



Let's Go champs at the bit – the Channel awaits

OUR BOATS



Treguier was a worthy addition to the itinerary

BRITONS TO BRITTANY

Gilbert Park crosses the Channel for a storm-dodging fortnight of food, wine and fun

H

aving brought our Nimbus 365 (*Let's Go*) back to the UK from France after Brexit and Covid-19, we were keen to take advantage of our new location on the south coast

and head across the Channel to Brittany. We blocked two weeks off at the end of June and when the day came, we decided to start very gently – staying overnight in Trafalgar Wharf (where the boat is kept on a Drystack) and having dinner in nearby Porchester.

The plan, if the sea was smooth and gentle, was to go to St Peter Port. If not, we'd take the shorter leg to Cherbourg. But when the morning came, the skies were sunny, bright and windless, so we headed straight for St Peter Port, arriving at 1600 on the Friday. We knew we would have to wait on the walk-ashore pontoon until the sill was covered at about 2000. But when we arrived, we were told that the harbour party was in full flow and, with only one man on duty, the boats couldn't get in. In fact, we were one of 36 visiting boats that were told they would have to wait outside for the night. Normally, that wouldn't be a problem but a storm was rolling in. Cue some robust input from some irate boaters and eventually, we were all shepherd in by about 2300.

ROSCOFF TO MORLAIX

Four days later, we made the six-hour trip west to Roscoff to get our passports stamped. When we arrived, we moored up and registered before making the 30-minute walk into town in glorious evening sunshine to find a restaurant. Most were shut on Monday and Tuesday and the few that remained open were "complet" but in the end, we had a pretty good meal in a creperie, washed down with a bottle of wine.

The next day we pushed on to Morlaix. After travelling up the river, we just missed the first locking in, so we settled down for lunch on the boat and awaited the next opening. The harbourmaster couldn't have been more

helpful. He found us a wonderful finger mooring with loads of beautifully restored old boats around us and great views of the town.

PLOUMANAC'H & TREGUIER

After three days, it was off to Ploumanac'h – a lagoon with access over a sill. Once in, you pick up a fore-and-aft mooring with two huge buoys in the middle where you attach spring lines and allow boats to moor on the other side. It's a neat solution and the calm and peace of the place, set among striking granite outcrops, was enchanting. A quick dinghy trip ashore gave us access to a small food shop, as well as several cafés and restaurants and the inevitable beach and memorabilia shops. But we spent a great weekend here, just chilling out on the boat and enjoying life.

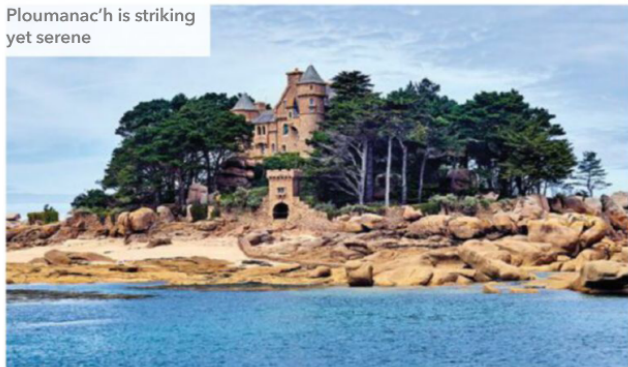
On the Monday morning, it was off to Treguier. Some low-level haze made the buoys and markers quite difficult to see but I remembered that if I put the cursor on the mark, it would show me the bearing and the distance from my location. With this information, plus a pair of binoculars with a built-in compass, it became very easy to spot the buoy long before I could see it with the naked eye.

The trip upriver toward the magnificent old town was spectacular. But a terrible current rips



Pushing upriver towards Morlaix

Ploumanac'h is striking yet serene



It was great to see Treguier La Corne hove into view



We threaded our way through the Channel Islands and up the Alderney Race

through the marina though, so for the first visit, mooring up in the marina should only be done at slack water.

After mooring up, it was time for dinner – but once again, it was Monday! All the restaurants were shut and the very few that were open were again “complet”. After walking around the centre of the town for what seemed like an age, we headed back to the marina, where we discovered that the neighbouring brasserie was open. The food was as good as it was welcome – but our meal two days later in the Aigues Marine Hotel was positively outstanding. If you get a chance, you should absolutely pay it a visit.

THE LONG TRIP HOME

Having stayed in Treguier for four days because of another storm, we didn't have time to push on to Plerin so we decided to go straight back up to Cherbourg in preparation for our return leg across the Channel. On the Friday morning, we left at slack water, passing among beautiful landscapes and threading our way through the Channel Islands, passing the damaged Roustel

Mark and heading up the Alderney Race into some very lively seas en route to Cherbourg.

Port Chateyenne turned out to be very busy, so we had to moor on the waiting pontoon for two hours before we could be rafted up. What we didn't know was that a pop concert had been planned in an area immediately adjacent to all the visitors' pontoons. It was very, very loud and the boat vibrated with the bass rhythm. It finished at about 0300, so the next morning, we headed to the local DIY shop for some earplugs, which saw us through to Sunday morning in much more restful fashion.

En route home, the plan had been to spend our last night in Newtown Creek, which is one of our favourites. But heading for the Needles proved so uncomfortable that we decided to head slightly east and make for the Nab Channel instead, before dipping into the Solent for the night. It was a long way but it was definitely worth the time and money. We had a truly memorable night with a mirror-like surface and a spectacular sunset – and after our brief two-week jaunt among the waters of France, it felt wonderful to be back home.



Slack water at Treguier marina

OUR BOATS SOON TO BE FEATURED...



FAIRLINE Targa 34
Albany, Bursledon
Can Phil Sampson finally get to the bottom of his diesel heating difficulties?



AXOPAR 22
Bare Necessities, Florida
Princess V48 owner Elliott Maurice hunts down his ideal everyday runabout



KARNIC 2250
Bohemian Girl, Poole
Hugo Andreae gets to the bottom of an intermittent engine saga and reveals how he finally got satisfaction