



Please Welcome New Members

Bennie Mallett and Fifi Cox join us with their Victoria 30, ROWAN, based at Torpoint in Cornwall.

Linda Paterson has acquired the Victoria 38, SUERTE. Linda lives in Largs, North Ayrshire while SUERTE is currently in France.

One Wild Song

Paul Heiney's new book 'One Wild Song' about his epic passage to Cape Horn in his Victoria 38 is the best sailing book I have read for a long time.

The menace he felt in Brazil, the extraordinary beauty and remoteness of the Beagle Channel, the utter tranquillity of drifting by a glacier while the gale built nearby, and the drama of his dash to the Horn when a weather window briefly opened, are told with compelling fluency and humour.

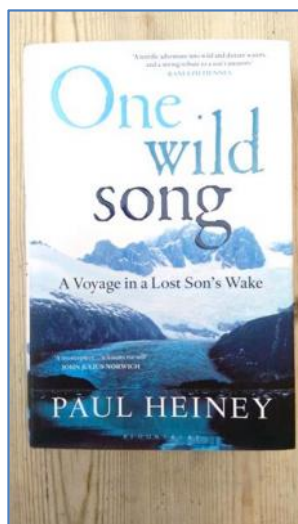
But this is more than an heroic journey to iconic places. Paul lost his son Nicholas, poet and tall ship sailor, who committed suicide a few years before. His arduous voyage is matched by an equally profound inner journey as he reflects on his son, his loss, and celebrates a life which although too short was rich, creative and inspiring.

Paul's arrival to a precarious anchorage off Flores on his homeward passage, after 70 days alone at sea, in a gale, exhausted, with no fuel, flat batteries and a shredded mainsail is a point of crisis. After incredible resilience he is forced to ask for help to get back safely to harbour. I really felt for him.

After patching himself and his boat up in the Azores he sailed back to Dartmouth in one piece. This is an extraordinary achievement and a gripping, moving and candid book.

Thank you Paul.

Colin Reid 11.8.15



Summer Cruise on Que Sera 2015

By virtue of various ploys, I got seven weeks off from my grand child care responsibilities, to go sailing.

During the winter various plans were considered. Last year it was a month in N Brittany with Chris. This year she said she could do the full seven weeks and so Plan A was to get to the Scillies asap and then cross to Ireland. Then we would cruise along its South coast, cross to Milford Haven, hopefully call in at Lundy, Padstow and then back. The crossing would take about 30hrs if we were lucky, and I intended to be very careful with the weather. I reassured her that she would just need to keep a look out at times so I could rest.

However best laid plans... she subsequently found she had to go home for three weeks in the middle of our trip, but perhaps she could still help me to Ireland and then get a direct flight back to Southampton. We would see.

We set off on Wednesday May 13th in poor weather, nothing new there. So the first stop was the Folly where we enjoyed walking the new path to Newport. Two days later with full main and poled out yankee, we tried to sail for an hour in fading winds, then it was on with my brilliant new engine and off to Studland and a Bank's Inn buoy. We had a day there while the west wind subsided, exploring the beautiful wooded hinterland of the beaches and finding a five foot carving of a seahorse on a sandy track amongst the bright, dense gold of fragrant gorse flowers. It was only spoilt by having Chris' picnic lunch stolen by an out of control Labrador! On Sunday we got a full sail beat all the way to Weymouth, once St Alban's Head was passed, and I was surprised to see the number of yachts coming the other way and that the fuel berth was still on winter hours with very limited opening times. We then had to sit out gales for two days. Weymouth has new loos, much closer to the Cove moorings. I accidentally went and showered in the gents!

On 20th we set off for Dartmouth with one reef in, the inshore passage was fine, we just got one wave over us as I was not close enough in on the east side of Portland. An ultimately good sail got us into Dartmouth at 22.30. We were close hauled, often 20 degrees off our course and I thought it would be well past midnight before we arrived, but in the last few hours we got lifted and lifted. We did the last hour under motor upwind and arrived just as the lights on the cardinals around the Mewstone were lit. An overtaking yacht cut us up. He shouted "We are sailing", as he blasted past right on our bow, I shouted "Overtaking boat keeps clear". His steaming light was on too! GRRR.



Dolphins had cheered our way but Chris, unusually, had been sick on the way across Lyme Bay, she must have got a bug and so she stayed in bed the next day, then the following day, with her feeling much better, and despite the pouring rain, we left for Salcombe. A useful aid to decision making are the National Coastwatch Institution lookouts. Prawle Point, en route for Salcombe, has a live web cam so one can judge sea state and visibility off the headlands and entrance over the Internet.

A mixture of motoring and sailing got us there on 22nd May and we anchored up near Frogmore Creek unexpectedly meeting Colin Reid on Tui. This is another Victoria 30 which he keeps in the Dart. We have passed each other to wave three times in the past so I was determined to have a chat the next morning. Ironically he was just off back to the Dart but we managed a brief chin wag on his boat. She is not a cutter but is otherwise very similar and we chatted about the new bits and replacements we had made...as you do! I discussed my tentative plans and he said his first big single-handed trip was to Ireland, but he had to motor. The dreaded kitchen timer kept him on track for his lookouts. It was fine with very little traffic.

Bright sunshine greeted us the next morning and I was hoping to take the dinghy up Frogmore Creek to have a meal at the Globe where I had been before. We looked up their menus on the Internet and found to our horror they had recently been fined £10,000 for hygiene violations. The photos were gross. So we ate on board and just went up for the trip. A sheep ran up to us for a pet as we crossed the footpath from the small landing pontoon to look round the village.

We did some forward planning as weather sites indicated high winds on the Thursday. I had promised to take Chris to the Lost Gardens of Heligan so Wednesday looked to be the day for Mevagissy a few miles from the gardens. However, on Saturday night the visibility closed right down so I decided to stay another day in Salcombe, miss out the Yealm and go straight to Plymouth on Monday then Fowey on Tuesday. We had to motor to Plymouth so stopped off on the way in Cawsand anchorage for a pleasant lunch. We ate out in the evening which did neither of us any good and breakfastless we left.



Heading into Polperro

I have often wanted to try the tiny, quaint village of Polperro and at last we had offshore winds. We went gingerly into the narrow gap between cliffs to find that the mooring buoys mentioned in the pilot were mostly taken up by fishermen's tenders. We couldn't moor fore and aft as it suggested. Chris

couldn't get my clip gadget to fit onto one buoy so I went forward to grab another further out. Chris was nervous of going in aboard the dinghy so I just had a quick row into the harbour to look around and buy a postcard. I couldn't get any service at the ice cream shop despite ringing their bell and calling three times. What a disappointment! I didn't stay long as the tide was dropping and we had swung a bit near a rock ledge.



It was a very gusty sail on to Fowey. I called the Mevagissy harbour master from there and he said they were pretty busy. So we took the Fowey ferry there on Wednesday to see Heligan and prepared to move the boat further up the Fowey if the forecast for SW6/7 on Friday moved earlier.

Happily there was no change in the forecast so on Thursday 28th we pushed on for the shelter of Falmouth. We were hard on the wind for a lot of the way with one reef in but after Dodman Head we shook it out and one tack pointed straight for Helford, so we went there instead! It poured and blew most of Friday so we used the water taxi to go ashore for showers and lunch in the sailing club. To my chagrin the taxi really bashed into QS on the return and put a scrape on the side, since covered by another scrape I did up at the Folly last weekend, when I forgot to put over two of the fenders I had tied on but laid on deck!!

Saturday 30th May saw us off by 6am, motoring in the beautiful morning calm for the first waypoint off the Manacles. We almost ran into a basking shark we saw at the last moment but it was to prove the only one of the whole trip. Once around the Lizard we sailed with the self-steering down to near Penzance where we planned to anchor to wait for the gate. A quick look behind showed the Scillonian bearing down on us so we scuttled further in towards the shore. A big dolphin made us jump. I was surprised to see the number of yachts inside the wet dock so early in the season, though several looked almost abandoned. We were rafted five out and only just managed to plug in using both cables. I didn't put on my bow spring as it would have fouled various bits of the other boats. I thought we would be so sheltered from the next lot of bad weather. So it was pouring and blowing when I found I just had to set it up to stop our raft sheering around. The skipper of a large German boat in the next raft kindly threw me a line so I could back up the shore line by tying to him too.

The Scillies cargo ship, the Gyr Maritha, was tied up behind us. It had problems too. They took off a lot of gear to raise her, pumped her out, put heavy concrete blocks on one side to tip her and proceeded to bang, chip and weld her below the normal waterline, most of the time for three days and nights. We saw the smoke coming out of the splits in her side. She sailed the day before we did.

We had to spend five nights in Penzance wet dock and ran out of time for Chris to help me to Ireland. She had to go home soon so there was no point going there or the Scillies for her to have to make her way home again immediately so we decided to go to Padstow. All being well I could do the journey in reverse, stopping at Lundy and Milford Haven before crossing to Southern Ireland.

Thursday 5th June we were ready for a biggy..... around Land's End. Reed's almanac had a Cruising Club entry which showed how to use the inshore eddies around this scary headland to get a three hour jump on the flood tide. This could give us a fair tide for a lot of the 65 miles to the Doom Bar, guarding Padstow. We needed to be there before HW+3. We were unlikely to make the dock gate but we could anchor or take a buoy in the pool near it. Timing meant being at the Runnel Stone cardinal buoy at 10.50 and we were. They opened the wet dock gate for us at 06.45 and we went out and anchored, but it was horribly sloppy. Eventually I felt we would be better off sailing, so we jogged slowly the 10NM up the coast past Mousehole to the Runnel Stone.

sea state Chris managed a few memorable photos as we rushed through.



The Buildings at Land's End

Eventually skirting the Brisons we came out into safer water. Going around the headlands of Cape Cornwall and Pendeen Head it was pretty windy. I kept thinking it would get easier when we cleared the headlands but there seemed to be an awful lot of them. Eventually despite Chris' anxious pleas I had to go on deck and reef, but ironically ten minutes later I had to shake it out again. We had to keep up a good speed. An hour or so later it was a struggle again. Chris begged me not to go up on deck so I dumped a little main and at times both of us hung onto the tiller, on a close reach most of the way. But we made good time. Eventually through haze we saw Trevoise lighthouse, clear when the sun shone on it, invisible when it didn't. Then though a chicane of pot buoys we rounded Stepper Point and took the sail down, in good time to cross the Doom Bar and even in time for the gate! We had averaged almost 7kts from the Runnel Stone. We went through near 1930, to raft on against a 33' Oceanis which had just motored a lot of the way from Dublin.

The next day Chris was supposed to leave but didn't, leaving it till Saturday. Bad move. It was the last day of the Royal Cornwall Show in Wadebridge, a town on the route. We waited three hours for the bus to get her to the station at Bodmin! Traffic delays, overheating buses and rescheduled timetables - but she eventually got there.

I looked at the weather for the week ahead. North, north and more north winds. Lundy and Milford Haven were out of the question. Boats arrived from Wales or Ireland on almost every tide but I can't remember one up from the south. Even the guys from Folkstone, we met waiting in Penzance, to continue their round Britain trip, never appeared. People said even the Lundy anchorage at the south of the island was so horrible they couldn't stay. I could have gone to Ireland though. In the back of my mind thought I'd go on there by myself but I have to say I just lost courage. A fact I will beat myself up with all next winter I am sure. So close!

Meanwhile Padstow was quite exciting. A French Fisher was brought in by the lifeboat. Two boats were held up with engine problems. One boat got hung up by its ropes and I guess somehow filled its bilge with diesel, because the skipper pumped it out into the harbour and got a £600 fine. And the cars! I was photographing QS when a blue Honda Jazz pulled up alongside, saw there was no parking slots and reversed at great speed slamming into a parked pick-up almost pushing it into its neighbour. As I and another bystander tentatively moved forward to talk to the driver it shot forward towards us, through a padlocked harbour post



The Armed Knight

Then it began. We closed the huge cliffs into 20m and worked our way along. We then moved out to leave the jagged reef of the Armed Knight to starboard and the smaller Kettle's Bottom to port. Further to port the Longships lighthouse stood on its wave-dashed rocks.



The Longships Lighthouse

Through the gap we sailed, with the engine on as extra "insurance", leaving the Shark's Fin reef to port and heading on our transit for the small islands of the Brisons. Despite the

and crashed into the harbour parapet. Windows smashed and airbags went off. We hopped it to put cars between us and him in case he tried to get us again. Then we saw he had stopped. I told the harbour office while the other witness called the police and ambulance. Soon a local RNLI paramedic was attending to the elderly driver but it was half an hour before a first responder got there.



Que Sera moored in Padstow

Then the next morning, as I went to the nearby shower block I came across a small car with police tape all round it, mud all up its front, and soaked inside. This one had apparently gone over the edge in the night, luckily not onto a yacht. The inexperienced driver had been pulled from the car before it sank. It had been left in gear. I had heard some banging and shouting, but the fishermen often loaded up their boxes during the night and I had put it down to them.

It put the irritation of each morning having to clean up pasty pieces, seagull droppings and grit off the decks, into perspective.

I spent a long time in Padstow waiting for the next lot of suitable tides and gate times to head back south. I visited the National Coastwatch Institution lookout at Stepper Point and chatted to the well-equipped volunteers. There were I think five lookouts on the passage from Land's End to Padstow, all able to be contacted for sea state info etc. Only from 8am to 6pm though.



Looking North west up towards Doom Bar and the sea.

The area was incredibly beautiful. I holidayed here most of my teenage years but I had forgotten how stunning it all is.

The estuary, seen from the Camel Cycle Trail, goes from blue sea with golden sandbanks, fringed with mature trees and well-kept fields, up river past Wadebridge, to extensive mature woodland currently in fresh spring-green leaves, full of flowers with an increasingly rapidly flowing river the nearer one gets to Bodmin. The last three saddle sore miles back to Padstow were excruciating though!



Looking inshore up the R Camel as the sandbanks uncover

Finally there was a day to leave. The place emptied, with most boats, all considerably bigger than me, heading straight for Scilly. The winds were going easterly, so I thought I could break the trip south in St Ives, on an outside buoy. If there was still too much swell I would have to go on at 6pm and get off the Runnel Stone at 22.00 while it was just still light. I'd be coming into Newlyn in the dark but I had been there often enough to feel OK with that, if it had to be. At 0520 I left Padstow. Beating down into St Ives Bay with the self-steering engaged I could see there was still a considerable northerly swell. After a false start I got the buoy the HM allocated me, had lunch and tried to rest. Slowly through the afternoon the swell eased and I was able to spend the night there and get some sleep.



Looking into St Ives Harbour from the bay

It was again a still, windless morning when at 6am I set off again for Land's End. If I hadn't been a bit anxious it would have been fabulous. The cliffs, topped with tin mine chimneys and a lighthouse were spectacular. Sea birds, guillemot, gannet and puffin flew back and forth and Manx Shearwaters suddenly and unexpectedly shot up out of glassy calm water high into the air like popcorn. Small (harbour porpoise) just showed themselves as I rounded the Longships, on the outside this time. By the Runnel Stone the

short fair tide, only about 3 hrs this way, had gone. For a while I barely made more than 2kts. As it eased I was able to sail the last two hours down to Newlyn.

That was it really, game over.

I just had to get somewhere along the coast near good transport links, by 24th to pick up Chris again and another friend, Marian. I headed for Falmouth but side-tracked into St Mawes. I just felt like some peace and quiet. I love the anchorage up the Percuil River. An anchorage where you can hear owls can't be beaten.

After a couple of nights I carried on to Plymouth and spent another few days with my sister, saw a new great, great niece! then some old friends, until the crew arrived. The easy return trip planned was marred by the xcweather site giving three days of significant storms for the 30th, 1st & 2nd July. So we cracked on to cross Lyme Bay on 28th and Poole Bay on 29th. A lot of the very high winds were gradually dropped from the forecast and so we were back a bit earlier than envisaged unnecessarily. However, we had a great sail back from Poole with the cruising chute flown most of the way including in through Hurst. The 30th, Tuesday night, was pretty windy, even in Newtown Creek I heard later....que sera!

Sue Doyle July 2015

SOUTH COAST LATE SUMMER RALLY **5TH AND 6TH SEPTEMBER**

Jon and Lynda Spencer

This year's Rally was expertly organised by Dee and Tim Clarke and held in the Medina River on the Isle of Wight with supper taken at the Folly Inn after enjoyable sessions for tea and cake on board Wynn, and drinks on Albertine on the mid-stream pontoon. The pontoon was looking slightly neglected on our arrival, but a scrubbing party, organised by Tim, soon had the guano removed and the timbers looking pristine.



Dee Clarke aboard WIDGEON



Nine boats had gathered on the pontoon which included: Victoria 30s; Tracker, Jerry Bottrill and Chris McRae; Wynn, Richard and Meryl Saunders; Gracious Lady, Nick Hillier; and Widgeon, Tim and Dee Clarke; Frances 26s, Roy Dawkins and Alf Tracey; and Bluegrass, Guy and Lisa Willing; Victoria 34, Ruby Star, Guy Warner; and our Frances 34, Albertine. Additionally, we were joined by Ray and Terri Cox, who are thinking of changing to a Victoria 30 (sensible choice) on board their Golden Hind 27. Finally, we were delighted that Peter and Jenny Cosker joined us by road, but were subsequently unable to stay for supper.



Jon Spencer presents the Victoria Cup to Tim Clarke
(photograph by Lynda Spencer)

The Rally followed the usual format and although the Folly Inn was full to the brim new management ensured that we were well catered for. Dancing on the tables was not compulsory but several stretched their legs, banged their heads on the ceiling, and enjoyed themselves. With his return from the Mini-Jester challenge (single handed from Plymouth to Baltimore, Southern Ireland) Guy Willing regaled us with his stories and experiences in what was obviously a challenging, but in retrospect, enjoyable adventure.

Thames Rally to Abingdon

John and Gillian Walker gave us another splendid Shadow rally on the 12th and 13th September to Abingdon this time.



(photograph by Lynda Spencer)



Rebweley is moored ahead of White Rose of York

The boats were moored downstream of the bridge and across the river from the town. Jolly Olly was moored a little closer to the bridge.



Jolly Olly

All three of the Shadow 26 motor boats were flying the Victoria Shadow burgee, although Jolly Olly's seems to have got itself a bit twisted and is pretending to be upside down; not so good for the Concours d 'Elegance! So, where are the crews?



(photograph by Lynda Spencer)



Patsy, Gillian, Tracy, Kate and Peter (photo by Ian Rycroft)

The weather was kind and we all left in good order the following morning to look forward to our next Rallies in 2016 which will be held at Cowes Yacht Haven and the Island Sailing Club on the 21st and 22nd May, and at Chichester Marina on the 3rd and 4th September. Jerry has volunteered to organise the first and Richard and Meryl the second.

Several of us will be together at the Annual General Meeting in November and we hope that many of you will join us at the Association's 25th Anniversary Luncheon at Warsash Sailing Club, where the inaugural meeting was held, on the 12th March 2016. The details for both will be published on the website and sent individually to all members. Fair winds.

Across the river another Shadow 26 is spotted.



The Idle Hour

The Idle Hour is not on the list of boats attending the rally but it is one of ours. Roger and Sue Cox have been members for many years and her normal mooring is here at Kingcraft, Abingdon.

Another Shadow 26 coming up the river at some speed is an interloper, though. Hattie's owners have not joined our association yet.



Hattie

Jon and Lynda Spencer have arrived at the rally site by road. Peter and Jenny Cosker have come by taxi from a nearby hotel, while Ian and Tracy Rycraft will be coming by road, as time constraints prevent them from bringing their Shadow 26, Wine Down Time, to this rally.

A drinks party aboard Rebwelly hosted by Paul and Patsy is followed by dinner at the Crown and Thistle, where we have our own room.



(photographs by Ian Rycraft)



Ian

with flower presented by Paul and Patsy for Shadow ID purposes!!?

Editor

I should like to thank the contributors to this Newsletter, in particular, Sue Doyle, Colin Reid, Jon and Lynda Spencer as well as the organisers of the two rallies I recently attended, Tim & Dee Clarke and John and Gillian Walker.

Now the sailing and motor-boating seasons are drawing to a close, many of you will have stories to tell of your successes or failures. Like Sue Doyle, you may wish to have your account published in the Newsletter. My contact details are at the foot of the column and it can be arranged. Remember that any article resembling a cruising log, received before the 31st October, may also be entered into the Best Log Competition to win the Best Log Cup, which you hold for the year with your name inscribed for posterity.

Colin Reid's review of 'One wild song' came as a bit of a surprise, since I had never received a book review before. I do endorse his opinion as I read the whole book from cover to cover, almost without stopping, when I received my own copy. I have since read it a second time, savouring each chapter. It is truly a remarkable book. I obtained my copy from Amazon at a cost of £13.95 post free for the hardback edition and it arrived the very next day.

Our last and most important event of the year is the Annual Luncheon and General Meeting to be held this year on Sunday, 22nd November at Linden House, home of the London Corinthian *Rowing and Sailing Club*. Linden House is just upstream of Hammersmith Bridge on the Middlesex shore so centrally situated for many of our members and an excellent day out. Seating for the Luncheon is restricted to 28 dining in the Commodore's Room so do get your request in early to Jon Spencer, our Hon. Secretary on 01489 581622 or at jon.fairwinds@btinternet.com.

Articles for the next Newsletter or for next year's 25th Anniversary edition of Waterlines can be sent to:

news@victoriashadow.co.uk

or by post to:

The Victoria Shadow Association
4 The Grove
Haywards Heath
West Sussex
RH16 3SJ