

The 2021 Cruising Week, 21-28 July, based at Restronguet Sailing Club (RSC), Cornwall

Participants and Craft

Oliver Shaw- GP14 Cruising Rep and organiser of the week

Richard Moore -Rear Commodore RSC and Safety Boat driver, with daughter Tamsin at the weekend

Peter James – Safety boat and GP14 crew

Two of Richard’s friends from Truro Lions on the RIB, one day each

Duncan Greenhalgh and Colin Quint	3226	[Janice]	Yellow hull [60 years old]
Bob Bailey and Sarah Roberts	10853	[Nagatoo]	White hull, blue deck
John Cookson and Simon Fletcher	12341	[For Sale]	White hull, brown deck
Melanie, Tony, Emily, Matthew Braviner	13144	[Frustration]	Brown sails, blue hull Mk1
Vivienne and Alan Peak Payne	13512		White hull
Frank Whitley and Emma Johnson	13945	[Famous Goose]	White hull, blue genoa
Anne (and occasionally Andy) Rushton and Bob and Eleanor Mehew	14122		Green stripe on sail, blue hull

RSC is in Mylor Churchtown, about 3km north of Falmouth on the Carrick Roads, and many of the group camped in the adjacent Coastland Watersports site. On the **Wednesday** evening, with an orange weather warning for heat in place, we sat outside the sailing club enjoying supper, discussing plans and watching the racing dinghies slowly edging home over a pearly water.



Restronguet Sailing Club



RSC from adjacent campsite

Each day of the sailing log that follows is written by a different person and included more or less as received.

Thursday 22nd July delivered a very hot F 4-5 easterly. A 2 km beat across the river to St Just Pool and then a paddle up the creek and round a sharp bend took us to the Church of St Just. The arrival time was critical - too late and we would miss the café and cream teas, too early and the creek would not yet have flooded: *"there may be some mud"*. Arriving just half an hour too early we met thick black mud that trapped the unwary up to knee deep and fought for our footwear. On our return after tea however, the creek offered a sublime mood, with 7 GP14s gently floating in a secluded wooded pool, and the sound of the Bach drifting from the Church organ – [recently renovated, which Oliver had arranged to play]. We emerged from the creek to run back across the Fal in a force 5, glad of the safety boat in the fleet, and glad of each other to help recover the boats on the lee shore. [Anne R]



A chance to try the paddles and oars in St Just Creek



Tea at St Just- Rob and Sarah go traditional



St Just Pool in kindly mood

Friday was a day of strong winds and stronger gusts, so no sailing for the fleet, but we shared an al fresco take away in the evening.



The group enjoys a take-away meal at the campsite



Tony, Melanie and Emily Braviner



Frank with Tamsin



The Rushtons, Mehews and Peak Paynes



Richard, Duncan, John, Colin and Simon

Saturday 24th July Cruise to Falmouth and visit to the Maritime Museum

Saturday dawned clear and fair, with blue skies and forecasted winds of F3 gusting F4, possibly F5 later. After the 10 am briefing, some of the fleet decided to reef the boats to be on the safe side.

The fleet got away well and stayed together as we headed down the estuary. Rounding the headland between Mylor Harbour and Falmouth we passed a large Royal Navy supply vessel 'Cardigan Bay' preparing to leave harbour. Our GP14s suddenly seemed very small. Navigating through the moored and moving boats of Falmouth, we sailed onto a pontoon by the main slipway. A GP14 set up for cruising is heavy, but teamwork prevailed and together we carried six boats up above the highwater mark to leave the pontoon clear for other visiting craft.

Lunchtime was upon us, and the group dispersed to eat their packed lunches, visit cafes and wander through a busy Falmouth town. The streets seemed crowded to 'lock-down' eyes. At 2pm we assembled for our visit to the National Maritime Museum where we saw Ben Ainslie's Olympic Finn 'Rita', Frank Dye's famous Wayfarer 'Wanderer', Dart catamaran #1 and an early optimist dinghy. The 'Monsters of the Deep' exhibition was well presented, and the view over the town and estuary from the top of the tower was well worth the climb. Ice cream from one of the many restaurants and cafes just outside the museum rounded off our visit.



Arriving at the Maritime Museum



Oliver, Peter and Richard on Safety





Falmouth Harbour and the Maritime Museum

Soon it was time to leave Falmouth, so we headed back to the slipway. The quote of the day from Frank rang out: "That's my boat!" – in our absence the now floating GP14's had been kindly moved back over to the pontoon by our host and rib skipper Richard and his daughter Tamsin ready for our departure.

The sail back was easy going with fair winds and no swell. We were pleased to see the Falmouth Working Boats with their colourful topsails on their way back from a day's racing. These boats dredge for oysters in the estuary under sail during the winter months. Once back at base, we all landed easily at the beach, and the team came together once more to help with raising the boats to their field positions for the night.

Overall, our Falmouth cruise was a very pleasant day for all. [*Braviner family*]



*Spot the topsails of the Falmouth working boats;
each topsail is unique, and so aids identification of the individual boat.*

Sunday 25th July

Day Time Temperature - 20°C

Wind Speed - 4kts Gusting 11kts

Wind Direction - North West

General Conditions - Dry and bright with broken clouds cover forecast to clear.

Tides - LW 1340hrs, HW 1720hrs, Range 4.7M, Springs.

Plan:

At the regular 1000hrs morning briefing the plan was announced for the day: we would launch at 1100hrs and leave Mylor, sailing in a close group SW on the outgoing tide passing Castle Cove giving St Mawes Castle Headland a decent offing and beach the boats on St. Mawes Summers Beach for lunch.

Shortly after the tide turns the plan was to re-float the boats and sail with the incoming tide back past Mylor and into the next creek called Restronguet Creek to visit the Pandora Inn for drinks or a meal if there was room at the very popular Inn.



Planning the day

Log:

The day started off as planned with all the boat launching around 1100hrs heading down the creek towards the far shore on an easy reach. The 7 boats were loaded and rigged vastly different - some boats had 3 up, some boats were heavily reefed, and at least 2 had full size rigs including genoas and spinnakers. It was difficult to imagine how the fleet was going to stay in close company. It was no surprise the fleet became spread out arriving as planned at Summer Beach in ones and twos all following the first boat in who had the fortune of knowing where to beach from an unplanned recce the previous day. Boats arriving individually probably fortunately eased the landing procedure. Only one boat decided to take a soft landing on a patch of seaweed on the beach, unbeknown to the skipper the seaweed was hiding a very hard lump of rock. Luckily no damage was done and the boat was moved to an appropriate part of the beach and the good fortune was celebrated later with a large pink gin on the rocks.



Summer beach, St Mawes



Beware of rocks masked by seaweed



St Mawes. lunchtime

There was time for a very pleasant couple of hours in St Mawes centre to sample the Cornish fair: Crab Sandwiches, Cream Teas, and Fish and Chips were on the menu though the latter seemed to get the vote of the day. Who has noted the absence of Cornish Pasties? Well they were still cooking with an hour still to go apparently, obviously not a St Mawes lunch time delicacy?

The word spread around that the tide had turned and was starting to creep up to the beached boats, so off to the beach everyone returned to float the boats and head off to the Pandora. One by one the boats launched and headed off round the headland against the incoming tide to take benefit of going with the tide against the freshening wind up the Carrick Roads. At this point a concerned call came over the VHF radio from the Safety boat wanting a roll call trying to ensure all boats were safely heading in the right direction. That was when the frustrated voice was heard over the unintentionally open radio "This is like herding Damned Cats". Order was restored with the last 4 boats sailing in close quarters with the understanding they were buddying each other as the Rib sped off in search of the other three boats.

Passing Restronguet Sailing Club a few boats were seen heading as if going back home however the temptation of the Pandora was too strong and followed the fleet on until the creek opening was visible and the word passed from boat to boat that's where we are heading so slowly the fleet made it to the Inn's large pontoon providing entertainment for the many customers enjoying a late afternoon drink and meal with the perfect seamanship landings of 7 boats and a Rib. Perhaps as a reward 3 picnic tables were left vacant for the intrepid sailors to relax and enjoy a drink and food outside the characterful thatched roof inn where many a story of smuggling past could no doubt still be heard.

Following lots of far-fetched stories and refreshments a very happy bunch of sailors boarded their boats and sailed the short distance though hundreds even thousand moored yachts (Who was counting?) back to the camp site. Working as a well-oiled team we recovered the boats and hauled them over the rough beach and up the steep slope to put the boats to bed after a very successful and enjoyable day's cruising.

For myself and Colin this was the end of the cruising week, all the others had more days to look forwards to.

So until the next cruising event "fair winds and following seas" .[Duncan]



At the Pandora Inn, Emma now arrived and Matthew B in shot

Monday July 27th Duncan and Colin left for home this morning and we sailed with six boats up the Fal River to Malpas.

We expected the wind to be pretty fluky going up the river and were not disappointed. Within any 30 metre stretch we were confronted with all points of sail which was pretty difficult navigating through numerous moored boats. We crossed the King Harry ferry, passed the mussel beds and a massive moored P&O ship, saw swans, herons, egrets and a white owl. The ebb tide was against us making navigation even more difficult along with the changing wind and river directions and encountering some strong gusts.

Still we got there, moored up against the pontoon with the RIB and headed up to the Heron Inn with wonderful views over the river.

We expected the sail back to be more straightforward but were quickly disillusioned! The wind virtually died at points and we were now against the flood tide and were we glad we had the RIB. I believe all boats had a tow at some point and we ended up with four boats towed back through the Carrick Roads to Restronguet.

Much fun and challenge. [AlanPP]



A chance for full sail on the way to Malpas, Rob and Sarah



...and Frank and Emma...



...and the Braviners and PPs, passing the mussel beds



Arriving at Malpas jetty and the Heron café



... we were allocated 2 slots and carefully made our way across the rafted dinghies to the pontoon



The Truro River turns to mud



Heading home in light airs



Dodging the ferry



Getting the timing just right....the ferry is moving to the right!



Avoiding the other moored 'ferry', and the winds reflected off its side



Accepting a tow to get home for supper

Tuesday July 27th NW wind force 4, gusty with rain showers

5 boats. Tony, Melanie & Matthew; John & Simon; Frank & Emma; Sarah & Rob; Anne, Eleanor & Emily.

Ignoring their lingering tiredness and aching arms from all the paddling yesterday five crews set out in very different conditions. Everyone was safely reefed as we set sail for Penryn Harbour. As we turned into Falmouth Harbour the strong gusts and a heavy rain squall made for exciting sailing and weaving between the moored boats was tricky. The fleet was beached on the shingle at Flushing, some boats with more finesse than others. We lunched in the village and returned to the beach at 2 o'clock. It was then evident that the falling tide had left the rib aground and we would have to wait for it to refloat. There was nothing to be done but return to the Seven Stars for another drink. At 4 o'clock the tide had turned and the rib was afloat. So the boats were launched and sailed briskly home to Mylor. It was another interesting sailing day with its own challenges, bringing to an end an excellent varied cruising week. *[Eleanor M]*



The beach at Flushing



Flushing harbour was built by a Dutch team from the town of the same name, and has characteristic vertical slabs



How to get home in a strong wind...method 1 Reef right down



How to get home in a strong wind...method 2 Reef right down



*How to get home in a strong wind...method 3 Foresail only
or method 4 no sail at all and a friend with a RIB*

Many thanks to Oliver and Richard for organising this year's cruising week in a beautiful part of the country.

Report compiled by Anne Rushton from logs and images provided by all participants.