

potter ship

Bulletin of
the Royal
Lymington
Yacht Club

No. 6 Spring 1992

Needles Relief 14th December 1991

At 0330 on Saturday, 14 December, we could hear the Needles Foghorn bleating mournfully and what should have been the 'last Needles Relief' looked like being a non-event. Optimistically we went down to the marina and boarded the boat before 0900 so that we could at least have a coffee and chat with our crew in the event of a cancellation. We watched the guy opposite scraping ice off the foredeck - somewhat foolhardy I thought because there was virtually no wind so he wouldn't be going forward to put sails up anyway. Imagine falling into icy water **before** the Relief! (Some have been known to fall in afterwards).

So we motored down the river with a couple of others trailing behind, and as we came to the platform we saw the bank of fog ahead. The sky was very murky too and we looked at each other despondently. We turned right and crept along the mainland shore looking for Pennington sewer boom, after all it was very early yet and the weather might change, but deep down I think none of us was feeling too optimistic. After identifying various buoys along the muddy coast, Hurst loomed up ahead and so we motored a little way out making sure we were well away from the shipping channel.

Just after Hurst we looked back and the patchy fog lifted a little and we could still make out our two companions. Well if they weren't turning back then neither were we. We had arranged to call up friends on channel 72, but unfortunately our radio wasn't functioning properly so we had no way of finding out if there had been a cancellation anyway. We looked behind again and there was nothing, not even Hurst. Then the mist lifted a

little again and there were four boats behind, no, six. Again they disappeared and we plodded on. Somehow it didn't feel quite as cold as it had originally and there was definitely a little breeze. We could even make out a very pale lemon sun in the mist above. Suddenly, amazingly, the fog lifted, there was brilliant sunshine and the boats behind became a small fleet. We still couldn't see Hurst but the Needles lighthouse was shiny white and more and more boats oozed out of the fog behind us.

The Lymington inshore lifeboat had been waiting at the Needles for us all to arrive. Suddenly all was a hive of activity, with press and television cameramen, helicopter, sightseeing pleasure boats and many many yachts and motorboats - I counted at least 80. The Yarmouth lifeboat arrived at about 1055 and the procedure of maroon, breeches buoy and gifts being ferried across to the lighthouse keepers began, finishing with the usual excited hoots of thanks on foghorns etc., before departing to the Yarmouth pubs.

What a lot of intrepid yachtsmen, and how marvellous modern technology is that we can all enjoy such a fun event without worrying about such minor things as fog and ice. Was that really the last Needles Relief or do you know something I don't know?

P.S. It has come to our notice that people sometimes 'forget' that all participants are meant to contribute £1 a head to the fund which provides the presents which we watch being ferried across. In fact it could be true to say that some people don't even know that! (For future reference please see the notice board in the Chart Room).

CAT



Sir Alan Boxer has generously presented this painting, by John Hartnell-Beavis, to the Club as a lasting memento of the annual Needles Relief. It is reputed that the first of these trips started some 28 years ago when a few local hearties (one believed to be the late Colin McMullen) rowed to the rock from larger vessels.

HOUSE MATTERS

New Rear-Commodore House

Martyn Wheatley who, as many Club members know, redesigned the Club bar, library, dining room and servery areas whilst serving on the Property Committee, has been elected as our new Rear-Commodore House.

Martyn, a member since 1971, has owned numerous boats from Lasers to his current Westerly Tempest. He has raced for many years, but now cruises more extensively having just completed the Arc Rally to St. Lucia.

Refurbishment

Since the last issue of Potter Ship in Autumn 1991, the House Committee have completed their programme of refurbishing the Clubhouse, and are pleased to report that the Dining Room areas have now been oak panelled to the same standard as the Library, which was completed last year.

In addition, the ceilings have been re-lined to cover the existing dull acoustic tiles and lighting generally has been improved to give a more pleasant and relaxed atmosphere in the dining area.

New seating has been provided to match the existing blue dining chairs and more comfortable easy chairs provided in the Library area. Curtains have been renewed in both the Dining room and Library, which, together with the oak panelling and same coloured chairs, will give a unifying effect when the whole area is used for large functions and annual dinners.

A new servery has also been installed to meet the latest Health requirements and tie in with the existing counters recently installed in the River

room. We trust that this latest servery will make meal serving easier for our staff and more convenient for members.

Major refurbishment work within the Clubhouse is now completed, and we do not envisage any further disruption to the general use of the Club premises in the foreseeable future apart from periodic redecoration and minor repairs.

Martyn Wheatley

Members Restaurant

The experiment made this winter to maintain an evening meal service in the Club for six nights per week has brought forth a mixed response from members. The majority of feedback reaching committee is that there is a demand for this service and that it should continue all year round.

Mike Webb, John McPhee and their staff, have worked hard, sometimes against a background of very limited numbers to try and create a pleasant atmosphere, and provide good food at modest prices with varied menus.

The Members Restaurant will continue during the spring and summer to provide not only the excellent lunch and buffet menus during the day but also an evening meal service six nights per week.

We are fortunate that our premises provide one of the best views over the river of any restaurant in the town.

Do come and enjoy yourselves at the extension of facilities offered by your Club.

If you have any views or preferences for individual menus, let us know.

Les Hills

WORLD BLIND SAILING CHAMPIONSHIPS

Members may remember that last December the Royal Lymington Yacht Club hosted the British Blind Sailing team for a day's race training. The effort paid off as Great Britain took the Gold medal in the World's first Blind Sailing Championship held in early February in Auckland, New Zealand, beating the host nation,

Australia, Sweden and USA.

The British team were represented by Richard Horton-Fawkes, the Helmsman who lost his sight 10 years ago, David Alan Williams (sighted), Peter Bruce (sighted) all members of the RLymYC and Katy Stevens (partially sighted).

Major Peter Wilson Commodore R Lym YC



Major Peter Wilson was elected Commodore at the AGM. Jackie and Peter Wilson with Dragoon VIII cruise regularly and, as most members are aware, they are both nearly always involved in RLymYC events in the Solent either as Committee Boat, Mother Ship or in some other capacity.

Seeing it our duty as editors to corner the new Commodore and ask him to reveal something of himself, we succeeded in doing so, and after the initial opening from Peter of 'don't quote me' he was very forthcoming

about his sailing career which goes back to the 1930's. He has sailed boats in more countries than some of us have even been to.

He first sailed a 12ft National Dinghy in 1938 when holidaying on

Hayling Island. In 1944 he married Jackie and, after the war, they sailed Sharpies in Norfolk, racing against the father of the Royal Lymington Yacht Club's resident Sharpie enthusiast, Tom McEwen. Later, while serving in Germany he raced Tornados, then a posting to Korea enabled him to sail in the Commonwealth Regatta at Kure, Japan, where encounters with sharks seemed the order of the day, otherwise the Regatta was "good fun".

Peter has owned eight boats named Dragoon, the first of which was a Lightning dinghy he built himself in New Brunswick in 1955. Moving to Halifax, Nova Scotia, the following year he obtained Dragoon II, a very old 28ft sloop and became Commodore of the Army and Navy Club. He competed in the Bermuda race and then the Marblehead Halifax race under the burgee of the RCNSA. (It was their boat!!) Returning to Canada after completing a technical course in England, Dragoon III, another Lightning, saw him through his Commodoreship of the Oromocto Yacht Club. Dragoon IV was a Shark 26 he built himself whilst in Ottawa where he was a member of the Britannia Yacht Club and Commander of the Canadian Power and Sail Squadron, Ottawa, where he organised and carried out a full programme of courses and lectures.

Posted to Vietnam in 1966, a 38ft steel sloop became Dragoon V and was kept in Hong Kong. It was the previous property of the Vice Commodore of the Royal Hong Kong Yacht Club. To Peter's great regret he was not allowed to sail this yacht home.

During his time at NATO HQ in Brussels, Peter came to Lymington and bought an Elizabethan 29 called Riff

Raff and became a member of the RLymYC in 1971. Riff Raff was moored at Kortgene Marina on Veersemer in Holland and kept him entertained throughout his time with NATO. Riff Raff, in a previous incarnation, belonged to Derek Hobson.

On leaving the Army in 1971, Peter returned to Lymington and bought Dragoon VI, one of the first Contessa 32 kits from Jeremy Rogers which he fitted out and completed himself. In common with many Contessa 32 owners, he described the boat as "great fun". Finally Jackie and Peter decided to try a motor sailer, sparking off another self build venture - a Meridian Motor Sailer which became Dragoon VII and lasted them until 1981, when she made way for their present Dragoon - number eight - a 1973 built Nantucket Clipper, which is kept on their berth on the Fortuna Dock. Jackie has sailed with Peter throughout their married life and is still, he says 'his first and only mate'.

Peter is also a dedicated supporter of the RNLJ and is Vice Chairman of the Lymington Branch.

Asked how he felt about taking over as Commodore from Sir Alan Boxer he said 'Largely thanks to Alan we now have one of the best teams of people running a Yacht Club I have ever seen. The membership of the Club is like one big family. I am very keen that our community image remains good and goes on improving. This is important'. Peter concluded by saying that 'the object of the Club was for its members to have fun and he would like to use his position as Commodore to help further this end'.

The Editors

Christmas at Sea for Two

Brian and Pam Saffery Cooper left Lymington last October for an extended cruise with a 'race' in between. They were to take part in the ARC rally from Las Palmas to St. Lucia then cruise round the Caribbean. This is an account of their preparations and trip across the 'puddle'.

We had been warned that the harbour in Las Palmas was an oily hole and the reports certainly had not been exaggerated. The large commercial harbour where merchant ships stop to refuel is pretty busy and these ships seem to think nothing of ditching oil they don't want. As a result it sticks to yachts' waterlines, to fenders and to the dinghies and generally gets everywhere if you're not scrupulously careful.

There was a splendid atmosphere in Las Palmas - all the yachts were dressed overall and everyone was busy but there was always time to help someone else, and it was interesting meeting

other participants. Time seemed to fly with preparations - stocking up with provisions and then finding somewhere to stow them, attending excellent astro lectures laid on by the ARC etc. to say nothing of the parties.

Finally it was Sunday 24 November and we were away - the wind, which had been northeasterly, changed direction to the south on the day of the start, making it a beat, and then gradually became less and less so that more and more boats elected to motor, which was allowed in the cruising division, but the total hours motoring had to be recorded and submitted at the finish. The wind was fitful for about 36 hours after the start, and then filled in quite quickly, but we were still on the wind. When we heard a forecast that the wind was expected to veer to the northwest, we tacked to meet it and soon the wind was increasing until we had up a main with two reefs, staysail and only a small amount of genoa. The wind duly freed us and soon we were flying along on a close fetch steering

towards St. Lucia.

There was a daily roll call whereby all yachts gave their positions, barometric pressure and the wind they were experiencing. From this it seemed that our tack to the north west had put us in a very good position when compared with the rest of our class, but it was early days.

Then unfortunately things started to go wrong - just two and three quarter days and 430 miles after the start we turned back with electrical problems. The third TWC had blown and this had caused a fuse to blow in the single sideband radio and blew two fuses in the engine driven fridge/freezer system. We were having to charge the batteries every six hours - then the GPS system packed up. It was infuriatingly disappointing but the situation could only deteriorate and we had a long way (2,400 miles) to go. We threw out the putrefying meat and turned round.

Two days later we arrived at Mogan on the southwest coast of Gran Canaria where reputedly there was an excellent

outfit/chandlery/Mr Fixit called Top Yachting where we could get help. It transpired that the three TWC's had been wired incorrectly by the supplier. Another TWC was ordered to come from the UK along with a new control head for the GPS. It seemed with a little bit of luck we might be away within a week with a chance of reaching St. Lucia by Christmas. Then we discovered that there was a bank holiday on the following Friday and Monday. The TWC arrived at the airport on the evening of the Thursday, the customs were on holiday until the Tuesday. It was fitted at 2130 that evening whereupon we immediately set sail having reprovisioned the boat with the hope that we might arrive in St. Lucia before New Years Eve.

Whilst we were in Mogan (a delightful place) we could hear over the radio that the bulk of the fleet were experiencing light weather and making slow progress, and it was the same for us for the first five days after leaving Mogan on the 10 December.

The first few days were sunny, in fact we were looking for the clouds as they had the wind in them. We made good use of our big new spinnaker

Racing is stimulating and often exciting, cruising is usually delightful; but there may come a time in the lives of many of us when both racing and more extensive cruising must become just memories. Yet sailing has still ample to offer, and on looking forward to my 80th year shortly, this is about my state; it's largely a matter of the memory not always doing what it should for sound seamanship. Perhaps one no longer can keep on top of things after a week or two of intensive cruising; yet for short times afloat my memory seems more alert than when ashore.

For those like me, we are indeed fortunate to be in Lymington. The coast of France and the Channel Islands are easy daylight sails in suitable summer weather; the English coast offers attractive sailing east and west, while the Solent itself has a whole book full of interesting creeks and harbours.

Yet memory, in my case at least, seems influenced by the weather. It is on the dull winter day when I cannot remember which shop I have been directed to in Lymington High Street. So it is in the winter months especially that sailing can keep my brain alive, if only for a few hours at a time. For that, we in Lymington are especially well placed; the river itself needs some mental alertness by night or day, while the Solent offers a wide variety of sailing interest in reasonably safe conditions, at least up to normal gale force.

Personally I find the early morning particularly attractive, as the name Dayspring of my 24ft sloop seems to agree. Day after winter day the dawn breaks with gorgeous colours and so often the early rising sun peeps over

finding the sock a great help in getting it up and down shorthanded. It seemed that each time we hoisted the spinnaker our speed increased and fish nibbled our fishing line trailing astern. Our success rate was extremely low as all but one got away. Then the weather became grey - we could have been in the English Channel except for the swell instead of the Channel chop. But the wind came with the grey skies and over the next six days we averaged over 175 miles a day.

A high spot of our day was making contact with Herb in Bermuda. Herb is an amateur weather router with considerable sophisticated computer equipment. Being a sailing man himself he is able to suggest to sailors the best routes to take advantage of, or avoid, the weather systems in their area. Yacht skippers tend to check in with him on a regular basis. They tell him their position and he tells them what weather to expect the following day, and where the weather systems are, which way they are tracking and what cloud cover to expect. Because it is done over the radio, everyone can hear everyone else speaking to Herb, so one follows the routes and experiences of other yachts.

SAILING IS STILL FUN - WHEN GETTING ON A BIT

the Isle of Wight for a short time before hiding its face for the rest of the day. It is intriguing, with no engine noise, to hear the numerous water birds awaken and start their day, especially the Brent geese who seem to be our special river birds from the time they reach the Lymington River in early October until they leave in mid-April to nest in Siberia.

Before dawn there is very little human traffic afloat, and whether the meteorologists confirm this or not, I find that in our immediate area winds are quieter in the hour before sunrise and there is less rainfall. Often rain clouds can be seen approaching from the west, but they seem to prefer the Isle of Wight shore leaving the northern part of the Solent dry. Fog and mist seem to play a similar game.

For me, at least, the best start for a winter day is to wake with the BBC shipping forecast at 0555, which helps me to decide on suitable clothing; then set off on the three minute drive to the Club, with only another ten minutes to board and get away from our Fortuna berth.

My son Peter has warned me that single-handed sailing in the dark when nearing 80 is unseamanlike in a severe gale or storm. Yet a normal gale warning does not keep me back, and in any case a gale threatened for area Wight covers the whole central English Channel as far as the French coast, and also covers a period of 24 hours. So, should the forecast tell of thick fog and

no wind, I will probably go back to bed and expect my memory to be particularly bad that day. Yet if from my bed in Lower Pennington I can see the occulting red light of the Needles, I assume that the fog is elsewhere and get up.

One day last summer Hurst Race was a help, as a nephew had asked for some rough weather instruction before skipping a charter yacht with his family. He had only one day to spare, but a brisk wind at Hurst against the full strength of the ebb gave him just the lively steep seas he needed to gain confidence. "Are you ever frightened?" he asked. "Certainly I am, as fear is a natural warning." On one predawn Solent sail a severe squall surprised me. By the time Dayspring had hove-to with sails drastically reduced to a mere handkerchief, memory had time to play. It went back to the first time I skipped a yacht in the open sea; she was an elderly 10 ton ketch, with a full crew of fellow midshipmen on board, sailing in the China Sea off Hong Kong. At dawn a destroyer came up at speed and hailed that Typhoon warning No 1 had been hoisted. I felt very important that her captain advised me to take shelter, as this respect came of commanding my craft, compared with the usual brisk order expected by a midshipman. Of course we turned back at once but the 12 miles to Tathong Point seemed much more in that slow old boat when the wind increased with heavy rain. Certainly I was truly

frightened when land was still not visible, until it appeared a couple of miles ahead.

Most of the winter dawn sails are single-handed. This is much easier with furling mainsail and genoa controlled from the cockpit. Actually through the 70 years and more of solo navigation I have experienced only one accident; that was when, aged nine, using an umbrella as a sail for my homemade raft on the duck pond, I rammed a moorhen's nest spilling the eggs. Yet, with crew onboard, my record as skipper has been less untarnished, starting in a naval whaler when I underestimated the stream 600 miles up the River Yangtze and crashed into an anchored junk, breaking my mainmast.

Usually the sun has risen by the time Dayspring and I are sailing back up the Lymington river, so by then other craft are under way. The ferries are early birds and offer an interesting mental task if a NNW wind is blowing straight down the river. In mid winter there are very few yachts under way at that time, but plenty of fishing craft, whose skippers always give room to a tacking yacht. One Saturday morning a large motor fishing vessel passed close with a cheerful load of rod fishermen, and my mind went back to taking out a party in a similar craft. This was in mid Pacific and our aim was tunny fish, which sometimes went up to 100 lbs in weight. Among my fellow fishermen then was Alan Boxer, and now 33 years on I take my hat off to him as very recent past Commodore of our splendid Club, which becomes like a family party with so many memories of fellow members.

Errol Bruce

We were amazed by the speed of the flying fish and how far and high they could fly out of the water. It was quite usual to throw overboard a couple that had arrived on deck during the night. Pam was startled by them twice - one occasion she was off watch in her bunk in the early hours and was wakened by a frantic slapping noise - a flying fish had arrived on the coachroof and fallen through the open hatch, landing right on her bunk. The second time she was standing in the cockpit when a flying fish flew straight over the cockpit and hit her in the stomach with considerable force - quite a shock! Porpoises played in the bow and stern waves and on one fairly calm day, we saw a large circle of foam on the sea. A moment later a whale leaped vertically out of the water.

As we progressed across the Atlantic the ARC fleet were arriving in St. Lucia and we generally lost touch with them on the radio, but we could tell that they had a slow crossing - boats our size were taking 23-25 days.

In spite of losing touch with the ARC boats, there was another 'net' talking to each other over the radio as they progressed across the puddle,

sharing problems, delights, asking and, receiving advice over repairing broken gear etc. We elected for a cold spread on Christmas Day as it promised to be a hot one for a change. The menu was: smoked salmon and capers, avocado and lobster, egg caviar, lightly curried chicken mayonnaise with a salad of artichokes, peppers, onions, black olives, potatoes and anchovies, followed some hours later by Christmas pudding and brandy sauce, so you can see we didn't stint ourselves! Needless to say, in the middle of dinner a rain squall arrived, requiring a reef in the main. We should have logged the number of times squalls arrived at mealtimes! Boxing Day was overcast again and much more suited to the roast lamb, which also was a treat.

Whilst we are sailing, Brian and I don't drink, preferring to make up for it when we arrive, but Christmas Day was an exception and a bottle of chilled white wine was very welcome - or at least what remained after, in his excitement, Brian knocked over a glass and a half! On the few days when stronger winds arrived, we clocked up an average of 172 miles and the GPS was telling us St. Lucia was getting

closer. We checked our position by RDF (our astronav. not being very accurate!). It was apparent that we were going to arrive during darkness, and the wind was increasing and gusting 40 knots. We rounded the northern tip of St. Lucia about 0500 GMT on 29 December with three reefs in the main again and crossed the finishing line at 0553 GMT 18 days 7.5 hours after leaving Mogan, and in good time for New Years Eve.

Brian & Pam Saffery Cooper



Brian Saffery Cooper aboard his yacht Lucky Dragon somewhere in the Caribbean.

Behind the desk...

It is clear that some members feel strongly about some things, and it is only natural, if they feel strongly enough to want to oppose something, that they should seek to enlist allies. Thus the Club is asked from time to time to take a stand for or against some issue, and, to the surprise of some, the answer is rarely affirmative.

For one thing, it is rare to find any issue on which all members have identical views. The Committee was elected to devise compromises, and, in most cases, it is able to sell the result to members. But, where feelings are strongly held, attempts to sell a compromise risk polarising the membership rather than uniting it, adding fuel to the flames. A club exists to offer a haven to members who want temporarily to set aside differences and enjoy a common interest. If the Club's existence and well being are not threatened, why risk importing tensions better left outside?

Another point is that active support of any cause is an expensive business. The Club has administrative resources which are attractive to those who want to advance causes - but they are already fully employed to run the Club. To allocate some of them to support of external advocacy (and the cause being advanced is not always confined to

members) would in effect be a transfer of resources from the Club to others, not all of whom are members themselves.

Before committing members and their common resources to any point of view, the Committee wants to feel sure that it had the support of a very large majority - and that the minority does not feel strongly enough to start digging trenches or, worse, voting with its feet. Political parties may be structured to allow majority opinion to be heard and formed and responded to in this way, but clubs are not - and a few would argue that they should be.

So what brought this on? Three things.

Larger ferries. This is near to an 'overwhelming support' issue (though opposition to larger ferries is not unanimous). But there is no lack of other voices being heard, many of them those of members acting as individuals or resistance groups (which later by definition do hold common views). The Club's existence is not threatened.

Marina charges. An issue on which members (who include local marina owners and staff) hold a range of views, and one which is not exclusive to members. Taking a position would entail a risk of polarisation and of resource transfer in favour of non-

members. Again, the Club itself is not threatened.

Smoking in the clubhouse.

A matter on which polarisation already exists, with strong views held on both sides, but at least internal to the Club. The question is not so much to ban or allow smoking in the Clubhouse as how, or whether, to enforce yet another regulation without incurring the wrath of one or both parties.

So that, roughly, is why the Club has responded to the pressures on these matters by doing nothing. On the first two (larger ferries and marina charges) the conclusion has been that the Club has no separate public voice and that those members who are affected as individuals should press their views through the various ad hoc organisations set up for the purpose. The Club's role is to remain a place where friends with different views can meet without arguing. The issue of smoking is seen as one in which all the possible 'solutions' are almost certainly worse than the disease, and whose answer lies in tolerance and good sense.

No doubt these thoughts have also stirred up strong feelings. If so, I should be glad to hear what they are - ever so gently, of course!

Jonathan Hutchinson

The nineteenth of August

Must I go down to the sea again
My birthday there to spend?
With windswept hair and wild fresh air,
I do wish it would end.
For years I've done my duty - I've
More than done my stuff,
But once again it's spume and spray -
it really is enough.
I've been to Meets at Easter - I've
braced the lowest low.
I've crossed the Channel umpteen times
in fog and ice and snow.
Yet every year in August to St Vaast
we have to sail
To say 'hullo' to folks we know
and face another gale.
Perhaps one day I'll mutiny
and say, 'Enough - no more,'
My birthday celebrations will in
future be ashore.

oOo

When the Cruising Captain heard of this
he really was put out
For Mutiny is not a word that
one should talk about.
So, wisely he thought up a scheme
no doubt you all have heard,
He's changed the date.
The Meet is now upon the twenty-third.

Ted and Joan Hawkins

Are we nearly there Dad?



Familiar question? To most travellers yes, and so irritating.

A sailor is supposed to enjoy getting from A to B, so logically, presumably, the longer the voyage takes the more enjoyable it is.

So when our jolly sailor's wife, not her indoors, her outside, joins the chorus with 'how much longer to you think dear?' does he never rue his chosen means of transport?

You know the scene.

He's below unsuccessfully trying to catch the shipping forecast. She's trying to hold her course as the next quartering wave rinses out the remnants of her perm and running mascara obliterates further focus on the compass. Junior crew are throwing up. 'Beam me up Scottie' is what they're all thinking, but no one would be sacrilegious enough to admit it.

There must be easier ways of enjoying oneself. And getting where we want to go on the crest of a wave. Of course there's the argument that, as John Major would say, 'unless it's hurting, it's not working.'

No, let's face it, it is pure masochism.

Poor Dad, at the mercy of the tide, wind and weather, cannot truthfully answer the endless questions as to the E.T.A.

But do not despair stoic mariners. There is an answer. GET A MOTOR BOAT.

Put aside all long held prejudices and, before those words 'bloody motorboaters' pass your lips, admit to yourselves that you have suffered long enough.

All your character building sailing trips will have equipped you and your family to cope admirably with any

cruel jibes and taunts that the, as yet unconverted, will thrust at you. But that is the sum total of your further suffering.

Once you have put pride aside it's as easy as ABC. Miraculously, you not only get from A to B, but you'll also enjoy point C - being there. This will be a new experience for you - On glimpsing the horizon, you don't immediately have to go through it all again, catching the tide back.

Her inside is now doing just that; cosily cocooned from the elements with central heating and carpet, and fresh from a hot shower. Your biggest decision is whether to tear her away from her new hobby, passage planning in your double bunk, or ask her to pass you another G & T.

Come on - when there's no wind on a lovely summery day - you all use your motors. It's a small step to asking the wife for a spanner next Christmas instead of a new set of sails.

Get yourself a time machine. When they next ask you when you're going to be there, you'll coolly ask 'when would you like to be there?' T of A assured. Forget E.T.A.

See you on the water. And unashamed happy motoring!

Adrian and Ro Otten
Owners of TARDIS (Time and
Relative Displacement in Space).

Baver-Brew appeal

Baver-Brew appeal succeeds

Race Officers and competitors will wish to thank Jock Given, Kevin Ault and Dick Thorn for very kindly donating their cookers to the appeal. What do we do with three cookers you may ask. Well there is one for the Platform, one for Baverstock and maybe one for the boathouse! Our very grateful thanks.

Has anyone got gas bottles, kettles, mugs

Hardcore

Stuart Jardine would like to thank the people who contacted him with offers of rubble and hardcore. There has been a slight delay in starting work on the dinghy park. However he hopes this will start soon and he is still in need of brick rubble, paving stones or shingle. Please contact him via the Club office.

Potter Ship

Editors: Rachel Nuding and Carol Tinley

Potter Ship ©

The Royal Lymington Yacht Club

Bath Road Lymington Hants SO41 9SE

The Editors would like to thank all those who offered articles and photographs. Our next Potter Ship will require informative and interesting articles, with photographs. Please send these to the Editors c/o the Club by September. We will use as many as possible - space permitting.

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