

BIRDS - Chichester has over 19,000 wildfowl and 35,000 waders in mid winter. The harbour ranks 20th in the UK league, behind huge areas like the Walsh and the Thames.

During the winter many species of wildfowl and wading birds come south and use the harbour for feeding and resting, taking advantage of the rich resources it offers to prepare them to return north to breed. 'North' can be as far away as Siberia, so they need to be in good condition, and they rely on places like the harbour to see them through the winter.

How do we know? Every month from September to March a team of about 18 volunteers counts and maps all (yes all!) the birds seen along their particular stretch of shore. This happens on estuaries throughout Britain on the same day; the data are processed by the British Trust for Ornithology who liaise with European organisations doing similar work."

If you would like further information on the the Chichester area please do not hesitate to contact any the of Chichester based Shrimpers, or the Harbour Office at Itchen. The Manager and Harbour Master is Capt John Whitney and the Harbour Office telephone is 0243 512301.

QUINQUEREME OF NINEVEH
LOG OF THE SCILLIES TRIP
by Micheal Beaumont & Giles Clotworthy
SYNOPSIS

Friday 19th June 1992

A gloomy start to this long planned expedition. The wind was at least force 5, gusting 6. Listened to a Marinecall forecast and went to bed.

Saturday 20th June

Slipped the mooring at 1700, bright sunshine, wind northerly force 5, barometer high at 30.4". August Rock at 1816, speed across Falmouth Bay over 5 knots, moored off Helford River Sailing Club at 1840. We rowed ashore in Gile's collapsible dinghy, which stowed neatly on the port bunk throughout the trip. A quiet night although the wind howled a bit. A shrimper on a strong mooring has a womb-like rocking motion that beats a sleeping pill.

Sunday 21st June

Bacon and eggs on board, then the morning call to Marinecall. The decision was taken to go as far west on the mainland as possible during the day. We slipped at 1022, wind N F5, barometer 30.3" and on a beautiful sunny morning reached out to Nare Point where the log was streamed (93.0). Course was set for the Manacles Buoy 150° and then 230° was ordered to clear Black Head. Giles in cracking form, I felt absolutely terrific, all helped along by the generous quantities of Heineken. We reached Black Head at 1200 (log 98.8), wind down to F3. However off Housel Bay at 1300, still steering 230°, wind increased again to F5. At 1420 steered for the Bay. The tide had been fair round the Lizard but did little to help us as we tacked northwards so on port tack we were making no headway. That encouraged us to go for Newlyn since that seemed an easier fetch. We arrived feeling a little uncomfortable though the sun shone throughout, and at 1810 after circling the harbour picked up a buoy by the entrance. Log reading 123.8; distance travelled some 36 miles.

Monday 22nd June

Walked in bright sunshine past the fish market in full swing auctioning the night's catch. Slipped at 0926 in a flat calm, barometer 30.3", and motored to Low Lee Buoy (1247) and from there steered 210°. Shortly after 1000 we were passed by Scillonian (the ferry) with Joanna on board (looking the wrong way!). At 1015 we were off Lamorna Cove and at 1041 altered course to 250° for the Wolf Rock, still no wind. At 1220 got a fix on Runnelstone and Tater Du lighthouses and at 1250 we sighted Wolf Rock. Northerly came in rising to F3/4 by 1330. We were 2 miles N of Wolf Rock at 1355 and altered course to 270° for the Scillies, still well out of sight. As we lost sight of Wolf Rock we reassuringly found a trawler on the same course. It became clear that she was bound for Scillies too and was not exceeding our speed of some 5 knots which we achieved comfortably reaching on starboard tack with one reef in. The jib furling gear had jumped off the spindle - must change that before doing anything of this sort again. Two exhausted racing

pigeons looked to us for help. One landed on the hatch in front of Giles who grabbed her and made her welcome, then becoming happy enough to stay with us the whole way to Scilly. At 1540 we sighted land, the RHE of St. Martin on our starboard bow, right where it should have been and at 1710 left Hats Buoy close to starboard and entered the lagoon. The water had changed colour to a clear light blue shortly after leaving Wolf Rock and proved to be the same in the Islands, translucent blue to white sand below. This was just as well as we had sand banks to dodge and it was easier to look over the side than peer at the echo sounder. Desite this I misread a mark between Bryher and Tresco and we touched for a second. Shortly afterwards we saw Joanna waving from Tresco. We picked up our mooring at 1800, the log reading 161.5. Distance run for the day 40 miles. The harbour master, Mr Terry, and Joanna joined us on board for a celebratory whisky.

Tuesday 23rd June

At 1130 on another perfect sunny day we ran easily and lazily under jib alone across to St. Mary's. At 1400 motored across to Bryher and walked to the NW shore where we could see Bishop's light and the ring of jagged rocks and islands that surround this part of the lagoon. A friend, Christopher, described it as one of the most sinister places he had ever seen and certainly you can understand how Sir Cloudesley Shovell came to such grief nearly 300 years ago.

Wednesday 24th June

Joanne and I walked around Tresco to the Abbey Garden. The garden is a phenomenon. We gazed in astonishment at plants from New Zealand and Maderia blazing at us. Marinecall spoke of Nor' Westerly 2/3 for Thursday, going light and variable by Friday. We decided not to miss the obvious chance and leave in the morning.

Thursday 25th June

We slipped at 0927 with a fair tide, wind NW F1, barometer steady at 30.35" continuing the lovely weather. We reached Hats Buoy at 1013, hoisted sail and steered 105°. The wind settled to F2 NW. At 1145 we spotted a school of perhaps eight porpoises a cable on the port bow. They came to look at us, appeared delighted - but then they always do, and diverted to escort us giving a friendly nudge from below. At 1240 we sighted both land and the Bishop's Rock and at 1248 altered course from 105° to 080° to leave the lighthouse further to the south. At 1308 we altered course sharply to port to avoid a tanker that showed no sign of having seen us. By 1450 we were due north of the Wolf, about 3 miles distant, the wind now NW 2/3 and at 1530, in perfect visibility, we sighted Runnelstone Buoy which we passed abeam at 1600. By 1700 Tater Du light was abeam and half an hour later we entered Mount's Bay able to fetch St. Michael's Mount closed hauled on port tack. At 1814 the log was landed, reading 196.9, distance for the day 37 miles. We nosed in to the half dry harbour to lie for the night alongside the Westerly wall where we dried out comfortably. We walked around the castle on the flat land just above sea level and looked at the garden on the north side full of scent largely from tobacco plants.

Friday 26th June

We awoke high and dry. Lord St. Levan was observed crossing the causeway on foot from, as it turned out, the Paddinton/Penzance sleeper. He greeted us with surprising enthusiasm, asked us up to breakfast.... Considering how many visitors he has it was rather astonishing! Cast off at 1010 with a fair tide to take us round the Lizard. At 1020 streamed the log (197.0), barometer 33.3" and rising during the day. The sun shone as it had done all week but the wind faded to a sea breeze S F1 at 1112. We had to spend the rest of the day under engine. The course of 135° took us just clear of the Lizard since there was no danger from the overfalls today. We motored on, Mullion Cove abeam at 1300, Kynance at 1345 and rounded the Lizard at 1405 for the Manacles (log 210.5). We went inside the Manacles Buoy which we reached at 1615 and altered course for the entrance to the Fal. At 1732 at Black Rock we handed the log (225.6) - some 29 miles in the day and 132.6 nautical miles logged for the expedition. The final entry in the ship's log reads "1630: picked up the Porthgwithden mooring: HUZZAH!"