



Watermouth Yacht Club

Berrynarbor, Ilfracombe, North Devon, EX34 9SJ

51° 13' N 004° 05' W

AHOY



Newsletter October 2018

Commodore's Column

The nights are drawing in fast and the clocks go back soon so I guess that's pretty much the end of the 2018 boating season. It has been a glorious summer but not so good for the 'raggies' as the hot sunny days usually meant very little wind, although Robert and Carol have managed a few trips in Wisper, seen here sailing past Ilfracombe a couple of weeks ago.

Many boats are already ashore and I daresay Keith is sure to be busy when he & Moira return from holiday lifting out the remaining boats. Let's pray the crane behaves !



This year we are having a "Laying-up Dinner" in the Clubhouse instead of the usual annual Dinner & Dance. Unfortunately the DD has not been well attended for the last couple of years and as Ilfracombe Golf Club will not cater for less than 30 people we thought it would be better to put some of the money we normally spend on the D&D towards a sumptuous buffet in the clubhouse. It is also a way for WYC to give something back to the members now that our finances have returned to a more satisfactory level.

In order to help Moira get some idea of numbers, you will have to book in advance, like the Sunday Lunches. There is a token charge of £5/head which will be used entirely for a cash prize(s) raffle. Non-members are welcome as guests but there will be a £10/head charge and non-members will not be included in the raffle. See Moira's notice in the following pages for full details

Geof Pierce

Treasurers Report

For those of a certain age, 2018 must rank with 1976 for memorable summers. I hope you all enjoyed it but as ever, winter fast approaches and boating is again all but over for another year.

Club financial activity is following the path mentioned in previous reports with maintenance costs featuring heavily this year. Alongside routine servicing and replacements, facias and soffits were renewed earlier in the year at a cost of £938.53, and works to make safe our trees beside the clubhouse were completed during the summer at a cost of £1,950.00. Further outlay to repair and to coat the rendering of the building will soon be necessary, however, I anticipate that those costs will fall within next year's accounting period.

Balance sheet headline figures at the time of writing are as follows:

Income

Bar	£ 1,287.07
Subscriptions (inc mooring premium)	£ 4,130.00
Social	£ 1,868.65

Expenditure

Insurance	£ 1,027.68
Maintenance	£ 3,256.76
Moorings	£ 690.00
Sailing and RYA subscriptions	£ 175.00
Utilities	£ 361.26

Cash at bank £21,854.59

In closing, I would remind members that the club's 'Laying up' party on 27 October will be the last social event of the year – please see details elsewhere this issue and I look forward to seeing you all there.

Steve Barron

Saturday 27th October 7.30 pm

Laying Up Dinner at the clubhouse

A sumptuous buffet meal provided by your club by way of saying thank you to you, the members. Bookings only please - £5 per person which will go into the raffle of cash prizes

Bookings by 24th October please to
watermouthyachtclub@gmail.com

Rescue off Ilfracombe

One fine day in July, (like all the best stories begin), four of us set out with misplaced optimism in the face of an almost non-existent wind. Mike & Kaye Corner (Jeldi Jeldi) set off first trying to go to Lundy. Steve Barron (Chablis), Dave Endacott (Foyle) and myself (Chaser) were less ambitious and hoped to potter down past Baggy into Bideford Bay. Chablis & Foyle motor-sailed whilst I lagged behind under sail, stubbornly relying on what little wind there was.

We were all past Ilfracombe, (after taking a close look at the 4th Samuel Becket Class Offshore Patrol Vessel), built at Appledore for the Irish Navy when Mike called on VHF saying he had turned back at Morte Point but engine problems forced him to anchor off Ilfracombe in 110 ft and could any of us help. I suppose none of us had noticed Jeldi Jeldi was anchored when we went past Ilfracombe as we were close inshore taking a look at the navy ship.



We all turned back to see if we could help but I was closest to Mike as I was still trying to sail, so got to him first.

It was an interesting bit of single handed boat handling trying to hold station close enough to Mike against a 3 knot tide to get a line on board for a tow. Every helm movement saw us either sheer away from him (very quickly) or come worryingly close with the risk of colliding.

Eventually we got a line on Jeldi Jeldi and started back towards Watermouth. It was painfully slow progress against the tide for Chaser to pull Mike's somewhat bigger and heavier boat. I think it took about 1½ hours just to get past Rillage.



Fortunately Mike's engine had cooled down and he was able to re-start and make his own way back to Watermouth and pick up an outer mooring. Steve picked up another so Dave and I rafted up alongside Steve. There

was absolutely no wind by this time so we had no choice but to stay put and wait for the tide to go out and come back enough to get onto our moorings - and that's when Mike's day got worse and a salutary lesson to us all !

When Mike cast off the outer mooring he got a line around his prop and came very close to the rocks. Mike went over the side but was unable to free the rope on his own while Steve got a line onto Jeldi Jeldi and used Chablis to keep it clear of the rocks. Unfortunately Mike couldn't free the line on his own but Rodney Thorne was nearby and swam over to give a hand. Between them they freed the line and Chablis pulled Jeldi Jeldi away from the rocks. Although it was a really hot sunny day, the water was still quite cold and Mike was unable to climb back on board - and Kaye wasn't strong enough to pull him on to the boat. Eventually Mike managed to climb into his dinghy and after a rest got back on board but he was clearly starting to suffer from hypothermia in spite of it being such a hot, sunny day. Once on board he was able to warm up and was ok, except the day wasn't quite finished with him !

Mike was at the shoreline with his dinghy when a wave came out of nowhere, broke over the dinghy and soaked him for the second time that day - sometimes, it makes you wonder why you bother having a boat

On a serious note, cold water and hypothermia are very real risks to us all so I've made sure I have a wetsuit on board in case anything similar happens to me - what use is a wetsuit in my garage?

Mike has made the following comments

1. One lesson I learned that day was how difficult it was to recover the anchor after anchoring successfully in 110 feet of water, without an anchor winch. The weight and tidal drag on 90ft of chain and 100ft of anchor plait rope meant all three of us were needed to complete the task.
2. I do keep a full 3mm wetsuit on board which I have always previously used when going overboard. As we were in the harbour I didn't bother which makes no sense as the water temperature is almost the same as mid channel and the buoyancy provided by the wetsuit would have made entry into the dinghy easy
3. The overheating problem was caused by a faulty thermostat I believe to be a fresh water one wrongly stamped 60°C (it operates at a 10°C higher range). This has now been replaced and all now OK.

Alone with Ribatejanos

Not far from the capital, Lisbon, Brillig's anchor is buried quietly on Rio Tejo this summer. Instead of sailing back to the UK, we came here; leaving Rika alone on Brillig while Andrew is sorting out our business in the UK. Rika and Brillig are safe in summer months with good Portuguese friends.



According to the Pilot, we could explore the river up from Lisbon, 11 years ago we found this spot by chance. Trip up here was exciting; nature reserves, many shallows to dog leg and bridges. Old navigational markers are faded, bent and damaged. 1 new red marker was beside of an island and the green was on the island, absolutely wrong. Looking at the echo sounder the depth was getting shallower, there was another set of red and green against factories on the other side of the river.

Surrounded by willow trees, the view from Brillig is wild and quiet; birds songs all day, fish jumping everywhere. A local man catches Bass every day. Nearby there is a water system, sucking river water for life line for Lisbon then there is a red railway bridge, (the longest one in the Iberian Peninsula), too low and too shallow for Brillig to cross. We are the dead end of the Tejo. Brillig looks up river most of the time; downstream is more powerful, with steady Northerly flow she swings only for a few hours till HW.

My life here alone, 8:00 am while relatively cool I water walk every day, carrying 15 ~ 20 litres fresh water from a publics tap. Internet is available at the Junta de Freguesia (Village hall) with a Post office. 2 shops in the village provide basic supplies, a bread van comes 12:00 every day and vegetable fruits

van and butcher van come on Saturday morning market. There are bigger supermarkets in next village, twice a day bus to get there and back. This pump was built in 1946, no longer in use anymore, until 1990 all houses didn't have water. Ladies washed clothes in the river and dried them on the beach.



Men fish in the river on traditional boats, others seek for day jobs and their wages are little with drinking water or wine. After days' work, all village people danced.

Ships from Lisbon brought salted cod (bacalhãu), returning with tomatoes and wine from villages.

Soil is very good by floods, this land is for tomatoes, sunflowers and grapes for wine - vast area of cultivation, farmers are rich. In August, Lorries bring tomatoes weaving through narrow streets of the village. Brillig stays away from flies and mosquitos, anchored in the middle of the river.



Interesting feature here is a historic dike, floods defence. The plan to build it started early 17 century, years of study said that the land need floods for fertilizing, combining dikes with canals and ditches disasters were controlled. Nowadays it is nearly 23 km long through villages to villages. Walking on the dike gives you a beautiful view of the river. The village makes events around the dike, traditional dance and music, going on till early morning.

Also the village was used to be well known their bull fight. A beautiful house behind of the dike was where the Matador lived. In Portugal, they don't kill bulls; after the Matador showed enough skills to handle the bull, several men turn up to the ring and stop bull fighting by challenging to it like SUMO wrestling.



Not long ago, bred fighting bulls and accompany horses were running wild on the banks of Rio Tejo. Ribatejanos – people born and/or live on Ribatejo (a province in Portugal) - are very proud of their tradition, I respect that.

Since we came in early June, locals already have clocked me and have been friendly and sympathetic. I can't speak Portuguese very well but they ask how I am and if I heard anything from England. In Portugal, I am comfortable, not lonely.

I am practising a set of music. When Andrew comes back, I make a small concert here for the village to return their kindness and hospitality.

Rika Shortland on Brillig on Rio Tejo Portugal, August 2018