



# MARINA MATES



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MERRY XMAS TO ALL BERTH-HOLDERS

## **Merry Christmas - From the Marina - or is it too early?**

Well: by the time you read this we will all be into the Christmas spirit, some drinking it no doubt.

Anyway, it's that time of year again for the lantern boat parade, and we, that is the council and the marina have joined forces again to deliver a festive event at the marina. Previous years have been a resounding success largely due to the efforts of Lesley Strickland, (the events officer for Hartlepool Borough Council) and the berth holders.

Lesley will be writing to each berth holder detailing the event which is planned for the 8<sup>th</sup> Dec. Your support once again will be greatly appreciated. If you have any questions just ask me or Lesley. I hope that as many boats as possible will take part as it will certainly add to the atmosphere of the event. As usual there will be a prize for the best dressed boat. This year we will not be having a sail past, but will congregate on the north side of the marina in front of the shops and restaurants with shore power provided for your lighting.

Allan Henderson

**The Marina Management and staff would like to take this opportunity to wish all berth-holders a very Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.**

## **HARTLEPOOL MARINA YACHT MOVEMENTS 2007**

There have been quite a few yachts that have sailed away from the marina this year for warmer climes; who can blame them after the summer we haven't had! A lot of people talk about doing this type of thing but very few actually get around to doing it. It's as if it's easier to talk about than to physically do it, which of course it is! However, sometimes you have to push yourself to fulfil certain dreams, be it circumnavigating the UK, sailing to the other side of the world, climbing Everest, crossing the Kalahari Desert etc. Having said all that, we all need dreams, they help to keep us going. Over the years I've fulfilled quite a number of mine but still have a few unfulfilled and left to aim towards – sorry Rose!

**LIVERBIRD** – Ash and Jan set off for the Med in their yacht early on in the year. They took a bit of a battering in Biscay and headed for the French canals instead. As far as I know they are still in the canal system but have bought a motor yacht as well as 'Liverbird'.

**SALTSCAR III** – John and Sue have set off and the last postcard I received they were going through the Corinth Canal and eventually heading for Turkey. They have now settled in Kemer Marina, Turkey for the winter. They've had some terrific sailing on route with winds of 30+kts all on the quarter, but also had to resort to Mrs Perkins and as John says, 'it gave her and my bank account a good workout'!

They are both very happy as the place is geared up for 'liveboards' with plenty of activities to keep them both fully occupied. John has named it 'Camp Kemer Summer Camp for old guys'!! They had a bit of excitement as well as a couple of weeks ago in the early hours they were woken up to the sound of sirens and discovered that three 60ft Gulets were well alight, one was towed out to sea to burn and sink and the other two were contained by the fire service.

They are flying out to Canada for Christmas and plan to return in February. John says that they have covered a lot of sea miles in the last two years and has promised Sue 30nm days, no overnights and the hook down before the cocktail hour, we'll see! Well done to two very nice people, the south side of the marina has lost a certain something since your departure.

**ALPAGRO** – Paul and Gill set off and sailed north (not the warm climes for them – yet). Their daughter was expecting a baby so they took a very slow trip north so they could be as near to her as possible as the event unfolded. It all went according to plan and nature and they now plan to spend the winter in the Forth or in the Caledonian Canal at Inverness. Well done and thank you for that super breakfast you gave us when we met up on our way home from the Orkney Islands.

**CHRISTYBELLE** – Alan and Wendy wanted their yacht out in the Med, they approached me and asked if I was willing to help take her to Gibraltar with another couple of crew. Alan and Wendy didn't fancy the trip and were going

to meet us in Gibraltar. We set off not knowing each other, one was from Gibraltar and had just brought a yacht to Falmouth from Gibraltar, and the other one was from Crew List and then me. It was a great seventeen day trip with stops in France, Spain and Portugal and finally Gibraltar where I stayed for a further few days before coming home. Alan and Wendy joined the yacht in Gibraltar and have continued along the coast of Spain and are staying in a very nice and cheap marina for the winter.

**OLIVE MARY** – I met up with Olive Mary and her skipper Dave in Spain, he had just recently crossed the Bay of Biscay on his own – respect! He was heading for the Canary Islands to work as a Farrier. This used to be Eddie and Margarets boat and they had plans to set off for the Med themselves before Eddie's ill health and eventual death, but I'm sure that Eddie would be pleased to know that Olive Mary was at least getting there and I'm sure that Eddie is with her!

## **ALPAGRO**

At last found time to put something together for you for the marina mates. Hope you enjoyed your sail to the Orkney Islands, shame about the weather you encountered on passage.

## **At Last Paul And Gill Retire Overseas**

Having been dinghy sailors for five years, we felt we were ready to progress to a larger yacht and the open sea. We looked on the internet, up and down the country for a suitable boat. In June 2001 we went to Hartlepool saw ALPAGRO, fell in love with her and she was ours in July that year. We spent a lot of time cleaning her up and getting ready to sail. In October we sailed her up to Amble for the winter to have her copper bottomed and her topsides painted. We also changed her upholstery, polished all the interior wood work and had new sails made. She looked brilliant when she was finished. On March 29<sup>th</sup> 2002 we sailed her back to Hartlepool, it was a rough sea and we had to motor sail for ten hours. We arrived back hungry, so that evening we went to the Lotus Garden for a meal. While eating Paul said wouldn't it be good if we could stop working, sail off to wherever, whenever we wanted without thinking about time. I said it was possible; I would go back to work full time and save our money. Paul said ok and we picked up our glasses of wine and toasted our dream.

For the next five years we saved, sold our home and moved onto ALPAGRO. Living on board we found out what we needed and got rid of what we didn't. We fitted all the necessary equipment for long distance sailing, a water heater and central heating. She is now a very comfortable home. On March 29<sup>th</sup> 2007 we did it, we left work and said good bye to our colleagues. That evening we went back to Lotus Garden to celebrate what we had achieved in the last five years. We spent the next few weeks getting ready to sail away. We made a lot of friends in Hartlepool Marina and we enjoyed making it our home for a while, we will be keeping in touch on our travels. On June 21<sup>st</sup> 2007 we set sail from Hartlepool. Who knows where we will be or when because that is what it is all about. Dreams can come true. **Paul & Gill**

## LEAKING BRITAIN

I was reading an article in the Daily Mail about a guy called Duncan Heenan who had sailed around the UK. The article was about the security or the lack of it at Britain's ports, in his words, "they are as watertight as a sieve". He berthed his yacht 39 times without once being stopped for checks. (I actually visited 60 ports on my circumnavigation, with no checks or questions asked). Not wanting to be mistaken for a gun runner or drugs smuggler, he had packed his passport along with all other necessary documents for himself and his yacht, 'Fellowship'. Each time he approached land, he expected to be approached by Customs, Immigration Officials, Coastguards or the police checking his identity or the purpose of his visit. "I could have been anyone, coming from anywhere and carrying anything" said Mr Heenan, "During the entire trip I was never contacted, nor required to contact any official, not even a harbourmaster asked for my paperwork other than my money to pay my port fees."

The extraordinary story of his 2,000+ mile journey came to light as financial cutbacks forced an end to checks for illegal immigrants on ferries sailing from Cherbourg to Poole. Mr Heenan said, "On the one hand the Government says it is clamping down on illegal immigration and people hiding in lorries and yet what a contrast when you come in on a small boat from sea. I could have been smuggling bombs or drugs, nuclear weapons or illegal immigrants, but no one took any notice at all. I did contact the coastguards from time to time but that was on my initiative, normally to check the weather prospects" In Morocco, Greece, Italy, Spain and the Balkans you have to fill in a detailed form when you arrive. "I don't think I was ignored on my British journey because I was an Englishman. After all, the authorities didn't ask the question so they couldn't have known my nationality. I could have been anyone. One area where spending and regulation should be increased is the supervision of access to our small ports. In my experience it is as watertight as a sieve. France is probably the most liberated foreign country but even there a skipper and crew expects to get regular spot checks. It is the kind of security I never saw on the entire British coastline".

I, myself actually visited 60+ ports during my circumnavigation of the UK with no checks or questions asked, for which at the time I was quite grateful, as it was a lot less hassle on my part, I had more important things to worry about like, will the pub still be open. However, I was in daily contact with the coastguards, logging my daily passages, departures and arrivals, so they knew who I was and where I was during my entire trip, which was very reassuring!

I realise what Mr Heenan is saying, and in parts I agree but the logistics of checking every British boat would be an absolute nightmare, and I don't think that it would solve the problems mentioned. If someone wants to run guns, drugs etc he could do it by anchoring off and passing the stuff or people to another local boat. It is the Editor's opinion that the majority of sailors are law abiding, however, human nature being as it is, the few law breakers will always spoil it for the many! **Editor**

## **PLANET EARTH**

Once upon a time in the Kingdom of Heaven, God went missing for six days. Eventually, Michael the archangel found him on the seventh day resting. He enquired of God, 'Where have you been?' God pointed downwards through the clouds, 'Look Michael, look what I've made' said God. Archangel Michael looked puzzled and said, 'What is it?' 'It's a planet,' replied God, 'and I've put life on it. I'm going to call it Earth and it's going to be a great place of balance.' 'Balance?' inquired Michael, still confused.

God explained, pointing down to different parts of the Earth, 'For example, North America will be a place of great opportunity and wealth while South America is going to be poor, the Middle East over there will be a hot spot and Russia will be a cold spot. Over there I've placed a continent of white people and over there a continent of black people.' God continued, pointing to the different countries. 'This one will be extremely hot and arid while this one will be very cold and covered in ice.'

The Archangel was impressed by God's work, then pointed to another area of land and asked, 'What's that?' 'Ah,' said God. 'That's the north of England, the most glorious place on earth. They are the most beautiful people, seven great cities in Yorkshire alone, and so many impressive towns like Hartlepool; it is the home of the world's finest artists, musicians, writers, thinkers, explorers and politicians. The people from the North of England are going to be modest, intelligent, friendly and humorous and they're going to be found travelling the world. They'll be extremely sociable, hard working and high-achieving, and they will be known throughout the world as speakers of truth.' Michael gasped in wonder and admiration but then proclaimed, 'What about balance God, you said there will be BALANCE!' God replied very wisely, 'Wait till you see the set of w\*\*kers I'm putting down South!!'

## **COMRADE**

A Russian couple were walking down the street in Moscow one night, when the man felt a drop hit his nose. 'I think it's raining,' he said to his wife. 'No, that felt more like snow to me,' she replied. 'No I'm sure it was rain,' he said. Well as these things go, they were about to have a major argument about whether it was raining or snowing. Just then they saw a minor communist party official walking towards them. 'Let's not fight about it,' the man said, 'Let's ask Comrade Rudolph whether it's officially raining or snowing.' As the official approached, the man asked. 'Tell us Comrade Rudolph is it officially raining or snowing?' 'It's raining of course,' he answered and walked on. But the woman insisted, 'I know I felt snow!' to which the man replied, 'Rudolph the Red knows rain, dear.'

## **HARTLEPOOL TO GIBRALTAR 7/9/07 – 25/9/07**

The good yacht 'Christybelle' and her three man crew  
Left Hartlepool headed south on ninety degrees true  
We followed the coast as much as we could  
Our passage time was proving to be quite good  
Stopped off at Brighton to fuel and eat  
Next it's the Channel, now that's no mean feat  
We crossed it with ease and head south with the tide  
Passing Jersey and Guernsey on our port side  
Then onto France and tied up in Cameret  
To have a well earned rest and call it a day  
Then it's the notorious Biscay and its huge daunting bay  
It all brings to mind what the old sailors say  
That this really is a most treacherous coast  
Once you have sailed it then you can boast  
As we sail ever onward through the pitch black night  
Up pops a large whale which gives me a fright  
We follow our Rhumb line of course two o seven  
Look up at the night sky, that's what I call heaven  
The large cruising chute billows out tight  
As it pulls us along through the dark of the night  
The wind increased and the sun showed its face  
Now we're off sailing at a right cracking pace  
Nothing to do except read in the sun  
The autohelm sees that everything's done  
White caps are showing and the swell is quite large  
But everything's ok with 'Christybelle' in charge  
Eight days out and we're still sailing well  
Even through the large breaking Biscay swell  
Biscay at night what a place to be  
As black as velvet and nothing to see  
360 degrees you can turn your head around  
But I guarantee there's no land to be found  
It's just so dark that your nerves are quite tight  
Thank goodness for that welcoming tri-colour light  
Now we're across and day dawns once again  
In a few hours time we'll be tied up in Spain  
As we leave Spain and head even further south  
The weather is poor, but we're not down in the mouth  
One hundred and thirty miles to our next port of call  
And that will be Leixoes in Portugal  
Fishing boats here and fishing boats there  
Some come pretty close as if they don't care  
We're flying along on course two o five  
Now Chritybelle feels as if she's really alive  
The spume was flying away from her bow  
If only Alan and Wendy could see her right now  
From force six to zero the winds been and gone  
We'll have to resort to the engine being on .....

In order to put more miles under her keel  
This is the only answer we all feel  
Over the city of Lisbon a lightening display  
To see this at home you'd be pleased to pay  
Forked and flashing across the night sky  
When it strikes the water the sparks do fly  
The wind has got up and the swell is quite high  
It seems to stretch from the sea to the sky  
It's eleven o' clock and breakfast's all done  
Now I can go and relax in the sun  
To read a book and enjoy a cup of tea  
It's quite relaxing just watching the sea  
Set off again on course one one five  
The wind is up and the boat feels alive  
We went into Lagos as we were in need of a rest  
A lovely place to visit, I was most impressed  
Then it's off again for the final stop  
To Gibraltar a mere two hundred mile hop  
She's very proud and so she should be  
Sailing nineteen hundred miles without a calamity  
So it's a big thank you for keeping us safe and well  
That great little ship called 'CHRISTYBELLE'  
Mike Fellows 2007

## **WOMENS LIB INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE**

The first speaker, a lady from Berkshire, England stood and said, 'During last year's conference, we spoke about being more assertive with our husbands. Well after the conference, I went home and told my husband, Barrington, that I would no longer cook for him and that he would have to do it himself. After the first day, I saw nothing, the second day, saw nothing, but the third day, I saw that he had cooked a wonderful roast lamb dinner.' The crowd cheered. The second speaker from Russia stood up and said, 'After last years conference, I went home and told my husband Ivan that I would no longer do his laundry and he would have to do it himself. The first day I saw nothing, the second day I saw nothing, but on the third day I saw that he had not only done his own washing but mine as well'. The crowd again cheered.

The third speaker, a Geordie lass stood up and said, 'Afta last year's conference I went herm and telt that lazy bastard of mine, Geordie, that I was nae longer pickin up his beer cans, cooking is bait and washing his kecks and that he was gonna haf ter de them hiself.' The crowd went wild with cheering and clapping that lasted five long minutes. She continued. 'Afta the first day, I never saw nowt, afta the second day I never saw nowt, but after the third day, I could see a little bit out of me left eye'.

## **VASECTOMY HARTLEPOOL STYLE**

After having their 11<sup>th</sup> child, a Hartlepool couple decided that was enough as the social wouldn't buy them a bigger bed and they weren't strong enough to nick one. The husband went to his doctor and told him that he and his wife didn't want any more kids. The doctor told him there was a procedure called a vasectomy that would fix the problem, but it was expensive. A less costly alternative was to go home, get a firework, light it, and put it in a beer can, then hold the can up to his ear and count to 10.

The husband said to the doctor, 'I may not be the smartest guy in the world, but I don't see how putting a firework in a beer can next to my ear is going to help me.' 'Trust me; it will do the job,' said the doctor. So the man went home, lit a banger and put it in a beer can. He held it up to his ear and began to count. '1, 2, 3, 4, 5,' at which point he paused, placed the can between his legs so he could continue counting on his other hand.

This procedure also works in Newcastle, parts of Stockton and all of Ireland.

## **BECAUSE I'M A MAN-**

I must hold the television remote control in my hand while I watch TV. If the thing has been misplaced, I may miss a whole show looking for it, though one time I was able to survive by holding a calculator instead.

There is no need to ask me what I'm thinking about. The true answer is always either sex, cars, sex, football or sex. I have to make up something else when you ask, so just don't ask.

I can be relied upon to buy basic groceries like milk or bread. I can't be expected to find exotic items like 'cumin' or 'tofu'. For all I know, these are the same thing.

## **SOME GREAT TRUTHS ABOUT GROWING OLD**

Growing old is mandatory, growing up is optional.  
Forget the health food. I need all the preservatives that I can get.  
It's frustrating when you know all the answers, but nobody asks you the questions.

Time may be a great healer, but it's a lousy beautician.

At age 4 success is ... not peeing in your pants.

At age 12 success is ... having friends.

At age 17 success is ... having a driving licence.

At age 35 success is ... having money.

At age 50 success is ... having money.

At age 70 success is ... having a driving licence.

At age 75 success is ... having friends still alive.

At age 80 success is ... not peeing in your pants.

## **RISING - - - FALLING**

Should you trust your barometer? Only up to a point according to Beth Leonard who writes for *'Sail'* magazine in America. Until now our understanding of them has been over-simplistic. Her eyes were opened when she started comparing air pressure readings with more than three year's worth of hourly data from four different weather buoys. Arguably her most important finding was the fact that the most dangerous conditions could occur when the barometer started to rise again after a fall. The implications are obvious. In the past, when the barometer bottomed out, she breathed a sigh of relief; now she prepares herself and the boat for something worse. The phenomenon is particularly perilous when, after a lull, the wind not only blows stronger, but also from a different direction – producing confused and breaking seas. Either way, her observations – if sensibly applied – can only add to our safety – for which we should be very thankful.

## **THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES**

I am sure that you are all familiar with the old fable about the Emperor and the little boy in the crowd; well I have to tell you that the Emperor, in boating terms is still as naked as a Jay bird, and it appears that I am the only one to see it! What brought on this vision of imperial nudity? Well it was a boathook, let me explain.

It is a fact that as with boat design, most boating equipment evolved to best perform the task for which it is needed, a traditional mooring cleat is great at its job, it is simple, unbreakable and easy to use, and most marine items used to follow this example. I say used to, because for some time we have been buying, and the marine industry has been selling us things which have evolved to be easy and cheap to manufacture, but above all to line the pockets of the marine trade industry. Here we return to the story of the boathook.

I was watching a small yacht approaching its mooring in the marina a while ago, single handed the owner motored up to his pontoon, slowed the engine, leaned over the side with a boathook and caught the mooring cleat, but instead of stopping, the boat carried on into the main pontoon while the skipper held the snapped length of flimsy alloy tube that was all that remained of the boathook. The point here is that this item was both bought and sold as a boathook and should have been able to do the things that a boathook is designed to do, it should pick up both moorings and men overboard, it should fend off potential collisions, it should also be around six feet long made of ash and have a secure bronze or steel double hook on the end, but it does not! At least not any more!!!

I use this as an example because I am betting that most of you reading this will own one of these useless items of yachting jewellery, but there are so many more examples. Electric bilge pumps that only pump the advertised

gallons per minute if the inlet and outlet and the pump are at water level with no loops or bends in the tube, my 11 GPM pump struggles to manage 3 GPM! (Measure yours). 'Inflatable' Danbouys which lay flat on the water if it's a windy day, so be sure only to go over the side in a flat calm! Man overboard lights with flashing bulbs, what is the chance of seeing it in a swell if the bulb is off for half the time? Man overboard life rings of eighteen inches diameter, (how many of us could get around our chests in full oilies?) Speaking of waterproofs, do we really need to spend six or seven hundred pounds on a raincoat? Yachting oilies should be waterproof, warm, comfortable and hardwearing. They do not need to be ultra light weight; multi coloured or covered in useless pockets and badges. If you ask why modern oilies are so thin, cold and flimsy, you will be told that it is part of an integrated layer system. What this really means is that they want to sell you a fleece lining, a fleece shirt and if you are particularly rich and gullible, fleece underwear as well.

Continuing my theme, why is it that antifouling bought for a yacht a chandlers costs £25.00 per litre, but the identical product bought from a commercial outlet is £7.00 per litre? Why is braided rope for my halliards £2.45 a metre at the chandlers but only £1.15 a metre at a wholesaler in Team Valley? Why do stainless steel screws cost up to four times as much in a blister pack for boats, in fact why is it that nearly everything for boats is so overpriced if purchased from conventional outlets? Perhaps we get what we deserve, and maybe getting fleeced by the marine trade is inevitable for those who have not the time or the wits to look elsewhere, but what I cannot condone is the dumbing down of products, especially safety devices which many people may buy in good faith believing that they are buying tried and tested items, not some gimmick that belongs in the back of the innovations catalogue.

One last question is why will you never see an article like this in any of the yachting magazines? Well the simple answer is that they are all too busy collecting their advertising revenues to notice whether or not any passing Emperor is properly clothed!

**An Irate Yachty**

## **THE THREE LITTLE PIGS**

This is a true story, proving how fascinating the mind of a six year old is, they think so logically.

A teacher was reading the story of The Three Little Pigs to her class. She came to the part of the story where the first little pig was trying to gather the building materials for his home. She read.. 'And so the little pig went to the man with the wheelbarrow full of straw and said: 'pardon me sir, but may I have some of that straw to build my house?'

The teacher paused then asked the class, 'And what do you think the man said?' One little boy raised his hand and said very matter of factly. 'I think the man would have said – 'well f\*\*k me!! A talking pig!' The teacher was unable to teach for the next ten minutes

## **LIFE IS ....**

We spend more, but enjoy less.  
We have bigger houses, but smaller families.  
We have more compromises, but less time.  
We have more knowledge, but less judgement.  
We have more medicines, but less health.  
We have multiplied our possessions, but reduced our values.  
We talk much, we love only a little, and we hate too much.  
We reached the moon and came back, but find it troublesome to cross our own street to meet our neighbours.  
We have conquered outer space, but not our inner space  
We have higher incomes, but fewer morals.  
These are times with more liberty, but less joy.  
We have much food, but less nutrition.  
We have finer houses, but more broken homes.

That's why I propose, that as of today you don't keep anything for a special occasion, because everyday that you live is a special occasion. Search for knowledge, read more, sit in your garden and admire the view without paying attention to your needs.

Spend more time with your family and friends, eat your favourite foods, and visit the places you love. Life is a chain of moments of enjoyment, not only about survival. Use your crystal goblets, don't save your best perfume or aftershave, use it every time you feel you want to. Remove from your vocabulary phrases like, "one of these days" and "someday." Write that letter you thought of writing, "one of these days."

Let's tell our family and friends how much we love and appreciate them. Don't delay anything that adds laughter and joy to your life. Every day, every hour, every minute is so very special so make the very most of it, because you don't know if it will be your last. **So get that bloody boat out and sail it!**  
**Some deep and hopefully meaningful words from the Editor.**

Yacht engines don't wear out, 'a marine engineer once said. 'They corrode out.' He has a point; they sit in a salty bilge and are barely run 50hrs a year. So its little wonder they can be cantankerous, rust-ridden and temperamental. Yet this is the one important piece of gear that one day you'll stake your life on. Which is when they will inevitably break down!

A frantic distress call was made to the Coastguard. 'Coastguard, coastguard – We're close into the cliffs and taking water!' he cried. He was quickly answered by a competent female operator. 'Vessel calling – can you be more specific?' 'Yes we're bleeding sinking!' was the reply. 'I meant,' she replied sweetly, 'about your position.'

# **Storrar Marine's Annual Sale!**

A stylized, grey-toned illustration of a sailboat with its sails up, set against a light grey oval background. The boat is depicted with simple, flowing lines, suggesting movement on the water.

**Starts Monday 31<sup>st</sup>  
December @ 9.30**

**We are open New  
Years Day from 9.30**

**Check our website from 24<sup>th</sup> December for  
details of all our special sale prices or email us  
your email address and get the details sent  
automatically**

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