just to escort us back to safety. Sod insurances and fears of calling them out! Fact is that our lives were in danger and had we toppled over, we would have no longer been in a position to call them out. The coastguard is there to protect your life, whether you're in the water or "not quite yet"!

Lesson 6: I immediately prejudged the toothless fisherman by his appearances. Therefore, don't prejudge people by their appearances, as some of them have a heart of gold.

Final lesson: The biggest lesson we have learned however, was that there is still hope for the world. I don't think I need to point out what we are doing to our planet and other human beings...we watch the 6 o'clock news and it is enough to make one very depressed. However, when Ken and Carol can help two complete strangers, take them into their home and care for them for two days, offer them food, drinks and shelter and when a very poor, toothless person, trying to fish for food, offers us the very little he has i.e. coffee and half a chocolate bar, then yes, there still is hope for us as a human race. These Samaritans should receive the highest medal of honour and be an example to the rest of the world.

Herb Lindlahr.

Good Advice

The correct way to treat a good wine...
Open the bottle to allow it to breathe.
If it does not look like it's breathing,
give it mouth-to-mouth resuscitation.



VESSEL CATEGORIES

Over the past year or so, a number of members have asked me what the 'Vessel Category' part on the CQBHA booking form means. I was, I think, able to give a plausible and generally accurate answer, but never felt that I knew as much as I should, so during a quieter moment i.e. not much work available, I thought I would try to find out a bit more.





The British Marine Federation were most helpful and sent me a whole raft of paperwork, which was most enlightening. Having gone through most of the 'bump', the following seems to encapsulate all that we need to know.

DESIGN CATEGORIES

<u>Craft are assigned to one or occasionally two design categories as follows:</u>	<u>Significant wave height</u>	<u>Wind forces</u>
A - OCEAN	exceeding 4m	exceeding 8
B - OFFSHORE	up to & including 4m	up to & including 8
C - INSHORE	up to & including 2m	up to & including 6
D - SHELTERED WATERS	up to & including 0.3m	up to & including 4

(Significant wave height means the average height of the highest 1/3rd of the waves over a given period; waves of double this height may occasionally be experienced.)

- A. OCEAN:** Designed for extended voyages, where conditions may exceed wind force 8 (Beaufort scale) and significant wave heights of 4m and above but excluding abnormal conditions. Vessels are largely self-sufficient.
- B. OFFSHORE:** Designed for offshore voyages, where conditions up to and including wind force 8 and significant wave heights up to and including 4m may be experienced.
- C. INSHORE:** Designed for voyages in coastal waters, large bays, estuaries, lakes and rivers, where conditions up to and including wind force 6 and significant wave heights up to and including 2m may be experienced.
- D. SHELTERED WATERS:** Designed for voyages on sheltered coastal waters, small bays, small lakes, rivers and canals, where conditions up to and including wind force 4 and significant wave heights up to and including 0.3m may be experienced, with occasional waves of 0.5m maximum height, for example from passing vessels.

Ocean Motor Yachts		
ABC Yachts		
Category	B	1235
Max	 = 8	
Max	 +  = 1450 kg	
ABC Yachts tel: 01234 0567890		

".....but never felt that I knew as much as I should, so during a quieter moment i.e. not much work available, I thought I would try to find out a bit more"

Vessel Categories Continued

“There is a genuine need to know which category your boat complies with. It's not just because there is a question on the booking form...”

Craft in each category must be designed and constructed to withstand these parameters in respect of stability, buoyancy, and to have good handling characteristics.

It is up to the “Responsible Person” to decide which Design Category is appropriate for the craft in question. Some of the Essential Requirements specify different criteria for different Design Categories, but many of them don't. An over cautious decision may leave the boat-builder down grading the product against the competition, while an optimistic rating may result in the craft being challenged by a market surveillance body, such as in the UK Trading Standards Officers.

Now that you know as much as I do, all you need to know is what category your boat manufacturer decided upon for your model of boat. If you don't know it, a quick call to the brand dealer should resolve the matter, otherwise it's not too difficult to contact the manufacturer themselves to answer the question.

There is a genuine need to know which category your boat complies with. It's not just because there is a question on the booking form, it's because if you go cruising in places or weather conditions that your boat is not designed to deal with, then insurance companies have a 'get out' should problems arise.

It is possible to upgrade your insurance for say a Cat 'C' boat to do a Channel crossing, but you need to inform the insurance company and some, if not all, will cover you for a relatively small additional premium.

So please ensure you complete this section of the booking form, as unless you do so you will not be eligible to join a cruise, as we too have insurance implications in taking unsuitable boats on our cruises.

If you want a full copy of the relevant section (5) of the European Recreational Crafts Directives, as published in the British Marine Federation 'Guide for Boat-builders', feel free to mail me at rally@cqbha.org and I will endeavour to get a copy to you.

Roger Squires

DON'T ARGUE WITH NAUTICAL CHILDREN

A little girl was talking to her teacher about whales.

The teacher said it was physically impossible for a whale to swallow a human because even though it was a very large mammal, its throat was very small.

The little girl stated that Jonah was swallowed by a whale.

Irritated, the teacher reiterated that a whale could not swallow a human; it was physically impossible.

The little girl said, 'When I get to heaven I will ask Jonah'.

The teacher asked, 'What if Jonah went to hell?'

The little girl replied, 'Then you ask him'.



NIGHT, NIGHT SAILOR

By the time a Marine pulled into a little town, every hotel room was taken.

"You've got to have a room somewhere," he pleaded. "Or just a bed, I don't care where."

"Well, I do have a double room with one occupant, a Navy guy," admitted the manager, "and he might be glad to split the cost. But to tell you the truth, he snores so loudly that people in adjoining rooms have complained in the past. I'm not sure it'd be worth it to you."

"No problem," the tired Marine assured him. "I'll take it."

The next morning the Marine came down to breakfast, bright-eyed and bushy-tailed. "How'd you sleep?" asked the manager.

"Never better."

The manager was impressed. "No problem with the other guy snoring, then?"

"Nope, I shut him up in no time," said the Marine.

"How'd you manage that?" asked the manager.

"He was already in bed, snoring away, when I came in the room" the Marine explained. "I went over, gave him a kiss on the cheek, said, 'Goodnight, beautiful,' and he sat up all night keeping an eye on me."

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By **Carol Turner****BOOK REVIEW*****THE PIRATE'S DAUGHTER***

By Margaret Cezair-Thompson

Headline Review 2007

After 'volunteering' to write a book review for the 2010 Horizons Magazine, an article on 'holiday reads' in the Daily Mail caught my attention. Three titles were recommended for 'cruising reading' and I managed to find this one in a second hand bookshop. The cover illustration showed a schooner – and with its title – I felt there must be a nautical connection somewhere....

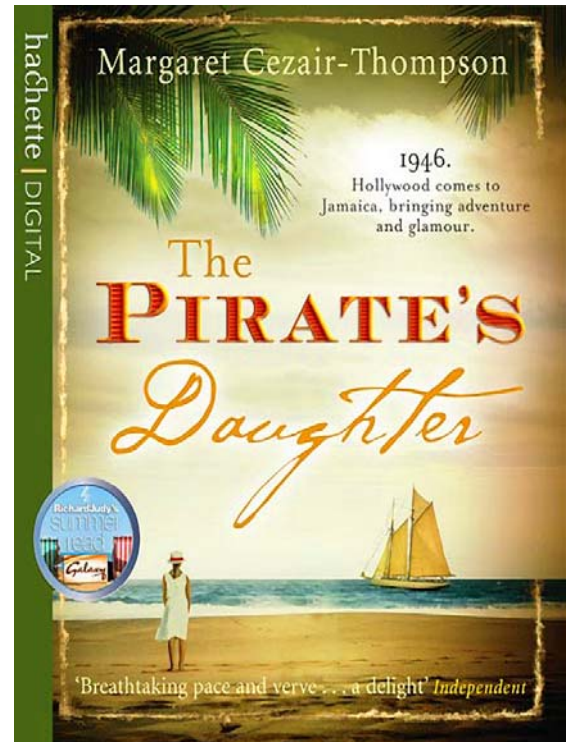
"Ida's grandmother Oni is a Maroon – a descendent of the African runaway slaves, who lives in the Blue Mountains"

The fictional story is woven around a few facts. In 1946, Errol Flynn, regarded by many as the 'World's Handsomest Man' is almost 40 and the star of 20 films. He also has 2 failed marriages behind him as well as 3 children that he never sees. After being acquitted of statutory rape, he sets sail on his schooner Zaca, travelling through the Panama Canal bound for Haiti. En route, a hurricane blows him ashore in Jamaica. He falls in love with the country and eventually buys Navy Island – a 10 minute taxi boat ride from the harbour town of Port Antonio – and builds a home there called 'Bella Vista'.

We learn some of the history of Navy Island. The otaheite apple trees were planted by Captain Bligh from the Bounty. In earlier times, it had been used as a hideout by cattle stealers – called boucaniers. The cattle stealers roasted the meat on a grid of sticks called a boucan – then sold the meat to passing pirates. Some of the cattle stealers joined the pirates and soon all sea robbers were known as boucaniers or buccaneers.

In 1946, Ida is 13, living in Port Antonio with her white Lebanese father, Eli and her black Jamaican mother, Esme. Ida's grandmother Oni is a Maroon – a descendent of the African runaway slaves, who lives in the Blue Mountains and is regarded as a bush doctor and obeah woman. Ida herself is fair skinned but speaks in the local patois. Eli Joseph runs a small taxi business as well as being a Justice of the Peace. He is well respected within the community, drinks rum and plays dominoes with the locals. Eli's friend and drinking companion is Father Reynold – the local priest. The banana trade dominates the town's economy. The United Fruit Company ships bring in wealthy American visitors and return with their cargo of bananas.

Through her father, Ida gets to meet Errol and over the next few years a friendship develops. Ida's teenage crush matures but her hopes seem dashed when Flynn returns to Navy Island with a new wife. However it doesn't take long before Errol is back to his old tricks and he seduces Ida. When she subsequently has a daughter May at the age of 16, Errol vanishes from her life. Both Ida & May suffer prejudice because of their mixed race and illegitimacy.



After Esme dies, Eli's health deteriorates and his business ventures fail, so Ida is forced to look for work. She tries a succession of jobs in Jamaica, but nothing lasts. Eventually she is forced to seek work in America, staying with an Aunt in New York. She leaves behind her daughter and father in lodgings in the care of a neighbour. Oni predicts that Ida will return with diamonds and a silk frock..... Ida returns to Jamaica some 4 years later and tries to resume her relationship with May and Eli.

May meets her father only once but spends many years on Navy Island, where she has a privileged life. By the age of sixteen, she plans to study in Switzerland and then return to Jamaica as a swimming coach. Struggling to develop meaningful relationships, May becomes involved with an older married man, suffers depression and experiments with drink and drugs.....

The story offers an insight into different cultures and lifestyles – Oni in the mountains, Eli and his family in the town, the wealthy American visitors and the celebrities on Navy Island. It spans three decades up till 1976 and is woven around the politics of the time. When Castro's army takes over Cuba, refugees flood into Port Antonio. The Cuban Sierra Maestro is sometimes visible with binoculars from Bella Vista – so May is curious when the US Navy invades Cuba. When May is 12, Jamaica is about to gain independence from Great Britain. The locals are divided as to whether 'brown man's rule' (light skinned prosperous Jamaicans) will be any better than 'white man's rule'. The Maroons are unhappy, the Rastafarians are unhappy....

Violence erupts in Kingston between supporters of the Manley PNP and the Seaga JLP political parties. There are food shortages and eventually a State of Emergency is declared. Amid the political turmoil Ida discovers she is bankrupt once more and violence finally reaches Navy Island....

An enjoyable, easy read and yes - an ideal choice for CQBHA cruising. It is also guaranteed to revive memories of the Caribbean, for anyone who has been there....

ISBN 978-0-7553-4359-1

*"Ida's teenage crush
matures, but her hopes
seem dashed when
Flynn returns to Navy
Island with a new wife"*

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THEFT OR NO THEFT THAT WAS THE PROBLEM

After owning a small day boat, a Driver family 15, we finally made it to the big boats. Yes we had arrived, after years of looking with cow eyes we were there with a Fairline Sprint — at 21 feet in length, this was like driving the Titanic.

With the boat tested, surveyed and awaiting our instructions for launch from the hard we needed a mooring. We once again returned to where, for 2 years, we had kept our day boat, before trailering here. Cobbs Quay at Poole had new pontoons and it was a case of picking a vacant berth, (how things have changed) and we did. The people around us were very helpful, with a small family we were very much green horns. I did all the courses, resisted taking the family on trips until I had practiced with Dad, my wife and without the children. The last thing I needed was that extra pressure. After a few trips, meeting and receiving help from others, as well as helping them, our big weekend had arrived — we were off to Ocean Village. Bridge times, selected food, bedding, pushchair, kitchen sink, baby bag and all the other items small children need — we were ready. Cover off, a sunny day, full of fuel, water and talking to others of our planned epic voyage — our time approached. With an hour till push off, the pontoons were a hive of activity. People were talking about having had gear stolen. The elders of the pontoon explained that every year, near the boat jumbles, items always went missing and this year was no exception. One person even had his props stolen by divers.

With departure time approaching, we prepared to leave, my departing routine now well established. The bridge waits for no man or boat, so we left or shall I say tried to leave with everyone. As one of the best days that year, the 10.30 bridge lift had left the marina deserted and I was happy to be at the back of the queue. With lines slipped, I hopped on board, reversed as usual to leave the berth. We rested gently against our next door neighbours, then went 3 ft sideways — not back at all. With panic setting in, I got a line over to the cleat, pulled ourselves back along side and tried again. No crowd thank goodness, but we did the same again. Panic — they had stolen my beloved propellers as well!!! How could they? We had only been here a month. Disbelief at what had happened, we tied up the boat. The marina bare, no one in sight, the children being children, the silent treatment from the wife — I was seething. We made the best of the day. I rang my father to tell him the news. The older couple on the marina found it incredible — what bad luck. My wife and children went off exploring around the marina — I sat bewildered. My Dad arrived and we went over the problem, over a cold beer. A couple of hours later he had a brain wave — lift the leg and see what was what, which we did. Yes, you guessed-it, both props were there. Was I red faced or what? I was distraught, what was wrong? Nothing — was the result. I had failed to take off the other bow line before leaving — **the one I did not have**. Well, my Dad had seen other boats with two bow lines and had put one on the other side. If it was good enough for them, it was good enough for us. To this day it's not my fault. Many in the marina have now since gone. I brushed the incident over in the weeks following, as just one of those boating things. We still chuckle about it now, when we see others struggling. Needless to say our routine on our bigger boat always removes this shore line first.

An Anonymous Fireman from the early days at Cobb's Quay

*“.....items always
went missing and this
year was no exception.
One person had even
had his props stolen by
divers“*



Full Marks for Innovation

This unique engine system was seen and photographed in Cobb's Quay in 2009. One has to wonder at the minds of some people when an engine problem occurs. This one had me totally baffled. How do you start the outboard without falling in, and how many people take a ladder to sea with them? I wondered if the skipper was a Fireman or Window Cleaner?.....**Ed**

Carteret—Jersey

By Sue Burley



Day 1

The plan was – Fisher Girl (the Mother ship), R Plaice & Holy Mackerel leaving on the 10.30 bridge lift, the remaining 7 of us were to follow on the 12 o'clock. Holy Mackerel was heading straight for Guernsey, as Janice unfortunately didn't have a passport. The Mother ship was going to do a bit of fishing on the way for what we all hoped would be our supper on day 2 (more on the fish later!). The remaining 7 boats were hoping to catch up with R Plaice around the bottom of the Alderney Race.



Leaving Poole for Carteret

Unfortunately when fuelling up prior to leaving, White Magic discovered she had a problem with the port engine, which had stuck in reverse. She was accompanied back to her berth by the Cobbs rib. Neil and Sandra hoped to be able to join us in a day or two once the problem was fixed – sadly that was not to be. So that left six boats crossing the channel as a group. We all gathered at the Fairway buoy and were off - Silver, Out of the Blue, Racing Days, Bongo (AKA Andy Bongo), Ciro and Clearwater (AKA Dad). Andy Bongo took the lead with Dad at the back. As we headed out, the water smoothed and we settled into 2

groups; Andy Bongo, Racing Days and Silver up front, with Ciro, Out of the Blue and Dad behind.

At the half way channel point Andy Bongo announced a stop was in order; this gave the 3 lead boats time to break open the sandwiches, pay a visit to the heads and allow a group of container vessels to pass across us, meaning no decision was required as to whether we passed them ahead or astern; this also allowed the following 3 boats to catch up and pass to the front. There was just one moment of concern, when Silver announced the need to stop and check whether she had picked up a net or a pot line, due to a momentary loss of power; thankfully it turned out she had passed through a large section of weed.

We arrived at the race with perfect timing and had a smooth passage through; we picked up R Plaice about ½ hr out of Carteret and after passing her, Carteret entrance was soon in sight. Ciro took the lead on the passage in; with us, all except the Mother ship, crossing the bar and then the sill into the marina. After being shown to our berths, there was just time for a quick wash and brush up, before meeting in the yacht club for a well deserved BBQ of Pork Chops, French Sausages, Tomato and Potato Salad and the usual French Bread – followed by a delicious Camembert with more French Bread! The meal was rounded off with a French Patisserie Tart. The Mother ship didn't make port until the mains had been polished off! We all waited eagerly to be told what the catch of the day had been?? Well, the answer turned out to be now't !!!!! We were all going to have to find our own supper on day 2!

Another disappointment was soon announced, Ciro had discovered a fuel leak from one of her 2 fuel tanks, meaning the she needed to return to Poole on the first tide the following day.

We all turned in, feeling generally pleased with ourselves for what had been a good crossing, but feeling disappointed that Ciro had to return home the following day.

Day 2.

Ciro departed. We all did our own thing; either walking the beaches, taking in the scenery or just trying out the local cafes, bars and hostelryes.

Dad had a report from Ciro; they'd made the crossing back to Poole – JUST! They'd suffered further problems on the journey back, having lost oil pressure in the engine that wasn't reliant on fuel from the leaking fuel tank and had to limp home. Thankfully they made it into their berth and the oil pressure problem has now been resolved. They now have the unenviable task of removing the leaking fuel tank, without removing the engines! We all wish Pete and Libby GOOD LUCK!

Dad gave us more bad news later that evening; we would have to leave Carteret for Jersey the following morning on the first high tide – not as planned on day 4 This was due to work starting later that day on the Marina sill and if we didn't leave, we would be holed up there until the end of the week! That evening Dad was presented with the Carteret yacht club burgee and in return gave the club secretary a CQBHA baseball cap.



Robert in Carteret

Carteret—Jersey continued

Day 3

Dad woke us up with a kindly knock – sadly, no cup of tea though! By 8 am the faster boats were underway, the Mother ship and R Plaipe having gone on ½ hr before. Visibility was poor to start with, but the sea state was reasonable. We settled in behind Andy Bongo and headed for St Helier. Just before the mid way point Andy Bongo spotted a group of dolphins feeding. We all took a wide berth and they continued with their feeding frenzy, showing no interest in us at all. We turned our attention back to catching up with the Mother ship and R Plaipe and they were soon in sight & passed.

We entered St Helier around 9.30am and after most boats had refuelled, we were shown to our berths and the smell of bacon was soon wafting across the pontoons! The rest of the day was spent exploring the streets of Jersey and of course the hostellers!

Day 4

Everyone spent the day as they wished and gathered on Dad's boat that evening, to catch up on what we'd all been up to. With strong North Easterlies coming in after Thursday and with no sign of it clearing in time for the return trip home on Sunday, a decision was made – we would head home on the first high tide Thursday morning.

Day 5

The Mother ship crew organised a mini bus for those who wished to have a trip round the island. Others spent the day, as they wanted. Holy Mackerel had attempted to join up with us in St Helier on day 4, from their berth in Guernsey; but because of the strong winds, had had to settle for a bolthole in Rozel on a drying out berth. Locals kindly took them in and offered a bed for the night; meaning they had a good night's sleep on the flat! They showed even more kindness by bringing Herb and Janice round by road to see us all that evening! Most of us turned in early, ready for the journey back to Poole the following day.



Bears at the Zoo

Day 6

The Mother ship & R Plaipe head off at around 9.30 and were going to meet up with Holy Mackerel, then head out to meet up with the rest of us around the Alderney Race. The rest of us set off at 10.30. Andy Bongo took the lead with Silver, Racing Days, Dad & Out of the Blue following. There was quite a swell as we headed off, but we soon settled at around 20 knots. Between Carteret and Dielette the sea became rougher and we slowed to 10knots for a while.

As we approached Alderney we sighted the Mother ship, R Plaipe and Holy Mackerel on our port side and Brittany Ferries approaching behind on our starboard side. A short comfort break was agreed, before setting off again with Holy Mackerel joining the main group. Soon a formation, the Red Arrows would have been proud of, was heading north across the channel! Another short spell at 10 knots was required and then it was back to formation cruising and soon after the Dorset coast came into view.

As we neared port, Andy Bongo and Holy Mackerel picked up speed and just made the 4.30 bridge. Out of the Blue followed them in, as she is able to pass under the bridge. The slower boats – Silver, Racing Days and Dad spent some time in Studland having a brew and made the 6.30 bridge.

We gathered that evening at the "Wok & Spice" on Poole Quay to celebrate Clive's birthday and catch up on the gossip regarding the crossing. It was then time to say "GOOD BYE" to friends – old and new - and return to our boats to fall happily into bed, to dream of adventures past, those missed out on, and those to be undertaken in the future.



**Sue Burley.
RACING DAYS.**

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LADIES TRAINING DAY

I have to say I was not really looking forward to the training day, because I suppose that I did not want to take the excitement and enjoyment away from Steve. Naivasha is the first love of his life, I come second!!! So when he arranged for me to take part on the Ladies Training Day, I was not thrilled.

I suppose it is easier for me to sit back and let Steve take control. Also I suppose that I have a fear of the sea. So unpredictable is the water and since a young child I have a fear of drowning.

So the day came and because Steve was so excited (to the extent that he was going to stalk me on the Girl Fisher!!), I went.

It was a bright sunny day, no wind and there was a great bunch of girls attending too.

Gill and Clive were welcoming and Fran was really nice.

We set off and Fran took us through some facts, which I am surprised really, that I knew. Steve, being the man he is, was always explaining things to me on the water and I never really took it in, but suddenly things were making sense. It was beginning to be interesting so I felt much better.



We went just out of Poole Harbour and the water was so flat. Fran continued to explain various signs and instructions for us to remember and she was testing us all the time — it gave us all confidence. Then came the Man Over Board manoeuvre. That was just so much fun and scary too... you never realise that this saves lives, so everyone should learn the Williamson manoeuvre.

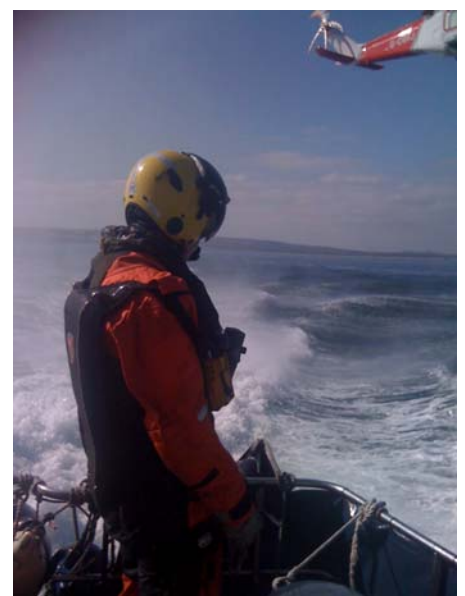
Shortly after we had the coastguard dropping in, literally, and that was so interesting to see what these guys are trained to do and the risks they take. Amazing !!!!

So after a lot more tests and loads of questions from all of us, I, for one, learnt so much.

The day was so much fun, so educational, and the girls were fantastic. I would like to thank Gill, Clive, Fran and Peter for their hospitality and knowledge. Their commitment to offering this is fantastic and these training days should be offered to all those women who lack confidence in driving their own boat.

Ladies Training Day enabled me to take Naivasha from Poole to the Isle of Wight the following day and gave me the confidence I needed to control the boat (to a point) and to use the throttles for both engines !!!

Susi
Naivasha



A sailor drowned in a bowl of muesli.
A strong currant pulled him in..

A late Tommy Cooper Joke

Spot the Difference

Between the two Pendennis Dry Dock photos

Pete Hayton has made twenty subtle and not so subtle changes to the bottom photograph, taken on the CQBHA trip to Falmouth in 2008. You might need very good eyesight in places



FOOD FOR BOATING

A Quick Summer Fruit Flan

A Jennie Brine Tasty



With Cream or Ice Cream

Ingredients

- 1 Jelly
- 1 Flan case (sponge, pastry or meringue)
- 1 Bag of frozen fruit



Or just on it's own

Make the jelly with ½ pint of boiling water. Add to the jelly enough frozen fruit (do not thaw) to make the jelly up to 1 pint.

Leave for about 1 minute or until the mixture starts to thicken, then pour into flan case and serve with cream or ice cream.

“Perfect after a hot summer’s day”

If you’ve got a recipe that you think the boating fraternity would enjoy that’s easy to prepare and make, or some cooking tips for boaters then please e-mail the editor and we’ll publish it in our next issue.
editor@cqbha.co.uk

Smoked Mackerel & Potato Salad

An Anne Hayton Tasty



Ingredients

- | | |
|--------------------------------|--|
| 450 grms/1lb of baby potatoes | 350 grms/12oz of smoked mackerel fillets |
| 4 celery stalks finely chopped | 8 cherry tomatoes cut in half |
| 1 little gem lettuce shredded | 150 ml/¼ pint of crème fraiche |
| ½ tsp of dry mustard powder | 1 large egg yolk |
| 150ml/¼ pint of sunflower oil | 1-2 tbsp of lemon juice |
| 25grms/1 oz of butter | 3 tbsp of creamed horseradish |
| salt & black pepper | |

Mix the mustard powder, egg yolk, salt and pepper with a whisk until blended. Add the sunflower oil drop by drop to the mixture while whisking continuously. Leave to thicken. Add the lemon juice drop by drop until a smooth, glossy consistency is achieved and put the mayonnaise to one side.

Cook the baby potatoes in salt water until tender, Cut into halves or quarters when slightly cooled, return to the saucepan and toss in the butter.

Skin the mackerel fillets and flake into pieces and add to the sliced potatoes, in the saucepan, along with the celery.

Mix 4 tablespoons of the mayonnaise mix with the crème fraiche and horseradish. Season with salt & pepper to required taste and then add to the potato and mackerel mixture, stir lightly.

Arrange a bed of lettuce and tomatoes onto 4 serving plates and place your helpings of the smoked mackerel mixture on top of the lettuce. Finish with a little freshly ground black pepper and serve with the remaining mayonnaise mix.

EVENTS 2010

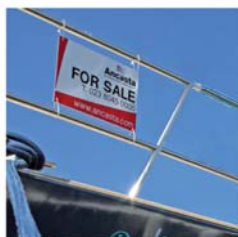
Date	Event	Venue	Time	Team Leader
Jan 23rd	Poole Harbour Control	PHC New Quay Road, Poole	14.00	Mike Brine
March 13th	Poole Harbour Control	PHC New Quay Road, Poole	10.00	Kevin Butler
March 27 th	AGM	The Boathouse	10.30	Jon Saunders
April 2 nd – 5th	Easter Shake Down	Ocean Village Marina	TBA	Roger Squires
April 3 rd (Easter)	Poole Harbour Control	PHC New Quay Road, Poole	10.00	Mike Brine
April 10th	Boat Jumble & Show	Cobb's Quay Marina	10.00	Mike Brine
May 1 st – 3rd	Island Harbour Cruise	Island Harbour Marina IOW	TBA	Roger Squires
May 15 th - 16 th	New Members Cruise	Port Hamble Marina	TBA	Andy Woodhouse
May 30th	No Hook, No Net Crab Fishing Competition	Cobb's Quay Marina	10.00-14.00	Dave Wilson
May 29 th - 6 th Jun	Normandy Knees-up	Carteret - Dielette	TBA	Roger Squires
May 29 th - 6 th Jun	Guernsey Gather	Guernsey	TBA	Kevin Butler
June 12th	Mid Summer Party	Cobb's Quay Marina	19.30	Mike Brine
July 3 rd -5 th	Channel Crossing	Cherbourg	TBA	Andy Woodhouse
July 17th	Fishing Competition	Poole Bay	08.00	Dave Wilson
July 24 th -1 st Aug	9 day Summer Cruise	River Dart, Brixham and Torquay	TBA	Kevin Butler
Aug 28 th -30th	Dinner & Dance	Weymouth	TBA	Kevin Butler
September 25th	Grease Night	Boat Shed	19.30	Mike Brine
November 6th	Fish & Chip Cruise	Under Review to be confirmed	18.00	Mike Brine
December 10 th	MDL Weekend Cruise	St Malo	20.00	MDL

This list of events, organized for your enjoyment, seems to get longer each year and it is advisable to get your name down as soon as possible, so that you're not disappointed. These events are proving to be more and more popular with the boating fraternity, as they offer such a good chance to mingle, meet new friends and party.

The Cruises (shown in blue) are very well organised by Roger Squires, Kevin Butler, Andy Woodhouse and Nina Dunne (bookings and organization) and are always a joy to go on. You have a chance to meet other like minded people and a chance to expand your boating skills and knowledge with the other members of the cruise. There are always parties and stories to enjoy, some of which you have already read in the previous pages. People who have been on CQBHA cruises have come back time and again to enjoy the camaraderie and safety that they give.

The other events (shown in other colours) are organised by Mike Brine, Clive Snow and Dave Wilson/MDL and in 2009 were so well attended that new ideas have been introduced to help you to have even more fun. All that's left to say is "Don't forget to attend the AGM" and use the chance to voice your opinions..... and praise if you feel the need.

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