

# BEAR ESSENTIALS

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THE NEWSLETTER OF CARDIFF BAY YACHT CLUB 51.26.9 N 03.10.4 W



Edition No. 21

[www.cbyc.co.uk](http://www.cbyc.co.uk)

January 2003

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**COMMUNICATIONS REVIEW** Council held a special meeting in December (in addition to their normal gathering on the third Monday of every month) to consider the report of the Review of Communications Within CBYC. Prepared and presented to Council by Jeff Owen. The Council decided: There should be a Communications Committee set up immediately. The Terms of Reference under which this Committee is to operate are to be finalised at the Council's January meeting, but in essence, they will seek to broaden and improve the flow of information across the whole membership, covering the events both on and off the water within CBYC. The Committee should be chaired by one of the 6 elected Council members, with the Commodore as "responsible" Flag Officer overseeing the work and giving it "authority" within the Club structure. For the rest of the current Club year, Jeff Owen will take on the Chairmanship. Each section of the Club should nominate a representative on the Committee, plus the Editor of Bear Essentials (currently Tony Davies), our Webmaster (presently Alex Farr). It will be essential that the reps. are active participants of their areas of the Club's activities. An additional budget will be added to the current spend on mailings etc., to facilitate the improvement in communications. For the Club year 2003/2004 this addition will be £1000. The immediate work of this Committee will be to undertake a number of specific projects within the general concept of "communications". The design and production of a "Welcome" folder for new members, and the preparation of a Club database to support electronic communications to members are likely to be the starting points here, but there are several other high priority areas that will need early attention. The immediate need is for *members with relevant skills to come forward NOW – please!* – To help in the design of the Welcome Folder. To help in the restructuring of the Club's database/application of email addresses to communicate with members who have this facility [and want us to use it in giving them Club information]. There are a number of new members known to be skilled in the organisation and use of databases – please talk to Jeff Owen about what help you can/will give to complete this task quickly. Only then can we begin to take advantage of this quick and cheap communications medium.

**FLYING FIFTEENS** Jan 2003 Happy New Year to all the Flying Fifteen fleet. With sailing on hold for a while and boats being repaired and readied for next year it is worth looking back on 2002 and forward to the year ahead. 2002 was a very good year for the fleet. New boats and sailors have arrived and the Fifteens have been the largest class out racing throughout the year, with up to 8 Fifteens out racing at any one time in the club series. The Cardiff Classic was well attended with 18 Fifteens competing and local boats achieved credible 3<sup>rd</sup>, 5<sup>th</sup> and 6<sup>th</sup> places. The last club series of 2002 saw 9 Fifteens competing and consistency paid off with Steve Clark (FF 2162) winning and Duncan Baird (FF 1295) second. In 2003 it is hoped that the fleet will grow again and more of the boats in the compound will make it onto the water more regularly. The first club series of 2003 starts on Sunday 19<sup>th</sup> January. In the summer, the Wednesday Series will be aimed at improving skills and having fun. It will be an ideal time for those sailors wishing to try racing to get out on the water, and prepare themselves for the club races, regattas and open meetings. Highlight of the year will be the Cardiff Classic on 28<sup>th</sup>/29<sup>th</sup> June 2003.

**ANCHORING** All our boats come equipped with anchor & warp and for emergencies a duplicate set should be carried. There are many types available but my experience is with the Danforth type, which is a good all rounder for the Bristol Channel bottom. A good rule of thumb for weight is 15lb up to 28 feet and a 25lb up to 40 feet with a minimum of 5M of 6mm chain and 50M 3 strand nylon rope. On my 10M power boat I carry 40M 8mm chain for use with a power windlass. Calibrated chain performs best but is not a necessity. With chain & rope a minimum of 3 to 1 length to depth should be used in normal conditions allowing for a maximum tide height. Take for instance anchoring off Penarth Pier on a low spring, 200M out the depth would be 2.5M deep but the tide would rise 12M i.e. the depth would be 14.5M after 5 hrs. This would require a cable length of 44M. with all chain maybe 35M. On an early trip to Illfracombe I anchored in the outer harbour for an all night stay putting out 40M chain & rope and had a sleepless night watching the boat swing round 180 degrees. The answer is to set a stern anchor after pointing her head to wind. I once anchored 200M off the N.E. side of Flatholm in 10M of water in a falling tide. When it came time to weigh anchor, I was unable to raise it due to some obstruction and had to cut it loose requiring me to make a new one. A fortnight later I landed on a spit and recovered the anchor hooked into the WW2 telephone line that ran to St Marys Well Bay. (Jaws2). Years ago I anchored off Middle Hope in the channel N of Sand Bay on a falling tide Farrical with its deep keel had overrode the anchor rope and the force of the current pressed it down. I was unable, even with assistance, to raise the anchor and was in danger of drying out on rocks. What pressed the boat was the rudder, which was hard over. When the tiller was moved across she rode normally and became easy to lift by motoring up. My most scary anchoring experience came trying out a 23feet powerboat off Cardiff foreshore, where we had had to anchor due to engine failure. We had set the anchor to the E of the main channel with about 40M of rope, when soon after a Dutch dredger bore down on us from the E She came so close that her screw cut through the rope and cast us adrift, glad we had rope and not chain. If in a sea way it's a good idea to set a ball up. Recently my N.A.S.A depth finder packed up and I replaced it with a £99 fish finder which shows me both texture and contour of the bottom besides all the fish I'm sail in over. JOHN WOOD

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Why not visit the NEW Club web site at [www.cbyc.co.uk](http://www.cbyc.co.uk)

# January 11 2003 Dinghy Section Annual Dinner

## For further Information Contact Beth Pocock on 029 2089 0951

**FIRST AID** R.Y.A. first aid courses are going to be held in the next few months at the club, dates yet to be determined. The standard course will be a day course held on a weekend (8 hours). Attendance and participation will result in award of an RYA certificate, valid for three years. If required re-qualification courses for those with valid certificates will also be on offer (2 hours). Costs, payable to the club, will be £40.00 plus the cost of the certificate for full courses and £10.00 plus certificate for re-qualification. I would be grateful for expressions of interest together with any suggested dates of availability / non availability, in order to determine the number of courses required and to finalise the dates. Geoff Parr 17 Clos Gwy, Pontprennau, Cardiff CF23 8LH Tel. 02920 734803 or 07817 108168 e mail: [Parrs@zjparr.freeseerve.co.uk](mailto:Parrs@zjparr.freeseerve.co.uk)

**SOCIAL EVENT** On Sat 25th January " Music, Quiz & Bingo Night ". Starts at 2000. Come and enjoy a fun night of entertainment to suit all age groups. Look out for posters at the clubhouse! David Penning Social Secretary

**A CONTRIBUTION FROM THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE** Several years ago I owned an Achilles 24 called "Achilles of Cuan" The name I had traced through the builders in Swansea, as being the original name it was given upon it's completion and subsequent early life racing on Strangford Lough, Northern Ireland, Cuan being Gaelic for Strangford. A much more nautical and appropriate name than the one it possessed when I bought it. How can a boat have any self respect, how can she hold her head up in a marina, surrounded by far more glorious, ostentatious sisters exotically named "Storm Rider" or "Ocean Temptress when lumbered with a name like " Miss Muffet"? Cuan and I spent several years, both weekend and holiday cruising, seeking out the less visited harbours of West Wales and the West Country. Frequently we would travel in the company of "Silent Cat" a Catalac 9 metre owned by friends from Portishead Cruising Club, an altogether eccentric pair called Trevor and Doris. Trevor, eccentric because of his own self denial of an almost total lack of hair which he attempted to carefully camouflaged with a selection of hair pieces, none of which matched the remaining few strands that were permanently attached, nor each other, which resulted in a confusing, almost daily change of hair colour. I privately thought it was done on purpose to confuse fee- seeking harbour masters. "No mate, the owners just gone ashore-about my build, a blonde guy" Doris, eccentric because of a bad limp in one leg, which she steadfastly refused to restrict her maritime adventures. Many was the time she proved that she was as able to stagger back to the dinghy, over the wet boulders of Porlock beach after a particularly "heavy" session as well as any more agile drunk. Lovely people, whose friendship I miss, separated by three thousand miles. On one particular trip we had joined up in lifracombe and travelled in convoy via Clovelly to Boscastle, a quiet unspoilt harbour that is almost a scaled down reverse mirror image of Solva Most pilots don't recommend entry but my own experience has proved it to be a safe mooring almost devoid of visiting yachts. The only unsettling aspect of it arrives at sunset, when, because of the steep-sided valley the darkness gradually rises from the water, until you sit in almost stygian darkness, and remind yourself that Boscastle was the long established centre for witch-craft throughout the middle ages. As recently as thirty years ago evidence was still being unearthed that suggested Satanic worship in the area was still practiced. Consequently the stillness of the creek, the solitude and the tingling at the back of the neck all add up to make it a unique place to visit. My early evening drink on deck, sitting alone with my thoughts of sacrificial ceremonies and devilish rituals, was abruptly cut short by the slow, heavy tread of footsteps, making their way down the unlit quay, the shallow gasp of rasping breathe barely audible. In the dark I could see nothing but a ghostly faint red tinge to a body-less, gaunt face. "Good evening," said the face, taking a drag on his Woodbine "I'm the Harbour master, how long is the boat please" The following day we left Boscastle the hospitality of "The Cobweb" proving too much to chance a second night and we headed for what I think was Porthleven (this the editor may be able to confirm, south of Newquay but north of St Ives. Here in Zanzibar I have only a world atlas to hand, it barely shows Cornwall) The harbour consists of a three hundred-metre access between massive granite breakwaters, a silent testimony to the bleak brutality of the winter gales of wild, north Cornwall. Once through this channel is found the safety of three separate, linked basins. The first is used only for load and off load tasks, being too close to the threatening swells of the sea beyond, to permit longer stays The second harbour water filled most of the time, is crowded with pot-boats and trawlers, the harbour walls strewn with nets, pots, ropes and all the usual paraphernalia of a busy little fishing community. The third, innermost harbour serves the smaller dinghies and pleasure craft allowing plenty of wall space against which to lie overnight. An altogether friendly little place with a couple of handy pubs offering cheap, basic fish meals straight off the boats. We decided to miss the dubious attractions of St Ives. The mooring is poor and exposed outside the harbour and the endless stream of tourists by day and drunks by night have always deterred me from mooring within. Instead we pressed on for Sennon cove, a tiny dot on the chart and base of the local lifeboat. We motored into the deserted harbour at high water, mid afternoon and I tied Cuan up in preparation for the ebb. A distinct lack of handy mooring eyes on the harbour wall allowed me to attach only fore-and-aft warps. Trevor slipped Silent Cat alongside, ensuring my fin keeler would be stable and secure once dried out and we both spent time doing the usual tasks of putting the boats to bed. The tide dropped quickly and both boats took the ground without any problems and I sat in the cockpit, sipping a cup of tea. A head appeared over the edge of the wall above and peered down at me. "Evening" I called, but the face just glared at me before retreating from the edge. Some ten minutes later a group of men dressed in waterproofs and boots strode purposefully down the beach to our dried out boats. "What are you doing here?" asked one of them in a deep Cornish and clearly unfriendly manner "Yachts don't stop here, they stay at St Ives or out there" he said pointing out to sea where a couple of fishing boats rocked wildly at anchor in the endless Atlantic swell. "You can't stop here. You must move. Yachts don't stop here", As both boats were high and dry this demand was impossible to comply with and I pointed this out to him "You can't stay there he repeated as though he hadn't heard me, and the group nodded in agreement, "Yachts fall over when they stay against the harbour wall" Once again I pointed out the impossibility of his demands. He thought about this for a minute "VVe'll drag them down the water" he declared and his comrades nodded vigorously in silent agreement. I pondered their chances of managing to move the five-ton catamaran and dismissed the idea as impractical. However I did point out that if they were successful in removing it then their prediction that my boat would fall over would be proved correct. Trevor however, had listened to the exchange and alarmed at the thought of these locals man-handling his boat called out from his cockpit "No-one's touching this boat, he said "L Doris, get the dogs, out quick!" This demand completely threw me and I sensed the situation quickly slipping from the sublime to the ridiculous. The dogs that Trevor had asked Doris to send up on the deck to repel the attempt of the aggressive locals were two aging King Charles spaniels, one partially blind, the other restricted in mobility by rampant arthritis. Both were incredibly smelly. Perhaps that's how he thought they would repel the locals. They certainly repelled me. The heated, pointless exchange continued for sometime and as I half-listened; I wondered whether the remoteness of the area resulted in unhealthy breeding patterns and a pressing need for fresh bloodlines. Eventually the belligerent locals reluctantly conceded that the re-floating of Silent Cat would be too big a job for them without the aid of a tractor. Haymaking made the early acquisition of one unlikely and so the idea was abandoned but not without many muttered threats of trouble and comments of Visitors not wanted in these parts" and "Yachts don't stop here" As I suspected, the matter didn't finish there. In less than an hour, three very sombre and official-looking men walked down the quay to the two boats. They were Customs and Excise and had been brought over from Penzance by a report of two "foreign" yachts acting suspiciously and with two smuggled dogs on board. Whilst clearly annoyed by this false alarm, their anger was directed towards the locals, now conspicuous by their absence and they returned the twenty miles back to Penzance. We spent the evening on the boats, not feeling comfortable to leave them unattended and as soon as possible left Sennon cove for a friendlier place to stay. Some five months later, two days before Christmas, I caught the last flight of the year out to the Isles of Scilly where I was looking forward to a different Christmas break. As the little plane with four passengers onboard hurtled itself into the air and curved slowly a few hundred feet above the cliffs of Cornwall, Sennon Cove came into view. I could clearly see the wild mighty winter waves throwing themselves in green fury at the harbour wall. I slid open the window of the non pressurised cabin, hawked long and deeply, to the horror of a middle aged matron beside me and bestowed my own green comment upon the rooftops of Sennon below. Oliver Cheetham Zanzibar.

**The deadline for Bear Essentials is the last day of the month, please e-mail your copy to:- [enq@natures-table.co.uk](mailto:enq@natures-table.co.uk)**